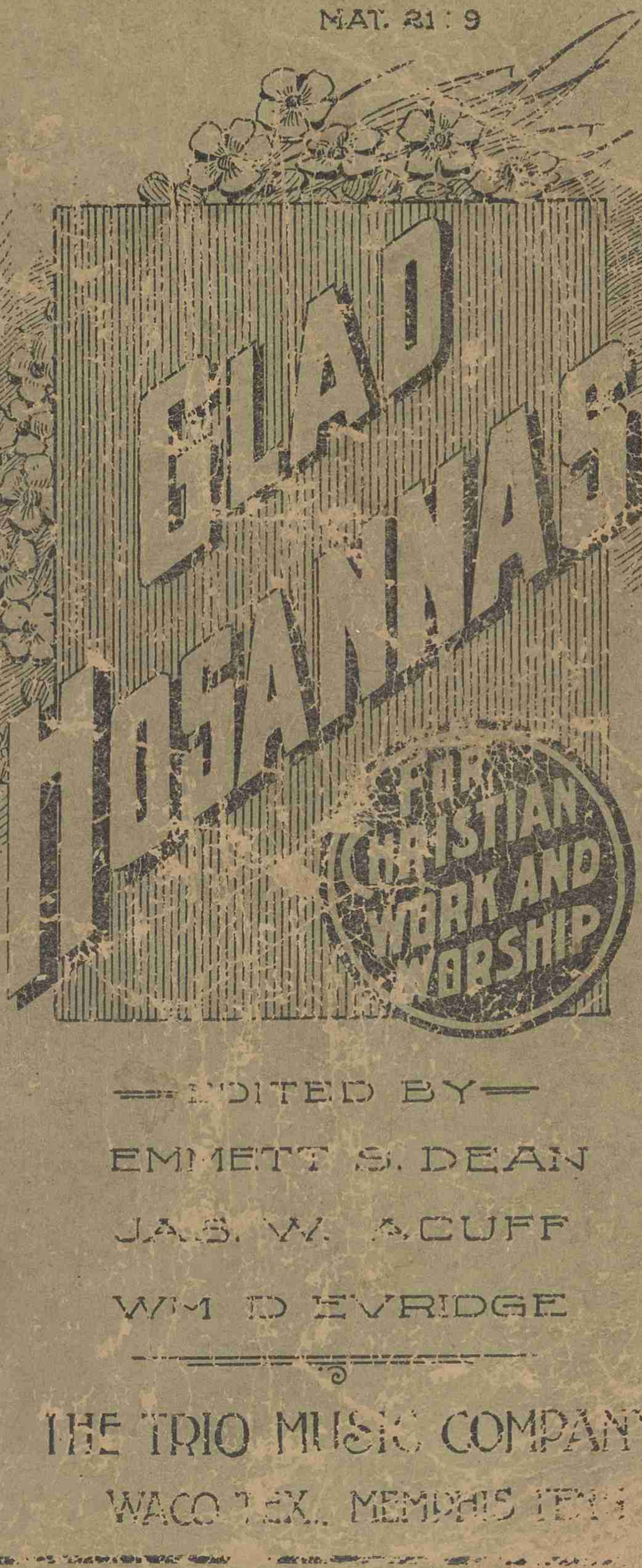
.....HOSANNA TO THE
SON OF DAVID.

MAT. 21 : 9



HOSANNA

CHRISTIAN WORK AND WORSHIP

EDITED BY

EMMETT S. DEAN

J.A.B. W. ACUFF

WM D EVRIDGE

THE TRIO MUSIC COMPANY

WACO TEX., MEMPHIS TENN

Parish Church

SP-000644a

Glad Hosannas

A WINNOWED COLLECTION

OF

NEW AND OLD SONGS

FOR

CHRISTIAN WORK AND WORSHIP

EDITED BY

EMMETT S. DEAN,
JAS. W. ACUFF,
Wm. D. EVRIDGE.

Prices { Boards: 30c each; $3.25 per dozen. prepaid.
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WACO, TEXAS. MEMPHIS, TENN.

. . . Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest.

St. Matt. 21:9.

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

St. Matt. 11:28, 29.

And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst Come. And whosoever will let him take the water of life freely.

Rev. 22:17.

He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.

Rev. 21:7.

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GLAD HOSANNAS.

NO. 1.

Stand Up for Jesus.

GEO. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross!
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus; The strife will not be long;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
Forth to the might-y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day:
This day, the noise of bat - tle,—The next, the vic - tor's song:

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
Ye that are men, now serve Him, A - gainst un - num-bered foes;
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op-pose.
He, with the King of glo - ry, Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly!

NO. 2.

Jesus through Samaria.

J. B. H.

JOHN B. HICKS.

1. Our Sav- iour once wandered on earth as a man, Both foot- sore and wea - ry to Sa - ma - ri - a's land,— A sto - ry He told, most won-drous-ly grand,
2. Sore, wea - ry, and thirst - y, He came to a well, And there, to a wom- an, this sto - ry did tell,— She heard it with joy, for her soul could be free,
3. Then broth- er, let's sing this sweet sto - ry, so true, Sal - va - tion thro' Je. - sus, for me and for you! Let ev - 'ry glad heart this great mes-sage now tell,

Sal - va - tion thro' Je - sus for poor sin - ful man!
And she this sal - va - tion thro' Je - sus did see!
The same and sweet sto - ry, there, told at the well!

CHORUS.

We'll sing ..... this sweet song,..... this glo - - - - ri - ous song,.....
We'll sing this sweet song, O, this beau - ti - ful song! We'll sing this sweet song, O, this glo - ri - ous song,

Of Je - sus who died on the tree!

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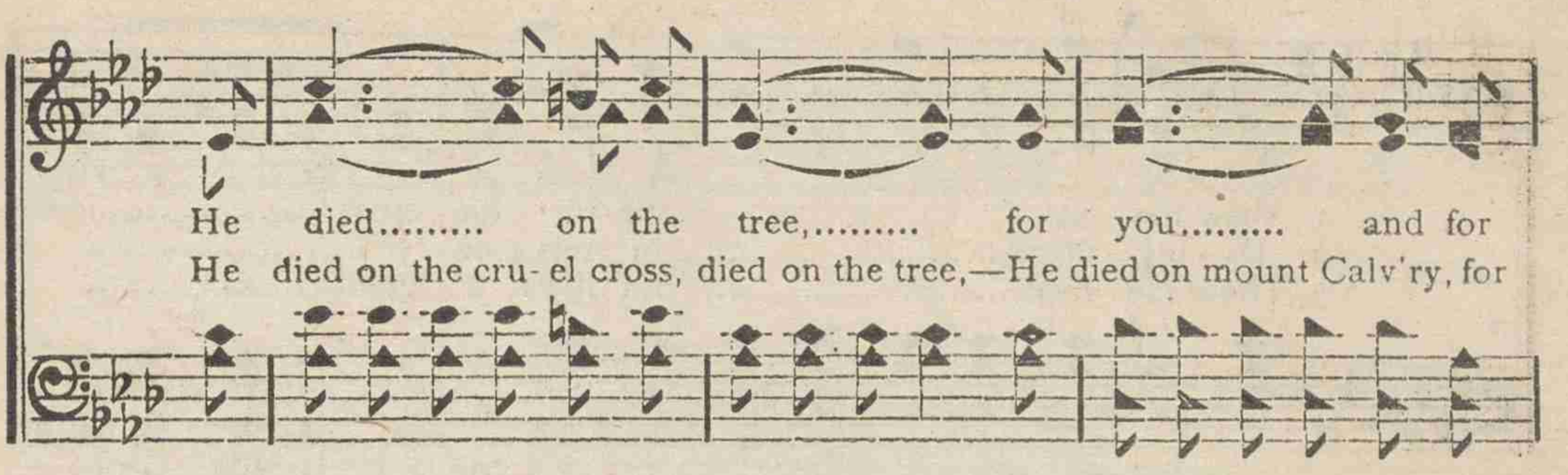
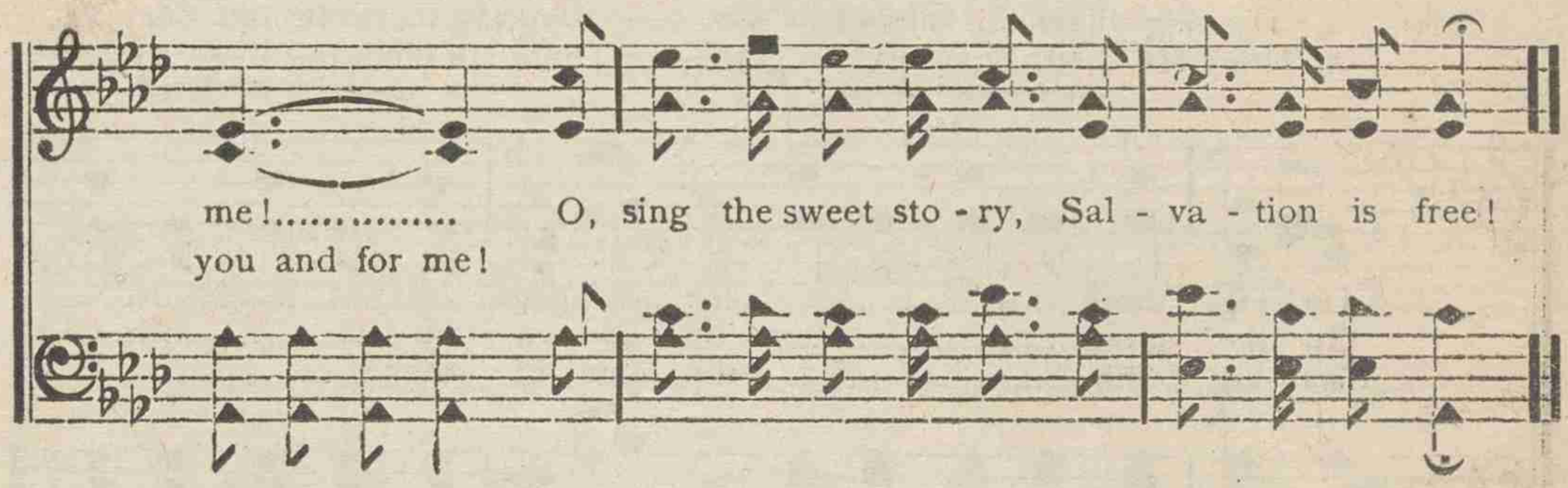
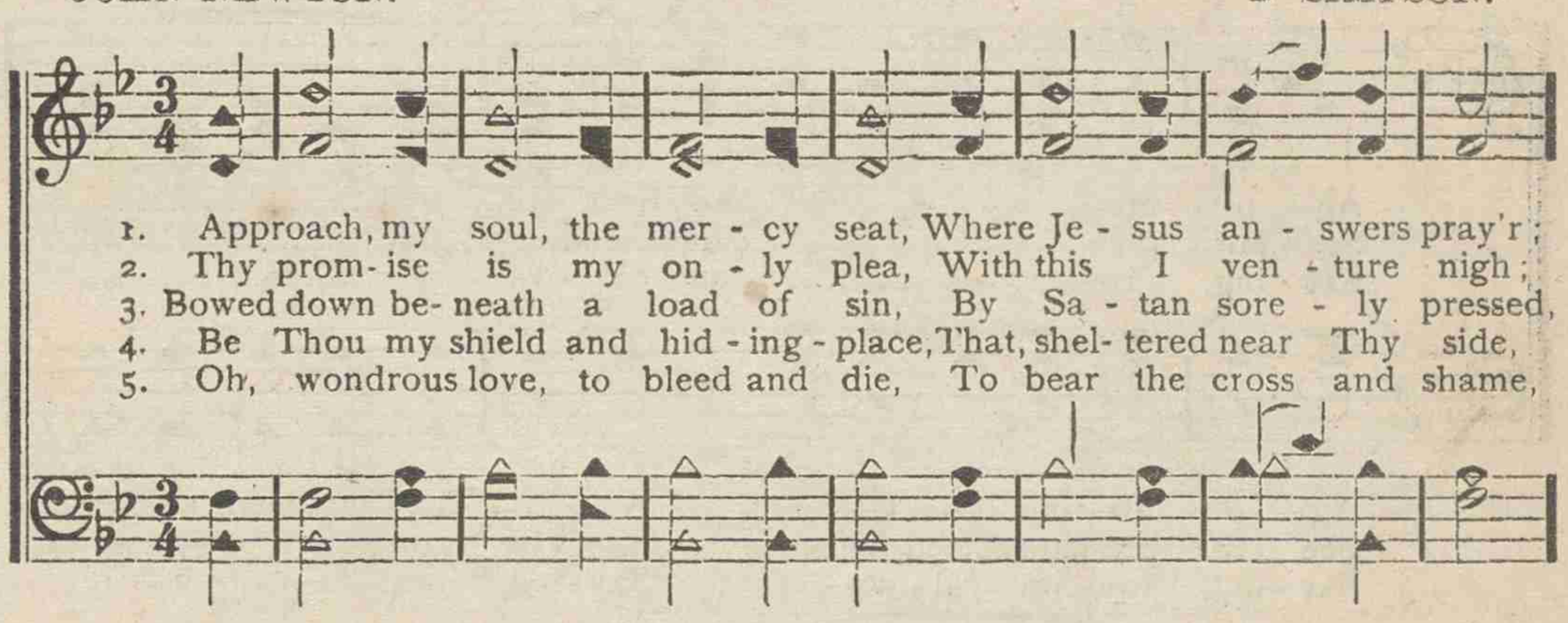
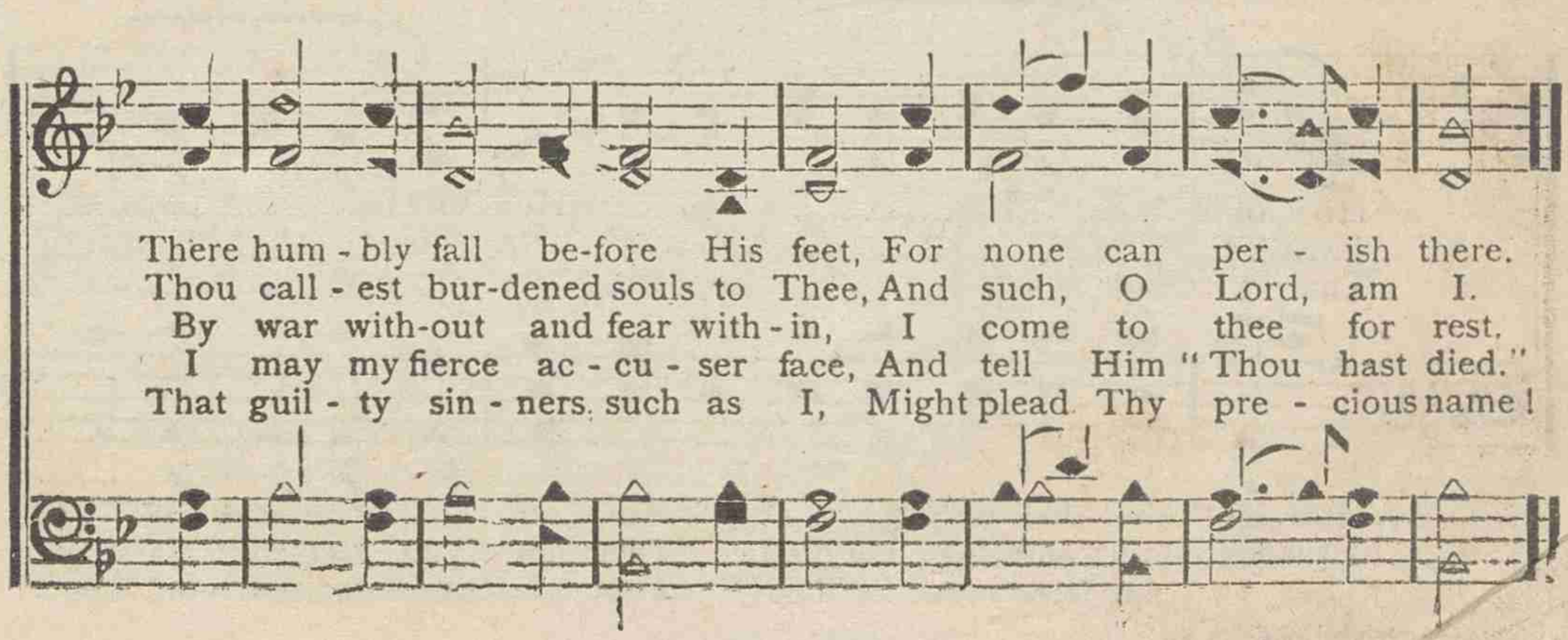
Jesus through Samaria.—Concluded.

NO. 3.

Balerma.

JOHN NEWTON. B SIMPSON.





NO. 4.

On the Cross.

F. L. EILAND. EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. View the Sav - - - iour on the cross!.....
2. Dy - ing there..... ..... in mis - er - y!.....
3. There He died,..... but lives a - gain—.....

1. View the Sav-iour on the cross! View the Sav - iour on the cross!
2. Dy - ing there in mis - er - y! Dy - ing there in mis - er - y!
3. There He died, but lives a - gain— There He died, but lives a - gain—

Dy - ing there..... for sin - ners lost!.....
On the cross..... of cal - va - ry—.....
Plead-ing with ..... the sons of men!.....

Dy - ing there for sin - ners lost! Dy - ing there for sin - ners lost!
On the cross of cal - va - ry— On the cross of cal - va - ry—
Plead-ing with the sons of men! Plead-ing with the sons of men!

Ag - o - niz - - - ing, hear His cry!.....
See His pre - - - cious bleed-ing side!.....
Say - ing, "'twas..... on cal - va - ry,.....

Ag - o - niz - ing, hear His cry! Ag - o - niz - ing, hear His cry!
See His pre-cious bleed-ing side! See His pre-cious bleeding side!
Say - ing, "'twas on cal - va - ry, Say - ing, "'twas on cal - va - ry,

How, oh, how..... then pass Him by!.....
'Twas for you..... and me He died!.....
That I suf - - - fered much for thee!".....

How, oh, how then pass Him by! How, oh, how then pass Him by!
'Twas for you and me He died! 'Twas for you and me He died!
That I suf-fered much for thee! That I suf-fered much for thee!"

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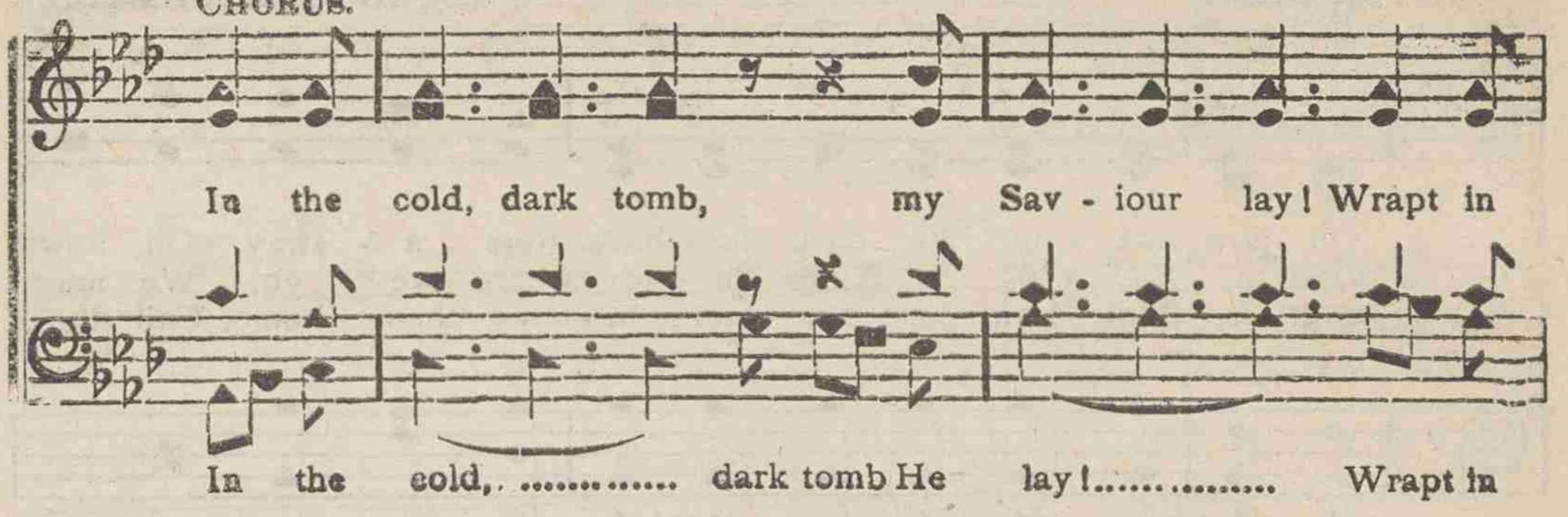
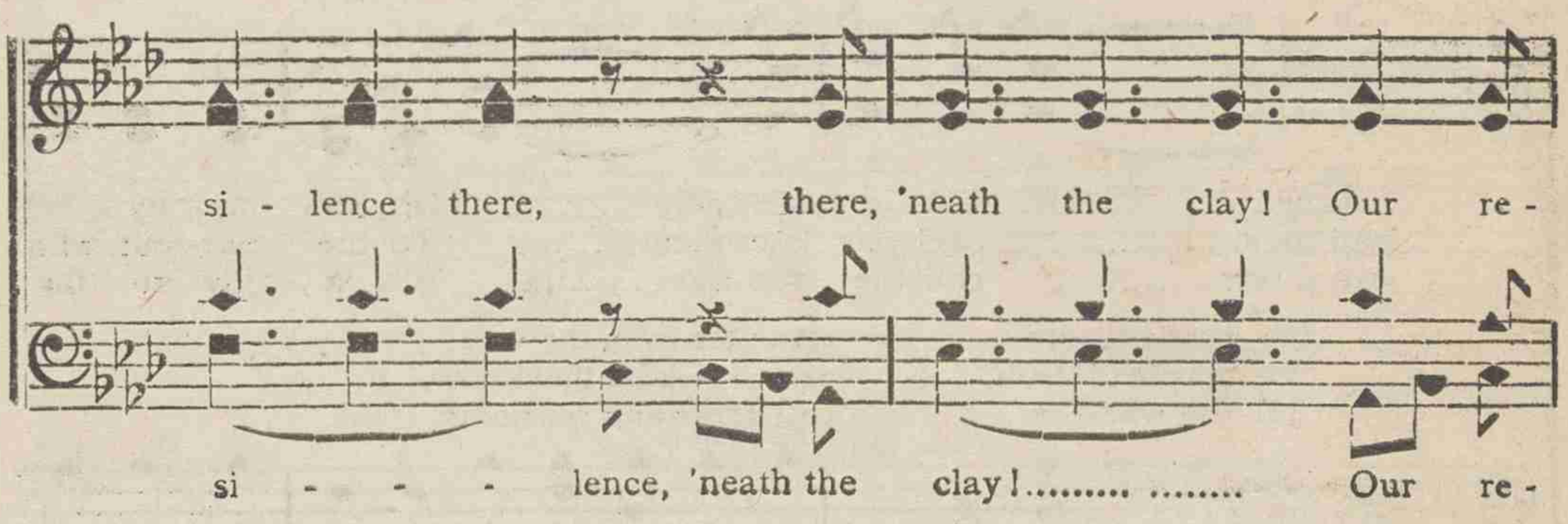
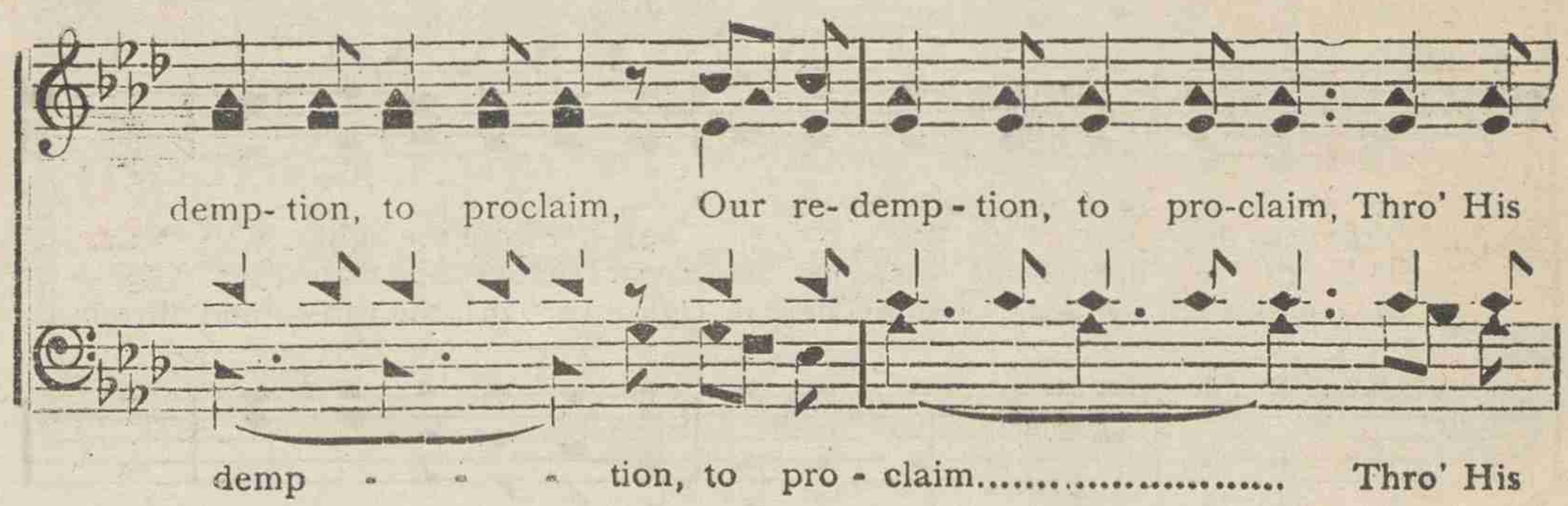
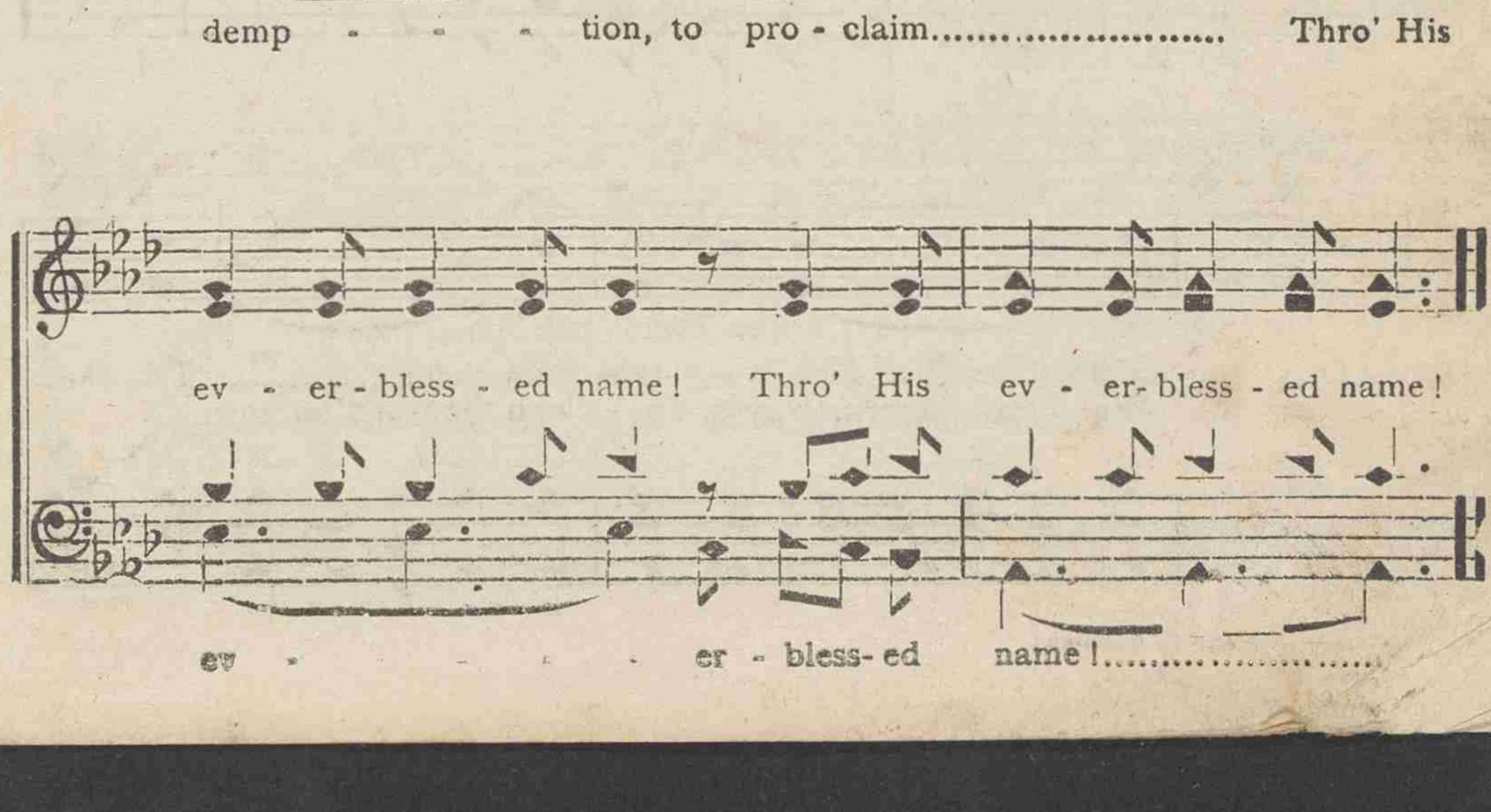
On the Cross.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



NO. 5.

Call Back the Wanderer.

L. A. MORRIS. WALTER G. MITCHELL.

1. Oh, how ma - ny in dark - ness have gone a - stray, Oh, how
2. What a joy 'tis to know a - ny - where we go, We may
3. Broth - er, think how the Sav - iour in - vites them home, Call the

ma - ny..... dai - ly wan - der, ... Oh, how ma - ny in
lead them ..... and re - claim them..... To the Sav-iour who
wan-d'rer, ... call the wan-d'rer,..... 'Tis a joy to the

Oh, how ma - ny wan - der from the way,
We may lead them, yes, re-claim them now,
Call the wand'rer, call the wand'rer home,

blind - ness now day by day, Ev - er wan-der from the light a - way.
died to re - deem from woe, Just be - cause He loved the wan-d'rer so.
an - gels when sin - ners come, There is glo - ry in the ran-somed throng.

CHORUS.

Oh, re - claim them,..... yes, re - claim them,..... 'Tis the
Oh, re - claim the wand'rer now, yes, re - claim the wand'rer now,

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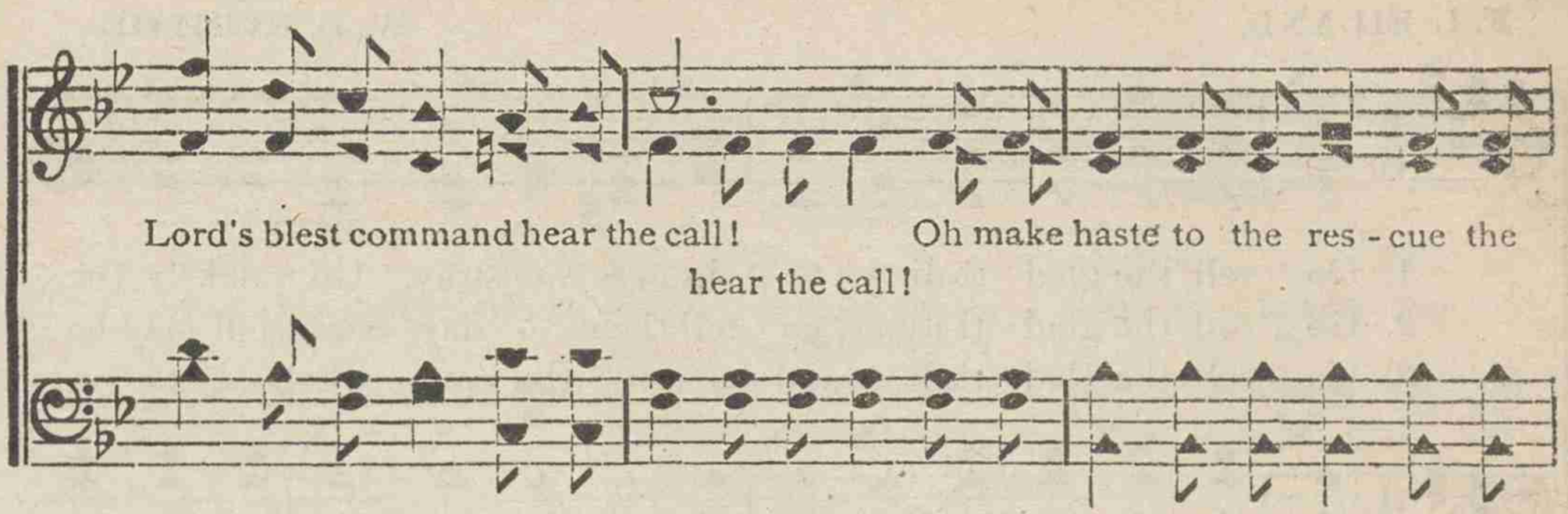
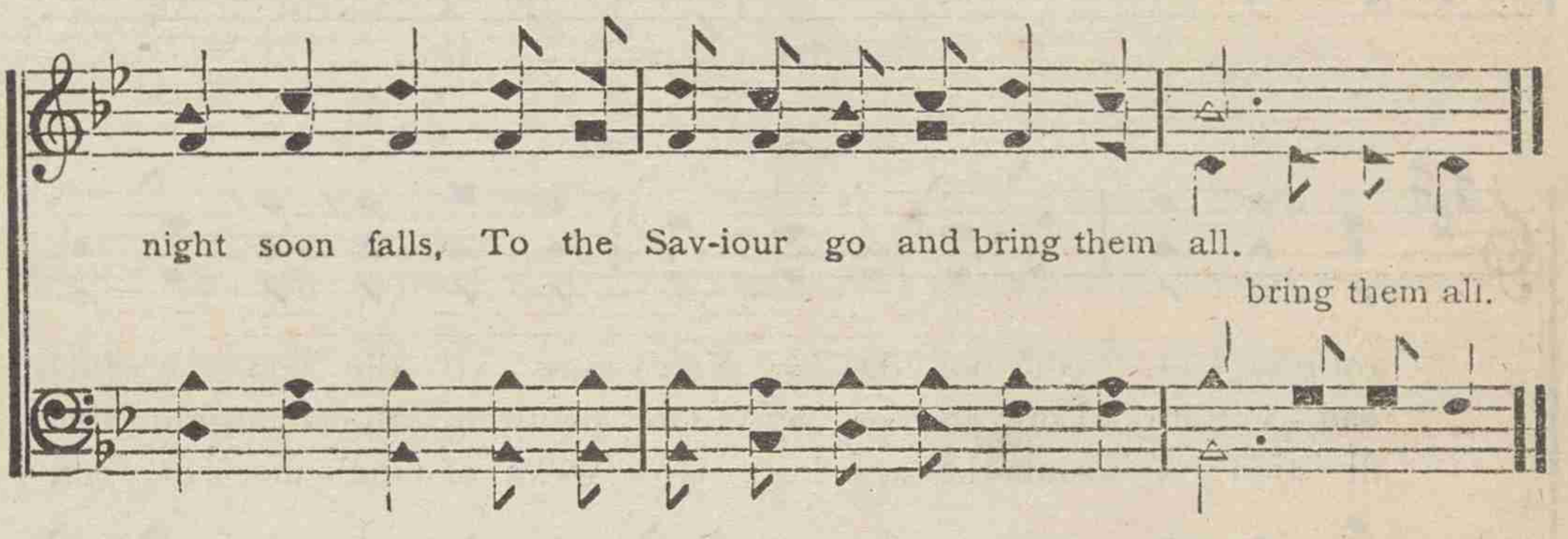
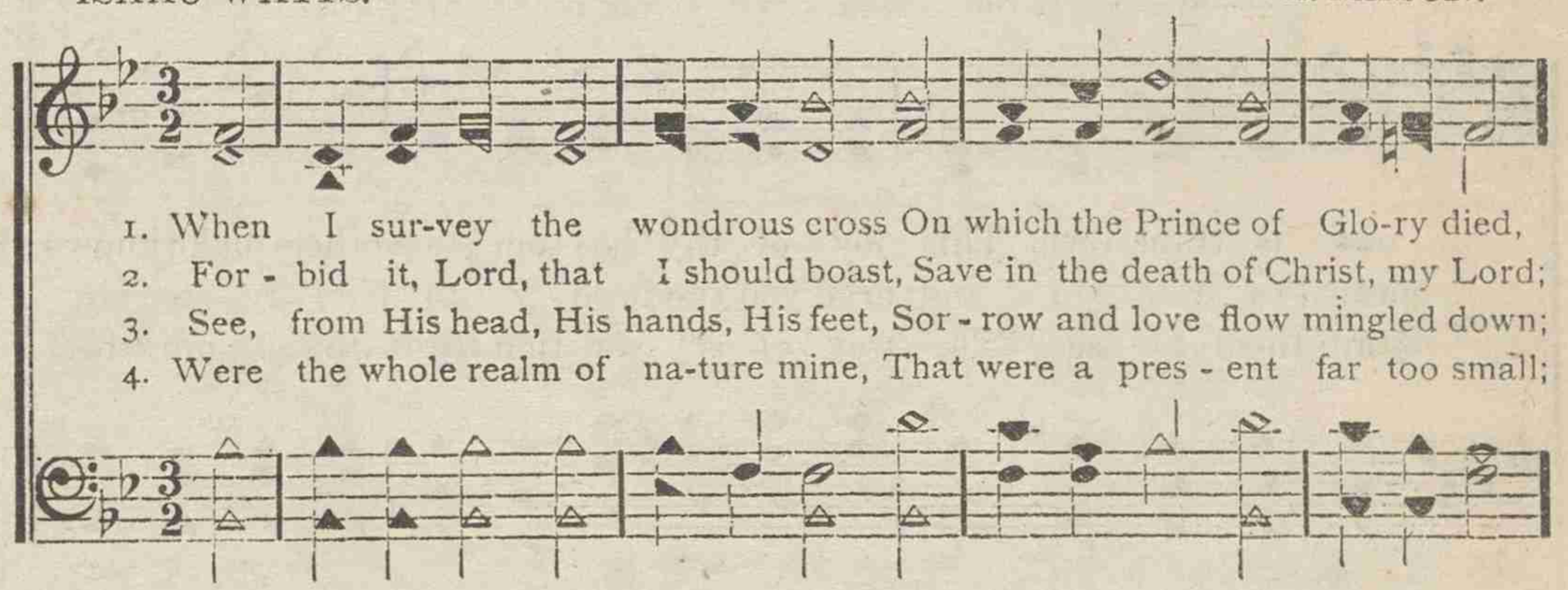
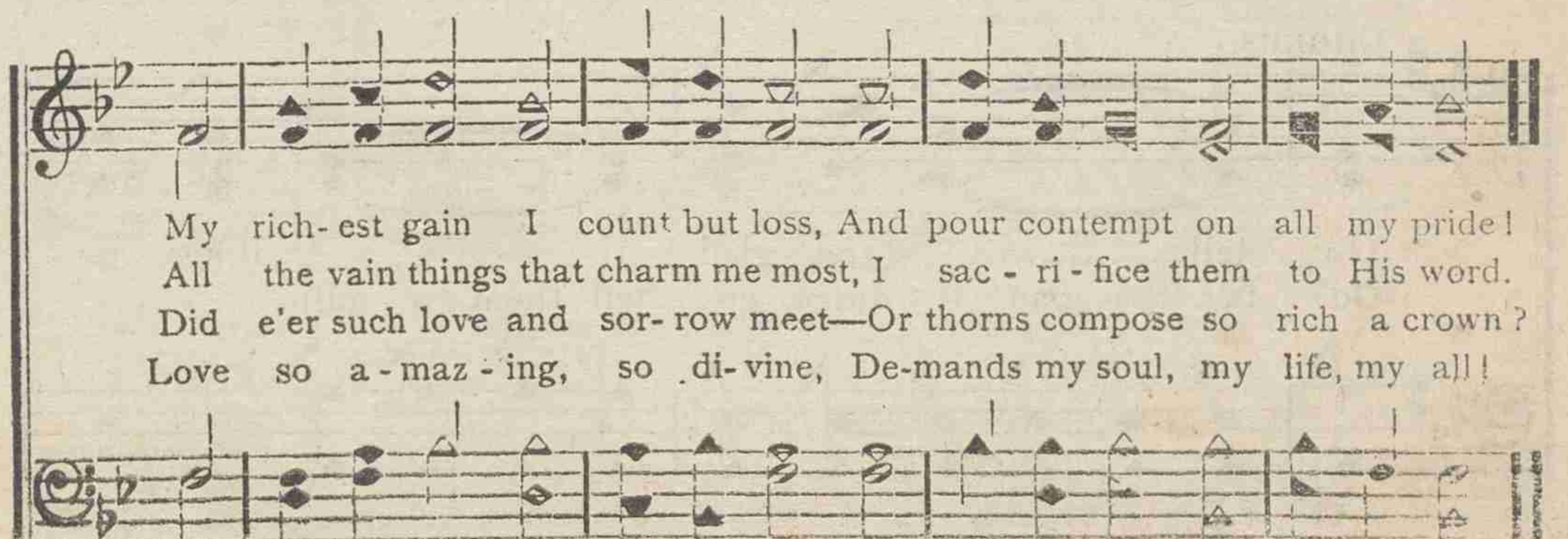
Call Back the Wanderer.—Concluded.

NO. 6. Hebron.

ISAAC WATTS. L. MASON.





NO. 7 Tell the Glad Tidings.

F. L. EILAND. W. D. EVRIDGE.

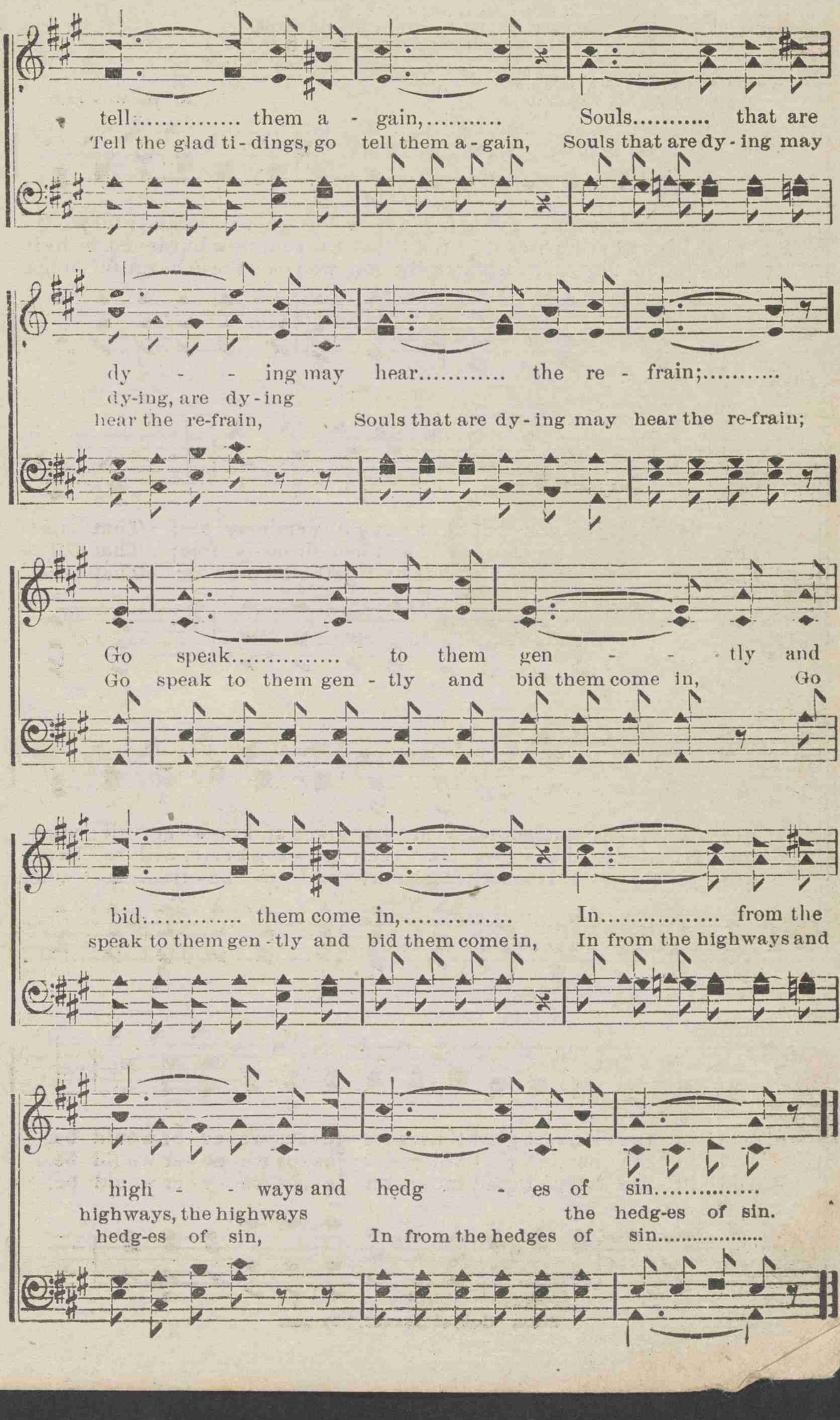
1. Go tell the glad ti-dings to sin ners a - stray, Go quick-ly, my
2. Go tell the glad ti-dings, go tell them to - day, Some soul may be
3. Go tell the glad ti-dings and count not the cost, Be-hold the con -

broth - er, O do not de - lay; You've tast - ed the glo - ry which
read - y our Lord to o - bey; Go point to the fount-ain that
di - tion of souls that are lost; Go speak of God's mer - cy, con -

now is thine own, This joy of thy bo - som to others make known.
cleans - es from sin, And urge you the need - y to bold - ly step in.
strain them to see, The way of sal - va - tion thro' Je - sus must be.

CHORUS.

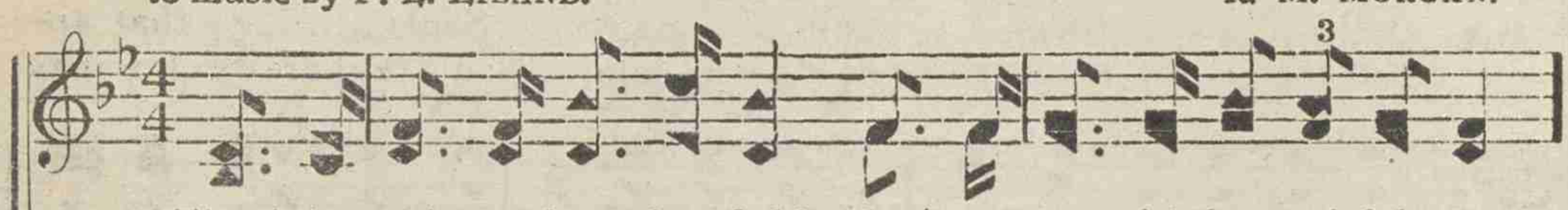
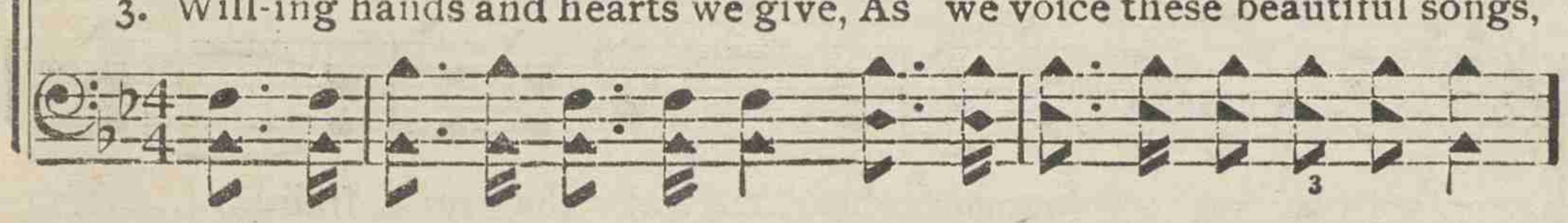
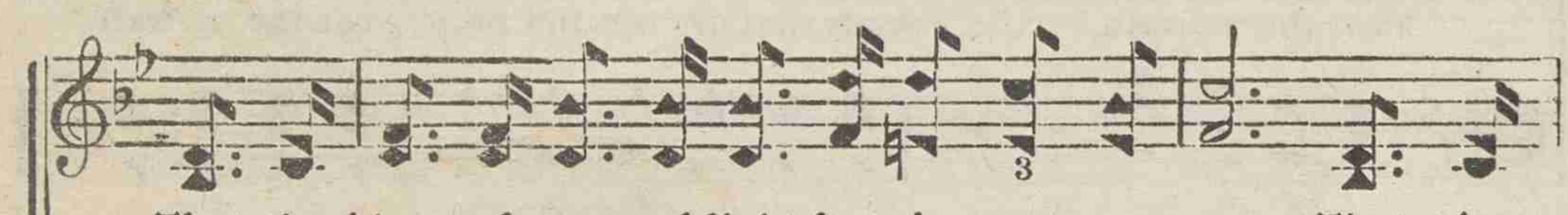
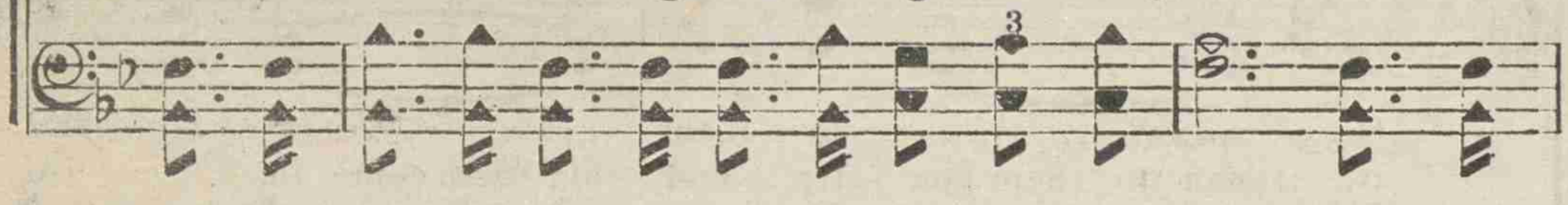
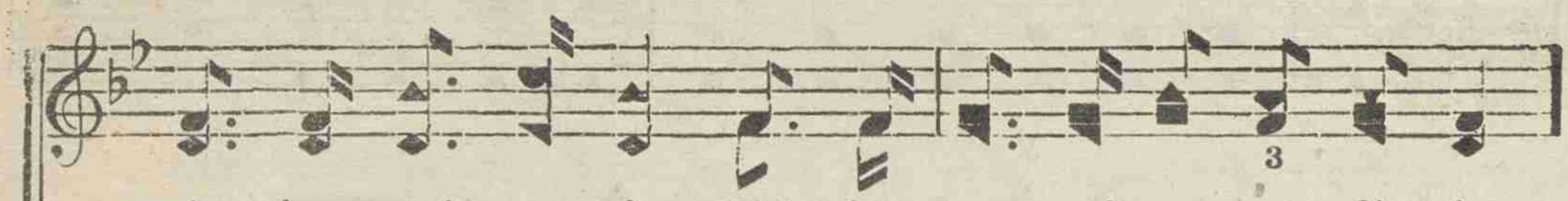
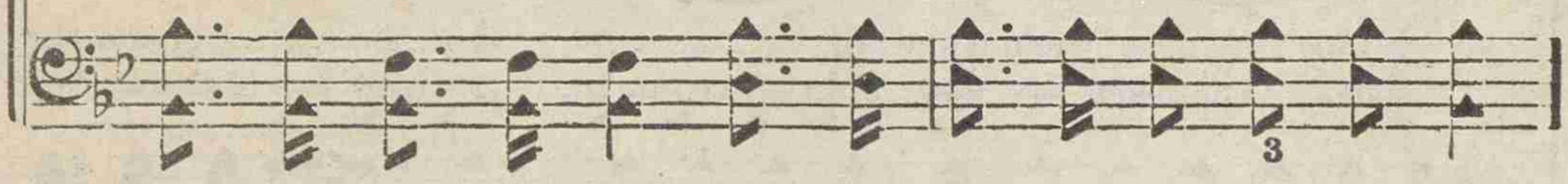
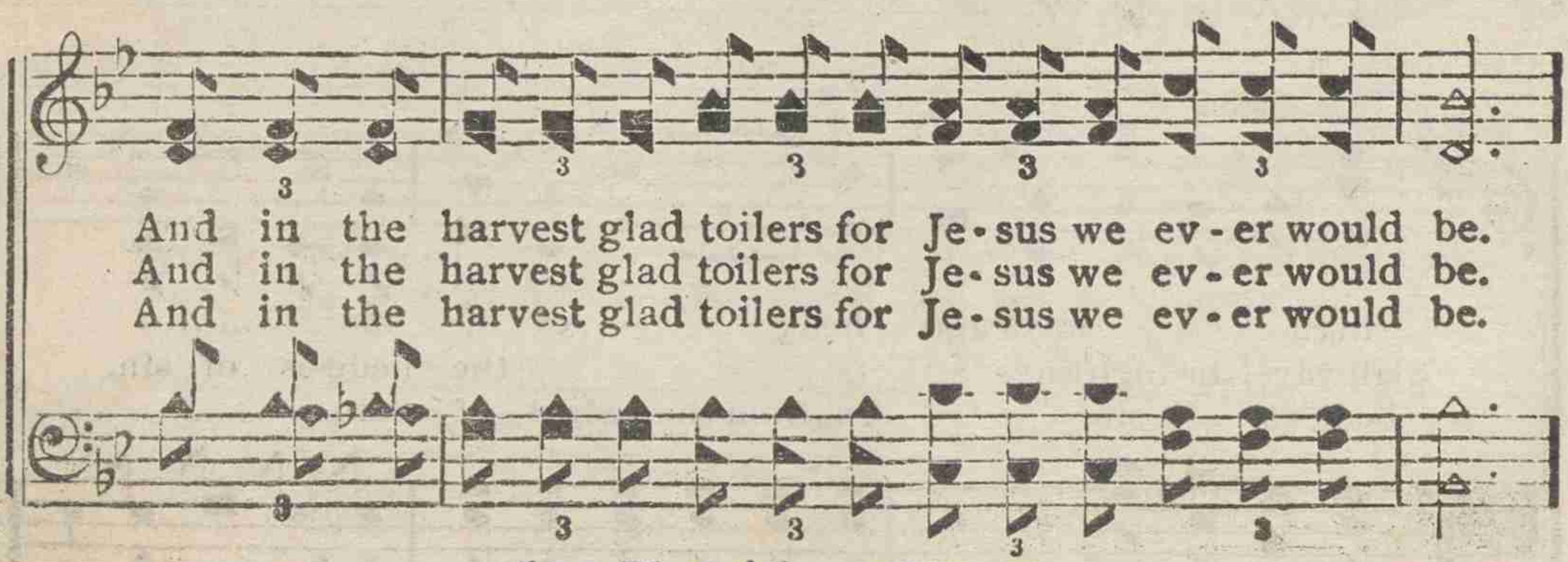
Go tell..... the glad ti - - - - dings, go
Go tell the glad ti - dings, go tell them a - gain,

Tell the Glad Tidings.—Concluded.

NO. 8.

The Waving Harvest.

We have the sweet and precious promise,
That wages He will pay,
For service, here, within his vineyard,
In that great, final day.—F. L. H.

Words written for, and adapted to music by F. L. HILAND.

R. M. MORGAN.

1. Thro' the white and waving fields, Now we go with beau-ti-ful song,
2. Proud-ly we this mes-sage tell To the soul now burdened with sin,
3. Will-ing hands and hearts we give, As we voice these beautiful songs,

That the bless-ed gos-pel light lost sin-ners may see; That its
That in Je-sus there is peace, and won-drous-ly free; That if
That the white and wav-ing fields here gathered may be; That the

glo-rious truth may shine, With its grace and pow-er di-vine,
on Him they be-lieve, He their ach-ing hearts will re-lieve,
gos-pel's joy-ful sound, We may send to na-tions a-round,

And in the harvest glad toilers for Je-sus we ev-er would be.
And in the harvest glad toilers for Je-sus we ev-er would be.
And in the harvest glad toilers for Je-sus we ev-er would be.

From "Gospel Garner," by per.

The Waving Harvest. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Gos - pel in song..... un - to you we

The Gos - pel in song

bring, Of the great love..... of

un - to you we bring, And of the great love of

Je - sus we sing; Beau - ti - ful

of Je - sus we sing;

grain..... is wast-ing, we see,

The beau - ti - ful grain is wast-ing, we see.

Repeat Chorus softly.

And in the harvest glad toilers for Je - sus we ev - er would be.

NO. 9.

Toiling for the Master.

Words and Music by M. DUNAGIN.

1. Are you toil - ing dai - ly for the Mas - ter? Are you pray- ing,
2. Broth - er, broth - er, be you nev - er i - dle While there are so
3. Haste! O haste! you with this dy - ing mes - sage How He died up -

pray- ing as you go? Will you go and tell the dy - ing na - tions,
ma - ny souls to die; Lift your eyes, be - hold the gold- en har - vest,
on the cru - el tree, Tell them how He free - ly shed for sin - ners

CHORUS.

Now to the fount-ain of life they may go? } Toil - - - ing,
And let your ears hear the lost na-tions cry! }
His precious blood that their souls may be free. } Toiling with the na - tions,

Toil - ing,
Toil-ing day by day, Tell-ing of His dy - ing love!
Toil - -
Toil-ing for the

ing, Toil - ing,
Mas - ter, Toil-ing with the na - tion, Pointing them to heav'n a - bove.

NO. 10. Beautiful Gleanings Bring.

F. L. EILAND. J. W. ACUFF.

1. Go, in ear - ly morning, in - to the har-vest white, Sing a song of gladness,
2. For the faint and weary, car - ry a smile of cheer, With the sad and dreary,
3. In the name of Je - sus, gath-er the sheaves to-day, Read the precious promise,

la - bor with all your might; Let the words of Je - sus, o - ver the na - tion ring,
weep-ing an anxious tear; To the heart that's aching, un-der a load of care,
wag - es, He you will pay; Go with great rejoic - ing, gleaning from fields of sin,

CHORUS.

With the com-ing evening, beauti- ful gleanings bring. } See.....the beau-ti - ful
Lend a hand of com-fort, cov - er its ailings there.
Thrust thy glowing sick-le, bringing the har-vest in. } See you there, the beautiful

har - vest white! Go,..... and la - bor with all your might; Let..... your
har - vest white! Go, ye there, and la - bor with all your might; Let them there your

Repeat Chorus Softly.

an-thems of glad-ness ring, Go, ... and beau-ti - ful glean-ings bring!
an thems of glad-ness ring, Go, ye now, and beau-ti - ful glean-ings bring!

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NO. 11. He Calls To-day, for Workers.

E. R. LATTA. F. L. EILAND.

Earnestly.

1. He calls to - day, for work - ers, Do you hear? (Do you hear?) do you
2. He calls to - day, for work - ers, In His field! (In His field!) in His
3. He calls to - day, for work - ers, Great and small! (Great and small!) great and
4. He calls to - day, for work - ers, Young and old! (Young and old!) young and
5. He calls to - day, for work - ers, Will you go? (Will you go?) will you

hear? (do you hear?) O i - dlers, in the mar - ket, Do you
field! (in His field!) There's plen - ty that needs do - ing, In His
small! (great and small!) He'll show to all, their du - ties, Great and
old! (young and old!) Each one shall be re - ward - ed—Young and
go? (will you go?) He'll give you life e - ter - nal, Will you

CHORUS.

hear? (Do you hear?) do you hear? (do you hear?)
field! (In His field!) in His field! (in His field!)
small! (Great and small!) great and small! (great and small!) } Now, the Saviour's voice obey!
old! (Young and old!) young and old! (young and old!)
go? (Will you go?) will you go? (will you go?)

Go and work for Him, to-day! Haste a - way! haste a - way!
Haste a-way! haste a - way!

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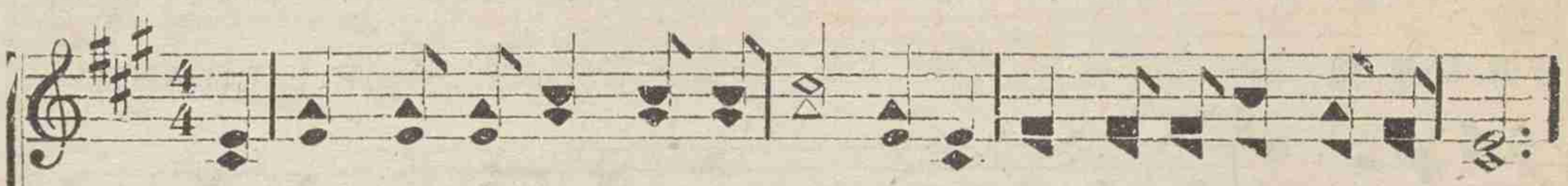
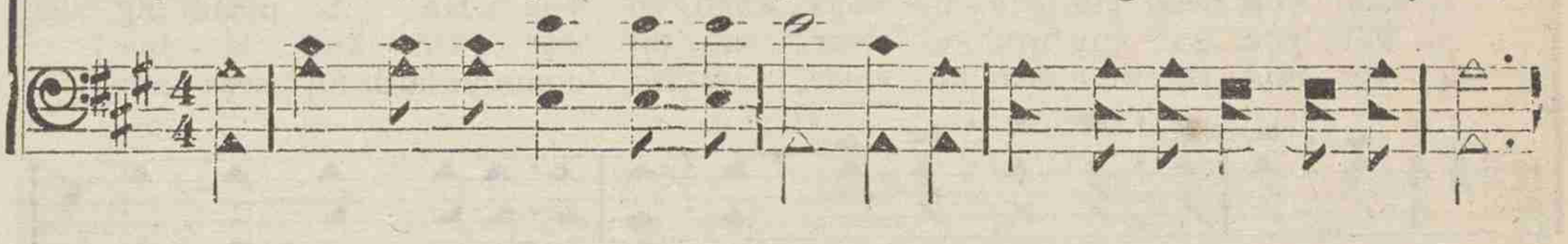
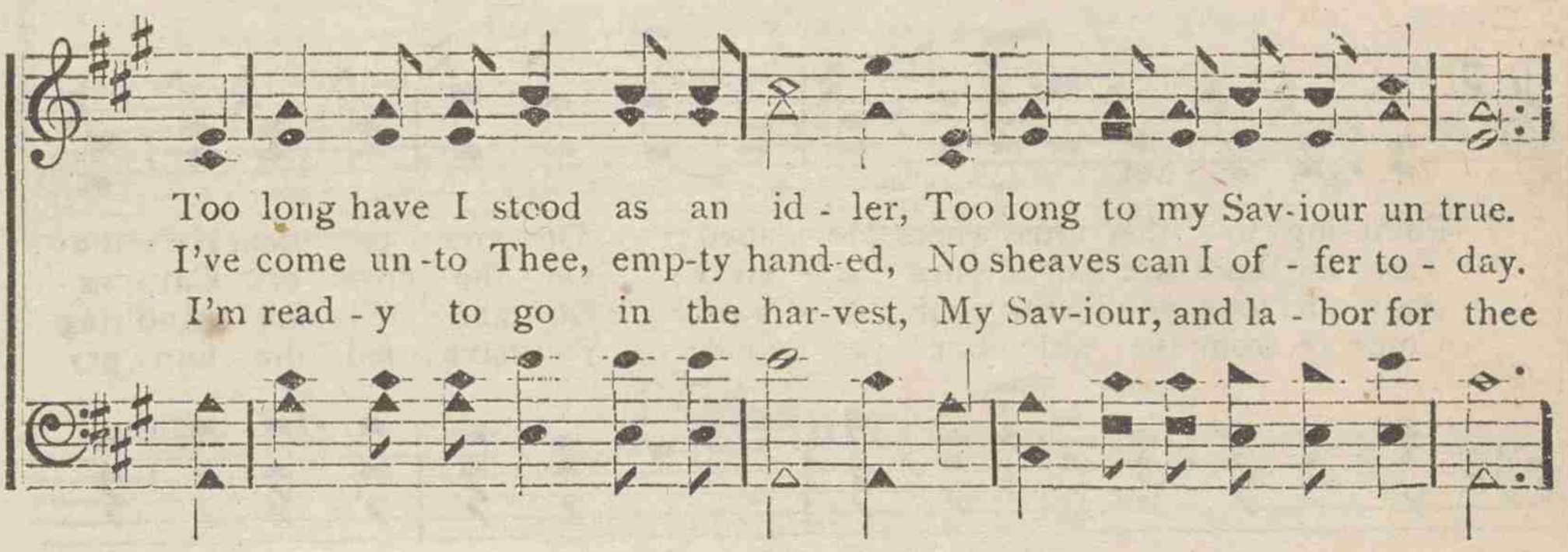
NO. 12.

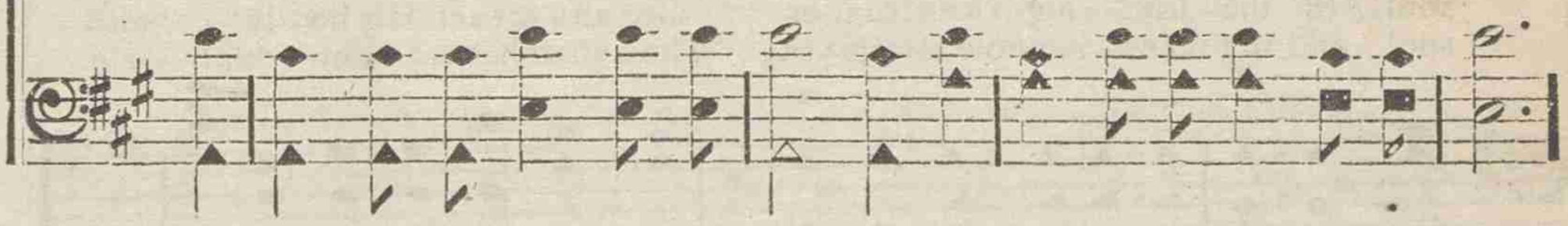
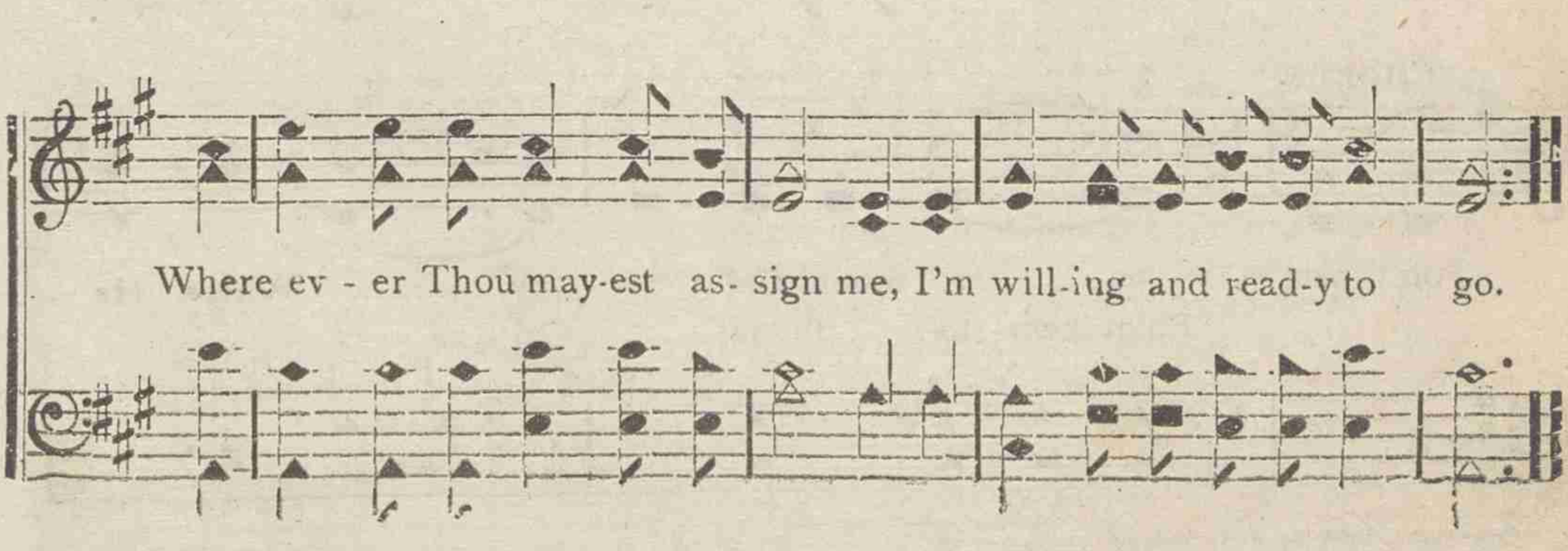
Willing and Ready.

Read the 8th and 9th verses of fourth division of Paul's Epistle, to the Philippians.

Words by F. L. EILAND. Music by ELLIOTT & EILAND.

1. My heart and my hand I would give Thee; I'm ready for something to do:
2. I've wast- ed the talent Thou gav-est; I've thrown the bright moments away:
3. If on - ly one grain I shall gath-er; For nearing the end it may be,



Too long have I stood as an id - ler, Too long to my Sav-iour un true.
I've come un-to Thee, emp-ty hand-ed, No sheaves can I of - fer to - day.
I'm read - y to go in the har-vest, My Sav-iour, and la - bor for thee

CHORUS.

My heart and my hand I would give Thee; My du - ty, I on-ly would know;

Where ev - er Thou may-est as- sign me, I'm will-ing and read-y to go.

NO. 13. What Are You Doing?

Dedicated to my brother, E. W. Eiland, Cayucas, Cal.

"And why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say"?—LUKE 6: 46.

F. L. E. F. L. EILAND.

1. Are you lead - ing pre-cious souls, to the Sav - iour, my broth - er?
2. Do you heed His gen - tle voice, when to you He is plead - ing?
3. Will you go my broth - er dear, in the vine - yard and la - bor?
4. By and by, we'll hear His voice, say - ing—come ye faith-ful serv - ants,

Point - ing to the cross where He died; Do you tell them He's the
Say - ing there are loved ones a - stray; On the cross of Cal - va -
Soon, ah! soon, you'll reap your re - ward! Go and tell the wand'ring
Come ye, from the wide har - vest field; You have fed the hun - gry

way and the hope for the sin - ner? O! be-hold His pierc-ed side.
ry, I have pur-chased their redemption, Go and bring them back to - day.
soul, of the lov - ing Re-deem-er, Go, and preach His ho - ly word.
soul, and the bless- ing now awaits you, Thou shalt have a - bun - dant yield.

CHORUS.

Point them to..... mount Cal - va - ry,..... Where He
Point them to mount Cal - va - ry,

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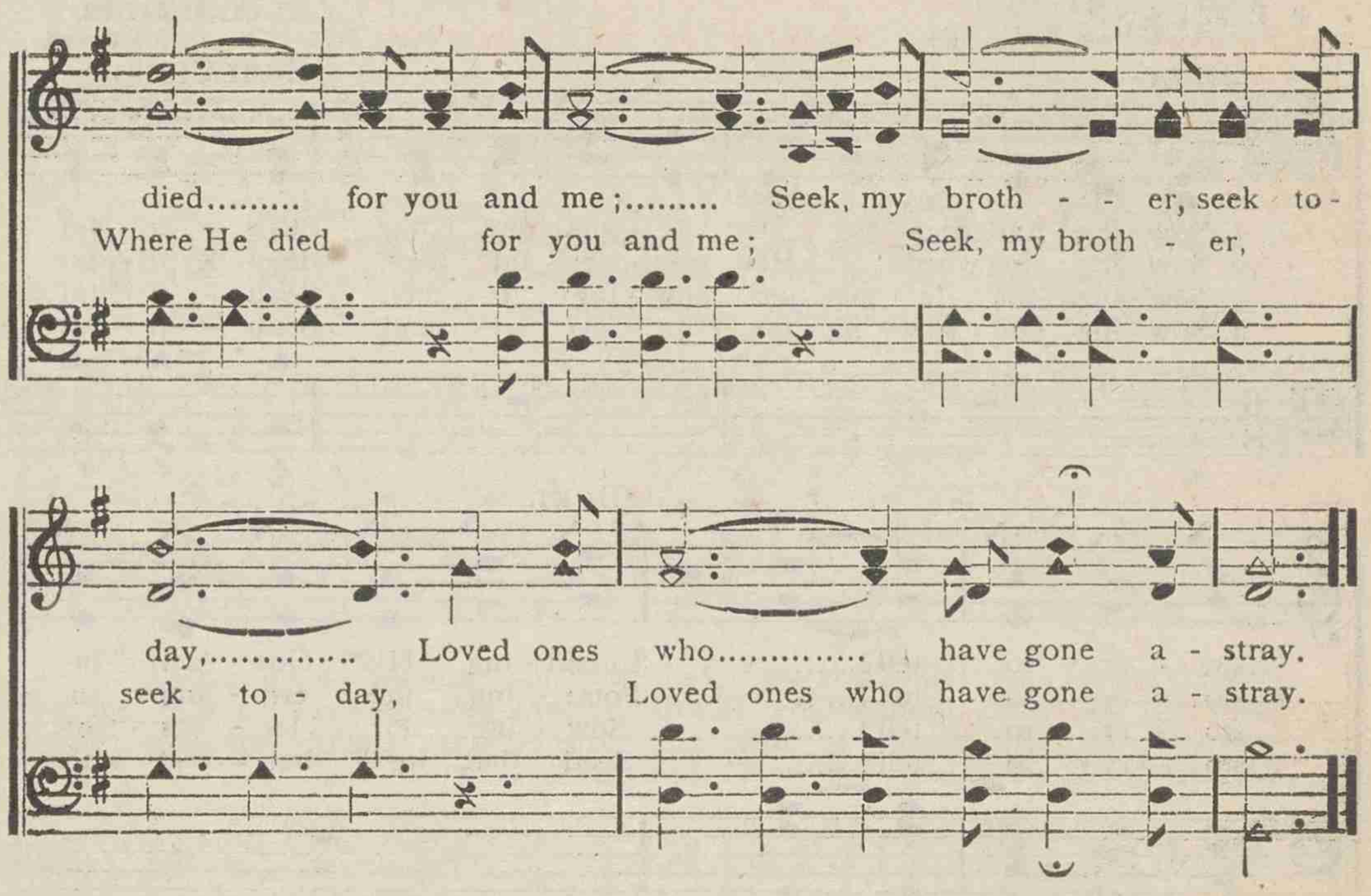
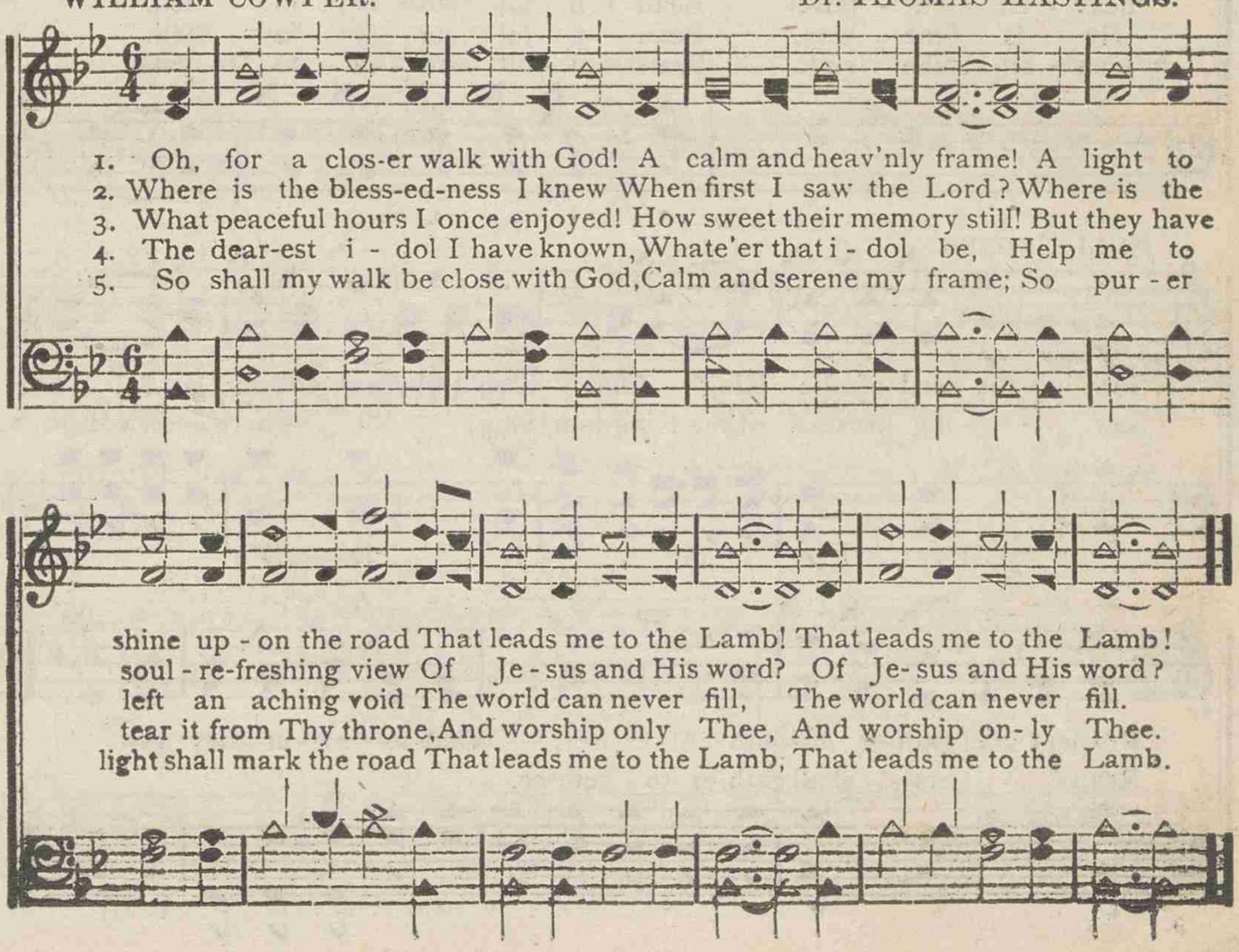
What Are You Doing?—Concluded.



NO. 14. Prayer.

"Walk in the Spirit."—GAL. 5: 16.

WILLIAM COWPER. Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS.



NO. 15. Beautiful Story to tell.

F. L. EILAND. S. A. MYERS.

DUET. SEMI CHORUS.

1. Sow - ing and reap - ing for Je - sus our King, Beau - ti - ful
2. Sow - ing the words of His won - der - ful love, Beau - ti - ful
3. Sow - ing for Je - sus, yes, sow - ing to - day, Beau - ti - ful
4. Sow - ing still sow - ing for Je - sus we send, Beau - ti - ful

DUET.

sto - ry to tell !..... Spread - ing His Gos - pel in
sto - ry to tell !..... Point - ing the err - ing to
sto - ry to tell !..... Sow - ing for Je - sus for
sto - ry to tell !..... Seed that we'll har - vest when

SEMI CHORUS.

truth as we sing, Beau - ti - ful sto - ry to tell.
heav - en a - bove, Beau - ti - ful sto - ry to tell.
He is the way, Beau - ti - ful sto - ry to tell.
com - eth the end, Beau - ti - ful sto - ry to tell.

FULL CHORUS.

Sow - ing the seed of the King - dom, Sing it where ev-er you go,.....
Sow - ing the seed of the Kingdom, Sing it where ev-er you go,

Reapers shall gath-er to-geth - er, What-so - ev - er they sow.
Reap - ers shall gath-er to - geth-er,

NO. 16

The Home of the Soul.

Words by WILLIAM I. FEAZELL.
Arr. by F. L. E.

Music by J. J. DAY.
Arr. by F. L. EILAND.

1. I was once but an out-cast With-out friend or home, Here a - lone and with-out hope in my God, But I've found all in Je - sus
2. There's no ref - uge of safe - ty Save the home on high, Where the spir - it ev - er more can be free, There the grief and af - flic - tions,
3. And by faith in the prom-ise Of my Sav - iour, now I can see the bright man-sions so fair, And I have the as - sur - ance
4. There I'll be with my Sav - iour, And the an - gels bright, While the a - ges con - tin - ue to roll, And tho' here, I be friend-less,

Who died on the tree, He has bought me with His own pre-cious blood.
The sin and the pain, When I've anchored nev-er more shall I see.
That my way is clear, To that coun-try and home o - ver there.
There, my spir - it shall have A sweet ref - uge in the home of the soul.

CHORUS.

Home sweet home, my heav - en - ly home, Where trials and troubles ne'er come,
O grant dear Saviour, that oth-ers may have A place in the home of the soul!

NO. 17. That Beautiful Home.

F. L. E.

Harmony by J. E. T.
Arr. by F. L. EILAND,

1. When the Mas - ter shall call us from la - bor to rest, From this
2. With the saints and the an - gels our hearts will re-joice, In the
3. In ho-san - na to Je - sus, our voi - ces we'll blend, In that
4. By the riv - er of life, ev - er flow - ing so calm, We shall

earth with its sor - row and care, To a home with the an - gels, the
pres -ence of Je - sus, the King; We will praise Him for - ev - er, with
beau - ti - ful man -sion a - bove; All the praise and the glo - ry to
rest and be hap - py and free; Of that wa - ter we'll drink, as a

saved and the blest, Then a beau - ti - ful crown we shall wear.
heart and with voice, All tri- umph -ant in glo - ry we'll sing.
Je - sus shall tend, As the au - thor of bliss and of love.
life - giv - ing balm, Ev - er flow - ing for you and for me.

CHORUS.

O that home! . . that beau - ti - ful home!
O that home! that beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home!

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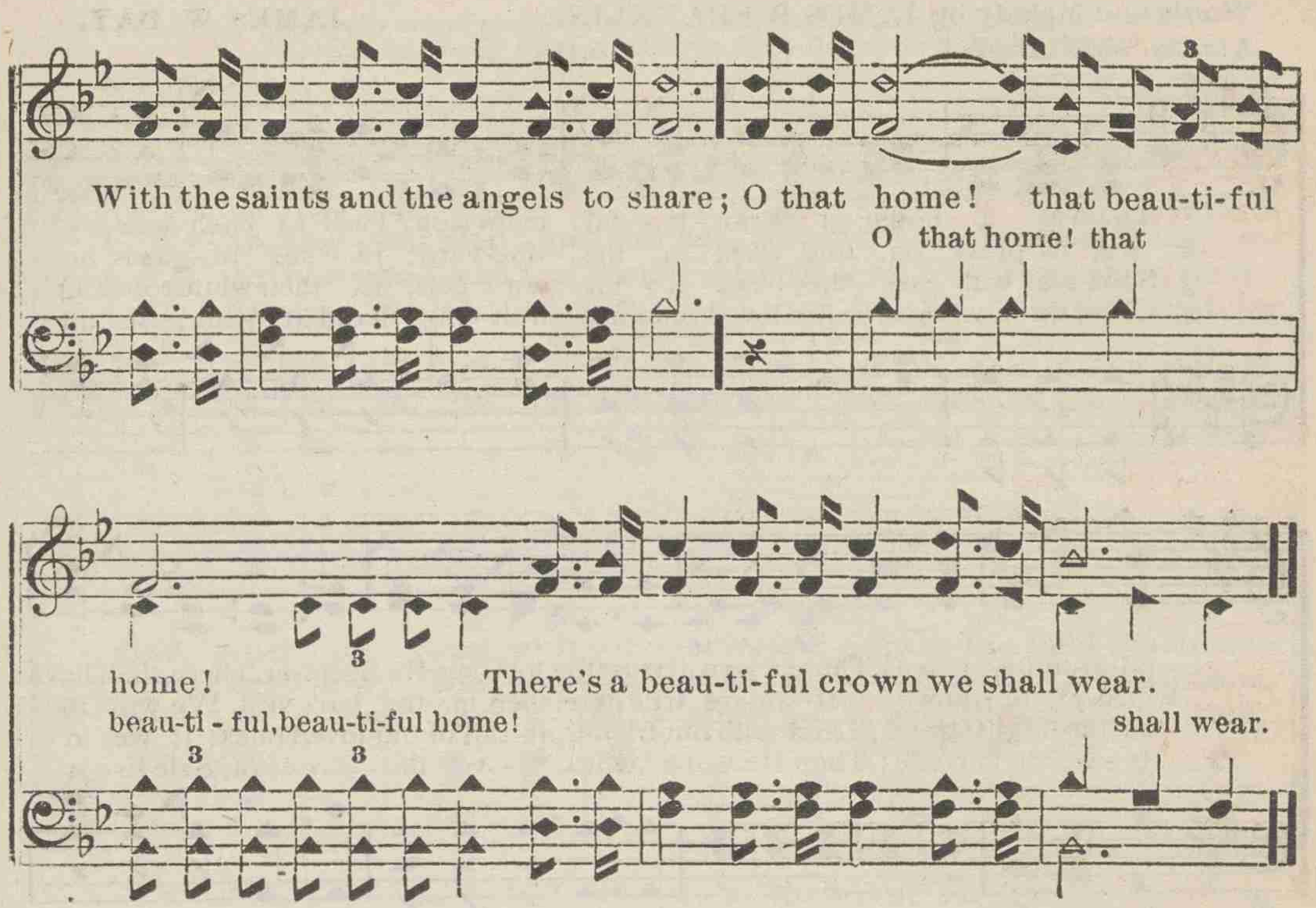
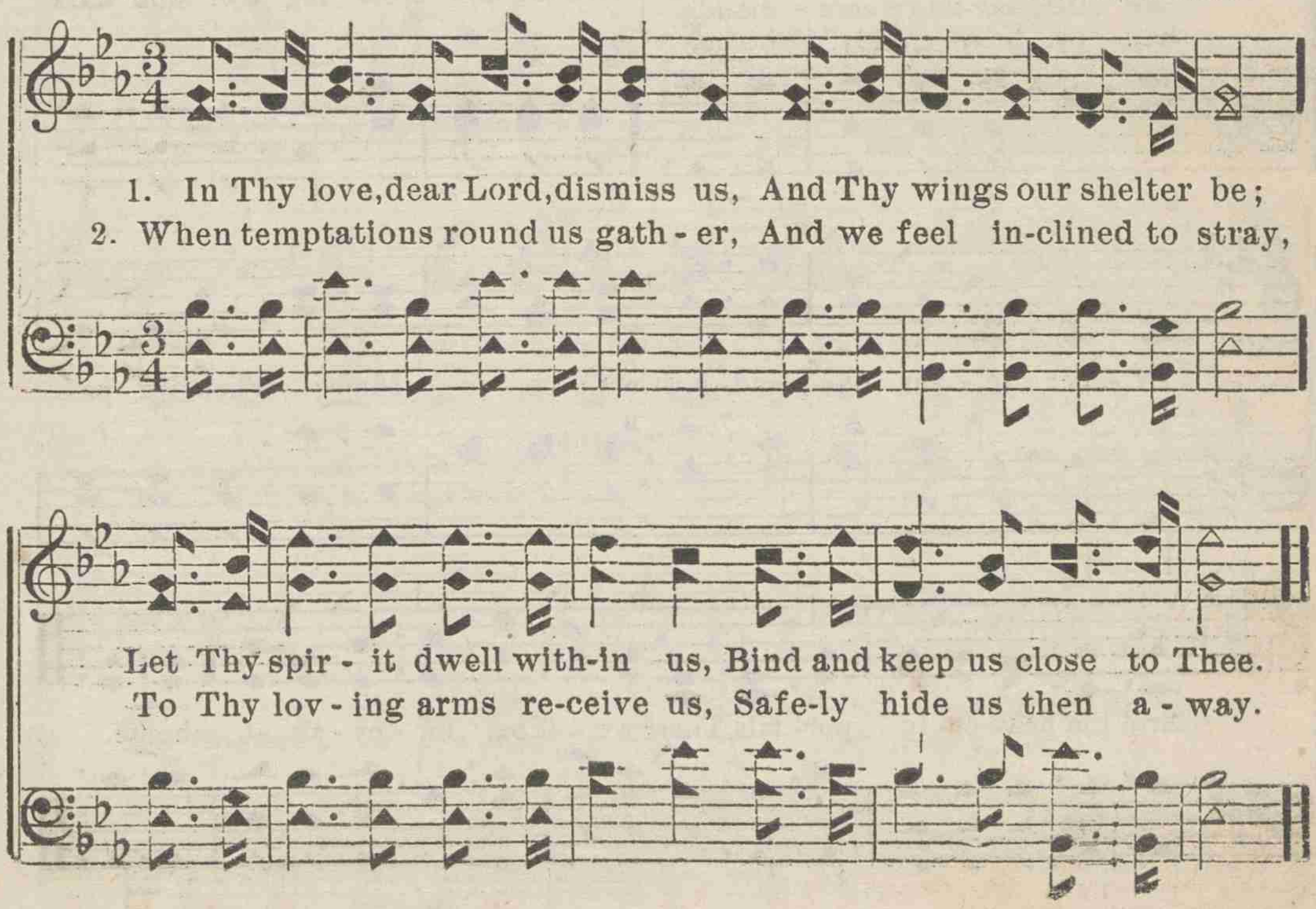
That Beautiful Home.—Concluded.

NO. 18. Benediction Hymn.

F. L. E. F. L. EILAND.

NO. 19.

At Home.

Words and Melody by JAMES B. FRANKLIN. JAMES W. DAY.
Arr. by W. H. DAY.

1. There is a home, a beau - ti - ful man - sion, 'Twill to each wea - ry pil-grim be given;
2. Let us press on, and work in the vine-yard; Je - sus re - gards no world-y re - nown:
3. Soon we will see the beau - ti - ful an - gels, In their white robes, up- on the bright strand;
4. Cheer up my com-rades, loved ones are wait - ing; Stand at your post, till Je - sus shall come;

Those who will trust the lov- ing Re-deem-er, There, shall have all the pleas-ures of heaven.
If we are true here, then in the har- vest, We will re - ceive a beau - ti - ful crown.
There with our friends, and all of our loved ones; If we o - bey the sav-iour's com - mands.
Then He will take us o - ver the o - cean, Safe to a hap - py, heav- en - ly home.

CHORUS.

We are now cross - ing o'er the dark riv - er; Je - sus is plead- ing with us to come; When we pass thro' the heav-en- ly por- tals, There we will be for - ev - er at home.

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NO. 20.

We're Sowing Seed.

By every word and deed, do we, Some seed of some kind sow;
Which will bring forth a yield for God, Or for destruction grow.

F. L. EILAND. CHAS. C. DOWDY.

1. We are sow - ing seed for the har - vest-time, And the yield-ing for
2. Let us sow good seed, of our Fa-ther's love, For His king - dom
3. If in fer - tile soil, shall the fall - ing be, Of the seed that for

God must be; Lest with sor - row, we, from the field shall come,
here be - low, That when gar-nered in, He will say, "Well done,"
Him we sow, Then a gath - 'ring in, of the gold - en grain,

REFRAIN.

Tares a - lone in the gath-'ring see. We are sow - ing, we are
And a bright - er crown be - stow.
From the har-vest, we can but show. We are sow - ing seed, we are

sow - ing, And the yield - ing we soon must know; We are
sow - ing seed,

sow - ing, we are sow - ing, What, oh, what will the gath'ring be?
sow - ing seed, we are sow - ing seed,

Copyright, 1905, by Dean & Hensley.

NO. 21.

Traveling Home.

Words and Music by A. J. JACKSON. Arr. by E. and A.

1. I'm trav-'ling to my home a - bove, Walk-ing in the way the
2. O sin - ner, come and go with me, Walk-ing in the way the
3. The road is love - ly and 't is strait, Walk-ing in the way the

spir - it leads; To that bright home where all is love, Walking in the way the
spir - it leads; And there the Saviour we shall see, Walking in the way the
spir - it leads; And soon we'll reach the gold-en gate, Walking in the way the

CHORUS.

spir - it leads. Walk - - - ing in the way,
Walk-ing ev - 'ry day, in the shin-ing way,

Walk - - - ing in the way,
Walk - ing ev - 'ry day, in the shin - ing way,

Walk - ing in the way, Walking in the way the spirit leads.
Walking ev'ry day, in the shining way,

Copyright, 1897 by P. L. Ellsaa

NO. 22. Just Beyond the Rolling River.

H. W. E. H. W. ELLIOTT.

1. Just be-yond the roll-ing riv-er, Lies a bright and sun-ny land,
2. Soon we'll cross the roll-ing riv-er, Soon we'll join the hap-py band,
3. When we've crossed the rolling riv-er, To that land be-yond the tide,

Where the saved with Christ are dwell-ing, A u-nit-ed, hap-py band.
There to dwell with Christ for-ev-er In that ho-ly, hap-py land.
Pearl-y gates on gold-en hing-es, Will be stand-ing o-pen wide.

CHORUS.

Just be-yond the roll-ing riv-er, In that land so bright and fair,

We will dwell with Christ for-ev-er; O-ver there, yes, o-ver there.

Copyright, 1905, by F. L. Eiland.

NO. 23.

That Beautiful Home.

"I go to prepare a place for you.....that where I am,
there ye may be also."—JOHN 14: 2-3.

Words by H. W. ELLIOTT. Music by EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. There's a beau ti - ful home far o - ver the sea, There are mansions of bliss for you and for me; Oh, that beau-ti - ful home so wond'rously fair,
2. In that beau - ti - ful home, a crown I shall wear, With the glo - ri - fied throng, their glo - ry to share; But the joys of that home can nev - er be known,
3. In that beau - ti - ful home, dear friends I shall meet, Who are waiting for me, my com - ing to greet; Re - u - nit - ed we'll be with Je sus our King,

That the Sav - iour, for me, has gone to pre - pare.
Till the Sav - iour we see, up - on His white throne.
While the a - ges roll on, His prais - es we'll sing.

CHORUS.

There's a beau - ti - ful home..... far o - ver the
a beau - ti - ful home

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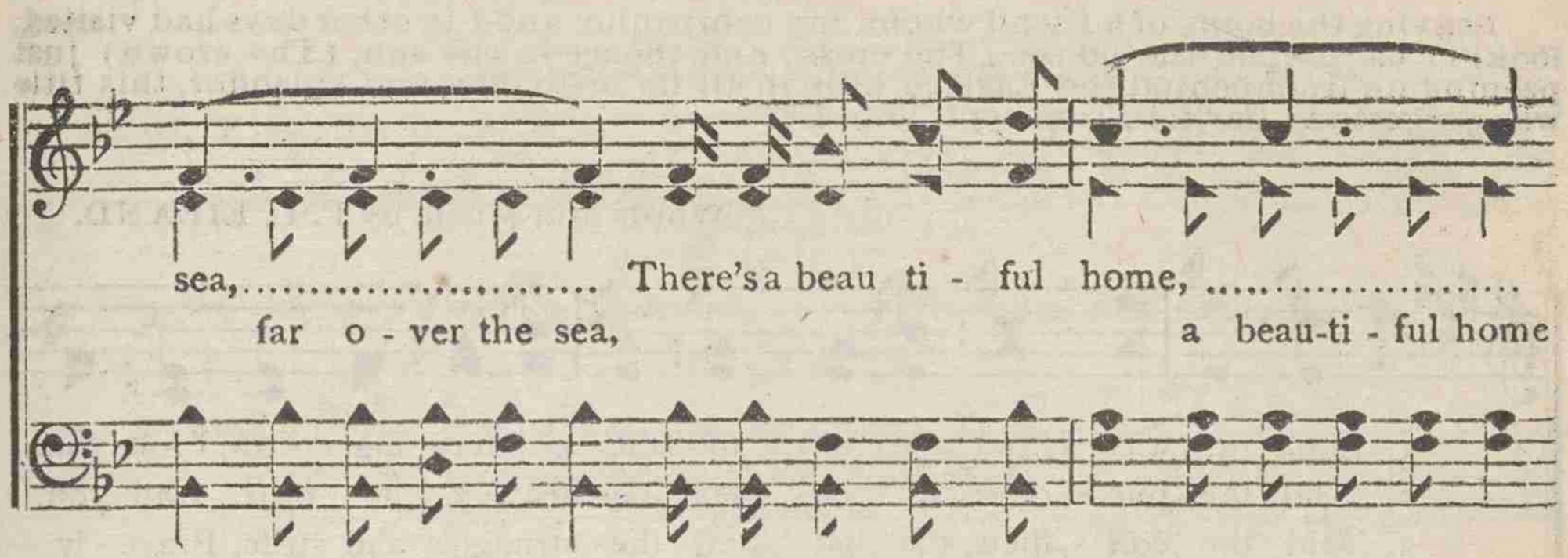
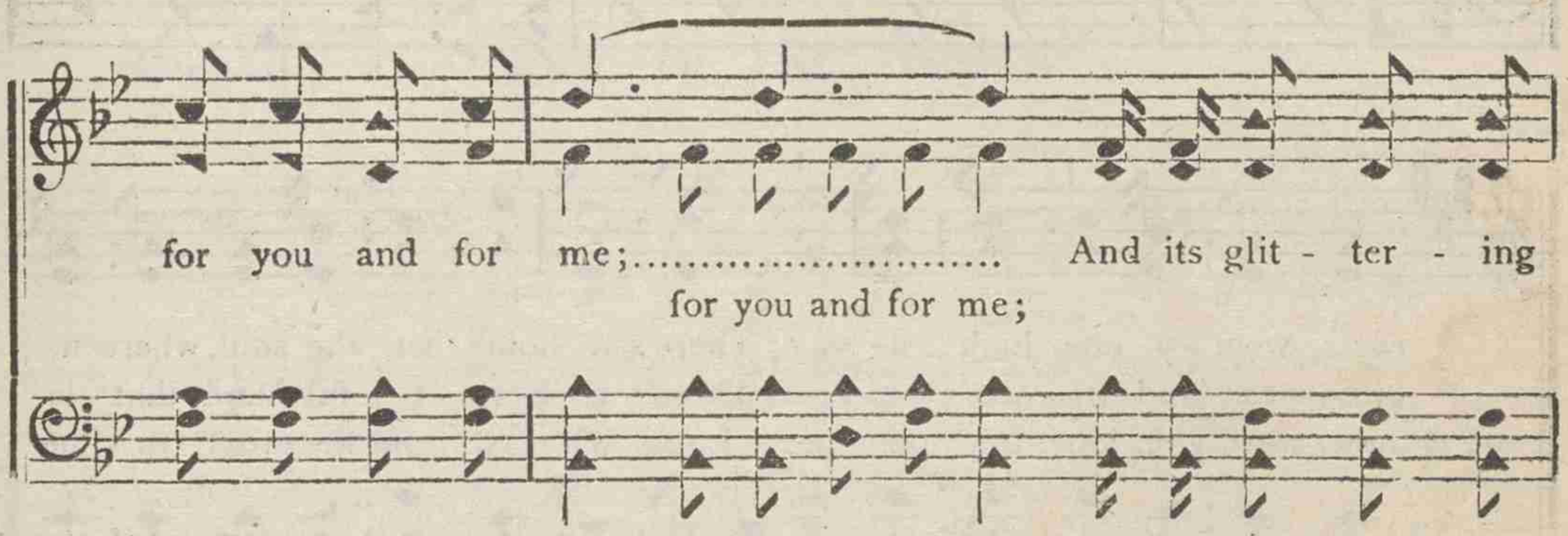
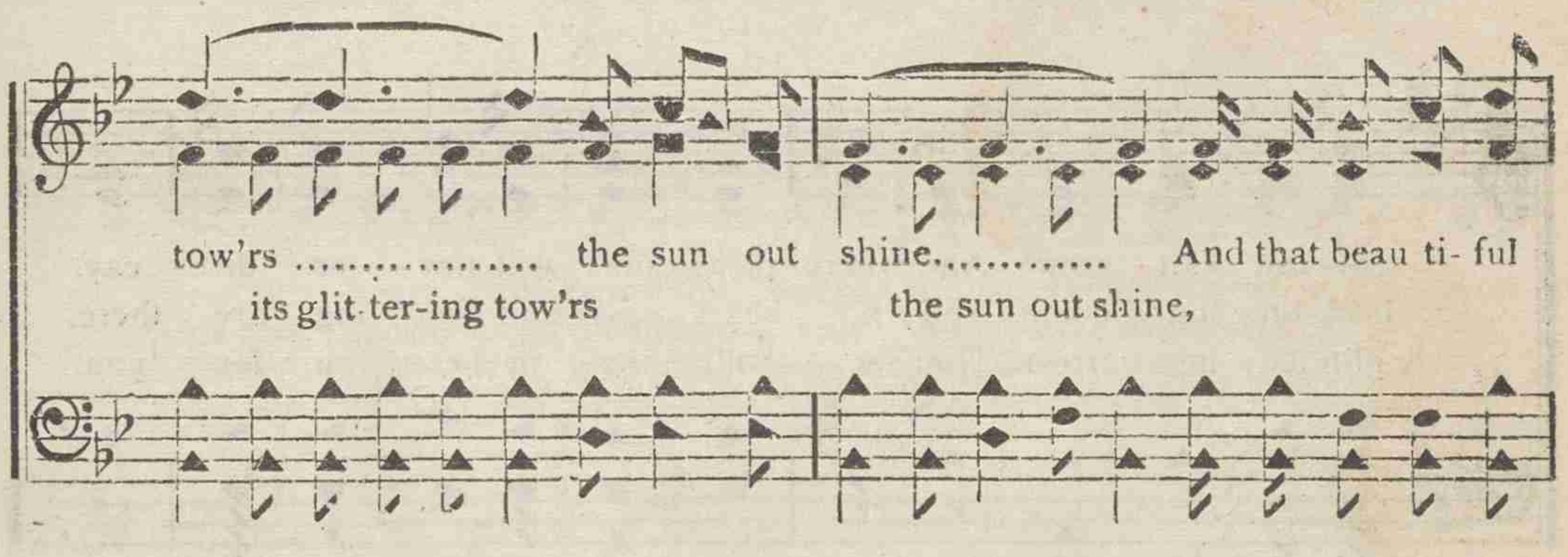
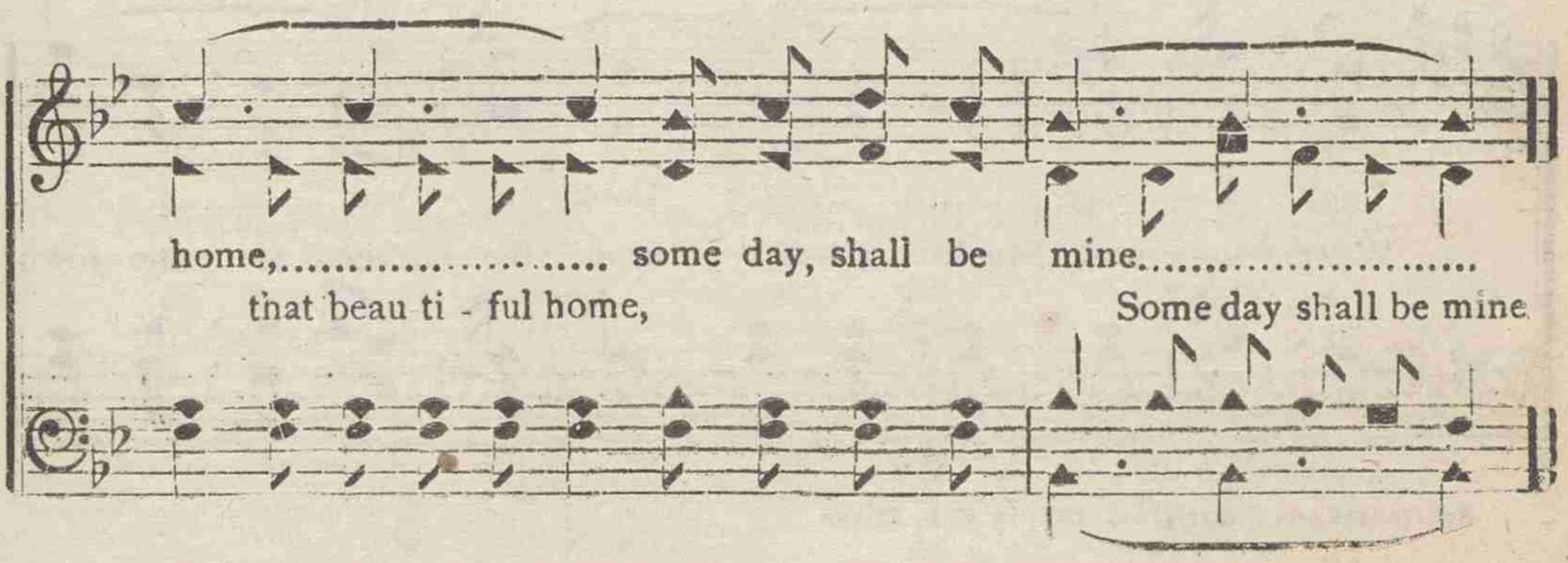
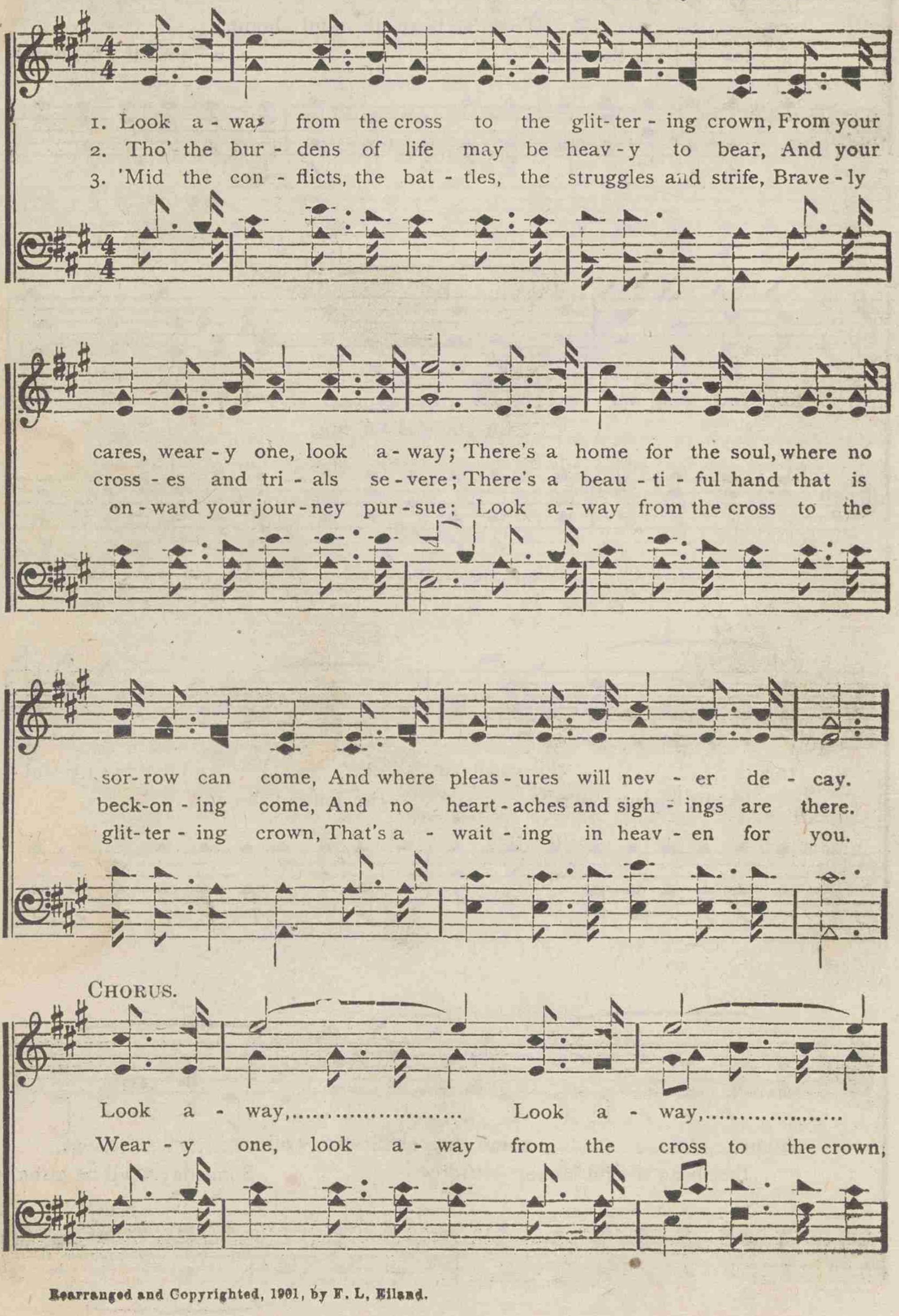
That Beautiful Home.—Concluded.

NO. 24. From the Cross to the Crown.

Leaving the home of a friend whom, my companion and I in other days had visited, looking back upon the house, (The cross) and thence to the sun, (The crown) just peeping up from behind the Eastern hills in all its brilliancy and splendor, this title was suggested. Carlton, Tex. Sept. 10th. 1895.

Words and Music by F. L. EILAND.



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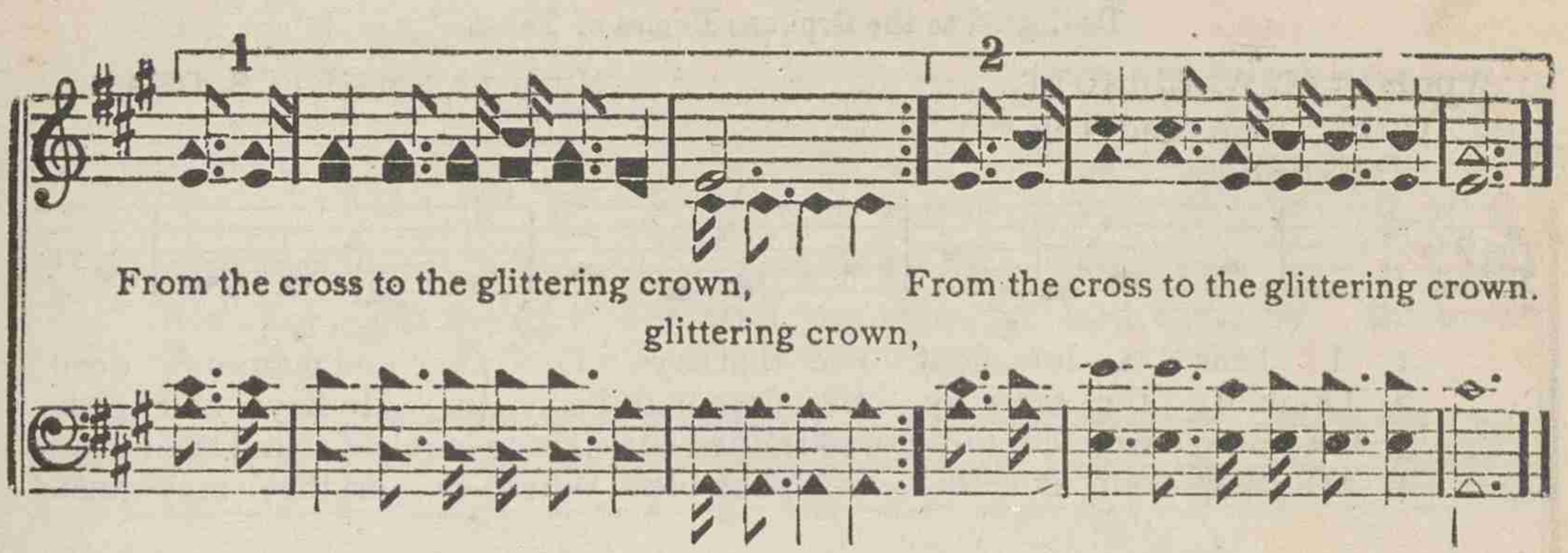
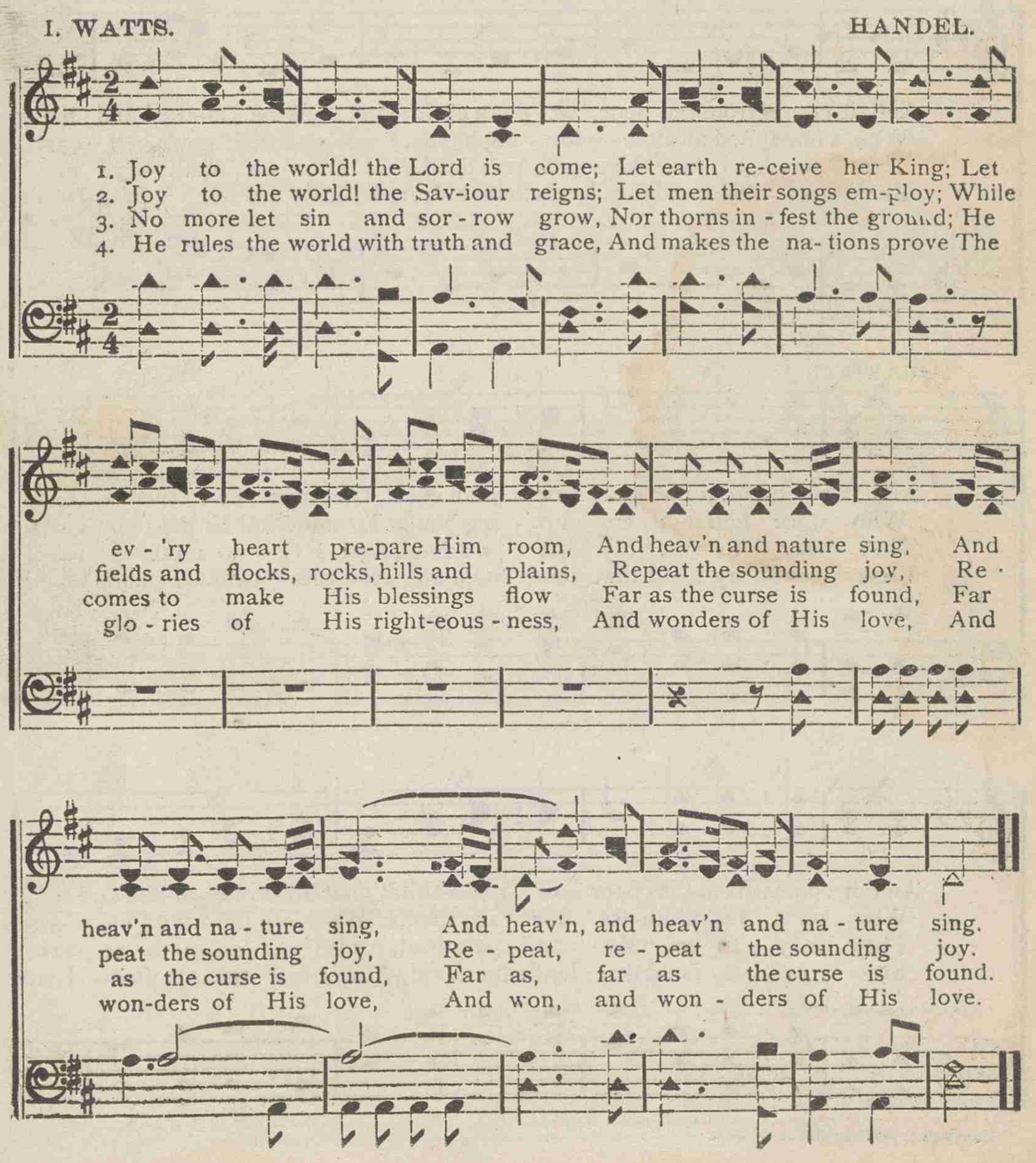
From the Cross to the Crown.—Concluded.



NO. 25. Joy to the World.

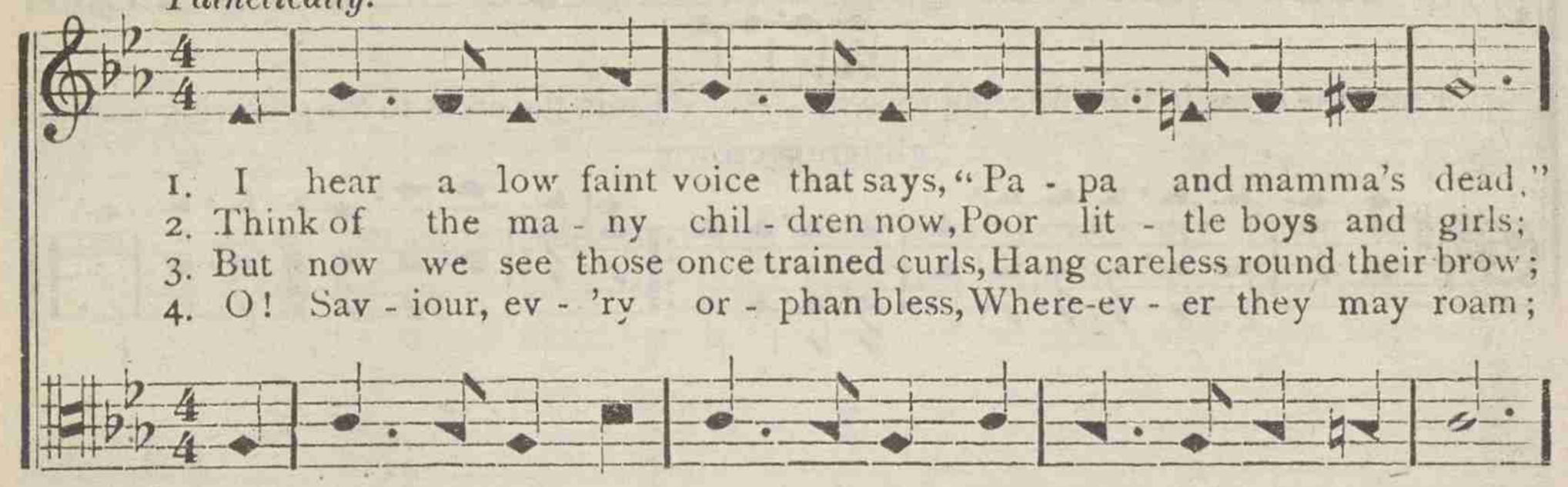
I. WATTS. HANDEL.

NO. 26. Saviour, Lead Them. (Orphans.)

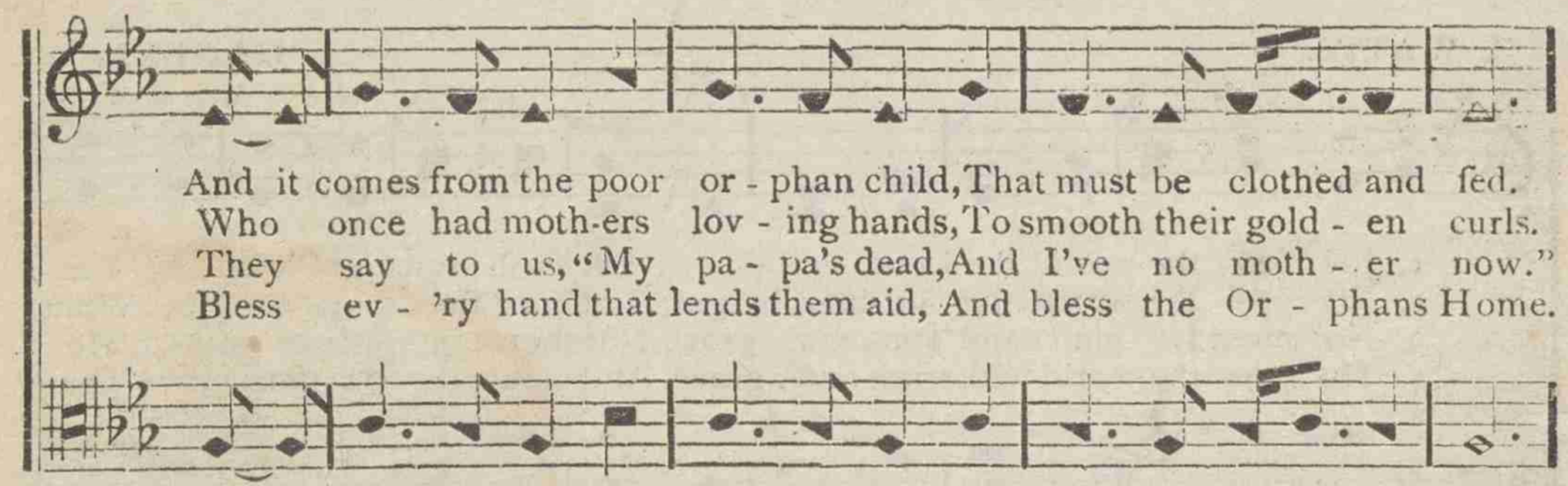
Dedicated to the Orphans Homes of Texas.

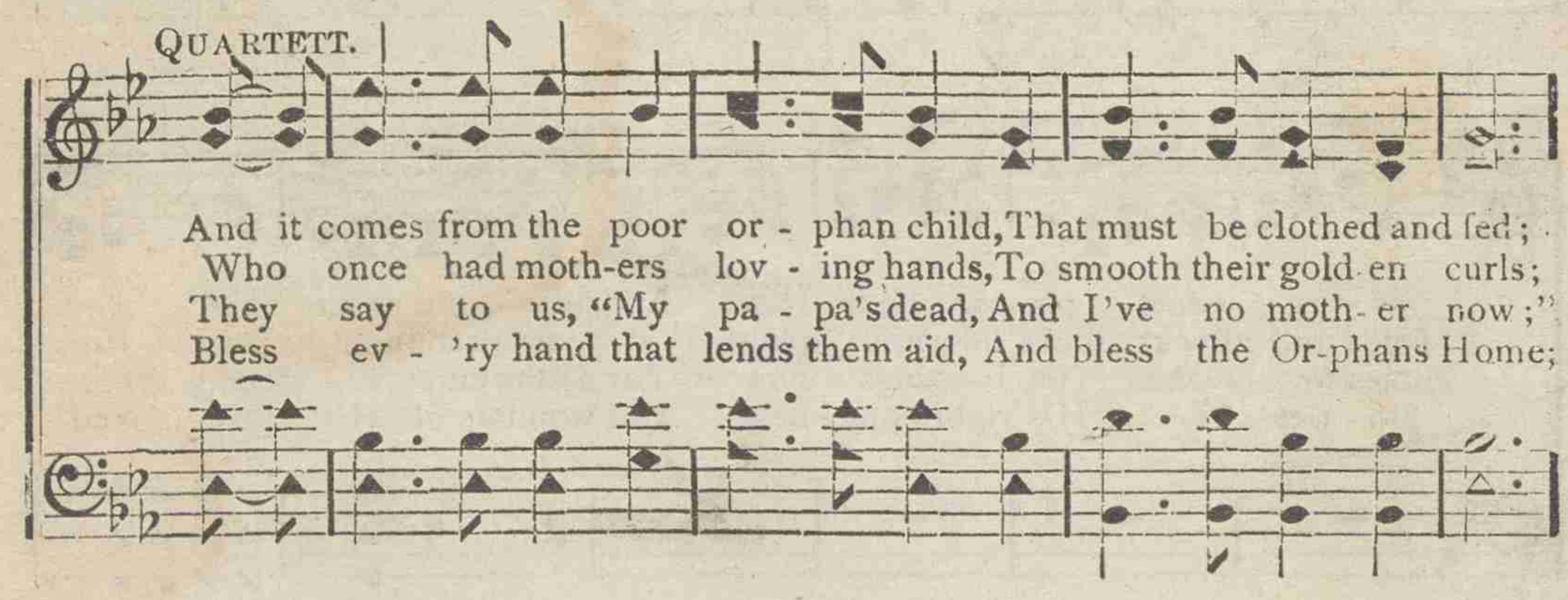
Words by H. W. ELLIOTT. Music by EMMETT S. DEAN.

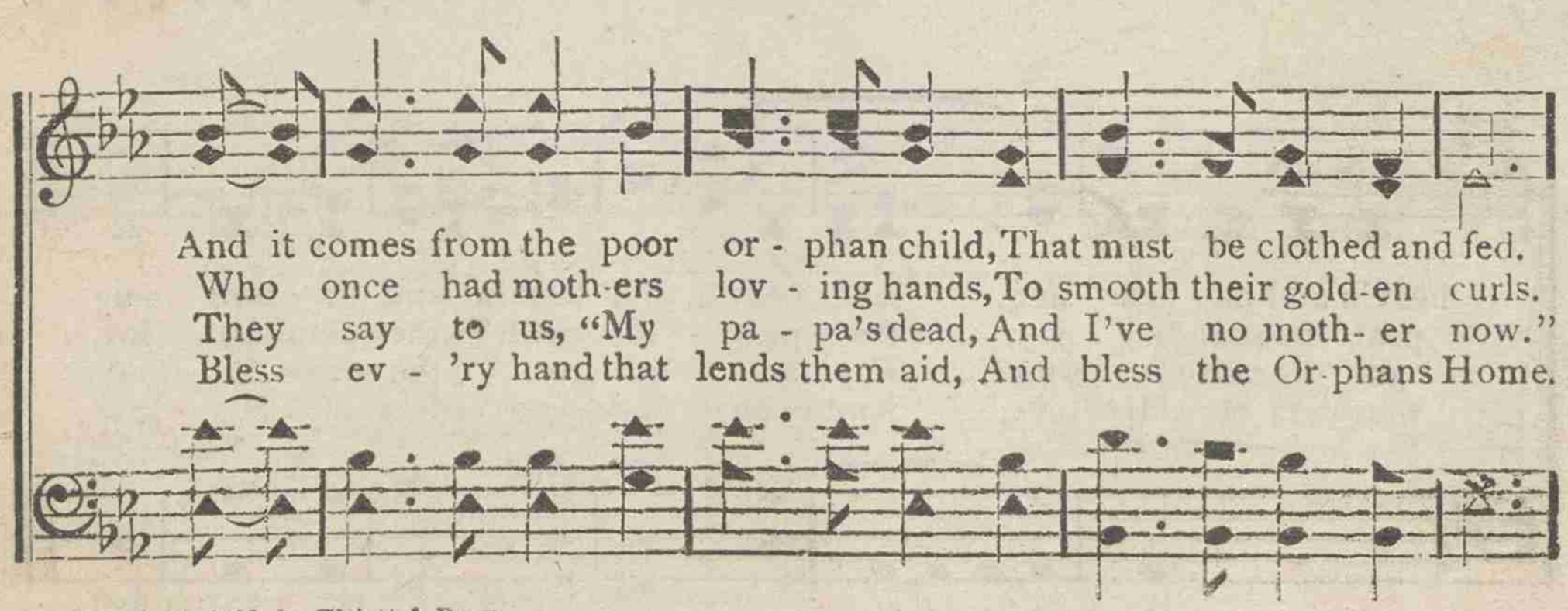
DUET. Sop. and Ten.

Pathetically.









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Saviour, Lead Them. (Orphans.)—Concluded.

CHORUS. *cres.*

Sav - iour, lead . . . . . them by the hand,
Sav - iour, lead them by the hand, yes, gent - ly lead them by the hand,

Sav - iour, lead . . . . . them by the hand,
Sav - iour, lead them by the hand, yes, gent - ly lead them by the hand,

Sav - iour, lead . . . . . them by the hand,
Sav - iour, lead them by the hand, yes, gent - ly lead them by the hand,

dim.

Till they all reach the glit - ter - ing strand.
glit - ter - ing strand

NO. 27.

Contented.

F. L. ELAND. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Soul, why be con - tent- ed, Out of Christ to stay? With no hope of heav-en, And so much to pay? Jes - us is for-
2. Why ne - glect this inter-est? Let it pass you by? Seek- ing aft - er for-tune, Which must short - ly die? Mon - ey will not
3. Why then be con - tent- ed, With thy soul ex - posed, Till the gate of mer- cy, Shall to thee be closed? Has - ten then my

bear- ing, That you yet may heed: —Warn - ings oft' re - peat- ed,
pur- chase You a ti - tle, friend, To that world of glo - ry,
broth - er, Do not long - er wait, Soon you'll hear with sad- ness,

CHORUS.

And se - cure thy need.
Nor a sol - ace lend.
Oh, poor soul too late.

'Tis a debt, my broth er! And 'tis com - ing due; Ques- tion, can you meet it? Judg - ment waits for you!

NO. 28.

Too Late.

F. L. E. F. L. EILAND.

Slowly.

1. Too late, 'twill be for you to cry, When mer-cies day has passed you by!
2. Too late, when death has barred the door, Your wail-ings can be heard no more!
3. Will you not heed the voice to - day, In - vit - ing you Christ to o - bey?
4. No long - er, there in sin a - bide! This all im - por- tant step de - cide!

When sol - emn night, of dark de-spair, Shall come up - on you halt-ing there!
Re - ject - ed, there, thy soul will be— Shut out, thro' all e - ter - ni - ty!
And be prepared to en - ter there, A pure and spot - less robe to wear?
Come out, where Christ can touch thy soul, And at this mo - ment be made whole!

REFRAIN.

Too late, too late, poor trembling soul! O will this be..... your fate?

Too late, too late to be made whole! Too late, too late, too late!

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NO. 29. Are You Ready to be Saved?

Suggested by a sermon preached by Elder T. R. Burnett, July, 4th, 1898.

S. D. S. S. D. SIMONS.

1. You have heard the gos - pel of the bless - ed Lord, 'Tis the
2. You have long been grop - ing thro' the vales of sin, From the
3. You can have sal - va - tion, and with Je - sus live, In that

pow'r of God to save; Will you come, o - bey, ac- cord-ing to His word?
way of life have strayed; Will you come to Je - sus? He will let you in.
land, be-yond the grave, Where the joys of heav-en un - to you He'll give,

CHORUS.

Be prepared to en - ter thou, the grave!
Hal - le - lu - jah, ma - ny souls He's saved!
If you'll trust His blessed pow'r to save!
} Are you read-y to be sav'd?

yes, I'm

Ready to be saved? Read-y for the call to go? You have I am

long been wand'ring, you have long delayed, Will you walk the paths of sin no more?

NO. 30. Will You Wash in His Precious Blood?

S. J. O. S. J. OSLIN, by per.

1. There is a fount- ain o - pen'd wide, 'Tis the sin - ners cleansing flood;
2. O, look by faith to Calv'rys mount, There behold the Son of God;
3. Up - on the rug - ged cross He bled, Yes, He died for all the world;
4. Sus-pend-ed on the cur - sed tree, There in ag - o - ny He groan'd!

It flows from Je - sus' bleed-ing side—Will you wash in His pre-cious blood?
He shed His blood—the heal-ing fount—Will you wash in His pre-cious blood?
And there re - deem-ing blood He shed —Will you wash in His pre-cious blood?
'Twas all for sin- ners such as we—Will you wash in His pre-cious blood?

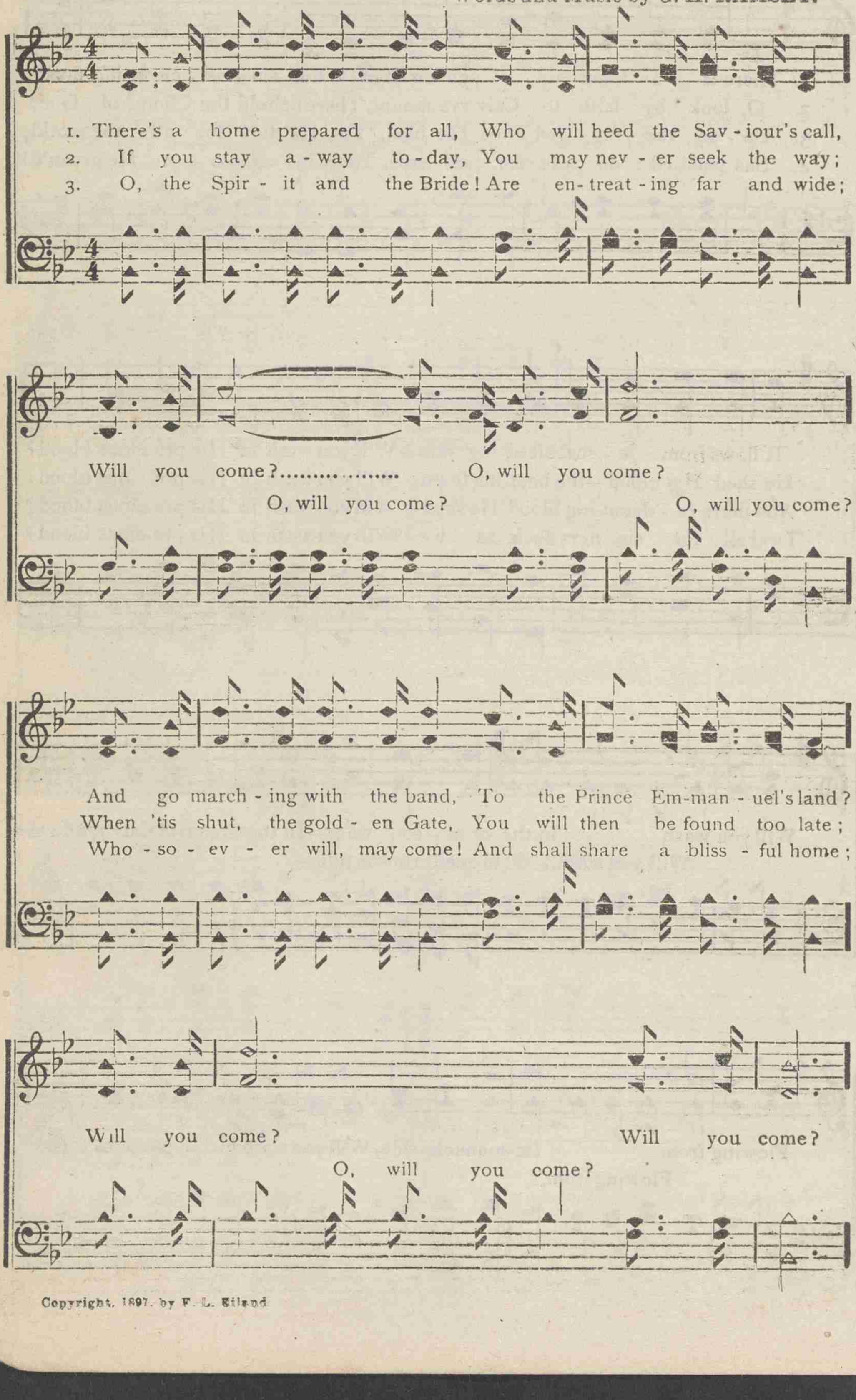
Will you wash in the crim - son tide,—In the stream of Calv'rys flood?
Will you wash, blessed crimson tide,—

Flowing from Im-manuels side, Will you wash in His precious blood?
Flowing from,

NO. 31. Will You Come?

"And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—REV. 22: 17.

Words and Music by G. H. RAMSEY.



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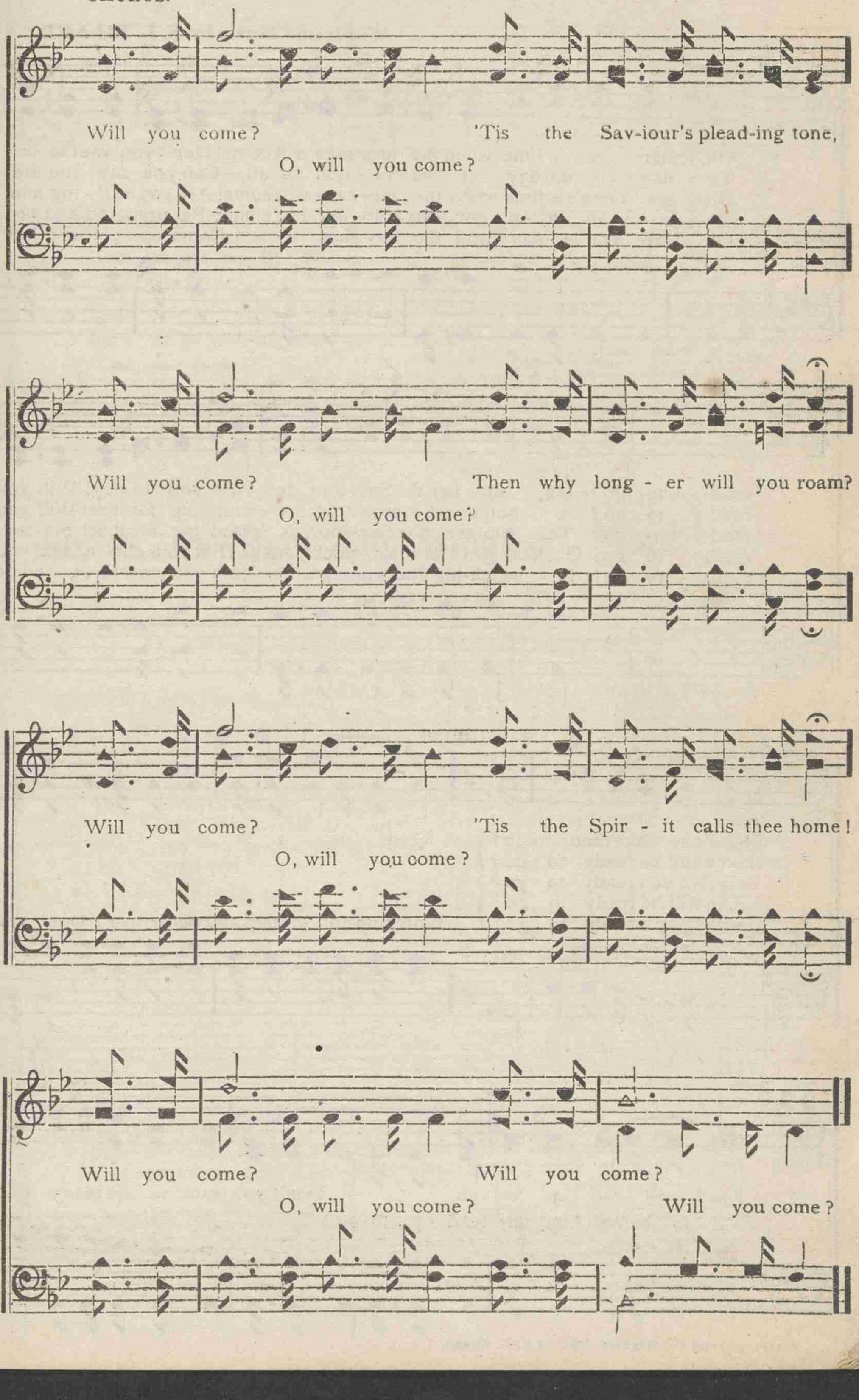
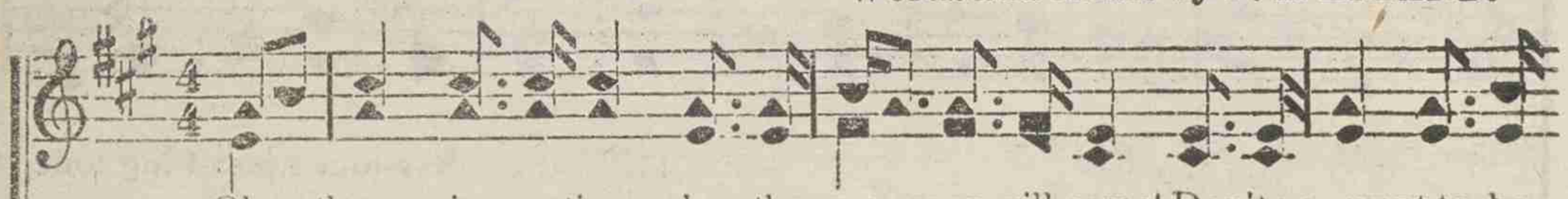
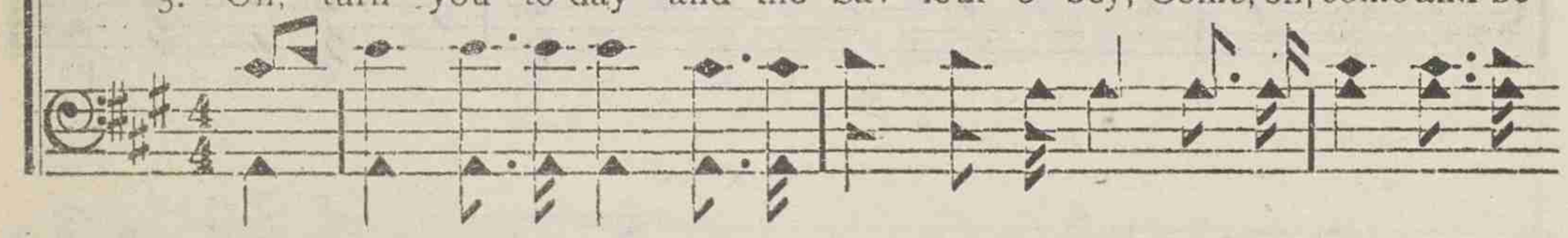
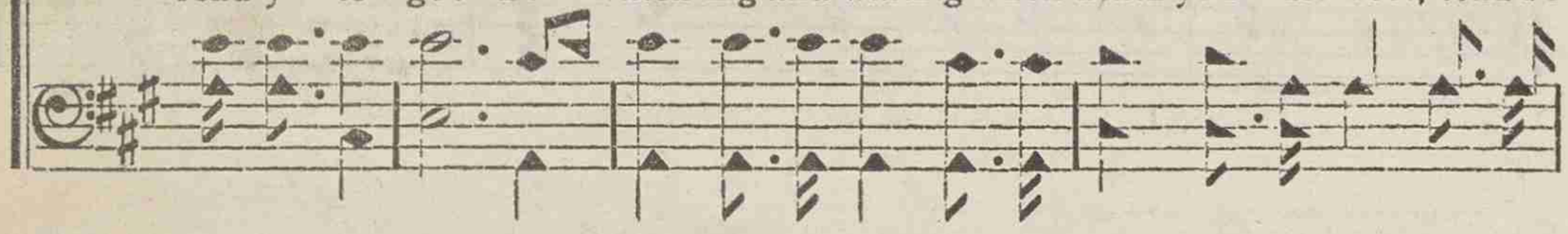
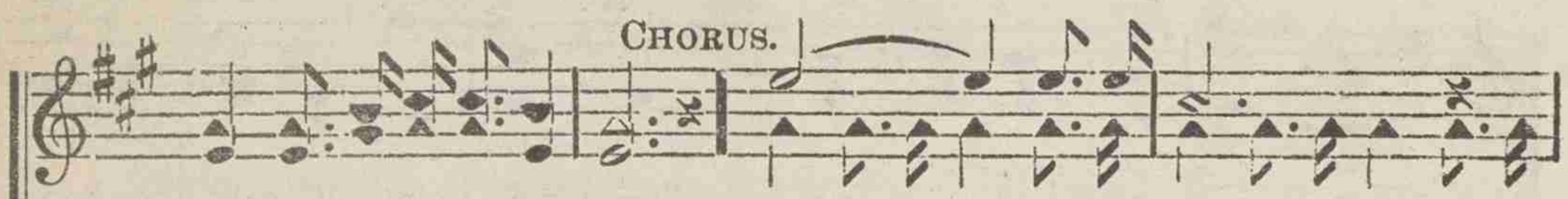
Will You Come?—Concluded.

CHORUS.

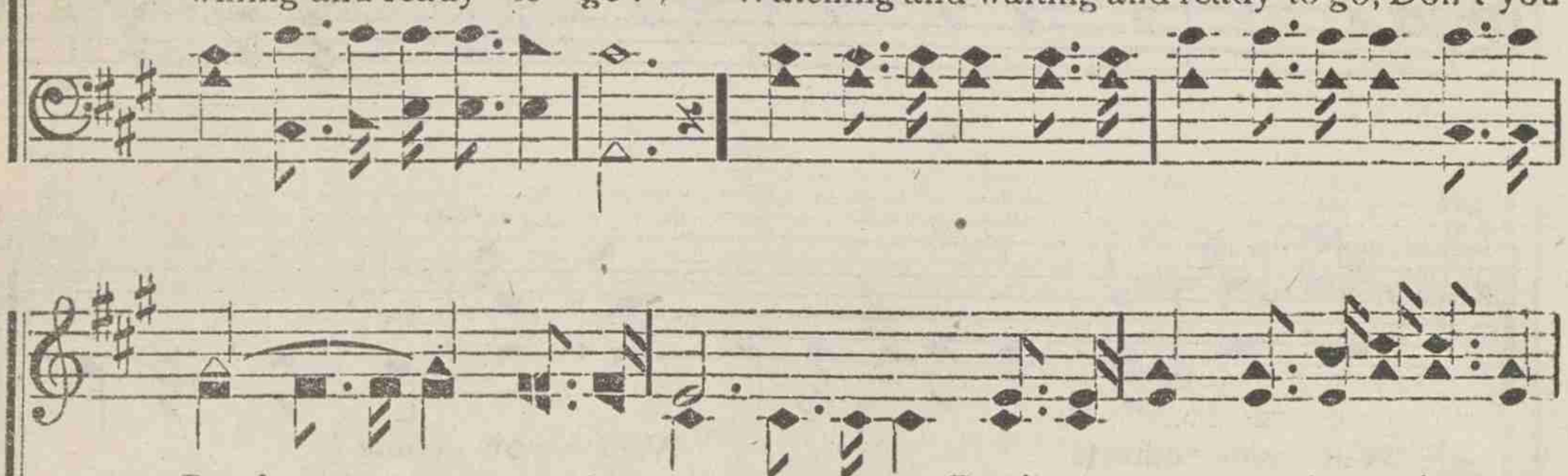


NO. 32. Don't You Want to be Ready?

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

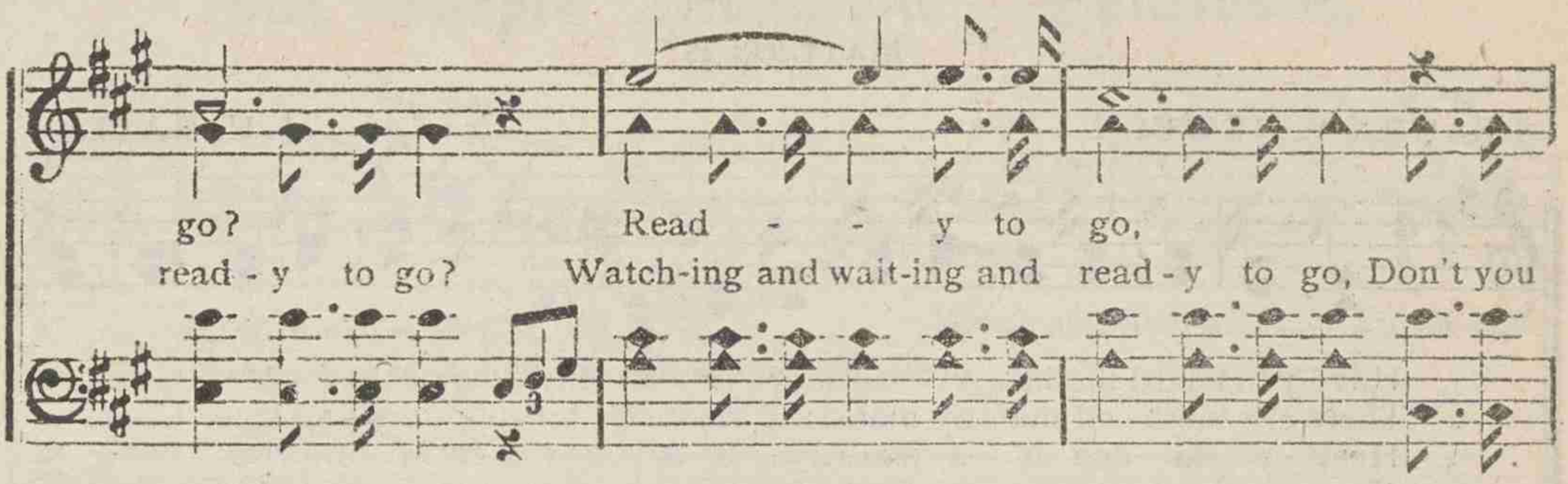
Words aud Music by F. L. EILAND.

1. Oh, there is a time when the mes-sage will come! Don't you want to be
2. To - day is the day of sal - va - tion for all,—Can you say you are
3. Oh, yes, there's a time when the mes-sage will come! Are you will - ing and
4. De - lay you no lon - ger, dear sin - ner, but come; Be prepared and be
5. Oh, turn you to-day and the Sav - iour o - bey, Come, oh, come and be

read-y to go? Oh, sin - ner the Sav - iour in - vites you to-day! Will you
read-y to go? A home and a crown is a - wait - ing for thee! Will you
read-y to go? This moment, the Sav - iour, is plead - ing for thee! Sin - ner,
read-y to go! Oh, hear you His voice, quickly make Him your choice, And you
read-y to go! Be watch-ing and waiting when death you must meet, And be

CHORUS.

hear and make ready to go?
come and be ready to go?
say, are you ready to go?
then will be ready to go!
willing and ready to go!

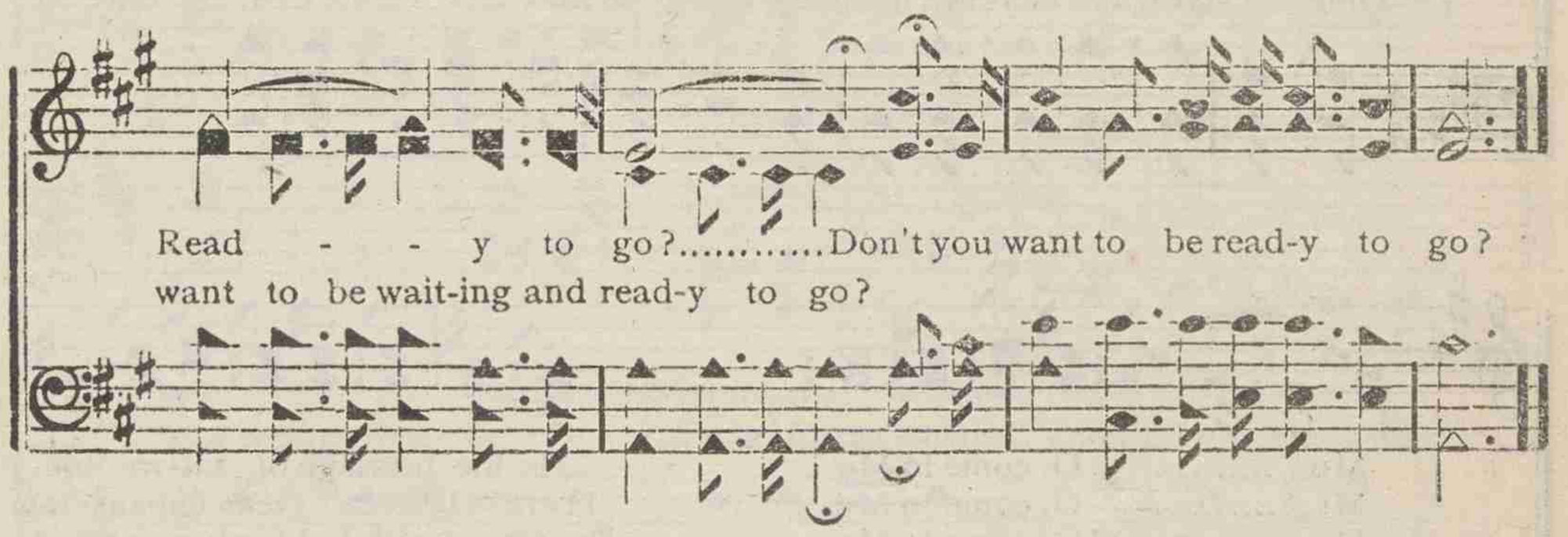
Read - y to go,

Watching and waiting and ready to go, Don't you

Read - - y to go, Don't you want to be ready to
want to be wait - ing and read - y to go? yes,

Rearranged and Copyrighted, 1901, by F. L. Eiland.

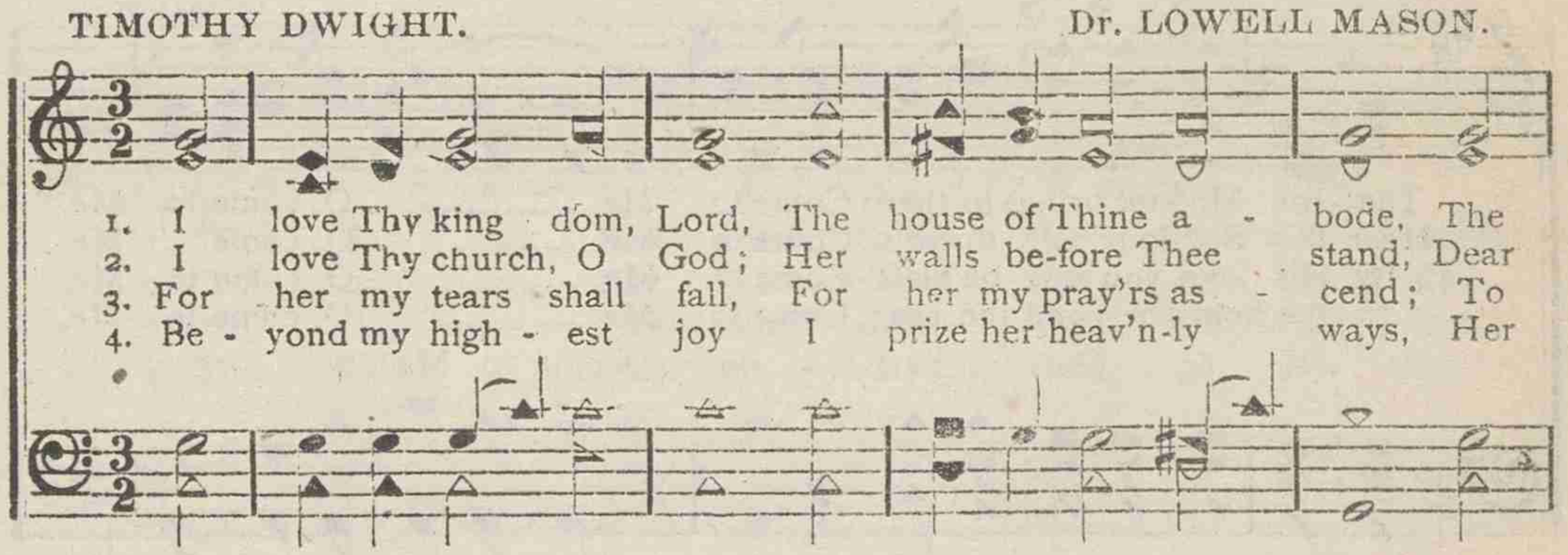
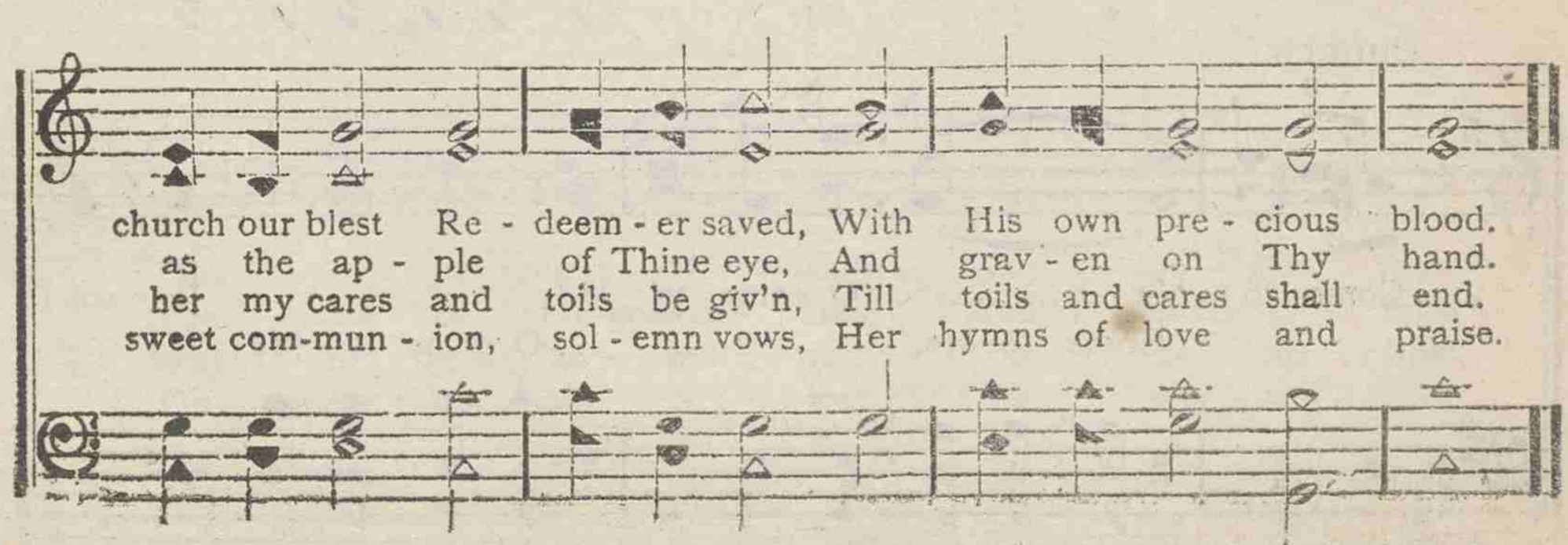
Don't You Want to be Ready?—Concluded.





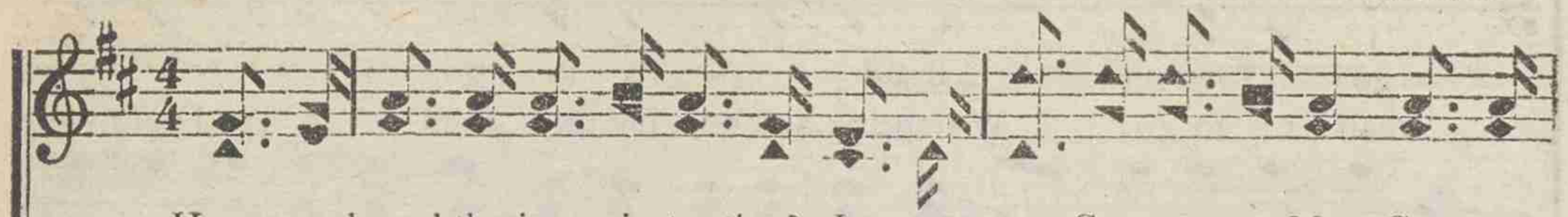
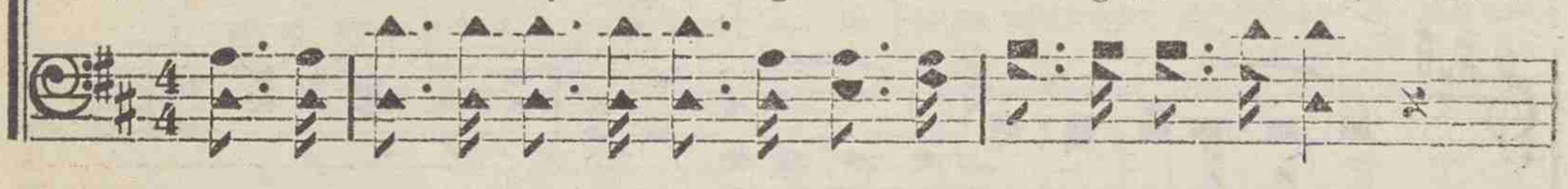
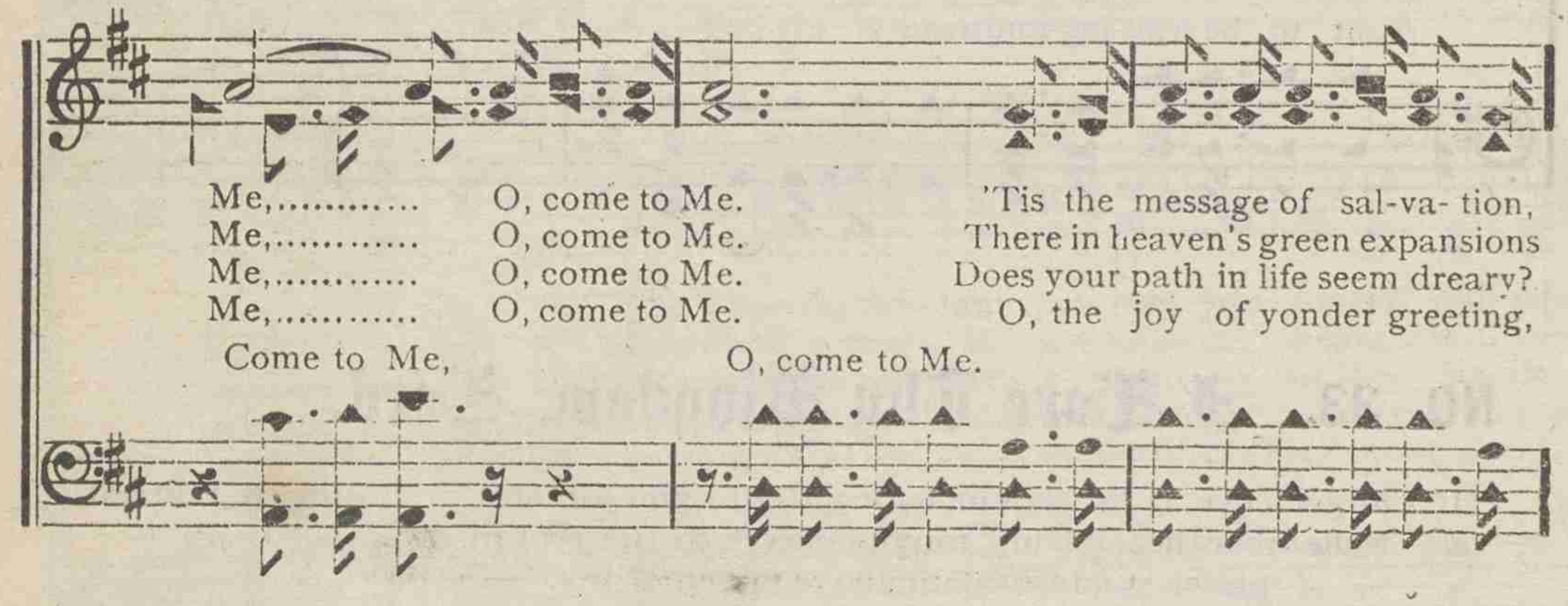
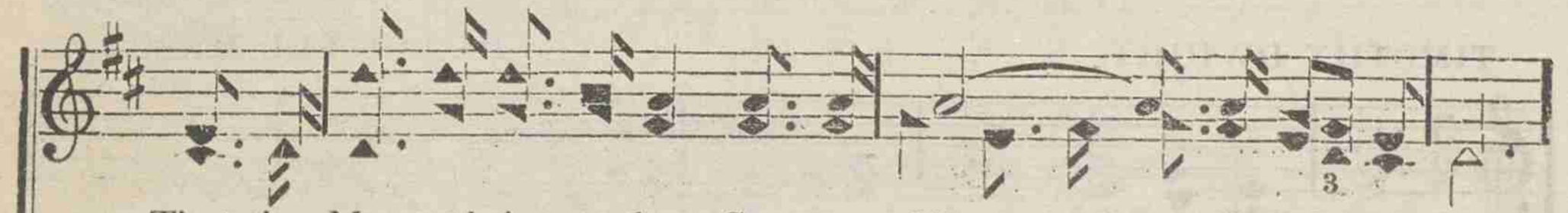
NO. 33. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

"If I forget Thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning, If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; If I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."—Ps. 137: 5, 6.

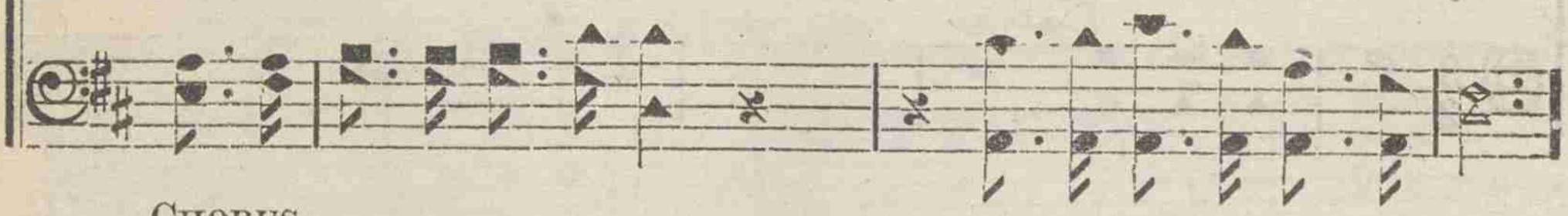
TIMOTHY DWIGHT. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



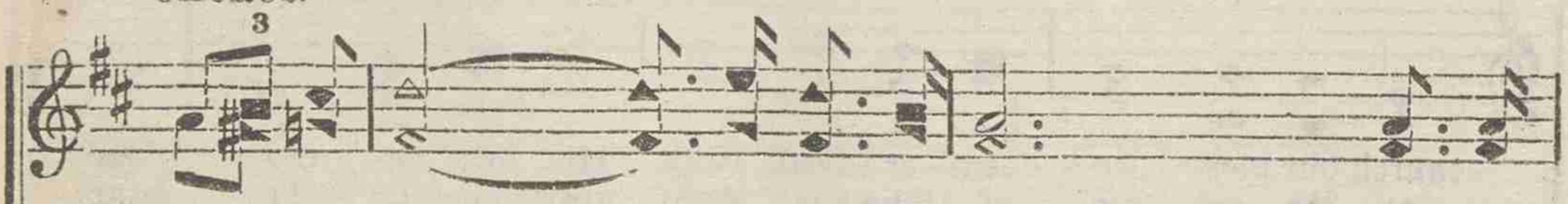
NO. 34. The Gospel Invitation.

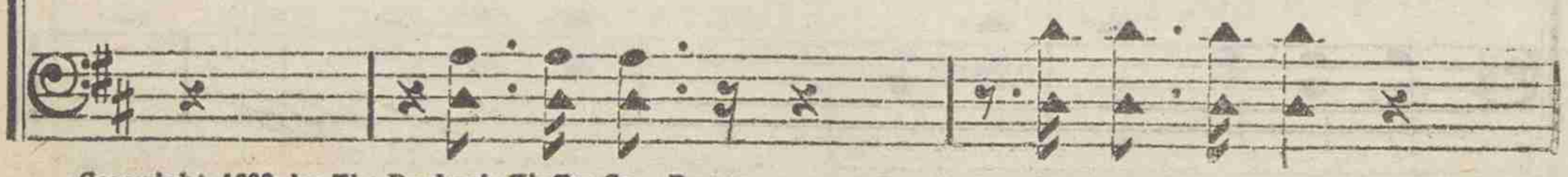
MATT. 11: 28.

LAURA E. NEWELL. J. H. HALL.

1. Have you heard the in - vi - ta- tion? Je - sus says, Come un-to Me, Come to
2. There are bless - ed ma - ny mansions Waiting for the pure and true; Come to
3. Heav - y la - den, or a- wea - ry, Je - sus says, In Me find rest, Come to
4. Time is short, and days are fleet-ing, Heed the mes-sage, Come to Me, Come to

Me,..... O, come to Me. 'Tis the message of sal-va- tion,
Me,..... O, come to Me. There in heaven's green expansions
Me,..... O, come to Me. Does your path in life seem dreary?
Me,..... O, come to Me. O, the joy of yonder greeting,

Come to Me, O, come to Me.

That the Mas-ter brings to thee: Come to Me,..... O, come to Me.
Hear the Sav-iour call to you, Come to Me,..... O, come to Me.
By His love you may be blest, Come to Me, ... O, come to Me.
In the home be-yond the sea; Come to Me,..... O, come to Me.

Come to Me,



CHORUS.

Come to Me,..... O, come to Me; Je - sus
Come to Me, O, come to Me;



Copyright, 1898, by The Rusbush-Kieffer Co. By per.

The Gospel Invitation.—Concluded.

says,..... Come un - to Me. Wea - ry heart..... for ref-uge
Jesus says, Come un - to Me, come unto me. Weary heart,

flee, Un - to Christ,..... who call - eth thee.
for ref-uge flee Un-to Christ who call - eth thee, who calleth thee.

NO. 35. To-Day the Saviour Calls.

H. F. SMITH. Dr. L. MASON.

1. To - day the Sav - iour calls! Ye wan - d'rers, come!
2. To - day the Sav - iour calls! For ref - uge fly;
3. To - day the Sav - iour calls! Oh, hear Him now!
4. The Spir - it calls to - day! Yield to His pow'r!

O ye be - night - ed souls, Why lon - ger roam?
The storm of ven-geance falls, And death is nigh.
With - in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.
Oh, grieve Him not a - way! 'Tis mer - cy's hour.

NO. 36. Why Not To-Night?

Dr. H. BONAR. F. L. EILAND.

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

light: Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.
sight; This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.
quite? Re - nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, oh, to-night.
nite; Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to-night.

CHORUS.

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

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

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

why not to-night? Wilt thou be sav'd? wilt thou be sav'd? Then why not, Oh, why not to-night?

Then why not to-night?

NO. 37. Turned Away at the Pearly Gate.

J. H. SHEPPARD.

Slowly.

1. All will ap-pear at the pearl - y gate, To hear their sentence, both
2. Some, in - to darkness, there, will be cast, To meet their des - ti - ny,
3. Some, there will hear, "Ye depart from me, I know you not," it is

small and great, Some there will *knock*, and will not be heard, Turn'd a -
aw - ful fate,— Weep-ing and gnashing of teeth, there'll be, Turn'd a -
then too late,— Sad- ness, will be un - to those who are, Turn'd a -

REFRAIN.

way, at the pearl - y gate! } Turn'd a-way at the pearl- y gate!
way, at the pearl - y gate! }
way, at the pearl - y gate! } pearly gate!

Turn'd a - way at the pearl - y gate! Sad- ness will be un- to
pearly gate!

those who are, Turn'd a - way at the pearl - y gate.

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NO. 38.

I Am Not Ready.

"To-day, if you will hear His voice, harden not your heart."—Bible.

A more convenient season, friend,
Your soul may never bless,—
This is the day, thou shouldst secure
God's offered righteousness.

F. L. EILAND. Jas. W. ACUFF.

1. I am not rea-dy to choose to-night, The way of a pil-grim to live,—
2. I am not rea-dy this step to try—This glo-ry to bar-ter a-way!
3. I am not rea-dy, just yet, to part With pleasure so sweet to me here,—
4. I will get rea-dy, there's time for me,—The day of my youth is not past;
5. O, I have wait-ed too long, too long! The last call of mer-cy's with-drawn!

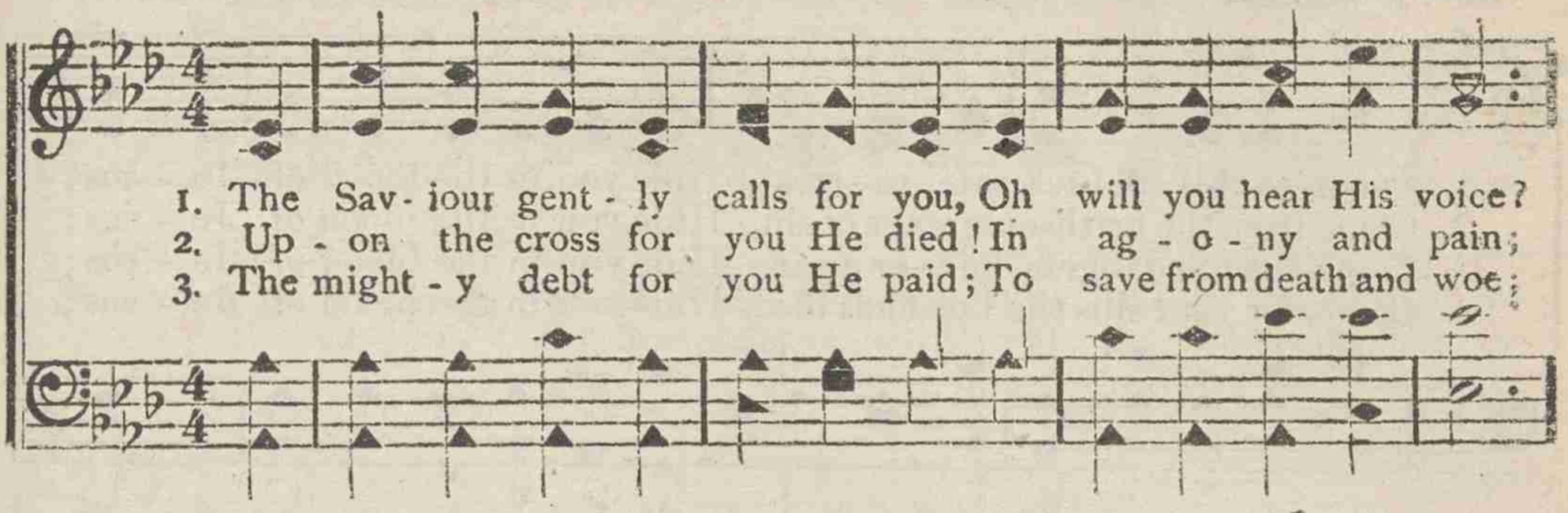
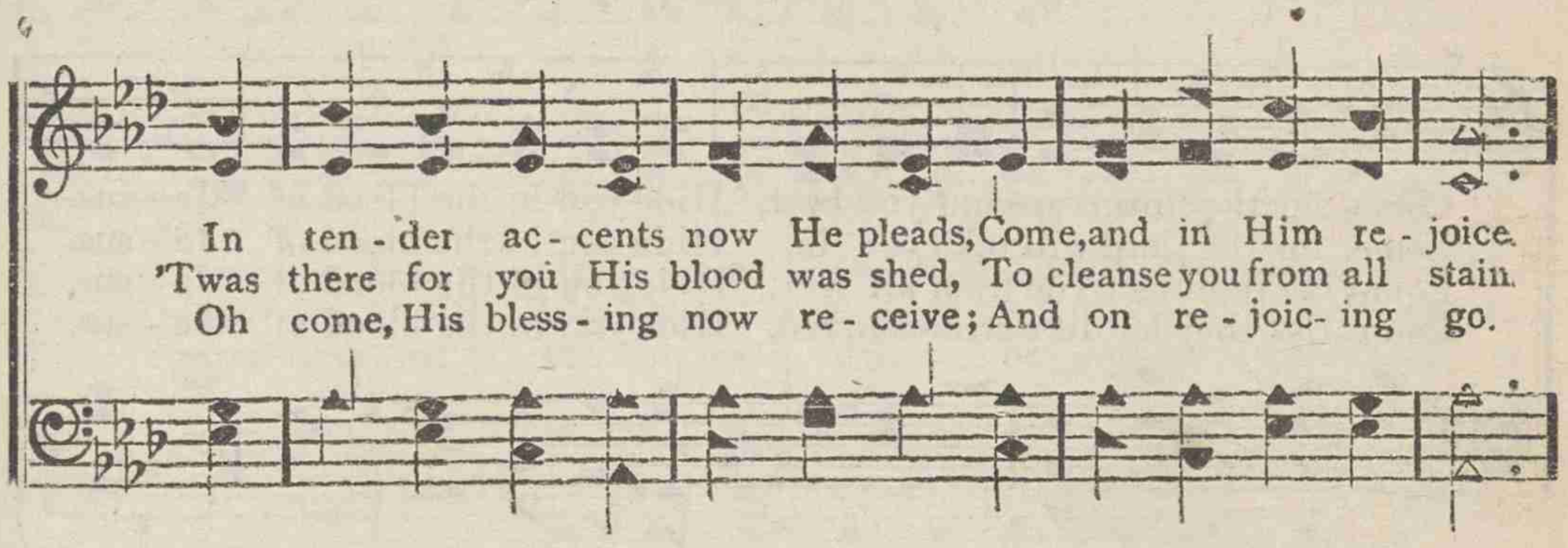
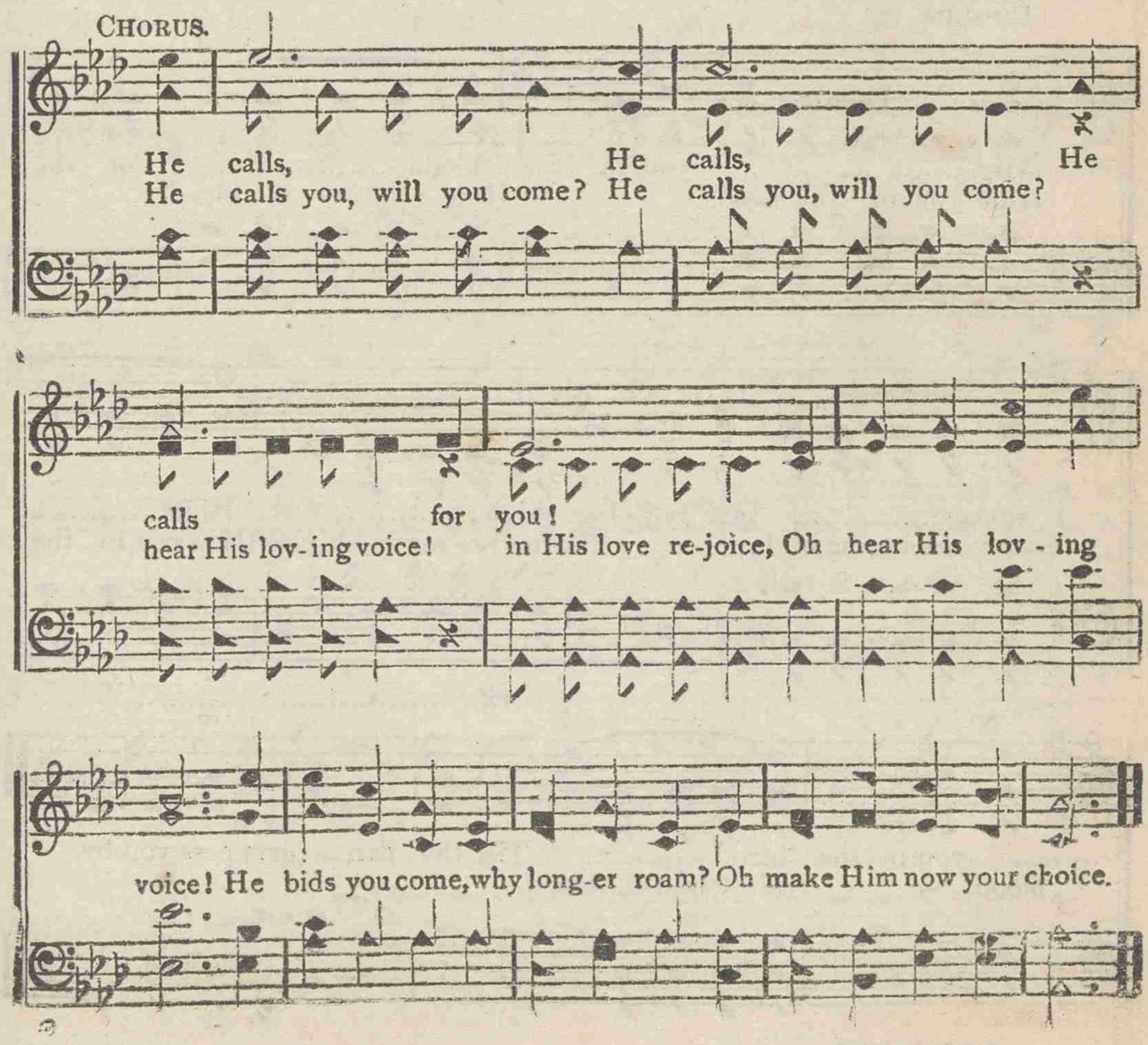
I am not will-ing, this hope to blight, The world, here has promised to give.
I can-not trust it, I'll pass it by, I'll wait till an-oth-er good day.
I will stay with them, and let my heart Feast on, with-out sad-ness, or fear.
Af-ter earth's glo-ries, e-nough I see, This course I will take at the last.
I am not rea-dy is my sad song! The day of sal-va-tion is gone.

REFRAIN.

I am not rea-dy, I am not rea-dy, These pleasures I can-not for-sake;
I am not rea-dy, I am not rea-dy, The cross of my Sav-iour to take.

NO. 39.

Hear His Voice.

Words by D. M. GOODMAN. Music by J. D. PROVENCE.



NO. 40. Hide You in the Blood of Jesus.

Rev. L. McHAN. JNO. P. BALLEW.

1. Come to this shel-ter, safe re - treat, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus;
2. Come from the loathsome ways of sin, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus;
3. Come, for the dangers hov - er near, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus;
4. Come, for your sins the Lord has bled, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus;

Come, for the storms around you beat, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus.
Come, for the Lord will take you in, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus.
Come. He'll protect you from all fear, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus.
Come, tho' they be like crim-son, red, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Hide..... you in the blood,..... For the storms..... are rag - ing high; ..... Hide.....
Hide you in the blood, Hide you in the blood, Storms are raging high, Storms are rag-ing high; Hide you in the

rit......

..... you in the blood,..... Till the dan - gers pass you by.
blood, Hide you in the blood,

á, 1902.

NO. 41. He Calls To-Day.

"To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice."—*Jesus.*

E. R. LATTA. EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. He calls to - day, to the souls that stray,—Will you hark to His voice so kind? If you will hear, and in faith draw near,—You shall
2. Why will you die, when He bids you fly, And be saved from the wrath to come? Why fam - ish, there, in the des - ert bare, When, there
3. He calls to - day, from each e - vil way, To the path that the saved have trod,— He bids each soul, to be now, made whole,—To be

CHORUS.

cer - tain ac - cept - ance find!
still, at His feast is room?
saved by Im - man - uel's blood!

O, will you come and wash in His precious blood, And share the blessedness of His boundless love? O, will you come and wash in His precious blood, And ev-er-more a-bide by His throne a - bove!

NO. 42.

Follow On.

Mrs. E. GREER FLOYD. Adapted by F. L. E. JAS. B. FRANKLIN.

1. My soul o'er-flows with joy and peace, Where Je - sus shows His face,
2. Thro' shad - ows deep, He lights the way; And leads my soul a - long,
3. When to death's nar - row stream I come, Tho' dark the wave, and cold;
4. All glo - ry to His pre-cious name; Who gave His life for me;

And bids all doubt and sor - rows cease, And saves me by His grace!
To man-sions fair and end - less day, The land of praise and song.
My Lord doth call my spir - it home, In - to His peace-ful fold.
His grace, His good-ness, I'll pro-claim, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

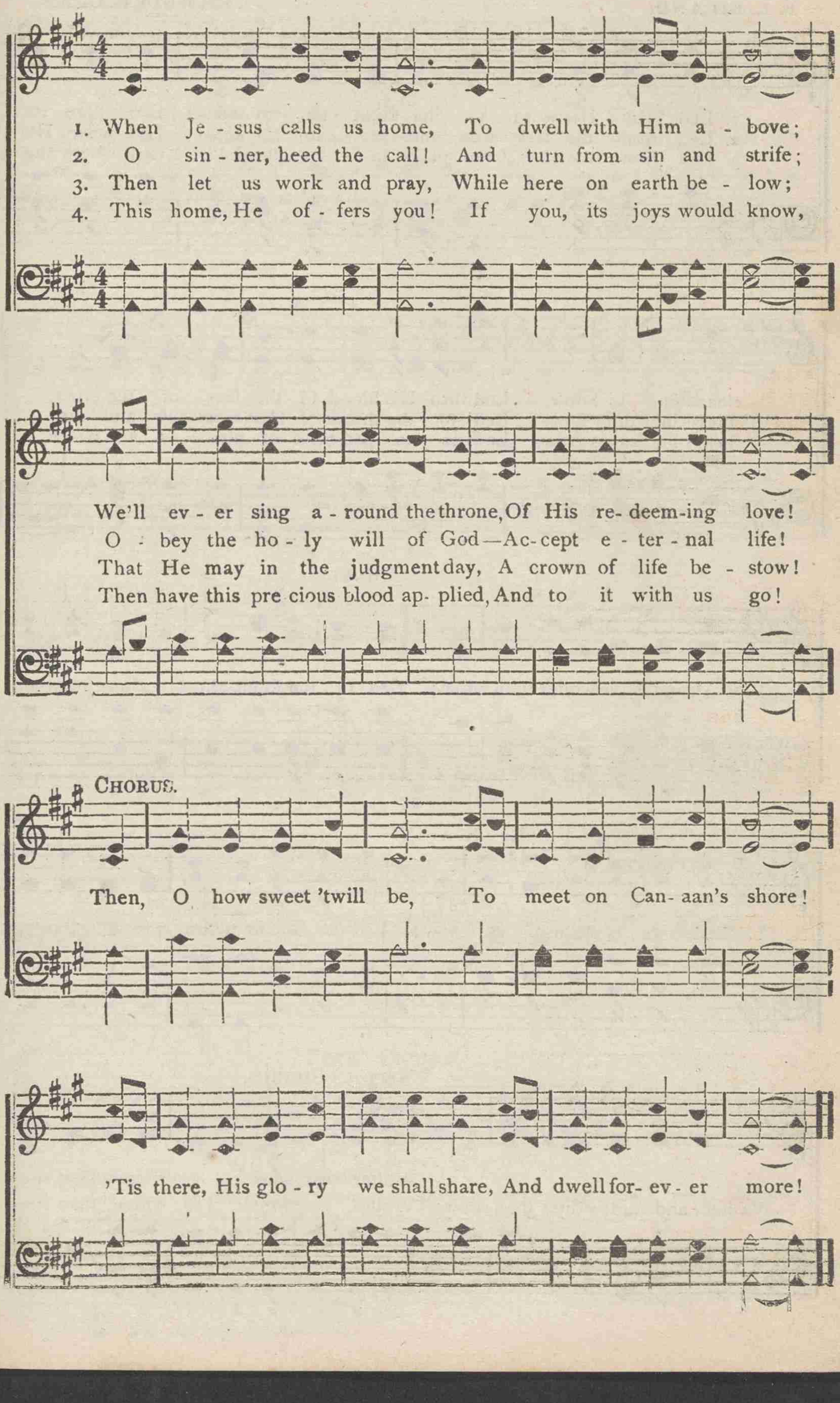
CHORUS.

O, will you fol - low on? O, will you fol - low on?
O, will you fol - low, fol-low on? O, will you fol - low, fol-low on?

O, will you fol - low where He leads? O, will you fol - low on?

NO. 43. Jesus Calls us Home.

J. W. ACUFF. W. D. EVERIDGE.



NO. 44.

His Word.

F. L. EILAND. EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. Led by His word to the fount - ain of life, Led there its
2. Led from the dark - ness and in - to the light, Led where His
3. Led from the bar - ren plain in - to the fold, Led where the

cleans - ing to know, Led thro' His blood to the foot of the cross,
bless - ings doth flow, Led to the throne of His mer - cy and love,
heal - ing leaves grow, Led in - to pas-tures of plen - ty and peace,

CHORUS.

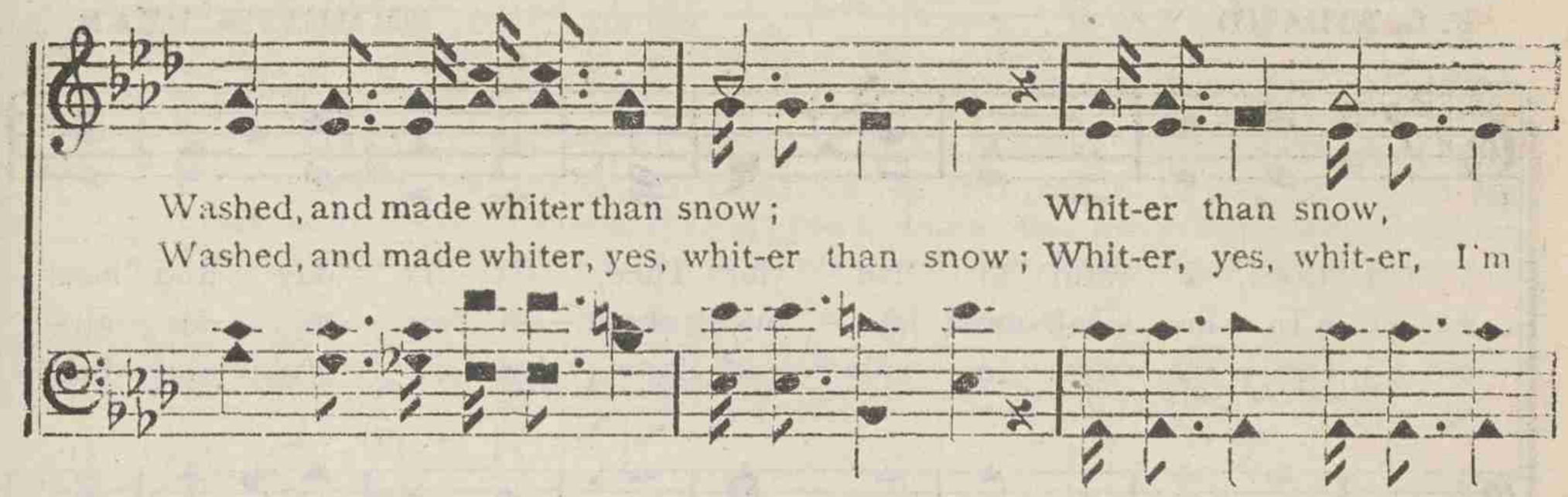
Wash'd, and made whiter than snow! Led to the fount-ain, pre- cious fount-ain,

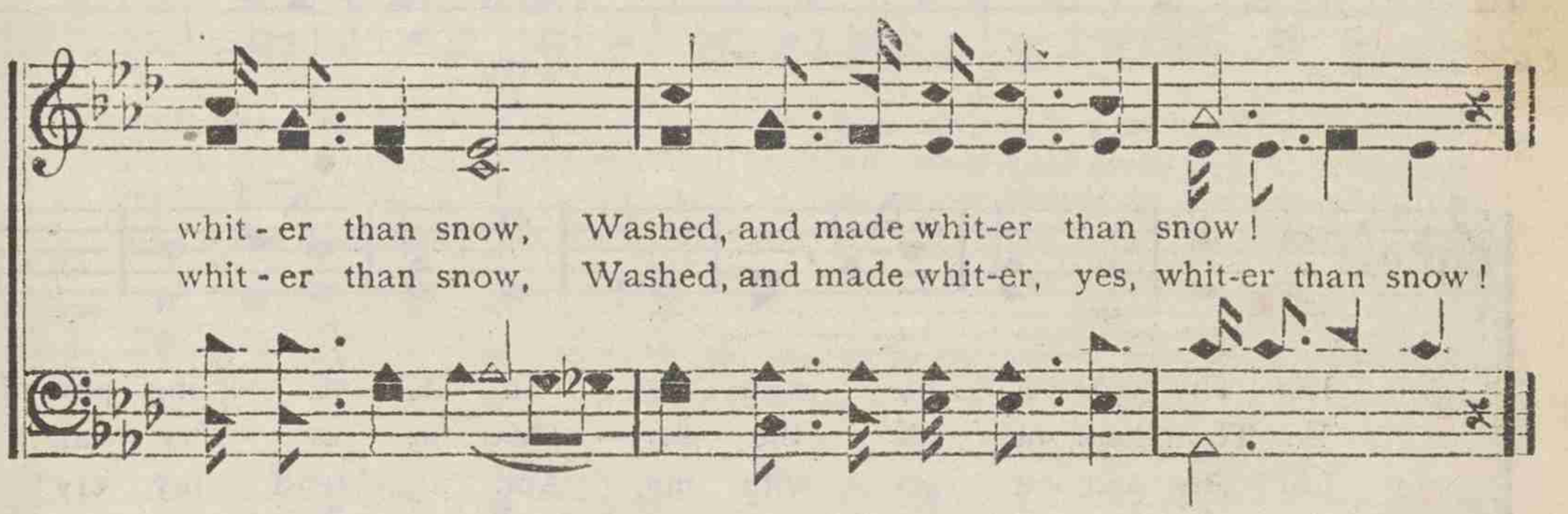
Led there its cleansing to know; Led to the fount-ain, precious fountain,

SECOND CHORUS.

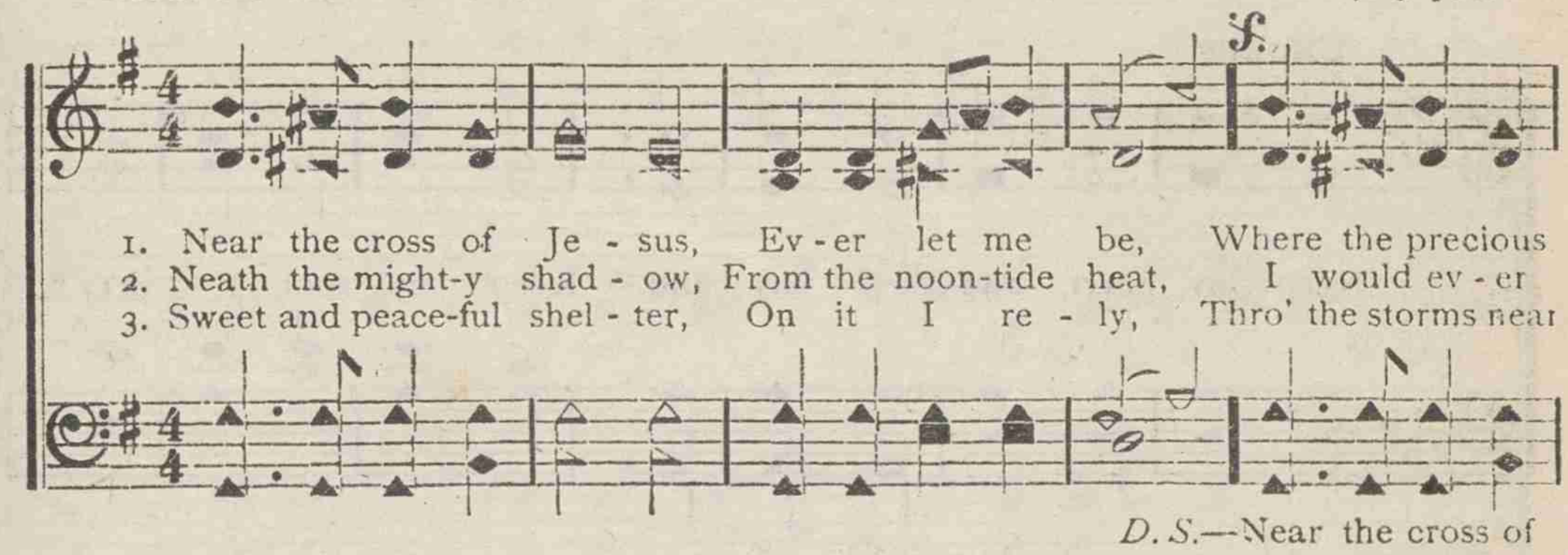
Whiter than snow, whiter than snow
Washed, and made whiter than snow! Whiter, yes, whiter, I'm whiter than snow,

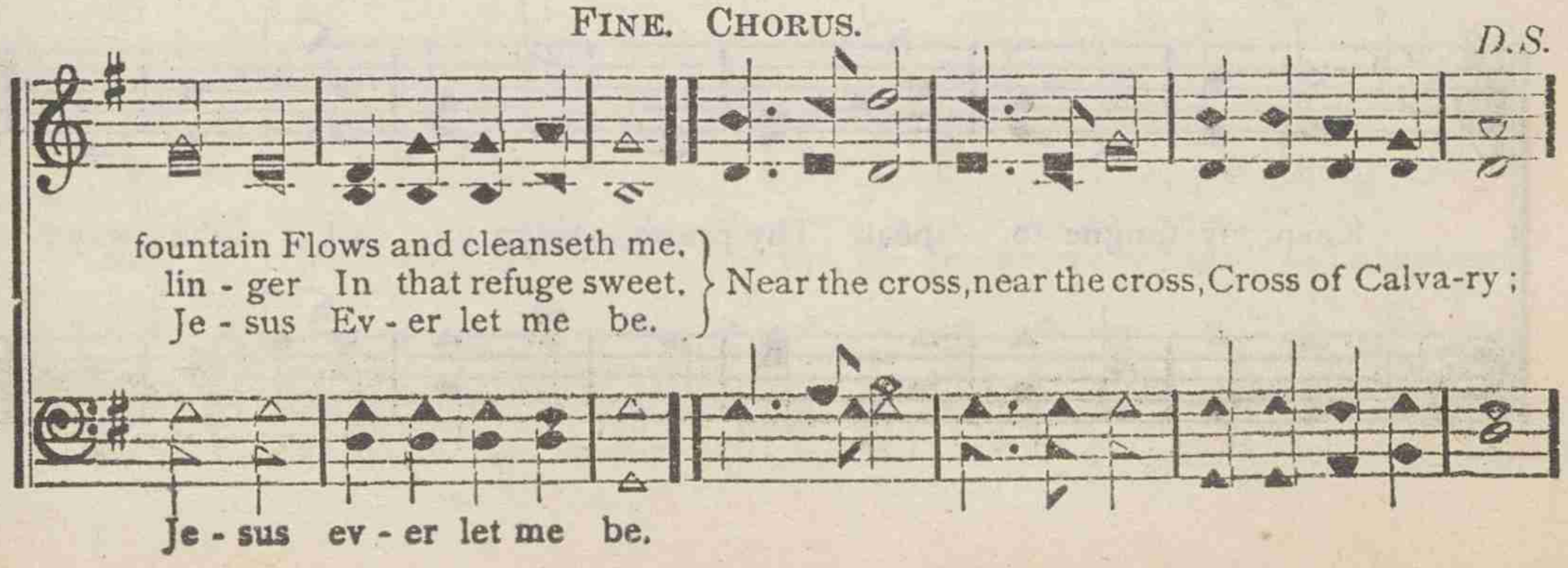
His Word.—Concluded.





NO. 45. Near the Cross.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. W. A. OGDEN, by per.

D. S.—Near the cross of

FINE. CHORUS. *D.S.*

NO. 46.

Keep Me Ev'ry Day.

F. L. EILAND. EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. Lord, I want to live for Thee, Ev - 'ry day and hour;
2. In my weak-ness, be my strength,—In my tri - als all
3. Leave me not, to walk a - lone, Lest I droop and die, —

Let Thy spir - it be with me, In its sav - ing pow'r!
Be Thou, near me all the day,— Hear my ev - 'ry call!
Let Thy spir - it go with me, And at - tend my cry!

CHORUS.

Keep my heart, and keep my hand,— Keep my soul, I pray!

Keep my tongue to speak Thy praise,—Keep me all the way!

NO. 47.

The Gospel of Jesus.

T. D. L.

THOS. D. LEMMOND.

1. For all, who be-liev-eth on God's on-ly son, There's mercy and blessing when
2. Re - member, dear sinner, that Christ for you died, And if to your heart, then, His
3. From all paths of darkness, He asks you to come, And live with Him there in that
4. The gos-pel of Je - sus, is precious to all Who hears this sweet message, and

toil here is done; The gos - pel of Je - sus, oh! why not be-lieve? In
blood is ap-plied, From sin and from sor - row; 'twill make your soul free; Oh
beau - ti - ful home, Of love and of joy, where He's gone to pre-pare, A
an - swers His call; Be - lieve it, re-ceive it, and hap - py you'll be He's

CHORUS.

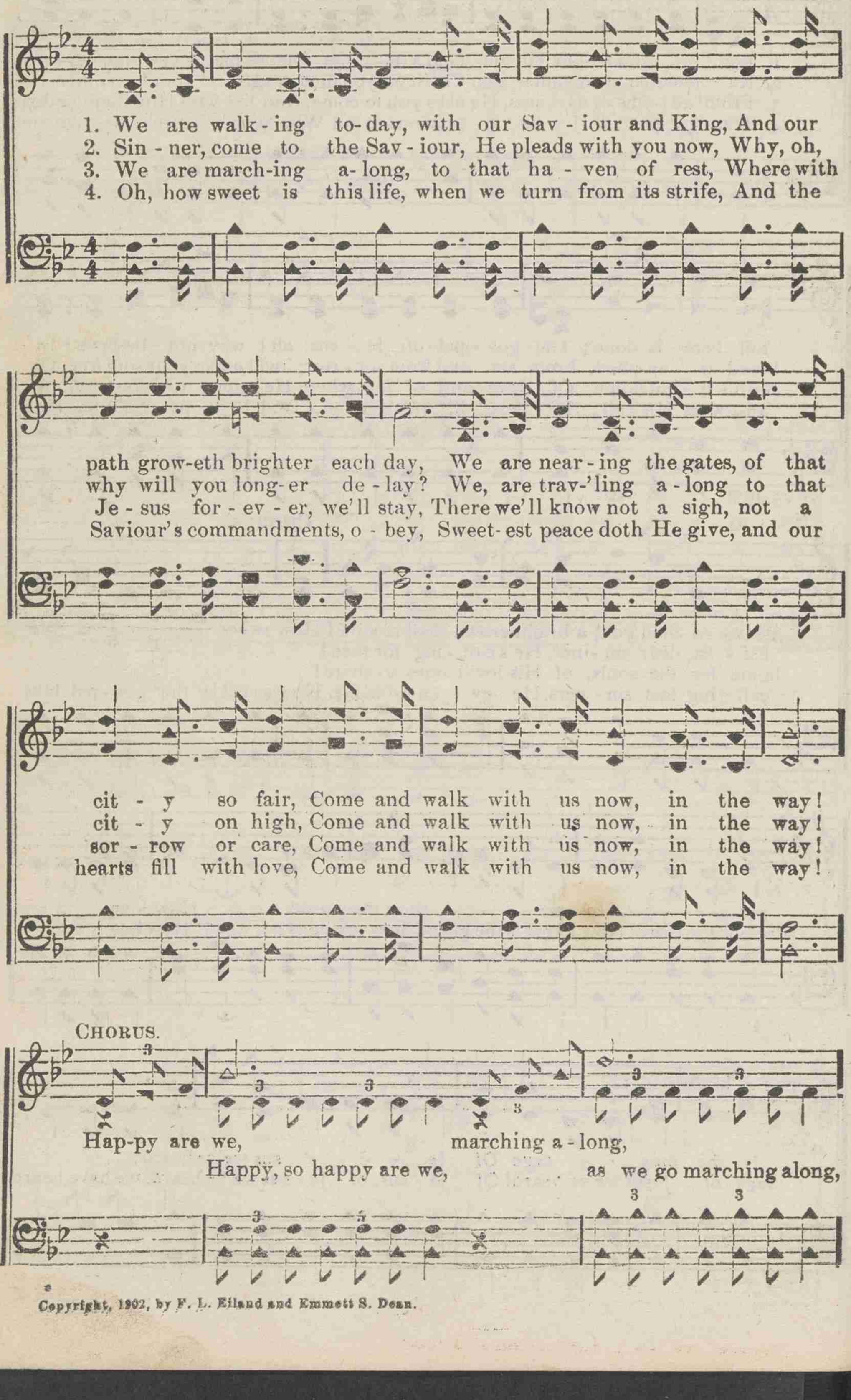
neav - en then you, a bright crown shall receive! How sweet is the
list - en, dear sin - ner, He's call - ing for thee!
home for the souls, of His lov'd ones to share!
call - ing lost sin - ners, He ev - en calls me. How sweet is the gos - pel, how

gos - - pel, How pre - - - cious the word! How love - -
precious the word! How sweet is the gospel, how precious the word! How lovely the mes-

ly the mes - - sage Of Je - - - - sus we've heard!
sage of Jesus we've heard! Of Je - sus, of Je - sus we've heard! we have heard!

NO. 48. Come and Walk With Us Now.

W. C. WELLS.
Word chorus by STELLA ADAMS.

First melody by F. L. E.
Chorus by FRANK COPELAND.

CHORUS.

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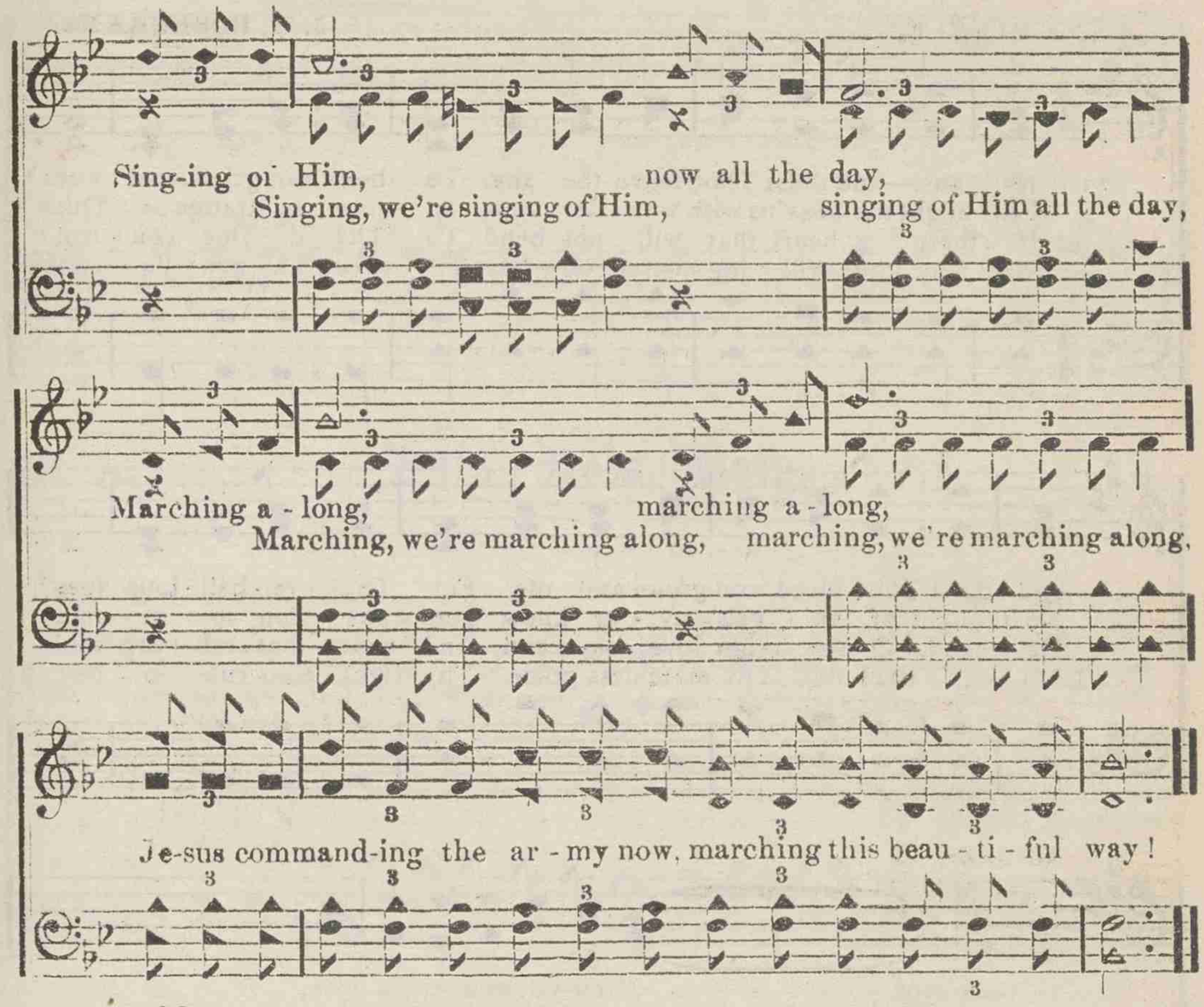
Come and Walk With Us Now.—Concluded.

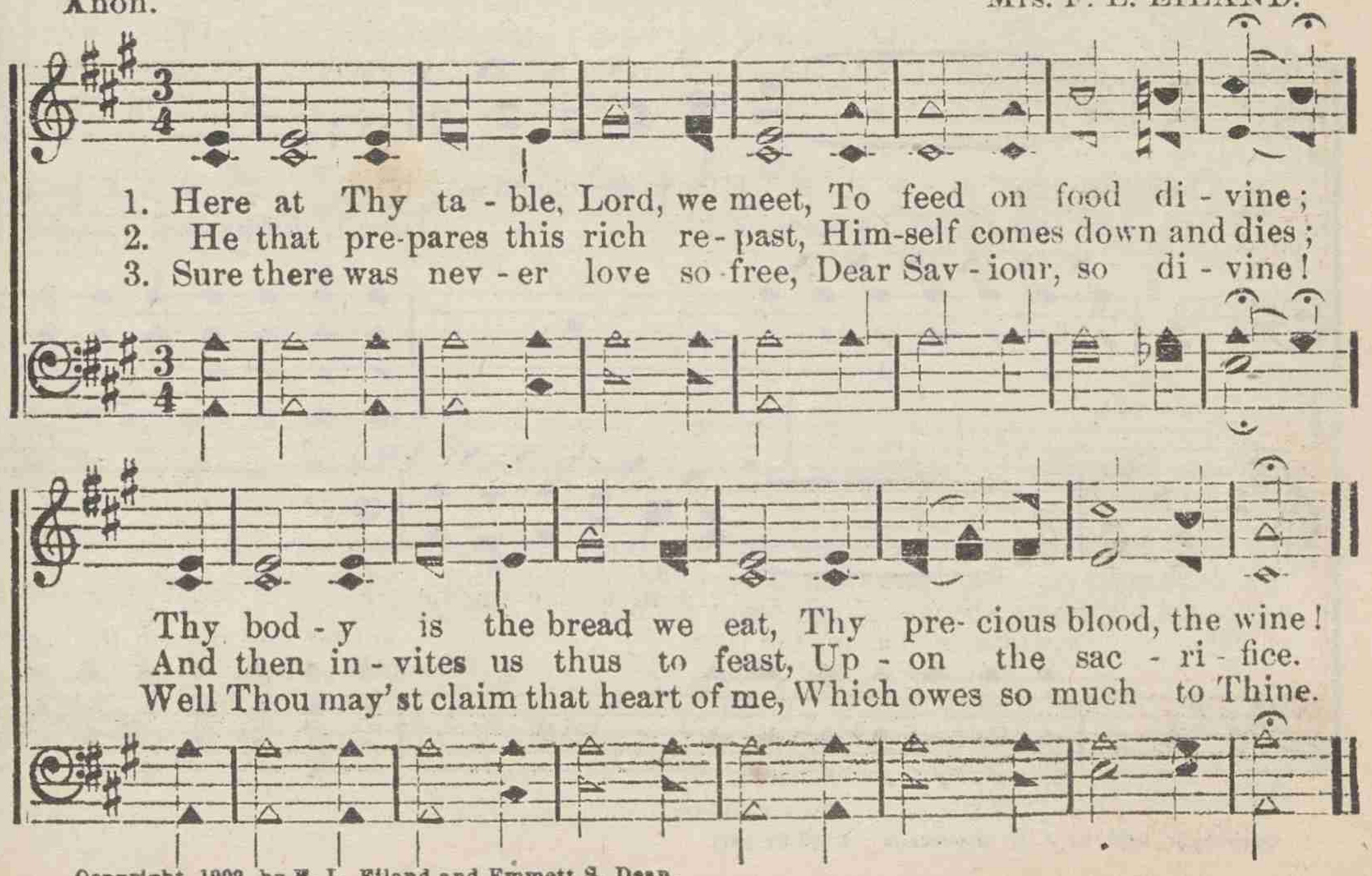


NO. 49.

The Lord's Supper.

His body, and His blood discern, Draw nigh, with humble heart,
His death, to us these do show forth, And will, His life impart.—F. L. E.

Anon. Mrs. F. L. EILAND.



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NO. 50.

Wonderful Love.

ANNE STEELE. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Je - sus,—and didst Thou leave the sky, To bear our griefs and woes?
2. Well might the heav'ns with won - der view A love so strange as Thine!
3. Is there a heart that will not bend To Thy di - vine con - trol?
4. Oh, may our will - ing hearts con - fess Thy sweet, Thy gen - tle sway;

And didst Thou bleed, and groan and die, For Thy re - bell - ious foes?
No thought of an - gels ev - er knew Com - pas - sion so di - vine!
De - scend, O sov - 'reign love, de - scend, And melt that stub - born soul.
Glad cap - tives of Thy matchless grace, Thy right - eous rule o - bey.

CHORUS.

O 'twas won - - - der-ful, wonder-ful love,
won-derful, wonder-ful love, won-der-ful, wonder-ful love,

That brought ..... Him from heaven a - bove,
brought Him from heaven above, beau-ti - ful heaven a-bove.

As a ran - - - som to die on the tree,
ransom to die on the tree, suf-fer and die on the tree

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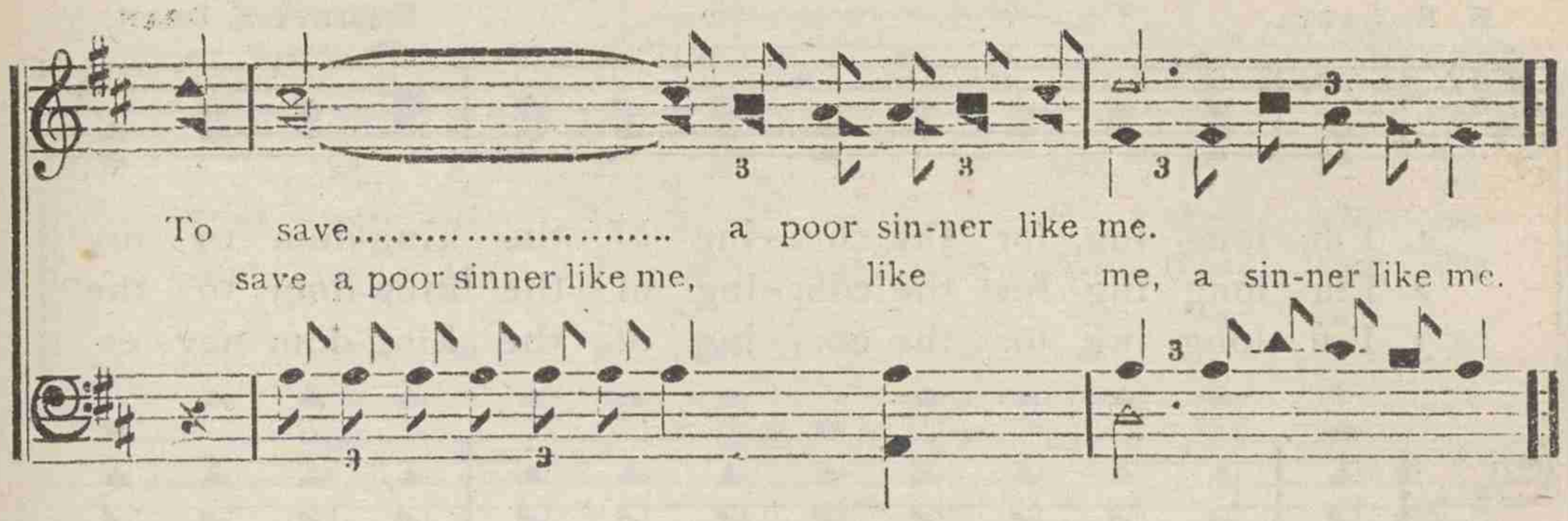
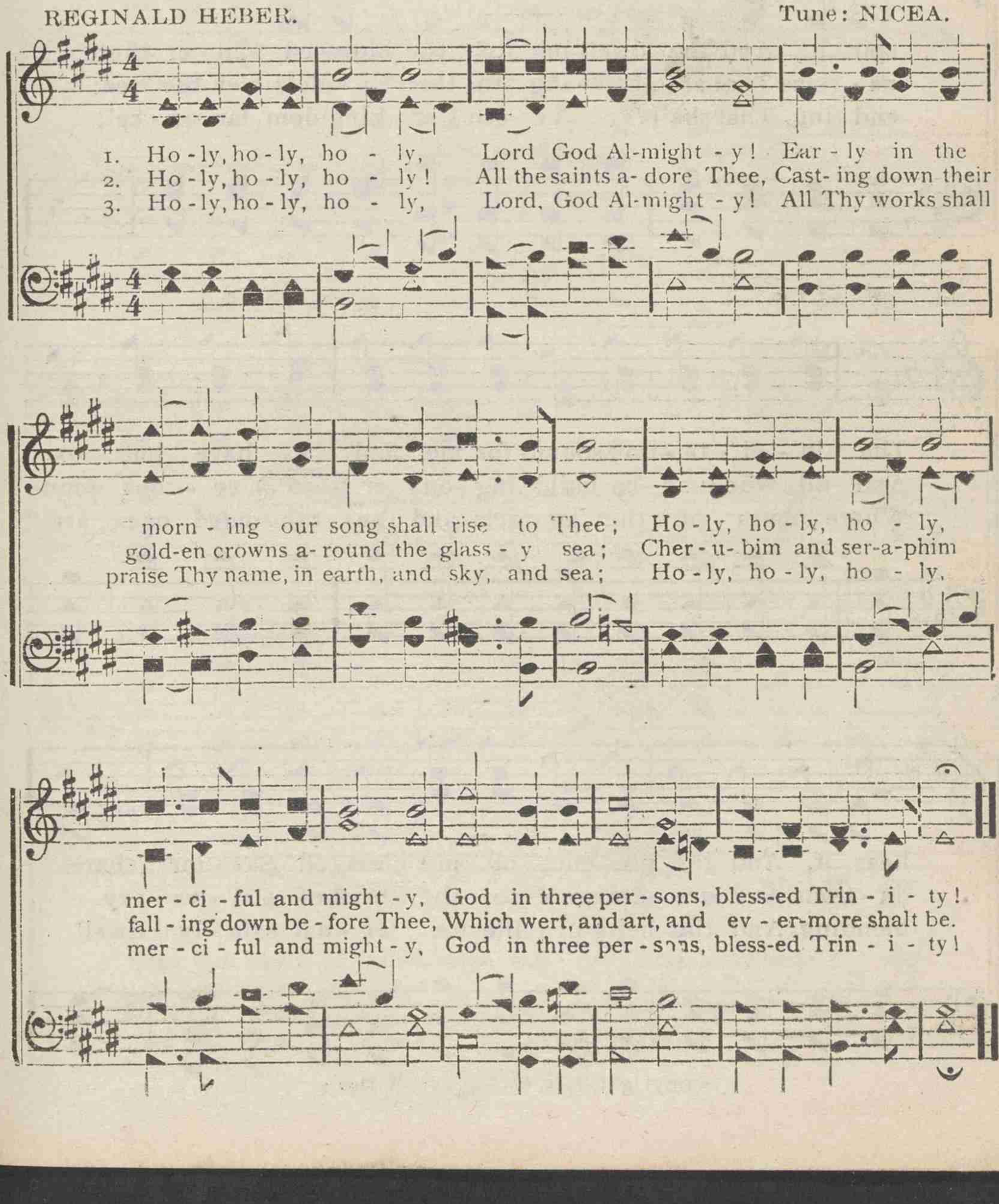
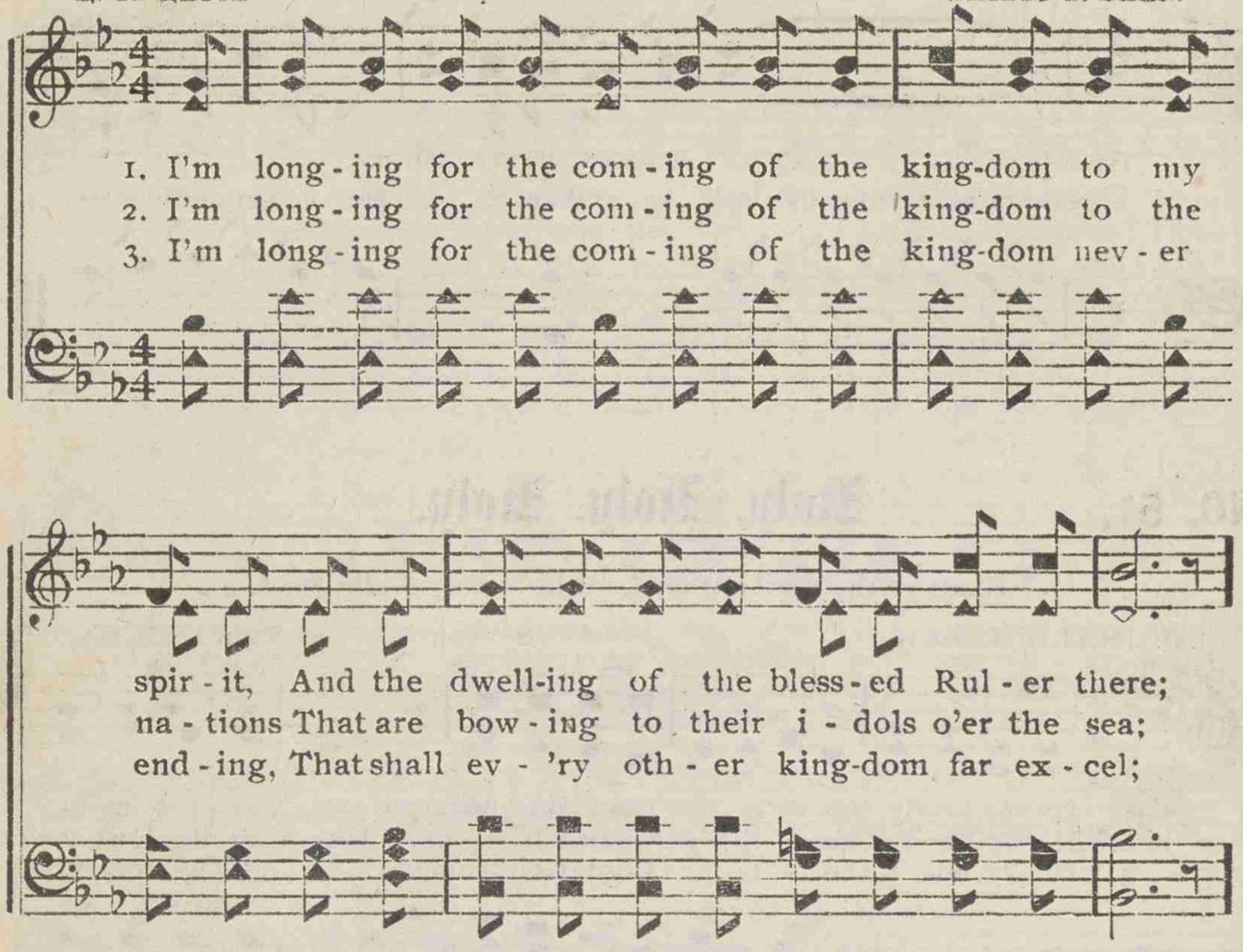
Wonderful Love.—Concluded.

NO. 57. Holy, Holy, Holy.

"Exalt ye the Lord our God, for he is holy."—Ps. 99 : 5.

REGINALD HEBER. Tune: NICEA.

NO. 52. The Coming of the Kingdom.

E. R. LATTA. EMMETT S. DEAN.

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The Coming of the Kingdom—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

That com - ing I..... shall glad be-
That com - ing I shall glad be - hold, That com - ing

hold..... With shining crowns..... and harps of
I shall glad behold, With shining crowns, with shining crowns and harps of

gold;..... That com - ing shall.....
gold, and harps of gold; That com - ing shall not still de-

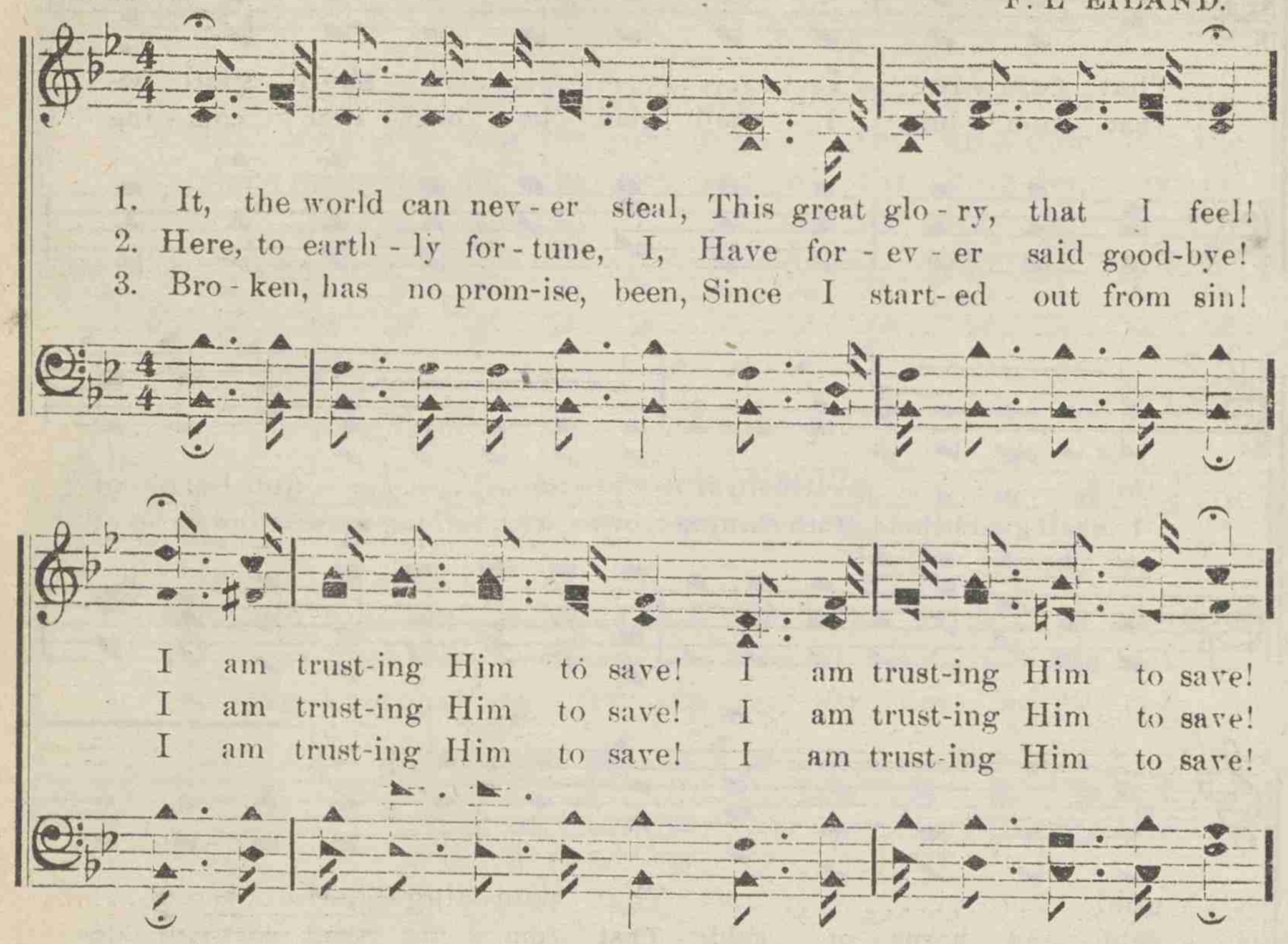
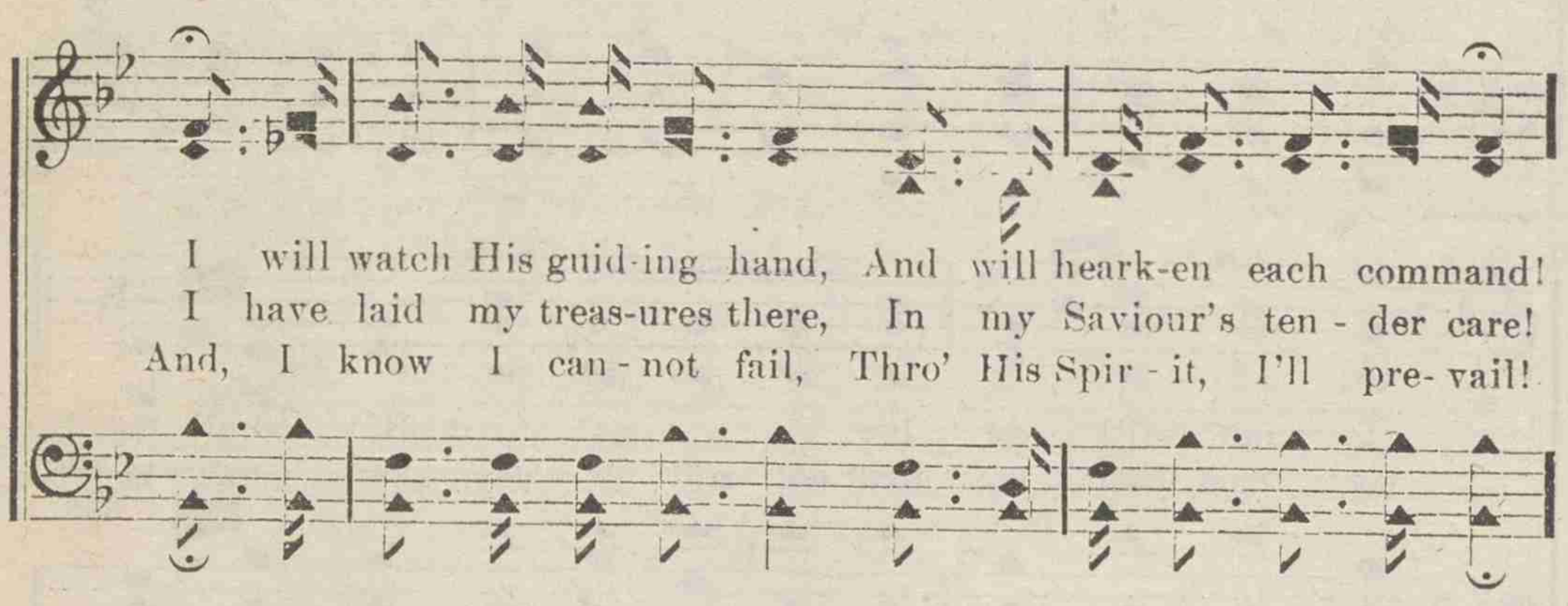
..... not still de - lay,..... But shall be
lay, That com - ing shall not still de - lay, But shall be

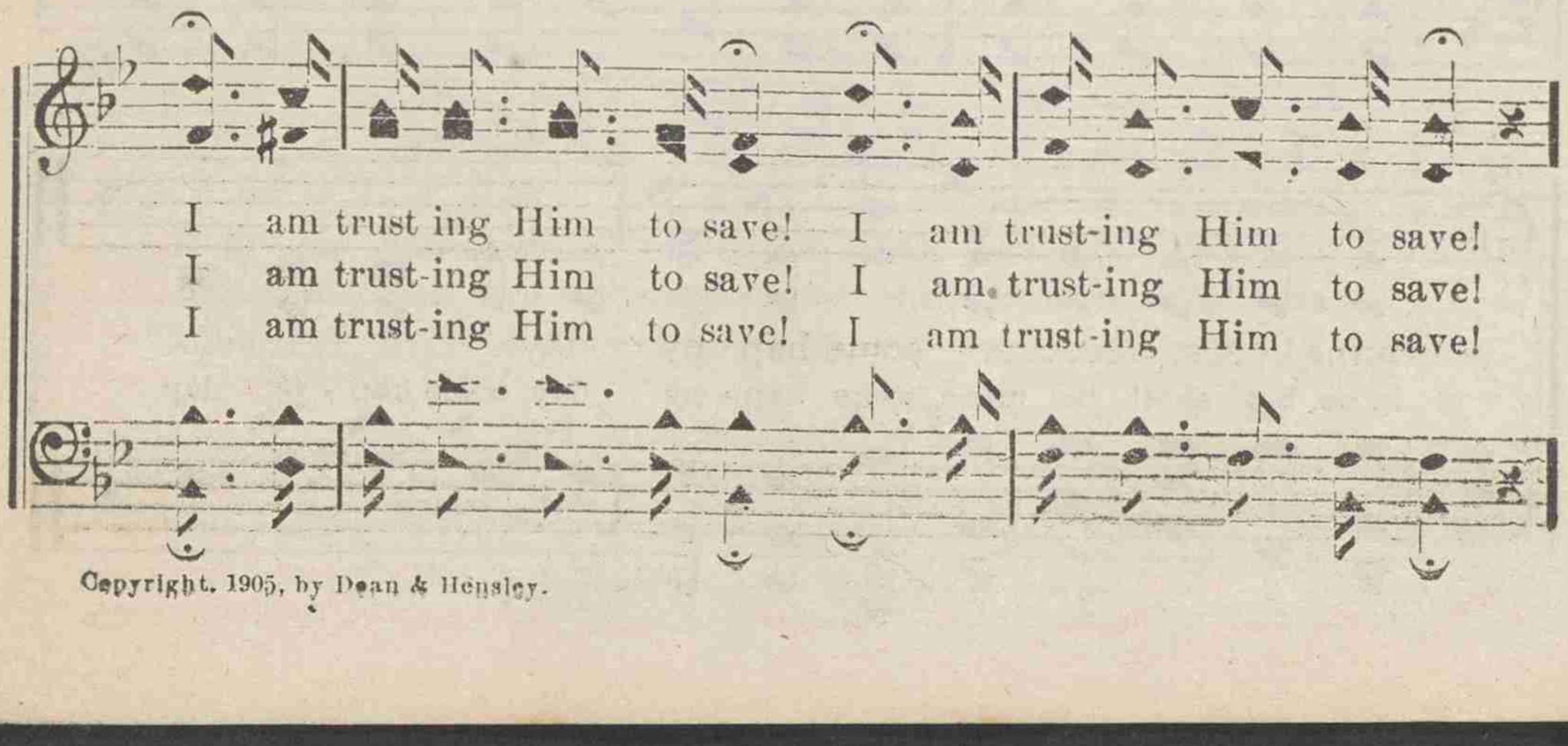
mine,..... some hap - py day.
mine, but shall be mine, some hap - py day, some hap - py day.

NO. 53. I Am Trusting Him to Save!

Those precious, Bible lines, inspired, This glory, that I feel,
And I, for God, will live, is why, The world, "It, cannot steal!"—F. L. E.

F. L. E. F. L EILAND.





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I Am Trusting Him to Save!—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

I am trust-ing Him to save!
Trust-ing Him to save!

I am trust-ing Him to save!
Trust-ing Him to save!

This is why the world my glo-ry, can-not steal! (can-not steal!)

Repeat refrain softly.

I am trust-ing Him to save! I am trust-ing Him to save!

NO. 54.

I'm Going Home.

What glory, it, doth ever bring,
To have a home, of which to sing.—F. L. E.

Rev. WM. HUNTER. WM. MILLER.

1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain nor death can en-ter there;
   { It's glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.
2. { My Father's house is built on high, Far, far a-bove the star-ry sky;
   { When from this earthly pris-on free, That heav'nly mansion mine shall be.

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

NO. 55.

I'm a Soldier of the Cross.

To battle go for Jesus, A soldier, brave, to be;
Go, boldly, sin to conquer, Till thou hast victory.

F. L. EILAND. J. B. TREAT.

1. It is now, my soul's delight, Since I've joined the glorious fight, I'm a
2. I will turn the hearts of men, From the wicked ways of sin,—In the
3 Tho', there may not many, be, Who shall turn, from sin, by me,—I'm a

sol-dier, I'm a sol-dier of the cross.—I will work with all my might,
ar-my, in the ar-my of the Lord! And each bat-tle I be-gin,
sol-dier, I'm a sol-dier of the cross, Yet, the bat-tle, I will press,

Guid-ed by His holy light,—I'm a soldier, I'm a sol-dier of the cross!
I will pray, for strength to win, In the ar-my, in the ar-my of the Lord!
Thro' my Savior's righteousness, I'm a soldier, I'm a sol-dier of the cross!

CHORUS.

My soul's de-light is here. to
My humble soul's delight, my humble soul's delight, is here be-low to fight, is

fight, In the ar-my, in the ar-my of the Lord; I'll
here be-low to fight, I'll

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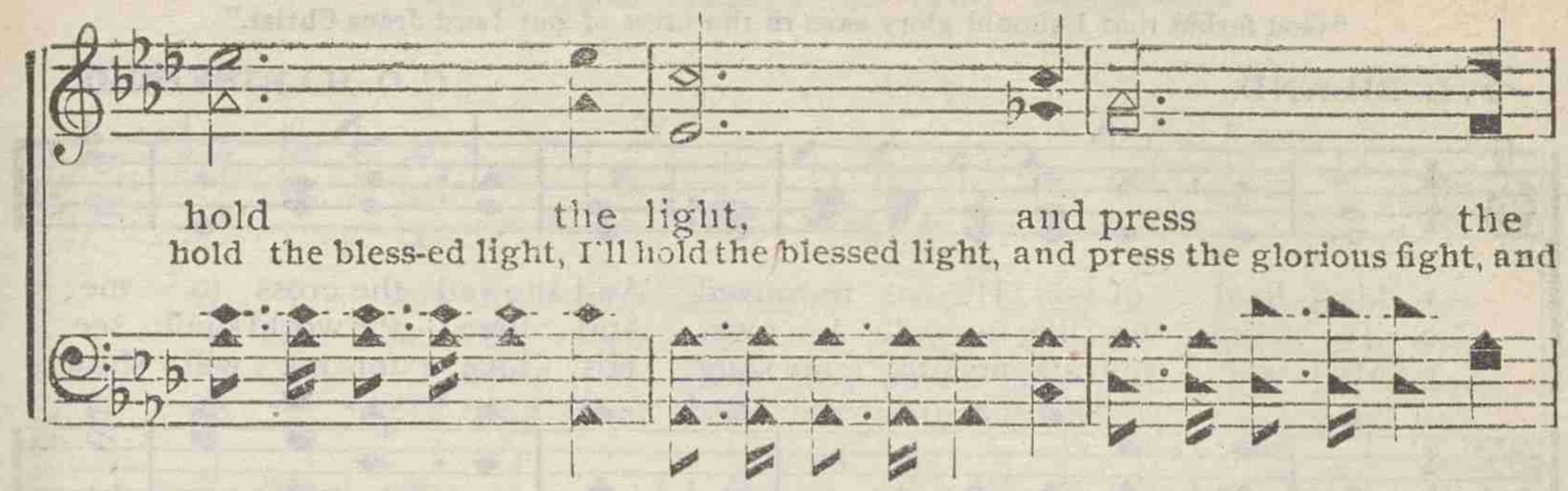
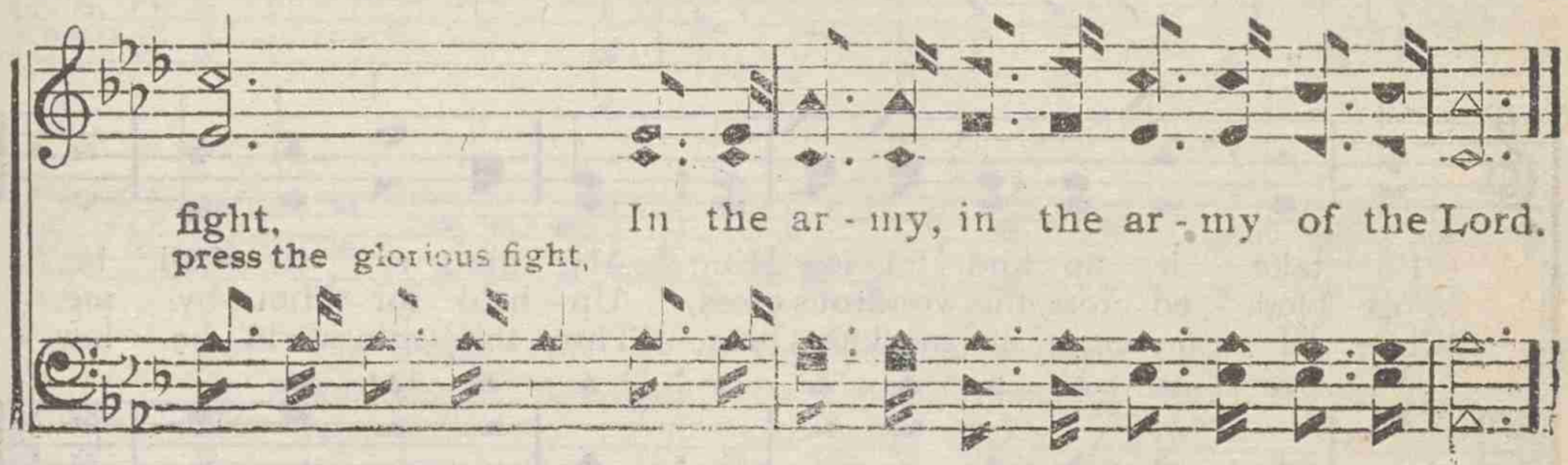
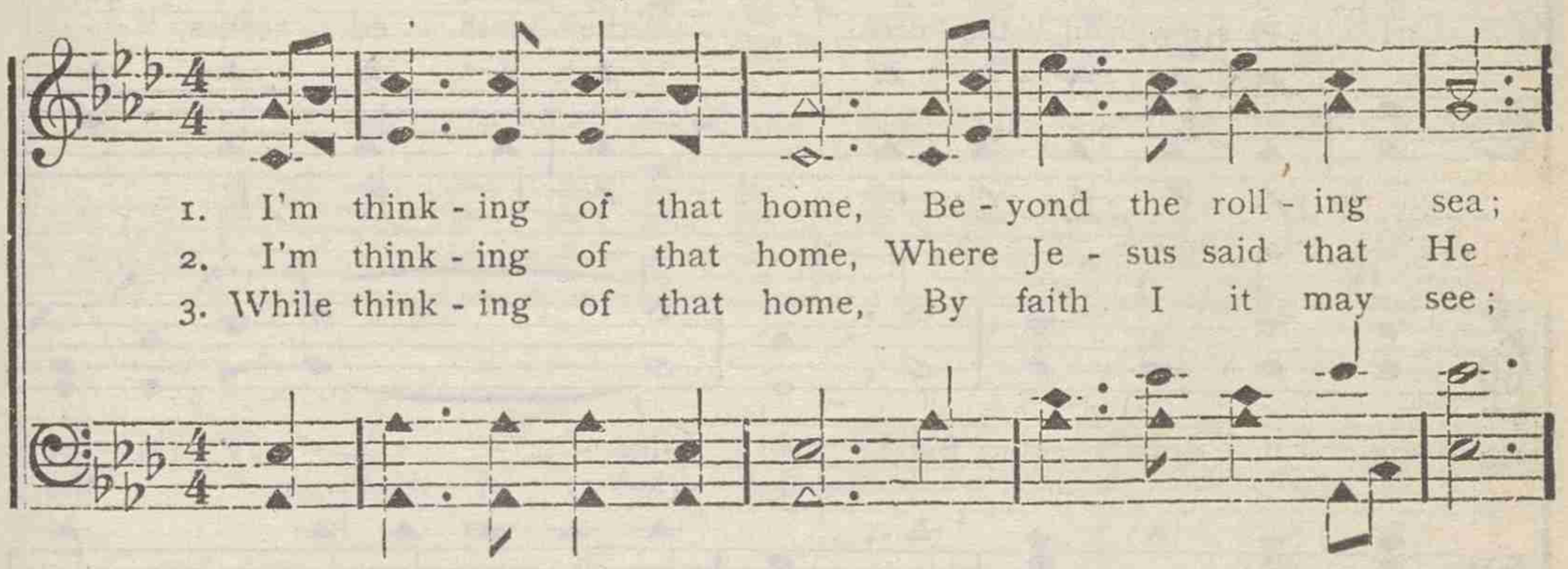
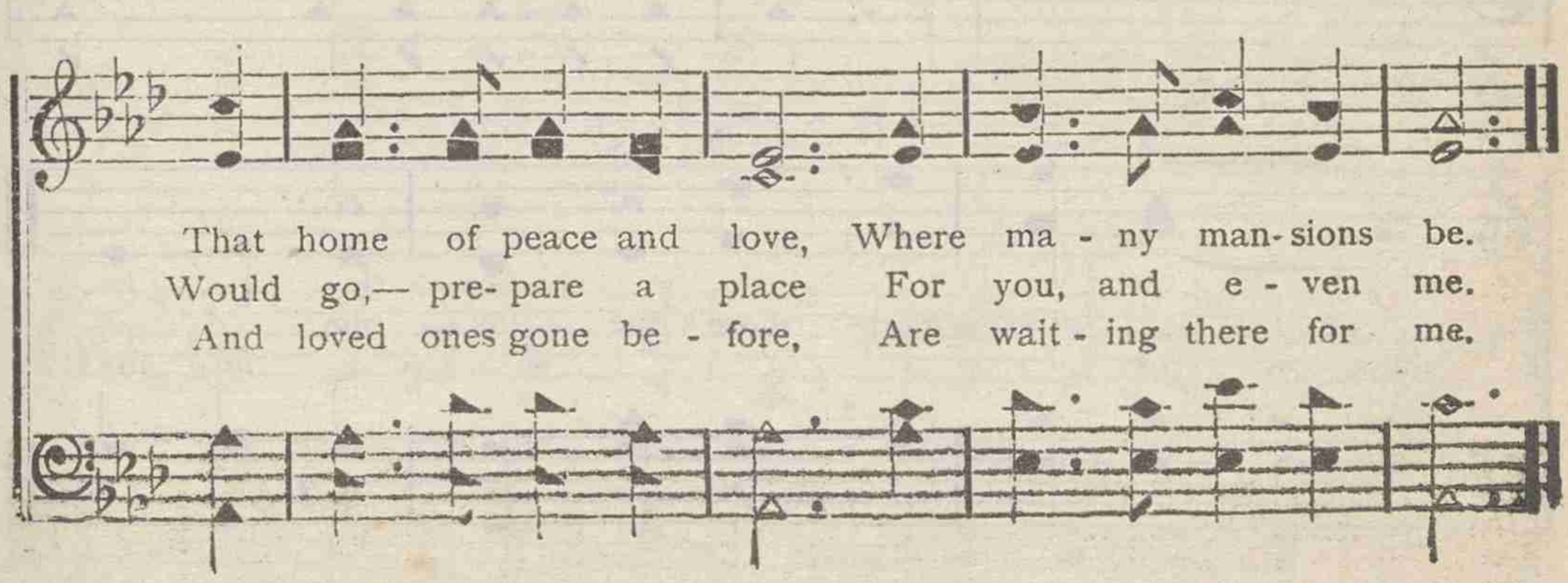
I'm a Soldier of the Cross—Concluded.



NO. 56. I'm Thinking of Home.

H. W. E. H. W. ELLIOTT.



NO. 57. I Glory in the Cross.

"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

F. L. EILAND. C. O. HARTSFIELD

1. My load of sin He has re-moved, And showed the cross to me;
2. To Him my life, my all I owe, And here the world shall see,
3. My wa'k, my talk, my pray'r, my song, His love for me will show;

I'll take it up and fol-low Him, My glo-ry it shall be.
This bless-ed cross this wondrous cross, Up-held for Him by me.
While I my cross in meekness bear, Thro' this vain world be-low.

CHORUS.

I glo - - - - ry in the cross, My
I glo-ry in the cross, the bless-ed cross,

soul, it doth set free! I glo - - - - ry in the
I glo-ry in the cross, the

cross,..... I'm glad there's one for me!
bless-ed cross, for me!

NO. 58. Washed My Sins Away.

F. L. E. F. L. EILAND.

1. I was lost and doomed to die, Down in dark dis - may;
2. Sin - ner, lis - ten to my song, Ev - 'ry word is true;
3. Come, O, come to Him just now! This sal - va - tion know;
4. I can sing that good old song, "Hap - py, hap - py day,"

But the blood of Je - sus there, Washed my sins a - way!
Je - sus' blood has done for me, What it will for you!
He your guilt - y soul can wash, Make it white as snow!
For I know that Je - sus' blood, Washed my sins a - way!

CHORUS.

O, the pre-cious, pre-cious blood, Of the bless - ed Lamb!
Washed my sins a - way!— I am hap - py in His
love, Since His pre - cious blood, Washed my sins a - way!

NO. 59.

Life's Way.

LAURA E. NEWELL. C. J. HAMRICK.

1. When the journey, toilsome grows, Many the conflicts, cares and woes,
2. Sweet the tho't that cares will ceas-, O-ver the tide, our joys increase,
3. Je - sus leads us, Shepherd, Friend, All of His own, He will de-fend,

Going life's way, go-ing life's way;
Go-ing, yes, go-ing life's way, go-ing, yes, go-ing life's way;

How we long for peace and love, Home in the Fa-ther's house above,
On the way we'll ev - er sing, Prais-es to Christ, our Lord and King,
Nev - er will our Lord for-sake Us, till at last, we shall a-wake.

1, 2. Go - ing life's way, go - ing life's way.
Go - ing, yes, go - ing life's way,
3. End - ed life's way, end - ed life's way.
End - ed, yes, end - ed life's way,

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Life's Way—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Tho' the dark way, rug-ged may

Tho' the dark, wea-ri-some way,

be, 'Tis His own hand,

rug-ged, so rug-ged may be, 'T is the dear Sav-ior's own hand,

guid-ing, we see; Lead-ing us

guid-ing us, dai-ly we see;

to mansions a-bove,

Lead-ing, yes, lead-ing us to mansions, bright mansions above,

Where there is joy, rap-ture, and love.

Where there is noth-ing but joy,

NO. 60.

Give Thanks and Sing.

MRS. E. GREER FLOYD. EMMETT S. DEAN.

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Give Thanks and Sing. Concluded.

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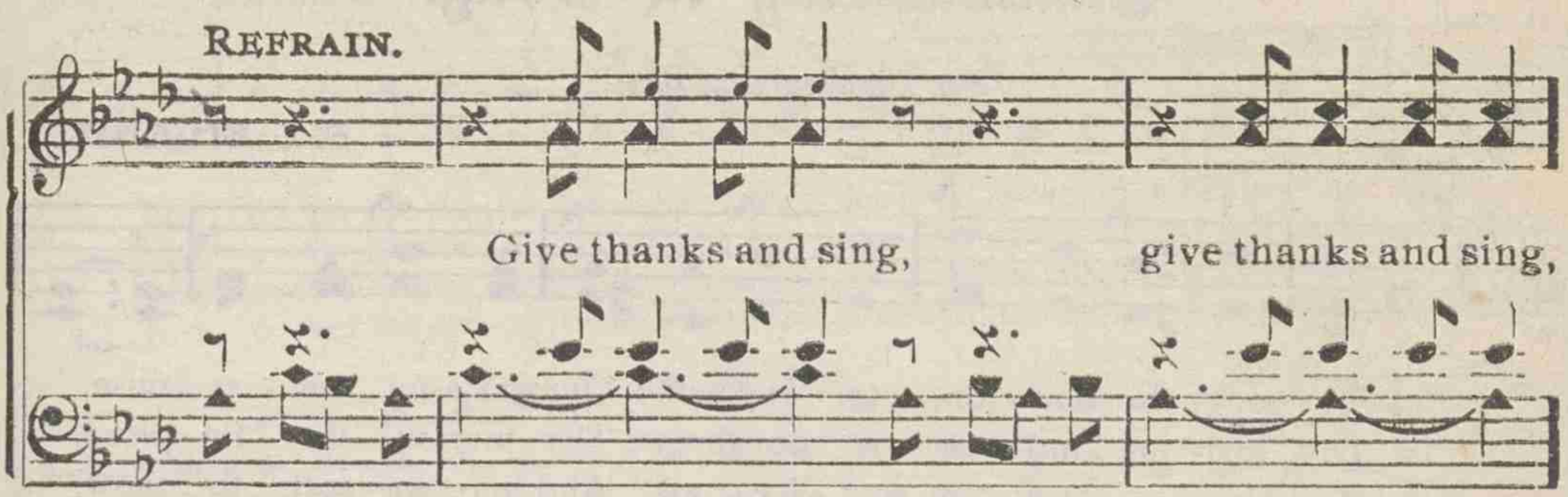
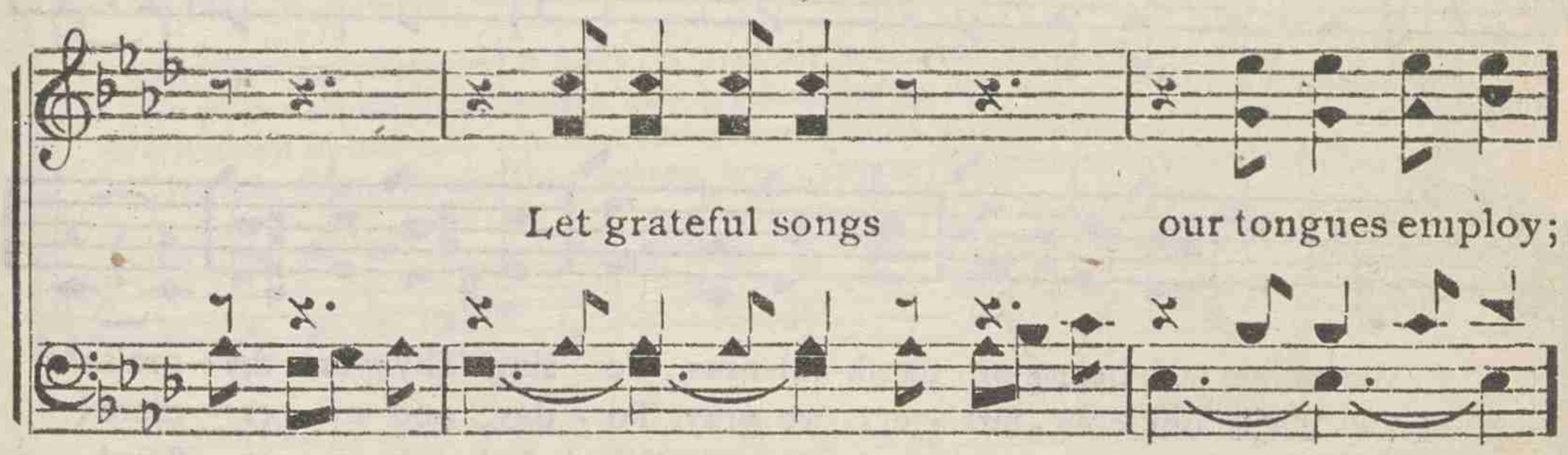
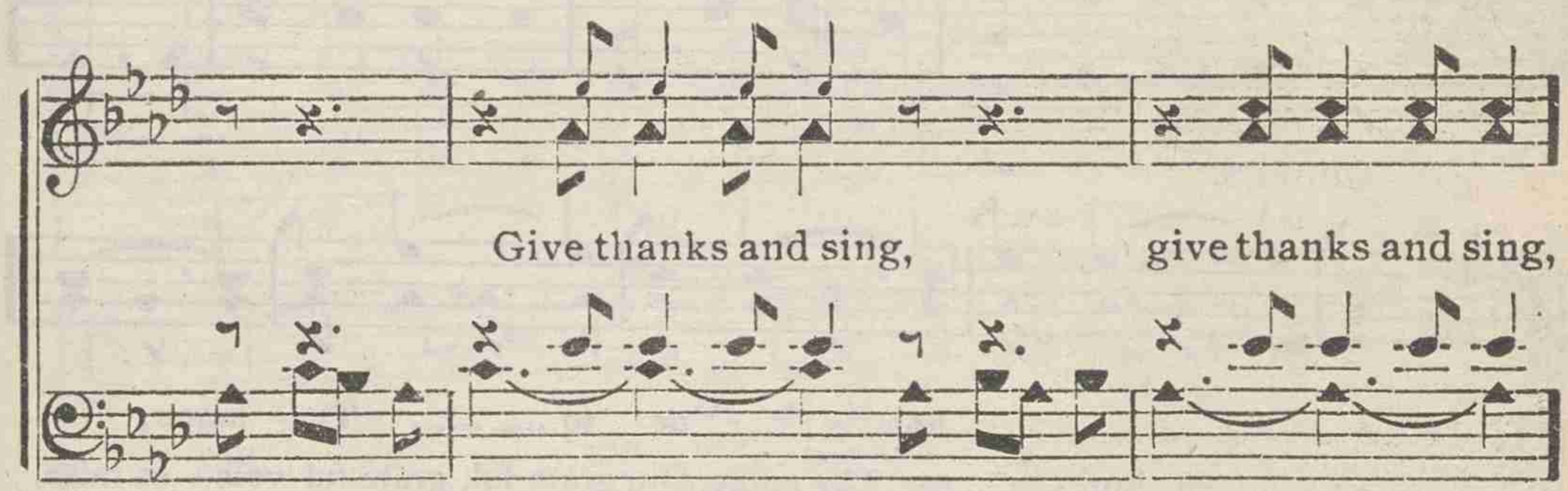
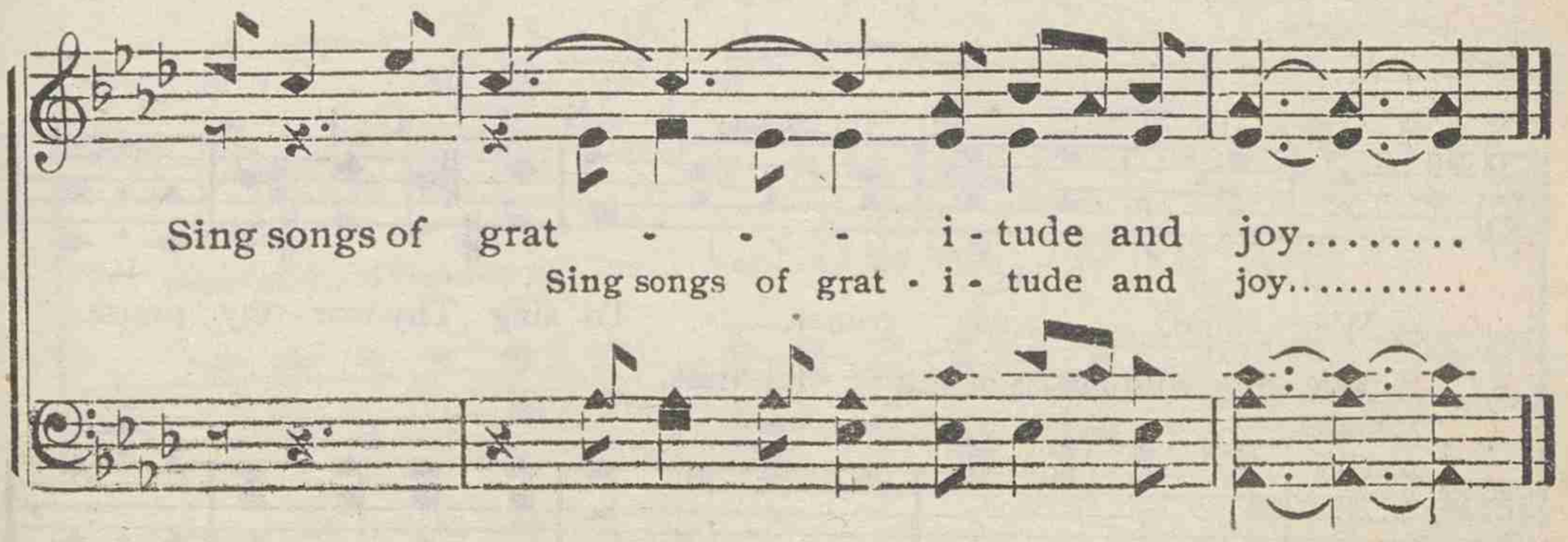
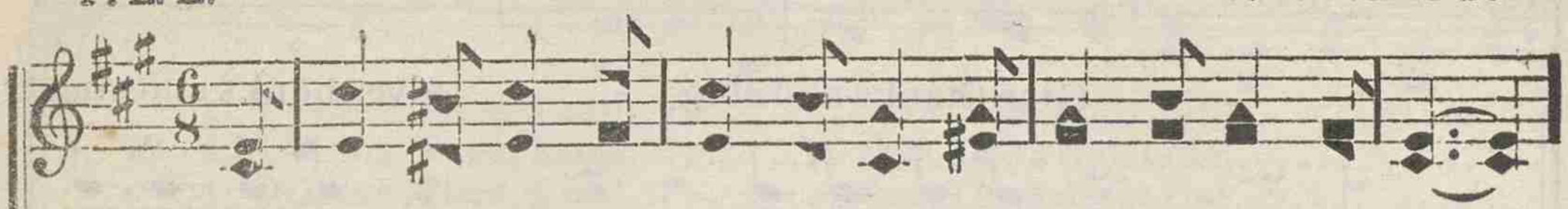
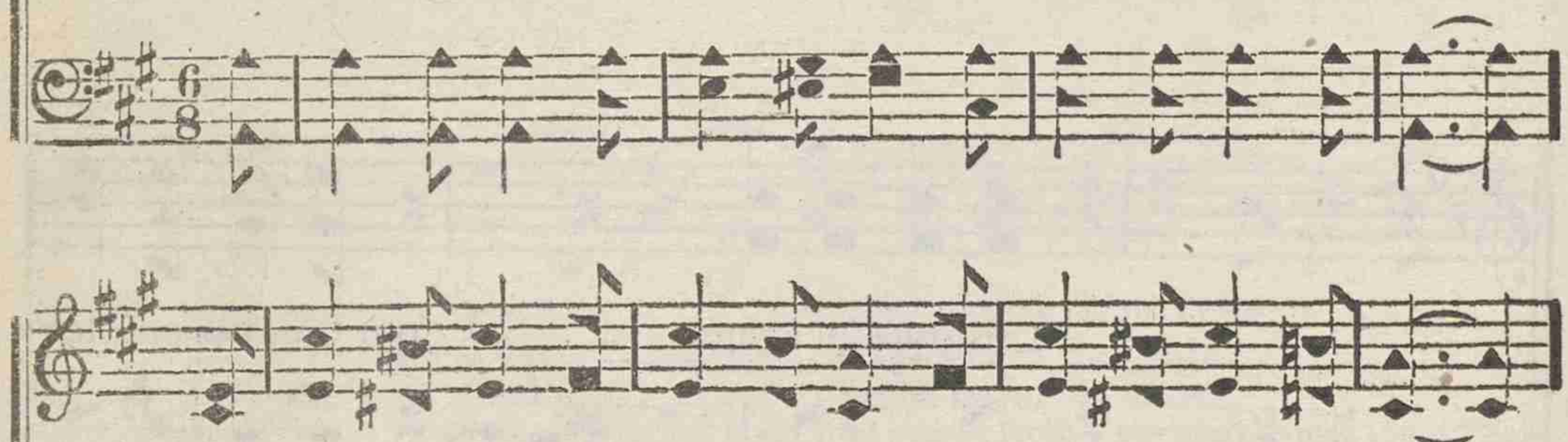
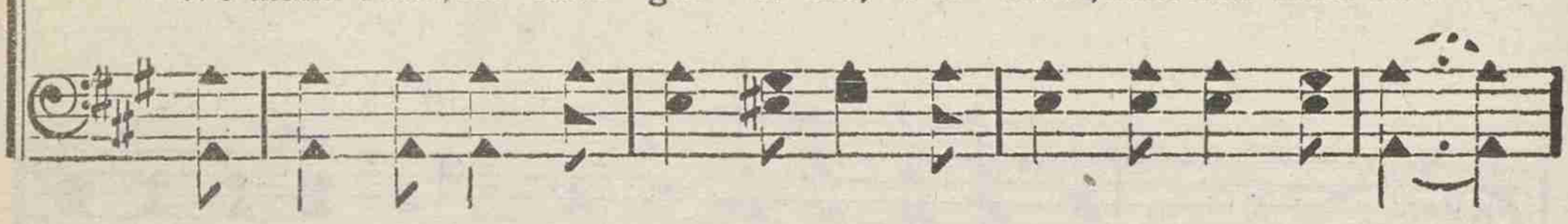
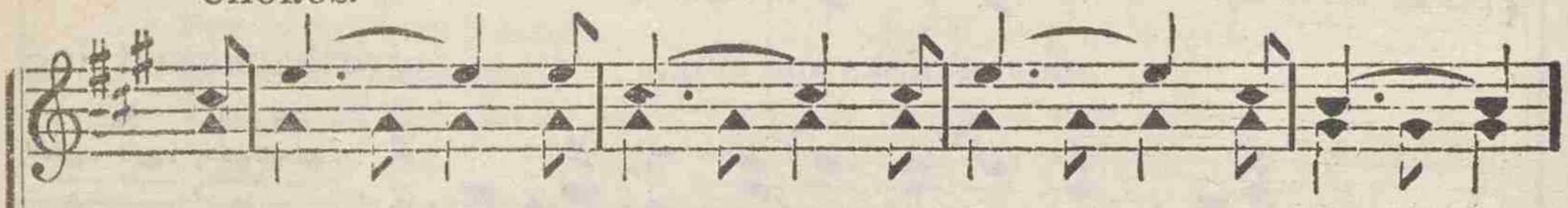
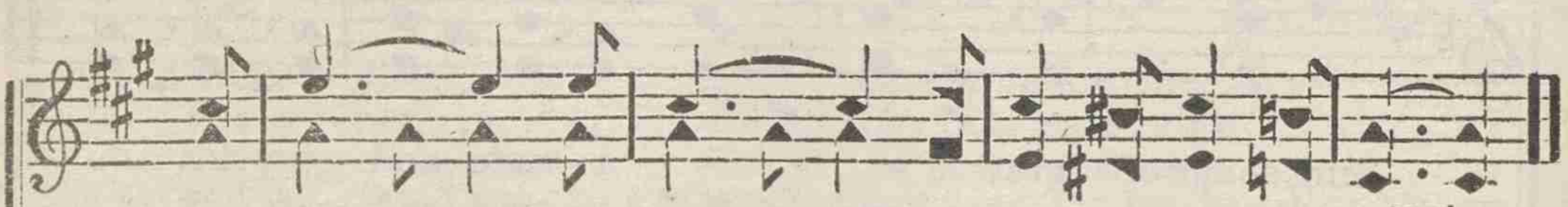
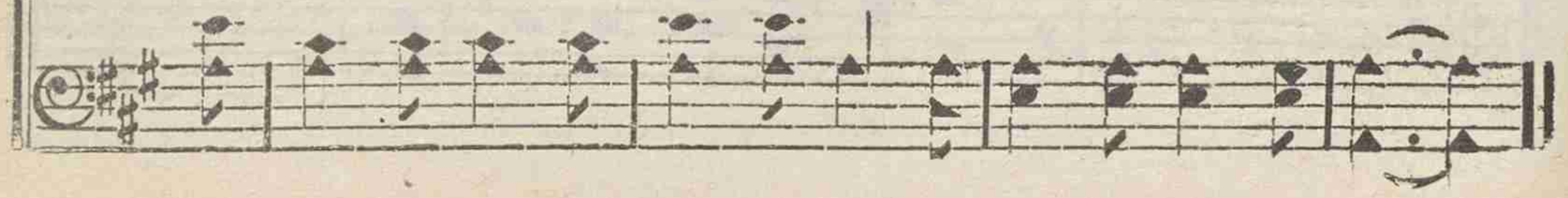

Give thanks and sing,..... give thanks and sing,.....

Let grateful songs..... our tongues em-ploy;.....

Give thanks and sing,..... give thanks and sing,.....

NO. 61.

Thanksgiving in Song.

For Thanksgiving Day.

F. L. E. F. L. EILAND.

1. A song, in hon - or to Thy name, Our grate-ful voic - es raise,
2. Thy lov - ing kind - ness is our theme; Thy mer-cy we im - plore,
3. To Thee, we owe our serv - ice, all, And here, we seek to show,
4. We praise Thy name, dear Lord, most high, For blessings, great and small;

We come, with hearts of thank - ful - ness, To sing Thy wor - thy praise!
Be Thou, our com - fort - er we pray, To - day, and ev - er - more!
This love, with lips, from soul sin-cere, Which doth, now ov - er - flow!
We thank Thee, for each gift of life, For Thou, hast sent them all!

CHORUS.

A song..... in hon - - - or to..... Thy name;
A song in hon - or to Thy name, Our grate-ful, grate-ful voic - es raise,



We come,..... we come;..... To sing Thy wor - thy praise.
We come with hearts of thank - ful - ness,

NO. 62.

Just Over the River.

W. H. PARKER. G. H. RAMSEY.

1. Just o - ver the riv - er, by faith I can see; A mansion of beauty so fair;
2. Just o - ver the riv - er, no sorrow can come, No teardrops can fall from our eye,
3. Just over the river, we'll meet our dear friends. Who've gone to that heavenly shore;
4. Just o - ver the riv - er, our Saviour has gone, He's pleading dear sinner, to- day,—

Our Saviour prepared it for you and for me, And bids us its glories to share.
No pain and no sickness can en - ter that home, No soul in that country can die.
We'll dwell in that city where pleasure ne'er ends, And walk in the light ev-er - more.
The spir-it and bride, they entreat you to come, Come humbly, believe and obey.

CHORUS.

Just o - - - - ver the riv - - - - - er, by
Just o - ver the riv - er, Just o - ver the riv - er, by
faith..... I can see;..... A man - sion of
faith I can see, by faith I can see, A man-sion of beau-ty, A
beau - - ty for you..... and for me. .....
man-sion of beau-ty for you and for me, for you and for me.

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NO. 63.

Sailing O'er the Ocean.

Words and Music by G. H. RAMSEY.

1. We are on the ship of Zi - on, she will take us safe - ly home, Tho' the
2. We are on that might-y ves - sel, that can nev - er be delayed, Tho' all
3. Yes, this ship has on been sail - ing, for long ma - ny ma - ny years, And the

sea is rough and turbid in its waves, Yet, the Saviour is our Captain, He will
pow'r of hell and earth, against her rise; She will reach that blessed har-bor, and her
pas- sengers are ma - ny, she has borne; And as ma-ny more may board the deck, and

lead us gen - tly on, To that har - bor where no e - vil can pre- vail.
sails will nev - er fall, Yes, our ship will ev - er, stem the might-y tide.
need not have a fear, She will bear them safe - ly o'er the bil-low's foam.

We are sail - ing, sail- ing, sail - ing to that port so bright and fair, Tho' the
We are drift - ing, drift- ing, drift - ing on a rough and storm-y sea, And we'll
We are sail - ing, sail- ing, sail - ing o'er a rough and troub-led sea, To that

tide is rag-ing high on ev -'ry side; He, our Captain, said that He would not for-
soon be land-ed safe - ly in that home, When we've anchored in that harbor there, we
home where storms and tempests all are o er, There is room enough for millions more to

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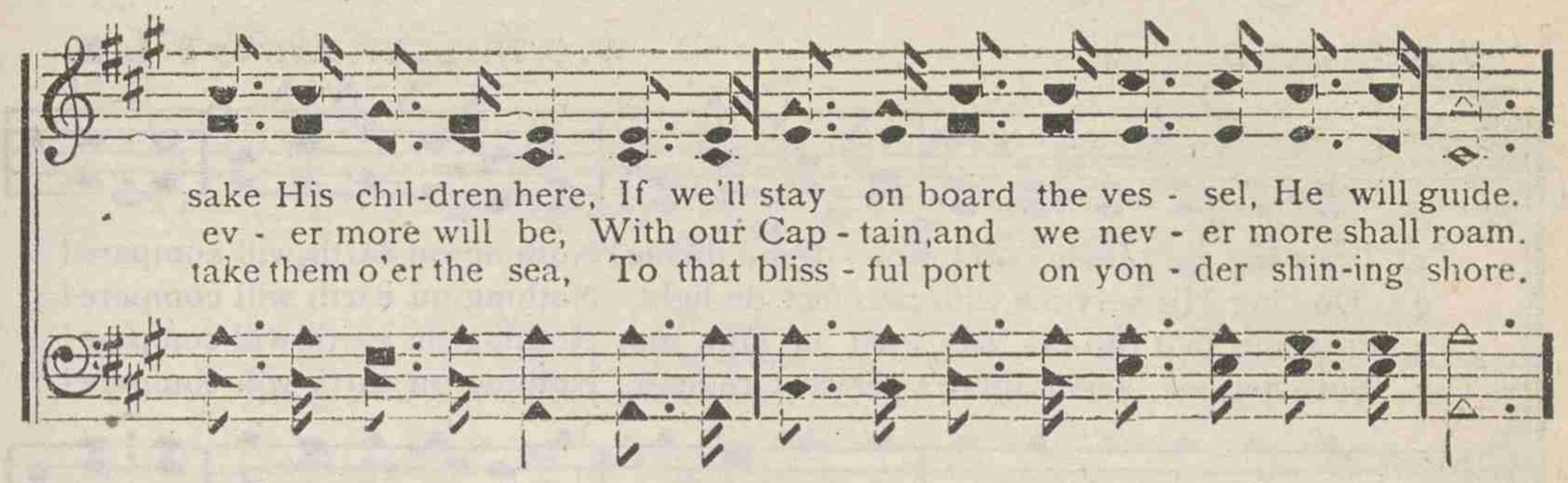
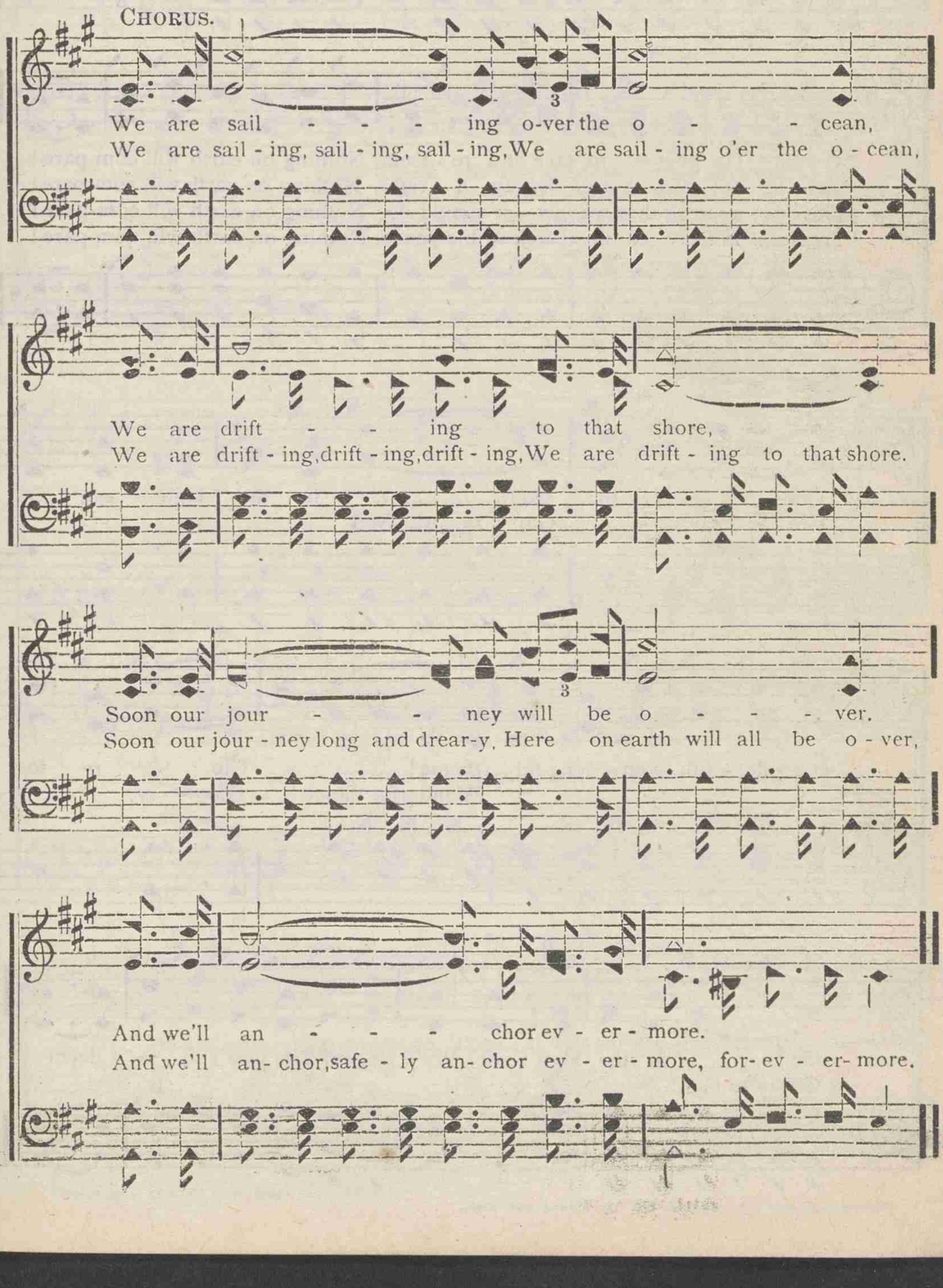
Sailing O'er the Ocean.—Concluded.

NO. 64. Nothing on Earth Will Compare.

F. L. EILAND. W. C. NALLY. Arr. by F. L. E.

1. Trust-ing in Je-sus,—O won - derful theme! Nothing on earth will compare!
2. Do - ing His serv-ice with per- fect de-light, Nothing on earth will compare!
3. Pray-ing that oth-ers may trust in Him too, Nothing on earth will compare!
4. Sin - ner, in Je-sus there's per- fect re-lease, Nothing on earth will compare!

Trusting His pow-er to save and re - deem, Nothing on earth will com-pare!
Bearing our cross-es and liv-ing a - right, Nothing on earth will com-pare!
This is a work that we ev - er should do, Nothing on earth will com-pare!
Treasures in heav - en, un-search-a- ble peace, Nothing on earth will com-pare!

CHORUS.

Glo - ry to God..... in the high - est, O,
Glo - ry, Glo - ry to God

won - der - ful, won - der - ful theme!..... Glo - ry to
Wonderful theme! Glo - ry,

God..... in the high - est! We'll sing of His pow'r to re - deem
Glo-ry to God,

Rearranged and Copyrighted 1901 by Eiland and Dean.

NO. 65.

Lonely and Weary.

Miss BESSYE BERRY.
Cho. by J. F. MAYFIELD.

J. F. MAYFIELD.

Adagio.

1. Lone-ly, and wea-ry, I'm wand'ring to-day, Rug-ged, the pathway, be-
2. Lone-ly, and wea-ry, I'm wand'ring to-day, O'er the dark mountains of
3. Drear-i-ly onward, I've wandered a-far, Car-ing not whith-er my

fore me I see, Deep, are the shad-ows that cov-er my way,
sin and de-spair; Sa-tan, the tempt-er, has led me a-stray,
foot-steps should stray, Pass-ing the light of the bright East-ern Star,

CHORUS.

Dark, is the fu-ture that beck-ons to me.
Far, from my Sav-iour, no mer-cy to share.
Heed-ing not Je-sus, who called on the way.
} Why, then lon-ger in

sin go on? Sa-tan, the tempter, can give you no rest:— Turn to

Je-sus, with Him march on, Then, in His service, you'll ev-er be blessed.

Copyright, 1901, by J. F. May

NO. 66.

I'm a Soldier.

W. D. E. WM. D. EVRIDGE.

1. I'm a sol - dier in the ar - my of the Mas - ter, Helping
2. Oh, ye sloth - ful, 'rise, be not on du - ty, sleep-ing, Lo, the
3. When the call is made, and bat - tle here is o - ver, I will

souls to see the blessed Gospel Light; I will sing and pray, as
hosts of sin are press-ing ev-'rywhere; Quickly, gird ye on the
soar, in peace, to mansions of delight; There, to join with saints in

on-ward I go marching, And will never, nev-er fal - ter in the fight.
hel-met of sal - va-tion, And a por-tion in this wondrous battle share.
grateful ad - o - ra - tion Of the One who led me safely thro' the fight.

CHORUS.

Fierce - ly, a bat - tle now is rag - ing; Great is the

conflict now in sight; I will hold a - loft, the blessed Gos-pel

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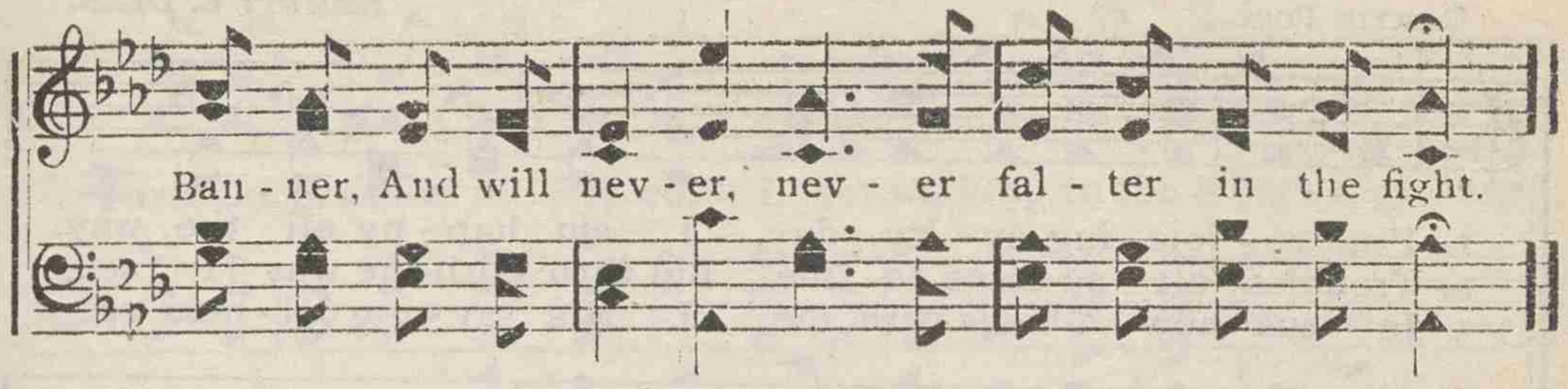
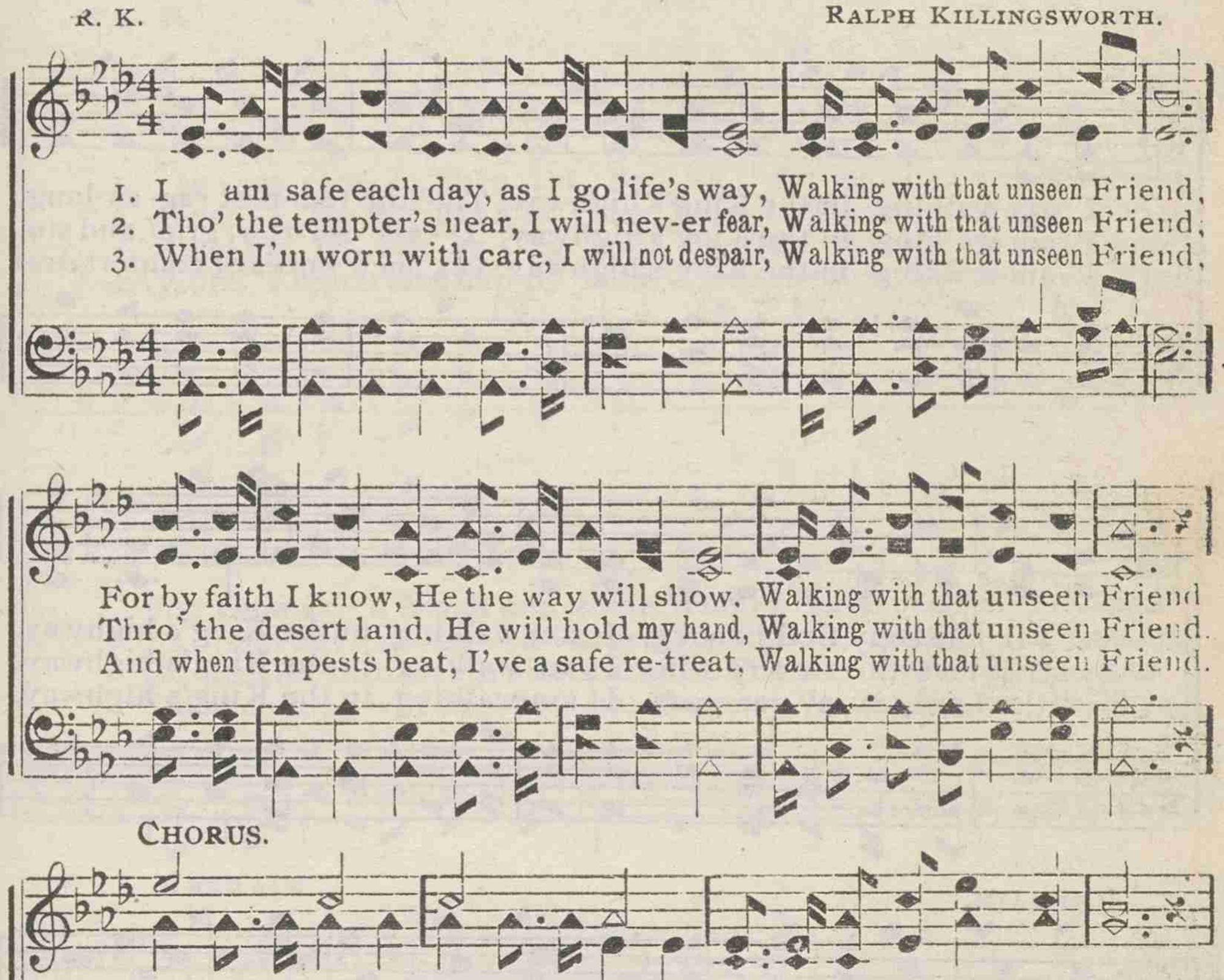
I'm a Soldier—Concluded.

NO. 67. Walking With that Unseen Friend.

R. K. RALPH KILLINGSWORTH.



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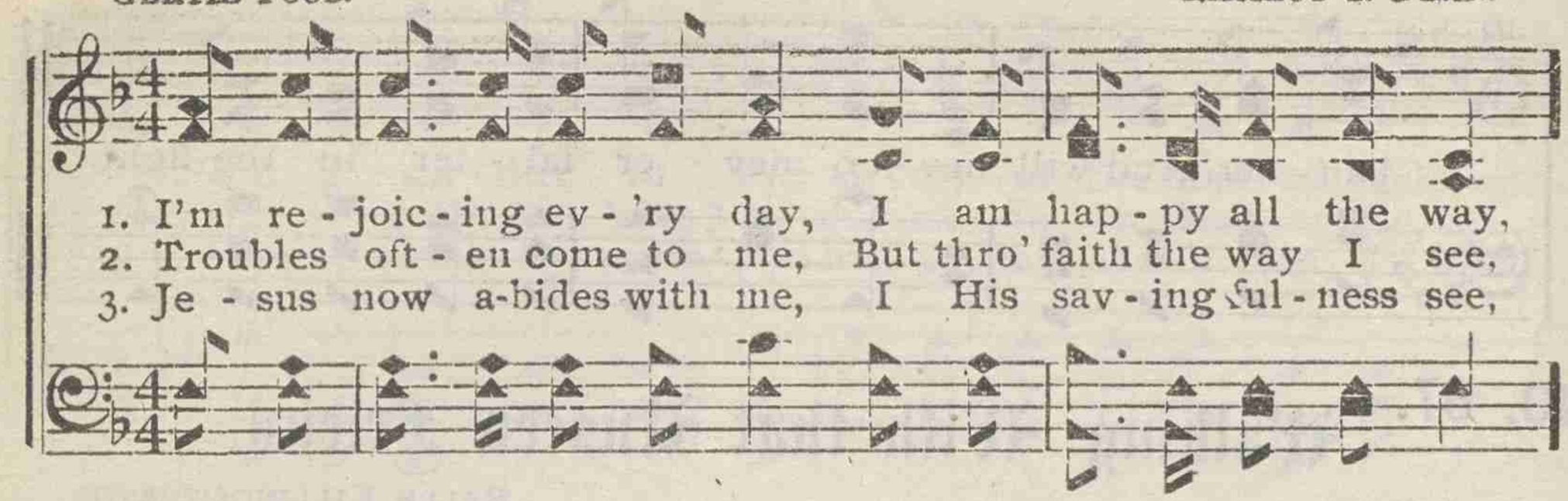
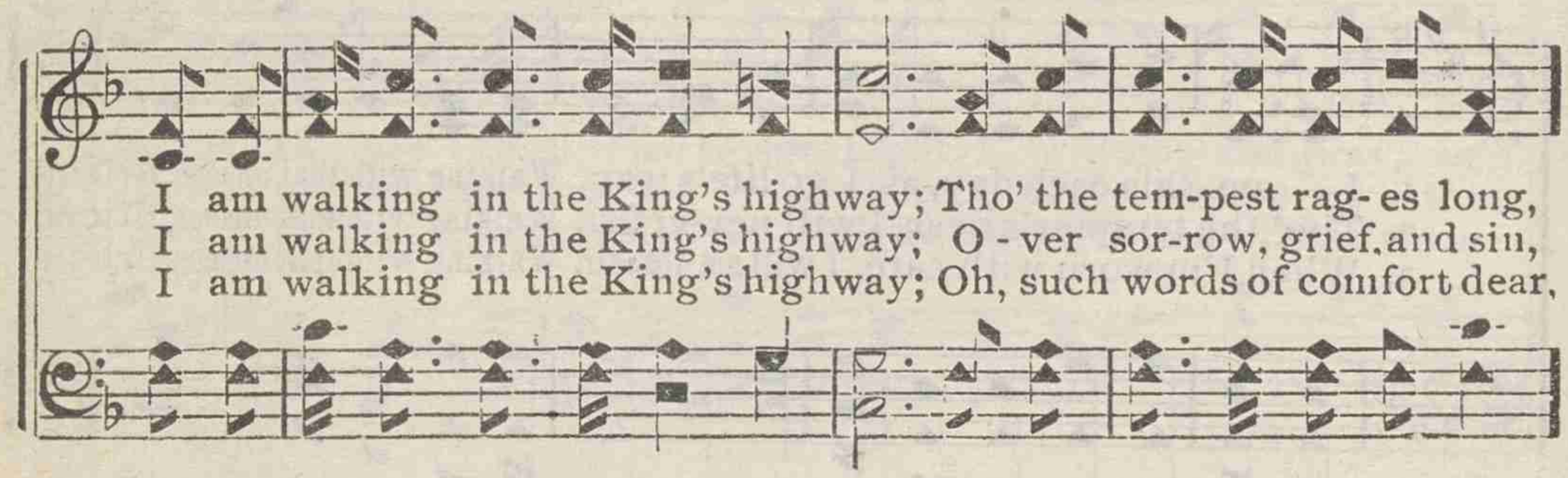
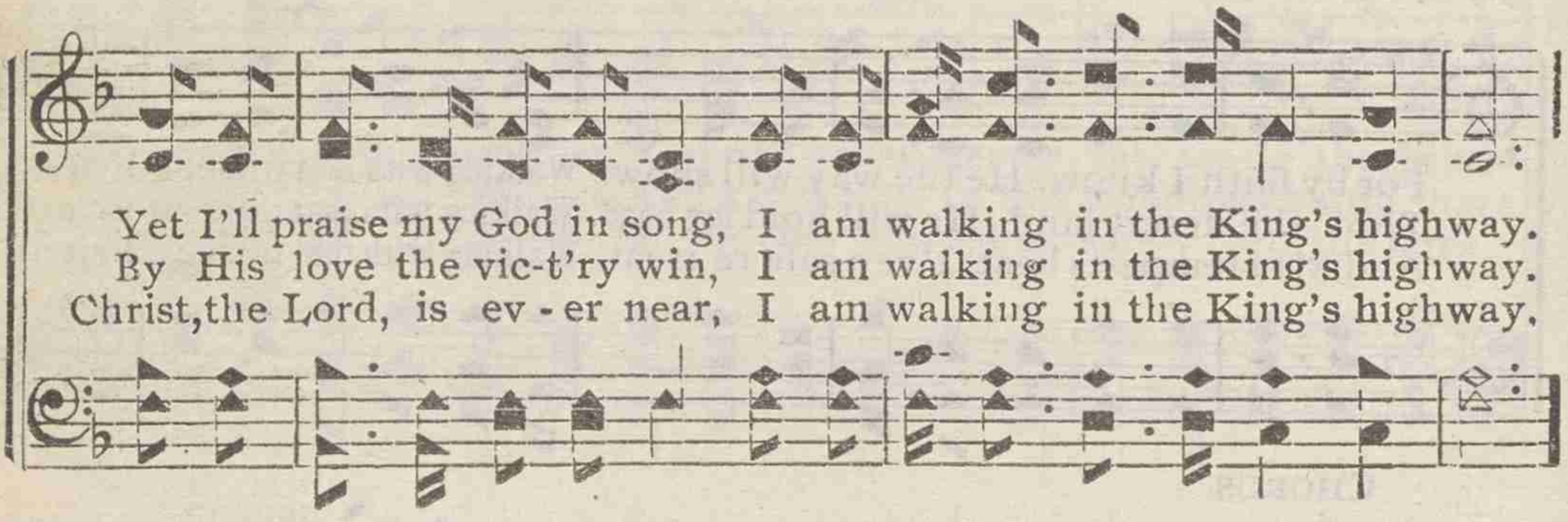
NO. 68.

The King's Highway.

GERTIE POOL. EMMETT S. DEAN.

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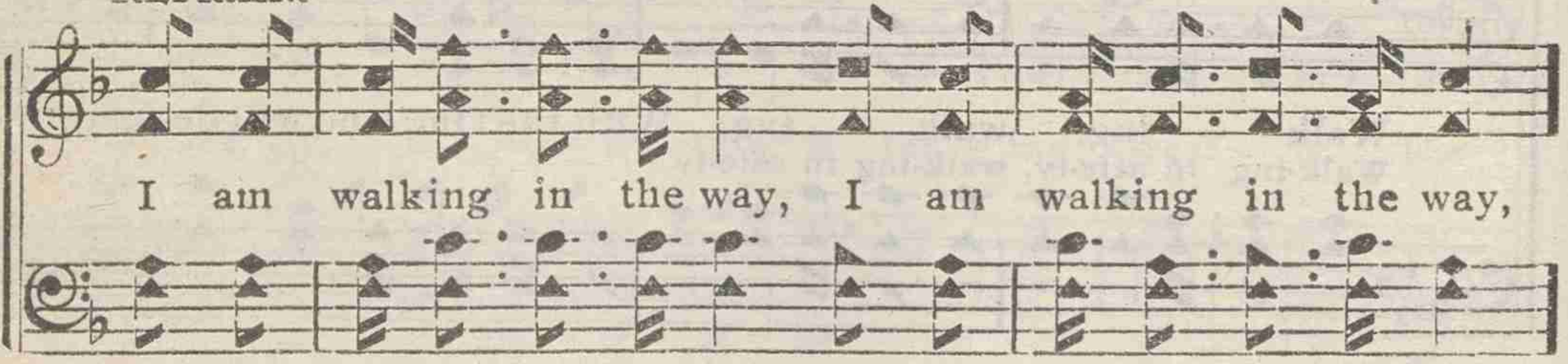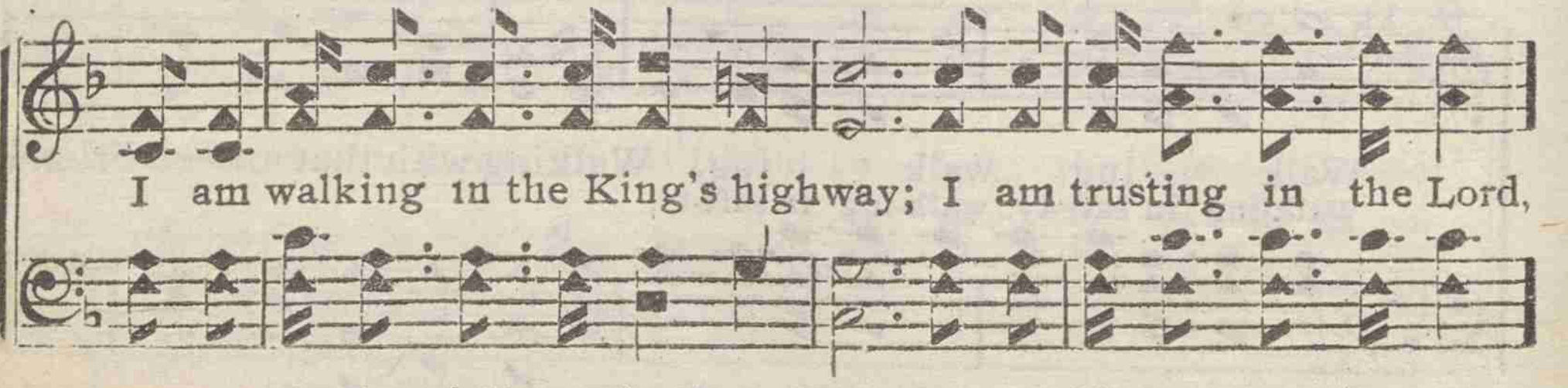
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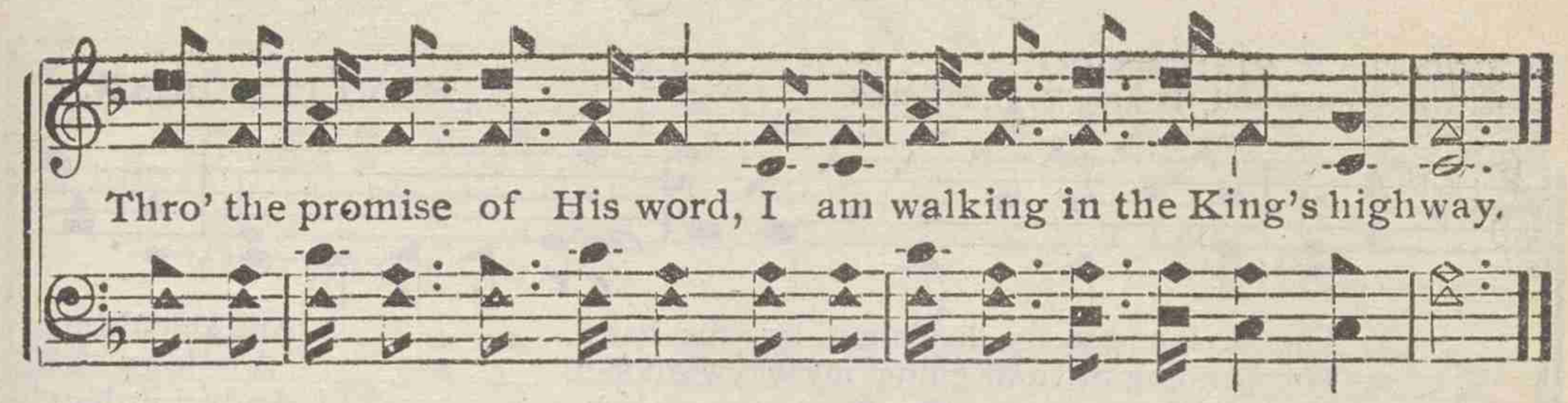
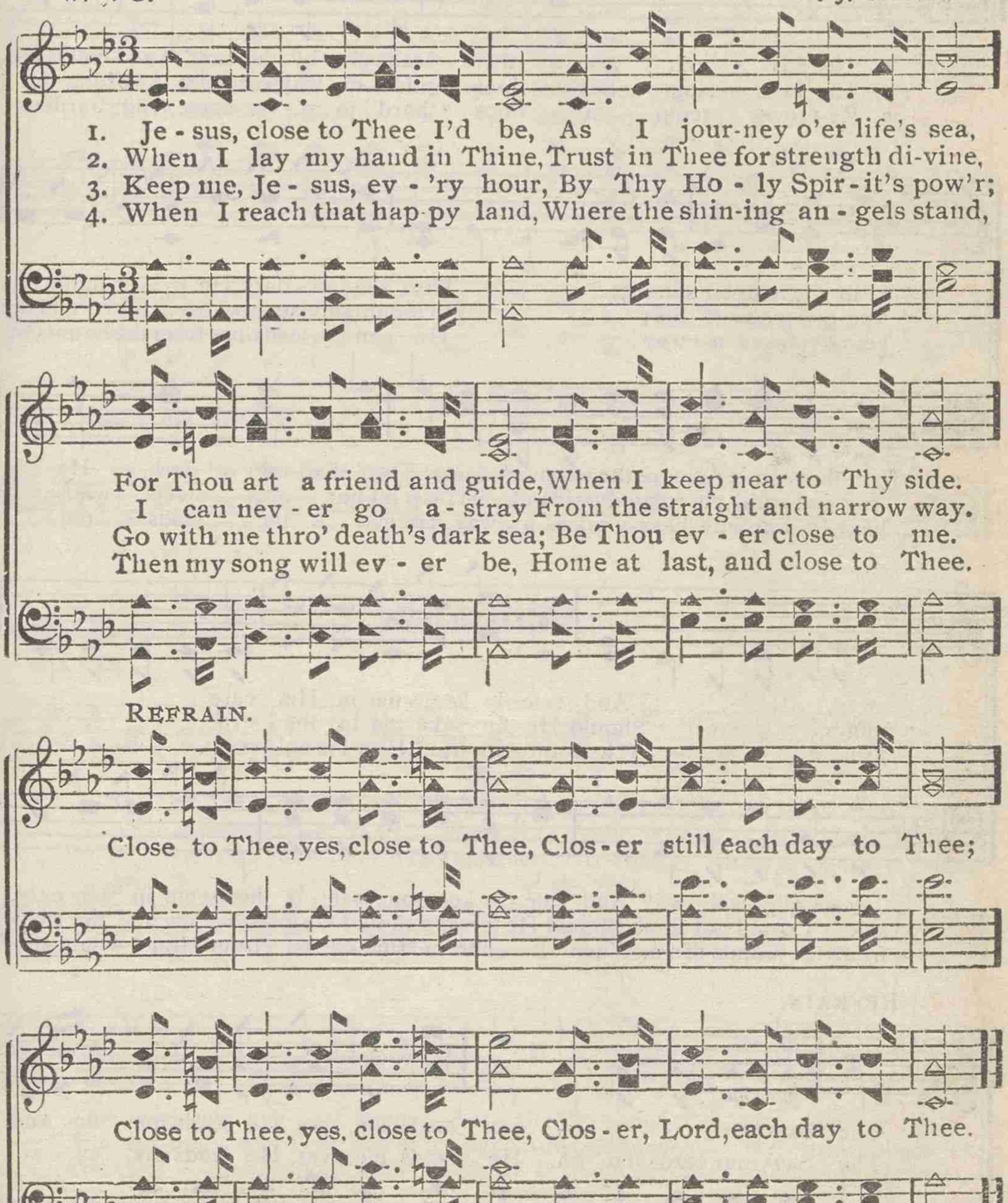
The King's Highway. Concluded.

NO. 69.

Close to Thee.

W. J. G. W. J. GRAVES.



REFRAIN.

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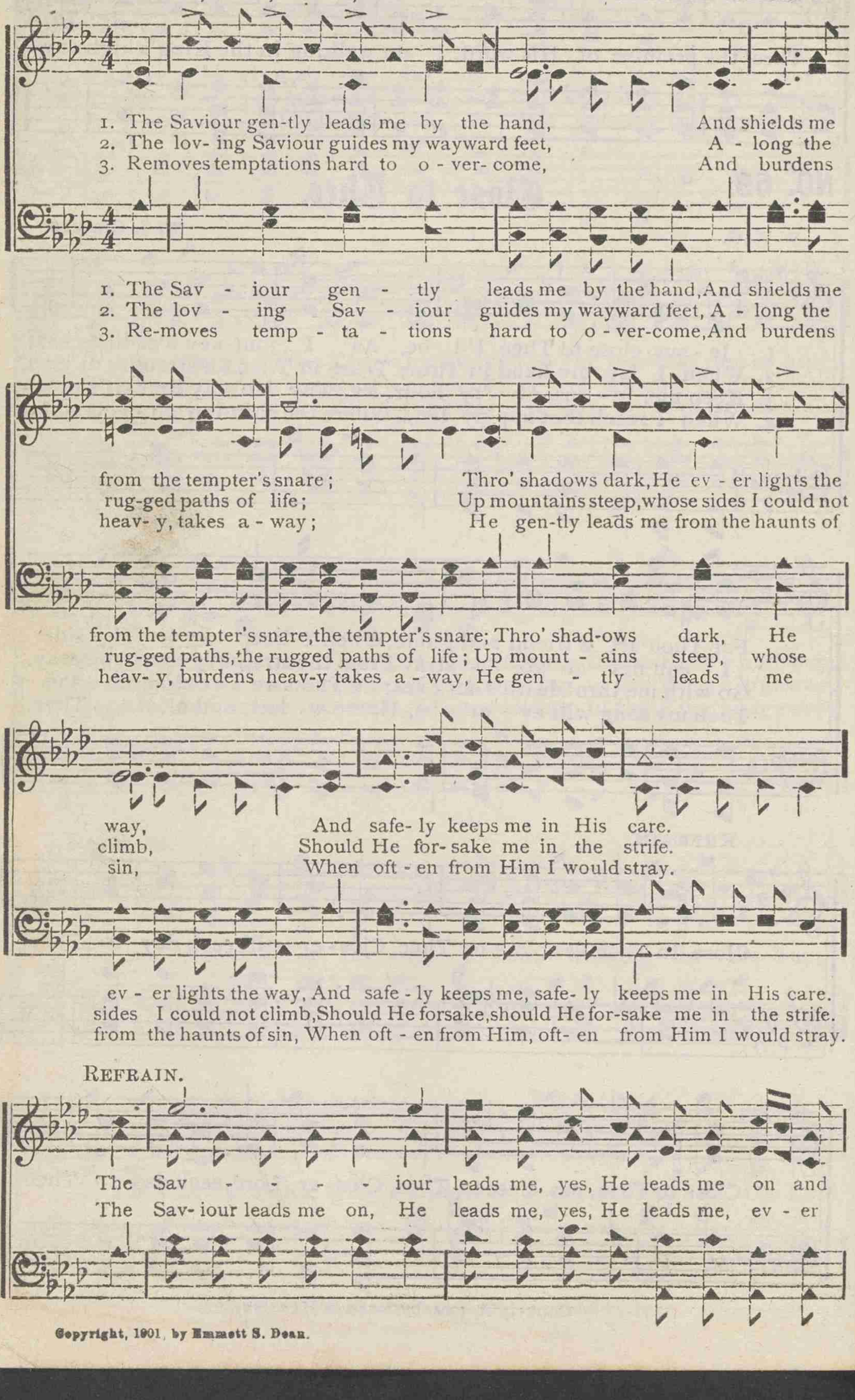
NO. 70.

He Leads Me.

Miss EULA FLORENCE,
in the Glenwood, Texas, S. D. N., 1900.

EMMETT S. DEAN.

REFRAIN.

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He Leads Me.—Concluded.

on, Thro' shad- ows dark, He lights the way;
leads me on and on, H ; lights the way;

The Sav - - - - iour leads me, yes, He leads me on and
The Sav-iour leads me on, He leads me, yes, He leads me, ev - er

on, To man- sions fair and end-less day.
leads me on and on, that endless day.

Gratitude.

NO. 71.

WATTS. Rev. AMI BOST.

1. My God, how end- less is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev - 'ry even-ing new;
2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
3. I yield my pow'rs to Thy command, To Thee I con - se - crate my days;

And morn-ing mer- cies from a-bove, Gently dis - till like ear - ly dew.
Thy sov'reign word re- stores the light, And quickens all my drow-sy pow'rs.
Per - pet -- ual bless-ings from Thy hand Demand per- pet - ual songs of praise.

NO. 72.

Whiter Than Snow.

H. E. M.

H. E. McAFEE.

1. Still I am sing - ing Jesus of Thee! Blessed Redeem - er,
   Still I am sing Je-sus, of Thee! Bless-ed Redeem-er,
2. Je-sus, ac- cept the tribute I bring, (tribute I bring,) Not of myself, or
3. Still I am sing - ing, Jesus of Thee! (Jesus of Thee!) Simple, my tones of
4. When as my work is ending be-low, (ending below,) Bidding farewell to

precious to me Tell the good news where-ev-er I
pre- cious to me! tell the good news!
creed will I sing, (here will I sing,) On - ly Thy blood that sinners may
mu- sic may be, (simple may be,) Fill me with love as homeward I
loved ones below; (loved ones below;) Then will my soul mount upward and

go! Je-sus has washed me whiter than snow!
where-ev - er I go, Je-sus has washed, yes, whiter than snow!
know, (sinners may know,) Jesus can wash them whiter than snow, (yes, whiter than snow.)
go, (homeward I go,) Singing, I'm washed ev'n whiter than snow! (yes, whiter than snow.)
go, (upward and go,) Join the glad triumph, whiter than snow, (yes, whiter than snow.)

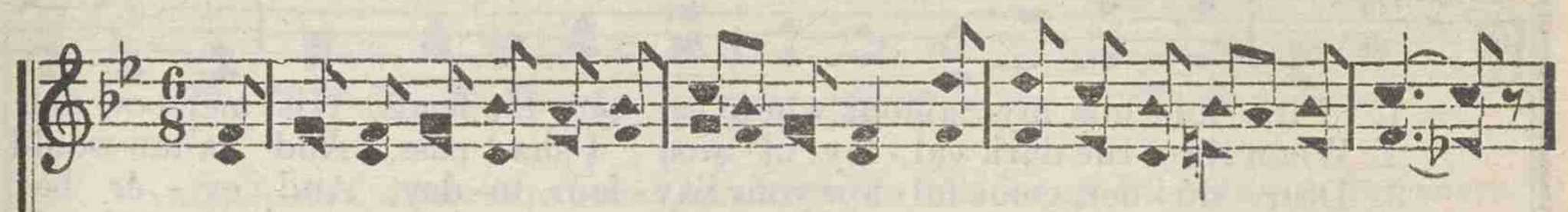
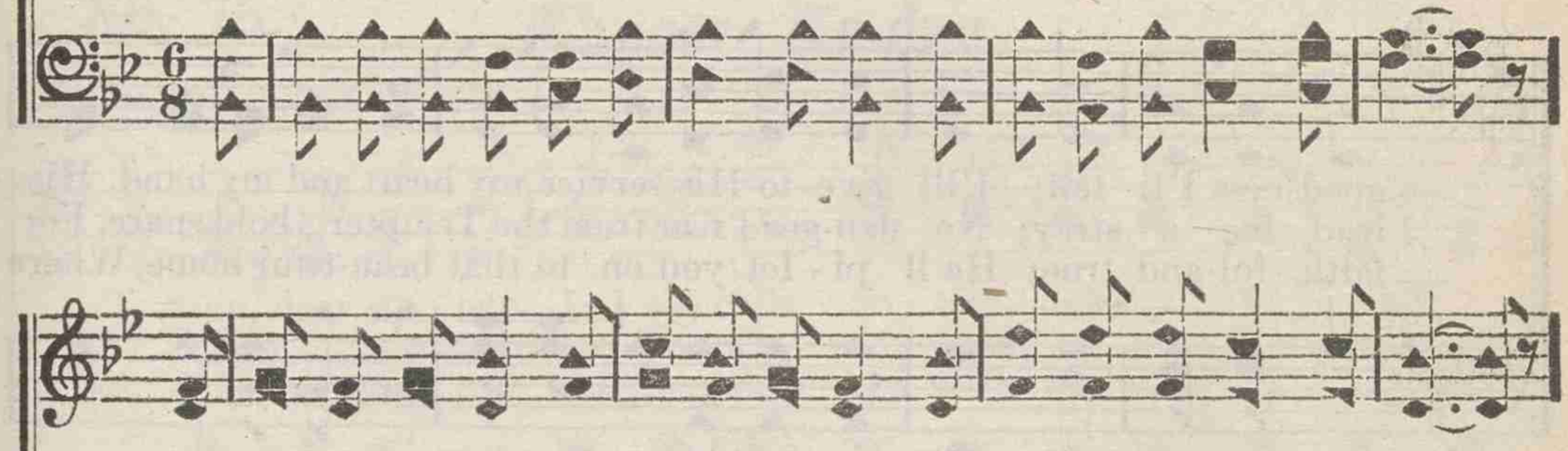
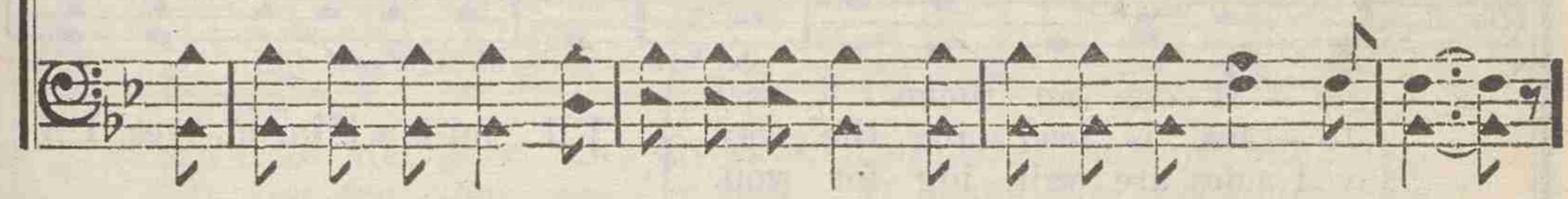
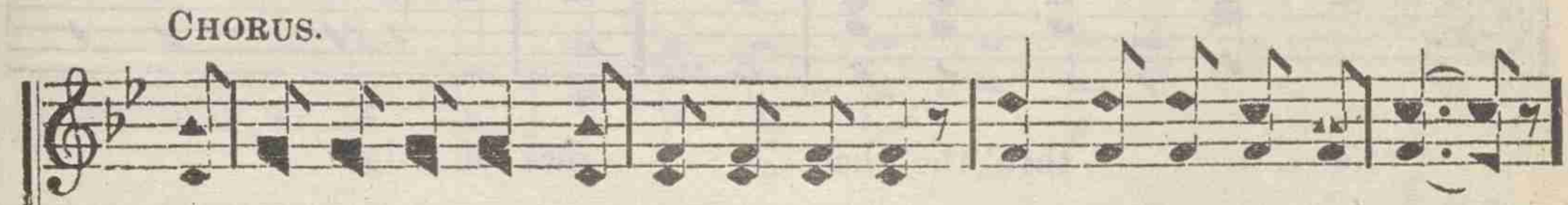
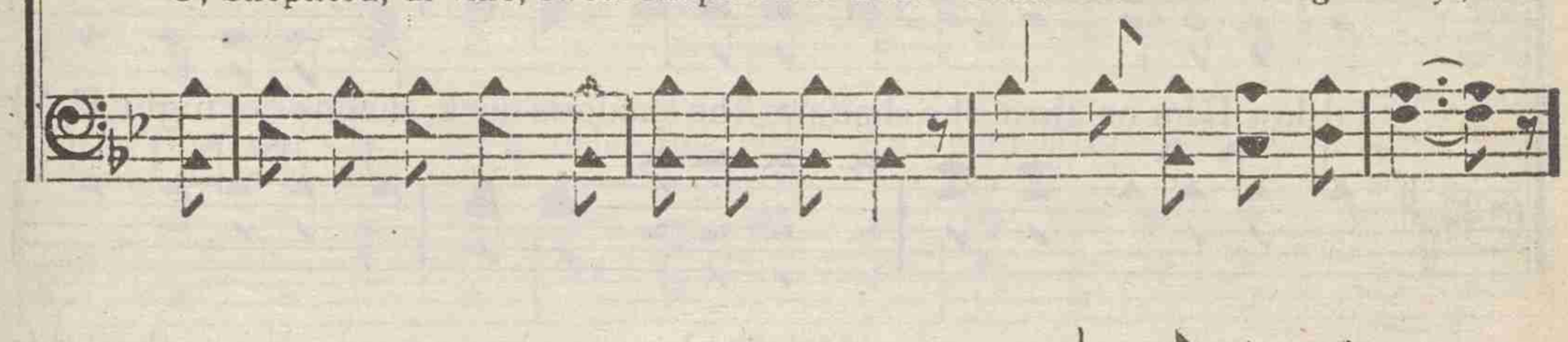
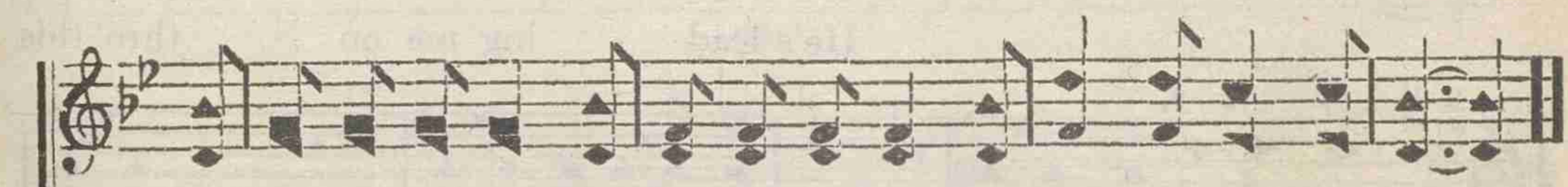
Whiter than snow! The beautiful snow! Whiter than snow! The
whiter than snow, beauti- ful snow, whiter than snow,

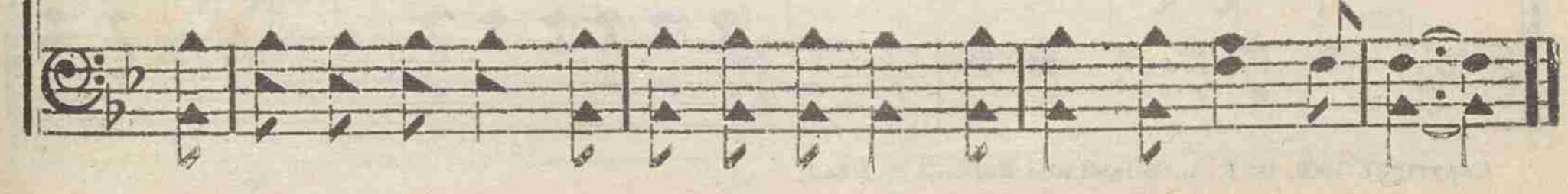
beau-ti - ful snow; Tell to the world, where-ev- er I
beau - ti - ful snow! Tell to the world,

go! Je-sus has washed me whiter than snow!
where-ev-er I go. Je-sus has washed yes, whiter than snow!

Copyright, 1888, by H. E. McAfee.

NO. 73. The Lord is My Shepherd.

H. W. E. H. W. ELLIOTT.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, He leadeth me night and day.
2. When to the dark valley of death I come, No e - vil then will I fear;
3. The table is spread, and my soul shall feast; And never know want or care,
4. For - ev - er to dwell in the house of God, The shadows all past and gone,

In pastures of green, by waters so sweet, He guide's me in wis - dom's way.
Thy rod and Thy staff, will comfort me there, And make my way bright and clear.
A- noint-ed with oil, my head, it shall be, My cup filled with pleasure there.
With Je - sus my king, His prais-es to sing, While a ges roll on, and on.

CHORUS.

O, Shepherd, di-vine, sweet Shepherd of mine Lead me in the right way;

To heav-en a-bove, where Thee, I can love, Thro' one e - ter - nal day.



NO. 74.

I'll Follow My Saviour.

J. S. D. J. S. DUNCAN.

1. I'll fol - low my Saviour where ev - er He leads, His mer - cy, and good-ness I'll tell; I'll give to His service my heart and my hand, His
2. When thro' the dark val - ley of woe I shall pass, And Sa-tan would lead me a - stray; No dan-ger I fear from the Tempter's bold snare, For
3. Dear sin - ner, come fol - low your Sav - iour to-day, And ev - er be faith - ful and true; He'll pi - lot you on to that beau-tiful home, Where

CHORUS.

I'll fol - - - low Him glo - ri - ous an - thems I'll swell.
Je - sus is lead - ing the way.
loved ones are wait - ing for you.

I'll fol-low Him on, yes, I'll on thro' the shad - - ows of night, fol-low Him on thro' the shadows, the shadows dark, shadows of night, He'll guide me thro' sorrow and care, He's leading me on, yes, He's leading me on, Thro' this He's lead - ing me on thro' this

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I'll Follow My Saviour.—Concluded.

vale here be-low,

vale, shadow'd vale here below, here below, To that beauti-ful home o-ver there.

NO. 75. Choose To-day.

Miss EDNA DEAN. R. E. CAMPBELL

1. Stop, dear sin-ner, Je-sus calls So ten-der-ly to-day;
2. Long you've wander'd on in sin, And heed-ed not His voice
3. He can wash a-way your sin, And make you white as snow,

Turn from all your sin-ful ways, And make Him now your stay.
Call-ing for your wea-ry soul, O, make Him now your choice.
Have His pre-cious blood ap-plied, To glo-ry with us go.

CHORUS.

Ten-der-ly He's call-ing you, Ac-cept Him while you may;

Hear Him plead-ing for your soul, Make Him your choice to-day.

NO. 76.

The Shining Way.

F. L. EILAND. C. R. CURLEE. Arr. by F. L. E.

1. I have found the shin - ing road to the Ca - naan land,
2. On this way I've found the peace which I long have sought,
3. I can nev - er tell you, friend, all the joys I know,—
4. Earth, no pleas - ure can af - ford that will here, com - pare,—

'Tis lead - ing to e - ter - nal day,— He who now is go - ing
The feast with which my soul would stay,— 'Tis the her - it - age His
The bless - ings that are mine to - day; But, the peace of which I
No prom-ised gifts, so rich, can pay,— Sin - ner, you can find this

with me will hold my hand,—Yes, Je - sus will go all the way!
blood, pre- cious blood, has bought, And Je - sus will go all the way!
sing, you may find 'tis so, And Je - sus will go all the way!
road, and its glo - ries share, And Je - sus will go all the way!

CHORUS.

Shin-ing way,..... bright beauti-ful way;.....
Shining and beauti - ful way, Growing still brighter each day.

Sin- ner, come..... and walk in this way!
Sinner, come walk in this way! In this bright beautiful way,

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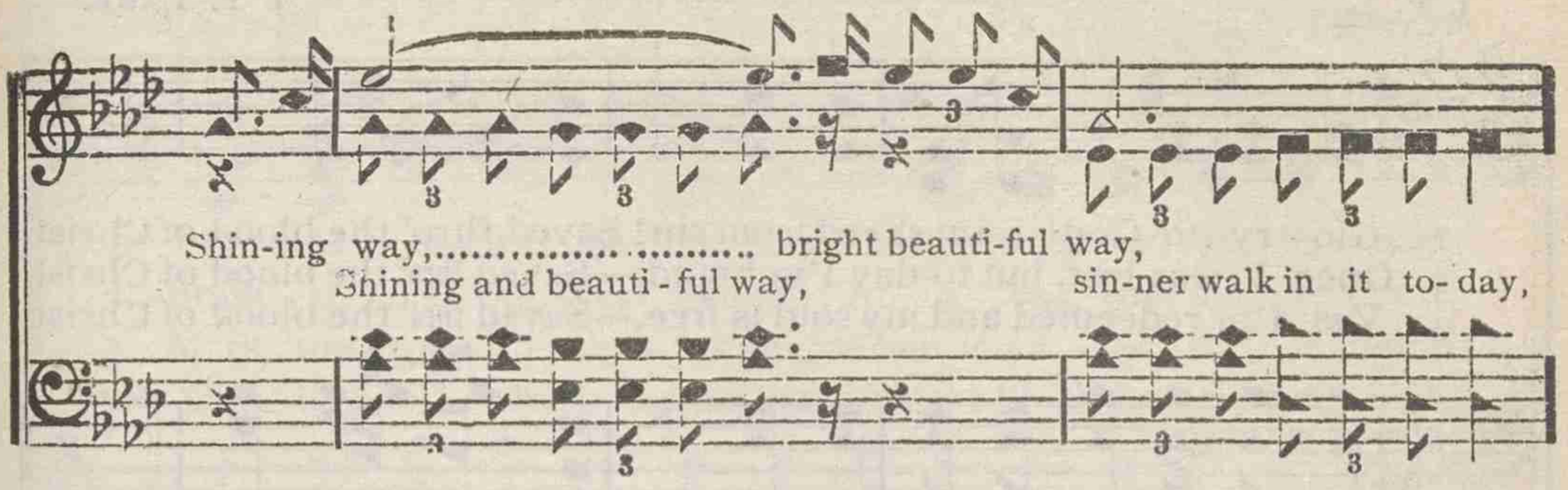
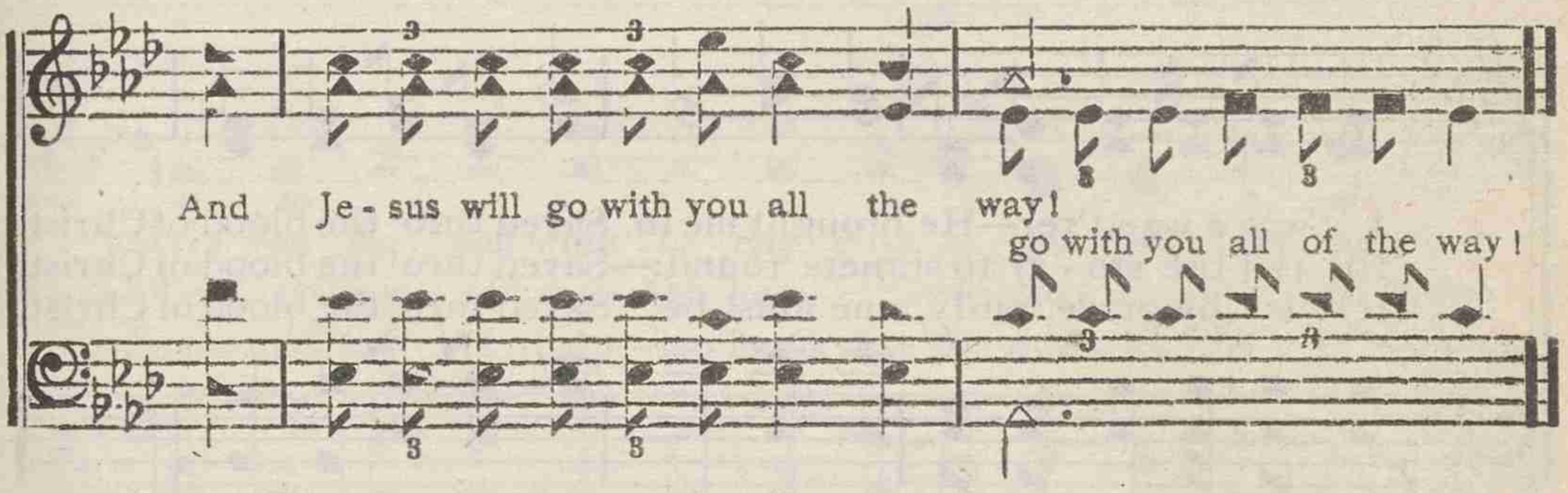
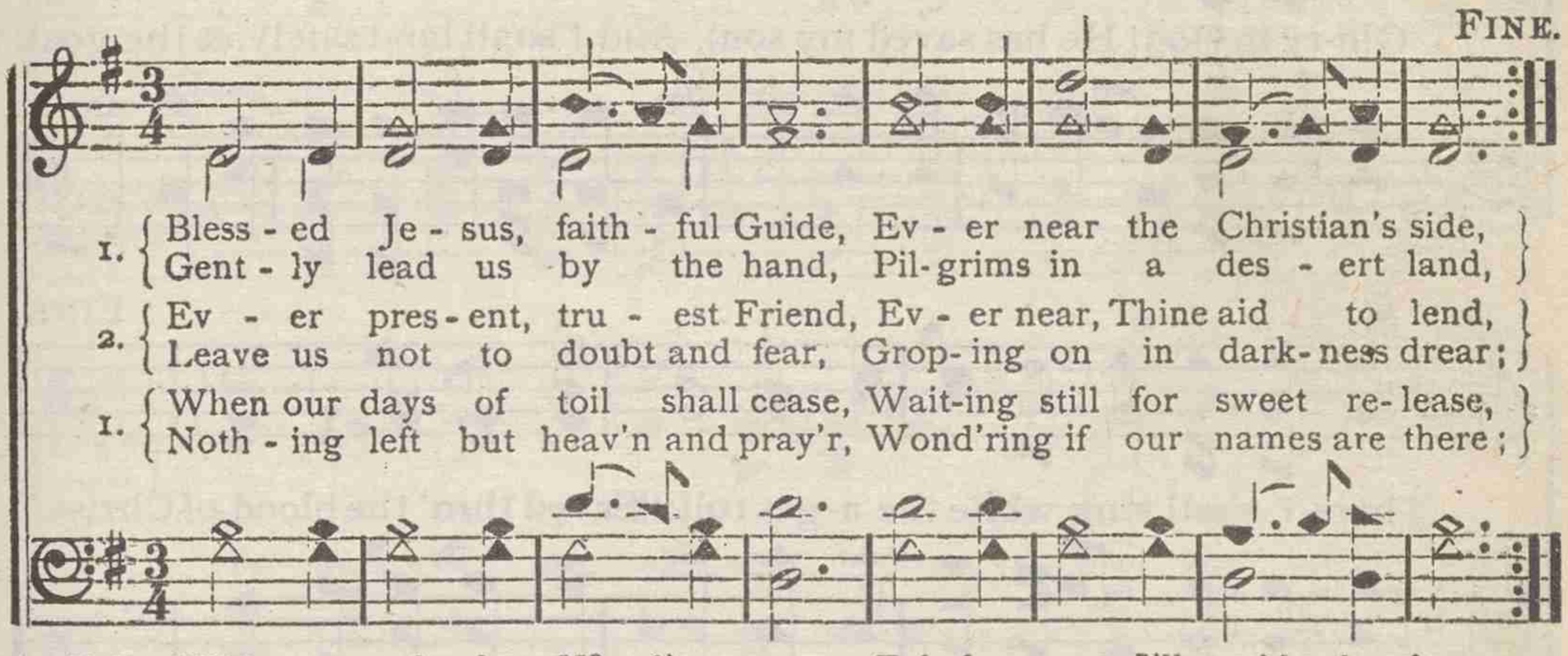
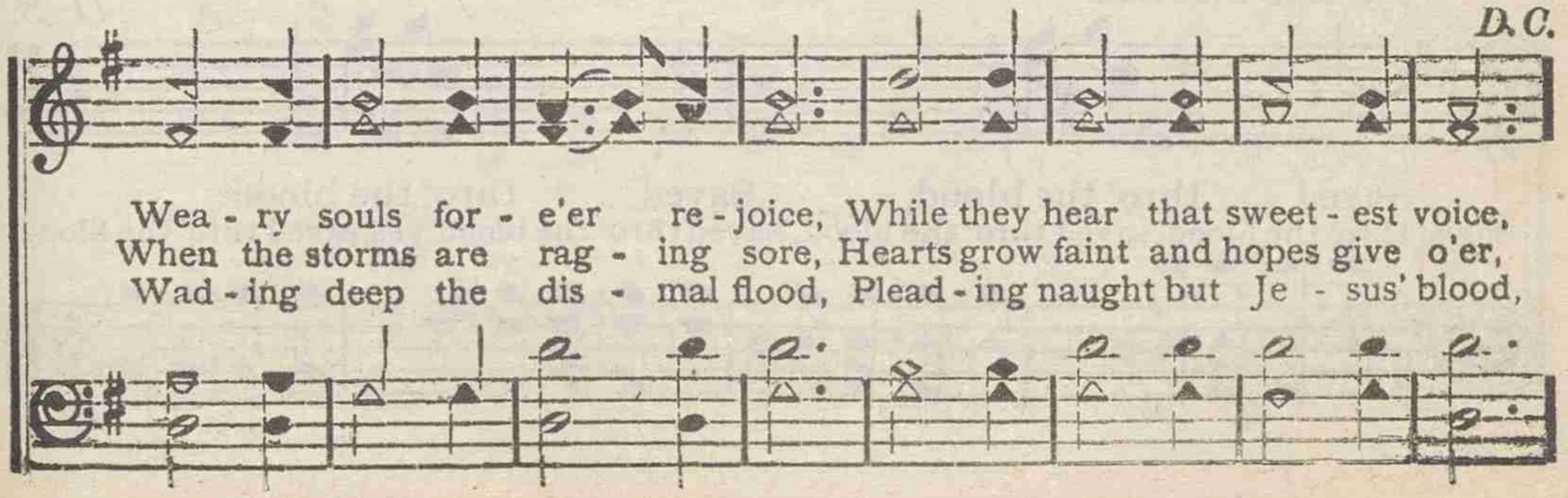
The Shining Way.—Concluded.



NO. 77. Guide.

M. M. W. M. M. WELLS.

FINE.

D.S.—Whis - per soft - ly, Wand'rer come; Fol - low me: I'll guide thee home.

D.C.

NO. 78.

Saved Through the Blood of Christ.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

J. P. L. J. P. LANE.

1. Glo - ry to God! I am saved from sin! Saved thro' the blood of Christ;
2. Once I was lost, but to-day I'm found,—Saved thro' the blood of Christ;
3. Yes, I'm redeemed and my soul is free,—Saved thro' the blood of Christ;

I was a wand'rer—He brought me in, Saved thro' the blood of Christ.
I'll tell the sto - ry to sinners 'round:—Saved thro' the blood of Christ.
It is by grace, on-ly, one must be Saved thro' the blood of Christ.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Glo-ry to God! He has saved my soul, And I shall land safely at the goal;

FINE.

There I shall sing while the a-ges roll: "Saved thro' the blood of Christ."

FULL CHORUS. D. S.

Saved thro' the blood, Saved thro' the blood;
Saved thro' the blood, saved thro' the blood, Saved thro' the blood, yes, saved thro' the blood;

NO. 79.

Call for Workers.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Sheppard.

J. H. S. J. H. SHEPPARD.

1. In the vine-yard of the Lord, There is work for all to do;
2. Broth - er, sis - ter, hear the call! All a - long, your aid af - ford;
3. Mark the spir - it's dire - ful fate, Whereso-ev - er sin is found;
4. Oh, for work - ers strong and brave, Who will lift the ban - ner high;

Will you go and work to - day, With a pur-pose strong and true?
Let us strive to save the lost—Strive to save by work and word.
Come, and lend a help - ing hand, Let the shack-les be un - bound.
So the lost can see the way, To the man-sions in the sky.

CHORUS.

Heed the call, broth - er dear, For
Heed the call, broth - er dear, heed the call, broth - er dear,

work - ers to - day; Let your eyes
For work - ers, for work - ers to - day; Let your eyes see the need,

see the need Of work - ers, to - day.
let your eyes see the need Of work - ers, work - ers, to - day.

NO. 80.

Walking In The Way.

Eld. JOE S. WARLICK. WILLIAM D. EVRIDGE.

1. I am walk-ing in the way, Where my Sav - - - iour
2. Oh, the joys, I find each day, Walk-ing by His
3. It is through the nar-row way, That my Sav - - - iour

goes,—(where He goes,—) I will fol-low Him each day Tho' the
side, (by His side,) For, I know, it was for me, That He
trod, (my Saviour trod;—) Lead-ing on to end-less day, To our

CHORUS.

world op - pose: (me oppose:) He'll up-hold me all the way;
bled and died! (He bled and died!) Then I nev-er shall complain,
home with God! (our home with God!) There we all again shall meet,

By His pow'r - - - ful hand; (His pow'rful hand;) And will lead me
But my soul's de-light, (my soul's delight,) Is my journ'ying
In that cit - - - y fair,—(that city fair,—) In that bless-ed

safe-ly on, To that Heav'n - - - ly land! (that Heav'nly land!)
thro' this world, To that cit - - y bright. (that cit-y birght.)
land we all, Shall, His glo - - ry share. (His glo-ry share.)

NO. 81.

Teach Me the Way.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT. JAMES W. ACUFF.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, teach me the way, Out of the dark - ness in - to the day, Day all re-splen - dent, with wondrous light,
2. Guide and pro-tect me, keep me from harm, Ev - er up-hold me with Thy strong arm; While Thou art lead - ing, all will be right,
3. I can-not stray, Lord, while I'm with Thee, For Thou hast promised strength un-to me; Glad - ly I'll fol - low all of the way,

REFRAIN.

Where heav-en's glo - ry ban - ish - es night.
For Thou wilt guide me with Thy blest light.
Till I shall see Thee, some bless-ed day.
} Teach me the way, oh, teach me the way, O Sav - ior, keep me ev - 'ry day, and Thou
teach me the way, teach me the way, Lead me un - to E - ter-nal day.
oh, and that

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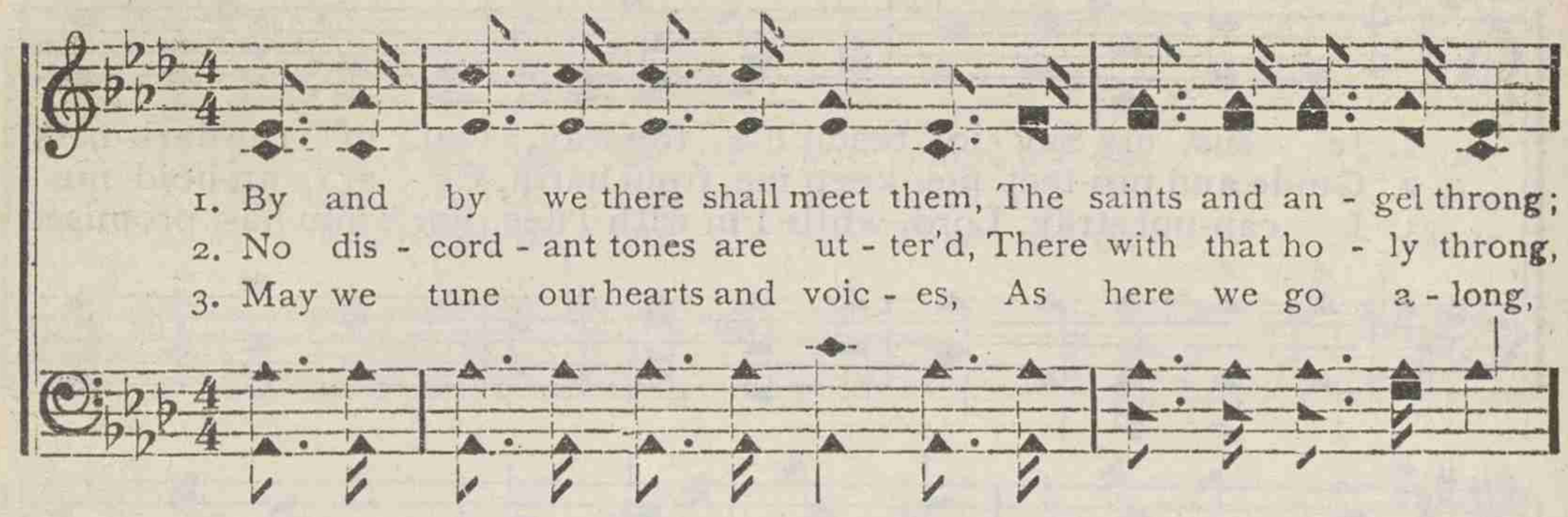
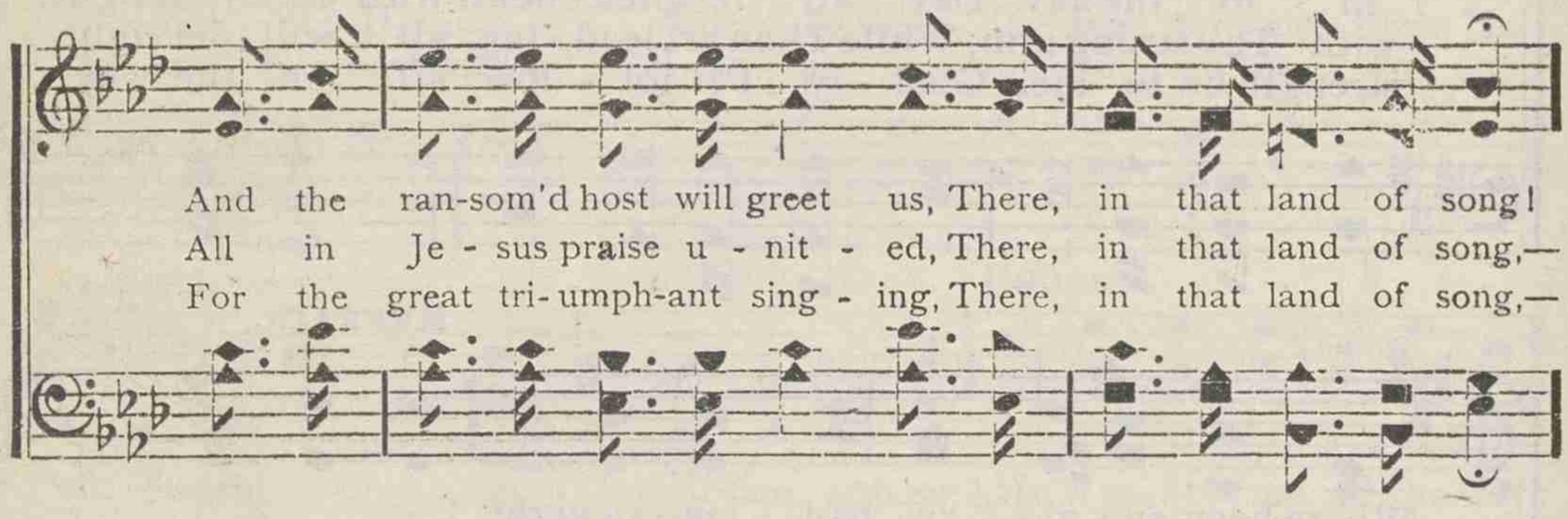
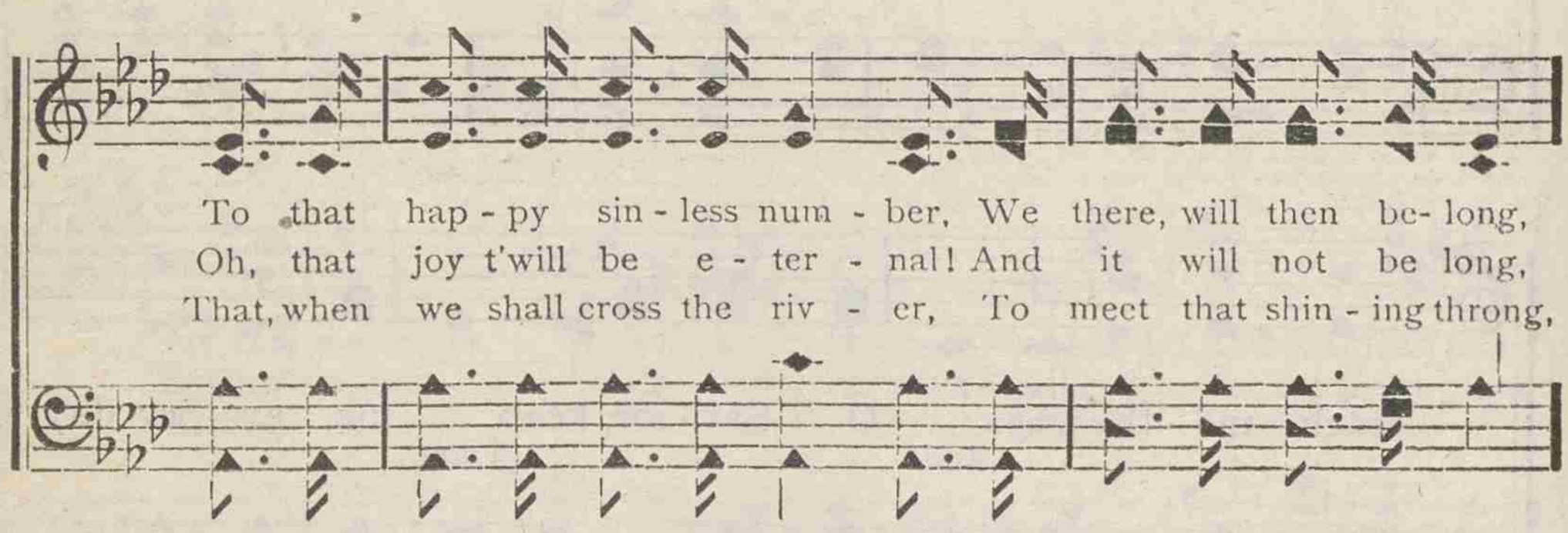
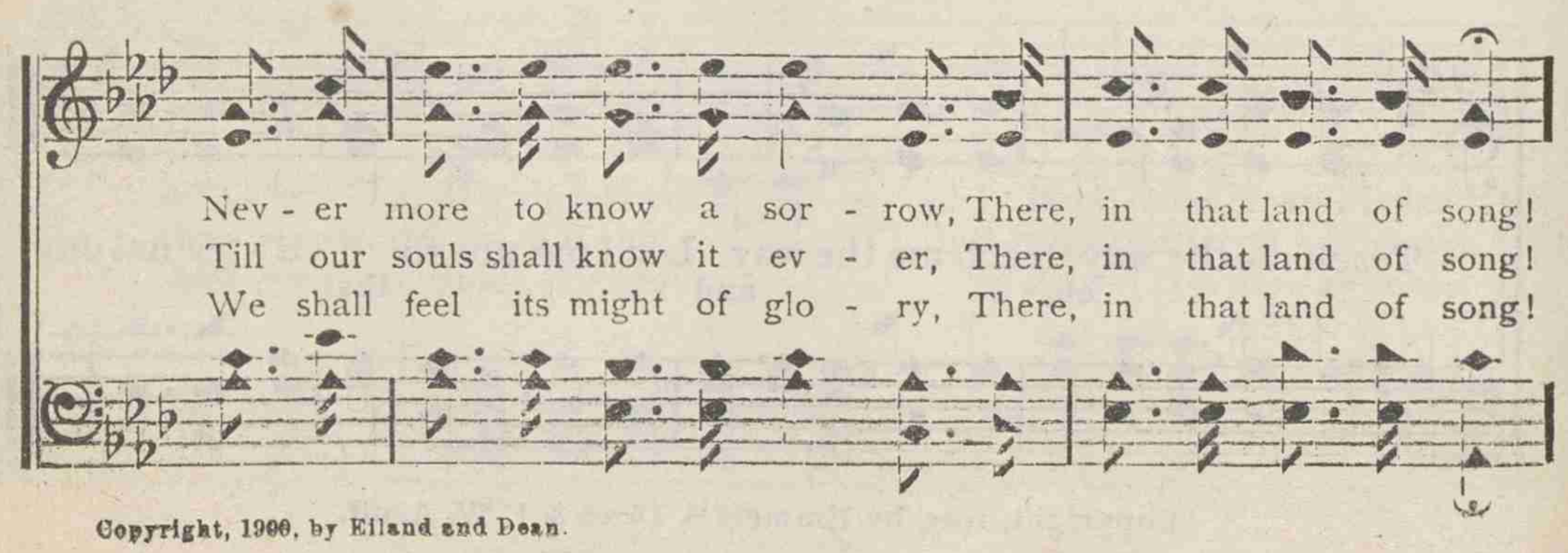
NO. 82. Over In That Land of Song.

F. L. EILAND. EMMETT S. DEAN.







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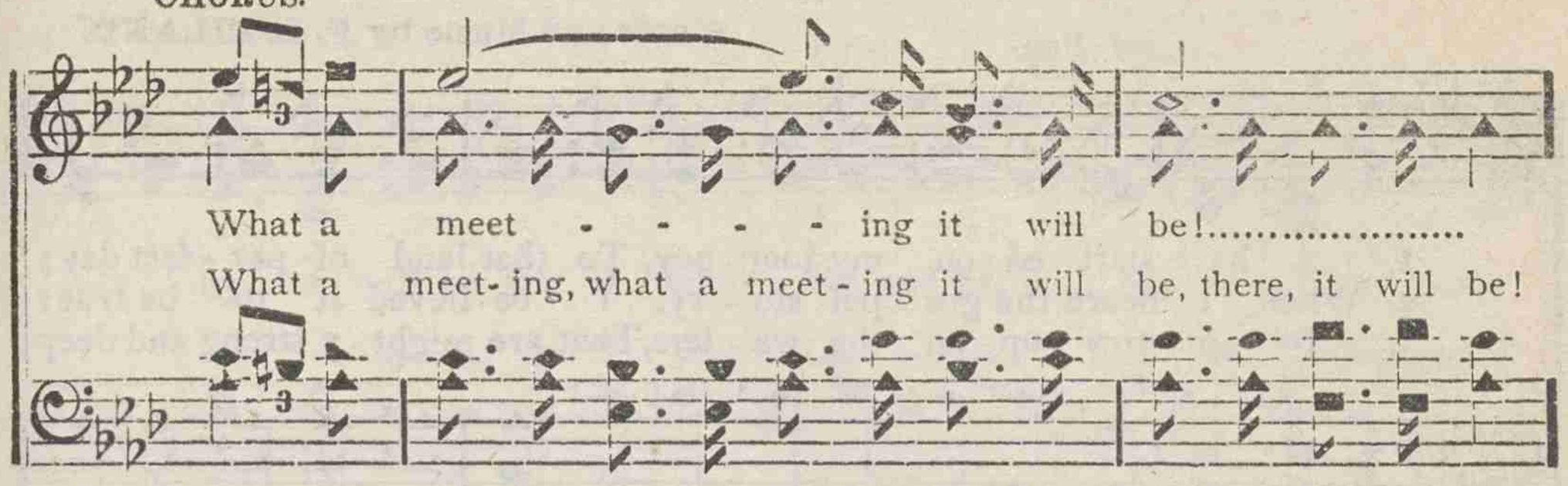
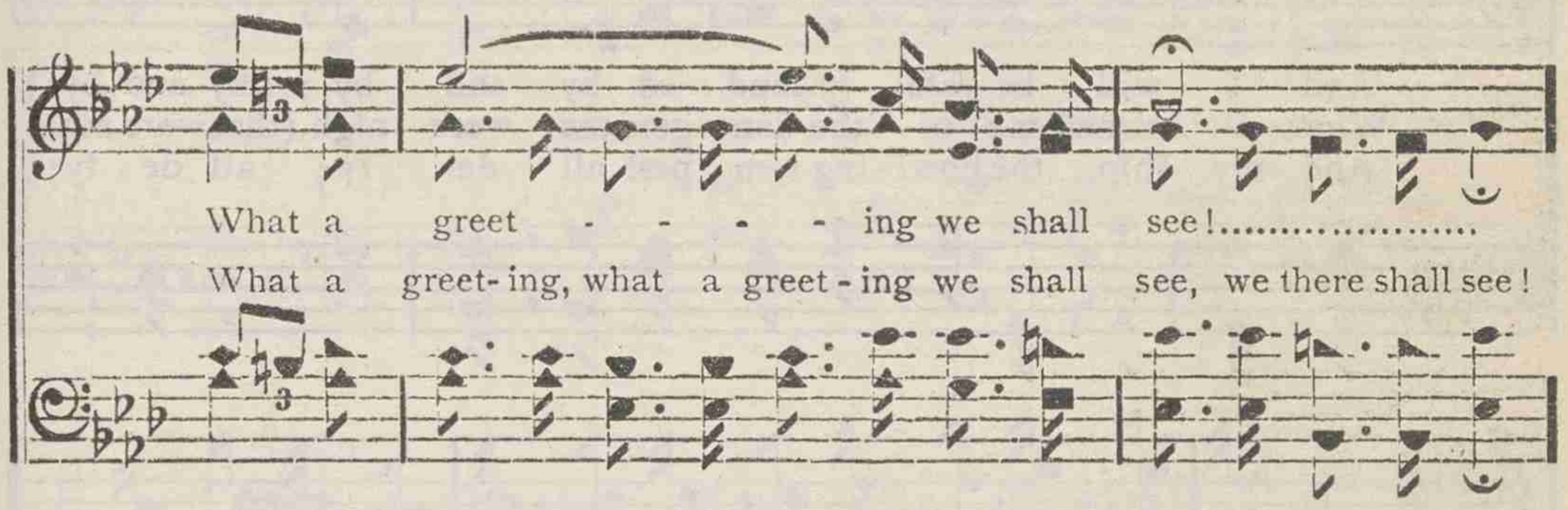
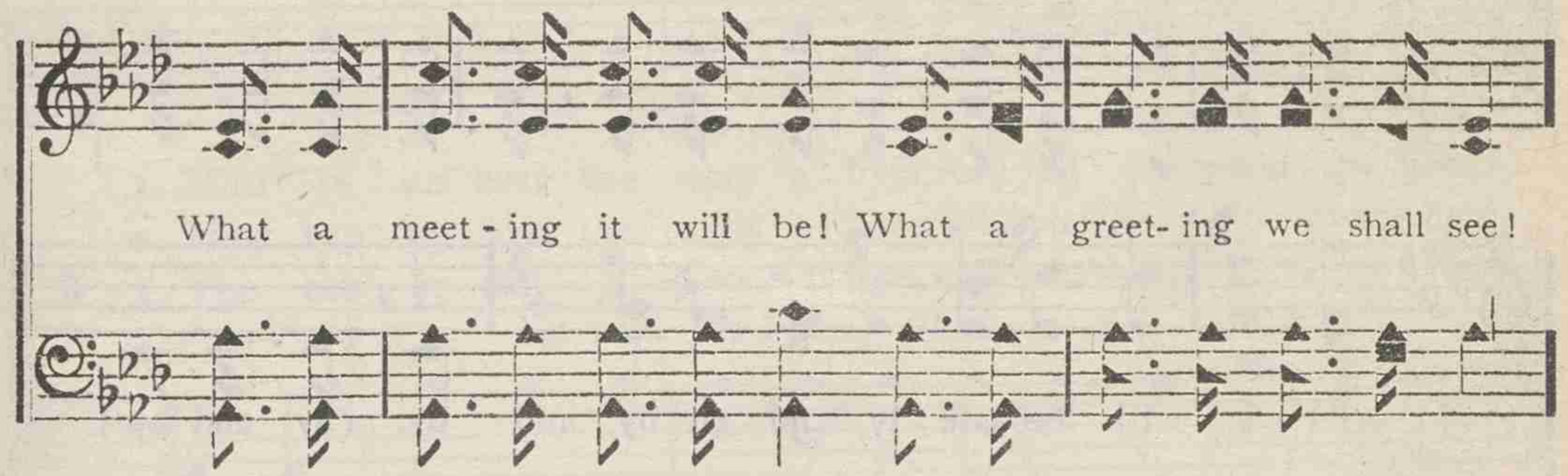
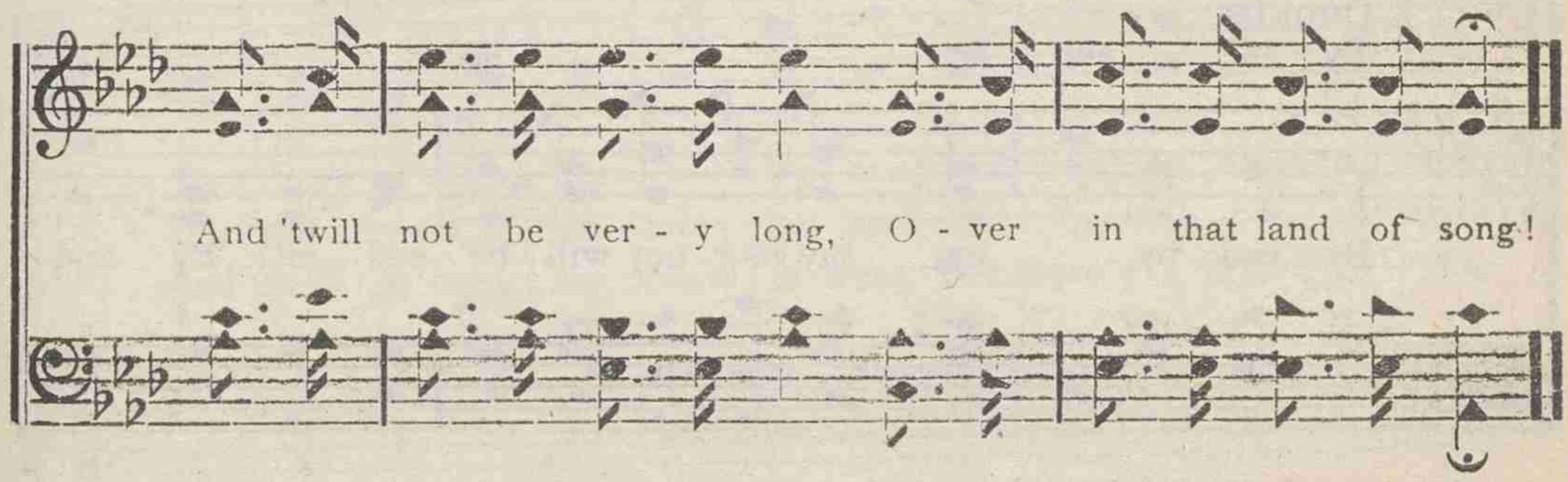
Over In That Land of Song.—Concluded.

CHORUS.







NO. 83.

By and By.

Words and Music by F. L. EILAND.

1. I have start - ed on my jour - ney, To that land of per - fect day;
2. When I heard the gos - pel sto - ry, I be-lieved it to be true;
3. I am now up - on the wa - ters, That are might - y strong and deep;

And I will be safe - ly land - ed by and by, ; (by and by;)
When it warned me of the dan - gers that were nigh, (that were nigh,)
And my ship the howl - ing tem - pest all de - fy; (all de - fy;)

I am on the ves - sel sail - ing, That will nev - er miss the way;
I at once pre-pared to trav - el; And I sought the faith - ful crew;
It will bear me up and o - ver, And my course I'll on - ward keep,

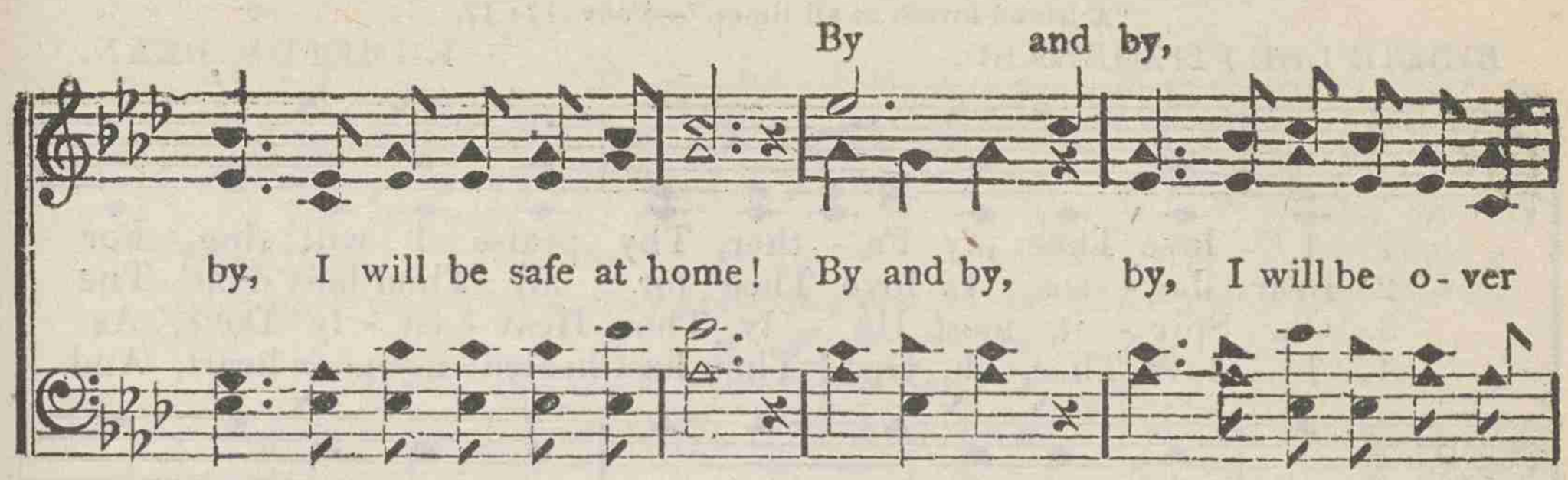
And I will be safe - ly land - ed by and by. (by and by.)

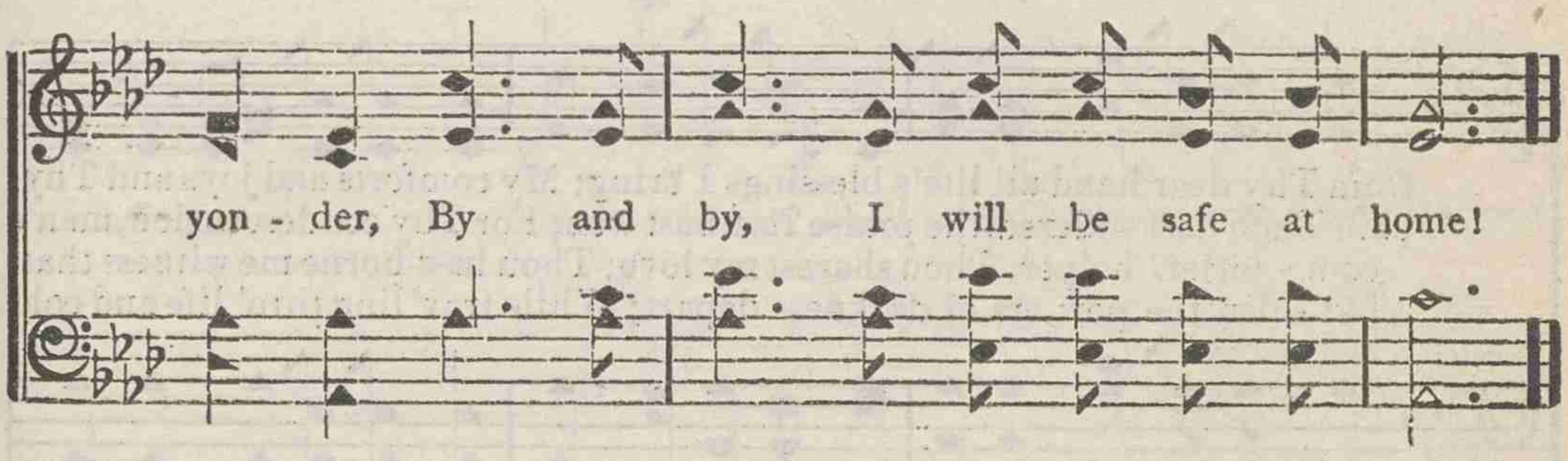
CHORUS.

By and by,

By and by, by, my jour- ney will be end - ed; By and

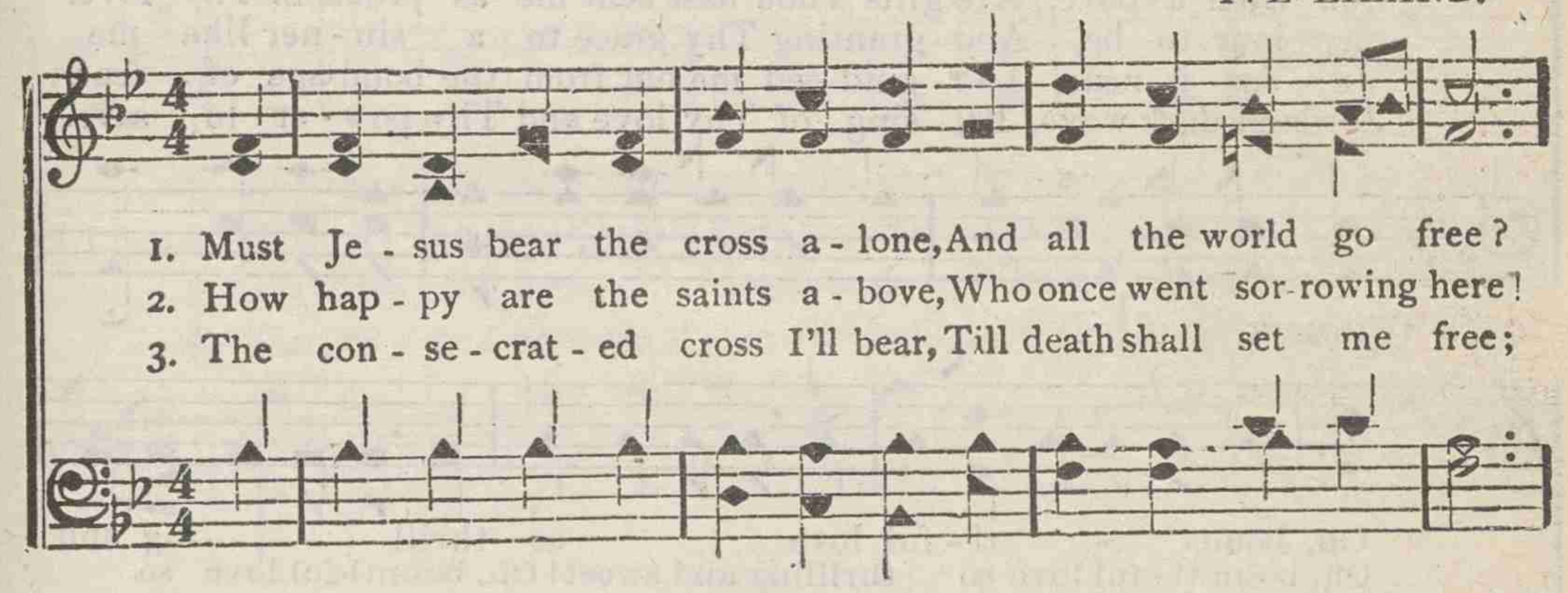
By and By.—Concluded.





NO. 84. Must Jesus Bear the Cross? C. M.

F. L. EILAND.



NO. 85.

I Love Thee.

"A friend loveth at all times."—Prov. 17: 17.

BIRDIE LEE FITZGERALD. EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. I love Thee, my Fa - ther, Thy praise I will sing, For
2. Dear Je - sus, I love Thee for all Thou hast done, The
3. Oh, Spir - it, most Ho - ly, Thou Heav - en - ly Dove, As
4. I love Thee, oh, God! Thou hast healed my poor heart, And

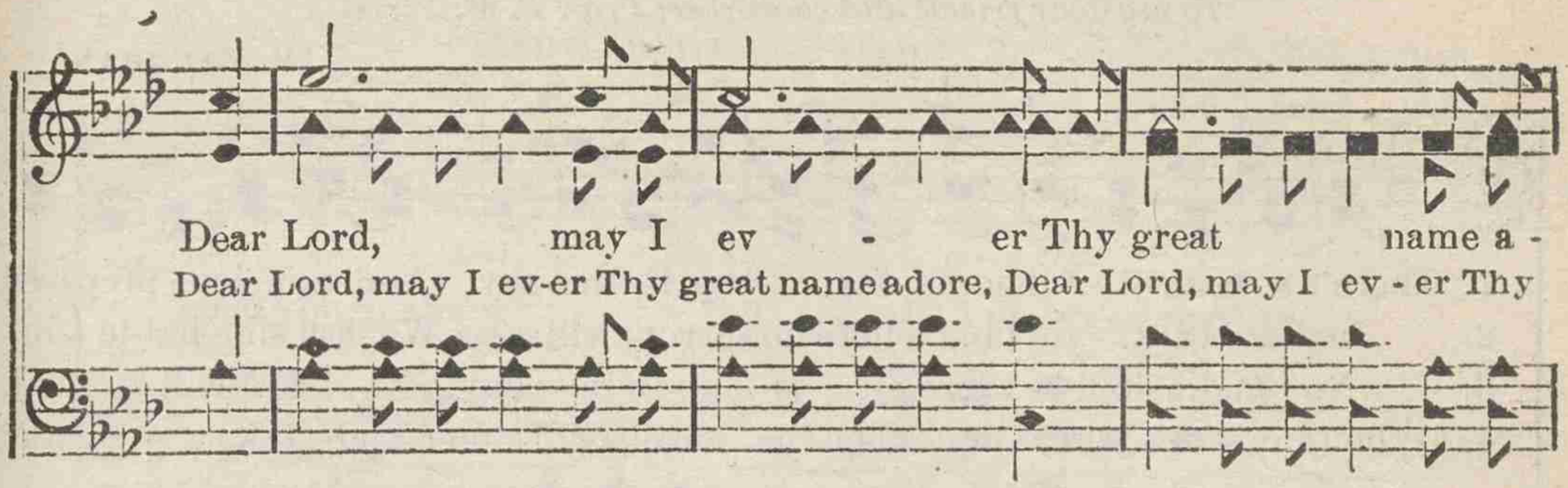
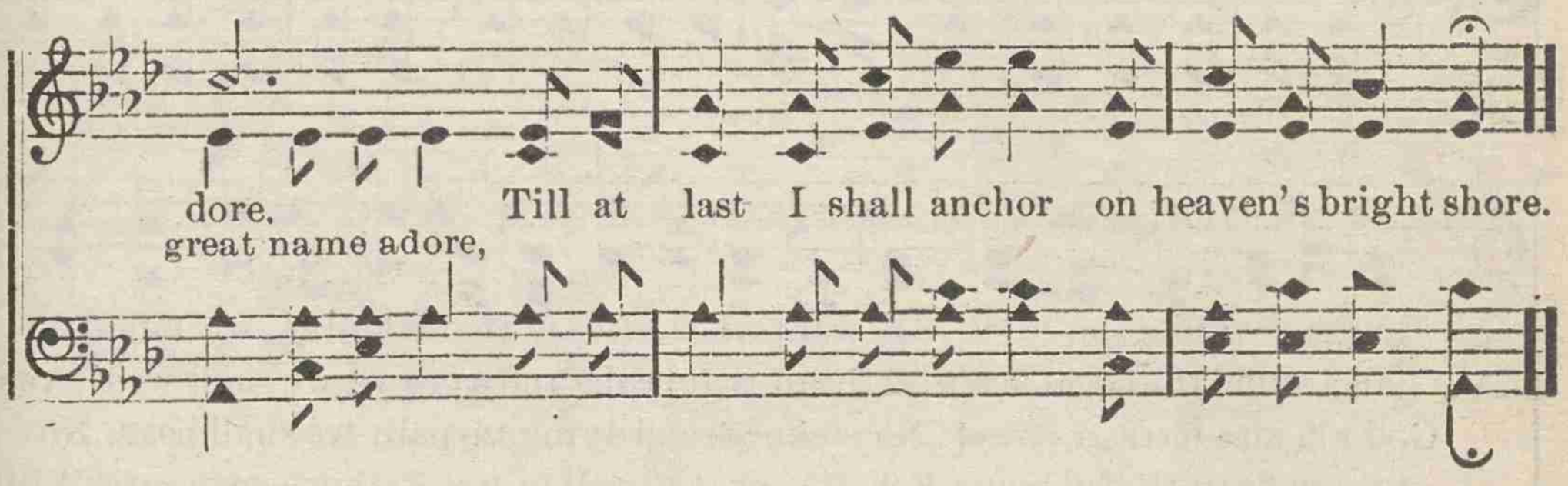
from Thy dear hand all life's blessings I bring; My comforts and joys and Thy
pain Thou hast suffered, the praise Thou hast won; For Thy condescension, man's
com - forter, helper, Thou sharest my love; Thou hast borne me witness that
bid - den the pow-ers of darkness depart; While trav'ling thro' life and cold

Son from a - bove, Are gifts Thou hast sent me as proofs of Thy love.
Sav - iour to be, And granting Thy grace to a sin - ner like me.
Je - sus is near, And guid - ed me out from the bond-age of fear.
Jordan's dark wave, I'll sing of Thy love and Thy pow - er to save.

CHORUS.

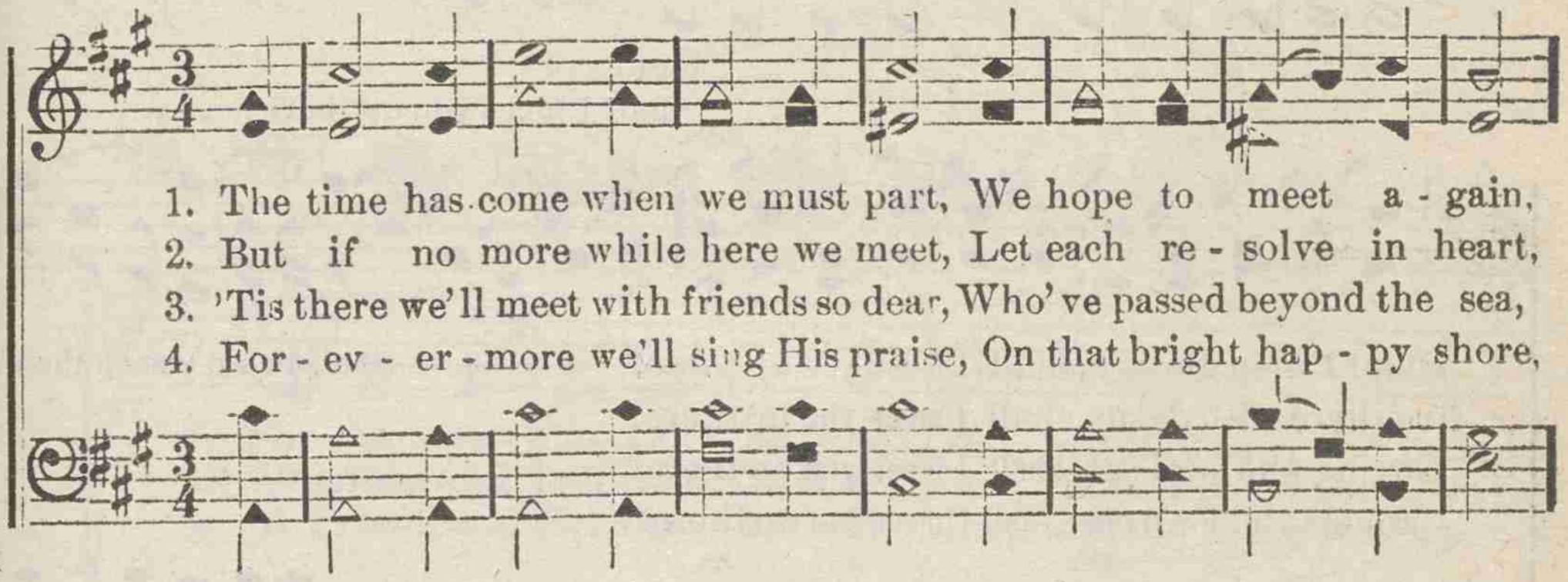
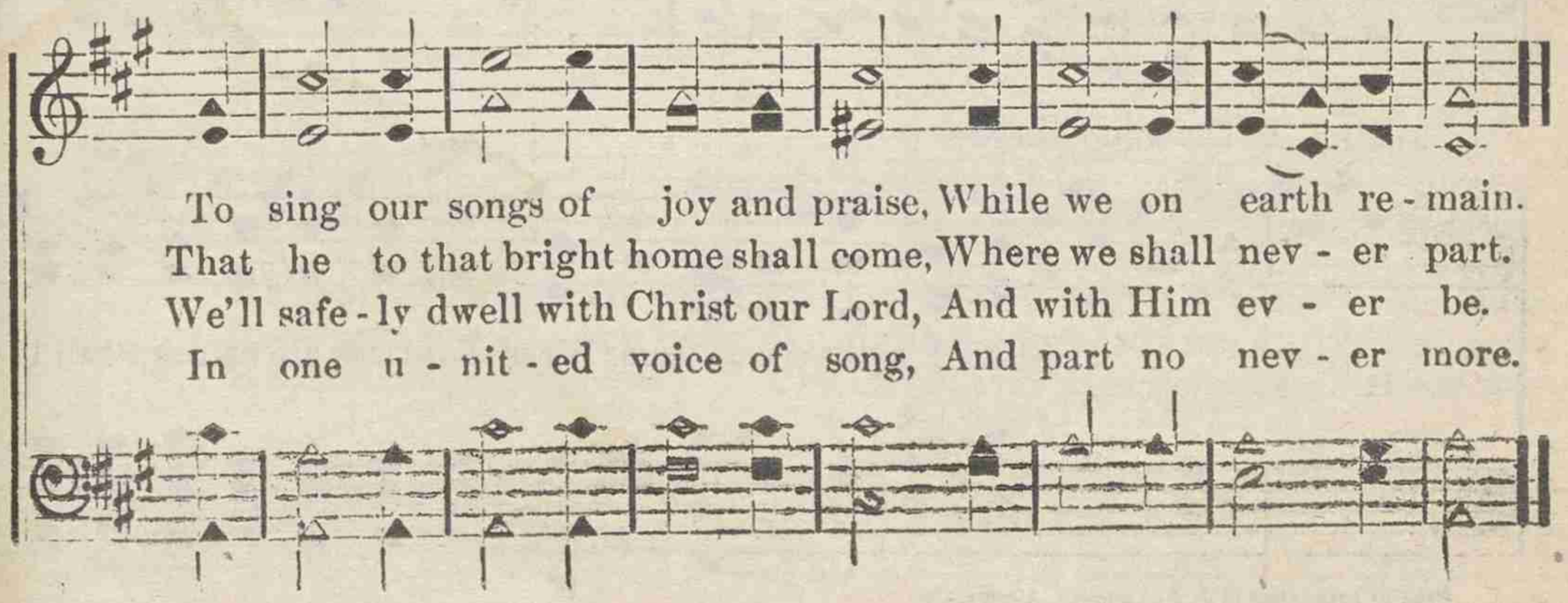
Oh, boun - ti - ful love so thrill - ing and
Oh, boun-ti - ful love so thrilling and sweet! Oh, bounti-ful love so
sweet! How it fill - eth my soul as I dwell at His feet!
thrilling and sweet!

I Love Thee.—Concluded.



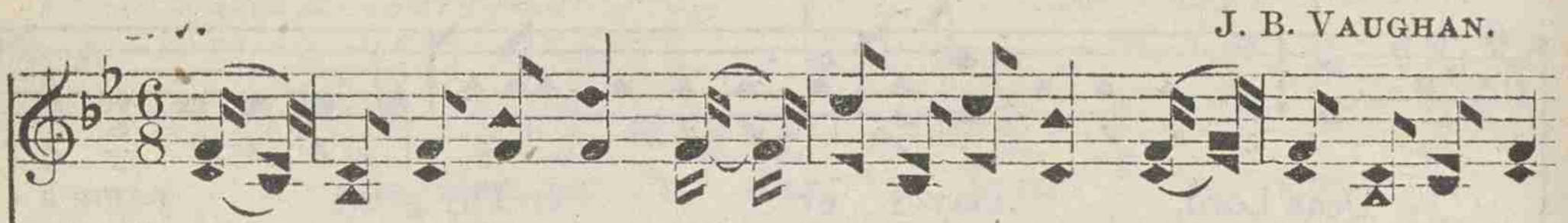
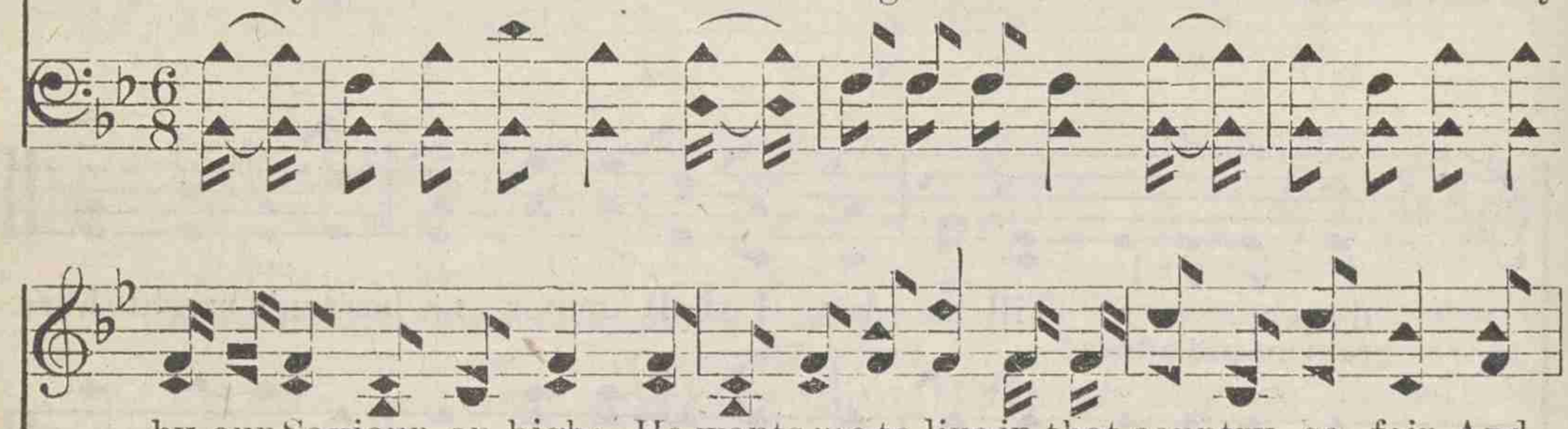
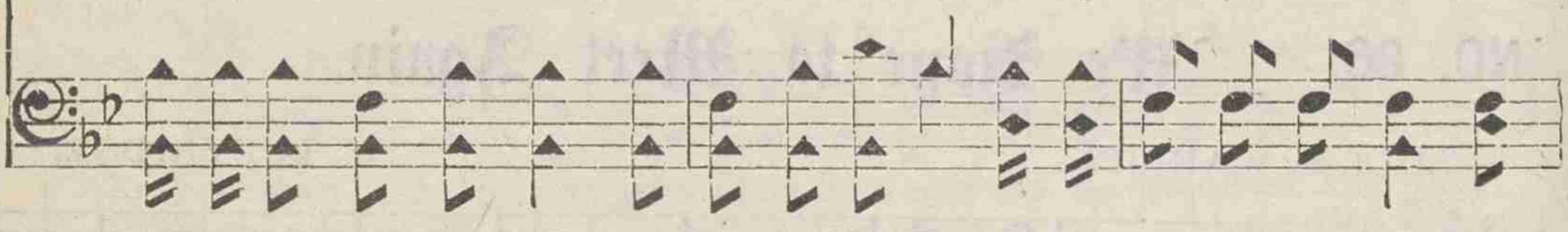
NO. 86. We Hope to Meet Again.

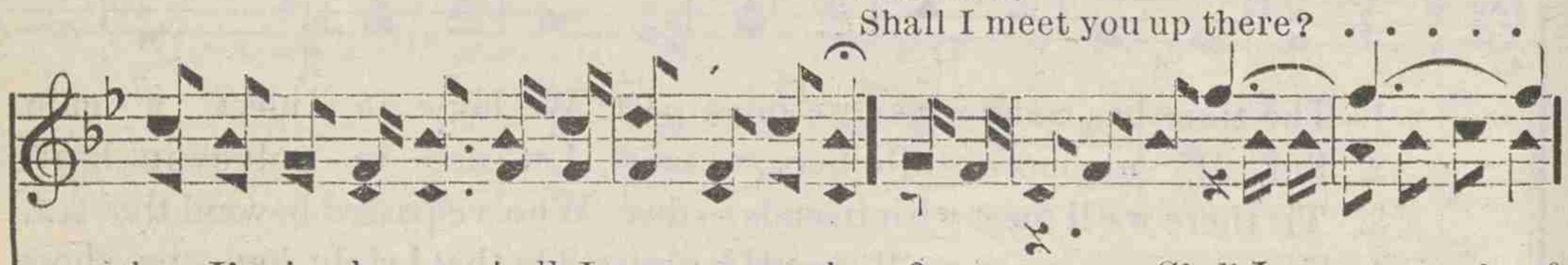
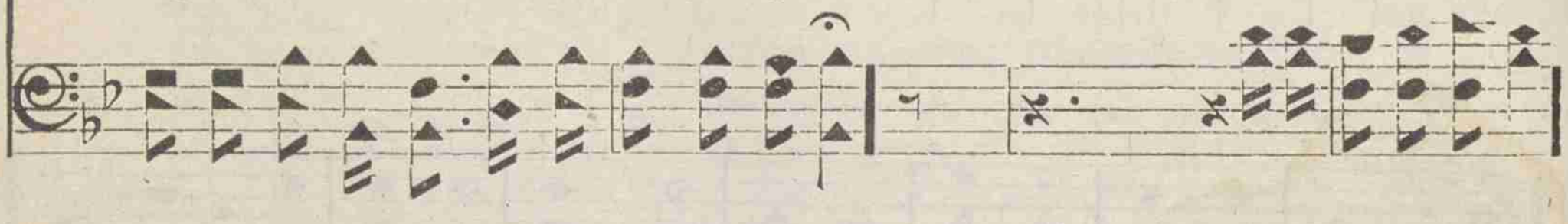
ELD. J. S. WARLICK. W. D. EVRIDGE.

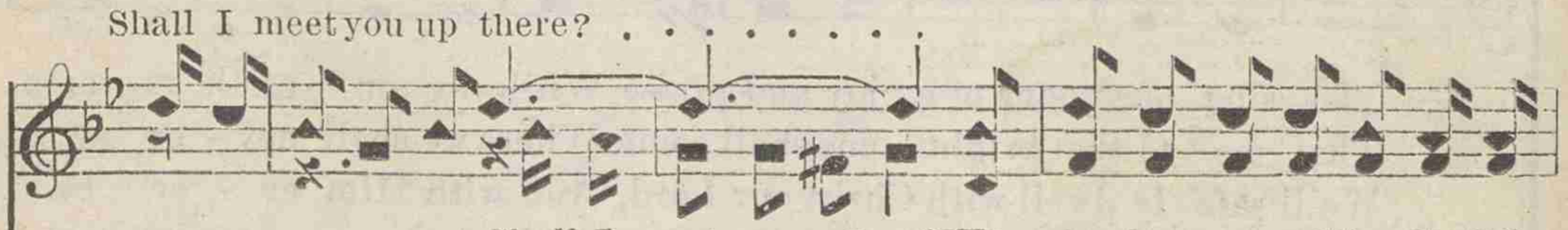


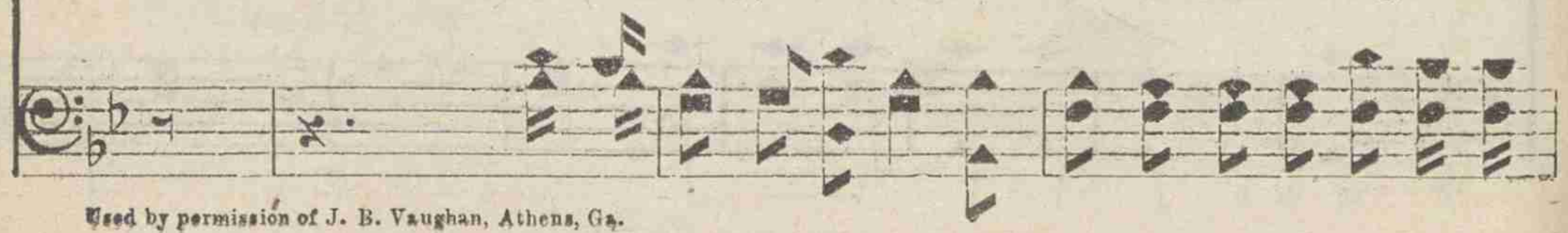
NO. 87. Shall I Meet You Up There?

To my dear friend and co-worker, Prof. F. M. Ferrell.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. There's a beau-ti - ful home far up in the sky, And mansions prepared
2. In that beauti - ful land where no sorrow will come, We shall sing hal-le - lu -
3. No night shall be there, it is one endless day; No tears will be shed,
4. When my work here is done then the angels will come And take me a - way

by our Saviour on high; He wants me to live in that country so fair, And
jah around the bright throne; A beau-ti-ful robe and a crown we shall wear, And
God will wipe them a - way; No sickness and dying, no pain we shall bear, No
to my beau-ti - ful home, For - ev - er to dwell in my Father's own care, With

REFRAIN.

Shall I meet you up there? . . . . .

when I'm in glo - ry, shall I meet you up there? Shall I meet you up there?
live there with Jesus, shall I meet you up there?
parting with loved ones, shall I meet you up there?
angels and loved ones, shall I meet you up there?

Shall I meet you up there? . . . . . .



Shall I meet you up there? Where loved ones are waiting, Shall I

Used by permission of J. B. Vaughan, Athens, Ga.

Shall I Meet You Up There?

Shall I meet you up there? . . . . . Shall I meet you up

meet you up there? Shall I meet you up there?

there? . . . . . .

Shall I meet you up there? Where loved ones are waiting, Shall I meet you up there?

NO. 88. He Makes My Soul His Care.

EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. For - ev - er bless - ed be the Lord, My Sav - ior, and my Shield;
2. When sin and hell their force u - nite, He makes my soul His care;
3. A Friend and Help-er so di - vine, Doth my weak cour-age raise;

He sends His Spir - it with His word, To arm me for the field.
In-structs me to the heav'nly fight, And guards me thro' the war.
He makes the glo-rious vic - t'ry mine, And His shall be the praise.

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NO. 89

On the Other Side.

Oh, what thrilling joy doth start in the faithful pilgrim's heart,
That he there shall soon abide with the happy glorified.

F. L. EILAND. WM. D. EVRIDGE.

1. We are go ing to a-bide With the hap-py glo - ri-fied, When we reach that land of Cannaan by and by; (by and by,) Where no weeping we shall see,
2. We are walking ev-'ry day In the ho-ly, heav'nly way, With the Spir-it of our Sav-ior ev - er nigh; (ev-er nigh,) And no e - vil thing we fear,
3. We will ev-er watch and pray, And keep working ev'ry day, Telling sinners that this glory they may share; (they may share,) If our sto - ry they'll be-lieve,
4. 'Tis a lasting peace and rest, Thro' our Savior's righteousness, We are seeking to in - her - it by and by; (by and by,) Where we ev - er shall a - bide

For no sorrow there can be, Yes, the glo-ry of that country we shall try!
As we onward journey here Tow'rd that home by Jesu promised there on high!
They, salvation shall receive, And be hap-py in the ar - my go-ing there!
With the millions glo-ri - fied, In that country we are go - ing soon to try!

CHORUS.

On the oth-er side, on the oth-er side, Yes, the glo - ry of that
On the other side, on the other side,

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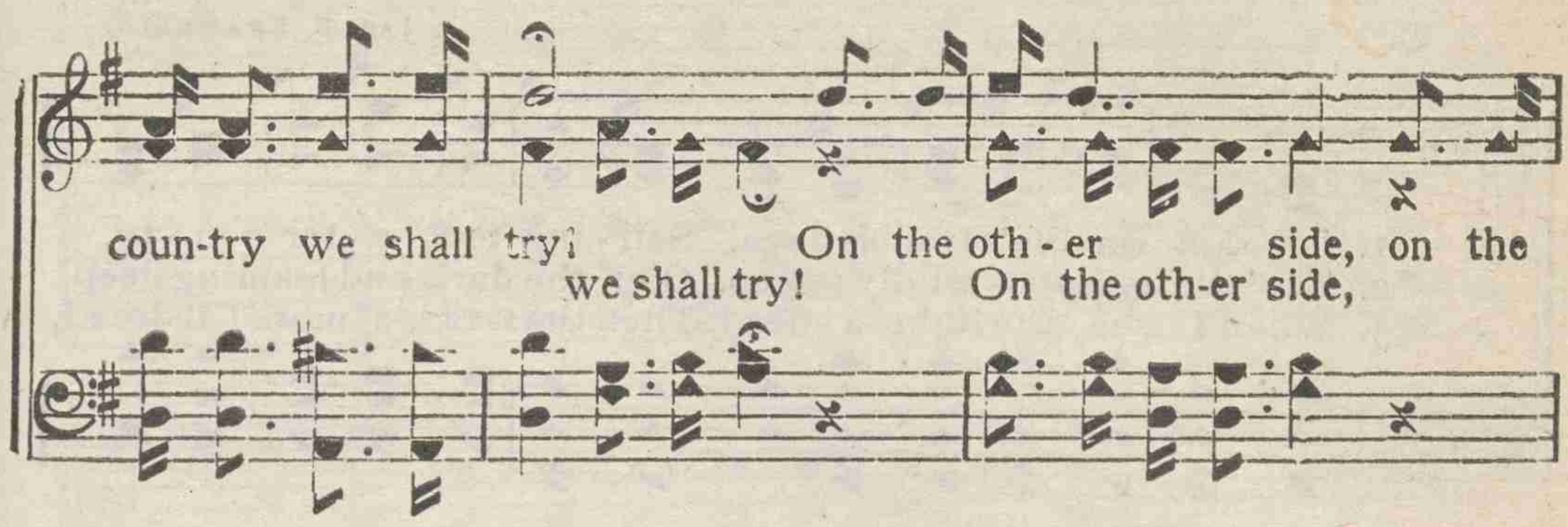
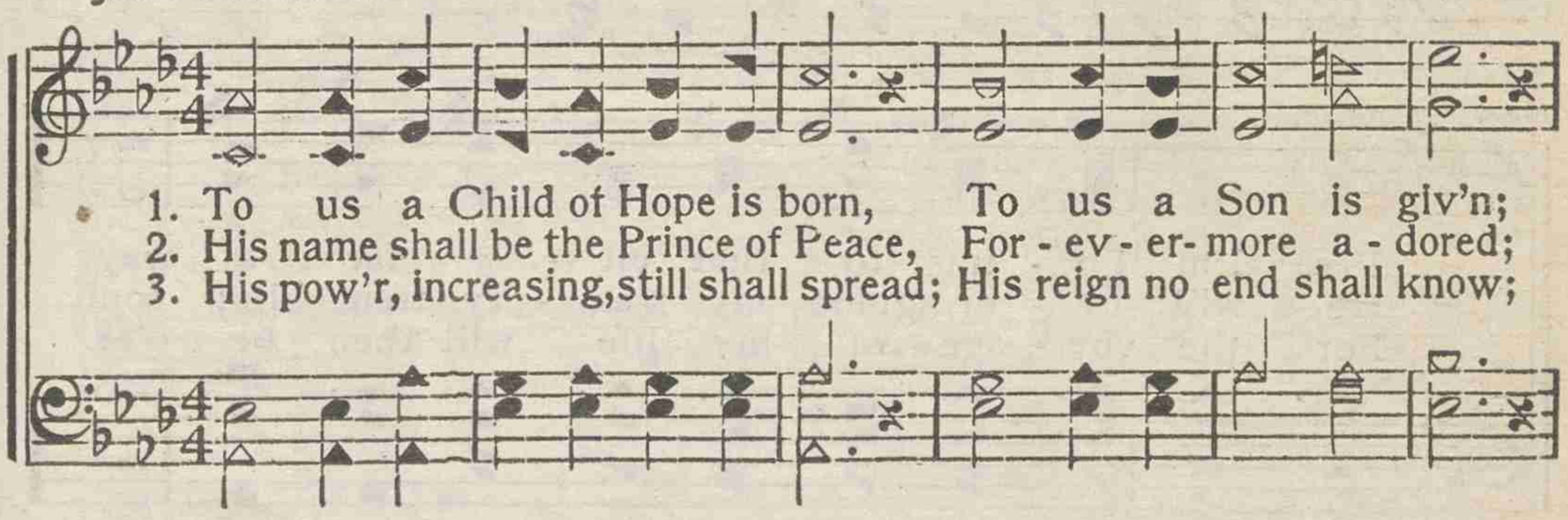
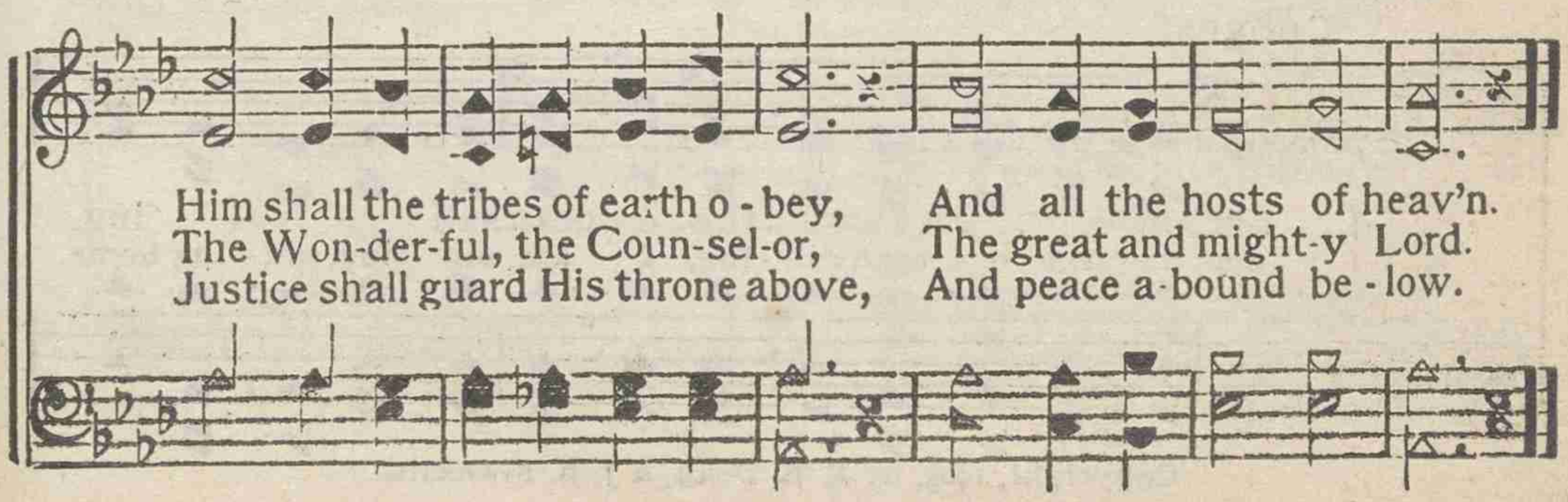
On the Other Side.—Concluded.

NO. 90. The Prince of Peace.

Thou Prince of Peace, whose precious name
We worship and adore,
Let every voice Thy love proclaim,
Both now and evermore.

JOHN MORRISON. N. W. ALLPHIN.





NO. 91.

Life's Troubled Sea.

J. B. F. JAS. B. FRANKLIN.

1. I am on life's troubled sea, Sail - ing to e - ter - ni - ty,
2. Tho' the tempests wildly sweep, O'er the dark and foaming deep,
3. When I see the light a - head, Then the storms, no more I'll dread,

Long - ing for that home where pleas - ures ne'er de - cay;
And the an - gry waves, like moun - tains 'round me roll;
It will lead me to that bright, e - ter - nal shore;

Soon I'll say to all, fare-well, For I'm go - ing there to dwell,
I will trust in Him who said, "It is I, be not a - fraid"
In that port I'll furl my sail, Fear - ing nei-ther wave nor gale,

Yes, I'm go - ing to that cit - y far a - way.
He will ev - er guide my wea - ry, trem - bling soul.
For the voy - age of my life will then be o'er.

CHORUS.

I am on..... the o - cean sail - - ing,
I am on the o - cean sail - ing, I am sail - ing, sail - ing home,

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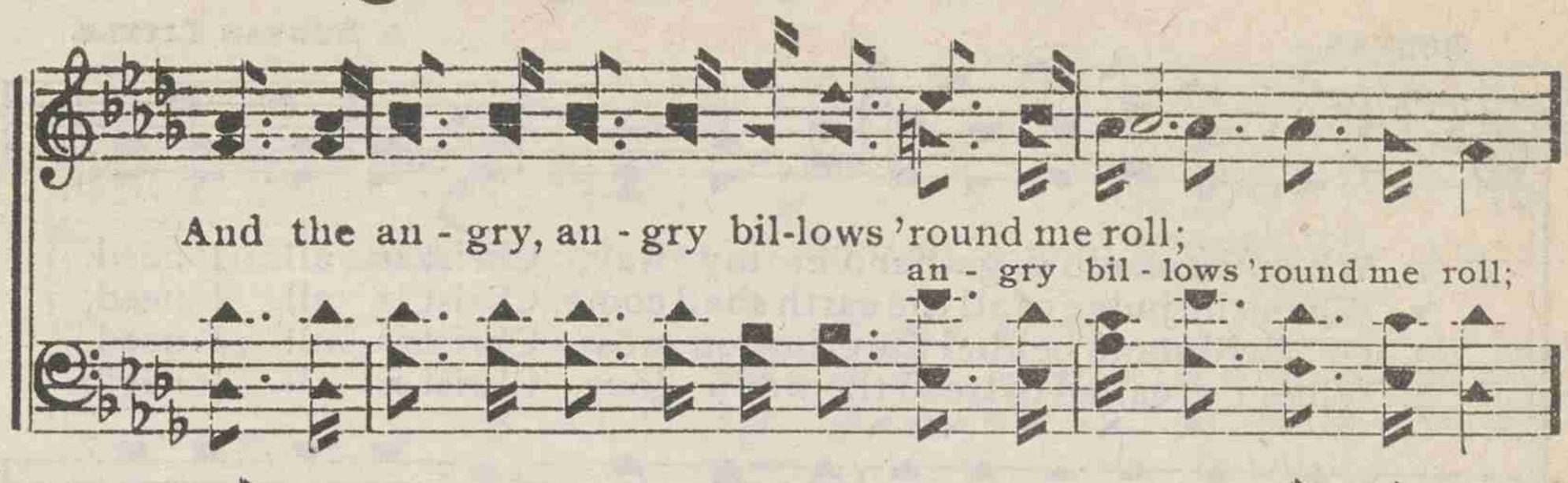
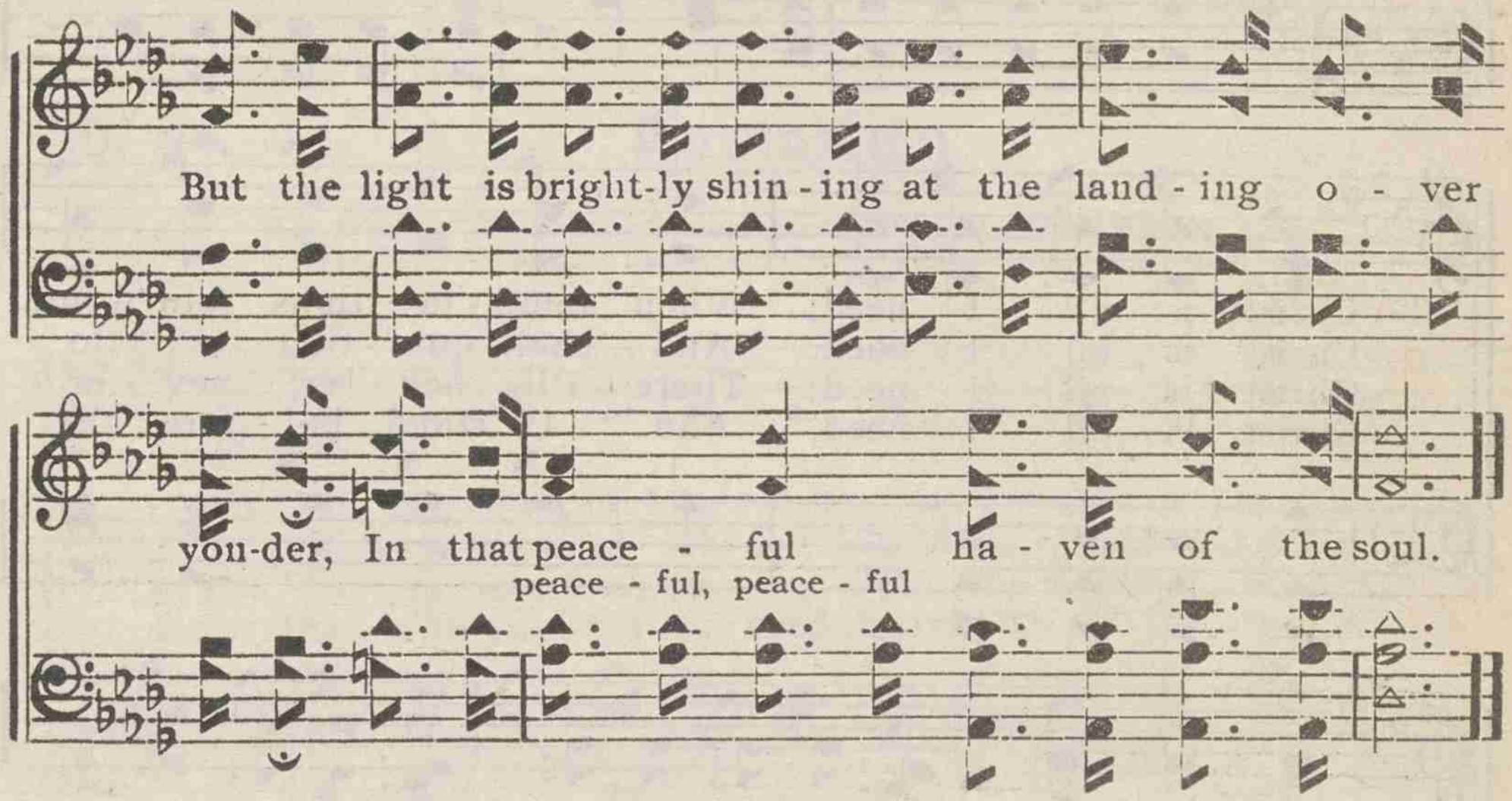
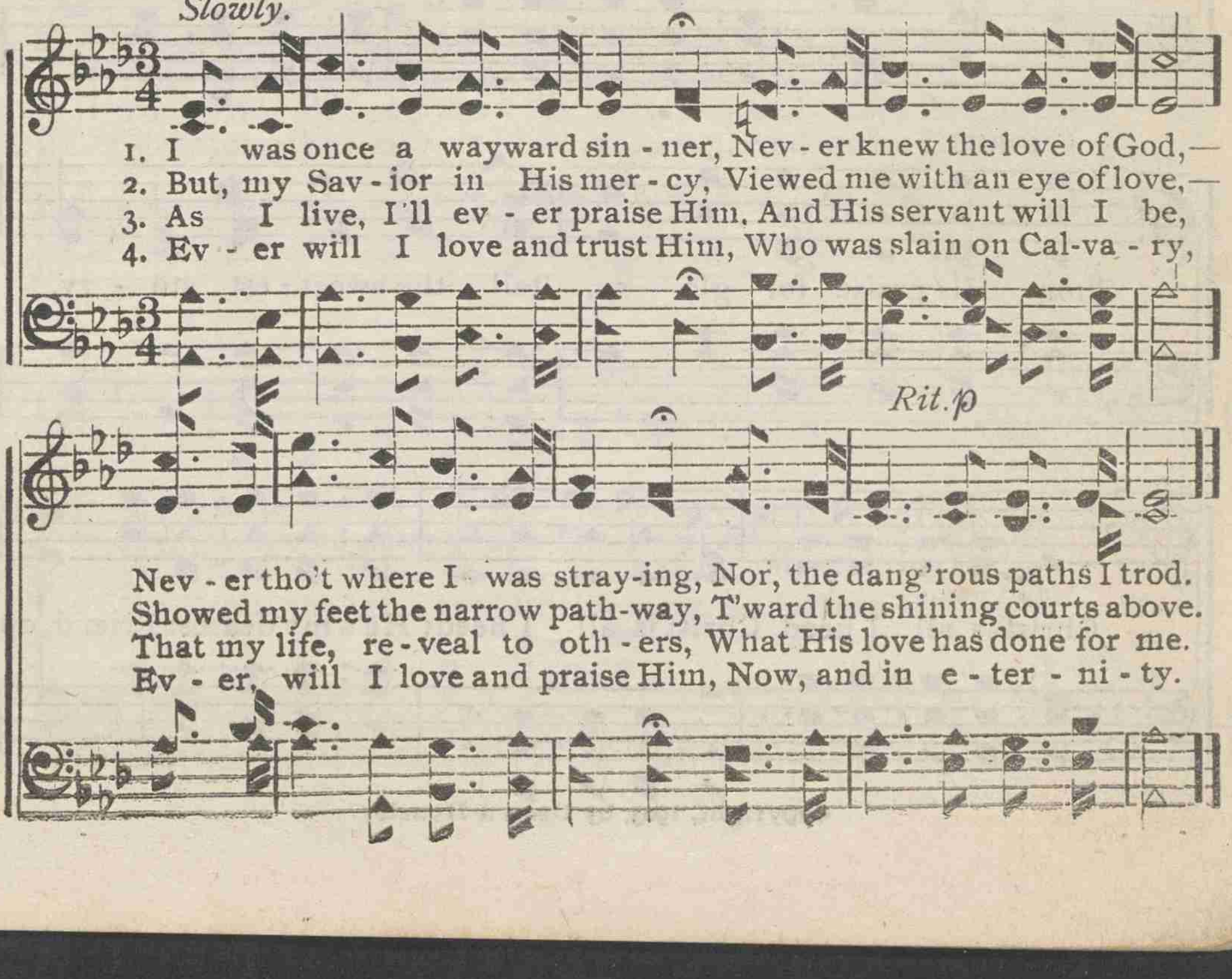
Life's Troubled Sea—Concluded.

NO. 92.

I'll Ever, Praise Him!

Oh, that every wayward sinner, Would the love of Jesus know,
Then to praise Him for salvation, As the shining way they go. E.

Miss HATTIE M. PETTY. Arr. by M. D. USSERY. W. H. FREE.



NO. 93.

Christ is All I Need.

BUNYAN. A. BUNYAN LITTLE.

1. When the shadows gather o'er my way, Christ is all I need,
2. When the judge of all the earth shall come, Christ is all I need,
3. I will stand behind the crim-son cross, Christ is all I need,
4. When I'm called to tread the way a - lone, Christ is all I need,

Christ is all I need; When temp - ta - tions fain would
Christ is all I need, And shall ques - tion as to
Christ is all I need; There I'll nev - er, nev - er
Christ is all I need, And I stand be - fore the

lead a - stray, Christ is all I need, Christ is all I need.
what I've done, Christ is all I need, Christ is all I need.
suf - fer loss, Christ is all I need; Christ is all I need.
great white throne, Christ is all I need, Christ is all I need.

CHORUS.

Shout His praise for glo - ry, tell the sweet - est sto - ry,

Christ is all I need, Christ is all I need; He's my dearest Friend, on

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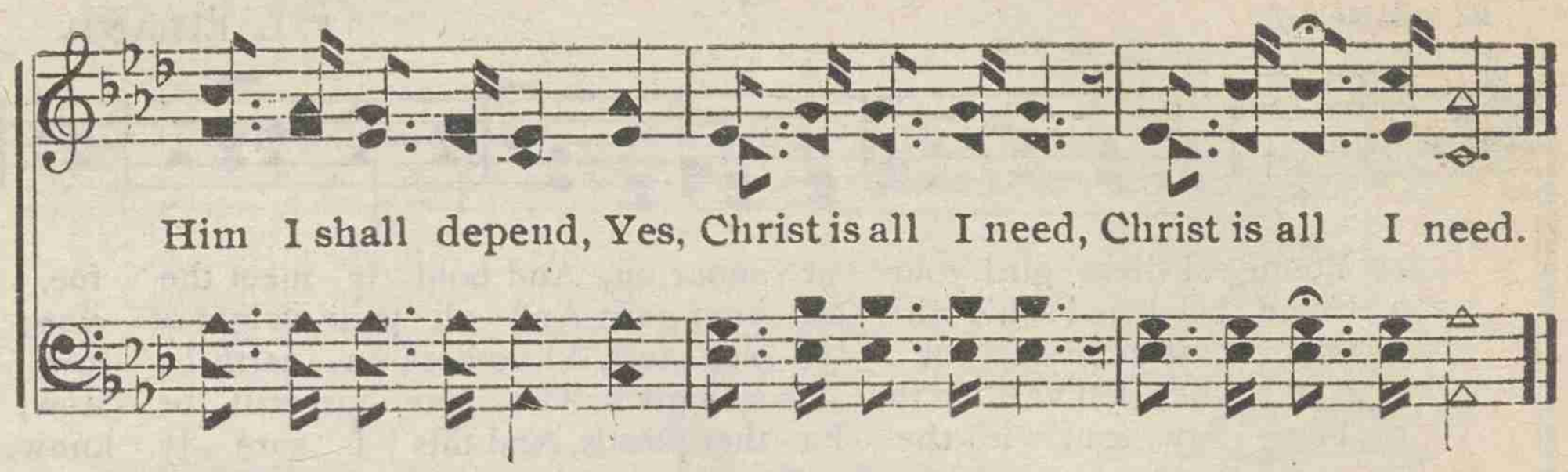
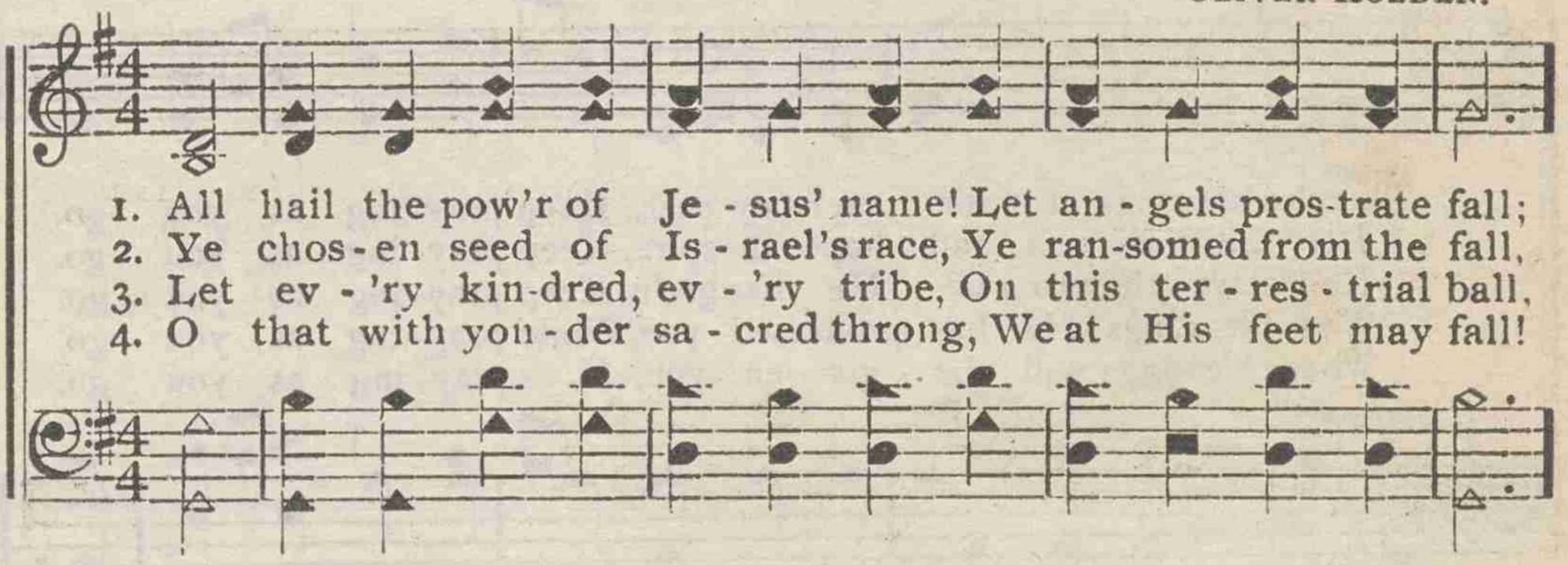
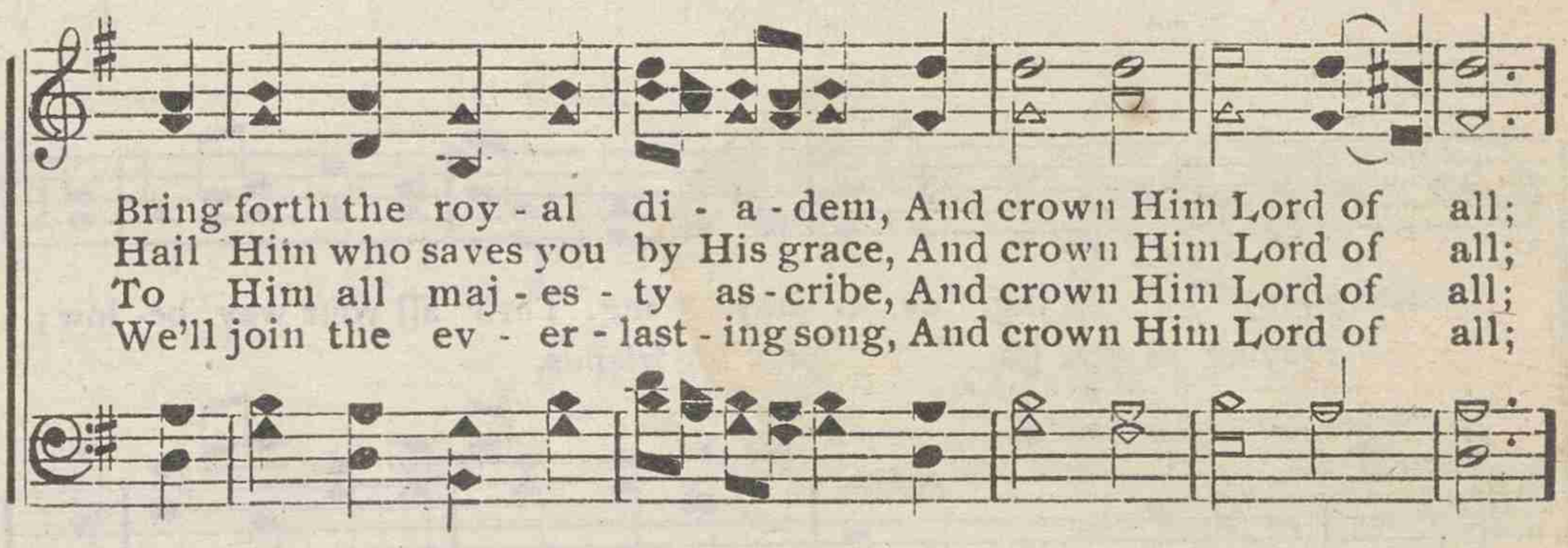
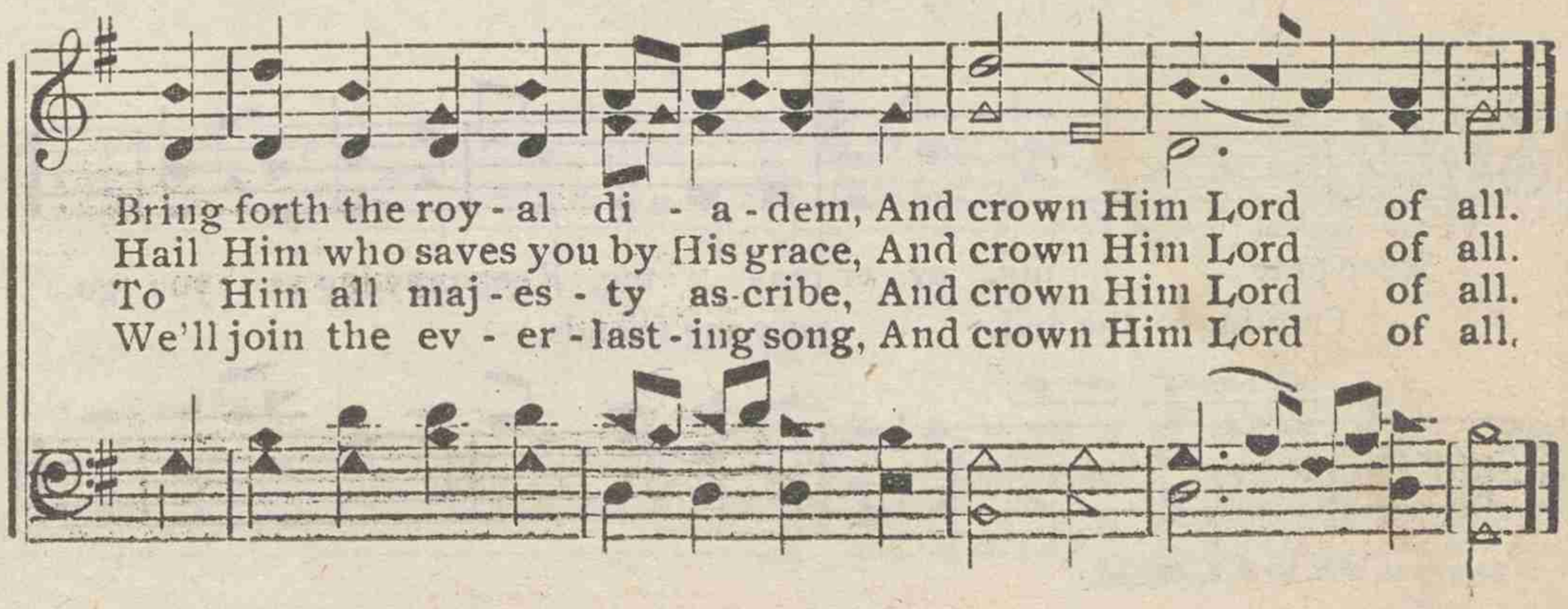
Christ is All I Need—Concluded.

NO. 94. Coronation.

The power of Thine all-glorious name, We hail, both great and small,
Comes forth the praise from every heart, To crown Thee, Lord of all.

OLIVER HOLDEN.



NO. 95.

Keep Praying As You Go.

E. ARNOLD. F. L. EILAND.

1. Young sol-diers gird your ar - mour on, And bold - ly meet the foe,
2. Come burdened souls with all your guilt, And all your weight of woe;
3. Oh! cast your sins at Je - sus feet, While here on earth be - low,
4. And when you've filled the mis-sion giv'n, The Sav-iour will be - stow,
5. The Sav - iour with the Fa - ther pleads, And this I sure - ly know,

There're blessings at the mer - cy seat, Keep pray- ing as you go.
Let faith di- rect and hope in- spire, Keep pray- ing as you go.
Re - ceive the prom-ise He has giv'n, Keep pray- ing as you go.
The bless-ings He has prom-ised you, While pray- ing as you go.
These blessings will be giv - en you, If pray- ing as you go.

CHORUS.

Keep pray - - ing, ev - er pray - ing, Thro' all your way be- low;
Praying as you go, pray ing friends,

Keep pray - - ing, ev - er pray - ing, Keep pray-ing as you go.
Pray-ing to the end, pray ing friends,

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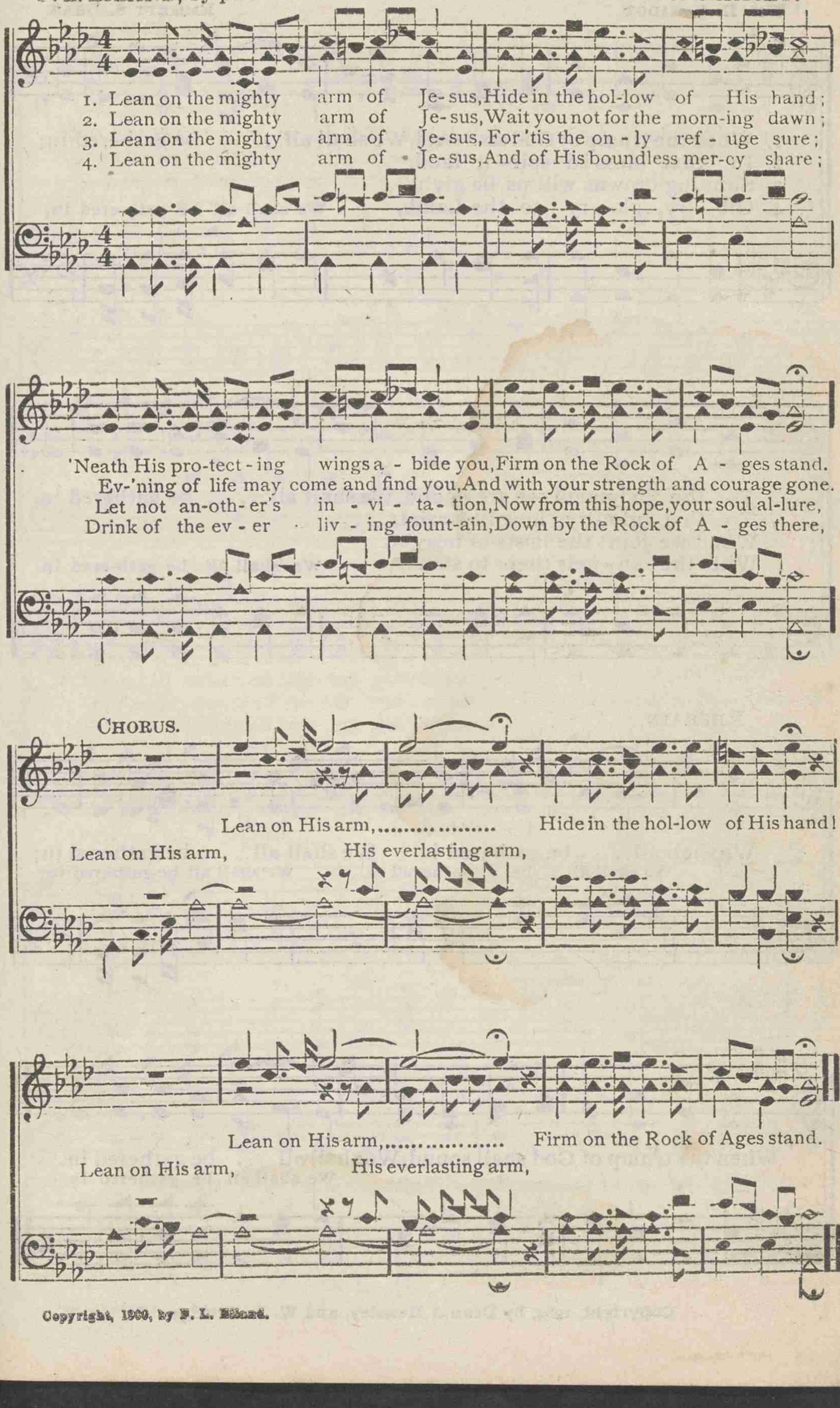
NO. 96.

Lean On His Arm.

F. L. EILAND, by per. W. M. RAMSEY.

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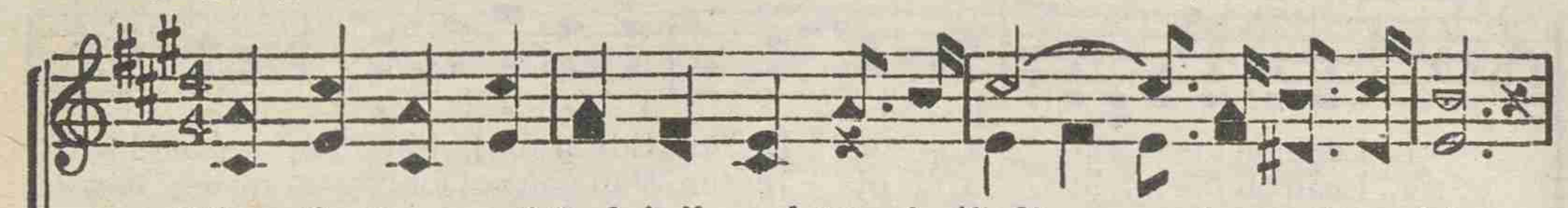
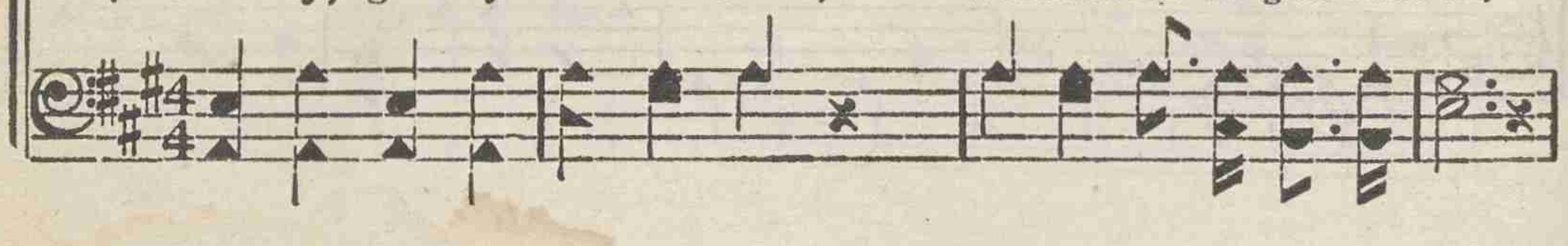
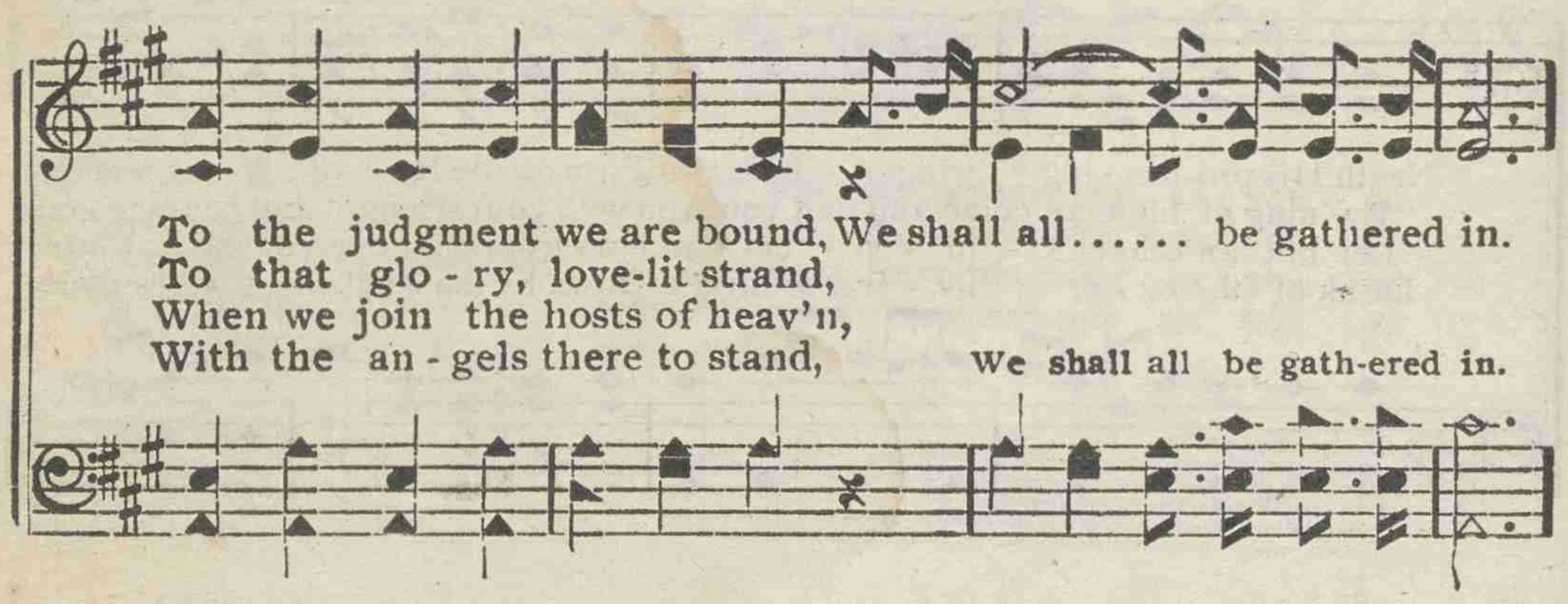
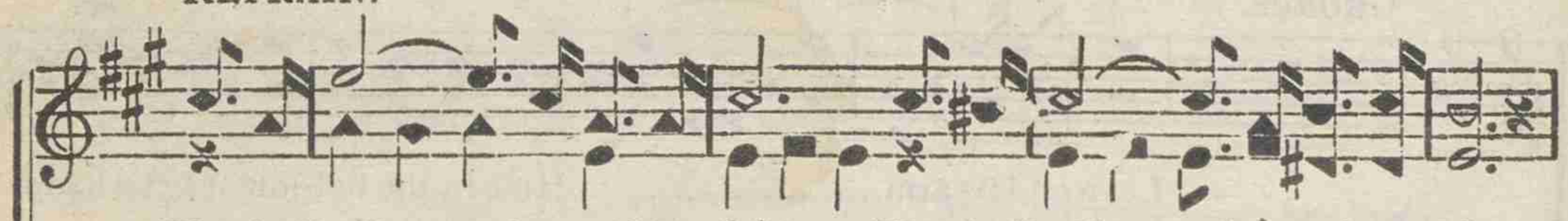
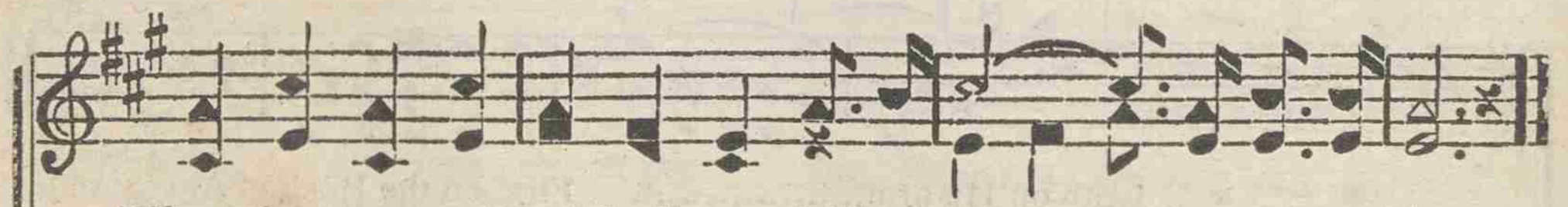
NO. 97. We Shall All Be Gathered In.

"For we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ."—ROM. 14: 10.

WM. D. EVRIDGE — EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. When the trump of God shall sound, We shall all.... be gathered in;
2. In that bless-ed spir-it land,
3. Shin-ing crowns will us be giv'n,
4. Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb,

We shall all be gath-ered in;

To the judgment we are bound, We shall all..... be gathered in.
To that glo-ry, love-lit strand,
When we join the hosts of heav'n,
With the an-gels there to stand,

We shall all be gath-ered in.

REFRAIN.

We shall all..... be gathered in, We shall all..... be gathered in;
We shall all be gathered in, We shall all be gathered in;

When the trump of God shall sound, We shall all.... be gathered in.
We shall all be gathered in.

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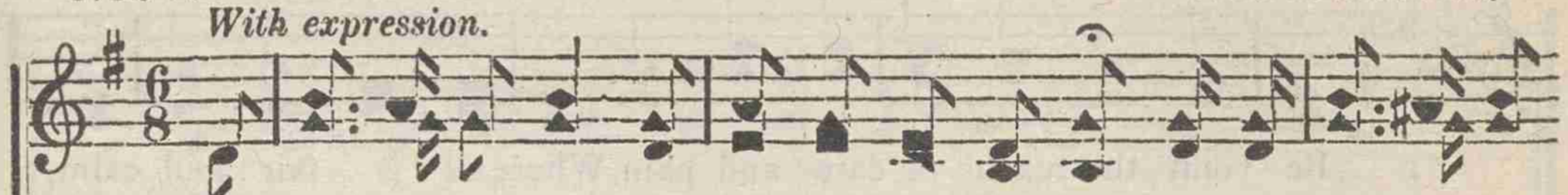
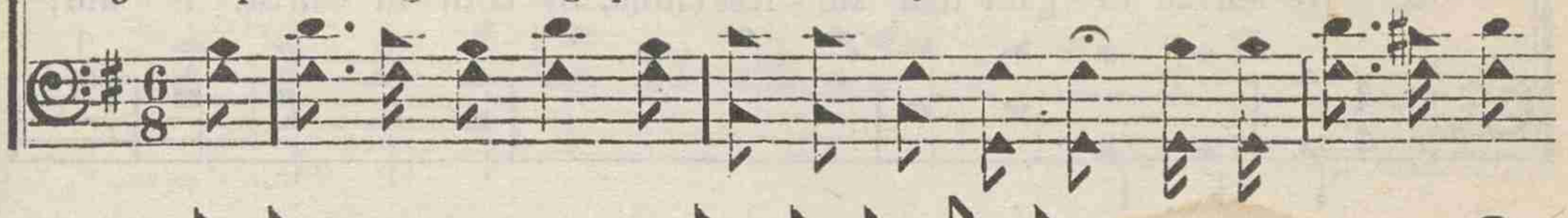
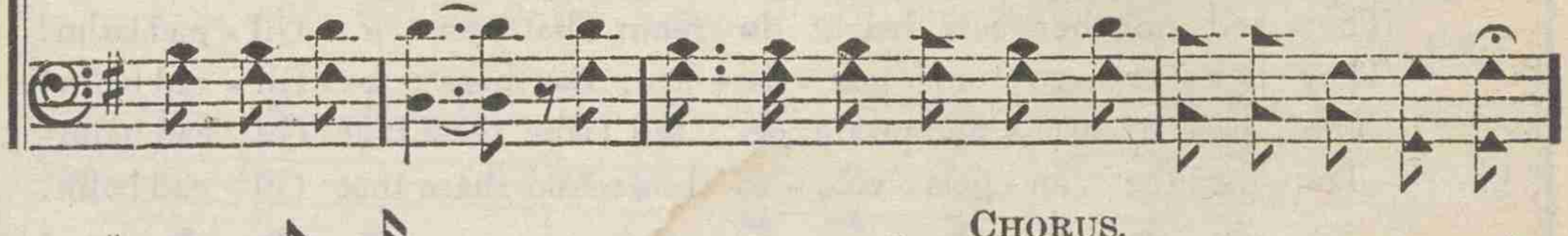
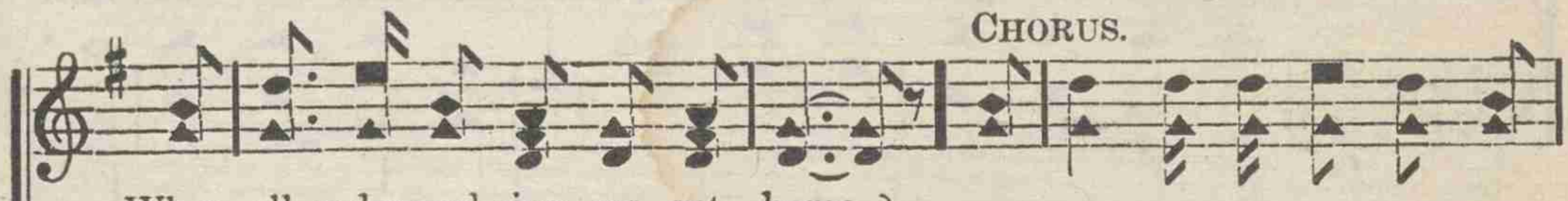
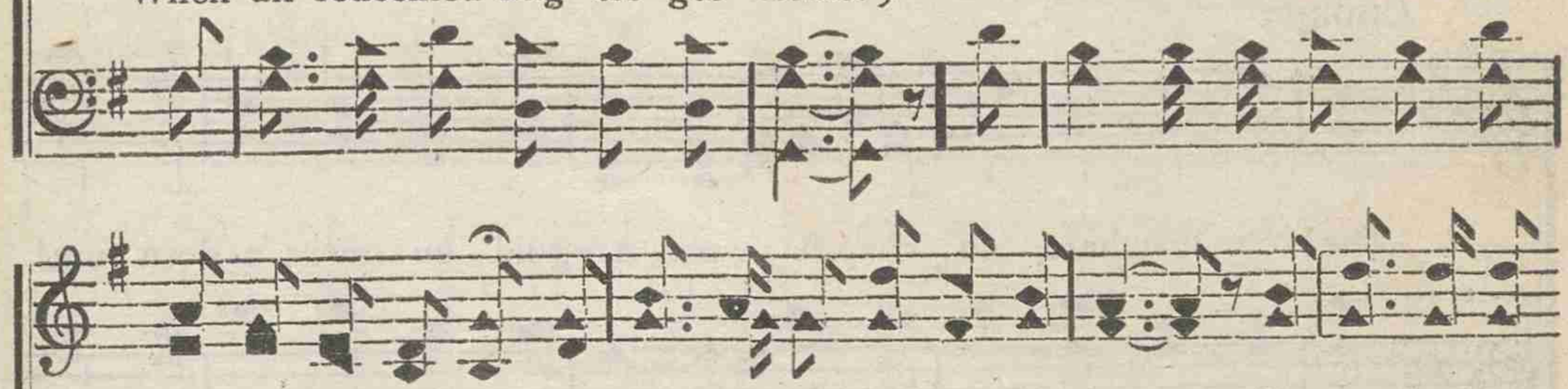
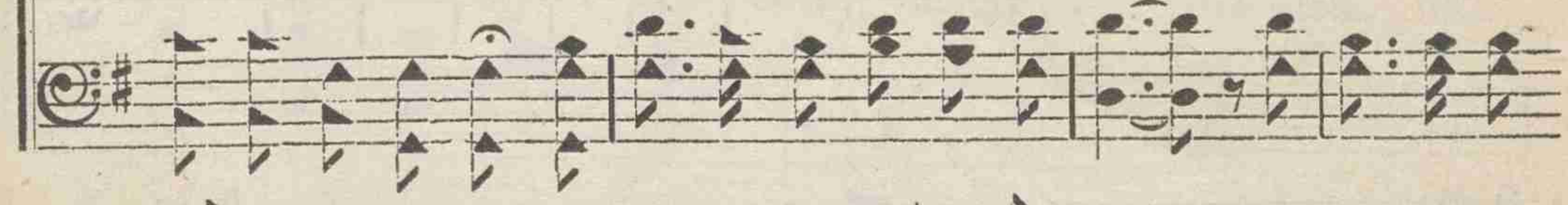
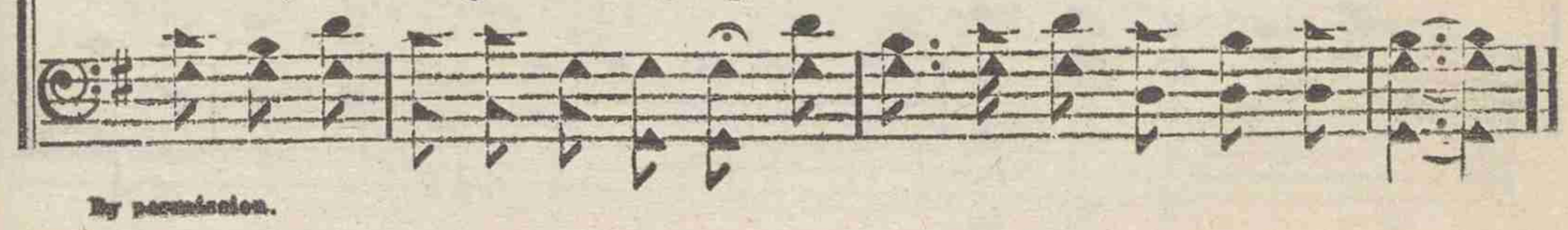
NO. 98. When All Redeemed Singers Get Home.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. 7 : 14.

J. B. V. J. B. VAUGHAN.

With expression.

1. My broth- er, a- wake, and sing the sweet sto - ry, Soon the day of re -
2. No mor - tal hath e'er conceived of the beau - ty, That a- waits the re -
3. Keep work-ing and sing, press on- ward my broth- er, Till the Sav-iour shall

un- ion will come; Then, oh, what a won- der- ful sing-ing in glo- ry,
deemed ones at home; Be sure, my dear broth-er, you live up to du- ty,
bid you to come; How sweet it will be then to meet with each oth-er,

CHORUS.

When all redeemed sing- ers get home.
For soon our Redeem - er will come.
When all redeemed sing- ers get home.
} Then, oh, what a won- der- ful,

won-der- ful sing-ing, When all redeemed singers get home; Re- un- ion, re -

un- ion, thro' a - ges still ring-ing, When all redeemed sing- ers get home!

By permission.

NO. 99. We'll Join Them in the Morning.

Words by E. R. LATTA. Music by F. L. EILAND.

1. Be - yond the reach of care and pain, Where all is fair and calm,
2. Where saint - ed spir - it forms a - bide, And bear the harp and palm,
3. The mar - tyr throng in safe - ty dwell, And praise the conqu'ring Lamb,
4. Re - solved to gain that sin - less clime, By faith in Christ, I am;

They tell me there's a bright do - main, That has a Gil - ead balm!
They nev - er go un - sat - is - fied, For there's a Gil - ead balm!
The pa - tri - archs and proph - ets tell How blest that Gil - ead balm!
To list the an - gels - voic - es chime, And share that Gil - ead balm!

CHORUS.

The brows that, here, no chap-lets wore, Are gold - en crowns a - dorn - ing!

We're go - ing to that bless-ed shore! We'll join them in the morn-ing!

NO. 100.

Cling to the Cross.

Copyright, 1906, by Emmett S. Dean.

H. W. ELLIOTT. JOSEPH E. SCHOATE.

1. Cling to the cross, my broth-er dear, The world you must lay down;
2. Cling to the cross, my broth-er dear, And nev-er lay it down;
3. Cling to the cross, my broth-er dear, And when your journey's done,

No one that tries to car-ry both Shall ev-er wear a crown.
And when you reach the gold-en gate You shall re-ceive a crown.
You will re-joice in heav-en o'er The crown that you have won.

REFRAIN.

Cling to the cross, O, cling to the cross, Cling to the

cross, and the world lay down; Cling to the cross, O,

cling to the cross, Cling to the cross and you'll wear a crown.

NO. 101

Three Warnings.

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

1. Re - sist not the Spir - it, but yield to Him now, In mer - cy He calls thee; come, sin - ner and bow; No long - er re - sist Him, no long - er de - lay, He pleads with thee gen- tly, He's plead-ing to - day.
2. Oh! quench not the Spir-it, His grace from a - bove Will warm thy af - fec- tions, and cause thee to love; Thy heart, which is fro - zen, shall glow as the flame, Thy spir - it, when ransomed, His love shall pro-claim.
3. Oh! grieve not the Spir - it, He stands at the door, He waits to be gra- cious, He'll save thee this hour; How long He's been wait - ing, how long must He wait? O sin - ner! this mo-ment may close Mer-cy's gate.

CHORUS.

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

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

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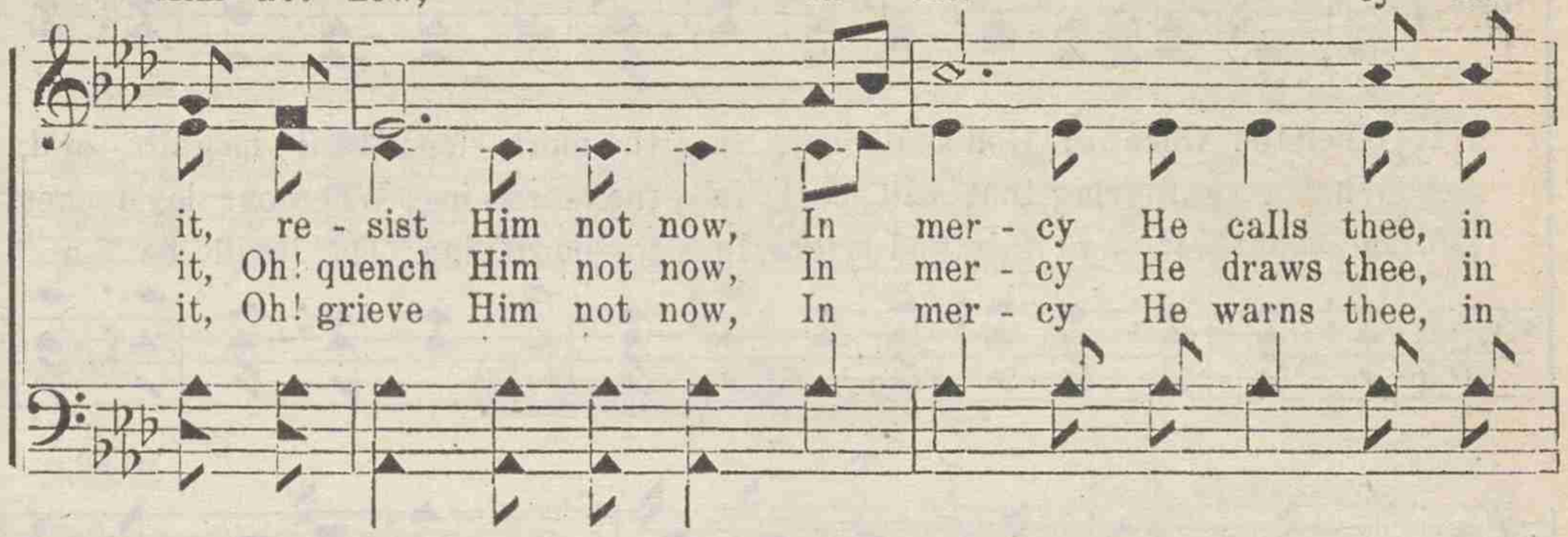
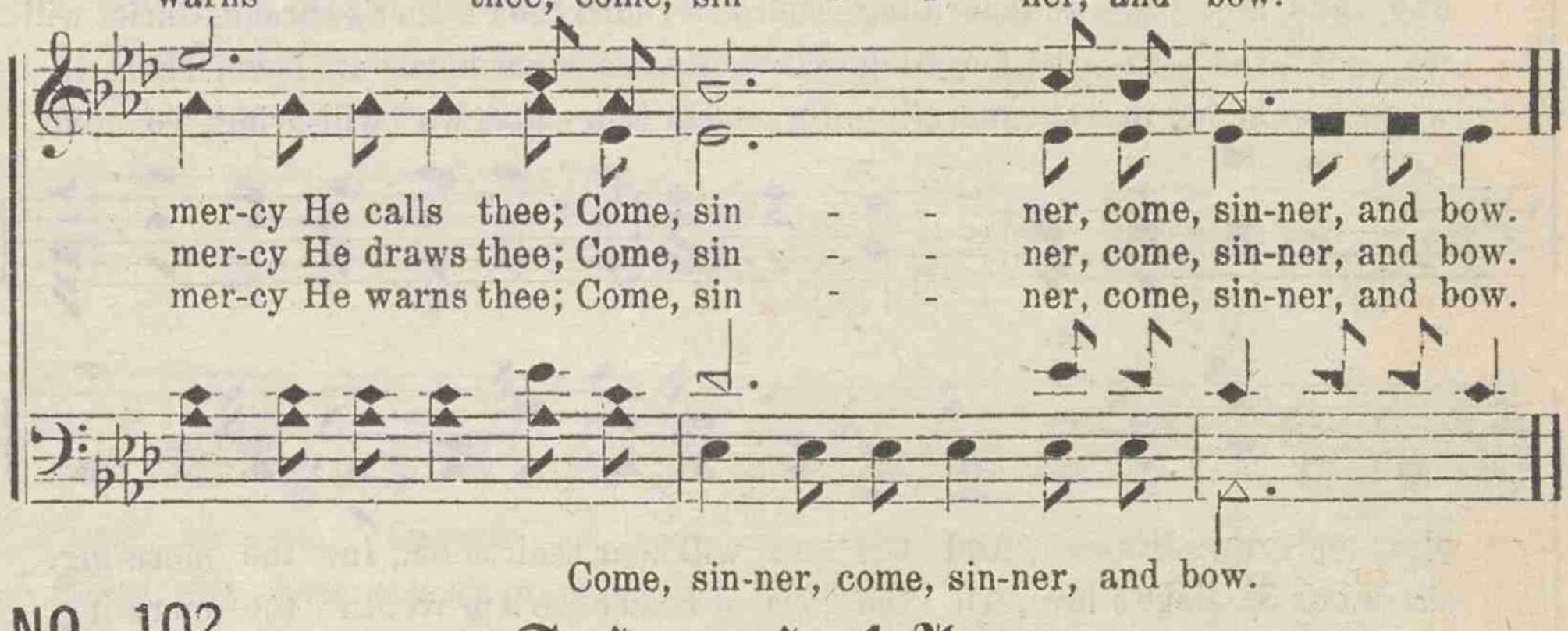
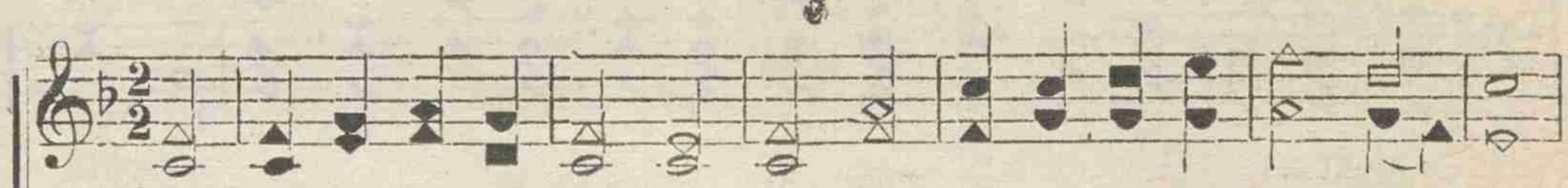
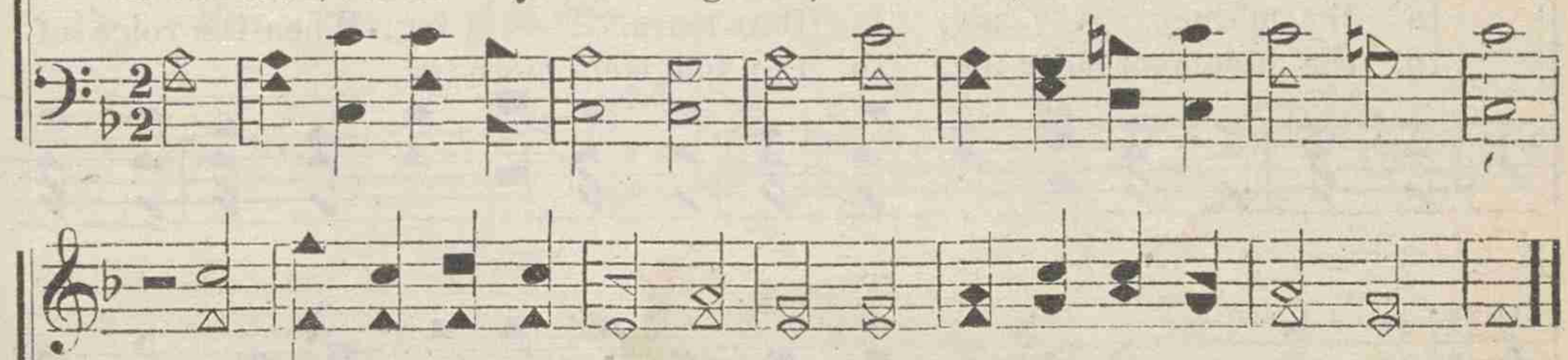
Three Warnings.

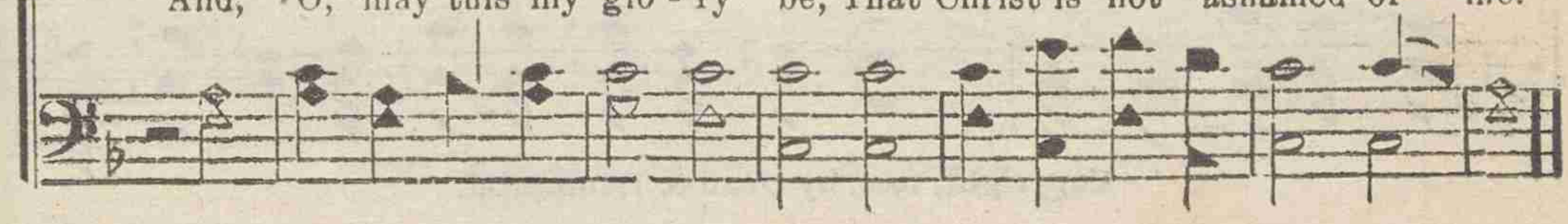
Him not now, In mer - - - cy He
Him not now, In mer - - - cy He
Him not now, In mer - - - cy He

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

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

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

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

NO. 102.

Ashamed of Jesus.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be— A mor-tal man ashamed of Thee?
2. Ashamed of Je-sus!—that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n de - pend!
3. Ashamed of Je-sus!—yes I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way,
4. Till then, nor is my boast-ing vain,—Till then, I boast a Sav - iour slain;

Ashamed of Thee, whom an-gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end-less days?
No, when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.
No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.
And, O, may this my glo - ry be, That Christ is not ashamed of me.



NO. 103

In the Morning.

B. B. E. B. B. EDMIASTON.

1. When the voice of God shall call, In the morn - ing; We'll be gath - er'd,
2. What a gath-'ring that will be, In the morn - ing; When our lov'd ones
3. In that cit - y, fair and bright, In the morn - ing; Oh, 'twill be a

one and all, In the morn-ing. There a-round the Fa-ther's throne, Christ will
we shall see In the morn-ing. When we reach our home a - bove, There to
won-drous sight, In the morn-ing. Sweet-est trib - ute, we will bring, To our

bless and crown His own, And the last will hear their doom, In the morn-ing.
share our Sav-iour's love, All the joys of heav'n we'll prove, In the morn-ing.
bless - ed Lord and King, And His prais - es, ev - er sing, In the morn-ing.

CHORUS.

In the morn - ing, In the morn - ing, When the voice of
In the judgment morn-ing, In the judgment morn-ing,
God shall call, In the morn-ing; All the sav'd of earth shall rise, To their

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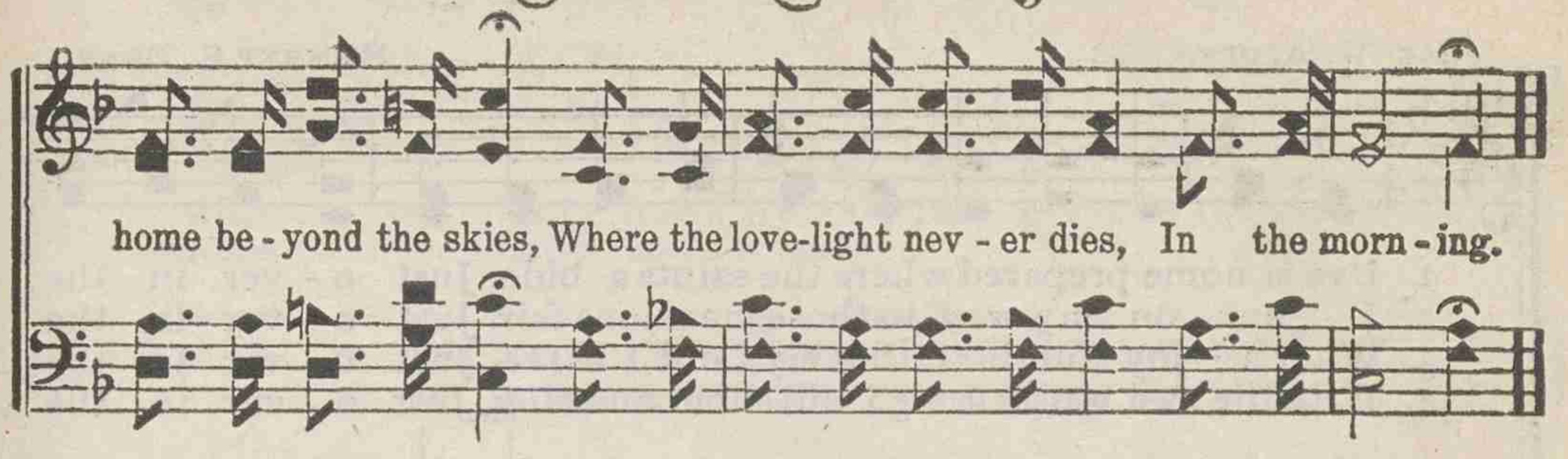
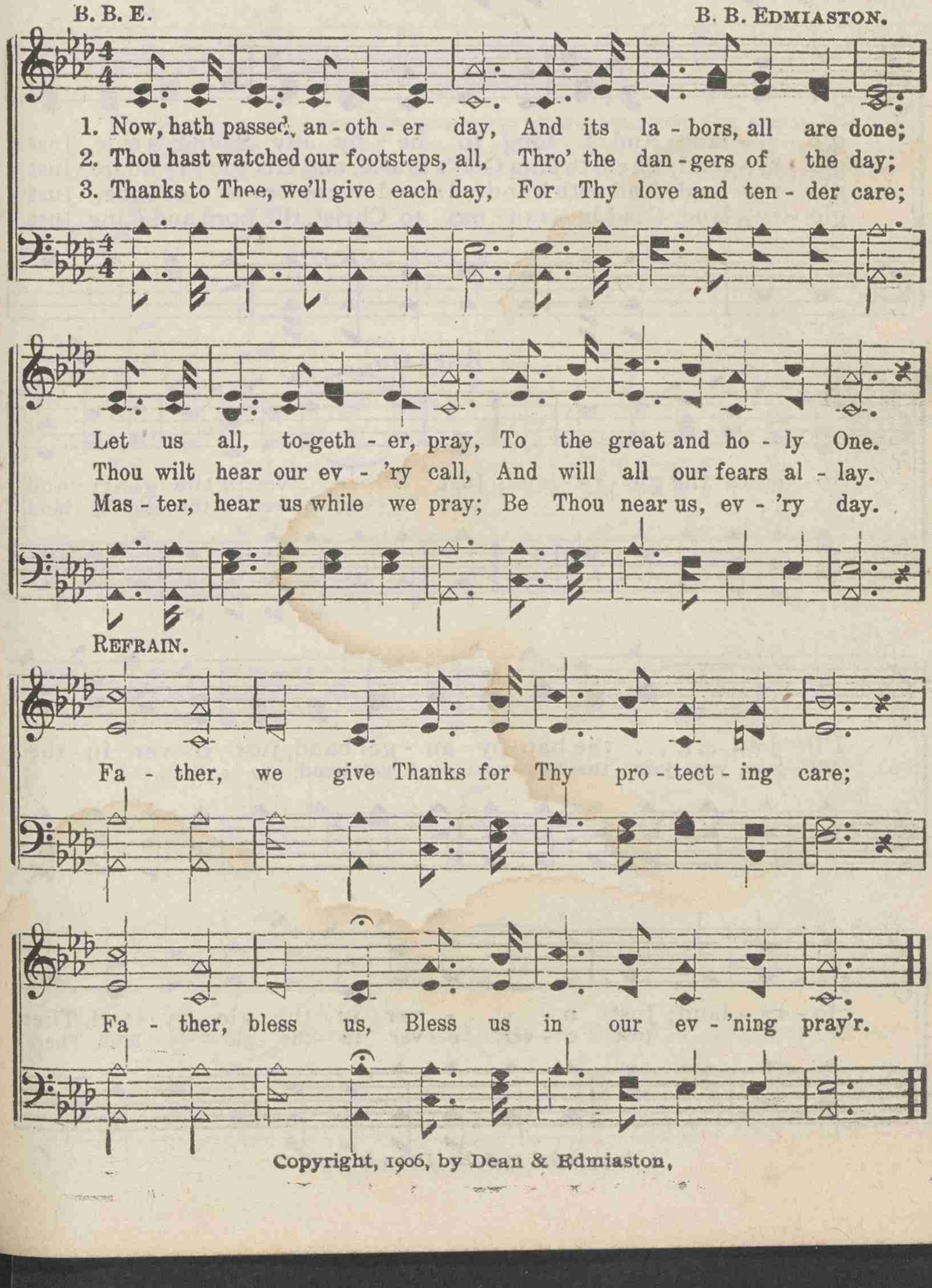
In the Morning.

NO. 104.

Evening Prayer.

B. B. E. B. B. EDMIASTON.

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NO. 105. Just Over in the Glory-Land.

JAS. W. ACUFF. EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. I've a home prepared where the saints a- bide, Just o - ver in the glo - ry - land; And I long to be by my Sav-ior's side, Just o - ver in the glo - ry - land.
2. I am on my way to those mansions fair, Just o - ver in the glo - ry - land; There to sing God's praise, and His glo - ry share, Just o - ver in the glo - ry - land.
3. What a joy - ful tho't, that my Lord I'll see, Just o - ver in the glo - ry - land; And with kin-dred saved, there for - ev - er be, Just o - ver in the glo - ry - land.
4. With the blood-washed throng I will shout and sing, Just o - ver in the glo - ry - land, Glad ho - san - nas to Christ, the Lord and King, Just o - ver in the glo - ry - land.

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 glo - ry - land;
I'll join, yes, join the hap - py an - gel band, Just o - ver, o - ver in the glo - ry - land, There

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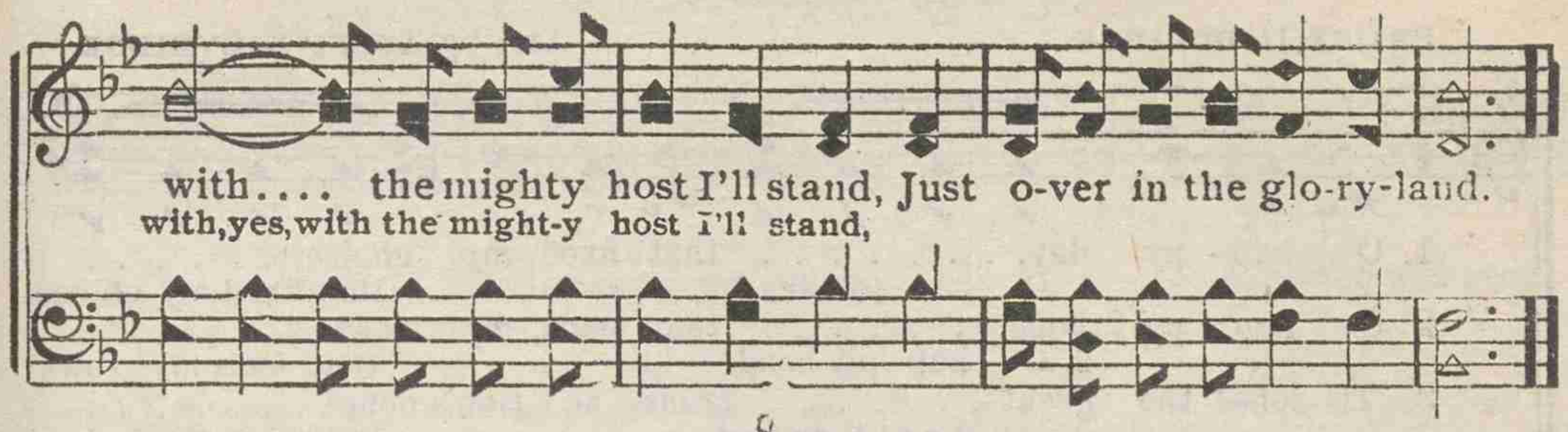
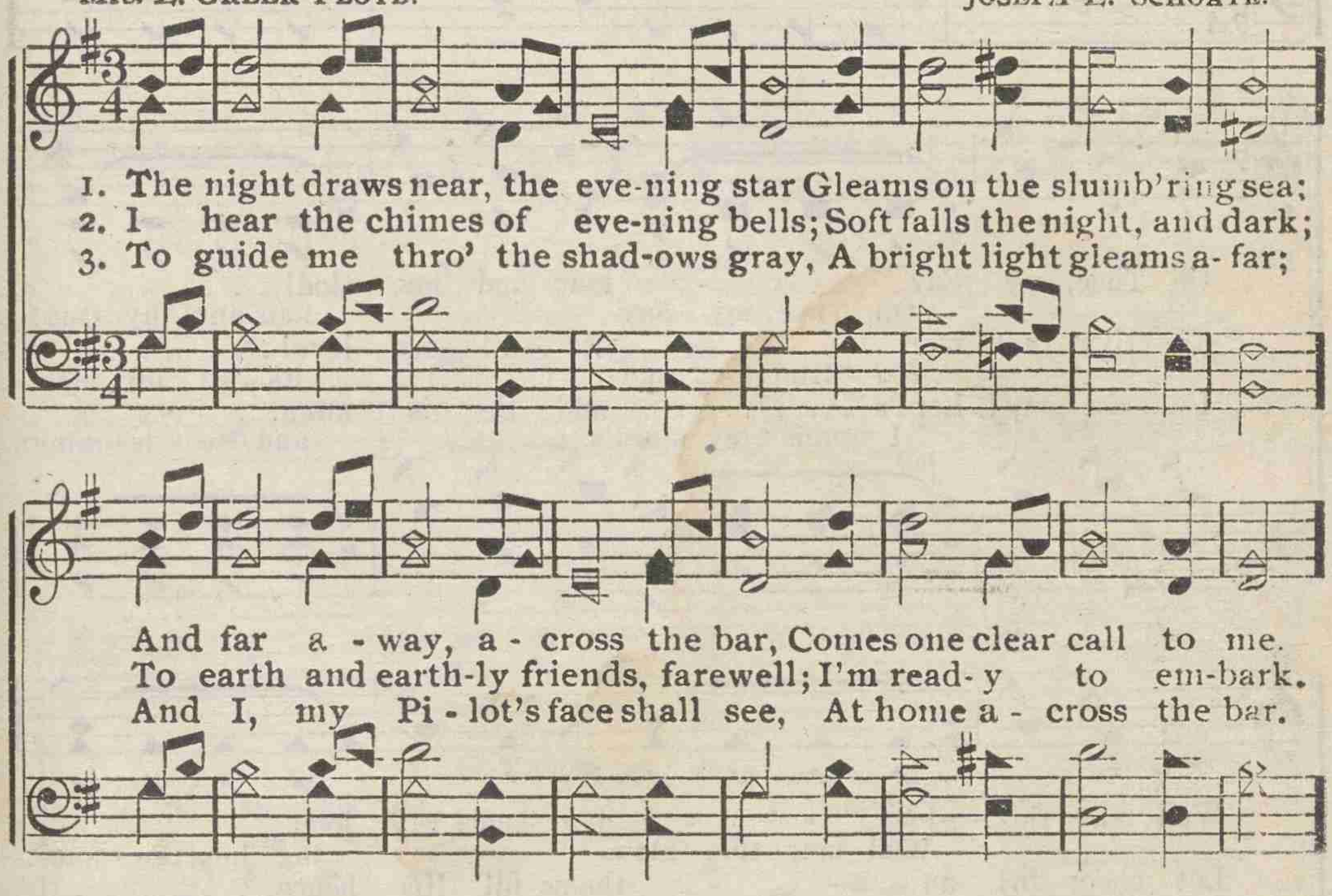
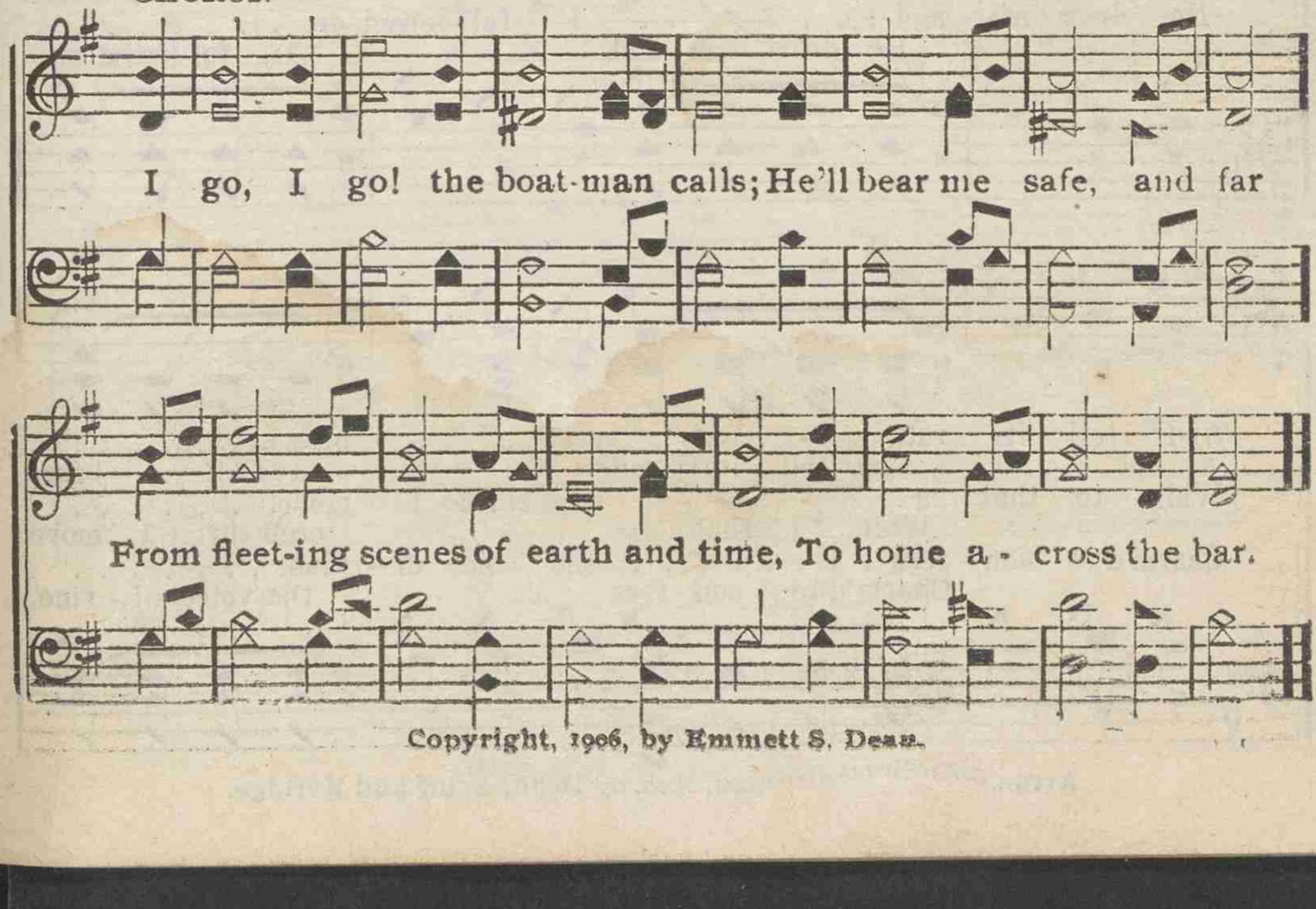
Just Over in the Glory-Land.—Concluded.

NO. 106.

The Boatman Calls.

MRS. E. GREER FLOYD. JOSEPH E. SCHOATE.



CHORUS.



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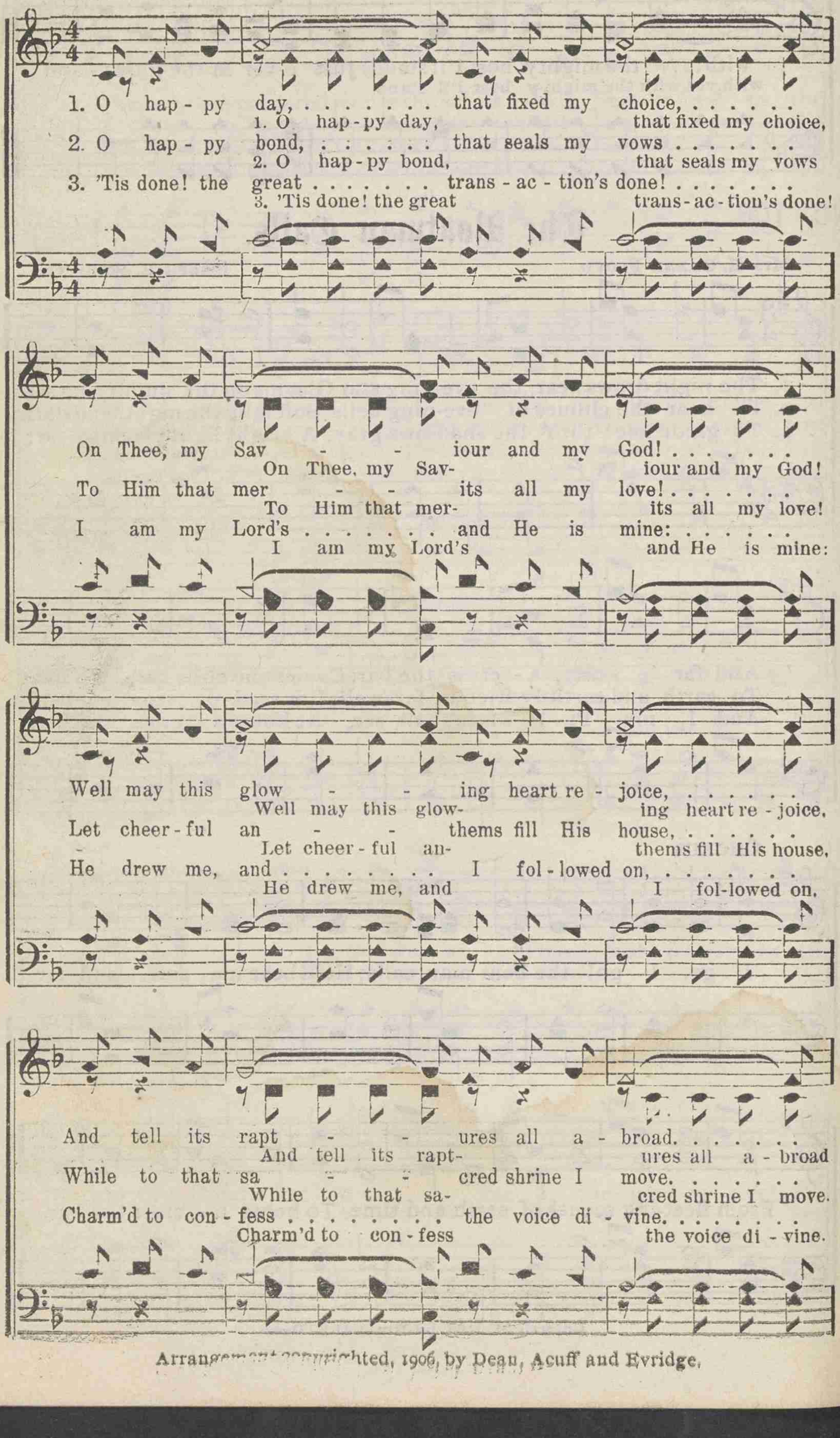
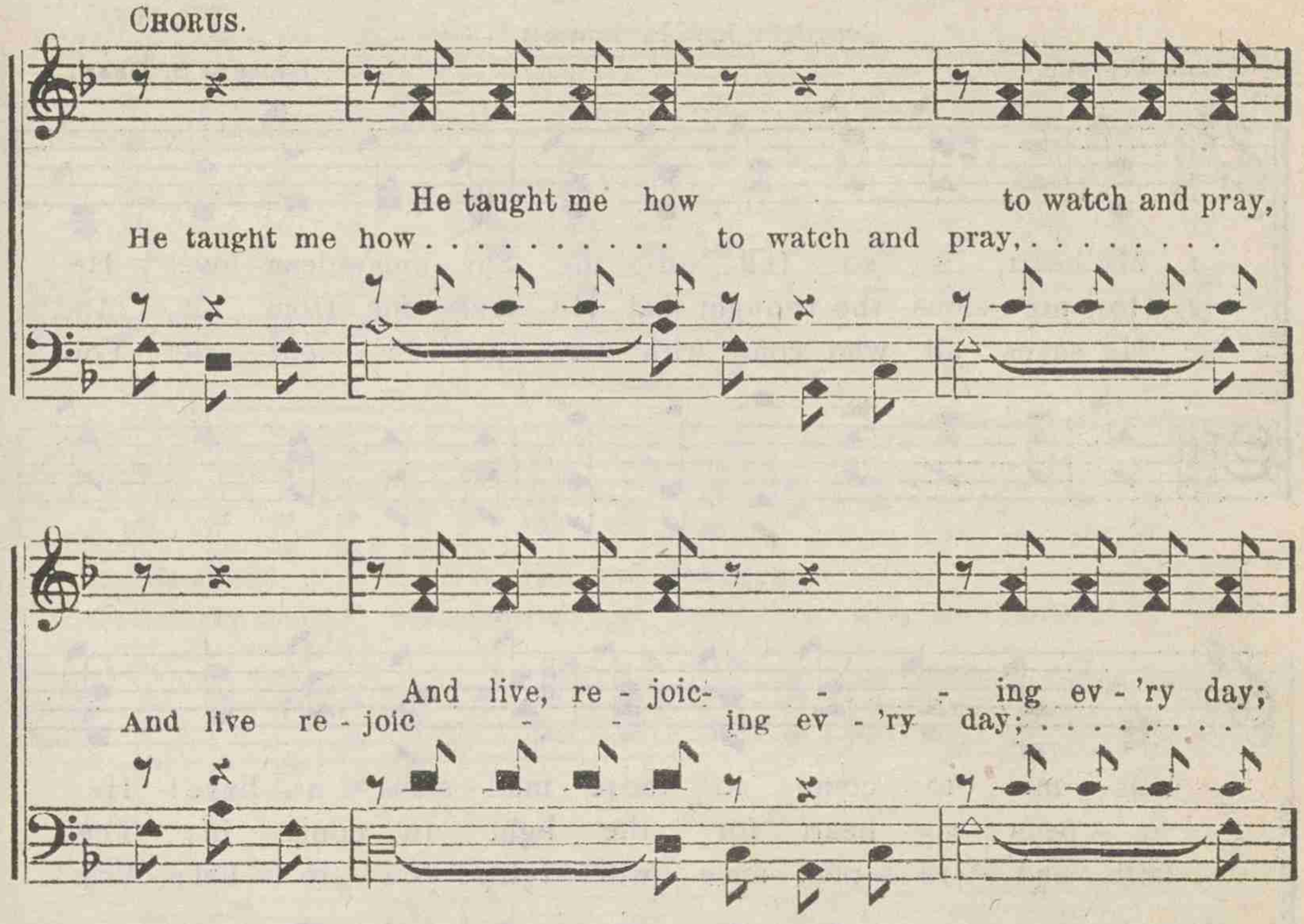
NO. 107.

O Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. ARR. by ACUFF & EVRIDGE.

Arrangement copyrighted, 1906, by Dean, Acuff and Evridge.

O Happy Day.

CHORUS.



4 Now rest, my long divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
With Him, of every good possessed.

NO. 108.

My Soul is Redeemed.

Copyright, 1906, by Emmett S. Dean.

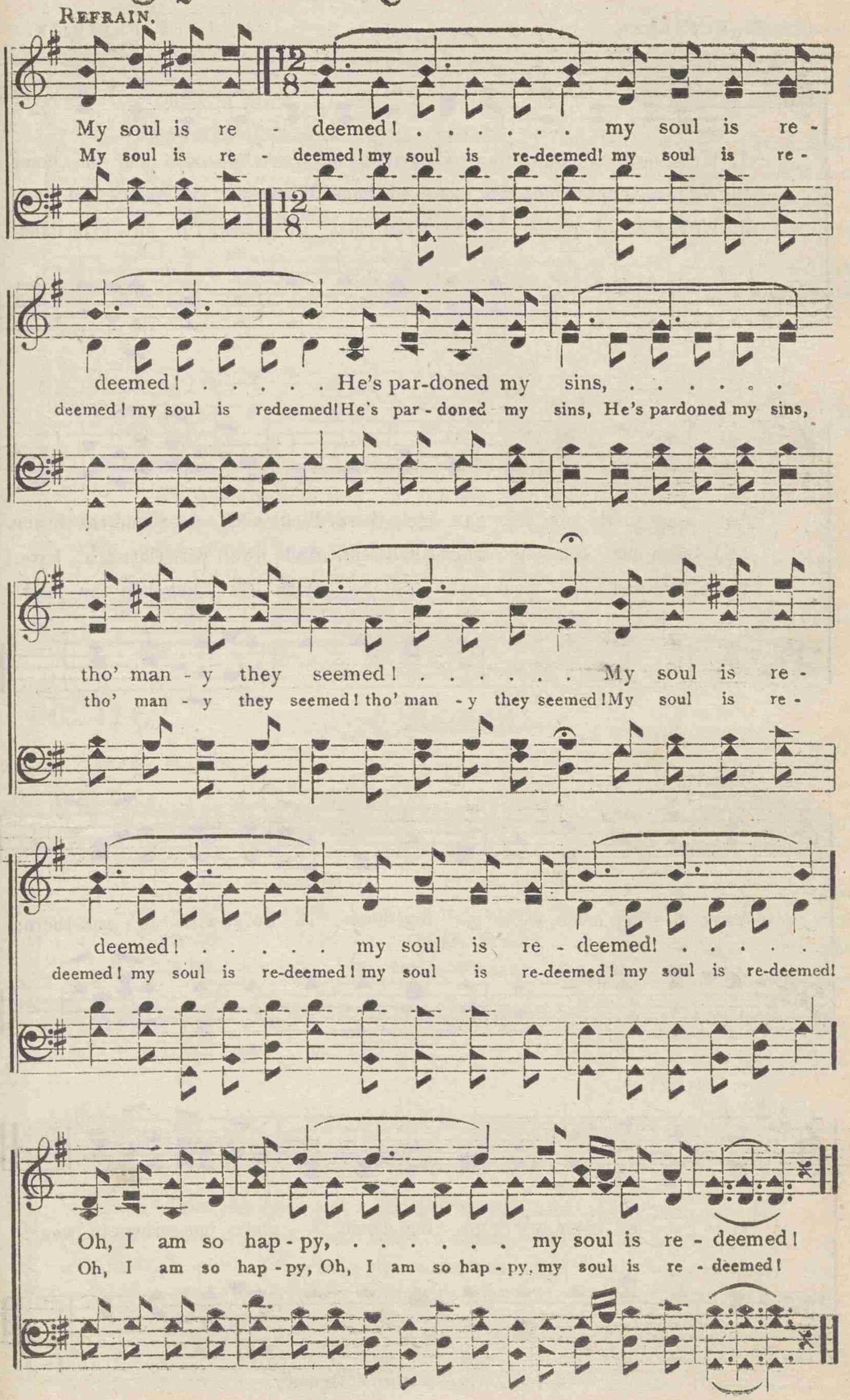
ADA POWELL. EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. My heart is so full of my Sav - iour's dear love! He bids me to come to those man - sions a - bove! He
2. How pre - cious the thought that He saves me from sin, And o - pens my heart for the light to come in; The
3. He saves all who come with a pen - i - tent grief; Your faith and re - pent - ance will bring you re - lief; You

par - doned my sins, tho' so man - y they seemed! Oh,
deep crim - son tide, all my sins have washed clean, Thro'
nev - er have of the great bless - ed - ness dreamed, You'll

I am so hap - py, my soul is re - deemed!
Je - sus, my Sav - iour, my soul is re - deemed!
know when you trust, and your soul is re - deemed.

My Soul is Redeemed. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

NO. 109.

We're Going Home.

W. H. PARKER, JAS. B. FRANKLIN.

1. We're now a hap - py pil - grim band, We're on our jour - ney home,
2. We're near that home that bless - ed home Where all is peace and love;
3. We'll glad - ly, glad - ly on - ward go, A faith - ful pil - grim band,

And soon we'll join the an - gels there, Who sing a - round the throne.
And soon our spir - its there shall rest, And dwell with Christ, a - bove.
There, by and by, we'll gath - er'd be, With - in that hap - py land.

CHORUS.

We're go - ing home, we're go - ing home, To dwell with Je - sus there;

We're go - ing home, we're go - ing home, A shin - ing crown to wear!

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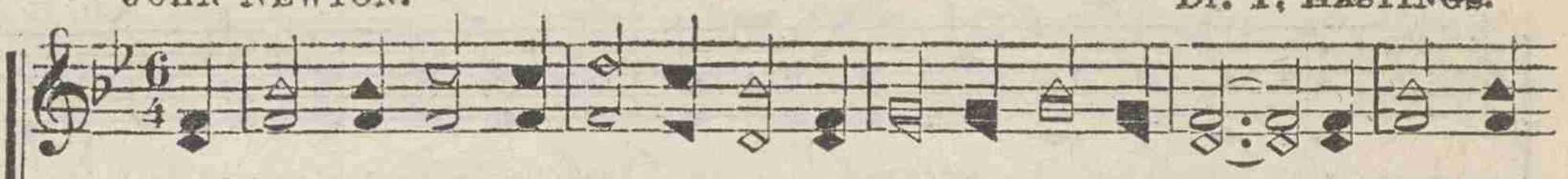
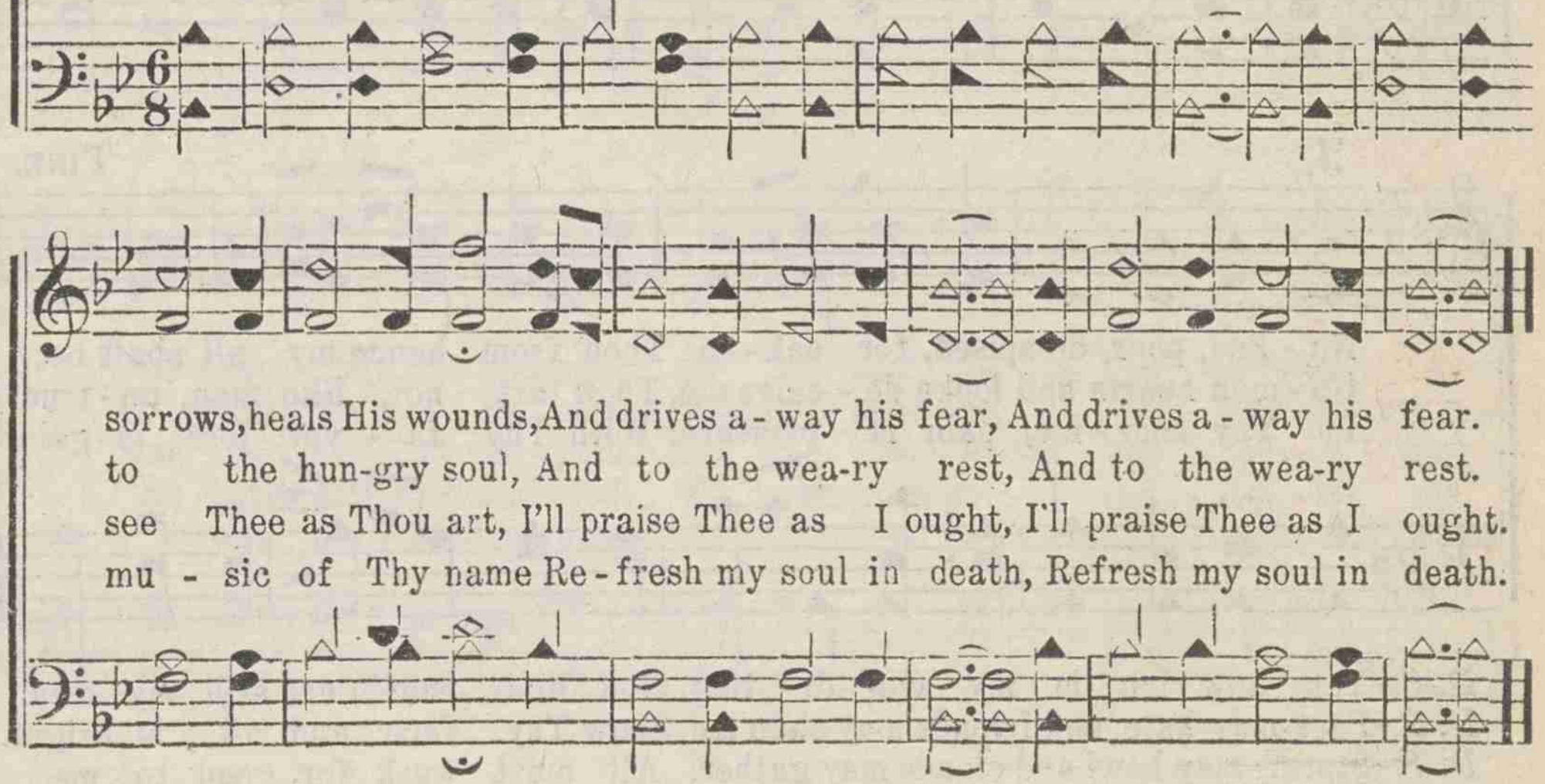
NO. 110

Ortonville.

JOHN NEWTON. DR. T. HASTINGS.

1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear! It soothes his
2. It makes the wounded spir-it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis man-na
3. Weak is the ef-fort of my heart, And cold my warmest tho't; But when I
4. Till then, I would Thy love proclaim With ev-'ry fleeting breath; And may the

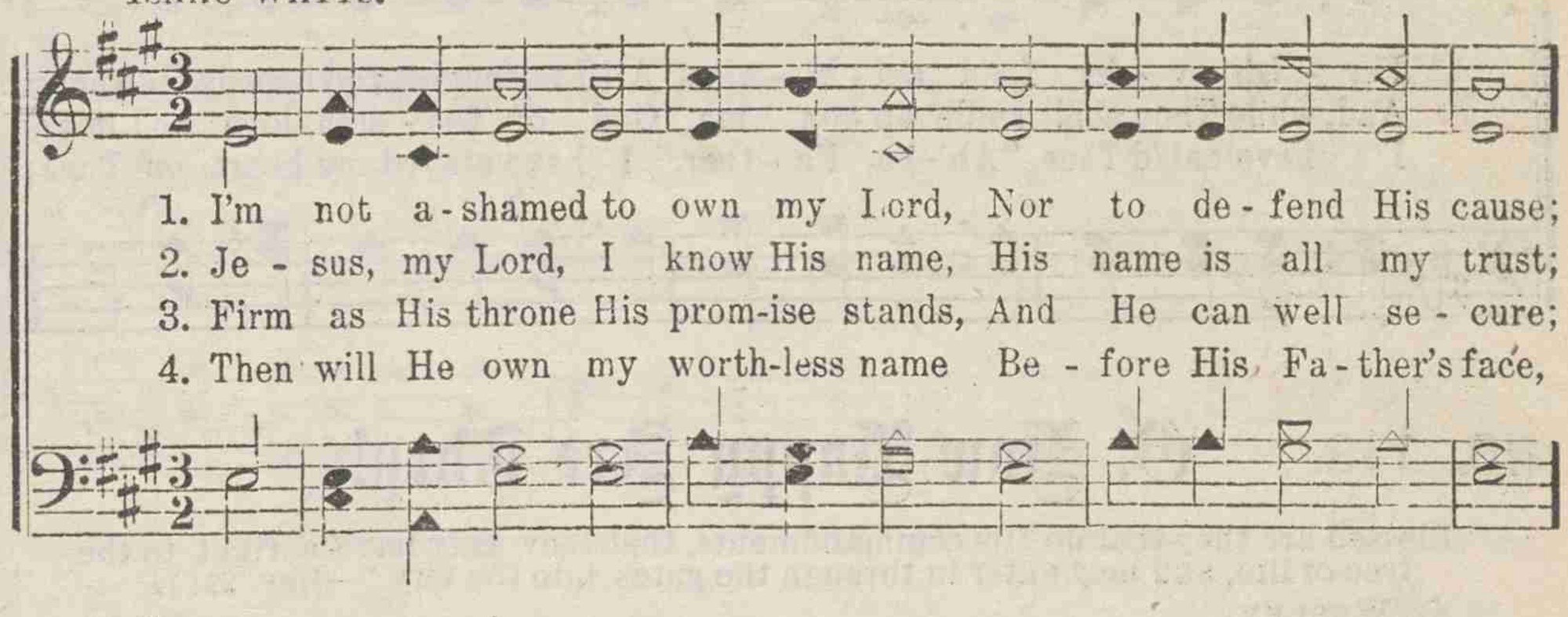


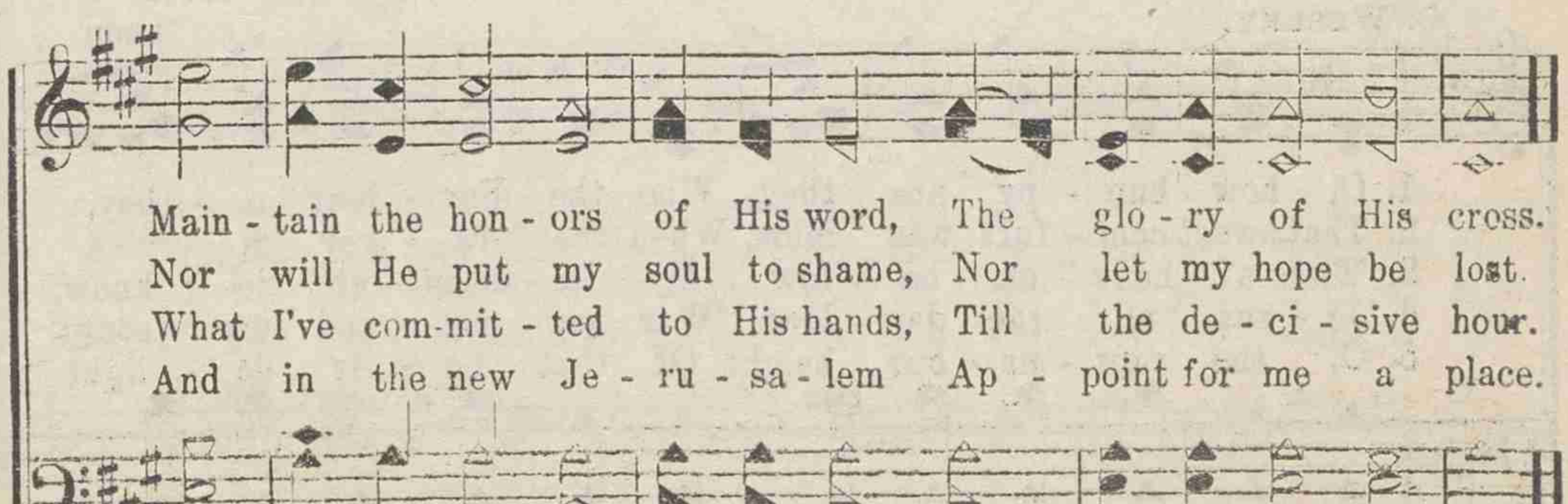
sorrows, heals His wounds, And drives a-way his fear, And drives a-way his fear.
to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea-ry rest, And to the wea-ry rest.
see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
mu-sic of Thy name Re-fresh my soul in death, Refresh my soul in death.

NO. 111.

Azmon.

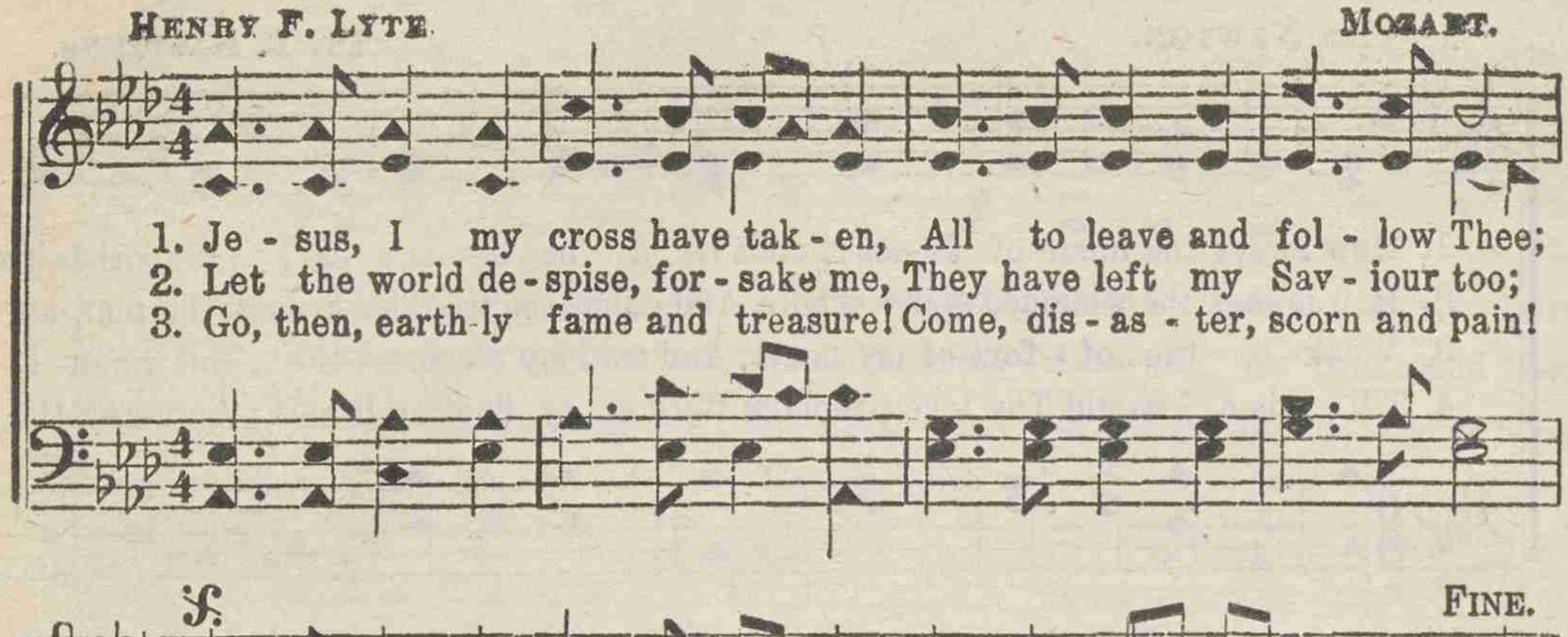
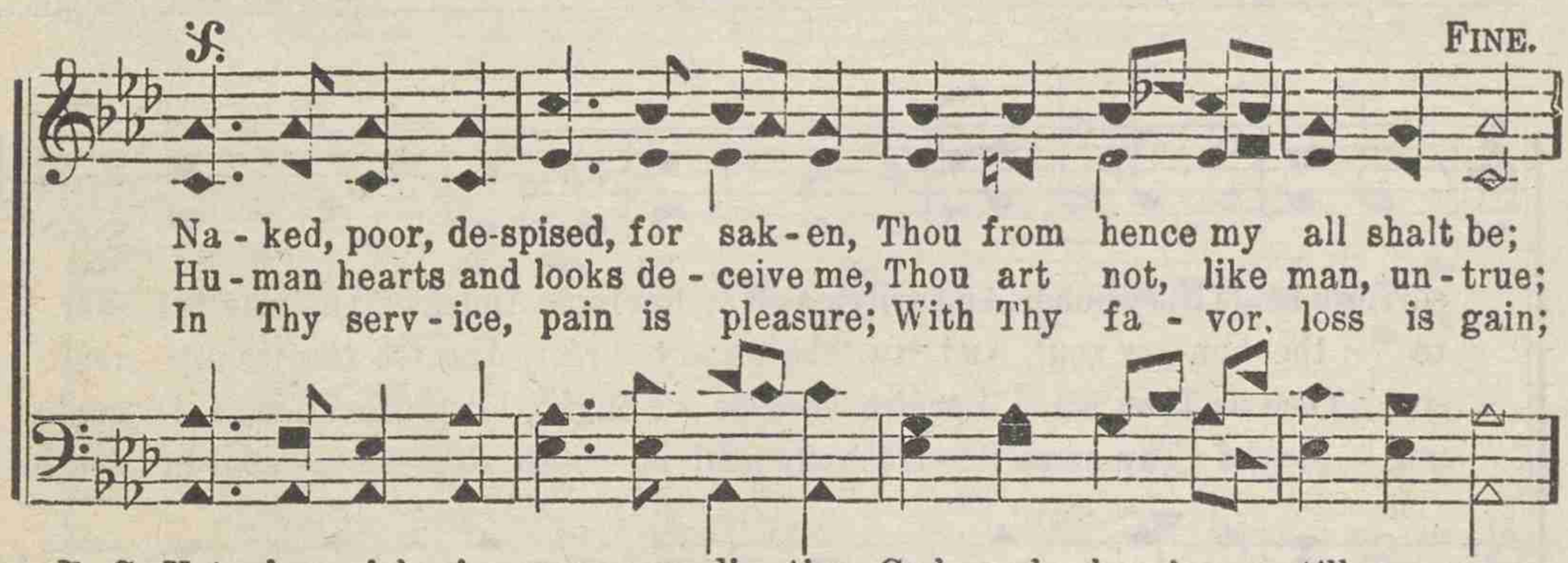
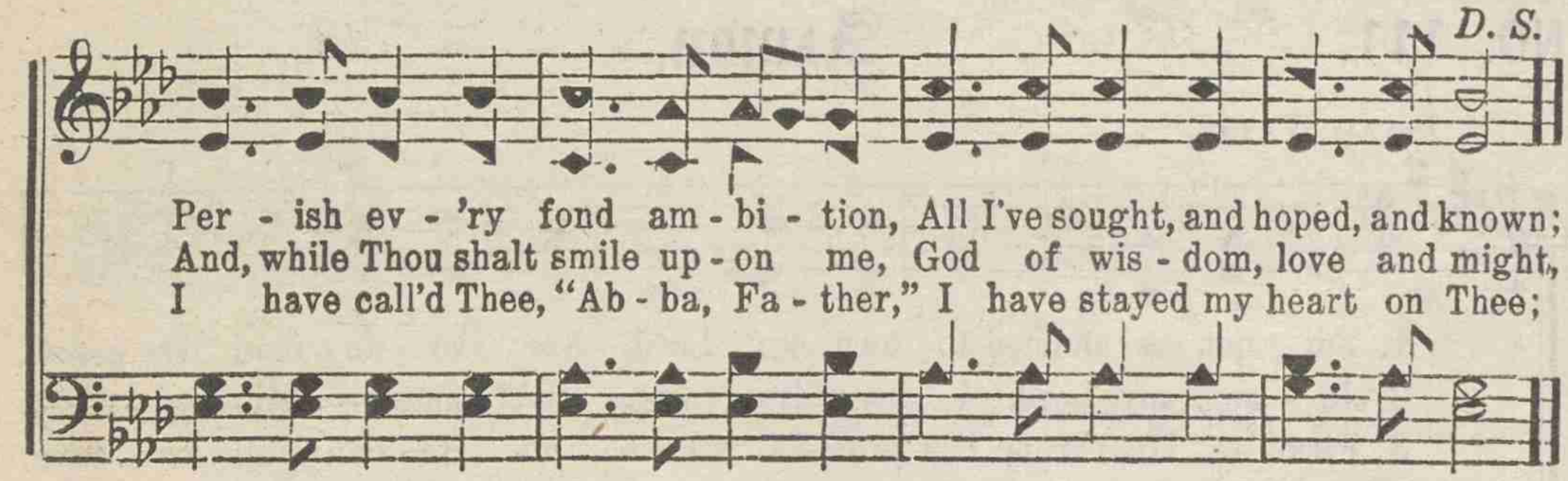
ISAAC WATTS.



1. I'm not a-shamed to own my Lord, Nor to de-fend His cause;
2. Je-sus, my Lord, I know His name, His name is all my trust;
3. Firm as His throne His prom-ise stands, And He can well se-cure;
4. Then will He own my worth-less name Be-fore His Fa-ther's face,

Main-tain the hon-ors of His word, The glo-ry of His cross.
Nor will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.
What I've com-mit-ted to His hands, Till the de-ci-sive hour.
And in the new Je-ru-sa-lem Ap-point for me a place.

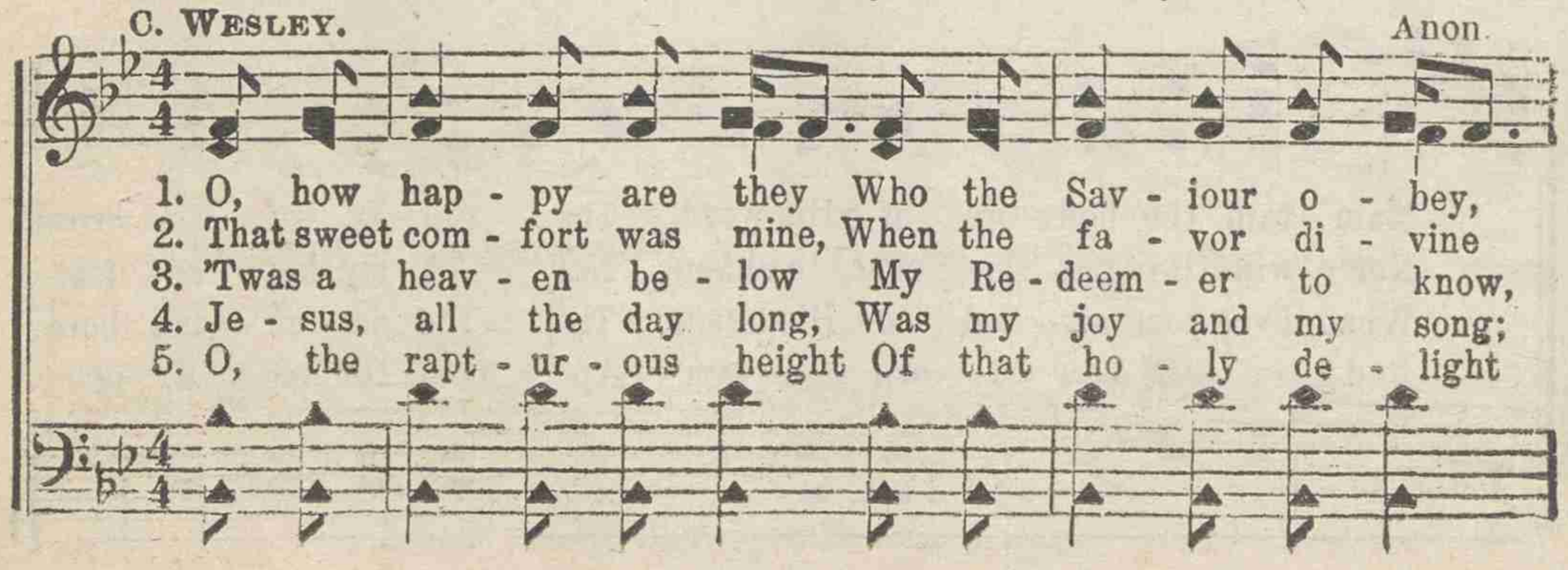
NO. 112. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

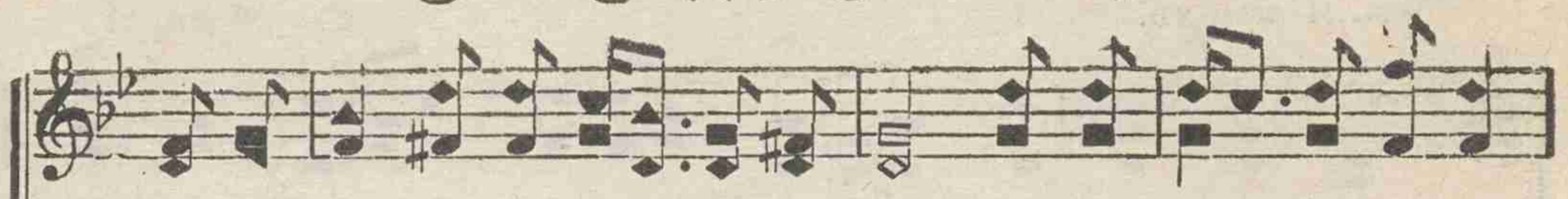
HENRY F. LYTE. MOZART.



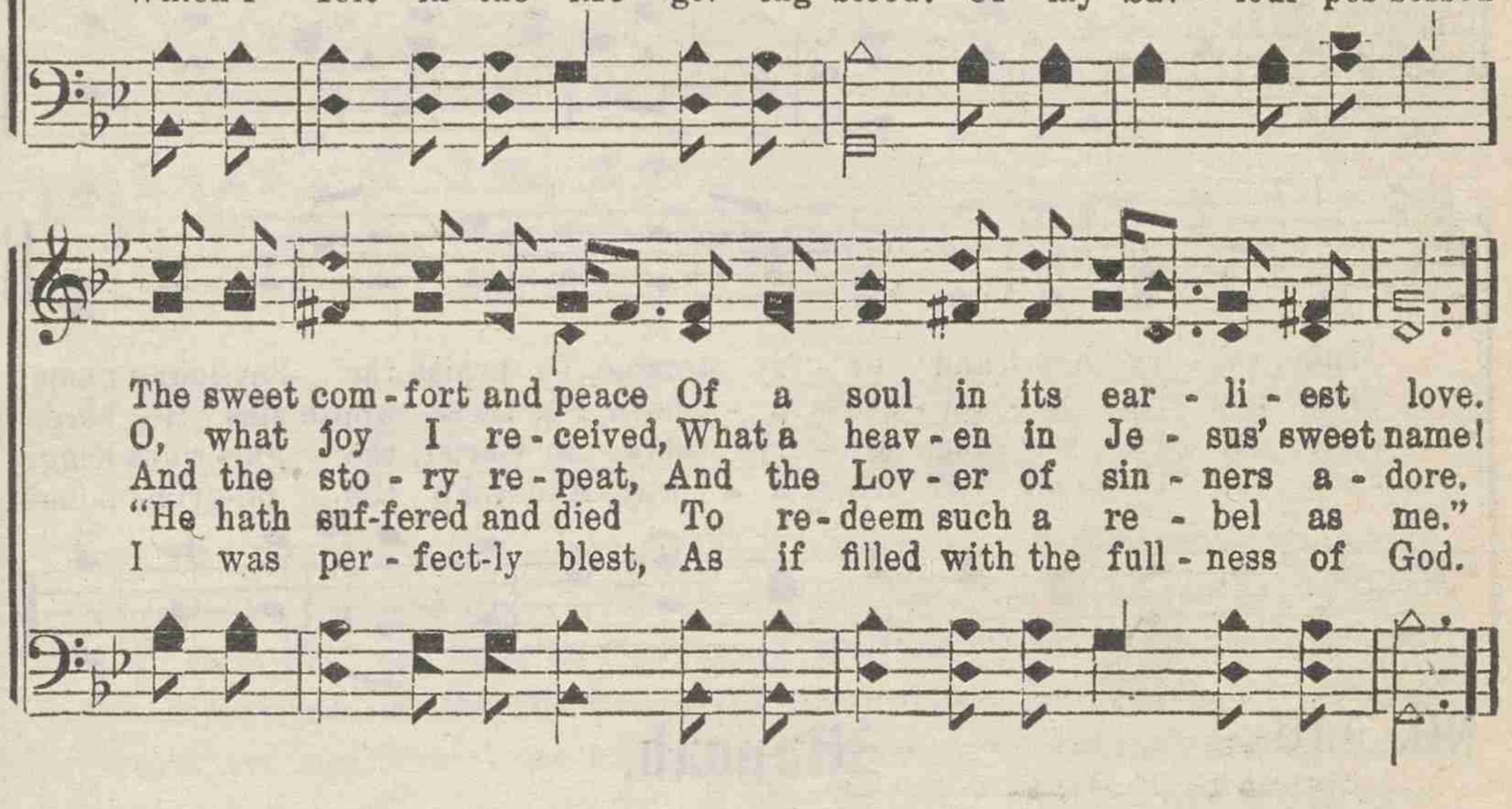
NO. 113. O, How Happy Are They!

"Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."—Rev. 22: 14.

C. WESLEY. Anon.

How Happy Are They.

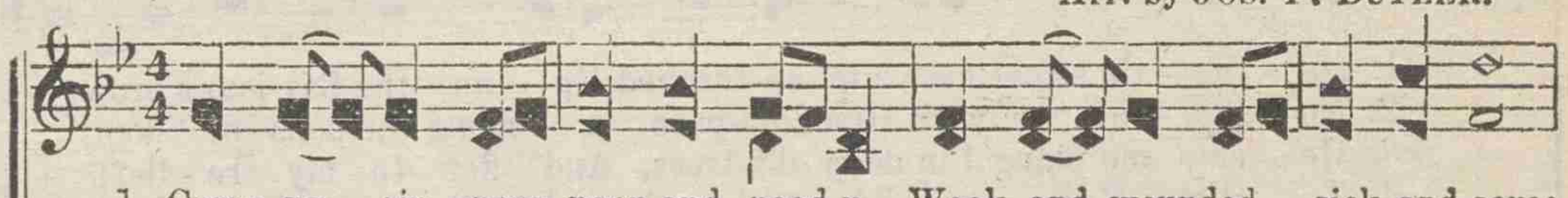
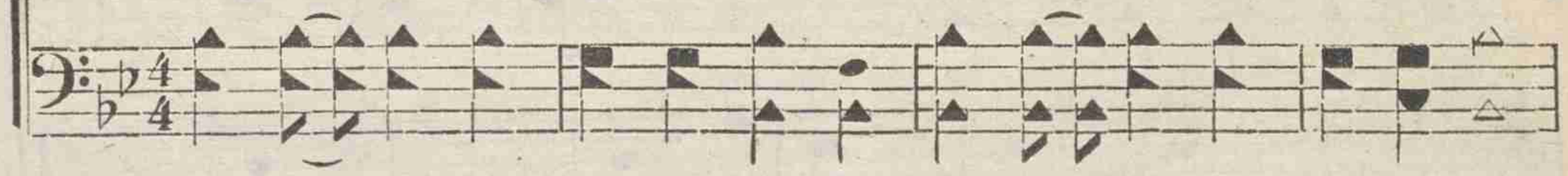


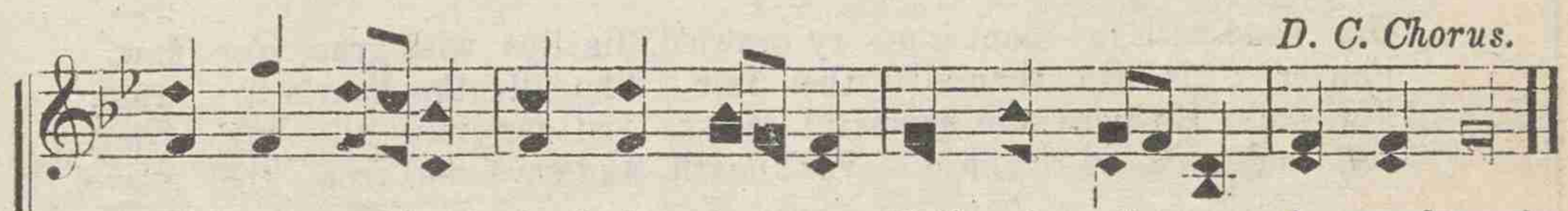
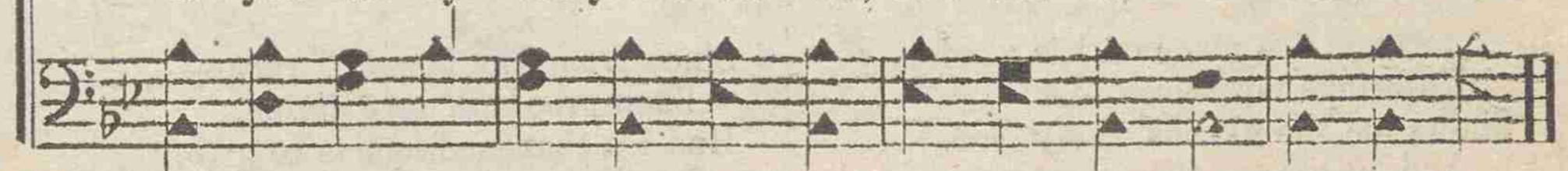
And whose treasures are laid up a - bove! Tongue can nev - er ex-press
I first found in the blood of the Lamb; When by faith I be-lieved,
And the an - gels could do noth-ing more Than to fall at His feet,
O, that all His sal - va - tion might see! "He hath loved me," I cried,
Which I felt in the life - giv - ing blood! Of my Sav - iour pos-sessed



The sweet com - fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.
O, what joy I re - ceived, What a heav - en in Je - sus' sweet name!
And the sto - ry re - peat, And the Lov - er of sin - ners a - dore.
"He hath suf-fered and died To re - deem such a re - bel as me."
I was per - fect-ly blest, As if filled with the full - ness of God.

NO. 114. I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

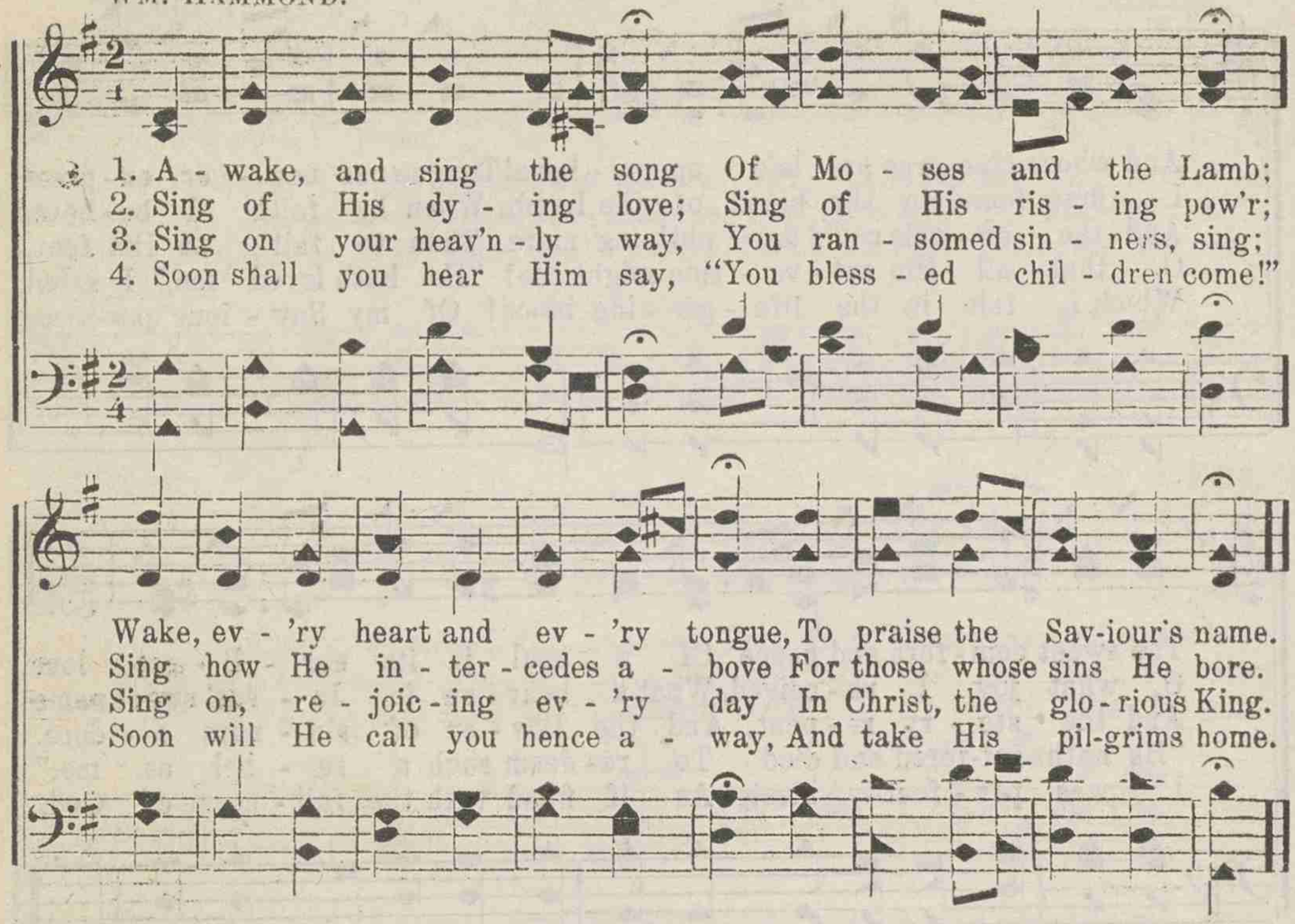
Arr. by JOS. F. BUTLER.

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need - y, come and wel-come; God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;
3. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fondly dream;
4. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, Bruis'd and man - gled by the fall,

CHO.—*I will a-rise and go to Je - sus, He will embrace me in His a'ms;*

D. C. Chorus.

Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
True be - lief and true re - pentance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.
All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him.
If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.

In the arms of my dear Sav - iour, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

NO. 115.

St. Thomas.

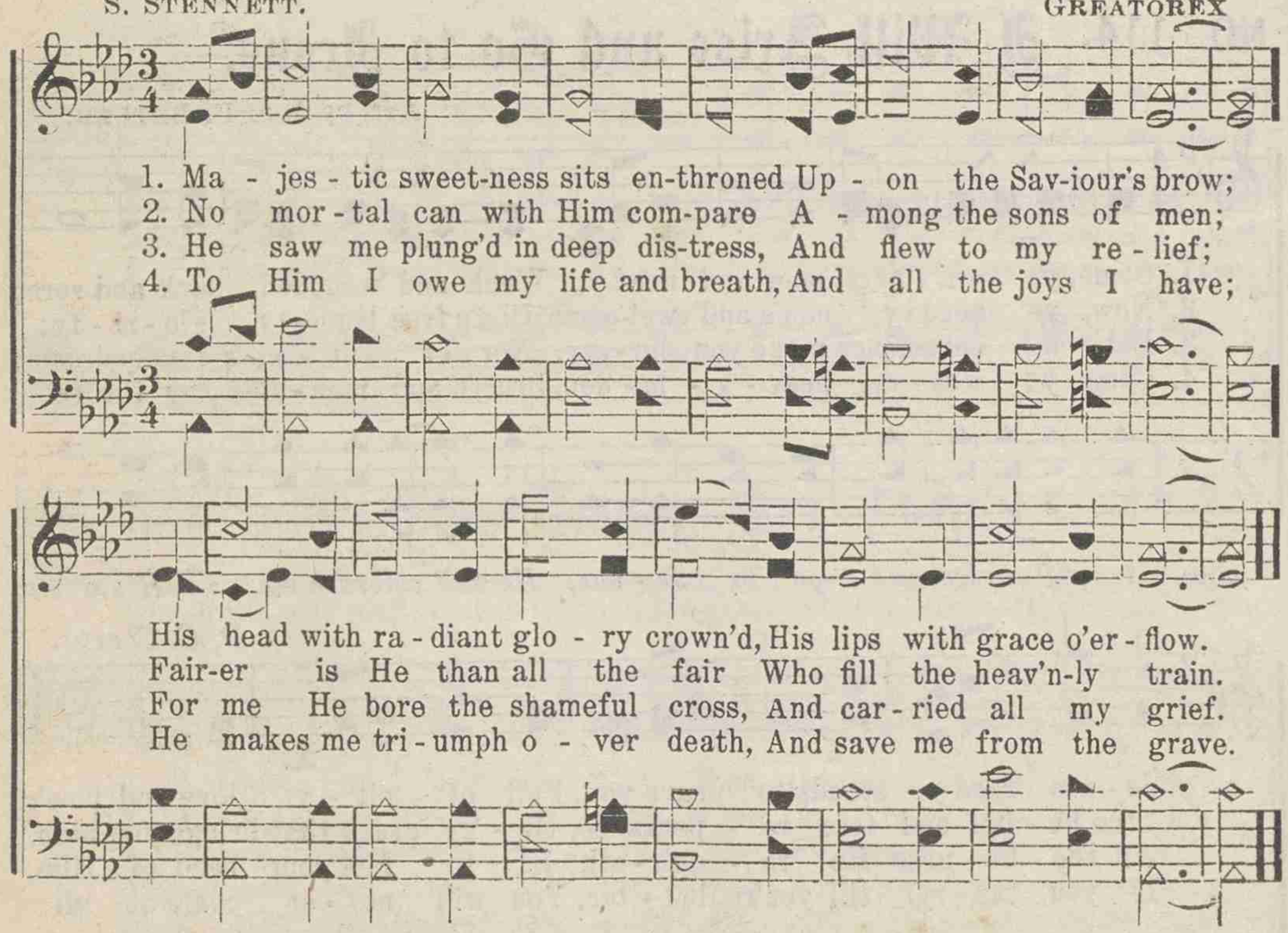
WM. HAMMOND.



NO. 116

Manoah.

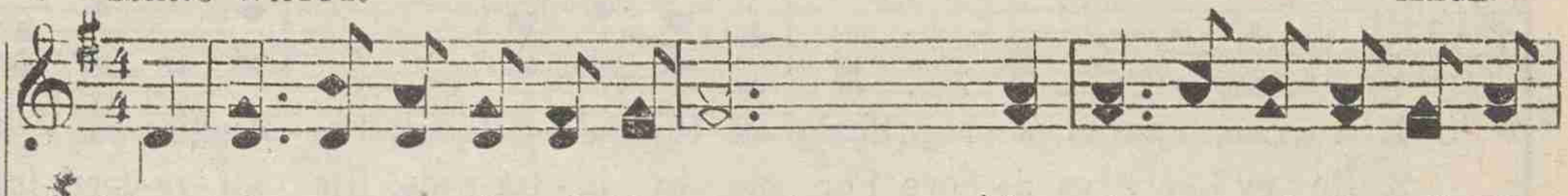
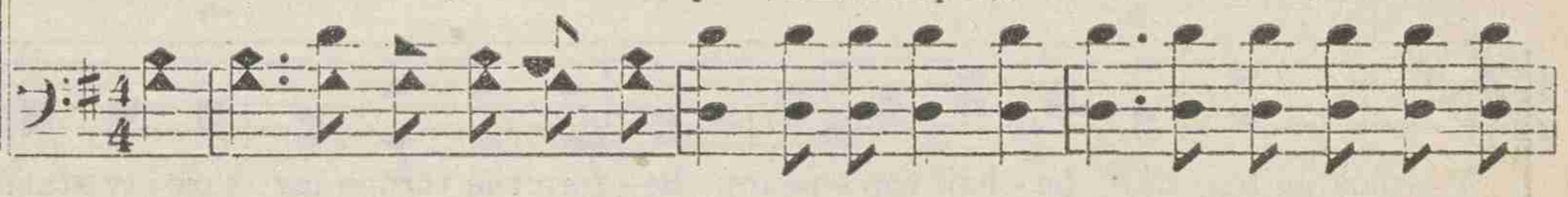
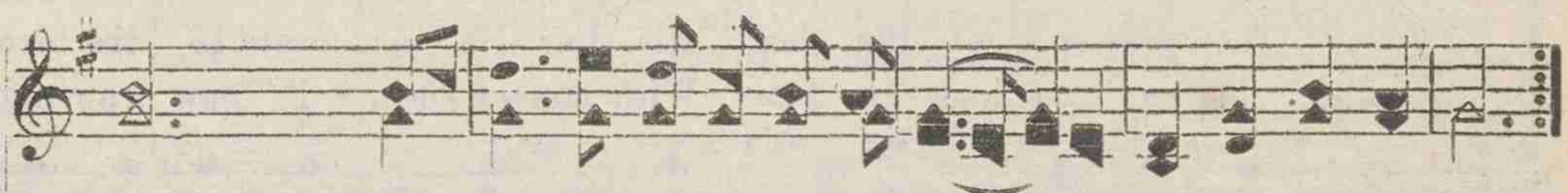
S. STENNETT. GREATOREX

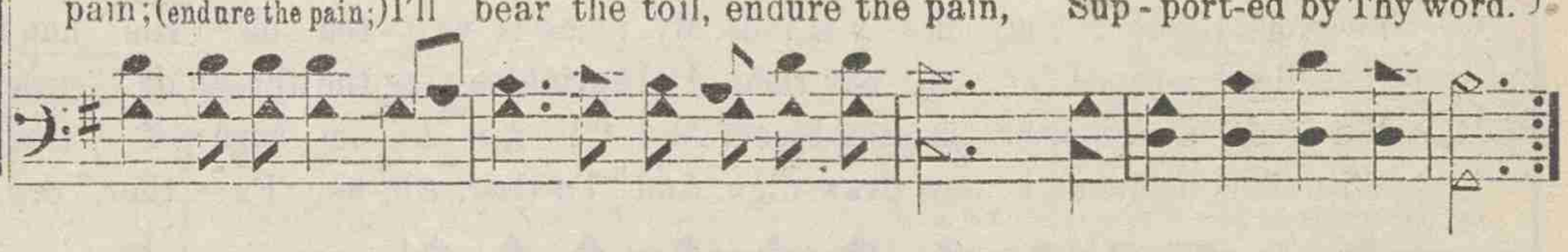


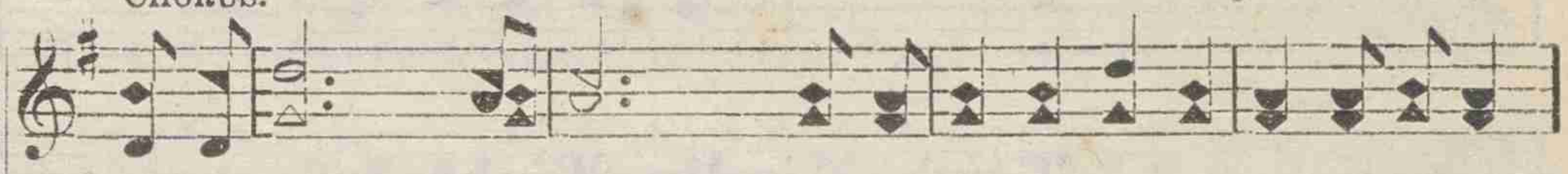
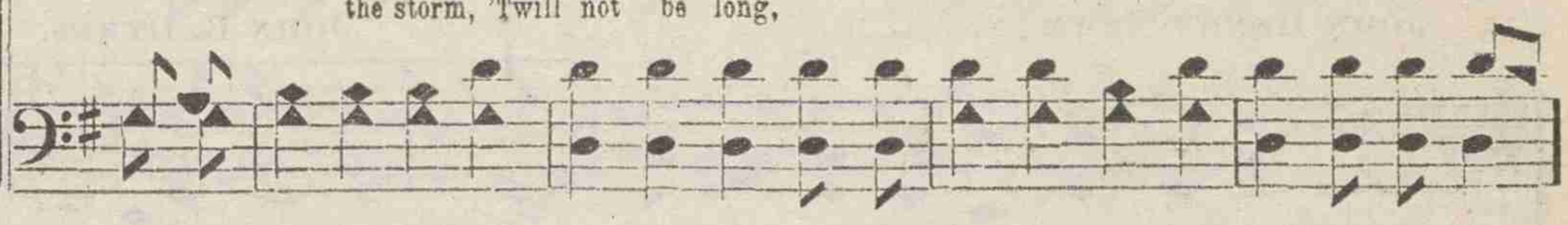
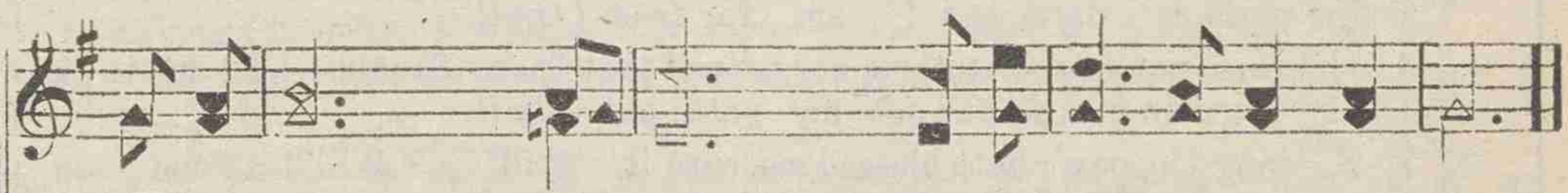
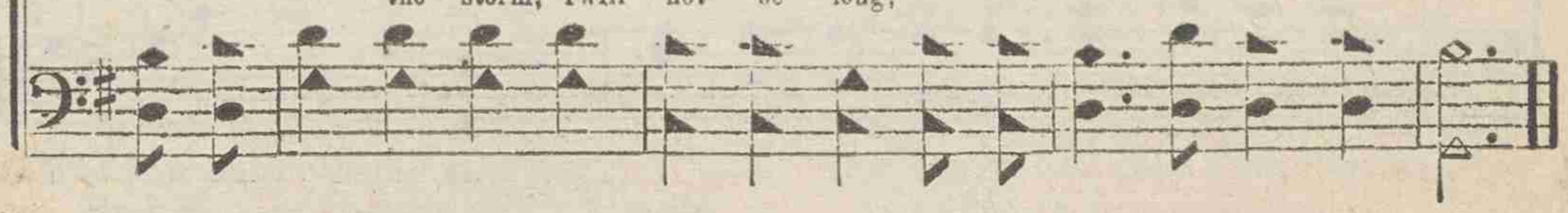
5 To heaven, the place of His abode,
Ho brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from Thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

NO. 117 We Will Stand the Storm.

ISAAC WATTS. ANON.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, (of the cross,) Am I a sol-dier of the
   And shall I fear to own His cause, (own His cause,) And shall I fear to own His
2. Are there no foes for me to face, (me to face,) Are there no foes for me to
   Is this vile world a friend to grace, (friend to grace,) Is this vile world a friend to
3. Sure I must fight if I would reign, (I would reign,) Sure I must fight if I would
   I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, (endure the pain,) I'll bear the toil, en-dure the

cross, (of the cross,) Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb?
cause, (own His cause,) And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
face, (me to face,) Are there no foes for me to face, Must I not stem the flood?
grace, (friend to grace,) Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
reign; (I would reign;) Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord!
pain; (endure the pain;) I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.



CHORUS.

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

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

NO. 118. Arise, My Soul, Arise.

CHARLES WESLEY. LEWIS EDSON.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt-y fears; The bleeding sac - ri-
2. He ev - er lives a - bove For me to in - ter-cede, His all - re-deem-ing
3. The Father hears Him pray, His dear an-noint-ed One; He can - not turn a-
4. My God is rec - on-ciled; His pard'ning voice I hear: He owns me for His -

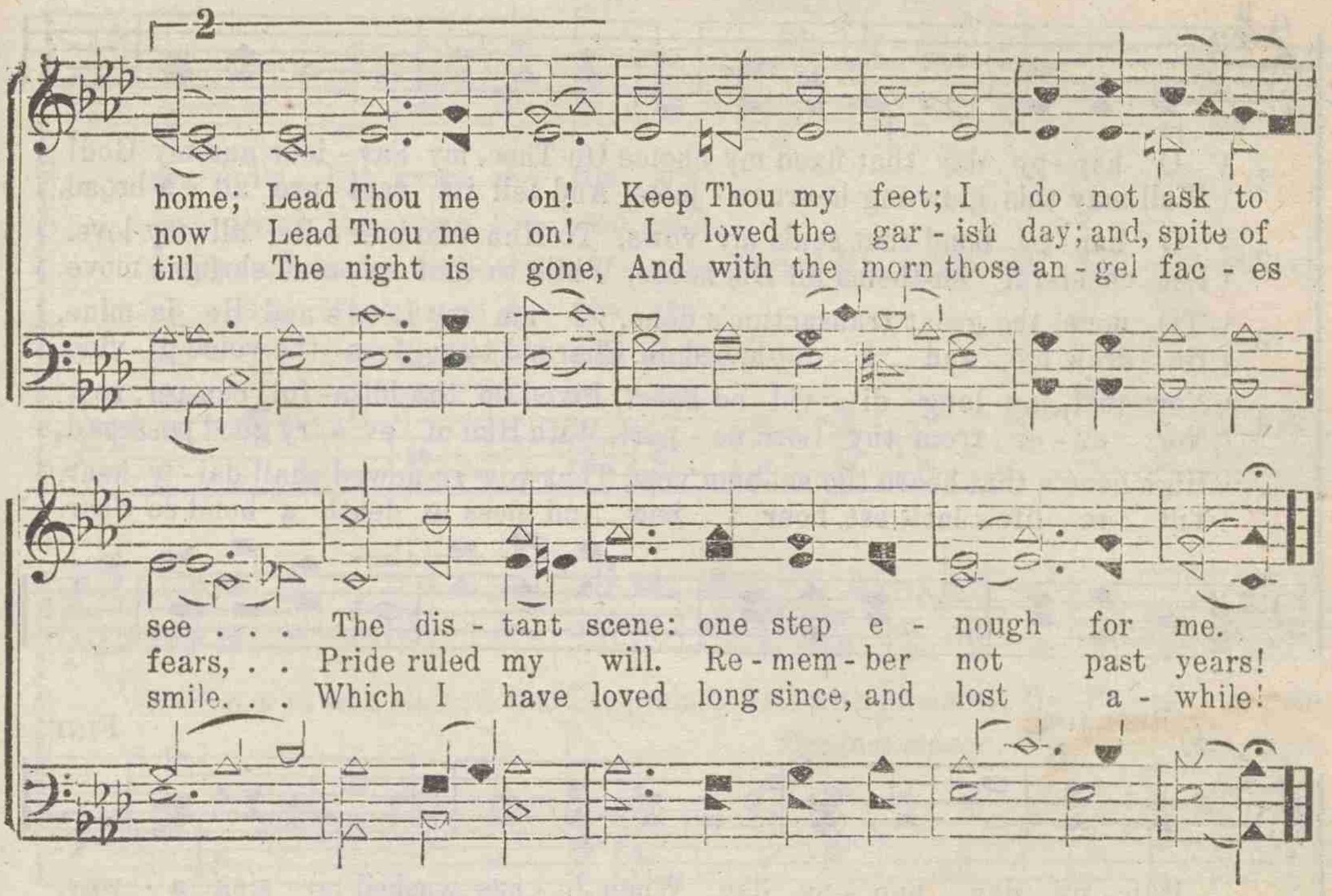
fice In my be - half ap - pears: Be - fore the throne my sure - ty stands,
love, His pre-cious blood to plead; His blood a - toned for all our race,
way The pres-ence of His Son; His Spir - it an - swers to the blood,
child; I can no long - er fear: With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh,

Be - fore the throne my sure-ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
His blood a-toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
His Spir - it an-swers to the blood, And tells me I am born of God.
With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And "Fa-ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry.

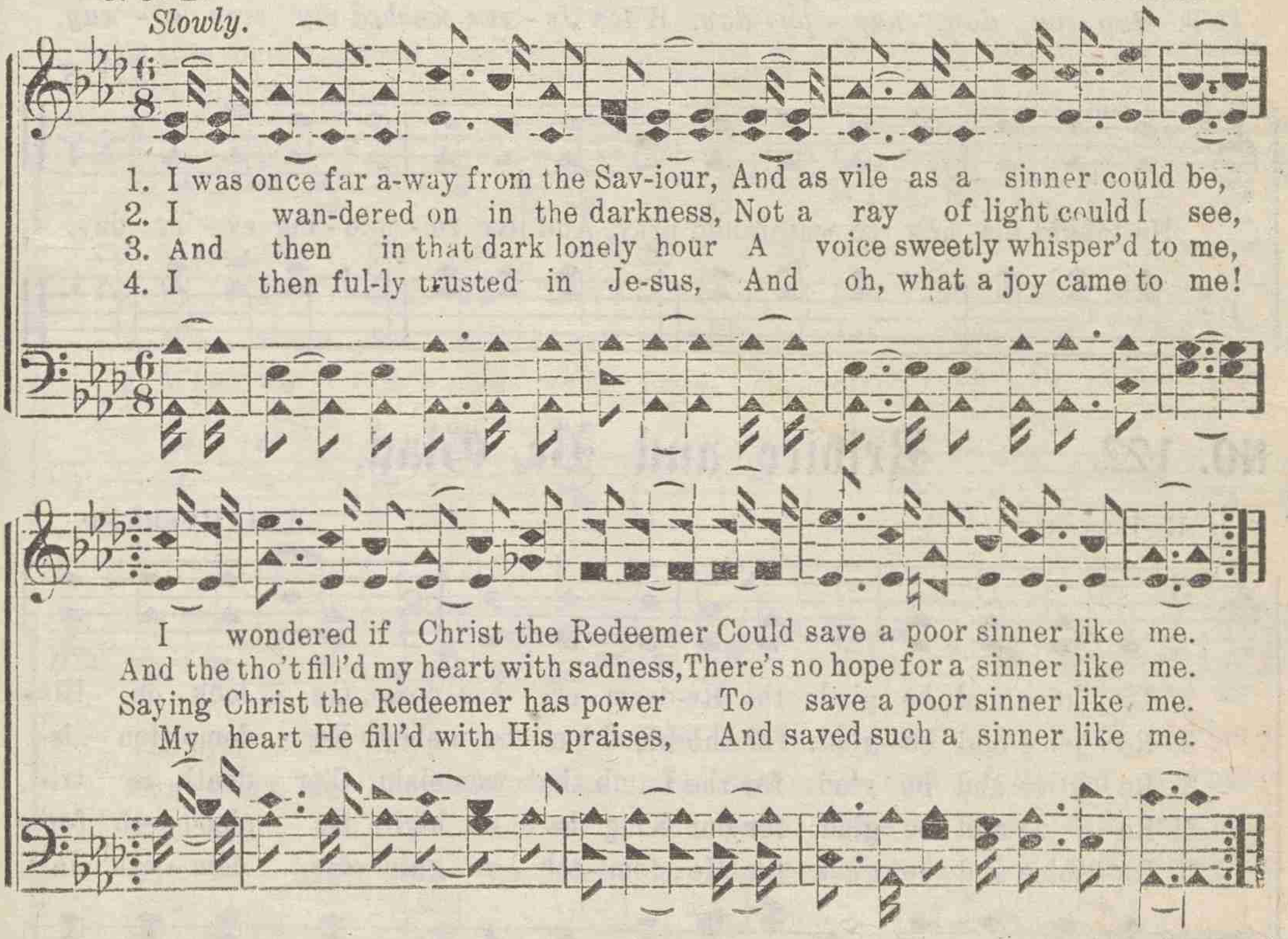
NO. 119. Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. { Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on! / The night is dark, and I am far from (*Omit.*) . . . . . }
2. { I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; / I loved to choose and see my path; but (*Omit.*) . . . . . }
3. { So long Thy pow'r hath blessed me, sure it still Will lead me on / O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, (*Omit.*) . . . . . }

Lead, Kindly Light.

NO. 120. A Sinner Like Me.

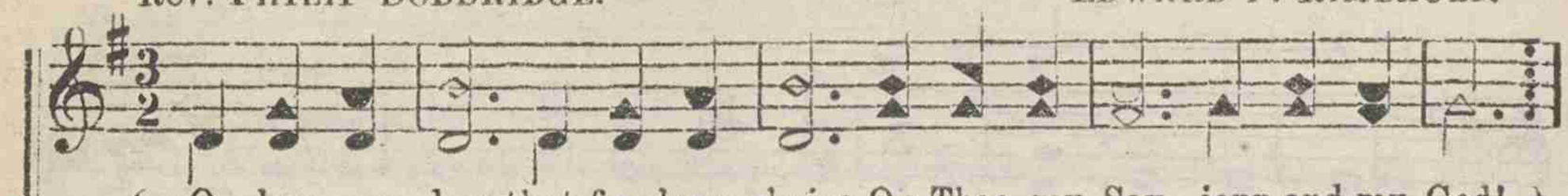
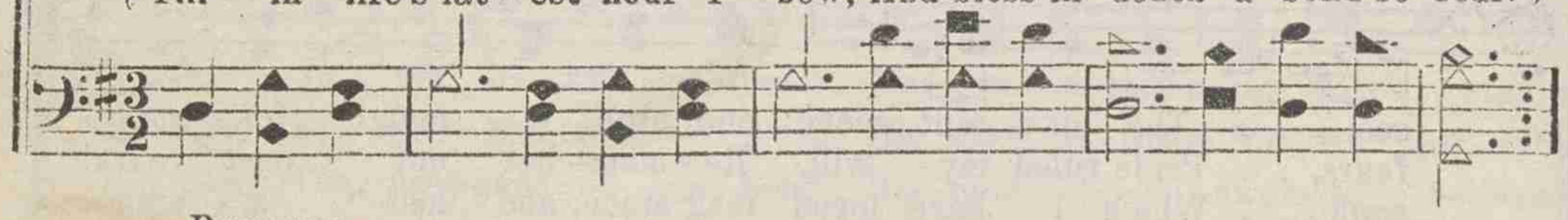
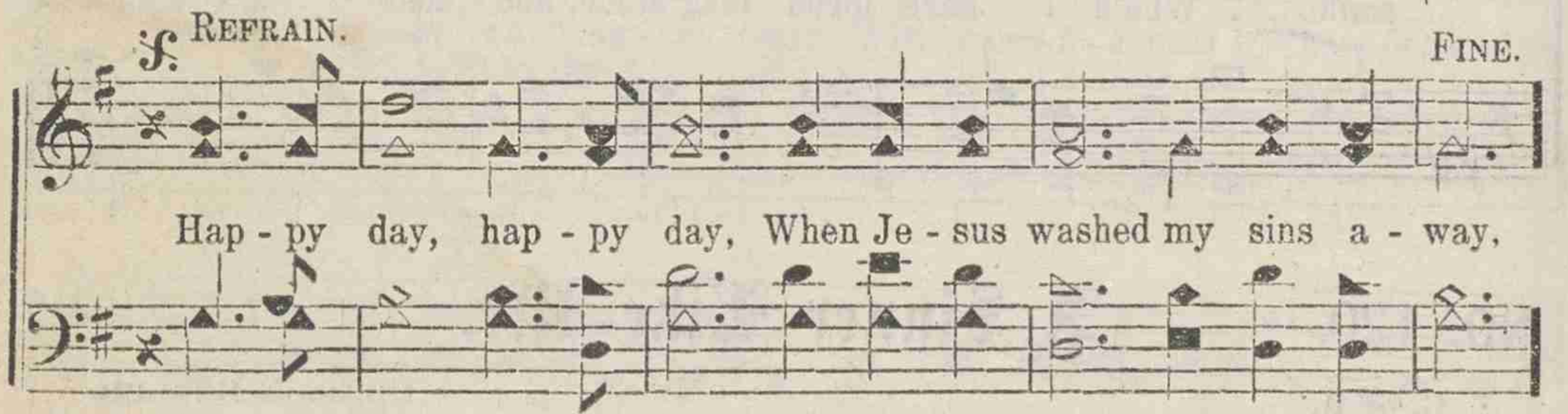
C. J. B. CHAS. J. BUTLER.



5 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For His light is now shining in me,
And now unto others I'm telling,
How He saves a poor sinner like me.

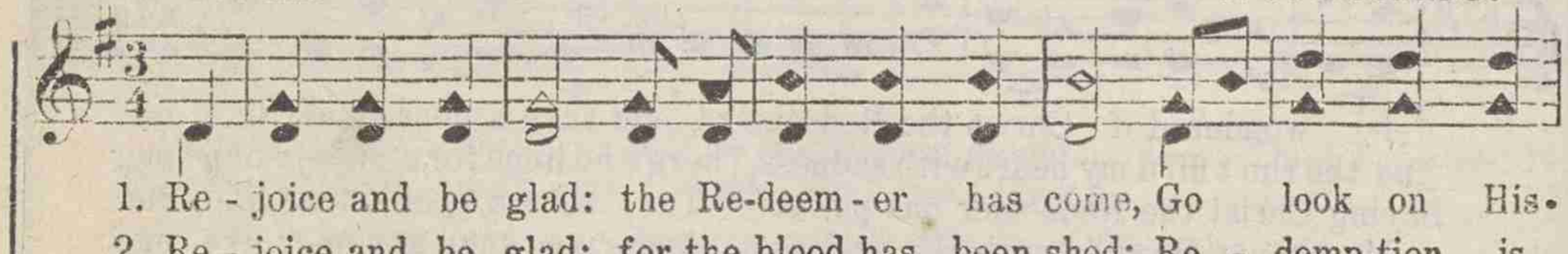
6 Then listen, poor wandering sinner,
To a message so tender and true,
That Christ, the dear loving Saviour,
Is willing to save even you.

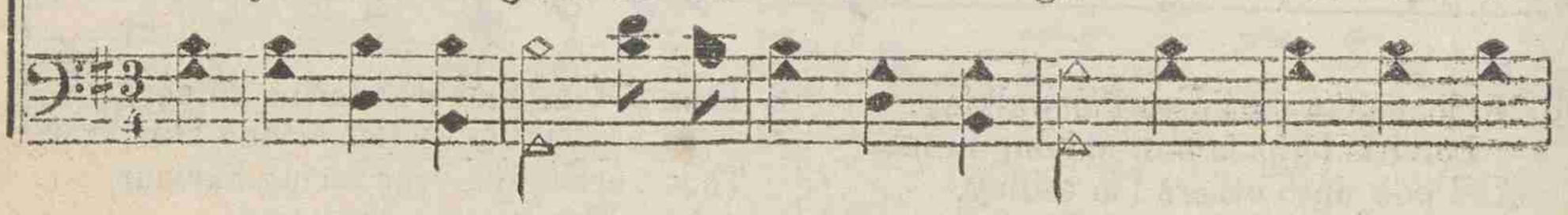
NO. 121. O Happy Day.

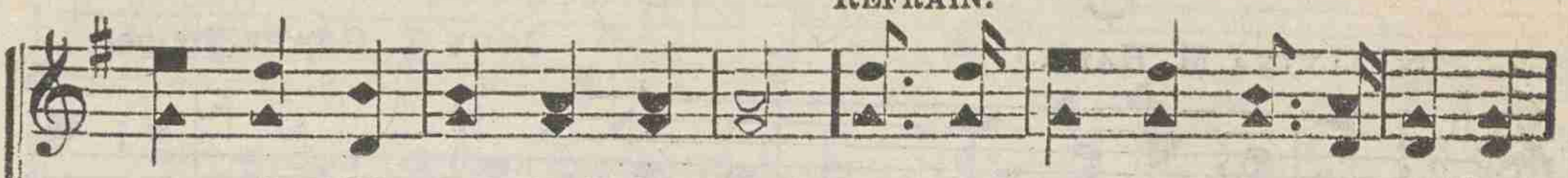
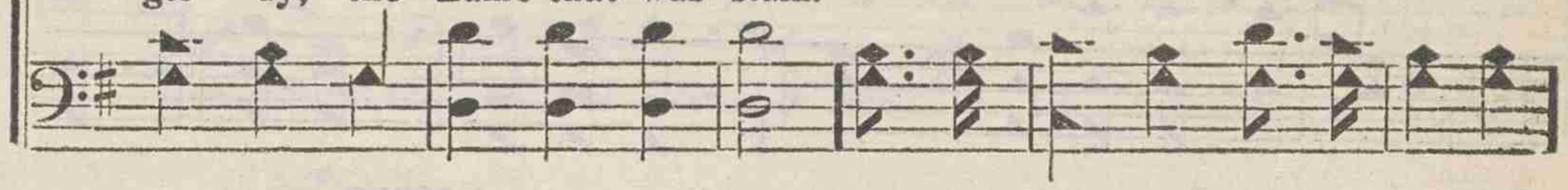
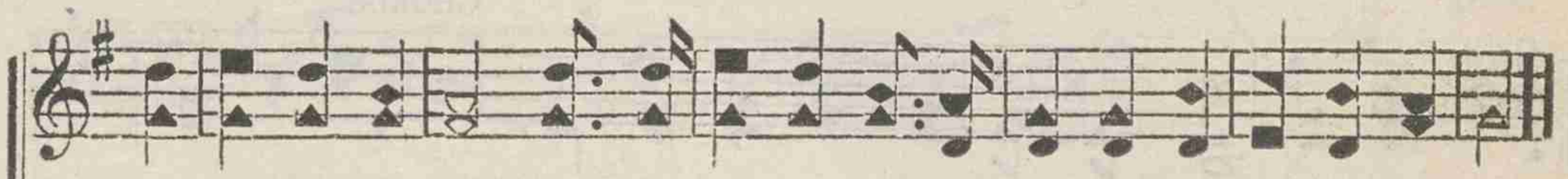
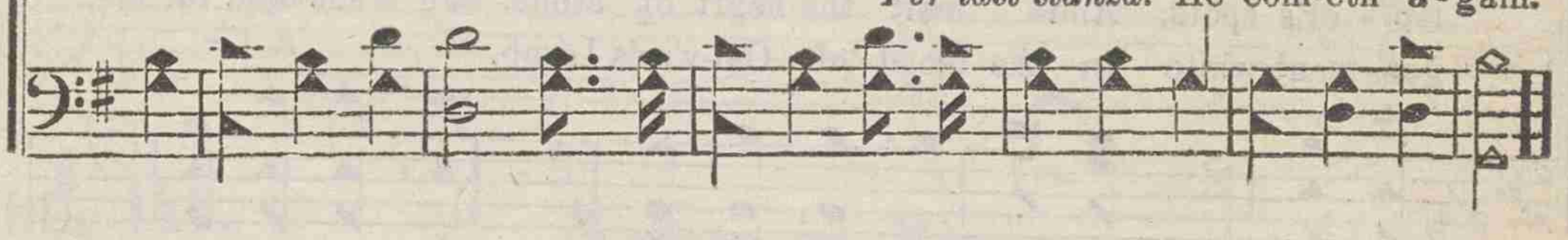
Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE. EDWARD F. RIMBAULT.

1. O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-iour and my God!
   Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rapt-ure all a-broad.
2. O hap-py bond that seals my vows, To Him who mer-its all my love.
   Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move.
3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done, I am my Lord's and He is mine,
   He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charm'd to confess the voice di-vine.
4. Now rest, my long-di-vid-ed heart, Fixed on the bliss-ful cen-ter, rest;
   Nor ev-er from thy Lord de-part, With Him of ev-'ry good possess'd.
5. High heav'n that heard the sol-emn vow, That vow re-newed shall dai-ly hear,
   Till in life's lat-est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.



NO. 122. Rejoice and Be Glad.

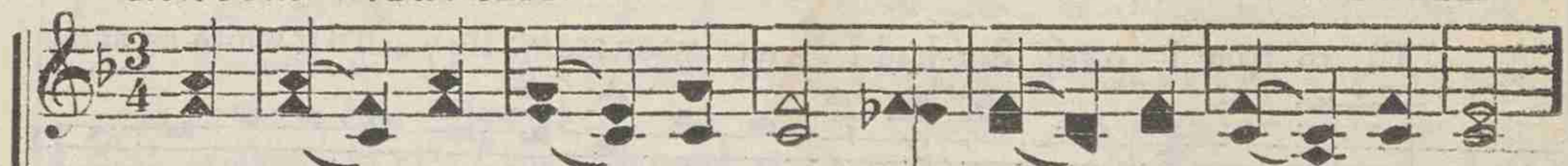
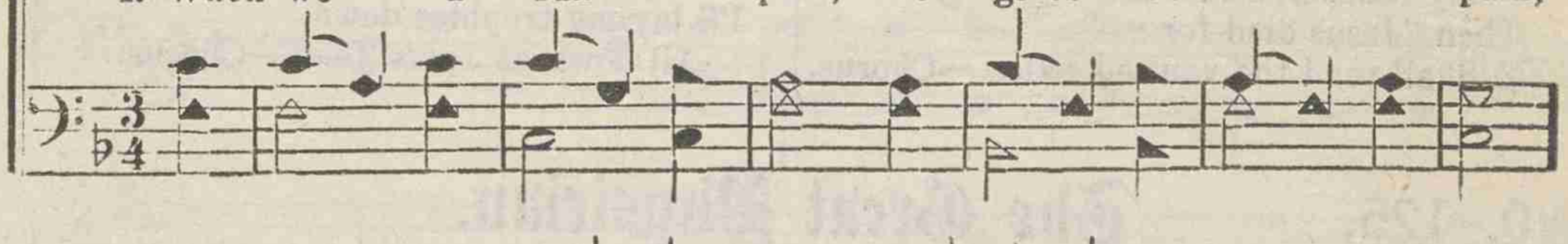
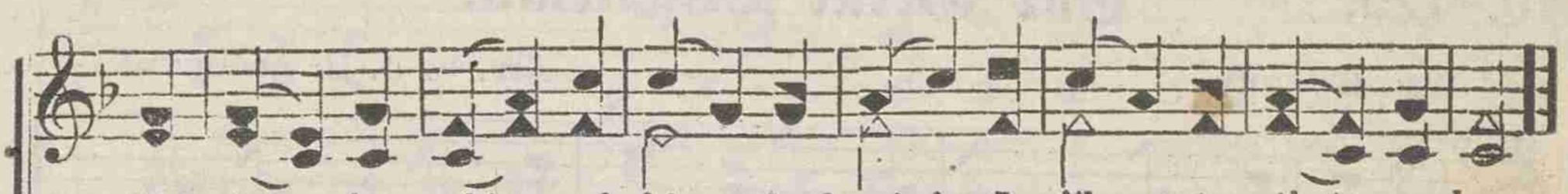
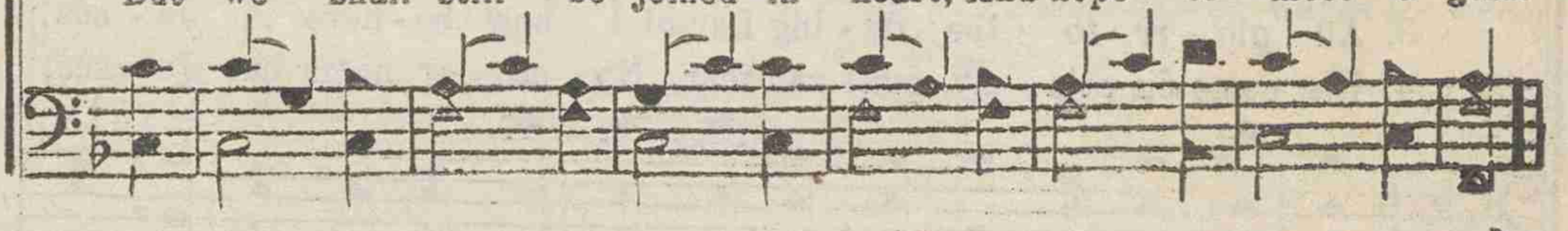
H. BONAR. J. J. HUSBAND.



1. Re-joice and be glad: the Re-deem-er has come, Go look on His
2. Re-joice and be glad: for the blood has been shed: Re-demp-tion is
3. Re-j ice and be glad: for the Lamb that was slain, O'er death is tri-
4. Re-joice and be glad: for our King is on high; He plead-eth for
5. Re-joice and be glad: for He com-eth a-gain—He com-eth in

Rejoice and Be Glad.

REFRAIN.

cra - dle, His cross, and His tomb.
fin - ished, the price has been paid.
umph - ant, and liv - eth a - gain. Sound His prais - es, tell the sto - ry
us on His throne in the sky.
glo - ry, the Lamb that was slain.

Of Him who was slain; Sound His praises, tell with gladness, He liv - eth a - gain.
For last stanza.–He com-eth a - gain.

NO. 123. Dennis.

"And this commandment have we from him, that he who loveth God love his brother also."—1 John 4: 21.

REV. JOHN W. FAWCETT. H. G. NAGELI.

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

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

NO. 124.

All to Christ I Owe.

MRS. ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.

1. I hear the Saviour say, Thy strength in-deed is small; Child of weakness,
2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone, Can change the
3. For noth - ing good have I Where - by Thy grace to claim—I'll wash my

CHORUS.

watch and pray; Find in me Thine all in all.
lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je - sus died for me,
gar - ment white In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain: He wash'd it white as snow.

4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus died for me"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—Chorus.

5 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.—Chorus.

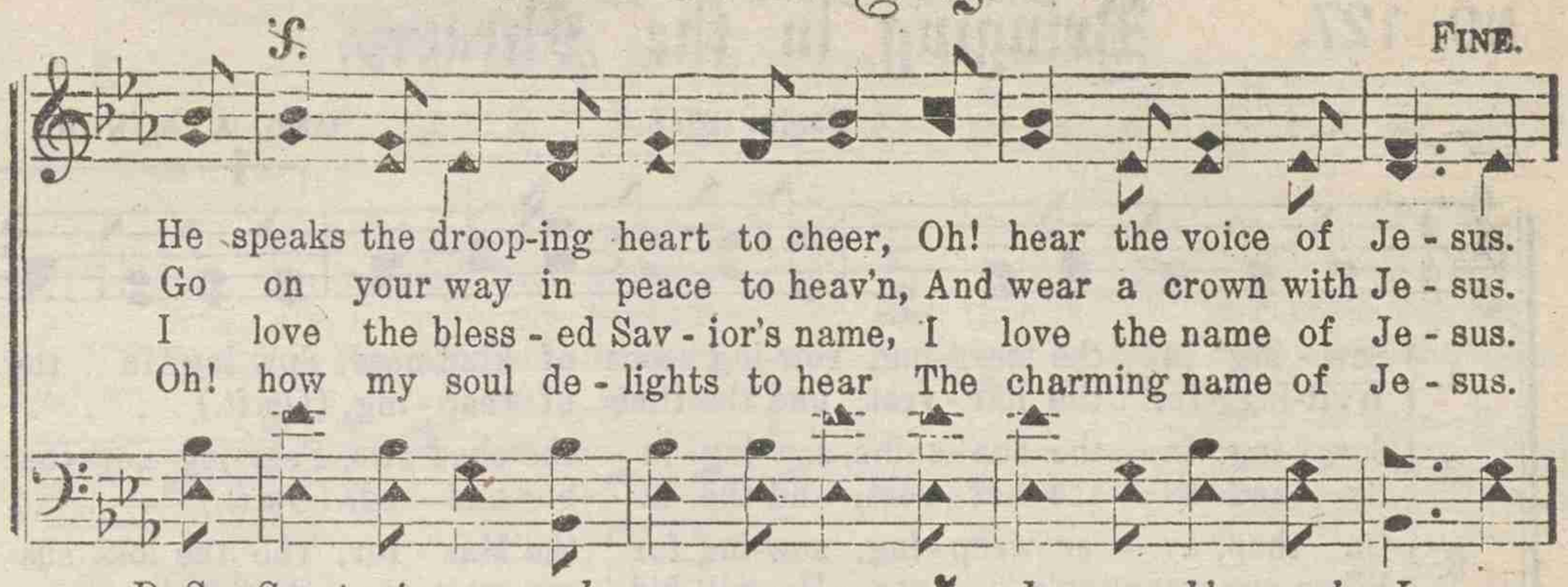
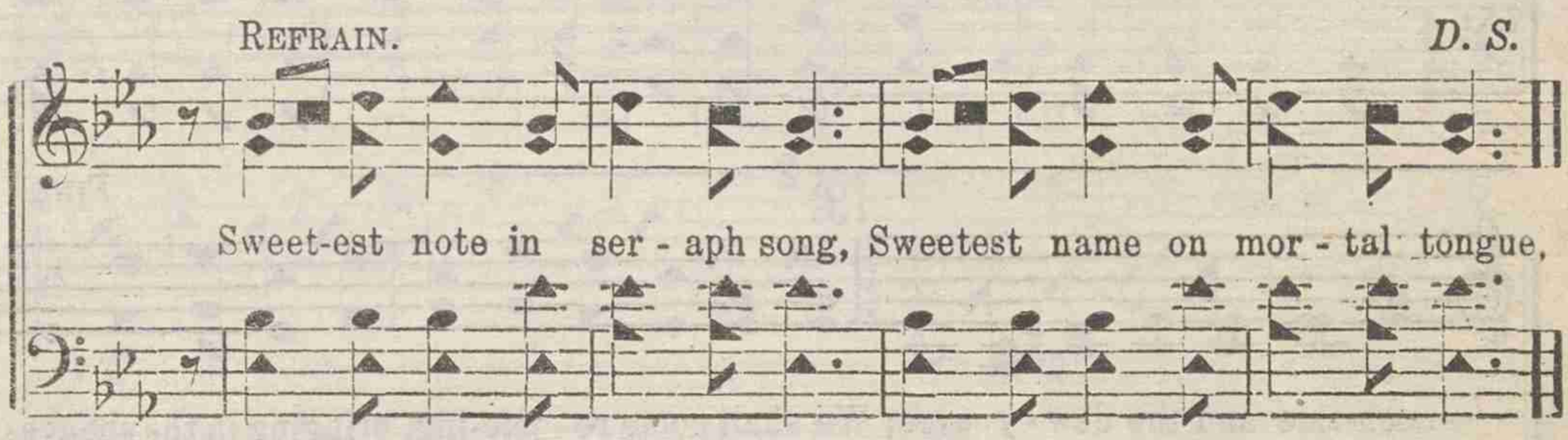
NO. 125.

The Great Physician.

WM. HUNTER. Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON.

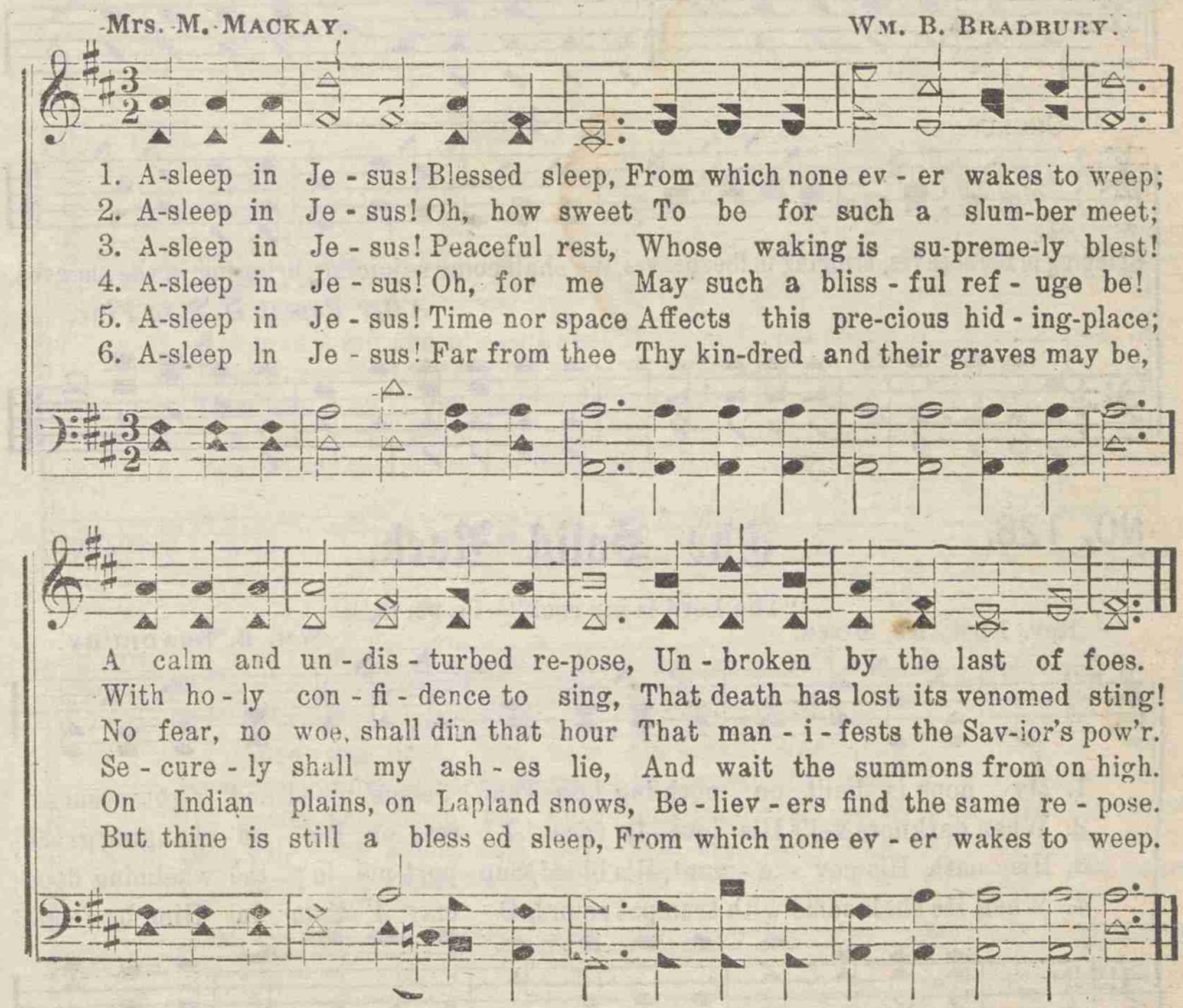
1. The great Phy-si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus;
2. Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus;
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be - lieve in Je - sus;
4. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus;

The Great Physician.



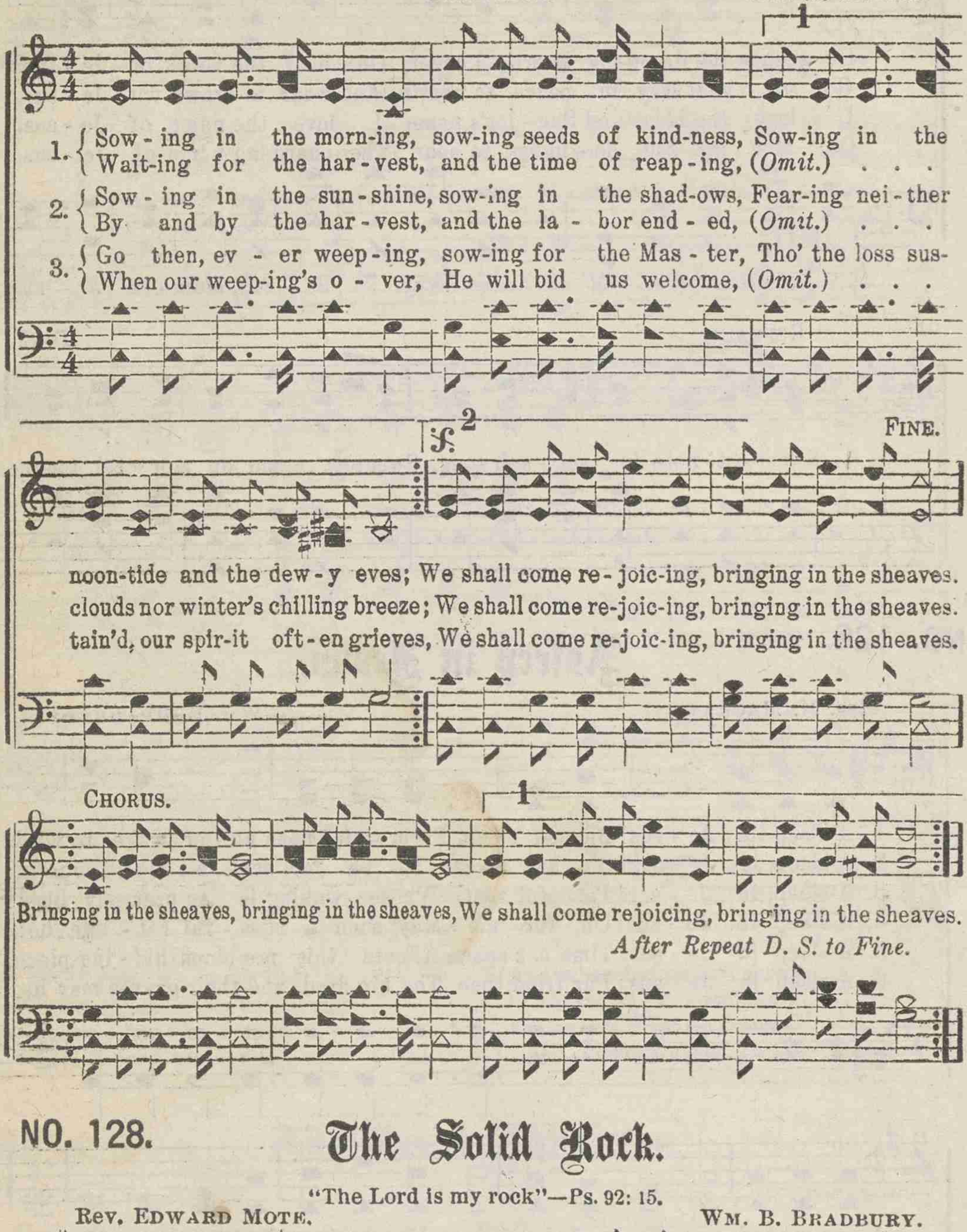
NO. 126.

Asleep in Jesus.



NO. 127. Bringing in the Sheaves.

Psalm 126: 6. GEO. A. MINOR.



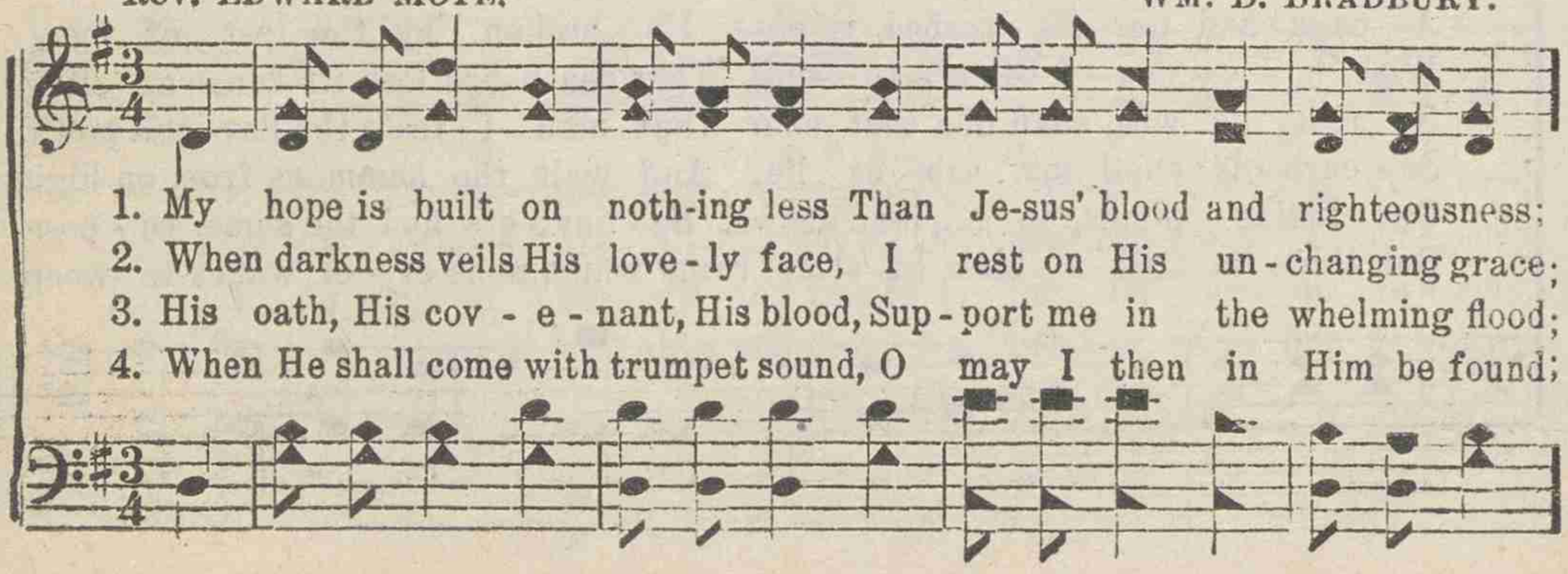
1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the
   Wait-ing for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing, (*Omit.*) . . .
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing nei-ther
   By and by the har-vest, and the la-bor end-ed, (*Omit.*) . . .
3. Go then, ev-er weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-
   When our weep-ing's o-ver, He will bid us welcome, (*Omit.*) . . .

noon-tide and the dew-y eves; We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
tain'd, our spir-it oft-en grieves, We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.

After Repeat D. S. to Fine.

NO. 128. The Solid Rock.

"The Lord is my rock"—Ps. 92: 15.

REV. EDWARD MOTE. WM. B. BRADBURY.

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

The Solid Rock.

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

CHORUS.

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

NO. 129.

Amazing Grace.

JOHN NEWTON. "Salvation is of the Lord."—John 2:9. WM. WALKER.

Moderato.

1. A-maz-ing grace, how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieve;
3. Thro' ma-ny dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al-read-y come;
4. The Lord has prom-ised good to me, His word, my hope se-cures,
5. Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail And mor-tal life shall cease,

I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
How pre-cious did that grace ap-pear, The hour I first be-lieved.
'Tis grace that bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por-tion be, As long as life en-dures.
I shall pos-sess with-in the vail, A life of joy and peace.

NO. 130.

McAnally.

Unknown.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A foll - 'wer of the Lamb,
2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
3. Thy saints, in all this glo - rious war, Shall con - quer, tho' they die;

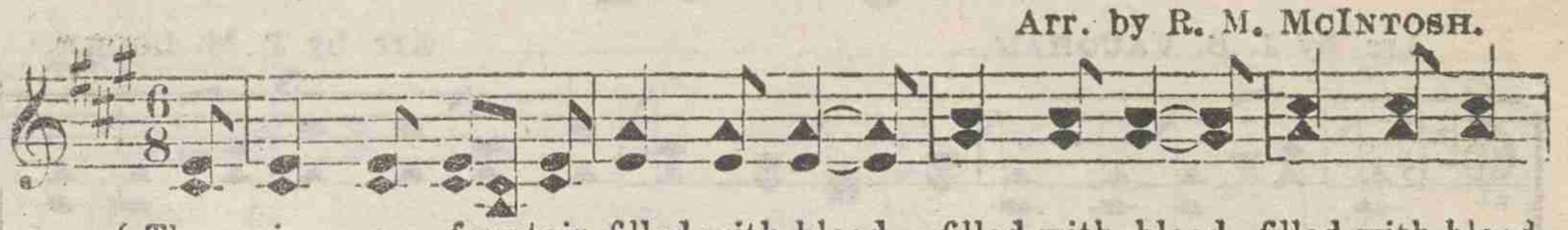
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
They see the tri - umph from a - far, By faith they bring it nigh.

Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
Sure I must fight if I would reign; In - crease my cour-age, Lord;
When that il - lus-trious day shall rise, And all Thy ar - mies shine,

While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.
In robes of vic - t'ry, thro' the skies, The glo - ry shall be Thine.

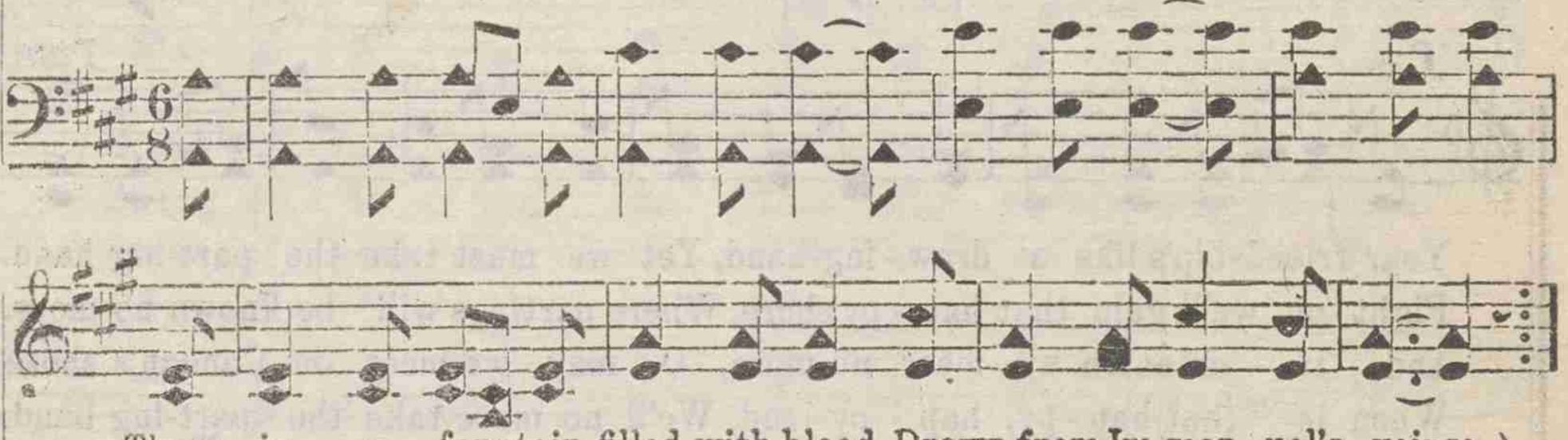
NO. 131. There is a Fountain.

"In that day shall be a fountain opened for sin and uncleanness."—Zech. 13: 1.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood,
   And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood,

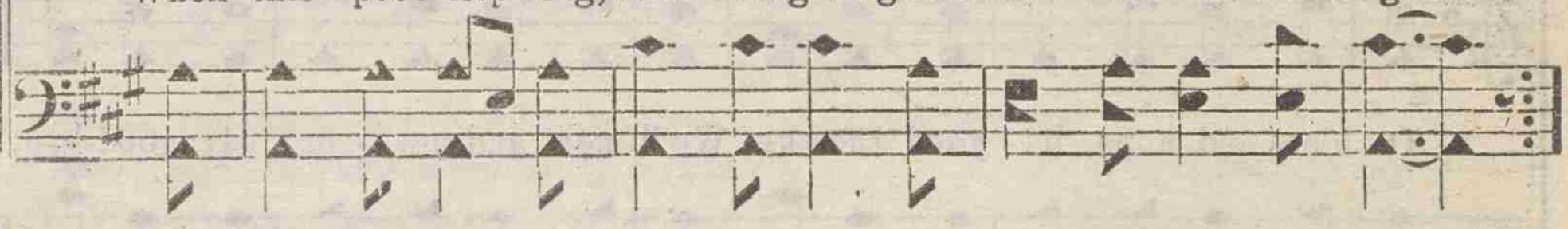
2. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre - cious blood, pre - cious blood, pre-cious blood,
   Till all the ransomed church of God, church of God, church of God,

3. E'er since by faith, I saw the stream, saw the stream, saw the stream,
   Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, been my theme, been my theme,

4. Then, in a no - bler, sweet-er song, sweet - er song. sweet - er song,
   When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue, stamm'ring tongue, stamm'ring tongue,

There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man - uel's veins;
And sin-ners, plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.

Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransomed church of God Be saved to sin no more.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup - ply,
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.

Then in a no - bler, sweet-er song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.
When this poor lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

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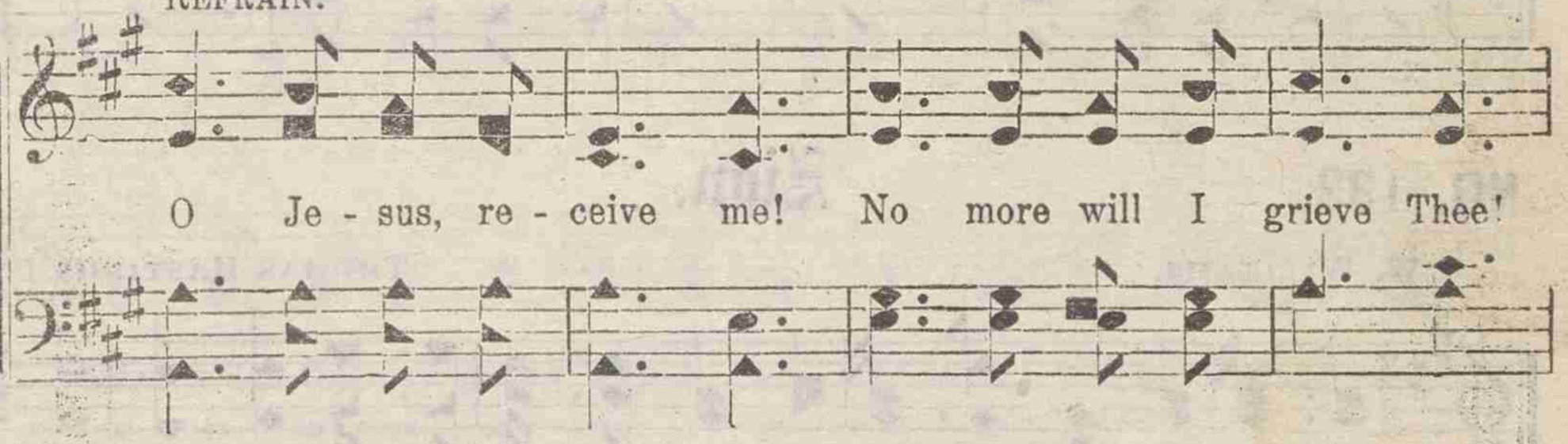
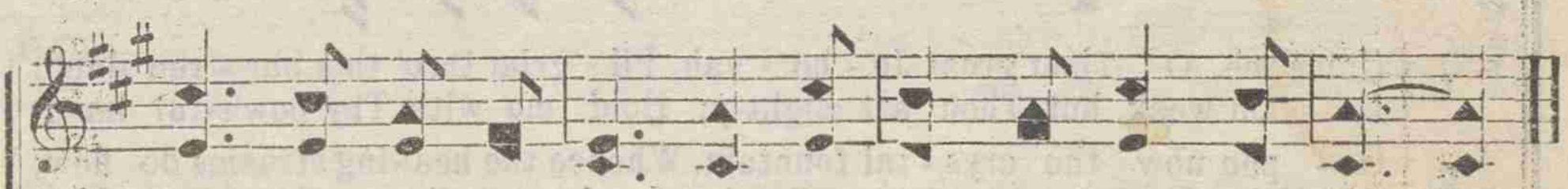
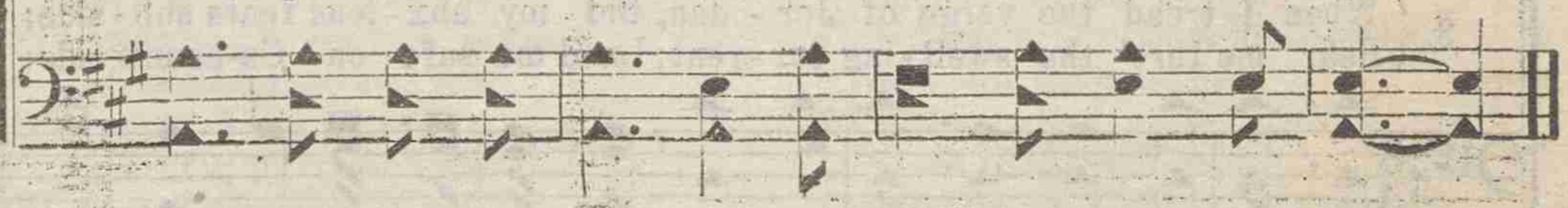
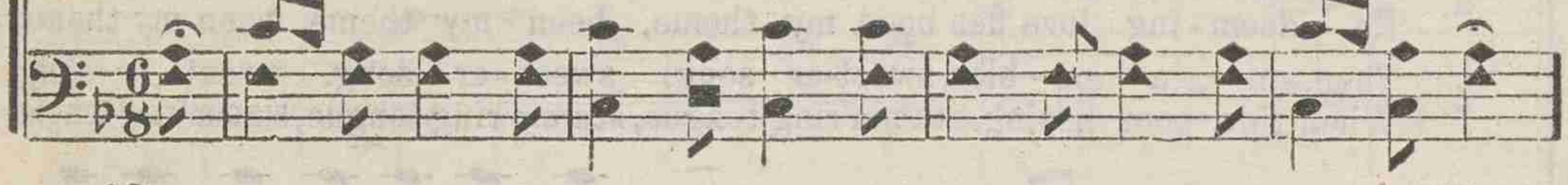
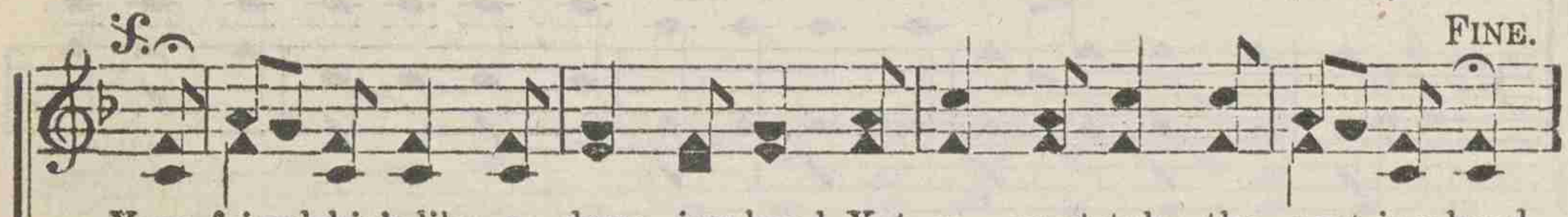
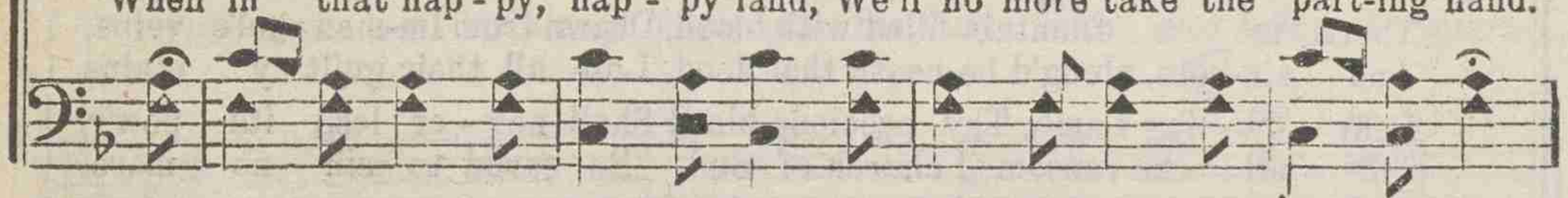
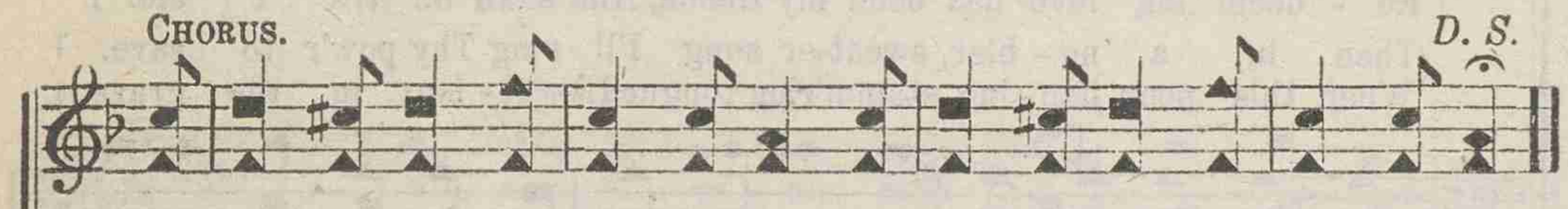

O Je - sus, re - ceive me! No more will I grieve Thee!

Thou, pre - cious Re - deem - er, Oh, save me at the cross.

NO. 132. The Parting Hand.

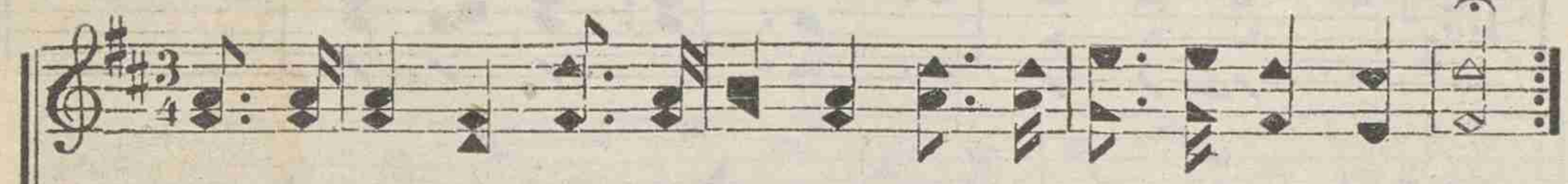
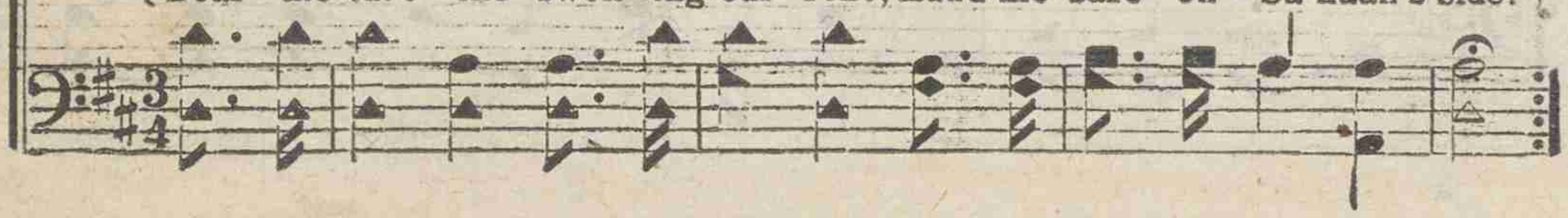
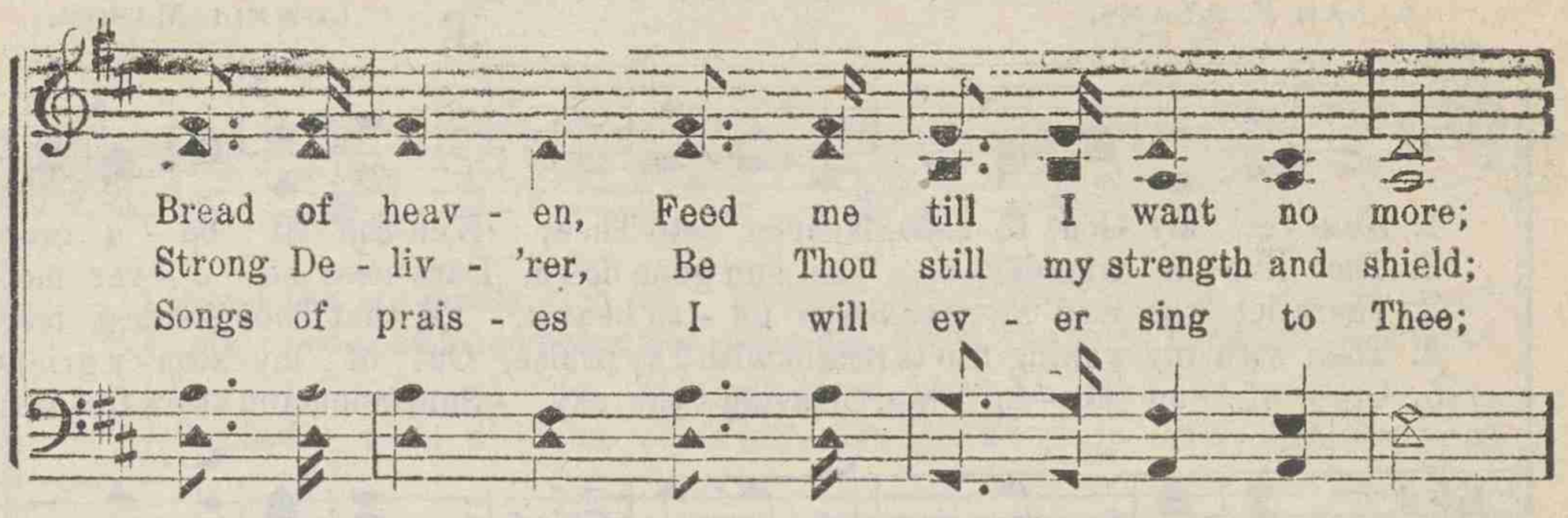
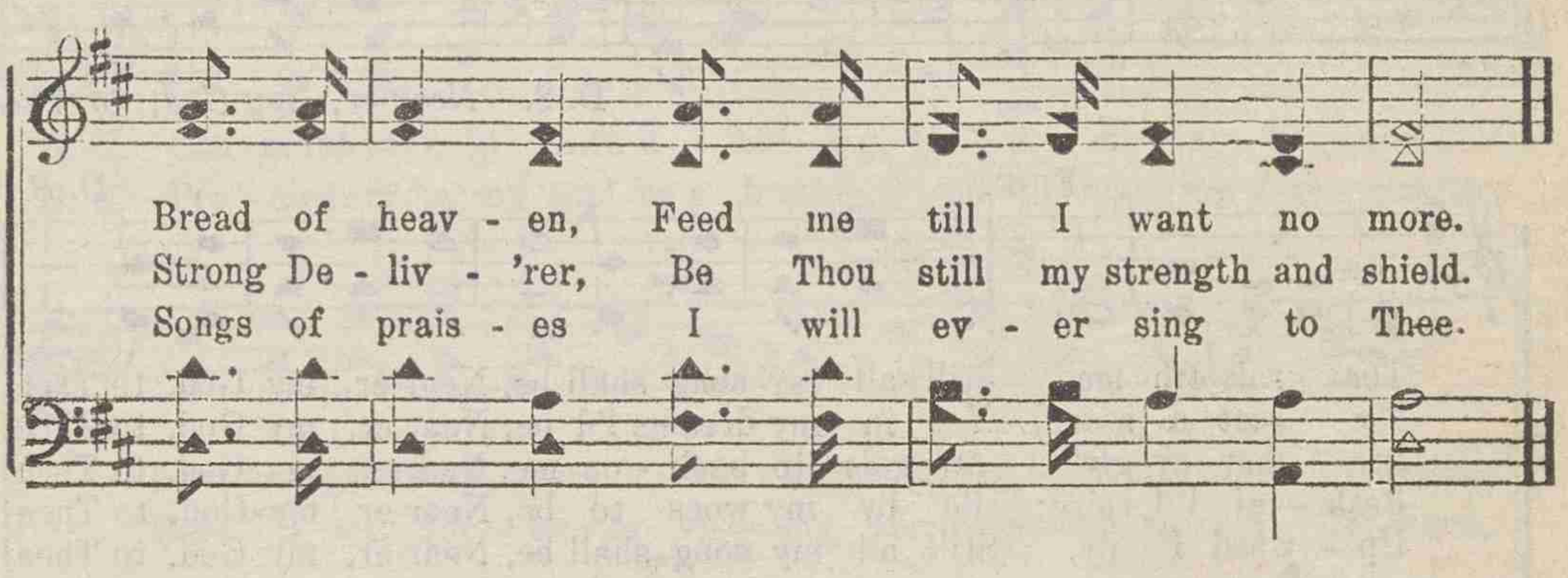
Arr. by J. B. VAUGHAN. Arr by T M. LOCKE.

1. My Christian friends, in bonds of love, Whose hopes are built on things a - bove;
2. My youthful friends, in Chris-tian ties, Who seek for man-sions in the skies,
3. And now, my friends, both old and young, I hope in Christ you'll still go on;
4. O glo-rious day! O bless - ed hope! My soul leaps for-ward at the tho't,

FINE.

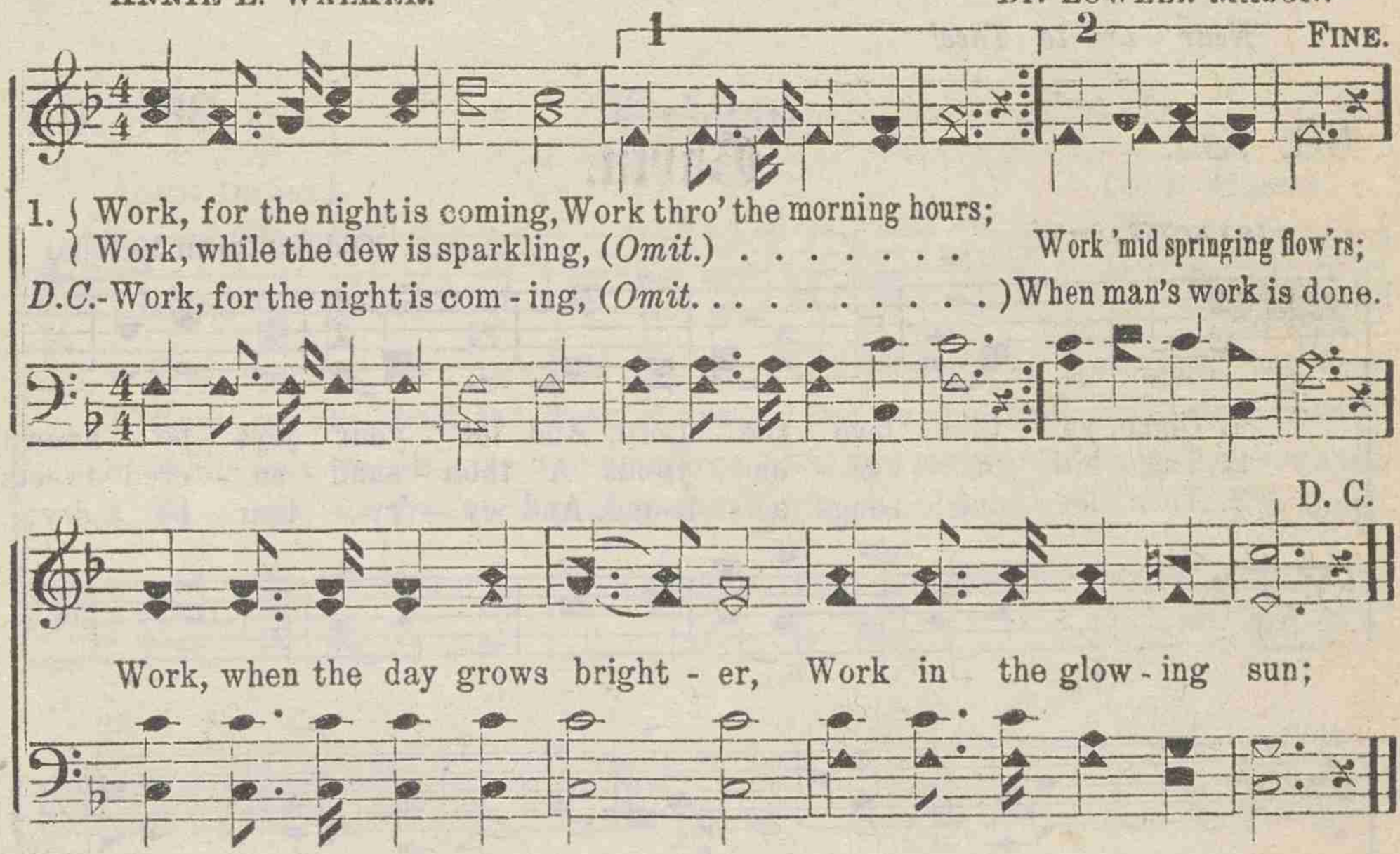
Your friendship's like a draw - ing-band, Yet we must take the part-ing hand.
Fight on, we'll gain that hap - py shore, Where partings will be known no more.
And if, on earth we meet no more, O may we meet on Canaan's shore.
When in that hap - py, hap - py land, We'll no more take the part-ing hand.

D. S.–*Yes, in that land so free from tears, We'll sing and shout thro' end - less years.*

CHORUS. D. S.

O bless - ed hope, be - yond the sky, We'll meet and nev - er say good-bye;

NO. 133. Zion.

W. WILLIAMS. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land:
   { I am weak, but Thou art might-y; Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful hand:
2. { O - pen now the crys - tal fountain, Whence the heal-ing streams do flow;
   { Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney thro':
3. { When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side;
   { Bear me thro' the swell - ing cur - rent; Land me safe on Ca-naan's side:

NO. 134. Work, for the Night is Coming.

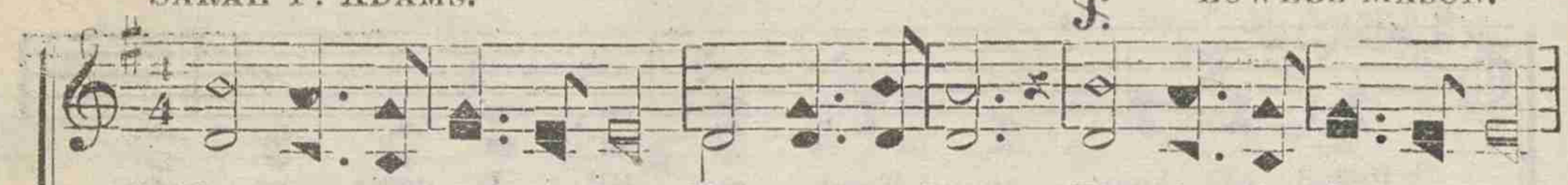
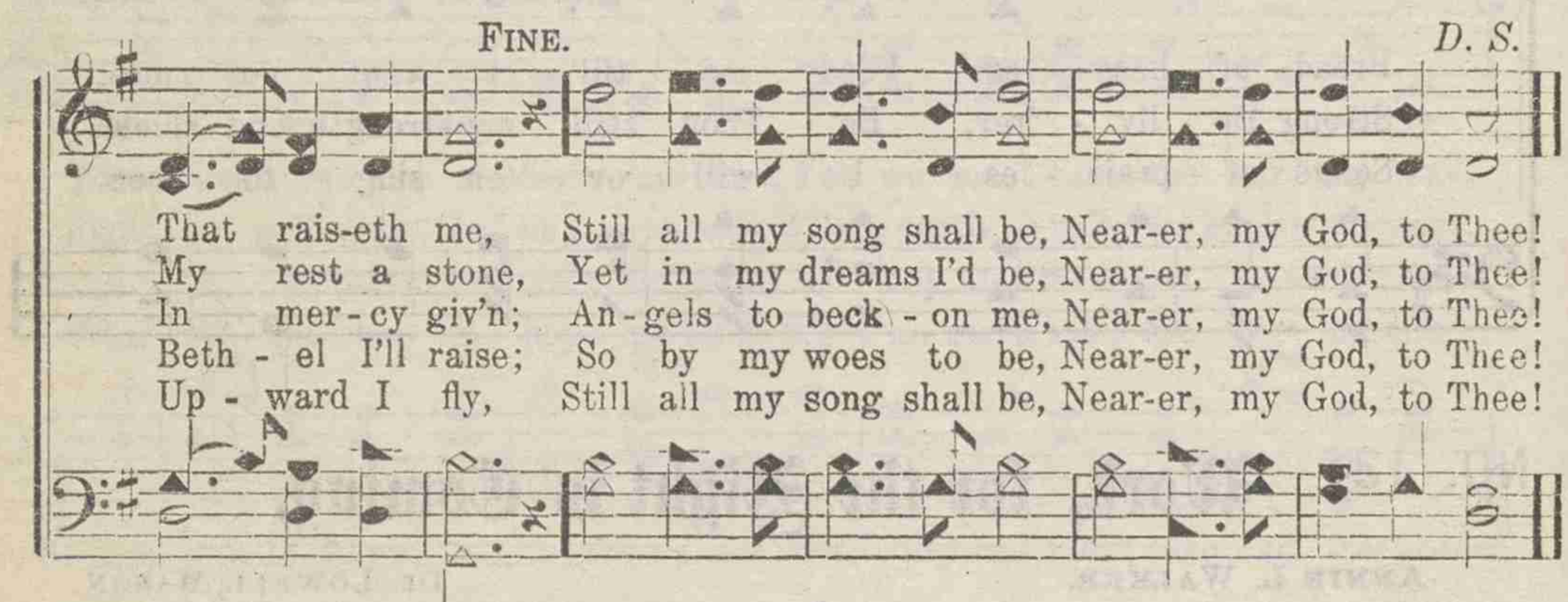
ANNIE L. WALKER. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

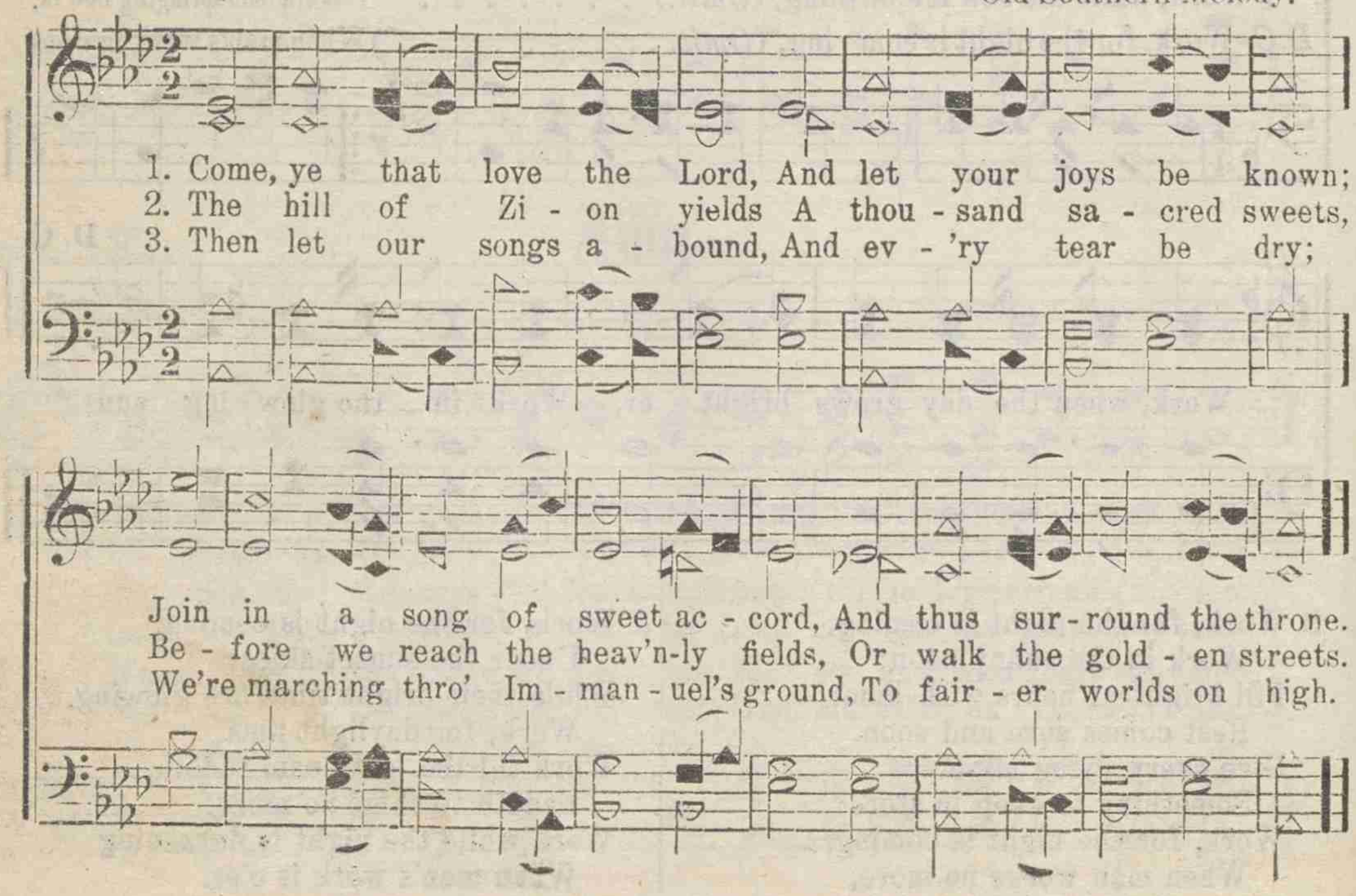


2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work in the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

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

NO. 135. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

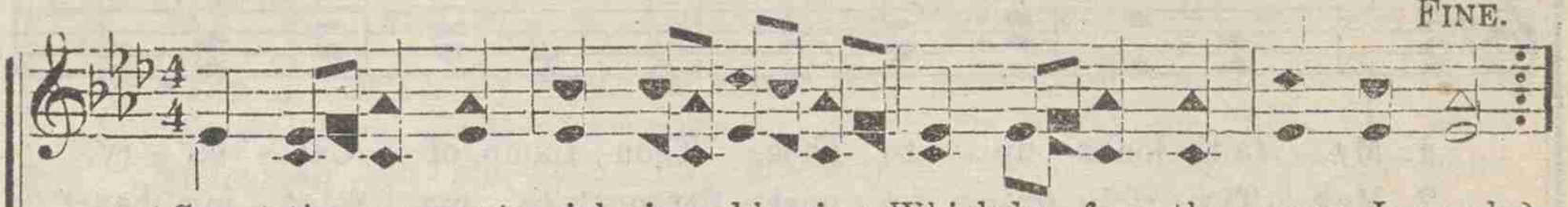
SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.

FINE. D. S.

NO. 136. Gavin.

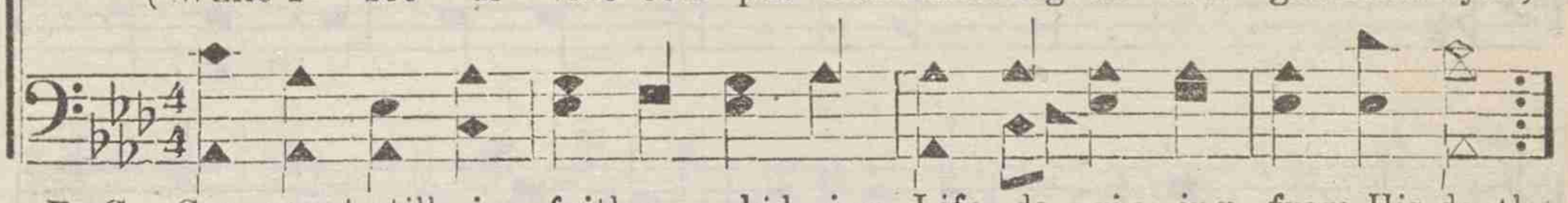
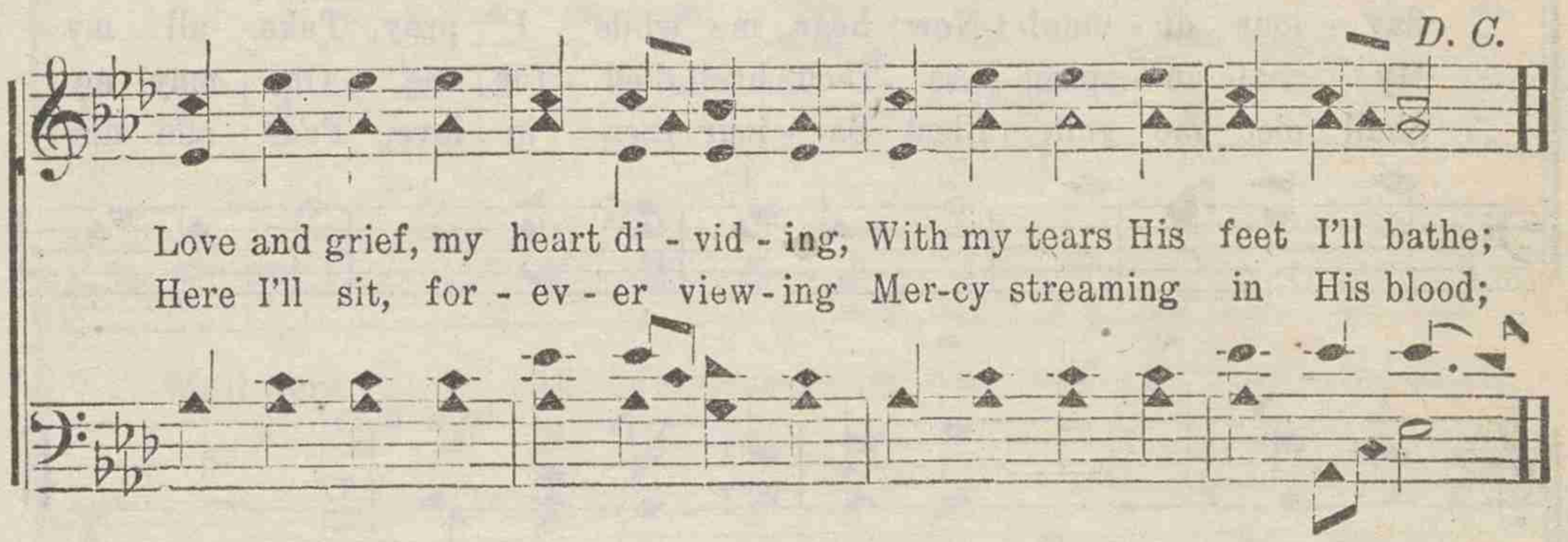
ISAAC WATTS. Old Southern Melody.

NO. 137.

Sweet the Moments.

JAS. ALLEN.

Arr.
FINE.



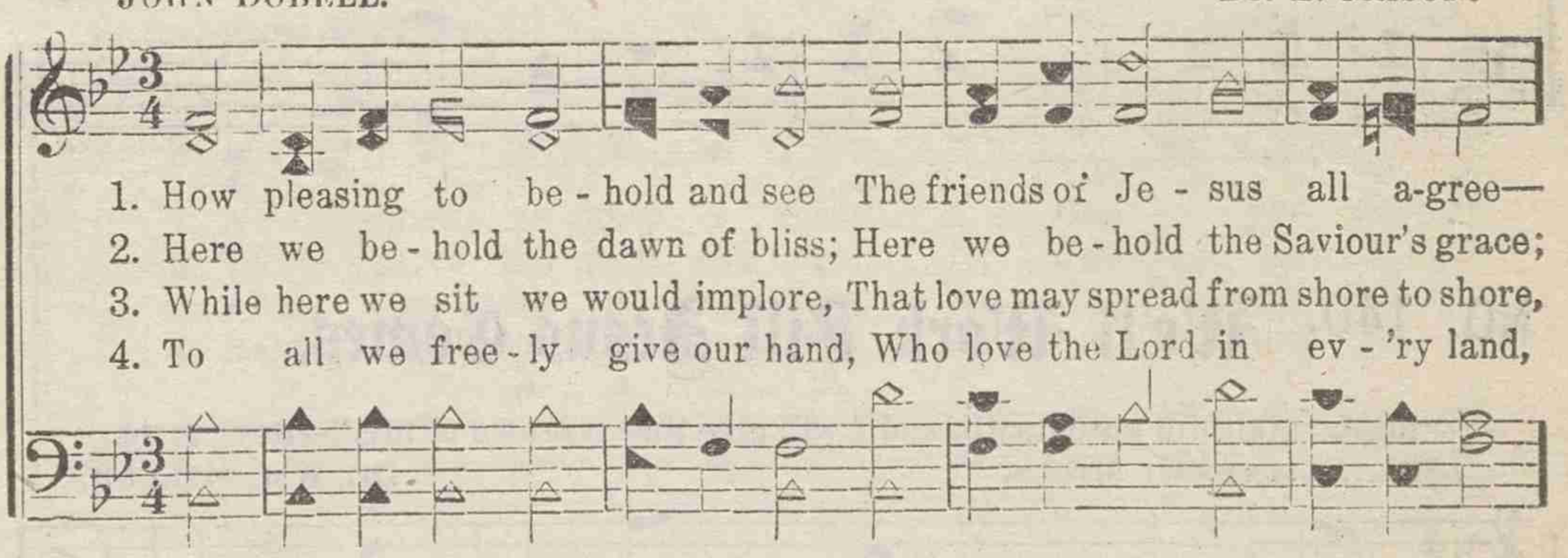
1. { Sweet the mo-ments, rich in blessing, Which be-fore the cross I spend; }
   { Life and health and peace pos-sess-ing, From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend. }
2. { Tru-ly bless-ed is this sta-tion, Low be-fore His cross to lie; }
   { While I see di-vine com-pas-sion Beam-ing in His gra-cious eye. }

D. C.—Con-stant still, in faith a-bid-ing, Life de-riv-ing from His death.
D. C.—Pre-cious drops, my soul be-dew-ing, Plead, and claim my peace with God.

Love and grief, my heart di-vid-ing, With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Here I'll sit, for-ev-er view-ing Mer-cy streaming in His blood;

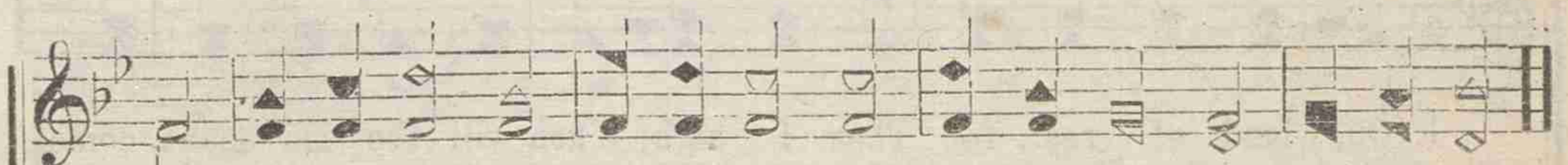
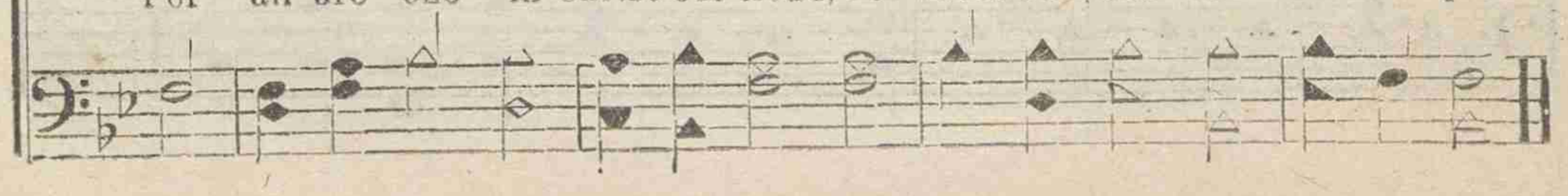
NO. 138.

Hebron.

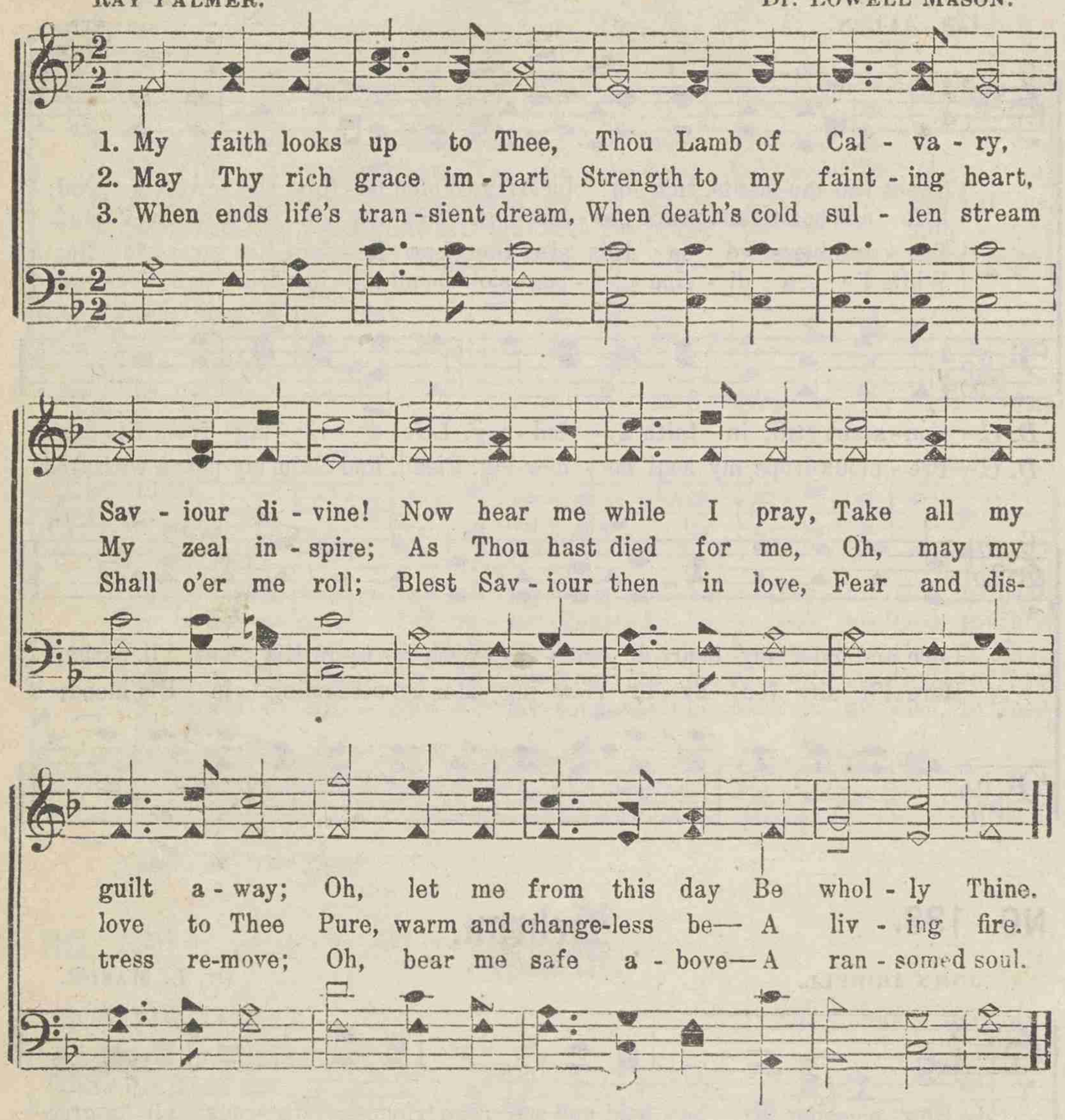
JOHN DOBELL.

Dr. L. MASON.

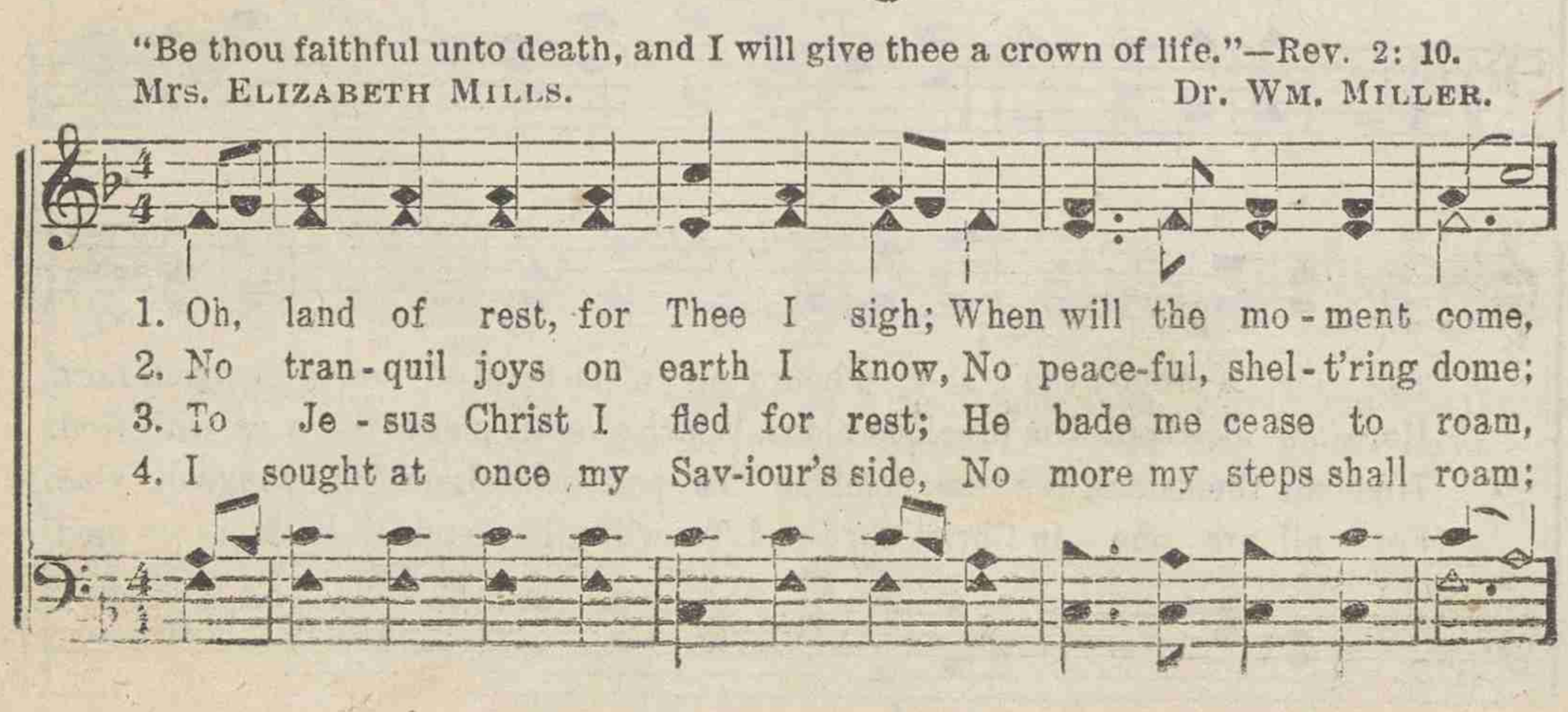


1. How pleasing to be-hold and see The friends of Je-sus all a-gree—
2. Here we be-hold the dawn of bliss; Here we be-hold the Saviour's grace;
3. While here we sit we would implore, That love may spread from shore to shore,
4. To all we free-ly give our hand, Who love the Lord in ev-'ry land,

To sit a-round the sa-cred board As mem-bers of one common Lord.
Here we be-hold His precious blood, Which sweetly pleads for us with God.
Till all the saints, like us, combine To praise the Lord in songs di-vine.
For all are one in Christ our Head, To whom be end-less hon-ors paid.

NO. 139.

Olivet.

RAY PALMER. DR. LOWELL MASON.

NO. 140. We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. 2: 10.

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS. DR. WM. MILLER.

We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc - cor on His breast, Till He con - duct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chill - ing tide, And reach my heav'n-ly home.

CHORUS.

We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes;
We'll work We'll work
We'll work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath - ered home.
We'll work
We'll work

NO. 141. A Charge to Keep I Have.

CHARLES WESLEY. LOWELL MASON.

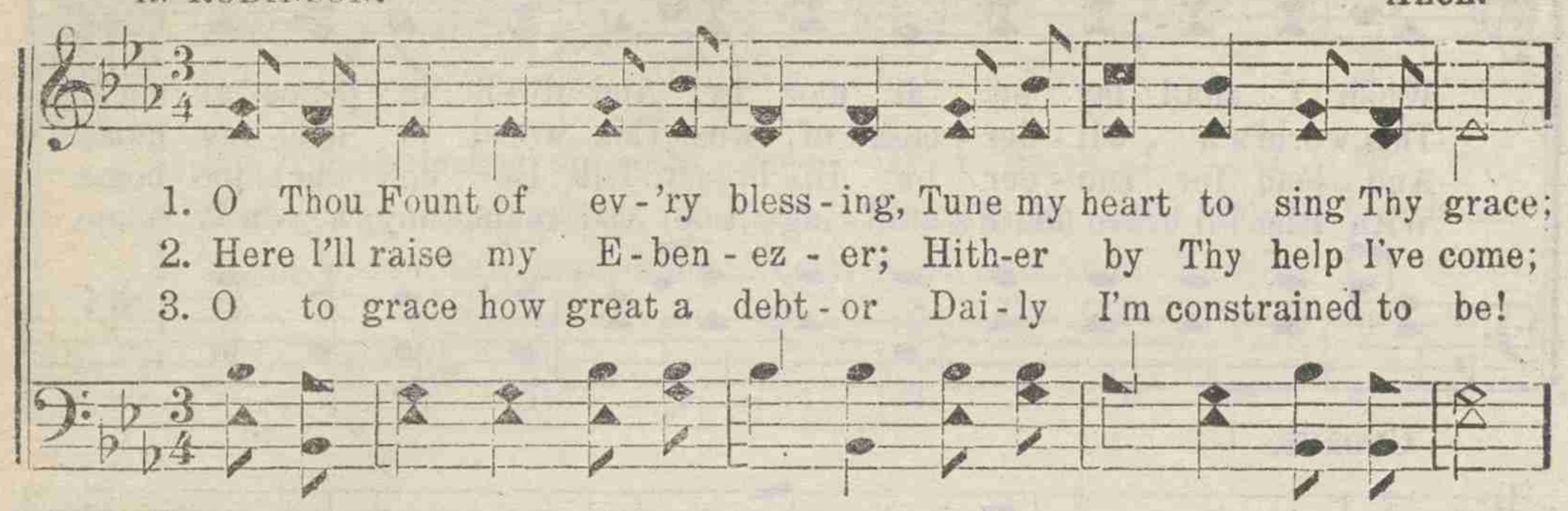
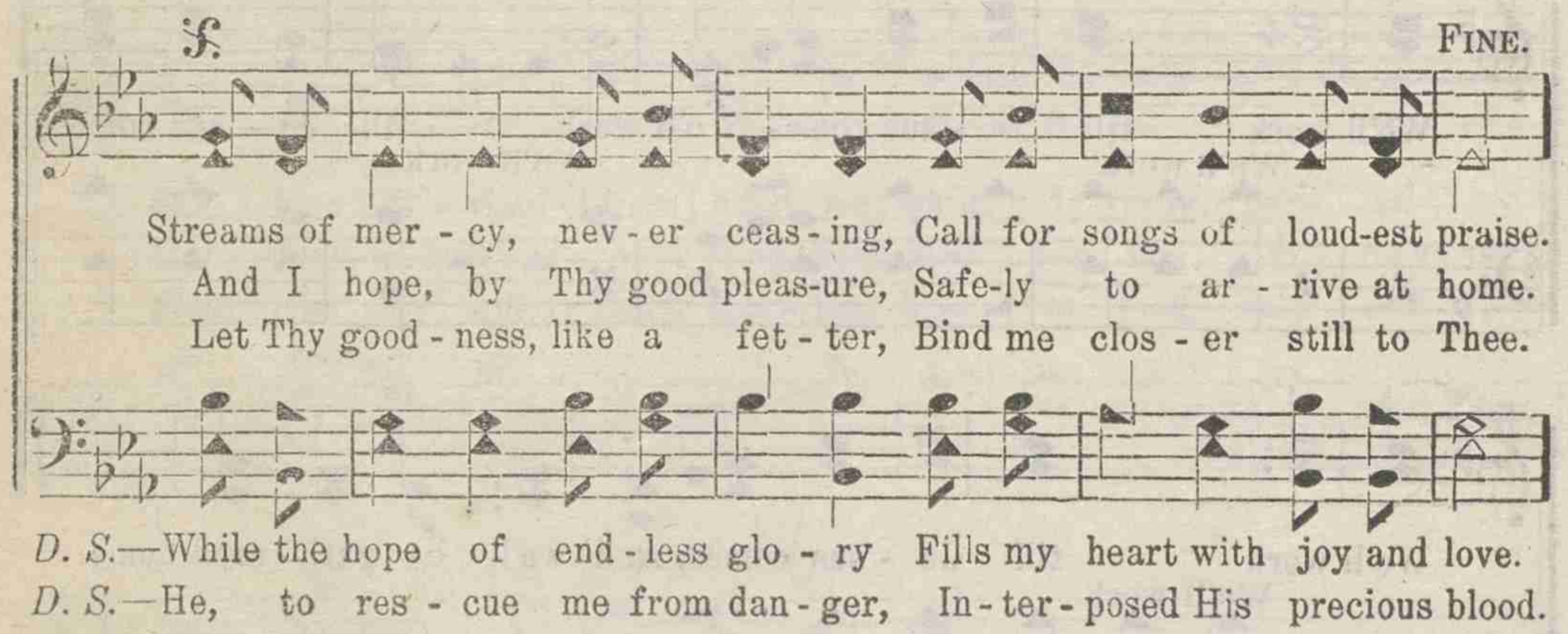
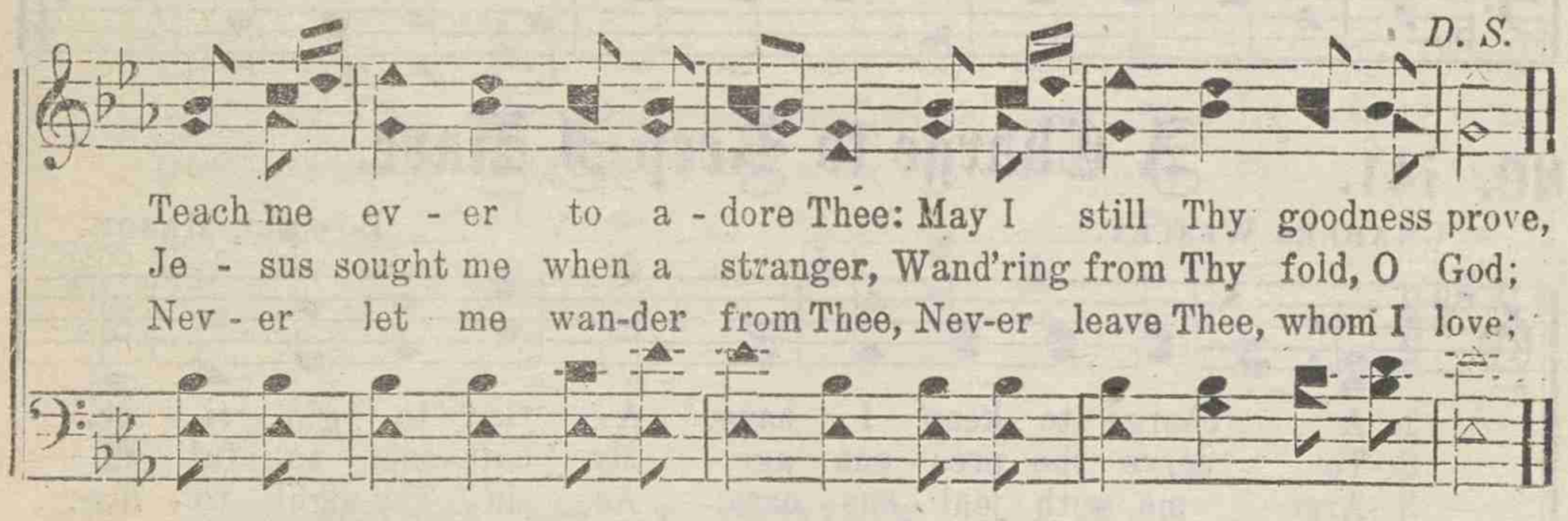
1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill—
3 Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live;
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,

Who gave His Son my soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
O may it all my pow'rs en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will!
And O, Thy servant, Lord, pre - pare A strict ac - count to give.
As - sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

NO. 142.

O Thou Fount.

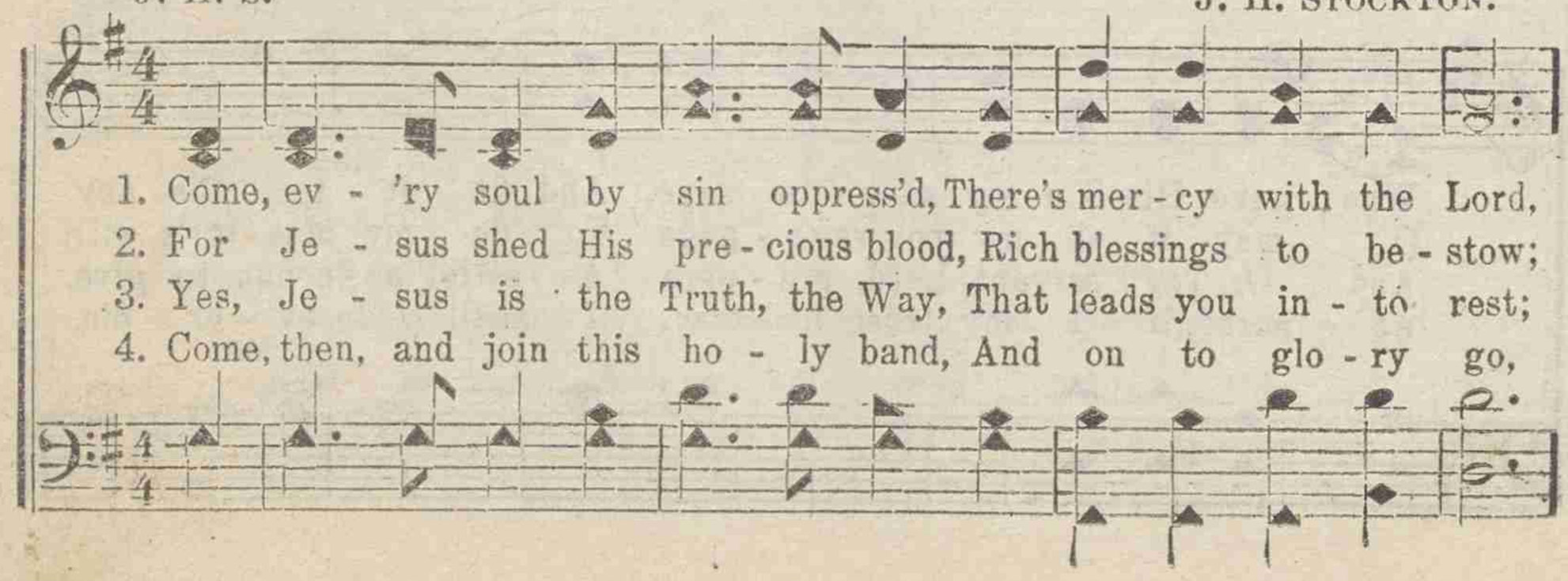
R. ROBINSON. Anon.



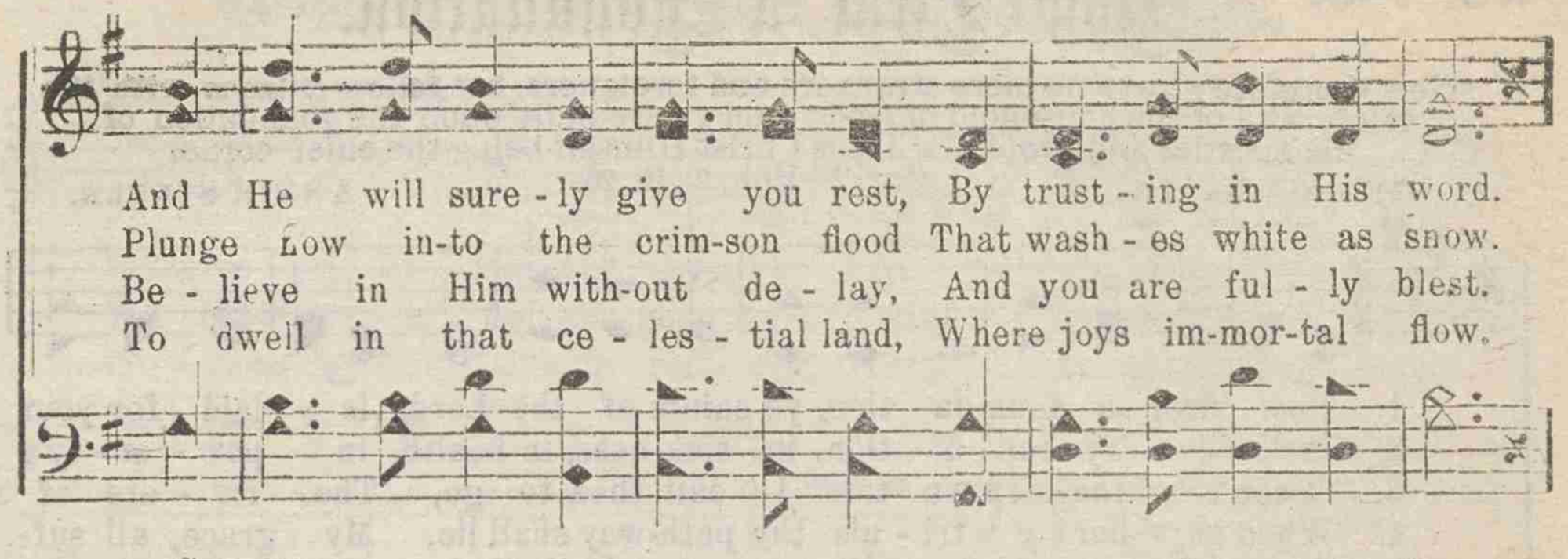
NO. 143.

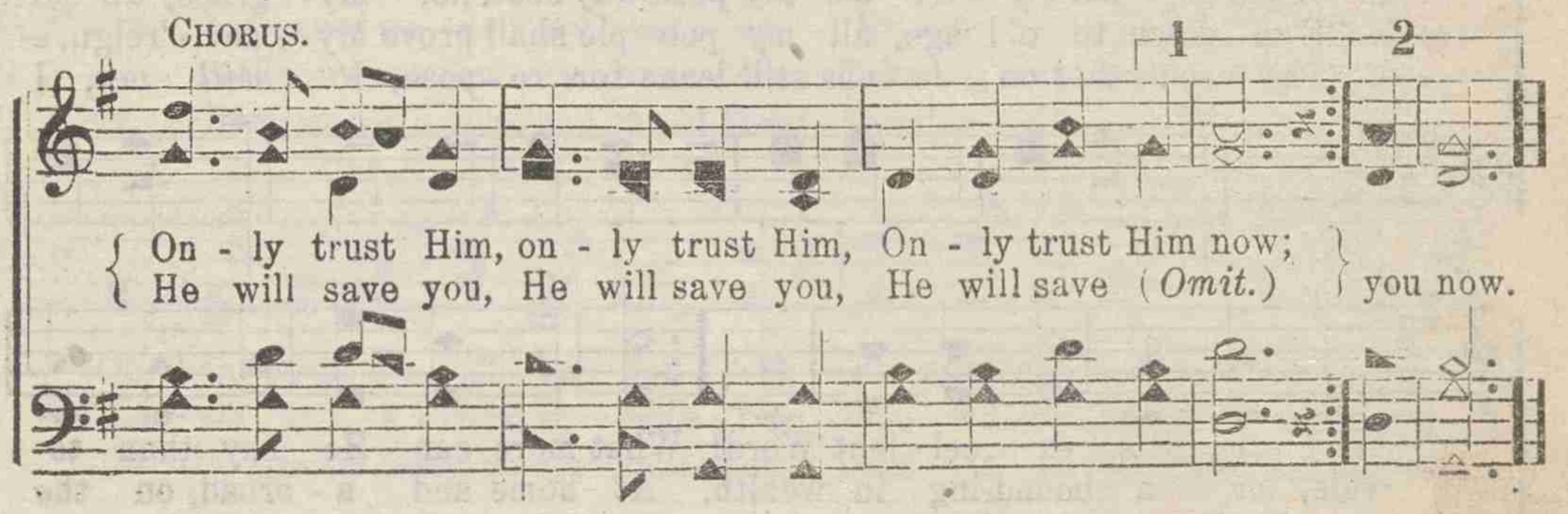
Only Trust Him.

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



Only Trust Him.

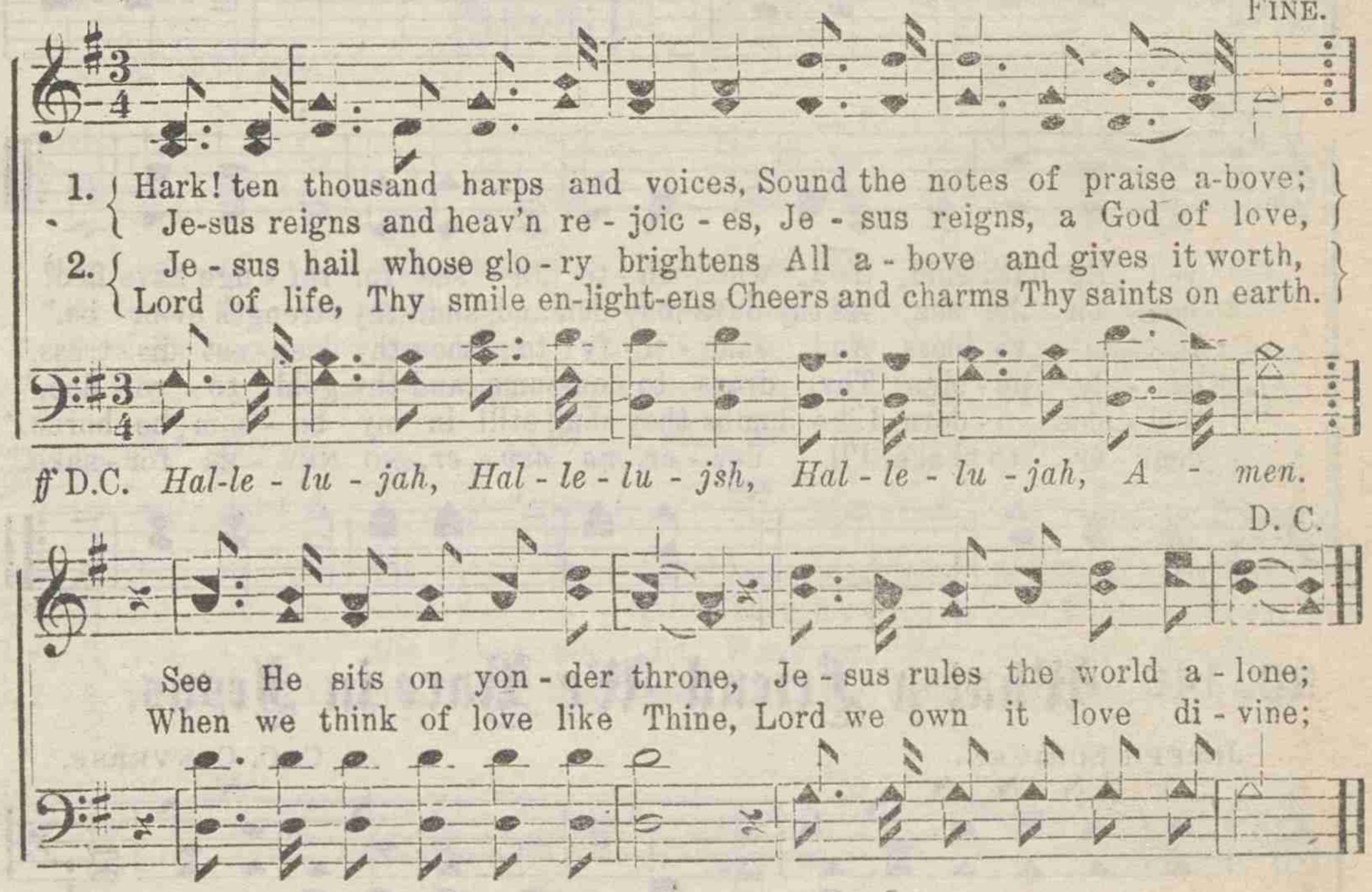




NO. 144. Hark! Ten Thousand Harps.

T. KELLY. LOWELL MASON.

FINE.



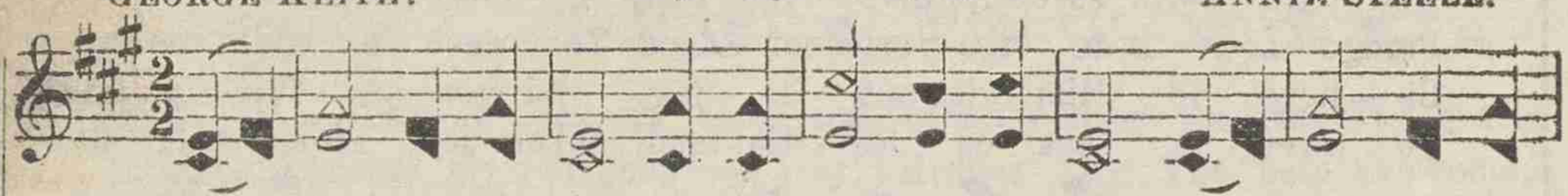
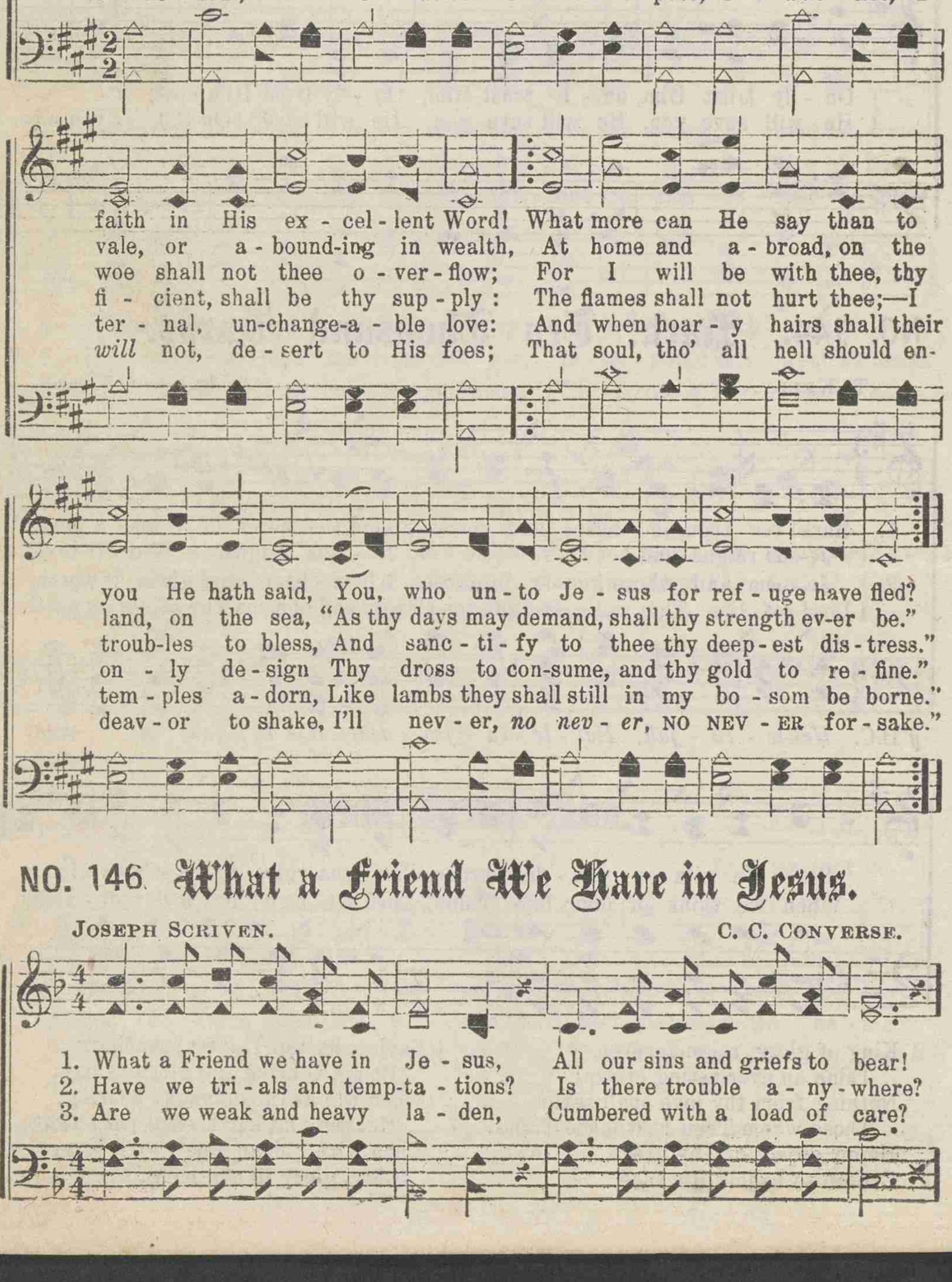
D. C.

3 King of glory, reign forever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from thy love shall sever,
Those whom Thou hast made Thine
Happy object of Thy grace, (own,
Chosen to behold His face,

4 Savior, hasten Thine appearing,
Bring, O bring the glorious day;
when the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King,"

NO. 145. How Firm a Foundation.

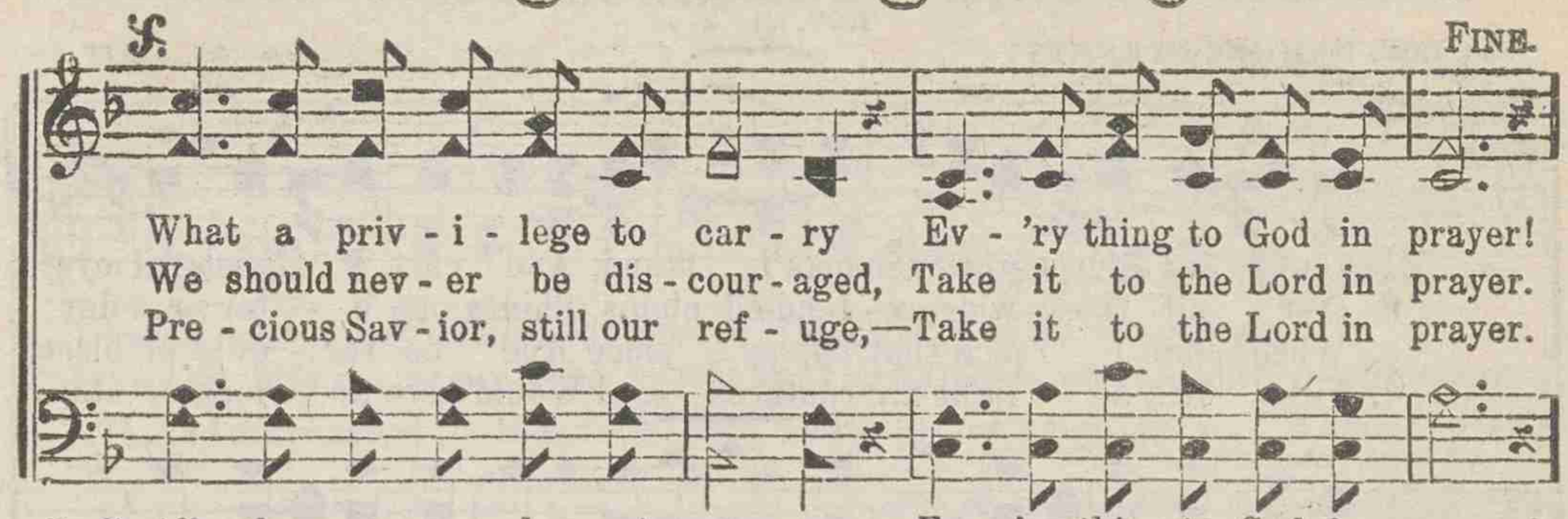
"Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God; And ye are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner *stone*;"—Eph. 2: 19, 20.

GEORGE KEITH. ANNIE STEELE.

1. How firm a foun-da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent Word! What more can He say than to
2. In ev - 'ry con - di - tion, in sick-ness, in health, In pov - er - ty's vale, or a - bound-ing in wealth, At home and a - broad, on the
3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of woe shall not thee o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee, thy
4. "When thro' fier - y tri - als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all suf- fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply: The flames shall not hurt thee;—I
5. "E'en down to old age, all my peo - ple shall prove My sov - 'reign, e- ter - nal, un-change-a - ble love: And when hoar - y hairs shall their
6. "The soul, that on Je - sus still leans for re - pose, I *will* not, I *will* not, de - sert to His foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-

you He hath said, You, who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
land, on the sea, "As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ev-er be."
troub-les to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress."
on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re - fine."
tem - ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bo - som be borne."
deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, *no nev - er*, NO NEV - ER for - sake."

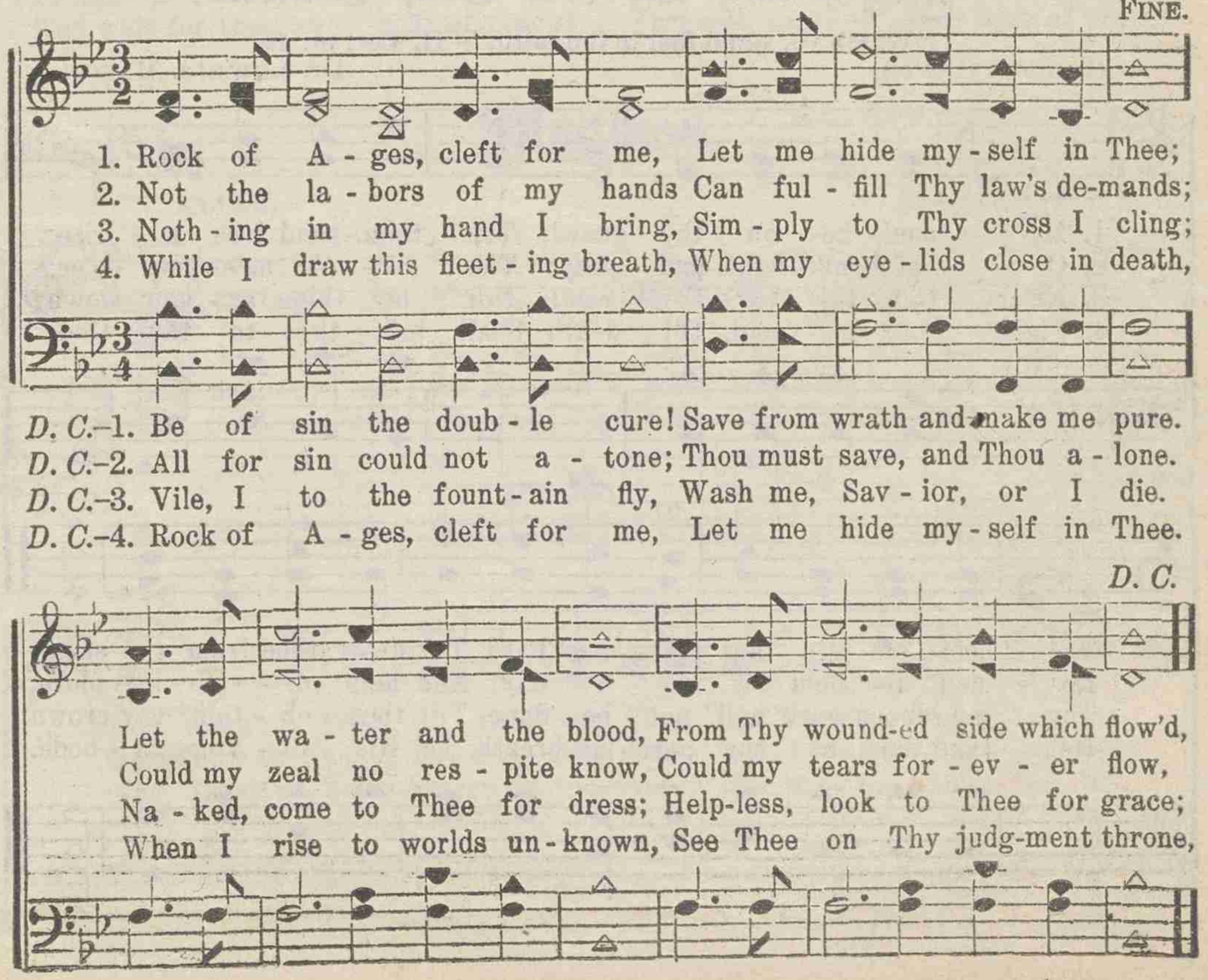
NO. 146. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. C. C. CONVERSE.

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

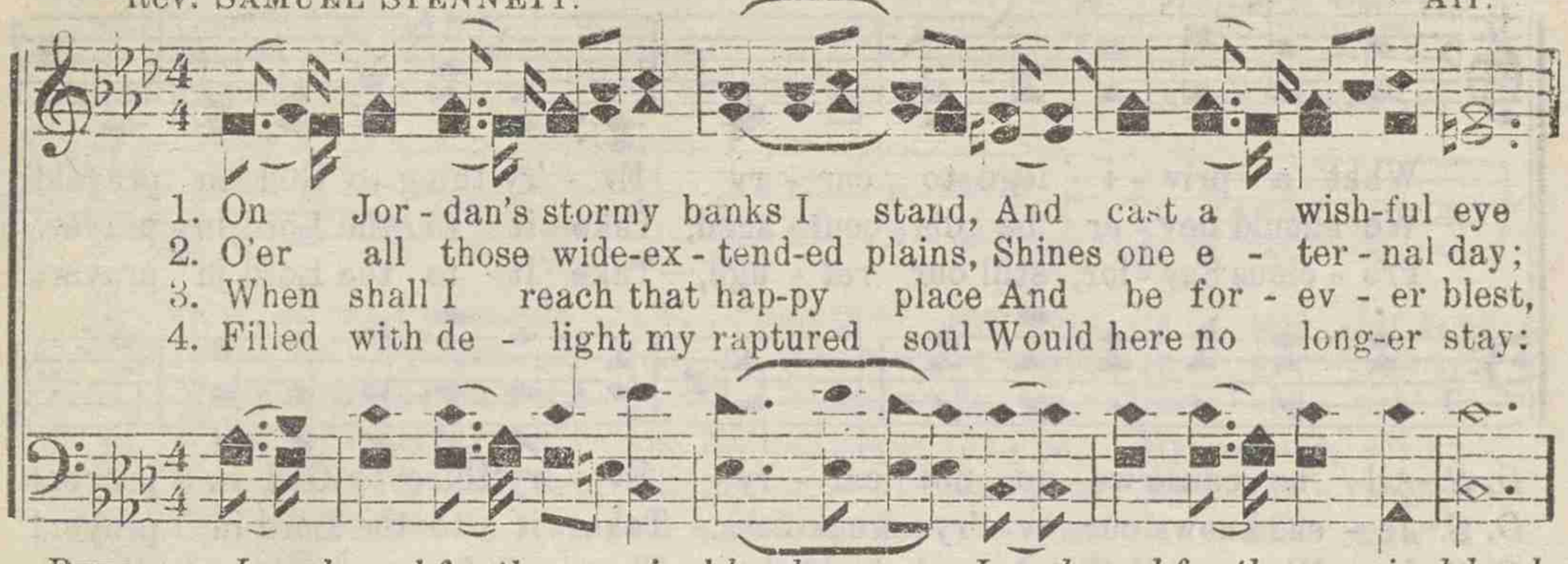
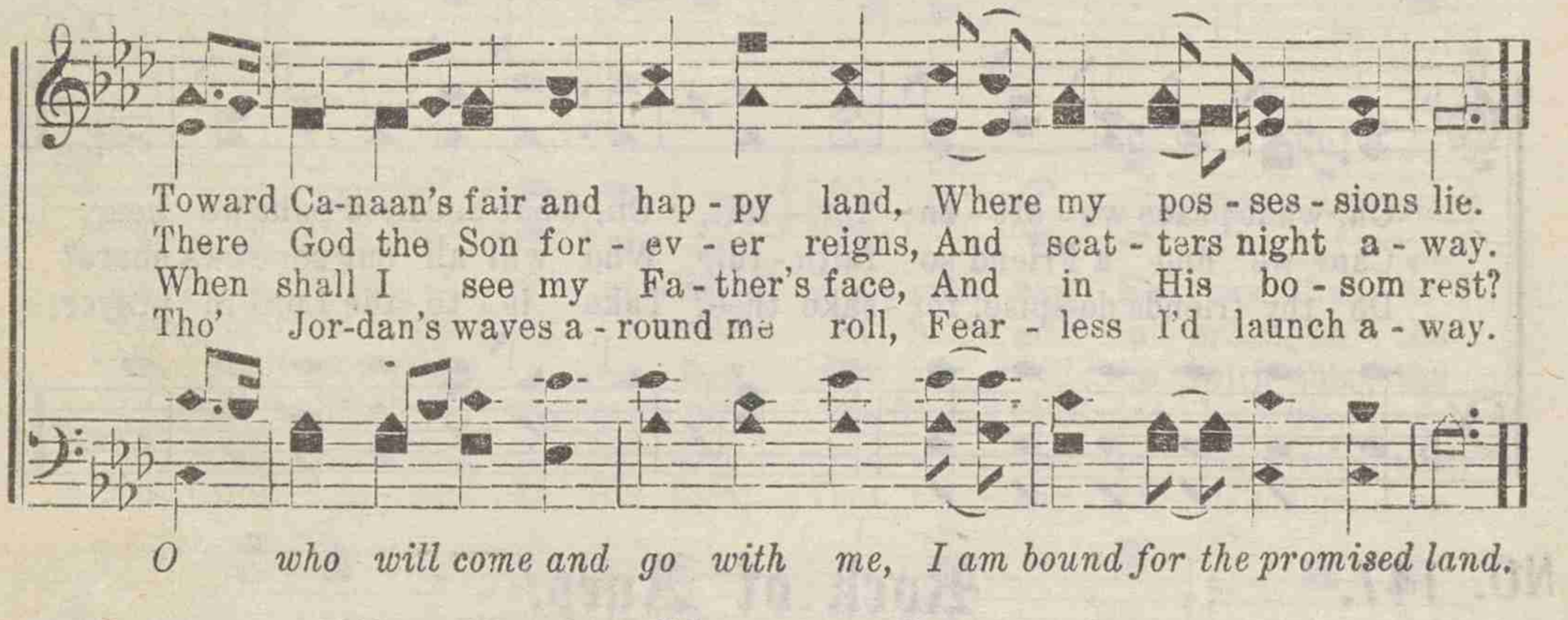
What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

NO. 147. Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

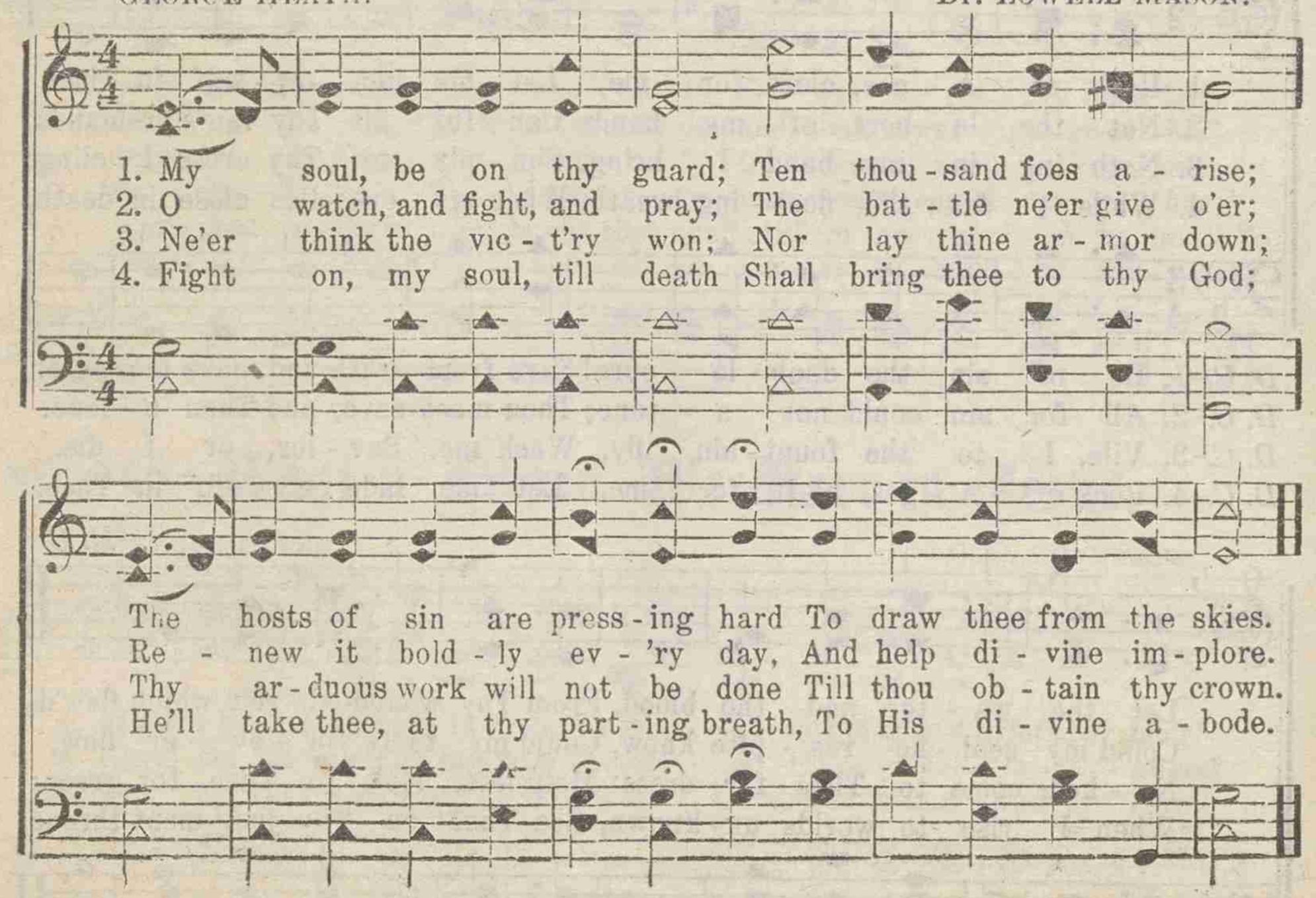


NO. 148. I Am Bound for the Promised Land.

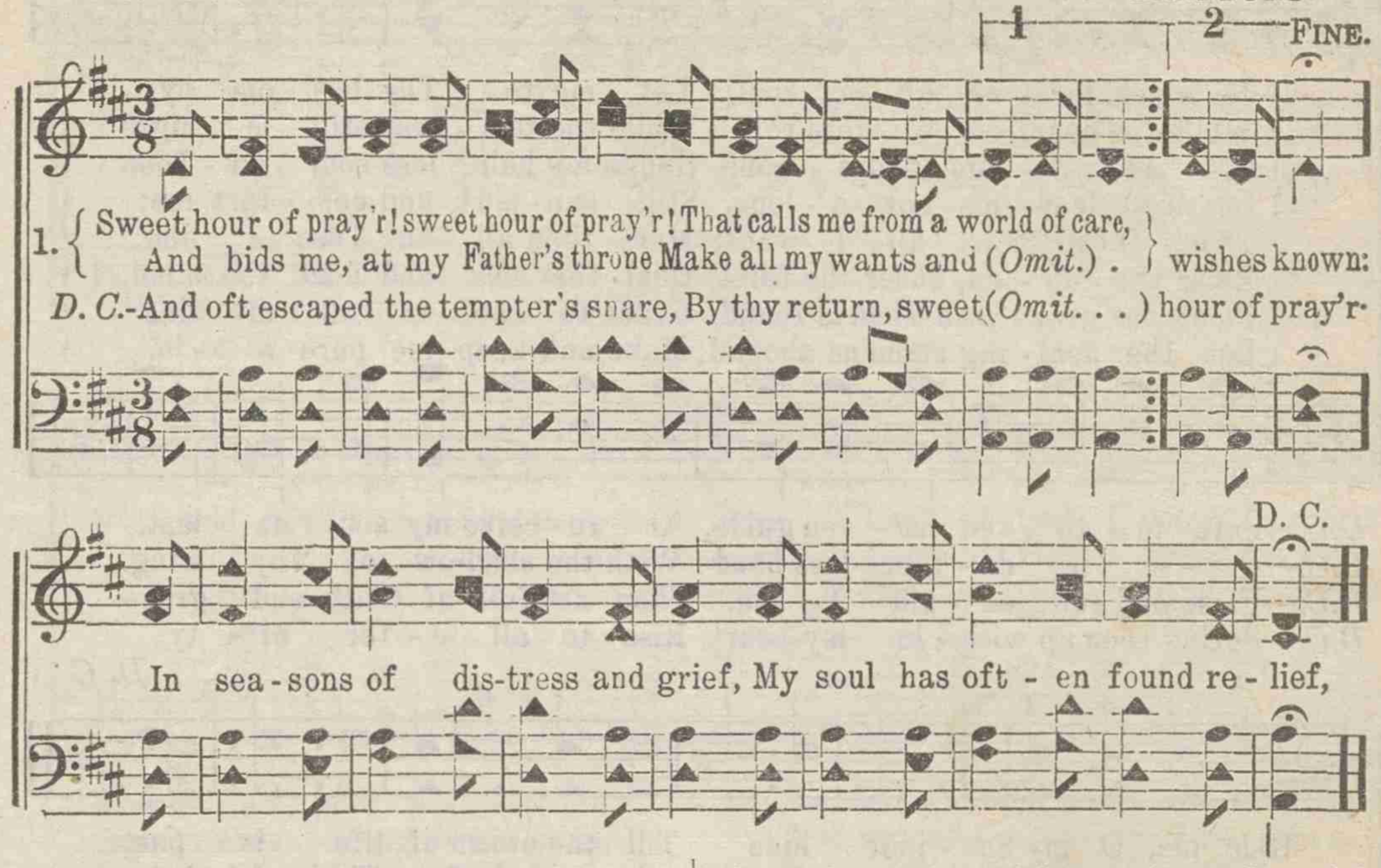
"And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, come down from God out of heaven."
Rev. 21: 2.

Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT. Arr.

REFRAIN.—*I am bound for the promised land, ... I am bound for the promised land,*

NO. 149. My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

"Watch ye, stand fast in the faith."—II. Cor. 16: 13.

GEORGE HEATH. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

NO. 150. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

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



1. { Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me, at my Father's throne Make all my wants and (*Omit.*) . } wishes known:

D. C.-And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet (*Omit.* . .) hour of pray'r·

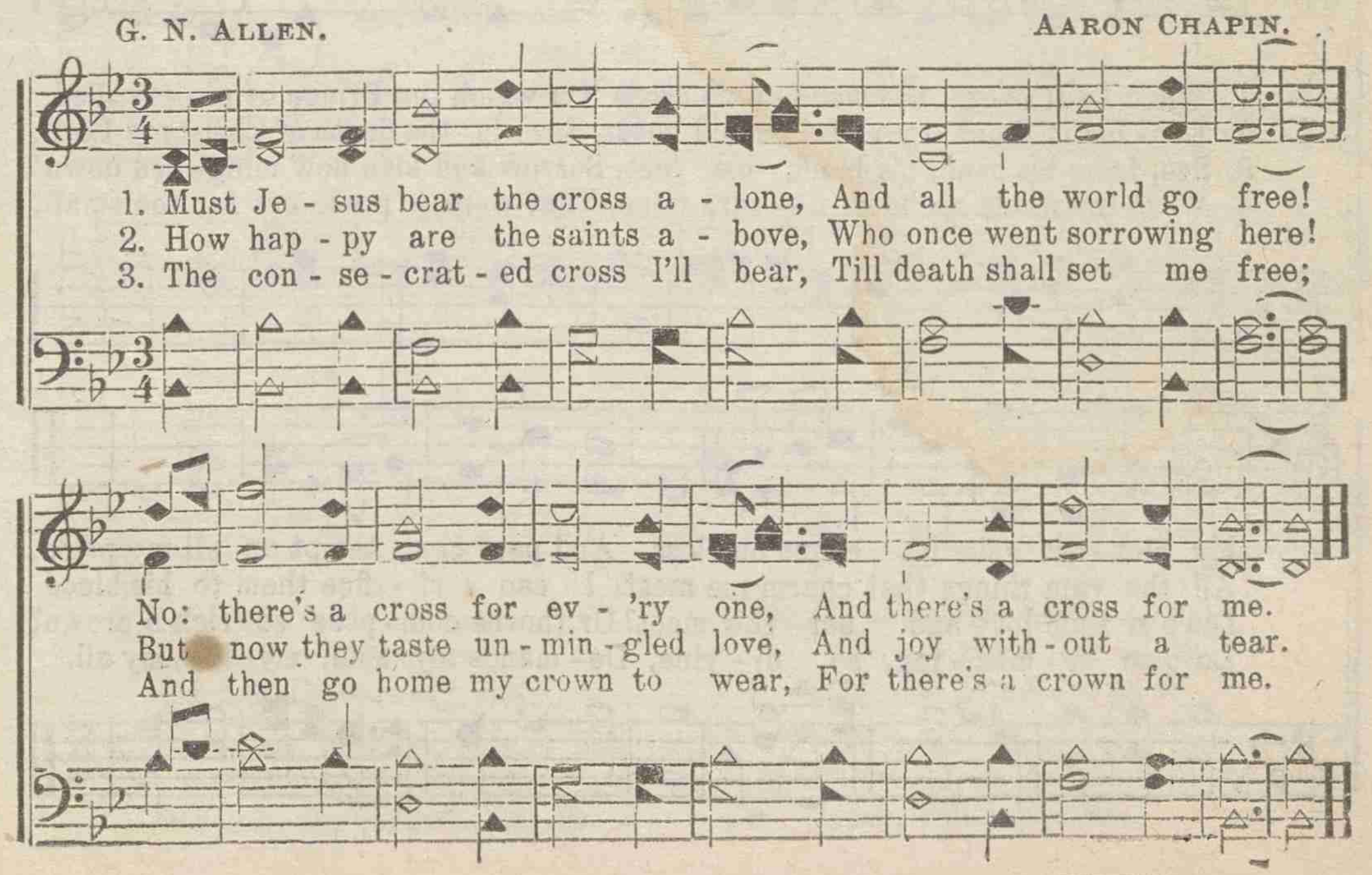
In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,

2 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting souls to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r!

3 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
May I thy consolation share;
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing thro' the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r.

NO. 151. Maitland.

G. N. ALLEN. AARON CHAPIN.



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free!
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here!
3. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;

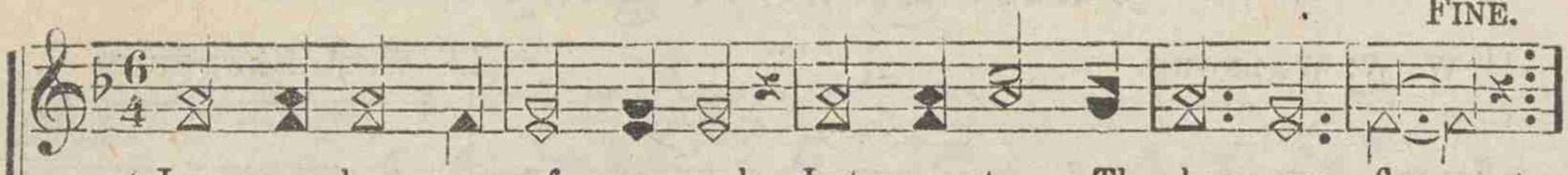
No: there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un - min - gled love, And joy with - out a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

NO. 152.

Martyr.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE.

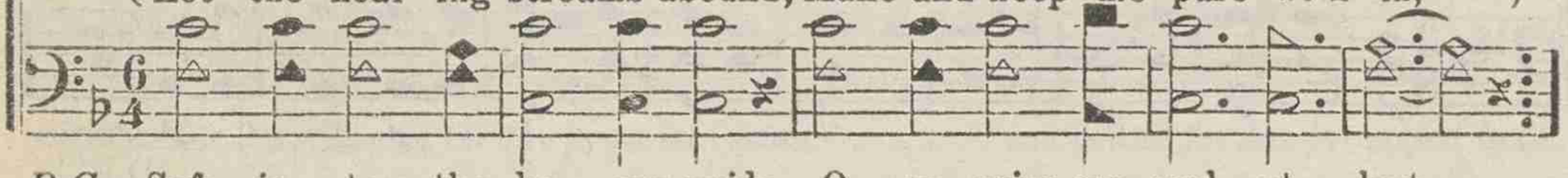


1 { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
  { While the near- er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!

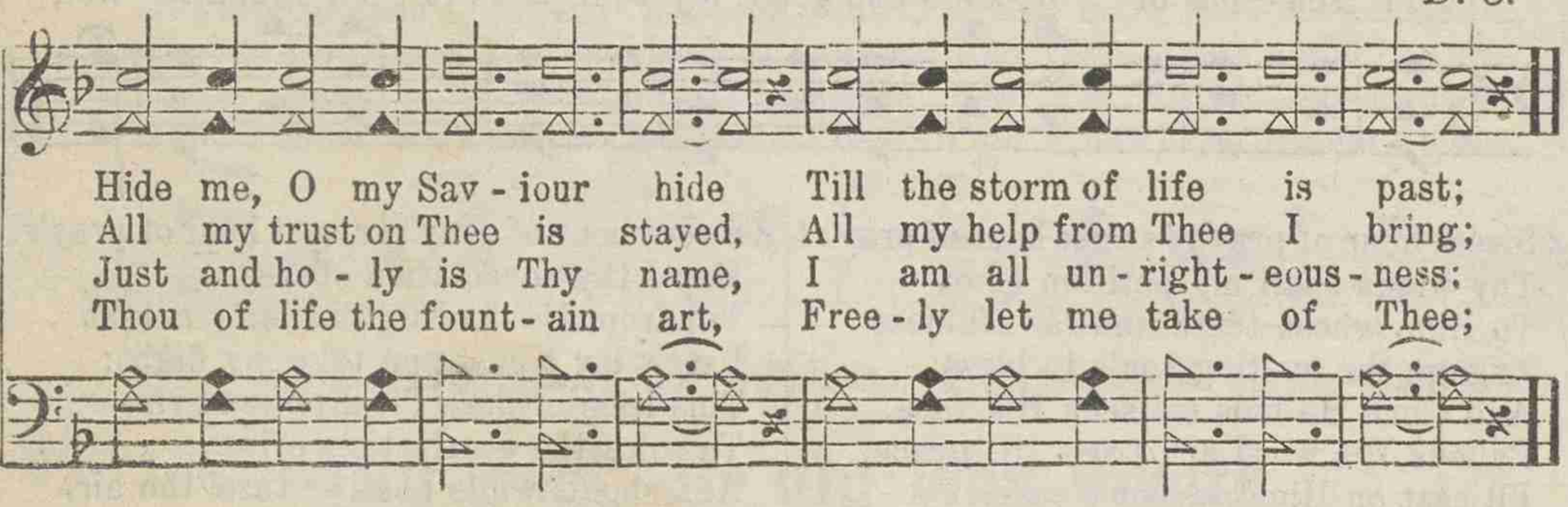
2 { Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee
  { Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me;

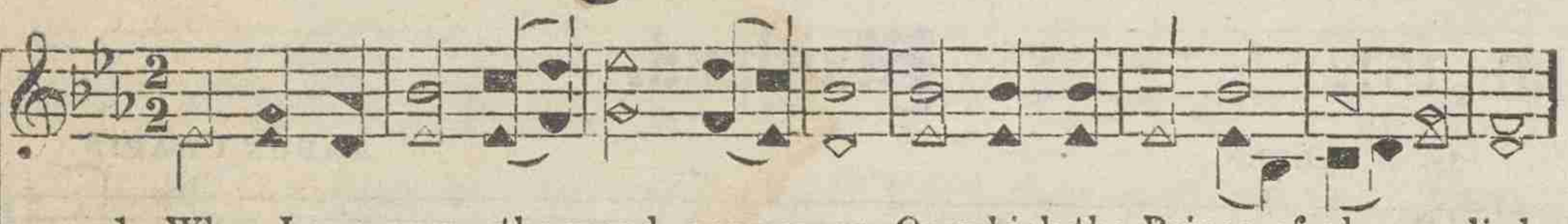
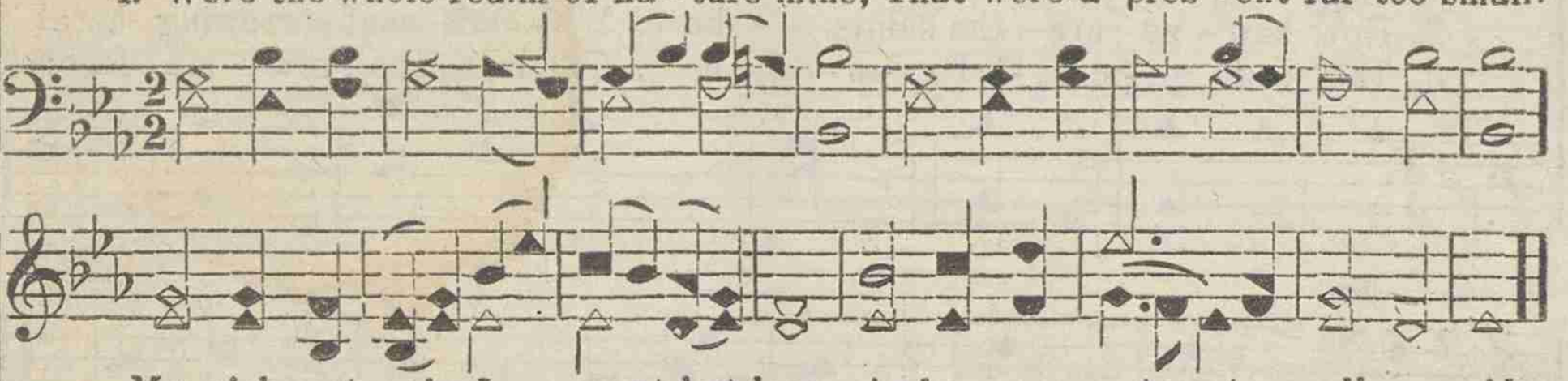
3 { Thou, O Christ art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
  { Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind.

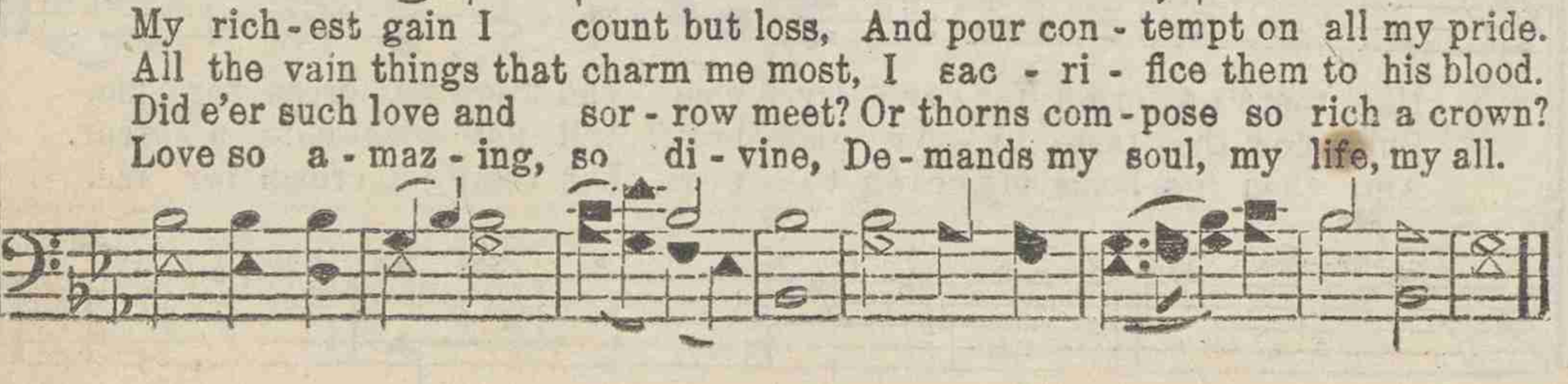
4 { Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sins:
  { Let the heal - ing streams abound; Make and keep me pure wi h - in,



D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
D.C.—Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
D.C.—False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
D.C.—Spring thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

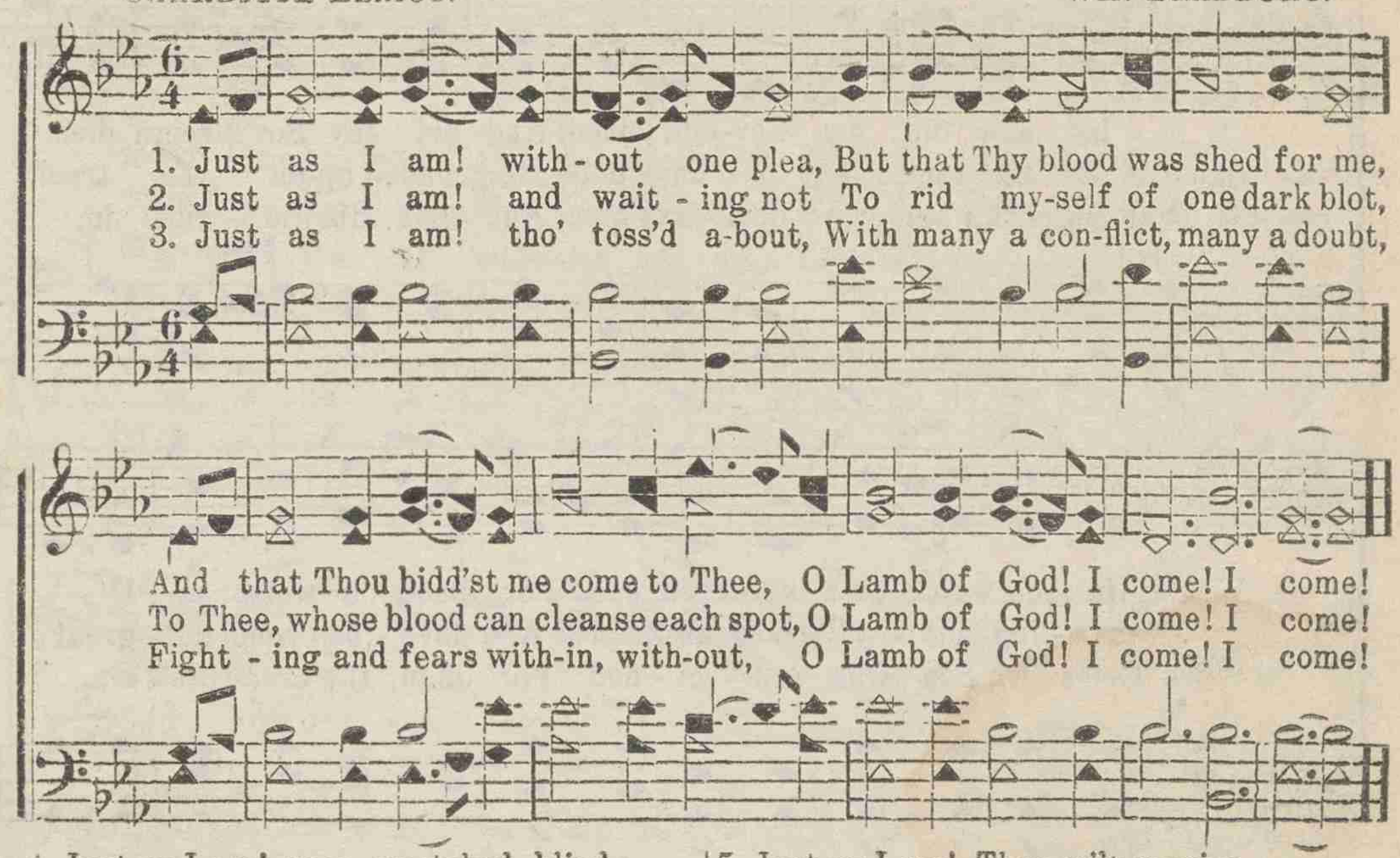
D. C.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour hide Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;
Thou of life the fount - ain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;

NO. 153. Duke Street.

1. When I sur - vey the wond - rous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it Lord that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my Lord;
3. See, from his head, his hand, his feet, Sorrow and love flow ming - led down!
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small:

My rich - est 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.



NO. 154. Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. WM. BRADBURY.

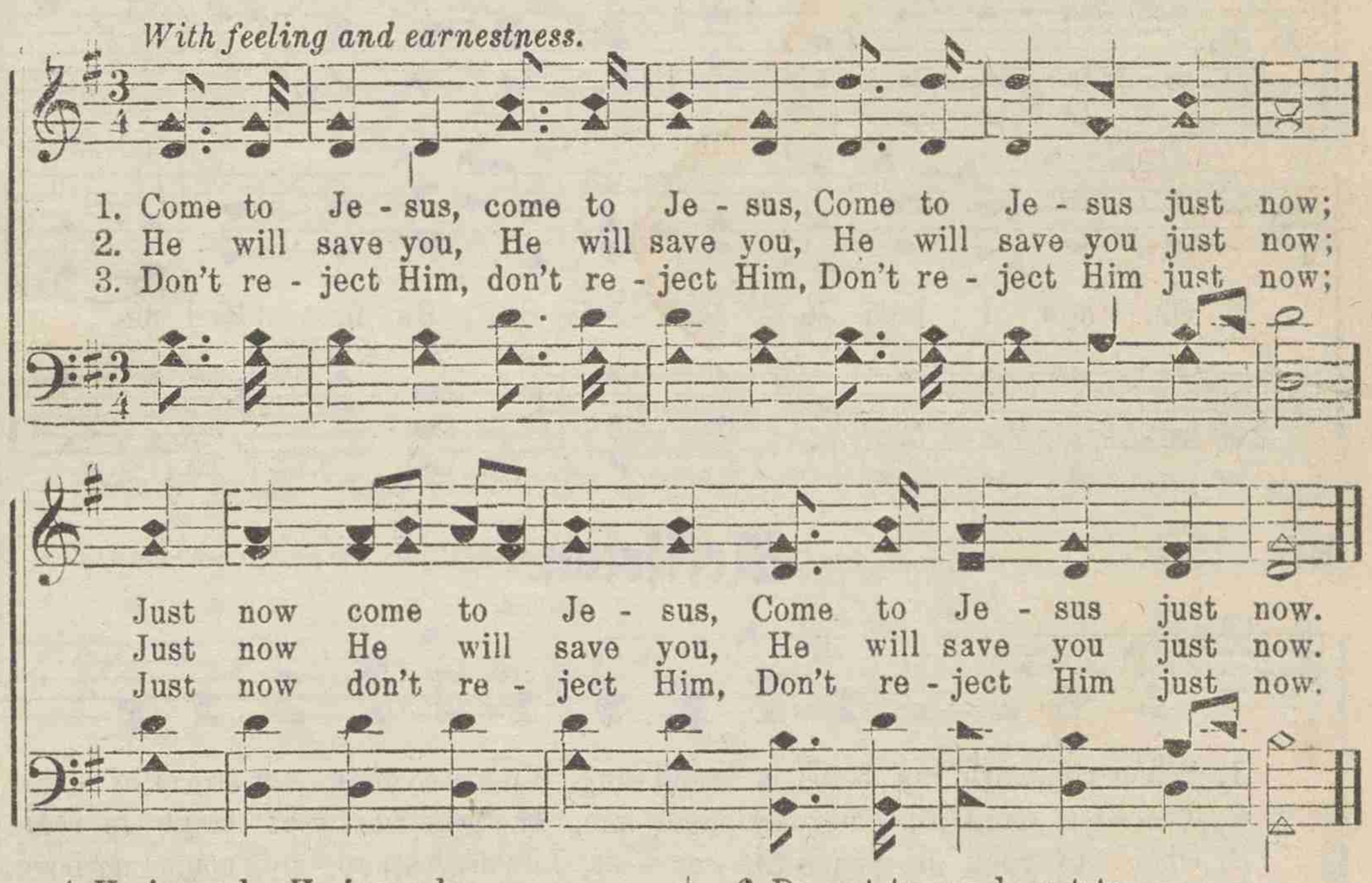


4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

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

NO. 155. Come to Jesus Just Now.

With feeling and earnestness.



4 He is ready, He is ready,
He is ready just now;
Just now He is ready, &c.

5 Oh, believe Him, oh, believe Him,
Oh, believe Him just now.
Just now, oh, believe Him, &c.

6 Do not tarry, do not tarry,
Do not tarry just now;
Just now do not tarry, &c.

7 Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen:
Amen, hallelujah, &c.

NO. 156.

Oh, How I Love Jesus.

Arr.

1. A - las and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-knowu! And love be - yond de - gree!
When God's own Son was cru - ci - fied For man, the crea-ture's sin.

CHORUS.

Oh, how I love Je - sus! Oh, how I love Je - sus!

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

NO. 157.

Nettleton.

1. When the world my heart is rend - ing, With its heav - iest storm of care;
2. There's a hand of mer - cy near me, Tho' the waves of troub - le roar;
3. Oh! to rest in peace for - ev - er, Join'd with hap - py souls a - bove,
4. This the hope that shall sus - tain me Till life's pil - grim - age be past;

Nettleton.

My glad tho'ts to God as - cend - ing, Finds a ref - uge from de - spair.
There's our hour of rest to cheer me, When the toils of life are o'er.
Where no foe my heart can sev - er From the Sav - iour whom I love.
Tears may vex and troub-le pain me; I shall reach my home at last.

CHORUS.

I love Je - sus, hal - le - lu - jah! I love Je - sus, yes, I do, I
do love Je - sus, He's my Sav - iour, Je - sus smiles, and loves me too.

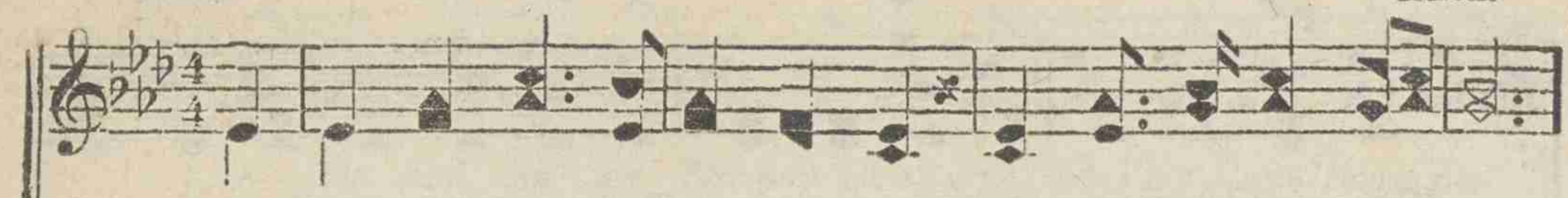
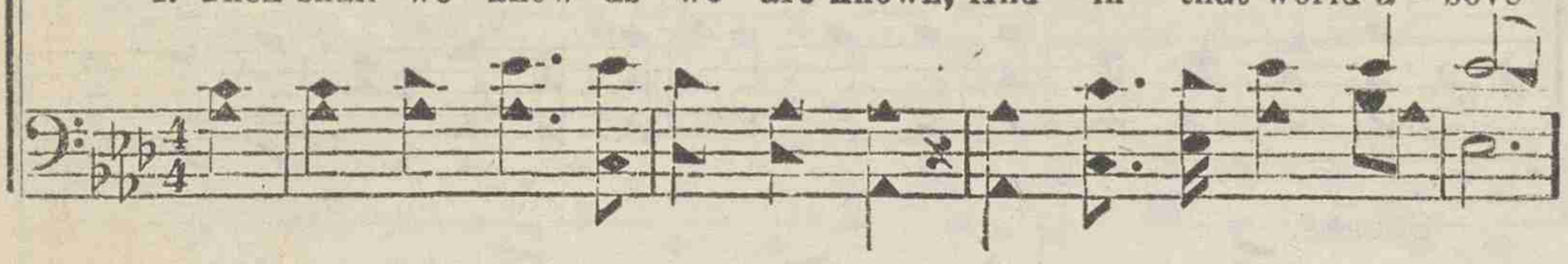
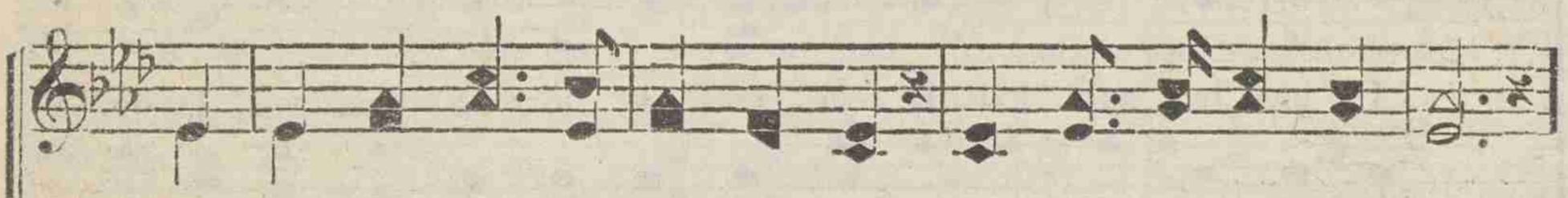
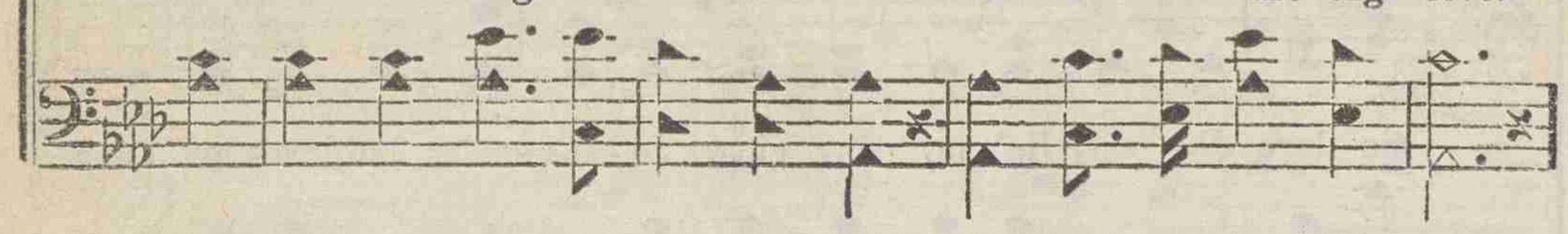
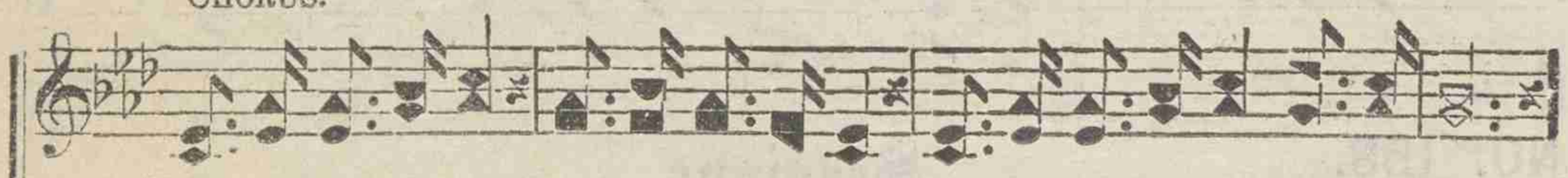
NO. 158. Sessions.

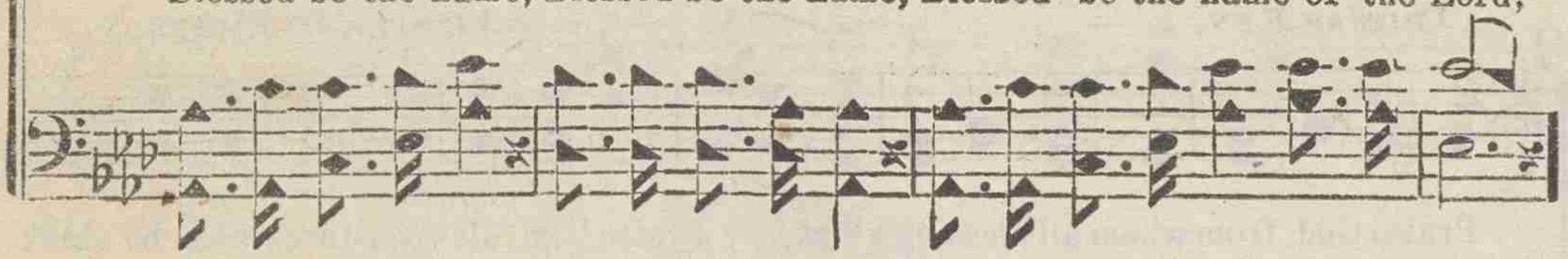
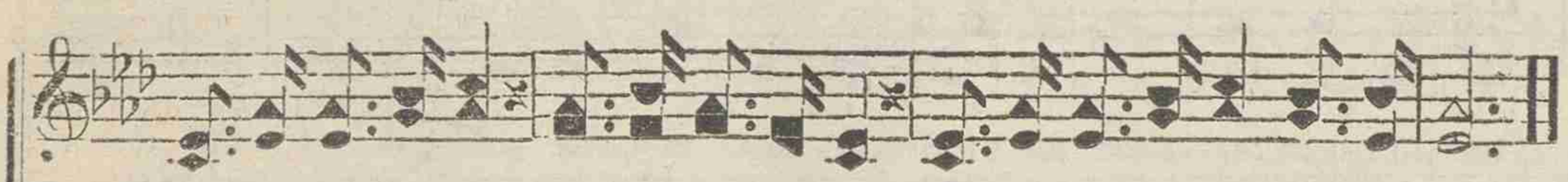
THOMAS KEN. LUTHER O. EMERSON.

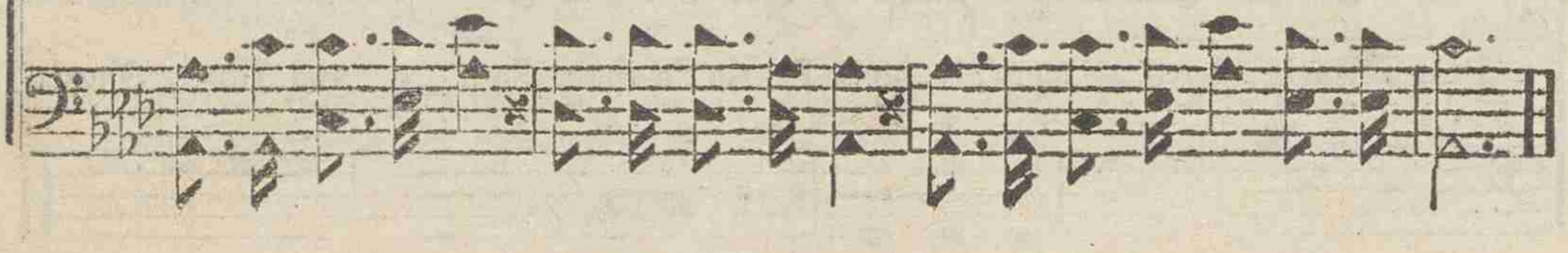
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

NO. 159.

Blessed Be the Name.

Anon. Anon.

1. All praise to Him who reigns a - bove; In maj - es - ty su - preme;
2. Re - deem - er, Saviour, Friend of man, Once ru - ined by the fall,
3. His name shall be the Coun-sel - lor, The might - y Prince of peace.
4. Then shall we know as we are known, And in that world a - bove

Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re - deem.
Thou hast de - vised sal - va - tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
Of all earth's kingdom's Con - quer - or, Whose name shall nev - er cease.
For - ev - er sing a - round the throne His ev - er - last - ing love.

CHORUS.

Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;



Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

NO. 160.

God Be With You.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By His counsels guide up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings se-cure-ly hide you;
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per-ils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban-ner floating o'er you;

With His sheep se - cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai - ly man-na still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms un-fail-ing 'round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave be-fore you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

CHORUS.

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

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

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INDEX OF TITLES.

A Charge to Keep I Have.....141
A Sinner Like Me.....120
All to Christ I Owe.....124
Amazing Grace.....129
Are You Ready to Be Saved..... 29
Arise, My Soul, Arise.....118
Ashamed of Jesus.....102
Asleep in Jesus.....126
At Home..... 19
Amazon 111
Balerma 3
Beautiful Gleanings Bring..... 10
Beautiful Story to Tell..... 15
Benediction Hymn 18
Blessed Be the Name.....159
Bringing in the Sheaves.....127
By and By..... 83
Call Back the Wanderer..... 5
Call for Workers..... 79
Choose To-Day 75
Christ is All I Need..... 93
Cling to the Cross.....100
Close to Thee..... 69
Come and Walk With Us Now..... 48
Come to Jesus Just Now.....155
Contented 27
Coronation 94
Dennis 123
Don't You Want to Be Ready?..... 32
Duke Street.....153
Evening Prayer 104
Follow On 42
From the Cross to the Crown..... 24
Gavin 136
Give Thanks and Sing..... 60
God Be With You.....160
Gratitude 71
Guide 77
Hark, Ten Thousand Harps.....144
He Calls To-Day..... 41
He Calls To-Day For Workers..... 11
He Leads Me..... 70
He Makes My Soul His Care..... 88
Hear His Voice..... 39
Hebron 6-138
Hide You in the Blood of Jesus.... 40
His Word 44
Holy, Holy, Holy..... 51
How Firm a Foundation.....145
I Am Bound for the Promised Land..148
I Am Not Ready..... 38
I Am Trusting Him to Save..... 53
I Glory in the Cross..... 57
I Love Thee..... 85
I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord..... 33
I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.....114
I'll Ever Praise Him 92
I'll Follow My Saviour 74
I'm a Soldier..... 66
I'm a Soldier of the Cross..... 55
I'm Going Home..... 54
I'm Thinking of Home..... 56
In the Morning.....103
Jesus Calls Us Home..... 43
Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.....112
Jesus Through Samaria..... 2
Joy to the World..... 25
Just As Am.....154
Just Beyond the Rolling River..... 22
Just Over the River..... 62
Just Over in the Glory Land.....105
Keep Me Ev'ry Day..... 46
Keep Praying As You Go..... 95
Lead, Kindly Light.....119
Lean On His Arm..... 96
Life's Troubled Sea..... 91
Life's Way..... 59
Lonely and Weary..... 65
Maitland 151
Manoah.....116
Martyn 152
McAnally 130
Must Jesus Bear the Cross?..... 84
My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.....149
My Soul is Redeemed.....108
Near the Cross 45
Nearer, My God, to Thee.....135
Nettleton 157
Nothing on Earth Will Compare.....64
O Happy Day (New).....107
O Happy Day (Old).....121
O How Happy Are They.....113
Oh How I Love Jesus.....156
O Thou Fount 142
Olivet 139
On the Cross 4
On the Other Side 89
Only Trust Him 143
Ortonville 110
Over in That Land of Song..... 82
Prayer 14
Rejoice and Be Glad 122
Rock of Ages 147
Sailing O'er the Ocean 63
Saved Through the Blood of Christ 78
Savior, Lead Them (Orphans)..... 26
Sessions 158
Shall I Meet You Up There?..... 87
Stand Up for Jesus..... 1
St. Thomas 115
Sweet Hour of Prayer.....150
Sweet the Moments 137
Teach Me the Way 81
Tell the Glad Tidings 7
Thanksgiving in Song 61
That Beautiful Home (Dean) 23
That Beautiful Home (Eiland)..... 17
The Boatman Calls 106

The Coming of the Kingdom..... 52
The Gospel Invitation 34
The Gospel of Jesus 47
The Great Physician 125
The Home of the Soul..... 16
The King's Highway 68
The Lord is My Shepherd..... 73
The Lord's Supper 49
The Parting Hand 132
The Prince of Peace 90
The Shining Way 76
The Solid Rock 128
The Waving Harvest 8
There is a Fountain 131
Three Warnings 101
To-Day the Saviour Calls..... 35
Toiling for the Master 9
Too Late 28
Traveling Home 21
Turned Away at the Pearly Gate.... 37
Walking in the Way 80
Walking With That Unseen Friend 67
Washed My Sins Away..... 58
We Hope to Meet Again..... 86
We Shall All Be Gathered In..... 97
We Will Stand the Storm.....117
We'll Join Them in the Morning..... 99
We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.....140
We're Going Home 109
We're Sowing Seed..... 20
What a Friend We Have in Jesus....146
What Are You Doing?..... 13
When All Redeemed Sinners Get Home..... 98
Whiter Than Snow 72
Why Not To-Night? 36
Will You Come? 31
Will You Wash in His Precious Blood?..... 30
Willing and Ready 12
Wonderful Love 50
Work for the Night is Coming.....134
Zion 133

FIRST LINES OF OLD HYMNS.

A Charge to keep I have.....141
Alas and did my Savior bleed.....156
All hail the power of Jesus' name.... 94
All praise to Him who reigns above..159
Am I a soldier of the cross?.....117-130
Amazing grace, how sweet the sound.....129
Arise, my soul, arise.....118
Ashamed of Jesus 102
Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep.....126
Approach, my soul, the mercy seat 3
Awake and sing the song.....115
Blessed Jesus, faithful guide..... 77
Blest be the tie that binds.....123
Come every soul by sin oppressed..143
Come to Jesus, come to Jesus.....155
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy..114
Come ye that love the Lord.....136
Forever blessed be the Lord..... 88
God be with you till we meet again..160
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah....133
Hark, ten thousand harps and voices.....144
Holy, holy, holy 51
How firm a foundation.....145
How pleasing to behold and see....138
How seewt the name of Jesus sounds.....110
I hear the Savior say.....124
I love Thy kingdom, Lord..... 33
I was once far away from the Saviour.....120
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord..111
Jesus, I my cross have taken.....112
Jesus, loveer of my soul.....152
Joy to the world, the Lord is come 25
Just as I am, without one plea.....154
Lead, kindly light, amid th' encircling gloom.....119
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned..116
Must Jesus beear the cross alone 84-156
My Christian friends in bonds of love.....132
My faith looks up to Thee.....139
My God, how endless is Thy love.... 71
My heavenly home is bright and fair..... 54
My hope is built on nothing less....128
My soul, be on thy guard.....149
Nearer, my God, to Thee.....135
O happy day that fixed my choice..121
O how happy are they.....113
O Thou fount of every blessing.....142
Oh for a closer walk with God..... 14
Oh land of rest, for thee I sigh.....140
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand..148
Praise God from whom all blessings flow.....158
Rejoice and be glad.....122
Rock of ages cleft for me.....147
Sowing in the morning.....127
Sweet hour of prayer.....150
Sweet the moments, rich the blessing.....137
The great physician is near.....125
There is a fountain filled with blood.....131
To-Day the Savior calls..... 35
What a friend we have in Jeesus....146
When I survey 6-153
When the world my heart is rending.....157
Work for the night is coming.....134

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O Praise the Lord, all ye nations:
praise him, all ye people. For his mer
ciful kindness is great toward us: and
the truth of the Lord endureth forever.
Praise ye the Lord.—*Psalms CXVII.*