Songs of

Life and Light

For the Service of Song in
Christian Work and Worship

—— BY ——

J. H. HALL, W. H. RUEBUSH and J. H. RUEBUSH

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS

McD. WEAMS and J. S. RUSHING

Published by

The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

Dayton, Virginia

PRICE—35 cents each; $3.60 per dozen, postpaid

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SONGS OF

LIFE AND LIGHT

CONTAINS

A Superior Collection of Gospel Songs and Hymns for Sunday Schools, Evangelistic Work, Revival Meetings, Young Peoples' Societies, and all other Services of the Sanctuary

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BY

J. H. Hall, W. H. Ruebush and J. H. Ruebush

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Opening Service.

ORDER OF SERVICE:—1. Sing "Life and Light," (page 3). 2. Responsive Reading. 3. Chant the Lord's Prayer.

OR:—1. Responsive Reading. 2. Sing "Life and Light. 3. Chant the Lord's Prayer.

Leader.—The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

Response.—Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights.

Leader.—I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me.

Response.—He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.

Leader.—In him was life; and the life was the light of men.

Response.—For with Thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light.

Leader.—Be faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.

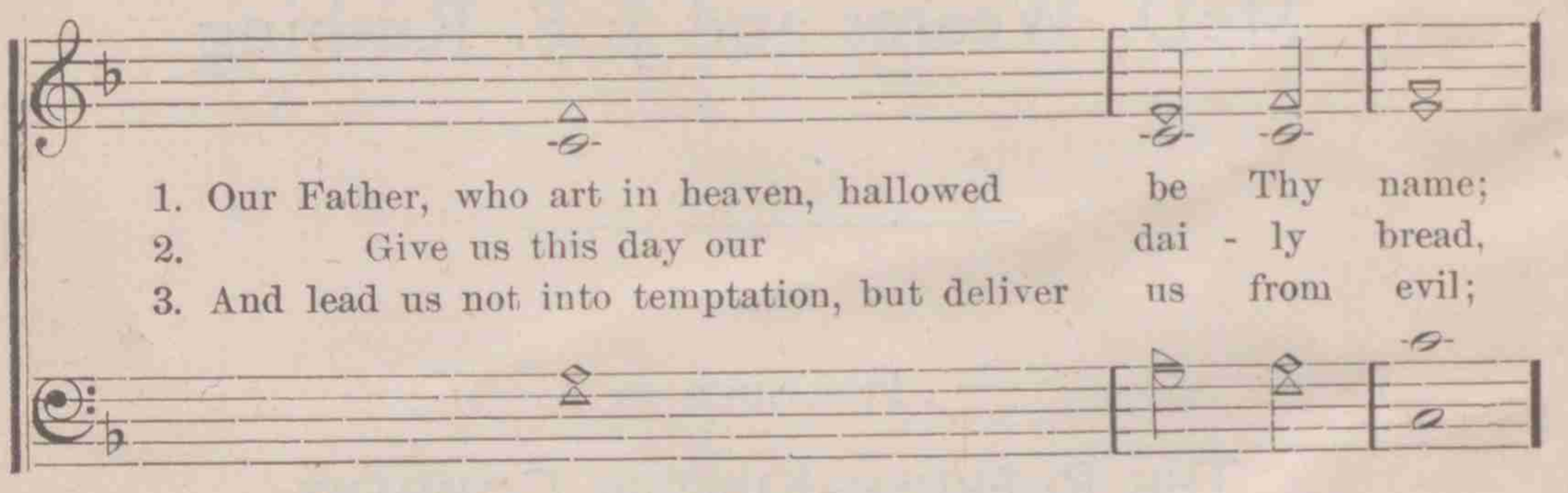
Response.—Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

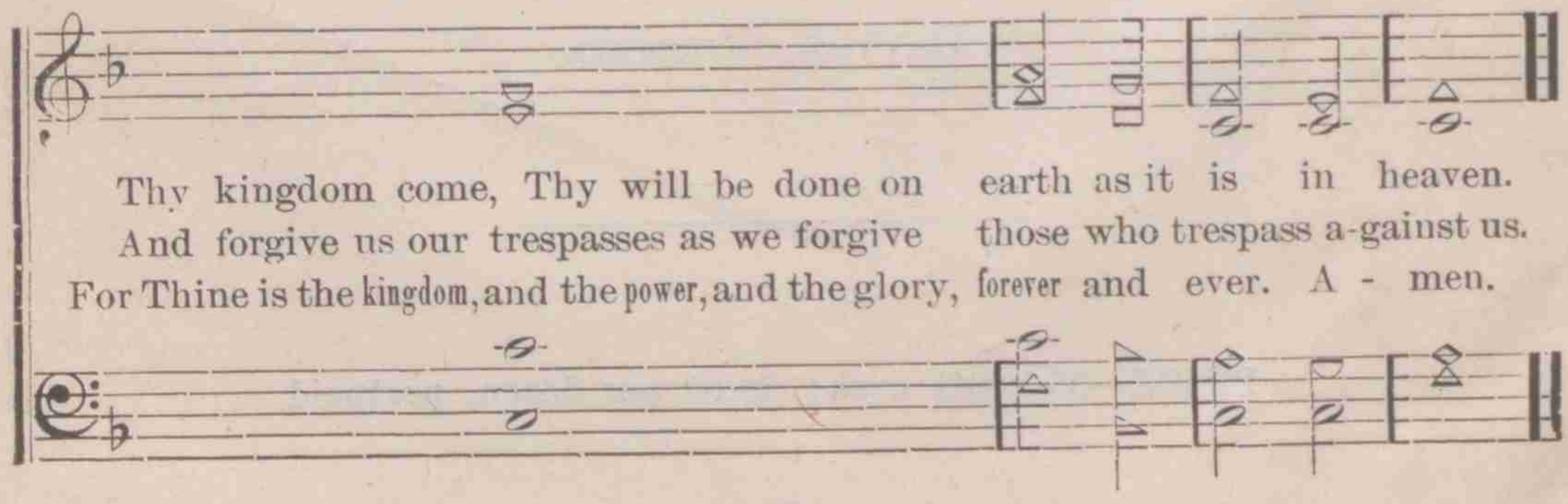
All.—Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance. In thy name shall they rejoice all the day: and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

CHANT.

H. R. PALMER, by per.



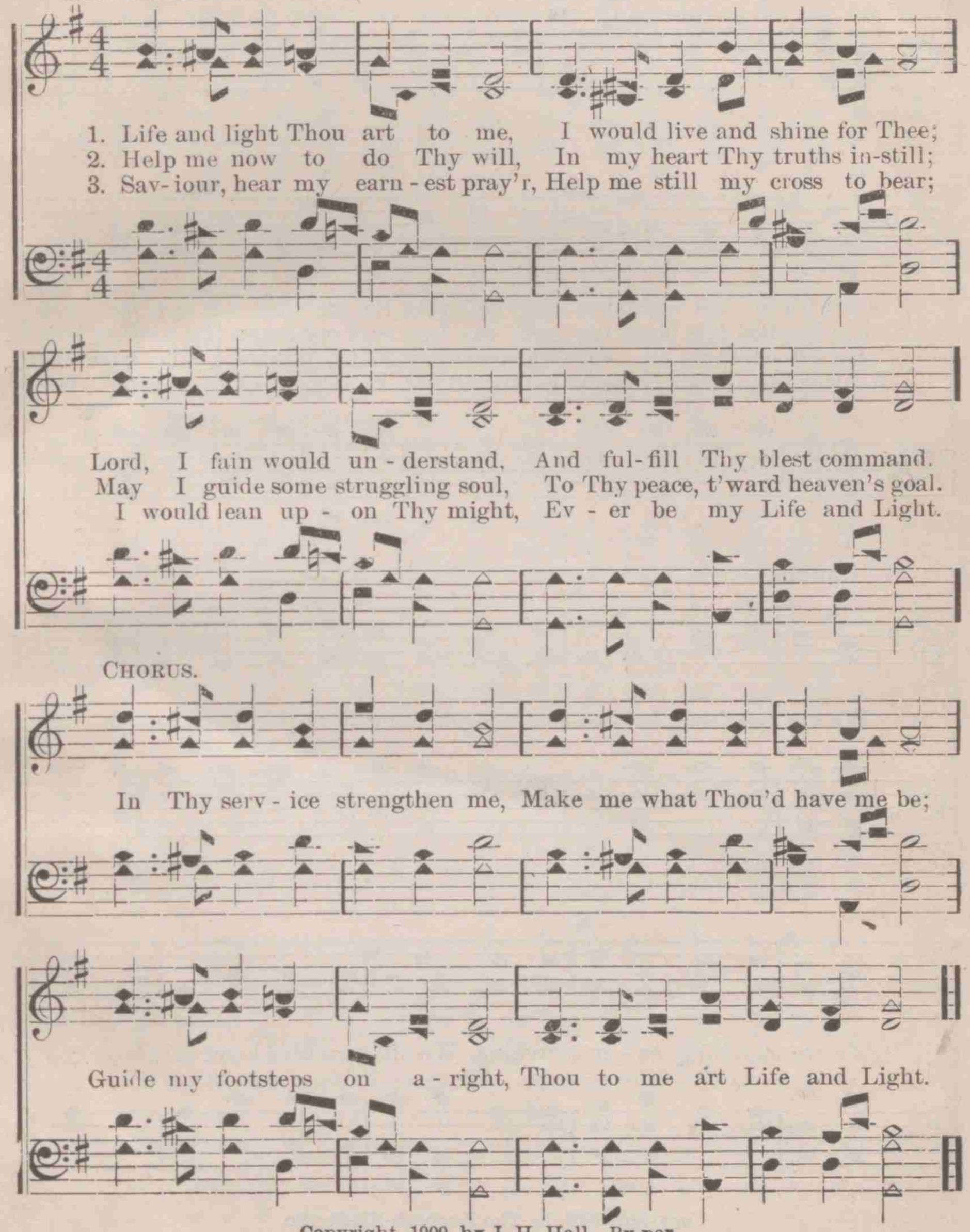


SONGS OF
LIFE AND LIGHT.

I'LL PRAISE THEE FOR LIFE,
I'LL PRAISE THEE FOR LIGHT.

No. 1. LIFE AND LIGHT.

Mrs. Laura E. Newell. J. H. Hall.



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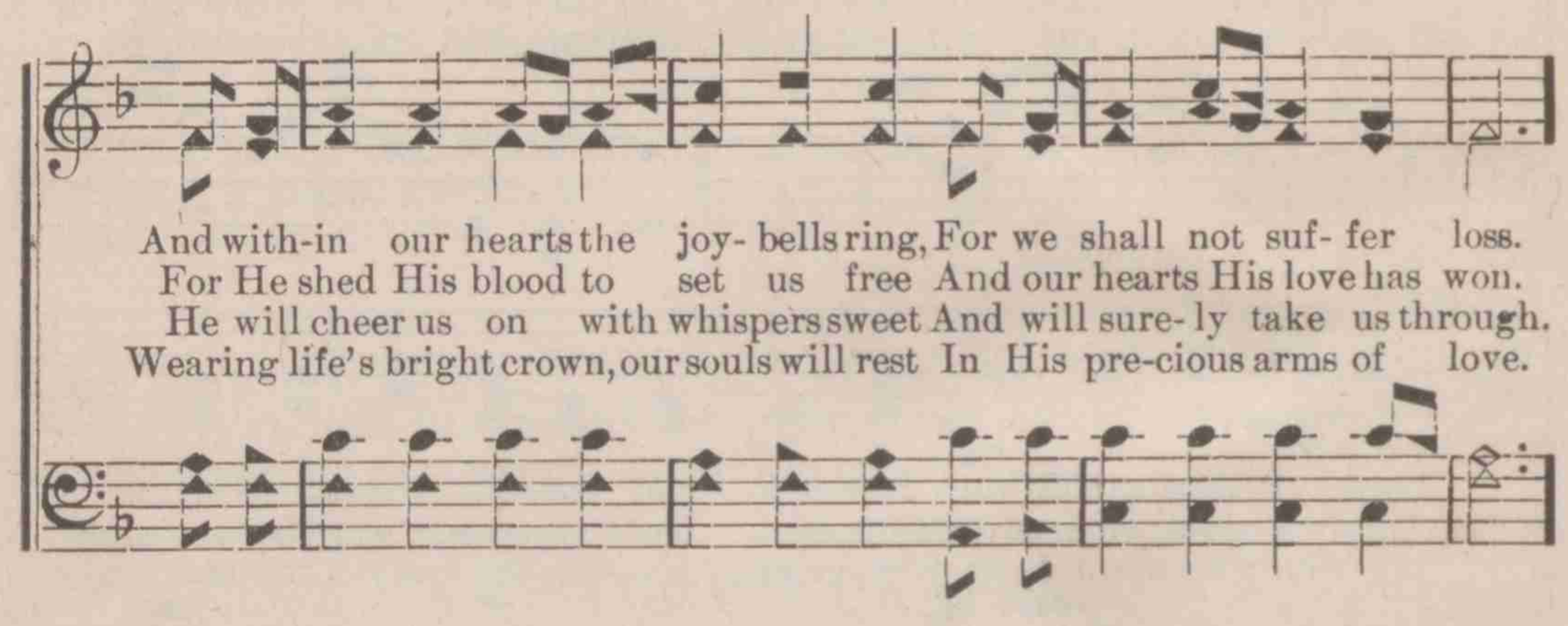
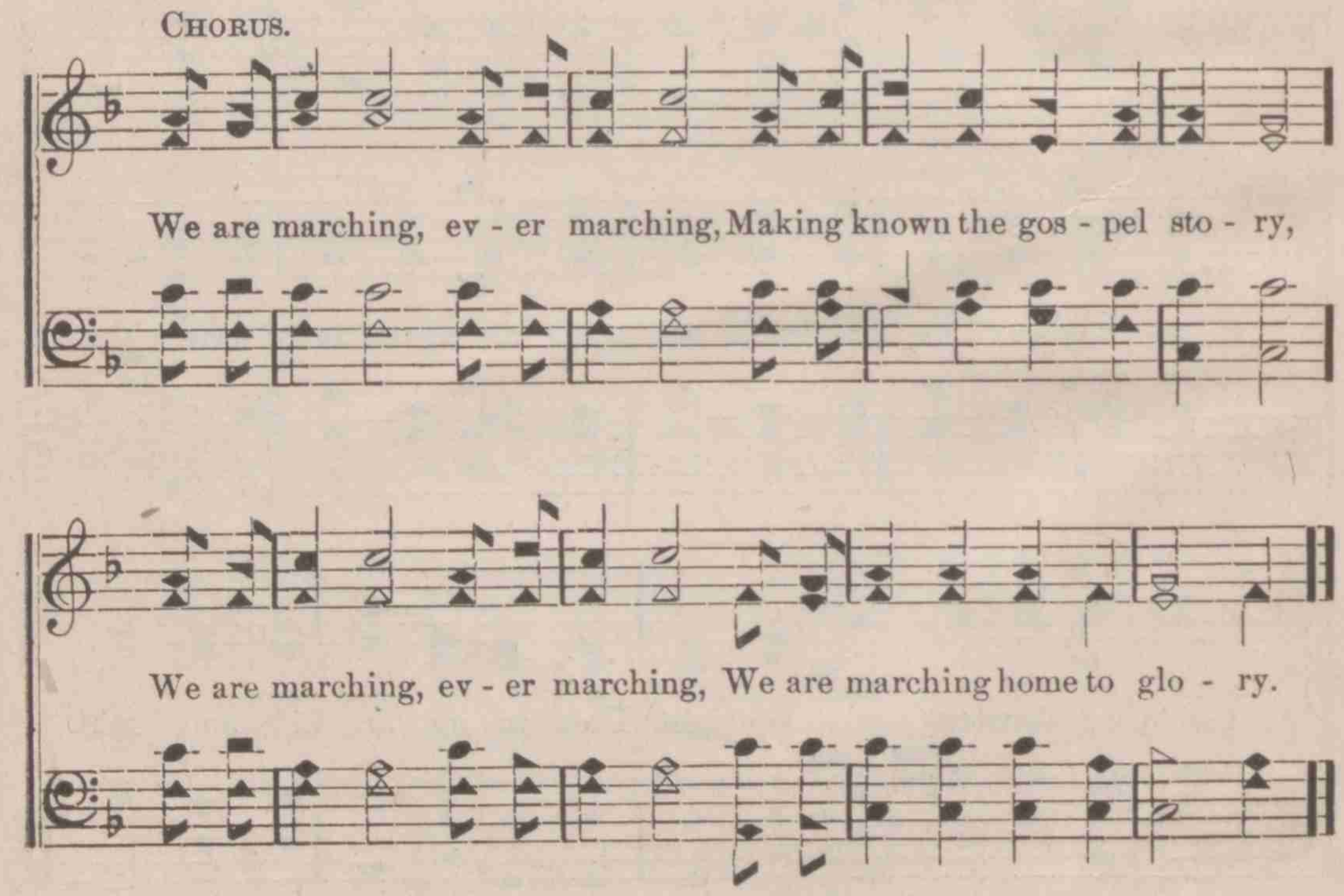
No. 2. MARCHING ON TO GLORY.

JAMES ROWE. J. H. RUEBUSH.



CHORUS.



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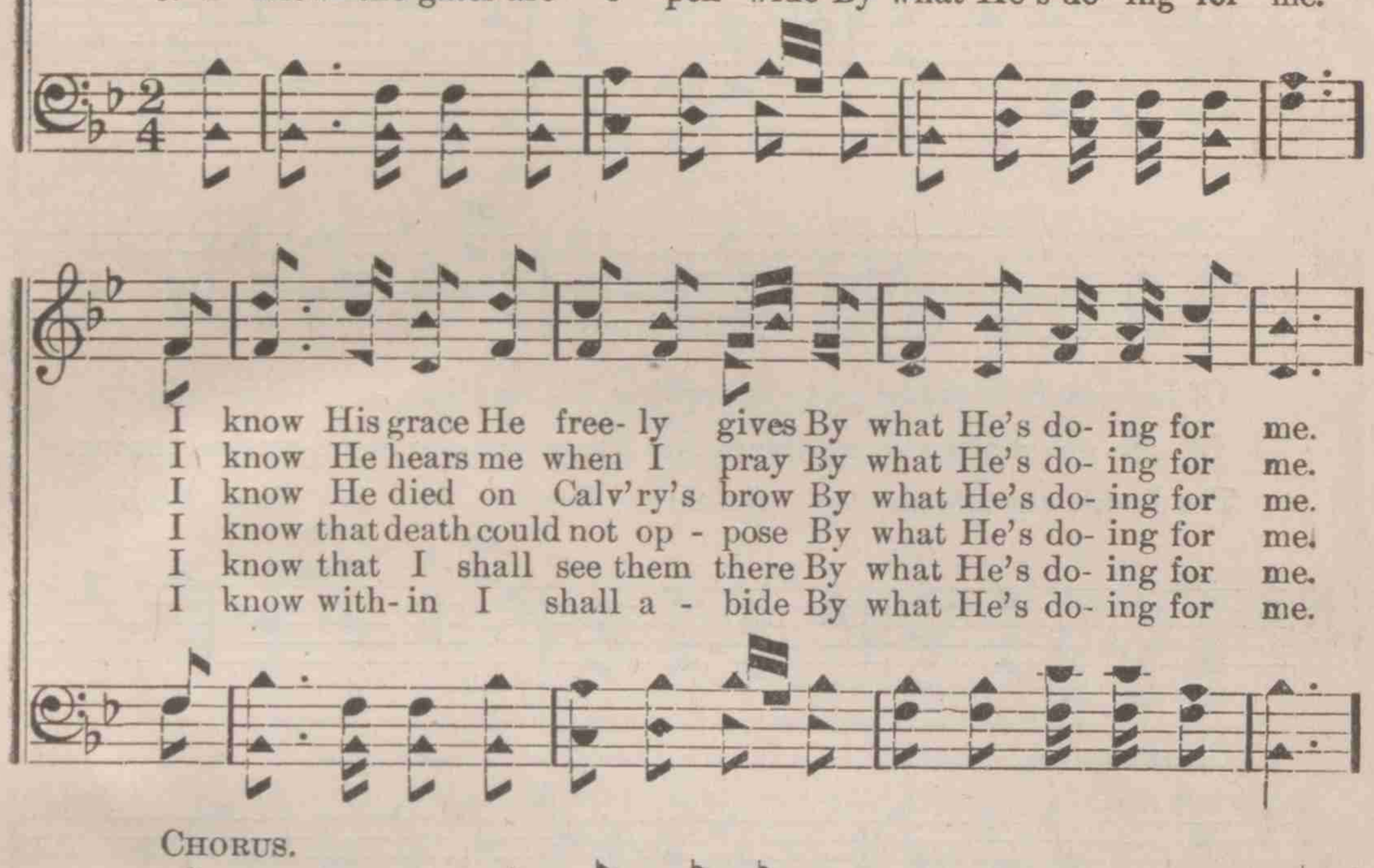
No. 3. I'LL PRAISE THE LORD.

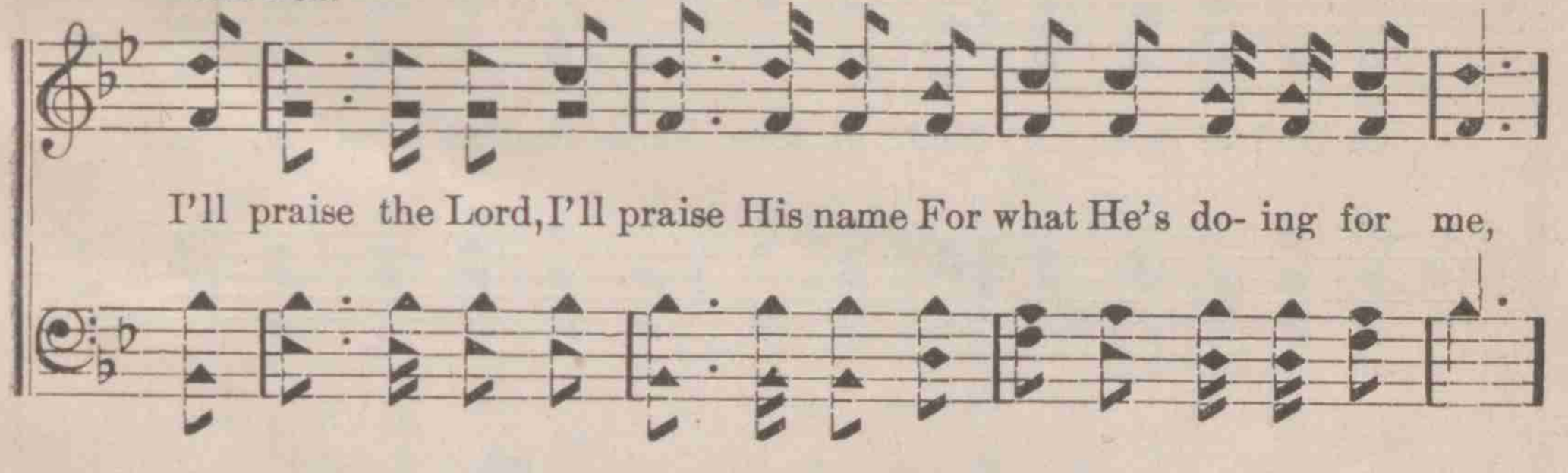
Words and Music by S. BARROW AND DAUGHTER, ROSA.

With energy.

1. I know that my Re- deem-er lives By what He's do- ing for me.
2. I know He washed my sins a - way By what He's do- ing for me.
3. I know that Je - sus saves me now By what He's do- ing for me.
4. I know He from the grave a - rose By what He's do- ing for me.
5. I know in Heav'n my loved ones are By what He's do- ing for me.
6. I know the gates are o - pen wide By what He's do- ing for me.



I know His grace He free- ly gives By what He's do- ing for me.
I know He hears me when I pray By what He's do- ing for me.
I know He died on Calv'ry's brow By what He's do- ing for me.
I know that death could not op - pose By what He's do- ing for me.
I know that I shall see them there By what He's do- ing for me.
I know with- in I shall a - bide By what He's do- ing for me.



CHORUS.

I'll praise the Lord, I'll praise His name For what He's do- ing for me,

I'll praise the Lord, I'll praise His name For what He's do- ing for me.

Copyright 1906, by S. Barrow and Daughter, Rosa. By per.

No. 4. # LAND OF LIGHT AND LOVE.

W. H. R. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

1. Oft in the stil - ly hours of night Sweet dreams before me rise,
2. And as I bend my list'n- ing ear, I seem to catch the song
3. No need of sun nor gleam of stars, For there shall be no night,

Of fadeless flow'rs and end - less spring Be- neath un - clouded skies.
Of an- gel choirs, as an-thems rise From yon-der blood-washed throng.
The Lamb who sits up - on the throne For-ev - er is the Light.

CHORUS.

O, land of light, O, land of love Whose dwellers know no care,
And no eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard What glories wait us there.

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No. 5. THE GOSPEL SHIP IS SAILING.

Arr. by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. The gos-pel ship is sail- ing, sail - ing, sail - ing, The gos- pel ship is sailing, Bound for Canaan's happy shore; All who would ship for glo - ry,
2. She has landed many thousands, thou-sands, thousands, She has landed many thousands, On fair Canaan's happy shore; And thousands now are sail - ing,
3. Sails fill'd with beav'nly breezes, breez- es, breez-es, Sails fill'd with heav'nly breez - es, Swift-ly glides the ship along; Her com- pan - y are sing- ing,
4. Take pas-sage now for glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Take passage now for glo - ry, glo - ry, All who would ship for glory, Come and welcome, rich and poor.

sail - ing, sail - ing, And thousands now are sailing, Yet there's room for thousands more.
sing- ing, sing- ing, Her company are sing- ing, Glo-ry, glo-ry is their song.
hap- py, hap - py, With us you shall be happy Hap-py through eternity,

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! All on board are sweet- ly sing - ing,
Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Hal- le - lu - jah to the Lamb!

No. 6. I STILL AM SATISFIED.

FANNY J. CROSBY. SAMUEL W. BRAZLEY.

1. I wan-dered long in search of rest, That nev - er, nev - er came;
2. He spoke the word that bade me live, He wash'd my sins a - way;
3. If aught dis- turb my calm re - pose, I hear in tones di - vine;
4. O wea - ry one wher-e'er thou art, No more in bond-age grieve;

Till kneel - ing down be- side the cross, I pray'd in Je - sus' name.
And since that hour my heart has learn'd, To trust Him day by day.
Thou art redeemed, O pre-cious soul, Fear not for Thou art mine.
Throw off the chains that bind thee now, And on thy Lord be - lieve.

CHORUS.

I see by faith His bleeding hands, In love ex-tend - ed wide;
I choose Him now and with my choice, My soul is sat - is - fied.

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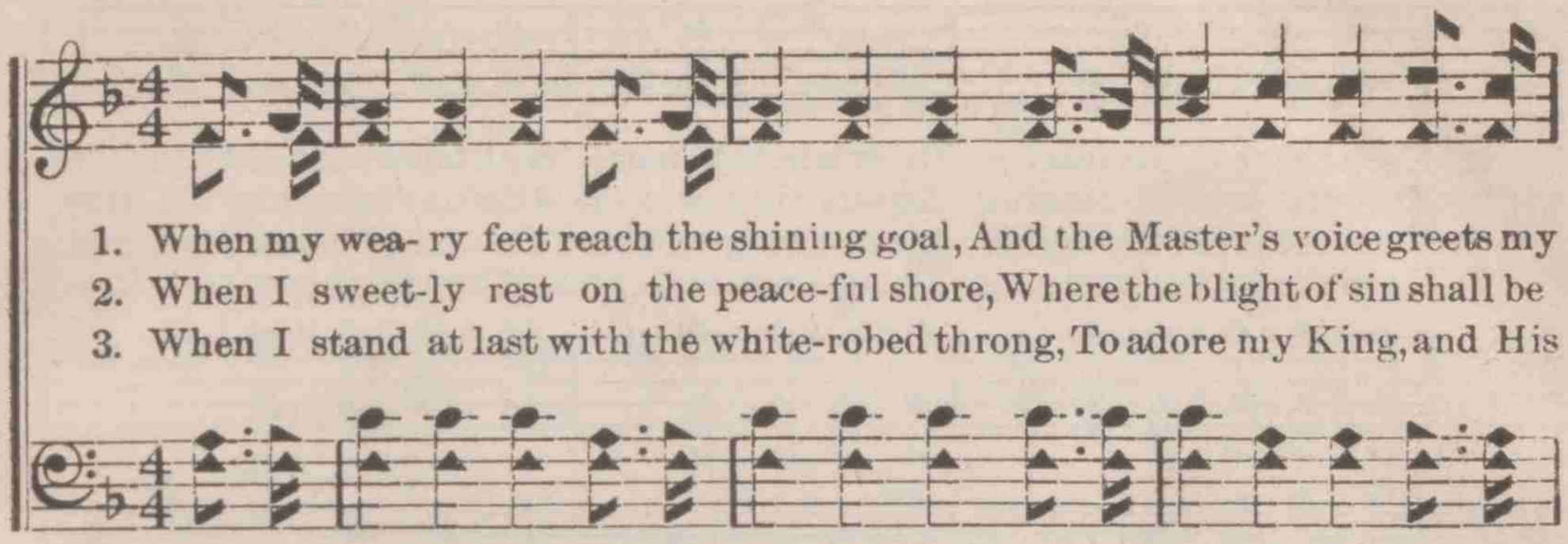
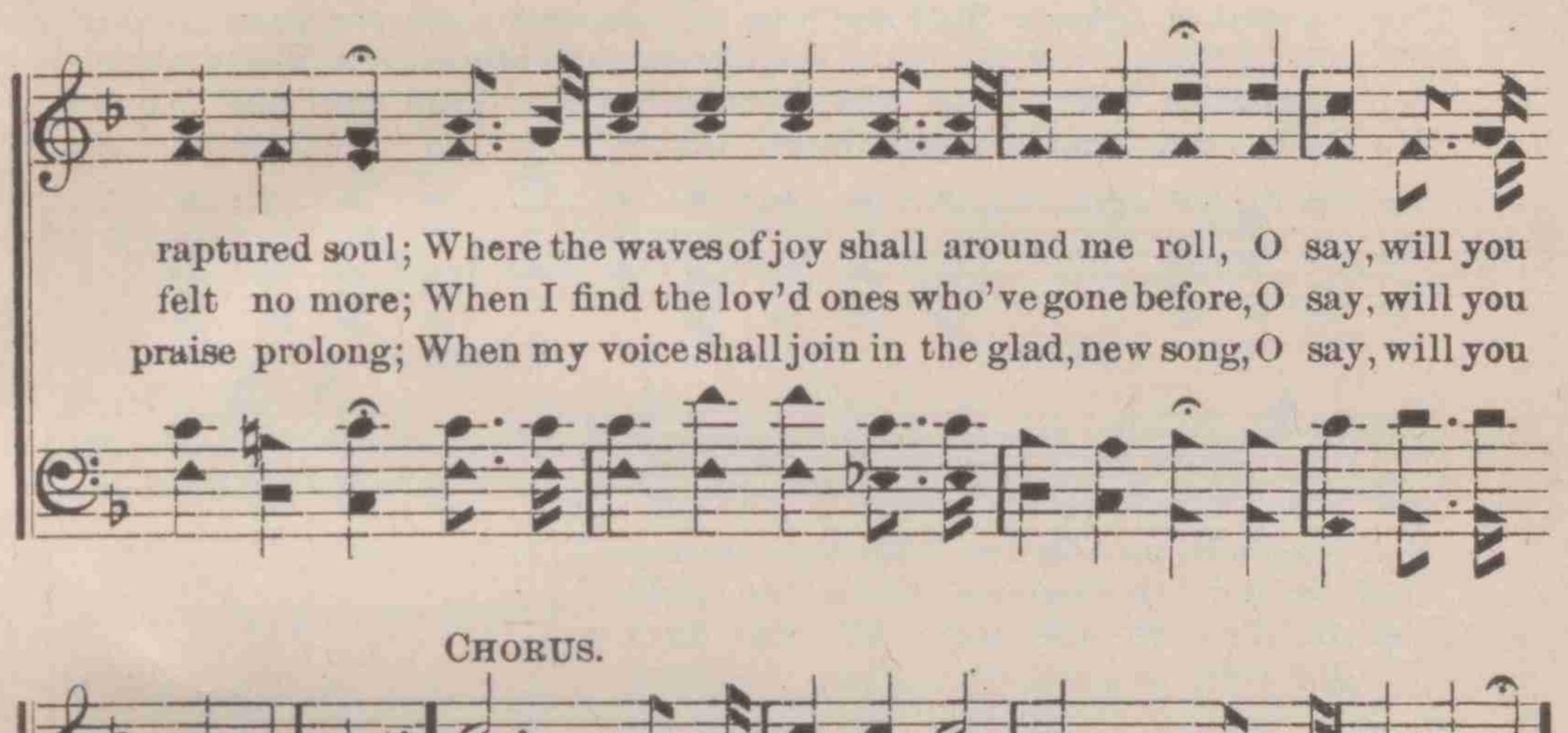
No. 7. SAY! WILL YOU MEET ME THERE?

MAY MAURICE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. When my wea- ry feet reach the shining goal, And the Master's voice greets my
2. When I sweet-ly rest on the peace-ful shore, Where the blight of sin shall be
3. When I stand at last with the white-robed throng, To adore my King, and His



raptured soul; Where the waves of joy shall around me roll, O say, will you
felt no more; When I find the lov'd ones who've gone before, O say, will you
praise prolong; When my voice shall join in the glad, new song, O say, will you

CHORUS.

meet me there? Say, will you meet me there? Say, will you meet me there?

O say, O say,

In the home a- bove, in the land of love, O say, will you meet me there?

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No. 8. KEEP THE JOYBELLS RINGING.

E. E. HEWITT. W. H. DOANE.

1. Keep the joybells ringing, Ev'rywhere you go, Scat-ter smiles and sunshine
2. Keep the joybells ringing, Hap-py tidings swell, For our heav'nly Fa- ther
3. Keep the joybells ringing; Lis-ten, longing heart! In the bless-ed cho- rus
4. Keep the joybells ringing, Je-sus loves and cares; When the weary seek Him,

From a soul a-glow; Tell the love of Je-sus As you pass a-long,
Do-eth all things well; Thro' the earthly shadows Shine the sunbeams bright;
You may have a part; Let the precious Sav-iour Tune your soul to praise,
He the bur-den bears; Spread abroad the sto- ry Of re-deeming love,

CHORUS.

You may help an-oth-er With your song.
Gold-en stars of prom-ise Cheer the night.
Then you'll go re-joic-ing All the days.
Till the bells of glo-ry Ring a-bove.

} Keep them ringing, ring-ing,

slower.

ev'ry where you go, Keep them ringing, ringing, joy to all be-low, Come, O

rit.

come to Jesus, Hear the joybells say, "Come while He is waiting, Come to-day."

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No. 9. SINCE I'VE BEEN REDEEMED.

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. J. H. Hall.

1. Since I've been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, Since I've been re -
2. Since the blood has wash'd me whit-er than snow, Than the spot- less
3. Since I've been a - dopt - ed and en- tered the fold, The dear Sav-iour's

deemed, I've been redeemed, My pathway is peace-ful, my fears all are calm,
snow, the spot- less snow; My joy like a riv - er doth peaceful - ly flow.
fold, the Saviour's fold; I'm walking in sun-light, my peace is un-told.

Chorus.

Since I've been redeemed by the blood. I'm re - deemed, I'm re -
redeemed,
deemed. I'm redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;..... I'm re -
redeemed, of the Lamb;
deemed, I'm re - deemed, By the blood, the blood of the Lamb.....
redeemed, redeemed, of the Lamb.

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No. 10. JESUS WILL HELP YOU.

WM. STEVENSON. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. The Sav- iour is call- ing you, sin- ner— Urg- ing you now to draw nigh; He asks you by faith to re- ceive Him; Je- sus will
2. Thro' Him there is life in be- liev- ing; Sin- ner, O why will you die? Ac- cept Him by faith as your Sav- iour; Je- sus will
3. The Sav- iour is call- ing you, wand'rer— Points you to man- sions on high: Re- turn to the path that leads homeward; Je- sus will
4. There's dan-ger in lon- ger de- lay- ing, Swift- ly the moments pass by; If now you will come, there is mer- cy; Je- sus will

REFRAIN.

help if you try. Je- sus will help you, Je- sus will help you,
Help you with grace from on high; The weak- est and poor- est the
Sav- iour is call- ing; Je- sus will help if you try.

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No. 11. GRAVE ON THE GREEN HILLSIDE.

A. S. K. A. S. KIEFFER.

1. There's a lit-tle grave on the green hill-side That lies to the morning sun,
2. Ah! the land is full of the lit- tle graves, In valley, and plain, and hill;
3. And these little graves are but wayside marks That point to the far - off Land,

And our way worn feet often wander there When the cares of the day are done;
There's an angel, too, for each lit-tle grave, And these angels some mission fill;
And they speak to the soul of a better day, Of a day that is near at hand;

There we oft - en sit till the twi- light falls, And talk of the far- off land,
And I know not how, but I sometimes think They lead us with gentle hand,
Tho' we first must walk thro' the darksome vale, Yet there Christ will be our guide;

:S: FINE.

And we sometimes feel in the twilight there The soft touch of the vanished hand.
For a whis-per falls on our willing ear From the shores of a far- off land.
And we'll reach the shore of the far-off Land Thro' a grave on the green hillside.

D.S.—In the years to come we will calmly sleep In a grave on the green hillside.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Grave on the green hill - side,..... Grave on the green hill-side.

The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

No. 12. OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Mrs. Harriet E. Jones. H. N. Lincoln.

1. We are youthful stu-dents, learn-ing from the bi - ble, Ma - ny gold-en
2. Learn-ing in the morn-ing, ere the shadows gath- er, Les-sons that shall
3. How we love the schoolroom, in our Fa-ther's temple, How we love the

les - sons that shall bless our days; Pre- cious words of wis - dom,
strengthen while a - mid the strife; Les - sons that shall arm us
teach - ers who a - mong us move, How we love the les - sons,

from the roy-al au- thor, From the heav'nly Father whom we love and praise;
for the dai-ly bat- tles. We must all en-count-er in this low- er life.
tell - ing us of Je - sus, And the bless ed mansions He's prepared a - bove.

Chorus.

Whom we love and praise, Whom we love and praise; From the heav'nly
Bless - ed words of truth, Bless - ed words of truth, Fit - ting us for
Glo - ry be to God, Glo - ry be to God, For the gold- en

Fa - ther whom we love and praise, Whom we love and praise,
serv - ice in the days of youth, Bless - ed words of truth,
les - sons scat-tered all a - broad. Glo - ry be to God,

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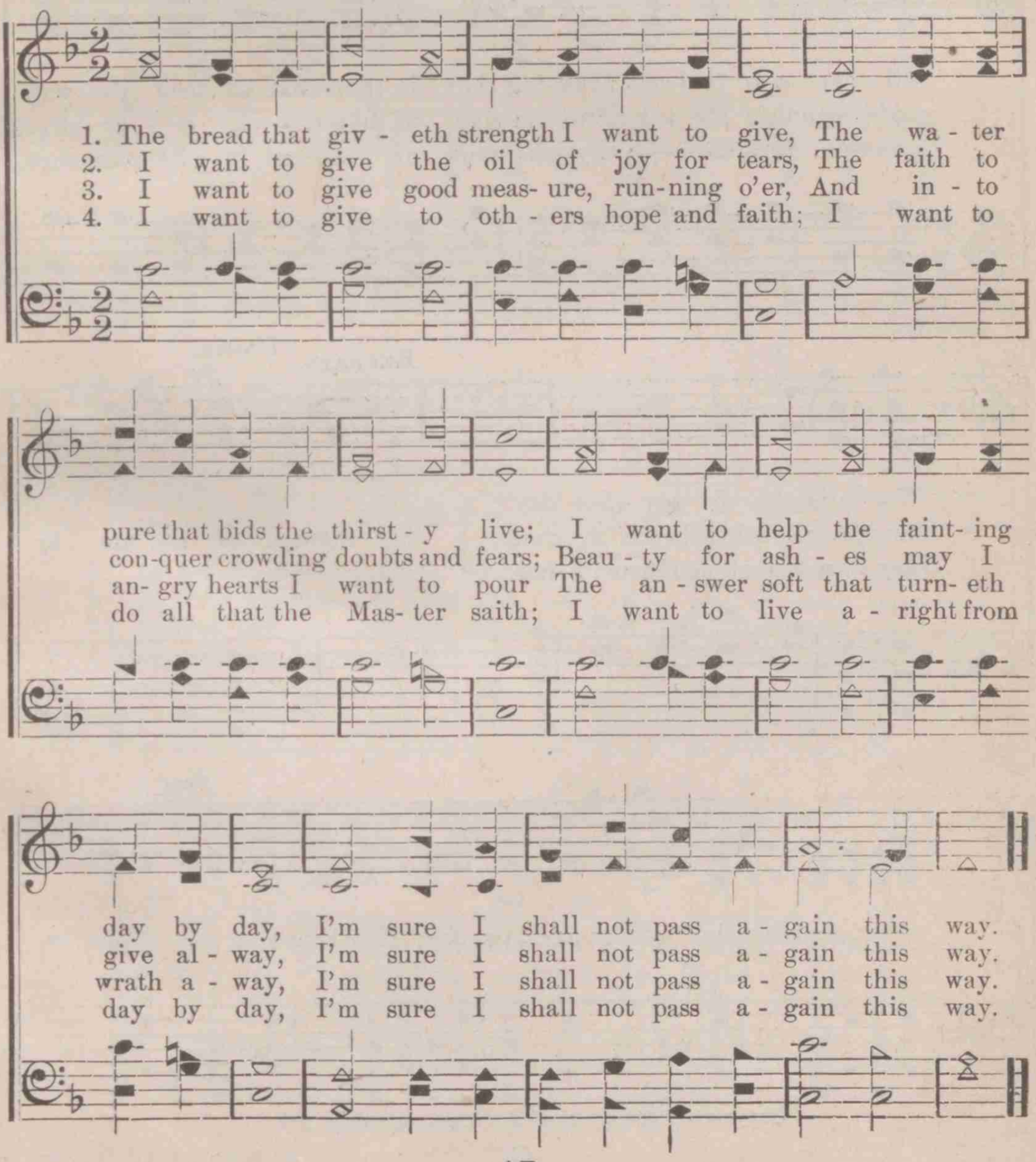
No. 13. I SHALL NOT PASS AGAIN THIS WAY.

Unknown. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



No. 14. THE CLOUD AND FIRE.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. As of old when the hosts of Is - ra - el Were compelled in the
2. To and fro as a ship with- out a sail, Not a com-pass to
3. All the days of their wand'rings they were fed, To the land of the

wil - der - ness to dwell, Trust-ing they in their God to lead the way
guide them thro' the vale, But the sign of their God was ev - er near,
prom-ise they were led; By the hand of the Lord, in guid-ance sure,

REFRAIN. *Unison.*

To the light of per - fect day.
Thus their fainting hearts to cheer.
They were brought to Canaan's shore.

} So the sign of the fire by

night, And the sign of the cloud by day, Hov'ring o'er, just be -

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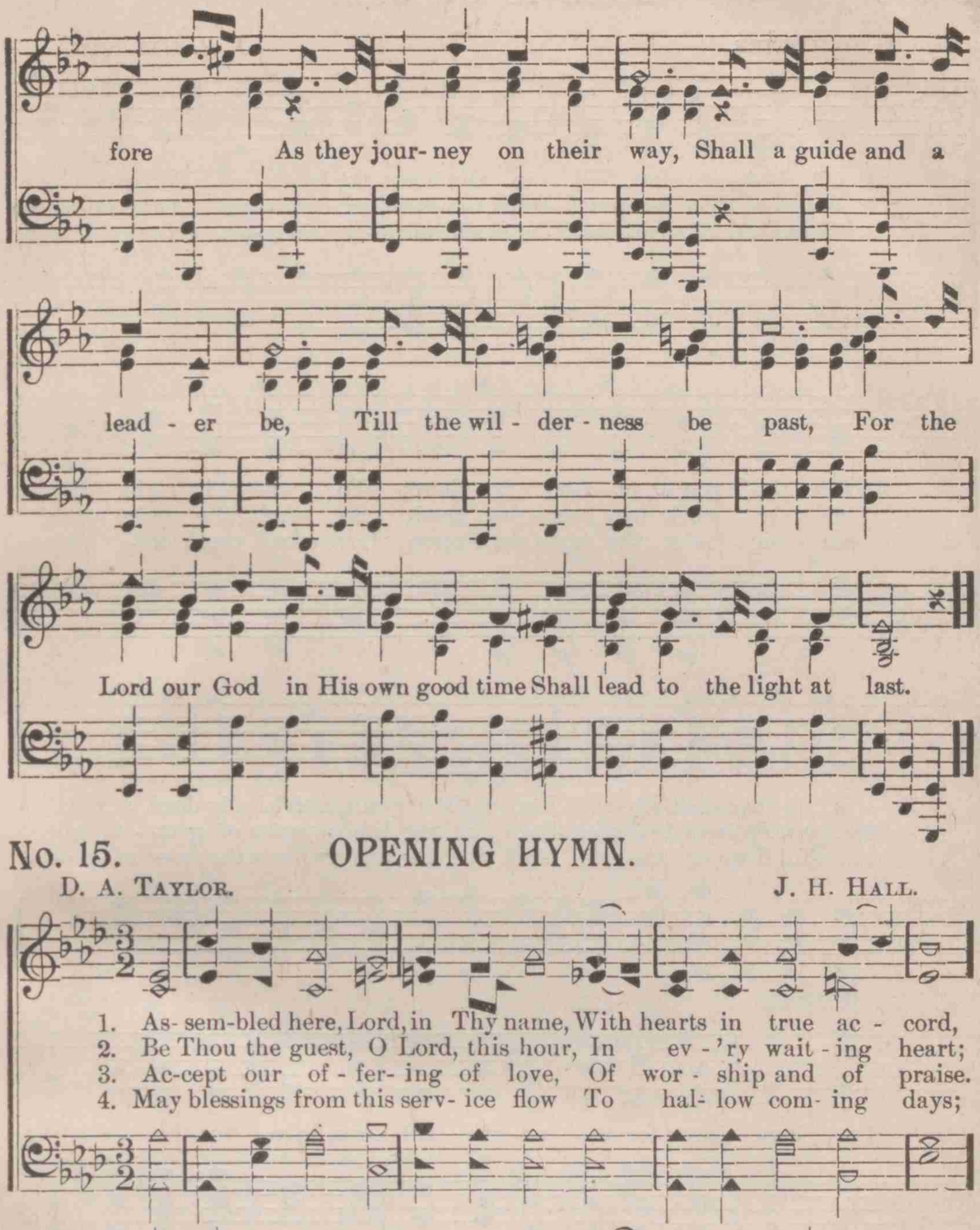
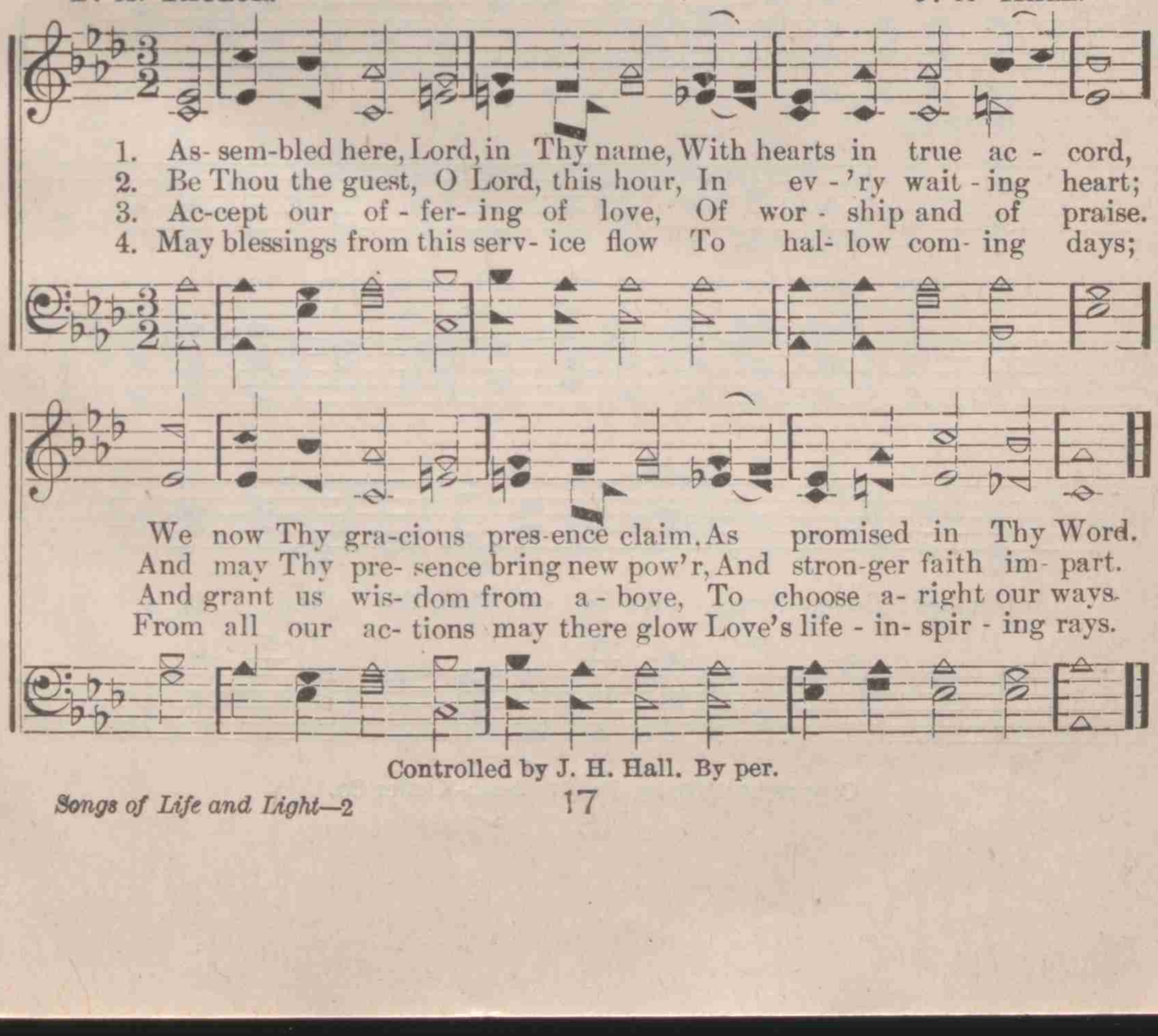
THE CLOUD AND FIRE.—Concluded.



No. 15. OPENING HYMN.

D. A. Taylor. J. H. Hall.



Controlled by J. H. Hall. By per.

No. 16.

LOVE IS OF GOD.

J. G. WHITTIER. J. B. HERBERT.

1. Oh, brother man, fold to thy heart thy broth- er! For where love
2. Fol- low, with reverened steps, the great ex - am - ple Of Him whose
3. Thus shall all shack-les fall: the storm- y clang-or Of wild war-

dwells, the peace of God is there; To wor- ship right - ly
ho - ly work was do - ing good; So shall the wide earth
mu - sic o'er the earth shall cease; Love shall tread out the

is to love each oth- er; Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a pray'r.
seem our Father's tem-ple, Each lov-ing life a psalm of grat - i - tude.
bale-ful fires of an - ger, And in its ash- es plant the tree of peace.

REFRAIN.

Love, love, love for one an- oth - er! Love, love, for a struggling

broth - er! Love, love, love is of God, for God is love!

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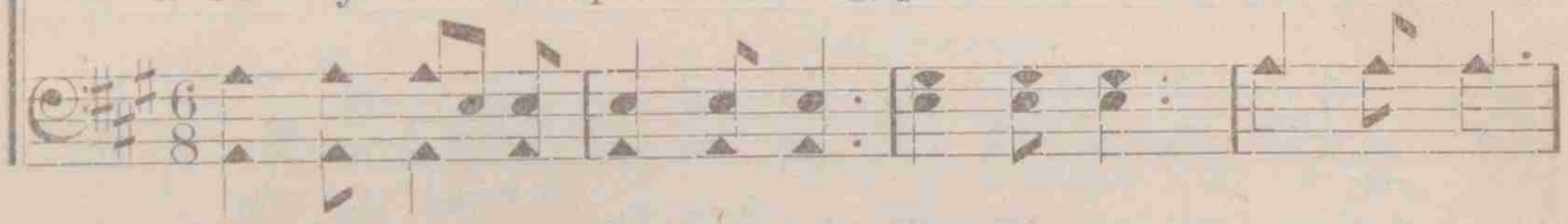
No. 17. O SAVE ME AT THE CROSS.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Arr. by T. C. O'KANE.

1. Lov - ing Sav-iour, hear my cry, hear my cry, hear my cry;
2. I have sinn'd, but Thou hast died, Thou hast died, Thou hast died;
3. Tho' I per - ish, I will pray, I will pray, I will pray;
4. Thou hast said Thy grace is free, grace is free, grace is free;
5. Wash me in Thy cleans-ing blood, cleans-ing blood, cleans-ing blood;
6. On - ly faith will par - don bring, par - don bring, par - don bring;



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

CHORUS.

Dear Je - sus, re - ceive me, No more would I grieve Thee;

Repeat Chorus pp

Now, bless - ed Re- deem - er, O save me at the cross.

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No. 18. BECAUSE HE LOVED THE WORLD.

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son."

D. A. TAYLOR. J. H. HALL.

1. The Sav - iour left His home in heav'n, Be - cause He loved the world,
2. No love like this was ev - er known, Be - cause He loved the world,
3. Our love to Him then let us give, Be - cause He loved the world,

And on the cross His life has giv'n, Be - cause He loved the world.
He took our bur-dens as His own, Be - cause He loved the world.
And ev - er for His glo - ry live, Be - cause He loved the world.

A life of shame and pain He bore, And sac - ri - fi - ces great and sore,
And now from sin He sets us free, Our ev - er - pre- sent help is He,
The debt we nev - er can re - pay, But faith-ful - ly we'll serve each day,

To free us from them ev - er - more, Be - cause He loved the world.
At last He'll calm death's troubled sea, Be - cause He loved the world.
And at His feet our lives we'll lay, Be - cause He loved the world.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Be - cause He loved the world, Be- cause He loved the world.

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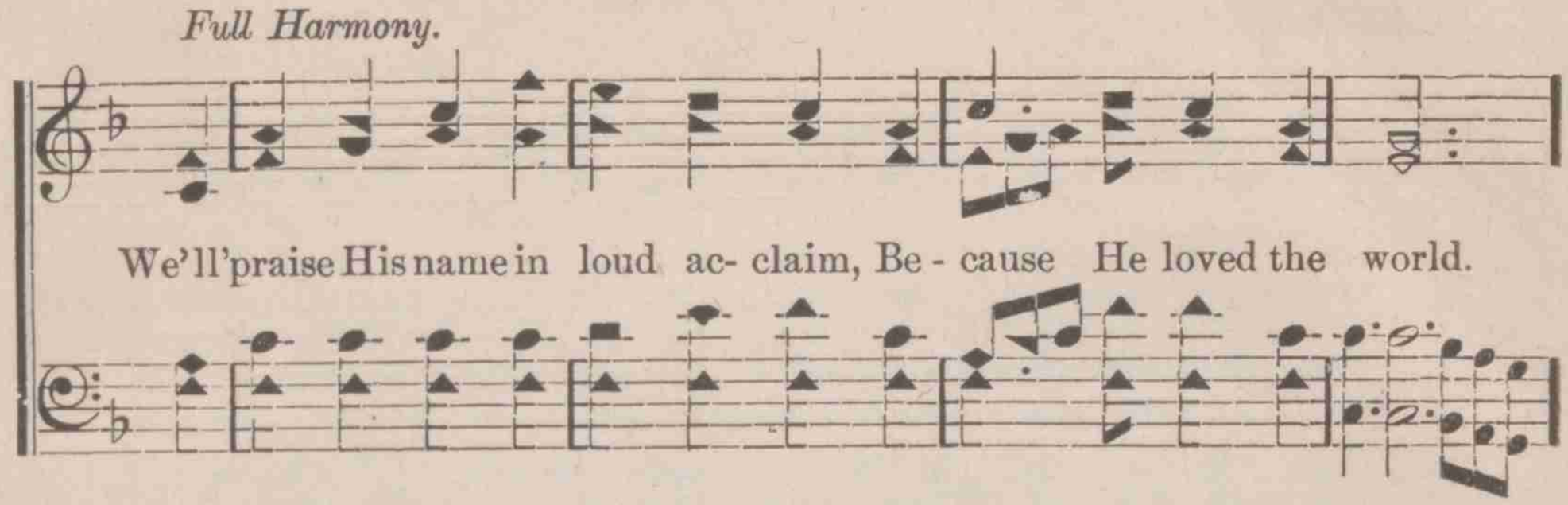
BECAUSE HE LOVED THE WORLD.—Concluded.

Full Harmony.

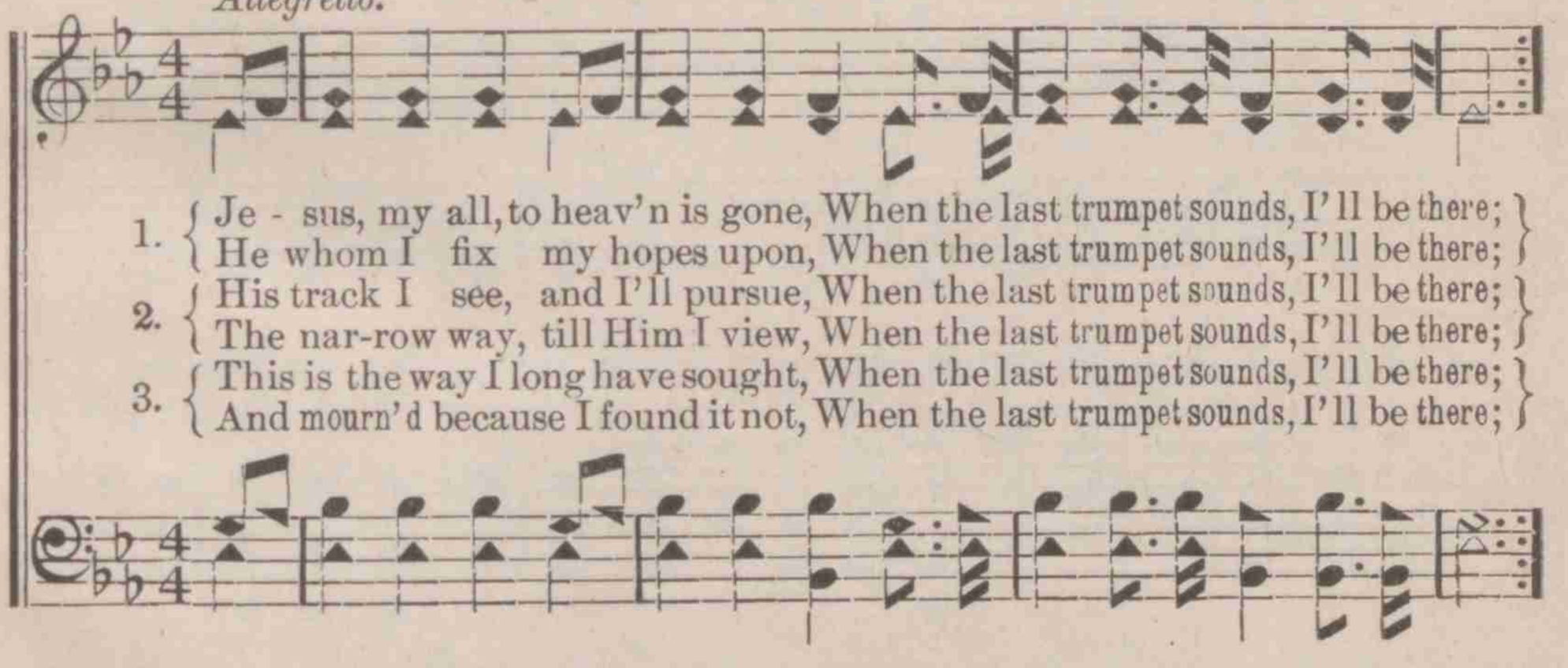


Unison. *Full Harmony.*

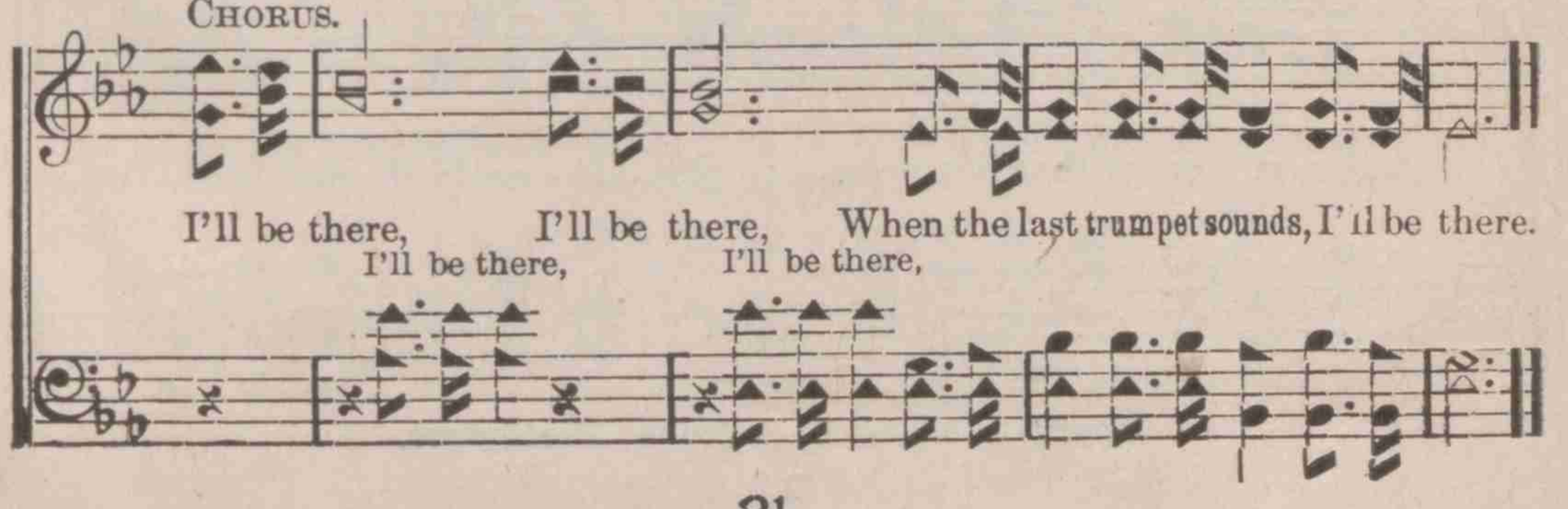
No. 19. I'LL BE THERE.

Arr.

Allegretto.



CHORUS.



No. 20. SOMETHING WHISPERS.

E. E. HEWITT. W. H. DOANE.

Not too fast.

1. Something whis-pers in my soul: Let the Sav - iour take control,
2. As the night from dawning day, So my fears will flee a- way,
3. Led by love's constraining call, I will yield to Him my all;
4. When, a - mid the ransom'd throng, I shall join the hap- py song,

On- ly He can make me whole, Je - sus bled and died for me.

When my hap - py heart can say, Make me whole, Je - sus bled and died for me.

Sing-ing till life's e - ventide, can say, Je - sus bled and died for me.

Which e- ter - nal years prolong, e - ven- tide, Je - sus bled and died for me.

pro-long,

CHORUS.

Can it be, oh, can it be, There is hope for one like me,

can it be, like me.

Rit......

I will go with this my on - ly plea, Je - sus bled and died for me.

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No. 21. ANCHOR YOUR HOPE.

G. P. HOTT. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

1. All that this world can prom-ise, Lit - tle of good can bring;
2. Oth - ers may trust in pleas- ure Hop - ing life's good to gain;
3. An- chor your hope in Je - sus, What has the world for you?

Would you have heav'nly rich- es, Ask of our Sav - iour and King.
Reap- ing, but in sad meas-ure, In - fi- nite sor - row and pain.
All who re - ject must per- ish, What are you go - ing to do?

CHORUS.

Anchor your hope in Jesus Then let the wild billows roll;
now, O soul

Anchor your hope in Jesus, Then let the wild bil-lows roll.
now, O soul,

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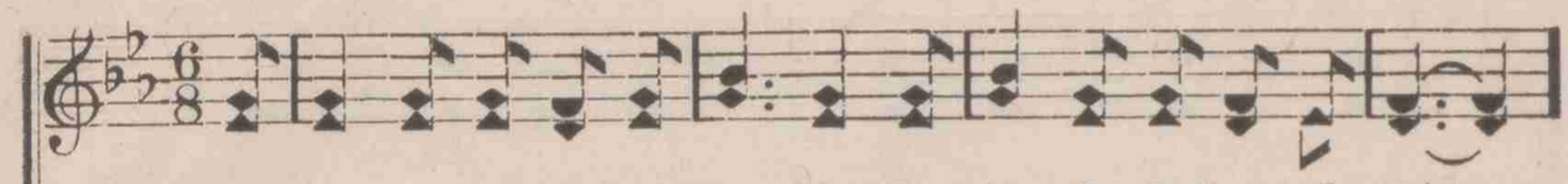
No. 22. NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM.

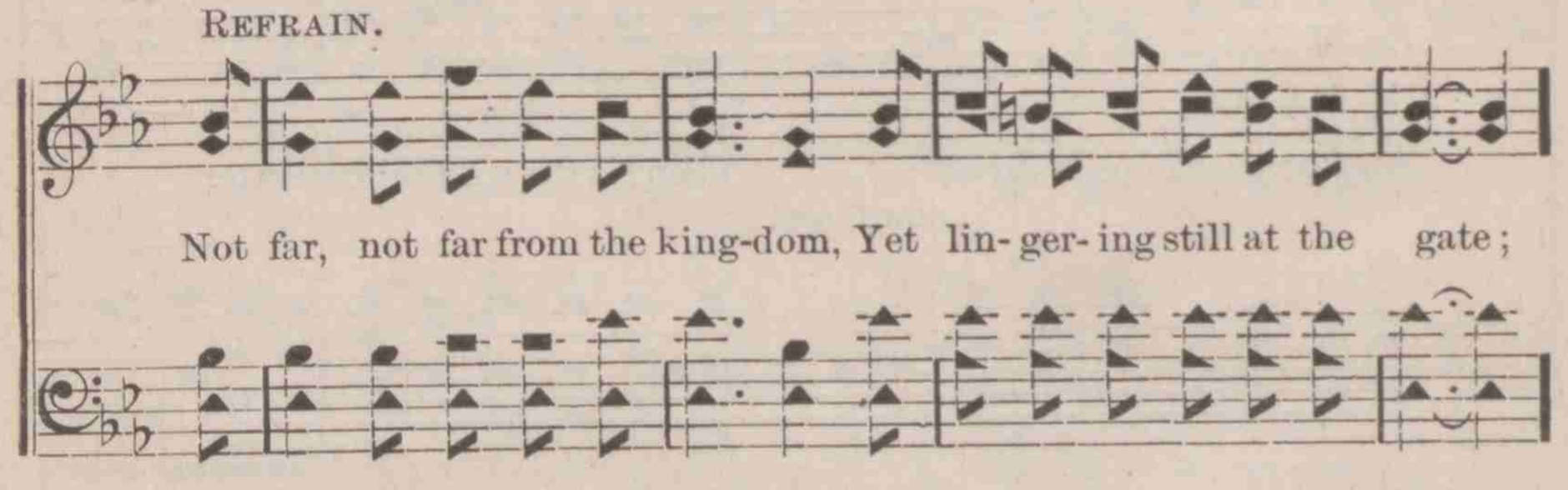
Words arr. R. M. McIntosh, Mus. Doc.



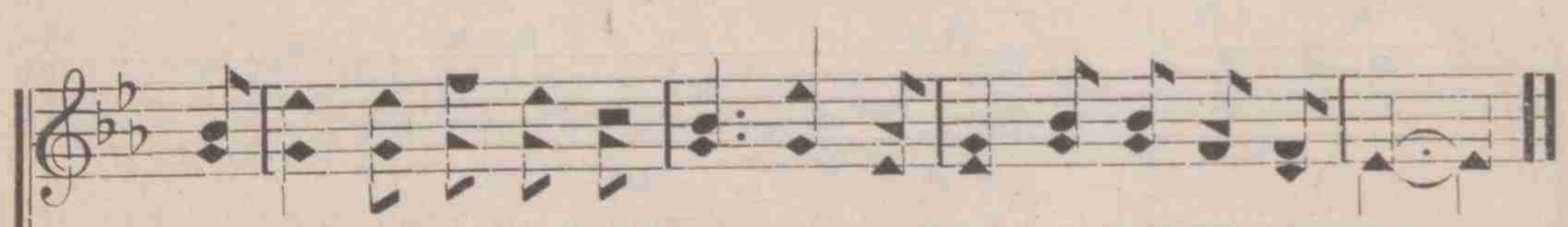
1. Not far, not far from the king-dom, Yet in the shadow of sin;
2. Not far, not far from the gate-way, Where voices whisper and wait;
3. They catch the strains of the mu - sic, That floats so sweet-ly a - long;
4. They're in the dark and the dan - ger; They're in the night and the cold,

How ma-ny are com-ing and go - ing! How few are en-ter-ing in!
But fear-ing to en-ter in bold - ly, They lin-ger still at the gate!
Tho' knowing the song they are sing - ing, Yet join-ing not in the song.
Tho' He is now longing to lead them So kind-ly in-to the fold.

REFRAIN.



Not far, not far from the king-dom, Yet lin-ger-ing still at the gate;



O wait no lon-ger, dear broth-er, But en - ter ere 'tis too late.

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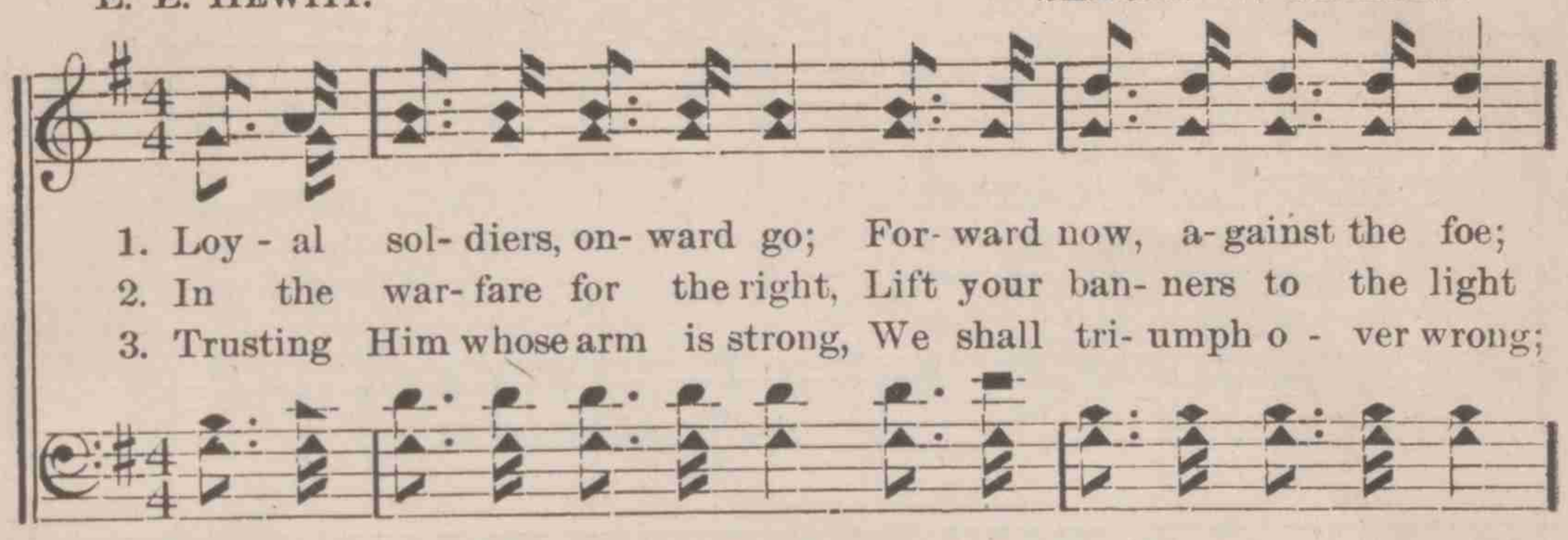
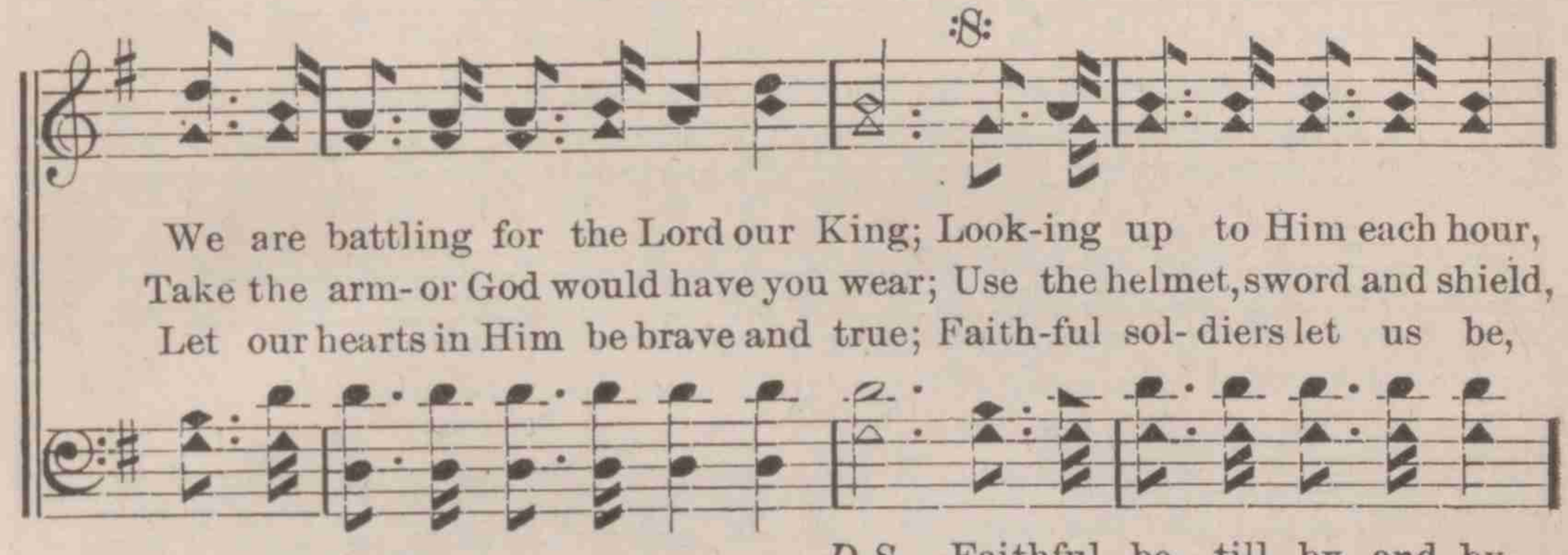
No. 23. LOYAL SOLDIERS.

E. E. HEWITT. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.





D.S.—Faithful be, till by and by,

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No. 24. BLOW THE TRUMPET, WATCHMAN.

H. R. TRICKETT. J. H. FILLMORE.

SOLO. BARITONE.

1. Blow the trumpet, watchman, Shout ye sons of God, Christ, the Friend of sinners,
2. Blow the trumpet, watchman, Christ, the Prince of peace, Opens the doors of prisons,
3. Blow the trumpet, watchman, Christ, the Lord, is King; Shout aloud ye people,

Has redeemed us by His blood, Shout a-loud for glad-ness, Par-don now is
Bringing deb-tors full re- lease. Shout the joy- ful ti- dings, Tell of all His
O, break forth in joy and sing. He has brought deliv'rance, He our strength shall

free; Sing ye ransomed peo- ple, 'Tis the year of ju - bi - lee!
grace; Sing ye fa-vored peo- ple, O, be glad ye ransomed race!
be; He it is who brings us This the year of ju - bi - lee!

Blow it loud and long,

CHORUS.

Blow the trumpet, watchman, Blow the trumpet, watchman, Blow, ...

Blow it loud and long,

Sal- va-tion now is free! Blow the trumpet, watchman, Blow the trumpet,

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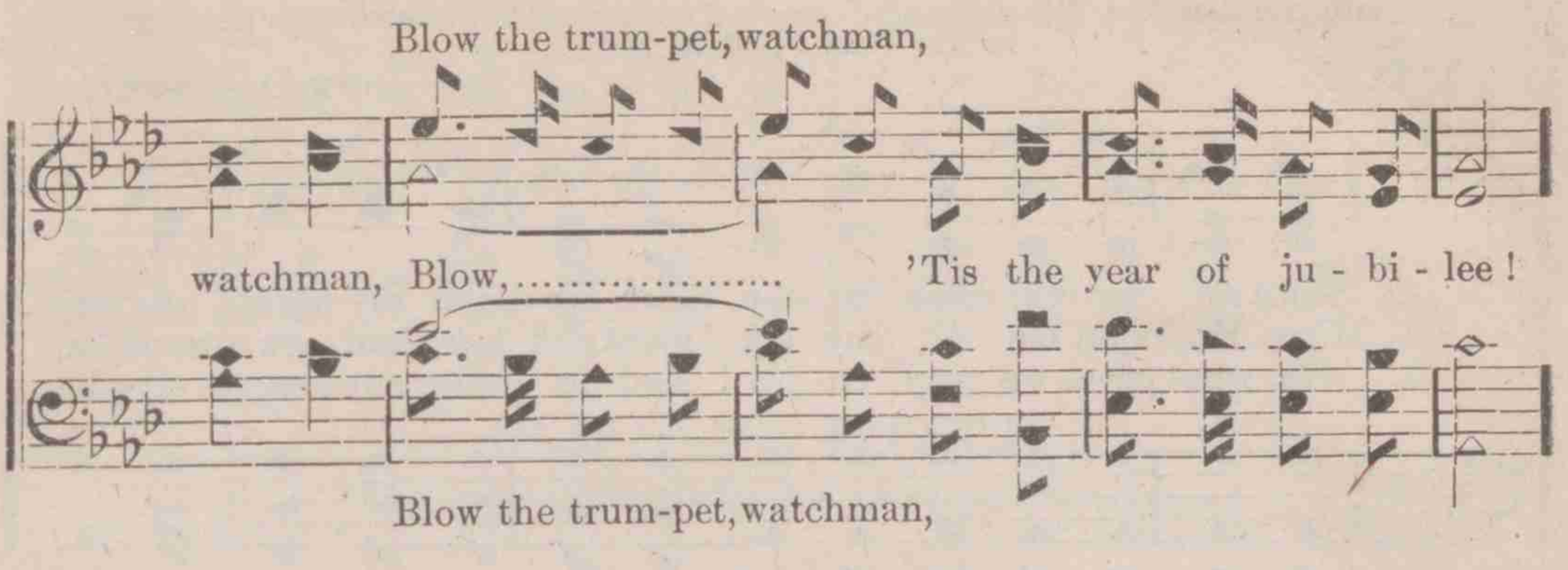
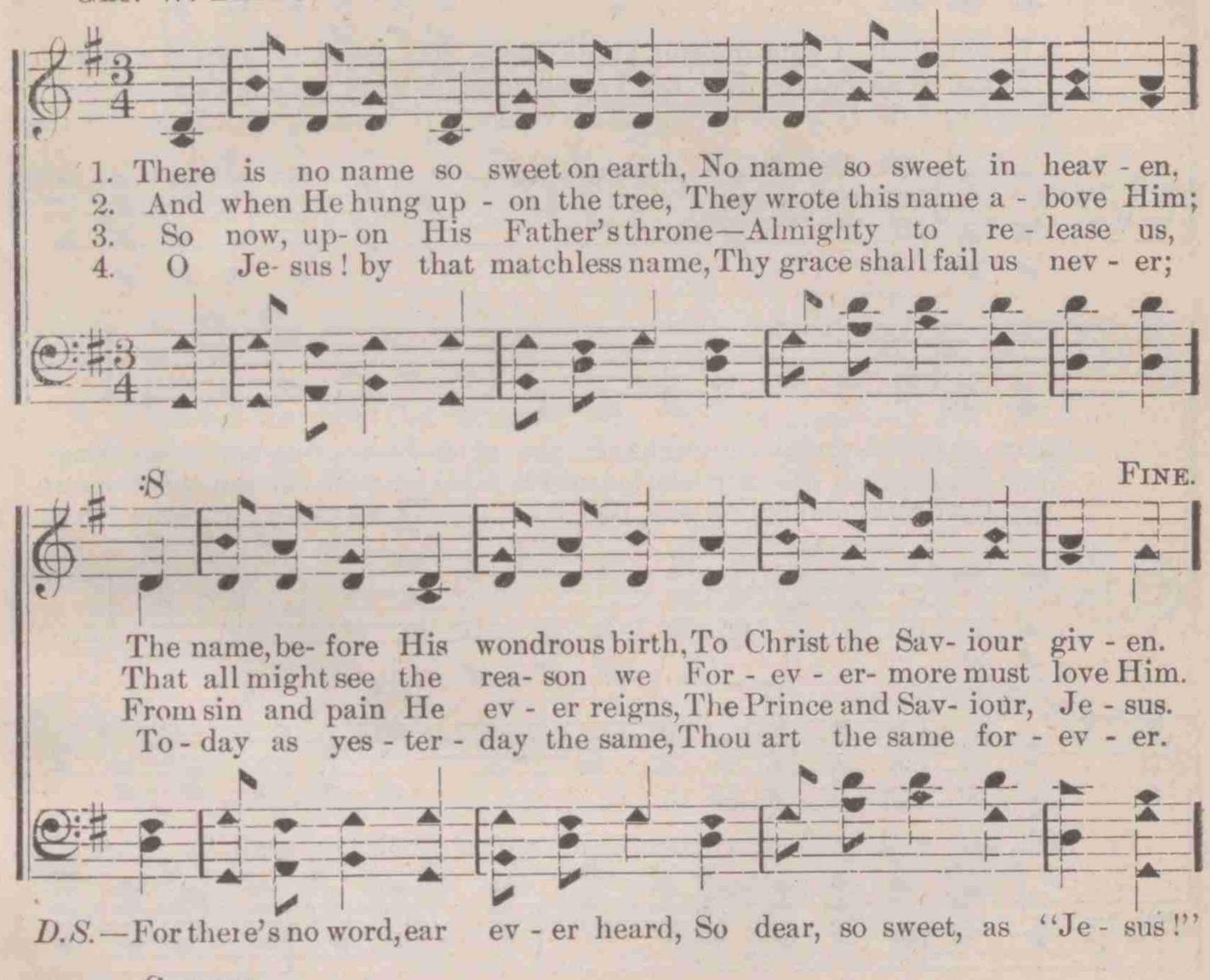
BLOW THE TRUMPET, WATCHMAN.—Concluded.



No. 25. THE SWEETEST NAME.

GEO. W. BETHUNE. J. H. HALL.



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No. 26. THE SUNSHINE SONG.

"Unto you that fear His name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in His wings."—Malachi 6: 2.

J. D. T. Rev. JOHN D. TUSSEY.

1. Since my Sav-iour came to stay, Since He drove my night a - way,
2. When He found me in my sin, Doubt and fear had en - tered in,
3. Oh, what peace we may en- joy! And in praise our tongues em-ploy,

I am glad- ly sing-ing sun- shine songs; For my soul is filled with light,
I was weak, but my dear Lord was strong: Quickly bade my fears de-part,
Sing-ing dai - ly sweet-est sun-shine songs; If we walk with Him each day,

Clear or cloud-y, day or night, I am glad- ly sing-ing sun-shine songs.
Then He came in - to my heart, And He filled me with the sun-shine songs.
In the bright and happy way, We'll be dai- ly sing-ing sun-shine songs.

CHORUS.

Oh, my soul is filled with sun-shine songs! Oh, my soul is filled with

sun - shine songs! I am free from all my care, And there's

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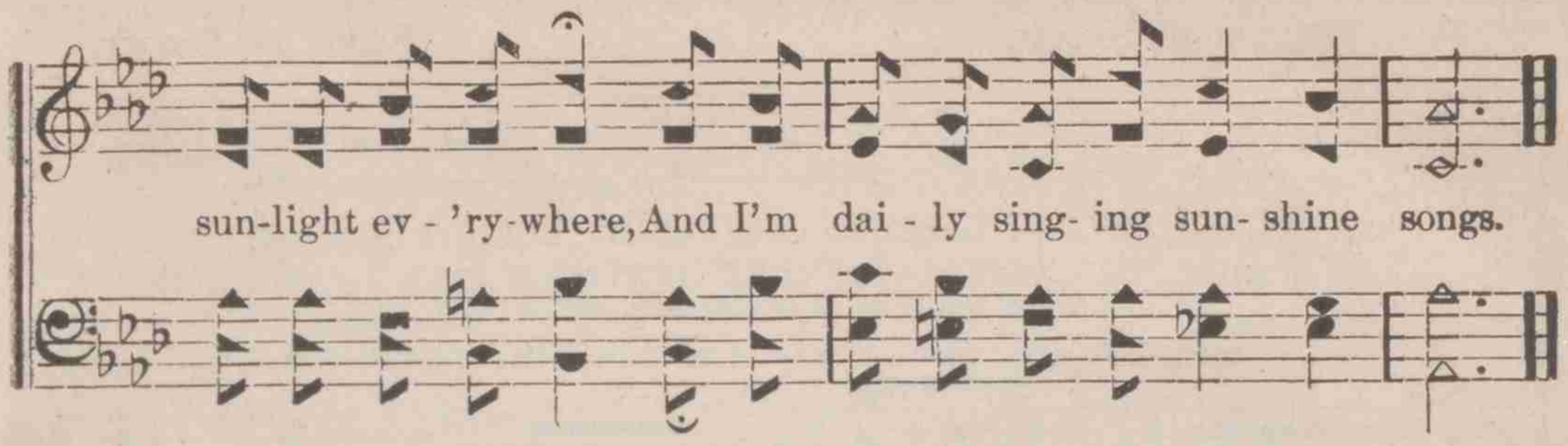
THE SUNSHINE SONG.--Concluded.



No. 27. OLD TIME POWER.

"They were all filled with the Holy Ghost."—Acts 2: 4.

C. D. T. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

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No. 28. A CLEAN HEART.

Rev. WALTER C. SMITH. FRED. H. BYSHE.

1. One thing I of the Lord de - sire, For all my path hath mir- y been,
2. If clear-er vis - ion Thou im- part, Grateful and glad my soul shall be;
3. Yea, on - ly as this heart is clean May larg-er vis - ion yet be mine,
4. I watch to shun the mir - y way, And stanch the springs of guilt-y thought,

Be it by wa - ter or by fire, O make me clean, O make me clean.
But yet to have a pur - er heart Is more to me, Is more to me.
For mirrored in its depths are seen The things di-vine, The things di-vine.
But, watch and struggle as I may, Pure I am not, Pure I am not.

rit.

rit.

REFRAIN.

So wash me, Thou, without, within, Or purge with fire, if that must be,
Wash me Thou, without, within, Or purge with fire if that must be,

rit.

No matter how, if on-ly sin Die out in me, Die out in me.
Anyhow, if only sin Die out in me, Die out, die out in me.

Die in me.

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No. 29. THE GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

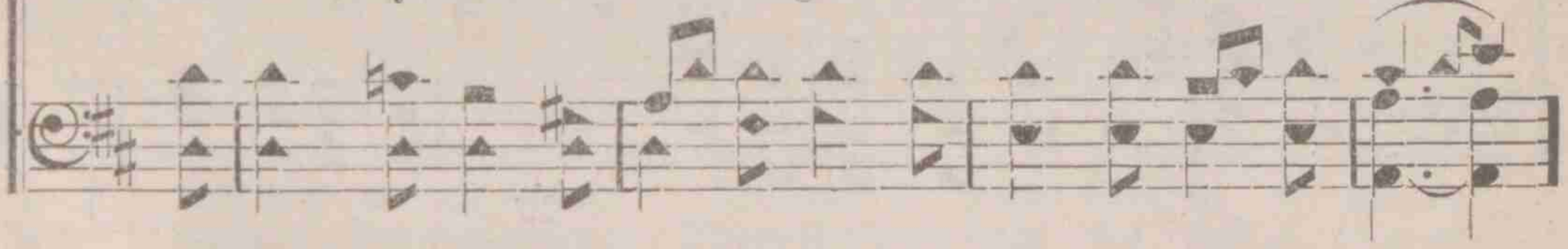
"And they took Jesus and led Him away." John 19 : 16.

Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER. J. H. HALL.

Slowly and with expression.

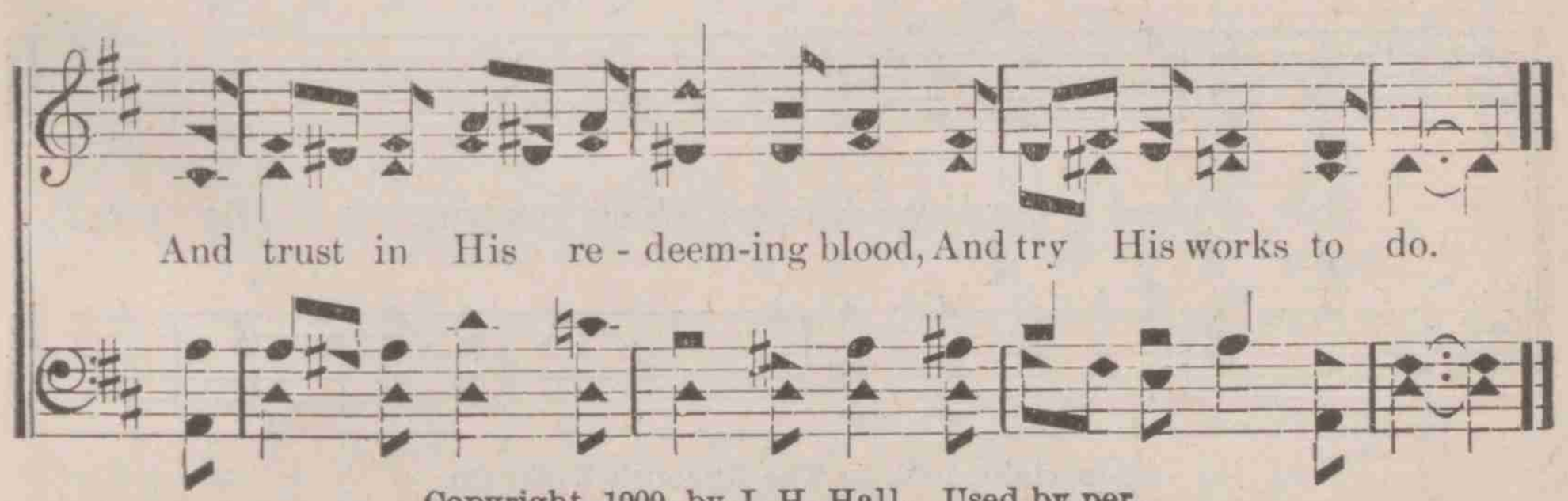
1. There is a green hill far a- way, With-out a cit - y wall,
2. We may not know, we can - not tell, What pain He had to bear,
3. He died that we might be forgiv'n He died to make us good,
4. There was no oth - er good enough To pay the price of sin,

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.....
But we be- lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fered there.....
That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His precious blood.....
He on - ly could un- lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.....



CHORUS.

Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved! And we must love Him too, ...



And trust in His re - deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.

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No. 30. WON'T YOU TRUST HIS LOVE?

JAMES ROWE. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. Soul be-neath a bur-den bending, Je - sus is His arms ex-tend-ing;
2. Lone-ly broth - er, Christ is near you, If you whis - per He will hear you,
3. Christ is near, O soul in sor-row, Com-fort sweet you now may borrow,
4. Pa- tient-ly He waits to brighten All your life, your joys to heighten,

Help to ma - ny He is lend-ing; Won't you trust His love?
He a - lone can guide and cheer you; Won't you trust His love?
Cheer and glad- ness for the morrow; Won't you trust His love?
He your bur - den longs to light-en; Won't you trust His love?

CHORUS.

Let Him save you while you may, Let Him take your sins a- way;

He is plead - ing night and day; Won't you trust His love?

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No. 31. BEAUTIFUL ZION.

T. J. Cook.

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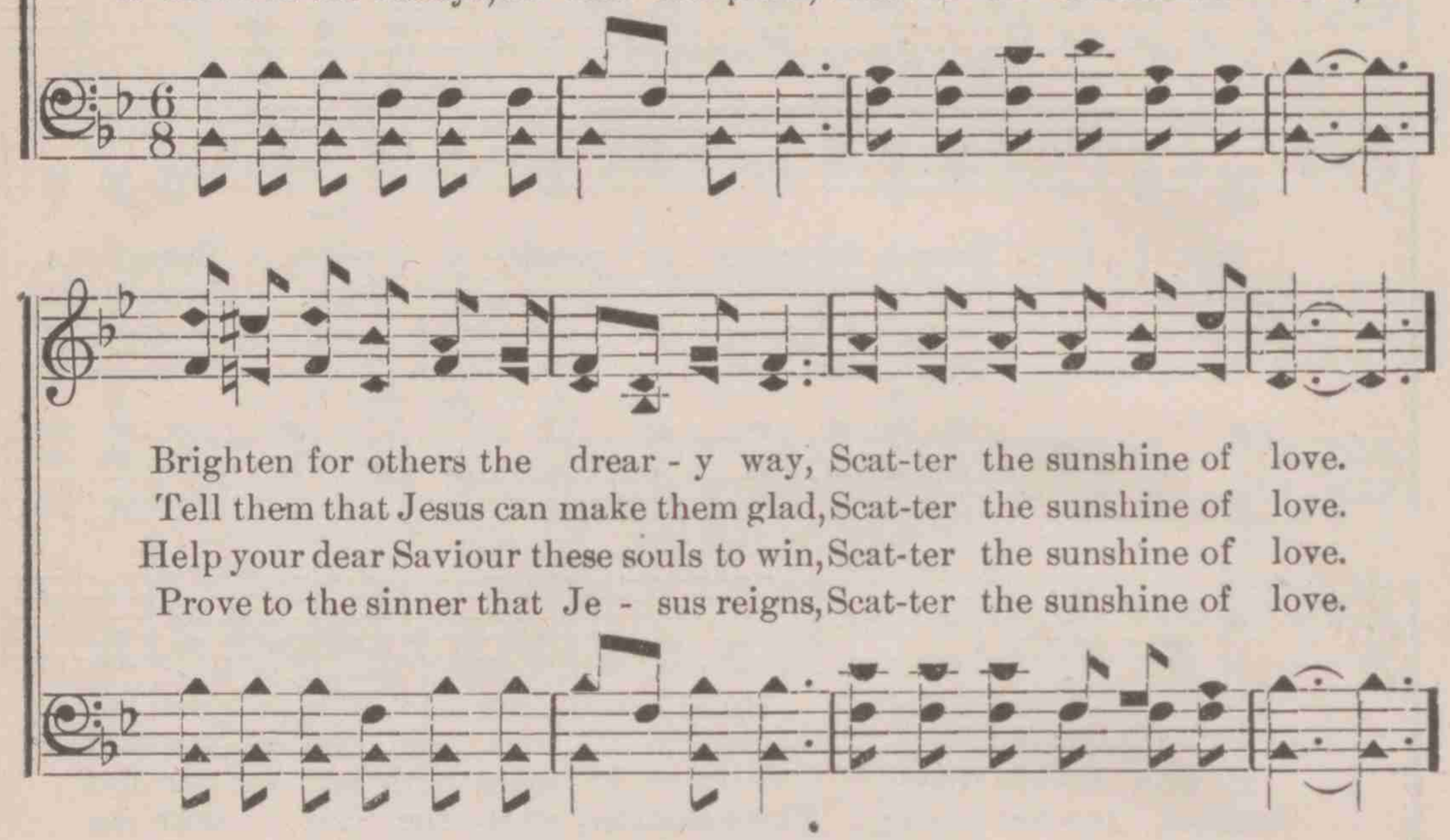
No. 32. SCATTER THE SUNSHINE OF LOVE.

JAMES ROWE. J. H. RUEBUSH.

1. As you go onward from day to day, Scat-ter the sunshine of love;
2. Many are friendless and worn and sad, Scat-ter the sunshine of love;
3. Many are burdened with doubt and sin, Scat-ter the sunshine of love;
4. Down in the valleys, on hills and plains, Scat-ter the sunshine of love;

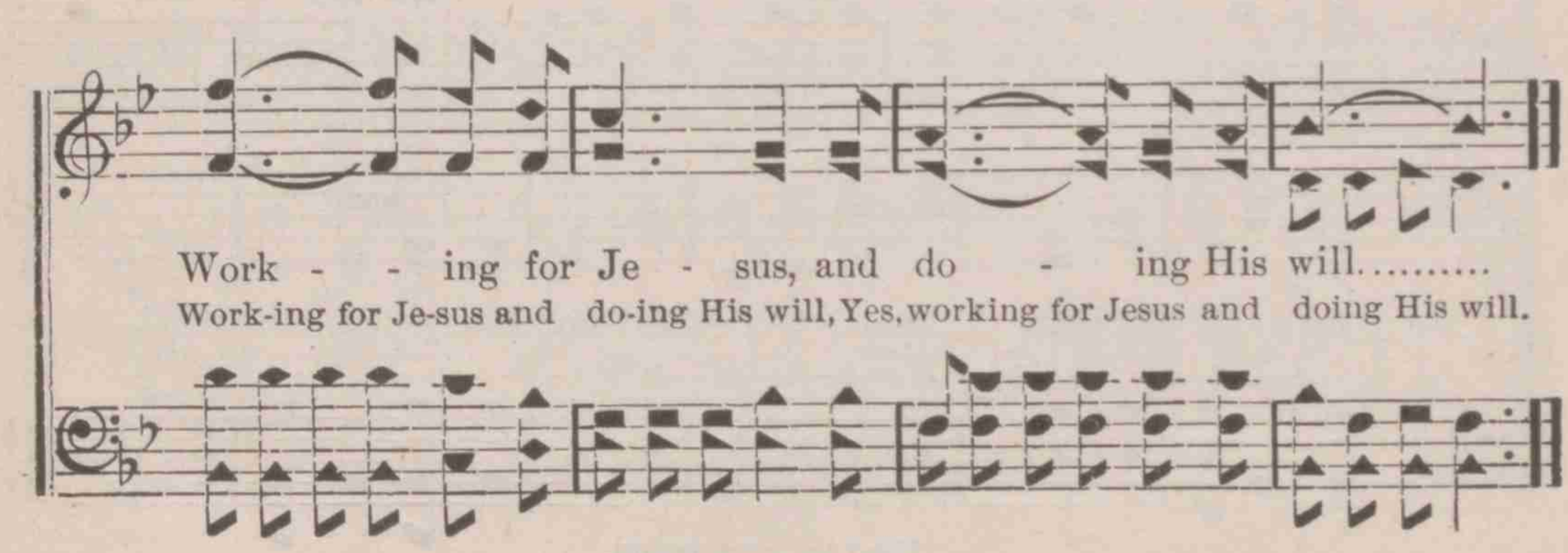


Brighten for others the drear - y way, Scat-ter the sunshine of love.
Tell them that Jesus can make them glad, Scat-ter the sunshine of love.
Help your dear Saviour these souls to win, Scat-ter the sunshine of love.
Prove to the sinner that Je - sus reigns, Scat-ter the sunshine of love.

CHORUS.

Scat - - ter the sun - shine The sun - shine of love;
Scatter the sunshine, the sunshine of love, Yes, scatter the sunshine, the sunshine of love.

Work - - ing for Je - sus, and do - ing His will.....
Work-ing for Je-sus and do-ing His will, Yes, working for Jesus and doing His will.



No. 33. PRESS ON.

GEO P. HOTT. E. MCINTOSH CULLOM.

1. In the con-flict's bit-ter strife, 'Mid the toils of earth- ly life, With your
2. Though the en - e-my as-sail, In His strength you can prevail, 'Tis by
3. O - pen wide, the pearl-y gates, Stand to wel- come and a- wait, 'Till the

faith and cour-age al- most gone; Lift your heart to heav'n above, Trust in
faith the vic- to- ry is won; For the bless- ed truth contend, And His
earthworn, weary pil- grims come; Thither press with ea - ger feet, And the

Je - sus' con-stant love, He will prove the help you need, press on.
ho - ly name de- fend, You shall tri-umph in the end, press on.
"loved and lost ones" greet, 'Mid the beau - ty of our Fa-ther's Home.

CHORUS.

Press on, press on, to God be true. In the city bright and fair
Press on, press on, to God be true,

That a- wait- eth o- ver there, Are the mansions He prepared for you.

No. 34. THE DEBT OF LOVE I OWE.

W. H. R. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

1. When the fleeting pleasure of this passing world is done, And the day's full
2. When our eyes are opened and undimmed at last be-hold, Canaan's matchless
3. When no lon-ger hid-den are the loved ones gone before, Who have crossed the

rit. *atempo.*

glo- ry fades a- way at set of sun, With our earth life ending and we
beau-ty half its glo-ries yet un- told, Where the dead in Christ are raised and
riv- er and now wait us on the shore, When with them we gather in that

rall.

en- ter at the gate, To re-ceive a welcome from the love ones who await.
living saints all be, Caught up from earths shadows to a glad e - ter- ni- ty.
land of blissful song, Join them in that swelling chorus, with a raptured tongue.

QUARTETTE OR CHORUS.

When the mystic veil that hides our sight, Has been rifted and we see a-right,

Then, then on - ly will we true-ly know, What a debt of love we owe.

we-owe.

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No. 35. I KNOW THERE IS JOY IN MY SAVIOUR.

MRS. MARY BROWN SHUSS. KARL V. BROWN.

1. I know there is joy in my Sav - iour, He giveth His light and His cheer,
2. I know there is peace in my Sav - iour, That nothing on earth takes away,
3. I know there is rest in my Sav - iour, To Him when a-wea-ry I go.
4. I know there is light in my Sav - iour, For heav-en-ly sunlight I see,

My heart is for- ev-er re - joic - ing, His perfect love casteth out fear.
Oft Sa-tan may buffet, but Je - sus Still saves me and keeps me each day.
And casting on Him all my bur - den, Sweet rest He doth freely be-stow.
This world is a heaven with Je - sus, Sweet foretaste of heaven to me.

CHORUS.

Yes there is joy none can destroy, Joy peace and rest in my Saviour,
Yes,..... there is joy..... There is

Yes there is joy, none can destroy, Joy in my Saviour and King.
Yes,..... there is joy..... there is

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No. 36. ROCK OF AGES.

ELD. WM. H. CROUSE. J. H. HALL.

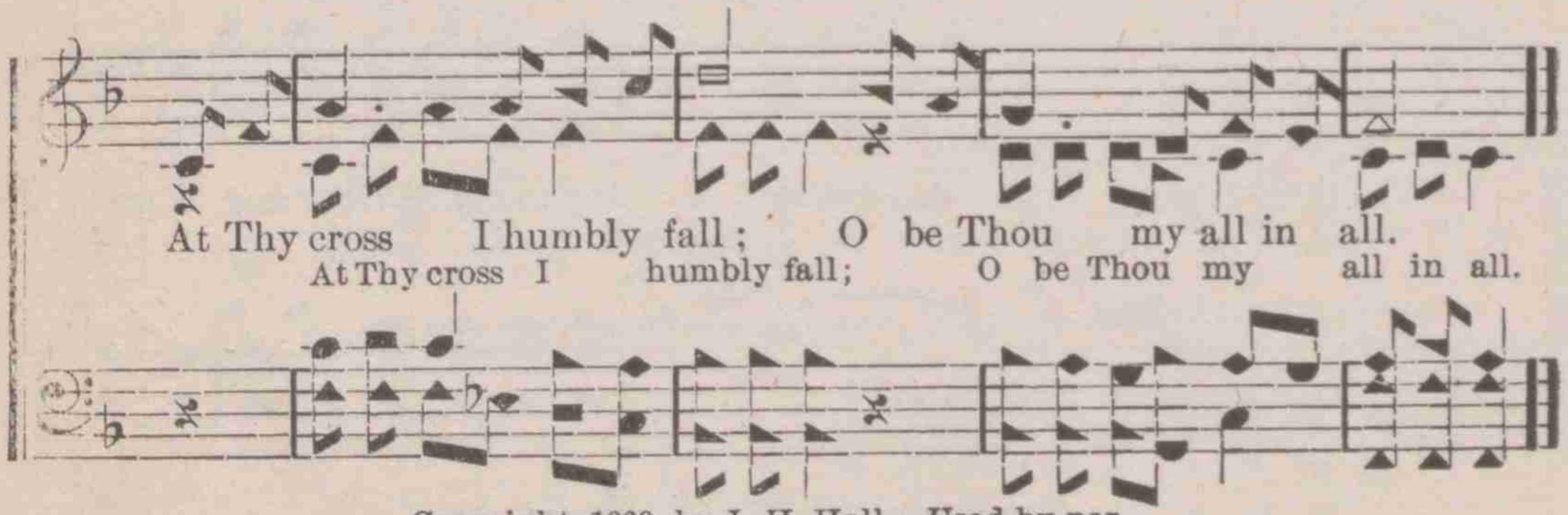
1. Rock of A - ges wilt Thou be, Cleft for guilt - y ones like me?
2. Rock of A - ges, dear to me, Let me shel - ter safe in Thee;
3. While the waves around me roll, Passing o'er the treach'rous shoal,
4. Soon I'll close my eyes in death; While I draw this fleeting breath,
5. Lord, by faith I now can see Cleansing blood that flows for me;

1. Rock of A - ges wilt Thou be, Cleft for guilt - y ones like me?

May I peace and comfort find? I am poor and weak and blind.
O-pen Thou and take me in, Cleanse me now from ev'ry sin.
Chart and com - pass be to me, Rock of A - ges, pi-lot me.
Lord, as- sure me there shall be Shelter in this Rock for me;
Joy and peace have filled my soul, Sheltered in Thy blissful fold.
May I peace and comfort find? I am poor and weak and blind.

CHORUS.

Je- sus, Lord, I look to Thee; Thou a - lone can shelter me;
Je-sus, Lord, I look to Thee; Thou a-lone can shel-ter me;



At Thy cross I humbly fall; O be Thou my all in all.
At Thy cross I humbly fall; O be Thou my all in all.

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No. 37. FOLLOW ME.

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

Thoughtfully.

1. Hear the bless - ed Sav - iour say, Fol - low Me, fol - low Me,
2. When the tempt- er's voice is heard, Fol - low Me, fol - low Me,
3. Nev- er shall thy foes pre - vail, Fol - low Me, fol - low Me,

In the darkness and the day, Fol- low, fol - low Me. Fol - low tho' the
Rest up- on My Ho - ly Word Fol- low, fol - low Me. All thy doubts and
Nev-er shall My prom-ise fail, Fol- low, fol - low Me. Fol - low Me, let

tor-rents pour, Fol-low tho' the li - ons roar. Fol-low, I have gone be - fore;
fears I know, All thy wear-i - ness and woe; Forward humbly, bold-ly go,
naught al-lure, Fol-low Me, thy rest is sure Fol-low Me, it shall en - dure,

Chorus.

Hear Him say - ing

Fol-low, fol-low Me. Fol- low, fol-low, Fol-low, fol-low, Fol-low,

Oh, hear Him,

fol- low Me. Blessed Saviour, may we ev - er Fol- low, fol- low Thee.

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No. 38. OVER THE SEA.

F. A. M. (Missionary.) Frank A. Miller.

Earnestly.

1. Carry the news to our, brothers so brown, O- ver the sea, o - ver the sea;
2. Has- ten the tidings they've waited so long, O- ver the sea, o - ver the sea;
3. White is the harvest, and Christ leads the way, O- ver the sea, o - ver the sea;

Dark-ness and tyr- an- y crushing them down, O - ver the roll- ing sea.....
Wait- ed in blindness, op-pression, and wrong, O - ver the roll- ing sea.....
Go with His message of mer- cy to- day, O - ver the roll- ing sea.....

roll-ing sea.

rit. e dim.

f

Hear you their call as they sig - nal a - far, "Tell us of peace; we are
Tell them the sto - ry, so sim - ple and plain; Of the Re-deem - er on
Tell them of *love*, and their sin-ning will cease; Tell them of *home*, and of

wea - ry of war; Bring us your Sav - iour, the bright Morning Star,"
Cal - va - ry slain; Tell them of rest from their sor - row and pain,
free- dom and *peace*; Tell them His king- dom must ev - er in- crease,

Chorus.

O - ver the roll - ing sea. O - - ver the roll - ing sea.
O-ver the roll-ing, the roll - ing sea.

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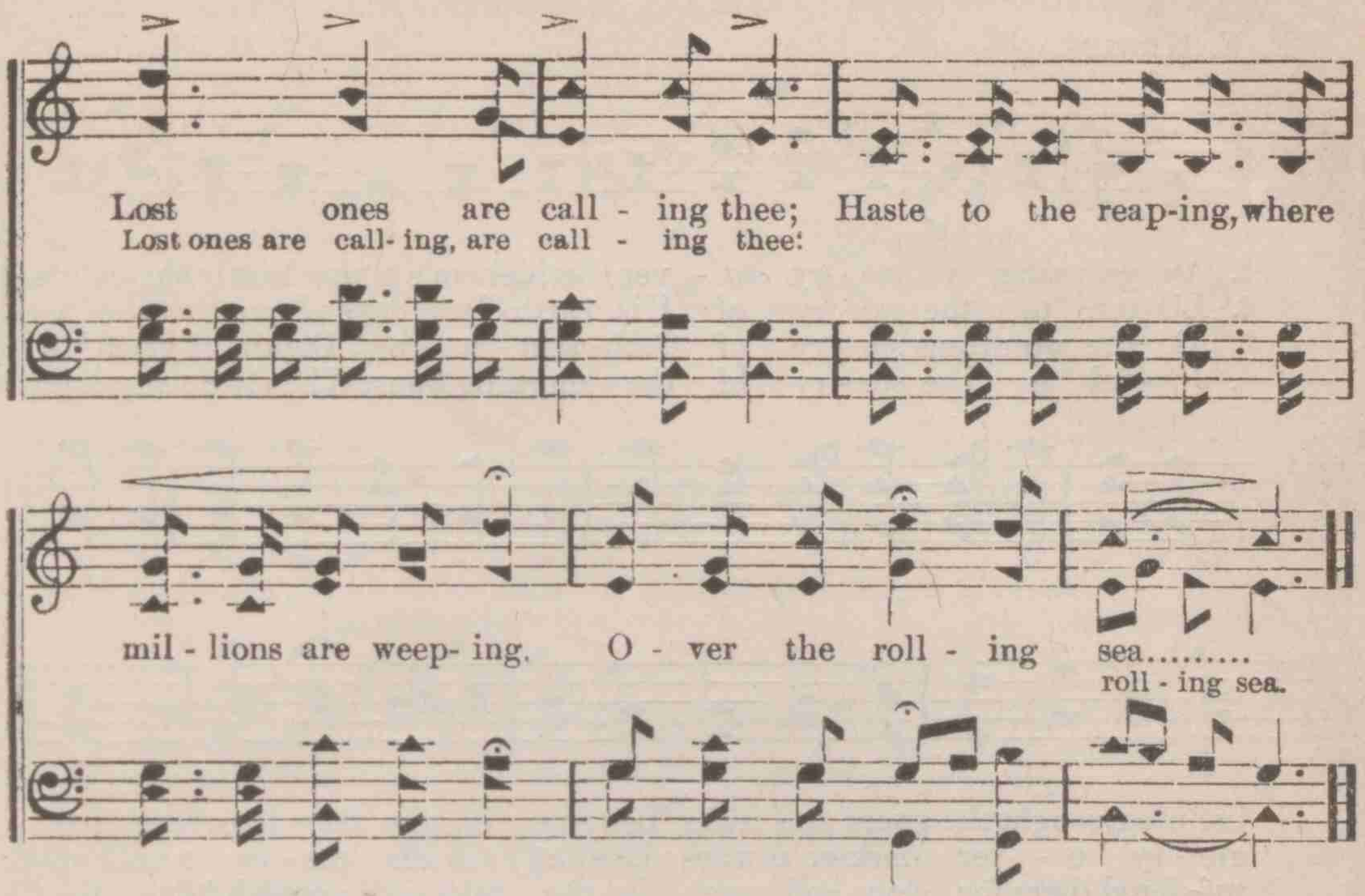


No. 39. SOMETIME.

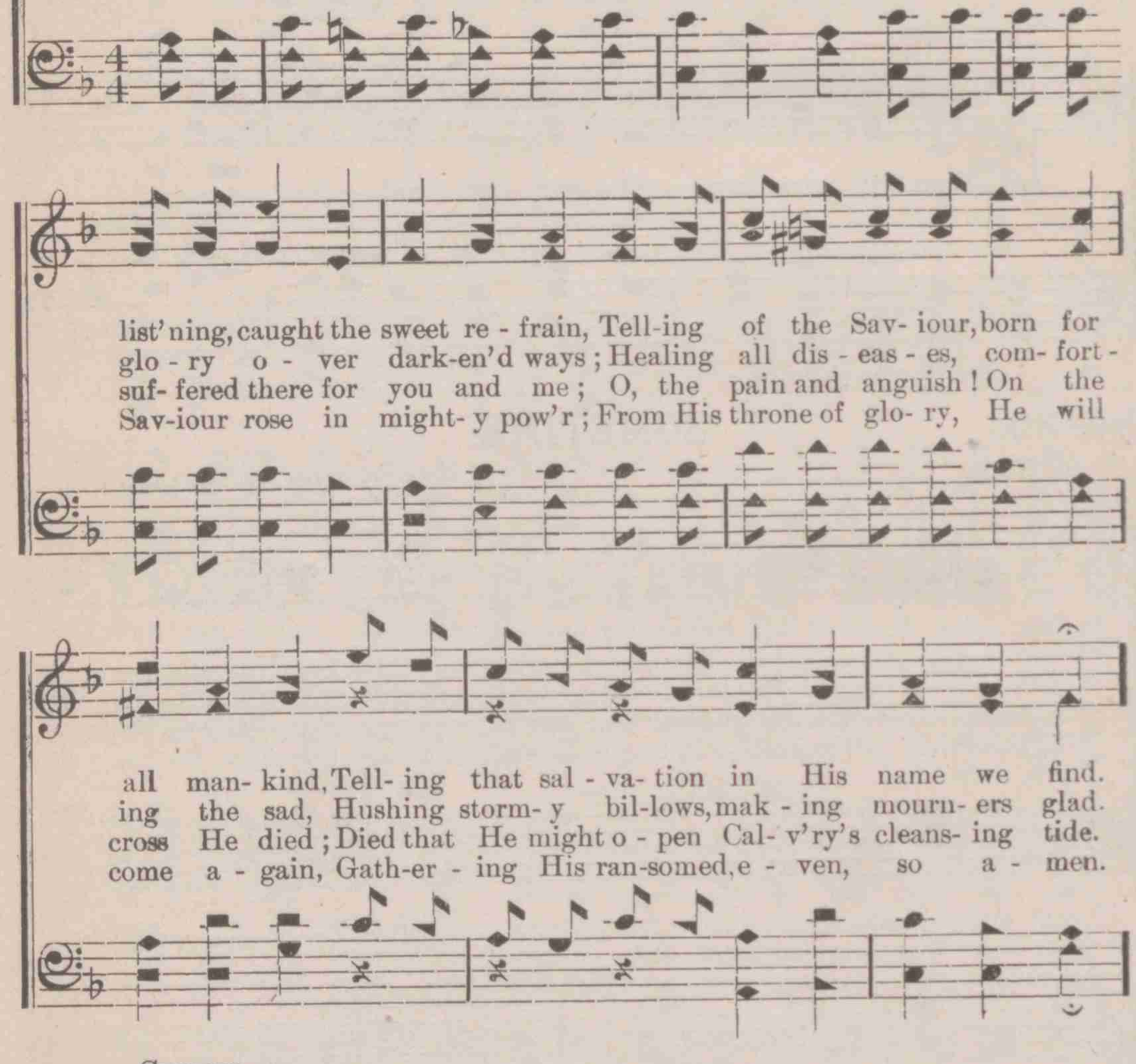
S. W. B. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

By permisson of the Author.

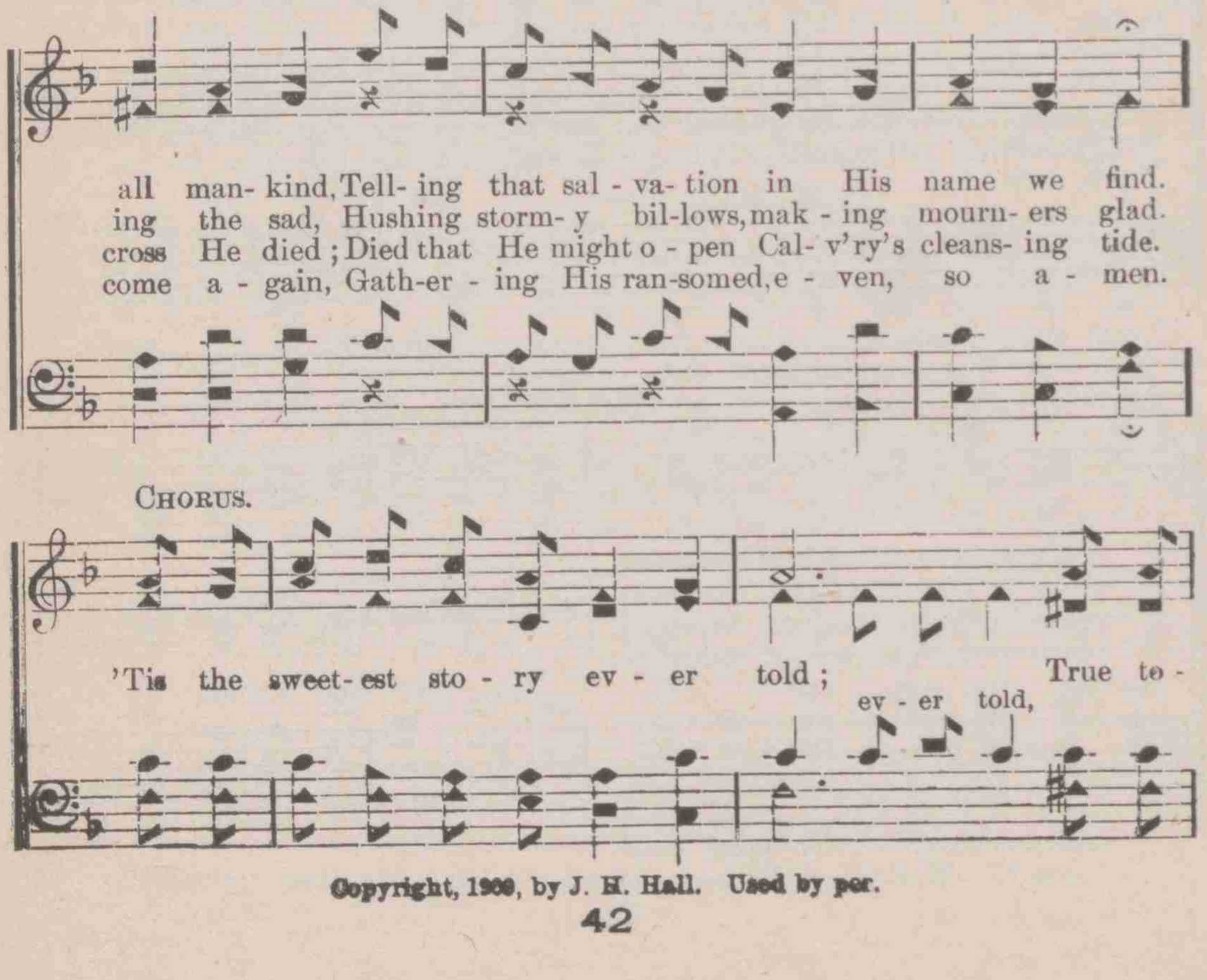
No. 40. 'TIS THE SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD.

E. E. HEWITT. J. H. HALL.

1. An- gels sang a sto - ry o - ver Bethlehem's plain; Lowly shepherds,
2. Lis- ten to the sto - ry of His earth- ly days; Love, that shed a
3. O, the wondrous sto - ry of Geth- sem - a - ne! Depths of grief He
4. Joy- ful is the sto - ry of the morning hour, When the conquering



list'ning, caught the sweet re - frain, Tell-ing of the Sav- iour, born for
glo - ry o - ver dark-en'd ways; Healing all dis - eas - es, com- fort -
suf- fered there for you and me; O, the pain and anguish! On the
Sav-iour rose in might- y pow'r; From His throne of glo- ry, He will



all man- kind, Tell- ing that sal - va- tion in His name we find.
ing the sad, Hushing storm- y bil-lows, mak - ing mourn- ers glad.
cross He died; Died that He might o - pen Cal- v'ry's cleans- ing tide.
come a - gain, Gath-er - ing His ran-somed, e - ven, so a - men.

CHORUS.

'Tis the sweet- est sto - ry ev - er told; True to -
ev - er told,

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'TIS THE SWEETEST STORY, etc.—Concluded.

day as in the days of old; Dear old sto - ry of re -
days of old;

deeming love! Sing it till we see His face a - bove.
wondrous love, His face a- bove.

No. 41. MY HAND IN THINE.

E. E. Hewitt. W. H. Doane.

1. Lord, I come to Thee in pray'r, Keep me ev - er in Thy care,
2. Let Thy strong up- holding might, Gird me for the dai - ly fight,
3. To my neigh-bor I would bring, Cups of bless- ing from the spring,
4. While I pass thro' sun and show'r, Be Thou near me ev - 'ry hour,

Fine.

Guide me thro' a stran - ger-land, Bless - ed Sav - iour, hold my hand.
Help me ev - 'ry foe withstand, Bless - ed Sav - iour, hold my hand.
Gush- ing mid the des - ert sand, Bless - ed Sav - iour, hold my hand.
Till I reach that Bet - ter Land, Bless - ed Sav - iour, hold my hand.

D.S.—Lead me in the paths of love, Till I see Thy face a - bove.

Chorus. *D.S.*

Sav- iour, hold my hand in Thine, Let Thy light up - on me shine,

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No. 42. TEMPERANCE ARMY SONG.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

UNISON. *Tempo di marcia.*

1. We're march-ing on to cap- ture The cit - a - del of woe;
2. A bright hope cheers us on- ward, And glad- dens all our days:
3. Through dar- ing, toil, and dan - ger, Till strength and life are done,

Our ma - ny foes are might- y, But vic - t'ry we shall know.
That sad ones may be smil - ing, And sing a song of praise.
We'll give the world a bless - ing, And sing of vic- t'ry won.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

We're march - ing, march - ing Joy - ous - ly march-ing a -
marching on, were marching on, were

long With tem-p'rance on our ban - ner, we are
marching along

march - ing
march - ing on, We're march- ing with a pur - pose true and strong.

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No. 43. THE DAISIES' WAY.

FLORA KIRKLAND. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. Dais - ies by the roadside gleam, Dais - ies on the hillside glow;
2. Heark - en while the dais-ies tell, How they make the world so bright,
3. Smil - ing if the sun shines out, Smil - ing if the sky looks gray;

Mead - ows clad in whiteness seem, Covered with a fall of snow.
Do - ing lit- tle du-ties well, Simply trust-ing day and night.
Nev - er looking down in doubt, Let us try the dais - ies' way.

CHORUS.

Trust-ing, Smil-ing, E - ven though the sky looks gray;

rit.....

Trust-ing, Smil- ing, Let us try the dais - ies' way.

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No. 44. ALL THE GLORY THAT I ASK.

W. H. R. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

1. My heart is sing- ing all day long, (is sing-ing,) And may this
2. My heart is sing- ing all day long, (is sing-ing,) As to my
3. My heart is sing- ing all day long, (is sing-ing,) My Sav - iour

ev - er be its task, (its gracious task,) My Saviour's pre-sence there to
Lord my vows I pay, (my vows I pay,) For through His cov-e - nant and
walks close by my side, (close by my side,) May He be ev - er my best

feel, (His pre-sence,) Is all the glo - ry that I ask. (I ask.)
blood, (shed tru - ly,) My sins have all been washed a - way. (a - way.)
friend, (so near me,) And in my heart for e'er a - bide. (a - bide.)

CHORUS.

A heart that singeth all day long, Allowed in His dear smile to bask,
all day long, smile to bask,

Imbued with love in faith made strong, Is all the glory that I ask.
faith made strong, I ask.

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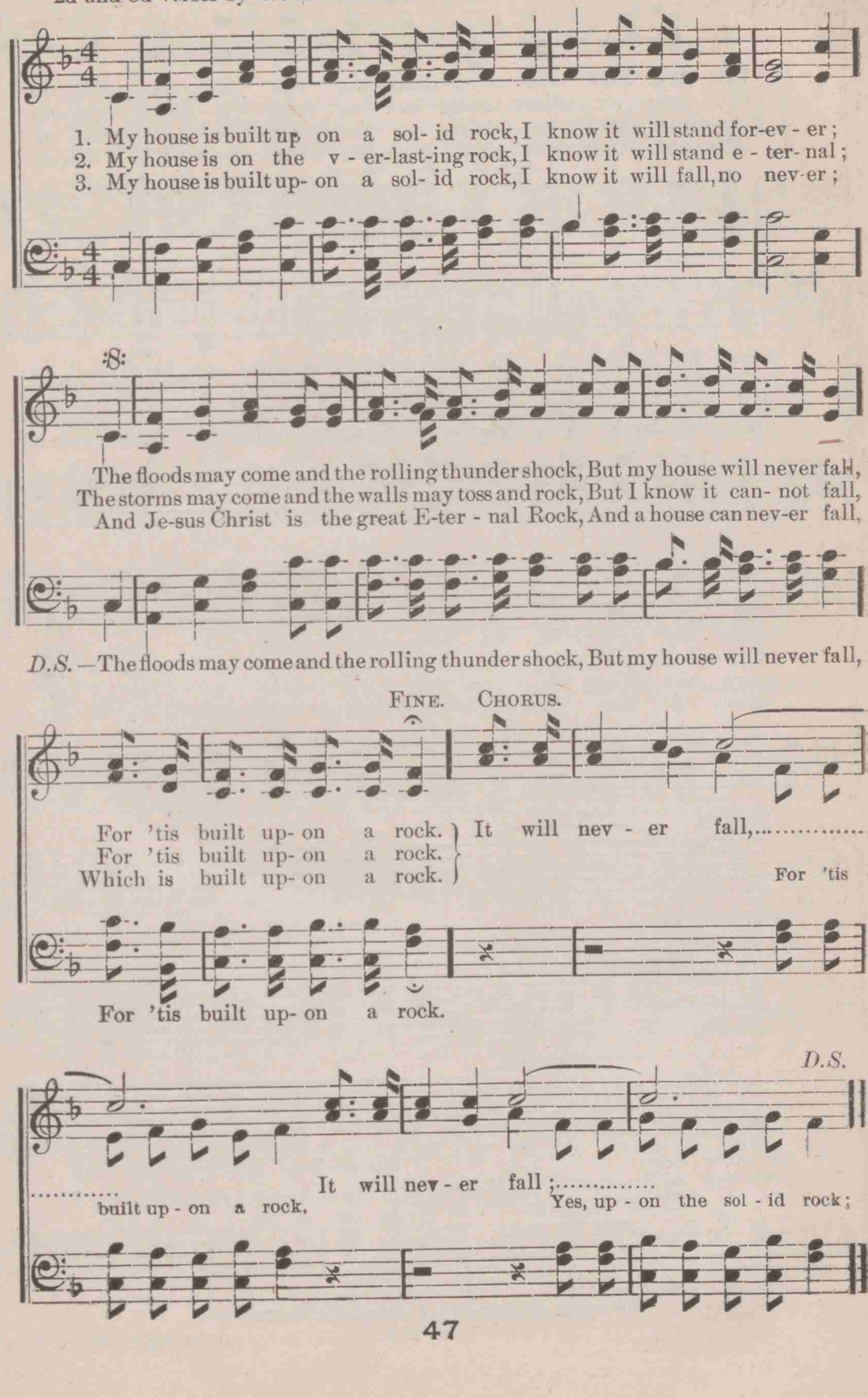
No. 45. THE HOUSE UPON A ROCK.

ORLANDO.
2d and 3d verses by W. H. MORRIS. W. H. MORRIS. By per.



No. 46. WE LOVE THE GOSPEL FLAG.

JAMES ROWE. W. HERBERT SUMRALL.

1. Lift - ing high the cross, think- ing not of loss, We are
2. We are sol - diers young, but our faith is strong, And our
3. Though be hard the strife, on the plains of life, And we
3. He our souls will shield, while the sword we wield, When the

bound for fields of glo - ry, And our eyes are bright and our
hearts with love o'er - flow - ing; We shall have no fear when our
will doubt our Lead - er nev - er, We want to sing when they
bat - tle fierce - ly rag - es; Then, when ends the strife, bless- ed

hearts are light, For we sing love's sweet, old sto - ry.
foes ap - pear, For to vic - t'ry we are go - ing.
crown him King O - ver all the world for - ev - er.
crowns of life We shall wear through count - less a - ges.

CHORUS.

Marching on..... And be-hind we nev - er lag;
Marching on, on, on, with the Mighty One,

Marching on..... For we love the gos - pel flag.
Marching on, on, on, with the Mighty One

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No. 47. FOLLOW THE LEADER OF THE WORLD.

JAMES ROWE. J. B. SMITH.

1. We are go - ing out to bat - tle, with our ban - ners all unfurled,
2. Hav- ing faith that will not wav- er we are go - ing out to fight,
3. We will sing a - bout His mer - cy, we will praise His boundless grace,

Go- ing forth to con-quer sin; He who safe - ly leads us on-ward is the
For the crown that waits a-bove; We will light-en heav-y bur-dens, make the
To the sin - ful, lone and sad, Till the need- y of the na-tions all shall

CHORUS.

Lead-er of the world, So we know that we shall win.
drear-y valleys bright, With the precious light of love.
seek His holy face And the whole wide world be glad.
} Keep the cross held high,

soldiers true and brave, Bravely onward go, precious souls to save; Till from

ev - 'ry heart sin and doubt he hurled, Fol- low the Lea-der of the world.

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No. 48. WE WILL SING HALLELUJAH TOGETHER.

Miss JENNIE WILSON. GEO. W. SIDES.

1. It is sweet to u - nite here in prais - es Of the Sav - iour we
2. When the tri - als of time are all end - ed, And the wear - i - some
3. As we look on the beau-ties of heav - en, In the light of that
4. Thro' the flight of e - ter - ni - ty's a - ges, In the cho - rus di -

love and a - dore, And we'll sing hal - le - lu - jah to - geth - er,
con - flict is done, We will sing with re - joic - ing for - ev - er
glo - ri - ous place, We will sing with a rap - ture un - ceas - ing
vine we will sing Hal - le - lu - jah to Him who redeemed us,

CHORUS.

When we meet on the heav - en - ly shore.
Of the triumph o'er sin we have won.
Of the won-der- ful rich - es of grace.
Hal- le - lu - jah to Je - sus, our King.

We will sing hal-le- lu- jah to

geth - er, When we gath - er around the great throne; We will sing hal - le -

lu - jah to-geth - er, Giv-ing hon - or to Je - sus a- lone. (a - lone.)

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No. 49. JOYFUL MEMORIES.

WM. H. CROUSE. J. H. HALL.

1. O hap-py day, O joy-ful hour, When first I felt the Saviour's pow'r,
2. My heart was fill'd with ho-ly love, My tho'ts all turn'd to things a-bove,
3. He leads me still in pastures green, In gold-en fields I still can glean,

Thy spir-it's voice I heard within, And Je-sus' blood cleans'd ev'ry stain.
All earth-ly pleasures ceas'd to charm, Sweet rest I found in Je-sus' arms.
From liv-ing streams I quench my thirst, In heav'n I'll rest when freed from earth.

CHORUS.

O hap-py day! sweet happy day! The tho't of thee brings joy to me;
Happy day! sweet happy day! Tho't of thee brings joy to me;
O hap-py day! sweet happy day! When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way.
Happy day! sweet happy day! Jesus wash'd my sins away, away.

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No. 50. WATCH AND PRAY.

Words arranged. (Mark 13 : 33.) J. B. HERBERT.

1. Ye ser- vants of the Lord, Ye serv- ants of the Lord, Each in His
2. Let all your lamps be bright, Let all your lamps be bright, And trim the
3. Watch ! 'tis the Lord's command, Watch ! 'tis the Lord's command, And while we
4. O hap - py serv-ant he, O hap - py serv-ant he, In such a

of - fice wait ; With joy o - bey His word, O - bey His heav'nly word, And
gold-en flame ; Be faith-ful in His sight, Be faith-ful in His sight, Be
speak He's near ; Be wait-ing, as ye stand, Be wait- ing, as ye stand, And
pas- ture found ; He shall with rapture see the Lord, with rapture see, And

CHORUS.

watch be - fore His gate.
ho - ly in His name.
read - y all ap - pear.
be with honor crowned.

} Watch, and wait, and pray, Let your lamps be trimmed and

burning brightly, Watch, and wait and pray, Let your lamps be trimmed and burning brightly,

For ye know not the day nor the hour When the Son of Man shall come.

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No. 51. THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION.

"Christ is the head of the church."—Eph. 5: 23.

Rev. S. J. STONE. S. S. WESLEY.

No. 52. SCATTER SUNSHINE.

W. H. R. W. H. RUEBUSH.

1. Scat-ter gleams of sunshines, a- long the pilgrim way, Some one may be
2. Make your life a bless - ing and one un-ending song, Strike the harp string
3. Help the bur-den bear- er that faints beneath a- cross, You can sooth thei

near you that needs a cheer-ing ray, Speak a word of com - fort to
glad - ly, let prais - es sweep a - long, There are hearts to quick- en, oh,
sor - row, and ban - ish pain or loss, Lead them from the val - ley of

wea- ry and op-prest, Holding up a brother, will make your own life blest.
strive to make them glad, Joy will be the har- vest for cheering up the sad.
shad-ow in - to day, Bear-ing oth-er's sor- row, will roll your own a- way.

CHORUS.

Scat - - ter gleams of sunshine ev-'ry day, Scatter gleams of
Scatter gleams of sun - shine ev - 'ry day, oh, scatter, Scat - ter,

sun- shine a- long the pil-grim way, Scat - - ter gleams of
Scat - ter gleams of sun - shine

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SCATTER SUNSHINE.—Concluded.

No. 53. I WONDER IF JESUS CARES?

W. W. McCord. Miss Myrtie Durrette.

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No. 54. JESUS, PRECIOUS JESUS.

W. H. CROUSE. J. H. HALL.

1. No friend like Je - sus! He a - lone my sins could bear; Not one could res-cue, me from dark de-spair. When the sword of justice would my guilt-y soul ap-pall, He the debt relinquished, free-ly paid it all.
2. O blood, so pre- cious, guilt - y sin - ners free - ly bought; O love e - ternal, now the ransomed sought; While in sin I wandered, wondrous grace–O depths untold– Turned my eyes toward heaven, brought me to Thy fold.
3. Je - sus, my Sav- iour, un - to Thee my life I owe; Help me, O my Master, Thy will to know; Tho' the cross be heav- y, and my strength be almost gone, Give me grace suf - fi-cient, gently lead a - long.
4. When death shall sum- mon me from earth to flee a - way, Then, O my Saviour, be near me I pray; Thro' the surging bil- lows, Jesus, wilt Thou safely guide, Land me safe in heav-en, ev - er - more a - bide.

CHORUS.

Je-sus, pre- cious Je - - - sus, Ever in my soul a - bide;
Je-sus, dearest Friend my soul a-bide.
Keep me, Sav - iour, keep.....me, Ev - er near Thy side.
keep me to life's end, near Thy side.

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No. 55. DO YOU THINK IT WORTH WHILE.

GEO. P. HOTT. CHAS. O. MILFORD.

1. Do you think it worth while that we talk of the way, That we strive all His coun- sels to prove? Do you think it worth while that we grow day by day
2. Do you think it worth while that your robes be made white In the blood of the Cru - ci- fied One? That the light of His presence should drive out the night
3. Do you think it worth while that you take up the cross And its bur- den of sor- row and care? If it win for your life though all else should be loss

CHORUS.

In the strength of His wonderful love?
And the work of redemption be done?
You a crown of re-joic- ing shall wear.
} Do you think it worth while that you an-chor your bark, Ere the storm in its fu - ry shall roll? Ere the night of despair o - ver-take un- a-ware, Do you think it worth while, O Soul?

By permission.

No. 56. SHINING IN THE WORD DIVINE.

E. E. HEWITT. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Pre-cious Bi - ble, book of life and light, Bless - ed com- fort,
2. Ours in glad - ness, mak - ing joys more dear; Ours in sad- ness,
3. Pre-cious Bi - ble, guide a - long the way; Heav-'nly man - na,
4. Pre-cious Bi - ble! while we jour- ney here, From its pag - es,

when we read a - right; God will show us hid - den
dark - ened skies to clear; Ours in con - flict, bat - tling
strength as is our day; Let us find there gain for
gain - ing hope and cheer; Till we gath - er in the

treas - ures there, Dai - ly, dai - ly, seek - ing them in pray'r.
for the right, Trust - ing, trust - ing, in the Sav-iour's might.
ev - 'ry loss, Look - ing, look - ing, to the lift - ed cross.
home a - bove, Sing - ing, sing - ing, God's re-deem - ing love.

CHORUS.

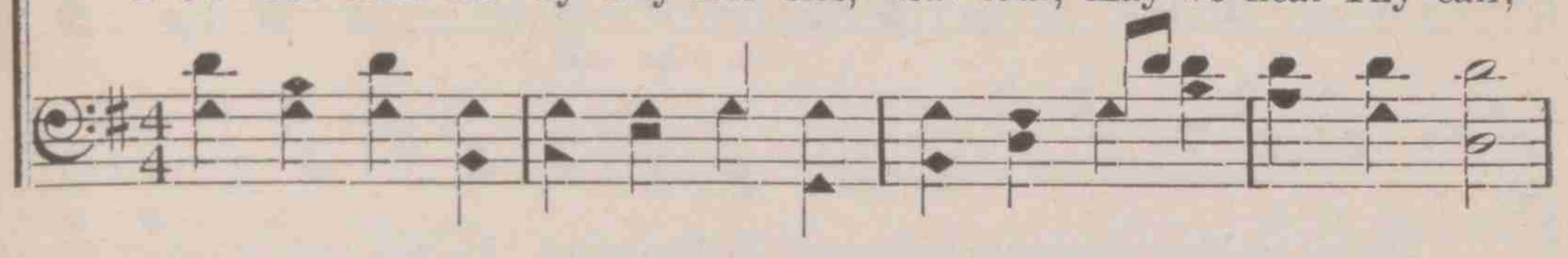
Light is shin-ing there, beau - ti- ful and fair, In the word di - vine;
Light is shin-ing there, mer-cy to declare; Wonderful book di-vine.

No. 57. JESUS CALLS US.

Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER.
Chorus by J. H. H.

J. H. HALL.

1. Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu- mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea;
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor- ship Of the vain world's golden store;
3. In our joys and in our sor- rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us! by Thy mer- cies, Sav-iour, may we hear Thy call;

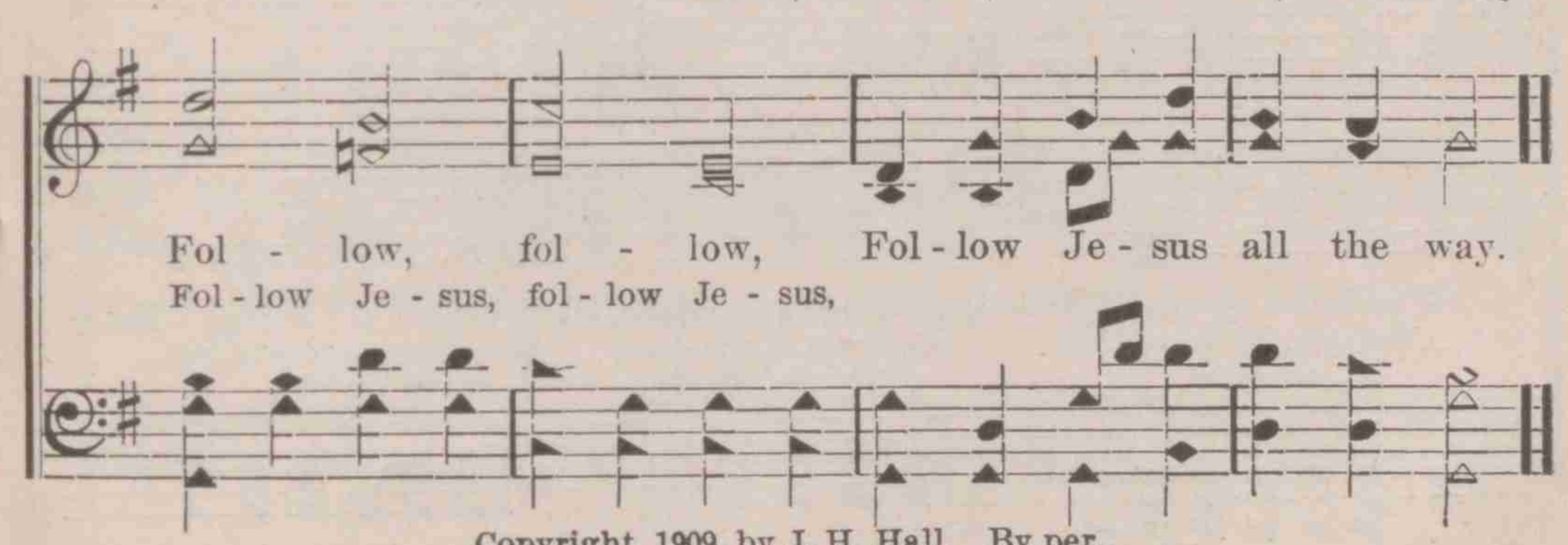


Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say - ing, Christian, fol - low me!
From each i - dol that would keep us,—Say - ing, Christian, love me more!
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,—Christian, love me more than these!
Give our hearts to Thy o - be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all!

CHORUS.

Fol - low, fol - low, Fol - low Je - sus ev - 'ry day,
Fol - low Je - sus, fol - low Je - sus,

Fol - low, fol - low, Fol - low Je - sus all the way.
Fol - low Je - sus, fol - low Je - sus,



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No. 58. THE BOLTED DOOR.

Rev. JOHN PARKER. Rev. 3: 20. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Do you know the bless- ed Sav- iour at the door? That He lin - gers
2. Do not keep Him lon- ger wait-ing at the door, Hear Him knocking
3. Will you close your heart against Him at the door? Will He not be
4. Oh, to think that Je - sus waits outside the door, He may leave you

there to bless you more and more? Will you not in- vite Him in, And His
call - ing loud-er than be- fore. Bid Him wel-come now within, Turn a -
all you need for- ev - er- more? He will take a- way your pride, Be your
to re- turn, no nev - er-more. Leave you hopeless and a- lone, With a

fel- lowship be- gin, He is wait- ing, knocking, call-ing at the door.
way from ev - 'ry sin, He will en - ter and the feast be ev - er-more.
nev - er fail- ing guide, To the mansions where the bless-ed ones a- dore.
heart as hard as stone, Haste to hear Him now and o - pen wide the door.

CHORUS.

He is wait - - ing, He is knocking at the door, He is
Wait- ing, He is wait-ing, knocking at the door,

wait - - ing, He is knocking at the door, He is wait - - ing, He is
Waiting, He is waiting, knocking at the door, Wait-ing, He is waiting,

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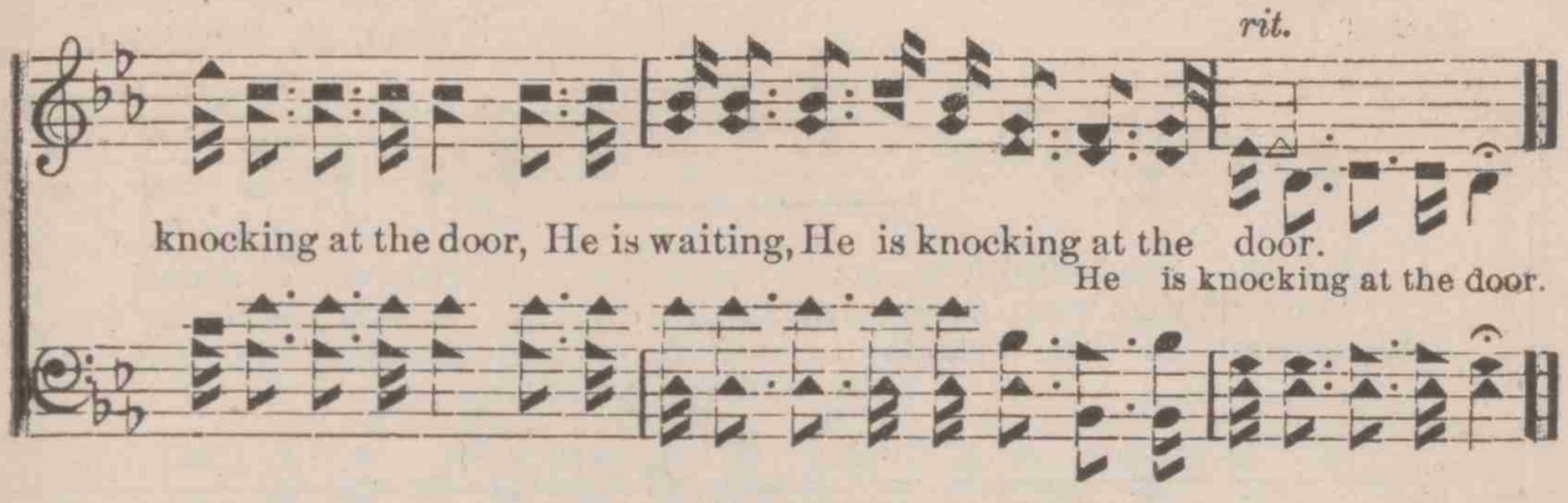
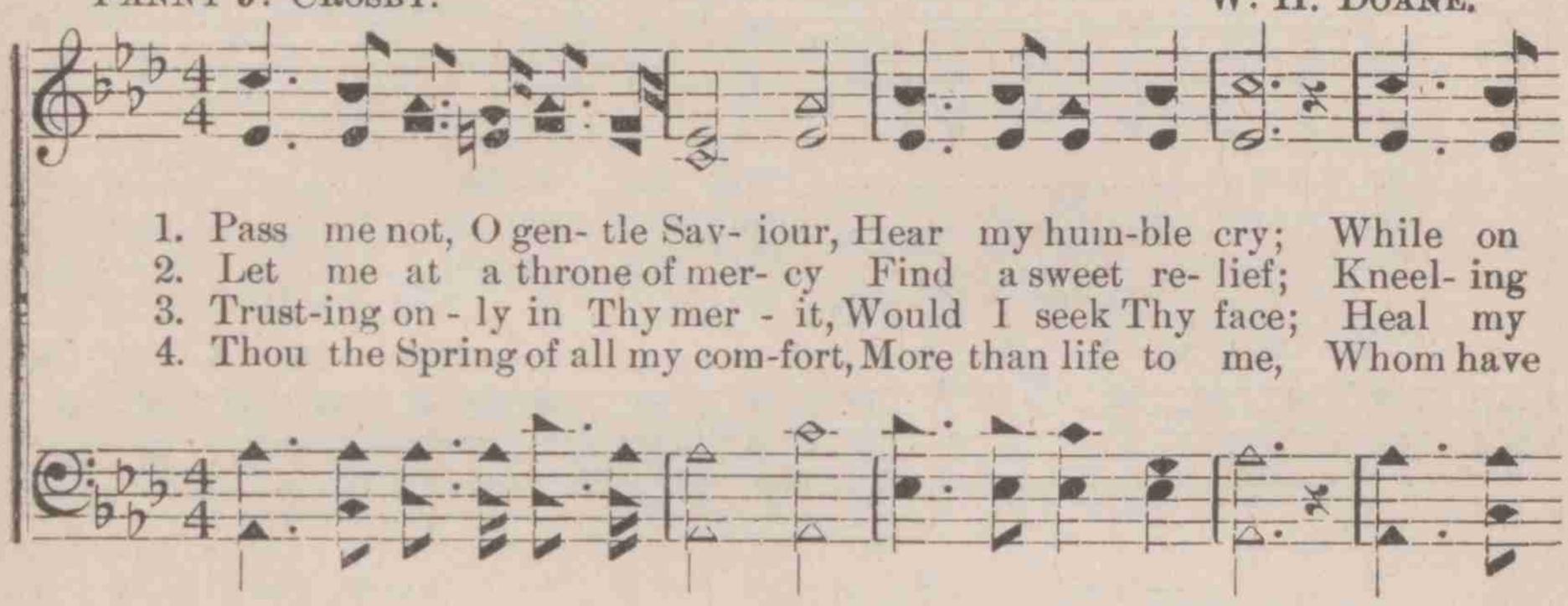
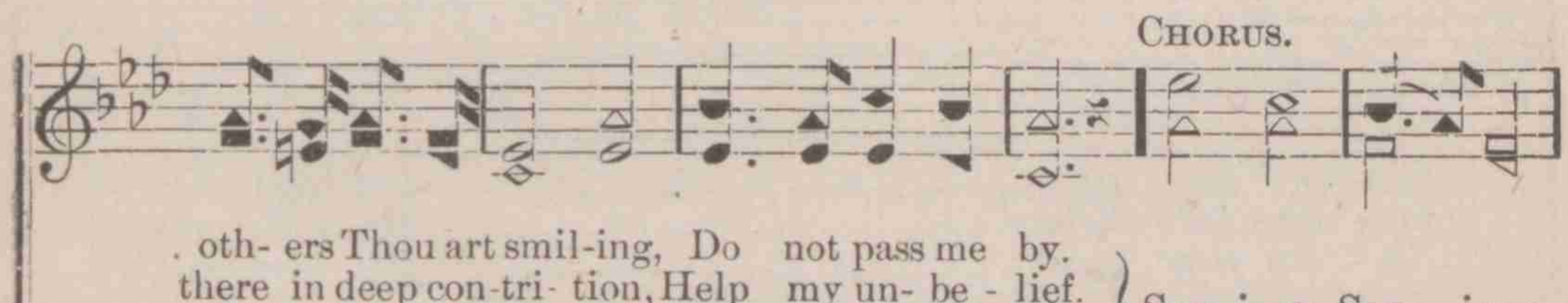
THE BOLTED DOOR.—Concluded.

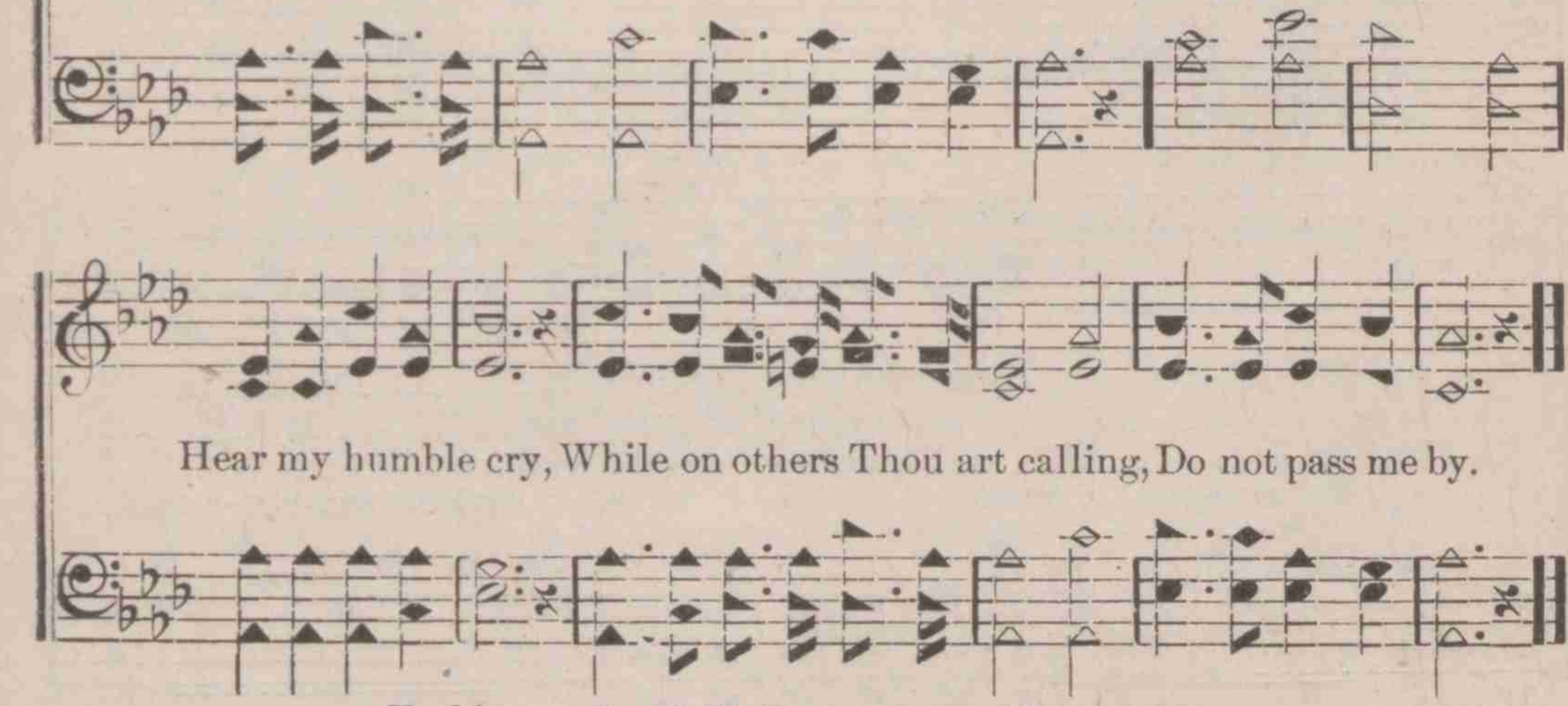


No. 59. PASS ME NOT.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.







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No. 60. WHEN TO JESUS I OPENED MY HEART.

JAMES ROWE. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

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WHEN TO JESUS, etc.—Concluded.

When to Je - - sus I o-pened my heart.....
And will love..... me the same to the end.....
And true glad - - ness for - ev- er im - part.....
Je - sus, when to Je - sus I opened my heart.

CHORUS.

When to Je - - - sus I o-pened my heart,.....
Je - sus, when to Je - sus I opened my heart,

All my troub - - les be- gan to de - part;.....
troub-les, all my troubles be-gan to depart;

My soul found the song..... it had sighed for so long,.....
My soul found the song it had sighed for so long,

When to Je - - sus I o-pened my heart.....
Je - sus, when to Je - sus I opened my heart.

No. 61. WILL THE ANGELS WELCOME ME?

LALA SMITH. J. H. HALL.

1. When I reach the gates of Heaven Happy fac - es will I see,
2. Is my life so pure and ho - ly And my heart so free from sin
3. Will they deck my crown with jew- els, Place a harp with- in my hand,

Waiting, looking, for my com- ing Will the an - gels welcome me?
That the band of ho - ly an- gels Will re- joice to let me in?
Will they bid me join in sing- ing Praises in that hap py land?

CHORUS.

Yes, the an - gels will welcome me,..... In that
will welcome me,

home,..... beyond the skies,..... Yes, the angels will welcome
happy home, beyond the skies,

me,..... Where there'll be..... no more good-byes.
will welcome me, Where there'll be no more good-byes.

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No. 62. COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.

GEO. P. HOTT. M. F. BLACKWELL.

1. Come to the fount-ain o - pened for Sin, Wash at the fountain
2. Come to the fount-ain, drink, drink and live, Je - sus the wa - ter
3. O wear- y wand'rer close by the way, Flow-eth the fountain,

and be made clean; Drink of the wa - ter flow - ing for thee,
free - ly will give; Liv - ing the wa - ter, plen - ty the store,
why lon- ger stray? Wea - ry and faint - ing why lon- ger roam?

CHORUS.

Ac - cept His par - don, He'll make you free.
Drink at the fount-ain, thirst nev - ermore.
Je - sus will wel - come, welcome thee home.
} Come to the fountain

come, come to-day, Come to the fountain, make no de- lay; Wash at the

fountain and be made whole, Come to the fountain, come wear- y soul.

Controlled by M. F. Blackwell.

No. 63. SONGS OF LOVE ETERNAL,

JAMES ROWE. McD. WEAMS.

1. There is mu-sic ev - er wing-ing To the throne of God a- bove,
2. There are songs of ex - ul - ta- tion Springing out of hearts re- born,
3. There are songs His mer- cy tell-ing, Songs that laud His matchless grace,
4. There are songs to cheer the liv- ing, Songs a - bout the saints a- bove,

For the saved are al- ways singing Of the Sav-iour's boundless love.
Songs of praise from ev- 'ry na-tion, Making night as bright as morn.
Songs of rap- ture ev - er swelling From the saved of ev - 'ry race.
All to Je - sus glo - ry giv-ing, For they all ex - tol His love.

CHORUS.

O the songs..... of love e - ter- nal,..... .... How they
O the songs of love e - ter - nal, O the songs of love e - ter- nal, How they

cheer..... us on our way..... To the bless - ed home su-
cheer us, how they cheer us on our way, our happy way To the blessed home supernal, To the

per - nal..... To the land..... of fade- less day.
bless-ed home super-nal, To the bright and happy land of fade - less day.

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No. 64. SEND THE GOSPEL LIGHT.

JAMES ROWE. J. H. RUEBUSH.

UNISON FOR ALL VOICES. HARMONY.

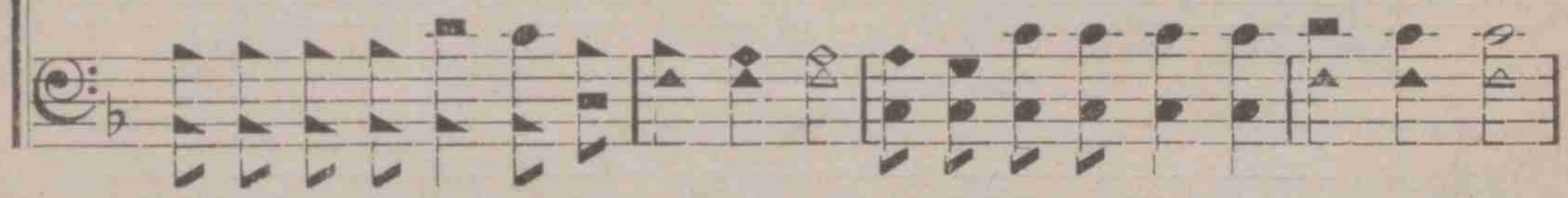
1. Hear the cry from heath-en lands; Send the light, send the light;
   Long in dark - ness they have pined,
2. Lov- ing words they sel - dom hear,
   Cen- tur - ies have passed a - way,
3. None but man-made gods they know,
   We must hear their plead-ing cry, Send them the light, send us the light,

UNISON. HARMONY.

Plead- ing mor - tals stretch their hands. Send the gos - pel light.
Neith-er peace nor rest have found;
Days and nights are passed in fear,
Yet in bon - dage still are they;
Who to hear the light will go?
Teach them how to live and die; Send them the gos - pel light.

CHORUS.

Send the gospel light to the heathen lands, They are waiting now with outstretched hands,



Send the gos-pel light, let us not de - lay, Send the gos - pel light.

No. 65. LET YOUR SONGS ECHO.

W. H. R. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

1. Let your songs ech - o from hill and plain, Ring-ing out sweet and clear,
2. He will keep watch o'er your steps each day, Your faint-ing hopes will raise,
3. Sweet-er far sweet-er than peal of chimes, List to His gen - tle call,

Till the earth takes up the glad re - frain, Fill-ing the world with cheer,
Call-ing you back when your feet would stray In - to sin's de - vious ways,
Hear those soft ac- cents from far- off climes, "Draw near ye chil - dren all,"

Let ev - 'ry heart join the an - them sweet, Lay- ing rich gifts at the Sav - iour's feet, Giv - ing Him
He will stay near you the whole day long, Lead-ing you out of the world - ly throng, Fill - ing your
From your heart chas- ing dark clouds a - way, Hold-ing and keep- ing you safe for aye, Lead- ing you

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LET YOUR SONGS ECHO.—Concluded.

all as an off-'ring meet, And to His side draw near.
heart with a glo-rious song, Burst-ing forth in - to praise.
on to the realms of day, Suf - fer - ing not to fall.

CHORUS.

March a - long, rais-ing a joy - ful song, Till the ex -

ult - ant strain, comes winging back a - gain. Join with the

hap - py throng, praising with voic - es strong,

Let now the glad refrain, ech-o o'er hill and plain, All day long.

No. 66. "HAVE YOU ANY HOPE."

W. H. M. W. H. MILFORD.

1. Have you an - y hope, to brighten up your pathway? As you jour-ney through life's rough and toil - some way. Or has sin with all its
2. Have you an - y hope of peace when life is end - ed? Have you a - ny hope, of life be- yond the grave? Je - sus in His mer - cy
3. Would you have your soul filled with the love of Jesus? Would you have your life grow sweet - er day by day. Would you have that hope that

darkened forces bound you? Je- sus is your ref- uge, Come! Come! to-day.
of- fers thee sal-va - tion. Gave His precious life; your soul to save.
makes you sure of heaven? Trust in Je - sus for Re-deem- ing Grace.

CHORUS.

All your cares and all your sorrows, Je-sus bids you cast on Him.
Jesus knows your cares, He'll your sorrows share, Jesus bids you cast them all on Him.

He is a- ble, He is willing, He will cleanse your soul from sin.
Je - sus is your friend, will-ing - ly He stands,

W. H. Milford, by per.

No. 67. WHEN HE COMES.

GEO. W. LASSITER. JULIUS S. RUSHING.

1. When Je - sus comes to take us home, Where all is peace and love,
2. When Je - sus comes to claim the souls,—He suf- fered death to save,
3. Will you be read- y when He comes? The time may not be long.

Will you be read- y for the call, To end - less joy a - bove?
Will you be gathered in the fold, Or lost! be- yond the grave?
Will you pass on to dark de- spair, Or, join the ransomed throng?

CHORUS.

When He comes, When He comes, To
When Je - sus comes, When Je - sus comes,
gath - er up the faithful ones, When He comes, When He
When Je - sus comes,
comes, Will you be read - y when He comes.
When Je - sus comes,

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No. 68. BLEST ROCK OF AGES.

GEO. P. HOTT. Music and Chorus by ROBT. K. ORR.

1. Bless-ed Rock of a-ges, Old, Nev-er can Thy worth be told;
2. Rock of A-ges, oh, for me, May there such a shel-ter be;
3. Ev-er in Thy cleft I'll hide, Where no ills can e'er be-tide;

Count-less as the stars of light, Fault-less as the heav-ens bright,
When the storms a-round me roll, Threat'ning to de-stroy my soul,
Thou, my Lord, wilt keep me there, Safe from ev-'ry sin-ful snare,

Are the joys which Thou dost bring, Christ, my Sav-iour, Lord and King.
Give me shel-ter from a-bove, Au-thor of e-ter-nal love.
While the end-less a-ges roll, Thou wilt soft-ly hide my soul.

CHORUS.

Rock of A-ges, oh, how blest! In Thy
Rock of A-ges, oh, how blest! Rock of A-ges, oh how blest! In Thy

shad-ow let me rest, Let me ev-er there a
shadow let me rest, oh, in Thy shadow let me rest, Let me ev-er there a-bide, let me

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bide, 'Neath the shelt'ring Rock of Ages let me hide.
ev- er there a - bide for- ev - er hide.

No. 69. GOD IS NEAR.

GEO. P. HOTT. H. P. BLACKWELL.

1. Na-ture's ev - 'ry qui - et bow'r, Fad - ed leaf, or bloom-ing flow'r,
2. Moun-tain high, or low - ly plain, Prai - rie mould, or o - cean main,
3. When the bil - lows round me roll, When temp- ta - tion tries my soul,

Might - y storm, or gent - le show'r Tells me tru - ly God is near.
Fire and flood a - like proclaim Ev - er, tru - ly, God is near.
And I trust to His con- trol, Then I know that God is near.

CHORUS.

All a- round me, ev' - 'ry- where, Like the ech - oes aft - er pray'r,

Heav'nly voic - es charm my ear, Whisp'ring, sweet - ly, "God is near."

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No. 70. FORWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

GEO. P. HOTT. GROVER WEST.

UNISON.

1. For-ward, for-ward, Christian sol-dier, Don't you hear the call to war?
2. Call- ing, call- ing, Christian sol-dier, Hear the Mas-ter call- eth thee,

On-ward, on-ward, Christian sol-dier, See the tri-umph from a far;
Watchman, watchman, what the tidings, From the lands far o'er the sea?

Ral- ly, ral - ly, Chris-tian sol-dier, For the con-flict won't be long,
Where the need- y fall and per- ish, Where the battle wa- ges sore,

D.S.—Ral - ly, ral - ly, Chris-tian sol-dier, For the con-flict won't be long,

FINE.

Heav'n and earth are want to join, In one tri- um-phant song.
Those who sac - ri - fice for Him Will live for - ev - er more.

Heav'n and earth are want to join, In one tri- um-phant song.

REFRAIN.

Soon, yes soon the conflict will be o'er, Soon, yes soon we'll never battle more,

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D.S.

All earth's toils and sor- rows past, We'll reach our home at last;

No. 71. HE WILL ABIDE WITH ME.

GEO. P. HOTT. GROVER WEST.

With expression.

1. I press along the King's highway, As swift-ly flies the fleet-ing day;
2. The sun, that gives the world its light, The emblem of His matchless might,
3. And when this fleeting life is o'er, And time with us shall be no more;

So with my Lord at eve to be, For then He will a-bide with me.
May fail, and in - to darkness flee, But Je - sus will a-bide with me.
Then far be-yond the Jas- per Sea, My Saviour will a-bide with me.

CHORUS.

He prom-ised me, He promised me, My guest to be, my guest to be;

rit.

He told me oft, my sin He'd hide; And ev - er-more with me a- bide.

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No. 72. THE RESURRECTION.

G. R. STREET.

1. In the res- ur - rection morning We will see the Sav-iour com- ing
2. We feel the ad-vent glo- ry While the vis - ion seems to tar - ry
3. By faith we can dis- cov-er That our war-fare'll soon be o - ver,
4. We will tell the pleasing sto- ry When we meet our friends in glo - ry,

And the sons of God a- shout- ing in the king - dom of the Lord.
We will com-fort one an - oth - er with the words of Ho - ly Writ.
And we'll short-ly hail each oth - er on fair heav - en's hap - py shore.
And we'll keep ourselves al - read- y for to hail the heav'nly King.

CHORUS.

We shall rise, we shall rise! In the
Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord,
When the trump of God shall sound, When the trump of God shall sound, It shall
res-ur-rection morning we shall rise, We shall rise,
Hal- le - lu - jah, Praise the Lord, we shall rise! Hal - le - lu - jah!
wake the sleeping nations, when the trump of God shall sound, The dead in Christ shall rise,

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No. 73. WAITING AT THE DOOR.

Arranged. Arr. by J. H. HALL.

3 Our father has gone on before, etc.
4 Our children have gone on before, etc.
5 Our sister has gone on before, etc.
6 Our brother has gone on before, etc.
7 Our classmates have gone on before, etc.
8 Our Saviour has gone on before, etc.

Controlled by J. H. Hall. By per.

No. 74. GO TELL THE STORY.

FANNY J. CROSBY. (MISSIONARY.) W. H. DOANE.

1. Go tell the sto - ry of grace and glo - ry, The Lord is
2. Their hands extend - ing, their voi- ces blend - ing, O'er o - cean
3. Go tell the sto - ry of grace and glo - ry, The Cross up -
4. He still is call - ing, His words are fall - ing, Go hear the

call- ing, His voice o - bey; Your all re- sign - ing, without re -
bil- lows for light they cry; Their lives are drear-y, their hearts are
lift- ing, in His dear name, Who brought sal-va - tion to ev - 'ry
mes- sage of love He brings, Till all be - liev - ing, His truth re-

pin - ing,, To those in dark - ness, O haste a - way.....
wea - ry, O Christian, help them, or they must die.....
na - tion, And they who seek Him, its joy may claim.....
ceiv - ing, Shall hail re - joic - ing the King of kings.....

CHORUS.

Haste a - way,..... haste a - way,..... They are longing, they are
Haste away, haste a- way,

plead- ing for the light..... ..... Haste a - way,..... haste a-
for the light. Haste a- way.

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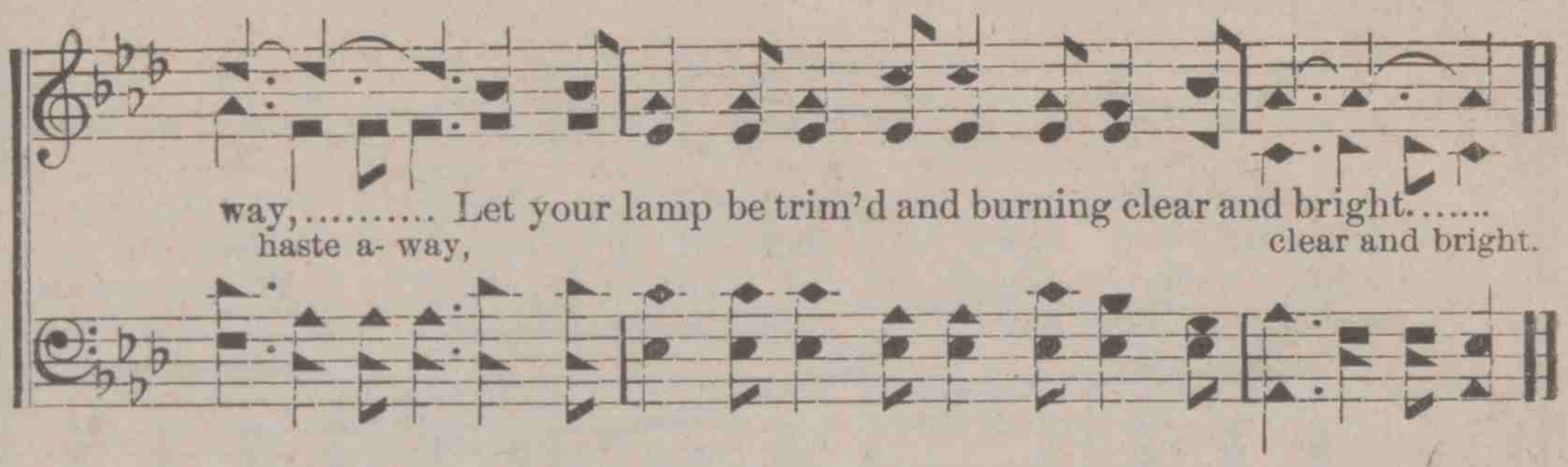
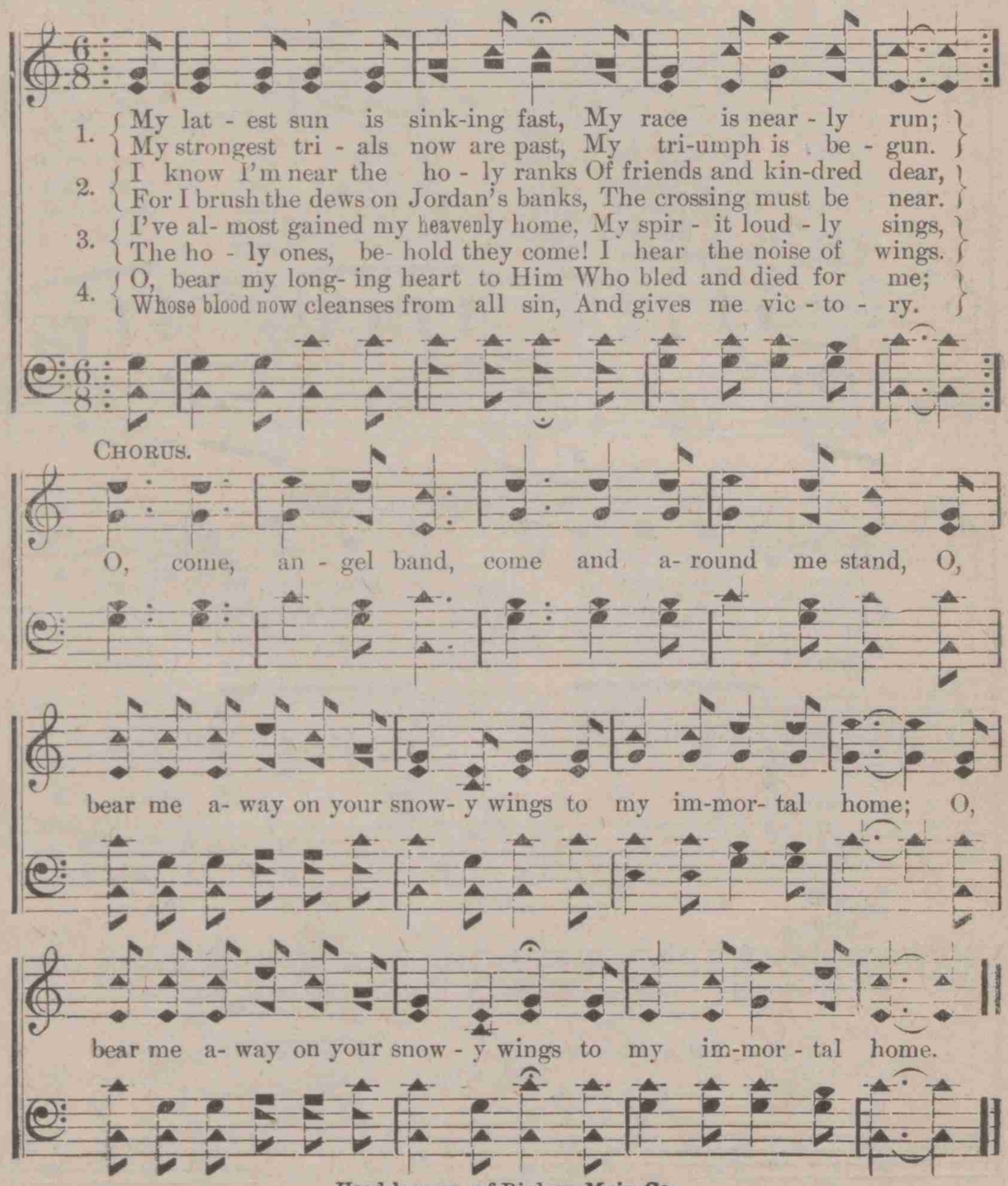
GO TELL THE STORY.—Concluded.



No. 75. THE LAND OF BEULAH.

Rev. J. HASKELL. WM. B. BRADBURY.



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No. 76. SOME PERFECT DAWN.

JAMES ROWE. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

1. Some per- fect dawn, with tri - als o'er, I shall a -
2. Some per- fect dawn, with-out a care, Where life is
3. Some per- fect dawn, I shall be - hold The great white
4. Some per- fect dawn, some daybreak sweet, I shall a -

wake to sigh no more, In that e - ter - nal resting
peace - ful, sweet and fair, Be- fore my Sav - iour I shall
throne and streets of gold, But bet- ter far than all will
wake to life com - plete, To dwell with Him whom I a -

place, Pre-pared by Him who saves by grace.
stand And hold in mine His wound-ed hand.
be One glance at Him who died for me.
dore, For - ev - er - more! for - ev - er - more!

CHORUS.

Then, with a no - bler, yes, sweeter song,
Then, with a no - - - bler, sweeter song, Than ev- er

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SOME PERFECT DAWN.—Concluded.

Than ev - er thrilled my mor-tal tongue,
thrilled my mor - tal tongue, With all the
ran - - somed hosts a - bove,..... My soul shall
With all the ran - - somed hosts, the hosts a-bove,
praise re - deem - - ing love.
praise my soul shall praise re - deem - ing love, re-deem-ing love.

No. 77. THOU ART MY ALL.

W. H. RUEBUSH. I. B. WOODBURY.

Slow and gentle.

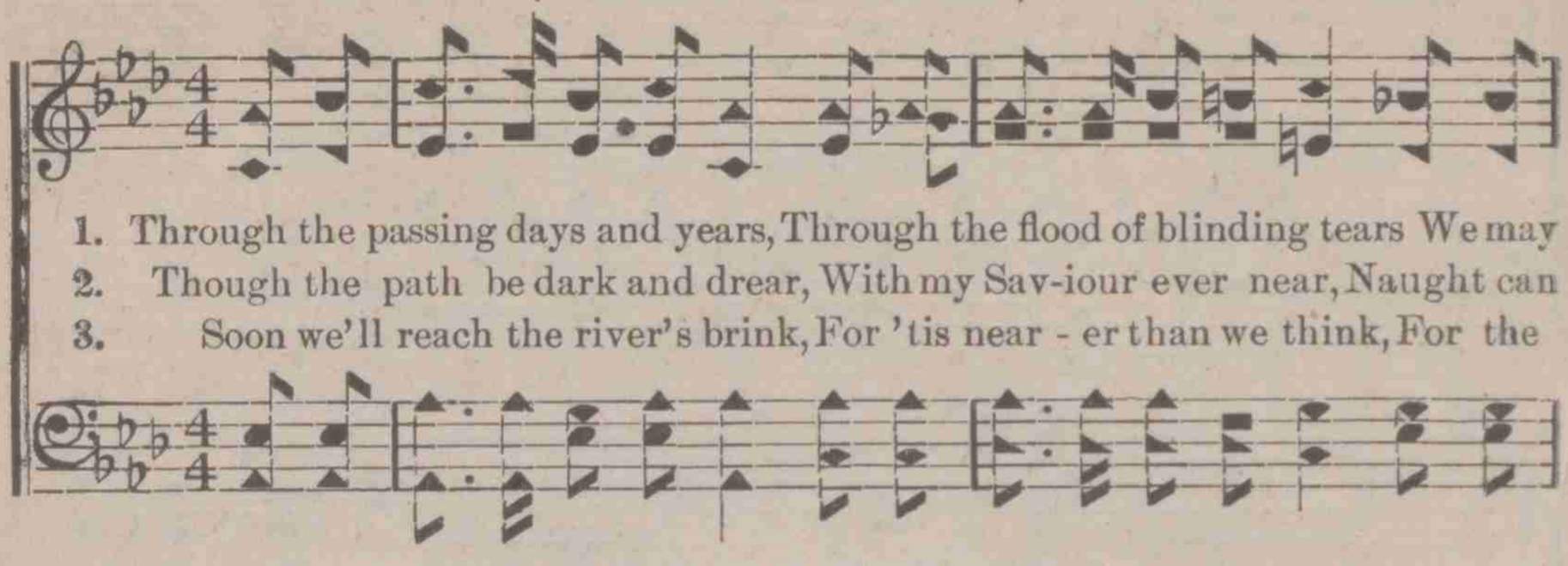
1. I need Thee Christ my all, Life's rugged way to cheer, No e - vil can be-fall,
2. I need Thee Christ my all, To keep me lest I stray, No darkness can ap-pall,
3. I need Thee Christ my all, No love so great as Thine, No sin can me enthrall,

pp *rit.* *molto.*

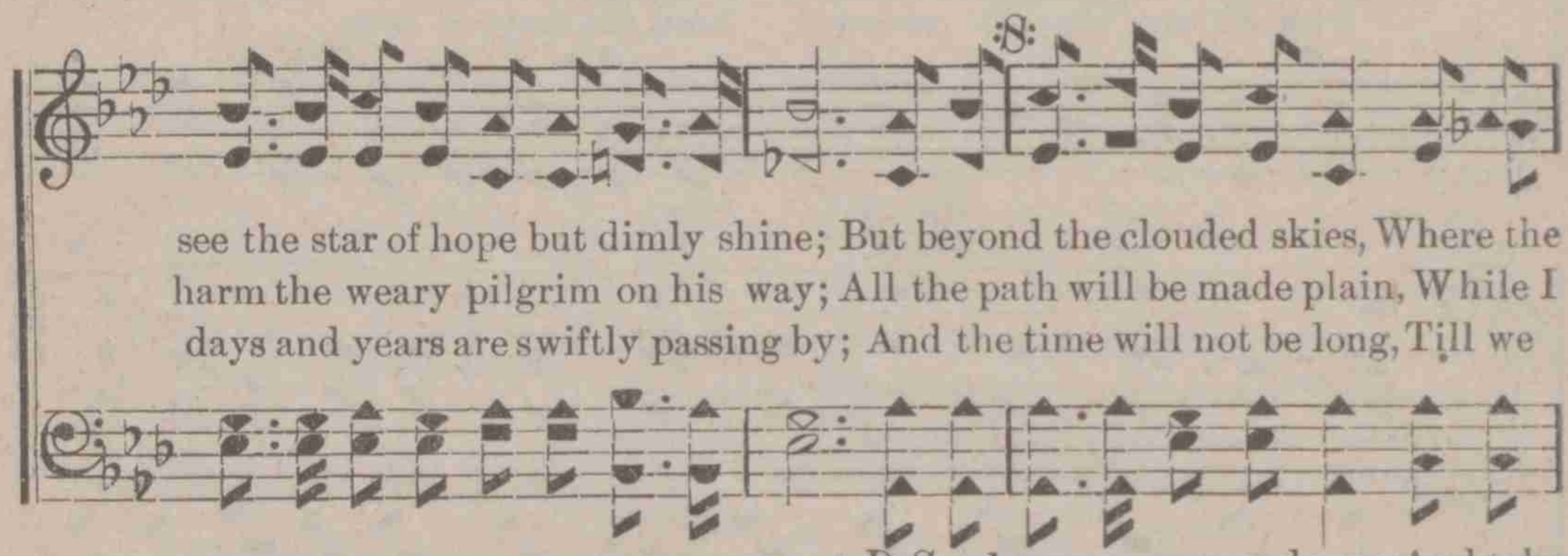
If Thou my Lord art near, Keep me, no harm can then be- fall.
If Thou wilt light the way, Keep me, no dark-ness can ap - pall.
If I can claim Thee mine, Keep me, no sin can then en-thrall.

No. 78. WE'RE TOILING ON.

GEO. P. HOTT. (MAY BE USED AS A SOLO.) JULIUS S. RUSHING.



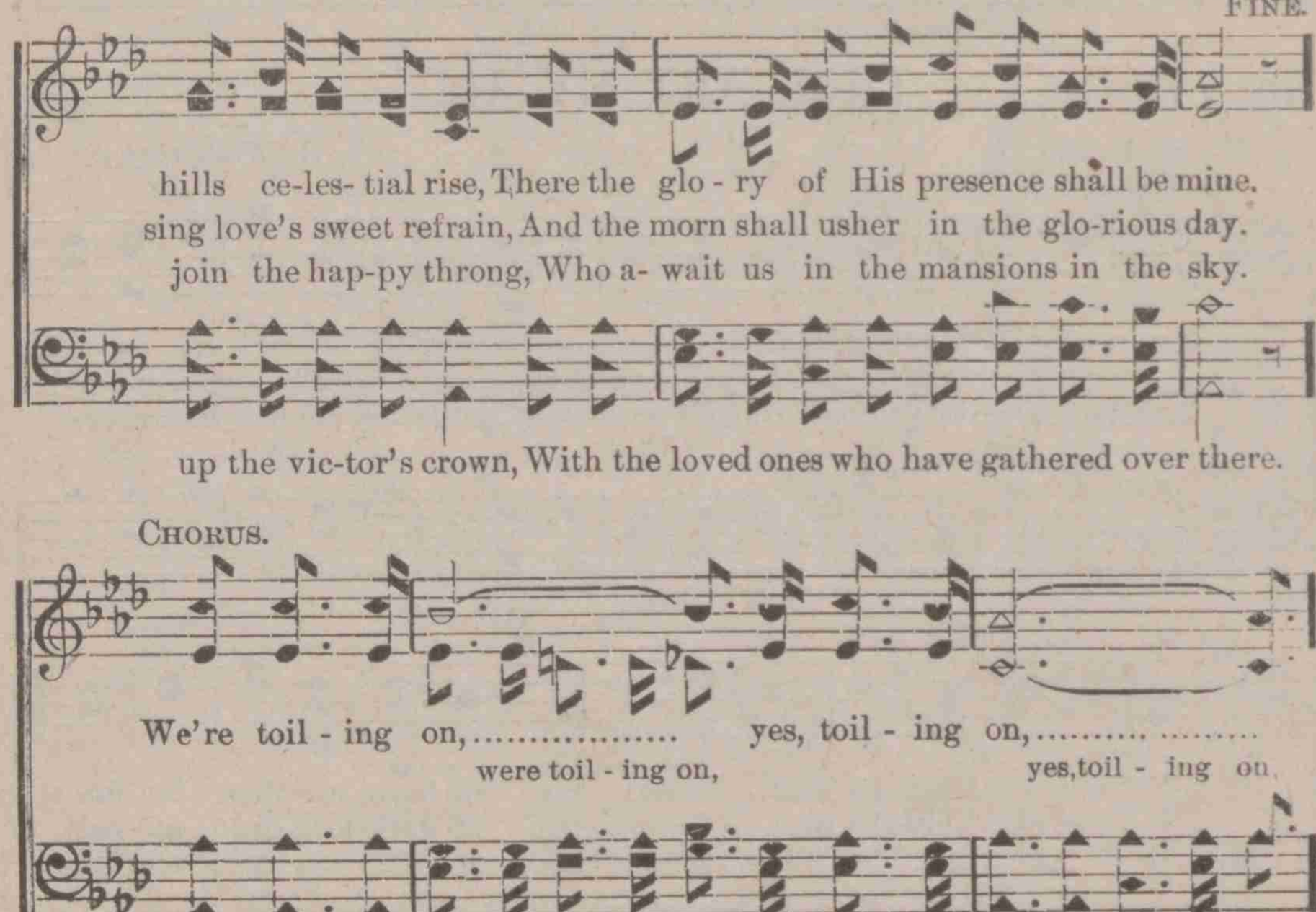
1. Through the passing days and years, Through the flood of blinding tears We may
2. Though the path be dark and drear, With my Sav-iour ever near, Naught can
3. Soon we'll reach the river's brink, For 'tis near - er than we think, For the



see the star of hope but dimly shine; But beyond the clouded skies, Where the
harm the weary pilgrim on his way; All the path will be made plain, While I
days and years are swiftly passing by; And the time will not be long, Till we

D.S.—lay our ar-mor down; And take

FINE.



hills ce-les- tial rise, There the glo - ry of His presence shall be mine.
sing love's sweet refrain, And the morn shall usher in the glo-rious day.
join the hap-py throng, Who a- wait us in the mansions in the sky.

up the vic-tor's crown, With the loved ones who have gathered over there.

CHORUS.

We're toil - ing on, ... yes, toil - ing on, ...
were toil - ing on, yes, toil - ing on.

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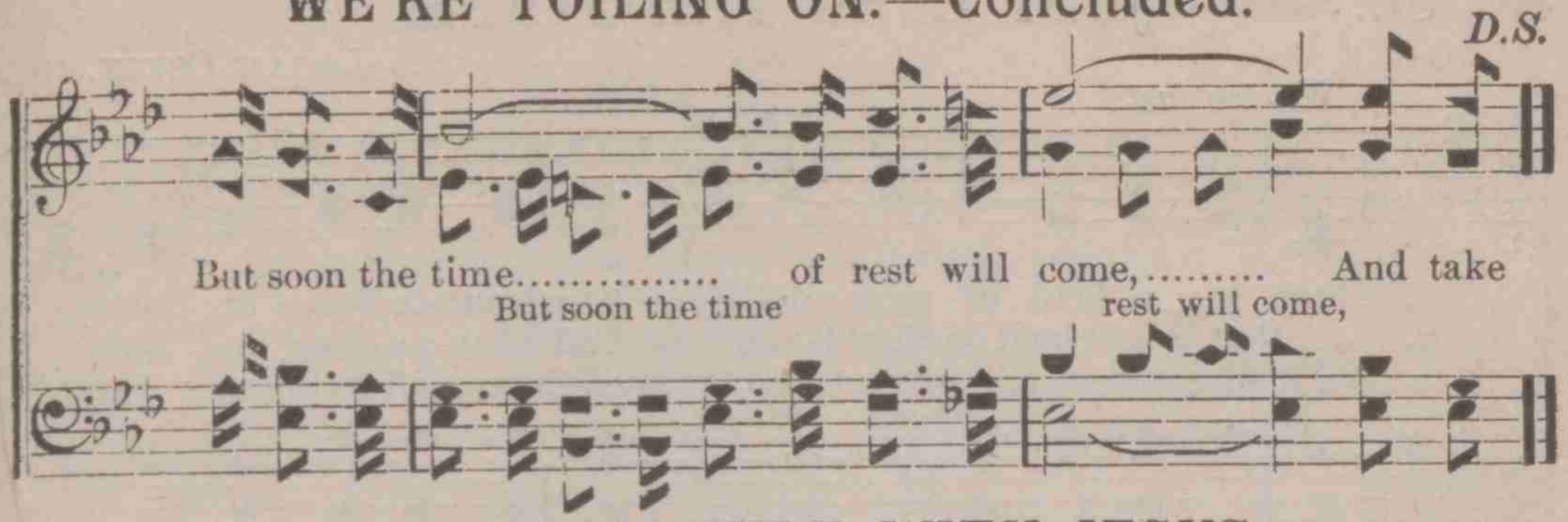
WE'RE TOILING ON.—Concluded.



No. 79. A LITTLE WHILE WITH JESUS.

E. E. Hewitt. (May be used as Quartette.) J. H. Hall.

Andante.

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No. 80. JUST OVER THE STARS.

L. O. LOGAN OSKIN.

Not too fast.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where troub-le nev - er mars;
2. In that bright land our lov'd ones wait, And when we cross the bars,
3. We'll sing and shout with that glad throng, When safe from Satan's wars;

But joy and peace for-ev - er reigns, 'Tis the land just o - ver the stars.
They'll bid us welcome home up there, In that land just o - ver the stars.
And praise our Sav-iour ev - er-more, In that land just o - ver the stars.

CHORUS.

Just o - - ver the stars, Just o - - ver the stars,
Just o- ver the beauti - ful shining stars, Just o-ver the beauti - ful shining stars,

The blood-wash'd throng sings home sweet home, In that land just o- ver the stars,

Just o - - ver the stars, Just o - - ver the stars,
Just o-ver the beau-ti - ful shining stars, Just o- ver the beauti - ful shin-ing stars,

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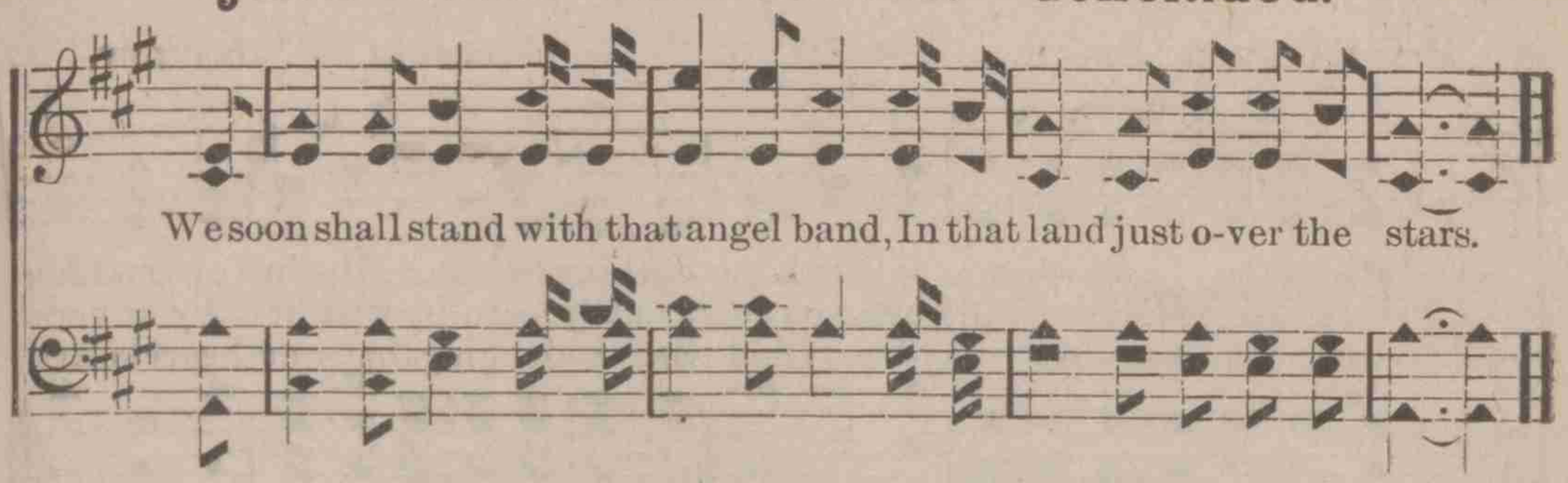
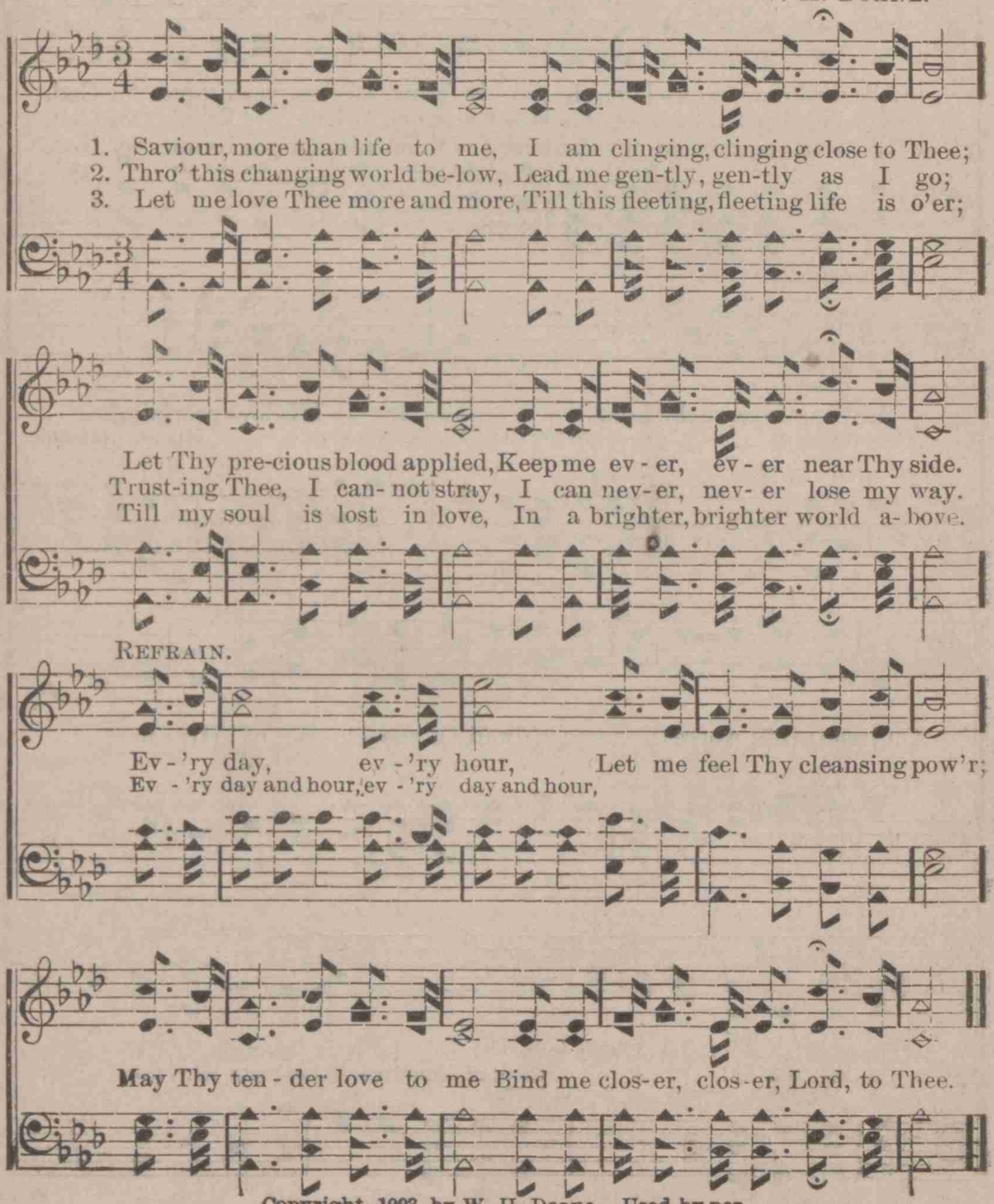
JUST OVER THE STARS.—Concluded.



No. 81. EVERY DAY AND HOUR.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



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No. 82. FOR THE SERVICE OF THE KING.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Live for the blessed service of the King, Seeking to honor Him in ev-'rything;
2. Walk where the Master daily bids you go, Faithfully learning what He bids you know,
3. Scorn not the humblest service you may find; Many are longing that some heart be kind;

All that you have and are, oh, free- ly bring, Living, yes, liv-ing for God.
Show-ing the ten - derness He bids you show, Living, yes, liv-ing for God.
Be feet and eyes un- to the lame and blind, Living, yes, liv-ing for God.

Chorus.

Live to serve the Lord, A - far His love proclaim!
Live to serve, to serve the Lord, A - far His love, His love proclaim!

Oh, haste to tell, where the heathen dwell, Of the glo- ries of His name.
His name,

Oh, tell,..... them of the love that brought Him from a -
Oh, tell oh tell, them of the love that brought Him from,

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bove To break sin's thrall, and to save them all—Yes, to save them all.
Him from a-bove

No. 83. I NEED THEE, PRECIOUS JESUS.

Rev. FREDERICK WHITFIELD. J. T. HOLLOWAY.

1. I need Thee, pre- cious Je - sus, For I am full of sin;
2. I need Thee, pre- cious Je - sus, For I am ver - y poor;
3. I need Thee, pre- cious Je - sus, And hope to see Thee soon,

My soul is dark and guilt - y, My heart is dead with- in;
A stran - ger and a pil- grim, I have no earth - ly store;
En - cir - cled with the rain- bow, And seat - ed on Thy throne:

I need the clean - sing foun- tain Where I can al - ways flee,
I need the love of Je - sus To cheer me on my way,
There with Thy blood-bought children, My joy shall ev - er be,

The blood of Christ most pre- cious, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
To guide my doubt- ing foot- steps, To be my strength and stay.
To sing Thy prais - es, Je - sus, To gaze my Lord, on Thee.

No. 84. CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

W. T. MERRITT. McD. WEAMS.

1. We are Christian work-ers, work-ing for the King, Toil-ing in the
2. We are Christian sol-diers, fight-ing for our King, March-ing on to
3. When our warfare's o-ver and the vic-t'ry, won, When our la-bor's

har-vest, gold-en sheaves we bring; Ev-er at His serv-ice,
vic-t'ry, shouts of joy we bring; Ev-er press-ing on-ward,
end-ed and our work is done; Then we'll join our lov'd ones

wait-ing His command, Striv-ing for a man-sion in that hap-py land.
keep-ing His command, See our banner wav-ing o'er the conquered land.
safe in that bright home, Where we'll live forev-er, nev-er more to roam.

CHORUS.

Ev - - er pressing for - ward, meet-ing ev-'ry foe,
Ever pressing forward, ev-er pressing forward,

Toil - - ing for the Mas - ter, we will on-ward go.
Toiling for the Master, toiling for the Master,

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No. 85. CLOSE BEHIND THE CROSS.

JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. While the gay world heeds us, Of- fer- ing its dross, Sure that Je-sus needs us,
2. With the need-y shar- ing What our King bestows, Cheering the despairing,
3. With His banner o'er us, Sins all wash'd away, Praising God in cho - rus,

Thinking not of loss, Go- ing where He leads us, Close be- hind the cross,
Light-en- ing their woes, Tri - als brave-ly bear-ing, Conquer- ing our foes,
Win-ning ev - 'ry fray, To the crown be- fore us And the realms of day,

CHORUS.

We are pressing on. Pressing on with God's dear Son, Day by day,

Making known what He has done, All a - long the way, Prais- ing Je - sus,

Thinking not of loss, Press-ing on, press-ing on, Close be-hind the cross.

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No. 86. I'M SHELTERED TO-NIGHT.

(Soprano and Tenor Duett.)

W. H. Ruebush. McD. Weams.

1. The waves have beat fiercely up- on me, And threatened my bark in their might;
2. The clouds have descended up- on me, And Heav-en obscured from my sight;
3. Now soon will the voyage be end- ed, No storm shall my soul then af-fright;

But Christ was my anchor a- bid - ing And safe-ly I'm sheltered to-night.
But Christ was my Light and Sal-va- tion And safe-ly I'm sheltered to-night.
Blest thought that Christ will be my pi - lot, I'm sheltered, safe sheltered to-night.

Chorus.

I'm shelt- ered, safe shelt- ered to - night,..... No
yes, to - night,

storm can my soul now af - fright;..... My Pi - lot and
can af- fright;

Guide, will ev- er a- bide, I'm sheltered, safe sheltered to- night.

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No. 87.

PASSING AWAY.

JAMES ROWE. (MAY BE USED AS A DUETT.) T. O. PENDER.

1. Pass ing a - way one aft - er an - oth - er, Leav-ing their temples of clay,
2. Pass- ing a - way from an-guish and sor - row, Fold- ing their hands on their breast;
3. Pass- ing a - way, the bat - tle - field leav- ing, Won is their glo - ri- ous crown;
4. Pass- ing a - way the young and the hoar - y. Here they no lon-ger will plod;

Fa-ther and moth-er, sis- ter and brother,
Sure of a fair and blessed to- morrow,
End-ed at last their sighing and grieving,
Passing a - way to mansions of glo - ry,

CHORUS.

Si-lent-ly passing a - way.
Languishing in-to their rest.
All of their burdens laid down.
Clasped to the bos-om of God.

Passing a-way, Passing a-way,

yes, they're

In - to the beau - ti - ful king- dom of Day; Safe in the

. arms of their Saviour's love, Si-lent - ly pass- ing a - way.....

yes, pass- ing a- way.

By permission.

No. 88. THE TRUEST FRIEND OF ALL.

JAMES ROWE. McDUFFIE BAKER.

1. Ma - ny friends profess to love me, But the one who stands the test (stands the test)
2. When mis- fortune o - ver - takes me, Though all oth - ers turn a - way, (turn away,)
3. When my soul is bowed in sor - row, All the while, He bends a - bove, (bends above)
4. Oth-er friends may slight and grieve me, Oth - er friends a - far may roam, (far may roam,)

Is the one who bends a - bove me,
This com- pan- ion ne'er for - sakes me,
And both cheer and strength I bor - row
But my Sav- iour will not leave me,

CHORUS.

It is Je - sus, He is best. (He is best.)
But is with me night and day. (night and night.)
From the foun-tain of His love. (of His love.)
Till my soul is safe at home. (safe at home.)

} He's the ver - y best of all, (best of all,)

For He an-swers ev-'ry call; (ev-'ry call;)

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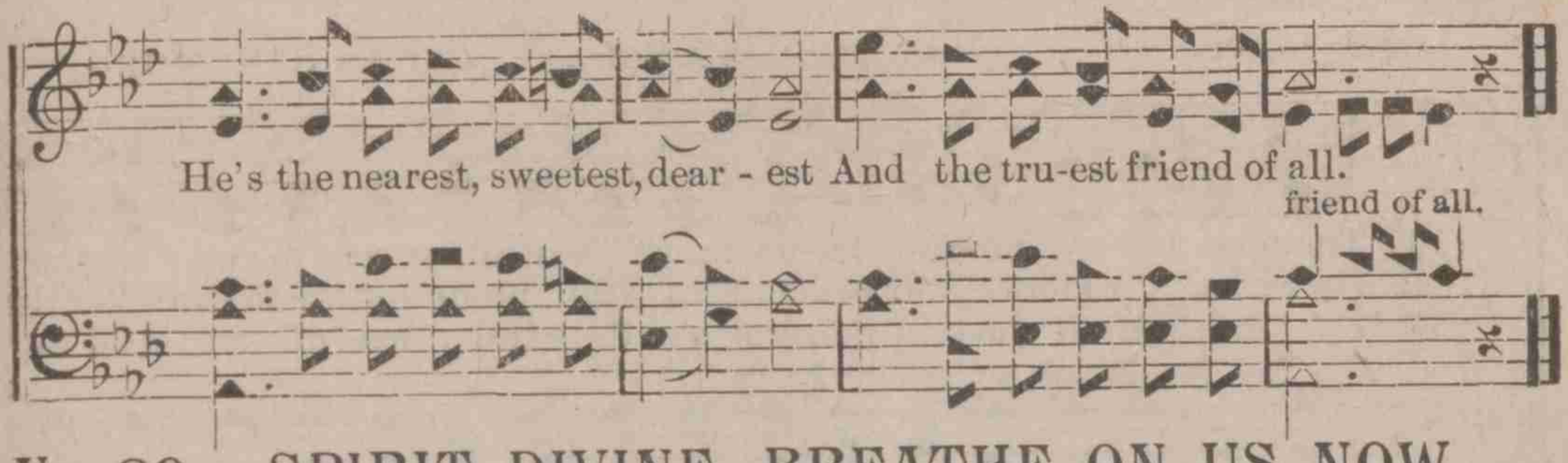
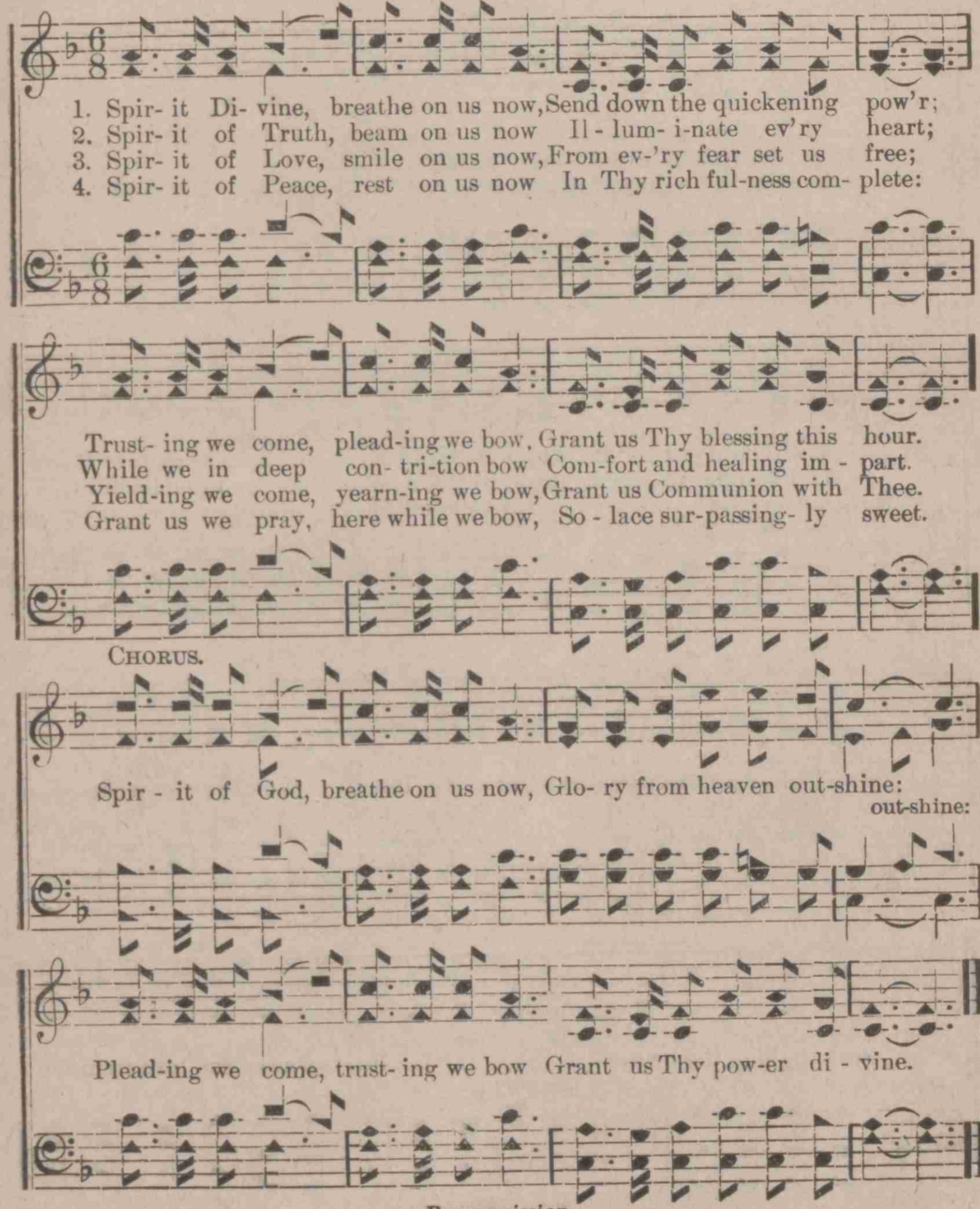
THE TRUEST FRIEND OF ALL.---Concluded.



No. 89. SPIRIT DIVINE, BREATHE ON US NOW.

H. F. PAGE. JAS. B. BIGGERSTAFF.



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No. 90. WON'T YOU READ IT EVERY DAY.

JAMES ROWE. (MAY USED AS A SOLO.) JULIUS S. RUSHING.

1. There's a ver - y precious let-ter which a Friend has sent to you, If you read it, ver - y help-ful it will be; It will light-en all your tri-als,
2. He who sent it knows your weakness, knows how prone you are to stray Yet He loves you with an ev - er- last- ing love, If you read this lov- ing message
3. He has sent it just to help you o'er the wil-der-ness of sin And to make your life a bless-ing here be- low; Won't you study it and love it,

it will help you to be true, For your duty so much clearer you will see.
it will guide you, day by day, Till you reach the soul's eternal home above.
that the life-crown you may win? Won't you take it with you ev'ry where you go?

CHORUS.

Won't you read this precious letter ev'ry day? Won't you let it cheer your soul a-long the way? It is full of sweetest love from the

ev'ry day

on the way,

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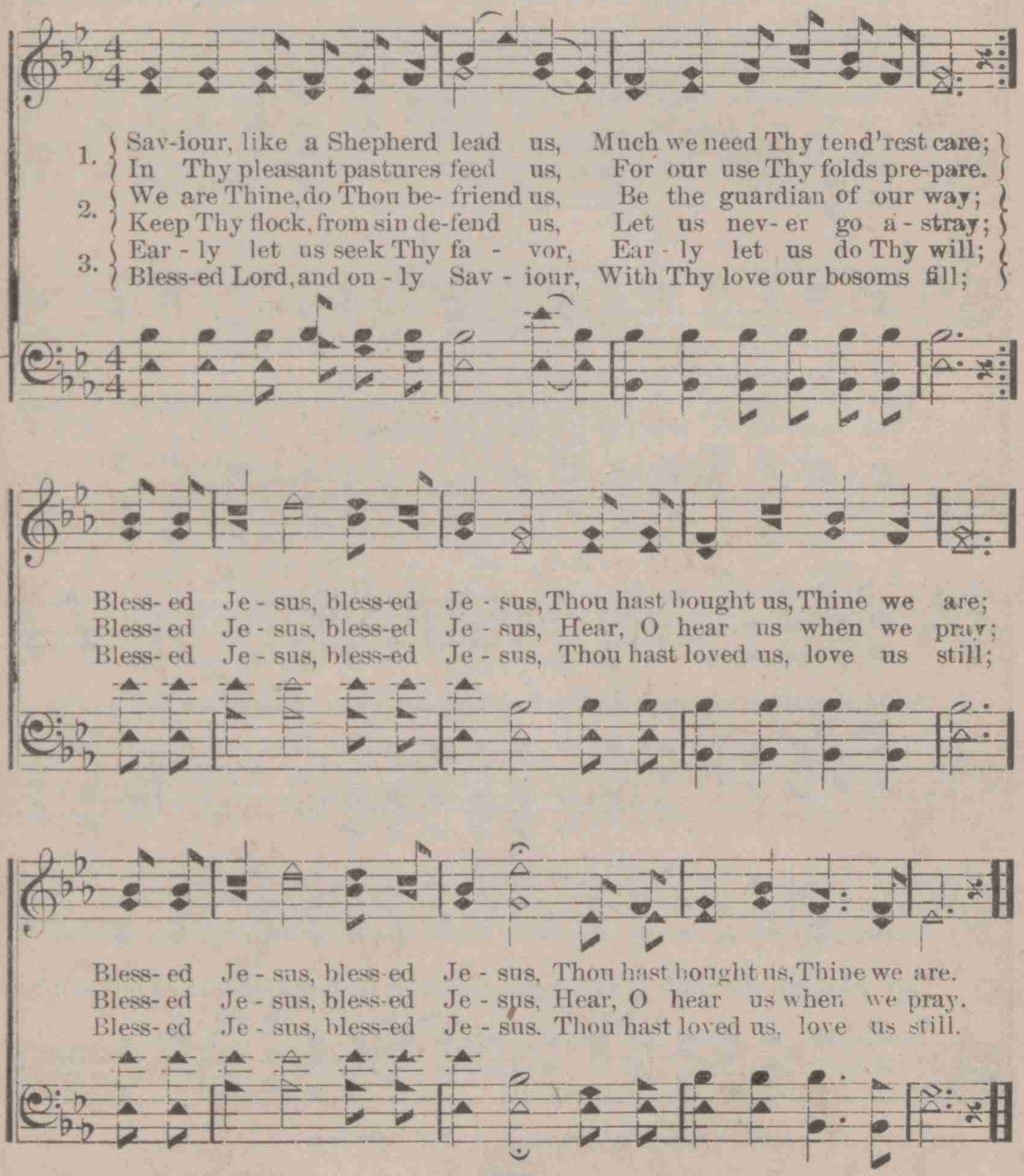
No. 91. SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



No. 92. HARK! HARK, MY SOUL.

F. W. FABER. J. H. HALL.

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No. 93. SEND OUT THE LIGHT.

W. H. RUEBUSH. J. H. RUEBUSH.

1. Cour - ageous hearts are needed so, To till the fields where bri-ars grow,
2. Cour - ageous hearts that burn with love, To bear the mes-sage from a- bove,
3. Cour - ageous hearts of rich- est grace, To bear the light of His dear face,

The call comes from the darkest night, Send us the light, send us the light.
To dark- est lands that feel sin blight, To bear the light, to bear the light,
That darkened eyes receive their sight, And know the light, the gos - pel light,

CHORUS.

Send out the light, with might - y pow'r,
Lord, send us out with might - y pow'r, Send
Send us Thy light, send us Thy light, Re-veal Thy-self
us Thy light, send us Thy light, Re- veal Thy - self to
to us this hour, end us Thy light, send us Thy light.
us this hour, Send us Thy light, send us Thy light.

No. 94. WALK IN THE STEPS OF JESUS.

W. H. R. WILL .H RUEBUSH.

UNISON.

1. Walk in the steps of Je-sus, hear His voice to - day, Hark to the
2. Walk in the steps of Je-sus, Sa- tan may as - sail, Christ as your
3. Walk in the steps of Je-sus, soldiers of the King, For - ward to

call for val- iant sold- iers for the fray, Christ is the Captain,
great ex- am - ple you can nev - er fail, He leads to vic-'try
bat - tle let your songs of tri- umph ring, Walk in His footsteps

and has need for such as you, Walk in the steps of Je - sus.
and will e'er your strength re-new, Walk in the steps of Je - sus,
dai - ly, ev - er du - ty do, Walk in the steps of Je - sus,

CHORUS.

steadfast and ev-er true. Walk in the steps of Je- sus, walk in the

steps of Je- sus, Heed the call to - day, walk the narrow way,

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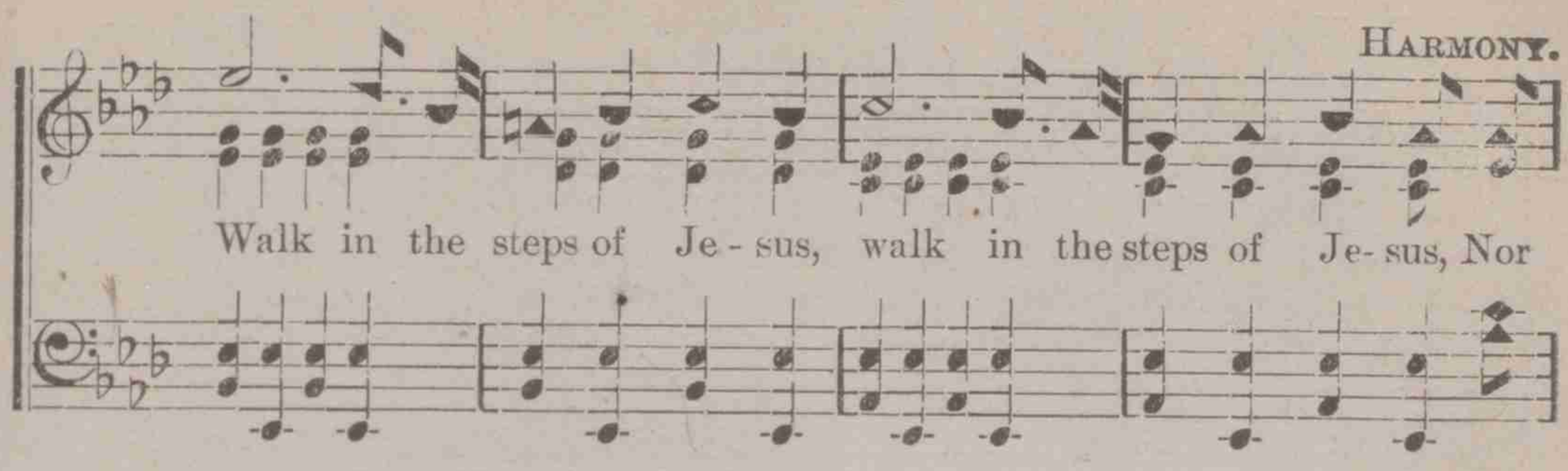
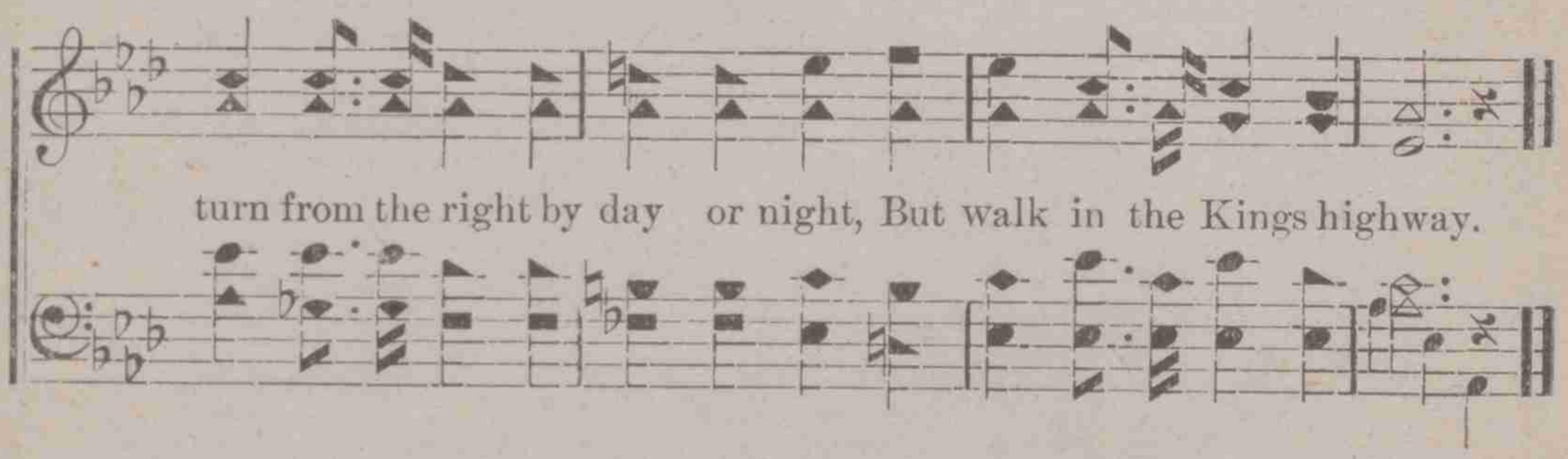
WALK IN THE STEPS OF JESUS.—Concluded.

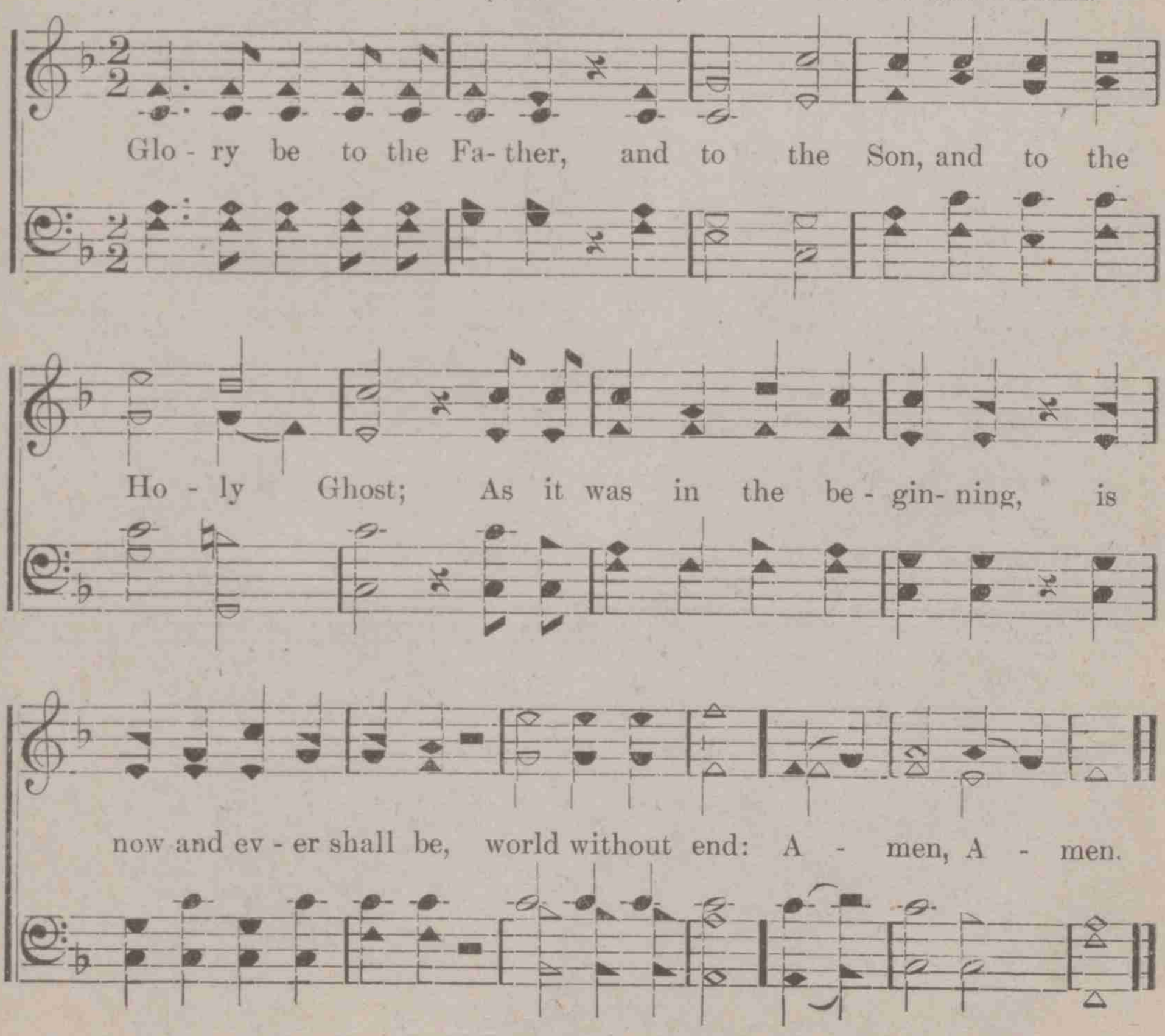
HARMONY.





No. 95. GLORY TO THE FATHER.

(Gloria Patri.) H. W. GREATOREX.



No. 96. SOME SWEET DAY.

J. H. H. J. H. HALL.

DUET. *With expression.*

1. Some sweet day we'll meet a- bove, Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day;
2. Oh, the joys of heav'n we'll share, Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day;
3. Mists and clouds will clear a- way, Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day;

In that home where all is love, Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day.
Meet and greet our loved ones there, Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day.
Then we'll dwell with Christ for aye, Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day.

sweet-day.

REFRAIN. QUARTET.

Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day, In that
Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day,

home so bright and fair, Moth - er dear, we'll meet you
In that home so bright and fair, Moth- er dear, we'll

there, Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day.
meet you there, Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day.

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No. 97. O MATCHLESS MORN.

JAMES ROWE. JACOB GOOD.

1. O matchless morn, when light shall glow On all this sin-ful world be- low,
2. O matchless morn, when earth's opprest Shall in the arms of Je - sus rest;
3. O matchless morn, when greed shall die, And each the other's need supply;

And He whose blood removes each stain Shall o- ver all the nations reign.
When doubt and darkness both shall flee And all the homeward pathway see.
When strife shall end and ha-tred cease And all in Christ have per-fect peace.

CHORUS.

O match-less morn,..... O bliss- ful day, When
O matchless morn. O bliss- ful day,

sin shall all be washed a - way, And na-tions shall with rap-ture
and nations shall

Rit.

sing: His love has won, The Lord is King.
with rap - ture sing:

By permission.

No. 98. THE CHILD OF A KING.

LAURA E. NEWELL. GEO. W. SIDES.

1. There's peace in the heart of the child of a King, Though tri- als may
2. There's trust and thanksgiving, and hope ne'er to fail, Though strifes may be-
3. Through life He will bless us, He'll counsel and guide, With- in His Pa -

bur - den, with joy He may sing; For Je - sus our Help- er, our
set us, and tem- pests pre - vail, When hopes fond-ly cher- ished so
vil - ion we safe - ly may hide, And when comes life's sun - set, we'll

Sav-iour and Friend, Will nev - er for- sake those, who on Him de - pend.
readi-ly take wing, There's peace in the heart of the child of a King.
joy- ous - ly sing A man - sion is wait- ing the child of a King.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

Then on - ward re- joic - ing, Tri- umph - ant- ly sing,.....
Then onward yes, onward re- joic-ing re- joic-ing; Tri-umph, triumphantly sing, yes sing;

I'm safe..... in His keep - ing, The child..... of a King.
I'm safe, I'm safe in His keeping, His keeping; The child of a heaven-ly King, a King.

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No. 99. HE CARETH FOR YOU.

G. P. HOTT. A. M. VESTAL.

1. Oh, bring your heart to Je - sus, He's a friend that's ev - er true,
2. By day and night He lead- eth, In the paths of righteous-ness,
3. No bur-dens e'er so heav- y, But he'd share them all with you,

Cast all your care up - on Him; He will ev - er care for you.
His lambs He ev - er feed - eth, And the wea- ry ones gives rest.
No path- way e'er so drear - y; But He'd walk the darkness through.

CHORUS.

He car - - - eth, ev - er car - - - eth, For, thy
car - eth, ev - er car- eth, car - eth, ev - er car- eth,

soul, O wea - ry one, Yes, He car - - - eth, ev - er,
car - eth, ev - er car - eth,

car - - - eth, All the day un - til the race is run.
car - eth, ev - er car - eth,

By permission.

No. 100. UNFAILING LOVE.

H. F. PAGE. L. C. GREENE.

1. I am trust - ing in my Sav - iour,
2. I am lean - ing on my Sav - iour,
3. I am look - ing to my Sav - iour,

All my hope in Him I place,
He my strength will ev - er be,
In each hour of sor - est need,

And I know He'll keep me ev - er
And I know He'll fail me nev - er,
He my com - fort shall be ev - er,

In the cir - - - cle of His grace.
In Him's sweet se - cur - i - ty.
He will hear me when I plead.

CHORUS.

O, His love will nev - er fail me, While the

O, His love will nev - er fail me,

By permission.

No. 101. MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

A. J. GORDON.

By permission.

No. 102. MORNING SUNSHINE.

GEO. P. HOTT. H. P. BLACKWELL.

1. Keep the Morn - ing Sun-shine in the Soul, Let the life be
2. Let the Morn - ing Sun-shine en - ter in, Fill - ing ev - 'ry
3. O - pen ev - 'ry Win-dow of the Soul, Let the bless - ed

ev-er bright as day; When the clouds, so threat'ning, 'round you roll, On - ly
cham-ber of the heart, Driv-ing out all mal-ice, strife and sin, Lighting
Morn-ing Sunlight shine Brightly in - to ev-'ry darkened room; O - pen

CHORUS.

trust, they soon will pass away.
up the Soul in ev-'ry part.
to the heav'nly rays di-vine.

Oh, the Morning Sunshine, Sunshine bright,

Sunshine bright,

How it does the hap-py world con-trol; Driv-ing out the sor-row,

world control;

fill-ing in the light, When there's Morning Sunshine in the Soul.

in the light, in the Soul.

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No. 103. MEET MOTHER IN THE SKIES.

Anon. Arr. by J. H. HALL.

1. In a lone-ly graveyard, ma- ny miles a-way, Lies your dear old mother,
2. Now the old home, vacant, has no charms for you; One dear form is absent,
3. Now in true repentance, to the Sav-iour flee; He who pardoned mother.

'neath the cold, cold clay; Mem'ries oft re- turn-ing of her tears and sighs;
moth- er, kind and true; Ev - er-more she dwells where pleasure never dies;
mer - cy has for thee, Now He waits to com- fort, He will not despise;

:S: FINE. CHORUS.

If you love your moth- er, Meet her in the skies. List - en to her

D.S.—If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.

plead - ings, "wand'ring boy, come home," Lov - ing - ly en-treat - ing,

do not lon-ger roam; Let your manhood waken, heav'nward lift your eyes,

Controlled by J. H. Hall. By per.

No. 104. MEN'S MOVEMENT SONG.

GEO. P. HOTT. W. J. PERRY.

1. By the hundred thousand strong, We are marching right along; And our
2. Hear the mighty tramp of war, Borne up-on us from a - far; For the
3. Our Comman-der is the King, Let us each His prais-es sing; May His

ranks increasing dai- ly as we go; With the Bi- ble and with song, Mighty
foe is marsh'ling daily for the fight; Strange the battle we must wage, For our
ban-ner o - ver all triumphant wave; With the sword of truth defend Ev'ry

in our fight' gainst wrong, For the Lord of Hosts we'll conquer ev'ry foe.
brother we'll en-gage, And in Je - sus' name we'll conquer for the right.
is - sue till the end, Then we'll crown Him "Lord of All," "Mighty to save."

CHORUS.

You are good and strong, its the movement that you want, Fall in

line, ye com-rades, join the ranks to- day; See your broth-er in de -

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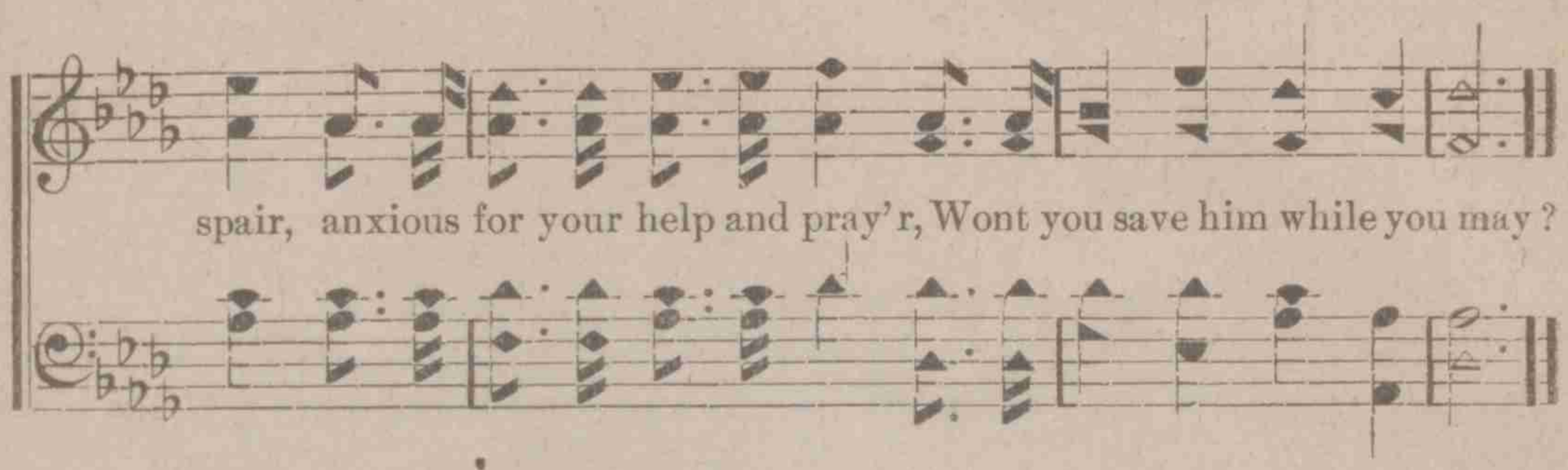
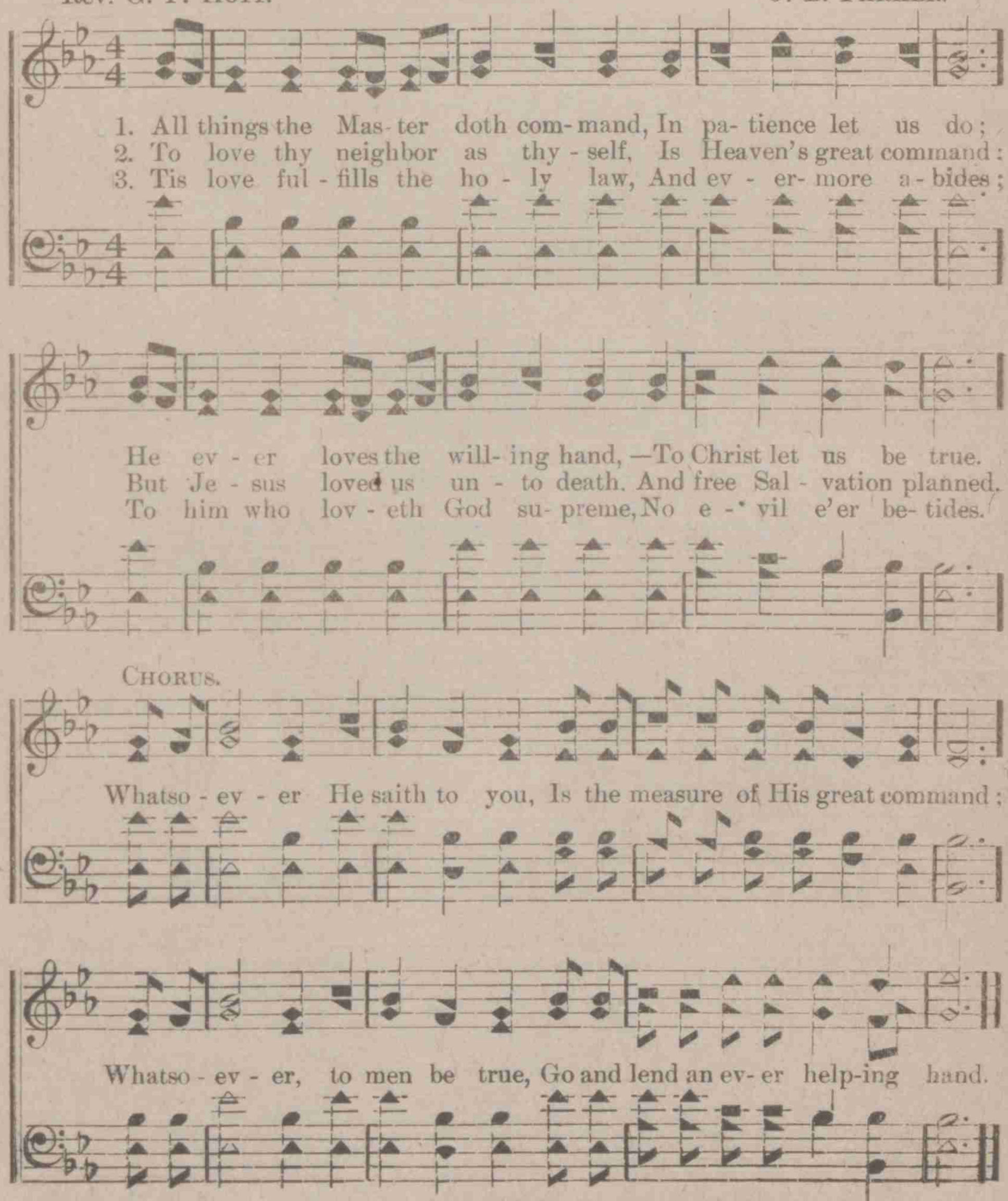
MEN'S MOVEMENT SONG.—Concluded.



No. 105. ALL THINGS WHATSOEVER.

Rev. G. P. Hott. J. B. Parker.



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No. 106. WE SHALL GATHER.

GEO P. HOTT. W. A. MULLIKIN.

1. We shall gather by the riv- er, by the wa-ters silv'ry, fair, Where the
2. We shall gather in the morning, in the morning of the Lord, When the
3. We shall gather in His presence and how glo - ri- ous to be, With the

sunlight of His presence ever falls; And our hearts shall share the gladness with our
saints from ev'ry nation hear His call; The redeemed of ev-'ry peo-ple who be -
saints who bow before Him near the throne; Christ the conqueror, triumphant in His

loved ones o - ver there, In the clime where sin or sor- row ne'er ap- palls.
lieve and trust His word, Shall u-nite to crown the Sav- iour Lord of all.
beau- ty we shall see, And His smiles shall ev-er be our welcome home.

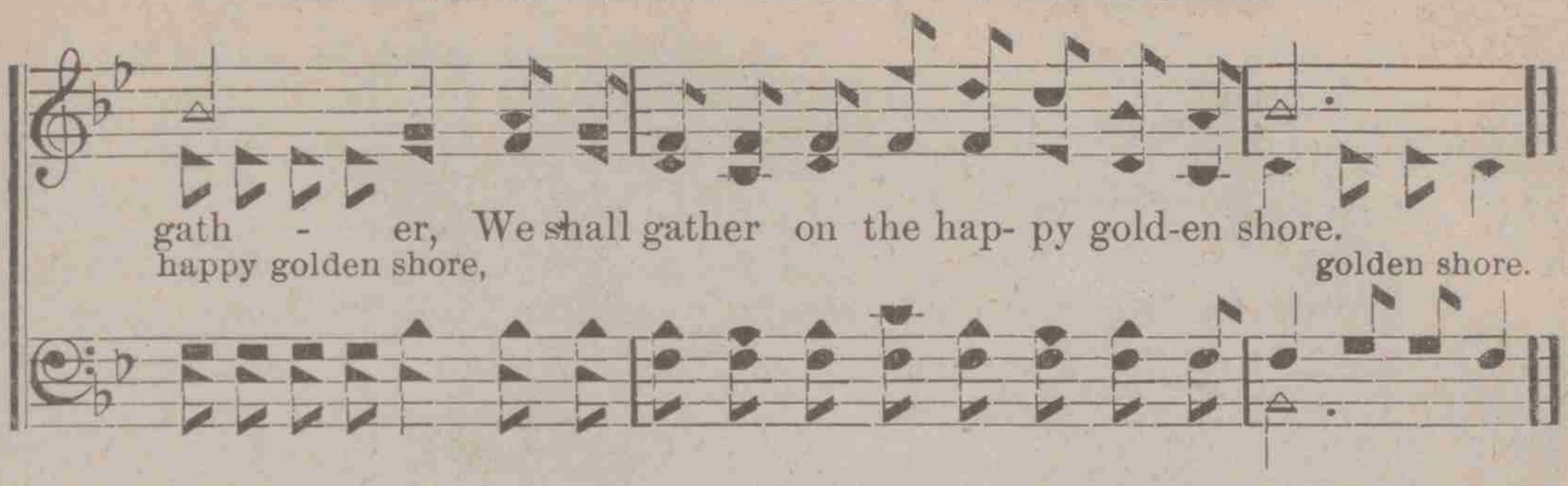
CHORUS.

We shall gath - er, we shall gath - - - er, we shall
We shall gath-er, we shall gath- er on the hap- py gold - en shore,

gath-er on the happy gold-en shore, We shall gath - er, We shall
golden shore, We shall gather, we shall-gather on the

Controlled by W. A. Mullikin.

WE SHALL GATHER.—Concluded.



No. 107. SOMETIME I'LL UNDERSTAND.

GEO. P. HOTT. DAYTON S. HOOVER.

Slow.

By permission.

No. 108. GROWING BEAUTIFUL IN HIS SERVICE.

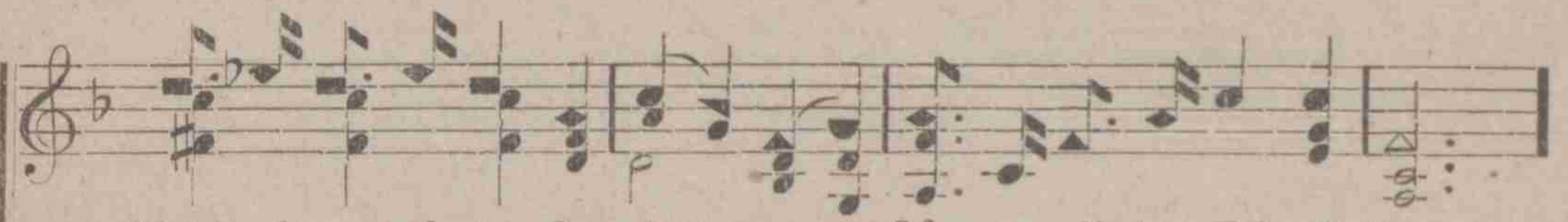
JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

UNISON.

1. Hearts with love o'er - flow - ing, Eyes with joy-light glow - ing,
2. Ma - ny souls are drear - y, Ma - ny worn and wea - ry,
3. Trust - ing Je - sus sweet - ly, Tru - ly and com - plete - ly,

Com rades young and com rades hoa - ry, Work-ing for the crown a- bove;
Oth- ers still in bondage dwell- ing, Oth - ers still in darkness rove;
Sure that He is watching o'er us, Sure that He will faithful prove,

True faith in Je - sus show - ing For- ward we are go - ing,
And so, to les - sen sad - ness, We are spreading glad - ness,
We'll tell the grand, old sto - ry Of His life and glo - ry,



Making known the ten-der sto - ry Of our soul's true Friend abbve.
Light, and hope, and peace, by tell - ing Of the soul's true Friend above.
Till we sing the hap- py cho - rus With the ransomed host a- bove.

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GROWING BEAUTIFUL, etc.—Concluded.

CHORUS. PARTS.

We're help - ing men to look a - bove, Help - ing
We're help - ing men to look a - bove, And help - ing souls to

souls to trust His love— Love all - glo - ri - ous, love vic - to - ri - ous,
trust His love, Great

ev - er - last - ing love, We're serv - ing Je - sus day by day,
We're serv - ing Je - sus day by day, And

Help - ing oth - ers on the way, Al - ways du - ti - ful,
help - ing oth - ers on the way, And

grow - ing beau - ti - ful, Serv - ing our Sav - iour a - bove.

No. 109. THE SONGS OF HEAVEN.

GEO. P. HOTT. DAYTON S. HOOVER.

1. Some- time, when earth - ly dreams are o'er, And ties that bind us hear are riv - en; Some-time, I'll reach the oth - er shore,
2. How sweet the songs the ang - els sing, As heav'n - ly mes- sag - es they bear; A - round the throne what joy they bring,
3. The sweet - est song e'er heard in heaven, Is by the white-rob'd saints a- bove; With hearts made glad and sins for- given,

REFRAIN.

And help to sing the songs of heav - en.
I want to hear them o - ver there.
They sing of Christ's redeeming love.

Sometime I'll walk the streets of gold, Some- time all sin- ful-ness for- giv - en; Sometime in spot- less pur - i - ty, I'll help to sing the songs of heav - en.

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No. 110. SAVIOUR GUIDE ME.

Eld. Wm. H. Crouse. (Duet and Quartet.) J. H. Hall.

Duet. *With expression.*

1. Guide me, O my bless-ed Sav - iour Through this des - ert bleak and wild;
2. Oft the clouds so thickly gath- er, And the way I can-not see;
3. Feed my soul with heaven's man- na, As I through this des-ert roam;
4. Be a cloud to ov - er- shad - ow; Be a light up- on my way;
5. Lord, I feel that Thou art near me; Strength and light I have from Thee;

For the way is dark be - fore me, And I'm but a pil- grim child.
Let the star of faith di- rect me Safe- ly, Lord, to heav'n and Thee.
Help me o'er the rug-ged mountains, Guide me through the rag - ing storm.
Guid-ing safe and sure pro-tec - tion, Lead-ing on to end- less day.
I am trust - ing Thou art guid- ing Ov - er life's tem-pest-uous sea.

Refrain. Quartet.

Guide me O, Thou great Redeemer, Leave me not, O Lord, I pray;
Guide me O, Thou great Redeem- er, Leave me not, O Lord, I pray, I pray;

Rit.

On the road from earth to heaven, Gently lead me all the way.
On the road from earth to heaven, Gently lead me all the way, the way.

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No. 111. THE HOME BEYOND THE TIDE.

J. E. H. J. E. HUDSON.

1. We are sail- ing on life's o - cean to a land of promised rest, Where the saints of God have journeyed on be-fore; There to meet our dear Re-deem-er
2. We shall meet beyond the por- tals of that ci - ty by and by, And shall walk with them the golden pavements fair; Join the glorious anthem swelling
3. One by one our friends are going to that Home beyond life's vale, One by one we're called across the crys-tal sea; Won't that be a hap- py meet-ing

and our kindred some sweet day; They are waiting there to greet us on the shore.
from the snow-white angel-band, In that Home of life e- ter- nal o - ver there.
when we gather on the shore, Where our Saviour and our dear ones we shall see.

CHORUS.

Christ will lead.....us thro' the val - ley And will guide us to the home beyond the tide,..... Christ will lead..... us thro' the
Christ will lead us thro' the valley Christ will gently lead us beyond the tide, Christ will lead us thro' the valley, Christ will

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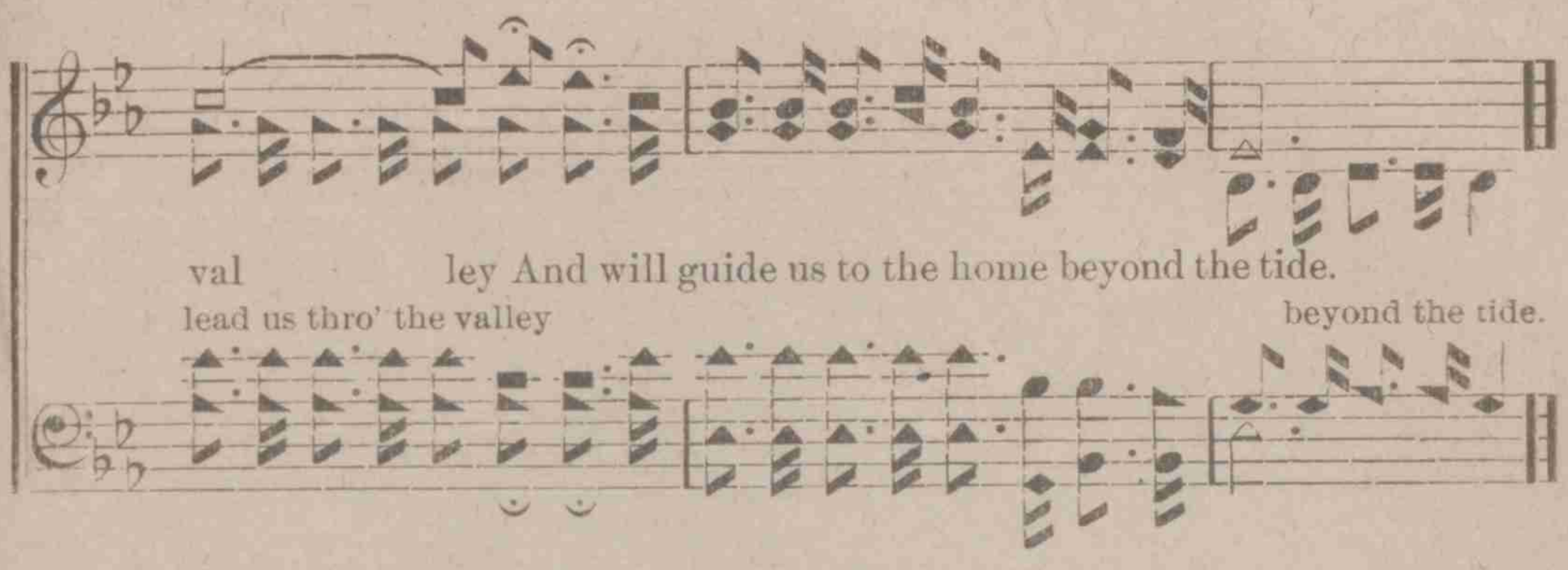
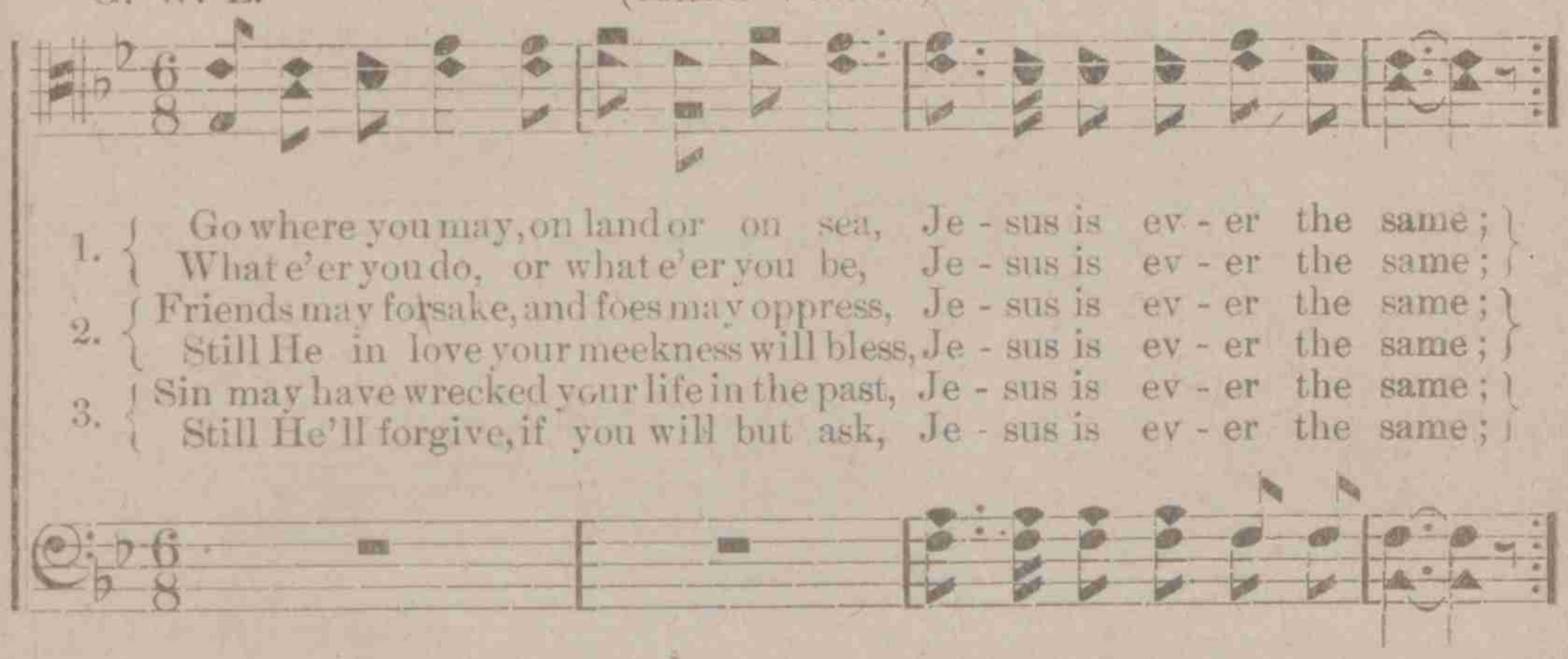
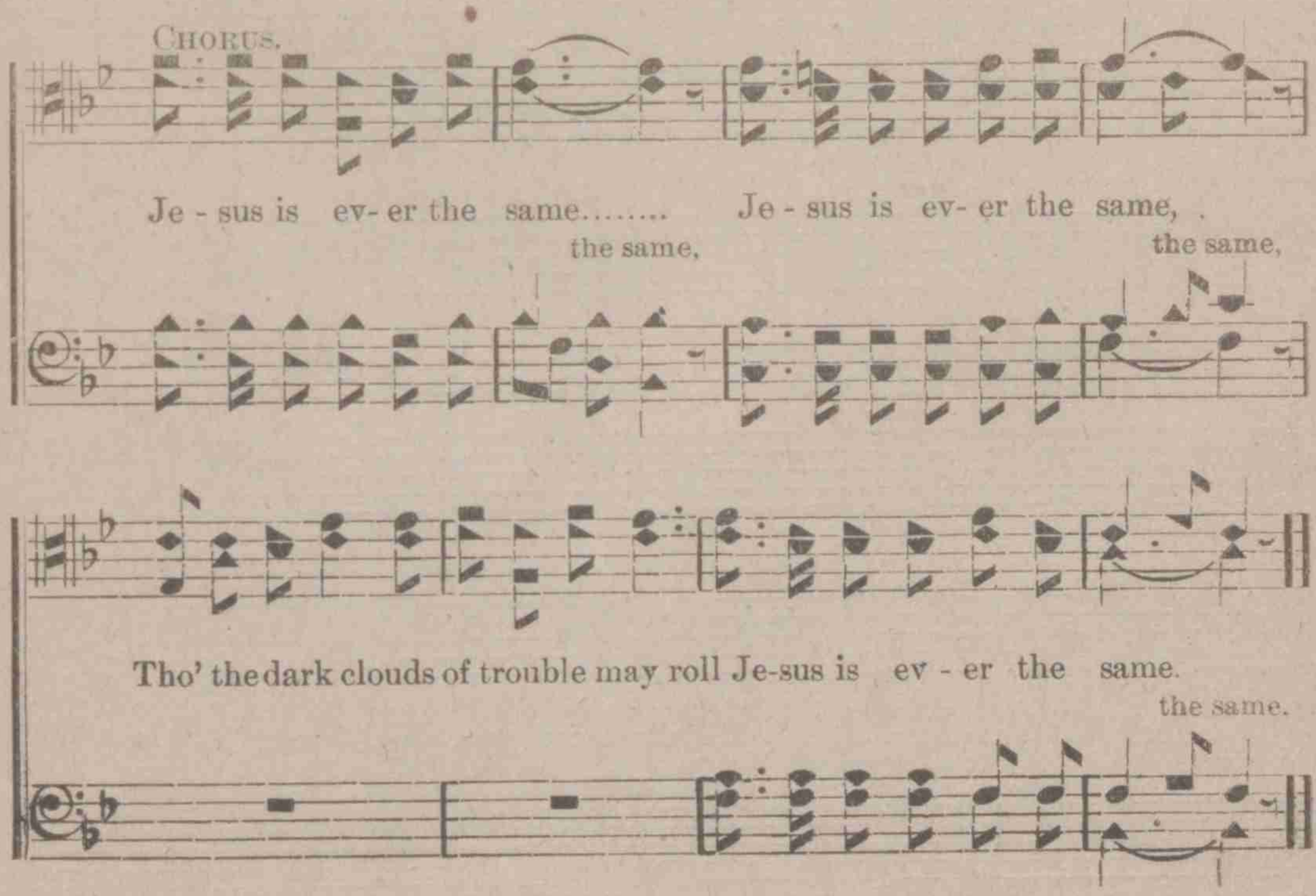
THE HOME BEYOND THE TIDE.—Concluded.



No. 112. JESUS IS EVER THE SAME.

G. W. L. (Male Voices.) G. W. Lassiter.





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No. 113. THEY SHALL SHINE AS THE STARS.

GEO. P. HOTT. (MALE VOICES.) McD. WEAMS.

1. As the stars in their beau - ty be-deck - ing the skies, Light the
2. They who ran - som a soul from the thral-dom of sin, To the
3. Oh, what joy it will be, when the ran-somed re-turn, 'Mong the

heav'ns with their glo - ry di - vine; Shall the faith- ful and wise, who shall
high-way of God, shall be mine, Saith the Lord, and in tem- ples not
white rob'd some lov'd one to see; Whom we took by the hand, pointed

:S:

lead souls to Him, In the joy of His pres - ence e'er shine.
build - ed by hand As the stars of the heav - ens shall shine.
up - ward to Him, What a joy, what a joy, that will be!

FINE.

D.S.—souls un - to Him, As the stars shall for - ev - er - more shine.

CHORUS.

They shall shine,..... as the stars,..... As the stars.....
bright - ly shine, stars they'll shine stars they'll shine,

D.S.

they shall shine;..... All the wise who shall turn ma - ny
bright - ly shine;

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No. 114.

BLESSED REST.

JAMES ROWE. (MALE VOICES.) JULIUS S. RUSHING.

1. Sweet rest will come, O wea- ry heart, Fight on and not de - spair;
2. Hard seems the rug - ged steep to climb, The bat - tle seems so long,
3. Fight on, O lov - er of the Lord, And brave - ly bear thy cares;
4. Sweet rest will come and with that rest The fade - less crown of life;

Still strength the Mas - ter will im - part, Still all thy tri - als share.
Yet, com-fort - ed by love di - vine, Still pa - tient be and strong.
Sweet rest will come—doubt not His word—That rest He now pre-pares.
Then, till you hear the summons blest, Be faith - ful in the strife.

CHORUS.

Sweet rest will come, ... yes, bless - ed rest.....

Sweet rest will come, yes, bless-ed rest

By faith - ful serv - ice won; Sweet rest will come..... on

sweet rest will come

Je - sus' breast;..... Fight on, O heart, fight on.

on Je - sus' breast;

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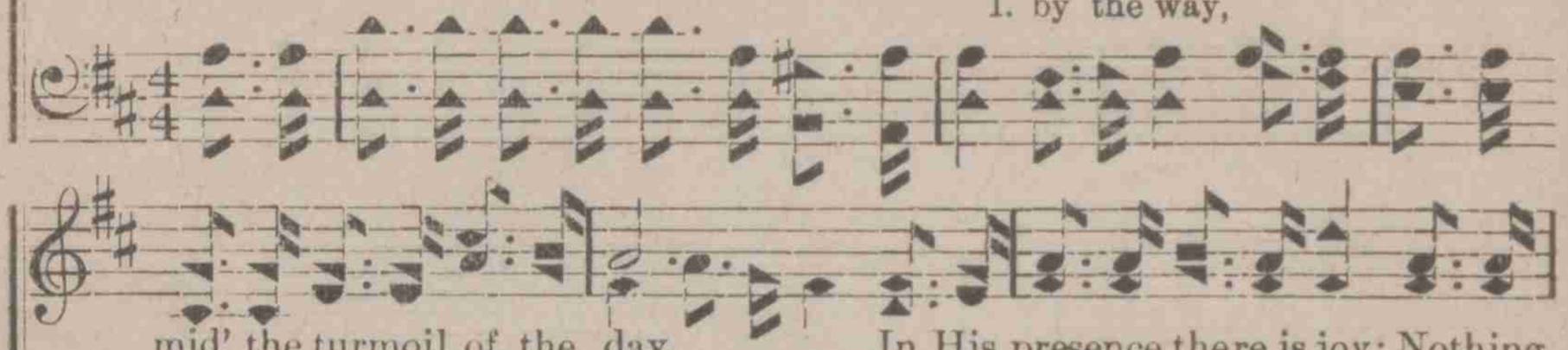
No. 115. WE WILL WALK AND TALK WITH JESUS.

MARY B. SHUSS. J. H. HALL.

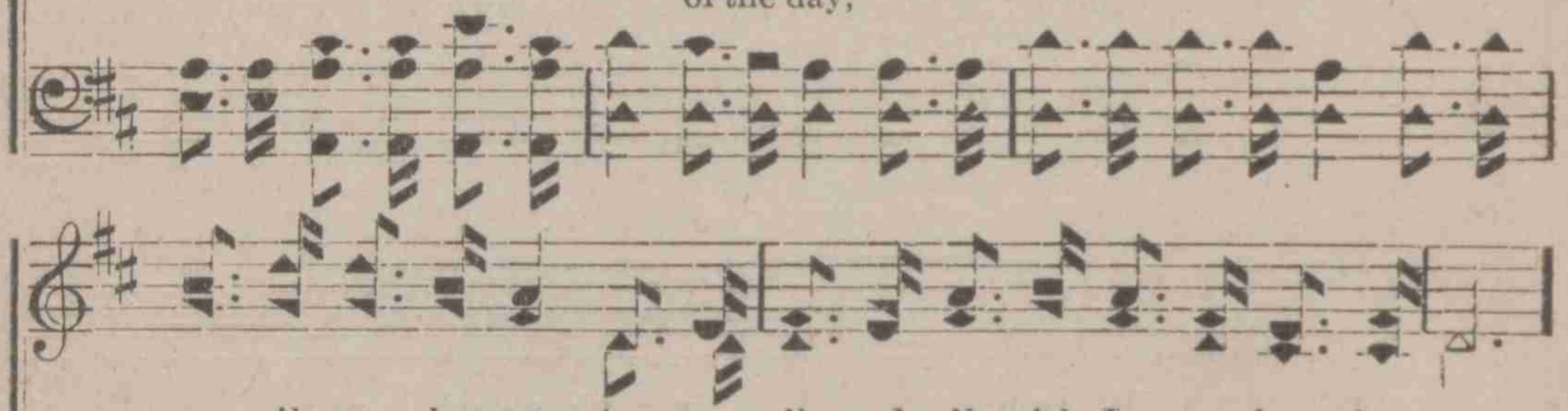
1. We will walk and talk with Jesus by the way, As He joins us
2. We will walk and talk with Jesus by the way, His di- vine and
3. We will walk and talk with Jesus by the way, As we jour- ney
4. We will walk and talk with Jesus by the way, As we hum-bly

1. by the way,



mid' the turmoil of the day, In His presence there is joy; Nothing
ho- ly presence with us stay, While we bless- ed wisdom learn, And His
to the land of end-less day, We will fear not His command, While He
labor on and ceaseless pray, He will lead us to the throne Where with

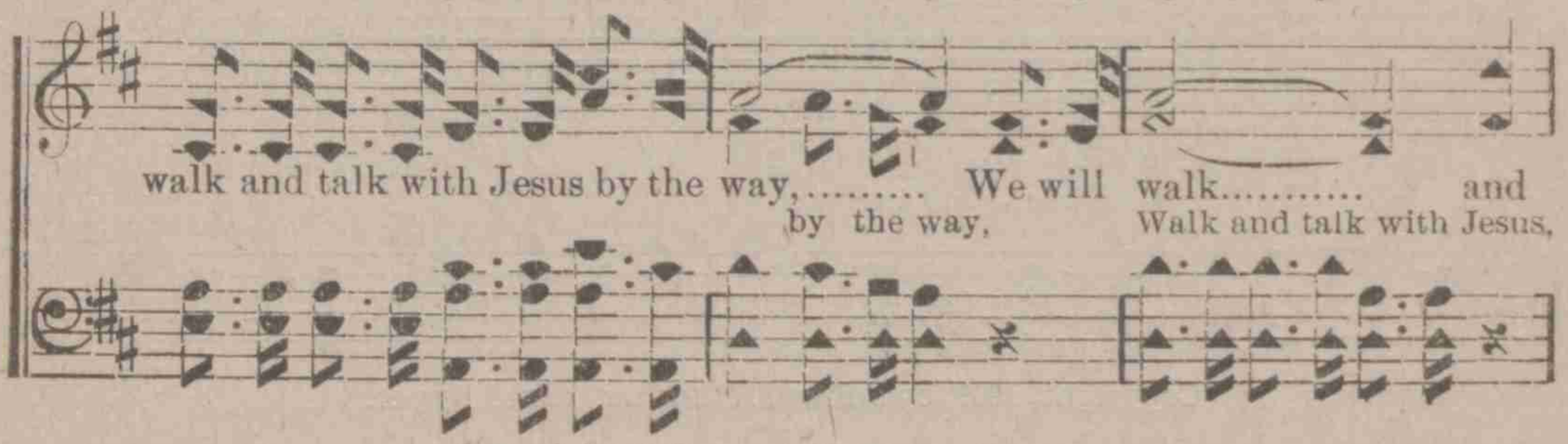
of the day,



e - vil can destroy, As we walk and talk with Je - sus by the way.
words within us burn. As we walk and talk with Je - sus by the way.
holds us by the hand, But we'll walk and talk with Je - sus by the way.
all His loved and own, We will sing His prais- es through eter - nal day.

CHORUS.

We will walk ..... and talk, ... We will
Walk and talk with Jesus, Walk and talk with Je-sus,



walk and talk with Jesus by the way, ... We will walk ..... and
by the way, Walk and talk with Jesus,

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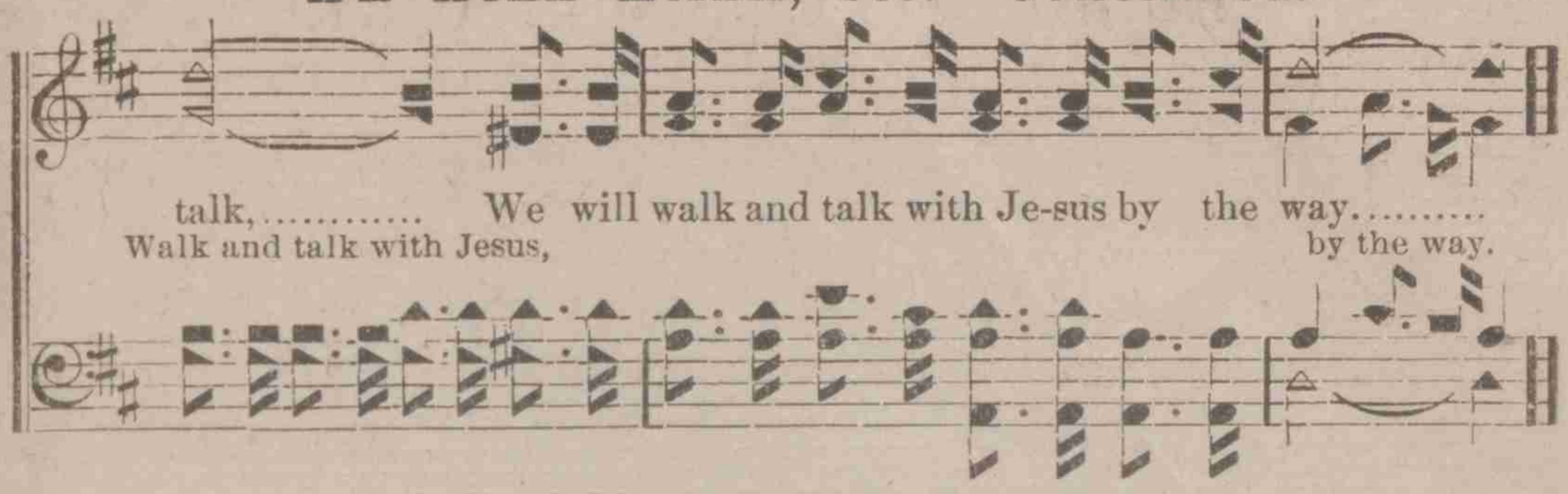
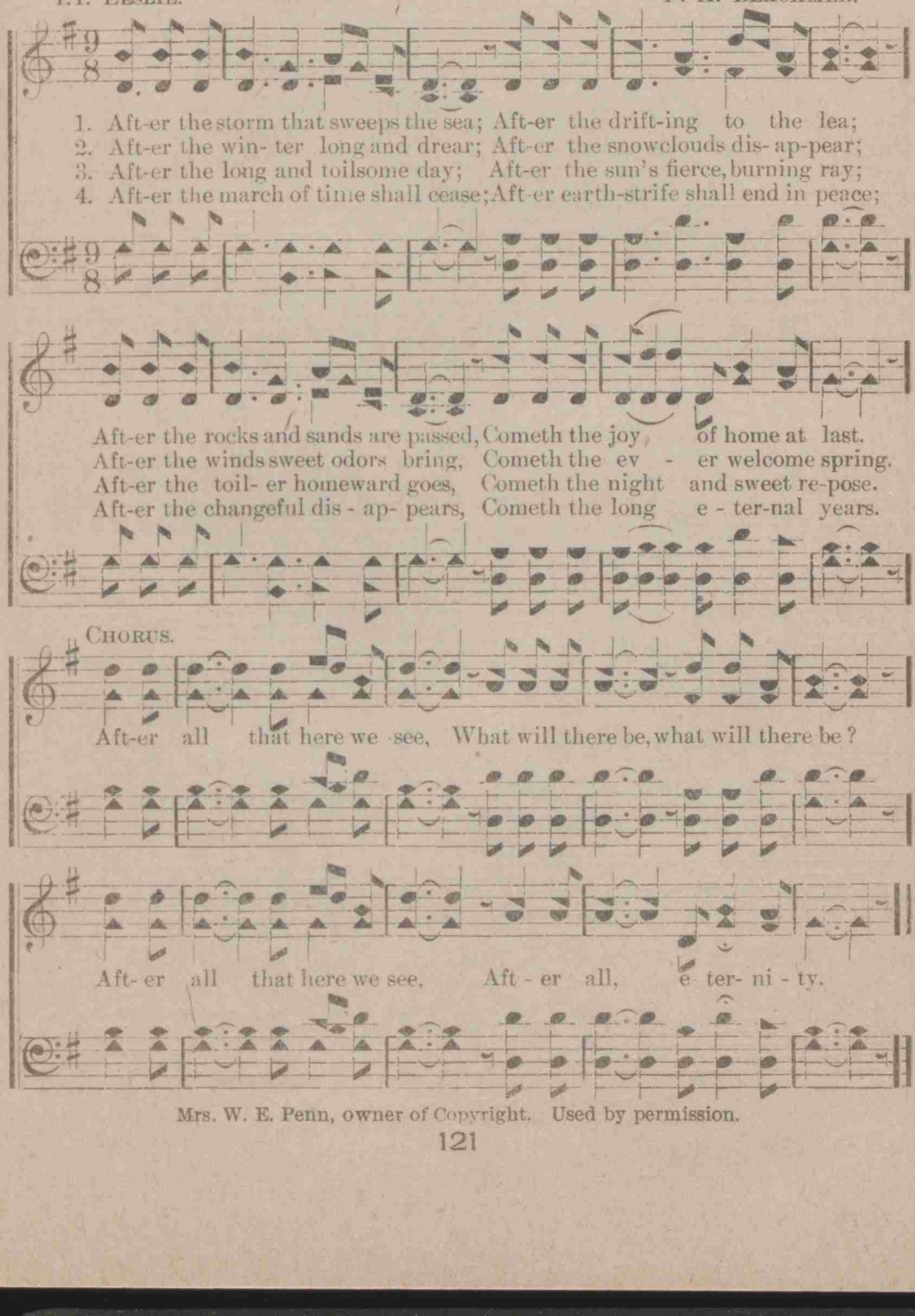


No. 116. AFTER ALL ETERNITY.

I. I. Leslie. F. A. Blackmer.



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No. 117. HE ROLLS THE STONE AWAY.

W. H. R. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

1. Some days are dark and dreary, fill'd with pain and care, My doubting heart oft
2. In days of pain and sor- row Sa-tan tries his art, With earth's delusive
3. And when the shadows lengthen and I near the vale, And when the King of

questions why are not all fair; Then comes the blest as-sur-ance as I
so - lace for an ach - ing heart; But deep within my soul a lov-ing
ter- rors seemeth to pre - vail; I trust to hear my pi - lot in His

hear God say: "Fear not," and from my spir-it rolls the stone a - way.
voice doth say: "Fear not," and from my spir-it rolls the stone a - way.
sweet voice say: "Fear not," and from my spir-it rolls the stone a - way.

CHORUS.

He rolls the stone a - way, He rolls the stone a- way, My lov-ing, heav'nly
Fa- ther rolls the stone a - way, He rolls the stone a - way, He

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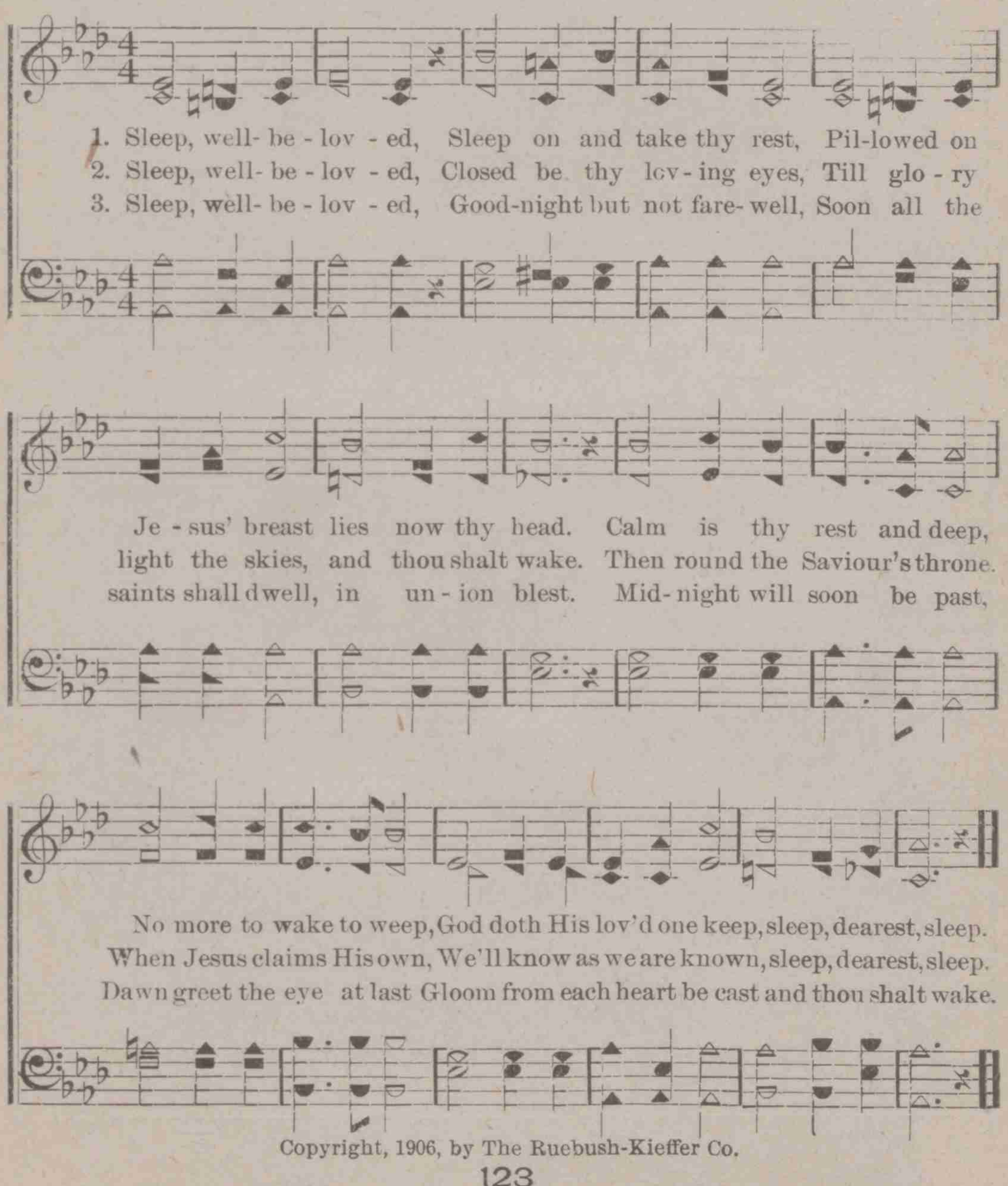
HE ROLLS THE STONE AWAY.—Concluded.

No. 118. SLEEP, WELL-BELOVED.

W. H. R. W. H. RUEBUSH.



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No. 119. LEAVING ALL TO FOLLOW CHRIST.

Arr. by G. P. Hott. (For Soprano and Tenor.) Arr. by J. H. Hall.

Response.

1st Voice. 1. Je- sus I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol - low Thee;
2d Voice. 1. Wand'rer Christ thy cross has taken, All to bear henceforth for Thee;
1st Voice. 2. Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Sav- iour too;
2d Voice. 2. Let the world despise and leave Thee, They have left thy Sav-iour too;

Response. Duet.

Nak-ed, poor, despised, for- sak- en, Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Homeles, poor, despised, for- sak- en, He from hence thine all shalt be.
Human hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art not like them un- true.
Hope in Je - sus can't deceive Thee, He is not like them un- true.

Response.

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought or hoped or known;
Cher - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All thou'st sought or hoped or known;
And while Thou shalt smile up-on me, God of wisdom pow'r and might,
And while He shalt smile up- on thee, Source of wisdom pow'r and might,

Response. Duet.

Yet how rich is my con- di - tion; God and heav'n are still my own.
Wondrous rich is thy con- di - tion; God and heav'n are still thine own.
Foes may hate and friends disown me, Show Thy face and all is bright.
Foes may hate and friends disown thee, Seek His face and all is bright.

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LEAVING ALL TO FOLLOW CHRIST.—Concluded.

SOLO.

2d Voice. 3. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by pray'r;

Heav'ns e - ter- nal day's be-fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.

RESPONSE.

1st Voice. Soon shall close my earthly mission, Soon shall pass my pilgrim days;
2d Voice. Soon shall close thy earthly mission, Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;

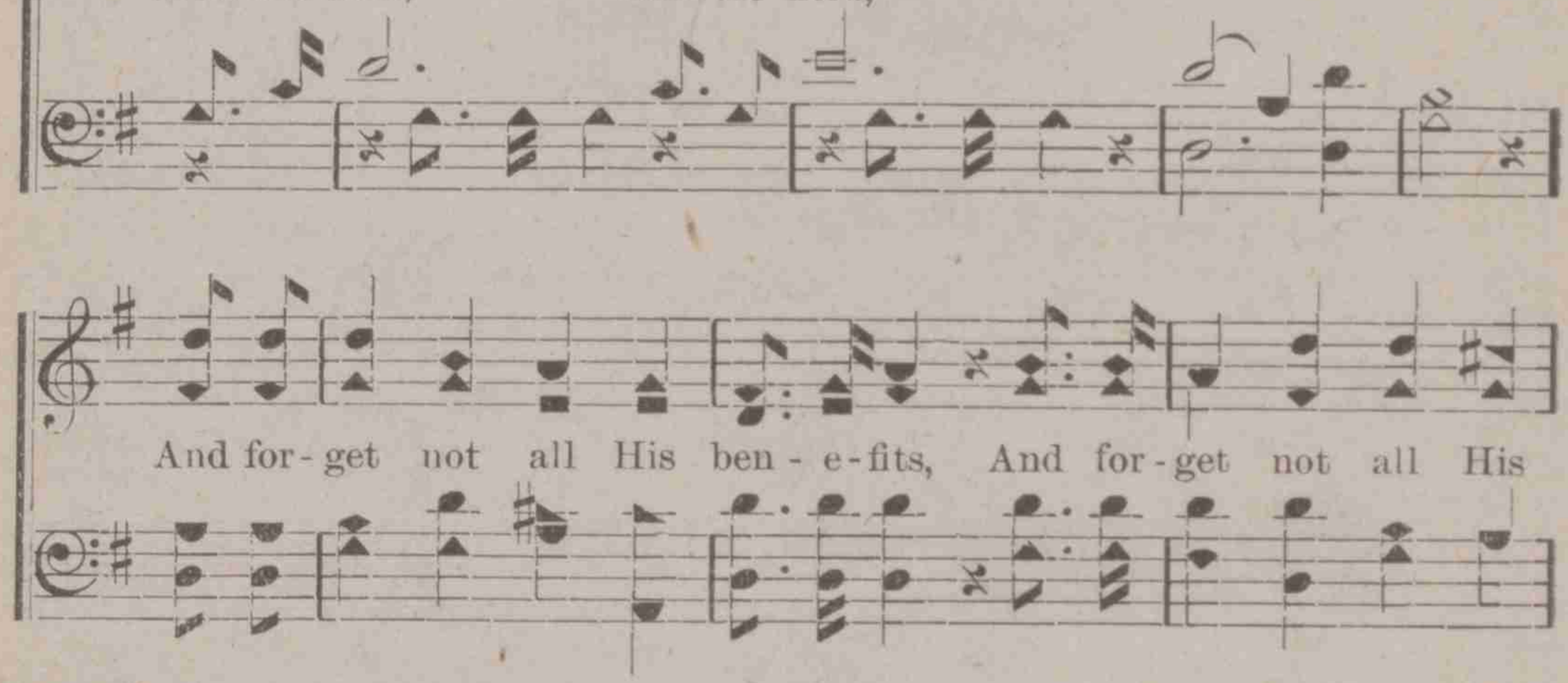
DUET.

Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

EXPLANATION.—*First Voice* sings to repeat—then *Second Voice* sings same phrase in response. Each voice singing its own words. Then first voice sings second phrase, then second voice. And so on through. Both voices together in duet as indicated.—*First Voice* singing, look as to a distant one.—The *Second Voice* looking to the *First*, as if addressing him.

No. 120. BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL!

(ANTHEM.) WM. B. BRADBURY.



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Who heal - eth all thy dis - eas - es, Who crowneth thee with lov - ing

kind - ness, and ten - der mer - cies, Who crowneth thee with lov - ing

kind - ness and ten - der mer - cies. Who re - deem - eth thy

life from de - struc - tion, Who crowneth thee with lov - ing kind - ness,

Who crowneth thee with lov - ing kind - ness and ten - der mer - cies.

No. 121. WHEN WE ALL GET TO HEAVEN.

E. E. HEWITT. Mrs. J. G. WILSON.

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

In the mansions, bright and blessed, He'll pre-pare for us a place.
But when trav'ling days are o - ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo- ry Will the toils of life re- pay.
Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.

1. He'll pre - pare for us a place.

CHORUS.

When we all get to heav - en, What a day of re - joic - ing that will be!
When we all What a day of re - joic - ing that will be!
When we all see Je - sus, We'll sing and shout the vic - to - ry.....
We'll sing and shout, and shout the vic - to - ry.

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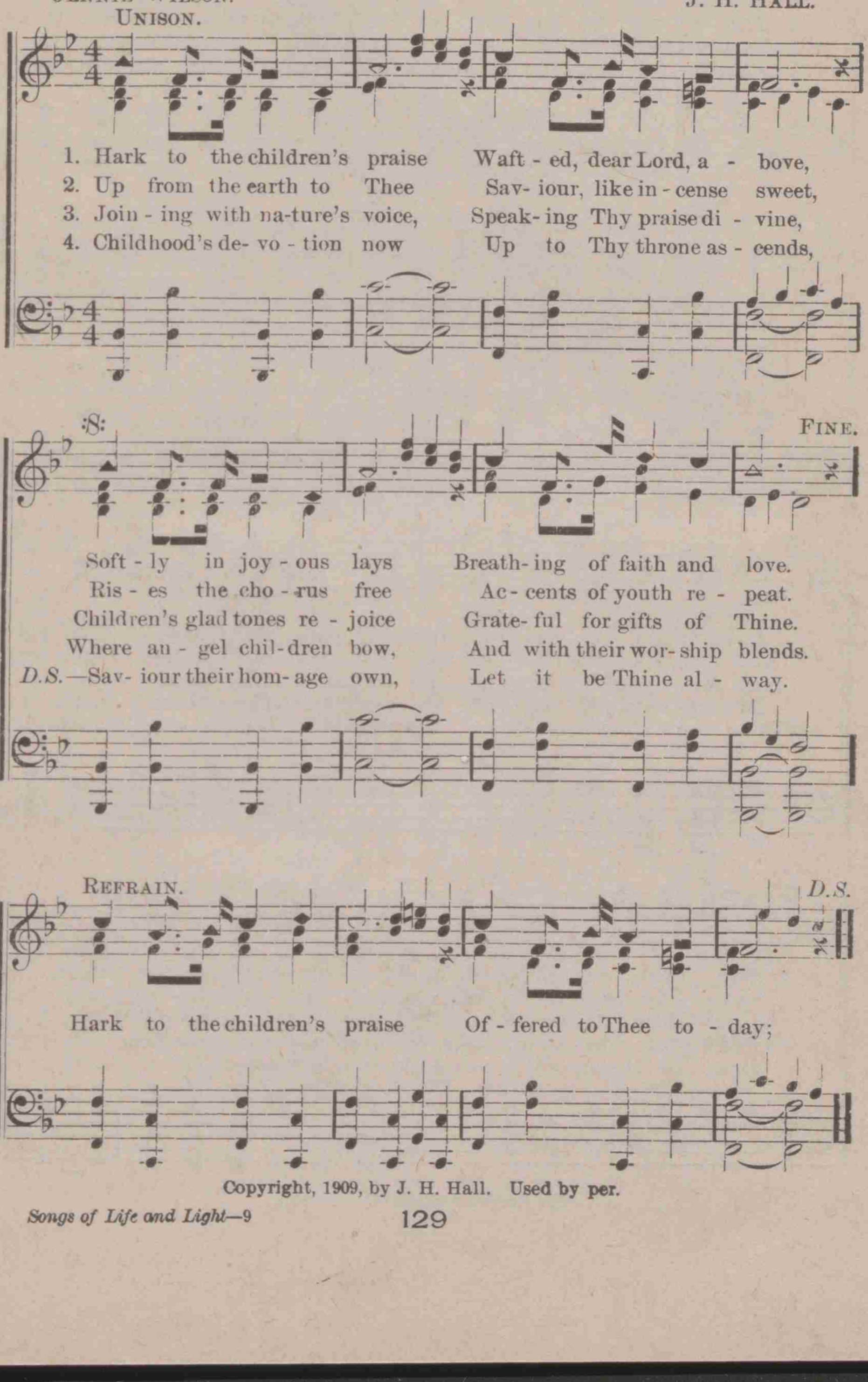
SPECIAL FOR CHILDREN.

No. 122. HARK TO THE CHILDREN'S PRAISE.

JENNIE WILSON. J. H. HALL.

UNISON.



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No. 123, LITTLE MOSES.

G. R. Street.

1. By the side of the riv - er so clear, The la - dies were
2. By the side of the riv - er so clear, The in - fant was
3. Then a - way by the riv - er so clear, They car- ried that
4. Then a - way by the sea that was red, Stood Mo - ses the
5. Then a - way on the moun-tain so high The last one he

wending their way; As Pha-ra-oh's daughter stepped down to the water
lone ly and sad: She took him in pit - y, and thought him so pretty,
beau-ti - ful child; To his own ten-der moth-er, his sis - ter and brother,
serv-ant of God, While in him con- fid- ed the deep was di- vid- ed,
ev- er might see: While Is - ra'l vic - torious, his hope was most glorious,

to bathe in the cool of the day. Be - fore it was
And made lit - tle Mos - es so glad. She called him her
Then Mos - es looked hap - py and smiled; His moth - er, so
As up- ward he lift - ed his rod; The Jews safe- ly
Would soon o - ver Jor - dan be free: Then his la - bors did

dark she o-pened the ark, And found the sweet infant was there.
own, her beau- ti - ful son, And sent for a nurse that was near.
good, done all that she could To rear him and teach him with care.
crossed while Pha- ra-oh's hosts, Was drowned in the waters and lost.
cease, he de- part- ed in peace, And rests in the heav-en a - bove.

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No. 124. LITTLE ONES LIKE ME.

"* Jesus said, suffer little children, * * to come unto me."—**Matt. 19: 14.**

J. H. HALL.

1. Je - sus, when He left the sky, And for sin- ners came to die,
2. 'Twas for them His life He gave, To re-deem them from the grave;
3. Chil- dren then should love Him too, Strive His ho - ly will to do,

In His mer - cy pass'd not by Lit - tle ones like me.
Je - sus a - ble is to save Lit - tle ones like me.
Pray to Him, and praise Him too, Lit - tle ones like me.

CHORUS.

Lit - tle ones like me; Lit - tle ones like me:
like me; like me;

In His mer- cy pass'd not by, Lit - tle ones like me.
In His mer - cy pass'd not by, like me.

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No. 125. THE LOVING LITTLE ONES.

Rev. E. UNANGST, GUNTURE, INDIA. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. 'Tis Je - sus loves the lit - tle ones And calls them as His own;
2. Let lit - tle ones sing Je-sus' name—He loves to hear them sing,—
3. He loves to be with lit - tle ones, And hear their child-like pray'r;
4. 'Tis Je - sus whom the lit - tle ones, May call their lov-ing King;

He's al-ways with the lit - tle ones, They're nev-er left a - lone.
And fill His courts with joy - ful sound, And make His prais- es ring.
And ten- der - ly He takes them up In - to His lov- ing arms.
'Tis He that makes them an - gels too, His name for aye too sing.

CHORUS.

The lov - ing lit - tle ones, The love - ly lit - tle ones,
The lov - ing, lov - ing, The love - ly, love - ly,

The bless - ed lit - tle ones, The hap - py lit - tle ones.
The bless- ed, bless- ed

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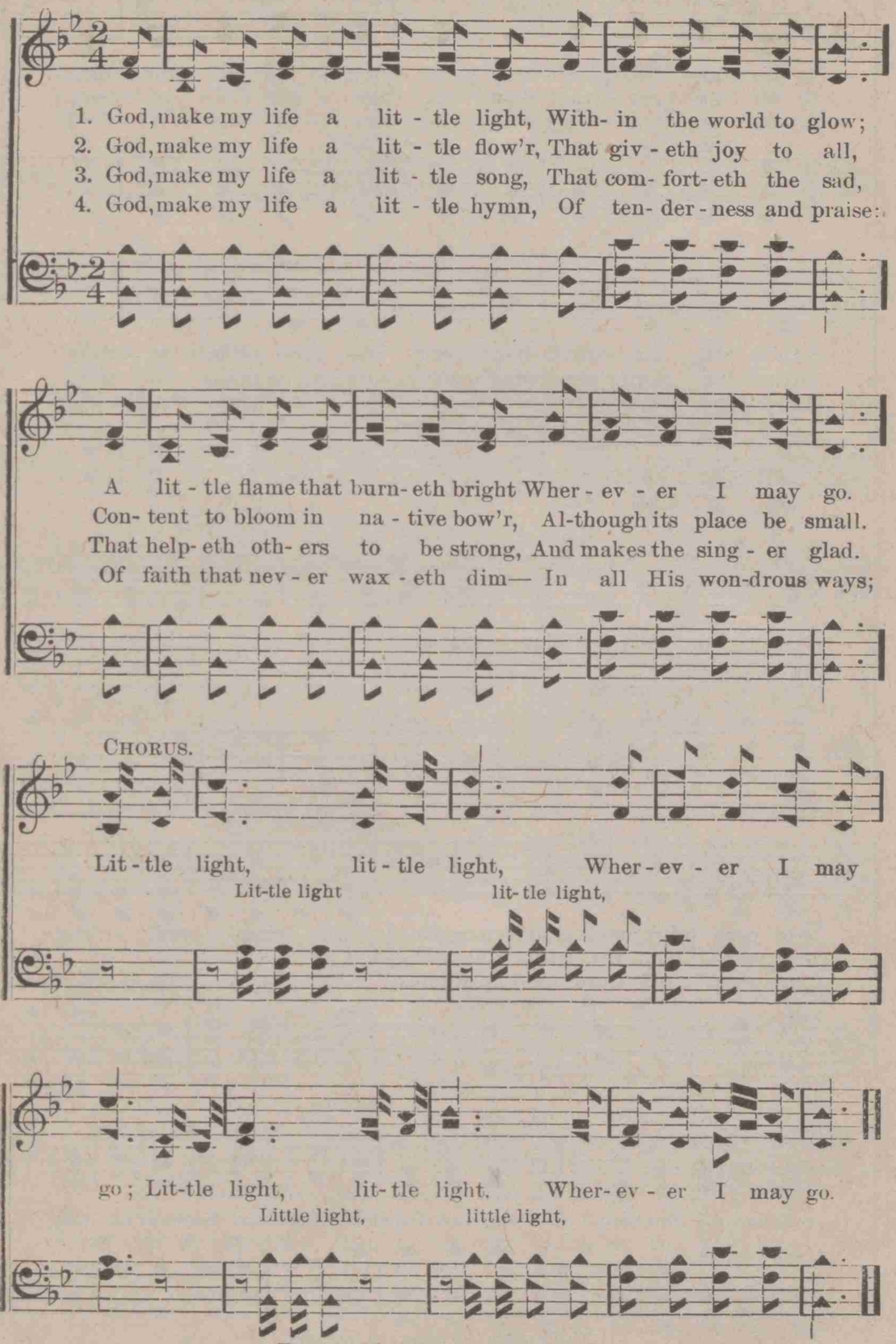
No. 126. A LITTLE LIGHT.

C. E. POLLOCK.



From "Melodies of Praise," by per.

No. 127. LITTLE REAPERS.

Arr. by H. T. WARTMANN.

1. We are lit - tle reap - ers, toil - ing all the day,
2. We are lit - tle reap - ers, in the fields of sin,
3. We are lit - tle reap - ers, in the har - vest field,

Lab - 'ring in the har - vest, o'er the ston - y way;
Striv - ing for the Mas - ter pre - cious souls to win;
Truth and Right the sick - les that our arms shall wield;

Glean-ing 'mong the this- tles searching thro' the rain, Gath'ring for the
Point-ing them to Je - sus, to the Lamb of God, Fol- low- ing His
And we la - bor ev - er, 'neath our Fa-ther's eye, Gath'ring for the

CHORUS.

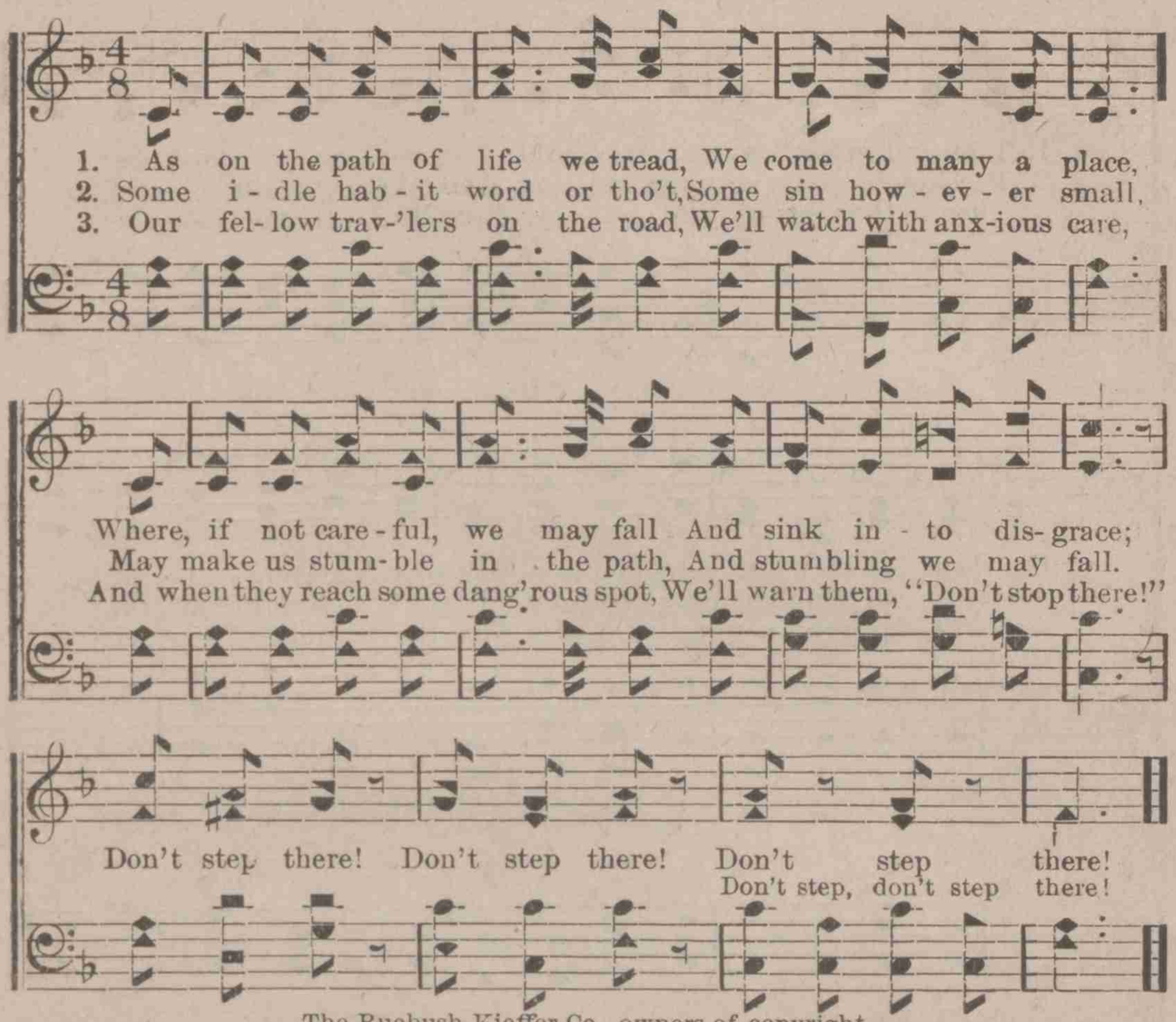
gar - ner, bright and gold - en grain.
foot- steps in the path He trod.
gar - ner of the throne on high.

Toil - ing, toil - ing,
Reap-ing for the Mas - ter, we are
toil - ing all the day, Pausing not for shad-ows that becloud our way.

The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

No. 128. DON'T STEP THERE!

Words taken from the "Children's Friend." J. H. HALL.



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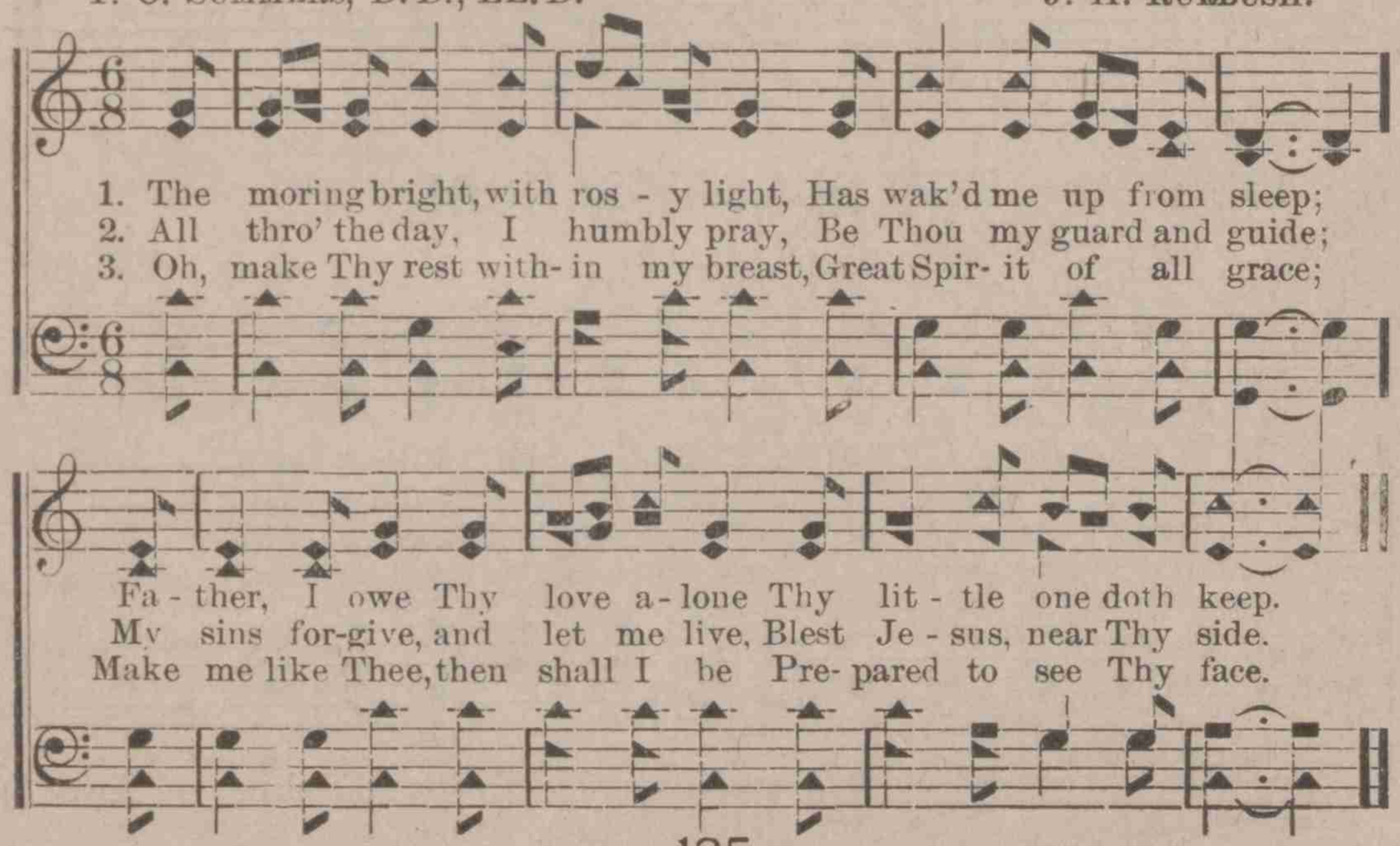
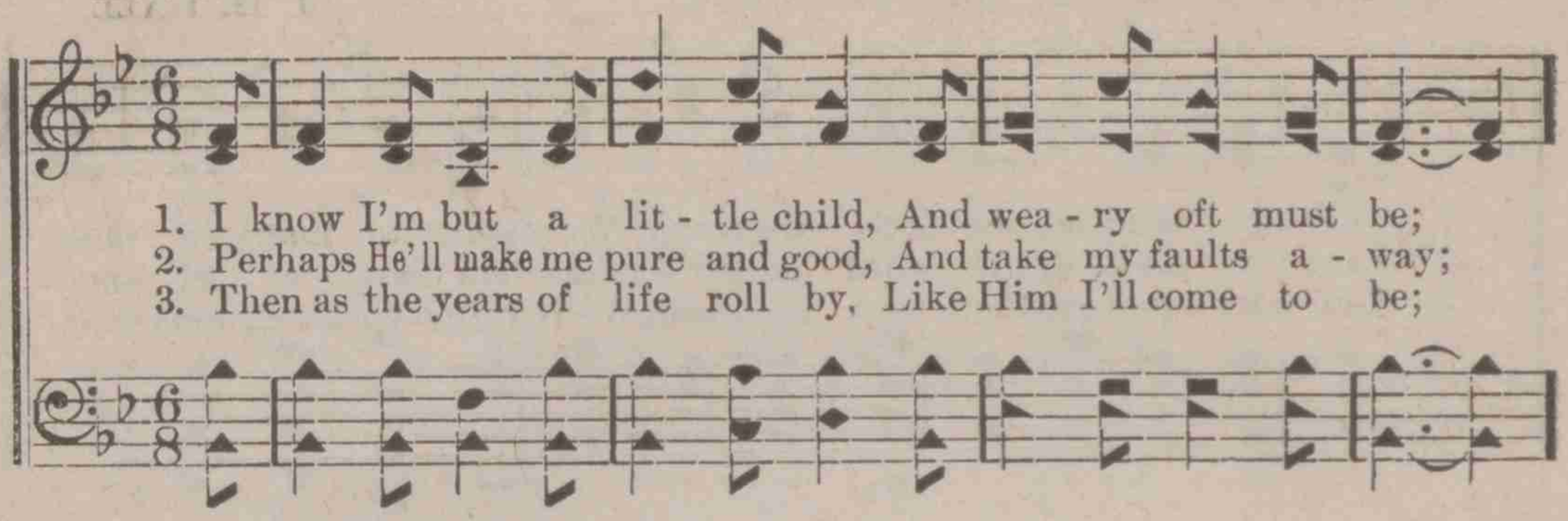
No. 129. CHILDREN'S MORNING HYMN.

T. O. SUMMERS, D. D., LL. D. J. H. RUEBUSH.

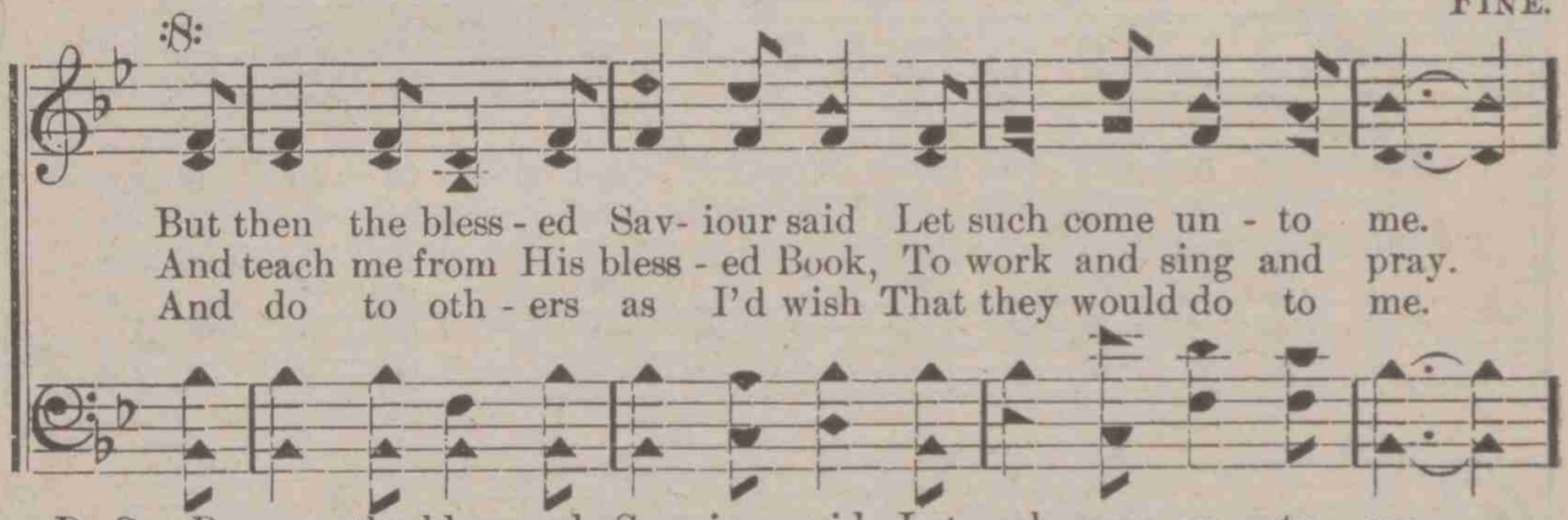


No. 130. BUT A LITTLE CHILD.

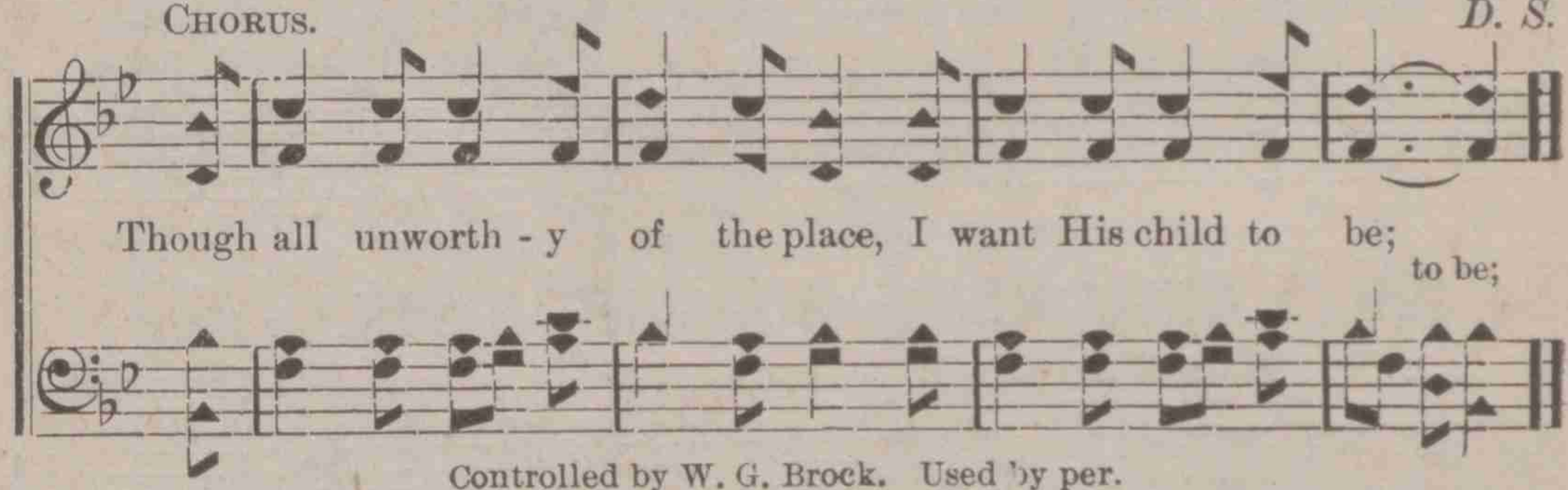
Rev. Geo. P. Hott. W. G. Brock.



Fine.



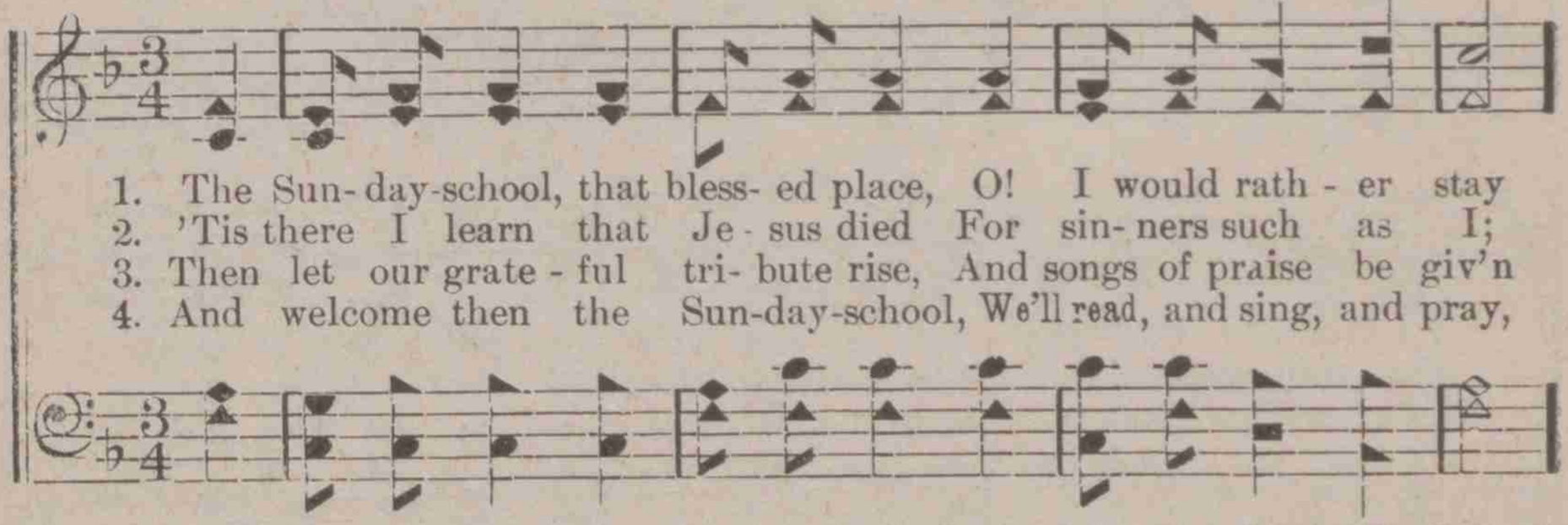
Chorus. D. S.



Controlled by W. G. Brock. Used by per.

No. 131. THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Anon.



With- in its walls, a child of grace, Than spend my hours in play.
O! what has all the world be - side, That I should prize so high?
To Him who dwells a - bove the skies, For such a bless - ing given.
That we may keep the gold - en rule, And nev - er from it stray.

For there I learn the gold- en rule Which leads to joys a - bove.

No. 132. JUST A RAY OF SUNSHINE.

ANNIE AYCOCK. J. H. HALL.

1. Just a ray of sun-shine, Just a lit - tle show'r Yet they help to
2. Just a kind word spok-en, Just a no - ble deed Yet they help to
3. Let us scat - ter sunshine, God will send the rain; And 'twill help to
4. Scat - ter seeds of kind- ness, Do some deeds of love; You may thus be

CHORUS.

bright- en, Ev - 'ry lit - tle flow'r.
bright- en, Ev - 'ry life in need.
bright- en, Ev - 'ry life of pain.
lead - ing Some dear soul a - bove.

Just a ray of sun-shine,

Just a lit - tle show'r; They will help to brighten, Ev- 'ry pass- ing hour.

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No. 133. THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.

"And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them."—Mark 10 : 16.

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE. J. C. ENGLEBRECHT.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit-tle chil-dren as
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, His arms had been thrown around me, And that I might have seen His kind
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share in His love; And if I now ear- nest - ly
4. In that beau - ti - ful place He has gone to pre - pare, For all that are washed and for - giv'n; And ma - ny dear chil-dren are

lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."
seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove:
gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the king-dom of heav'n."

REFERAIN.

I should like to have been with them then; How He called lit- tle
"Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me;" And that I might have
I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove: And if I now
"For of such is the king-dom of heav'n;" And ma - ny dear

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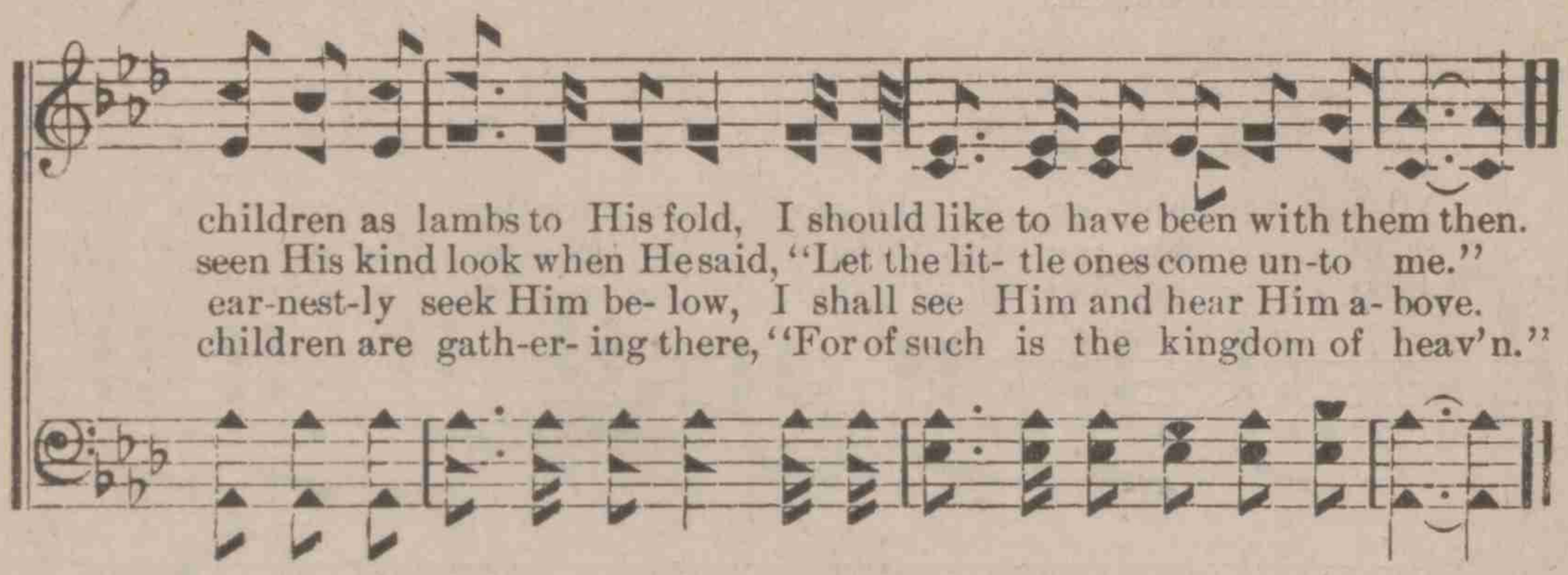
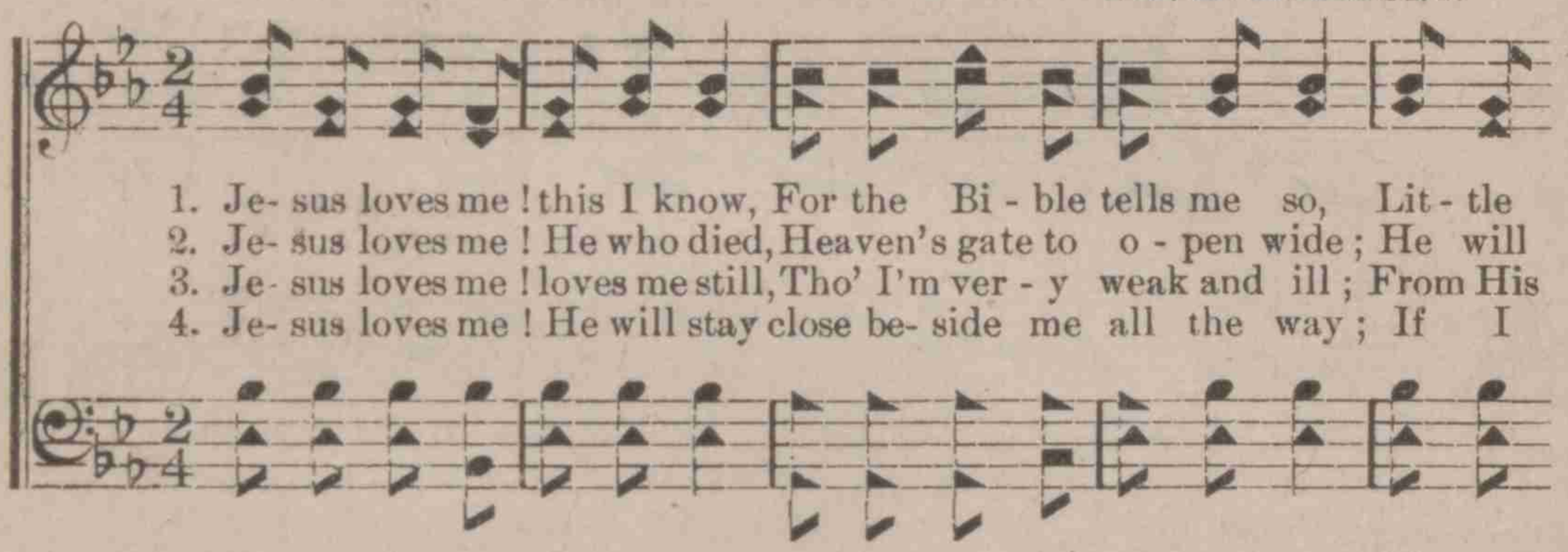
THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.—Concluded.



No. 134. JESUS LOVES ME.

(The Favorite Hymn of China.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 135. SHINING LITTLE STAR.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. J. H. Hall.

1. Pret - ty shin- ing lit - tle star, Brighter than a gem,
2. Pret - ty shin- ing lit - tle star, Did you see His eye?
3. Pret - ty shin- ing lit - tle star, Did you see His smile?

Are you that same star that shone O - ver Beth- le - hem?
Did you take their lov- ing light With you to the skies?
Has its brightness kept you glad All this lonesome while.

Was your light the one that staid O'er the bed where Christ was laid.
And was then your brightness more Than it e'er had been be-fore?
That you guid- ed men one night To His brithplace by your light?

Chorus.

Pret- ty, pret- ty shining star, Hap- py you must be,

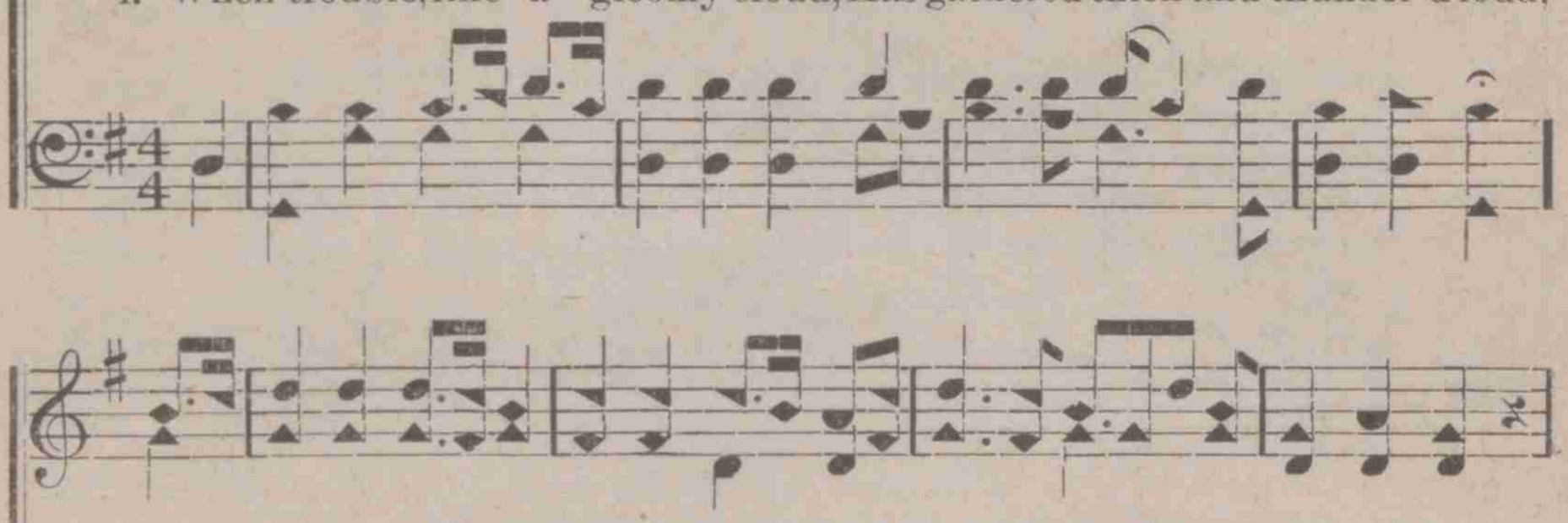
If the star you tru - ly are That did my Saviour see!

STANDARD SELECTIONS.

No. 136. LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. American Tune.

1. A - wake, my soul, to joy-ful lays And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined by the fall, Yet loved me not- withstanding all;
3. Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thunder'd loud,



He just-ly claims a song from me; His lov-ing-kind - ness, O how free!
He saved me from my lost es - tate; His lov-ing-kind - ness, O how great!
He safe-ly leads my soul a - long; His lov-ing-kind - ness, O how strong!
He near my soul has always stood! His lov-ing-kind - ness, O how good!

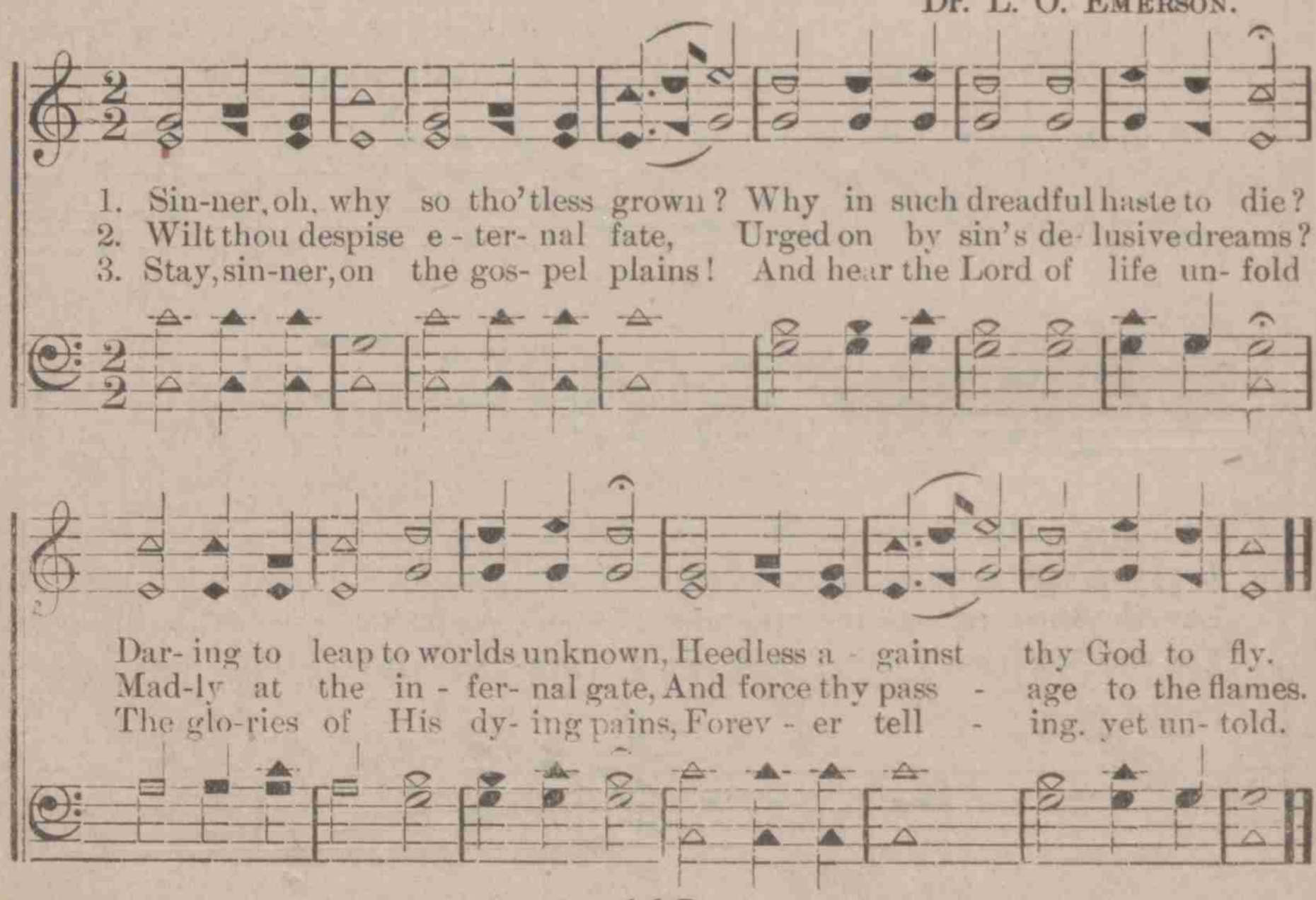
Lov- ing-kindness, lov- ing-kindness, His lov- ing- kind - ness, O how free!
Lov- ing-kindness, lov- ing-kindness, His lov- ing- kind - ness, O how great!
Lov- ing-kindness, lov- ing-kindness, His lov- ing- kind - ness, O how strong!
Lov- ing-kindness, lov- ing-kindness, His lov- ing- kind - ness, O how good!

No. 137. WOODWORTH. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. WM. B. BRADBURY.

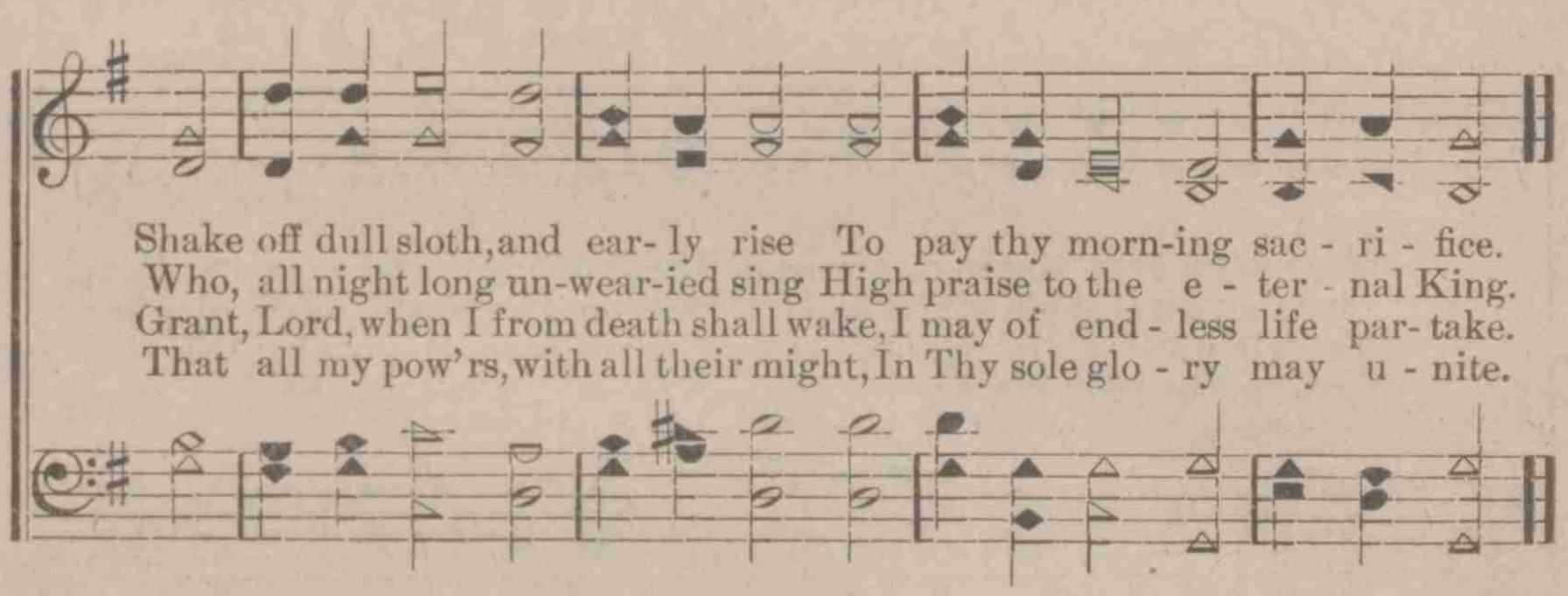
No. 138. SESSIONS. L. M.

Dr. L. O. EMERSON.



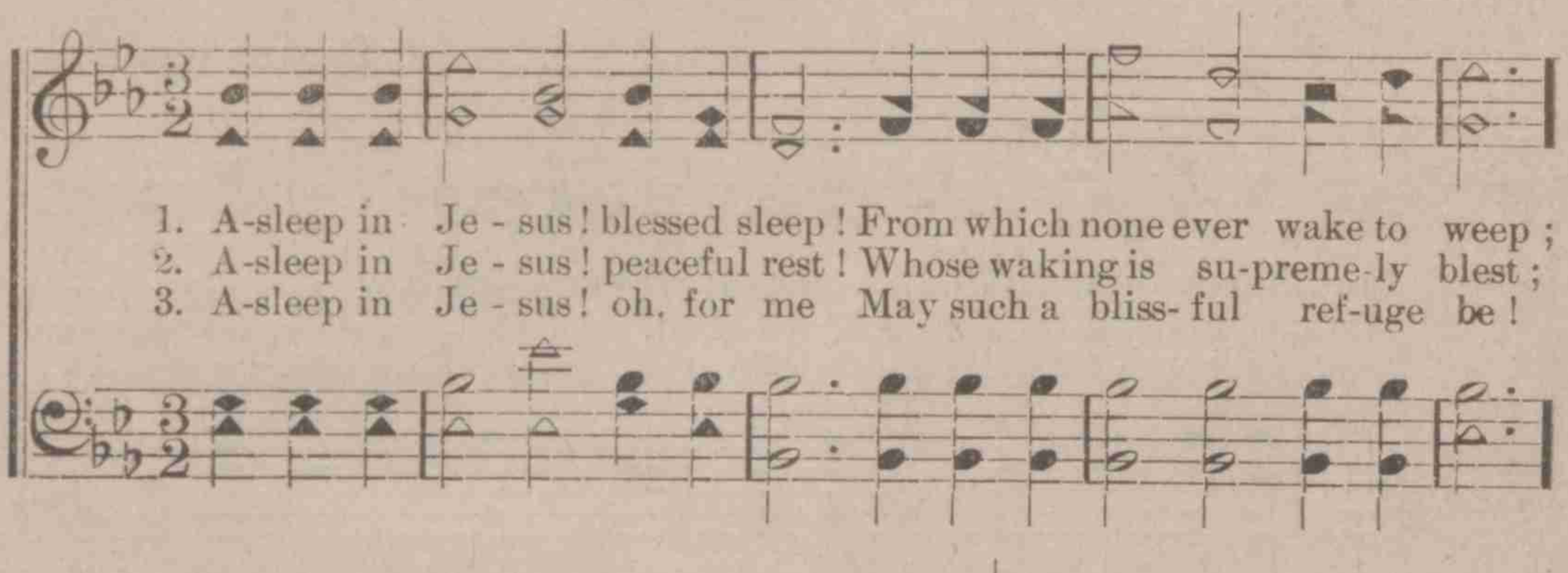
No. 139. ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

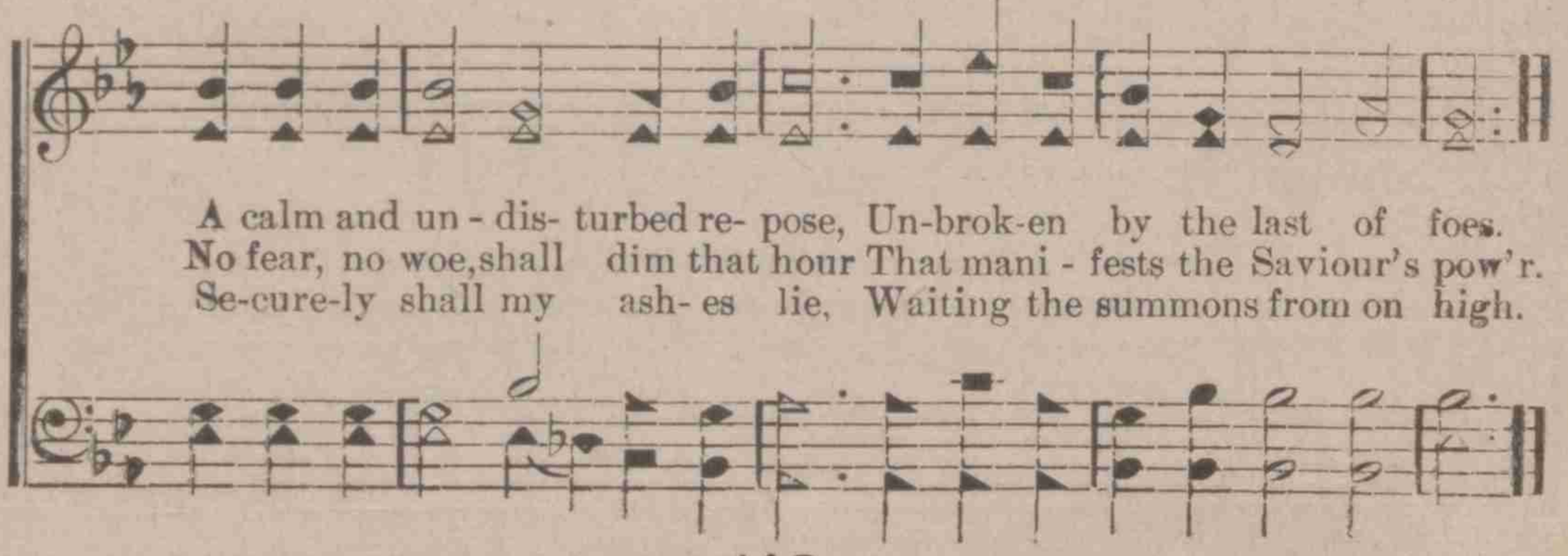
THOMAS KEN. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 140. REST. L. M.

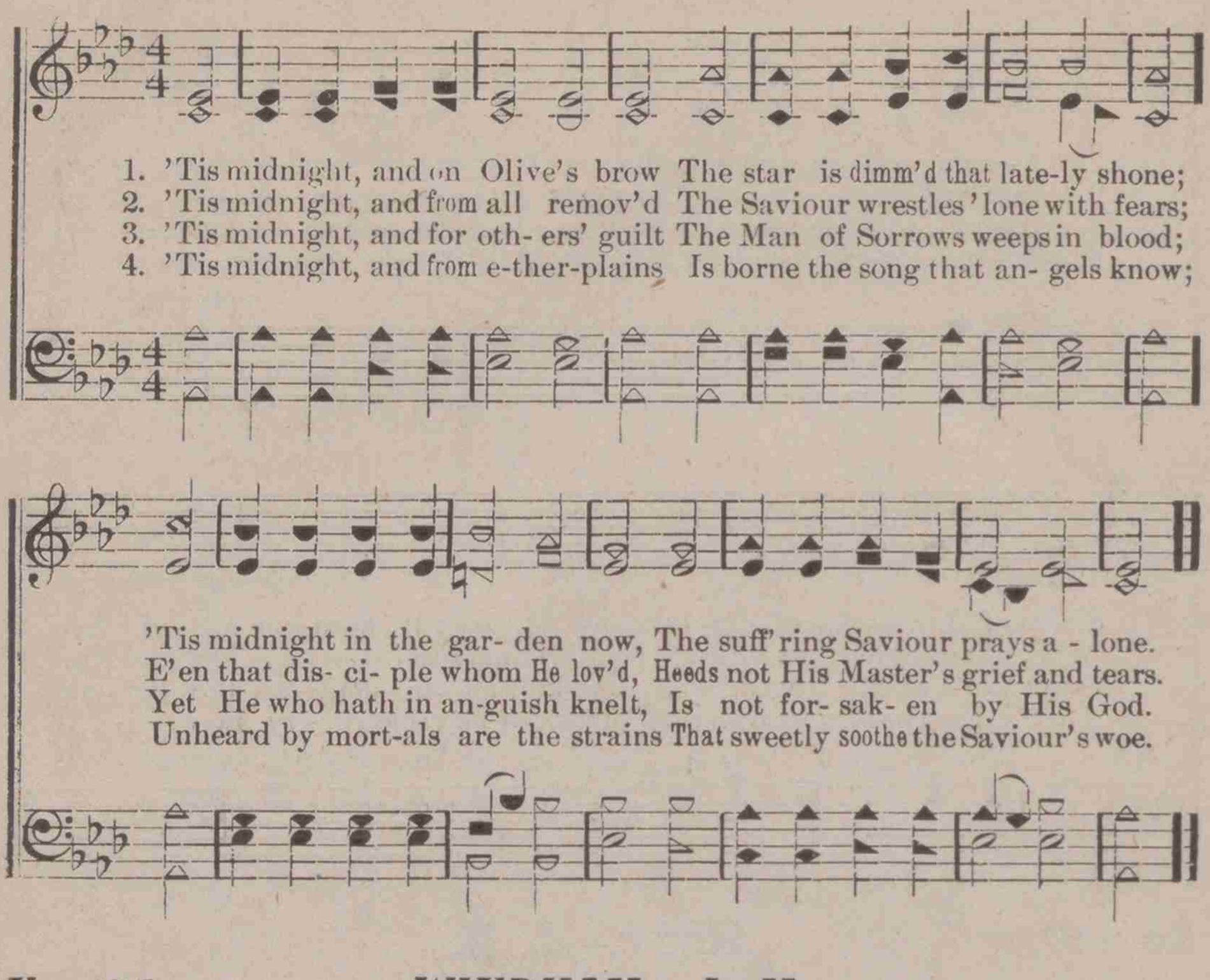
MARGARET MACKAY. W. B. BRADBURY.





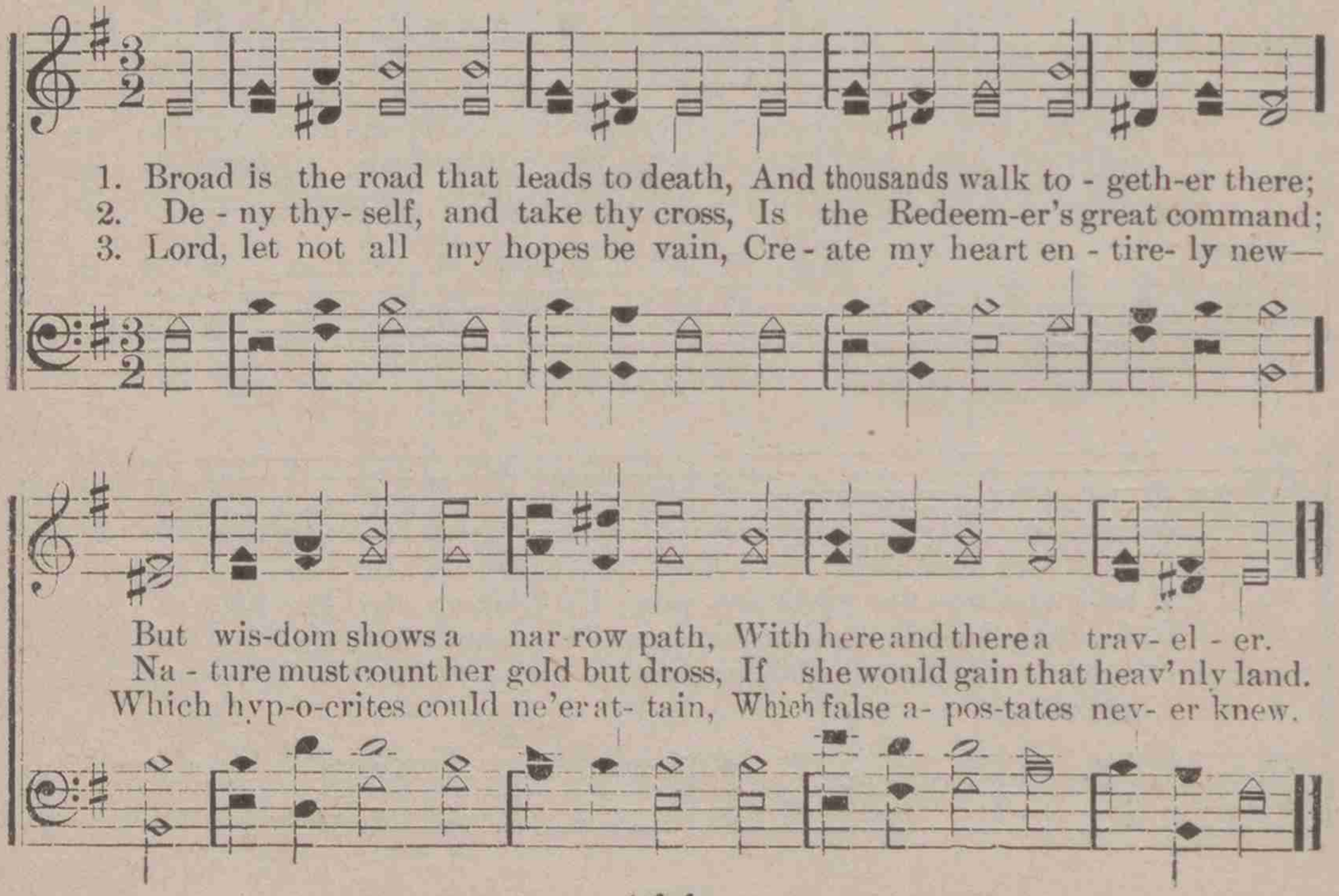
No. 141. OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

Rev. Wm. Bingham Tappan. Wm. B. Bradbury.



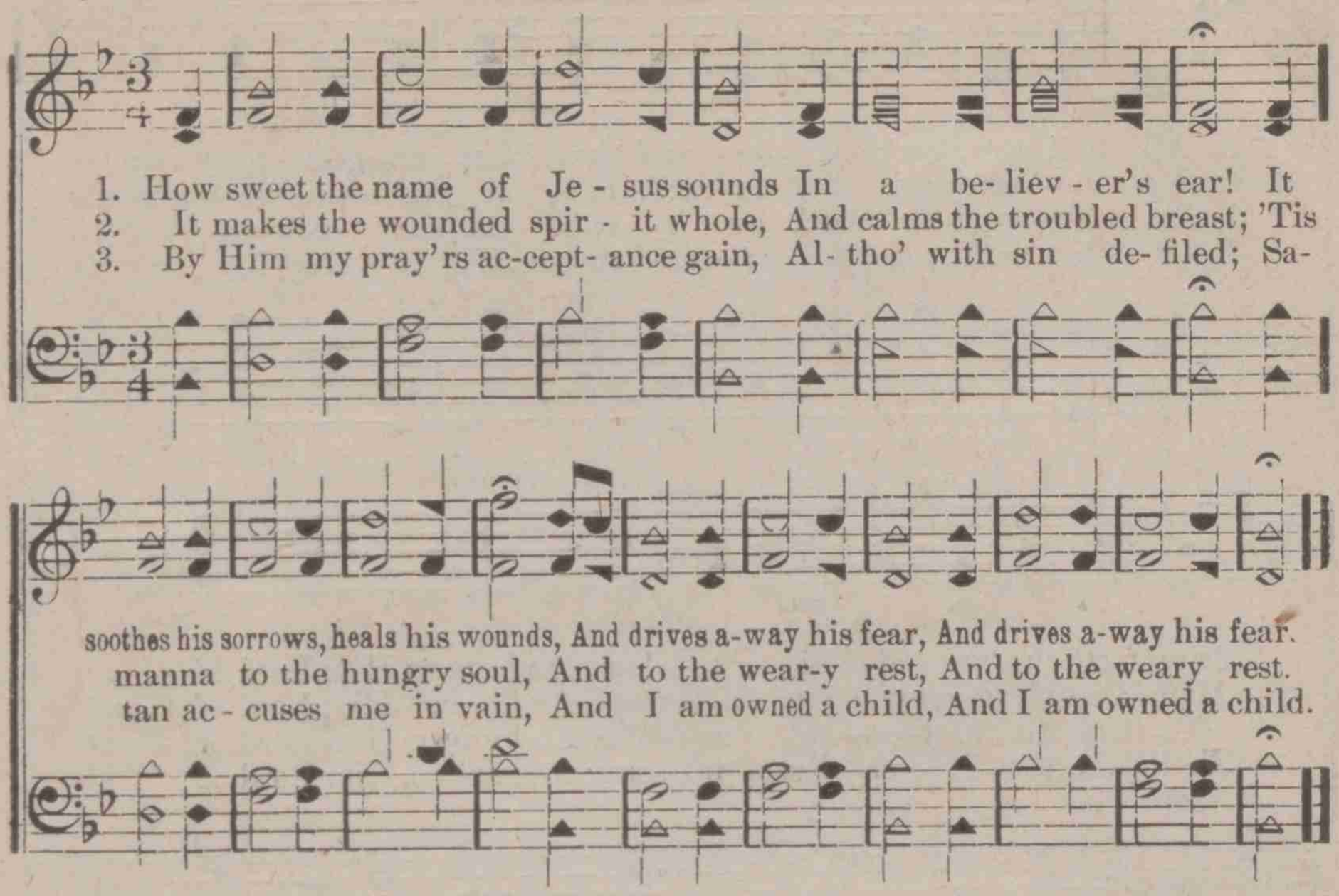
No. 142. WINDHAM. L. M.

I. Watts. Daniel Read.



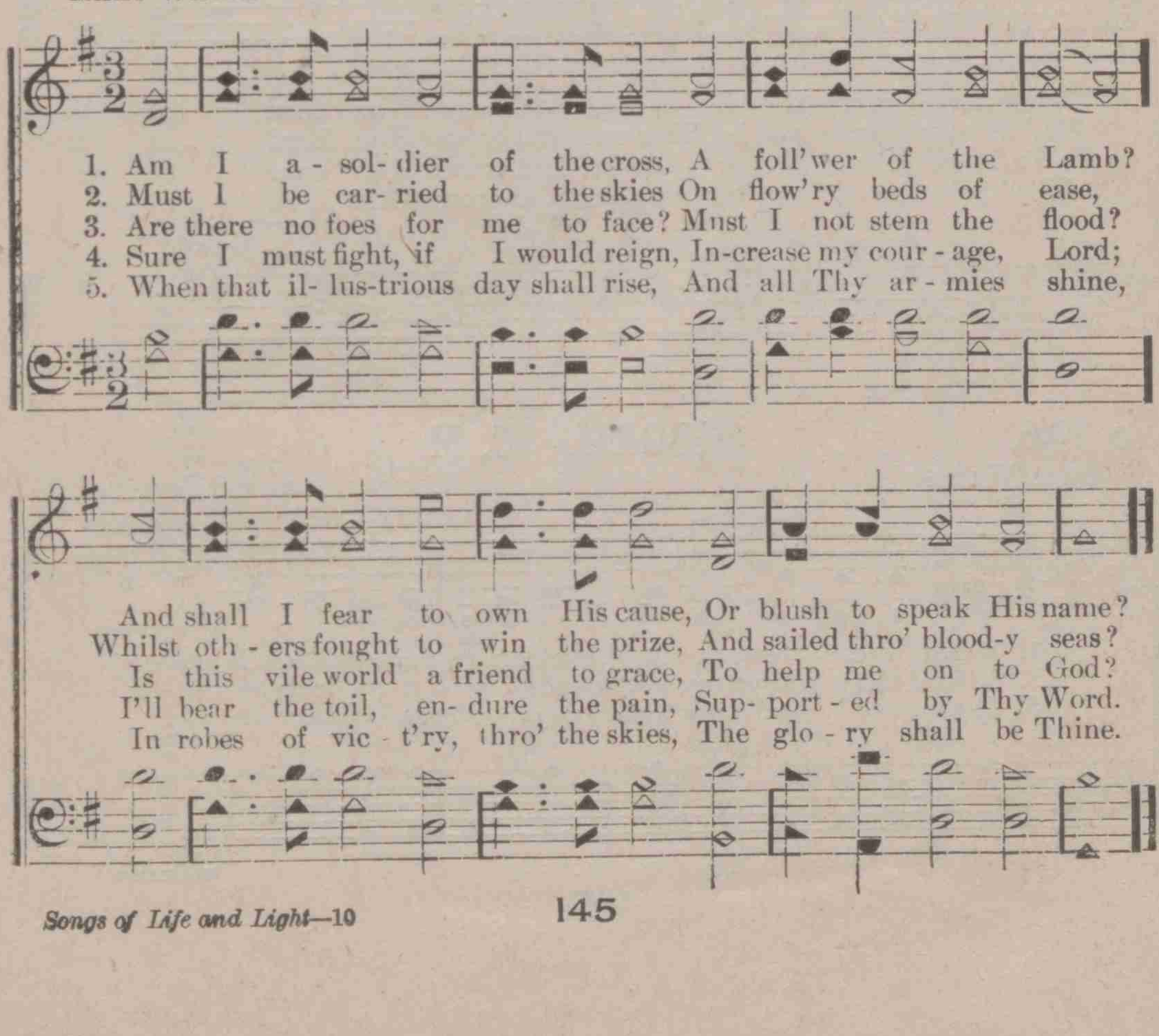
No. 143. ORTONVILLE. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON. Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS.



No. 144. ARLINGTON. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Dr. T. A. ARNE.



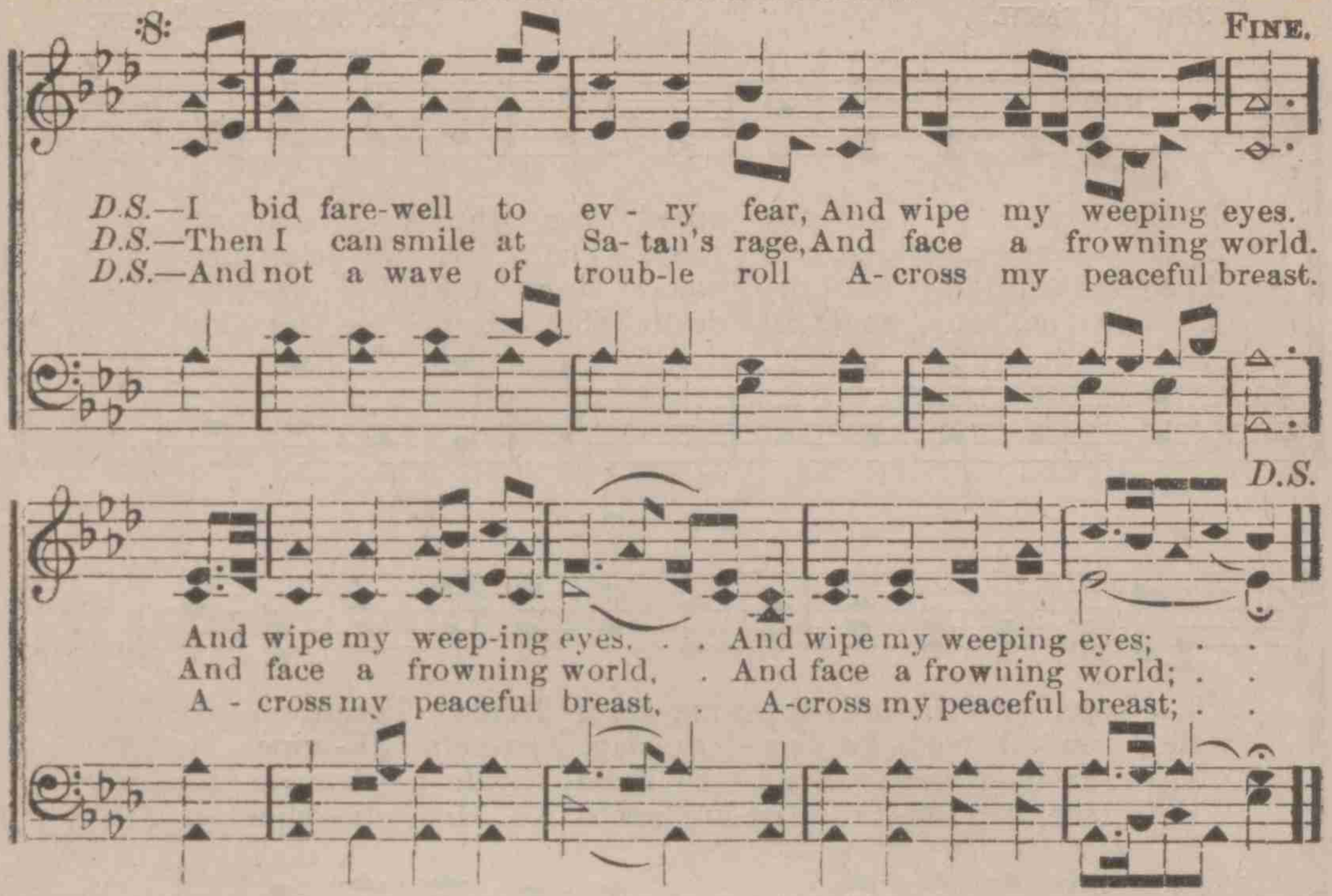
No. 145. CORONATION. C. M.

E. PERRONET. O. HOLDEN.

No. 146. PISGAH. C. M

ISAAC WATTS. An old Favorite.

PISGAH.—Concluded.



No. 147. FAIR HAVEN. C. M.

SUTTON. Scotch Air.

Slow.

No. 148. LABAN. S. M.

GEORGE HEATH. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou-sand foes a - rise;
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God:

The hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw Thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im- plore.
Thy ar-duous work will not be done, Till thou ob - tain thy crown.
He'll take thee, at thy part-ing breath, To His di - vine a - bode,

No. 149. DENNIS. S. M.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NAGELI.

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

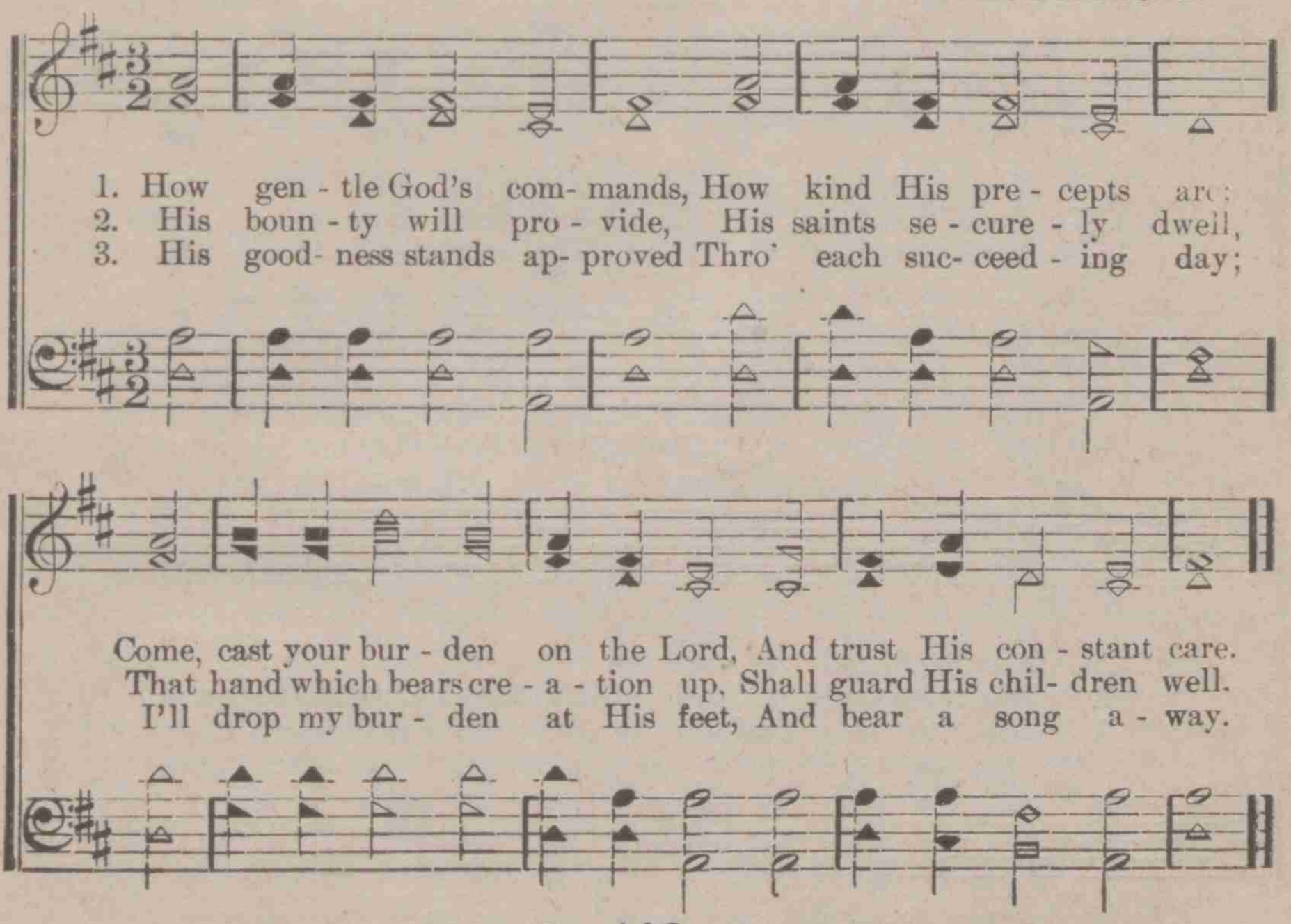
The fel - low- ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a- gain.

No. 150. BOYLSTON. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

No. 151. LOTTIE. S. M

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. W. B. BRADBURY.



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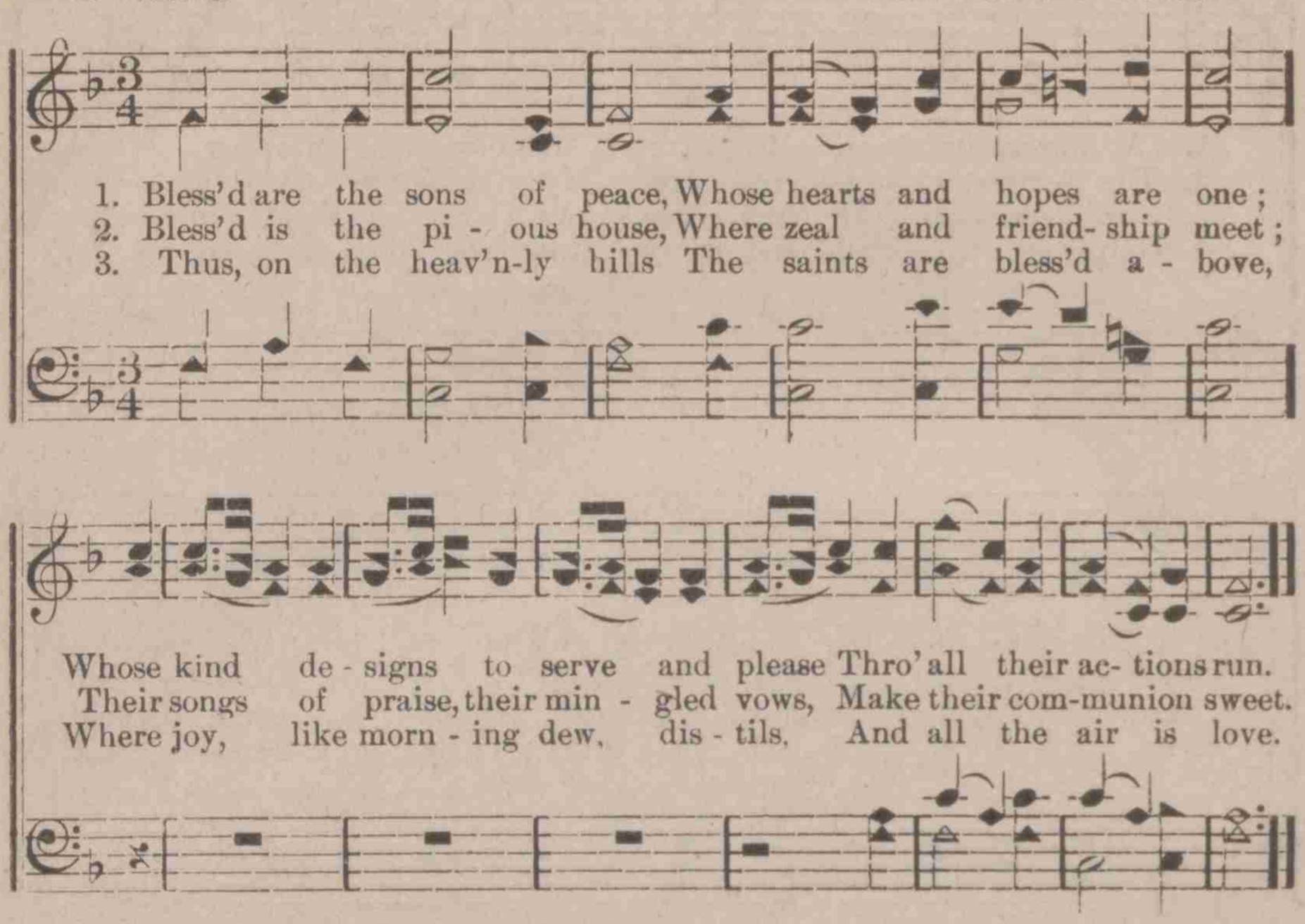

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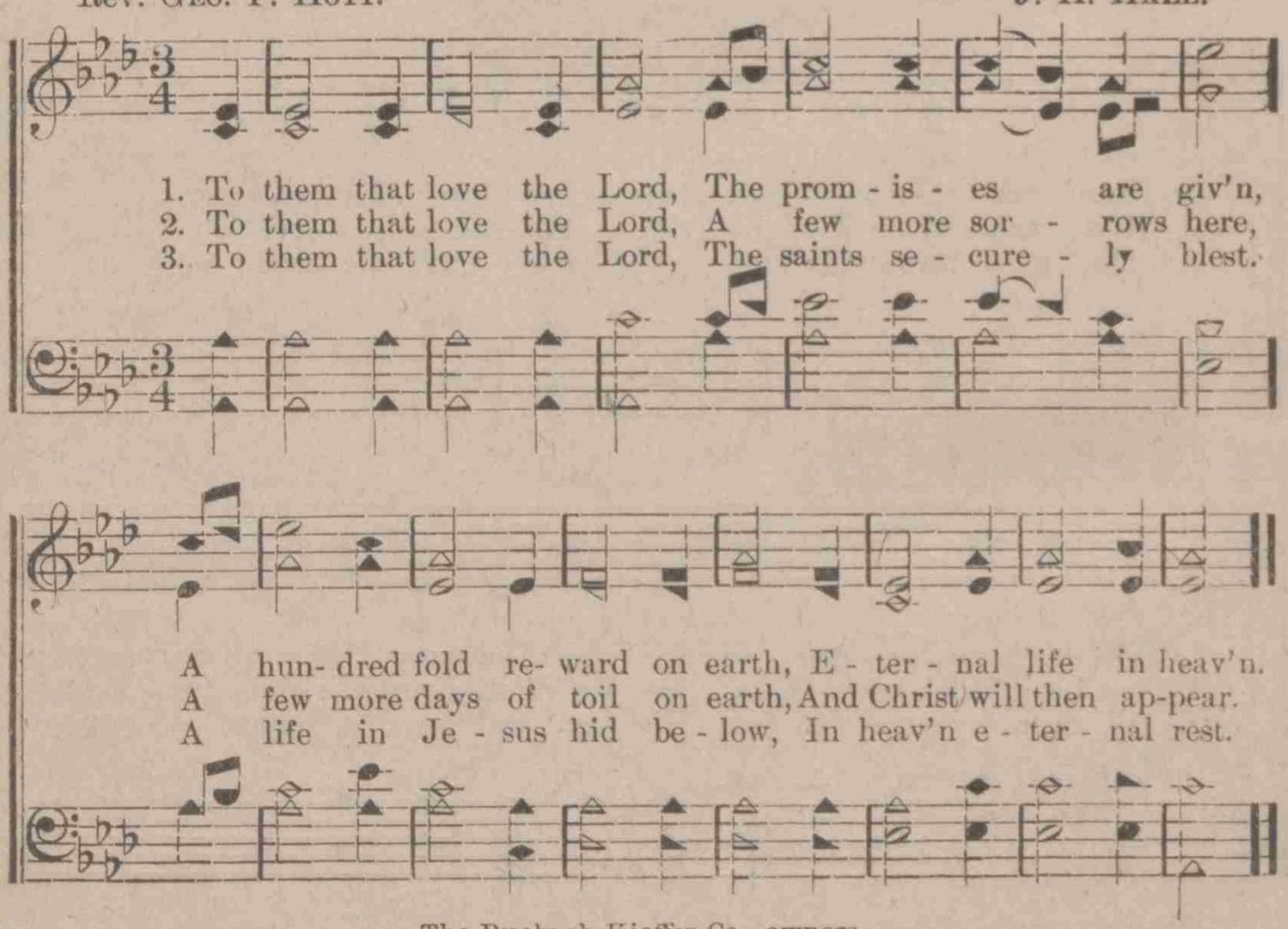
Rev. Geo. P. Hott. J. H. Hall.



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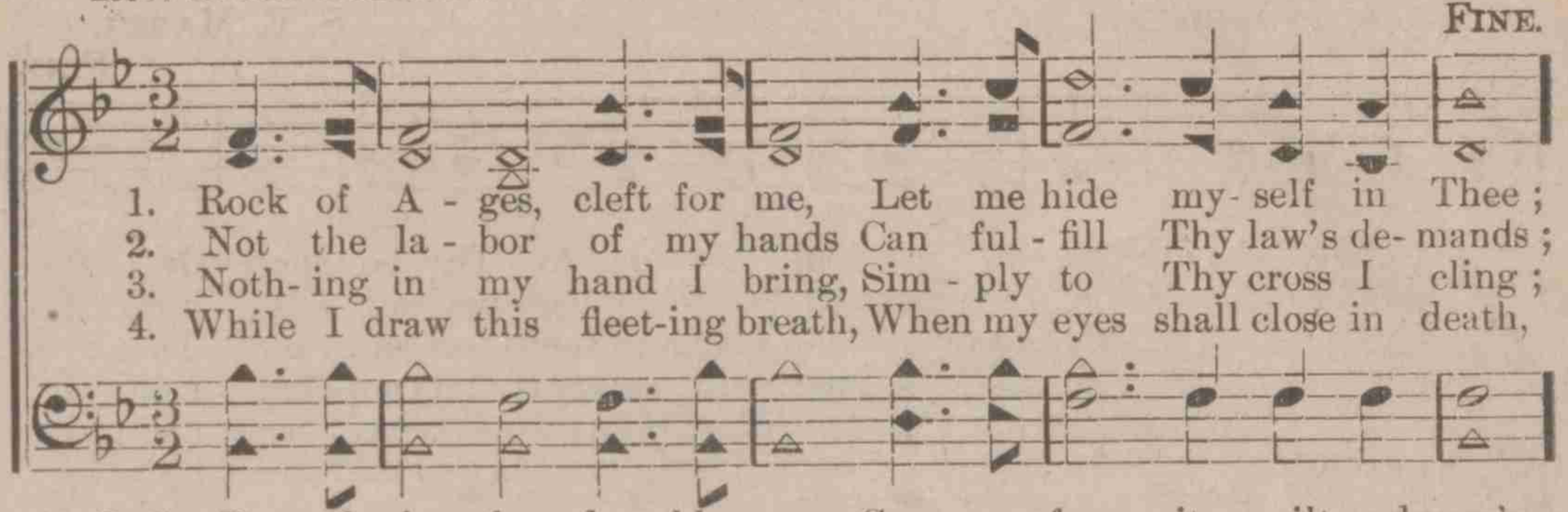
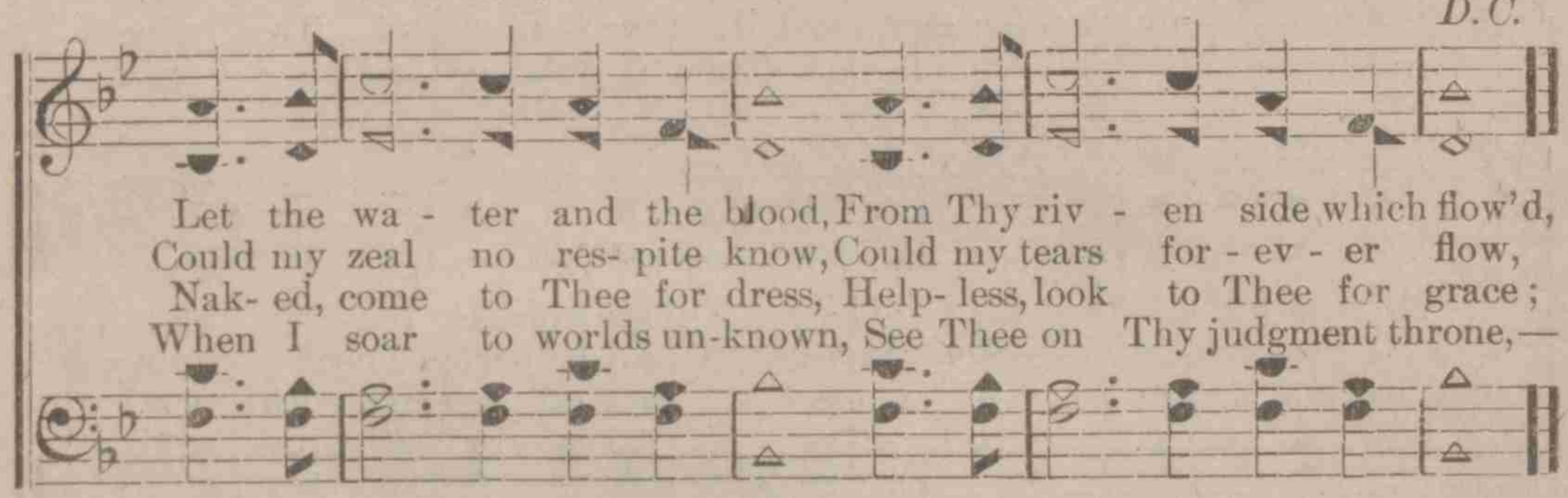
Rev. A. M. Toplady. Dr. Thos. Hastings.





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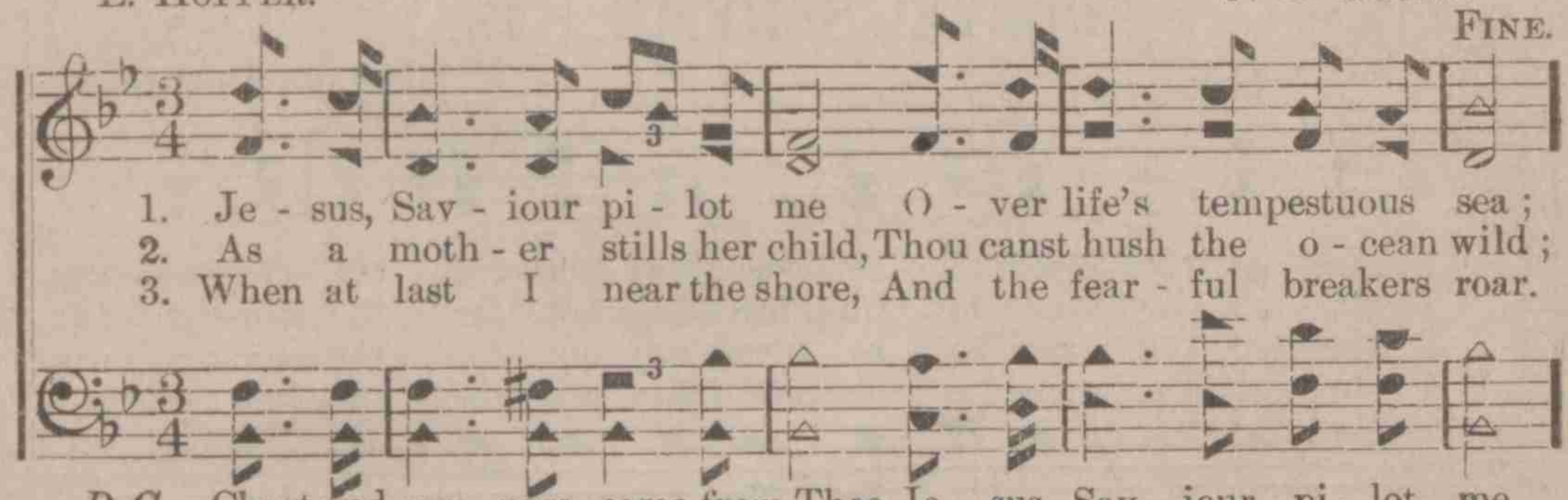
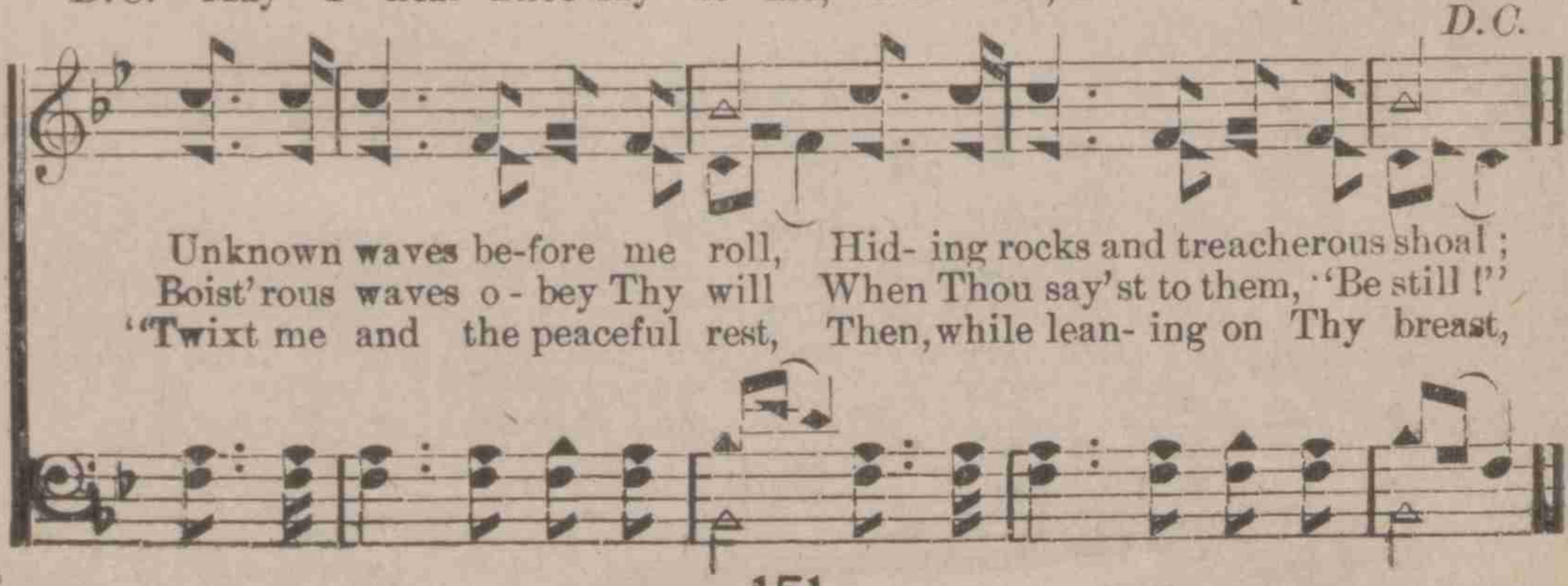




No. 156. MARTYN. 7s, D.

CHARLES WESLEY. S. B. MARSH.

FINE.

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

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

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

D.C.—Safe in - to the ha- ven guide, Oh, re- ceive my soul at last.
D.C.—Cov - er my de - fenceless head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
D.C.—Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

D.C.

Hide me, O my Sav- iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho- ly is Thy name, I am all un-righteous - ness;

No. 157. PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

THOMAS SCOTT. IGNACE PLEYEL.

1. Has- ten, sin - ner, to be wise! Stay not for the mor-row's sun;
2. Has- ten, mer - cy to im-plore! Stay not for the mor-row's sun,
3. Has- ten, sin - ner, to re - turn! Stay not for the mor-row's sun,
4. Has- ten, sin - ner, to be blest! Stay not for the mor-row's sun,

Wis- dom, if you still de - spise, Hard- er is it to be won.
Lest thy sea - son should be o'er, Ere this evening's stage is run.
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn, Ere sal - va - tion's work is done.
Lest per - di - tion thee ar - rest, Ere the mor - row is be - gun.

No. 158. MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s.

S. F. Smith. Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love-ly, Gen- tle as the sum- mer breeze,
2. Peaceful be thy si - lent slumber, Peaceful in the grave so low;
3. Dear- est sis - ter, thou hast left us; Here thy loss we deep - ly feel.
4. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled;

Pleas-ant as the air of eve- ning, When it floats a - mong the trees.
Thou no more wilt join our num-ber, Thou no more our songs shalt know.
But 'tis God that hath be - reft us; He can all our sor- rows heal.
Then in heav'n with joy to greet Thee, Where no fare- well tear is shed.

No. 159. I LOVE JESUS. 8s & 7s.

Arr.

1. When the world my heart is rend- ing, With its heav-iest storm of care,
   My glad tho'ts to God as-cend- ing, Find a ref - uge from de-spair.
2. There's a hand of mer- cy near me, Tho' the waves of trouble roar;
   There's an hour of rest to cheer me, When the toils of life are o'er.
3. This the hope that shall sus-tain me, Till life's pil- grim- age is past;
   Tears may vex and troub-le pain me; I shall reach my home at last.

Chorus.

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

No. 160. WEBB. 7s & 6s, D.

GEO. DUFFIELD. G. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol- diers of the cross;
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The trum- pet call o - bey;
3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss.
Forth to the might- y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day.
The arm of flesh will fail you, You dare not stand a - lone.

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry, His ar - my shall be led,
Ye that are men now serve Him, A- gainst un-numbered foes;
Put on the gos - pel arm - or, And, watching un - to pray'r,

Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.
When du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.

No. 161. MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s, D.

REGINALD HEBER. LOWELL MASON.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In- dia's cor - al strand,
2. What, tho' the spic - y breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey- lon's isle,
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis- dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,

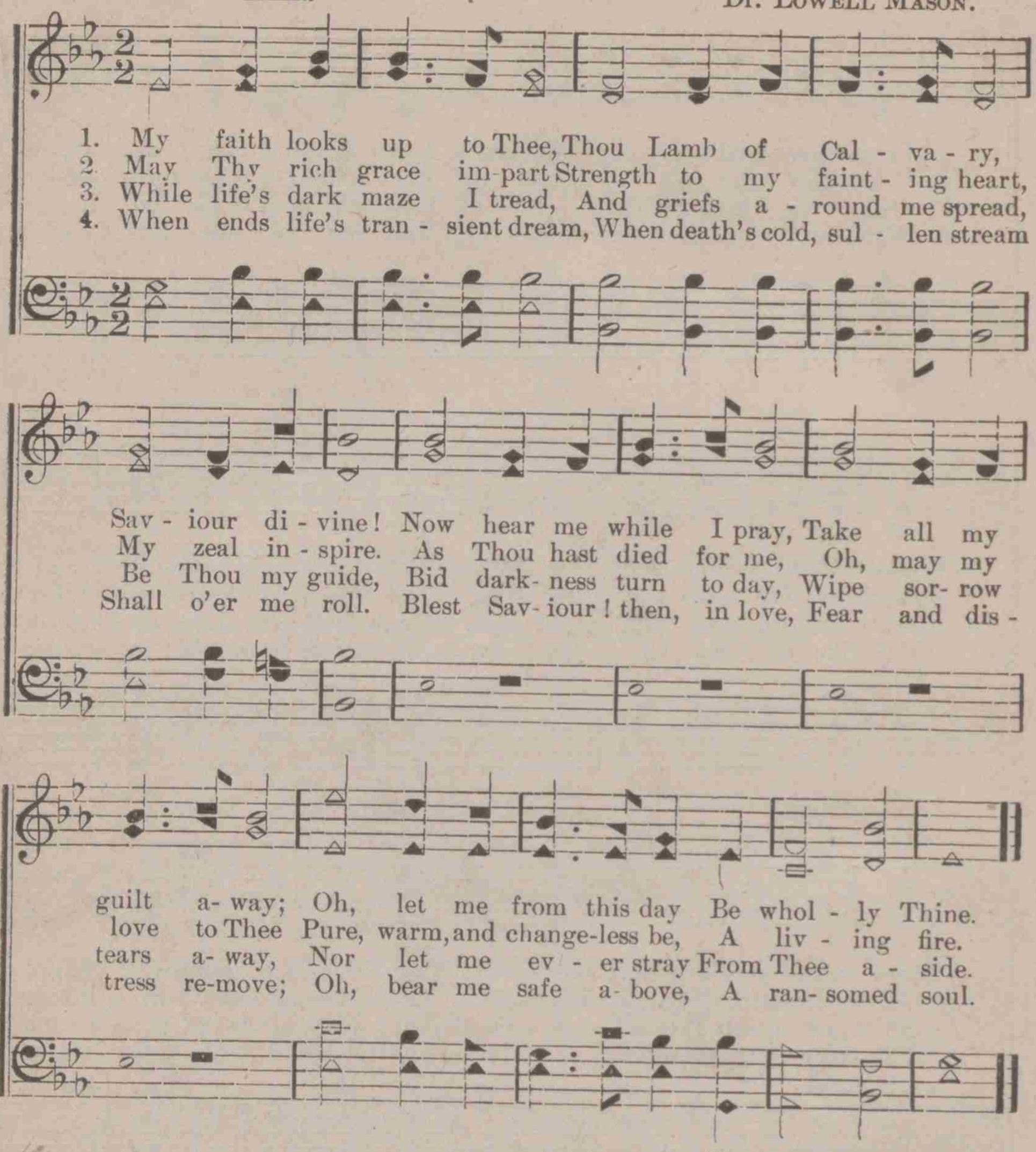
Where Af- ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand,
Though ev - 'ry pros-pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;
Shall we, to men be - night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;

From man - y an an- cient riv - er, From man - y a palm-y plain,
In vain, with lav - ish kind - ness, The gifts of God are strown;
Sal va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ran- somed na - ture, The Lamb for sin- ners slain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The heath - en in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.
Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.
Re-deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re- turns to reign.

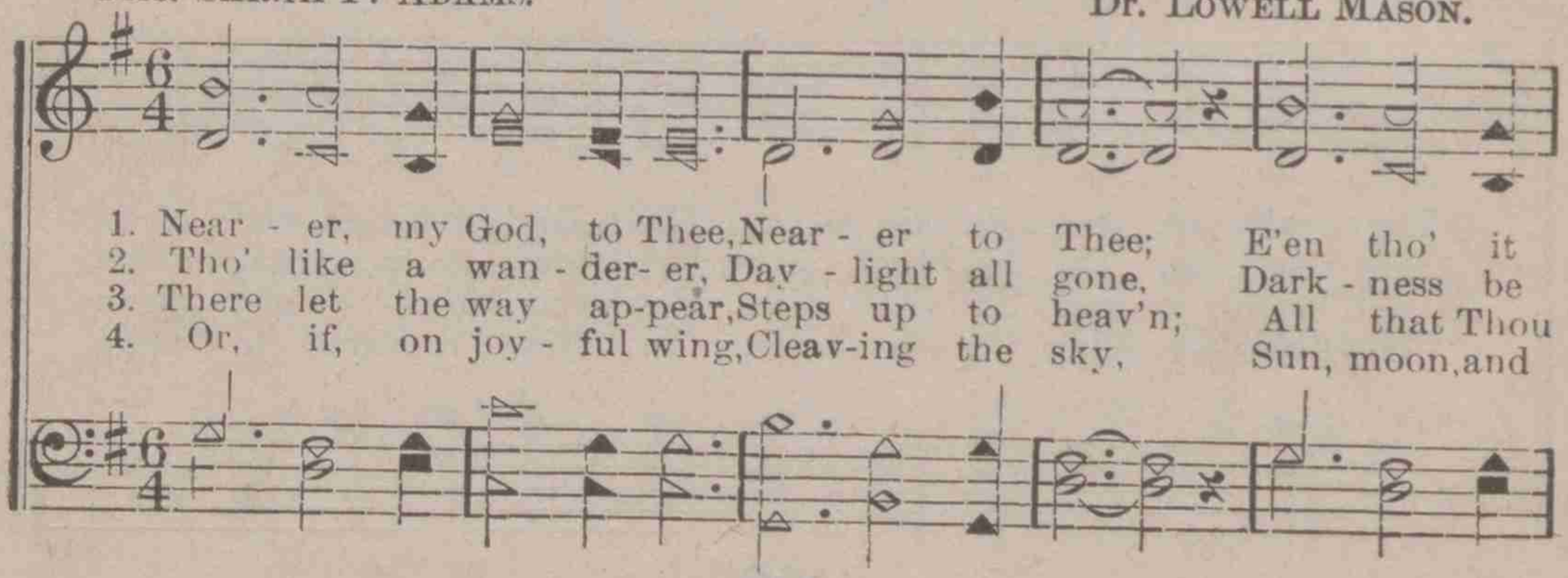
No. 162. OLIVET. 6s. 4s.

Rev. RAY PALMER. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 163. BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

Mrs. SARAH F. ADAMS. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



BETHANY.—Concluded.

be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be,
send - est me In mer - cy giv'n; An- gels to beck - on me,
stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be,

Near-er, my God to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near- er to Thee.

No. 164. ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

CHARLES WESLEY. F. GIARDINI.

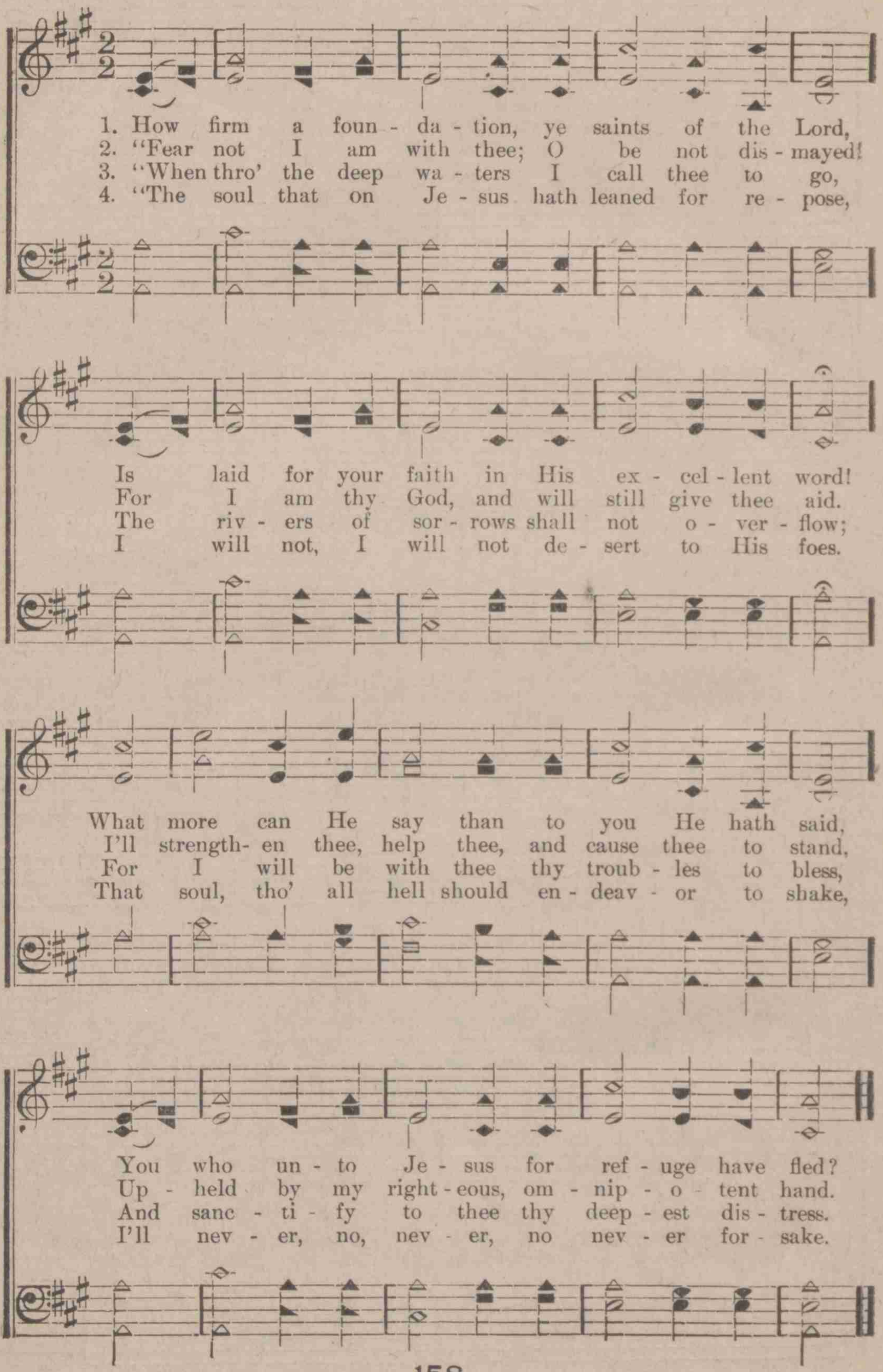
1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,

Help us to praise! Fa- ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
Our pray'r at - tend. Come and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour, Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in

to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An- cient of days.
word suc-cess; Spir - it of ho - li- ness, On us de - scend.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de- part, Spir - it of pow'r.

No. 165. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION. 11s.

GEORGE KEITH. ANNIE STEELE.



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