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THE

Glad Evangel,

FOR

Revival, Camp AND Evangelistic Meetings

BY

A. J. SHOWALTER, L. M. EVILSIZER and S. J. PERRY.

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No. 1. LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS!

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel - low-ship, what a joy di - vine, Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms!
2. O how sweet to walk in this pil- grim way, Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms!
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms!

FINE.

(What a bless - ed - ness, what a peace is mine,
O how bright the path grows from day to day,
I have peace complete with my Lord so near,) Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms!

D.S.—Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms!

CHORUS. D.S.

Lean - - ing, lean - - ing, Safe and secure from all alarms; Lean - - ing, lean - - ing,
Leaning on Je-sus, leaning on Je-sus, Leaning on Je-sus, leaning on Je-sus,

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FRANK M. DAVIS.

No. 2. VOLUNTEERS FOR JESUS.

L. M. EVILSIZER.

1. We are vol - unteers for Je - sus, Fighting 'gainst the mighty wrong, And 'tis He, our Captain, leads us So suc -
2. "Ev - er onward" is our watchword, For our Saviour and the Right, See our ban-ners waving o'er us, In the
3. When the bat - tle shall be end - ed, And we lay our ar-mor down, We shall then go home re-joic-ing, Worthy

- cess - ful - ly a - long; We will nev - er grow dis-cour-aged, But will strike the heav - y blow, That will
thick- est of the fight; We will nev - er yield or fal - ter, Bat - tling on till set of sun, Till the
to re-ceive the crown: Then to dwell in peace for - ev - er, With our Cap - tain, Sav - iour, King, Sing - ing

D. S.—fal - ter, chris-tain broth-ers, Raise your ban - ners to the sky, When the

FINE. CHORUS.

end the fear - ful con - flict, And put down a craft - y foe.
strife with sin is end - ed, And a vic - t'ry has been won.
forth His praise tri-umph- ant, Mak-ing heaven's arch- es ring.

} On- ward, ev - er onward marching, Fully

foe at last is vanquished, We shall rest at home on high.

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VOLUNTEERS FOR JESUS. Concluded.

D.S.

armed to meet the foe; Je - sus leads our swelling columns, On to vic - to - ry we go. Do no

No. 3. I DO BELIEVE.

Arr. by A. J. S.

(Use any Common Metre Hymn with either Chorus.)

CHO. No. 1. I can, I will, I do believe, I
CHO. No. 2. I'm kneel-ing at the mer - cy seat, I'm

can, I will, I do be - lieve, I can, I will, I do be- lieve That Je - sus saves me now.
kneel-ing at the mer - cy seat, I'm kneel-ing at the mer - cy seat, Where Je - sus an-swers prayer.

No. 4. JESUS WILL GIVE YOU REST.

FANNY CROSBY. "Come unto me,—and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28. J. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. Will you come, will you come With your poor brok-en heart, Bur- den'd and sin - op - press'd? Lay it
2. Will you come, will you come? There is mer - cy for you, Balm for your ach - ing breast; On - ly
3. Will you come, will you come? You have noth - ing to pay; Je - sus who loves you best, By his
4. Will you come, will you come? How he pleads with you now; Fly to his lov - ing breast And what-

down at the feet of your Saviour and Lord, Je - sus will give you rest.
come, as you are, and be- lieve on his name, Je - sus will give you rest.
death on the cross purchased life for your soul, Je - sus will give you rest.
- ev - er your sin or your sor-row may be, Je - sus will give you rest.

FINE. CHORUS.

Oh, happy rest, sweet, happy rest,

D. S.—Je - sus will give you rest.

D. S.

Je - sus will give you rest, (hap-py rest,) Oh, why won't you come in sim- ple, trusting faith?

No. 5. JESUS MY REFUGE.

Wm. E. A. HOFFMAN. S. J. PERRY.

1. Wea - ry with toil - ing and bur-den'd with care, Un - to the Sav - iour I turn in my pray'r;
2. Tempted and tried, for a ref - uge I yearn, And in my trou - ble to Je - sus I turn;
3. I am so weak from my strug - gle with sin, Fee - ble and faint from the con - flict with - in,

FINE.

He is so ten - der of heart and so kind, Rest and re - freshment in Je - sus I find.
He will not chide me, his heart is so kind; Peace and de - liv'rance in Je - sus I find.
Therefore to Je - sus I go in my need, Sure that my Lord is a help - er in - deed.

D.S.—Therefore to Je - sus I go in my need, For I have found him a help - er in - deed.

CHORUS. D.S.

Tempt - ed and tried, Seek I his side, Tell - ing my grief, Find I re - lief,

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No. 6. I AM WASHED IN THE BLOOD.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I have been to Je - sus to be cleansed with pow'r, In the blood, the precious blood,
2. I will walk in meek-ness at my Sav - iour's side, O the blood, the precious blood!
3. I will keep un - spot - ted from the world and sin, Through the blood, the precious blood,

And I lin - ger at the fount this ver - y hour, At the fount of Je - sus' blood.
I will trust each mo - ment in the Cru - ci - fied, O the blood, the pre - cious blood!
In the fount - ain flow - ing for the soul un - clean, In the fount of Je - sus' blood.

CHORUS.

I am washed in the blood, In the heart-cleansing blood of the Lamb;
Hal - le - lu - jah! precious blood,

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I AM WASHED IN THE BLOOD. Concluded.

I am washed in the blood, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.
Hal - le - lu - jah! precious blood,

No. 7. HEAVEN'S MY HOME.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. This world is not my resting place. Heaven's my home, heaven's my home, I seek a bet - ter home than this,
2. In that blest home there is no night, Heaven's my home, heaven's my home, The face of Je - sus is the light,
3. O wea - ry one, with sin opprest, Heaven's my home, heaven's my home, Come, go with me, and find sweet rest,

D.S.—My mansion fair a-waits me there,

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

Heaven's my home, heaven's my home. My home a-bove! sweet home of love! Tho' a - while the earth I roam.

Heaven's my home, heaven's my home.

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No. 8. WILL YOU BE WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

E. O. E. REV. 1: 5. E. O. EXCELL, by per.

1. List, the Spir - it calls to thee, Will you be washed in the blood? Je - sus died to make you free,
2. Sin - ner, now this blessing claim, Will you be washed in the blood? Thro' the dear Re - deemer's name,
3. He can wash you white as snow, Will you be washed in the blood? And the wit-ness you may know,
4. Christ did drink that cup for all, Will you be washed in the blood? Don't re - ject the Spir-its's call,

Will you be washed in the blood? Par - don free - ly giv - en, Cleansing you for heav - en.
Will you be washed in the blood? Claim him as your Sav - iour, He can save for - ev - er.
Will you be washed in the blood? You can know this hour Of his dy - ing pow - er.
Will you be washed in the blood? Grace is all a - bounding, Joy thro' heav'n re-sound - ing.

CHORUS.

1 2

Will you be washed, Washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Will you be washed in the blood of the Lamb? Washed in the blood of the Lamb?

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No. 9. THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF JESUS.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. S. J. PERRY.

1. I have but one, one on - ly plea, It is the blood of Je - sus, And this I know a -
2. I'm kneel-ing at the bless - ed Cross, Where flows the blood of Je - sus, Re - fin - ing, cleansing
3. Re - joic - ing, as I go a - long, In the dear blood of Je - sus, This e'er shall be my

CHORUS.

- vails for me, The pre - cious blood of Je - sus!
me from dross, O pre - cious blood of Je - sus!
theme of song, The pre - cious blood of Je - sus!

} The blood, the blood, The
} The blood, the pre - cious, cleansing blood,

cleansing blood of Je - sus, It is the theme of joy and song, The pre-cious blood of Je - sus.

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ELLEN L. GOVEH. Arr.

No. 10. MY REFUGE.

L. M. EVILSIZER.

1. In the se - cret of his pres-ence, how my soul de- lights to hide! O, how pre-cious are the
2. When my soul is faint and thirst - y, 'neath the shad-ow of his wing There is cool and pleas - ant
3. On - ly this I know: I told him all my doubts and griefs and fears; O, how pa-tient - ly he
4. Do you think that I could love him half so dear - ly as I ought, If he did not tell me

les - sons which I learn at Je - sus' side! Earth - ly cares can nev - er vex me, nei - ther
shel- ter, and a fresh and crys - tal spring; And my Sav - iour rests be - side me as we
list - ens, and my droop - ing soul he cheers. Do you think he ne'er reproves me? what a
plain- ly of each sin - ful word and tho't? No, he is so ver - y faith-ful, and that

𝄋 Earthly cares etc.

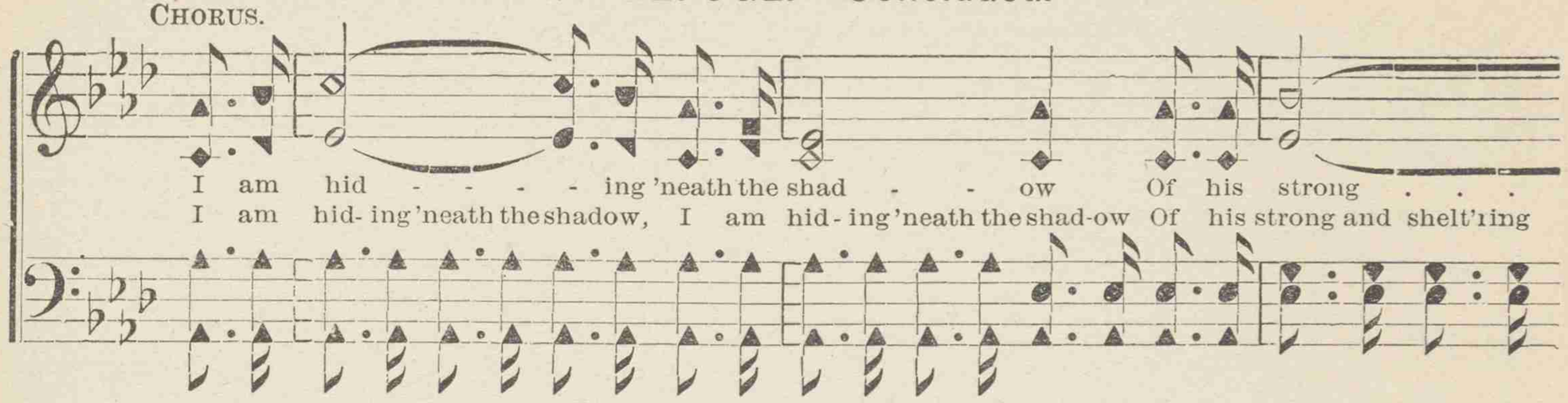
tri - als lay me low, For when Sa - tan comes to tempt me, to this "se - cret place" I go.
hold com-mun - ion sweet, If I tried I could not ut - ter what he says when thus we meet.
false friend he would be, If he did not al - ways tell me of the sins which he must see.
makes me trust him more, For I know that he does love me, though he wounds me ver - y sore.

FINE.
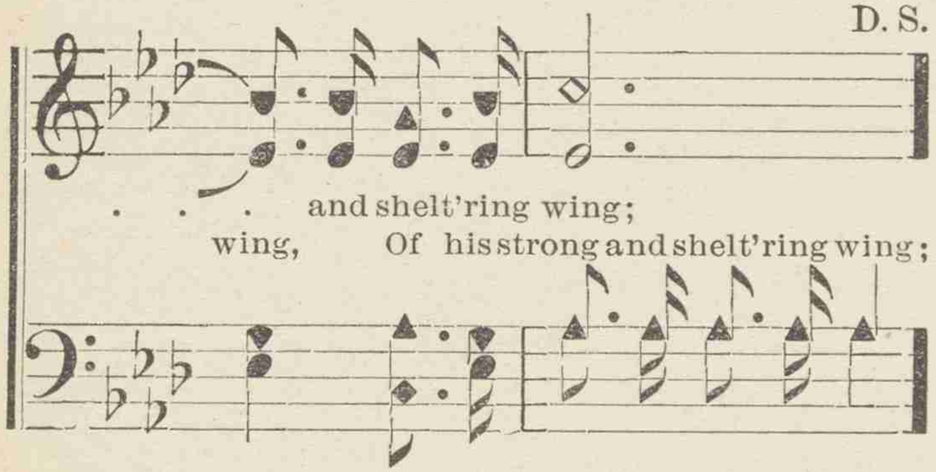
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MY REFUGE. Concluded.

CHORUS.



D. S.



5 Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord,
Go and hide beneath his shadow; this shall then be your reward;
And whene'er you leave the silence of that happy resting place,
You must mind and bear the image of your Master in your face.

6 You will surely lose the blessing and the fullness of your joy,
If you let dark clouds distress you and your inward peace destroy;
You may always be abiding if you'll rest at Jesus' side;
In the secret of his presence you may every moment hide.

No. 11. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

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

No. 12. PASSING THIS WAY.

Arr. by D. W. C. "He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—MARK 10: 47. D. W. CRIST.

1. Je - sus of Naz'reth, to Beth- le-hem came, Heal-ing the blind, the sick and the lame; Oh, it was wonderful,
2. Je - sus of Naz'reth, the same as of old, When a stray sheep a - way from the fold, Gent -ly and long he hath
3. Je - sus of Naz'reth, on Cal - va -ry's tree, Shed his dear blood and set my soul free; Oh, it was wonderful,

CHORUS.

blest be his name! Still he is pass - ing by.)
sought for my soul; Still he is pass - ing by.
how could it be? Still he is pass - ing by.

Pass-ing this way, pass-ing this way, Je-sus is passing this way; Oh, it was won-der - ful, blest be his name, Still he is pass - ing by.

FROM "GOSPEL GLEANINGS," BY PEIL.

No. 13. BLESSED WORDS.

MRS. E. A. EVILSIZER. L. M. EVILSIZER.

1. I was weak in sin and a wan - der - er, When Je - sus whisper'd to me, "Come, ye
2. Tho' my sins were great and my heart oppress'd, My bur - den heav - y to bear, Yet he
3. Then I bro't my care and my grief to him, And laid them down at his feet: Je - sus

CHORUS.

wea - ry one, with your sin oppress'd, There's rest and pardon for thee.") Oh, bless - ed words, "There is
bade me "Come" and with him find rest, And droop no lon-ger with care.
took my bur - den up - on him - self, And made my blessing complete.

What blest, sweet words,

rest and pardon for thee," How my heart re-joiced when the Sav - iour said These words of comfort to me.

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No. 14. CLOSER, STILL CLOSER.

L. H. C. "It is good for me to draw near to God."—Psa. 73: 28. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Clos - er, still clos - er, my Sav-iour, to thee, Clos - er to Je . sus, fain, fain would I be;
2. Clos - er by day, tho' my sky be all - right, Clos - er, still clos - er when fall - eth the night;
3. When to the Jor - dan of death I de - scend, Dan - ger I'll fear not if Christ be my friend;

Round me his arm, on his bo - som my head, Near the dear side which on Cal - va - ry bled.
Earth hath no spot where with-out him I'm safe, Time has no mo - ment I need not his grace.
Breast-ing the bil - lows, my death-song shall be, Clos - er, still clos - er, my Sav-iour, to thee.

CHORUS.

Ritard e dim.

Clos - er, still clos - er, still clos - er to thee, Clos - er, still clos - er, clos - er to thee.

No. 15. COME TO JESUS.

R. R. LATTA. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Come to Je - sus! he will save you, Tho' your sins as crim-son glow; If you give your hearts to Je-sus, He will
2. Come to Je - sus! do not tar - ry, En - ter in at mer-cy's gate; Oh, de - lay not till the mor-row, Lest thy
3. Come to Je - sus, dy - ing sin - ner! Oth - er Saviour there is none, He will share with you his glory, When your

CHORUS.

make them white as snow. Come to Je - - sus! Come to Je - - sus! Come to Je -sus! come, to -
com - ing be too late.
pil - grim - age is done. Come, come to-day! Come, come to-day! Come to Je -sus! come, yes,

- day; Come to Je - - sus! Come to Je - - sus! Come to Je-sus! come, come to-day!
come, come to - day; Come, come to-day! Come, come to-day!

From "SPIRITUAL SONGS." By per.

No. 16. THE SINLESS SUMMERLAND.

Arranged from J. W. WELSH.

J. C. BUSHEY, by per.

1. I am long-ing for the com-ing of the snow-white an-gel band, That shall bear my wea-ry
2. I am waiting for the sig-nal that shall speak my full re-lease, And pre-sent my wel-come
3. I am long-ing to be go-ing, yet my fa-ther's kind command Bids me tar-ry 'mid the

spir-it To the sin-less sum-mer-land; As I tread the nar-row path-way, Thro' this
pass-port To the realms of per-fect peace; Yes, and when the wea-ry san-dals All the
shad-ows Of the mist-y, low-er land; When my pil-grim-age is end-ed I shall

thorn-y vale, I dream Of the joys that ev-er brighten Where the pearl-y wa-ters gleam.
dust-y way have trod, I shall sing a-mong the an-gels By the gold-en throne of God.
stem the tur-bid flood, And re-cline up-on the bo-som Of the spot-less Son of God.

THE SINLESS SUMMERLAND. Concluded.

I am long - - - ing for the com - - - ing
I am long - ing for the com - ing, I am long - ing for the com - ing

Of the snow..... white an - gel band, That shall bear..... my
Of the snow white an - gel band, Of the snow white angel band, That shall bear my weary spirit,

wea - ry spir - - - it To that sin - less sum - mer - land.
That shall bear my wea - ry spir - it To that sin - less sum - mer - land.

No. 17. COMING HOME TO-NIGHT.

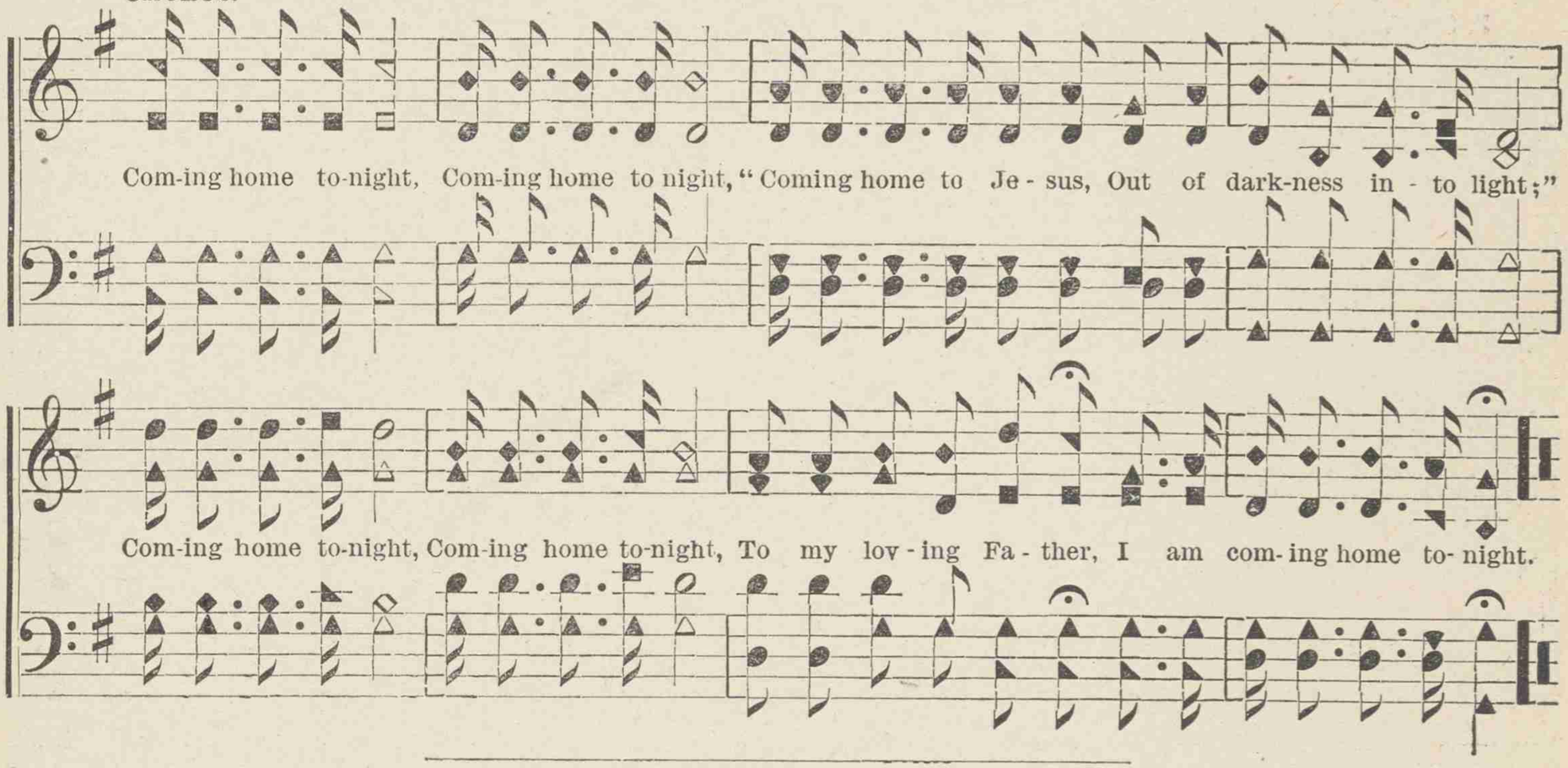
FRANK M. DAVIS. Answer to "Are you Coming Home To-night?" A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I had wan-der'd long in dark - ness on the mountains lone and cold, I was lost in sin and doubtings, far a - way from Je - sus' fold, When a voice so sweet and ten - der bade me rise and seek the light; Now I'm com- ing home to Je - sus, Yes, I'm com- ing home to - night.
2. I will trust his pre - cious prom - ise and his might - y pow'r to save, Free - ly in the fount of cleansing I my sin-stained garments lave, Tho' they be as crim- son yet his blood will make them pure and white; I am com- ing home, my Sav- iour, Yes, I'm com- ing home to - night.
3. I am com - ing home, my Sav - iour, nev - er - more from thee to stray, Glad - ly will I fol - low in thy bless - ed foot-steps day by day, In thy ser - vice ev - er, Sav- iour, will my soul take new de - light; I am com- ing home to Je - sus, Yes, I'm com- ing home to - night.

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COMING HOME TO-NIGHT. Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 18. COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING. 8s & 7s.

1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love!

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

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

No. 19. THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

"And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote."—DAN. 5: 5.

K. SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW. ARR. by E. O. EXCELL.

1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar, and a thou-sand of his lords, While they drank from golden ves-sels, as the book of truth re-cords, In the night as they rev-el in the roy-al pal-ace hall, They were seized with con-ster-na-tion, 'twas the hand up-on the wall.
2. See the brave cap-tive Dan-iel— as he stood be-fore the throng, And rebuked the haughty mon-arch for his might-y deeds of wrong; As he read out the writ-ing—'twas the doom of one and all, For the kingdom now was finished—said the hand up-on the wall.
3. See the faith, zeal, and cour-age that would dare to do the right, Which the Spir-it gave to Dan-iel— this the se-cret of his might; In his home in Ju-de-a, or a cap-tive in the hall, He un-der-stood the writ-ing of his God up-on the wall.

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THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL. Concluded.

CHORUS.

'Tis the hand of God on the wall, 'Tis the hand of God on the
'Tis the hand of God that is writ - ing on the wall, 'Tis the hand of God that is

wall; Shall the rec - ord be, "Found want - ing," or
writ - ing on the wall;

shall it be, "Found trust - ing," While that hand is writ - ing on the wall?
writ - ing on the wall?

4 So our deeds are recorded—there's a Hand that's writing now,
Sinner, give your heart to Jesus, to his royal mandate bow;
For the day is approaching—it must come to one and all,
When the sinner's condemnation will be written on the wall.

Mrs. R. A. EVILSIZER.

No. 20. MY BEAUTIFUL HOME.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful land where the sun ev - er shines, With a clime like one long sum-mer day;
2. There no sick - ness nor trou - ble can ev - er-more come, For the Heal - er will watch o - ver all;
3. There the good and the pure with the saints ev - er dwell, And sing praise to the Fa- ther of Love,
4. There thro' a - ges of bliss they shall dwell ev - ermore, Whom the Sav - iour o - bey here be - low;
5. Then a - way to that beau - ti - ful land let me go, For I long all its won-ders to see;

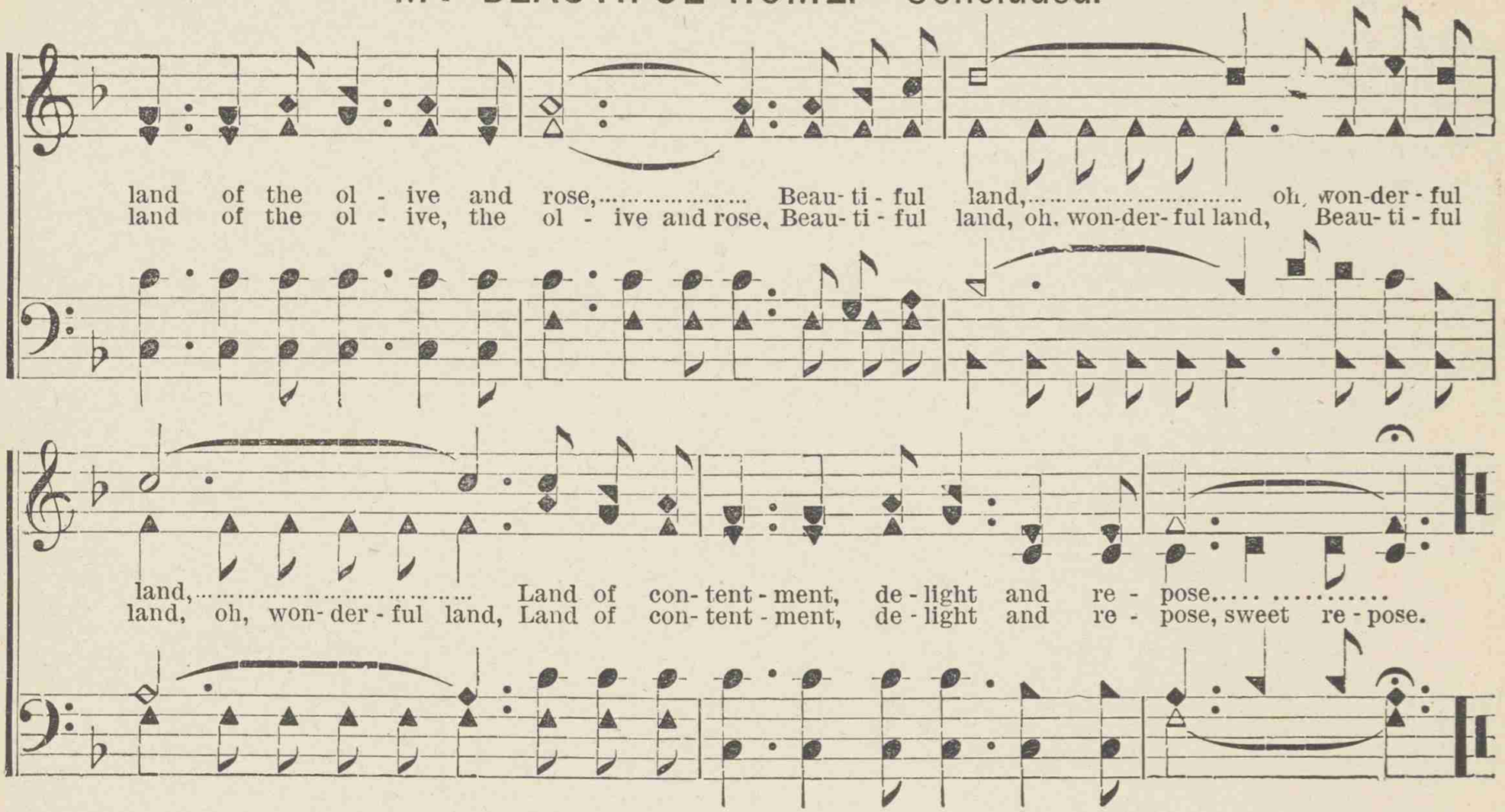
Where the rose and the lil - y with myr - tle entwines, And the land is as flow - 'ry as May.
There the loved ones shall nev - er be snatched from our home, For the death shades shall there nev - er fall.
And the an - thems of heav - en - ly sweet - ness that swell Ring with joy thro' the mansions a - bove.
With the loved and the pure who have gone on be-fore, They shall meet where life's clear fountains flow.
There I nev - er shall weep nor grow wea - ry, I know, But e - ter - nal - ly blest I shall be.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful land,..... bright beau - ti - ful land,..... Won-der- ful
Beau - ti - ful land, bright beauti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land, bright beauti - ful land, Won-der- ful

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MY BEAUTIFUL HOME. Concluded.



No. 21. JUST AS I AM. L. M.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 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. 22. MY SOUL HAS BEEN REDEEMED.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.
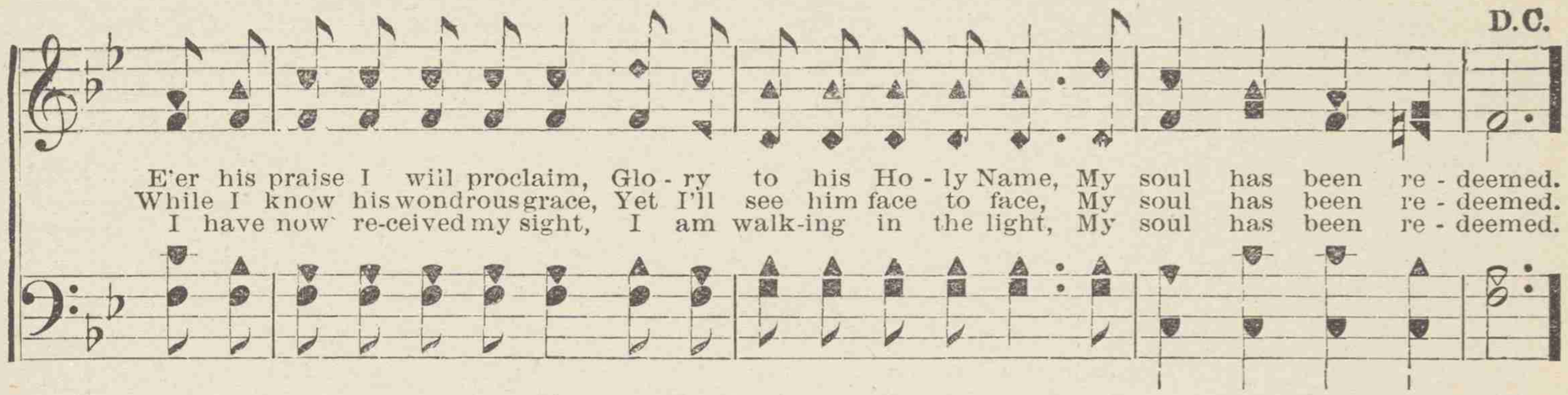
D.C.—1. I am walk-ing on Re-demp-tion's ground to - day, My soul has been re - deemed,
2. O the bliss of this sal - va - tion full and free, My soul has been re - deemed,
3. I will sing the won-ders of my Sav - iour's love, My soul has been re - deemed

FINE.

All the crimson stains of sin are wash'd a - way, My soul has been re - deemed.
And the Ho - ly Spir - it now a - bides in me, My soul has been re - deemed.
I shall sing it when I reach my home a - bove, My soul has been re - deemed.

Thro' the all - a - ton - ing flood Of my Sav-iour's precious blood, My soul has been re - deemed,
O the fel - low-ship di - vine, I am his and he is mine, My soul has been re - deemed,
Je - sus paid the debt I owe, Saved my soul from end - less woe, My soul has been re - deemed,

MY SOUL HAS BEEN REDEEMED. Concluded.



No. 23. Come, Holy Spirit, etc. C.M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening pow'rs,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

No. 24. Come, Holy Spirit, etc. S.M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open thou our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The gracious love of God.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and thee.

No. 25. ALL FOR THE BEST.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Wheth-er God shall call me to joy or to sor-row, Whether he ap- por - tion me la - bor or rest,
2. Sometimes seems the pathway so lone - ly and dreary, Sometimes is my spir - it with sor - row op-prest,
3. In the fie - ry furnace, where grace is re-fin-ing, I am oft-en tried—O how pain - ful the test!
4. So the days roll on in their glad-ness and sweetness; So my soul with peace and con-tent-ment is blest;
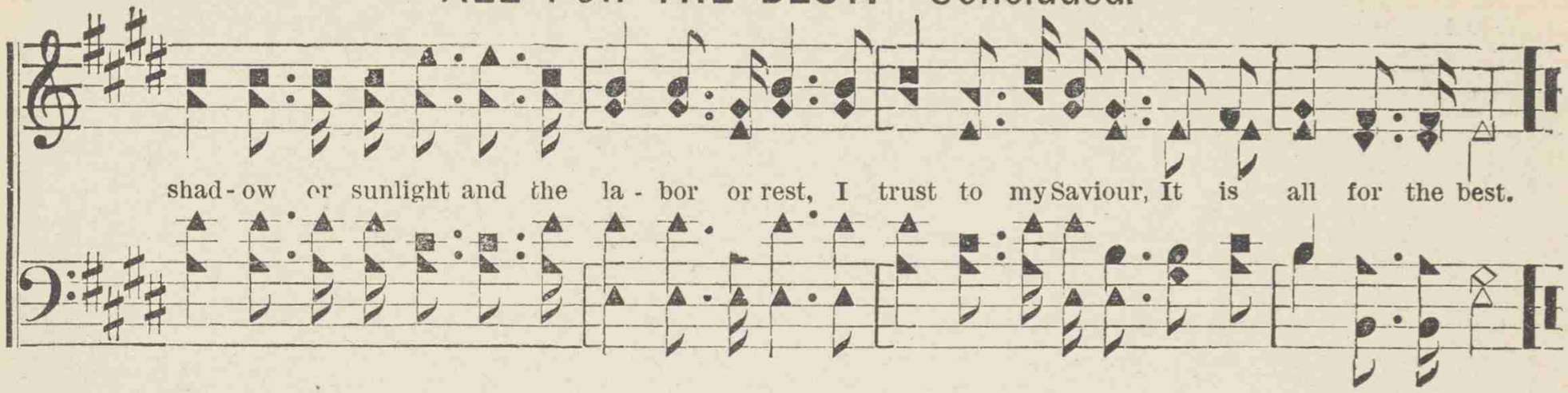
I will have no care for the un-known to-mor-row, But a - bide his will— it is all for the best.
Sometimes with the bur - dens of life I am wea-ry, Still I am content— it is all for the best.
I will not com-plain, nor be filled with re- pin-ing, For I know full well— it is all for the best.
So my life is rich in its joy and completeness; All the Father sends—is it not for the best?

CHORUS.

All for the best, all for the best, Wheth-er smiles or tears mark my life's fu - ture years, The

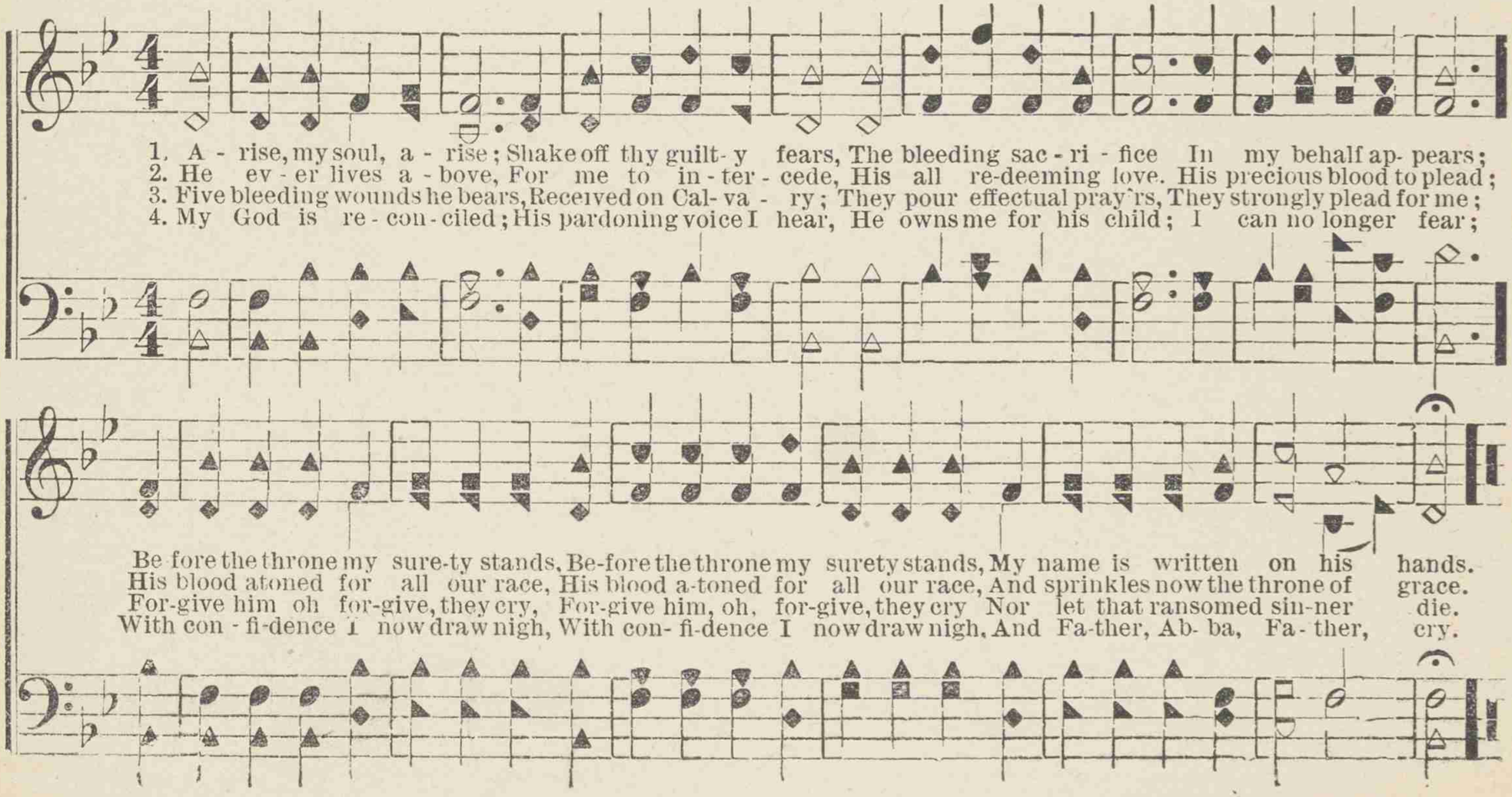
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ALL FOR THE BEST. Concluded.



No. 26. LENOX.

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY. J. EDSON.



No. 27. LORD, BRING WANDERERS HOME.

B. M. R.

B. MANSELL RAMSEY.

Slowly with feeling.

1. Lord, bring some wand - 'rers home to - night, Some who have gone a - stray,
2. May none thy mer - cy spurn to - night, The Ho - ly Spir - it grieve,
3. Let none un - blest de - part to - night, Un - saved and un - for - giv'n,

CHORUS.
Faster.

O give them grace to come to- night, Let them no more de - lay.
May prod - i - gals re - turn to- night, May sin - ners now be - lieve.
O - ver some yielding heart to- night, Let there be joy in heav'n.

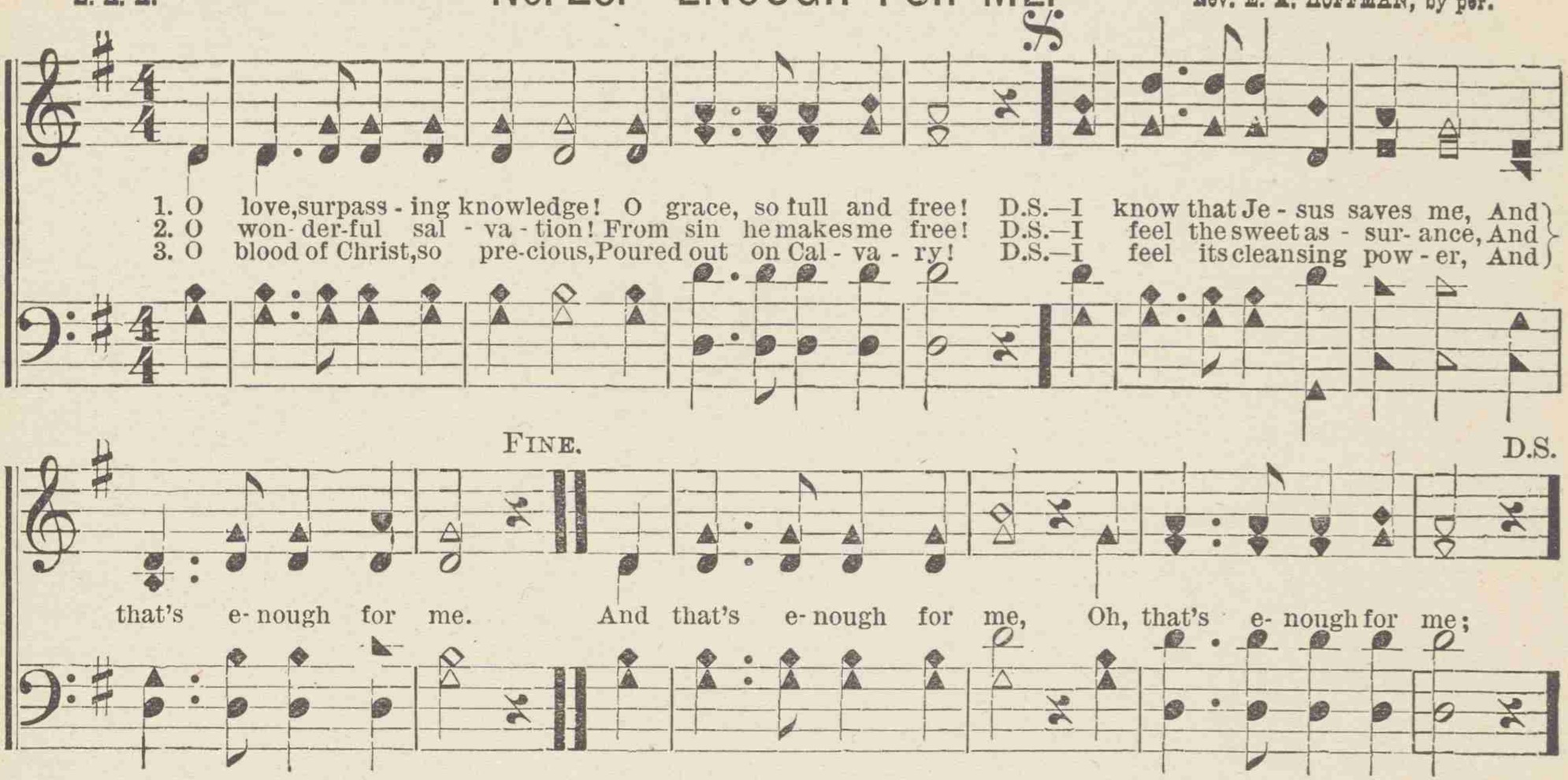
To - night, Lord, to- night, Lord,

Rit.

Bring wand'rers home to - night, To - night, Lord, to - night, Lord, Bring wand'rers home to - night.

No. 28. ENOUGH FOR ME.

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN, by per.



No. 29. THE HOME OVER THERE.

1 Oh! think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

REF.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

REF.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.

3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

REF.—Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see.
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

REF.—Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

No. 30. WILL YOU LISTEN TO THE OLD, OLD STORY?

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Will you list - en to the old, old sto - ry? It can nev - er be too oft - en told;
2. Will you heark- en to the Sav - iour's mes-sage? It was sin- ners that he came to save;
3. Will you an - swer to the heav'n - ly summons, Yes, I'm com- ing, com - ing home to - night?

Je - sus left his home on high And for sin-ners came to die, And He's calling now to you to come.
And tho' vil - est you may be He will cleanse and make you free, And He's calling now to you to come.
Tho' I've wandered long a - way I will come without de - lay, Yes, I'm coming, coming home to - night.

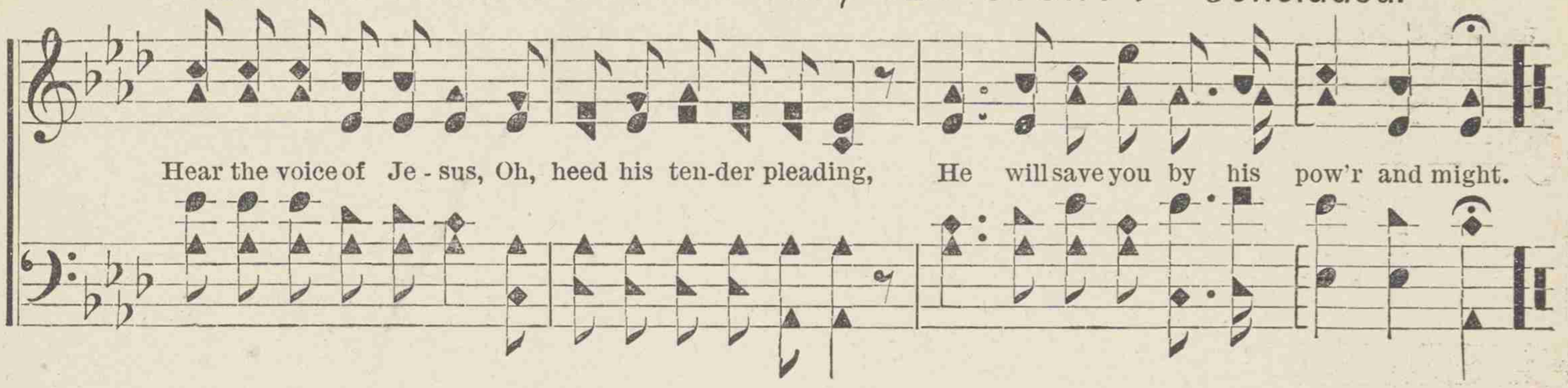
CHORUS.

Call - ing, call - ing you to come to - night, Call - ing, call - ing you to come to - night:

Last verse.

Com - ing, yes, I'm com - ing home to - night, Com - ing, yes, I'm com - ing home to - night:

WILL YOU LISTEN TO THE OLD, OLD STORY? Concluded.



No. 31. I am Coming to the Cross.

1 I am coming to the cross,
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

CHORUS.

I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body, thine to be,—
Wholly thine for evermore.

4 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in him I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

No. 32. Here and Yonder.

1 Here we are but straying pilgrims,
Here our path is often dim;
But to cheer us on our journey,
Still we sing this wayside hymn.

CHORUS.

Yonder, over the rolling river,
Where the shining mansions rise,
Soon will be our home forever,
And the smile of the blessed Giver
Gladdens all our longing eyes.

2 Here our feet are often weary
On the hills that throng our way;
Here the tempest darkly gathers,
But our hearts within us say:

3 Here our souls are often fearful
Of the pilgrim's lurking foe;
But the Lord is our defender,
And he tells us we may know.

4 Here our shadowed homes are transient,
And we meet the stranger's frown;
So we'll sing with joy while going,
E'en to death's dark billow down.

No. 33. GLORY TO HIS NAME.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. "I will glorify thy name forever."—Ps 63: 4. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON. By per.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - iour died, Down where for cleans - ing from sin I cried;
2. I am so won - drous - ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a - bides with - in;
3. Oh, pre-cious fount - ain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have en - ter'd in;
4. Come to this fount - ain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the Sav iour's feet;

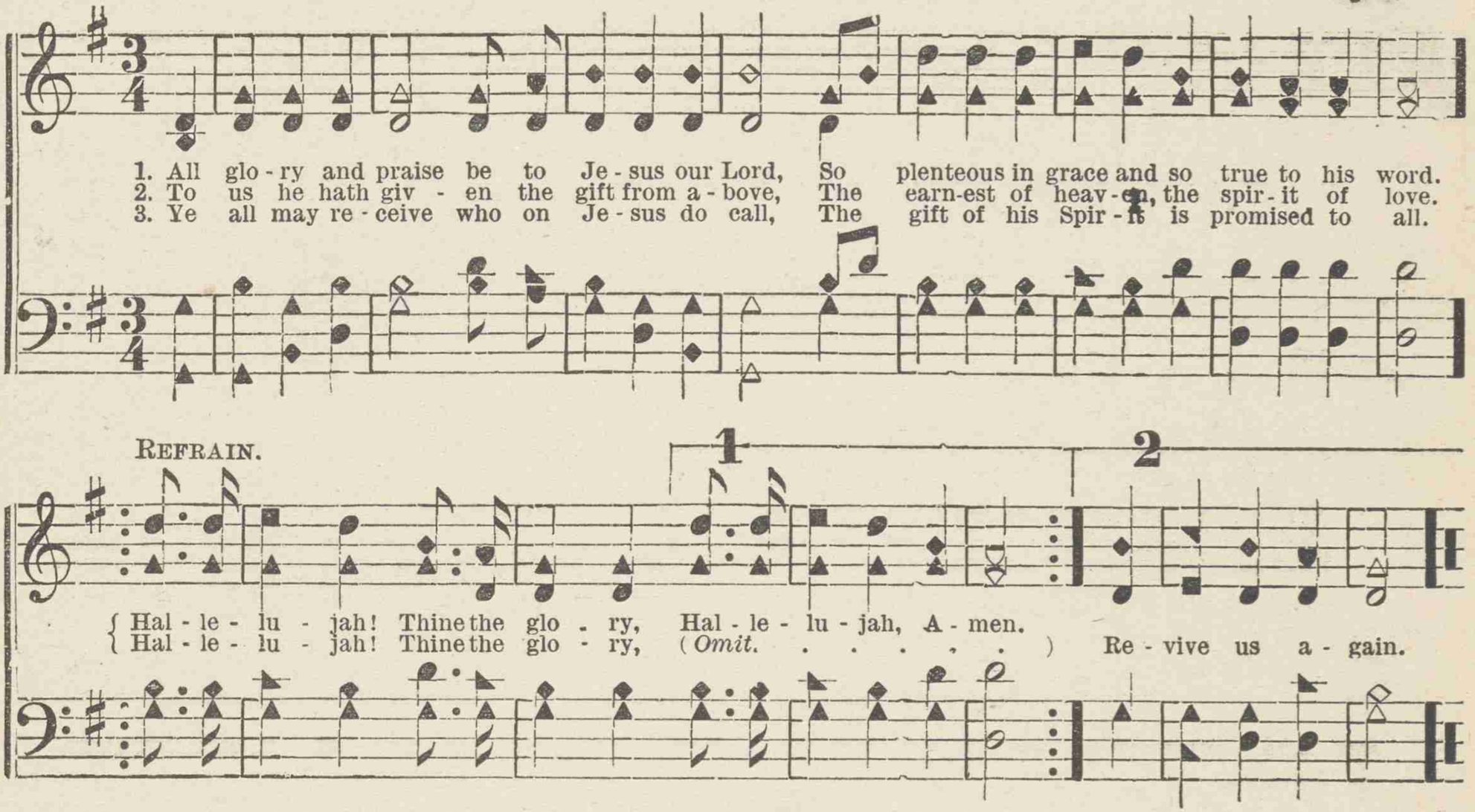
CHORUS.

There to my heart was the blood ap-plied;
There at the cross where he took me in;
There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean,
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
} Glo - ry to his name. Glo - ry to his name,

Glo - ry to his name; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo - ry to his name.

No. 34. REVIVE US AGAIN.

"O Lord, revive thy work."—HEB. 3: 2. English.



No. 35. SHOW PITY, LORD, O LORD, FORGIVE.

1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Prepare me, Lord, to die;
Let a repenting rebel live,
Prepare me, Lord, to die.

CHORUS.

Will the waters be chilly,
Will the waters be chilly,
Will the waters be chilly
When I am called to die?
No, the water's not chilly,
No, the water's not chilly,
No, the water's not chilly
To those prepared to die.

2 Are not thy mercies large and free?
Prepare me, Lord, to die;
May not a sinner trust in thee?
Prepare me, Lord, to die.

3 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
Prepare me, Lord, to die;
And make my guilty conscience clean,
Prepare me, Lord, to die.

No. 36. GOLDEN LIGHT.

G. A. M. "And the light shineth in darkness."—JOHN 1: 5. GEO. A. MINOR. By Per.

1. There's a bright gold - en light, That is shin - ing on our way, And it com - eth from a - bove;
2. 'Tis the light that led me up, From the dark-ness of my sin, To the glo - rious light of day;
3. 'Tis the light that guides me on, O'er the rug-ged paths of life, Up the wea - ry hills of time;

'Tis the pre-cious light of truth That will lead to end-less day; 'Tis the light of a Sav - iour's love.
'Tis the light that fills my soul, And makes peace and joy within; From this light I shall nev - er stray.
Thro' the trou-bles and the care, Thro' the con- flict and the strife, And this light shall be ev - er mine.

D.S. And bright- en up the way That will lead to end-less day; With the light of a Sav - iour's love.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Gold - en light, shine on, Shine on us from a - bove,
Gold - en light, shine on, shine on, shine on, Shine on us from a - bove,

No. 37. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

R. L. R. LOWRY, by per.

1. What can wash a - way my sin?
2. For my cleans - ing this I see,—
3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone,
4. This is all my hope and peace—

Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; What can make me For my par - don Naught of good that This is all my

CHORUS.

whole a - gain?
this my plea—
I have done,
right - eous - ness—

Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus. Oh, pre - cious is the flow

That makes me white as snow, No oth - er fount I know,—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

No. 38. I HAVE CALLED THEE.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. "I, the Lord, have called thee."—Isa. 42: 6. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I have called thee to the fount - ain, Where the crim - son waves o'er-flow; Plung'd be-neath its cleansing
2. I have called thee to the vine - yard, Where the rip - en'd har-vest waves; Pa - tient toil in ear - ly
3. I have called thee to the ban - quet, Love di - vine hath free-ly giv'n; Wrought for thee a wed-ding

REFRAIN.

wa - ters, Pure thy soul as spark-ling snow.
morn - ing, Thou at eve shalt bind the sheaves.
gar - ment, For the mar - riage feast in heav'n.

I have called thee, yes, I've called thee, Called thee

om thy sin and woe: I have called thee, yes, I've called thee, Come, I'll wash thee white as snow.

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Mrs. R. A. EVILSIZER.

No. 39. IN THE MORNING OF JOY.

L. M. EVILSIZER.

1. When the trum - pet shall sound, And the dead shall a - rise, And the splen - dors im -
2. Then the King shall ap - pear In his beau - ty on high, And shall sum - mon his
3. Oh, the bliss of that morn When our lov'd ones we meet, With the songs of the

CHO.—In the morn - ing of joy, In the morn - ing of joy, We'll be gath - er'd to

- mor - tal Shall en - vel - op the skies— When the an - gel of Death Shall no
chil - dren To the courts of the sky; Shall the cause of your Lord All your
ran - somed We each oth - er shall greet,— Sing - ing praise to the Lamb Thro' e -

glo - ry In the morn - ing of joy; In the morn - ing of joy, In the

D.C. for Chorus.

lon - ger de - stroy, And the dead shall a - wak - en In the morn - ing of joy.
mo - ments em - ploy, That your soul may be spot - less In the morn - ing of joy?
- ter - ni - ty's years, With the past all for - got - ten With its sor - rows and tears.

morn - ing of joy, We'll be gath - er'd to glo - ry In the morn - ing of joy.

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No. 40. THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Newly Arranged by
J. H. TENNEY, 1886.
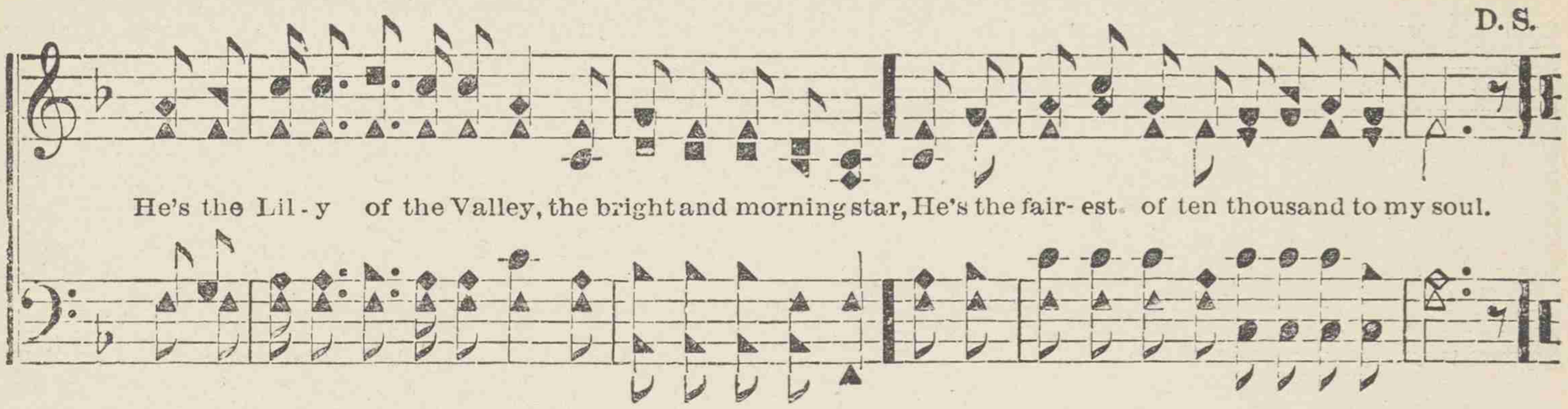
1. I've found a Friend in Je- sus, he's ev- erything to me, He's the fair-est of ten thousand to my soul;
2. He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne; In temp - tation he's my strong and mighty tow'r;
3. He'll nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here, While I live by faith and do his bless-ed will;

The Lil - y of the Val-ley, in him a- lone I see, All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.
I've all for him for- sak- en, I've all my i- dols torn From my heart, and now he keeps me by his pow'r.
A wall of fire a - bout me, I've nothing now to fear; With his man-na, he my hun-gry soul shall fill.
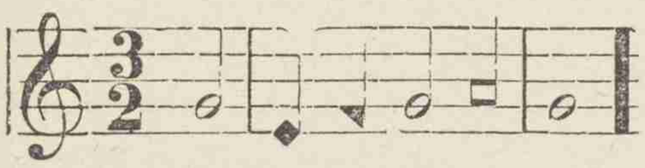
CHO.—In sor- row he's my com-fort, in troub-le he's my stay, He tells me ev -'ry care on him to roll;
Tho' all the world for- sake me, and Sa - tan tempt me sore, Thro' Je - sus I shall safe-ly reach the goal;
Then sweeping up to glo - ry we see his bless- ed face, Where rivers of de-light shall ev- er roll.

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THE LILY OF THE VALLEY. Concluded.



No. 41. BOYLSTON.
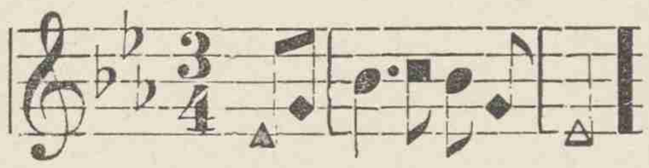


1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I must forever die.

No. 42. ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.



1 I hear the Saviour say,
Thy strength, indeed, is small,
Child of weakness, watch and pray:
Find in me thine all in all.
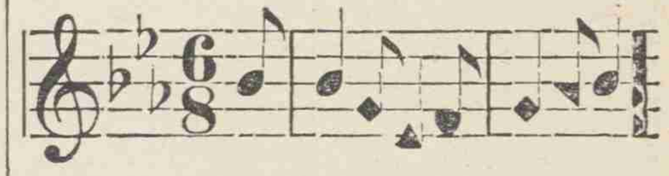
CHO.—Jesus paid it all!
All to him I owe,
Sin had left a crimson stain:
He washed it white as snow.

2 For nothing good have I
Whereby thy grace to claim,
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's lamb.

3 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all!"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

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

No. 43. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.



1 The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus:
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHO.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

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

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

4 And when to that bright world above
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love,
His name, the name of Jesus.

No. 44. WHAT SHALL OUR ANSWERS BE?

E. R. LATTA. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

1. When we in the judgment stand, In that might-y com- pa - ny, And the Judge shall question us, Oh, what
2. When the Lord has gathered there, From the land and from the sea, All the fam - i - lies of men, Oh, what
3. Lord, it is a solemn tho't, That we must account to thee! In that great and aw- ful day, What shall

shall our an - swers be? What for ev - 'ry trif- ling tho't, And each i - dle word we say? What for
shall our an - swers be? What for all our want of faith, What for all our lack of love? Can we
our poor an - swers be? Oh, pre - pare us, Lord, we pray, In thy pres-ence there to stand! Purge us

CHORUS.

ev - 'ry sin - ful act, We may do from day to day? When that aw - - ful day we see,
hope a crown to gain, And a mansion bright above?
from each sin - ful blot, Place us, Lord, on thy right hand! When that aw-ful day we see, day we see,

WHAT SHALL OUR ANSWERS BE? Concluded.

1 2

Oh, what shall our answers be? Oh, what shall our answers be, our answers be?

Oh, what shall.....our answers be? Oh, what shall our answers be?

No. 45. HAPPY ON THE WAY.

R. E. HUDSON, by per.

1. Oh, good old way, how sweet thou art, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way, May none of us from thee de-part,
2. This note a-bove the rest shall swell, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way, That Je - sus do - eth all things well,
3. Part of my friends the prize have won, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way, And I'm resolved to fol - low on,
4. Then come with me be - lov-ed friend, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way, The joys of heav'n shall nev-er end,
5. Our songs of praise shall fill the skies, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way, While higher still our joys a - rise,

𝄋 FINE. D.S.

Bless the Lord, I'm hap - py on the way. Hap - py on the way, Hap - py on the way,

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No. 46. GOD BE WITH YOU.

J. E. RANKIN. W. G. TOOMER.

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 se - cure - ly hide you;
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain; When life's per - ils thick con-found you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain; Keep love's ban - ner 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.
Put his arms un - fail - ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Smite death's threatening waves be - fore you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

CHORUS.

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

By permission of J. E. RANKIN.

GOD BE WITH YOU. Concluded.

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

FRANK M. DAVIS.

No. 47. I COME UNTO THEE.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. O Lamb of God I come to thee, Thou art my trust and stay; I follow on where thou dost lead, Thine
2. O Lamb of God I come to thee, Thou re - fuge of my soul; Thou only can speak peace, sweet peace, The
3. O Lamb of God I come to thee, Just as I am I come; Un- worth-y of the wondrous love, Yet

D.S.—as I am I come to thee, I

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

is the per - fect way.
storm of life con - trol.
thou wilt lead me home.

I come to thee, I come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come to thee; Just

come, I come to thee.

No. 48. THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

I. N. McH. Written by the bedside of my sick and dying wife. Dr. I. N. McHOSE.

1. We are on our jour- ney home, jour- ney home, jour- ney home, Nev - er more in sin to roam, sin to roam, sin to roam: 'Tis de- light- ful all a - long, all a - long, all a - long;
2. Tho' as pilgrims here be - low, here be - low, here be - low; Meet - ing con - flicts as we go, as we go, as we go, But with Je - sus by our side, as our guide, as our guide,
3. When at last our journey's o'er, journey's o'er, journey's o'er, And we're safe on yon - der shore, yon- der shore, yon- der shore, We will sing for - ev - er - more, ev - er - more, ev - er- more,
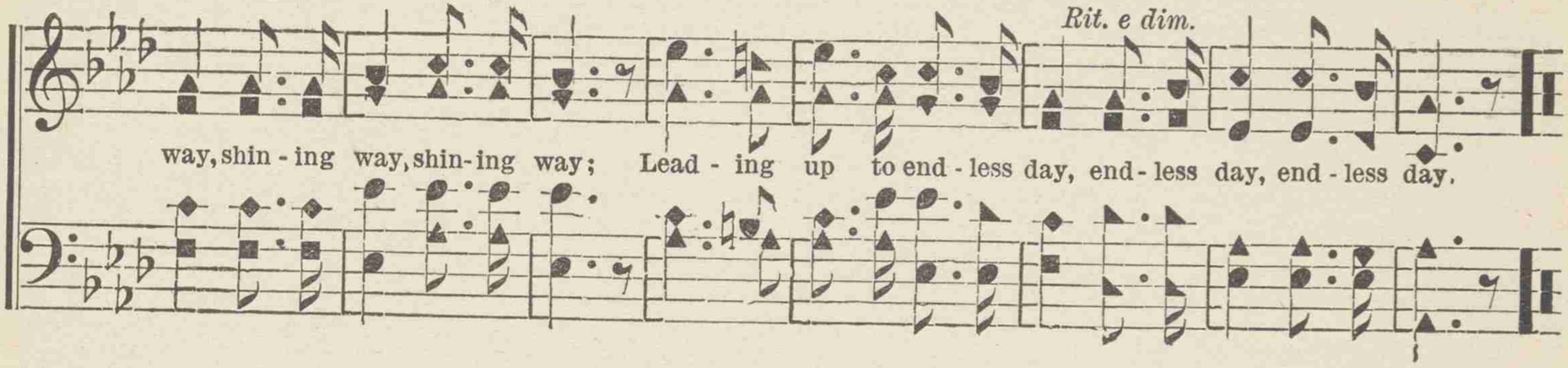
CHORUS.

As we cheer it with our song, with our song, with our song.
We will trust what e'er be - tide, e'er be - tide, e'er be - tide.
With the blood washed gone be - fore, gone be - fore, gone be - fore.

We are on the King's high-

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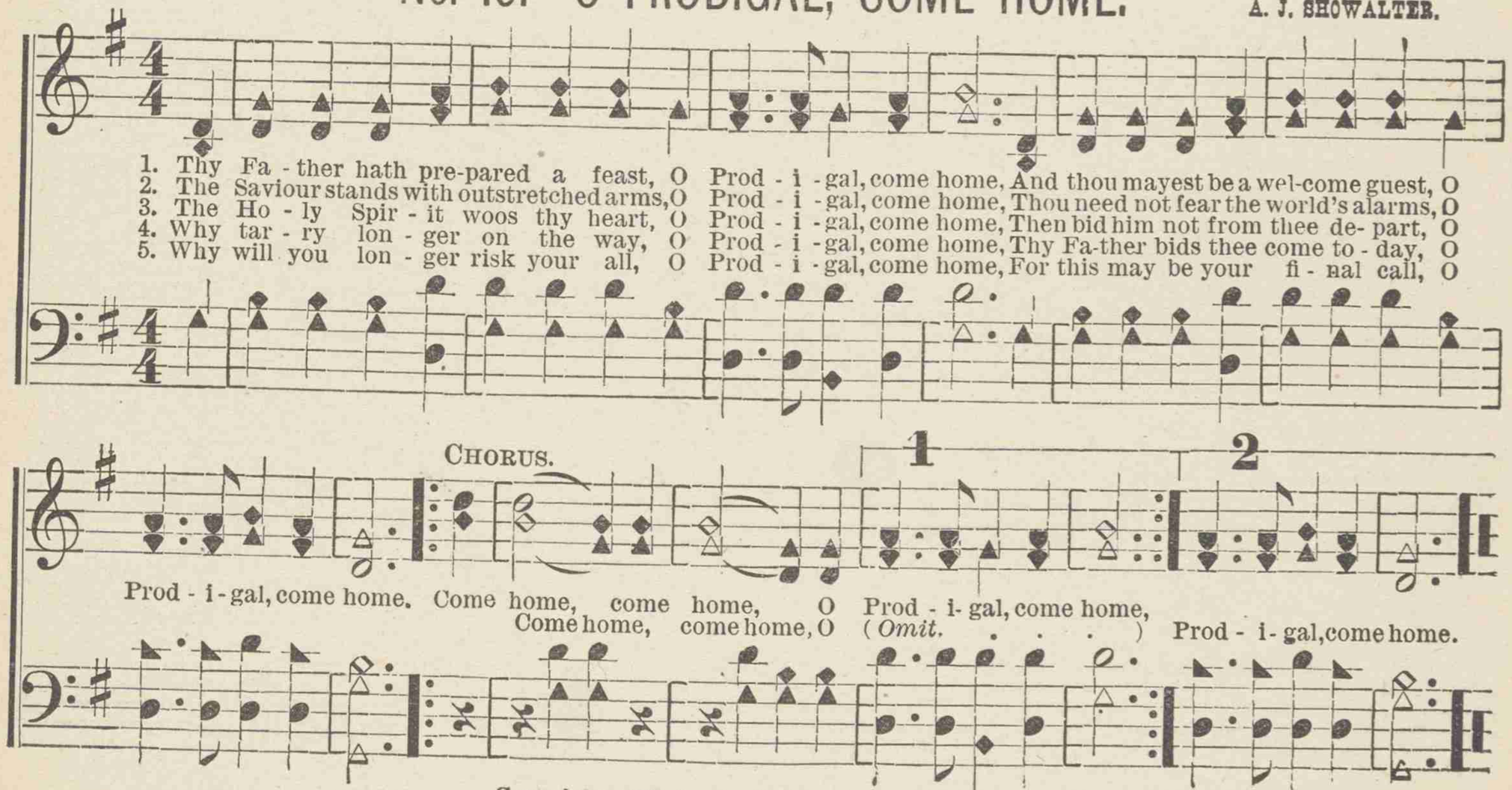
THE KING'S HIGHWAY. Concluded.



A. J. S.

No. 49. O PRODIGAL, COME HOME.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



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No. 50. HOMES BRIGHT AND VERNAL.

Mrs. GERTIE JONES. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Oft times when wea - ry of life and its strug-gle, Tired of the com- bat, and long - ing for rest,
2. Dark clouds may shadow, and e - vil o'er-take us, Yet we may trust in his ten - der - est love,

Our hearts are yearning and our tho'ts fond - ly turn - ing Tow'rds our dear home in that bright land of the blest.
From storms he'll hide us, and his strong hand shall guide us, Safe to our home in those bright mansions a- bove.

CHORUS.

Homes bright and ver - nal, in man- sions e - ter - nal, Shin - ing with lus - tre on the heav'nly shore,

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HOMES BRIGHT AND VERNAL. Concluded.

Je - sus will give us and all who are faith- ful, There we may dwell with him for - ev - er more.

No. 51. ARE YOU COMING?

S. J. P. S. J. PERRY.

1. Are you com-ing, Are you com-ing? To Je - sus will you bow?
2. Are you com-ing, Are you com-ing? The Lord will take you in:

D.C.—I am com-ing, Yes, I'm com-ing, I see the shin-ing way:

See him bleeding, Hear his plead-ing, He wait - eth for thee now.
He is will - ing, He is wait - ing To wash a - way your sin.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I shall be saved to - day.

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No. 52. I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

I. B. MATT. 9: 37. Rev. I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord; I want to love and trust his ho-ly word;
2. I want to be a work-er ev-'ry day; I want to lead the err-ing in the way
3. I want to be a work-er strong and brave; I want to trust in Je-sus' pow'r to save;
4. I want to be a work-er; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and err-ing to Thy word

I want to sing and pray, and be toil-ing ev-'ry day In the vine-yard of the Lord.
That leads to heav'n a-bove, where all is peace and love, In tne king-dom of the Lord.
All who will tru-ly come, shall find a hap-py home In the king-dom of the Lord.
That points to joy on high, where pleasures nev-er die In the king-dom of the Lord.

CHORUS.

I will work, I will pray, In the vine-yard, in the vine-yard of the
I will work and pray, I will work and pray

I WANT TO BE A WORKER. Concluded.

Lord; I will work, I will pray, I will la - bor ev - 'ry day In the vine-yard of the Lord.
of the Lord;

No. 53. CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And
2. Crown him, ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who from his al - tar call; Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And
3. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall; Hail him, who saves you by his grace, And

crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
crown him Lord of all, Ex - tol the stem of Jes- se's rod, And crown him Lord of all.
crown him Lord of all, Hail him, who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.

No. 54. BY AND BY.

FRANK M. DAVIS. S. J. PERRY.

1. We'll reach the land of An-cient Sto - ry, By and by, by and by, And dwell with Christ in
2. We'll reach those fields for - ev - er ver - nal, By and by, by and by, Where liv - ing streams flow
3. We'll leave this land of toil and dan- ger, By and by, by and by, And be no more a

light and glo - ry, By and by, by and by. With an - gel's joy - ful songs we'll raise, By and by,
on e - ter - nal, By and by, by and by. Where wea - ry pilgrims shall find rest, By and by,
pil- grim stranger, By and by, by and by. We'll lay our heav - y arm - or down, By and by,

by and by, Of ad - o - ra - tion, love and praise, By and by, by and by.
by and by, Where ev - 'ry soul is tru - ly blest, By and by, by and by.
by and by, Re - ceive the vic - tor's glo - rious crown, By and by, by and by.

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No. 55. AT THE CROSS.

R. E. HUDSON.

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

CHORUS.

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

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart rolled a-

- way,
rolled a-way,

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

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No. 56. THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

"They shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isa. 33: 17.

H. E. ENGLE.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful land far be - yond the sky, And Je - sus, my Sav - iour, is there;
2. I have friends who have gone to that land on high, They are free from all sor - row and care;
3. We shall meet in that beau - ti - ful land on high, And be with the bright and the fair;

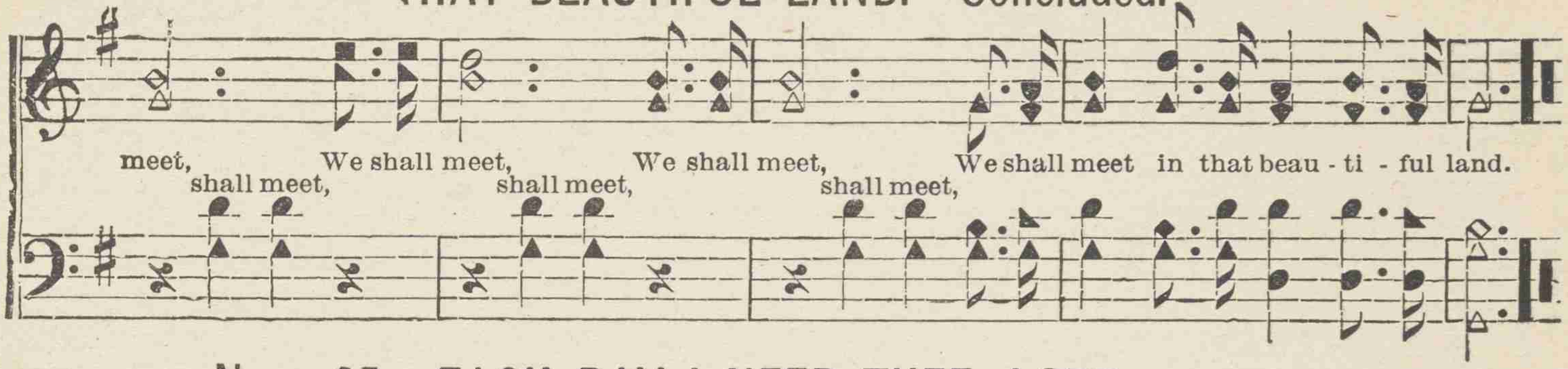
He has gone to prepare me a home on high— Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there!
And I trust I shall meet them a - bove the sky— Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there!
Where the wat - ers of life sweet - ly mur - mur by,— Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there!

CHORUS.

In that beau - - - - ti - ful land, Where the an - gels stand, We shall
In that beau - ti - ful land, In that beau - ti - ful land

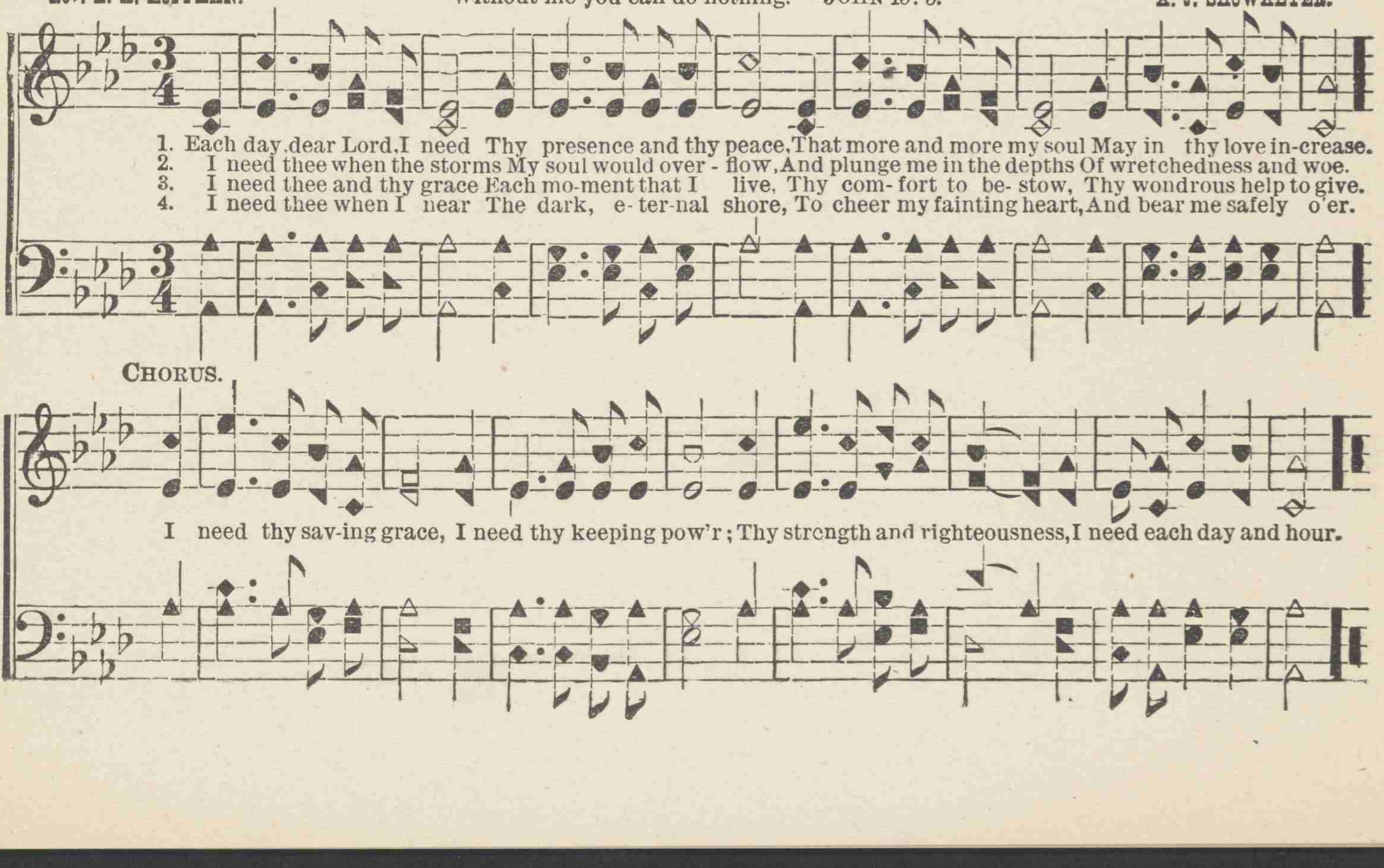
From "Temple Star." By per.

THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND. Concluded.



No. 57. EACH DAY I NEED THEE, LORD.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. "Without me you can do nothing."—JOHN 15: 5. A. J. SHOWALTER.



FRANK M. DAVIS.

No. 58. HEAVENLY REST.

J. C. PERRY.

1. Bless- ed prom - ise that God has given his own, They at last shall find rest for their souls,
2. They that trust in the Lord trust not in vain, For his prom - is - es nev - er can fail,
3. As the morn of re-demp-tion draweth nigh, So the shad - ows of earth flee a - way,
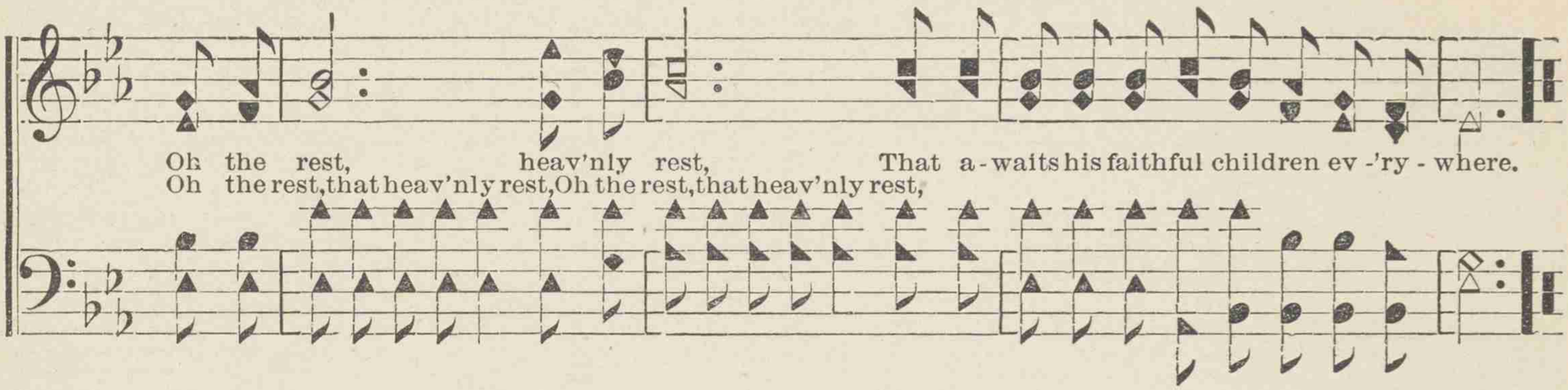
Tho' the time may be long and drear- y here, Yet sweet rest waits beyond where Jor-dan rolls.
Great re - ward to the faith- ful will be given, And the blood shed for sin-ners shall pre - vail.
Wea - ry souls in the king-dom shall en - joy Bless - ed rest for one bright e - ter - nal day.

CHORUS.

Oh the rest, heav'nly rest, That a-waits the child of God o - ver there,
Oh the rest, that heav'nly rest, Oh the rest, that heav'nly rest, o-ver there.

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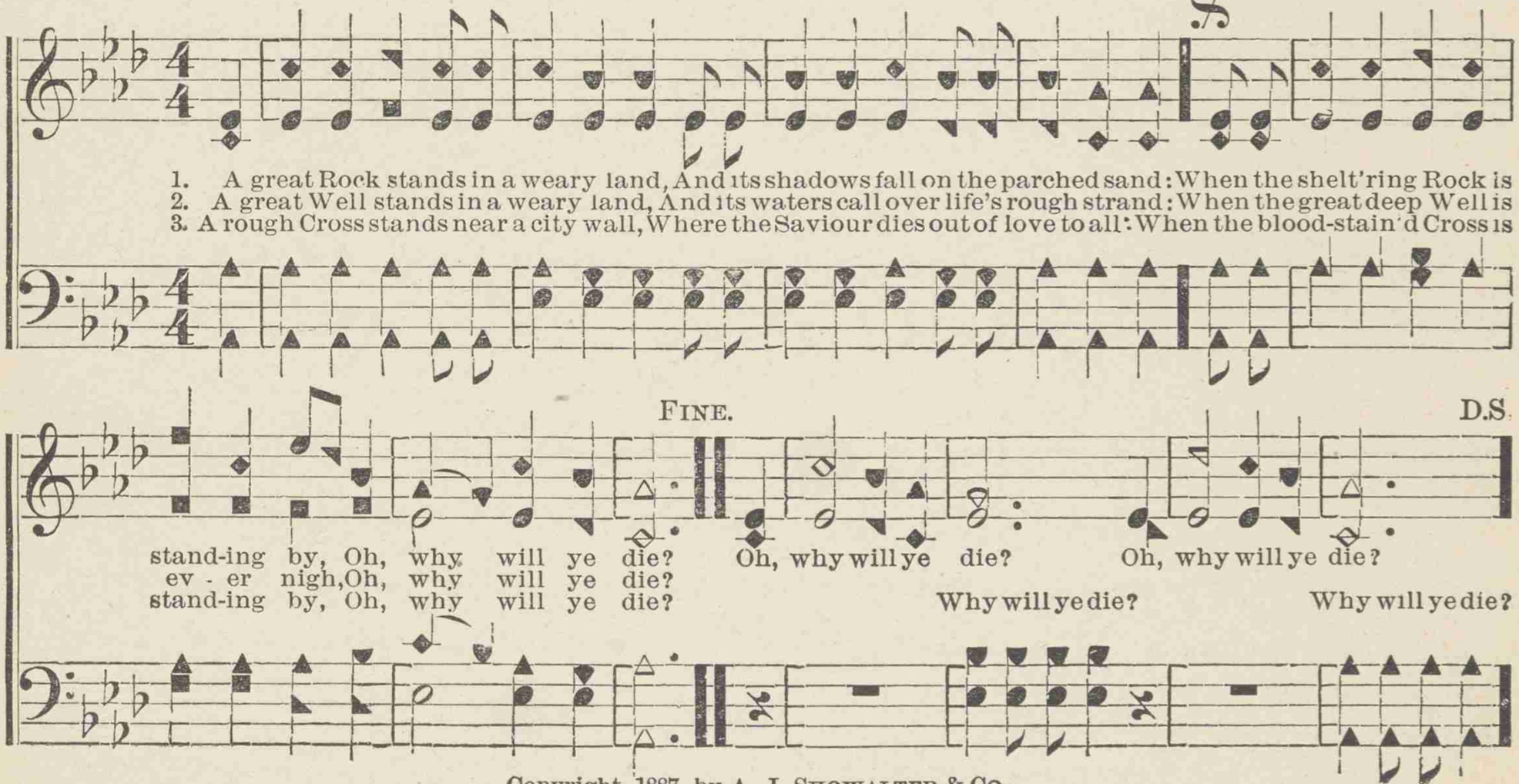
HEAVENLY REST. Concluded.



No. 59. WHY WILL YE DIE?

Arr. by M. M.

Miss MARTHA MILLS.



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No. 60. I AM COMING, FATHER.

LUKE 15: 18.

J. H. T., by per.

1. I am coming to my Fa- ther, And,low-bending at his knee, Wounded, sore, and sadly pleading,
2. I behold him in the dis- tance, Tears are gushing from his eyes, And his hands reach out in pleading,
3. It is late, and now the evening Com-eth down upon us fast; Soon I'll rest upon his bo - som,

CHORUS.

Just a serv- ant I would be.
As the gold - en day- light dies.
And be safe at home at last.

I am coming, Father, coming, Wea-ry, worn, and full of pain, To the

rall.

waiting, lov-ing Father, I am com- ing home a - gain, Com-ing, coming, I am com- ing home a - gain.

No. 61. WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. "Choose you this day whom you will serve."—Jos. 24: 15. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be his help-ers Oth-er lives to bring?
2. Je-sus, thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with thine own life blood, For thy di-a-dem;
3. Fierce must be the con-flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own ar-my None may o-ver-throw;
4. Cho-sen to be sol-diers In an al-ien land, Cho-sen, called and faith-ful For our Captain's band.

Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for him will go?
With thy bless-ing fill-ing Each who comes to thee, Thou hast made us will-ing, Thou hast made us free.
Round his stand-ard rang-ing, Vic-t'ry is se-cure, For his truth un-chang-ing Makes the tri-umph sure.
In the serv-ice roy-al, Let us not grow cold, Let us be right loy-al, No-ble, true and bold.

rit. FINE.

D. S.—By thy call of mer-cy, By thy grace di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-iour, we are thine

CHORUS.

D. S.

By thy call of mer-cy, By thy grace di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-iour, we are thine;

No. 62. LET IT MAKE THEE WHOLE.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Oh, the pre - cious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry, Shed for reb - els,
2. Pre - cious blood that hath redeemed us, All the price is paid, Per - fect par - don
3. Tho' my sins are red like crim - son, Deep in scar - let glow, Je - sus' pre - cious
4. Pre - cious, pre - cious blood of Je - sus, Ev - er flow - ing free, Oh, be - lieve it,

CHORUS.

shed for sin - ners, Shed for you and me.
now is of - fered, Per - fect peace is made.
blood can make them Whit - er than the snow.
oh, re - ceive it, Sin - ner, 'tis for thee.

Oh! the pre - cious blood,

pre - cious blood,

Let it make thee whole, ... Let it flow in might - y cleansing, O'er thy guilt - y soul.

make thee whole,

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No. 63. EVEN ME.

J. H. T.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free, Show'rs the thirst- y land re -
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther, Sin-ful tho' my heart may be, Nev-er leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gracious Sav - iour! Let me live and cling to thee; Fain I'm long - ing for thy
4. Pass me not, O might-y Spir - it! Thou canst make the blind to see; Witness - es of Je- sus'
5. Love of God so pure and change - less; Blood of Christ—so rich, so free; Grace of God—so strong and

CHORUS.

- fresh - ing, Let some drop-pings fall on me.
rath - er, Let thy mer - cy light on me.
fa - vor, Whil'st thou art call - ing, call me.
mer - it, Speak some word of pow'r to me.
bound- less, Mag - ni - fy it all in me.

E - ven me, E - ven me,

Let some
Let thy
Whil'st thou
Speak some
Mag- ni -

E - ven me, Even me,

drop-pings fall on me;
mer - cy light on me;
art call- ing, call me;
word of pow'r to me;
- fy it all in me;

E- ven me, E- ven me,

Let some drop-pings fall on me.
Let thy mer - cy light on me.
Whil'st thou art calling, call me.
Speak some word of pow'r to me.
Mag- ni - fy it all in me.

E- ven me, E-ven me,

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No. 64. JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. LUKE, 18: 37. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Is there a sin - ner a - wait - ing Mer - cy and par - don to - day?
2. Broth - er, the Mas - ter is wait - ing, Wait - ing to free - ly for - give;
3. Yes, he is com - ing to bless you While in con - tri - tion you bow;

Wel - come the news that we bring him: "Je - sus is pass - ing this way!"
Why not this mo - ment ac - cept him, Trust in his mer - cy and live?
Com - ing from sin to re - deem you, Rea - dy to save you just now;

Com-ing in love and in mer - cy, Par- don and peace to be - stow,
He is so ten- der and pre-cious! He is so near you to - day!
Can you re - fuse the sal - va - tion Je - sus is of - f'ring to - day?

Com - ing to save the poor
Op - en your heart to re -
Op - en your heart to ad -

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JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY. Concluded.

CHORUS.

sin - ner From his heart-anguish and woe.
- ceive him, While he is pass- ing this way.
- mit him, While he is pass- ing this way.

Je - sus is pass- ing this way..... to -
Je - sus is passing this

- day,..... to - day!..... While he is near, O be- lieve him, Op - en your hearts to re -
way to - day, is passing to-day!

- ceive him, For Je - sus is pass-ing this way,..... Is pass- ing this way to - day.
to - day,
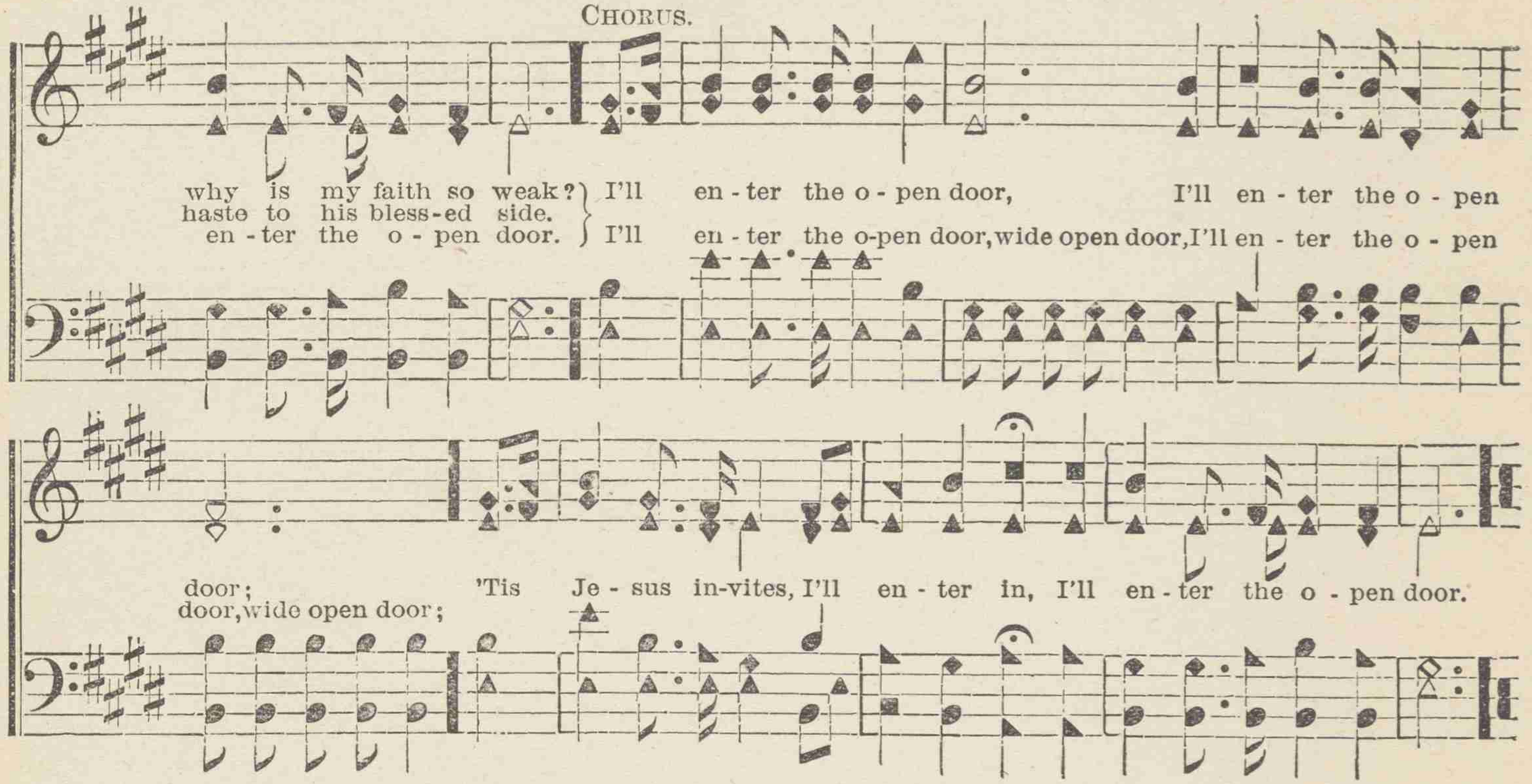
No. 65. I'LL ENTER THE OPEN DOOR.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I have long'd for the bliss of par - don, And sigh'd to be cleans'd from sin; And I know if I come be - liev - ing, My Sav-iour will let me in: For the door of his love is o - pen, He wait - eth for those who seek, But I trem - ble with fear and doubt-ing, Oh,
2. I will trust, tho' I walk in dark - ness, And pray till the light I see; For the blood that will cleanse the vil - est, Will sure - ly a - vail for me; I have on - ly the plea to of - fer, That Je - sus for me has died, And with on - ly my heart to give him, I
3. I have long'd for the bliss of par - don, And sigh'd to be cleans'd from sin; And I knock at the door be - liev - ing, That Je - sus will let me in; Oh, the faith in my soul grows stron-ger, I trem - ble with fear no more, 'Tis my Sav - iour that bids me wel- come, I'll

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I'LL ENTER THE OPEN DOOR. Concluded.



No. 66. AMAZING GRACE!

1 Amazing grace! how sweet the sound!
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

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

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

No. 67. TRUSTING IN THE LORD.

S. J. PERRY.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit prepare; Trust - ing in the Lord; Je - sus loves to
2. Thou art com - ing to a King,— Trust - ing in the Lord; Large pe - ti - tions
3. With my bur - den I be-gin: Trust - ing in the Lord; Lord, re-move this

an - swer pray'r; Trust - ing in the Lord; He him - self has bid thee pray,
with thee bring; Trust - ing in the Lord; For his grace and pow'r are such,
load of sin; Trust - ing in the Lord; Let thy blood, for sin - ners spilt,

Trust - ing in the Lord; There - fore will not say thee nay, Trust - ing in the Lord.
Trust - ing in the Lord; None can ev - er ask too much, Trust - ing in the Lord.
Trust - ing in the Lord; Set my conscience free from guilt, Trust - ing in the Lord.

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No. 68. THE PRODIGAL.

Arr. by A. J. S.

1. Ye err - ing souls that wild - ly roam From heav'n and bliss a - stray, Your Fa - ther's voice in
2. And thou art bid - den, wea - ry one, With want and woes op - press'd; And ev - 'ry far - off
3. Re - turn, thou Prod - i - gal, re - turn, Thy Fa - ther bids thee come; He doth thy need - less
4. Come, for the feast al - read - y waits, The fat - lings are all slain; Go, seek with haste his

CHORUS.

- vites you home, He makes a feast to - day.
wand - 'ring son May be a wel- come guest.
ab-sence mourn; Thou err - ing child, come home.
pal - ace gates; Nor shalt thou seek in vain.

Oh! I'll not die here, with want se- vere, And starve in for - eign lands; In my Father's house are rich supplies, And bounteous are his hands.

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No. 69. GLORY TO GOD.

S. J. PERRY.

1. Let ev'-ry heart re - joice and sing, Let chor-al anthems rise; Ye rev'rend men and
2. He bids the sun to rise and set; In heav'n his pow'r is known; And earth, subdued to
3. For He is good, the Lord is good, And kind are all his ways: With songs and hon - ors

CHORUS.

chil - dren bring To God your sac - ri - fice.
Him, shall yet Bow low be - fore his throne.
sound - ing loud, The Lord Je - ho - vah praise.

Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God,

Hon - or to his ho - ly name; Peace on earth, good will to men, And hon-or to his ho - ly name.

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No. 70. OH, WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

J. CALVIN BUSHEY, by per.

1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light; Poor sinner, harden not your
2. To - mor-row's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight; This is the time, oh, then be
3. Our Lord in pit - y ling-ers still, And wilt thou thus his love re-quite? Renounce at once thy stubborn
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus-ed none Who would to him their souls u-nite; Be-lieve, o-bey, the work is

CHORUS.

heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.
wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.
will, Be saved, oh, to-night.
done, Be saved, oh, to-night.

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

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

RUTH.

No. 71. PRAISE THE LORD.

L. M. EVILSIZER.

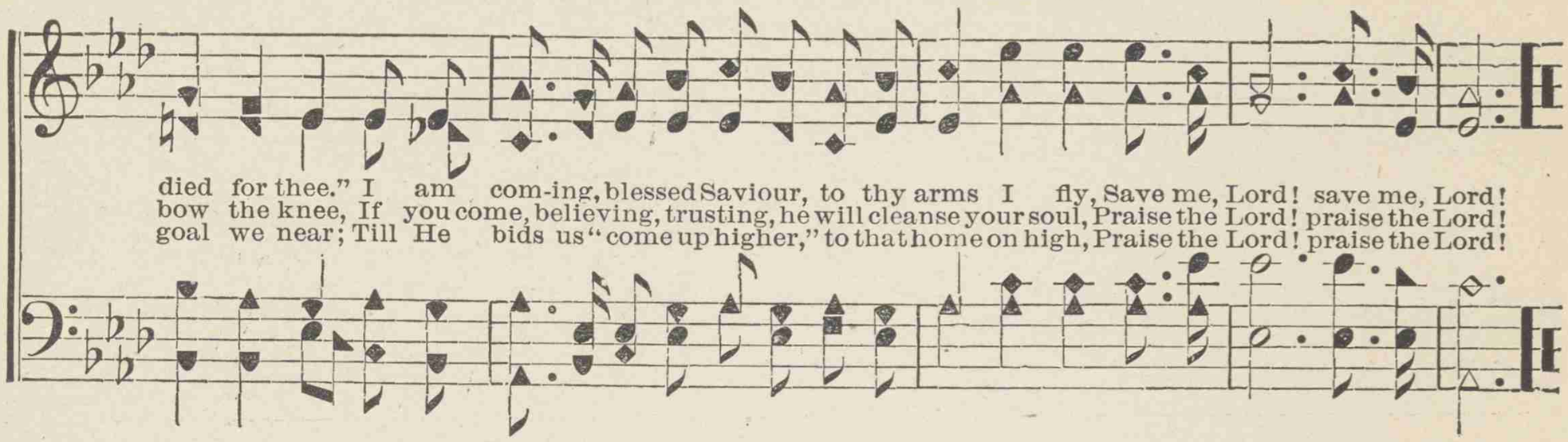
1. Lo! a poor and need-y sin - ner, to the cross I cling, Save me, Lord! save me, Lord! No-thing
2. There is per-fect peace and par-don for the sin-sick soul, Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! Thro' the
3. There's a home of ma - ny mansions that is built on high, Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! Where his

great have I to of - fer, naught but sin I bring, Save me, Lord! save me, Lord! Yet I
cleans - ing blood of Je - sus, sin - ners are made whole, Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! Come and
chos - en shall be gath-er'd to him by and by, Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! Just a

know he died for sin - ners on Mount Cal - va - ry, And with joy I hear his lov - ing voice "I
drink ye of the fountain that is flow - ing free, Come, and bow be-fore your Sav - iour, humbly
few more years of toil - ing for the Mas - ter here; Just a few more pray'rs to heav-en till the

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PRAISE THE LORD. Concluded.



No. 72. What a Friend we have in Jesus.

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

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

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

No. 73. He Leadeth Me.

1 He leadeth me! O blessed thought,
O, words of heav'nly comfort fraught;
Whate'er I do, whate'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!

CHORUS.

He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes when Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

No. 74. I AM COMING, LORD, TO THEE.

W. A. O. ISA. 30: 15. ESTHER, 4: 16. W. A. OGDEN.

1. I am com-ing, Lord, to thee, with a tremb-ling heart, I am com-ing with my soul dis-
2. I am com-ing, Lord, to thee, with a load of sin, I am com-ing, wea-ry, faint, and
3. I am com-ing, Lord, to thee, but my faith is weak; I am com-ing, wilt thou hear my

-trest; To thy promise now I fly, Leave, oh, leave me not to die, I am coming, Lord, to thee for rest.
sore; Tho' I've slighted oft thy grace, And have turn'd from thee my face, I am coming, Lord, to roam no more.
cry? I have heard thy gracious call, At thy loving feet I fall, I am coming, tho' I faint and die.

CHORUS.
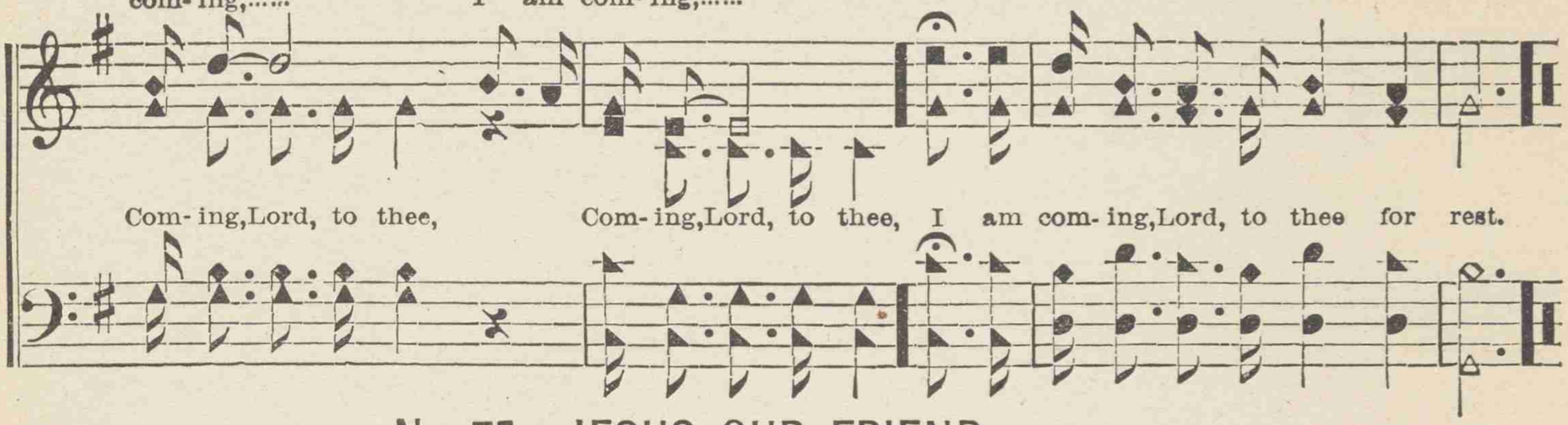
I am

Com-ing, Lord, to thee! Com-ing, Lord, to thee! Com-ing with my soul dis-trest:

From "Pearls of Gospel Song," by per.

I AM COMING, LORD, TO THEE. Concluded.
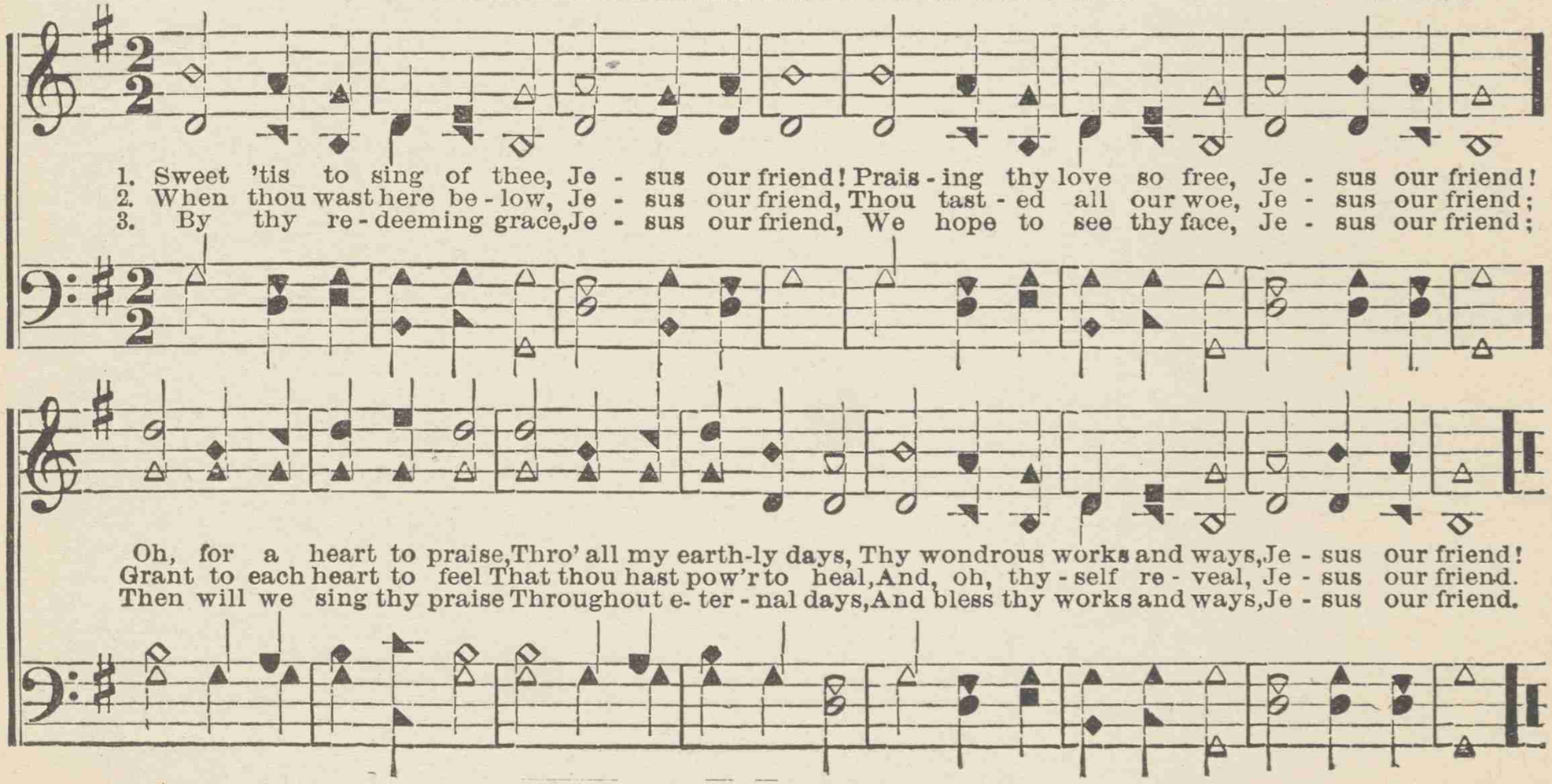
com- ing,..... I am com- ing,.....



Com- ing, Lord, to thee, Com- ing, Lord, to thee, I am com- ing, Lord, to thee for rest.

No. 75. JESUS OUR FRIEND.

"A friend that sticketh closer than a brother.—PROV. 28: 24. J. B. MOON.



1. Sweet 'tis to sing of thee, Je - sus our friend! Prais - ing thy love so free, Je - sus our friend!
2. When thou wast here be - low, Je - sus our friend, Thou tast - ed all our woe, Je - sus our friend;
3. By thy re - deeming grace, Je - sus our friend, We hope to see thy face, Je - sus our friend;

Oh, for a heart to praise, Thro' all my earth-ly days, Thy wondrous works and ways, Je - sus our friend!
Grant to each heart to feel That thou hast pow'r to heal, And, oh, thy - self re - veal, Je - sus our friend.
Then will we sing thy praise Throughout e- ter - nal days, And bless thy works and ways, Je - sus our friend.

No. 76. ABLE TO SAVE.

E. R. LATTA. "He is able also to save them to the uttermost."—HEB. 7: 25. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Seek ye the Sav - iour in earn - est, Thou his for - give - ness shalt have;
2. How he, on Cal - va - ry's mount - ain, Pray'd for his foes, and for - gave;
3. Think how the might - y Re - deem - er Triumphed o'er death and the grave;

Thou shalt be freed from thy bond - age; } Je - sus is a - ble to save. . . .
He will not slight thy pe - ti - tion; }
Seek him, O seek him, or per - ish; } Je - sus is a - ble, is a - ble to save.

CHORUS.

A - ble to save, ... a - ble to save. Je sus is a - ble and will - ing to save;
A-ble to save,

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ABLE TO SAVE. Concluded.

A - ble to save, ... a - ble to save, Je - sus is a - ble and will - ing to save.
A-ble to save,

No. 77. GATHER HANDFULS.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. "So she gleaned in the field until even."—RUTH 2: 17. J. L. HEMBREE.

1. What if thou canst not reap the grain Like strong ones gone be - fore? Oh glean the cor - ner near - est
2. What if no sickle, sharp and strong, Is put with - in thy hand? Oh ne'er re-fuse the ears that
3. What if thy shoulders nev-er bear A sheaf of heav - y weight? Oh gath - er handfuls, one by

D.S.—And thou, with those who bind the

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

thee, Go search it o'er and o'er.
fall, Nor i - dle ev - er stand.
one, Thy har - vest shall be great.

Oh gath - er, gath - er all the day, And thy re-ward shall come,

sheaves, Shall shout the Harvest Home.

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No. 78. CHRIST WILL GUIDE US.

ADDIE EVILSIZER. "And the Lord shall guide thee continually."—Isa. 58: 11. L. M. EVILSIZER.

1. Tho' the world should all for - sake thee, Deep- est woes thy spir - it grieve, Keep your eyes on heav'n and
2. If the cross is sometimes heav- y, Christ in meekness bore it too, Do not mur-mur then but
3. Tho' the path-way may be rug-ged, Je - sus trod it long a - go, Then press on and do not

CHORUS.

Toil - ing, weep - - - ing, shouting,

glo - ry, God will ne'er his chil - dren leave.
bear it, He in mer - cy died for you.
fal - ter, He a crown will then be - stow.

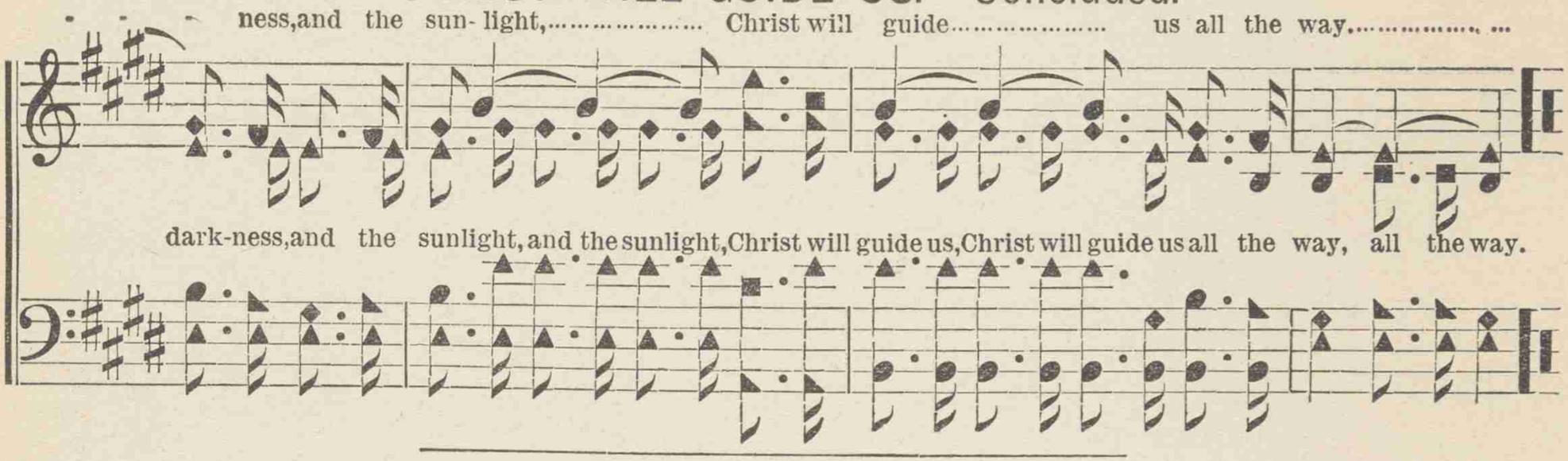
'Mid the toil- ing, 'mid the toil - ing, And the

sing-ing, ... Press-ing on - - - ward, day by day, Thro' the dark - - -

weep-ing, And the weeping, Pressing on-ward, pressing on-ward, day by day, Thro' the darkness, thro' the

From "Living Gems," by per. of J. F. KINSEY.

CHRIST WILL GUIDE US. Concluded.



No. 79. I Gave my Life for Thee.

1 I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?

2 My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee,
What hast thou left for me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to me?

No. 80. Martyn, or Refuge.

1 Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

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

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

No. 81. I Hear thy Welcome Voice.

1 I hear thy welcome voice,
That calls me Lord, to thee;
For cleansing in thy precious blood,
That flowed on Calvary.

Cho.—I am coming, Lord!
Coming now to thee!
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.
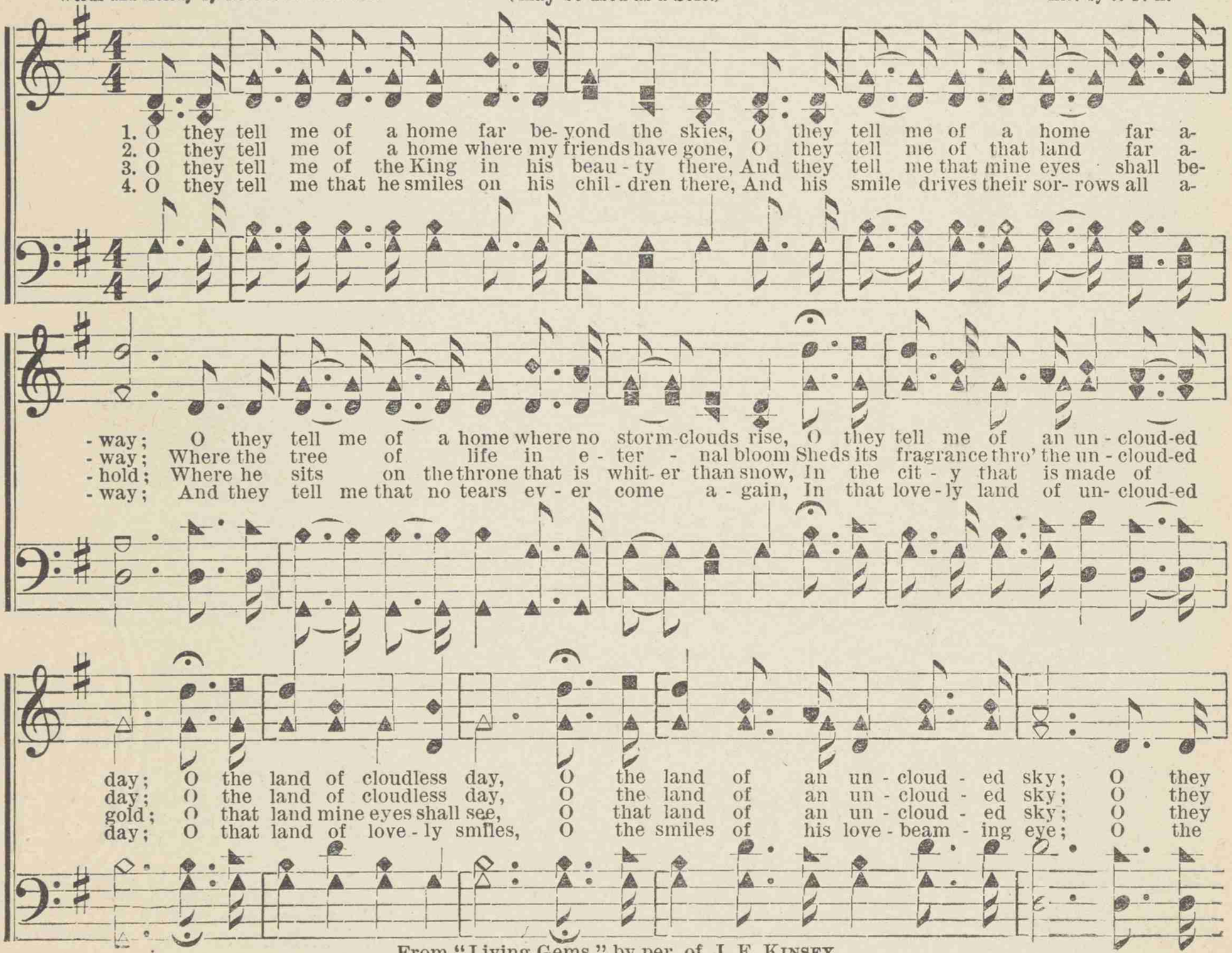
4 And he the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

5 All hail! atoning blood!
All hail! redeeming grace!
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness.

No. 82. THE UNCLOUDED DAY.
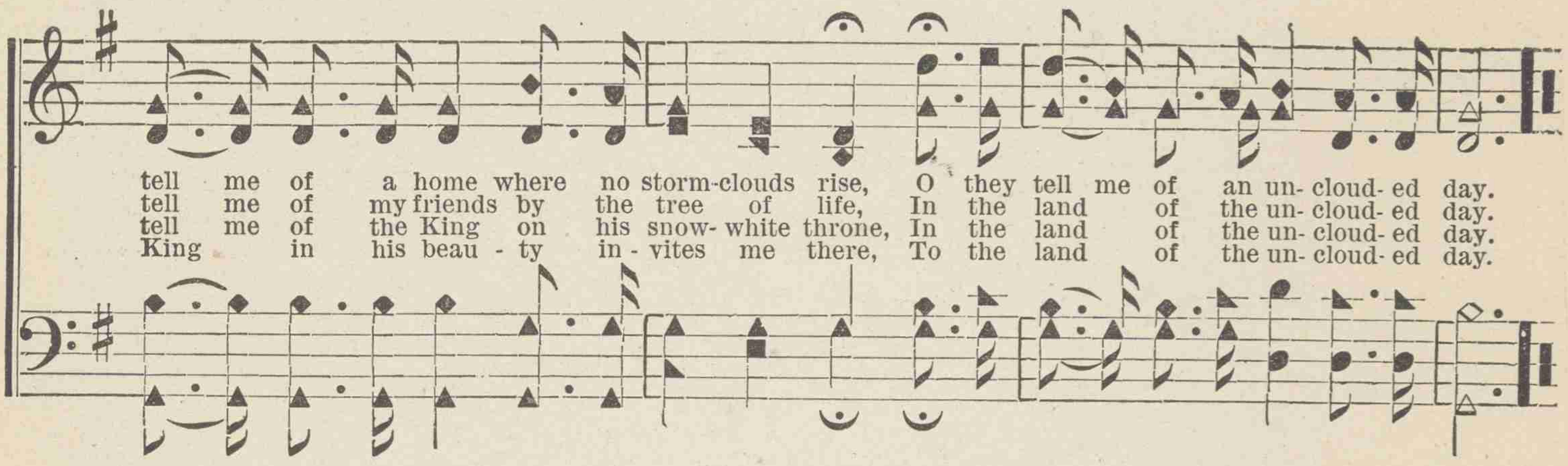
"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth."—Rev. 21: 1. "There shall be no night there."—Rev. 21: 25.

Words and Melody by Rev. J. K. ALWOOD. (May be used as a Solo.) Arr. by J. F. K.



From "Living Gems," by per. of J. F. Kinsey.

THE UNCLOUDED DAY. Concluded.



No. 83. Toplady.

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

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

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

No. 84. Bethany.

1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven:
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

5 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,—
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

No. 85. Arlington.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follow'r of the l amb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery 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 unto 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.

No. 86. WHITER THAN SNOW.

J. NICHOLSON. W. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want thee for - ev - er to live in my soul;
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com- plete sac - ri - fice;
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum- bly en- treat; I wait, bless- ed Lord, at thy cru - ci - fied feet;
4. Lord Je - sus, thou se - est I pa - tient - ly wait; Come now, and with - in me a new heart cre- ate;

Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe;
I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I know;
By faith, for my cleans-ing I see thy blood flow;
To those who have sought thee, thou nev - er said'st No;
} Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

CHORUS.

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

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