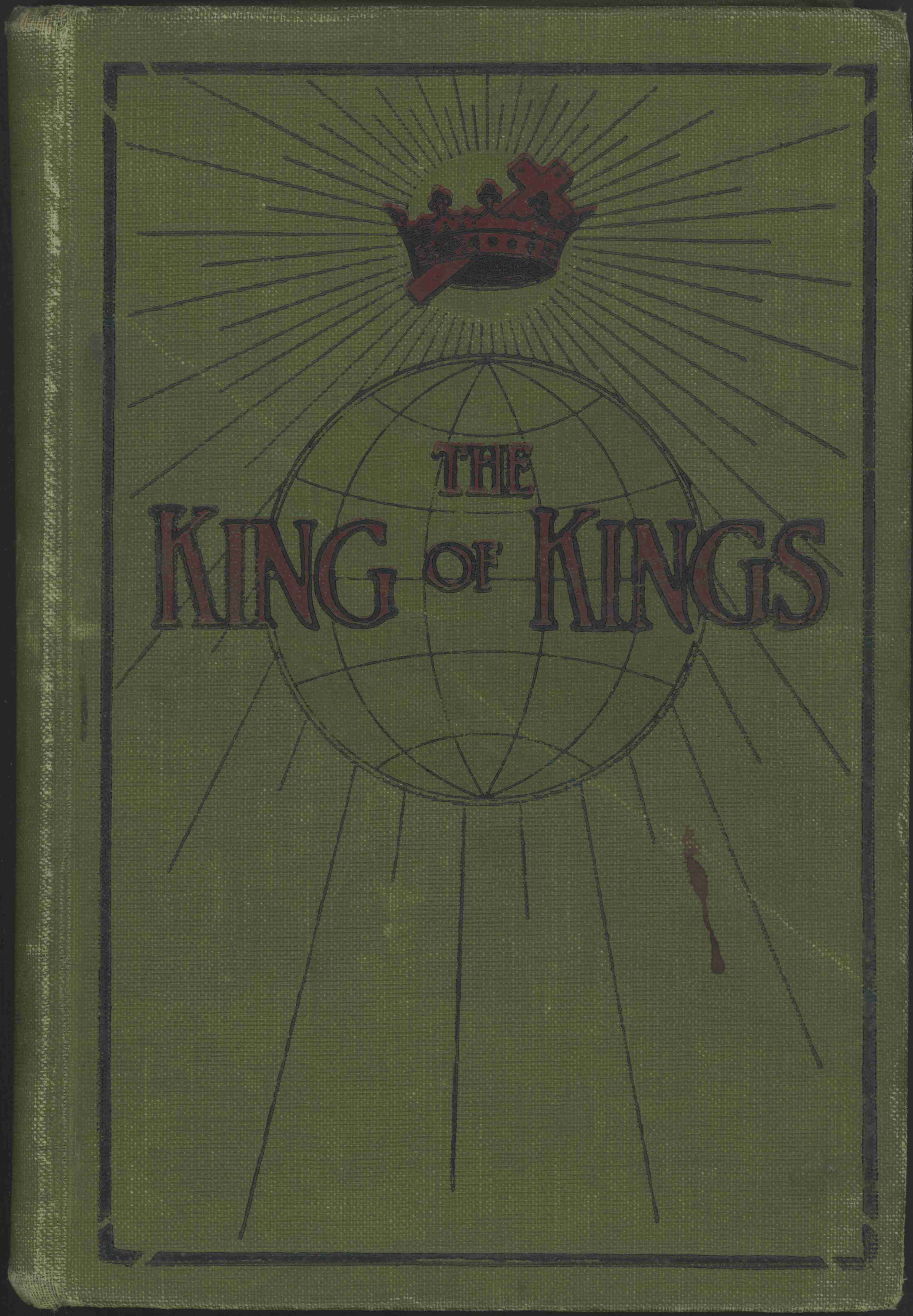

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The King of Kings

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THE PUBLISHERS,
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Hackleman Music Company, Indianapolis.

The King of Kings.

PART ONE.

No. 1. Crown Him With Many Crowns.

Matthew Bridges. George J. Elvey.

1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2. Crown Him the Lord of love! Be - hold His hands and side,—
3. Crown Him the Lord of life! Who tri-umphed o'er the grave;
4. Crown Him the Lord of heav'n! One with the Fa - ther known,

Hark! how the heav'nly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own!
Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied:
Who rose vic - to - rious to the strife For those He came to save:
One with the Spir - it thro' Him giv'n From yon - der glo - rious throne!

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee;
No an - gel in the sky Can full - y bear that sight,
His glo - ries now we sing, Who died and rose on high;
To Thee be end - less praise, For Thou for us hast died;

And hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
But down-ward bends his won-d'ring eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.
Who died e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives that death may die.
Be Thou, O Lord, thro' end - less days A - dored and mag - ni - fied.

No. 4. O Do Some Good Deed Every Day.

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Eben E. Rexford. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. O do some good deed ev-'ry day, And speak kind words along the way;
2. O help a broth-er bear his load O'er life's up-hill and drear-y road;
3. O seek, and you will always find The sheaves of good to reap and bind;

O sing a glad and cheerful song, For it may make some weak heart strong.
With those who need, share ev'ry day The blessings God has sent your way.
There's something you can do or say For Christ the Master's sake each day.

CHORUS.

O do some good deed ev'ry day, Then will the lov-ing Mas-ter say:

"Your deeds wrought in My name shall be Re-cord-ed as done un-to Me."

No. 5. We Shall See the King Some Day.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.

1. Tho' the way we jour-ney may be oft - en drear, We shall see the
2. Aft - er pain and an - guish, aft - er toil and care, We shall see the
3. Aft - er foes are conquered, aft - er bal - tles won, We shall see the
4. There with all the loved ones who have gone be - fore, We shall see the

King some day; (some day;) On that bless-ed morning clouds will dis - ap-pear;
King some day; (some day;) Thro' the endless a - ges joy and blessing share,
King some day; (some day;) Aft - er strife is o - ver, aft - er set of sun,
King some day; (some day;) Sor-row past for-ev - er, on that peaceful shore,

CHORUS.

We shall see the King some day. We shall see the King some day, (some day,)

We shall shout and sing some day; (some day;) Gathered 'round the throne,

When He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day.

No. 6. Brighten the Corner Where You Are.

Ina Duley Ogdon.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Do not wait un - til some deed of great-ness you may do, Do not wait to shed your light a - far; To the man - y du-ties ev - er near you
2. Just a - bove are cloud - ed skies that you may help to clear, Let not nar - row self your way de - bar; Tho' in - to one heart a-lone may fall your
3. Here for all your tal - ent you may sure - ly find a need; Here re- flect the bright and Morning Star E-ven from your humble hand the bread of

REFRAIN.

now be true, Brighten the cor-ner where you are.
song of cheer, Brighten the cor-ner where you are. Bright-en the cor - ner
life may feed; Brighten the cor-ner where you are.

where you are! Bright-en the cor-ner where you are! Some one far from
Shine for Je-sus where you are!

har-bor you may guide across the bar, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.

No. 7. His Grace is Sufficient for Me.

C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Glad-ly the will of my Lord I o-bey; He is my Keep-er from day un-to day; He is my Guide, and He know-eth the way, His
2. Not o-ver things of the world will I grieve; All that He sends I will glad-ly re-ceive, Sat-is-fied just to look up and be-lieve His
3. Tho' I may see but one step at a time, As up the path-way to glo-ry I climb, Yet I be-lieve in the prom-ise di-vine, His
4. Liv-ing, I'll serve Him wher-ev-er I go, E'en tho' it be where the dark wa-ters flow; Dy-ing, I'll praise Him, for well do I know His
5. When I shall stand face to face with my King, Still to the word of His prom-ise I'll cling, And with the ran-somed for-ev-er I'll sing— His

CHORUS.

grace is suf-fi-cient for me..... His grace is suf-fi-cient for me; Then why should I fear, with a Savior so dear? His grace is suf-fi-cient for me.

grace is suf-fi-cient for me. His grace is suf-fi-cient, suf-fi-cient for me, His grace is suf-fi-cient,

No. 8.

Live in Sunshine.

Katharine A. Grimes. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HOPE PUBLISHING CO. Ira B. Wilson.

1. This world is not a place for gloom, While sunshine lights the morning sky,
2. This world is not a place for wrong While God's dear hand is o - ver all;
3. This world is not a place for tears While Je-sus comforts those who weep;
4. This world is not a place for sin, For shame, or sor-row, or de-spair,

While blossoms store their sweet perfume For ev-'ry one who passes by.
Go meet your sor - row with a song, And nothing e - vil shall be-fall.
Let hope and joy replace your fears—His watchful care your ways will keep.
While Je - sus' blood can make us clean, While He will all our burdens bear.

CHORUS.

Then let not grief your heart be - guile,..... Meet ev - 'ry trou - ble be - guile,
with a smile;..... Are an - y sad,..... go make them a smile; Are an - y sad,
glad,..... And live in sun - shine all the while. go make them glad,

No. 9. All Will Be Right.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Look-ing to Je-sus, how can we stray? Has He not prom-ised to guide us al-way? Tho' foes as-sail us, strong in His might,
2. Clouds may ob-scure the light of His face, Still we'll go for-ward, and trust in His grace; Walk-ing in faith, e'en dark-ness is light;
3. Firm as the Christ-rock, safe ev-er-more, Death's sullen wa-ters a-bout us may roar, Heav'n's day is dawn-ing—fare-well the night;

CHORUS.

Je-sus is reign-ing, all will be right. All will be right, yes,
all will be right, Kept by the Mas-ter, all will be right; Tho' foes as-sail,
truth shall pre-vail; Je-sus is reign-ing, all will be right.

No. 10.

Amazing Grace.

John Newton.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' man - y dan - gers, toil, and snares, I have al-read-y come;
4. The Lord has prom-ised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;

I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved!
'T is grace hath bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por-tion be As long as life en - dures.

CHORUS.

Grace..... so free and bound - - less,
Grace, a - maz - ing grace, so rich, so full and bound - less,

Broad..... as e - ter - ni - ty;
Grace, a - maz - ing grace, broad as e - ter - ni - ty;

Grace..... so wonderful, rich, and free, Grace, amazing grace.
Crace, a - maz-ing grace, so won-der-ful and free,

rit.

No. 11. I Must Tell It.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

W. C. Martin. Wm. Edie Marks.

Unison.

1. I can-not lon-ger si-lent be; This precious treasure I must share;
2. There never was a sto-ry told On earth, since passing time be-gan,
3. It warms this old world's weary heart; It makes the dark day bright a-gain;
4. O yes! I must a-gain de-clare The Savior's mighty love for you,

The Lord Himself commandeth me To tell the gos-pel ev-'ry - where.
So pre-cious as this sto - ry old Of Je-sus' ten-der love of man.
Its old-time charm can ne'er depart, The sweetest story known to men.
How it pur-sues you ev - 'ry - where And keeps you ev'ry hour in view.

CHORUS.

And so I tell it,..... I glad - ly tell it,
The sto - ry sweet, the sto - ry true,
Tell of Je - sus' love for you;..... And o'er and
I tell of Je - sus and His love, His love for you;
o'er a - gain I tell it, Sto - ry ev - er sweet and true.
And o'er and o'er a-gain I tell it,

No. 12. Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Look all around you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav-y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are discouraged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!

Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Grief is the por-tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Some one the jour-ney to Heav- en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!

CHORUS.

Help some-bod-y to - day,.... Some-bod-y a - long life's way;.... Let
to - day, homeward way;

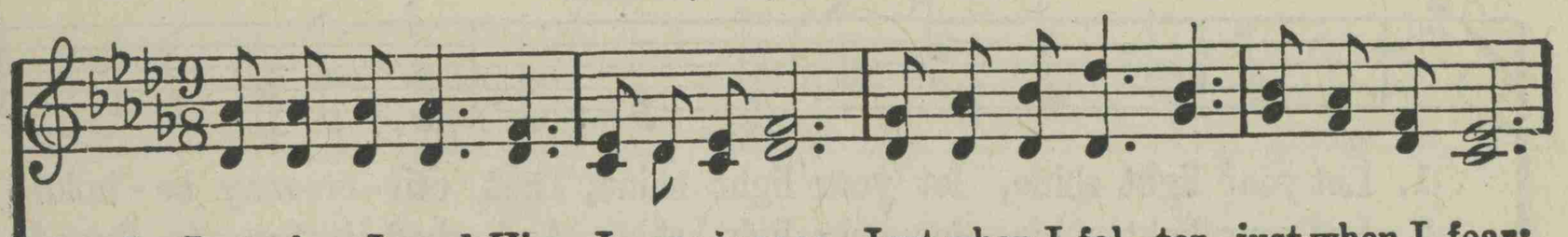
sor-row be end-ed, The friend-less be-friend-ed, Oh, help some-bod-y to - day!

No. 13. Just When I Need Him Most.

Rev. Wm. Pool.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is near, Just when I fal-ter, just when I fear;
2. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is true, Nev-er for-sak-ing all the way thro';
3. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is strong, Bearing my bur-dens all the day long;
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An-swer-ing when up-on Him I call;

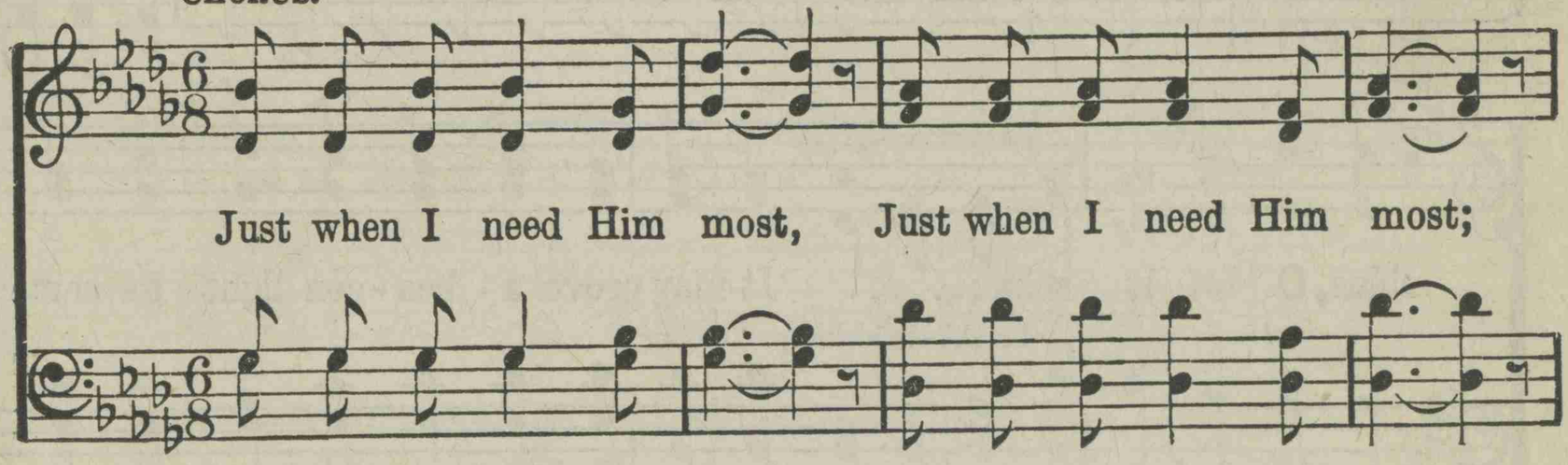




Read-y to help me, read-y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
Giv-ing for bur-dens pleasures a-new, Just when I need Him most.
For all my sor-row giv-ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.



CHORUS.



Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;



Je-sus is near to com-fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.



No. 14. Let Your Light Shine.

C. H. G.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Let your light shine, let your light shine, That oth - ers may be - hold!
2. Let your light shine, let your light shine, And shed its beams a - broad;
3. Let your light shine, let your light shine, That all the world may see

Its glow - ing rays perchance may bring Some wan-d'rer to the fold.
'T will show the world you're not a-shamed Of Christ, the Lamb of God.
Your works of mer - cy and of love, That they may fol - low thee.

CHORUS.

Let your light shine out 'mid the darkness on your journey, Let your light

brightly

shine, O let it shine;..... It may prove a bea - con light to some

bright - ly shine:

trav-'ler in the night; Let your light shine, brightly shine.....

Let your light shine, let your light bright-ly shine.

No. 15. Awake and Watch!

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Lucy D. Harrington. **Albert H. Grove.**

Allegretto moderato.



1. A - wake and watch for the light is dawning! A wake! the night will soon be gone;
2. There waits for thee such a heav'nly greeting, Then haste, thy Master's call obey;
3. The Day Star bright o-ver thee is shin-ing, A-wake and hail the com-ing day!



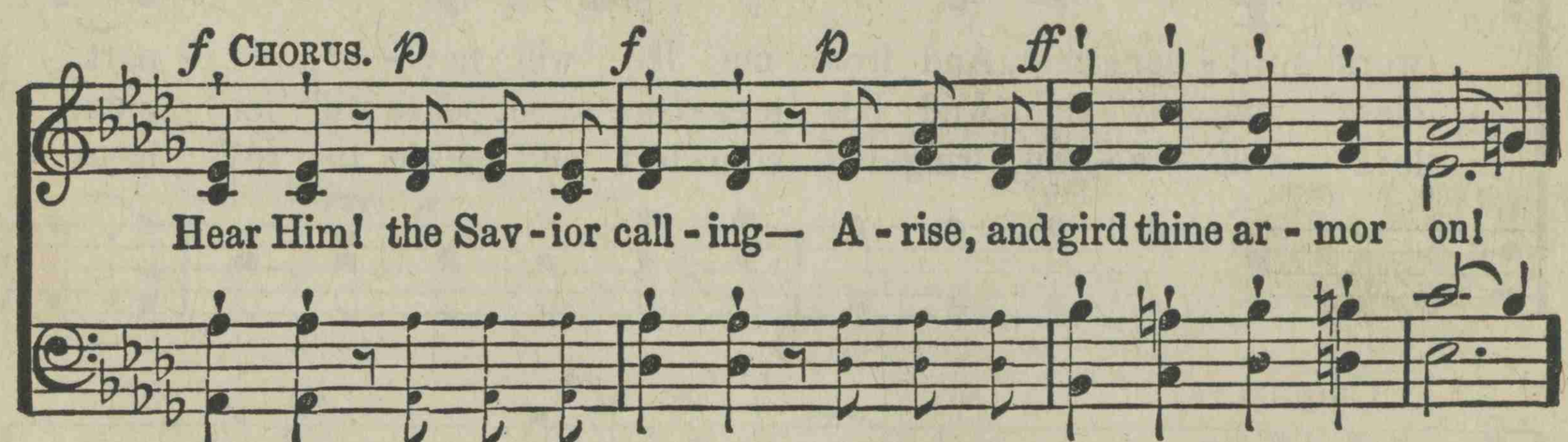


FINE.

In o-rient sky, see, there gleams the morning, Arise, and gird thine armor on!
Ah! soon shall end thy dark night of weeping, Thy God shall wipe thy tears away.
Re-new thy strength, ever cease re-pin-ing, Awake! a-rise, and watch and pray.



D. S.—*Look up, and join in the heav'nly singing; Thy King is coming soon for thee.*



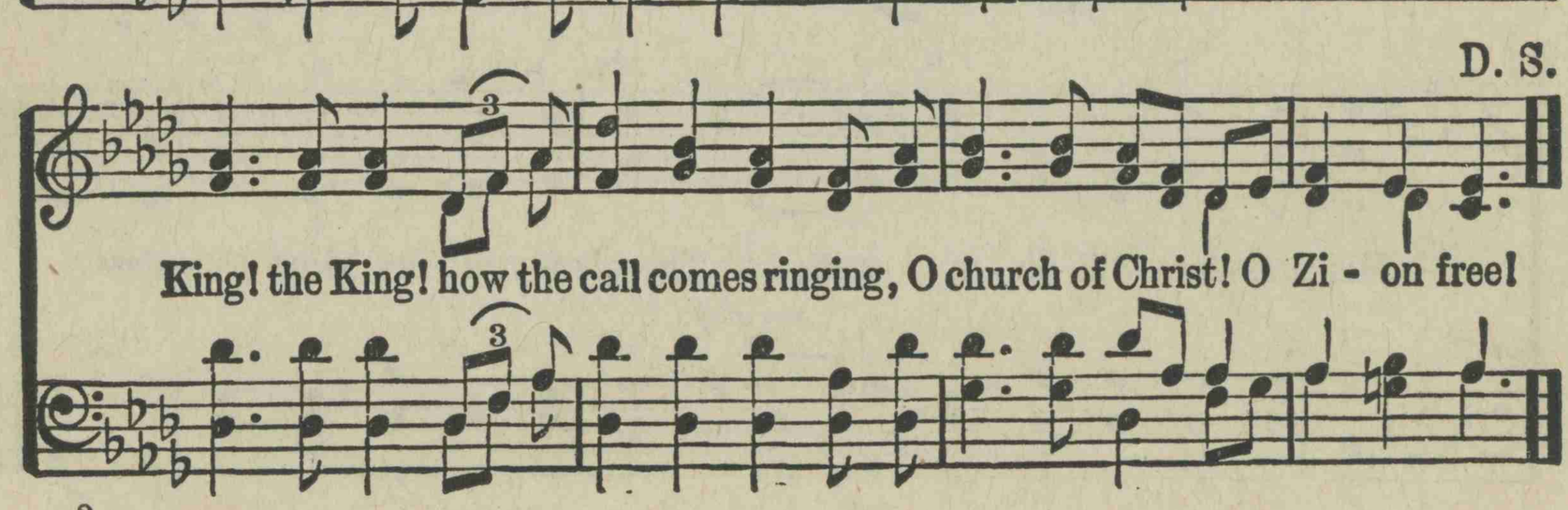
Hear Him! the Sav - ior call - ing— A - rise, and gird thine ar - mor on!

Tho' shadows dark are fall - ing, Soon the night will be gone. The



D. S.

King! the King! how the call comes ringing, O church of Christ! O Zi - on free!



No. 16. Joy in the Heart.

Helen M. Dungan. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **J. M. Dungan.**

1. My Fa - ther is with me to guide and to bless; There's joy in my heart, There's joy in my heart; For safe - ly He'll lead thro' this world's wil - der - ness, And from me He will nev - er de - part.
2. Thro' storm and thro' tem-pest what-ev - er be - tide, There's joy in my heart, There's joy in my heart; For Je - sus my Sav - ior walks close by my side, And His pres - ence sweet peace will im - part.
3. He's prom-ised to help me when earth's help-ers fail, There's joy in my heart, There's joy in my heart; For well do I know that His love will pre - vail, Bring - ing com - fort and peace to my heart.

CHORUS.

There's joy in my heart to - day; .. When Je-sus is near no dan-ger I fear; to - day;

His pres-ence will be my stay; ... There's joy in my heart to - day. my stay;

No. 17. Keep the Heart-Bells Ringing.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Keep the heart-bells ring-ing as you trav-el on-ward, Up the rough and rug-ged
2. Keep the heart-bells ring-ing when the path is lone-ly, When the threat'ning sky is
3. Keep the heart-bells ring-ing, for their cheering mu-sic May be heard by some-one

road of life; For their mu - sic sweet will cheer you when a - wear - y, It will
cold and gray; They will give to ev - 'ry cloud a sil - ver lin- ing That will
faint - ing near; He will lis - ten, and his spir - it will a - wak-en, As their

CHORUS.

light-en toil, and sweeten strife.
help to drive the storm a - way. Keep the heart-bells ringing, Fill the world with
ca-dence falls up-on his ear.

Ringing, ringing,

singing, Un - til ech - oes an - swer ev - 'ry - where; They will col - or
sing-ing, Un - til ech - oes an - swer ev - 'ry - where;

du-ty With a rain - bow beau-ty, And a soul may res - cue from de-spair.
With a rain-bow beau-ty,

No. 18. Faith Will Bring the Blessing.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. BIEDERWOLF.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.

1. If you need up - lift-ing, if you need a song, Strength to help your soul to tri-umph o - ver wrong, Put your faith in Je - sus, He is true and strong;
2. In some hour un-guard-ed, if the foe as - sail, Tho' you feel your weakness, let not cour-age fail; Trust in Je - sus on - ly and you shall pre - vail;
3. On the Lord de-pend-ing, sing a - long the way, Naught can ev-er harm you if He is your stay; Lean up - on His promise till the bet - ter day;

CHORUS.

Faith will bring the blessing ev-'ry time . . Faith will bring the blessing yes, ev'ry time. ev'ry time, Tho' your faith be simple or sublime; For the Savior knows the heart, Ev-'ry need He will impart; Faith will bring the blessing ev'ry time. . . ev-'ry time.

No. 19. The Armies of God.

C. D. Emerson.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Geo. C. Hugg.

1. { O Chris-tian, gird the ar - mor on, And press the fight with sin!
   { Go forth a-gainst the hosts of wrong, Go forth our cause to win;

2. { O Chris-tian, gird the ar - mor on, And has - ten to the field;
   { A - gainst the pow'rs of dark - ness go, De - ter-mined not to yield!

3. { O Chris-tian, gird the ar - mor on, The world is watch-ing thee;
   { With prayer and sup-pli - ca - tion press A - long to vic - to - ry!

The con - flict wild - ly ra - ges, No lon - ger then de - lay,
Clad in a full sal - va - tion, The Spir - it's sword in hand,
Be loy - al to His serv - ice, His truth to all pro - claim;

But, trust - ing in Je - ho - vah's might, Go! watch, and fight, and pray.
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry go! It is the Lord's command.
God loves a val - iant war - ri - or, Then go in Je - sus' name.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - - jah! they are marching on, Hal-le - lu - jah! praise the Lord!
Hal - le-lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Lord! The ar - mies of the liv - ing God are march - ing on.
praise the Lord! march-ing, march-ing on.

No. 20. The Hope Set Before You.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. Lay hold on the hope set before you, And let not a moment be lost,
2. Lay hold on the hope set before you, Of life that you now may receive,
3. Lay hold on the hope set before you, Of joy that no mortal can speak;
4. Lay hold on the hope set before you, A hope that is steadfast and sure;

The Sav - ior has purchased your ransom, But think what a price it hath cost!
If, glad - ly His mercy ac-cept-ing, You tru - ly repent and be - lieve.
It tell - eth of rest for the wear-y, Thro' Je - sus, the low-ly and meek.
O haste to the blessed Re-deem-er, The lov -ing, the perfect and pure.

CHORUS.

Lay hold..... on e - ter - nal sal - va - tion, Lay
Lay hold, lay hold..... on e - ter - nal sal - va - tion, Lay

hold..... on the gift of God's on - ly Son; Lay hold..... on His in-
hold, lay hold..... on God's on - ly Son; Lay hold, lay hold.....

fi - nite mer - cy, Lay hold..... on the Might - y One!
on His mer - cy, Lay hold, lay hold on the Might - y One!

No. 21. Growing Dearer Each Day.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'T is bound-less and deep as the sea; And
2. I know He is ev-er be-side me! E - ter - ni - ty on-ly will prove The
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor-row, or shadow, or sun; And
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To

best of it all, it is dai - ly Grow-ing sweet-er and sweeter to me.
height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in - fi - nite love.
tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweeter to me!

CHORUS.

Sweet - er and sweeter to me, ... Dear - er and
Sweet-er to me, grow - ing sweet-er to me, Dear-er each day,

dear-er each day; . . . Oh, won - - der-ful love of my
grow - ing dear-er each day; Oh, won-der-ful love, love of my

Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - - er each step of my way!
Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear-er and dear-er each step of my way!

No. 22. Victory.

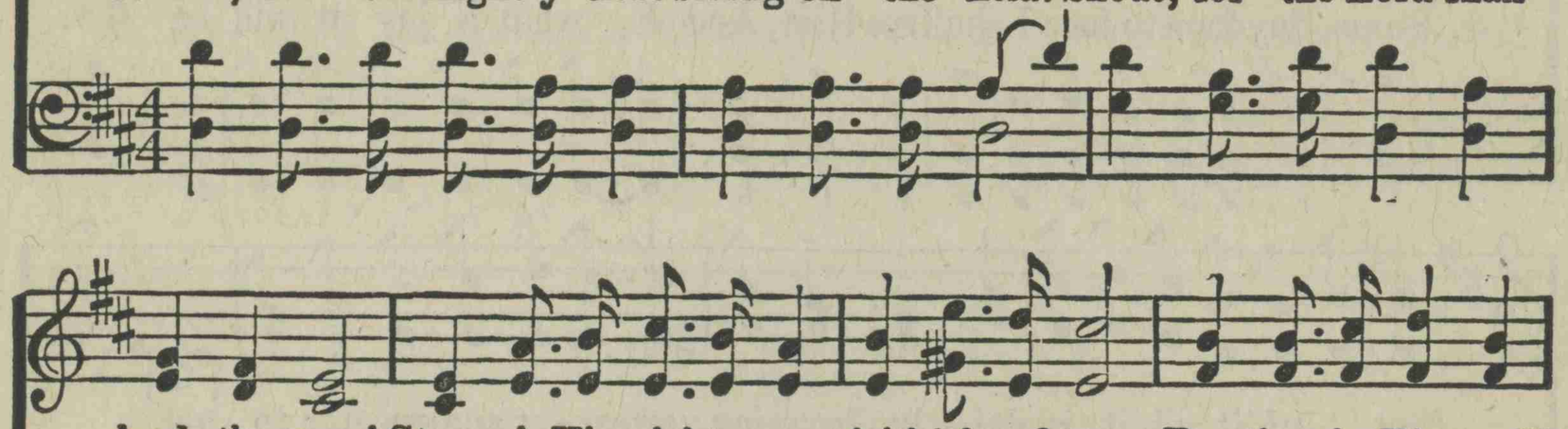
Ada Blenkhorn.

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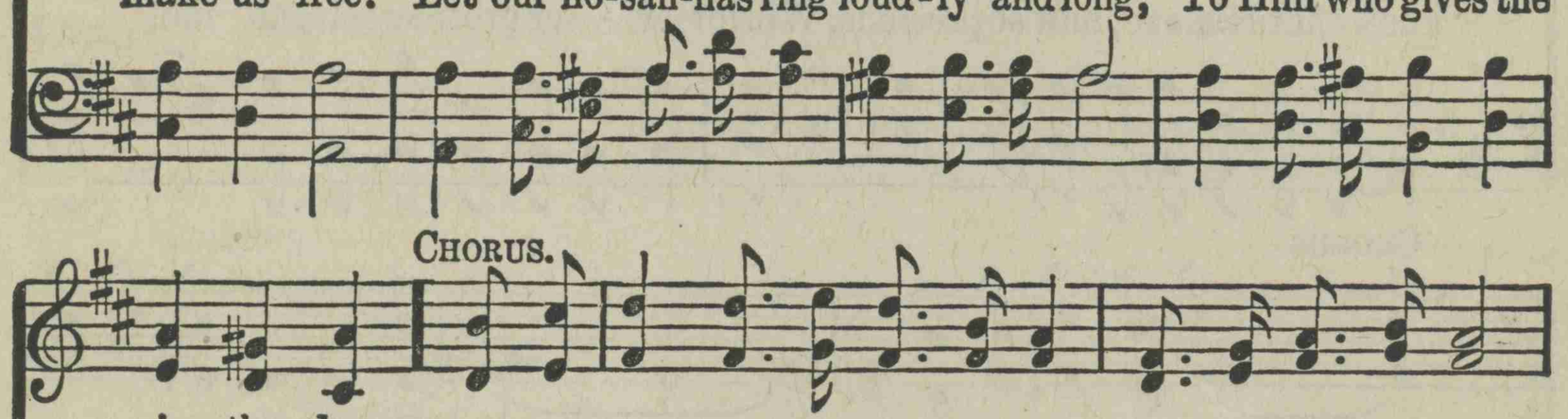
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. On - ward, the foe to meet, fear - less we go; Je - sus our Cap - tain
2. Clad in the ar - mor bright, God doth pro - vide Breast-plate and hel - met,
3. See, see the might-y host strong on the field! Shout, for the Lord shall

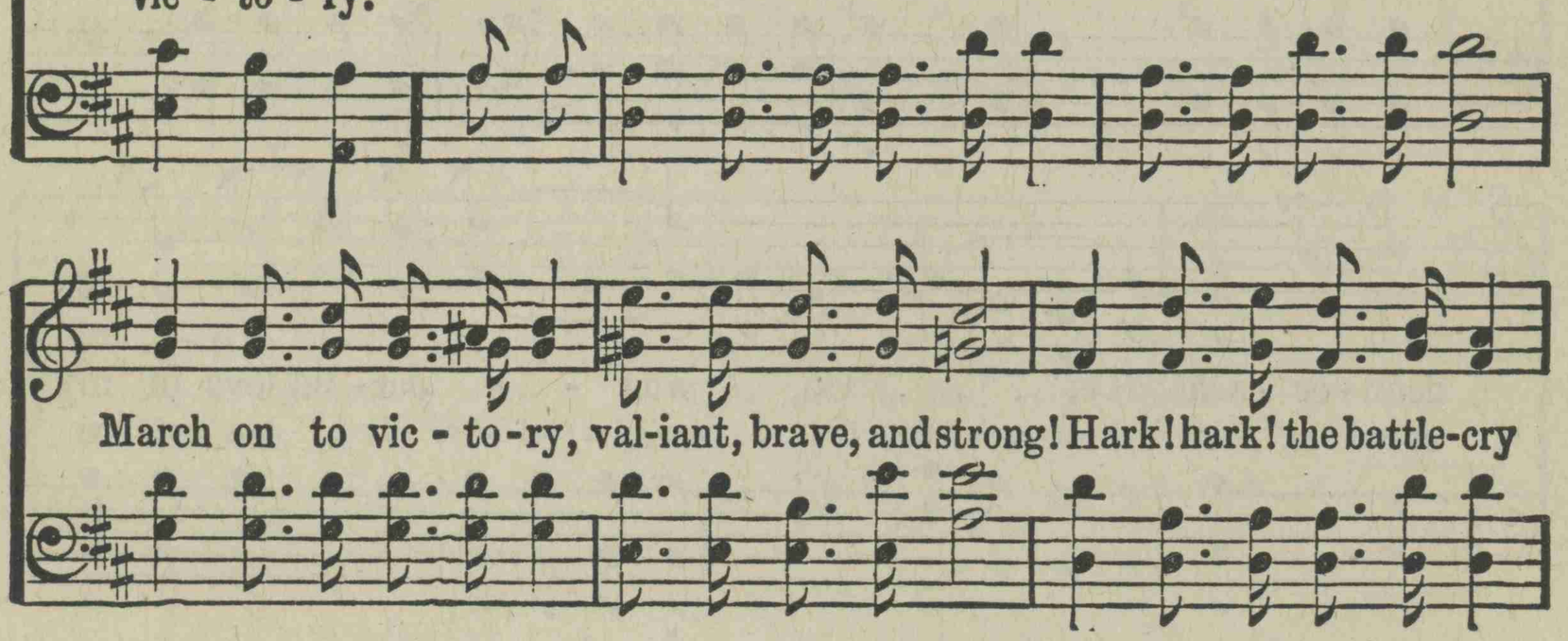


leads the way! Strong is His mighty arm, faithful and true; Trusting in Him we'll
shield and sword; Bravely we face the foe, bold - ly we cry—Vic - t'ry is ours thro'
make us free! Let our ho-san-nas ring loud - ly and long, To Him who gives the



CHORUS.

win the day.
Christ the Lord. Then we'll march on to vic - to - ry, march, a hap - py throng;
vic - to - ry.



March on to vic - to - ry, val-iant, brave, and strong! Hark! hark! the battle-cry



sounds a - bove our song— Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!

No. 23. Be a Hero.

Adam Craig.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. On the bat-tle-field of life Be a he - ro! In its tur - moil and its strife
2. There are gi-ants in the land, Be a he - ro! In the strength of Je-sus stand,
3. When you see a broth-er fall, Be a he - ro! Lend a help - ing hand to all,

Be a he - ro! Show your col-ors in the fight, And, with sword and armor bright,
Be a he - ro! In the dark-ness and the light, Fight like Da-vid for the right,
Be a he - ro! In the name of Christ draw near, Speak a word of hope and cheer,

D. S.—*On, ye sol-diers, to the fray, Hear the great Com-mand-er say,*

FINE. CHORUS.

Strike out brave-ly for the right; Be a he - ro!
Stay the tempt-er in his might; Be a he - ro! Be a he - ro! Trust in
Do what good you can while here; Be a he - ro! Be a he-ro!

"We shall sure-ly gain the day!" Be a he - ro!

D. S.

God and nev - er fear! Be a he - ro! He will help you, He is near;
Be a he-ro!

No. 24.

Following Jesus.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Lizzie DeArmond. H. A. Henry.

1. Fol-low-ing Je-sus just where He leads me, Sing-ing for glad-ness all the long way; Up on the mountain, o-ver the des-ert, Kept by His
2. Fol-low-ing Je-sus, tho' so un-wor-thy, Fear-less-ly pass-ing thro' the dark night; Trusting His prom-ise, "Lo! I am with you," Shadows will
3. Fol-low-ing Je-sus in-to the val-ley, O-ver the path He trod long a-go; On-ly a step from shadow to sunshine, Leaning on

CHORUS.

good-ness ev-'ry day. Following Je-sus, blessed Re-deem-er,
van-ish in His light.
Him whose love I know.

Following Je-sus, blessed Redeemer,

Crowned by His good-ness, and kept by His pow'r,.... Ev-er re-

Crowned by His good-ness, and kept by His pow'r,

joi-cing, singing for glad-ness, Filled with His fulness hour by hour.

Ev-er re-joi-cing, singing for gladness,

No. 25. What Will Your Harvest Be?

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Hamp Sewell.

1. Now is the au-tumn coming, Now is the win-ter near, What have you
2. Swift-ly your day is go-ing, Think ere the shad-ows creep; What you have
3. Soon will the aw-ful trump-et Ring thro' your star-ry dome; Soon will the

gained as har-vest Out of the wan-ing year? Where are your sheaves, my
long been sow-ing, That must ye al-so reap. Did you sow seeds of
an-gel reap-ers Gath-er the har-vest home; Then will they glean for

broth-er? What will the Master see When He shall come to view the reap-ing?
kindness, Seed that from sin was free? When you at last your crop must gather,
Je-sus Sheaves for e-ter-ni-ty;— Will they be sheaves of good or e-vil?

FINE. CHORUS.

What will your har-vest be? What..... will your har-vest be?
D.S.–*What will your harvest be?* What will your harvest, your har-vest be?

D. S.

What..... will your har-vest be? In-to life's fur-row seeds are fall-ing;
What will your harvest, your har-vest be?

No. 26.

Make Him Yours.

C. H. M.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. I am standing now on the prom-is-es of God, On the Rock that ev-er-
2. All my sins are lost in the fountain of His blood; Of my cleansing He my
3. When earth's cares press hard, Jesus knows and understands, And the oil of gladness

more en-dures; And this song I sing as I jour-ney on my way, Claim the
soul as-sures; I want all the world of His sav-ing grace to know; Trust the
on us pours; You may have Him now as your Sav-ior and your Lord; He is

CHORUS.

prom-is-es and make Him yours. He is my Sav-ior, He is my Sav-ior,
Savior now, and make Him yours.
my Redeemer, make Him yours. He is my Sav-ior, He is my Sav-ior,

Christ, the Friend of sinners, will you make Him yours? He is my Sav-ior,
make Him yours? He is my Sav-ior,

He is my Sav-ior, While He's waiting to be gracious, make Him yours.
He is my Sav-ior,

No. 27. You Ought to Know Him.

H. O. Devah.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Wm. Edie Marks.

1. I have a friend—you ought to know Him, He is a Sav - ior
2. I have a friend—you ought to know Him, He is a faith - ful
3. I have a friend—you ought to know Him, Will you not let Him

ten - der and true; Je - sus, my King— how I a - dore Him!
Shep-herd and Guide; Sor - row He shares, bur - dens He light - ens,
en - ter your heart? Peace He will give you with - out meas - ure,

CHORUS.

And He should be as pre-cious to you.
Ev - 'ry good thing by Him is sup-plied. I have a friend—you ought to
Blessing un - told, that will not de - part.

know Him, Will you re - ceive His greet-ing to - day? Wait-ing He stands,

ten - der - ly plead - ing:—"I am the Life, the Truth, and the Way."

No. 28. Let the Cheering Sunbeams Fly.

J. W. Carpenter.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CARPENTER & BURCHIT.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Dr. J. A. Burchit.

1. You have known the Mas - ter, bless - ed Mas - ter, You have known His
2. You have seen the sun - beams, cheer - ing sun-beams, Chas - ing shad-ows
3. You have seen the sun - beams, cheer - ing sun-beams, Foll'wing show-ers

mer - cy and His love; You have caught the sunbeams, cheering sunbeams,
from the cloud - ed sky; You have seen the dawn-ing, wondrous dawn-ing,
on the fields new - sown; You have seen the har - vest, gold - en har - vest,

CHORUS.

Gen-tly fall - ing from the skies a - bove (so gen - tly). Scatter the sunbeams,
Coming, glorious, when the sunbeams fly (bright sun-beams).
Safe-ly garnered, with the ear full-grown (blest har - vest). Scat - ter sun - beams.

cheering, bright sunbeams; Darkened hearts for sunlight cry; . . Bear the news of
cheer - ing sun-beams; Hearts for sun - light cry; . . Bear the

Dark - ened hearts for light are cry - ing:

mer - cy, Tell the news of Je - sus, Let the cheering sunbeams fly.
news of mer - cy, Tell the love of Je - sus,

No. 29. Heavenly Sunlight.

C. R. Piety. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. F. H. Shaul.

1. When the day is drear-y, and your heart is sad, Let..... the heav'n-ly
2. When your doubts distress you and your fears a - rise, Let..... the heav'n-ly
3. When the con-flict ra - ges and you al - most fail, Let..... the heav'n-ly
4. When your day is wan - ing and your work is done, Let..... the heav'n-ly

oh, let

sun - light in; Look to Christ your Sav - ior, He will make you glad;
sun - light in; It will drive the storm-clouds quickly from your skies;
sun - light in; Ne'er give o'er the bat - tle, you shall yet pre - vail;
sun - light in; It will guide you safe - ly home to Christ the Son;

CHORUS.

Let the heav'n-ly sun - light in..... Let..... the heav'n-ly
sun-light in. oh, let the

sun - light in, Let..... the heav'nly sun - light in; Be a liv - ing
oh, let the

rit. *a tempo.*

light for Je - sus day and night, Let the heav'n-ly sun - light in.....
sun-light in.

No. 30. Keep the Heart Singing.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav - y bur-den share, With a word, a kind - ly deed, or sun - ny smile; We may gir - dle day and night
2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con-trol, Sweetest mu - sic will the lone - ly hours be - guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin-dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a pain, or take a - way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,

With a ha - lo of de-light, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
In the world we trav-el thro', If we keep the heart singing all the while.

CHORUS.

Keep the heart singing all the while;..... Make the world brighter with a sing-ing, singing all the while; bright-er,
smile;..... Keep the song ringing! lone - ly hours we may be-guile,
bright-er with a smile;

FINE.

D.S.

No. 31. The Sunday School Brigade.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT. 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

James Rowe. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Sun-day School Brigade, Whether rain or shine we are al - ways on pa-rade; By our Sav - ior led, in the sun-shine of His love, We are march-ing on to the land of joy be - bove.
2. With the cross held high in the bless - ed gos - pel light, Eyes a - glow with love, as the sun our banner bright; Dreading not the storm, fear - ing not the wait - ing foe, Sing - ing songs of praise, on and on with Christ we go.
3. Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Sunday School Brigade, We would win that crown which will nev - er, nev - er fade; We will trust our King, wher-so-ev - er be the way, We will fol - low Him to the realm of end - less day.

CHORUS.

Marching on, on, on, on to glo - ry, Making known the blessed sto-ry,
Marching on, on, on, we're march-ing, Marching on, on, on, on, marching on,
There is joy, joy, joy for each girl and boy, In the Sun-day School Bri-gade.

No. 32. Work For Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

James Rowe. Oran Williams.

1. In this vale of sad-ness, Grief, and pain, and care, Where the bur-dened
2. Ev-er hearts are break-ing; Cries are ev-er heard; Ev-er strug-gling
3. There are souls a-round you, Deep in doubt and sin, Whom an act of

and the wear-y Meet you ev-'ry-where; Oh, what pre-cious bless-ings
souls are long-ing For a cheer-ing word; Oh, what deeds of kind-ness
love might res-cue, Whom a word might win; Oh, what er-ring broth-ers

D. S.—*Oh, what pre-cious blessings*

FINE.

May be yours each day, If you'll work for Je-sus All a-long the way.
You may do each day, If you'll work for Je-sus All a-long the way.
You may win each day, If you'll work for Je-sus All a-long the way.

May be yours each day, If you'll work for Je-sus All a-long the way.

CHORUS.

Work for Je - - sus, Help the dear Re-deem-er,
Work for Je - sus, work for Je - sus,

D. S.

Soothe and com - fort, Glad-den while you may: . .
Soothe and com - fort, soothe and com - fort, Glad - - den while you may;

No. 33. Servant of God, Awake.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Serv - ant of God, a - wake un - to thy du - ty; Why will ye
2. Wide are the plains that glimm'ring lie be - fore thee Ripe un - to
3. Up! in the name of Him who died to save you; Seek for the
4. "He that en - dur - eth," is the word re - cord - ed, Shall joy and

doubt, why fal - ter, why de - lay? Look on the fields that wave in gold - en
har - vest; thrust the sick-le in! High in the heav'ns the sun is burn - ing
err - ing as He sought for you! Al - ways re-mem - ber what in love He
ev - er-last-ing life ob - tain; To him a crown at last shall be a-

beau - ty, While thou art dream - ing pre - cious hours a - way.
o'er thee,—Still thou art i - dle! Now the work be - gin.
gave you, And be a serv - ant loy - al, brave, and true.
ward - ed, Thro' Christ the Lord, who was for sin - ners slain.

CHORUS.

Serv - ant of God, a - rouse ye, a - wake! Je - sus is call - ing! Go,

la - bor for His sake! Je - sus is call - ing! Go, la - bor for His sake!

No. 34.

Saved, Saved.

J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. I've found a Friend all in all to me, No oth - er Friend so true;..... I love to tell how He
2. He saves me from ev - 'ry sin and harm, Se- cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean - ing now on His
3. When I was need - y and all a - lone, In love He said to me,....."Come, wear-y one, I will

ran - somed me, And what His grace can do for you.....
might-y arm, I know He'll guide me all the way.....
lead you home, To live with Me e - ter - nal - ly."".....

CHORUS.

Saved..... by His pow'r di - vine, Saved..... to new life sub-lime!
Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,

cres. *rit.*

Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, For I'm saved, saved, saved!

No. 35. Reapers Are Needed.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E O EXCELL
WORDS AND MUSIC. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Hark to the mu - sic re - sound - ing, Reap - ers are need - ed to - day; Fields are all
2. For-ward with hearts full of glad - ness, Reap - ers, I pray you, make haste; Grain there is
3. Hark to the song they are sing - ing! See, they have treas-ures so rare; Soon will the

white, to the har - vest Let us be up and a - way! Ev - er the Mas - ter is
read - y and wait - ing, If not soon gath-ered, will waste; Then let us hear you re-
har - vest be end - ed, Haste, then, their tro-phies to share. Let no one be i - dly

call - ing, Has - ten! the shad-ows are fall - ing; On to the har - vest-field, Gath-er the
ply - ing, La - bor with cour-age un - dy - ing, Send up a word of cheer, Tell of the
dream-ing, Look! look! the har-vest is gleam - ing, Join ye the reap - ing band, Lend them a

CHORUS or QUARTET.

gold - en yield, Pre - cious sheaves.
rest so near, Rest at home. Hark! hark! comes the song, On! on! join the throng;
help - ing hand, Ere the night.

Forth with joy-ful, lov - ing heart, Bravely do your part; Hark! hark! rings the call; Haste! haste!

one and all; On where the har-vest stands, Waiting for will - ing hands Souls to win.

No. 36. The Beautiful Gates of Gold.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

H. L. Haldor Lillenas.

1. Are you walk-ing the path that is lead - ing To the home-land of
2. Are you walk-ing the path of de - lu - sion, Far a - way on the
3. Soon the jour-ney of earth shall be end - ing, And the sto - ry of
4. Will you come to the Sav - ior for guid - ance To this land rich with

beau-ties un - told? Are the pas-tures in which you are feed - ing, Near the
mountains so cold; Or, the broad-way of sin and con - fu - sion Far a-
life will be told; Shall your path-way, un-er-ring, be wend-ing Tow'rd the
bless-ings un - told? He will show you the path-way of ra-diance That will

CHORUS.

beau-ti - ful gates of gold?
way from the gates of gold?
beau-ti - ful gates of gold?
lead to the gates of gold.

O the beau-ti - ful gates of gold,....

of gold,

O the beau-ti - ful gates of gold (of gold); Are you walk-ing to - day

in the heav-en-ward way, To the beau-ti - ful gates of gold (of gold)?

No. 37. Jesus is Always at Hand.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

N. A. McCauley. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Je - sus is al-ways at hand (at hand), My foot-steps to guide in the way (the way); He helps me in sad-ness, He fills me with gladness, His
2. Je - sus is al-ways at hand (at hand), To help me life's burdens to bear (to bear); His love is my treas-ure, His serv-ice my pleas-ure, How
3. Je - sus is al-ways at hand (at hand), When sorrow would darken my soul (my soul); His crim-son ob - la-tion Brings sweet con-so-la-tion, And
4. Je - sus is al-ways at hand (at hand), Till homeward my soul takes its flight (its flight); He'll guide me to glo - ry, Where love's sweetest story I'll

CHORUS.

word is my com-fort and stay.
sweet His pro-tec-tion to share.
makes my poor wounded heart whole.
sing in the mansions of light.

Je - sus is al-ways at hand,.....
Je - - sus is al-ways at hand,

By faith in His mer - its I stand;..... O the rich - es of
By faith in His mer - its I stand;

grace I be - hold in His face, For Je-sus is al-ways at hand.....
al - ways, is al - ways at hand.

No. 38. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

CHORUS.

If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads
Where He waits at the o - pen door.

home, The way of the cross leads home; It is
leads home, leads home;

sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.

No. 39. Christ Shall Be King.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

W. C. Poole. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Christ shall be King of the whole wide world, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!
2. Christ shall be King o - ver land and sea, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!
3. Christ shall be King in my heart to - day, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!

Un-der His banner of love unfurled, There shall be gathered the whole wide world,
He who redeemed us and made us free, King of the world shall for-ev - er be,
O-ver each tho't and each purpose sway, All that I have shall be His al - way,

CHORUS.

rit.

And Christ shall be the King. O - ver all the world Christ shall be the King;
Yes, Christ shall be the King.
For Christ shall be the King. O - ver all the world Christ shall be the King;

O - ver all the world let His praises ring; Ev'ry land and nation Shall
O - ver all the world let His prais-es ring;

know His great sal-va-tion; Christ shall be the King, He shall be the King.

No. 40. Keep the Music Ringing.

E. E. Hewitt.

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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Keep the mu - sic ringing In the trusting heart; Close to Je - sus clinging,
2. Keep the mu - sic ringing, Let the joy-notes flow, Like a fountain springing,
3. Keep the mu - sic ringing, Let it gladness bear, Con - so - la - tion bringing
4. Keep the mu - sic ringing In the house of God, Wor-ship Him with singing,

Praise will ne'er de - part; Chim-ing with life's sto - ry, Sil - ver tones of peace,
Lit with heav'nly glow; Sing His love constraining, As you pass a - long,
In a world of care; Sing of help a - vail-ing In the thick-est fight,
Tell His love a - broad; In His ho - ly dwelling, In the courts a - bove,

CHORUS.

To our Savior's glo-ry, Let them nev - er cease.
Till, His knowledge gaining, Others learn your song. Keep . . . the mu-sic
Sing of grace un-fail-ing In the dark - est night.
O what strains are swelling, Raptured hymns of love.

Keep the mu-sic ringing,

ringing all the way; Serve . . . the Lord with gladness ev'ry day; Keep the music

Serve the Lord with gladness,

ringing, Keep the music ringing, Keep the music ringing all the way. . . .

ring-ing, ringing all the way.

No. 41. Praise the Lord.

F. L. Snyder.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Geo. E. Myers.

1. "From the ris - ing of the sun un - til the go - ing down thereof," Praise the
2. From the ris - ing of the sun un - til the gath'ring shades of night, Praise the
3. From the ris - ing of the sun un - til its rays are seen no more, Praise the

Lord, Praise the Lord; For the ran-som of His Son, O wondrous,
Lord, Praise the Lord; For the grace that helps you triumph o - ver
Lord, Praise the Lord; When our tri - als all are end - ed and we

Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord;

CHORUS.

won - drous gift of love! Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. Praise the Lord, with the
wrong and for the right, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord.
meet on yonder shore, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord.

Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,

fullness of your soul, Praise the Lord, for the grace that's made you whole, Hal-le-

Praise the Lord, Hal - le-

lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord.

lu - jah to His name, Hal - le - lu - jah to His name, Praise the Lord,

No. 42. The Work of Love.

C. H. G.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There are those we must en-cour-age, Who are struggling and trying to win;
2. Is thy broth-er faint and wear-y? Go and help him his bur-den to bear!
3. Here a lov - ing word of com-fort, There an ac-tion of mer-cy and love;

For we know not their temp-ta-tions, Nor the fight they are waging with sin.
Has he wan-dered from the path-way? Go and lead him to Je - sus in prayer!
Scat-ter sun-shine all a - round you, And the Lord will reward you a - bove.

CHORUS.

Scat - ter deeds ..... of kindness and love,..... It will
Scat - ter deeds of kind - ness, Scat - ter deeds of love,

bright - - en the pathway a - bove;..... Scat-ter deeds..... of
It will light the path - - way to your home; Scat-ter lov-ing words

love a - long the way That leads to ev - er - last - ing day.....
all a-long the way That leads to ev - er - last - ing, ev - er-last-ing day.

No. 43. Tell Everything to Jesus.

Jennie Ree. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. Dr. S. B. Jackson.

1. Tell ev - 'ry-thing to Je - sus, Talk to Him ev - 'ry day;
2. Tell ev - 'ry-thing to Je - sus, On Him for help re - ly;
3. Tell ev - 'ry-thing to Je - sus, Free - ly in Him con - fide;

He'll help you see more clear - ly, He'll drive your doubts a - way.
He'll give your hopes fru - i - tion, And ev - 'ry need sup - ply.
All that to you is need - ful, Sure - ly He will pro - vide.

Lay all your cherished hopes be-fore Him, And take Him at His word;
In times of bit - ter grief or sor - row, Tri - al, or loss, or pain,
For did He not, on Cal-v'ry's mountain, Suf - fer and die for you?

For per - fect is He in wis - dom, Judg-ment He will af - ford.
He'll whis-per you words of com - fort, Thy bro-ken heart sus - tain.
Then hon - or, be-lieve, and trust Him, In ev - 'ry-thing you do.

FINE.

D. S.—*Con - fide in the bless - ed Sav - ior, He is a Friend in - deed.*

CHORUS. D. S.

Tell ev - 'ry-thing to Je - sus, Prove Him a Friend in need;

No. 44. Victory is Coming.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Alida Roe. H. S. Fearis.

1. Vic - to - ry is com-ing! send the word a - long, Let the glorious ban - ner
2. See our hosts ad-vanc-ing! hear our hap-py song; See our shields of faith all
3. Vic - to - ry is com-ing! peace will fol-low soon, Bringing joy e - ter - nal

wave on high! Satan's hosts are trembling, right must vanquish wrong,
gleam-ing bright! New re-cruits are join - ing as we march a - long,
in its smile; What a vast ar - ray will stand be-fore the throne,

CHORUS.

Vic - to - ry is coming by and by!
Leav-ing all to bat-tle for the right. Join, ye Christian warriors, in a
When the captives join our rank and file.

glad, triumphant song! Let the nations hear us as we march a-long! Never rest nor
fal-ter, ban - ish sin and wrong, Vic-to-ry is coming by and by! . . .
by and by!

No. 45. Jesus Lives.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY A. F. MYERS.
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John R. Colgan. A. F. Myers.

1. Might - y ar - my of the young, Lift your voice in cheer - ful song,
2. Tongues of chil-dren light and free, Tongues of youth all full of glee,
3. Je - sus lives, O bless - ed words! King of kings and Lord of lords!

Send the welcome word a-long, Je - sus lives! Once He died for you and me,
Sing to all on land and sea, Je - sus lives! Light for you and all mankind,
Lift the cross and sheathe the swords, Je - sus lives! See, He breaks the prison wall,

Bore our sins up - on the tree, Now He lives to make us free, Je - sus lives!
Sight for all by sin made blind, Life in Je - sus all may find, Je - sus lives!
Throws a - side the dreadful pall, Conquers death at once for all, Je - sus lives!

CHORUS.

Wait not till the shadows lengthen, till you old-er grow, Rally now and sing for Jesus,
Wait, not, Sing, sing,
Wait not, wait not, Sing for Je - sus,

Repeat Chorus pp.

f rit.

ev'rywhere you go; Lift your joy-ful voi-ces high,
Ringing clear thro' earth and sky, Let the blessed tidings fly, *Jesus lives!*

No. 46. Just a Little Sunshine.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Just a lit - tle sun - shine ev - 'ry-where we go, O - ver darkened path-ways, rays of bless - ings throw; Gold - en rays of glad - ness
2. Like the bless - ed Mas - ter, in this life, are we Sent to com - fort oth - ers; pub - lish lib - er - ty; Will - ing hands out-reach - ing,
3. Just a lit - tle sun - shine makes the ro - ses grow; In the bar - ren pla - ces flow'rs be - gin to show; Lift the clouds of sor - row,

from a lov - ing heart Help the world to bright-en; let us do our part.
strengthening the weak, In the name of Je - sus con - so - la-tion speak.
cheer the hour of gloom, Fruits of grace will ri - pen for im-mor-tal bloom.

D. S.—*Tell-ing love's sweet sto - ry ev - 'ry-where we go.*

CHORUS.

Sun-shine, sunshine, just a lit - tle sun-shine, Bear-ing heav'nly glad-ness thro' this world be - low; Sun-shine, sunshine, just a lit - tle sun - shine,

FINE.

D. S.

No. 47. Tell the Wonderful Story.

Oran Williams. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **H. A. Henry.**

1. Je - sus died to save us, Life e - ter - nal He gave us; Up - on
2. Fill the world with sing - ing, Set the mer - ry bells ring - ing, Shout and
3. Praise His name for - ev - er, He is strong to de - liv - er; Naught is

Cal - va-ry's cross He paid the price of sin; Ti-dings of sal-va - tion,
pub-lish to ev - 'ry crea-ture Je - sus' name; Send the leaves of heal - ing,
a - ble to sev - er us from His em - brace; In the night He sought us,

Shout with glad o - va - tion, Un - til ev - 'ry na-tion shall His praise be - gin.
Life and light re-veal - ing, Un - til ev - 'ry na-tion shall His love pro-claim.
To the light He bro't us, And at last we shall behold Him face to face.

FINE.

D. S.—*Un - til ev - 'ry na-tion shall His praise be - gin.*

CHORUS.

Tell . . the beautiful sto - ry, Tell . . the beautiful
Tell the blessed sto - ry, Tell the beautiful sto - ry, Tell the blessed sto - ry,

sto - ry Of . . . His wonderful glo - ry,
Tell the wonderful sto - ry Of His grace and glo - ry, Of His wonderful glo-ry,

D. S.

No. 48. Open Wide the Window.

Ina Duley Ogdon. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Leave off weeping, o-pen wide the window, Look tow'rd Je-ru-sa-lem to - day;
2. Leave off sigh-ing, o-pen wide the window, Bid Je-sus welcome, bid Him stay;
3. Sing - ing, praying, o-pen wide the window, Peace to your soul His life will give;

Christ is ris - en, ban - ish-ing the darkness, Look tow'rd the Light, and pray.
Join the anthem, sing a-loud Ho-san - na, Look tow'rd the Light, and pray.
Christ is ris - en! tell abroad the message, Look tow'rd the Light, and pray.

CHORUS.

O - - - - pen wide the win - - - dow, Let the
O - pen wide the win - - dow, let the light shine in,

light shine in, let the light shine in, Driv - - - ing
light of love shine in, Driv-ing out our sad-

out our sad - - - ness, Heal-ing all the wounds of sin.
ness, fill - ing life with glad-ness,

No. 49. Carry the Sunshine.

Birdie Bell. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Car-ry the sunshine wher-ev-er you go, In-to the by-ways drear-y;
2. Car-ry the sunshine wher-ev-er you go, Cor-ners where gloom is hid-ing;
3. Car-ry the sunshine wher-ev-er you go, In-to the homes of sad-ness;
4. Car-ry the sunshine wher-ev-er you go, Man-y in grief are pin-ing;

Ban-ish the shadows of sor-row and woe, Scat-ter the sun-beams cheer-y.
Je-sus is read-y His light to be-stow, In-to the brightness guid-ing.
Man-y are long-ing its com-fort to know, Hop-ing for light and glad-ness.
O-ver their path-way a ra-di-ance throw, Light from the Sav-ior shin-ing.

CHORUS.

Car-ry the sun-shine, the heav-en-ly sun-shine, Brighten the
Car-ry the sun-shine, the heav-en-ly sun-shine,

path-ways of sorrow and woe; Je-sus is flood-ing your
Brighten the path-ways of sor-row and woe; Je-sus is flood-ing your

heart with the sun-light, Share it with oth-ers as you go.
heart with the sun-light,

No. 50.

He Included Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. Hamp Sewell.

1. I am so hap-py in Christ to-day, That I go singing a - long my way;
2. Glad-ly I read, "Who-so-ev-er may Come to the fountain of life to - day;"
3. Ev - er God's Spirit is saying, "Come!" Hear the Bride saying, "No longer roam;"
4. "Freely come drink," words the soul to thrill! O with what joy they my heart do fill!

Yes, I'm so hap-py to know and say, "Je - sus in-clud - ed me too."
But when I read it I al-ways say, "Je - sus in-clud - ed me too."
But I am sure while they're call-ing home, Je - sus in-clud - ed me too.
For when He said, "Who-so-ev - er will," Je - sus in-clud - ed me too.

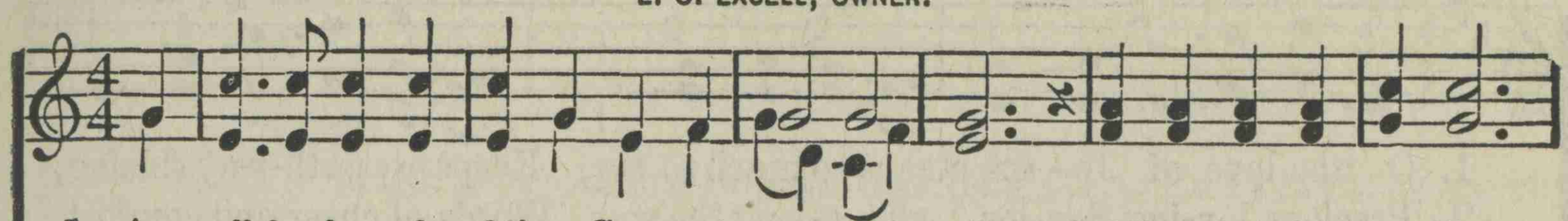
CHORUS.

Je - sus in - clud-ed me, Yes, He in - clud-ed me, Wnen the Lord said
"Who-so - ev-er," He in-clud-ed me; Je - sus in - clud-ed me, Yes, He in-
clud-ed me, When the Lord said "Who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me.

No. 51. As a Volunteer.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

W. S. Brown. Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. A call for loy-al soldiers Comes to one and all; Soldiers for the con-flict,
2. Yes, Jesus calls for soldiers Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve Him
3. He calls you, for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was broken,
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry won, When the true and faithful



Will you heed the call? Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read-y cheer,
Ev-'ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near;
Bro-ken for man-kind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in accents clear,
Gather one by one, He will crown with glo-ry All who there ap-pear;



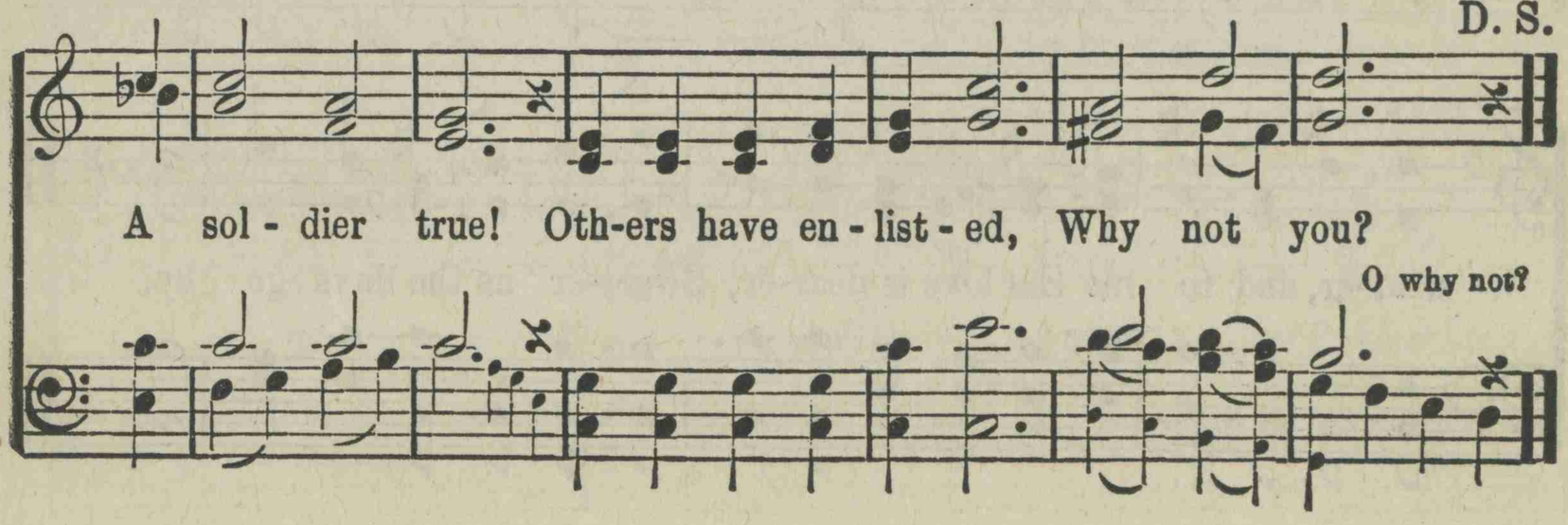
D. S.—*Je-sus is the Cap-tain, We will nev-er fear;*

FINE. CHORUS.



Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A vol-un-teer for Je-sus,

Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer?



D. S.

A sol-dier true! Oth-ers have en-list-ed, Why not you?

O why not?

No. 52. Sweeter as the Days Go By.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. O the love of Je - sus means so much to me, Keeps my path-way shining,
2. Precious, lov-ing Sav-ior, all a-long the way, Words of cheer and comfort
3. He, I know, will keep me, He will hold me fast Till my earth-ly tri - als

keeps me pure and free; More and more I praise Him, for He seems to be
I have heard Him say, And He grows more precious to my soul each day,
be for - ev - er past; He will be, un - til I see His face at last,

CHORUS.

Sweet-er as the days go by. Sweet-er as the days go by, . . .
as the days go by,

Sweet-er as the mo-ments fly; . . . . He's al - ways draw-ing
as the mo-ments fly;

near-er, and to me His love is dear-er, Sweet-er as the days go by.

No. 53. Every Day the Sunbeams.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY B. D. ACKLEY.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Marie DeForrest.

1. Ev - 'ry day the sunbeams Brighten some one's face; Ev'ry day the song-birds
2. Ev - 'ry day our Cap-tain In His wisdom leads, Giv-ing grace suf-fi-cient,
3. Ev - 'ry day His chil-dren May to oth-ers bring Cups of liv - ing wa - ter

Cheer some lone-ly place; Ev - 'ry day our Fa-ther Sends us blessings true;
Car - ing for our needs; Ev - 'ry day His Spir - it Will our lives con-trol,
From the heav'nly spring; In His smile is sunshine; In His voice a song;

CHORUS.

Faith-ful are His mercies, Ev-'ry mo-ment new.
If we give Him entrance To our in - most soul. Marching on, on, on,
Look and find Him with you, Tender, true and strong.

while we sing His praise; Je - sus will be with us "all the days;" Marching

on, on, on to our Home a-bove, Sing-ing, sing-ing of our Savior's love.

No. 54. Lead Us Onward.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY B. D. ACKLEY.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Lizzie DeArmond. B. D. Ackley.

1. Hark! the call to serv - ice, loy - al ones and true, Fall in line to-geth - er,
2. Day by day we fol - low, with the cross in sight, Wav-ing high a - bove us,
3. Gird - ed for the bat - tle, wield the Spir-it's sword; We must nev-er fail Him,

glad His work to do; At His word we ral - ly, by His grace we go,
crowned with glo-ry light; God is ev - er with us, we must not de - lay,
fight - ing for the Lord; In His glo-rious ar - my brave-ly take a stand,

CHORUS.

Brave - ly march-ing on to face the foe.
Win the world for Je - sus while we may.
Read - y for the fight at His com - mand.

Shout - ing, sing - ing,

loud our voi - ces ring, "Vic - t'ry, vic-t'ry, thro' the might-y King!"

Shout-ing, sing-ing, swell the glad refrain, We'll win all the world for Je - sus.

No. 55. My Heart Keeps Right.

Lizzie DeArmond.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

1. There's a song of joy, I sing it ev-'ry day, For my ev - 'ry sin the
2. As I live for Him each burden seems so light; While He walks with me my
3. All my doubts are past, I am se-cure at last; Tho' my strength may fail, my

Lord has washed away; Trusting in His word, I yield to His con-trol,
heart is keep-ing right; In the nar-row way I'm pressing tow'rd the goal,
an - chor hold-eth fast; Tho' I once was lost, His grace hath made me whole,

CHORUS.

Since the lov - ing Je-sus saved my soul..... My heart keeps right since
Since Jesus saved my soul.

Je-sus saved my soul; My ev-'ry tho't is un-der His control; With songs of

joy I'm pressing tow'rd the goal; My heart keeps right since Jesus saved my soul.

No. 56. Kind Words for All.

E. E. Rexford. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O speak kind words to one and all, As thro' the world you go;
2. As we go journeying on thro' life, Per-haps we may not know
3. So speak kind words to one and all; This life is all too brief

Let help - ful deeds be - side your path Like flow'rs of beau - ty grow.
The good kind words of ours have done To those who come and go. . .
To waste in dis - cord, and in strife That brings re - gret and grief. .

The fra-grance of a lov - ing word Will lin - ger in the heart,
But God will know, and sure - ly He, In His good time and way,
With sun-shine, born of pleas-ant words, Let's scat-ter clouds of pain,

As sweet-ness haunts the fad - ed rose When sum-mer days de - part.
The Giv - er of each kind - ly word Will roy - al - ly re - pay.
And thus make bright the sorrowing face, As skies are aft - er rain.

D. S.–*The seeds of liv - ing tho'ts and deeds, For God would have it so.*

FINE.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Then scat - ter ev - 'ry-where, As thro' the world we go,
Then scat - ter, scat - ter

No. 57. Sunshine and Rain.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Had we on - ly sun-shine all the year a-round, With-out the bless-ing
2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the
3, Can we prize the sun-shine and de-plore the rain, Re - pin - ing when the

of re-fresh-ing rain,
bur-den of our sin,
days are dark and drear?

Would we scat-ter seed up-on the fallow ground,
Would we know the sweetness of His love and care,
Can we hope for pleasures, yet de-ny the pain,

CHORUS.

And hope to gath - er flow - ers, fruit and grain?
Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win?
Or share the joys of life with-out the tear?

Sun-shine and rain, re -

freshing, reviving rain, Light of faith and love, Showers from above! Sunshine and

rain, to nour-ish the growing grain, Send us, Lord, the sunshine and the rain.

No. 58. Love Won My Heart.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL.
E. O EXCELL, OWNER

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. Hamp Sewell.

1. Out on the moun-tains far a-way, Out in th cold and dan-ger,
2. I lived a self-ish life for years, Sought thro' this world for pleasure,
3. I work for Je-sus now each day, Since I have been for-giv-en;

When I was wand'ring far a-stray, Still to my Sav-ior a stran-ger:
Till God, who rules the radiant spheres, Sent me a won-der-ful treas-ure.
And when this life has passed a-way, I want to praise Him in Heav-en.

CHORUS.

Love won my heart, . . Christ did im-part, . . Love, wonderful
Love won, love won my heart, Christ did, Christ did im-part,
love of God, Love won my heart; . . God's love to me, . . .
won my heart; God's love, God's love to me,
deep as the sea, . . Love of God so strange and free, Love won my heart.
deep as, deep as the sea,

No. 59. Someone is Looking to You.

W. M. Lighthall.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Let your light shine where-so-e'er you go, Some-one is look-ing to
2. Some-one is grop - ing his way to God, Some-one is look-ing to
3. Some-one your coun - sel will sure - ly take, Some-one is look-ing to
4. Some-one has al - most ac - cept - ed Him, Some-one is look-ing to

you! Bright - er each day let it gleam and glow, Some-one is
you! Fol - low - ing on where your feet have trod, Some-one is
you! And by your life his de - ci - sion make, Some-one is
you! And may be lost if your light grows dim, Some-one is

CHORUS.

look - ing to you! Look-ing to you, yes, look-ing to you!

Let your light shine the dark - ness through; O be faith - ful, be

loy - al, and true, For some-one is look - ing to you!

No. 60. Keep Step in the March.

Jessie H. Brown.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Keep step in the march for the truth and right—Keep step in the
2. Keep step at the front of the mov - ing line— Keep step in the
3. Keep step with a tread that is firm and true—Keep step in the

march, keep step! Be strong in the strength of the Lord, our might—
march, keep step! Keep step where the cross is the blaz - ing sign,—
march, keep step! There's need in the ranks of the Lord for you—

CHORUS.

Keep step in the march, keep step! Keep step! keep step!
Keep step for the right, by day and by night,

Keep step in the march, keep step! . . . Turn nev - er a-
keep step!

side, but with zeal and pride Keep step in the march, keep step!

No. 61.

Trust Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY B. D. ACKLEY.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

E. E. Hewitt. B. D. Ackley.

1. Lit - tle birds of springtime, sweet and gay, Sing-ing all the sun - ny day,
2. Lov-ing prais-es we will glad - ly sing, Glo - ry to our Sav - ior King;
3. If He kind-ly will the spar-row see, He will care for thee and me;

Tell of Him who guides them thro' the air,
He will al - ways hear us when we pray;
If He gives the lil - y gar - ments white,

CHORUS.

Of the heav'nly Fa - ther's care.
He will help us ev - 'ry day.
He will keep us day and night.

Trust Him, we hear them say, . . Sing - ing all the sun-ny day; . .

Trust Him, the children say, . . And love and serve Him ev-'ry day.

No. 62. Wonderful Love.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. H. ROSECRANS.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Anne Steele. J. H. Rosecrans.

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

And didst Thou bleed and groan and die For Thy re - bel - lious foes?
No tho't of an - gels ev - er knew Com - pas - sion so di - vine!
De - scend, O sov-'reign love, de-scend, And melt that stub - born soul.
Glad cap - tives of Thy match-less grace, Thy right - eous rule o - bey.

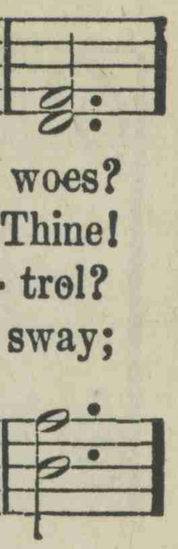
CHORUS.

O 'twas won - - - - der-ful, won-der-ful love,
Won - der-ful, won-der - ful love, won - der - ful, won-der - ful love,

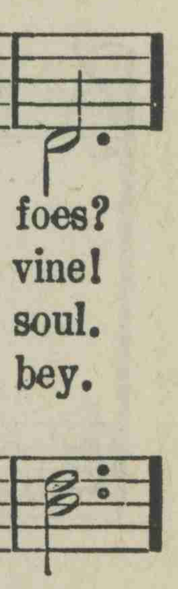
That brought..... Him from heaven a - bove,
That bro't Him from heav-en a - bove, beau - ti - ful heav - en a - bove,

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

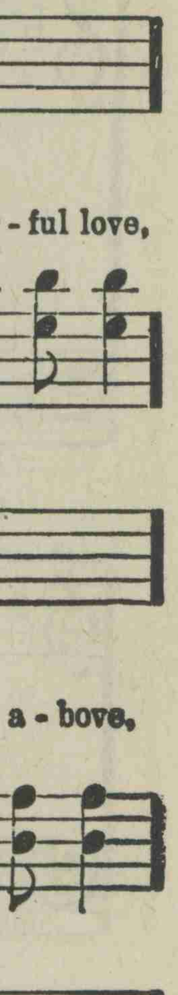
crans.



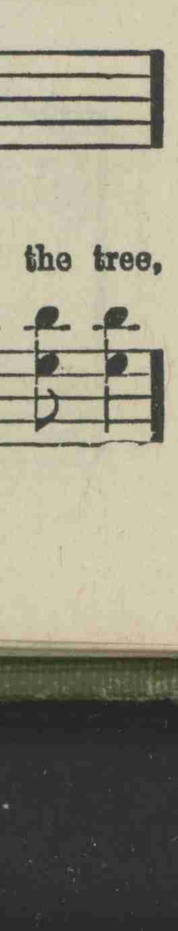
woes?
Thine!
trol?
sway;



foes?
vine!
soul.
bey.



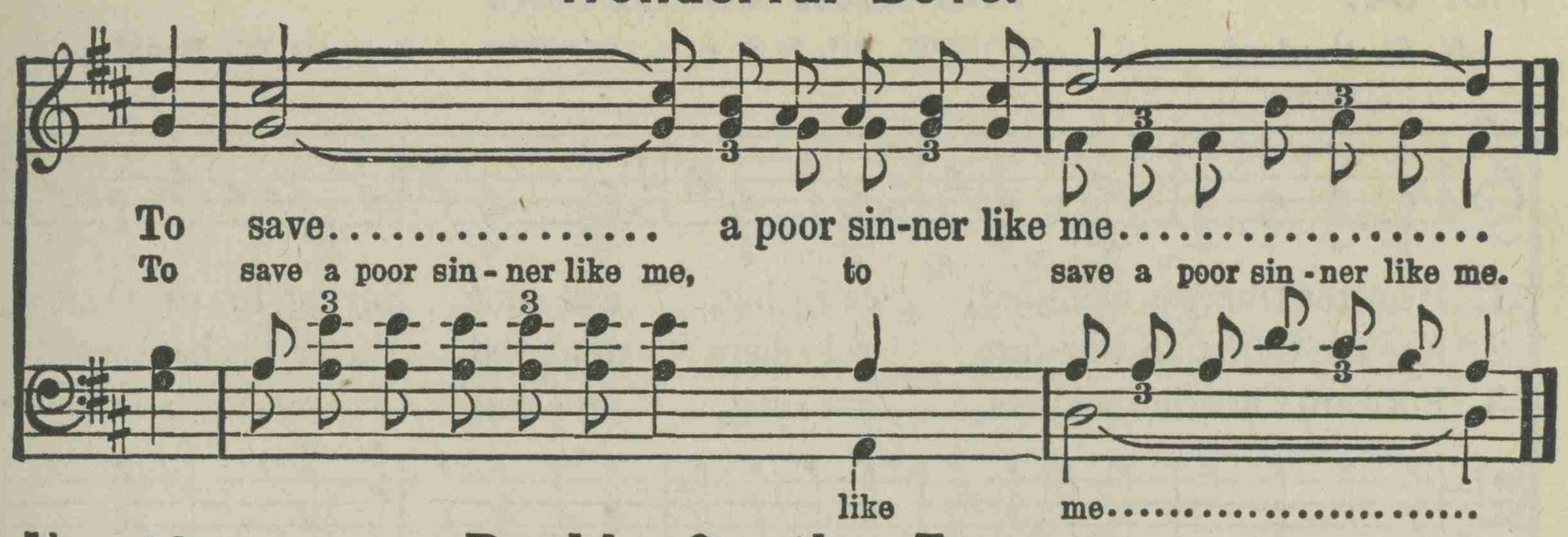
ful love,



a - bove,

the tree,

Wonderful Love.



No. 63. Buckle On the Armor.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

C. Jay Smith. J. H. Rosecrans.

No. 64. The Call to Battle.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

E. E. Rexford. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

UNISON.

1. Hear the trumpet call - ing, call - ing, call - ing, Saying to us, O my
2. For the Christian war-fare sol - diers want - ed, Under the ban-ner of
3. Forward Christian soldiers, dar - ing, do - ing All things for Him who is

bro - thers, "Christ has need of you." Round the Lord's white standard
Je - sus Bound to win the fight. Let this be our an - swer,
lead - ing On His hosts to - day. Where His flag is wav - ing

ral - ly, comrades, Join we the warfare with oth-ers, Fearless, bold and true.
"Coming, com-ing! Strong with a courage undaunted For our God and right."
fol - low, fol - low, Dan-ger for-ev-er un-heed - ing, Fight and trust and pray!

CHORUS. Parts.

To the bat - tle! Gird ye for the fight! Forward! soldiers for the right; No re-

treat - ing in the war with sin, God and His cause must win! This our

The Call to Battle.



No. 65. Fairest Lord Jesus.

Tr. R. S. Willis. CRUSADER'S HYMN. Arr. by R. S. Willis.



No. 66. If Your Heart Keeps Right.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL. **Hamp Sewell.**

1. You will live a life of glad - ness if your heart keeps right;
2. You'll go sing - ing on life's path-way if your heart keeps right,
3. You will al - ways be a bless - ing if your heart keeps right,

Tho' your foes may gather and your friends may slight, You may find a Friend who's
Tho' the clouds may deepen in - to shades of night; For, tho' night may do for
Then the Master's serv-ice will be your delight, And you nev - er will be

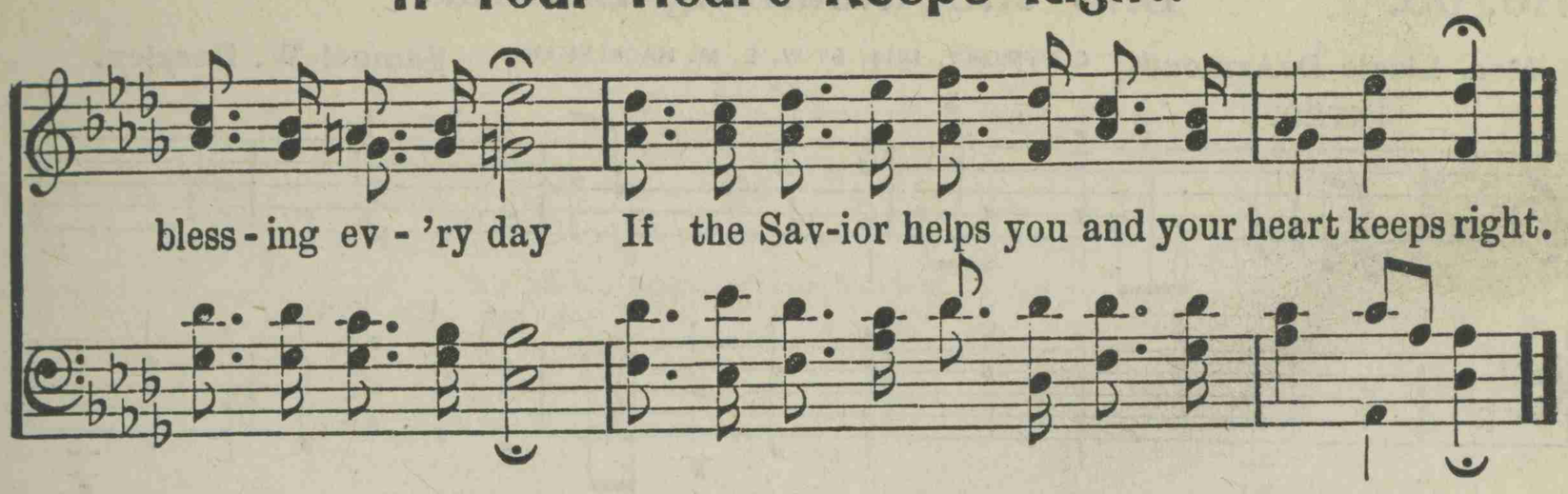
faith - ful and who al-ways conquers; He will help you if your heart keeps right.
weep-ing, joy will come with morning, Bringing sunshine if your heart keeps right.
lone - ly for the Lord hath spo-ken, "I'll be with you if your heart keeps right."

CHORUS.

If your heart keeps right, if your heart keeps right, Ev-'ry cloud will change to

sunshine, darkness turn to light; You'll have gladness on your way and a

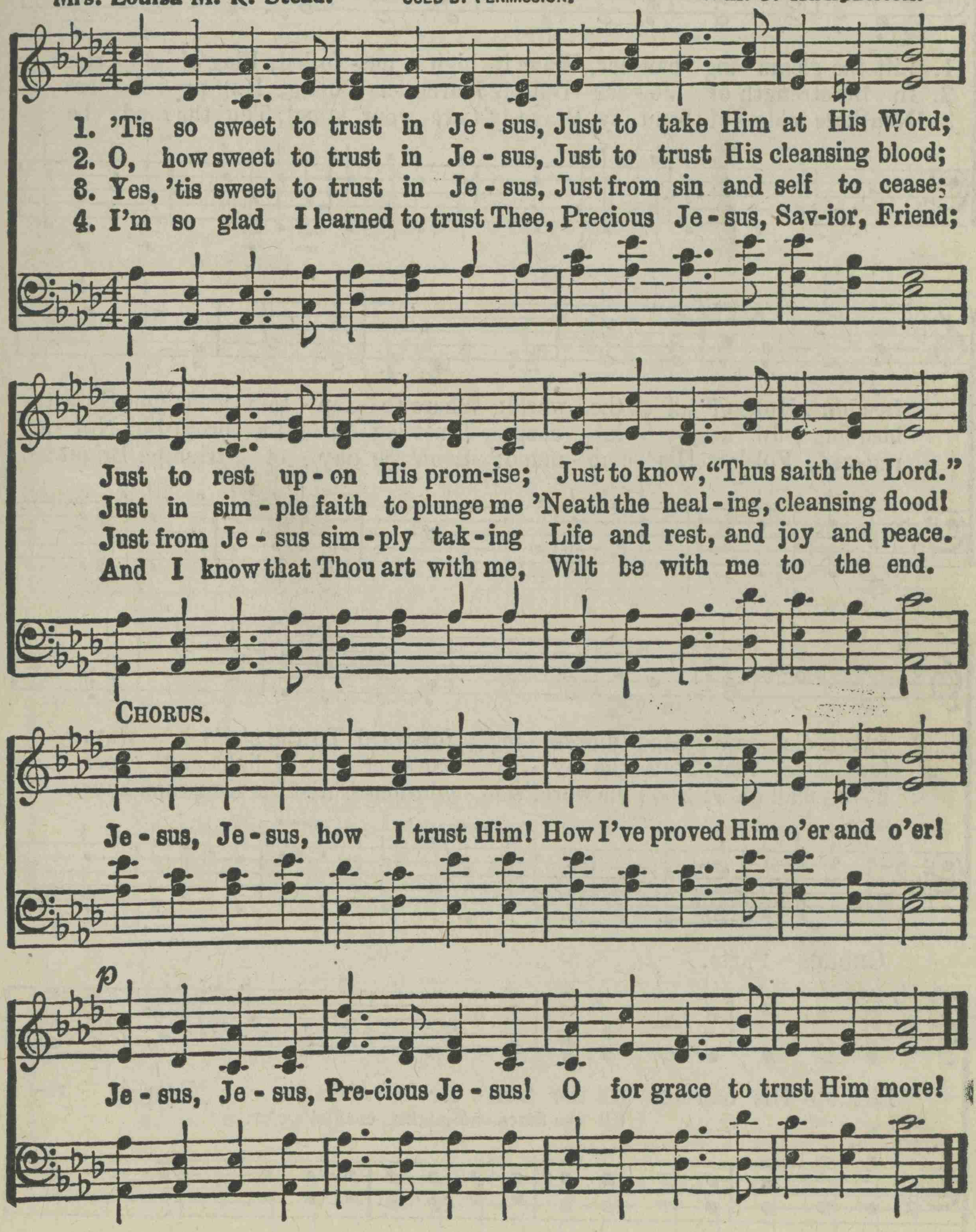
If Your Heart Keeps Right.



No. 67. 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1882 AND 1910, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. USED BY PERMISSION. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



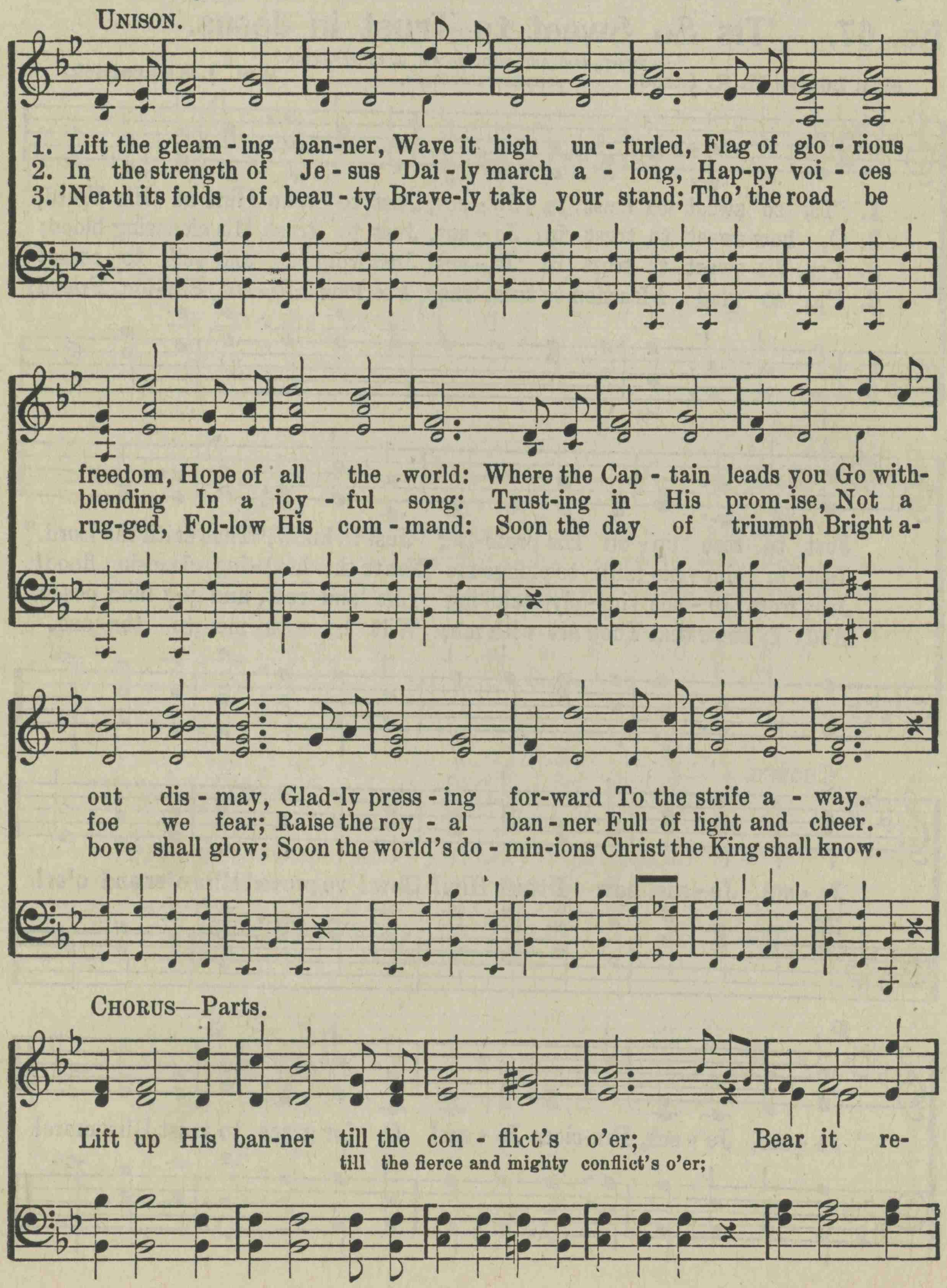
No. 68. Lift the Gleaming Banner.

Mrs. Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

INTRO.



UNISON.

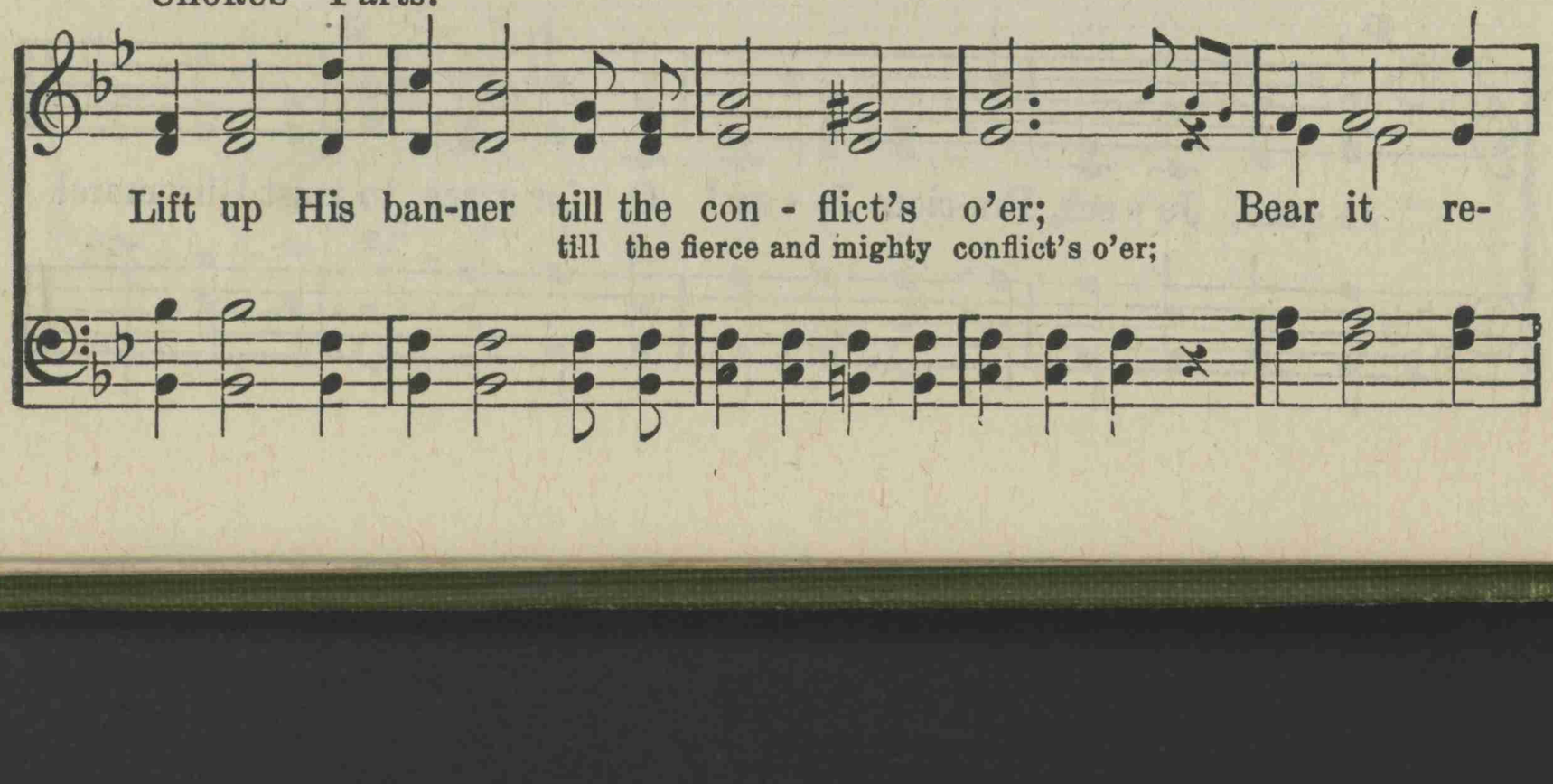


1. Lift the gleam - ing ban-ner, Wave it high un - furled, Flag of glo - rious
2. In the strength of Je - sus Dai - ly march a - long, Hap-py voi - ces
3. 'Neath its folds of beau - ty Brave-ly take your stand; Tho' the road be

freedom, Hope of all the world: Where the Cap - tain leads you Go with-
blending In a joy - ful song: Trust-ing in His prom-ise, Not a
rug-ged, Fol-low His com - mand: Soon the day of triumph Bright a-

out dis - may, Glad-ly press - ing for-ward To the strife a - way.
foe we fear; Raise the roy - al ban - ner Full of light and cheer.
bove shall glow; Soon the world's do - min-ions Christ the King shall know.

CHORUS—Parts.



Lift up His ban-ner till the con - flict's o'er; Bear it re-
till the fierce and mighty conflict's o'er;

Lift the Gleaming Banner.

joic-ing to each dis - tant shore; Sing, sing for gladness, Satan's
far and dis-tant, dis-tant shore;

host must fall, Je - sus our Sav-ior shall be Lord of all.
strong, re - sist-ing host must fall,

No. 69. Faith of Our Fathers.

Frederick W. Faber — H. F. Hemy, adpt.

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:
2. Our fathers, chained in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
3. Faith of our fa-thers, God's great pow'r Shall soon all nations win for thee;
4. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,

O how our hearts beat high with joy, Whene'er we hear that glo-rious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them, could die for thee!
And thro' the truth that comes from God Man-kind shall then be tru - ly free.
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life.

Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

No. 70. The Whole Wide World.

J. Dempster Hammond.

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USED BY PERMISSION.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. The whole wide world for Je - sus, This shall our watch-word be, Up-on the highest
2. The whole wide world for Je - sus, In-spires us with the tho't That ev-'ry son of
3. The whole wide world for Je - sus, The marching or-der sound, "Go ye and preach the
4. The whole wide world for Je - sus, In th' Father's home above Are man-y wondrous

mountain, Down by the wid - est sea. The whole wide world for Je - sus, To
Ad - am Hath by the blood been bo't. The whole wide world for Je - sus, O
Gos - pel Wher - ev - 'er man is found." The whole wide world for Je - sus, Our
man-sions, Mansions of light and love. The whole wide world for Je - sus, Ride

Him all men shall bow, In cit - y or on prai-rie, The world for Jesus now.
faint not by the way! The cross shall surely con-quer In this our glorious day.
ban - ner is un-furled, We bat - tle now for Je - sus, And faith demands the world.
forth, O conqu'ring King, Thro' all the mighty nations, The world to glo-ry bring.

CHORUS.

The whole wide world, the whole wide world, Pro-claim the gos - pel

ti - dings thro' the whole wide world; Lift up the cross for Je - sus, His

The Whole Wide World.

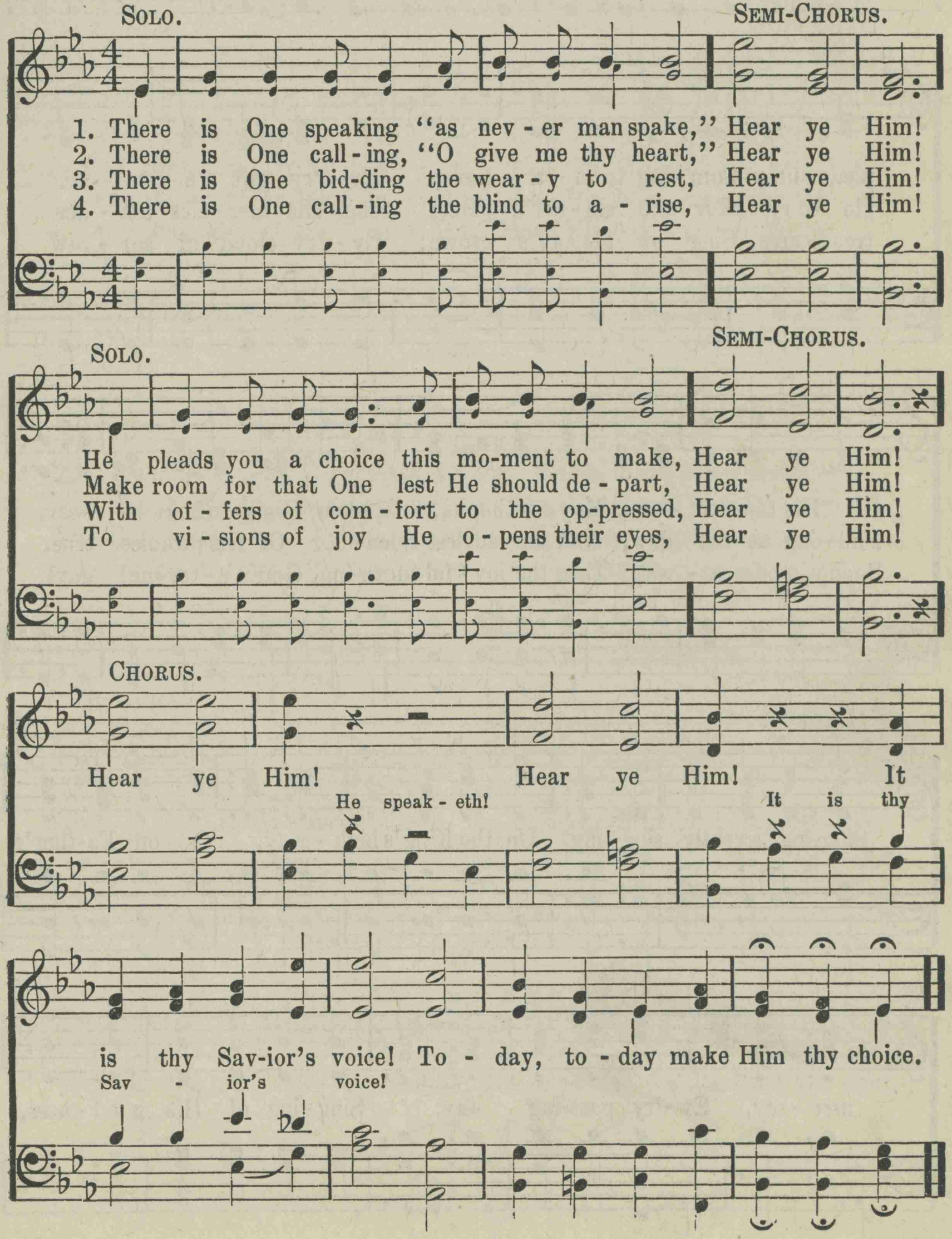


No. 71. Hear Ye Him.

Jno. R. Clements.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 72. Sing in Happy Measures.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **Thoro Harris.**

Staccato.

1. Sing in hap - py meas-ures Of our Fa-ther's love, Count the man - y
2. Sing the wondrous sto - ry Of our Sav-ior's grace, Yield-ing His bright
3. Sing in hap - py meas-ures When the heart's cast down; Sing im - mor - tal

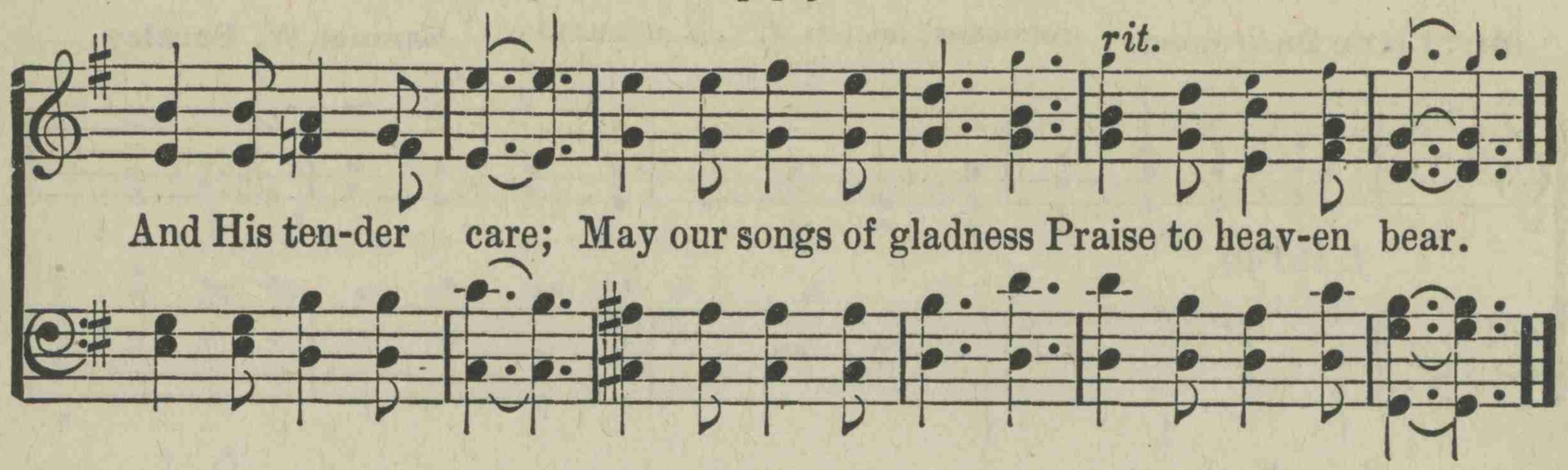
pleas - ures Com - ing from a - bove; Ev - 'ry gift a to - ken
glo - ry For the sin - ner's place; Sing His mer - cies ten - der
treas - ures, Sing of glo - ry's crown; Ev - 'ry cloud of sor - row

Of His ten-der care, May our thanks, outspoken, Praise to heav-en bear.
Fall - ing as the dew, And the fadeless splen - dor Of His promise true.
Soon will pass a - way; Then the joy - ful morn-ing, God's e - ter - nal day!

CHORUS.

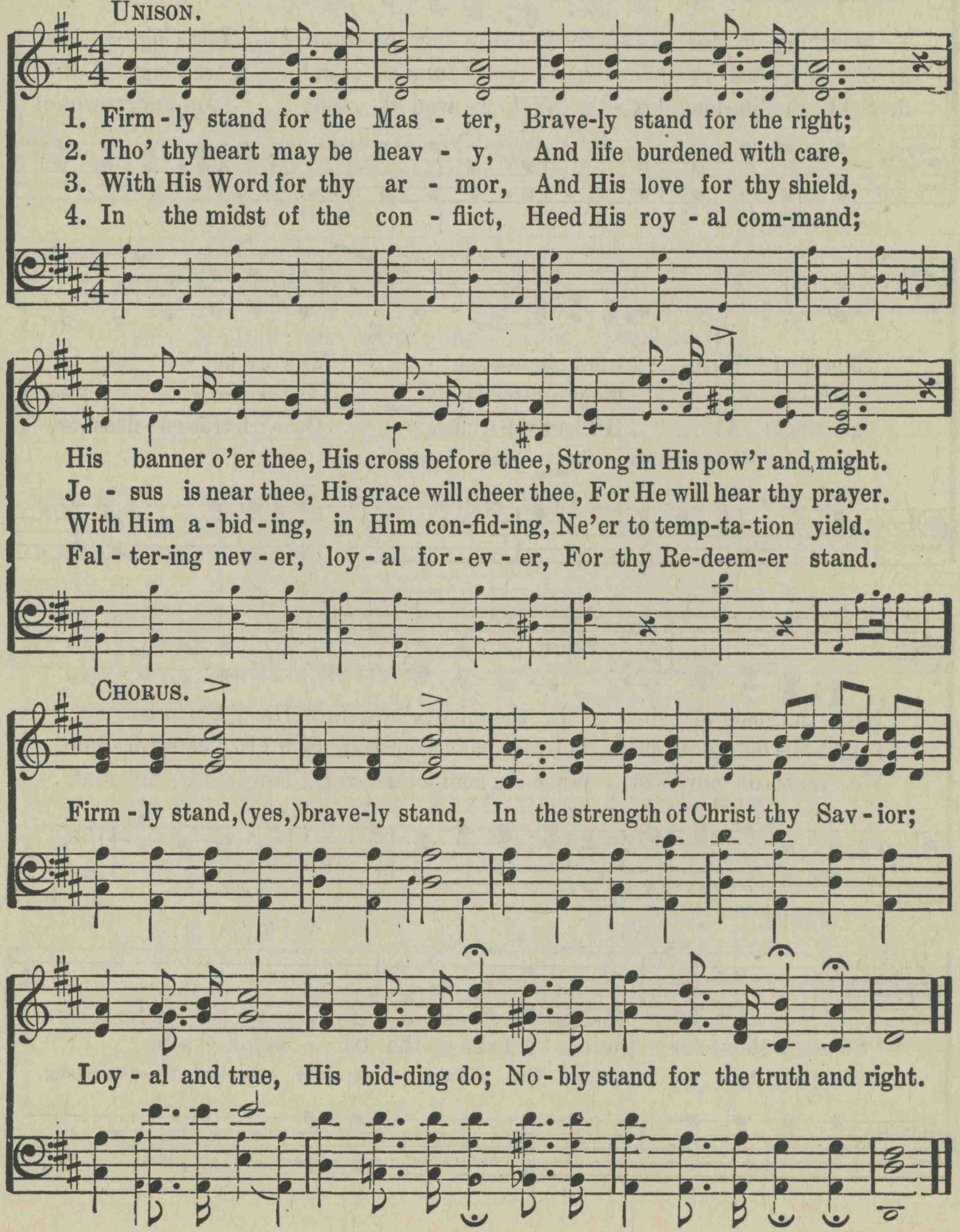
Sing-ing, sweetly sing - ing, On the King's high - way, Of our Fa-ther's
mer - cy, Ev - 'ry pass-ing day; Sing - ing of His good - ness,

Sing in Happy Measures.



No. 73. Firmly Stand.

S. K. Best. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. Thoro Harris.



No. 74. Glad Victory is Nigh.

Mrs. Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

f INTRO.

1. Marching on for Je - sus, Fol - low-ing the throng, Lift - ing up His ban - ner With . . triumphant song;
2. Shout a-loud re - joic - ing, Brave-ly take a stand, March-ing on to- geth - er To . . . the promised land;
3. Soon the life-long bat - tle Will be won at last, Soon our crowns of glad-ness At . . . His feet we'll cast.

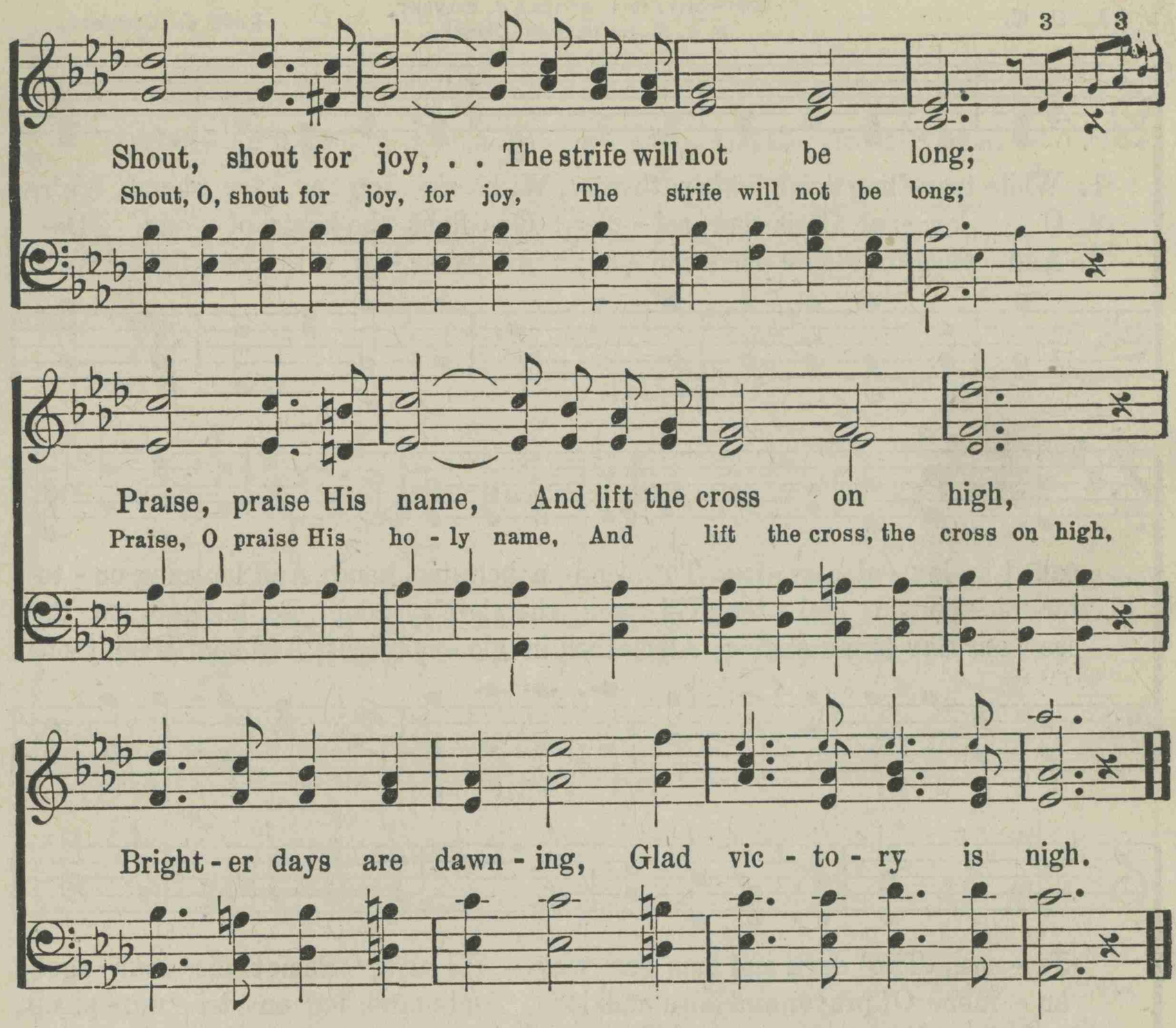
May we nev - er fal - ter
O - ver ev - 'ry path-way
On with true en - deav-or,
With tri - um - phant song;

'Mid the hosts of sin, In the mighty war-fare He will help us win.
Bright His light doth shine, "Love" shall be our watchword In a cause di - vine.
We must do our best, When the conflict's o-ver, Comes e-ter - nal rest.

CHORUS.

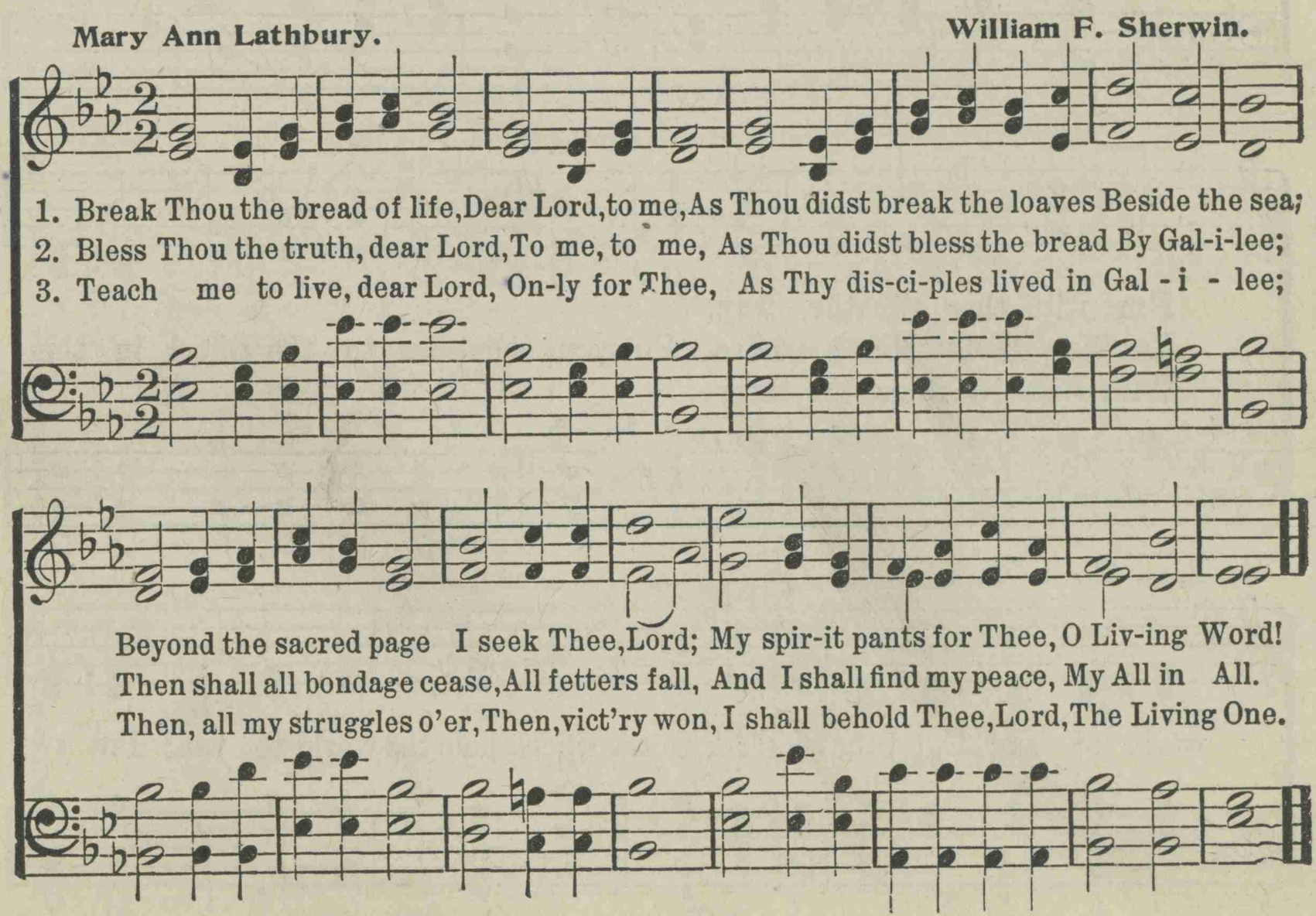
Shout, shout for joy, . . Take up the tri - umph - song,
Shout, O shout for joy. for joy, Take up, take up the tri - umph-song,

Glad Victory is Nigh.



No. 75. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.



No. 76. Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel.

L. C. C.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY LOLA C. CALVERT.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Lola C. Calvert.

1. While trav-'ling down life's path-way, With sin on ev - 'ry hand, We're
2. O loy - al Chris-tian sol - dier, Go fight the hosts of sin, De-
3. And when our la - bor's end - ed, All wear - y with the fight, We'll

called to loy - al serv - ice, To lend a help-ing hand; And look-ing un - to
ter-mined not to fal - ter Till you the vic-t'ry win; Go buck-le on the
see our Sav-iour standing, All clothed in glo - ry bright; And hear His joy-ous

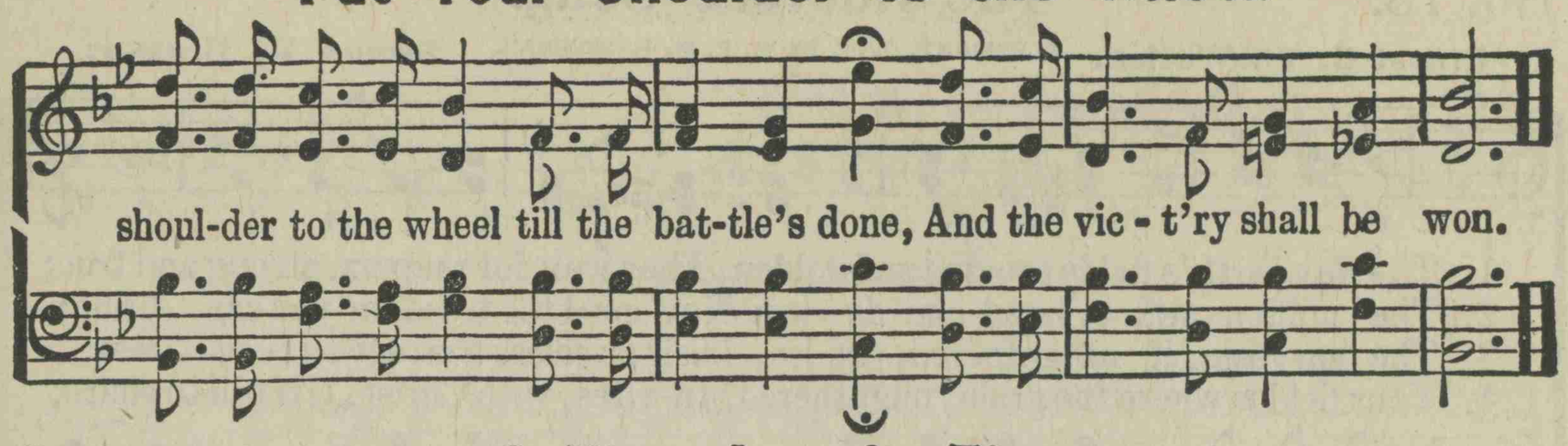
Je - sus, Tho' dark and lone the way— He says, "Be not dis - cour - aged,
ar - mor Of prayer and faith and love, And march-ing on tri - um - phant,
wel-come, "O wear - y wand'rer, come!" And then we'll sing for - ev - er,

CHORUS.

I'm with thee all the way."
You'll reign with Him a - bove. Put your shoul-der to the wheel in this
With Him a-round the throne.

world of sin; Put your shoulder to the wheel, help the world to win; Put your

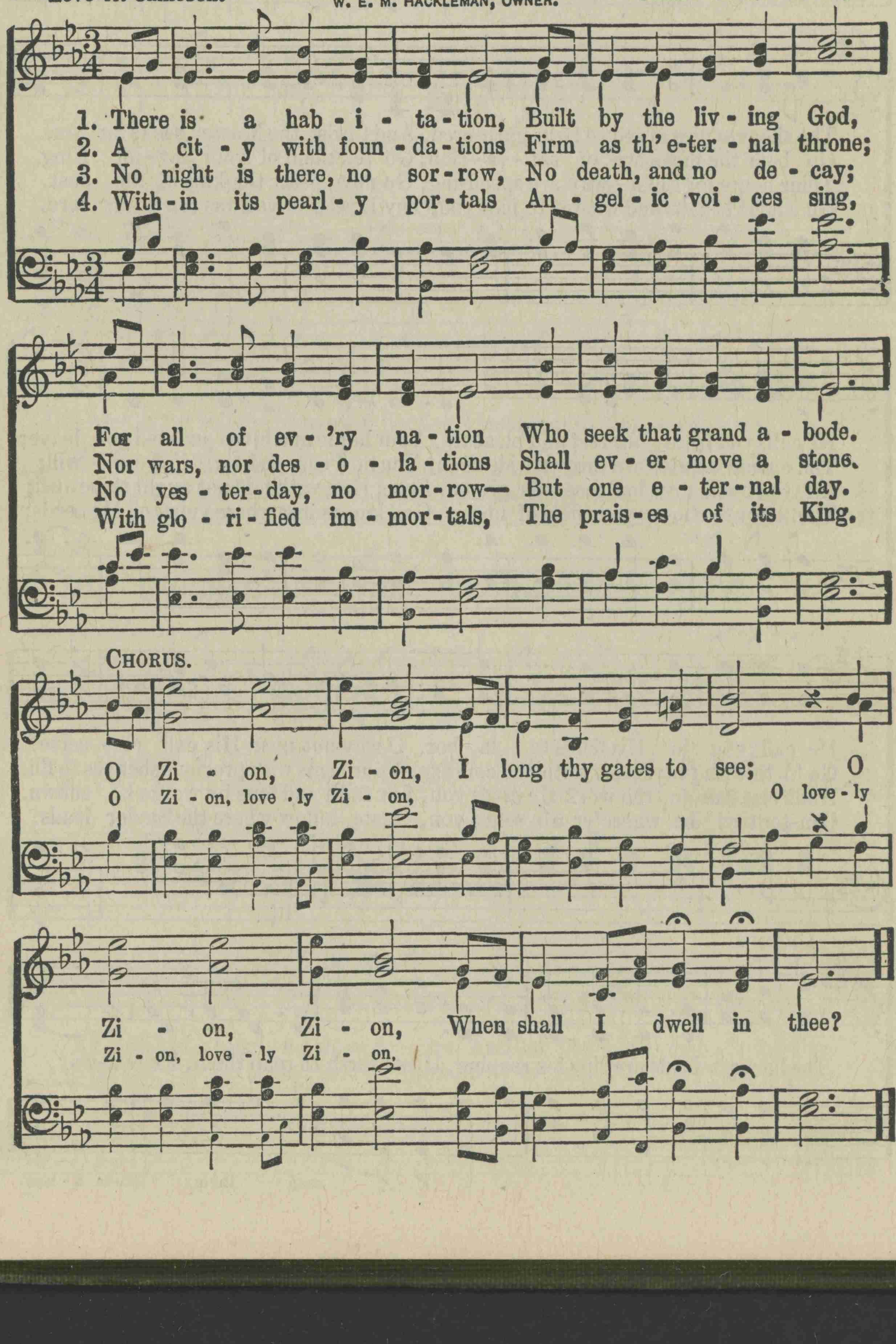
Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel.



No. 77. O Zion, Lovely Zion.

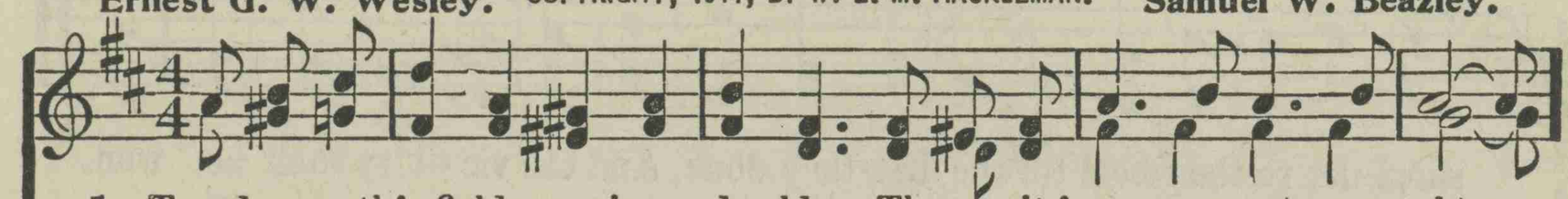
COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY J. H. ROSECRANS.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Love H. Jameson. James H. Rosecrans.

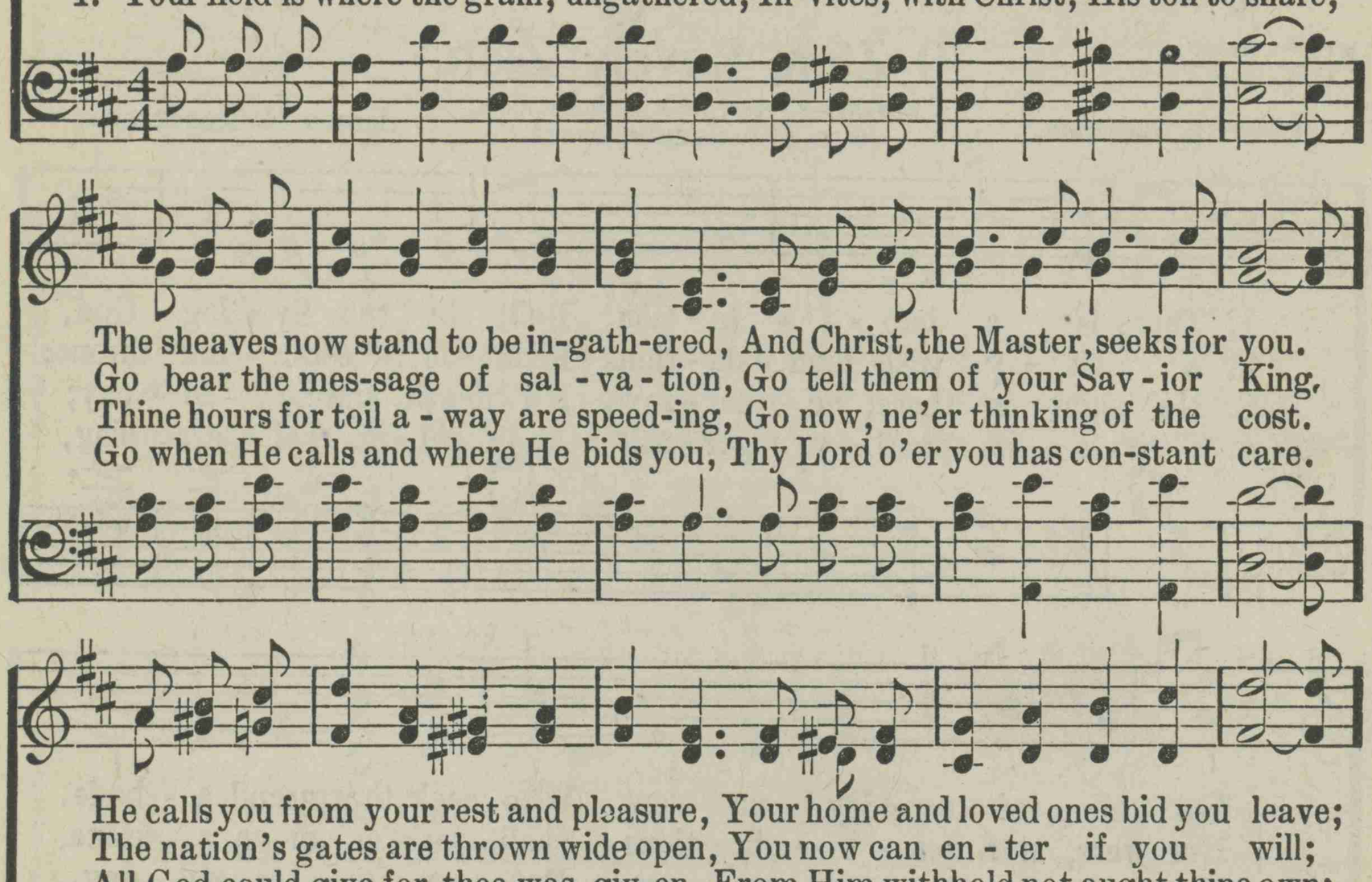


No. 78. The Harvest Song.

Ernest G. W. Wesley. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. Samuel W. Beazley.

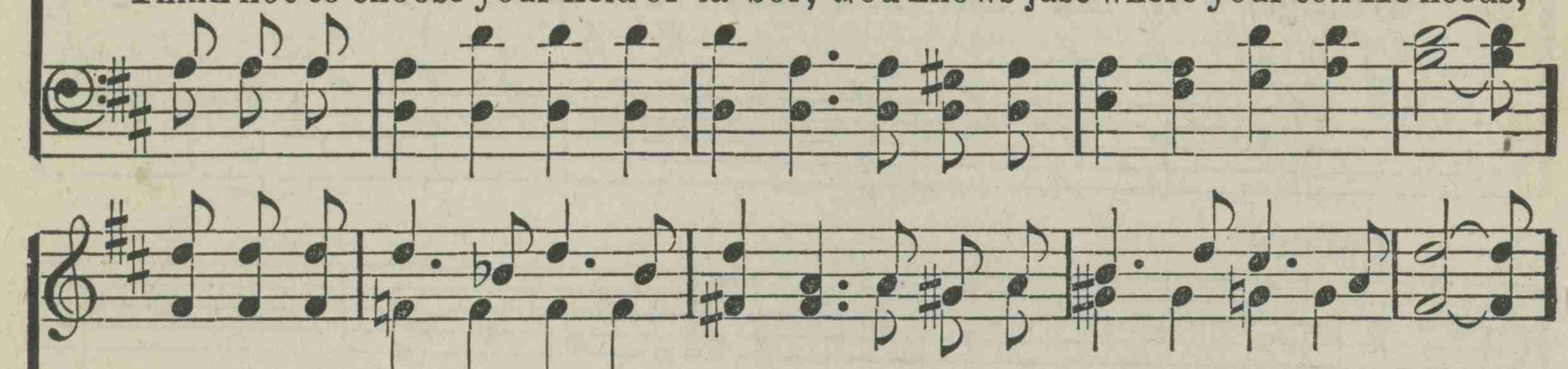


1. To - day earth's fields are ripe and golden, They wait for reapers, strong and true;
2. The millions still in bond-age dy - ing, Now need the freedom you can bring;
3. The harvests, if un-gathered, per-ish, Their priceless fruitage ev - er lost;
4. Your field is where the grain, ungathered, In-vites, with Christ, His toil to share;



The sheaves now stand to be in-gath-ered, And Christ, the Master, seeks for you.
Go bear the mes-sage of sal - va - tion, Go tell them of your Sav - ior King.
Thine hours for toil a - way are speed-ing, Go now, ne'er thinking of the cost.
Go when He calls and where He bids you, Thy Lord o'er you has con-stant care.

He calls you from your rest and pleasure, Your home and loved ones bid you leave;
The nation's gates are thrown wide open, You now can en - ter if you will;
All God could give for thee was giv-en, From Him withhold not aught thine own;
Think not to choose your field of la-bor, God knows just where your toil He needs;



He calls you in His fields to la - bor, O why not now His call re - ceive?
Go forth with prayer and faith and courage, Your arms with precious sheaves to fill.
None else can do the work He gives you, Let faith and love by works be shown.
Con-tent-ed be where'er He sends you, Haste, follow where the Savior leads.



CHORUS.

The harvest-fields are ripe for reaping, Haste forth to reap them, haste a-way,

reap them, haste a - way.

The Harvest Song.

The Lord for thee a place is keeping; Haste forth to reap them, haste to-day!

haste to-day!

reap them, haste to - day!

The Lord for thee this hour is seeking, Haste forth to reap, make no de - lay;

Thine hours for toil are short and fleeting, Haste now to reap! God shows the way!

No 79. Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing, Lord.

Joseph Hart. Lowell Mason.

1. Dis-miss us with Thy bless-ing, Lord; Help us to feed up - on Thy word;
2. Tho' we are guilt - y, Thou art good; Cleanse all our sins in Je-sus' blood;

All that has been a - miss, for-give, And let Thy truth with - in us live.
Give ev-'ry bur-dened soul re-lease, And bid us all de - part in peace.

No. 80. The World for Christ.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY J. B. HERBERT.
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A. P. Cobb. J. B. Herbert.

m All voices in unison. *cres.*

1. Lo! the ar - my of our King, March-ing on from sea to sea;
2. Hear the marching or - der: "Go! Preach the word in ev - 'ry clime,
3. See! the ban-ner is un - furled; See! it floats up - on the breeze,

Loud their hal - le - lu - jahs ring, With the joy of vic - to - ry.
Un - til all the earth be - low Ech - o with the strain sub - lime!"
O'er the king-doms of the world, O'er the is - lands of the seas.

cres. *f*

"The world for Christ, and Christ for the world!" We shout with glad ac-claim,

We shout with glad ac - claim, Till ev - 'ry soul, ...

Till ev - 'ry soul,

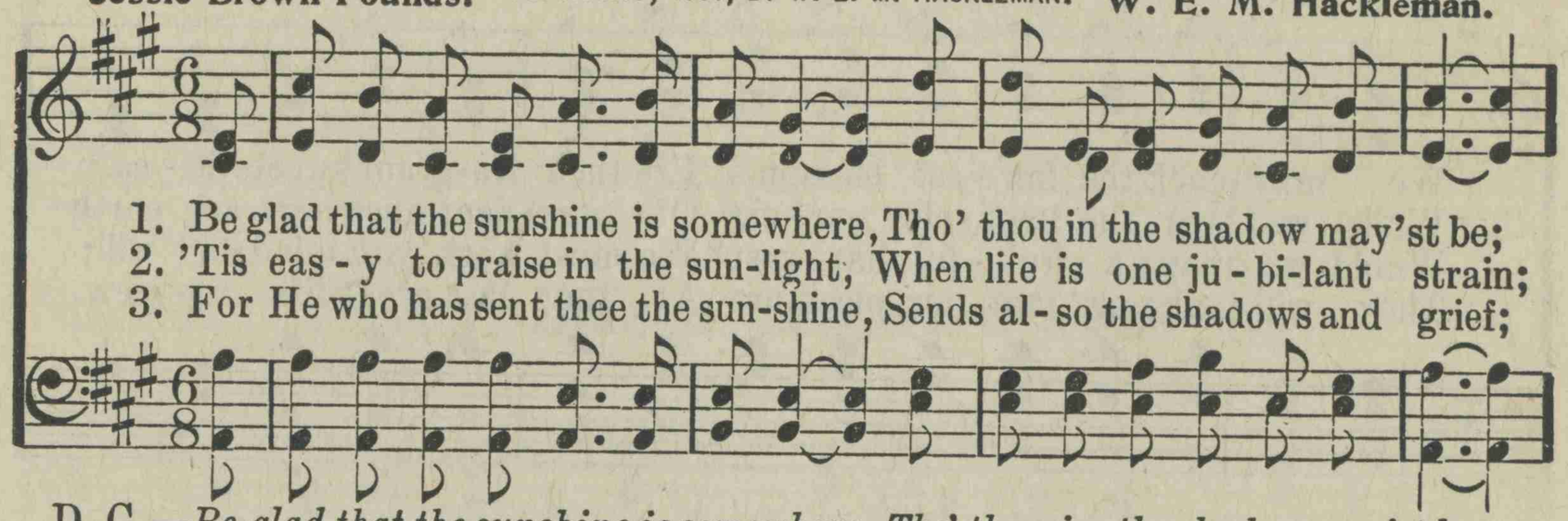
CHORUS. *Harmony.*

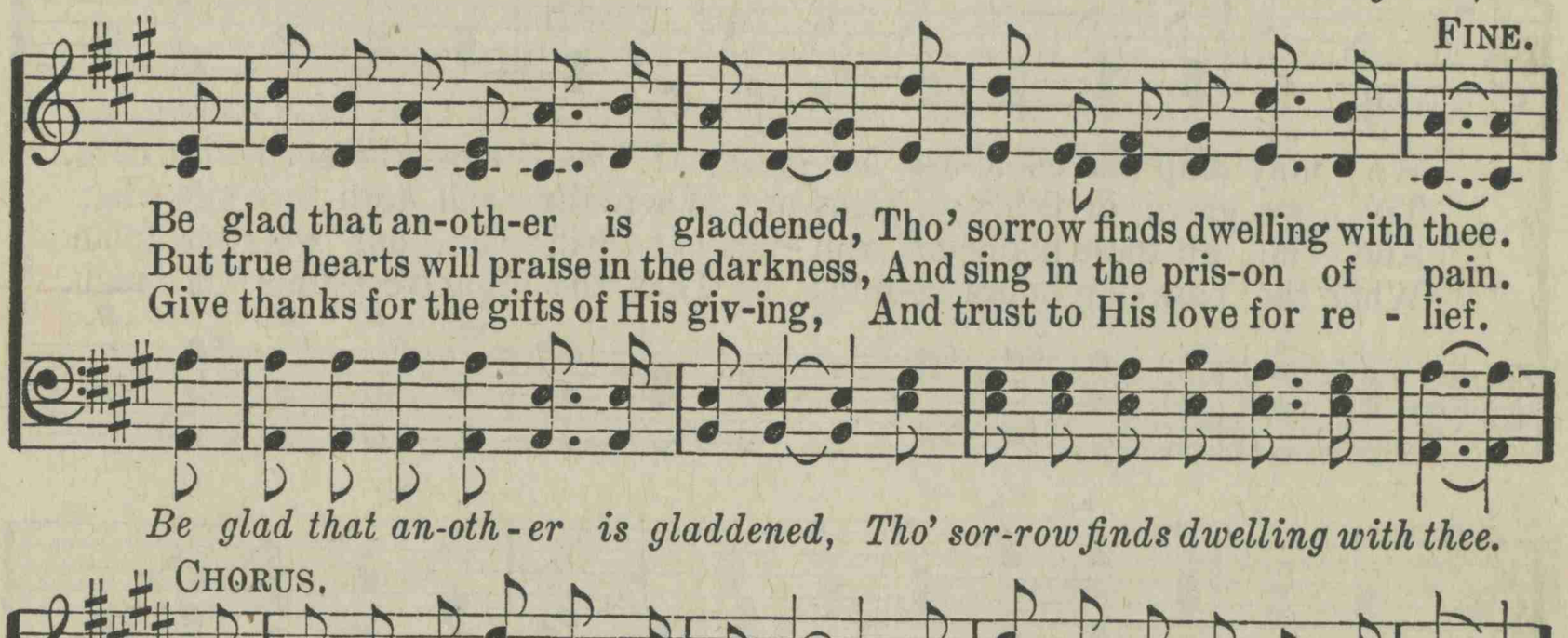
The World for Christ.

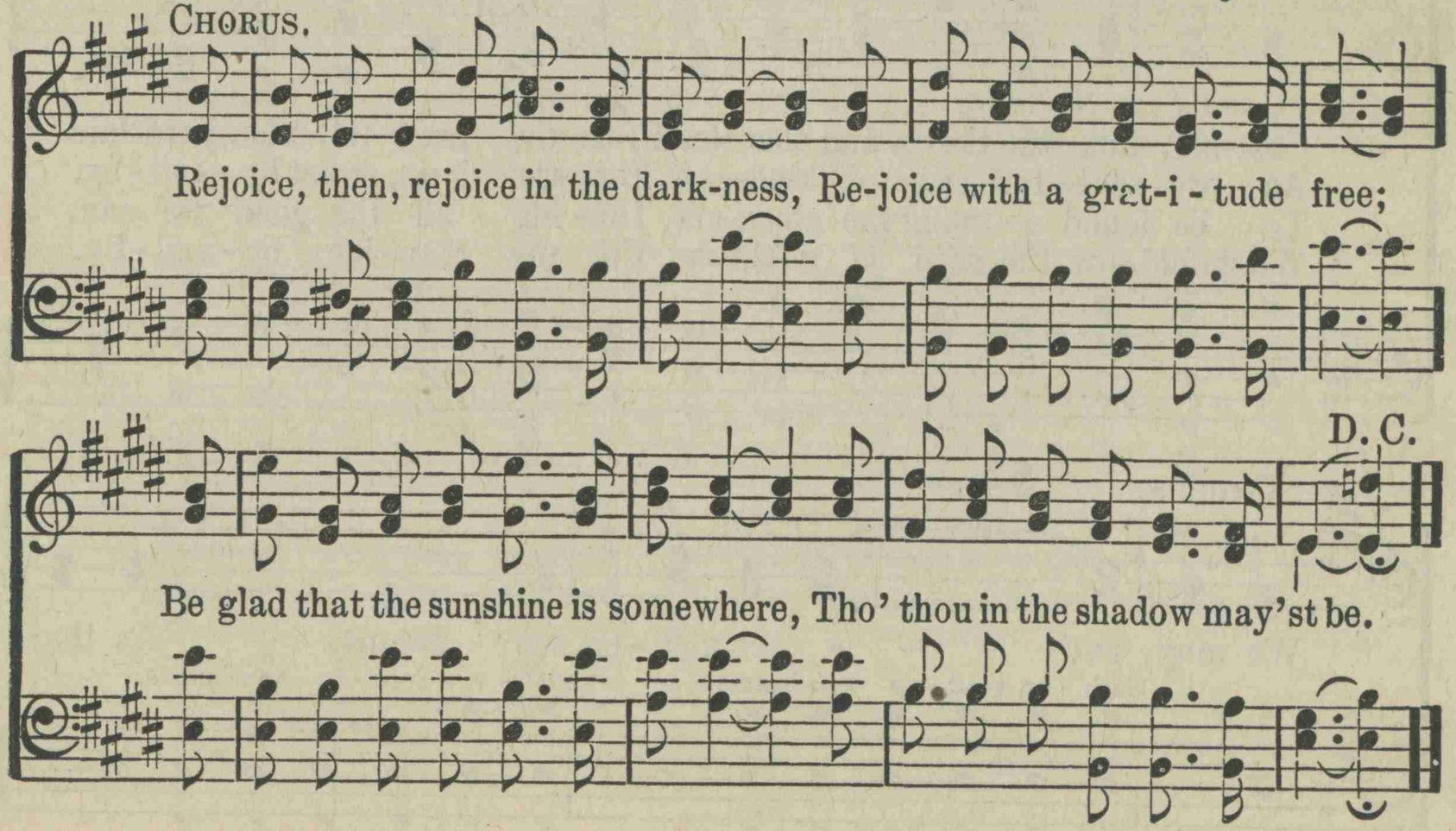


No. 81. Be Glad that the Sunshine is Somewhere.

Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **W. E. M. Hackleman.**







No. 82. Golden Sunbeams.

Theo. D. C. Miller, M. D. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **Albert H. Grove.**

1. We may gath-er gold-en sunbeams As they fall a-round our way,
2. We must keep life's gar-den blooming With no thorn to mar its worth,
3. There is toil in ev-'ry sta-tion We are called on earth to fill;
4. All our deeds will live for-ev-er, Should our hearts be false or true;

We may pluck the fair-est blossoms, Ere their fra-grant sweets de-cay;
While we hear the low, soft mu-sic Of our dear ones here on earth—
Would we reap a fruit-ful har-vest? We must work with mind and will;
They will make or mar our pleas-ure At the last great life re-view.

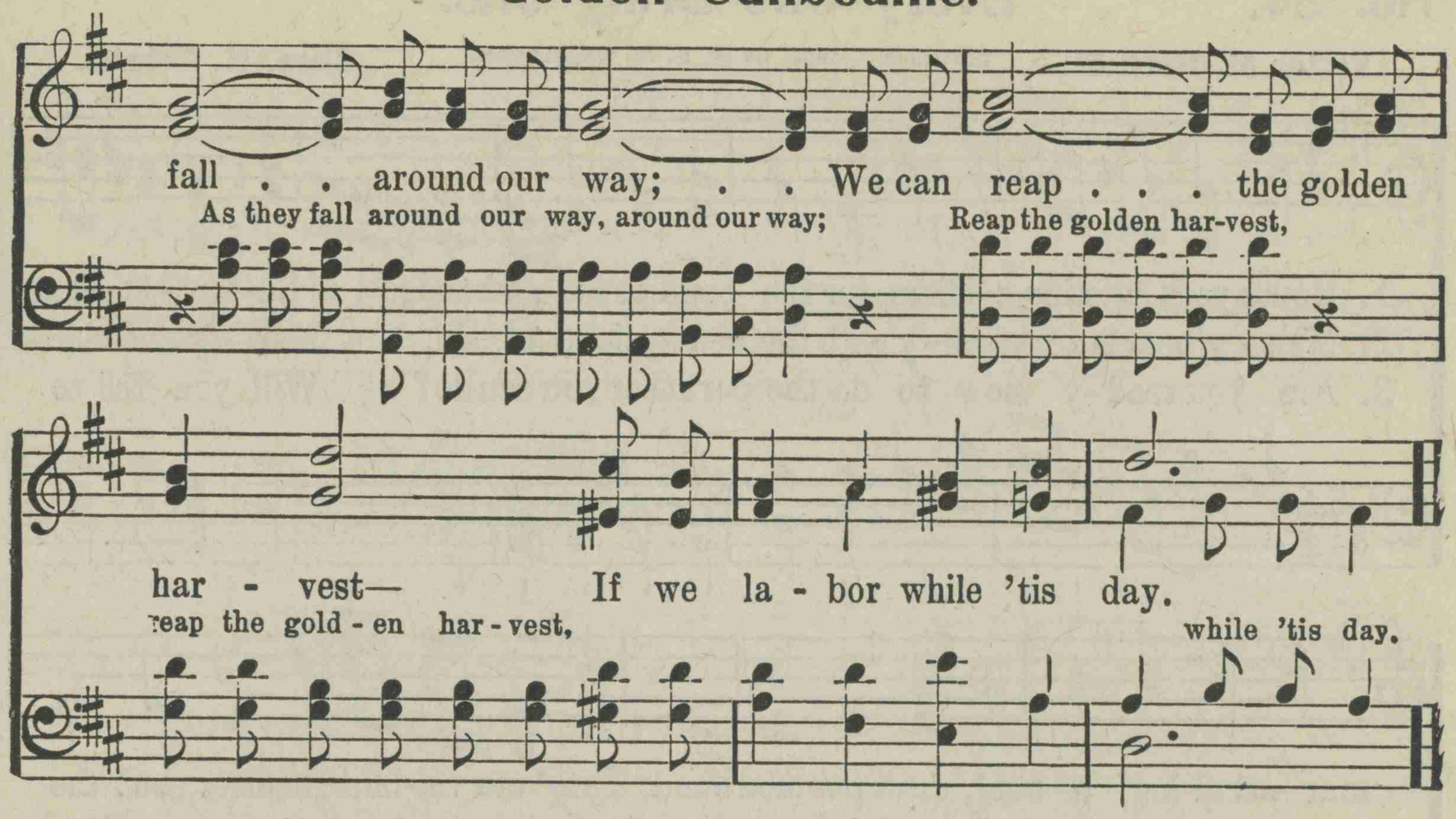
We may reap the choic-est har-vest, If we sow the seed with care,
Till we glean in fields of pleas-ure, Where the soil doth fer-tile lie;
And in all these hours of wait-ing It will be our wis-est plan
While the pass-ing hours re-mind us That the har-vest-time is nigh,

Cast-ing out the thorns and this-tles From the fruit-ful vine-yard fair.
As we scat-ter seeds of kind-ness For the long, sweet by-and-by.
To be found a-mong the glean-ers, Do-ing all the good we can.
We should sow the seed of goodness, For the reap-ing by-and-by.

CHORUS.

We may gath - - - er gold-en sun - beams, As they
Gath-er gold-en sun-beams. gath-er gold-en sun-beams.

Golden Sunbeams.



No. 83. Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. Wm. B. Bradbury.



No. 84. Every One Bring One.

Victor M. Hatfield. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Rouse ye, Christian soldiers, for the conflict is at hand, Sa-tan's hosts are mar - shal-ing, a bold, de-ter-mined band; Thro' our val-iant Lead-er shall the vic - to-ry be won; All the world shall serve Him if we ev'ry one bring one.
2. Man - y hearts are wear - y with the heav-y load of sin, Man - y cheer-less homes would gladly let the Sav - ior in; Souls that sit in shad-ows could be basking in the sun, If the saved would pray in faith, and ev'ry one bring one.
3. Are you read - y now to do the part that you can do? Will you tell to oth - ers what the Lord has done for you? Sit no lon - ger i - dle, nor the path of du-ty shun,—Save the whole wide world for Christ, and ev'ry one bring one.

CHORUS.

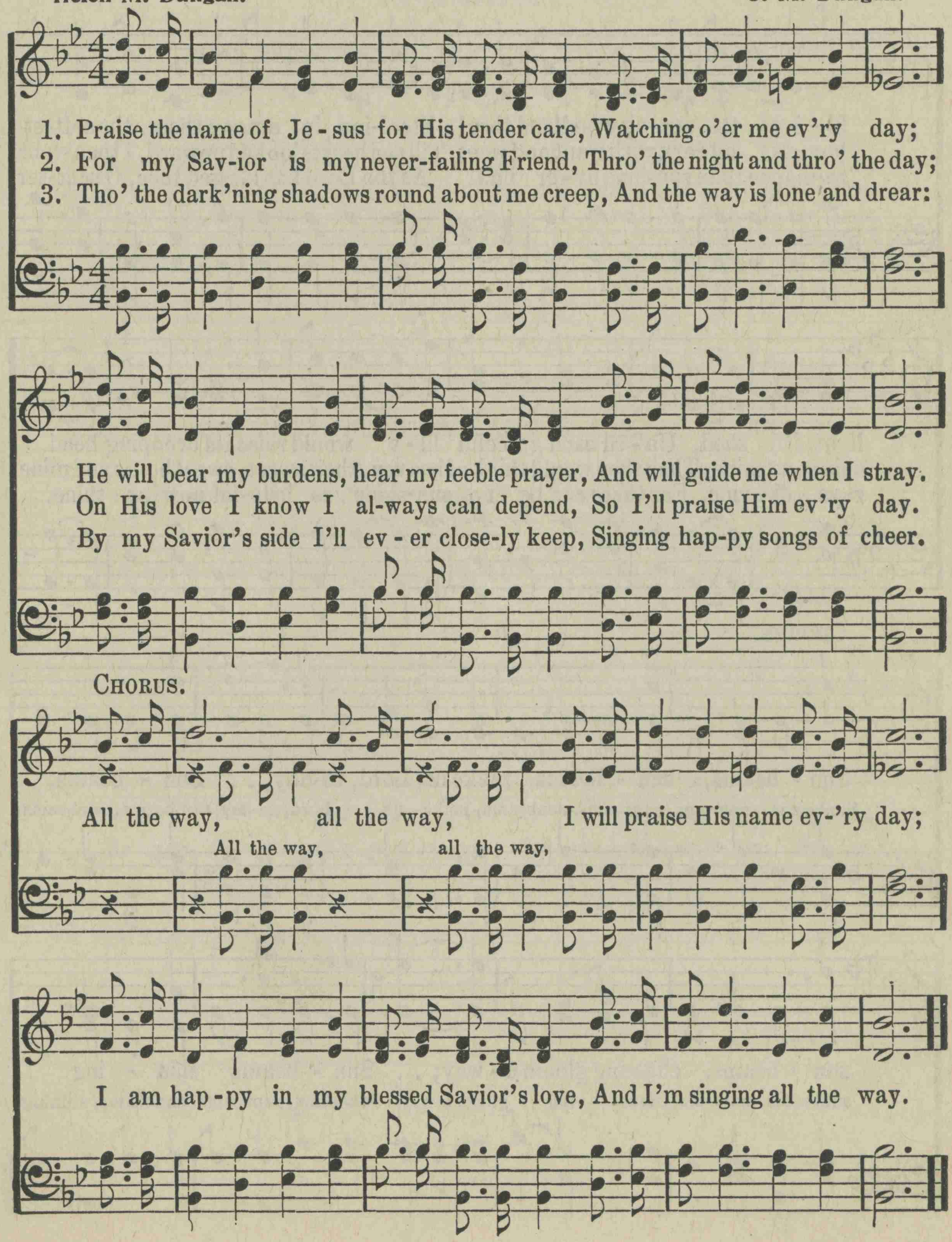
Ev-'ry one bring one! Let all take up the glad re-frain! Ev - 'ry one bring bring one! one! Re-peat it o'er and o'er a-gain; All the world shall come to Jesus bring one!

Every One Bring One.



No. 85. Praise the Name of Jesus.

Helen M. Dungan. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. J. M. Dungan.



No. 86. If I Were a Sunbeam.

Jerome McCauley. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. W. E. M. Hackleman.

1. If I were a sun-beam, I know what I would do, I'd seek the whit-est
2. If I were a sun-beam, I know where I would go, In-to the low-ly
3. Art thou not a sun-beam, O child whose life is glad, Endowed with clearer

lil-ies the sun-ny woodland thro'; Steal-ing in among them, the softest
hov-els, all dark with want and woe; Till sad hearts looked upward, I then would
ra-diance than sunshine ev-er had? As the Lord has blessed thee, O scat-ter

light I'd shed, Un-til each graceful lil-y would raise its drooping head.
shine and shine, Then they would think of heaven, their sweet, sweet home and mine.
rays di-vine, For there can be no sun-shine so help-ful now as thine.

CHORUS.

Sun-beams, sun-beams, make us, Lord, to-day, . . Sun-beams,
Sunbeams, sunbeams, sunbeams, sunbeams, make us, Lord, to-day, Sunbeams, sunbeams,

sun-beams, chas-ing gloom a-way; . . Sun-beams shin-ing
sunbeams, sunbeams, chas-ing gloom a-way; Sunbeams, sunbeams, sunbeams, shining

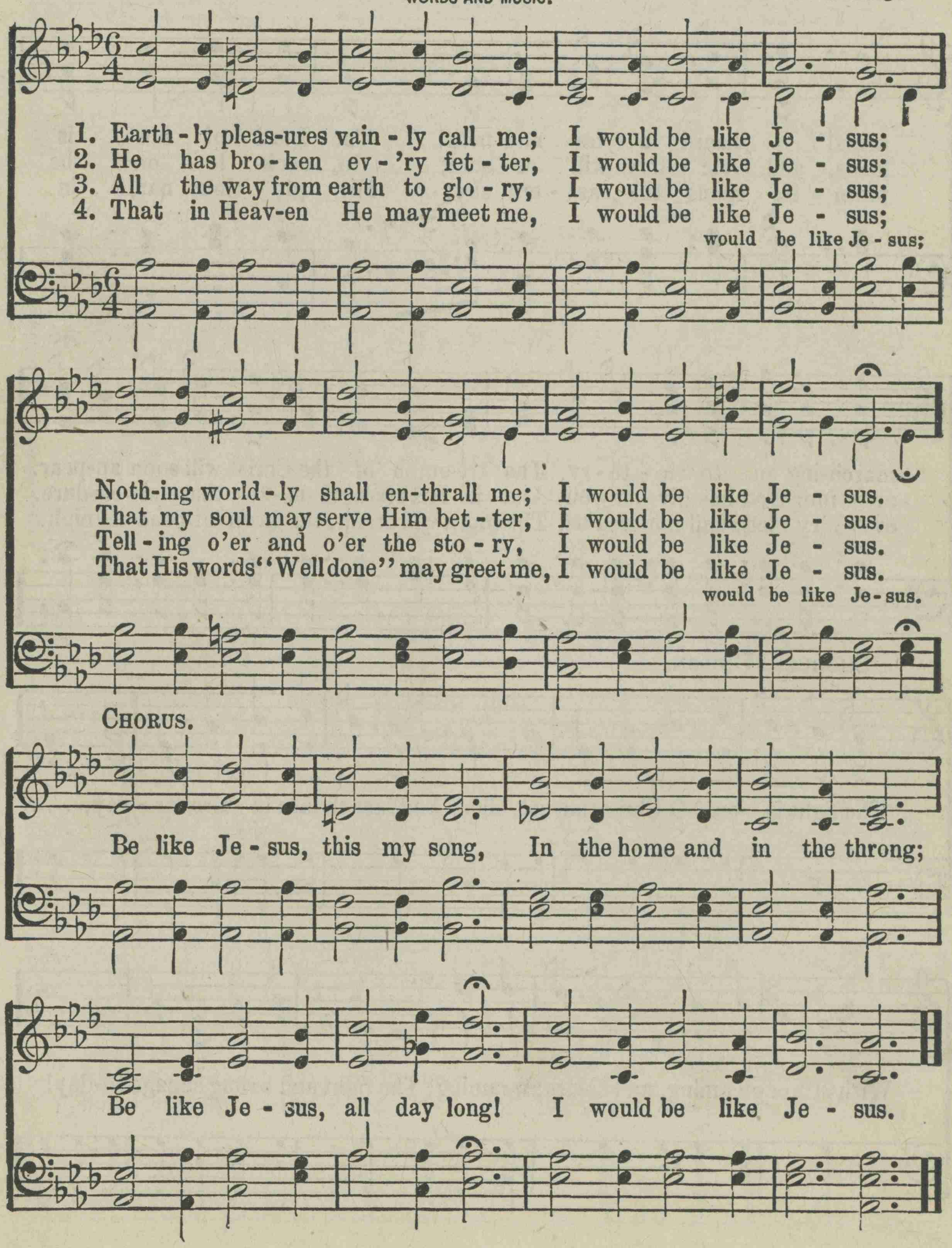
If I Were a Sunbeam.



No. 87. I Would Be Like Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.



No. 88. The Fight is On.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trump - et sound is ring - ing out, The cry "To
2. The fight is on, A - rouse, ye sol - diers brave and true! Je - ho - vah
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry; The bow of

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

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

CHORUS. UNISON.

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

With armor gleaming, and colors streaming, The right and wrong engage to-day!

The Fight is On.

The fight is on, but be not wear - y; Be strong, and in His might hold fast;
If God be for us, His banner o'er us, We'll sing the victor's song at last!
Vic - t'ry! Vic - t'ry!

No. 89. America.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

cres.

Pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let free - dom ring.
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take; Let rocks their si-lence break,—The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

No. 90. When Love Shines In.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

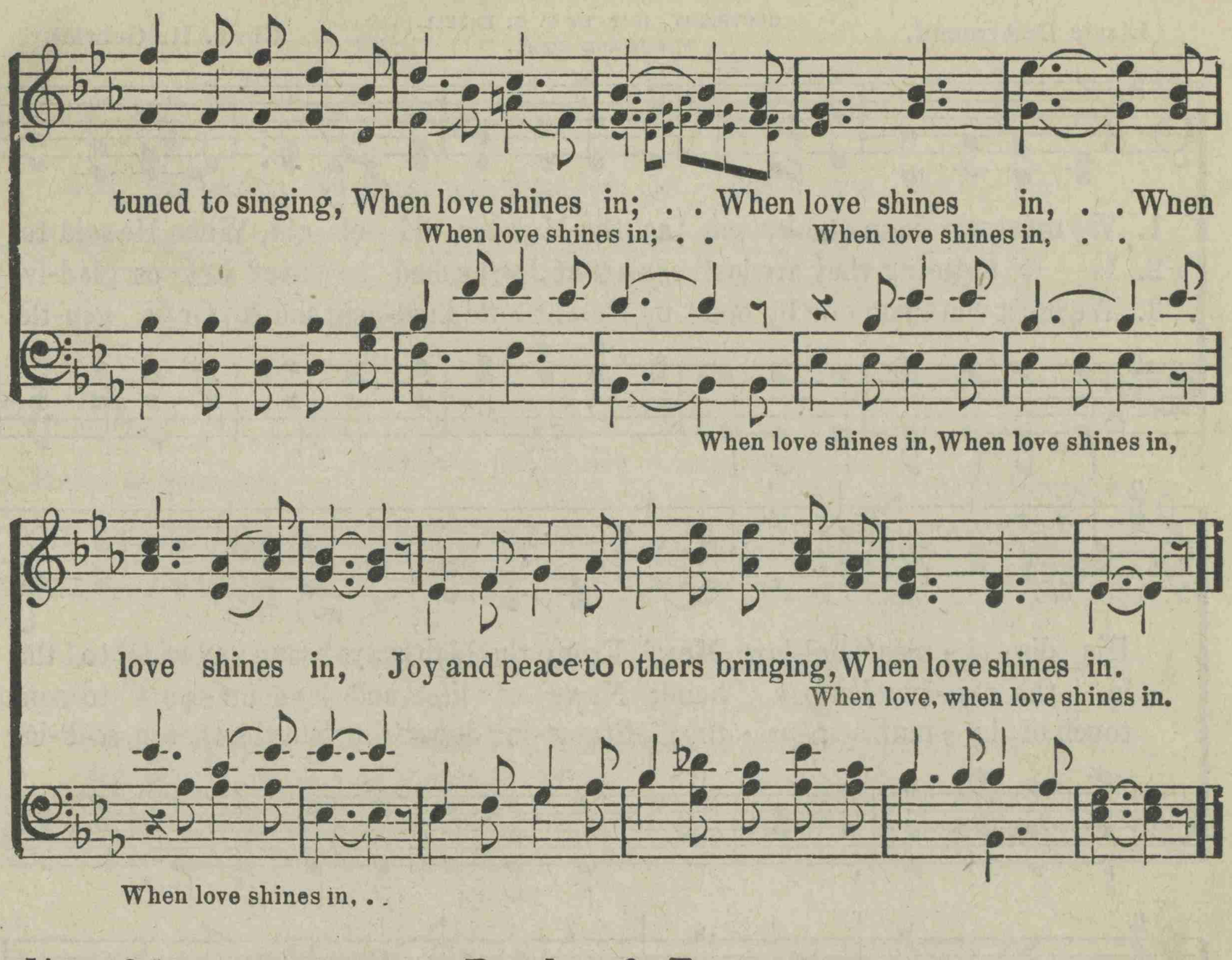
1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev - 'ry life that woe can sad-den, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re- joice in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied,
3. Dark-est sor-row will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heav-iest bur - den light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
4. We may have un-fad-ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friend-ship true and ten-der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won,

Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness into day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace abide, Life will all be glo - ri-fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go; O, the heart shall blessing know, When love shines in.
And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, When love shines in.

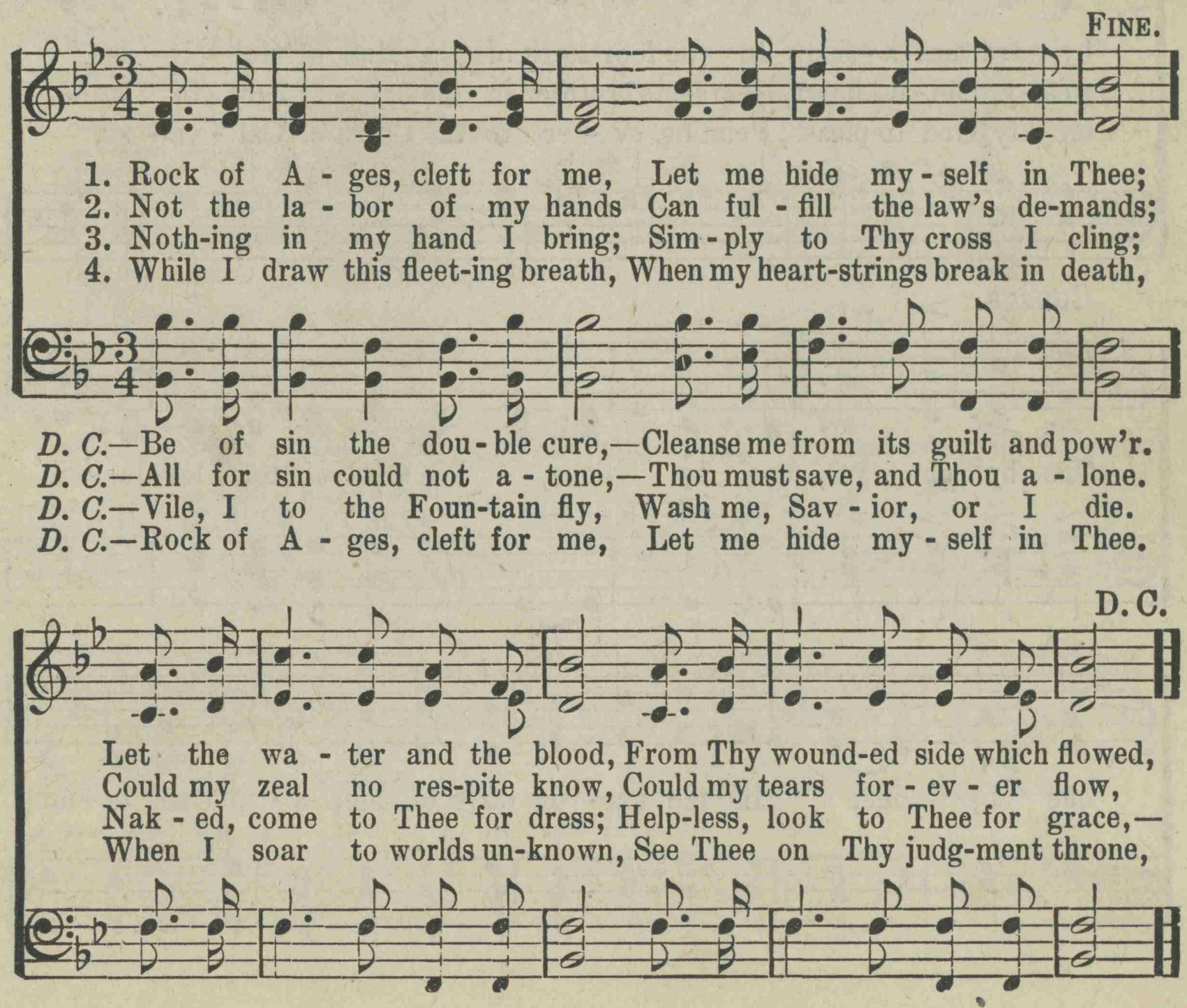
CHORUS.

When love shines in,.... When love shines in, How the heart is
When love shines in,.....
When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,

When Love Shines In.



No. 91. Rock of Ages.



No. 92. Win Them One By One.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Lizzie DeArmond. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. We must win them one by one as the Mas-ter did of old, When He said to
2. Is it noth-ing they are lost, souls that Je-sus died to save? Let us glad-ly
3. We must win them one by one by a lit - tle kind-ness shown, Or a gen-tle

His dis - ci - ples "Fol-low Me;" From the high-ways broad and wide, to the
in the res - cue lend a hand; News of life and love im - part to some
touch of hu - man sym-pa - thy; Stoop - ing down from heigths of ease, seek-ing

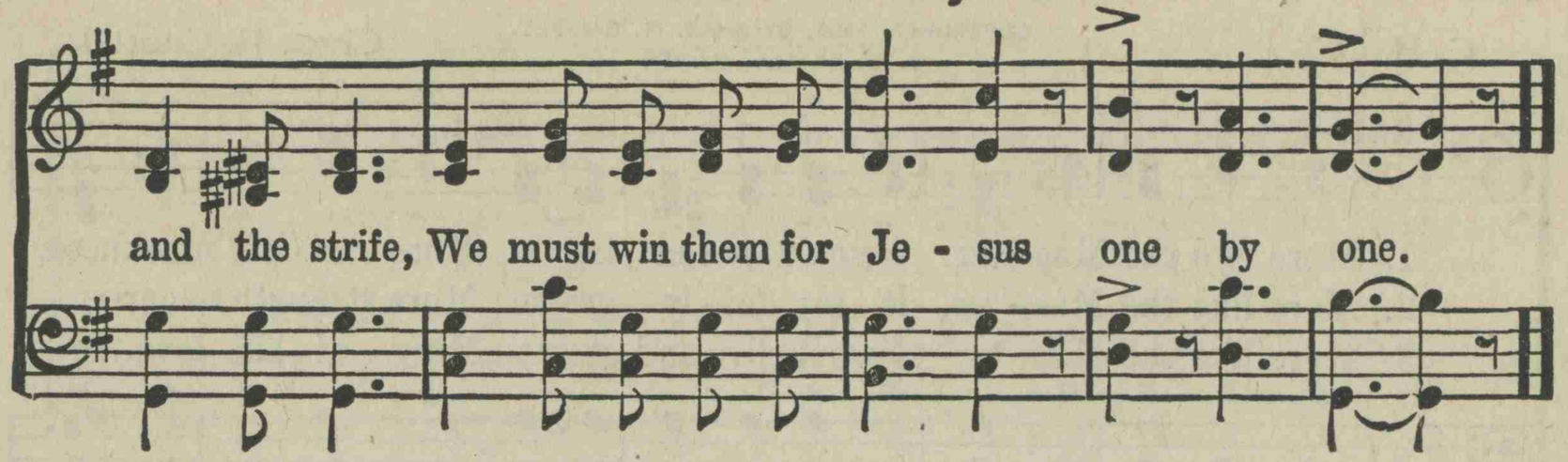
by-ways turn a - side, In the foot-steps of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
wear-y, sin - ful heart, Help some broth-er in the glo - ry light to stand.
on - ly God to please, Pointing ev - er to the Christ of Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.

One by one, yes, one by one, We must win them for Je - sus

one by one; In the nar - row ways of life, a - mid the tu - mult

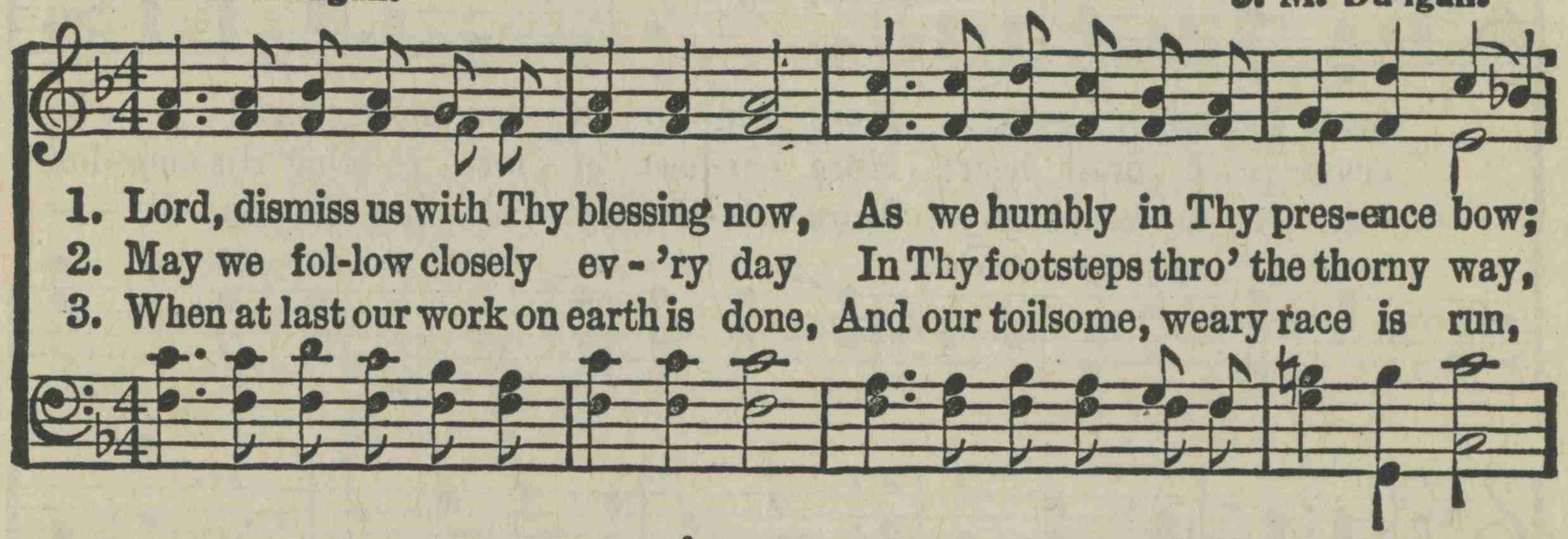
Win Them One By One.

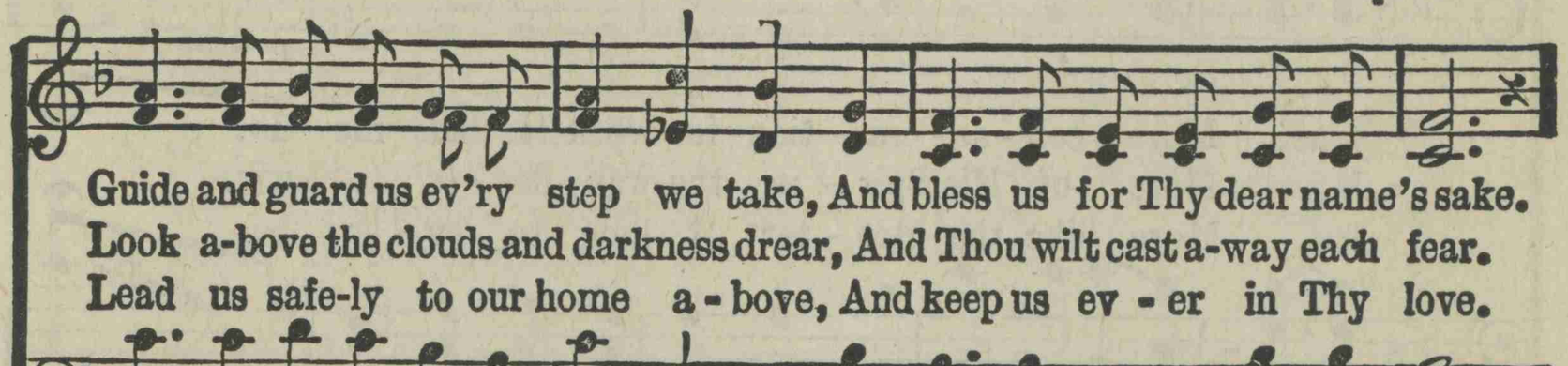


No. 93. Closing Hymn.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Helen L. Dungan. J. M. Dungan.









No. 94. More Like the Master.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

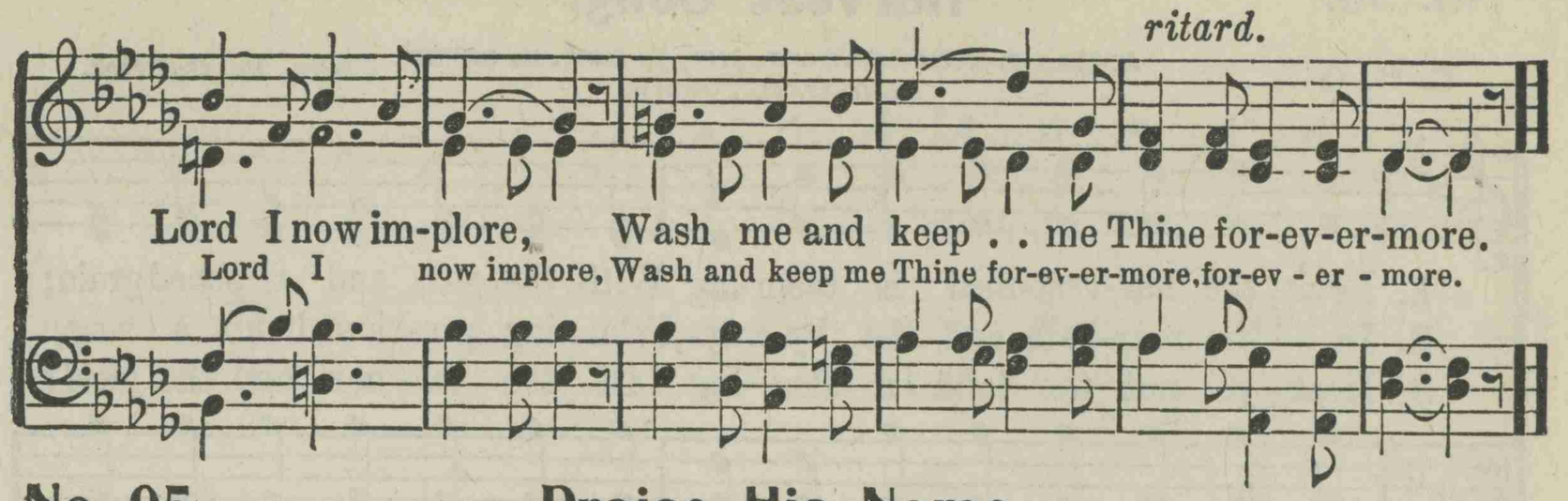
1. More like the Mas - ter I would ev - er be, More of His meekness, more hu-mil - i - ty; More zeal to la - bor, more courage to be true, More con - se - cra - tion for work He bids me do.
2. More like the Mas - ter, is my dai - ly prayer; More strength to car-ry cross - es I must bear; More ear-nest ef - fort to bring His king-dom in; More of His Spir - it, the wan - der - er to win.
3. More like the Mas - ter I would live and grow; More of His love to oth - ers I would show; More self - de - ni - al, like His in Gal - i- lee, More like the Mas - ter I long to ev - er be.

rit.

CHORUS.

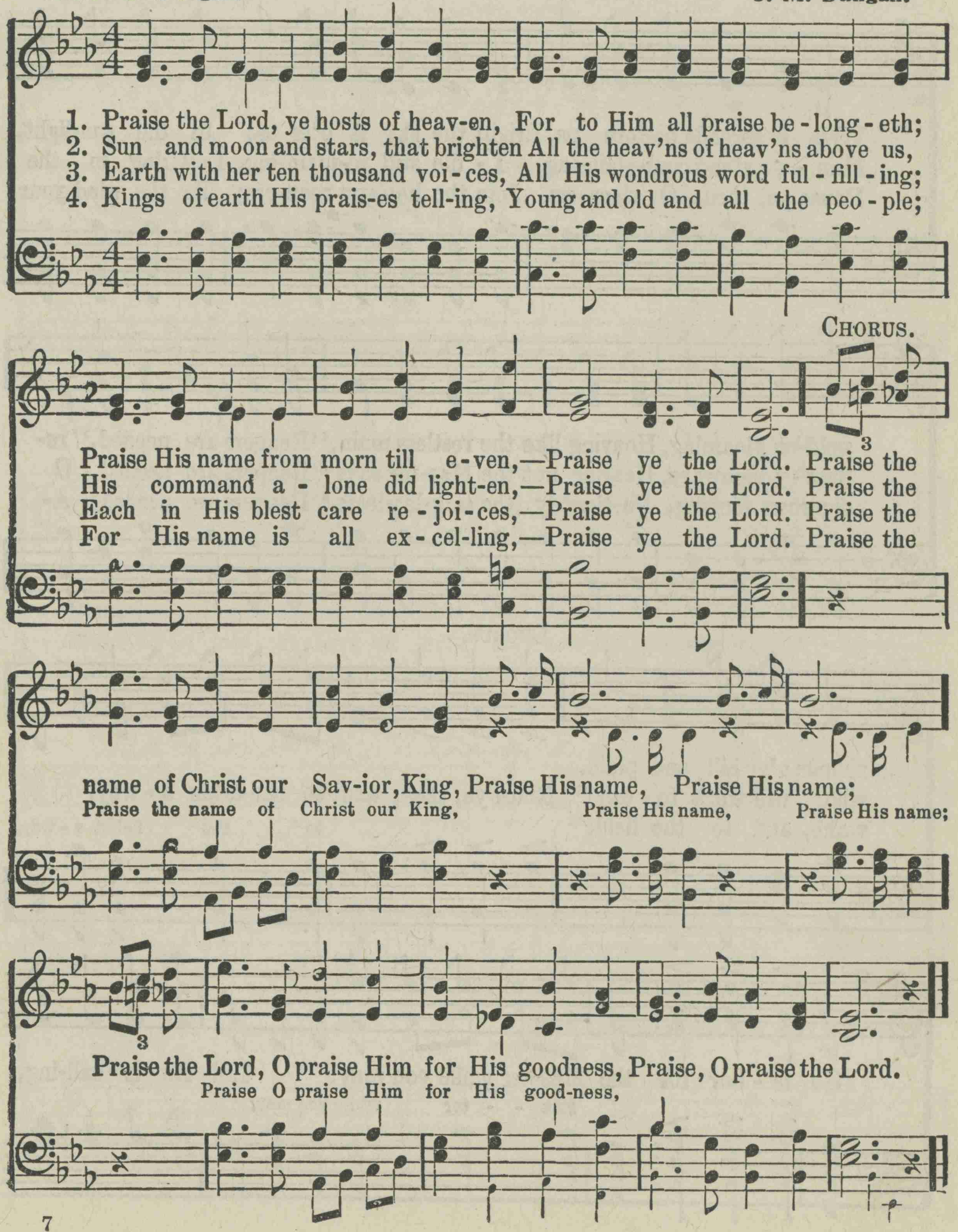
Take Thou my heart,— I would be Thine a - lone;.. Take Thou my heart.. and make it all Thine own;.... Purge me from sin,.... O take my heart, O take my heart, I would be Thine a-lone; Take my heart, O take my heart and make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev'ry sin, O

More Like the Master.



No. 95. Praise His Name.

Helen L. Dungan. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. J. M. Dungan.



No. 96. Harvest Song!

C. H. G.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Look, the har-vest-field is teem-ing With the rich and ri-pened grain;
2. In the mar-kets and the by-ways, Whil-ing pre-cious hours a-way,
3. Hear ye not the faith-ful sing-ing Of the la-bor and the yield?

Wide it spreads be-fore us, Bright the sky is o'er us; In the sun-light,
Man-y stand com-plain-ing, I-dle still re-main-ing, Loit'ring in the
Rouse ye, then, O sleep-ers, Join the hap-py reap-ers; To the wind your

gold-en gleaming, Heaving like the restless main, "Reapers are needed," re-
dust-y highways, Hearing not the Mas-ter say: "Reapers are needed, O
sor-rows flinging, Pa-tient-ly the sick-le wield: "Reapers are needed, A-

CHORUS.

sounds o'er hill and plain.
who will work to-day?" Rouse ye, then, and to the fields a-way,
wake, and to the field!" to the fields a-way.

Go la-bor for the Mas-ter while you may; Lo! He is call-ing,
Mas - - ter while you may;

Harvest Song.

night is fall-ing, Has-ten to o - bey, For reapers are need-ed to - day.

No. 97. Somebody.

John R. Clements.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. S. WEEDEN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

W. S. Weeden.

1. Some-bod-y did a gold-en deed, Proving him-self a friend in need;
2. Some-bod-y tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will-ing - ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
3. Some-bod-y made a lov-ing gift, Cheer-ful - ly tried a load to lift;
4. Some-bod-y i - dled all the hours, Care-less-ly crushed life's fairest flow'rs;
5. Some-bod-y filled the days with light, Constantly chased a - way the night;

Some-bod-y sang a cheer-ful song, Bright'ning the sky the whole day long,—
Some-bod-y fought a val - iant fight, Brave-ly he lived to shield the right,—
Some-bod-y told the love of Christ, Told how His will was sac - ri - ficed,—
Some-bod-y made life loss, not gain, Tho't-less-ly seemed to live in vain,—
Some-bod-y's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life shall nev - er cease,—

rit.

Was that some-bod - y you? Was that some-bod - y you?

No. 98. Throw Open All the Windows.

E. E. Rexford. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Throw o - pen wide the win - dows Of souls made dark with sin,
2. Let's ban - ish, by the sun - shine God sends us from a - bove,
3. Oh, sit ing loom no lon - ger, God's sun-shine's at the door,

And let the bless - ed sun - shine Of love and glad - ness in;
The doubts and fears that dark - en The path - way of His love;
It waits to cross the thresh-old, And tar - ry ev - er - more;

Drive out the gloom - y shad - ows That make the day - time night,
Be - neath its warmth and bright - ness The flow'rs of hope will spring,
Fling wide the heart's closed win - dows, Swing back its doors to - day,

And flood the lone - some pla - ces With pure life - giv - ing light.
And birds of faith soar heav'nward, On swift and hap - py wing.
And let love's ra - diant sun - shine Drive all its gloom a - way.

CHORUS.

Throw o-pen all the win-dows That long have bolted been, And let the gold-en

That long have bolt - ed been, And let the

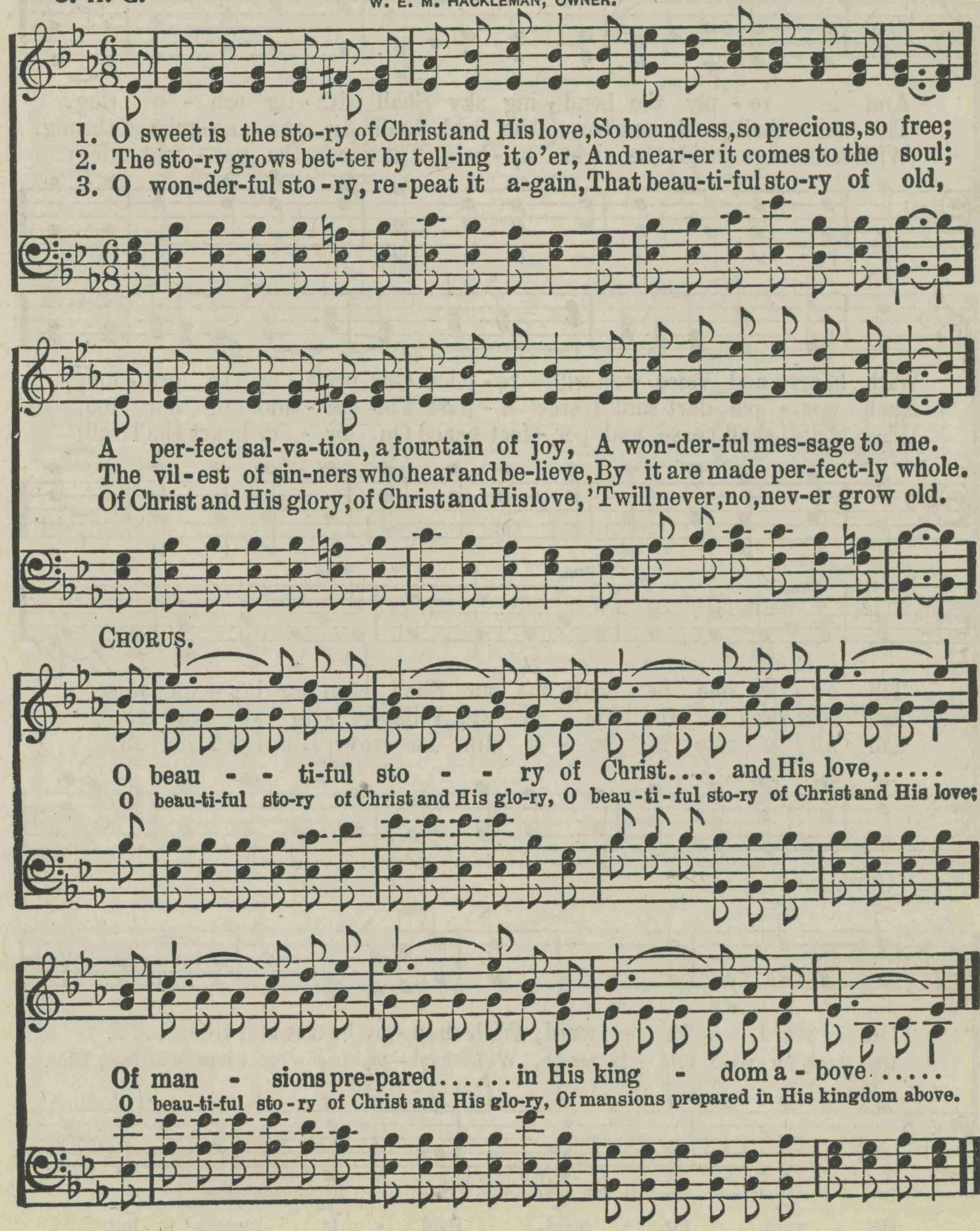
Throw Open All the Windows.



No. 99. O Beautiful Story.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 100. A Hymn of Praise.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Ada Blenkhorn. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

Marcia.

1. A hymn of praise to-day we raise To Christ, our liv-ing King,
2. Each foe we meet we will de-feat, With weap-ons sharp and strong,
3. With zeal im-bued, and strength renewed, We'll gird us for the fray;

And in re-ply the bend-ing sky Shall with its ech-o ring.
Till all shall yield, and from the field Shall fly the van-quished throng.
With cour-age bold the right up-hold, Till dawns the per-fect day;

With heart and voice we will re-joice Our prais-es to pro-long,
Each gos-pel dart shall pierce a-part The ar-mor of our foe,
When strife shall cease, and per-fect peace On ev-'ry heart shall fall;

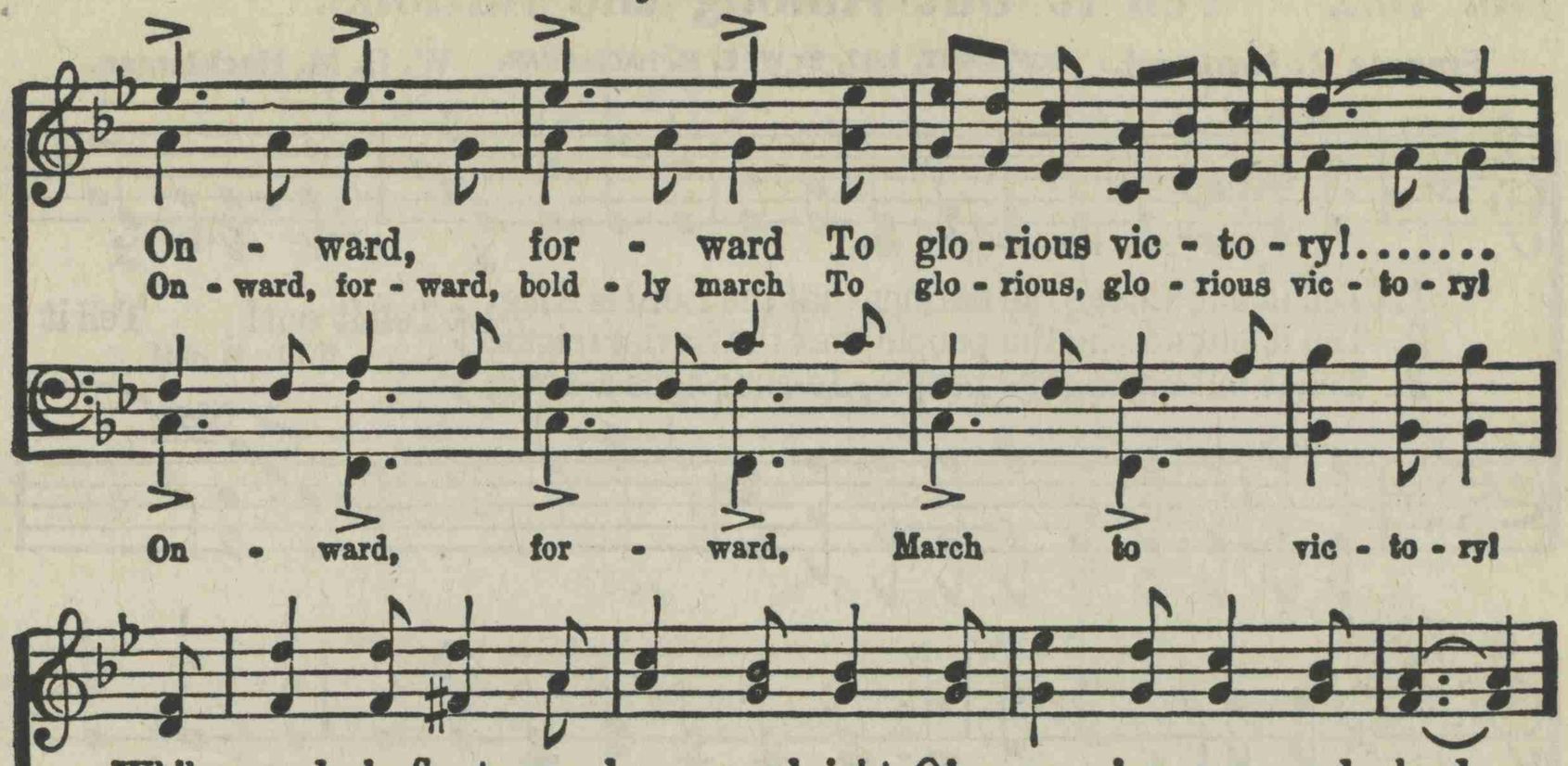
Till ev-'ry one be-neath the sun Shall learn our joy-ful song.
And ours shall be the vic-to-ry, Wher-ev-er we may go.
Till all u-nite in ho-ly rite To crown Him Lord of all.

CHORUS.

On-ward, for-ward, With hap-py hearts and free;.....
On-ward, for-ward bold-ly march, With hap-py, hap-py hearts and free; Then

On-ward, for-ward, Bold-ly march-ing;

A Hymn of Praise.



No. 101. Hear Our Prayer.



No. 102. Tell It Out Among the Nations.

Frances R. Havergal. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY W E. M. HACKLEMAN. **W. B. M. Hackleman.**

1. Tell it out among the nations that the Lord is King;
2. Tell it out among the people that the Savior reigns;
3. Tell it out among the people, Je-sus reigns a-bove;

Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out a-mong the nations, bid them shout and sing;
Tell it out a-mong the heathen, bid them break their chains;
Tell it out a-mong the nations that His reign is love;

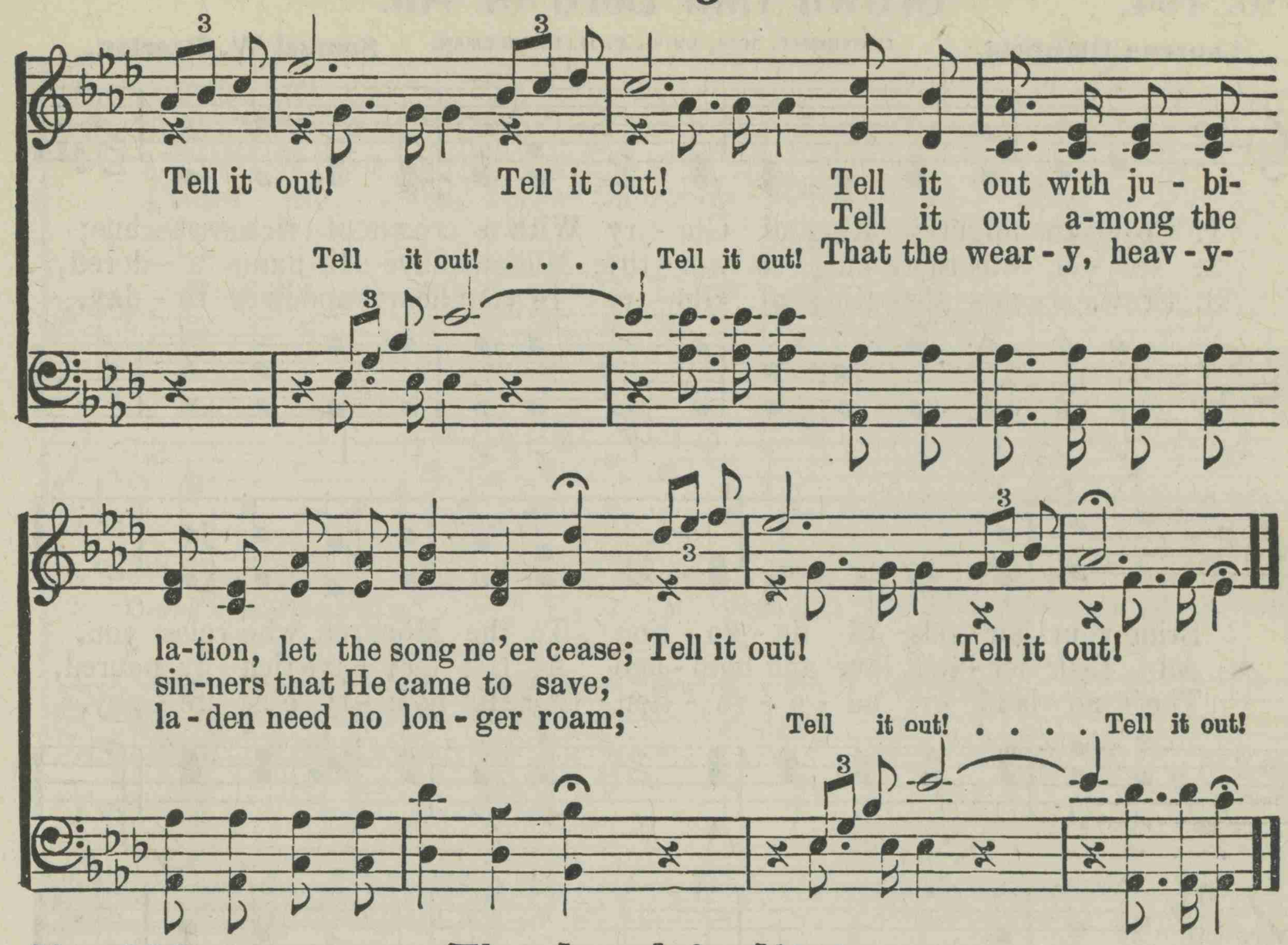
Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out with ad - o-
Tell it out a-mong the
Tell it out a-mong the

ra - tion that He shall increase, That the might-y King of glo - ry is the
weeping ones that Je - sus lives, Tell it out among the wear-y ones what
highways and the lanes at home, Let it ring a-cross the mountains and the

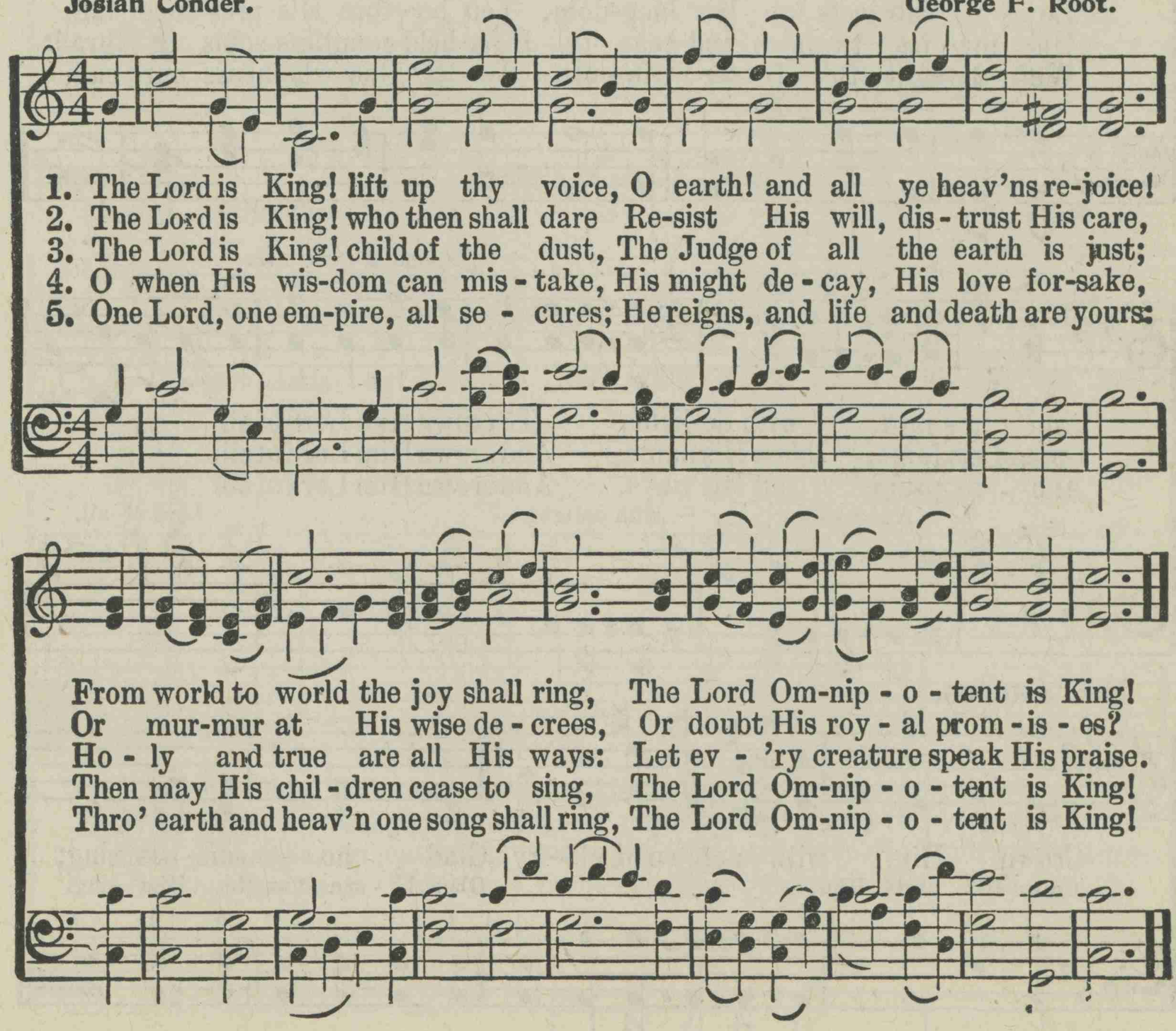
King of peace; Tell it out with ju - bi - la-tion, let the song ne'er cease;
rest He gives, Tell it out a-mong the sin-ners that He came to save;
o - cean's foam, That the wear-y, heav-y - la - den need no lon - ger roam;

Tell It Out Among the Nations.



No. 103. The Lord is King.

Josiah Conder. George F. Root.



No. 104. Crown Him Lord of All.

Laurene Highfield. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Crown the might-y King of Glo - ry With a crown of rich - est hue;
2. Nev - er was there king so wor - thy; Millions have His name a - dored,
3. Crown a - new the King of Glo - ry In your hearts and lives to - day,

Bring your lau - rels of de - vo - tion To the Monarch who rules you.
All their fer - vent love and hom - age At His feet have rich - ly poured.
Tho' no laud or ad - o - ra - tion Can His boun - ty e'er re - pay.

Loy - al sub-jects of His king-dom, You be - fore His pres-ence fall,
His ma - jes - tic mien and beau - ty Have held countless souls in thrall:
We de-light to of - fer trib - ute To the One who hears our call,

ff poco a poco rit.

And u - nite with de-light, To crown Him Lord of all.
Spread his fame, bless His name, And crown Him Lord of all.
And to praise all His ways, And crown Him Lord of all.

And u - nite. with delight, Lord of all.

CHORUS.

Crown Him with a crown of glo - ry, Glad ho - san - nas sing;
Crown Him, crown Him, Glad ho - san - nas to Him sing:

Crown Him Lord of All.

Crown Him, spread abroad the sto-ry Of our King of Glo-ry;
Crown Him, crown Him, Of our Lord and King;

Crown Him who redeemed His people from sin's thrall; Bring
Crown Him, crown Him, from sin's dreadful thrall, from sin's thrall; Bring

hom-age true, It is His due, And crown Him Lord of all.
hom-age deep and true, It is His right-ful due,

No. 105. Jesus Calls Us.

Cecil F. Alexander. W. F. Jude.

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 shore;
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-ior, make us hear Thy call,

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Chris-tian, fol-low Me."
From each i-dol that would keep us, Saying, "Chris-tian, love Me more."
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, That we love Him more than these.
Give our hearts to Thine o-be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 106. When He Counteth Up His Jewels.

Ada Blenkhorn. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Like the fir - ma-ment for brightness, Like the glow - ing stars that shine,
2. Thro' the clouds of heav'n de-scend-ing, He shall come as earth's true King;
3. We shall be with Christ for - ev - er, So His ten - der love hath planned,
4. "Come, ye bless - ed of My Father,"—Hear the words of Christ the Son!

Like the drift - ed snow for whiteness, "They shall all in heav'n be mine"
Hal - le - lu - jahs! grand as - cend-ing, In His glo-rious praise shall ring
Pain and part - ing come there nev - er, In that bet - ter, bright-er land,
Of the ransomed hosts that meet Him, By His grace will you be one?

marcato.

At that great and glo-rious day, That is has-t'ning on its way: When He

ff CHORUS.

com-eth, when He counteth up His jew - els. When He com-eth in His

glo-ry from on high, When He counteth up His jewels by and

from on high,

When He Counteth Up His Jewels.

by: O what heav'nly peace and joy Will be ours without al-loy,

by and by:

marcato espressione.

1, 2 & 3. *Last stanza.*

When He cometh, when He counteth up His jew - els! jew - els!

No. 107. Holy Spirit, Truth Divine.

Samuel Longfellow. (LAST HOPE.) **Louis M. Gottschalk.**

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Truth di - vine! Dawn up - on this soul of mine;
2. Ho - ly Spir - it, Love di - vine! Glow with-in this soul of mine;
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, Pow'r di - vine! Fill and nerve this will of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, Right di - vine! King with-in my con-science reign;
5. Ho - ly Spir - it, Joy di - vine! Glad-den Thou this heart of mine;

Word of God, be Thou my Light! Wake my spir - it, clear my sight.
Kin - dle ev - 'ry high de - sire; Per - ish self in Thy pure fire.
By Thee may I strong - ly live, Brave - ly bear and no - bly strive.
Be my Law, and I shall be Firm - ly bound, for - ev - er free.
In the des - ert ways I sing, "Spring, O Well, for - ev - er spring."

No. 108. Marching Against the Wrong.

Adah Torrey Henderson. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY W: E. M. HACKLEMAN. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. March-ing on-ward in the bat-tle 'gainst the foe,('gainst the foe,)
2. March-ing on-ward we'll be ev-er true and brave,(true and brave,)
3. March-ing on-ward with our ban-ner still un-furled,(still un-furled,)
4. March-ing on-ward we will reach the bet-ter land, (bet-ter land,)

We will sing with loud ho-san-nas as we go, (as we go,)
Striv-ing dai-ly some poor sin-ful soul to save, (soul to save,)
We will take for Christ the na-tions of the world, (of the world,)
Where with all His ransomed peo-ple we will stand: (we will stand:)

We will fol-low aft-er Je-sus all the way, (all the way,)
We will march in sol-id phal-anx 'gainst the wrong,('gainst the wrong,)
So we'll keep in step with Je-sus and the Word, (and the Word,)
May each crown be gemmed with jew-els fair and bright, (fair and bright,)

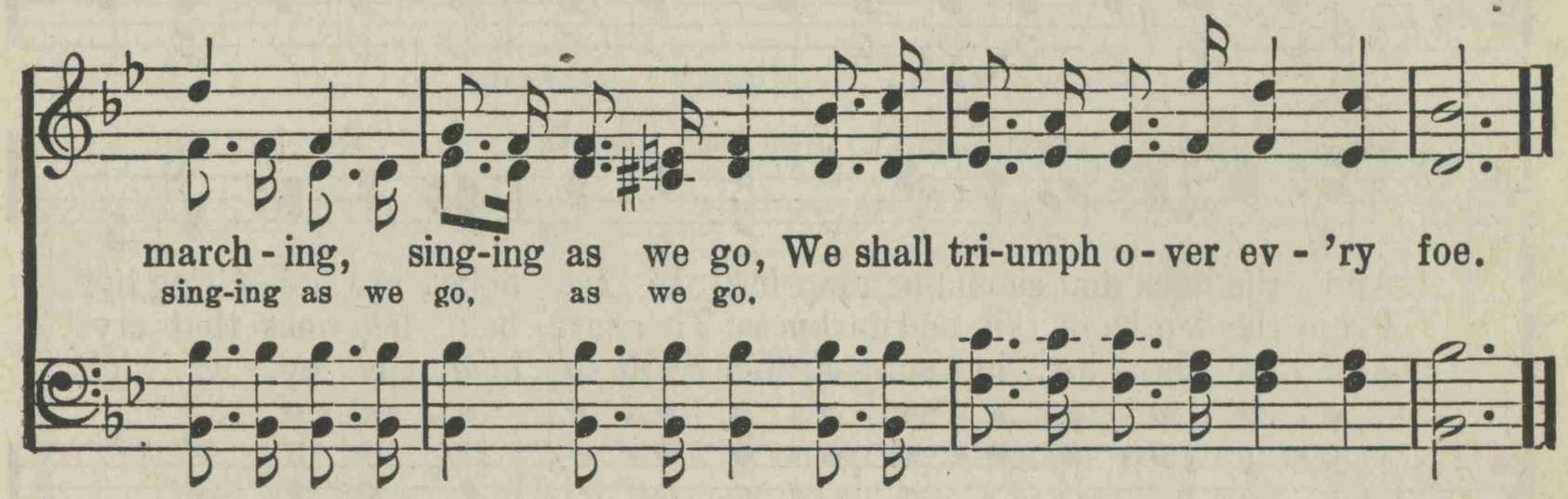
He will lead us on to vic-t'ry day by day. (day by day.)
For in num-bers and the Spir-it we are strong. (we are strong.)
Un-til ev-'ry race on earth His love has heard. (love has heard.)
Hap-py souls we led from sin to heav-en's light. (heaven's light.)

CHORUS.

March-ing, march-ing, o-ver ev-'ry sin, With our
March-ing, march-ing, o-ver ev-'ry sin, ev-'ry sin,

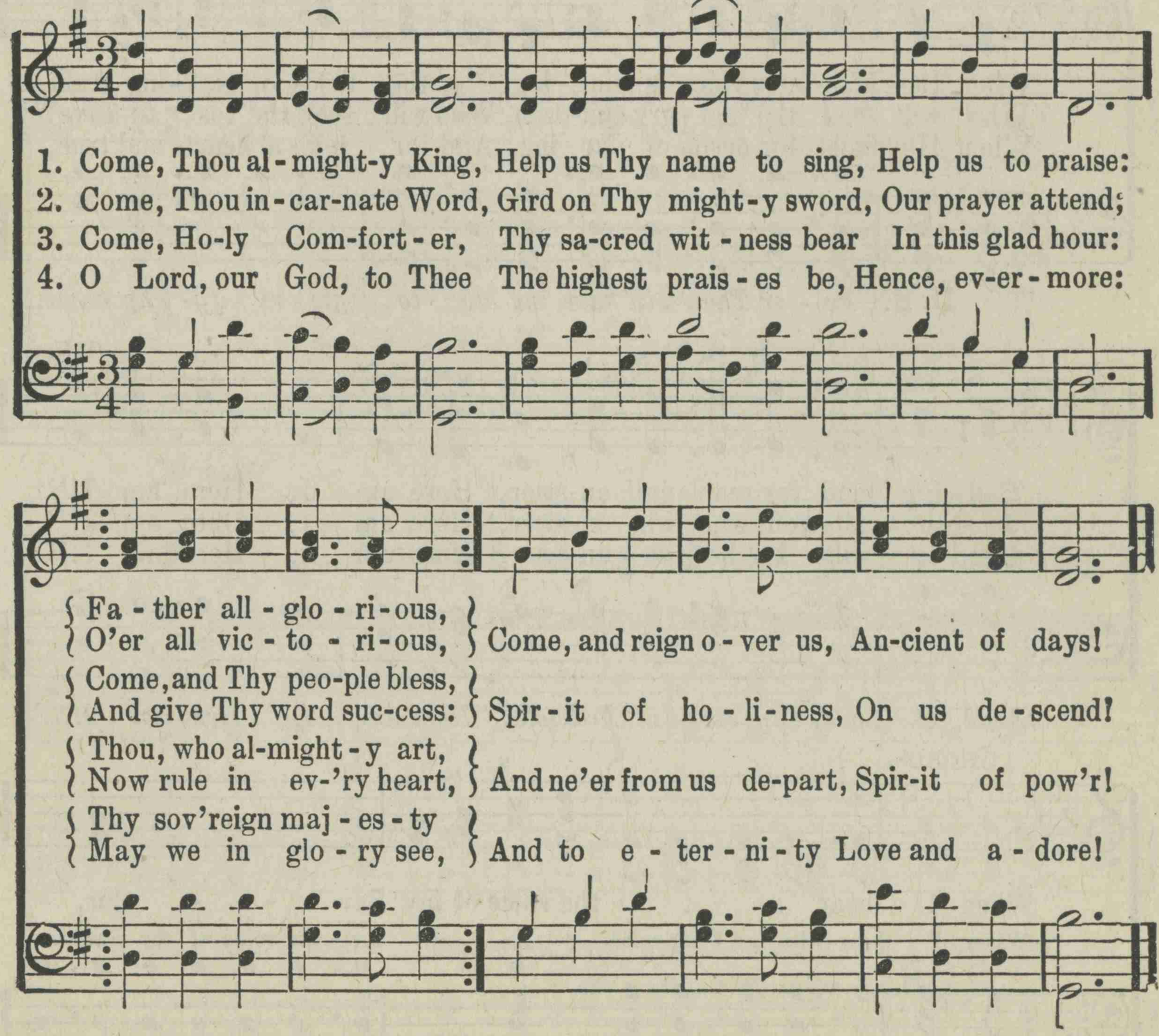
Marching Against the Wrong.





No. 109. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. **Felice Giardini.**



No. 110. Here Am I.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Ada Blenkhorn. **Dr. S. B. Jackson.**

1. When the morn-ing sun is bright, And the har-vest-fields are white,
2. There are famished souls to feed, There are wan-d'ring steps to lead
3. There are bat-tles yet to win, 'Gainst the marshaled hosts of sin,

And the ones that should be reap-ing In the fields, are loi-t'ring by;
From the depths of sin and darkness; There are help-less ones that cry:
And the Sav-ior, in each con-flict Swift to help, is ev-er nigh;

When the Mas-ter's voice is ring-ing O'er the fields of wav-ing grain,
"Who will feed the hun-gry chil-dren, Who will seek the lost to save?"
When He calls for deeds of dar-ing, And for loy-al hearts and true,

D. S.—*ev-er Thou wilt have me do to glo-ri-fy Thy name,*

Call-ing loud for reap-ers! an-swer, "Here am I, Here am I!"
Je-sus calls you, who will an-swer, "Here am I, Here am I!"
Read-y will I be to an-swer, "Here am I, Here am I!"

FINE.

Speak, O Lord, Thy serv-ant hear-eth, "Here am I, Here am I!"

CHORUS.

When I hear . . . . the voice of my Sav - - ior,
When I hear the lov-ing voice, the lov-ing voice of my Sav-ior,

Here Am I.

D. S.

I will quickly, glad-ly give to Him the re - ply, "What-so-

the glad re - ply,

No. 111. Jesus, Loving Shepherd.

C. M. F.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Chas. M. Fillmore.

1. Je - sus is a lov - ing Shep-herd, I am His lamb;
2. Je - sus is a lov - ing Shep-herd, Strong is His arm;
3. Je - sus is a lov - ing Shep-herd, Gra - cious and true;
4. Je - sus is a lov - ing Shep-herd, Ten - der and kind;

When I fol - low where He leads me, Hap - py I am.
When I fol - low where He leads me, I fear no harm.
When I fol - low where He leads me, He gives me food.
When I fol - low where He leads me, All good I find.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, lov - ing Shep-herd, lead me, Lead me lest I go a - stray;

Je - sus, lov - ing Shep-herd, lead me, Lead me all the way.

No. 112. I Am the Way.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

C. H. G. — Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. In from the high-ways, In from the by-ways, Gath-er souls in Je - sus'
2. Go to the er - ring, Kindly and cheer-ing, Point them to the Cru - ci-
3. Go, then, be-liev - ing, Blessing re - ceiv - ing, You shall reap re - ward a-

name; Publish the sto - ry, Her-ald His glo - ry, Un - to the world His
fied; Rescue the prayerless, Plead with the careless, Till they in Je - sus
bove; Je - sus is call - ing, Darkness is fall - ing, On with the bless - ed

CHORUS.

mes-sage pro - claim. I am the Way, the Truth, I am the
safe - ly a - bide.
la - bor of love. I am the Way, the Truth, the Life, I am the

Life, ... Come without mon - ey, free - ly I will
Way, the Truth, the Life, Come with-out mon - ey, free - ly,

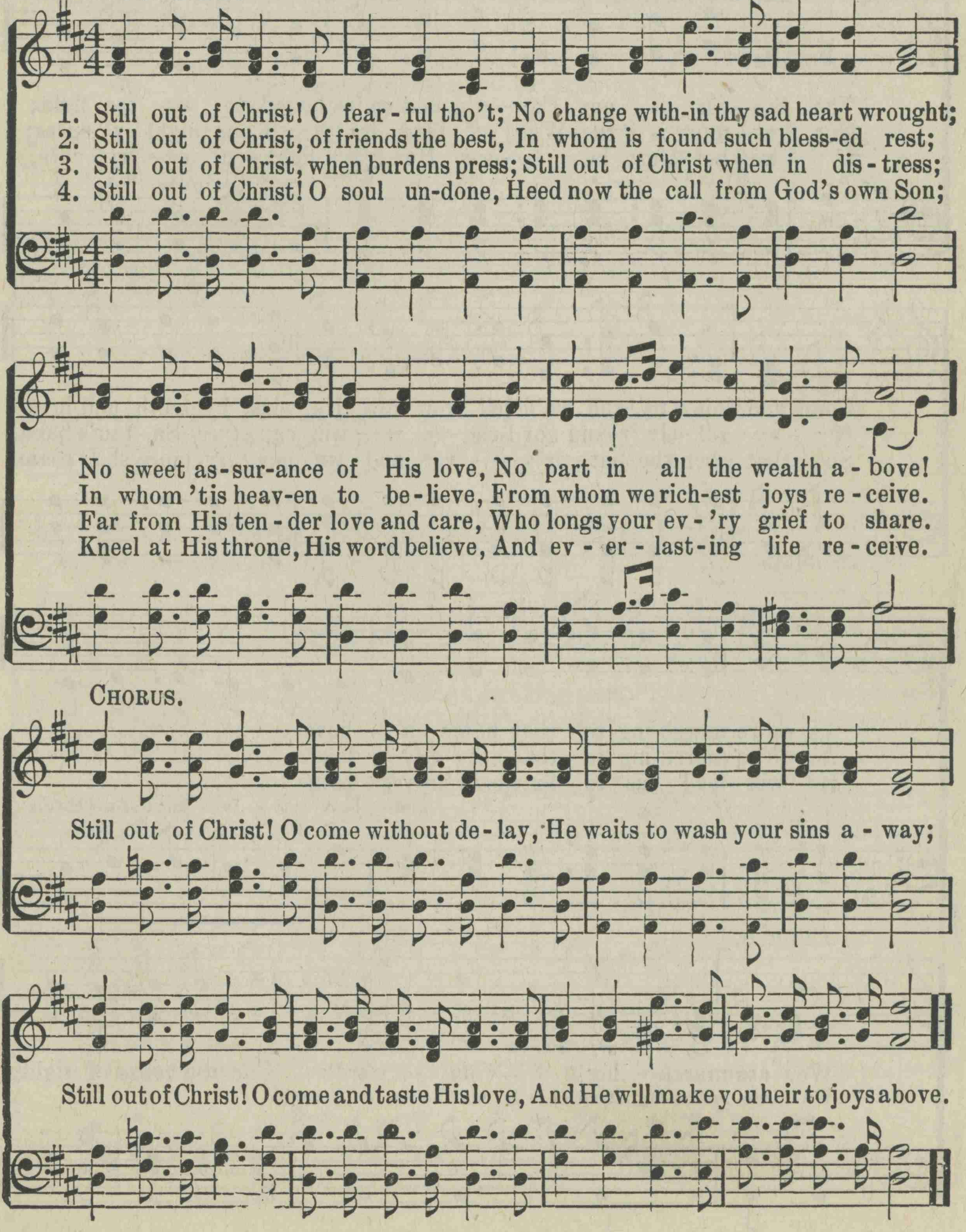
give; . . . . I am the Way, the Truth, I am the
free - ly I will give; I am the Way, the Truth, the Life, I am the

I Am the Way.



No. 113. Still Out of Christ.

Harriet E. Jones. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 114. Song of Victory.

DeLoss Smith. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. DeLoss Smith.

1. We are hap - py Chris-tian sol-diers, marching for the cause of right,
2. When the bu - gle sounds for bat - tle, we will nev - er know a fear,
3. Tho' the way at times seems dreary, and our bur - dens hard to bear,

The Sav - ior is our Cap - tain and we're bound to win the fight;
Our ar - mor is the Word of God, its truth our might - y spear;
If we but trust in Je - sus He will light - en ev - 'ry care,

Come and join us, and we'll tell you how He wins by truth and love,
If we ral - ly 'round our Lead - er we will cap - ture Sa - tan's band,
So that when the bat - tle's o - ver, and we nev - er more shall roam,

As we're march-ing to that home a - bove.....
As we're march-ing to that heav'n-ly land.....
He will lead us to that heav'n-ly home.....
that beau - ti - ful home a - bove.

CHORUS.

We are march - ing on - ward For the cause of right,
We are march-ing, stead - i - ly march - ing on - ward

Song of Victory.

The roy - al ban - ner Gleam - ing in the light;
The roy - al ban - ner of our Sav - ior;

By the cross of Christ we'll ev - er take our stand,
By the pre - cious cross, the cross of Christ, we'll

As we're march-ing to that heav'n - ly land.....
beau - ti - ful heav'n - ly land.

No. 115. When Morning Gilds the Skies.

Tr. Edward Caswell. Joseph Barnby.

1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart awaking cries: "May Jesus Christ be praised!"
2. To Thee, O God a - bove, I cry with glowing love: "May Jesus Christ be praised!"
3. Does sad-ness fill my mind, A sol-ace here I find: "May Jesus Christ be praised!"

A - like at work and prayer, To Je-sus I re - pair; "May Je-sus Christ be praised!"
This song of sa - cred joy, It nev-er seems to cloy; "May Je-sus Christ be praised!"
Or fades my earthly bliss, My comfort still is this: "May Je-sus Christ be praised!"

No. 116.

Bring Them In.

C. H. G.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Bring them in and keep them from go - ing a - stray a - gain,
Precious souls of Je - sus, souls for whom He died; Think not when you've
rescued them out of their sin and stain, They will safe - ly ev - er

2. Sore temp - ta - tions hov - er a-round and a - bout their way;
Sa - tan, loath to lose them, fol-lows close be - hind, Whis-pers glow - ing
prom-is - es, lead-ing the soul a-stray; You must be a broth - er,

3. Bring them in! for Je - sus com-mand-ed you so to do;
Bring them from the highways and the waste of sin To the fold e-
ter - nal, in heav-en, pre-pared for them; While the door is o - pen,

CHORUS.

in, His love a - bide.
faithful, true and kind. You must help them upward, cheer them on their way,
lead, O lead them in.

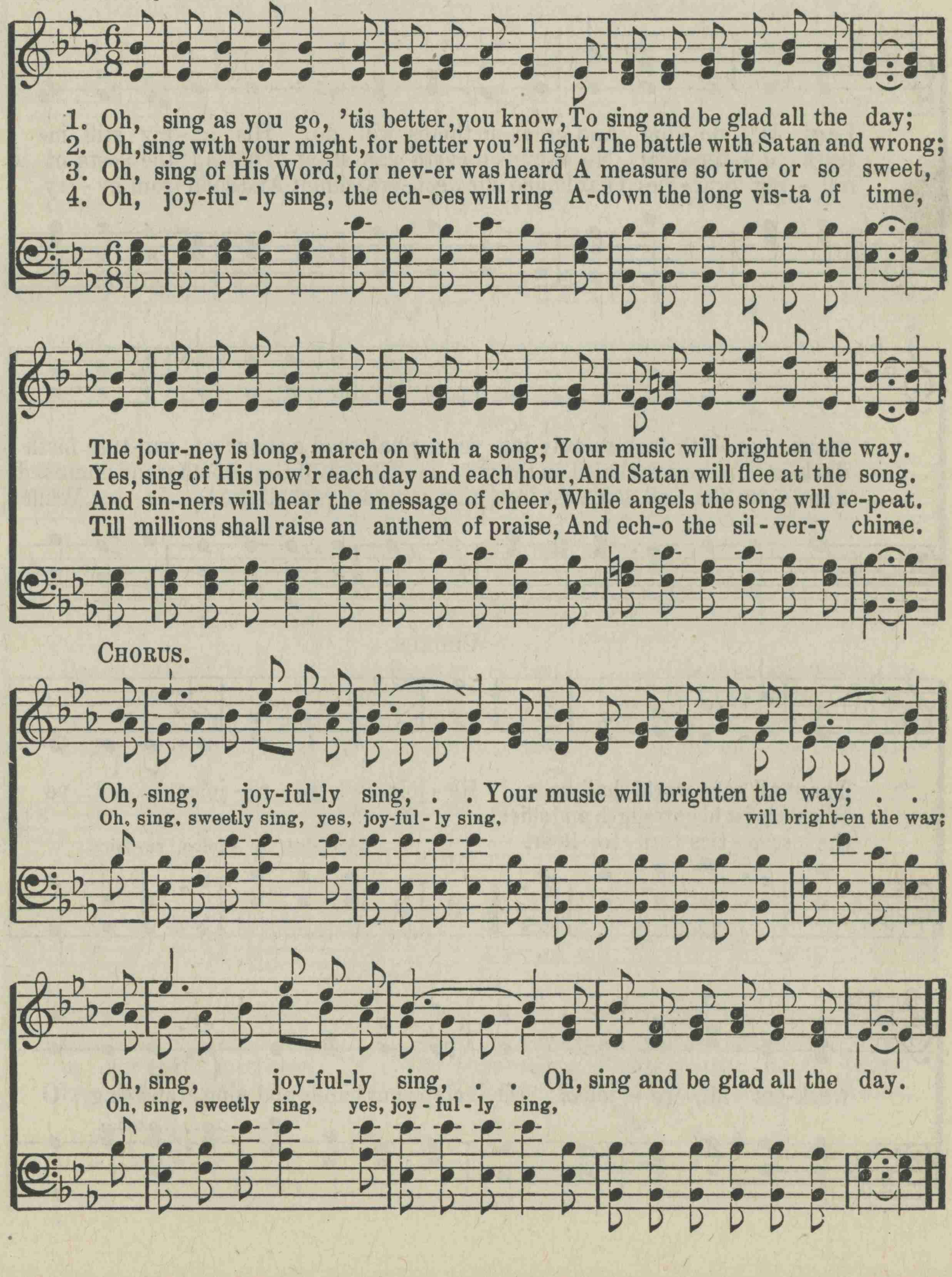
And in lov-ing-kind-ness help them day by day; You must lead them gently

Bring Them In.



No. 117. Sing As You Go.

Adah Torrey Henderson. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. H. A. Henry.



No. 118. God's Holy Church Shall Triumph.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Press on, press on, ye work - ers, Be loy-al, brave and true: Great things the
2. The walls of leagued op-pres - sion To dust shall fall a - way; The sword of
3. Be - hold her marching on - ward, In maj - es - ty sub - lime, A - long the

Lord is do - ing, And great-er things will do; His ar - my still in-
truth e - ter - nal No pow'r on earth can stay; Tho' all the hosts of
roll - ing prai - ries That bound our west - ern clime; And soon from ev - 'ry

creas - ing With each re-volv-ing year, Shall send a shout of rap-ture forth
dark-ness Were marshaled on the field, The Church of God would stand unmoved,
ham - let On all our vast fron - tier Glad songs shall rise to Je - sus, While

CHORUS.

That all the world shall hear. Re - joice, re - joice, ye
With Christ her strength and shield.
the scep - tics turn to hear.

Re - joice, re - joice, re - joice,

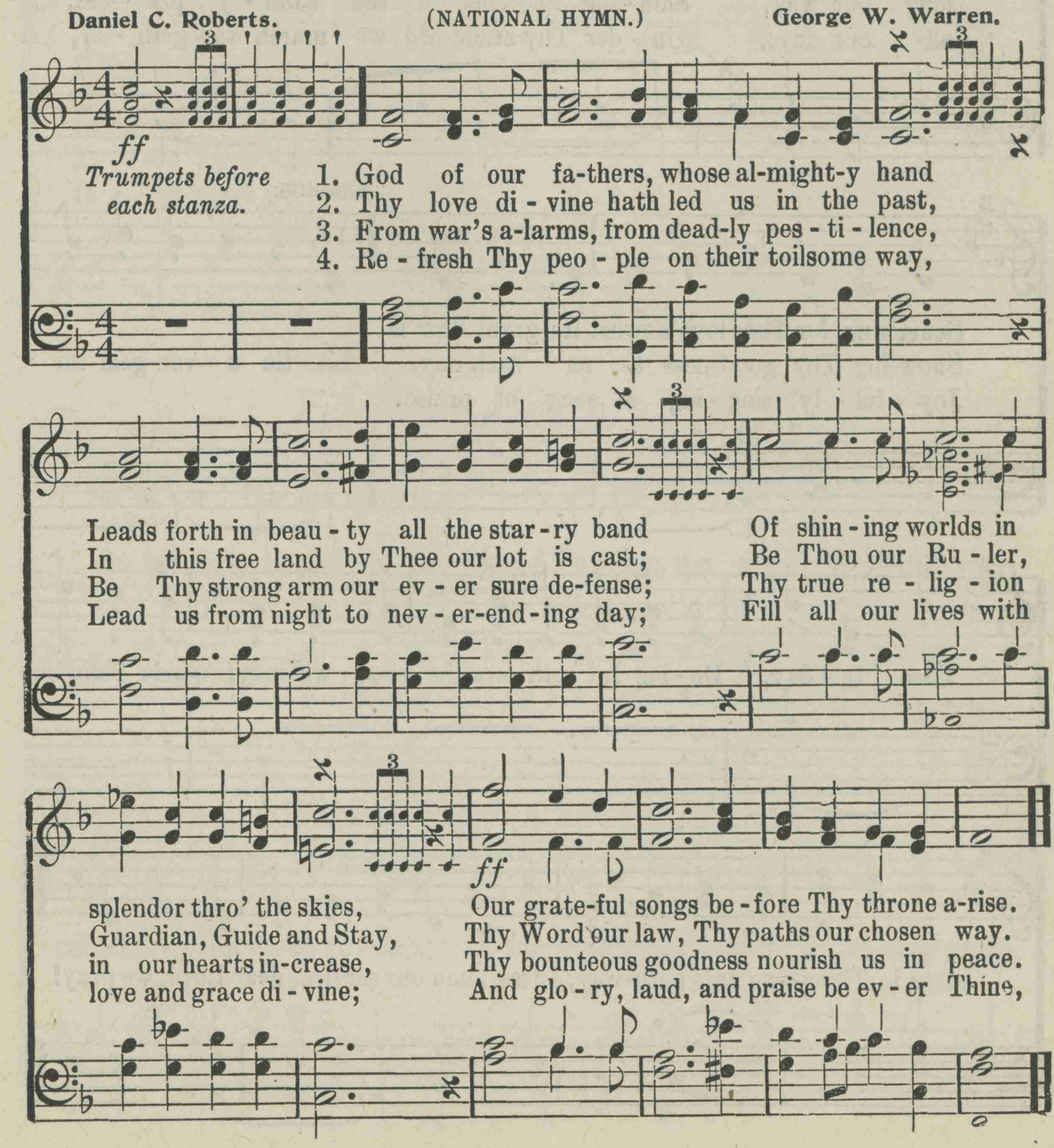
work-ers all, re - joice; O clap your hands and sing, (and sing,) O

God's Holy Church Shall Triumph.



No. 119. God of our Fathers, Whose Almighty Hand.

Daniel C. Roberts. (NATIONAL HYMN.) George W. Warren.



No. 120. Little Evangels.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Ida L. Reed. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Lit - tle e - van-gels for Thee, dear Sav-ior, Glad - ly we of - fer life's
2. Lit - tle e - van-gels for Thee, dear Sav-ior, Strew-ing glad bless-ings a-
3. Lit - tle e - van-gels for Thee, dear Sav-ior, Faith-ful and loy - al through

morn - ing hours, Tell - ing to oth - ers Thy grace and mer - cy,
long our way, Shin - ing for Thee in the shad - y pla - ces,
all our days, Un - der Thy stand-ard we march to - geth - er,

CHORUS.

Scatt'ring for Thee love's sweet fra-grant flow'rs.
Show-ing Thy good-ness to us each day. Lit - tle e - van-gels for
Joy - ful - ly sing - ing a song of praise.

Thee to - day, Do - ing for oth - ers the good we may; Guide Thou our

steps in Thine own safe path-way, Bless Thou our service, dear Lord, we pray!

No. 121. Little Raindrops.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Laura M. Winslow. J. S. Fearis.

1. When God sees the flow-ers Need His ten-der care, He sends lit - tle rain-drops
2. We are lit - tle raindrops, God has sent us here, From His fount of blessing,
3. Ev - 'ry drop re-flect-ing Goe's most tender love, Helps to light the pathway,
4. Tho' we are but raindrops, We are glad to know, That we have a mis-sion,

REFRAIN.

With a bless - ing there.
Bring-ing hope and cheer. Bus - y lit - tle rain-drops, Let us be to - day,
To the Home a - bove.
In this world be - low.

As we strive to scat-ter bless-ings, All a - long the way; Help-ful lit - tle

rain-drops, Will we be to - day, Do-ing work for Je - sus in a rain-drop's way.

No. 122.

Little Rosebuds.

P. H. D.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

P. H. Duncan.

1. Pret - ty lit - tle rose-buds, Glist'ning with the dew, 'Mong the green leaves
2. Dain - ty lit - tle rose-buds, Burst-ing in - to flow'r, Gath-'ring rich - er
3. Love - ly lit - tle rose-buds, May we be like you, Liv - ing for the

nes - tling, In your dress so new; From your hid - ing - pla - ces,
beau - ty From the pass - ing show'r, Reach-ing out your pet - als,
Mas - ter, Faith - ful, pure and true; Of your wealth and beau-ty,

FINE.

Peeping sweet and shy, In your em'rald bow-er, Safe from harm you lie.
Gladd'ning ev-'ry eye, Greeting with your fragrance Ev-'ry pass-er - by.
Rich-ly you be - stow, Ev-'ry day a bless-ing, As you heav'nward grow.

D. S.—*As your charms expand, Liv-ing for the Mas-ter, Fashioned by His hand.*

REFRAIN.

Pret - ty rose - buds, What more fair than you? Love - ly
Pret - ty lit - tle Love - ly lit - tle

rose-buds, Beau-ti - ful, pure and true; What sweet tho'ts you give me,

D. S.

No. 123. Little Things.

John O. Foster.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Lit - tle feet were made to walk, Bless - ed Lord, for Thee;
2. Lit - tle hearts were made to beat, Long as we shall live;
3. Je - sus, take my lit - tle heart, Make it good and true;
4. Hear the lit - tle prayer I say, Take me by the hand;

Lit - tle tongues were made to talk, Lit - tle eyes to see.
Lit - tle voi - ces, soft and sweet, Lit - tle songs to give.
Tell me how to do my part, Just as I should do.
Teach me some - thing good to - day, I may un - der - stand.

CHORUS.

Hear my lit - tle song to - day, ... Hear me, Je-sus, while I
Hear my song, my lit - tle song to - day, Hear me, Je - sus,

pray; . . . . . Je - sus, take my lit - tle heart, Make it
hear me while I pray;

good and true; Tell me how to do my part, Just as I should do.

No. 124. Little Sunbeams.

Ebeu E. Rexford.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I think God gives the chil - dren, As thro' the land they go, The
2. The clouds may hide the sun - shine Of heav - en from our sight, And
3. Then let us live our mis - sion Of sun-beams day by day, And

most de-light-ful mis-sion That an - y one can know; He wants us to be
life have much of sor-row To mar the heart's delight; But if like faith-ful
scat - ter joy and brightness A-bout us all the way; Let's chase a-way life's

sun-beams Of love, and hope, and cheer, To bright-en up the shad-ows That
sun-beams, We chil-dren do our part, We'll bring a ray of brightness To
shad-ows With lov - ing tho't and deed, And be the sun-shine-ma-kers Of

CHORUS.

oft - en gath-er here.
ev - 'ry shadowed heart. O we are lit - tle sun-beams, Sent down from God to
which the world has need.

man; In all life's sha - dy pla - ces We shine as best we can.

No. 125. Little Stars.

H. H. Pierson.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.

1. Just as the stars are shin - ing, Mak - ing the dark - ness bright,
2. And as the stars are smil - ing Down on the earth be - low,
3. Each in his lit - tle cor - ner, Wheth-er at work or play,
4. How could they do with - out us? Dark would the world be then;

So we are shin - ing, shin - ing, Shed-ding our gold - en light.
We may re - flect the sun - light, Shin - ing wher-e'er we go.
We would be al - ways shin - ing, Turn - ing the night to day.
We are the Sav - ior's jew - els, Cheer - ing the hearts of men.

CHORUS.

Shin - ing, shin - ing, shin - ing, Just like the stars a - bove,
Mak - ing the world a - round us Hap - py with light and love.

No. 126. Our Gifts to Jesus.

Ada Blenkhorn.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. What can we give to Je - sus That He would prize the most, That
2. We may not gov - ern rich - es, Our tal - ents may be few, Yet
3. We know that He will take us, For He has told us so; He'll

would, when known in heav - en, Re - joice the an - gel host? Not
sure - ly there is some - thing That we for Him may do. He
pu - ri - fy and cleanse us, And wash us white as snow. He'll

gold, nor precious jew-els, Could such an of-f'ring be; These were a gift un-
owns the love-ly flow-ers, The earth, and heav'n above; He asks us not for
al - ways dwell with-in us, And make us sweet and mild, Just like the gen - tle

CHORUS.

wor - thy Of such a friend as He.
rich - es— He on - ly wants our love. We'll give our hearts to Je - sus; No
Sav - ior, The sin - less, ho - ly Child.

gift that we could bring Would be a bet-ter present For Christ, the children's King.

No. 127. Jesus Loves the Little Children.

Maggie E. Gregory.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

H. A. Henry.

1. Ev -'ry lit - tle hand may work for Je - sus, Ev -'ry lit - tle life may be His own;
2. All the lit - tle ears may hear the mes-sage, Spo-ken to them by their lov - ing Lord;
3. Ear - ly we may seek and find the Sav - ior, Ear - ly we may know His pre - cious love;

Ev -'ry lit - tle tongue may speak His prais - es,
All the lit - tle feet walk in His path - way,
All the lit - tle ones on earth may serve Him,

CHORUS.

Ev -'ry lit - tle heart may be His throne.
All the lit - tle eyes may read His Word.
All the lit - tle ones praise Him a - bove.

Je - sus loves the lit - tle chil-dren,
Yes, He loves them one and all;
We will ear - ly seek Him, And heed His lov-ing call;
We will ear-ly seek Him, And heed His lov-ing call.

No. 128. Open the Door for the Children.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

U. N. O. W. E. M. Hackleman.

1. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Ten - der - ly gath - er them in,
2. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, See, they are com - ing in throngs;
3. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Take the dear lambs by the hand,

D. C.—*o - pen the door for the chil-dren, Ten-der - ly gath - er them in,*

FINE.

In from the high-ways and hedg - es, In from the pla - ces of sin.
Bid them sit down to the ban - quet, Teach them your beau-ti - ful songs.
Point them to truth and to good - ness, Lead them to Canaan's fair land.

In from the high-ways and hedg-es, In from the pla - ces of sin.

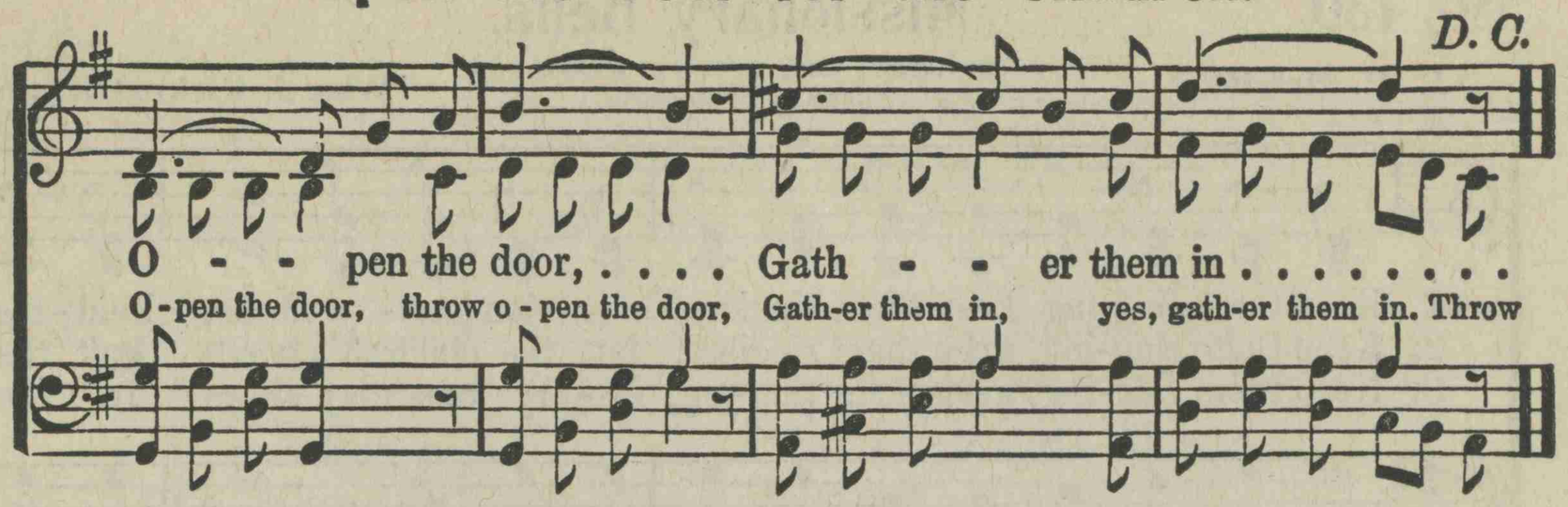
Some are so young and so help - less, Some are so hun - gry and cold;
Pray you the Fa - ther to bless them, Pray you that grace may be given;
Some are so young and so help - less, Some are so hun - gry and cold;

O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath-er them in - to the fold.
O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Theirs is the king-dom of heaven.
O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath-er them in - to the fold.

CHORUS.

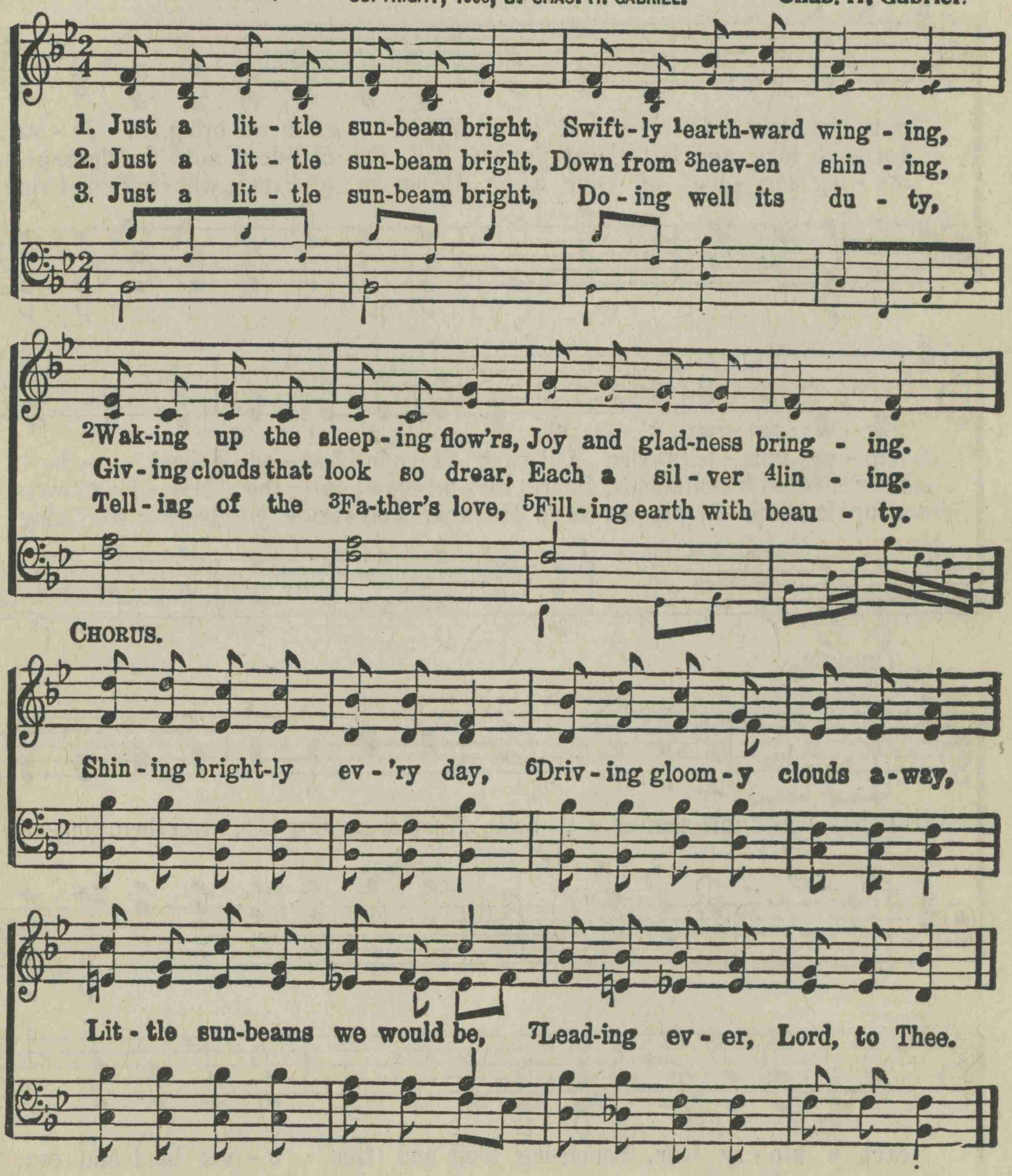
O - - - pen the door, ... Gath - - - er them in; . . . . .
O - pen the door, throw o - pen the door, Gath - er them in, yes, gath-er them in;

Open the Door for the Children.



No. 129. Sunbeams Bright.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.



MOTIONS.—1. Raise right hand high, then bring it swiftly downward. 2. Stoop lightly, make motions as if lifting up flowers. 3. Point up. 4. Raise right hand and describe a semi-circle with it. 5. Hold arms out wide and bring them slowly together, till palms of hands touch. 6. Move right hand and arm with sweeping motion from left to right. 7. Move right hand slowly upwards.

No. 130. Missionary Bells.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
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E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Keep them ring-ing, keep them ringing, mis - sion - ar - y bells, Peal - ing out the news of Je - sus' love; While our gifts we bring to Je - sus, hap - py mus - ic swells, Tell - ing of our bless - ed Friend a - bove.
2. Keep them ring-ing, keep them ringing, let the children's hands Pull the cords of love and faith and praise, Till the chil-dren now in dark-ness, hear of God's commands, Learn to fol - low in the Sav - ior's ways.
3. Keep them ring-ing, keep them ring-ing, ev - 'ry one may share In the lov - ing serv - ice of our King; Bring an of-f'ring, will - ing of-f'ring, wrap it up in prayer; Help the mis - sion - ar - y bells to ring.

CHORUS.

Bells! bells! mis-sion-ar - y bells, Keep them ring-ing, keep them ring-ing, each a sto - ry tells, Sound-ing loud and free o - ver land and sea,

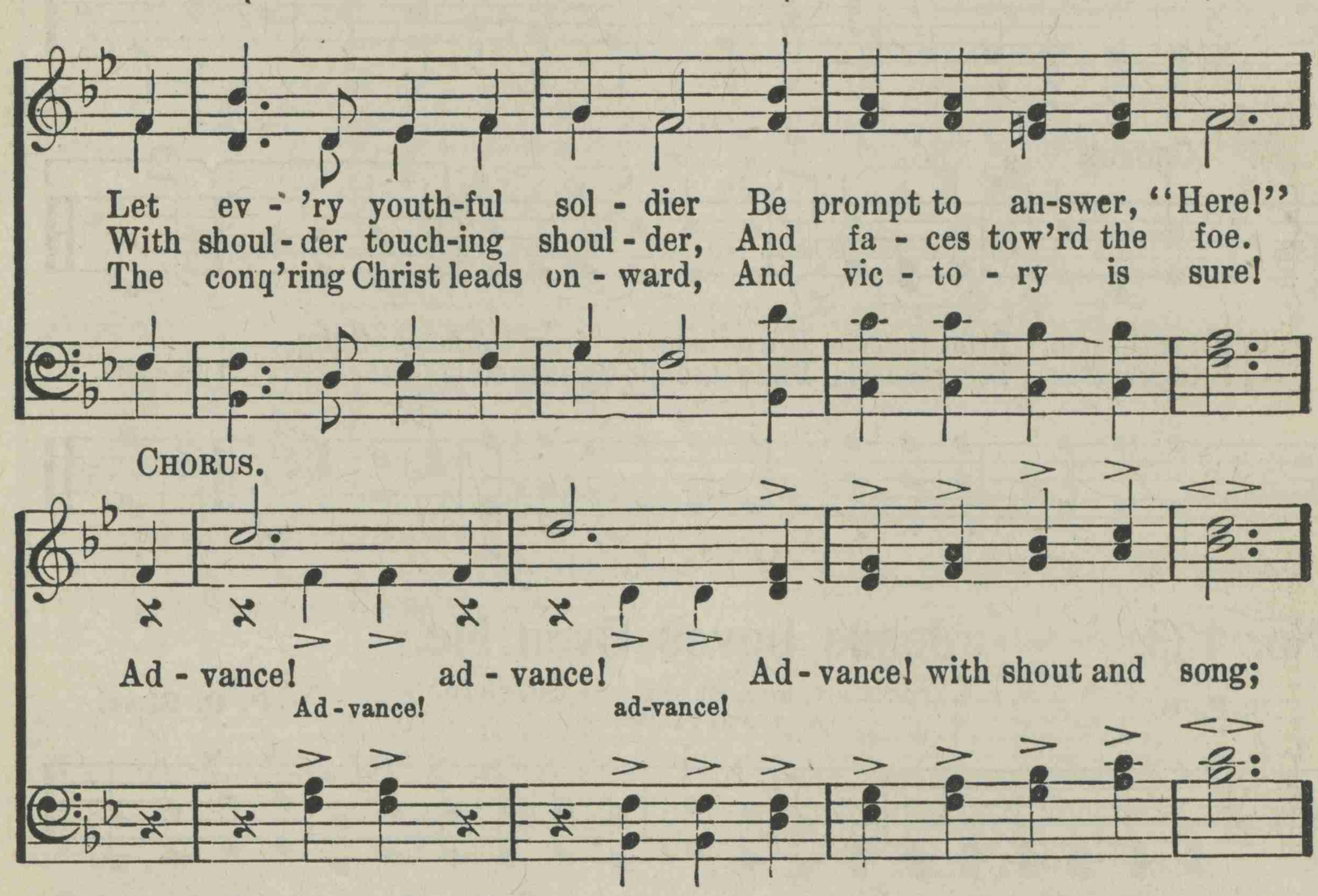
Missionary Bells.

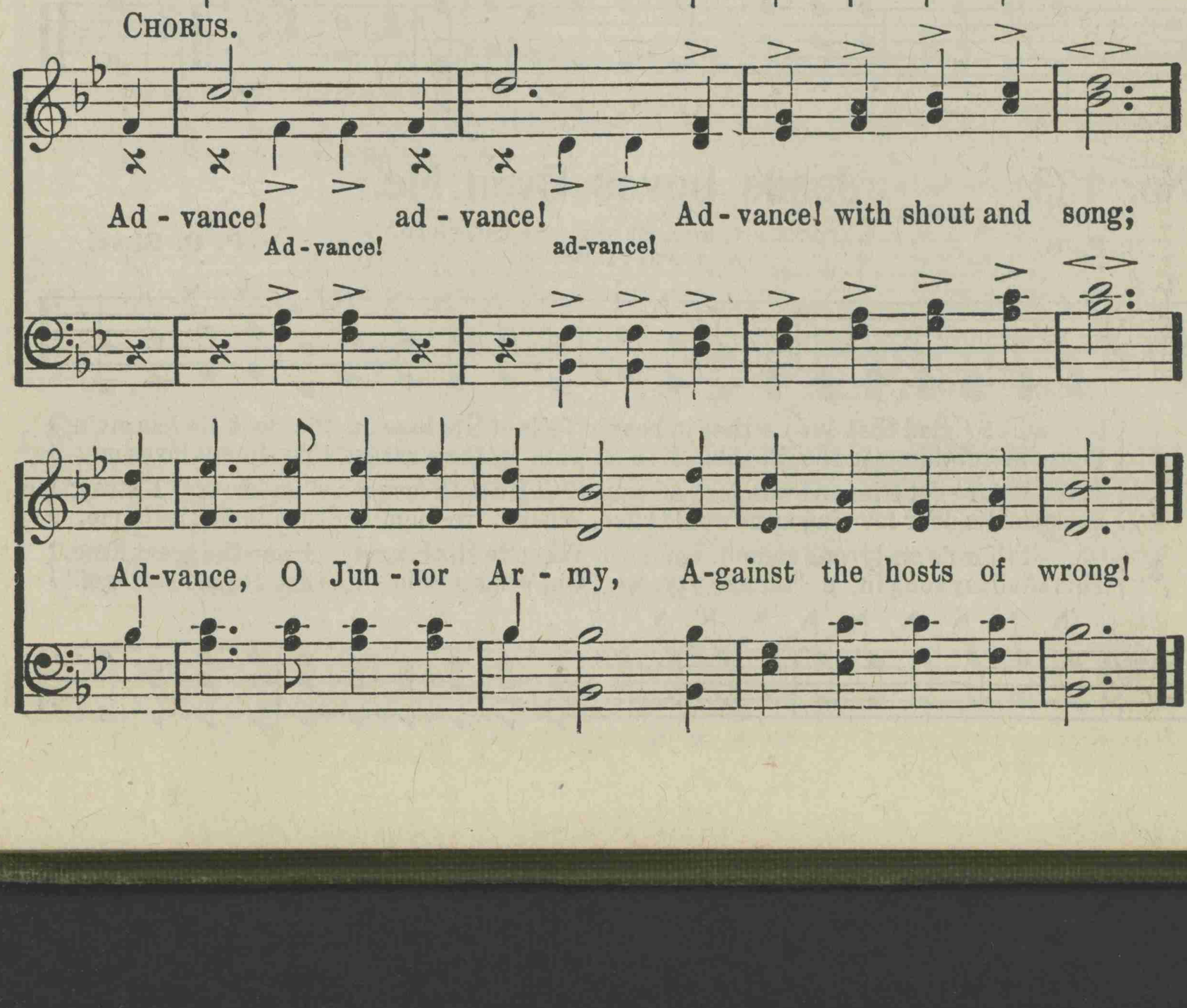


No. 131. Advance, O Junior Army!

Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **W. E. M. Hackleman.**







No. 132. Bring Them In.

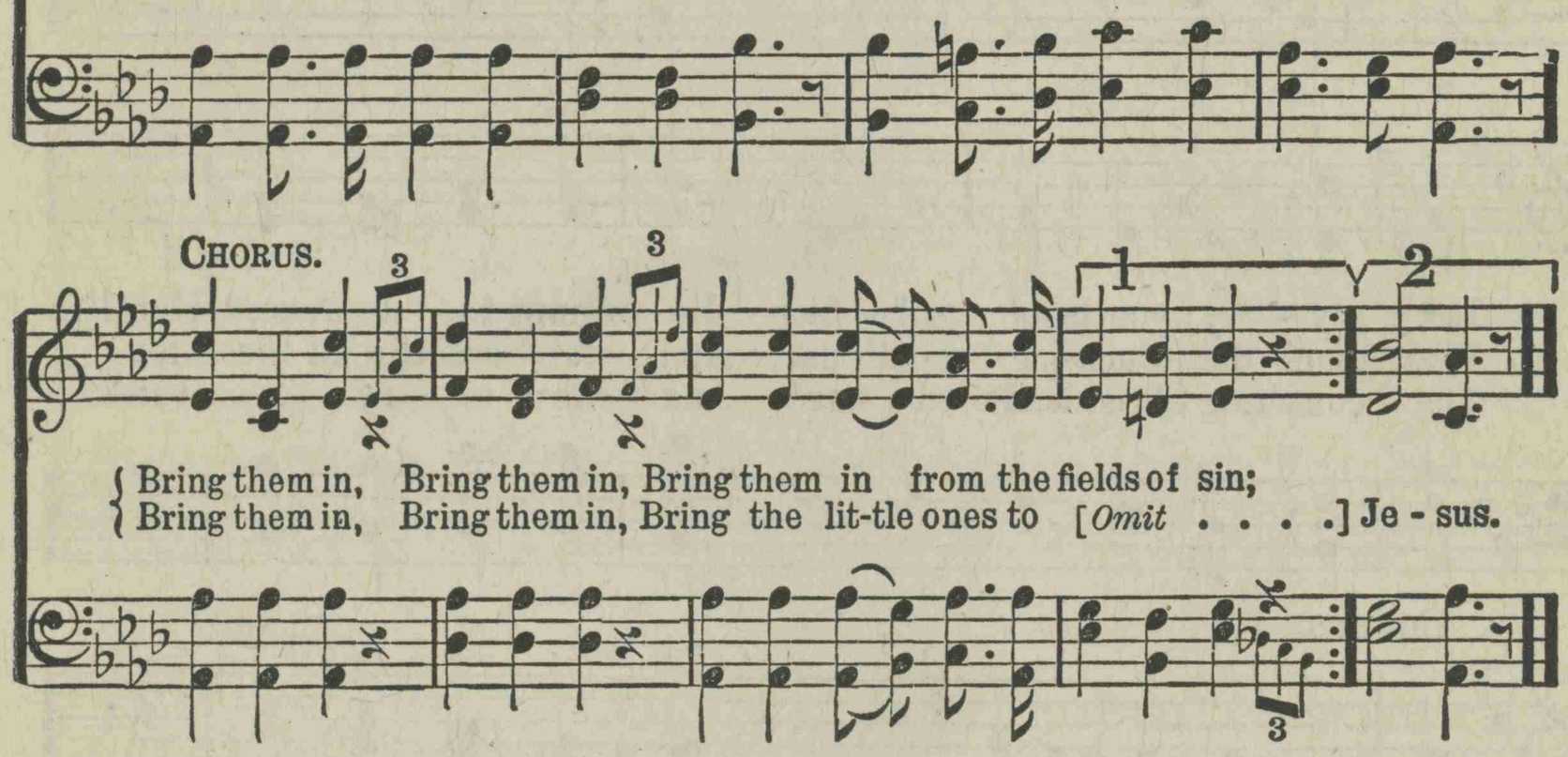
Alexcenah Thomas. **W. A. Ogden.**



1. Hark! 't is the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shep-herd kind, Help Him the lit - tle lambs to find?
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry, Out on the mountain wild and high;



Call - ing the lambs who've gone astray Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be shel-tered from the cold?
Hark! 't is the Mas-ter speaks to thee, "Go, find my lambs wher-e'er they be."



{ Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
{ Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the lit-tle ones to [*Omit . . . .*] Je - sus.

No. 133. Jesus Loves Even Me.

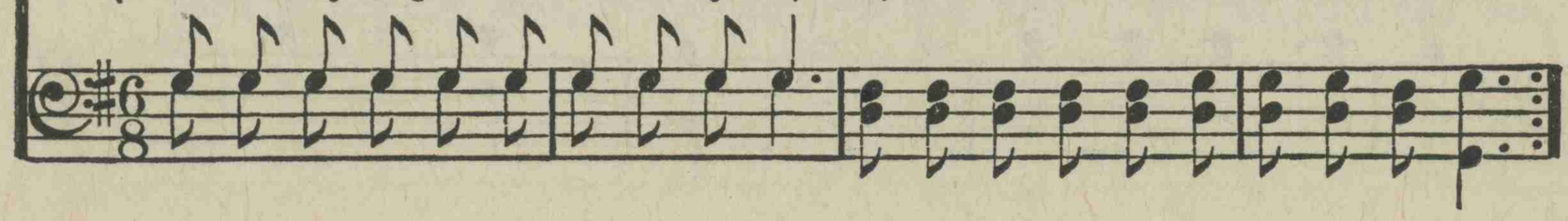
P. P. B.

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P. P. Bliss.



1. { I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the Book He has giv'n;
   { Won-der-ful things in the Bi - ble I see; This is the dearest, that Je-sus loves me.
2. { Tho' I for - get Him and wander a - way, Still He doth love me wher-ev-er I stray;
   { Back to His dear lov - ing arms would I flee, When I re-mem-ber that Je-sus loves me.
3. { Oh, if there's on-ly one song I can sing, When in His beau-ty I see the great King,
   { This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be, "Oh, what a won - der that Jesus loves me!"

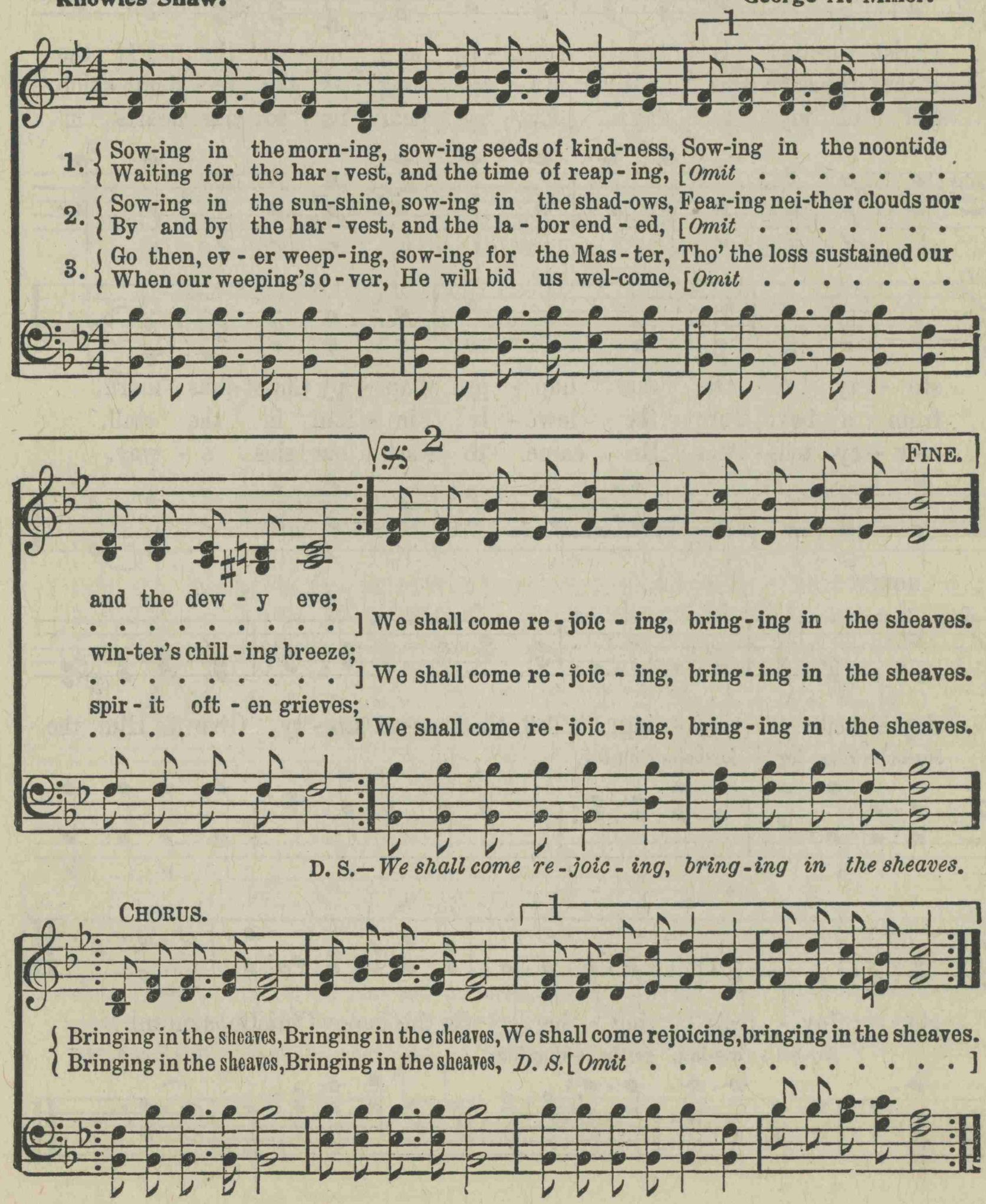


Jesus Loves Even Me.



No. 134. Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. **George A. Minor.**



CHORUS.

No. 135. Ring, Ring, Ring.

C. H. G.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Ring, ring, ring, cheer-ful - ly ring, ye mer - ry bells, For a Sav - ior
2. Sing, sing, sing, beau-ti - ful songs of joy and love, Sing of Him who
3. Ring, ring, ring, cheer-ful - ly ring, ye mer - ry bells, Let our songs be

Christ to - day is born! Sweet - ly now un - to the world the
came to save us all! An - gels sang of the re - demp - tion
full of joy to - day; Ev - 'ry peal un - to our hearts in

sto - ry tell Of this hap - py, hap - py Christ-mas morn.
from a - bove, Thro' the low - ly in - fant in the stall.
mer - cy tells That He came to wash our sins a - way.

CHORUS.

Joy - bells ring - ing, Tell the bless-ed sto - ry, Give to Him the
Joy-bells ring-ing, joy-bells ring-ing,

glo - ry; Joy - bells ring - ing, On this happy Christmas morn!
Joy-bells ring-ing, joy-bells ring-ing,

No. 136. Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

C. Wesley. **Arr. from Mendelssohn.**

1. Hark! the her - ald an-gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on-ciled!" Joy - ful, all ye na-tions, rise,
2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a-dored; Christ, the ev - er-last-ing Lord! Late in time be- hold Him come, Off-spring of the Virgin's womb. Veiled in flesh the God-head see;
3. Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Righteousness! Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings. Mild He lays His glo - ry by,

Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th' an-gel - ic host proclaim, "Christ is born in Beth - le-hem!" Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King."
Hail th' In-car-nate De - i - ty, Pleased as man with men to dwell, Je - sus, our Em- man - u - el. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King."
Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King."

Ped.

No. 137. Ring the Merry Bells.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
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E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Ring the mer-ry, mer-ry Christ-mas bells, Ring them far and near;
2. Ring the mer-ry, mer-ry Christ-mas bells, Wake the ju-bi-lee;
3. Ring the mer-ry, mer-ry Christ-mas bells, Thro' the star-ry night;

Peal-ing o-ver hills and dells, Bid the world good cheer.
Hark, the bless-ed mu-sic swells O-ver land and sea.
Ev-'ry note the day fore-tells, Noon-tide splen-dor bright.

Gold-en hopes and mem'ries ho-ly Clus-ter round the man-ger low-ly;
Tell the wondrous news from heav-en, "Un-to us a Son is giv-en;"
Christ, the Morning Star, is shin-ing, Light that nev-er knows de-clin-ing;

D. S.–*Tell a-new the dear old sto-ry, Glo-ry in the high-est, glo-ry;*

FINE.

Ring the bells, ring the bells, Ring the mer-ry bells.

Ring the bells, ring the bells, Ring the mer-ry bells. *

CHORUS.

Bells of love and peace and glad-ness Charm a-way the tho't of sad-ness,
Ring the bells, ring the bells, Ring the merry, merry Christmas bells,

*After last chorus, No. 168 may be sung without announcement.

Ring the Merry Bells.

D. S.

Ring the mer - ry, mer - ry bells, Ring the mer - ry, mer - ry bells.

No. 138. Joy to the World.

Isaac Watts. Arr. from Handel.

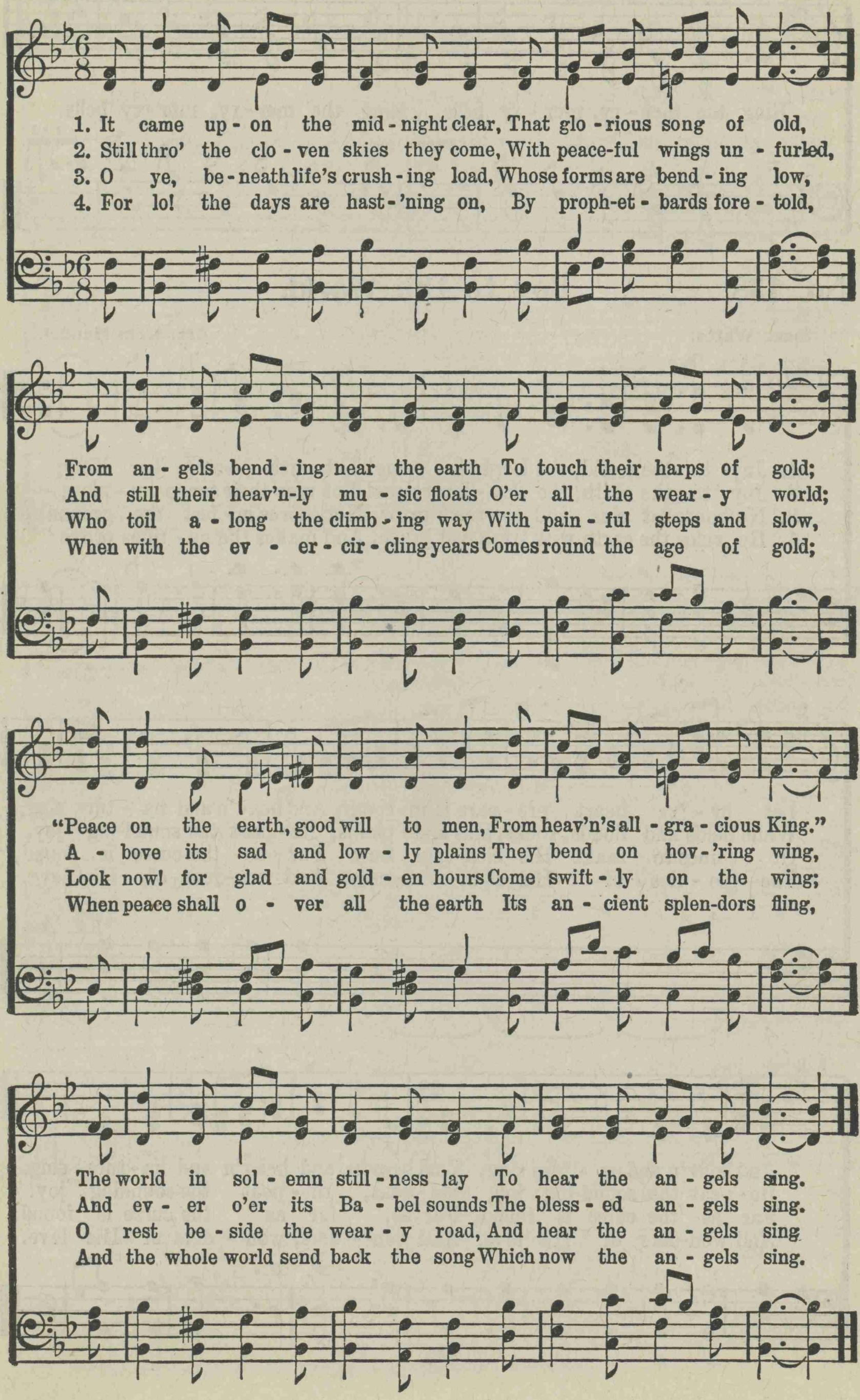
1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King;
2. Joy to the earth, the Sav - ior reigns! Let men their songs em - ploy;
3. No more let sins and sor-rows grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground;
4. He rules the earth with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove

Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re - peat the sound-ing joy,
He comes to make His bless-ings flow Far as the curse is found,
The glo - ries of His right-eous - ness, And won-ders of His love,

And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
Re - peat the sound-ing joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
And won-ders of His love, And won - ders, won - ders of His love.

No. 139. It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

E. H. Sears. **R. Storrs Willis.**



No. 140. Bells of Eastertide.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Birdie Bell. **W. J. King.**

1. Ring it out in glad-ness, bells of East-er-tide, O'er the smil-ing val - ley,
2. Ring it out, but soft - ly, bells of East-er-tide, Once a dirge the night-winds
3. Ring it out in sweetness, bells of East-er-tide, Hail the ris - en Sav - ior,
4. Ring it out in rap - ture, bells of East-er-tide, Sound the hap-py ti - dings

o'er the mountain side, Where the rippling wa - ters in their beau-ty glide,
in their sor-row sighed; On the cross, to save us, Christ was cru - ci - fied;
Christ, the Glo-ri - fied; He who bore our sor - rows, suf-fered, bled and died,
thro' the world so wide; From the tomb the an - gels rolled the stone a - side,

CHORUS.

Greet the bless-ed East-er morn - ing.
Crown Him King this East-er morn - ing.
Rose a-gain on East-er morn - ing.
It was emp - ty East-er morn - ing.

Ring it out! Ring it out! Bells of

East - er - tide! In the emp - ty tomb the drear-y shad-ows hide, But the

east-ern skies with light are glo-ri-fied,—Hail the res - ur-rec - tion morn-ing!

No. 141. Christ is Risen, Christ is Risen.

A. T. Gurney. Arthur S. Sullivan.

1. Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain;
2. See, the chains of death are bro-ken; Earth be - low and heav'n a - bove,
3. Glo - rious angels, downward thronging, Hail the Lord of all the skies;

Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain!
Joy in each a - maz - ing to - ken Of His ris - ing, Lord of love:
Heav'n, with joy and ho - ly long - ing For the Word in - car-nate, cries,

For our gain He suf - fered loss, By di - vine de - cree;
He for - ev - er - more shall reign By the Fa-ther's side,
"Christ is ris - en! earth re - joice! Gleam, ye star - ry train!

He hath died up - on the cross, But our God is He.
Till He comes to earth a - gain, Comes to claim His bride.
All cre - a - tion find a voice; He o'er all shall reign."

REFRAIN.

Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain;

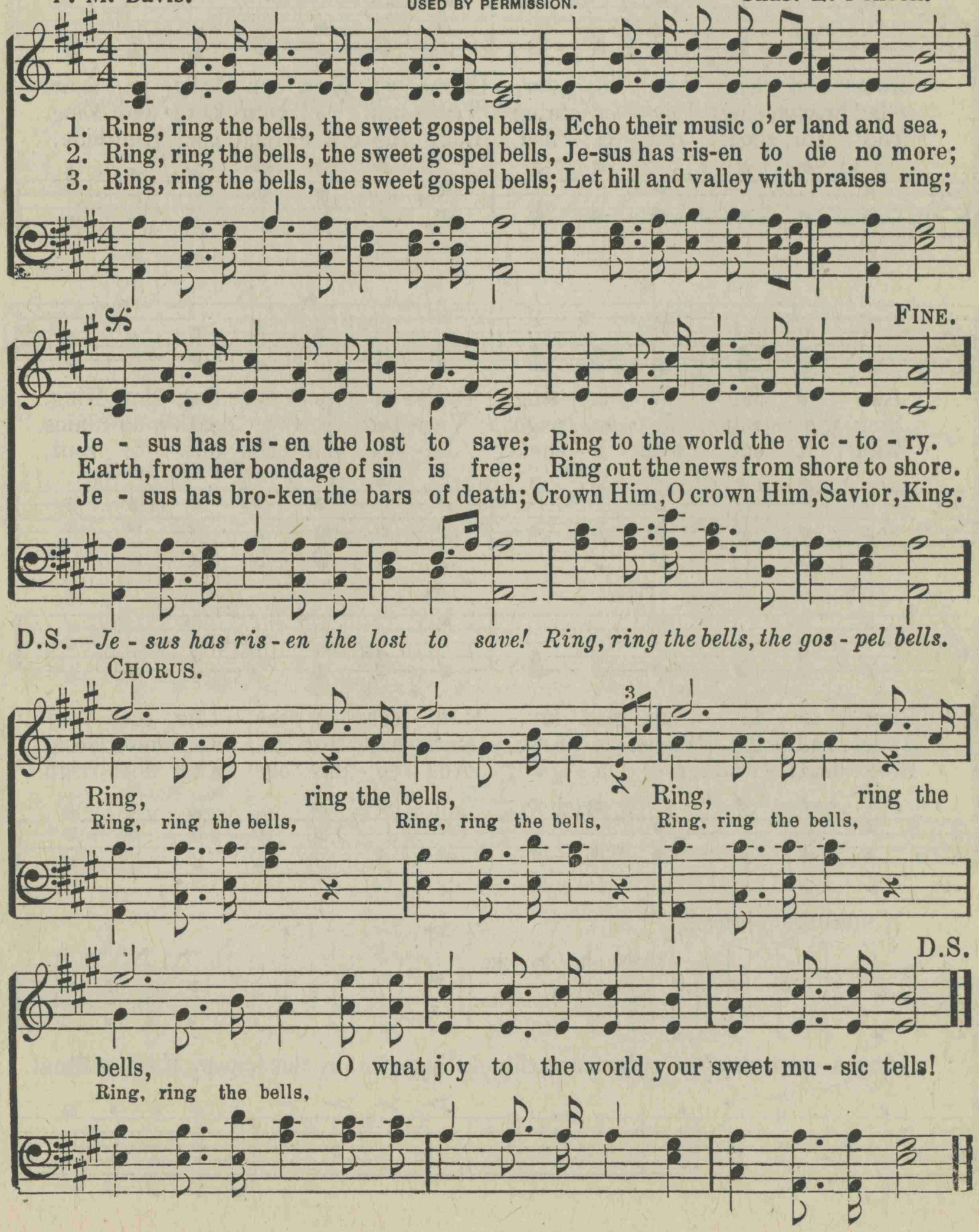
Christ is Risen, Christ is Risen!



No. 142. Ring the Bells.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY C. E. POLLOCK.
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F. M. Davis. Chas. E. Pollock.



FINE. D.S.

No. 143. Song of the Bells.

USED BY PERMISSION OF MRS. GEO. C. HUGG, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. **Geo. C. Hugg.**

Joyously.

1. Sweet-ly chime, loud - ly chime, Peal a - gain in rhyth-mic rhyme!
2. Ring, ye bells! hills and dells, Clap your hands while mu - sic swells;
3. Mu - sic, swell! ev - 'ry bell On this day the glad news tell;

Sweet and clear on the ear, Chime, ye East - er bells so dear.
Glad hearts, sing; ev - er bring Trib - ute to your Lord and King.
"Tho' He died, cru - ci - fied, Long the grave could not Him hide."

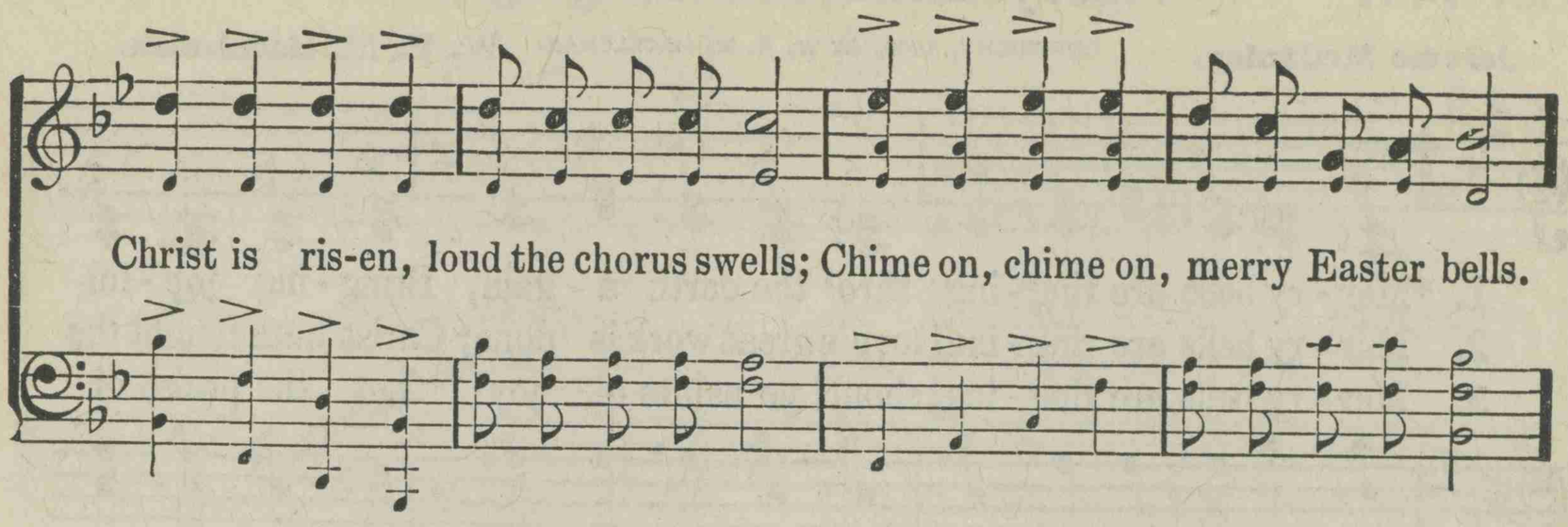
As ye ring, ev - er sing Prais - es to our Sav - ior King;
Sing glad strains, "Je - sus reigns Vic - tor o - ver death's do-mains."
Ring it out with a shout, "Je - sus put His foes to rout,

Ring to - day this glad lay, "Je - sus is the Life, the Way."
Sweet bells ring, "Christ is King, Death has lost his ven-omed sting."
Broke death's chain, rose a - gain, And to - day our King doth reign."

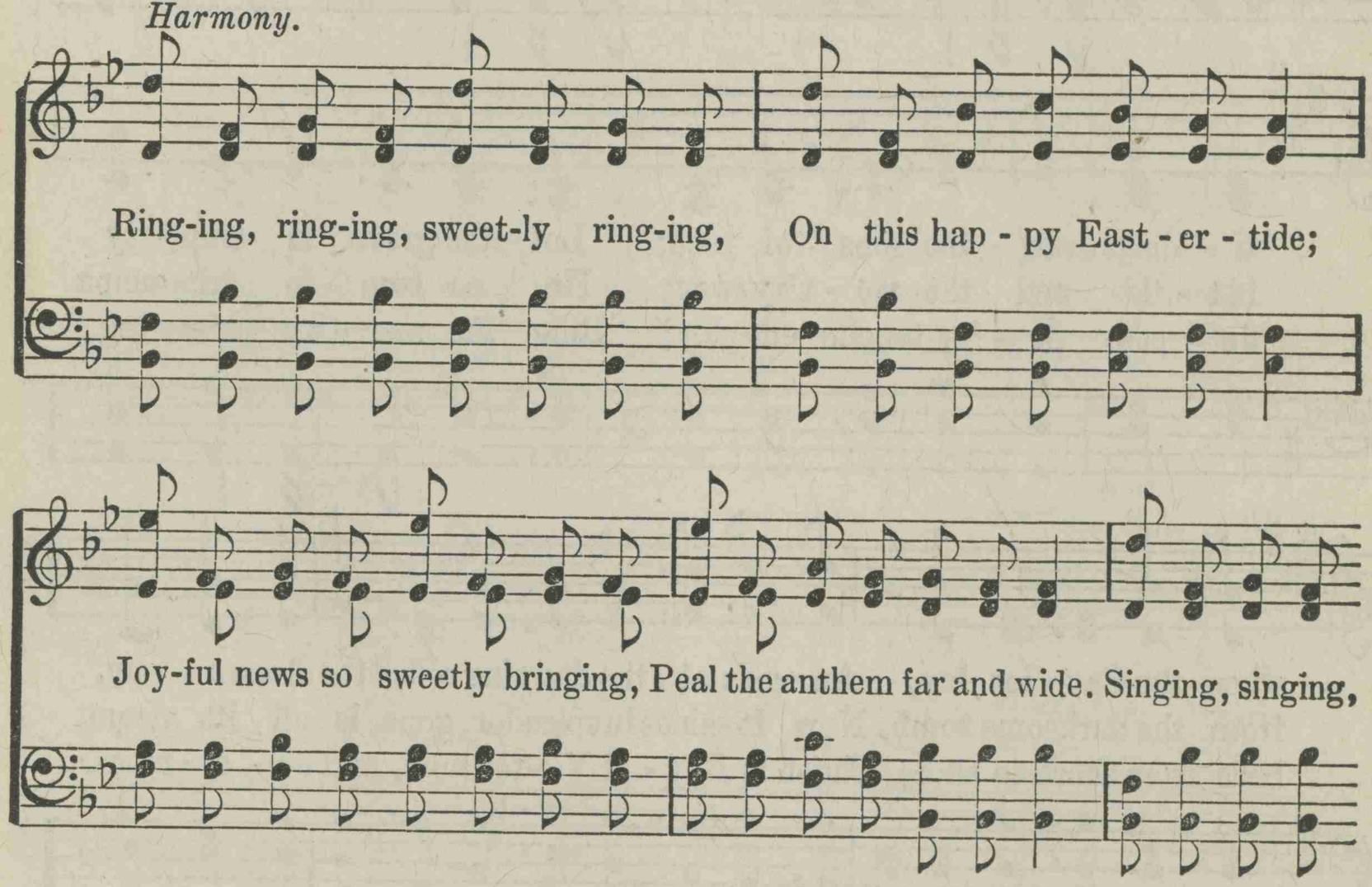
CHORUS. *Unison.*

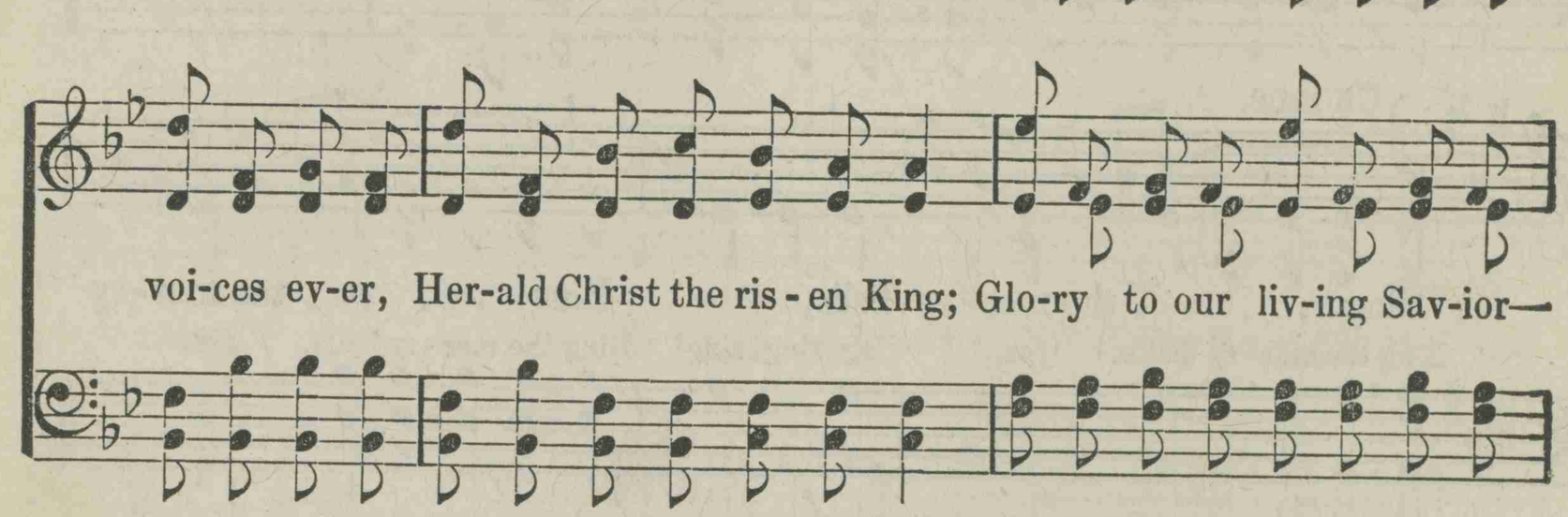
Ring a - loud thro' ev'ry land and clime! Ring with joy this hap-py East-er time!

Song of the Bells.



Harmony.





This ending after last verse only.



No. 144. Merry Bells are Ringing.

Jerome McCauley. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. W. E. M. Hackleman.

1. *Mer - ry bells are ring - ing thro' the earth a - gain, Bring - ing joy - ful ti - dings to the sons of men; Lo! the grave is emp - ty where the Sav - ior lay, An - gels at the dawning rolled the stone a - way.
2. Mer - ry bells are ring - ing! love's great work is done; Christ hath fought the bat - tle and the vic - t'ry won; He a - rose in tri - umph from the darksome tomb, Now it shines in splendor, gone is all its gloom.
3. Mer - ry bells are ring - ing! shout! ye saints of joy! Let the praise of Je - sus ev - 'ry tongue em-ploy; Ring the mer - ry chim - ing bells from shore to shore, Christ is Roy - al Vic-tor now, and ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Ring . . . . the mer - ry bells, Ring . . . . the mer - ry bells, Ring the mer - ry bells, yes, ring, ring, ring! Ring the mer - ry bells, yes, ring, ring, ring! Ring . . . . . the mer - ry bells, Ring the mer - ry bells, yes, ring, ring, ring!

*For Easter service use the word "Easter" in place of the word "Merry" throughout.

Merry Bells are Ringing.

Ring, ring, ring! O ring . . . . the mer-ry
Ring, ring, ring the mer - ry bells! O ring the mer-ry bells, yes.

bells, Ring . . . . . the mer-ry bells,
ring, ring, ring! Ring the mer - ry bells, yes, ring, ring, ring!

Ring . . . . the mer-ry bells, Ring, ring,
Ring the mer - ry bells, yes, ring, ring, ring! Ring, ring,

ring! O ring the joy - ful ti - dings, Swell the glad re-
ring the mer - ry bells!

frain; Christ has burst the bonds of death! He lives a - gain!

No. 145. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Baring-Gould. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

Not too fast.

All voices in Unison.

1. On-ward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. When we march u-nit-ed, Sa-tan's hosts doth flee; On, then, Chris-tian
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are
4. On-ward, then, ye peo-ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your

Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore. Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter,
sol-diers, On to vic-to-ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv-er
treading Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vid-ed,
voi-ces In the tri-umph-song; Glo-ry, laud, and hon-or

Leads against the foe; Forward in-to bat-tle, See, His banners go! . . . .
At the shout of praise; Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise. .
All one bod-y we, One in hope and doctrine, One in char-i-ty. . . . .
Un-to Christ the King, This thro' countless ages Men and angels sing. . . .

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

With the cross of Je - sus

On - ward! On - ward! With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing

On-ward, Christian soldiers! Onward! With the cross of Je - sus, With the cross of

Go-ing on be-fore. a - gainst the

on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas-ter, Leads a-gainst the foe, a-

Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore. *8va.* -

f *ff*

foe; For-ward in - to bat-tle, See, His ban - ners go.

gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go.

8va. - - For - ward - in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go.

8

No. 146. Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

Isaac Watts.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high His roy-al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic-t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey; Forth to the mighty con - flict In this His glo - rious day: "Ye that are men, now serve Him," A-
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos-pel ar - mor, Each
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song: To him that o - ver - com - eth, A

ar - my shall He lead, Till ev-'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord indeed.
gainst unnumbered foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
piece put on with prayer; Where du-ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev-er wanting there.
crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e-ter-nal - ly.

ff

rit. e dim.

Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

CHORUS.

Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye

sol - diers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al

ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss.

rit.

8va.

8va.

No. 147. All Hail, Immanuel!

D. R. Van Sickle.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, We cast.....our crowns be-
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, The ran - - somed hosts sur-
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, Our ris - - en King and

fore Thee; Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - 'ry voice a-
round Thee; And earthly monarchs clamor forth Their Sov - 'reign, King to
Sav - ior! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om - nip - o - tent for-

dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior, King, The vi-brant chords of
crown Thee. While those redeemed in a - ges gone, As-semb-led round the
ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa-tan's pow'r is

heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might - y strain: All
great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song: All
burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name: All

hail! all hail! All hail, all hail, Im - man - u - el!
All hail! all hail!

All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.

Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,
Hail! . . . . . .

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!

Hail, Im - man - u - el! Glo-ry and hon-or and maj-es-ty,
Hail! . . . . . Glo - - ry and maj-es-ty,

Wis-dom and pow-er be un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more!
Wis - - dom be un - to Thee,

Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,
Hail! . . . . . .

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!

Hail, Im - man - u - el! King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u-el!
Hail! . . . . . .

No. 148. Into the Enemy's Country.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Laurene Highfield. Samuel W. Beazley.

INTRO.

1. There is an
2. Ear-nest and
3. Full of the

ar - my brave and loy - al, Marching un - to the bat - tle roy - al; In - to the
true, they nev - er fal - ter, Nothing their faith or zeal can al - ter; In their Re-
hope which right engenders, Steady and true like staunch de-fend-ers, Marching a-

coun-try of the en - e - my advancing, They are not content to guard the right;
deemer's strength to conquest they are going; They would save the world from shame and blight.
gainst the foes that vainly strive and threaten, They the enemies of God would smite.

But marching on in columns stead - y, Marching with weapons drawn and ready,
Marching a-long with gleaming lan - ces, Ev-er the conq'ring line ad - van - ces,
Valiant and strong to do His bid-ding, Bravely the land from e - vil rid - ding,

Wher-e'er the hosts of sin and e - vil are entrenched, They mean to force the fight.
Ea - ger to meet the hosts of darkness, and against them Wage a win-ning fight.
Un - til the vic - to - ry is cer - tain, they with courage Will keep up the fight.

Into the Enemy's Country.

CHORUS.

Marching a - gainst the hosts of e - vil, Where sin abounds, boldly the land they in-

Marching a-gainst the hosts of sin and night,

vade, ... Marching a - long to fight for Je - sus, Strong in His

for the right, Marching a - long to fight for truth and light,

strength, onward they go undismayed; Marching a - gainst the pow'rs of

to the fight; Marching a-gainst the pow'rs of

darkness, Forcing the fight wher-ev-er sin lurks in the shad-ows; Marching a-

dark and sin,

long right valiantly, They are striv-ing faith-ful-ly To rid the world of sin.

No. 149. O How I Love Him.

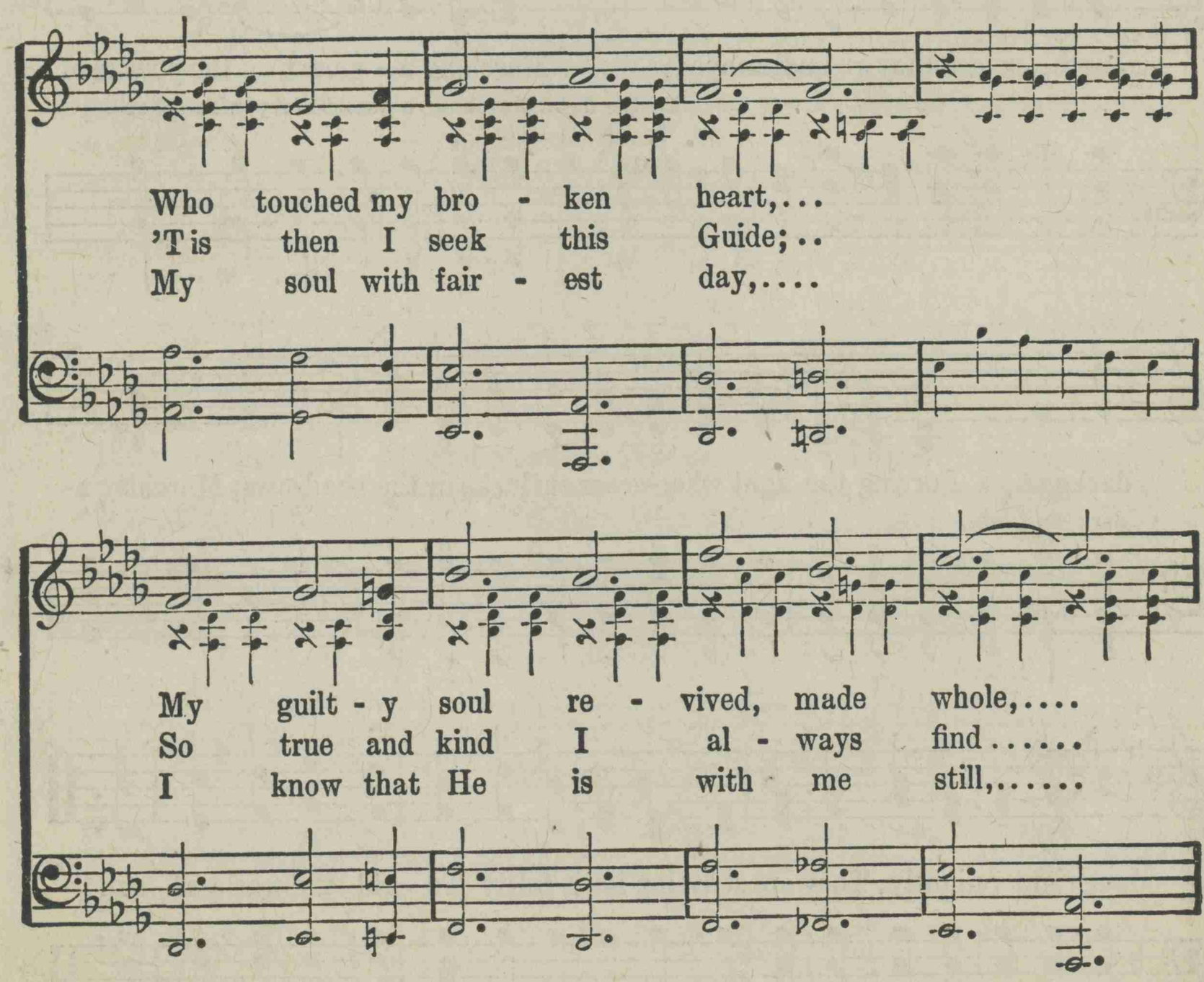
Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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B. D. Ackley.







O How I Love Him.

Thro' grace set me a - part. . .
Him wait - ing at my side. . .
And will be all the way. . .

CHORUS.

O how I love Him, The Man of Gal - i - lee! . . .
O how I love Him, The Man of Gal - i - lee!

O how I love Him, Who died on Cal - va - ry! . . .
O how I love Him, Who died on Cal - va - ry!

There is no oth - er Such a Friend or Broth - er;

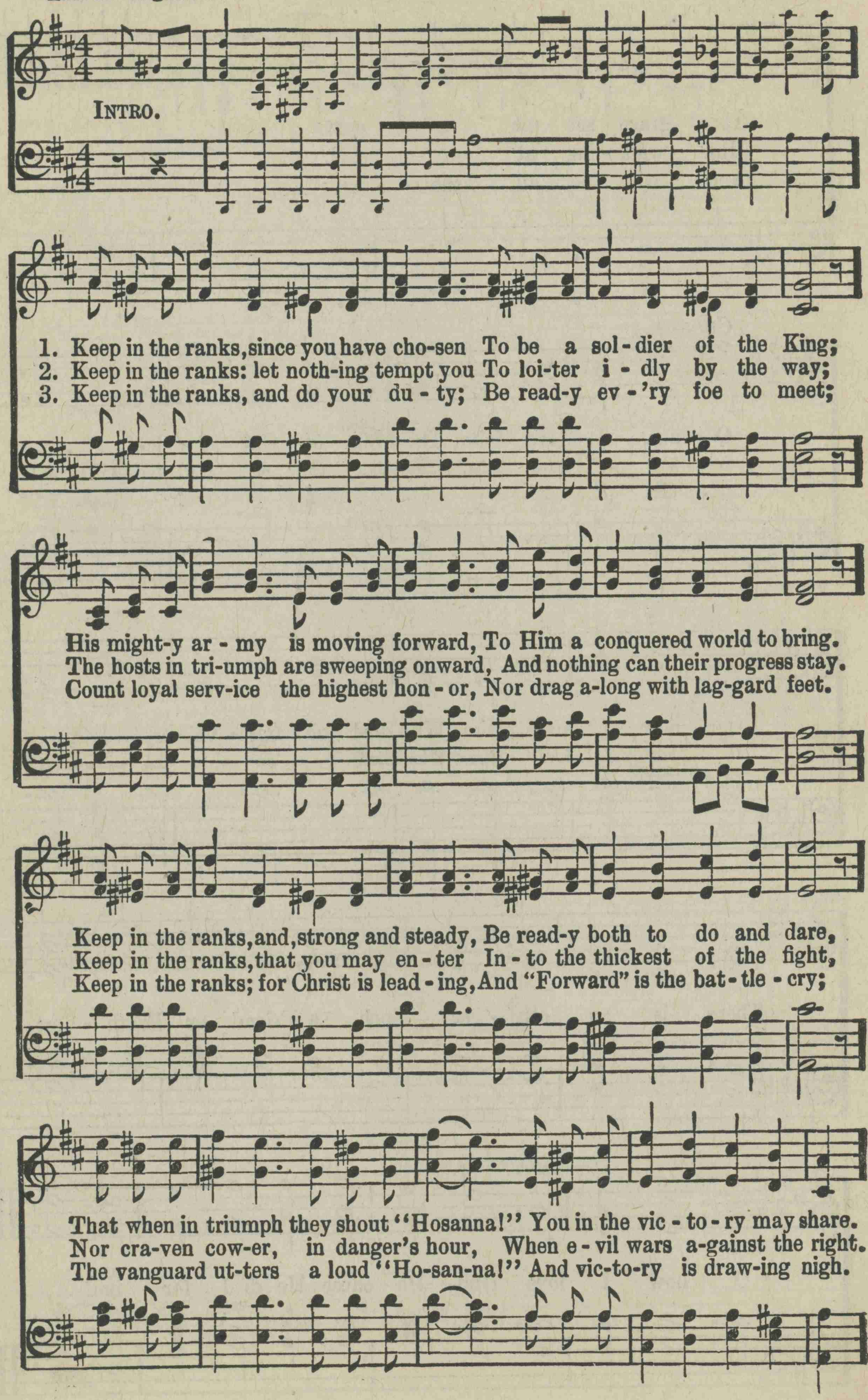
O how I love Him, Be - cause He died for me! . .

No. 150. Keep In the Ranks.

Laurene Highfield.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Samuel W. Beazley.



Keep In the Ranks.

CHORUS.

Keep in the ranks, that you may not fall, That the onward march may not be
Keep in the ranks, keep marching, marching on-ward, March - ing lest the

bro - ken; March sure - ly, one and all, "Forward" is the
line be bro - ken; March-ing, march-ing, sure - ly march - ing, Thus the

word the King has spo - ken; Keep in the ranks till the fight is done,
King has spo - ken; March-ing, march-ing, march-ing on - ward,

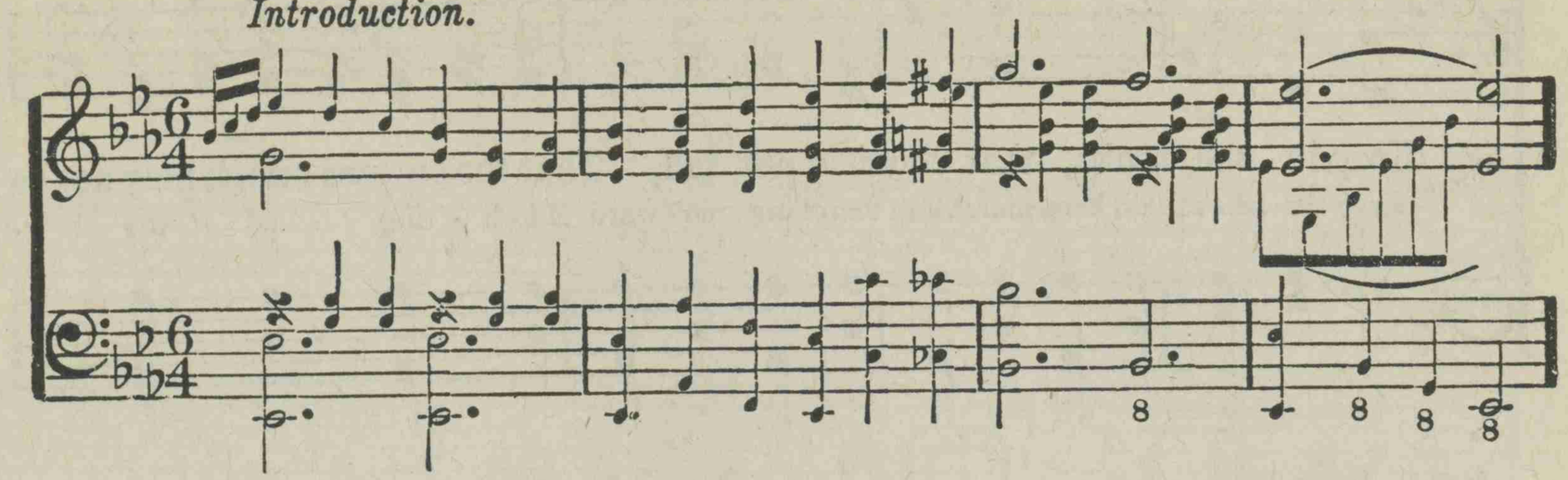
On - ly a u - ni - ted host can con - quer; Keep in the ranks, ...
March - ing till the fight is done; Keep in the ranks,

keep in the ranks, ... Un - til the vic - to - ry is won.
keep in the ranks,

No. 151. Saved By The Blood.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. D. Ward Milam.

Introduction.

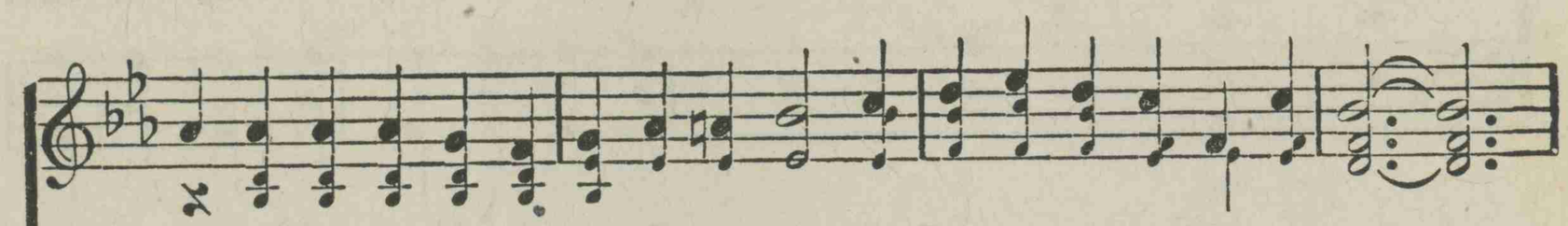


Unison.



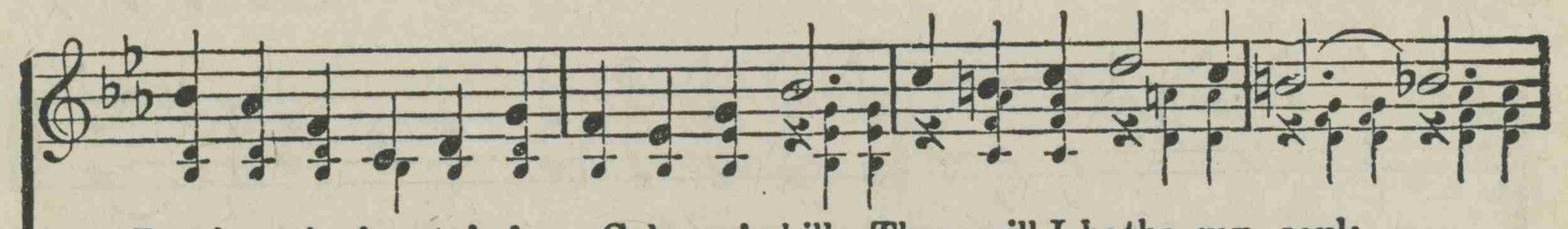
1. Saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One, Je - sus is mine;
2. Look-ing to Him, lift-ed up from my sin, Je - sus is mine;
3. Sing - ing His prais-es, I'll press on my way, Je - sus is mine;





Cleansed in the blood of God's in-fi-nite Son, And in His own beauty to shine;
Trust-ing the pow'r that has cleansed me within, I'm kept by His mercy Di-vine;
Kept in the fountain, I'm cleansed day by day, For He all His gold will re-fine;





Precious the fountain from Calvary's hill, There will I bathe my soul;
Trust-ing in Je-sus for pardon and peace, He will my ref-uge be;
Glo - ry and hon-or to Him that was slain, Bearing my guilt and woe;



Saved By The Blood.

crescendo.

Rest-ing in Je-sus, His word to ful-fill, Safe, tho' tem-pests roll. . . . .
From all my bondage will give me release, Guide and com-fort me. . . . .
Won-der-ful blood that will make ev'ry stain Whiter than the snow. . . .

CHORUS.

f *m*

Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'm saved by the blood of the Lamb;

f *m*

Glad - ly I praise Him whose blood cleanses me from all sin; . . .

Harmony.

f

Glo - ry to Je - sus, who suf-fered on Cal-va-ry's tree; . . . .
Cal - va - ry's tree;

crescendo.

Saved by His blood, I will sing to His name thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 152. I Love to Tell.

F. H. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

F. H. Shaul.

1. I love to tell.... of the tri-umph o'er death and the grave;
2. I love to tell.... of the love that is bound-less and free,
3. I love to tell.... how He bro't me from dark-ness to light;

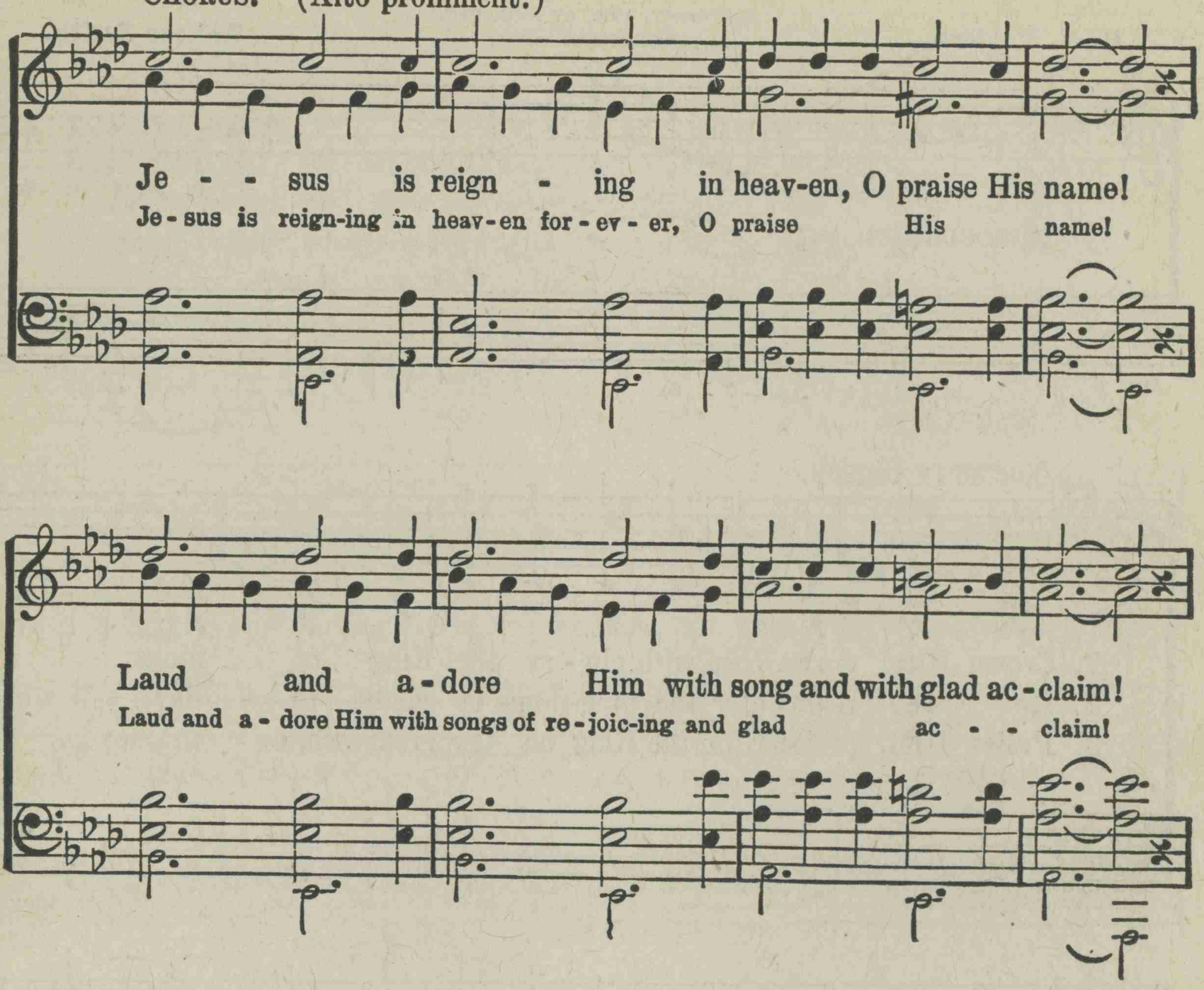
Of Je - sus' love.... and His won-der-ful pow'r to save;..
The love that pur - chased my par-don on Cal - va - ry;....
One ten - der touch,.. and my blindness was changed to sight;..

I love to tell.... He as-cend-ed to heav-en's throne..
I love to tell.... how He saved me from sin and shame;
I love to tell.... how He spoke to my trem-bling soul;...

To reign for - ev - er, the vic - t'ry won.....
I love to tell.... it in Je - sus' name....
I love to tell.... how He made me whole....
(1.) To reign for-ev-er, to reign for-ev-er, the vic - - t'ry won.....

I Love to Tell.

CHORUS. (Alto prominent.)

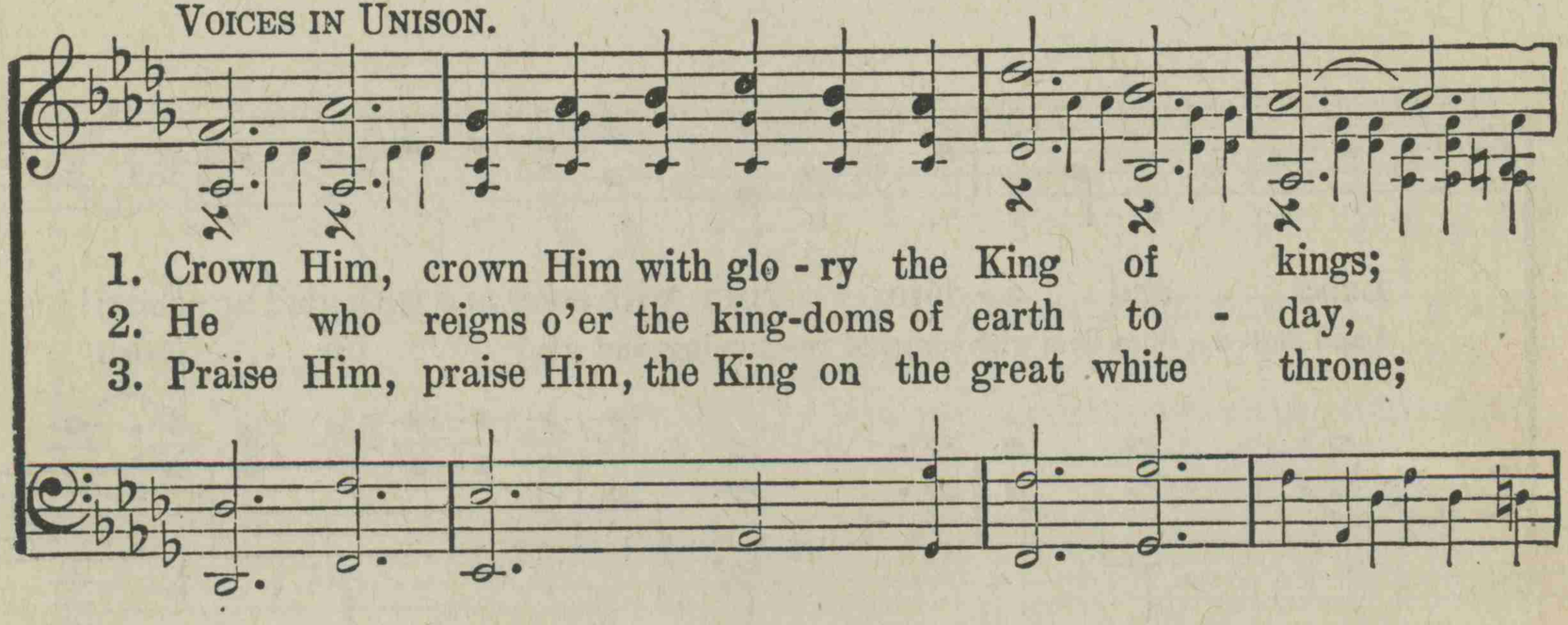


No. 153. Crown Him King of Kings.

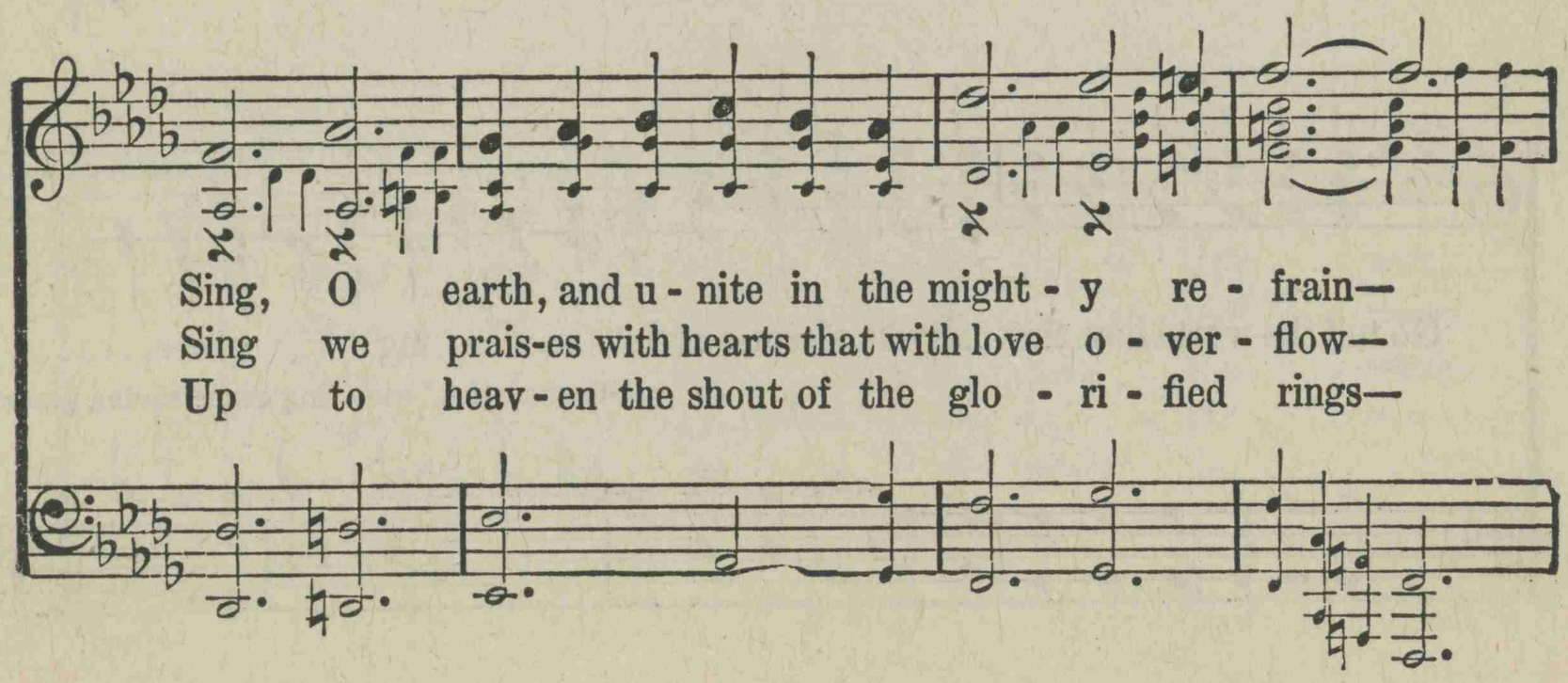
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. E. Rexford. De Loss Smith.

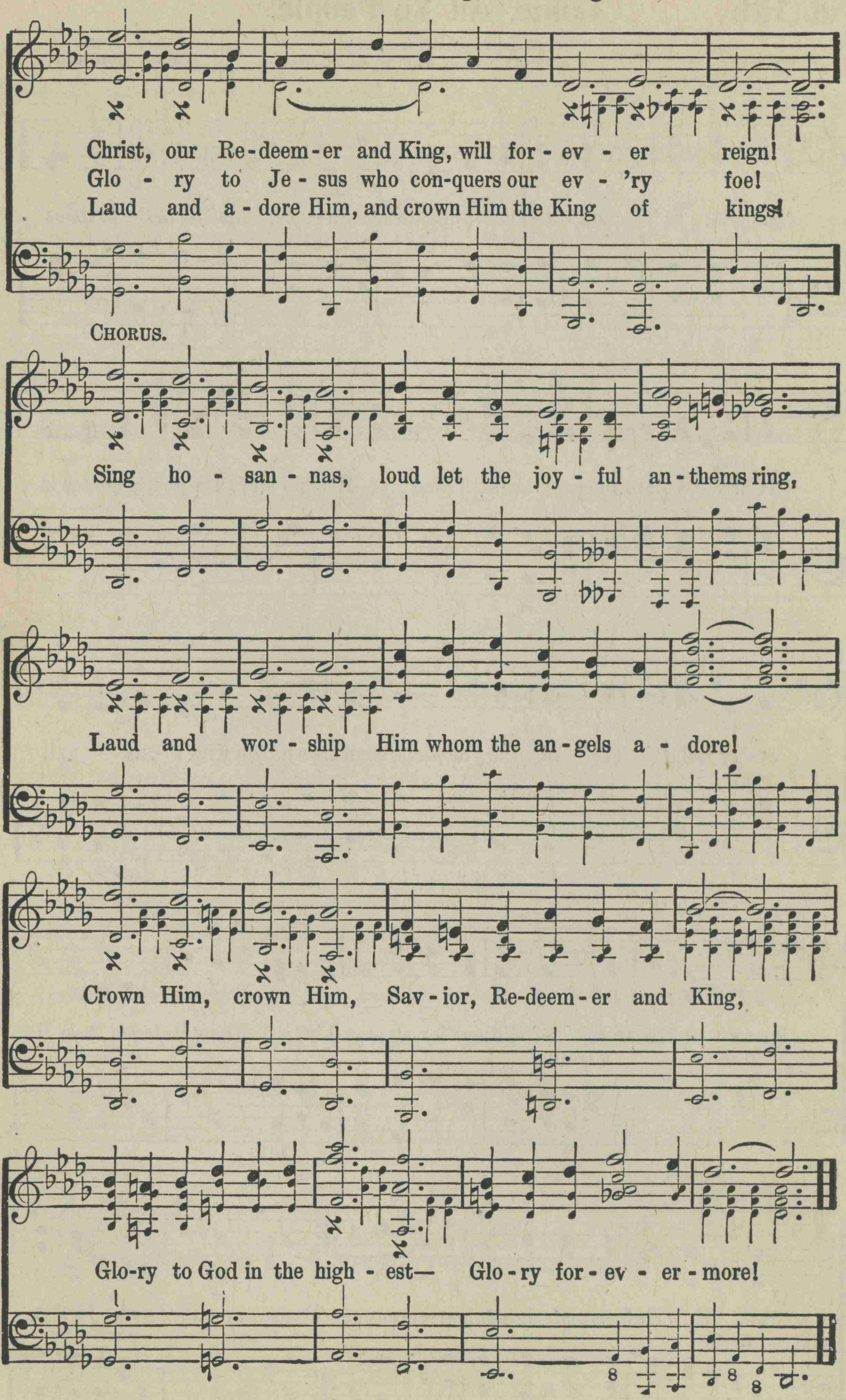








Crown Him King of Kings.



No. 154. Come, All Ye People.

Americus W. Conner.

WORDS AND ARR. OF MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Arr. from Chas. Gounod.

FULL CHORUS. *Maestoso.*

Come, all ye people, Come join with saints and an - gels; Sound forth the prais-es

Of Christ our Lord, once cru-ci-fied. Sing of His glo - ry, His gospel preach in

ev-'ry land Till all the na-tions shall crown Him King e - ter - nal.

Speak of His love, Of His love for all man-kind; Tell how He loved, how He

O speak, O speak He loved,

died, How He lives and reigns for-ev-er-more. Praise we the Lord, Tho' a

He died, O praise, O praise,

Come, All Ye People.

host should encamp a-gainst us; In His love, by His pow'r He shall save us—His

name shall we praise for-ev - er. Bless-ed for - ev - er Is the Lord of our sal-

vation. Praise Him, men and angels, Sing His praise forevermore. Praise Him;

ev-er-more.

Bow before His throne, Vic - tor over death, He dies no more. Reign, Thou mighty

Sav-ior, reigning now in glo-ry, Reign ev - er-more; Reign for-ev - er-more.

*Use small notes if desirable.

No. 155. On, Joyfully On.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We are sol - diers march-ing up the high - way 'Gainst the ty - rant pow'rs of sin and wrong; Ban - ners wav-ing, bat - tle-cries re-sound - ing,
2. Souls in bond - age un - to us are call - ing; We must strike their gall - ing chains a - way; To the res - cue of the mil-lions dy - ing,

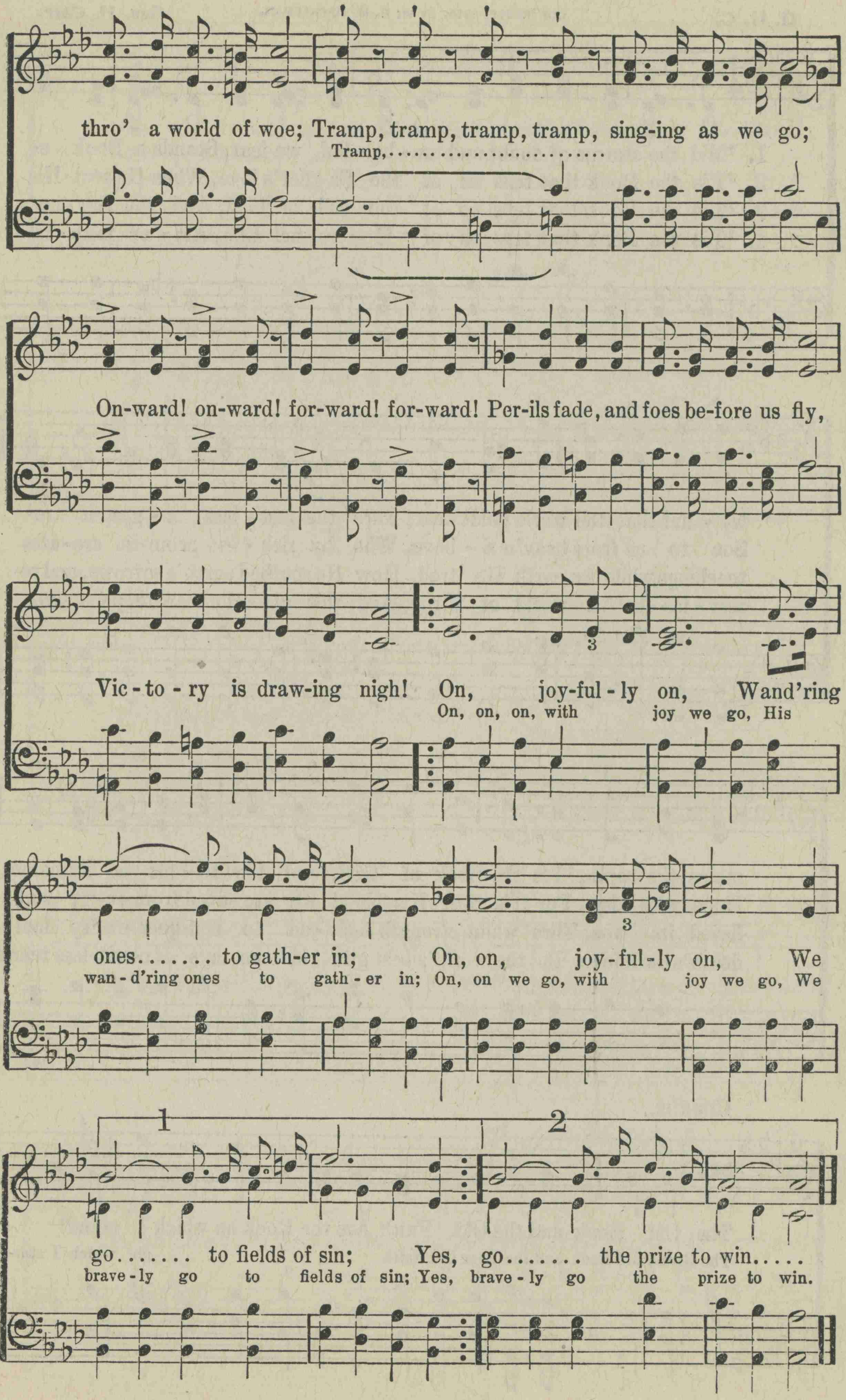
We re - joice, al-though the foe is strong. Christ, our great Com-man-der,
We are march-ing, fight - ing ev - 'ry day. See! the clouds are rift - ing,

leads us on - ward, Al-ways marching on be - fore, Urg - ing, cheering when
soon with sun - shine All the world shall be a - flame, Ev - 'ry na - tion re-

CHORUS.

foes, ap-pear-ing, Would drive us from their shore. Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
ceive sal - va - tion, In our Im-man-uel's name! Tramp,.....

On, Joyfully On.



No. 156. The Old Book and the Old Faith.

G. H. C. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. Geo. H. Carr.

1. 'Mid the storms of doubt and un - be - lief, we fear, Stands a Book e-
2. 'T is the Book that tells us of the Fa-ther's love, When He sent His
3. 'T is the Book that tells us of the will of God, And the Sav-ior's
4. 'T is the Book that tells us of E - ter-nal Life, Aft - er faith-ful

ter - nal that the world holds dear; Thro' the rest - less a - ges it re-
Son to us from heav'n a - bove, Who by rich - est prom-ise cre-ates
teachings while the earth He trod, How He soothed earth's sorrows, and re-
serv - ice in a world of strife, And this glo - rious tri-umph o - ver

mains the same, 'T is the Book of God, and the Bi - ble is its name!
Hope with - in, For 't is thro' His blood we are saved from ev-'ry sin!
lieved its woe, Thro' whom strength is giv - en to con-quer ev-'ry foe!
death's dark fears Is the world's best gift in an age of count-less tears!

CHORUS.

The Old Book and the Old Faith Are the Rock on which I stand!
The Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith on which I stand!

The Old Book and the Old Faith.

The Old Book and the Old Faith Are the bul-wark of the land! . . .
The Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith

Thro' storm and stress they stand the test, In ev-'ry clime and na-tion blest;

The Old Book and the Old Faith Are the Hope of ev-'ry land!
The Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith

GRAND CHORUS AT CLOSE. (*May be omitted.*)

Oh, the Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith Are the Rock on which I stand!

rit.

Oh, the Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith Are the Hope of ev-'ry land!

No. 157. O Cross of Love.

T. O. Chisholm.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABR EL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Far back in the a - ges past, Veiled in the mist of years,
2. And gaz - ing up - on that cross, What feel-ings fill my breast!
3. O cross of re-deem-ing love, Stay thou be - fore mine eyes,
4. O won - der-ful cross of Christ, With hearts of men plead on;

A won-drous vi - sion I be - hold, That moves my heart to tears;
What sor - row for my life of sin! What hun - ger - ings for rest!
Lest, wan-der - ing, my heart for - get Thy bleed - ing sac - ri - fice!
Con-strain the wayward, raise the low, And melt the heart of stone;

There, hanging up - on a cross, . . The form of One I see, . .
Then peace, as the peace of heav'n, . . Steals in up - on my soul, . .
Send forth thy re - ful - gent beams . . A - long my pil-grim way, . .
O win for thy-self in earth . . A might - y vic - to - ry, . .

O Cross of Love.

Who suf - fered there a sin - ner's death, That sin - ners might be free.
And tides of deep and ho - ly joy Thro' all my be - ing roll.
And guide my feet, thro' earth - ly night, To realms of fade - less day.
Till right-eous-ness shall flood the earth, As wa - ters flood the sea.

CHORUS.

O cross of love! O cross of pain! My glo-ry and my plea! Up - on thy

arms extended wide, Christ Jesus died for me, . . Christ Je-sus died for me.

rit.

No. 158. Praise Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY W. E. M. HACKELMAN.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A-wake! let songs of joy and glad-ness ring Un - to Him, un - to
2. A-wake, and ren-der more than songs of praise Un - to Him,

Him, Let men with an - gels join His praise to sing, Hal - le -
un - to Him, For, lo! we're in the midst of har - vest day, And the

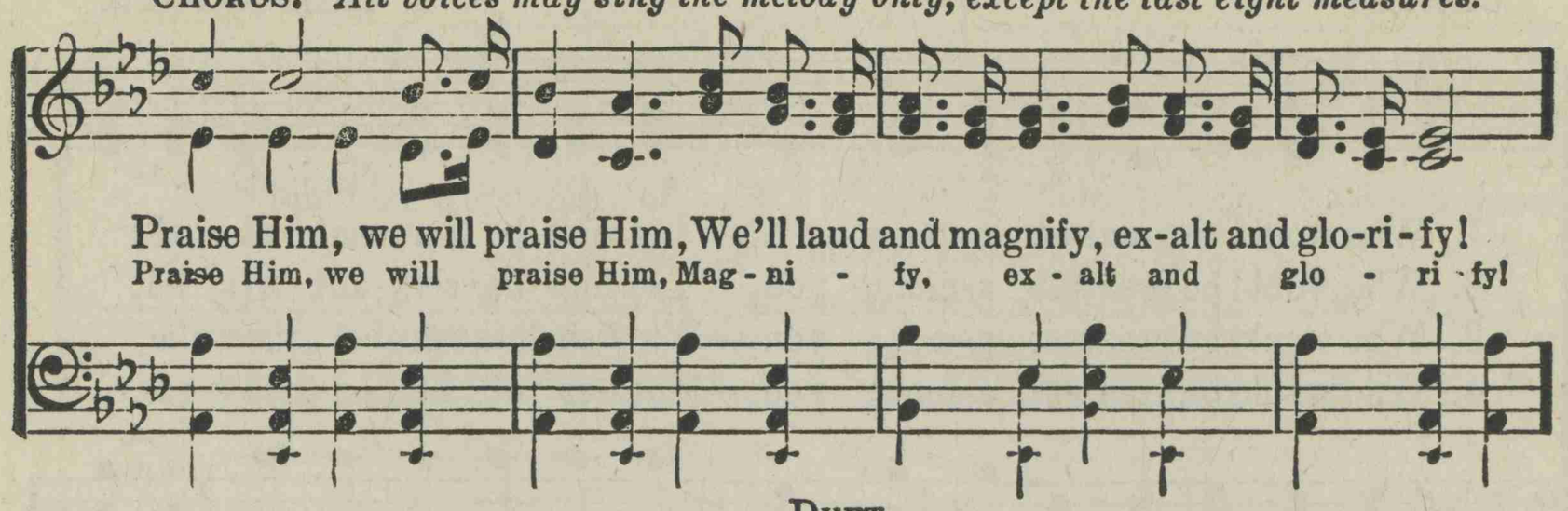
lu - jah to His name! He suffered for me, He bled and died on the tree,
Mas-ter calls for you; Look out o'er the plain; Go forth and gather the grain,
Hal - le-lu - jah
And the Master

For - ev - er His shall the praise and glo-ry be! We'll love, mag - ni - fy, a - dore
For, doubters, love shorn of works will be in vain. Go out to the fields of sin

And praise Him for - ev - er - more, Hal - le - lu - jah to the King!
And gath - er the wan-d'rers in, Call them from the broad high-ways.

Praise Him.

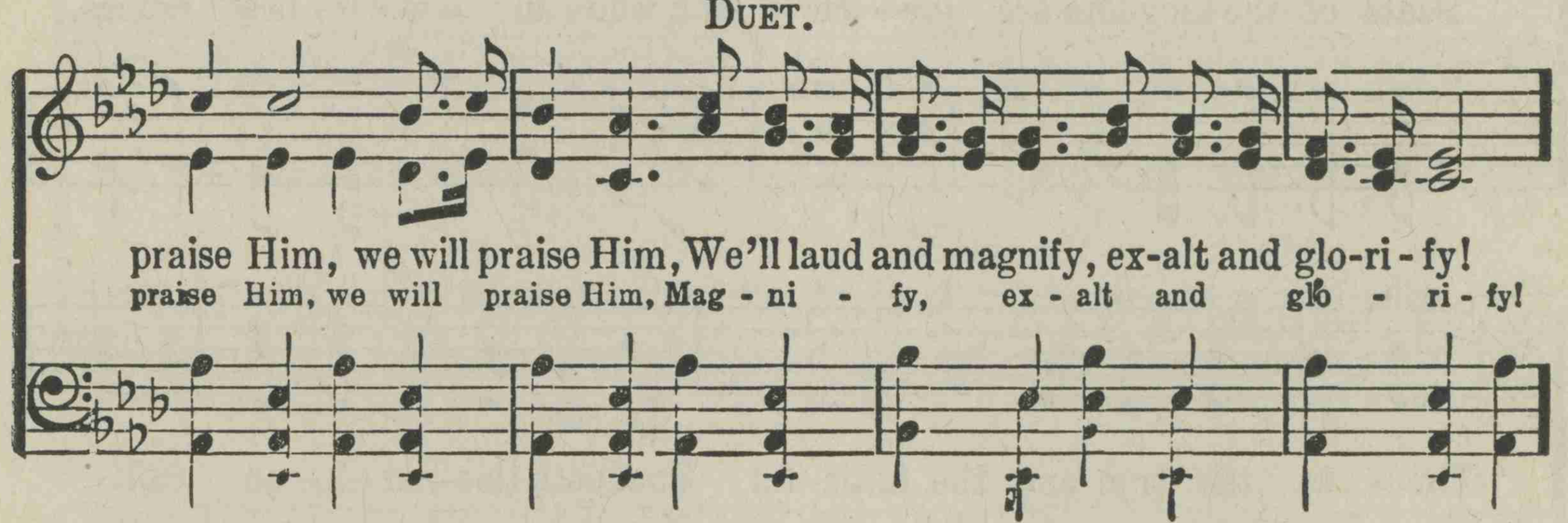
CHORUS. *All voices may sing the melody only, except the last eight measures.*



DUET.

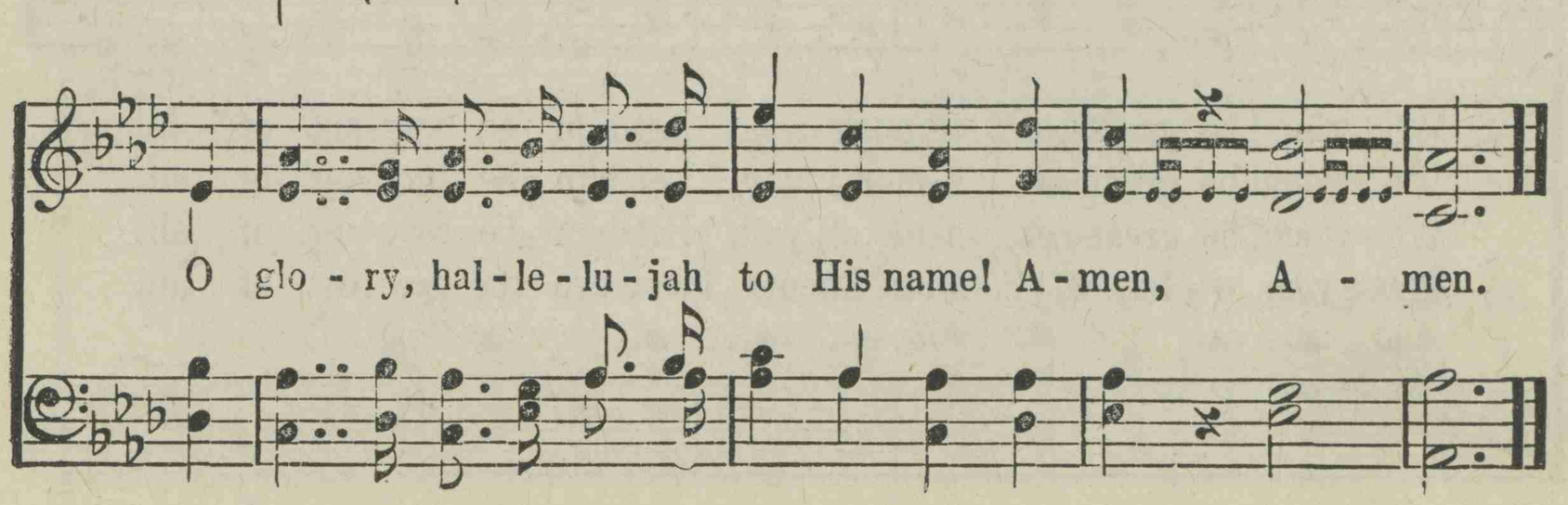


DUET.



VOICES IN HARMONY.





No. 159. Servant of All.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY VAWTER AND HACKLEMAN.

C. A. F. Chas. A. Finch.

1. Who would be greatest a-mong you, Let him be serv-ant of all;
2. Who would be greatest a-mong you, Let him be serv-ant of all;
3. Who would be greatest a-mong you,—What shall the prof-it then be,
4. Who would be greatest a-mong you,—Moth-er of Zeb - e - dee's sons,

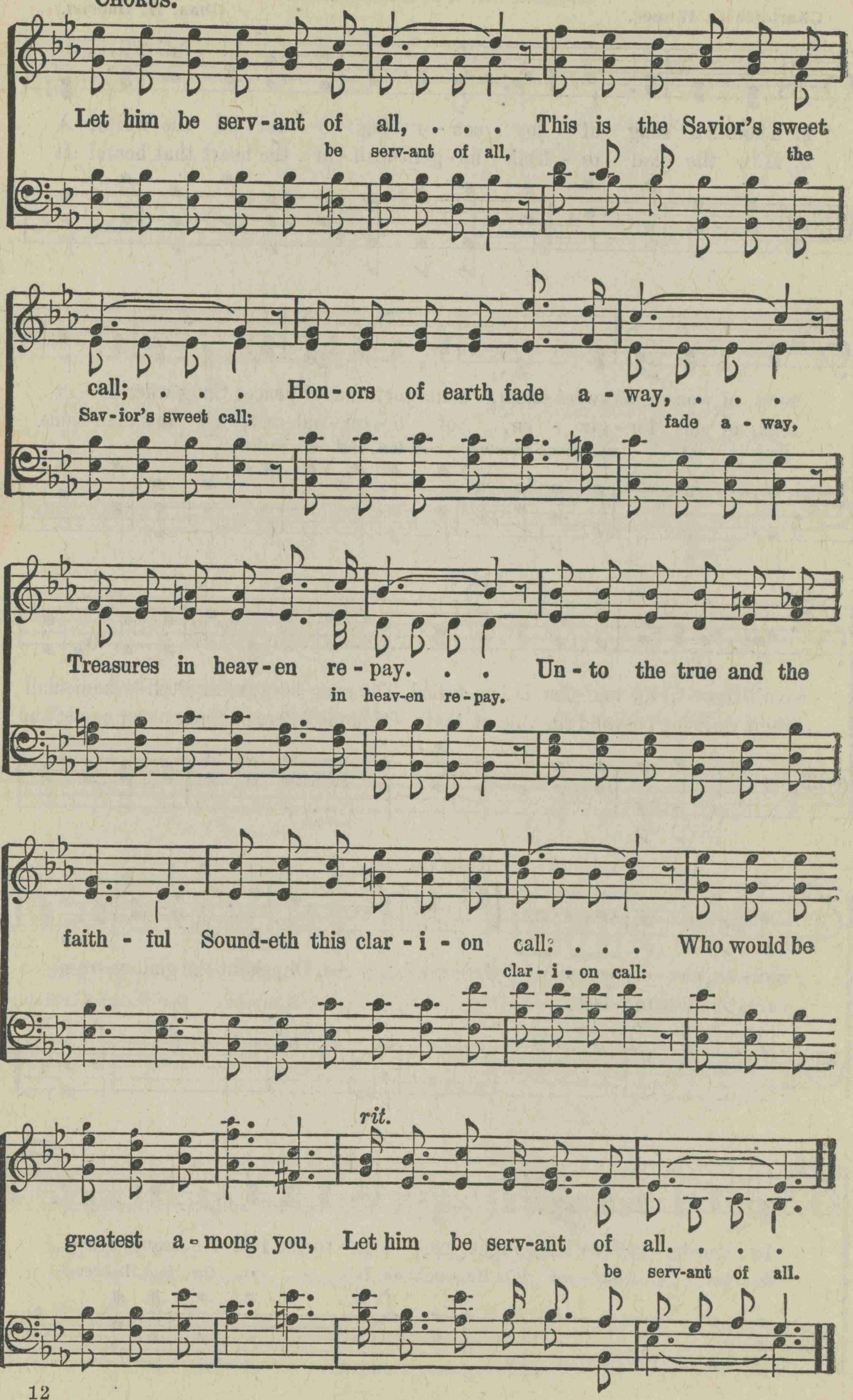
This is the Sav-ior's commandment, This is the Spir-it's sweet call.
Drink of the cup of My sor - row, Taste of earth's wormwood and gall.
Gain - ing the world, if thou los - est Life thro' e - ter - ni - ty?
Seats of the kingdom are giv - en Him who in low - li - ness comes.

Un - to the true and the faith - ful Soundeth this clar - i - on call:
Deep are Geth-sem - a - ne's shad - ows, Yon-der the cross, grim and tall:
Voi - ces of pleas-ure are call - ing Un - to the ban-quet-ing hall:
Thrones on My right and My left hand On - ly to he-roes shall fall:

Who would be great-est a-mong you, Let him be serv-ant of all.
Who would be great-est a-mong you, Let him be serv-ant of all.
Who would be great-est a-mong you, Let him be serv-ant of all.
Those who o - bey My commandments, These are the greatest of all.

Servant of All.

CHORUS.



No. 160. The Song of Joy.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's a song of joy ech - o - ing o - ver all the world, A song of won-drous sweet - ness, com - fort and of peace; Sung wher-ev - er love's beau-ti-ful ban - ner is un-furled, The song be-gun at Beth-le-hem shall

2. How the glad re - frain lin - gers with - in the heart that hears! It tells of sins for - giv - en, of e - ter - nal rest; Of the man-sions bright wait-ing be-yond the vale of tears, Of home where partings never come, and

song of won-drous sweetness, com-fort, and of peace;

REFRAIN.

nev - er, nev - er cease. Je - sus, Je - sus, Oh, shout the glad re-frain!

cares no more mo - lest. Oh, shout the glad re-frain!

In ten-der-est love He sought us, In - to the fold He brought us;

In ten - der - est love He sought us, In - to the fold He brought us;

The Song of Joy.



No. 161.

Unto the Lord.

C. H. G.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Un - to the Lord our King, Prais-es u - ni - ted sing For bless-ings He is show-'ring on our way; Un - der His wing we'll hide, Safe in His love a - bide When sor - row veils the beau - ty of the day.
2. Holding our ban - ner high, Shouting our bat - tle - cry Of "Loy - al - ty to Je - sus!" as we go; March - ing at His com-mand, We shall pos - sess the land, And Sa - tan's kingdom sure - ly o - ver - throw.

𝄋 CHORUS.

Vic - to-ry! Vic-to-ry! Sin has lost the pow'r of condemnation;
Vic-to-ry! Vic - to-ry Thro' the love of Him who once was slain;

Unto the Lord.

Mag-ni-fy! glo-ri-fy! Laud and praise His name in ad-o-ra-tion!

Un-to Him, un-to Him Men and angels shout the glad refrain.

FINE.

May be sung as a Unison Solo.

Safe in His strong and ev-er-last-ing arms, Sin has no ter-rors,
He is a Rock, a strong and Might-y Tow'r! Saved by His grace, kept

death has no a-larms; Trust-ing in Him whose prom-ise can-not
by Al-might-y pow'r: Whom shall we fear? what du-ty may ap-

D. S. Chorus.

fail, We're safe though the hosts of sin as-sail.
pall? We'll praise Him and crown Him Lord of all.

No. 162. Grandly Our Host Is Marching.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Jennie Ree. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Grand-ly our host is march-ing, And loud our song of joy-ous vic-to-ry is ring-ing! Christ is our great Com-mand-er, And at His marching or-ders on we go with sing-ing. Ev-'ry land shall our song re-ech-o, And, by the grace He gives us, ev-'ry na-tion shall sing praise, Shall own our Lord, ac-cept His word, And un-to Him the voice of sup-pli-ca-tion

2. Faith is our dai-ly watch-word, Our hope, the prom-ise of His word that never fail-eth; Trust-ing con-fid-ing, serv-ing, In ev-'ry time of need His love and care a-vail-eth. Bless-ed Mas-ter, we hear Thee call-ing, And with our bat-tle-cry of "Loy-al-ty" we march a-long; Come weal or woe, we'll on-ward go, Un-til in heav'n at last we sing the

Grandly Our Host Is Marching.

CHORUS.

ca - tion raise. On - ward we go with sing - ing, Our mes - sage
vic - tor's song. On we go with sing - ing, sing - ing,

ring - ing, His king-dom near - er bring - ing; Out - ward the gates are
On, His king - dom near - er bring - ing; On, the gates are

swing-ing, That all the world may en - ter in: Yes, On - ward with prayer and
swing - ing, That the world may en - ter in: Yes, On - ward go with

weep-ing Our ranks are sweep - ing, Our faith - ful watch - es keep - ing;
prayer and weep - ing, On - ward sweep - ing, Watch - es keep - ing;

On, till the fruits of reap - ing Are gar-nered from the fields of sin.
On - ward, gath - er fruits of reap - ing From the fields of sin.

No. 163.

Song of America.

C. R. Piety.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Samuel W. Beazley.

f INTRODUCTION.

Unison.

1. Come, friends, sing . . of the country so dear to me, . .
2. Na - tive land, . . that our fathers so brave made free, . .
3. Lord of hosts, . . in Thee doth our na - tion trust, . .

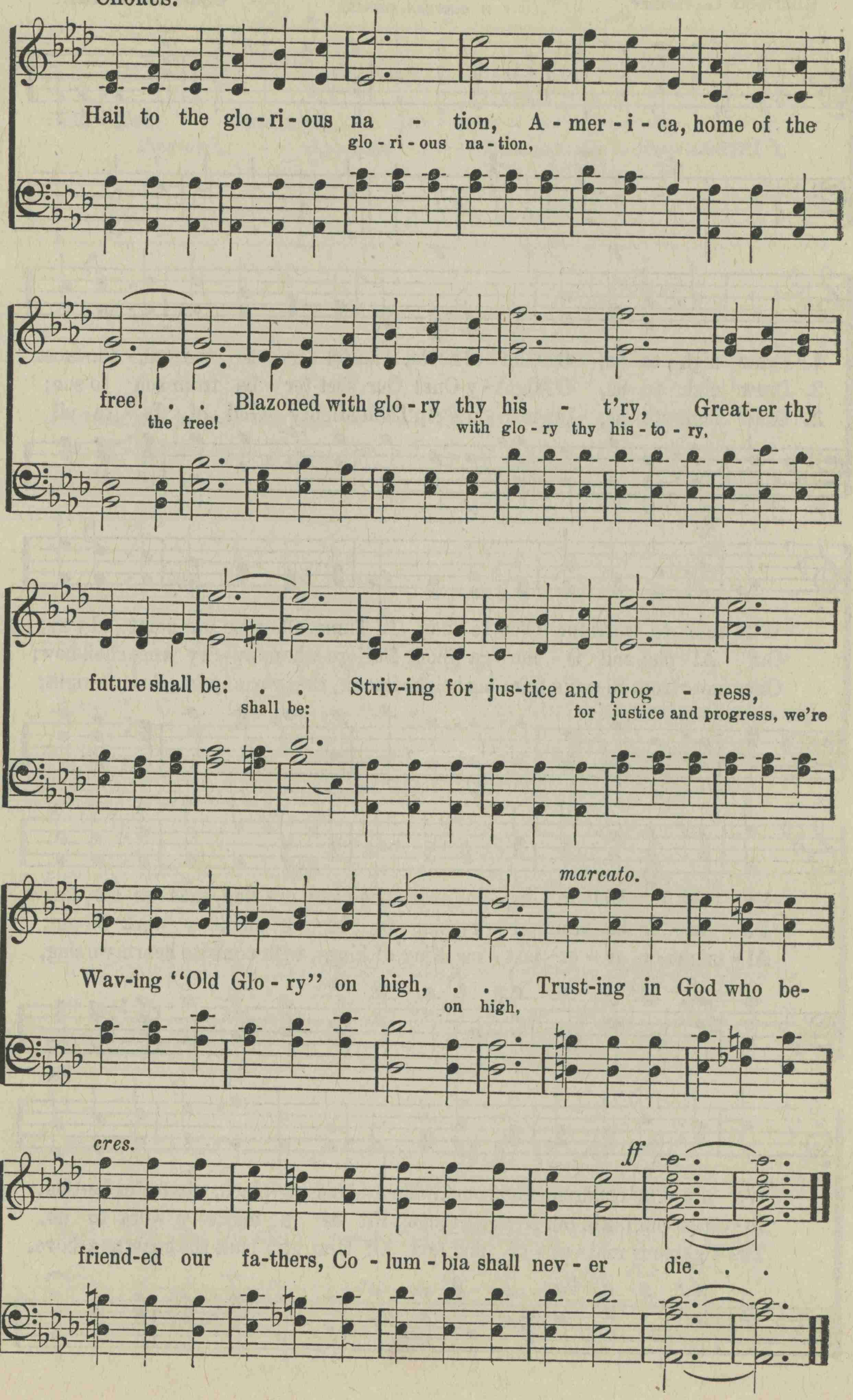
Famed o'er the world . . for sweet lib - er - ty; . .
Match - less re - sourc - es God gave . to . . thee; . .
Au - thor of free - dom, mighty . . and . just, . .

Raise the song with cheer, . . and her virtues so rare ex - tol; . .
May thy sons be true . . and thy honors and wealth in - crease, .
Thro' Thy grace we stand . . as "the many in one" to - day; . .

Join in the glad refrain, let her prais - es roll. . . .
Be just be - fore the world and preserve thy peace. . .
God keep our great re - pub-lic, we ev - er pray. . . .

Song of America.

CHORUS.



No. 164. Draw Nigh, Immanuel.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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ROBT. H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

f INTRO.

1. Draw nigh to us, O God of hosts, And fill us to the ut - ter-most
2. Draw nigh to us, O Might - y One! Our shel-ter be from sun to sun;
3. Draw nigh to us, Im-man - u - el, Thou Mighty God of Is - ra - el!

With zeal to work for Thee to - day, In Thine all - wise ap-point - ed way;
Our Al - pha and O - me - ga Thou Be-fore whom ev - 'ry knee shall bow;
Once more from Si-nai's flam-ing height Speak, that we may be led a-right;

Re - veal Thy will in us, and show Thy hand di - vine, that we may know
De - liv - er us from ev - 'ry sin; In us a might - y work be-gin;
Al - might - y, ev - er - last - ing King of kings, with contrite hearts we sing,

We are Thy children, Thou our Guide And hid-ing-place, what-e'er be-tide.
In - crease our faith, our strength renew, Fit us a might - y work to do.
The righteous maj - es - ty and love Of Him who built the heav'ns a-bove.

Draw Nigh, Immanuel.

CHORUS.

Draw nigh, draw nigh, Im - man - u - el, In

Draw nigh, draw nigh, Draw nigh, Im - man - u - el,

Unison.

grandeur and in maj - es - ty re - veal Thyself to-day; Re - joice, re-

joice, O Is - ra - el, Thy God Omnipotent shall reign with

u - ni-ver-sal sway: In grandeur and in maj - es - ty re - veal Thyself to-

day; Thy God Om-nip - o - tent shall reign with u - ni - ver - sal sway.

No. 165. Men For the Man of Galilee.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

S. J. Duncan Clark. W. E. M. Hackleman.

1. Shout a - loud the stir - ring sum-mons O'er the land from sea to sea,
2. Men are want-ed, men of pur - pose, Men of high or low de - gree,
3. From the count-ing-house and col - lege, From the forge and fac - to - ry,
4. On - ward! are His march-ing or - ders, He who leads to vic - to - ry,

Men are want-ed, men of cour - age, For the Man of Gal - i - lee.
Each to be a fel - low work - er With the Man of Gal - i - lee.
Lo, there throngs a loy - al le - gion For the Man of Gal - i - lee.
On - ward! till the world is ta - ken For the Man of Gal - i - lee.

O Thou Man of Gal - i - lee! Thou who died to make men free,
O Thou Man of Gal - i - lee! In the fight to set men free,
O Thou Man of Gal - i - lee! We will fol - low on - ly Thee,
O Thou Man of Gal - i - lee! We will fol - low on - ly Thee,

O Thou Man of Gal - i - lee! Thou who died to make men free.

ritard.

We will fol - low Thee, our Sav - ior, Bless - ed Man of Gal - i - lee.
We will fol - low Thee, our Cap-tain, Glo - rious Man of Gal - i - lee.
In a life of faith and serv - ice, Bless - ed Man of Gal - i - lee.
O Thou fear - less, peer-less Lead - er, Glo - rious Man of Gal - i - lee.

No. 166. O Beautiful for Spacious Skies.

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Katharine Lee Bates. **S. A. Ward.**

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain,
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet Whose stern, im-pass-ioned stress
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years

For pur - ple mountain maj - es-ties A - bove the fruit-ed plain!
A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A - cross the wil-der - ness!
Who more than self their coun- try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
Thine al - a-bas-ter cit - ies gleam Un-dimmed by hu-man tears!

A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee

And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea.
Con - firm thy soul in self - con-trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
Till all suc - cess be no - ble-ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea.

No. 167. Who is On the Lord's Side?

Frances R. Havergal. **Sir John Goss.**

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers,
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the ar - my,
3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood,
4. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own ar - my

Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
Raise the war-rior-psalm; But for Love that claim - eth Lives for whom He died:
For Thy di - a - dem: With Thy bless-ing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee,
None can o - ver-throw: Round His standard rang - ing, Vic - t'ry is se - cure;

Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,
He whom Je - sus nam - eth Must be on His side. By Thy love con-strain-ing,
Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand re - demp-tion,
For His truth un-chang-ing Makes the tri - umph sure. Joy - ful - ly en - list - ing,

By Thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - ior, we are Thine.

No. 168. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

(GORDON. 11s.) A. J. GORDON,

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur-chased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a-

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath, And say when the death - dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."
crown on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.

No. 169. Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

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P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. Bright - ly beams our Fa - ther's mer - cy From His light - house ev - er - more;
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth - er; Some poor sea - man tem - pest - tossed,

But to us He gives the keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watch-ing, long - ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark - ness may be lost.

Fine.

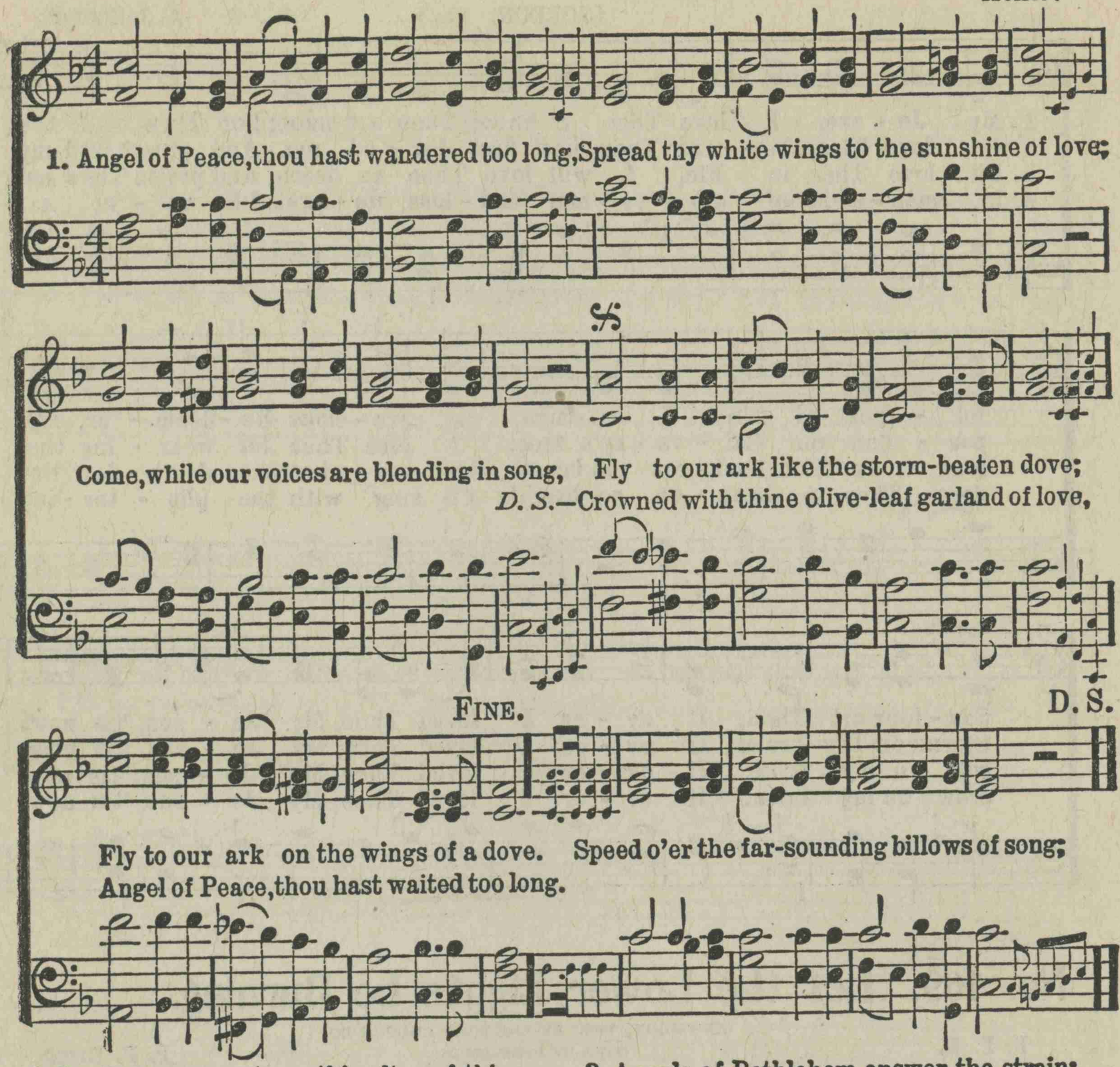
D. S.—Some poor faint-ing, strug-gling sea - man You may res - cue, you may save.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Let the low - er lights be burn - ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!

No. 170. Angel of Peace.

Keller.

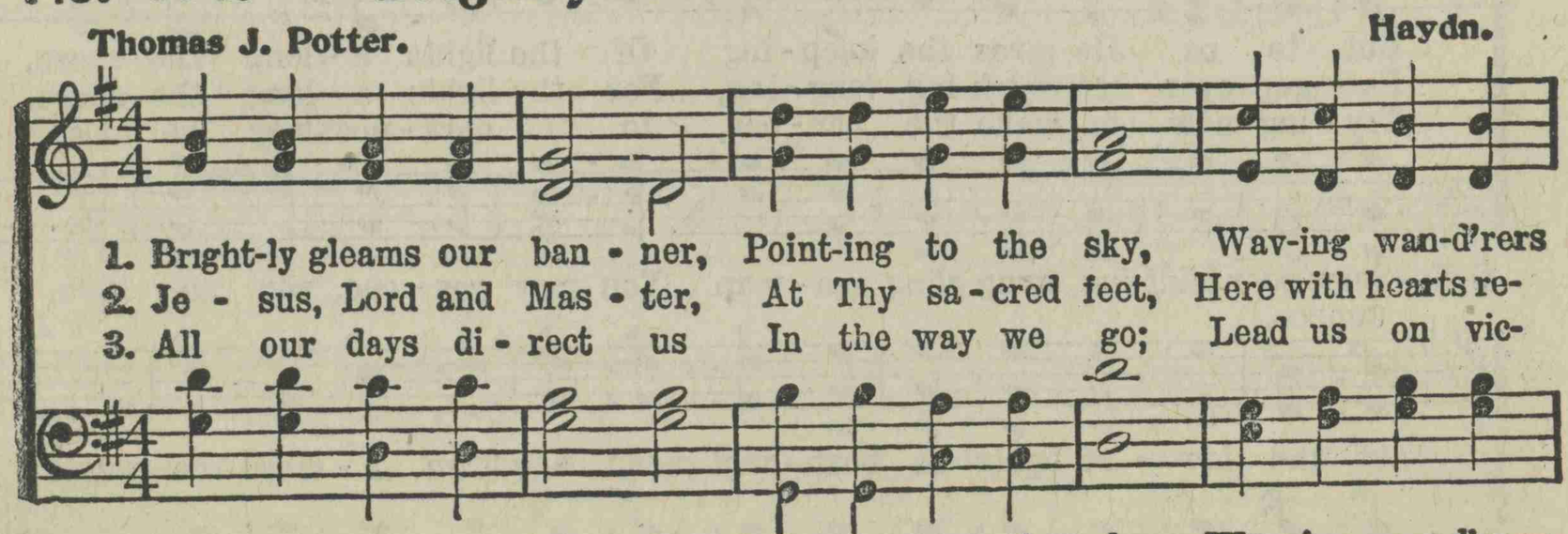


2 Brothers we meet, on this altar of thine
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee;
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,
Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea;
Meadow and mountain, and forest and sea,
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine;
Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,
Brothers once more round this altar of thine.

3 Angels of Bethlehem answer the strain;
Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky!
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main,
Bid the full breath of the organ reply;
Let the loud tempest of voices reply,— [main!
Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky!
Angels of Bethlehem echo the strain.

No. 171. Brightly Gleams Our Banner.

Thomas J. Potter. Haydn.



Brightly Gleams Our Banner.

FINE.

on - ward To their home on high. Journeying o'er the des - ert,
joic - ing See Thy chil - dren meet; Oft - en have we left Thee,
to - rious O - ver ev - 'ry foe: Bid Thine an - gels shield us

on - ward To their home on high.

D. C. for Refrain.

Glad - ly thus we pray, And with hearts u - ni - ted, Take our heav'nward way.
Oft - en gone a - stray; Keep us, might-y Sav - ior, In the nar-row way.
When the storm-clouds lower; Par-don Thou and save us In the last dread hour.

No. 172. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

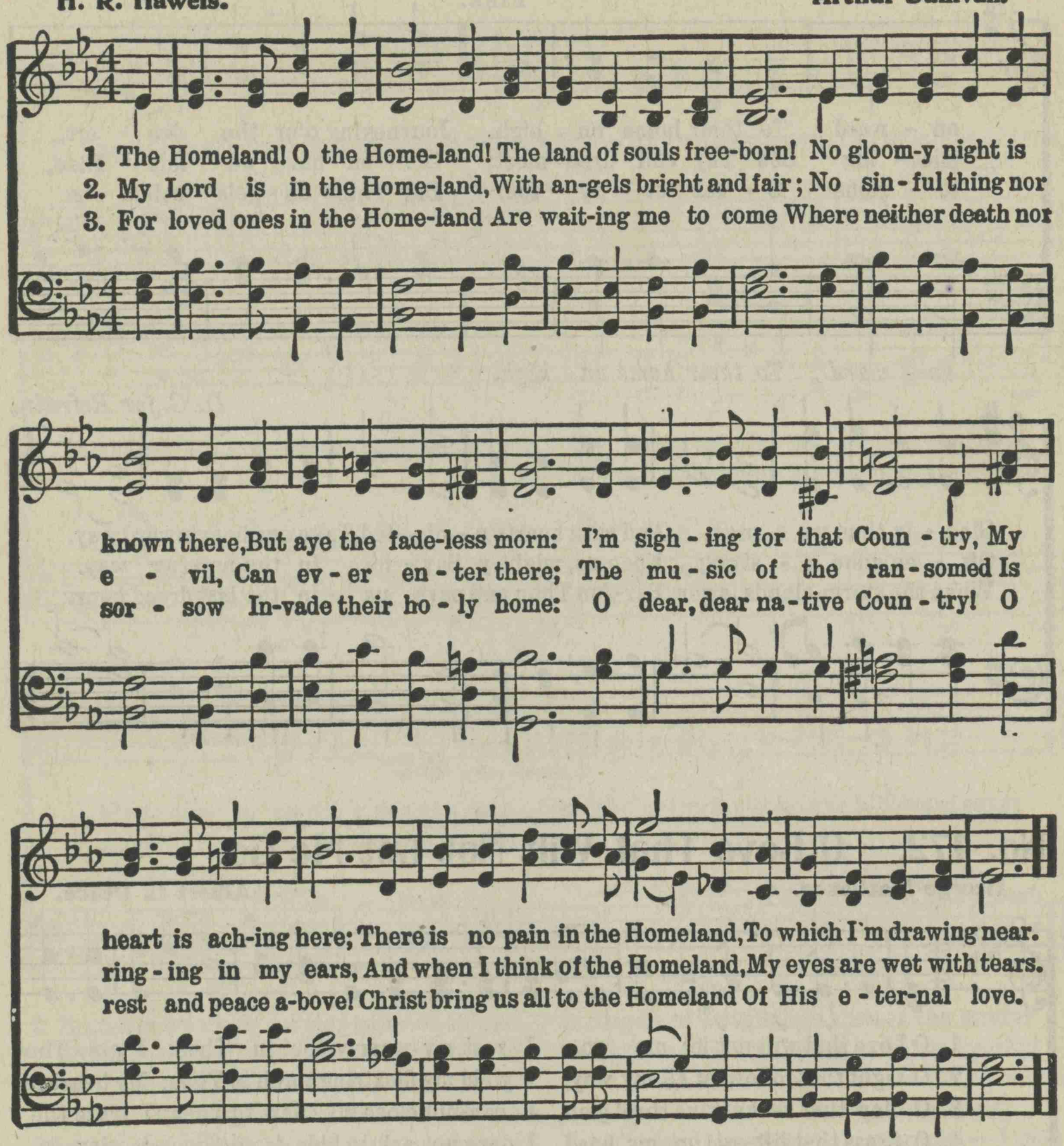
George Matheson. Albert L. Peace.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wear-y soul in Thee; I give Thee
2. O Light that followest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-
3. O Joy that seekest me thro' pain, I can-not close my heart to Thee; I trace the
4. O Cross that lift-est up my head, I dare not ask to hide from Thee; I lay in

back the life I owe, That in Thine ocean depths its flow May rich - er full - er be.
stores its borrowed ray, That in Thy sunshine's glow its day May brighter, fair-er be.
rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the promise is not vain That morn shall tearless be.
dust life's glory dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall endless be.

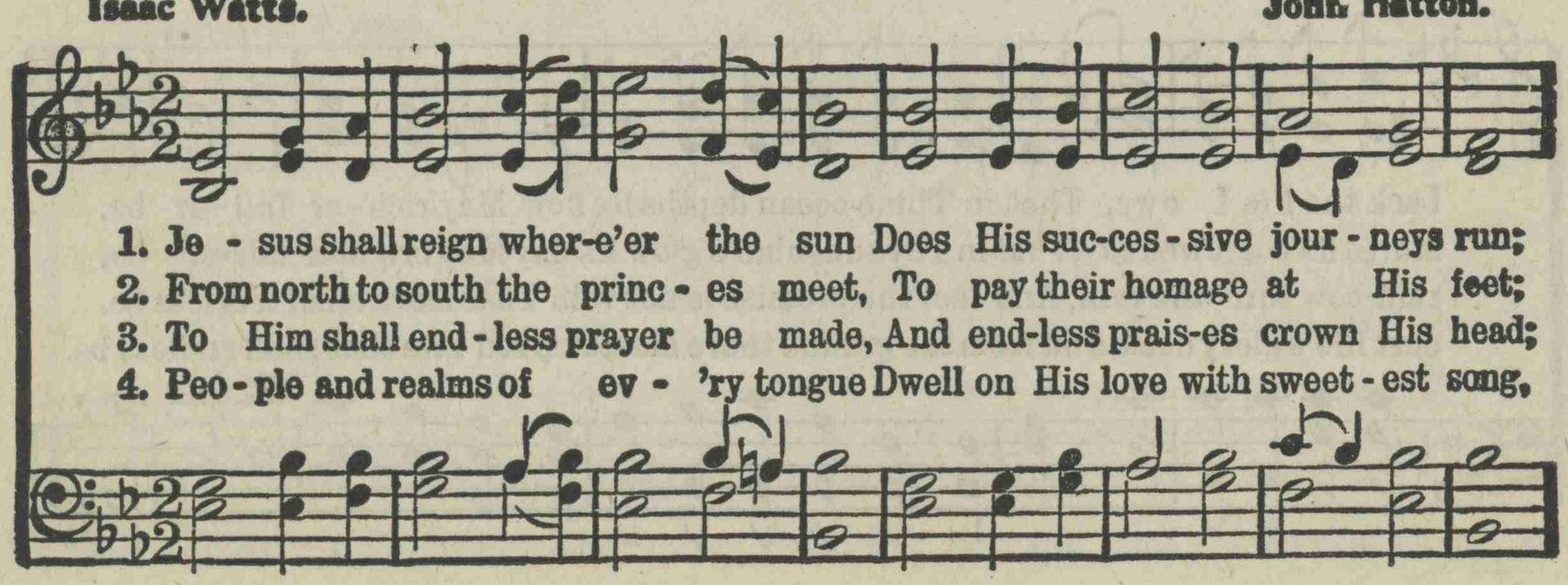
No. 173. The Homeland.

H. R. Haweis. Arthur Sullivan.

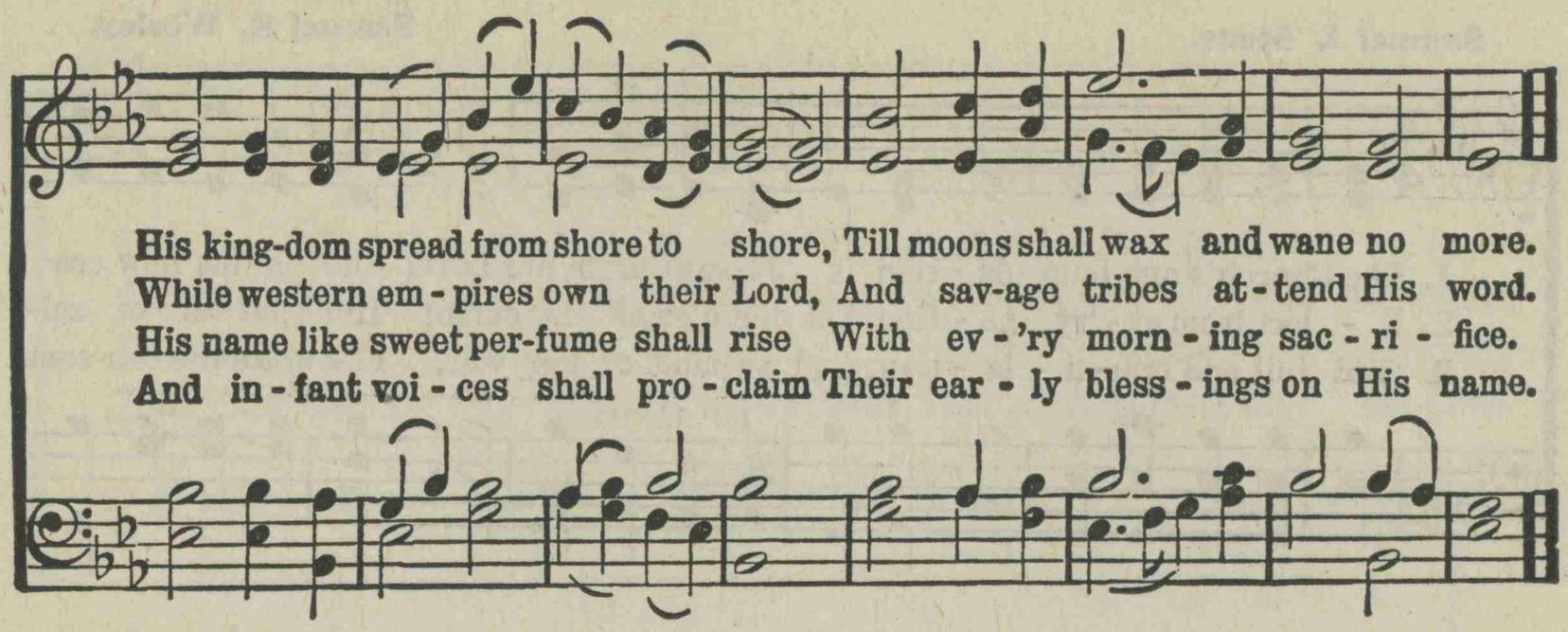


No. 174. Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. John Hatton.

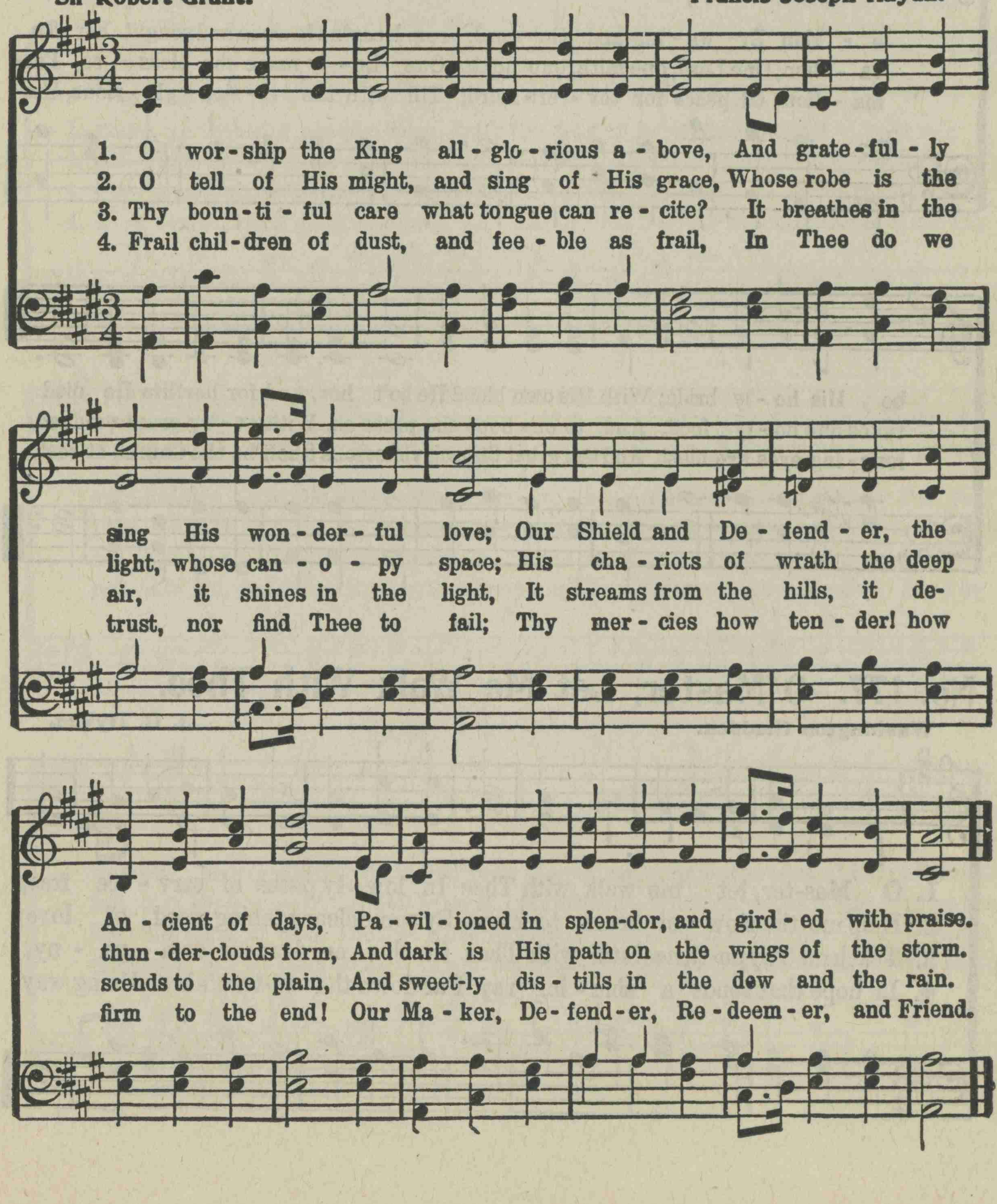


Jesus Shall Reign.



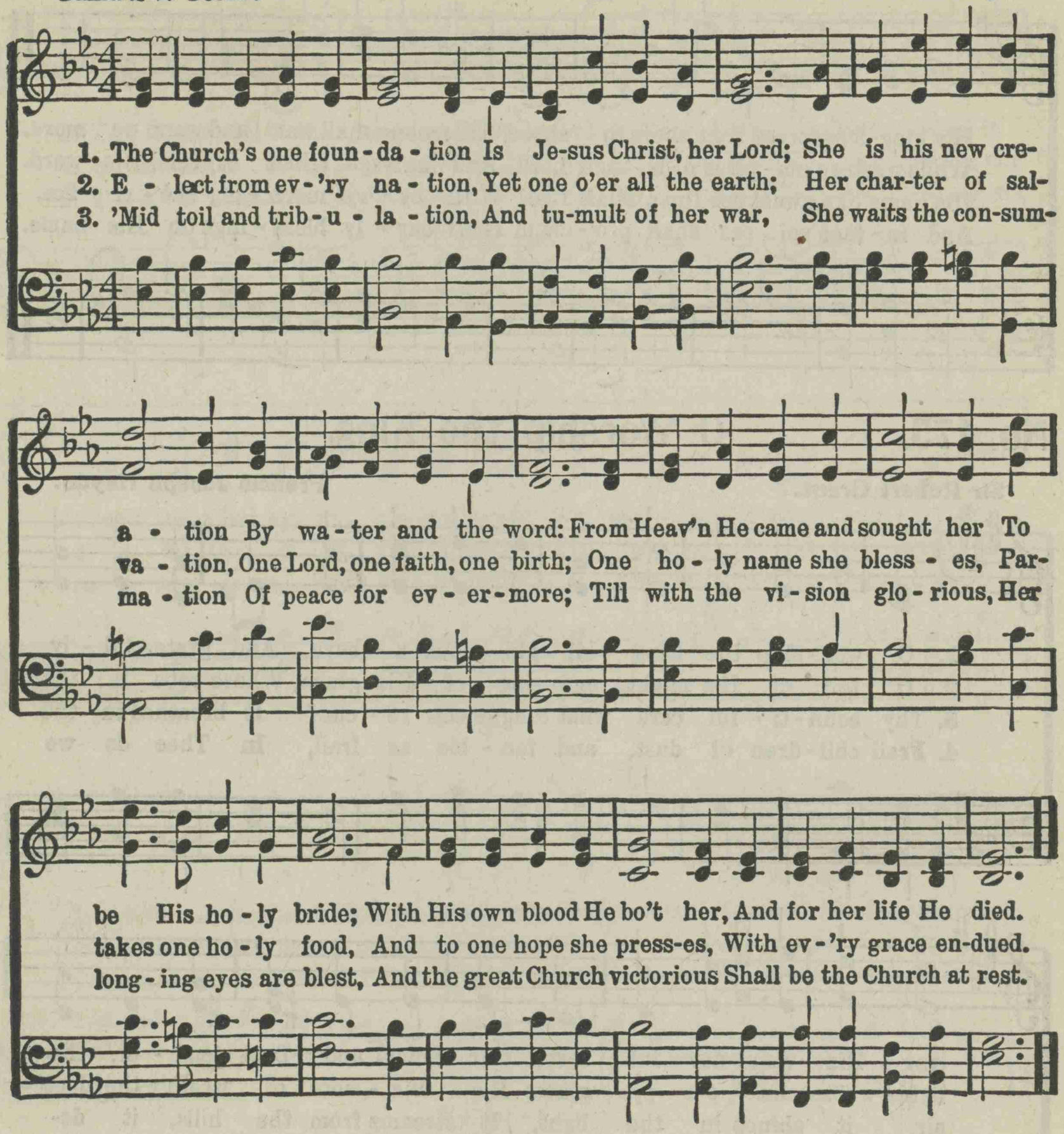
No. 175. O Worship the King.

Sir Robert Grant. Francis Joseph Haydn.



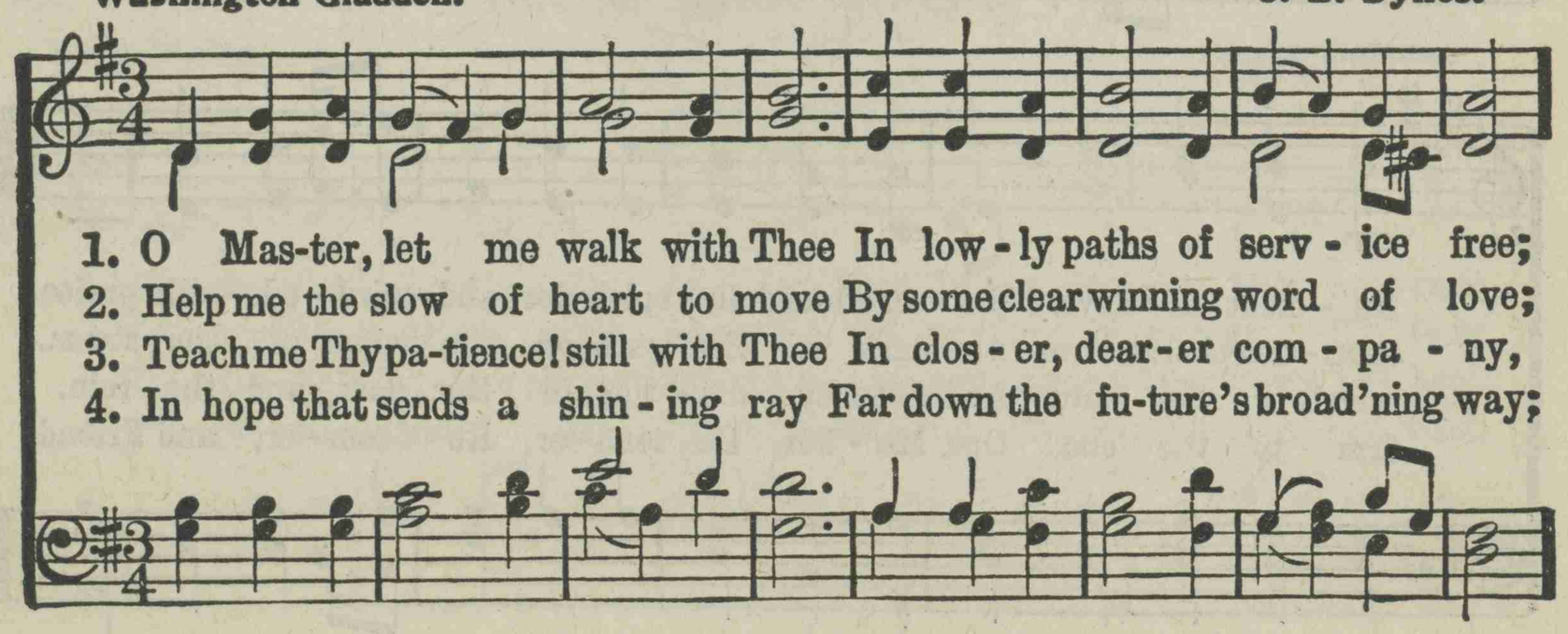
No. 176. The Church's One Foundation.

Samuel J. Stone. Samuel S. Wesley.

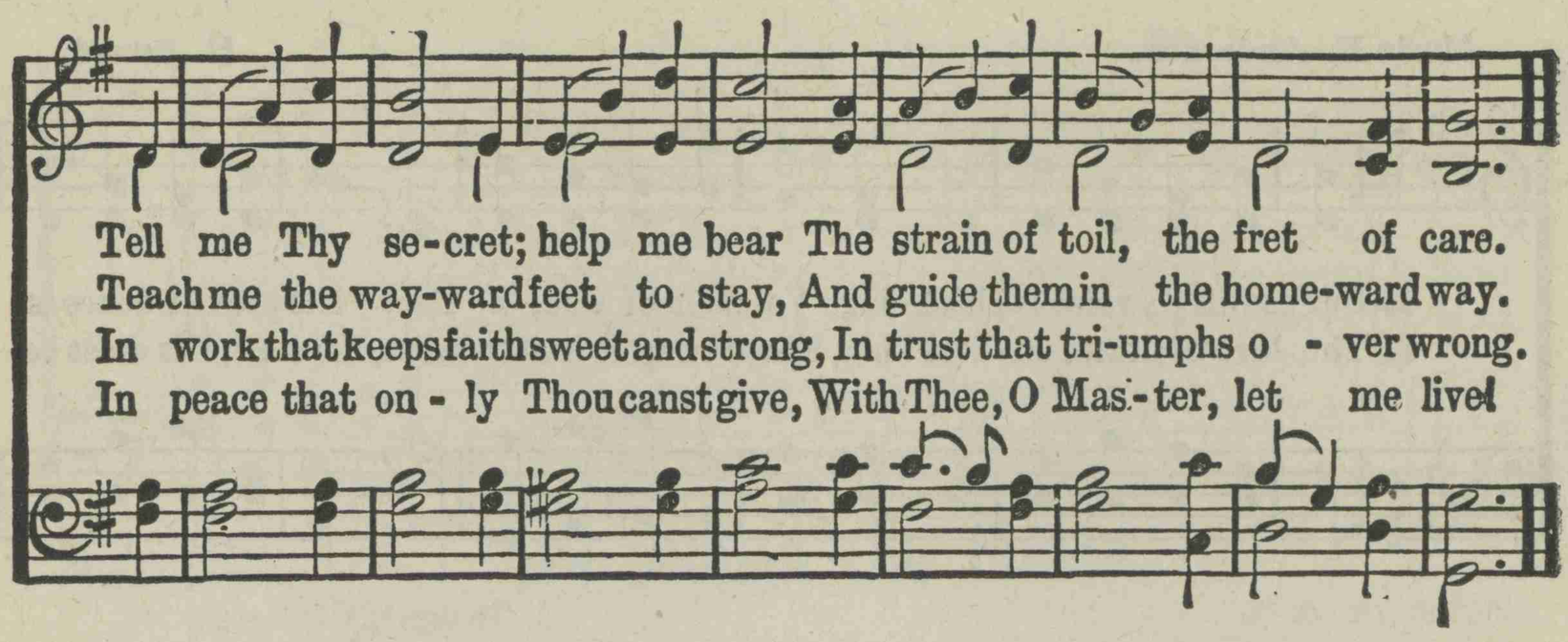


No. 177. O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

Washington Gladden. J. B. Dykes.

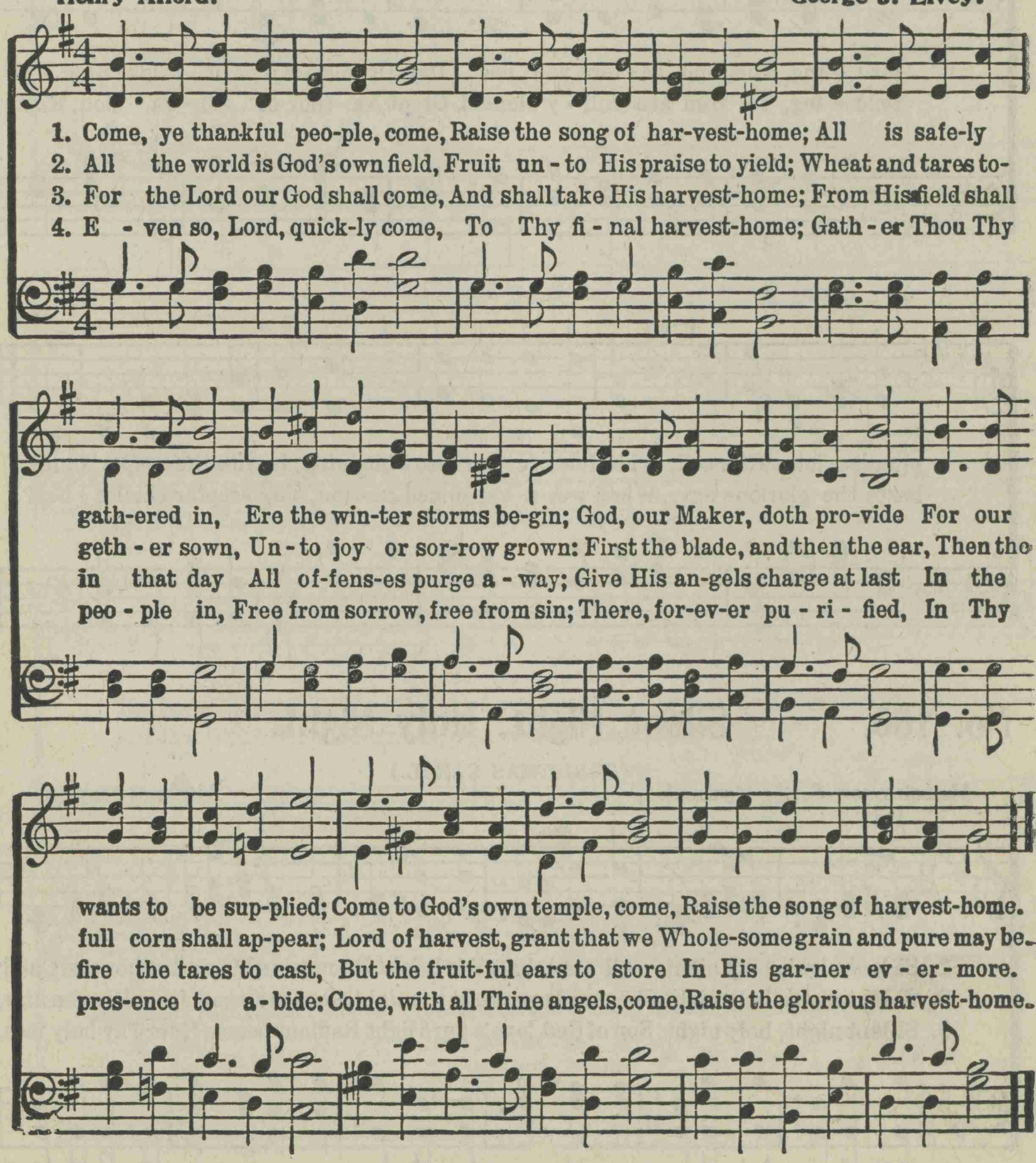


O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.



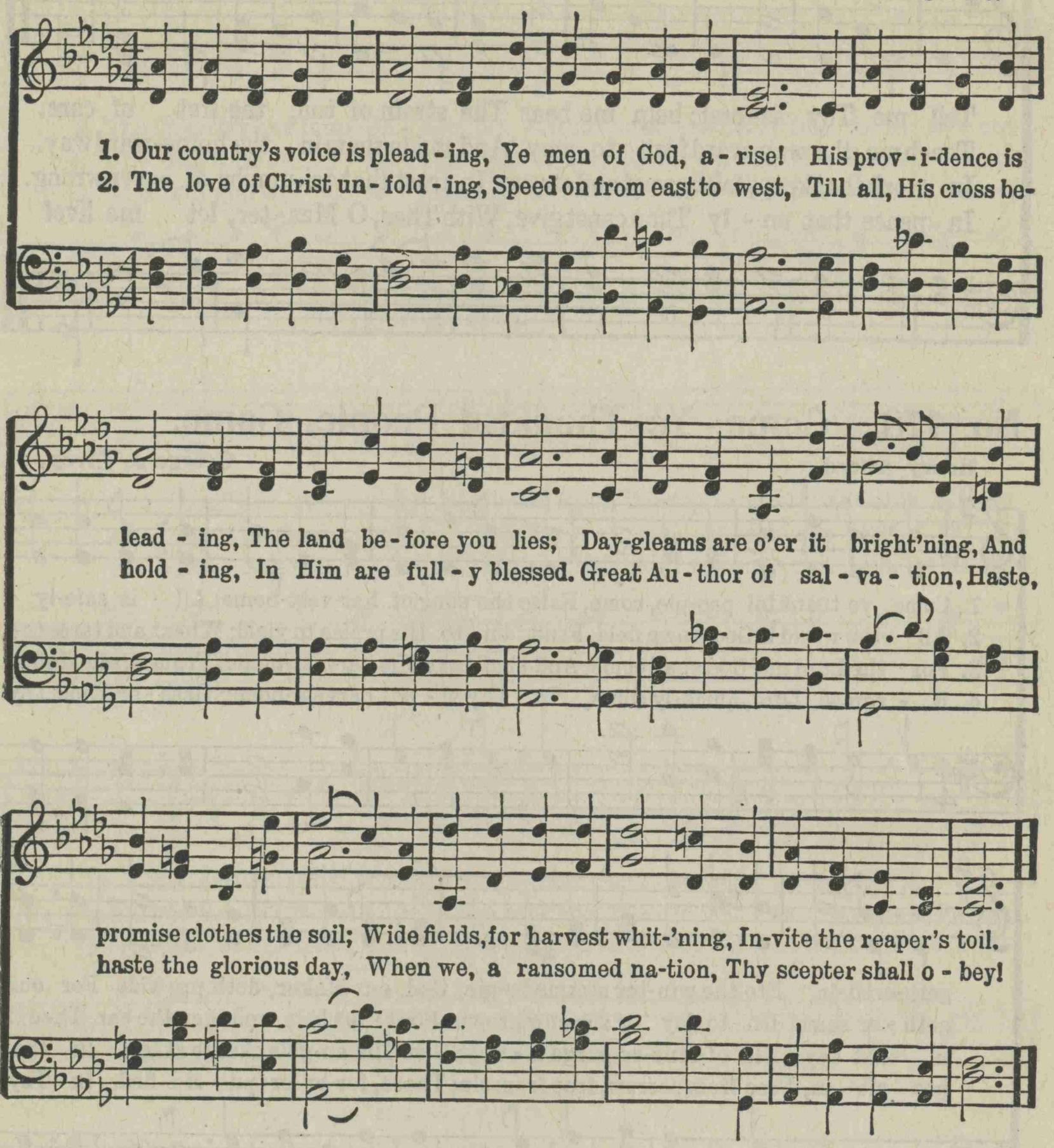
No. 178. Come, Ye Thankful People, Come.

Henry Alford. **George J. Elvey.**



No. 179. Our Country's Voice is Pleading.

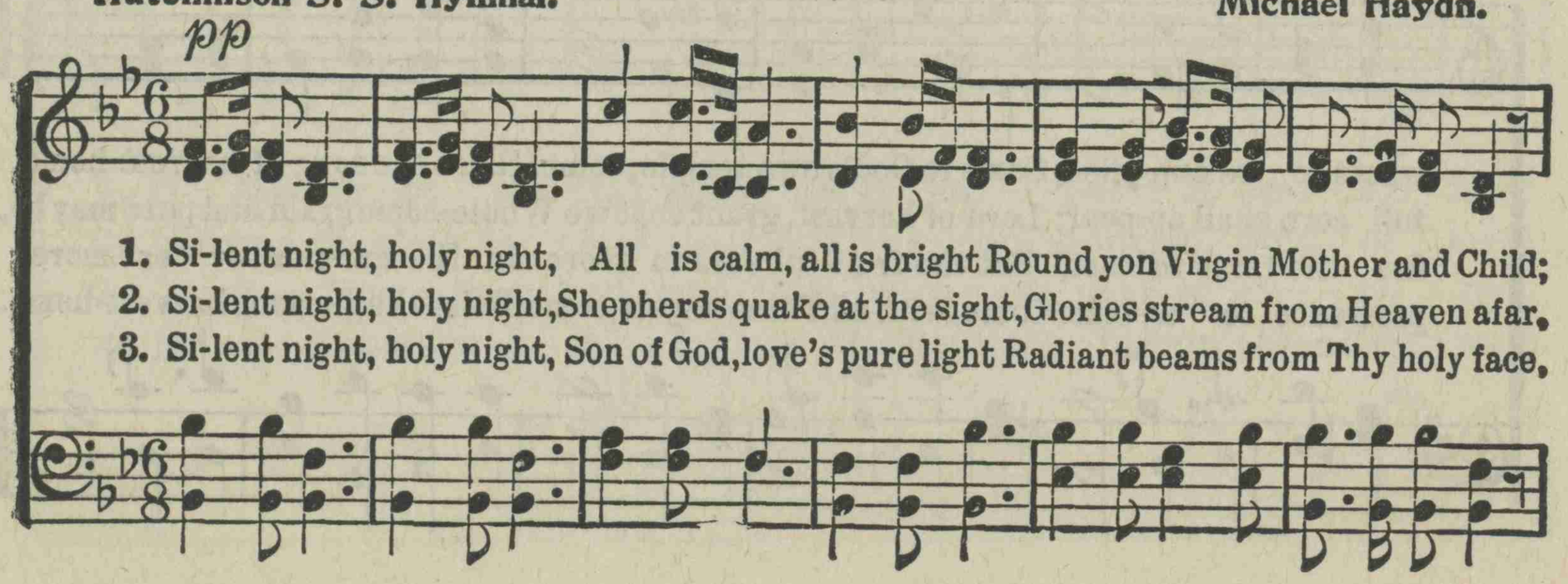
Maria F. Anderson. **H. Smart.**



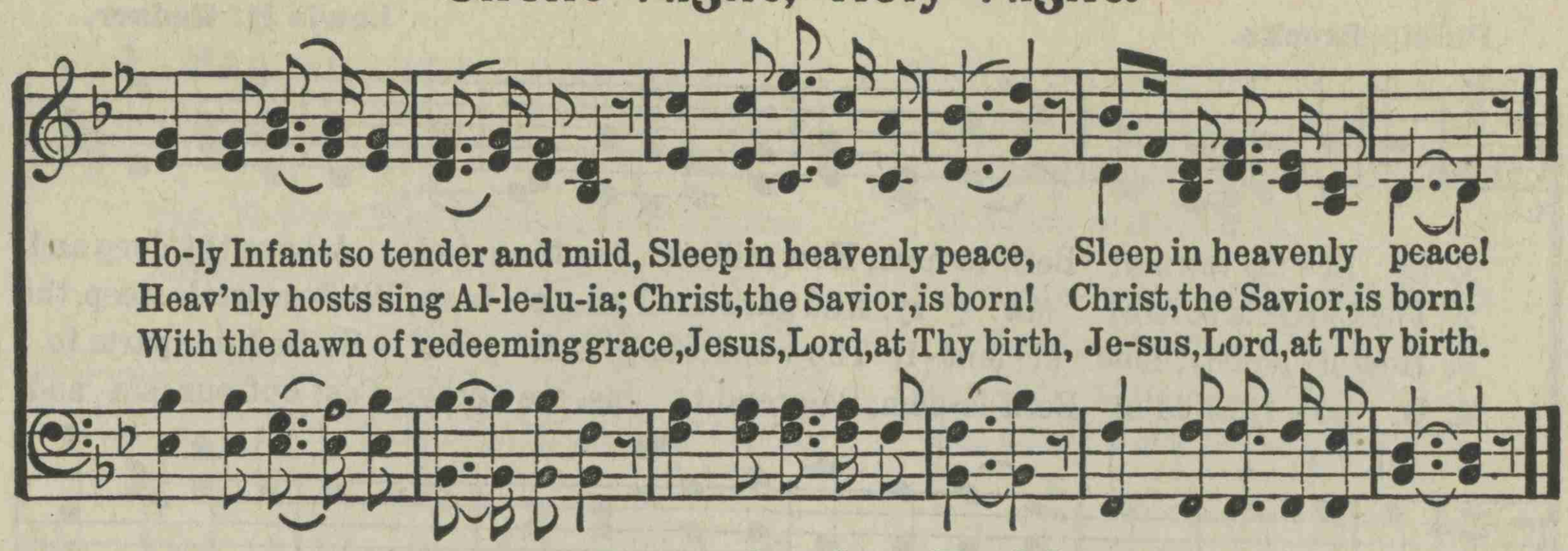
No. 180. Silent Night, Holy Night.

(CHRISTMAS CAROL.)

Hutchinson S. S. Hymnal. **Michael Haydn.**



Silent Night, Holy Night.



No. 181. We Plough the Fields.

Tr. Jane M. Campbell. J. A. P. Schulz.

No. 182. O Little Town of Bethlehem.

Phillip Brooks. Lewis H. Redner.

1. O lit - tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie! A-bove thy deep and
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gath-ered all a - bove, While mortals sleep, the
3. How si - lent-ly, how si - lent - ly The wondrous gift is giv'n! So God im - parts to
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth-le-hem, De-scend to us, we pray; Cast out our sin and

dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The
an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love. O morn-ing stars, to - geth - er Pro-
hu - man hearts The blessings of His heav'n. No ear may hear His com - ing; But
en - ter in,—Be born in us to - day. We hear the Christmas an - gels The

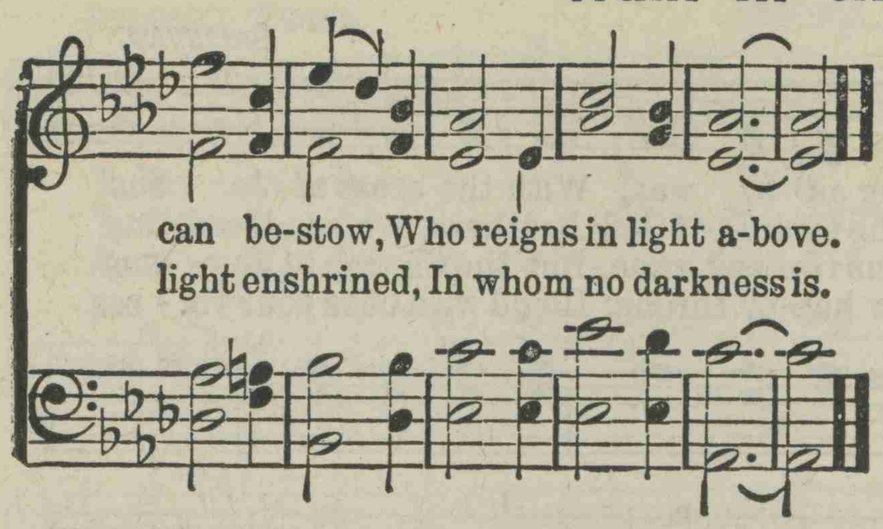
ev - er-last - ing Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
claim the ho - ly birth, And prais-es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
in this world of sin, Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in.
great glad ti-dings tell,— O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em-man - u - el.

No. 183. Walk In the Light.

Bernard Barton. Haydn.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fellowship of love His Spir - it on - ly
2. Walk in the light! and thou shall find Thy heart made truly His, Who dwells in cloudless

Walk In the Light.

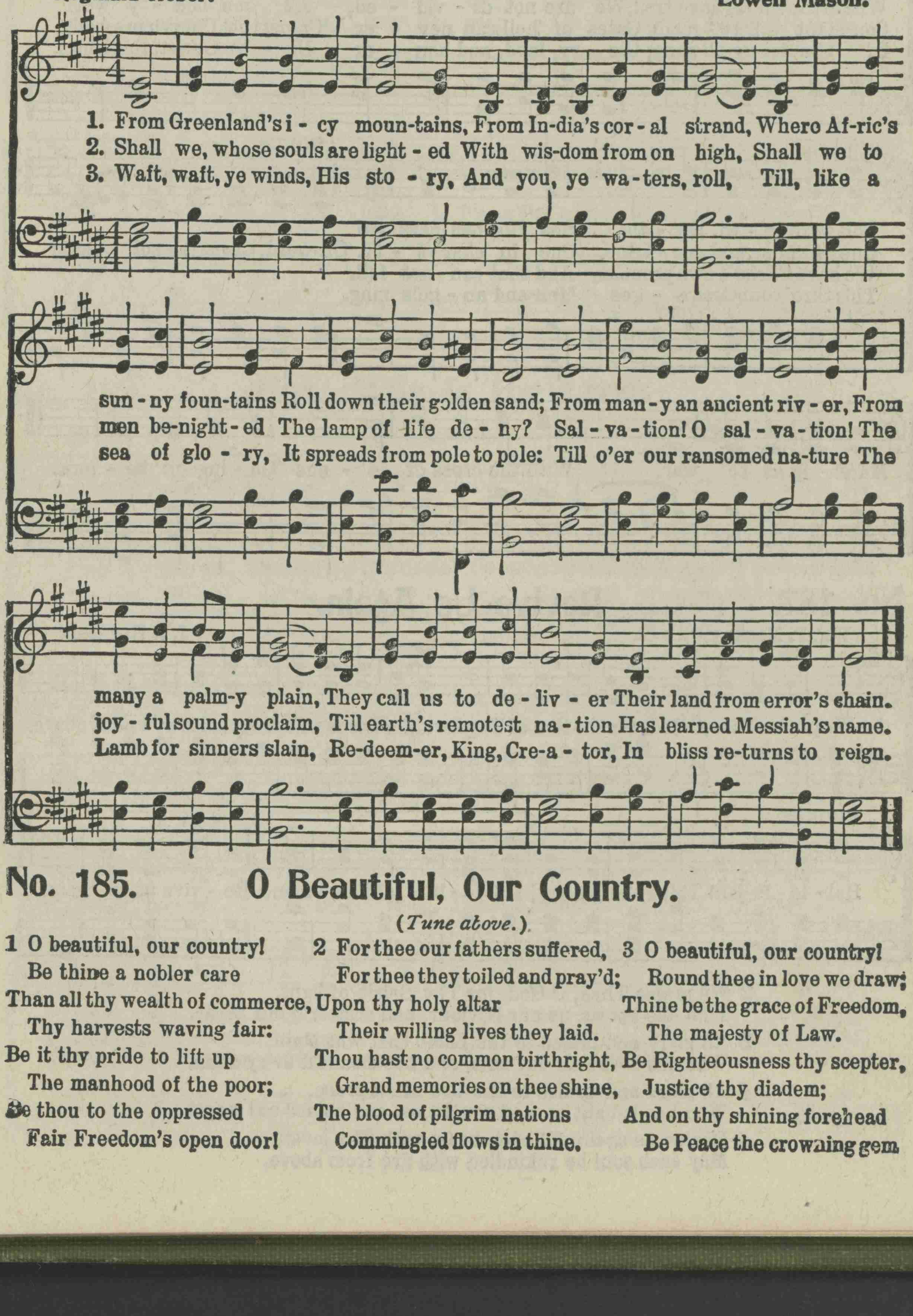


3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

No. 184. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Reginald Heber. Lowell Mason.



No. 185. O Beautiful, Our Country.

(*Tune above.*)

1 O beautiful, our country!
Be thine a nobler care
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
Thy harvests waving fair:
Be it thy pride to lift up
The manhood of the poor;
Be thou to the oppressed
Fair Freedom's open door!

2 For thee our fathers suffered,
For thee they toiled and pray'd;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright,
Grand memories on thee shine,
The blood of pilgrim nations
Commingled flows in thine.

3 O beautiful, our country!
Round thee in love we draw;
Thine be the grace of Freedom,
The majesty of Law.
Be Righteousness thy scepter,
Justice thy diadem;
And on thy shining forehead
Be Peace the crowning gem.

No. 186. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

GOULD. SULLIVAN.

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

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

CHORUS.

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. On-ward, Christian sol - diers!
We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

No. 187. Revive Us Again.

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

1. We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love, For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

CHORUS.

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

2 We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scatter'd our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleans'd ev'ry stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

No. 188. Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER. (NICÆA.) JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing Our song shall rise to Thee:
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns A - round the glass - y sea;
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Tho' the dark - ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, Bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Cher - u - bim and sera - phim Fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and Ev - er-more shalt be.
On - ly Thou art ho - ly, There is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in Love, and pu - ri - ty.

No. 189. Holy, Holy is the Lord.

F. J. C. USED BY PERMISSION. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Sing, O ye peo-ple, glad - ly a-dore Him;
2. Praise Him, praise Him, shout aloud for joy, Watchman of Zi-on, her-ald the sto - ry,
3. King e - ter-nal, bless-ed be His name! So may His children glad-ly a-dore Him,

Let the mountains tremble at His word. Let the hills be joy - ful be-fore Him;
Sin and death His pow-er shall destroy, All the earth shall sing of His glo - ry;
While on earth we swell the happy strain; When we cast our bright crowns before Him;

D.S.—Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord, Let His saints be joy - ful be - fore Him.

Might-y in wisdom, boundless in mer - cy, Great is Je - ho-vah, King o - ver all.
Praise Him, ye an-gels, ye who be-hold Him Robed in His splendor, matchless, di-vine.
There in His likeness, joy - ful a-wak-ing, There we shall see Him, there we shall sing.

No. 190. In the Hour of Trial.

J. MONTGOMERY. (PENITENCE. 6s, 5s, D.) SPENCER LANE.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Fa-ther, strengthen me; Lest by base de - ni - al,
2. With for-bid-den pleasures Would this vain world charm, Or its sor-did treas-ures
3. Should Thy mercy send me Sor-row, care and woe; Or should pain at-tend me

I de - part from Thee. When Thou see'st me wa - ver, With a touch re-
Spread to work me harm; By Thy love sus - tain - ing, Fa-ther, keep Thy
On my path be - low: Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to

call, Nor from Thy dear fa - vor, Suf - fer me to fall.
child; All my foes re - strain-ing, And my pas-sions wild.
see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee. A - men.

No. 191. Hail to the Brightness of Zion's Glad Morning.

WESLEY. (WESLEY. 11s, 10s.) L. MASON.

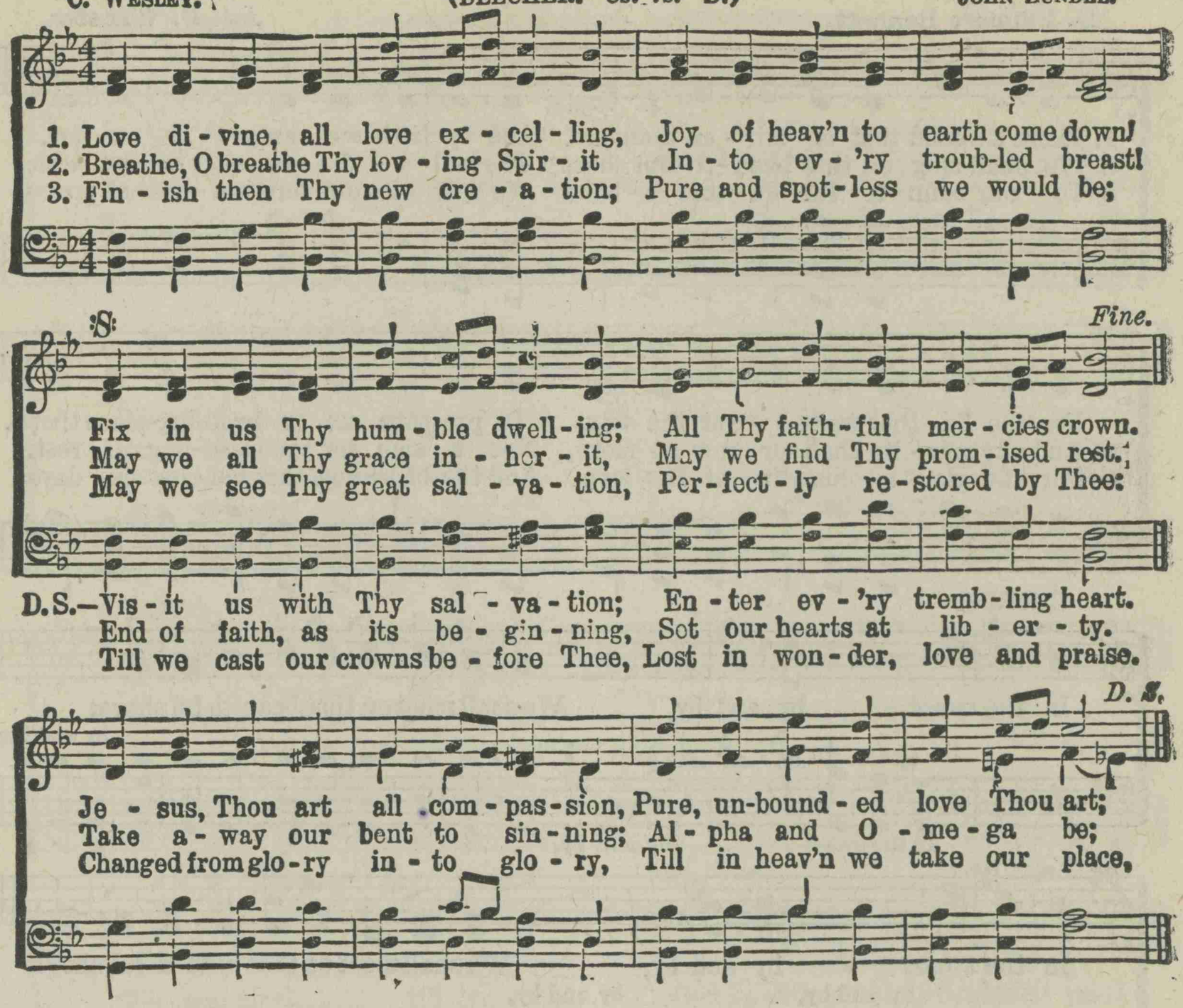
1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing, Joy to the
2. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing, Long by the
3. Lo! in the des - ert rich flow - ers are spring-ing, Streams ev - er
4. See from all lands—from the isles of the o - cean, Praise to Je-

lands that in dark - ness have lain! Hush'd be the ac - cents of sor - row and
proph - ets of Is - rael fore - told; Hail to the mil - lions from bond-age re-
copi - ous are glid - ing a - long; Loud from the mount-ain tops ech - oes are
ho - vah as - cend - ing on high; Fall'n are the en - gines of war and com-

mourn-ing, Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her mild reign.
turn - ing; Gen - tile and Jew the blest vis - ion be - hold.
ring - ing, Wastes rise in ver - dure, and min - gle in song.
mo - tion, Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend - ing the sky. A - men.

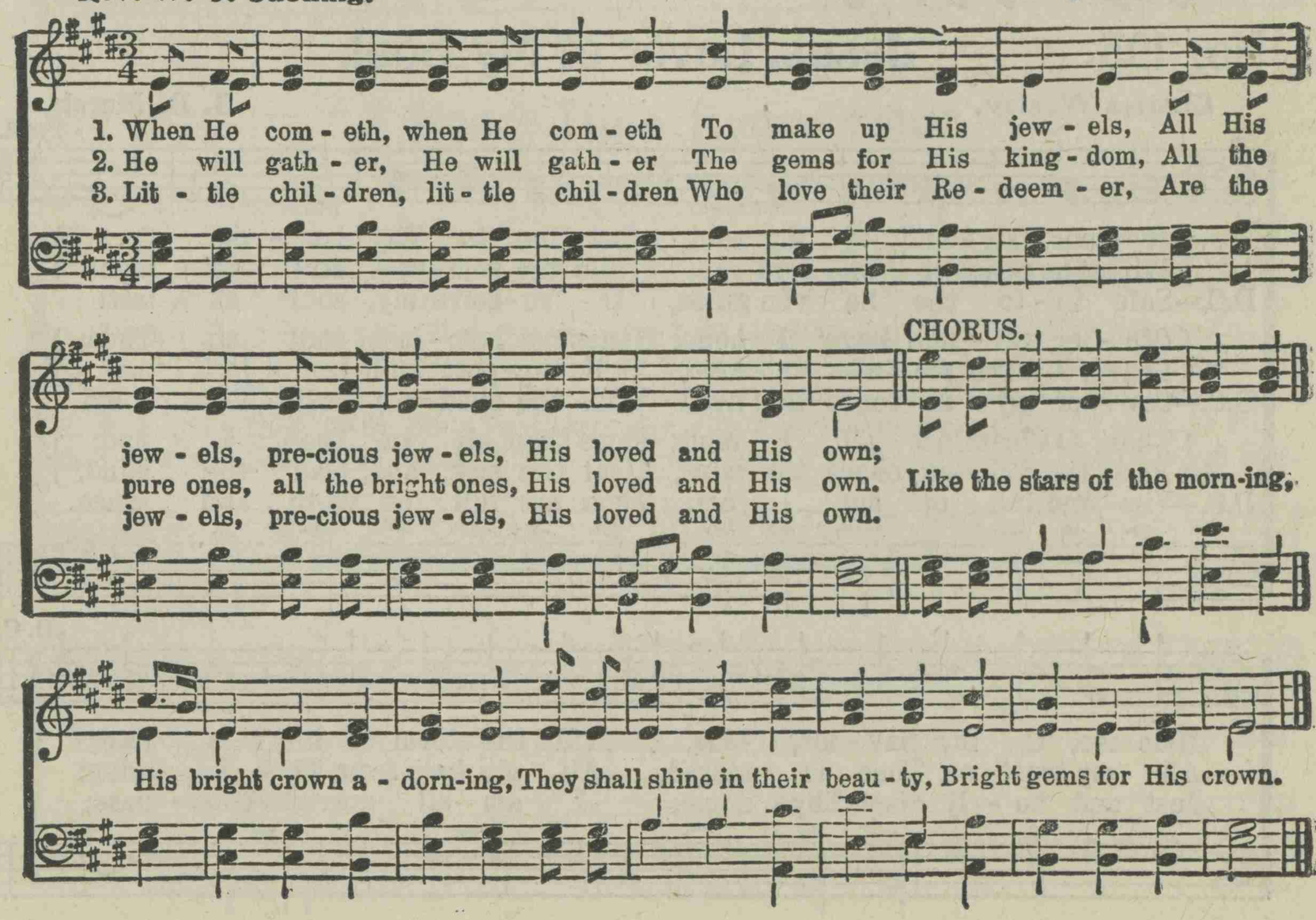
No. 192. Love Divine.

C. WESLEY. (BEECHER. 8s. 7s. D.) JOHN ZUNDEL.



No. 193. Jewels.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.



No. 194. Sweet By and By.

S. Fillmore Bennett. Jos. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far,
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous songs of the blest,
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise,

For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-pare us a dwell-ing-place there.
And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the bless-ings that hal - low our days.

CHORUS.

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore;
by and by;

In the sweet by and by,

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.
by and by, by and by,

No. 195. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. S. B. Marsh.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
   { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high! }
D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!

2. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
   { Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me: }
D.C.—Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing!

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.—Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

D. C.

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

No. 196. God Be With You!

J. E. RANKIN. BY PERMISSION OF J. E. RANKIN, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsel guide, up - hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain,'Neath His wings pro-tect-ing hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner float-ing o'er you;

With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 197 I Need Thee Every Hour.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

ANNIE S. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most gracious Lord; No tender voice like Thine Can peace afford.
2. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh
3. I need Thee ev'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and abide, Or life is vain.
4. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promises In me ful - fill.
5. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most Ho-ly One; O make me Thine indeed, Thou blessed Son.

REFRAIN.

I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev'ry hour I need Thee; O bless me now, my Savior, I come to Thee.

No. 198. I Love to Tell the Story.

CATHARINE HANKEY. WILLIAM G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo-ry,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More wonder-ful it seems Than all the golden fan-cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 199. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. (BETHANY. 6s. 4s.) LOWELL MASON.

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

D. S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee,

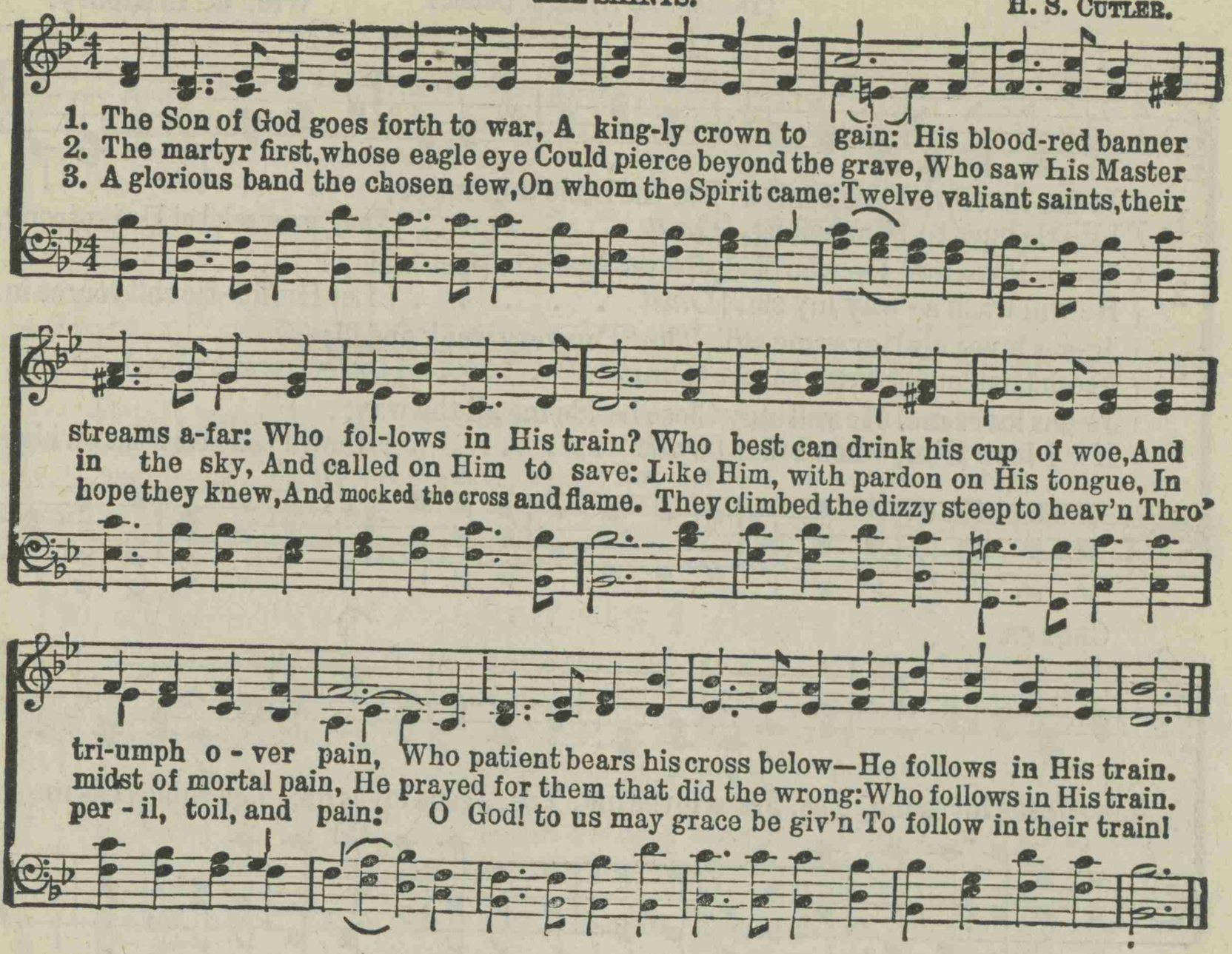
FINE. D. S.

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

Near - er to Thee.

No. 200. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

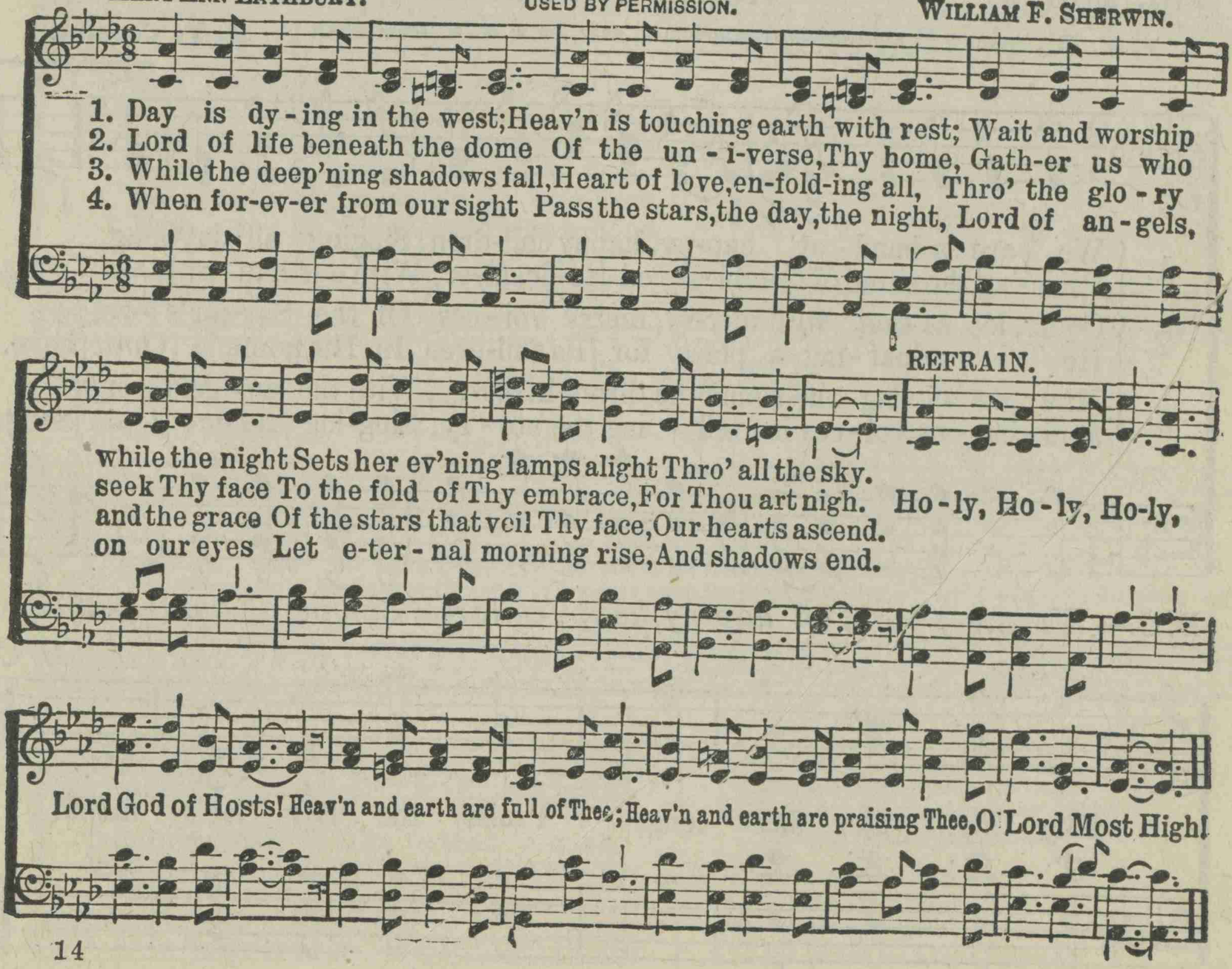
REGINALD HEBER. "ALL SAINTS." H. S. CUTLER.



No. 201. Day is Dying in the West.

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MARY ANN LATHBURY. WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.



No. 202. Jesus Loves Me.

(The favorite Hymn of China.) Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. Je-sus loves me! this I know, For the Bible tells me so;
   Lit-tle ones to Him belong, [*Omit . . . . .*] They are weak but He is strong.

2. Je-sus loves me! He who died, Heaven's gates to open wide,
   He will wash a-way my sin, [*Omit . . . . .*] Let His lit-tle child come in.

3. Je-sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm very weak and ill;
   From His shining throne on high [*Omit . . . . .*] Comes to watch me where I lie.

4. Je-sus loves me! He will stay Close beside me all the way;
   If I love Him, when I die, [*Omit . . . . .*] He will take me home on high.



CHORUS.

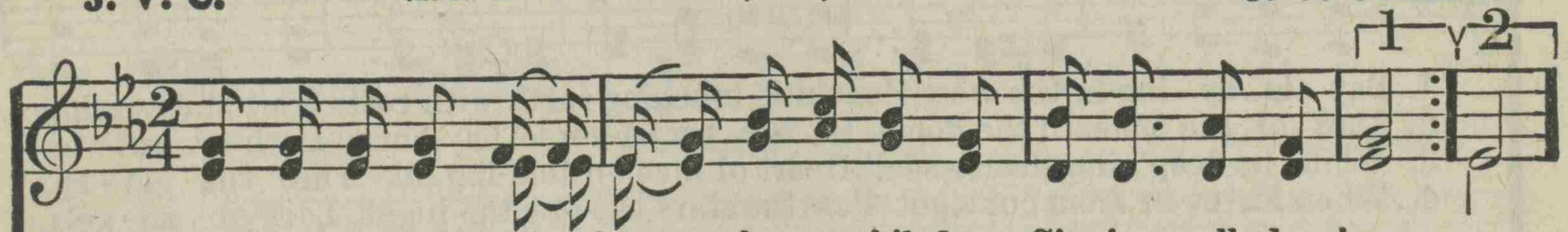


Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bible tells me so.



No. 203. Happy Children.

J. V. C. ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. J. V. Coombs.



1. We are a band of hap-py, happy chil-dren, Singing all day long,
   Prais-ing the name of the bless-ed Re-deem-er, With our hap-py [*Omit*] song.

2. Come, let us sing with mer-ry, merry voi-ces, Of the Sav-ior's love;
   He is pre-par-ing a place for His chil-dren In His home a-[*Omit*] bove.

3. May we all sing a-round the throne in glo-ry, With the an-gel throng;
   Join-ing our voi-ces in tell-ing the sto-ry, Sing-ing the new [*Omit*] song.



D. C.—*We are a band of hap-py, happy children, Singing all day* [*Omit*] *long.*

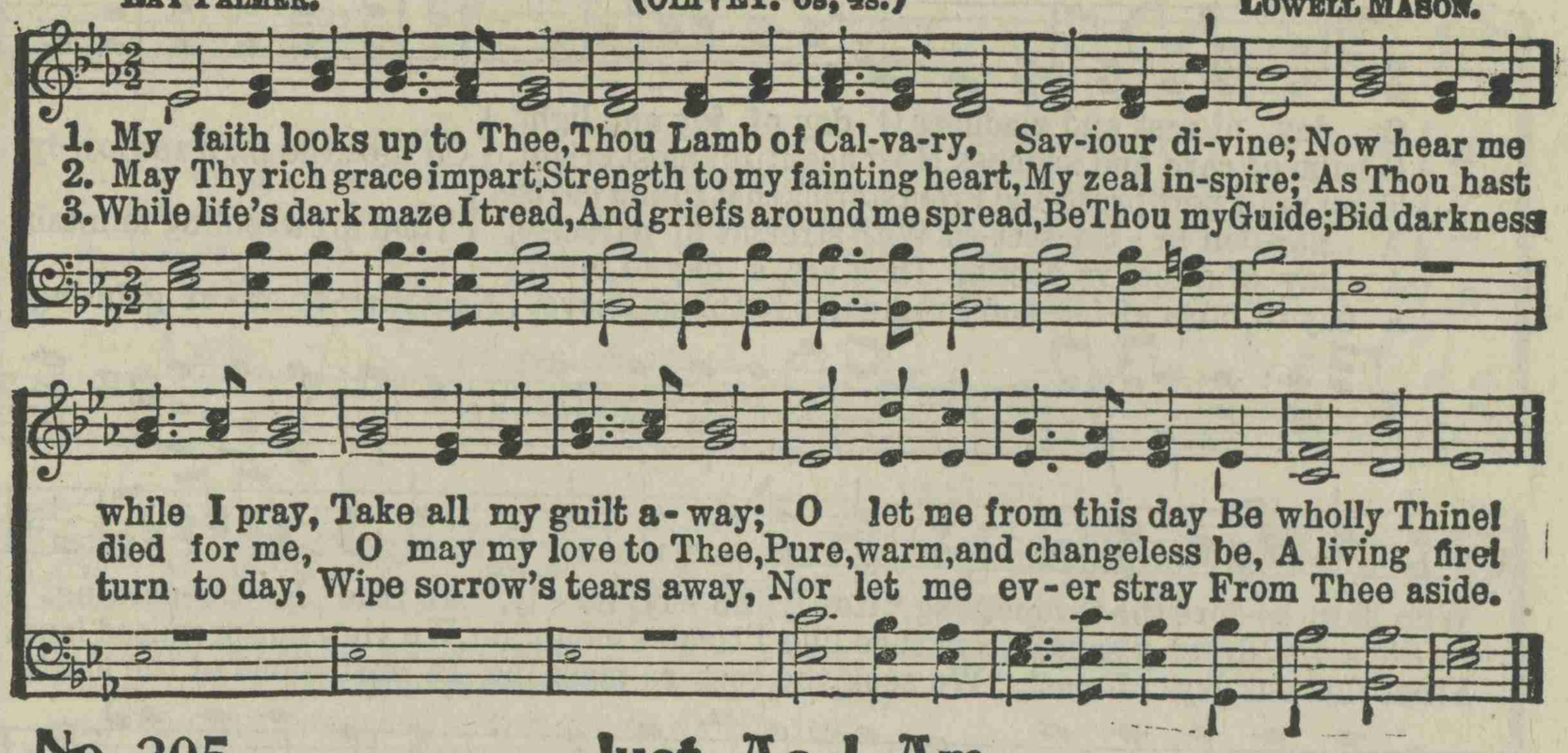
CHORUS. *D. C.*



Sing-ing all day long, Praise the Sav-ior's name!

No. 204. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. (OLIVET. 6s, 4s.) LOWELL MASON.



No. 205. Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (WOODWORTH. L. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.



No. 206. Blest Be the Tie.

JOHN FAWCETT. (DENNIS. S. M.) HANS GEORGE NAGELI.

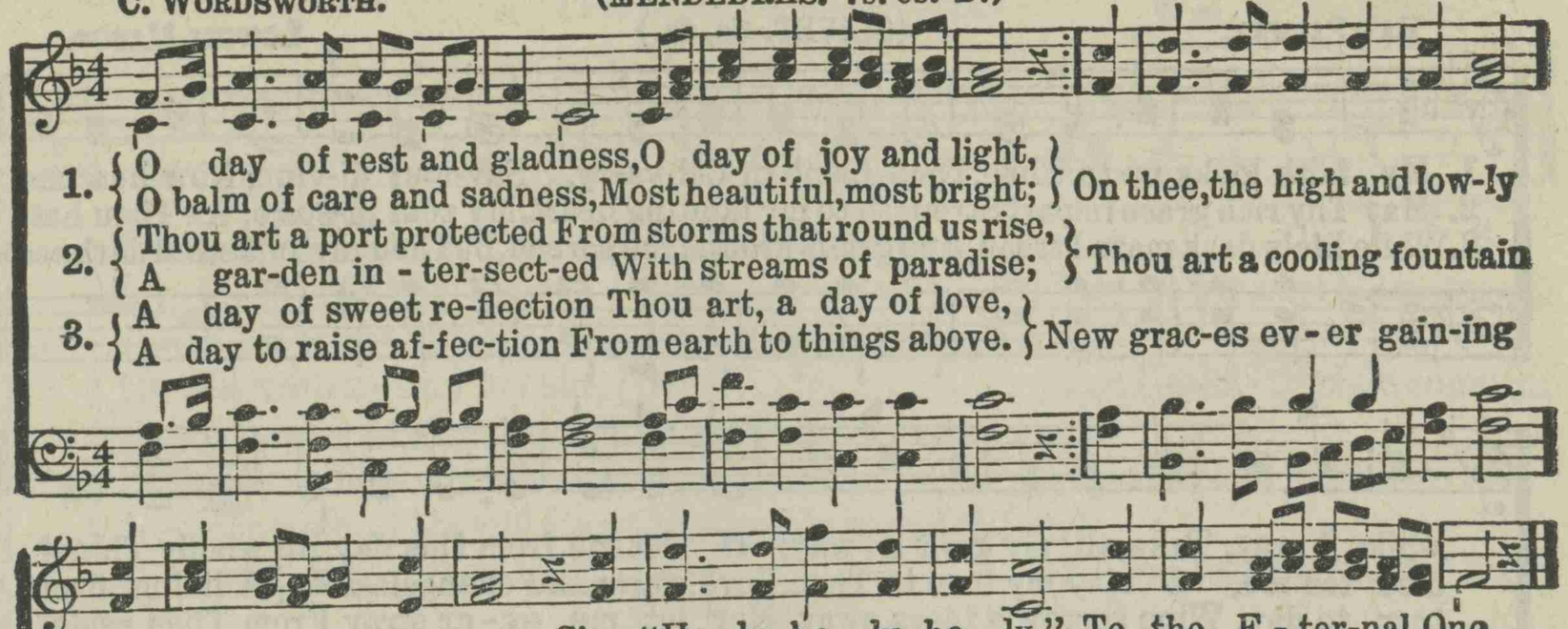


3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

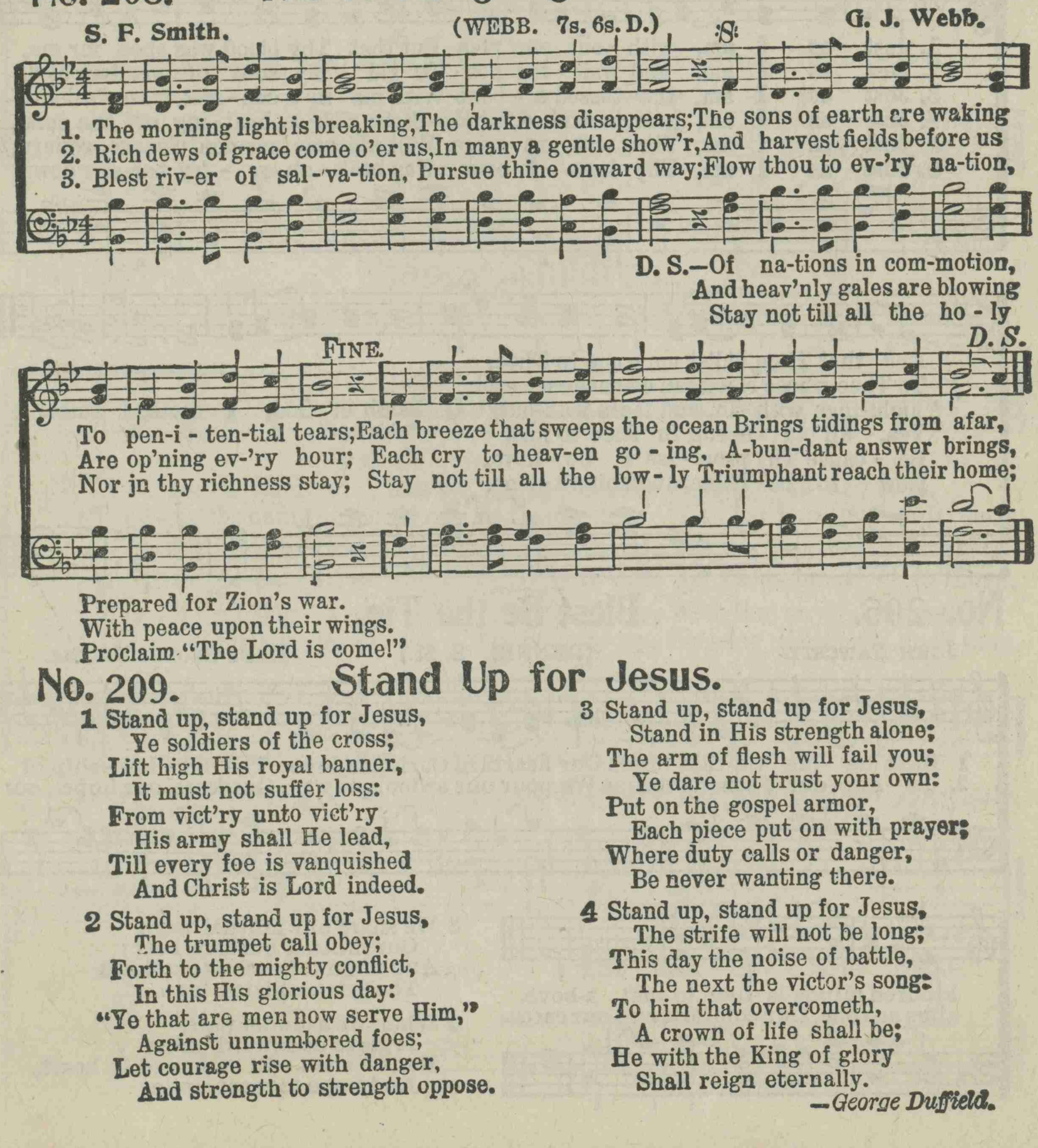
No. 207 O Day of Rest and Gladness.

C. WORDSWORTH. (MENDEBRAS. 7s. 6s. D.) GERMAN.



No. 208. The Morning Light is Breaking.

S. F. Smith. (WEBB. 7s. 6s. D.) G. J. Webb.



No. 209. Stand Up for Jesus.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

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

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

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

—*George Duffield.*

No. 210. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

E. PERRONET. (DIADEM. C. M.) Arr. by T. RICHARDS.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an-gels prostrate fall, Let an - gels
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransom'd from the fall, Ye ran-som'd
3. Sin-ners whose love can ne'er for-get The wormwood and the gall, The wormwood
4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter-res-trial ball, On this ter-
5. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall, We at His

prostrate fall, Bring forth the roy-al di - a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
from the fall; Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
and the gall, Go spread your trophies at His feet,
res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song,

And crown.....

And crown.....

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,

Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,

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

Him, crown Him, crown .....Him,

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

No. 211. Coronation.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di - a-

dem, And crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 212. Miles Lane.

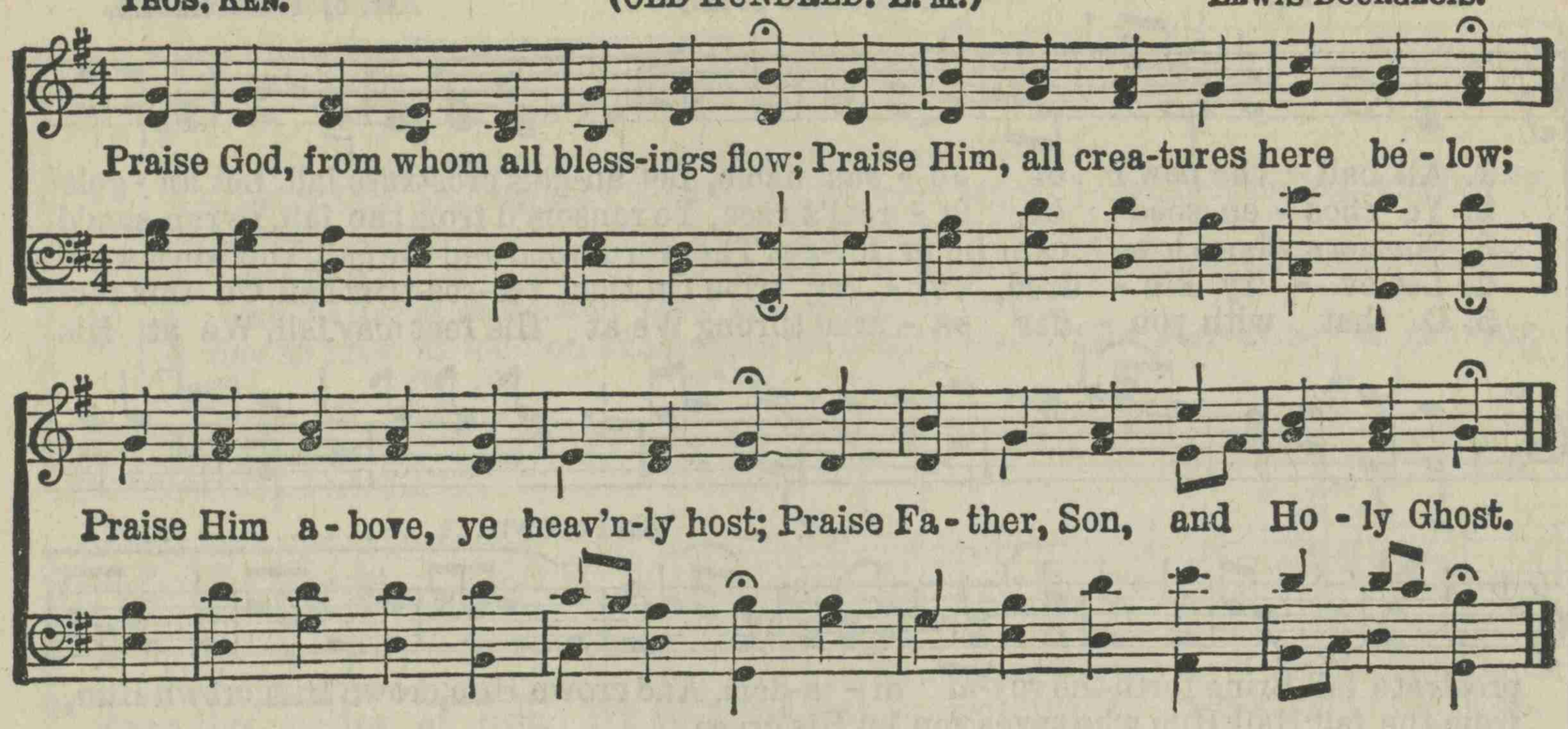
W. SHRUBSOLE.

1 2

crown Him, crown Him,
And crown Him,

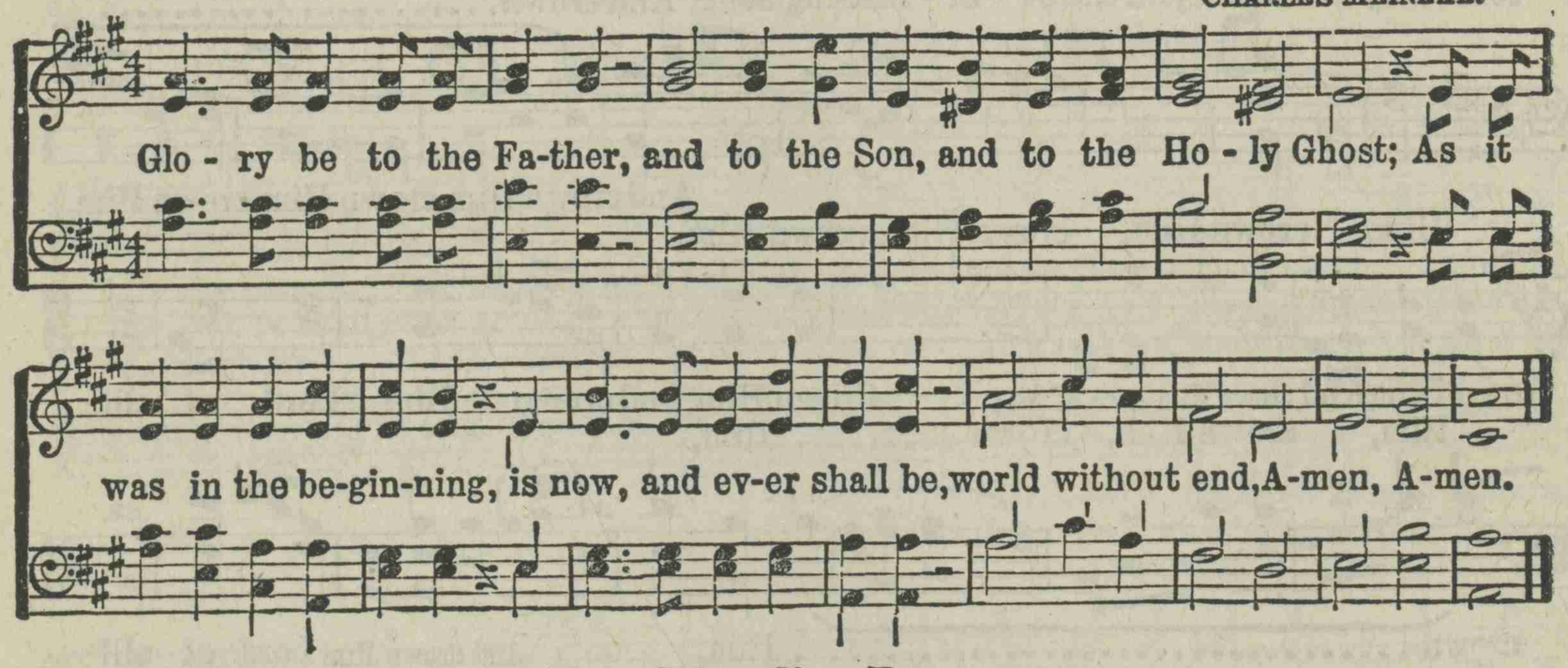
No, 213. Doxology.

THOS. KEN. (OLD HUNDRED. L. M.) LEWIS BOURGEOIS.



No. 214. Gloria Patri.

CHARLES MEINEKE.



No. 215. The Lord's Prayer.

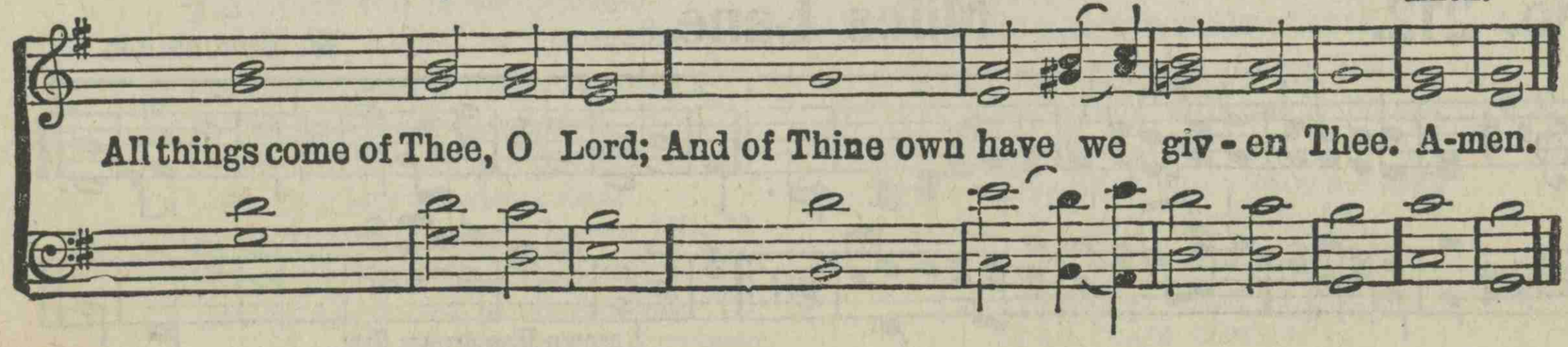
GREGORIAN.



1. Our Father which	Hallowed	be Thy	name;	Thy kingdom come;	earth		
art in heaven,				Thy will be done on	as it	is in	heaven;
2. Give us this	day our	dai-ly	bread	And forgive us			
				our debts, as	we for-	give our	debtors;
3. And lead us not				For Thine is the			
into temptation,				kingdom, and the			
but de-	liv - er	us from	evil;	power, and the glo-			
				ry, for-	ev - er	A -	men.

No, 216. Presentation of Offering.

Anon.



Part Two.

The following pages,
Consisting of Invitations, Solos, Duettes and Quartettes,
Are not Orchestrated.

No. 217. Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS, RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.

No. 218. Come to the Feast.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Charlotte G. Homer. W. A. Ogden.

1. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the ta - ble now is spread; Ye fam - ish - ing, ye wea-ry, come, And thou shalt be rich - ly fed.
2. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the door is o - pen wide; A place of hon - or is re - serv'd For you at the Mas-ter's side.
3. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, while He waits to welcome thee; De - lay not while this day is thine, To-mor-row may nev - er be.
4. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Leave ev - 'ry care and world-ly strife; Come, feast up - on the love of God, And drink ev - er - last-ing life.

CHORUS.

Hear . . . . the in - vi - ta - - tion, Come, "who - - so - ev - er will;" . . . . . Praise God . . . . . for full sal - va - - - - - tion For "who - so - ev - er will."

Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, "Who-so-ev - er will," Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, "Who - so - ev - er will;" Praise God for full sal - va - tion For "who - so - ev - er will."

No. 219. Turning Away.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Mrs. C. S. Hoover. Haldor Lillenas.

1. Turn - ing a - way from the world's pomp and pride, Turn - ing from
2. Turn - ing a - way from the dark - ness of night, Turn - ing from
3. Turn - ing a - way from the tur - moil and strife, Turn - ing from
4. Turn - ing a - way from earth's pleas-ures so gay, Turn - ing from

sin with its path - way so wide, Turn - ing in faith to the
all that op - po - ses the right, Turn - ing with joy to the
by - ways where e - vil is rife, Turn - ing in love to the
joys that last on - ly a day, Turn - ing in hope to a

CHORUS.

soul-cleans-ing tide, Turn-ing a - way to Je - sus.
realms of de - light, Turn-ing a - way to Je - sus.
Giv - er of life, Turn-ing a - way to Je - sus.
heav - en for aye, Turn-ing a - way to Je - sus.

Turn-ing a-way,

yes,

turn - ing a - way, Turn - ing a - way to Je - sus; Turn - ing from

yes,

sin to the Sav - ior of men, Turn - ing a - way to Je - sus.

No. 220. Now is the Time.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

H. L.

Haldor Lillenas.

1. Now is the day of sal-va - tion, Now you are hear-ing God's voice,
2. Now, while life's sun still is shin - ing, Now, while the sky still is bright,
3. Now, while for you we are pray - ing, Now, while the Spir - it still pleads,
4. Now, says the Fa - ther of mer - cy, Now, says the Spir - it to thee,

Now is the time to seek par - don, Now make the Savior your choice.
Now there is grace free-ly of - fered, Now is the time to get right.
Now, while all heav-en is wait - ing, Now come, supply your great needs.
Now, says the Sav-ior so lov - ing, "Now, sin-ner, come un - to Me!"

CHORUS.

Now, now, now is the time, Now is the time to be saved;
Now is the time,

Now, now, now is the time, Now is the time to be saved.
Now is the time,

No. 221. There's a Call from the Heart of the Savior.

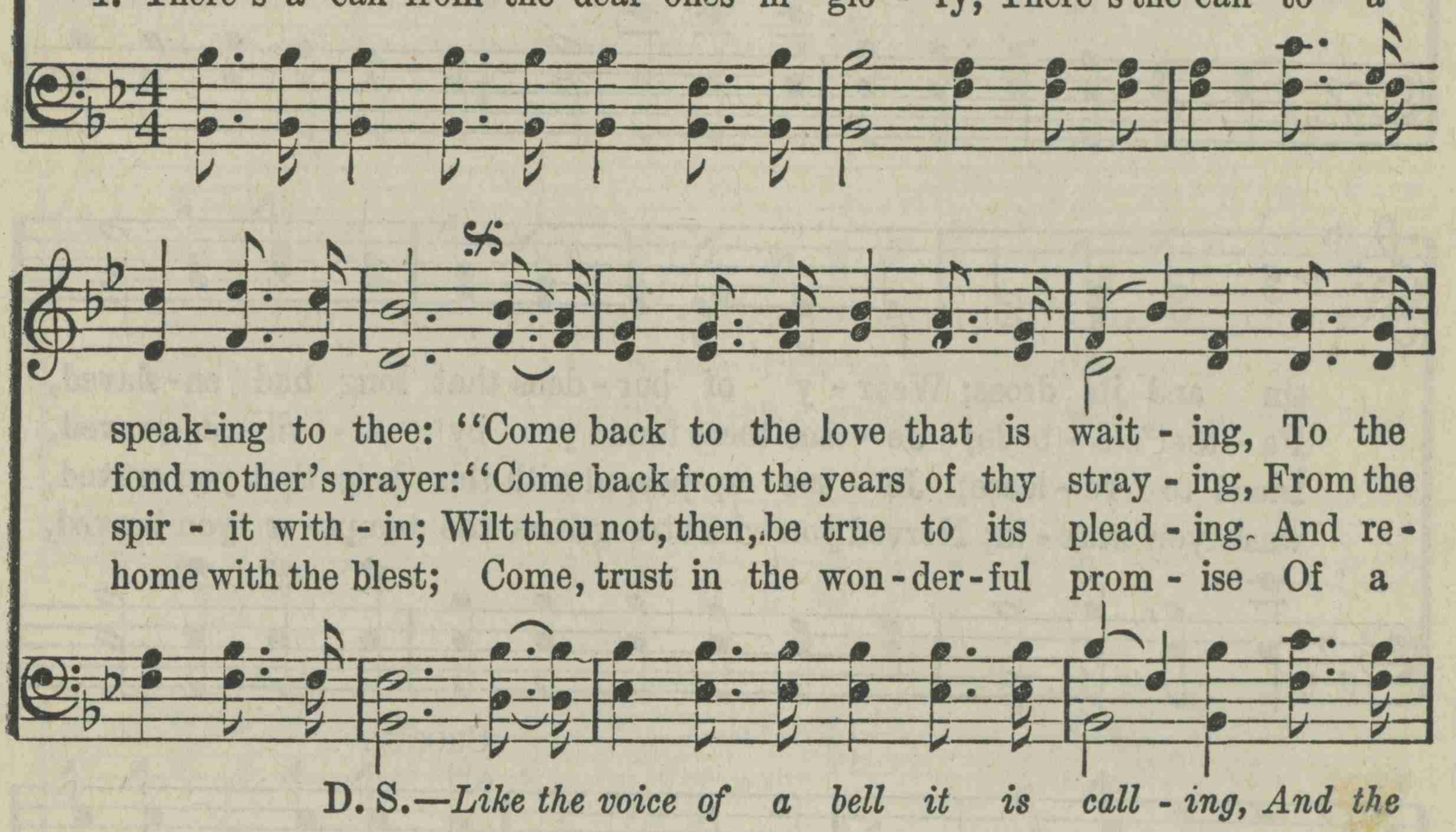
Jessie Brown Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.
WORDS AND ARR. OF MUSIC.

Dr. William S. Pitts.



1. There's a call from the heart of the Sav - ior, It is ten - der - ly
2. There's a call from the sweet dreams of child-hood, There's the call of a
3. There's a call from the depths of thy be - ing, From the God - giv - en
4. There's a call from the dear ones in glo - ry, There's the call to a



speak-ing to thee: "Come back to the love that is wait - ing, To the
fond mother's prayer: "Come back from the years of thy stray - ing, From the
spir - it with - in; Wilt thou not, then, be true to its plead - ing. And re -
home with the blest; Come, trust in the won - der - ful prom - ise Of a

D. S.—*Like the voice of a bell it is call - ing, And the*

FINE. CHORUS.



love that is bound-less and free."
road that will lead to de - spair."
turn from the path-way of sin?
place in the Man-sion of Rest!

List, on the
Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,



mes - sage it speaks is for thee.

D. S.



air it is fall - ing, The call of a love that is free;
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

No. 222. The Day You Were Saved.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

N. A. McAulay. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Think of the time when you knelt at the cross, Pray-ing for cleansing from sin and its dross; Wear-y of bur-dens that long had en-slaved, wash you with-in; Nerved you with strength as the tempt-er you braved,

2. Long you have wandered the dark, downward road, Far from the joys of your Fa-ther's a-bode; Je-sus there found you by e-vil de-praved, wash you with-in; Nerved you with strength as the tempt-er you braved,

3. Sad was your life and de-void of all peace; Tempted, you cried for a friend to re-lease; Je-sus ap-peared with the help that you craved, wash you with-in; Nerved you with strength as the tempt-er you braved,

4. Can you for-get how he saved you from sin, Gave you His Spir-it to sin and its dross; Wear-y of bur-dens that long had en-slaved, wash you with-in; Nerved you with strength as the tempt-er you braved,

CHORUS.

Do you re-mem-ber the day you were saved? Will you re-turn to the Christ you once knew? Will you o-bey Him who suf-fered for you? Think how His ban-ner once o-ver you waved, Do you re-mem-ber the day you were saved?

No. 223. Calling the Prodigal.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal, come without de-lay, Hear, O hear Him calling,
2. Pa - tient, lov-ing and ten-der-ly still the Fa-ther pleads, Hear, O hear Him calling,
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare, Hear, O hear Him calling,

call-ing now for thee; Tho' you've wandered so far from His presence, come to-day,
call-ing now for thee; Oh! re-turn while the Spir-it in mer - cy in - ter - cedes,
call-ing now for thee; Lo! the ta-ble is spread and the feast is wait-ing there,
for thee;

CHORUS.

Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . . Call - - ing now for thee, ...
calling still. Calling now for thee, Calling now for thee,

O wear - - y prod-i-gal, come; . . . . . Call - - ing now for
Wear-y prod-i-gal, come, wear-y prod-i-gal, come; Calling now for thee,

thee, ... O wear - - y prod-i-gal, come. . . . . .
Calling now for thee, Wear-y prod-i-gal, come, wear-y prod-i-gal, come.

No. 224. Savior, Wash Me in the Blood.

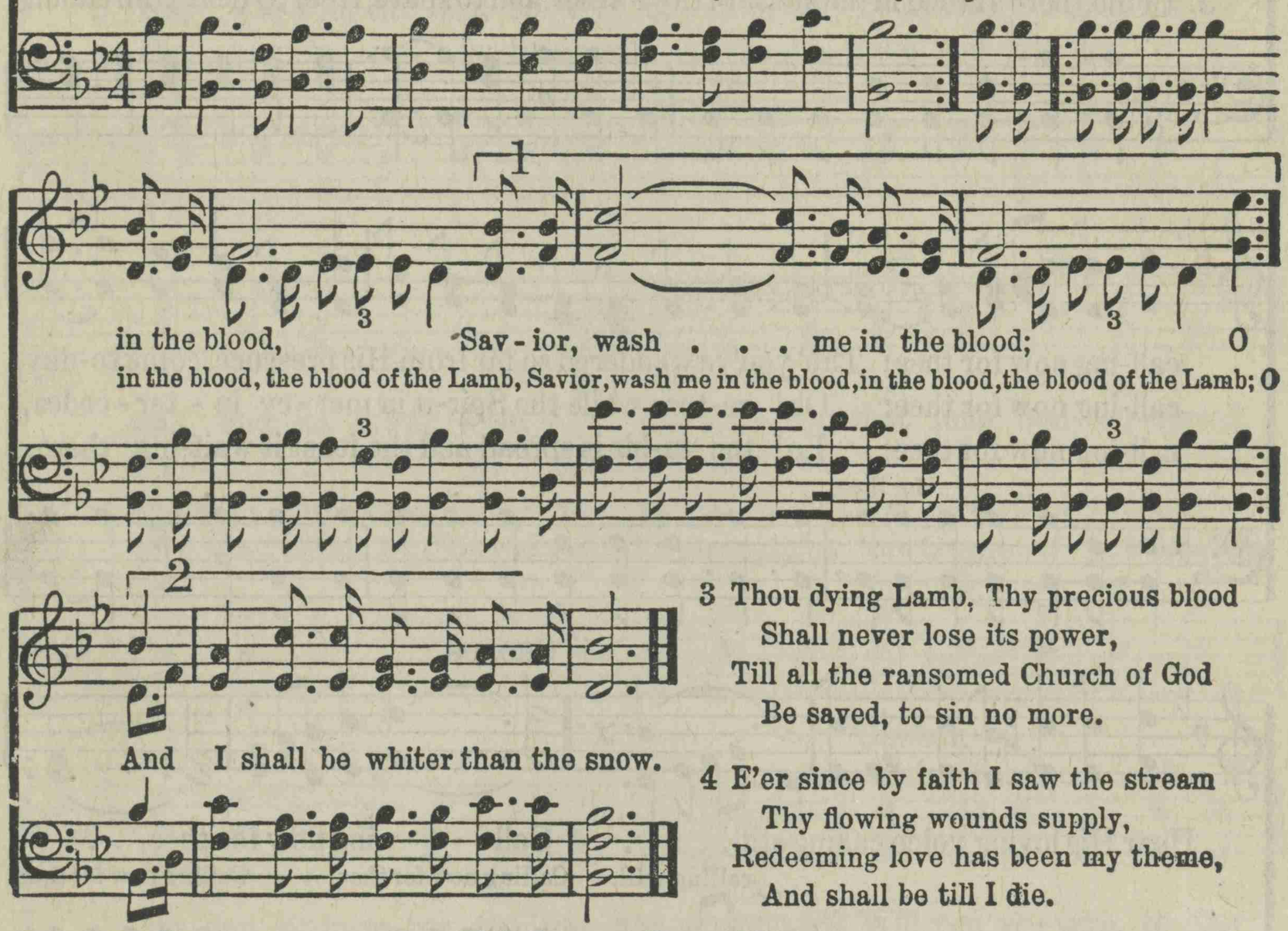
William Cowper. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. **E. O. Excell.**

CHORUS.



1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
   And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. } Savior, wash . . . me

2. The dy-ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day;
   And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way. } wash me in the blood,



in the blood, Sav-ior, wash . . . me in the blood; O
in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Savior, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb; O

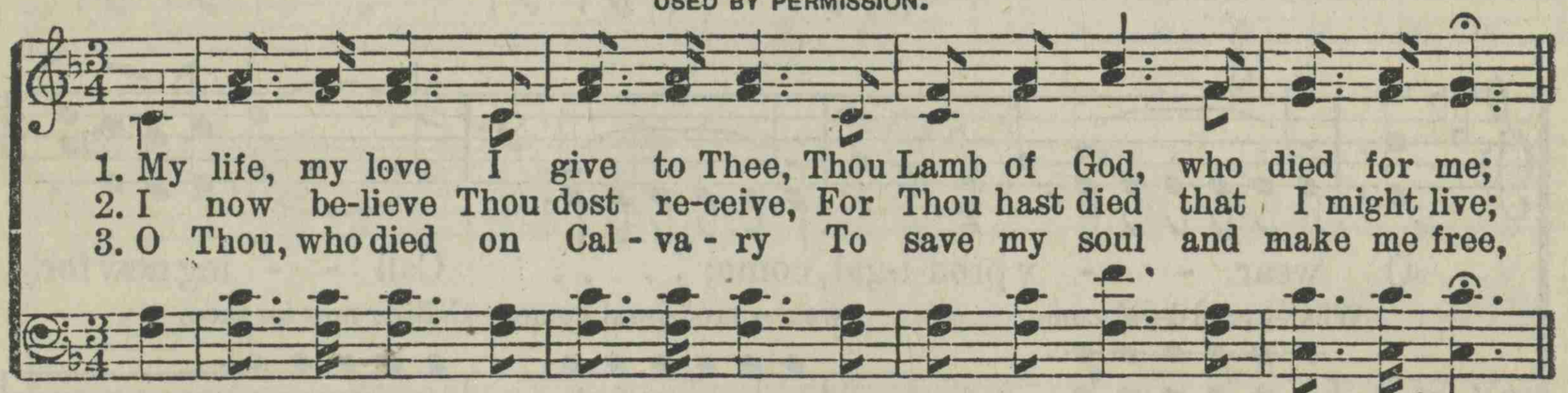
And I shall be whiter than the snow.

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

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

No. 225. I'll Live For Him.

R. E. Hudson. COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY R. E. HUDSON. USED BY PERMISSION. **C. R. Dunbar.**



1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou, who died on Cal-va-ry To save my soul and make me free,

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

D. C. for Chorus.



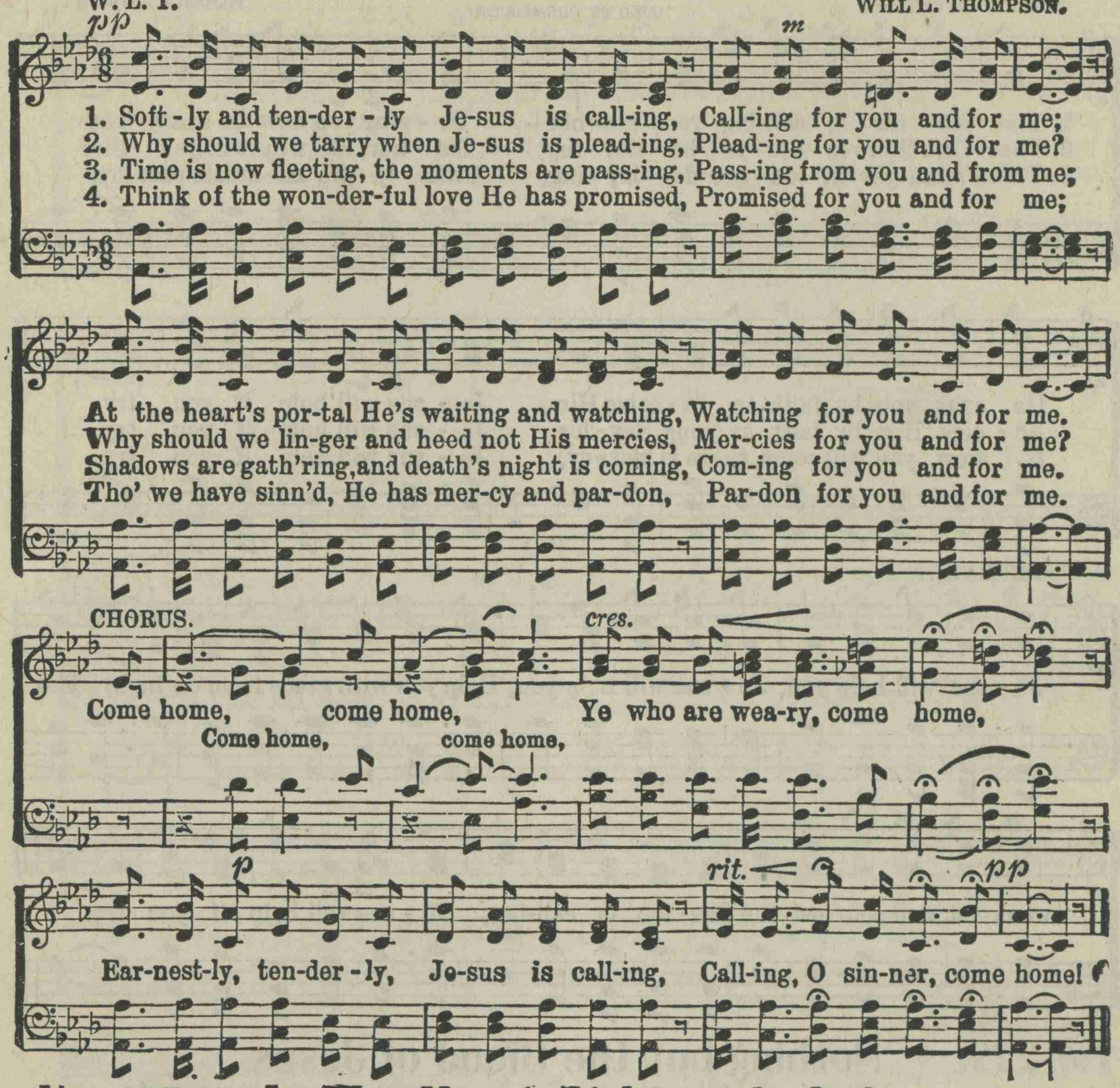
Oh, may I ev-er faith-ful be, My Sav-ior and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!
I'll con-se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!

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

No. 226. Softly and Tenderly.

BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., E. LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

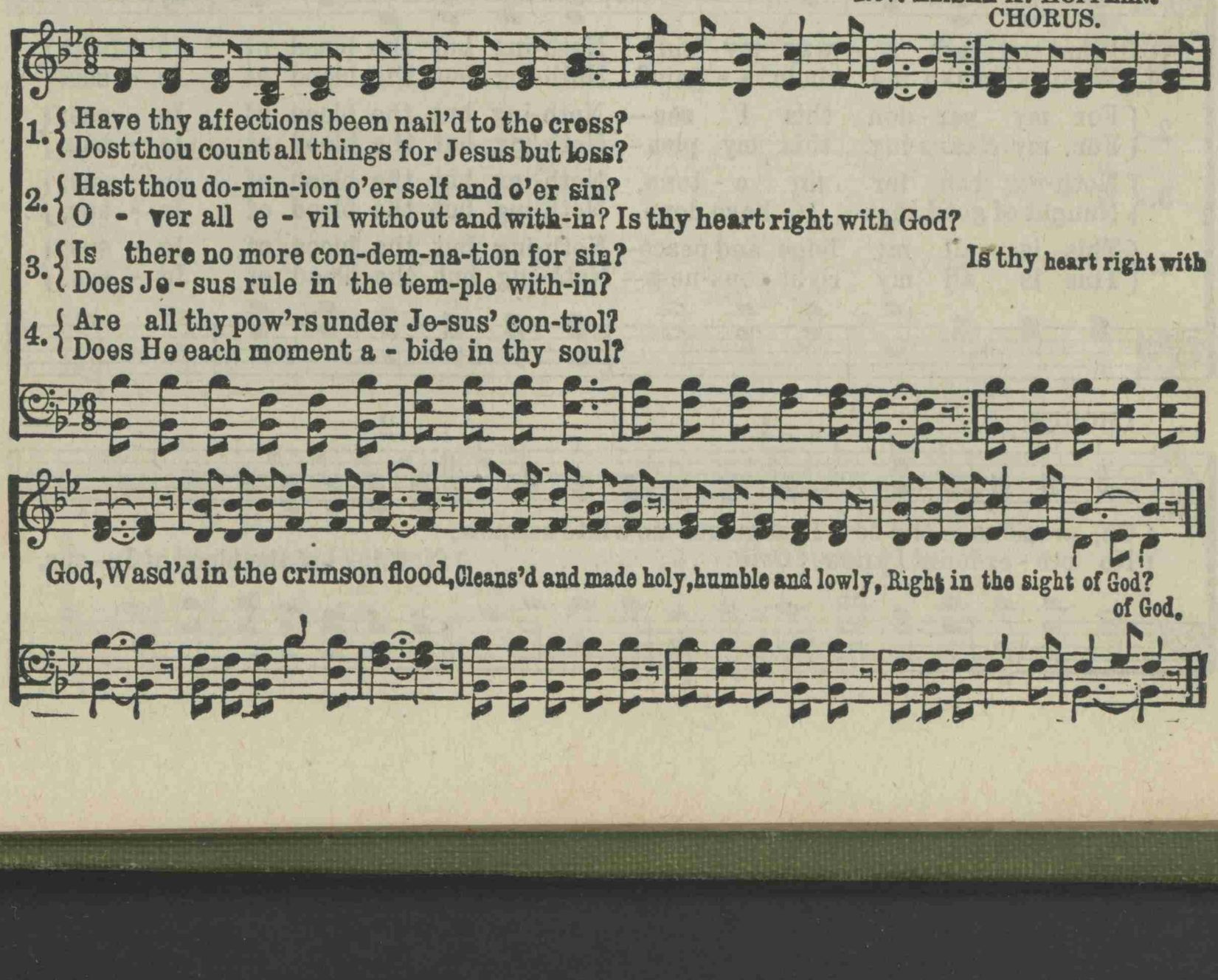
W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.



No. 227. Is Thy Heart Right with God?

USED BY PER. OF E. A. HOFFMAN, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



No. 228. Jesus Will Help You.

Wm. Stevenson.

RE-COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY MRS. ROBERT LOWRY.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Robert Lowry.

1. The Sav - ior is call-ing you, sin - ner— Ur - ging you now to draw nigh;
2. Thro' Him there is life in be - liev - ing; Sin - ner, O why will you die?
3. There's dan-ger in lon - ger de - lay - ing, Swift - ly the mo-ments pass by;

He asks you by faith to re - ceive Him, Je - sus will help if you try.
Ac - cept Him by faith as your Sav - ior, Je - sus will help if you try.
If now you will come, there is mer - cy, Je - sus will help if you try.

REFRAIN.

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 - ior is call-ing, Je - sus will help if you try.

No. 229. Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

R. L.

COPYRIGHT, BY ROBERT LOWRY.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Robert Lowry.

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
   What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
2. For my par - don this I see— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
   For my cleans-ing, this my plea— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
3. Noth-ing can for sin a - tone, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
   Naught of good that I have done, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
4. This is all my hope and peace— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
   This is all my right-eous-ness— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Oh, precious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
No oth - er fount I know, [*Omit. . . . . .*] Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

No. 230. O Why Not To-night?

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY J. H. HALL. USED BY PER.

J. CALVIN BUSHBY.

1. O do not let the word depart, And close thine eyes against the light; Poor sinner harden
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long de-lud - ed sight; This is the time, oh,
3. Our Lord in pit-y lingers still, And wilt thou thus His love requite? Renounce at once thy
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fuses none Who would to Him their souls unite; Believe, o - bey, the

CHORUS.

not your heart, Be saved, O to-night.
then be wise, Be saved, O to-night.
stub-born will, Be saved, O to-night.
work is done, Be saved, O to-night.

O why not to-night? O why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not to-night?

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

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

No. 231. There's a Great Day Coming.

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

W. L. T

WILL L. THOMPSON.

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

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

CHORUS. *m* *pp*

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

No. 232. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. — J. H. Stockton.

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

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

CHORUS.

{On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;
{He will save you, He will save you, He will [*Omit. . . . . .*] save you now.

No. 233. Jesus Paid it All.

Mrs. Elvina M. Hall. — John T. Grape.

1. I hear the Sav-iour say, "Thy strength in-deed is small, Child of weak-ness,
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-lone, Can change the
3. Since noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim, I'll wash my
4. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him complete, I'll lay my

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

CHORUS.

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

No. 234. There is a Fountain.

Wm. Cowper. American Melody.

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins;
2. O Lamb of God! Thy pre - cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
4. And when this lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave,

And sin - ners, plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
Till all the ran - somed church of God Are saved, to sin no more.
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
Then, in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.

Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains;
Are saved to sin no more, Are saved to sin no more;
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die;
I'll sing Thy pow'r to save, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save;

No. 235. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY L. HARTSOUGH.
THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., OWNERS.

L. H. Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 236. Almost Persuaded.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. "Al - most per-suad - ed," now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed"
2. "Al - most per-suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here; An - gels are
doom comes at last; "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is

go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lin - g'ring near; Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wan - d'rer come!
but to fail; Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail: "Al - most—but lost."

No. 237. Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R. COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? Oh, why do you tar - ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur - ther de - lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir - it now striv - ing with - in?
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? The har - vest is pass - ing a - way;

Your Sav-iour is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti - fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way,
Oh, why not ac - cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off your bur-den of sin?
Your Sav-iour is long - ing to bless you; There's dan-ger and death in de - lay.

CHORUS.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

No. 238. "Whosoever Will."

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

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

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

FINE. CHORUS.

"Who-so - ev-er will may come." "Who-so-ev-er will, who - so-ev - er will:" Send the proc-la-ma-tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-ing Father calls the wand'rer home:

D.S. "-Whosoev-er will may come,"

D. S.

No. 239. There Is Joy.

SILVER BURDETTE CO., OWNERS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Margaret Moody. W. A. Ogden.

1. When a sin-ner comes, as a sin-ner may, There is joy, there is joy;
2. When a soul is born in the kingdom bright,
3. When the Word and Spir-it a- bide with-in, There is joy, there is joy;

When he turns to God in the gos - pel way, There is joy, there is joy.
When we walk by faith in the gos - pel light,
Then we o - ver-come in the fight with sin; There is joy, there is joy.

CHORUS.

There is joy among the angels, And their harps with music ring,
When a sin-ner comes repenting, Bending low before the King.

No. 240. Look and Live.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, E. O. EXCELL.

W. A. O. — WORDS AND MUSIC. — W. A. Ogden.

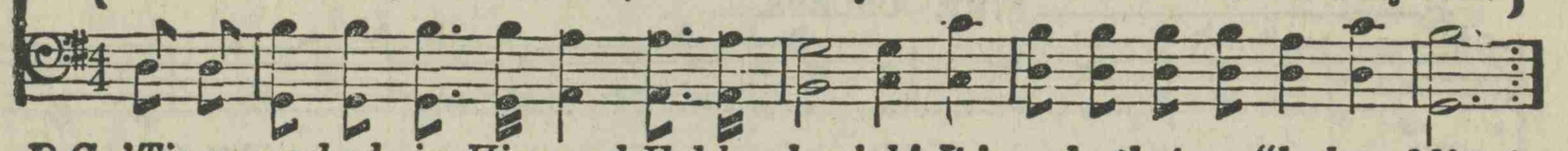


1. I've a mes-sage from the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! This message un-to you I'll give,
   'Tis re - cord-ed in His word, Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."

2. I've a mes-sage full of love, Hal - le - lu - jah! A mes-sage, O my friend, for you,
   'Tis a mes-sage from a - bove, Hal - le - lu - jah! Jesus said it, and I know 'tis true.

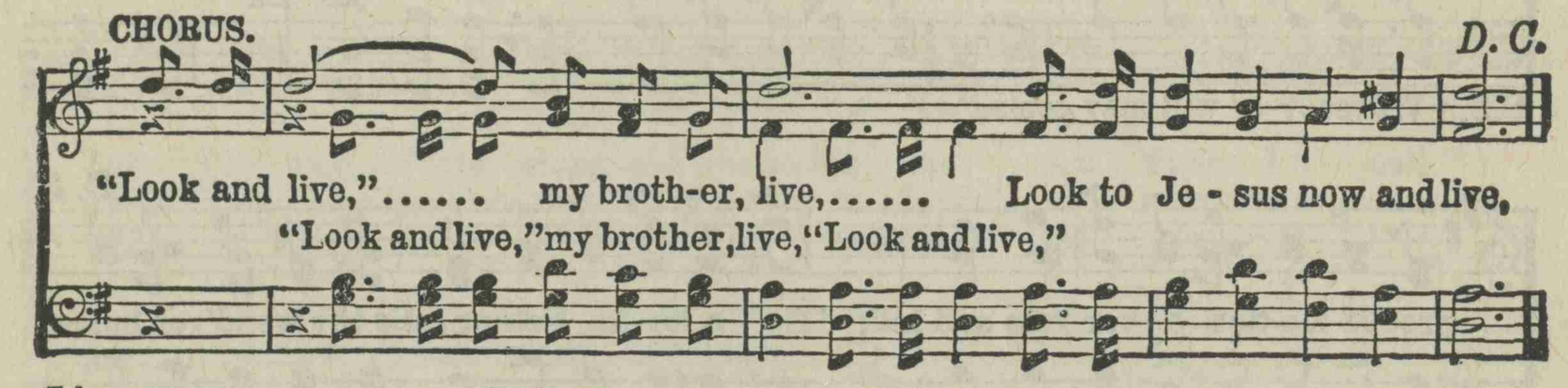
3. Life is of - fer'd un - to you, Hal - le - lu - jah! E - ter-nal life thy soul shall have,
   If you'll on - ly look to Him, Hal - le - lu - jah! Look to Jesus who a-lone can save.

4. I will tell you how I came, Hal - le - lu - jah! To Je-sus when He made me whole:
   'Twas be-liev-ing on His name, Hal - le - lu - jah! I trust-ed and He sav'd my soul.



D.C.–'Tis re-cord-ed in His word, Hal-le - lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."

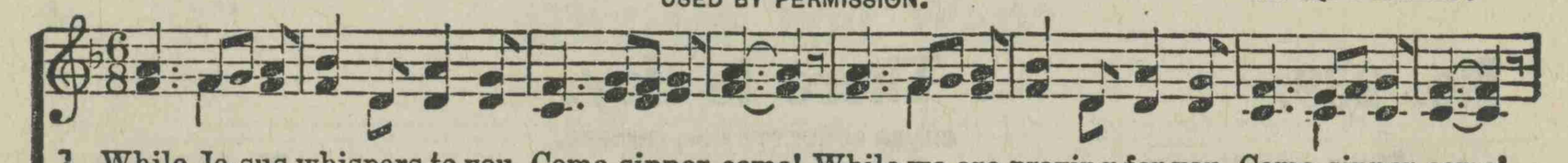
CHORUS. — D. C.



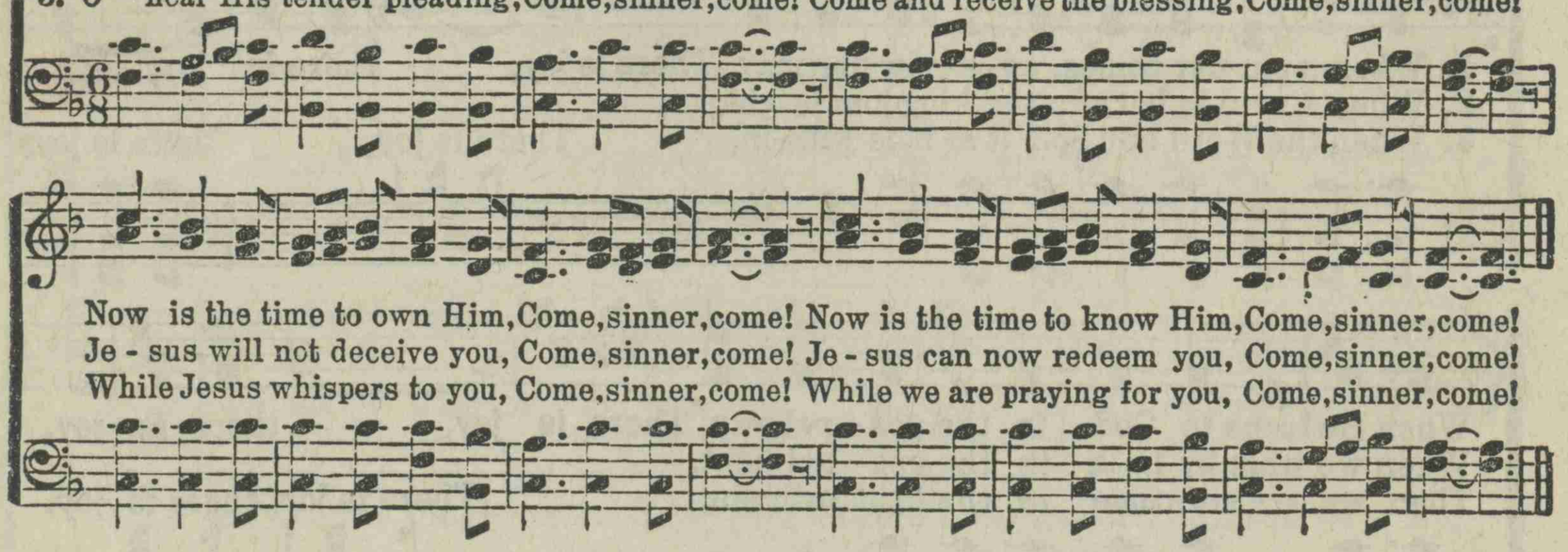
"Look and live,"..... my broth-er, live,..... Look to Je - sus now and live,
"Look and live," my brother, live, "Look and live,"

No. 241. While Jesus Whispers.

W. E. Witter. — COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY H. R. PALMER. USED BY PERMISSION. — H. R. Palmer.

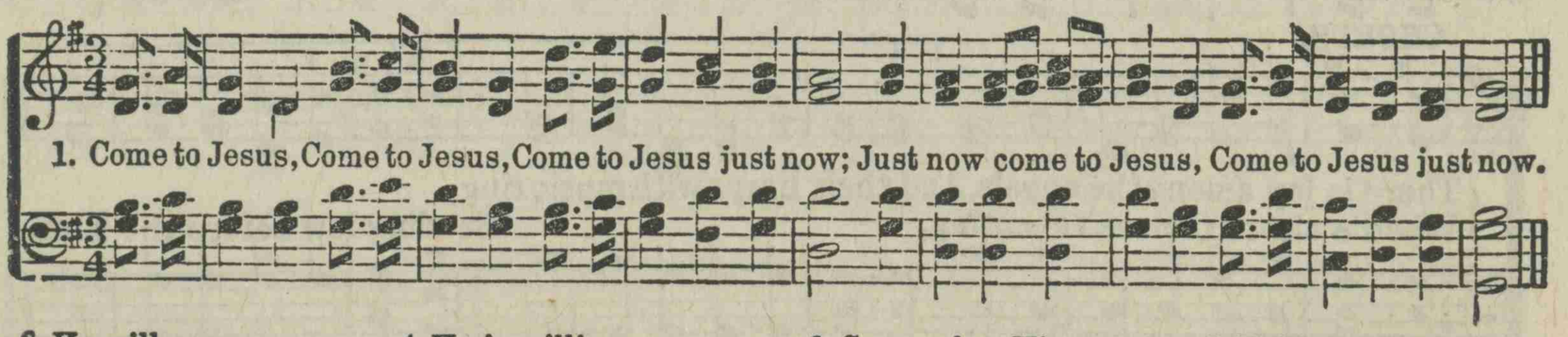


1. While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!
2. Are you too heav-y - la-den? Come, sinner, come! Je-sus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come!
3. O hear His tender pleading, Come, sinner, come! Come and receive the blessing, Come, sinner,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



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

No. 242. Come to Jesus.



1. Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now; Just now come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now.

2 He will save you. 4 He is willing. 6 Come, obey Him. 8 He'll forgive you.
3 He is able. 5 Come, confess Him. 7 He will hear you. 9 He will cleanse you.
10 Jesus loves you. 11 Only trust Him.

No. 243. He is Mine.

Dedicated to C. H. Hohgatt.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. B. D. Ackley.

1. My trust is in my Sav - ior, I share His grace di - vine;
2. For years His love I slight - ed, Went far in sin and shame;
3. He came to earth and sought me; He set my poor soul free:
4. Will you not come ac - cept Him, Your all to Him re - sign,

Be - liev - ing in His prom - ise, I know that He is mine!
But now I have for - give - ness, O praise His glo-rious name!
Some day I'll go to heav - en With Him to ev - er be!
That you may have the full - ness Of peace that now is mine?

CHORUS.

He's mine, and so I praise Him, And spread His truth a - broad;

He's mine and so I praise Him, He's mine, yes, He is mine!

No. 244. I Owe It All to Jesus.

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. My hope of Heav'n on Christ is stayed, My sins were all up - on Him laid,
2. Like as a lamb to slaughter led, He came and suf-fered in my stead,
3. With groans and tears and ag - o - ny He suf-fered in Geth - sem - a - ne;
4. To claim Him mine I hum-bly dare, And full al - le-giance to Him swear,
5. My all up - on the al - tar lies— A will - ing, liv - ing sac - ri - fice;

My ran - som price He free - ly paid; I owe it all to Je - sus.
And once for all His life-blood shed; I owe it all to Je - sus.
For time and for e - ter - ni - ty I owe it all to Je - sus.
And now pro-claim it ev - 'ry-where, I owe it all to Je - sus.
Tho' small the gift, He'll not de - spise; I owe it all to Je - sus.

CHORUS.

For me the thorn-y crown He wore, For me the cru - el cross He bore;

He paid my debt, I'll not for - get, I owe it all to Je - sus.

No. 245. "Others."

WORDS COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. D. MEIGS.
MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Chas. D. Meigs. **W. E. M. Hackleman.**

1. Lord, help me live from day to day, In such a self-for-get-ful way,
2. Help me in all the work I do, To ev-er be sin-cere and true,
3. Let "Self" be cru-ci-fied and slain, And bur-ied deep, nor rise a-gain;
4. And when my work on earth is done, And my new work in heav'n's be-gun,

That e-ven when I kneel to pray, My prayer shall be (My prayer shall be) for
And know that all I'd do for you, Must needs be done (Must needs be done) for
And may all ef-forts be in vain, Un-less they be (Un-less they be) for
May I for-get the crown I've won, While thinking still (While thinking still) of

CHORUS.

OTH-ERS. Yes, oth-ers, Lord, yes, oth-ers, Let this my mot-to

cres. *cen*

be; Help me to live for oth-ers, Help me to live for

do. *ritard.*

oth-ers, That I may live *like* Thee, That I may live (That I may live) *like* Thee.

Jan. 1, 1908, Gen. Ballington Booth dispatched this one word "Others" to all the Salvation Army Posts of the world. Mr. Meigs, catching the spirit of the message, couched it in this well-known poem.

No. 246. Some One is Watching Your Light.

Dedicated to Frank McDonald.

Ina Duley Ogden. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **W. E. M. Hackleman.**

1. Down in the val-ley of sor-row and sin, Some one is lost in the dark-ness of night; Some one that you to your Sav-ior may win;
2. Long is the jour-ney and some one is weak; Some one if tempted may fall in the fight; Some one will win if His prom-ise you speak:
3. Touched by the sto-ry of Christ and His love, Some one will turn from the wrong to the right, Look-ing for guid-ance to heav-en a-bove;
4. On that glad morning, when all shall a-rise, Saved by the in-fi-nite pow'r of His might, Some one will greet you at home in the skies;

CHORUS.

Some one is watching, is watch-ing your light! Watch-ing your light!
watching your light! Some one is watching, is watching your light! O does it
shine with a ra-di-ance bright, Some one is watching, is watching your light!

No. 247.

My Lord and I.

Dedicated to Wallace Tuttle.

Mrs. L. Shorey. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **W. E. M. Hackleman.**

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

He loves me with a tend - er love, He loves so faith - ful - ly;
And as He bids me lean on Him, His help I'll glad - ly seek;
But with what love He lov - eth me, My tongue can nev - er tell;
I tell Him all that pleas - es me, I tell Him what an - noys;
And so He bids me go and speak A lov - ing word for Him;

I could not live a - part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh,
He leads me in the path of light, Be - neath a sun - ny sky;
It is an ev - er - last - ing love, In ev - er rich sup - ply;
He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me what to try;
He bids me tell His wondrous love, And why He came to die;

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

No. 248. He Loved Me So Tenderly.

W. G. Loucks. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. W. E. M. Hackleman.

1. 'T was night in the Ol - ive gar - den, In lone - ly Geth-sem - a - ne,
2. On Cal - va-ry's cru - el Cross-Tree, My Sav - ior they cru - ci - fied;
3. In Joseph's new tomb they laid Him At eve - ning of that dread day,
4. O Soul, lost in sin, re - mem - ber, That He who was slain for me,

And Je - sus, my Lord, there kneel-ing, Was suf - fer - ing death for me;
His heart bleeding, bowed in sor - row; His foes were now sat - is - fied!
And sad-ness then reigned till an - gels Had rolled the great stone a - way!
Is call - ing thee now to fol - low, Wher-ev - er He call - eth thee;

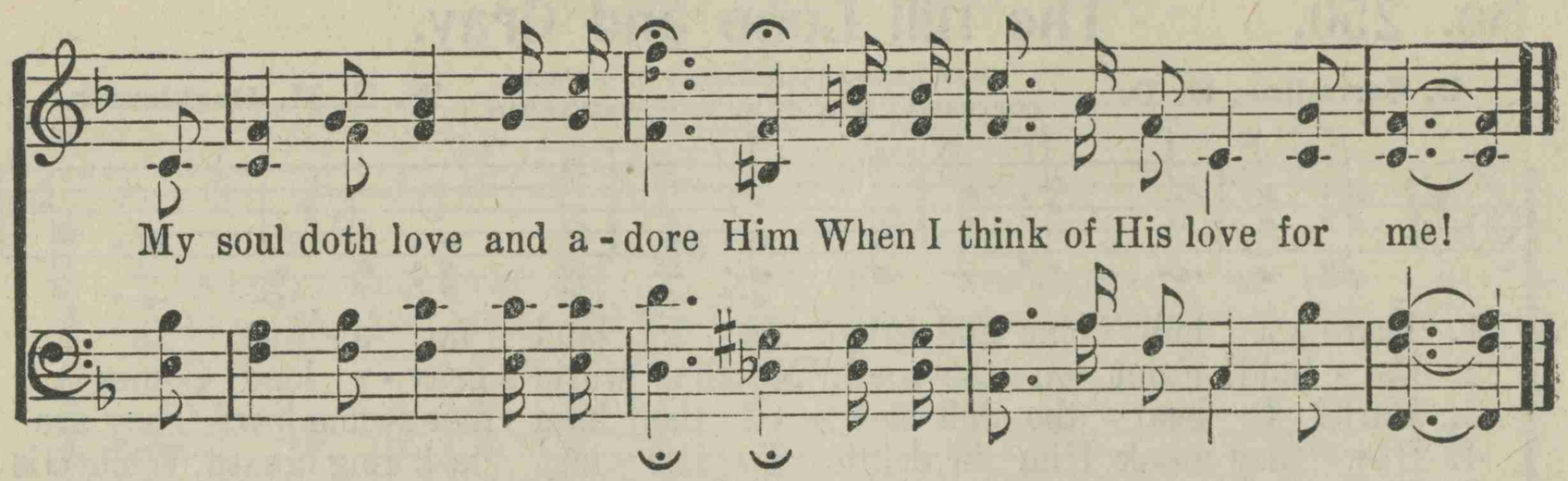
His sleep-ing dis - ci - ples heard not His sad, pleading voice in prayer,
The Veil was rent in the Tem - ple, The earth was enwrapped in night,
'Twas then that my ris - en Sav - ior So ten - der - ly spoke to me,
He bids thee in lov - ing serv - ice Your all in His name to give;

Nor saw they the trai - tor com - ing, Who bold - ly betrayed Him there!
While Je - sus, my lov - ing Sav - ior, Was dy - ing for Sin's dark blight.
And gave me His pre-cious prom - ise, "With thee I will ev - er be."
If faith-ful, some day He'll take thee For - ev - er with Him to live!

CHORUS.

He loved me so ten - der - ly; . . He died on Mount Cal-va - ry! . . .
He loved me so ten - der - ly; He died on Mount Cal - va - ry!

He Loved Me So Tenderly.



No. 249. Redeemed By His Blood.

C. M. F. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. C. M. Fillmore.

No. 250. The Hill Lone and Gray.

B. Carradine, D. D.

MUSIC AND ARRANGEMENT OF WORDS
COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

W. E. M. Hackleman.

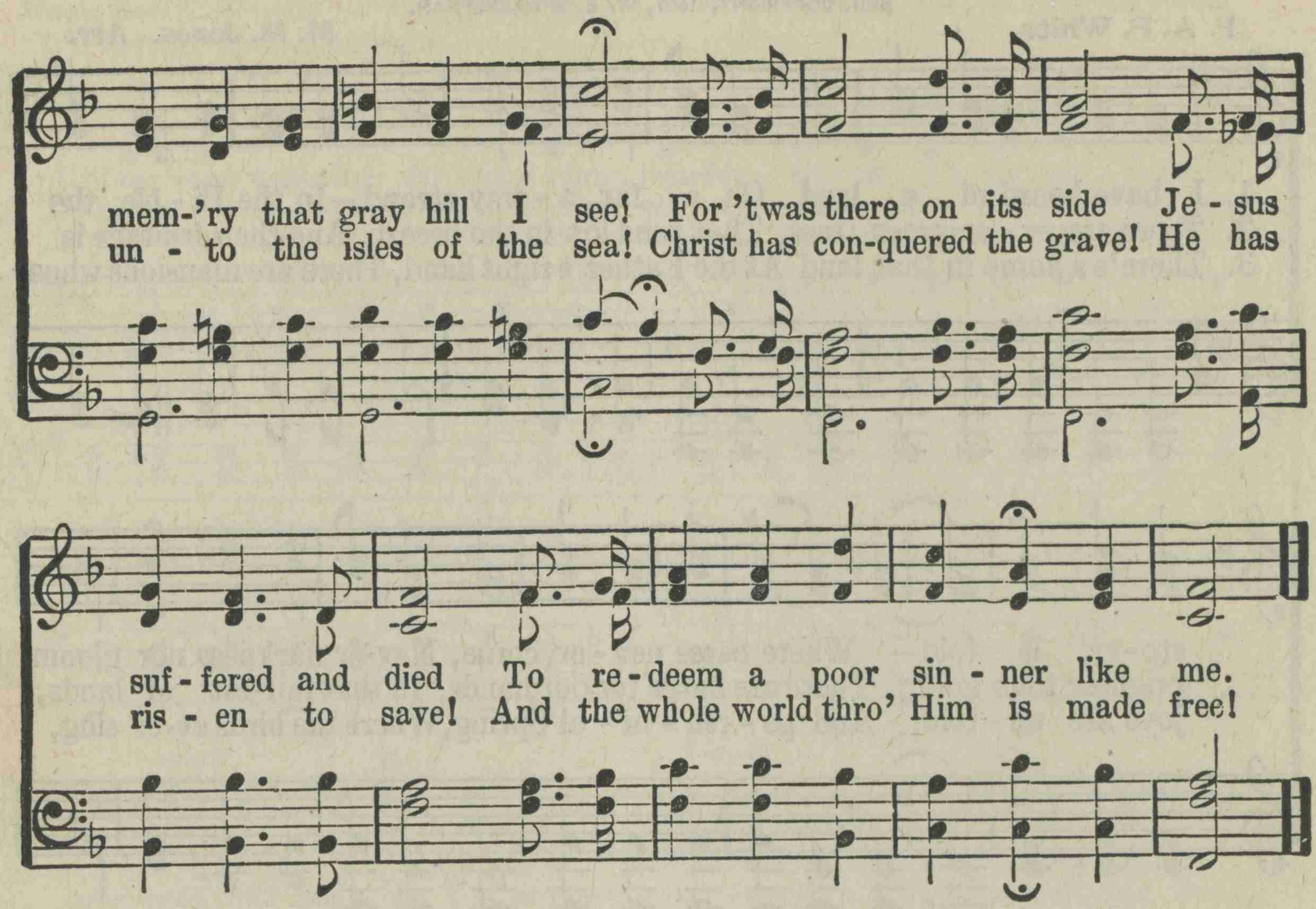
1. There's a hill lone and gray In a land far a - way, In a coun - try be - yond the blue sea; Where be - neath the fair sky Went a
2. Be - hold! Faint on the road, 'Neath a world's heav - y load, Comes a thorn-crown-ed Man on the way! With a cross He is bowed, But still
3. Hark! I hear the dull blow Of the ham - mer swung low; They are nail - ing my Lord to the tree! And the cross they up - raise, While the
4. How they mock Him in death To His last la-b'ring breath, While His friends sad - ly weep o'er the way! But tho' lone - ly and faint, Still no
5. Then, the dark - ness came down, And the rocks rent a - round, And a cry pierced the sad - la - den air! 'T was the voice of our King Tak-ing
6. Let the sun hide its face, Let the earth reel a pace, O - ver men who their Sav - ior have slain! But be - hold! from the grave Comes the

Man forth to die For the world and for you and for me.
on thro' the crowd He's as - cend - ing that hill lone and gray.
mul - ti - tude gaze On the blest Lamb of dark Cal - va - ry.
word of com-plaint Fell from Him on that hill lone and gray!
death's cru - el sting, All to save us from end - less de - spair!
Lamb forth to save! He was slain, but is ris - en a - gain!

CHORUS.

1-5. Oh, it bows down my heart, And the tear - drops will start, When in
6. Shout a - loud, then, my soul! Let the glad ti - dings roll! E - ven

The Hill Lone and Gray.



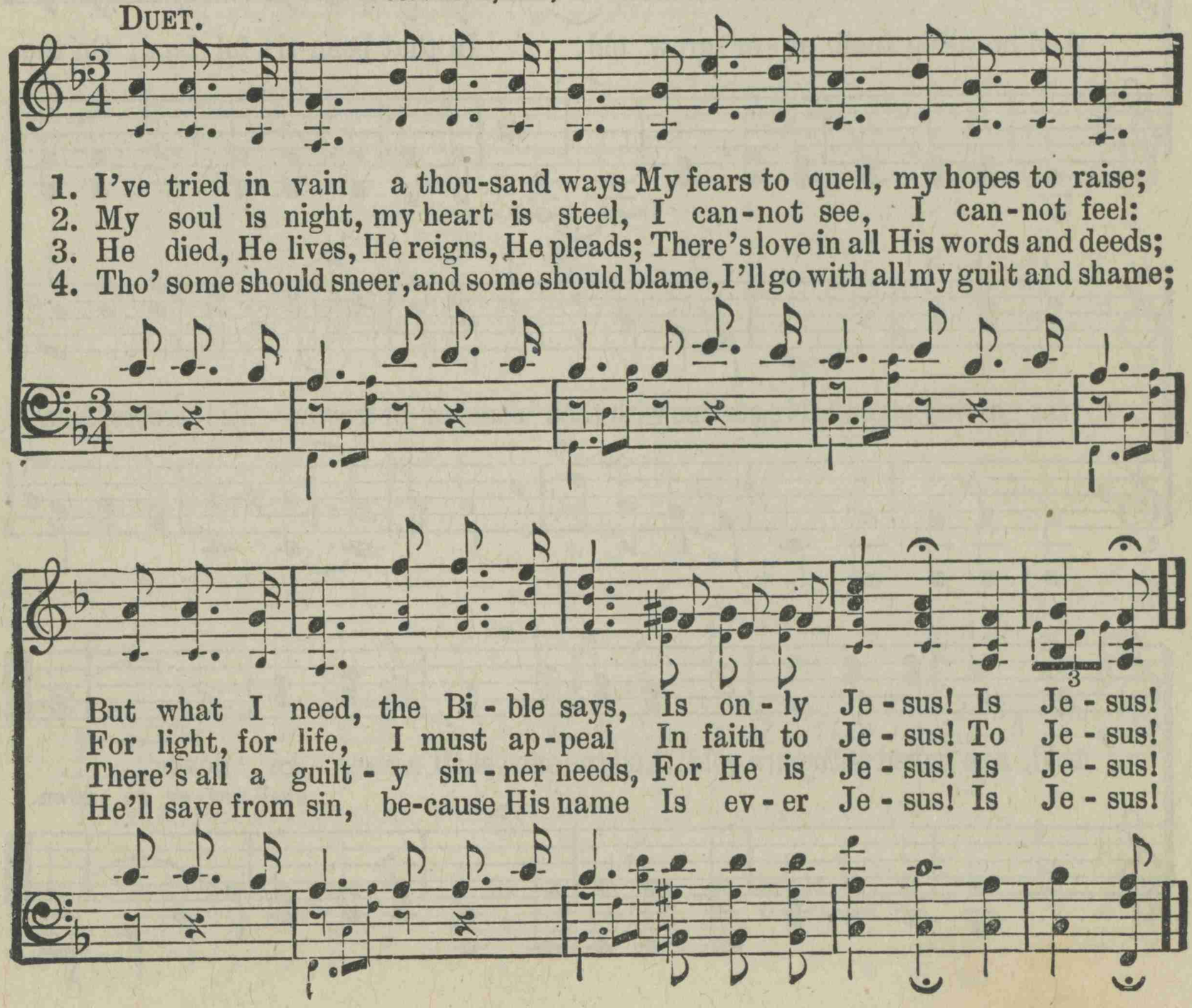
No. 251. Jesus.

Lytton.

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W. E. M. Hackleman.

DUET.



No. 252. That Beautiful Land.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1901, W. E. M HACKLEMAN.

F. A. F. White. M. M. Jones. Arr.

1. I have heard of a land On a far a-way strand—In the Bi-ble the sto-ry is told— Where cares nev-er come, Nev-er darkness nor gloom,
2. There are ev-er-green trees, That bend low in the breeze, And their fruitage is brighter than gold; There are harps for our hands, In that fair-est of lands,
3. There's a home in that land At the Father's right hand, There are mansions whose joys are un-told; And pe-ren-ni-al Spring, Where the birds ev-er sing,

CHORUS.

And noth-ing shall ev-er grow old. In that beau-ti-ful land, On the far a-way strand, No storms with their blasts ev-er frown; The streets, I am told, Are paved with pure gold; And the sun shall nev-er go down.....
shall nev-er go down.

No. 253. Drifting Down.

Jessie Brown Pounds COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **W. E. M. Hackleman.**

Slowly, with expression.

1. You are drift-ing far from shore, lean-ing on an i-dle oar, You are
2. Lights up-on the Home-land shore give you warn-ing o'er and o'er, You are
3. Voi-ces from the Home-land shore faint-er grow as they im-plore, You are

drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing, drift-ing down; You are drift-ing with the tide to the
drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing, drift-ing down; Soon be-yond the har-bor bar, will your
drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing, drift-ing down; O, my broth-er, do not wait! heed them

o-cean wild and wide, You are drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing, drift-ing down.
boat be car-ried far, You are drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing, drift-ing down.
ere it be too late, Ere for-ev-er you have drift-ed, drift-ed down.

CHORUS. *rit.* *a tempo.*

You are drift-ing down, drift-ing down, To the
You are drift-ing, slow-ing drift-ing, you are slow-ly drift-ing down,

ritard. *a tempo.*

dark and aw-ful sea, You are drift-ing down; From a lov-ing Father's care,
drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing;

To the blackness of de-spair, You are drifting, slow-ly drifting, drifting down.
drifting down.

No. 254. The Walls of Jericho.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

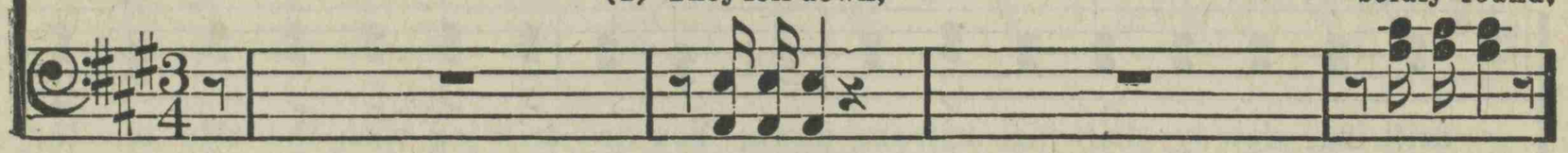
J. B. H. J. B. Herbert.

Deliberately.



1. The walls of Jer - i-cho fell down, As Israel's host marched boldly 'round,
2. They marched around for seven days, The walls stood si - lent in a - maze;
3. The liquor men are on the run, Their troub-les now are just be - gun;
4. Get read-y for the ju - bi - lee, We're march - ing on to vic - to - ry;

(1) They fell down, boldly 'round,





Led on by thrilling trumpet's sound, And ev - 'ry-bod - y shouted. (Shout.)
Then fell down flat, the Scripture says, When ev - 'ry-bod - y shouted. (Shout.)
It's our turn now to have some fun, Let ev - 'ry-bod - y shout it! (Shout.)
Rum's walls are tumbling, don't you see? Let ev - 'ry-bod - y shout it! (Shout.)

trumpet's sound,



CHORUS. *Very spirited.*



Old whiskey's walls have got to go Just like the walls of Jer - i - cho!



The rummies won't know where they're at; Their walls must tumble down, down flat.



* Quartet shout. A stirring effect may be produced by the audience joining in the shout at the end of each verse.

† With palms turned downward, stoop till the hands are near the floor for the word "flat."

Responsive Readings.

No. 255. PSALM 1.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Hymn No. 183.

Walk in the Light.

No. 256. PSALM 5.

1 Give ear to my words, O Lord, consider my meditation.

2 Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King and my God; for unto thee will I pray.

3 My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

4 For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with thee.

5 The foolish shall not stand in thy sight: thou hatest all workers of iniquity.

6 Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: the Lord will abhor the bloody and deceitful man.

7 But as for me, I will come unto thy house in the multitude of thy mercy: and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

8 Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness because of mine enemies; make thy way straight before my face.

Hymn No. 190.

In the Hour of Trial.

No. 257. PSALM 8.

1 O Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

2 Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

5 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas,

9 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Hymn No. 176.

The Church's One Foundation.

No. 258. PSALM 15.

1 Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

3 He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

4 In whose eyes a vile person is condemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

5 He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Hymn No. 189.

Holy, Holy is the Lord.

No. 259. PSALM 17.

1 Hear the right, O Lord, attend unto my cry; give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.

2 Let my sentence come forth from thy presence; let thine eyes behold the things that are equal.

3 Thou hast proved mine heart; thou hast visited me in the night; thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing: I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.

4 Concerning the works of men, by the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.

5 Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.

6 I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God: incline thine ear unto me, and hear my speech.

Hymn No. 177.

O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

No. 260. PSALM 19.

1 The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

2 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

3 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

4 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

5 Moreover by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward.

6 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

7 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be made innocent from the great transgression.

8 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer.

Hymn No. 75.

Break Thou the Bread of Life.

No. 261. PSALM 23.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Hymn No. 83.

Savior, Like a Shepherd.

No. 262. PSALM 24.

1 The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob. Selah.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this king of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory. Selah.

Hymn No. 175.

O Worship the King All-Glorious Above.

Responsive Readings.

No. 263. PSALM 27.

1 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?

2 When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

3 Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

4 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple.

5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

6 And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me; therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

7 Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

Sing No. 109.

Come, Thou Almighty King.

No. 264. PSALM 32.

1 Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

2 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

3 When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.

4 For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me; my moisture is turned into the drought of summer. Selah.

5 I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. Selah.

6 For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found; surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

7 Thou art my hiding-place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. Selah.

Sing No. 91.

Rock of Ages,

No. 265. PSALM 34.

1 I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

2 My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

3 O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

4 I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

5 They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.

6 This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

7 The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

8 O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

Sing No. 204.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

No. 266. PSALM 51.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desireth truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all my iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

Sing No. 197.

I Need Thee Every Hour.

No. 267. PSALM 61.

1 Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer.

2 From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

3 For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.

4 I will abide in thy tabernacle forever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings. Selah.

5 For thou, O God, hast heard my vows; thou hast given me the heritage of them that fear thy name.

6 Thou wilt prolong the king's life: and his years as many generations.

7 He shall abide before God for ever; O prepare mercy and truth, which may preserve him.

8 So will I sing praise unto thy name for ever, that I may daily perform my vows.

Sing No. 1.

Crown Him With Many Crowns.

No. 268. PSALM 63.

1 O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee; my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;

2 To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.

3 Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

4 Thus will I bless thee while I live; I will lift up my hands in thy name.

5 My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips:

6 When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches.

7 Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

8 My soul followeth hard after thee: thy right hand upholdeth me.

9 But those that seek my soul, to destroy it, shall go into the lower parts of the earth.

10 They shall fall by the sword: they shall be a portion for foxes.

11 But the king shall rejoice in God; every one that sweareth by him shall glory: and the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

Sing No. 115.

When Morning Gilds the Skies.

No. 269. PSALM 65.

1 Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

2 O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

3 Iniquities prevail against me; as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.

4 Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts: we shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even thy holy temple.

5 By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God ofour salvation; who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea:

6 Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded with power:

7 Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people.

8 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid of thy tokens: thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening rejoice.

9 Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

Sing No. 195.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

No. 270. PSALM 67.

1 God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us.

2 That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

3 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

4 O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth. Selah.

5 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

6 Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

7 God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

Sing No. 107.

Holy Spirit, Truth Divine.

No. 271. PSALM 84.

1 How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

4 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee. Selah.

5 Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them.

6 Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well: the rain also filleth the pools.

7 They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

8 O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob. Selah.

9 Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

10 For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, that to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

11 For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

12 O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

Sing No. 192.

Love Divine.

No. 272. PSALM 91.

1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness: nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation.

Sing No. 199.

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

No. 273. PSALM 93.

1 The Lord reigneth, he is clothed with majesty: the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself: the world also is established, that it cannot be moved.

2 Thy throne is established of old; thou art from everlasting.

3 The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

4 The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

5 Thy testimonies are very sure: holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for ever.

Sing No. 188.

Holy, Holy, Holy.

No. 274. PSALM 95.

1 O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

2 Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

3 For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

4 In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

5 The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.

6 O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker.

7 For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

Sing No. 65.

Fairest Lord Jesus.

No. 275. PSALM 98.

1 O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvelous things: his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gottten him the victory.

2 The Lord hath made known his salvation: his righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the heathen.

3 He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel: all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

4 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

5 Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

6 With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.

7 Let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

8 Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together

9 Before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

Sing No. 174.

Jesus Shall Reign.

No. 276. PSALM 103.

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger forever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Sing No. 101.

Hear Our Prayer.

No. 277. PSALM 119.

1 Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

2 Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

3 They also do no iniquity: they walk in his ways.

4 Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts diligently.

5 O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes!

6 Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments.

7 I will praise thee with uprightness of heart, when I shall have learned thy righteous judgments.

8 I will keep thy statutes: O forsake me not utterly.

Sing No. 209.

Stand Up for Jesus.

No. 278. PSALM 122.

1 I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go unto the house of the Lord.

2 Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

3 Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together.

4 Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

5 For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

6 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

7 Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

8 For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

9 Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

Sing No. 205.

Just As I Am.

Responsive Readings.

No. 279. PSALM 138.

1 I will praise thee with my whole heart; before the gods will I sing praise unto thee.

2 I will worship toward thy holy temple, and praise thy name for thy loving-kindness and for thy truth; for thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.

3 In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.

4 All the kings of the earth shall praise thee, O Lord, when they hear the words of thy mouth.

5 Yea, they shall sing in the way of the Lord: for great is the glory of the Lord.

6 Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly; but the proud he knoweth afar off.

7 Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me: thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me.

8 The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me: thy mercy, O Lord, endureth, for ever: forsake not the works of thine own hands.

Sing No. 199.

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

No. 280. PSALM 142.

1 I cried unto the Lord with my voice; with my voice unto the Lord did I make my supplication.

2 I poured out my complaint before Him: I showed before Him my trouble.

3 When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path. In the way wherein I walked have they privily laid a snare for me.

4 I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me: refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul.

5 I cried unto thee, O Lord: I said, thou art my refuge and my portion in the land of the living.

6 Attend unto my cry: for I am brought very low; deliver me from my persecutors; for they are stronger than I.

7 Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name: the righteous shall compass me about, for thou shalt deal bountifully with me.

Sing No. 105.

Jesus Calls Us, O'er the Tumult.

No. 281. PSALM 149.

1 Praise ye the Lord. Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise in the congregation of saints.

2 Let Israel rejoice in him that made him: let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

3 Let them praise his name in the dance: let them sing praises unto him with the timbrel and harp.

4 For the Lord taketh pleasure in his people: he will beautify the meek with salvation.

5 Let the saints be joyful in glory: let them sing aloud upon their beds.

6 Let the high praises of God be in their mouth, and a two-edged sword in their hand;

7 To execute vengeance upon the heathen, and punishments upon the people.

8 To bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron;

9 To execute upon them the judgment written: this honor have all his saints. Praise ye the Lord.

Sing No. 103.

The Lord is King.

No. 282. PSALM 150.

1 Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.

2 Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

3 Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp.

4 Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.

5 Praise him upon the loud cymbals; praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.

6 Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

Sing No. 211.

All Hail the Power.

No. 283. ISAIAH 53.

1 Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?

2 For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground; he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

3 He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

4 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

5 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

6 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

No. 284. JOHN 3 1-6; 14-18.

1 There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews:

2 The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.

3 Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

4 Nicodemus said unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?

5 Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

6 That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

7 And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness; even so must the Son of man be lifted up:

8 That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

9 For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

10 For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

11 He that believeth on him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already; because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

No. 285. ISAIAH 55.

1 Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

2 Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

3 Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

4 Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

5 Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

6 Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

7 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the uprighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

No. 286. MATTHEW 11: 20-30.

1 Then began he to upbraid the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, because they repented not:

2 Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes.

3 But I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment, than for you.

4 And thou Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell; for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day.

5 But I say unto you, That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for thee.

6 At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth; because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.

7 Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight.

8 All things are delivered unto me of my Father; and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him.

9 Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

10 Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

11 For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

No. 287. CHRISTMAS.

1 And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field,

2 Keeping watch over their flock by night.

3 And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them:

4 And they were sore afraid.

5 And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

6 For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.

7 And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,

8 Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.

9 Now lettest thou thy servant depart, Lord, according to thy word, in peace;

10 For mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples;

11 A light for revelation to the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.

12 Now unto the King eternal, incorruptible, invisible, the only God, be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

No. 288. TEMPERANCE.

1 Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

2 They that tarry long at the wine: they that go to seek mixed wine.

3 Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

4 Be not drunk with wine. Be not among wine bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh.

5 For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty: and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.

6 Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

7 None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.

8 Let us not judge one another anymore: but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.

9 The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

10 He that in these things serveth Christ is acceptable to God, and approved of men.

11 Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another.

12 For meat destroy not the work of God. It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.

Responsive Readings.

No. 289. PROV. 3.

1 My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments:

2 For length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee.

3 Let not mercy and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart.

4 So shalt thou find favor and good understanding in the sight of God and men.

5 Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding.

6 In all thy way acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.

7 Be not wise in thine own eyes: fear the Lord, and depart from evil.

Sing No. 167.

Who is On the Lord's Side?

No. 290. MATT. 5.

1 And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

2 And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

3 Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4 Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5 Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7 Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9 Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Sing No. 69.

Faith of Our Fathers.

No. 291. 1 COR. 13.

1 Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge: and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prohesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

Sing No. 186.

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

No. 292. BENEDICTIONS.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

JUDE 24, 25.

Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.

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