

Select
Gospel
Songs

BISHOP ROBERT WESTLY PEACH
COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC
AND
HYMNOLOGY

ACQUIRED BY THE
AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY
1939

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15.000 per
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Select Gospel Songs



EDITED BY
J. P. SCHOLFIELD and E. L. WOLSLAGEL

I. E. REYNOLDS,
Musical Editor

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DALLAS, TEXAS.

Hymn
1916
Schol

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FOREWORD

SELECT GOSPEL SONGS, as the name implies, is a very choice group of sacred songs; it is not large, but very select. The Book is especially designed for evangelistic meetings, and yet there are appropriate songs here for all religious occasions.

The many new songs in this collection will, without doubt, have a very hearty reception at the hands of the singing public, and the "ringing favorites" will put fresh enthusiasm into many an audience.

May this collection of songs be used to the glory of that Name which is above every name—Jesus Christ the Lord, is the prayer of

THE PUBLISHER.

Select Gospel Songs.

No. 1.

The Revival Song.

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J. P. S.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, In all Thy pow'r and beau - ty!
2. Make bare Thy might - y arm, Let sin - ful hearts be bro - ken;
3. Let Christians' hearts be - stirred, A zeal for Thee a - wa - ken,

Re - vive our hearts, O Lord, Make plain the path of du - ty.
Con - vict and cause a - larm, Let men know God hath spo - ken.
And let our shouts be heard, That Sa - tan's walls be sha - ken.

CHORUS.

Re - vive!.... Re - vive, O Lord, Lift men from sin and shame!

Re - vive!..... Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, And glo - ri - fy Thy name!

2. 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
2. Just a - bove are clond-ed skies that you may help to clear, Let not
3. Here for all your ta-lent you may sure - ly find a need, Here re-




wait to shed your light a - far, To the ma - ny du - ties ev - er near you
nar - row self your way de-bar, Tho' in - to one heart a - lone may fall your
flect the bright and morning star, E - ven from your hum - ble hand the bread of



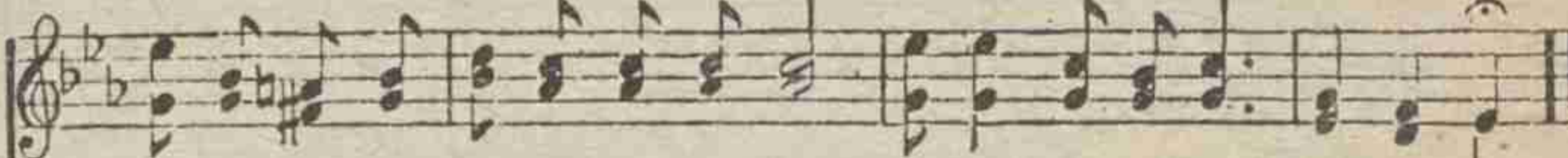
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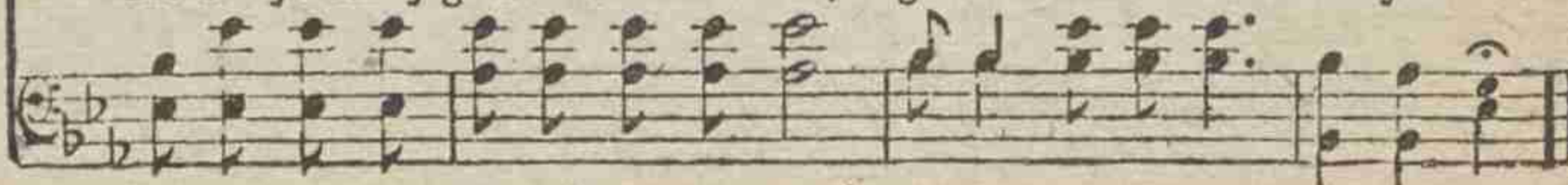
now be true, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.
song of cheer, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are. Bright-en the cor-ner
life may feed, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.




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

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



No. 3.

My Savior's Love.

"And being in an agony He prayed more earnestly: and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down on the ground."—LUKE 22: 24.

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C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je-sus the Naz-a-rene,
2. For me it was in the gar-den He prayed; "Not my will, but Thine;"
3. In pit-y an-gels be-held Him, And came from the world of light
4. He took my sins and my sor-rows, He made them His ver-y own;
5. When with the ransomed in glo-ry His face I at last shall see,



And won-der how He could love me, A sin-ner, condemned, unclean.
He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweet-drops of blood for mine.
To com-fort Him in the sor-rows He bore for my soul that night.
He bore the bur-den to Cal-v'ry, And suf-fered, and died a-lone.
'Twill be my joy thro' the a-ges To sing of His love for me.



CHORUS.



How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful! And my song shall ev-er be:
Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful!



How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful Is my sav-ior's love for me!
Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful!



Does Jesus Care?

Rev. Frank E. Graeff.

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J. Lincoln Hall.



1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep-ly for mirth or song;
2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name-less dread and fear?
3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re-sist some temp-ta-tion strong;
4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-by" To the dear-est on earth to me,



As the bur-dens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows wear-y and long?
 As the day-light fades In-to deep night shades, Does He care e-nough to be near?
 When for my deep grief There is no re-lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
 And my sad heart aches Till it near-ly breaks, Is it aught to Him? Does He see?



CHORUS.



O yes, He cares, I know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief;....

*ad lib.**rit.*

When the days are weary, The long night dreary, I know my Sav-ior cares.....

He cares.



No. 5.

Full Surrender.

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Rebecca S. Pollard.

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D. B. Towner.



1. Sav - ior, 'tis a full sur-ren - der, All I leave to fol - low Thee;
2. As I come in deep con-tri - tion, At this con - se - crat - ed hour,
3. No with-hold - ing—full con-fes-sion; Pleas-ures, rich-es, all must flee;
4. Be this theme my song and sto - ry, Now and un - til life is o'er;
5. Oh, the joy of full sal - va - tion! Oh, the peace of love di - vine!



Thou my Lead - er and De-fend - er From this hour shalt ev - er be.
 Hear, O Christ, my heart's pe - ti - tion, Let me feel the Spir - it's pow'r!
 Ho - ly Spir - it, take pos-ses-sion! I no more, but Thou in me.
 This my rap-ture, this my glo - ry, Till I reach the shin - ing shore.
 Oh, the bliss of con - se - cra - tion! I am His, and He is mine.



CHORUS.



I sur-ren-der all! I sur-ren-der all!
 I sur-ren-der all! I sur-ren-der all!



All I have I bring to Je - sus, I sur - ren - der all!

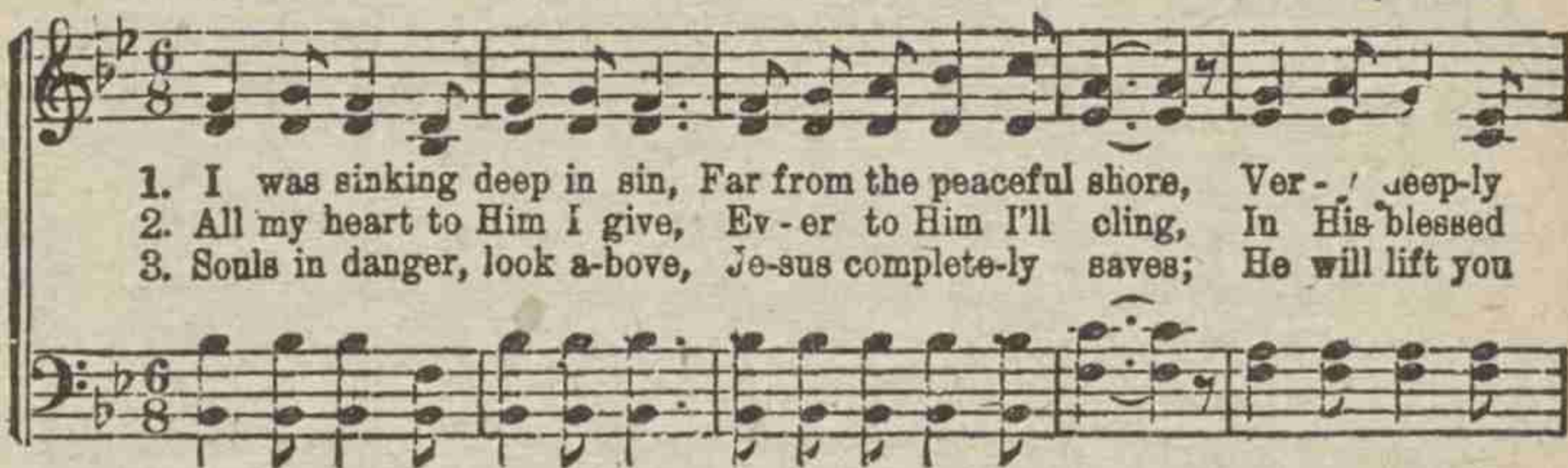


Love Lifted Me.

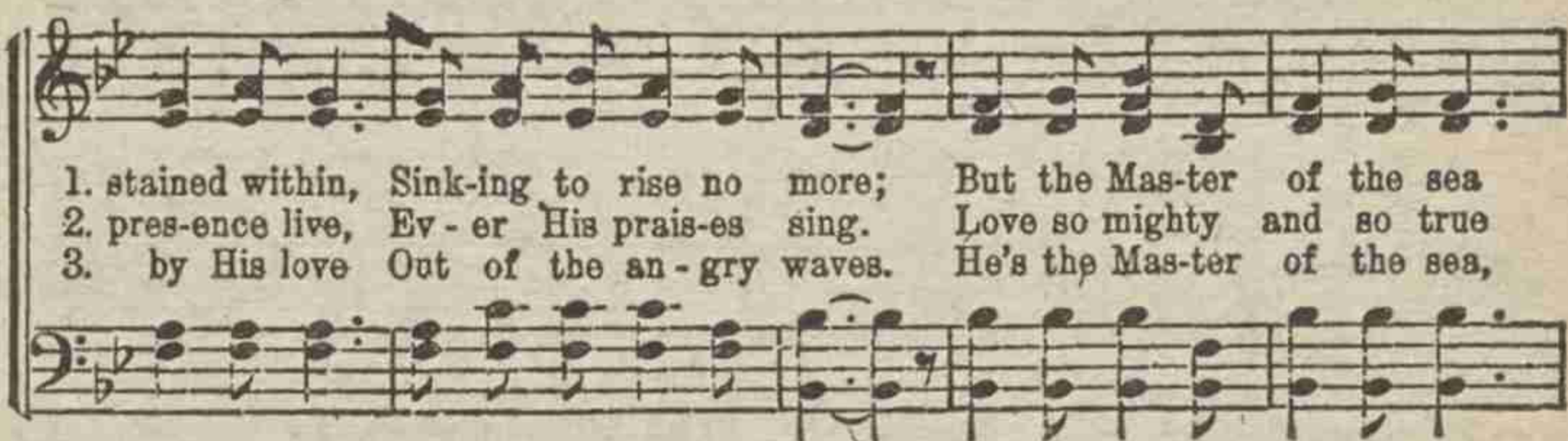
JAMES ROWE.

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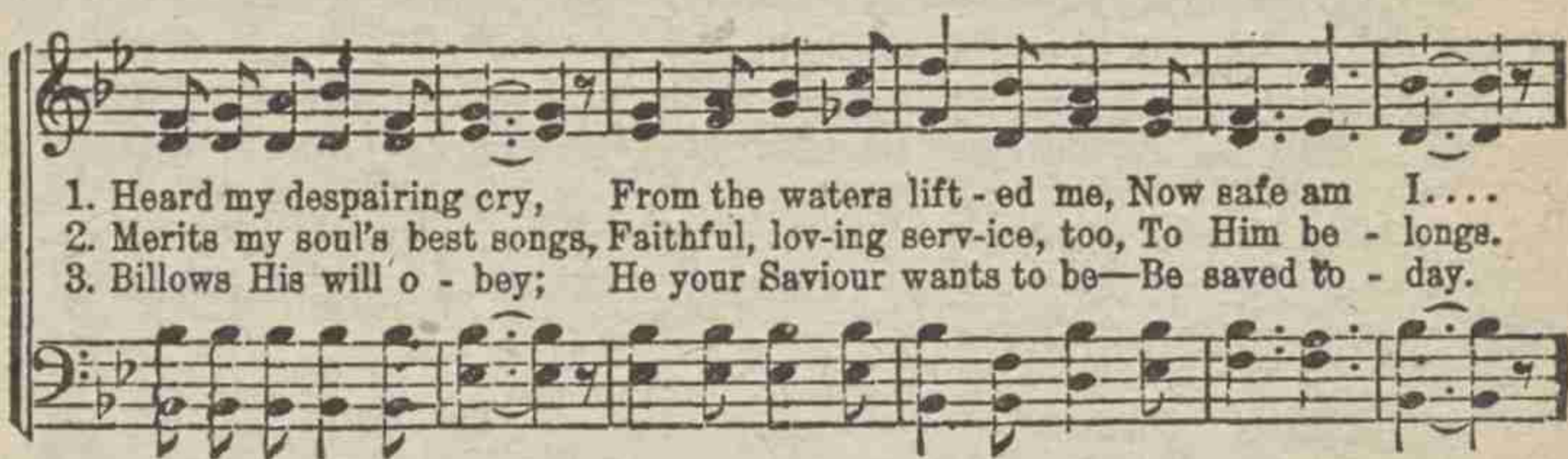
HOWARD E. SMITH.



1. I was sinking deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - / deep-ly
 2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I'll cling, In His blessed
 3. Souls in danger, look a - bove, Je - sus complete-ly saves; He will lift you



1. stained within, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
 2. pres-ence live, Ev - er His prais-es sing. Love so mighty and so true
 3. by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,



1. Heard my despairing cry, From the waters lift - ed me, Now safe am I....
 2. Merits my soul's best songs, Faithful, lov-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be - longs.
 3. Billows His will o - bey; He your Saviour wants to be—Be saved to - day.

CHORUS.



Love lift - ed me!..... Love lift - ed me!.....
 e - ven me! e - ven me!



When nothing else could help, Love lift-ed me. Love lift-ed me.

Jesus is Calling.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL.

GEORGE C. STEBBINS.



1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee home—Calling to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je-sus is calling the wea-ry to rest—Calling to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;



Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Farther and farther a-way?
 Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a-way.
 Come with thy sins, at His feet lowly bow; Come, and no long-er de-lay.
 They who believe on His name shall rejoice; Quickly a-rise and a-way.



CHORUS.



Call - ing to - day! Call - ing to - day!
 Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!



Je - sus is call - ing, is ten-der-ly call-ing to - day.
 Je - sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to - day,



Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

R. H. McDaniel.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. What a won-der-ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je-sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go-ing a-stray, Since Je-sus came
3. I'm pos-sessed of a hope that is stead-fast and sure, Since Je-sus came
4. There's a light in the val-ley of Death now for me, Since Je-sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit-y I know Since Je-sus came



in-to my heart! I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
 in-to my heart! And my sins which were ma-ny are all washed a-way
 in-to my heart! And no dark clouds of doubt now my path-way ob-scure,
 in-to my heart! And the gates of the Cit-y be-yond I can see,
 in-to my heart! And I'm hap-py, so hap-py as on-ward I go,



CHORUS.



Since Je-sus came in-to my heart! Since Je-sus came in-to my
 Since Je-sus came in, came



heart, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart, Floods of joy o'er my
 in-to my heart, Since Je-sus came in, came in-to my heart,



soul like the sea bil-lows roll, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart.



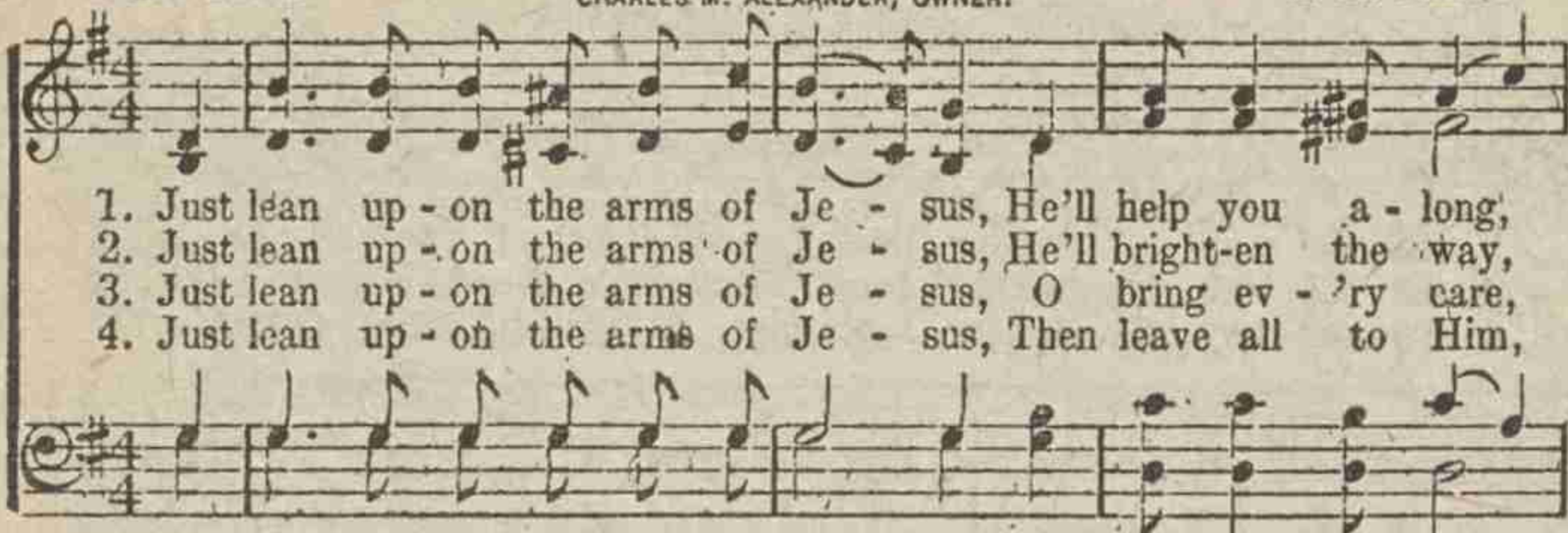
No. 9.

Lean On His Arms.

Edgar Lewis.

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L. E. Jones.

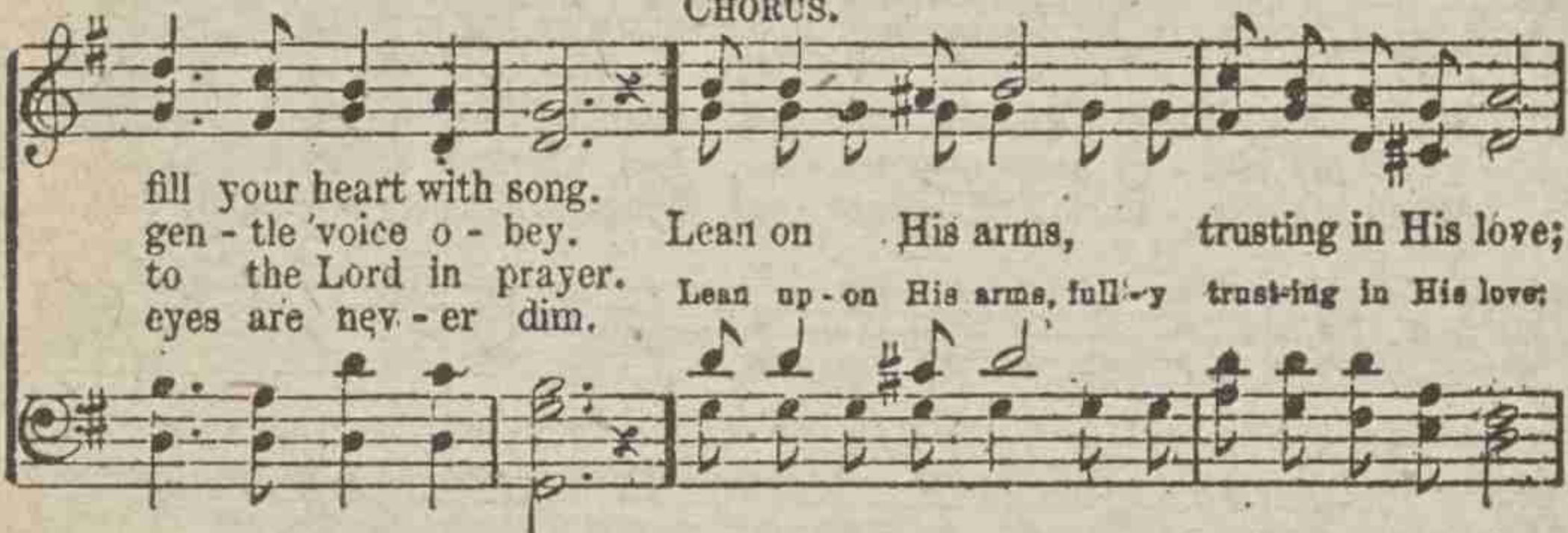


1. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll help you a - long,
2. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll bright-en the way,
3. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, O bring ev - 'ry care,
4. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, Then leave all to Him,



help you a - long; If you will trust His love un - fail - ing, He'll
bright-en the way; Just fel - low glad - ly where He lead - eth, His
bring ev - 'ry care! The bur - den that has seemed so heav - y, Take
leave all to Him; His heart is full of love and mer - cy, His

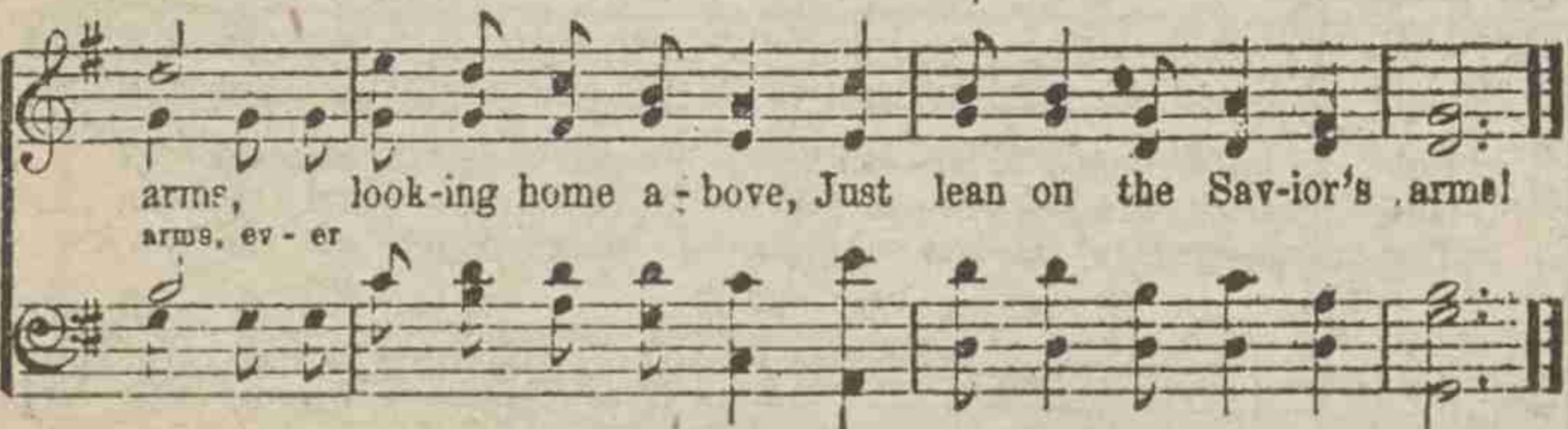
CHORUS.



fill your heart with song.
gen - tle voice o - bey. Lean on His arms, trusting in His love;
to the Lord in prayer. Lean up - on His arms, full - y trust - ing in His love;
eyes are nev - er dim.



Lean on His arms, all His mer - cies prove; Lean on His
Lean up - on His arms and all His mer - cies prove; Lean up - on His



arms, look - ing home a - bove, Just lean on the Sav - ior's arms!
arms, ev - er

All the Way My Savior Leads.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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RENEWAL. USED BY PER.

Robert Lowry.



1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, Cheers each wind-ing path I tread;
3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; O the ful-ness of His love!




Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy Who thro' life has been my guide?
Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread;
Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove;




Heav'n-ly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Tho' my wea-ry steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When my spir-it, clothed, im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,




For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well;
Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lol a spring of joy I see;
This my song thro' end-less a-ges—Je-sus led me all the way;




For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well.
Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lol a spring of joy I see.
This my song thro' end-less a-ges—Je-sus led me all the way.



No. 11. Jesus is All the World to Me.

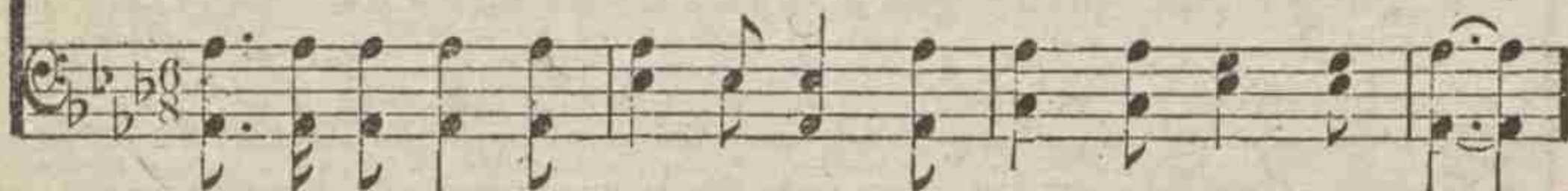
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W. L. T.

Will L. Thompson.



1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;



He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now I'll trust Him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end.



When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;
Fol-low-ing Him I know I'm right, He watches o'er me day and night;
Beau-ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;



When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun-shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.



'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

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Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead.

USED BY PER.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick



1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word;
2. Oh how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
- 4 I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Precious Je - sus, Sav-ior, Friend;



Just to rest up - on His prom-ise; Just to know "Thus saith the Lord."
 Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleansing flood.
 Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
 And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me, to the end.



REFRAIN.



Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!



Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.



The Old Time Way.

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R. H.

Robert Harkness.



1. Do you love the bless-ed Sav-ior In the old time way?
2. Are you keep-ing close to Je-sus In the old time way?
3. Have you made a full sur-ren-der In the old time way?
4. Are you work-ing for His king-dom In the old time way?



Is your heart a-glow with rap-ture In the old time way?
Dai-ly walk-ing in His pres-ence In the old time way?
Giv-en all to fol-low Je-sus In the old time way?
Are you lead-ing oth-ers to Him In the old time way?



CHORUS.



In the old time way, In the old time way, We must



claim the old time bless-ing, In the old time way.



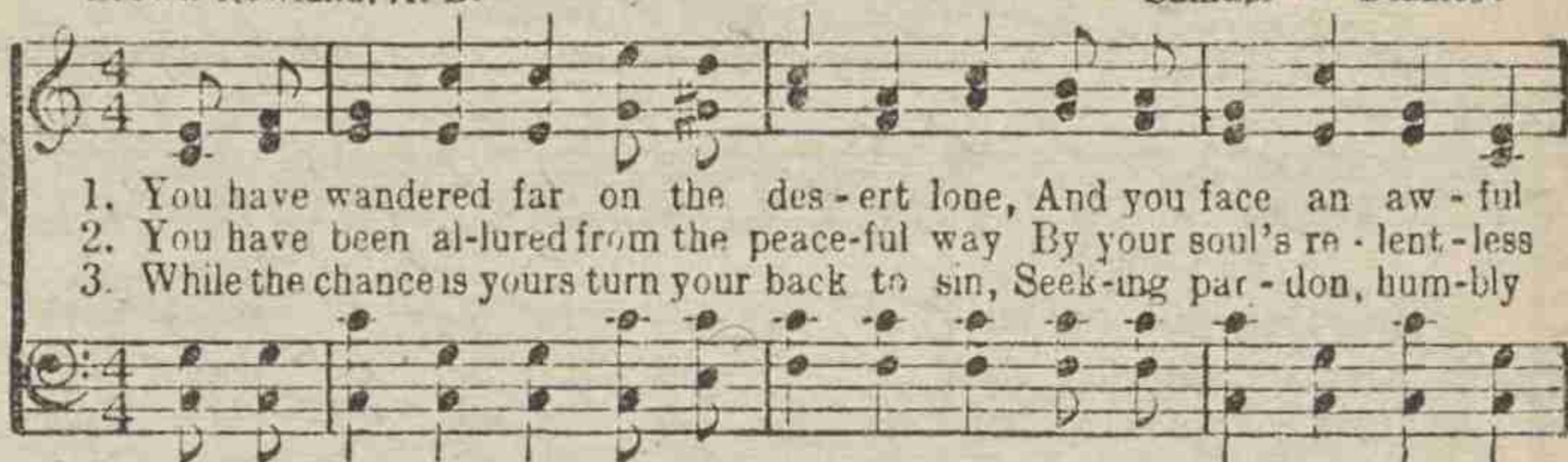
No. 14.

Take the Home-Path.

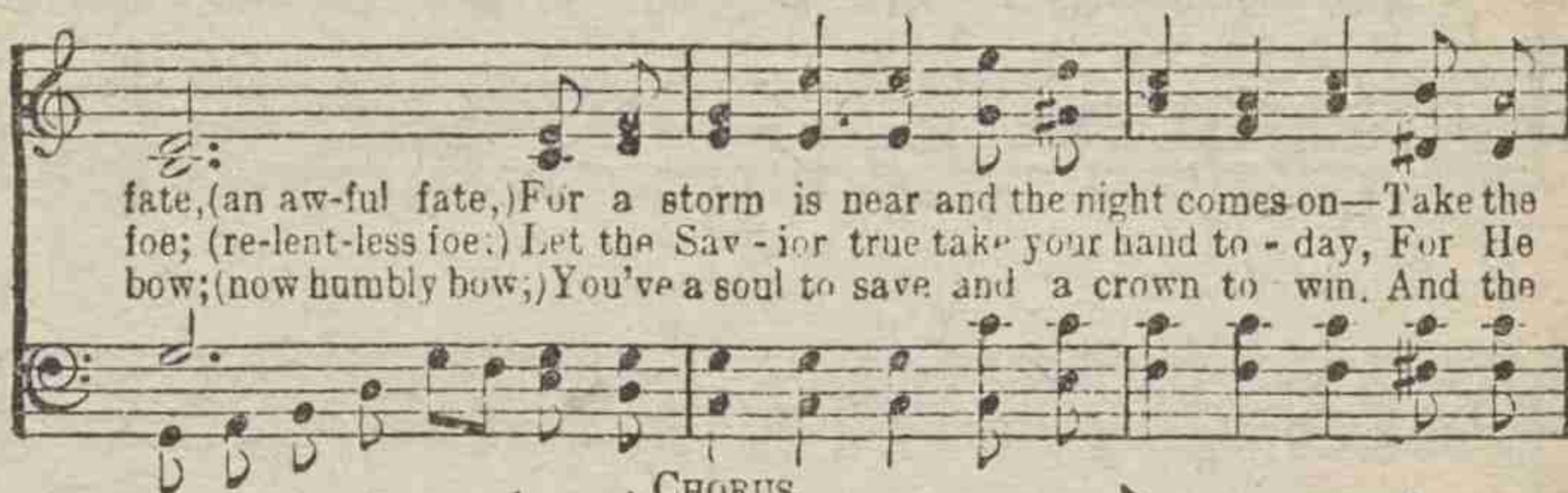
Brown Rowland, A. B.

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Samuel W. Beazley.



1. You have wandered far on the des-ert lone, And you face an aw-ful
 2. You have been al-lured from the peace-ful way By your soul's re-lent-less
 3. While the chance is yours turn your back to sin, Seek-ing par-don, hum-bly



fate, (an aw-ful fate,) For a storm is near and the night comes on—Take the
 foe; (re-lent-less foe;) Let the Sav-ior true take your hand to-day, For He
 bow; (now humbly bow;) You've a soul to save and a crown to win. And the



CHORUS.
 home-path ere too late. Take the home-path, take the home-path,
 knows the way to go. Take the home-path,.....
 time to start is now.



Take the home-path, take it now, take the home-path, take it now,
 Night is com-ing, do not wait; (do not wait;) Take the home-path, take the
 Take the home-path,.....



home-path, Take the home-path ere too late. (ere too late.)
 home-path, take it now,

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY HALL-MACK CO.

B. Frank Butts.



1. There's One a-bove all earth-ly friends Whose love all earthly love transcends,
2. He's mine be-cause He died for me, He saved my soul, He set me free;
3. He's mine be-cause He's in my heart, And nev-er, nev-er will we part;
4. Some day up - on the streets of gold Mine eyes His glo - ry shall be - hold,



It is my Lord and Christ di-vine, My Lord, be-cause I know He's mine.
 With joy I wor - ship at His shrine And cry, "Praise God, I know He's mine.
 Just as the branch is to the vine I'm joined to Christ; I know He's mine.
 Then, while His arms around me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know He's mine.



CHORUS.



I know He's mine,..... this friend so dear,..... He lives with



me,..... He's ev-er near;..... Ten thousand charms.....



a-round Him shine,..... And, best of all, I know He's mine.



James Rowe.

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DALLAS, TEXAS.

I. E. Reynolds.



1. How sweet is the love of my Sav-ior and King, For - ev - er my
2. It light - ens my sor-rows, and troub-le and care, And caus - es my
3. It gives me a car - ol to sing thro' the night, And cheers my soul




song it shall be; For day aft - er day, while its prais - es I sing,
path-way to shine; It helps me for Je - sus to do and to dare,
on - ward each day; So tru - ly I trust it till faith end in sight,



CHORUS.



'Tis grow-ing still sweet-er to me.
And nev - er will let me re - pine. 'Tis sweet-er and dear-er each
And shad-ows have fad - ed a - way.




day, And sweet-er and dear-er 'twill be; While
each day, 'twill be;




here I remain, and when Heaven I gain, It still will grow sweeter to me.



No. 17.

His Grace is Enough for Me

J. B. E.

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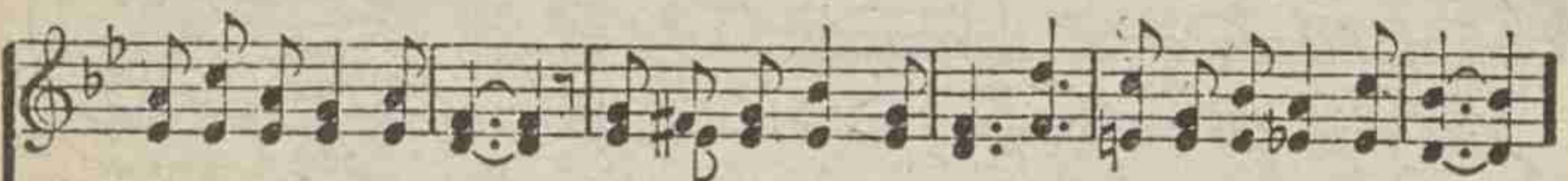
J. Bruce Evans.



1. Just when I am disheartened, Just when with cares oppressed, Just when my
2. Just when my hopes have vanished, Just when my friends forsake, Just when the
3. Just when my tears are flowing, Just when with anguish bent, Just when temp-



way is dark-est, Just when I am dis-tressed—Then is my Sav-ior near me,
 fight is thick-est, Just when with fear I shake—Then comes a still, small whisper,
 ta-tion's hardest, Just when with sadness rent— Then comes a tho't of comfort,



He knows my ev'ry care; Je-sus will never leave me, He helps my burdens bear.
 "Fear not, My child, I'm near." Jesus brings peace and comfort, I love His voice to hear.
 "I know my Father knows;" Je-sus has grace suf-fi-cient To conquer all my foes.



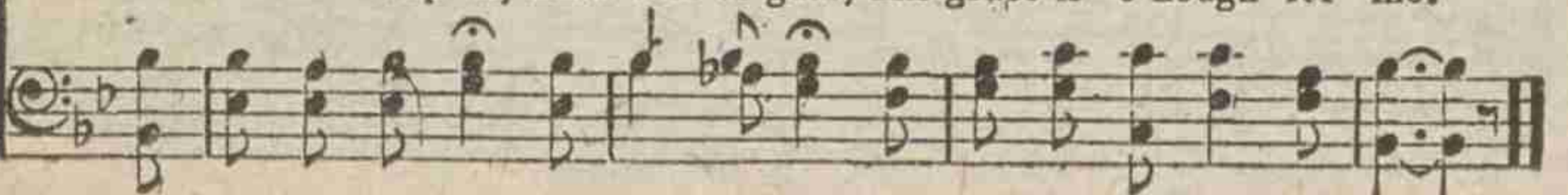
CHORUS.



His grace is e-nough for me, for me, His grace is e-nough for me;



Thro' sor-row and pain, Thro' loss or gain, His grace is e-nough for me.



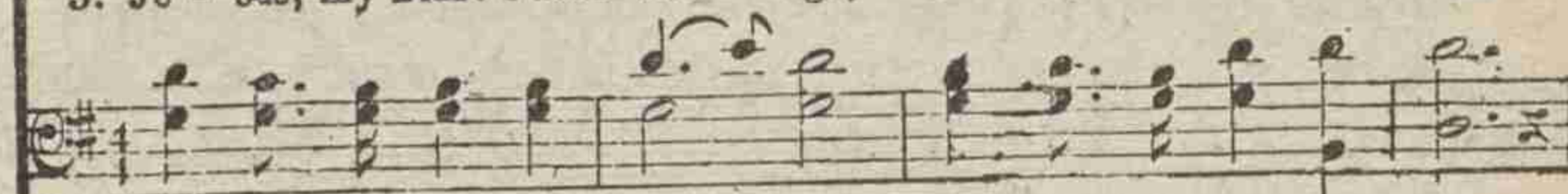
Fanny J. Crosby.

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W. H. Doane.



1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast.
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care,
 3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;

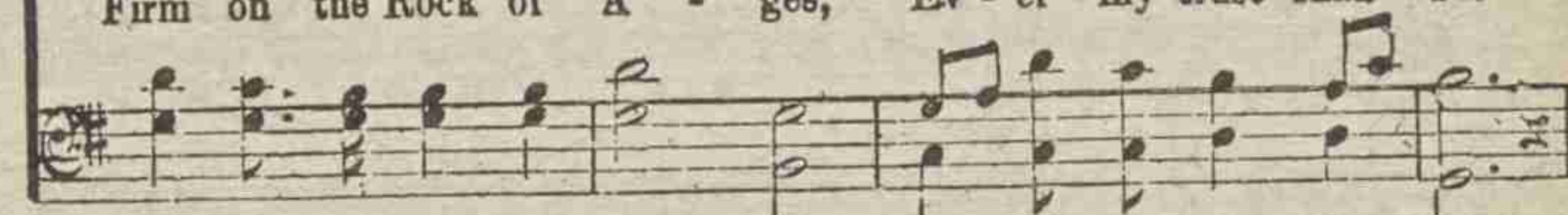


CHO.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,

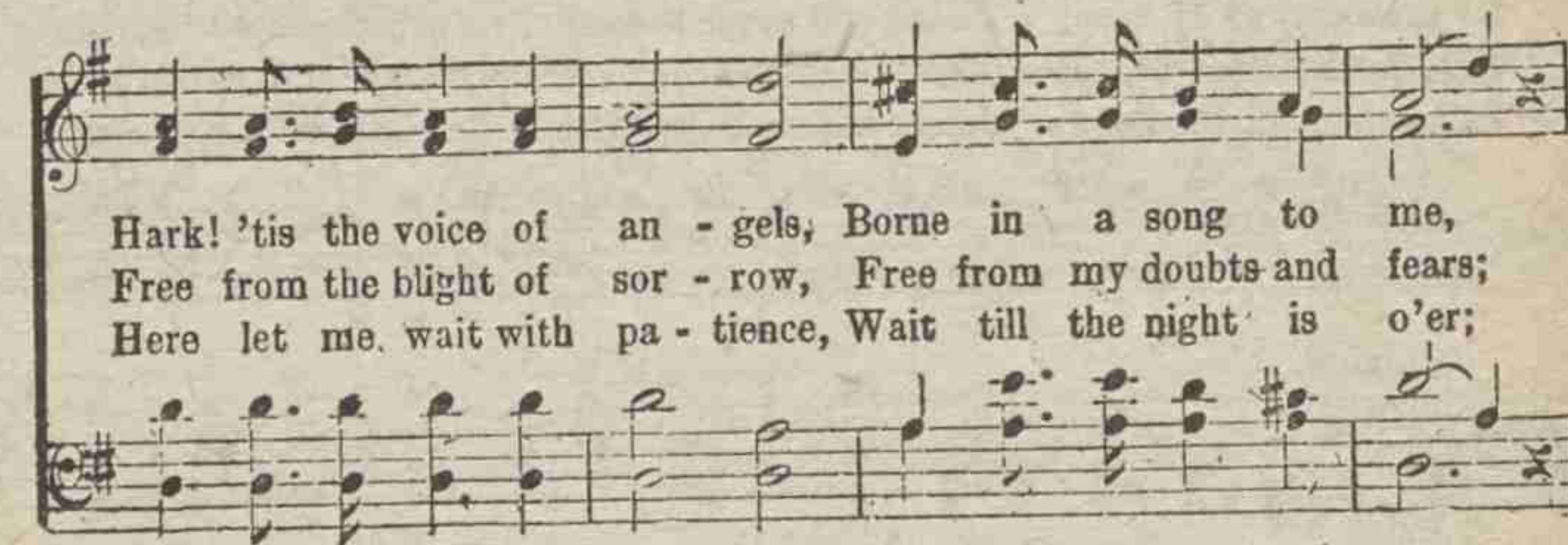
FINE



There by His love o'er-shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.
 Safe from the world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can-not harm me there,
 Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.

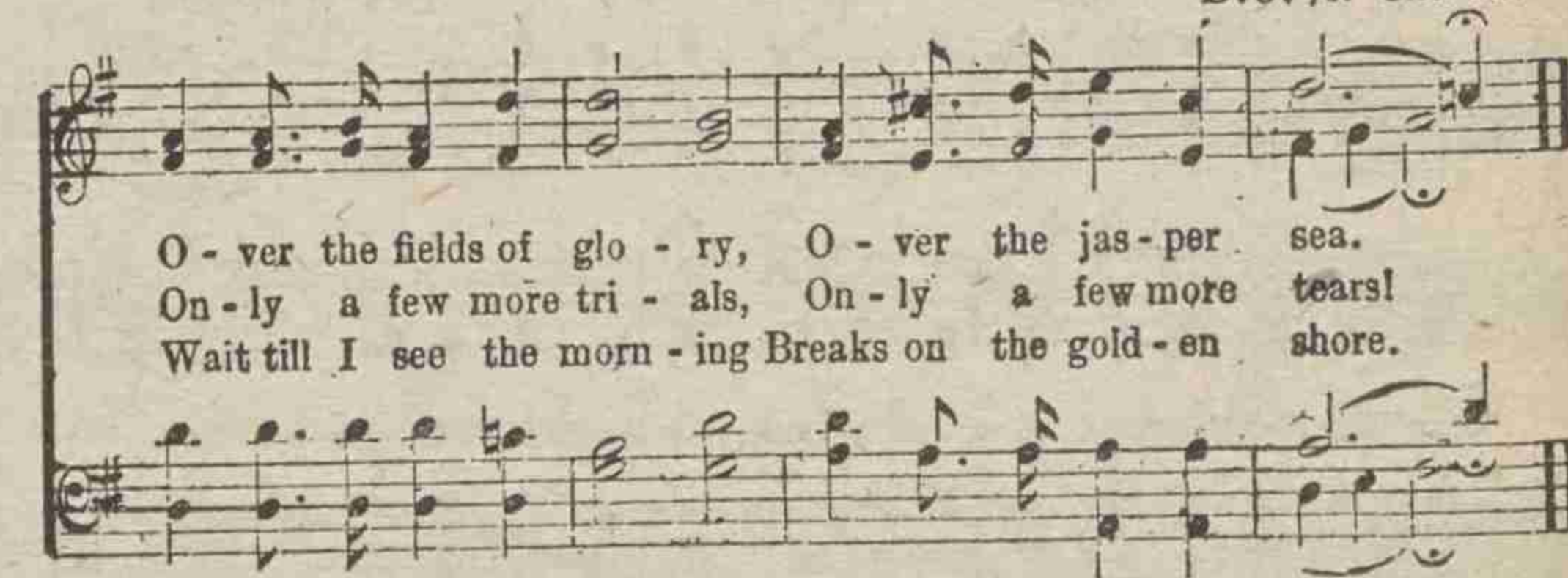


There by His love o'er-shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.



Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
 Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
 Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;

D.C. for Chorus.

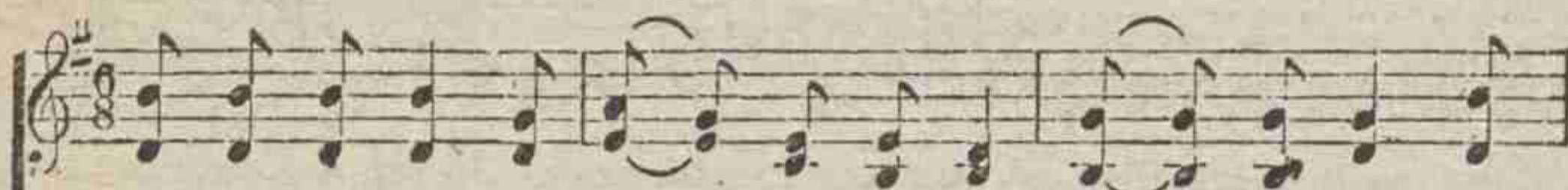


O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
 On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears!
 Wait till I see the morn - ing Breaks on the gold - en shore.

Words and Music by
C. A. Tindley.

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Arr. by F. A. Clark.



1. Noth-ing be-tween my soul and the Sav-ior, Naught of this world's de-
2. Noth-ing be-tween like world - ly pleas-ure; Hab-its of life, tho'
3. Noth-ing be-tween, like pride or sta-tion; Self or friends shall
4. Noth-ing be-tween, e'en man-y hard tri - als, Tho' the whole world a-



lu sive dream: I have re-nounced all sin - ful pleas-ure,
harmless they seem, Must not my heart from Him ev - er sev - er, —
not in - ter - vene; Tho' it may cost me much trib - u - la - tion,
gainst me con-vene; Watching with prayer and much self - de - ni - al, I'll



D.S.—the least of His fa - vor, .

FINE CHORUS.



Je - sus is mine; there's nothing between.
He is my all, there's nothing between. Nothing be-tween my soul and the
I am resolved, there's nothing between.
triumph at last, with nothing between.



Keep the way clear! Let noth-ing be-tween.



Sav-ior, So that His bless-ed face may be seen; Noth-ing pre-vent-ing

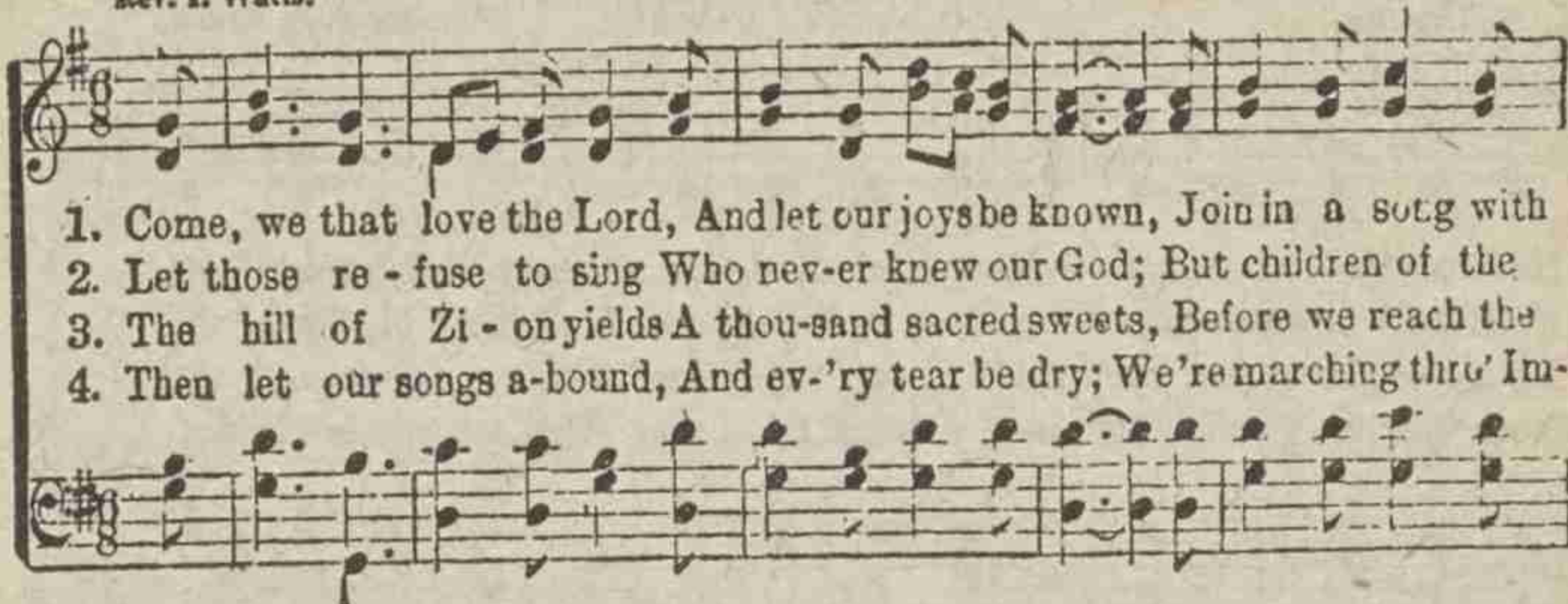


We're Marching to Zion.

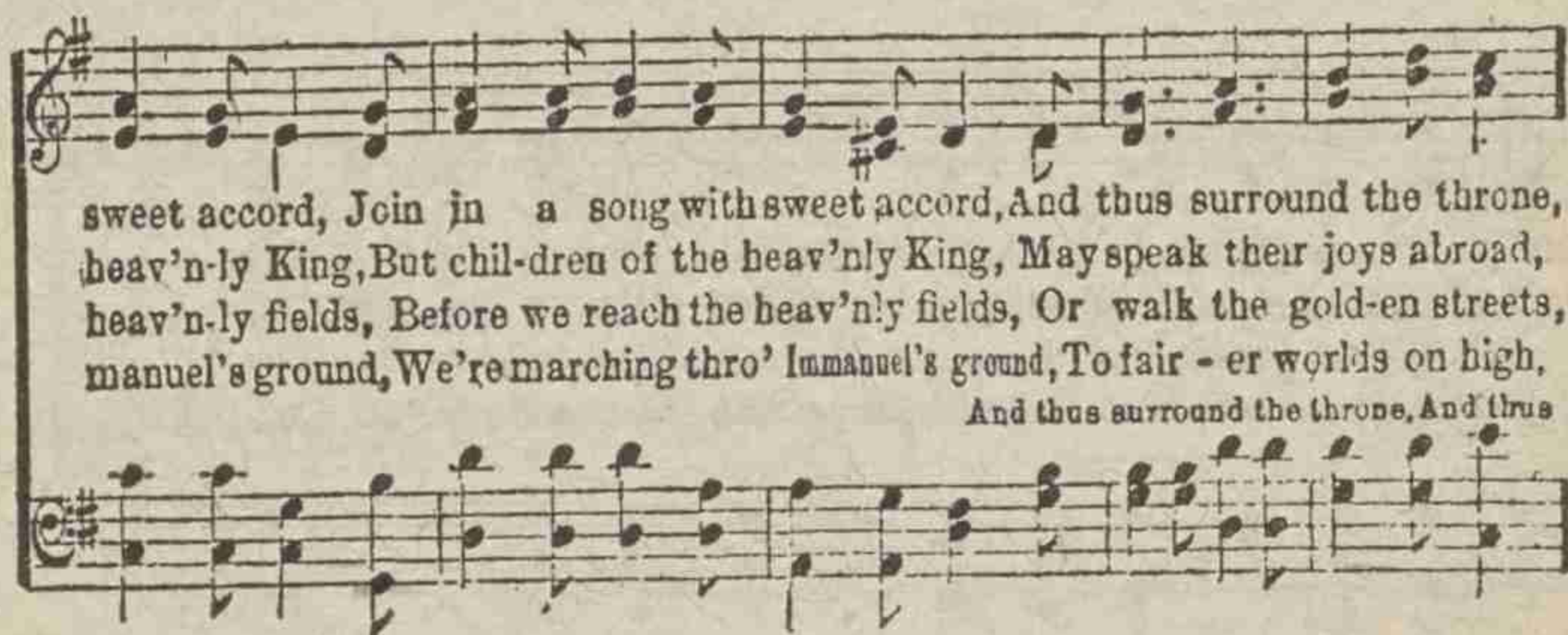
COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY.

Rev. I. Watts.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

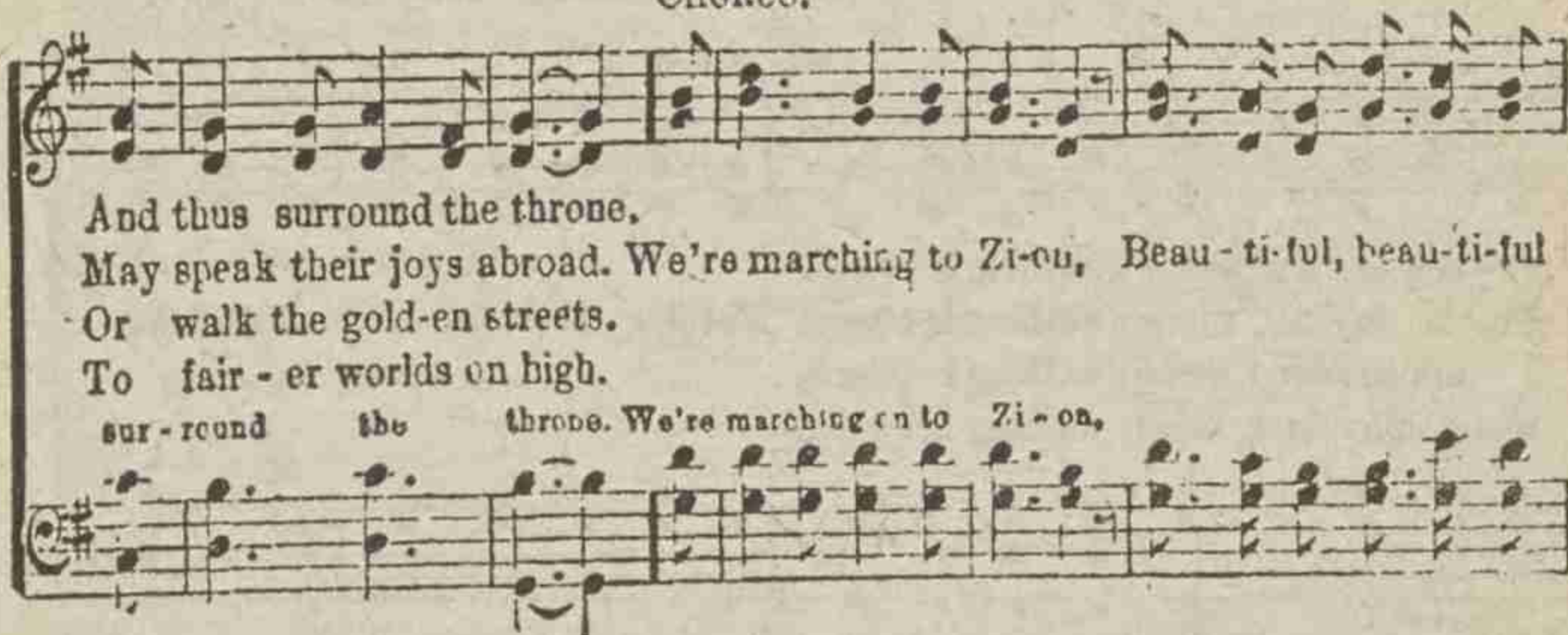


1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But children of the
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sacred sweets, Before we reach the
 4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Im -



sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne,
 heav'n - ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'nly King, May speak their joys abroad,
 heav'n - ly fields, Before we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets,
 manuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high,
 And thus surround the throne, And thus

CHORUS.



And thus surround the throne.
 May speak their joys abroad. We're marching to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful
 Or walk the gold - en streets.
 To fair - er worlds on high.
 sur - round the throne. We're marching on to Zi - on,



Zi - on; We're marching upward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
 Zi - on, Zi - on.

No. 21.

Is it You?

Rev W. C. Martin.

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WORDS AND MUSIC

Francis Foster.



1. Some-one is clos-ing the door of his heart, Some-one is bid-ding the
2. Some-one is here whom He longs to for-give, Some-one is per-ish-ing
3. Some-one is griev-ing the Spir-it to-day, Some-one is drift-ing still
4. Some-one may still turn a-way from his sin, Some-one may bid the Re-



Sav-ior de-part, Some-one re-ject-ing a Friend who is true—Is it
now who may live, Scorn-ing such love as this world nev-er knew—Is it
fur-ther a-way, Some-one, too late, for God's mer-cy will sue—Is it
deem-er come in, Some-one have par-don and some-one live true—It is



CHORUS.



- 1-3. you, my friend, is it you? Is it you? (Is it you?) Is it you? (Is it you?)
4. you, my friend, yes, it's you. Yes, it's you, (Yes, it's you,) It is you! (It is you!)



Is it you, my friend, is it you? (Is it you?) Is it you in your
It is you, my friend, it is you! (It is you!) It is you who now



blindness, Spurning God's loving-kindness? Is it you, my friend, is it you?
grieve Him, Who may truly re-ceive Him, It is you, my friend, yes, it's you!



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Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurl'd;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;



Still pray-ing as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
 Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim is high-er ground.
 For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
 But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."



CHORUS.



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav-en's ta-ble-land;



A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.



He Will Not Let Me Fall.

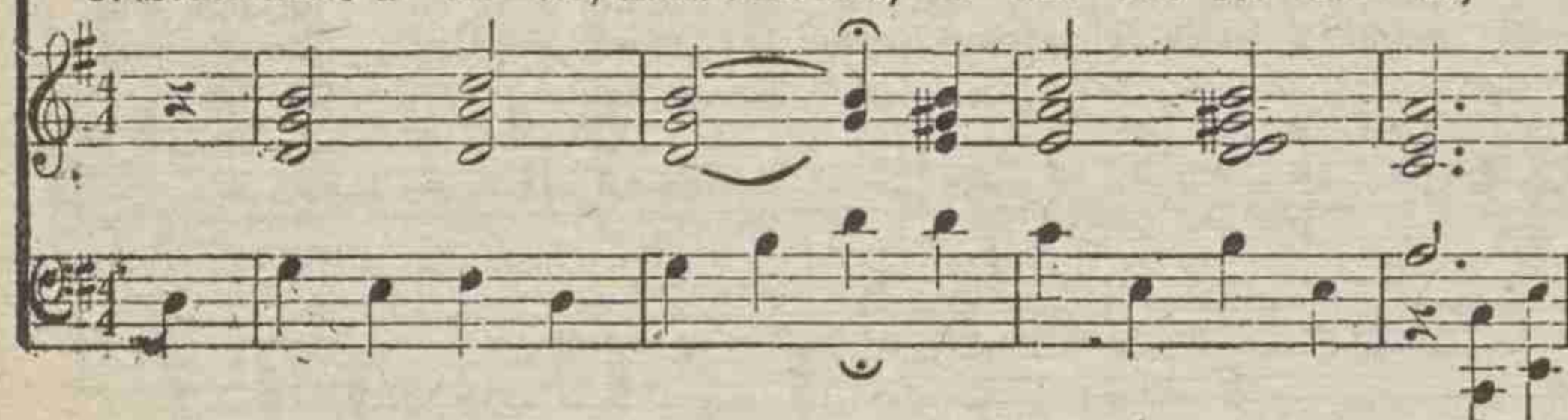
Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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B. D. Ackley.



1. My faith temp-ta-tion shall not move, For Je-sus knows it all,
2. When grief is more than I can bear—Too weak am I to call—
3. Some-times I fal-ter, filled with fear, I can-not see at all,




And holds me with His arm of love—He will not let me fall.
If I but lift my heart in pray'r, He will not let me fall.
His voice I nev-er fail to hear—"I will not let thee fall."



CHORUS.



He will not let me fall, He will not let me fall,
He will not let me fall, He will not let me fall,




He is my Strength, my Hope, my all, He will not let me fall.



No. 24.

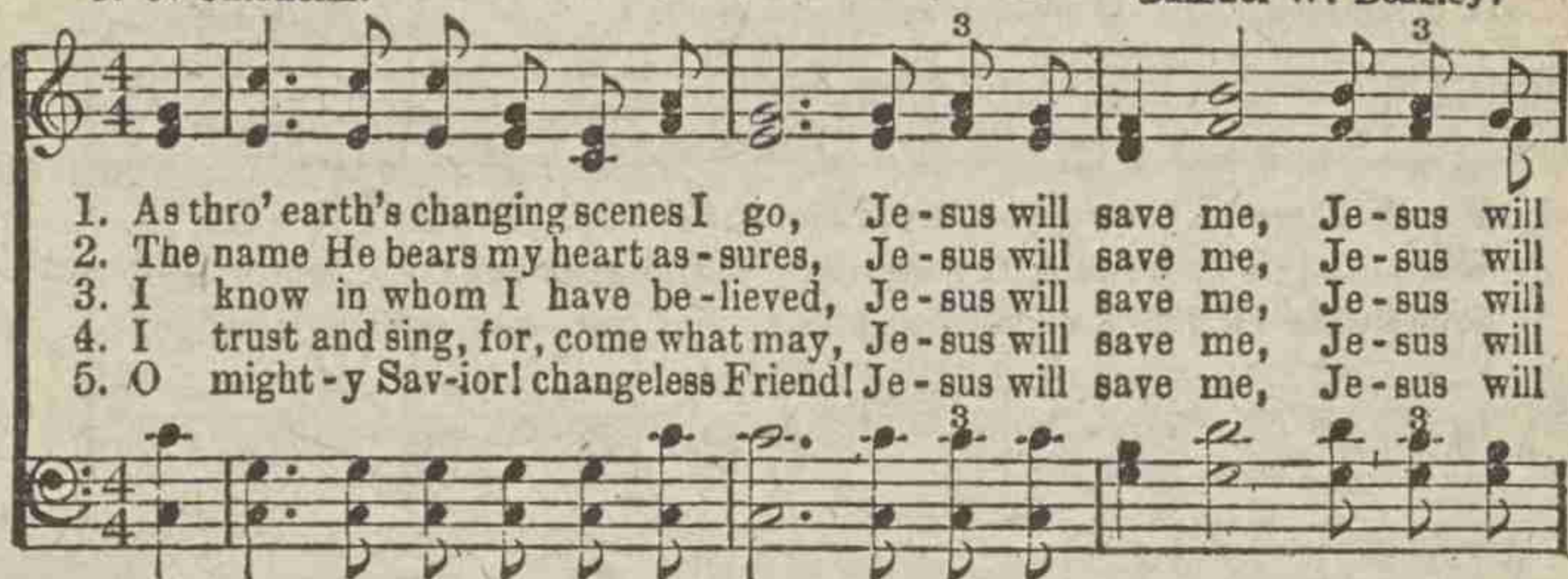
Jesus Will Save and Keep.

"Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."—MATTHEW 1: 21.

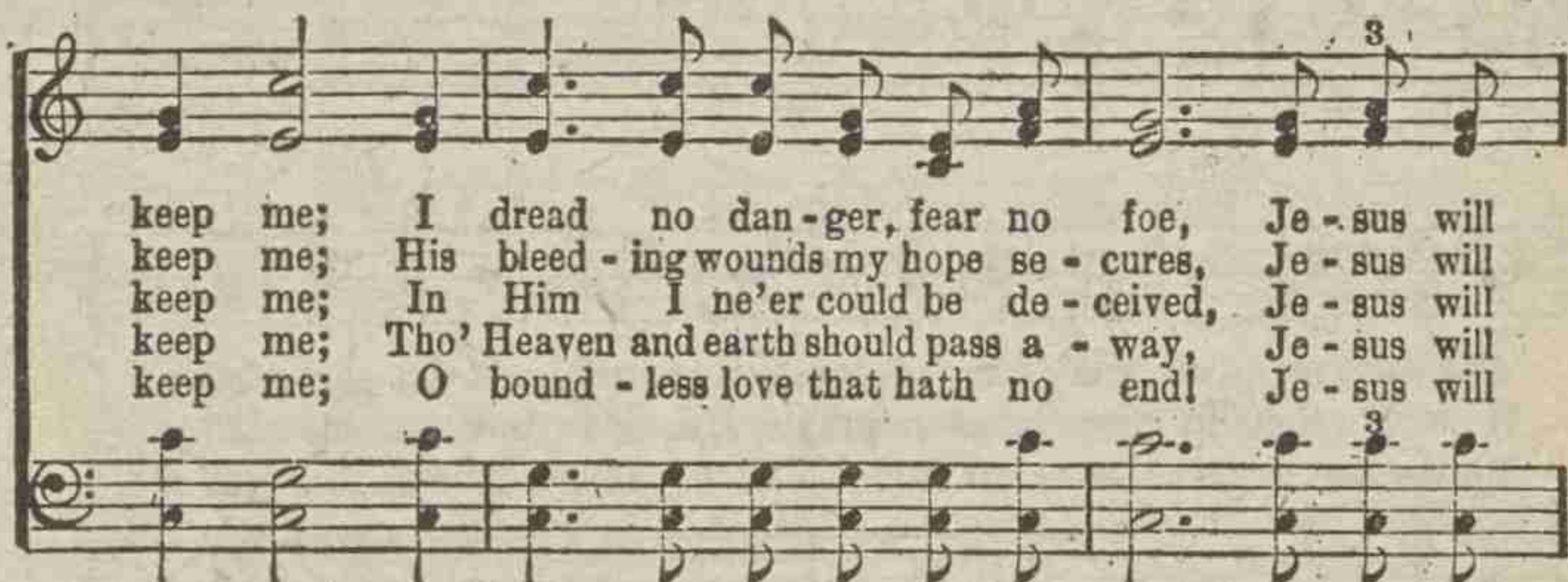
T. O. Chisholm.

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Samuel W. Beazley.

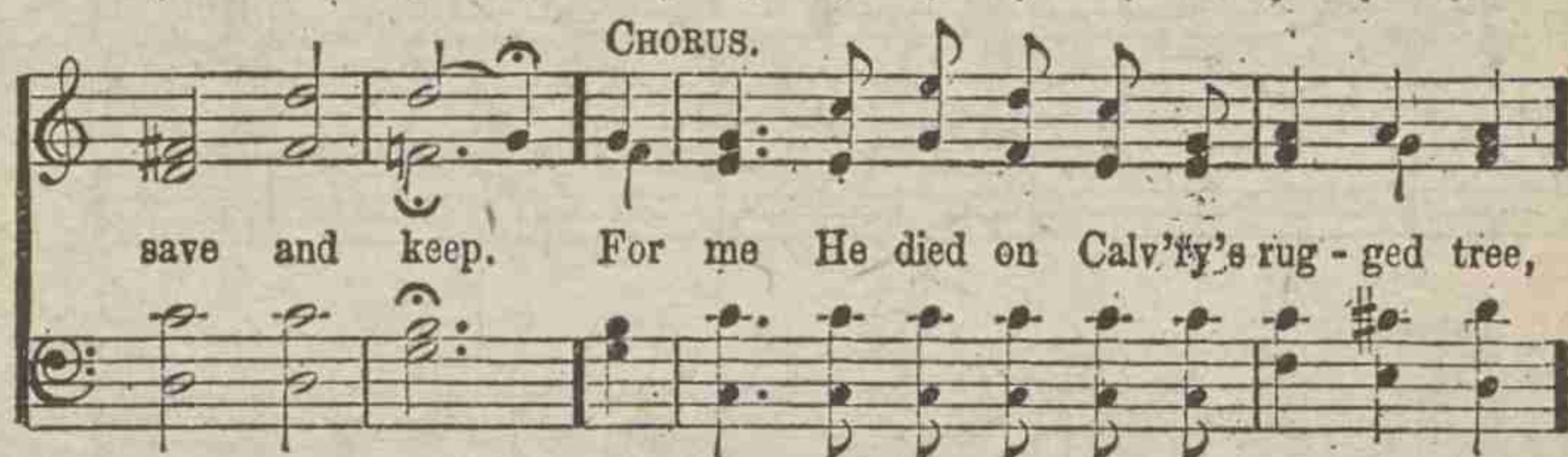


1. As thro' earth's changing scenes I go, Je - sus will save me, Je - sus will
 2. The name He bears my heart as - sures, Je - sus will save me, Je - sus will
 3. I know in whom I have be - lieved, Je - sus will save me, Je - sus will
 4. I trust and sing, for, come what may, Je - sus will save me, Je - sus will
 5. O might - y Sav - ior! changeless Friend! Je - sus will save me, Je - sus will

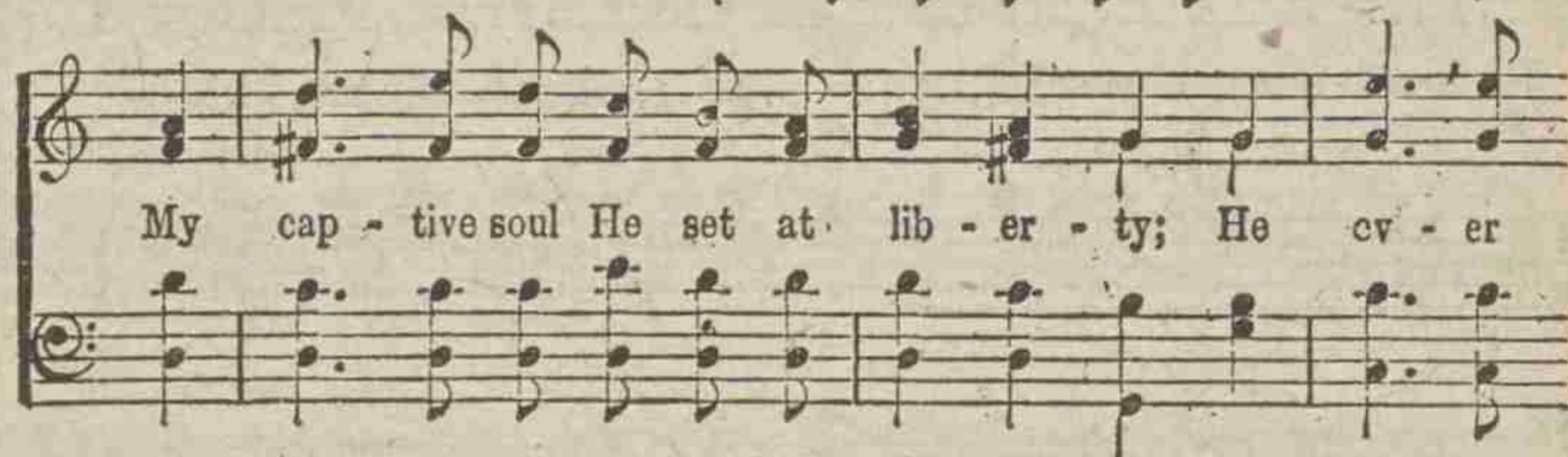


keep me; I dread no dan - ger, fear no foe, Je - sus will
 keep me; His bleed - ing wounds my hope se - cures, Je - sus will
 keep me; In Him I ne'er could be de - ceived, Je - sus will
 keep me; Tho' Heaven and earth should pass a - way, Je - sus will
 keep me; O bound - less love that hath no end! Je - sus will

CHORUS.



save and keep. For me He died on Calv'ry's rug - ged tree,



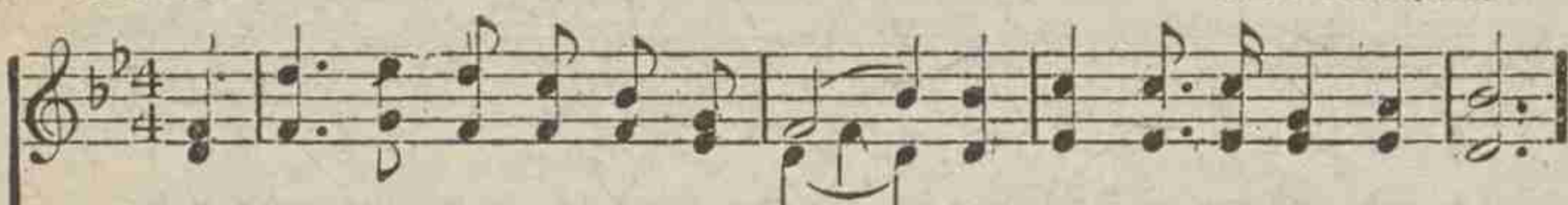
My cap - tive soul He set at lib - er - ty; He ev - er



lives to in - ter - cede for me, And He will save and keep.

J. P. S.

J. P. Scholfield.



1. My feet are 'in the nar-row way, I'm fac-ing the Glo-ry-land;
 2. I feel se-cure in Him each hour, I'm fac-ing the Glo-ry-land;
 3. My Pi-lot walks close by my side, I'm fac-ing the Glo-ry-land;
 4. He'll lead me on un-til the last, I'm fac-ing the Glo-ry-land;



The path grows brighter ev-'ry day, I'm fac-ing the Glo-ry-land.
 For I have felt His keep-ing pow'r, I'm fac-ing the Glo-ry-land.
 He guides me thro' each crossing tide, I'm fac-ing the Glo-ry-land.
 When I grow weak He'll hold me fast, I'm fac-ing the Glo-ry-land.



CHORUS.



I am fac-ing the Glo-ry-land, I am fac-ing the Glo-ry-land;
 Glo-ry-land,



No more I roam, I'm bound for home in the Glo-ry-land.



No. 26. Are You Walking With the Savior?

I. E. R.

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I. E. Reynolds.



1. Are you walking with the Sav-ior day by day, As you jour-ney to the
2. When in sor-row, do you seek the lov-ing heart Of the Christ who gives sus-
3. Oh, be true and faith-ful to this dear-est Friend, Who is ev-er near the



"Land of Love"? Are you trust-ing Him to help you all the way. Lead you
tain-ing grace? With pros-per-i-ty and hap-pi-ness your part Do you
Christians' side; Je-sus keeps and holds His own un-til the end, For this



CHORUS.



to the blessed home a-bove?
keep in view His blessed face? Are you walking with the Savior day by day?
cause He came, was crucified. day by day?



Are you liv-ing in the sun-shine of His love? He will brighten up the
of His love?



way, and at last you'll hear Him say: En-ter thou in-to the joys a-bove.





1. Has someone seen Christ in you to-day? Christian, look to your
 2. Has someone seen Christ in you to-day? Christian, look to your
 3. Has someone seen Christ in you to-day? Christian, look to your



path I pray; Has it led you nearer the Fa-ther's throne, Far - ther a-
 life I pray; There are aching hearts and blight-ed souls Lost on
 heart I pray; The lit-tle things that you've done or said, Did they ac-



way from the tempt-ing one? Have your feet on errands of love been bent,
 sin's de-struc-tive shoals, And per-haps of Christ their on-ly view
 cord with the way you've prayed? Have your tho'ts been pure, your words been kind?



Or on self-ish deeds your strength been spent? Has a wand-'ring
 May be, what of Him is shown in you: Will they see e-
 Have you sought to have the Sav-ior's mind? The sin-cursed



ad lib.



soul with hope born new Found Christ thro' fol-low-ing af-ter you?
 nough to bring hope and cheer? Look up your life—let it shine out clear!
 world fault-find-ing view Has watched; but did it see Christ in you?



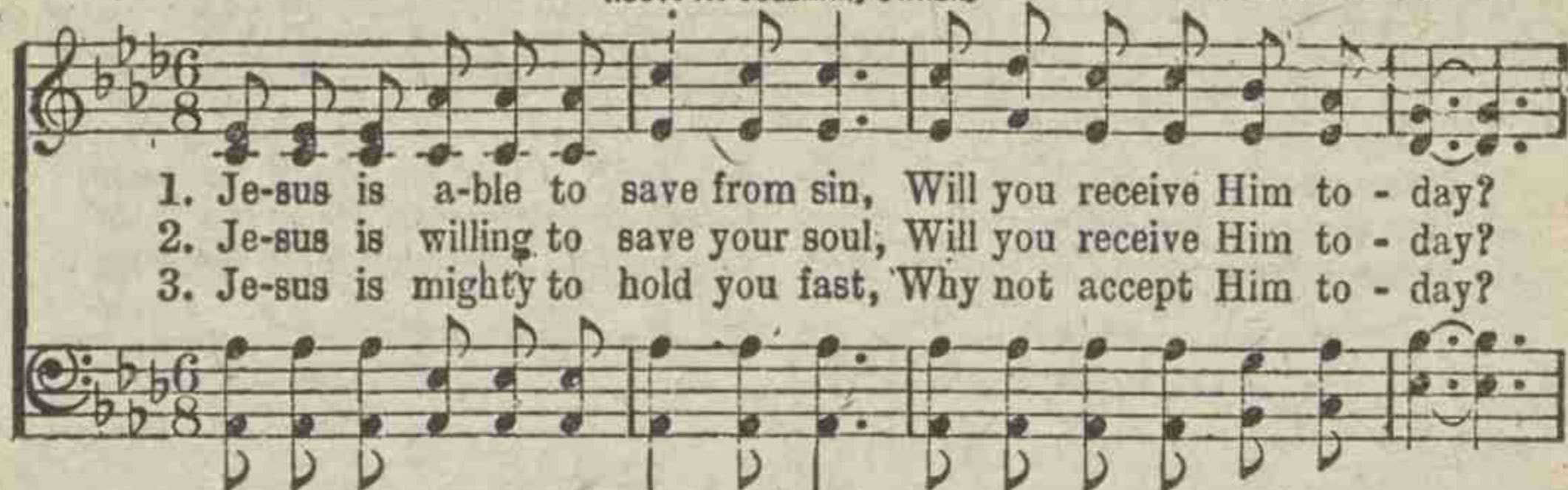
No. 28.

Able, Willing, Mighty.

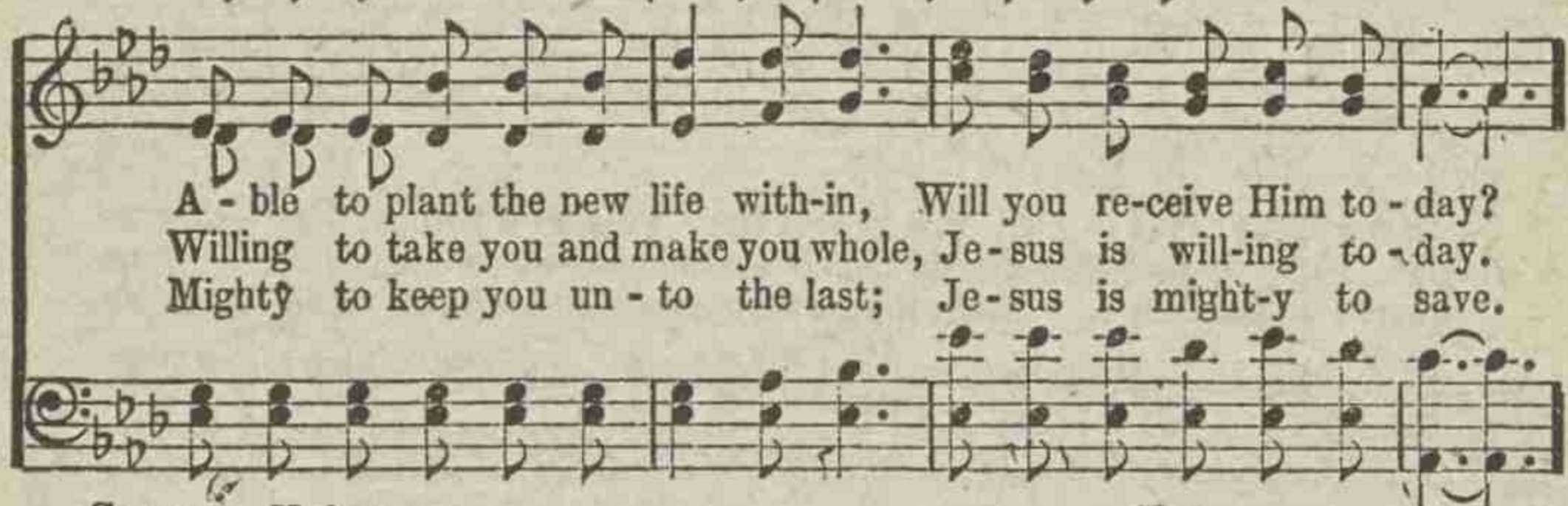
J. P. S.

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J. P. Scholfield.

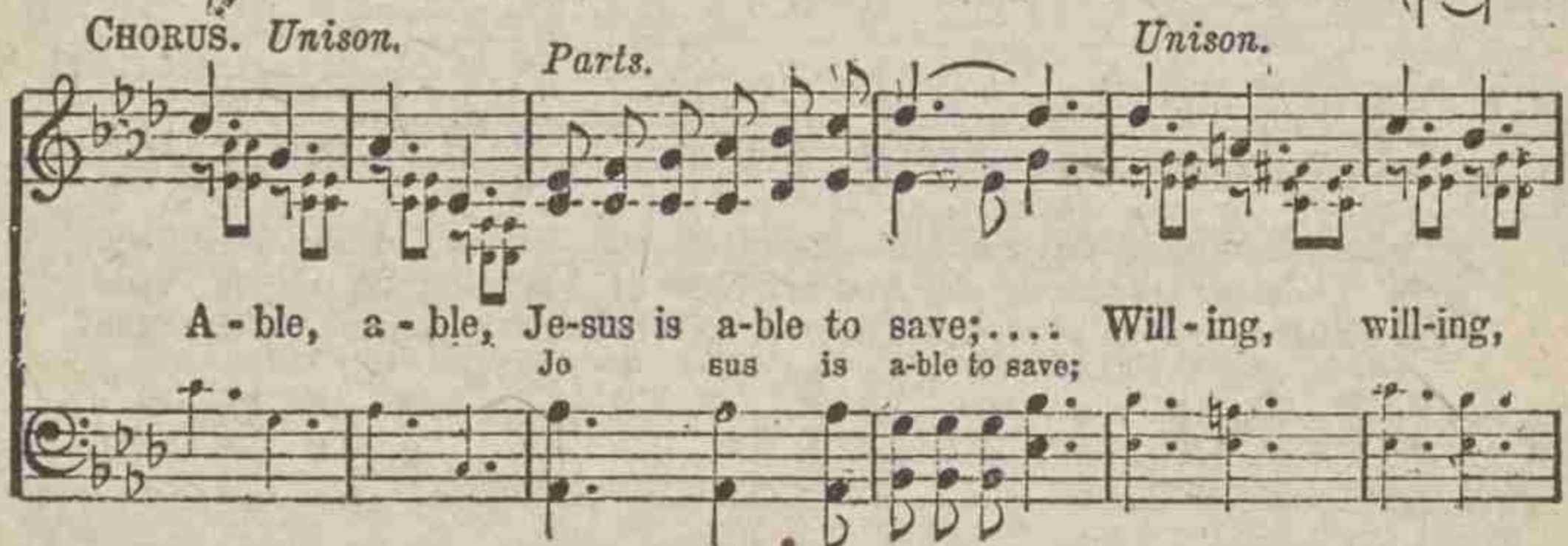


1. Je-sus is a-ble to save from sin, Will you receive Him to - day?
2. Je-sus is willing to save your soul, Will you receive Him to - day?
3. Je-sus is mighty to hold you fast, Why not accept Him to - day?



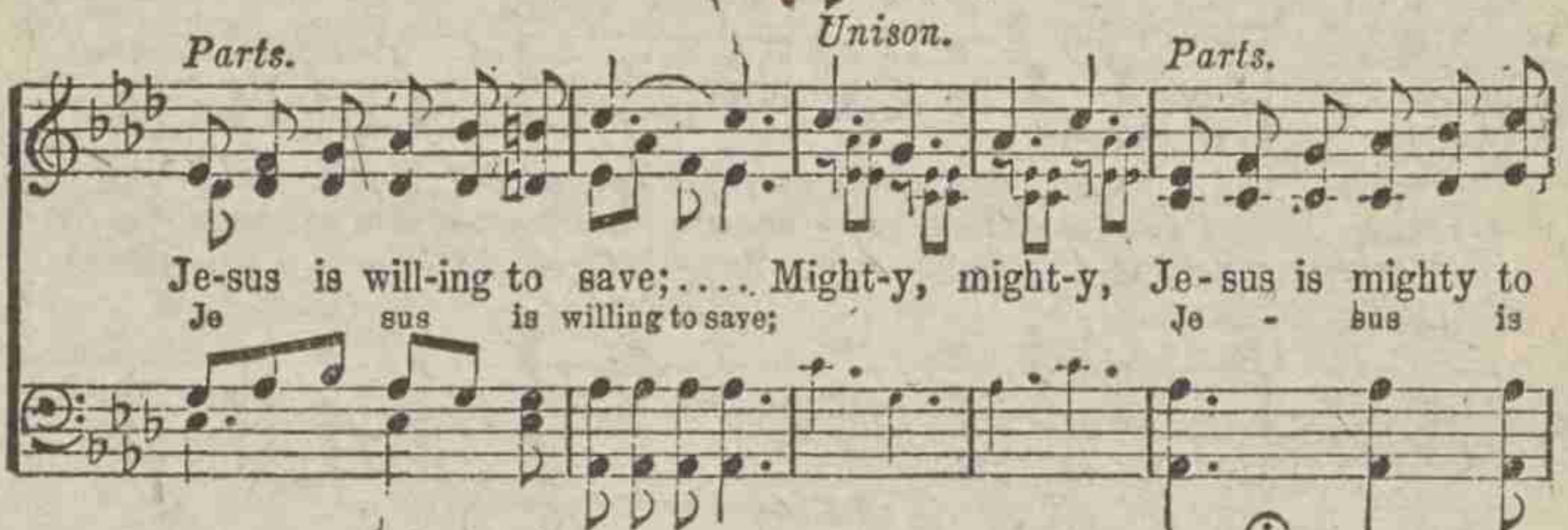
A - ble to plant the new life with-in, Will you re-ceive Him to - day?
Willing to take you and make you whole, Je-sus is will-ing to - day.
Mighty to keep you un - to the last; Je-sus is might-y to save.

CHORUS. *Unison.* *Parts.* *Unison.*

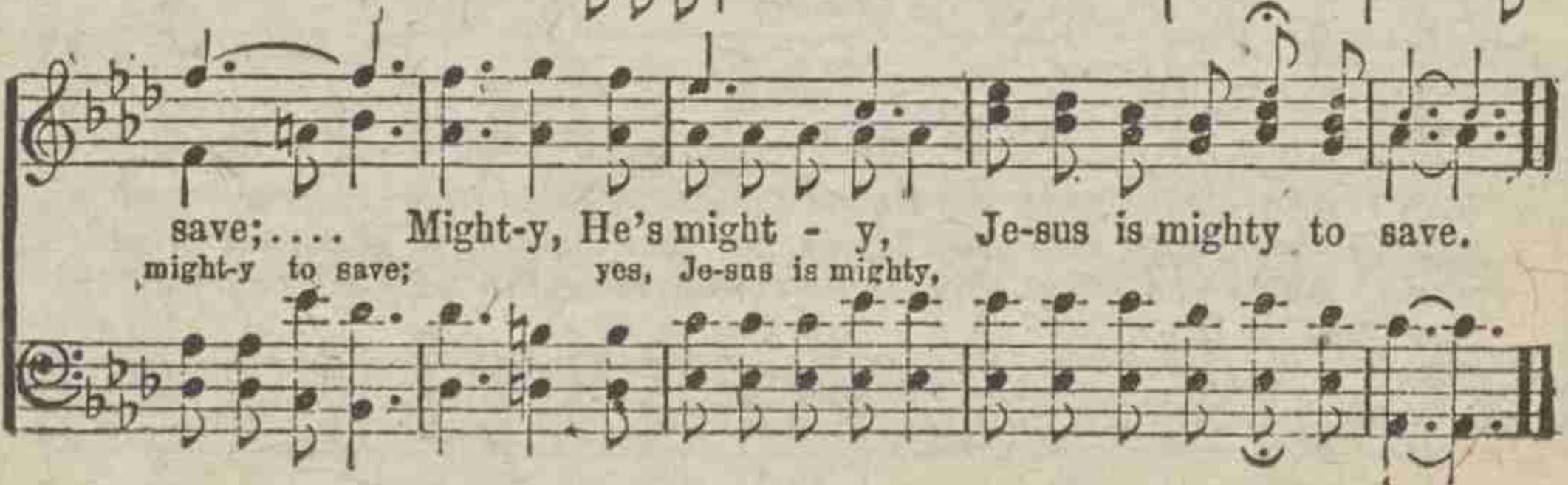


A - ble, a - ble, Je-sus is a-ble to save;.... Will-ing, will-ing,
Jo sus is a-ble to save;

Parts. *Unison.* *Parts.*



Je-sus is will-ing to save;.... Might-y, might-y, Je-sus is mighty to
Je sus is willing to save; Je - bus is



save;.... Might-y, He's might - y, Je-sus is mighty to save.
might-y to save; yes, Je-sus is mighty,

No. 29.

Win One To-Day.

M. E. Dodd.

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J. P. Scholfield.

1. Great mul-ti-tudes of men are wide-ly stray-ing, Out up-on life's
2. Deep pits of sin be-fore their feet are ly-ing; Snar-es and per-ils
3. For them the Sav-ior gave His life a ran-som, And for you has

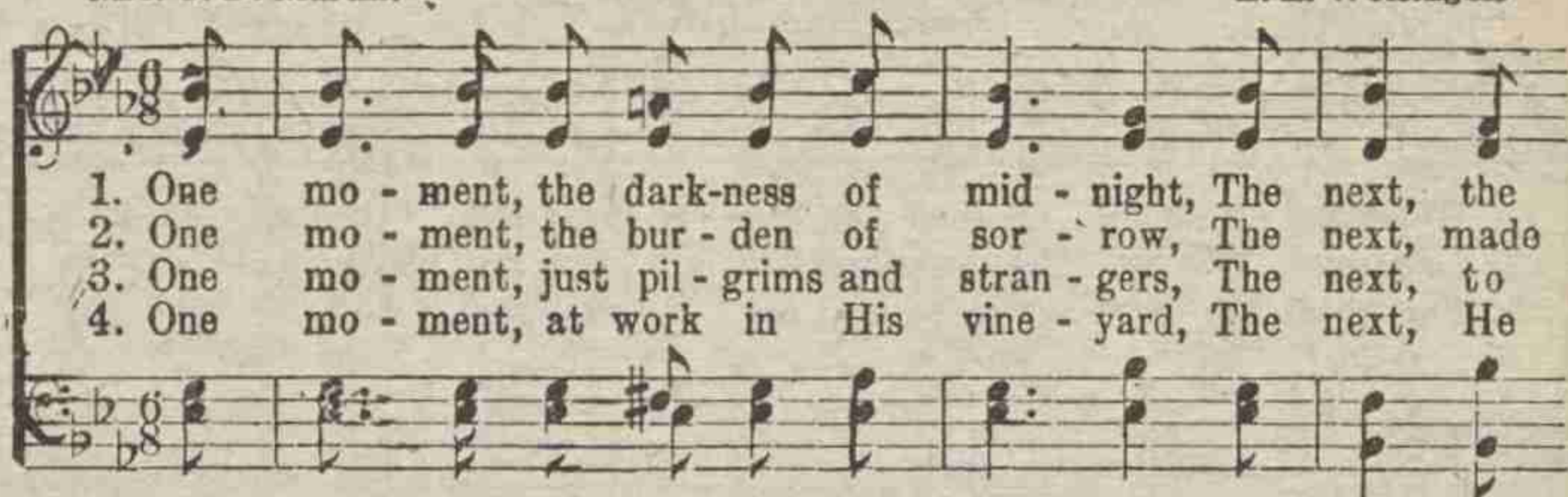
des-ert sands far, far a-way; O child of God, are you for such ones
ev-'ry-where they're sure to meet; In dark-ness wand'ring on to cer-tain
ta-ken all your sins a-way; Your love for Him and for their sad con-

pray-ing? In God's name go aft-er them, win one to-day!
dy-ing, Un-less you, O child of God, win one to-day!
di-tion, Call you forth in-to the fray; win one to-day!

CHORUS.

Win one to-day, for the glo-ry of your Master! Your gentle touch and word will

show some one the way; There are man-y far a-stray, win one to-day.



1. One mo - ment, the dark-ness of mid - night, The next, the
 2. One mo - ment, the bur - den of sor - row, The next, made
 3. One mo - ment, just pil - grims and stran - gers, The next, to
 4. One mo - ment, at work in His vine - yard, The next, He

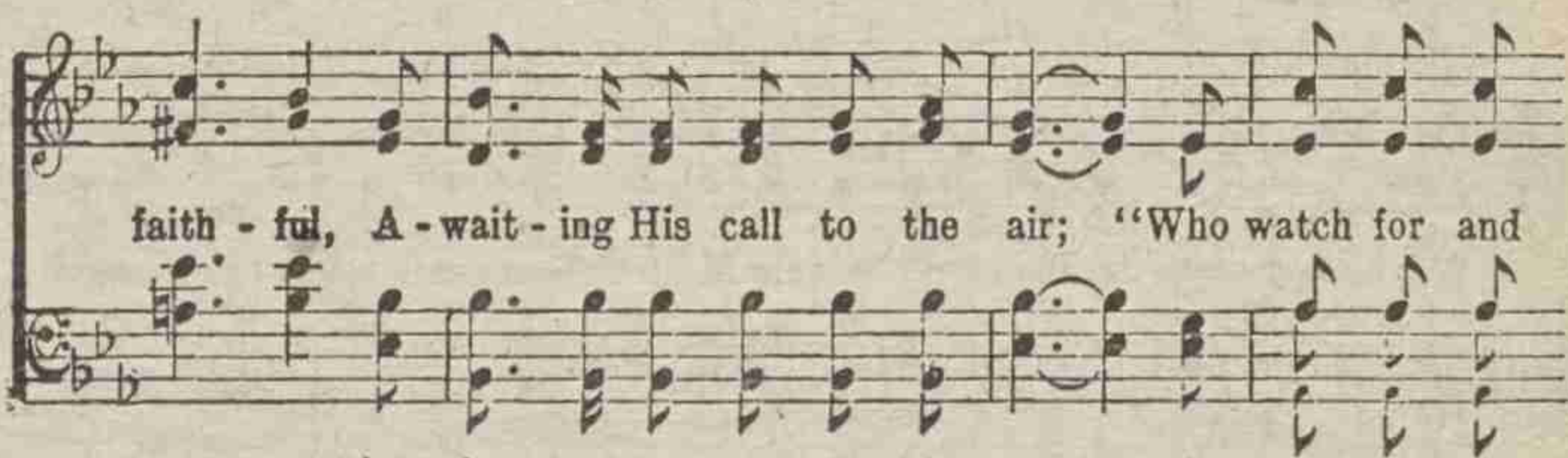


light of God's day; One mo - ment, we're waiting for Je - sus, The
 free from all care; One mo - ment, we suf - fer with Je - sus, The
 sit on a throne; Cast out by the world, but in heav - en Our
 calls us to rest; One mo - ment, re - ject - ing earth's treasures, The

CHORUS.



next, He has caught us a - way.
 next, His glo - ry to share. One moment—then let us be
 name our Re-deem-er will own.
 next, He will give us His best.



faith - ful, A - wait - ing His call to the air; "Who watch for and



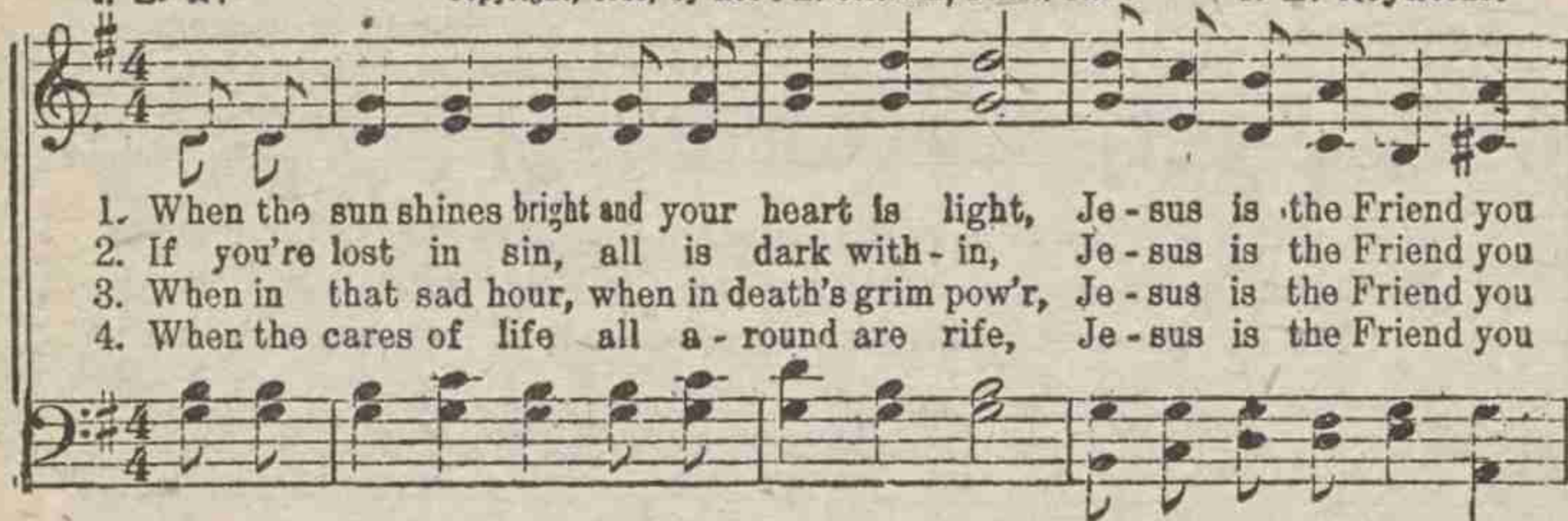
love His ap - pear - ing, A crown of re - joic - ing shall wear."

Jesus is the Friend You Need.

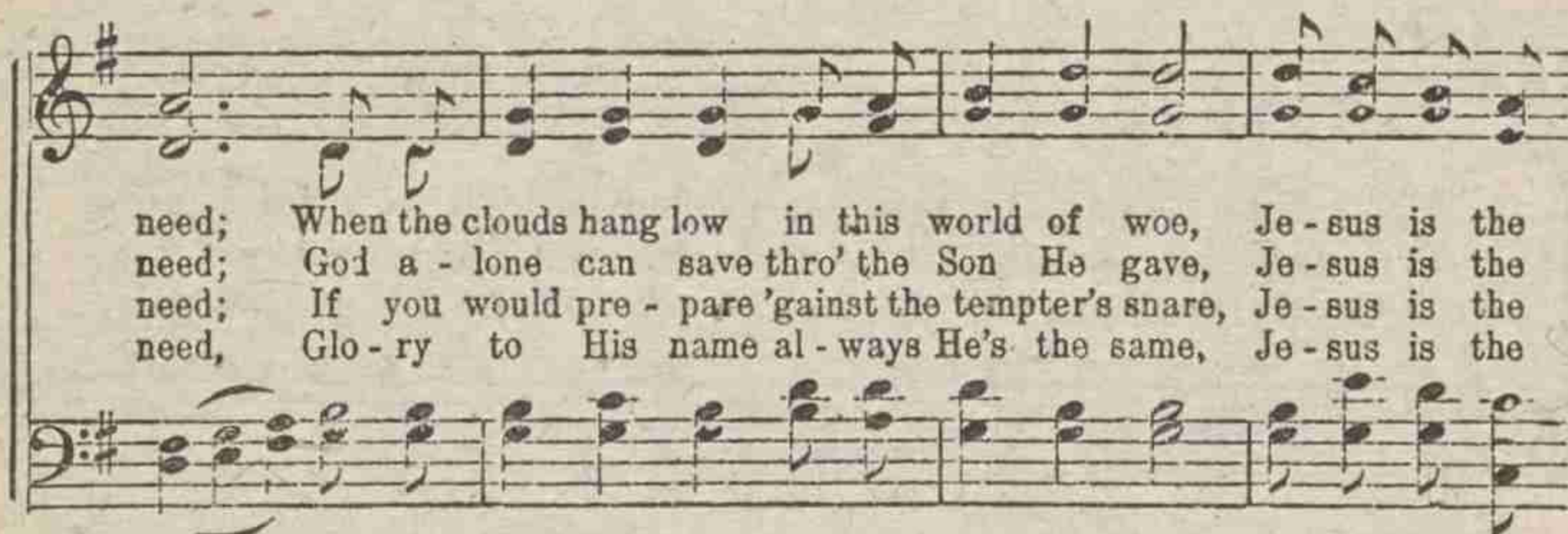
I. E. R.

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I. E. Reynolds.



1. When the sun shines bright and your heart is light, Je - sus is the Friend you
 2. If you're lost in sin, all is dark with - in, Je - sus is the Friend you
 3. When in that sad hour, when in death's grim pow'r, Je - sus is the Friend you
 4. When the cares of life all a - round are rife, Je - sus is the Friend you

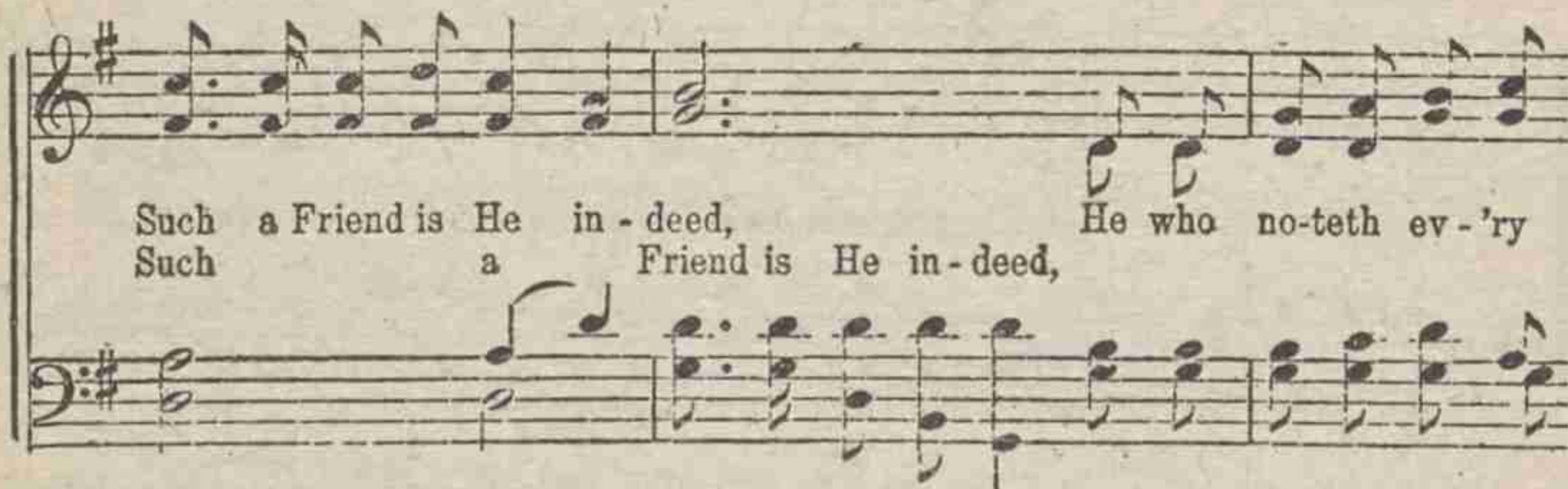


need; When the clouds hang low in this world of woe, Je - sus is the
 need; God a - lone can save thro' the Son He gave, Je - sus is the
 need; If you would pre - pare 'gainst the tempter's snare, Je - sus is the
 need, Glo - ry to His name al - ways He's the same, Je - sus is the

CHORUS.



Friend you need. Je - sus is the Friend you need,
 Je - - - sus is the Friend you need,



Such a Friend is He in - deed, He who no-teth ev - 'ry
 Such a Friend is He in - deed,



tear, He will ban - ish ev - 'ry fear, Je - sus is the Friend you need.

No. 32. Sometime, Somehow, Somewhere.

James Rowe.

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Samuel W. Beazley.



1. Love di-vine a-maz-es More and more each day, Draw-ing out my prais-es
2. Mor-tal mind can nev- r Solve the mys-ter-y: Vain must each en-deav-or
3. I can on-ly love Him, Trusting His con-trol, Hold-ing none a-bove Him



All a-long the way; But, some hap-py morn-ing, Out of reach of pain,
To un-fold it be; But, be-yond the shad-ows, Where His glo-ries fall
In my heart and soul, Till the land su-per-nal By His grace I gain,



CHORUS.

An-ger, sin, and scorning, He will make it plain.
On the plain and meadows, He will tell me all. Sometime, somehow, somewhere,
When my Friend e-ter-nal Will His love ex-plain.



I shall surely know Why the precious Jesus Loves the sinner so; Why for me He



molto rit.

meekly Bore disgrace and pain: Sometime, somehow, somewhere, He will make it plain.



No. 33,

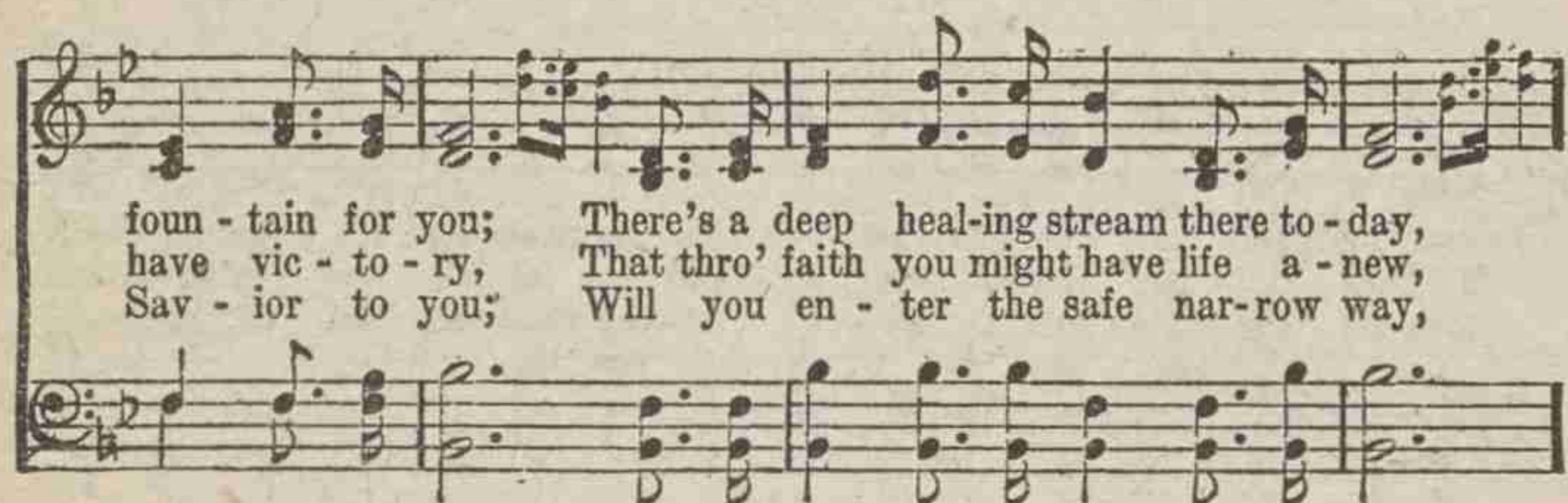
"For You."

J. P. S.

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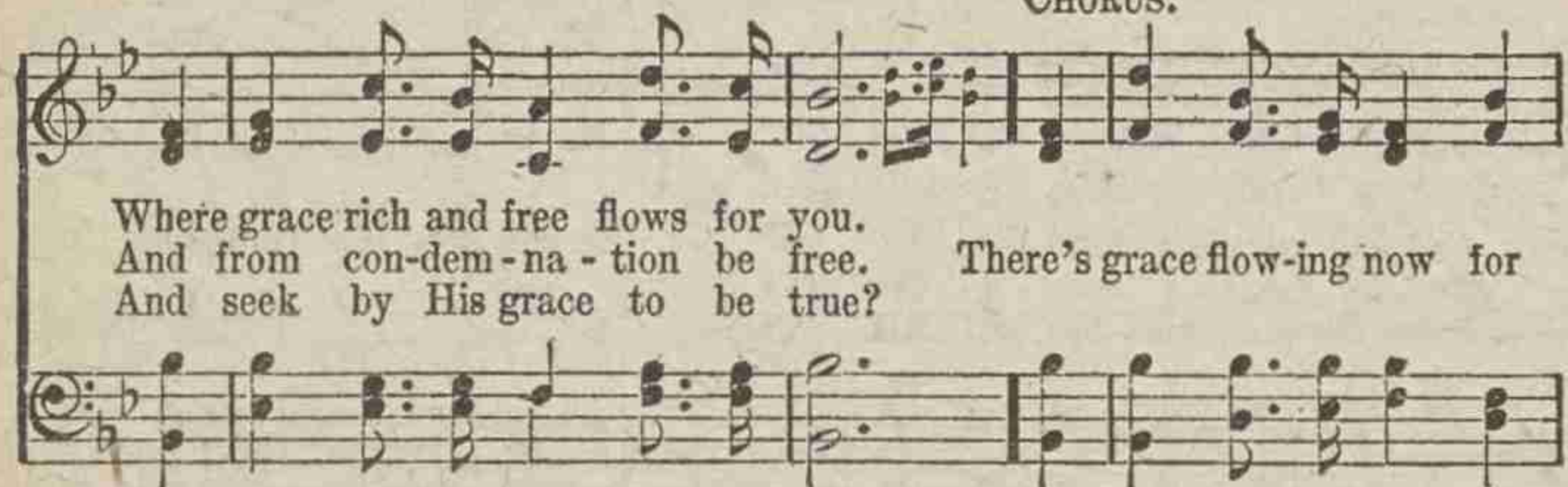


1. There's a hill lone and gray far a - way, From whose height flows a
 2. There the life-blood of Christ flowed for you, That o'er sin you might
 3. Will you drink from that foun-tain to - day? Hear the call of the

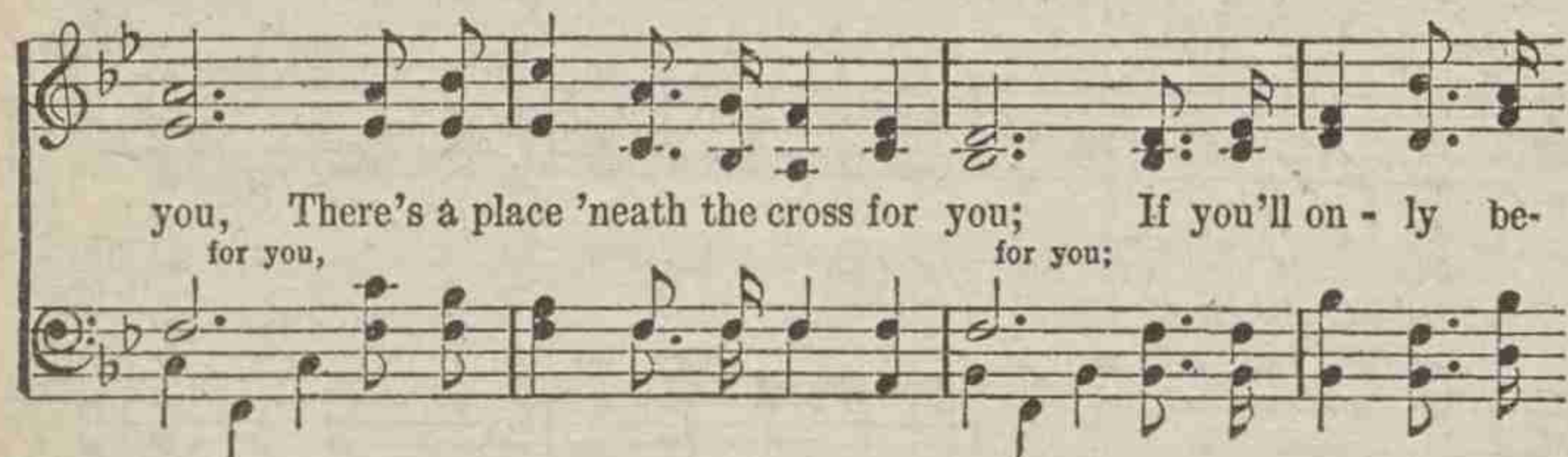


foun - tain for you; There's a deep heal-ing stream there to - day,
 have vic - to - ry, That thro' faith you might have life a - new,
 Sav - ior to you; Will you en - ter the safe nar-row way,

CHORUS.



Where grace rich and free flows for you.
 And from con-dem-na - tion be free. There's grace flow-ing now for
 And seek by His grace to be true?



you, There's a place 'neath the cross for you; If you'll on - ly be-
 for you, for you;



lieve and the Sav - ior receive, There is grace flowing now for you.
 for you.

His Promise to Me.

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JAMES ROWE.

HENRY P. MORTON.



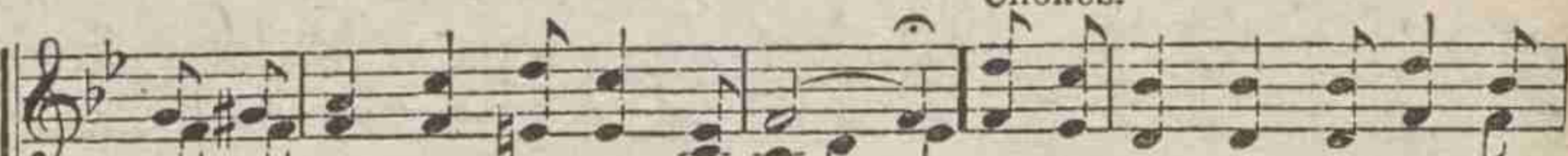
1. Dark-ness may o'er - take me and my song for - sake me, But a - lone I
 2. Should mis-for-tune meet me, friends may fail to greet me, But if true to
 3. How the tho't en-thralls me, that what-e'er be - falls me One will al - ways




nev - er shall be, For the friend be - side me prom-ised He would guide me
 Je - sus I stay, He will still up - hold me, let His love in - fold me
 love me the same; Not a tri - al ev - er caus - es Him to sev - er



CHORUS.



And will keep His prom-ise to me. He will keep His prom-ise to
 Ev - 'ry drear - y mile of the way. His
 From the ones who hon - or His name.

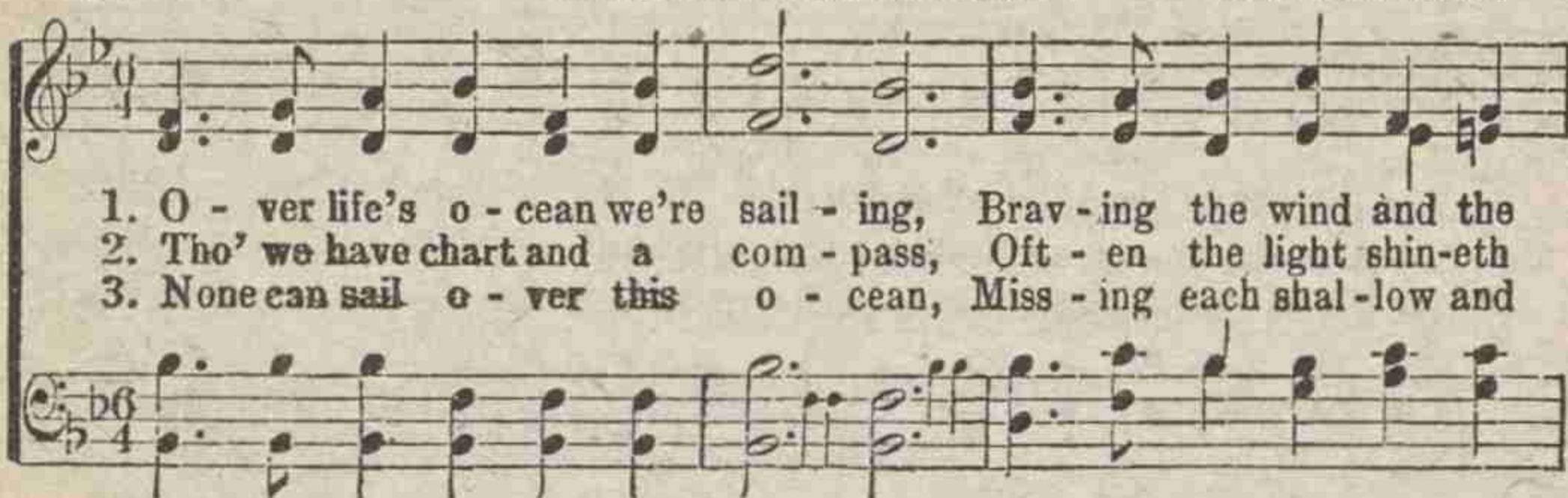



me, All the way with me He will go, He has
 prom-ise to me, He will go,




nev - er brok-en a - ny promise spok en He will keep His promise I know.





1. O - ver life's o - cean we're sail - ing, Brav - ing the wind and the
 2. Tho' we have chart and a com - pass, Oft - en the light shin-eth
 3. None can sail o - ver this o - cean, Miss - ing each shal-low and



snow; Noth - ing a - gainst us pre - vail - ing, O - ver the
 dim; Tho' man - y dan - gers con - front us, All of our
 shoal; Con - quer its va - ry - ing mo - tion, On - ly with

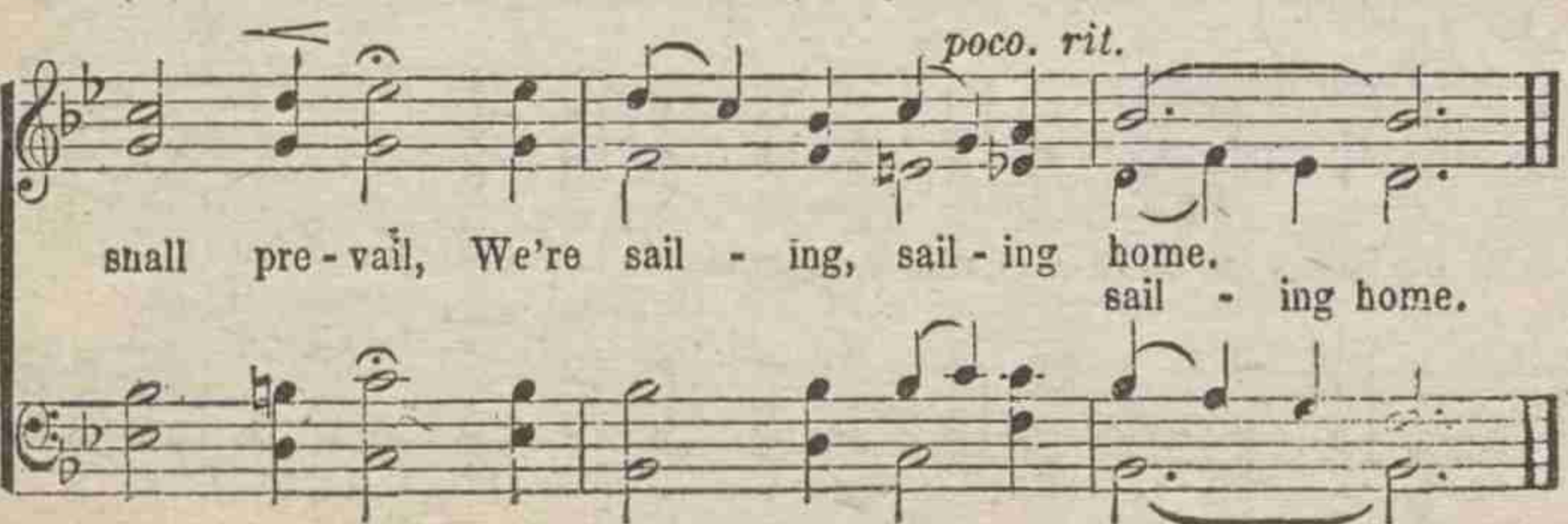
CHORUS.



o - cean we go.
 hope is in Him. O - ver the o - cean of life we sail,
 Christ in con - trol.



Guid - ed by One who can nev - er fail; Trust - ing in Je - sus we



shall pre - vail, We're sail - ing, sail - ing home.
 sail - ing home.

No. 36. God Knows, God Loves, God Cares.

M. E. P.

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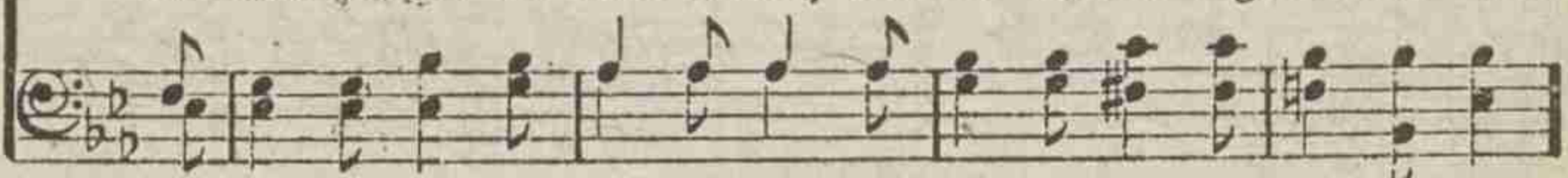
E. L. Wolslagel.



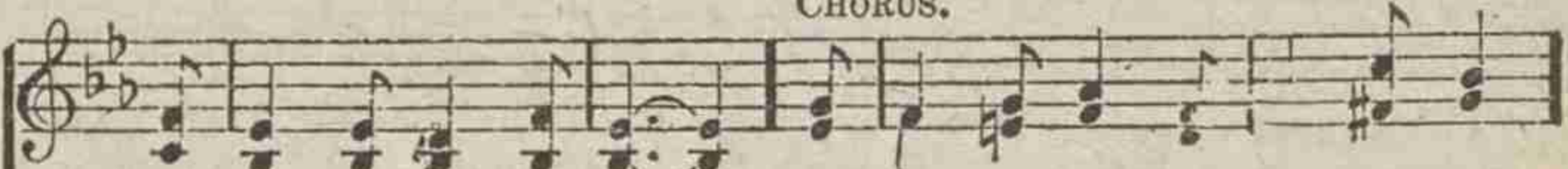
1. The heart may bleed and ache with grief, 'Tis He a-lone can give re-liéf;
2. To God, who knows, and loves, and cares, Who all our bit-ter sorrow shares,
3. He knows the pain which rends the heart; He sees the bit-ter tear-drop start;



He draws us clo-ser to His side, Our bless-ed Lord, the Cru-ci-fied:
We of-fer praise to Him a-lone, Knowing He car-eth for His own:
His love doth clo-ser round us fold, His ev-er-last-ing arms still hold:



CHORUS.



He knows, He loves, He cares. Sometimes the way seems dark and drear,



And oft our hearts are faint with fear; We cry to Him, and not in vain,—



He knows our weak-ness, shares our pain: He knows, He loves, He cares.



J. P. S.

Dedicated to W. E. Rodgers.
COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY J. P. SCHOLFIELD.

J. P. Scholfield.



1. My heart has grown wear-y of sin and shame, My soul is so
 2. From heaven's bright throne He bro't grace for all, That I might from
 3. I'm seek-ing the full-ness of pow'r di-vine, I want to de




rest-less and torn; They tell me of Je-sus, a won-drous name,
 sin be made free; I'm yield-ing to Him, I have heard His call,
 serv-ice each day; I want that my light shall a-round me shine,



CHORUS.



The Friend of the wear-y and worn.
 That I in His like-ness shall be. Let bil-lows of grace roll
 That oth-ers may en-ter the way.




o'er my soul Till ev-'ry stained spot is made white; I yield un-to




Thee, Mas-ter, take con-trol, And hide ev-'ry sin from Thy sight!



J. P. S.

Copyright, 1917, by Rob't H. Clement, Dallas, Texas.

J. P. SCHOLFIELD.



1. If God has planted His love in you, Shine, shine for the Lord! Do
 2. If He a-bides in your heart to-day, Shine, shine for the Lord! That
 3. Would you have joy that will ov-er-flow, Shine, shine for the Lord! Lead



CHORUS.



just as He bids you do, Shine, shine for the Lord!
 oth-ers may find the way, Shine, shine for the Lord! Shine for Je-sus just
 oth-ers your Christ to know, Shine, shine for the Lord!



where you are! Shed the light of the Morning Star! Help an-oth-er a-long the way,



Shine for Je-sus to-day! Shine for Je-sus just where you are! Shed the



light of the Morning Star! Help another a-long the way and shine to-day!



39. There's Room at the Cross for You.

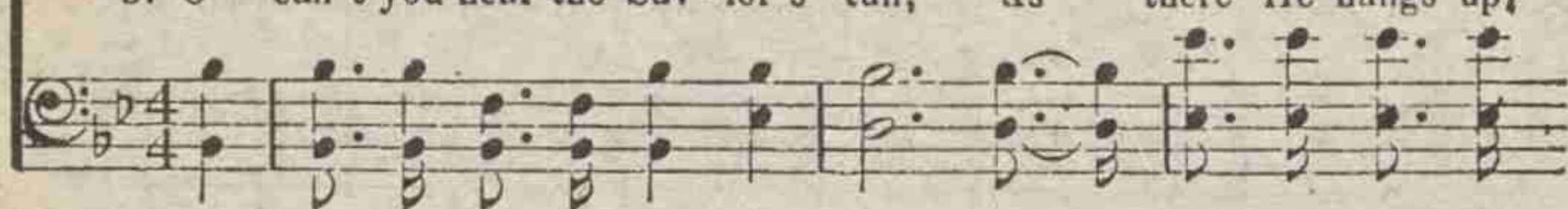
R. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY ROBERT JOLLY,
ROBT. H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

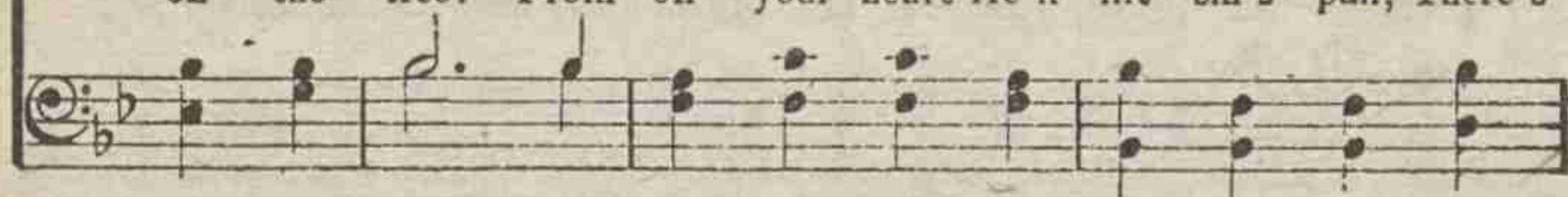
Robert Jolly.



1. The Sav - ior and the sin - ner meet, At the bless - ed cross of
2. Does not there come a sense of guilt? And do you feel your
3. O can't you hear the Sav - ior's call, As there He hangs up;



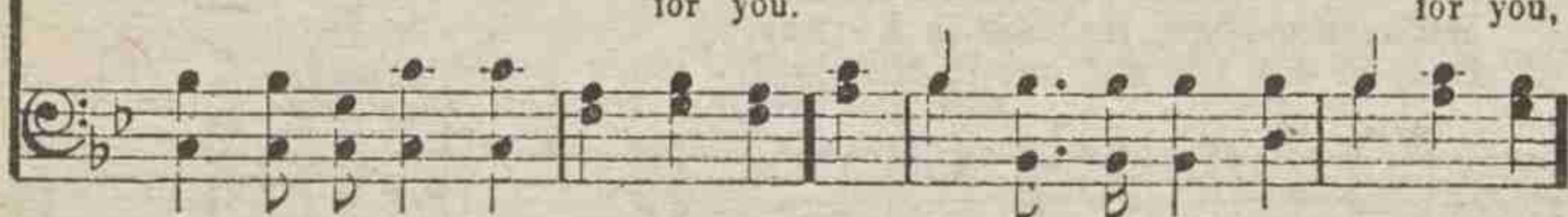
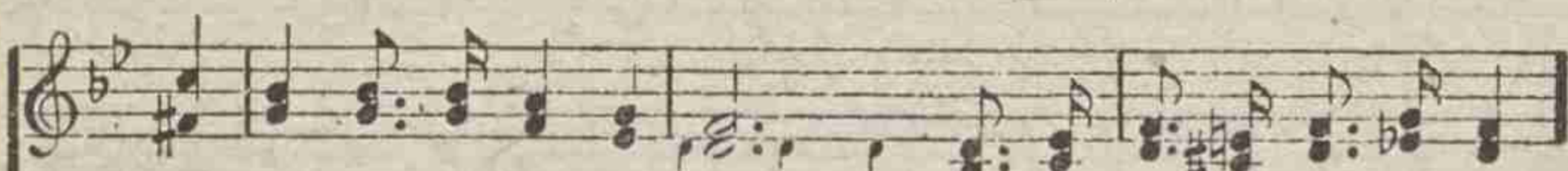

Cal - va - ry; Just lay your sins at Je - sus' feet; There's
self - con-demned? For your re - demp-tion blood was spilt, There's
on the tree? From off your heart He'll lift sin's pall, There's



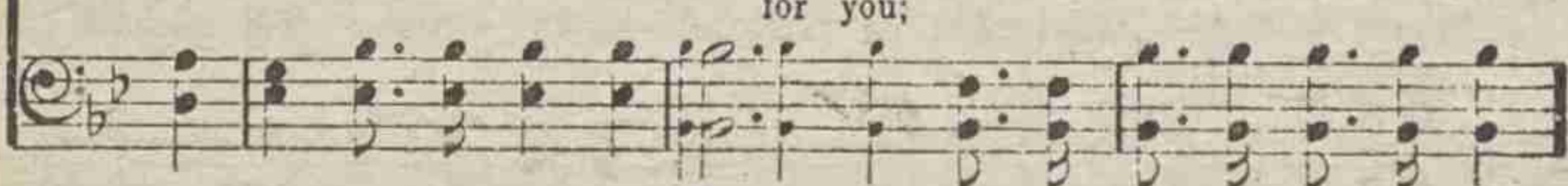
CHORUS.



room at the cross for you. There's room at the cross for you,
for you. for you,

There's room at the cross for you; Make sur - ren - der full, complete,
for you;




lay your sins at Je - sus' feet, There's room at the cross for you.
for you.

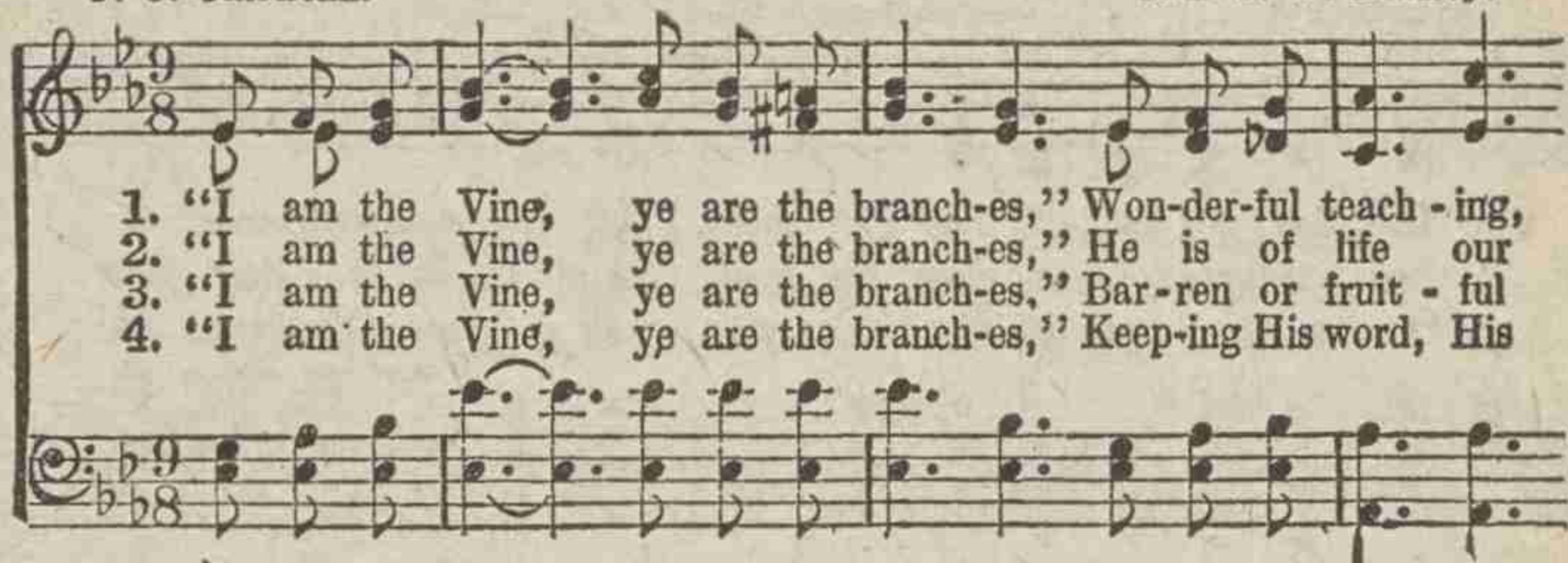


No. 40. "I Am the Vine, Ye Are the Branches."

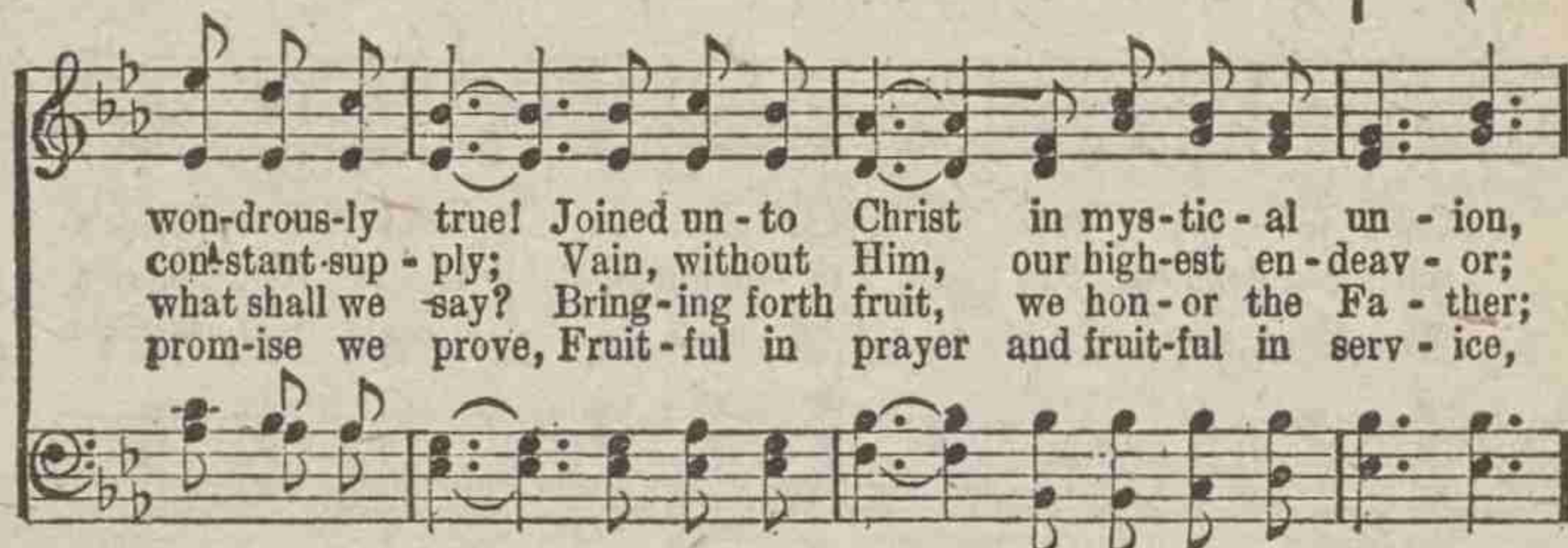
T. O. Chisholm.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Samuel W. Beazley.

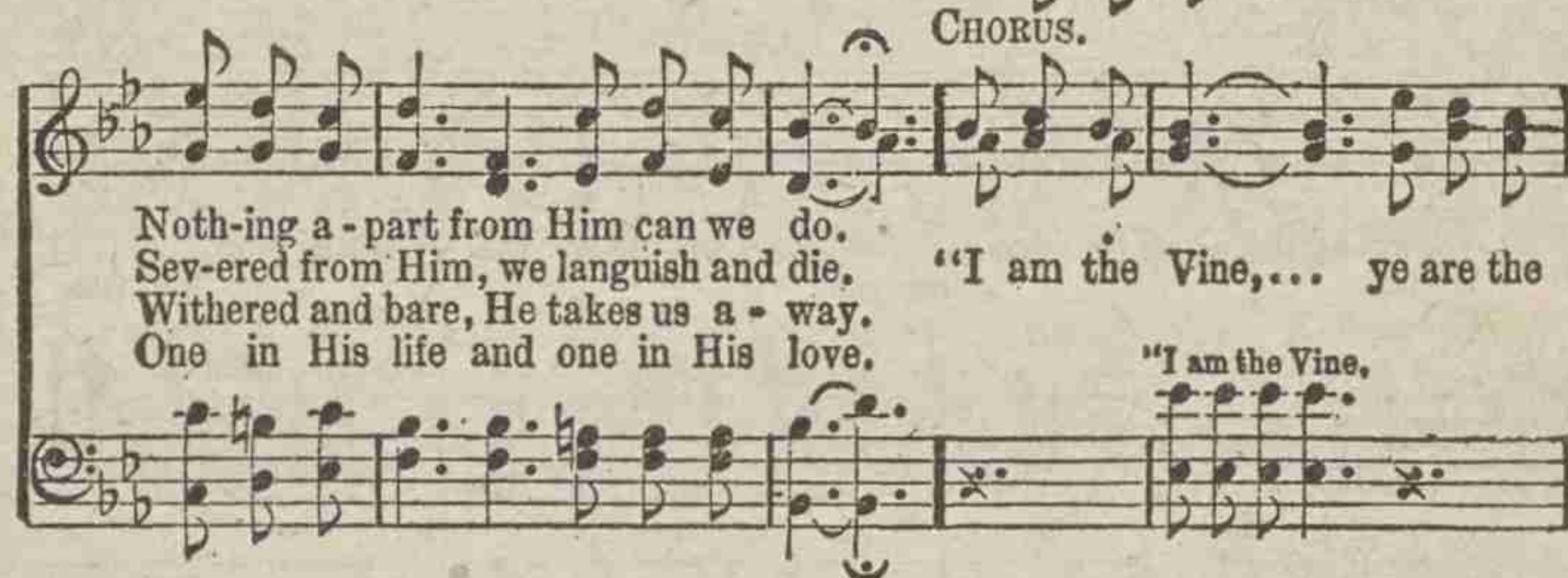


1. "I am the Vine, ye are the branch-es," Won-der-ful teach-ing,
 2. "I am the Vine, ye are the branch-es," He is of life our
 3. "I am the Vine, ye are the branch-es," Bar-ren or fruit-ful
 4. "I am the Vine, ye are the branch-es," Keep-ing His word, His



won-drous-ly true! Joined un-to Christ in mys-tic-al un-ion,
 con-stant-sup-ply; Vain, without Him, our high-est en-deav-or;
 what shall we say? Bring-ing forth fruit, we hon-or the Fa-ther;
 prom-ise we prove, Fruit-ful in prayer and fruit-ful in serv-ice,

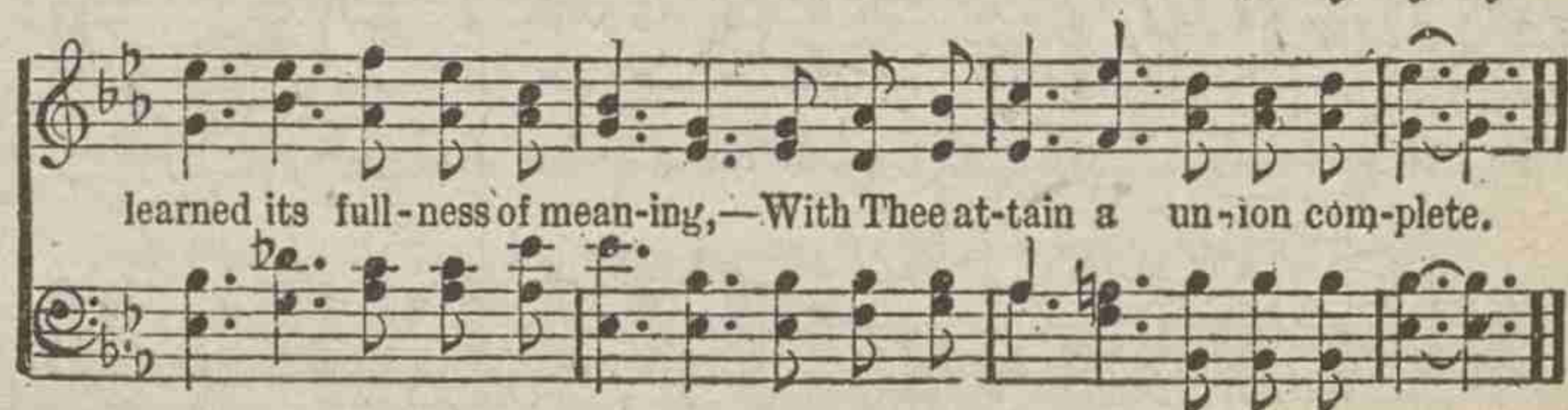
CHORUS.



Noth-ing a-part from Him can we do.
 Sev-ered from Him, we languish and die. "I am the Vine,... ye are the
 Withered and bare, He takes us a-way.
 One in His life and one in His love. "I am the Vine,



branch-es,"—Mas-ter, to us Thy mes-sage re-peat, Till we have
 ye are the branch-es,"—

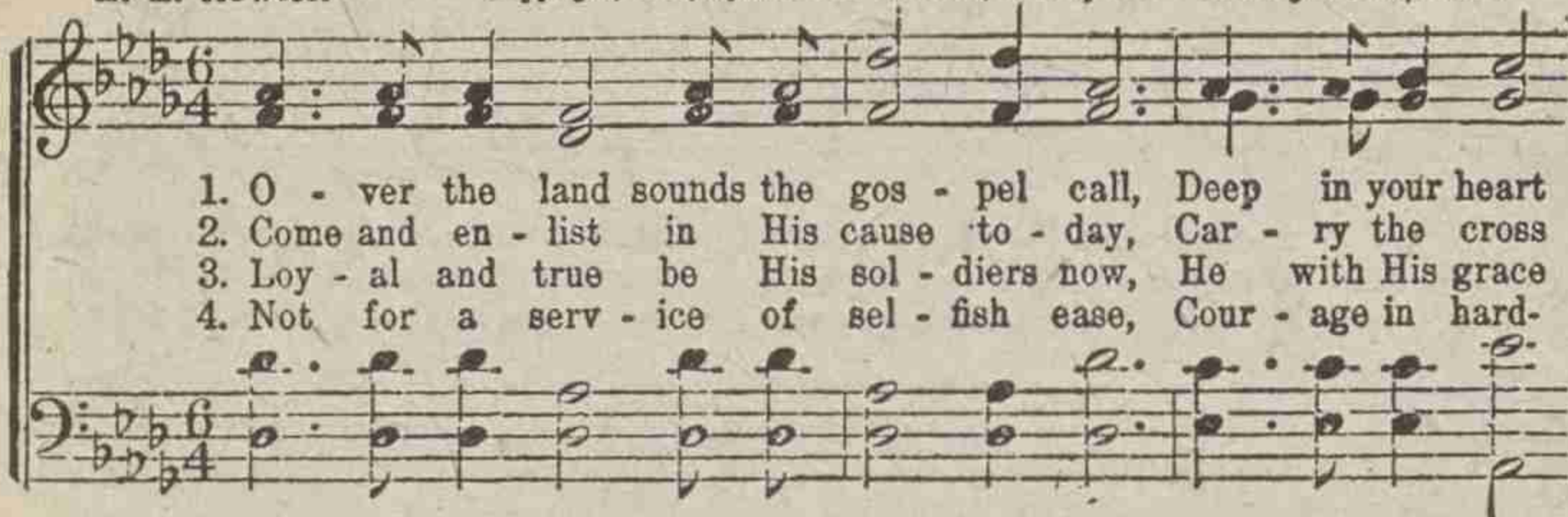


learned its full-ness of mean-ing,—With Thee at-tain a un-ion com-plete.

Jesus Expects You.

E. E. Hewlitt.

Copyright, 1918, by Rob't H. Coleman, Dallas, Tex. Henry P. Morton.

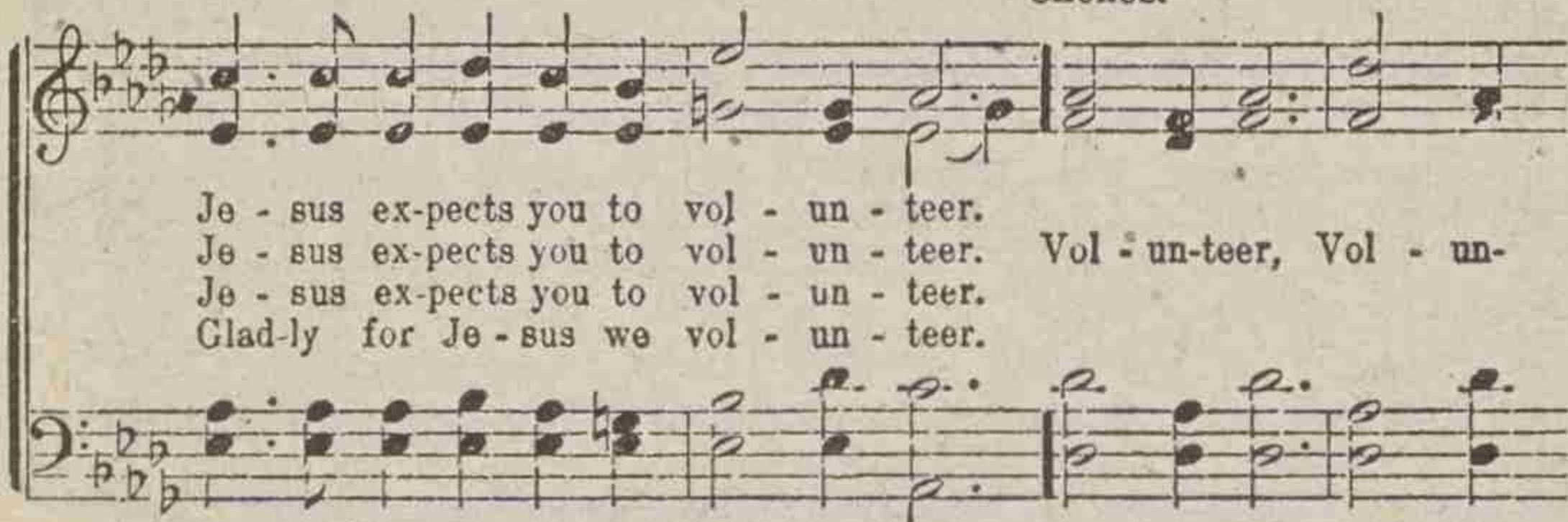


1. O - ver the land sounds the gos - pel call, Deep in your heart
 2. Come and en - list in His cause to - day, Car - ry the cross
 3. Loy - al and true be His sol - diers now, He with His grace
 4. Not for a serv - ice of sel - fish ease, Cour - age in hard-



let the sum - mons fall; Hark to the trum - pet so loud and clear!
 on its con - q'ring way, Trust - ing in Him who will ban - ish fear,
 will our souls en - dow, Lift up His ban - ner with songs of cheer,
 ship the Lord will please; Will - ing to fol - low with love sin - cere,

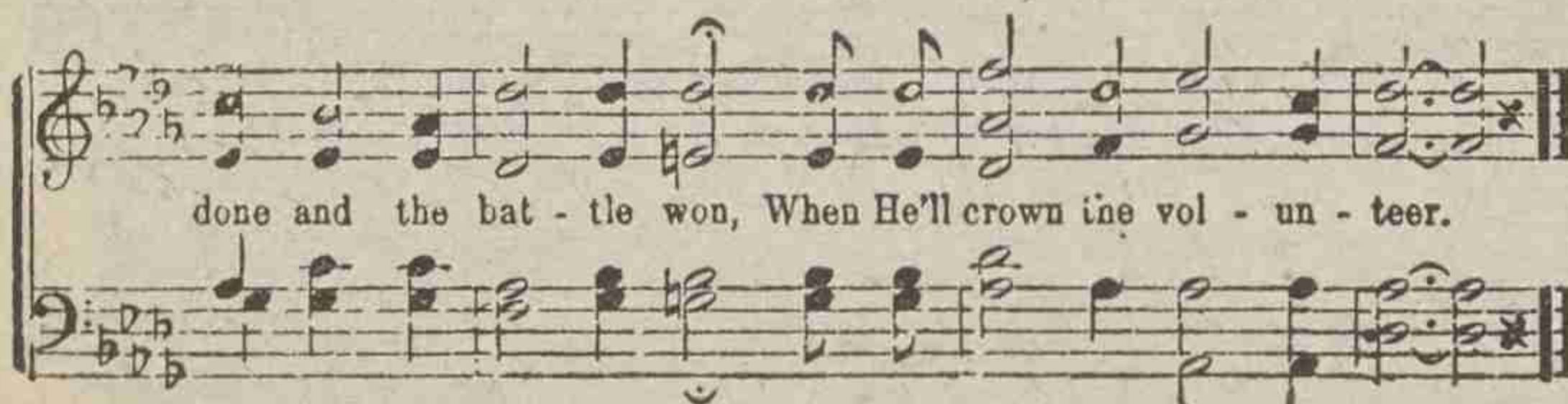
CHORUS.



Je - sus ex - pects you to vol - un - teer.
 Je - sus ex - pects you to vol - un - teer. Vol - un - teer, Vol - un -
 Je - sus ex - pects you to vol - un - teer.
 Glad - ly for Je - sus we vol - un - teer.



teer! In the ar - my of the Lord, Till the fight is



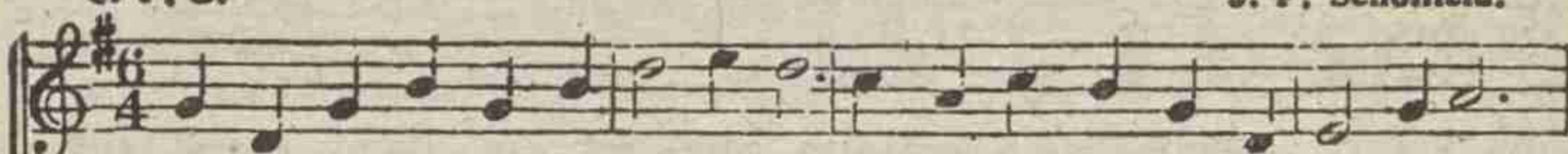
done and the bat - tle won, When He'll crown ine vol - un - teer.

I Love Him.

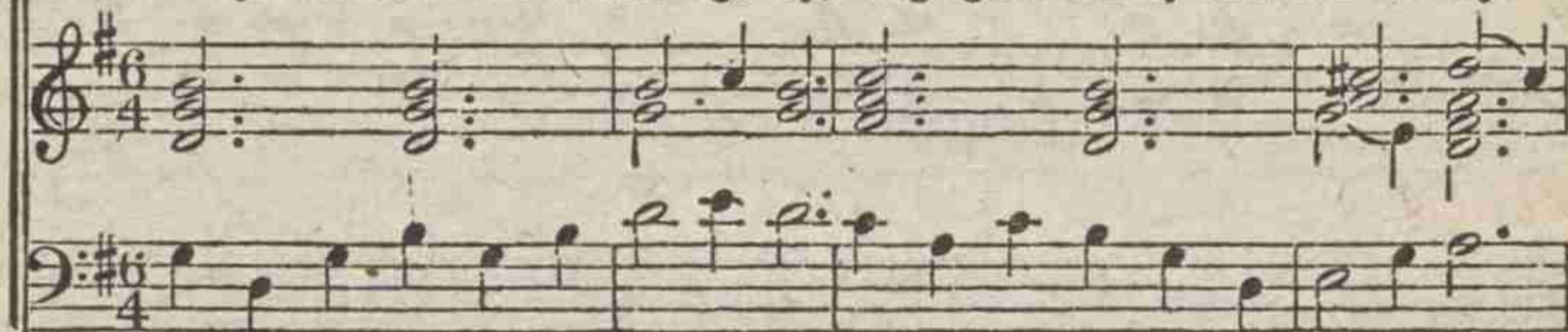
Copyright, 1918, by Rob't H. Coleman, Dallas, Tex.

J. P. S.

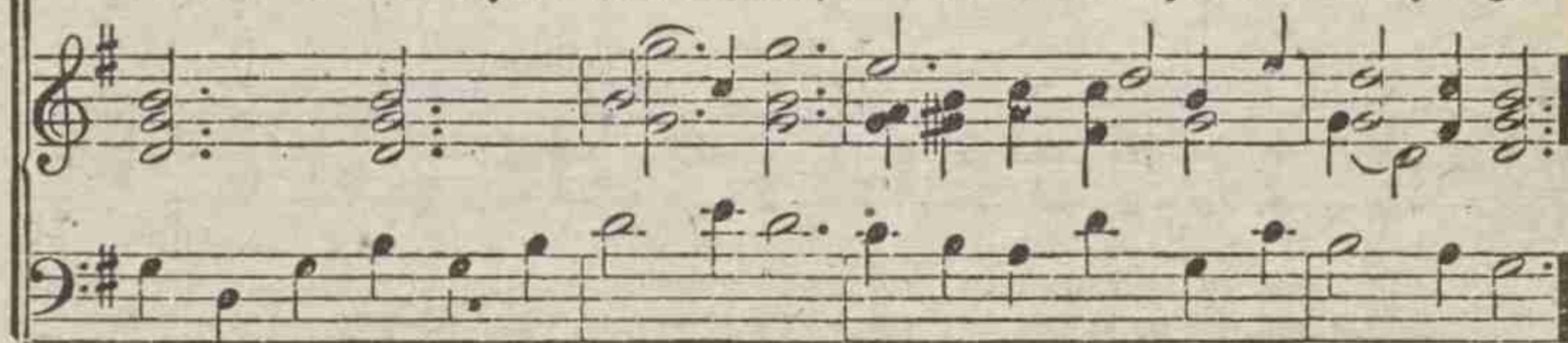
J. P. Scholfield.



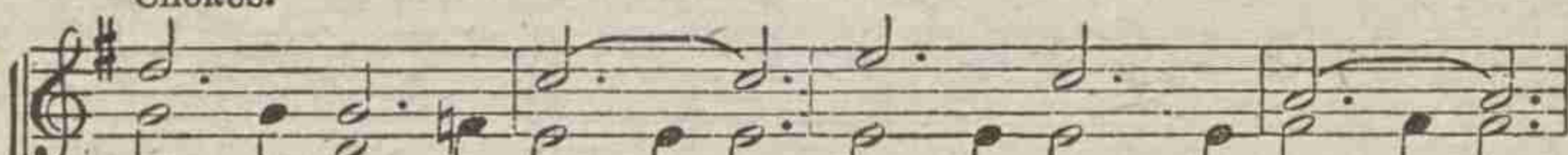
1. When I was tossed on the ocean waves, I cast my all on the arm that saves;
 2. Sin had deceived me for ma - ny years, Causing me anguish and ma - ny tears;
 3. If you are out in the world's highway, Longing for safe - ty and home to - day:



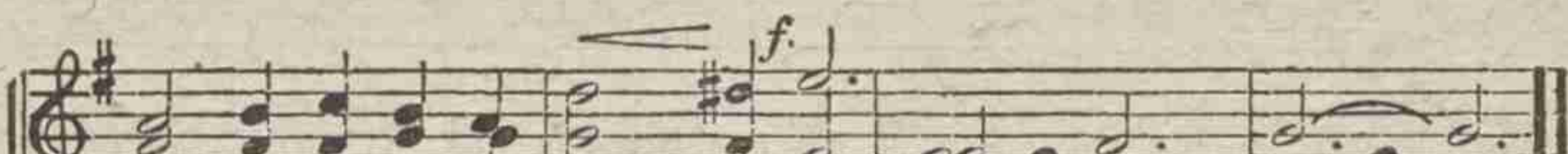

In - to God's har - bor He'll pi - lot me, Tho' I have sailed o'er a troub - led sea.
 Now in His keep - ing I rest se - cure, I know my an - chor is safe and sure.
 How - ev - er sin - ful your heart and sad, Je - sus can heal you and make you glad.



CHORUS.



I love Him..... I love Him;.....
 I do love and hon - or Him, Yes, I love and hon - or Him;

Af - ter test - ing Him o'er and o'er, I love Him.....
 I do love and hon - or Him.



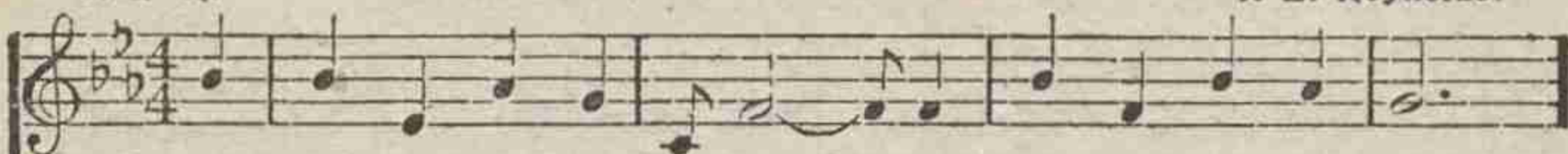
No. 43.

Have Faith in God.

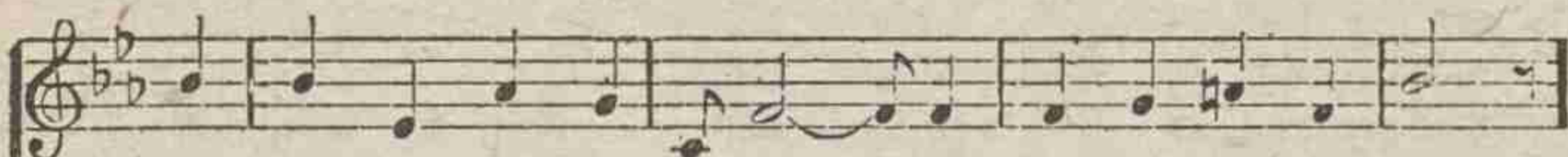
COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY I. E. REYNOLDS.

I. E. R.

I. E. Reynolds.



1. Have faith in God, my broth-er, He lives and reigns a - bove;]
 2. Have faith in God, my broth-er, Leave all your cares to Him;
 3. Have faith in God, my broth-er; When clouds of sor-row roll,
 4. Have faith in God, O sin-ner, He longs to bless you now;



Be - side Him there's no oth - er, A God of truth and love.
 He'll strength and com-fort give you, Al - tho' the path be dim.
 He'll clear the sky a - bove you, Let sun-shine in your soul.
 He paid your debt to save you, He died on Calv'ry's brow.



CHORUS.



Have faith in God, have faith in God, In Christ we can - not fall;



He keeps His own, what-e'er be - tide; His love o'er-shadows all.

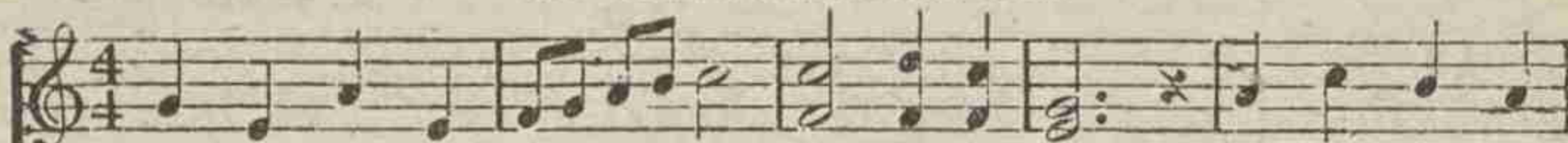


Roll, Billows, Roll!

J. P. S.

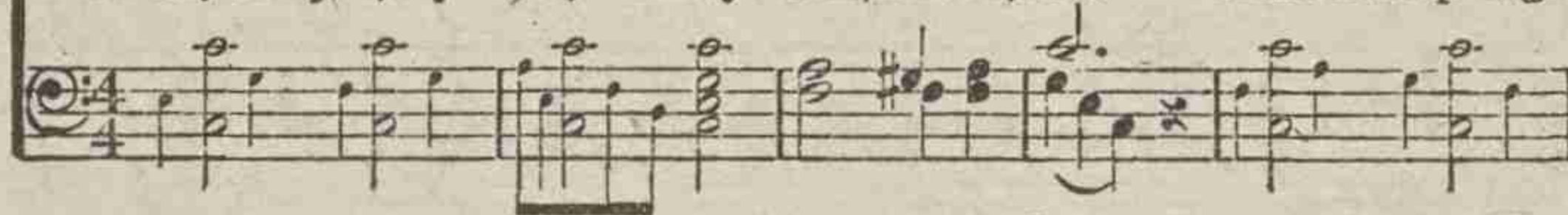
COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HUNT & SCHOLFIELD.
R. H. COLEMAN, OWNER, DALLAS, TEXAS.

J. P. Scholfield.



1. I am held by God's right hand, Roll, billows, roll!
2. What care I for rock or shoal? Roll, billows, roll!
3. Tho' what Sa-tan should as-sai, Roll, billows, roll!
4. Oh, that you, my friend, could say "Roll, billows, roll!"

I fear naught on
All God's host sur-
In God's might I
Christ is keep-ing

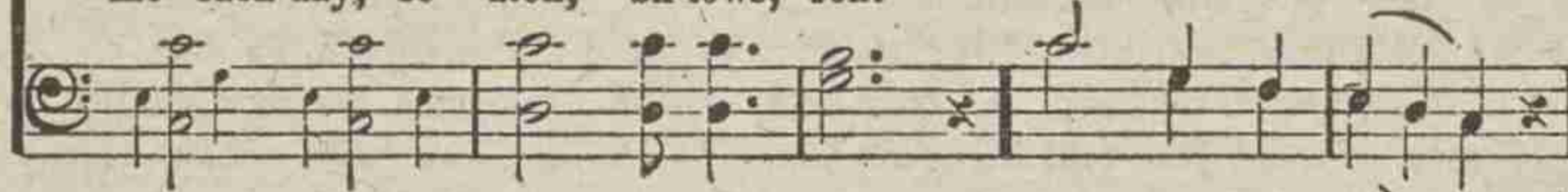


CHORUS.



sea or land, so Roll, bil-lows, roll!
round my soul, so Roll, bil-lows, roll!
shall pre-vail, so Roll, bil-lows, roll!
me each day, so Roll, bil-lows, roll!"

Roll, bil-lows, roll!



Roll, bil-lows, roll! Je-sus is my an-chor and He'll keep my soul from



ev-'ry foe; So roll, bil-lows, roll!..... Roll, bil-lows,



roll! Je-sus is my an-chor and He'll keep my soul.



No. 45.

Out of the Deep.

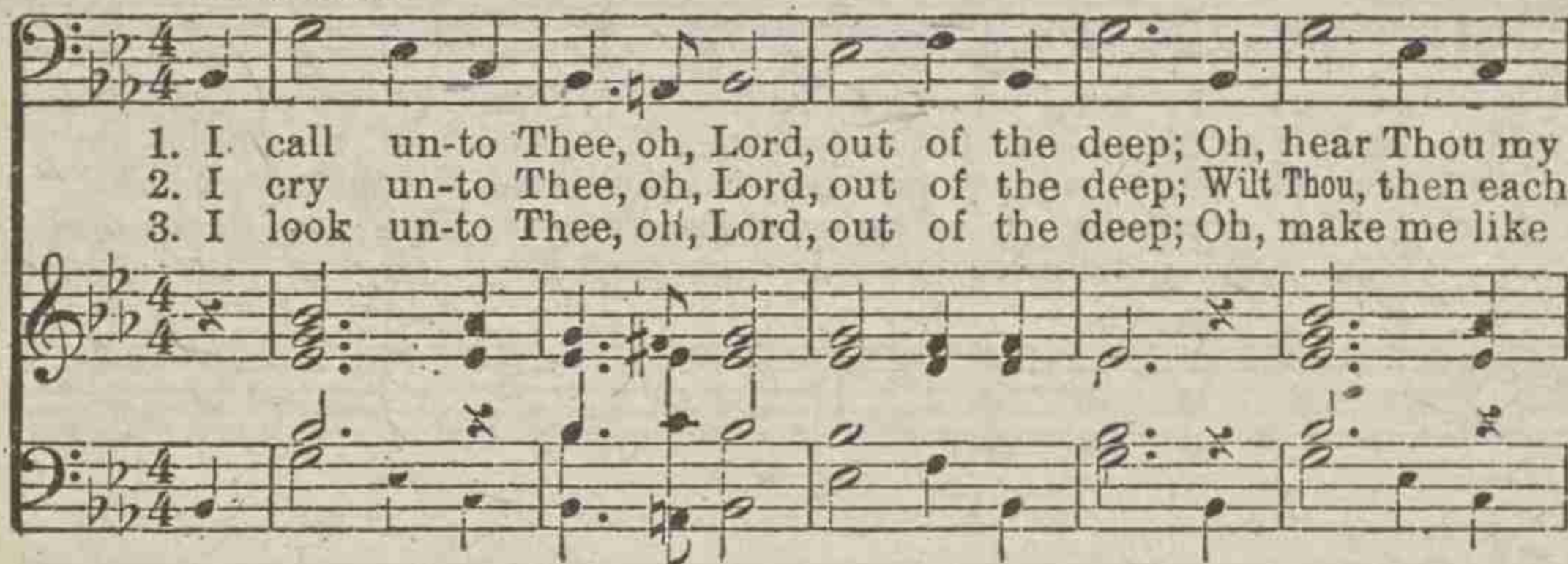
Written for J. Fred Scholfield.

J. P. S.

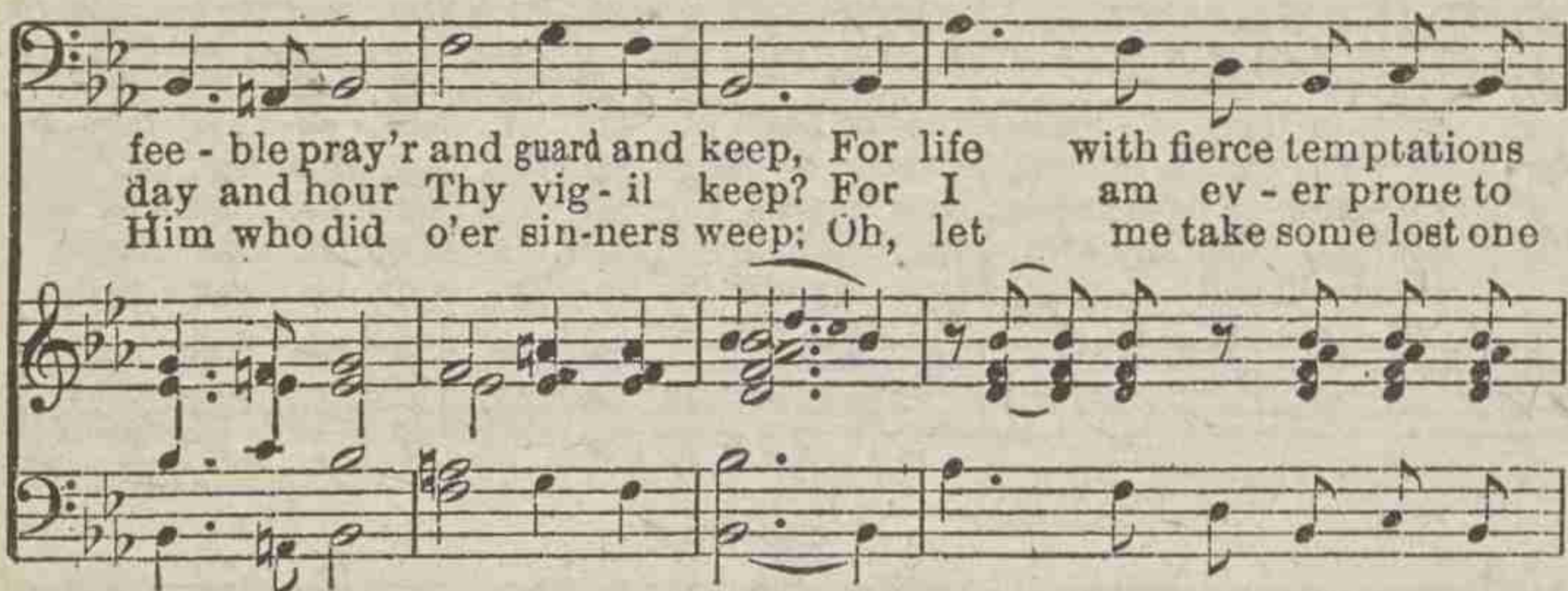
COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS.

J. P. Scholfield.

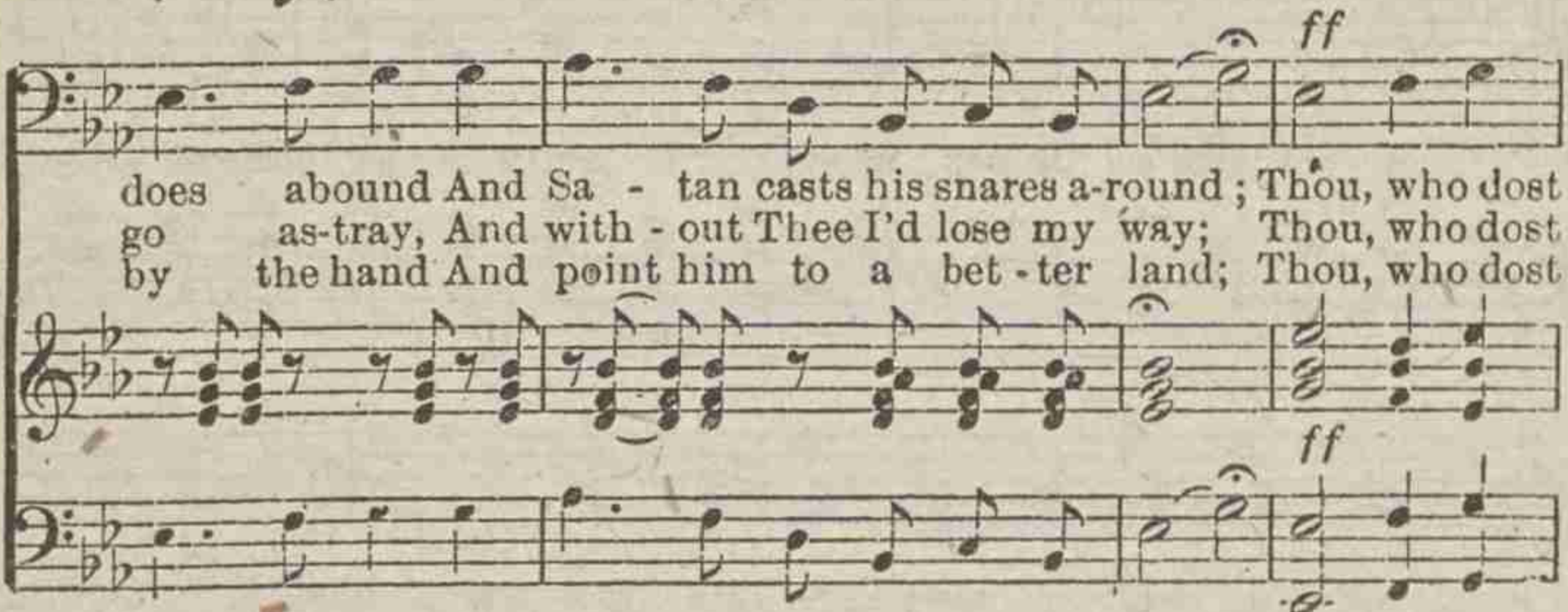
BASS SOLO.



1. I call un-to Thee, oh, Lord, out of the deep; Oh, hear Thou my
 2. I cry un-to Thee, oh, Lord, out of the deep; Wilt Thou, then each
 3. I look un-to Thee, oh, Lord, out of the deep; Oh, make me like



fee - ble pray'r and guard and keep, For life with fierce temptations
 day and hour Thy vig - il keep? For I am ev - er prone to
 Him who did o'er sin - ners weep; Oh, let me take some lost one



does abound And Sa - tan casts his snares a-round; Thou, who dost
 go as-tray, And with - out Thee I'd lose my way; Thou, who dost
 by the hand And point him to a bet - ter land; Thou, who dost



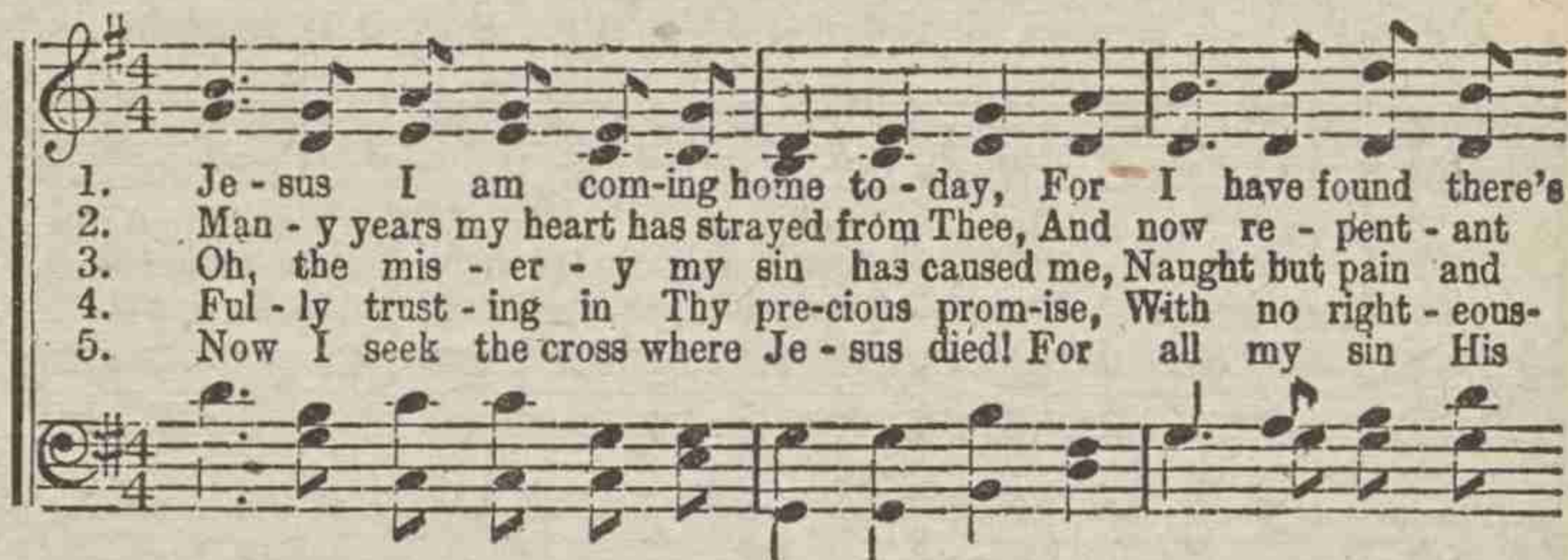
nev - er sleep, Hear my call from out the deep!
 nev - er sleep, Hear my cry from out the deep!
 nev - er sleep, Hear my prayer from out the deep!

No. 46.

I Am Coming Home.

REV. A. H. ACKLEY.

B. D. ACKLEY.

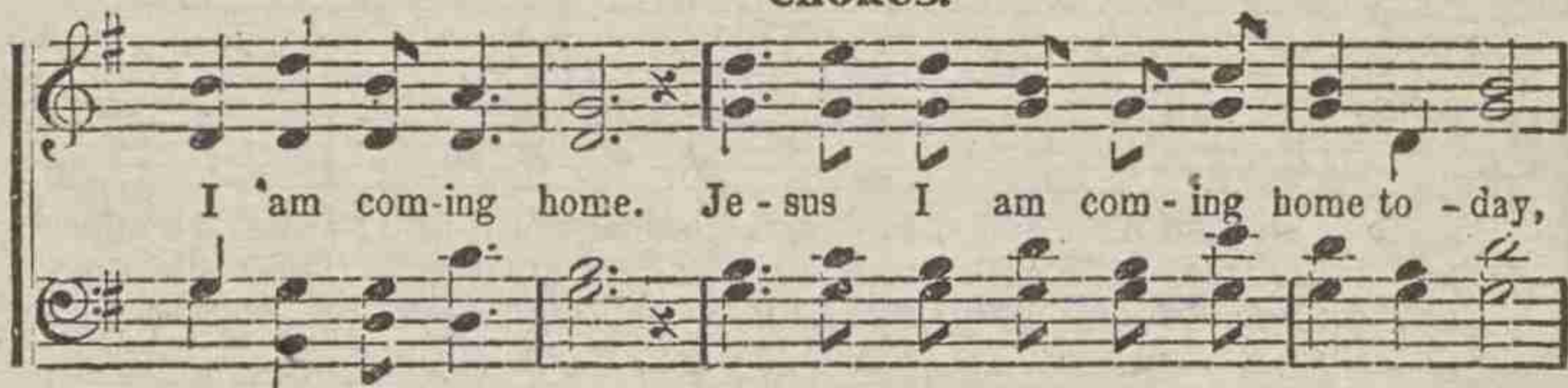


1. Je - sus I am com-ing home to - day, For I have found there's
 2. Man - y years my heart has strayed from Thee, And now re - pent - ant
 3. Oh, the mis - er - y my sin has caused me, Naught but pain and
 4. Ful - ly trust - ing in Thy pre-cious prom-ise, With no right - eous-
 5. Now I seek the cross where Je - sus died! For all my sin His

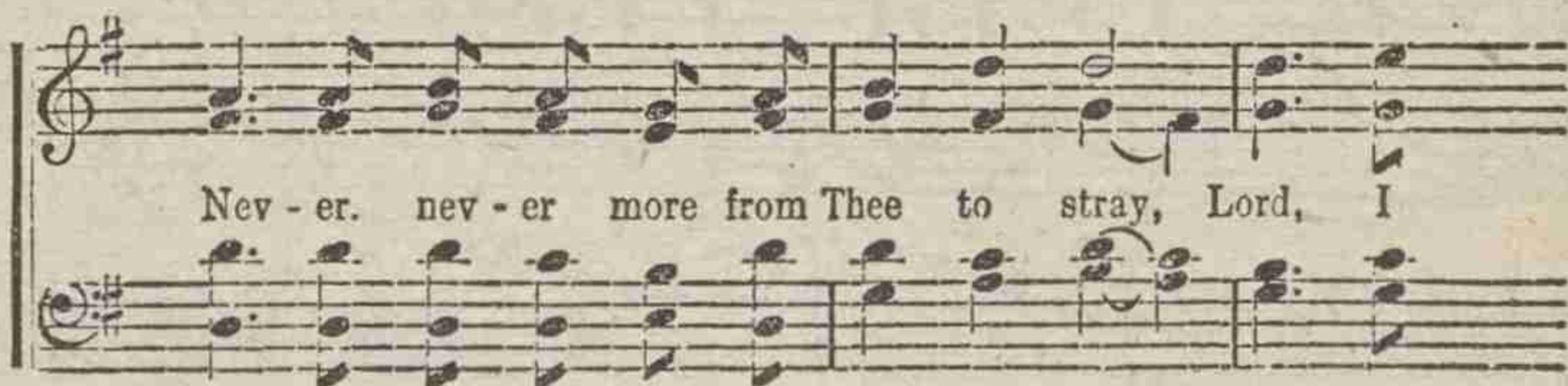


joy in Thee a - lone; From the path of sin I turn a - way, now
 to Thy throne I come; Je - sus o - pened up the way for me, now
 sor - row I have known, Now I seek Thy sav - ing grace and mer - cy
 ness to call my own, Plead-ing noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus,
 blood will still a - tone, Flow - ing o'er till ev - 'ry stain is cov - ered,

CHORUS.



I 'am com-ing home. Je - sus I am com-ing home to - day,



Nev - er. nev - er more from Thee to stray, Lord, I



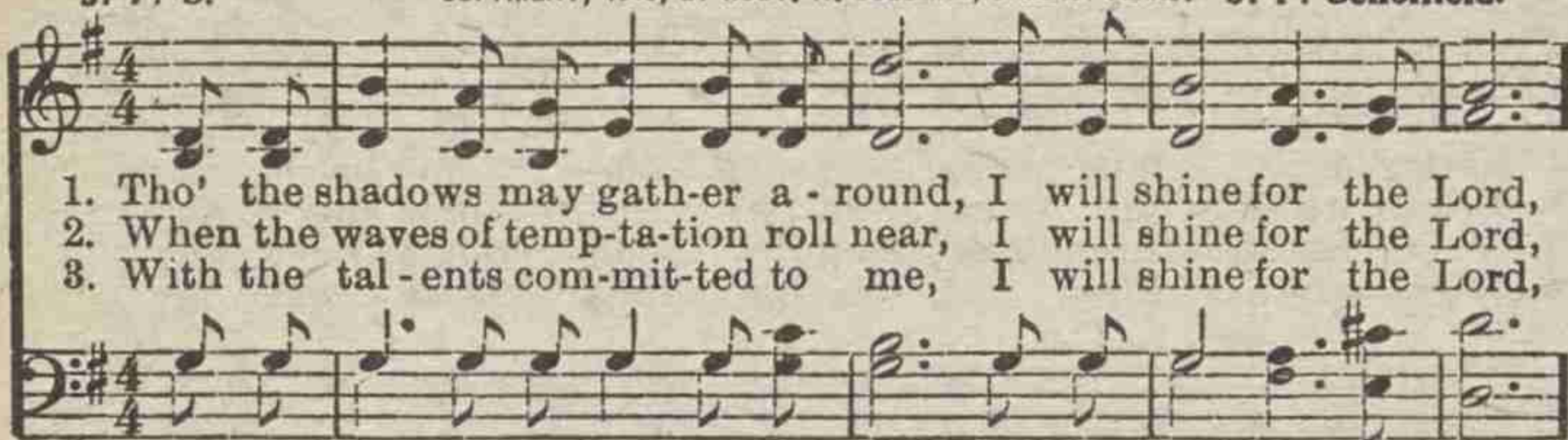
now ac - cept Thy pre - cious prom-ise, I am com-ing home.

No. 55.

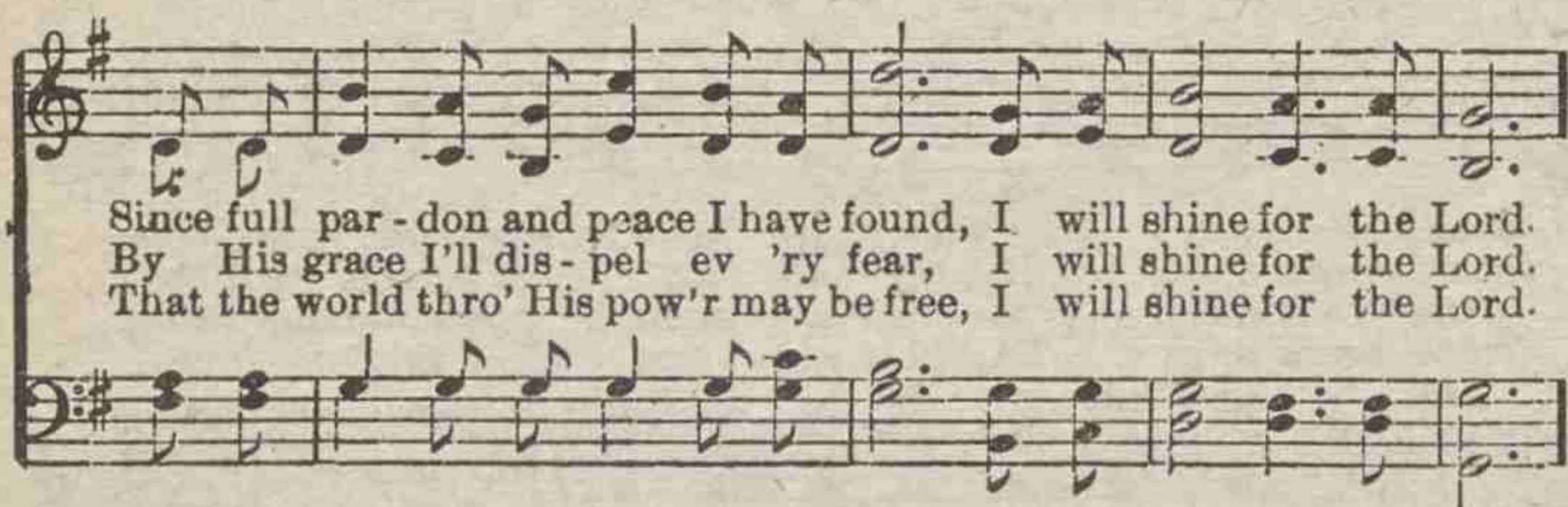
Shine For the Lord.

J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS. J. P. Scholfield.



1. Tho' the shadows may gath-er a - round, I will shine for the Lord,
 2. When the waves of temp-ta-tion roll near, I will shine for the Lord,
 3. With the tal-ents com-mit-ted to me, I will shine for the Lord,



Since full par-don and peace I have found, I will shine for the Lord.
 By His grace I'll dis-pel ev 'ry fear, I will shine for the Lord.
 That the world thro' His pow'r may be free, I will shine for the Lord.

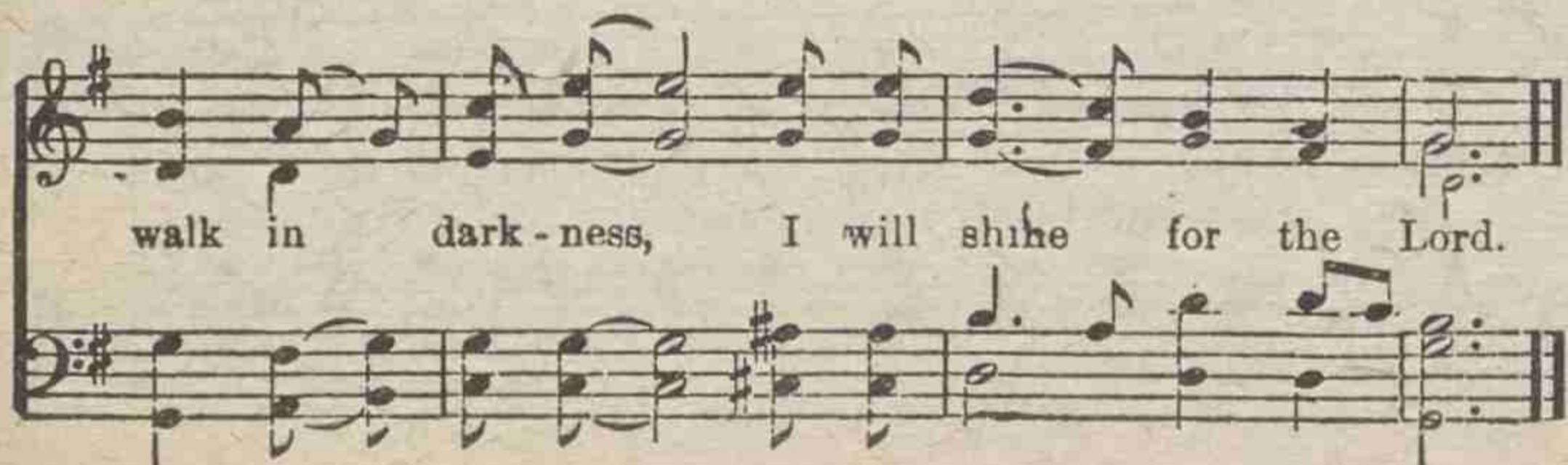
CHORUS.



I will shine for the Lord,..... I will
 I will shine, I will shine for the Lord,



shine for the Lord. Tho' oth-ers may
 I will shine for the Lord,



I will shine, I will shine for the Lord,
 walk in dark-ness, I will shine for the Lord.

No. 56.

Some Sweet Day.

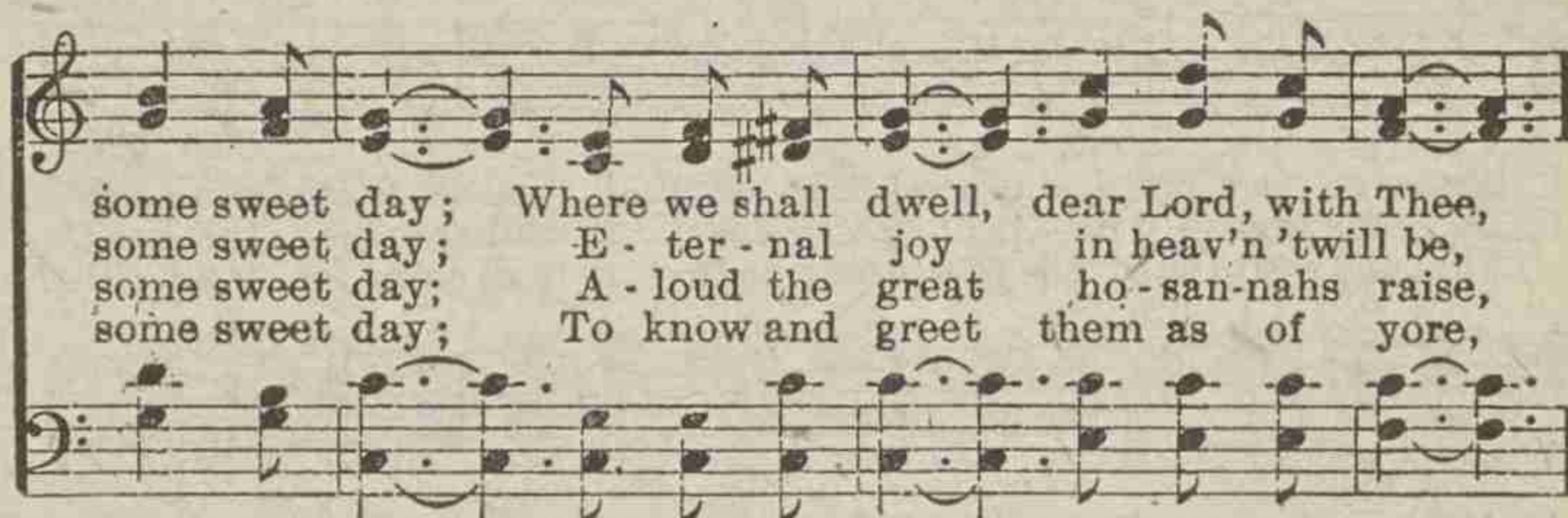
I. E. R.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY ROBT H COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS

I. E. Reynolds.



1. There is a land our eyes shall see, Some sweet day,
 2. From care and toil we shall be free, Some sweet day,
 3. A - round the throne we'll sing His praise, Some sweet day.
 4. We'll meet the loved ones gone be fore, Some sweet day,



some sweet day; Where we shall dwell, dear Lord, with Thee,
 some sweet day; E - ter - nal joy in heav'n 'twill be,
 some sweet day; A - loud the great ho - san - nahs raise,
 some sweet day; To know and greet them as of yore,

CHORUS.



some sweet day, some sweet day Some sweet day,.... some sweet
 Some sweet day, yes,



day, We shall dwell in "Glo ry Land," Some sweet day,...
 some sweet day, Some sweet day,



some sweet day,... With the ran somed we shall stand
 yes, some sweet day,

No. 57.

He Loves You So.

I. E. R.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS.

I. E. Reynolds.



1. You're liv-ing in dark-ness and sin— No hope and no
 2. Oh, how can you tar-ry so long? To Je-sus you
 3. He's wait-ing and watching for thee, So anx-ious the
 4. So sweet-ly He's plead-ing for thee, He'll cleanse you and




peace there with-in;.... Your soul with-out Je-sus is lost,....
 ought to be-long;.... Just give Him your poor, sin-ful heart,....
 way you may see;.... Be-lieve and be saved while you may,....
 make you so free;.... Then come to the Sav-iour just now,....



CHORUS.



Tho' Christ paid the debt at such cost.
 And al-ways with Him have a part. He loves you so, He loves you
 Oh, how can you say to Him nay?
 How can you re-fuse and not bow?




so, On Cal-va-ry His blood did flow, His heart goes




out in love for you, Can you re-fuse such love so true.



No. 58.

My Desire.

J. P. S.

Copyright, 1918, by Rob't Coleman, Dallas, Texas.

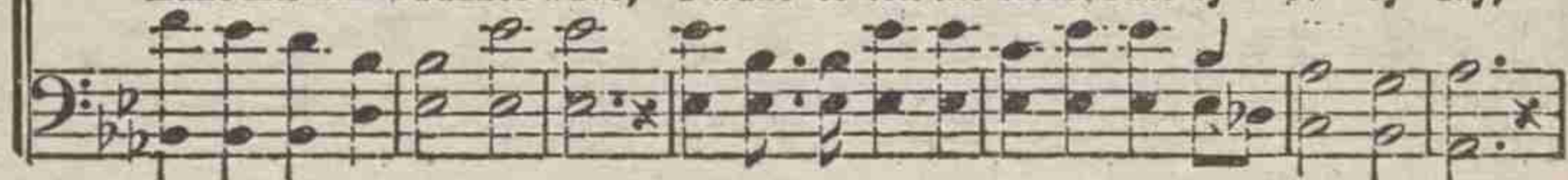
J. P. Scholfield.

Spirited.


1. I want my life to glo - ri - fy my Lord and King, I want to please and
 2. Oh, that my life might mag - ni - fy the Sav - ior's pow'r, Oh, that my deeds might
 3. I want my life to tes - ti - fy that He can save, I want to help to




hon - or Him in ev - 'ry - thing; I want my life to tell men that He is my guide,
 witness to His grace each hour; Oh, that my words might magnify His Ho - ly Name,
 make His crimson banner wave; I want to tell the blessed sto - ry ev - 'ry day,



CHORUS.



I want the world to know He's walking by my side.
 So let my heart and voice His mighty pow'r proclaim. I want to live as
 I want to be a light to oth - ers on their way.




Je - sus lives, I want to love as Je - sus loved; I want to serve and hon - or Him and




please Him in ev - 'ry - thing; I want to live as Je - sus lived, I want to



My Desire. Concluded.

love as Je-sus loved, I want my life to tes - ti - fy that He's my Lord and King.

No. 59.

Anchor in Him!

J. P. S.

Copyright, 1918, by Rob't H. Coleman, Dallas, Texas.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. There is one who is mighty and a - ble to save, Then anchor in Him to - day;
2. On this o - cean of life you will need a safe guide, Then anchor in Him to - day;
3. You will need Him the more at the end of the day, Then anchor in Him to - day;

He will guide you thru storm and o'er per - il - ous wave, Then anchor in Him to - day.
You are safe for the harbor with Him by your side, Then anchor in Him to - day.
Cast your all on Him now, there's no time for de - lay, Then anchor in Him to - day.

CHORUS.

Then an - chor in Him to - day, Then an - chor in Him to - day;
to - day, to - day;

He will keep and pro - tect you each step of the way, Then anchor in Him to - day!

If Your Heart Keeps Right.

Lizette DeArmond.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

B. D. Ackley.



1. If the dark shad-ows gath-er As you go a - long, Do not grieve for their
2. Is your life just a tan-gle Full of toil and care? Smile a bit as you
3. There are blossoms of gladness 'Neath the winter's snow, From the gloom and the




com-ing, Sing a cheer - y song, There is joy for the tak-ing, ' It will
jour-ney, Oth-ers' bur - dens share; You'll for-get all your troubles, Making
darkness Comes the morning's glow; Nev-er give up the bat-tle, You will




soon be light, — Ev-'ry cloud wears a rain-bow If your heart keeps right.
their lives bright, Skies will grow blue and sun - ny If your heart keeps right.
win the fight, Gain the rest of the Vic-tor, If your heart keeps right.



CHORUS.



If your heart keeps right, If your heart keeps right, There's a song of



glad-ness in the dark - est night; If your heart keeps right, If your




If Your Heart Keeps Right.

heart keeps right, Ev-'ry cloud will wear a rain-bow, If your heart keeps right.

61. Shall We Gather at the River?

R. L.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. BY PER. Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray;
3. Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
4. Soon we'll gath - er at the riv - er, Soon our pil - grim - age will cease;

With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow - ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

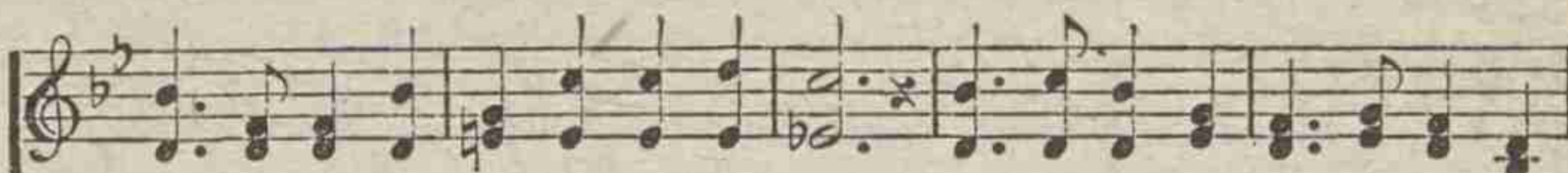
CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er, —

Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er, That flows by the throne of God.



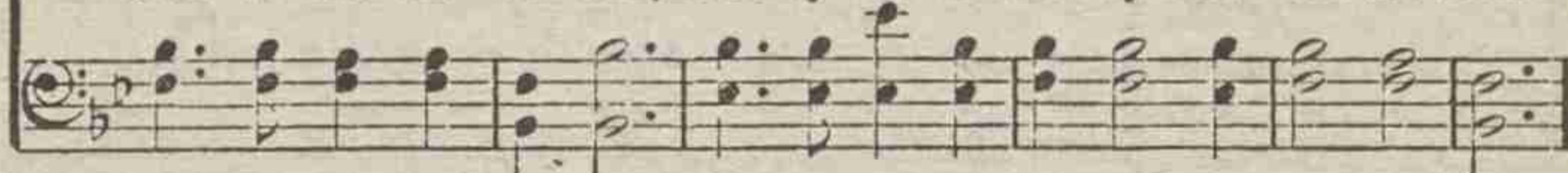
1. Far a-way the noise of strife up-on my ear is fall-ing, Then I know the
2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up-on the world is beat-ing, Sins of men in
3. Let the stormy breez-es blow, their cry can-not a-larm me, I am safe-ly
4. Viewing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem-pla-tion, Hearing now His



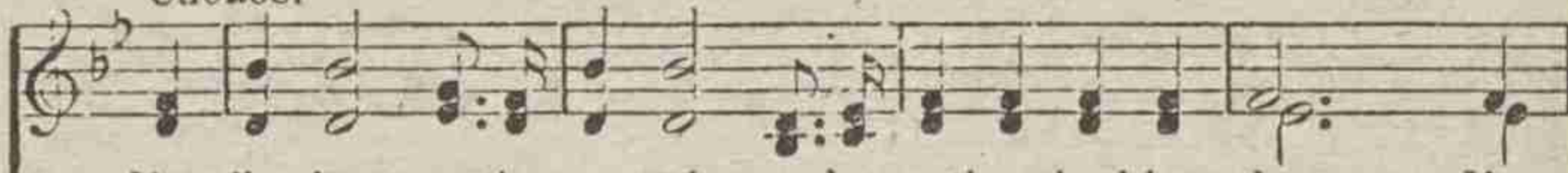
sins of earth be-set on ev-'ry hand; Doubt and fear and things of earth in
bat-tle long the en-e-my with-stand; Safe am I with-in the cas-tle
sheltered here, pro-TECT-ed by God's hand; Here the sun is al-ways shin-ing,
bless-ed voice, I see the way He planned; Dwell-ing in the Spir-it, here I



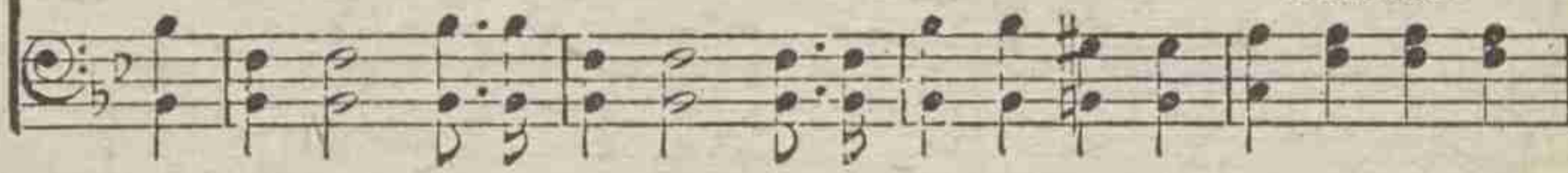
vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beu-lah Land.
of God's word re-treat-ing, Noth-ing there can reach me—'tis Beu-lah Land.
here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for-ev-er in Beu-lah Land.
learn of full sal-va-tion, Glad-ly will I tar-ry in Beu-lah Land.



CHORUS.



I'm liv-ing on the mountain, un-der-neath a cloud-less sky, I'm
Praise God!



drink-ing at the fountain that nev-er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feasting on the



No. 47.

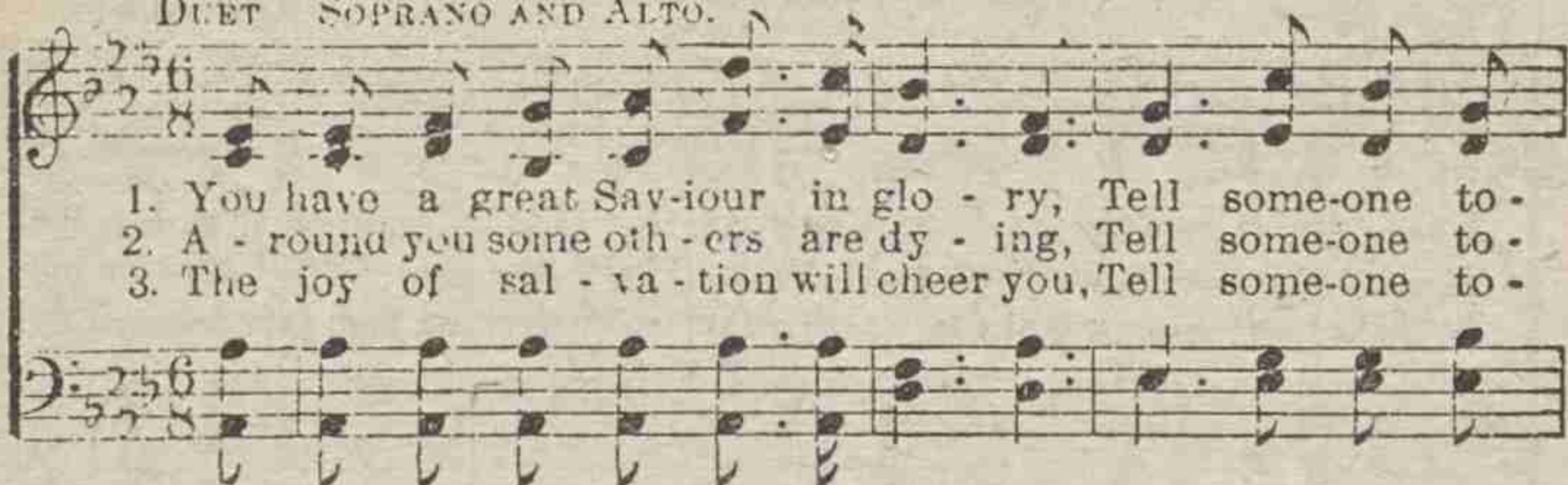
Tell Someone Today.

J. P. S.

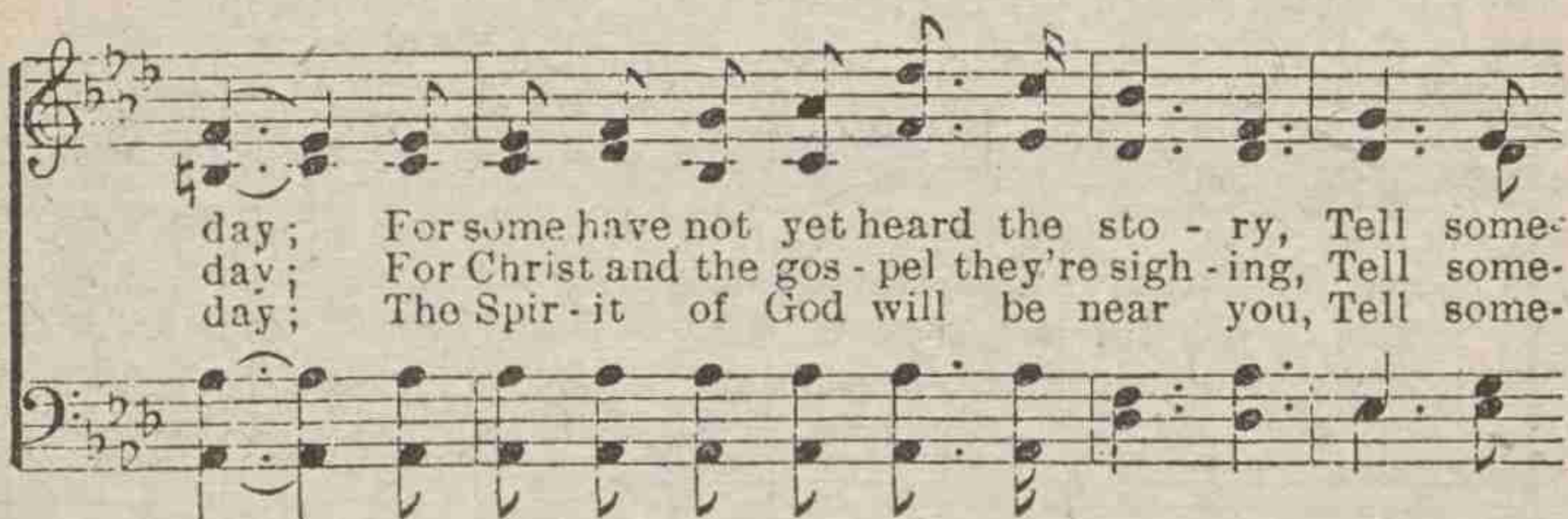
COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS.

J. P. Scholfield.

DUET SOPRANO AND ALTO.



1. You have a great Sav-iour in glo - ry, Tell some-one to -
 2. A - round you some oth - ers are dy - ing, Tell some-one to -
 3. The joy of sal - va - tion will cheer you, Tell some-one to -



day; For some have not yet heard the sto - ry, Tell some-
 day; For Christ and the gos - pel they're sigh - ing, Tell some-
 day; The Spir - it of God will be near you, Tell some-

CHORUS.



one to - day. Tell some - one the sto - ry to - day,



Show some-one the way; 'Twill bring your Lord glo -
 heav'n-ward way;



ad lib.
 ry, if you tell the sto - ry, Then tell someone to - day.

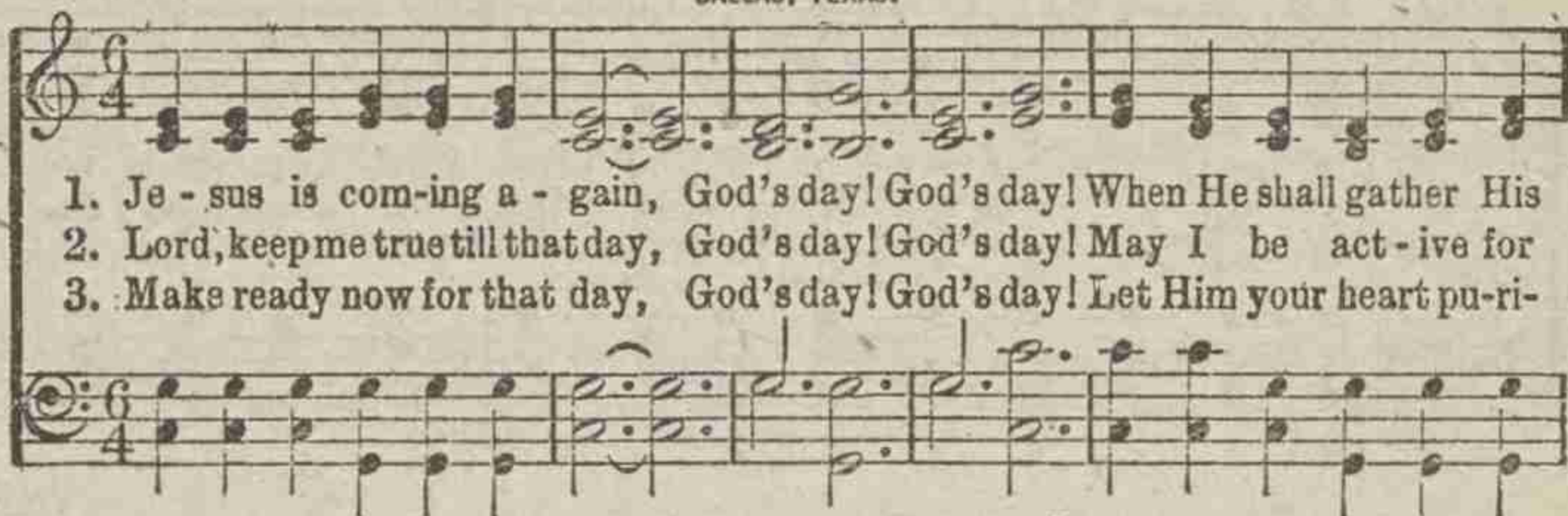
No. 48.

God's Day.

J. P. S.

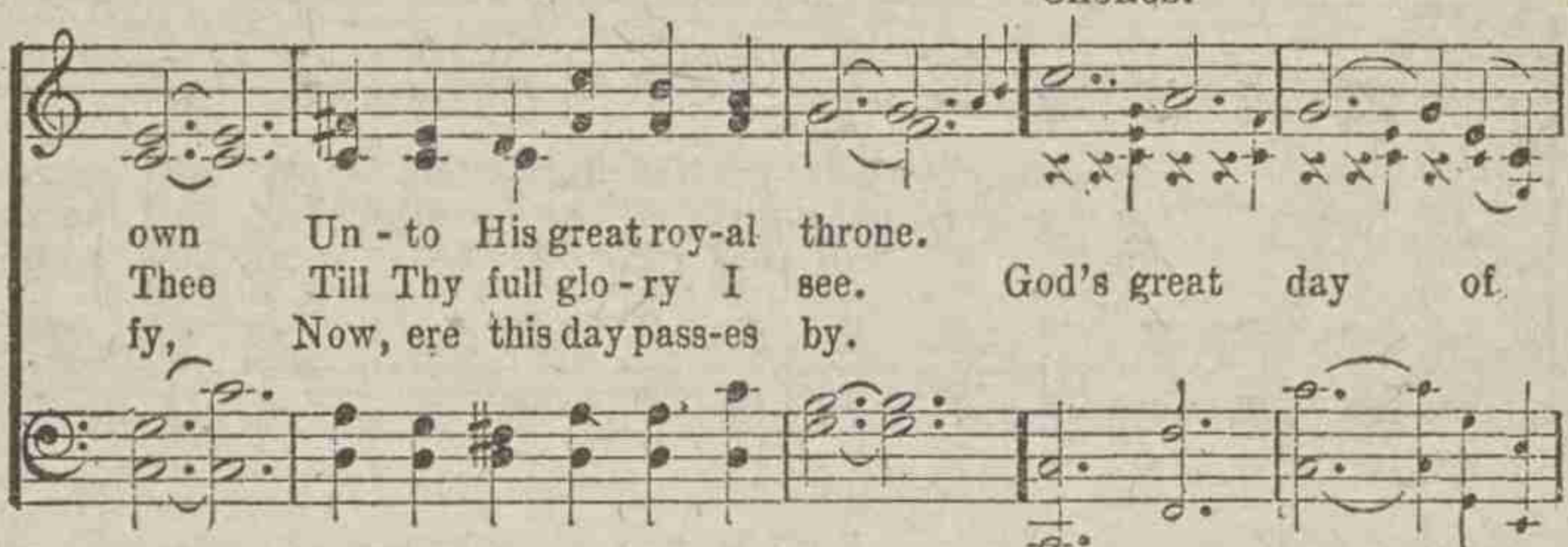
COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN,
DALLAS, TEXAS.

J. P. Scholfield.



1. Je - sus is com-ing a - gain, God's day! God's day! When He shall gather His
2. Lord, keep me true till that day, God's day! God's day! May I be act-ive for
3. Make ready now for that day, God's day! God's day! Let Him your heart pu-ri-

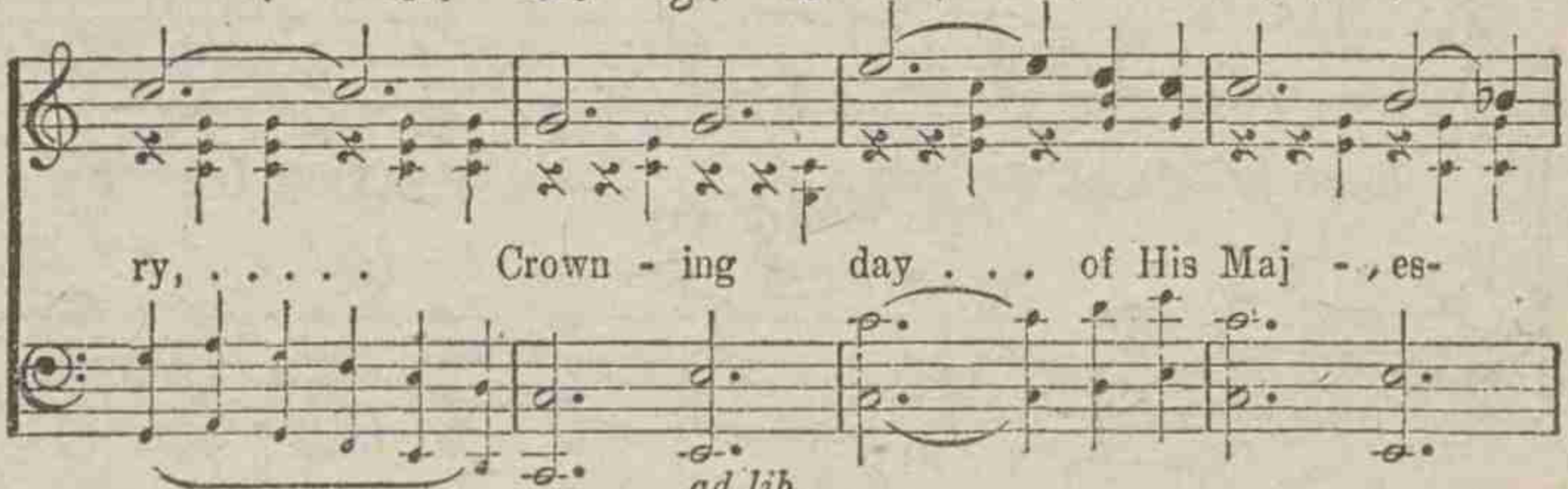
CHORUS.



own Un - to His great roy-al throne.
Thee Till Thy full glo-ry I see. God's great day of
fy, Now, ere this day pass-es by.

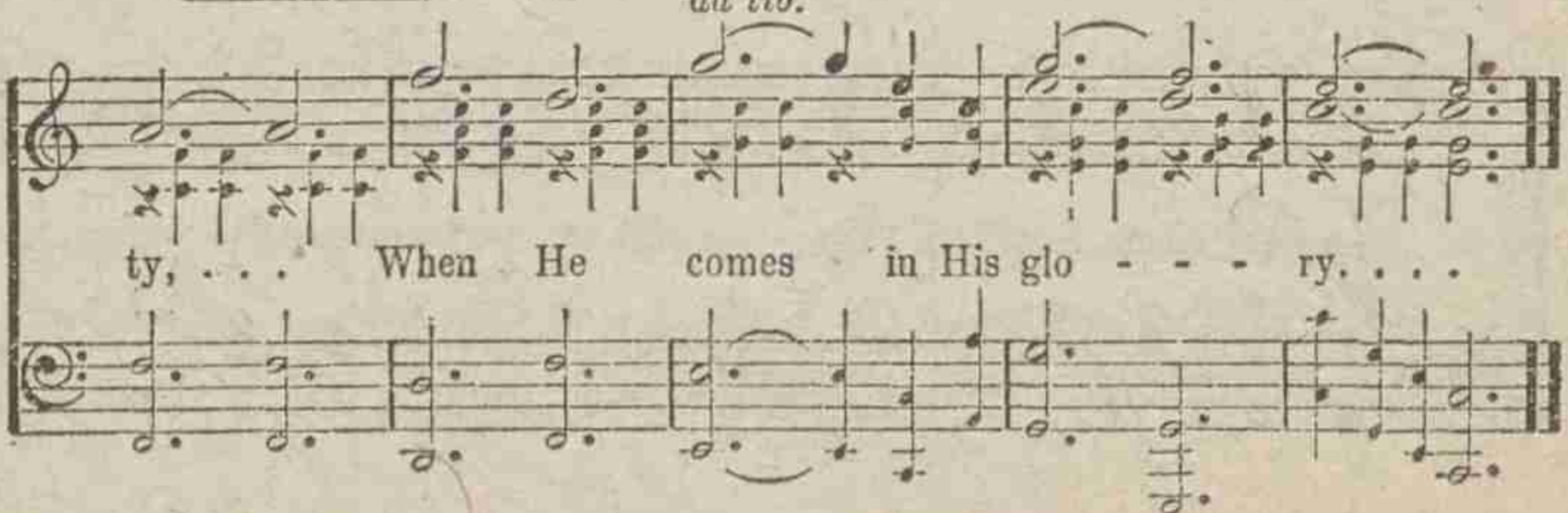


glo - - - ry, . . . God's great day . . of vic - to-



ry, Crown - ing day . . . of His Maj - , es-

ad lib.



ty, When He comes in His glo - - - ry,

No. 49.

I. E. R.

Joy In Serving Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS.

I. B. Reynolds.

1. There is joy in serv-ing Je - sus, Who was slain that we might live, Oh, the
 2. There is joy in serv-ing Je - sus, Tell-ing of His love so true, How He
 3. There is joy in serv-ing Je - sus, Oh, be faith-ful to the end, By and

CHORUS.

price He paid to save us, We our all to Him should give;
 spilt His blood so precious, That the lost might take Him too. There is joy, great
 by we'll stand be-fore Him, Let us e'er His cause de-fend.

joy.... in the serv-ice of our King,.... There is joy, great joy, ev-er

more His prais-es sing; There is joy, great joy,.... greatest tri-bute to Him

bring,.... There is joy, great joy.... in the serv-ice of our King....

No. 50.

Wonderful Name.

J. P. S. Unison.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS.

J. P. Scholfield.



1. There is a name that is dear to me,.... A
 2. No oth - er name holds the crim - son tide, Which
 3. I love no name like that name to - day, It



name in which I see..... The heal - ing
 flows so deep and wide,..... That in its
 takes all guilt a - way,..... If you'll re-



fount - ain from Cal - va - ry,.... I love that name, 'tis
 flow... ev-'ry sin can hide,.. I love the name of
 ceive Him without de - lay,.... You'll love the name of



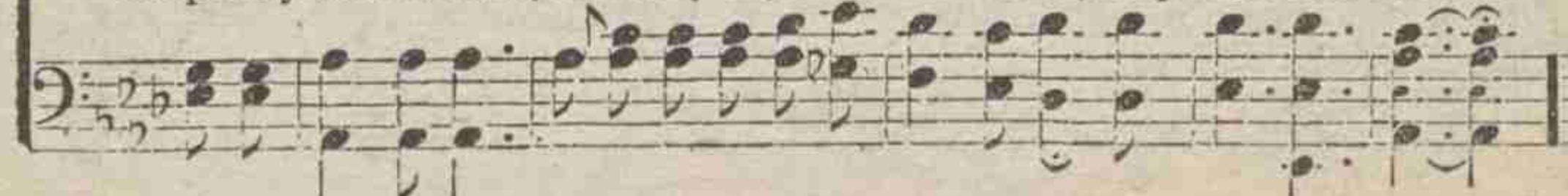
CHORUS.



Je - sus..... He..... is my an-chor sure, He.....
 Je - sus....., He is my anchor, He keeps my soul



keeps my soul secure, He is my all, He'll not let me fall, O praise His name.

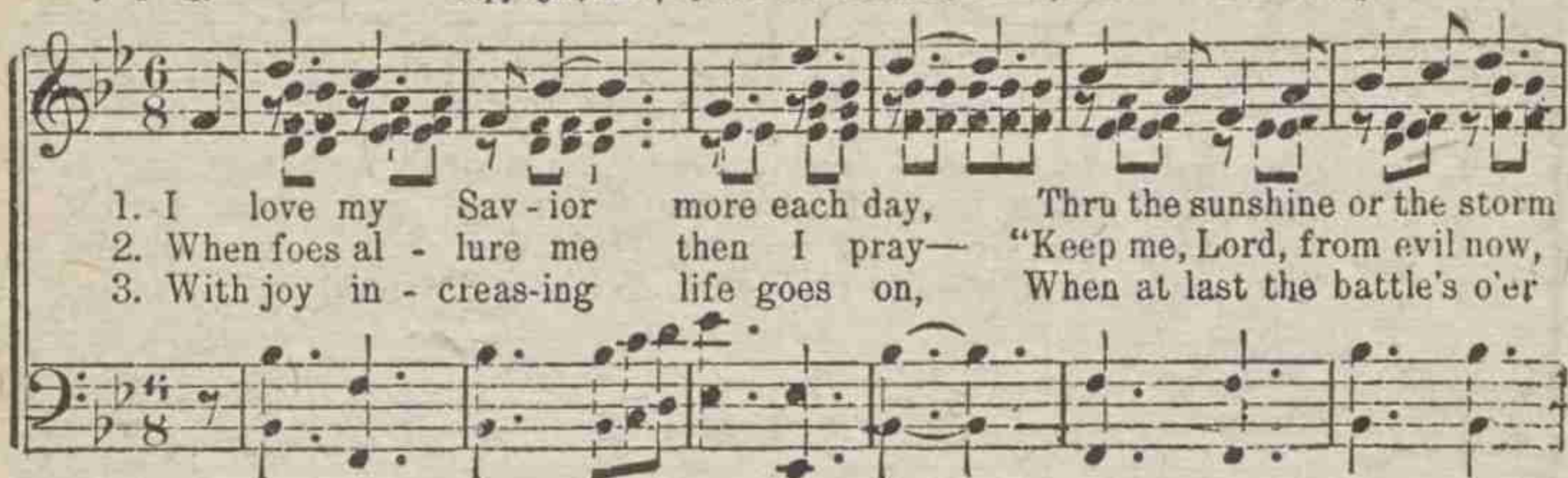


Love Declared.

J P S.

Copyright, 1917, by Rob't H. Coleman, Dallas, Tex.

J. P. SCHOLFIELD.



1. I love my Sav-ior more each day, Thru the sunshine or the storm
 2. When foes al-lure me then I pray— "Keep me, Lord, from evil now,
 3. With joy in-creas-ing life goes on, When at last the battle's o'er

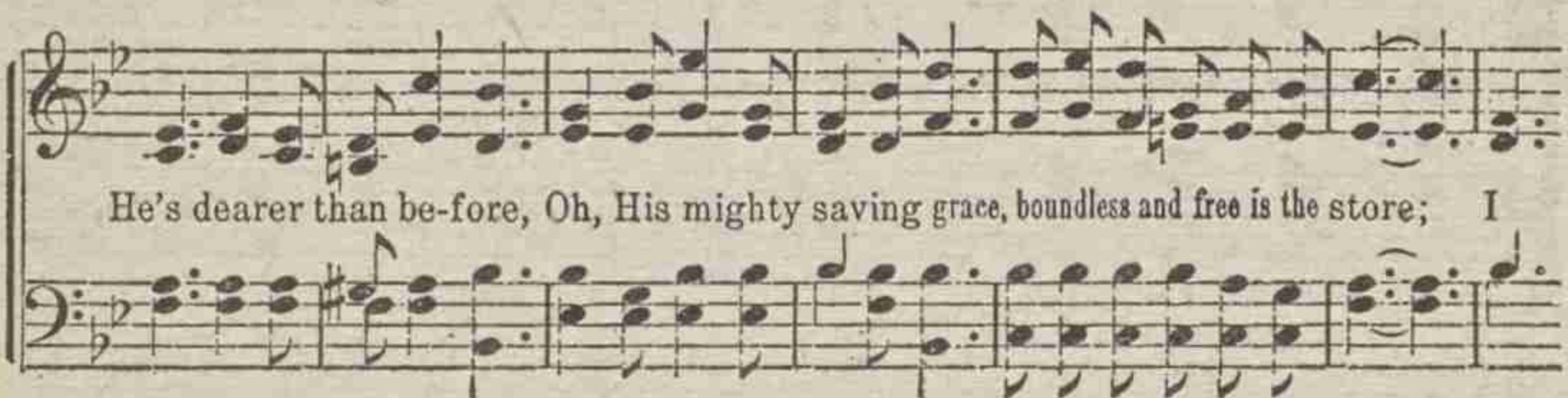


He points my way, When foes as-sail me He is near, ...
 may I not stray;" He nev-er fails me for He's true,
 and vic-t'ry's won, He'll guide me home-ward by His hand,

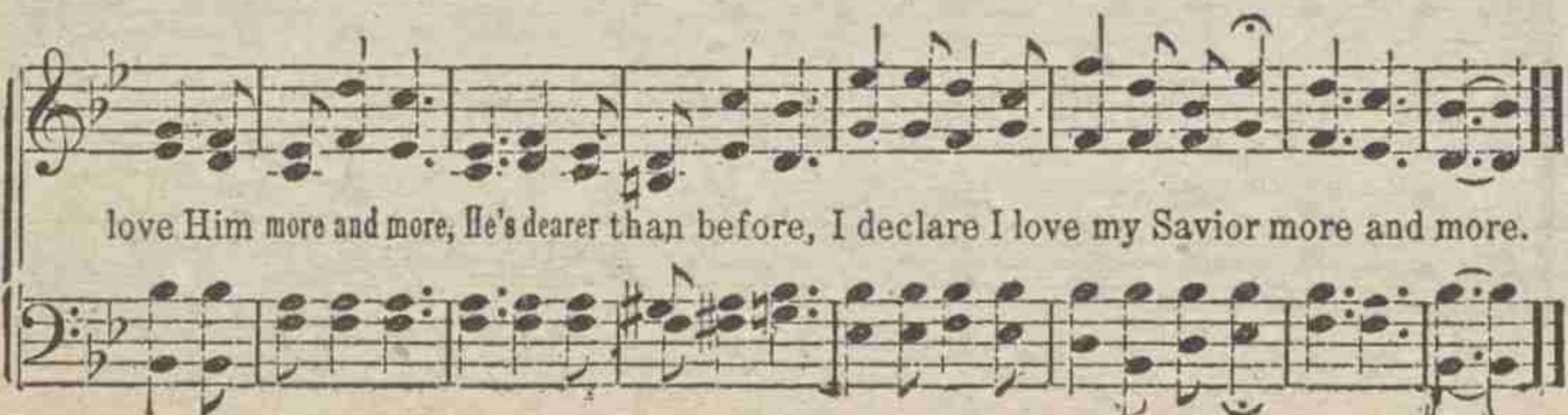
CHORUS.



I am safe from ev'ry harm, what need I fear.
 He is just the friend I need the whole world through. I love Him more and more,
 To the place prepared for me in "Morn-ing land."



He's dearer than be-fore, Oh, His mighty saving grace, boundless and free is the store; I



love Him more and more, He's dearer than before, I declare I love my Savior more and more.

No. 52.

I Am Safe.

I. E. R.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS.

I. E. Reynolds.

1. I am safe from ev - 'ry storm, Christ doth love me so,
 2. I am safe when trou - bles come, With my Sav - ior near,
 3. I am safe for - ev - er - more, Thro' the crim - son flood,
 4. I am safe what e'er be - fall, With a friend so strong,

I am safe from ev 'ry harm, For my Lord I know.
 I am safe from Sa - tan's wiles, For my pray'r He'll hear.
 I am safe and Christ I'll see, By His pre - cious blood.
 I am safe for heav'n and home, With the blood washed throng.

CHORUS.

I am safe, so safe, I am safe, so safe, For my

Sav - ior died for me, I am safe, I am

safe in Him, In His like - ness, I shall be. shall be.

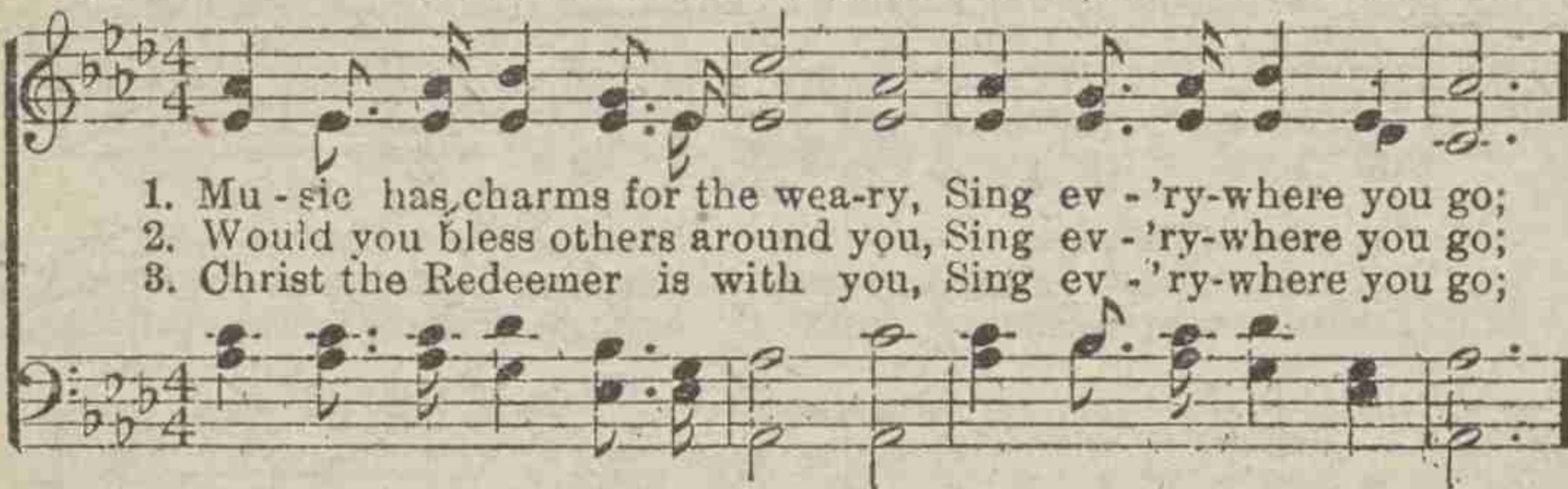
No. 53.

Sing On.

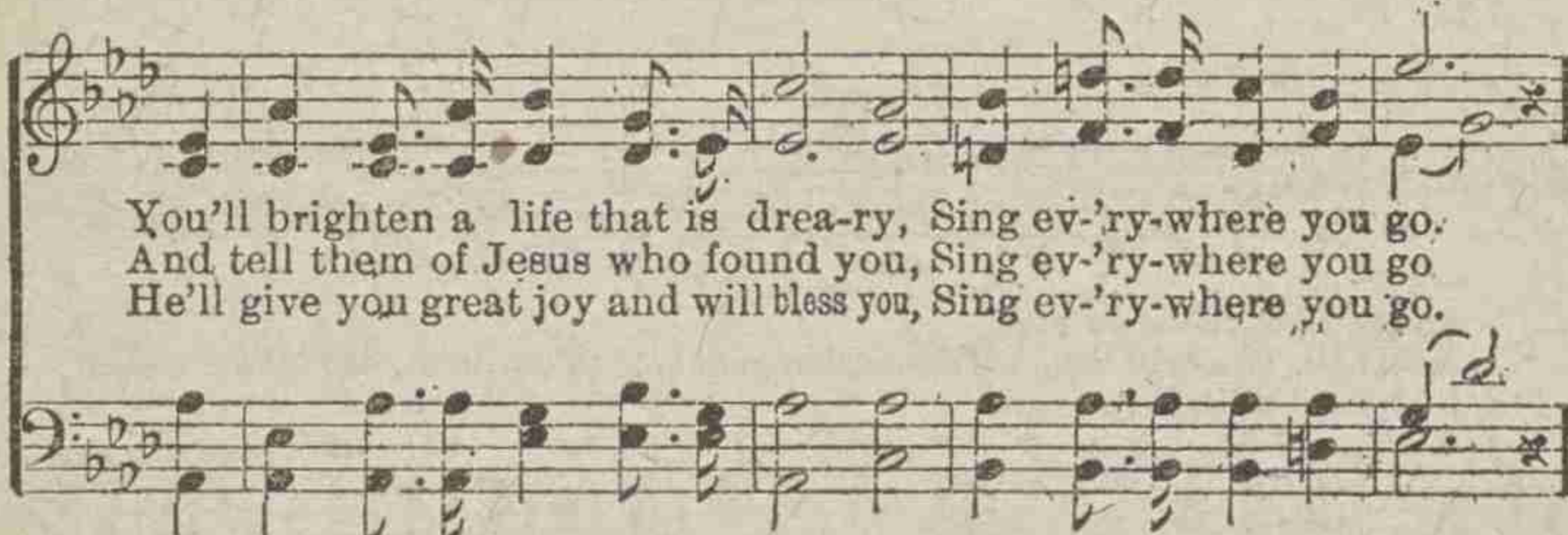
J. P. S.

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J. P. Scholfield.

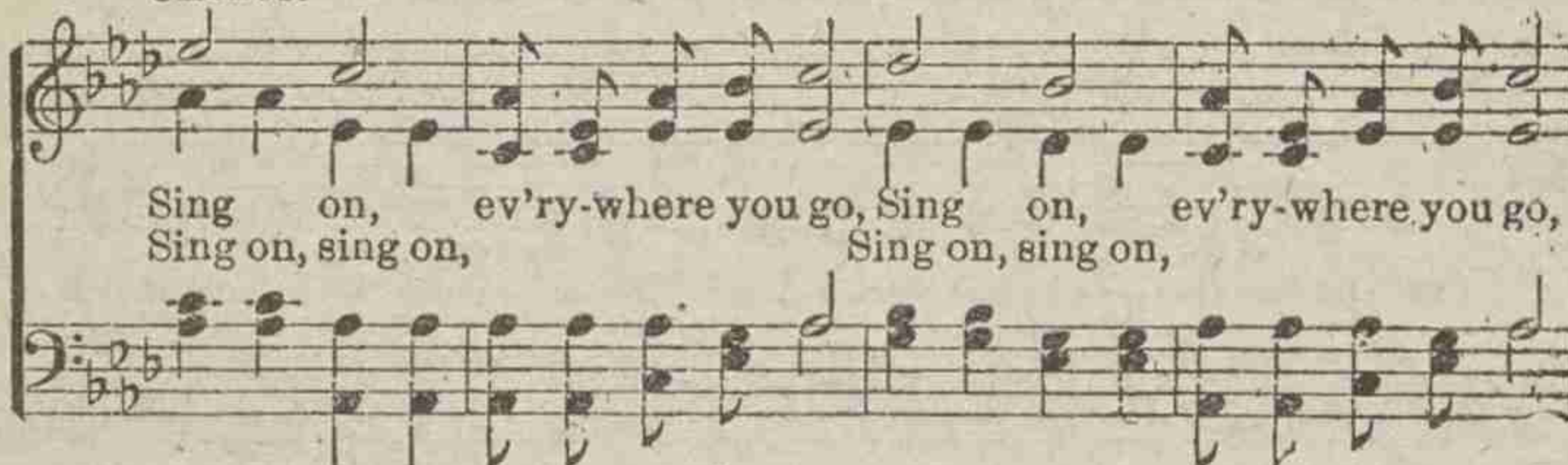


1. Mu - sic has charms for the wea-ry, Sing ev - 'ry-where you go;
 2. Would you bless others around you, Sing ev - 'ry-where you go;
 3. Christ the Redeemer is with you, Sing ev - 'ry-where you go;

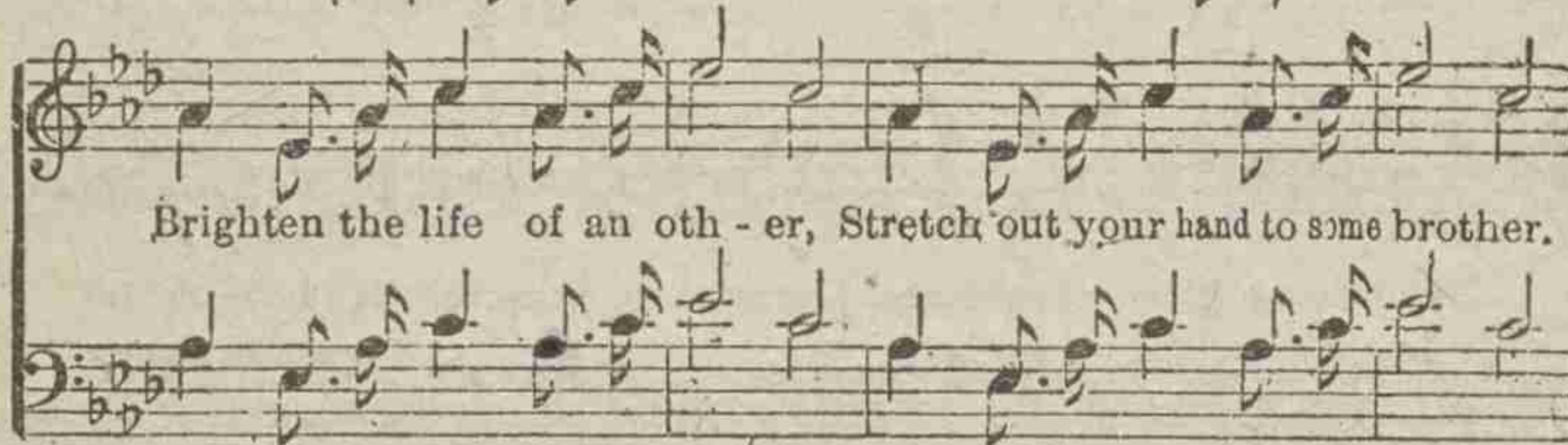


You'll brighten a life that is drea-ry, Sing ev-'ry-where you go.
 And tell them of Jesus who found you, Sing ev-'ry-where you go.
 He'll give you great joy and will bless you, Sing ev-'ry-where you go.

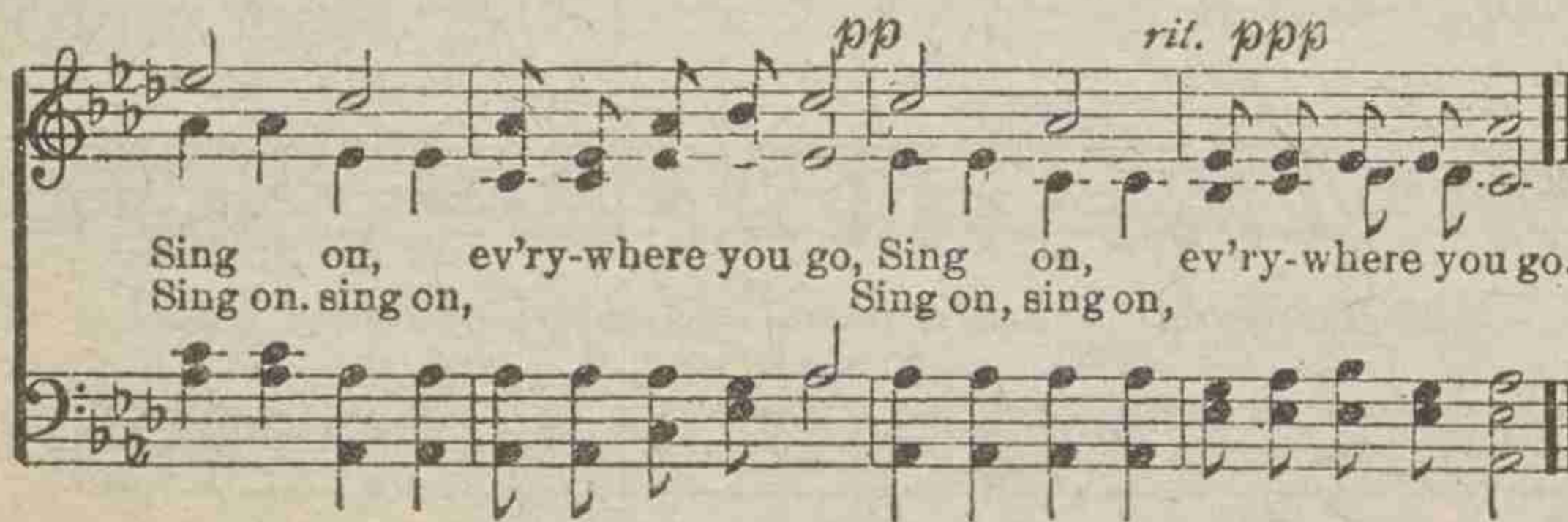
CHORUS.



Sing on, ev'ry-where you go, Sing on, ev'ry-where you go,
 Sing on, sing on, Sing on, sing on,



Brighten the life of an oth - er, Stretch out your hand to some brother.



Sing on, ev'ry-where you go, Sing on, ev'ry-where you go.
 Sing on, sing on, Sing on, sing on,

No. 54. "Anchor your Soul to the Cross."

J. P. S.

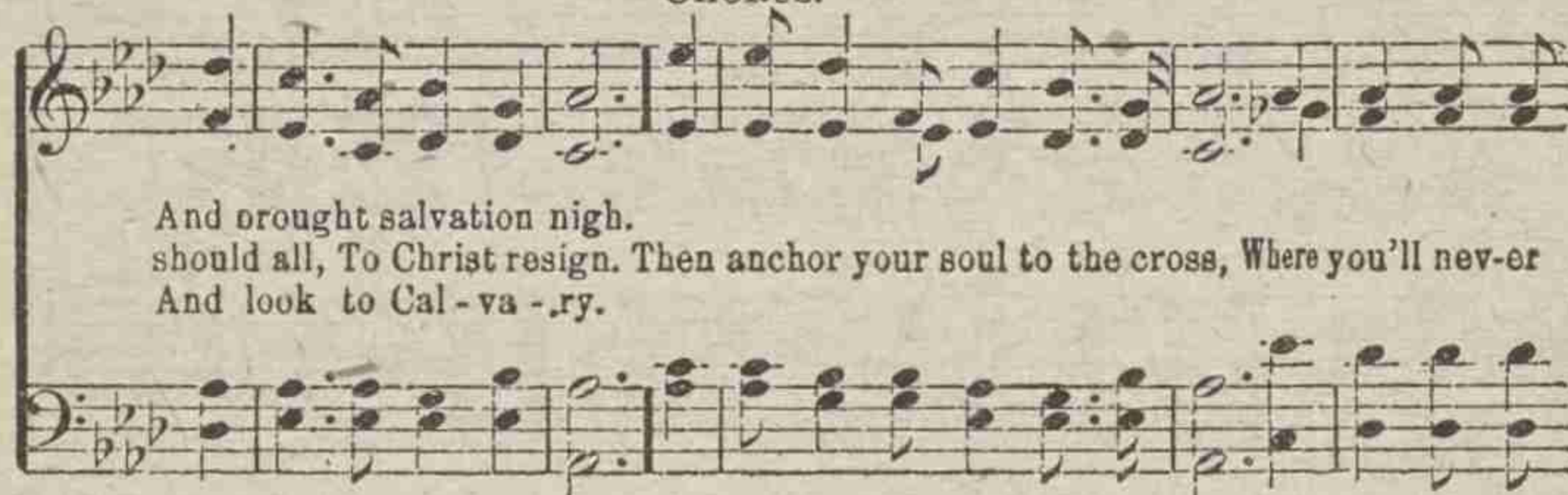
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J. P. Scholfield.

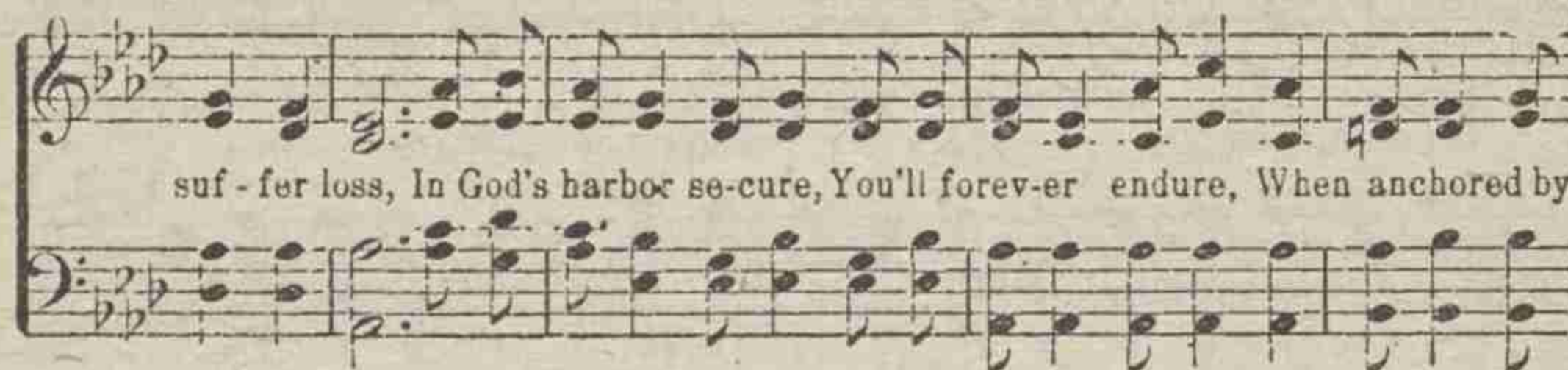


1. The cross of Cal-va-ry is tow - 'ring high, The cross that conquered sin
2. Its rung-ged trains extend, a warn - ing sign, That nations ev'ry-where
3. This cross was planted there, That men might see The wondrous love of God

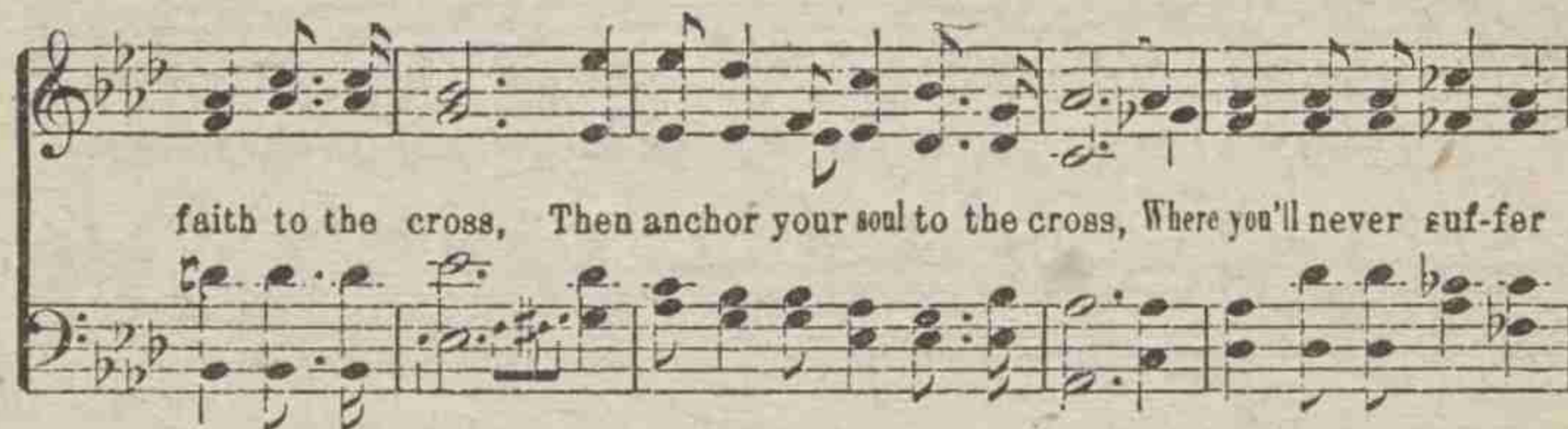
CHORUS.



And brought salvation nigh.
should all, To Christ resign. Then anchor your soul to the cross, Where you'll nev-er
And look to Cal - va - ry.



suf - fer loss, In God's harbor se-cure, You'll forev-er endure, When anchored by



faith to the cross, Then anchor your soul to the cross, Where you'll never suf-fer



loss, Tho' the wild waves roll, He will guard your soul, Then anchor your soul to the cross.

Watching For the King.

song I sing, Watching, wait-ing, trusting my Lord and King.

my song I sing,

No. 71.

All So Free.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS.

I. E. R.

I. E. Reynolds.

1. Go tell the glad sto-ry of Christ and His love, All so free;
 2. Let's try to win lost ones to know His great peace, All so free;
 3. He's gone to pre-pare us a home o-ver there, All so free;

His leav-ing His home in the cit-y a-bove, All so free.
 Then all thro' the a-ges their joy shall not cease, All so free.
 Let's try to prove worthy His glo-ry to share, All so free.

CHORUS.

All so free, All so free; His
 All, yes, all so free. All, yes, all so free;

ad lib.

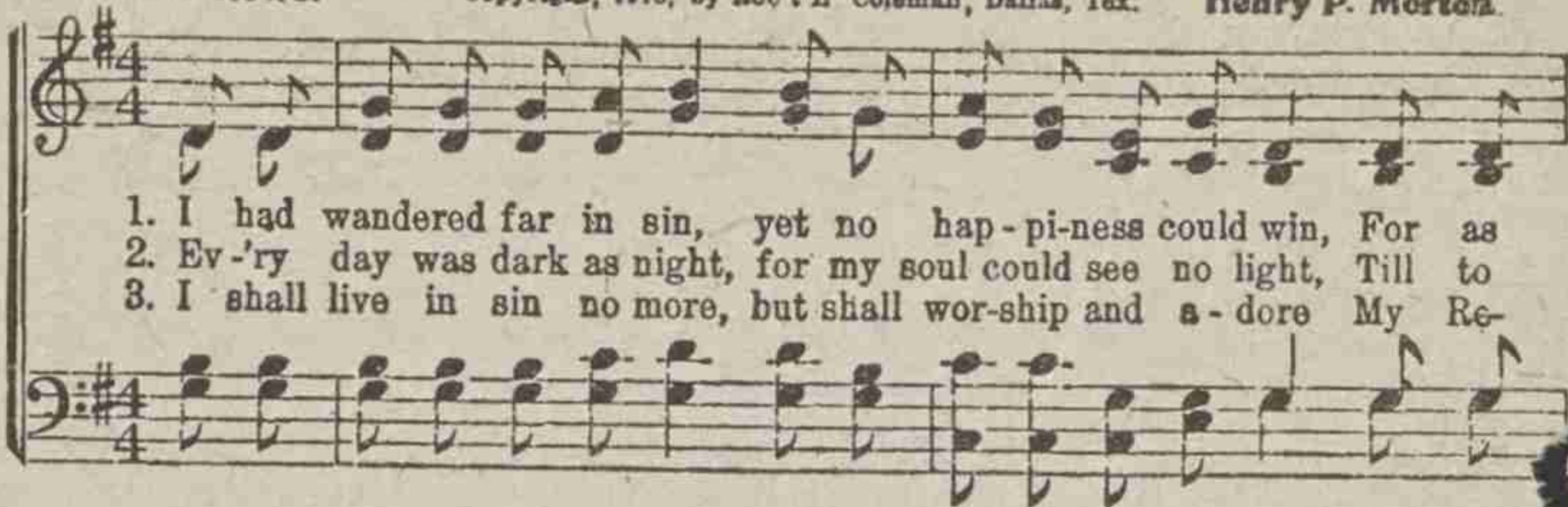
love so a-bun-dant for you and for me, All so free.

Going Back to God.

James Rowe.

Copyright, 1918, by Rob't H. Coleman, Dallas, Tex.

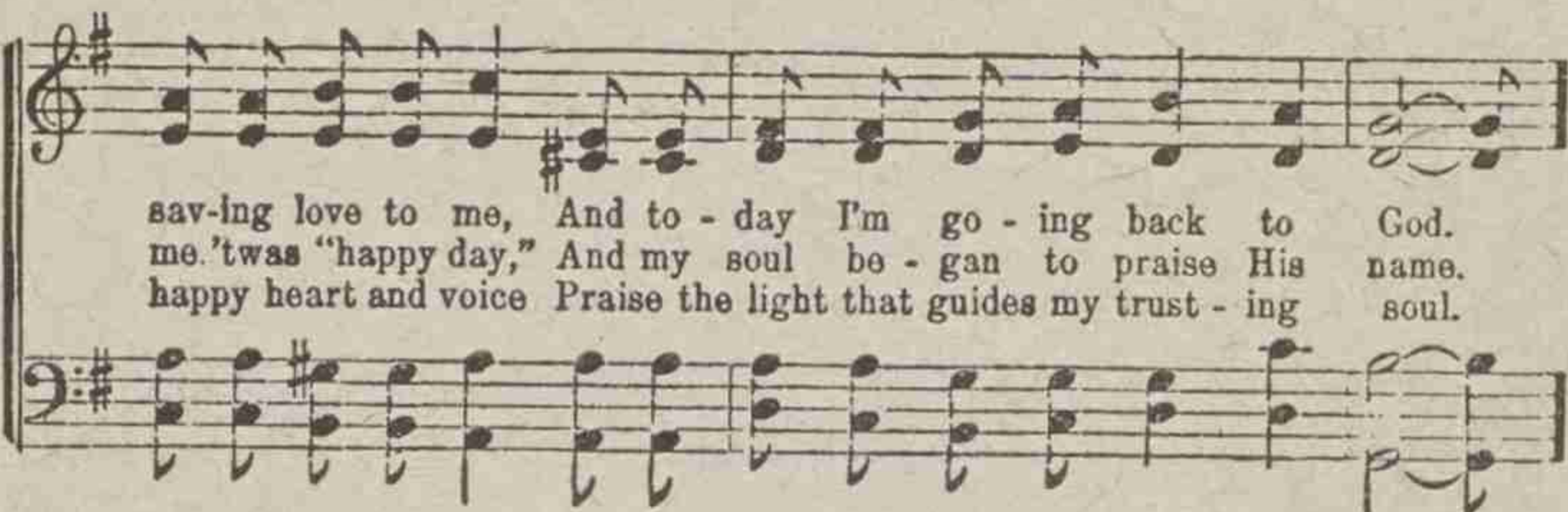
Henry P. Morton.



1. I had wandered far in sin, yet no hap-pi-ness could win, For as
 2. Ev-'ry day was dark as night, for my soul could see no light, Till to
 3. I shall live in sin no more, but shall wor-ship and a-dore My Re-



midnight was the path I trod; But the Saviour heard my plea, Gave His
 me the bless-ed love-light came; Then the darkness fled a-way, And for
 deem-or dear, who made me whole; In His love I shall re-joice, And with

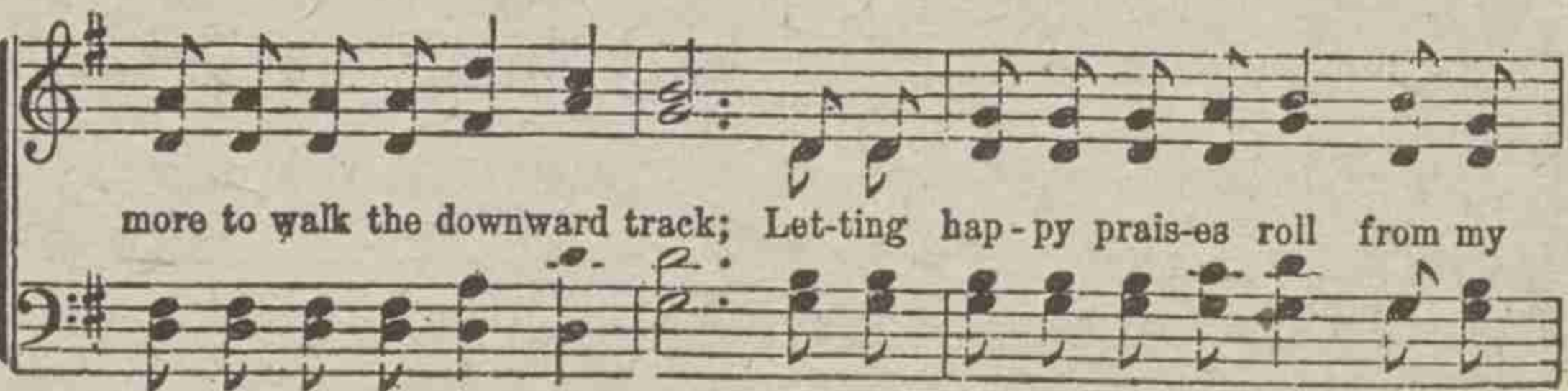


sav-ing love to me, And to-day I'm go-ing back to God.
 me 'twas "happy day," And my soul be-gan to praise His name.
 happy heart and voice Praise the light that guides my trust-ing soul.

CHORUS.



I'm go-ing back,..... I'm go-ing back, Nev-er
 I'm go-ing back, I'm go-ing back,



more to walk the downward track; Let-ting hap-py prais-es roll from my

Going Back to God. Concluded.

pardoned singing soul, O bless the Lord, bless the Lord, I'm go - ing back

73

Lend A Helping Hand.

I. E. R.

Copyright, 1918, by Robert H. Coleman, Dallas, Texas.

I. E. Reynolds.

1. As you pass a - long the way, Lend a help - ing hand;
 2. In this world so filled with woe,
 3. Je - sus yearns for work - ers true,
 4. There are those who need Christ's love, Lend a help - ing hand;

When you meet those gone a - stray, Lend a help - ing hand.
 'Tis a debt of love we owe,
 Can He now de - pend on you?
 Tell them of the throne a - bove, Lend a help - ing hand.

CHORUS.

Lend a help - ing hand, Lend a help - ing hand.

Be of serv - ice when you can Lend a help - ing hand.

One Thing I Know.

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J. P. S.

J. P. Scholfield.



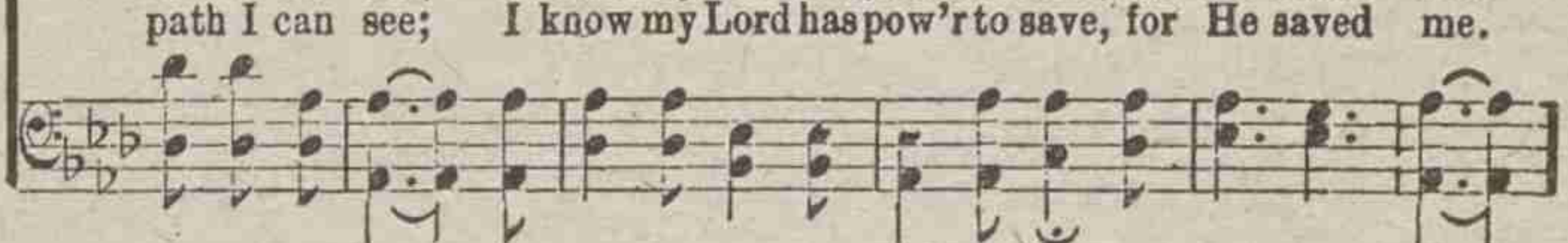
1. When I was lost and down in the depths of my sin, I heard of One who
 2. He lift-ed me to heights that I nev-er had known, The bet-ter life, all
 3. Now I have joy and peace which none other can give, My love for Christ con-




came to die that I might pardon win; So I be-lieved and instant-ly
 free from strife, to me His love has shown; I walk with Him, my comrade for-
 straineth me and makes life sweet to live; He guides my feet, more clearly the



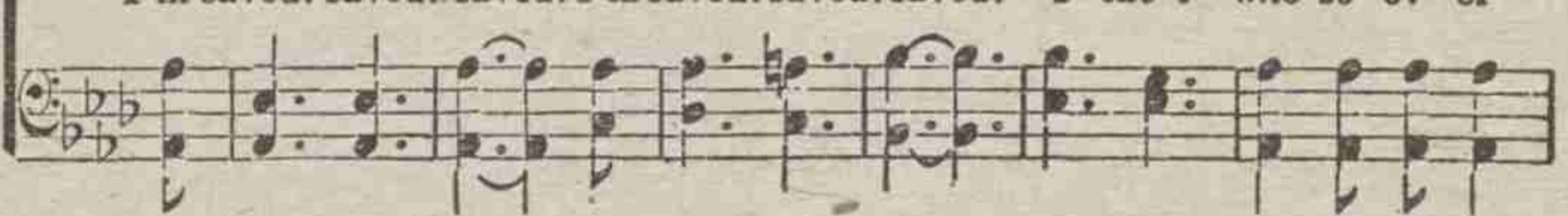
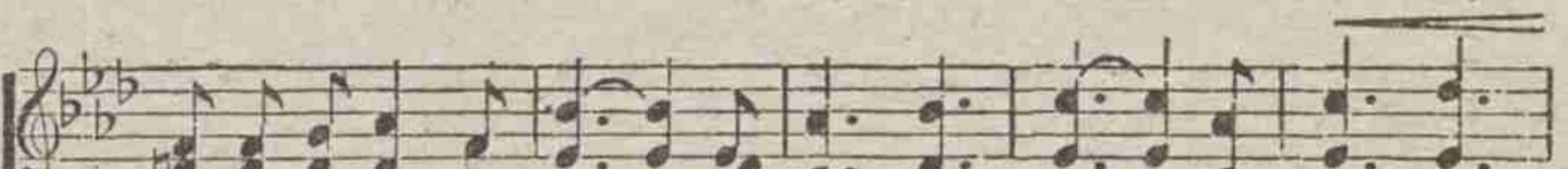

I was set free. I know my Lord has pow'r to save, for He saved me.
 ev-er is He; I know my Lord has pow'r to save, for He saved me.
 path I can see; I know my Lord has pow'r to save, for He saved me.



CHORUS.



I'm saved! saved! saved! I'm saved! saved! saved! I tho't "who-so-ev-er"

sure-ly in-clud-ed me; I'm saved! saved! saved! I'm saved! saved!



One Thing I Know.

saved! When I believed, I was received So I know He in-clud-ed me

75.

Our God Is Marching On.

I. E. R.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY I. E. REYNOLDS.

I. E. Reynolds.

1. Our God is marching on with great triumphant stride, Behold the charging hosts;
2. Our God is marching on, the host of sin to fight, Be loy-al in His name;
3. Our God is marching on, the Lord is in command, With Him we are se-cure;

Our God is marching on, His ar-my true and tried Led by the Ho-ly Ghost.
Our God is marching on, With Him the way is bright; Let us His name pro-claim.
Our God is marching on, No e-vil can withstand, Our vic-to-ry is sure.

CHORUS.

Our God is marching on,..... Our God is marching on,.....
march-ing on, march-ing on,

With a great firm tread, He moves a-long, Our God is march-ing on.

No. 76.

Our Unfailing Friend.

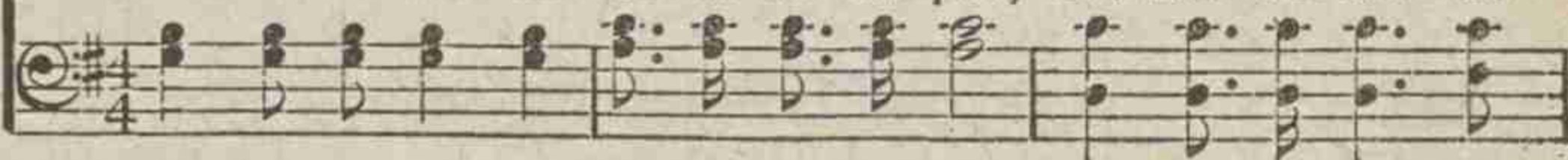
WORDS AND ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. R. JOHNSON.

James Rowe.

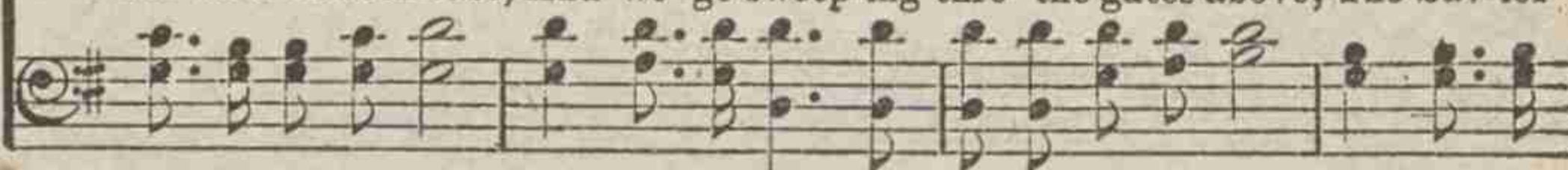
Music arr. by E. R. Johnson.



1. When from our hearts the song of cheer has flown, And we are trou-bled,
 2. When all a-round us seems to be so drear, And not a star shines
 3. So it will be till tri-als all are past; Till from our soul the



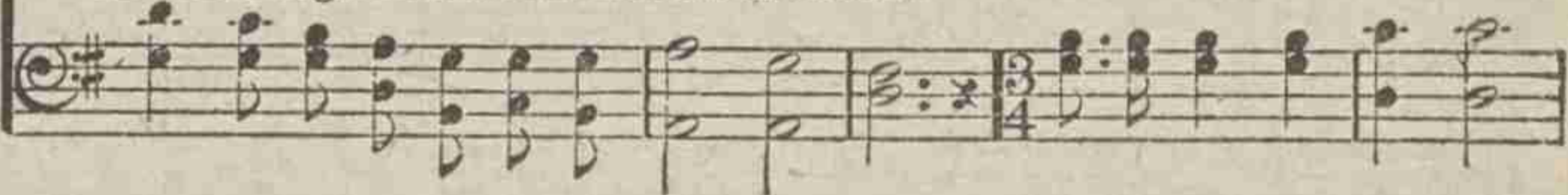
wear-y and a-lone; When from our eyes the bit-ter teardrops fall, And earthly
 out to give us cheer; When o'er our spir-its might-y bil-lows roll, And we be-
 bur-den has been cast, And we go sweep-ing thro' the gates above, The Sav-ior



friends respond not to our call; Still there is One who loves your soul and mine,
 hold no more the dis-tant goal; Still in the dark, one ten-der face we see,
 dear will cheer us with His love; And He will be the first to greet us there,



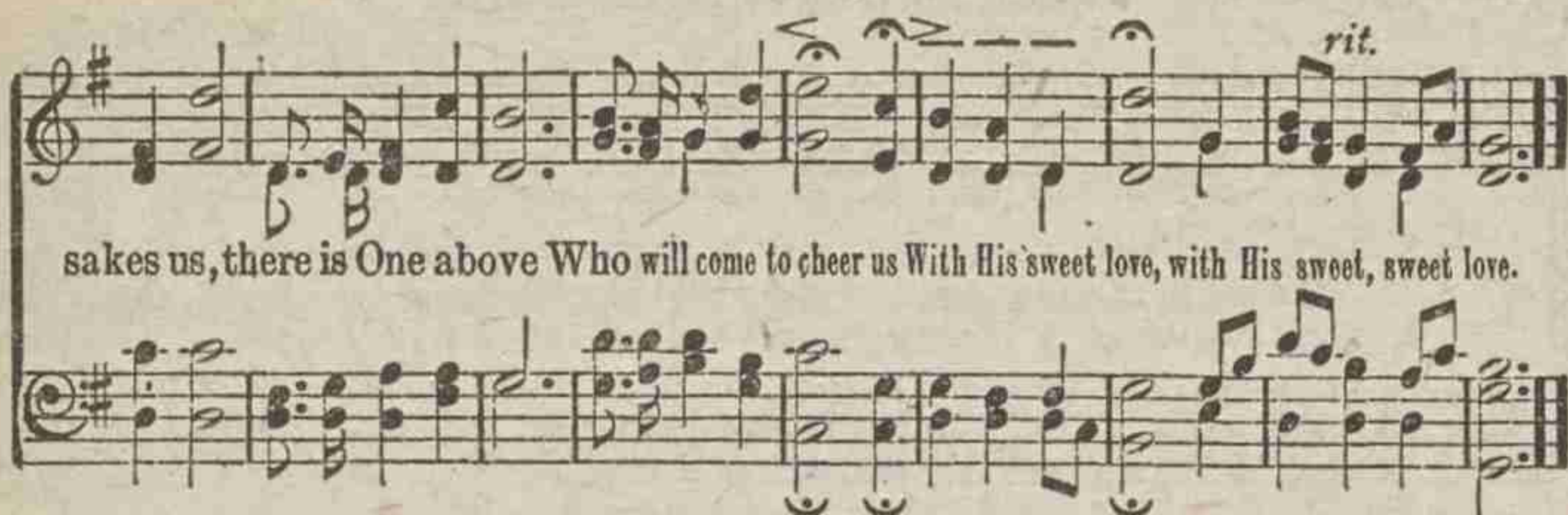
One Friend who cheers us with His love di-vine.
 And hear one dear Friend whisper, "Lean on Me." Oh, the pre-cious Sav-ior!
 In that bright land where life is sweet and fair.



He is always near; Never He forgets us when our souls need cheer; When the world for-



Our Unfailing Friend.



sakes us, there is One above Who will come to cheer us With His sweet love, with His sweet, sweet love.

No. 77.

God's Highway.

J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY J. P. SCHOLFIELD.

J. P. Scholfield.



1. I'm dwell-ing on a high-er plane, I'm walk-ing in God's high-way;
 2. No clouds hang low a-bout my head, I'm walk-ing in God's high-way;
 3. Since Je-sus en-tered to a-bide, I'm walk-ing in God's high-way;

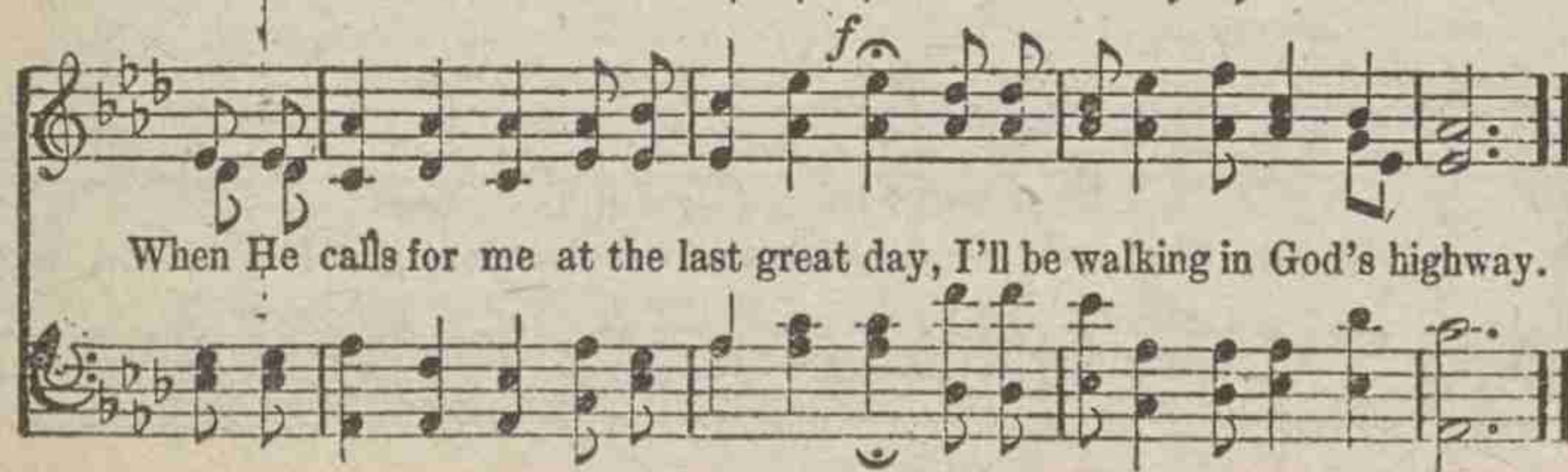


I've left the way of sin and shame, I'm walking in God's high-way.
 The fu-ture holds no fear or-dread, I'm walking in God's high-way.
 No pow'r can turn my steps a-side, I'm walking in God's high-way.

CHORUS.



With His hand firmly hold-ing mine, I find joy in this way di-vine;
 hold-ing mine,



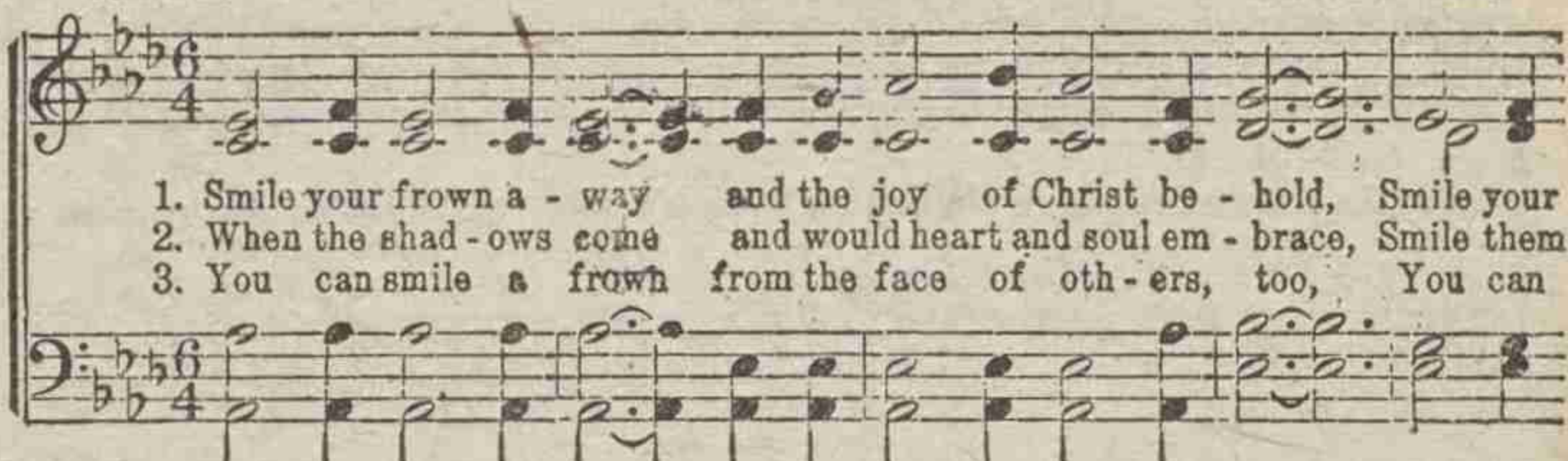
When He calls for me at the last great day, I'll be walking in God's highway.

Smile That Frown Away.

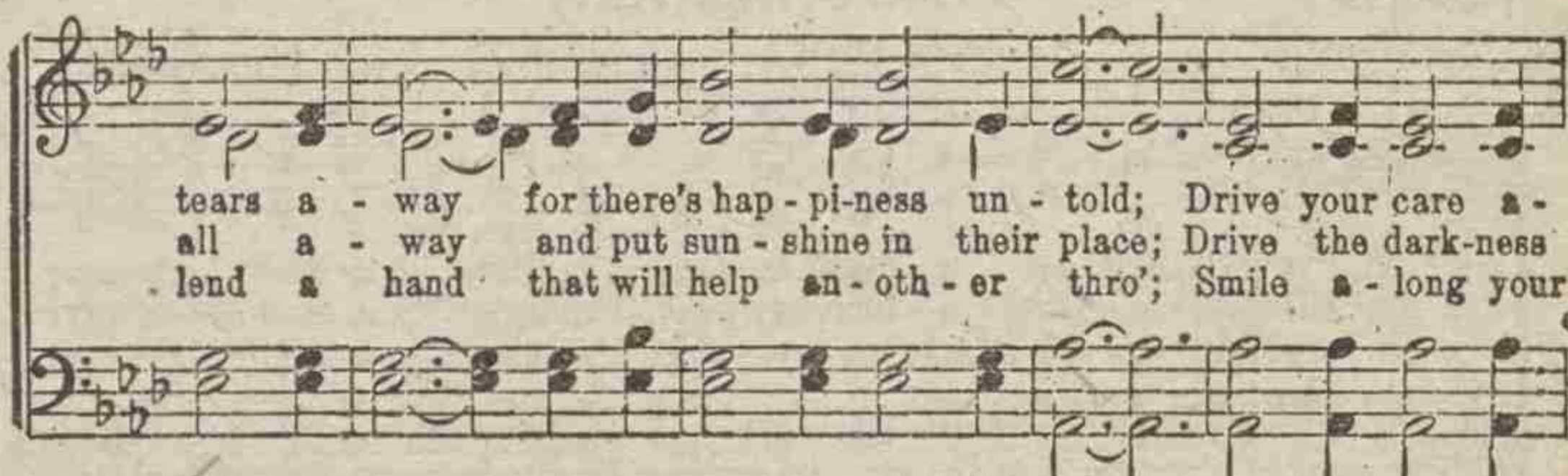
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J. P. S.

J. P. Scholfield.



1. Smile your frown a - way and the joy of Christ be - hold, Smile your
 2. When the shad - ows come and would heart and soul em - brace, Smile them
 3. You can smile a frown from the face of oth - ers, too, You can

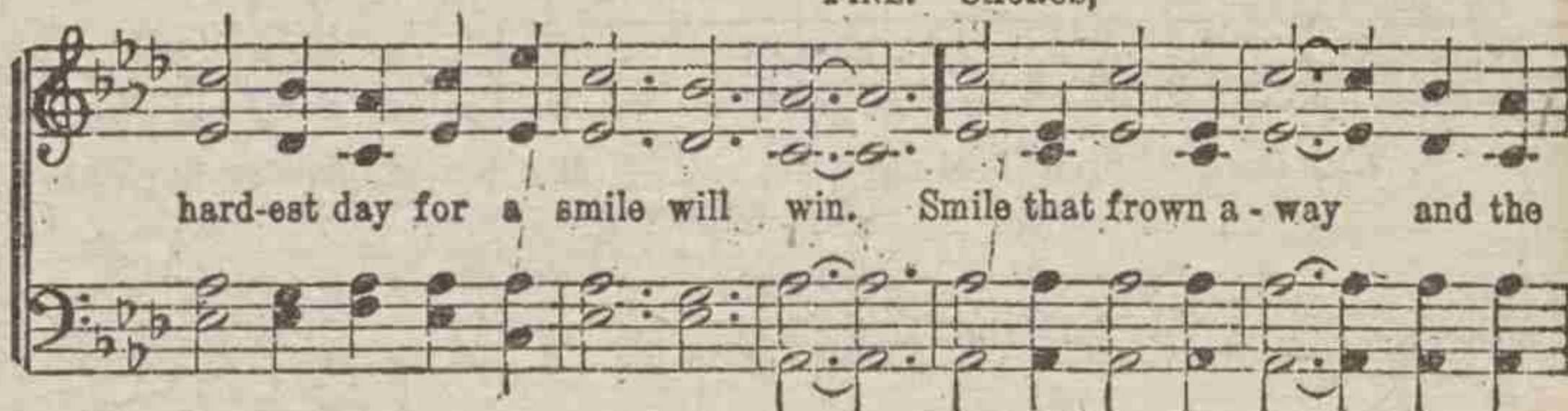


tears a - way for there's hap - pi-ness un - told; Drive your care a -
 all a - way and put sun - shine in their place; Drive the dark-ness
 lend a hand that will help an - oth - er thro'; Smile a - long your

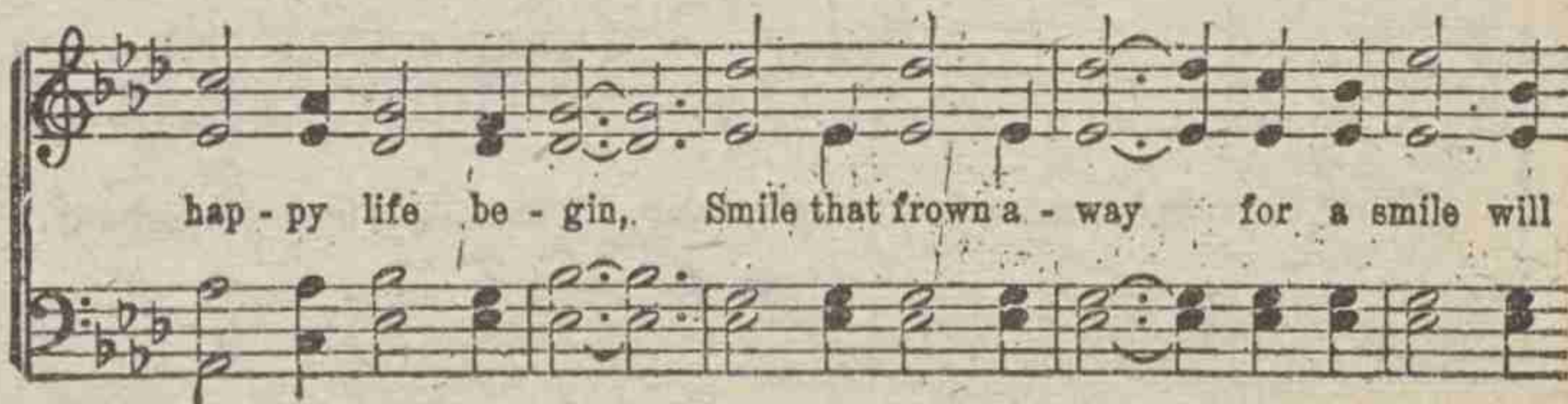


way and the trust-ful life be - gin, Smile your way thro' your
 back and let heav - en's bless - ings in, Smile your way thro' your
 way, let no gloom and fear come in, Smile your way thro' your

FINE. CHORUS,



hard-est day for a smile will win. Smile that frown a - way and the



hap - py life be - gin, Smile that frown a - way for a smile will

Dwelling in Beulah Land.

man-na from a boun-ti-ful sup-ply, For I am dwelling in Beu-lah Land.

No. 63. I'm the Child of the King of Kings.

I. E. R.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS.

I. E. Reynolds.

1. I'm the child of the King of kings, Who reigns in the realm a - bove;
 2. I'm the child of the King of kings, How true is His friend-ship sweet!
 3. I'm the child of the King of kings, And true to Him I will be;

Joy and peace to my heart it brings, Just trust-ing in His great love.
 Day by day my heart ev - er sings, So hap-py in Him com - plete.
 I'm a-wait-ing the time which brings The man-sion prepared for me.

CHORUS.

I'm the child of the King of kings, . . . The child of the King of kings; . . .
 the King of kings, the King of Kings;

I'll sing of His love so true and so great, I'm the child of the King of kings. . . .
 the King of kings.

No. 64.

When Jesus Leads.

J. P. S.

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J. P. Scholfield.

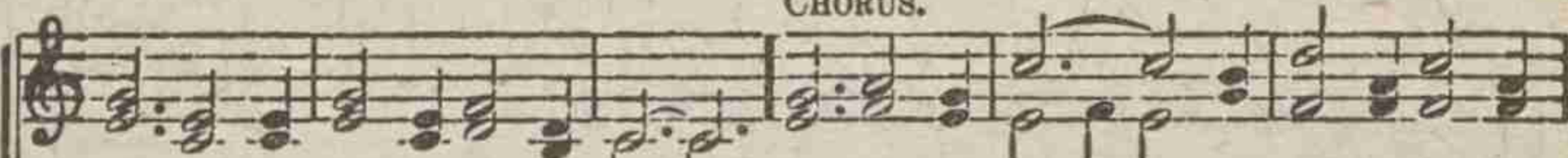


1. Tho' He may call me to go the val-ley thru, Je-sus is my lead-er and to Him
 2. O-ver the o-cean if He should bid me go, I'll follow His lead-ing and seek His
 3. I shall not question the leading of my King, I'll go where He leads me, with joy I'll



I'll be true; Wher-e'er He lead-eth I'll fol-low and o-bey; If Je-sus is
 will to know; Trust-ing my pi-lot, I'll go without de-lay, If Je-sus is
 serve and sing; Trust-ing his wis-dom, I'll fol-low day by day, If Je-sus is

CHORUS.



lead-ing, I'll fol-low all the way. When Je-sus leads ... I'll fol-low all the
 lead-eth me,



way, When Je-sus speaks... I'll do as He shall say; When Jesus calls....
 the way, speaks to me, calleth me,



I'll go without de-lay, Wher-ev-er He leads I'll fol-low all the way.
 de-lay,

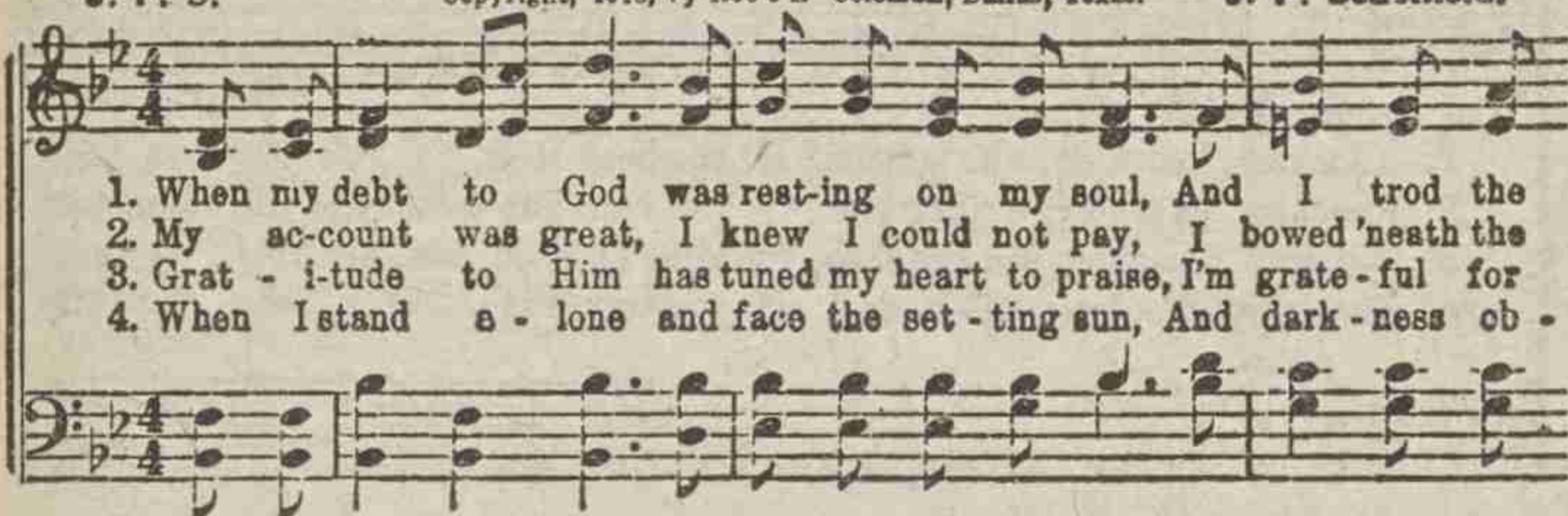
No. 65.

Cancelled!

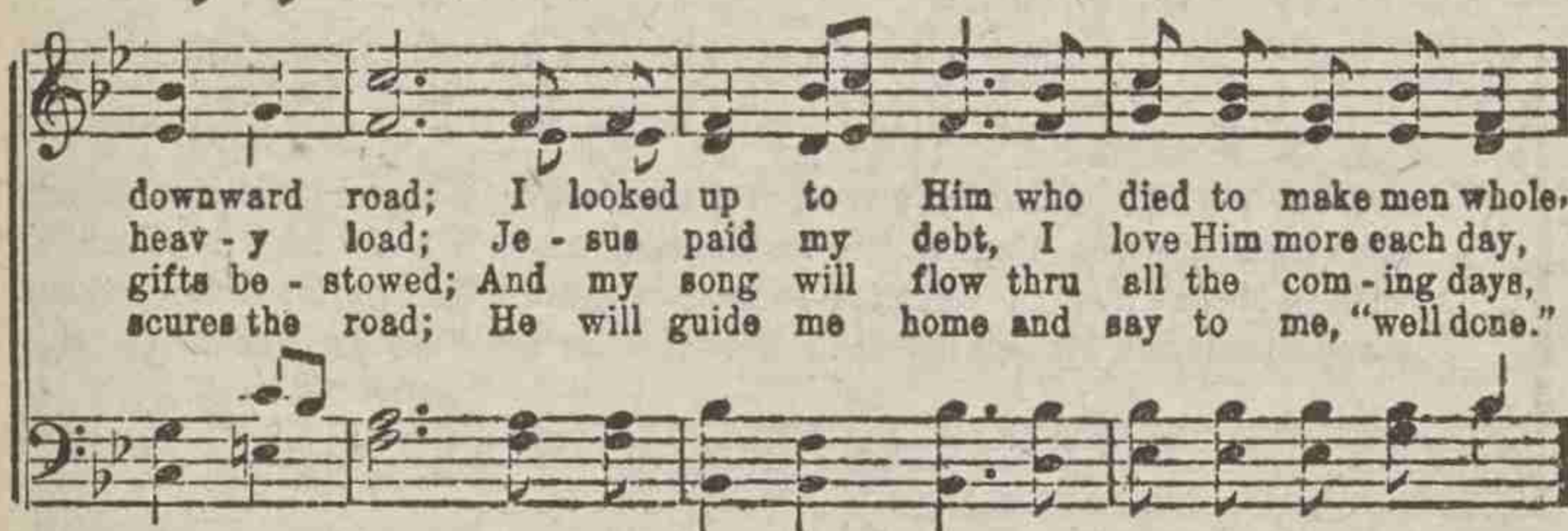
J. P. S.

Copyright, 1918, by Roy H. Coleman, Dallas, Texas.

J. P. Schellfield.

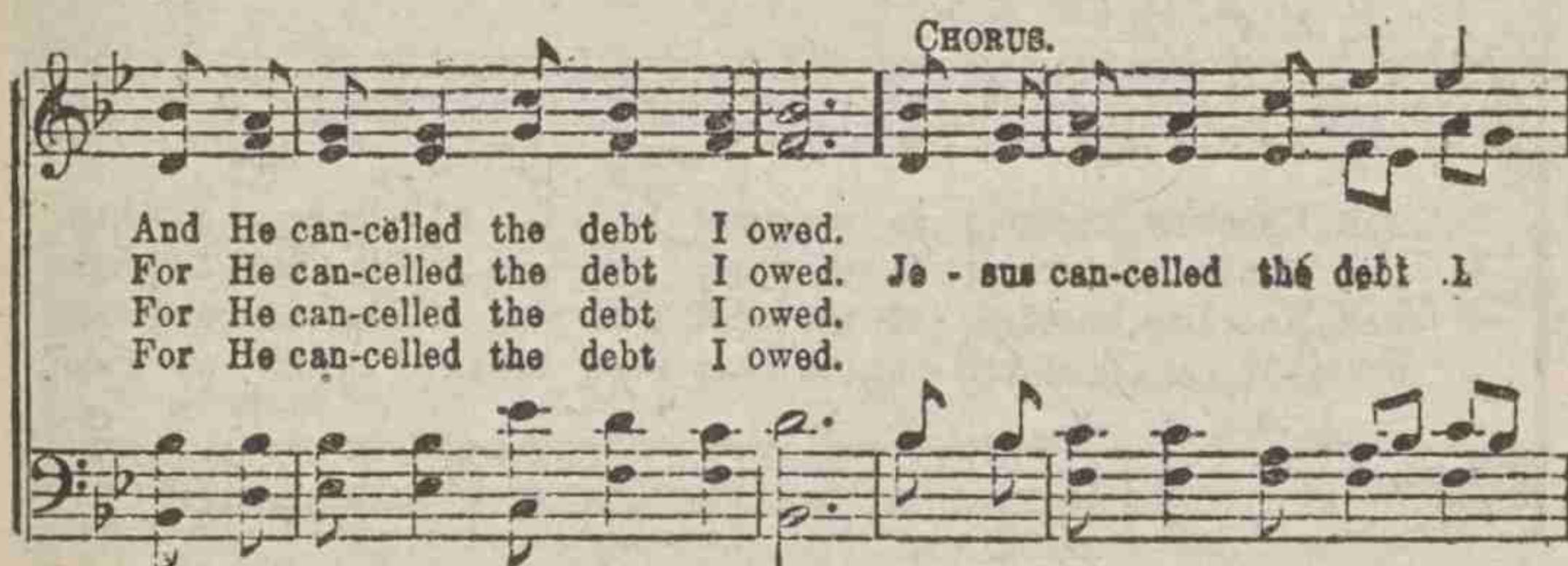


1. When my debt to God was rest-ing on my soul, And I trod the
 2. My ac-count was great, I knew I could not pay, I bowed 'neath the
 3. Grat-i-tude to Him has tuned my heart to praise, I'm grate-ful for
 4. When I stand a-lone and face the set-ting sun, And dark-ness ob-

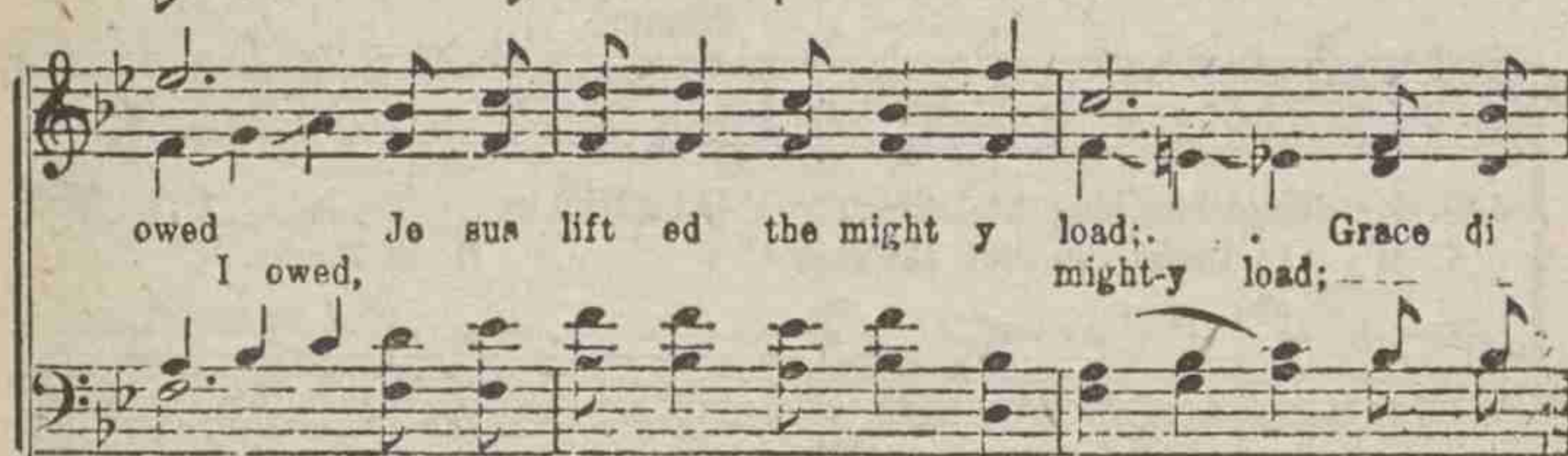


downward road; I looked up to Him who died to make men whole,
 heav-y load; Je-sus paid my debt, I love Him more each day,
 gifts be-stowed; And my song will flow thru all the com-ing days,
 secures the road; He will guide me home and say to me, "well done."

CHORUS.

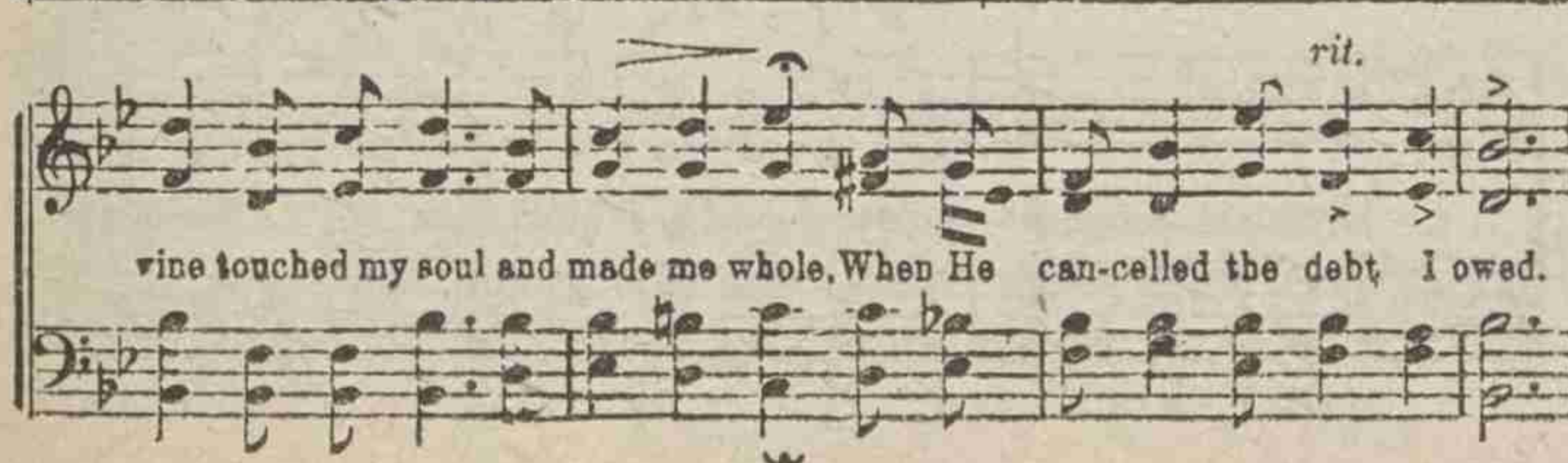


And He can-celled the debt I owed.
 For He can-celled the debt I owed. Je-sus can-celled the debt I
 For He can-celled the debt I owed.
 For He can-celled the debt I owed.



owed Je-sus lift-ed the might-y load; Grace di
 I owed, might-y load;

rit.



vine touched my soul and made me whole, When He can-celled the debt I owed.

No. 66.

Knocking, Knocking.

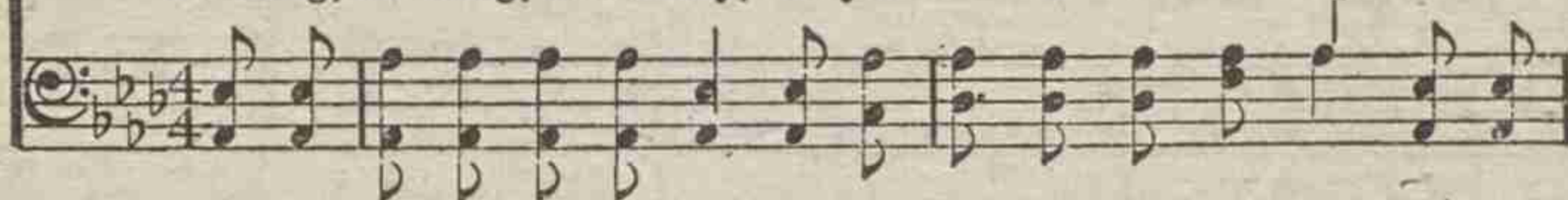
J. O. Barnhart.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX.

I. E. Reynolds.



1. Knocking, knocking, who is there? Do you hear Him, do you care? Is your
2. Knocking, knocking, waiting still, O how can you treat Him ill, Him, who
3. Standing, standing, sad and lone, Pleading in such ten-der tone, O - pen
4. Knocking, knocking, still to-day, If you turn the Lord a - way, You will



heart so full of sin That you can-not let Him in? "Will you let Him stand and gave His life for you, Pardon free and blessing too? "Do not let Him stand and wide to Me the door, I will leave you nev-er-more: "Can you let Him stand and stand all unforgiv'n, Some day at the gate of Heav'n; "Find it barred for-ev - er-



wait, Knocking, knocking at the gate? Will you let Him stand and wait, wait, Knocking, knocking at the gate; Do not let Him stand and wait, wait, Knocking, knocking at the gate? Can you let Him stand and wait, more, If to Christ you shut the door; Find it barred for - ev - er - more,



CHORUS.



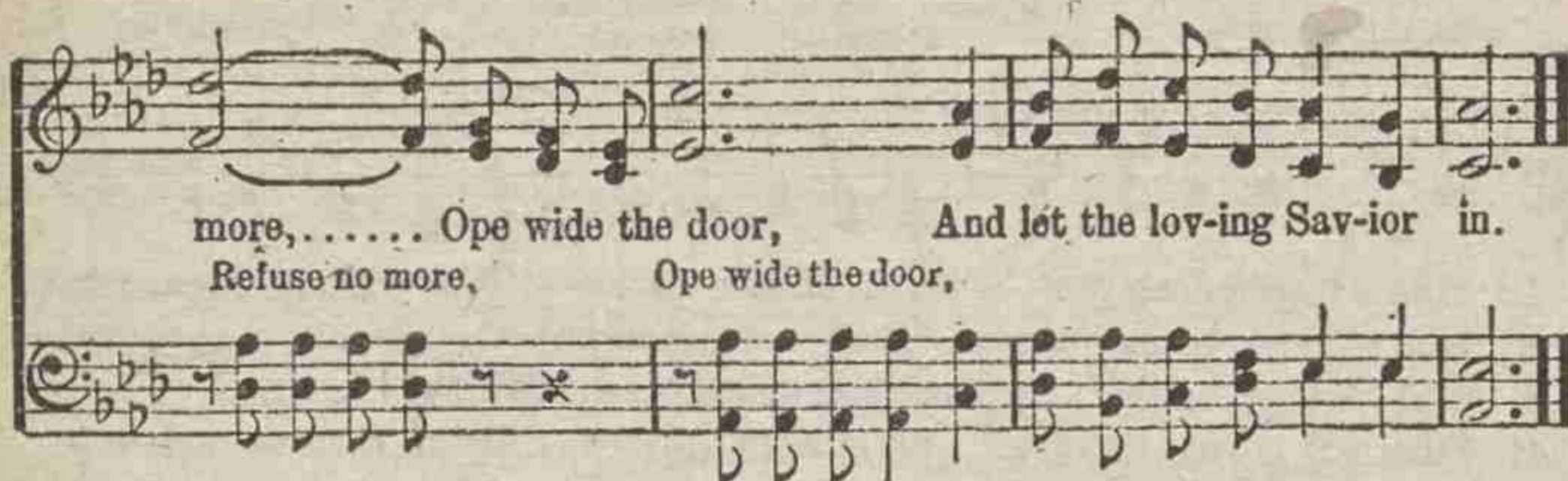
- 1-3. Knocking, knocking at the gate?" O let Him in,..... O let Him
4. If to Christ you shut the door." O let Him in,



in, (O let Him in,) He came to cleanse your heart from sin;... Re-fuse no



Knocking, Knocking.



more, Ope wide the door, And let the lov-ing Sav-ior in.
Refuse no more, Ope wide the door,

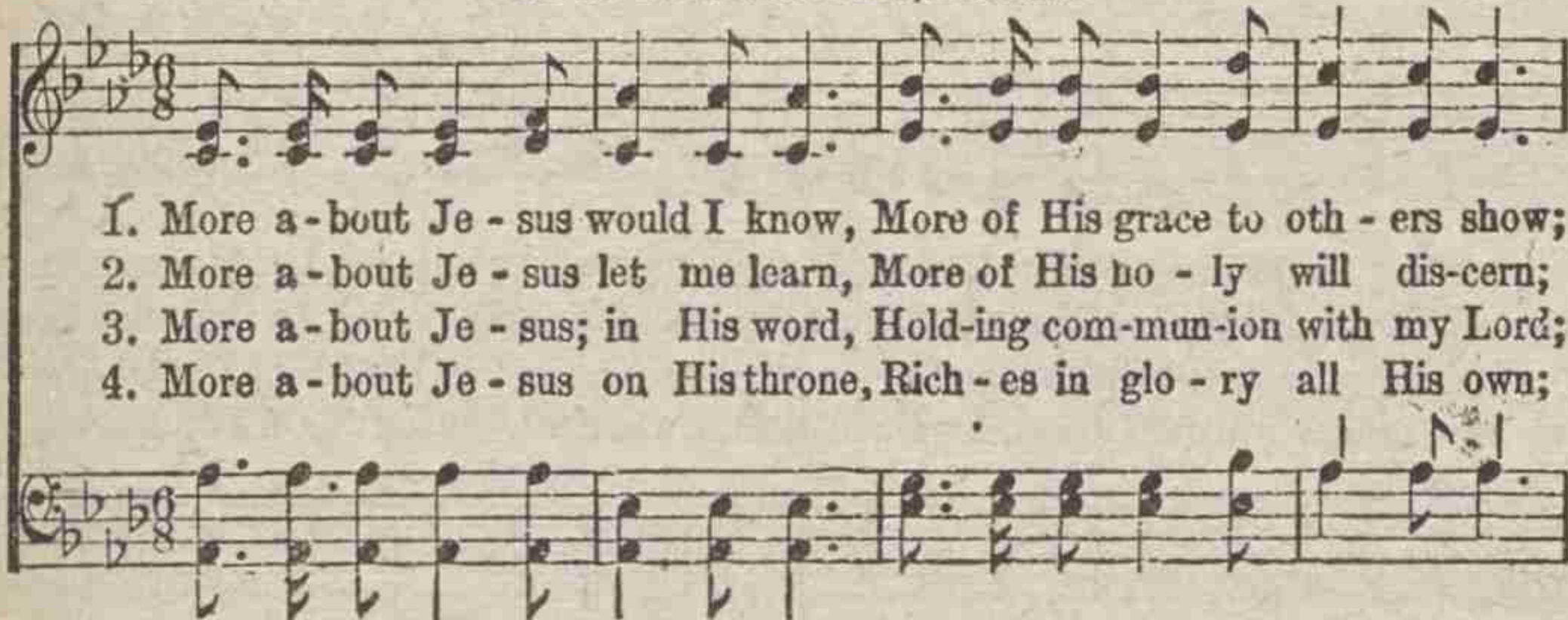
No. 67.

More About Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt.

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Jno. R. Sweney.

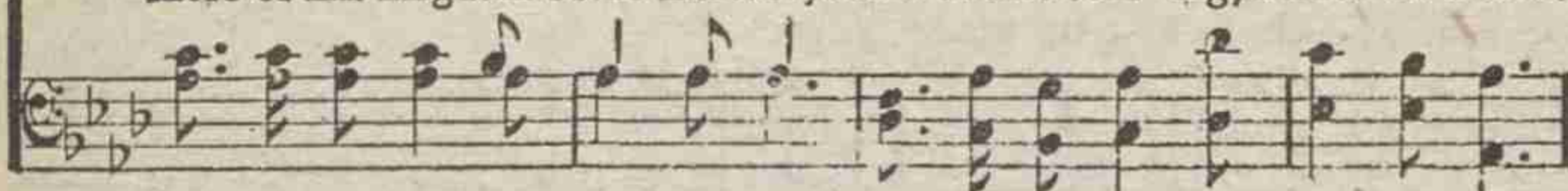


1. More a-bout Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show;
2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho-ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je-sus; in His word, Hold-ing com-mun-ion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je-sus on His throne, Rich-es in glo-ry all His own;



FINE.

More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir-it of God my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hearing His voice in ev-'ry line, Mak-ing each faith-ful say-ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure increase; More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.



D. S.—More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.

REFRAIN.

D. S.



More, more a-bout Je-sus, More, more a-bout Je-sus;



Julia H. Johnston.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY J. W. HENDERSON.
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J. W. Henderson.



1. "Who is there among you"—'t is the Master's voice—"Who will bear My message,
2. Who will go in patience thro' the broad highways? Who will take the by-ways,
3. Who will go, un-fear-ing harm and wear-i-ness, Walking in His foot-steps.
4. Who v^{ill} go, un-tir-ing, full of faith and love, Knowing there re-main-eth



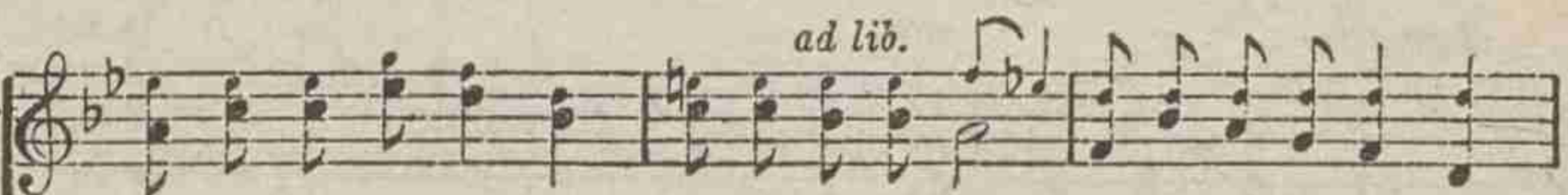
making Me his choice? Who for service ready now will volunteer? Let him answer
not for human praise? Who will go for Jesus where the shadows fall, In His name up-
breaking hearts to bless? Who will go in pit-y, seeking for the lost? Who will fol-low
rest in heav'n above? Jesus, Lord and Master, who has loved me so, On Thy gracious



REFRAIN. * UNISON.



glad-ly, while I bend to hear."
lift-ing straying ones that fall? Who will lis-ten glad-ly, who will make reply?
Je-sus, counting not the cost?
er-rands help me now to go.



Haste, O haste to an-swer, ere the day goes by! Who will lis-ten glad-ly,



* Small notes for Instrument and a few Soprano voices.

Who Will Go?



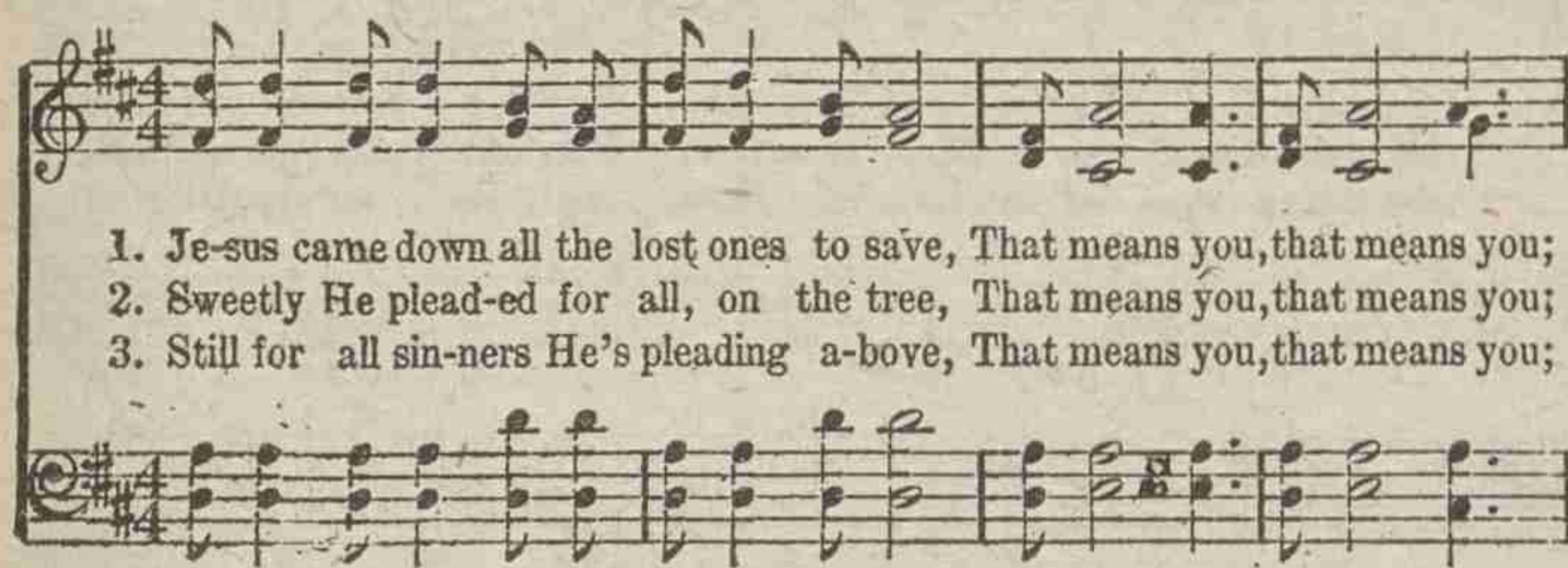
No. 69.

That Means You!

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX.

James Rowe.

I. E. Reynolds.



Free-ly His life for the whole world He gave, So, sin-ner, that means you!
 Plead-ed, when dy-ing, for you and for me, So, sin-ner, that means you!
 All may find rest in His won-der-ful love, So, sin-ner, that means you!



D. S.—Free ly He died, all transgressions to hide, So, sin-ner, that means you!

CHORUS.

D. S.



That means you, that means you! Je-sus left glo-ry to save you, too;



No. 70.

Watching For the King.

Julia H. Johnston.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN,
DALLAS, TEX.

M. J. Babbitt.

UNISON. *Not too fast.*

1. As I fare on my way to my dai - ly task, "What, O
 2. He will come as He said, for His word is sure; In the
 3. With my hand on the latch, with my task well done, I must

Lord, shall I do?" I would now Thee ask, For I - know He will come—
 prom-ise of God we may rest se - cure; But the soul that with glad-
 wait for the step of the Com-ing One; Tho' He tar-ry, I'll wait:

some bright, hap-py day, When He call-eth, what shall His servants say?
 ness the King would meet, Must be watch-ing, waiting His face to greet.
 He has left for me Work to fin - ish ere His dear face I see.

CHORUS. PARTS.

Watch-ing, watch-ing each day for my Sav-ior's call;... Wait-ing, wait-ing for

Sav-ior's call;

Him who is all in all;..... Trust-ing, trust-ing my Lord as my

is all in all;

Smile That Frown Away. Concluded.

D. S.

help you win; Smile that frown a-way let the love of Christ come in,

79

Greater and Grander.

Copyright, 1918, by Rob't H. Coleman, Dallas, Tex.

J. P. S.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. When I think of Cal - va - ry, Great - er grows His love;
2. When I think of what He gave, Great - er grows His love;
3. When I see my sin - ful ways, Great - er grows His love;

That He did so much for me, Grand - er grows His love.
That the world He thus might save, Grand - er grows His love.
I can - not but sing His praise, Grand - er grows His love.

CHORUS.

Great - er and grand - er Grows His love to me:.....
Great - er still, and grand - er still, to me:

Great - er and grand - er, Grows His love to me:.....
Great - er still, and grand - er still, to me.

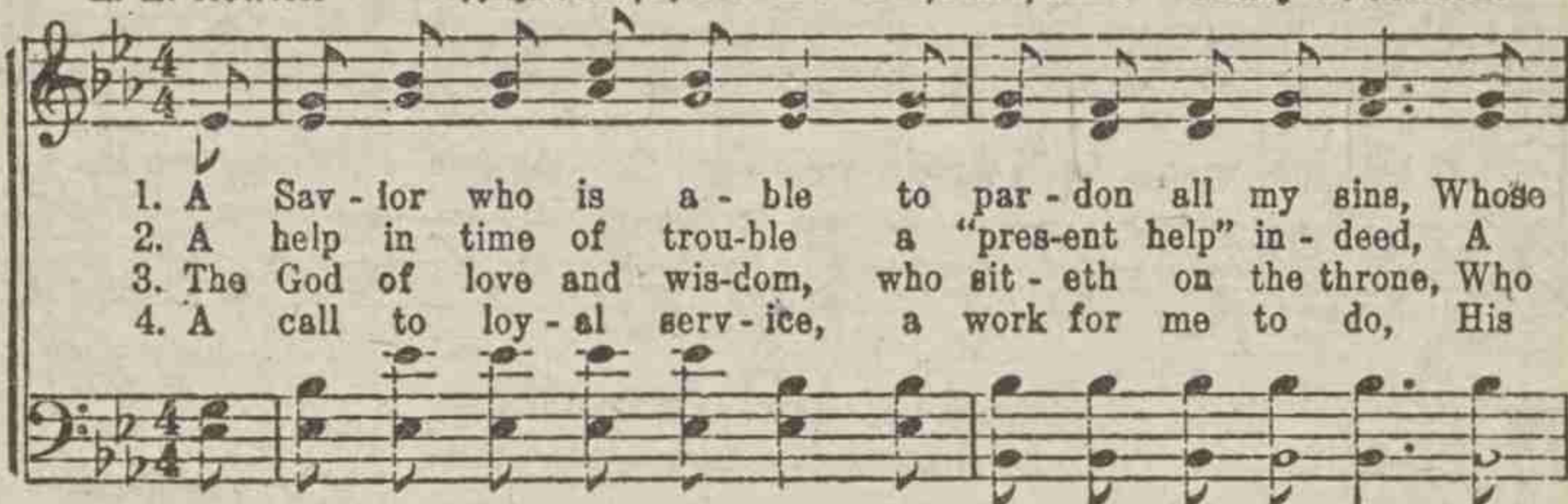
My Religion.

Dedicated to my mother, Mrs. Marmaduke Beckwith Morton.

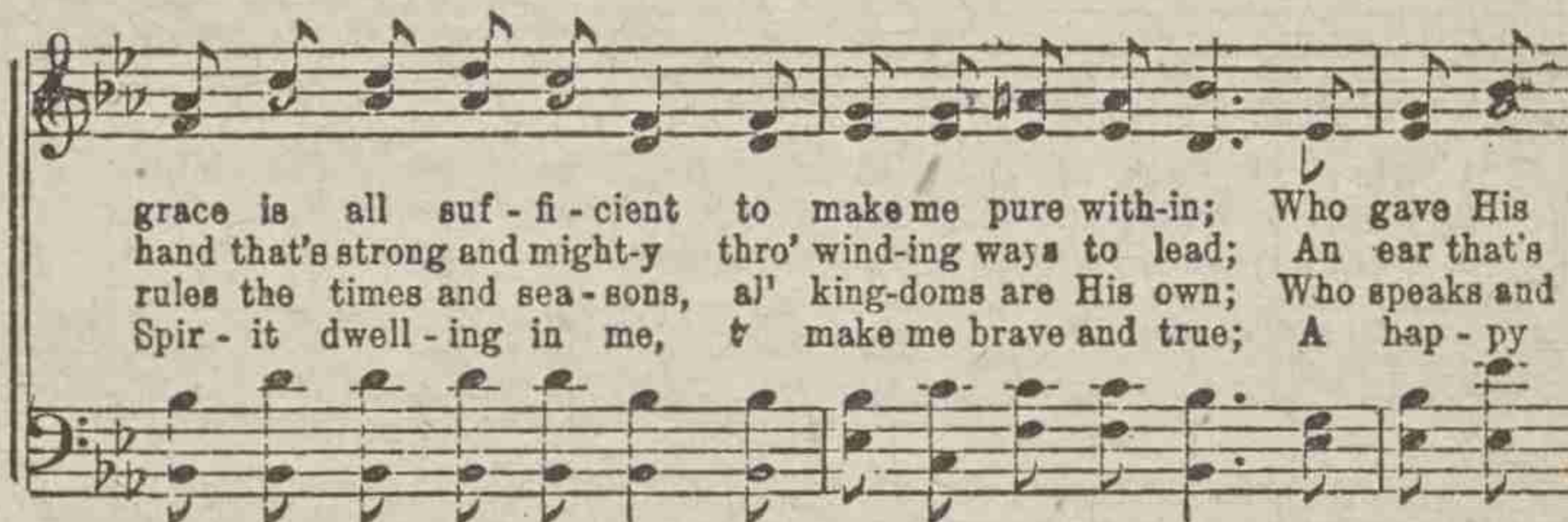
H. B. Hewitt.

Copyright, 1918, by Rob't H. Coleman, Dallas, Texas.

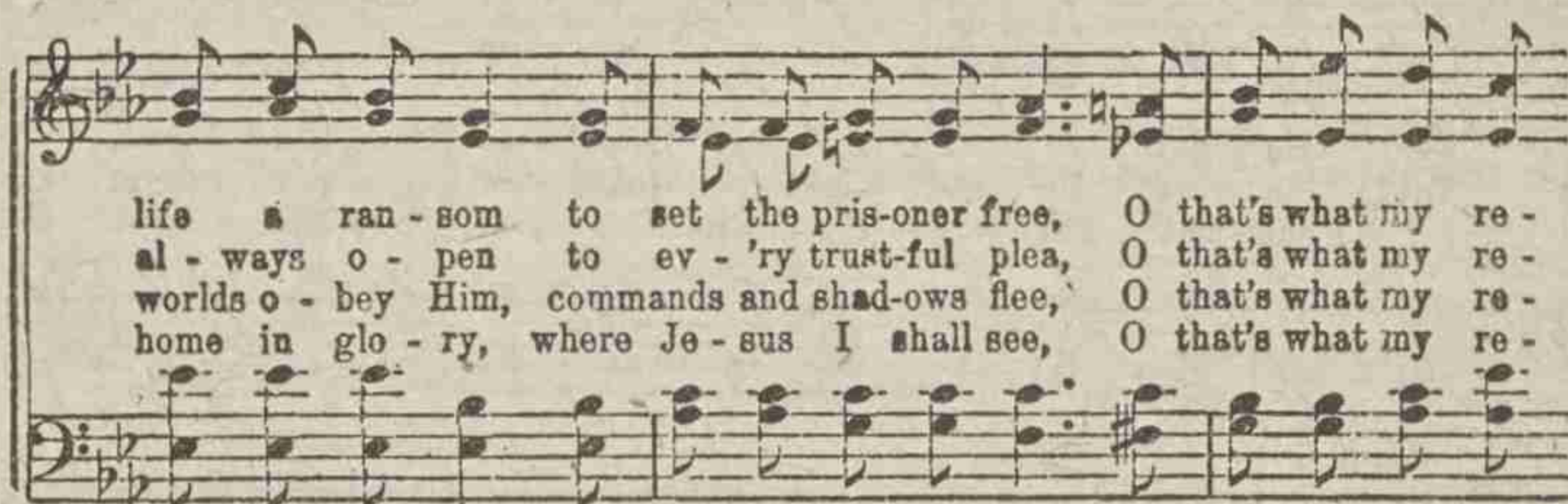
Henry P. Morton.



1. A Sav - lor who is a - ble to par - don all my sins, Whose
 2. A help in time of trou - ble a "pres - ent help" in - deed, A
 3. The God of love and wis - dom, who sit - eth on the throne, Who
 4. A call to loy - al serv - ice, a work for me to do, His



grace is all suf - fi - cient to make me pure with - in; Who gave His
 hand that's strong and might - y thro' wind - ing ways to lead; An ear that's
 rules the times and sea - sons, al' king - doms are His own; Who speaks and
 Spir - it dwell - ing in me, & make me brave and true; A hap - py

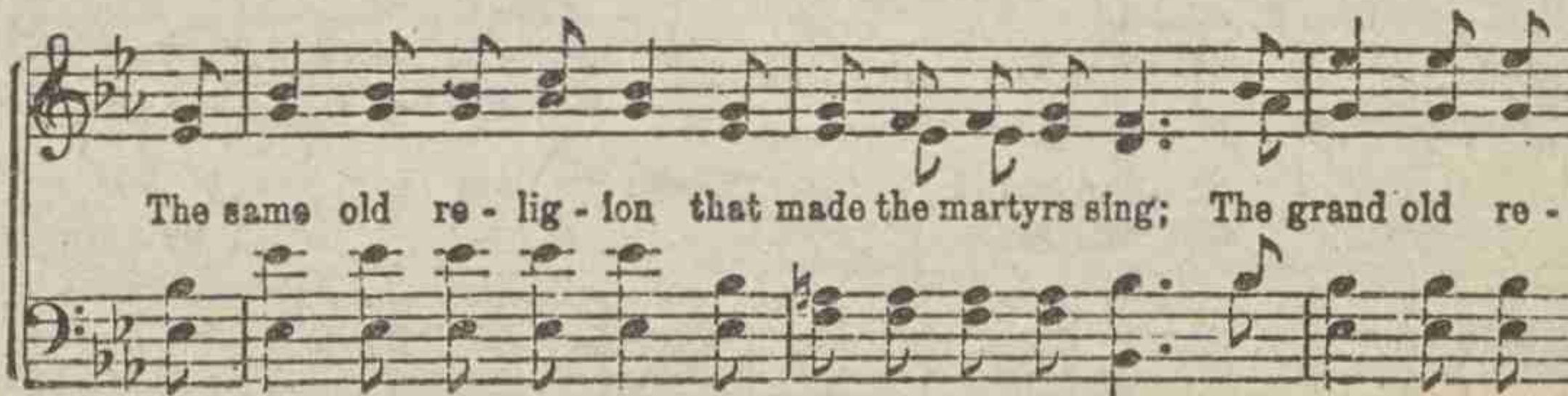


life a ran - som to set the pris - oner free, O that's what my re -
 al - ways o - pen to ev - 'ry trust - ful plea, O that's what my re -
 worlds o - bey Him, commands and shad - ows flee, O that's what my re -
 home in glo - ry, where Je - sus I shall see, O that's what my re -

CHORUS.



lig - ion means to me. The gos - pel re - lig - ion that Je - sus died to bring.



The same old re - lig - ion that made the martyrs sing; The grand old re -

My Religion. Concluded.

lig - ion that in the Book I see, Sal - va - tion for-ev - er it means to me.

81

Smile and Sing It Away.

James Rowe.

Copyright, 1918, by Rob't H. Coleman, Dallas, Tex.

Henry P. Morton.

1. Is there a cloud in the morn - ing sky? Have you a burden that makes you sigh?
 2. Fear cannot stay where the car - rols ring, Gloom disappears when the spir-it sings,
 3. When you are tempted to doubt the love Of your Re-deem-er and Friend a-bove,

Sure of the help of the Sav - lor nigh, Smile till you drive it a - way.
 And when you smile care no long - er clings, Smile till you drive it a - way.
 Un - der the wings of the Ho - ly Dove, Smile till you drive it a - way.

CHORUS.

Smile it a - way, sing all the day, Just do your best and it will not stay;

If there is aught mak-ing dear the day, Smile till you drive it a - way.

No. 82.

I Choose Jesus.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HILDEBRAND-BURNETT CO.

Samuel W. Bearley.



1. When I need someone in time of grief, Someone my cheer to be,
 2. When I need someone to guide my soul O - ver the storm - y sea,
 3. When I need help to de - feat the foe, Someone my shield to be,
 4. When all my tri - als on earth are o'er, And the dark stream I see,



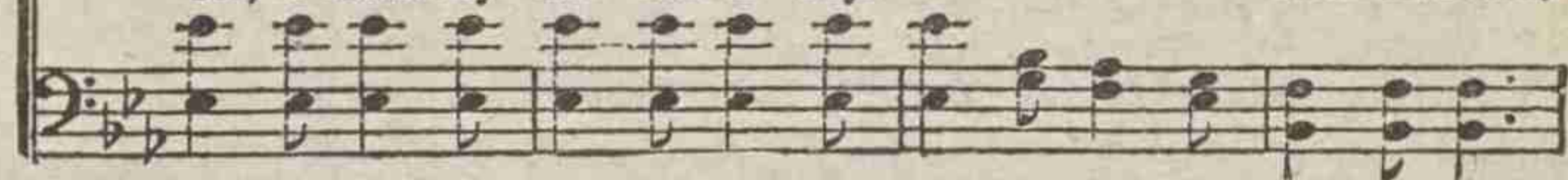

Je - sus I choose, for He gives re - lief, He is the best for me.
 Al - ways to Je - sus I give control, He is the best for me.
 Al - ways to Je - sus in faith I go, He is the best for me.
 Je - sus shall bear me to yon - der shore, He is the best for me.



CHORUS.



I choose Je - sus when I need a friend,....
 Yes, I choose my Sav - iour al - ways help - ful friend,




What I need I know that He will send;.....
 What I need I know that sure - ly He to me will free - ly send;




I have proved Him, good and true is He;.....
 I have proved Him o'er and o'er, and al - ways good and true is He;



I Choose Jesus.

I choose Je - sus, He is the best for me
Yes, I choose my Sav - ior dear, of all for me.

No. 83.

The Shepherd Song.

J. P. S.

Written for Mr. Plunkett Martin.
COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY J. P. SCHOLFIELD.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. My Shepherd dear lov - eth His sheep, He's ev - er near to guard and keep;
2. The ea - gles soar beneath His eye, He holds the sun in yon - der sky;
3. In joy or pain He's ev - er near; Sunshine or rain, I have no fear;

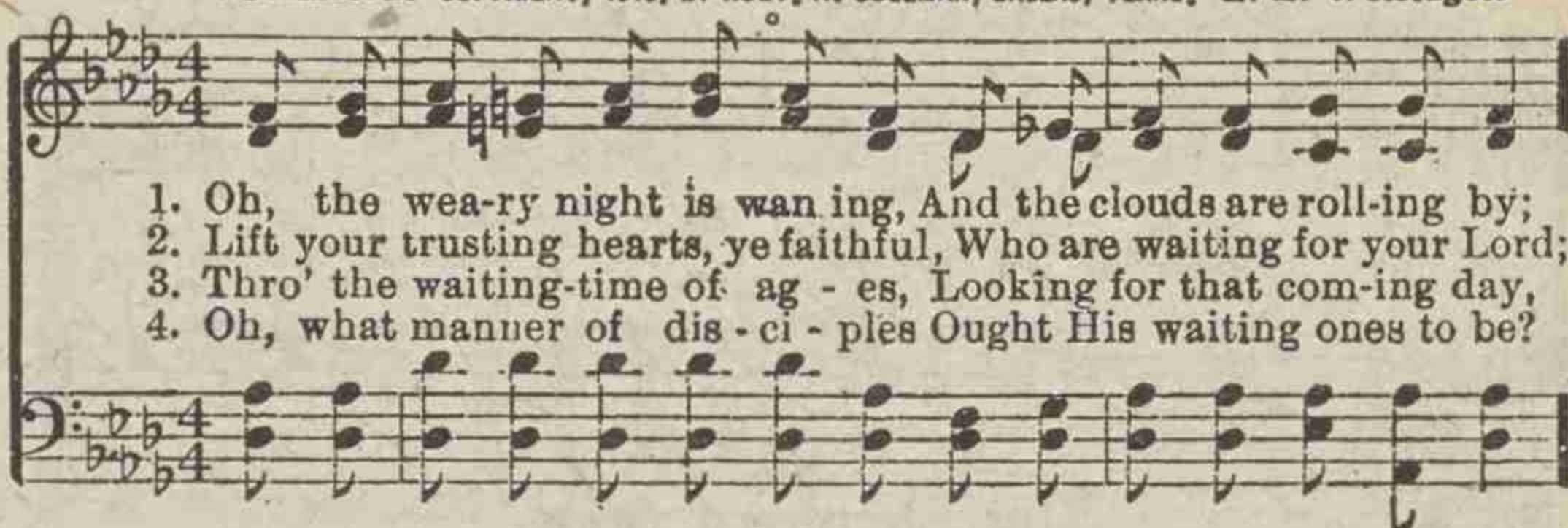
rit.
On sea or land, by night, by day, He holds my hand and lights my way.
The wealth of earth is my sup - ply, Noth - ing I ask will He de - ny.
'Neath clouded skies and shadows drear, Thou art my guide, O Shepherd dear.

CHORUS,

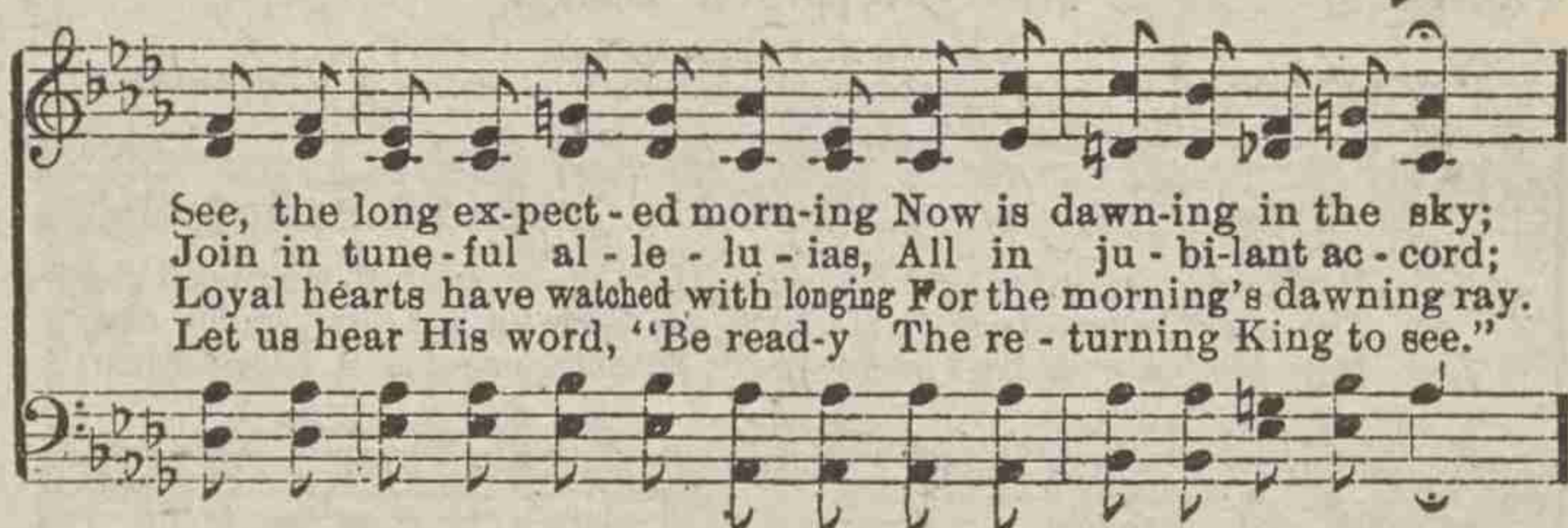
O Shepherd dear, I trust in Thee. Thy grace di - vine has made me free;
To heights sublime I'll go with Thee, O Shepherd mine, watch o - ver me.

No. 84. When the King Shall Come.

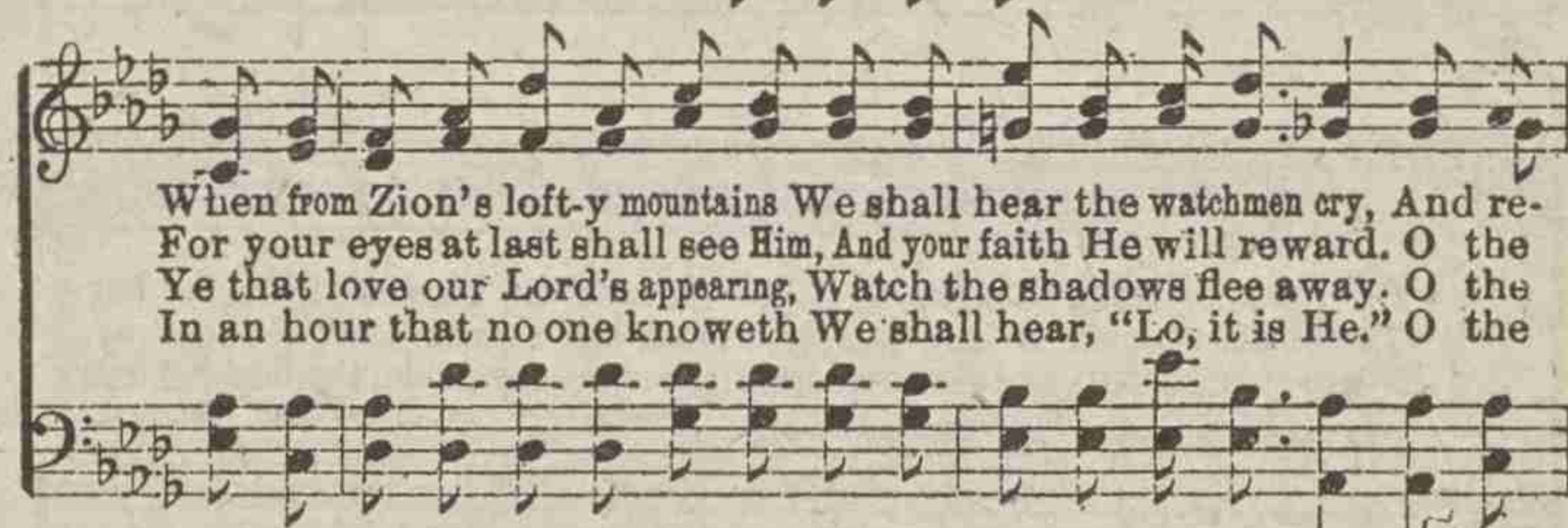
Julia H. Johnston. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS. E. L. Wolstegel.



1. Oh, the wea-ry night is wan-ing, And the clouds are roll-ing by;
 2. Lift your trusting hearts, ye faithful, Who are waiting for your Lord;
 3. Thro' the waiting-time of ag-es, Looking for that com-ing day,
 4. Oh, what manner of dis-ci-ples Ought His waiting ones to be?



See, the long ex-pect-ed morn-ing Now is dawn-ing in the sky;
 Join in tune-ful al-le-lu-ias, All in ju-bi-lant ac-cord;
 Loyal hearts have watched with longing For the morning's dawning ray.
 Let us hear His word, "Be read-y The re-turning King to see."

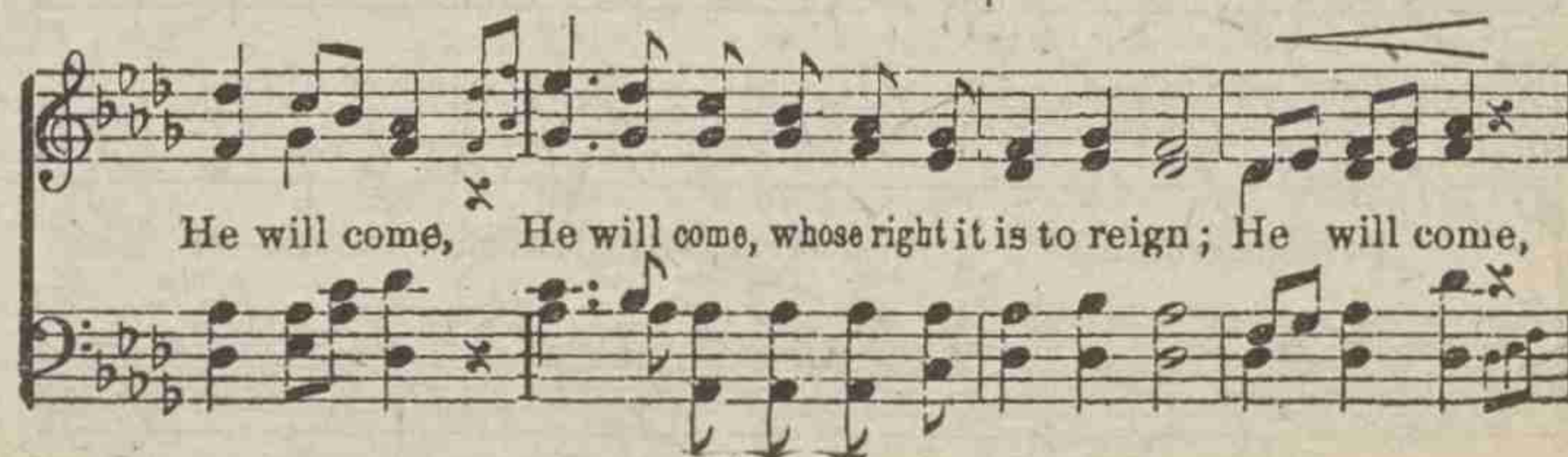


When from Zion's loft-y mountains We shall hear the watchmen cry, And re-
 For your eyes at last shall see Him, And your faith He will reward. O the
 Ye that love our Lord's appearing, Watch the shadows flee away. O the
 In an hour that no one knoweth We shall hear, "Lo, it is He." O the



CHORUS.

1 v. joic-ing we shall gath-er When the King shall come. He will come,
 2-4 v. glo-ry of that morning When the King shall come.



He will come, He will come, whose right it is to reign; He will come,

When the King Shall Come. Concluded.

He will come, All hail the King of glo-ry, who will come to reign.

* Small choice note (A2) in last measure may be taken by all sopranos after last stanza.

No. 85.

Mother,

Words anonymous. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS. E. L. Wolslagel.

1. As I trav - el this world o - ver, Friends I find where'er I roam;
2. I re-mem-ber well how mother Used to soothe the slightest pain;
3. Oh, how oft I wept and pondered O'er my life when far a - way;

But to me there's none like mother, None like mother dear, and home.
With her tender words and kisses She'd soon make me well a - gain.
Far from home in sin I'd wandered, Still my mother dear, would pray.

Precious moth - er, how I love her! How my heart abounds with joy!
They may treat me ver-y kind-ly, Give me welcome ev-'ry-where,
Precious moth - er, how I love her! As I think of her so dear;

ad lib.

For there's none more true or tender—Than a moth-er to her boy.
Yet 'tis not, but just reminds me Of my lov-ing mother's care.
O there's naught more true or tender Than a Christian mother's care.

No. 86.

My Lord Saved Me.

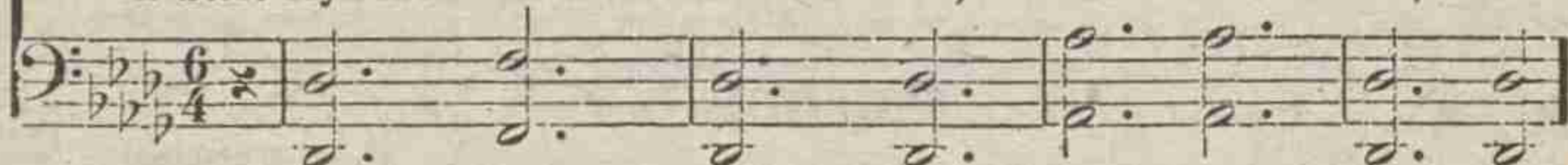
I. E. R.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS.

I. E. Reynolds.



1. I'm glad and re-joic-ing my soul is so free, My Lord saved me;....
2. The Sav-iour is faith-ful to save and to keep, My Lord keeps me;....
3. And now I am telling this sto-ry of love, How He saved me;....
4. Some day I shall meet Him His face I shall see, For He saved me;....



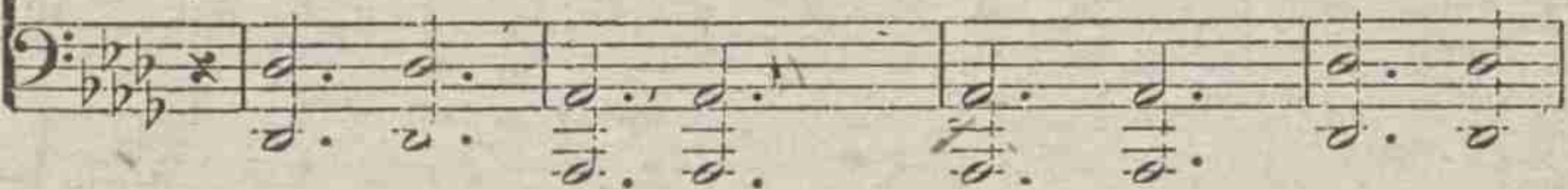
His love and His mercy bo't par-don com-plete, Yes, He saved me.....
 Then what should I fear with a shepherd so near? For He keeps me.....
 That those who are lost may take Jesus as Lord, For He saved me.....
 I'll praise Him and serve Him while ages shall roll, For He saved me.....



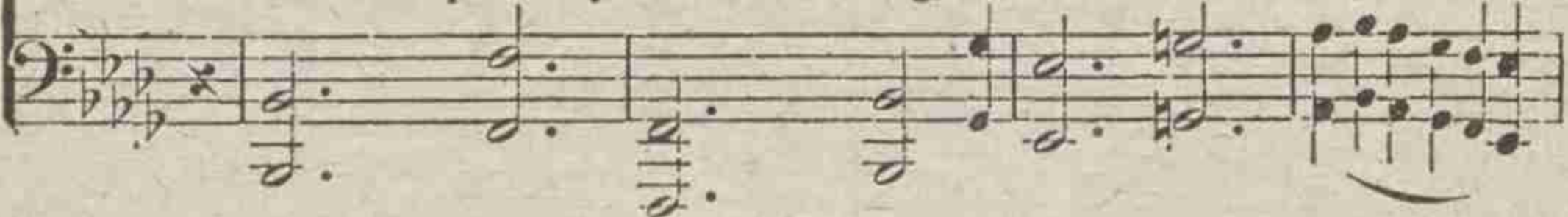
CHORUS.



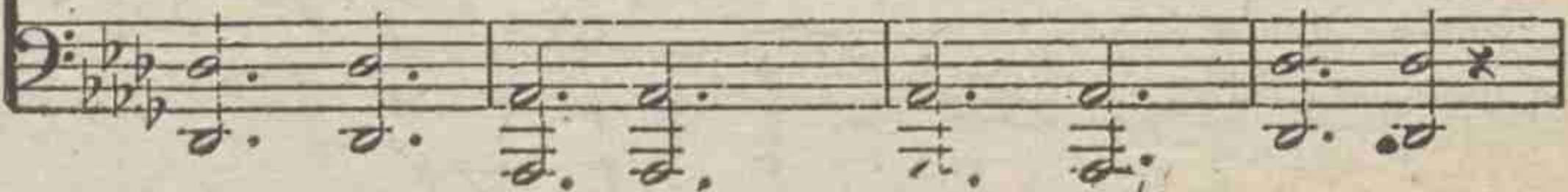
My Lord saved me,.... Yes, He saved me;.....



For - ev - er I'll praise my Saviour and King, For He saved me;.... My



Lord saved me,.... Yes, He saved me;..... For -



My Lord Saved Me. Concluded.

ev - er I'll praise my Saviour and King, For He saved me....

No. 87.

He Holds My Hand.

I. E. R.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS.. I. E. Reynolds.

1. While walking in this world be-low, Christ holds my hand;
2. When clouds of grief sweep o'er my soul, Christ holds my hand;
3. He keeps me from the tempter's snare, Christ holds my hand;
4. Dear, sin-ner, come, be-lieve, o-bey, He'll hold your hand;

I trust in Him wheree'er I go, He holds my hand.
When sor-row comes, with-out con-trol, He holds my hand.
At last in heav'n a crown I'll wear, He holds my hand.
And with us walk the heav'n-ly way; He'll hold your hand.

CHORUS.

1-3. Christ holds my hand, He holds my hand,
4. He'll hold your hand, He'll hold your hand,

There's naught to fear when He is near, For He holds my hand.
For He'll hold your hand.

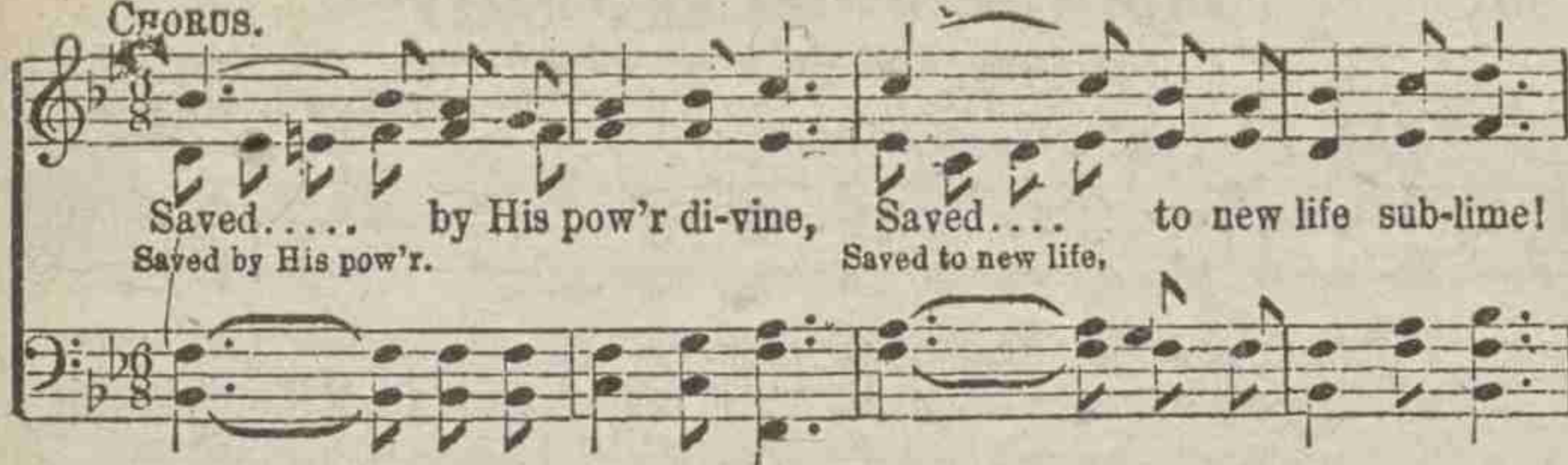
1. I've found a Friend who is all to me,.... His
 2. He saves me from ev-'ry sin and harm,... Se-
 3. When poor and need - y, and all a - lone.... In

love is ev - er true;..... I love to tell... How He
 cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean-ing strong on His
 love He said to me,..... "Come un - to Me... and I'll

lift - ed 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."..

Saved! Saved!

CHORUS.



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



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

No. 89.

Almost Persuaded.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian,"—Acts 26: 28.

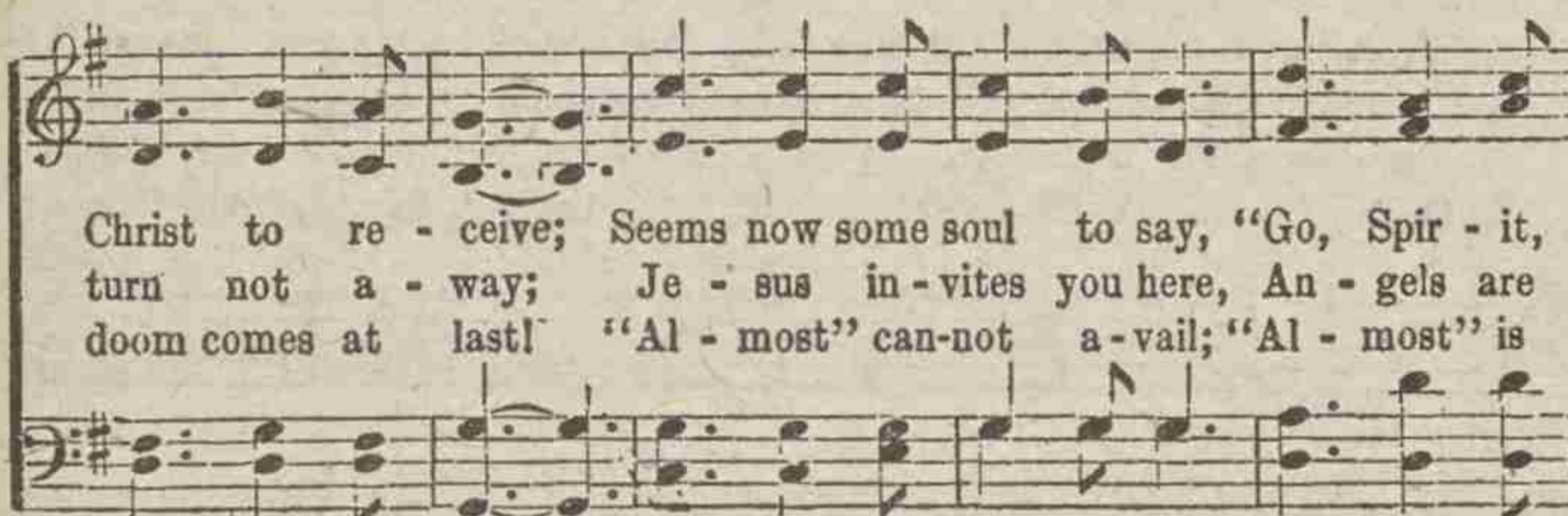
P. P. B.

USED BY PER. THE JOHN CHURCH CO., OWNERS OF THE COPYRIGHT.

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."
 ling'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.

Life's Railway to Heaven.

Respectfully dedicated to the railroad men.

M. E. ABBEY

SOLO or DUET. Tempo ad lib.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



1. Life is like a mountain rail-road, With an en-gi-neer that's brave;
2. You will roll up grades of tri-al; You will cross the bridge of strife;
3. You will oft-en find ob-struc-tions; Look for storms of wind and rain;
4. As you roll a-cross the tres-tle, Spanning Jor-dan's swell-ing tide,



We must make the run suc-cess-ful, From the cra-dle to the grave;
See that Christ is your con-duc-tor On this light-ning train of life;
On a fill, or curve, or tres-tle, They will al-most ditch your train;
You be-hold the Un-ion De-pot In-to which your train will glide;



Watch the curves, the fills, the tun-nels; Nev-er fal-ter, nev-er quail;
Al-ways mind-ful of ob-struc-tion, Do your du-ty, nev-er fail;
Put your trust a-lone in Je-sus; Nev-er fal-ter, nev-er fail;
There you'll meet the Su-perin-ten-dent, God, the Fa-ther, God, the Son,



Rit.

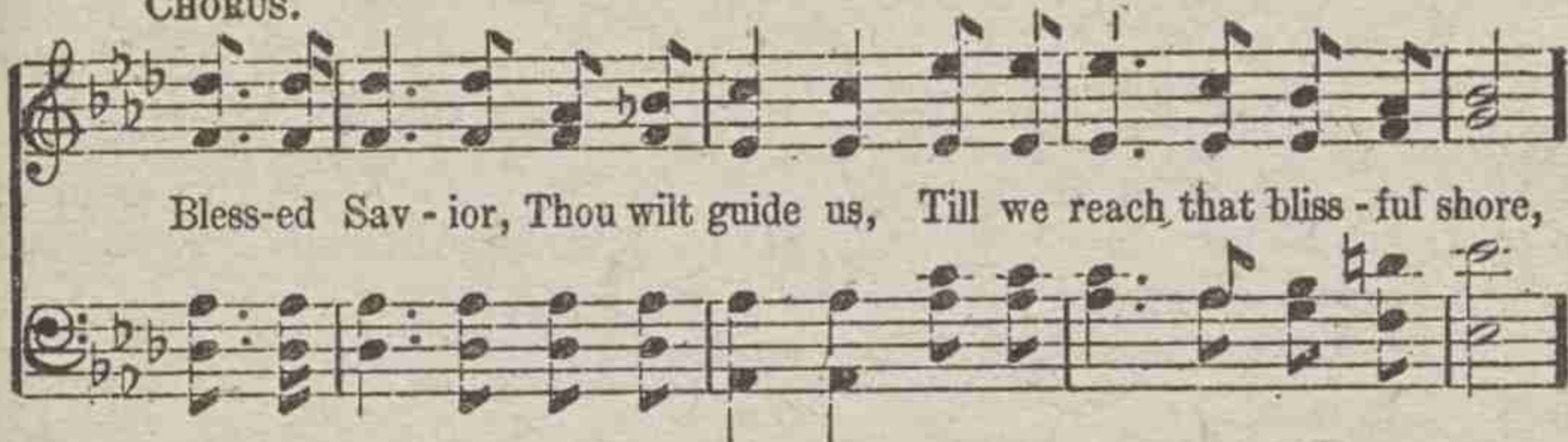


Keep your hand up-on the throt-tle, And your eye up-on the rail.
Keep your hand up-on the throt-tle, And your eye up-on the rail.
Keep your hand up-on the throt-tle, And your eye up-on the rail.
With the heart-y, joy-ous plaud-it, "Wea-ry pil-grim, welcome home."

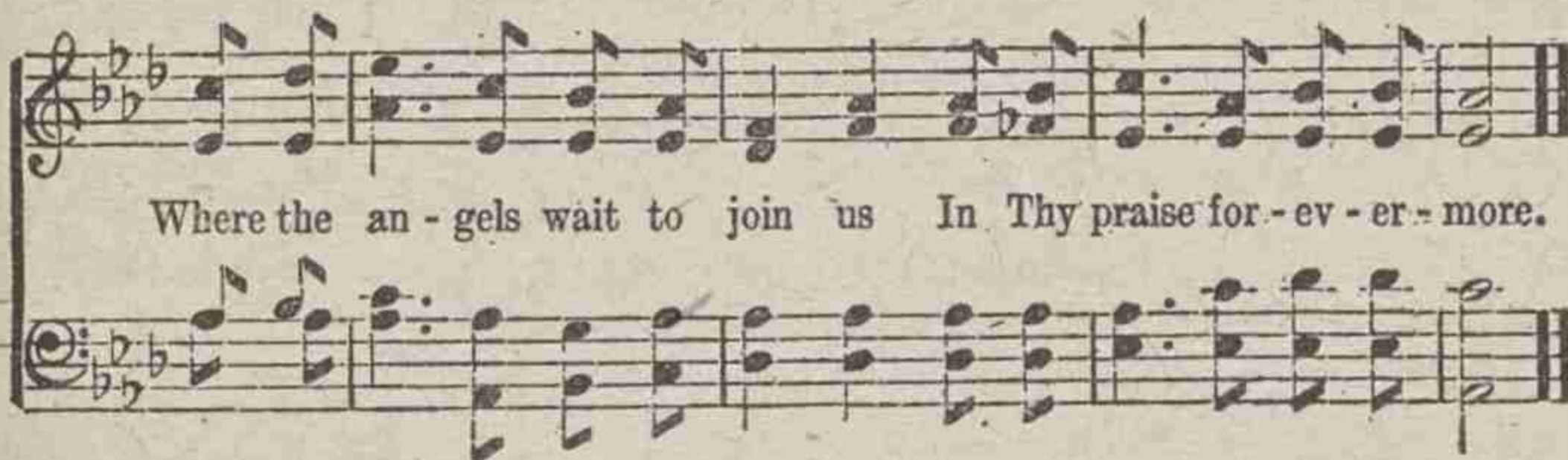


Life's Railway to Heaven.

CHORUS.



Bless-ed Sav - ior, Thou wilt guide us, Till we reach that bliss - ful shore,



Where the an - gels wait to join us In Thy praise for - ev - er - more.

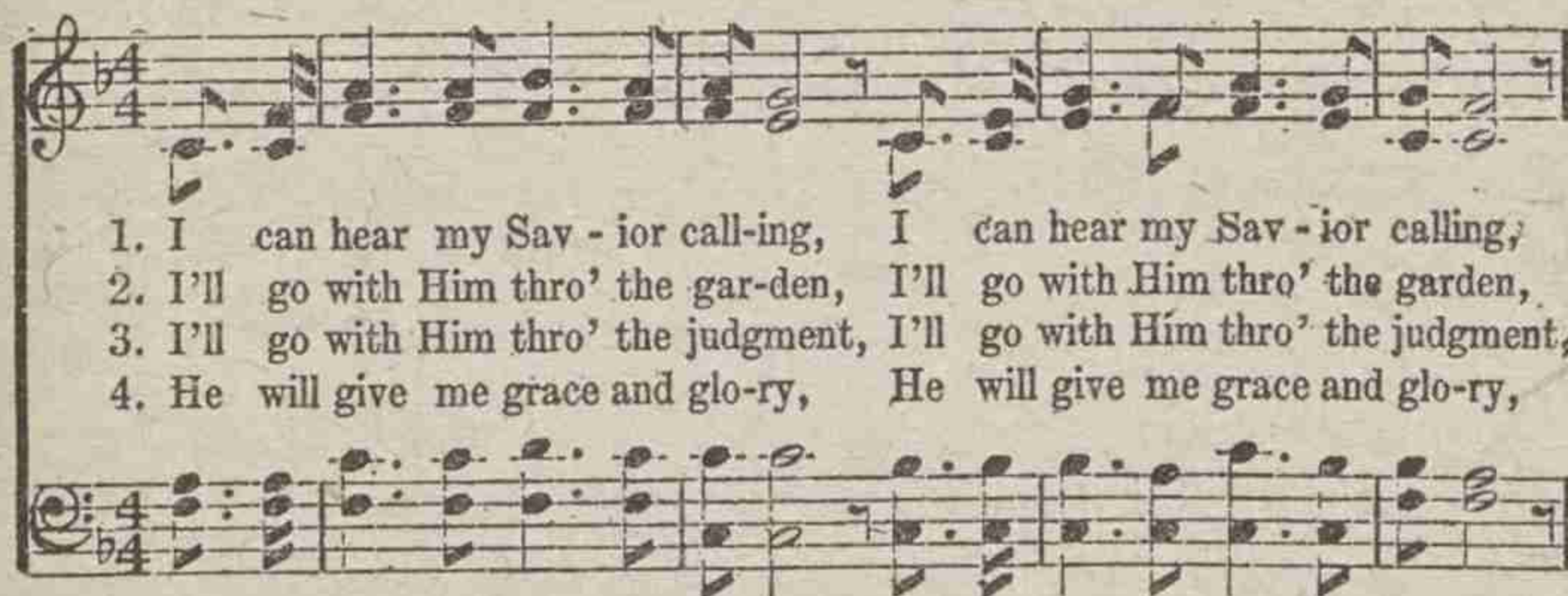
No. 91.

Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly.

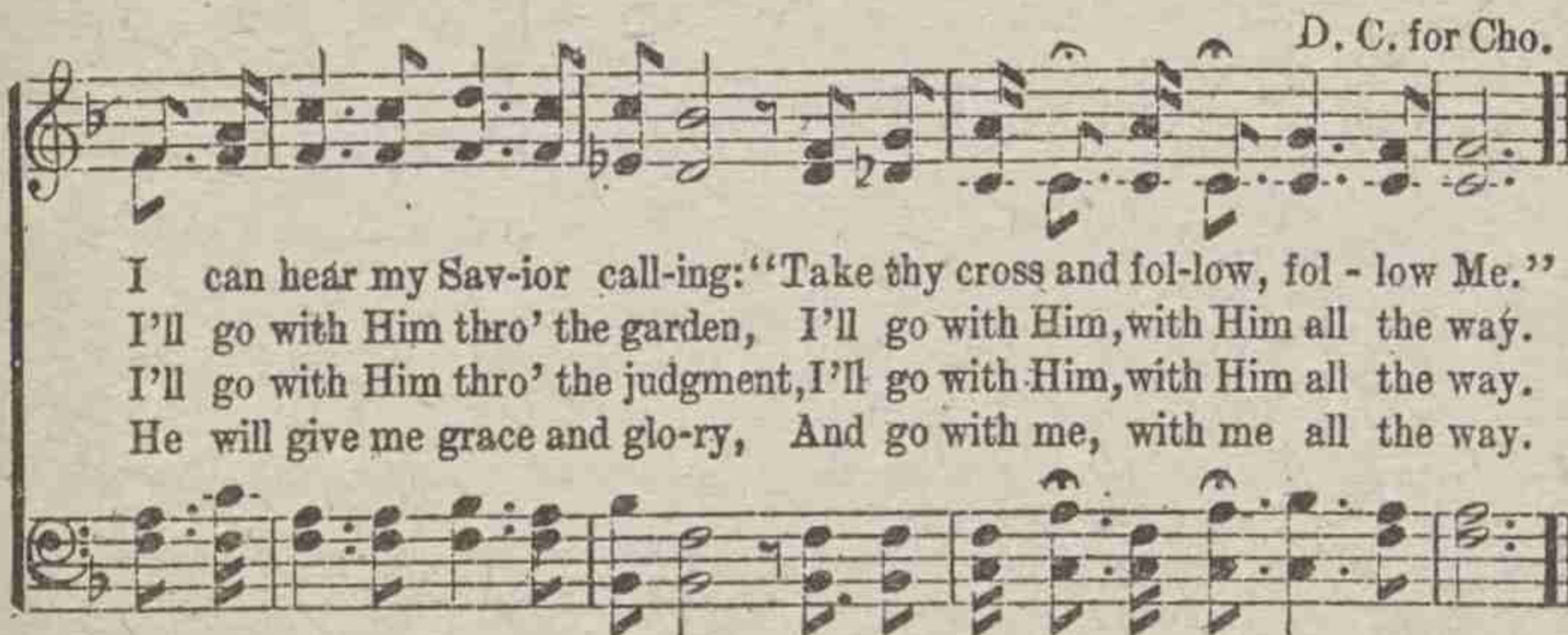
COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. NORRIS.
USED BY PER.

J. S. Norris.



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

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



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

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

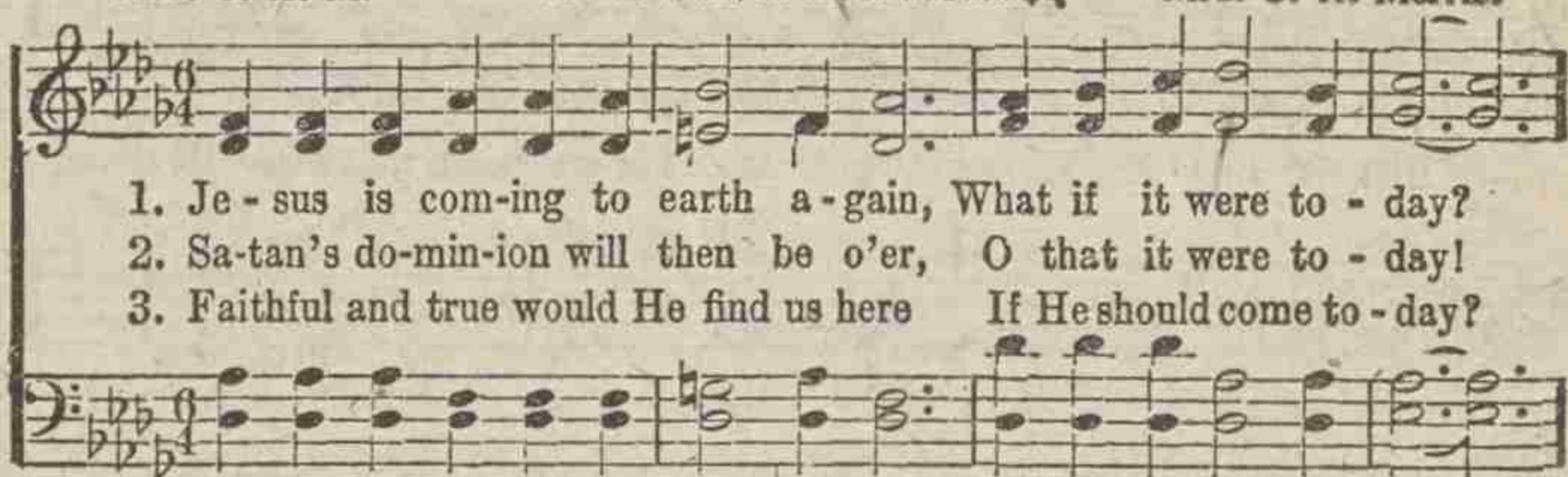
No. 92.

What if it Were To-day?

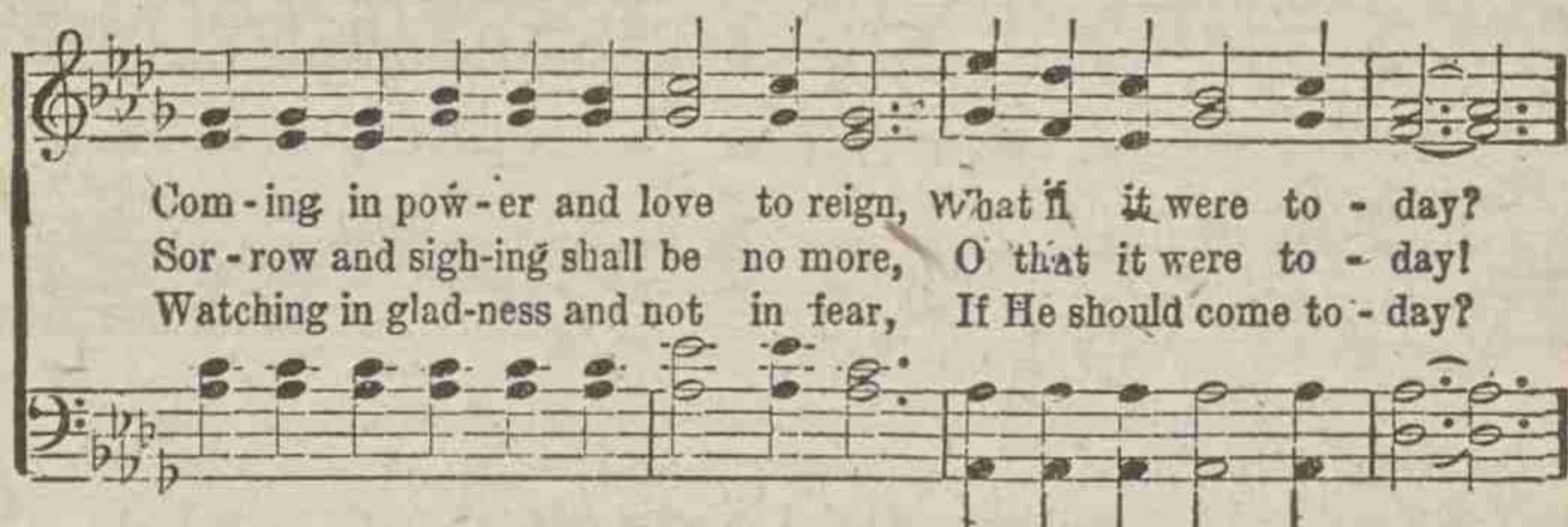
Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK,

Mrs. C. H. Morris.



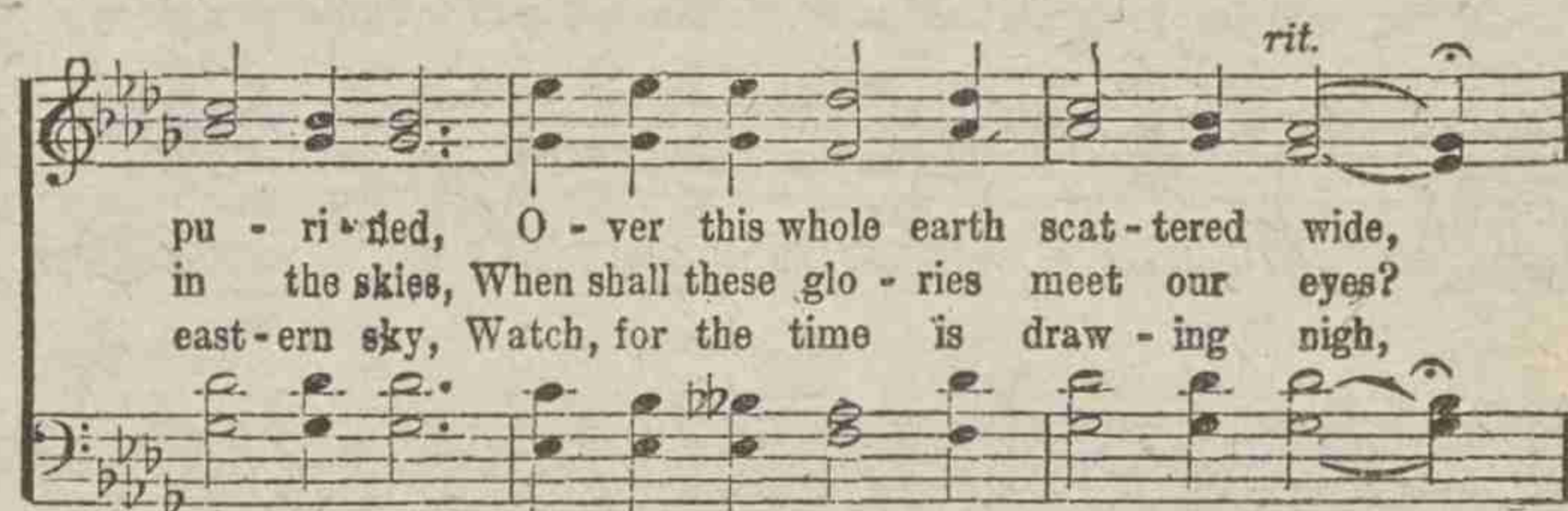
1. Je - sus is com - ing to earth a - gain, What if it were to - day?
 2. Sa - tan's do - min - ion will then be o'er, O that it were to - day!
 3. Faithful and true would He find us here If He should come to - day?



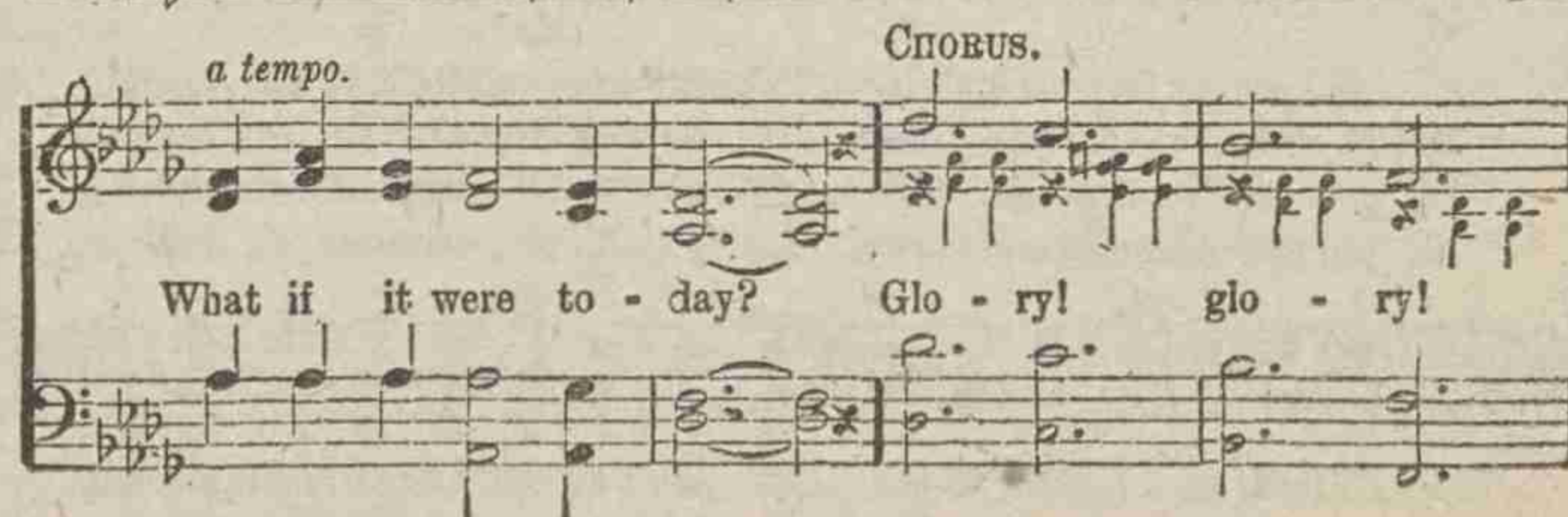
Com - ing in pow - er and love to reign, What if it were to - day?
 Sor - row and sigh - ing shall be no more, O that it were to - day!
 Watching in glad - ness and not in fear, If He should come to - day?



Com - ing to claim His chos - en Bride, All the re - deem'd and
 Then shall the dead in Christ a - rise, Caught up to meet Him
 Signs of His com - ing mul - ti - ply, Morn - ing light breaks in



pu - ri - fied, O - ver this whole earth scat - tered wide,
 in the skies, When shall these glo - ries meet our eyes?
 east - ern sky, Watch, for the time is draw - ing nigh,



a tempo. CHORUS.
 What if it were to - day? Glo - ry! glo - ry!

What if it Were To-day.

joy to my heart 'twill bring;... Glo - ry, glo - ry! When we shall
joy to my heart 'twill bring; When

crown Him King;..... Glo - ry, glo - ry! Haste to pre-prepare the
we shall crown Him King; Haste to pre-

way;.... Glo - ry, glo - ry! Je-sus will come some day.
pare the way;

ritard.

No. 93. I Am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald.

BY PERMISSION.

W. G. Fischer.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with-in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time and earth - ly store;

D. C.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry.

D. C. for Cho.

I am count-ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,— "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y Thine to be, Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er - more.

Hum-ly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

No. 94.

Wonderful Love.

Mabel J. Rosemon.
Unison.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

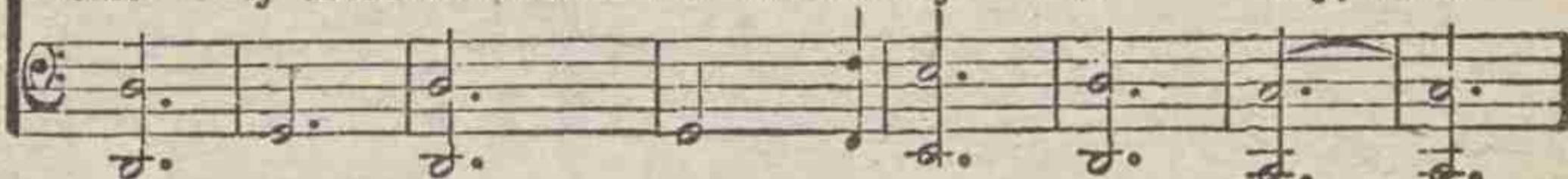
Samuel W. Beazley.



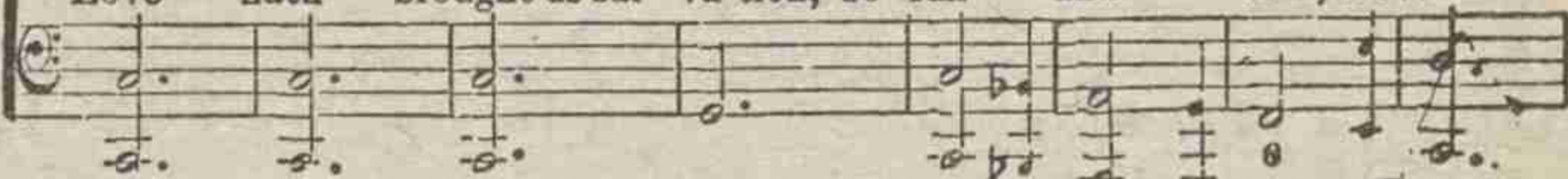
1. Love, love, won-der-ful love hath the Fa - ther shown;..
 2. Love, love, love of our Shepherd, so true and strong,..
 3. Love, love, love ev - er - last - ing that crowns our way,....



Heirs to His king-dom of glo - ry by grace a lone,.....
 Love that hath sought us and found us, tho' wan - d'ring long,.....
 Safe - ly that love doth en - fold us from day to day;.....



Man - sions bright He will give us in fair realms a - bove,.....
 Love en - dur-eth for - ev - er, tho' all else shall fail,.....
 Love hath brought us sal - va-tion, so full and free,.....



These are the gifts of His goodness, His per - fect love.....
 Naught is so might-y as love, and it must pre - vail.....
 God's love will guide us and keep us e - ter - nal - ly.....



CHORUS. Parts.



Love, love, won-der-ful love of the Lord most high,.....
 Love, 'tis won-der-ful love, Love, the won-der-ful love of the Lord most high.



Wonderful Love.



Love, love, al-ways He hears when to Him we cry,
Al-ways hear-ing our cry, Hear - ing when un-to Him His chil-dren cry,

Love, love, love nev'er fail-ing, so full and free,.....
Love, 'tis won-der-ful love, Love, 'tis love ne'er-fail - ing, full and free,

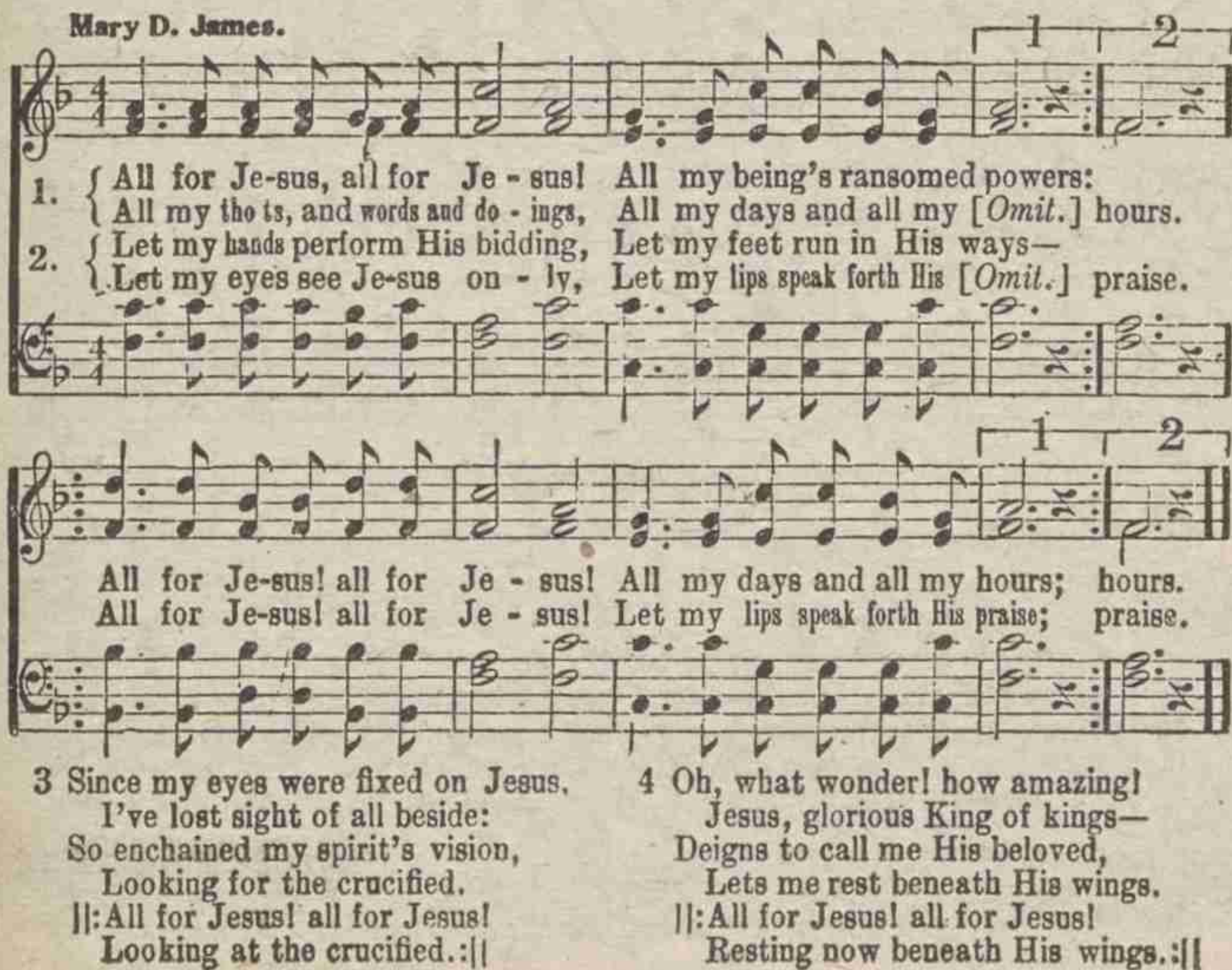
Come, oh Sav-ior, in love and a - bide with me.
Come, oh come in Thy love, Come oh Lord, a - bide with me, with me.

95.

All For Jesus.

Arranged.

Mary D. James.



1. { All for Je-sus, all for Je - sus! All my being's ransomed powers:
All my tho ts, and words and do - ings, All my days and all my [Omit.] hours.

2. { Let my hands perform His bidding, Let my feet run in His ways—
Let my eyes see Je-sus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth His [Omit.] praise.

All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours; hours.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise; praise.

3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside:
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking for the crucified.
||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the crucified.:||

4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Lets me rest beneath His wings.
||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath His wings.:||

96.

Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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W. H. Doane.

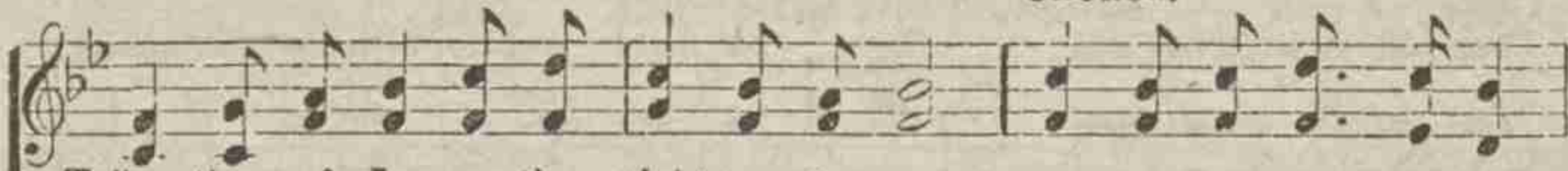


1. Res-cue the perish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
 2. Tho' they are sligh-ting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent
 3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur-ied that
 4. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy a-bor the



sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing ones, Lift up the fall-en,
 child to re-ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly;
 grace can re-store; Touch'd by a lov-ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,
 Lord will pro-vide; Back to the narrow way, Pa-tient-ly win them;

CHORUS.



Tell them of Je-sus the might-y to save.
 He will for-give if they on-ly be-lieve. Res-cue the per-ish-ing,
 Chords that were broken will vi-brate once more.
 Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav-ior has died.



Care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.

97.

Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. DOANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT USED BY PER

W. H. Doane.



1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-ior, Hear my humble cry; While on oth-ers
 2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneeling there in
 3. Trusting on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded,
 4. Thou, the spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on

D.S.—While on oth-ers

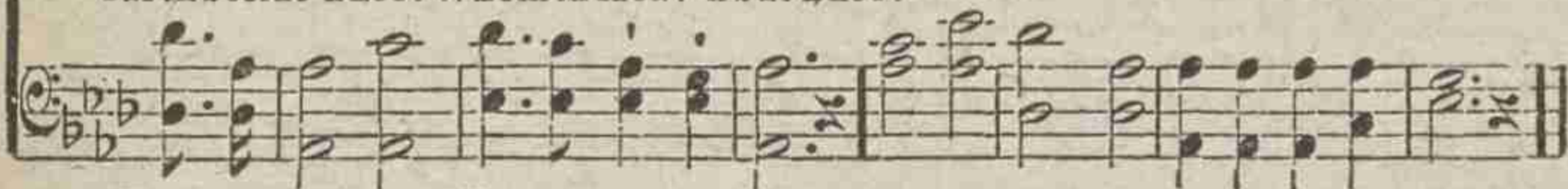
Pass Me Not.

FINE CHORUS.

D. S.



Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
 deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief. Sav-ior, Sav-ior, Hear my humble cry;
 bro-ken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace.
 earth beside Thee? Whom in Heav'n but Thee?



Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

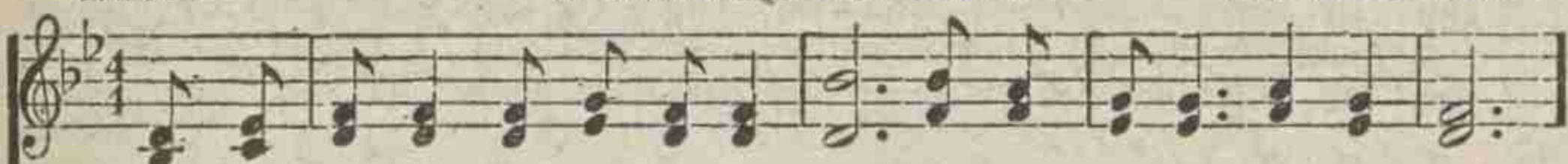
98.

The Unwritten Gospel.

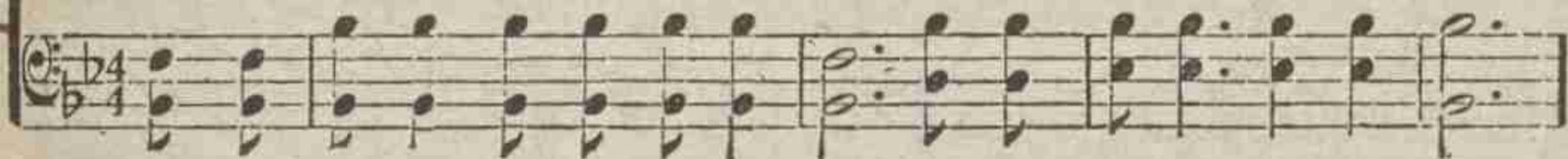
COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER,
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J. P. S.

J. P. Scholfield.



1. There's a gos-pel ac-cord-ing to you, Men are read-ing ev-'ry day;
2. If men fol-lowed the gos-pel by you, Would it lead them to the Lord?
3. Are you eas-ing some oth-er one's load By your liv-ing day by day?



As they read it ac-cord-ing to you, Do they find the heav'n-ward way?
 If they lived it ac-cord-ing to you, Would they have a great re-ward?
 Are you smoothing the oth-er man's road, Help-ing him a-long the way?



CHORUS.



There's a gos-pel accord-ing to you; Are you always to Je-sus true?



Do men see to-day that better way, In the gos-pel ac-cord-ing to you?



99.

Must I Go and Empty Handed?

C. C. Luther.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL, BY PER.

Geo. C. Stebbins.



1. "Must I go and emp - ty hand - ed," Thus my dear Re-deem - er meet?
2. Not at death I shrink nor fal - ter, For my Sav - ior saves me now;
3. Oh, the years of sin - ning wast - ed, Could I but re - call them now,
4. Oh, ye saints, a - rouse, be earn - est, Up and work while yet 'tis day,



FINE

Not one day of serv - ice give Him, Lay no tro - phy at His feet.
 But to meet Him emp - ty hand - ed, Tho't of that now clouds my brow.
 I would give them to my Sav - ior, To His will I'd glad - ly bow.
 Ere the night of death o'ertakes thee, Strive for souls while still you may.



D.S. - Not one soul with which to greet Him, Must I emp - ty hand - ed go?

CHORUS.

D. S.



"Must I go and emp - ty hand - ed," Must I meet my Sav - ior so?



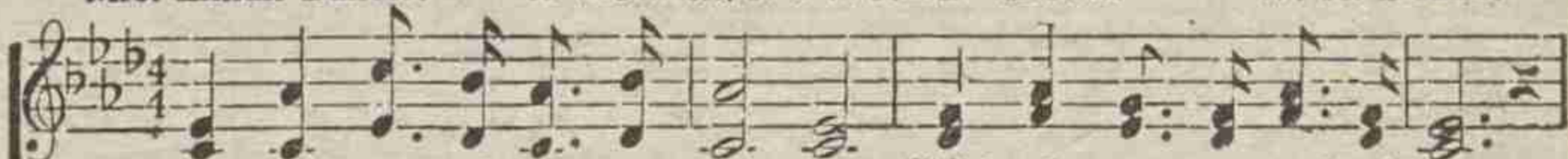
100.

Take the Name of Jesus With You.

Mrs. Lillian Baxter.

COPYRIGHT 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL

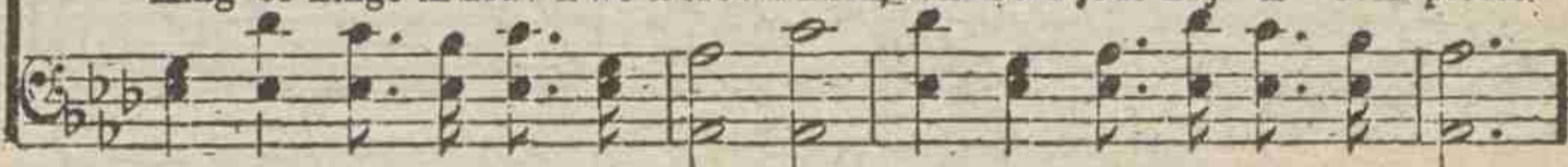
W. H. Doane.



1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;
3. O the pre - cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our heart with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros - trate at His feet,



It will joy and com - fort give you, Take it then, wher - e'er you go.
 If temp - ta - tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
 When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues em - ploy!
 King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour - ney is com - plete.



Take the Name of Jesus With You.

CHORUS.

Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Pre-cious name, O how sweet!

Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Pre-cious name, how sweet!

101.

Nothing But the Blood.

R. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL, BY PER. Robert Lowry.

1. What can wash a-way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my par-don, this I see—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth-ing can for sin a-tone,—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;

What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
For my cleans-ing, this my plea—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done,—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
This is all my right-eous-ness,—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

D.S.—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

Oh! precious is the flow That makes me white as snow; No other Fount I know,

102.

I am Thine, O Lord.

F. J. Crosby.

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W. H. Doane.



1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That before Thy throne I spend;
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the nar-row sea;



But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clo-ser drawn to Thee.
 Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
 When I kneel in pray'r and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend!
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.



REFRAIN.



Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
 near-er, near-er,



Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.



103.

Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

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 sail - or, tem-pest-tost,



Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

S.

FINE



But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watching, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.



D.S. - Some poor fainting, struggling seaman 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!



104.

Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R.

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Geo. F. Root.



1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, O 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-ior 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 thy bur-den of sin.
Your Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de - lay.



CHORUS.



Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?



No. 105. The Star-Spangled Banner.

Francis Scott Key.

SOLO OR QUARTET.



1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proud-ly we hailed at the
2. On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. And where is that band who so vaunting-ly swore That the hav-oc of war and the
4. Oh, thus be it ev-er when freeman shall stand Between their loved homes and the



twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the
si - lence re - pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it
bat - tle's con - fu-sion A home and a coun-try should leave us no more? Their
war's des - o - la-tion; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the



ram-parts we watched, were so gal-lant-ly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
fit - ful - ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution; No ref-uge could save the
Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na-tion. Then con-quer we must, when our



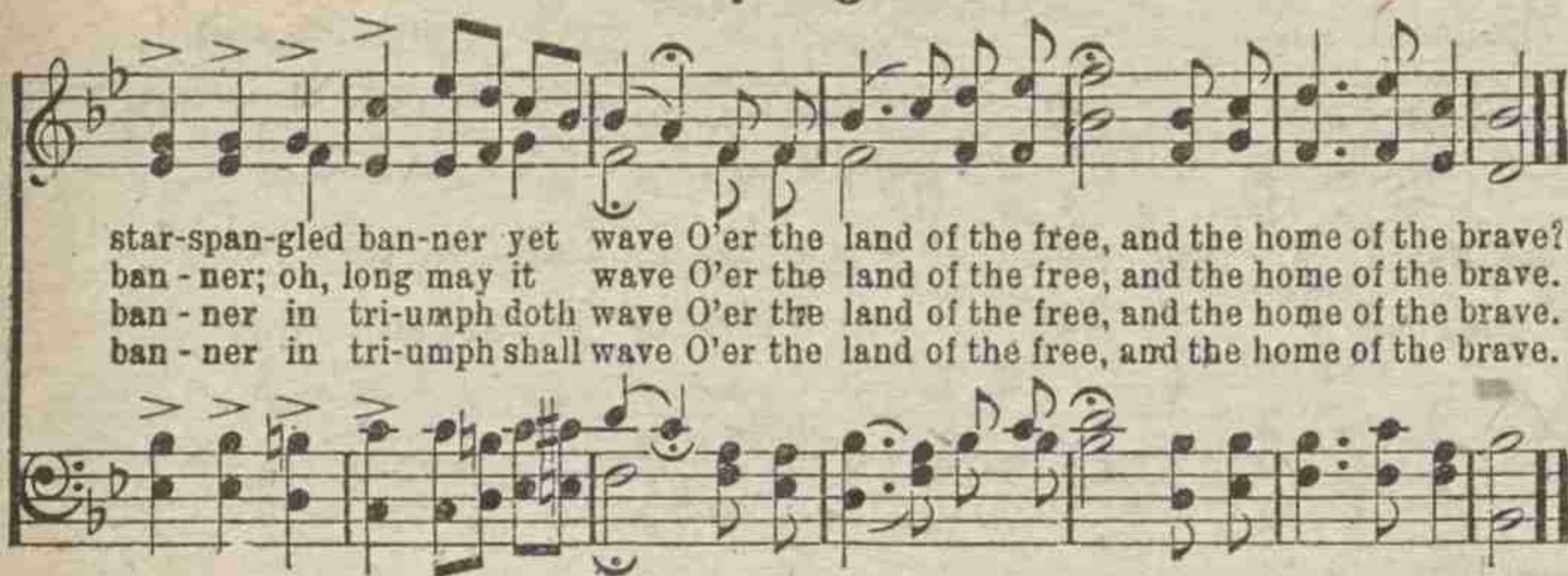
CHORUS.



burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say does that
morning's first beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-spangled
hire-ling and slave From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-spangled
cause it is just, And this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled



The Star-Spangled Banner.

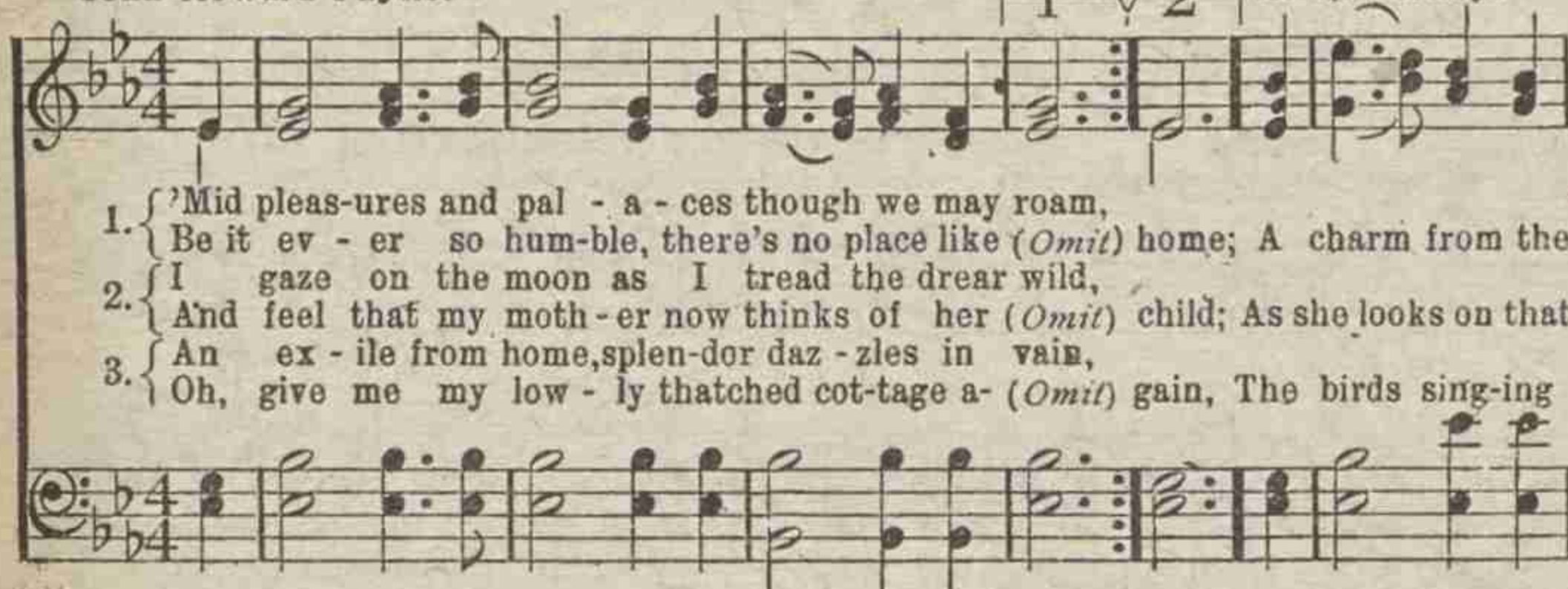


star-span-gled ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
 ban-ner; oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
 ban-ner in tri-umph doth wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
 ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

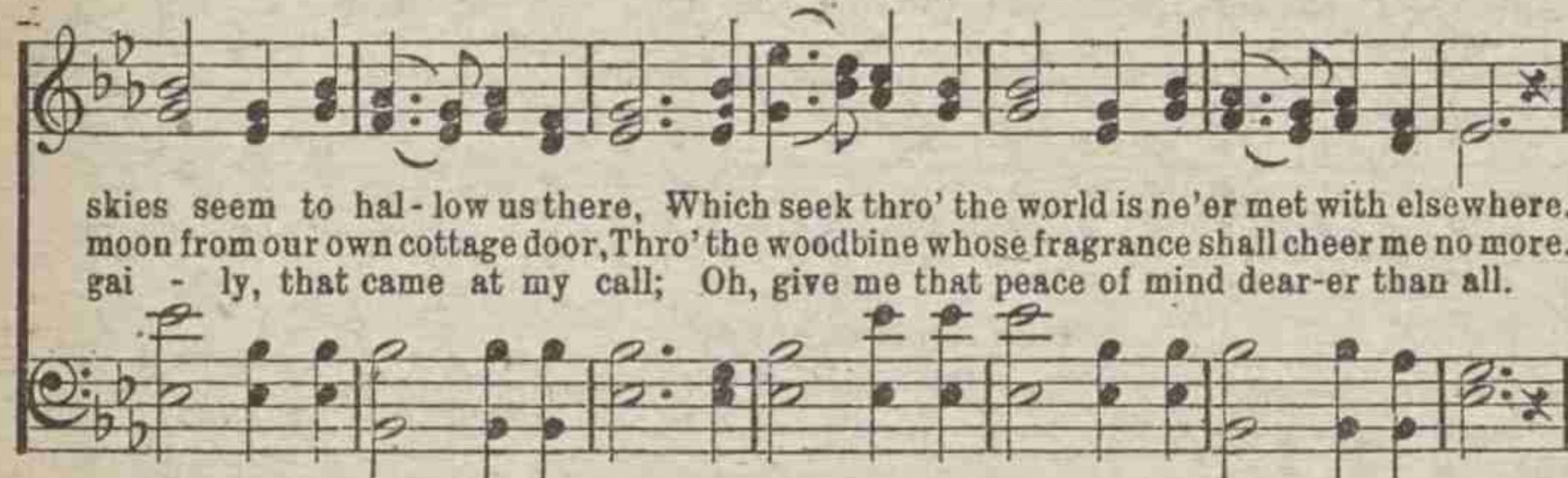
No. 106. Home, Sweet Home.

John Howard Payne.

1 2 H. R. Bishop.

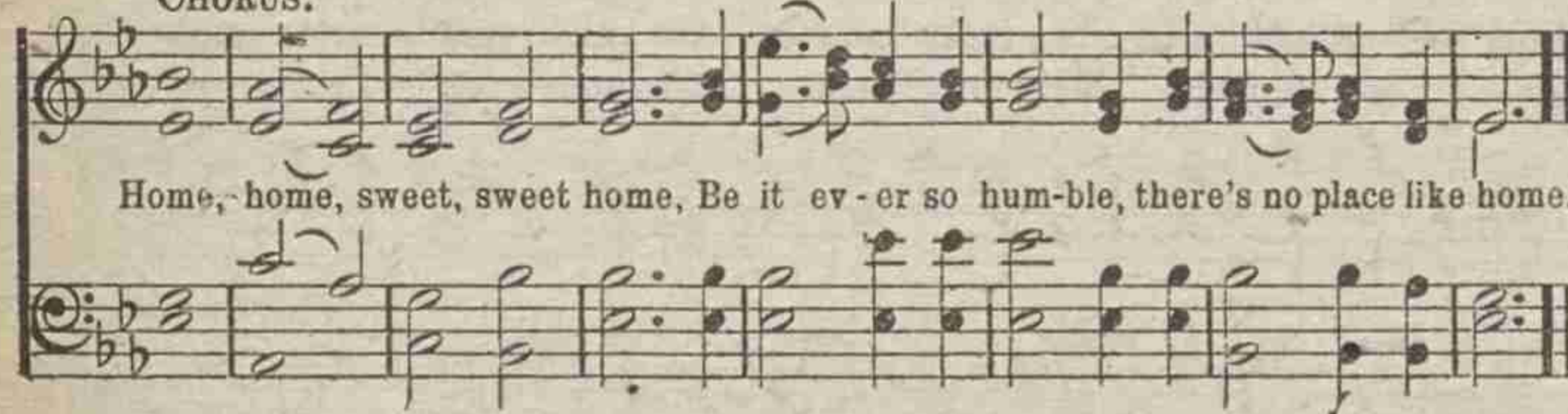


1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam,
 Be it ev - er so hum-ble, there's no place like (Omit) home; A charm from the
 2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
 And feel that my moth-er now thinks of her (Omit) child; As she looks on that
 3. An ex - ile from home, splen-dor daz - zles in vain,
 Oh, give me my low - ly thatched cot-tage a- (Omit) gain, The birds sing-ing



skies seem to hal-low us there, Which seek thro' the world is ne'er met with elsewhere.
 moon from our own cottage door, Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.
 gai - ly, that came at my call; Oh, give me that peace of mind dear-er than all.

CHORUS.



Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - er so hum-ble, there's no place like home.

No. 107. The Old Time Religion.

CHORUS.

'Tis the old time religion,
 'Tis the old time religion,
 'Tis the old time religion,
 And it's good enough for me.
 1 It was good for our mothers,
 It was good for our mothers,
 It was good for our mothers,
 And it's good enough for me.

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

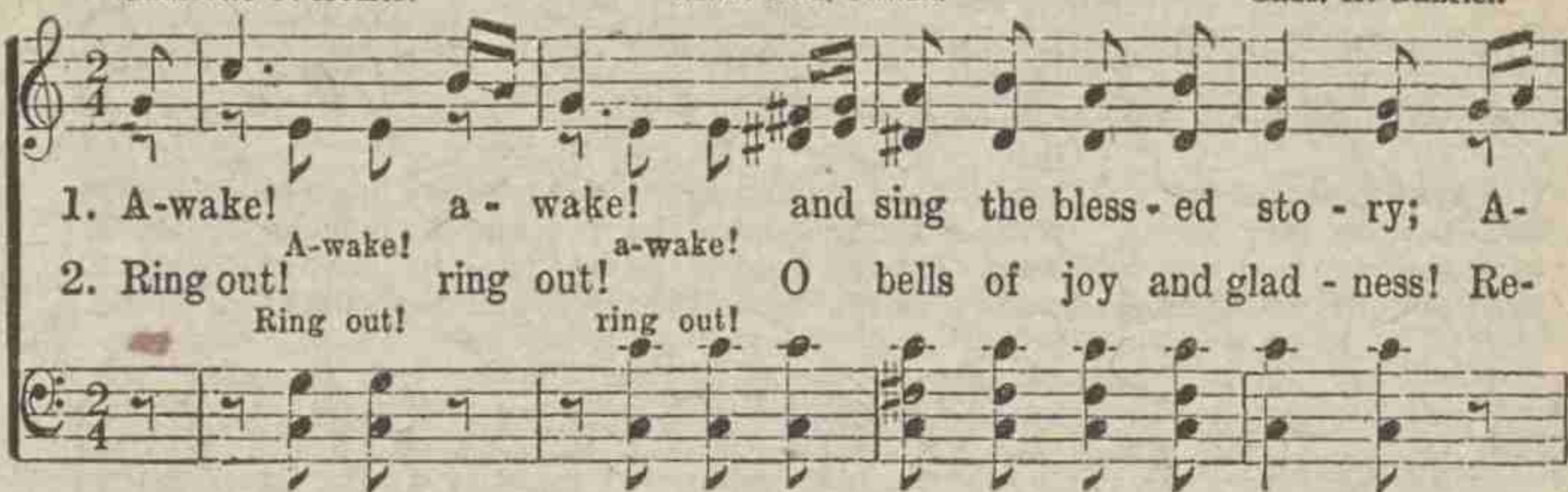
Unknown.

Awakening Chorus.

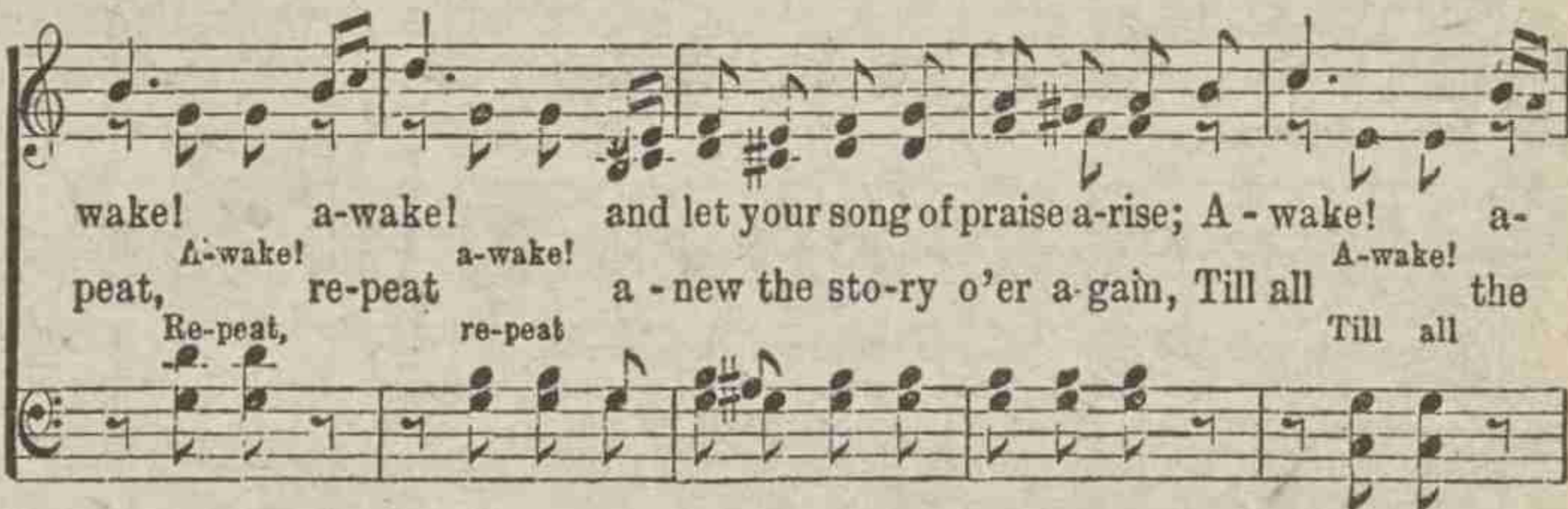
Charlotte G. Homer.

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HENRY DATE, OWNER.

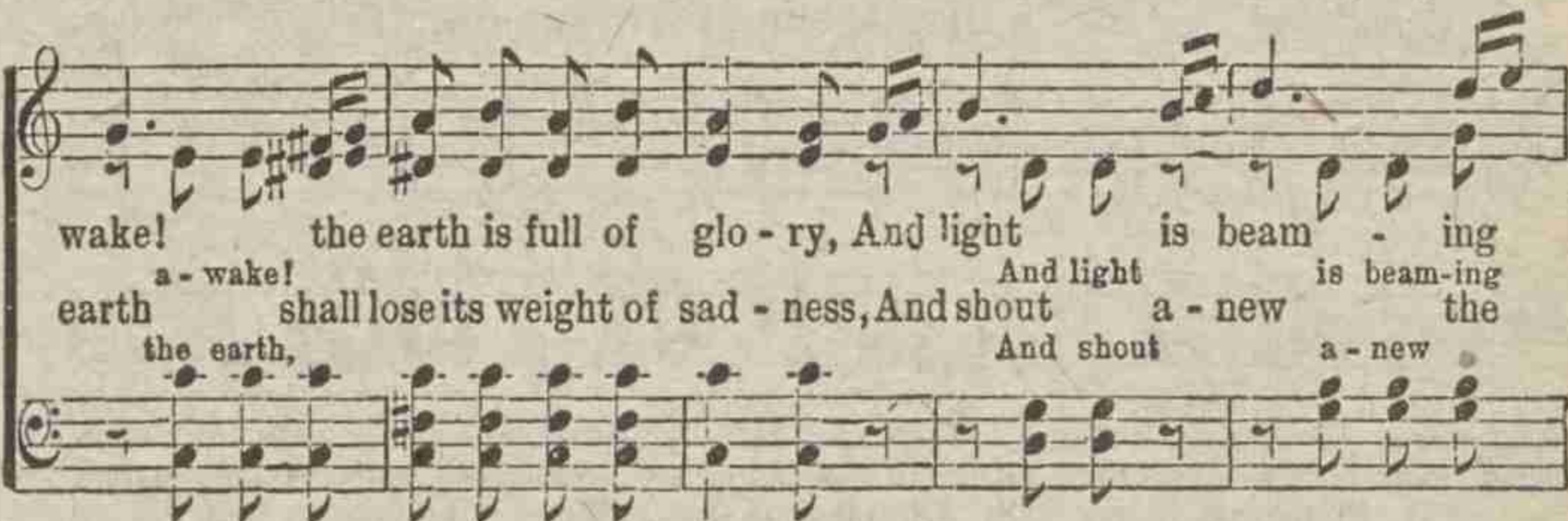
Chas. H. Gabriel.



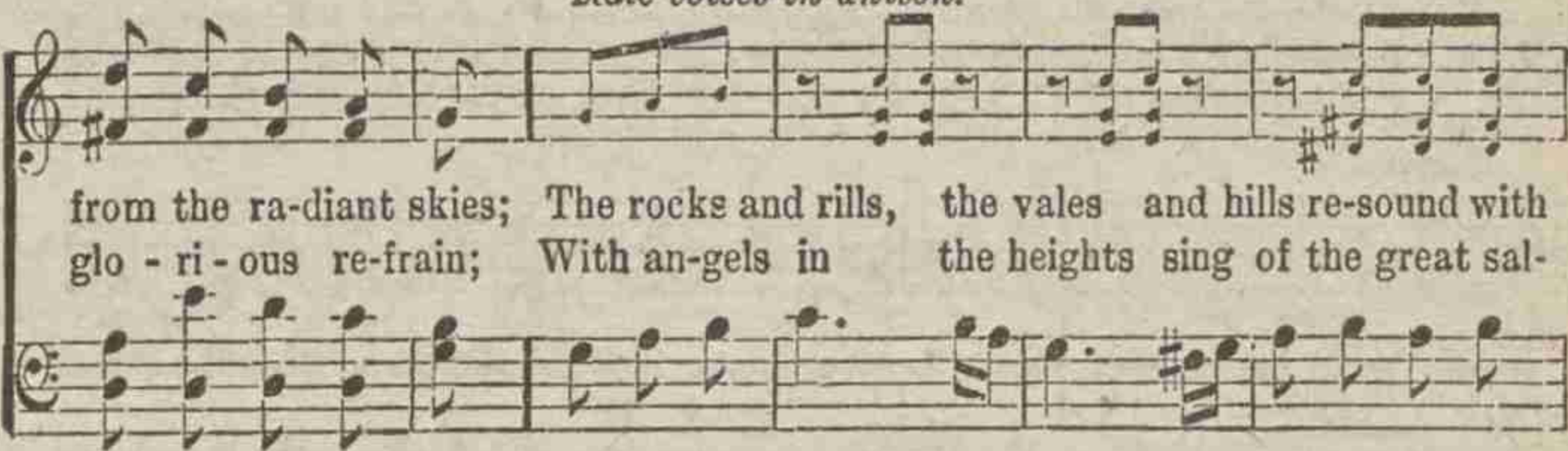
1. A-wake! a - wake! and sing the bless - ed sto - ry; A-
2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad - ness! Re-
Ring out! ring out!



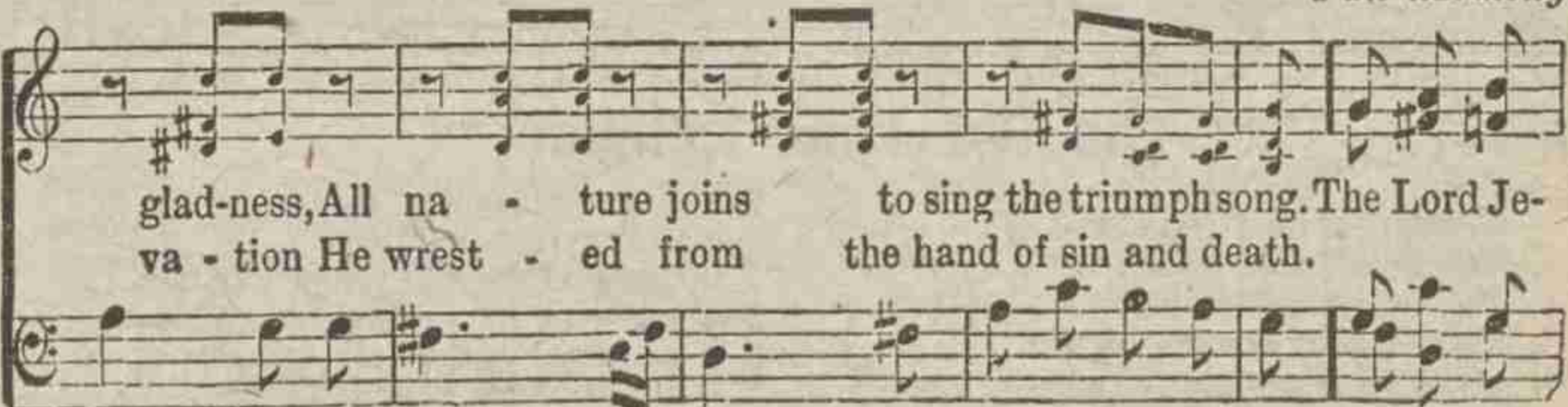
wake! a-wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A - wake! a-
peat, A-wake! a-wake! a - new the sto-ry o'er a-gain, Till all A-wake! a-
Re-peat, re-peat re-peat Till all



wake! the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is beam - ing
a - wake! earth shall lose its weight of sad - ness, And shout a - new the
the earth, And shout a - new

Male voices in unison.


from the ra-diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills re-sound with
glo - ri - ous re-frain; With an-gels in the heights sing of the great sal-

Full harmony


glad-ness, All na - ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Je-
va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.

Awakening Chorus.

Unison.

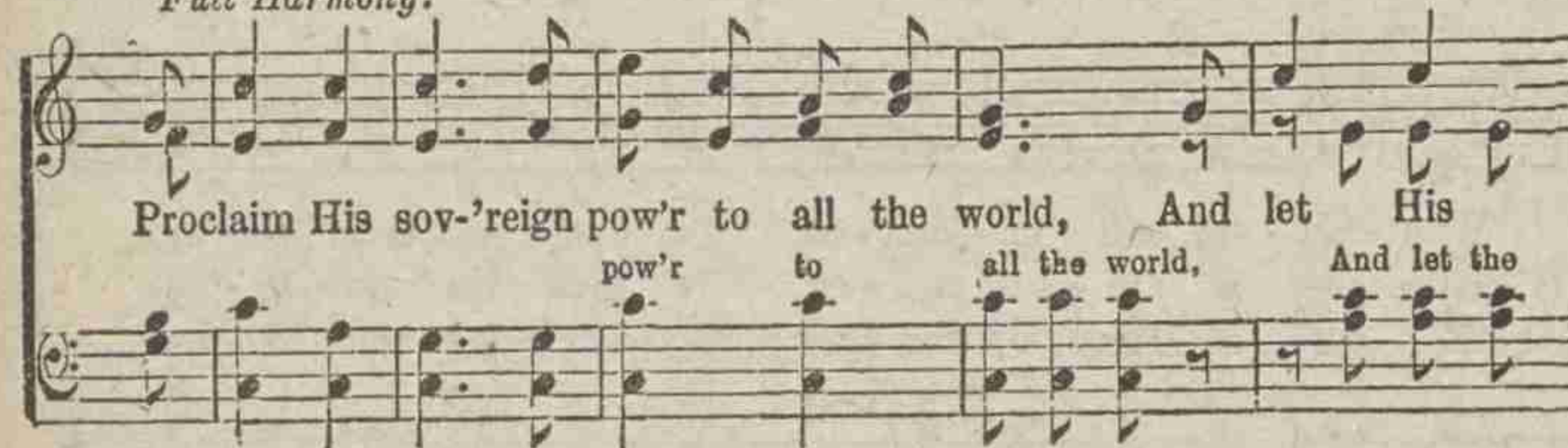


ho - vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re - joice! re-

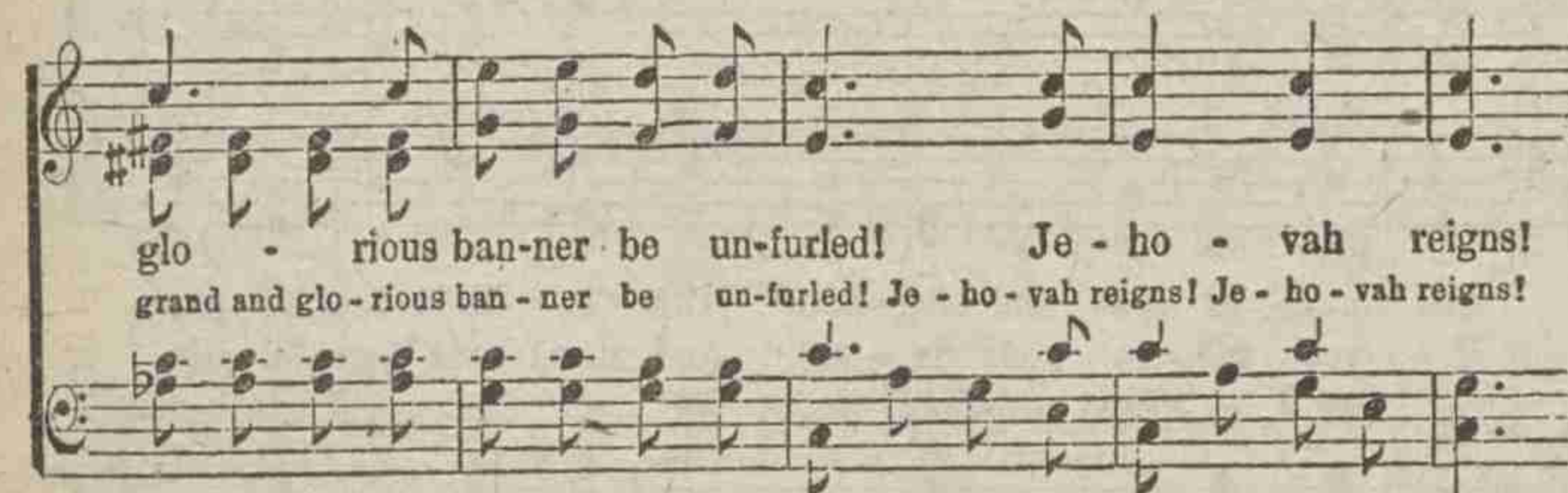


joice! lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns!

Full Harmony.



Proclaim His sov'-reign pow'r to all the world, And let His



glo - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!



Re - joice! re - joice! re - joice! Je - ho - vah reigns!

S. W. B.

Samuel W. Beazley.



1. Go forth, ye Chris-tian work-ers, With more de-ter-mined will,
 2. Say not that you may wav-er, When Sa-tan's co-horts stand
 3. Up-on you Chris-tian work-ers De-pends how soon the day



To spread a-broad the gos-pel, And God's in-tent ful-fill;
 In sol-id phal-anx, read-y To take from us the land;
 Will come when all shall know Him, "The True and Liv-ing Way;"



With cour-age still un-daunt-ed, Do more lost souls to win,
 Be-lieve in Je-sus' pow-er To give the vic-to-ry,
 Go out as His e-van-gels, Be-liev-ing in His word;



And "bring to pass the king-dom" With-in the hearts of men.
 If you will do your du-ty, And stand more man-ful-ly.
 In ev-'ry place pro-claim it, Till all the world has heard.



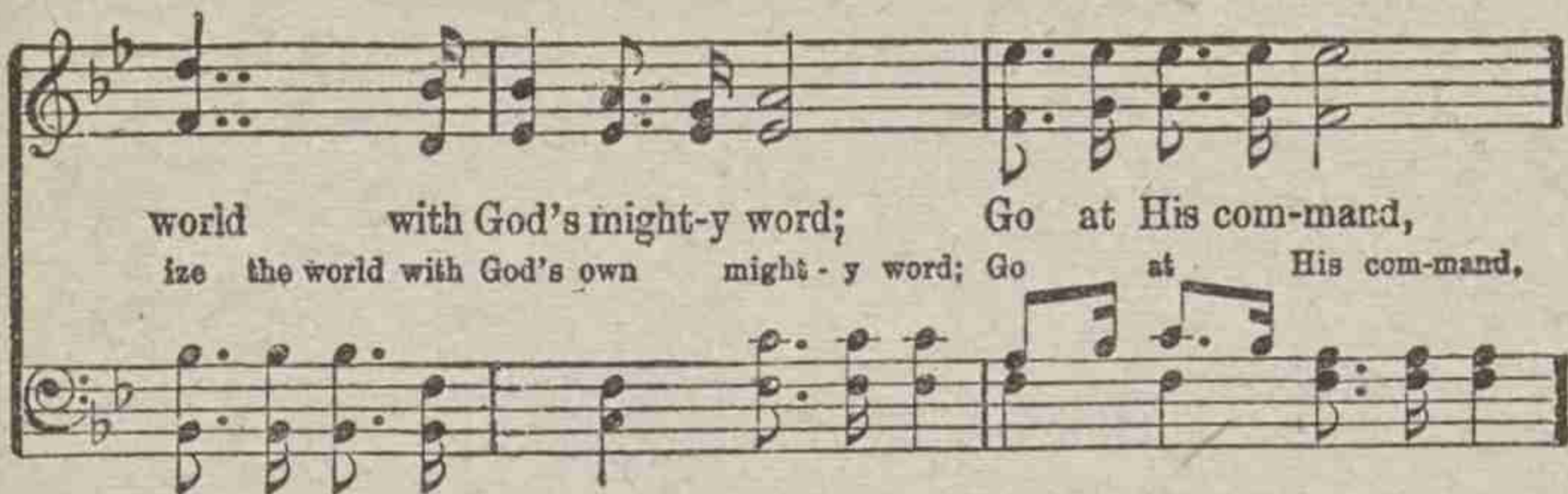
CHORUS.



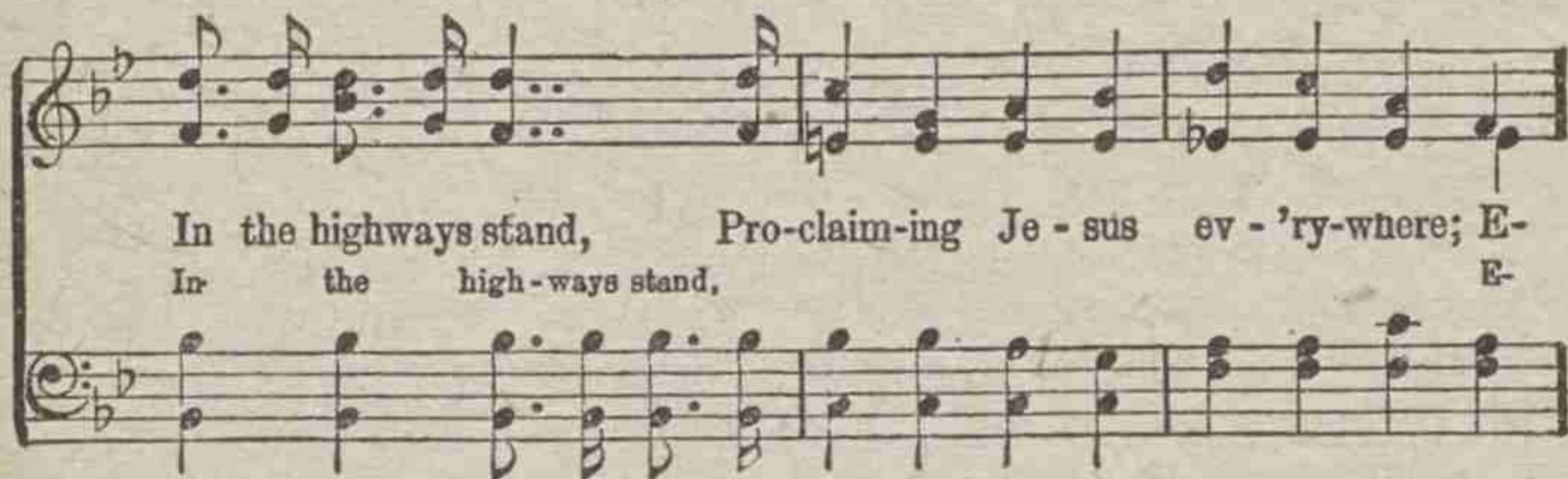
E-van-gel-ize the world! Let men be stirred; E-van-gel-ize the
 E-van-gel-ize the world! Let hearts of men be stirred; E-van-gel-



Evangelize the World.



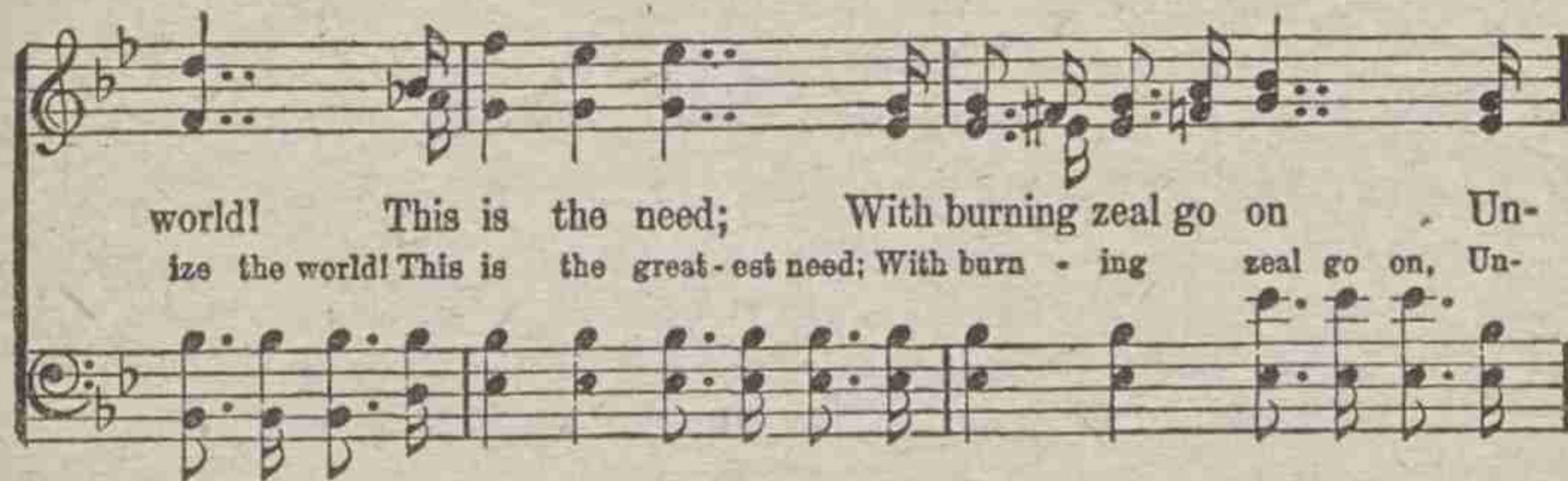
world with God's might-y word; Go at His com-mand,
ize the world with God's own might - y word; Go at His com-mand,



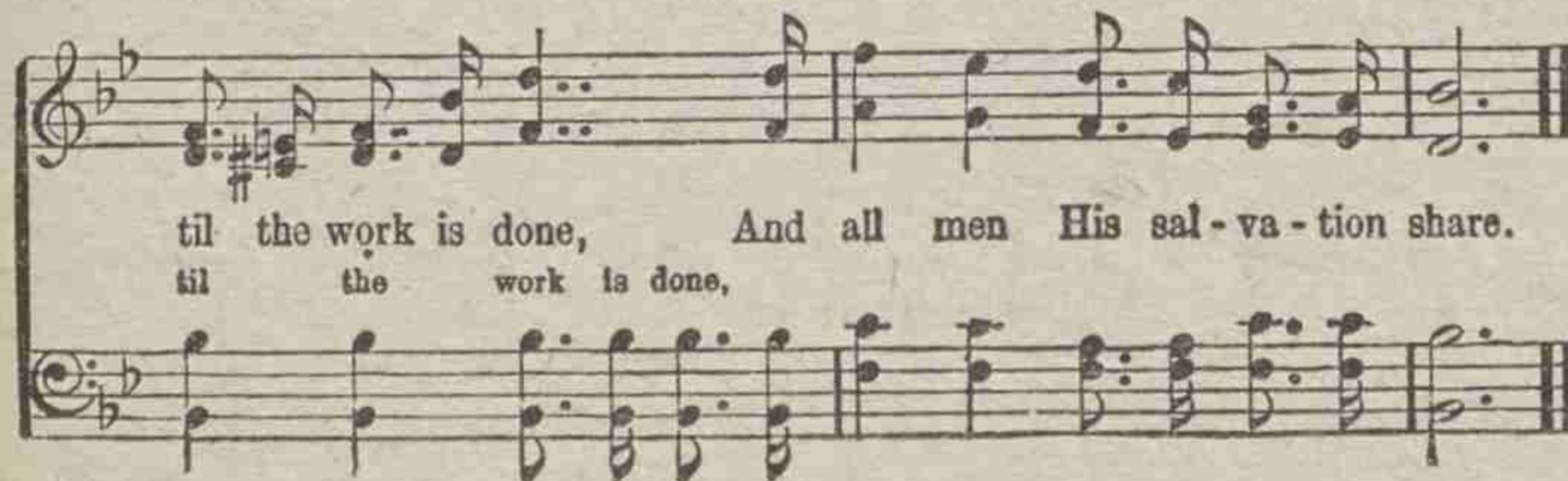
In the highways stand, Pro-claim-ing Je - sus ev - 'ry-where; E-
In the high-ways stand, E-



van-gel - ize the world! The ti - dings speed; E - van-gel - ize the
van - gel - ize the world! The joy - ful ti-dings speed; E - van - gel-



world! This is the need; With burning zeal go on Un-
ize the world! This is the great-est need; With burn - ing zeal go on, Un-

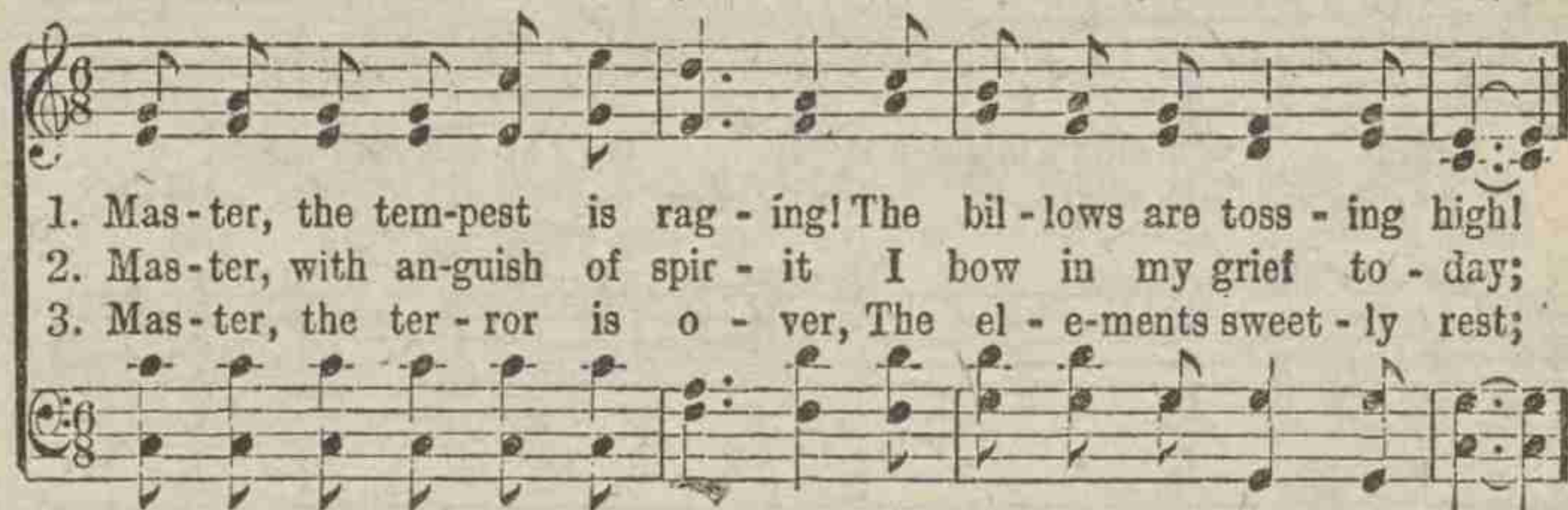


til the work is done, And all men His sal - va - tion share.
til the work is done,

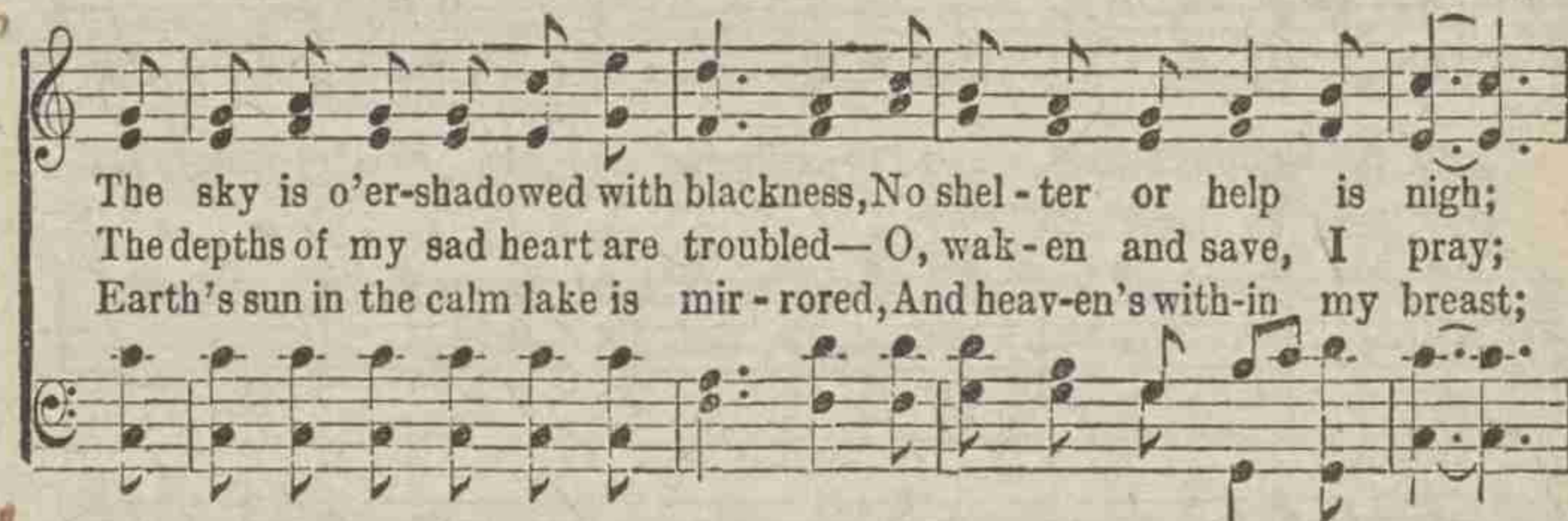
Master, the Tempest is Raging.

USED BY PER. OF H. R. PALMER. OWNER OF COPYRIGHT,

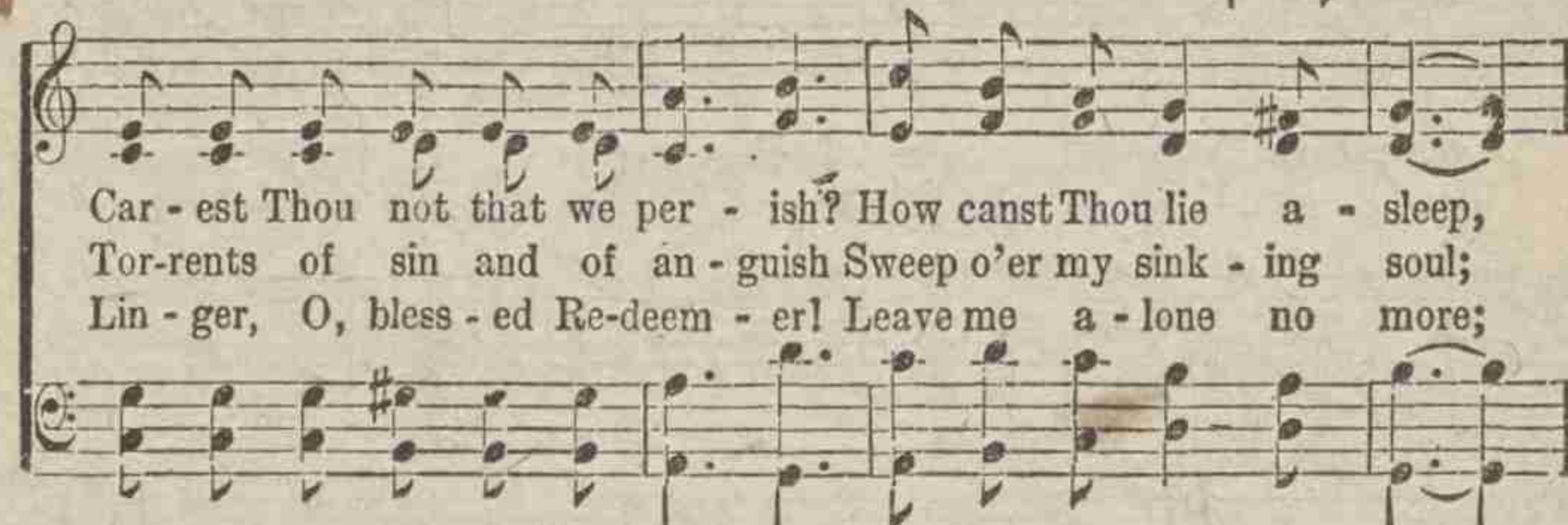
H. R. Palmer.



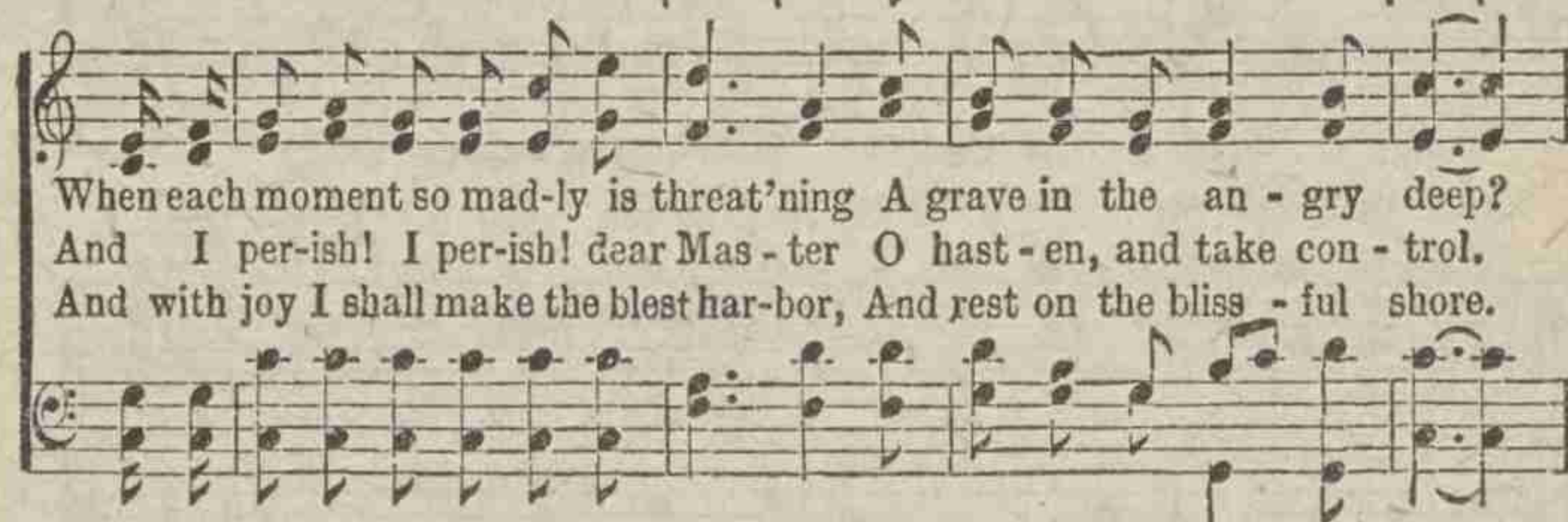
1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!
 2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day;
 3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest;



The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
 The depths of my sad heart are troubled—O, wak-en and save, I pray;
 Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heav-en's with-in my breast;



Car-est Thou not that we per-ish? How canst Thou lie a-sleep,
 Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;
 Lin-ger, O, bless-ed Re-deem-er! Leave me a-lone no more;



When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?
 And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter O hast-en, and take con-trol.
 And with joy I shall make the blest har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.

CHORUS.



The winds and the waves shall o-bey Thy will, Peace.... be still!.....
 Peace, be still, peace, be still!

Master, the Tempest is Raging.



Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons or men, or what



cres.



ev - er it be, No wa - ters can swal-low the ship where lies The



Mas - ter of o - cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweet-ly o-



bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall



sweet - ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!



No. 111. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe.

Melody, "Glory, Hallelujah."



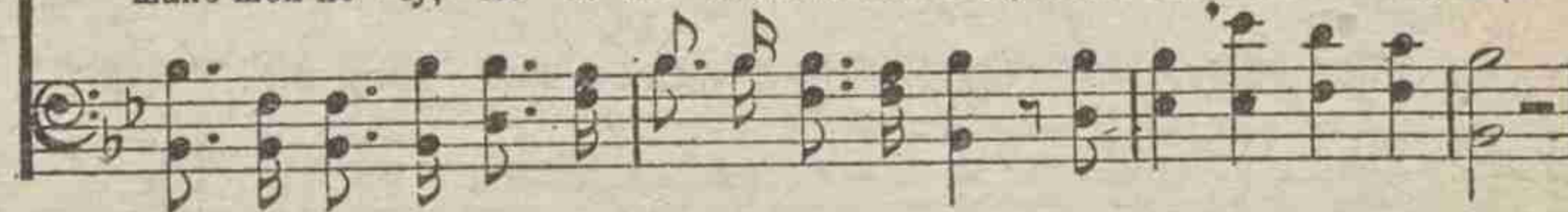
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have
3. He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a



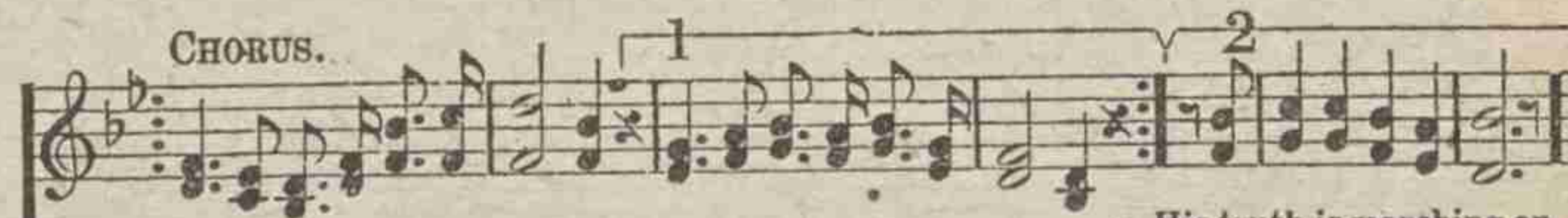
tram-pling out the vint-age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dew and damps; I can read His
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat; O be swift, my
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to



fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is march - ing on.
right - eous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps; His day is march - ing on.
soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free; While God is march - ing on.



CHORUS.

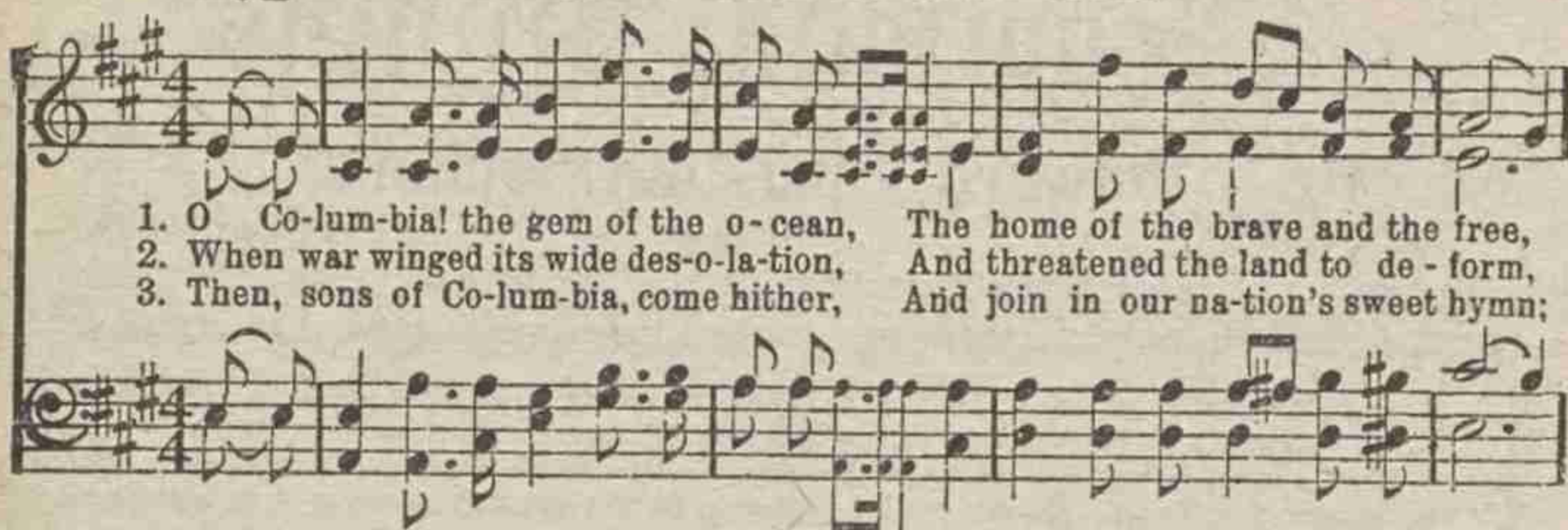


Glo-ry! glo-ry! hal-le - lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

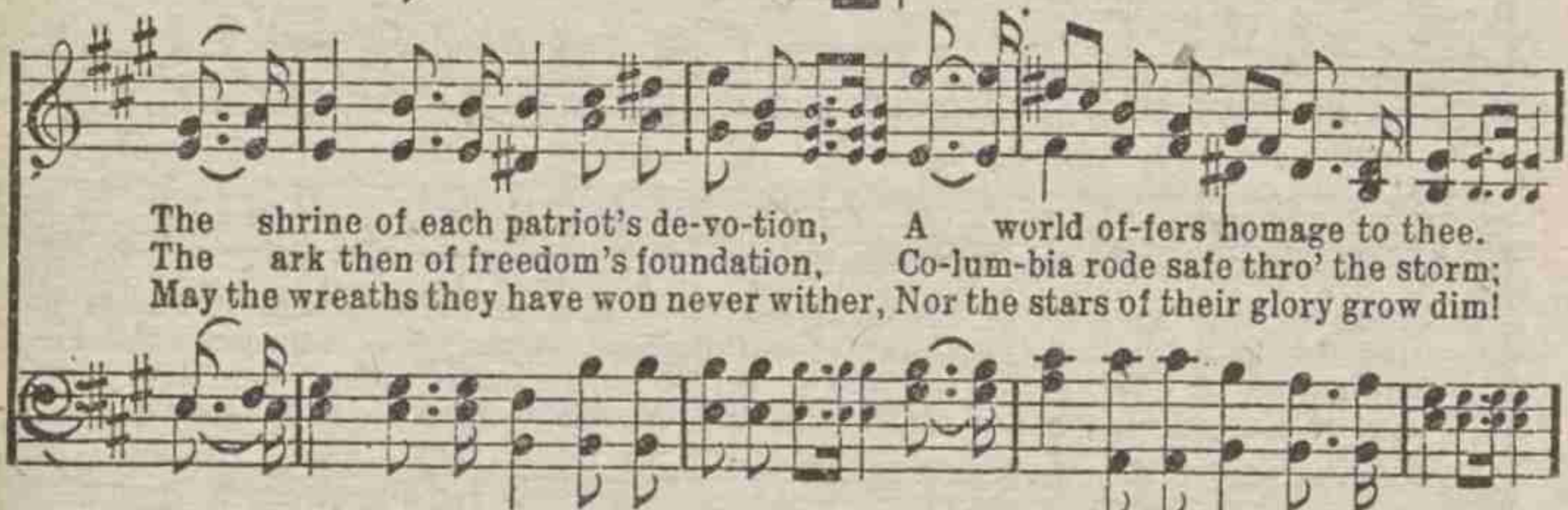
His truth is marching on.
His day is marching on.
Our God is marching on.
While God is marching on.



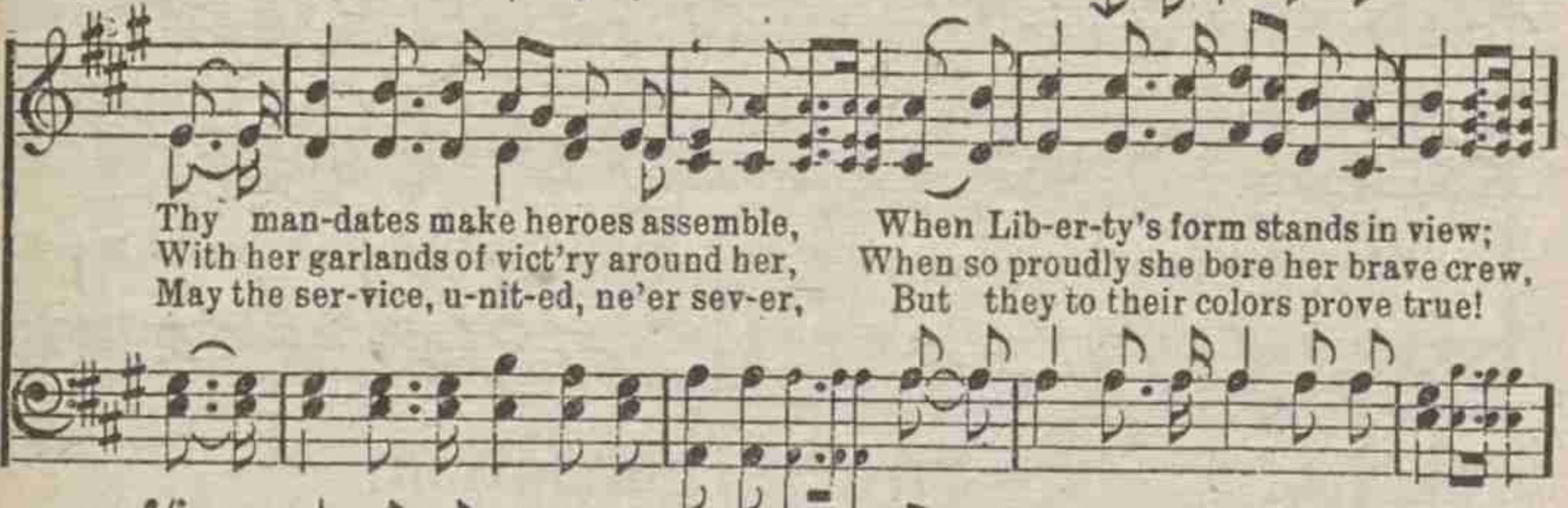
The Red, White and Blue.



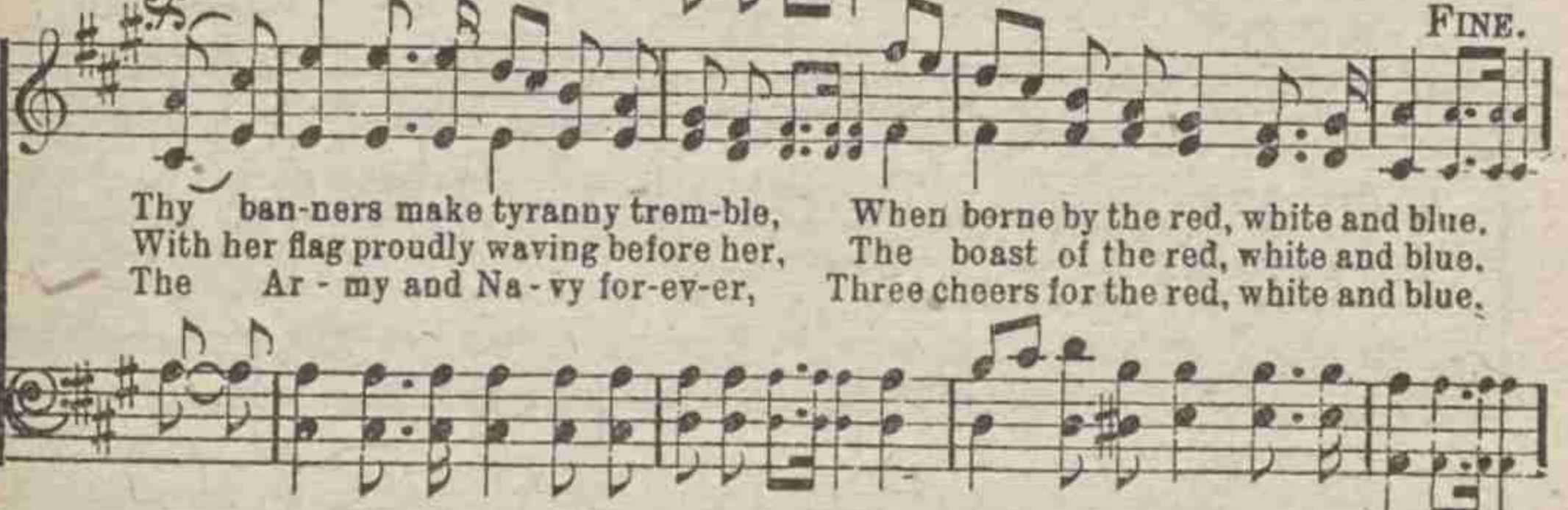
1. O Co-lum-bia! the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free,
 2. When war winged its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-form,
 3. Then, sons of Co-lum-bia, come hither, And join in our na-tion's sweet hymn;



The shrine of each patriot's de-vot-ion, A world of-fers homage to thee.
 The ark then of freedom's foundation, Co-lum-bia rode safe thro' the storm;
 May the wreaths they have won never wither, Nor the stars of their glory grow dim!

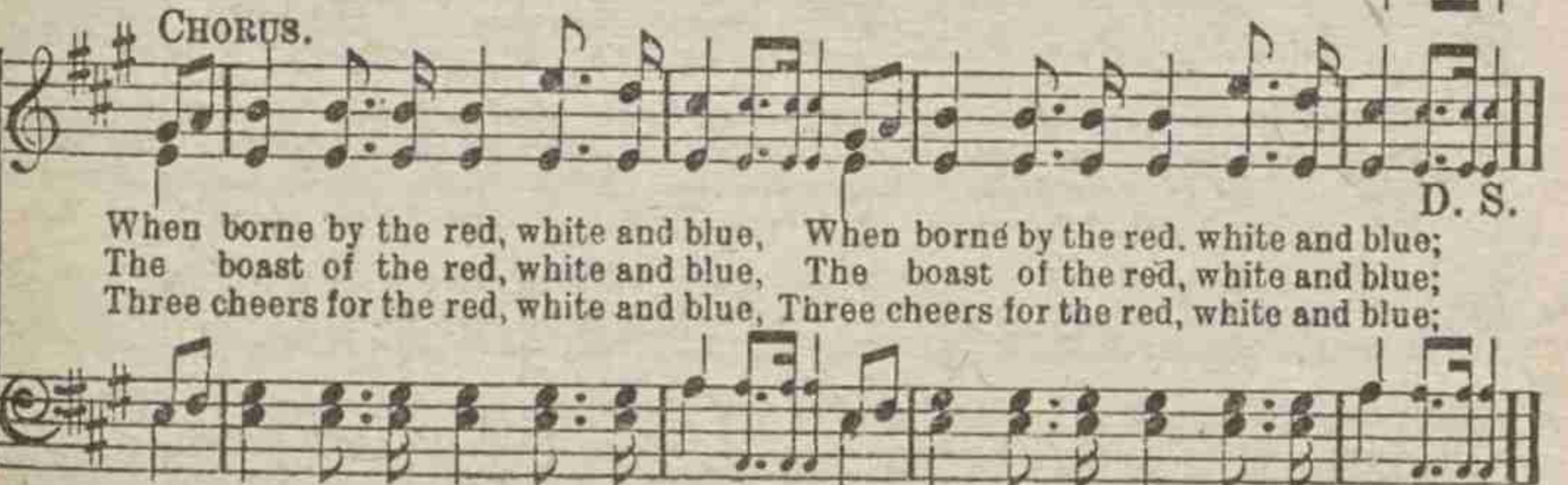


Thy man-dates make heroes assemble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
 With her garlands of vict'ry around her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
 May the ser-vice, u-nit-ed, ne'er sev-er, But they to their colors prove true!



Thy ban-ners make tyranny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
 With her flag proudly waving before her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
 The Ar-my and Na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

CHORUS.



When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue;
 The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue;
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue;

D. S.

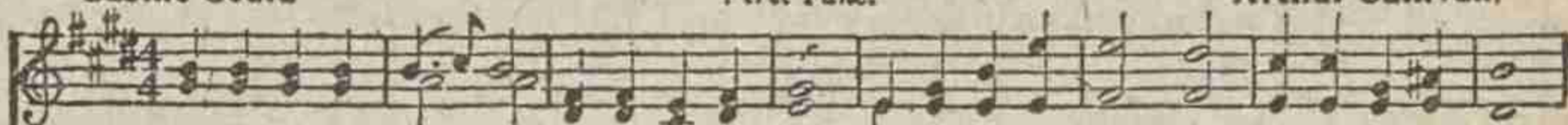
Devotional Hymns

No. 112. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould

First Tune.

Arthur Sullivan.



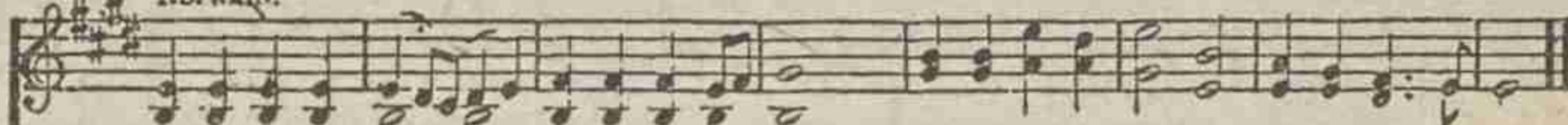
1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;
 2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry!
 3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
 4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;




Christ the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
 Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic-es, Loud your anthems raise.
 We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.



REFRAIN.



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



No. 113 How Firm a Foundation.

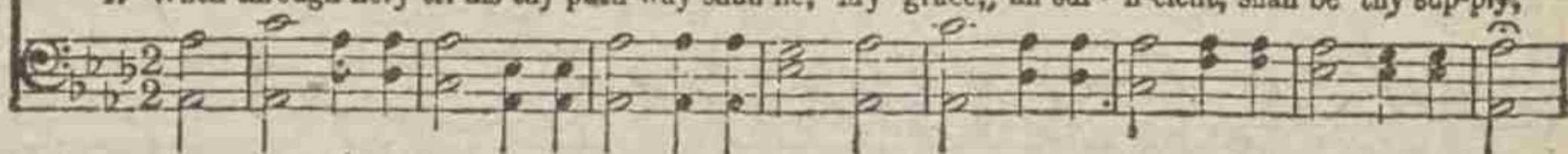
George Keith.

First Tune.

Anne Steele.



1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel-lent word!
 2. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dis-mayed! For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
 3. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of sor-row shall not o-ver-flow,
 4. "When through fiery tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, All-suf - fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply,




What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for ref-uge to Je - sus have fled?
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand Up - held by my gra-cious, om-nip - o-tent hand.
 For I will be with thee, thy tri - als to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
 The flame shall not hurt thee - I on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re - fine.



5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
 I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
 I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

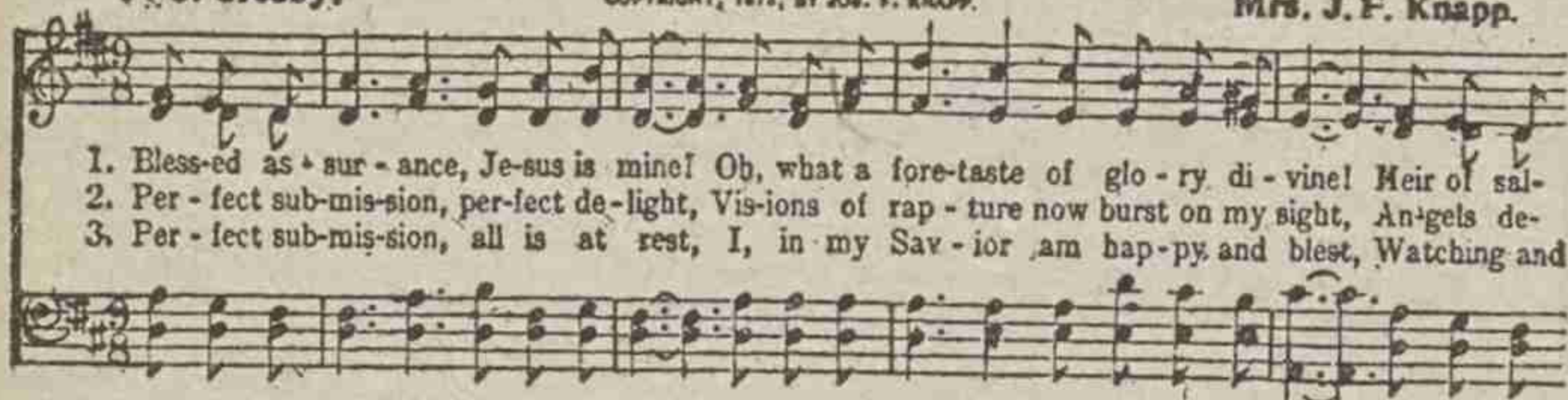
No. 114.

Blessed Assurance.

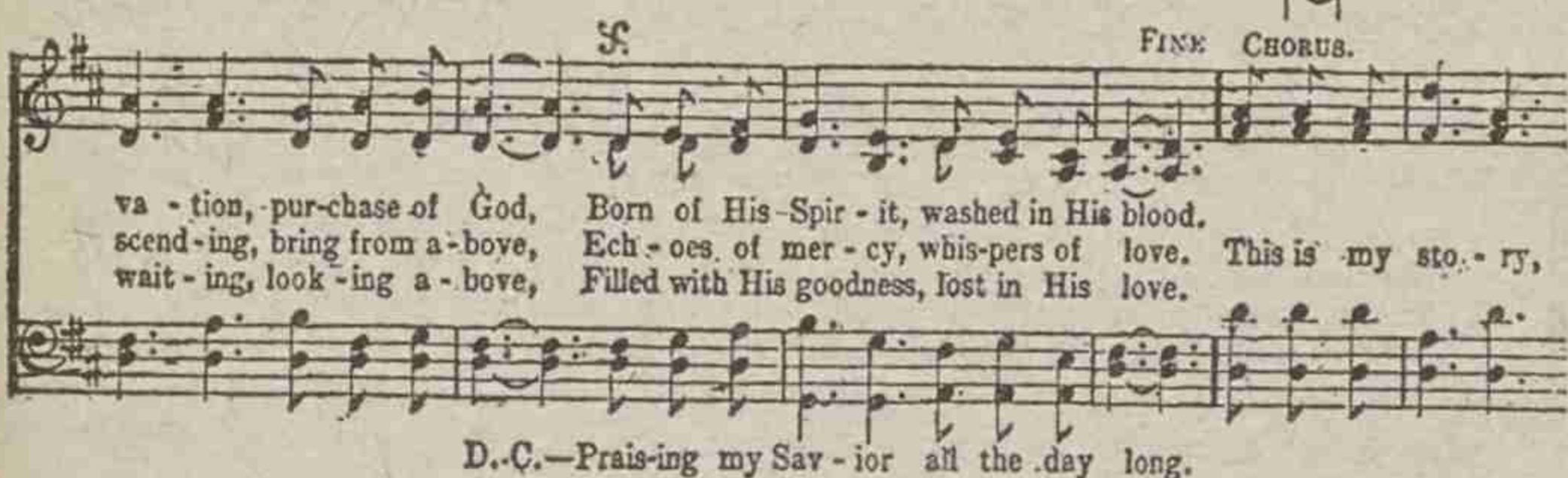
F. J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1872, BY JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

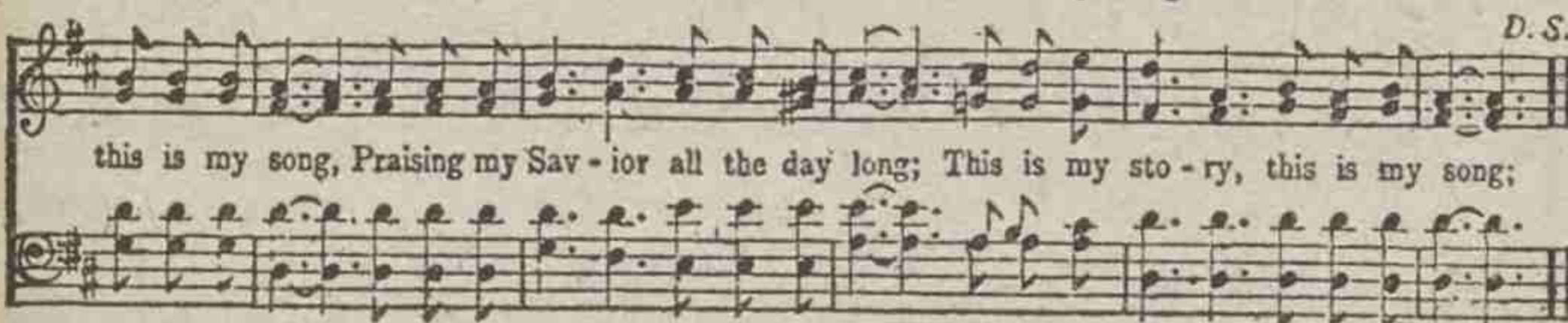


1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Ob, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal -
 2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight, An-gels de-
 3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav - ior am hap-py and blest, Watching and



va - tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His - Spir - it, washed in His blood.
 scend-ing, bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry,
 wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

D.C.—Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long.



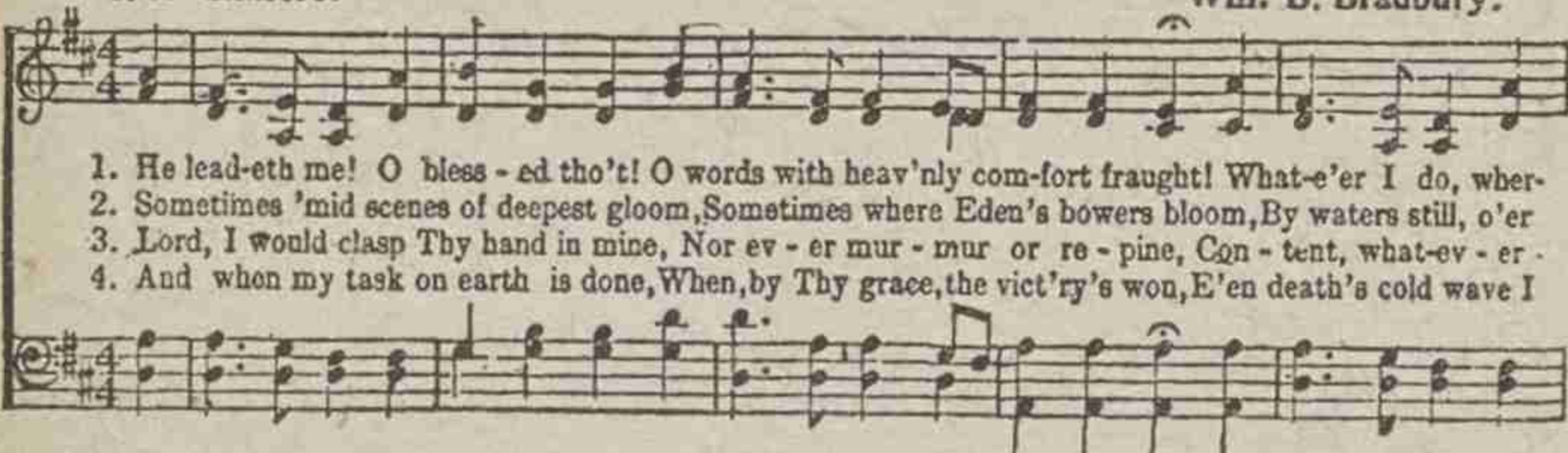
this is my song, Praising my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song;

No. 115.

He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Ollmore.

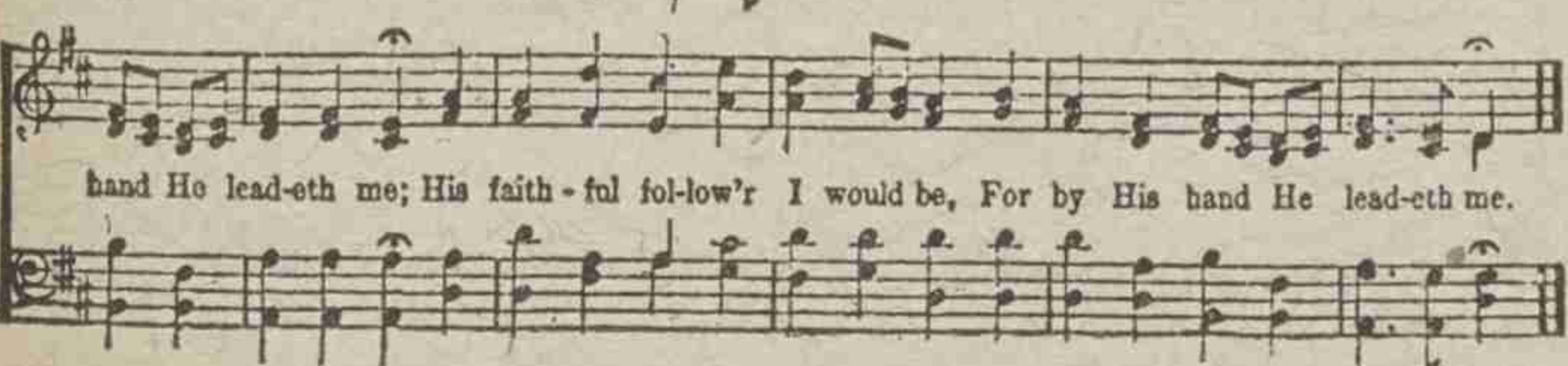
Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. He lead-eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, wher-
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine, Con - tent, what-ev - er
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I



e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 troub-led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own
 lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.



hand He lead-eth me; His faith - ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

No. 116.

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.

pp

1. Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
 2. Why should we tar-ry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for you and for me?
 3. Time is now fleet-ing, the moments are pass-ing, Pass-ing from you and from me;
 4. Think of the won-der-ful love He has prom-ised, Prom-ised for you and for me;

At the heart's por-tal He's wait-ing and watch-ing, Watch-ing for you and for me.
 Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mer-cies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
 Shadows are gath'-ring, and death's night is com-ing, Com-ing for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS.

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,
 Come home, come home,

p *rit.* *pp*

Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

No. 117.

America.

S. F. Smith.

The National Song of America.

English.

1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 2. My na-tive coun-try thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor-tal
 4. Our fa-ther's God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

fa-thers died, Land of the pil-grim's pride, From ev-'ry mount-ain side, Let free-dom ring!
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem-pled hills, My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a-bove,
 tongues awake, Let all that breathe par-take, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long.
 land be bright With free-dom's ho-ly light, Pro-TECT us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 118 I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey.

USED BY PERMISSION OF WIL. G. FISCHER

William G. Fischer.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it, seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing



Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
Of all our gold - en - dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,



CHORUS.



It sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else would do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.



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



No. 119. Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall.

John T. Grape



- 1 I hear the Savior say, 'Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.'



CHORUS.



Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.



2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3- For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

No. 120. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer.

Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark - ness
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul - len stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior

while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
 died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
 turn to day, Wipe sor - rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, — A ran - domed soul.

No. 121. My Jesus I Love Thee.

English.

First Tune.

A. J. Gordon.

1. My Je - sus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
 2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lettest me breath,
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;

My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
 I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
 And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."
 I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."

No. 122. Praise God.

Thomas Ken.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

Louis Bourgeois

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

No. 123. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name,

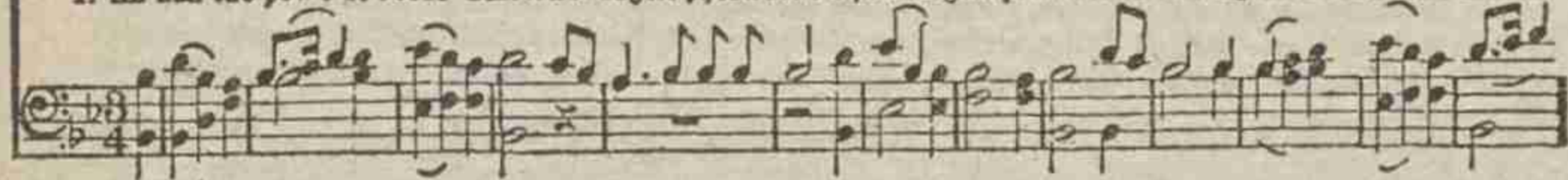
E. Perronet.

First Tune.

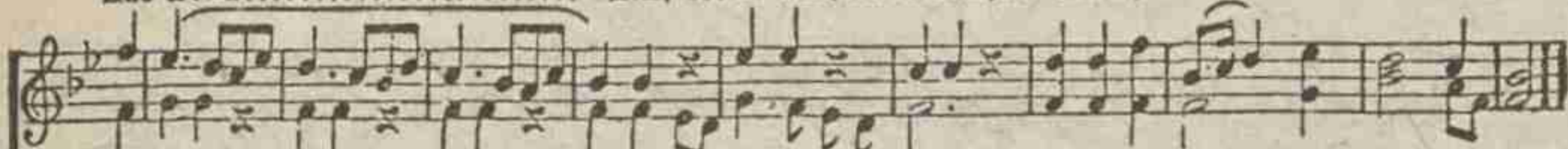
James Ellor.



1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem,



And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him;



And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him;



And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all

4 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 124. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet.

Second Tune.

Oliver Holden.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem,



And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.



No. 125. All Hail the Power.

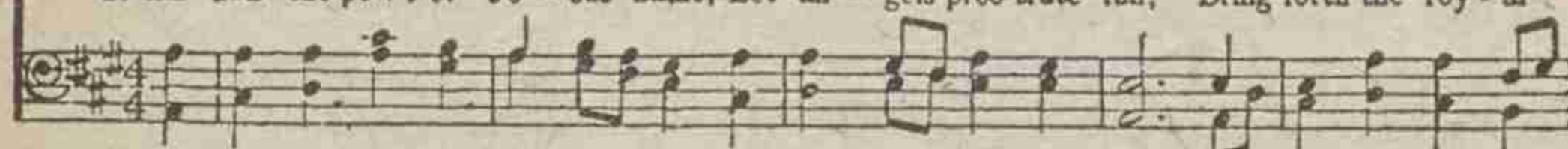
Edward Perronet.

Third Tune.

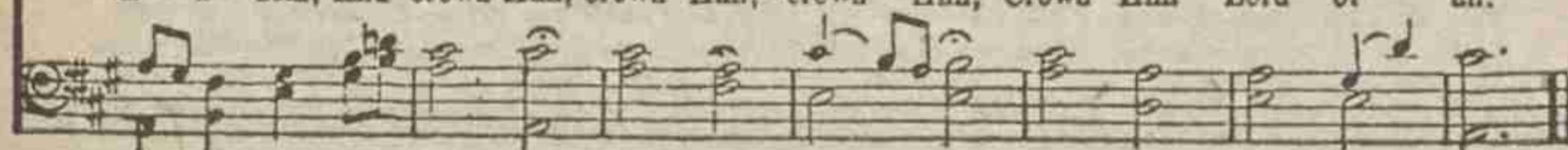
William Shrubsole.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy-al



di-a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.



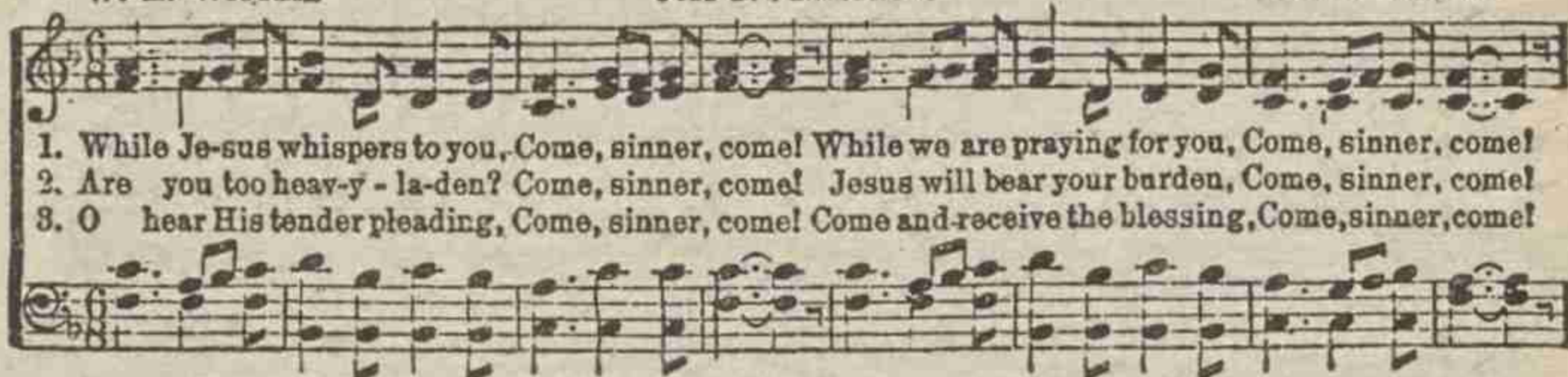
No. 126.

While Jesus Whispers.

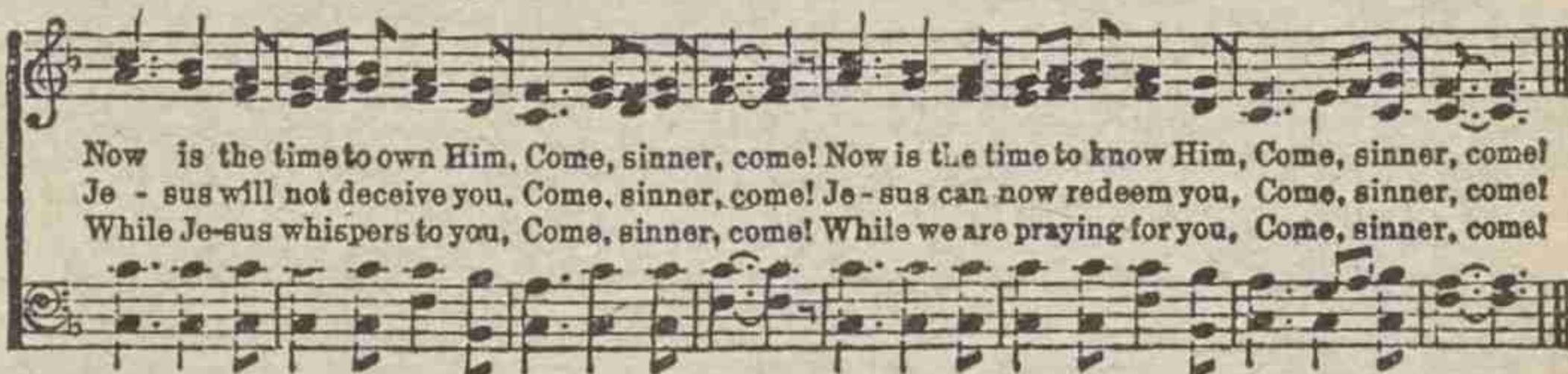
W. E. WITTER.

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H. B. 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! Jesus 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 Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

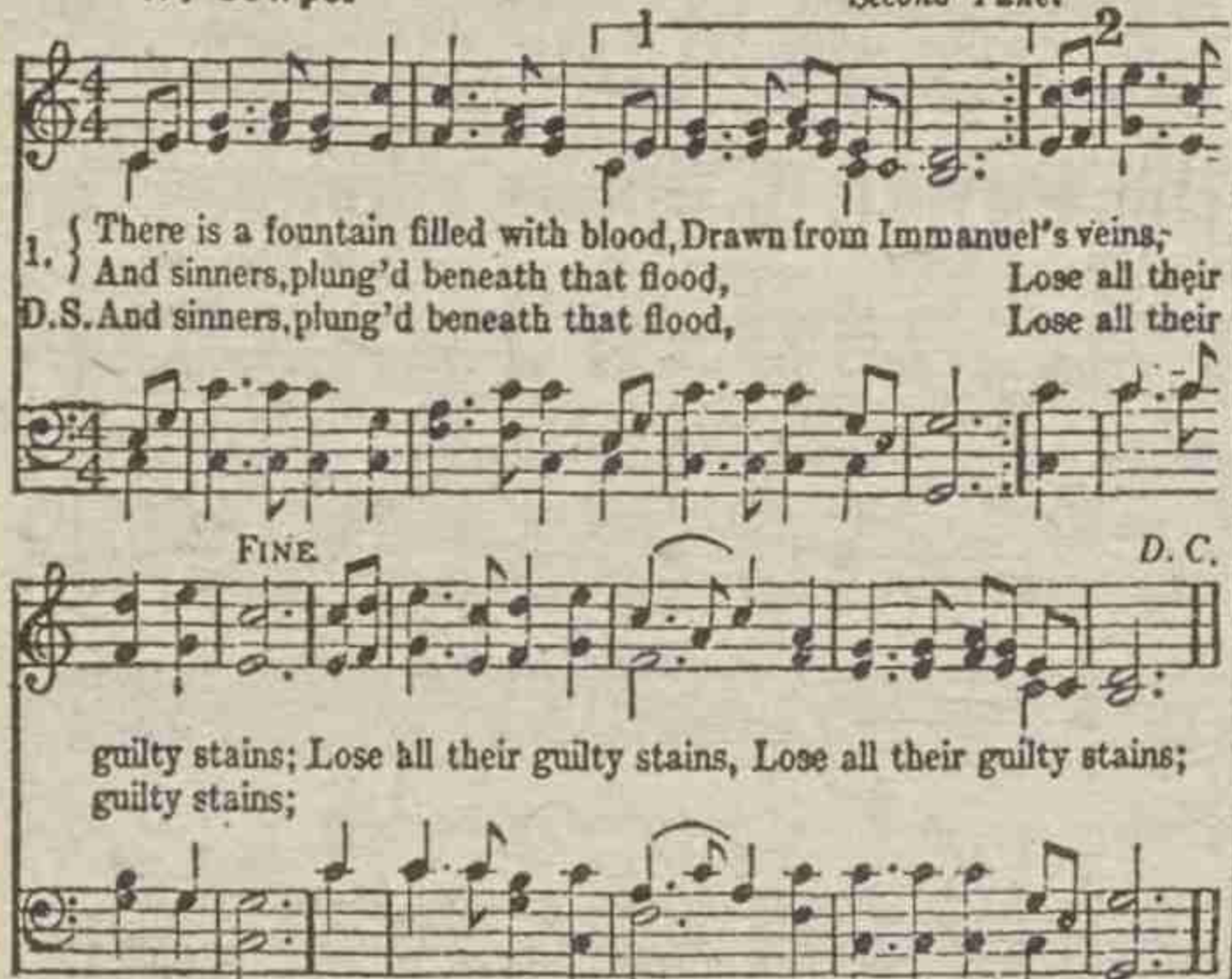
No. 127.

There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper

Second Tune.

Lowell Mason.



1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their
D.S. And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their
guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;
guilty stains;

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dyin': Lamb, Thy precious
Shall never lose its power, [blood,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the
Thy flowing wounds supply [stream
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue

No. 128.

Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury.

William F. Sherwin.



1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Be-side the sea,
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy dis - ci - ples lived In Gal - i - lee;

Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O Liv - ing Word!
Then shall all bon-dage cease, All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All.
Then, all my strug-gles o'er, Then vic-t'ry won, I shall be-hold Thee, Lord, The Liv - ing One.

No. 129. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley.

First Tune.

J. P. Holbrook.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa - ters
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a -
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the
 4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a -

roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, Till the
 lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
 faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am
 bound; Make and keep me pure with - in. Thou of life the fount - ain art, Free - ly

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
 help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 all un - right - eous - ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 130. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Second Tune.

FINE

S. B. Marsh, D. C.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, } { Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, }
 { While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high, } { Till the storm of life is past; }
 D. C. - Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!

No. 131. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

Second Tune.

D. S.

1. { Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee; }
 { E'en tho' it be a cross, (Omit.) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God to Thee, }
 D. S. - Nearer, my God, to Thee, (Omit.) Near - er to Thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee;
 Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that Thou sendest me,
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee;
 Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

No. 132.

What a Friend.

H. Bonar.

C. C. Converse.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a priv-i-lege to car - ry
D. S. - All be-cause we do not car - ry

Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer! O what peace we oft - en for - leit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.

1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

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

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

No. 133.

Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am! with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me
2. Just as I am! and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout With many a conflict many a doubt, Fighting and fears with-

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

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

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 134.

Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady.

Second Tune.

FINE

Thomas Hastings. D. C.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; } Let the wa - ter and the blood, }
D. C. - Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. } From Thy wounded side which flow'd }

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

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

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

No. 135. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley.

Felice Giardini.



1. Come, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: FA-ther all-
 2. Come, Thou in-ter-nate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword, Our prayer at-tend; Come, and Thy
 3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-et, Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear In this glad hour; Thou who at-
 4. To the great Oae in Three, The high-est prais-es be Hence, ev-er more! His sov'reign



glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of days!
 peo-ple bless, And give Thy Word suc-cess: Spir-it of hol-i-ness, On us de-scend!
 might-y art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r!
 maj-es-ty May we in glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore!

No. 136. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.



1. Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
 There to my heart was the blood applied; } Glory to His name.
 2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je-sus so sweet-ly a-bides with-in,
 There at the cross where He took me in; } Glory to His name.
 D.C.— There to my heart was the blood applied, } Glory to His name.



CHORUS. D.C.
 Glo-ry to His name, Glo-ry to His name;

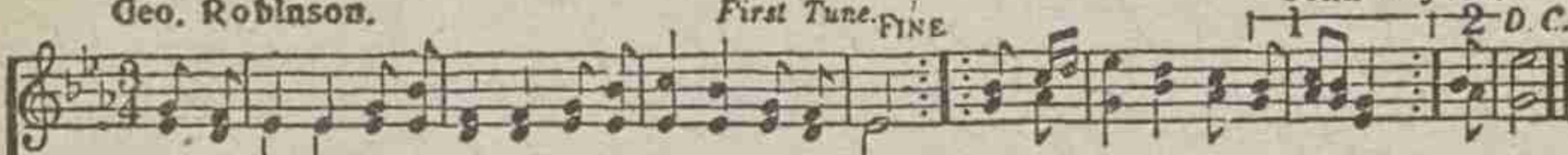
3. Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
 I am so glad I have entered in;
 There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
 Glory to His name.
 4. Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
 Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
 Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
 Glory to His name.

No. 137. Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson.

First Tune. FINE

John Wyeth.



1. Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, } Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise, } Sung by flam-ing tongues } a-bove;
 D.C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.

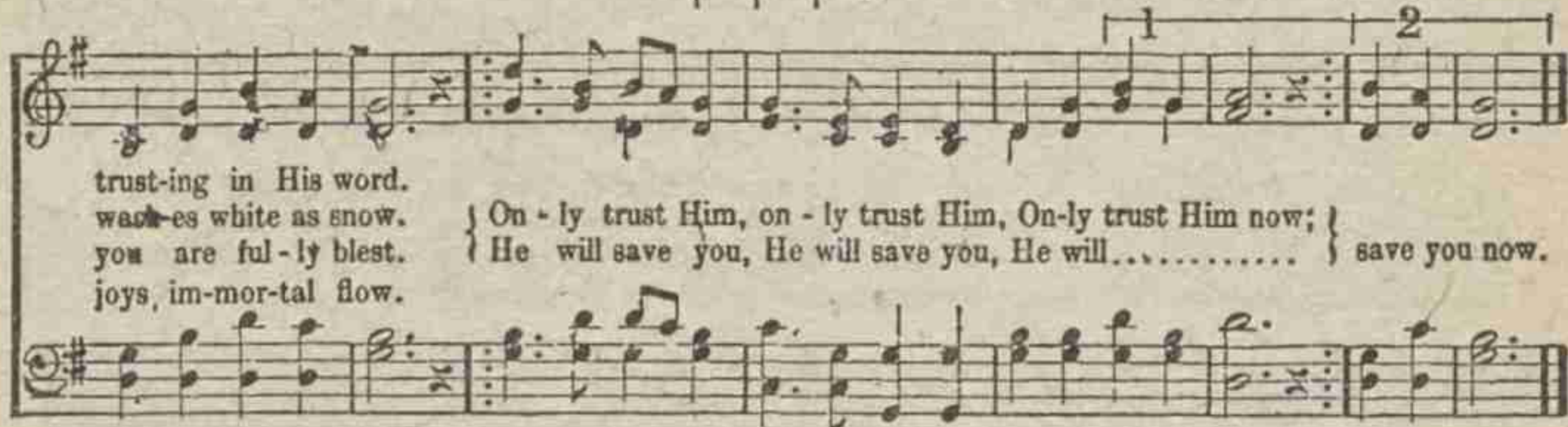
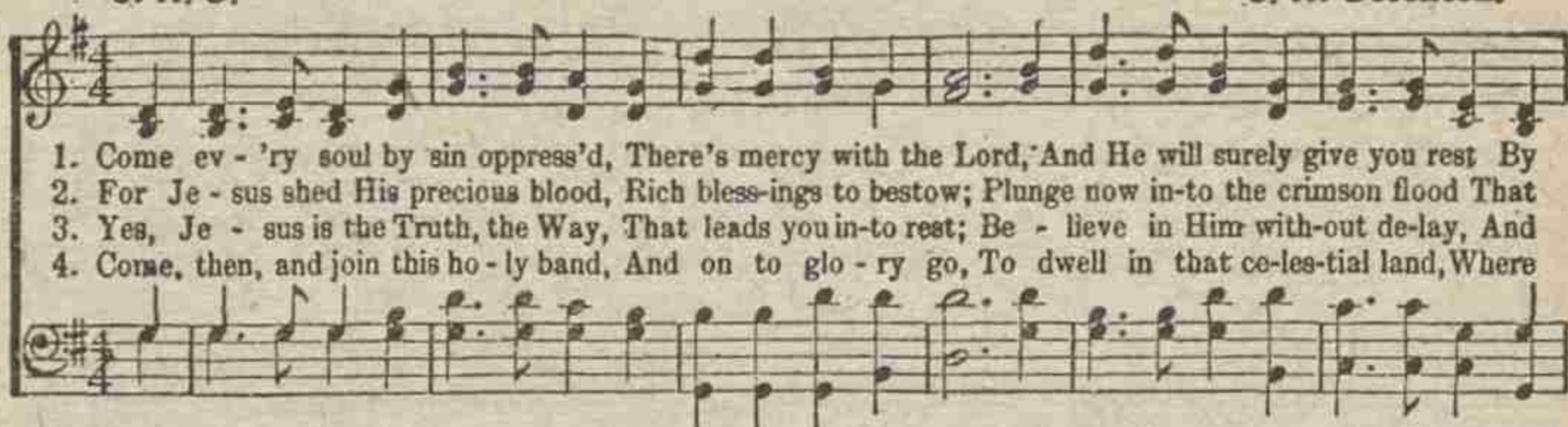
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise;
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it!
 Mount of Thy redeeming love.
 2. Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by Thy help I'll come;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home:
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.
 3. Oh, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love; [it,
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 138.

J. H. S.

Only Trust Him.

J. H. Stockton.

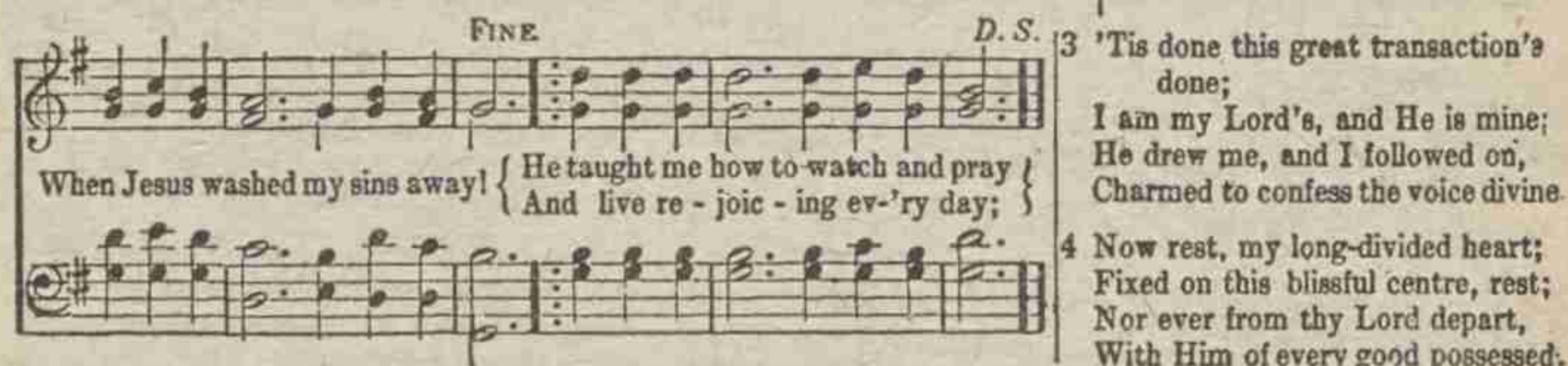
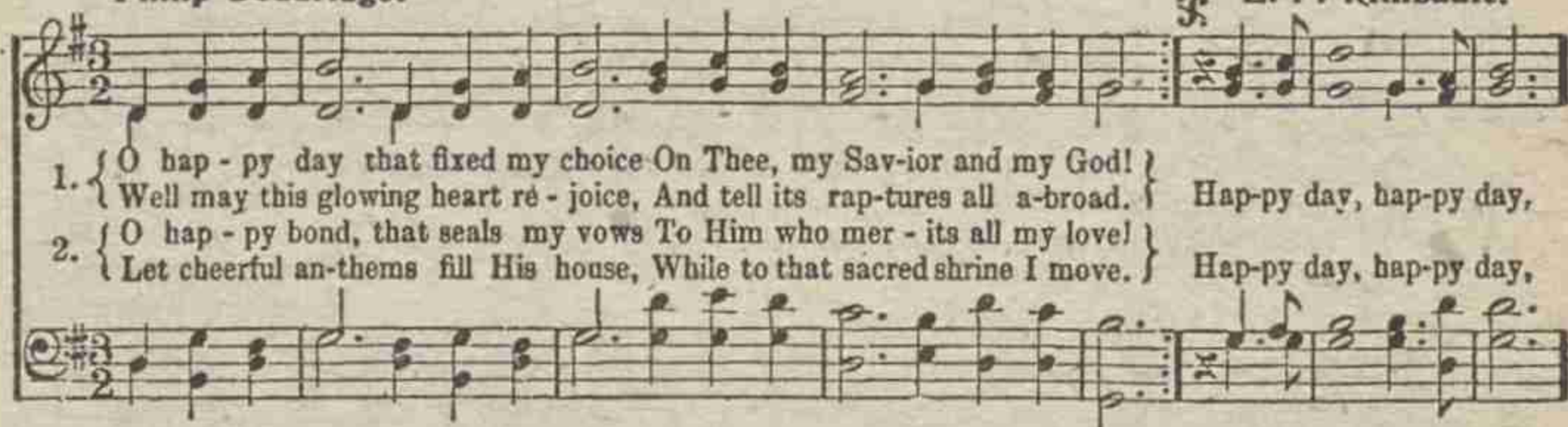


No. 139.

Philip Doddridge.

O Happy Day.

E. F. Rimbault.



No. 140.

Wm. P. Mackay.

Revive Us Again.

J. J. Husband.



No. 141.

There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

USED BY PER. W. L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND
THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

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

When the saints and the 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. 142.

The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote.

BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. { My hope is built on nothing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness; } On Christ the Sol-id
{ I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name. }

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

2 When darkness veils His lovely face; 3 His oath, His covenant, His blood 4 When He shall come with trumpet sound
I rest on His unchanging grace; Support me in the whelming flood; O may I then in Him be found,
In every high and stormy gale, When all around my soul gives way. Drest in His righteousness alone,
My anchor holds within the vail. He then is all my hope and stay. Fearless to stand before the throne.

No. 143.

Amazing Grace.

John Newton.

Second Tune.

Arr. by E. O. Excell.

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

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart 3 Thro' many dangers, toils and 4 When we've been there tent hou-
And grace my fears relieved; [to fear I have already come; [snares, Bright shining as the sun, [and years
How precious did that grace appear 'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus We've no less days to sing God's
The hour I first believed! And grace will lead me home. [far, Than when we first begun. [praise

No. 144.

Jesus Saves.

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IN RENEWAL.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Spread the tidings all a -
 2. Wait it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Tell to sin - ners far and
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; By His death and endless
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Let the nations now re -
 round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the
 wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o
 life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the
 voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est
 steeps and cross the waves; Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 back, ye o - cean caves; Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 heart for mer - cy craves, Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 hills and deep - est caves; This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

No. 145.

Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield.

First Tune.

C. J. Webb.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al ban - ner,
 D. S. - Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished
 FINE
 It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry up - to vic - t'ry His arm - y 'shall He lead,
 And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 D. S.
 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;
 Your 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 your 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.

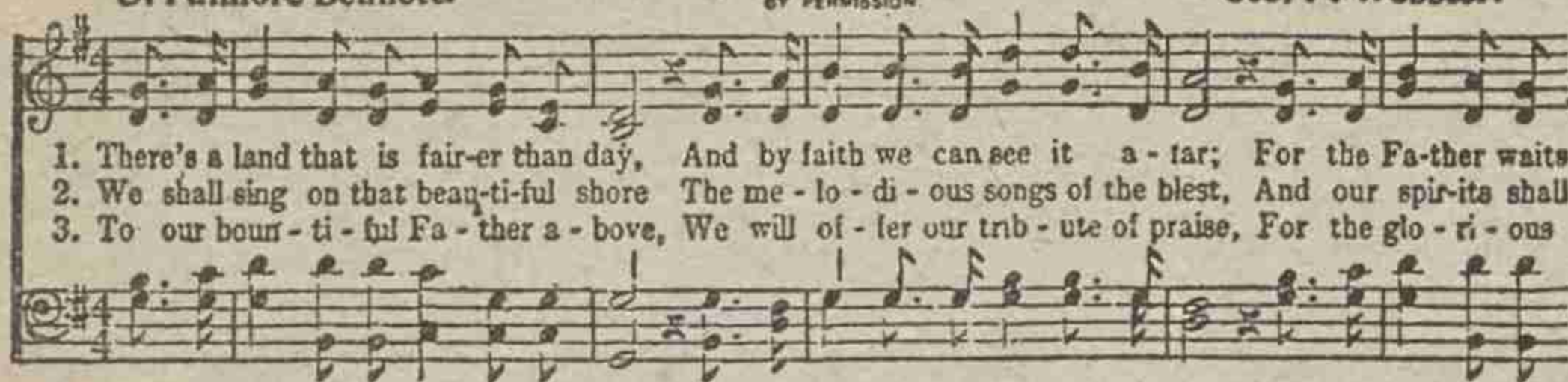
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Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett.

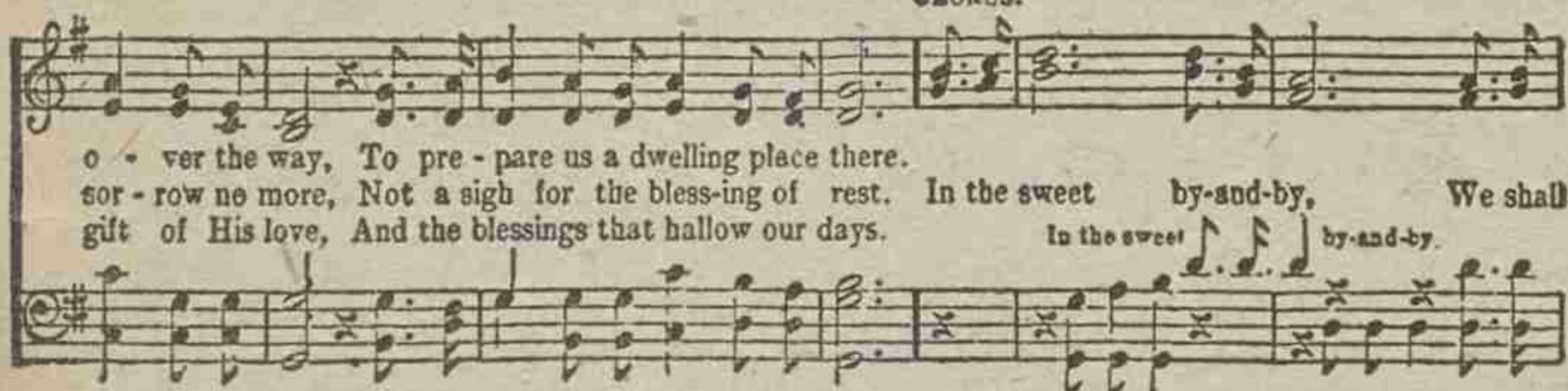
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Jos. P. Webster.

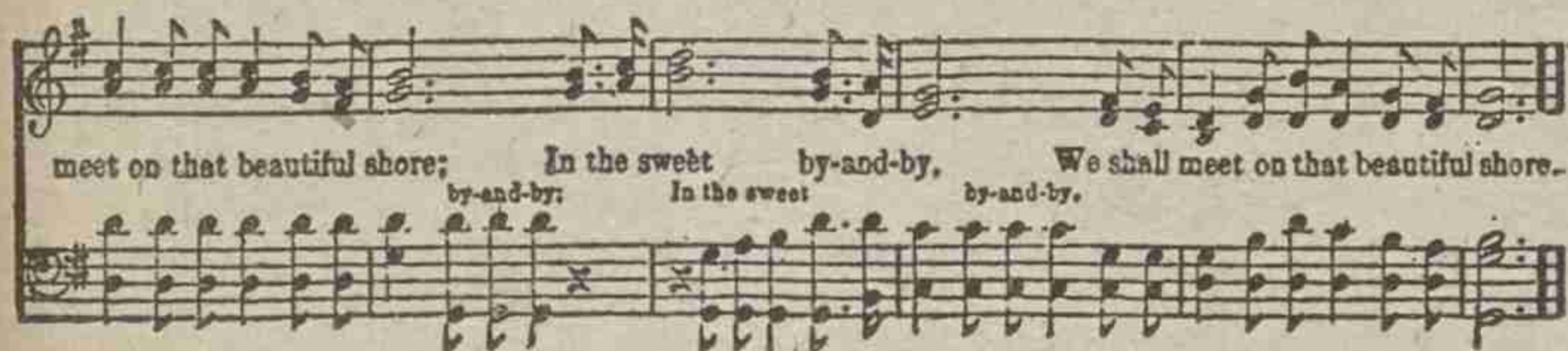


1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa-ther waits
 2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir-its shall
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous

CHORUS.



o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwelling place there.
 sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall
 gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days. In the sweet by-and-by.



meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
 by-and-by; In the sweet by-and-by.

No. 147.

Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

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WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

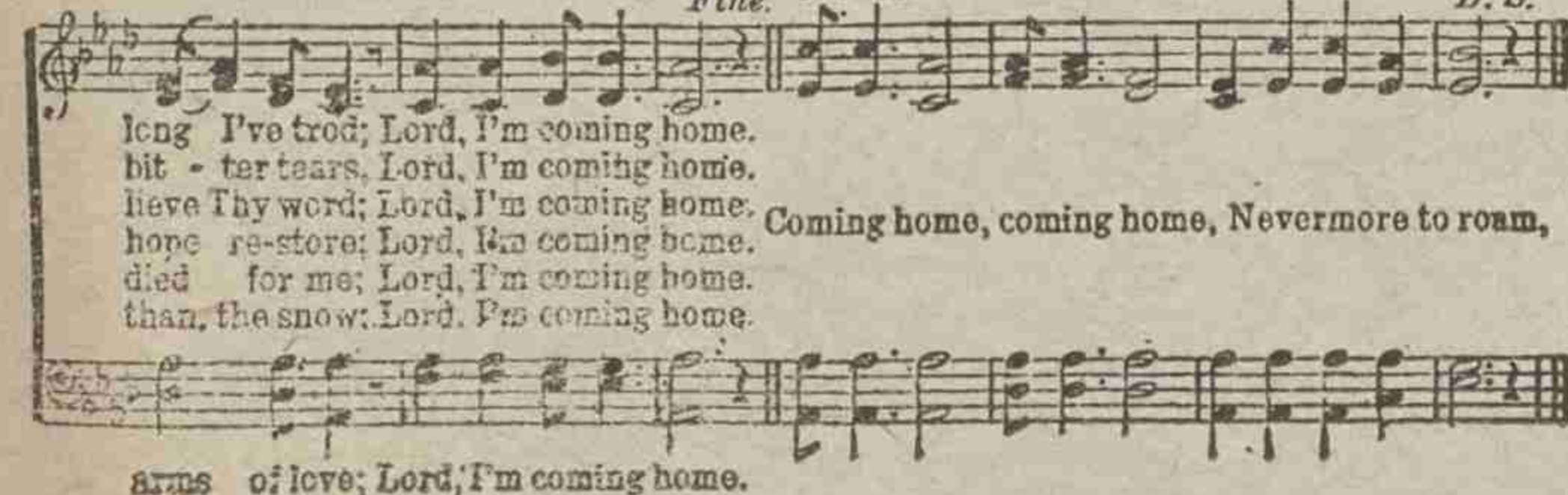


1. I've wand-ered far a - way from God; Now I'm com-ing home; The paths of sin too
 2. I've wast-ed man-y pre-cious years, Now I'm com-ing home; I now re-pent with
 3. I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home; I'll trust Thy love, be-
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home; My strength renew, my
 5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home; That Je - sus died, and
 6. I need His cleansing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home; O wash me whi-ter

D. S.—O - pen wide Thine

Fine. CHORUS.

D. S.

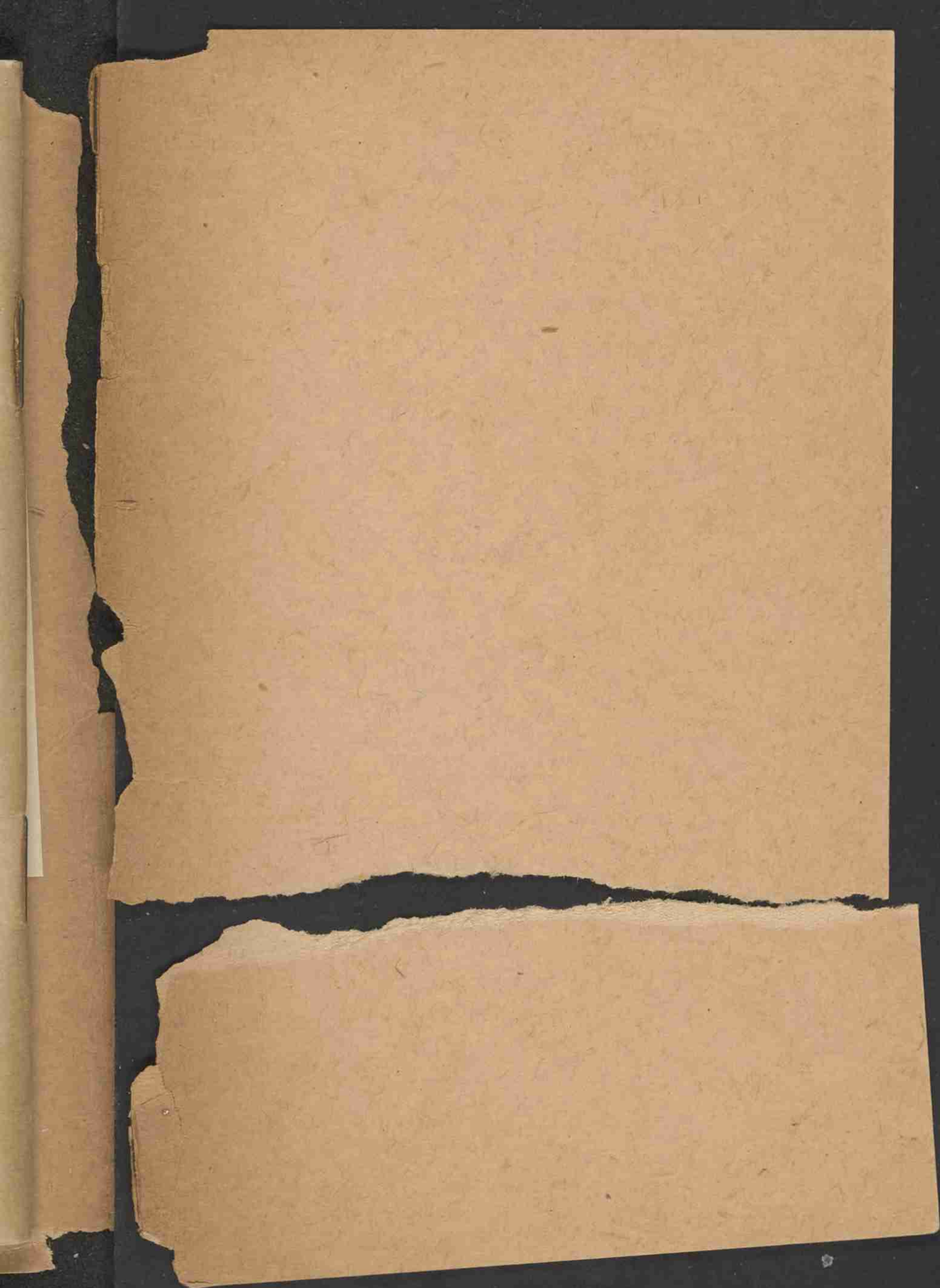


long I've trod; Lord, I'm coming home.
 bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
 heave Thy word; Lord, I'm coming home. Coming home, coming home, Nevermore to roam,
 hope re-store; Lord, I'm coming home.
 died for me; Lord, I'm coming home.
 than, the snow; Lord, I'm coming home.
 arms of love; Lord, I'm coming home.

SELECT GOSPEL SONGS.

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