# THE BRIDE'S SONGS

COMPILED BY
MR. & MRS. JOHN T. BENSON

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# No. 0. OUR LORD'S RETURN TO EARTH AGAIN.

J. M. K. ACTS 1: 9, 10, 11. J. M. KIRK.

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

When our bless-ed Lord shall come and catch his wait - ing Bride a - way; Oh! my
For the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth and sea and sky; God shall
And in all His ho - ly mount-ain noth-ing hurts or shall de-stroy; Per-fect
In a glo-rious reign with Je - sus of a thousand years of peace; All the

heart is fill'd with rapture as I la-bor, watch and pray, For our Lord is com-ing
take a - way all sick-ness and the suff'rer's tears will dry, When our Saviour shall come
peace shall reign in ev-'ry heart, and love with-out al - loy, Aft - er Je-sus shall come
earth is groaning, cry-ing for that day of sweet release, For our Je - sus to come

D.S. *will be bound a thousand years, we'll have no tempter then, After Jesus shall come*

**CHORUS.**

Fine.

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

*back to earth a-gain.*

D. S.

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

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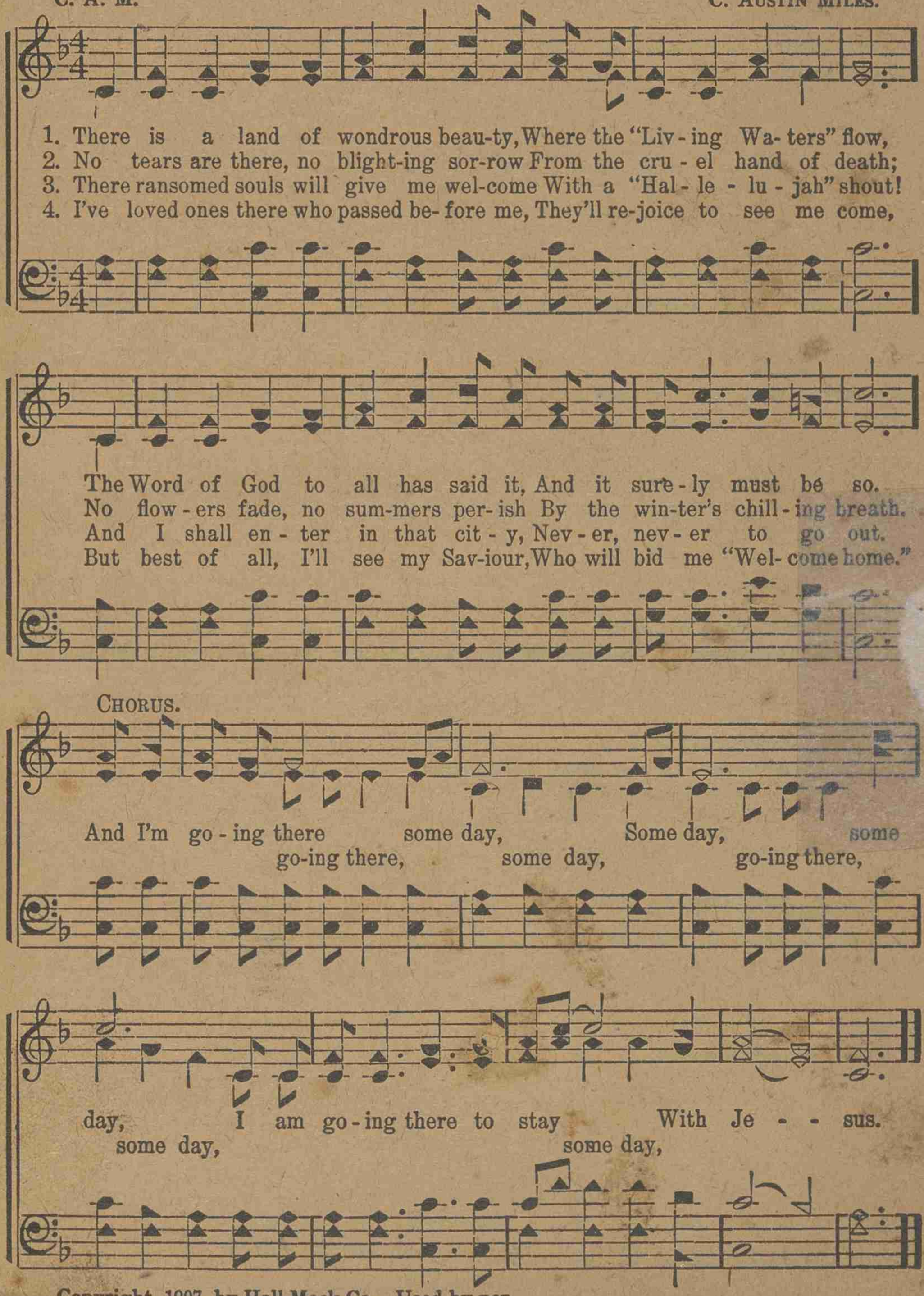
# Bread of Life Songs.

## No. 1. I'M GOING THERE.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

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# No. 2. "WHOSOEVER WILL."

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a coun - try fair we may see some day, Of its
2. There are man - sions there—man - y homes of light, In that
3. There's a Sav - iour, too, who will be our King, In those

beau - ty we've oft - en heard; And in glo - ry there we shall live al - way,
coun-try of which we've heard, Which we all may share, if we live a - right,
mansions of which we've heard; And for me, for you, He will par - don bring,

REFRAIN.

If we trust in the Ho - ly Word.
And we trust in the Ho - ly Word.
If we trust in the Ho - ly Word.
} "Who - so - ev - er will" may

come, "Who - so - ev - er will" may come; To that coun - try so
may come,

bright, Where the Lord is the light, "Who-so - ev - er will" may come.

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# No. 3. HE UNDERSTANDS THE WAY.

F. E. RIMANOCZY. JOB 23: 10. ESTELLE RIMANOCZY.

SOLO OR DUET. *With great expression.*

1. We have a sym - pa - thet- ic Friend Who knows our ev - 'ry care, A lov- ing,
2. There's not a path we're called to tread Which He's not trod be- fore; We have no
3. He o - ver-came the pow'r of death, And tri-umphed o'er the grave; He broke the

ten - der, faith-ful one, Who doth our bur-dens share. He suc - cors us when
cross as heav - y as Was His in days of yore. No pain nor grief more
chains of sin that bind; E - ter - nal life He gave. From earth to God's right

tempt-ed, Our sor-rows doth al-lay, He's walked the path be-fore us, And He
piercing than The world on Him did lay; He's walked the path be-fore us, And He
hand He went From Ol - i - vet one day; He'll come a-gain and take us, too, He

*Rit.*

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

un-der-stands the way. He un - derstands the way, He's with His own to-
day;.... The bless-ed Christ of Naz - a - reth, He un - der-stands the way.

*Rit.*

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# No. 4. BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED ME.

W. M. KENDALL. GEO. S. SCHULER.

1. I love the Christ be-cause, when I was wan - der - ing in sin,
2. I love the Christ be-cause He left the fair - er home on high,
3. I love Him for the pre- cious book thro' which He speaks to me,
4. I love the Christ be-cause He's com- ing back to earth a - gain,

In mer - cy He re-called me to the fold; I love Him for the
And came to earth my pain and grief to share; I love the Man who
The Bi - ble, worn and old, yet al - ways new; As - sur-ance of af-
To call me to the cit - y built a - bove; To the pearl- y gold-en

per - fect peace that now a - bides with - in, I love Him for His
climbed the lone gray hill, for me to die, I love Him for His
fec - tion on its ev - 'ry page I see, I love Him for His
por - tal He will lead me all the way, I love Him for His

CHORUS.

won-drous love un - told.
changeless love and care.
love so warm and true.
great e - ter - nal love.

I love the Christ be-cause He first loved me, I love Him for His grace so rich and free; His blood, whose cleansing pow'r Makes

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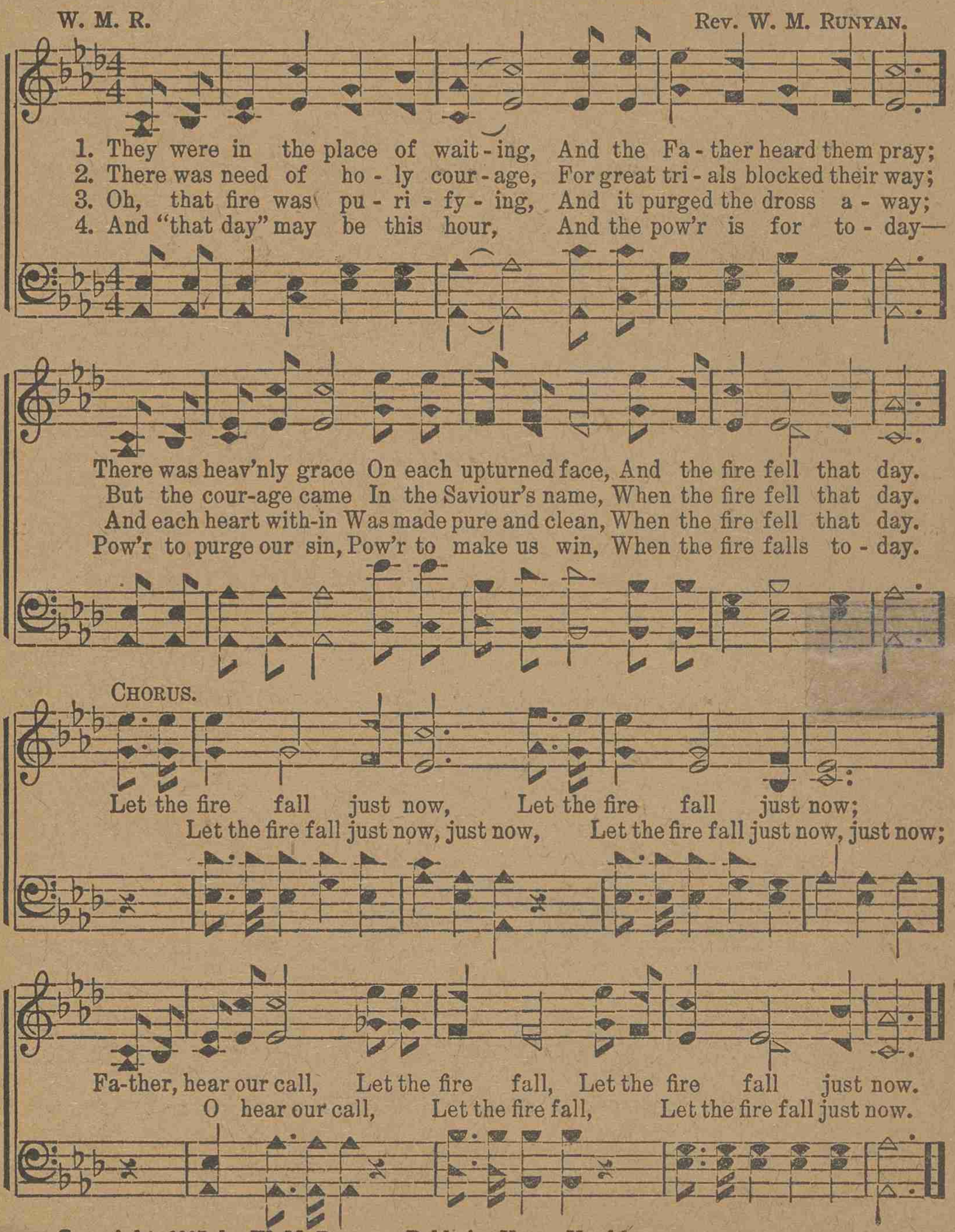
## BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED ME. Concluded.

## No. 5. LET THE FIRE FALL.

W. M. R. Rev. W. M. RUNYAN.




CHORUS.

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# No. 6. OUR HEAVENLY HOME.

Mrs. W. Howard Keesler. C. Austin Miles.

1. We have a house not made with hands, E- ter-nal in the sky, Which Christ, the Lord, pre-pares for us, To dwell in by - and - by.
2. There moth and rust doth not corrupt, Nor thief break thro' and steal; But on-ly peace, and joy, and love, Our hearts will ev - er feel.
3. There friend holds fellowship with friend, In blest communion sweet; The bread of life is free to all, And we may take and eat.
4. We'll praise Him for the price He paid, For us a home so sweet; We'll lay our tro - phies and our crowns At His dear, wounded feet.

Each room is filled with treasures grand, Naught can with it compare; No eye hath seen, no ear hath heard, The dread alarms, Of fam-ine, fire and flood; There's naught that can our souls annoy, Or best of all Is, Christ will be our Guest; We'll walk and talk with Christ, our King, And gel - ic choir, To chant in heav'nly lays; E - ter - ni - ty will be too short For joys a-wait-ing there.

No danger there of make our hearts a-fraid. O blessed tho't, the He will give us rest. We'll join the grand, an- us to sound His praise.

Chorus.

O beau-ti-ful home, . . . 'T is a house not made with hands; . . . . . Beautiful, beautiful home of the soul, Of the joys that un-fold in that cit - y of gold, The not made with hands;

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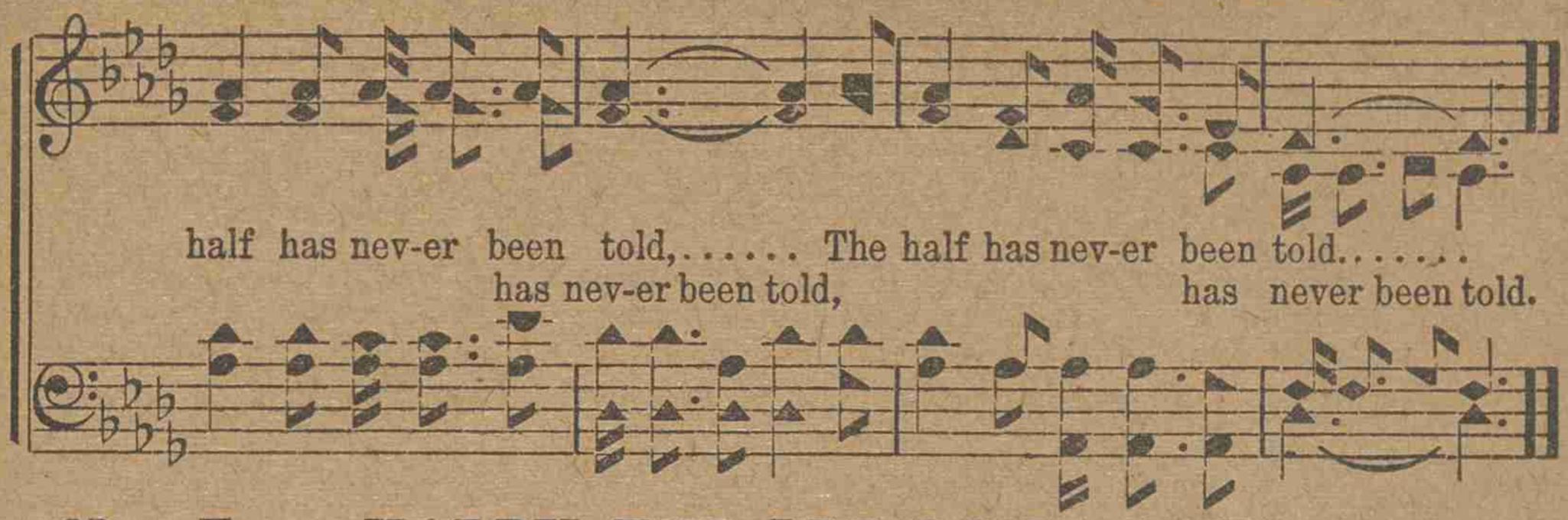
# OUR HEAVENLY HOME. Concluded.




## No. 7. HAPPY THE LIVELONG DAY.

C. P. J. "Therefore my heart is glad."—PSALM 16: 9. C. P. JONES.

CHORUS.

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# No. 8. NO NIGHT THERE.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. H. P. DANKS.

SOLO or SEMI-CHORUS.

1. In the land of fade-less day Lies "the cit - y four-square;"
2. All the gates of pearl are made, In "the cit - y four-square;"
3. And the gates shall nev - er close To "the cit - y four-square;"
4. There they need no sun-shine bright, In "the cit - y four-square;"

It shall nev - er pass a - way, And there is "no night there."
All the streets with gold are laid, And there is "no night there."
There life's crys - tal riv - er flows, And there is "no night there."
For the Lamb is all the light, And there is "no night there."

*mf* CHORUS.

God shall "wipe a - way all tears"; There's no
God shall "wipe a - - way all tears;"

death, no pain, nor fears; And they count not
There's no death, no pain, nor fears; And they count not time

time by years,..... For there is "no night there."
by years, by years, For there is "no night..... there."

*Dim.* *mf*

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# No. 9. I'M ON THE SUNNY SIDE.

C. F. W. C. F. WEIGELE.

1. I've found the Sav - iour, and I'm hap - py now in Him, I'm on the
2. I've left the wil - der - ness, I'm on the oth - er side, I'm on the
3. The pass - ing days bring man - y cares for me, I know, I'm on the
4. Broth-er, so wear - y, hear the Sav - iour call - ing thee, Come on the

sun-ny side of life; He gives me vic - t'ry, I have peace and joy with-in,
sun-ny side of life; Till Je - sus calls me home, in Ca-naan I'll a - bide,
sun-ny side of life; I praise the Lord, He keeps me whit - er than the snow,
sun-ny side of life; He will de - liv - er, He will keep thee ev - 'ry day,

CHORUS.

I'm on the sun - ny side of life.
I'm on the sun - ny side of life.
I'm on the sun - ny side of life.
Come on the sun - ny side of life.

} I'm on the sun - ny side, I'm on the

sun - ny side, I'm on the sun - ny side of life; I'm on the sun-ny side,

I'm on the sun - ny side, I'm on the sun - ny side of life.

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# No. 10. IT WAS YOU WHO INVITED ME HERE.

Miss SNYDER F. E. RIMANOCZY.

*With great expression.*

1. When I en - ter that beau - ti - ful cit - y, Far re-moved from earth's sor - row and fear,
2. When, to wel - come me o - ver the riv - er, All the loved ones from earth shall draw near,
3. When at home in those man-sions e - ter - nal, And the saved of the na - tions ap - pear,
4. When the glad harps of heav - en are ring - ing, With their mu - sic so ten - der and clear,

I want to hear some-bod - y say - ing, "It was you who in - vit - ed me here."
I want to hear some-bod - y whis-per, "It was you who in - vit - ed me here;
I want to have some-bod - y tell me, "It was your in - vi - ta - tion so clear;"
I want to hear some-bod - y sing - ing, "It was you who in - vit - ed me here."

*Ritard.* CHORUS.

"It was you who in - vit - ed me here." "It was you who in - vit - ed me here;
It was your in - vi - ta - tion so clear;" Oh, I want to hear some-bod - y say - ing, "It was you who in - vit - ed me here."

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# No. 11. LOOK FOR ME!

A. A. PAYN. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When you get to heav-en, as you sure - ly will If the Sav - iour's
2. When you roam with friends a-cross the heav'n - ly fields, Ev - er find - ing
3. When you hear them singing, round the great white throne, Songs of praise un-
4. When you kneel in wor - ship to the King of kings, Who has saved you

name you own, Aft - er you have greet - ed those you love the best,
treas - ures new; When you stand in rap - ture on some star - ry height,
to the Lamb; When you hear the ran-somed, with their harps of gold,
by His grace; When you see that Sav - iour who has brought you there,

CHORUS.

Who are stand-ing round the throne—
Gaz - ing on some glo-rious view—
Shouting, "Glo - ry to His name!"—
And with joy be - hold His face—

} You may look for me, for I'll be

there, I'll be there, I'll be there! You may look for me, for I'll be there!

I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there!

look for me, for I'll be there! Glo - ry to His name!

I'll be there! precious name!

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# No. 12. THE MEETING IN THE AIR.

I. G. M. II THESS. 4. 17. I. G. MARTIN.

1. There is soon to be a meet-ing With our Sav - iour in the air, For He's gone to realms of glo-ry, There our mansions to pre-pare; He is com- ing back to
2. See the pa - tri- archs and proph-ets Com-ing forth from bursting tombs, They are com- ing to this meet-ing, And they're coming ver - y soon; There comes Abraham and
3. There is Mo - ses fromMount Ne - bo, There is Dan - iel from the Cave, They are marching in the forefront, While the hosts their banners wave; O what joy to see them
4. Still they gath - er, see them com-ing, From the mis- sion-fields a - far, With the pil-grims from all nations, And the mar-tyrs in the war; See St. Paul, the great a-
5. Are you read - y for the meet-ing With our Sav- iour in the air? If your heart is pure and ho - ly, You will be no stranger there: He is com-ing soon, my

meet us, With a host of an - gels fair, And there's sure to be some shouting
I - saac, With their kindred ev - 'ry-where, There is sure to be some shouting
com- ing To the meet-ing in the air! There is sure to be some shouting
pos - tle, In his robes made white and fair, I am sure there'll be some shouting
broth-er, With a host of an - gels fair, And I'm sure there'll be some shouting

CHORUS.

When we all meet there.
When they all get there.
When they all get there.
When they all get there.
When we all meet there.
} When we all meet there, at the meet-ing in the air,

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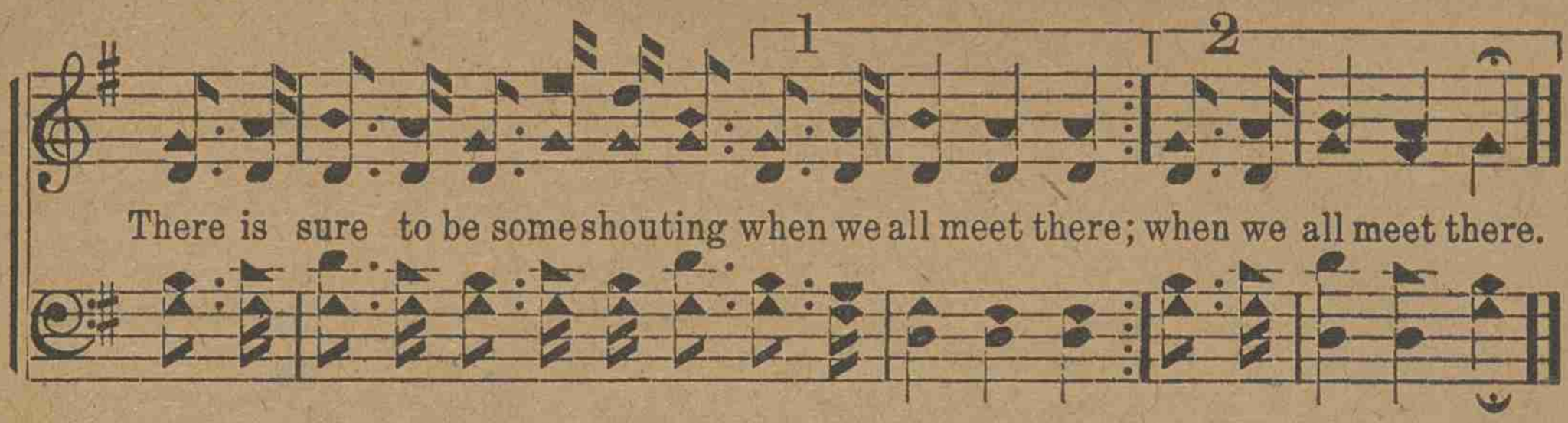
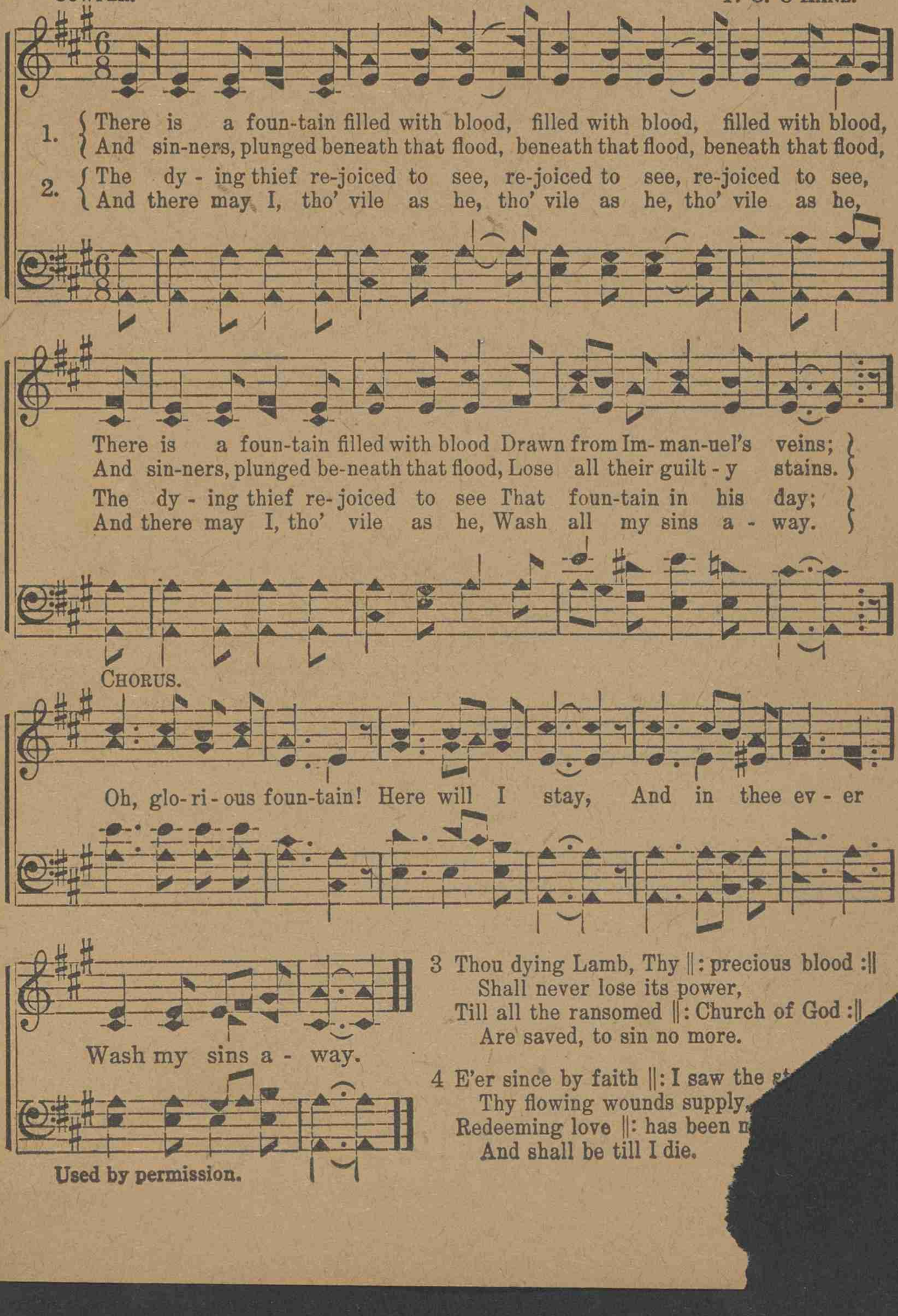
# THE MEETING IN THE AIR. Concluded.




## No. 13. GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN.

COWPER. T. C. O'KANE.

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3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy ‖: precious blood :‖
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed ‖: Church of God :‖
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith ‖: I saw the st
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love ‖: has been m
And shall be till I die.

# No. 14. HIS LOVE IS AN OCEAN.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. His love is an *o - cean* so bound-less and deep, It reach - es from glo - ry to me; I'm borne on its cur-rent from sin and from self,
2. His love is a *moun-tain* as high as His throne, And cov - ered with ver- dure so fair; With wings as an ea - gle His chil-dren may rise,
3. His love is a *sun-beam* dif - fus - ing its light Wher- ev - er a sad heart is found; How quick-ly life's shad-ows de - part, and we seem

CHORUS.

For - ev - er with Je - sus to be.
Its beau - ty and bless-ings to share.
To walk on de - lec - ta - ble ground!
} His won - der - ful love, His mar - vel-ous love, Its heights and its depths are unknown; I'm sure it has reached to the depth of my sin, And up to the height of His throne.

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# No. 15. THERE'LL BE NO DARK VALLEY.

W. O. CUSHING. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There'll be no dark val-ley when Je - sus comes, There'll be no dark
2. There'll be no more sor-row when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
3. There'll be no more weep-ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
4. There'll be songs of greet-ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be songs of

val - ley when Je - sus comes; There'll be no dark val - ley when Je - sus comes
sor - row when Je - sus comes; But a glo-rious mor-row when Je - sus comes
weeping when Je - sus comes; But a bless - ed reap-ing when Je - sus comes
greeting when Je - sus comes; And a joy - ful meet-ing when Je - sus comes

REFRAIN.

To gath - er His loved ones home. To gath - er His loved ones

home, To gath-er His loved ones home; There'll be
safe home, safe home;

no dark val-ley when Je - sus comes To gath- er His loved ones home.

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# No. 16. TRAVELING THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY.

C. F. WEIGELE. Z. M. PARVIN.

1. I've found the old way to the cit - y of gold, 'T is the way that the
2. The old book my dear mother read, I'm read-ing too, 'T is the book that she
3. In the cit - y of God I've a man-sion, I'm told, That Je - sus has

saints long have trod; A lit - tle too rug- ged for some, I've been
loved best of all: As she read the old sto - ry which al-ways seemed
gone to pre - pare; And the streets of that cit - y are trans- par- ent

told, De - mand- ing o - be-dience to God. To me 'tis de-
new, I won-dered to see her tears fall. I won - der no
gold,— Oh, some-times I long to be there. I'm sure if I'm

light - ful, and wide e - nough too, Tho' nar - row for some it may
lon - ger, I've found out just why Dear moth - er would weep in her
true to the Mas - ter be - low, I'll reach that blest cit - y some

be; I've start - ed for heav- en, I'm bound to go through, I am
day; It af- fects me the same way, I can't help but cry, Since I'm
day; I'm hap - py to - day, for 't is bless- ed to know I am

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# TRAVELING THE OLD, Etc. Concluded.

CHORUS.

trav-'ling the old-fashioned way. I'm trav-'ling the old-fashioned way (the way),
I'm trav - 'ling, trav'ling the old-fashioned way,

I'm trav-'ling the old-fash-ioned way;..... The bless - ed old way to the
I'm trav - 'ling, trav'ling the old-fashioned way;

cit - y of God,—I'm trav-'ling the old-fash-ioned way.....
old-fash-ioned way.

## No. 17. SEEKING FOR ME.

A. N. E. E. HASTY.

1. { Je-sus, my Sav-iour, to Bethlehem came, Born in a man-ger to sor-row and shame;
D. C. { Oh, it was wonderful, blest be His name! Seeking
2. { Je-sus, the Sav-iour, on Cal-va-ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and our souls He set free;
D. C. { Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be? Dy - ing
3. { Je-sus, my Sav-iour, the same as of old, While I was wand'ring afar from the fold,
D. C. { Gently and long did He plead with my soul, Calling

*Fine.* REFRAIN. for me!..... for me!.... *D. C.*

for me, for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me!
for you and me! Dy-ing for you! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for you! Dy-ing for me!
for me, for me! Call-ing for me! Call-ing for me! Call-ing for me! Call-ing for me!

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# No. 18. ARE YOU SHINING?

KATE ULMER. GEO. S. SCHULER.

1. Are you walk - ing in the sun - light, the sun - light of God's love?
2. Is the world made an - y bet - ter that you are here be - low?
3. If you do not know the bright-ness the yield - ed life will give,

Are your songs of joy and glad - ness now go - ing up a - bove?
Does the gen - tle Christ-like spir - it your ev - 'ry ac - tion show?
O then seek the feet of Je - sus, He'll teach you how to live.

Are you scat-t'ring rays of bright-ness while pass - ing on your way?
Are you liv - ing in His pres - ence, kept by His pow'r di - vine,
Let Him place His yoke up - on you; life then will be com - plete,

Are you shin - ing, tru - ly shin - ing, for Je - sus ev - 'ry day?
Say - ing, what - so - e'er He send - eth, "Thy will, O Lord, not mine"?
And in fel - low - ship u - ni - ted, you'll find Him ver - y sweet.

CHORUS.

Are you shin - - ing, shin - - ing,
Are you shin-ing all the way, are you shin - ing ev - 'ry day, Are you

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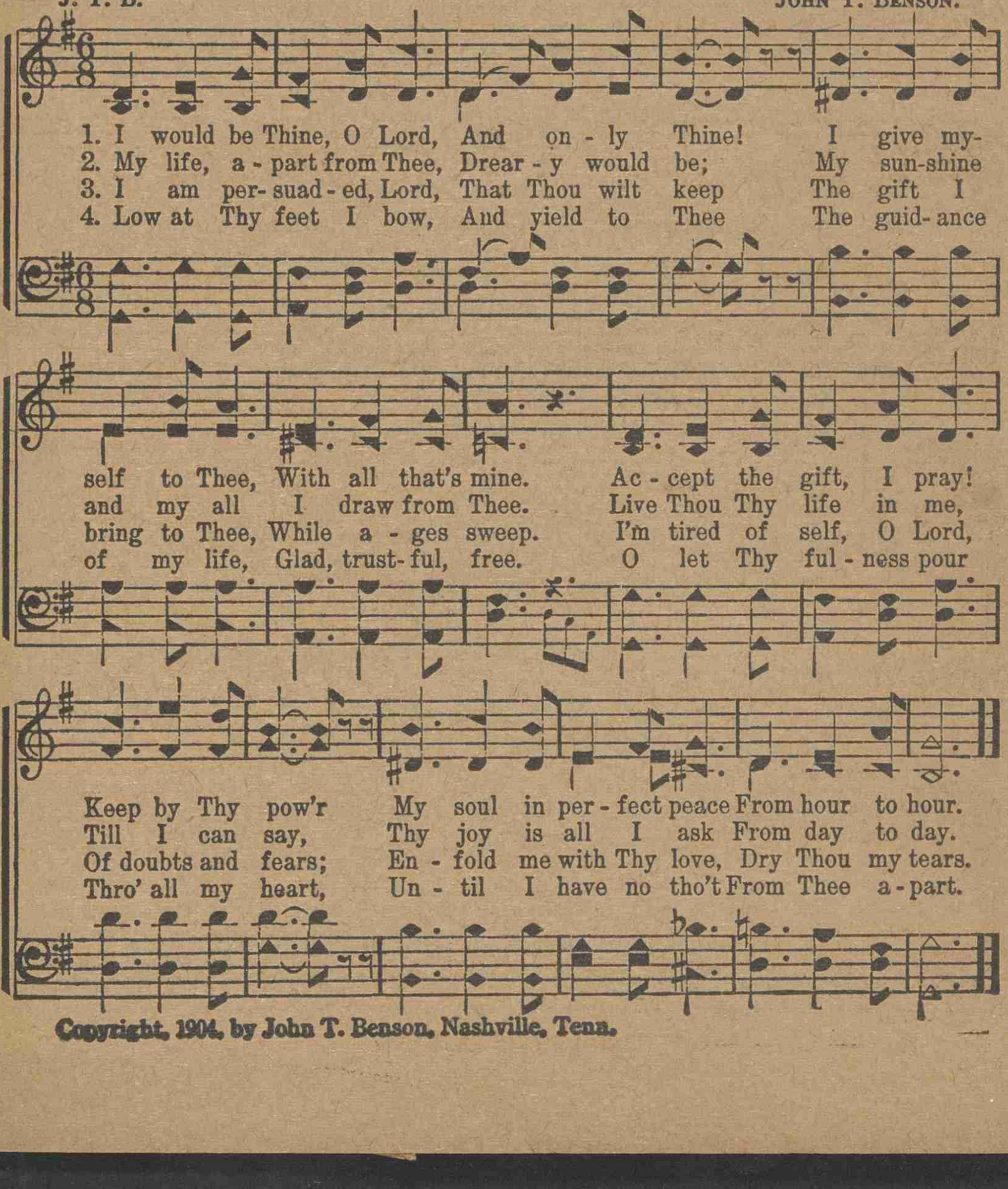
## ARE YOU SHINING? Concluded.

## No. 19. I WOULD BE THINE.

J. T. B. JOHN T. BENSON.

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# No. 20. THE LOT IN CANAAN'S LAND.

W. E. C. Rev. W. E. CISSNA.

Dedicated to Mrs. Carrie Crow. Arr. by I. G. M.

*Not too fast.*

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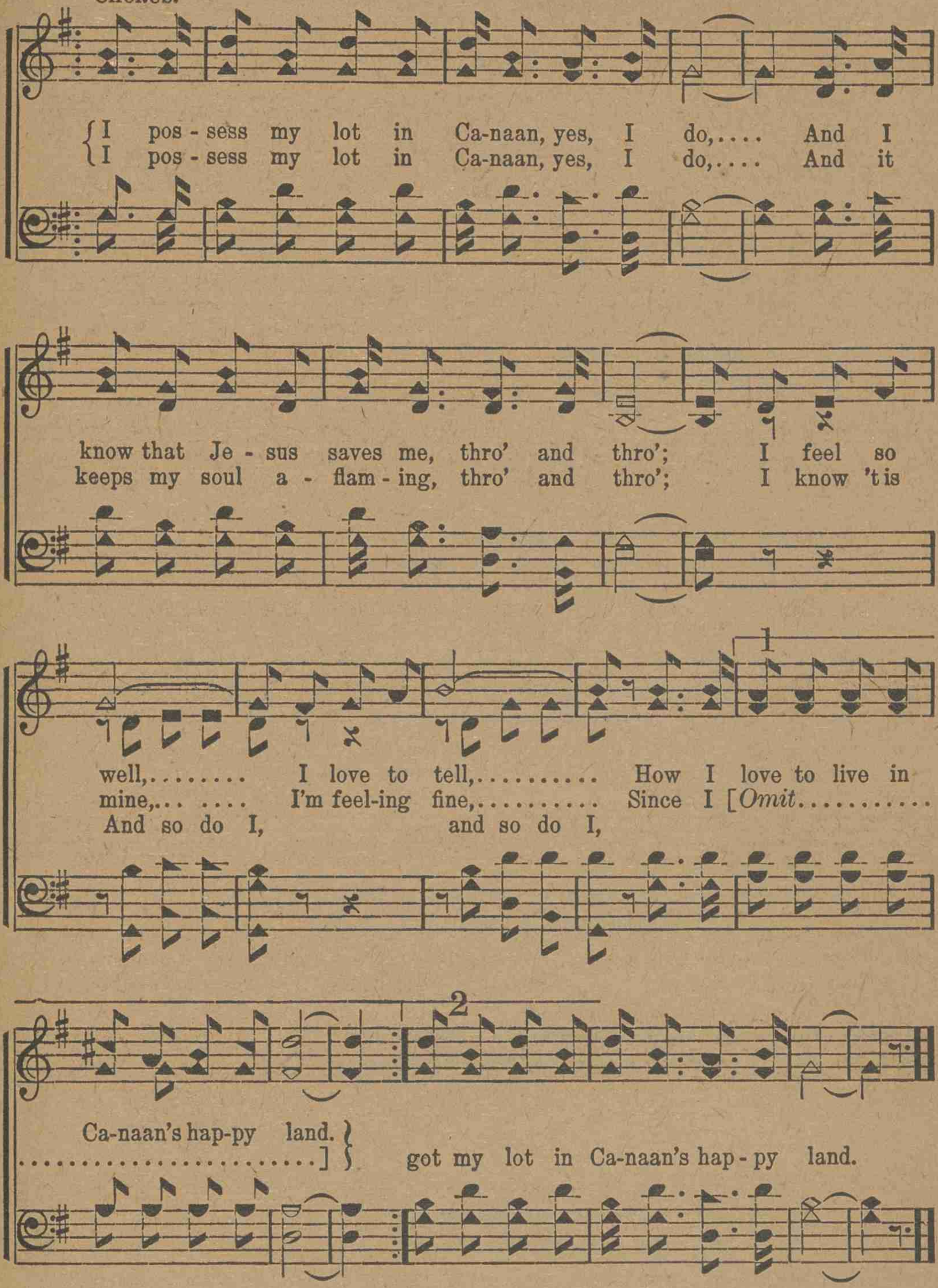
# THE LOT IN CANAAN'S LAND. Concluded.

CHORUS.




5 The lot has no tobacco,
Nó clubs, no cards, no ball;
All dwell in peace together,
With love for one and all.
They set no fads or fashions,
They pay all debts they owe;
The men vote prohibition,
Saloons, they say, must go.

6 We want you for our neighbor;
The people there are free;
The deed is freely given,
This lot is there for thee.
Quit fighting and complaining,
About this holy way,
Cross over into Canaan,
And get your lot to-day.

# No. 21. SEND FORTH THE GOSPEL.

Unknown. C. F. WEIGELE.

1. Far, far a - way, in heathen darkness dwelling, Mil-lions of souls for-ev - er
2. See, o'er the world, wide-o-pen doors in-vit-ing; Sol-dier of Christ, a-rise! and
3. "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is call-ing; "Why will ye die?" re-ech - o
4. God speed the day when those of ev - 'ry na-tion, "Glo - ry to God" triumphant-

may be lost; Who, who will go, sal-va-tion's sto-ry tell-ing — Look-ing to
en - ter in! Chris-tians, awake! your forc-es all u - nit- ing, Send forth the
in His name; Je - sus hath died to save from death ap-pall-ing, Life and sal-
ly shall sing; Ransomed, redeemed, re-joic-ing in sal - va - tion, Shout, "Hal-le-

CHORUS.

Je-sus, count-ing not the cost?
gospel, break the chains of sin.
va-tion therefore go proclaim.
lu - jah, for the Lord is King!"

} Send forth the gos-pel! tell to ev - 'ry na - tion;

Send forth the gos-pel! good news of sal - va - tion; Who, who will go and

give them in - for- ma -tion? Tell them of Je - sus and His pow'r to save?

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# No. 22. THE OLD-TIME RELIGION.

Mrs. M. J. H. Mrs. M. J. Harris.

1. I be-lieve in the old-time re-lig-ion, For it saves from all
2. I be-lieve in a heart-felt re-lig-ion, That brings joy to the
3. I be-lieve in a ho-ly re-lig-ion, For the saints of all
4. I be-lieve in the old-time re-lig-ion, For we know we are

sin here be-low, Gives me peace pass-ing all un-der-stand-ing,
soul ev-'ry day; The as-sur-ance of sins all for-giv-en,
a-ges have told, How it saved them from sin and its bond-age,
right with our God; And there's joy in our hearts as we're walk-ing,

Chorus.

While the riv-ers of pleas-ure doth flow.
Thro' the blood they are all washed a-way.
When they heard the sweet sto-ry of old.
In the paths which our fa-thers have trod.
} Oh, give me the old-time re-

lig-ion, Oh, give me the joy I can know; I be-
old-time re-lig-ion, I can know;

lieve in the old-time re-lig-ion, As our fathers received long a-go.
the old-time re-lig-ion,

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# No. 23. SANCTIFYING POWER.

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

1. There is sanc - ti - fy - ing pow'r, like a sweet re - fresh - ing show'r,
2. I'm so glad it reach - es me, all un - wor - thy tho' I be,
3. This God's will for you and me, that we sanc - ti - fied should be,
4. Songs of prais - es let us sing to our bless - ed Lord and King,

Wait-ing for each con - se - crat - ed heart ; Pow'r to cleanse us from all sin,
O - ver - com-ing grace made freely mine ; Since the Com- fort- er a-bides,
Dwelling in this land of plen-teous-ness ; Fling your doubts and fears a-side,
For this great sal - va - tion, rich and free ; Ev - 'ry need - ed grace supplied,

pow'r to keep us pure with-in, Pow'r for serv - ice which He will im - part.
and with - in my heart re-sides, I am walk - ing in the light di - vine.
bold - ly cross the Jor-dan's tide, And your her - it - age in Christ pos - sess.
ev - 'ry long- ing sat - is - fied, Saved for time and for e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

I'm so glad, ..... I'm so glad, ..... For this
I'm so glad, Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm so glad,

sav - ing, sanc-ti - fy - ing pow'r ; Waves of glo - ry o'er me roll, peace a-

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# SANCTIFYING POWER. Concluded.

## No. 24. HOW CAN MORTAL TELL?

"Rivers of water in a dry place." ISA. 32: 2.

C. P. J. C. P. JONES.




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# No. 25. THE BRIDAL PROCESSION.

F. E. R. F. E. Rimanoczy.

*With great expression.*

1. One day, with-out the taste of death, The good E-noch was
2. One day a gold-en char-iot grand Its way to earth was
3. The world has won-dered man-y years Just what be-came of
4. When the sleep-ing vir-gins heard the cry, "Be-hold the Bridegroom's

saint-ed, It was be-cause he walked with God, And
wend-ing, It was drawn by won-drous steeds of fire, With
Mo-ses, A thou-sand guess-es have been made, A
car-riage," They all a-rose and trimmed their lamps To

got so well ac-quaint-ed; The sto-ry is fa-
an-gel hosts at-tend-ing; On Jor-dan's bank E-
thou-sand more sup-pos-es; Some think he's rest-ing
go in-to the mar-riage; But the fool-ish said, "We

mil-iar, You have heard it oft re-lat-ed, God
li-jah stood, He was God's own pos-ses-sion, And
on the mount, While oth-ers seem to doubt it, But,
have no oil, Our lamps are go-ing out," And

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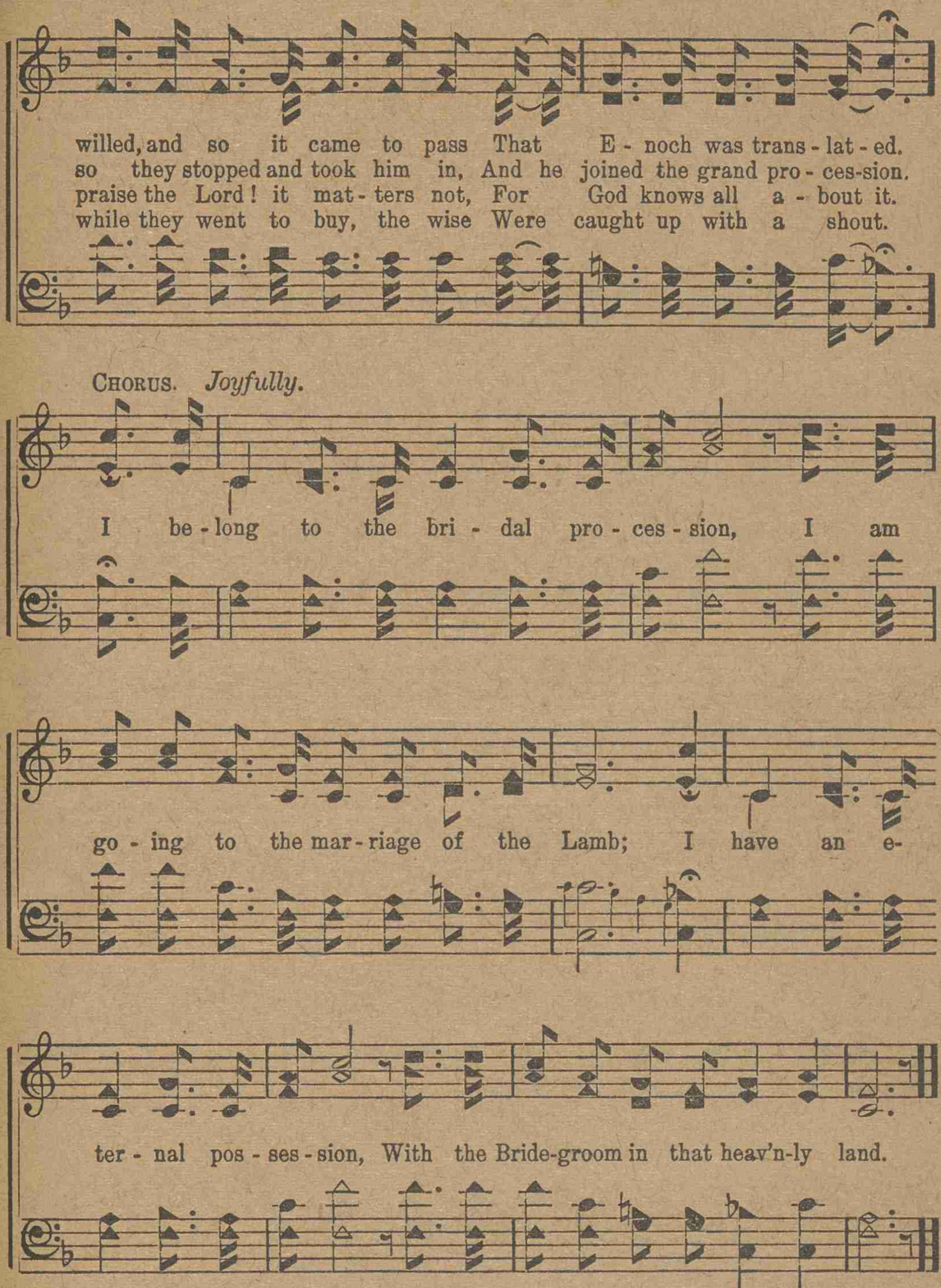
# THE BRIDAL PROCESSION. Concluded.




5 In most of Paul's epistles, he
Has very plainly told us,
That soon this old terrestrial sphere
Won't have the power to hold us;
The Lord Himself with might shall come,
Whom God is now detaining,
The dead in Christ shall be raised first,
Then those alive remaining.

6 So weigh these matters well, dear friends,
And heed this admonition,
Don't waste your precious time in sin,
Nor with your vain ambition;
But put the wedding garments on,
For the day of God is nearing,
And the crown of life is just for those
Who love the Lord's appearing.

# No. 26. WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR JESUS?

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

1. You're striving to fol - low the Mas - ter, Con-fess-ing His love and His name;
2. You stand with His peo - ple, and own Him, You join in His praise with a shout;
3. Oh, have you not tru - ly dis - cov - ered The won-der-ful good you might do,

But what are you do - ing to fur - ther Es-tab-lish His kingdom and fame?
But are you, like Pe - ter, im - pul - sive, And fear when the world is a - bout?
If on - ly in prayer-ful sub-mis - sion You take what He of-fers to you?

For - sak-ing the world and its fol - lies, Re-pent-ant, you knelt at His feet;
Christ nev-er a mo-ment de - nied you; And ev-en when raised on the tree,
Your lamp, if but bright-ly 't were beaming, Would light man-y souls on the way

Now, what is the serv-ice you ren - der For mer - cy and love so com - plete?
He prayed to the Fa - ther for mer - cy And par-don for sin-ners—and thee.
That leads to the throne of His mer - cy, Di - rect to the por-tals of day.

CHORUS.

Say, what are you doing for Je-sus to-day? His vows are upon you, you cannot delay;

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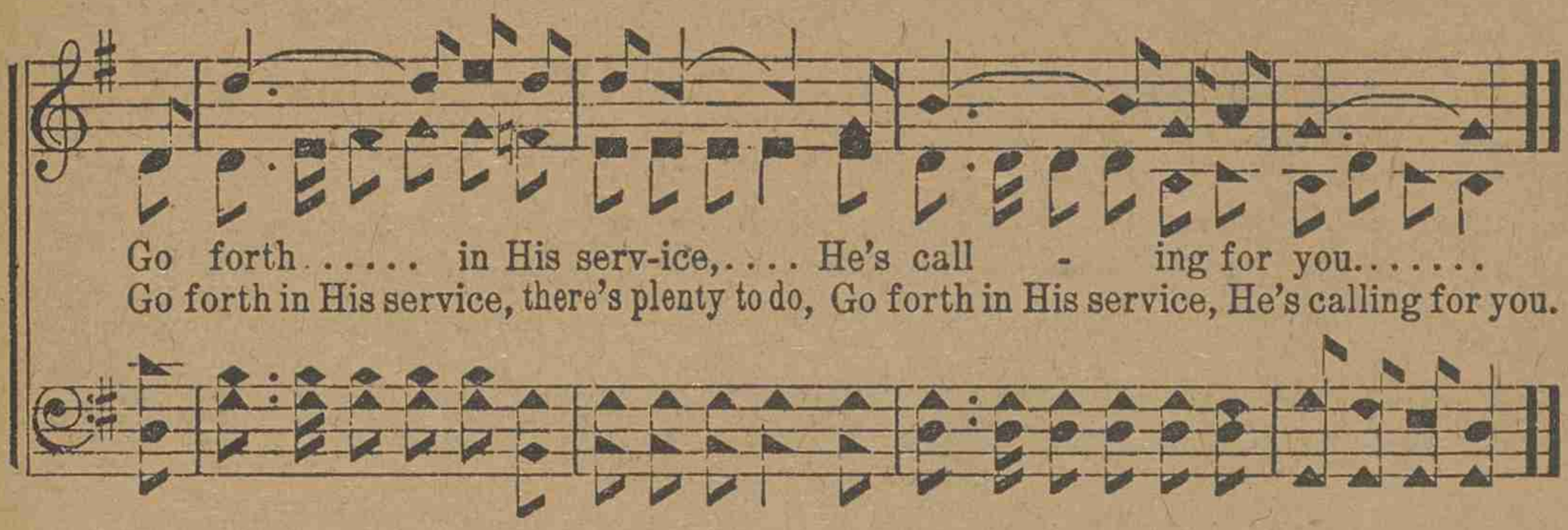
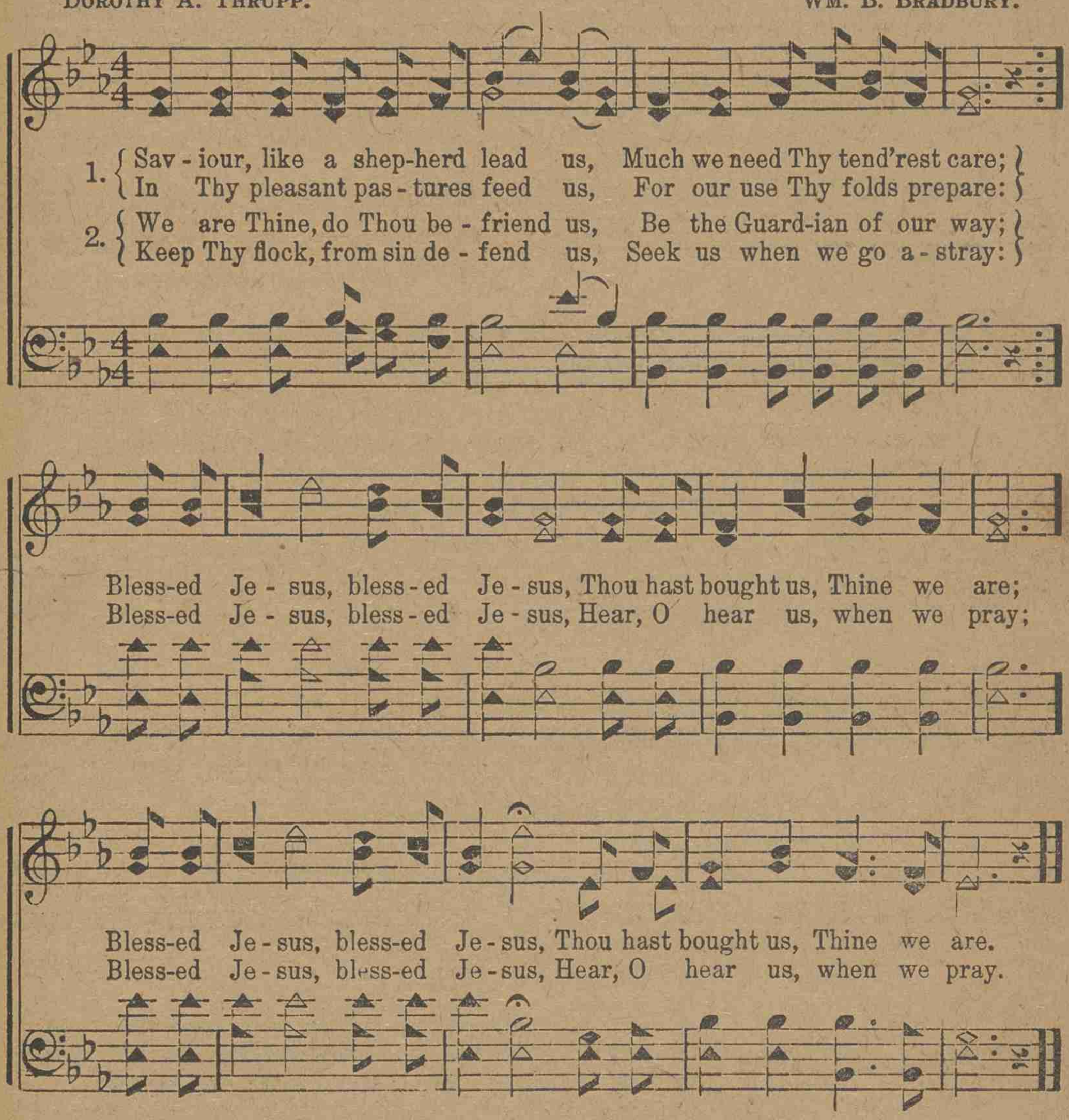
# WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR JESUS? Concluded.




## No. 27. SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WM. B. BRADBURY.




3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee. :‖

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still. :‖

# No. 28. PEACE AND PLENTY.

J. M. H. J. M. HARRIS.

1. While in the wil-der-ness, I wandered man-y years, And wondered if my
2. Soon in our forward march, we came to Jordan's side, My Sav-iour gen-tly
3. Now I am feasting on the rich-es of the land, My heart is sat-is-

Sav-iour could save me from my fears; Hearing His voice so clear, "Come follow
whispered, "In me your all con-fide." Down thro' the swelling flood He led me
fied with the boun-ties from His hand; Still He is tell-ing of new heights of

me to-day!" I quick-ly ceased my wand'rings, and followed in the way.
by the hand, I fol-lowed, simply trust-ing, and found the Promised Land.
per-fect love, In grace and knowledge growing, I'm pressing on a-bove.

CHORUS.

Peace and plen-ty are in the land which I pos-sess; Thro' faith in Je-sus'
name I left the wil-der-ness, Fol-lowed closely be-side Him and

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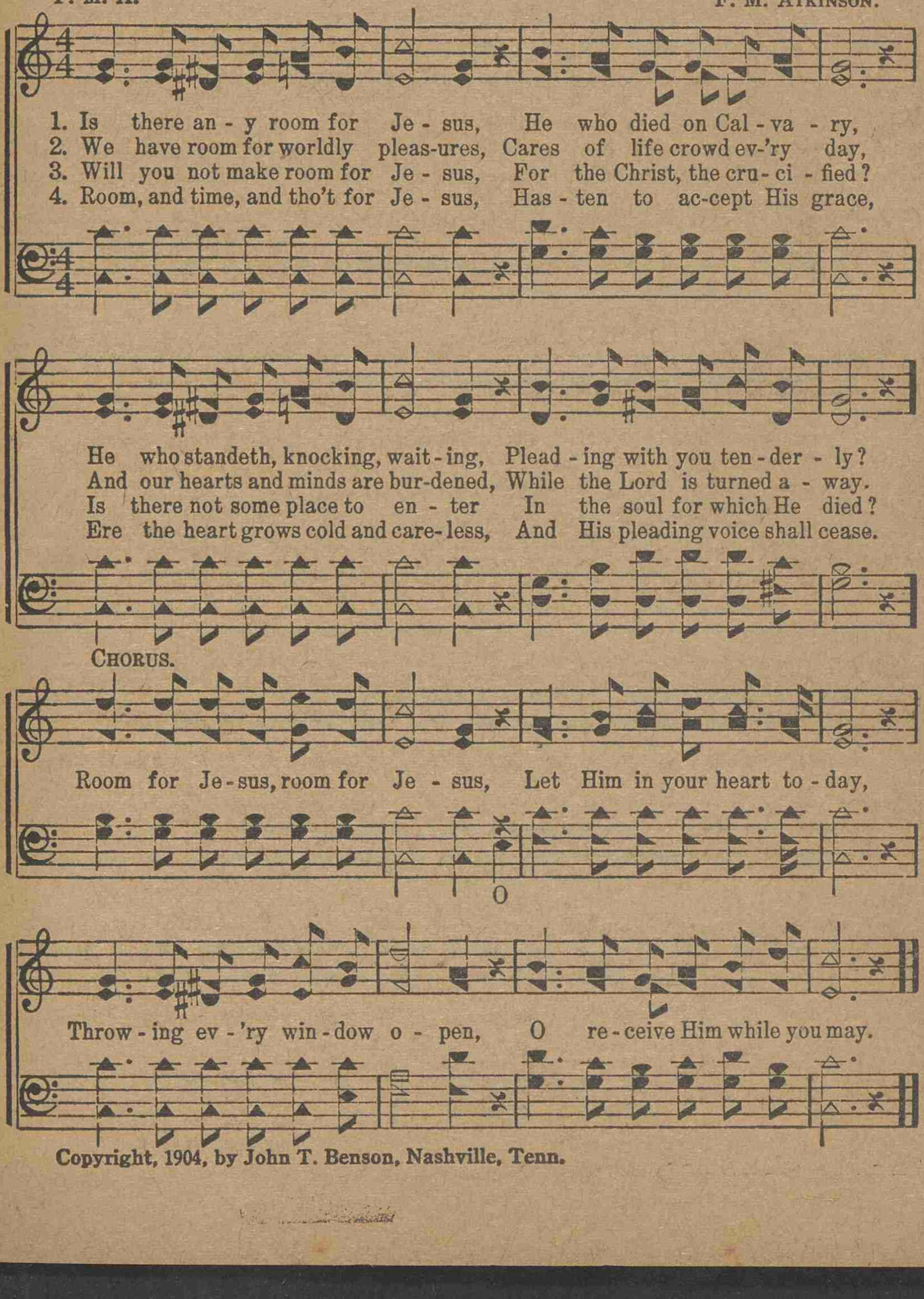
# PEACE AND PLENTY. Concluded.

## No. 29. ROOM FOR JESUS.

F. M. A. F. M. ATKINSON.

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# No. 30. MY LORD AND I.

(I HAVE A FRIEND SO PRECIOUS.)

MRS. L. SHOREY. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. I have a Friend so pre - cious, So ver - y dear to me,
2. Sometimes I'm faint and wear - y, He knows that I am weak,
3. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys,
4. He knows that I am long - ing Some wear - y soul to win,

He loves me with such ten - der love, He loves so faith - ful - ly,
And as He bids me lean on Him, His help I glad - ly seek;
I tell Him all that pleas - es me, I tell Him what an - noys;
And so He bids me go and speak The lov - ing word for Him;

I could not live a - part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh,—
He leads me in the paths of light, Be - neath a sun - ny sky,—
He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me how to try,—
He bids me tell His won-drous love, And why He came to die,—

And so we dwell to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
And so we walk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
And so we talk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
And so we work to - geth - er, My Lord and I.

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# No. 31. IT WAS THE LOVE OF GOD.

C. F. W. C. F. WEIGELE.

1. If you should ask me why the Sav - iour died for me,
2. Why should He man - i - fest for me such ten - der love,
3. I mar - vel much that He would, from His throne di - vine,

Why He shed His blood up - on the cru - el tree, Why such an - guish
Seek to draw my mind to things un - seen a - bove? I can on - ly
Stoop to res - cue such a sin - ful soul as mine, Prom - ise me a

great, such bit - ter ag - o - ny? It was the love of God for me.
say He did this all to prove The wondrous love of God for me.
place a - mong the blest to shine; Oh, wondrous love of God for me!

*me, from all my guilt set free, It was the love of God for me.*

CHORUS.

It was the love of God, It was the love of God,
the love of God, the love of God,

Sur - pass - ing all that hu - man tongue can tell; It
that tongue can tell;

D. S.—*o-pened heav'n to*

*Fine.*

*D. S.*

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# No. 32. GET READY FOR THE COMING OF THE KING.

IRMA B. MATTHEWS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O the world is wide, and there is work for you, Get
2. Are you glean - ing dai - ly in the har - vest field? Get
3. Short may be the time that here you have to stay, Get

read-y for the coming of the King! Do not leave un - done the things you
read-y for the coming of the King! Lo, the wav - ing grain is ripe, and
read-y for the coming of the King! Make your peace with God! O broth-er,

have to do, Get read - y for the com - ing of the King!
sure the yield, Get read - y for the com - ing of the King!
don't de - lay, Get read - y for the com - ing of the King!

CHORUS.

Get read-y for the coming of the King!..... Get read-y for the
for the coming of the King!

com - ing of the King!..... Be loy - al, brave and true, There is
for the com-ing of the King!

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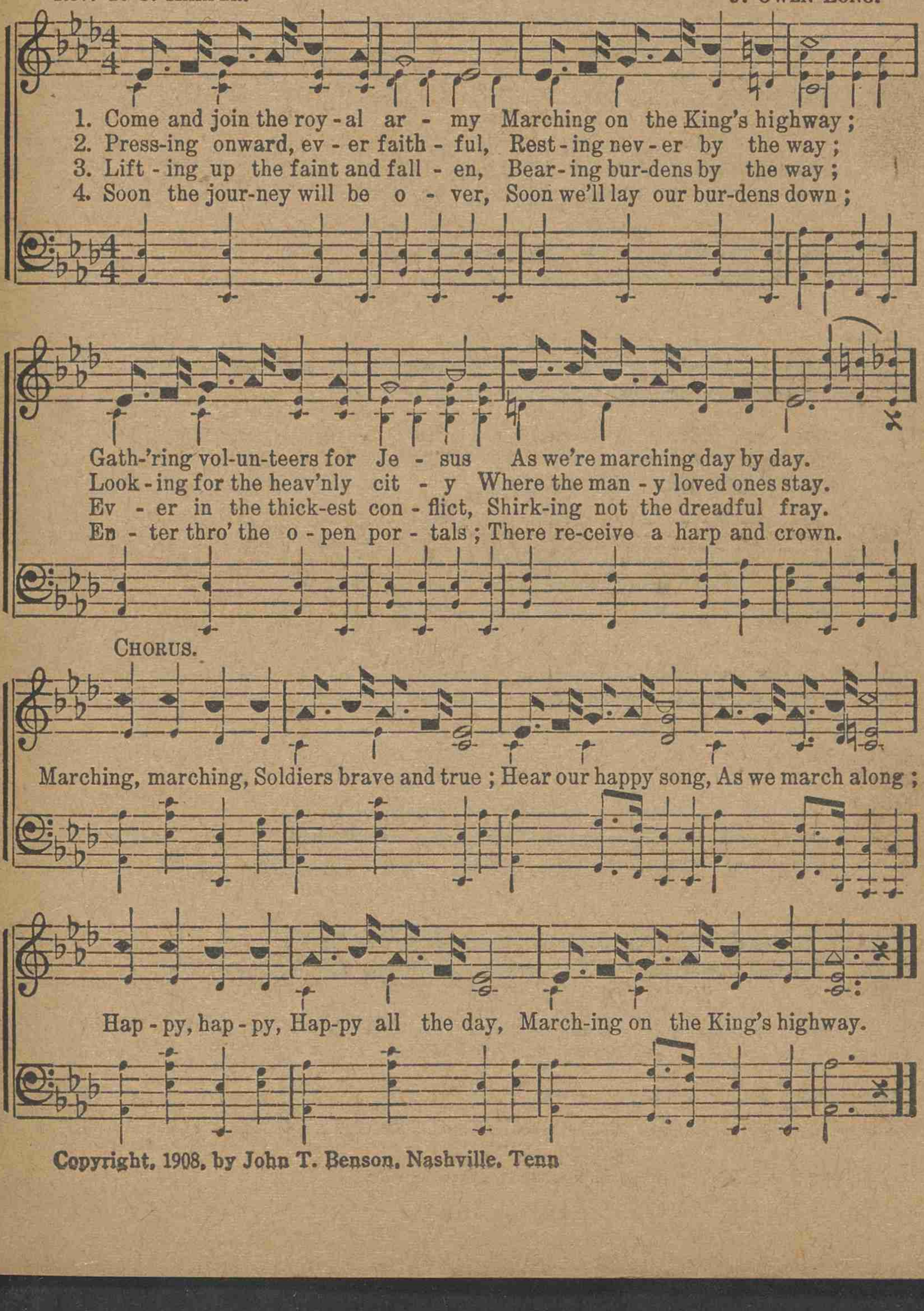
## GET READY FOR THE COMING. Concluded.

## No. 33. MARCHING ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

Rev. T. C. HARPER. J. OWEN LONG.

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# No. 34. THE OLD ACCOUNT WAS SETTLED.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

*Effective as a Solo, ad lib., and Chorus.*

1. O how dark the way be - fore me, And how heav - y was my load,
2. Long my wear - y heart was try - ing To make peace with God in heav'n,
3. I'm re - joic - ing in sal - va - tion, Je - sus' blood my on - ly plea;

How I dread - ed com - ing judg-ment, How I feared the wrath of God!
Know-ing not that peace and par - don Would to me be free - ly giv'n;
All the past has been for - giv - en, From all sin, praise God! I'm free;

Since I heard the old, old sto - ry, I am hap - py, for I know That the
Then I heard how Je - sus suffered, How His blood could make like snow, How the
This sweet sto-ry of re-demp-tion I would tell to all be - low, How the

CHORUS.

old account was settled long a - go. Oh, the old account was settled long a-

*mp* *p*

go, When He died, when He died; And the
long a - go, When the Saviour died, when the Saviour died;

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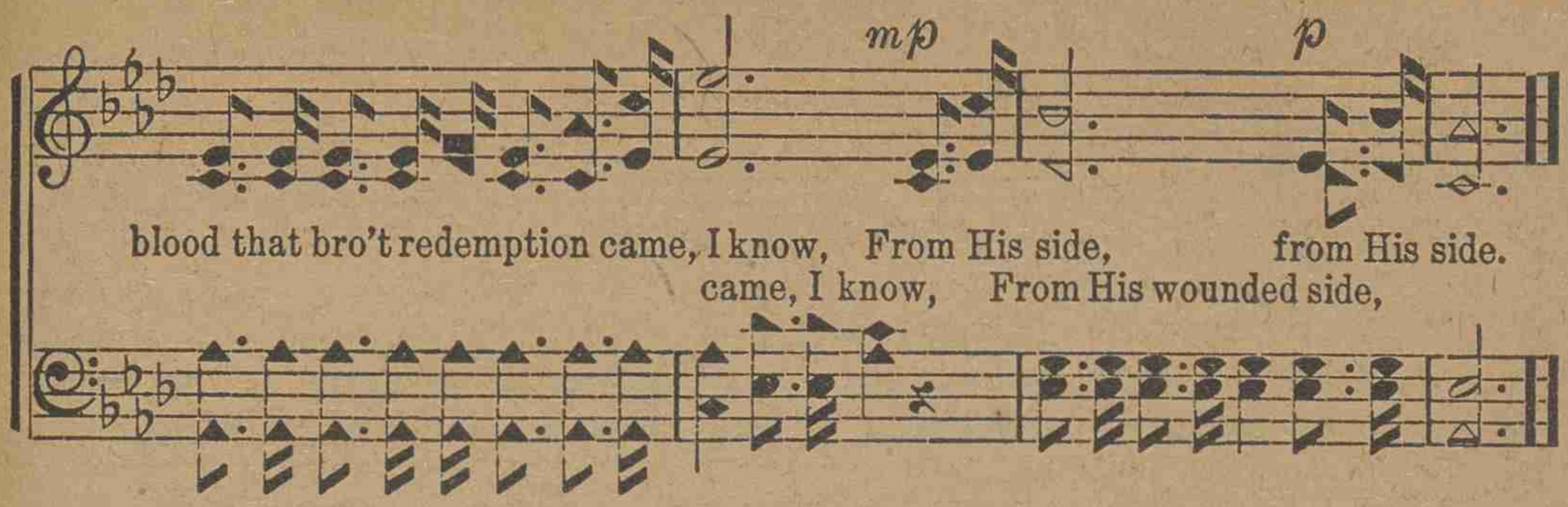
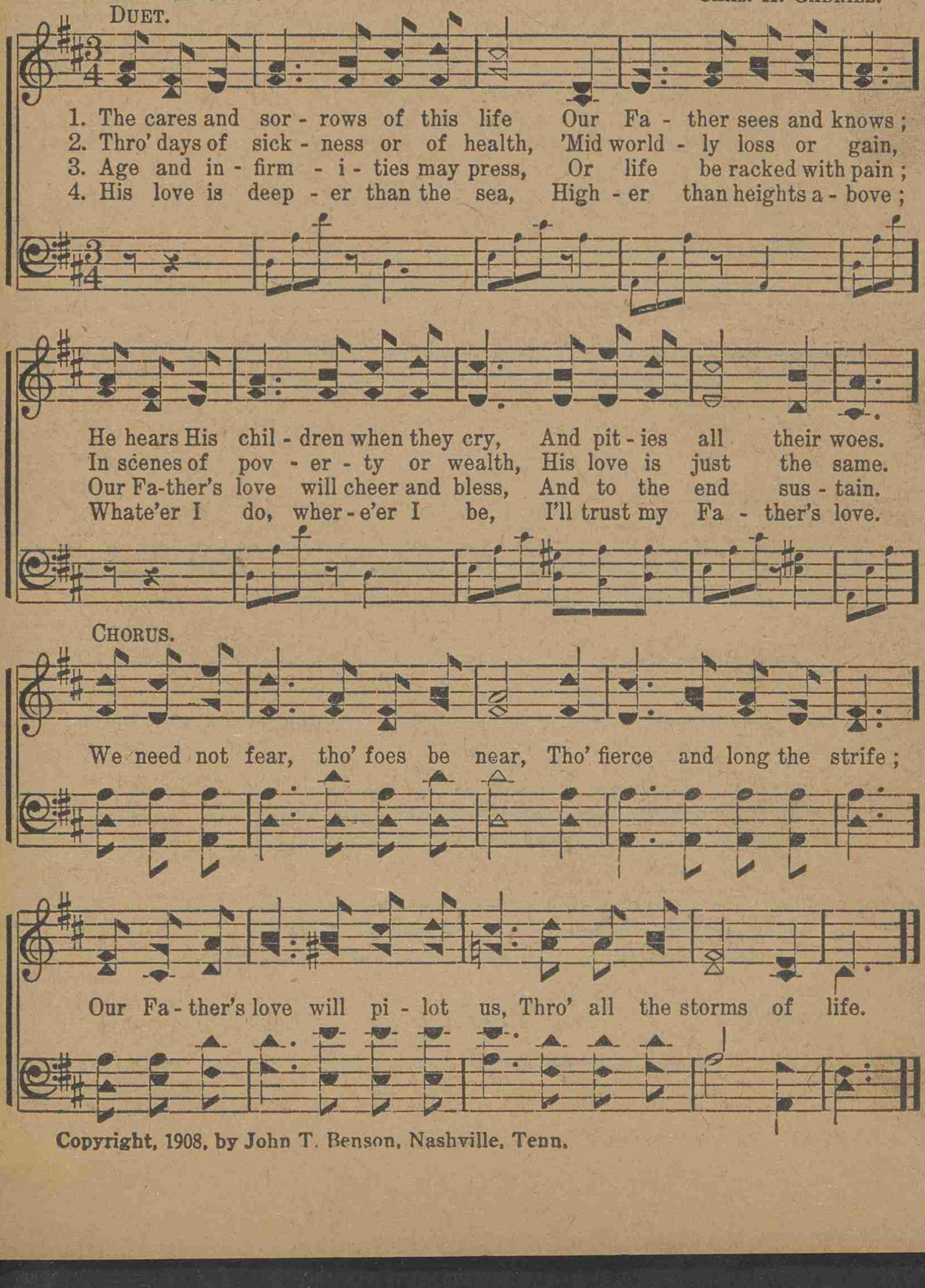
# THE OLD ACCOUNT WAS SETTLED. Concluded.




## No. 35. OUR FATHER'S LOVE.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

DUET.




CHORUS.

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# No. 36. HE SET ME FREE.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. My soul is filled with joy and glad-ness, Since Je - sus came to me;
2. The Com - fort - er a - bides so sweet-ly With - in my soul to - day;
3. The grace of Je - sus hath a - bound-ed, For all my sin I see;

His love has ban - ished all my sad - ness, From sin He set me free.
And peace is flow - ing like a riv - er Since Je - sus came to stay.
Sal - va - tion walls hath me sur-round - ed, From sin I am set free.

CHORUS.

He set me free, . . . . He set me free, . . . . I was blind, but hal - le - lu - jah, now I see; . . . I shall ne'er for-get the day When He washed my sins a - way, And He set, He set me free. . . . .

He set me free, He set me free, yes, now I see; He set me free.

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# No. 37. I'VE PITCHED MY TENT IN BEULAH.

*Respectfully dedicated to the choir at Hollow Rock.*

M. J. H. Mrs. M. J. Harris.

1. I long a - go left E - gypt, for the promised land, I trust - ed in my Sav - iour, and to His guiding hand; He led me out to vic - t'ry thro' the great Red Sea, I sang a song of tri-umph, and shout - ed, I am free!
2. I followed close be-side Him, and the land soon found, I did not halt or trem-ble, for Ca - naan I was bound; My Guide I full - y trust - ed, and He led me in, I shout-ed, Hal - le - lu - jah! my heart is free from sin.
3. I start - ed for the high-lands where the fruits abound, I pitched my tent near He-bron, there grapes of Eshcol found, With milk and hon-ey flow-ing, and new wine so free; I have no love for E - gypt, it has no charms for me.
4. My heart is so en - rap-tured as I press a - long, Each day I find new blessings which fill my heart with song; I'm ev - er marching on - ward to that land on high, Some day I'll reach my man-sion that's build - ed in the sky.

CHORUS.

You need not look for me, down in E-gypt's sand, For I have pitched my tent far up in Beu - lah land; You tent far up in Beu - lah land; You tent far up in Beu - lah land.

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# No. 38. ARE YOU FREE?

Rev. WILLIAM C. POOL. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Are you free to work for Je - sus? Are you free (Are you free)? Are you
2. Are you free to speak for Je - sus? Are you free (Are you free)? Are you
3. Are you free to win the lost ones? Are you free (Are you free)? Are you
4. Are you free from ev - 'ry bond-age? Are you free (Are you free)? Are you
5. Are you free? Oh, Je - sus wants you To be free (To be free); Are you

free to work for Je - sus? Are you free (Are you free)? Har - vest
free to speak for Je - sus? Are you free (Are you free)? Are you
free to win the lost ones? Are you free (Are you free)? Are you
free from ev - 'ry bond-age? Are you free (Are you free)? Are the
free? Oh, Je - sus wants you To be free (To be free); Glad - ly

fields are white a-round you, Has the Sav-iour's free-dom found you? Has He
free to tell the sto - ry, How the Lord of earth and glo - ry Came and
free to lead the straying To the Mas - ter's feet, there lay - ing Heart and
chains of sin all riv - en? Is there noth - ing un - for - giv - en? Is the
to the heart that's aching He will come, the bond-age break-ing, If you

CHORUS.

bro-ken chains that bound you, Are you free?
shed His pres-ence o'er thee? Are you free?
soul, His will o - bey-ing? Are you free?
path-way clear to heav-en? Are you free?
come His prom-ise tak-ing, To set free.

Are you free? **Are you**

**Are you free?**

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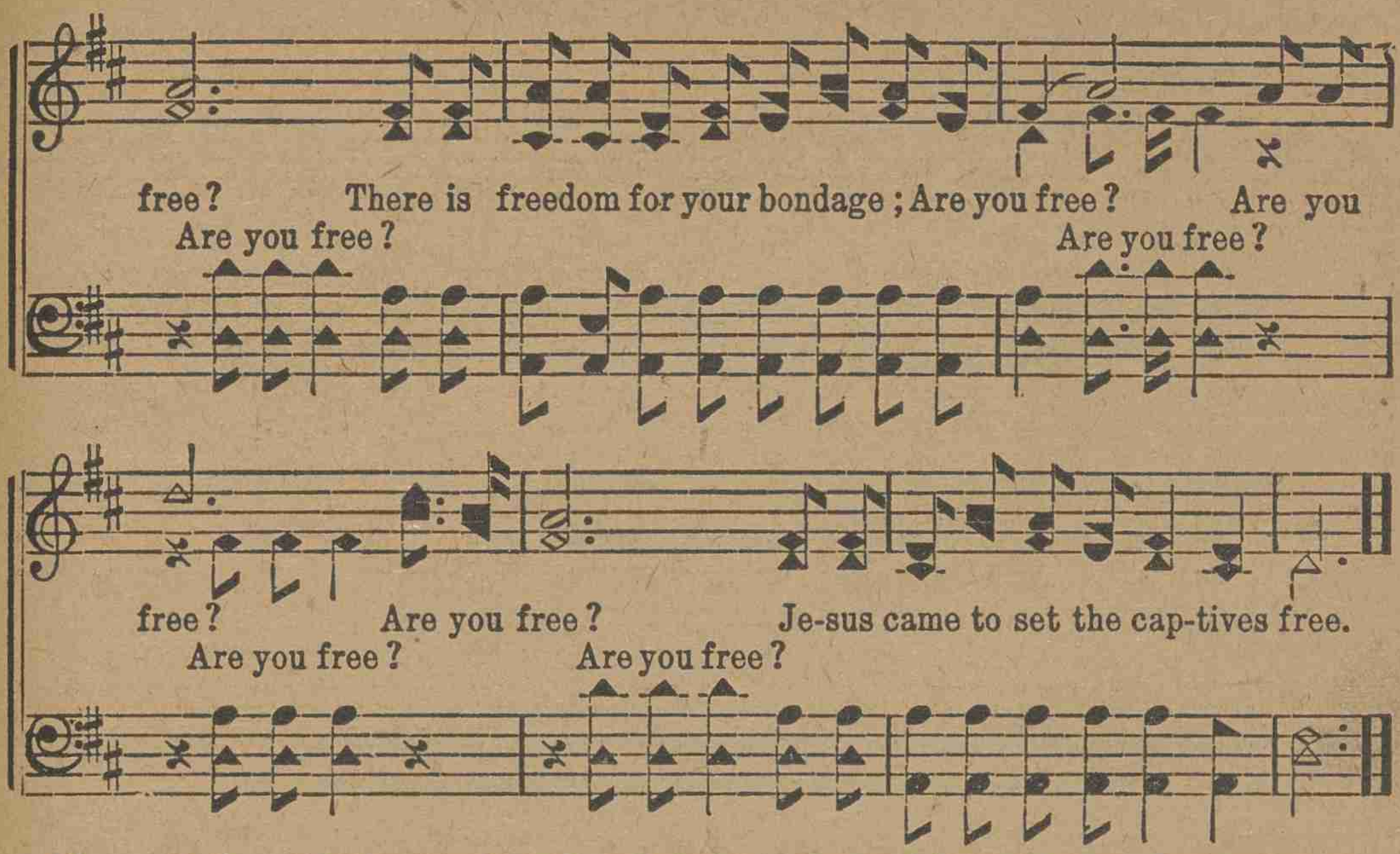
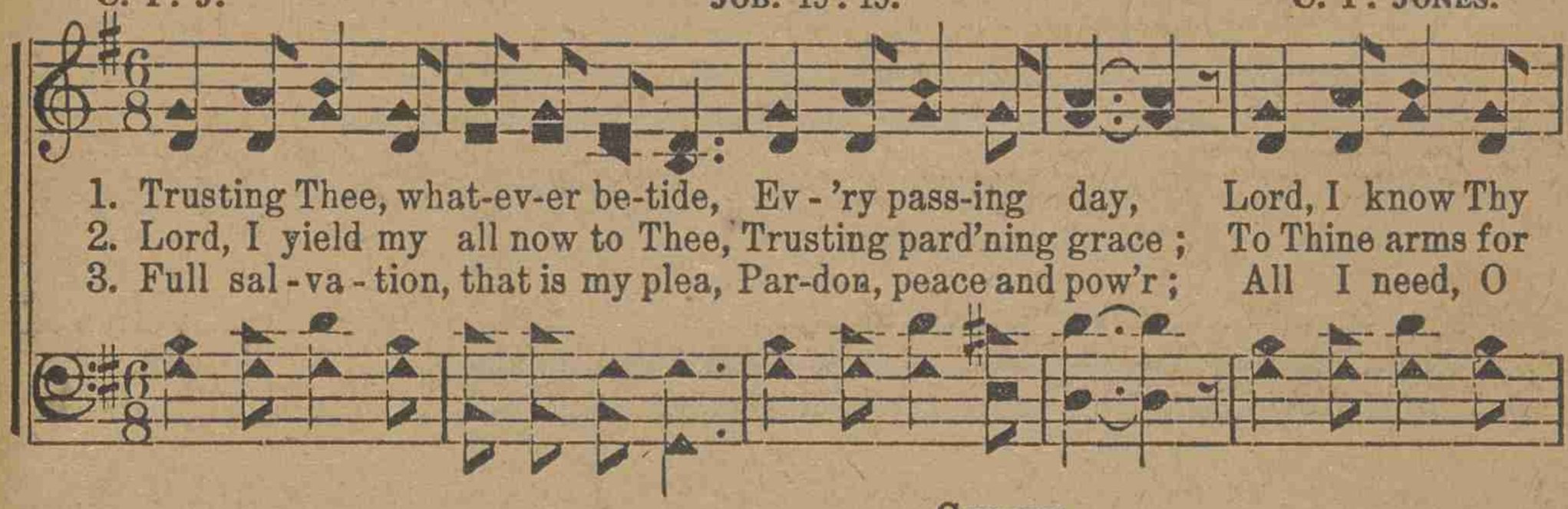
# ARE YOU FREE? Concluded.

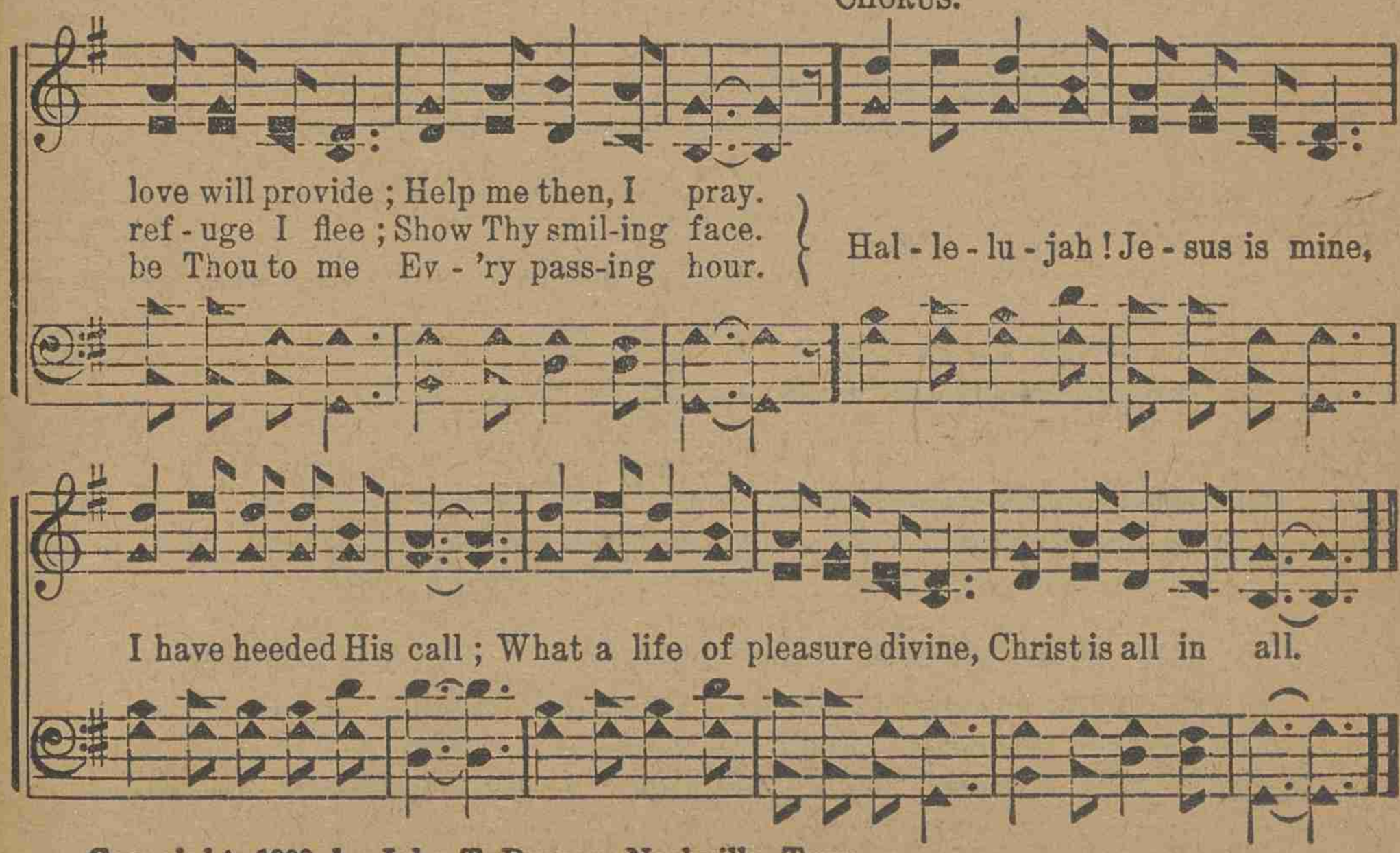



# No. 39. TRUSTING THEE, WHATEVER BETIDE.

C. P. J. JOB. 13:15. C. P. JONES.




CHORUS.

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# No. 40. I'M GOING THROUGH, JESUS.

As sung by W. B. YATES. Arr. by MRS. JOHN T. BENSON.

1. Lord, I have start-ed to walk in the light, Shin-ing up-on me from heav-en so bright; I bade the world and its fol-lies a-dieu, I've start-ed in Je-sus, and I'm go-ing thro'.
2. Man-y they are who start in the race; But with the light they re-fuse to keep pace; Oth-ers ac-cept it be - cause it is new, But not ver - y man-y ex-pect to go thro'.
3. I'd rath-er walk with Je - sus a - lone, And have for a pil-low, like Ja-cob, a stone, Liv-ing each moment with His face in view, Than shrink from my pathway and fail to go thro'.
4. O broth-er, now will you take up the cross? Give up the world, and count it as dross; Sell all thou hast, and give to the poor, Then go thro' with Je-sus and those who en-dure.

CHORUS.

I'm go - ing thro', yes, I'm go-ing through; I'll pay the price, what-ev-er oth-ers do; I'll take the way with the Lord's despised few, I'm go-ing thro', Je-sus, I'm go-ing thro'.

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# No. 41. WALKING IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

F. H. FLORENCE HORTON.

1. We shall see the des-ert as the rose, Walk-ing in the
2. We shall see the glo-ry of the Lord, Walk-ing in the
3. There the rain shall come up-on the ground, Walk-ing in the
4. There no rav-'nous beast shall make a-fraid, Walk-ing in the
5. No un-clean thing shall pass o'er here, Walk-ing in the

King's high-way; There'll be sing-ing where sal-va-tion goes,
King's high-way; And be-hold the beau-ty of His word,
King's high-way; And the springs of wa-ter will be found,
King's high-way; For the pu-ri-fied the way was made,
King's high-way; But the ran-somed ones without a fear,

CHORUS.

Walk-ing in the King's high-way. There's a high-way there and a
way (and a way), Where sorrow shall flee a-way (flee a-way), And the
light shines bright as the day (as the day), Walk-ing in the King's highway.

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# No. 42. THE WORLD-WIDE MISSION BAND.

F. E. R. F. E. Rimanoczy.

1. The cry for help from dis - tant lands Has ech - oed to our shores, The
2. Per - haps the call has reached your ears, "A-rise, and sail a - way To
3. A - gain the call to some is heard, "You need not go a - way, But
4. "There is a foun - tain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And

hands of pleading mul - ti-tudes Are knock-ing at our doors. The pressing needs of
lands a-cross the o - cean wide, Where duty calls to - day." O do not ques-tion
o - pen wide your pocket-book, And stay at home and pray." For while some go, some
sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains." And while we sing this

Hea-then-dom Our serv-ice doth demand, And vol - un-teers are wanted For the
nor de - lay, But cry, "Lord, here am I, I glad - ly yield my all to Thee, To
must re-main And work, to send the rest; The Mis-sion - a - ry Call has come, And
bless-ed song, And know it word for word, Let's not for-get the mil-lions Who have

*Rit.* CHORUS.

World-wide Mission Band.
suf - fer or to die." { O who will glad-ly go, And bravely suf - fer loss? For
each must do his best. { O who will heed the call, And no-bly take your stand? For
nev - er, nev-er heard.

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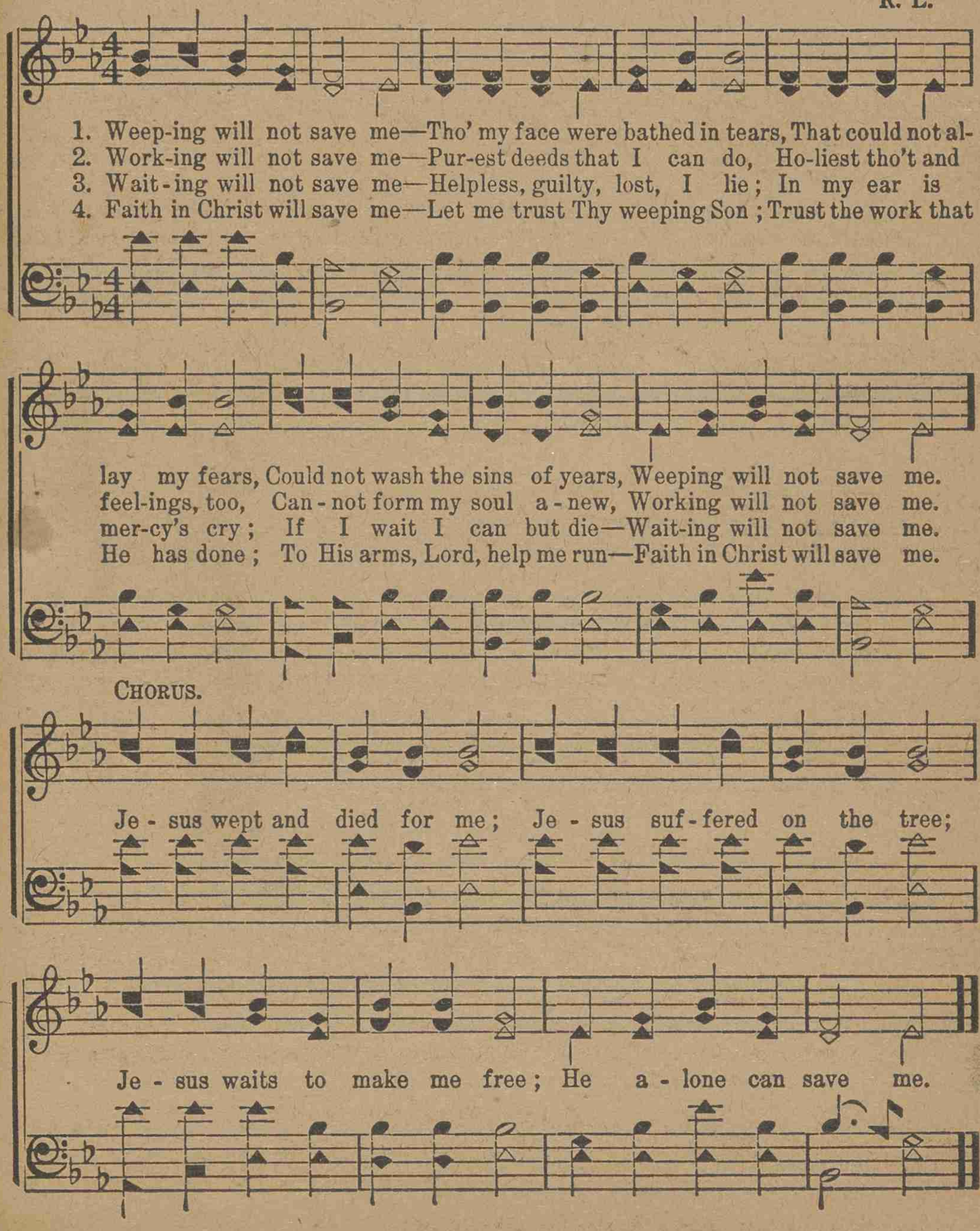
# THE WORLD-WIDE MISSION BAND. Concluded.

## No. 43. JESUS WEPT AND DIED FOR ME.

R. L.



# No. 44. I WILL SHOUT TO MEET MY JESUS.

C. Austin Miles.

1. When far a - way from Je - sus, in sin was my de - light, My heart was full of
2. There came a light from heav-en, it shone my way a - cross ; The radiance was from
3. And then I walked with Je-sus, walked in the light of God ; There was the blood most
4. When our life-work is end - ed, in serv- ice at its best, We'll fall a - sleep in

e - vil, there was no in - ward light ; By Sa - tan led in blind - ness, that
Je - sus, the light was from the cross ; It wak - ened me from slum - ber, it
precious, shed by the Son of God ; Ap - plied by faith in Je - sus, it
Je - sus, by lean - ing on His breast ; Then will the blood-washed spir-it, from

I no light should see, It was the way of dark-ness, the way of death for me.
start - led me from death ; In fear I fled to Je - sus, es - caped e - ter - nal death.
cleansed me from all sin ; I shout-ed, Glo - ry ! glo - ry ! all praise be un - to Him !
sin for - ev - er free, Sweep thro' the gates in tri-umph, our Lord and Christ to see.

Chorus.

I will shout..... to meet my Je - sus, I will shout..... to meet my
I will shout I will shout

Je - sus, I will shout..... to meet my Jesus, When He comes, when He comes.
I will shout

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# No. 45. GRAZING.

A. F. I. ARTHUR F. INGLER.

*Not too fast.*

1. In the pastures green and growing, Where the quiet streams are flowing, There my
2. In the val - ley of the shad-ow, Down in "Con- se - cra-tion" meadow, There I
3. I'm so glad my Shepherd's a - ble To pre - pare for me a ta - ble; "In the
4. When the hungry wolves are howling, And the an - gry dogs are growling, Then my

Shepherd gen-tly leads me ev-'ry day; Oft He fills my soul with glo - ry, As I
died to sin and self, one gloomy day; But my "Shepherd true" was with me, And the
pres-ence of mine en - e-mies" I feed; I have found a patch of "clo - ver," And my
Shepherd takes and hides me in the fold; Safely there He'll ev-er keep me, Nev - er

tell the sweet "old sto-ry," How that Je - sus sweetly keeps me all the way.
"Second Blessing" gave me, While the Spirit took the "Car-nal Mind" a - way.
cup is run - ning o - ver; Hal - le - lu - jah! He sup-plies my ev - 'ry need.
leave me nor for-sake me, While I trust Him, and His smil-ing face be - hold.

CHORUS.

Graz - ing, graz - ing, I'm graz - ing in the sweet clo - ver field;

Graz - ing, graz - ing, I'm saved, and sanc - ti - fied, and { sealed. / healed.

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# No. 46. I'VE RECEIVED AN INVITATION.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. I've re - ceived an in - vi - ta - tion from the glo - rious King of kings,
2. When the saved ones of all a - ges gath - er 'round the great white throne,
3. Where the cit - y walls are jas - per, and the streets are pur - est gold,
4. Where the harps are nev - er si - lent, and the chor - al songs as - cend,
5. Where no sick - ness ev - er en - ters, nei - ther sor - row, death nor pain,
6. Will you meet me o - ver yon - der in that cit - y of de - light,

I am go - ing to be there;
I am go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing to be there;

To be pres - ent at the ban-quet when the Lord His ransomed brings, I am
Where in all the bright for - ev - er we shall know as we are known, I am
Where the King in all His beau - ty eye to eye we shall be - hold, I am
Where thro'-out the countless a - ges joy and bliss shall nev - er end, I am
And where our de - part - ed loved ones we shall meet and know a - gain, I am
Where a man-sion is a - wait-ing, and a robe of spotless white? I am

*Fine.* CHORUS.

go - ing to be there. I've re-ceived an in - vi-
I am go-ing, yes, I'm go - ing to be there.

ta-tion,—glo-ry, glo - ry to His name!—To the great marriage sup-per of the

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## I'VE RECEIVED AN INVITATION. Concluded.

*D. S.*

Lamb ; And the Lord command has giv-en for the sum-mons to prepare, And I'm

## No. 47. I WOULD NOT BE DENIED.

C. P. JONES.

1. When pangs of death seized on my soul, Un - to the Lord I cried,
2. As Ja - cob in the days of old, I wres - tled with the Lord ;
3. Old Sa - tan said my Lord was gone, And would not hear my prayer ;

Till Je - sus came and made me whole ; I would not be de - nied.
And in - stant, with a cour - age bold, I stood up - on His word.
But, praise the Lord ! the work is done, And Christ the Lord is here.

CHORUS.

I would not be de - nied (de-nied), I would not be de - nied (de-nied),

Till Je - sus came and made me whole ; I would not be de - nied.
de-nied.

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# No. 48. I'LL GO ALL THE WAY.

*To Mrs. E. J. Staley.*

C. P. J. *Lively.* CHAS. P. JONES

1. I'll go all the way with my Sav - iour, No mat - ter what the
2. I'll go all the way with my Sav - iour, Who died from sin to
3. I'll go all the way with my Sav - iour, The Spir - it will the
4. I'll go all the way with my Sav - iour, No mat - ter what the

cost may be; I'll give up the world for my Sav - iour,
set me free; He par - dons the sins of His serv - ant,
strength sup - ply; I'll give up my life for my Sav - iour,
rest may do; Tho' oth - ers may turn from His foot - steps,

CHORUS.

Yea, Lord, I give up all to Thee.
Hence-forth He shall my treas - ure be.
He'll take me to His home on high.
His ho - ly way I'll still pur - sue.

} I'll go all the way with my Sav - iour, I'll serve Him ev - 'ry day, I'll trust Him and o - bey; I'll go all the way with my

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## I'LL GO ALL THE WAY. Concluded.

## No. 49. I WILL PRAISE HIM.

*Dedicated to my friend, Miss Gertrude Bartholomew.*

M. J. H. Mrs. M. J. HARRIS.

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# No. 50. I'M GLAD I'M ONE OF THEM.

I. G. M. I. G. MARTIN.

1. There are peo - ple, al - most ev - 'ry-where, Whose hearts are all a-flame
2. Tho' these peo - ple may not learn - ed be, Nor boast of world - ly fame,
3. They were gath - ered in the up - per room, All pray - ing in His name,
4. Come, my broth - er, seek this bless - ing, That will cleanse your heart from sin,

With the fire that fell at Pen-te-cost, Which cleansed and made them clean;
They have all re-ceived their Pen - te - cost Thro' faith in Je - sus' name;
They were bap - tized with the Ho - ly Ghost, And pow'r for serv - ice came;
That will start the joy - bells ring - ing, And will keep the soul a - flame;

It is burn - ing now with - in my heart,—All glo - ry to His name!-
And are tell - ing now both far and wide, That His pow'r is yet the same,-
Now what He did for them that day He'll do for you the same,-
It is burn - ing now with - in my heart,—All glo - ry to His name!-

CHORUS.

And I'm glad that I can say I'm one of them. One of them, one of
One of them,

them, I am glad that I can say I'm one of them; One of them,
one of them, One of them,

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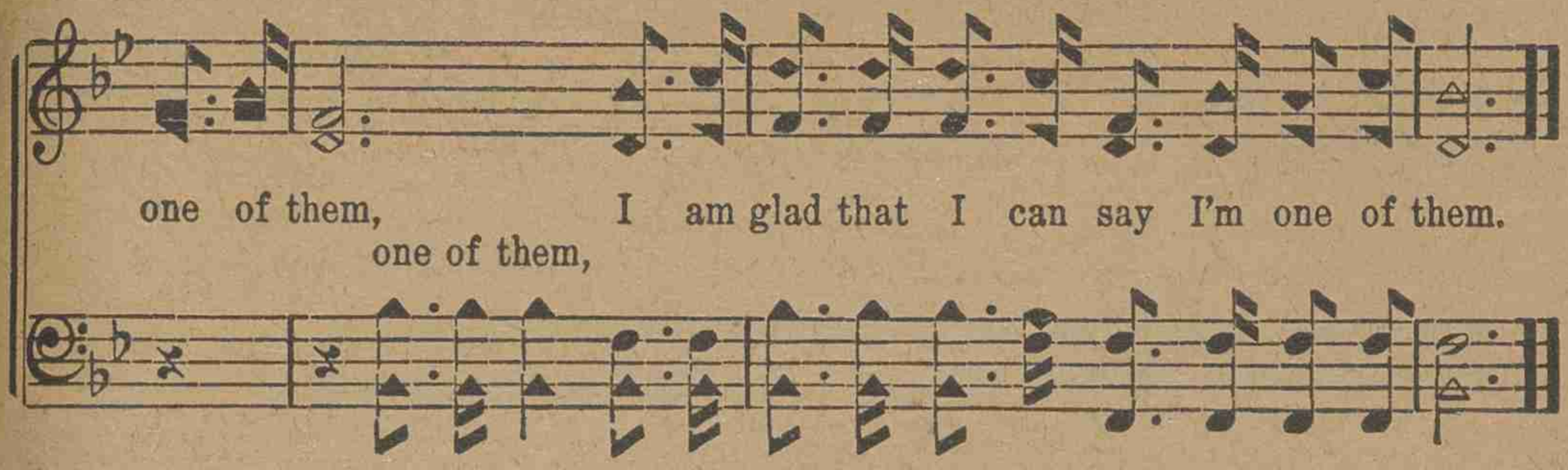
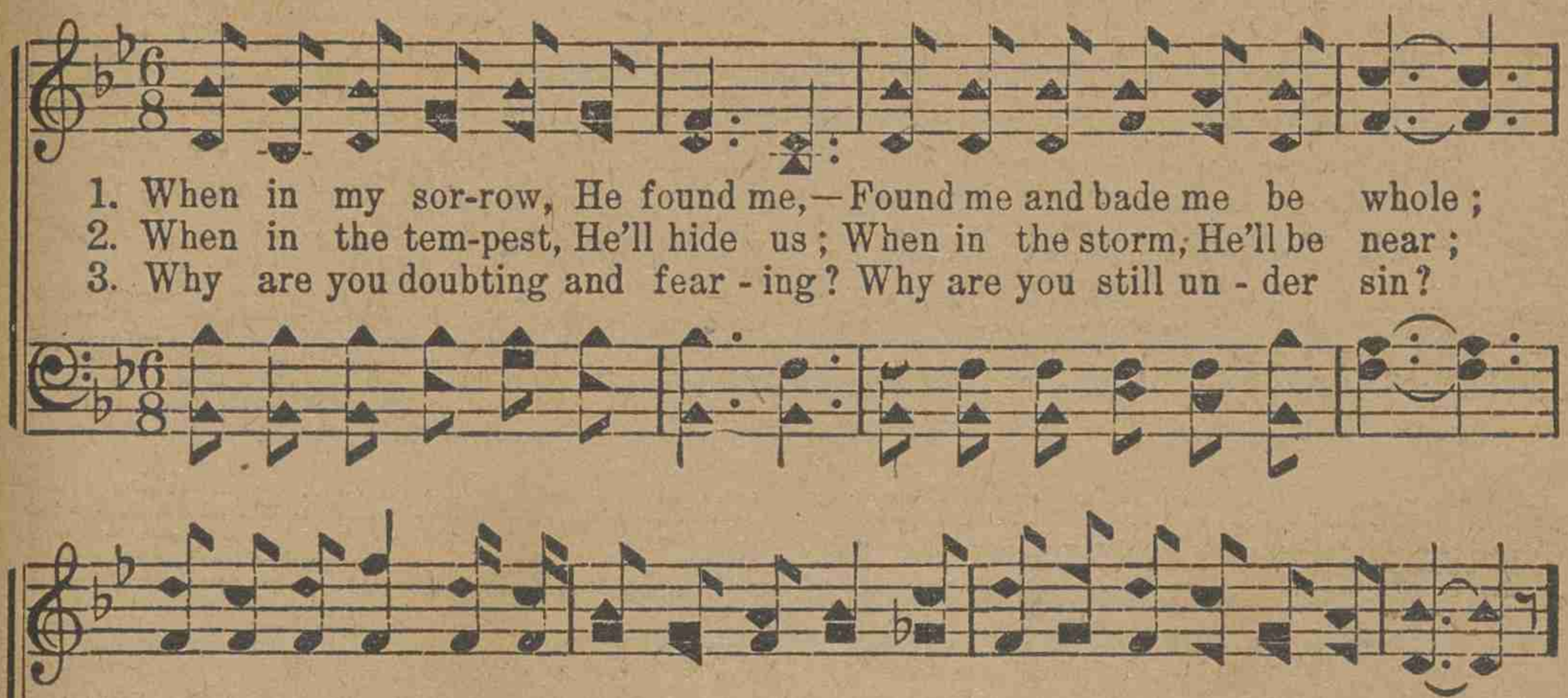
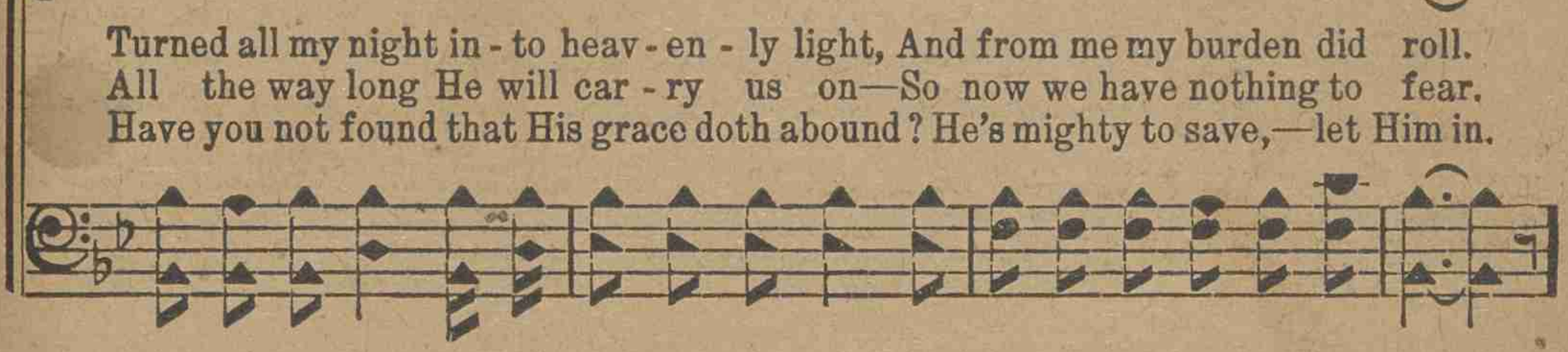
## I'M GLAD I'M ONE OF THEM. Concluded.




## No. 51. JESUS IS STRONG TO DELIVER.

W. MAY. J. P. WESTON.




CHORUS.

# No. 52. HE IS A FRIEND OF MINE.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I have a friend in - deed, A friend I oft - en need, And when I need Him
2. Now Je - sus is His name, His love is e'er the same; And tho' my love for
3. It is enough for me To know that He will be A friend when all the

He is al - ways near (al - ways near), To chide me wher I'm wrong,
Him may fee - ble grow (fee - ble grow), Still thro' my tears I see
rest for-get my name (forget my name); When thro' the gates of gold

To fill my heart with song, Or make the hid-den way seem clear (seem clear).
My friend a-wait-ing me, And hand in hand we on-ward go (onward go).
My char-iot wheels have rolled, He'll be my lov-ing friend the same (the same).

CHORUS.

For He is a friend of mine (yes), He is a friend of mine, The Ru - ler

of the land and sea, And yet He lov-eth me; He is a friend of mine (yes),

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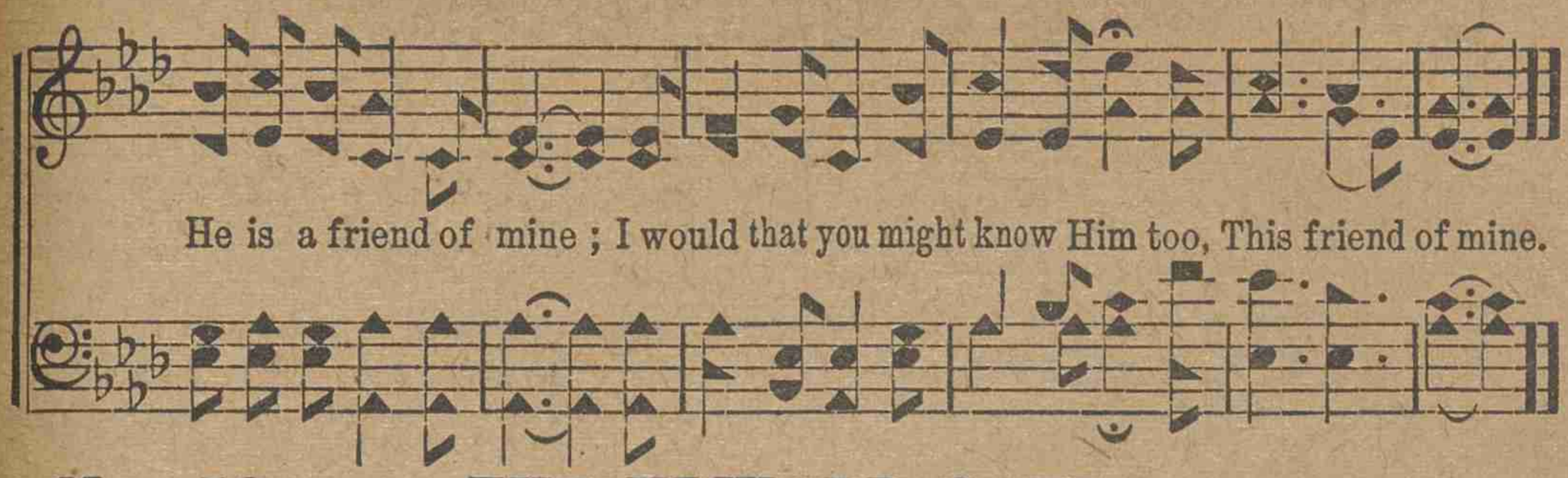
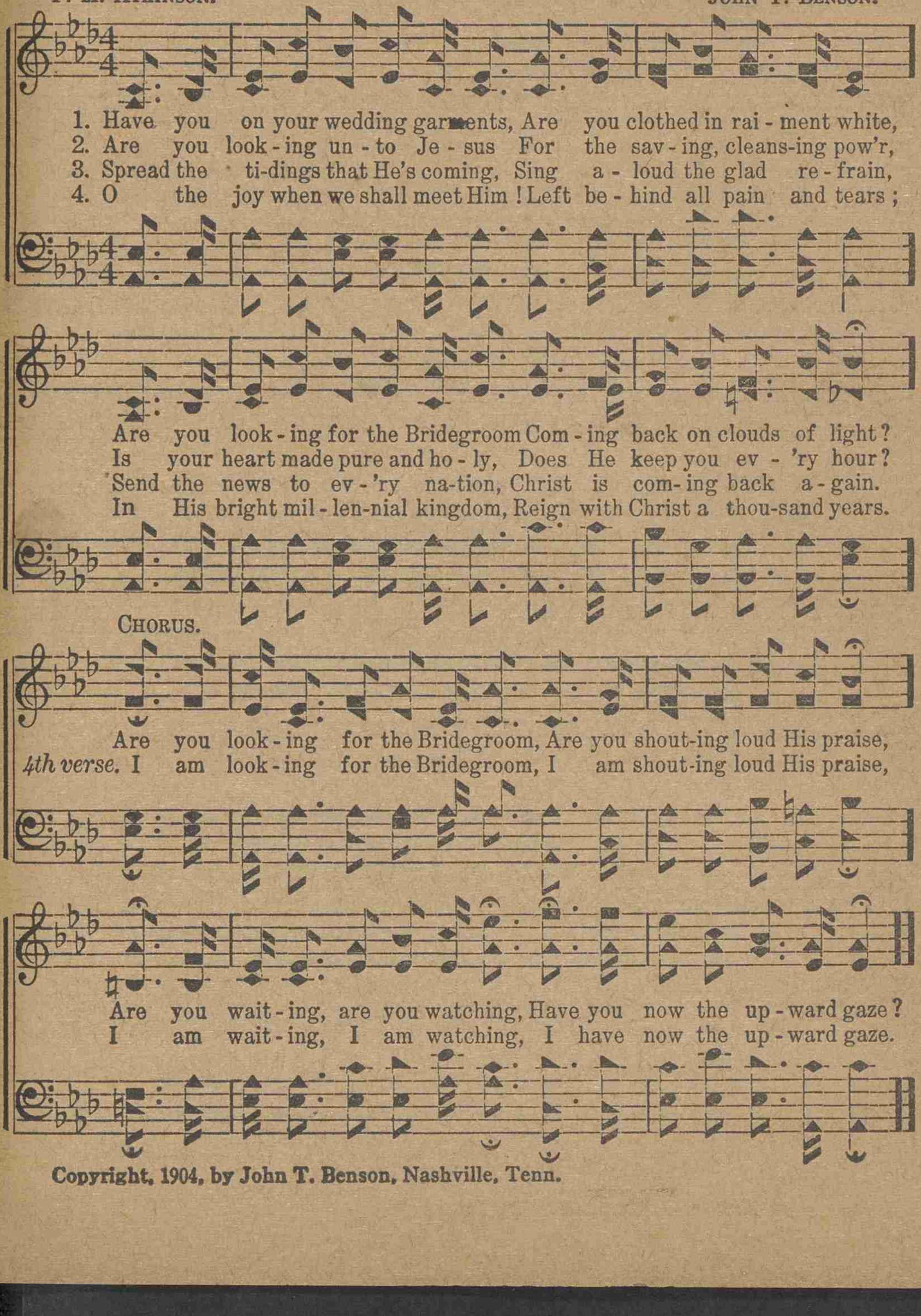
## HE IS A FRIEND OF MINE. Concluded.




## No. 53. THE UPWARD GAZE.

F. M. ATKINSON. JOHN T. BENSON.

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# No. 54. HERE AM I.

JULIA A. JOHNSTON. J. B. TROWBRIDGE.

1. Je - sus, Mas - ter, hast Thou mes - sag - es to send? Here am I,
2. Sav - iour, is there not some low - ly task to do? O send me,
3. Dost Thou need a hand to bear a shin - ing light? Use my hand,
4. Work - ing, wait-ing, what-so - e'er Thy ho - ly will, Here am I,

Here am I! Wait - ing, list -'ning, at Thy feet I low - ly bend,
O send me! Gird me now for serv - ice, make me strong and true,
Use my hand! Dost Thou need a pa - tient watch - er in the night?
Here am I! Mas - ter, let me Thy de - sire a - lone ful - fill,

CHORUS.

Here am I— O do not pass me by!
Send me on some er - rand, Lord, for Thee.
Let me serve Thee, Lord, at Thy com-mand.
Keep me to Thy heart for - ev - er nigh.
} Read-y for Thy serv-ice, Mas-ter,

here am I! Hush my heart to hear Thee call - ing from on high;

Choose Thou for me, let me still re - ply— O Mas - ter, here am I!

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# No. 55. GO WASH IN THE FOUNTAIN.

N. W. ALLPHIN. STELLA ADAMS.

1. 'T was Je - sus, our Sav - iour, who suf - fered and died, His
2. Be - hold Him sus - pend - ed on Cal - va - ry's tree, What
3. This foun - tain of cleans - ing is o - pen for all Who

life as a ran - som He gave; And o - pened a foun - tain, a
won - der - ful love it doth show! There shed - ding His blood that your
glad - ly will hear and o - bey; De - lay you no lon - ger, but

sin - cleans - ing tide, The souls of all na - tions to save.
soul might be free,—Go wash and be whit - er than snow.
an - swer His call,—Go wash in the foun - tain to - day.

CHORUS.

Go wash.... in the foun - tain, O why will you lon - ger de - lay?
Go wash, go wash,

Go wash.... in the foun - tain, Go wash in the foun-tain to - day.
Go wash, go wash,

By permission.

# No. 56. THE FIGHT IS ON.

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

1. The fight is on, the trump - et sound is ring - ing out, The
2. The fight is on, a - rouse, ye sol - diers brave and true! Je-
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry; The

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

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

Chorus. *Unison.*

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

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

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## THE FIGHT IS ON. Concluded.

*Harmony.*

wrong en - gage to - day! The fight is on, but be not

wear - y; Be strong, and in His might hold fast; If God be

for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic - tor's song at last.
Vic - t'ry! Vic - t'ry!

## No. 57. THIS WORLD IS NOT MY HOME.

(As sung by Misses Taylor & Jeannette.)

Arr. by Mrs. JOHN T. BENSON.

1. I have left the land of death and sin, The road that man - y trav - el in;
2. There are many who would my progress stay, And beg me not to fight or pray;
3. O sin - ner, come and go with me, And seek this land of lib - er - ty;

CHO.—*This world, this world is not my home, This world, this world is not my home,*

*D. C. for Chorus.*

And if you ask the rea - son why, I seek a glo-rious home on high.
I dare not lis - ten to their cry, I seek a glo-rious home on high.
Oh, do not stay, but tell me why You do not seek this home on high?

*This world is not my rest-ing place, This world, this world is not my home.*

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# No. 58. MY ALL IN ALL.

H. B. HERBERT BUFFUM.

1. Praise the Lord, I have an all - suf- fi-cient Sav - iour ! He has ta - ken all my guilt a - way ; Gives me joy and peace within, He has cleansed my heart from sin ;
2. Oh ! Je - sus is my blessed Sanc-ti - fi - er, I have tar-ried for my Pen - te-cost ; And He came to dwell with-in When I yield - ed all to Him ;
3. Oh ! Je - sus is the Heal-er of my bod - y ; When sickness comes, to Him I pray ; And He comes that ver - y hour, By His might - y heal - ing pow'r
4. Oh ! Je - sus is my King who soon is com - ing, With His chos - en ones in pow'r to reign ; And I know the time is near When my Sav - ior shall ap - pear—

CHORUS.

There's no con-dem-na-tion in my soul to - day.
He bap-tized me with the blessed Ho-ly Ghost.
Takes my sick-ness-es and pains all a - way.
Yes, praise God ! He's coming back to earth again.
} He is all in all to me,

And from sin He sets me free ; He has sanc - ti - fied me whol - ly Thro' His death on Cal-v'ry's tree. I am walk - ing by His side ; He is in me to a-

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# MY ALL IN ALL. Concluded.

## No. 59. MY SHEPHERD.

ARTHUR F. INGLER. Tune:—"How Can I Leave Thee?"

*With expression.*




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# No. 60. TIMES OF REFRESHING ARE COMING.

F. B. B. FANNIE BIRDSALL BULA.

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# No. 61. WITNESSES.

F. E. R. F. E. Rimanoczy.

1. I know a lot of Chris - tian folks Who nev - er say a word Of
2. They go to church on Sun - day If the weath-er will per - mit, But
3. They go to so - cial functions, Where they mix up with the world, At-
4. And thus they live from day to day, Themselves to grat - i - fy; The

things the Lord has done for them, Their voice is nev - er heard; They
if it rains or is too hot, At home all day they sit; The
tired in la - test cos - tumes, All per - fumed and nice - ly curled; They
Bi - ble, with its teach - ings plain, They o - pen - ly de - fy; With

talk of la - test nov - els, And the new - est fads a - broad, But
Sun - day pa - per does of course Their lit - 'ra - ture af - ford, But
talk, O yes, they talk and talk Till ev - 'ry one is bored, But
the - atres, danc - ing, cards, and such, Their lives are in ac - cord, But

𝄋 *Fine.*

nev - er one of them thinks of being A wit - ness for the Lord.

D. S.—*Ev - 'ry one of us ought to be A wit - ness for the Lord.*

Chorus. *D. S.*

A wit - ness for the Lord, A wit - ness for the Lord;

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# No. 62. LOOKING FOR THE BRIDEGROOM.

Mrs. M. A. S. Mrs. MINNIE A. STEELE.

1. I am look-ing for the Bridegroom, I know that He will come, He's
2. I am look-ing for the Bridegroom, for He has won my heart; From
3. I must keep my wed-ding gar-ment un-spot-ted from the world, For

promised, and His word has nev-er failed (never failed); And I know I shall be
world-ly pleas-ures I have turned a-way (turned a-way); I am walk-ing in His
should He find it stained with sin and pride (sin and pride), I am sure that it would

like Him, when I see Him as He is, And be-hold His bless-ed face unveiled.
footsteps, that like Him I may be, And be read-y should He come to-day.
grieve Him, and He will turn a-way, And I nev-er could be-come His bride.

CHORUS.

I am look - ing, I am watch - ing, For I
O I am look-ing, O I am watching,

know not just the hour my Lord will come; So I'm watch - ing, and I'm
Yes, I am watching,

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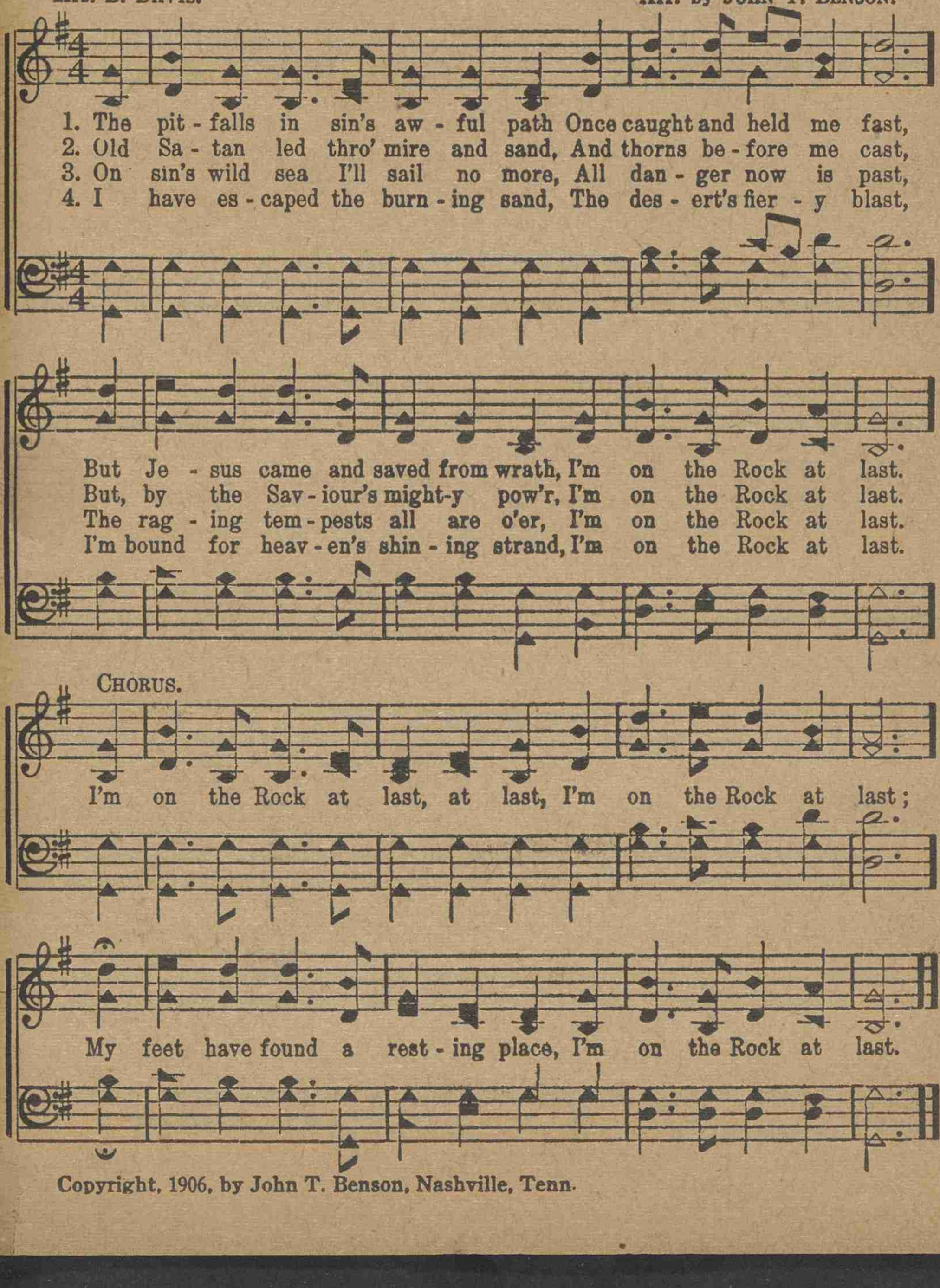
# LOOKING FOR THE BRIDEGROOM—Concluded.

## No. 63. I'M ON THE ROCK.

Mrs. B. Davis. Arr. by John T. Benson.

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# 64 GLORY TO GOD, HE'S COME HOME.

A. N. N. Arr. by C. E. POLLOCK.

1. In the Bi - ble we read, you all know, Of a prod-i-gal saved here be-low;
2. How bright were his hopes on that day, When the prod-i-gal turned him a-way,
3. We know ver-y well that the lad Came home ver-y wear-y and sad,
4. The el - der broth-er drew near, He the danc-ing and music could hear,
5. O if there's a prod-i-gal here, Come now, to your Father draw near,

If you'll open your book to the gos-pel of Luke, The fifteenth chapter will show
From home and from rest, from all that was best, He put no restraint nor delay;
He knew he'd gone wrong, with the riotous throng, He tho't of all that was bad;
So his servant he sent to ask what it meant, They told him his brother had come;
He'll free - ly for-give and take you to live, With Him you'll have nothing to fear;

How they bro't forth a robe and a ring, Made mer-ry, did shout and did sing,
He banished all tho't of his home, And wished but in freedom to roam,
But to cheer him his father would sing, While the air with the music would ring,
Then his fa-ther came outside to him, And begged him that he would come in,
And the bells of heav - en will ring, At the birth of the child of a King,

D.S.—*Glo-ry to God, he's come home,* *Glory to God, he's come home,*

*D. S.*

Did dance and did laugh round the fat calf, Glo-ry to God, he's come home.
Till friendless he stood, without clothing or food, He said, I'll arise and go home.
Come let us re-joice with heart and with voice, Glo-ry to God, he's come home.
He said, Don't be sad, we're all merry and glad, Glo-ry to God, he's come home.
It will make you so glad, they'll think you've gone mad, You'll cause such a stir when you sing.

*From sin and from crime, from feeding the swine, Glory to God, he's come home.*

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# No. 65. FIRE AND THE HOLY GHOST.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. J. M. HARRIS.

1. John said of Christ, to the sur-prise Of that great thronging host,
2. When His dis - ci - ples heard His word, And tar - ried at their post,
3. To - day if we would work for God, What we are need - ing most
4. O Lord, transform our hearts and minds, Lest in our pride we boast;

With wa - ter He shall not bap - tize, But fire and the Ho - ly Ghost.
They were bap - tized at Pen - te - cost With fire and the Ho - ly Ghost.
Is to re - ceive the prom - ised pow'r Of fire and the Ho - ly Ghost.
And may we now be sanc - ti - fied By fire and the Ho - ly Ghost.

CHORUS.

But fire and the Ho - ly Ghost, But fire and the Ho - ly Ghost;
With fire and the Ho - ly Ghost, With fire and the Ho - ly Ghost;
Of fire and the Ho - ly Ghost, Of fire and the Ho - ly Ghost;
By fire and the Ho - ly Ghost, By fire and the Ho - ly Ghost;
But fire and the Ho - ly Ghost, But fire and the Holy Ghost;

With wa - ter He shall not bap - tize, But fire and the Ho - ly Ghost.
They were bap - tized at Pen - te - cost With fire and the Ho - ly Ghost.
Is to re - ceive the prom - ised pow'r Of fire and the Ho - ly Ghost.
And may we now be sanc - ti - fied By fire and the Ho - ly Ghost.

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# No. 66. I'M GLAD SALVATION REACHES ME.

LEWIS EDGAR. L. E. JONES.

1. I came in faith to Je - sus, where none have sought in vain, I'm glad sal-
2. I heard the gos - pel sto - ry, 'twas mu - sic to my soul, I'm glad sal-
3. I'll tell the Sav-iour's good-ness, and tell His pow'r to save, I'm glad sal-

va-tion reaches me; He glad - ly took my bur-den and cleansed my ev'ry stain,
va-tion reaches me; I came to Christ a sin - ner, He made me ful - ly whole,
va-tion reaches me; Thro' Him I have as-sur - ance of life beyond the grave,

CHORUS.

I'm glad sal-va-tion reaches me. I'm glad it reach-es me, glad it reaches me,

This won-der - ful sal - va-tion so full and free; I'm glad it reach - es me,

glad it reach-es me, This won - der - ful sal - va - tion, it reach-es me.

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# No. 67. MY BURDENS ROLLED AWAY.

M. A. S. Mrs. Minnie A. Steele.

1. I re - mem-ber when my bur-dens rolled a - way, I had car - ried them for
2. I re - mem-ber where my burdens rolled a - way, That I feared would never
3. I re - mem-ber why my bur-dens rolled a - way, That had hin-dered me for
4. I am sing - ing since my bur-dens rolled a - way, There's a song with - in my

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

Chorus.

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

Rolled a-way, rolled a-way, Rolled a - way,

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

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

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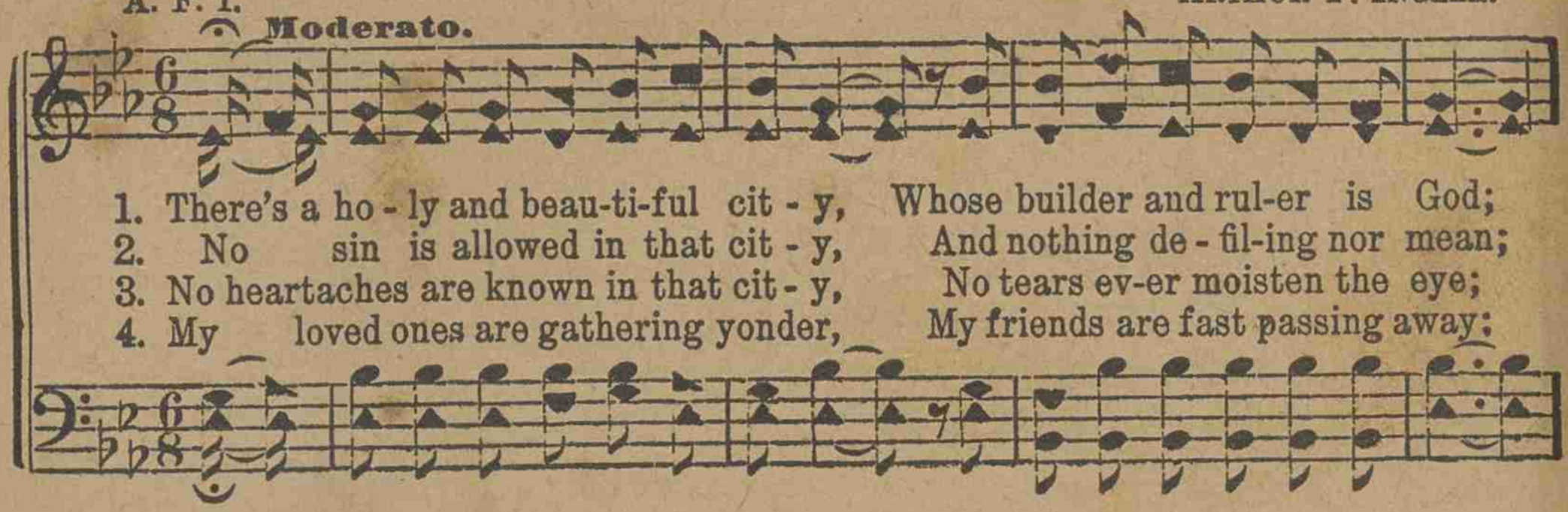
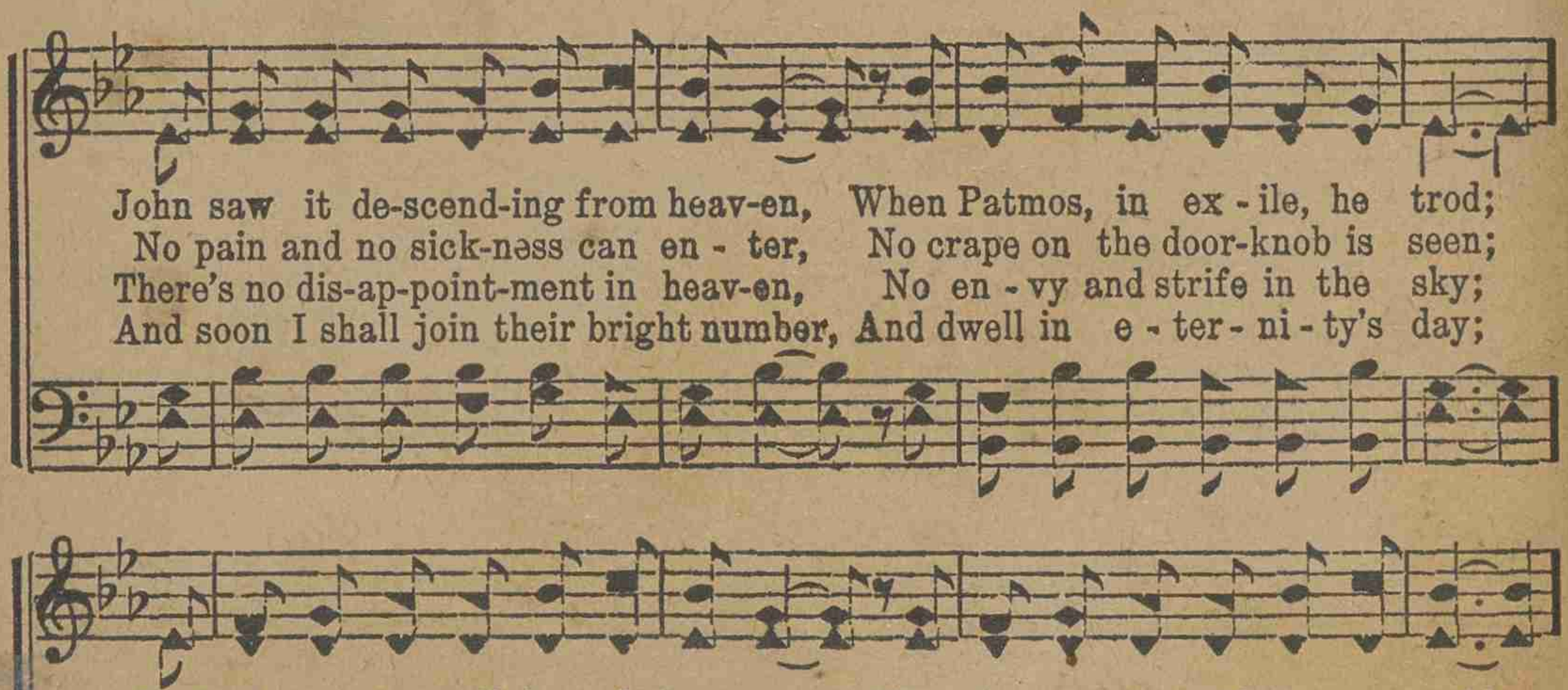
# No. 68. THE CITY THAT'S COMING DOWN.

A. F. I. ARTHUR F. INGLER.

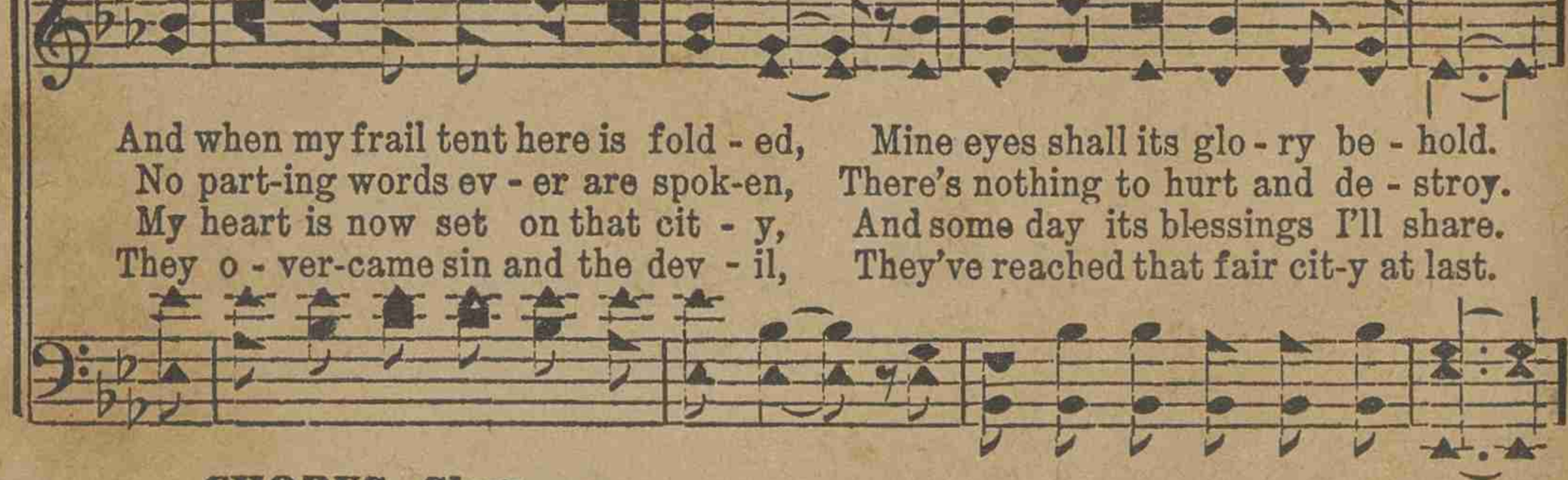
Moderato.



1. There's a ho - ly and beau-ti-ful cit - y, Whose builder and rul-er is God;
2. No sin is allowed in that cit - y, And nothing de - fil-ing nor mean;
3. No heartaches are known in that cit - y, No tears ev-er moisten the eye;
4. My loved ones are gathering yonder, My friends are fast passing away;

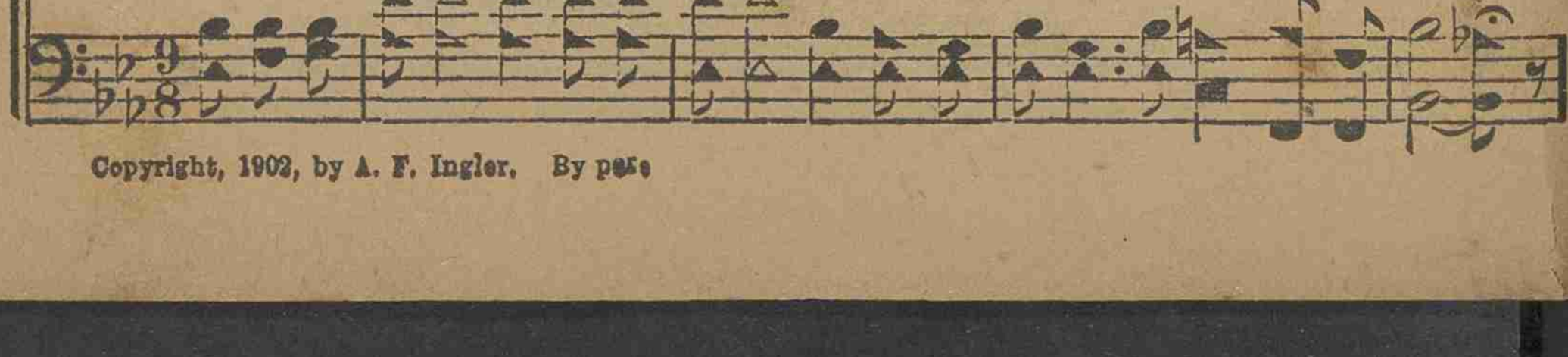


John saw it de-scend-ing from heav-en, When Patmos, in ex - ile, he trod;
No pain and no sick-ness can en - ter, No crape on the door-knob is seen;
There's no dis-ap-point-ment in heav-en, No en - vy and strife in the sky;
And soon I shall join their bright number, And dwell in e - ter - ni - ty's day;



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

Bit ad lib.



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

CHORUS. Slow.



In that bright city, pearly-white city, I have a mansion, and harp, and a crown;

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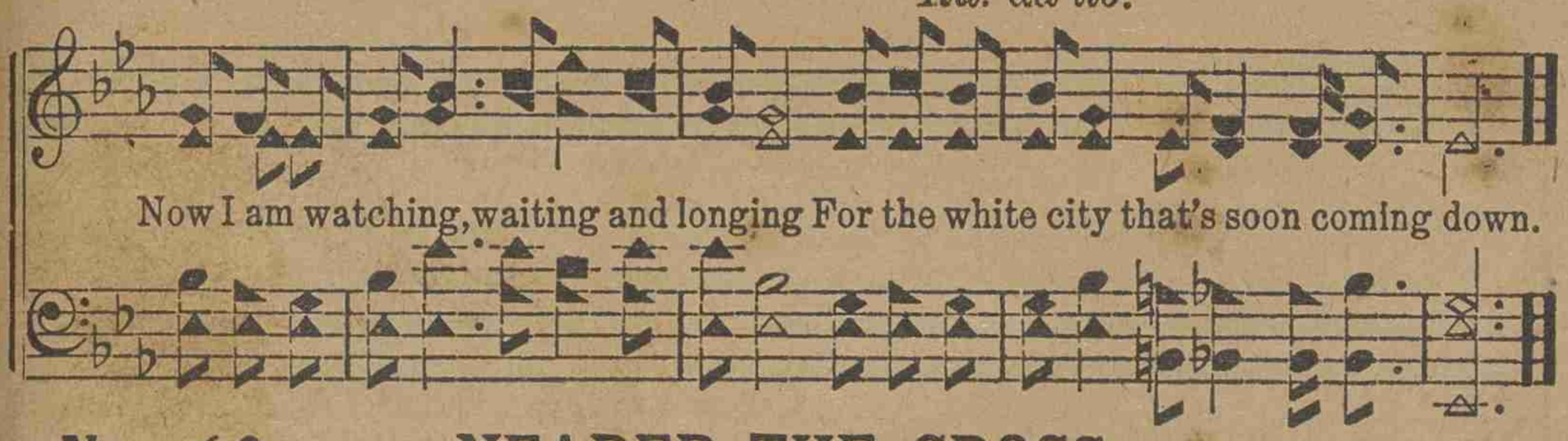
# THE CITY THAT'S COMING DOWN. Concluded.

*Rit. ad lib.*




## No. 69. NEARER THE CROSS.

"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." GAL. 6: 14.

F. J. CROSBY. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP. By per.

# No. 70. HE IS COMING.

H. L. MATT. 24. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. I am watching for the com-ing of my Sav-ior and my King, What a joy-ous, hap-py meeting that will be! I am wait-ing ev-'ry day to hear the trumpet's awful ring, When the Son of man shall come in maj-es-ty.
2. When the fig-trees' leaf appears, we know that summer draweth nigh, From the bondage of the win-ter it is free; As the lightning shineth forth across the dark and storm-y sky, So the com-ing of the Son of man shall be.
3. I am read-y now to meet Him for my lamp is burning bright, From all earthly ties and bond-age I am free; He may be here ere the morning, yea, per-haps before the night, Then for-ev-er with the Sav-ior I shall be.

CHORUS.

He is com - ing, He is com - ing, He is com-ing soon to catch a-way His bride; . . . . He is com - - ing, He is coming, He is coming, He is coming, He is coming, He is coming, He is coming, He is coming, He is com-ing, He is com-ing, He is a-way His bride; He is com-ing, He is com-ing, He is

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## HE IS COMING—Concluded.

com - ing, O how hap - py will my place be at His side! . . .
coming, He is coming, be at His side!

## No. 71. HE'LL NEVER LET GO MY HAND.

JAMES ROWE. GEO. S. SCHULER.

1. Dark clouds may oft - en hide the goal, But fear will nev - er sway my soul;
2. He loves my soul, and knows the way, And my great need of Him each day;
3. That I to Him may faith-ful prove, He o - ver-flows my soul with love,
4. I've proved my Sav - iour o'er and o'er, Each day I love and praise Him more;

For He who bled to make me whole, Will nev - er let go my hand.
And lest from His dear side I stray, He'll nev - er let go my hand.
And tells me of my home a - bove; He'll nev - er let go my hand.
And, till I'm safe on heav-en's shore, He'll nev - er let go my hand.

CHORUS.

He'll nev - er let go my hand, . . . . Se-cure in His love I stand; . . . .
my hand, firm - ly stand;

This wonderful friend will be true to the end, He'll never let go my hand(my hand).

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# No. 72. HE WANTS EVERYBODY TO KNOW.

I. G. M. I. G. MARTIN.

1. I have such a dear lov-ing Sav - iour, I tell it wher-
2. I once had my doubts a-bout cleans-ing, And tho't in - to
3. When I made a com-plete con-se - cra - tion, And all on the
4. He saves and He keeps me each mo - ment, And leads me wher-

ev - er I go; I must tell how He saves me this mo - ment, For He
it I must grow; But now that I have that great bless-ing, He
al - tar did go, He cleansed and He filled me com-plete - ly, And He
ev - er I go; My proneness to wan - der is o - ver, And He

REFRAIN.

wants ev - 'ry - bod - y to know. He wants ev-'ry - bod - y to know,

That sal - va - tion He came to be - stow; So my time I will
2, 3, 4. That cleans - ing He came to be - stow; So my time I will

give as long as I live, To help ev - 'ry - bod - y to know.

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# No. 73. RECEIVE THE HOLY GHOST.

"Receive ye the Holy Ghost." JOHN 20: 22.

C. P. J. C. P. JONES.

1. There's lib - er - ty in Christ for thee; Yes, Je - sus came to set thee free,
2. Je - sus has ris - en from the grave, The dy - ing sons of men to save;
3. He sends us forth the world to tell, That He hath died and all is well;
4. His death from sin doth set us free, And gives us ho - ly lib - er - ty;
5. Would you have glo - ry in your soul? Would you have pow'r to make men whole,
6. Would you be read - y for the King, And with His ran-somed peo - ple sing,

That thou might'st pure and ho - ly be— Re - ceive the Ho - ly Ghost.
And now if you on Him be - lieve, Re - ceive the Ho - ly Ghost.
But if you'd con - quer death and hell, Re - ceive the Ho - ly Ghost.
But if your heart as - sured would be, Re - ceive the Ho - ly Ghost.
And com - fort ev - 'ry bur-dened soul?—Re - ceive the Ho - ly Ghost.
When heav'n and earth with praise shall ring?—Re - ceive the Ho - ly Ghost.

CHORUS.

Re-ceive the Ho - ly Ghost, Re-ceive the Ho - ly Ghost; Where He doth dwell, 't is well, 't is well, He saves to the ut - ter - most. Re-ceive the Ho - ly Ghost, The bless - ed Holy Ghost; He'll guide your way to endless day—Receive the Holy Ghost.

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# No. 74. I SHALL SEE HIM FACE TO FACE.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.

*Allegretto.*

1. On the oth - er side of Jor - dan there's a cit - y bright and fair,
2. When my life - work here is end - ed, then I'm go - ing home to rest,
3. O - ver yon - der in that cit - y I have loved ones gone be - fore,
4. I will la - bor for the Mas - ter while I'm in this earth be - low,

Where my Sav - iour has pre-pared for me a place (a-cross the riv - er);
In the man - sions that my Lord prepared for me (a-cross the riv - er);
They are sure - ly wait - ing for me o - ver there (a-cross the riv - er);
I will talk of all His mer - cy and His grace (yes, all His mer - cy);

And the tree of life is bloom - ing by the riv - er o - ver there,
And my voice there min - gle with the hal - le - lu - jahs of the blest—
But the days are swift - ly fly - ing, soon I'll reach the gold - en shore,
When life's sun at last is set - ting I shall to my home-land go,

Where I'll see my dear Re-deem - er face to face (yes, face to face).
Sing - ing prais - es to our God who set us free (who set us free).
And my heav'n - ly home with them I soon will share (I soon will share).
Then I'll see my dear Re - deem - er face to face (yes, face to face).

CHORUS. *Joyfully.*

I shall see (Yes, I shall see) Him face to face (Him face to face),

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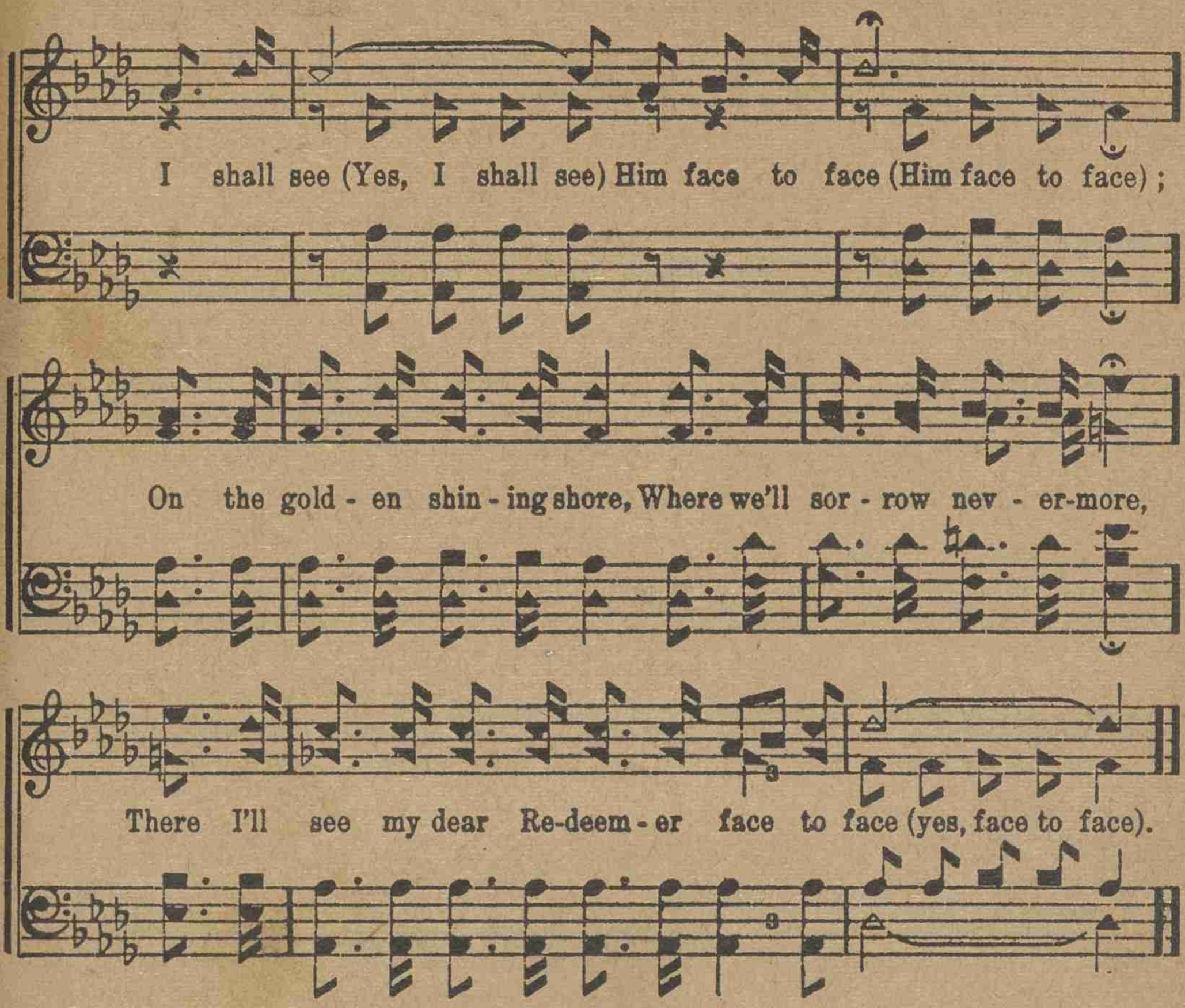
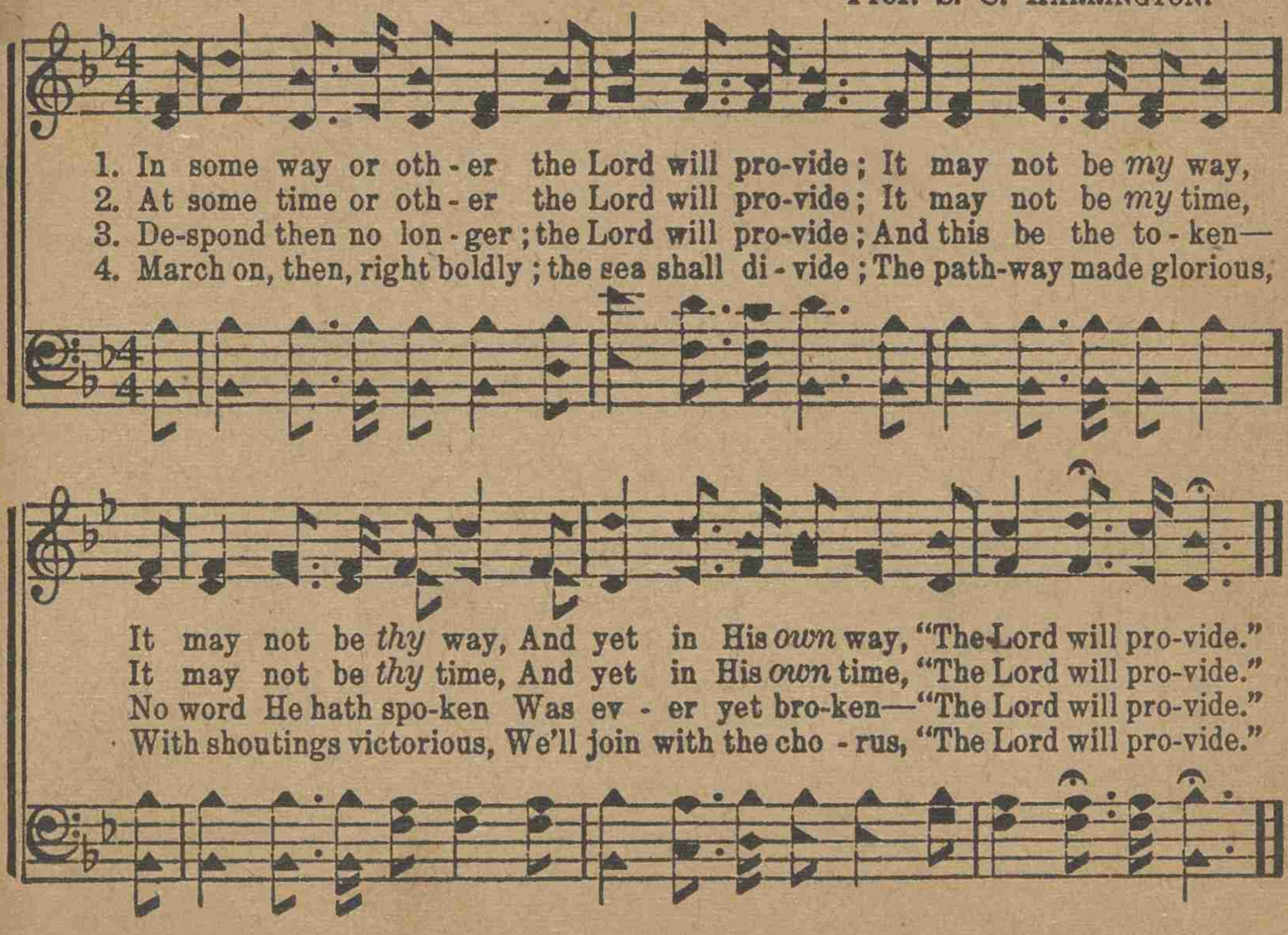
## I SHALL SEE HIM FACE TO FACE. Concluded.




## No. 75. THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

Prof. S. C. HARRINGTON.



# No. 76. COME UNTO ME.

"Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."—
C. P. J. MATT. 11: 28. CHARLES P. JONES.

1. Hear the blessed Saviour calling the oppressed, "O ye heavy-laden, come to Me and rest;
2. Are you disappointed, wand'ring here and there, Dragging chains of doubt and loaded down with care?
3. Stumbling on the mountains dark with sin and shame, Stumbling tow'rd the pit of hell's consuming flame,
4. Have you cares of business, cares of pressing debt? Cares of social life or cares of hopes unmet?
6. Have you by temptation often conquered been, Has a sense of weakness brought distress within?

Come, no longer tar-ry, I your load will bear, Bring Me ev'ry burden, bring Me ev'ry care."
Do un-ho-ly feelings struggle in your breast? Bring your case to Jesus, He will give you rest.
By the pow'rs of sin deluded and oppressed, Hear the tender Shepherd,—"Come to Me and rest."
Are you by remorse or sense of guilt depressed? Come right on to Jesus, He will give you rest.
Christ will sanctify you, if you'll claim His best, In the Ho-ly Spir-it He will give you rest.

CHORUS.

Come un - to Me; I..... will give you
Come un - to Me, Come un - to Me, I will give you rest,

rest; Take..... My yoke up - on you,
I will give you rest; Take My yoke up - on you, Take My yoke up-on you,

Hear..... Me and be blest;..... I..... am
Hear Me and be blest, hear Me and be blest, I am meek and low-

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# COME UNTO ME. Concluded.

## No. 77. LORD, I'M COMING HOME.

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*With feeling.*




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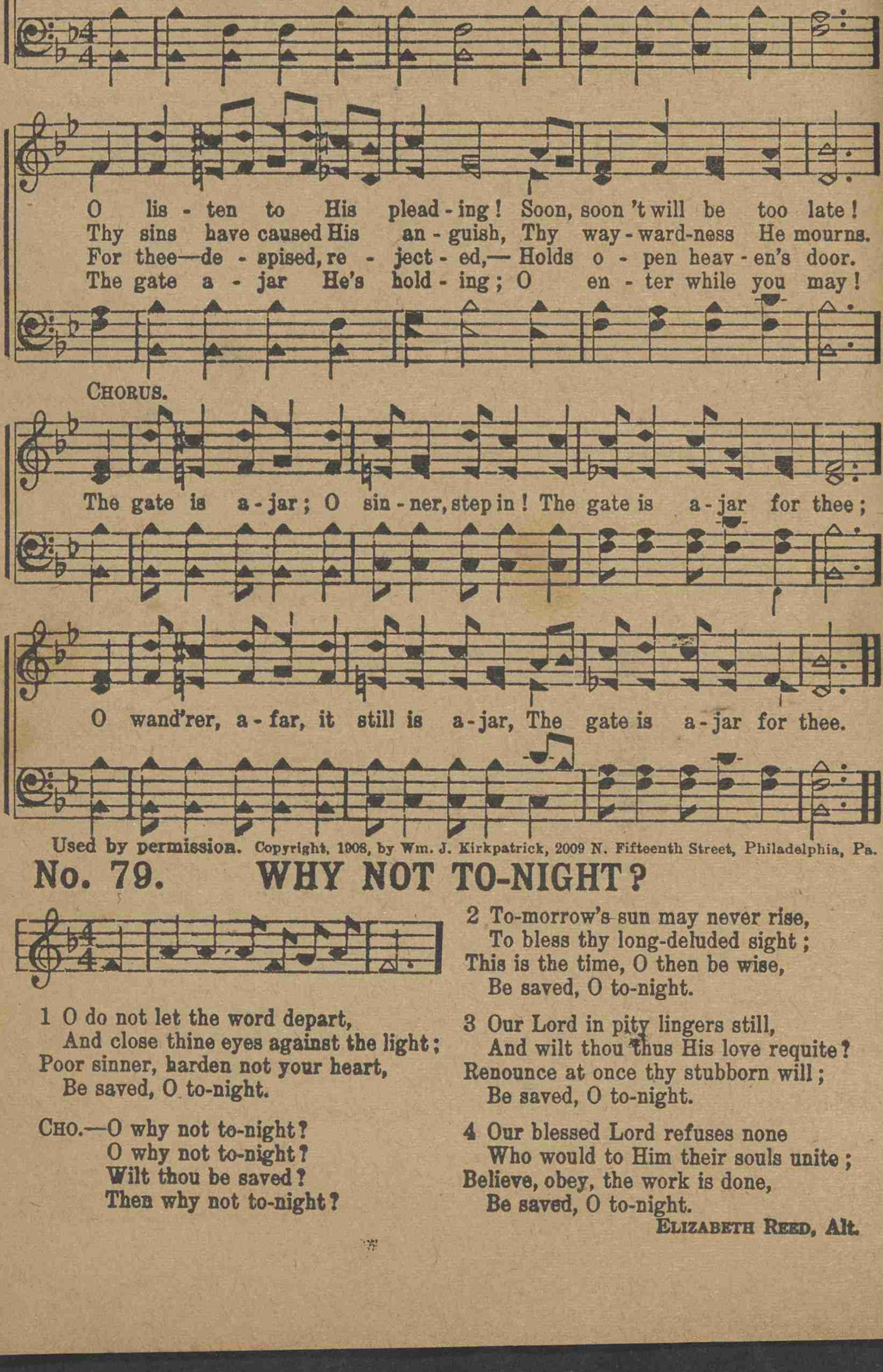
# No. 78. THE GATE IS AJAR.

COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER. CATHERINE MOTEE BOOTH-TUCKER.

1. O sin - ner, see thy Sav - iour At Mer - cy's o - pen gate!
2. His hands are pierced with nail-marks, His ho - ly brow with thorns;
3. For thee thy Lord was wound - ed, Thy chas - tise - ment He bore;
4. Thy sins He yearns to par - don, He'll wash them all a - way;



O lis - ten to His plead - ing! Soon, soon 't will be too late!
Thy sins have caused His an - guish, Thy way - ward-ness He mourns.
For thee—de - spised, re - ject - ed,— Holds o - pen heav - en's door.
The gate a - jar He's hold - ing; O en - ter while you may!

CHORUS.



The gate is a - jar; O sin - ner, step in! The gate is a - jar for thee;

O wand'rer, a - far, it still is a - jar, The gate is a - jar for thee.

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# No. 79. WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?



1 O do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not your heart,
Be saved, O to-night.

CHO.—O why not to-night?
O why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved?
Then why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise,
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time, O then be wise,
Be saved, O to-night.

3 Our Lord in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus His love requite?
Renounce at once thy stubborn will;
Be saved, O to-night.

4 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite;
Believe, obey, the work is done,
Be saved, O to-night.

ELIZABETH REED, Alt.

# No. 80 NOW I'M COMING HOME.

"I will arise and go to my father."—LUKE 15: 18.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG.

With feeling.

1. Long I have wan-dered a - way from my Lord, Now I am com-ing home;
2. Tired of the world with its fol - ly and sin, Now I am com-ing home;
3. Knowing my Sav - iour can give me His rest, Now I am com-ing home;
4. Hum-bly I crave but a poor servant's place, Now I am com-ing home;
5. Oh, bless the Lord, my dear Sav-iour I see, Now I am com-ing home;

Long-ing to be to His fav - or re-stored, Now I am com-ing home.
B'liev-ing the Sav-iour will welcome me in, Now I am com-ing home.
Long-ing to an - chor my soul on His breast, Now I am com-ing home.
On - ly de - sir - ing to taste of His grace, Now I am com-ing home.
Wait-ing to wel-come a sin - ner like me, Now I am com-ing home.

CHORUS.

Yes, I am com-ing, dear Lord, I'm com-ing, Just now I'm com-ing home;

Yes, I am com - ing, dear Lord, I'm com-ing, Just now I'm com - ing home.

By permission.

# No. 81 I LOVE TO WALK WITH JESUS.

C. F. W. C. F. WEIGELE.

1. O I love to walk with Je - sus Like the pub - li - cans of old,
2. O I love to walk with Je - sus Like the man of long a - go,
3. O I love to walk with Je - sus All the way to Calv'ry's brow,
4. O sometime I'll walk with Je - sus In the land of end - less day,

When He gathered them a - bout Him And the bless-ed ti - dings told;
Who had tar- ried by the way- side Near the gates of Jer - i - cho;
Gaze up - on that scene of suff'ring, While my tears of sor - row flow;
When our jour-ney here is o - ver And we've reached our home to stay;

How He came to bring de-liv-'rance To the cap - tives in dis-tress,
Je - sus heard his cry for mer - cy, Gave him back his sight that day,
There He tells me how He loves me, Takes my ev - 'ry sin a - way;
Then I'll walk with Him for- ev - er, Sing His prais- es o'er and o'er,

Take a - way our ev - 'ry bur - den, Giv - ing per- fect peace and rest.
And im - me-diate-ly he fol-lowed Je - sus all a- long the way.
So I fol - low Him so glad- ly, Lead me an - y-where He may.
Laugh and shout, and ev-er tell Him That I love Him more and more.

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# I LOVE TO WALK WITH JESUS. Concluded.

CHORUS.

## No. 82. O DON'T STAY AWAY.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. Rev. W. J. STUART, A. M.




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# No. 83. READY FOR THE SAVIOUR.

C. P. J. CHAS. P. JONES.

1. Have you come to know the Sav-iour? Has He put your sins a-way? Are you
2. Does the might-y Ho-ly Spir-it Dai-ly in your heart a-bide? Do you
3. Are you read-y for the Sav-iour? Soon He comes to earth a-gain, Comes to

hap-py in His pardon? Do you trust in God, and pray? Have you now a home in
know you have received Him? Are you with Christ crucified? Dead to self, with its am-
fill the earth with judgment, Comes in righteousness to reign. Is there oil now in your

heaven? Do you know your name is there? When the Saviour comes in glory, Will you
bi-tion, Are you now by Je-sus' cross? For His love and sweet communion, Do you
ves-sel? Is your lamp now burning bright? Do you love the Lord's appearing? Are you

CHORUS.

meet Him in the air? } Are you read-y for His com-ing?
count all else but loss? }
walk-ing in the light? } Are you ready for His coming? Are you ready for His coming?

1 2

Is your heart all pure with-in? Does He save you now from sin?

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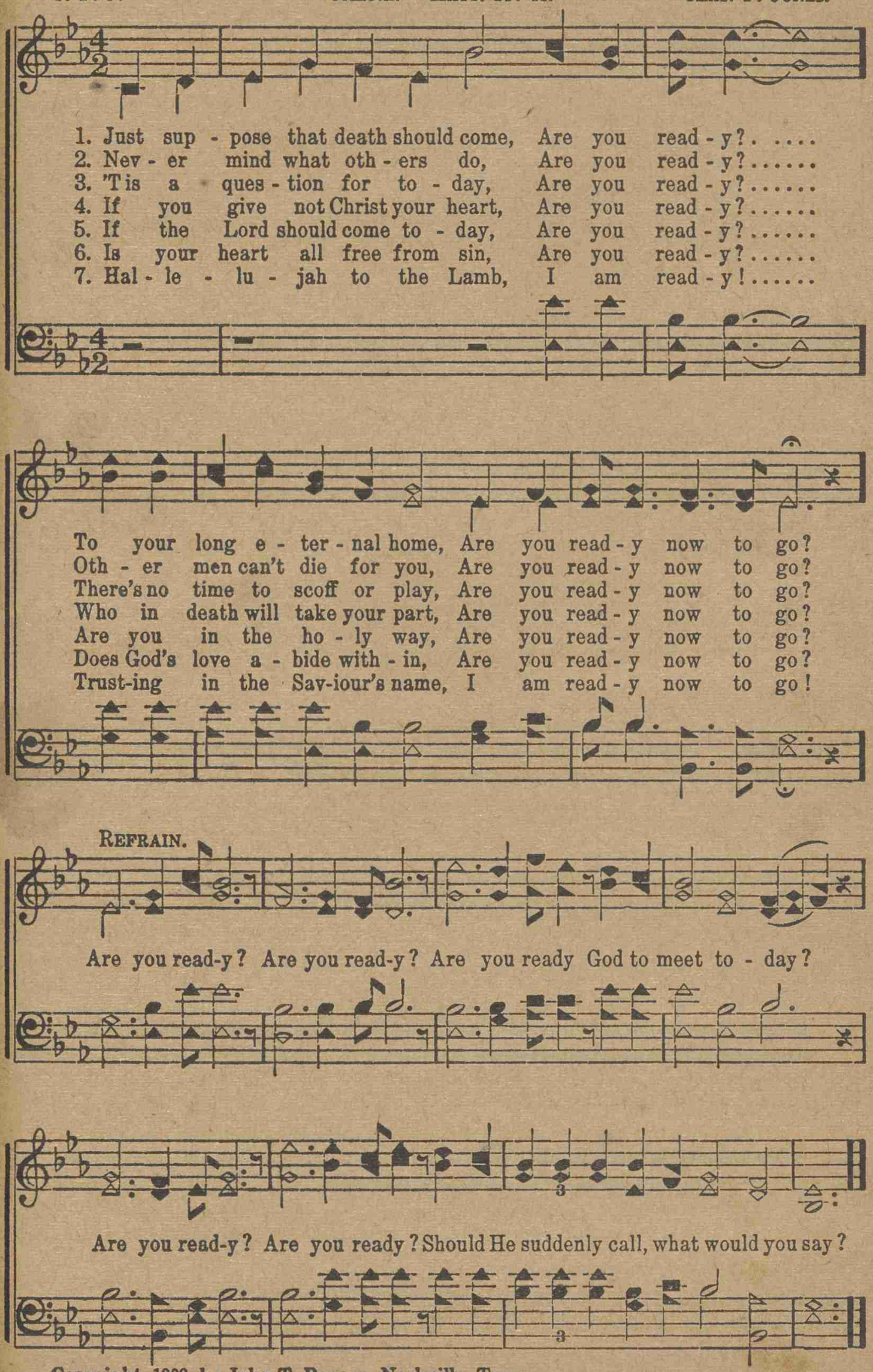
# No. 84. ARE YOU READY?

"Therefore be ye also ready: for at such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." MATT. 24: 44.

C. P. J. CHAS. P. JONES.



1. Just sup - pose that death should come, Are you read - y? . . . .
2. Nev - er mind what oth - ers do, Are you read - y? . . . . . .
3. 'Tis a ques - tion for to - day, Are you read - y? . . . . . .
4. If you give not Christ your heart, Are you read - y? . . . . . .
5. If the Lord should come to - day, Are you read - y? . . . . . .
6. Is your heart all free from sin, Are you read - y? . . . . . .
7. Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, I am read - y! . . . . . .

To your long e - ter - nal home, Are you read - y now to go?
Oth - er men can't die for you, Are you read - y now to go?
There's no time to scoff or play, Are you read - y now to go?
Who in death will take your part, Are you read - y now to go?
Are you in the ho - ly way, Are you read - y now to go?
Does God's love a - bide with - in, Are you read - y now to go?
Trust-ing in the Sav-iour's name, I am read - y now to go!

REFRAIN.

Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you ready God to meet to - day?

Are you read-y? Are you ready? Should He suddenly call, what would you say?

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# No. 85. JESUS IS CALLING TO-DAY.

C. F. W. C. F. WEIGELE.

1. Wea - ry one, Je - sus is call - ing to rest, Call- ing to - day,
2. Long He has called you, He calls you to - day, Call- ing to - day,
3. Judgment is com - ing,when man - y shall weep, Banished a - way,
4. Voi - ces you've heard, but no voice such as His, Call- ing to - day,

do not de - lay; Lay down your bur- den and lean on His breast,
do not de - lay; He may cease call - ing if you turn a - way,
for - e'er to stay; Je - sus can not on - ly save you, but keep,
do not de - lay; Hell will be aw - ful if heav - en you miss,

CHORUS.

Je - sus is call-ing to - day..... Je - sus is call-ing, is
is call-ing to - day.

call-ing to-day, Call-ing, my brother, O do not de - lay; Je - sus is

*Rit.*

call-ing, is call-ing to-day, Je - sus is call-ing to -day.....
is call-ing to - day.

Co pyright, 1902, by C. F. Weigele. Used by per.

# No. 86. JUST THE RIGHT SAVIOUR IS JESUS.

KITTIE DEASON. MARK 15: 14. DAN W. MILAM.

SOLO.

1. A Sav - iour once came from the man - sions of light, He's just the right
2. This Sav - iour was lov - ing, so gen - tle and kind, He's just the right
3. Tho' He was de-spised and re - ject - ed of men, He's just the right
4. Once nailed to the cross, where He suf-fered and died, He's just the right
5. Tho' bur - ied, He rose from the gloom of the grave, He's just the right

Sav-iour for me; To save my poor soul from its dark - ness and night,
Sav-iour for me; No sin in His life could His en - e - mies find,
Sav-iour for me; He car - ried my sor-rows, my grief, and my sin,
Sav-iour for me; The blood flow-ing down from His hands and His side,
Sav-iour for me; He's reign - ing in heav - en, my soul He can save,

CHORUS.

He's just the right Sav-iour for me. He's just the right Sav-iour for

me (for me), My King and Re-deem-er is He (is He); Yes, just the right

Sav - iour is Je - sus, He's just the right Sav-iour for me (for me).

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# No. 87. WHO IS THERE HERE?

"Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." LUKE 14: 33.

C. P. JONES. SALLIE M. RATHER.

1. Who is there here in love with the Sav - iour, Read - y to leave earth's treasures for Him? Who has e - nough of sin and its sor - rows? Who will be- gin the time to re - deem?
2. Who is there here that's read - y for judg - ment? Who to be read - y now will be - gin? Who will ac - cept the terms of the gos - pel, Trusting the blood to cleanse him from sin?
3. Who is there here that long time has wait - ed? Wait - ed to feel his sins were for - giv'n? Will you not now trust Je - sus to save you? He will as-sured - ly take you to heav'n.
4. Who is there here that's heard the sweet gos - pel, Mixed with that faith that cleans-es the heart? Who will ac - cept sal - va - tion this mo - ment, Com-ing to Christ no more to de - part?
5. Who is there here that yearns for the pow - er? Yearns for the wit - ness Je - sus doth give? Who is there here in full con - se- cra-tion, Read - y with Christ for - ev - er to live?

CHORUS.

I am the one, yes, I am the one; I will take Je - sus, Je - sus a - lone; I love the Sav - iour, I'm go - ing thro'; Saints, I shall go to glo - ry with you.

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# No. 88. WHAT WILL YOU DO?

F. E. R. JER. 12 : 5. F. E. RIMANOCZY.

1. O what will you do at the end of life's journey, When death's cold
2. O what will you do at the end of life's journey, When death's might-y
3. O what will you do at the end of life's journey, When the dark, chilly

riv - er rolls dark at thy feet? O what will you do when the great Judge is
cur-rent shall sweep o'er thy soul? O what will you do when the earth is re-
wa - ters creep stead-i - ly on? O what will you do when thy soul is borne

REFRAIN.

call - ing, Is call - ing thee, sin-ner, thy God to meet?
ced - ing, And leav-ing thee help-less in Sa-tan's control?
on-ward, And thy chance of repentance for - ev - er is gone?
} O what will you

do, O what will you do, O what will you do in that day? When thy

*rit.*

life's la-test breath shall escape thee in death, O what will you do in that day?

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# No. 89. ROOM AT THE FOUNTAIN.

M. J. H. MRS. M. J. HARRIS.

1. I heard my loving Saviour say, There's room at the fountain for thee,
2. I came to Him my sins confessed, There was room at the fountain for me,
3. I plunged beneath the crimson tide, There was room at the fountain for me,
4. I found the crimson stream I know, There was room at the fountain for me,

Come wash the stains of sin away, There's room at the fountain for thee.
When I gave up my heart was blest, There's room at the fountain for thee.
And now by faith am sanc-ti-fied, There's room at the fountain for thee.
His blood has washed me white as snow, There's room at the fountain for thee.

CHORUS.

Room, Room, yes there is room, Room at the fountain for thee, for thee;
Room, Room, yes, there is room, There's room at the fountain for thee.

5 He cleansed my heart from inbred sin,
There was room at the fountain for me,
And now He keeps me pure within,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

6 I'll praise Him while He gives me breath,
There was room at the fountain for me;
He saved me from an awful death,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

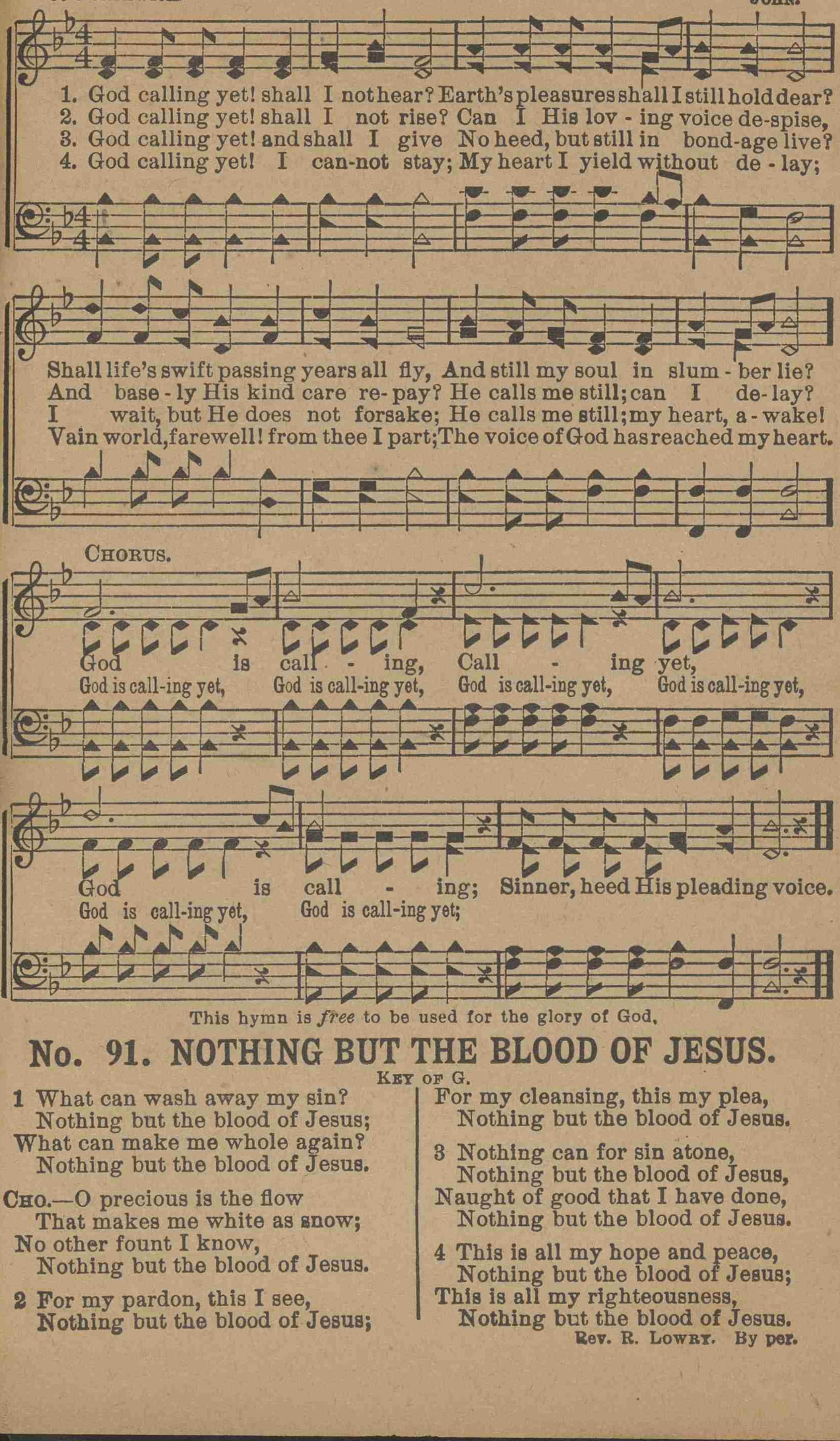
7 His blood was shed but once for all,
There was room at the fountain for me;
Oh, don't reject sweet Mercy's call,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

8 We'll sing with all the saints above,
There was room at the fountain for me;
And praise Him for redeeming love,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

# No. 90. GOD CALLING YET.

"I have called, and ye have refused." PROV. 1: 24.

J. BORTHWICK. JOHN.




This hymn is *free* to be used for the glory of God.

# No. 91. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

KEY OF G.

1 What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

CHO.—O precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

2 For my pardon, this I see,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
For my cleansing, this my plea,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

3 Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus,
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Rev. R. LOWRY. By per.

# No. 92. POOR SINNER, COME HOME.

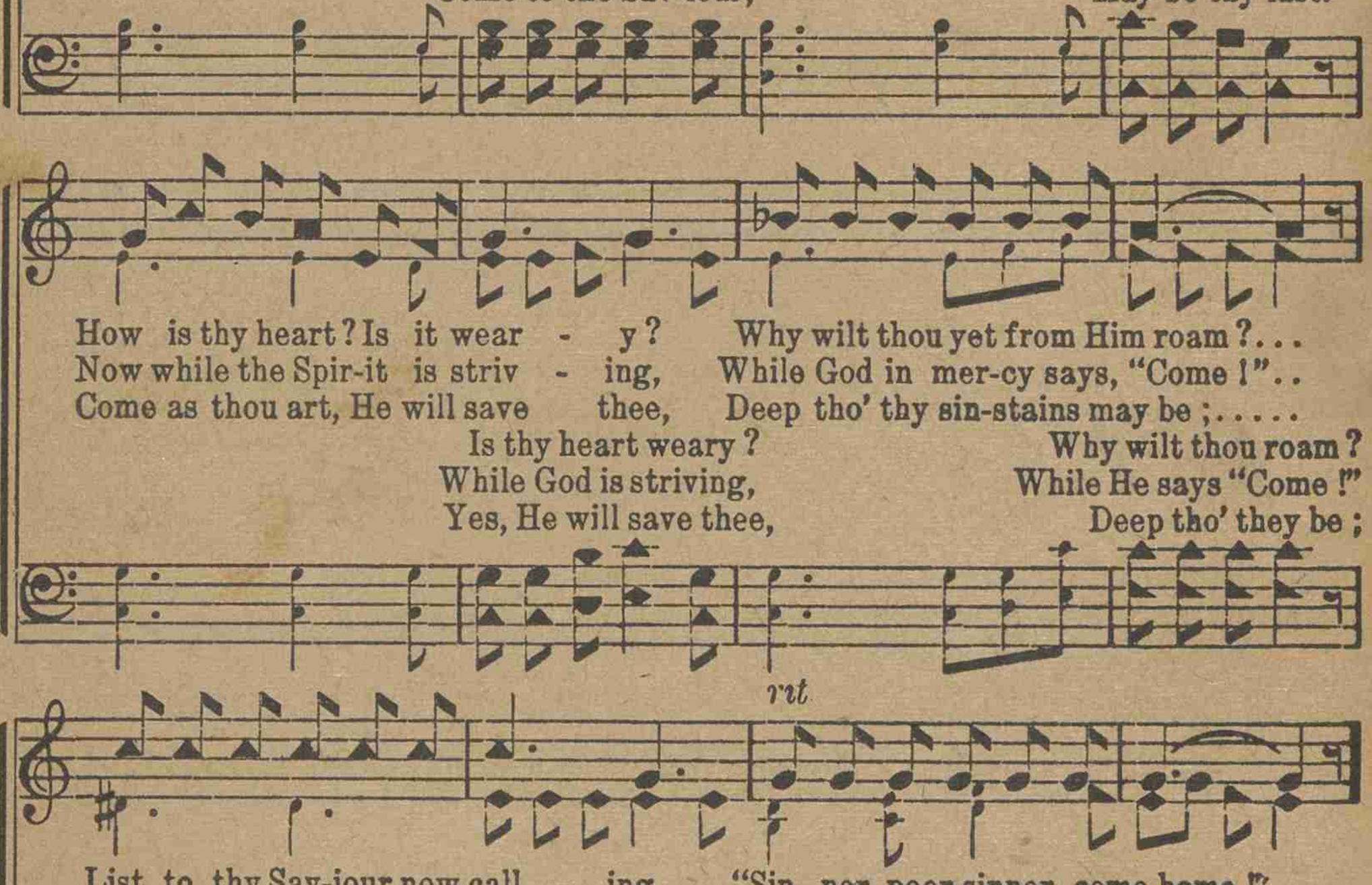
A. N. O. C. F. WEIGELE.

1. Long in the world thou hast wan - dered, Seeking the pleasures of sin ;.....
2. Think of thy guilt and trans-gres - sions, What will the end of it be ?.....
3. Soon will God's voice cease its pleading, Soon will thy harvest be past ;.....

1. Long thou hast wandered, The pleasures of sin ;
2. All thy transgressions, What will the end be ?
3. God will cease pleading, The harvest all past ;

Je - sus in mer - cy has sought thee, Still thou art straying from Him.....
Death and destruction for-ev - er, Lost thro' e - ter - ni - ty.....
Turn not a-way from the Sav - iour, This of - fer may be thy last.....

Jesus has sought thee, Straying from Him.
Death and destruction, E - ter-ni-ty.
Come to the Sav-iour, May be thy last.



How is thy heart ? Is it wear - y ? Why wilt thou yet from Him roam ?...
Now while the Spir-it is striv - ing, While God in mer-cy says, "Come !"..
Come as thou art, He will save thee, Deep tho' thy sin-stains may be ;.....

Is thy heart weary ? Why wilt thou roam ?
While God is striving, While He says "Come !"
Yes, He will save thee, Deep tho' they be ;



*rit*

List to thy Sav-iour now call - ing, "Sin - ner, poor sinner, come home !"
Yield to the love that in - vites you, Sin - ner, poor sinner, come home.
Je - sus has o-pened a foun - tain — One that can cleanse even thee.....

Hear Him now calling, "Come home, come home !"
Now He in-vites you, Come home, come home.
Soul-cleansing fountain,— Cleanse e - ven thee.

Copyright, 1907, by C. F. Weigele. Used by per.

# POOR SINNER, COME HOME. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Come, sin - ner, come home, Poor sin - ner, come home; Je - sus is

*rall.*

seek - ing to save thee, Come, (O) sin - ner, come home (come home).

## No. 93. PRODIGAL CHILD, COME HOME.

FANNIE BIRDSALL BULA. GEORGE E. BULA.

1. You're foot-sore and weary, In sin have you roamed; Your Sav-iour is call-ing,
2. Christ died for the sin - ner, His blood will a - tone; He waits to re-ceive you,
3. Ask Je - sus to help you, He hears the heart's moan; He'll hasten to meet you,
4. There's danger in wait-ing, Soon life shall have flown; Time from you is fleet-ing,

*rit.*

CHORUS.

Prod - i - gal child, come home. Come home, come home, You should no lon-ger
Come home, come home,

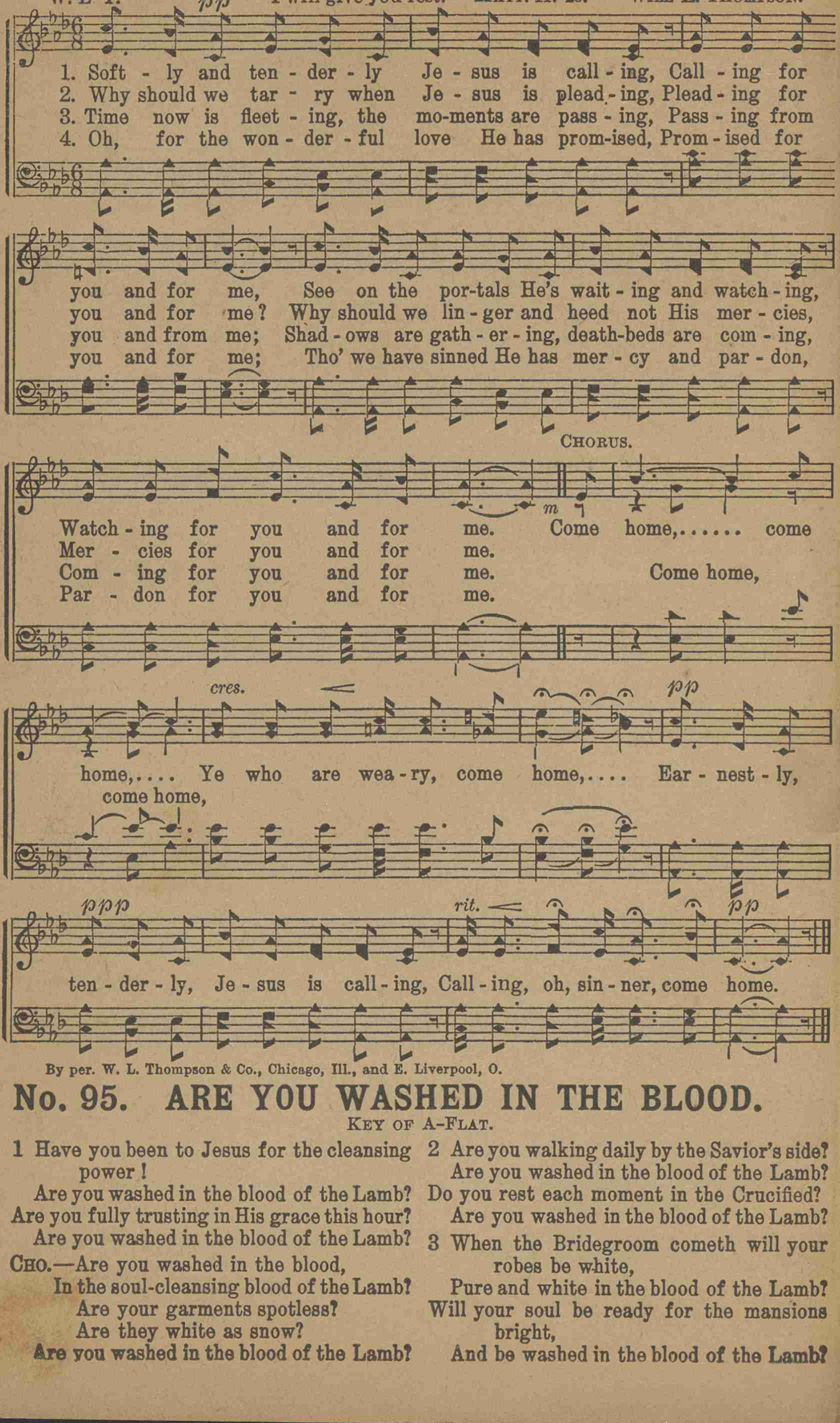
*rit.*

roam; Come home, come home, Prod-i - gal child, come home.
lon-ger roam; Come home, come home, come home.

**Copyright, 1908, by George E. Bula. Used by per.**

# No. 94. SOFTLY AND TENDERLY.

W. L. T. "I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28. WILL L. THOMPSON.




By per. W. L. Thompson & Co., Chicago, Ill., and E. Liverpool, O.

# No. 95. ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD.

KEY OF A-FLAT.

1 Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power!
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you fully trusting in His grace this hour?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

CHO.—Are you washed in the blood,
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?
Are your garments spotless?
Are they white as snow?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

2 Are you walking daily by the Savior's side?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Do you rest each moment in the Crucified?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

3 When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white,
Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?
Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright,
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

# No. 96. THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

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

by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be part-ed right and left, Are you
by, But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you
by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "Depart, I know ye not," Are you

CHORUS.

read-y for that day to come? Are you read-y? are you read-y? Are you

read-y for the judgment day? Are you read-y? are you read-y for the judgment day?

By per. of W. L. Thompson & Co., E. Liverpool, O., and The Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

# No. 97. COME TO JESUS.

Unknown.

1. Come to Je-sus, come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now; Just now come to
2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now; Just now He will

Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now.
save you, He will save you just now.

3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 Call upon Him.
6 He will hear you.
7 He'll forgive you.
8 He will cleanse you.
9 Jesus loves you.
10 Only trust Him.

## No. 98. WHILE JESUS WHISPERS.

W. E. WHITTER. H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
2. Are you too heav - y la - den? Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now re-deem you, Come, sin-ner, come!
3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead - ing, Come, sin-ner, come! Come and re - ceive the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

## No. 99. ONLY TRUST HIM.

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

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

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

FINE.

D. S.—*He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.*

CHORUS. D. S.

On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;

# No. 100. O SAVE ME AT THE CROSS.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Arr.

1. Lov - ing Sav - ior, hear my cry, hear my cry, hear my cry; Trem-bling,
2. I have sinned, but Thou hast died, Thou hast died, Thou hast died; In Thy
3. Tho' I per - ish, I will pray, I will pray, I will pray; Thou of
4. Thou hast said Thy grace is free, grace is free, grace is free; Have com -
5. Wash me in Thy cleans-ing blood, cleansing blood, cleansing blood; Plunge me
6. On - ly faith will par - don bring, par - don bring, par - don bring; In that

CHORUS.

to Thy arms I fly, O save me at the cross.
mer - cy let me hide, O save me at the cross.
life the liv - ing way, O save me at the cross.
pas-sion, Lord, on me, O save me at the cross.
now be-neath the flood, O save me at the cross.
faith to Thee I cling, O save me at the cross.

Dear Je - sus, re - ceive me,

*Repeat Chorus pp.*

No more would I grieve Thee; Now, blessed Redeemer, O save me at the cross.

# No. 101. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

WM. COWPER. Western Melody.

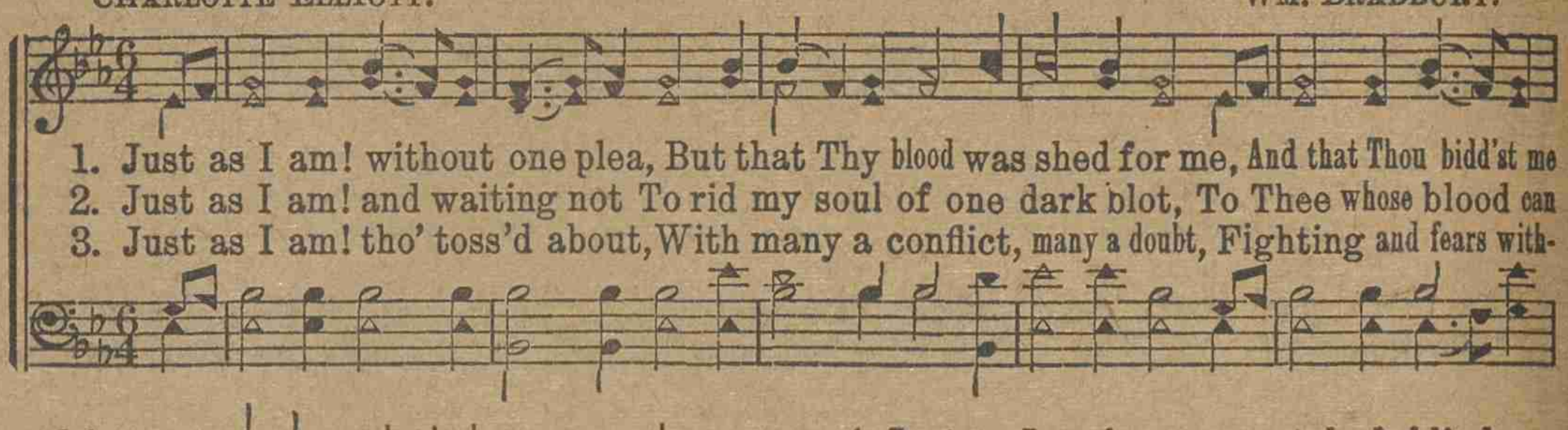
1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day, And there may I, tho' vile as he,
3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme,
4. Then in a nobler, sweeter song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save, When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue

FINE. D. S.

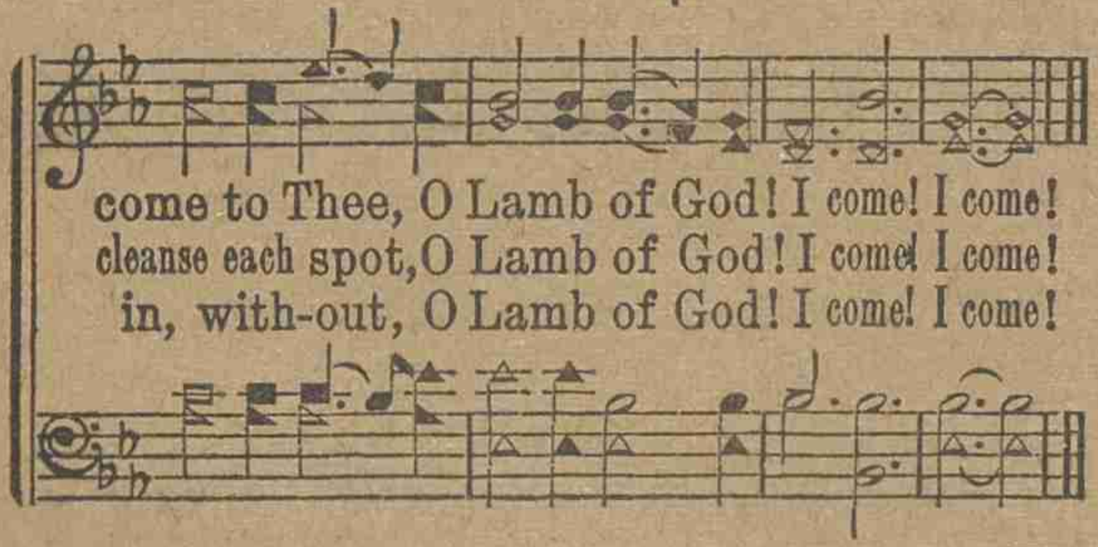
Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way.
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die.
Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave,

## No. 102. JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am! without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me
2. Just as I am! and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee whose blood can
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd about, With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fighting and fears with-



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



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

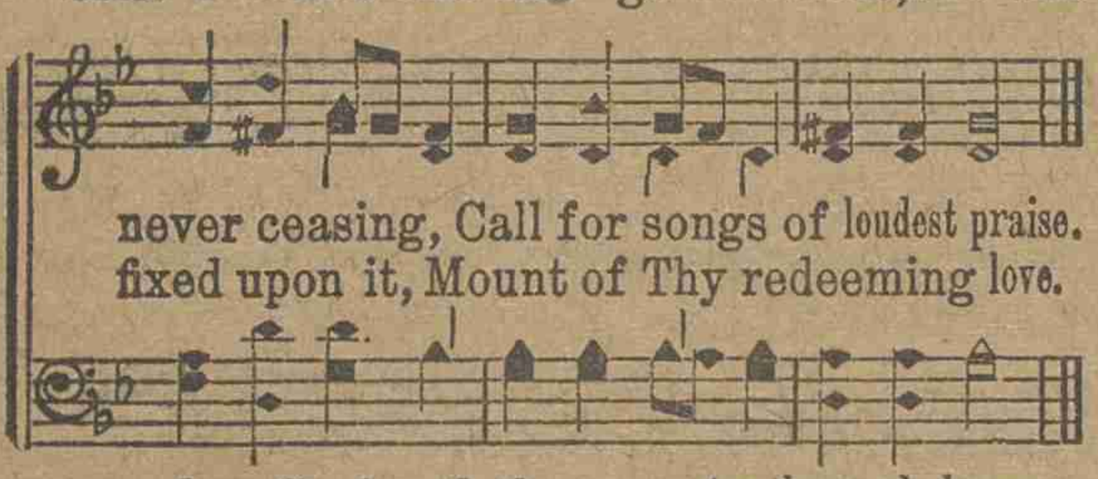
5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

## No. 103. I WILL ARISE.

REV. R. ROBINSON. Arranged.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, Streams of mercy
2. Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flaming tongues above; Praise the mount, I'm

CHO.–I will a-rise and go to Je-sus, He will embrace me in His arms; In the arms of



never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
fixed upon it, Mount of Thy redeeming love.
my dear Savior, O there are ten thousand charms.

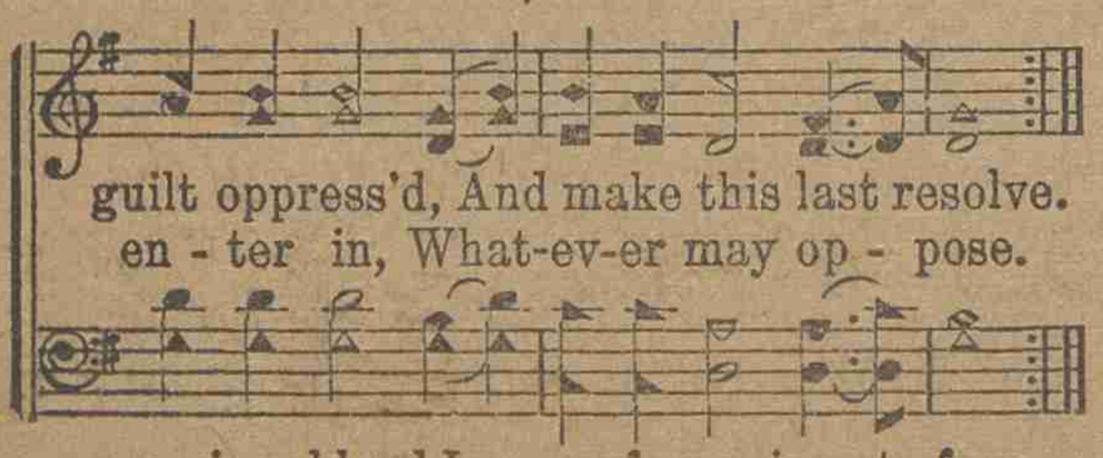
3 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

## No. 104. I DO BELIEVE.

1. Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand thot's revolve; Come, with your fear and
2. I'll go to Jesus, tho' my sin Like mountains 'round me close; I know His courts, I'll

CHO.–I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve That Je-sus died for me; And thro' His blood, His



guilt oppress'd, And make this last resolve.
en - ter in, What-ev-er may op - pose.
pre-cious blood I am from sin set free.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone
Without His sovereign grace.

4 I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away I know
I must forever die.

# No. 105. JESUS PAID IT ALL.

MRS. ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Sav - ior say, Thy strength indeed 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
4. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete, I'll lay my

watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.
lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je - sus paid it all,
gar-ment white In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.
tro-phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

CHORUS.

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crim-son stain; He washed it white as snow.

# No. 106. I AM COMING, LORD.

L. H. REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleans-ing in Thy
2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and

pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure. I am com-ing, Lord! Com-ing
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.

CHORUS.

now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry!

# No. 107. TAKE ME AS I AM.

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

1. Je - sus my Lord, to Thee I cry; Un - less Thou help me I must die;
2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood for me was spilt;
3. No prep - a - ra-tion can I make, My best re-solves I on - ly break;
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove;

:S: FINE.

Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am.
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am.
But since to Thee I can not move, Oh, take me as I am.

D. S.—*Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.*

CHORUS.

Take me as I am,..... Take me as I am;.....
Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;

# No. 108. I AM TRUSTING, LORD, IN THEE.

REV. W. MCDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I'm poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee; Long has e - vil dwelt with - in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth-ly store,
4. In the prom - is - es I trust; In the cleans-ing blood con - fide;
5. Je - sus comes; He fills my soul! Per-fect-ed in love I am;

CHO.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
5th v.—Still I'm trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

I'm count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je-sus sweet-ly speaks to me, I will cleanse you from all sin.
Soul and bod-y thine to be— Whol-ly thine— for ev - er - more.
I am pros-trate in the dust; I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.
I am ev - 'ry whit made whole; Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

Humbly at Thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.
Humbly at Thy cross I bow— Je - sus saves me! saves me now!

# No. 109. WHITER THAN SNOW.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per-fect - ly whole; I want Thee for-ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com- plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self and what - ev - er I know: Now
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum-bly en-treat; I wait, bless-ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet; By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow; Now
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou see - est I pa-tient - ly wait; Come now and with-in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st "No," Now

CHORUS.

wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

# No. 110. WHERE HE LEADS ME.

E. W. BLANDLY. Arr.

1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

CHO.—Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,

*ad lib.* *D. C.*

I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol - low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

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

# No. 111. THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Be-hold a stran-ger at the door; He gen-tly knocks, has knock'd before;
2. But will He prove a friend in-deed? He will—the ver-y friend you need;
3. Rise, touch'd with grat-i-tude di-vine, Turn out His en-e-my and thine;
4. Ad-mit Him, ere His an-ger burn—His feet, de-part-ed, ne'er re-turn;

Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
The Friend of sin-ners? yes, 'tis He, With garments died on Cal-va-ry.
That soul-de-stroy-ing mon-ster, Sin, And let the heav'n-ly Stran-ger in.
Ad-mit Him, or the hour's at hand You'll at His door re-ject-ed stand.

CHORUS.

O let the dear Savior come in (come in), He'll cleanse the heart from sin (from sin), O

keep Him no more out at the door, But let the dear Savior come in (come in).

# No. 112. IS THY HEART RIGHT WITH GOD?

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have thy af-fec-tions been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Art thou now walking in heav-en's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?

Countest thou all things for Je-sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O-ver all e-vil with-out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je-sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Is thy soul wearing the gar-ment of white? Is thy heart right with God?

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# IS THY HEART RIGHT WITH GOD? Concluded.

CHORUS.

Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim - son flood,
Cleansed and made ho - ly, hum-ble and low - ly, Right in the sight of God?
of God?

# No. 113. JESUS, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

J. V. C. Arr.

1. All ye saints of light pro-claim, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
2. Hear the Sav - ior's ear - nest call, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
3. Why not seek Him then to - day, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
4. Come, con-fess Him as your King, Je - sus, the Light of the world;

Life and mer - cy in His name, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
Send the gos - pel truth to all, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
Go with truth the nar - row way, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
Then the bells of heav'n will ring, Je - sus, the Light of the world.

CHORUS.

We'll walk in the light, beau-ti-ful light, Come where the dew-drops of mercy are bright;
Shine all a-round us by day and by night, Je - sus, the Light of the world.

# No. 114. I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.

MARY BROWN. Copyright, 1894, by C. E. Rounsefell. By per. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea;
2. Per-haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Je - sus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest fields so wide,

It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wan-d'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the cru - ci - fied;

But if by a still small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged the way,
So trust-ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And know-ing Thou lov - est me,

D.S.—*I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;* *D. S.*

I'll an-swer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o Thy mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

*I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.*

# No. 115. I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;

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

*D. C.*

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

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

# No. 116. LET ME DIE.

JEANETTE PALMITER. ANON.

FINE.

2 The slaying power in me display,
Let me die, let me die;
I must be dead from day to day,
Let me die, let me die;
Unto the world and its applause,
To all the customs, fashions, laws,
Of those who hate the humbling cross,
Let me die, let me die.

3 My friends may say, "I'll ruined be,"
Let me die, let me die;
But all I leave and follow Thee,
Let me die, let me die;
Their arguments will never weigh,
Nor stand the trying judgment-day,
Help me to cast them all away,
Let me die, let me die.

# No. 117. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER!

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

# No. 118. GLORY TO HIS NAME.

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

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleans-ing from sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo - ry to His
2. I am so won-drous - ly saved from sin! Je - sus so sweet - ly a - bides with - in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His
3. O pre-cious foun-tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to His
4. Come to this foun-tain, so rich and sweet: Cast thy poor soul at the Sav - ior's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made com-plete; Glo - ry to His

name! Glo - ry to His name! Glo - ry to His name!

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

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

name! Glo - ry to His name! Glo - ry to His name!

*name!*

# No. 119. HE LEADETH ME.

JOSEPH H. GILMORE. SALLIE K. MCINTOSH.

1. He lead - eth me! oh, bless-ed tho't, Oh, words with heav'n-ly com- fort fraught; What-e'er I do, wher-e're I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Some-times where E - den's flow - ers bloom, By waters still, o'er troubled sea—Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine; Con-tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Still 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace, the vict - 'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.

REFRAIN. *Repeat Chorus pp.*

He leadeth me, leadeth me! He leadeth me, By His own hand He leadeth me!

## No. 120. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of un-seen things above, Of Je - sus and His glory,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the golden fancies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting

Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Because I know 'tis true;
Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo-ry, I sing the new, new song,

CHORUS.

It sat - is-fies my long-ings, As noth-ing else can do.
And that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto-ry,
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.

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

## No. 121. NOW I FEEL THE SACRED FIRE.

FINE.

1. Now I feel the sa-cred fire, Kind-ling, flam-ing, glow-ing,
   High-er still and ris - ing high-er, All my soul o'er-flow-ing; } Life im-mor - tal
2. Now I am from bond-age freed, Ev - 'ry bond is riv - en;
   Je - sus makes me free in - deed, Just as free as hea-ven: } 'Tis a glo - rious
3. Let the tes - ti - mo - ny roll, Roll thro' ev - 'ry na-tion,
   Wit-ness-ing from soul to soul This im-mense sal - va-tion; } Now I know it's

D.C.–*I was dead, but now I live, Glo-ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!*
*I was bound, but now I'm free, Glo-ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!*
*For I feel it sav - ing me, Glo-ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!*

D. C.

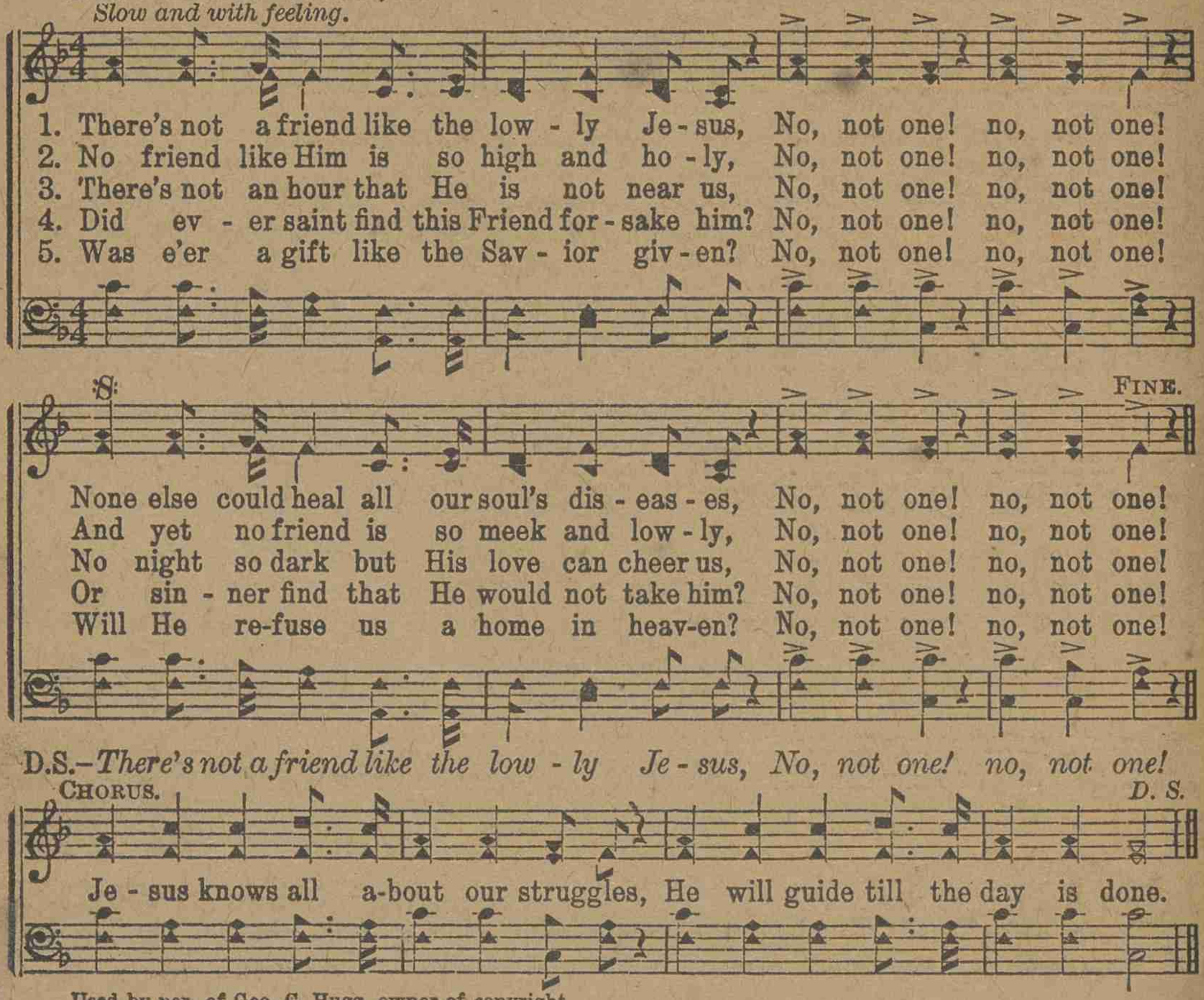
I re-ceive; Oh, the wondrous sto-ry!
li - ber - ty; Oh, the wondrous sto-ry!
full and free; Oh, the wondrous sto-ry!

4 Glory be to God on high,
Glory be to Jesus!
He hath brought salvation nigh,
From all sin He frees us;
Let the golden harps of God
Ring the wondrous story;
Let the pilgrim shout aloud
Glory! glory! glory!

# No. 122. NO, NOT ONE.

REV. JOHNSTON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG.

*Slow and with feeling.*

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# No. 123. STEP OUT ON THE PROMISE.

MAGGIE POTTER. Arr. by E. F. M. E. F. MILLER.




4 Step out on the promise, and Christ thou shalt win,
"The blood of His Son cleanseth us from all sin,"
It cleanseth me now, hallelujah to God;
I rest on His promise–I'm under the blood.

From "The Shout of Victory," by per.

# No. 124. BLESSED BE THE NAME.

J. NEWTON, Arr.

# No. 125. PASS ME NOT.

KEY OF A-FLAT.

1 Pass me not, O gentle Savior,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

CHO.—Savior, Savior,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

# No. 126. WE'LL WORK TILL JESUS COMES.

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

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. Dr. Wm. Miller.

1. O Land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come,
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful, sheltering dome;
3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Sav - ior's side, No more my steps shall roam;

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 till Je - sus comes,
We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes,

# No. 127. THE CLEANSING WAVE.

Mrs. Phoebe Palmer. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. Oh, now I see the crim-son wave, The fountain deep and wide; Je - sus, my Lord, might - y to save, Points to His wound - ed side.
2. I see the new cre - a - tion rise, I hear the speak-ing blood; It speaks! pol - lut - ed na - ture dies! Sinks 'neath the cleans - ing flood.
3. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light, A - bove the world and sin, With heart made pure, and gar - ments white, And Christ en-throned with - in.
4. A - maz - ing grace! 'tis heav'n be - low, To feel the blood ap - plied; And Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus knows: My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

# THE CLEANSING WAVE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

The cleansing stream I see, I see! I plunge, and, oh, it cleanseth me! Oh,
praise the Lord, it cleans-eth me! It cleans-eth me, yes, cleans-eth me!

# No. 128. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

S. BARING-GOULD. A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol-diers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing
3. Crown and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throng; Blend with ours your voices

Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we;
Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King;

CHORUS.

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. On-ward, Chris-tian
We have Christ's own prom - ise, Which can nev - er fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

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

# No. 129. HE LOVES ME.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head, For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way,—'Tis all that I can do.

D.S.—*He gave Him - self to die for me, Be - cause He loved me so.*

CHORUS. D. S.

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

# No. 130. HEAR THE GOOD NEWS.

L. D. CARRINGTON. LUKE 2: 10, 11. Arr. by L. L. P.

1. Brother, you may go to glo - ry, Hear the good news, Brother, you may go to
2. Christ is call - ing, call - ing sin-ners, Hear the good news, Christ is call - ing, call-ing

CHORUS.

glo - ry, Hear the good news. You may lay down this world and take up the cross, And
sin-ners, Hear the good news.

go with us to glo-ry, Hear the good news.

3 All your sins may be forgiven.
4 Sinners now are finding Jesus.
5 He will save and sanctify you.
6 He is building us a mansion.
7 Jesus tasted death for sinners.
8 He will welcome all who trust Him.
9 You may join the blood-washed army.
10 Now's the time for peace and pardon.
11 Come, O come He waits to save you.
12 Soon my Savior will be coming.

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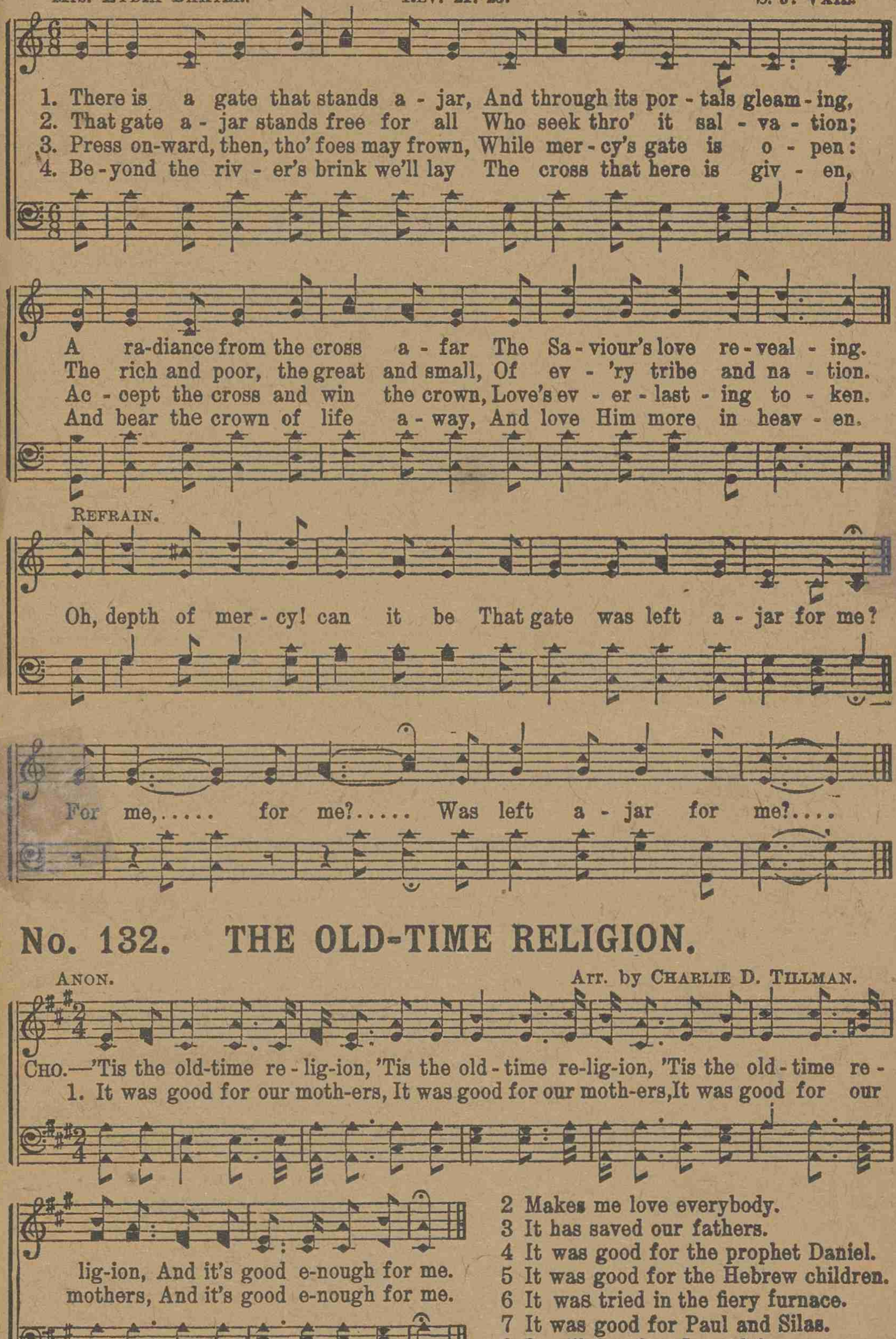
# No. 131. THE GATE AJAR FOR ME.

"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there."—

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. REV. 21. 25. S. J. VAIL.




# No. 132. THE OLD-TIME RELIGION.

ANON. Arr. by CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.




2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It will take us all to heaven.

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# No. 133. IS NOT THIS THE LAND OF BEULAH?

HARRIET WARNER RE QUA. REV. J. W. DADMUN

1. I am dwelling on the mountain, Where the golden sunlight gleams O'er a land whose wondrous
2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wandered weary years, Often hindered in my
3. I am drink-ing at the foun-tain, Where I ev- er would abide; For I've tasted life's pure
4. Tell me not of heavy cross-es, Nor the burdens hard to bear, For I've found this great sal-
5. Oh, the cross has wondrous glo-ry! Oft I've proved this to be true; When I'm in the way so

beaut - y Far ex-ceeds my fondest dreams; Where the air is pure, e-the-real, La-den
jour - ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears; Broken vows and disappointments Thickly
riv - er, And my soul is sat - is-fied; There's no thirsting for life's pleasures, Nor a-
va - tion Makes each bur-den light appear; And I love to fol - low Je - sus, Glad-ly
nar - row, I can see a path-way thro'; And how sweetly Je-sus whispers: Take the

D. S.—*Is not this the land of Beulah? Blessed,*

*D. S.* CHORUS.

with the breath of flow'rs, They are blooming by the fountain, 'Neath the amaranthine bowr's.
sprink-led all the way, But the spir - it led, un-err-ing, To the land I hold to-day.
dorn - ing rich and gay, For I've found a richer treasure, One that fad-eth not a-way.
count-ing all but dross, Word-ly hon-ors all for-sak-ing, For the glo- ry of the cross.
cross, thou need'st not fear, For I've tried the way before thee, And the glory lingers near.

*bless - ed land of light; Where the flowers bloom forever, And the sun is always bright.*

# No. 134. A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE.

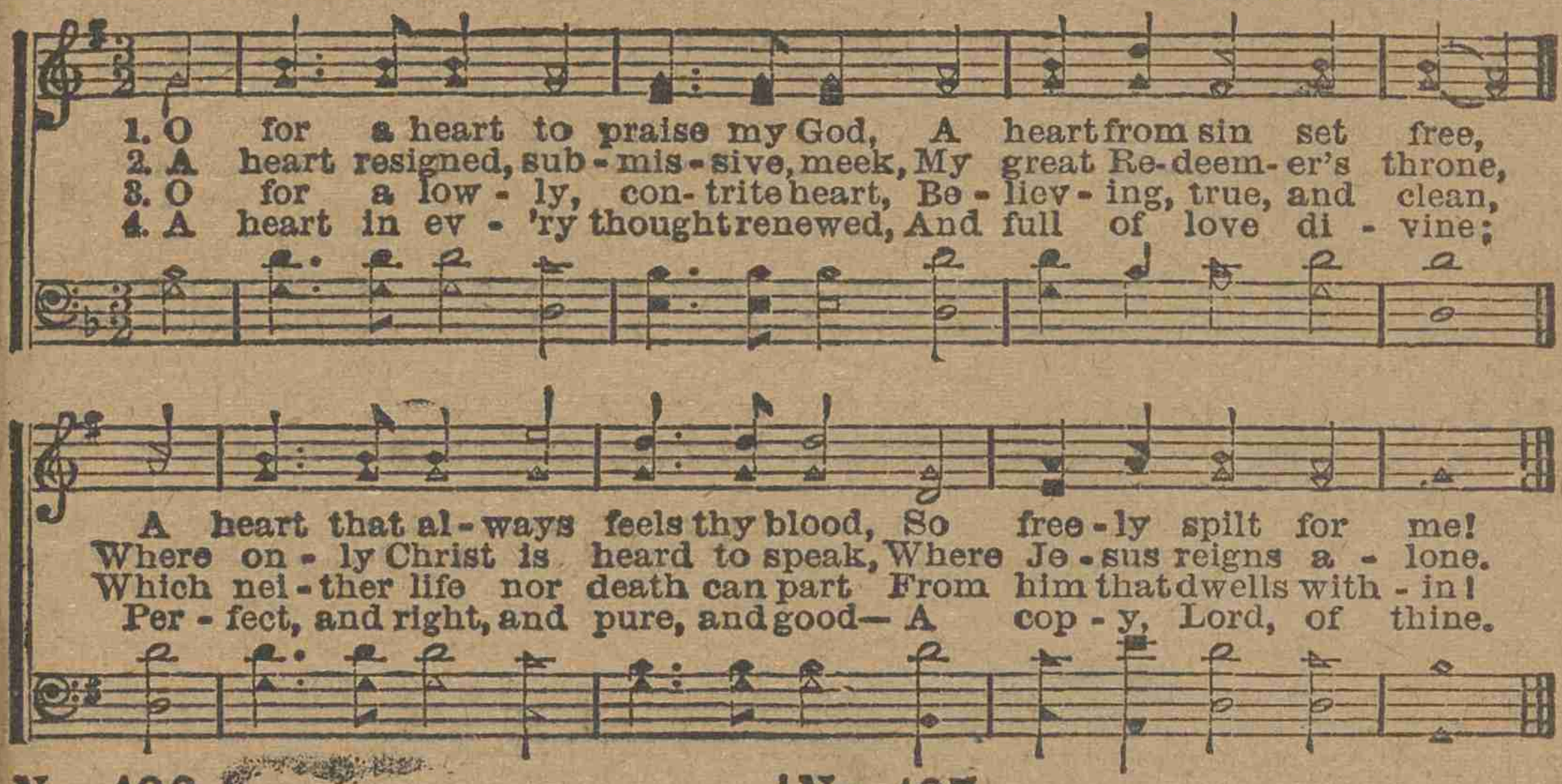
CHARLES WESLEY. BOYLSTON. S. M. LOWELL MASON.

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,

A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
Oh, may it all my pow'rs en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will.
And, oh, Thy serv - ant, Lord, pre - pare A strict ac-count to give.
As - sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

## No. 135. ARLINGTON. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. THOMAS A. ARNE.




## No. 136. O for a Faith. C. M.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by ev'ry foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.

## No. 137. Am I a Soldier. C. M.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS.

## AZMON. C. M.

C. G. GLASER.

## No. 138. Forever Here My Rest. C. M.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone —
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

## No. 139. The Dearest Name. C. M.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

JOHN NEWTON.

# No. 140. WHEN JESUS COMES.

"Unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation."—HEB. 9: 28.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS.

1. Down life's dark vale we wan-der, Till Je-sus comes; We watch, and wait, and won-der,
2. Oh, let my lamp be burn-ing, When Je-sus comes; For Him my soul be yearn-ing,
3. No more heart-pangs nor sadness, When Je-sus comes; All peace, and joy, and gladness,
4. All doubts and fears will van-ish, When Je-sus comes; All gloom His face will banish,
5. He'll know the way was drear-y, When Je-sus comes; He'll know the feet grew weary,
6. He'll know what griefs oppressed me, When Je-sus comes; Oh, how His arms will rest me!

CHORUS.

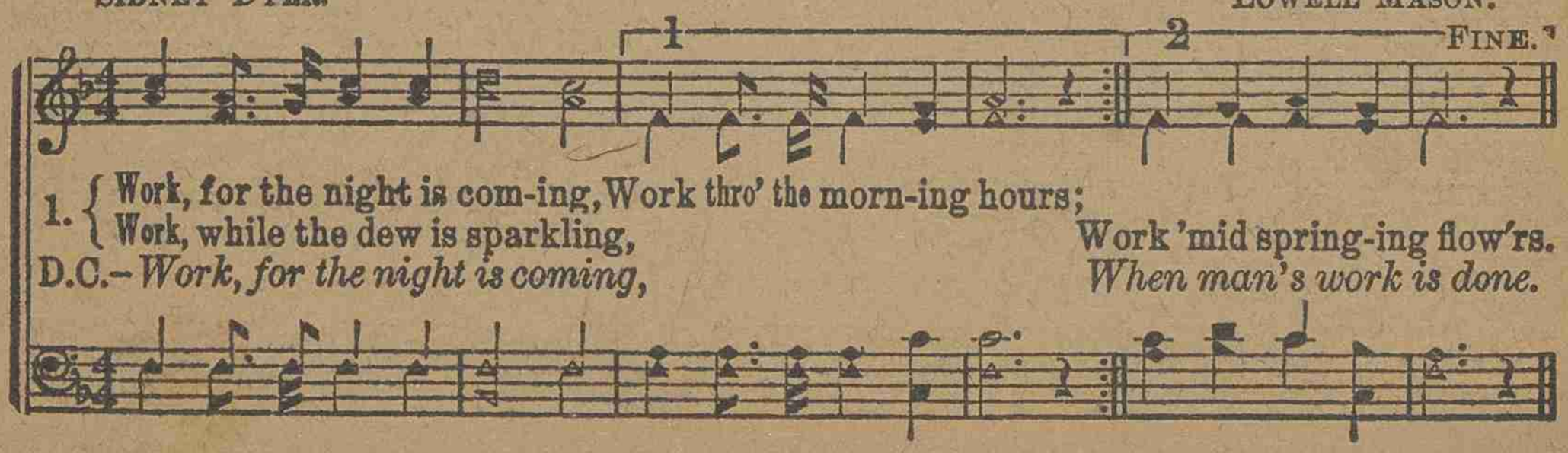
Till Je - sus comes. All joy His loved ones bring-ing, When Je - sus comes;
When Je - sus comes.

All praise thro' heaven ring-ing, When Je-sus comes, All beau - ty, bright and ver-nal,

When Je - sus comes; All glo - ry, grand, e - ter - nal, When Je - sus comes.

# No. 141. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

SIDNEY DYER. LOWELL MASON.




1. { Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours;
   { Work, while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid spring-ing flow'rs.

D.C.—*Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.*

# 'WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING. Concluded.

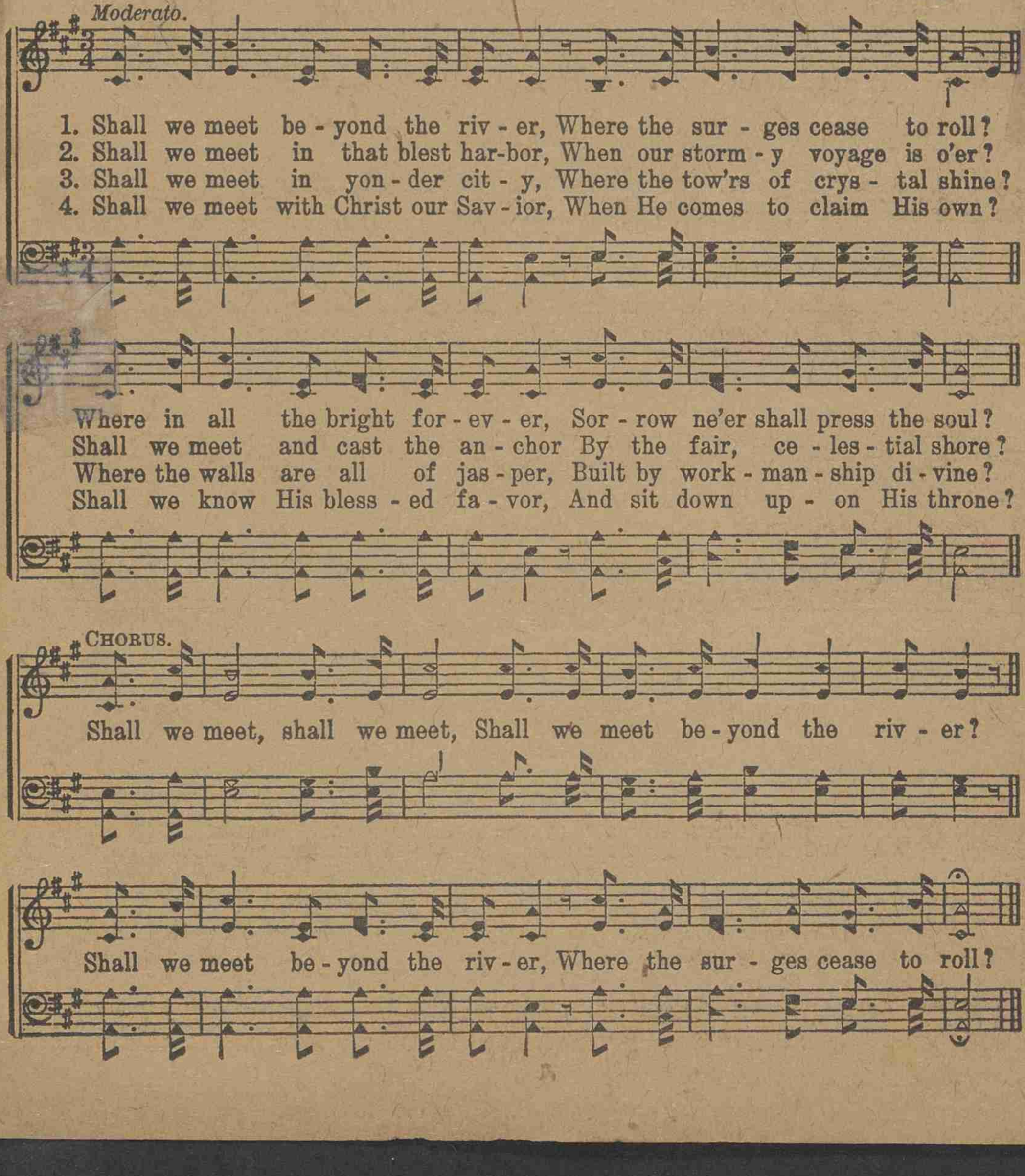
2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

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

## No. 142. SHALL WE MEET.

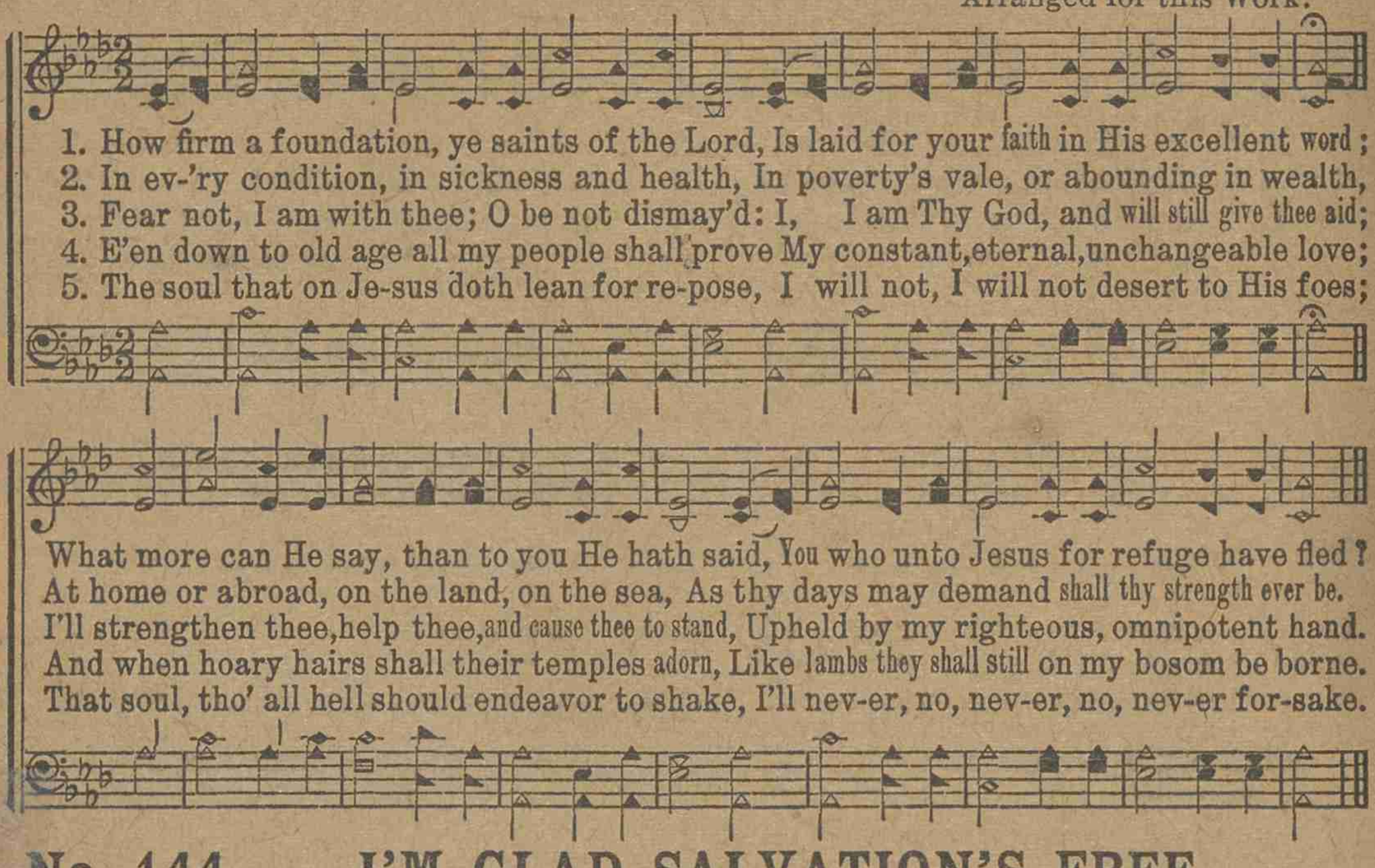
"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isa. 30: 10.

Horace L. Hastings, 1858. Elihu S. Rice, 1866, by per.



## No. 143. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

Arranged for this Work.



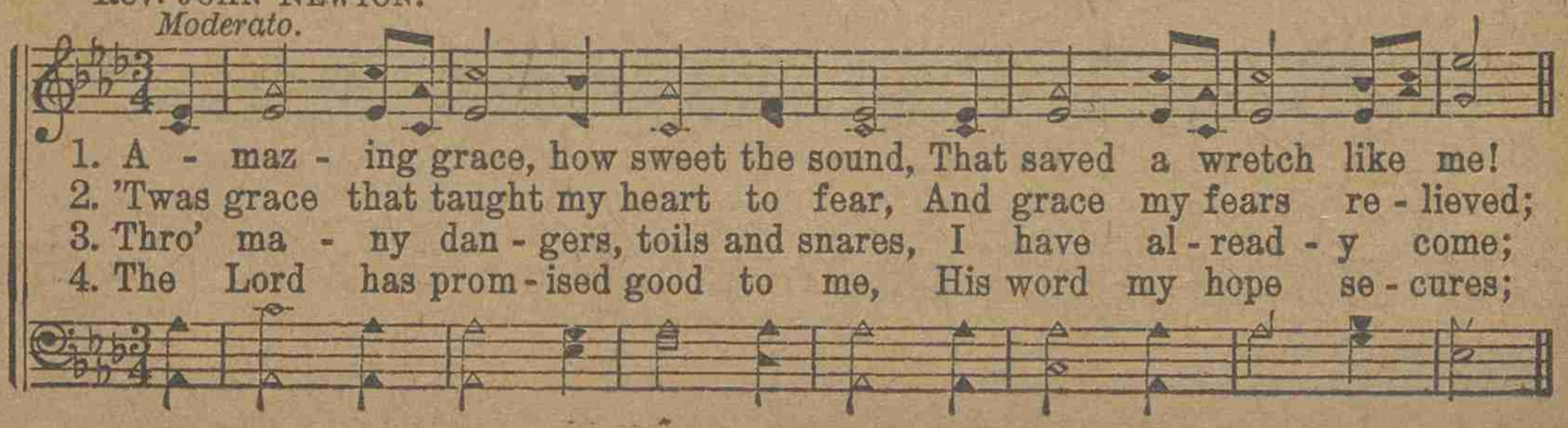

## No. 144. I'M GLAD SALVATION'S FREE.

Isaac Watts. Rev. J. W. Dadmun.

## No. 145. AMAZING GRACE.

Rev. John Newton.

*Moderato.*



# AMAZING GRACE. Concluded.

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 has 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.

## No. 146. ROCK OF AGES.

A. M. TOPLADY. (Toplady.) THOS. HASTINGS.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine eyes shall close in death,

D. C.—*Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.*
*In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.*
*Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.*

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone;
When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

## No. 147. ACCORDING TO THY GRACIOUS WORD.

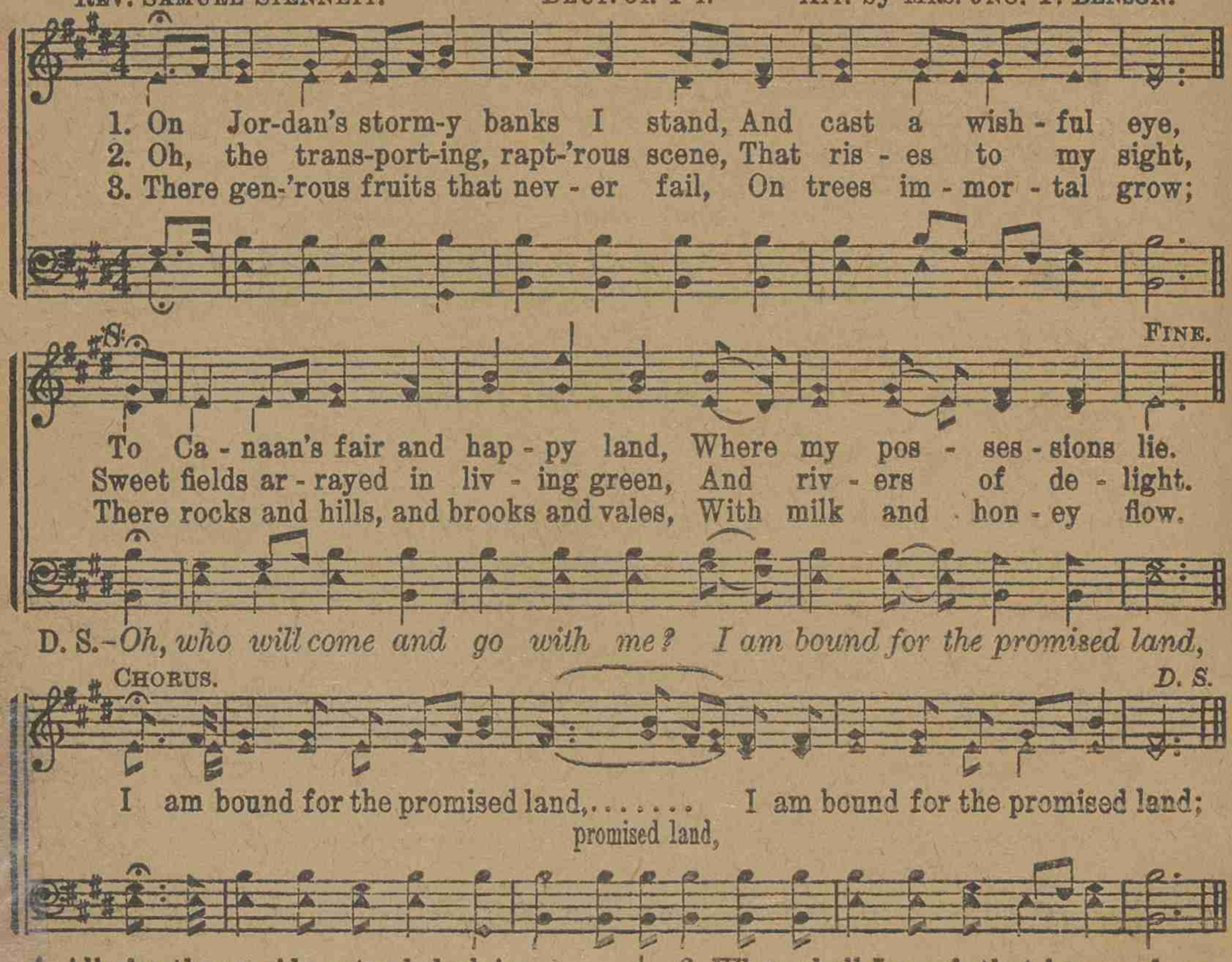
JAMES MONTGOMERY. (Manoah. C. M.) F. J. HAYDN.

1. Ac - cord - ing to Thy gra - cious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,
2. Thy bod - y, brok - en for my sake, My bread from heav'n shall be;
3. Geth-sem - a - ne can I for - get? Or there Thy con - flict see,
4. When to the cross I turn mine eyes, And rest on Cal - va - ry,
5. Re - mem-ber Thee and all Thy pains, And all Thy love to me;

This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber Thee.
Thy tes - ta - men - tal cup I take, And thus re - mem - ber Thee.
Thine ag - o - ny and blood - y sweat, And not re - mem - ber Thee?
O Lamb of God, my Sac - ri - fice, I must re - mem - ber Thee!
Yea, while a breath, a pulse re - mains, Will I re - mem - ber Thee.

# No. 148. I AM BOUND FOR THE PROMISED LAND.

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT. DEUT. 34: 1-4. Arr. by MRS. JNO. T. BENSON.




4 All o'er those wide-extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

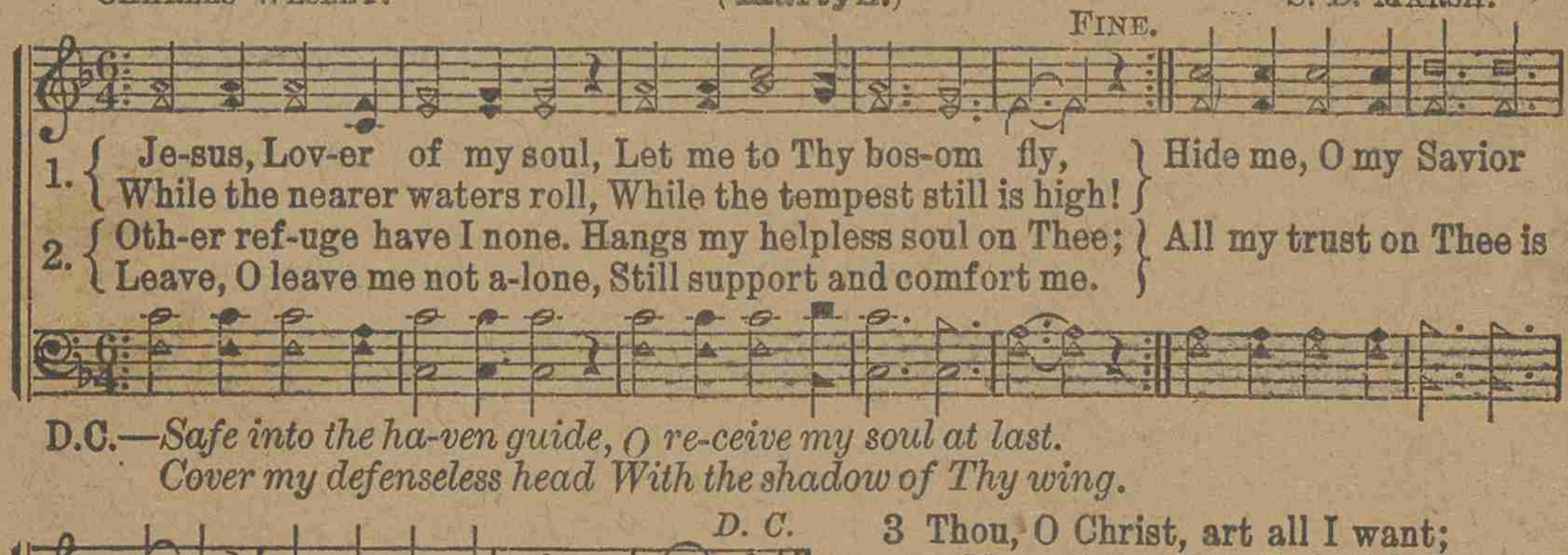
5 No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

# No. 149. JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY. (Martyn.) S. B. MARSH.




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

## No. 150. OH, FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES.

CHARLES WESLEY. (Ortonville.) CARL GLASSER.

1. Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise; The glories of my
2. My gracious Master and my God, Assist me to proclaim, To spread thro' all the
3. Jesus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease: 'Tis music in the
4. He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, He sets the pris'ner free; His blood can make the

God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace! The tri-umphs of His grace!
earth a-broad, The hon-ors of Thy name. The hon-ors of Thy name!
sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life and health and peace, 'Tis life and health and peace
foul-est clean, His blood a-vailed for me, His blood a-vailed for me.

## No. 151. MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.

GEORGE HEATH. (Laban. S. M.) LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a-rise; The hosts of sin are
2. O watch and fight and pray; The bat-tle ne'er give o'er; Re-new it bold-ly

press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
ev-'ry day, And help di-vine implore.

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

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

## No. 152. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

SARAH F. ADAMS. (Bethany.) LOWELL MASON.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee! Near-er to Thee, E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o-ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un-to heav'n; All that thou send-est me,
4. Then, with my wak-ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto-ny griefs
5. Or if on joy-ful wing Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon and stars for-got

D. S.—*Near-er, my God, to Thee,*

FINE. D. S.

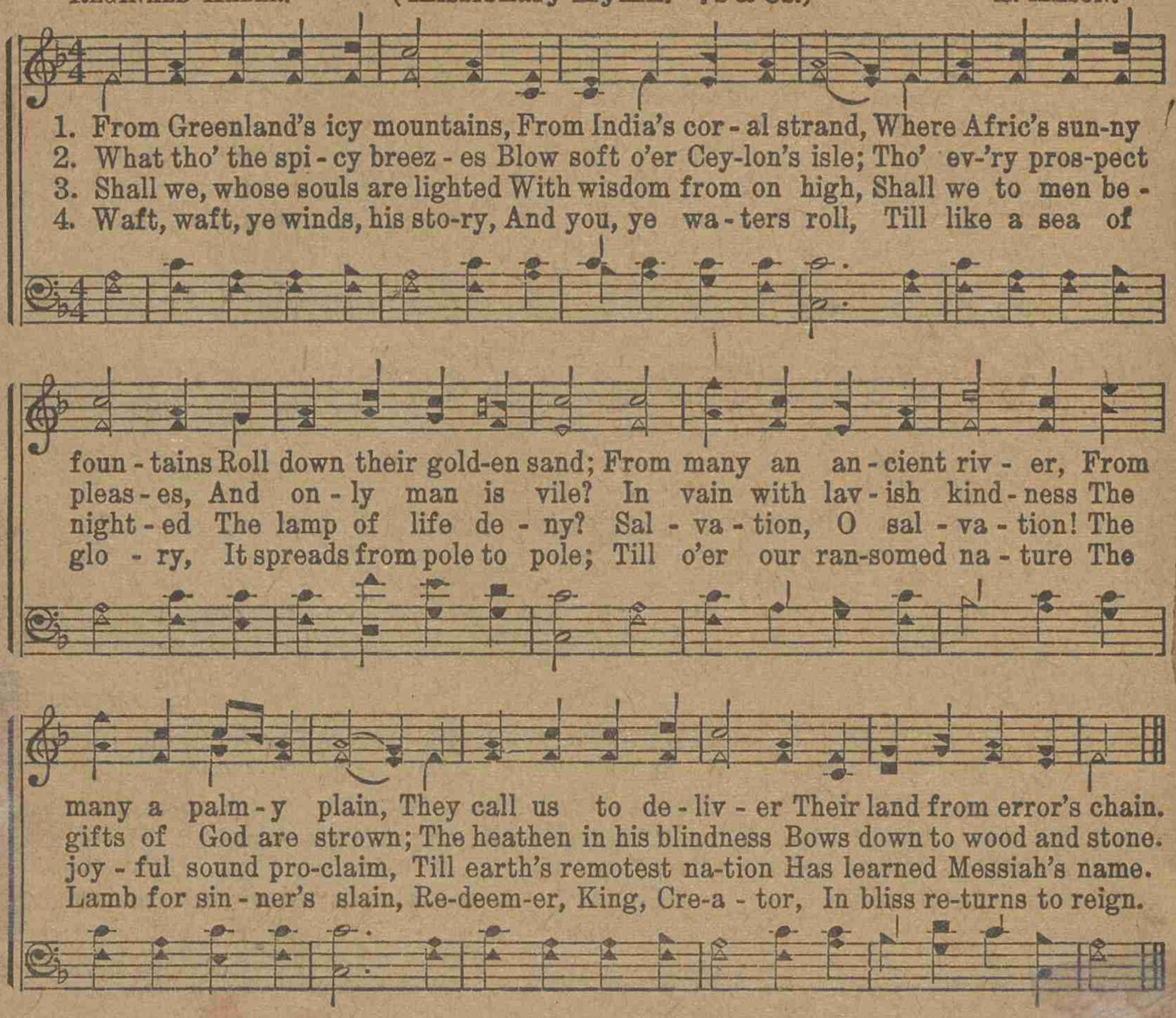
That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Up-ward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,

*Near-er to Thee!*

# No. 153. FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

REGINALD HEBER. (Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s.) L. MASON.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's cor - al strand, Where Afric's sun-ny foun - tains Roll down their gold-en sand; From many an an - cient riv - er, From
2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle; Tho' ev-'ry pros-pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile? In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high, Shall we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va - tion, O sal - va - tion! The
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his sto-ry, And you, ye wa - ters roll, Till like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture The



many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.
gifts of God are strown; The heathen in his blindness Bows down to wood and stone.
joy - ful sound pro-claim, Till earth's remotest na-tion Has learned Messiah's name.
Lamb for sin - ner's slain, Re-deem-er, King, Cre-a - tor, In bliss re-turns to reign.

# No. 154. CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING.

JOHN CENNICK. (Cookham. 7s.) Old Melody.

1. Chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, As we jour - ney let us sing;
2. We are trav - 'ling home to God, In the way our fa - thers trod;
3. O ye ban - ished seed, be glad! Christ our Ad - vo - cate is made;
4. Fear not, breth - ren, joy - ful stand On the bor - ders of our land;
5. Lord, o - be - di - ent - ly we'll go, Glad - ly leav - ing all be - low;



Sing our Sav - ior's wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in His works and ways.
They are hap - py now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
Us to save our flesh as - sumes, Broth - er to our souls be-comes.
Je - sus Christ, our Fa - ther's Son, Bids us un - dis-mayed go on.
On - ly Thou our Lead - er be, And we still will fol - low Thee.

# No. 155. JESUS, SAVIOR, PILOT ME.

EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea!
2. As a moth - er stills her child Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I reach the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

D. C.—*Chart and compass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me!*
D. C.—*Won-drous Sov-reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me!*
D. C.—*May I hear Thee say to me: "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"*

D. C.

Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach-'rous shoal;
Bois - t'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou sayst to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

# No. 156. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

RAY PALMER. (Olivet.) LOWELL MASON.

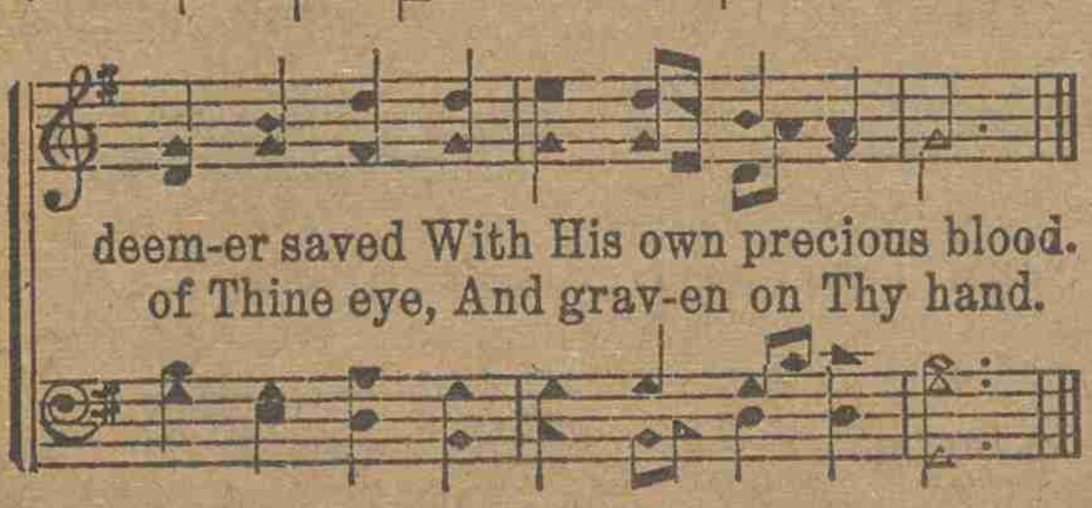
1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-ior di-vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness

while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
died for me; O may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv-ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee aside.

# No. 157. I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. (St. Thomas. S. M.) G. F. HANDEL.

1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode, The Church our blest Re-
2. I love Thy Church, O God; Her walls be-fore Thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple



deem-er saved With His own precious blood.
of Thine eye, And grav-en on Thy hand.

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

4 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given,
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

## No. 158. ALL HAIL THE POWER.

Rev. E. PERRONET. (Coronation.) OLIVER HOLDEN.

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

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

## No. 159. THE SOLID ROCK.

EDWARD MOTE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness; I dare not
2. When darkness seems to veil His face I rest on His un-chang-ing grace; In ev-'ry
3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, and blood, Support me in the 'whelming flood; When all a -

CHORUS.

trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
high and storm - y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil. On Christ, the sol - id
round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.

Rock I stand; All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

# No. 160. MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fol-lies of
2 I love Thee be-cause Thou hast first lov-ed me, And pur-chased my par-don on
sin I re-sign; My gra-cious Re-deem-er, my Sav-ior art Thou; If ev - er I
Cal - va-ry's tree; I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I
loved Thee, My Je - sus 'tis now.

3 I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,
And say when the deathdew lies cold on my brow:
If ever I loved Thee, My Jesus, 'tis now.

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow:
If ever I loved Thee, My Jesus, 'tis now,

# No. 161. FOOTPRINTS OF JESUS.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Sweet - ly, Lord, have we heard Thee call-ing, Come, fol - low me! And we
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark moun-tains, Seek-ing His sheep; Or a -
3. If they lead thro' the tem - ple ho - ly, Preach-ing the word; Or in
4. By and by, thro' the shin - ing por - tals, Turn - ing our feet, We shall
5. Then at last when on high He sees us, Our jour - ney done, We shall

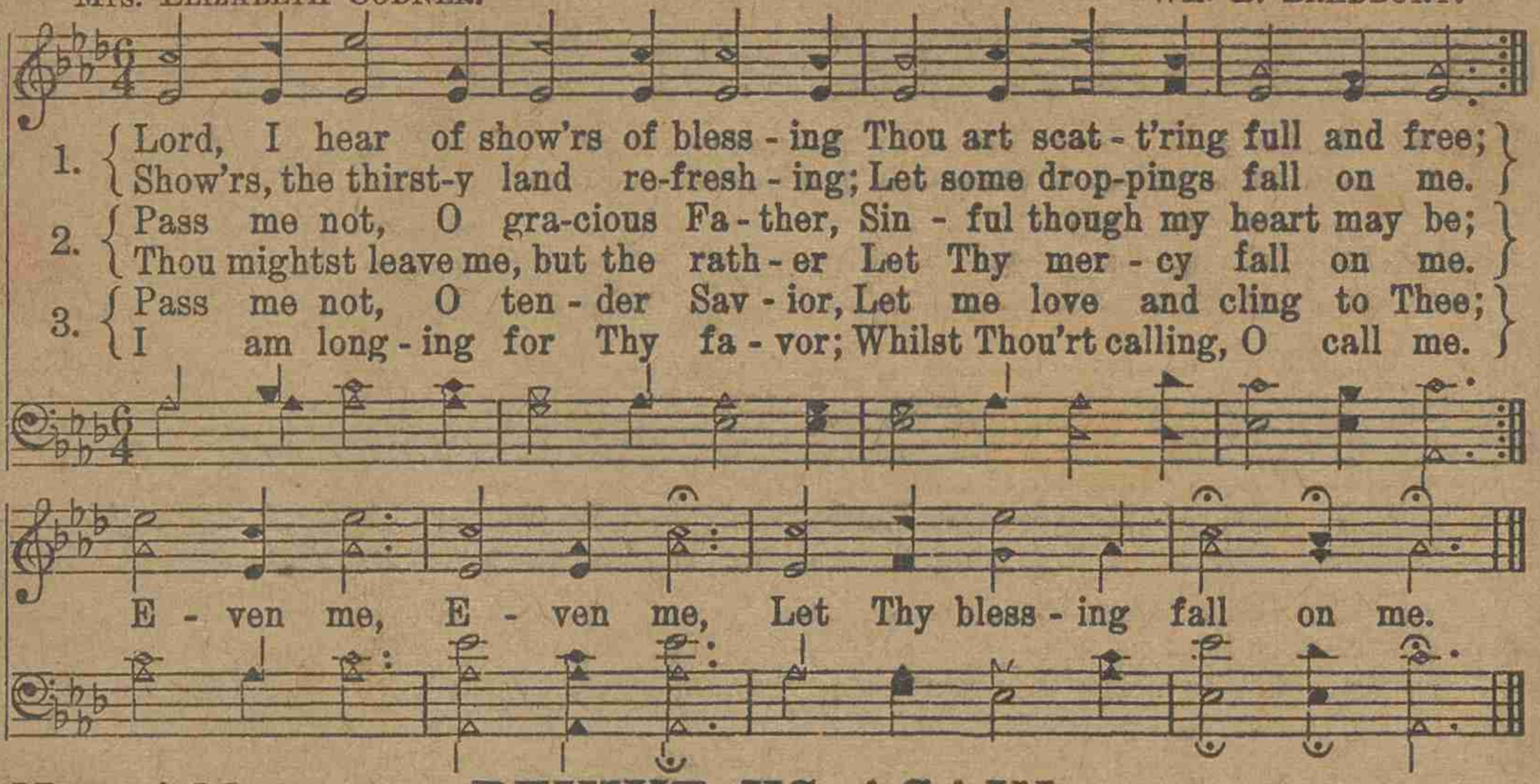
CHORUS.

see where Thy footprints falling, Lead us to Thee.
long by Si - lo-am's fountains, Helping the weak.
homes of the poor and low - ly, Serv-ing the Lord. Footprints of Je - sus, that
walk, with the glad im-mor-tals, Heav'n's golden streets.
rest where the steps of Je - sus End at His throne.

make the pathway glow; We will fol - low the steps of Je - sus Where'er they go.

## No. 162. EVEN ME.

MRS. ELIZABETH CODNER. WM. B. BRADBURY.




## No. 163. REVIVE US AGAIN.

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.

## No. 164. HAPPY DAY.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred 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 followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

## No. 165. GOD BE WITH YOU.

J. E. RANKIN. By per. of J. E. Rankin, owner of copyright. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun-sels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner float-ing 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!
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!

CHORUS.

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

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

## No. 166. BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS.

JOHN FAWCETT. (Dennis. S. M.) 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'r;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear,
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

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.

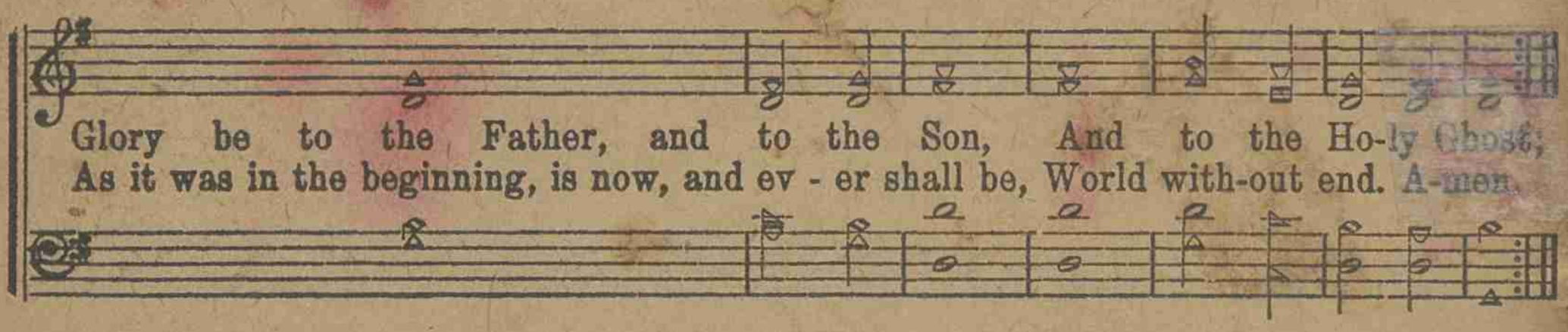
# No. 167. STAND UP FOR JESUS.

G. DUFFIELD. (Webb.) G. J. WEBB.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

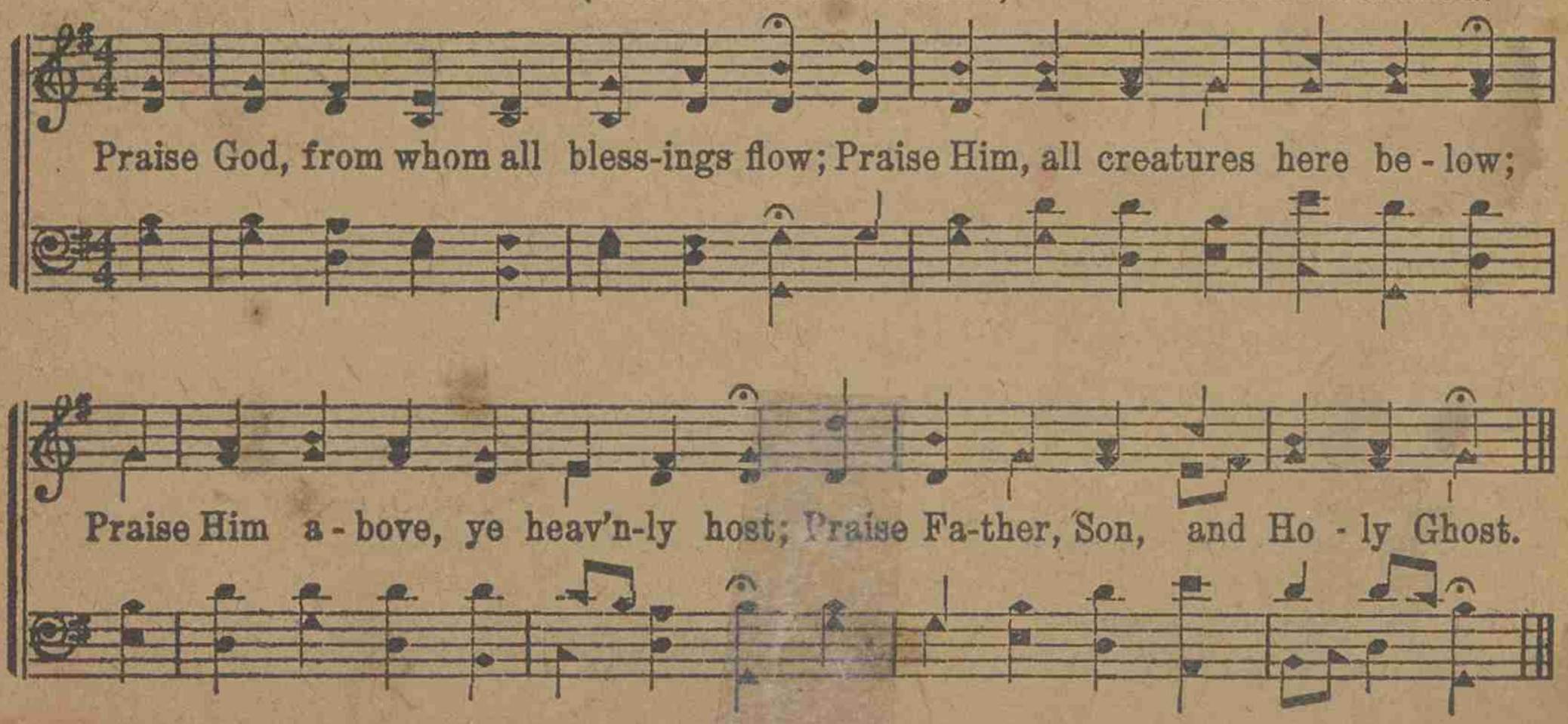
3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

# No. 168. GLORIA PATRI.




# No. 169. DOXOLOGY.

THOS. KEN. (Old Hundred. L. M.) LEWIS BOURGEOIS.



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