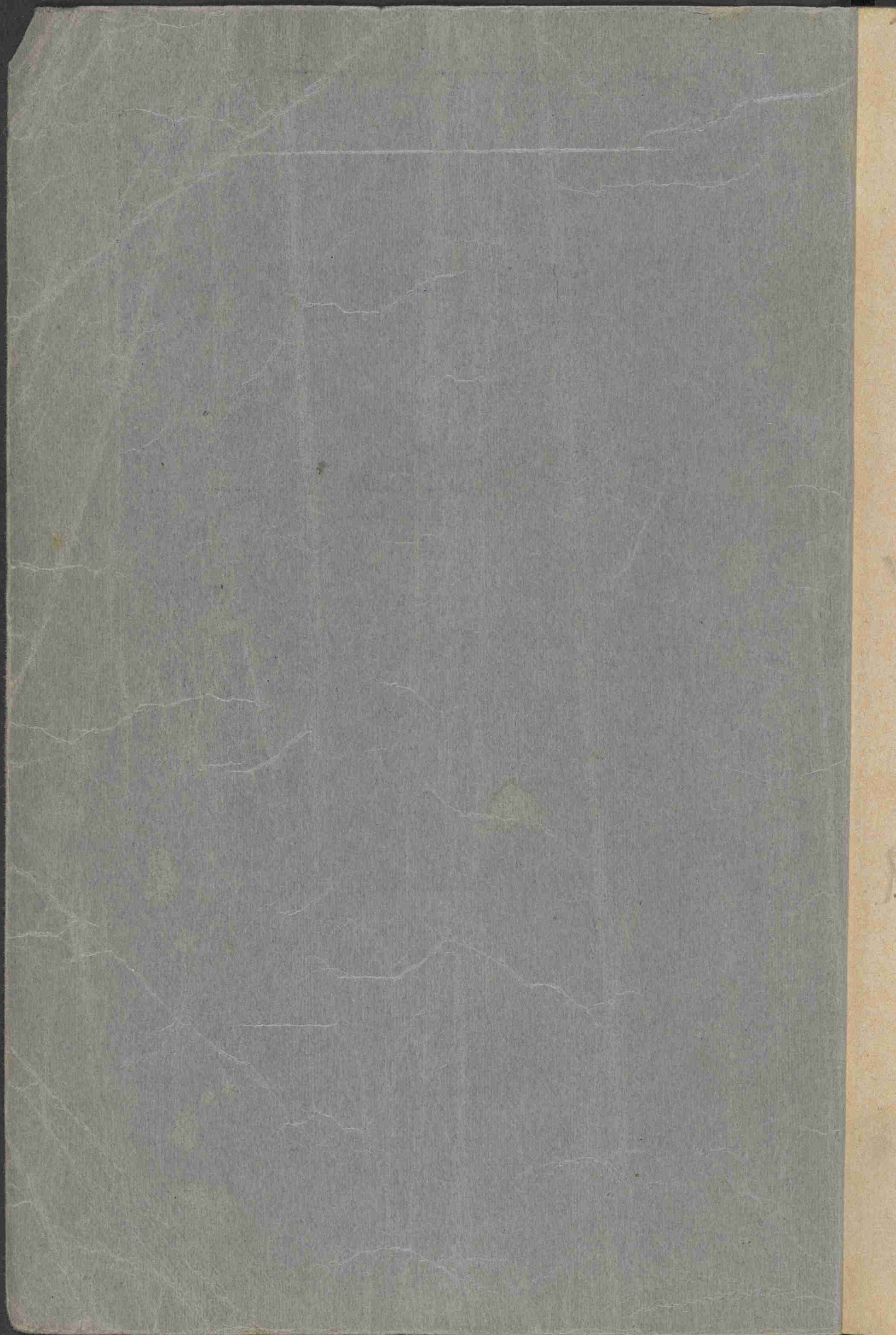


Gospel Quintet Songs





[99-200]

SP 061881

Gospel Quintet Songs



*Hand C. Thompson
#1377 Shortridge*

Published by

THORO HARRIS

512 South Campbell Avenue

CHICAGO. ILL.

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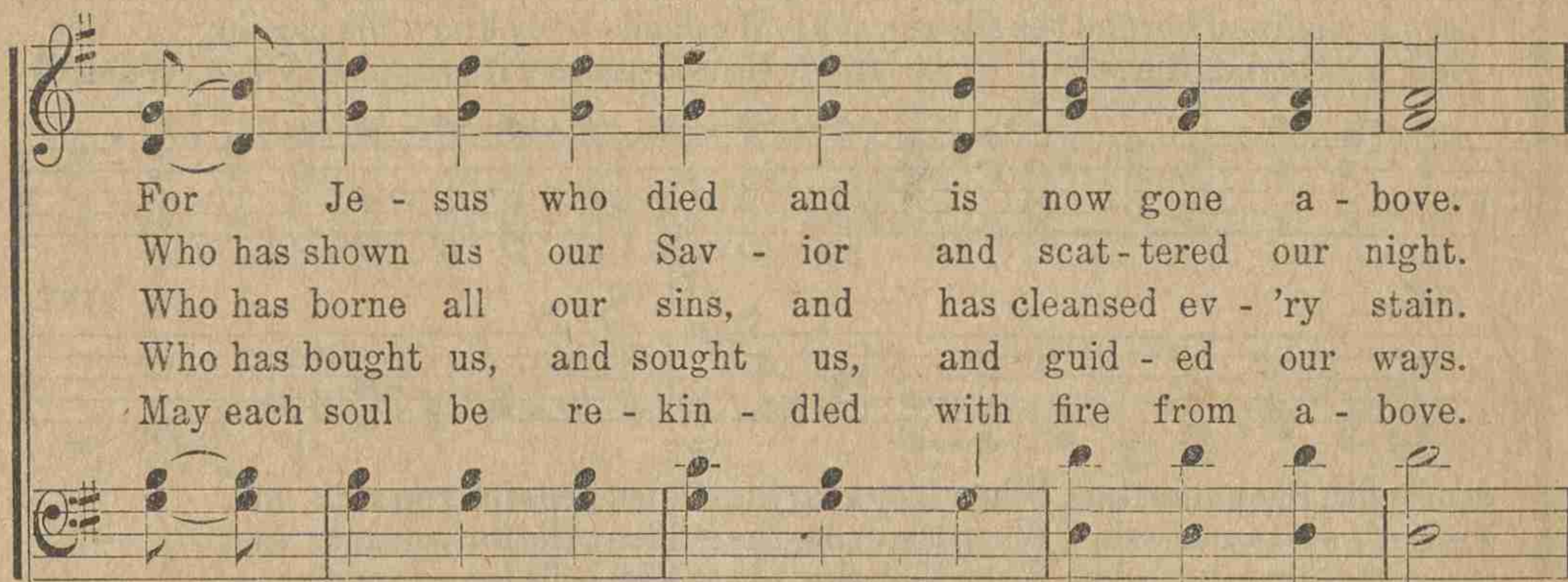
No. 1. We Praise Thee, O God!

Rev. WILLIAM P. MACKAY.

JOHN J. HUSBAND.



1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light,
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace,
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love;



For Je - sus who died and is now gone a - bove.
Who has shown us our Sav - ior and scat - tered our night.
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guid - ed our ways.
May each soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

CHORUS.



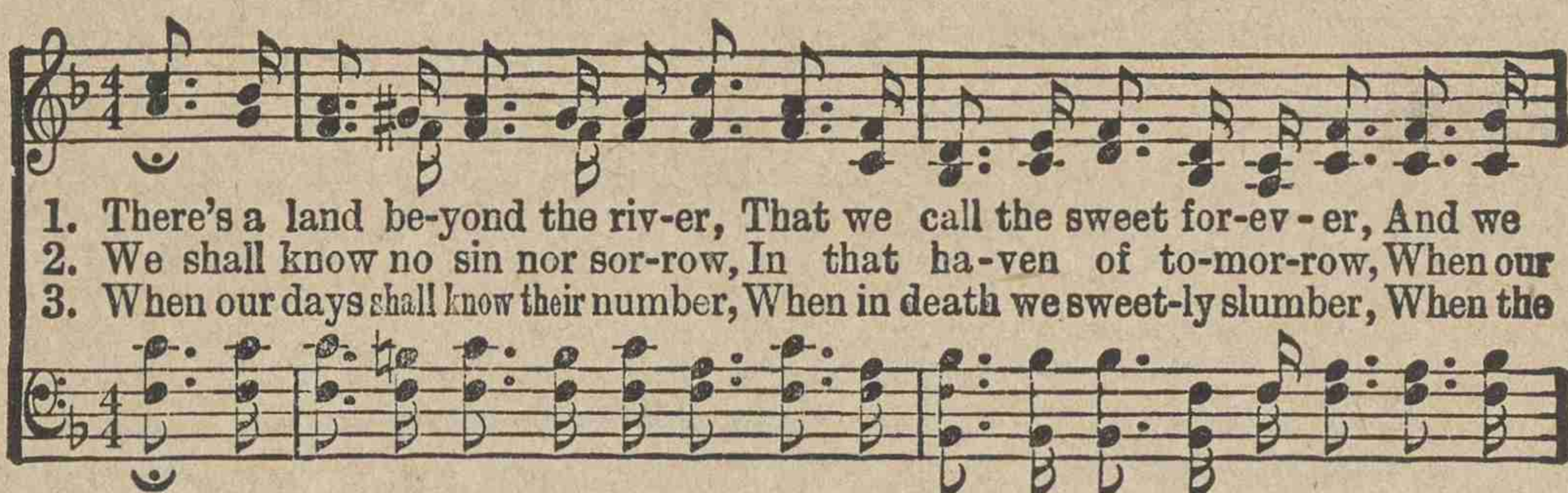
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, a - men,



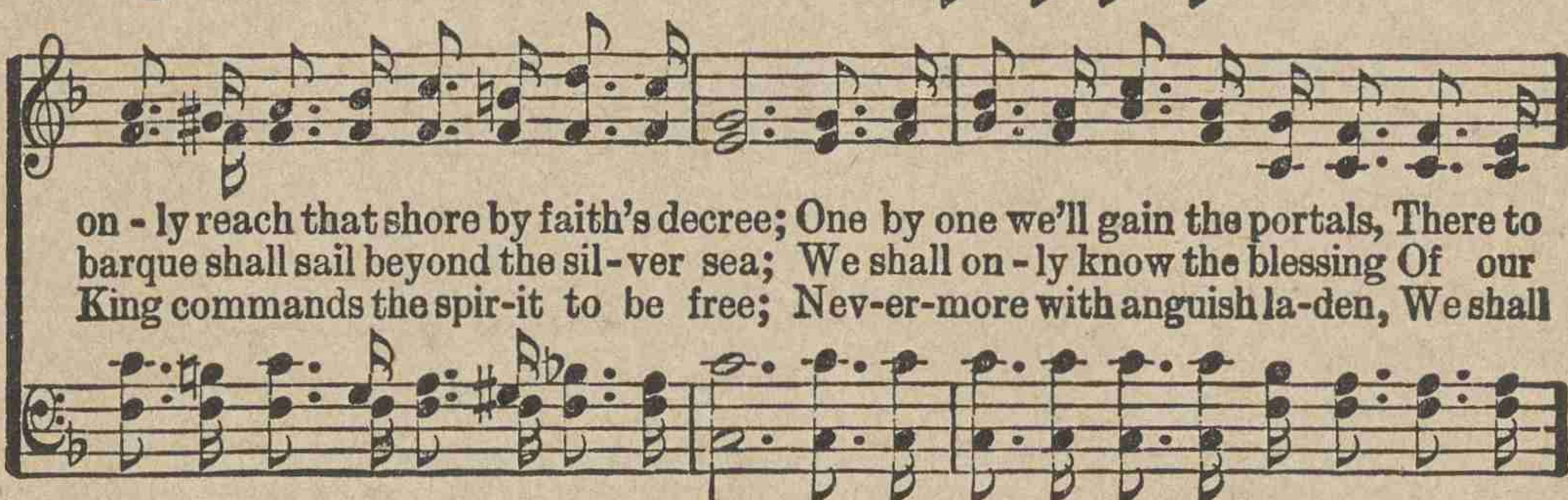
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Re - vive us a - gain.

When They Ring the Golden Bells.

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 nor sor-row, In that ha-ven of to-mor-row, When our
 3. When our days shall know their number, When in death we sweet-ly 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 spir-it to be free; Nev-er-more with anguish la-den, We shall



FINE.
 dwell with the immortals, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
 Father'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.
 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 an-gels sing-ing? 'Tis the

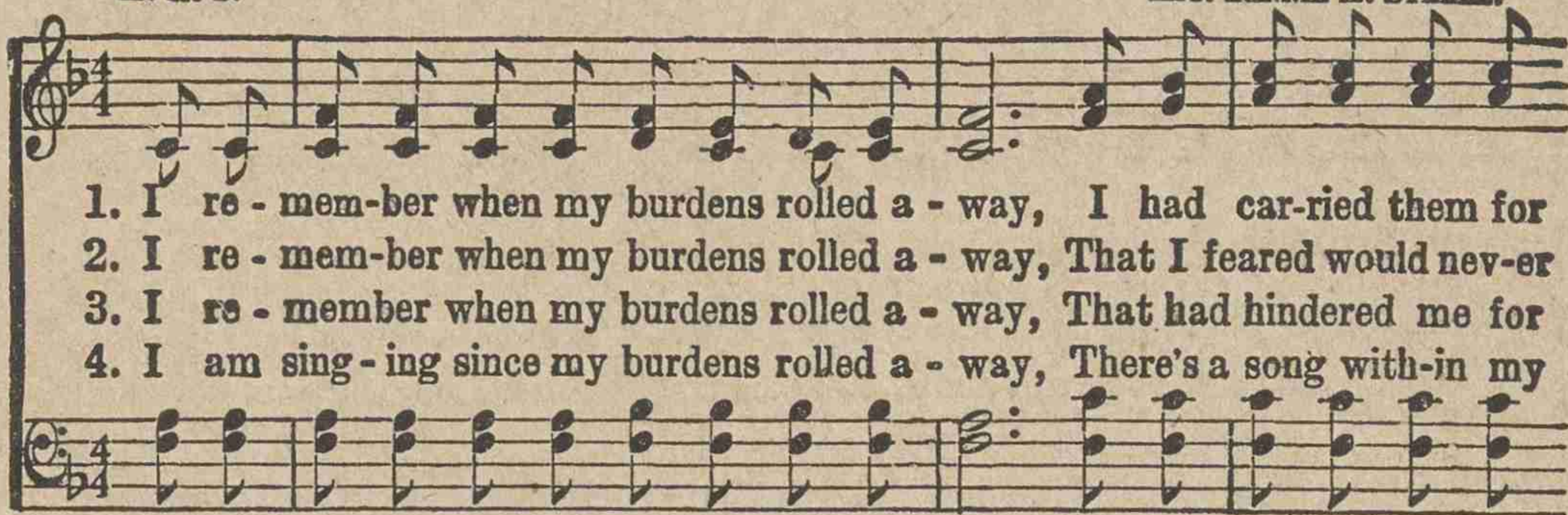


D. S.
 glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah Ju-bi-lee. (Ju-bi-lee.) In that far-off sweet forever, Just be-

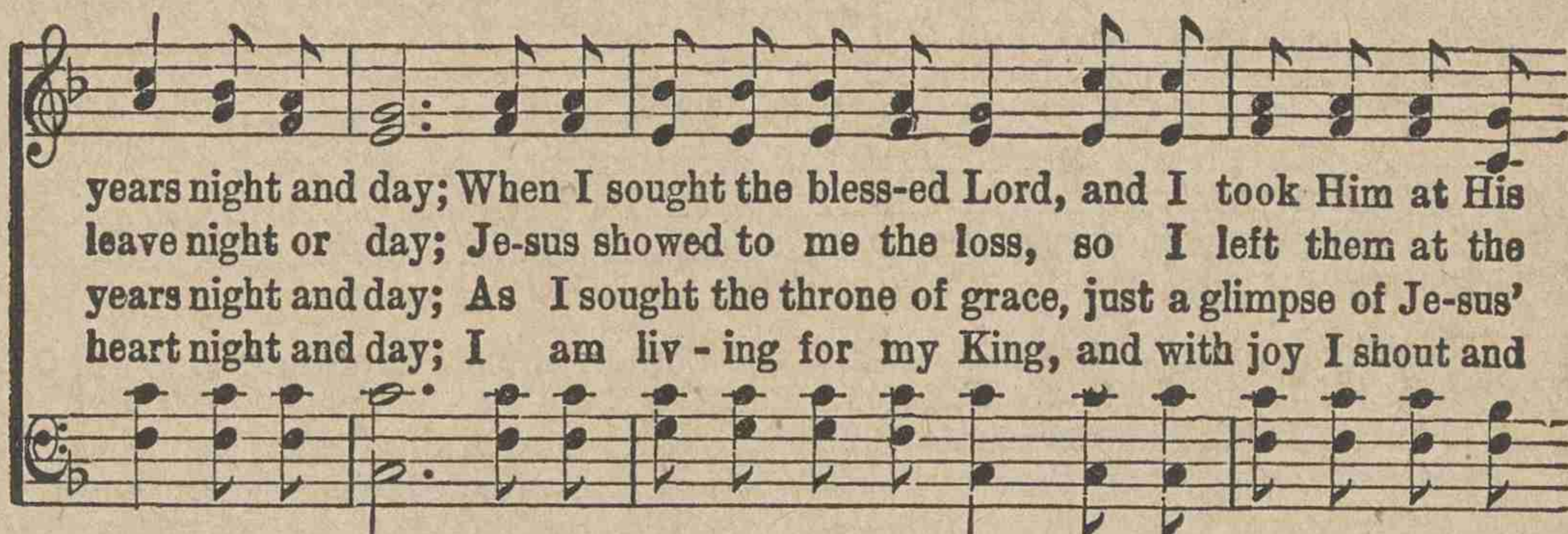
My Burdens Rolled Away.

M. A. S.

Mrs. MINNIE A. STEELE.

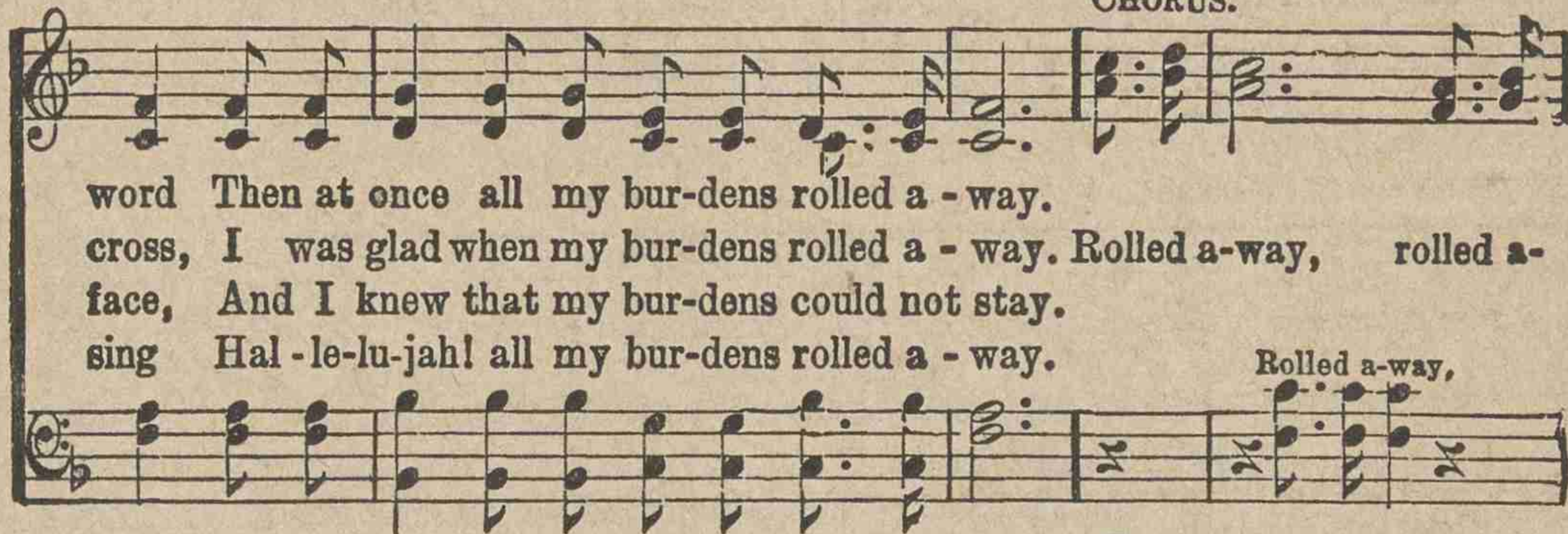


1. I re - mem - ber when my burdens rolled a - way, I had car - ried them for
 2. I re - mem - ber when my burdens rolled a - way, That I feared would nev - er
 3. I re - mem - ber when my burdens rolled a - way, That had hindered me for
 4. I am sing - ing since my burdens rolled a - way, There's a song with - in my



years night and day; When I sought the bless - ed Lord, and I took Him at His
 leave night or day; Je - sus showed to me the loss, so I left them at the
 years night and day; As I sought the throne of grace, just a glimpse of Je - sus'
 heart night and day; I am liv - ing for my King, and with joy I shout and

CHORUS.



word Then at once all my bur - dens rolled a - way.
 cross, I was glad when my bur - dens rolled a - way. Rolled a - way, rolled a -
 face, And I knew that my bur - dens could not stay.
 sing Hal - le - lu - jah! all my bur - dens rolled a - way.



way, I am hap - py since my burdens rolled a - way; Rolled a -
 rolled a - way, since my bur - dens rolled a - way,



way, rolled a - way, I am hap - py since my burdens rolled a - way.
 Rolled a - way, rolled a - way.

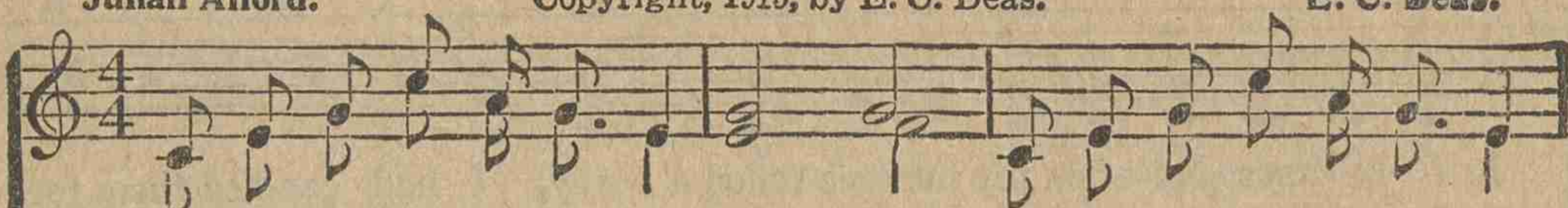
Shine for Jesus.

(JUBILEE.)

Julian Alford.

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E. C. Deas.



1. When the clouds are hanging low, Shine, shine; And you know not where to go,
2. When the world its powers wield, Shine, shine; Je - sus Christ will be your shield,
3. When your sins are washed away, Shine, shine; He'll go with you ev-'ry day,
4. When your path is black as night, Shine, shine; Soon He'll bring you to the light,



Shine for Je-sus



Shine for Je-sus; Take your bur-den to the Lord, You can take Him at His word,
 Shine for Je-sus; Seek the Mas-ter on your knees, He's a-bove you and He sees,
 Shine for Je-sus; You are nev - er-more a - lone, Je - sus Christ is all your own,
 Shine for Je-sus; Tho' the way be hard and long, Never change from right to wrong,



CHORUS.



Sing and pray ev-'ry day, Shine, shine, shine! Shine when troubles shake you, Shine when



friends forsake you, All the way, ev-'ry day, There's a crown awaiting; Shine when



foes assail you, Shine when others fail you, Keep your eyes on Jesus, And shine, shine, shine.



The Wings of a Dove.

Ps. 55: 6.

C. L. G.

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C. L. Goodenough.



1. Had I the pin - ions of a dove, How would I
 2. Tho thru this wea - ry world I tread, At morn, to
 3. O cast thy bur - den on the Lord, Whose good - ness
 4. So thou un - moved shalt pass a - long, Thru life's short

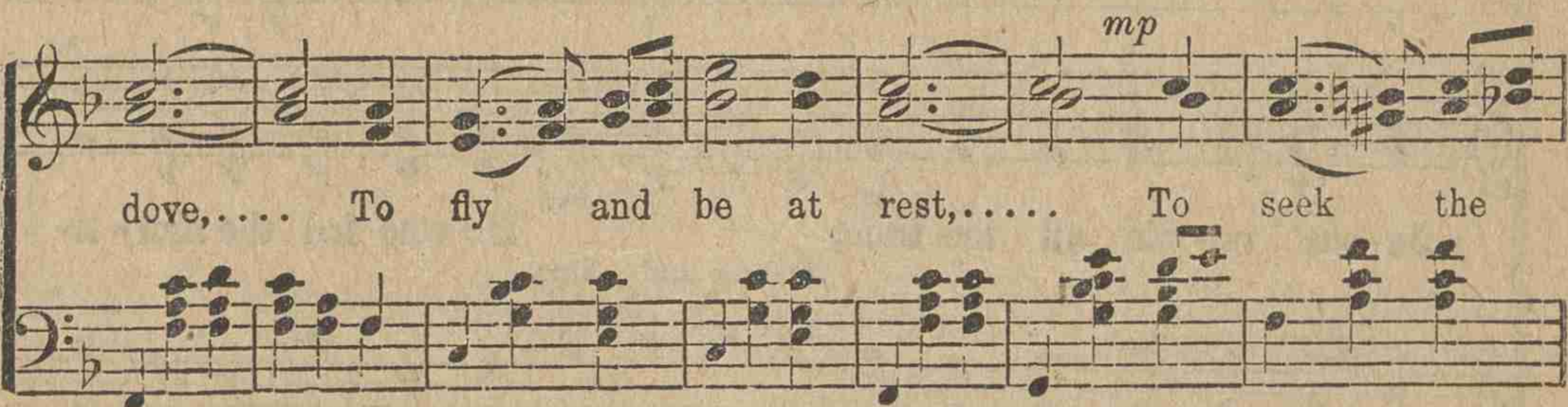


1. fly a - way,..... To realms of light and joy and love, In
 2. God my Friend,... At noon, and e'er I seek my bed, My
 3. doth sus - tain;..... The ten - der mer - cies of thy God, Shall
 4. fleet - ing day,..... And car - ry in thy heart a song, Un -

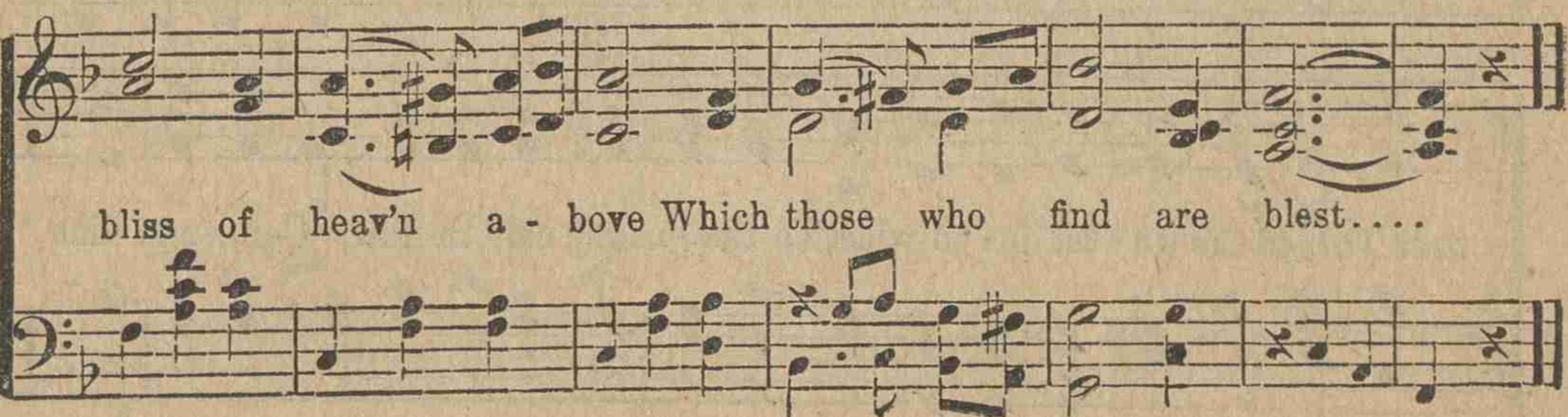
REFRAIN.



1. por - tals of the day!.....
 2. pray'r shall still as - cend..... O give me the wings of a
 3. ease thy load of pain.....
 4. til the sun - set ray.....



dove,.... To fly and be at rest,.... To seek the



bliss of heav'n a - bove Which those who find are blest....

Come and Dine.

John 21: 12.

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C. B. W.

C. B. Widmeyer.

1. { Je - sus has a ta - ble spread Where the saints of God are fed,
With His man - na He doth feed And sup - plies our ev - 'ry need:
2. { The dis - ci - ples came to land, Thus o - bey-ing Christ's command,
There they found their hearts' de - sire, Bread and fish up - on the fire;
3. { Soon the Lamb will take His bride To be ev - er at His side,
O, 'twill be a glo - rious sight, All the saints in spot-less white;


1 He in - vites His chos - en peo - ple "Come and dine;" Je - sus all the time!
O, 'tis sweet to sup with
2 For the Mas - ter called to them, "Now come and dine;" hun - gry ev - 'ry time.
Thus He sat - is - fies the
3 All the host of heav - en will as - sem - bled be; feast e - ter - nal - ly.
And with Je - sus they will

CHORUS.



"Come and dine," the Master calleth, "Come and dine;" You may feast at
O come and dine;
Je - sus' ta - ble all the time; He who fed the mul - ti -
O come and dine,
tude, Turned the wa - ter in - to wine, To the hungry calleth now, "Come and dine."

T.H.


THORO HARRIS



1. While the dread hour of dark-ness is set-ting o'er the earth And the
2. There are man - y who slum-ber; but O that I may keep Faithful

bride-groom is still far a-way And we wait His re-turn-ing, O
watch till my Lord shall ap-pear! I would watch ev-'ry sign that the




God of bound-less grace Give me oil in my ves-sel to-day.
day-dawn is at hand And re-joice that His com-ing is near.



CHORUS.



Give me oil in my lamp, Oil in my lamp,




Oil in my lamp, I pray; Give me oil in my lamp, Keep me




shin-ing in the camp Un-til the break of day.



3. Lo, He cometh, He cometh! the heavens shall resound
With the shout of the purified throng;
Let us go forth to meet Him returning on His way,
Let us join in the angels' glad song.

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The Lily of the Valley.

J. R. MURRAY.

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Arr. by THORO HARRIS



1. I've found a friend in Je-sus, He's ev-'ry-thing to me, He's the fairest of ten
2. He all my griefs has tak-en, and all my sorrows borne; In temp-ta-tion He's my
3. He'll nev-er, nev-er leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I live by faith and



thousand to my soul; The Lil-y of the Val-ley in Him a-lone I see All I
strong and mighty tow'r; I've all for Him forsaken, I've all my idols torn From my
do His bless-ed will; A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear; With His



need to cleanse and make me fully whole. In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my
heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r. Tho' all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me
manna He my hungry soul shall fill; Then sweeping up to glory, we'll see His blessed



CHORUS.—In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my



stay, He tells me ev-'ry care on Him to roll. Hallelujah! He's the Lil-y of the
sore, Thru Je-sus I shall safely reach the goal. He's the Lil-y of the
face, Where rivers of delight shall ev - er roll. He's the Lil-y of the



stay; He tells me ev-'ry care on Him to roll. (Hallelujah!) He's the Lil-y of the

D. S



Valley, the bright and morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.



Valley, the bright and morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

Swing Low.

Slow.

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - ing for to car - ry me

home; Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
home;.....

FINE.

1. I looked o - ver Jor - dan, and what did I see,
2. If you get there be - fore I do,
3. I'm some - times up, I'm some - times down,

Com - ing for to car - ry me home? A band of an - gels
Com - ing for to car - ry me home; Tell all my friends I'm
Com - ing for to car - ry me home; But still my soul feels

com - ing aft - er me, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
com - ing too, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
heav - en - ly bound, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.

D. C.



1. A full and free sal-va-tion the King pro-vides for all,—'Tis not by
2. The an-gels hov-er o'er you, the pa-tient Sav-ior waits Be-side you
3. No mat-ter how dis-cour-aged, if you will look a-bove, And on-ward
4. O trust Him, ful-ly trust Him! com-mit to Him your life; He'll keep you
5. On yon-der hills of glo-ry, up-on a death-less shore, A crown a-



works our hands can do;
in your nar-row pew;
still the path pur-sue,
all the jour-ney thru;
waits your wond'ring view;

If you this ver-y moment on His dear name will
He los-es all the blessing who falters and de-
In Je-sus' arms en-cir-cled, con-fid-ing in His
In ev-'ry hour of con-flict, in all the bit-ter
You'll en-ter that fair cit-y to sor-row nev-er-



CHORUS.



call, What He has done for others He will do for you.
bates, What Christ has done for others let Him do for you.
love, What He has done for others He will do for you. For you, yes, for you! His
strife, What He has done for others He will do for you.
more, And find a fadeless mansion there reserved for you.



prom-ise is true; Now let the Savior enter and your heart re-new; O glo-ry,
wayward heart renew. O glory, glo-ry,




hallelujah! God's word a-bid-eth true: What He has done for others, He will do for you.




Where Is My Boy To-night?

R. L.

ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my tenderest care, The
 2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his moth-er's knee; No
 3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old - en time, When
 4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will; But



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



CHORUS.



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



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



By permission.

B. B. B.

B. B. Bosworth.



1. I'm a - bid - ing in the love of Je - sus, All I glad - ly to His
 2. I am His and He is mine for - ev - er, Nev - er from His pres - ence
 3. For His com - ing I am pray - ing, long - ing, When with all His cho - sen



will re - sign; 'Tis a place of per - fect peace and safe - ty, For I
 will I stray, For 'tis here I find the tru - est pleas - ure: O 'tis
 we shall shine As the bright - ness of the stars for - ev - er In the



REFRAIN



know that I am His and He is mine! I am His,
 sweet to walk with Je - sus all the way!
 pres - ence of the bless - ed Christ di - vine. I am His,



He is mine, (He is mine,) I'm a branch and He the liv - ing vine; I am



His, (I am His,) He is mine, (He is mine,) I'm a - bid - ing in His love di - vine.



E. E. Hewitt.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. More a-bout Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;
 2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;
 3. More a-bout Je-sus; in His word, Hold-ing com-mun-ion with my Lord;
 4. More a-bout Je-sus; on His throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all His own;

More of His sav-ing ful-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
 Spir - it of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
 Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak-ing each faith-ful say-ing mine.
 More of His kingdom's sure increase; More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.

D.S.—*More of His sav-ing ful-ness see, More of His love who died for me.*

REFRAIN. D.S.

More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;

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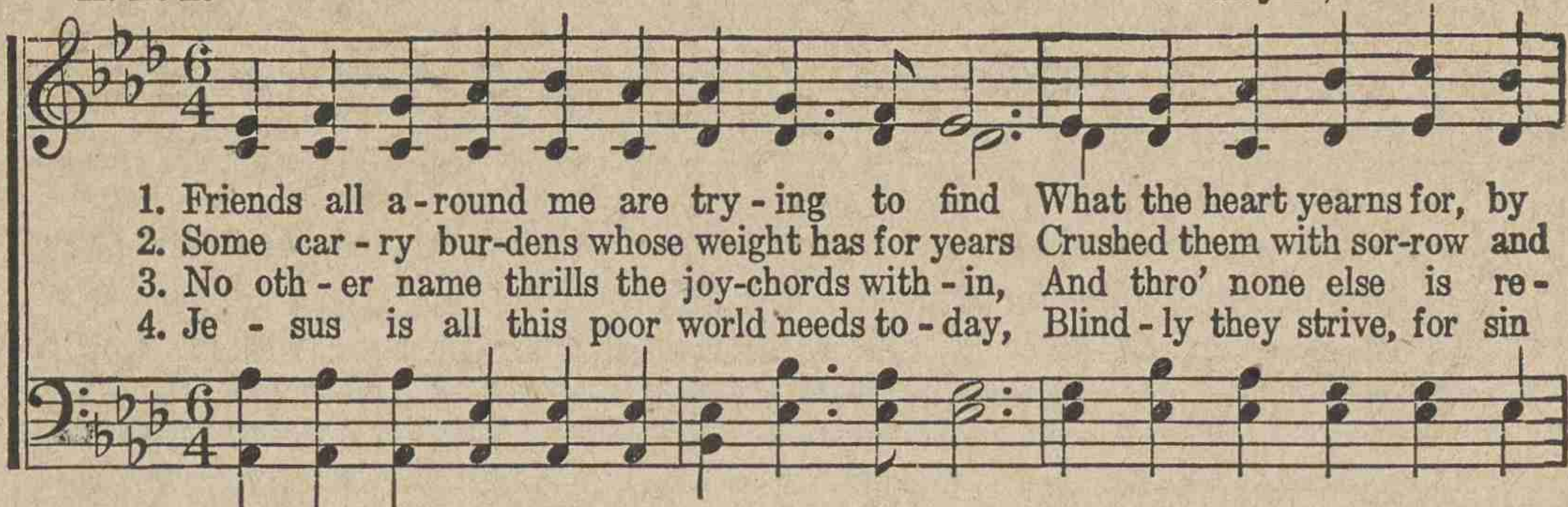
S. Smith.

L. Mason.

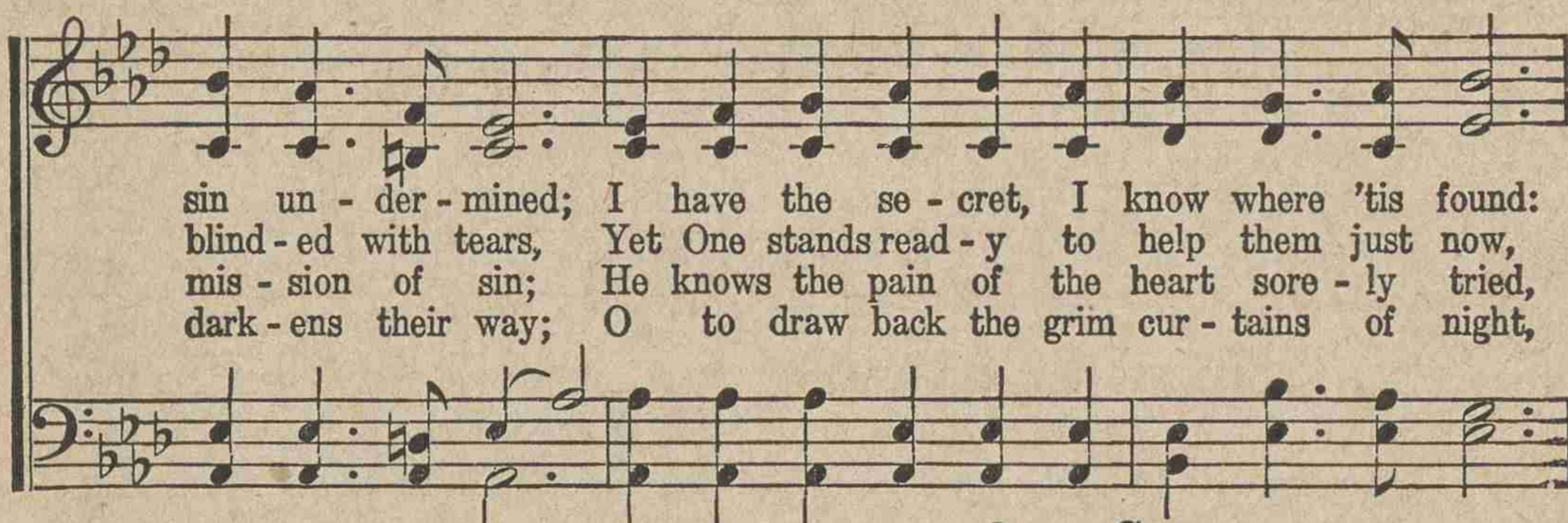
1. To-day the Savior calls; Ye wand'ers, come; O ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?
 2. To-day the Savior calls; O hear Him now; Within these sacred walls To Je-sus bow.
 3. The Spir-it calls to-day; Yield to His pow'r, O grieve Him not away, 'Tis mercy's hour.

H. D. L.

Harry Dixon Loes.

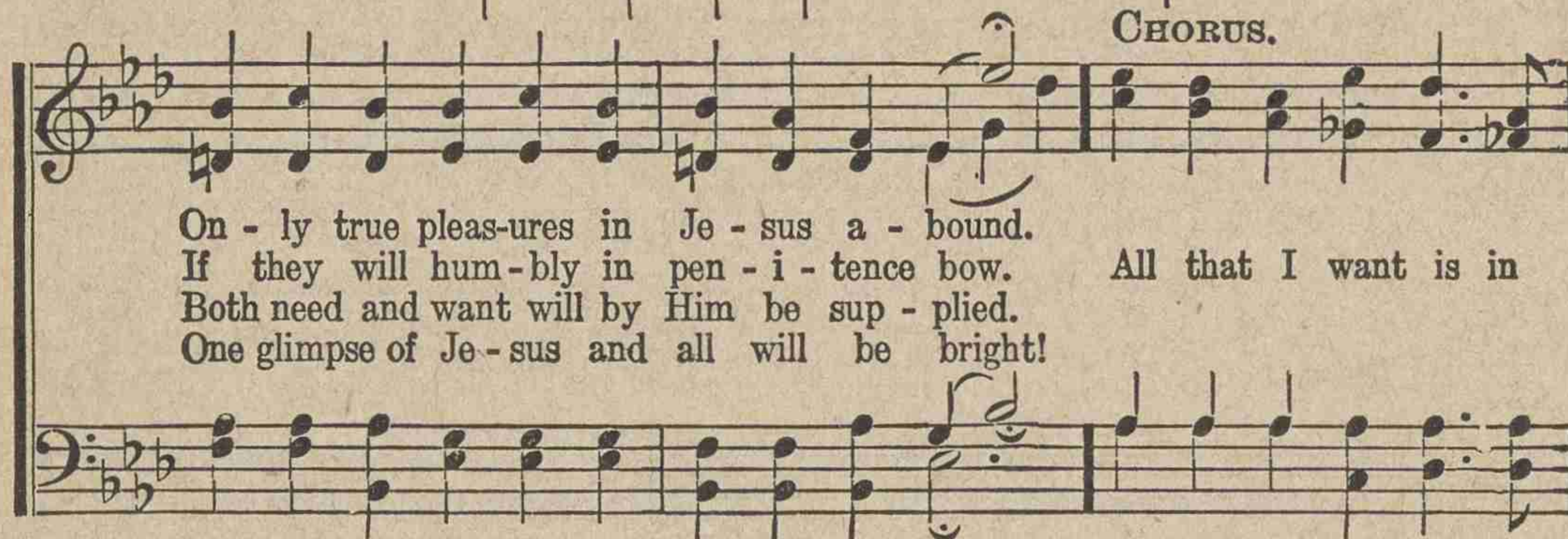


1. Friends all a-round me are try-ing to find What the heart yearns for, by
 2. Some car-ry bur-dens whose weight has for years Crushed them with sor-row and
 3. No oth-er name thrills the joy-chords with-in, And thro' none else is re-
 4. Je-sus is all this poor world needs to-day, Blind-ly they strive, for sin

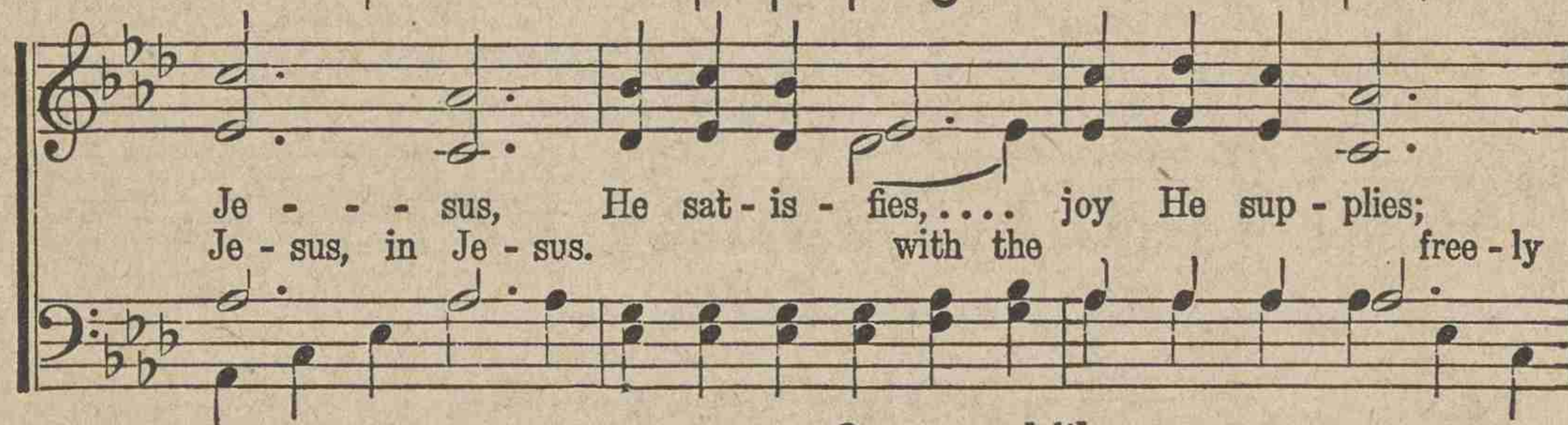


sin un-der-mined; I have the se-cret, I know where 'tis found:
 blind-ed with tears, Yet One stands read-y to help them just now,
 mis-sion of sin; He knows the pain of the heart sore-ly tried,
 dark-ens their way; O to draw back the grim cur-tains of night,

CHORUS.

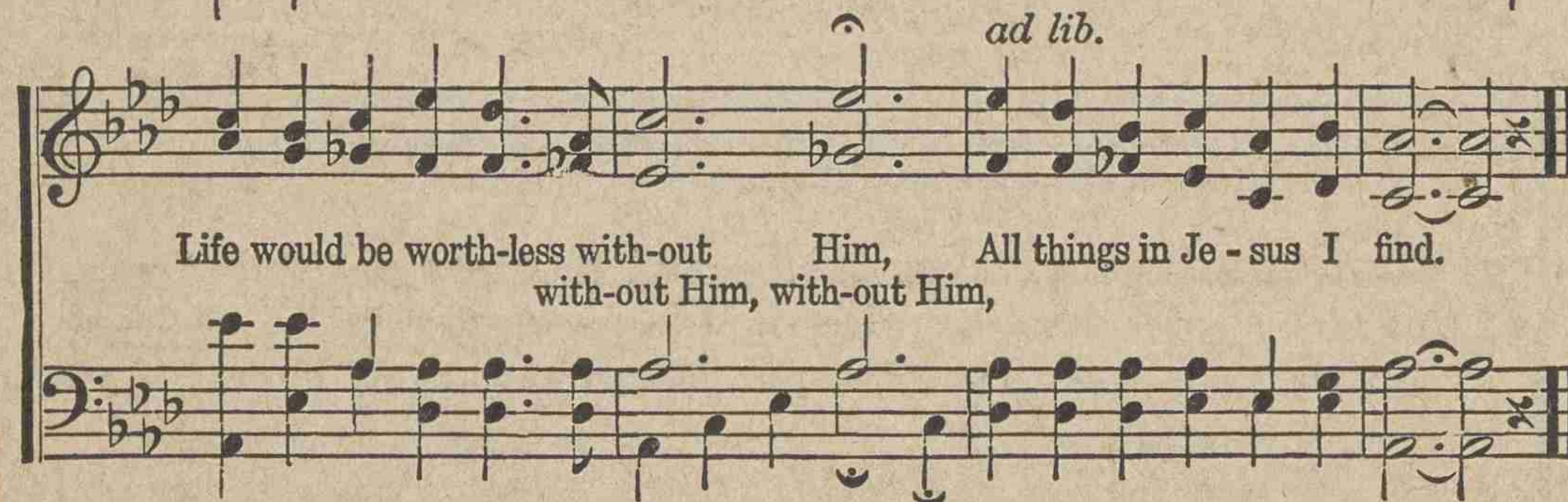


On-ly true pleas-ures in Je-sus a-bound.
 If they will hum-bly in pen-i-tence bow. All that I want is in
 Both need and want will by Him be sup-plied.
 One glimpse of Je-sus and all will be bright!



Je-sus, He sat-is-fies,.... joy He sup-plies;
 Je-sus, in Je-sus. with the free-ly

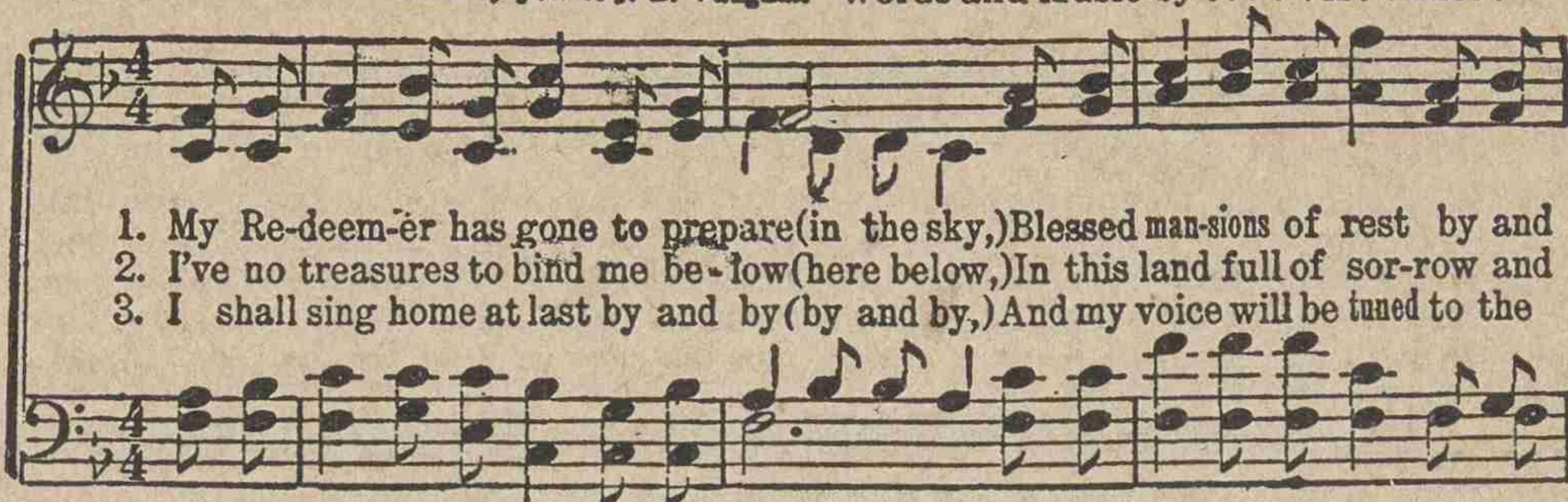
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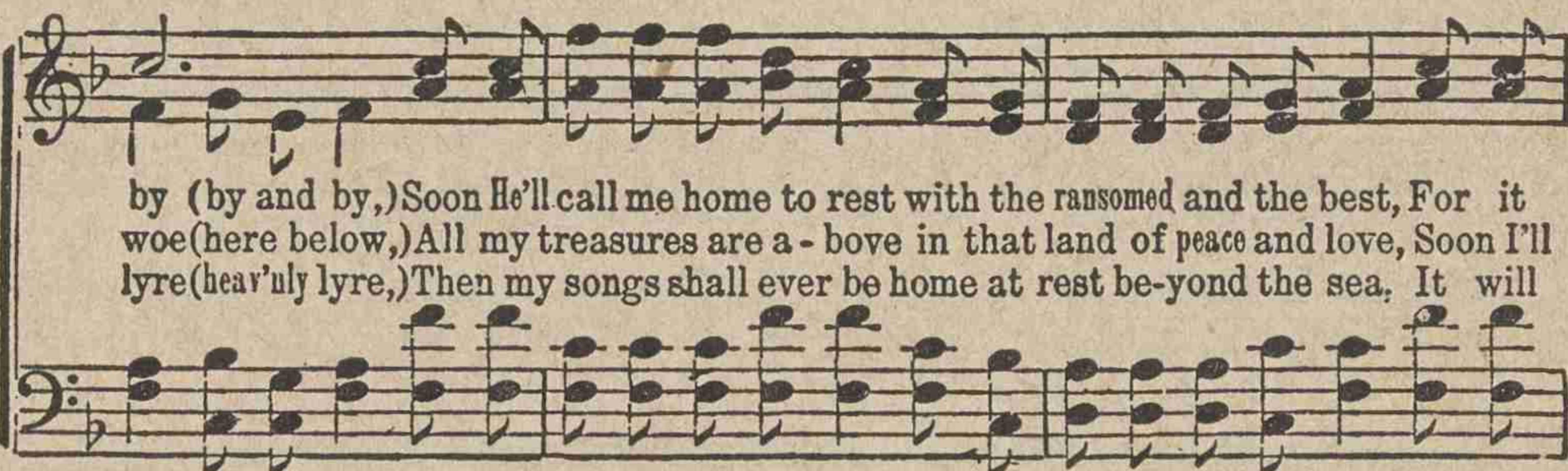
Life would be worth-less with-out Him, All things in Je-sus I find.
 with-out Him, with-out Him,

'Twill Be Glory By and By.

Used by per. of J. B. Vaughan Words and Music by J. B. VAUGHAN.

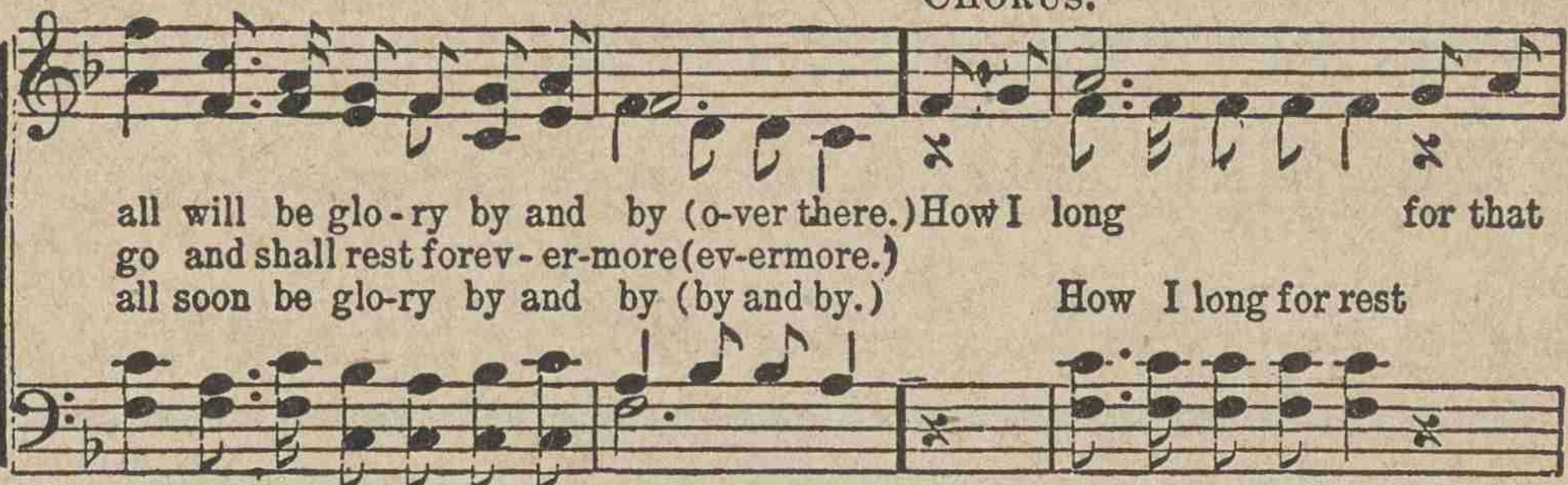


1. My Re-deem-er has gone to prepare (in the sky,) Blessed man-sions of rest by and
 2. I've no treasures to bind me be-low (here below,) In this land full of sor-row and
 3. I shall sing home at last by and by (by and by,) And my voice will be tuned to the



by (by and by,) Soon He'll call me home to rest with the ransomed and the best, For it
 woe (here below,) All my treasures are a - bove in that land of peace and love, Soon I'll
 lyre (heav'nly lyre,) Then my songs shall ever be home at rest be-yond the sea, It will

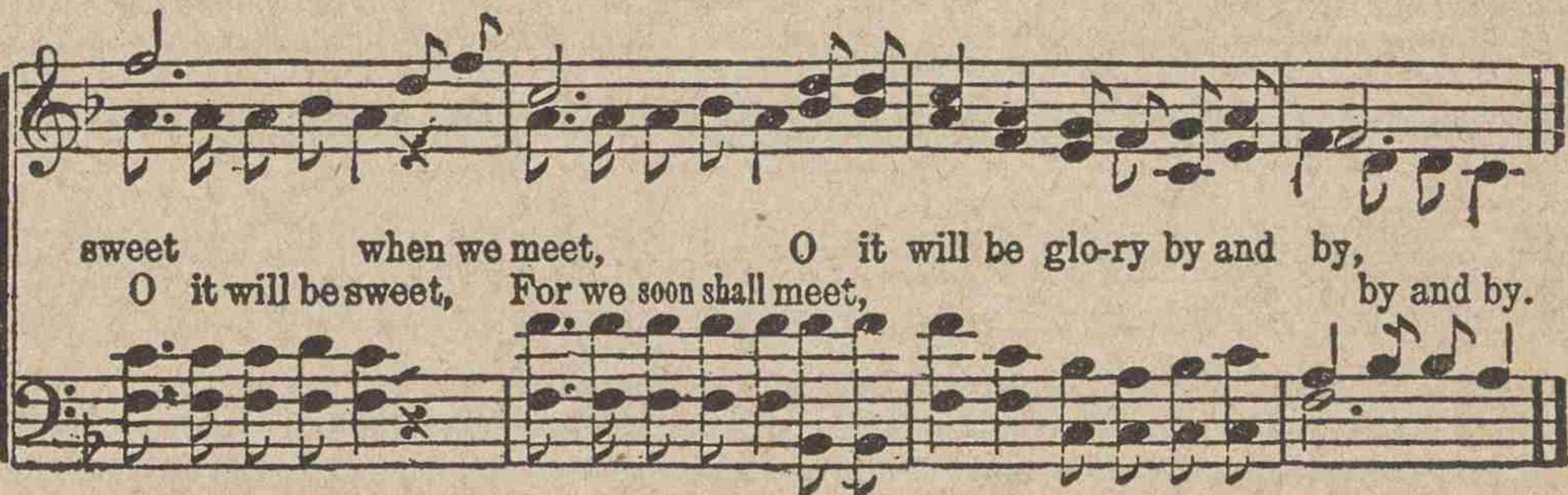
CHORUS.



all will be glo-ry by and by (o-ver there.) How I long for that
 go and shall rest forev-er-more (ev-ermore.)
 all soon be glo-ry by and by (by and by.) How I long for rest



rest in the home of the blest, 'Twill be
 with the good and blest, in that home of rest, with the good and blest,




sweet when we meet, O it will be glo-ry by and by,
 O it will be sweet, For we soon shall meet, by and by.

This is Like Heaven to Me.


J. E. F.

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J. E. FRENCH.




1. We find ma-ny peo-ple who can't un-der-stand Why we are so hap-py and free;
2. So when we are hap-py we sing and we shout, Some don't understand us, I see;
3. We've heard the sweet music, the heavenly chord From Glo-ry Land o-ver the sea;
4. We're looking for Je-sus with glo-ry to come, 'Tis Je-sus who died on the tree;






We've cross'd o-ver Jor-dan to Canaan's fair land, And this is like heav-en to me.
We're filled with the Spir-it, there is - n't a doubt, And this is like heav-en to me.
A soul-thrill-ing message from Je-sus, our Lord, And this is like heav-en to me.
A cloud of bright an-gels to car-ry us home, Oh, that will be heav-en to me.



CHORUS.



1-3. Oh, this is like heaven to me; (to me); Yes, this is like heav-en to me; (to me);
4. Oh, that will be heaven to me; (to me); Yes, that will be heav-en to me; (to me);

I've cross'd o-ver Jor-dan to Canaan's fair land And this is like heaven to me. (to me).
A cloud of bright an-gels to car-ry me home, Yes, that will be heaven to me. (to me).




Lillenas Pub. Co., Owners.

My Prayer.



P. P. B.

THE JOHN CHURCH CO., OWNERS.
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P. P. BLISS.



1. More holiness give me, More striving within; More patience in suff'ring, More sorrow for sin;
2. More gratitude give me, More trust in the Lord; More pride in His glory, More hope in His word;
3. More pu-ri-ty give me, More strength to o'ercome; More freedom from earth-stains, More longings for home;

More faith in my Saviour, More sense of His care; More joy in His service, More purpose in pray'r.
More tears for His sorrows, More pain at His grief; More meekness in trial, More praise for relief.
More fit for the kingdom, More used would I be; More blessed and holy, More, Savior, like Thee.



Draw Me Nearer.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.




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




told Thy love to me; But I long to rise in the
 pow'r of grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a
 fore Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with
 cross the nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I

REFRAIN.



arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
 stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - er,
 Thee my God, I com-mune as friend with friend. near - er, near - er,
 may not reach, Till I rest in peace with Thee.



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



near - er, near - er, near - er bless - ed Lord, To Thy pre - cious, bleed - ing side.

By permission.

Carry Me Back

Copyright, 1928, by Thoro Harris

JAMES BLAND

1. Car-ry me back to Calv'ry's mountain: There's where my Savior died for
 2. Car-ry me back to Calv'ry's mountain, There let me live in the

Cho.—Car-ry me back to Calv'ry's mountain Where Je - sus died my re-

me up - on the tree, There's where He speaks to my spir-it so sweet-ly;
 D. S.—There, 'neath His cross, Je-sus gave me His par-don,
 shad-ow of His cross, Kind-ling my love in the love there un-cov-ered;
 D. S.—And when at last I am save home in heav-en,

bel-lious heart to win; There let me bathe in the pure cleansing fountain,

FINE.

No oth - er place could be half so dear to me. Long time I wandered a-
 Lift - ing my burden, He bro't me in - to rest.
 There let me weep till I lose my worthless dross. O, there my spir-it is
 E'en there I'll thrill to the tho't of Cal-va - ry.

Flow-ing to save me and keep me from all sin.


D. S.

way from my Sav-ior, Day aft - er day by my bur-den sore op-prest;
 touched by His goodness, There Jesus speaks out of flowing wounds to me;



No. 21. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.



P. P. BLISS.




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

Life, Let me more of their beauty 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;
 Life. All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.
 Life. Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.




REFRAIN.



Beau-ti - ful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life,

Beau - ti - ful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life.



By permission.

He Lifted Me.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. In lov - ing kind-ness Je - sus came, My soul in mer - cy to re-claim,
2. He called me long be-fore I heard, Be - fore my sin - ful heart was stirred,
3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru - el nails were torn,
4. Now on a high - er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;



And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lift - ed me.....
 But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift - ed me.....
 When from my guilt and grief, for-lorn, In love He lift - ed me.....
 Yet how or why, I can - not tell, He should have lift - ed me.....



CHORUS.



From sink-ing sand He lift - ed me, With ten - der hand He lift - ed me,



From shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lift-ed me!



Just a Little While

(Dedicated to Bosworth Brothers)

Life is short. Should we live our allotted three score years and ten, it would be but 26,000 days. Like Paul we can say: We are here "but for a moment."— 2 COR. 4: 17.

H. H. W.

Copyright, 1922, by Hayden H. Whitney

Hayden H. Whitney



1. Just a lit - tle while to stay here And carry burdens bravely day by day;
2. Just a lit - tle while to reap here, Behold the ripen'd gra'n is bending low;
3. Just a lit - tle while to work here. To do our best for Je-sus ev-'ry day;
4. Just a lit - tle while, then shadows, And we will hear Him calling sweet and low;



Just a lit - tle while to pray here For those who have not found the way.
 Just a lit - tle while to weep here For those who Je - sus do not know.
 There is nev - er time to shirk here, We have not ver - y long to stay,
 "Come, ye faithful, home to glo - ry:" Such wondrous love He doth be-stow!



CHORUS



Just a lit - tle while, Just a lit - tle while, Then the King we'll see:



Just a lit - tle while and then we'll be with Him Thru all e - ter - ni - ty.



No. 24. I Love to Tell the Story.

Miss KATE HANKEV.

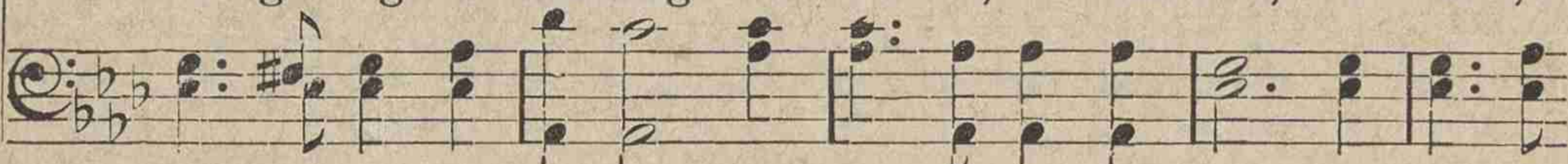
WM. G. FISCHER.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. I love to tell the sto - ry! More won - der - ful it seems Than
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best, Seem



Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to
all the gold - en fan - cies, Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to
seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to
hun - ger - ing and thirsting To hear it, like the rest, And when, in



tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my
tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the
tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal -
scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old



CHORUS.



long - ings As nothing else can do. I love to tell the story, 'Twill
rea - son I tell it now to thee.
va - tion From God's own holy word.
sto - ry That I have loved so long.



be my theme in glory, To tell the old, old story Of Jesus and His love.



E. A. H.

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 ful - ly trusting 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 ready for the mansions bright And be
 blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flow-ing for the soul unclean, Oh, be



D. S.—Are they white as snow? Are you



washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the blood,
 Are you washed in the blood,



washed in the blood of the Lamb?

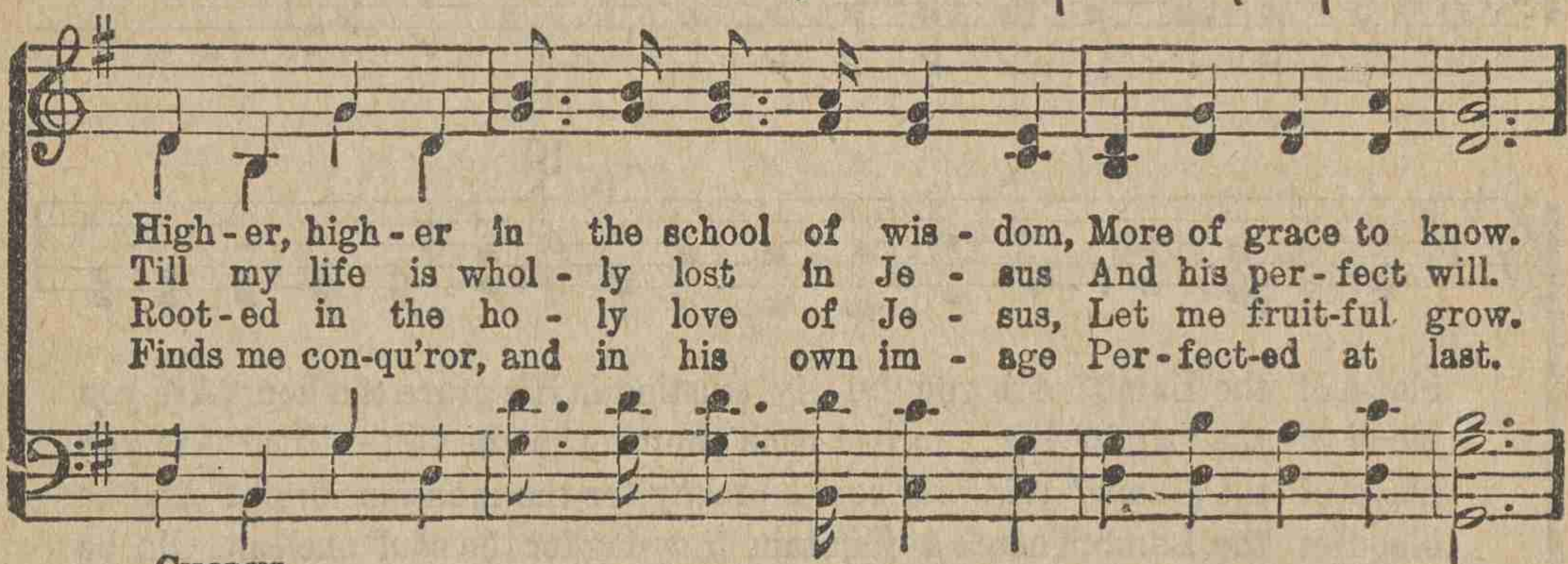


In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments spotless?
 of the Lamb?





1. Deep-er, deep-er in the love of Je - sus Dai - ly let me go;
 2. Deep-er, deep-er! bless-ed Ho - ly Spir - it, Take me deep-er still,
 3. Deep-er, deep-er! tho' it cost hard tri - als, Deep-er let me go!
 4. Deep-er, high-er ev - 'ry day in Je - sus, Till all con - flict past,



High-er, high-er in the school of wis - dom, More of grace to know.
 Till my life is whol - ly lost in Je - sus And his per - fect will.
 Root-ed in the ho - ly love of Je - sus, Let me fruit-ful grow.
 Finds me con-qu'ror, and in his own im - age Per-fect-ed at last.

CHORUS.



O deep - er yet, I pray,..... And
 O deep-er yet, I pray, deep-er yet, I pray, And



high - er ev - 'ry day,..... And wis - er,
 high-er ev - 'ry day, high-er ev - 'ry day, And wis - er, bless-ed Lord,



bless-ed Lord,..... In thy pre - cious ho - ly Word.
 wis - er, bless-ed Lord,

No. 27. Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word,
2. Fast - ing, a - lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that He passed,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed Him Writh - ing in an - guish and pain;



CHO.—Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word,



FINE.

Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet - est that ev - er was heard;
How for our sins He was tempt - ed, Yet was tri - um - phant at last;
Tell of the grave where they laid Him, Tell how He liv - eth a - gain;



Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet - est that ev - er was heard.



Tell how the an - gels, in cho - rus Sang as they wel - comed His birth,
Tell of the years of His la - bor, Tell of the sor - row He bore,
Love in that sto - ry so ten - der, Clear - er than ev - er I see;



D. C.

Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good ti - dings to earth.
He was de - spised and af - flict - ed, Home - less, re - ject - ed and poor.
Stay, let me weep while you whis - per, Love paid the ran - som for me.



By per. Jno. R. Sweney.

The Heavenly Aeroplane.

J. S. McC.

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J. S. McConnell.



1. One of these nights just at twelve o'clock This old world's gwin ter
2. You may talk of your rides in your auto-mo-biles, Of lightning speed on your



reel and rock; Poor sin - ners will trem - ble and cry for pain, And the
mo - tor wheels: We'll break all rec - ords as up we fly In an



CHORUS.



Lord will come in His aer - o - plane. Ho, ye wea-ry of ev-'ry tribe,
aer-o-plane joy - ride thru the sky.



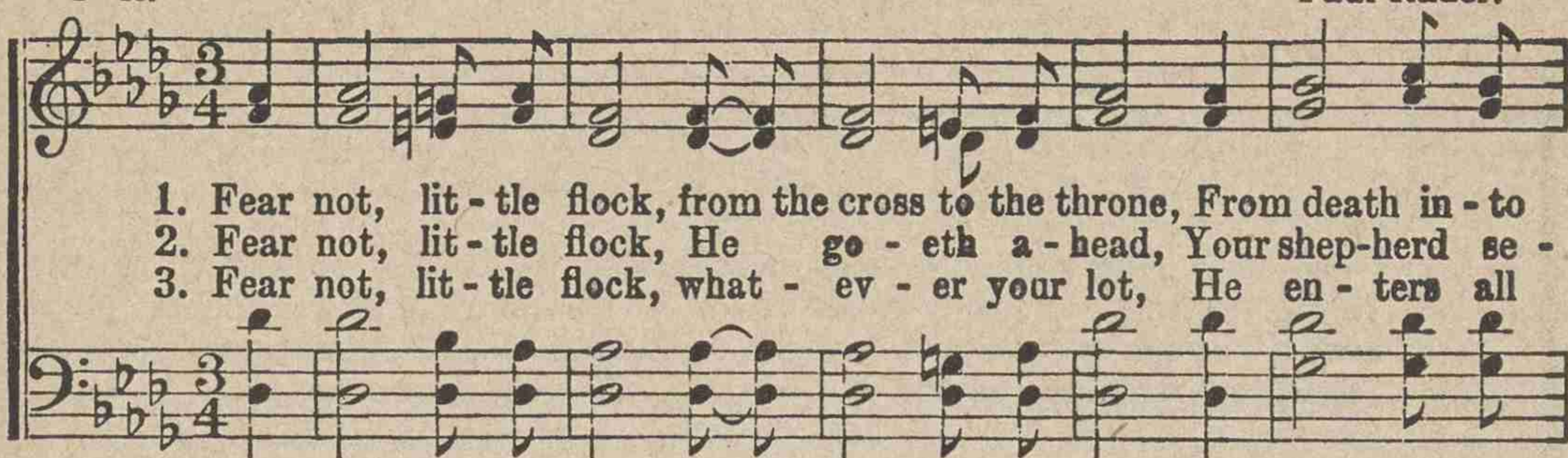
Get your tick-et for this aer - o - plane ride. Je - sus our Sav - ior is



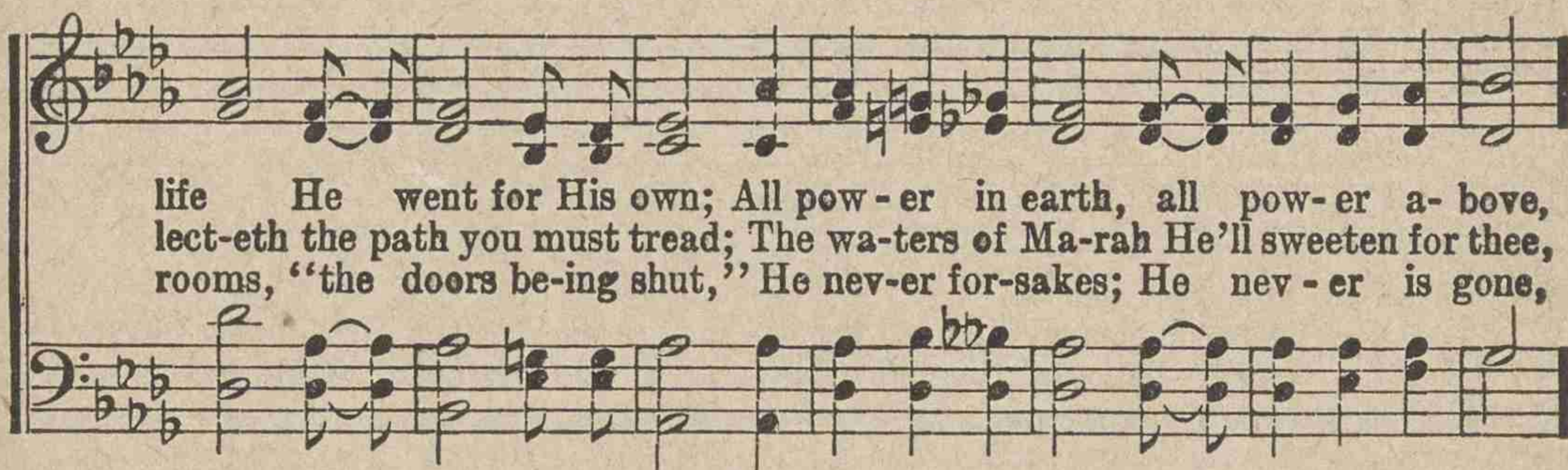
com-ing to reign, And take us up to glo-ry in His heav'nly aer-o-plane.



3. There will be no punctures on muddy roads,
No broken axels from over-loads,
No sparks to trouble or cause delay
As we soar in rapture up the Milky Way.
4. You must needs get ready if you take this ride,
Quit all your meanness and humble your pride;
5. You must furnish a light both bright and clean
And a vessel of oil to run the machine.
6. When our journey's done and we all sit down
At the marriage feast, with a golden crown,
We'll blend our voices with the ransomed throng
And repeat His praises as years roll on.

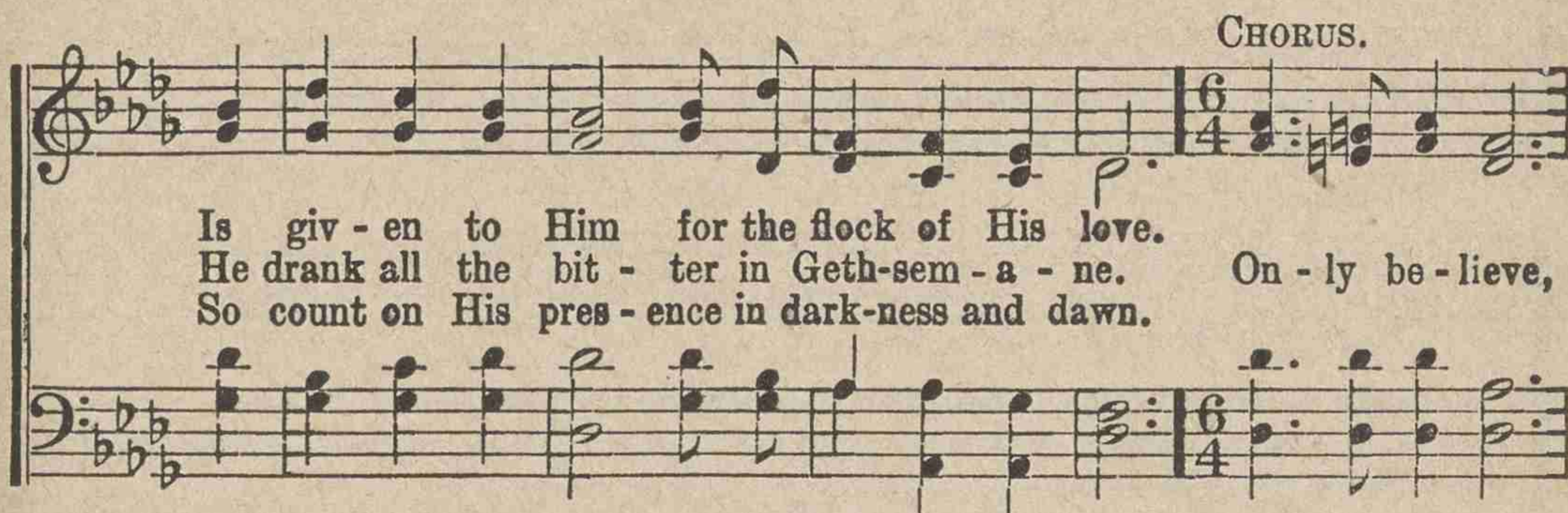


1. Fear not, lit - tle flock, from the cross to the throne, From death in - to
 2. Fear not, lit - tle flock, He go - eth a - head, Your shep-herd se -
 3. Fear not, lit - tle flock, what - ev - er your lot, He en - ters all



life He went for His own; All pow - er in earth, all pow - er a - bove,
 lect-eth the path you must tread; The wa-ters of Ma-rah He'll sweeten for thee,
 rooms, "the doors be-ing shut," He nev-er for-sakes; He nev - er is gone,

CHORUS.



Is giv - en to Him for the flock of His love.
 He drank all the bit - ter in Geth-sem - a - ne. On - ly be - lieve,
 So count on His pres - ence in dark-ness and dawn.



on - ly be - lieve; All things are pos-si - ble, on - ly be - lieve,



On - ly be-lieve, on - ly be-lieve; All things are pos-si-ble, on-ly be-lieve.

Your Last Invitation.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.

Wm. S. Pitts. Arr. by T. H.



1. Come now, from your slumber a-wak-ing, And list to the voice of the Lord;
2. There's no one can save you but Je-sus, There's no other name God has giv'n;
3. Find par-don and peace in be-liev-ing, And rest on-ly saved ones can know,
4. Then haste while the Savior is wait-ing, The call of the gos-pel o-bey;
5. To-day is the day of sal-va-tion Now en-ter the wide o-pen door;



1. A-bove you the sunlight is break-ing, And o'er you His love is outpoured.
2. He on-ly can heal your dis-eas-es, He on-ly can guide you to heav'n.
3. The grace of as-sur-ance re-ceive-ing, And joy on-ly He can be-stow.
4. Give o-ver your fruitless de-bat-ing, And kneel at His footstool to-day.
5. This may be your last in-vi-ta-tion, God's Spir-it may call you no more.



CHORUS.



O come, come, come, come, Come while the Spir-it is call-
Come to Him



ing, O come to the Sav-ior to-day, (Come to-day); This may be your
now,



last in-vi-ta-tion; Sin-ner, come, and no lon-ger de-lay.

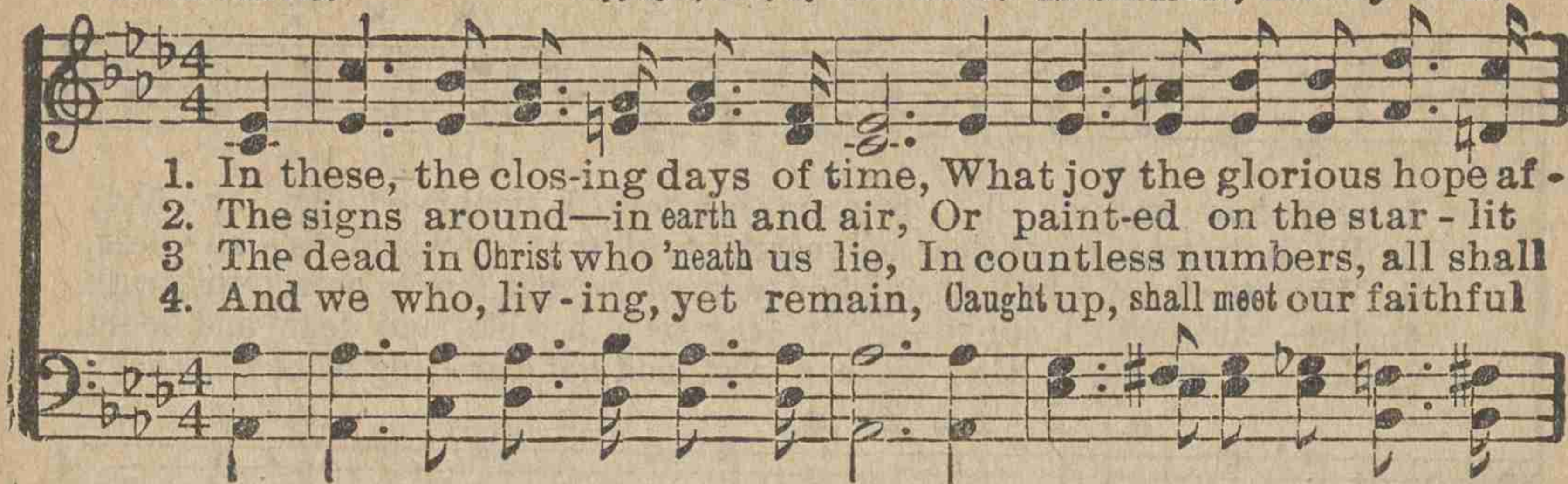


He's Coming Soon.

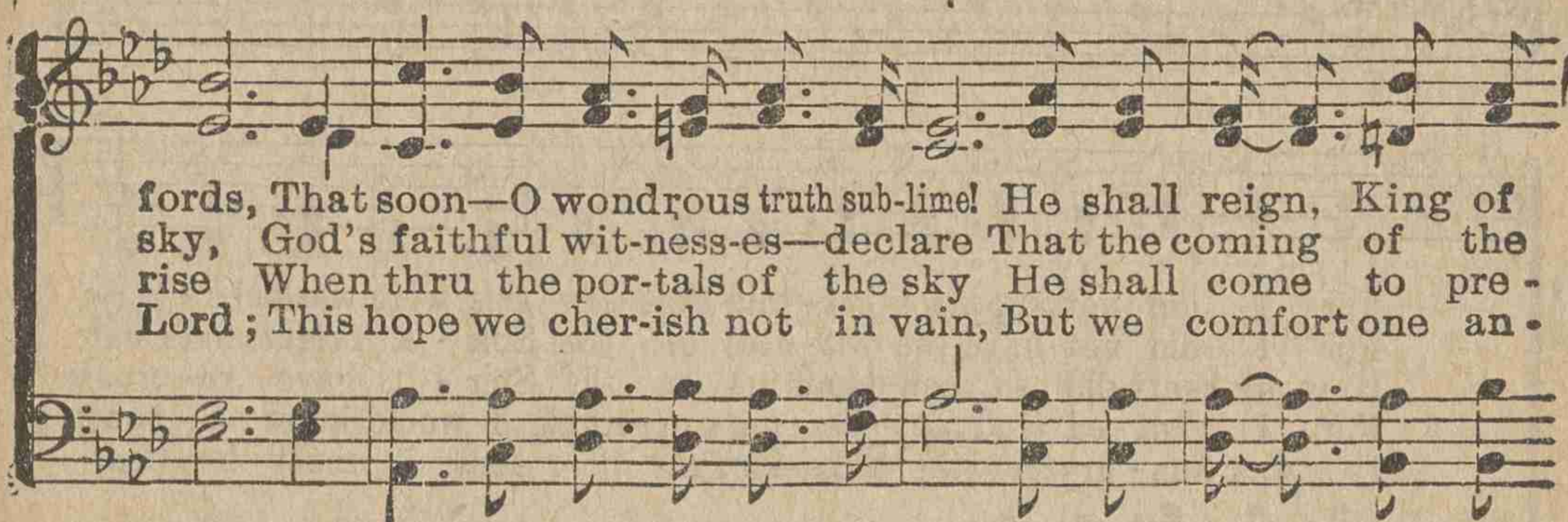
Hawaiian Melody.

Thoro Harris.

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1. In these, the clos-ing days of time, What joy the glorious hope af -
 2. The signs around—in earth and air, Or paint-ed on the star - lit
 3. The dead in Christ who 'neath us lie, In countless numbers, all shall
 4. And we who, liv-ing, yet remain, Caught up, shall meet our faithful

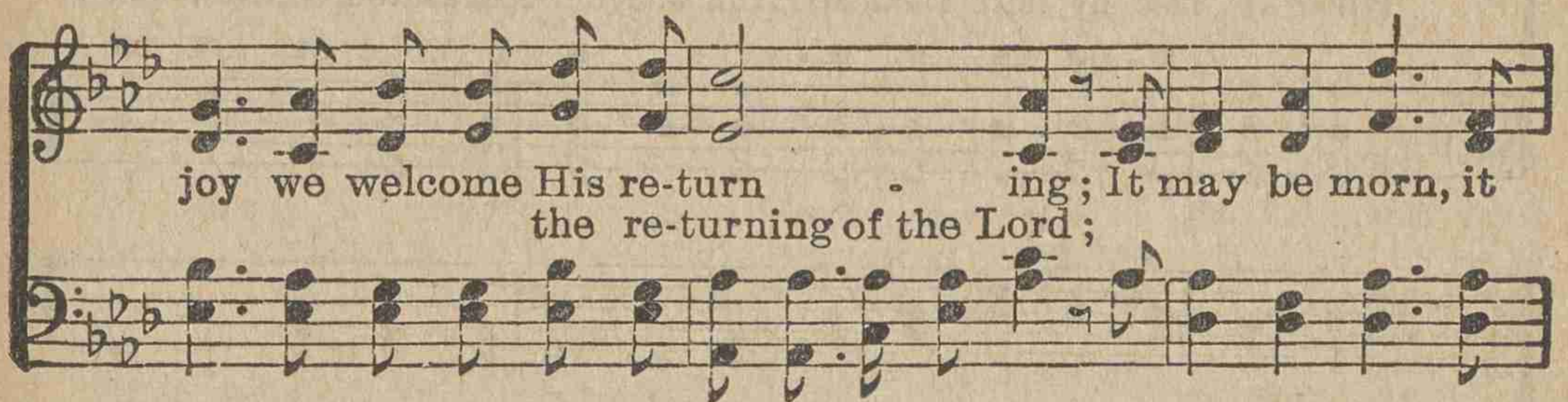


fords, That soon—O wondrous truth sub-lime! He shall reign, King of
 sky, God's faithful wit-ness-es—declare That the coming of the
 rise When thru the por-tals of the sky He shall come to pre -
 Lord; This hope we cher-ish not in vain, But we comfort one an -

REFRAIN.



kings and Lord of lords.
 Sav - ior draweth nigh. He's com-ing soon, He's coming soon; With
 pare our Par - a - dise.
 oth - er by this word.



joy we welcome His re-turn - ing; It may be morn, it
 the re-turning of the Lord;



may be night or noon—We know He's com - ing soon.
 our King is com-ing ver-y soon.

H. L. C.

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H. L. Cox.



1. Oh, how well do I re-mem-ber how I doubt-ed day by day,
2. When the truth came close and searching, all my joy would dis - ap - pear,
3. When the Lord sent faith-ful serv - ants who would dare to preach the truth,
4. But at last I tired of liv - ing such a life of fear and doubt,
5. So I prayed to God in ear - nest, and not car - ing what folks said;



For I did not know for cer-tain that my sins were washed a - way;
 For I did not have the wit-ness of the Spir - it bright and clear;
 How my heart did so con-demn me as the Spir - it gave re-proof;
 For I want-ed God to give me some-thing I would know a - bout;
 I was hun - gry for the bless-ing; my poor soul it must be fed;



When the Spir - it tried to tell me, I would not the truth re-ceive,
 If at times the com-ing judg-ment would ap-pear be - fore my mind,
 Sa - tan says at once, "I will ru - in you to now con-fess your state,
 So the truth would make me hap-py, and the light would clear - ly shine,
 When at last by faith I touched Him, and, like sparks from smit-ten steel,



I en-deav-ored to be hap - py, and to make my - self be - lieve.
 Oh, it made me so un-eas - y, for God's smile I could not find.
 Keep on work-ing and pro-fess - ing, and you'll en - ter heav-en's gate."
 And the Spir - it gave as - sur - ance that I'm His and He is mine.
 Just so quick sal - va-tion reached me; O bless God, I know it's real!



It's Real.

CHORUS.



But it's real, It's real, it's real, Oh, I know I know it's real;



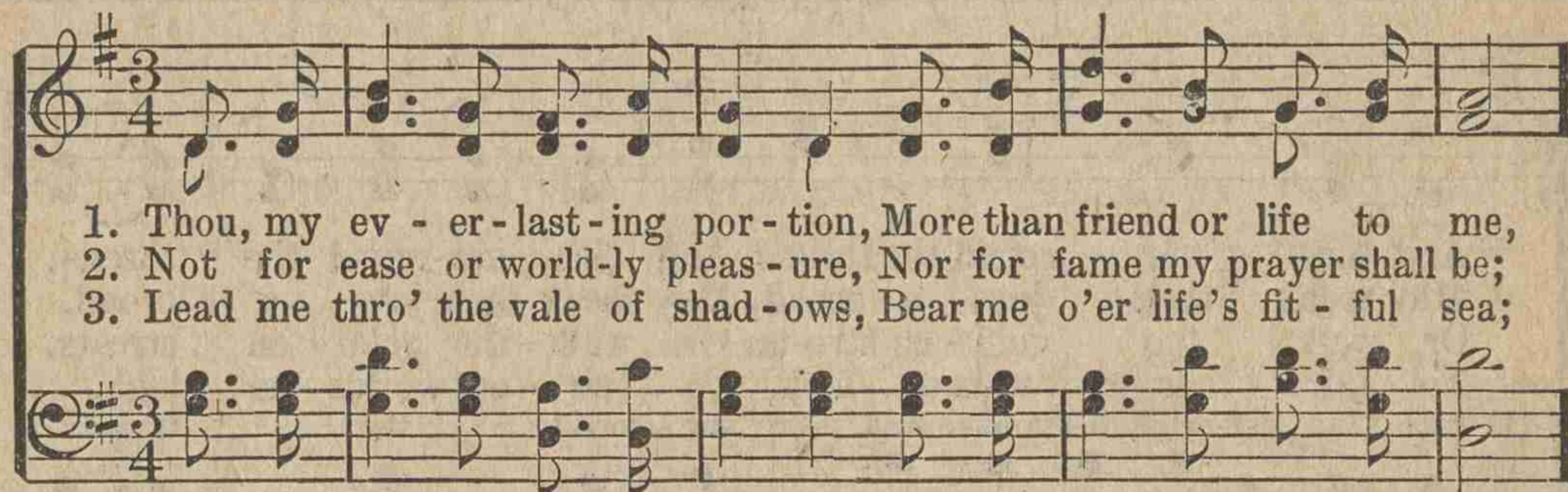
Praise God, the doubts are set-tled, For I know, I know it's real.

33

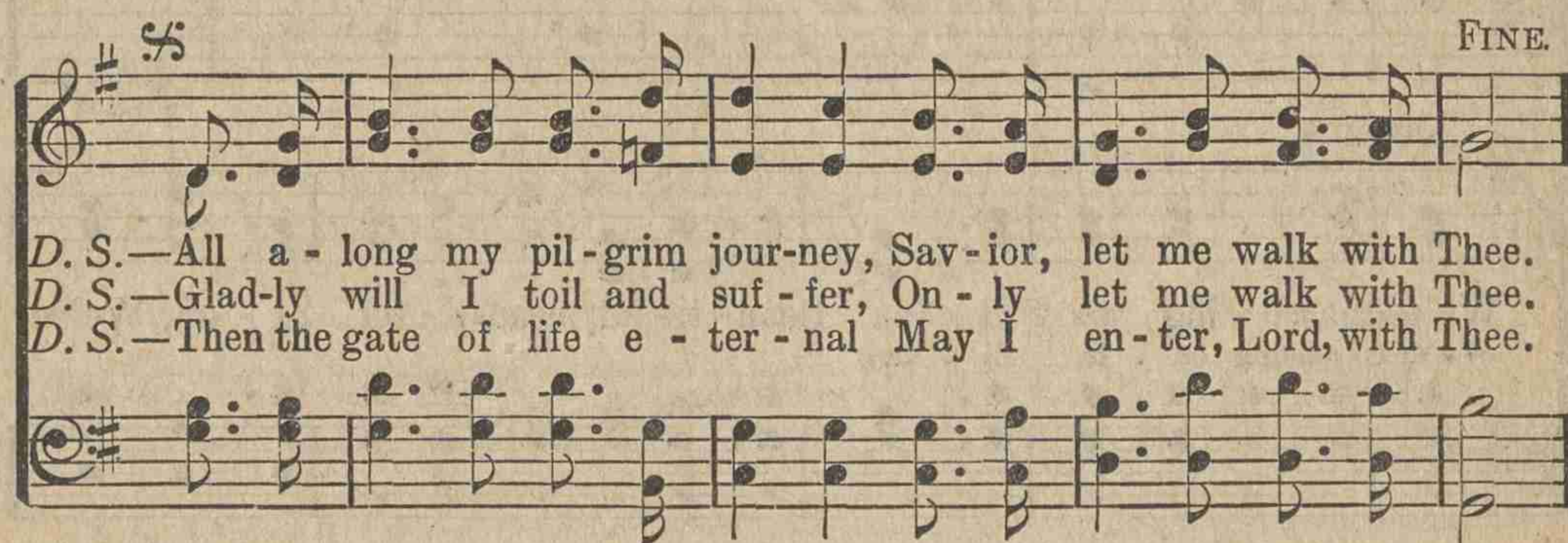
Close to Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby.

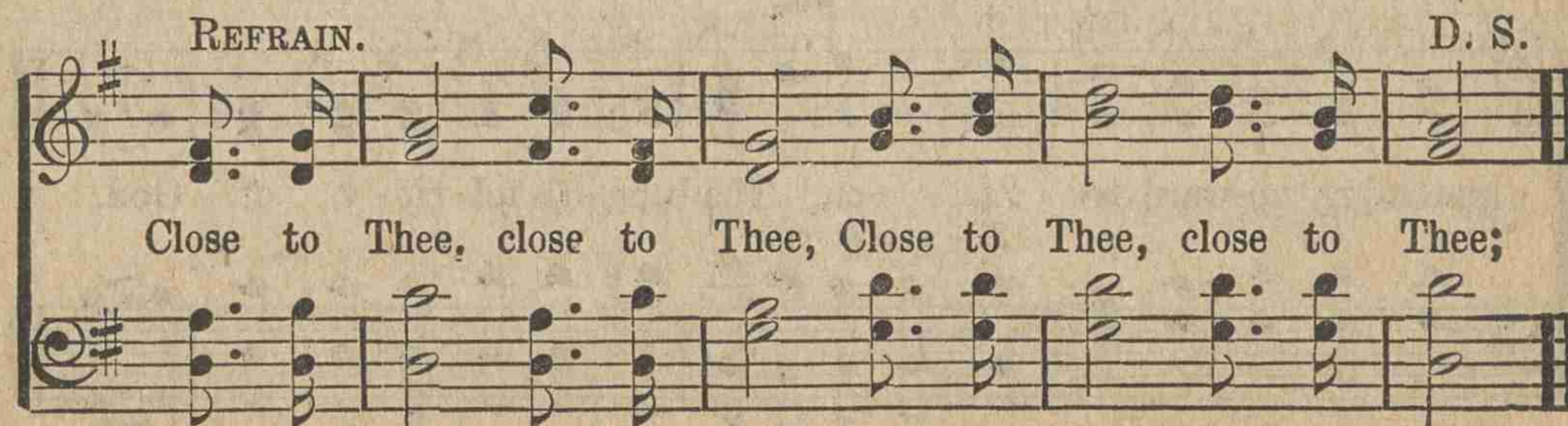
Silas J. Vail.



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



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



REFRAIN. D. S.
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;

Isaac Watts.

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Robert Lowry.

M 66 =

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

Where He Leads I'll Follow.

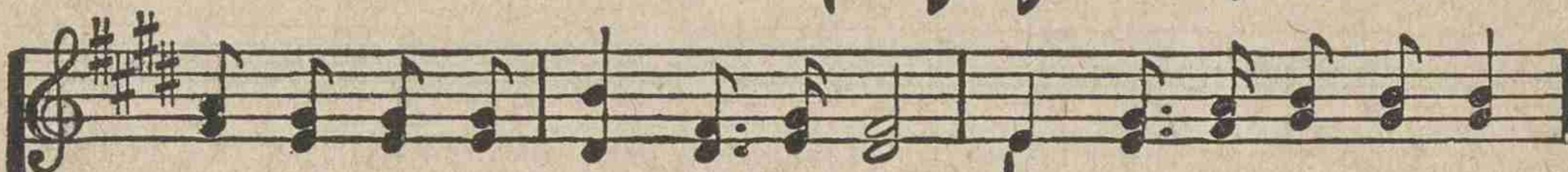
W. A. O.

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W. A. Ogden.



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



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



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


CHORUS.




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




Fol - low all the way; Follow Jesus ev-'ry day.
 Fol - low all the way, yes, fol - low all the way;




1. In coun-try, town or ci - ty some peo - ple can be found
2. They grum - ble in the ci - ty, they grum - ble on the farm,
3. They grum - ble when it's rain - ing, they grum - ble when it's dry,
4. They grum - ble at the preacher, they grum - ble at his prayer,
5. They stay a - way from meeting be - cause it's hot or cold
6. If you don't quit your grum - bling and stop it now and here,



1. Who spend their lives in grum - bling at ev - 'ry - thing a - round;
2. They grum - ble at their neighbors, they think it is no harm;
3. And if the crops are fail - ing, they grum - ble and they sigh.
4. They grum - ble at his preaching, they grum - ble ev - 'ry - where;
5. Or else it looks like rain - ing, a head - ache or a cold;
6. You'll nev - er get to heav - en, no grumblers en - ter there.



1. O yes, they al - ways grum - ble, no mat - ter what we say,
2. They grum - ble at their husbands, they grum - ble at their wives,
3. They grum - ble at low pric - es and grum - ble when they're high,
4. They grum - ble at God's peo - ple and say 'tis all dis - play;
5. And when the off - ring's tak - en they're sure to pout or sigh
6. Re - pent and be con - vert - ed, be saved from all your sin;



1. For these are chron - ic grumblers and they grum - ble night and day.
2. They grum - ble at their children; but the grumbler nev - er thrives.
3. They grum - ble all the year 'round and they grum - ble till they die.
4. But ho - ly folks don't grum - ble, they have on - ly time to pray.
5. And say they feel so sor - ry al - ways mon - ey is the cry.
6. You know that grum - bling Christians find it hard a crown to win.

CHORUS



O they grum - ble on Mon - day, Tues - day, Wednesday, grum - ble

Grum, grum, grum, grum,

on Thursday too, Grumble on Fri-day, Sat-ur-day, Sun-day,

Grum, grum, grum, grum,

grum-ble the whole week thru. grum-ble the whole week thru.

37

THORO HARRIS

Calling to You

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1. Soul, do you hear a kind lov-ing voice Call-ing to you,
2. Je-sus is such a won-der-ful friend! Call-ing to you,
3. This is the time, no long-er de-lay, Call-ing to you,
4. Soon you will hear the Sav-ior no more, Call-ing to you,

1. call-ing to you? Fly to His arms, make Je-sus your choice,
2. call-ing to you; Those whom He saves, He keeps to the end,
3. call-ing to you; He is the life, the truth and the way,
4. call-ing to you; Jus-tice will close the wide o-pen door,

D.S. Sin-ner, the voice of mer-cy o-bey,

CHORUS

1. Call-ing to you, come home. *Fine*
2. Call-ing to you, come home.
3. Call-ing to you, come home. Call-ing to-day, He's
4. Seal-ing for aye your doom.

Call-ing to you, come home. *D.S.*

call-ing to-day; Come as you are, no long-er de-lay;

The Hallelujah Side.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY JOHN J. HOOD.

J. Howard Entwistle



1. Once a sin - ner, far from Je - sus, I was per - ish - ing with cold,
2. Tho' the world may sweep a-round me with her daz - zle and her dreams,
3. Not for all earth's gold - en mil - lions would I leave this pre - cious place,
4. Here the sun is al - ways shin - ing, here the sky is al - ways bright;
5. And up - on the streets of glo - ry, when we reach the oth - er shore,



But the bless - ed Sav - ior heard me when I cried; Then He
 Yet I en - vy not her van - i - ties and pride; For my
 Tho' the tempt - er to per - suade me oft has tried; For I'm
 'Tis no place for gloom - y Chris - tians to a - bide; For my
 And have safe - ly crossed the Jor - dan's roll - ing tide, You will



threw His robe a - round me, and He led me to His fold, And I'm
 soul looks up to heav - en, where the gold - en sun - light gleams, And I'm
 safe in God's pa - vil - ion, hap - py in His love and grace, And I'm
 soul is filled with mu - sic, and my heart with great de - light, And I'm
 find me shout - ing "Glo - ry!" just out - side my man - sion door, Where I'm



o - pened up tow'rd heaven all the win - dows of my soul, And I'm



liv - ing on the hal - le - lu - jah side. Oh, glo - ry be to Je - sus! let the



liv - ing on the hal - le - lu - jah side.

The Hallelujah Side.

D. S.

hal - lu - lu - jahs roll; Help me ring the Savior's prais - es far and wide;

39

Why Not You?

T. H.

Copyright, 1919, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.

1. Ma - ny are turn-ing to Je - sus to - day;
 2. Ma - ny are res-cued from sin and the grave; Why not you? O why not you?
 3. Ma - ny are safe on the high-way a - bove;
 4. Ma - ny the life ev - er last-ing re-ceive;

f

Ma - ny the call of His gos - pel o - bey;
 Look-ing to Je - sus the Might - y to save; Why not you?.....
 Bound for the cit - y of in - fi - nite love;
 Sin - ner, ac-cept Him; re - pent and be-lieve; Why, O why not you?.....

f REFRAIN.

Ma - ny re-joice in His pow-er to save, Glad-ly confessing, "My sins He for-

p rit. All voices.

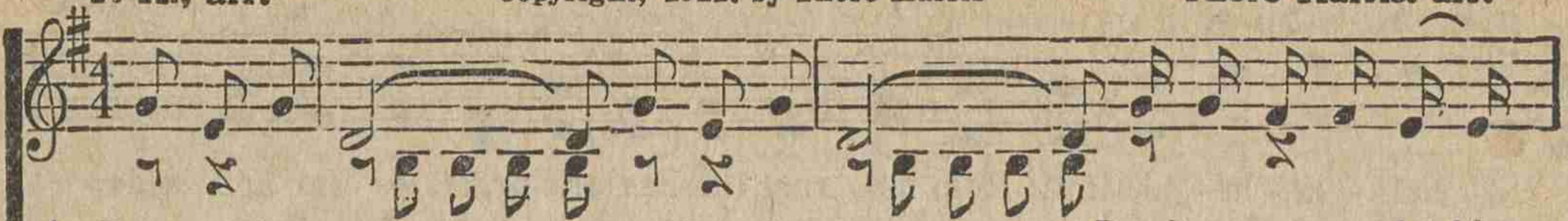
gave;" Ma - ny are trusting the Faithful and True: Why, O why not you?

I Ain't a Gon a Grieve My Lord

T. H., arr.

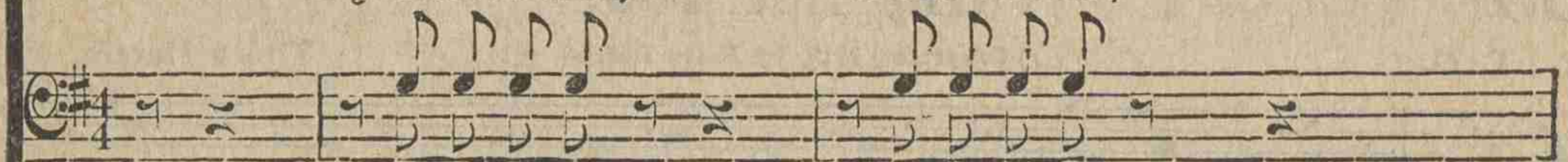
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Thoro Harris. arr.



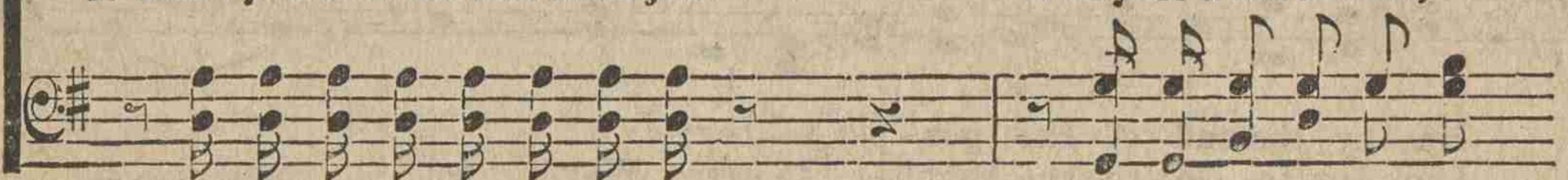
1. Just see that sun,..... see how he run;..... Don't you ev-er let him
2. If you would stand..... God's searching test..... You must look a-way to
3. You talk of me..... just all you please..... I will talk a - bout
4. Some happy morn..... all bright and fair..... I will fly a - way to
5. And when I reach..... that shining shore..... I will glo - ri - fy my

1. Just see that sun, see how he run,



1. catch you..... with your work undone..... Just
2. Je - sus,..... He will do the rest..... If
3. you..... when I'm on my knees..... You
4. glo - ry on the ambient air..... Some
5. Sav - ior..... in the ev - er - more..... And

1. Don't you ev-er let Him catch you with your work undone,



1. see that sun, see how he run; Don't you ev-cr let Him catch you with your work undone. I
2. you would stand God's searching test, You must look a - way to Je-sus, He will do the rest. I
3. talk of me just all you please, I will talk a - bout you when I'm on my knees. I
4. happy morn all bright and fair I will fly a - way to glo-ry on the ambient air. I
5. when I reach that shining shore I will glo - ri - fy my Sav-ior in the ev-er-more. I



ain't a gon a grieve..... my Lordan-y - more.....
I ain't a gon a grieve my Lordan-y-more.



I Ain't a Gon a Grieve My Lord

REFRAIN



I ain't a gon a greive,..... I ain't a gon a greive,
I ain't a gon a greive, I ain't a gon a greive,



I ain't a gon a greive..... my Lord an - y - more.
I ain't a gon a greive



41

In My Heart

Thoro Harris

Copyright, 1922, by Thoro Harris

Arr. by T. H.



1. I be-lieve the gos - pel mes-sage. In my heart, in my heart, I be-



REFRAIN



liev'd the gos-pel mes-sage In my heart. In my heart;..... in my
In my heart,



heart,..... I be - lieve the gos - pel mes - sage In my heart.
in my heart,



2. I receiv'd the Holy Spirit
In my heart,

3. He has taken full possession
Of my heart,

4. Now I praise the King of glo - ry, In my heart,

He's Coming Back Again.

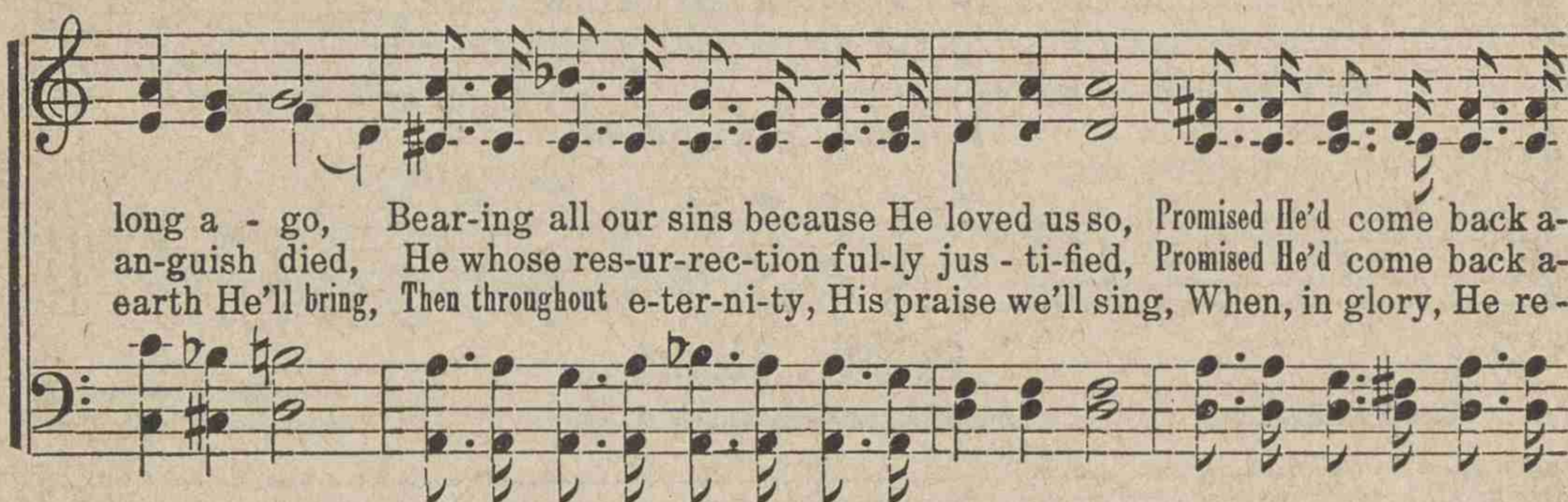
Mrs. H. S. L.

Copyright, 1922, by Mrs. H. S. Lehman.

Mrs. H. S. Lehman.



1. There's a blessed hope that thrills my heart to know That the Christ who came to earth so
 2. He who on the cross for me was cru - ci - fied, He who for my sin and shame in
 3. When He comes again 'twill be as King of kings, Per-fect peace and joy to all the



long a - go, Bear-ing all our sins because He loved us so, Promised He'd come back a-
 an-guish died, He whose res-ur-rec-tion ful-ly jus - ti-fied, Promised He'd come back a-
 earth He'll bring, Then throughout e-ter-ni-ty, His praise we'll sing, When, in glory, He re-

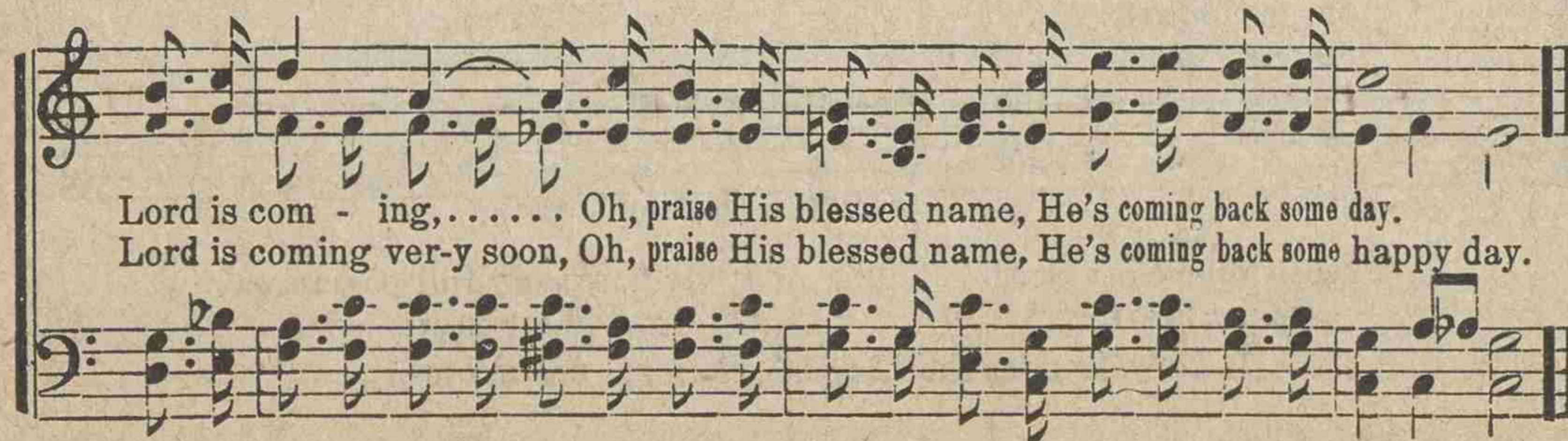
CHORUS.



gain some day.(and He is) Com - ing, Oh, yes, He's com - ing,
 gain some day.(and He is)
 turns some day.(for He is) Coming back a-gain, Oh, yes, He's coming back again just



The ver - y same as when He went a-way, Com - ing,..... My
 The ver - y same as when He went a-way, I know He's, Com-ing, and I'm sure My



Lord is com - ing,..... Oh, praise His blessed name, He's coming back some day.
 Lord is coming ver-y soon, Oh, praise His blessed name, He's coming back some happy day.

Goodby, Pharoah!

Copyright, 1921, by Thoro Harris

Arr. by E. M. Cornelius.

Vivace



1. { When I left old E-gypt - land, O my! O my! Pharaoh fairly cried,
When I left old E-gypt - land, [Omit.....], Pharaoh fairly cried.
2. { When I left old E-gypt - land, Good rea - son why; Tho't I sure would die,
When I left old E-gypt - land, [Omit.....], Tho't I sure would die,
3. { When I left old E-gypt - land, Good by, good-by, Lo-custs in the sky,
Frogs and flies I could not stand, [Omit.....], Lo - custs in the sky,



atempo.



While He was prom-ise mak - ing My heart was near - ly break-ing, Good-by,
My heart was ach-ing, ach-ing, Mine eyes kept wak-ing, wak-ing, Good-by,
The drum a - beat - ing, beat-ing, And Mo - ses preaching, preaching; Good-by,



Pha-raoh, good-by, (good-by,) Pha-raoh, good-by. Good-by, Pha-raoh,



good-by, Pha-raoh, Good-by Pha-raoh, good-by (good-by,) Good-by, Pha - raoh,



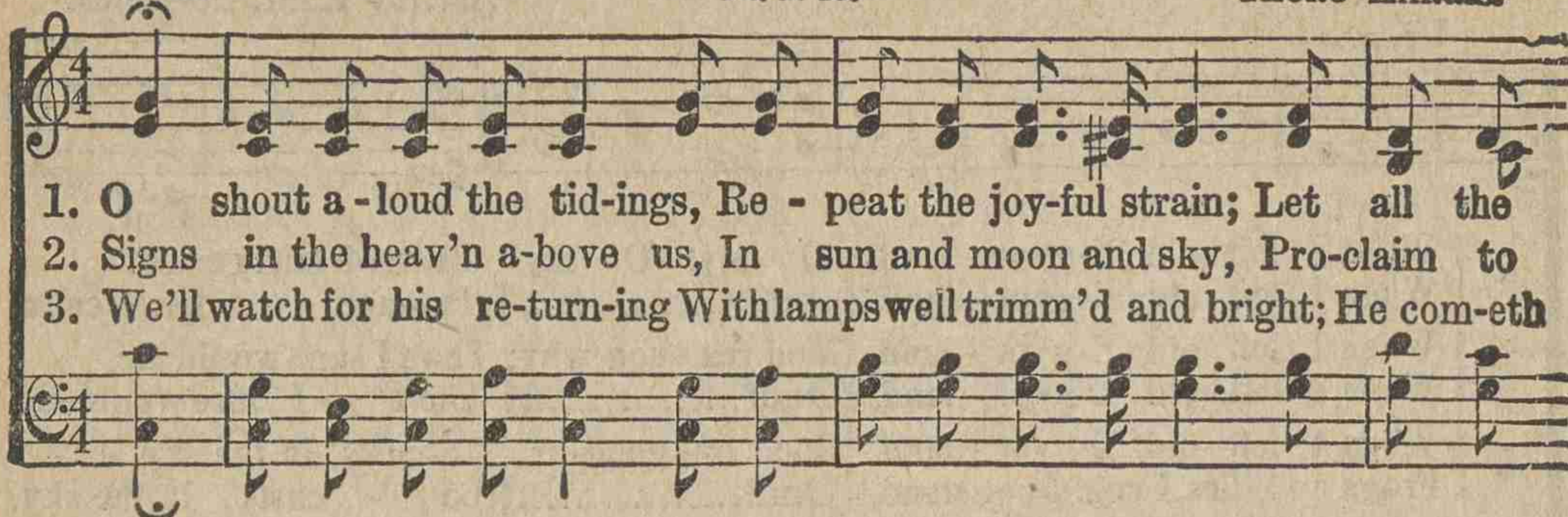
good-by, Pho-raoh, Good-by, Pha-raoh, Good-by, good-byP, ha-raoh, good-by.



T. H.

Tit. 2: 13.

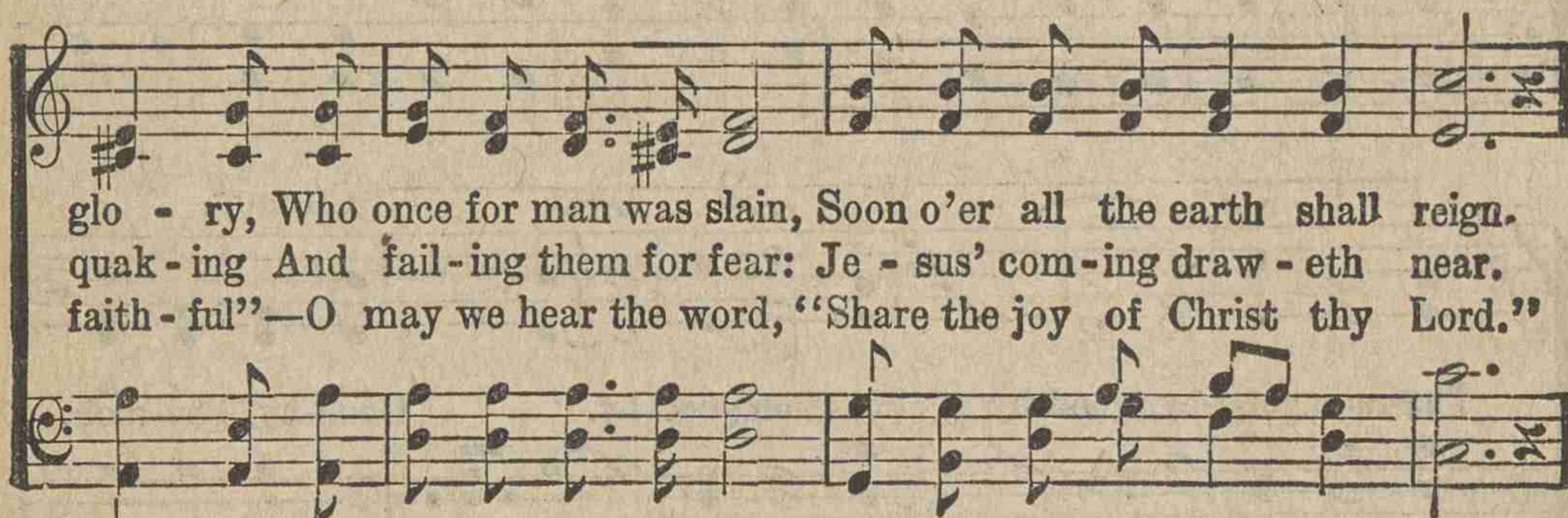
THORO HARRIS.



1. O shout a-loud the tid-ings, Re - peat the joy-ful strain; Let all the
 2. Signs in the heav'n a-bove us, In sun and moon and sky, Pro-claim to
 3. We'll watch for his re-turn-ing With lamps well trimm'd and bright; He com-eth



wait-ing na-tions This mes-sage hear a-gain: The spot-less Lamb of
 all the faith-ful Re-demp-tion draw-eth nigh; The hearts of men are
 to the care-less As thieves break thro' at night; "Well done, thou good and



glo-ry, Who once for man was slain, Soon o'er all the earth shall reign.
 quak-ing And fail-ing them for fear: Je-sus' com-ing draw-eth near.
 faith-ful"—O may we hear the word, "Share the joy of Christ thy Lord."

CHORUS.



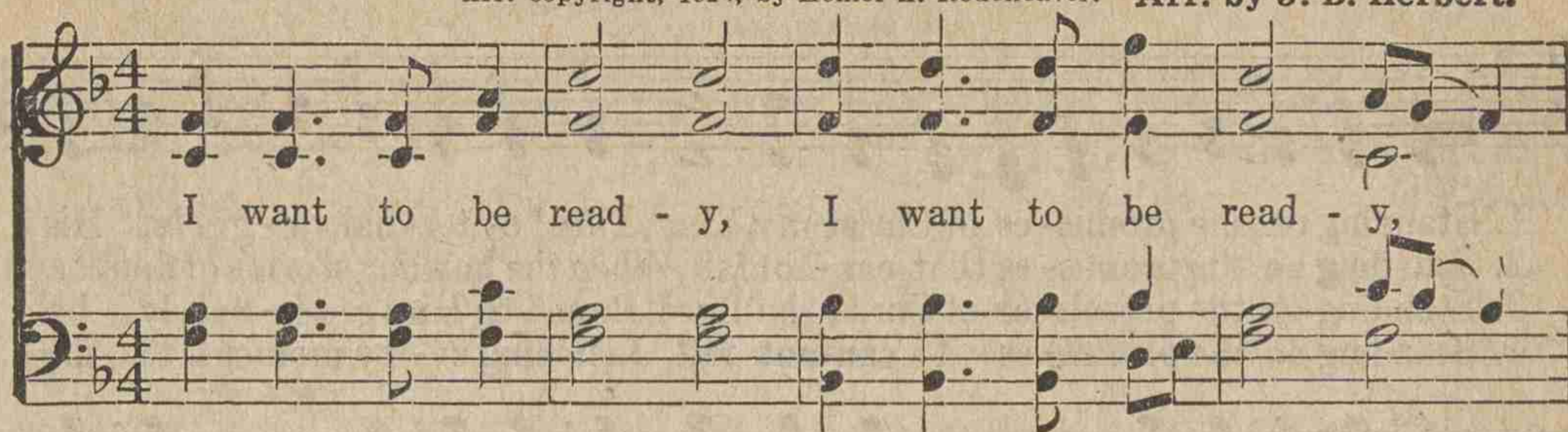
Looking for that blessed hope, Looking for that blessed hope; We know the
 that joyful hope, that glorious hope;



hour is nearing, The hour of his appearing: We're looking for that blessed hope.

45 Walk In Jerusalem Just Like John.

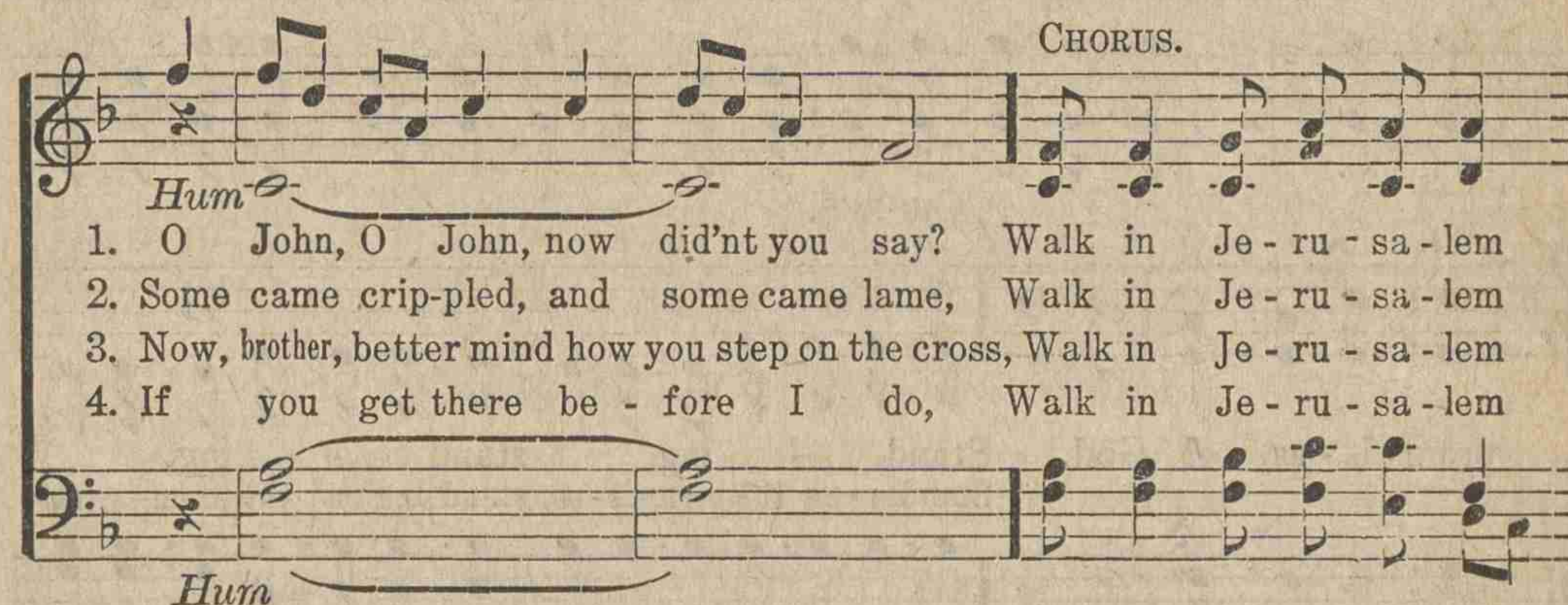
Arr. copyright, 1919, by Homer A. Rodeheaver. Arr. by J. B. Herbert.



I want to be read - y, I want to be read - y,



I want to be read - y, To walk in Je - ru - sa - lem just like John.



CHORUS.

Hum

1. O John, O John, now didn't you say? Walk in Je - ru - sa - lem
2. Some came crip - pled, and some came lame, Walk in Je - ru - sa - lem
3. Now, brother, better mind how you step on the cross, Walk in Je - ru - sa - lem
4. If you get there be - fore I do, Walk in Je - ru - sa - lem



Hum

just like John. That you'd be there on that great day,
just like John. Some came walk - in' in Je - sus' name,
just like John. Your foot might slip and your soul get lost,
just like John. Tell all my friends I'm a - com - ing too,

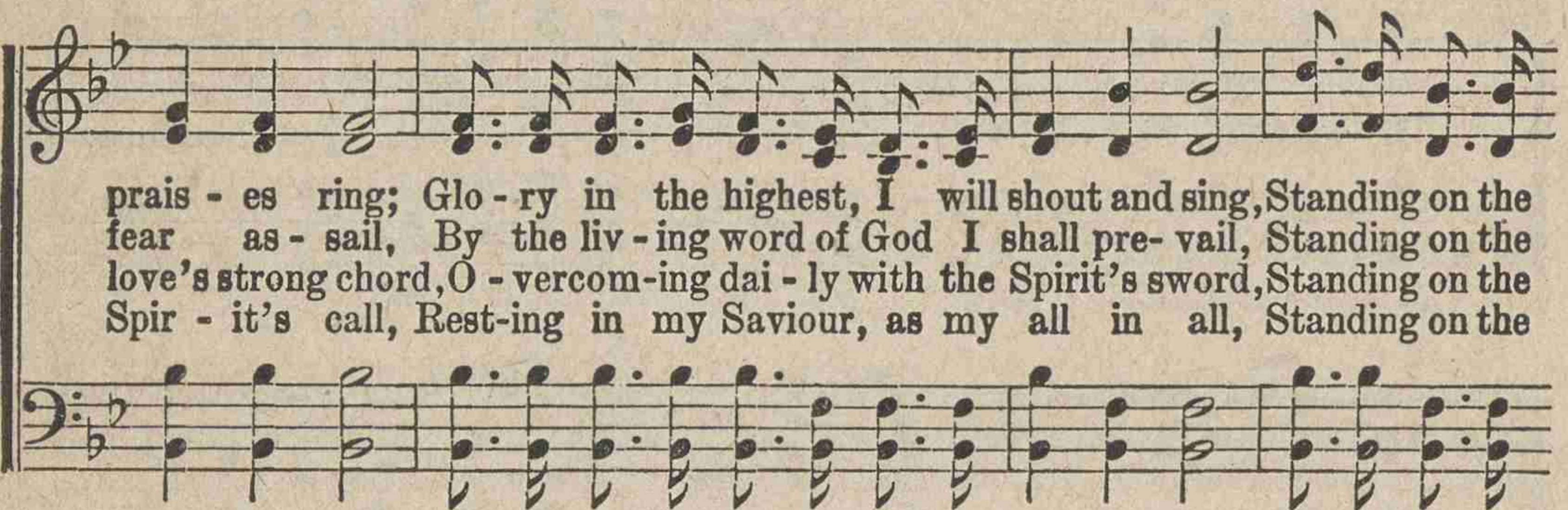


D. C.

Walk in Je - ru - sa - lem just like John.



1. Standing on the promis-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal a-ges let His
 2. Standing on the promis-es that can-not fail, When the howling storms of doubt and
 3. Standing on the promis-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-ter-nal-ly by
 4. Standing on the promis-es I can-not fall, List'ning ev-'ry moment to the



prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the highest, I will shout and sing, Standing on the
 fear as-sail, By the liv-ing word of God I shall pre-vail, Standing on the
 love's strong chord, O-vercom-ing dai-ly with the Spirit's sword, Standing on the
 Spir-it's call, Rest-ing in my Saviour, as my all in all, Standing on the


CHORUS.



prom-is-es of God. Stand-ing, stand-ing,
 Standing on the prom-is-es, stand-ing on the prom-is-es,



Standing on the promis-es of God my Sav-iour; Stand-ing,
 Standing on the promis-es,



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

P. P. B.

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P. P. BLISS.

1. { "Who-so-ever heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed tidings all the world around
Tell the joyful news wher-ever man is found:
2. { Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen, en-ter while you may;
Je - sus is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way:
3. { "Who-so-ev-er will!" the promise is secure; "Who-so-ev-er will," for ev-er must endure;
"Who-so-ev-er will!" 'tis life for-ev-er-more:

FINE CHORUS.
"Who-so - ev-er will may come." "Who-so-ev-er will, who - so-ev-er will:" Send the
D.S. "Whosoever will may come,"

proc-la-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-in, Father calls the wand'rer home:
D. S.

Mary Ann Lathbury.

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William F. Sherwin.

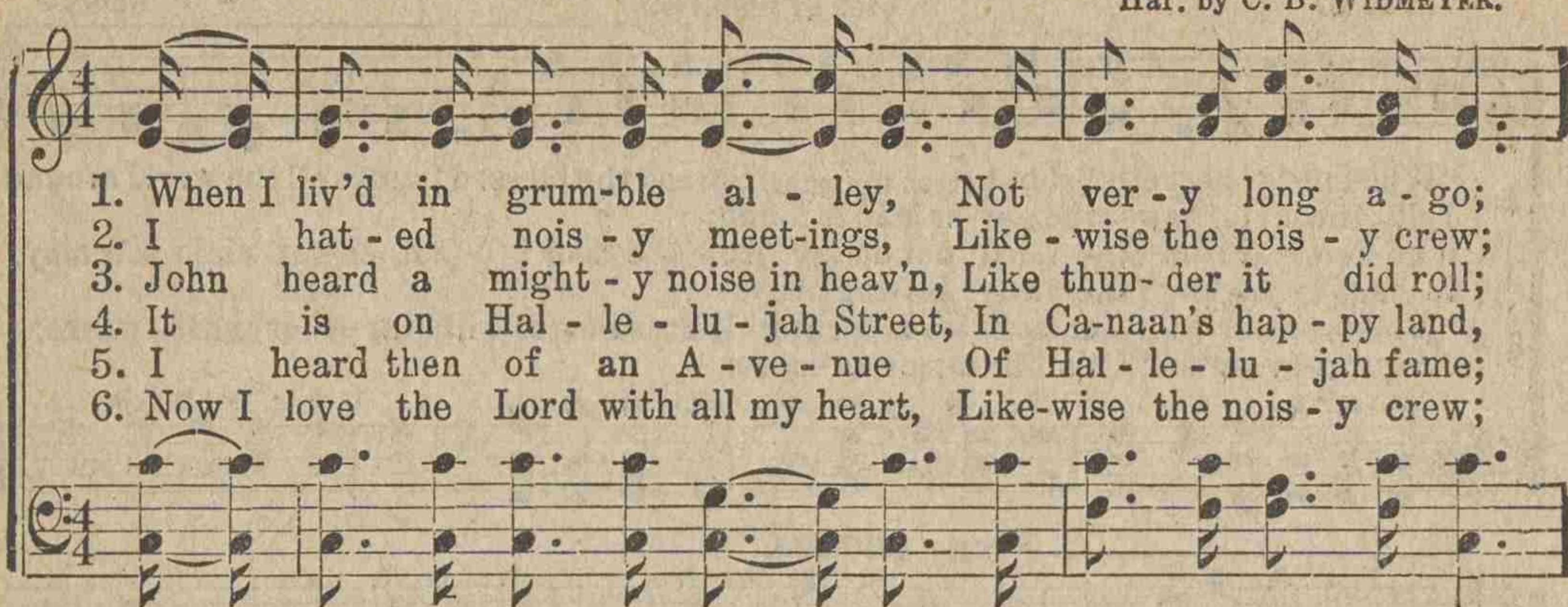
1. Day is dy-ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and worship while the night
2. Lord of life be-neath the dome Of the u-ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er us who seek Thy face
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en-fold-ing all, Thro' the glo-ry and the grace
4. When for-ev-er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an-gels, on our eyes

REFRAIN
Sets her evening lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.
To the fold of Thy em-brace, For Thou art nigh. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God of
Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.
Let e-ter-nal morn-ing rise, And shad-ows end.

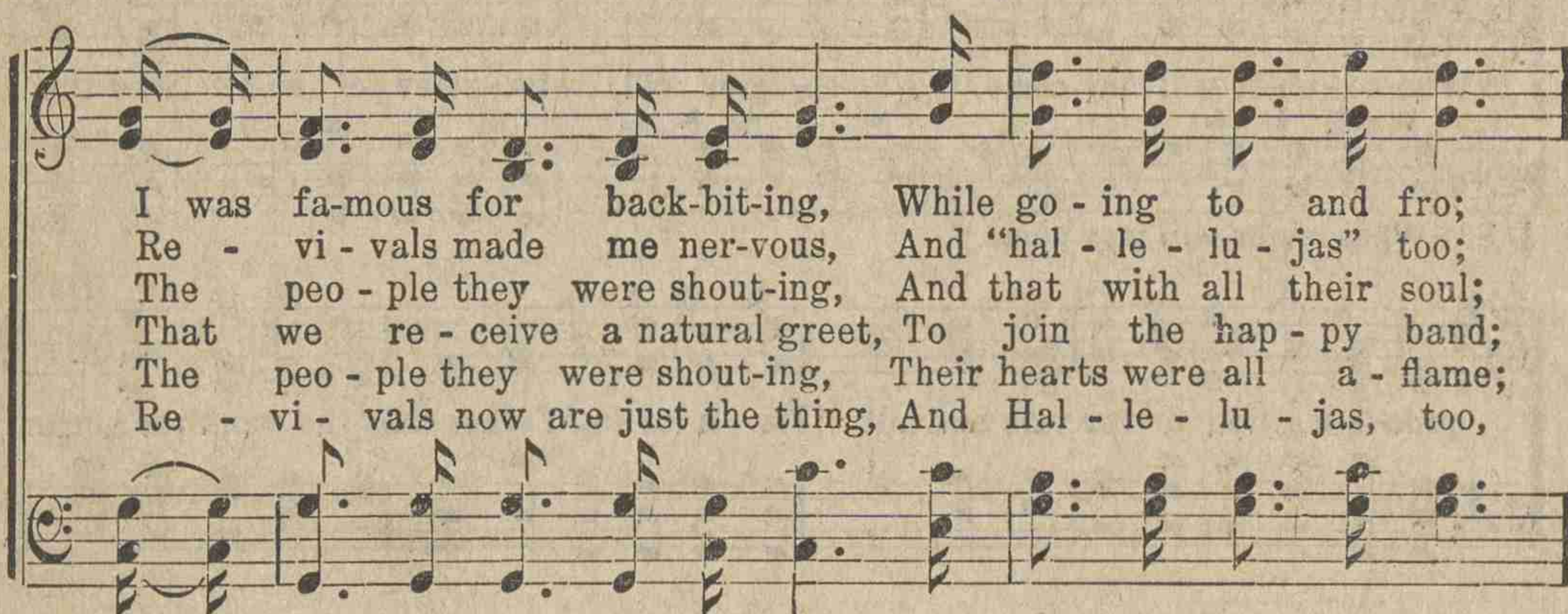
Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High!

Hallelujah Street.

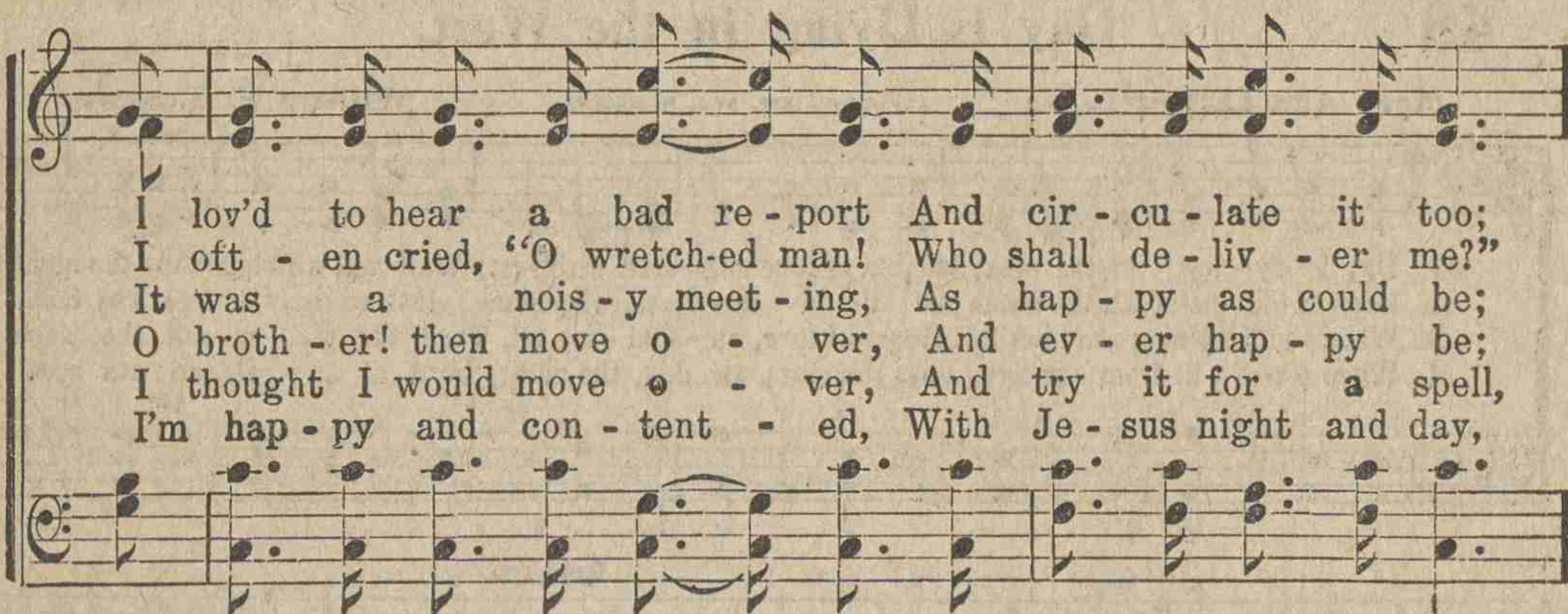
Har. by C. B. WIDMEYER.



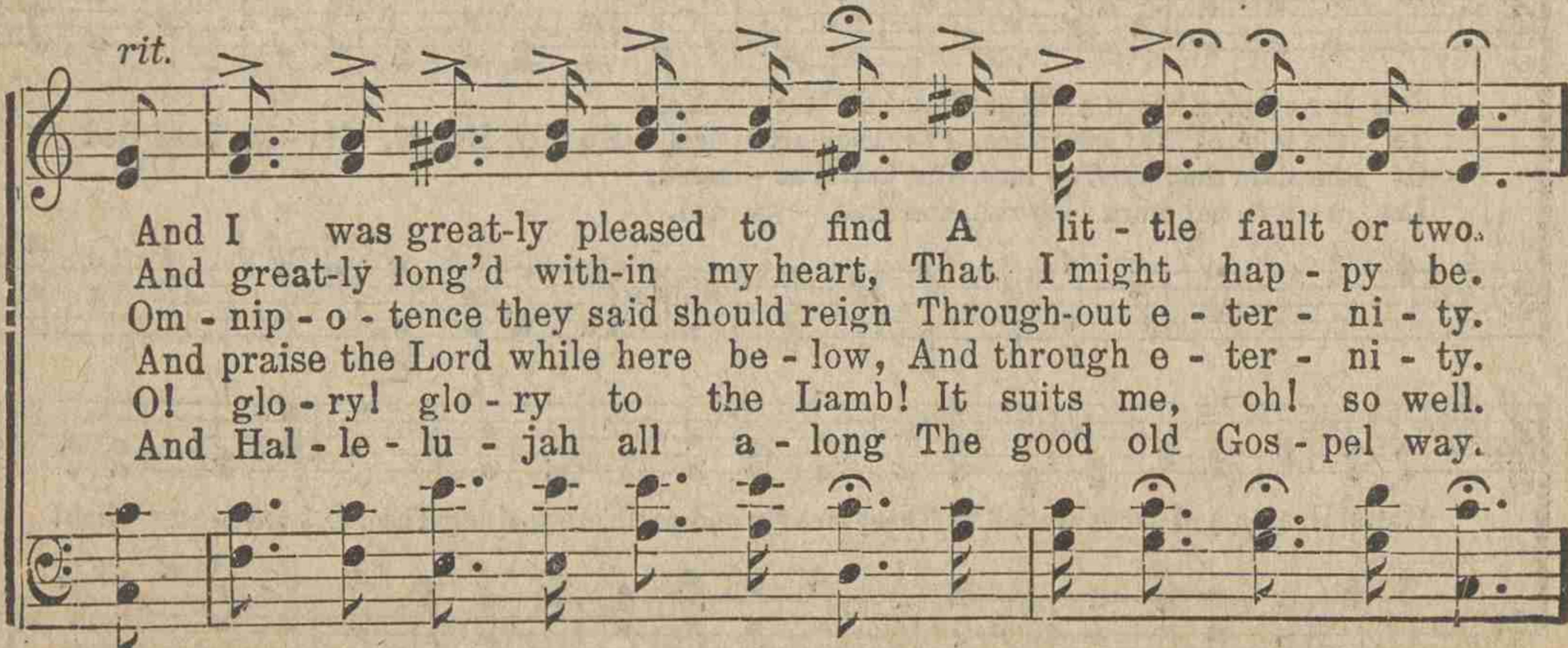
1. When I liv'd in grum-ble al - ley, Not ver - y long a - go;
 2. I hat - ed nois - y meet - ings, Like - wise the nois - y crew;
 3. John heard a might - y noise in heav'n, Like thun - der it did roll;
 4. It is on Hal - le - lu - jah Street, In Ca - naan's hap - py land,
 5. I heard then of an A - ve - nue Of Hal - le - lu - jah fame;
 6. Now I love the Lord with all my heart, Like - wise the nois - y crew;



I was fa-mous for back-bit-ing, While go - ing to and fro;
 Re - vi - vals made me ner-vous, And "hal - le - lu - jas" too;
 The peo - ple they were shout-ing, And that with all their soul;
 That we re - ceive a natural greet, To join the hap - py band;
 The peo - ple they were shout-ing, Their hearts were all a - flame;
 Re - vi - vals now are just the thing, And Hal - le - lu - jas, too,



I lov'd to hear a bad re - port And cir - cu - late it too;
 I oft - en cried, "O wretch-ed man! Who shall de - liv - er me?"
 It was a nois - y meet - ing, As hap - py as could be;
 O broth - er! then move o - ver, And ev - er hap - py be;
 I thought I would move o - ver, And try it for a spell,
 I'm hap - py and con - tent - ed, With Je - sus night and day,



And I was great-ly pleased to find A lit - tle fault or two.
 And great-ly long'd with-in my heart, That I might hap - py be.
 Om - nip - o - tence they said should reign Through-out e - ter - ni - ty.
 And praise the Lord while here be - low, And through e - ter - ni - ty.
 O! glo - ry! glo - ry to the Lamb! It suits me, oh! so well.
 And Hal - le - lu - jah all a - long The good old Gos - pel way.

Hallelujah Street.


CHORUS.



I'm liv - ing on Hal - le - lu - jah Street, In Ca - naan's



hap - py land; To sing and shout is my de - light, Oh!



glo - ry, it is grand; I'm liv - ing on Hal - le -



lu - jah Street, In Ca - naan's hap - py land; To sing and



shout is my de - light, Oh! glo - ry, it is grand.

I Know a Fount

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Arr. by THORO HARRIS

I know a fount where sins are wash'd a-way, I know a place
where night is chang'd to day, Bur-dens are lifted, blind eyes made to
see; There's a blessing at the sac-red cross of Cal-va - ry.

51

Peace, Perfect Peace.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

G. T. CALDBECK.

1. Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin?
2. Peace, per - fect peace, by throng - ing du - ties pressed?
3. Peace, per - fect peace, with sor - rows surg - ing round?
4. Peace, per - fect peace, with loved ones far a - way?
5. Peace, per - fect peace, our fu - ture all un - known?

The blood of Je - sus whis-pers peace with - in.
To do the will of Je - sus, this is rest.
On Je - sus' bo - som naught but calm is found.
In Je - sus' keep - ing we are safe, and they.
Je - sus we know, and He is on the throne. A-men.

6. Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
7. It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Hallelujah! We Shall Rise.

"But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen."—1 Cor. 15: 12.

Not too fast. Last v. R E W.

Words and Music by J. E. THOMAS.



1. In the res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing, When the trump of God shall sound,
 2. In the res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing, What a meet - ing it will be,
 3. In the res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing, Bless - ed tho't it is to me,
 4. In the res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing, We shall meet Him in the air,



We shall rise, we shall rise! Then the saints will come re - joic - ing,
 When our fa - thers and our mothers,
 I shall see my bless - ed Sav - iour,
 Hal - le - lu - jah! And be car - ried up to glo - ry,



D. S.
 And no tears will e'er be found, We shall rise, we shall rise!
 And our loved ones we shall see,
 Who so free - ly died for me,
 To our home so bright and fair, Hal - le - lu - jah!

D. S.—Hallelujah! in that morning we shall rise.



CHORUS.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! We shall rise!
 We shall rise, we shall rise! Hal - le - lu - jah!

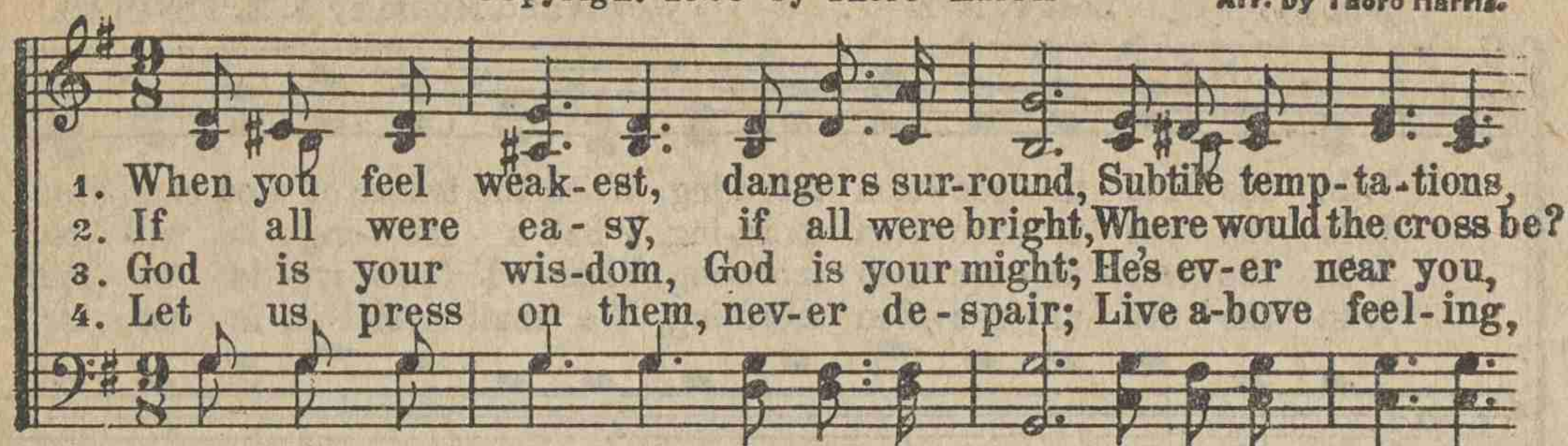


D. S.
 In the res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing, When death's pris - on bars are brok - en,

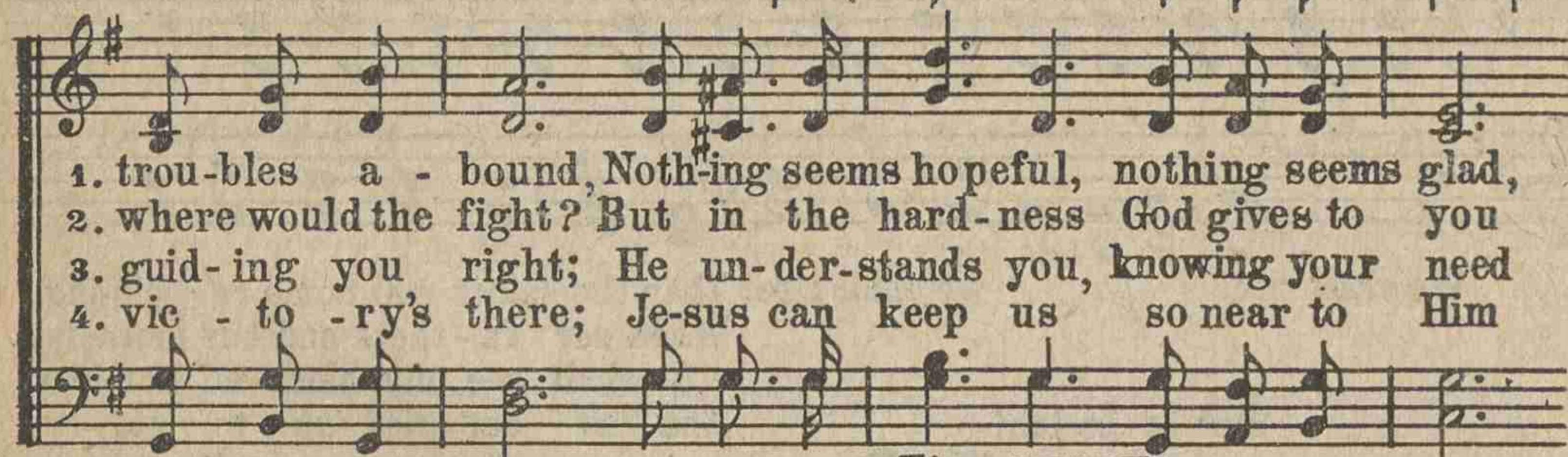
Keep On Believing

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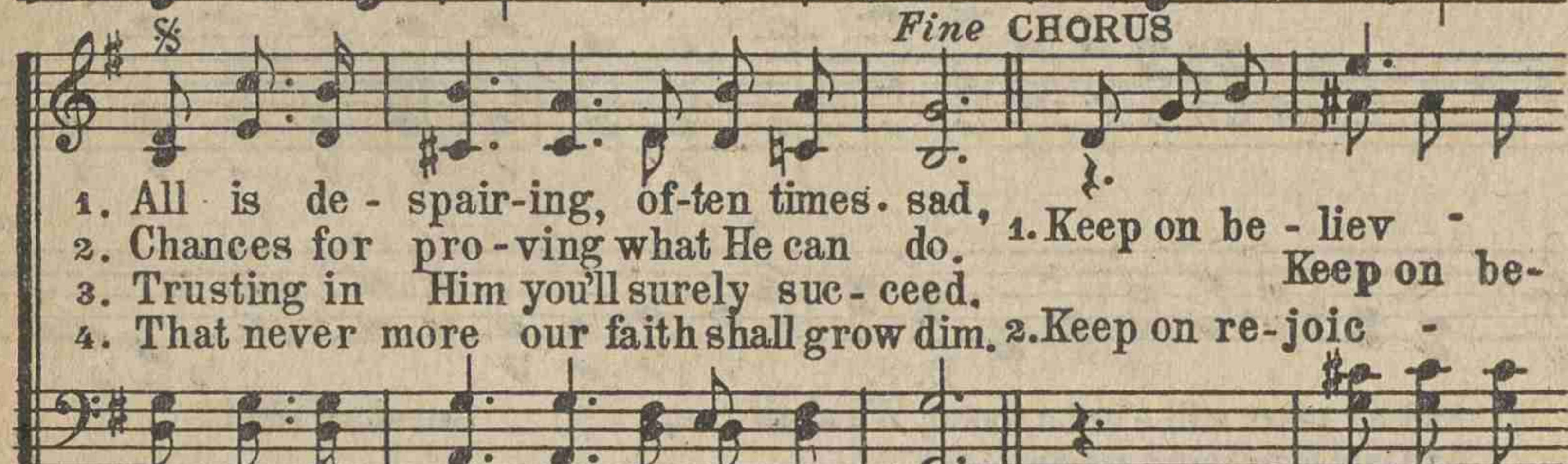
Arr. by Thoro Harris



1. When you feel weak-est, dangers sur-round, Subtile temp-ta-tions,
 2. If all were ea-sy, if all were bright, Where would the cross be?
 3. God is your wis-dom, God is your might; He's ev-er near you,
 4. Let us press on them, nev-er de-spair; Live a-bove feel-ing,



1. trou-bles a - bound, Noth-ing seems hopeful, nothing seems glad,
 2. where would the fight? But in the hard-ness God gives to you
 3. guid-ing you right; He un-der-stands you, knowing your need
 4. vic - to - ry's there; Je-sus can keep us so near to Him



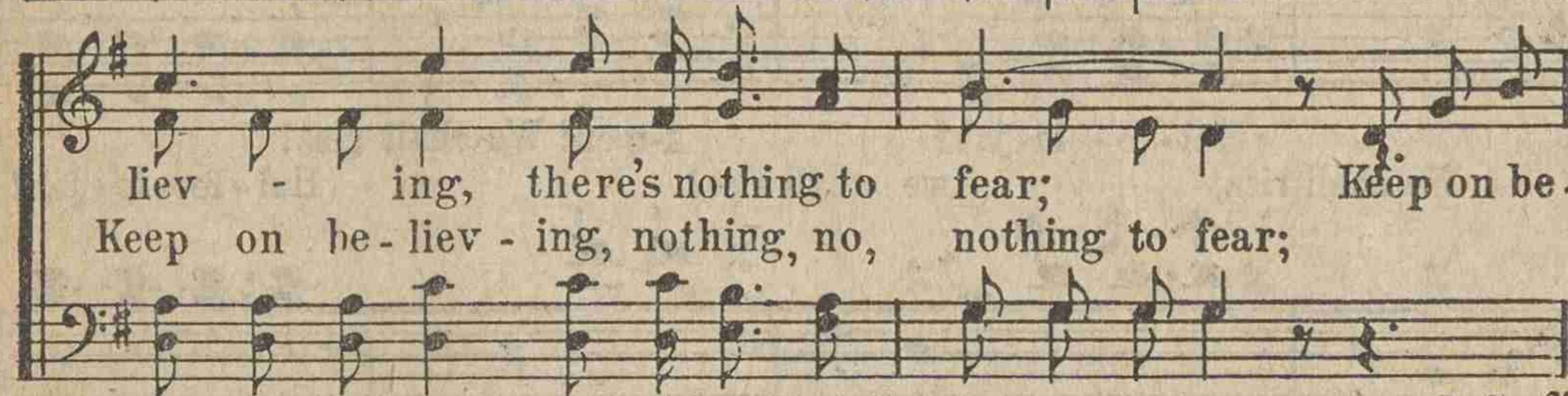
Fine CHORUS

1. All is de - spair-ing, of-ten times. sad,
 2. Chances for pro-ving what He can do.
 3. Trusting in Him you'll surely suc-ceed.
 4. That never more our faith shall grow dim.

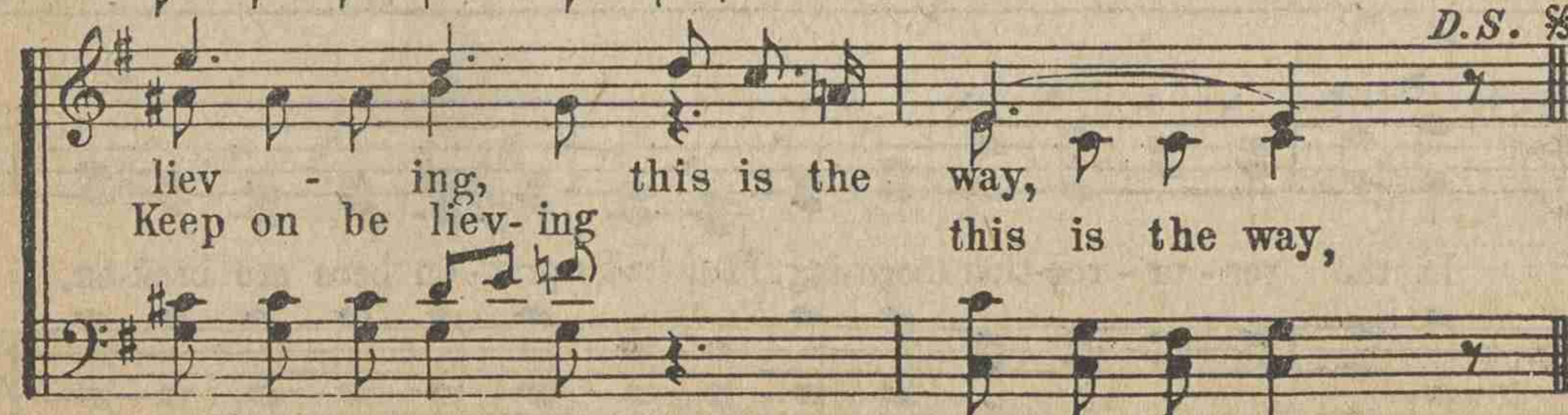
D.S. Faith in the night as well as the day.



ing, Je - sus is near; Keep on be -
 liev - ing, Je - sus is near;



liev - ing, there's nothing to fear; Keep on be -
 Keep on be - liev - ing, nothing, no, nothing to fear;




D.S. %


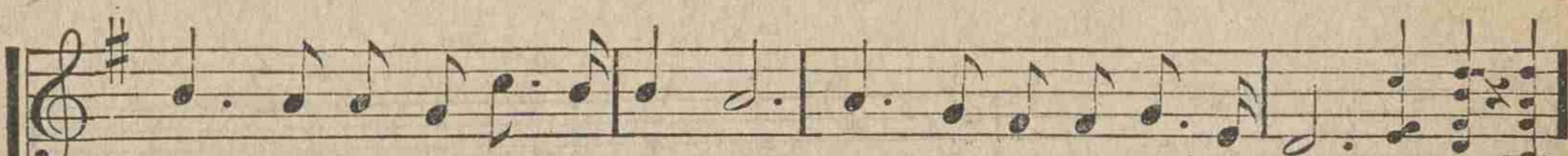
liev - ing, this is the way,
 Keep on be liev-ing this is the way,

FRED. P. MORRIS.


ROBERT HARKNESS.

DUETT. *Quietly.*


1. Je - sus whispers I am with you In the sunshine, in the cloud,
 2. Je - sus whispers I am with you In the bat-tle ev - 'ry day;
 3. Je - sus whispers I am with you In the hour of deep-est need,
 4. Je - sus whispers I am with you: With you still whate'er be-tide:

When the spir-it is ex-alt-ed, When the stricken heart is bowed.
 Stand-ing by you in the con-flict, Go-ing with you all the way.
 When the way is dark and lonesome I am with you, I will lead.
 In the sun-light or the shadow I am ev - er at thy side.




CHORUS.

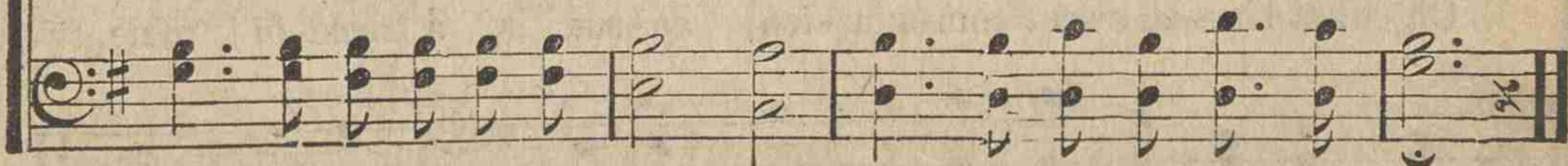
I am with you,



I am with you I am with you, Je - sus whis-pers sweet and low:

f In the sunlight, in the shad - ow I am with you where you go.



Friendship With Jesus.

Rev. J. C. Ludgate.



1. A friend of Je - sus, Oh what bliss That one so weak as I
2. A friend when oth-er friend-ships cease, A friend when oth - ers fail;
3. A friend to lead me in the dark, A friend who knows the way
4. A friend when sickness lays me low, A friend when death draws near;
5. A friend when life's rough voyage is o'er, A friend when death is past;



Should ev - er have a friend like this To lead me to the sky.
 A friend who gives me joy and peace, A friend who will pre - vail.
 A friend to steer my weak, frail bark, A friend my debts to pay.
 A friend as thro' the vale I go, A friend to help and cheer.
 A friend to greet on Heav - en's shore, A friend when home at last.



CHORUS.



Friend - ship with Je - sus, Fel - low - ship Di - vine;



Oh what bless-ed sweet com-mun-ion, Je-sus is a friend of mine.



Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

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Will L. Thompson.



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



See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should we linger and heed not His mer-cies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
 Shadows are gathering, death beds are com-ing, Com-ing for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.



Come home,... come home,.... Ye who are wear-y, come home;..
 Come home, come home,



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



Tell it to Jesus.

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

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E. S. Lorenz.



1. Are you wea-ry, are you heav-y-heart-ed? Tell it to Je-sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un-bid-den? Tell it to Je-sus,
3. Do you fear the gath-'ring clouds of sor-row? Tell it to Je-sus,
4. Are you troubled at the thought of dy-ing? Tell it to Je-sus,



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



CHORUS.



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



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



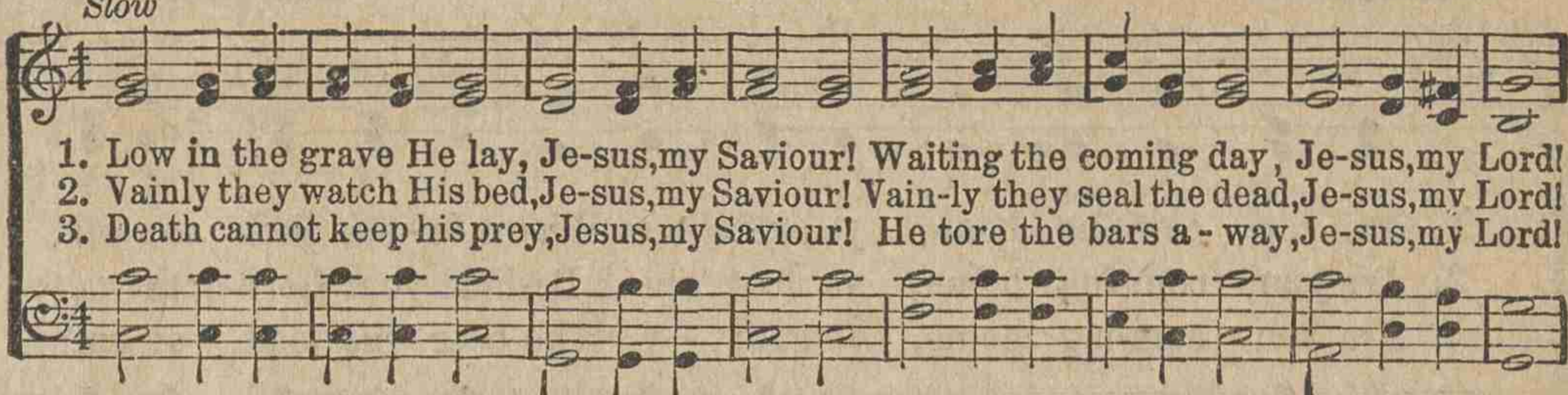
such a friend or broth-er, Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.



Christ Arose!

R. L.
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ROBERT LOWRY.

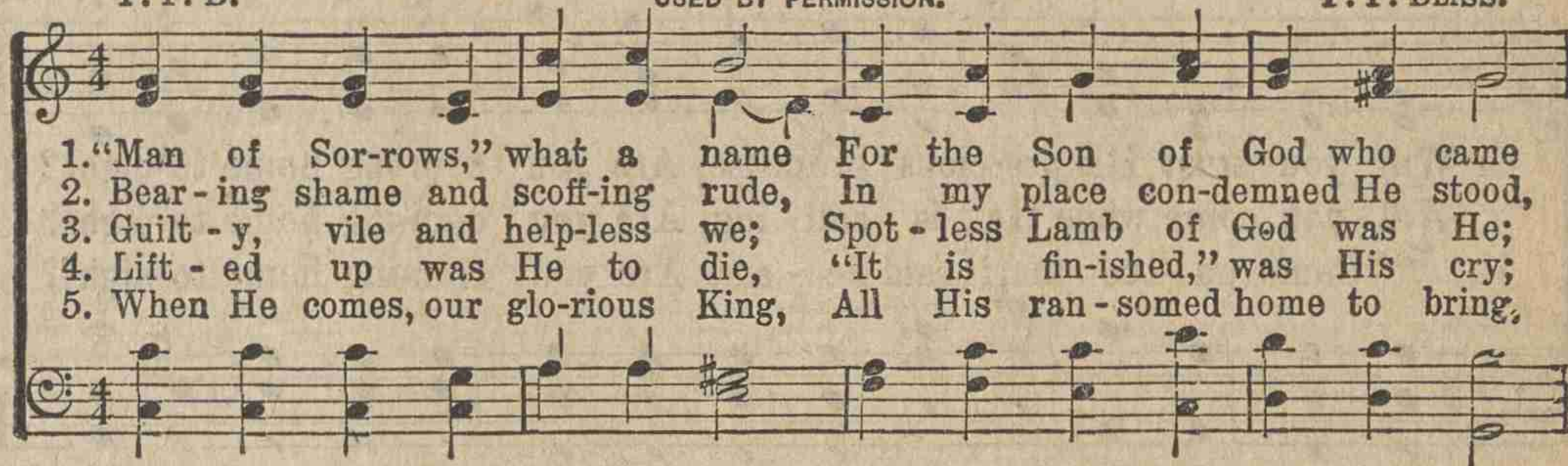
CHORUS. *Faster.*

Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

P. P. B.

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P. P. BLISS.



Are You Coming Home To-night?

Arranged.

James McGrawahan.



1. Are you com-ing home, ye wand'ers, Whom Je - sus died to win,
2. Are you com-ing home, ye lost ones? Be-hold your Lord doth wait;
3. Are you com-ing home, ye guilt - y, Who bear the load of sin?



All foot-sore, lame and wea - ry, Your gar - ments stain'd with sin;
Come, then no long - er lin - ger, Come ere it be too late;
Out - side you've long been standing, Come now and ven - ture in;



Will you seek the blood of Je - sus, To wash your gar-ments white;
Will you come and let Him save you? O trust His love and might;
Will you heed the Sav-ior's prom - ise, And dare to trust Him quite?



Will you trust His pre-cious prom-ise, Are you com-ing home to-night?
Will you come while He is call - ing, Are you com-ing home to-night?
"Come un - to me," said Je - sus, Are you com-ing home to-night?



CHORUS.



Are you com-ing home to-night, Are you com-ing home to-night,



Are you com-ing home to Je - sus, Out of dark-ness in - to light?

To your lov - ing, heav'n-ly Fath-er, Are you com-ing home to-night?

61

Don't Forget to Pray.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

W. O. PERKINS.

1. Ere you left your room this morning, Did you think to pray? In the name of
2. When you met with great temptation, Did you think to pray? By His dy-ing
3. When your heart was filled with anger, Did you think to pray? Did you plead for
4. When sore trials came upon you, Did you think to pray? When your soul was

Christ, our Savior, Did you sue for lov-ing fa - vor As a shield to-day?
 love and mer-it, Did you claim the Holy Spir-it As your guide and stay?
 grace, my brother, That you might forgive another Who had crossed your way?
 bowed in sorrow, Balm of Gil-ead did you bor-row At the gates of day?

D. S.—So when life seems dark and dreary, Don't forget to pray.

CHORUS.


Oh, how praying rests the weary! Prayer will change the night to day;

Ring the Bells of Heaven.

Wm. O. Cushing.

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Geo. F. Root.

M. 108 = 

1. { Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For a
See! the Fa - ther meets him out up - on the way, Wel - com -
2. { Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For the
Yes, a soul is res - cued from his sin - ful way, And is
3. { Ring the bells of heav - en! spread the feast to - day; An - gels
Tell the joy - ful ti - dings, bear it far a - way, For a



D. C.—'Tis the ransomed ar - my, like a might-y sea, Peal - ing



soul re - turn - ing from the wild; }
ing His wear - y, wan-d'ring child. }
wan-d'rer now is rec - on - ciled; }
born a - new, a ran-somed child. }
swell the glad tri - um-phane strain; }
pre - cious soul is born a - gain. }

Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the



forth the an - them of the free.



an - gels sing; Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the loud harps ring;



Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

J. H. Stockton.

M. 100 = 

1. Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely
2. For Jesus shed His precious blood, Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now into the



Only Trust Him.

CHORUS.



give you rest by trusting in His word.
crimson flood that washes white as snow.

{ On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him,
He will save you, He will save you,

On - ly trust Him now; }
He will [Omit] } save you now.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.


64

Hallelujah, 'Tis Done!

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss.

M. 126 = ♩



1. 'Tis the promise of God, full sal - va - tion to give Un - to him who on
2. Tho' the pathway be lone - ly, and dan - ger - ous too, Sure - ly Je - sus is
3. Man - y loved ones have I in this rapturous throng; They are safe now in
4. Lit - tle chil - dren I see standing close by their King, And He smiles as their
5. There's a part in that cho - rus for you and for me, And the theme of our

CHORUS.

Je - sus His Son will be - lieve.
a - ble to car - ry me thro'.
Je - sus, and this is their song: Hal - le - lu - jah, 'tis done! I be - lieve on
song of sal - va - tion they sing.
prais - es for - ev - er will be;

the Son; I am saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One; fied One.

I've Believed the True Report.

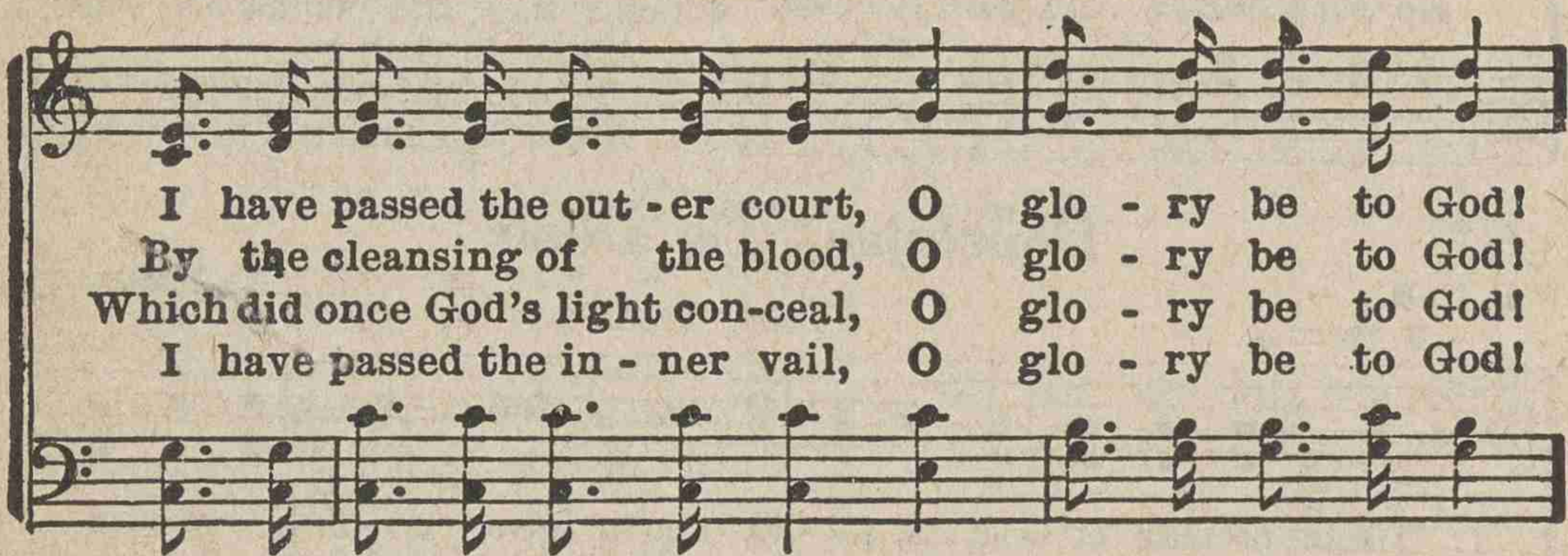
"Having therefore, brethern, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus
let us draw near with a true heart and full assurance of faith."—Heb. 10:19-22.

C. P. J.

C. P. JONES.



1. I've believed the true re-port, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!
2. I'm a king and priest to God, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!
3. I have passed the out-er vail, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!
4. I'm with-in the ho-liest pale, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!



I have passed the out - er court, O glo - ry be to God!
By the cleansing of the blood, O glo - ry be to God!
Which did once God's light con-ceal, O glo - ry be to God!
I have passed the in - ner vail, O glo - ry be to God!



I am all on Je - sus' side, On the al - tars sanc - ti - fied,
By the Spir - it's pow'r and light, I am liv - ing day and night,
But the blood has brought me in To God's ho - li - ness so clean,
I am sanc - ti - fied to God By the pow - er of the blood,



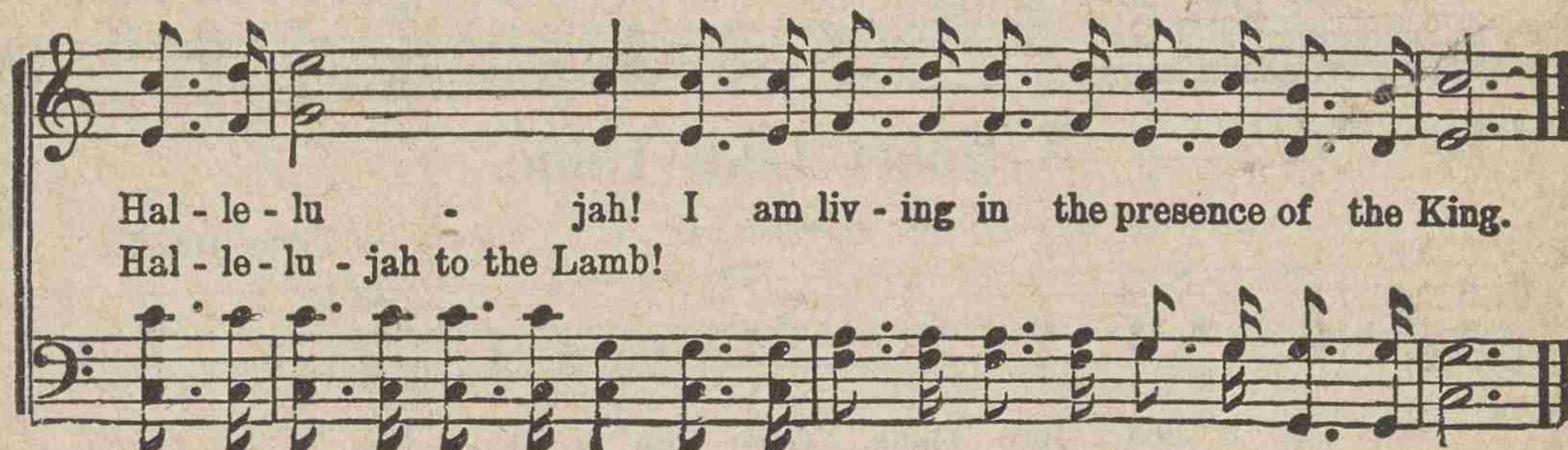
To the world and sin I've died, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!
In the ho-liest place so bright, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!
Where there's death to self and sin, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!
Now the Lord is my a - bode, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I have passed the
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb! Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!



riv - en vail, where the glo-ries nev - er fail, Hal - le - lu - jah.
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!



Hal - le - lu - jah! I am liv - ing in the presence of the King.
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!

66

What Did He Do?

Dr. J. M. GRAY.

USED BY PERMISSION OF G. F. PUGH.

W. O'NEILL



1. { O list - en to our won-dreus sto - ry, Count-ed once a -mong the lost; }
{ Yet, One came down from heaven's glo - ry Sav - ing us at aw - ful cost! }
2. { No an - gel could His place have tak - en, High-est of the high tho' he; }
{ The loved One on the cross for - sak - en Was one of the God-head three! }
3. { Will you sur - rend-er to this Sav-iour? To His scept-tre hum - bly bow? }
{ You, too shall come to know His fav - or, He will save you, save you now. }

CHORUS.



Who saved us from e - ter-nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son up - on the cross? He
Where is He now? In heav-en in-ter-ced - ing!
died for you! Be - lieve it then, In heav-en in-ter-ced - ing!

67

More Love to Thee.

Elizabeth Prentiss.
M. 84 = ♩

W. H. Doane.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee? Hear Thou the
 2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
 3. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis-per Thy praise; This be the

prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear-nest plea:
 lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be:
 part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be:

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

68

A Heart Like Thine.

BY PERMISSION.

Arr. by Thoro Harris.

1. Give me a heart like Thine, Give me a heart like Thine; By Thy

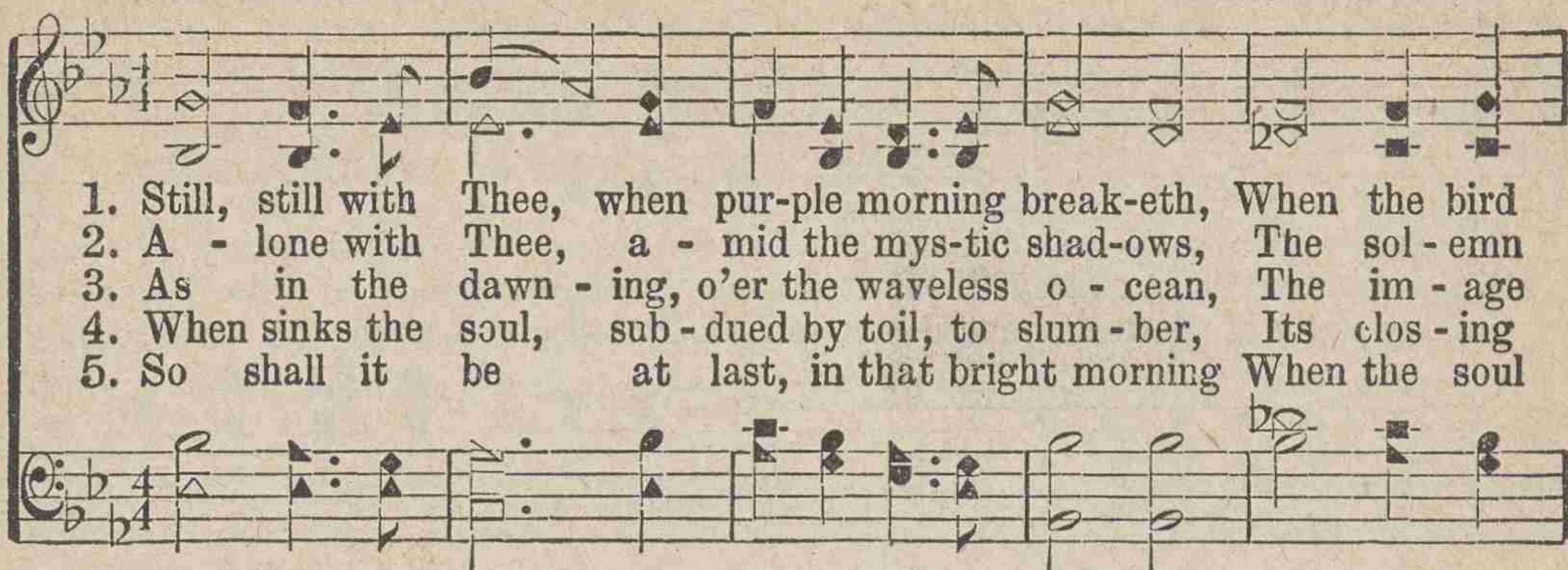
won-der-ful pow-er, By Thy grace ev-'ry hour,

Give me a heart like Thine.

2. Help me to love like Thee.
3. Help me to pray like Thee.
4. Help me to speak like Thee.
5. Help me to work like Thee.
6. Help me to give like Thee.
7. Help me to live for Thee.

Harriett Beecher Stowe.

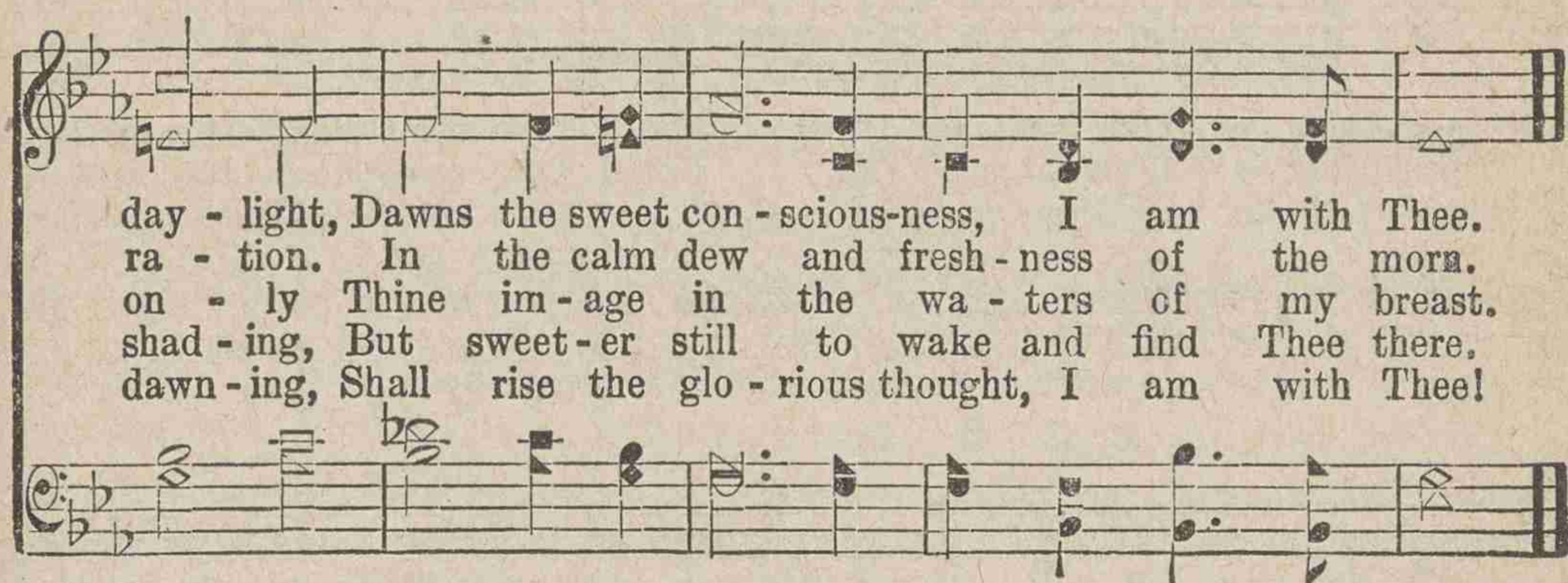
Felix Mendelssohn.



1. Still, still with Thee, when purple morning break-eth, When the bird
 2. A - lone with Thee, a - mid the mys-tic shad-ows, The sol - emn
 3. As in the dawn - ing, o'er the waveless o - cean, The im - age
 4. When sinks the soul, sub - dued by toil, to slum - ber, Its clos - ing
 5. So shall it be at last, in that bright morning When the soul



wak - eth and the shad-ows flee; Fair-er than morn-ing, love - li - er than
 hush of nat-ure new - ly born; A-lone with Thee in breath-less ad - o -
 of the morn-ing star doth rest, So in this stillness, Thou be-hold-est
 eye looks up to Thee in prayer; Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'er-
 wak - eth and life's shad.ows flee; O, in that hour, more fair than day-light



day - light, Dawns the sweet con - scious-ness, I am with Thee.
 ra - tion. In the calm dew and fresh - ness of the morn.
 on - ly Thine im - age in the wa - ters of my breast.
 shad - ing, But sweet-er still to wake and find Thee there.
 dawn-ing, Shall rise the glo - rious thought, I am with Thee!

T. H.

Slow.

Thoro Harris.



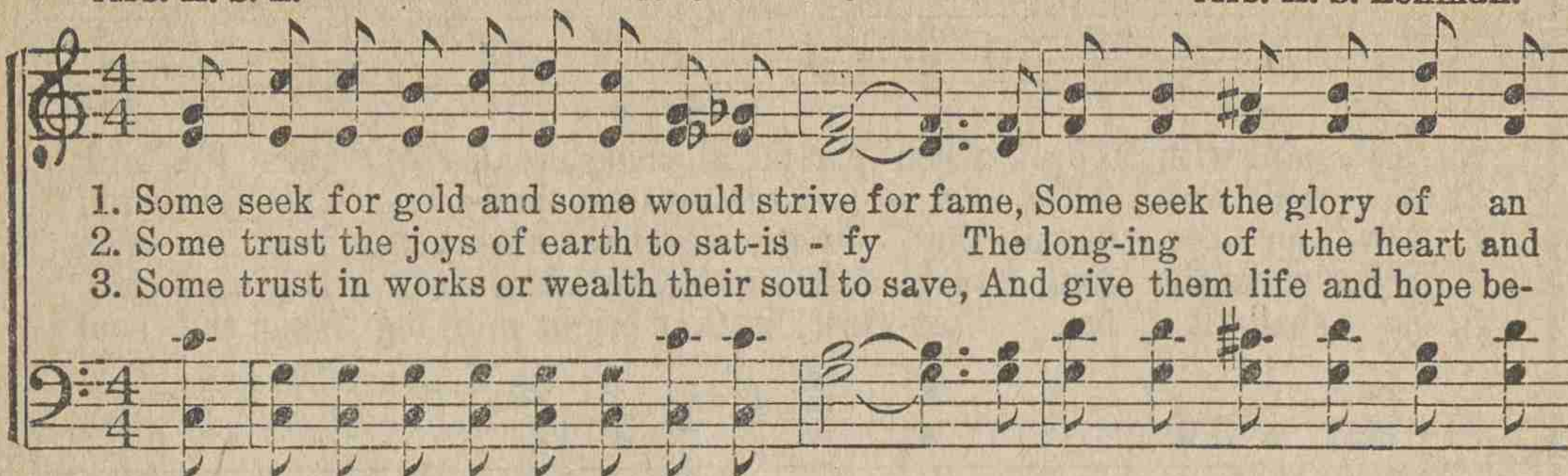
1. E - ter-ni-ty! E - ter - ni - ty! How near art thou, E - ter-ni-ty?
 2. The sands of time are al-most run, E - ter-nal years are hasting on.
 3. The days of want will soon be past, The gold-en age will dawn at last.
 4. To God the Fa-ther, Spir-it, Son, Be end-less praise while a-ges run. A-men.

I Have Something Better.

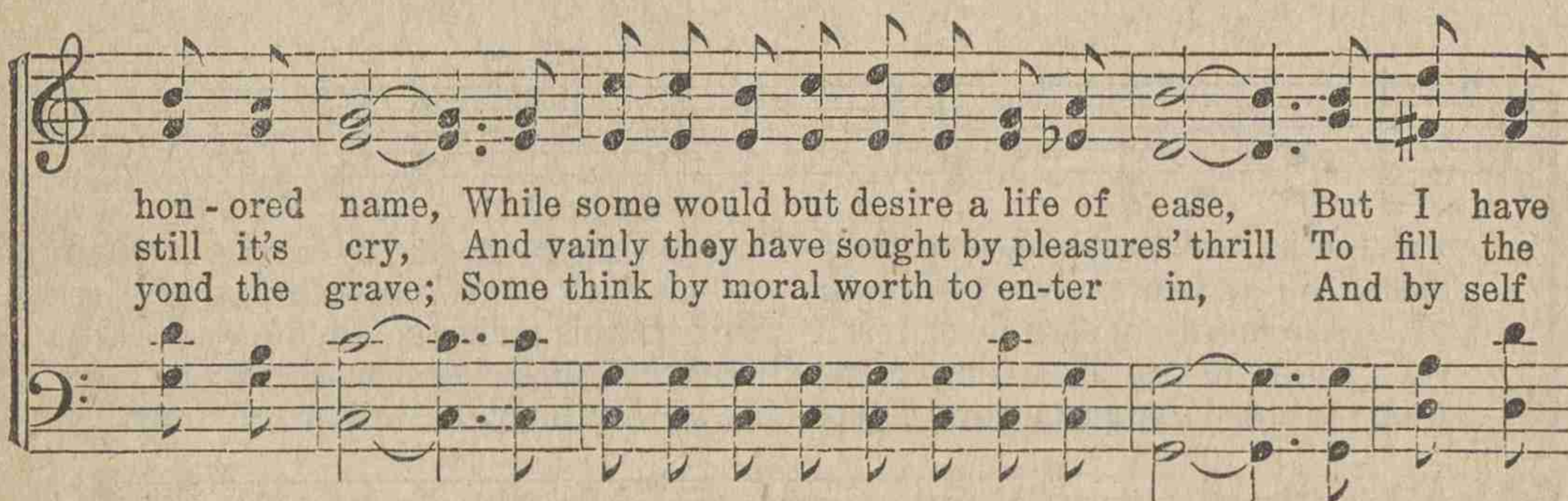
Mrs. H. S. L.

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Mrs. H. S. Lehman.

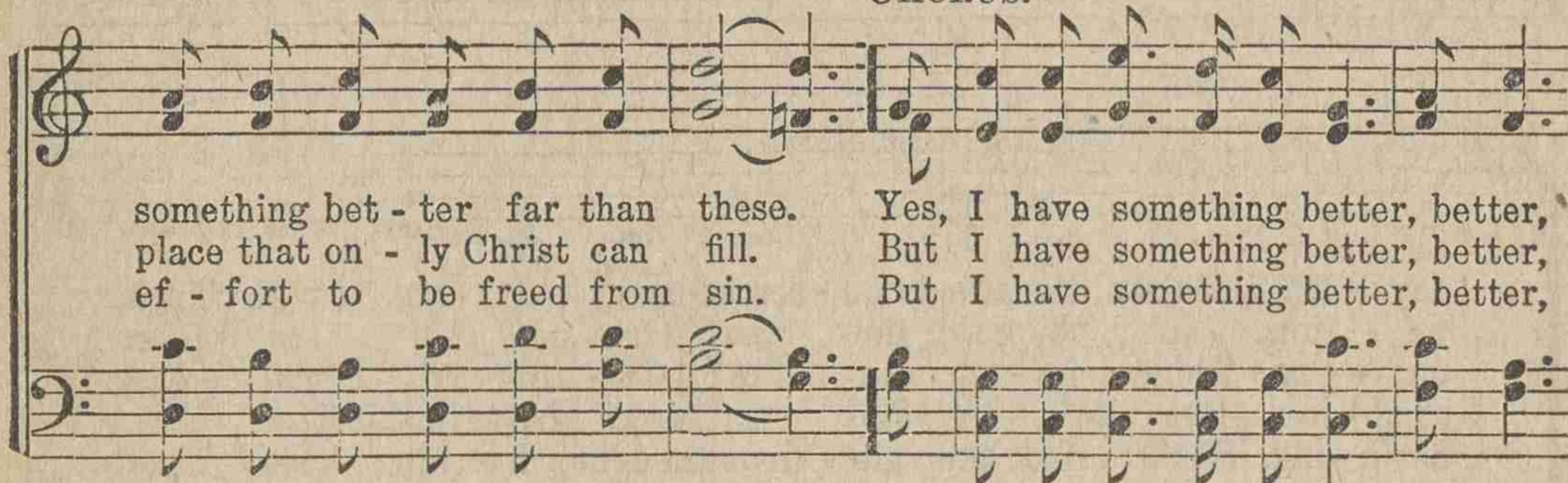


1. Some seek for gold and some would strive for fame, Some seek the glory of an
 2. Some trust the joys of earth to sat-is - fy The long-ing of the heart and
 3. Some trust in works or wealth their soul to save, And give them life and hope be-



hon - ored name, While some would but desire a life of ease, But I have
 still it's cry, And vainly they have sought by pleasures' thrill To fill the
 yond the grave; Some think by moral worth to en-ter in, And by self

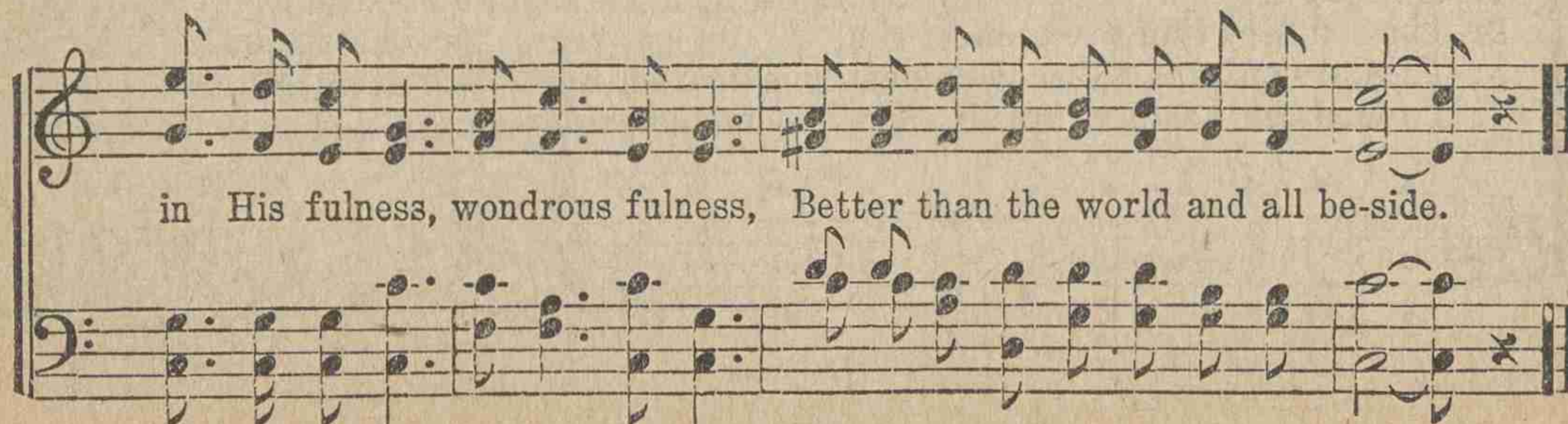
CHORUS.



something bet - ter far than these. Yes, I have something better, better,
 place that on - ly Christ can fill. But I have something better, better,
 ef - fort to be freed from sin. But I have something better, better,



bet-ter, And the long-ing of my heart is sat - is - fled;... 'Tis Je - sus
 ful - ly sat-is-fied;



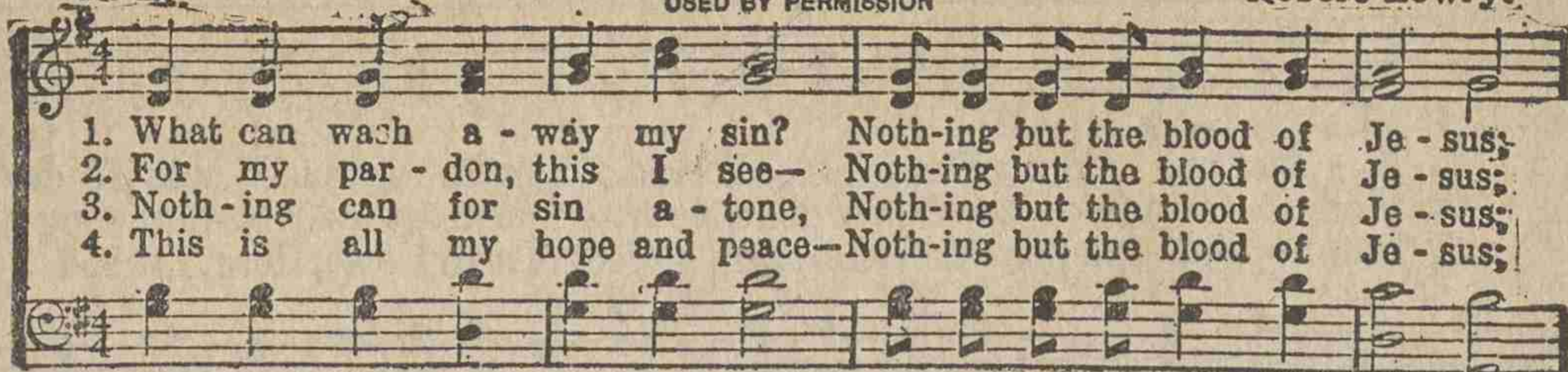
in His fulness, wondrous fulness, Better than the world and all be-side.

Nothing But the Blood.

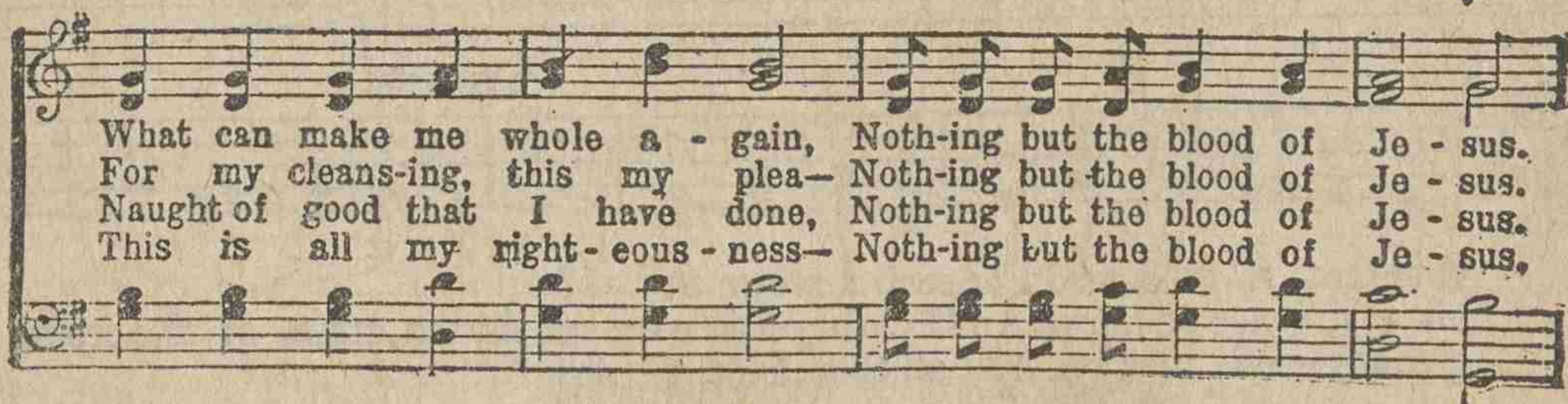
R. L.

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Robert Lowry.

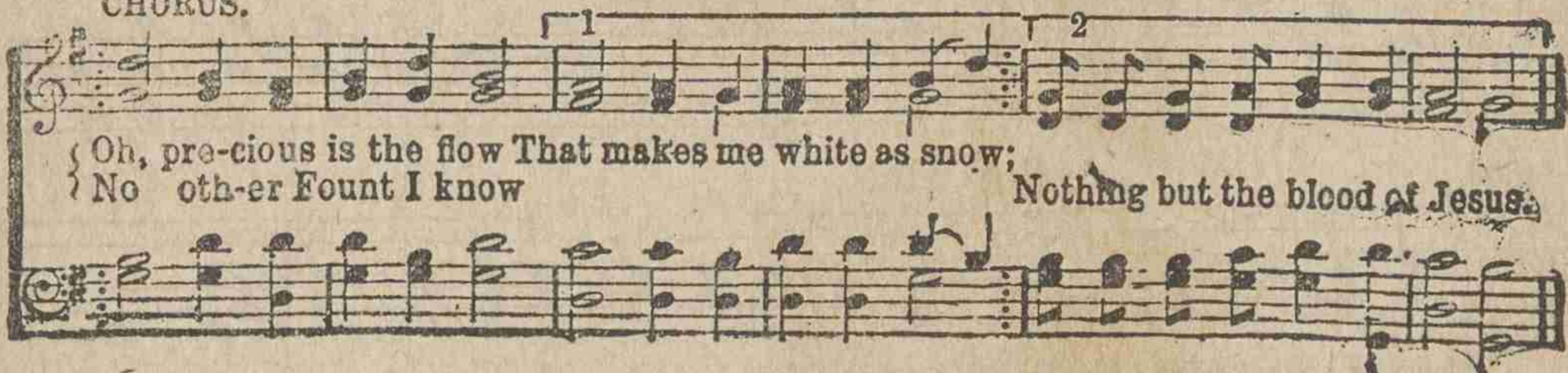


1. What can wash a-way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus;
 2. For my par-don, this I see— Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus;
 3. Noth-ing can for sin a-tone, Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus;
 4. This is all my hope and peace—Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus;



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

CHORUS.



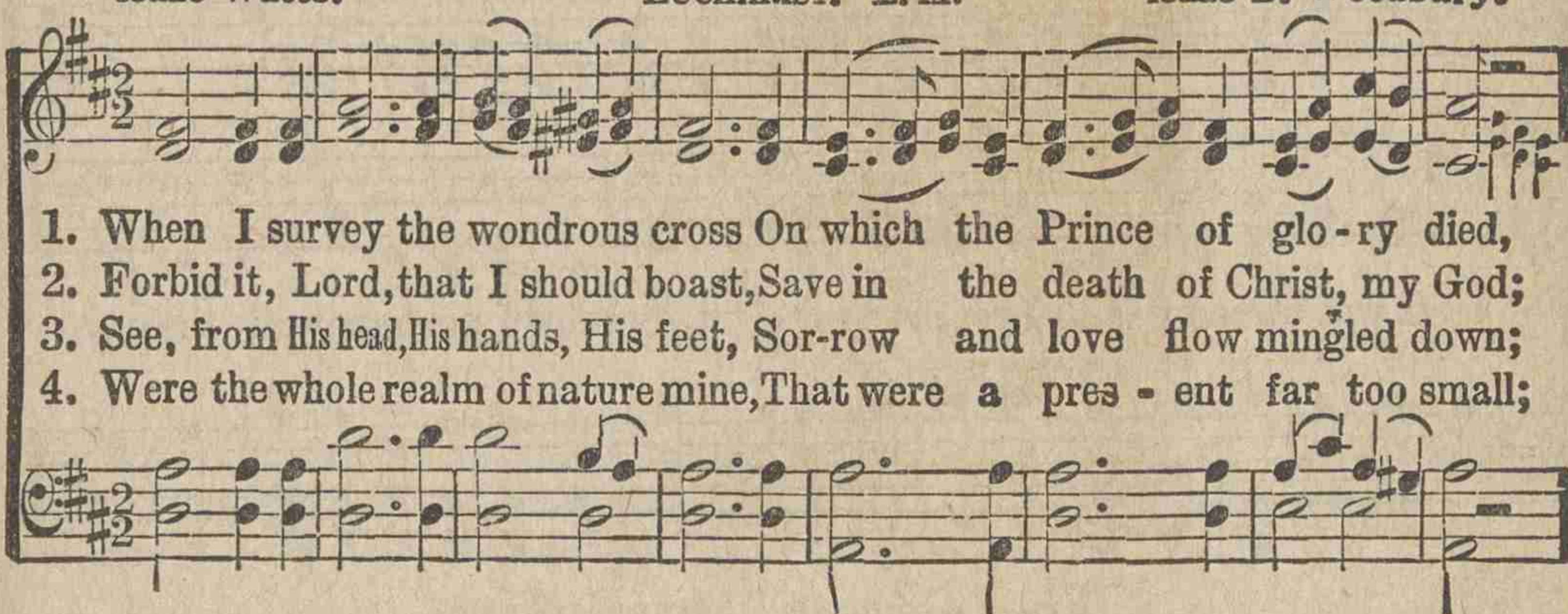
Oh, pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
 No oth-er Fount I know Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts.

EUCARIST. L. M.

Isaac B. Woodbury.



1. When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
 2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow mingled down;
 4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;



My richest gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.
 Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
 Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all!

Isaac Watts.

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R. E. Hudson.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-ior bleed? And did my Sovereign die? Would He de-
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree? A-maz - ing
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I

CHORUS.

vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
 pit - y, grace unknown, And love beyond de-gree! At the cross, at the cross,
 give my-self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do!

where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart rolled a-way—
 rolled a-way—

It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day.

Wm. Hut

J. H. Stockton.

FINE

REFRAIN.

D. S.

1. { The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je - sus, } { Sweetest note in ser-aph song,
 { He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus. } { Sweetest name on mortal tongue, }
 D. S.—Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

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

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

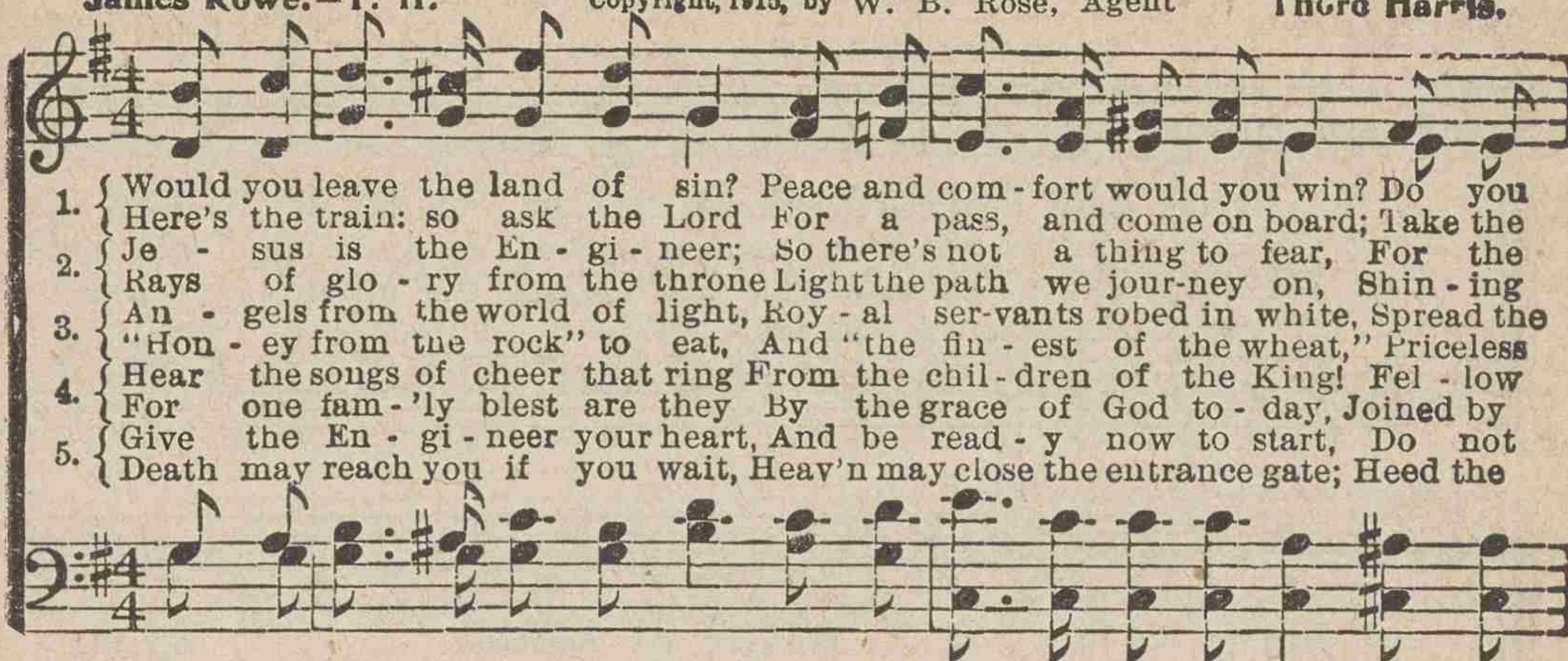
4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
 No other name but Jesus;
 Oh! how my soul delights to hear
 The charming name of Jesus.

The Sunset Route to Glory.

James Rowe.—T. H.

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Thoro Harris.



1. { Would you leave the land of sin? Peace and com-fort would you win? Do you
Here's the train: so ask the Lord For a pass, and come on board; Take the

2. { Je - sus is the En - gi - neer; So there's not a thing to fear, For the
Rays of glo - ry from the throne Light the path we jour-ney on, Shin - ing

3. { An - gels from the world of light, Roy - al ser-vants robed in white, Spread the
"Hon - ey from the rock" to eat, And "the fin - est of the wheat," Priceless

4. { Hear the songs of cheer that ring From the chil-dren of the King! Fel - low
For one fam - 'ly blest are they By the grace of God to - day, Joined by

5. { Give the En - gi - neer your heart, And be read - y now to start, Do not
Death may reach you if you wait, Heav'n may close the entrance gate; Heed the



1. care no more in darkness drear to roam? sunset glory route for "Home, sweet home."
2. road is in con-di-tion all the way: "more and more un-to the per-fect day."
3. ta - ble with the fruits of Ca-naan land: dainties from the Mas-ter's gracious hand.
4. pas-sen-gers congenial these must be; love di-vine for all e - ter - ni - ty.
5. wait to take the train a sin - gle day; warn-ing, come on board and speed a-way.

CHORUS.



Take the sun-set route to glo - ry, Take the sun-set route to glo - ry, In the

TUTTI.



sin - ful shad-ow-land no long - er roam; Hark! the starting bell is ring - ing,



And the pas-sen-gers are singing; Take the sunset glory route for "Home, sweet home."

Hallelujah! I'm Redeemed!

JAMES ROWE

Copyright 1925 by Thoro Harris

THORO HARRIS

1. By the Lord I've been for-giv-en and am on my way to heav-en.
 2. Man-y years I spent in sad-ness, now my days are full of glad-ness.
 3. When on earth I cease to wan-der, I shall tell my sto-ry yon-der.

Hal-le - lu - jah! I'm re - deemed! All the
 Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! I'm re-deemed! Lost in
 There for-

world shall hear the sto - ry of my Sav-ior's life and glo - ry.
 sin, my Sav-ior found me, put his might-y arms a - round me.
 ev - er and for - ev - er I shall praise my bless-ed Sav-ior.


Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm re - deemed!
 Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm re - deemed!
 (I'm re-deemed!)

CHORUS

I am fac - ing home to-day, All my sins are wash'd a - way;

And my rap-tured heart can say, O hal - le - lu - jah! I'm re-deemed.

Down By the River-Side.

M. 76 = 

SOLO.

CHORUS.



1. Goin't' lay down my bur-den, Down by the river-side, Down by the river-side,
2. Goin't' lay down my sword and shield, Down by the river-side, Down by the river-side,
3. Goin't' try on my long white robe, Down by the river-side, Down by the river-side,
4. Goin't' try on my star-ry crown, Down by the river-side, Down by the river-side,



SOLO.

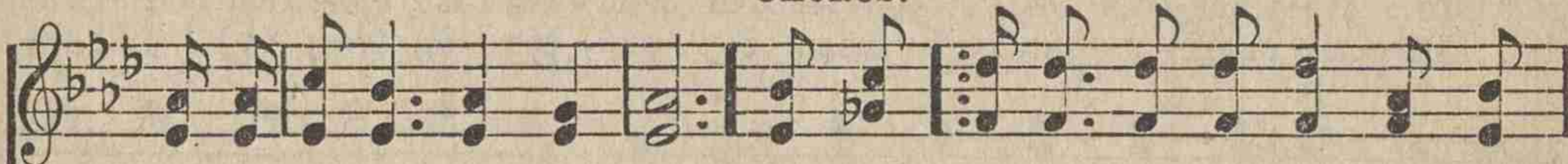
CHORUS.



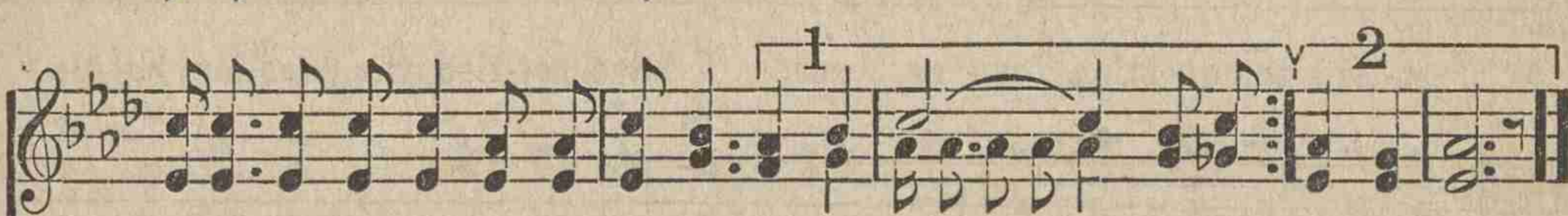
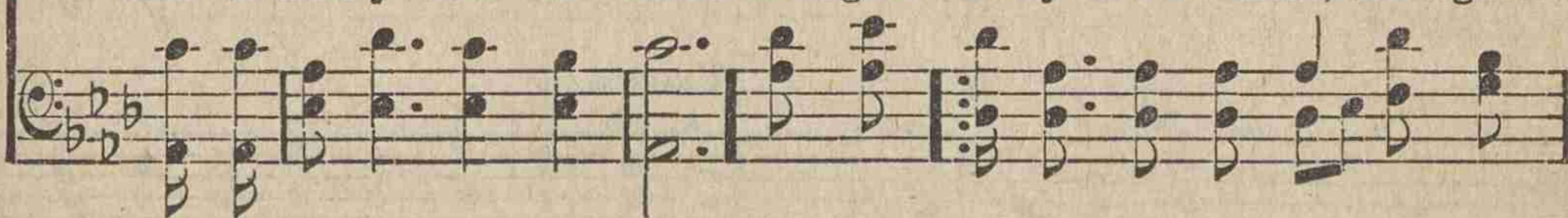
Down by the riv-er-side, Goin't' lay down my bur-den, Down by the riv-er-side,
 Down by the riv-er-side, Goin't' lay down my sword and shield, Down by the riv-er-side,
 Down by the riv-er-side, Goin't' try on my long white robe, Down by the riv-er-side,
 Down by the riv-er-side, Goin't' try on my starry crown, Down by the riv-er-side,



CHORUS.



Goin' to stud-y war no more. Ain't goin't' study war no more, Ain't goin't'



stud-y war no more, Ain't goin't' study war no more, Ain't goin't' war no more.
 goin't' study war no more,



5. Goin't' meet my dear old mother. 7. Goin't' meet dem Hebrew children.
6. Goin't' meet my dear old father. 8. Goin't' meet my loving Jesus.

I Have Settled the Question.

H. L.

Copyright, 1919, by J. M. Harris.

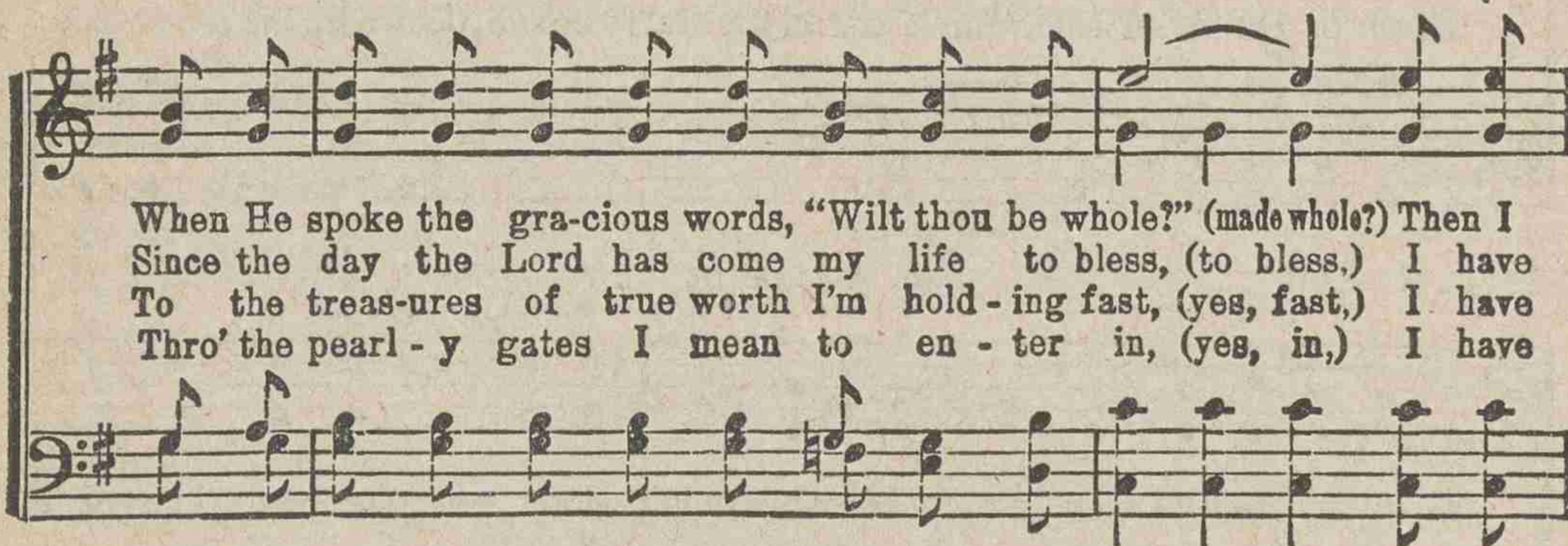
HALDOR LILLENAS.



1. I re-mem-ber when the Lord spoke to my soul, (to my soul,
 2. I no lon-ger walk the ways of sin-ful-ness, (sin-ful-ness,
 3. I will choose the ho-ly joys that al-ways last, (al-ways last,
 4. Oth-ers may de-ny the Lord and live in sin, (live in sin,)

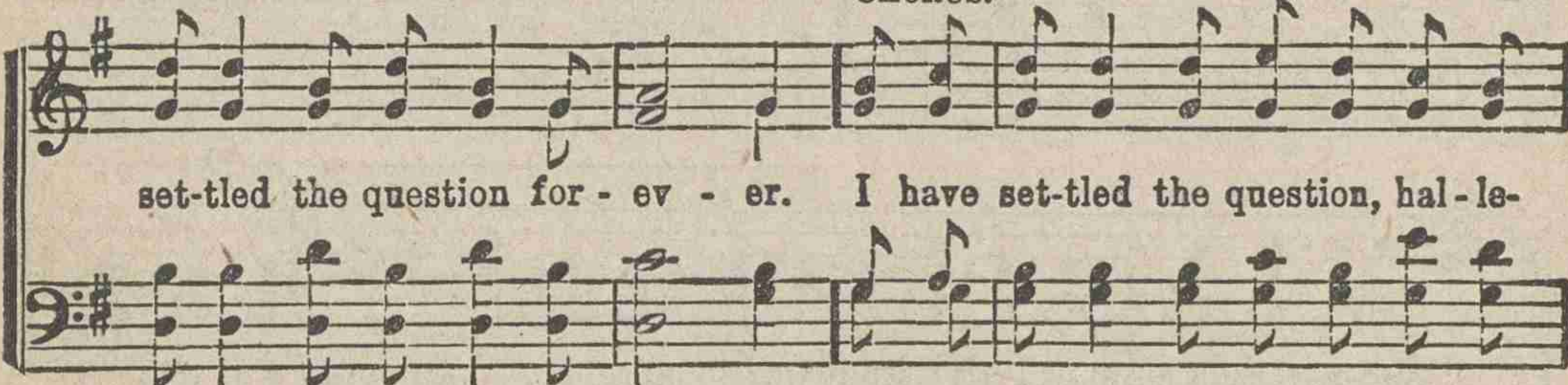


I could feel the heav-y bur-den from me roll; (from me roll;
 But I dai-ly tread the paths of right-eous-ness; (righteousness;
 And re-ject sin's pleas-ures that will soon be past; (soon be past;
 But the race that I have en-tered I must win; (I must win;)



When He spoke the gra-cious words, "Wilt thou be whole?" (made whole?) Then I
 Since the day the Lord has come my life to bless, (to bless,) I have
 To the treas-ures of true worth I'm hold-ing fast, (yes, fast,) I have
 Thro' the pearl-y gates I mean to en-ter in, (yes, in,) I have

CHORUS.



set-tled the question for-ev-er. I have set-tled the question, hal-le-



lu-jah! I will nev-er turn back from the nar-row way;
 hal-le-lu-jah!

I Have Settled the Question.

I am go - ing thro' with Je - sus, hal - le - lu - jah!
hal - le - lu - jah!

Till I reach the gates of glo - ry some sweet day. (some sweet day.)

80

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford.

Wm. G. Bradbury.

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

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

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

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

I Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray.

Selected by B. E. Mitchell.

Arranged by E. C. Deas.

LEADER.

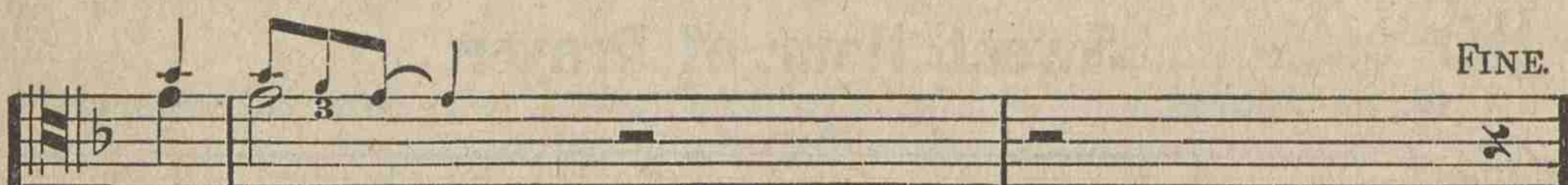


O Lord!....

CHORUS.



And I could-n't hear no-bod-y pray, And I could-n't hear no-bod-y pray;



FINE.

O Lord!



FINE.

O way down yon-der by my-self, And I could n't hear no-bod-y pray.



O Lord!....

O



And I could-n't hear no-bod-y pray, And I could-n't hear no-bod-y pray; O



I Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray.



Lord!

1. In the val-ley..
2. Chil-ly wa-ters .
3. Hal-le - lu-jah !.



way down yon-der by my-self, And I couldn't hear no-bod - y pray. I



.....
.....
.....

On my knees.....
In the Jor-dan, ..
Troubles o-ver,.....

With my bur-den .
Cross-ing o - ver .
In the kingdom .



could-n't hear no-bod - y pray,

I couldn't hear no-bod-y pray;

I



.....
.....
.....

And my Sav-iour,...
In - to Ca-naan,...
With my Je-sus,

O Lord!
O Lord!
O Lord!

D. C.



could-n't hear no-bod - y pray,

I could-n't hear no-bod - y pray.



Hornets

(Tune: "This is like Heaven to me").

1. When the Canaanites hardened their heart against God
And grieved Him because of their sin,
God sent along hornets to bring them to time
And to help His own people to win.
The hornets persuaded them that it was best
To go quickly and not to go slow,
God did not compel them to go 'gainst their will,
But He just made them willing to go.

CHORUS:

He does not compel us to go (no, no),
He does not compel us to go;
He does not compel us to go 'gainst our will,
But He just makes us willing to go.

2. If a nest of live hornets were brought to this room
And the creatures allowed to go free,
You would not need urging to make yourself scarce;
You'd want to get out, don't you see?
They would not lay hold and by force of their strength
Throw you out of the window, O no!
They would not compel you to go 'gainst your will,
But they'd just make you willing to go.
3. When Jonah was sent to the work of the Lord,
The outlook was not very bright;
He never had done such a hard thing before;
So he backed and ran off from the fight.
But God sent a big fish to swallow him up,
The story I'm sure you all know.
He did not compel him to go 'gainst his will
But He just made him willing to go.
4. When Moses was sent to lead Israel out
To Canaan's rich fruit-bearing land,
Resisting His Spirit they worshipped a calf,
And refused to obey God's command.
God did not compel them to go to the land
Which with wine, milk and honey did flow,
But fed them on manna for forty long years,
Till He got them all ready to go.
5. When Balaam was sent to the Moabite king,
And wanted things run his own way;
His mule, ever faithful, spoke at the right time.
Made him willing God's voice to obey.
God can use any man since He used Balaam's mule,
For He is almighty, you know;
He does not compel us to go 'gainst our will,
But He just makes us willing to go.

M. D.

Merrill Dunlop.

1. What a won-drous mes-sage in God's Word! My sins are blot-ted
 2. Once my heart was black, but now what joy, My sins are blot-ted
 3. I shall stand some day be-fore my King, My sins all blot-ted

out, I know! If I trust in His re-deem-ing blood, My
 out, I know! I have peace that noth-ing can de-stroy, My
 out, I know! With the ran-somed host I then shall sing: "My

CHORUS.

sins are blot-ted out, I know!
 sins are blot-ted out, I know! My sins are blot-ted out, I know!
 sins are blot-ted out, I know!" I know!

My sins are blot-ted out, I know! They are bur-ied in the
 I know!

depths of the deep-est sea; My sins are blot-ted out, I know!
 I know!

C. L. DORRIS

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THORO HARRIS



1. A song is heard on ev - 'ry hand, He saves me, He saves me!
2. The song is sung by serf and king, He saves me, He saves me!
3. The song up - on the breeze is borne, He saves me, He saves me!
4. So now I pass this song to you, He saves me, He saves me!



1. At home and in each dis-tant land, He saves me, He saves me!
2. They lift their voi-ces, sweet-ly sing, He saves me, He saves me!
3. At noon and night and ear - ly morn He saves me, He saves me!
4. O tell me true, can you sing, too, He saves me, He saves me?



CHORUS



He saves me, He saves me! O sing the joy - ful sound; His
O sing the joy - ful sound;



mer - cies all a - bound.



mer-cies ev-'ry-where a-bound, Let earth with praise re-sound! Sweet
His mer - cies all a - bound, Let earth with praise re - sound!



peace and pardon I have found, He saves me now; I know He saves me now.



Beautiful City of Gold

J. W. Gaines. owner.


J. W. G.

Copyright, 1915, by The Trio Music Co.

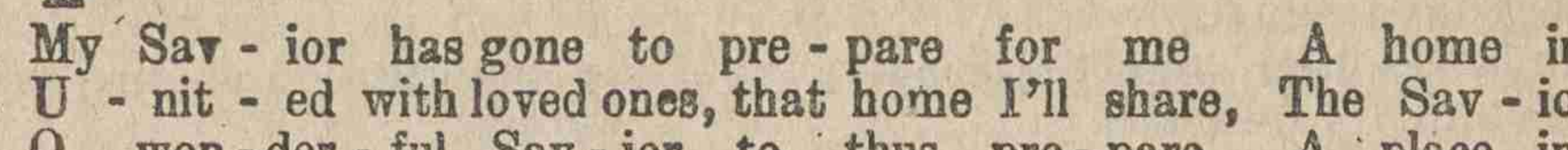
J. W. GAINES

Slowly, with feeling.


Slowly, with feeling.



1. My Sav - ior has gone to pre - pare for me A home in that
2. U - nit - ed with loved ones, that home I'll share, The Sav - ior pre -
3. O won - der - ful Sav - ior to thus pre - pare A place in that



4. I'll be there when he comes, to see me in that home, I'll be there when he comes,
5. I'll be there when he comes, to see me in that home, I'll be there when he comes,
6. I'll be there when he comes, to see me in that home, I'll be there when he comes,




cit - y of gold; With Him in His glo - ry I there shall be,
pared for His own; No sor - row can en - ter that cit - y fair,
cit - y for me, Where I with the an - gels shall be an heir;

REFRAIN.

REFRAIN.



Its grandeurs to ev - er be - hold. Beau - ti - ful cit - y of
No part - ing will ev - er be known.
En - rap - tured for - ev - er I'll be! Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful



gold!..... Won-der-ful home of the soul!..... My du - ty is
cit - y of gold! Won - der - ful, won - der - ful home of the soul!

clear-er as my spir-it goes near-er That beau-ti-ful cit-y of gold.

A Preacher on the Fence.

Music, Marching thru Georgia.

1. From out the millions of the
earth
God often calls a man
To preach the Word and for the
truth
To take a loyal stand,
'Tis sad o see him shun his cross
Nor stand in its defence,
Between the fields of right and
wrong,
A preacher on the fence.

CHORUS: Come down, come down
Come down from off the fence,
And preach the Gospel as it is
And take the consequence.
Come down, come down, come off,
come off,
Come down from off the fence;
Your duty's plain, you can't remain
A preacher on the fence.

2. Most surely God has called that
man
To battle for the right;
'Tis his to ferret out the wrong
And turn on us the light,
But he's a compromiser, for
He's out for dollars and cents.
The shame of heaven, the joy of
hell
A preacher on the fence.

3. His better judgment, common
sense,
May pull him to the right,
Behold him grip the topmost rail

And hang with all his might.
But love of praise, it holds him fast,
Keeps him from going hence;
He's in a most unpleasant plight,
That preacher on the fence.

4. If he should stand up for the
wrong
The right he'd not defend,
If he should stand up for the right,
The wrong he would offend,
His mouth is closed, he dare not
speak
For freedom or against;
The most disgusting thing on earth
This preacher on the fence.

5. Now some are trying hard to
prove
God never made a man;
He evolved from an ape,
They'd have us understand.
But we are sure God's word is true,
It is our sole defense:
And we are glad to batter down
The preacher on the fence.

6. But soon both sides will find him
out
And brand him as a fraud,
A coward he who dare not please
The devil or his God,
His black and shining robes, they're
all
A miserable pretense;
And men of zeal will do their best
To club him off the fence.

2d CHORUS:—Come down, come down, Out of your family tree,
Let higher critics, Darwinites, Teach their philosophy;
Come down, come down, come off, come off, And let the baboon be;
They may be apes, but they can't make A monkey out of me.

—F. H. Lacy.

Dig Down.

1. There are some people in our
town
Who thought it wondrous wise
To support the missionary work
By selling cakes and pies;
But after many years of trying
This way to raise the cash,
The people weary grew of buying—
The whole thing went to smash.

CHORUS: Dig down, dig down,
Dig down, is God's command;
A chicken supper and an oyster stew
Won't save the heathen land,
Dig down, dig down: the other sheep

The good news, too, must hear;
You can't support the Gospel work
On fifty cents a year.

2. There are some others in our
town
Who found it far more wise
To support the missionary cause
By paying in their tithes;
And after many years they saw
'Tis easy and so plain:
They freely give their all that
Christ
May soon come back again.


—F. H. Lacy.

Big Business In Glory.



E. C. D.

Copyright, 1921, by E. C. Deas.


E. C. Deas.




1. I've a bank-ing-house up in glo - ry, And I'm bank-ing ev - 'ry day,
 2. I'm in-vest-ing o - ver in Beu - lah, And my stocks sur-pass pure gold;
 3. I'm a joint-heir now, with my Sav - iour, To the king-doms up on high;



My se - cur - i - ties are in vaults on high Which nev - er can de - cay.
 I am ra - ted there with the saints of God, Whose rich - es are un - told.
 Soon I'll go to join in a part - ner - ship, Where pleasures never die.




CHORUS.



{ I have a great big in - t'rest in the glo - ry - land, O - ver on the oth - er
 { And then my moth - er wait - ing o - ver there for me, Holds an - oth - er heav'nly

shore; I've a mansion there that is great and grand, Where I'll live for - ev - er - more;
 share; So that (*Omit*.....)




I can live e - ter - nal - ly On the treas - ures I have there.



There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

USED BY PER. W. L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND
THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

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

When the saints and the sinners shall be parted right and left,
But its brightness shall only come to them that love the Lord, Are you ready for that day to come
When the sinner shall hear his doom, "Depart, I know ye not,"

CHORUS. *m pp*

Are you ready? Are you ready? Are you ready for the judgment day? For the judgment day?

Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Copyright renewed 1899, by W. H. Doane.

W. H. DOANE.

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

CHORUS.

oth-ers thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief. Sav-ior, Sav-ior,
wounded, brok-en spir-it, Save me by Thy grace.
I on earth be-side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

Hear my hum-ble cry, While on oth-ers Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

In My Heart.

Selected by B. E. Mitchell.

Arranged by E. C. Deas.

1. Lord, I want to be a Chris-tian In my heart, in my heart;
 2. Lord, I want to be more lov-ing In my heart, in my heart;
 3. Lord, I want to be more ho-ly In my heart, in my heart;
 4. I don't want to be like Ju-das In my heart, in my heart;
 5. Lord, I want to be like Je-sus In my heart, in my heart;

Lord, I want to be a Chris - tian In my heart,.....

Lord, I want to be more lov - ing In my heart,.....

Lord, I want to be more ho - ly In my heart,.....

I don't want to be like Ju - das In my heart,.....

Lord, I want to be like Je - sus In my heart,.....

1-5. In my heart,..... In my heart,..... In my heart,.....

rit.



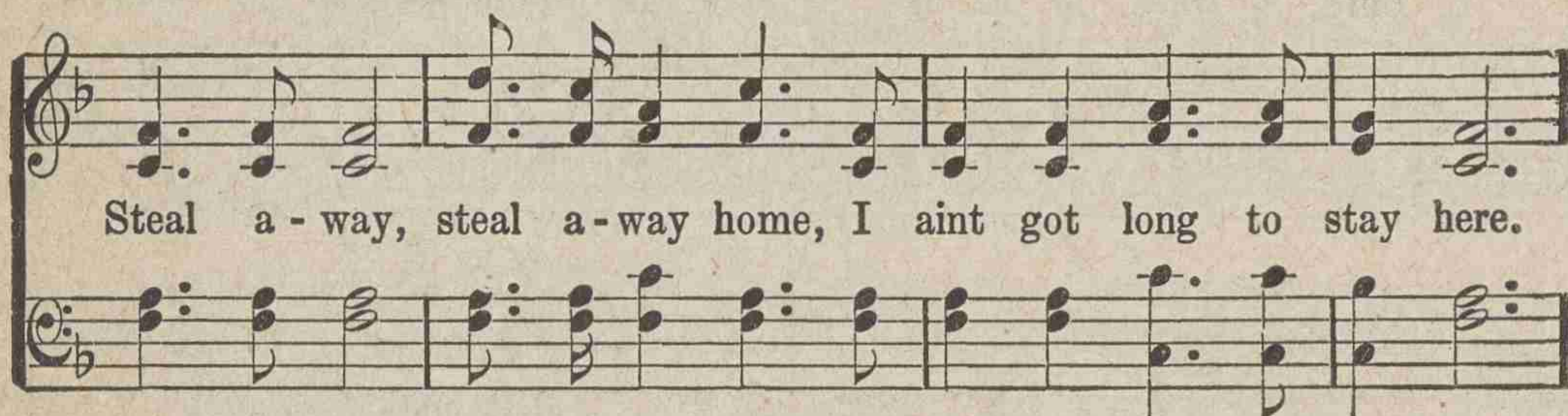
Lord, I want to be a Chris - tian In my heart.....
Lord, I want to be more lov - ing In my heart.....
Lord, I want to be more ho - ly In my heart.....
I don't want to be like Ju - das In my heart.....
Lord, I want to be like Je - sus In my heart.....



Steal Away.



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



Steal a - way, steal a - way home, I aint got long to stay here.

May be sung by one voice, or in unison.



1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun - der; The
 2. Green trees are bend - ing, Poor sin - ner stan's a - tremb - ling; The
 3. Tomb-stones are burst - ing, Poor sin - ner stan's a - tremb - ling; The
 4. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the light - ning; The

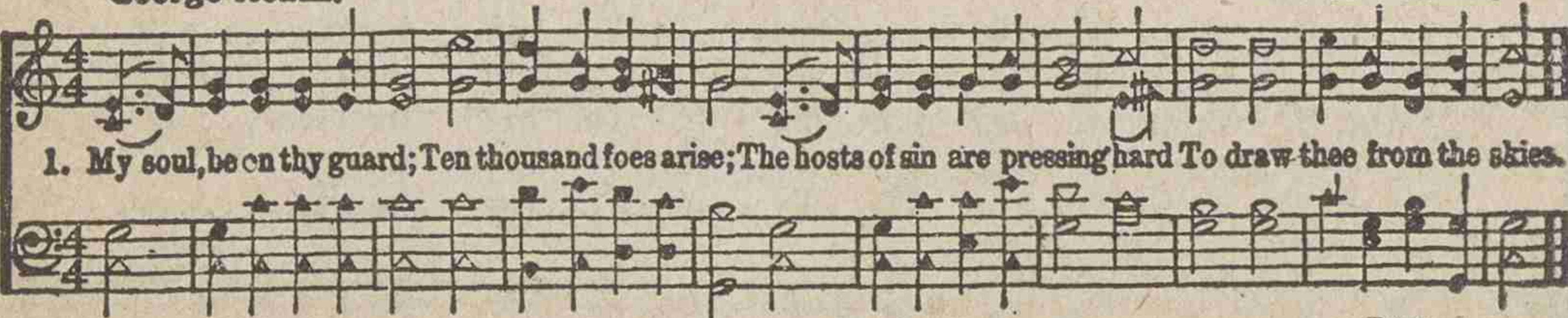


trump-et sounds with - in my soul, I ain't got long to stay here.

My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

George Heath.

Lowell Mason.



1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes arise; The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.

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

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

The Eastern Gate.


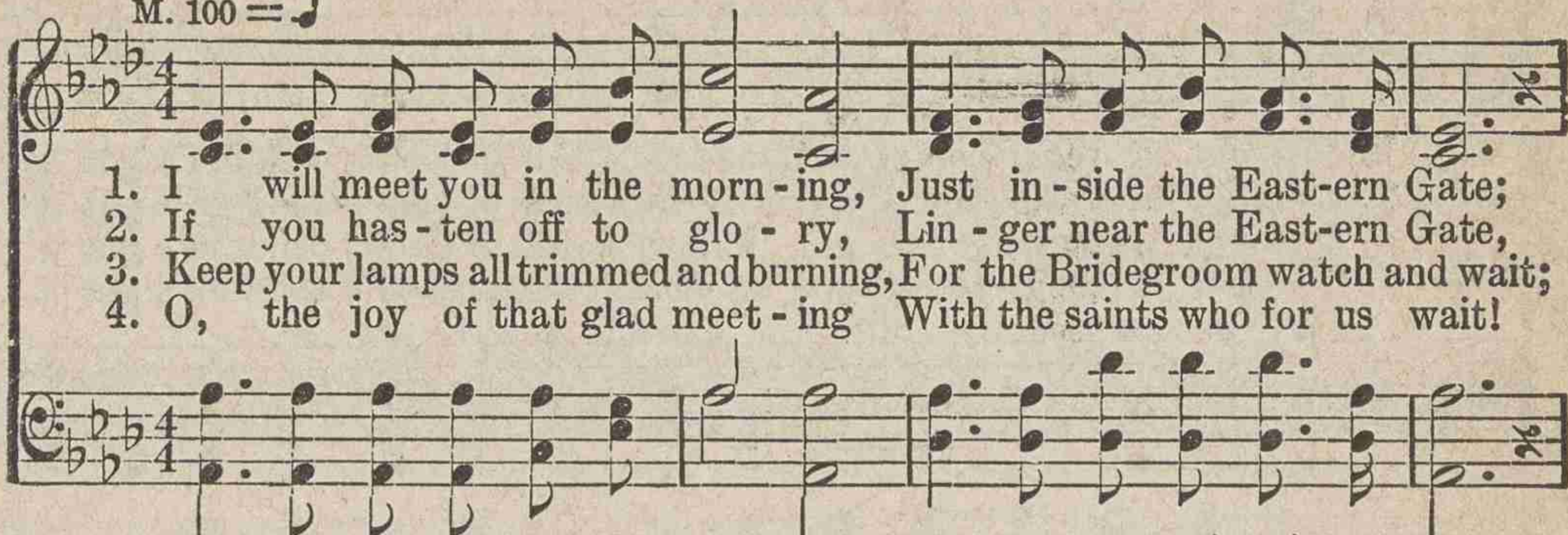
Dedicated to Rev. P. F. Bresee, Los Angeles, Cal.

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I. G. M.

Arr. I. G. Martin.

M. 100 = 


1. I will meet you in the morn-ing, Just in-side the East-ern Gate;
 2. If you has-ten off to glo-ry, Lin-ger near the East-ern Gate,
 3. Keep your lamps all trimmed and burning, For the Bridegroom watch and wait;
 4. O, the joy of that glad meet-ing With the saints who for us wait!

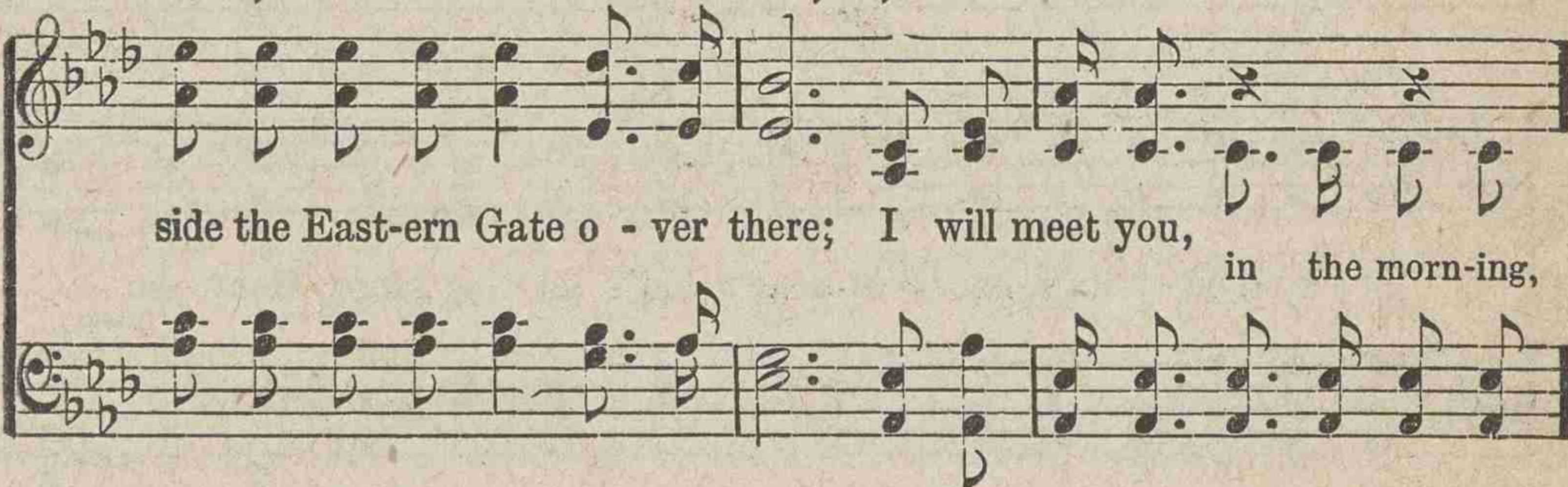


Then be read-y, faith-ful pil-grim, Lest with you it be too late.
 For I'm com-ing in the morn-ing, So you'll not have long to wait.
 He'll be with us at the meet-ing, Just in-side the East-ern Gate.
 What a bless-ed hap-py meet-ing, Just in-side the East-ern Gate!

CHORUS.



I will meet you, in the morn-ing, I will meet you, Just in-
 in the morn-ing, in the morn-ing,



side the East-ern Gate o-ver there; I will meet you, in the morn-ing,



I will meet you, I will meet you in the morning o-ver there.
 in the morn-ing,

95 Going to Shout All Over God's Heaven.

Selected by B. E. Mitchell.

Arranged by E. C. Deas.



1. I've got a robe, you've got a robe, All of God's children's got a
2. I've got a crown, you've got a crown, All of God's children's got a
3. I've got a harp, you've got a harp, All of God's children's got a
4. I've got a song, you've got a song, All of God's children's got a



robe; When I get to heav - en goin' to put on my robe, Goin' to
 crown: When I get to heav - en goin' to put on my crown, Goin' to
 harp, When I get to heav - en goin' to play on my harp, Goin' to
 sing; When I get to heav - en goin' to sing - a my song, Goin' to



REFRAIN.



shout all o - ver God's heav - en.....
 shout all o - ver God's heav - en..... Heav - en,.... heav - en,....
 play all o - ver God's heav - en.....
 sing all o - ver God's heav - en.....



Ev - 'ry - bod - y talk - ing 'bout heav'n, ain't go - ing there; Heav - en;....



Repeat this line slowly after last refrain.



heav - en,.... Goin' to shout all o - ver God's heav - en.....



Serving the Lord in My Weak Way

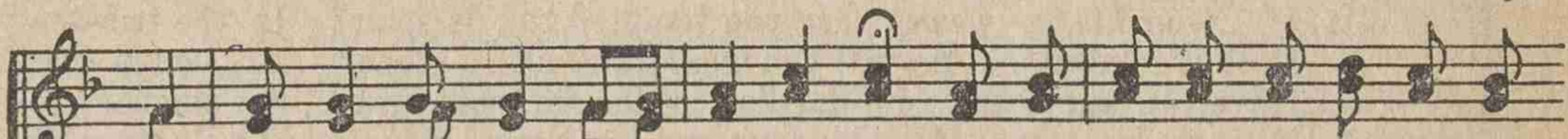
C.H.S.

Copyright, 1927, by Thoro Harris

Arr. by Thoro Harris



You have of-ten been to meet-ing where you heard some Christian say,



I'm serv-ing the Lord in: my weak-way. Ah, they lose the show'rs of blessing



and get nothing but the spray By serv-ing the Lord in their weak way.



1-11. Yes, serv-ing the Lord in my weak way, I'm serv-ing the Lord in my weak way.

12. Quit serv-ing the Lord in your weak way, Quit serv-ing the Lord in your weak way.



1. Nev-er tes-ti-fy for Je-sus or with an-y sin-ner pray, But I'm
2. Nev-er give a cent to mis-sions, for I'll need my jack some day, But I'm
3. In the place of sil-ver dol-lars put a nick-le, in the tray, For I'm
4. Tho I nev-er give a quar-ter to my pas-tor's meager pay, Yet I'm
5. Nev-er lift a weak-er broth-er who has fallen by the way, But I'm
6. Of my humble next-door neighbor I have noth-ing good to say, But I'm
7. I am friv-o-lous and gid-dy, nev-er so-ber, al-ways gay, But I'm
8. To the movies I go night-ly, from my church re-main a-way, But I'm
9. I can not ap-pear at meet-ing, for I work so hard all day, And I'm
10. Nev-er vote for pro-hi-bi-tion, stay at home e-lec-tion day, But I'm
11. Can-not find my gos-pel ar-mor tho I'm eag-er for the fray, But I'm
12. On-ly trust His gracious promise and the word of God o-bey, Gladly

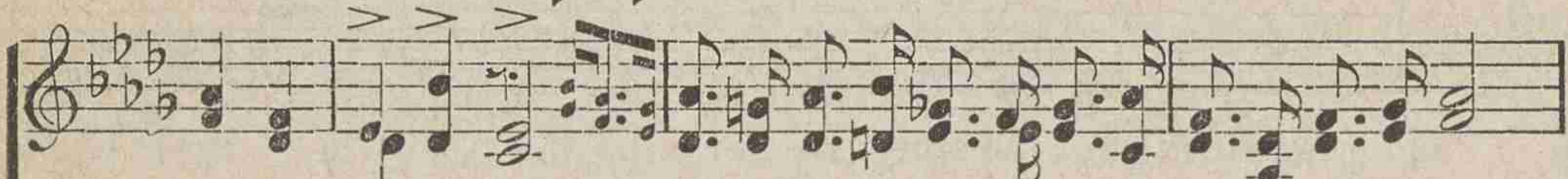


1-11. serv-ing the Lord in in my weak way.
12. serv-ing the Lord in in His own way.





1. Is your life a - wea-ry, are you tempted to de-spair? Is the bur-den
2. Does it sometime seem that you must suffer all a - lone? Are you in the
3. Have you laid a-way your dar-ling in the darksome grave, Giv-ing back to
4. Mind-ful of our needs, a kind, un-err - ing Friend is He, For He loves His
5. What-so-e'er your tri-al, do not doubt that some glad day Ev-'ry earth-ly



1. heav-y you must bear? Is your soul deprived of all that's beautiful and fair?
2. fi - 'ry fur-nace thrown? For your deeds of mercy is unkindness often shown?
3. God what once He gave? Safe-ly rest up-on His bosom who is strong to save.
4. own un-ceas-ing - ly; In the hour of darkness to His arms unfailing flee;
5. pang will pass a - way; Leave them all with One who hears His children when they pray;



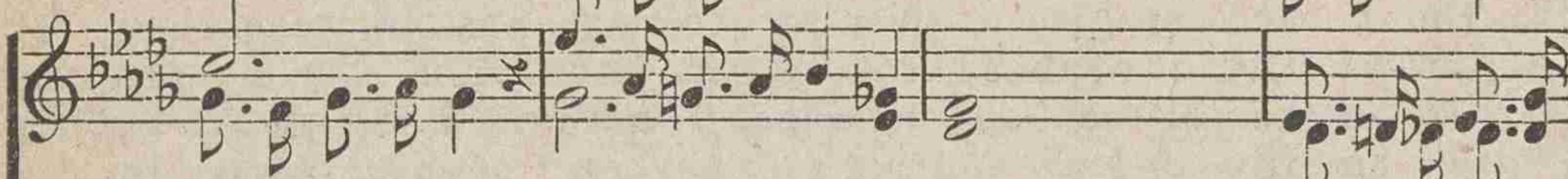
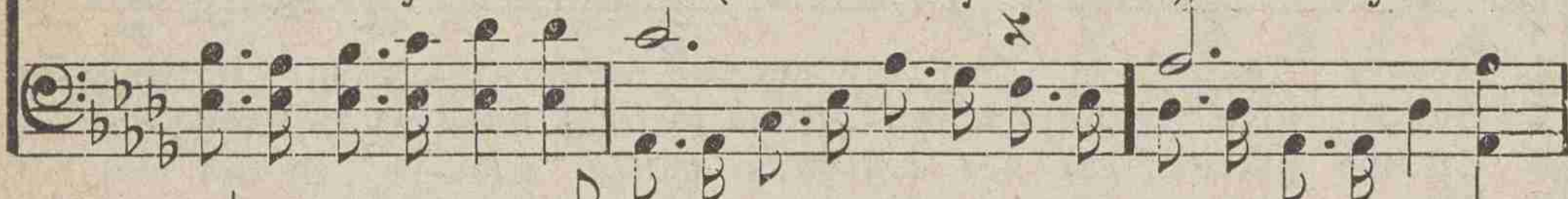
REFRAIN.



1-3. Je-sus bears you on His heart.

Je-sus bears you on His
On His

4-5. He will bear you on His heart. (the Savior bears you on His heart,) He bears you on His



heart, He will strength divine impart; Look to Him be-
heart, His loving heart; On His heart, His tender heart;



lieving, Peace and joy receiving: Jesus bears you on His heart. (His faithful heart.)



Follow On!

W. O. Cushing.

Robert Lowry.

1. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the flow'rs are
 2. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the storms are
 3. Down in the val-ley, or up - on the mountain steep, Close be - side my

bloom-ing and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev-'rywhere He leads me I would
 sweep-ing and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will
 Sav - iour would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe-ly in the

fol - low, fol - low on, Walk-ing in His footsteps till the crown be won.
 nev - er, nev - er fear: Dan-gers can-not fright me if my Lord is near.
 path that He has trod, Up to where they gather on the hills of God.

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

REFRAIN.

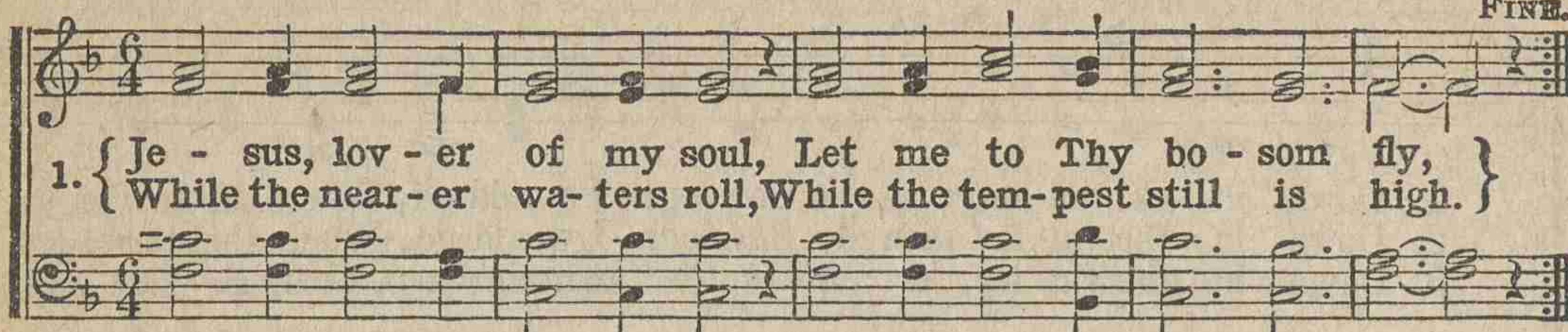
Fol - low! fol - low! I would fol-low Je - sus! An - y-where, ev-'rywhere,

I would fol - low on! Fol - low! fol - low! I would fol-low Je - sus!

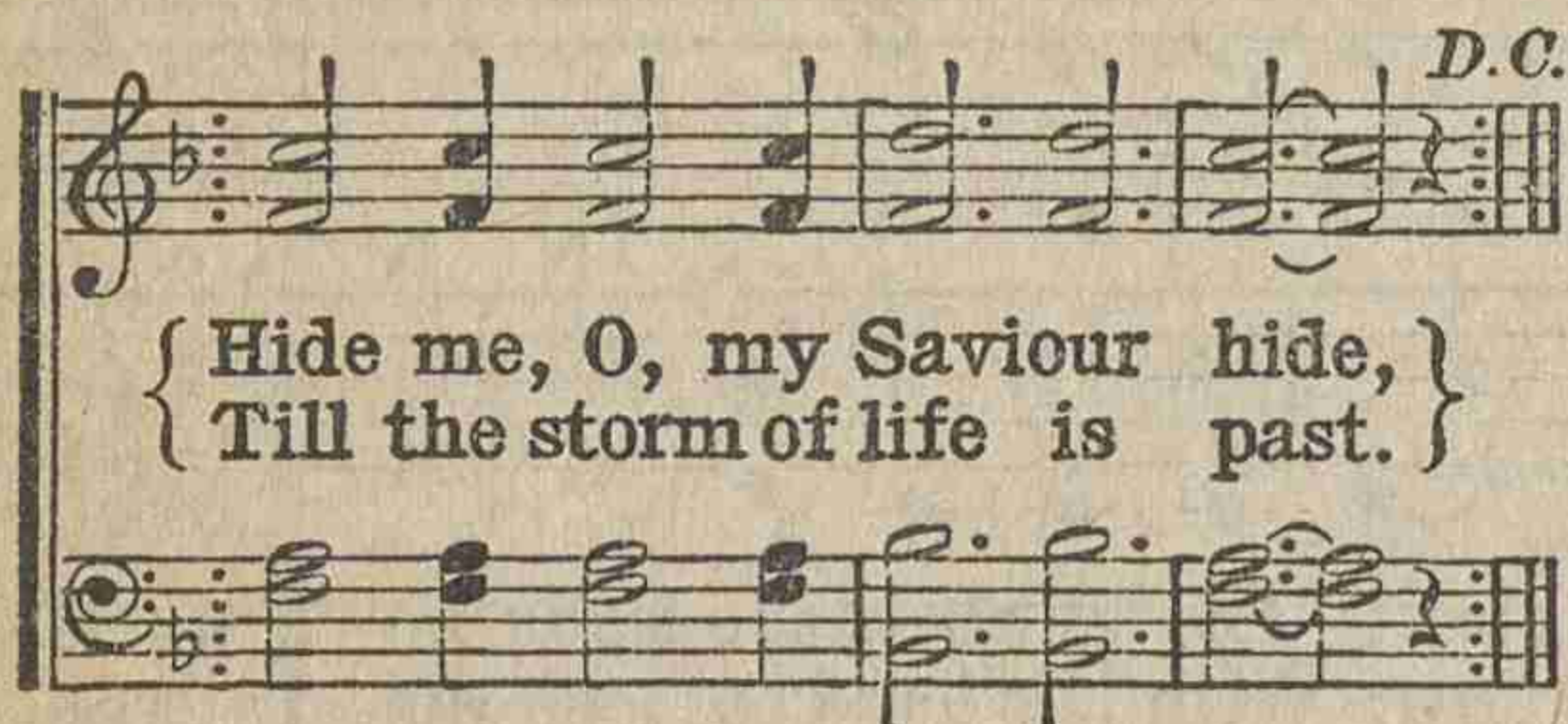
CHARLES WESLEY.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE.



D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.



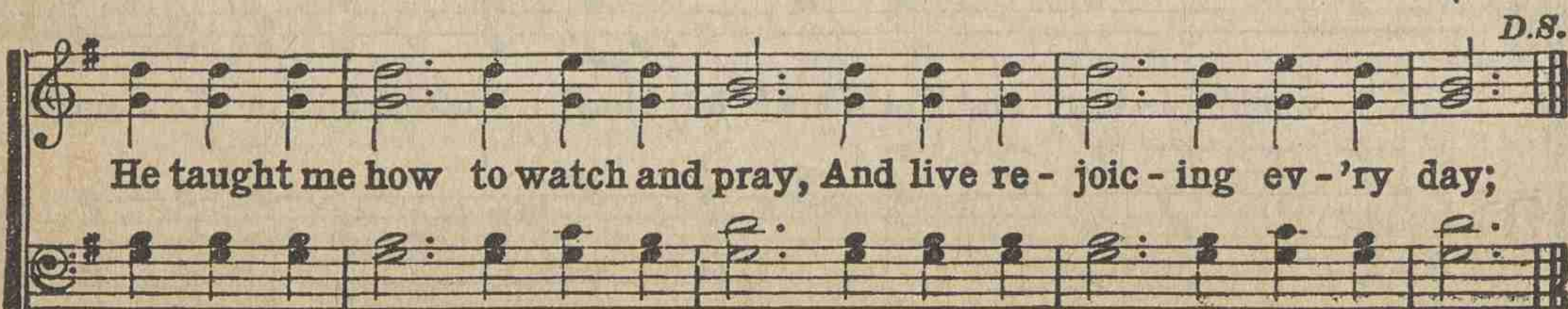
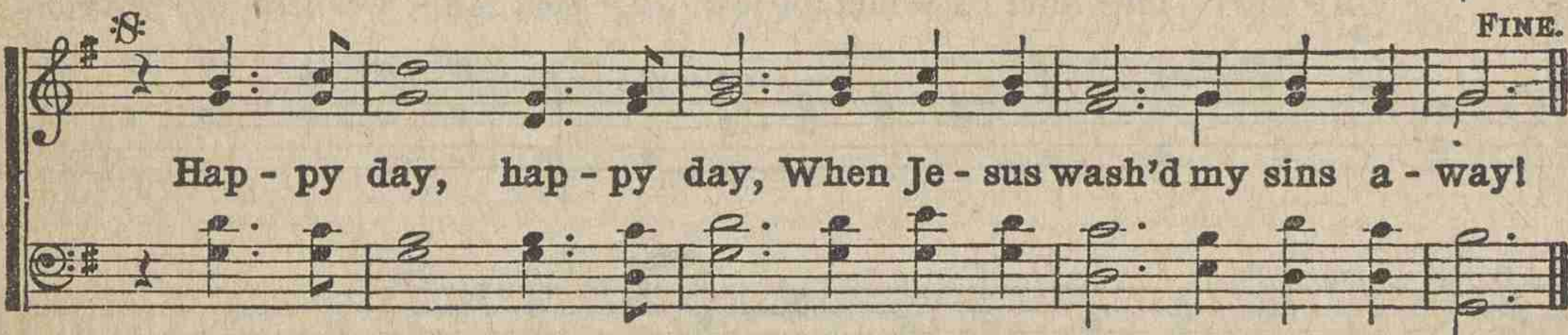
2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on Thee is stayed
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

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:
 Vile, 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 me, 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.

P. DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT.




Sunlight, Sunlight.


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Used by per.

J. W. Van De Venter.

W. S. Weeden.



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




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



CHORUS.



Sun - light, sun - light in my soul to - day, Sun - light, sun - light
to - day, yes,




all a - long the way; Since the Sav - ior found me, took a - way my
nar - row way;




sin, I have had the sun - light of His love with - in.
load of sin,

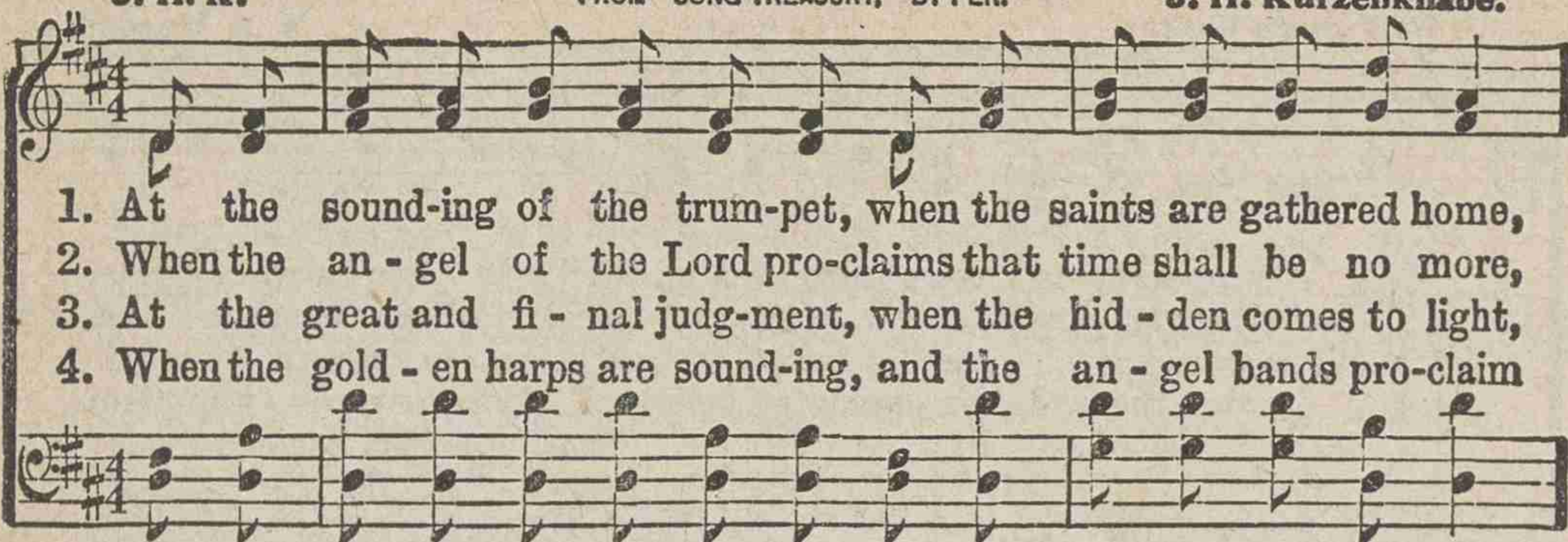


What a Gathering.

J. H. K.

FROM "SONG TREASURY," BY PER.

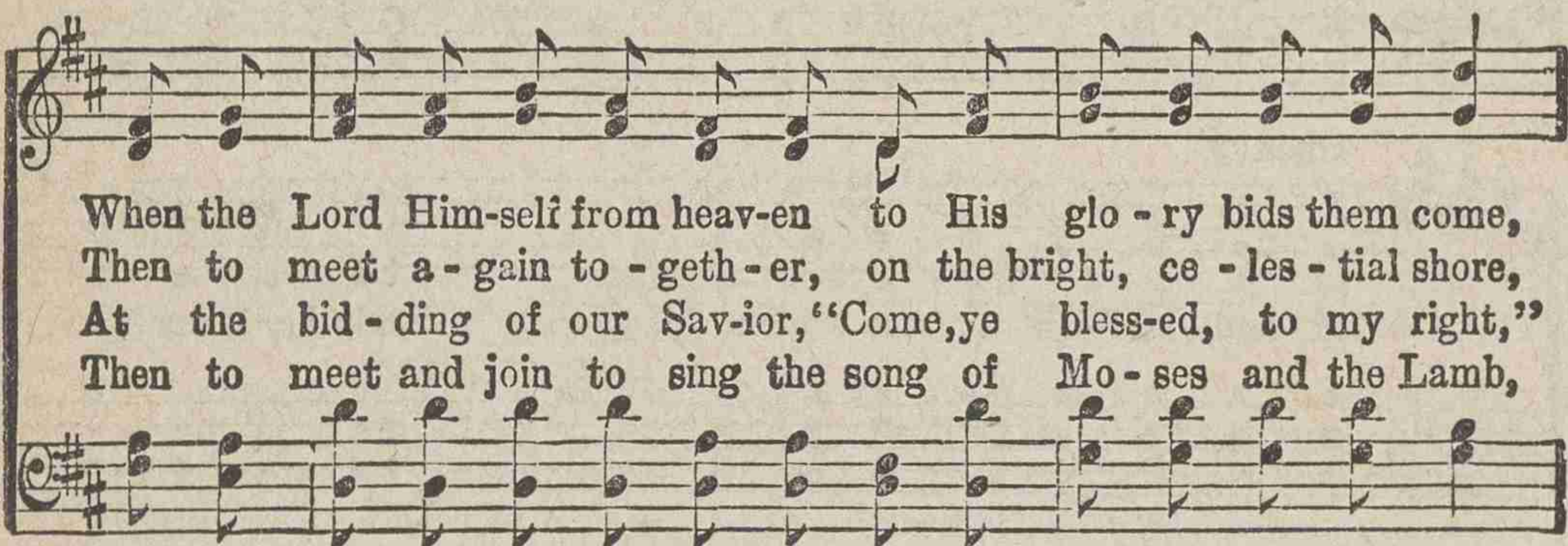
J. H. Kurzenknabe.



1. At the sound-ing of the trum-pet, when the saints are gathered home,
 2. When the an - gel of the Lord pro-claims that time shall be no more,
 3. At the great and fi - nal judg-ment, when the hid - den comes to light,
 4. When the gold - en harps are sound-ing, and the an - gel bands pro-claim



We will greet each oth - er by the cry - stal sea, (crystal sea;)
 We shall gath - er, and the saved and ransomed see, (glad-ly see,)
 When the Lord in all His glo - ry we shall see, (we shall see,)
 In tri - umph - ant strains the glo - rious ju - bi - lee, (ju - bi - lee,)



When the Lord Him-self from heav-en to His glo - ry bids them come,
 Then to meet a - gain to - geth - er, on the bright, ce - les - tial shore,
 At the bid - ding of our Sav-ior, "Come, ye bless-ed, to my right,"
 Then to meet and join to sing the song of Mo - ses and the Lamb,



FINE. CHORUS.
 D.S.-What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be! What a gath - - -
 What a gath - 'ring of the



'ring, gath - - - 'ring, At the sounding of the glorious ju-bi-
 loved ones, when we'll meet with one an - oth - er.

What a Gathering.

lee, What a gath - - 'ring, gath - - - 'ring,
lee, ju-bi-lee! What a gath'ring, when the friends and all the dear ones meet each oth - er,

D.S.

103

Bring Them In.

ALEXANDER THOMAS.

W. A. OGDEN, by per.

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

Calling the lambs who've gone astray, Far from the Shepherd's fold away.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee, "Go find my lambs where'er they be."

CHORUS.

Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;

Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the lit-tle ones to Je - sus.

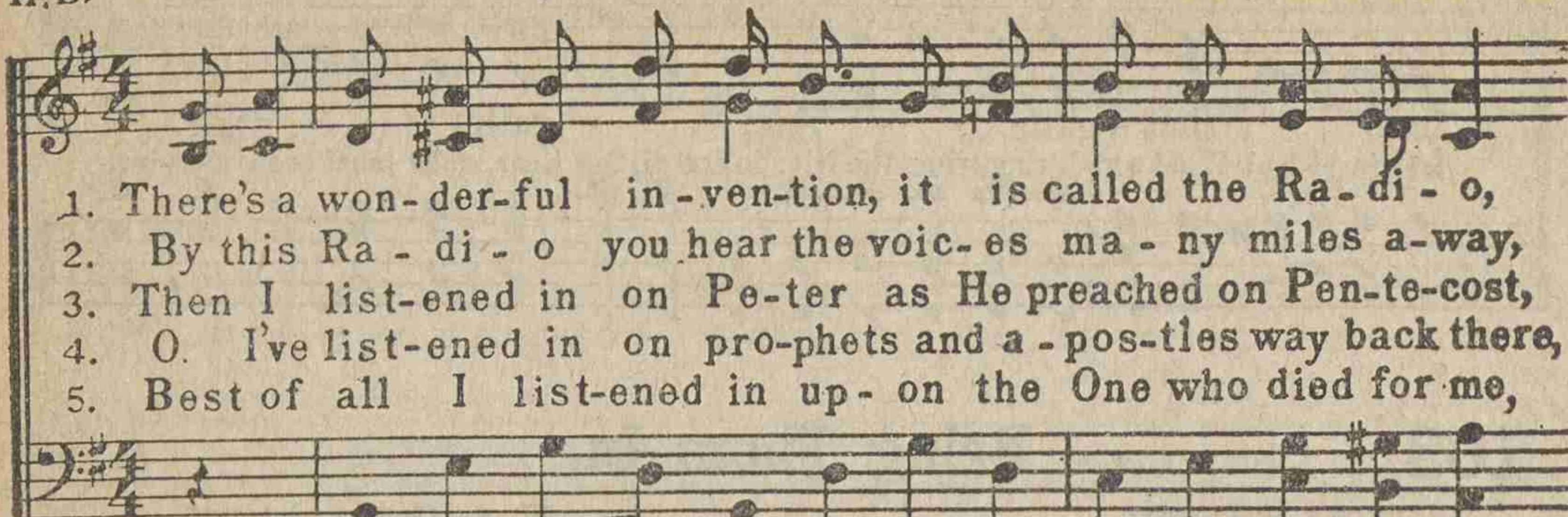
Listening In

RADIO SONG

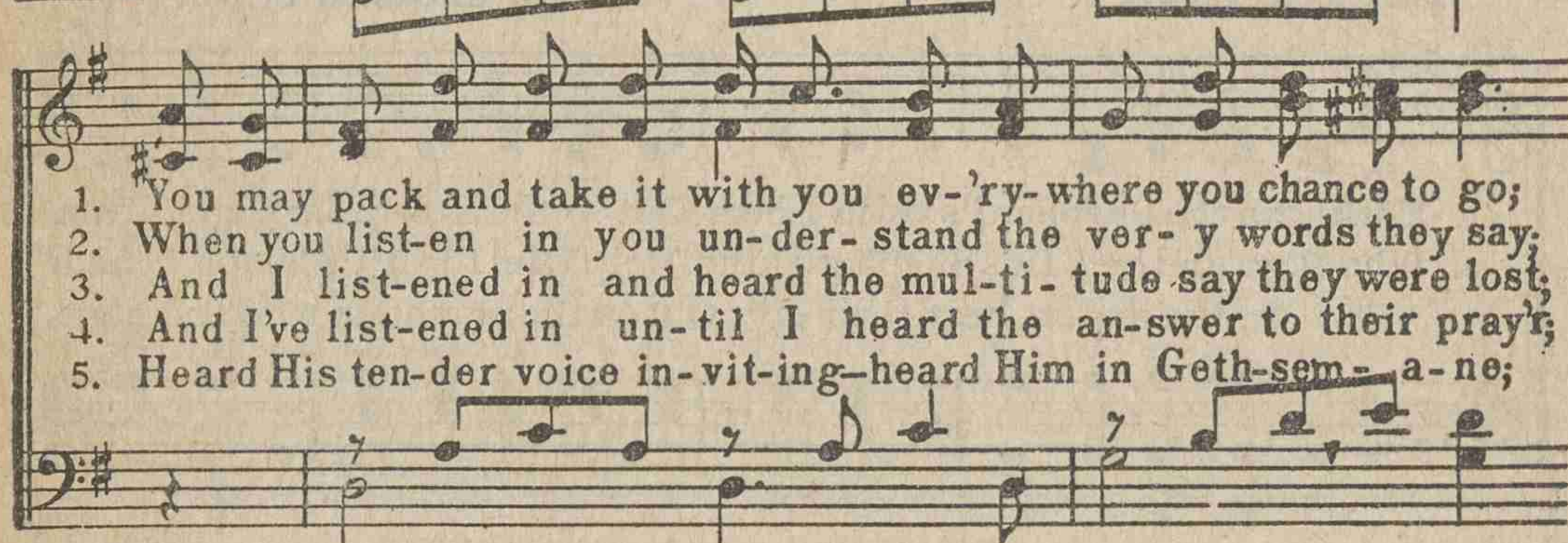
H.B.

Copyright, 1923, by John A. Anderson

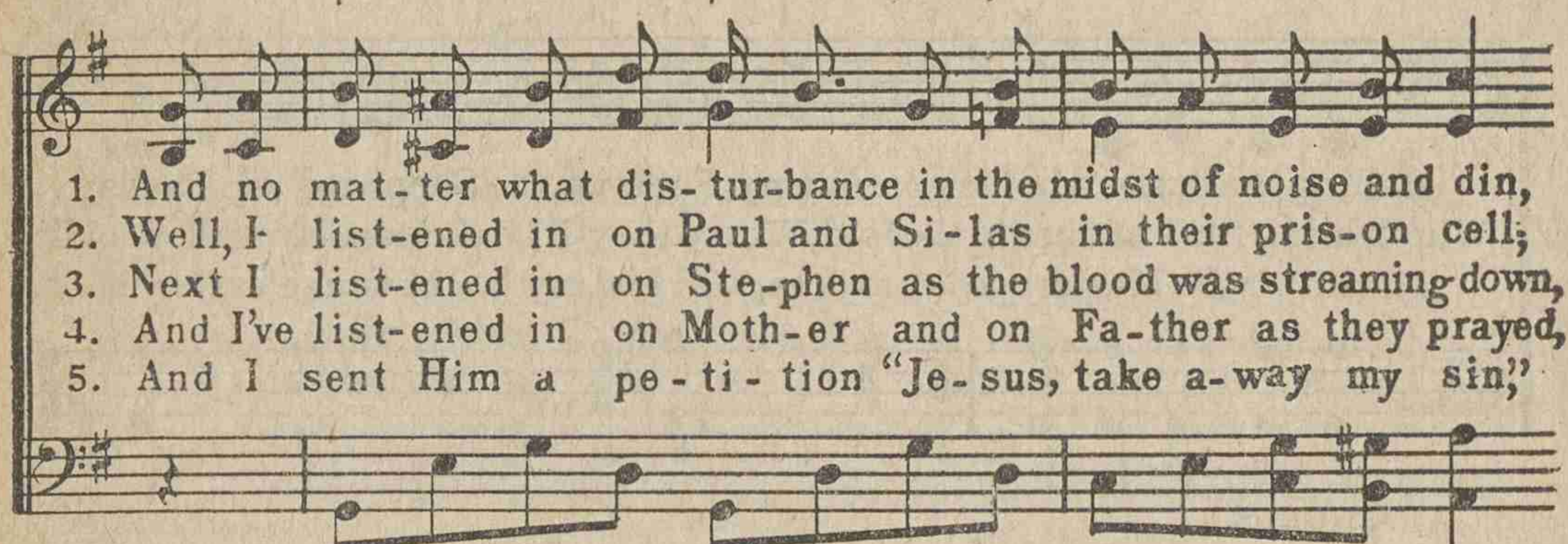
HERBERT BUFFUM



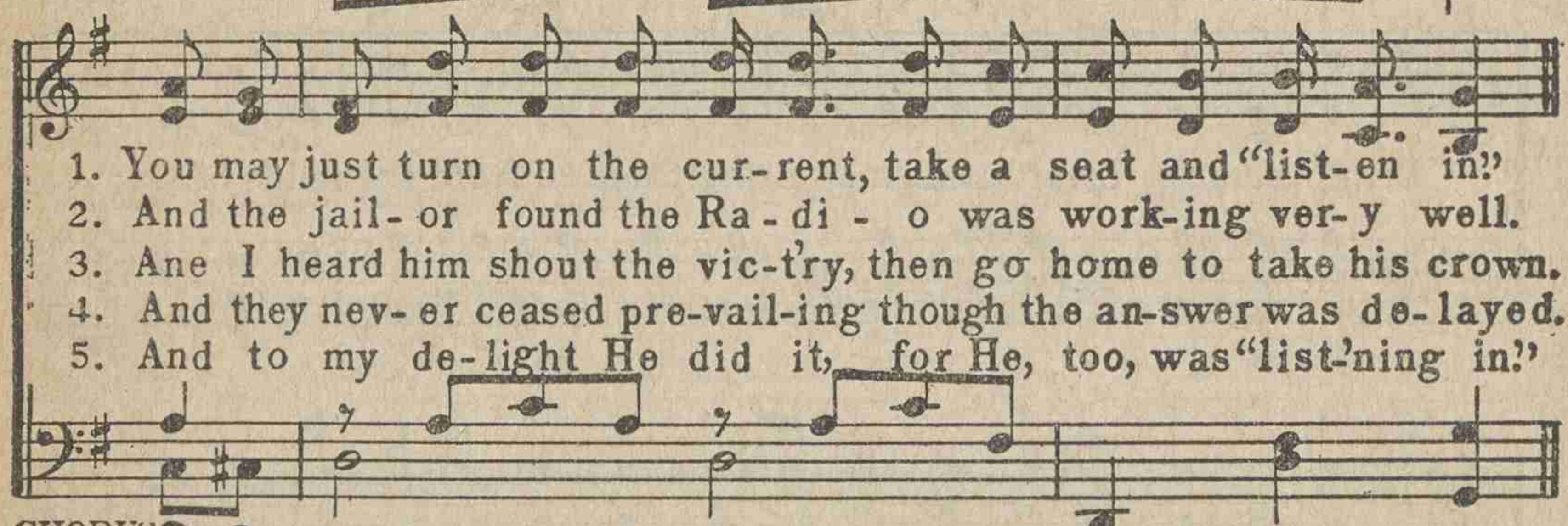
1. There's a won-der-ful in-ven-tion, it is called the Ra-di-o,
2. By this Ra-di-o you hear the voic-es ma-ny miles a-way,
3. Then I list-ened in on Pe-ter as He preached on Pen-te-cost,
4. O. I've list-ened in on pro-phets and a-pos-tles way back there,
5. Best of all I list-ened in up-on the One who died for me,



1. You may pack and take it with you ev-'ry-where you chance to go;
2. When you list-en in you un-der-stand the ver-y words they say;
3. And I list-ened in and heard the mul-ti-tude say they were lost;
4. And I've list-ened in un-til I heard the an-swer to their pray'r;
5. Heard His ten-der voice in-vit-ing-heard Him in Geth-sem-a-ne;

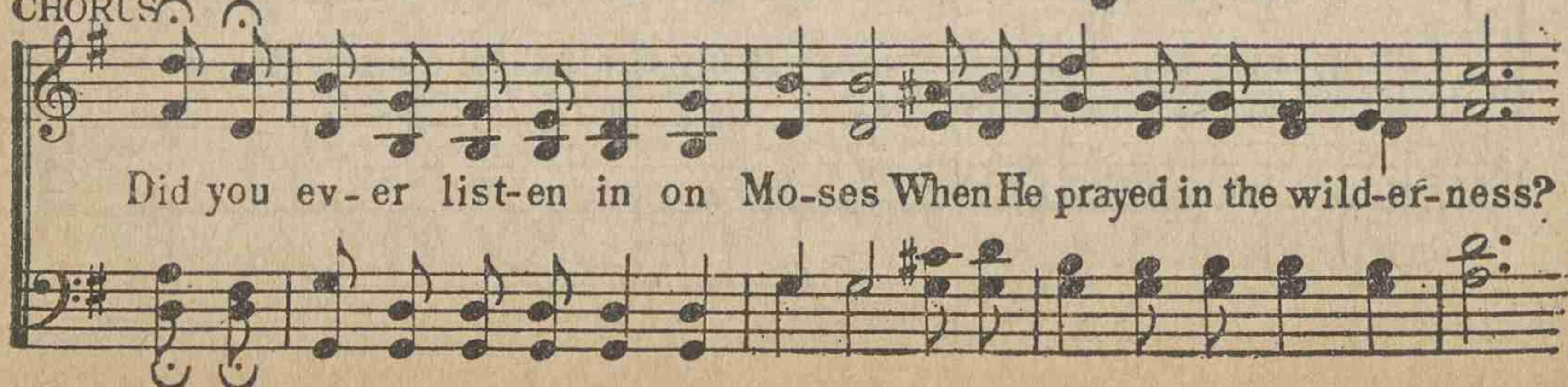


1. And no mat-ter what dis-tur-bance in the midst of noise and din,
2. Well, I list-ened in on Paul and Si-las in their pris-on cell;
3. Next I list-ened in on Ste-phen as the blood was streaming down,
4. And I've list-ened in on Moth-er and on Fa-ther as they prayed,
5. And I sent Him a pe-ti-tion "Je-sus, take a-way my sin;"



1. You may just turn on the cur-rent, take a seat and "list-en in?"
2. And the jail-or found the Ra-di-o was work-ing ver-y well.
3. And I heard him shout the vic-t'ry, then go home to take his crown.
4. And they nev-er ceased pre-vail-ing though the an-swer was de-layed.
5. And to my de-light He did it, for He, too, was "list'ning in?"

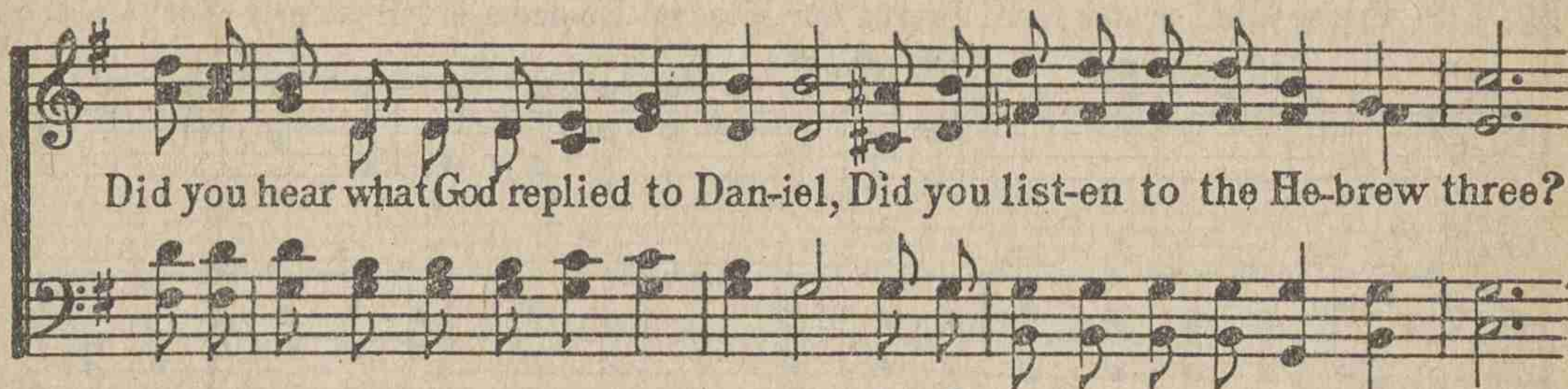
CHORUS.



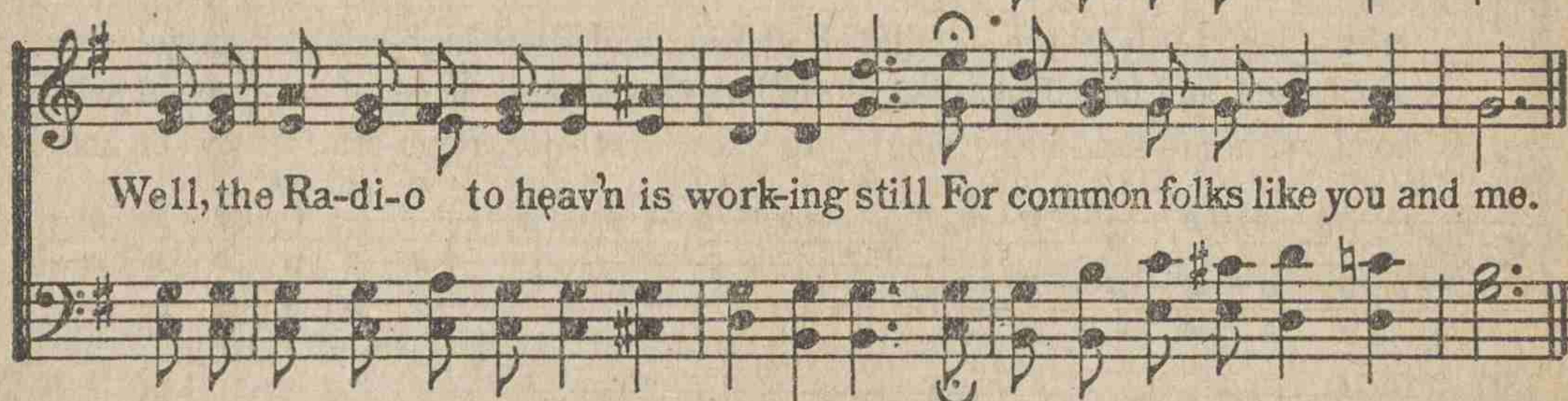
Did you ev-er list-en in on Mo-ses When He prayed in the wild-er-ness?



Did you ev-er list-en on E - li-jah Or on Da-vid in their great dis-tress?



Did you hear what God replied to Dan-iel, Did you list-en to the He-brew three?



Well, the Ra-di-o to heav'n is work-ing still For common folks like you and me.

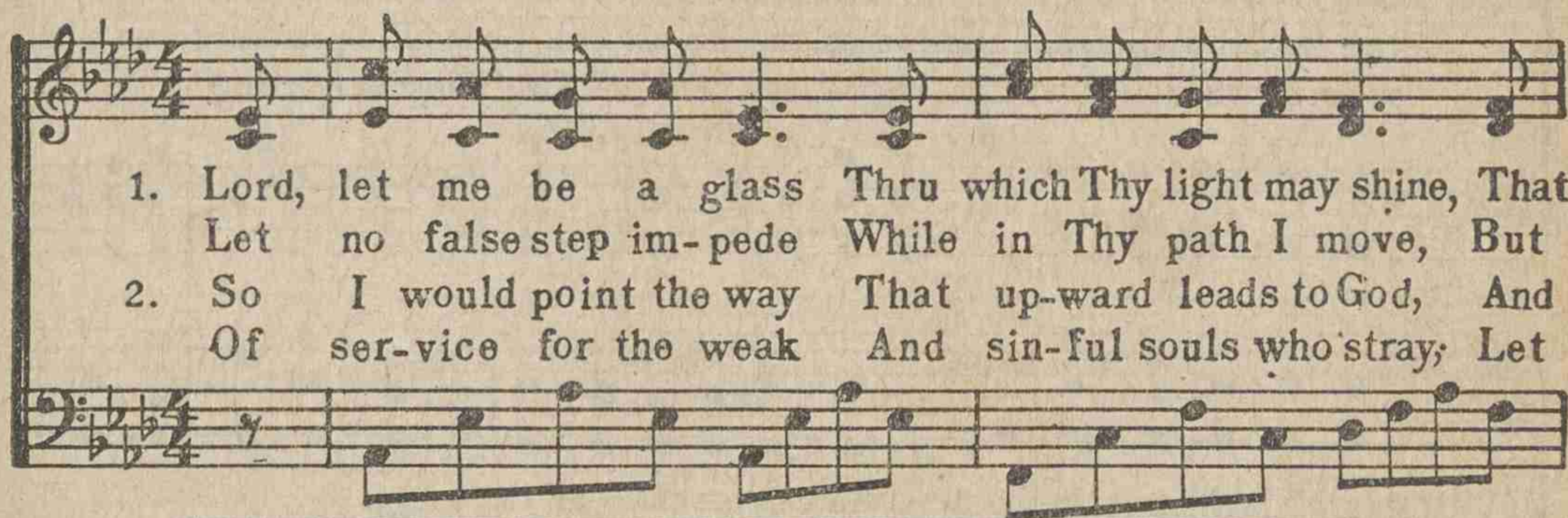
105

A Transparent Medium

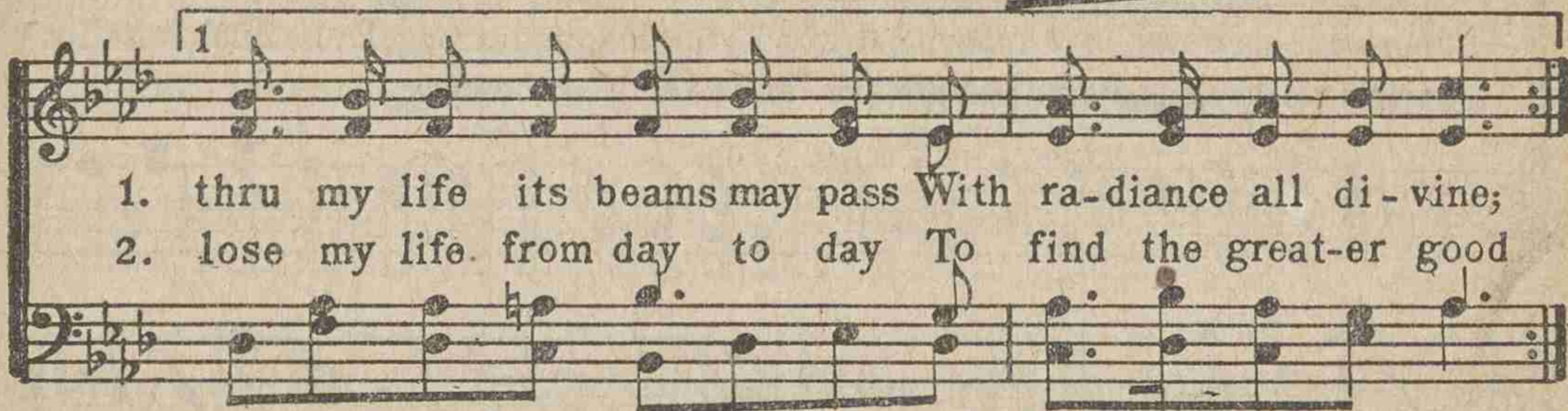
T.H.

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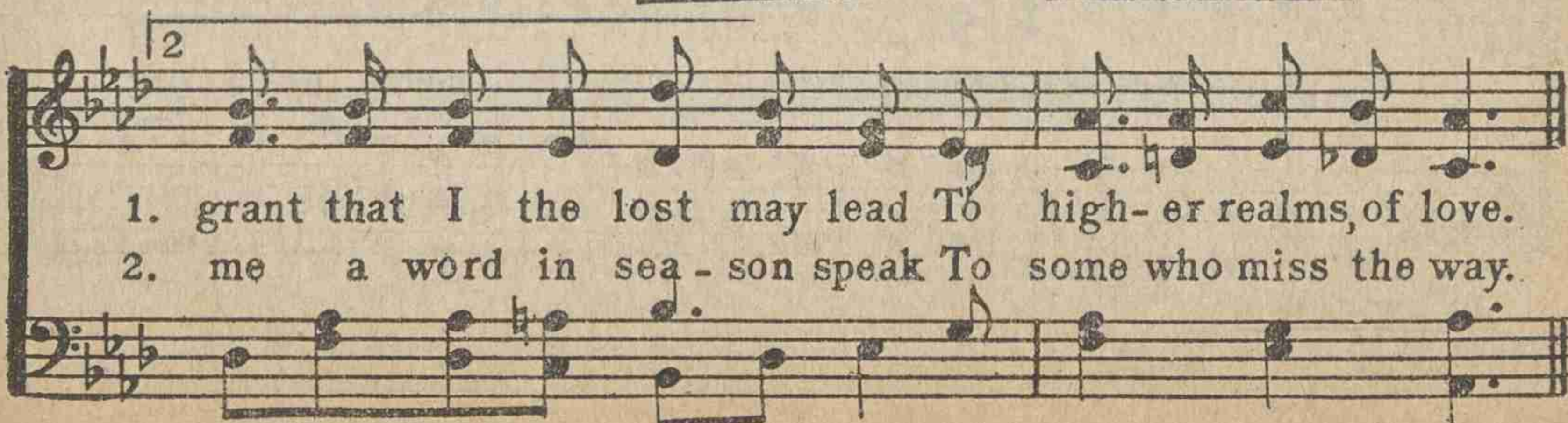
THORO HARRIS



1. Lord, let me be a glass Thru which Thy light may shine, That
Let no false step im-pede While in Thy path I move, But
2. So I would point the way That up-ward leads to God, And
Of ser-vice for the weak And sin-ful souls who stray; Let



1. thru my life its beams may pass With ra-diance all di-vine;
2. lose my life from day to day To find the great-er good



1. grant that I the lost may lead To high-er realms, of love.
2. me a word in sea-son speak To some who miss the way.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

CRESTER G. ALLEN.



1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing, oh, earth, His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'n-ly port - als



won - der - ful love pro - claim! Hail Him! hail Him! high-est arch-an-gels in
suf - fer'd, and bled, and died, He our Rock, our hope of e - ter-nal sal-
loud with ho - san - nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - ior, reign-eth for - ev - er and



glo-ry! Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shepherd, Jesus will
va - tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the Cru-ci - fied. Sound His praises! Jesus who
ev-er: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com-ing o-ver the



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



tell of His ex-cel-lent greatness, Praise Him, praise Him! ev-er in joy-ful song.



By permission.

107 Working Out Your Own Salvation

T.H.

PROCESSIONAL

Phil. 2: 12, 13

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Thoro Harris



1. On-ward move, ye fol-l'wers of the Lord, Trust-ing in His pow'r,
 2. See be-fore, a crown of glo-ry lies, Run the heav'n-ly race,
 3. Marching on as sol-diers of the King, Let the hills and plains
 4. To yon cit-y bathed in gold-en light, Cit-y of the King,

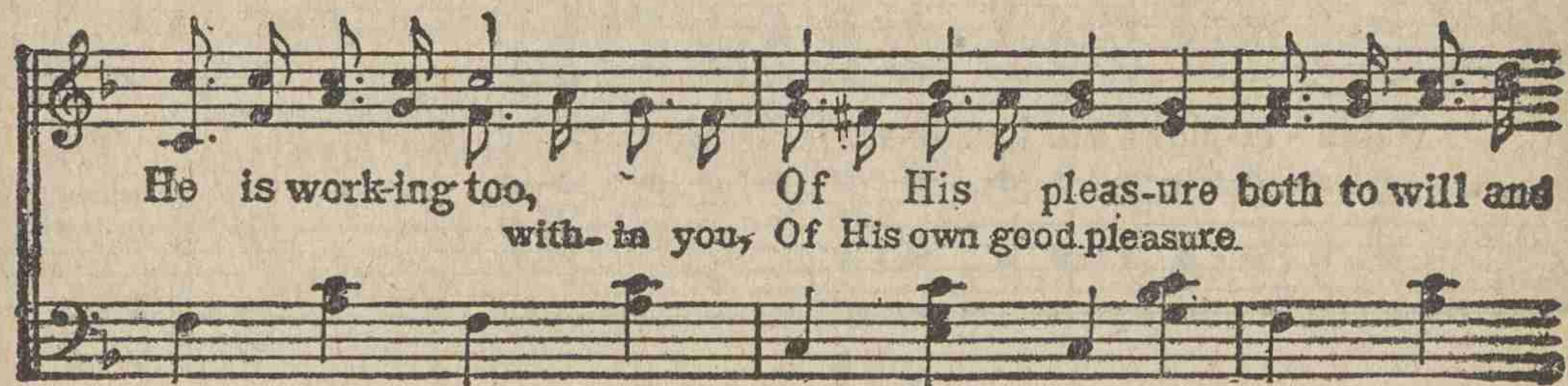


hark'ning to His word; Gird ye on the Spir-it's migh-y sword,
 reach-ing for the prize; For-ward fac-ing, mount the star-ry skies,
 with re-joic-ing ring; Ye shall tri-umph as ye shout and sing,
 climb the path-way bright; Faith shall van-ish, turned to bliss-ful sight,

CHORUS



Work-ing out your own sal - va - tion.
 Work-ing out your own sal - va - tion. God is faith-ful.
 Work-ing out your own sal - va - tion. God 'is true and faith-ful.
 Work-ing out your own sal - va - tion.



He is work-ing too, Of His pleas-ure both to will and
 with-in you, Of His own good pleasure.



do; Now your vow of dil-l-gence re-new Working out your own salvation.
 Now your holy vow

B. E. W.

BARNEY E. WARNER.



1. Hal-le-lu-jah, what a thought! Jesus full sal-va-tion bro't, Vic-to-ry,
2. I am trusting in the Lord, I am standing on His word, Vic-to-ry,
3. Shout your freedom ev'ry-where, His eternal peace declare, Vic-to-ry,
4. We will sing it on that shore, When this fleeting life is o'er, Vic-to-ry,



vic-to-ry!

Let the pow'r of sin as-sail, Heaven's grace can never fail,

vic-to-ry!

I have peace and joy within, Since my life is free from sin,

vic-to-ry!

Let us sing it here be-low, In the face of ev-'ry foe,

vic-to-ry!

Sing it here ye ransom'd throng, Start the everlasting song;



CHORUS.



Vic-to-ry,

vic-to-ry!

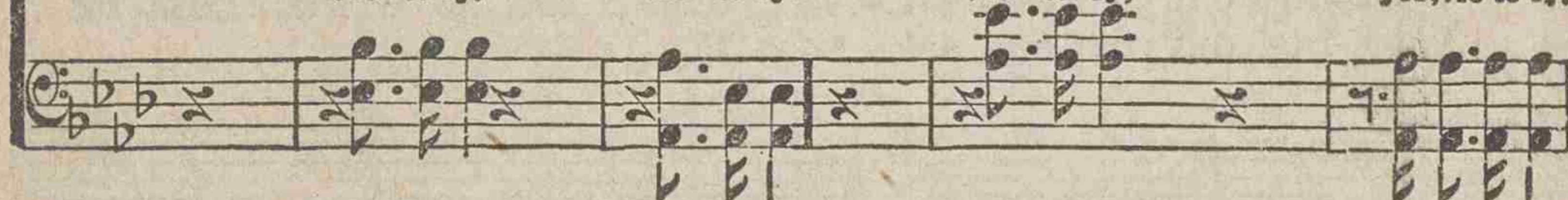
Vic-to-ry,.... yes, vic-to-ry!

Vic-to-ry.

vic-to-ry!

Vic-to-ry,

yes, vic-to-ry.



Hal-le-lu-jah! I am free Je-sus gives me vic-to-ry, Glo-ry, glo-ry,

Glo-ry, glo-ry.



hal-le-lu-jah! He is all..... in all to me.....

hal-le-lu-jah! He is all, He is all in all to me, all to me.



109 I Know the Lord's Laid His Hands on Me.



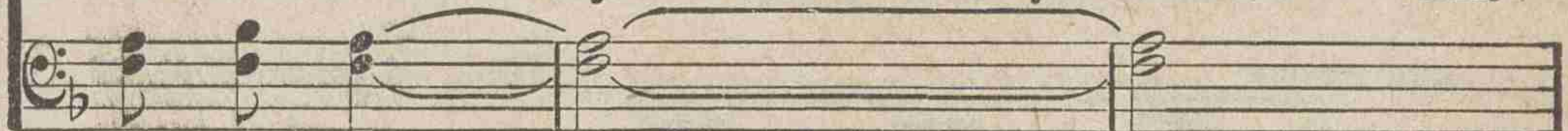
O I know the Lord, I know the Lord, I know the Lord's laid His



hands on me, O I know the Lord, I know the Lord, I know the Lord's laid His



hands on me. 1. Did ev - er you see the like be - fore?
2. O was - n't that a hap - py day,
3. — Some seek the Lord and don't seek Him right,
4. — My Lord's done just what He said,



I know the Lord's laid His hands on me; King Je - sus preach - ing
I know the Lord's laid His hands on me; When Je - sus washed my
I know the Lord's laid His hands on me; They fool all day and
I know the Lord's laid His hands on me; He's healed the sick and



D.C.

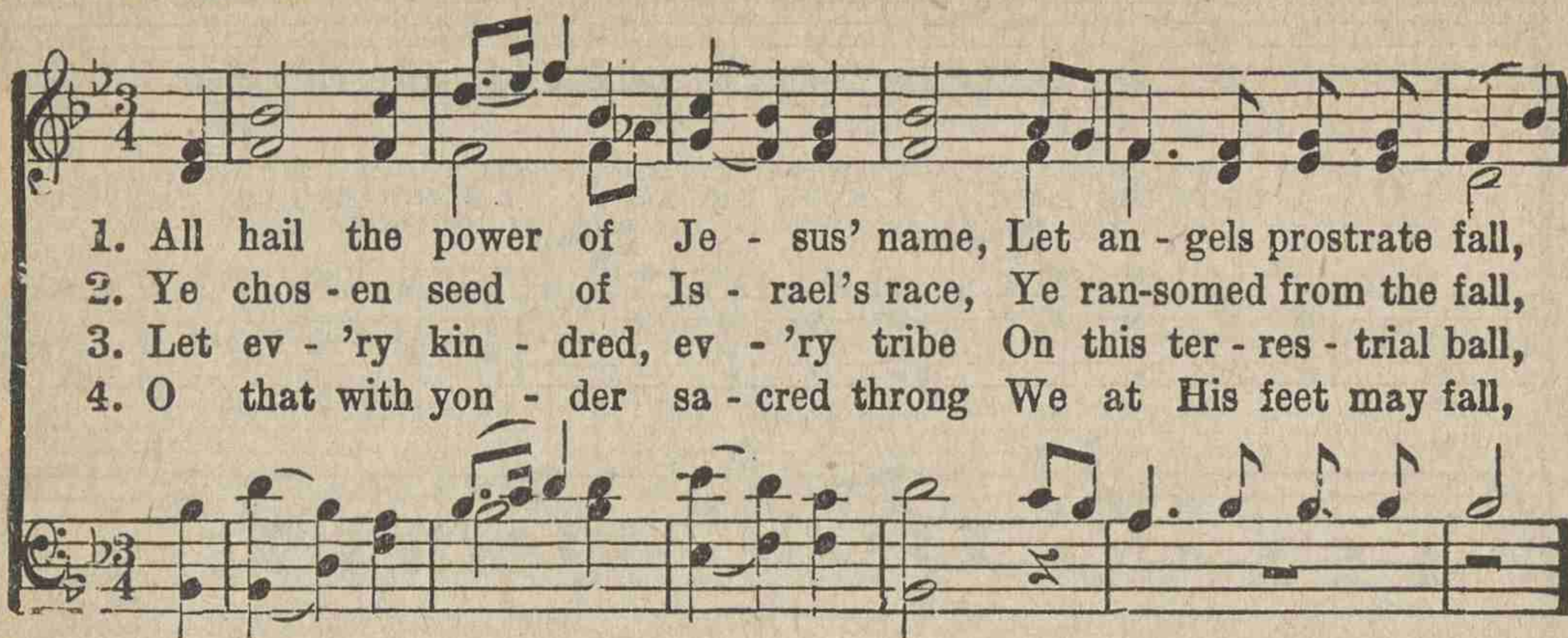


to the poor! I know the Lord's laid His hands on me.
sins a way? I know the Lord's laid His hands on me.
pray at night, I know the Lord's laid His hands on me.
raised the dead, I know the Lord's laid His hands on me.



E. PERRONET.

DIADEM.



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



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

And crown Him, crown Him,



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

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown

crown Him, crown Him,



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

No. 111.

Beulah Land.

E. P. STITES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its rich-es free - ly mine;
2. The Savior comes and walks with me And sweet communion here have we;
3. A sweet perfume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er ver-nal trees,
4. The zephyrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of heaven's mel-o - dy,



Here shines undimm'd one blissful day, For all my night has pass'd away.
 He gen-tly leads me with His hand, For this is heaven's bor-der-land.
 And flow'rs that nev-er fad-ing grow Where streams of life forever flow.
 As angels, with the white-robed throng, Join in the sweet redemption song.



CHORUS.



O Beu-lah land, sweet Beulah land, As on the highest mount I stand,



I look a - way a-cross the sea, Where mansions are prepared for me,



And view the shining glo-ry shore, My heav'n, my home for-ev-er-more!



By permission.

T. H.

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Thoro Harris.



1. O the wondrous pow'r of the Savior's love Un - to sin - ners is now re-
2. There in Pi-late's hall see the Guiltless One: How the hearts of His foes were
3. His a - ton-ing blood still a - vails to - day: For the king-dom be saved and
4. Turn, O turn from sin, let the Sav-ior in, Bow the heart, in con-tri - tion



vealed; Ev - 'ry ling'ring pain Je - sus can remove: Praise the Lord, by His stripes
stealed 'Gainst the Gift of God, His be - lov-ed Son! Praise the Lord, by His stripes
sealed; In the opened fount wash thy sins a-way-Praise the Lord, by His stripes
yield To the Spir-it's pow'r this ac-cept-ed hour: Praise the Lord, by His stripes



CHORUS.



we are healed. By His stripes we are healed, By His stripes we are
By His stripes we are healed, By His stripes




healed; On His guiltless head All our sins were laid, By His stripes we are healed.
we are healed;





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 friends, could I see you re-ceive-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.



Hide You in the Blood

Copyright 1925 by Thoro Harris

Arr. by THORO HARRIS



1. Come from the loath some way of sin,
2. Come to the shel-ter's safe re-treat, Hide you in the blood of
- 3 He on the cross was cru-ci-fied,
4. Then when the last dread storm shall roar,



Come and the Lord will take you in,
 Je - sus; Come, for the storms a-round you beat, Hide you in the
 For all your sins He bled and died;
 Sheltered in Christ for- ev-er more,



CHORUS



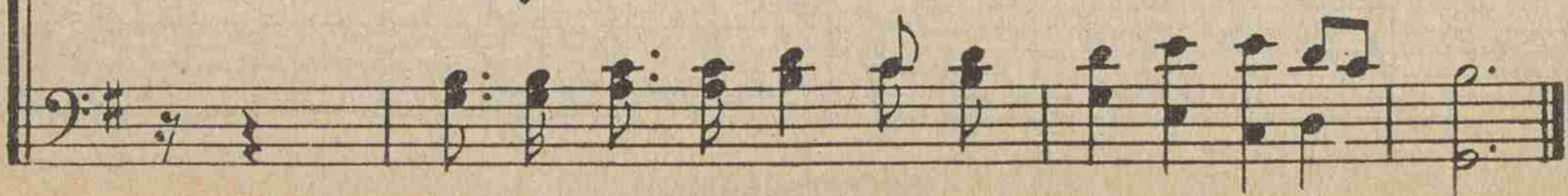
blood of Je - sus. O hide you in the blood,
 O hide Je-sus' blood,



For the storms are ra-ging high; O hide
 Life's storms are raging high; O hide,



you in the blood Till the dangers pass you by.
 hide you in the blood



115 Though Your Sins Be Red Like Crimson.

T. H. *Tenderly.*

THORO HARRIS.



1. One there is who longs to save you, One who loves the wand'rer so,
2. From your sin-ful pleasures turn - ing, Think how great would be the cost,
3. Think how much the Christ must love you! Je - sus, your unfailing Friend;
4. Will you own him as your Sav - ior, Bow - ing at his cross to-day?
5. O this ut-ter-most sal-va - tion! Nev - er can a mor-tal know



On the cross his life he gave you To redeem your soul from woe.
If, his gracious pardon spurn-ing, You should be for-ev-er lost!
Let his matchless mercy move you All your life for him to spend.
Will you trust his loving fa - vor, Turn-ing from your sins a-way?
How that sin, tho' red like crimson, Can be made as white as snow!



CHORUS.



Tho' your sins be red like crim - - son, He can
Tho' your sins be red, Je - sus' blood



Tho' your sins be red like crim-son,



wash them all a - way;..... Come, accept the great sal-
He can wash them all a - way; O come,



va - tion Of the spot-less Lamb of God to - day.

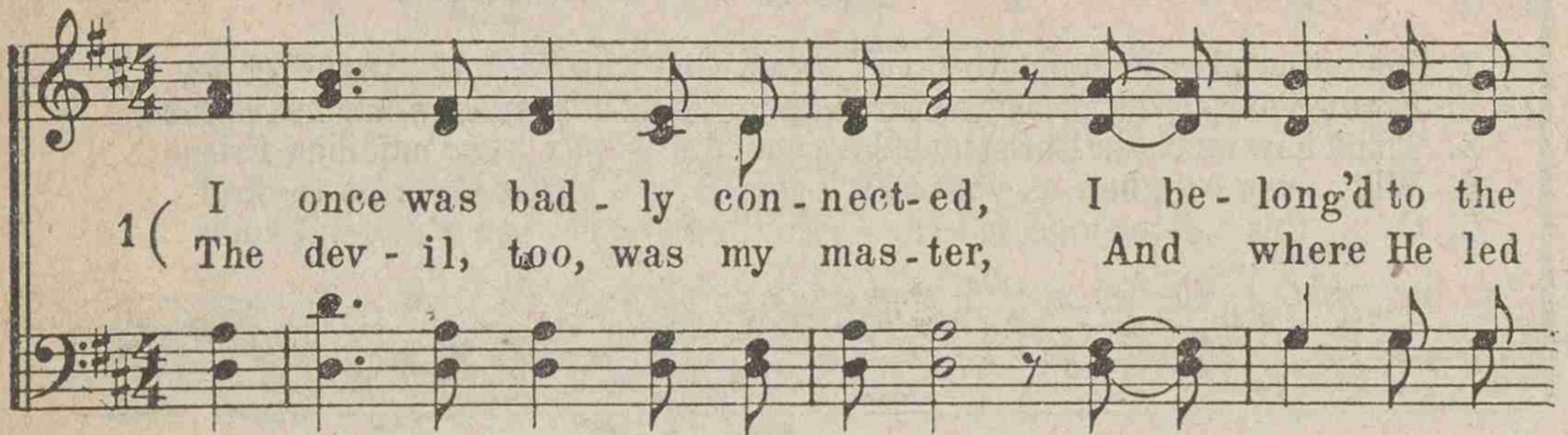


The Devil's No Relation

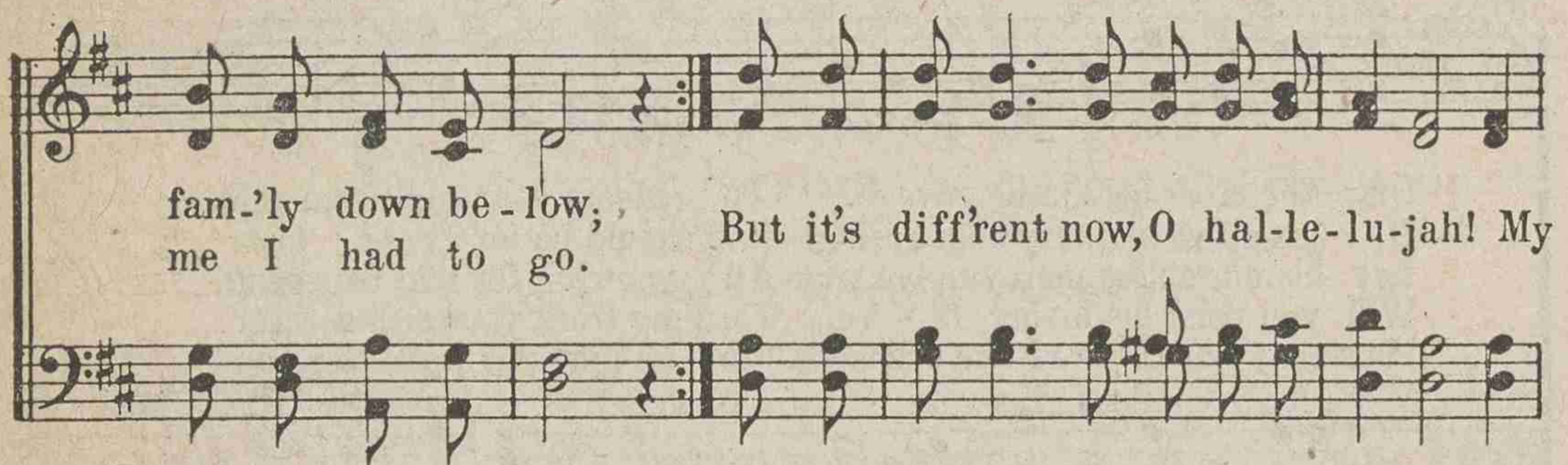
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F. H. Lacy

Thoro Harris, arr.



1 (I once was bad - ly con - nect - ed, I be - long'd to the
The dev - il, too, was my mas - ter, And where He led



fam - 'ly down be - low; But it's diff'rent now, O hal - le - lu - jah! My
me I had to go.



man - y, man - y sins all are gone; The dev - il no long - er can

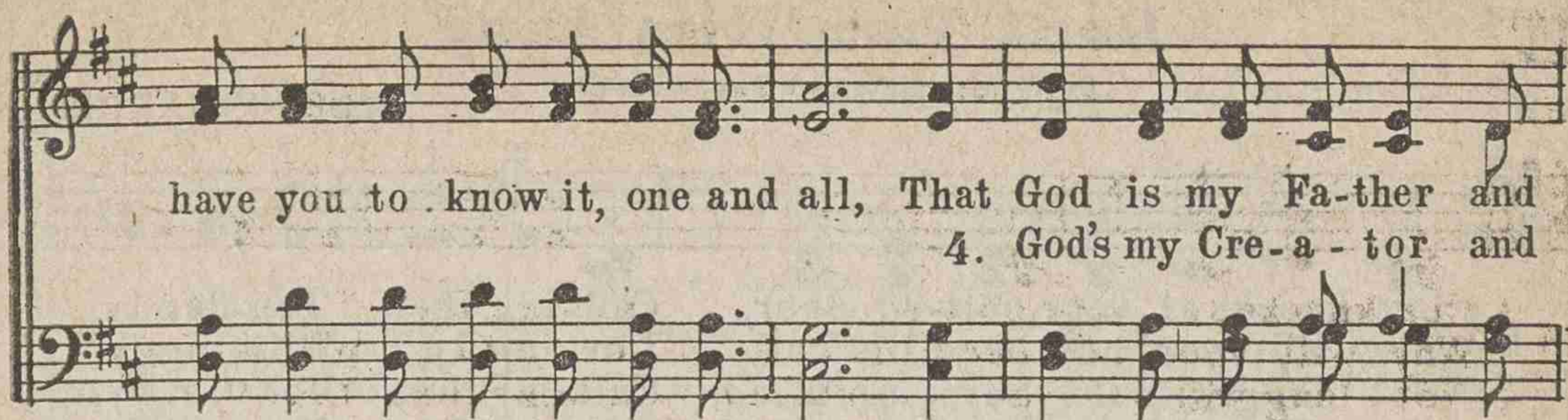


harm me, To the fam - 'ly up in heav - en I be - long.

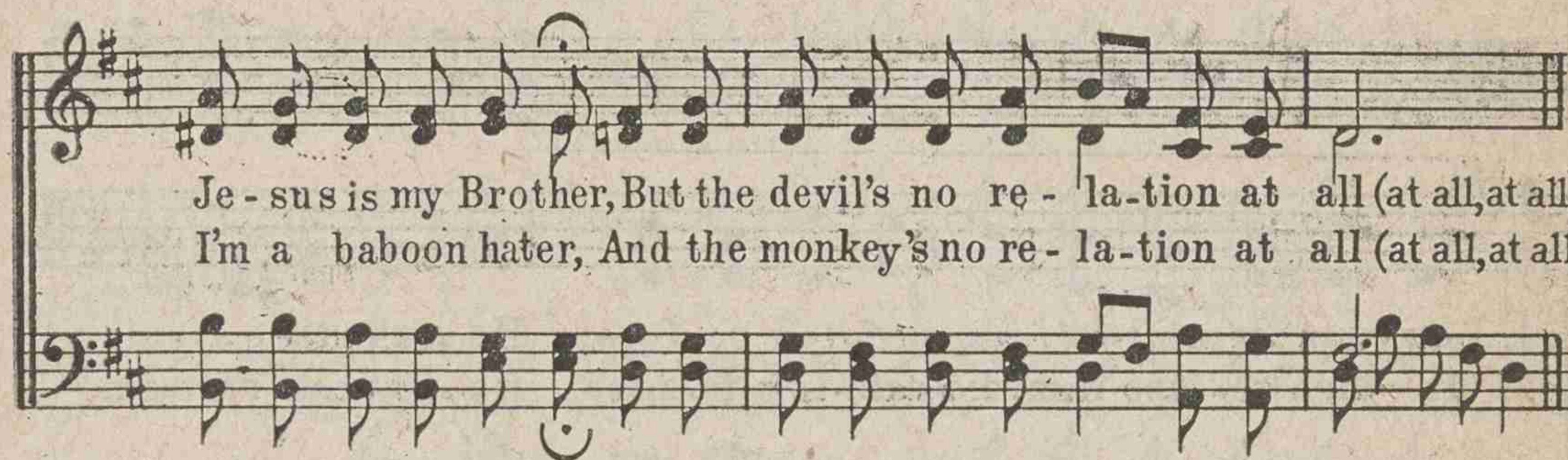
CHORUS



O glo - ry, hal - le - lu jah! my heart is fill'd with joy, I'd



have you to know it, one and all, That God is my Fa-ther and
4. God's my Cre-a - tor and



Je - sus is my Brother, But the devil's no re - la-tion at all (at all, at all).
I'm a baboon hater, And the monkey's no re - la-tion at all (at all, at all).

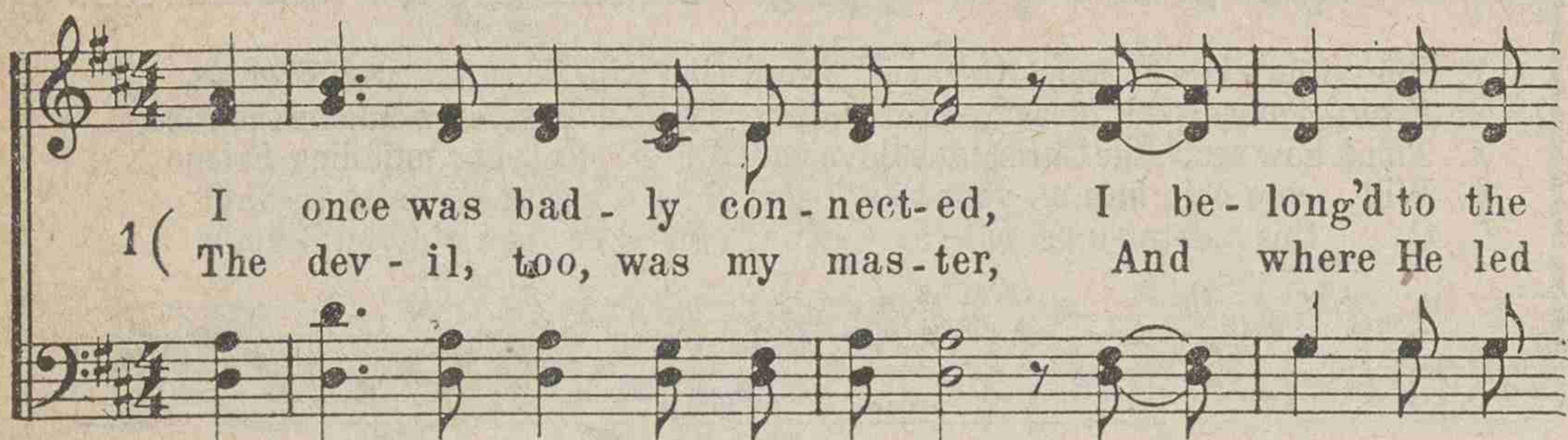
2. I oft look back and I wonder
How such a change as this could ever be;
So bound was I by the devil
I could not hope to ever be set free.
But it is so, O hallelujah!
A blessed change in my life is giv'n;
The devil no more can alarm me,
I belong to the family up in heav'n.
3. The old man is dead, hallelujah!
My doubts and fears are now forever gone;
I'm on my way, shouting glory,
Where no lions, bears or vultures dare to come.
I'm so glad I'm delivered from the devil;
I know he's lost a soul he tho't he had;
I left him behind in the valley,
And when I saw him last he's raving mad.
4. We hear much talk of evolution,
How monkeys long ago were changed to men;
The scientist gives this solution,
But none of them can tell just how or when.
But I don't believe in evolution,
That my ancestors liv'd up in a tree;
The Bible says God is my Father,
And that is plenty good enough for me.

The Devil's No Relation

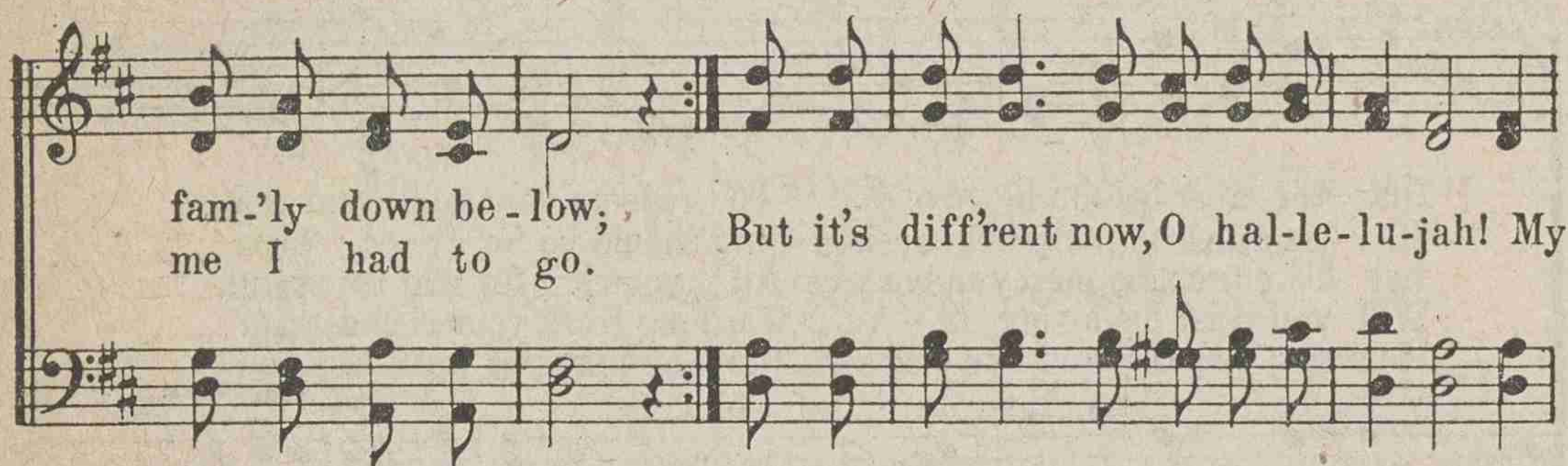
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F. H. Lacy

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1 (I once was bad - ly con - nect - ed, I be - long'd to the
The dev - il, too, was my mas - ter, And where He led



fam - 'ly down be - low; But it's diff'rent now, O hal - le - lu - jah! My
me I had to go.



man - y, man - y sins all are gone; The dev - il no long - er can

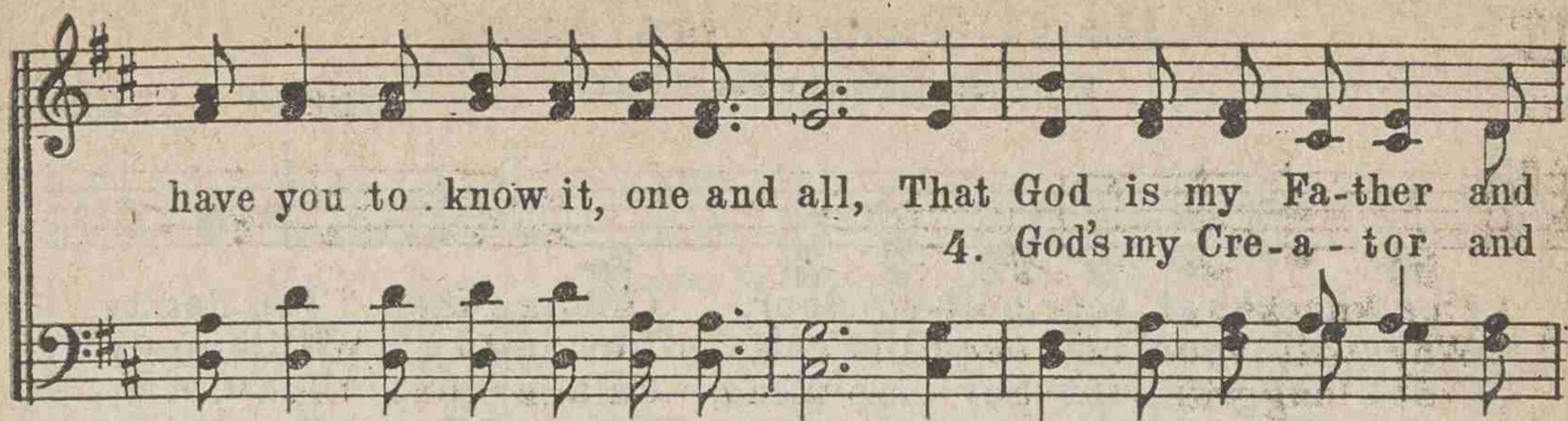


harm me, To the fam - 'ly up in heav - en I be - long.

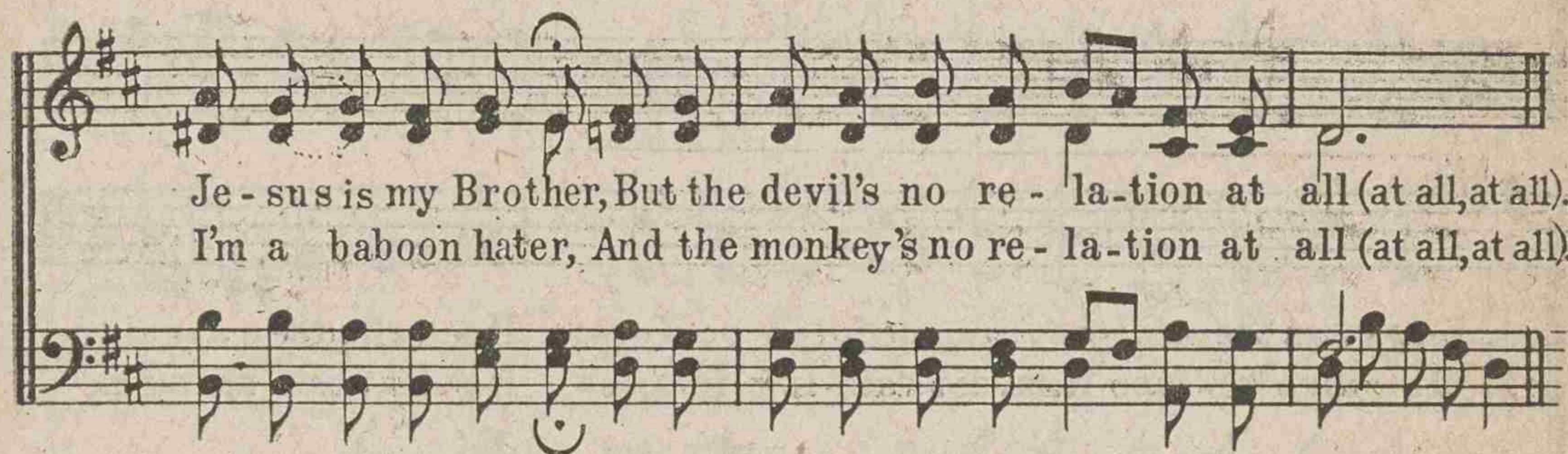
CHORUS



O glo - ry, hal - le - lu jah! my heart is fill'd with joy, I'd



have you to know it, one and all, That God is my Fa-ther and
4. God's my Cre-a - tor and



Je - sus is my Brother, But the devil's no re - la-tion at all (at all, at all).
I'm a baboon hater, And the monkey's no re - la-tion at all (at all, at all).

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I belong to the family up in heav'n.
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My doubts and fears are now forever gone;
I'm on my way, shouting glory,
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4. We hear much talk of evolution,
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The scientist gives this solution,
But none of them can tell just how or when.
But I don't believe in evolution,
That my ancestors liv'd up in a tree;
The Bible says God is my Father,
And that is plenty good enough for me.

Don't Turn Him Away

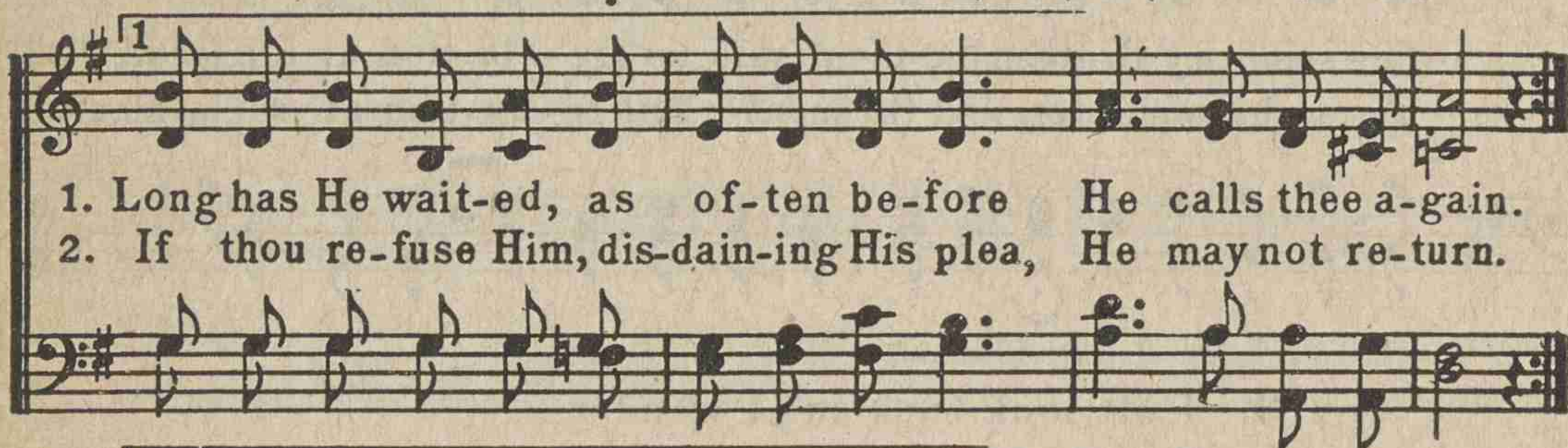
T. H.

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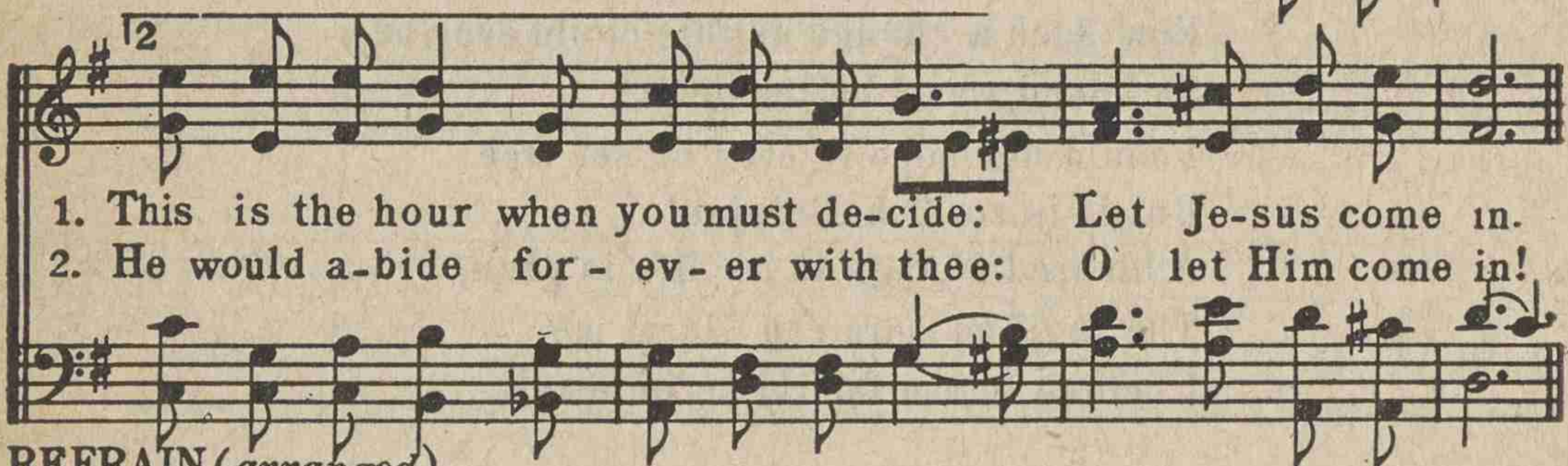
THORO HARRIS



1 { One knocks at your bolt-ed door, Call-ing thee Ten-der-ly;
Why will you not heed His call Lov-ing-ly, Will-ing-ly?
2 { Not long will the Sav-ior plead, Call-ing thee Ten-der-ly;
Yet He is thine on-ly hope, Blessed Friend, Faith-ful Friend!



1. Long has He wait-ed, as of-ten be-fore He calls thee a-gain.
2. If thou re-fuse Him, dis-dain-ing His plea, He may not re-turn.

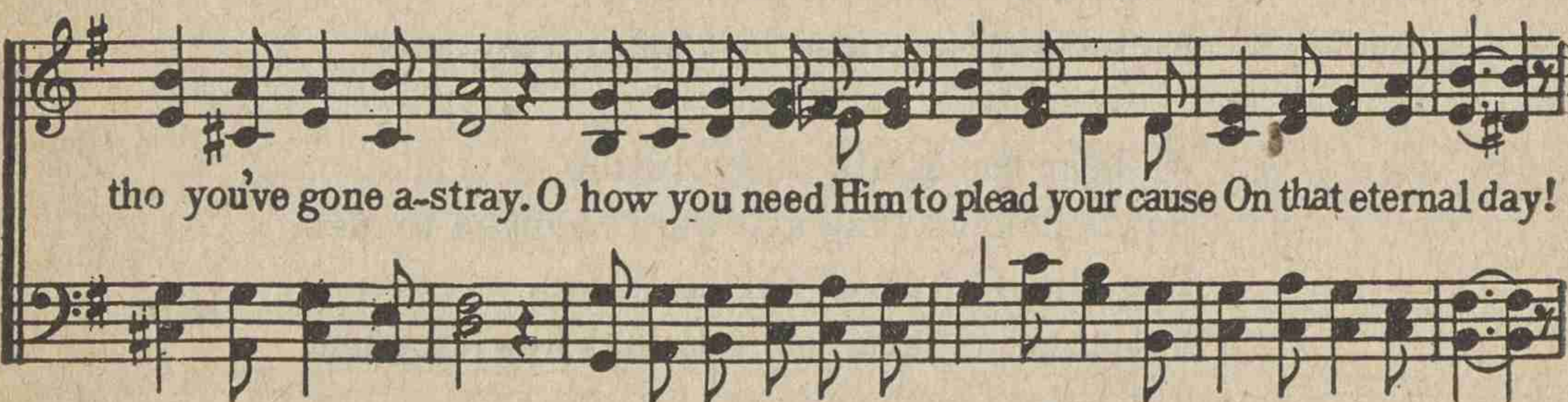


1. This is the hour when you must de-cide: Let Je-sus come in.
2. He would a-bide for-ev-er with thee: O let Him come in!

REFRAIN (arranged)



p Don't turn Him a-way, don't turn Him a-way; He has come back to your heart again Al-



tho you've gone a-stray. O how you need Him to plead your cause On that eternal day!

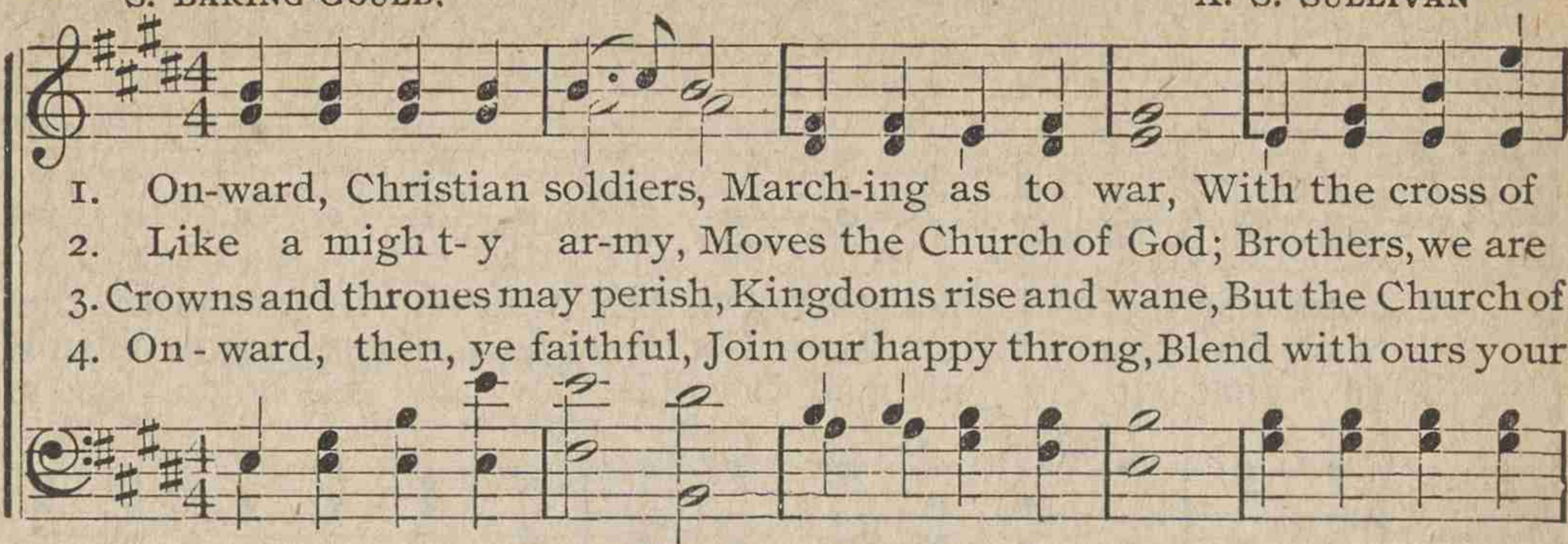


Now let the Sav-ior come in-to your heart, Don't turn Him a-way!

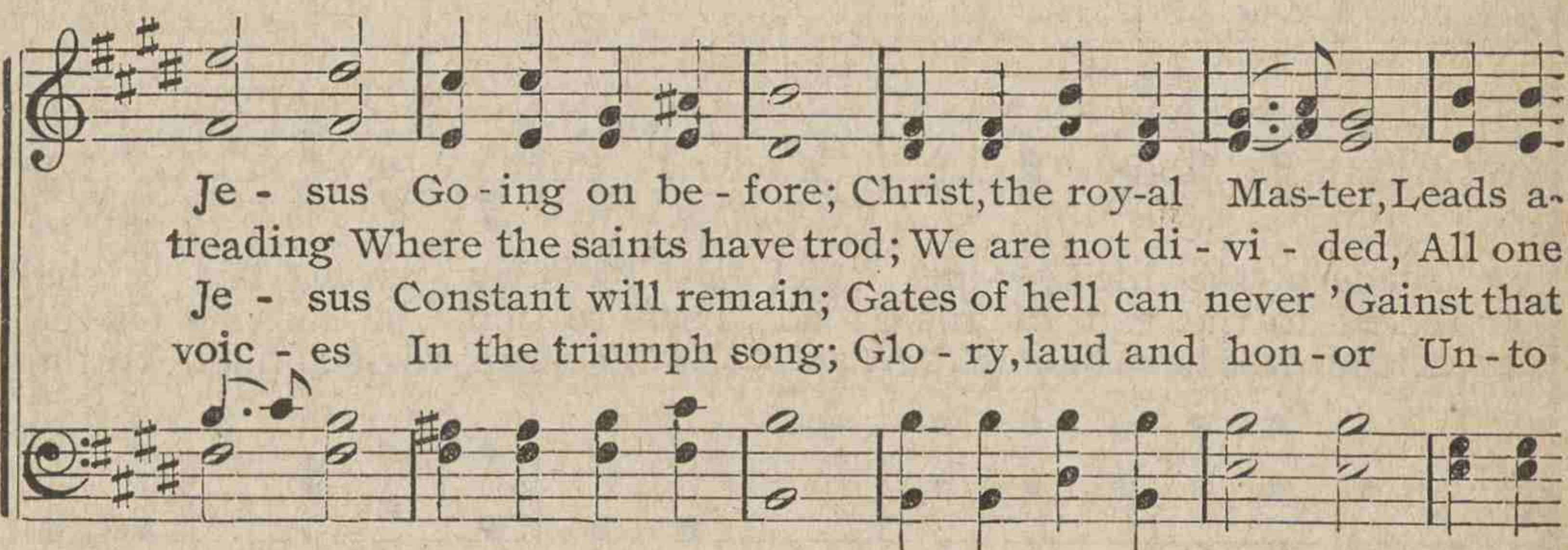
No. 118. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. BARING-GOULD.

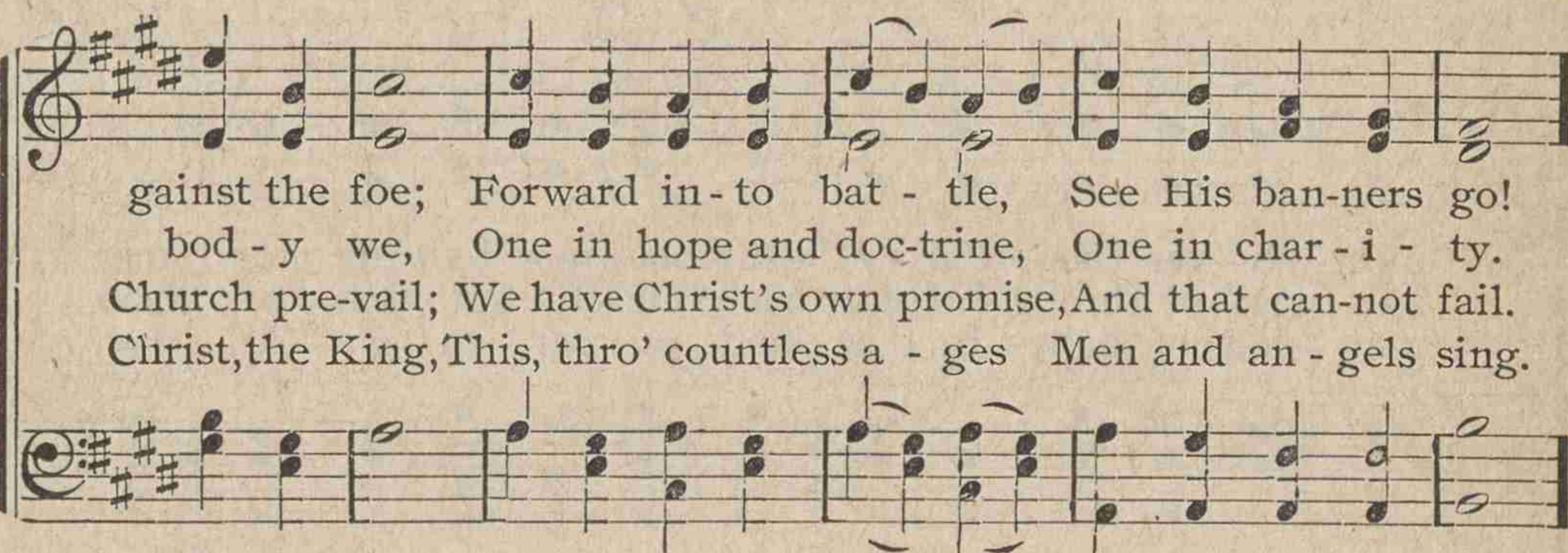
A. S. SULLIVAN



1. On-ward, Christian soldiers, March-ing as to war, With the cross of
 2. Like a might-y ar-my, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
 4. On-ward, then, ye faithful, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your



Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore; Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads a-
 treading Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vi-ded, All one
 Je - sus Constant will remain; Gates of hell can never 'Gainst that
 voic-es In the triumph song; Glo-ry, laud and hon-or Un-to



gainst the foe; Forward in-to bat-tle, See His ban-ners go!
 bod-y we, One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i-ty.
 Church pre-vail; We have Christ's own promise, And that can-not fail.
 Christ, the King, This, thro' countless a-ges Men and an-gels sing.

CHORUS.



On-ward, Chris-tian sol-diers! Marching as to war,



With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

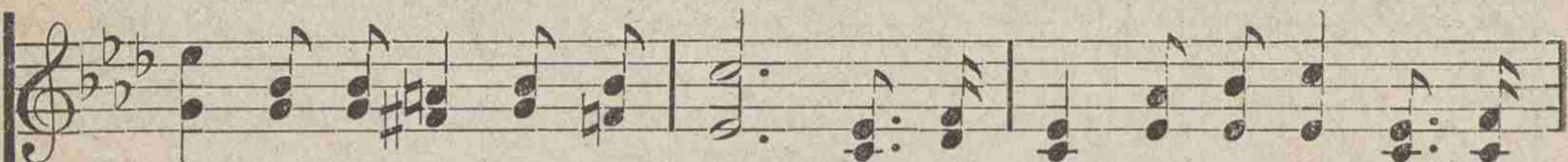
T. H.

Copyright, 1928, by Thoro Harris

THORO HARRIS



1. Some fair morn I shall stand On that beau - ti - ful strand In the
 2. Soon the cross I'll lay down For a glo - ri - ous crown When I
 3. In that cit - y of gold 'T will be joy to be - hold Man - y



shade of the life - giv - ing tree; By life's riv - er so fair I shall
 come to the end of the road; There to join in the song Of the
 friends who have lighten'd my way Up the steep, rug - ged hight To those



meet o - ver there Man - y dear ones now wait - ing for me.
 an - gel - ic throng In that beau - ti - ful gar - den of God.
 man - sions of light In that land of per - en - ni - al day.



REFRAIN

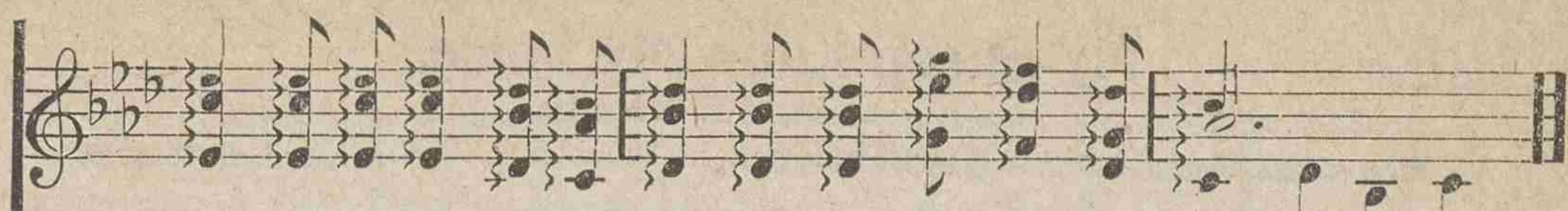


Yes, there's mu - sic up there In yon cit - y so fair Free from sorrow, temp -

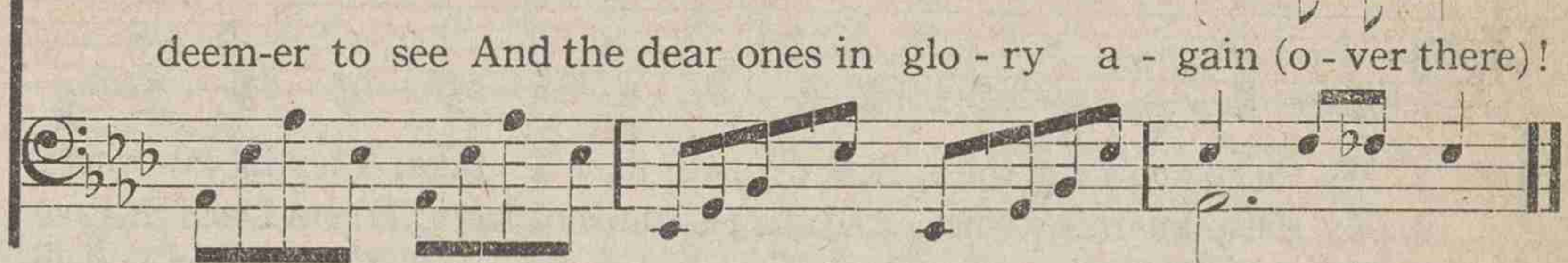


ta - tion and pain; O what rap - ture 't will be Our Re -
 free from pain;





deem-er to see And the dear ones in glo - ry a - gain (o - ver there)!




120

No Sorrow There

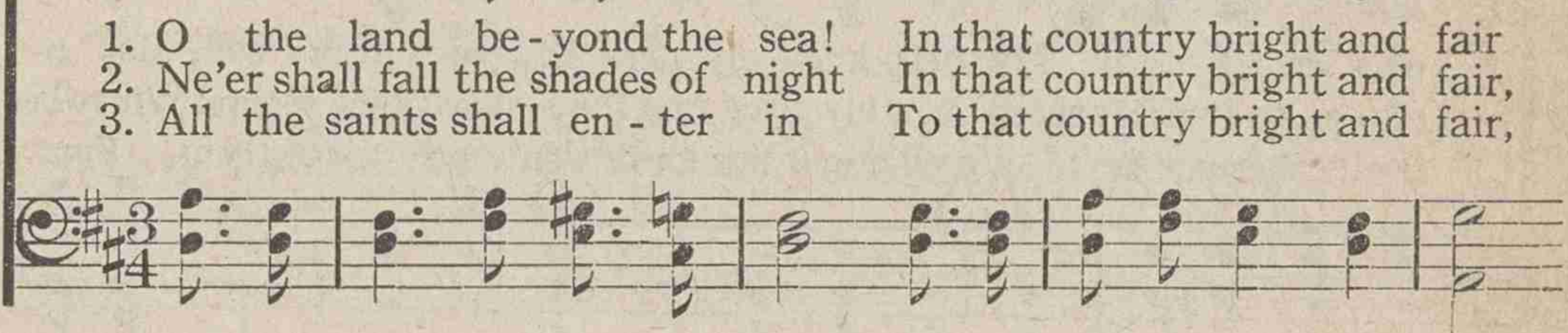
T. H.

Copyright, 1928, by Thoro Harris

THORO HARRIS



1. O the land be - yond the sea! In that country bright and fair
2. Ne'er shall fall the shades of night In that country bright and fair,
3. All the saints shall en - ter in To that country bright and fair,




We shall dwell e - ter - nal - ly, For there is no part-ing there.
Christ Him-self the liv - ing light, And there is no dark-ness there.
Crowns of fade - less life to win, For there is no dy - ing there.



REFRAIN



On that morn - ing by and by In God's Par - a - dise on high
On that morn - ing by and by In God's Par-a-dise be - yond the sky




Ev-'ry tear His hand will dry, For there is no sor - row there.
Ev - 'ry fall-ing tear His hand will dry,




My Sheep Know My Voice.



Copyright, 1905, by I. G. Martin.

First stanza, chorus and melody by H. BUFFUM.


Arr. by I. G. MARTIN.




1. My sheep know my voice, And the path that I take, They fol-low where-
 2. My sheep know my voice, And the pas-tures of green, Where I lead them so
 3. My sheep know my voice, And the val-ley of death Thro' which I shall


ev - er I go; My sheep know my voice And come at my call, But a
 oft - en to feed; My sheep know my voice And the cool sparkling stream Where be-
 lead them some day; But no dan-ger nor harm Can touch one of them, For




CHORUS.




stranger's voice do they not know.
 side its still wa-ters I lead. My sheep know my voice, And
 I will be with them al-way. My sheep know my voice, day by day, My




day by day, They a-bide in the fold
 sheep know my voice day by day, They a-bide in the fold, They go not a-stray,

And go not a-stray, They love me be-
 A-bide in the fold, They go not a-stray, They love me be-cause I



cause..... I have made..... them my choice,..... And they
made them my choice, They love me be - cause I made them my choice, They

fol - low my call,..... For my sheep know my voice.
fol-low my call, They fol-low my call, my sheep know my voice.

122

As Thou Art.

THORO HARRIS

Copyright 1924 by Thoro Harris

RUBY JANATA

Duet Andante

1. Sav - ior, make me as Thou art, True and faith-ful, pure in heart;
2. Stamp Thine im-age on my face, Let me em-ul-ate Thy grace,
3. Noth-ing can my soul en - snare, If to Thee I look in pray'r,
4. When at last I reach my home, Where no e - vil thing can come,

1. Calm my storm-y pas-sions wild, Lead me as a help-less child.
2. Keep me from temp-ta-tions pow'r, Strong to tri-umph ev'ry hour.
3. Naught shall cause my heart to fear, While I know that Thou art near.
4. Then up-on a hap-pier shore, I will praise Thee and a-dore.

QUARTET *pp*

Je - sus, Je - sus, Whom I a - dore, Heal me (and) Seal me Thine ev - er - more

T. H.

Copyright, 1928, by Thoro Harris

THORO HARRIS



1. In all you do Keep this in view: Tell the bless-ed gos-pel sto-ry;
2. This rev - e - la - tion Brings sal-va-tion, It speaks of truth and du - ty;
3. In earth or heav'n No name is giv'n That is half so sweet or pre-cious;



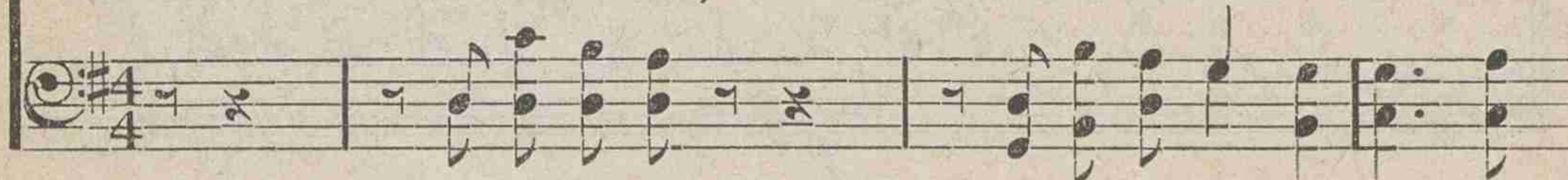
'Tis all men need, 'T will onward lead To the home of light and glo - ry.
Then spread the fame Of Jesus' name And show forth its wondrous beauty.
All hearts shall bow, All make the vow To re - vere the name of Je - sus.



CHORUS



In Je-sus' name,..... In Je-sus' name..... Pro-claim the
In Je-sus' name, in Je-sus' name



joy-ful sto-ry; To tell a-broad..... The grace of God,.....
To tell a-broad The grace of God,



Go forth in the Sav-ior's name, Go forth in His might-y name!



Elizabeth C. Clephane. USED BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

Ira D. Sankey.



1. There were nine-ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the
 2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine; Are they not e - nough for



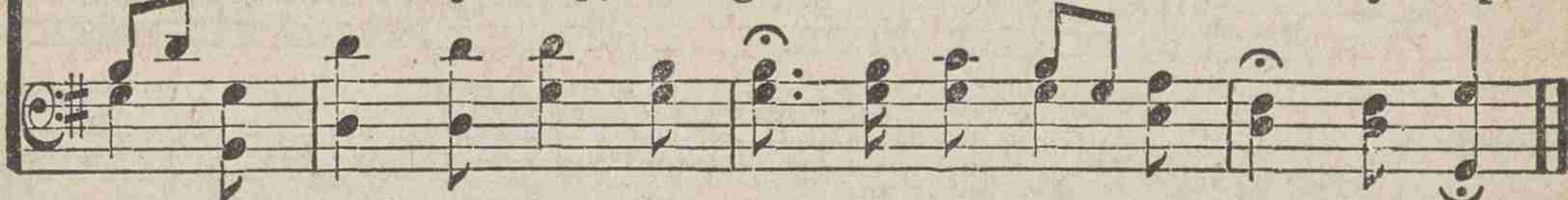
fold, But one was out on the hills a-way, Far off from the gates of
 Thee?" But the Shepherd made an-swer: "'Tis of mine has wandered away from



gold; A - way on the mount-ains wild and bare, A - way from the
 me; And al - though the road be rough and steep I go to the



ten - der Shep-herd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shepherd's care.
 desert to find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."



- 3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
 How deep were the waters crossed;
 Or how dark was the night that the Lord
 passed through
 Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
 Out in the desert He heard its cry—
 Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

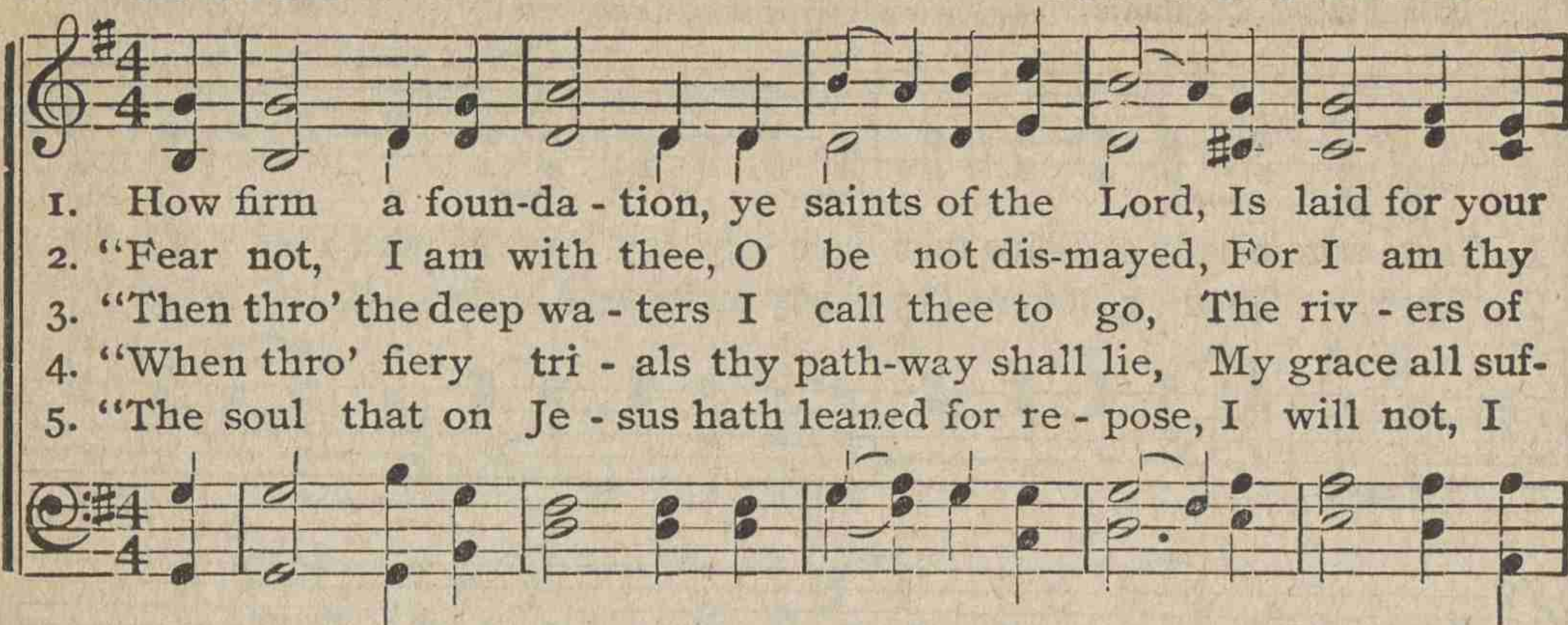
- 4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all
 the way
 That mark out the mountain's track?"
 They were shed for one who had gone
 astray

Ere the Shepherd could bring him back
 "Lord whence are Thy hands so rent
 and torn?"
 "They are pierced to-night by many a
 thorn."

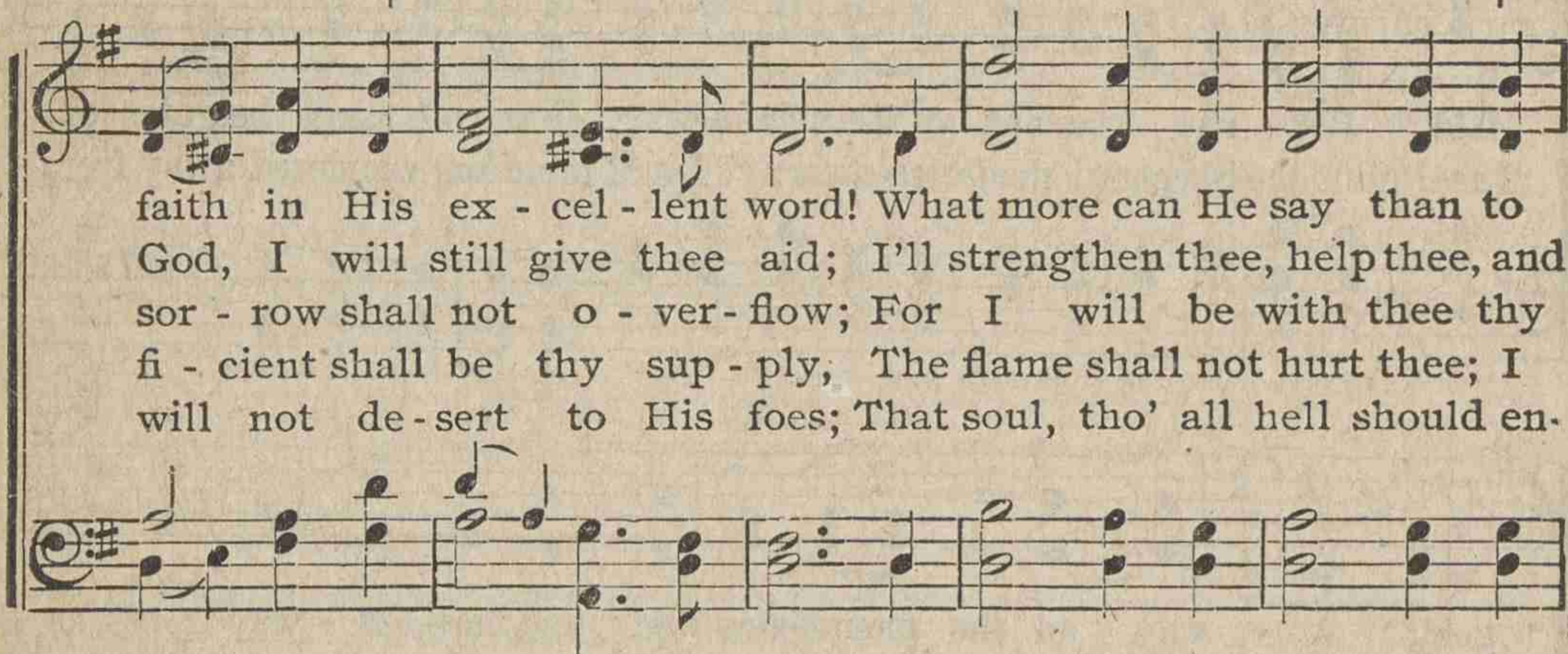
- 5 But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
 And up from the rocky steep,
 There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
 "Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
 And the angels echoed around the throne,
 "Rejoice, for the Lord bring back His
 own!"

GEORGE KEITH.

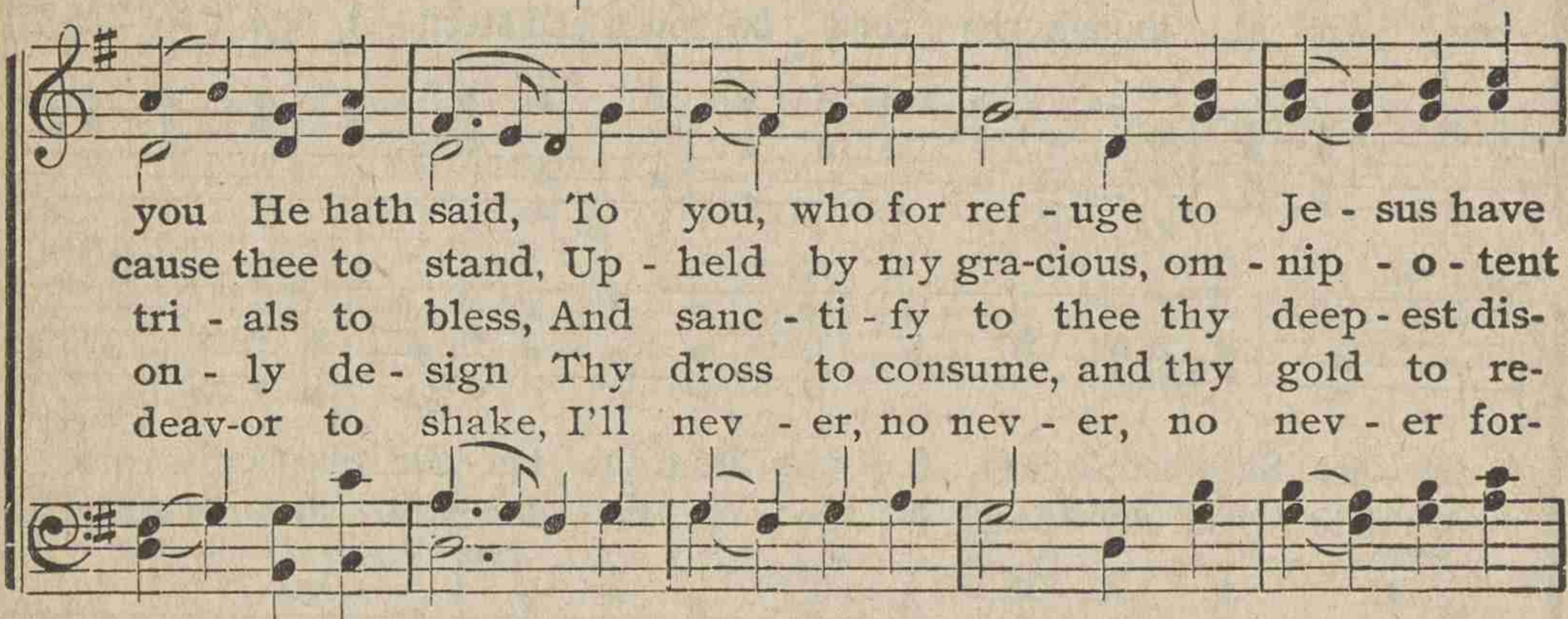
Tune:—PORTUGUESE HYMN.



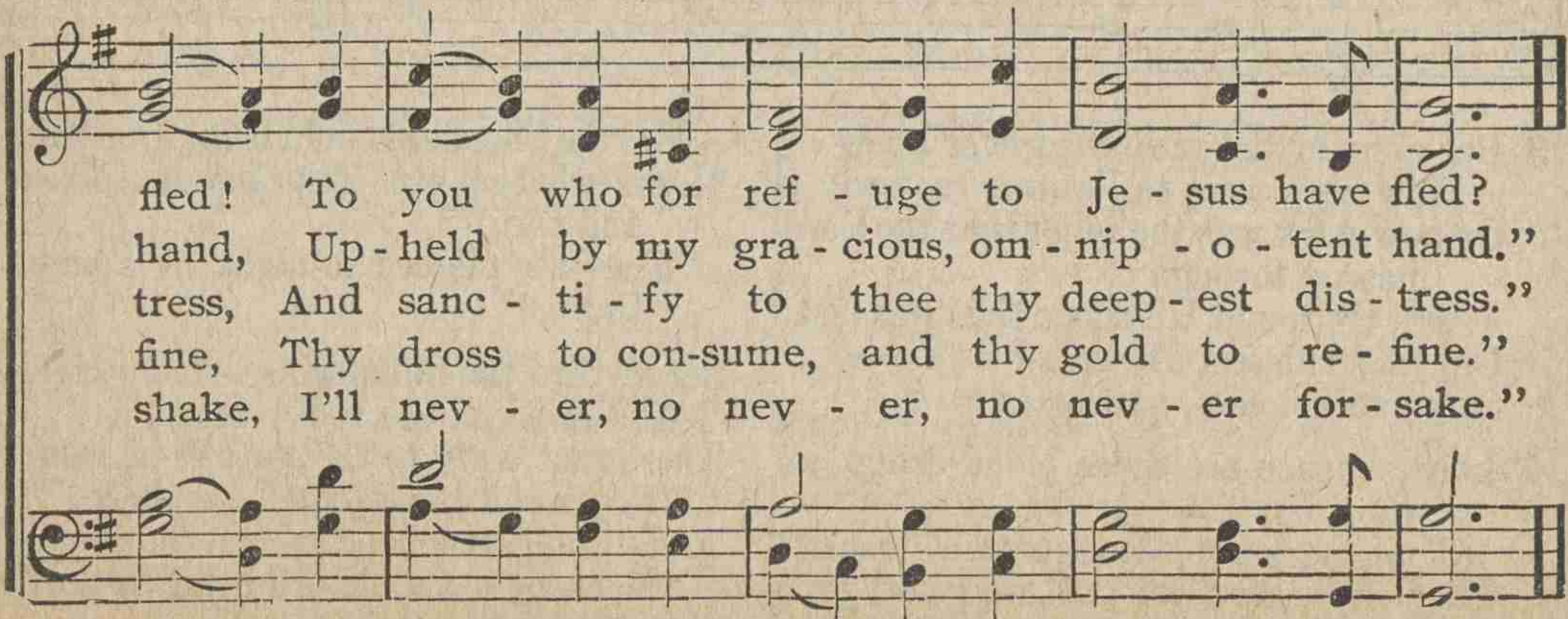
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy
 3. "Then thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
 4. "When thro' fiery tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace all suf-
 5. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re- pose, I will not, I



faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to
 God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
 sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy
 fi-cient shall be thy sup-ply, The flame shall not hurt thee; I
 will not de-sert to His foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-



you He hath said, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have
 cause thee to stand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent
 tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-
 on-ly de-sign Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-
 deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-



fled! To you who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
 hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand."
 tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress."
 fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine."
 shake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake."

Over There

(and JONAH AND THE WHALE.)

Arr. by R. E. W.



1. In a man-ger far a-way, Once the Prince of Glo-ry lay, But the
2. In the tem-ple we are told, He was found when twelve years old, And the
3. And when He be-came a man, Then ac-cord-ing to God's plan, Was bap-
4. By the Spir-it He was led To the wil-der-ness 'tis said, To be
5. And at last these wick-ed men, Full of en-vy and of sin, Nailed our



Ref.—O - ver there, o - ver there, In that land so bright and fair, He will



kings of earth would not the Saviour greet; But the wise men from a-far, Bro't Him
 peo-ple at His knowledge were surprised; His ex - am-ple then should be Followed;
 tized by John in Jor-dan, and be-hold: Heavens opened from above, And God's
 tempted, but He o-ver-came with pow'r, And to Naz'reth then He came, And the
 bless-ed Sav-iour to the cru-el tree But triumphant from the grave, He a-



tell us all a-bout it o - ver there; On that happy, golden strand, We'll take

D. C. for Refrain.



frankincense and myrrh, And the Shepherds came and worshiped at His feet.
 now by you and me, Tell the lost that He will heed their earn - est cries.
 Spir - it, like a dove, Came down, and His Fa-ther's voice was heard, we're told.
 gos - pel did pro-claim, Ma - ny peo-ple turned a-against Him from that hour.
 rose with pow'r to save, And from sin He wants to set the cap - tive free.



{ Je - sus }
 { Jo - nah } by His hand, And He'll tell us all a - bout it o - ver there.

Owned by R. E. Winsett.

Jonah and the Whale.

- 1 In the Bible we are told
 Of a Prophet who was called
 To a city that was steeped in awful sin;
 All the people in that place
 Were devoid of saving grace,
 And the Prophet seemed afraid to enter in.
- 2 Then this Prophet forth was sent,
 That old Ninevah might repent,
 But instead of that to Tarshish he set sail;
 Oh! the winds began to blow,
 Overboard did Jonah go,
 And he found a mercy-seat inside the whale.
- 3 In the cold and briny deep,
 Tears of grief did Jonah weep, [shore;
 And the big fish threw him out upon the
 Then he gladly went his way,
 Preached to Ninevah night and day,
 And he did not care to backslide anymore.

- 4 Oh, some people don't believe
 That a whale could him receive,
 But that does not make my song at all un-
 true,
 There are whales on ev'ry side,
 With their big mouths open wide,
 Just take care, my friend, or one will swal-
 low you.
- 5 Many souls are tossed about
 By the whales of fear and doubt,
 But the Saviour wants to take them by the
 hand,
 If they will his voice obey,
 He will save them right away,
 And will guide them safely to the promised
 land.

1. When the temp-ter in sug-ges-tion, Soft-ly speaks to you, Ask your-
2. Should some soul, despairing, call you—Friend or foe or who, Help him;
3. When your friends have all denied you, When no long-er true, And mis-
4. If the way is dark and drear-y Wea-ry steps pur-sue, Think, al-

CHORUS

1. self this sim-ple question, What would Je - sus do?
2. something may be-fall you. What would Je - sus do? What would Je - sus
3. for-tunes sore ly tried you, What would Je - sus do?
4. tho your heart be wea - ry, What would Je - sus do?

do, my brother, Were He here in-stead of you? Ask your - self this

sim-ple question, What would Je - sus do? What would Je - sus do?
What would Je - sus do? O

1. No oth - er name to man is giv - en To wor-ship or a - dore; The
2. Gol-ga-tha's hill the Savior mounted, And now each soul He owns; For
3. The Savior cleans the heart completely, He makes it white as snow; Our

on - ly way from earth to heaven Is by our Christ, the door.
 grace no works can now be counted, For Je-sus' blood a - tones. He is the
 souls now rest in Him so sweet-ly, He is our Lord, I know.

D. S. Him we'll walk the streets supernal And lay our bur-dens down.

way, the truth e - ter-nal, My hope, my joy, my crown; With

My hope, my joy and my crown;

130 They Crucified My Lord

Copyright, 1928, by Thoro Harris THORO HARRIS, Arr.

1. When I think how they crucified my Lord (my Lord), When I think how they

cru - ci-fied my Lord (my Lord) O..... sometimes it causes me to

tremble, tremble, tremble, When I think how they cru - ci - fied my Lord.

2 When I think how they nailed Him to the tree

3 When I think how they pierced His sacred side

4 When I think how the sun refused to shine

5 When I think how they laid Him in the tomb

6 When I think how He rose up from the dead

7 When I think how He washed my sins away,
 O glory! it fills my heart with rap-ture.

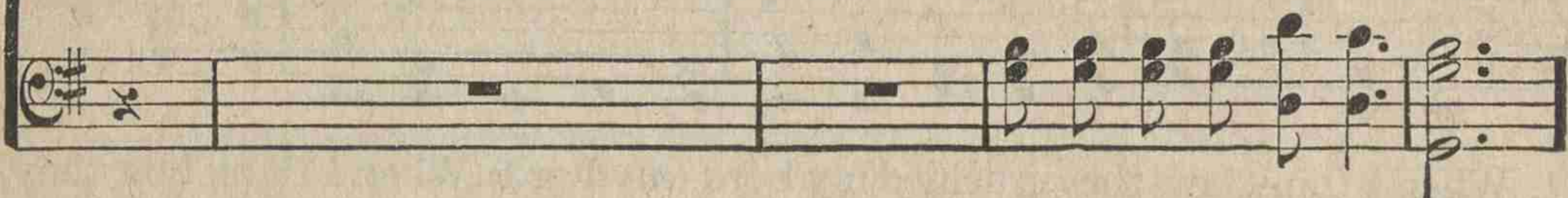
8 When I think how He's coming back again



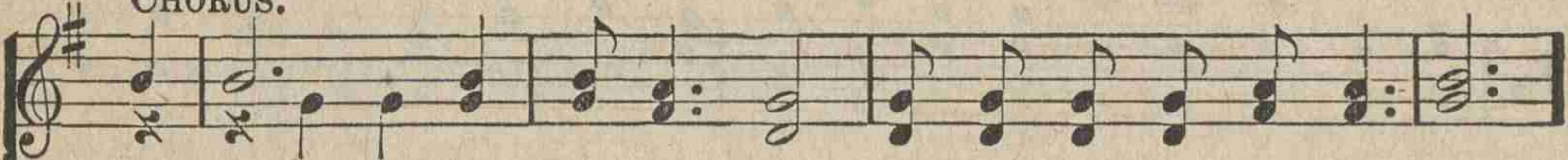
1. Not my brother, nor my sis-ter, but it's me, O Lord, Standin' in the need of prayer;
2. Not the preacher, nor the deacon, but it's me, O Lord, Standin' in the need of prayer;
3. Not my father, nor my moth-er, but it's me, O Lord, Standin' in the need of prayer;
4. Not the stranger, nor my neighbor, but it's me, O Lord, Standin' in the need of prayer;



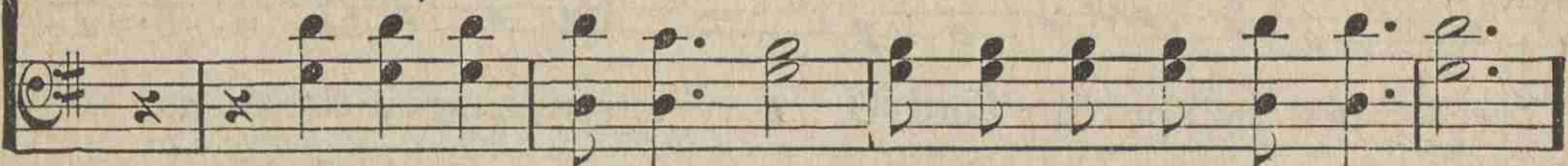
Not my broth-er, nor my sis-ter, but it's me, O Lord, Standin' in the need of prayer.
 Not the preacher, nor the deacon, but it's me, O Lord, Standin' in the need of prayer.
 Not my fa-ther, nor my brother, but it's me, O Lord, Standin' in the need of prayer.
 Not the stranger, nor my neighbor, but it's me, O Lord, Standin' in the need of prayer.



CHORUS.



It's me, it's me, O Lord, Stand-in' in the need of prayer;



It's me, it's me, O Lord, Stand-in' in the need of prayer.

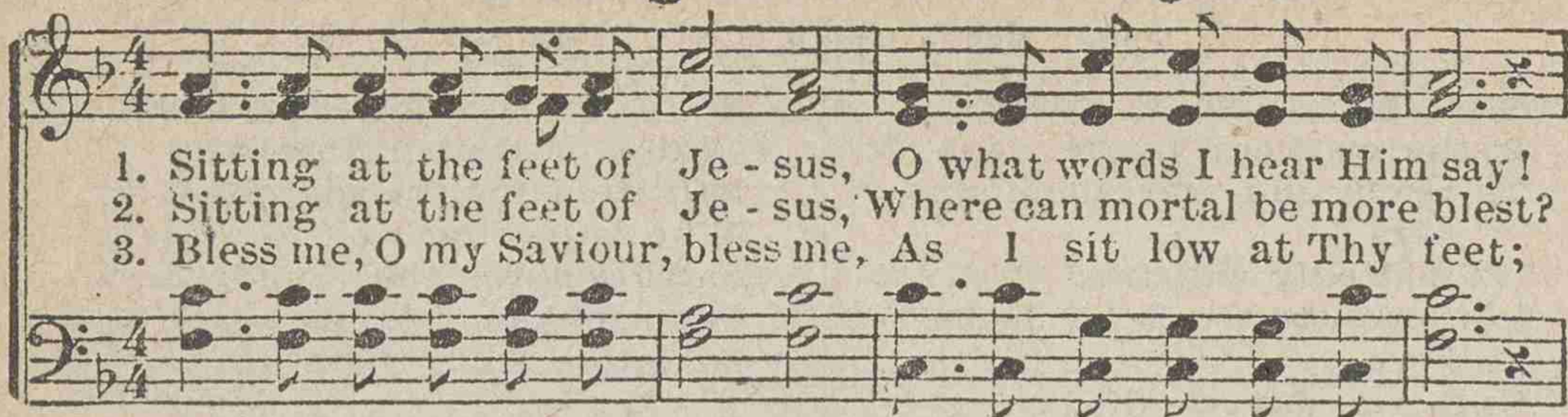


Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

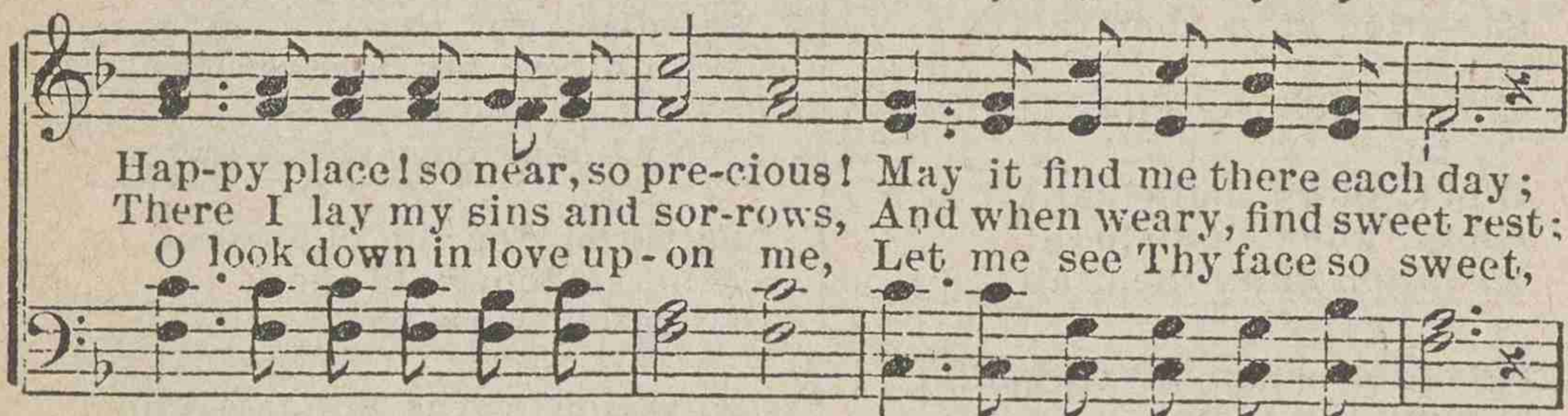
- 1 Salvation for some sinners,
Is the workers' battle cry;
To reach and save some sin-
ners
We unitedly will try;
We mean to work for Jesus
here
Until the day we die:
Salvation suits them all.

Chorus: Glory, glory, hallelu-
jah!
Glory, glory, halleluah!
Glory, glory, halleluah!
Salvation suits them all.
- 2 Salvation suits the carpenter,
It suits the plumber, too;
Salvation suits the cobbler
As he stitches on the shoe.
Salvation makes the printer
smile,
And keeps him good and true:
Salvation suits them all.
- 3 Salvation for the butcher,
For the baker and the cook;
Salvation for the fisherman
Who uses net and hook;
Salvation for the street-car
man
Who wears a worried look:
Salvation suits them all.
- 4 Salvation for the ice man,
For the grocer and the clerk;
Salvation for the milk man
Who so early goes to work;
Salvation for the engineer,
No danger will he shirk:
Salvation suits them all.
- 5 Salvation for the mason
Who must build a good stone
wall;
Salvation for the plasterer
Whose ceilings never fall;
Salvation for the fireman
Who must rush to duty's call:
Salvation suits them all.
- 6 Salvation for the oysterman
Who works upon the bay;
Salvation for the merchant
Who is getting rich, they say;
Salvation for the laundryman
Who seldom gets his pay:
Salvation suits them all.
- 7 Salvation for the lab'ring man
Who draws but meager pay;
Salvation for his wife,
Who takes in washing ev'ry
day;
Salvation for the children
Who seldom will obey:
Salvation suits them all.
- 8 Salvation in the Sunday-school,
They all do need it so;
Salvation for the teacher
Who is there on time, you
know;
And for the superintendent
Who must make the meeting
go.
Salvation suits them all.
- 9 Salvation for the preacher,
He must also be in line;
Salvation for the deacon
Who is never there on time;
Salvation for the usher
Who is most polite and kind.
Salvation suits them all.
- 10 Salvation for the office girl
Whom many love to scold;
Salvation for the miner
As he dynamites the gold;
Salvation for the operator
Whose heart, they say, is cold:
Salvation suits them all.
- 11 If in the past few verses
We have failed to mention you
That wondrous whosoever
Is for all, and not a few.
So please take heed, my
brother,
And accept this Gospel, too:
Salvation suits us all.

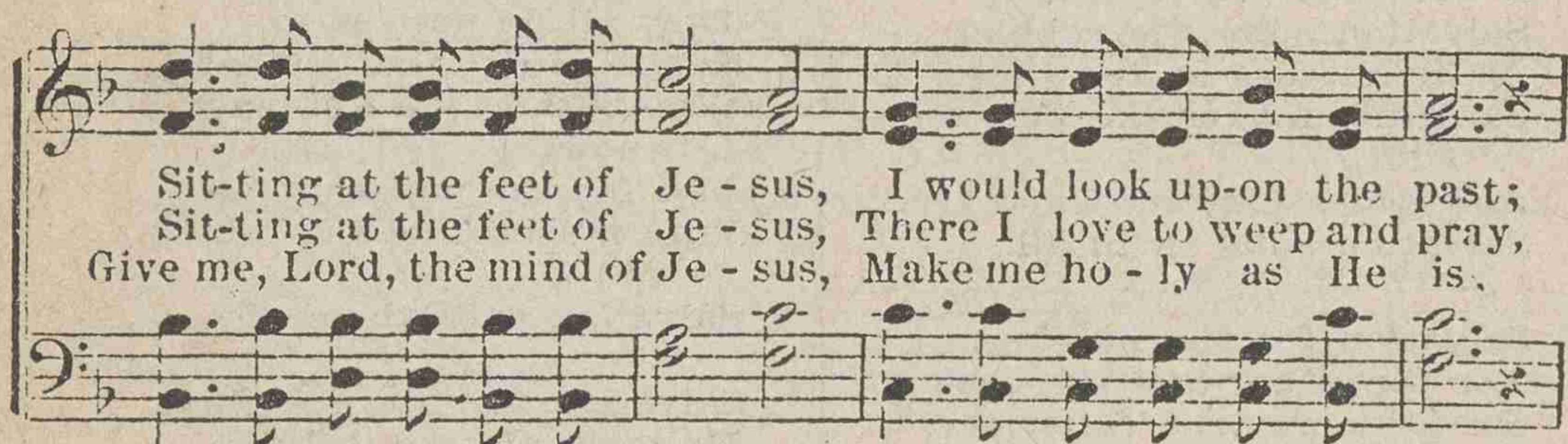
Sitting at the Feet of Jesus



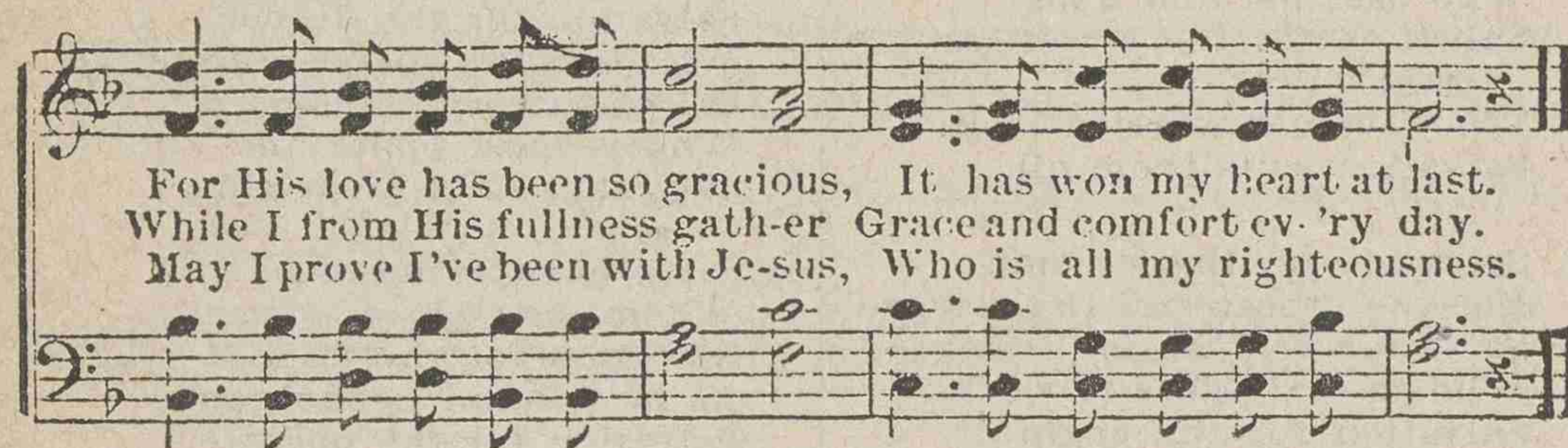
1. Sitting at the feet of Je - sus, O what words I hear Him say!
 2. Sitting at the feet of Je - sus, Where can mortal be more blest?
 3. Bless me, O my Saviour, bless me, As I sit low at Thy feet;



Hap-py place! so near, so pre-cious! May it find me there each day;
 There I lay my sins and sor-rows, And when weary, find sweet rest;
 O look down in love up-on me, Let me see Thy face so sweet,



Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus, I would look up-on the past;
 Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus, There I love to weep and pray,
 Give me, Lord, the mind of Je - sus, Make me ho - ly as He is.



For His love has been so gracious, It has won my heart at last.
 While I from His fullness gath-er Grace and comfort ev-'ry day.
 May I prove I've been with Je-sus, Who is all my righteousness.

God Will Take Care of You.

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

C. D. Martin.

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W. S. Martin.



1. Be not dismayed whate'er betide, God will take care of you; Beneath His wings of
 2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you; When dangers fierce your
 3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you; Nothing you ask will
 4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you; Lean, weary one, up-

CHORUS.



love a-bide, God will take care of you.
 path as-sail, God will take care of you. God will take care of you, Thro' ev'ry day,
 be de-nied, God will take care of you.
 on His breast, God will take care of you.



O'er all the way; He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . .
 take care of you.



135

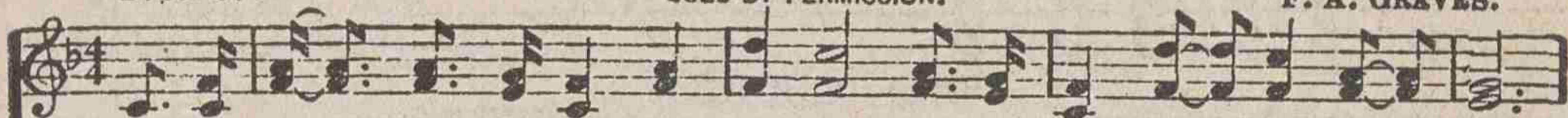
Honey in the Rock.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY F. A. GRAVES.

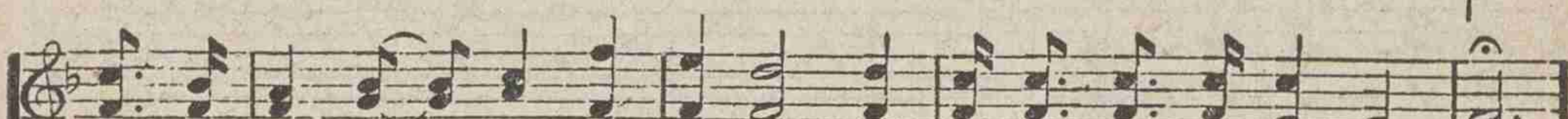
F. A. G.

USED BY PERMISSION.

F. A. GRAVES.



1. O my brother, do you know the Sav-iour, Who is won - drous kind and true?
2. Have you "tasted that the Lord is gra-cious?" Do you walk in the way that's new?
3. Do you pray un - to God the Fa-ther, "What wilt Thou have me to do?"
4. Then go out thro' the streets and by-ways, Preach the word to the ma - ny or few;



He's the "Rock of your sal - va-tion!" There's Hon-ey in the Rock for you.
 Have you drank from the liv - ing Fountain? There's Hon-ey in the Rock for you.
 Nev - er fear, He will sure - ly an-swer, There's Hon-ey in the Rock for you.
 Say to ev - 'ry fall - en broth-er, There's Hon-ey in the Rock for you.



CHORUS.



Oh, there's Honey in the Rock, my brother, There's Honey in the Rock for you;
 my brother, for you;

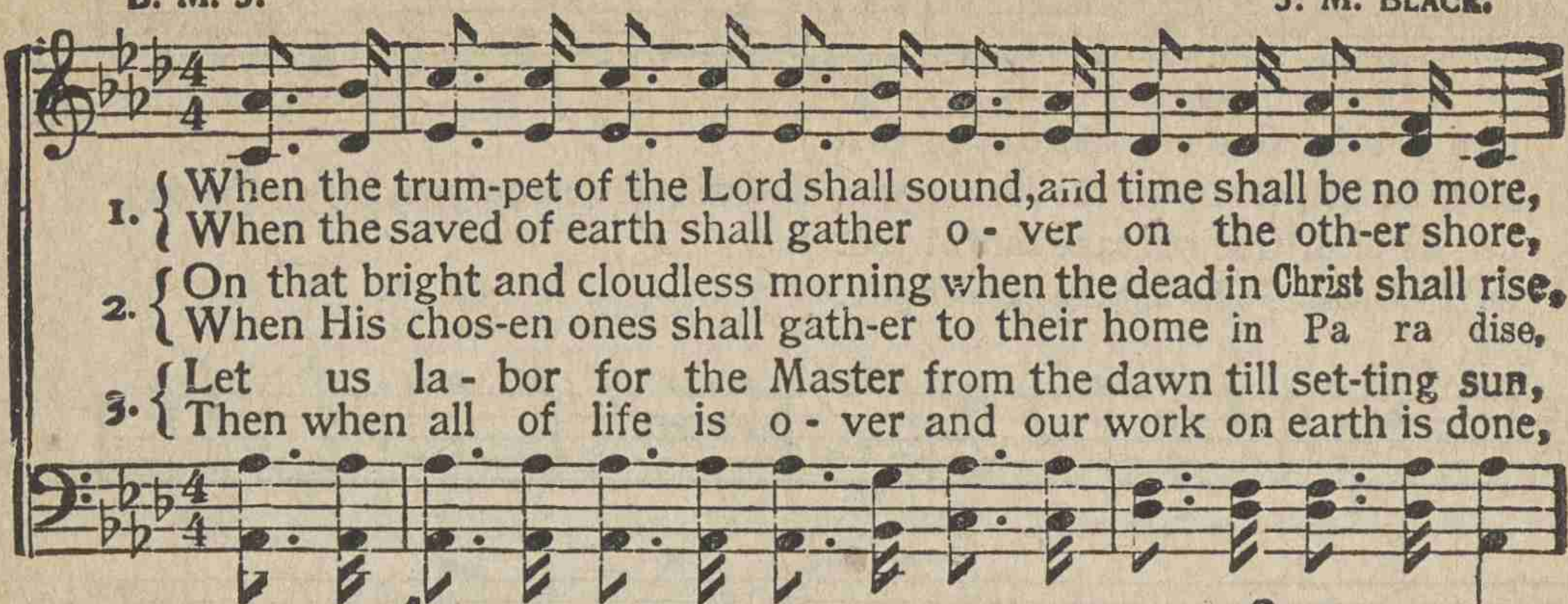


Leave your sins for the blood to cov - er, There's Hon-ey in the Rock for you. for you.



B. M. J.

J. M. BLACK.



1. { When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
When the saved of earth shall gather o - ver on the oth-er shore,
2. { On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
When His chos-en ones shall gath-er to their home in Pa ra dise,
3. { Let us la - bor for the Master from the dawn till set-ting sun,
Then when all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done,



And the morning breaks, e-ter-nal, bright and fair; }
And the (Omit.) } roll is called up
And the glo - ry of His res - ur-rec - tion share; }
And the (Omit.) } roll is called up
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; }
And the (Omit.) } roll is called up

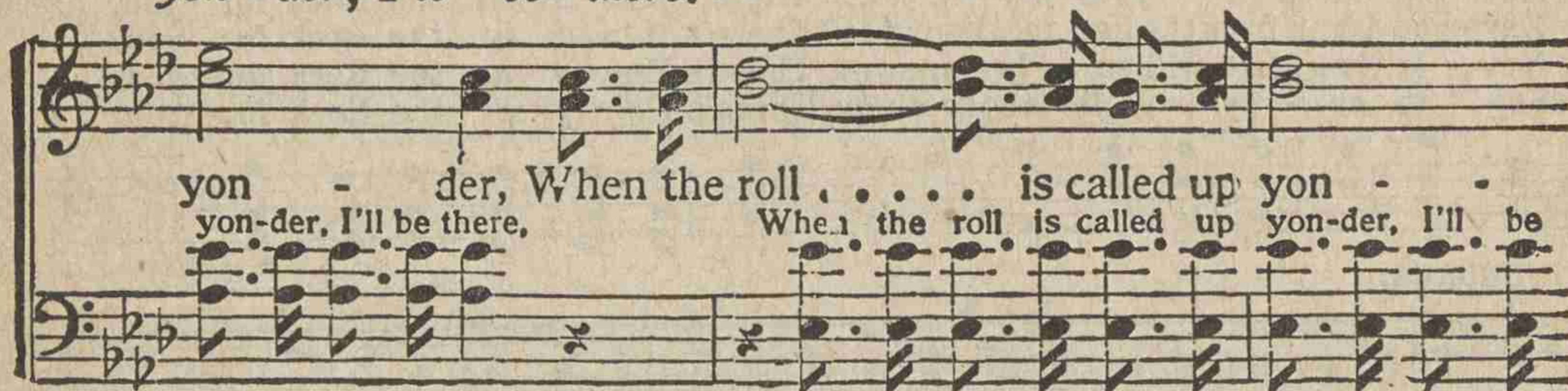
D. S.—roll is called up

FINE. CHORUS.



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

yon - der, I'll be there.



yon - der, When the roll is called up yon -
yon-der, I'll be there, Whe-1 the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be



der, When the roll is called up yon - der, When the
there, When the roll is called up yon - der, When the

D. S.

137

L. H.


I Am Coming, Lord.

Rev. L. Hartsough.


1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy precious blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.



I am coming, Lord, Coming now to Thee; Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.



- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| <p>2 Though coming weak and vile,
 Thou dost my strength assure;
 Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
 Till spotless all, and pure.</p> | <p>3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
 To perfect faith and love,
 To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
 For earth and heaven above.</p> | <p>4 And He assurance gives
 To loyal hearts and true,
 That every promise is fulfilled
 To those who hear and do.</p> |
|--|---|--|

138

Charlotte Elliott.

Just As I Am.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me

2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can

3. Just as I am! tho' tossed a-bout With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fightings and fears with-

come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, ~~and~~ ^{all} I,
Sight, riches, healing of the ~~man~~ ^{man}
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

139

Mrs. H. M. Hall.


Jesus Paid It All.

John T. Grape.

1. I hear the Saviour say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."

CHORUS.


CHORUS.




Je-sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| <p>2 Lord, now indeed I find
 Thy power, and Thine alone,
 Can change the leper's spots,
 And melt the heart of stone.</p> | <p>3 For nothing good have I
 Whereby Thy grace to claim—
 I'll wash my garments white
 In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.</p> | <p>4 And when, before the throne,
 I stand in Him complete,
 "Jesus died my soul to save,"
 My lips shall still repeat</p> |
|--|---|--|

Effectively.




1. I have heard of a land on the far-a - way strand, 'Tis a beau - ti - ful
 2. In that beau - ti-ful home where we'll never more roam, We shall be in the
 3. When our work here is done and the life crown is won, And our troubles and





home of the soul; Built by Je - sns on high, there we nev - er shall die,
 sweet by and by; Hap - py praise to the King thro' e - ter - ni - ty sing,
 tri - al's are o'er; All our sor - row will end, and our voic-es will blend,



CHORUS



'Tis a land where we nev - er grow old.
 'Tis a land where we nev - er shall die. Nev - er grow old,
 With the loved ones who've gone on be-fore. Where we'll




nev - er grow old, In a land where we'll nev - er grow old, Nev - er grow




old, nev - er grow old, In a land where we'll nev - er grow old.
 Where we'll

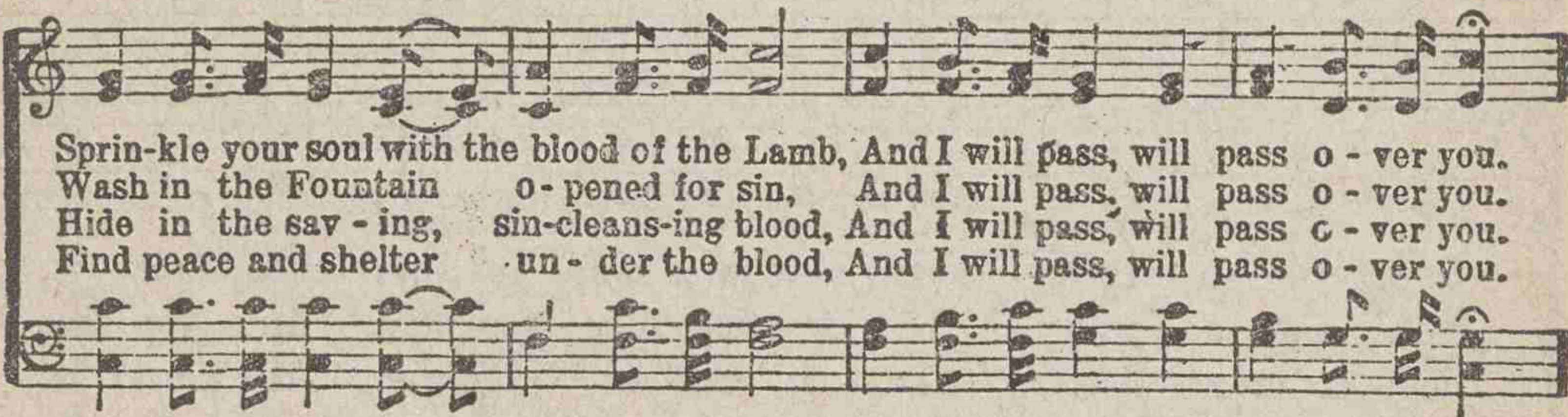
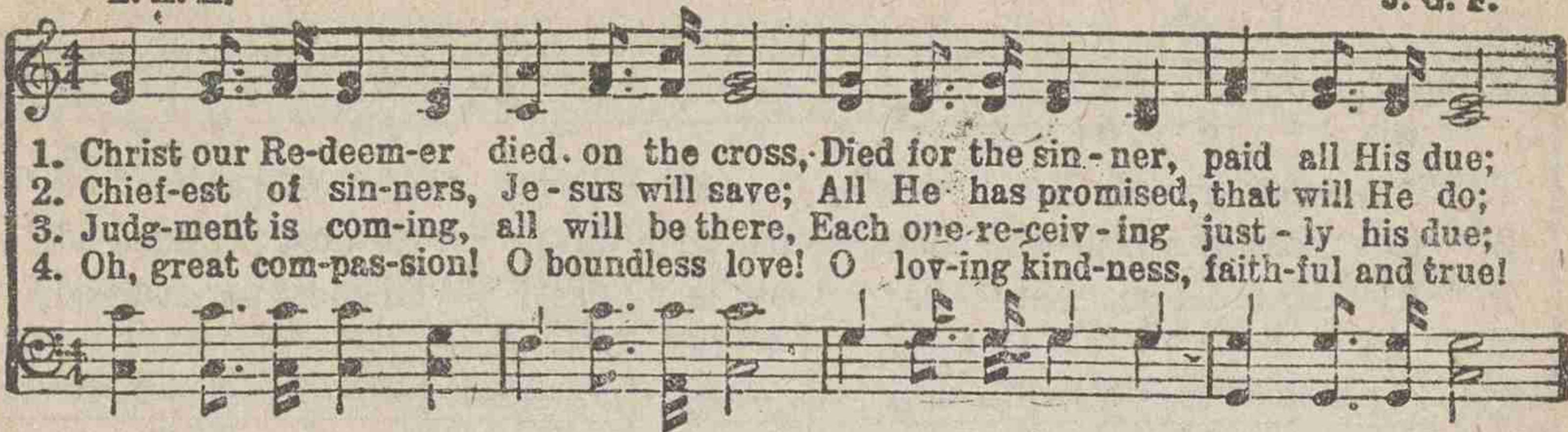


141,

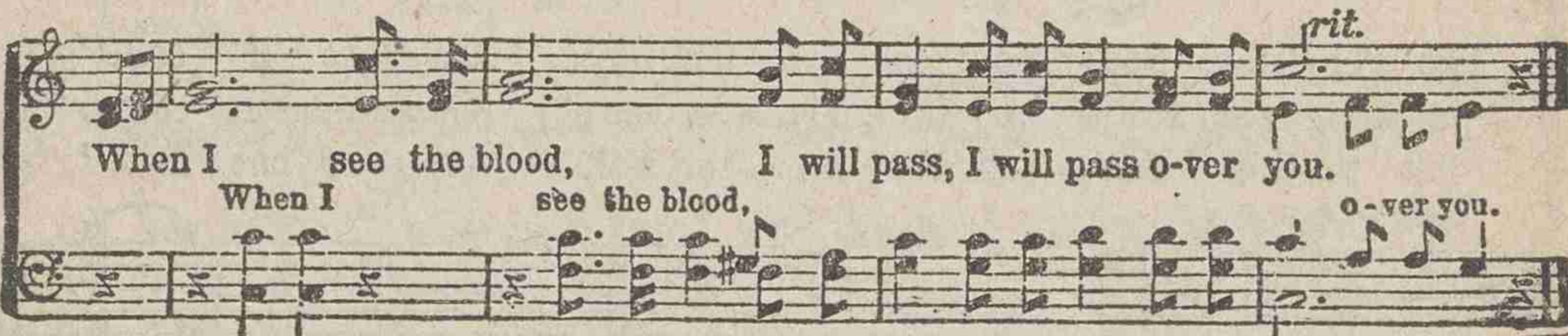
I Will Pass Over You.

E. A. H.

J. G. F.



CHORUS.



142

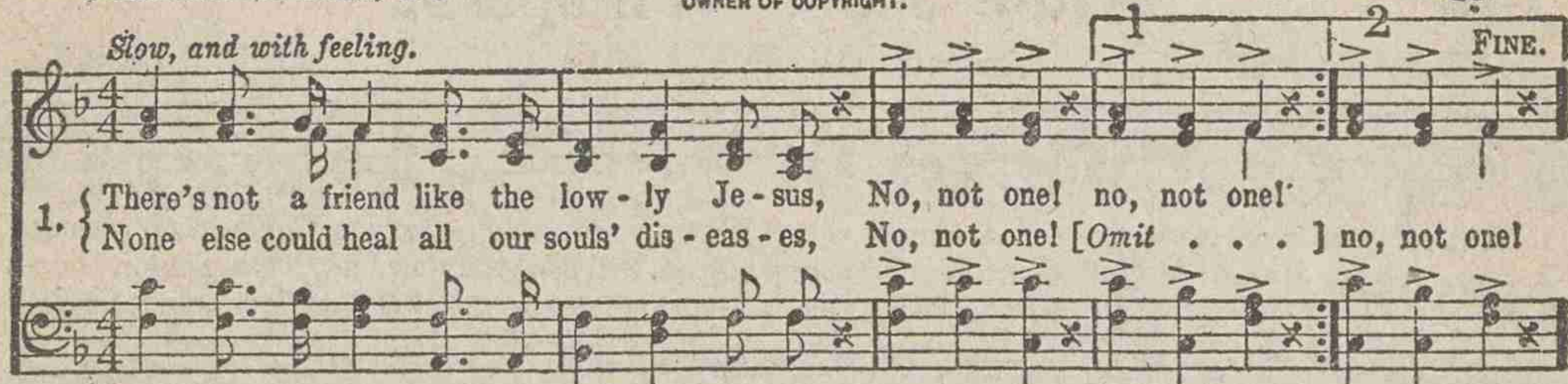
No, Not One.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow, and with feeling.



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

CHORUS.

D. C.



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

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

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

143

Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B.

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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."
 lingering near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear, O wan-derer, come.
 but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail — "Al - most-but lost!"

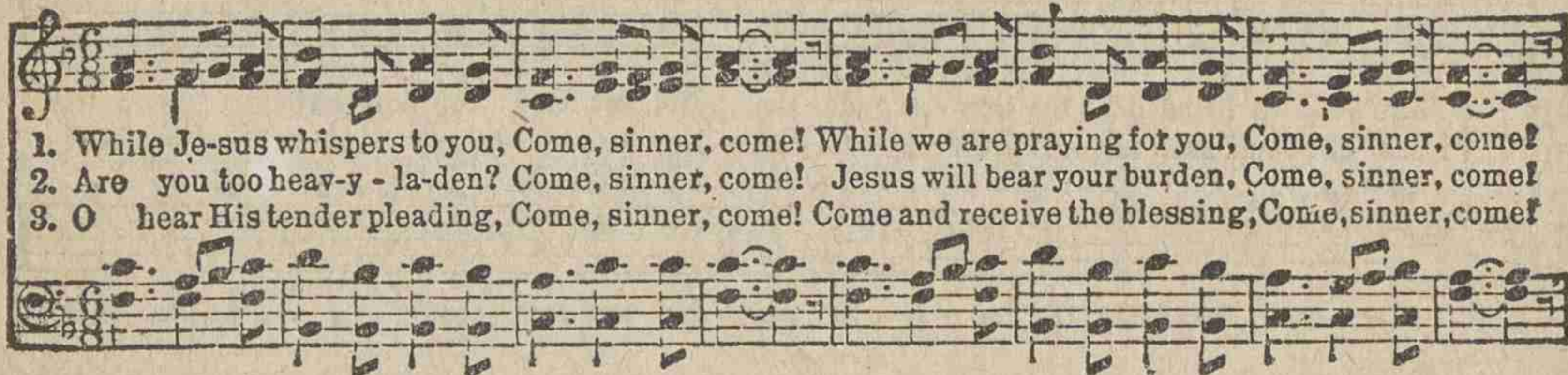
144

While Jesus Whispers.

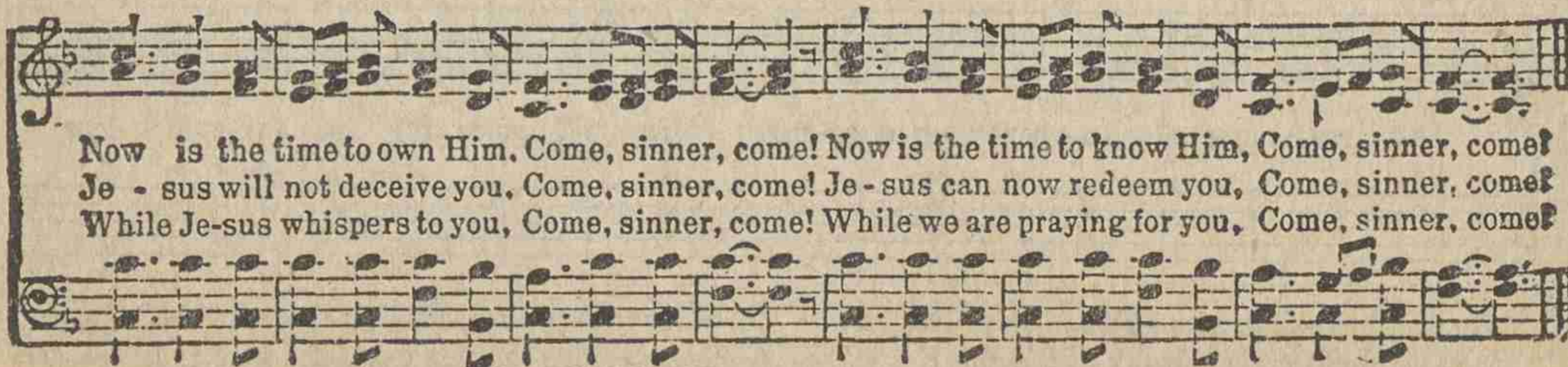
W. E. WITTER.

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H. R. PALMER.



1. While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!
 2. Are you too heav-y - la-den? Come, sinner, come! Jesus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come!
 3. O hear His tender pleading, Come, sinner, come! Come and receive the blessing, Come, sinner, come!



Now is the time to own Him, Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
 Je - sus will not deceive you, Come, sinner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come!
 While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

I Believe Jesus Saves.

WM. McDONALD.

JOS. P. WEBSTER, by per,

1. I am com-ing to Je-sus for rest, Rest, such as the pur-i-fied know;
 2. In com-ing, my sin I de-plore, My weak-ness and pov-er-ty show;
 3. To Je-sus I give up my all, Ev-'ry treasure and i-dol I know;
 4. I am trust-ing in Je-sus a-lone, Trusting now His sal-va-tion to know;
 5. My heart is in rapt-ures of love, Love, such as the ransomed ones know;

My soul is a-thirst to be blest, To be washed and made whiter than snow.
 I long to be caved ev-er-more, To be washed and made whiter than snow.
 For His fullness of blessing I call, Till His blood wash-es whiter than snow.
 And His blood doth so ful-ly a-tone, I am washed and made whiter than snow.
 I am strengthened with might from above, I am washed and made whiter than snow.

CHORUS.

I be-lieve Je-sus saves, And His blood washes whiter than snow;
 I be-lieve Je-sus saves, yes, whiter than snow;

I be-lieve Je-sus saves, And His blood washes whiter than snow.
 I be-lieve Je-sus saves,

Sweet By and By

1 There's a land that is fairer than day,
 And by faith we can see it afar;
 For the Father waits over the way,
 To prepare us a dwelling place there.

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
 The melodious songs of the blest;
 And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
 Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

Cho.—In the sweet by and by,
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
 In the sweet by and by,
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

3 To our bountiful Father above,
 We will offer our tribute of praise,
 For the glorious gift of His love,
 And the blessings that hallow our days.

J. F. BENNETT.

147

I Surrender All.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

DUET.

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.
 Worldly pleasures 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 - ing 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-render all, I sur-render all,
 I surrender all, I surrender all, I surrender all,
 All to Thee, my bless-ed Sav - ior, I sur - ren - der all.

148

My Father's House.

Copyright, 1919, by Thoro Harris.

Arr. by Thoro Harris.

1. O come and go with me To my Father's house, To my Father's house, To my
 2. King Je - sus will be there, In my Father's house, In my Father's house, In my
 3. There'll be no sorrow there, In my Father's house, In my Father's house, In my
 4. There'll be no parting there, In my Father's house, In my Father's house, In my

1. Father's house; O come and go with me To my Father's house Where there's peace, sweet peace.
 2. Father's house; King Jesus will be there In my Father's house Where there's peace, sweet peace.
 3. Father's house; There'll be no sorrow there In my Father's house Where there's peace, sweet peace.
 4. Father's house; There'll be no parting there In my Father's house Where there's peace, sweet peace.

149

When We All Get to Heaven.

E. E. Hewitt.

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Mrs. J. G. Wilson.

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

In the man-sions bright and bless-ed He'll pre-prepare 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 heaven, What a day of rejoicing that will be!
 When we all What a day of rejoicing that will be!

When we all see Je-sus, We'll sing and shout the victory.....
 When we all and shout the vic - to-ry,

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe—
 2. Take the name of Je - sus with you, As a shield from ev'ry snare;
 3. Oh! the precious name of Je - sus; How it thrills our souls with joy,
 4. At the name of Je - sus bow-ing, Fall-ing prostrate at His feet,

It will joy and comfort give you, Take it then where'er you go.
 If temp-tations 'round you gather, Breathe that holy name in pray'r.
 When His lov-ing arms re-ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
 King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him When our journey is complete.

CHORUS.

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n,
 Precious name, O how sweet,

Precious name, O how sweet—Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
 Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet,

By permission.

John Fawcett.

Hans George Naegeli.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellow-ship of kindred minds Is like to that a-bove.

2 Before our Father's throne We pour our ardent prayers; [one, Our fears, our hopes, our aims are Our comforts and our cares.	3 We share our mutual woes, Our mutual burdens bear; And often for each other flows The sympathizing tear.	4 When we asunder part, It gives us inward pain; But we shall still be joined in heav'n And hope to meet again.
--	---	--

Throw Out the Life Line

E.S. UFFORD

Copyright, 1926, by Thoro Harris

E.S.U. Arr. by THORO HARRIS

1. Throw out the life-line a-cross the dark wave, There is a
 2. Throw out the life-line with hand quick and strong: Why do you
 3. Throw out the life-line to dan-ger fraught men Sink-ing in
 4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they

1. brother whom some-one should save; Somebody's brother! O
 2. tar-ry, why lin-ger so long? See, he is sink-ing! O
 3. anguish where you've nev-er been; Winds of temp-ta-tion and
 4. drift to e-ter-ni-ty's shore; Trust, now, His mer-cy so

1. who then will dare To throw out the life-line, his per-il to share?
 2. hast-en to-day, And out with the life-boat! a-way then, a-way!
 3. bil-lows of woe Will soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.
 4. gracious and free, For Je-sus has thrown out the life line to thee.

REFRAIN

mf Throw out the life-line! *p* Throw out the life-line! Some-one is

drift-ing a-way; Throw out the life-line!
 Some-one is drift-ing a-way;

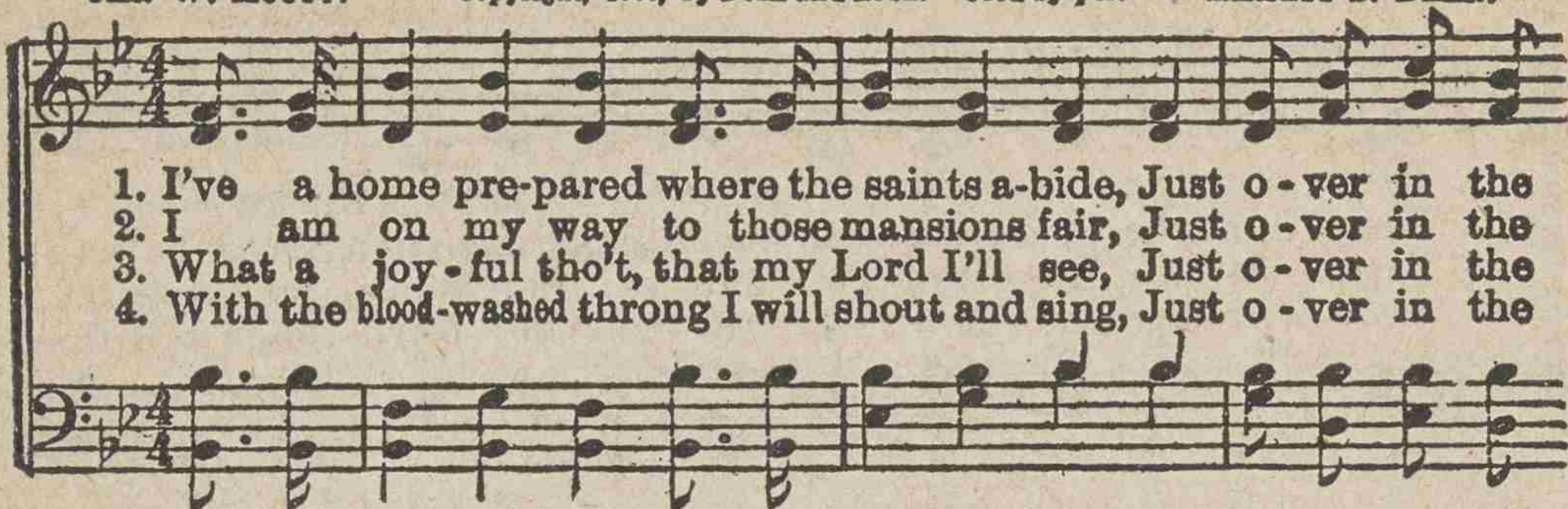
rit. Throw out the life-line! Some-one is sink-ing to-day!

Just Over in the Glory-Land.

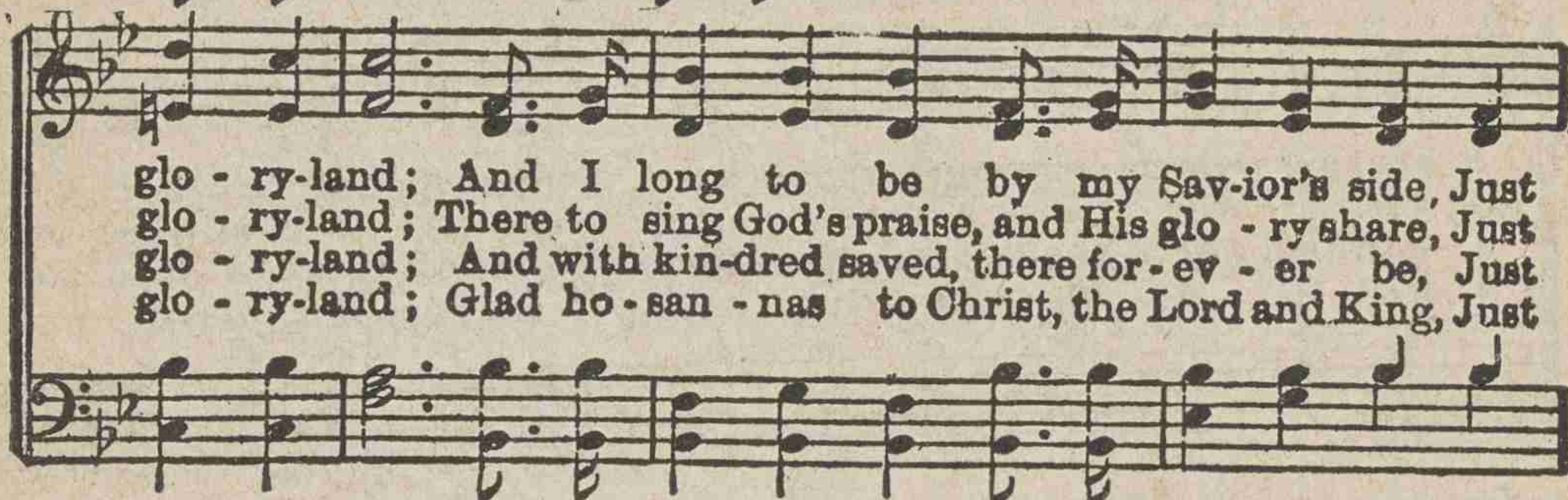
JAS. W. ACUFF.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean and Acuff. Used by per.

EMMETT S. DEAN.



1. I've a home pre-pared where the saints a-bide, Just o-ver in the
 2. I am on my way to those mansions fair, Just o-ver in the
 3. What a joy-ful tho't, that my Lord I'll see, Just o-ver in the
 4. With the blood-washed throng I will shout and sing, Just o-ver in the

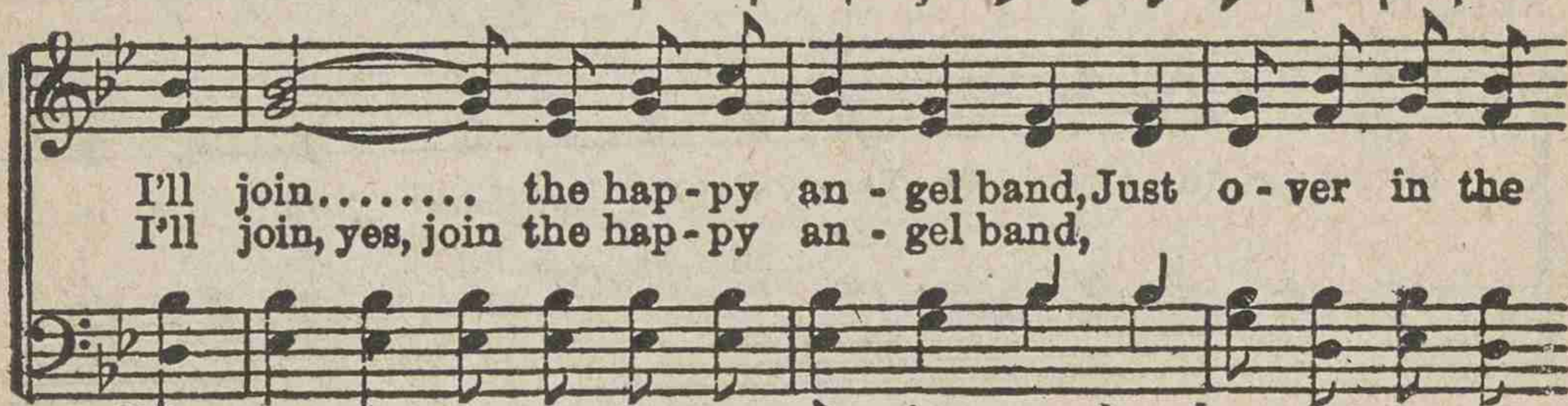


glo-ry-land; And I long to be by my Sav-ior's side, Just
 glo-ry-land; There to sing God's praise, and His glo-ry share, Just
 glo-ry-land; And with kin-dred saved, there for-ev-er be, Just
 glo-ry-land; Glad ho-san-nas to Christ, the Lord and King, Just

REFRAIN.



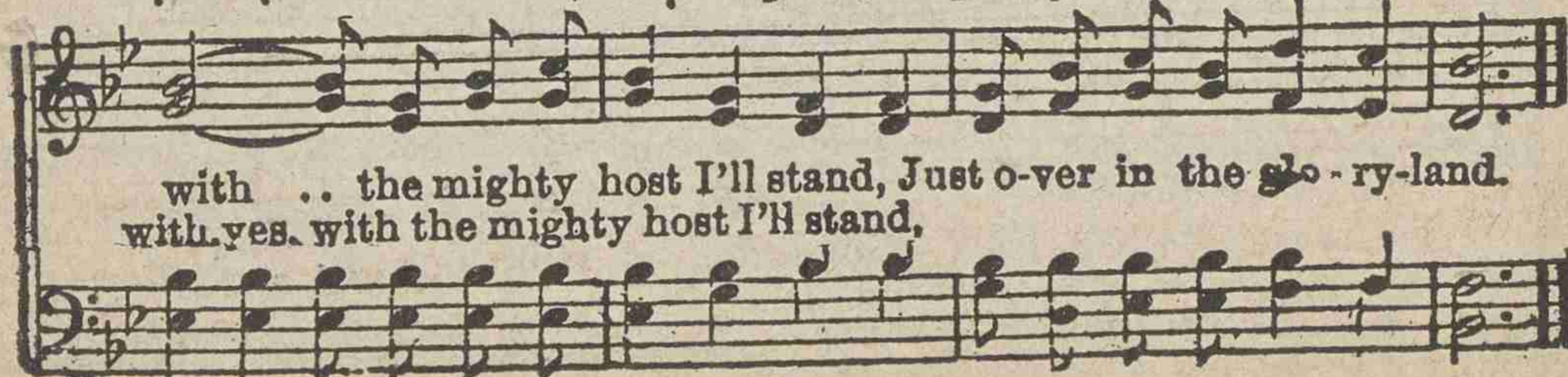
o-ver in the glo-ry-land. Just o-ver in the glo-ry-land,
 Just o-ver, o-ver in the glo-ry-land,



I'll join..... the hap-py an-gel band, Just o-ver in the
 I'll join, yes, join the hap-py an-gel band,



glo-ry-land; Just o-ver in the glo-ry-land. There.



with .. the mighty host I'll stand, Just o-ver in the glo-ry-land.
 with yes, with the mighty host I'll stand,

Victory Ahead.

Copyright, 1905, by Rev. William Grum, Camden, N. J.

W. G.

REV. WILLIAM GRUM. By per.



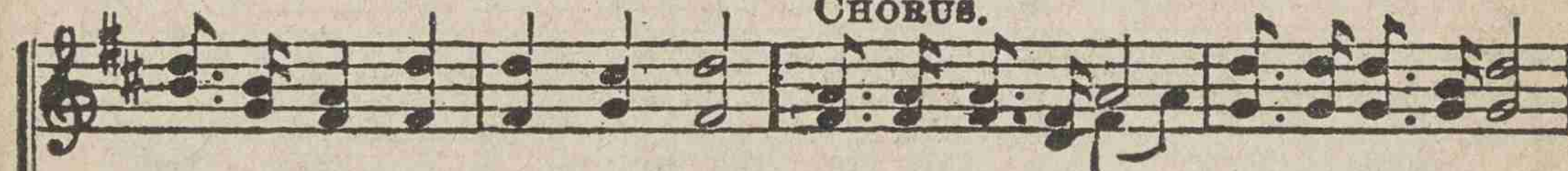
1. When the hosts of Is - ra - el, led by God, Round the walls of Jer - i - cho
2. David, with a shepherd's sling and five stones, Met the gi - ant on the field
3. Dan - iel prayed un - to the Lord thrice each day, Then un - to the li - on's den
4. Oft - en with the car - nal mind I was tried, Ask - ing for de - liv - er - ance
5. When like those who've gone before to that land, By death's riv - er cold and dark



soft - ly trod; Trust - ing in the Lord, they felt the cong'ror's tread, By faith they
all a - lone; Trust - ing in the Lord, he knew what God had said, By faith he
led the way; Trust - ing in the Lord, he did not fear or dread, By faith he
oft I cried, Trust - ing in the Lord, I reckon'd I was dead, By faith I
I shall stand; Trust - ing in the Lord, I will not fear or dread, By faith I



CHORUS.



saw the vic - to - ry a - head.
saw the vic - to - ry a - head.
saw the vic - to - ry a - head. Vic - to - ry a - head! Vic - to - ry a - head!
saw the vic - to - ry a - head.
see the vic - to - ry a - head.

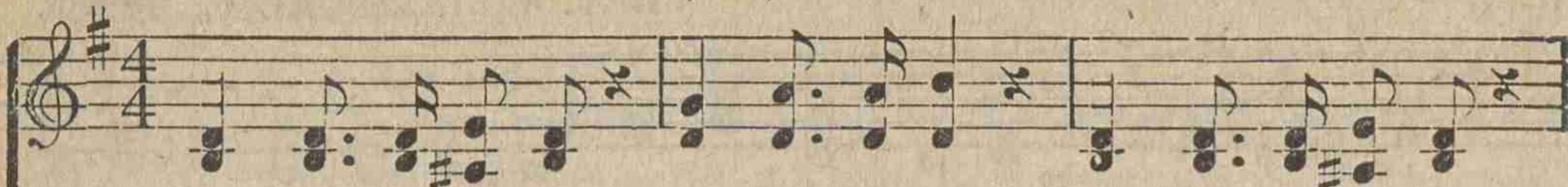


Thro' the blood of Je - sus, vic - to - ry a - head; Trusting in the Lord, I



hear the cong'ror's tread, By faith I see the vic - to - ry a - head.





1. Je - sus in-vites you, wea - ry of sin, Crushed by your sor-rows,
2. Fam-ished by hun-ger, why lon-ger rove? Eat of the man-na
3. Bleed-ing and dy-ing, do not de-spair, Haste to the foun-tain,
4. Worn with your struggling, heart-sick, for-lorn, Life's heav-y bur-dens
5. Hum-bly con-fess-ing fail-ure and doubt, Je - sus can nev - er



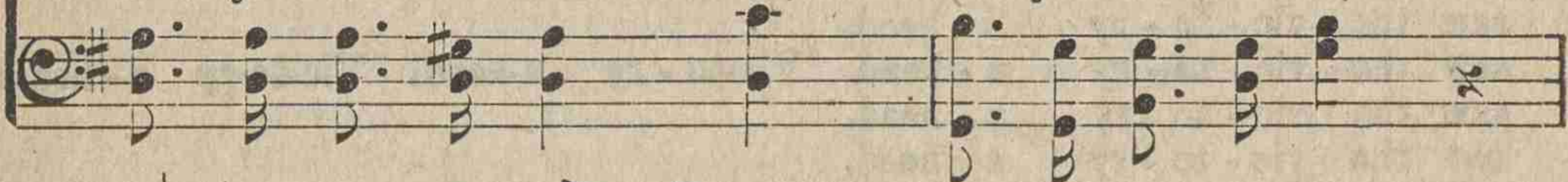
1. help-less,unclean,Come ye to the liv-ing foun-tain,Drink of the crystal stream.
2. sent from above; Welcome to our Fa-ther's ta-ble, Come to the feast of love.
3. heal-ing is there; Boun-ti-ful the vast pro-vis-ion, Plenteous the roy-al fare.
4. long have ye borne? Here is rest di-vine, e-ter-nal, Balm for the spir-it torn.
5. cast an-y out; He His grace will now ex-tend you, Put all your foes to rout.



CHORUS



Come..... ye to the wa - - - ters And
Come ye to the wa - - - ters, drink ye to the fill,



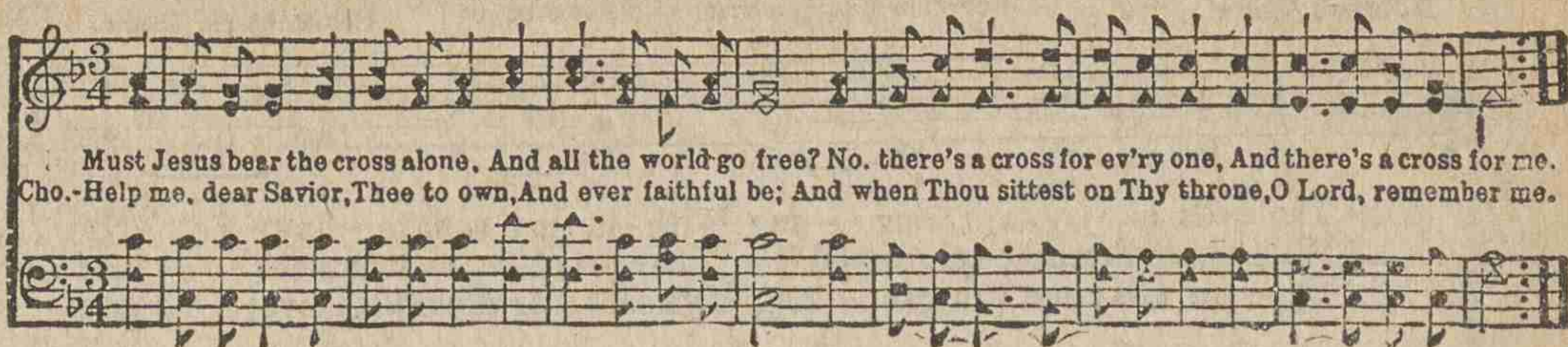
drink..... ye to the fill; Ye
Drink the liv-ing wa - - - ters, who-so-ev-er will;



thirst - - - ing sons and daughters, Hear the "who-so-ev-er will."
Thirst-ing sons and daugh-ters, Come ye,



Remember Me.



157

What a Friend!

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

2 Have we trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Can we find a friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

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

158

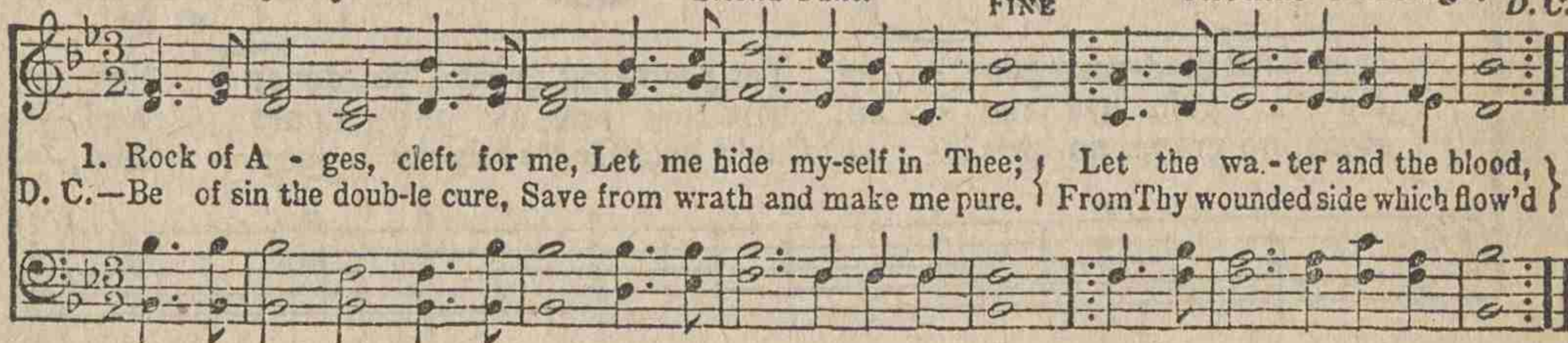
Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplaćy.

Second Tune.

FINE

Thomas Hastings. D. C.



1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side which flow'd
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know,
 These for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and Thou alone:
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath;
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold Thee on Thy throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

159

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper.

First Tune.

FINE

J. E. Gould.

1 2 D. C.



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

2 As a mother stills her child,
 Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
 Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
 When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
 Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
 Jesus, Savior, pilot me.


3 When at last I near the shore,
 And the fearful breakers roar
 'Twix me and the peaceful rest,
 Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
 May I hear Thee say to me,
 "Fear not, I will pilot thee."

I'm Glad that Jesus Won


James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY THE TRIO MUSIC CO.


Emmett S. Dean.



1. The bells of joy are ring - ing With-in my soul to - day; My
 2. With cru-el thorns they crowned Him, They tore His precious side, And
 3. Up - on His cross I'm gaz - ing, My heart o'er-flows with love; My




joy - ful heart is sing - ing A-long the sun-ny way; My
 then they gathered round Him And jeered Him till He died; But
 hap - py soul is prais - ing My ris - en King a - bove. No

eyes with glad-ness glis - ten, Yet noth-ing great I've done; But
 He a - gain has ris - en, His foes are all out - done; And,—
 stone, no grave, no pris - on Could hold God's mighty Son; And,—




lis - ten, lis - ten,— I'm glad that Je - sus won.



CHORUS.



I'm glad that Je - sus won, So glad that Je - sus won;
 I'm glad, I'm glad that Je - sus won, So glad, so glad that Je - sus won;




His foes are all out-done, are all out-done;
 His foes are all out-done, are all out-done;



The joy - bells are ring - ing, the joy - bells are
The joy - bells, joy - bells are ring - ing, yes, the joy - bells, joy - bells are

ring - ing, My heart is glad - ly sing - ing—I'm glad that Je - sus won.
ring - ing, and

161

Old-Time Power.

P. R.

Copyright, 1917 and 1920 by Paul Rader.

Paul Rader.

1. We are gath - ered for Thy bless - ing, We will wait up - on our God;
2. We will glo - ry in Thy pow - er, We will sing of won - drous grace;
3. Bring us low in pray'r be - fore Thee, And with faith our souls in - spire,

We will trust in Him who loved us, And who bought us with His blood.
In our midst, as Thou hast promised, Come, O come, and take Thy place.
Till we claim, by faith, the prom - ise Of the Ho - ly Ghost and fire.

CHORUS

Spir it, now melt and move All of our hearts with love,


Breathe on us from a - - bove With old - time pow'r.

OSWALD J. SMITH


Copyright, 1928, by Thoro Harris

THORO HARRIS


DUET



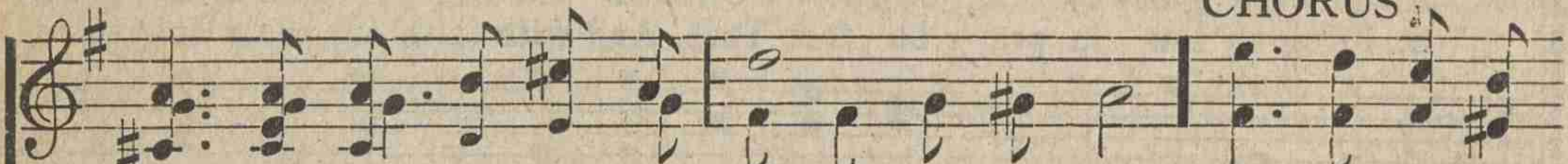
1. O the love that brought the Sav - ior To this world of sin and
 2. It was love that bore the an - guish Of the crown up - on His
 3. There He hung a - mid the dark - ness, Hung a - lone up - on the
 4. Thus He paid the sin - ner's ran - som, Bore the aw - ful pen - al -




1. wo For the work of man's re - demp - tion!
 2. brow, And the cru - el nails that pierced Him:
 3. tree, By His Fa - ther God for - sa - ken,
 4. ty, Bled and died to make a - tone - ment,



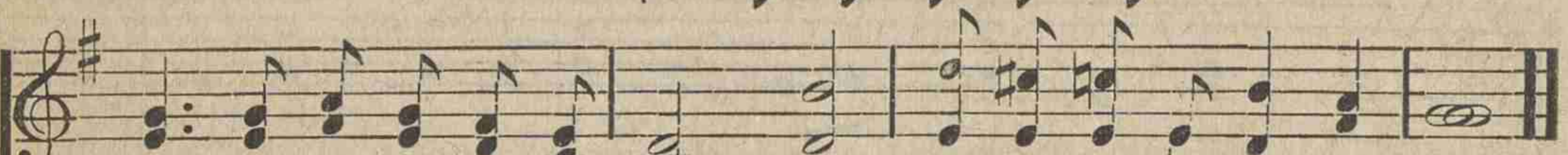
CHORUS



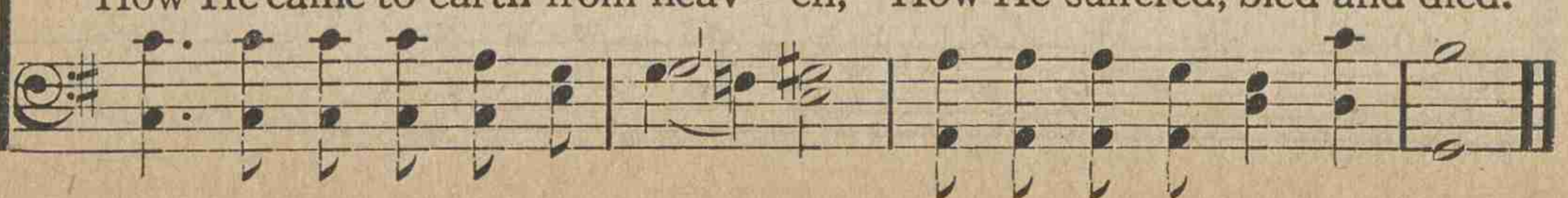
1. Tell it out wher-e'er you go.....
 out..... where - ev - er you may go.
 2. How it lives be - fore us now!..... Go and tell the
 lives,..... it lives be - fore us now!
 3. Left to bear the ag - o - ny.....
 bear..... the dread - ful ag - o - ny.
 4. Bless - ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry!.....
 Lamb,..... dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry!




love of Je - sus, Go and tell it far and wide,
 Go..... and tell it far and wide,

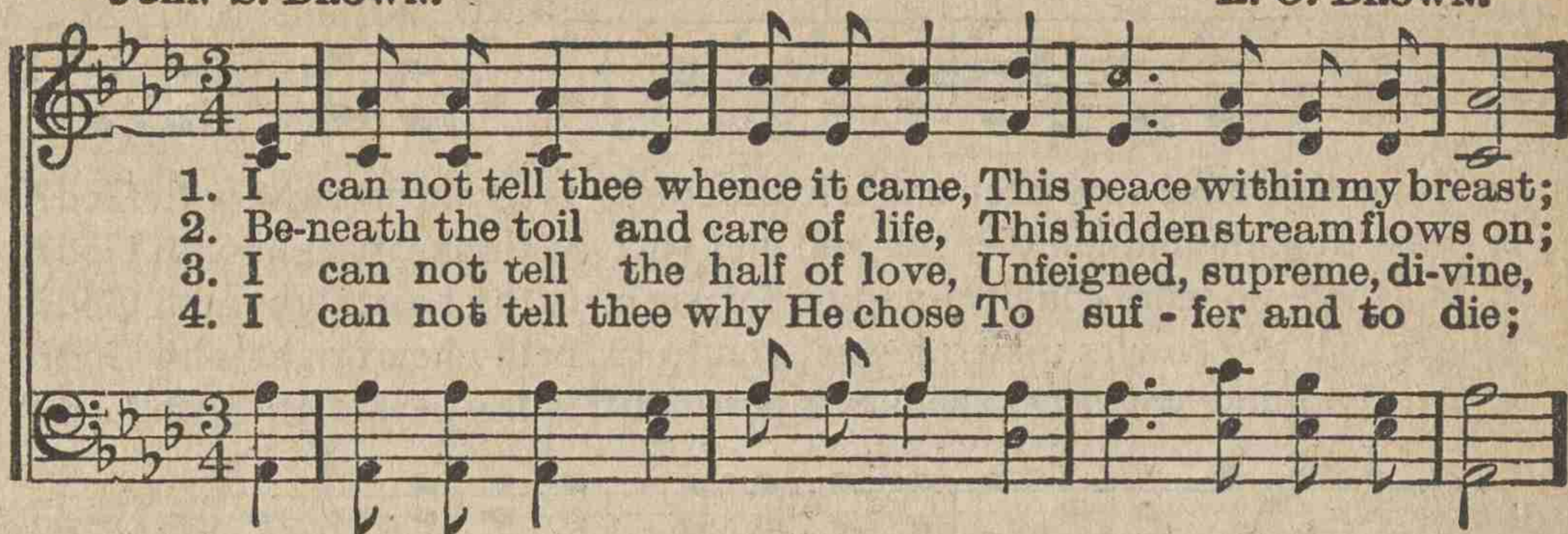



How He came to earth from heav - en, How He suffered, bled and died.



JOHN S. BROWN.

L. O. BROWN.



1. I can not tell thee whence it came, This peace within my breast;
 2. Be-neath the toil and care of life, This hidden stream flows on;
 3. I can not tell the half of love, Unfeigned, supreme, di-vine,
 4. I can not tell thee why He chose To suf-fer and to die;

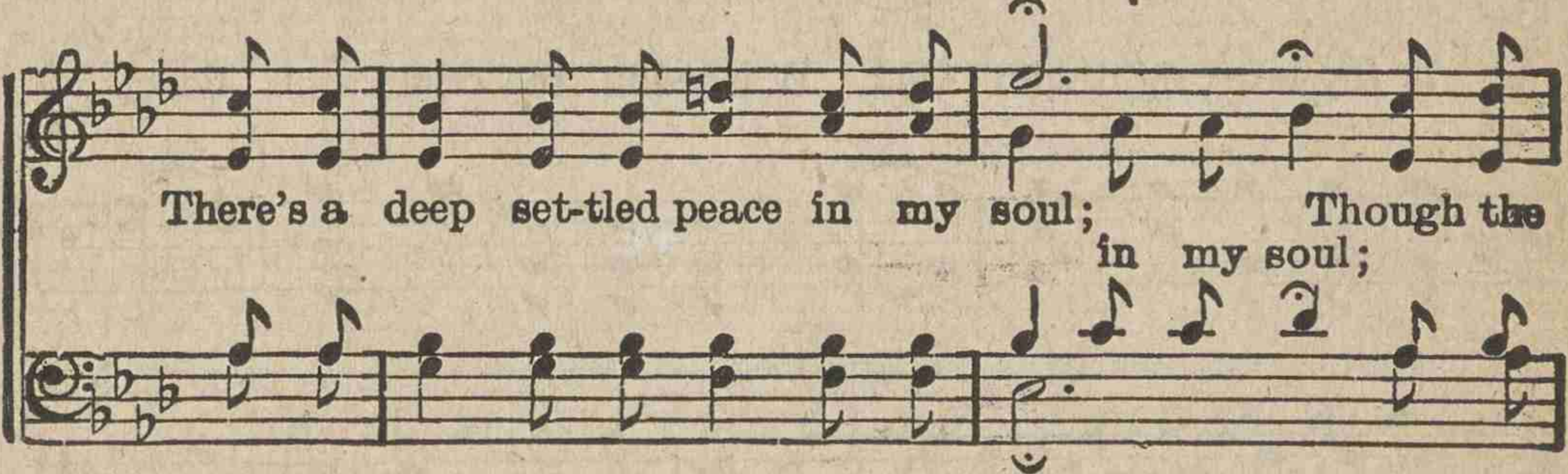


But this I know, there fills my soul A strange and tranquil rest.
 My wear-y soul no longer thirsts, Nor am I sad and lone.
 That caused my darkest in-most self With beams of hope to shine.
 But if I suf-fer here with Him, I'll reign with Him for aye.

CHORUS.



There's a deep set-tled peace in my soul, in my soul,



There's a deep set-tled peace in my soul; Though the
 in my soul;



bill-lows of sin near me roll, He a - bides, Christ a-bides.

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. Have thy affections been nail'd to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs under Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?



Dost thou count all things for Jesus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
 O - ver all e - vil with-out and within? Is thy heart right with God?
 Does Je-sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
 Does He each moment a-bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
 Is thy soul wearing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God?



CHORUS.



Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim - son flood,



Cleans'd and made holy, humble and lowly, Right in the sight of God?

of God.




Owned by R. E. Winsett,



From Gospel Message In Song.

REV. H. G. JACKSON, D. D.


JAMES M. BLACK.



1. If you from sin are long - ing to be free, Look to the Lamb of God;
 2. When Satan tempts, and doubts and fears assail, Look to the Lamb of God;
 3. Are you a - wea - ry, does the way seem long? Look to the Lamb of God;
 4. Fear not when shadows on your path-way fall, Look to the Lamb of God;

He, to re-deem you, died on Cal - va - ry, Look to the Lamb of God.
 You in His strength shall o - ver all pre-vail, Look to the Lamb of God.
 His love will cheer and fill your heart with song, Look to the Lamb of God.
 In joy or sor - row Christ is all in all, Look to the Lamb of God.



CHORUS.



Look to the Lamb of God, Look to the Lamb of God,
 the Lamb of God, the Lamb of God,

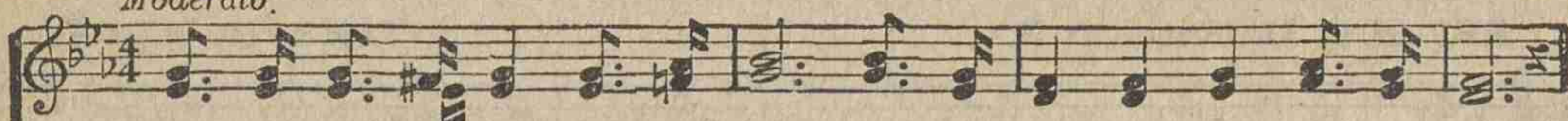



For He a - lone is a - ble to save you, Look to the Lamb of God.




E. R. LATTA.
Moderato.


H. S. PERKINS.




1. Bless - ed be the Fount-ain of blood, To a world of sin-ners re-vealed;
2. Thorn-y was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod - y o'er-came;
3. Fa - ther, I have wan-dered from Thee, Oft - en has my heart gone a-stray;




Bless - ed be the dear Son of God: On - ly by His stripes we are healed.
Griev-ous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suf-fered thus not in vain.
Crim-son do my sins seem to me— Wa-ter can - not wash them a - way.

Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bring-ing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Fount-ain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be - low;
Je - sus to that Fount-ain of Thine, Lean-ing on Thy prom-ise I go;





Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow.
Wash me in the Blood that He shed, And I shall be whit - er than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy wash-ing di - vine, And I shall be whit - er than snow.




CHORUS.



Whit - - er than the snow,..... Whit - - er than the snow;.....
Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow;




Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow, than snow.



167.

Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield.

First Tune.

G. J. Webb.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sold-iers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al ban - ner,
D. S.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished

FINE

It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,
And Christ is Lord in - deed.

D. S.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own,
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

168. The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant, reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

169. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How.

Second Tune.

Justin H. Knecht.

1. O Je-sus, Thou art standing Out-side the fast-closed door, In lowly patience waiting To pass the threshold o'er:

We bear the name of Christians, His name and sign we bear; O shame, thrice shame upon us, To keep Him standing there!

1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowlege,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!

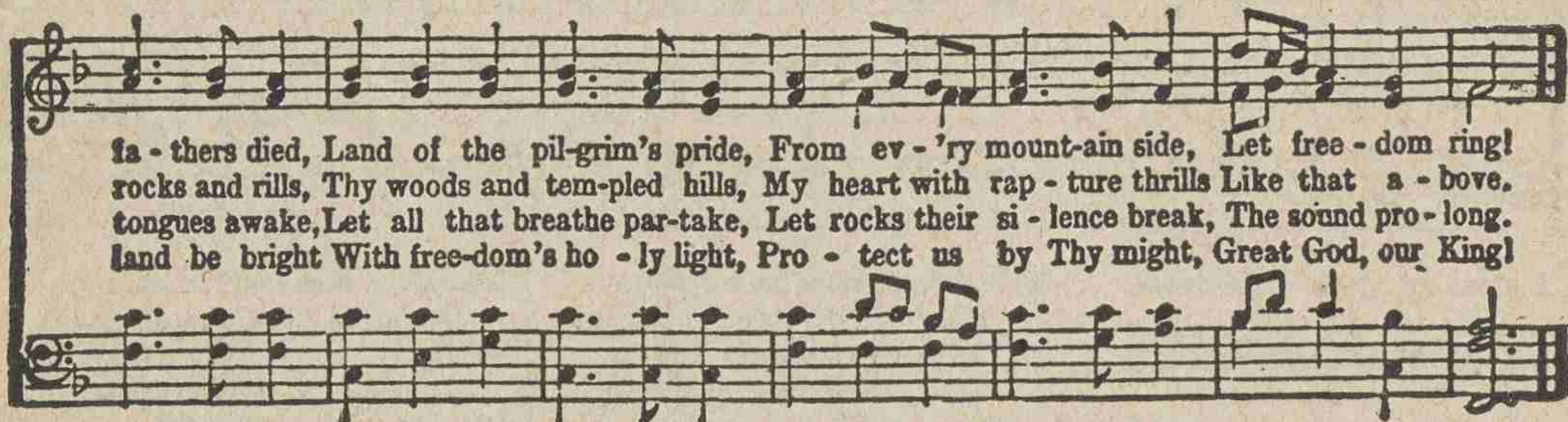
170

America.

S. F. Smith.

The National Song of America.

English.



171

God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain.

1 God save our gracious King,
 Long live our noble King,
 God save the King;
 Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the King.

2 Thro' every changing scene,
 O Lord, preserve our King,
 Long may he reign;
 His heart inspire and move
 With wisdom from above,
 And in a nation's love
 His throne maintain.

3 Thy choicest gifts in store,
 On him be pleased to pour,
 Long may he reign;
 May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause,
 To sing with heart and voice
 God save the King.

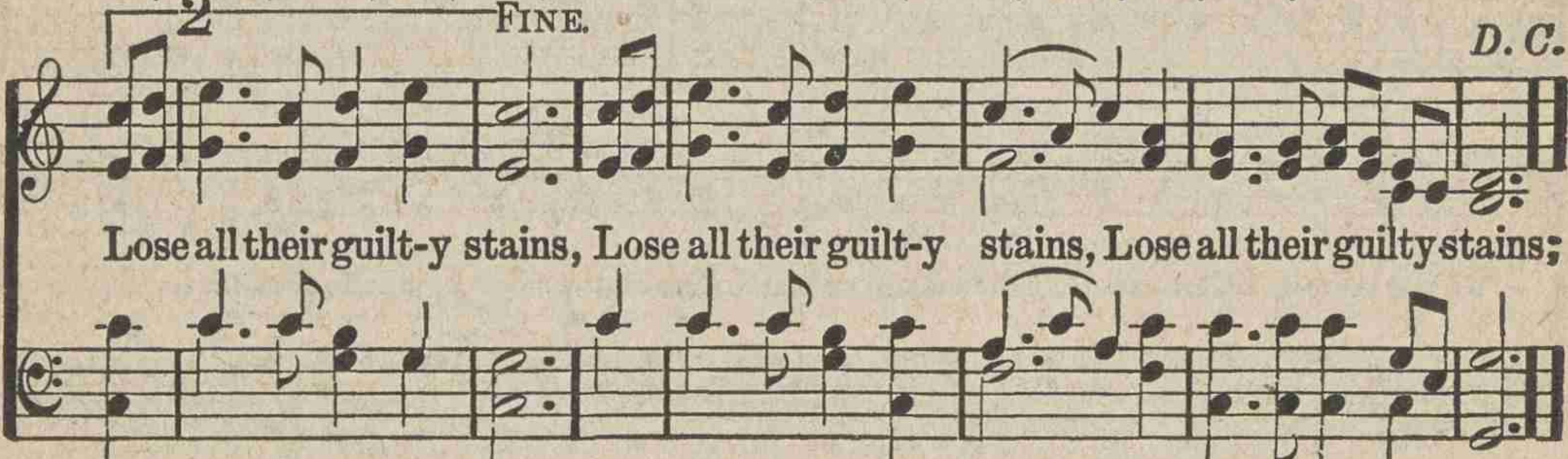
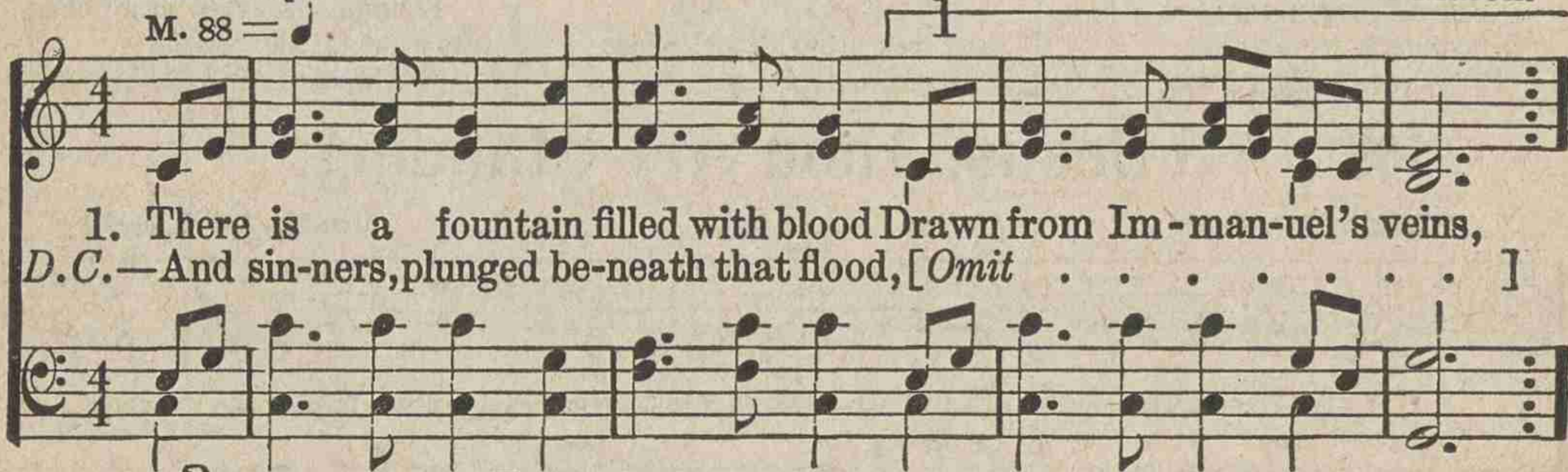
172

There is a Fountain.

William Cowper.

Arr. from Lowell Mason.

M. 88 =




2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
 3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.
 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

I Need Thee Every Hour.

ANNIE S. HAWKS.

ROBERT LOWRY.



1. I need Thee ev - ery hour, Most gra - cious Lord;
 2. I need Thee ev - ery hour; Stay Thou near by;
 3. I need Thee ev - ery hour, In joy or pain;
 4. I need Thee ev - ery hour; Teach me Thy will;
 5. I need Thee ev - ery hour, Most Ho - ly One;




No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
 Temp - ta - tions lose their power When Thou art nigh.
 Come quick - ly and a - bide, Or life is vain.
 And Thy rich prom - is - es In me ful - fill.
 O make me Thine in - deed, Thou bless - ed Son.



CHORUS.



I need Thee, O, I need Thee, Ev - ery hour I need Thee;




O bless me now, my Sav - iour, I come to Thee.



Witness For My Lord.

Copyright, 1921, by Willa A. Townsend.

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Arr. by Willa A. Townsend.

Joyfully.

Wit-ness,...for my Lord,.... Wit-ness,...for my Lord,....

Wit-ness, for my Lord;.... O, my soul is a wit-ness

for my Lord. My soul is a wit-ness for my Lord.

LEADER.

1. O, I haven't been to Heav'n but I've been told,.... My soul is a witness for my Lord;
2. I want to go to Heaven and I want to go right,.... My soul is a witness for my Lord;
3. There isn't but the one thing that grieves my mind,.... My soul is a witness for my Lord;

Hum.....

D. C.

That the streets are pearl and the gates are gold,.... My soul is a witness for my Lord.
I want to go to Heav'n all dressed in white,.... My soul is a witness for my Lord.
My mother's gone to Heav'n and left me be-hind,.... My soul is a witness for my Lord.

Hum.....

Leave All For Glory

John F. Rusling

Copyright, 1929, by Thoro Harris

Caroline L. Goodenough



1. A gold - en morn breaks sweetly o'er thee, And all the shades of
 2. Be-hold, the light of day breaks o'er thee; 'Tis bright as sum-mer's
 3. A - rise, a - rise! the light breaks o'er thee, Thy name is grav - en



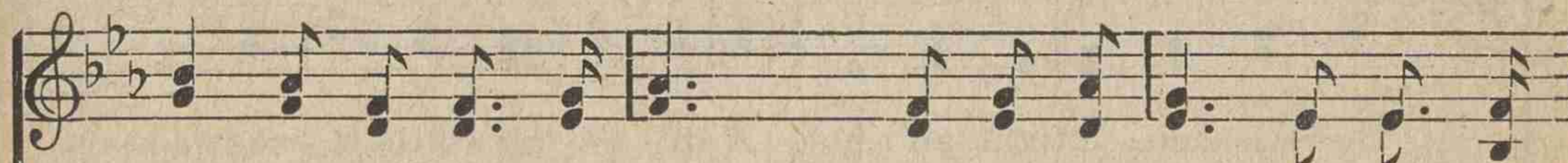
dark-ness flee; The dis - tant shores are ting'd with glo - ry, A bea-con
 jew - ell'd ray; The star - ry crowns and realms of glo - ry In - vite thy
 on His hands, Who calls thee hence to meet in glo - ry Thy comrades



REFRAIN



light hangs out for thee. A - way, a - way! leave all for
 hap - py soul a - way.
 dear from ma - ny lands. A-way!



glo - ry; Thy name is grav - en on the throne; Thy name is
 Thy name is grav - en Thy



in yon world of beau - ty Where thy Redeemer reigns a - lone.
 home is in



Anon.

Arranged.

1. Tho' dark the night and clouds look black And stormy o - ver-head, And
 2. When those who once were dearest friends Be-gin to per - se - cute, And
 3. And thus, by fre-quent lit - tle talks, I gain the vic - to - ry, And

trials of al-most ev - 'ry kind A-cross my path are spread; How
 those who once professed to love Have si - lent grown and mute; I
 march a - long with cheerful song, En-joy - ing lib - er - ty; With

soon I con-quer all, As to the Lord I call,— A little talk with
 tell Him all my grief, He quick-ly sends re - lief,— A little talk with
 Je - sus as my friend, I'll prove un-til the end, A little talk with

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

FINE. CHORUS.

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

Je - sus makes it right, all right.

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

I'm Saved Today

Copyright, 1922, by Thoro Harris

T. H.

Thoro Harris, arr.



1. I'm hap - py ev - 'ry Sun-day, On Mon - day I re - joice That I have
 2. Tho once I was a reb - el At en - mi - ty with God, A wand'rer
 3. Now I will tell the sto - ry Of love so deep and strong That mov'd the

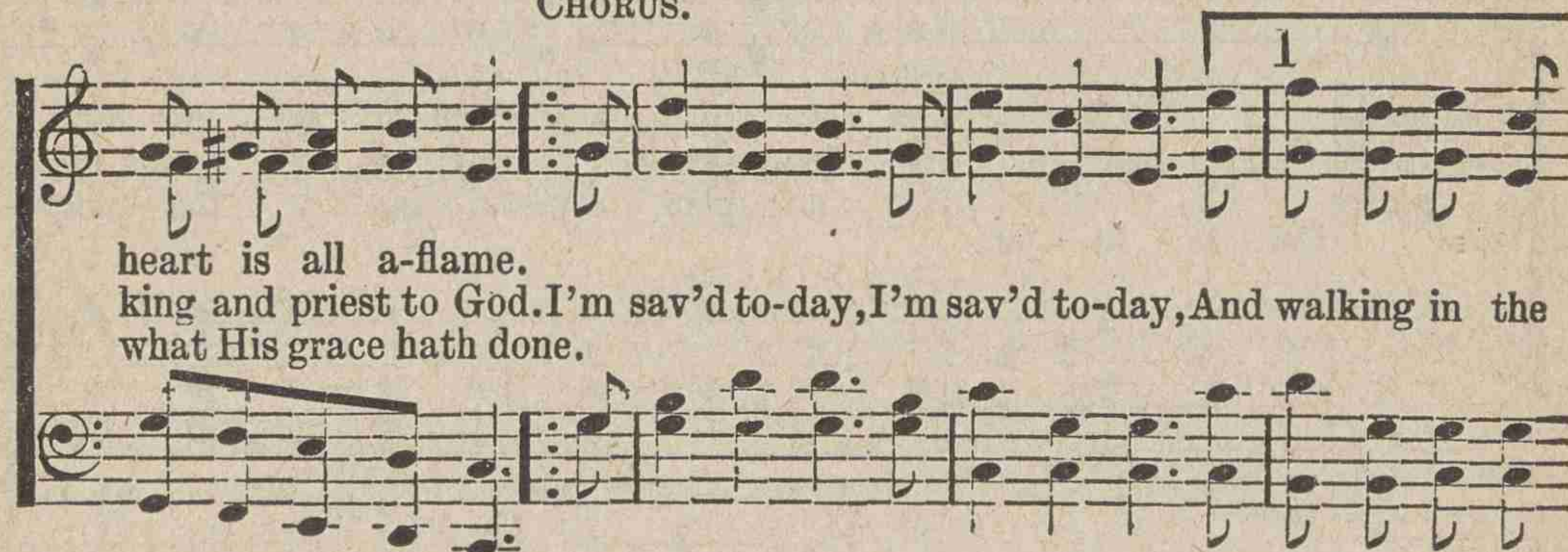


made the bless-ed Christ My soul's e - ter - nal choice; On Tuesday, We'nesday,
 to de-struc-tion bent Up - on the downward road, I sought and found sal-
 gra - cious Son of God To seek for me so long. All glo - ry to the

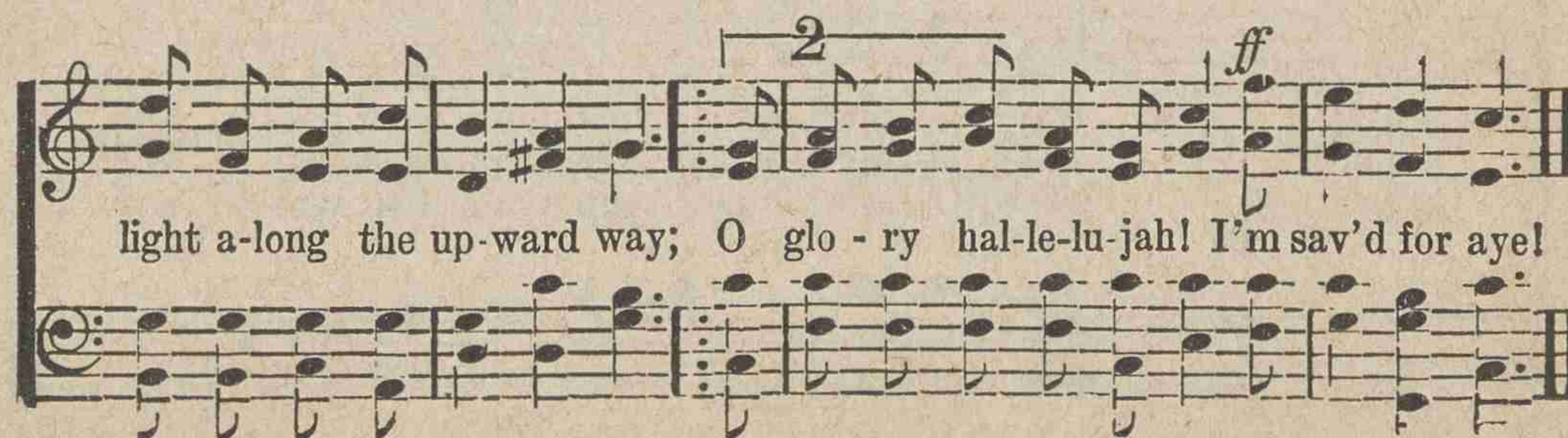


Thursday, I sing, O praise His name! On Fri-day and on Saturday My
 va - tion Thru Je - sus' heal-ing blood, And by His grace He made me A
 Fa - ther Thru Je - sus Christ the Son! Thru end-less days I'll praise Him For

CHORUS.



heart is all a-flame.
 king and priest to God. I'm sav'd to-day, I'm sav'd to-day, And walking in the
 what His grace hath done.



light a-long the up-ward way; O glo - ry hal-le-lu-jah! I'm sav'd for aye!

Hush! Somebody's Calling My Name.

(MIXED VOICES.)

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Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

p CHORUS. *mp*

Hush! hush! somebody's call-ing my name; Hush! hush! somebody's calling my

p name; Hush! hush! some-bod-y's call-ing my name; O my Lord, O my

rit. **FINE.** *Animated.*

Lord, what shall I do? 1. I'm so glad that troub-le don't last al-
2. I'm so glad I got my re-lig-ion in
3. I'm so glad my soul's got a hid-ing-

ways; I'm so glad that troub-le don't last al-
time; I'm so glad I got my re-lig-ion in
place; I'm so glad my soul's got a hid-ing

Hal - le - lu - jah!

rit. **D. C.**

ways; O my Lord, O my Lord, what shall I do?
time; O my Lord, O my Lord, what shall I do?
place; O my Lord, O my Lord, what shall I do?
O glo - ry!

The above song recorded on RAINBOW RECORDS

It is Well With My Soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD.

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P. P. BLISS.



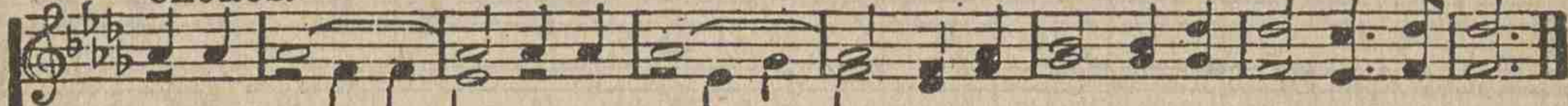
1. When peace, like a riv-er, attendeth my way, When sorrows like sea-bil-lows roll,
2. Though Satan should buf-fet, tho' trials should come, Let this blest assurance control.
3. My sin—O the bliss of this glo-ri-ous tho't!—My sin—not in part but the whole,
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be roll'd back as a scroll,



Whatev-er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend, "Even so" it is well with my soul.



CHORUS.



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



A Child of the King.

HATTIE E. BUELL.

Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER, arr.



1. My Father is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands!
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men, Once wander'd on earth as the poorest of them.
3. I once was an outcast stranger on earth, A sinner by choice, and an alien by birth;
4. A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a palace for me over there;



Of ru-bies and diamonds, of silver and gold, His coffers are full, He has riches un-told.
But now He is pleading our pardon on high, That we may be His when He comes by and by.
But I've been adopted, my name's written down, An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.
Tho' exiled from home, yet, still I may sing: All glo-ry to God, I'm a child of the King.



CHORUS.




I'm a child of the King, A child of the King: With Jesus my Saviour I'm a child of the King.



Rev. A. B. Simpson.

J. H. Burke.



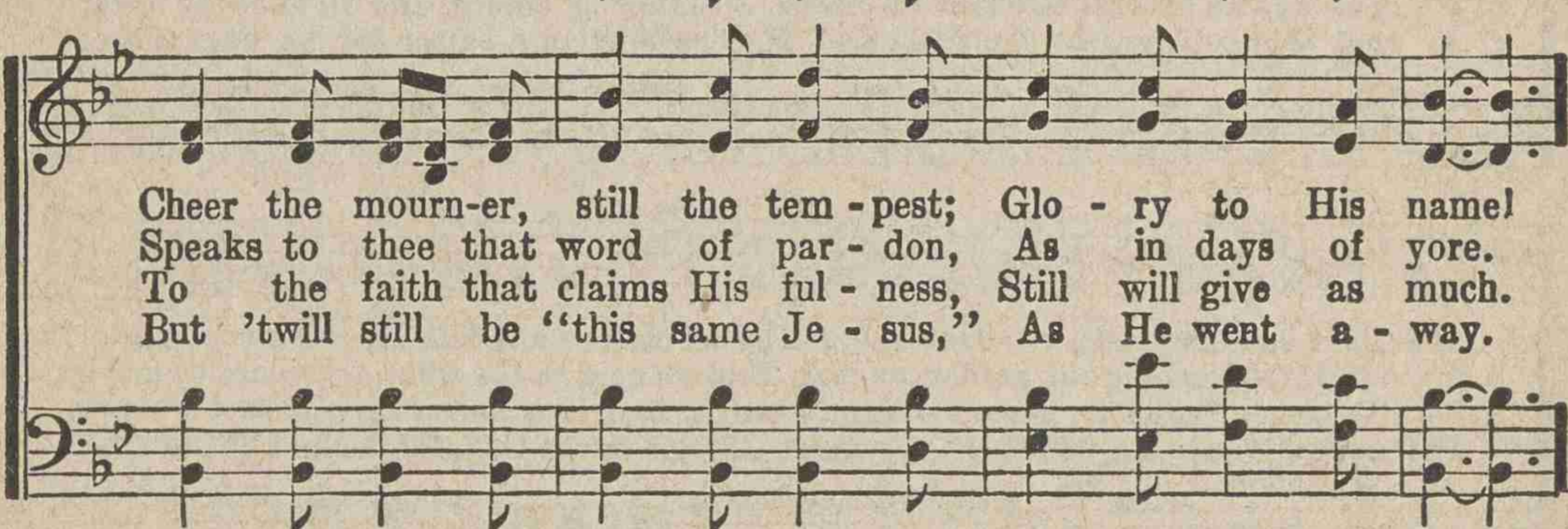
1. Oh, how sweet the glo - rious mes - sage, Sim - ple faith may claim;
 2. He who was the friend of sin - ners, Seeks thee, lost one, now;
 3. Oft on earth He healed the suf - f'rer, By His might - y hand;
 4. As of old He walked to Em - maus, With them to a - bide;



Yes - ter - day, to - day, for - ev - er, Je - sus is the same.
 Sin - ner, come, and at His foot - stool, Pen - i - tent - ly bow.
 Still our sick - ness - es and sor - rows, Go at His com - mand.
 So through all life's way He walk - eth, Ev - er near our side.

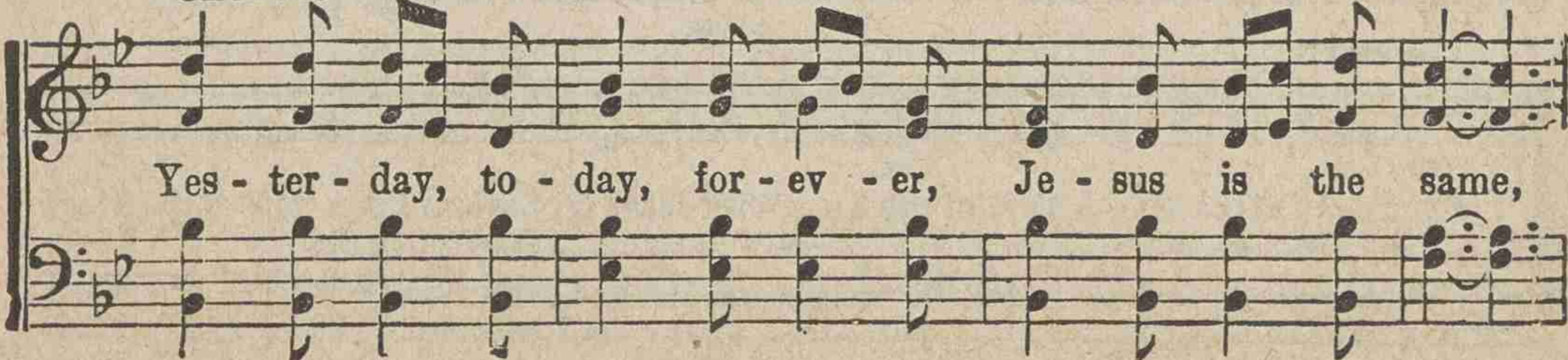


Still He loves to save the sin - ful, Heal the sick and lame;
 He who said, "I'll not con - demn thee, Go and sin no more;"
 He who gave His heal - ing vir - tue, To a wo - man's touch;
 Soon a - gain we shall be - hold Him, Has - ten, Lord, the day!



Cheer the mourn - er, still the tem - pest; Glo - ry to His name!
 Speaks to thee that word of par - don, As in days of yore.
 To the faith that claims His ful - ness, Still will give as much.
 But 'twill still be "this same Je - sus," As He went a - way.

CHORUS.



Yes - ter - day, to - day, for - ev - er, Je - sus is the same,

Yesterday, To-day, Forever.—Concluded.

All may change, but Jesus nev-er! Glo-ry to His name, Glo-ry to His name,
 Glo-ry to His name; All may change, but Jesus never! Glo-ry to His name.

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My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

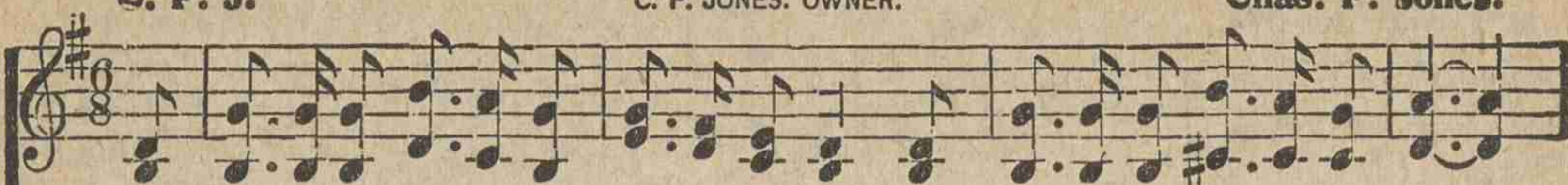
Rev. A. J. Gordon.

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 pur - chased my
 3. 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
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing
 Sav - iour, art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

C. P. J.

C. P. JONES. OWNER.

Chas. P. Jones.



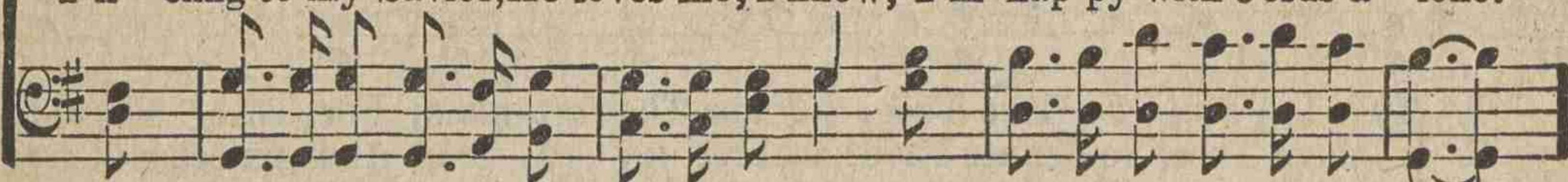
1. There's nothing so precious as Je-sus to me; Let earth with its treasures be gone;
2. When sinful and doomed to a life of de-spair, No light on my pathway to shine,
3. When nothing but death for my ransom could pay, And make me ac-cept-ed with God,
4. 'Twas Jesus who called me and showed me the way To peace upon earth and in heav'n;
5. Should father and mother forsake me be-low, My bed upon earth be a stone,



FINE



I'm rich as can be when my Sav-ior I see; I'm hap-py with Jesus a - lone.
 'Twas Jesus who found me and made me an heir To mansions of glo-ry di - vine.
 'Twas Je-sus who freely Himself made a prey And ransomed my soul with His blood.
 'Tis Jesus who teaches me dai-ly to pray, And walk in the light He has giv'n.
 I'll cling to my Savior, He loves me, I know; I'm hap-py with Jesus a - lone.

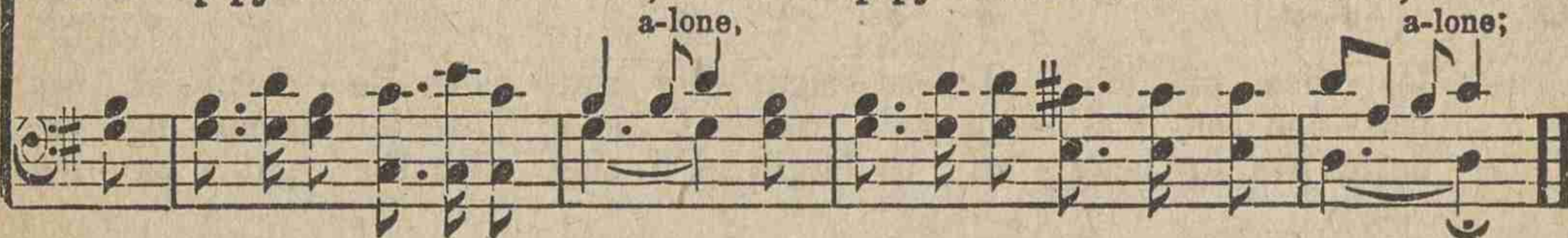


D.S.—Tho' poor and deserted, thank God, I can say I'm hap-py with Je-sus a - lone.

CHORUS.



I'm hap-py with Jesus a - lone, I'm hap-py with Je-sus a - lone;



Arr. by E. O. E.



1. How lost was my condition, Till Jesus made me whole, There is but one Physician, Can cure a sin-sick soul.
2. The worst of all dis-eas-es, Is light compared with sin, On ev'-ry part it seiz-es, But rages most with-in.

CHO.—There's a balm in Gilead, To make the wounded whole, There's pow'r enough in Jesus, To cure a sin-sick soul.



3 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
 And madness all combined,
 And none but a believer,
 The least relief can find.

4 A dying, risen Jesus
 Seen by the eye of faith,
 At once from danger frees us
 And saves the soul from death.

5 Come then to this Physician
 His help He'll freely give,
 He makes no hard condition,
 'Tis only look and live.

Rev. H. BONAR.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1. O do not let the word depart, Nor close thine eyes against the light;
 2. To-morrow's sun may never rise To bless thy long de-lu-ded sight;
 3. The world has nothing left to give, It has no new, no pure de-light;

Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart; Be saved, oh, to-night.
 This is the time! oh, then be wise; Be saved, oh, to-night.
 Oh, try the life which Christians live; Be saved, oh, to-night.

CHORUS.

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

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

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

4 Our blessed Lord refuses none
 Who would to Him their souls unite;
 Then be the work of grace begun;
 Be saved, oh, to-night.

5 Our Lord in pity lingers still,
 And wilt thou thus His love requite;
 Renounce at once thy stubborn will;
 Be saved, oh, to-night

By permission.

Mrs. M. A. S.

Mrs. MINNIE A. STEELE.



1. There's a song with - in my heart be-cause of Je - sus, Of my
 2. He has bound-less love and ten - der-est com - pas - sion, And His
 3. O, how sweet to lay my head up - on His bo - som, And on



life He now has full con - trol; He's the one to me that's al - to -
 name I ev - er will ex - tol; O the bless - ed-ness of giv - ing
 Him my ev - 'ry care I roll; In His lov - ing arms He fond - ly



geth-er love - ly, He's the on - ly one true lov - er of my soul.
 all to Je - sus, He's the on - ly one true lov - er of my soul.
 doth embrace me, He's the on - ly one true lov - er of my soul!



CHORUS.



Je-sus on - ly, Je - sus on - ly, He's the

Je - sus on - ly,

Je - sus on - ly,



on - ly one true lov - er of my soul; Je-sus on - ly, Je-sus

Je - sus on - ly,



on - ly, Je - sus on - ly, He's the on - ly one true lov - er of my soul. *rit.*

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The Hem of His Garment.

G. F. R.

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Geo. F. Root.

1. She on - ly touch'd the hem of His gar - ment As to His side she stole,
 2. She came in fear and trem - bling be - fore Him, She knew Her Lord had come;
 3. He turn'd with "daughter be of good comfort, Thy faith hath made thee whole,"

A - mid the crowd that gathered a - round Him, And straightway she was whole.
 She felt that from Him vir - tue had healed her, The might - y deed was done.
 And peace that passeth all un - der - stand - ing With glad - ness filled her soul.

CHORUS.

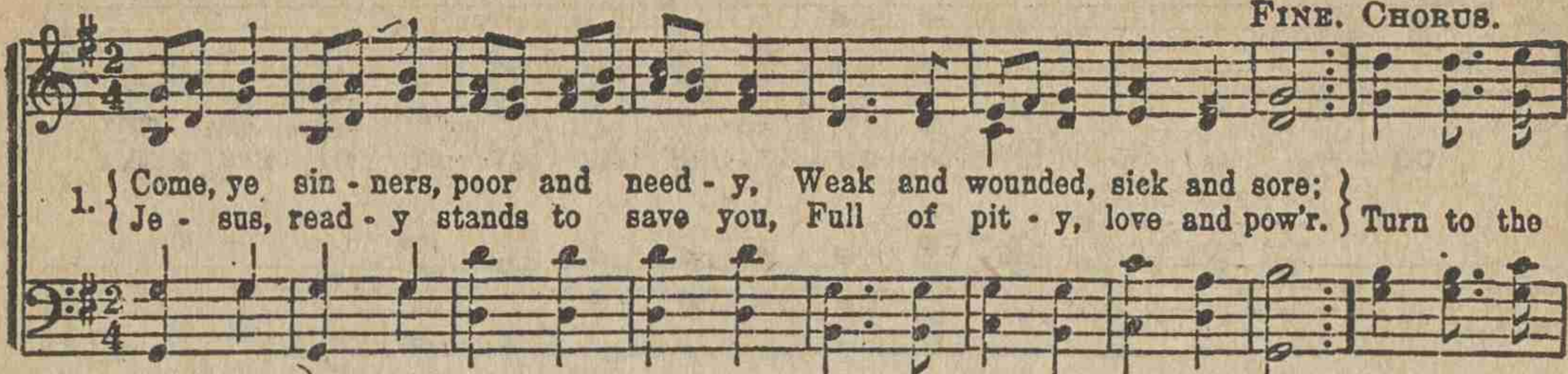
Oh, touch the hem of His gar - ment And thou, too, shall be free;

His sav - ing pow'r this ve - ry hour Shall give new life to thee.

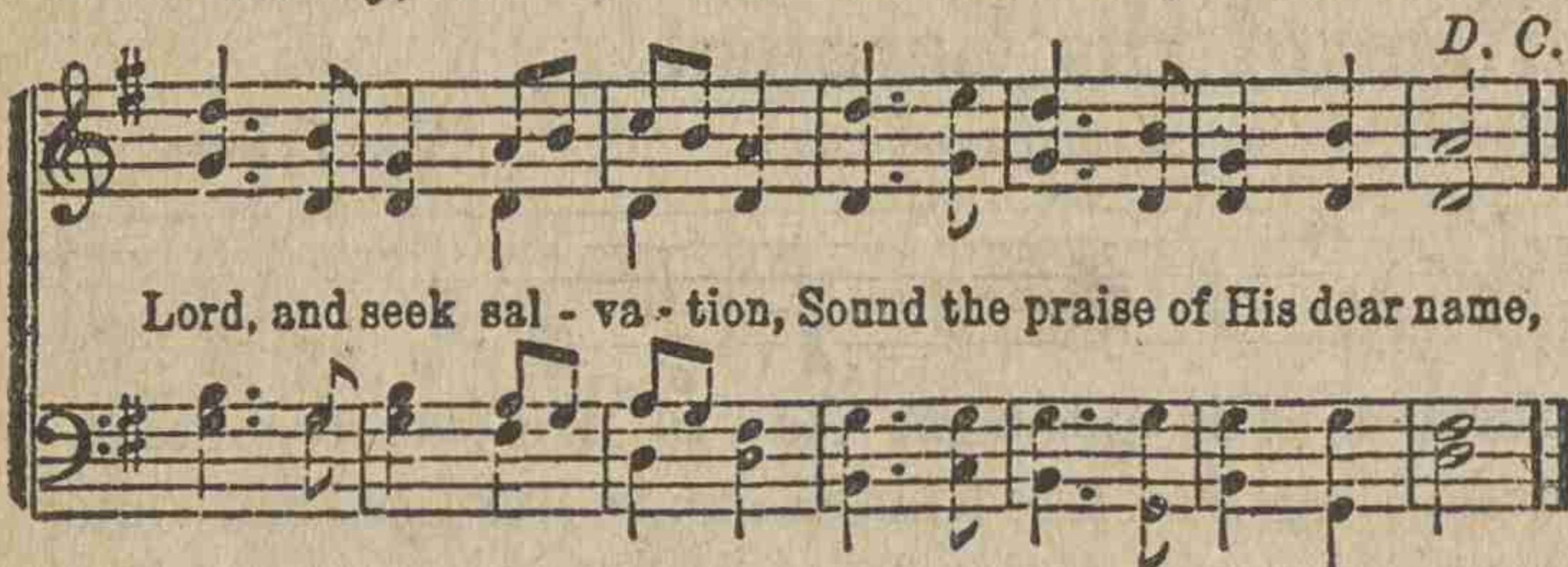
Come, Ye Sinners.

J. Ingalls.

FINE. CHORUS.



D.C.—Glo - ry, hon - or and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.



4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall,
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
 Your Redeemer prostrate lies,
 On the bloody tree behold Him!
 Hear Him cry before He dies.

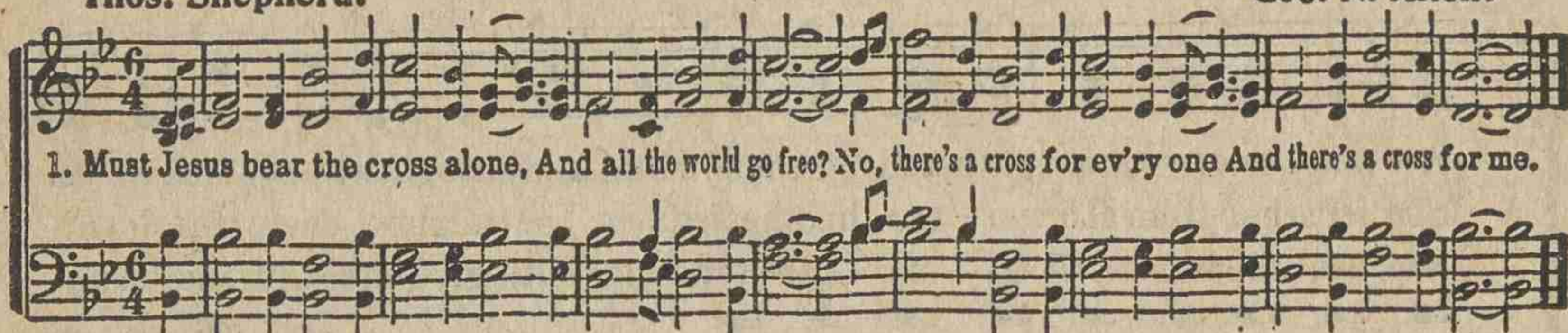
2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings you nigh.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness He requireth
 Is to feel your need of Him.

Thos. Shepherd.

Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone.

Geo. N. Allen.



2 How happy are the saints above,
 Who once went sorrowing here!
 But now they taste unmingled love,
 And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
 Till death shall set me free;
 And then go home my crown to wear,
 For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down,
 At Jesus' pierced feet,
 Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown
 And His dear name repeat.

Ring the Bells of Heaven.

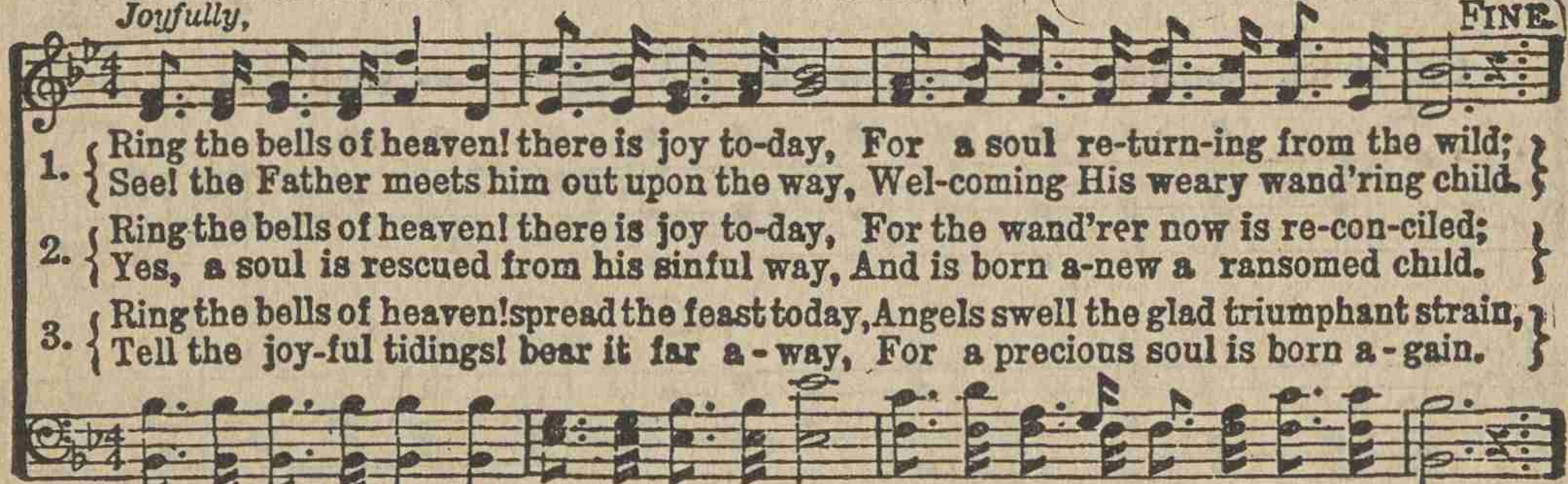
Rev. Wm. O. CUSHING.

Joyfully,

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Geo. F. Root.

FINE



D.C.—'Tis the ransom'd army, like a mighty sea, Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

CHORUS.



The Haven of Rest.

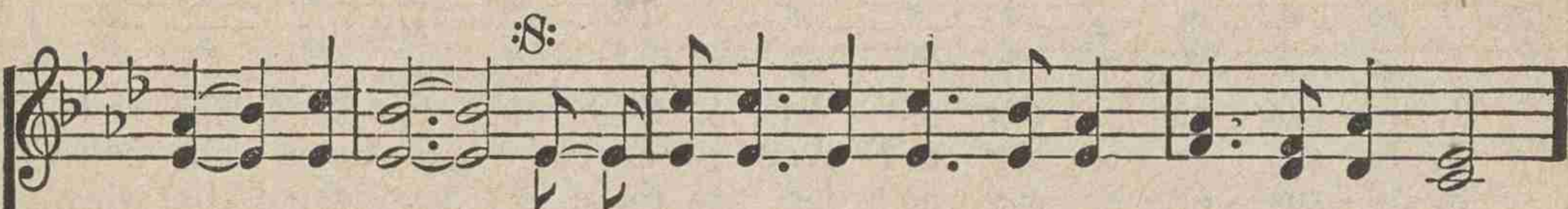
H. L. Gilmour.

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George D. Moore.



1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So burdened with
2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And, faith tak - ing
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old
4. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient - ly waits, To save by His



sim and distrest, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing, "make me your choice."
 hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I an - chored my soul;
 sto - ry so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so - ev - er will have
 pow - er di - vine; Come, anchor your soul in the hav - en of rest,



D.S.—The temp - est may sweep o'er the wild storm - y deep,



FINE. CHORUS.

And I en - tered the ha - ven of rest.
 The ha - ven of rest is my Lord. I've an - chored my soul
 A home in the ha - ven of rest.
 And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."



In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.



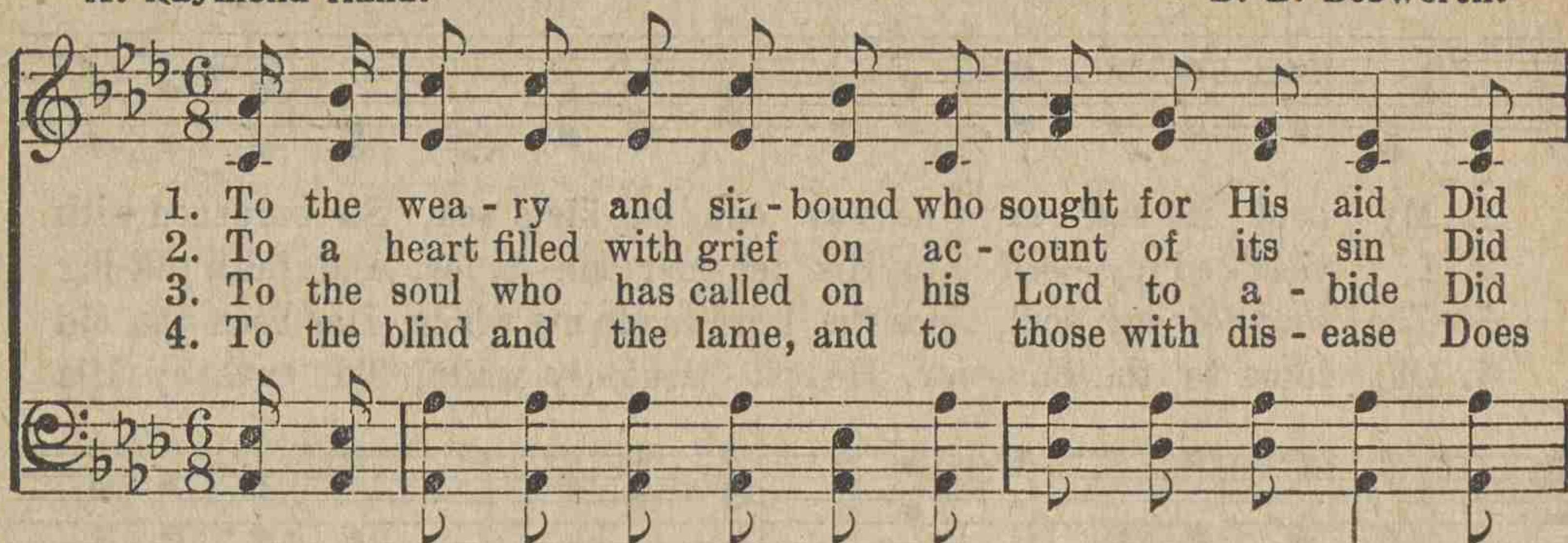
D. S.

in the hav - en of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;




A. Raymond Hand.

B. B. Bosworth.

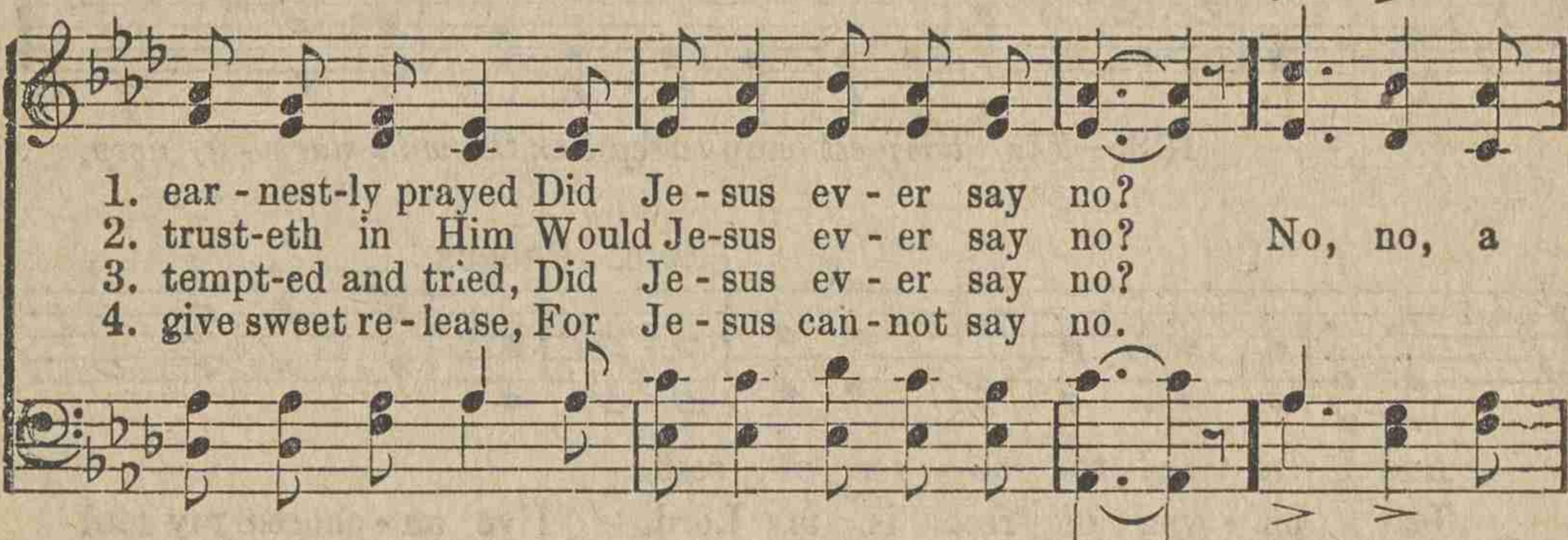


1. To the wea - ry and sin - bound who sought for His aid Did
 2. To a heart filled with grief on ac - count of its sin Did
 3. To the soul who has called on his Lord to a - bid Did
 4. To the blind and the lame, and to those with dis - ease Does



1. Je - sus ev - er say no? And to those who de - sired Him and
 2. Je - sus ev - er say no? And to one who's re - pent - ant and
 3. Je - sus ev - er say no? Or to those who have sought Him when
 4. Je - sus ev - er say no? To all pray - ing in faith He will

CHORUS



1. ear - nest - ly prayed Did Je - sus ev - er say no?
 2. trust - eth in Him Would Je - sus ev - er say no? No, no, a
 3. tempt - ed and tried, Did Je - sus ev - er say no?
 4. give sweet re - lease, For Je - sus can - not say no.



thou - sand times no, Je - sus will nev - er say no; To those turning from




sin, in - vit - ing Him in, Je - sus will nev - er say no.

The Beautiful Land.

F. A. F. White. Arr.

USED BY PERMISSION OF HAROLD F. SAYLES.

Arr. from Mark M. Jones.

M. 50 = .

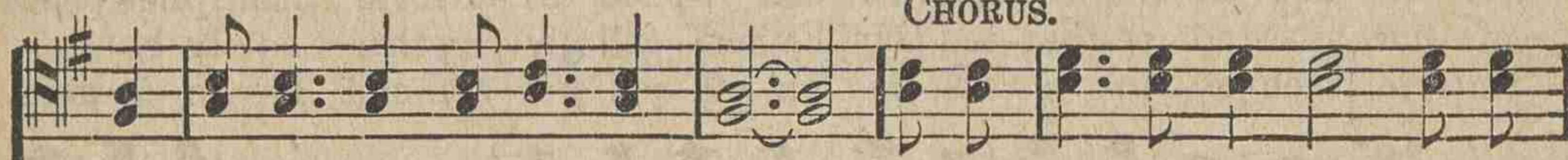
1. I have heard of a land On a far a-way strand—In the Bi - ble the
2. There are ev - er-green trees That bend low in the breeze, And their fruit-age is
3. There's a home in that land, At the Father's right hand; There are mansions whose



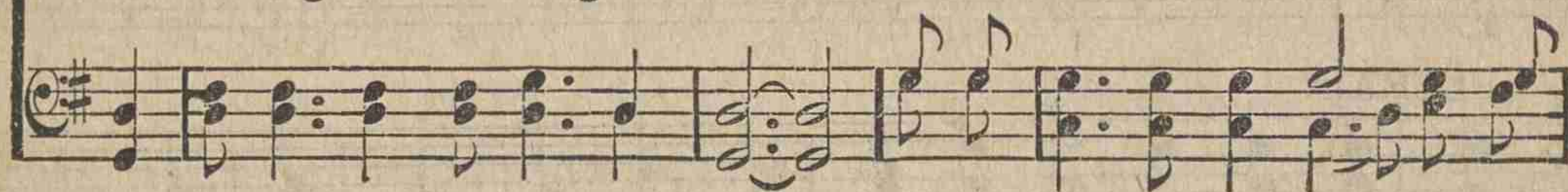
sto - ry is told—Where no sor-row shall come, Nei-ther dark-ness nor gloom,
brighter than gold; There are harps for our hands In that fair - est of lands,
joys are un - told, And per - en - ni - al spring Where the birds ev - er sing,



CHORUS.



And noth-ing there ev - er grows old. In that beau - ti - ful land On a



far a-way strand, No storms with their blasts ever frown; The streets, I am



told, Are paved with pure gold, And the sun shall nev - er go down.



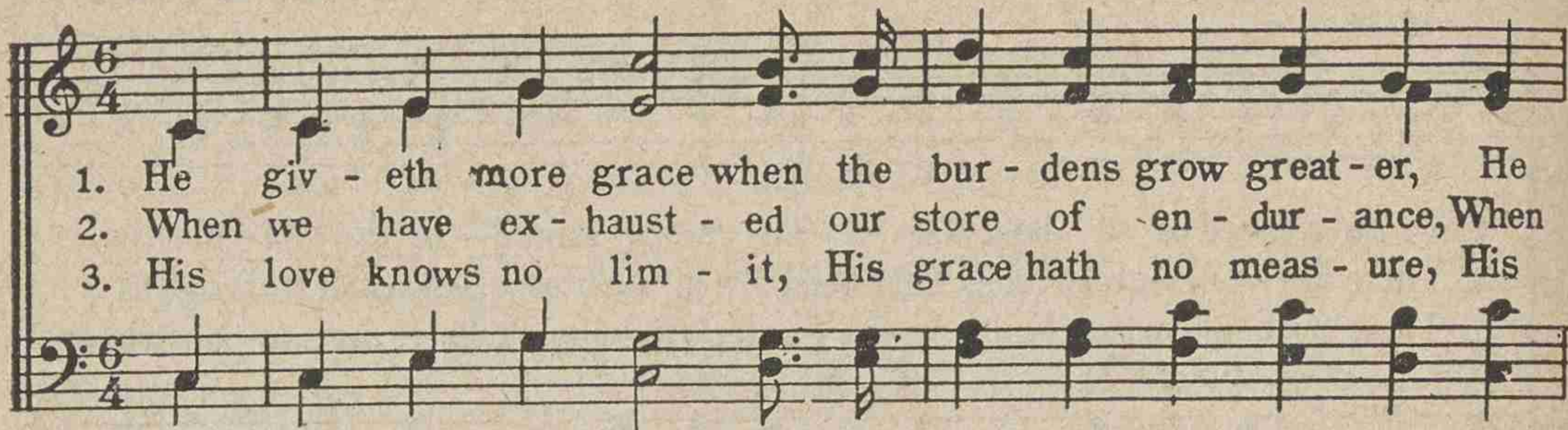
He Giveth More Grace

JAMES 4:6

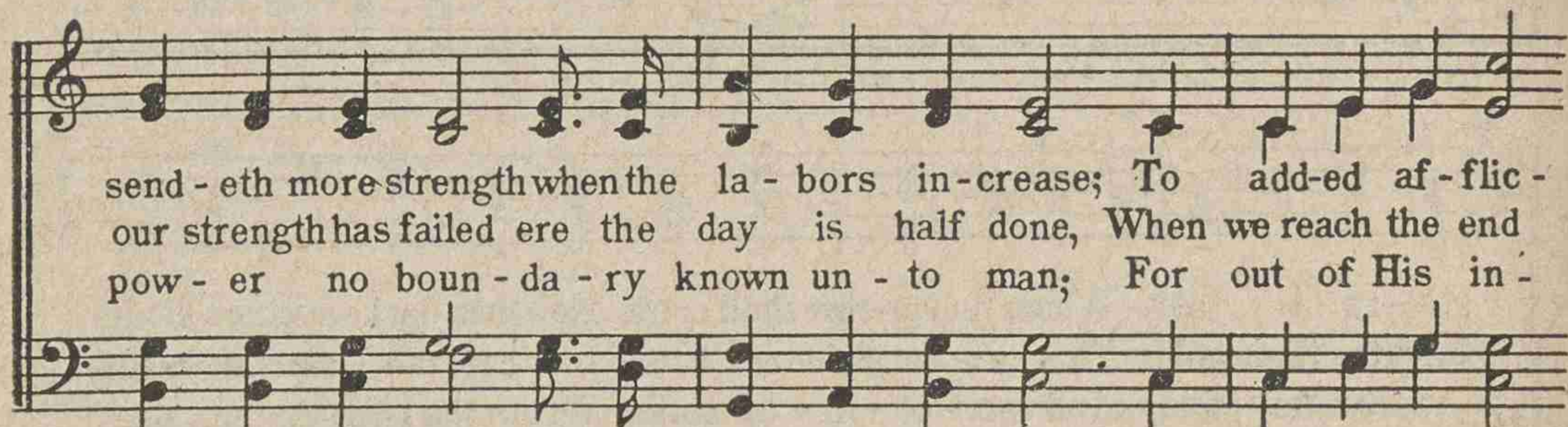
Annie J. Flint

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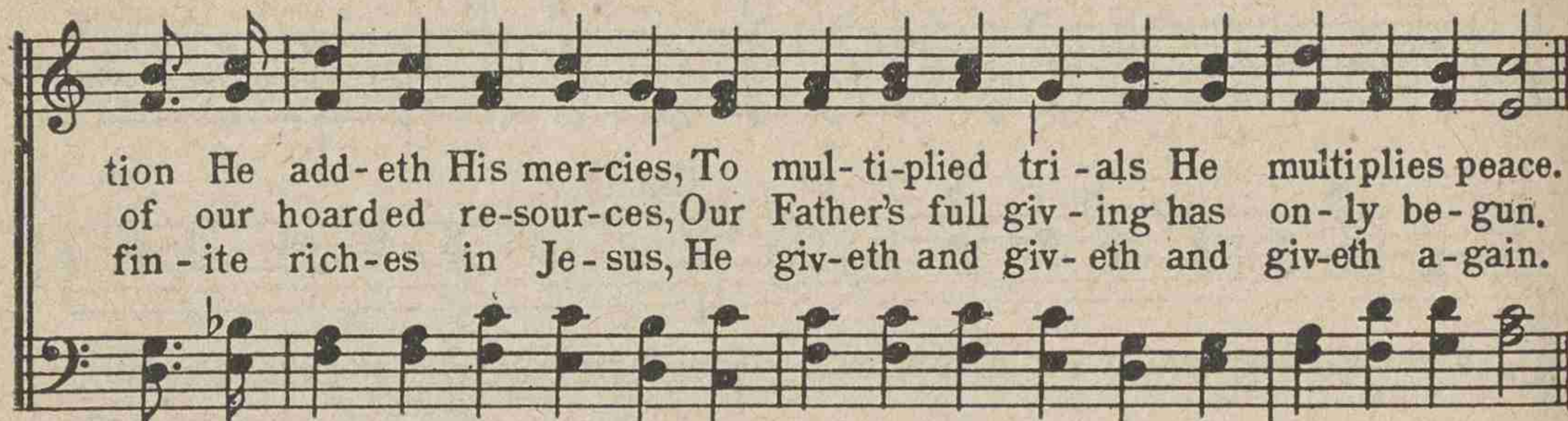
Thoro Harris



1. He giv - eth more grace when the bur - dens grow great - er, He
 2. When we have ex - haust - ed our store of en - dur - ance, When
 3. His love knows no lim - it, His grace hath no meas - ure, His



send - eth more strength when the la - bors in - crease; To add - ed af - flic -
 our strength has failed ere the day is half done, When we reach the end
 pow - er no boun - da - ry known un - to man; For out of His in -



tion He add - eth His mer - cies, To mul - ti - plied tri - als He multiplies peace.
 of our hoarded re - sour - ces, Our Father's full giv - ing has on - ly be - gun.
 fin - ite rich - es in Je - sus, He giv - eth and giv - eth and giv - eth a - gain.

REFRAIN



He giv - eth more grace to His low - ly ones And calls them His



own, His daugh - ters, His sons; What - ev - er the test, Fa - ther



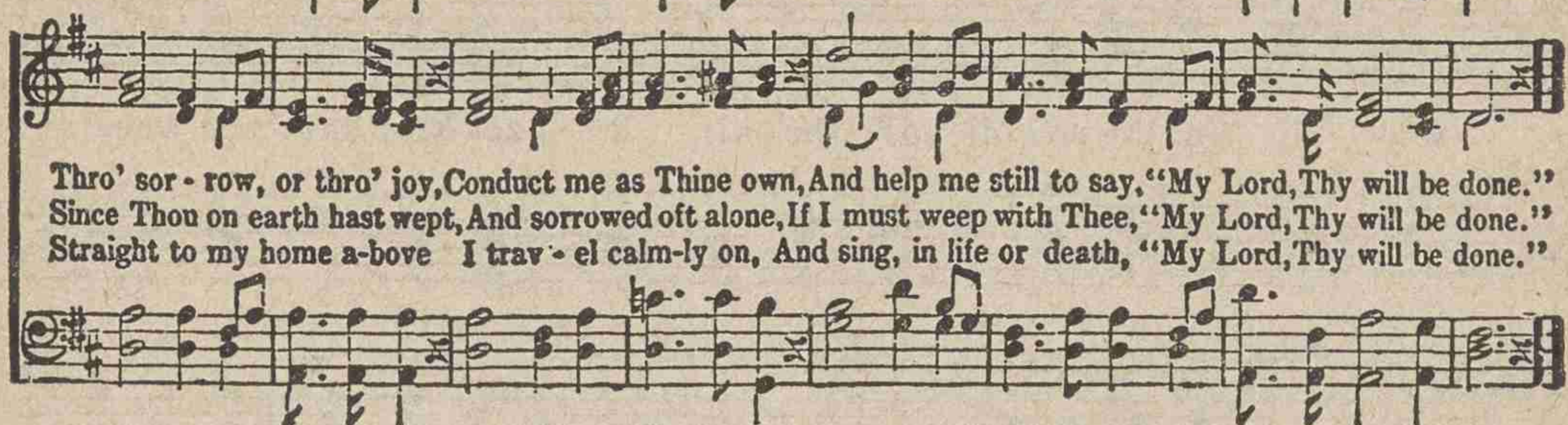
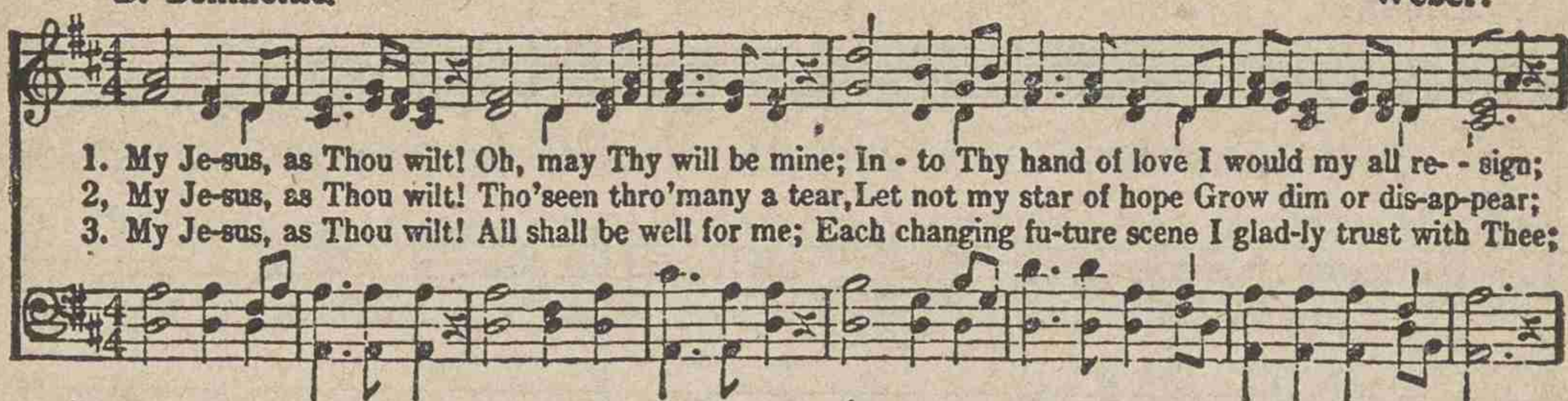
gives them His best, He giv - eth more grace.
 With ev - 'ry temp - ta - tion He giv - eth more grace.

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My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

B. Schmolke.

Weber.

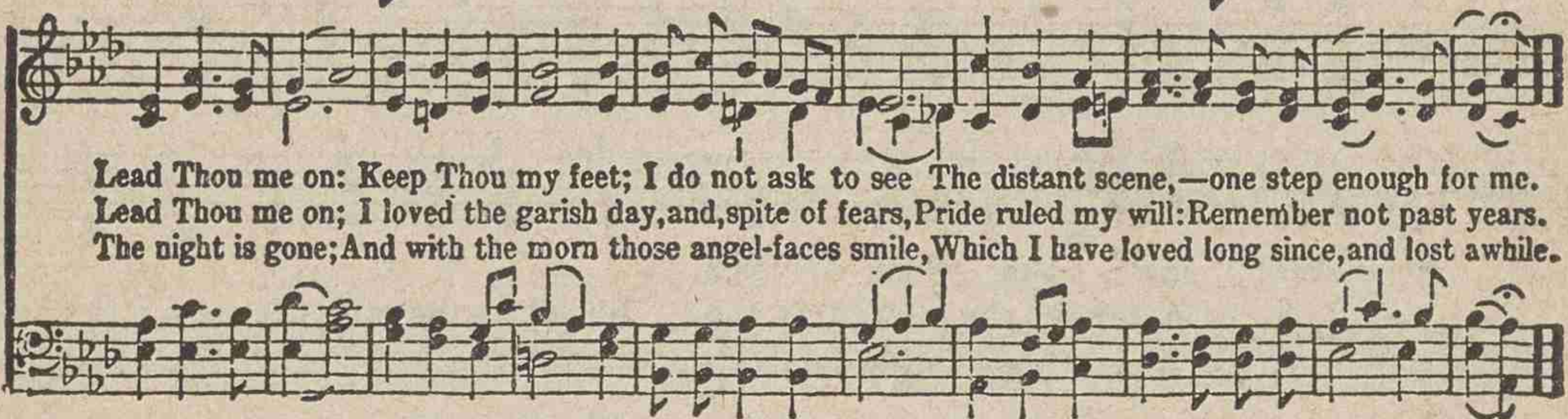


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Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman.

John B. Dykes.

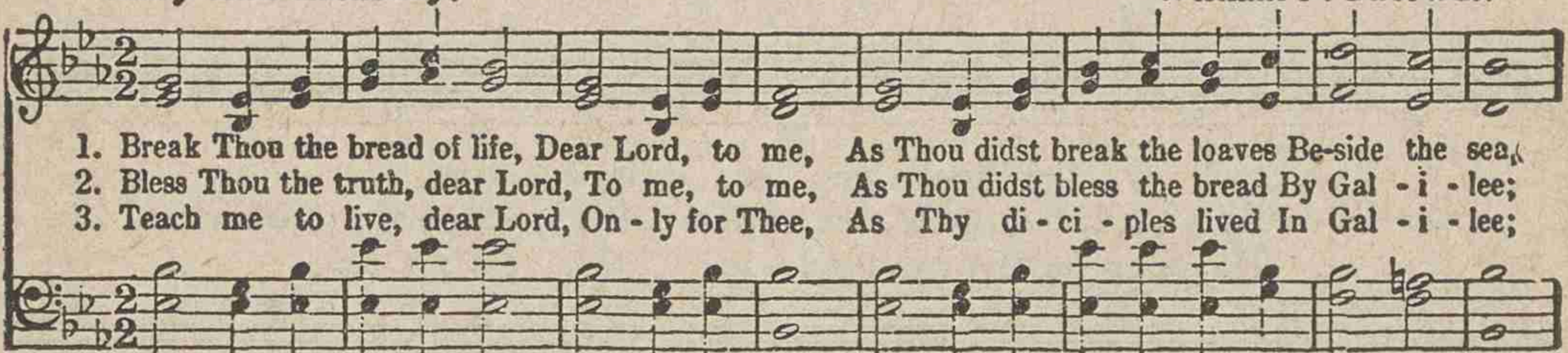


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Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury.

William F. Sherwin.



Ezekiel's Wheel

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Arr. by THORO HARRIS

Andante *presto* [1] [2]

O wheel, wheel in the mid-dle of the air! air! O E - ze kiel saw the wheel

way up in the mid-dle of the air, E - ze-kiel saw the wheel

way in the mid-dle of the air. O the big wheel mov'd by faith, the lit-tle wheel

mov'd by the grace of God; Wheel, O wheel, way in the mid-dle of the air.

ze - kiel saw the wheel of time,
Way up yon-der on the moun-tain top, Wheel in the mid-dle of the
One of these morn - ings bright and fair,

wheel; And ev - 'ry spoke was hu - man kind,
My Lord, He spake, the char - iot - stopp'd, Wheel in the
I'll don my wings and try the air,

[2 *rit.*]

mid-dle of the wheel. Wheel, O wheel way in the mid-dle of the air!

Heavenly Sunlight.

"I am the Light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in the darkness."—John 8:12.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

G. H. COOK.



1. Walk-ing in sun-light, all of my jour-ney; O-ver the moun-tains
 2. Shad-ows a-round me, shad-ows a-bove me, Nev-er con-ceal my
 3. In the bright sun-light, ev-er re-joic-ing, Press-ing my way to



thro' the deep vale; Je-sus has said I'll nev-er for-sake thee,
 Sav-iour and Guide; He is the light, in Him is no dark-ness,
 man-sions a-bove; Sing-ing His prais-es glad-ly I'm walk-ing

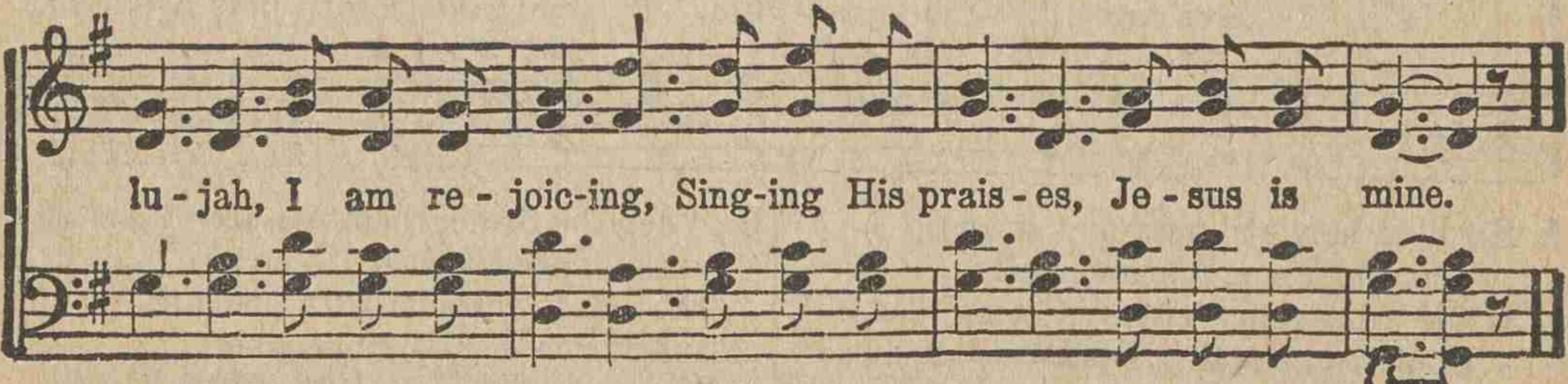
CHORUS.



Prom-ise di-vine that nev-er can fail.
 Ev-er I'm walk-ing close to His side. Heav-en-ly sun-light,
 Walk-ing in sun-light, sun-light of love.



heav-en-ly sun-light; Flooding my soul with glo-ry di-vine: Hal-le-



lu-jah, I am re-joic-ing, Sing-ing His prais-es, Je-sus is mine.

The Marriage Supper.

"Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb."—REV. 19:9.

F. E. R.

F. E. RIMANOCZY.

FINE.

With great expression.

1. { I'm in - vit - ed to a sup - per, 'Tis a mar - riage feast so grand,
 2. { There will be a count - less host of guests, The Bridegroom and the Bride,
 3. { First the Lord Him - self with might - y shout, And thund'ring bu - gle blast,
 4. { Then the wait - ing saints of earth shall rise, With thrill - ing hearts of love,
 5. { I can see I - saiah and A - bra - ham, With flow - ing garments white,
 6. { There are Mo - ses and E - li - jah, Paul, And Je - ri - mi - ah, too,
 7. { In the back - ground my - riad an - gels sit, With shin - ing hearts of gold,
 8. { 'Tis a song of won - drous maj - es - ty, Their swell - ing voic - es sing,

D. C.—So then put your wed - ding gar - ments on, For you can - not do it there,
 (To 2nd End.)

'Tis the great - est of all ban - quets, Ev - er known on sea or land;
 Will announce, "the feast is read - y," Lo, the Bridegroom's come at last;
 And I - saac, Job and Dan - iel there. All crowned with heav'nly light;
 And the rapturous mu - sic which they make, In words can - not be told;

D. S.—There is on - ly one con - di - tion, You must know Redemption's song,—D. C.

And all who to this sup - per go, On shining clouds shall ride.
 And in one grand pro - ces - sion go, To the ban - quet hall a - bove.
 And all the faith - ful mar - tyrs, Who un - to the death were true.
 While the hal - le - lu - jahs of the saints, Make all the heav - en's ring.

The wed - ding bells are soon to ring, You have no time to spare.
 CHORUS.

Yes, I have an in - vi - ta - tion, I can take my friends a - long,

5 Hark! a holy stillness now ensues,
 The angel songs are ceased,
 While a heavenly grace is being asked,
 Upon this wondrous feast;
 See, the man with visage marred but sweet,
 With scars upon His hands,
 Invokes the Father's blessing,
 As with outstretched arms He stands.
 (Omit chorus between last two verses.)


6 When the Bridegroom drops those blessed hands,
 And says the last "Amen,"
 The saints respond with one accord,
 And the angels sing again;
 "Glory, glory be to Him whose blood
 Hath washed us from our sins,"
 And 'midst the splendors of the scene,
 The marriage feast begins.

Jesus is Calling



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T.H.


THORO HARRIS



1. Je - sus is call - ing, Come un - to Me, Come and my faith - ful dis -
 2. Je - sus is call - ing, Take up thy cross, Counting the treasures of
 3. Je - sus is call - ing, 'Tis ev - en - tide, Yet mer - cy's por - tal stands

ci - ple be, Come in the morn - ing's ear - ly glow, Rich the reward thou shalt
 earth but loss; Come in the noon - tide's bus - y hours, Yield to your Maker your
 o - pen wide; Come ere the sun of life be set, Harass'd thy spirit with




REFRAIN



sure - ly know. Hear Him call - ing, O -
 blood - bo't pow'rs. Hear His sweet call, Yield Him your all,
 vain re - gret,




bey His voice; Hear Him
 Hark to His voice (and) Make Him your choice; Trust in the Lord (and)

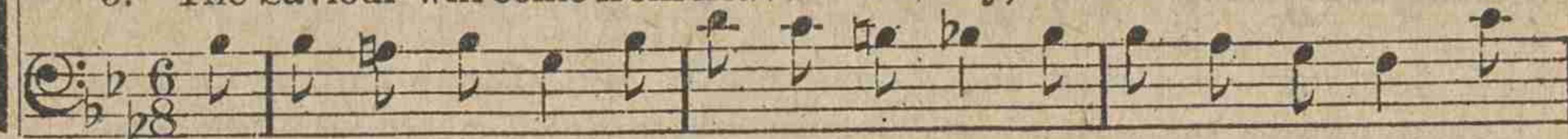



call - ing,
 Lean on His word, Make Him your soul's glad choice.

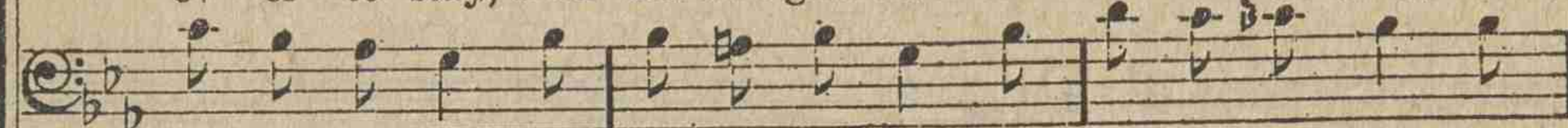




1. Dear Father. I long to lean on thy breast, And find in my soul thy
2. The Holy Ghost comes to dwell in my heart, He comes to - a - bide and
3. The Saviour will come from heaven some day, To take me with him for



won-der-ful rest, And bring to thy throne this need-ful re-quest: That
nev-er de-part, Re-veal-ing to me how ho-ly thou art, And
ev-er to stay, And for that glad hour I earn-est-ly pray, For



REFRAIN.



thou will make me like Je-sus him-self. Like Je-sus him-self, like
makes me still more like Je-sus him-self.
then I shall be like Je-sus him-self.



Je-sus him-self; I long to be just like Je-sus him-self. I



lean on his arm, kept safe from all harm, And long to be just like Jesus him-self.



1. { What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the ev-er-lasting arms; }
What a blessedness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the ev-er-last- } ing arms.
2. { Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev-er-lasting arms; }
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the everlast- } ing arms.
3. { What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-lasting arms; }
I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the everlast- } ing arms.



CHORUS.



Lean - ing. lean - ing. Safe and secure from all alarms; Leaning on the everlasting arms.
Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,




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B. E. W.

1 Pet. 1: 8.


B. E. WARREN.

Lively.


1. I have found His grace is all complete, He sup - pli - eth ev - 'ry need;
 2. I have found the pleasure I once craved, It is joy and peace with - in;
 3. I have found that hope so bright and clear, Liv - ing in the realm of grace;
 4. I have found the joy no tongue can tell, How its waves of glo - ry roll!

While I sit and learn at Je - sus' feet, I am free, yes, free in - deed....
 What a wondrous blessing! I am saved From the aw - ful gulf of sin....
 Oh, the Saviour's presence is so near, I can see His smil - ing face....
 It is like a great o'er - flow - ing well, Springing up with - in my soul....



CHORUS.



It is joy un - speak - a - ble and full of glo - ry, Full of




glo - ry, full of glo - ry; It is joy un - speak - a - ble and




full of glo - ry, Oh, the half has nev - er yet been told.



God Calling Yet.


"I have called, and ye have refused." Prov. 1: 24.

J. BORTHWICK.
Not too fast.


JOHN.



1. God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
 2. God calling yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov - ing voice despise,
 3. God calling yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bondage live?
 4. God calling yet! I can-not stay: My heart I yield with-out de-lay;

Shall life's swift pas-sing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
 And base-ly His kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?
 I wait, but He does not for-sake; He calls me still; my heart a-wake!
 Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God has reach'd my heart!



CHORUS.

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



God is calling yet. God is calling yet, Heed His pleading voice, God is call-ing yet,



God is call - - ing,



God is calling yet, God is calling yet, Sinner, heed His pleading voice.



FREDERICK W. FABER.

HENRI F. HEMY.



1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon,
 2. Our fa - thers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and
 3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in




fire, and sword; O how our hearts beat high with joy
 con - science free; How sweet would be their chil - dren's fate,
 all our strife: And preach thee, too, as love knows how,



CHORUS.



When - e'er we hear that glo - rious word! Faith of our
 If they, like them, could die for thee!
 By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life:




fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!



Shall We Gather at the River?

R. L.

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USED BY PER.

Robert Lowry.



1. Shall we gath-er at the riv-er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod; With its
2. On the mar-gin of the riv-er, Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray; We shall
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv-er, Lay we ev-'ry bur-den down, Grace our
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv-er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease; Soon our



CHORUS.



crys-tal tide for-ev-er Flowing from the throne of God?

walk and worship ev-er, All the hap-py gold-en day.

spir-its will de-liv-er And pro-vide a robe and crown.

hap-py hearts will quiv-er, With the mel-o-dy of peace.

{ Yes, we'll gath-er
Gather with the saints



at the riv-er, The beautiful, the beauti-ful riv-er,

at the riv-er, That

flows from the throne of God.



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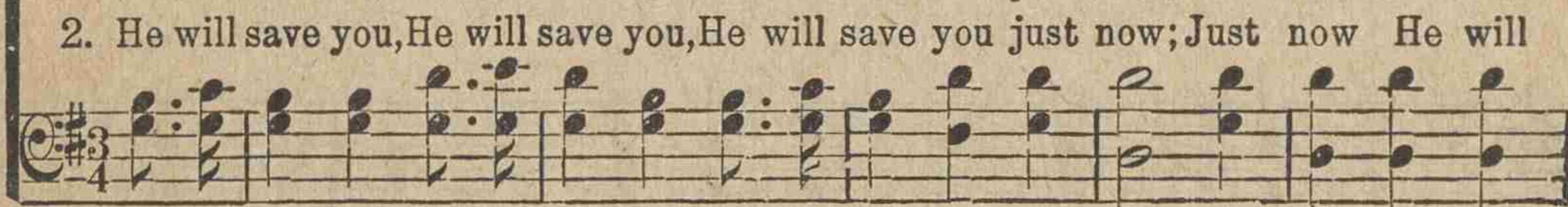
Come to Jesus.

Unknown.

Arr. by E. O. E.



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



Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now.

save you, He will save you just now.



3 He is able.

4 He is willing.

5 Call upon Him.

6 He will hear you.

7 He'll forgive you.

8 He will cleanse you.

9 Jesus loves you.

10 Only trust Him.

Is it Nothing to You?

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"—L^AM. 1: 12.

T. H.

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Thoro Harris.



1. Is it nothing to you that the Highest came From a world of ho - ly light,
2. Is it nothing to you that the King of wo On the cross a ran-som gave?
3. Is it nothing to you? will you heedless stand While your Lord is cru-ci-fied!
4. Is it nothing to you, where once lay the dead Angels roll'd the stone away?
5. Is it nothing to you, whom you now disown In the clouds will soon appear?
6. Is it nothing to you, when this life is past You must trav-el Jordan's road?
7. Is it nothing to you that you may be-come For the truth a bea-con light,



1. And with love a-flame—Blessed be His name! Jesus entered the vale of night?
2. How He suffered so, We may nev-er know, All the sin-ful of earth to save.
3. Thunders deep and grand Pealing thru the land, Nature groans that her God hath died.
4. Death was captive led As with conq'ring tread Christ arose at the break of day.
5. Can you stand alone When before the throne You account for your conduct here?
6. In - to si-lence cast Will you be at last, Or at rest with the saints of God?
7. Pointing those who roam To their Father's home In the land of e-ter-nal light?



REFRAIN.



Is it nothing to you, Ungrateful one? Can you calmly view, Dying, God's dear Son?



Ere you pass Him by, Hear His piercing cry, "Careless soul, is it nothing to you?"



All is Finished

Copyright, 1921, by Thoro Harris

T. H. Vivace

Thoro Harris



1. All is finish'd, al - le - lu - ia! Glo - ry to the Son of God!
the Son, the Son of God!
2. For the lost He made atonement, And the price is ful - ly paid;
of sin is ful - ly paid;
3. Hear the voice of mercy calling, "Weary one, look un - to Me;"
"in faith look un - to Me;"
4. O, this wonder-working gos-pel! They who trust His saving pow'r
Je-ho-vah's sav-ing pow'r



1. Je - sus gave His life a ran-som When He shed His pre-cious blood.
2. All the weight of our trans-gres-sion On His ho - ly head was laid.
3. He who comes this word be-liev-ing, Now is set at lib - er - ty!
4. Are de - liv - er'd from all bond-age, Made a - new this ver - y hour.



CHORUS.



All is fin-ish'd, all is fin-ish'd, Glo-rious vic-t'ry Christ hath won;



All the world may be for-giv-en, For re-demp-tion's work is done.



Hearts Like Thine

Clara M. Brooks

Copyright, 1929, by Thoro Harris

Thoro Harris



1. God, give us hearts to feel for those Who have not seen Thy face,
2. O give us hearts that weep, dear Lord, As in Geth-sem - a - ne
3. True hearts that love, we crave, O Lord, Not self, but those in need;
4. For hearts that pray, we ask Thee, Lord; That cry till ear - ly dawn
5. God give us ho - ly hearts like Thine, That weep and love and pray,



1. Who have not felt Thy ten-der touch Nor known Thy pard'ning grace;
2. Thy tears be-dew'd the shad'wy ground For souls a - stray from Thee:
3. Well-fraught with balm of oil and wine, And swift in gold - en deed;
4. For cap-tive souls in tombs of sin Whence hope's last ray hath flown,
5. That feel for those dis - con - so - late, Grown wea - ry on life's way;



1. Kind hears of sympathy that share Their sor-rows as we hum-bly kneel
2. A soothing fount for wea - ry ones As-cend-ing life's rough highway steep,
3. That seek the wand'ring lambs that stray Far from Thy shelt'ring fold a-bove;
4. Till heav'nly beams expel their gloom, Till breaks the welcome light of day,
5. O fill us with com-pas-sion deep And lov-ing sym-pa-thy di - vine,



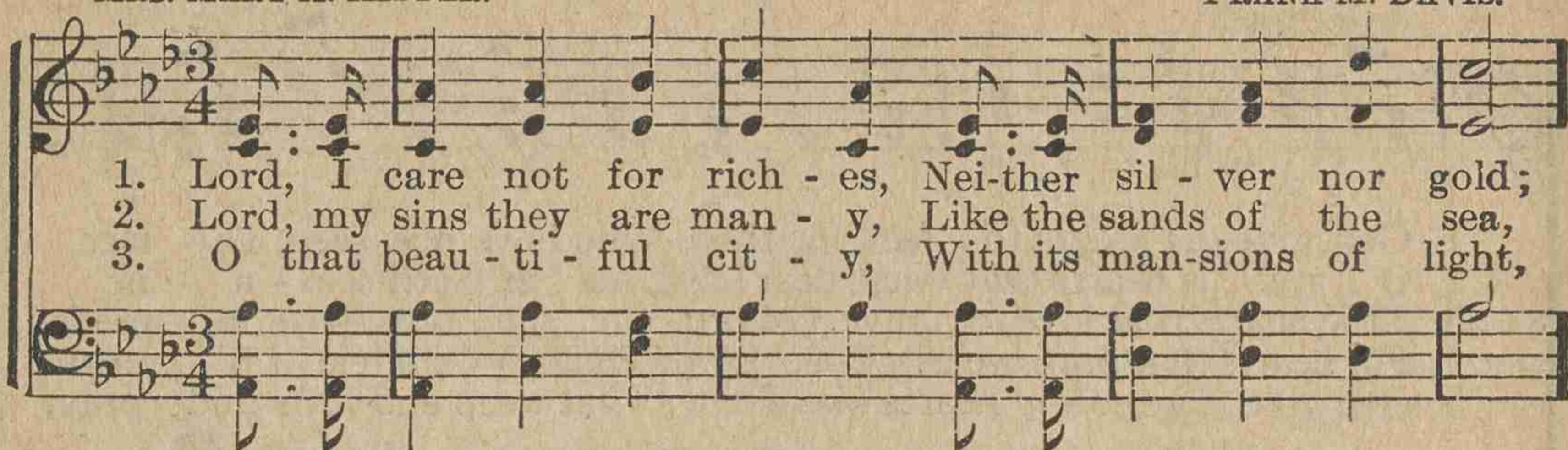
1. Be - f ore Thy throne in fer-vent pray'r: God give us hearts that feel!
2. With broken hearts, unheal'd, that mourn: God give us hearts that weep!
3. That bear them home in bleed-ing arms: God, give us hearts that love!
4. Till an - gels' hands un - seal the tomb; God give us hearts that pray!
5. Till round the world we send Thy balm! God give us hearts like Thine!



Is My Name Written There?

MRS. MARY A. KIDDER.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Nei-ther sil - ver nor gold;
 2. Lord, my sins they are man - y, Like the sands of the sea,
 3. O that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its man-sions of light,



I would make sure of heav - en, I would en - ter the fold.
 But Thy blood, O my Sav - iour! Is suf - fi - cient for me;
 With its glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure gar - ments of white;

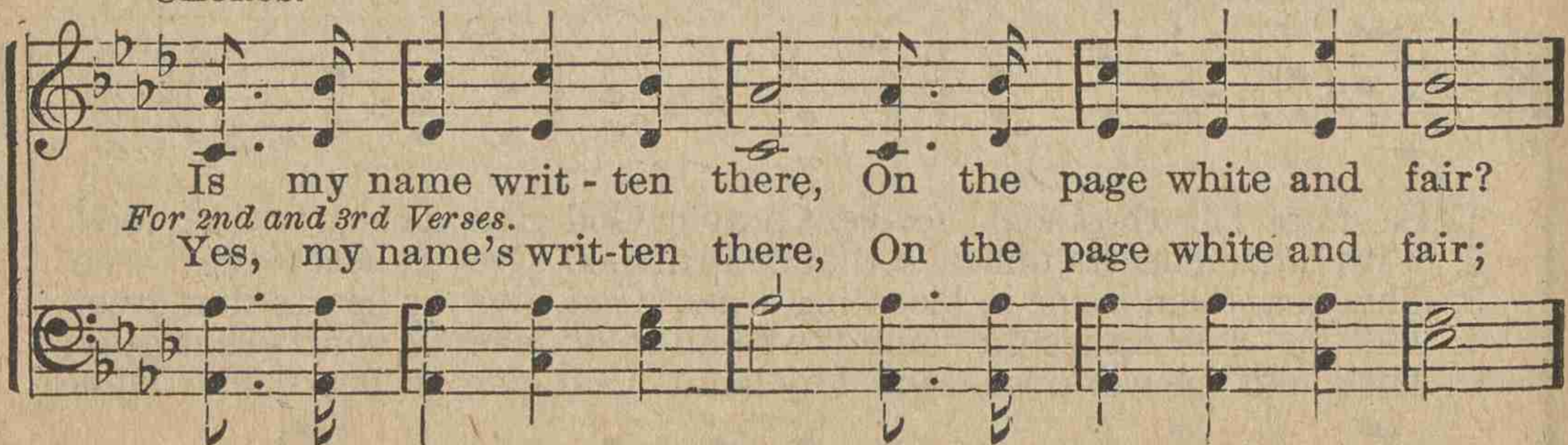


In the book of Thy king - dom, With its pa - ges so fair,
 For Thy prom - ise is writ - ten, In bright let - ters that glow,
 Where no e - vil thing com - eth, To de - spoil what is fair;



Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Is my name writ - ten there?
 "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, I will make them like snow."
 Where the an - gels are watch - ing, Yes, my name's writ - ten there.

CHORUS.



Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?
For 2nd and 3rd Verses.
 Yes, my name's writ - ten there, On the page white and fair;



In the book of Thy king - dom, Is my name writ - ten there?
In the book of Thy king - dom Yes, my name's writ - ten there.

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Where He Leads Me.

EDWARD W. BLANDLY.

P. P. BLISS, Alt.



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

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



Sav - iour call - ing, I can hear my Sav - iour
through the gar - den, I'll go with Him through the
grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and

I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will



call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol - low, fol - low me."
gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

CHORUS D. C.

Take Me as I Am.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON.

(Har. by W. J. K.)

REV. JNO. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Un - less thou help me, I must die;
 2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet thy blood for me was spilt;
 3. No prep - a - ra - tion can I make, My best re - solves I on - ly break;
 4. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove;
 5. If thou hast work for me to do, In - spire my will, my heart renew,
 6. And when at last the work is done, The bat - tle o'er, the vic - t'ry won;

Oh, bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
 And thou canst make me what thou wilt, But take me as I am!
 Yet save me for thine own name's sake, And take me as I am!
 But since to thee I can - not move, Oh, take me as I am!
 And work both in and by me too, But take me as I am!
 Still, still my cry shall be a - lone, Lord, take me as I am!

D.S.—bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!

REFRAIN. D.S.
 Take me as I am, Take me as I am; Oh,

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer.

Lowell Mason.

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

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

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IDA M. BUDD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Leav-ing all to fol-low Je-sus, Turn-ing from the world a-way,
2. Naught-re-serv-ing, on the al-tar All I lay, and wait the hour
3. Tak-ing up the cross of Je-sus, Glad for him to suf-fer shame,
4. Praise his precious name for-ev-er That his blood hath made me free!



Step-ping out up-on the prom-ise, All I have is his to-day.
 When the fire from heav'n de-scend-ing Shall at-test his glo-rious pow'r.
 All my gain I count but loss-es For the glo-ry of [his name.
 Now my soul shall joy to tell it, Thro' the long e-ter-ni-ty.



CHORUS.



Leav-ing all to fol-low Je-sus, Turn-ing
 Leav-ing all to fol-low, fol-low Je-sus,



from the world a-way,..... Step-ping out up-
 Turn-ing, turn-ing from the world a-way, Step-ping out up-



on his prom-ise, All I have is his to-day.
 on his bless-ed prom-ise,



What You Are.

Word and music copyright, 1922, by Mrs. H. S. Lehman.

Mrs. H. S. L.

Mrs. H. S. Lehman.

1. If you have named the name of Je - sus, If you're known as one of
 2. Walk wor-thy of your ho - ly call - ing, Bring praise to His bless - ed
 3. Your life may be a life of vic - t'ry, If yield - ed to Him a-

His; (as one of His;) Re - mem-ber that the world is watch - ing To
 name, (His bless-ed name,) Lest He, thro' you, should be dis - hon - ored, And
 lone; (to Him a - lone;) Your work, the Mas-ter said, shall prove you, And,

CHORUS.

see how your vic - t'ry is. (your vic - t'ry is.) What you are
 your deed should bring Him shame. (should bring Him shame.)
 by it, you shall be known. (you shall be known.) O what you are

speaks so loud That the world can't hear what you
 it speaks so loud

What You Are. Concluded.

say;..... They're look-ing at your walk, not list'ning to your
what you say;

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and bass staff in B-flat major (two flats). The melody in the treble staff begins with a half note G4, followed by a dotted half note G4, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes descending to F3. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

talk, They're judg-ing from your ac - tions ev - 'ry day.....
yes, ev - 'ry day.

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues with a series of eighth notes and a final half note G4. The bass staff continues with its accompaniment.

Don't be - lieve you'll de - ceive..... By
O don't be - lieve that you'll de - ceive

The third system of musical notation. The melody features a half note G4, a dotted half note G4, and then a series of eighth notes descending to F3. The bass staff continues with its accompaniment.

claim-ing what you've nev - er known;.... They'll ac - cept what they see
nev - er known;

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues with a series of eighth notes and a final half note G4. The bass staff continues with its accompaniment.

and know you to be, They'll judge from your life a - lone.

The fifth and final system of musical notation. The melody concludes with a half note G4. The bass staff concludes with its accompaniment.

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T. H.

He Satisfies My Soul.

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Thoro Harris.

1. My heart was sad and wea - ry Till Je - sus took me in; He cheered my
 2. The world no more can charm me, Her joys no lon - ger please, Nor ter - rors
 3. This sto - ry of sal - va - tion My tongue with rapture sings; All praise and

CHORUS

life so drear-y, He saved me from my sin.
 can a-larm me—God gives release from these. O glo - ry, hal - le - lu-jah! He
 ad - o - ra - tion To Je - sus, King of kings!

sat - is - fies my soul; I'm in the heights of Beu-lah Where praises ev - er roll.

219

T. H.

Steal Away.

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Arr. by Thoro Harris.

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

FINE.

1. Mer-cy is call-ing, Her ac-cents soft-ly
 home, For heaven waits to save you. 2. Your heart is bursting, For God your soul is
 3. Still He is pleading, For sin-ners in - ter-

Steal Away.

D. C.



fall - ing; The Spir-it speaks within your soul, 'Tis time to seek sal - va - tion.
 thirsting; His Spir-it speaks; o-bey the call, 'Tis time to seek sal - va - tion.
 ced - ing; His Spir-it speaks, do not de-lay, 'Tis time to seek sal - va - tion.

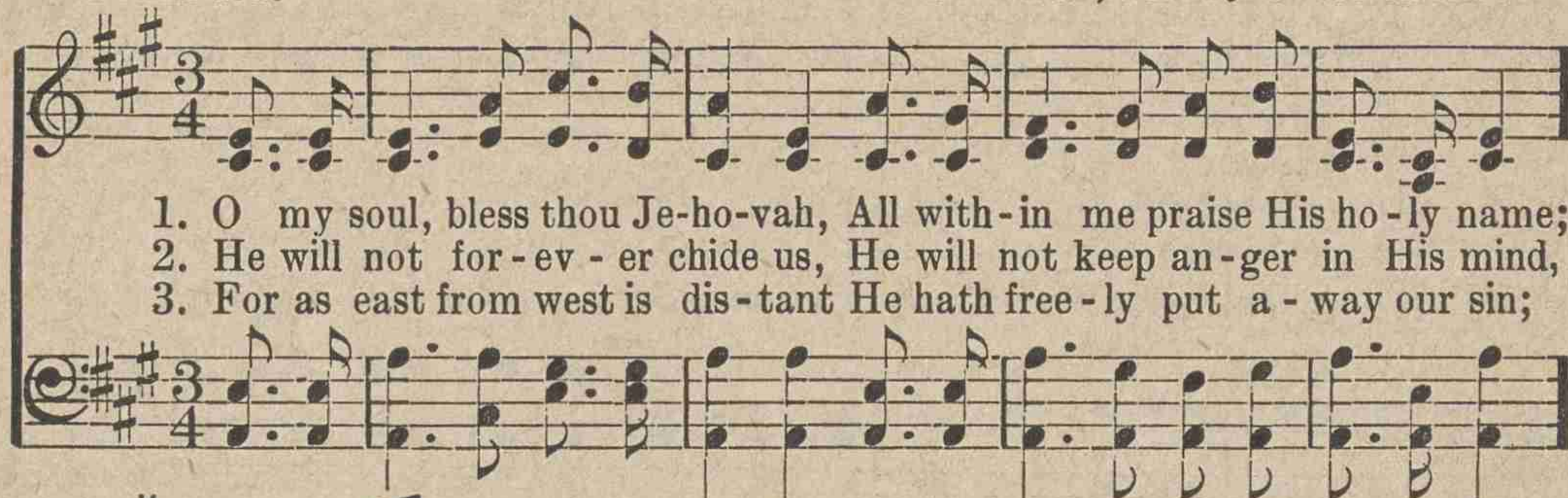
220

Bless Jehovah.


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Psalm 103.

Donezetti, arr. by Thoro Harris.



1. O my soul, bless thou Je-ho-vah, All with-in me praise His ho-ly name;
 2. He will not for-ev-er chide us, He will not keep an-ger in His mind,
 3. For as east from west is dis-tant He hath free-ly put a-way our sin;



Bless Je - ho - vah and for - get not All His mer - cies to pro - claim.
 Nor hath dealt as we of - fend - ed, Nor re - ward - ed as we sinn'd.
 Like the pit - y of a Fa - ther Hath the Lord's compassion been.

CHORUS



For as high.....as is the heav-en Far a - bove.... the earth be - low,
 For as high Far a-bove



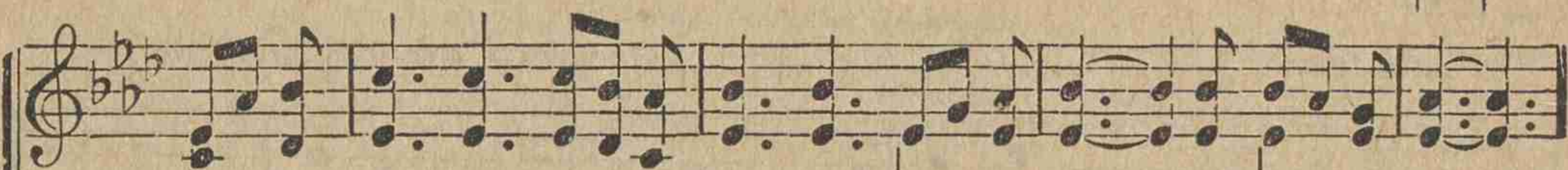
Ev-er great to them that fear Him Is the tender mer-cy He will ev - er show.

P. P. BLISS.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er And His wond'rous love to me;
2. I will tell the wondrous sto-ry, How my lost es-tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Redeemer, His tri-umph-ant pow'r I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'nly love to me;



On the cru-el cross He suffered, From the curse to set me free.
 In His boundless love and mercy, 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 Redeemer, Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem-er, With His



blood He pur-chased me, On the
 blood He purchased me, He purchased me, He purchased me; On the



With His blood



cross He sealed my par - don, Paid the
 cross He sealed my par-don, On the cross He sealed my par - don, Paid the



By permission.

My Redeemer.—Concluded.

Repeat pp after last verse.

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

222

More Than Gold.

ARRANGEMENT OWNED BY THORO HARRIS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Arr. by T. H.

T. H., Arr.

1. A lit - tle man of whom we read, Who lived in days of old,
2. It was up - on a cer - tain day This lit - tle man was told
3. But Zac-cheus was not tall; and he Could scarce-ly aught be - hold;
4. When Je - sus saw him in the tree, He cried with ac - cents bold,
5. And so to - day He's call - ing still; Come, en - ter Je - sus' fold;

Tho' he was rich, yet felt the need Of something more than gold.
That Je - sus Christ would pass that way With something more than gold.
So he climbed up a syc-a-more tree For something more than gold.
"Come down; and I will prove to thee There's something more than gold."
He on - ly has the pow'r to heal—And this is more than gold.

CHORUS.

O yes, O yes, there's something more, There's something more than gold;
To know your sins are un - der the blood Is some-thing more than gold.

The March of Zion's King.

May be used as march for any occasion. Let Bass or Tenor voice sing Solo.

C. P. J.

Behold, He cometh with clouds.—Rev. 1: 7.

C. P. Jones.

Allegretto.

1. { List to the sound of the trum-pet, 'Tis the com-ing of the King!
Lift up your heads ye pil-grims, There's a mes-sage from the sky;
2. { O what a weep-ing and wail-ing, From a-mong the sin-ful throng!
It is their hour of judg-ment and the judge of earth and sky,
3. { List to the sound of the trum-pet! 'Tis the year of ju-bi-lee!
It is the march of the Sav-ior, Come the church's tears to dry,



List how the saints are shout-ing, and the ver-y heav-ens ring.
They have no part for-ev-er in the saints' re-demp-tion song.
And this old earth from op-pres-sion shall a thou-sand years be free;



'Tis the hour of your re-demp-tion, And the King is nigh.
Cloth'd in the robes of ven-geance Draw-eth nigh, yes, nigh.
'Tis the hal-le-lu-jah morn-ing, For the King is nigh.



Lo, He comes! Lo, He comes! Lo, He comes! Coming to earth a-gain!
Hear the glad cry! Lo, He comes! Behold Him nigh!



Shout ye ran-somed! hail the com-ing of the King! (of the King!)

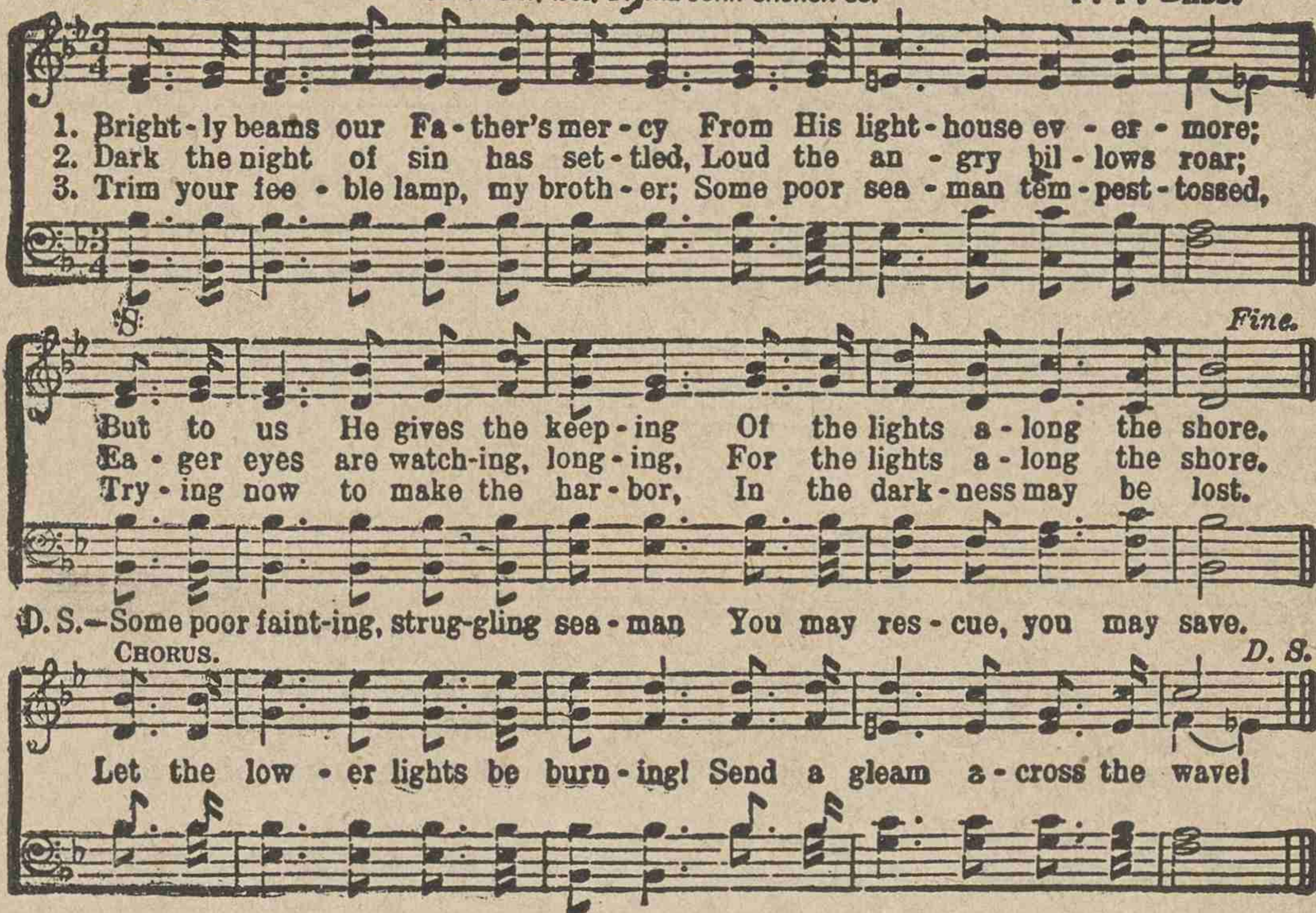


224 Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

P. P. B.

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P. P. Bliss.



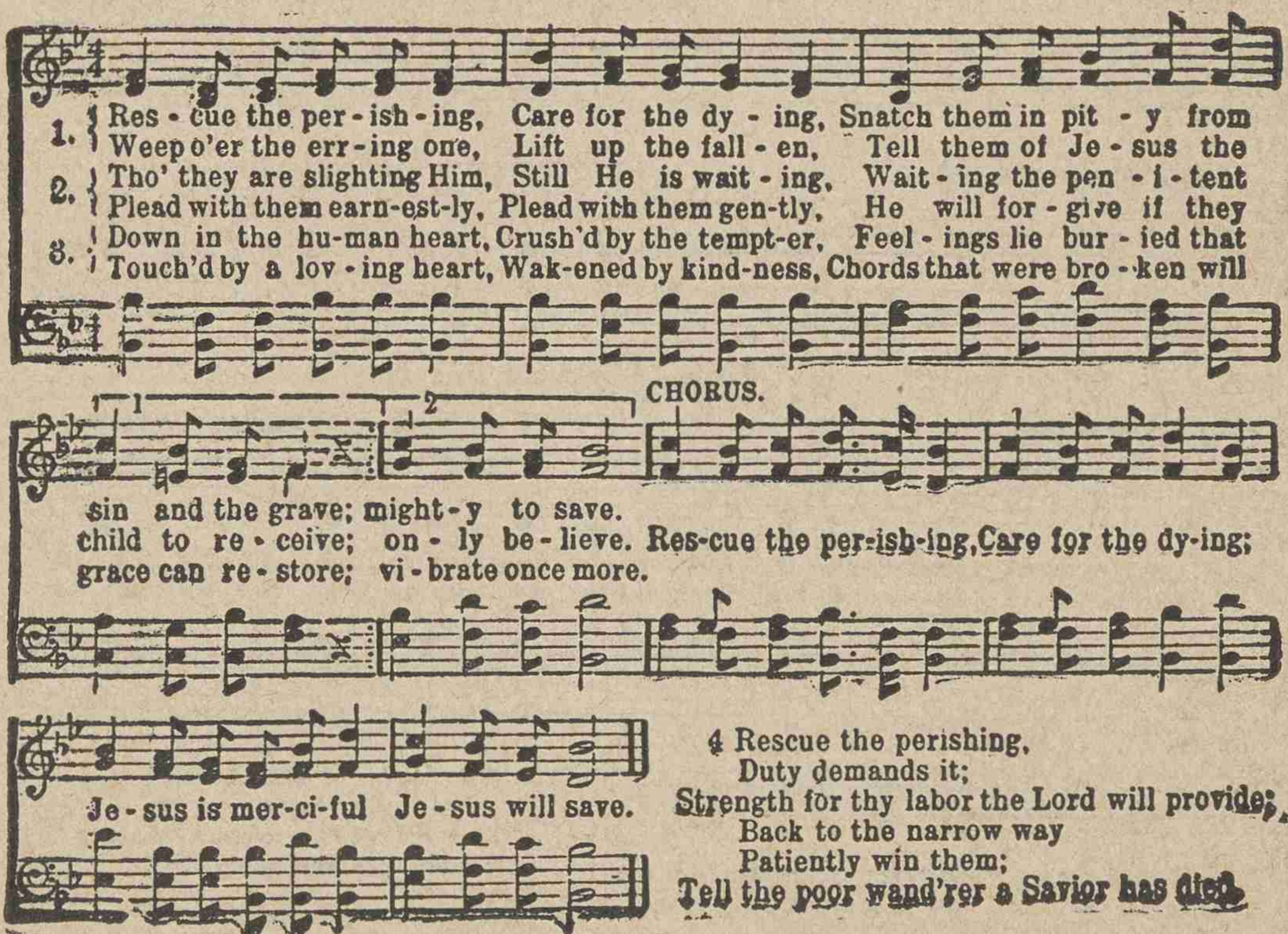
1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev-er-more;
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er; Some poor sea-man tem-pest-tossed,
But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.
D. S.—Some poor faint-ing, strug-gling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.
CHORUS.
Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wavel

225 Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby.

PROPERTY OF W. H. DOANE.

W. H. Doane.



1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall-en, Tell them of Je-sus the
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent Plead with them earn-est-ly, Plead with them gen-tly, He will for-give if they
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crush'd by the tempt-er, Feel-ings lie bur-ied that Touch'd by a lov-ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness, Chords that were bro-ken will
CHORUS.
sin and the grave; might-y to save.
child to re-ceive; on-ly be-lieve. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing;
grace can re-store; vi-brate once more.
Je-sus is mer-ci-ful Je-sus will save.
4 Rescue the perishing.
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wand'rer a Savior has died

226

Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

E. D. Mund.

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E. S. Lorenz.

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
 2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shad-ows cast;
 3. Let shadows come, let shad-ows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

One tho't re-mains su - preme-ly sweet: Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
 Their gloom re-minds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
 I am con-tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

D.S.—What need I fear when Thou art near, And think-est, Lord, of me?

CHORUS.

D. S.

Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me,
 of me, of me, of me,

227

In the Cross.

John Bowring.

Ithamar Conkey.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the

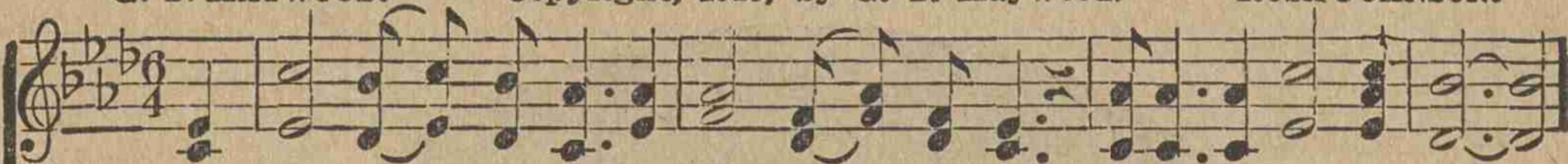
ea - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.
 cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

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

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

G. T. HAYWOOD.

Copyright, 1915, by G. T. Haywood.

Music arranged by
ROSA JOHNSON.

1. Do you know Je-sus, Our Lord, our Sav-ior, Je-sus, the Son of God?..
2. God gave Him a ransom, Our souls to re-cov-er; Je-sus, the Son of God...
3. O who would reject Him, De-spise, or forsake Him, Je-sus, the Son of God?..
4. If you will ac-cept Him And trust and believe Him, Je-sus, the Son of God,...
5. Then some day from heaven, On clouds of bright glory, Je-sus, the Son of God,.



Have you ev-er seen Him, Or shared of His fa-vor? Je-sus, the Son of
His blood made us wor-thy His Spir - it to hov-er; Je-sus, the Son of
O who ev-ersought Him, And He would not take Him? Je-sus, the Son of
Your soul will ex-alt Him, And never will leave Him; Je-sus, the Son of
Will come for His jew-els, Most prec-ious and ho-ly, Je-sus, the Son of



D. S.— How I a-dore Thee! \approx O, how I love Thee! Je-sus, the Son of

FINE. REFRAIN.

D. S.



God. O sweet won-der! O sweet won-der! Je-sus, the Son of God;..



Isaac Watts.

Hugh Wilson.



1. Alas! and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sovereign die? Would He devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?



- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| <p>2. Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!</p> | <p>3. Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut His glories in, [died,
When Christ, the mighty Maker,
For man, the creature's sin.</p> | <p>4. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.</p> |
|--|---|--|

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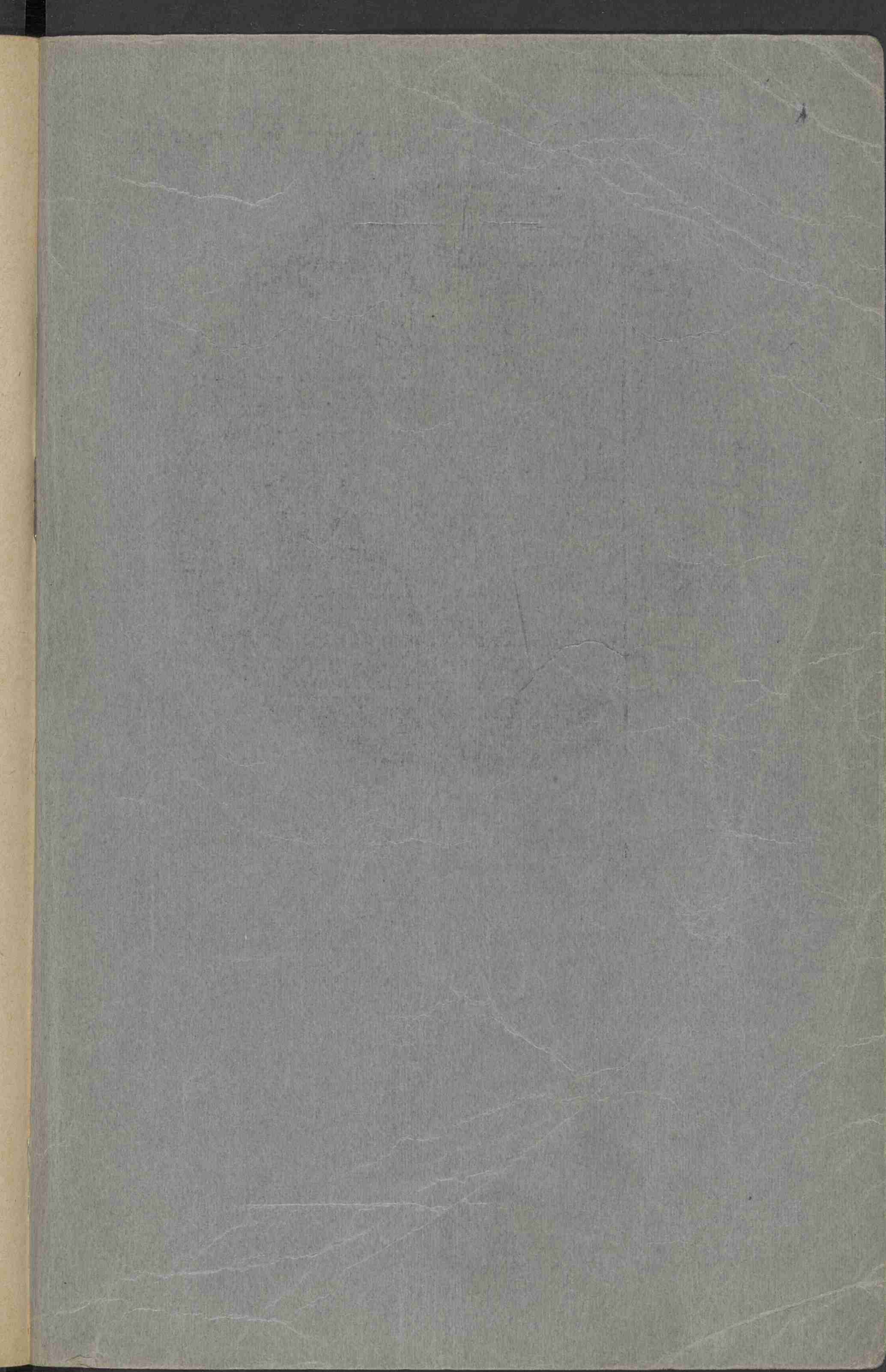
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| 101 It's Real.
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Walk In Jerusalem Just Like
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| 102 He's Coming Back Again.
Hallelujah Side. | 109 Don't Turn Him Away.—Duet.
My Soul Is a Witness for My
Lord. |
| 103 I'm Glad That Jesus Won.
How They Crucified My Lord. | 110 I Am With You.
Wheel, O Wheel. |
| 104 Hide You In the Blood.
Good-by, Pharaoh. | 111 So May You.
Jesus Will. |
| 105 I Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray.
Duet, We Shall Shine As the
Stars. | 112 The Hornet Song.
Cross, Crown and Throne. |
| 106 Preacher on the Fence. | 113 Jesus Remembers You.
Shine for Jesus. |
| 107 Serving the Lord In My Weak
Way.
Standing In the Need of
Prayer. | 114 The Radio Song.—Grumblers.
115 The Devil's No Relation.—Calling Thee. |

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A PSALM OF PRAISE

Praise ye the Lord.
Praise God in his
sanctuary: praise him
in the firmament of
his power. ~ ~ ~
Praise him for his mighty acts:
praise him according to his
excellent greatness. ~ ~ ~
Praise him with the sound
of the trumpet: praise him
with the psaltery and harp:
Praise him with the timbrel
and dance: praise him with
stringed instruments and
organs. ~ ~ ~
Praise him upon the loud
cymbals: praise him upon
the high sounding cymbals.
Let everything that hath
breath praise the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord. ~