Melodious Songs

For Revivals, Sunday-schools and the Home.

EDITED BY

MARVIN H. PRATHER

ASSISTED BY

S. H. PRATHER.

Price 15 cents postpaid—$12.00 per hundred, not prepaid. Special rates to Evangelists.

PUBLISHED BY

MARVIN H. PRATHER,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Pianos,

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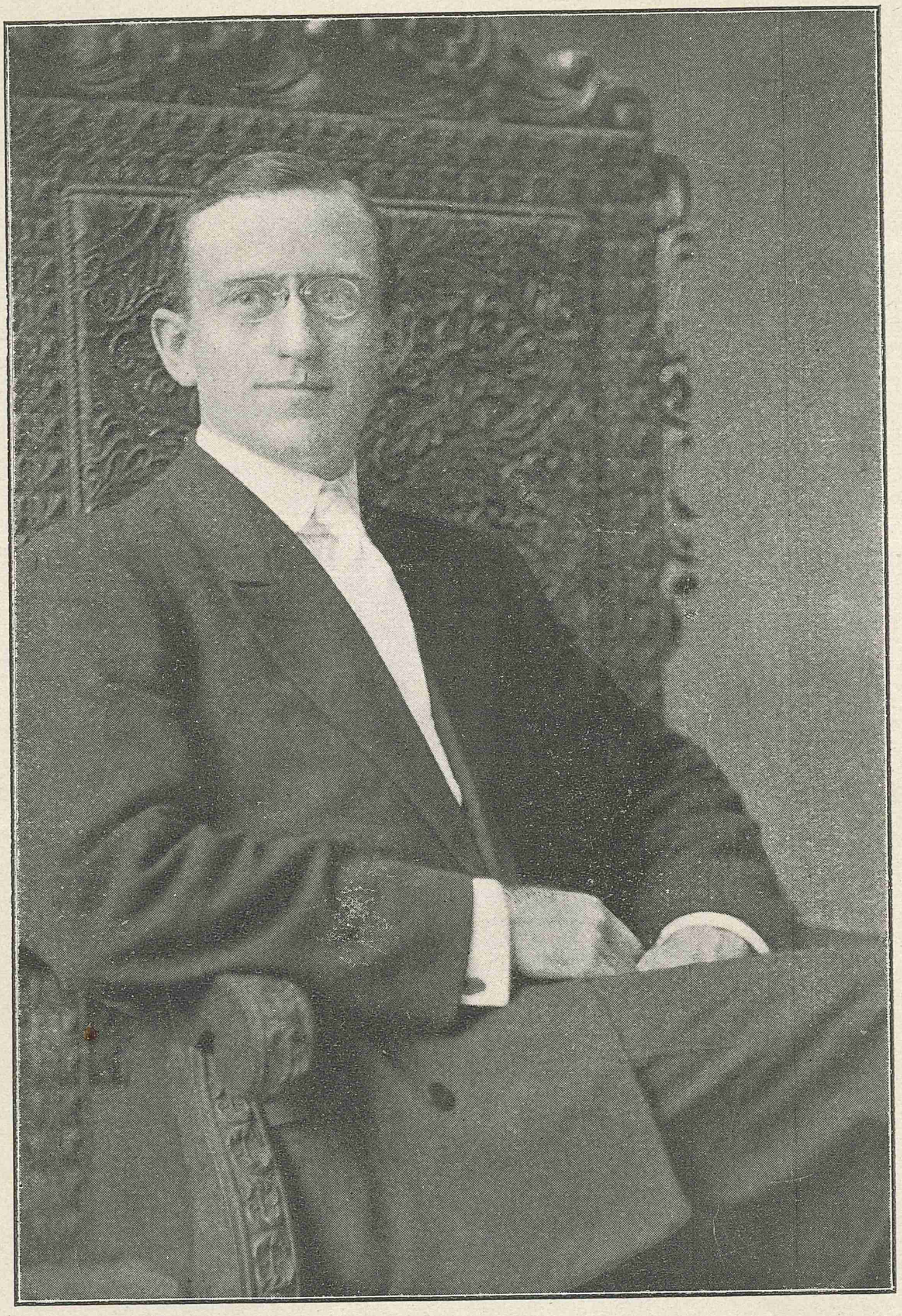

NO HOME COMPLETE WITHOUT A PIANO. WRITE TO-DAY FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICES. CAN MAKE TERMS TO SUIT.

MARVIN H. PRATHER,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

S. H. PRATHER, Song Evangelist,
MADISONVILLE, KY.

No. 1 Give Me Jesus.

Arr. by JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. When I'm hap-py hear me sing, When I'm hap-py hear me sing,
2. When in sorrow hear me pray, When in sorrow hear me pray,
3. When I'm dy-ing hear me cry, When I'm dy-ing hear me cry,
4. When I'm ris-ing hear me shout, When I'm ris-ing hear me shout,
5. When in heav-en we will sing, When in heav-en we will sing,

REFRAIN.

When I'm hap-py hear me sing, Give me Je - sus.
When in sor-row hear me pray, Give me Je - sus.
When I'm dy-ing hear me cry, Give me Je - sus. Give me Je -
When I'm ris-ing hear me shout, Give me Je - sus.
When in heav-en we will sing, Give me Je - sus.

sus, Give me Je - sus, You may have all the world, Give me Je-sus.

No. 2.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

To my wife.

S. H. P. S. H. PRATHER.

1. I am out on a voyage on the o - cean of life,
2. I have had in my life ma - ny red seas to cross,
3. I am now in a land where milk and hon - ey flow,
4. Let us trust in our Pi-lot all thro' the voy'ge of life;

The bil - lows around me roll; Tho' the waves roll
And mount - ains on eith - er hand; And I've cross'd o - ver
And grapes in great clus-ters do grow; And I fol - low my
As up the shin-ing path-way we go; Then we'll make safe the

high and the winds are at strife, Yet I've peace, sweet peace in my soul.
Jor - dan, I'm in the promised land, With my Saviour I sweetly abide.
Lead - er wher - ev - er He goes; 'Tis Je-sus who pi - lots me thro'.
land - ing at the gold-en gate, And meet our friends to part no more.

CHORUS.

Tho' the voyage be long and the ocean wide, Yet the Pilot will bring me thro';
I shall safely ride on the surging tide, For I've always the Pilot in view.

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No. 3. I'M WALKING WITH JESUS.

Dedicated to Rev. C. R. Crowe and wife.

M. H. P. MARVIN H. PRATHER.

1. My soul to-day is feasting On God's eternal word, And I am hap-py serving
2. How sweet to walk with Jesus, And feel His tender care; He's promised to be with me,
He is my Guide and Saviour, With Him I walk each day; He drives away my sorrow,

My Saviour, King and Lord. My all to Him is giv - en, He leads me by His hand,
My burdens help me share. When storms are gath'ring o'er me, And trials hard to bear,
And light illumes the way. By faith I'm looking upward To yon-der mansion fair,

CHORUS.

I love to trust Him ev-er, And walk as He has planned.
He whispers sweetly to me, "I'm with you ev'rywhere." I'm walking with Je-sus,
Where I shall live for-ev-er, And be with Jesus there.

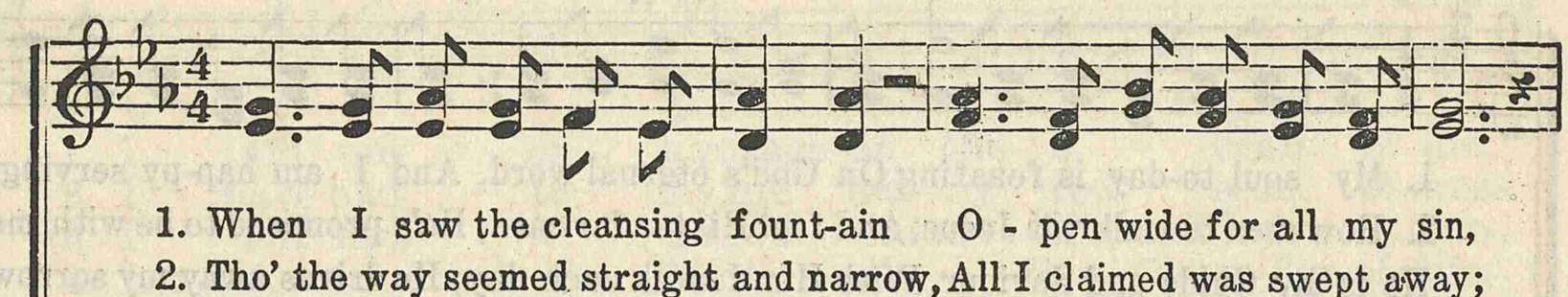
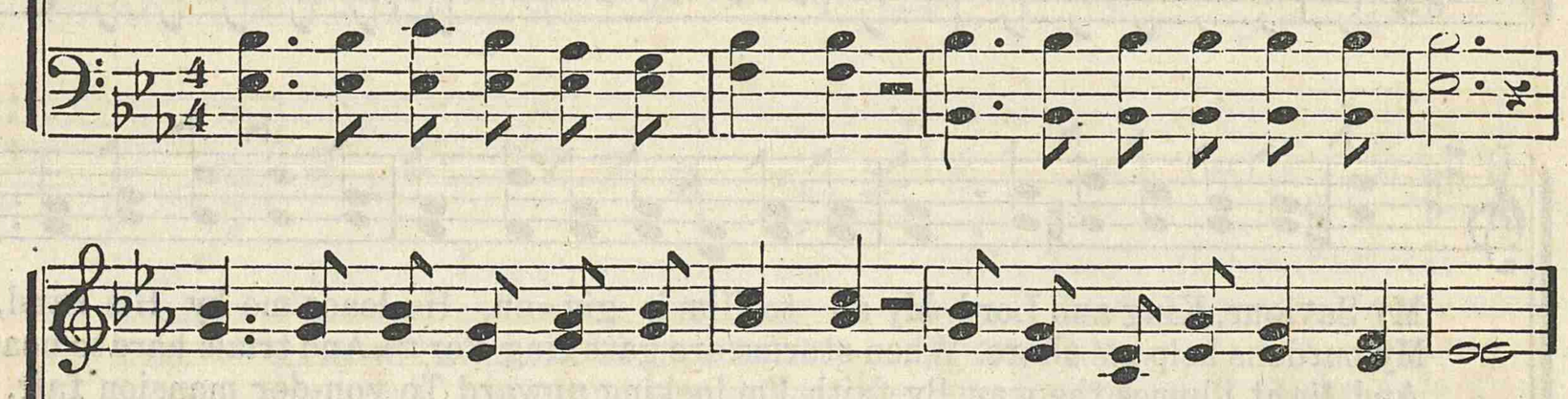
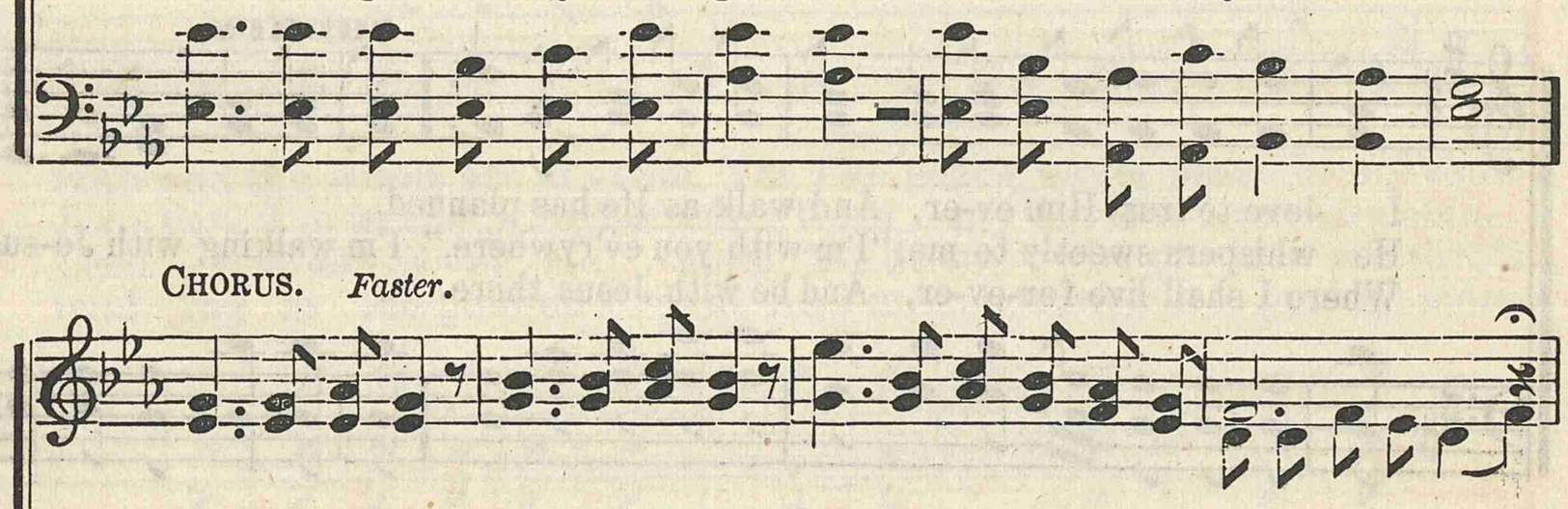
No friend like Him to me; I'm walking with Je-sus, My Lead-er He will be;

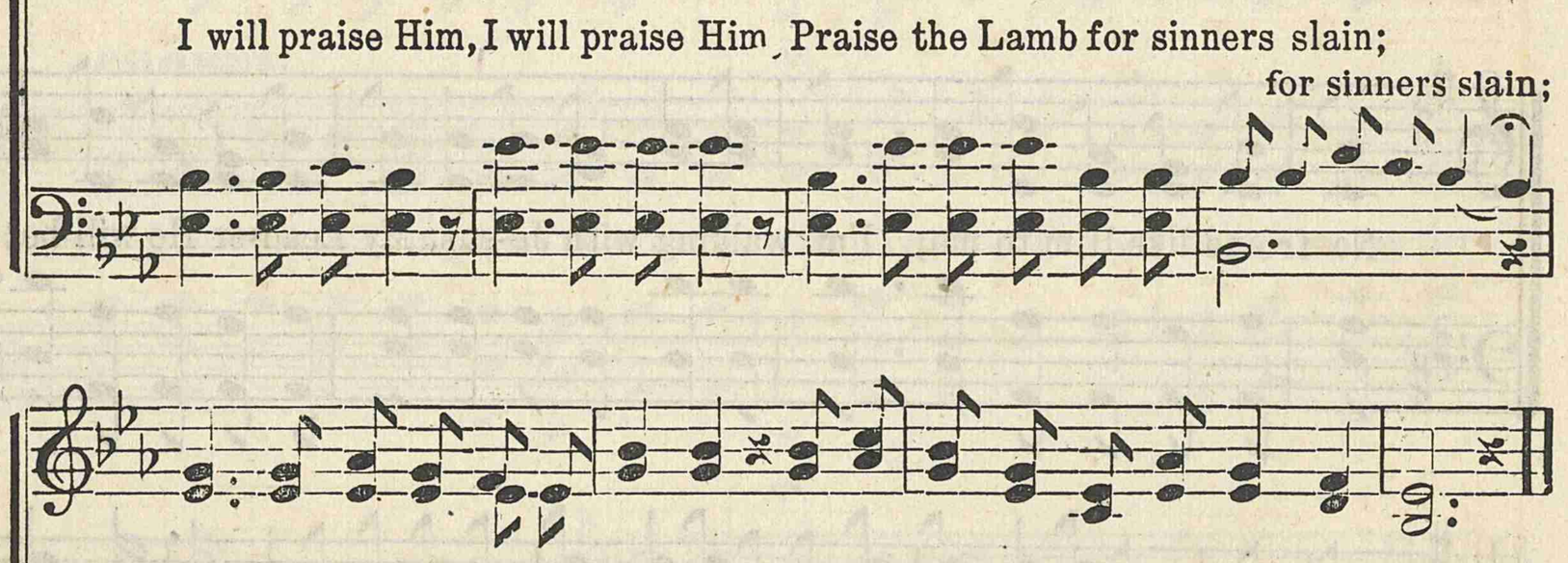
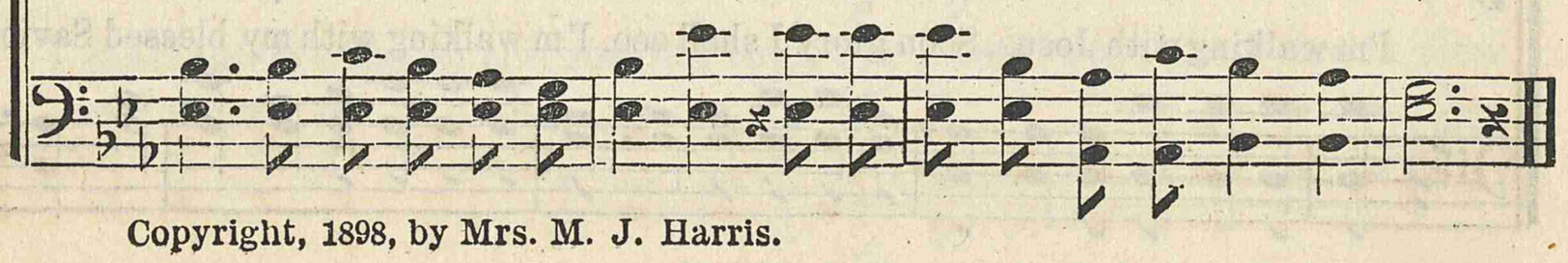
I'm walking with Jesus, Soon glory I shall see, I'm walking with my blessed Saviour.

Copyright, 1907, by Marvin H. Prather. Words and music.

No. 4. I Will Praise Him.

Dedicated to my Friend Miss Gertrude Bartholomew.

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

1. When I saw the cleansing fount-ain O - pen wide for all my sin,
2. Tho' the way seemed straight and narrow, All I claimed was swept away;
3. Then God's fire up - on the al - tar Of my heart was set a - flame;
4. Bless - ed be the name of Je - sus, I'm so glad He took me in;

I o - beyed the Spir - it's woo - ing When He said, Wilt thou be clean?
My am - bi-tions, plans, and wish - es, At my feet in ash - es lay.
I shall nev - er cease to praise Him, Glo - ry! glo - ry! to His name.
He's for-giv - en my trans-gres-sions, He has cleansed my heart from sin.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

I will praise Him, I will praise Him, Praise the Lamb for sinners slain;
for sinners slain;

Give Him glo-ry all ye peo-ple, For His blood can wash a-way each stain.

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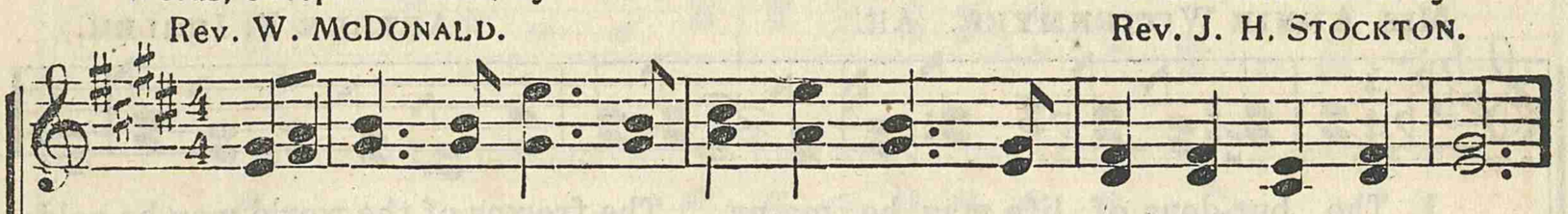
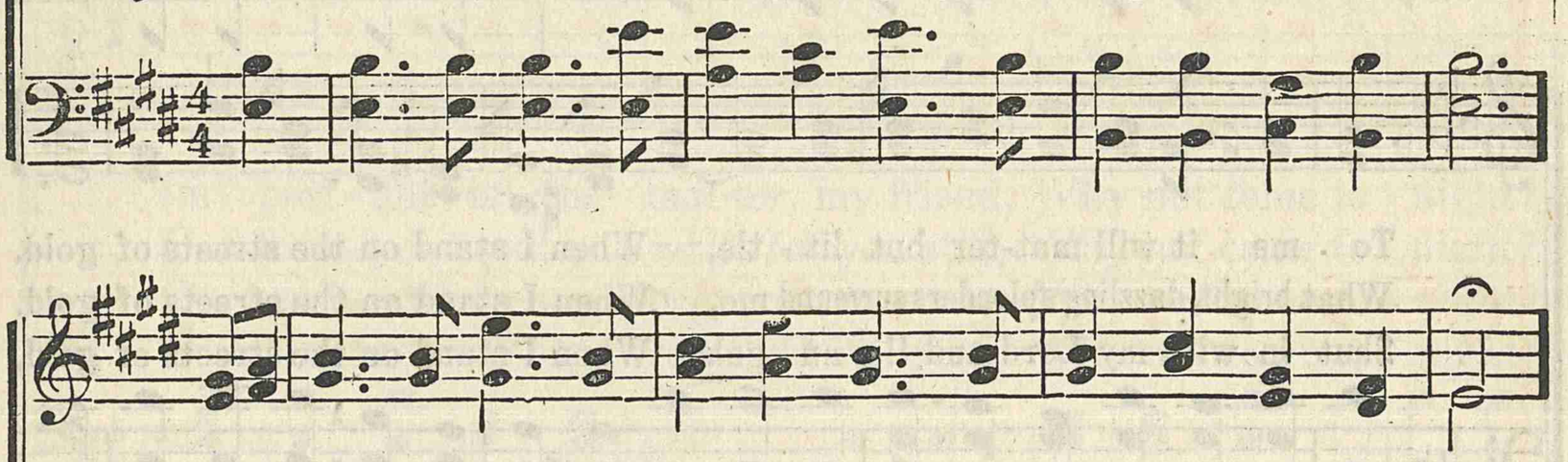
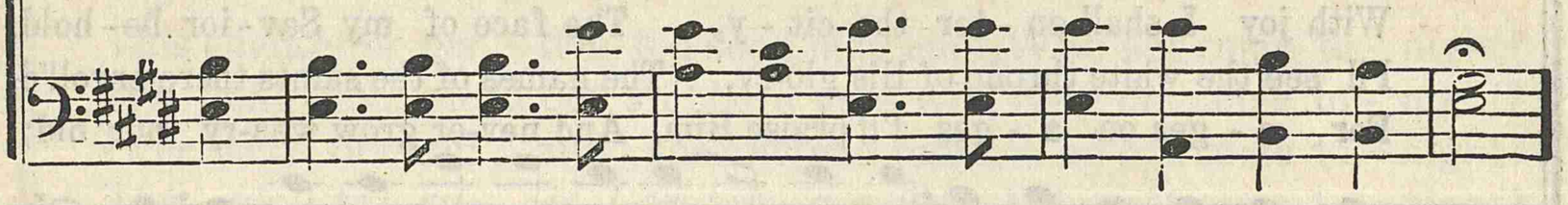
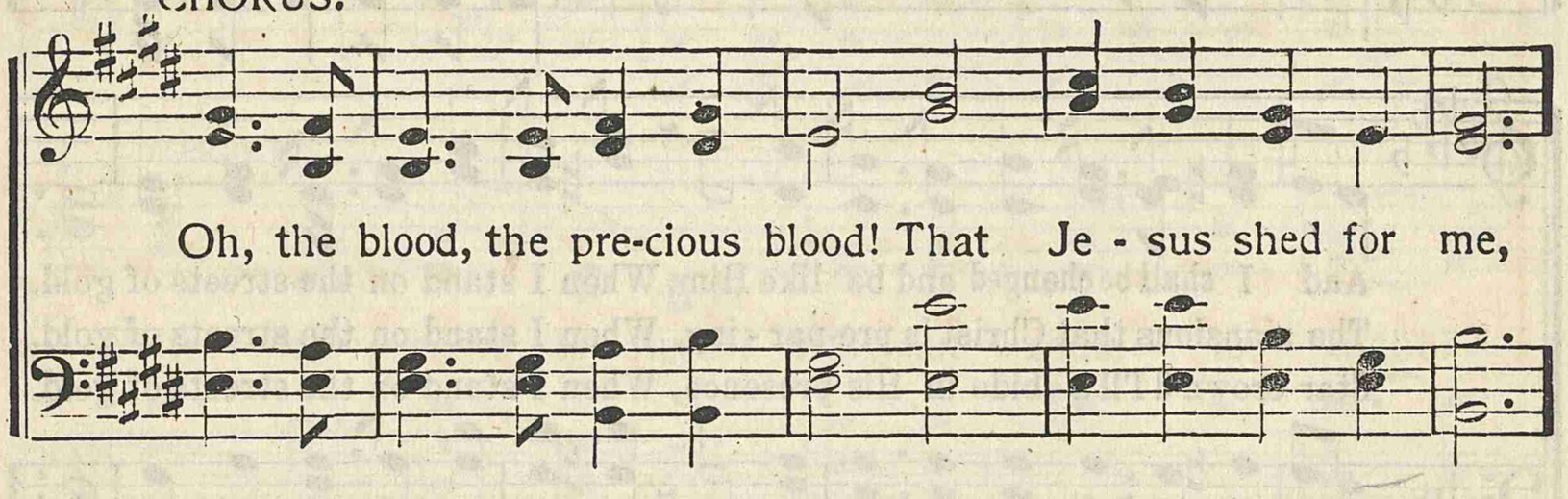
No. 5 The Precious Blood.

Words, except 1st verse, by
Rev. W. McDONALD.

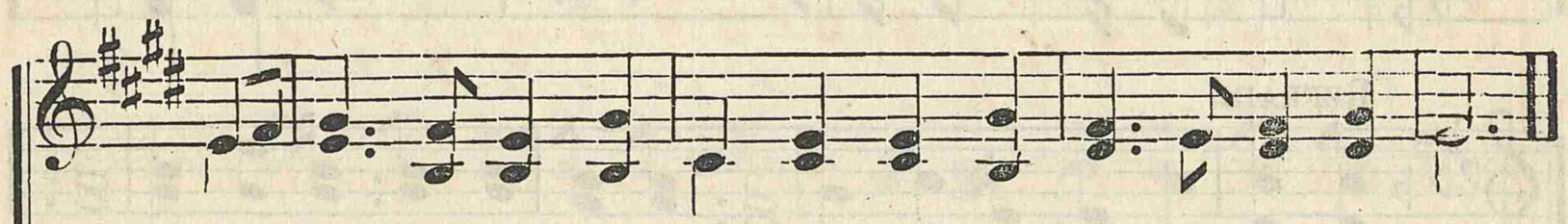
Music and chorus by
Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



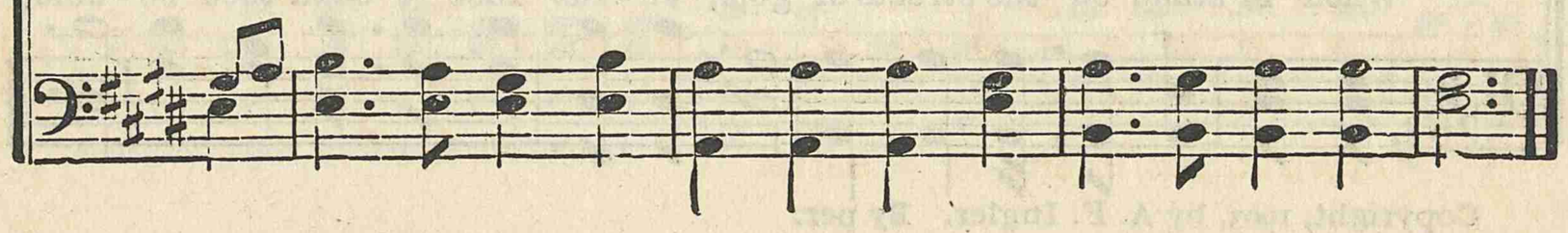
1. The cross! the cross! the blood-stain'd cross! The hallow'd cross I see!
2. A thousand,thousand fountains spring Up from the throne of God;
3. That priceless blood my ran-som paid, While I in bondage stood;
4. By faith that blood now sweeps away My sins, as like a flood;
5. This wondrous theme will best employ My harp be-fore my God,

Re - mind-ing me of precious blood That once was shed for me.
But none to me such blessings bring,As Je - sus' precious blood.
On Je - sus all my sins were laid, He saved me with His blood.
Nor lets one guilt - y blem-ish stay: All praise to Je - sus blood.
And make all heav'n resound with joy,For Je - sus' cleansing blood.

CHORUS.



Oh, the blood, the pre-cious blood! That Je - sus shed for me,



Up - on the cross, in crim-son flood, Just now by faith I see.



ON THE STREETS OF GOLD.

(Rev. 21: 21.)

MRS. ANNIE WITTENMYER. Alt. ARTHUR F. INGLER.

1. The bur-dens of life may be ma-ny, The frowns of the world may be cold;
2. What won-der-ful vis-ions of beauty, What glo-ri-ous scenes shall unfold;
3. The tri-als of earth will have ended, And I shall be safe in His fold;

To me it will mat-ter but lit-tle, When I stand on the streets of gold.
What bright, dazzling splendors surround me, When I stand on the streets of gold.
Shut in with my Lord and His an-gels, When I stand on the streets of gold.

With joy I shall en-ter the cit-y, The face of my Sav-ior be-hold;
I'll see the white throne of His glo-ry, The names of the saints there enroll'd,
For a-ges on a-ges I'll praise Him, And nev-er grow wea-ry nor old;

And I shall be changed and be like Him, When I stand on the streets of gold.
The mansions that Christ is pre-par-ing, When I stand on the streets of gold.
Star-crown'd I'll a-bide in His presence, When I stand on the streets of gold.

REFRAIN.

When I stand on the streets of gold, Je-sus' face I shall then be-hold,

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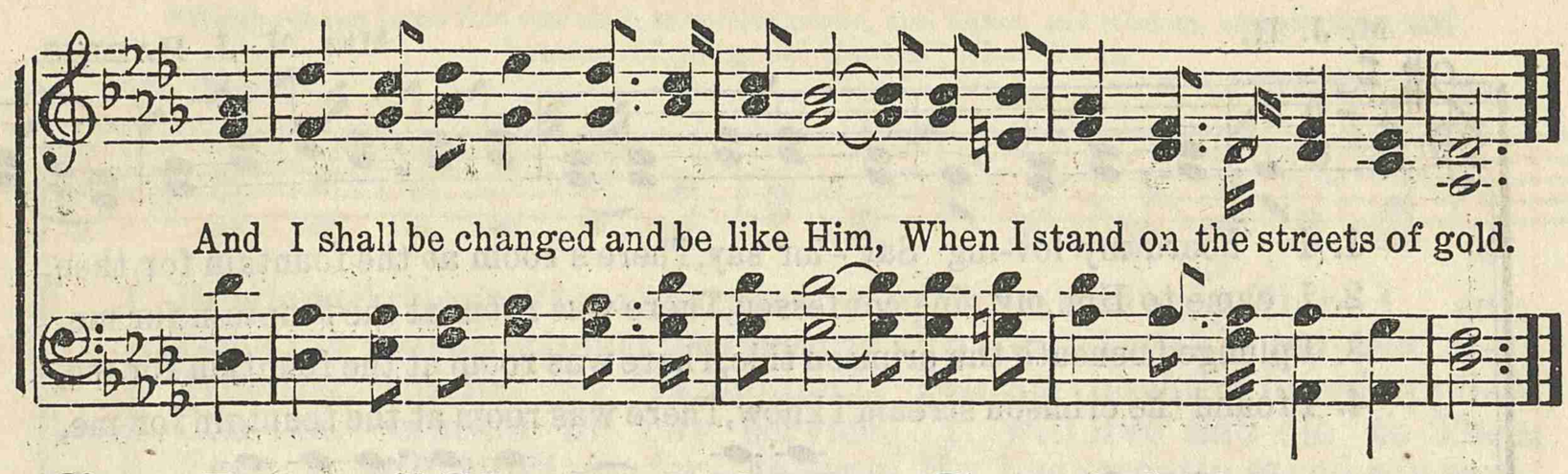
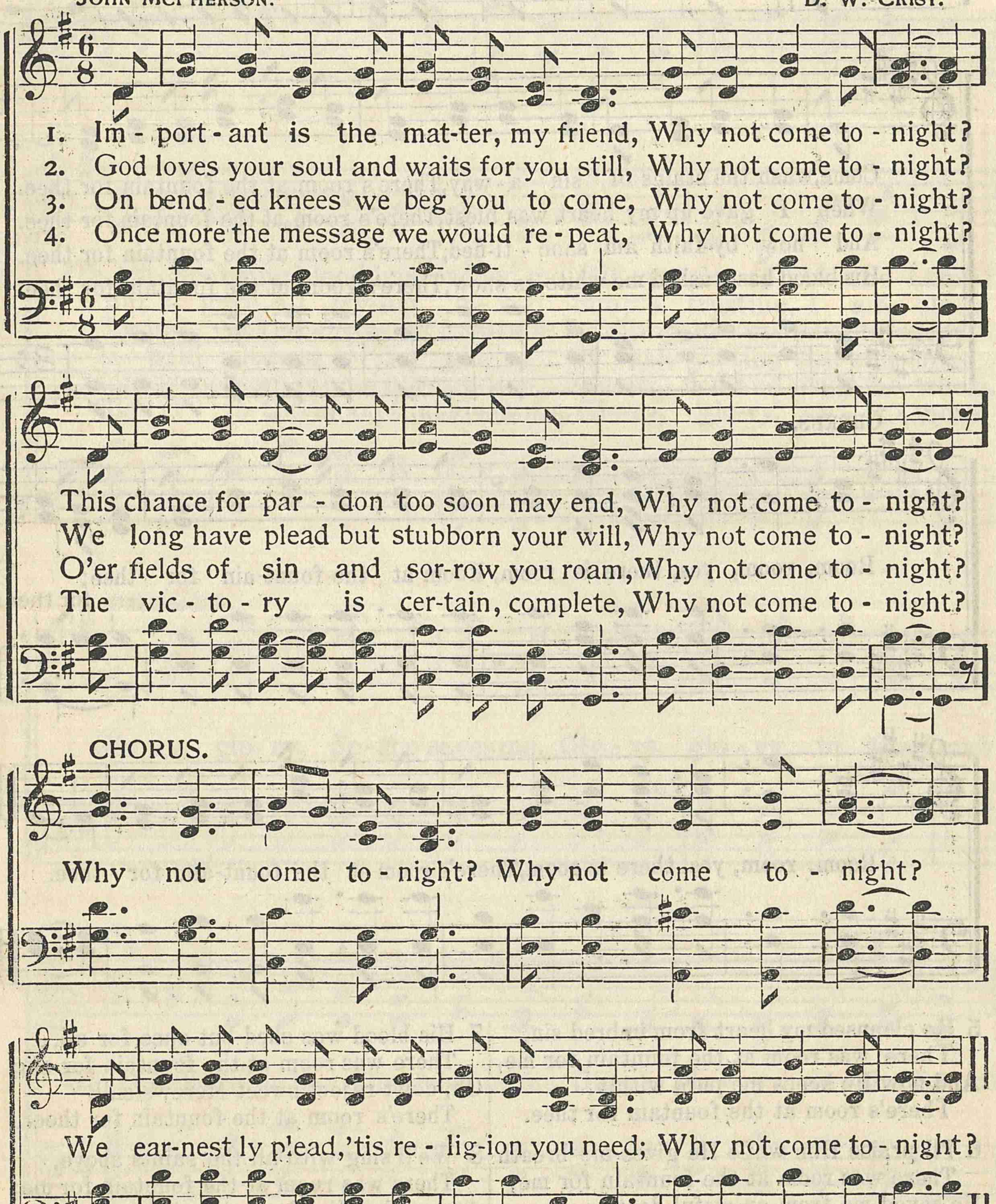
ON THE STREETS OF GOLD. Concluded.

No. 7 Why not Come To-night?

JOHN MCPHERSON. D. W. CRIST.



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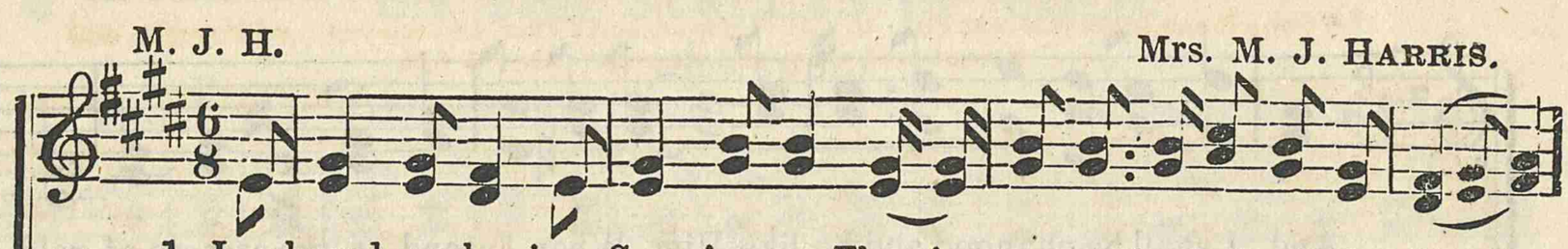
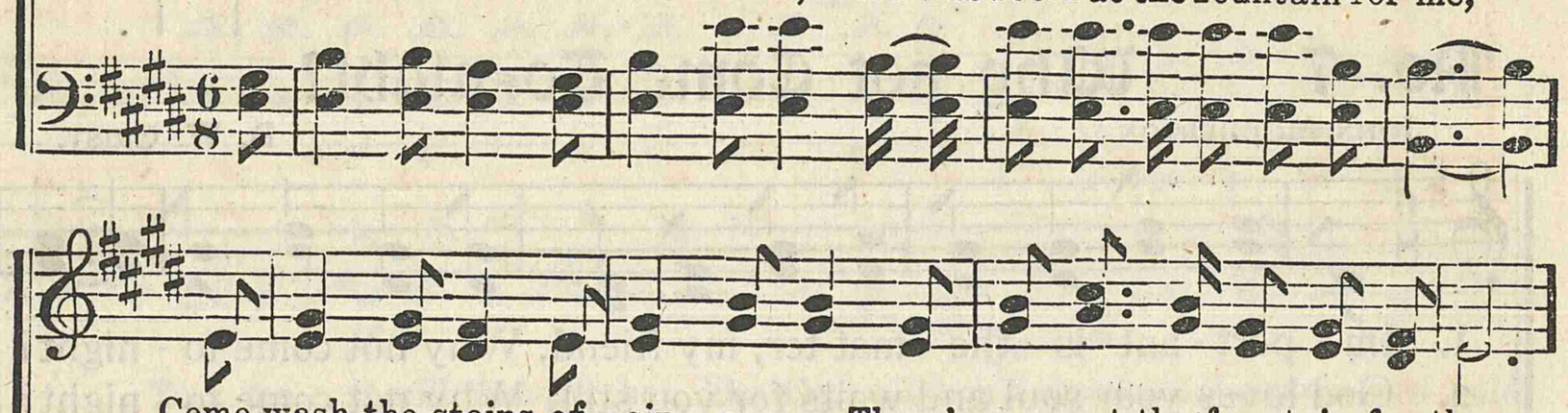
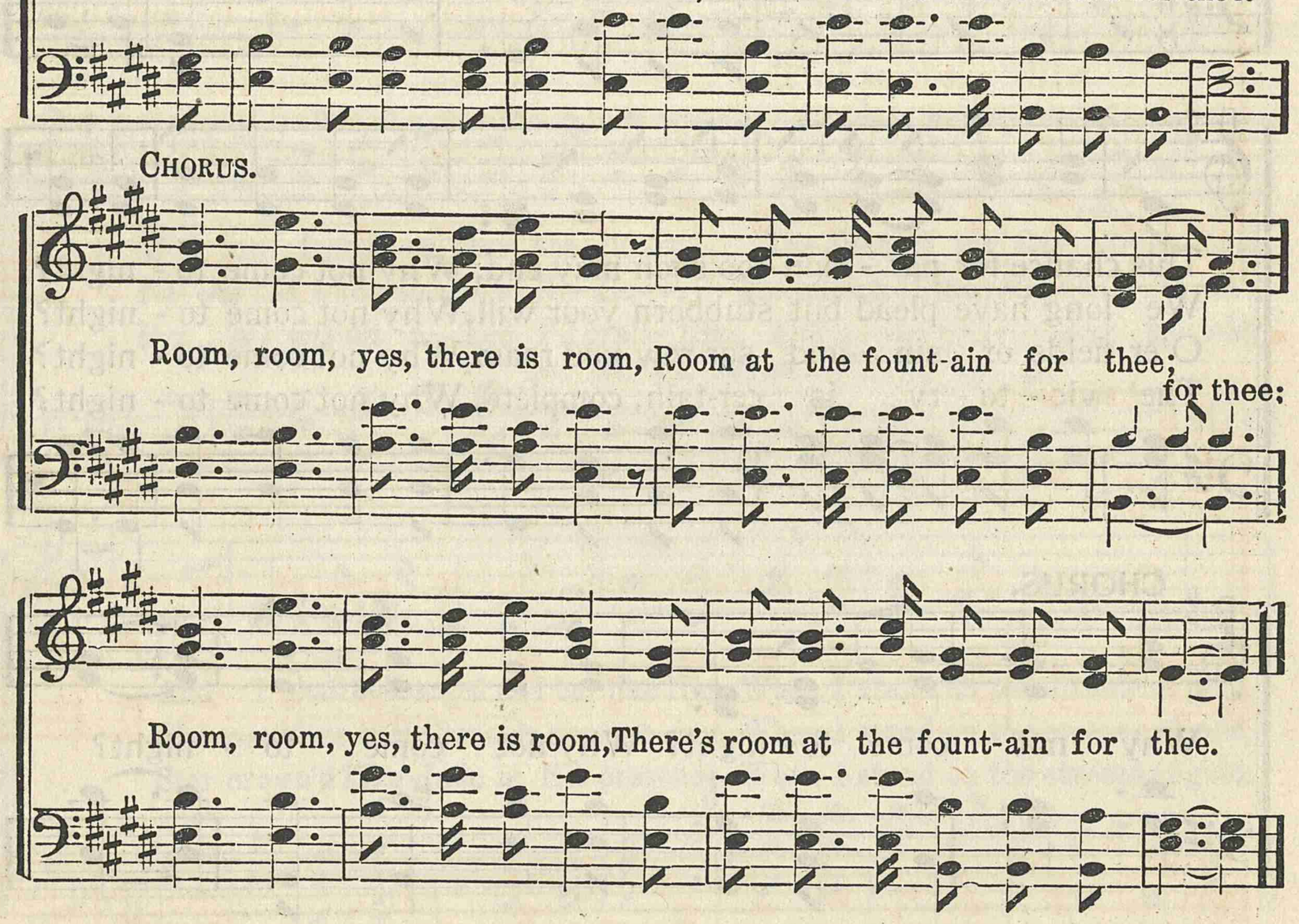
No. 8 Room at the Fountain.

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

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

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



CHORUS.

Room, room, yes, there is room, Room at the fount-ain for thee;

for thee;

Room, room, yes, there is room, There's room at the fount-ain for thee.

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

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

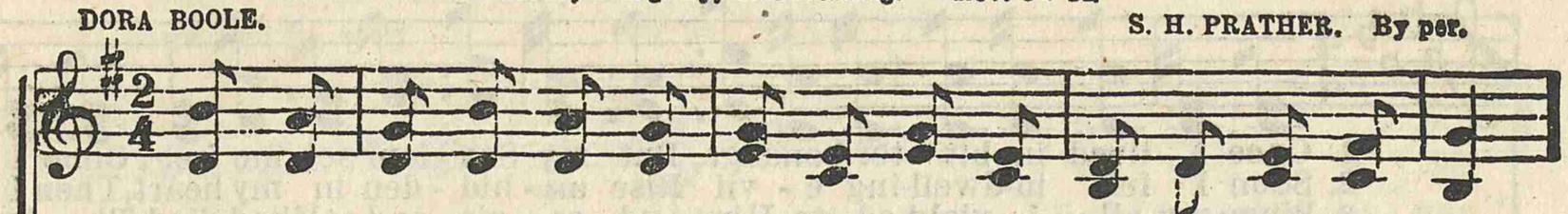
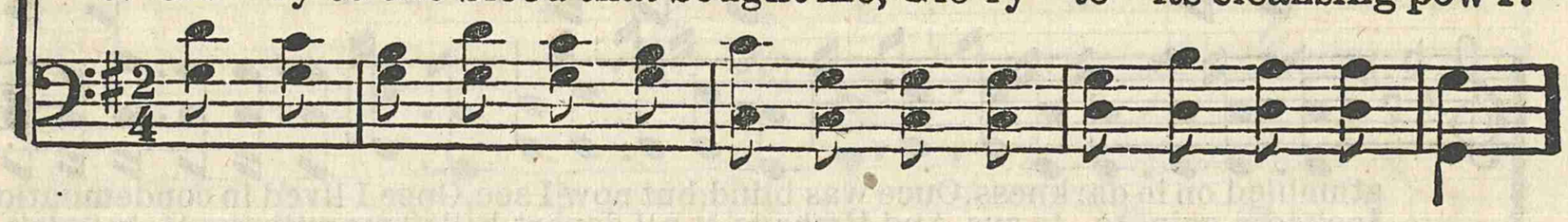
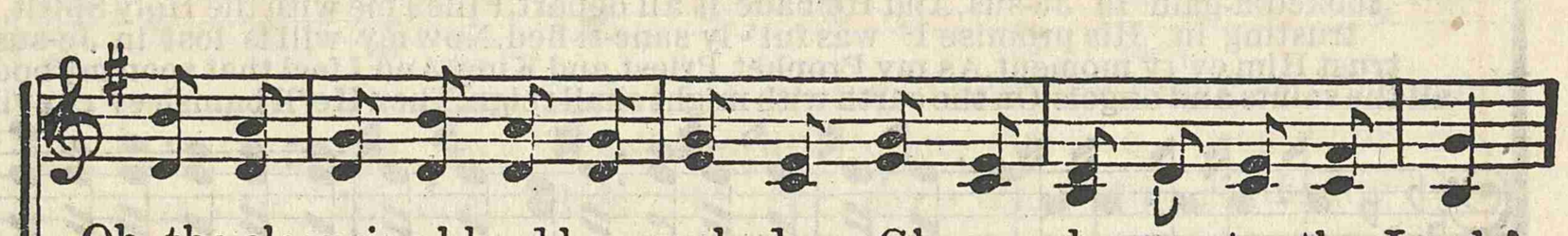
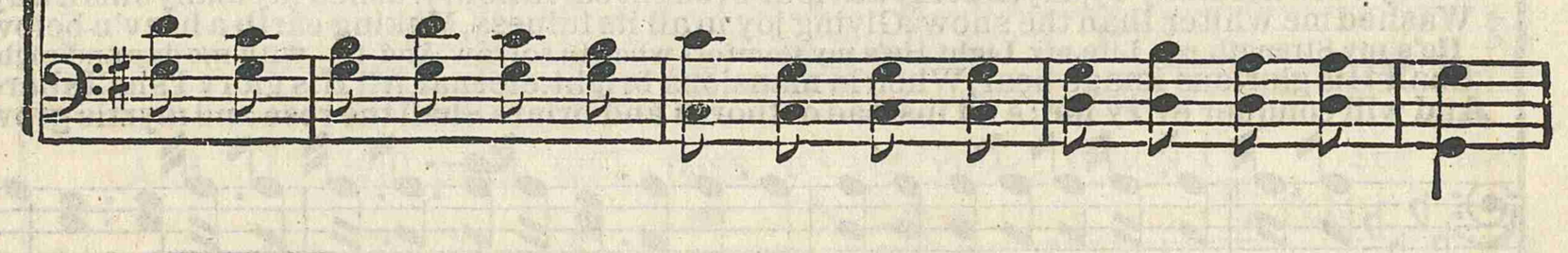
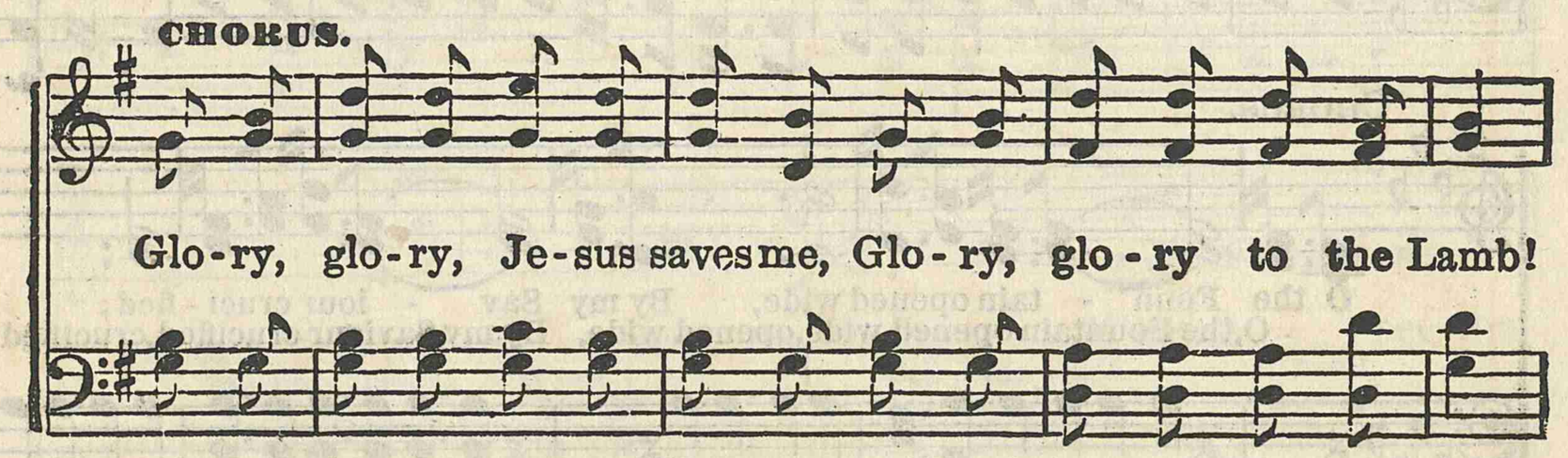
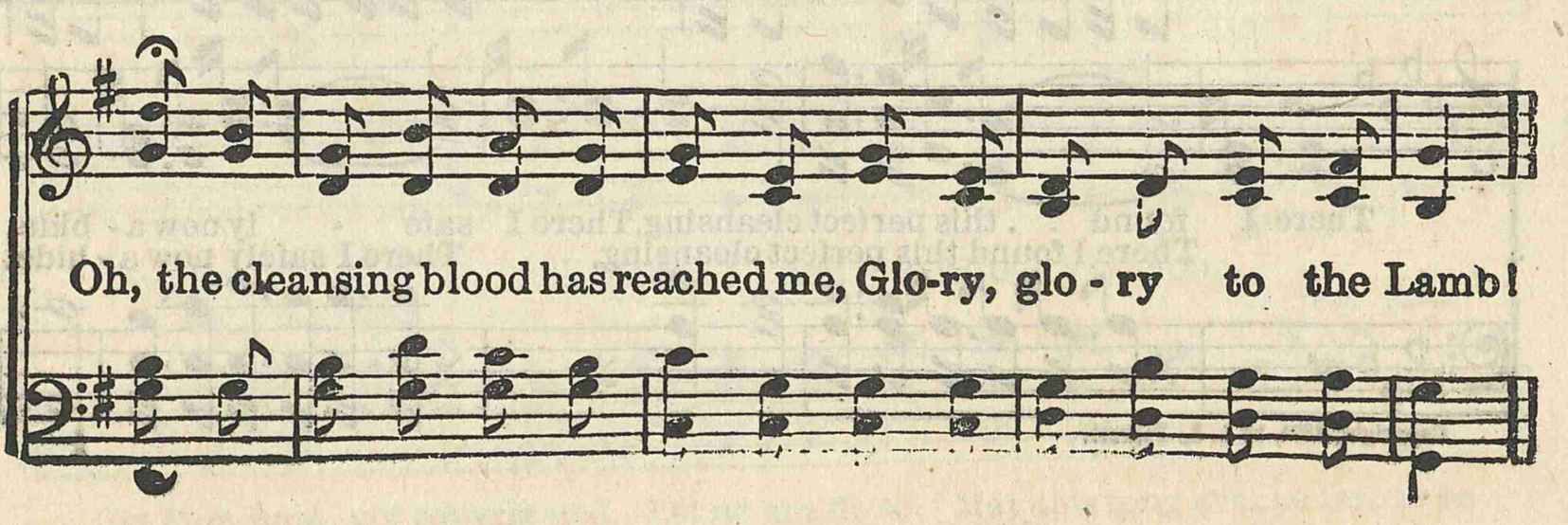
7 His blood was shed but once for all,
There was room at the fountain for me;
Oh, don't reject sweet Mercy's call,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

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

Copyright, 1897, by Mrs. M. J. Harris.

No. 9 GLORY, GLORY, JESUS SAVES ME.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."—Rev. 5 : 14.

DORA BOOLE. S. H. PRATHER. By per.

1. Precious Saviour, Thou hast saved me; Thine and only Thine I am;
2. Long my yearning heart was try-ing To en - joy this per-fect rest;
3. Trusting, trusting ev -'ry moment; Feeling now the blood applied;
4. Con - se - crat-ed to Thy service, I will live and die to Thee:
5. Yes, I will stand up for Je - sus; He has sweetly saved my soul,
6. Glo - ry to the blood that bought me, Glo-ry to its cleansing pow'r!

Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me, Glo-ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!
But I gave all try-ing o - ver: Simply trusting, I am blest.
Ly-ing at the cleansing fountain; Dwelling in my Saviour's side.
I will wit-ness to Thy glo - ry Of sal - va-tion full and free.
Cleansed me from inbred cor-rup-tion, Sanc-ti - fied and made me whole.
Glo - ry to the blood that keeps me, Glo-ry, glo-ry, ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Je - sus saves me, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me, Glo-ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

No. 10

THE OPENED FOUNTAIN.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Once I lived in bit ter bondage, But my Sav - iour set me free; Once I
2. Soon I felt in-dwell-ing e - vil Rise un - bid - den in my heart, Then I
3. When my all I yield-ed to Him, And to sin and self had died, Then by
4. Sweet and pre-cious is His ser-vice, And my soul is on the wing, While I
5. Oh, I long for His ap-pear-ing, For I know He 'll come again, And with

stumbled on in darkness, Once was blind, but now I see, Once I lived in condemnation,
looked a-gain to Je-sus, And He bade it all depart, Filled me with the Holy Spirit,
trusting in His promise I was ful - ly sanc-ti-fied. Now my will is lost in Je-sus,
trust Him ev'ry moment, As my Prophet, Priest, and King. And I feel that soon my body
all the saints and angels, On the earth with might shall reign. Then He 'll banish ev'ry evil,

Heavy burdened, day by day, But my Saviour brought salvation, Washed my many sins away.
Washed me whiter than the snow; Giving joy in all its fulness, Making earth a heav'n below.
He's my Strength, my Life, my Light. He's my Comfort when in sorrow, And is with me day and night.
Shall His glorious image bear, When in mansions bright, eternal, All His glory I shall share.
And will conquer ev'ry foe; And instead of thorns and briars Shall the rose and myrtle grow.

CHORUS.

O the Foun - tain opened wide, By my Sav - iour cruci - fied;
O, the Fountain opened wide, opened wide, By my Saviour crucified, crucified;

There I found . . this perfect cleansing, There I safe - ly now a - bide.
There I found this perfect cleansing, There I safely now a - bide.

Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 11 When I See the Blood.

"When I see the blood I will pass over you."—Ex. 12:13. "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us."—1 Cor. 5:7.

JOHN and E. A. H. J. G. F.

1. Christ our Re-deem-er died on the cross, Died for the sin - ner,
2. Chief - est of sin - ners Je - sus will save; All He has promised,
3. Judg-ment is com - ing all will be there, Each one re - ceiv-ing
4. O great com-pas-sion! O bound-less love! O lov - ing kindness,

paid all his due; Sprin - kle your soul with the blood of the Lamb,
that will He do; Wash in the fount - ain o - pen'd for sin,
just - ly his due; Hide in the sav - ing, sin - cleans-ing blood,
faith - ful and true! Find peace and shel - ter un - der the blood,

CHORUS.

And I will pass, will pass o - ver you. When I see the blood, When I see the blood, When I see the blood,

AN ABUNDANT ENTRANCE IN.

2 PETER 1 : 11.

E. A. FERGUSON. **Dedicated to my Father.** MARVIN H. PRATHER.

1. Aft - er all of life is o - ver, and the cur - tains lift - ed high,
2. In that land of heav'nly sunshine lov'd ones for our com - ing wait,
3. There they need no sun to light them, for the Lamb is on the throne,
4. To the founts of liv - ing wa - ters He will lead them on that day,

There's a land of Life E - ter - nal that will greet our ev - 'ry eye;
Where the tree of Life is blooming just with - in the Gold - en Gate;
In the midst He stands to welcome all His faith - ful children home;
There will be no pain or sor - row, He will wipe all tears a - way;

Who in Je - sus' blood have trusted and been wash'd and cleans'd from sin,
They will shout to see us com-ing, loud a - bove earth's roar and din,
Who have gone thro' trib - u - la - tion from this world of death and sin,
We will soon go home to glo - ry, sure - ly we the fight shall win,

D.S.—Who in Je - sus' blood have trusted and been wash'd and cleans'd from sin,

FINE.

Will go sweep - ing thro' the por - tals with an a - bundant entrance in.
As we sweep be - yond the por - tals with an a - bundant entrance in.
Will go sweep - ing thro' the por - tals with an a - bundant entrance in.
We'll go sweep - ing thro' the por - tals with an a - bundant entrance in.

Will go sweep - ing thro' the por - tals with an a - bundant entrance in.

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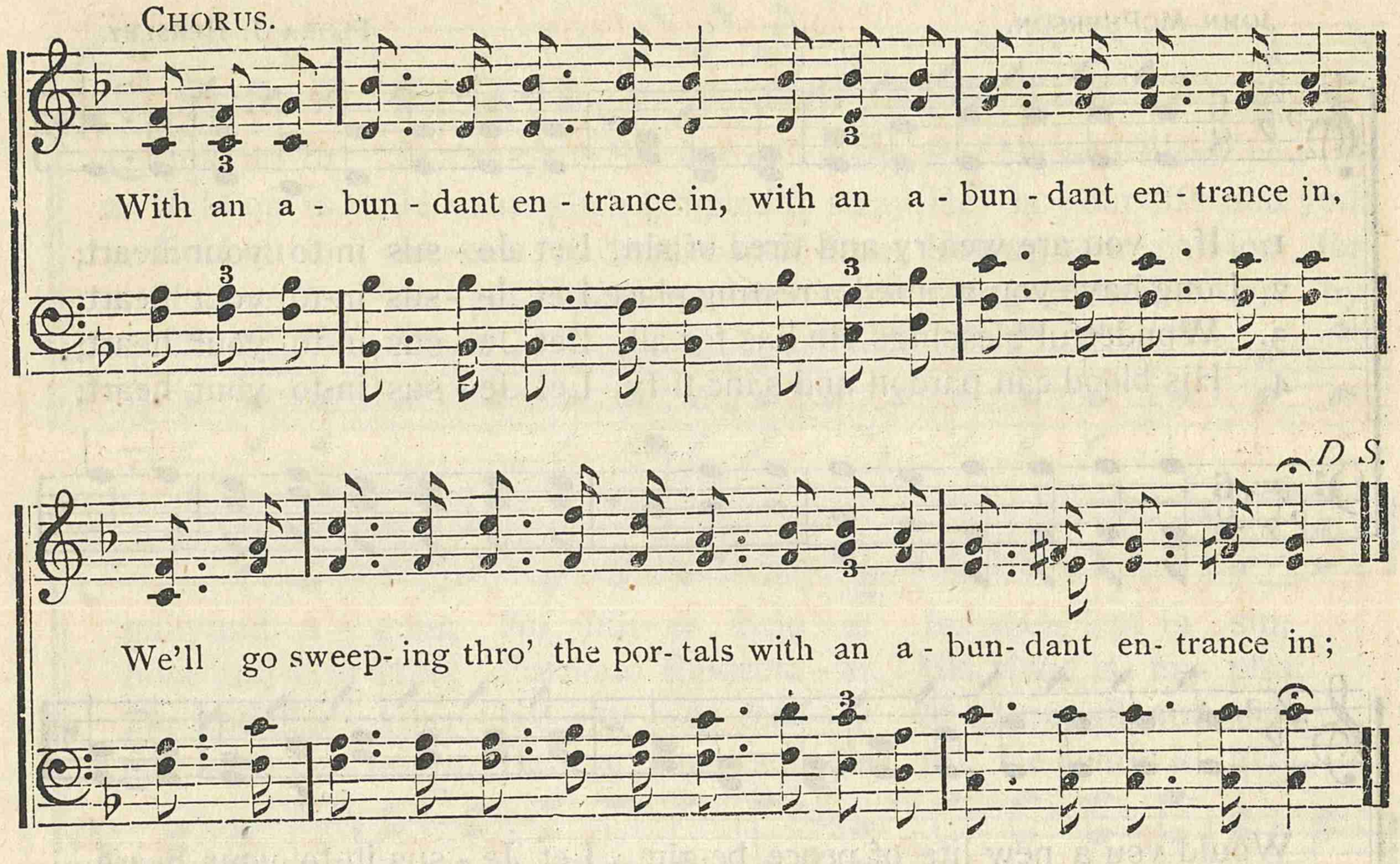
AN ABUNDANT ENTRANCE IN.—Concluded.

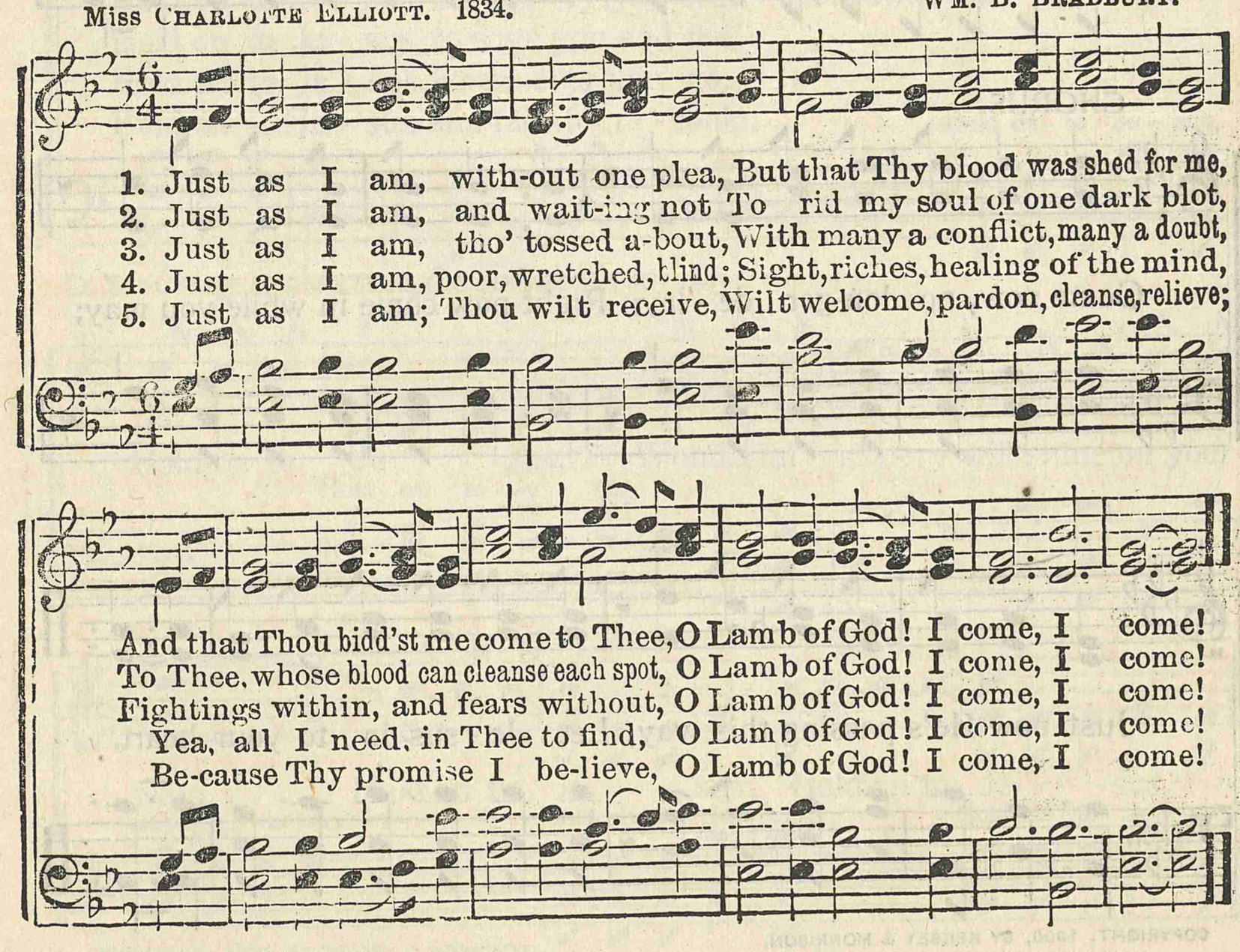
CHORUS.



JUST AS I AM.

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—John 6: 37.

Miss CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1834. WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 14 Let Jesus In.

JOHN MCPHERSON. FLORA J. HENSLEY.

1. If you are wea-ry and tired of sin, Let Je - sus in-to your heart;
2. Long have you wanted a resting place, Let Je - sus in-to your heart;
3. Wonderful blessings He has for all, Let Je - sus in-to your heart;
4. His blood can pardon and sanc-ti-fy, Let Je - sus in-to your heart;

Would you a new life of peace be-gin, Let Je - sus in-to your heart.
You can have peace in His smiling face, Let Je - sus in-to your heart.
He may not make you an-oth - er call, Let Je - sus in-to your heart.
He can prepare you for bliss on high, Let Je - sus in-to your heart.

CHORUS.

Come now, no lon-ger de - lay; Right now come in while you may;
Just now He's passing this way, Let Je - sus in - to your heart.

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No. 15. Hold on to Jesus.

J. M. JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. Hold on to Je - sus, the Sav-ior of men, For He will bless you a - gain and a - gain;
2. Hold on to Je - sus when tempted to stray, He is your life and your hope and your stay;
3. Hold on to Je - sus so tender and true, Loving com - pan-ion for me and for you,
4. Hold on to Je - sus, and ev - er be right, Cling to the Sav-ior by day and by night;

No oth - er help - er for souls lost in sin;
Precious Re-deem - er, His blood is my plea;
Ev - er so read - y to share all our woe;
Be a true sol - dier till He comes a - gain,

FINE. CHORUS.

Hold on to Je - sus till glo - ry you win. Hold on to Je - sus,
Hold on to Je - sus to save you and me.
Hold on to Je - sus, where ever you go.
Hold on to Je - sus and faithful re - main. Hold on to Je - sus,

D. S.–*Cling to the cross for salvation to - day.*

Hold on to Je - - sus, Wonderful glo - ry will shine on your way; . . . . Hold on to Je - sus, Hold on to Je - sus,
Hold on to Je - sus, shine on your way; Hold on to Je - sus, Hold on to Je - sus,

D. S.

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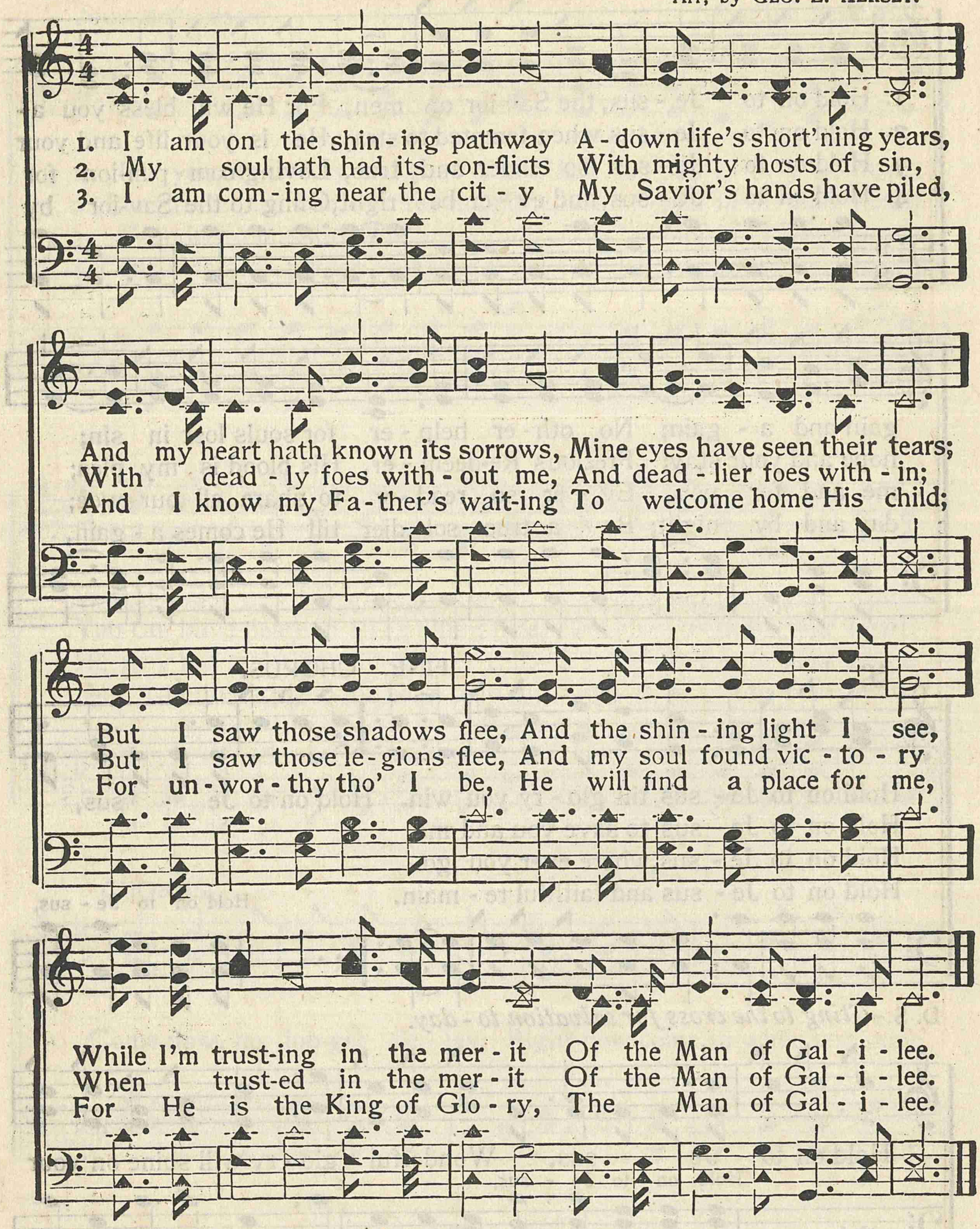
No. 16 On the Shining Pathway.

Arr, by GEO. E. KERSEY.



Second Hymn.

1. My soul is now united
To Christ the living vine;
His grace I long have slighted,
But now I feel Him mine.

CHO.—Christ is all the world to me,
And His glory I shall see,
And before I'd leave my Savior,
I'd lay me down and die.

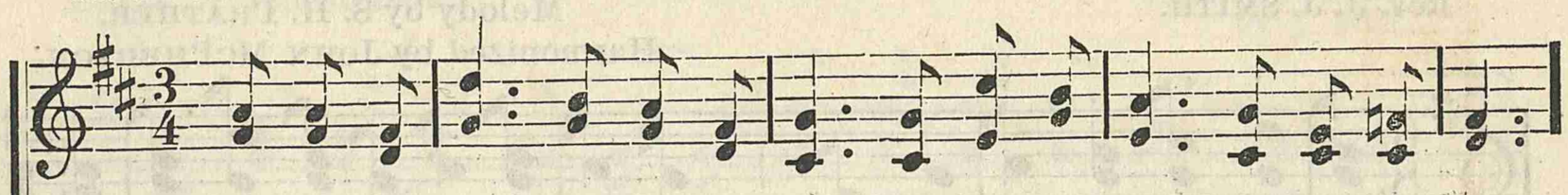
2. Soon as my all I ventured
On the atoning blood,
His Holy Spirit entered,
And I was born of God.

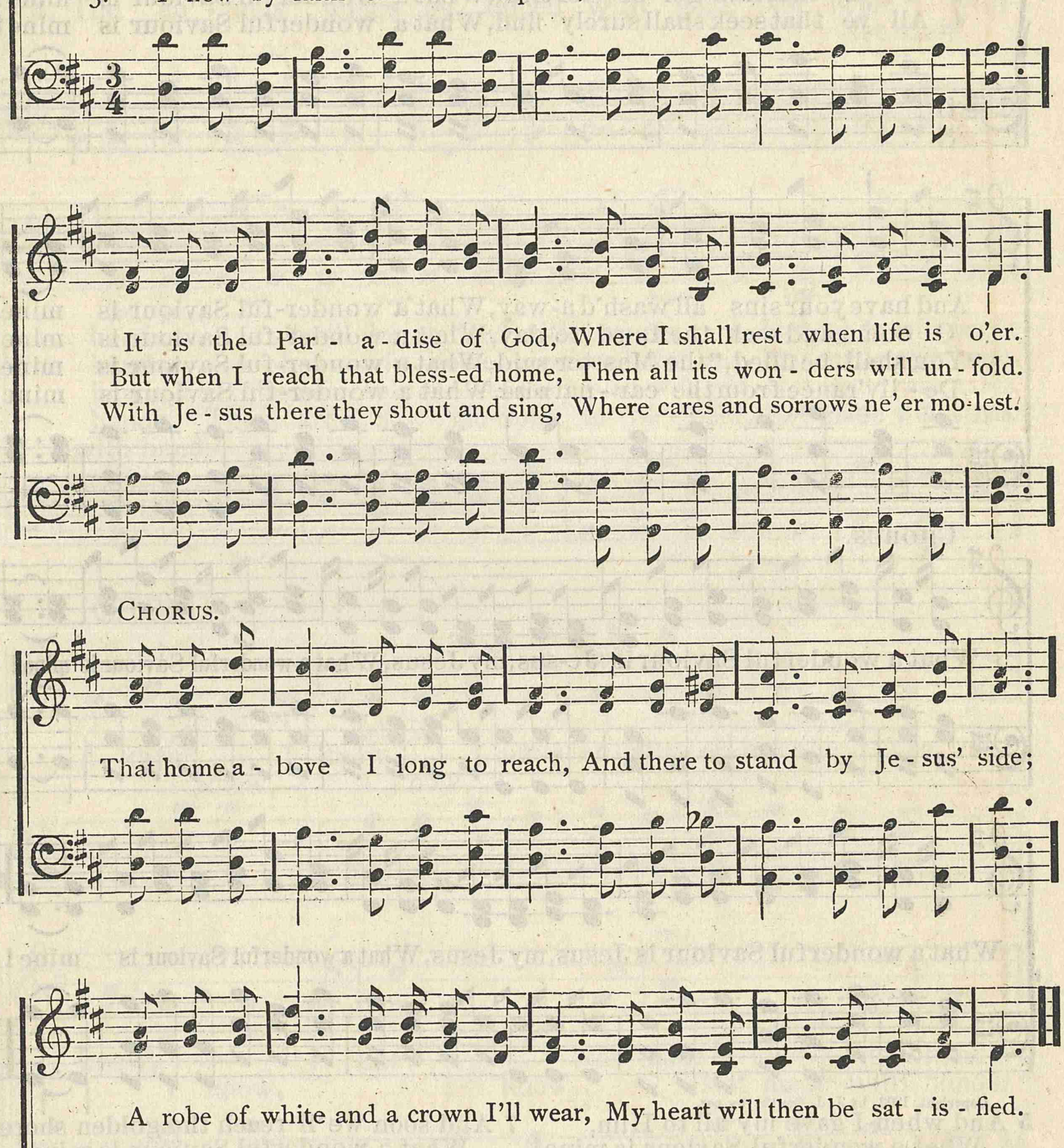
3. Still Christ is my salvation,
What can I covet more?
I fear no condemnation,
My Father's wrath is o'er.

4. I taste a heavenly pleasure,
And need not fear a frown:
Christ is my joy and treasure,
My glory and my crown.

17

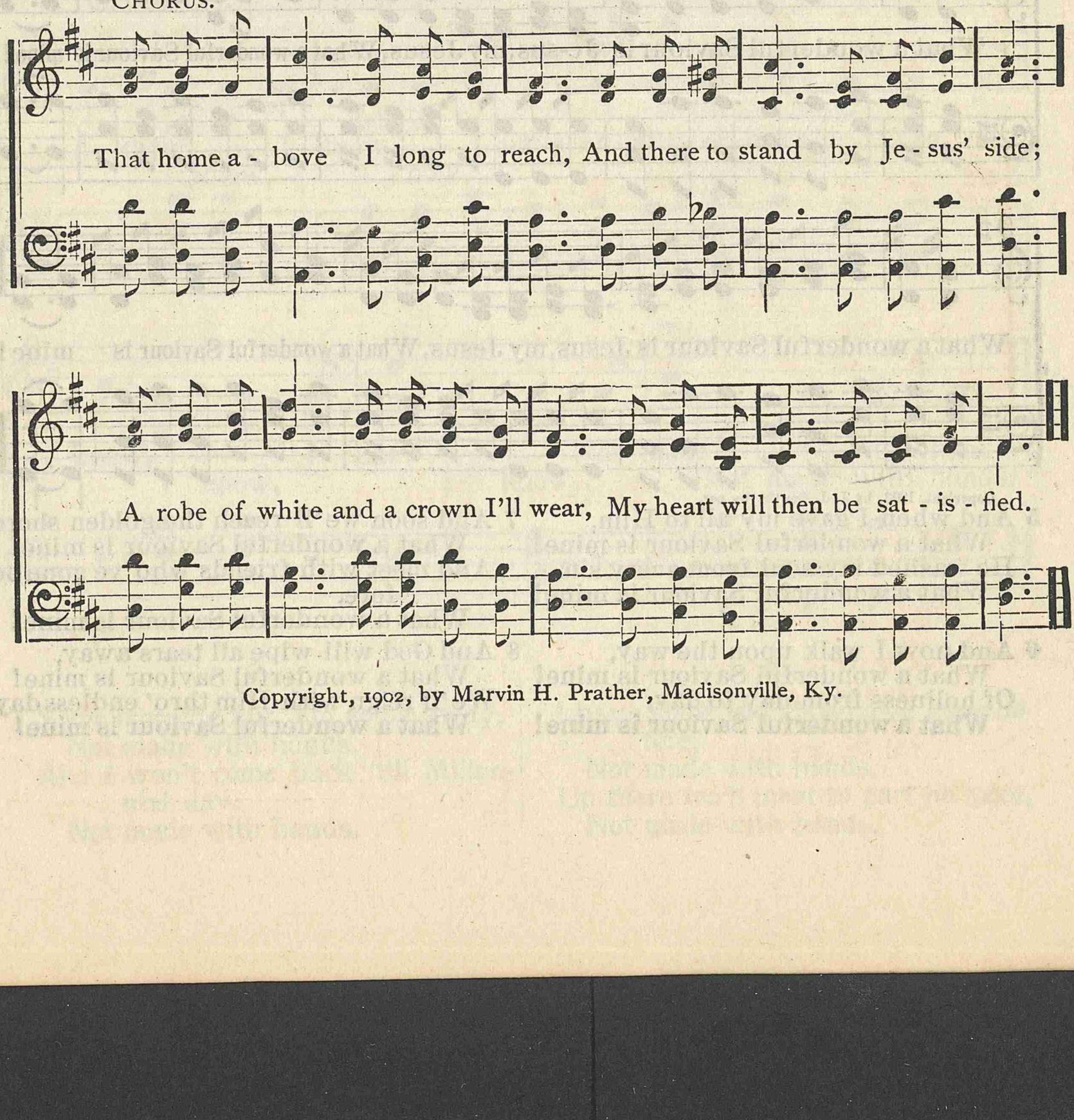
THAT HOME I LONG TO REACH.

M. H. P. **Dedicated to my Mother.** MARVIN H. PRATHER.

1. Be-yond this earth there is a place, Where **tears** and sighing are no more;
2. That place above where lov'd ones dwell, Surpass-eth all that has been told;
3. I now by faith can see that place, Where all the ransomed are at rest;



It is the Par - a-dise of God, Where I shall rest when life is o'er.
But when I reach that bless-ed home, Then all its won-ders will un-fold.
With Je-sus there they shout and sing, Where cares and sorrows ne'er mo-lest.

CHORUS.



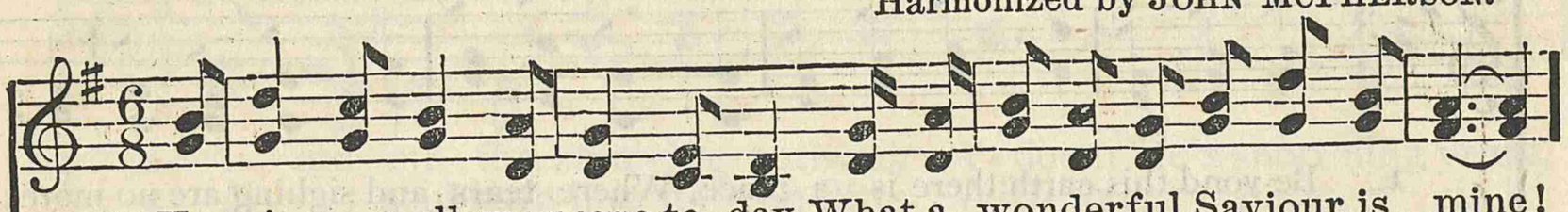
That home a-bove I long to reach, And there to stand by Je-sus' side;

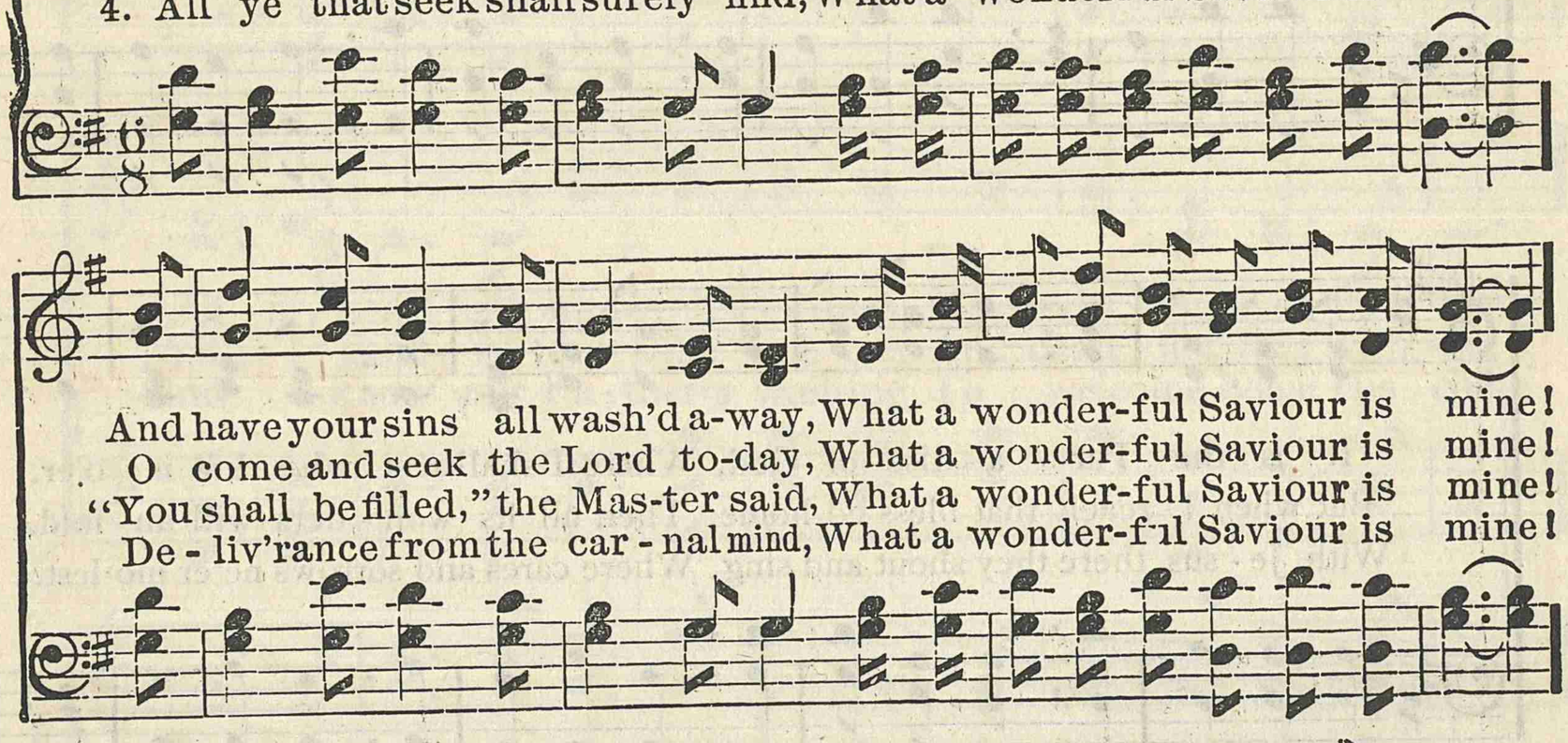
A robe of white and a crown I'll wear, My heart will then be sat-is-fied.

Copyright, 1902, by Marvin H. Prather, Madisonville, Ky.

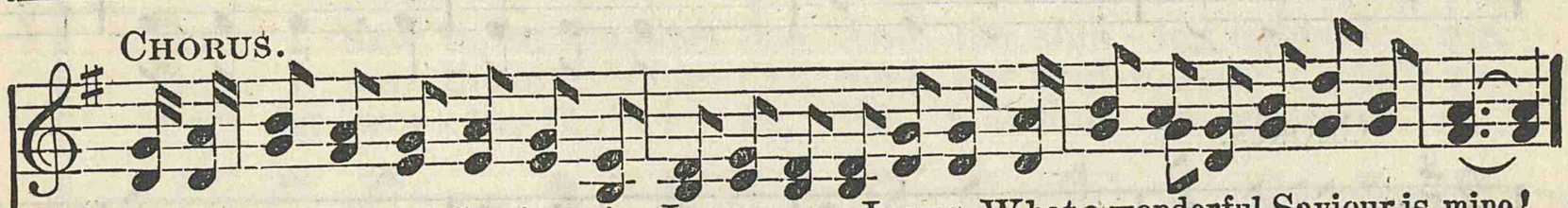
No. 18. What a Wonderful Saviour is Mine!

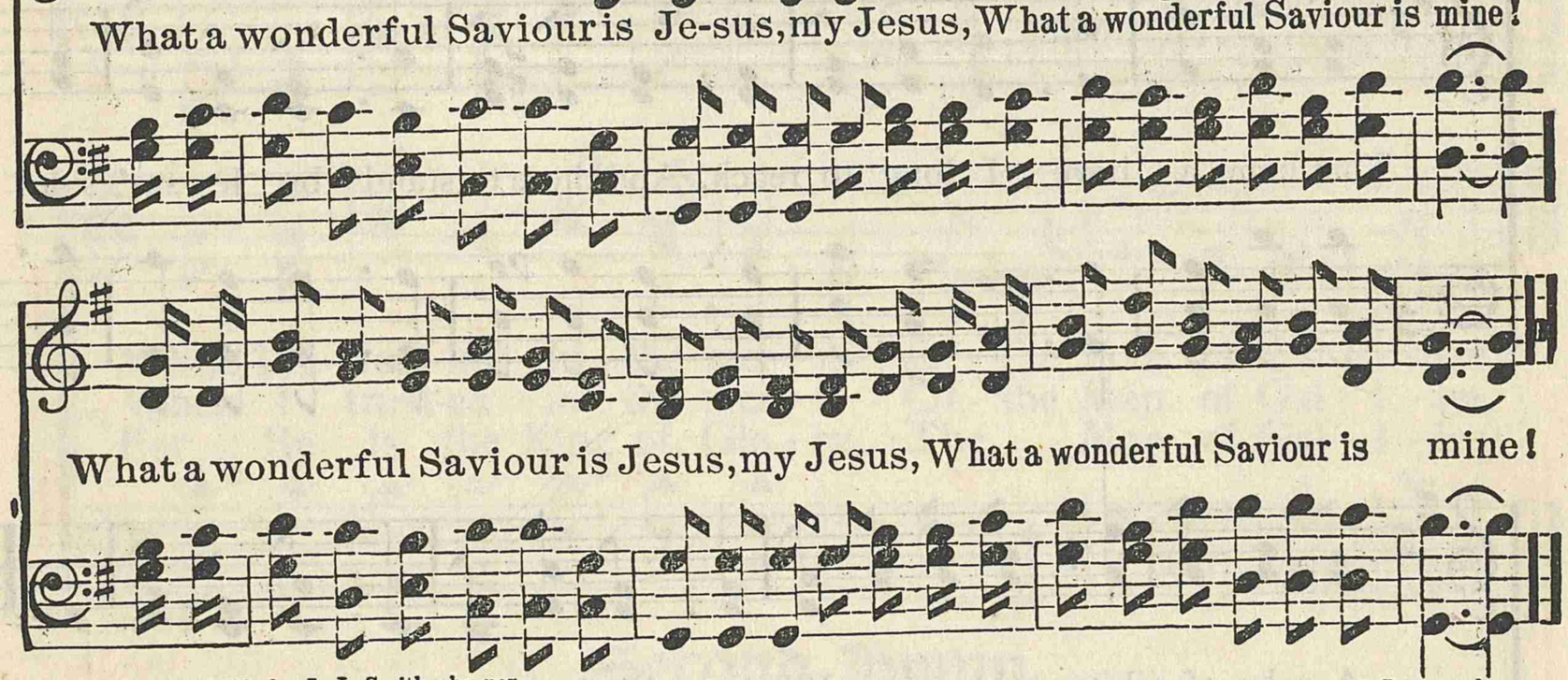
Rev. J. J. SMITH.

Melody by S. H. PRATHER.
Harmonized by JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. Ye sin-ners all may come to -day, What a wonderful Saviour is mine!
2. Ye trembled greatly on the way, What a wonderful Saviour is mine!
3. O ye that hun-ger af - ter bread, What a wonderful Saviour is mine!
4. All ye that seek shall surely find, What a wonderful Saviour is mine!



And have your sins all wash'd a-way, What a wonder-ful Saviour is mine!
O come and seek the Lord to-day, What a wonder-ful Saviour is mine!
"You shall be filled," the Mas-ter said, What a wonder-ful Saviour is mine!
De - liv'rance from the car - nal mind, What a wonder-ful Saviour is mine!

CHORUS.

What a wonderful Saviour is Je-sus, my Jesus, What a wonderful Saviour is mine!



What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus, my Jesus, What a wonderful Saviour is mine!

Copyright, 1893, by J. J. Smith, by per.

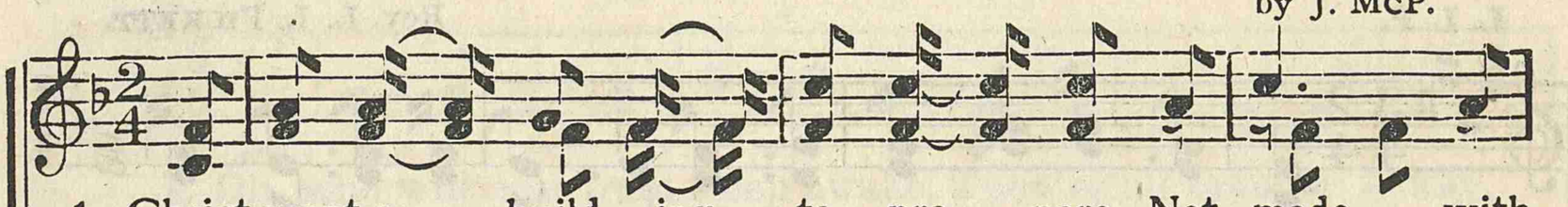
5 And when I gave my all to Him,
What a wonderful Saviour is mine!
He washed my soul from every sin,
What a wonderful Saviour is mine!

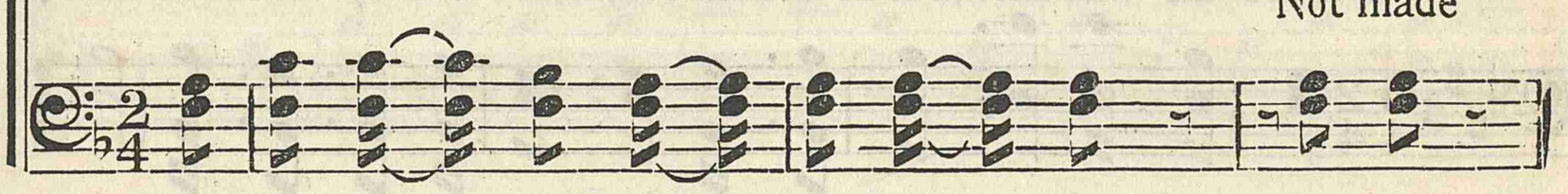
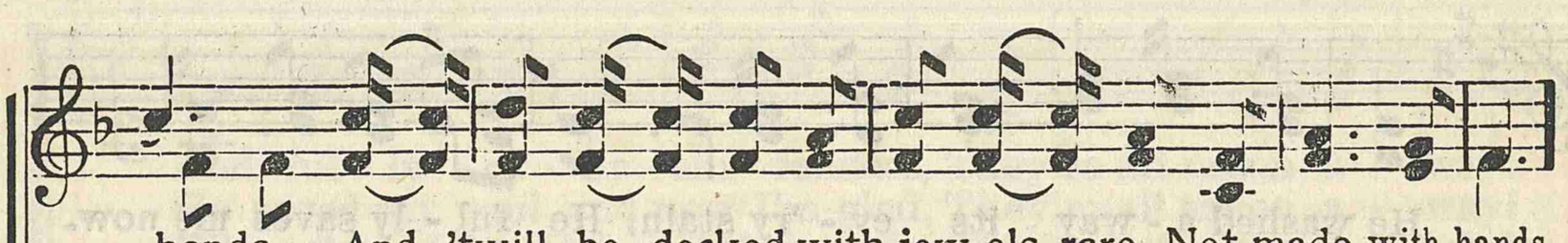
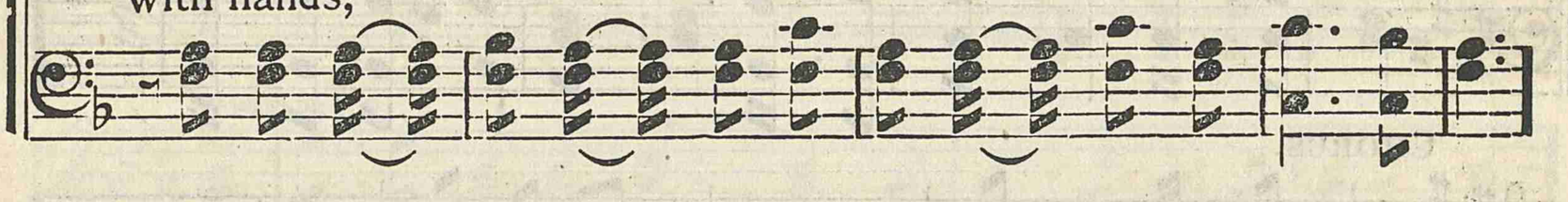
6 And now I walk upon the way,
What a wonderful Saviour is mine!
Of holiness from day to day,
What a wonderful Saviour is mine!

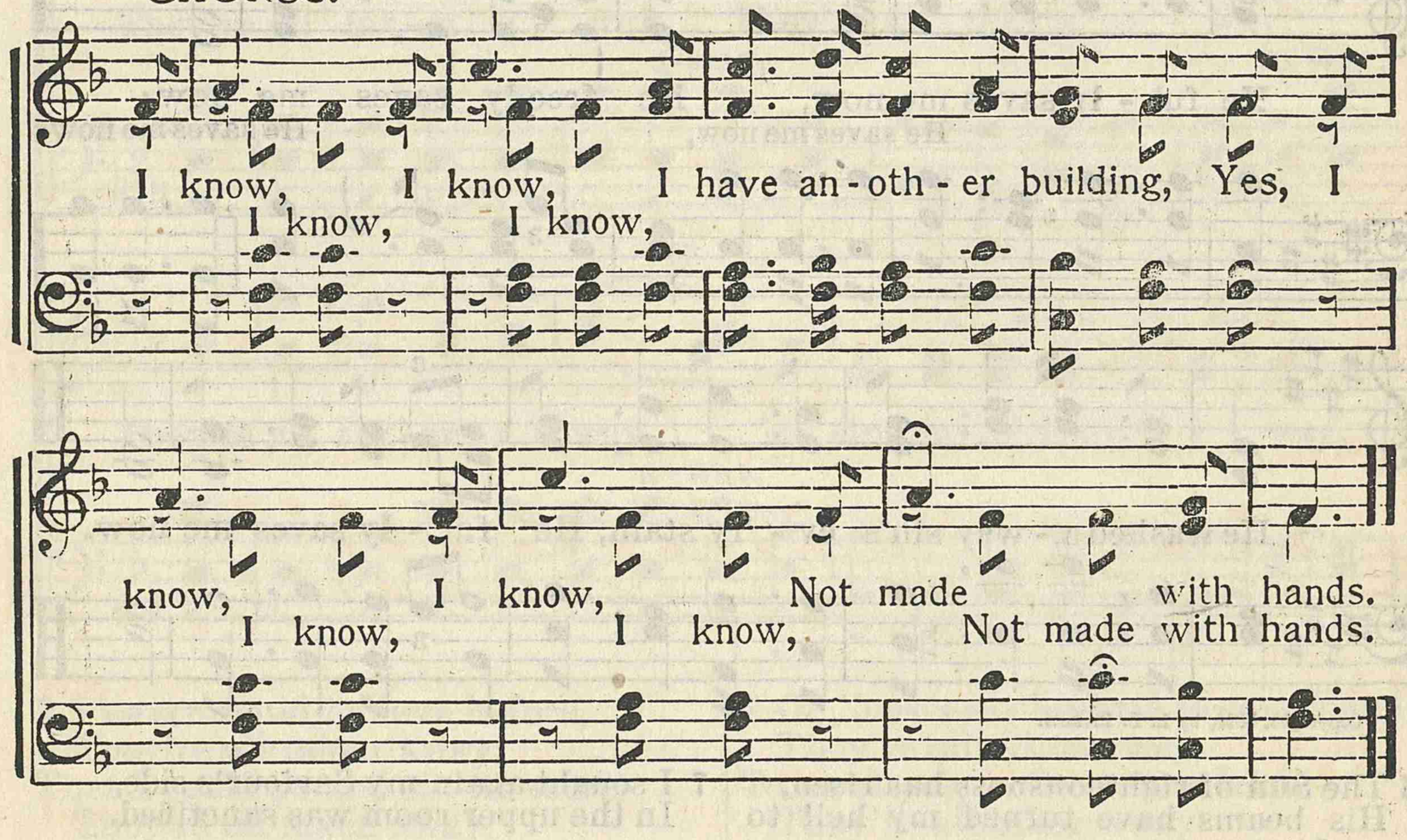
7 And soon we'll reach the golden shore.
What a wonderful Saviour is mine!
And meet with friends who've gone be-
fore,
What a wonderful Saviour is mine!

8 And God will wipe all tears away,
What a wonderful Saviour is mine!
We'll reign with Him thro' endless day,
What a wonderful Saviour is mine!

No. 19 Not Made With Hands.

Rev. E. A. FERGERSON. Arr. from E. A. F. by J. McP.

1. Christ went a build - ing to pre - pare, Not made with
2. Just look o - ver yon - der and what do I see? Not made with
3. I've nev - er been to heaven but so I'm told, Not made with
4. The an - gels' wings all tipped with gold, Not made with

Not made

hands, And 'twill be decked with jew-els rare, Not made with hands.
hands, A heaven-ly home pre-pared for me, Not made with hands.
hands, That the heavenly streets are paved with gold, Not made with hands.
hands, They are so glo-rious to be - hold, Not made with hands.
with hands,

CHORUS.



I know, I know, I have an - oth - er building, Yes, I
I know, I know,
know, I know, Not made with hands.
I know, I know, Not made with hands.

5.

Some morning fair, I'm going away,
Not made with hands,
And I won't come back 'till Millennial day;
Not made with hands.

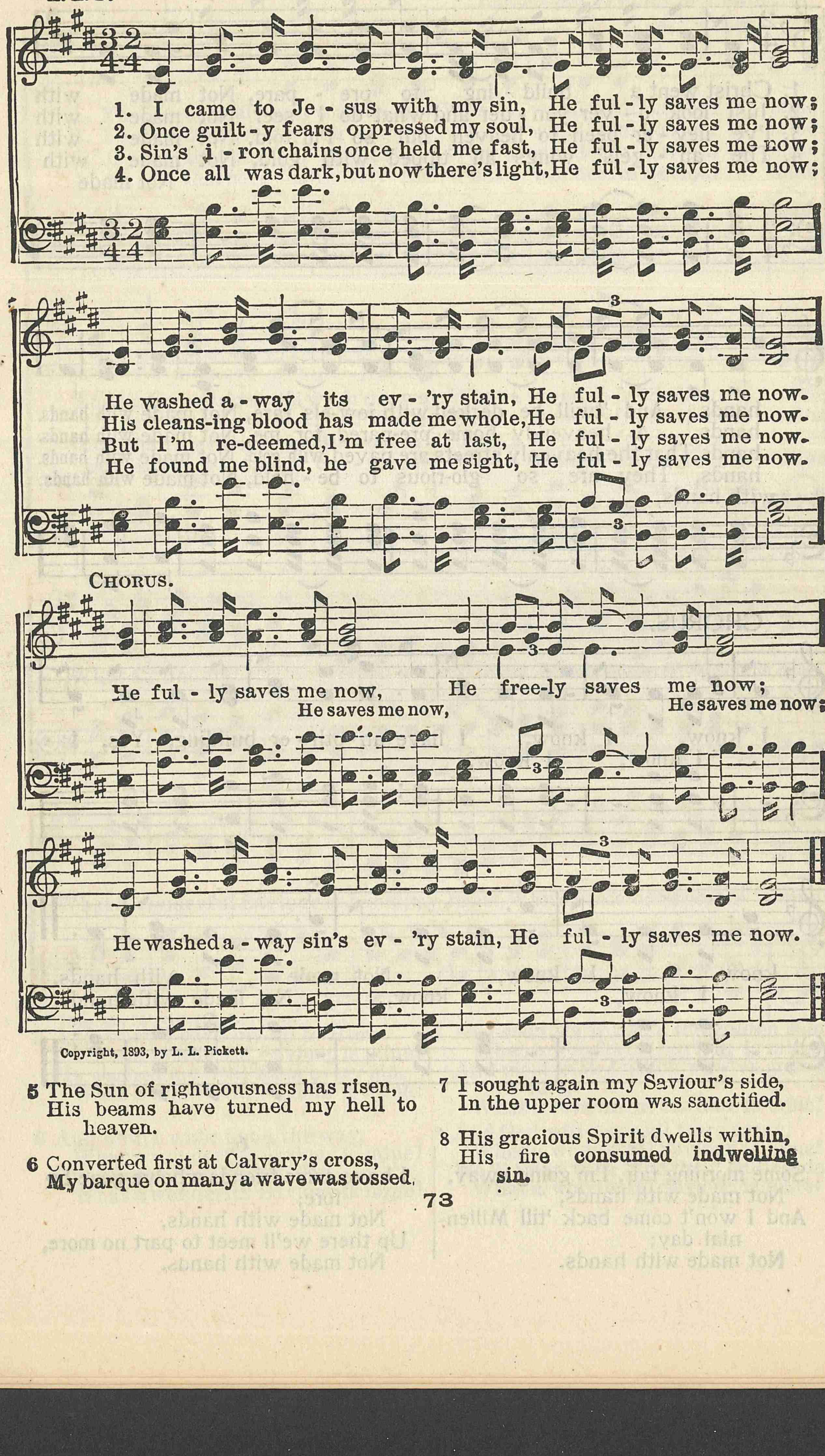
6.

I have some friends who've gone before,
Not made with hands,
Up there we'll meet to part no more,
Not made with hands.

HE FULLY SAVES ME NOW.

"Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him."—Heb. 7: 25.

L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



Copyright, 1893, by L. L. Pickett.

5 The Sun of righteousness has risen,
His beams have turned my hell to heaven.

6 Converted first at Calvary's cross,
My barque on many a wave was tossed.

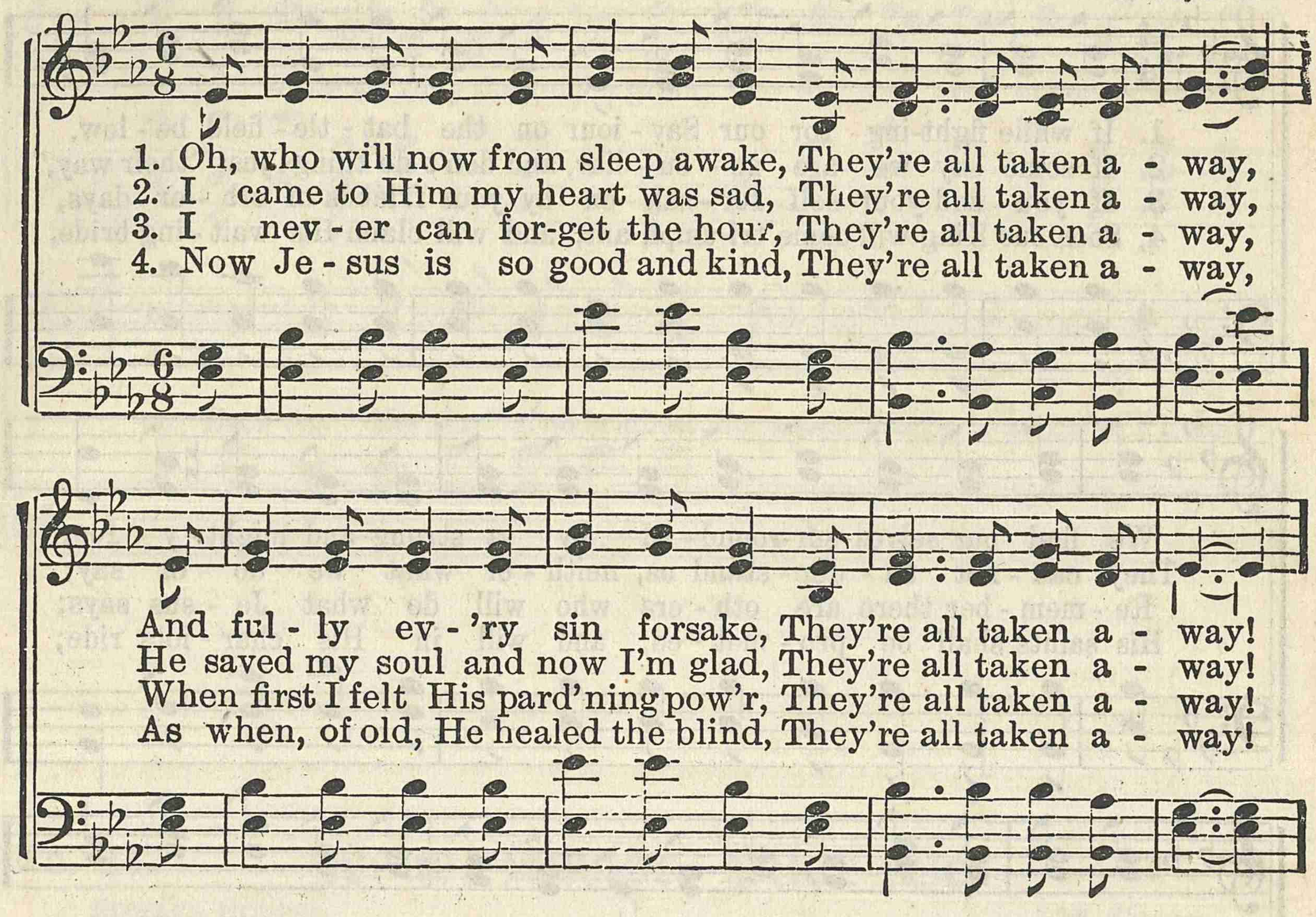
7 I sought again my Saviour's side,
In the upper room was sanctified.

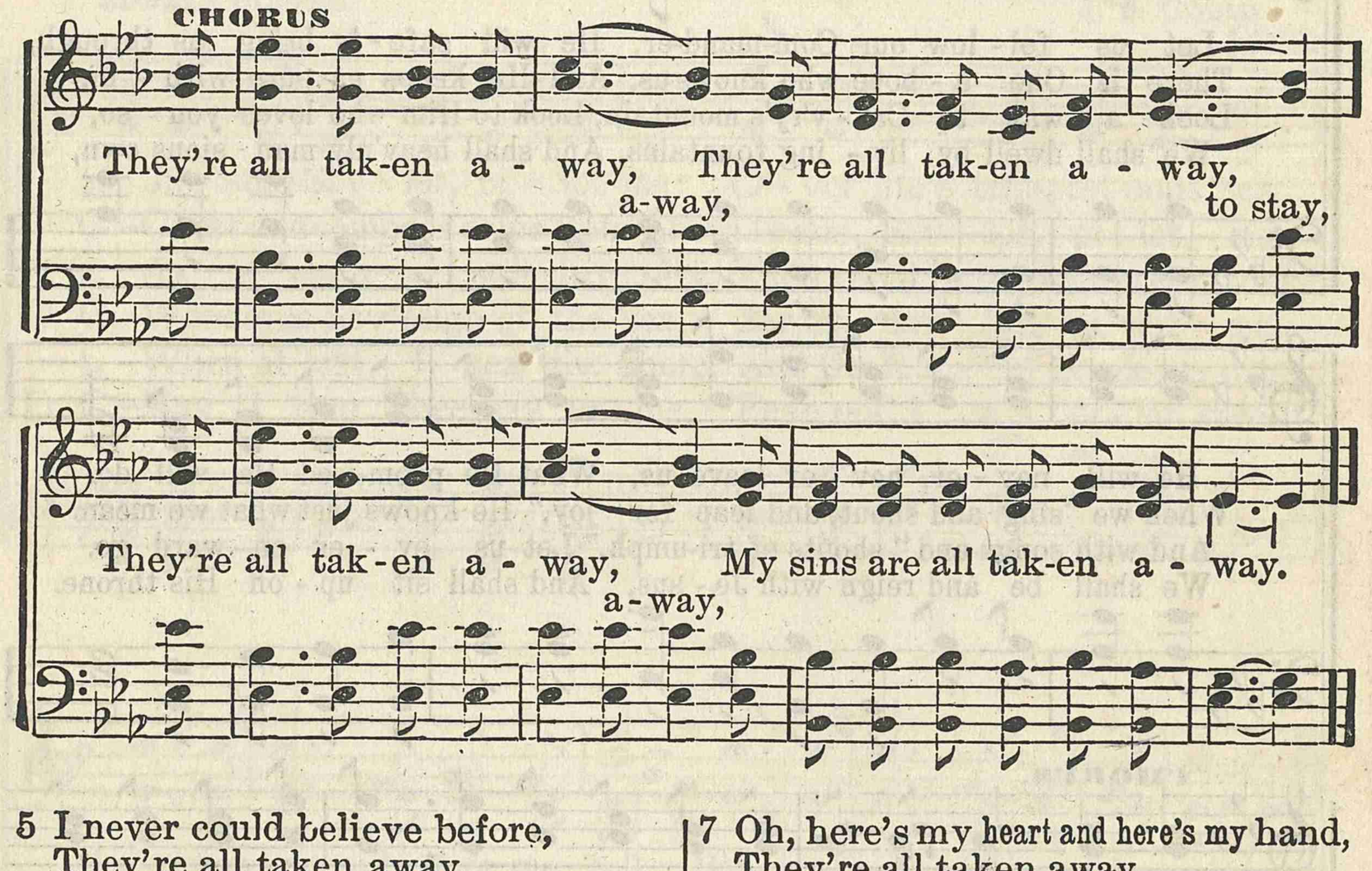
8 His gracious Spirit dwells within,
His fire consumed indwelling sin.

No. 21. ALL TAKEN AWAY.

"I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins: return unto me; for I have redeemed thee."—Isa. 44: 22.

Arr. by S. H. PRATHER. Arr. by J. M.





5 I never could believe before,
They're all taken away,
That I could go and sin no more,
They're all taken away.

6 I've consecrated all to Thee,
They're all taken away,
And now from sin I know I'm free,
They're all taken away.

7 Oh, here's my heart and here's my hand,
They're all taken away,
To meet you in the better land,
They're all taken away.

8 So now I'll serve Him till I die,
They're all taken away,
And then we'll meet beyond the sky
They're all taken away.

No. 22. Go On.

"He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved."—Matt. 10: 22.

C. F. W. Last verse by M. W. K. C. F. WEIGELE. Arr. by R. E. McNEILL.

1. If while fight-ing for our Sav - iour on the bat - tle - field be - low,
2. If some say we are pe - cu - liar, and don't do things just "their way,"
3. If you find your- self for - sak - en by your friends of oth - er days,
4. Soon our King will come tri-umph-ant, and will claim His wait - ing bride,

We find our-selves sur-round - ed by a strong and might - y foe;
They can - not un - der - stand us, neith - er what we do or say;
Re - mem - ber there are oth - ers who will do what Je - sus says;
His saints shall be pro - mot - ed, and will in His char - iots ride;

Let us fol - low our Com-mand-er, He will safe - ly bring us through,
There is One a - bove who knows us, And He keeps us pure with - in,
Look a - way to Cal - v'ry's mountain, Look to Him who loves you so,
We shall dwell by liv - ing fountains, And shall heav'nly man - sions own,

He will nev - er, nev - er leave us, What He prom-ised He will do.
When we "sing and shout, and leap for joy," He knows just what we mean.
And with songs and " shouts of tri-umph," Let us ev - er on - ward go.
We shall be and reign with Je - sus, And shall sit up - on His throne.

CHORUS.

Go on, go on, don't mur-mur or com-plain, Shout glo - ry hal - le-

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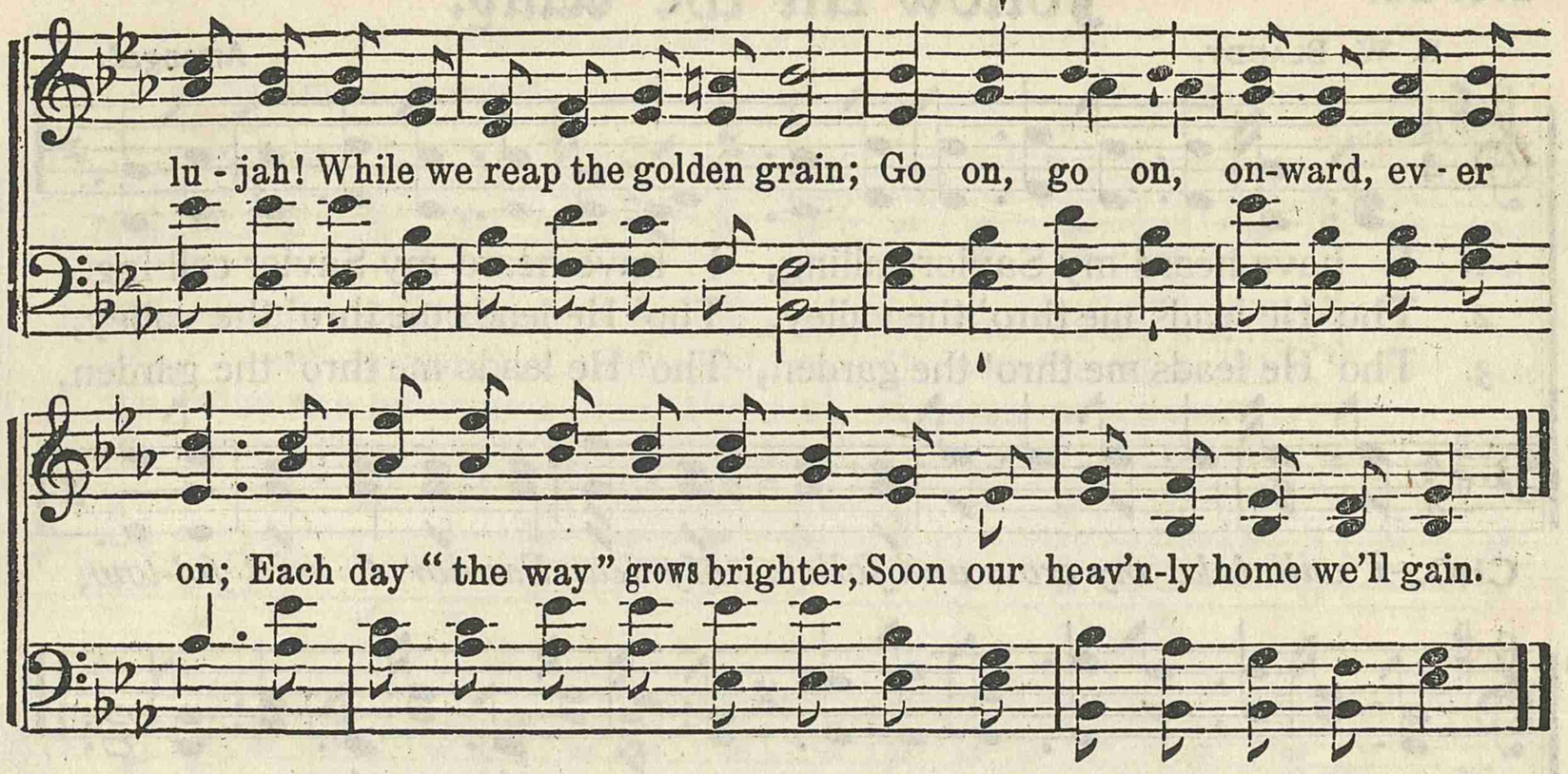
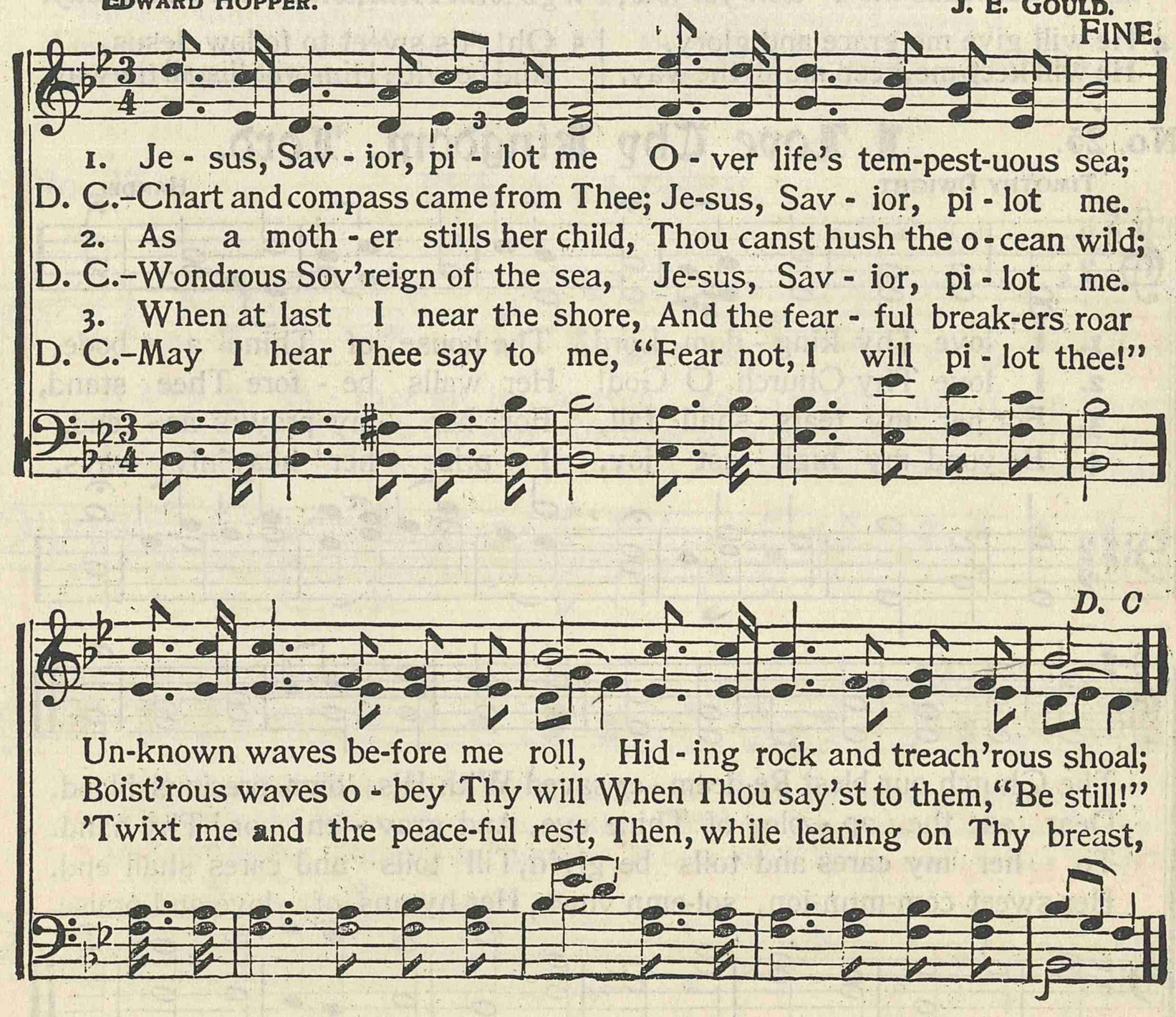
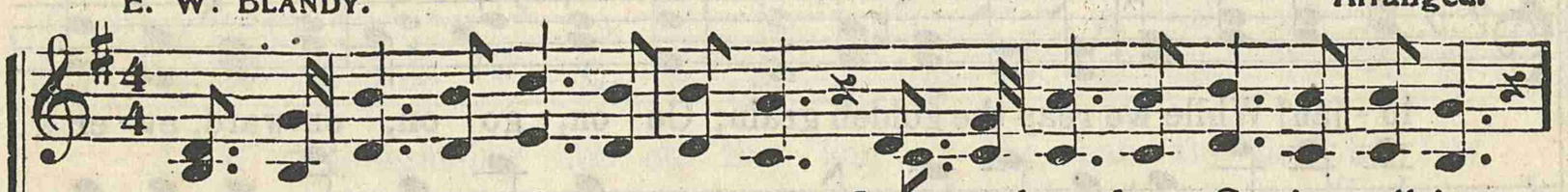
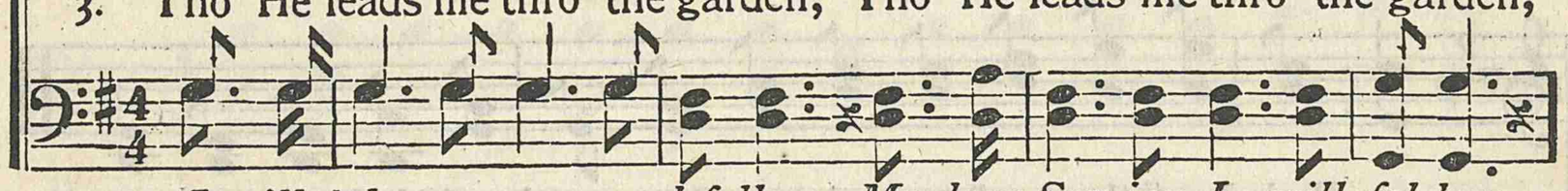
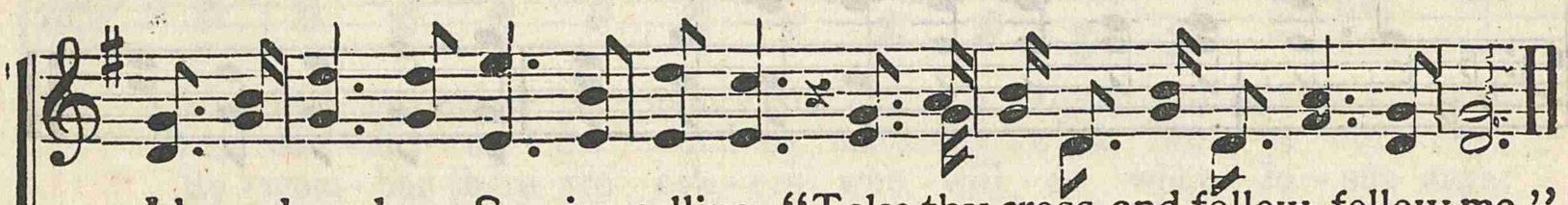
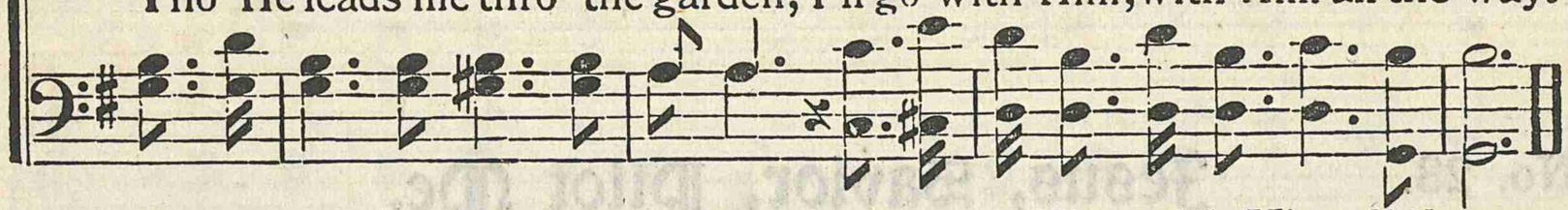
Go On. Concluded.

No. 23. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.



No. 24.

Follow All the Way.

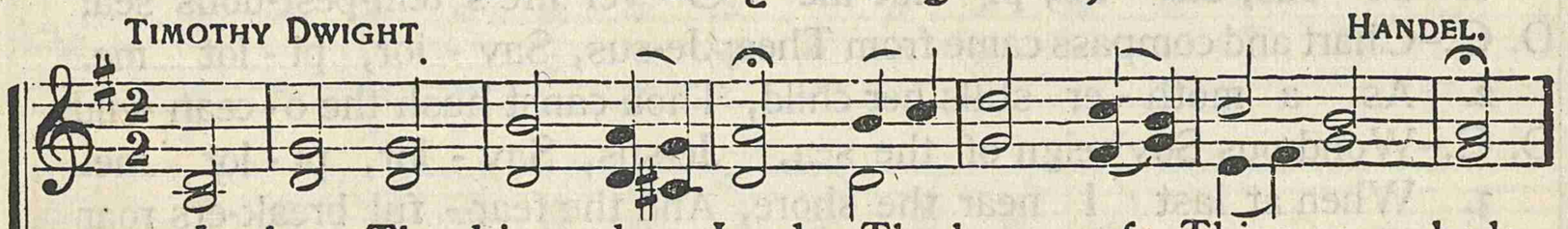
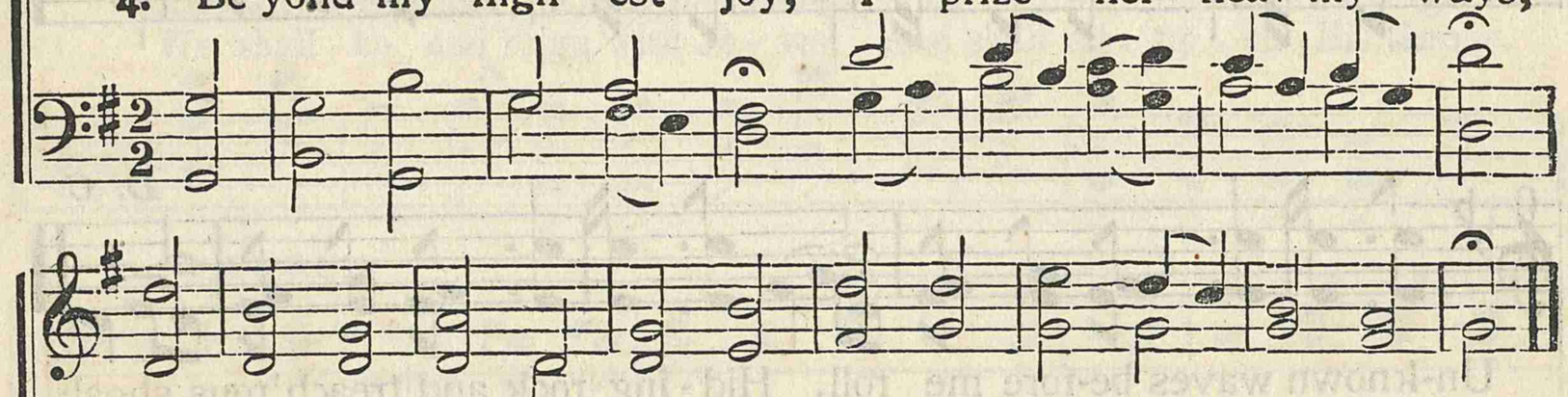
E. W. BLANDY. Arranged.

1. I have heard my Savior calling, I have heard my Savior call-ing,
2. Tho' He leads me thro' the valley, Tho' He leads me thro' the valley,
3. Tho' He leads me thro' the garden, Tho' He leads me thro' the garden,

CHO.–*I will take my cross and follow, My dear Sav-ior I will fol-low,*

I have heard my Sav-ior calling, "Take thy cross, and follow, follow me."
Tho' He leads me thro' the valley, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
Tho' He leads me thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

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

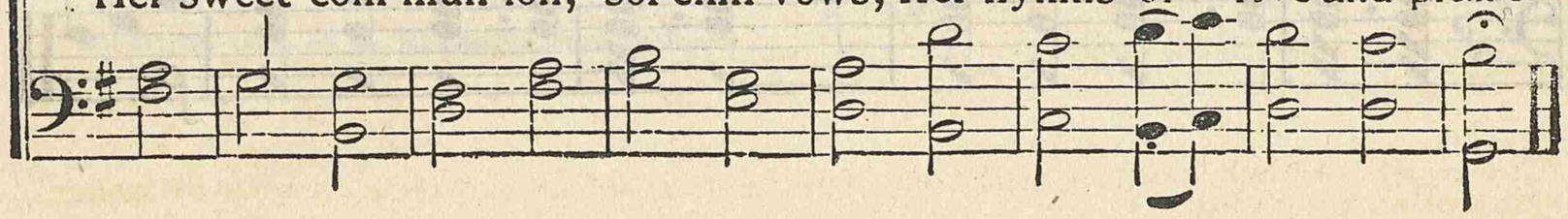
4 He will give me grace and glory,
He will keep me, keep me all the way.

5 Oh! 'tis sweet to follow Jesus,
And be with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 25.

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

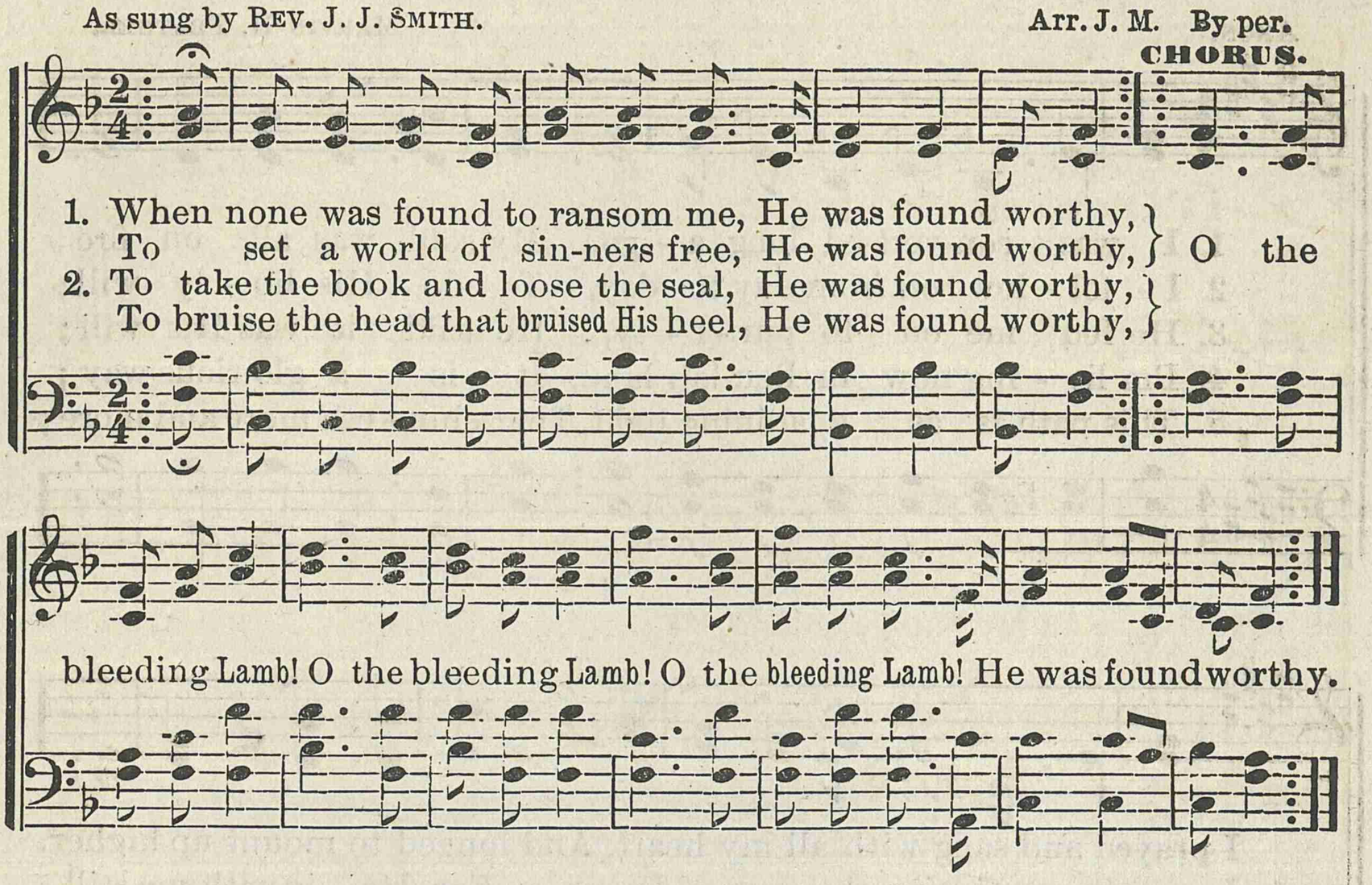
TIMOTHY DWIGHT HANDEL.

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - cend,
4. Be-yond my high - est joy, I prize her heav'nly ways,

The Church our blest Re-deem - er saved With His own precious blood.
Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.



No. 26. THE BLEEDING LAMB.

"Behold the Lamb of God."—JOHN 1: 29.

As sung by REV. J. J. SMITH. Arr. J. M. By per.

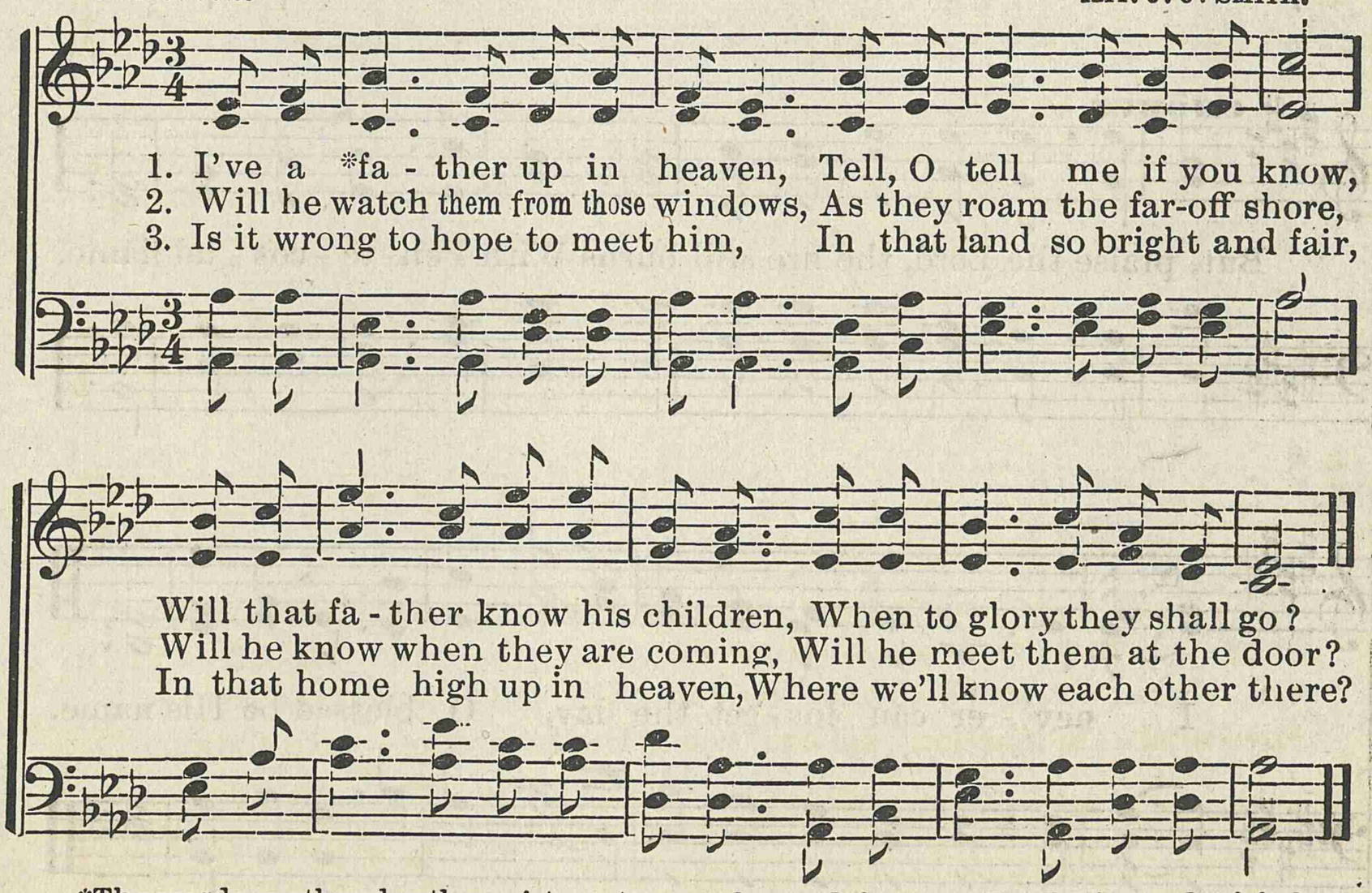


3 To bridge the gulf 'twixt man and God
He was found worthy,
And save the sinner by His blood,
He was found worthy.

4 To open wide the gate of heaven,
He was found worthy,
To Him all majesty be given,
He was found worthy.

No. 27. I'VE A FATHER.

Arr. J. J. S. Arr. J. J. SMITH.



*The words mother, brother, sister, etc., can be used for more words, instead of father, changing other pronouns.

No. 28. THE BLESSING AND THE POWER.

As sung by Evangelist W. E. Charles. Dedicated to Miss Lillian Crowe.

MARVIN H. PRATHER.

ANON.

1. I was con-vert-ed long a - go, My soul was all on fire;
2. I fol - low on from day to day, To do His ho - ly will;
3. He led me on to pur - i - ty, He said it was His will;
4. I'm liv - ing now in Beu-lah land, It is a glo-rious way;
5. This path is as a shining light, That shin - eth more and more;

I prayed and sang with all my heart, And longed to mount up higher.
I pray and sing the same old song, For He is with me still.
To sanc - ti - fy and cleanse my heart, He sanc - ti - fies me still.
There is no dark-ness here at all, It's one e-ter - nal day.
I'll res-cue souls from this dark world, Un - til my work is o'er.

CHORUS.

But, praise the Lord, the fire still burns With Pen - te - cos - tal flame.
I nev - er can for - get the day, O blessed be His name.

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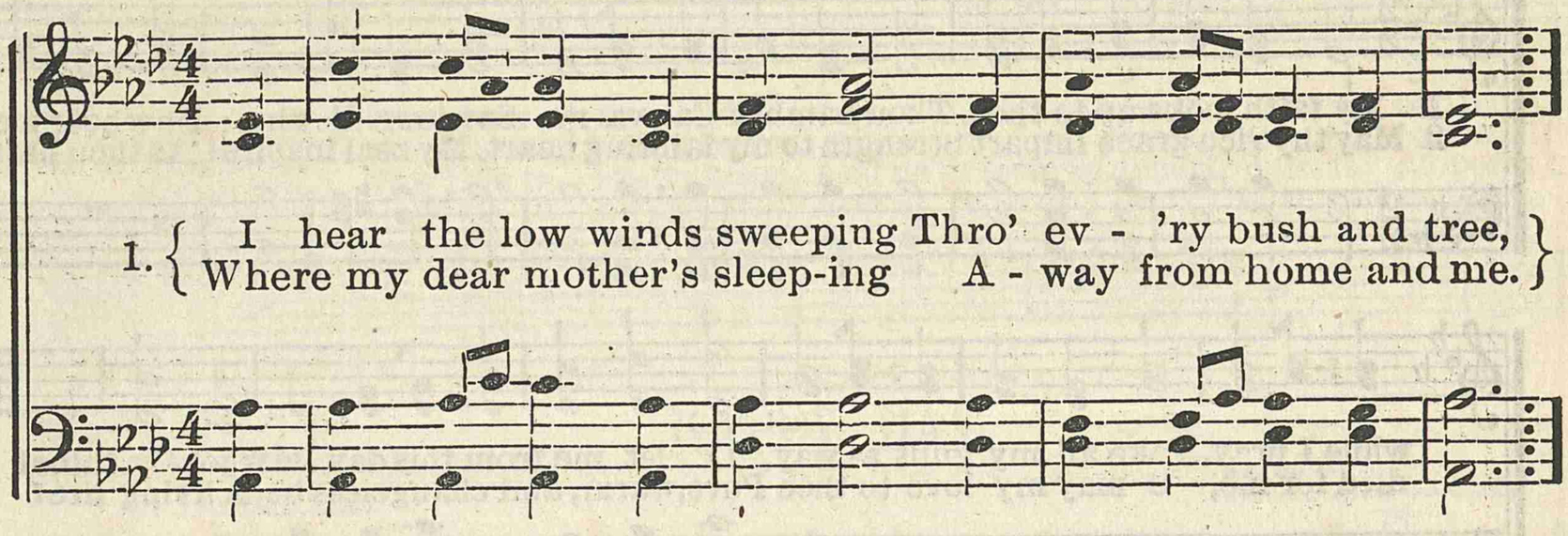
No. 29. I HAVE NO MOTHER.

Arr. by J. J. S. Arr. by J. M.



2 I see the pale moon shining
On mother's white tomb-stone,
The rose-bush 'round it twining,
It's just like me, alone;
It's just like me a-weeping,
Cold dew-drops damp my brow;
It's just like me a-weeping,
I have no mother now.

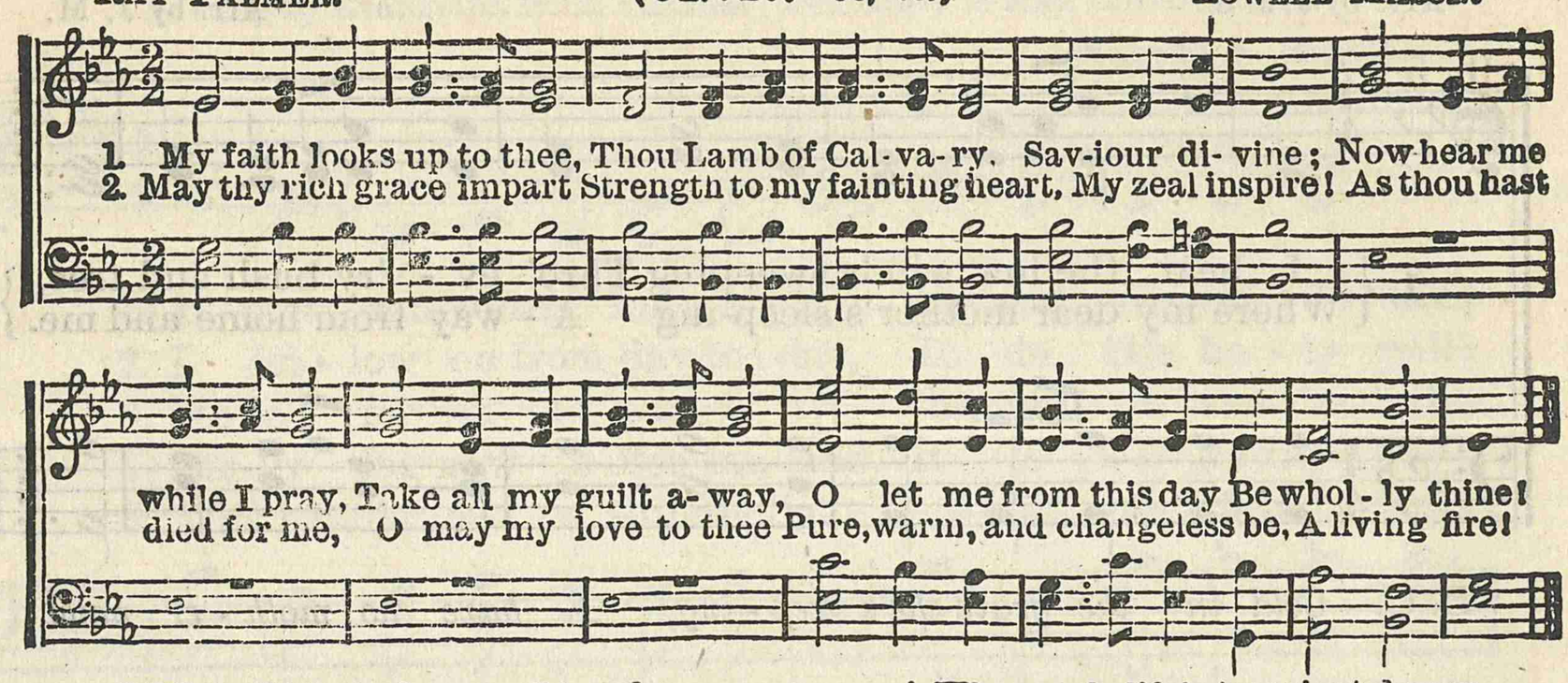
3 My life is, O, so lonely,
My heart is troubled sore,
Her dearest presence only
Could make me weep no more.
She has gone from me to heaven,
Deep sorrow shades my brow,
The sacred tie is broken,
I have no mother now.

4 Sad was the hour for parting,
She said in words so sweet,
"My loved ones, I am dying,
We must in heaven meet."
O, yes, I'll meet you, mother,
On that eternal shore,
And there we'll live together,
Where parting is no more.

Added by J. J. S.

5 Come now, ye orphaned children,
Who sorrow here below,
And join me in a promise
That you'll to glory go.
Then when our labor's ended,
And time shall be no more,
We will go and live with mother,
Where parting is no more.

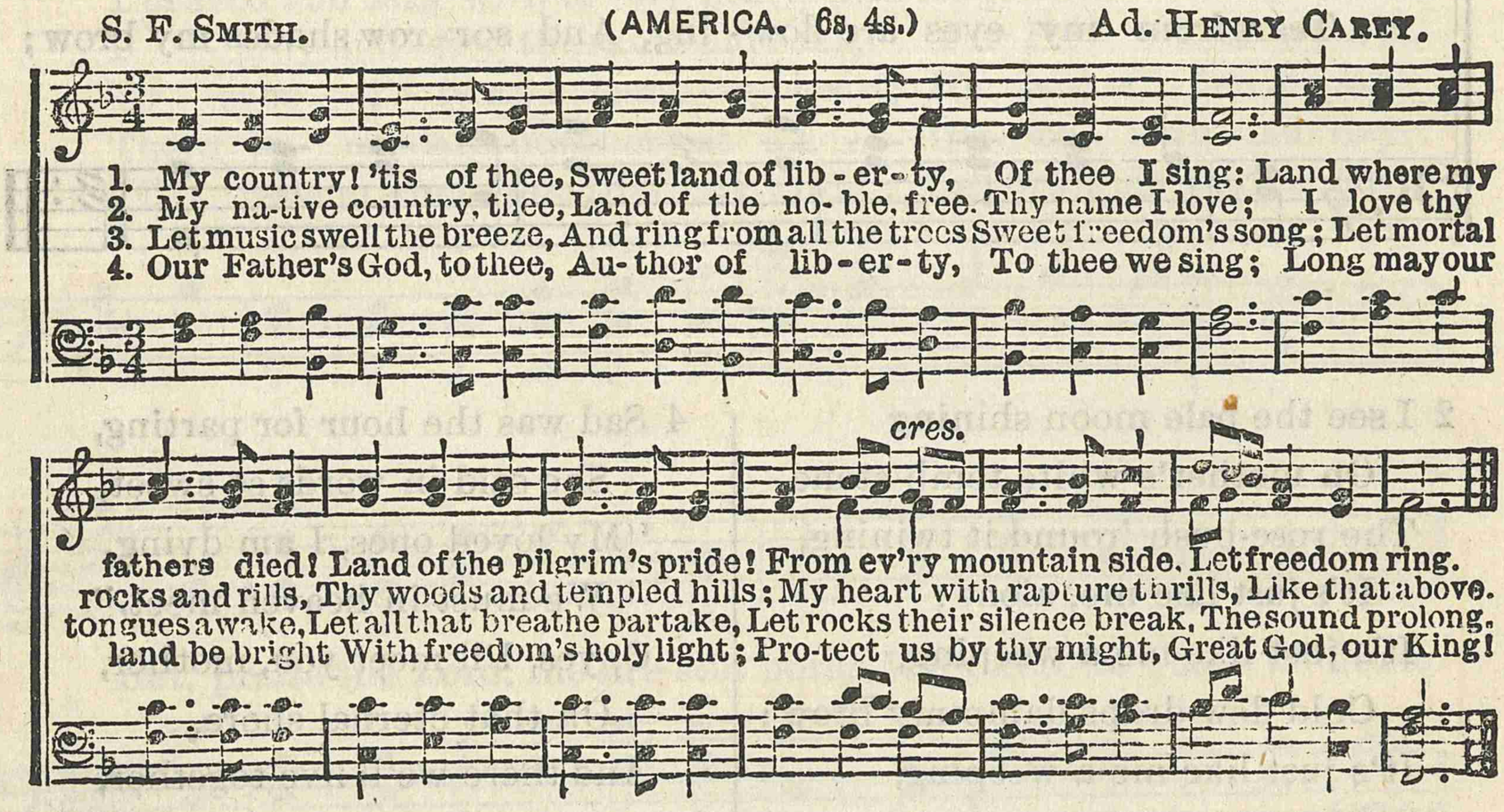
No. 30. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

RAY PALMER. (OLIVET. 6s, 4s.) LOWELL MASON.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

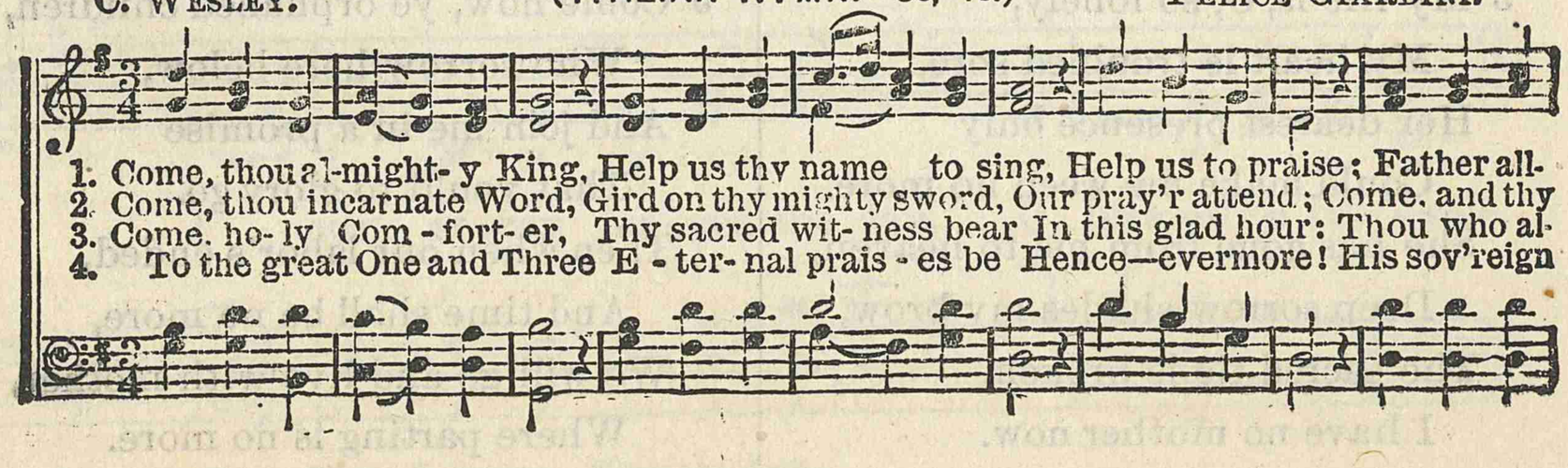
No. 31 MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

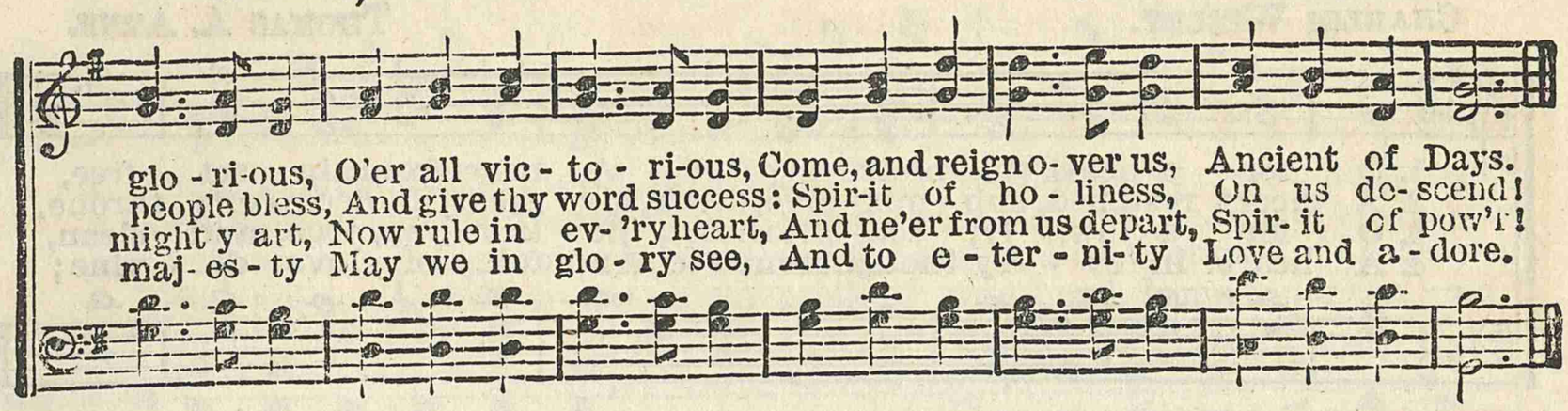
S. F. SMITH. (AMERICA. 6s, 4s.) Ad. HENRY CAREY.

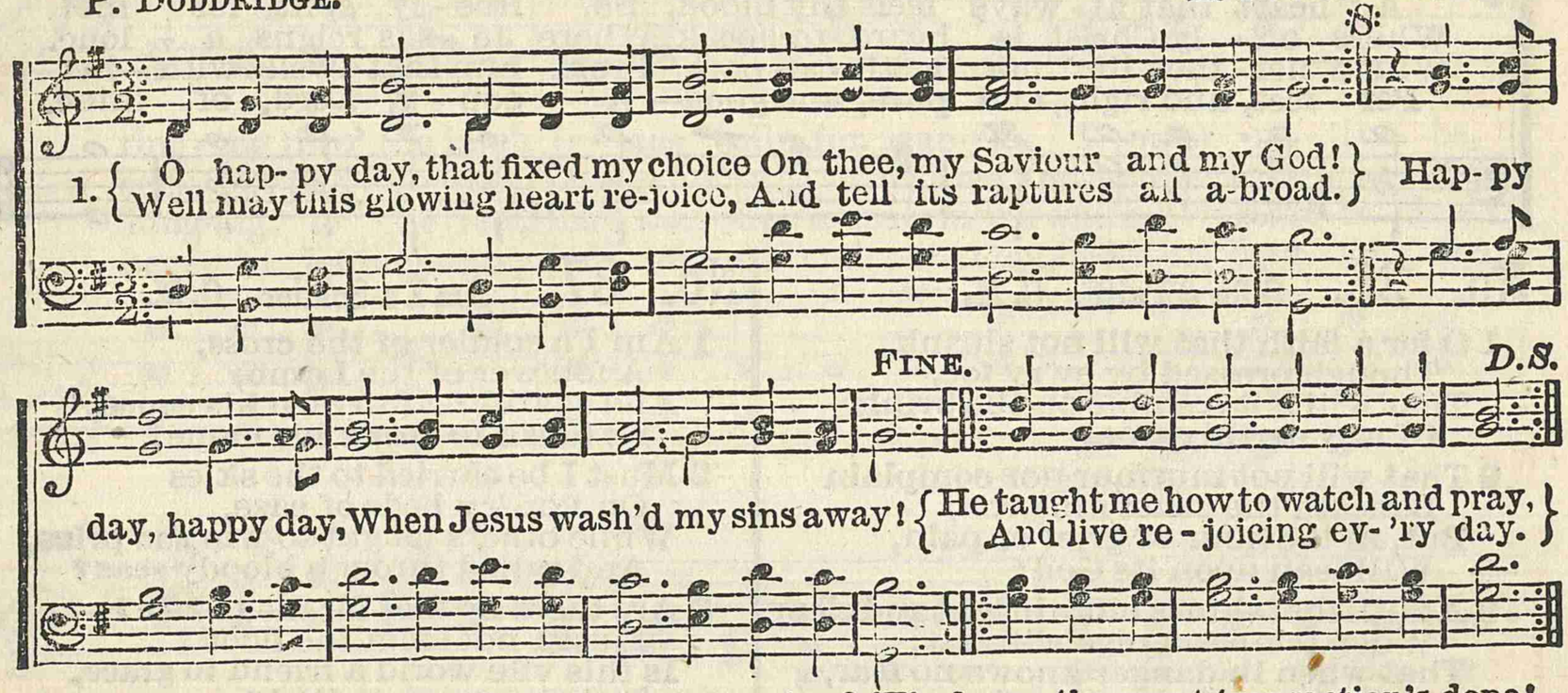


No. 32 COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

C. WESLEY. (ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.) FELICE GIARDINI.

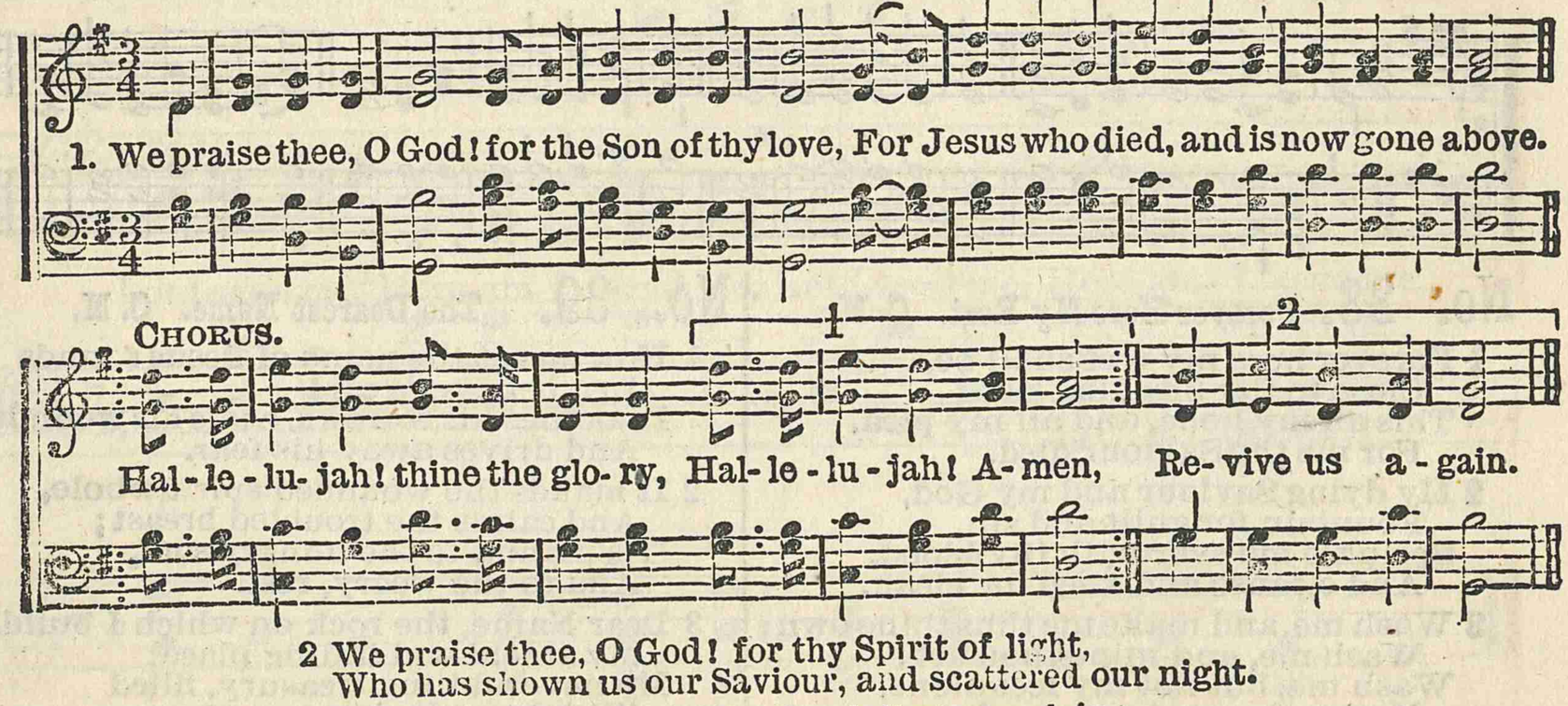


COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING. (Concluded.)

No. 33 HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

No. 34 REVIVE US AGAIN.

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

2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

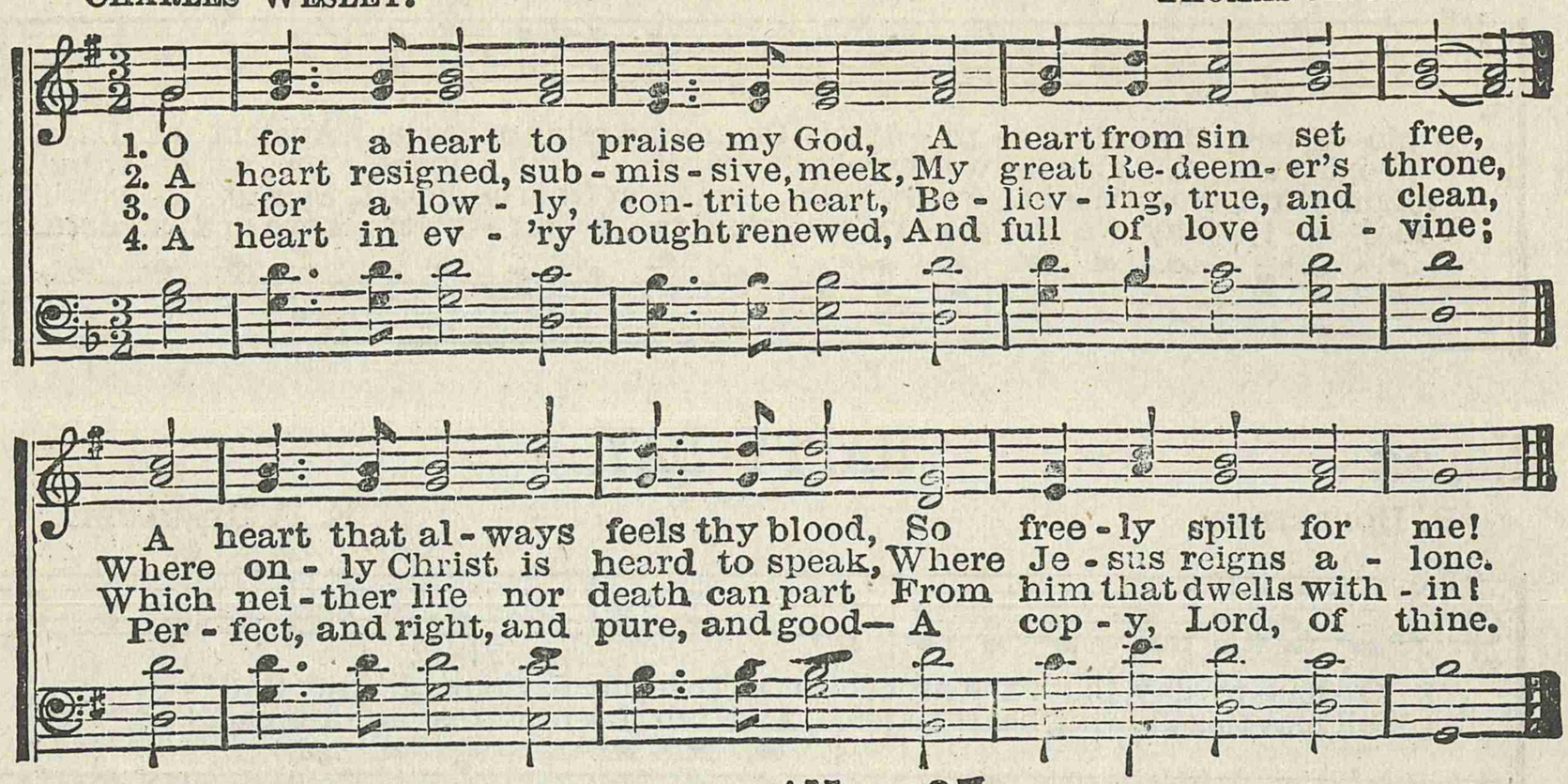
3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our way.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

No. 35. ARLINGTON. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. THOMAS A. ARNE.



No. 36. O for a Faith. C. M.

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

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

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

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

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.

No. 37. Am I a Soldier. C. M.

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

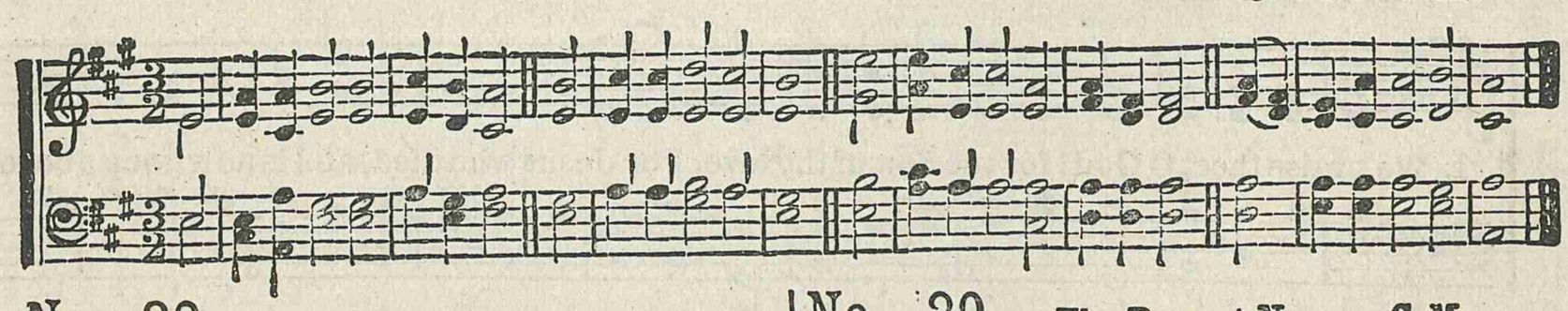
2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

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

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

ISAAC WATTS.

AZMON. C. M.

C. G. GLASER.

No. 38. Forever Here My Rest. C. M.

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

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

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

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

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 39. The Dearest Name. C. M.

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

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

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

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

JOHN NEWTON.

No. 40. LORD, SEND ME.

M. W. S. M. W. SPENCER.

1. There is much to do, there's work on ev-'ry hand, Hark! the cry for help comes
2. There's the plaintive cry of mourning souls distress'd, And the sigh of hearts who
3. There are hung'ring souls who cry aloud for bread, With the bread of life they're
4. There are souls who lin - ger on the brink of woe, Lord, I must not, can - not

ring - ing thro' the land; Je - sus calls for reap-ers, I must ac - tive be,
seek but find no rest; These should have my love and tender sym - pa - thy,
long-ing to be fed; Shall they starve and fam ish while a feast is free?
bear to let them go; Let me go and tell them, broth-er, turn and flee,

CHORUS.

What wilt Thou, O Mas- ter? Here am I, send me. Here am I, send me,
Read - y at Thy bid-ding, Here am I, send me.
I must be more faithful, Here am I, send me.
Mas-ter, I would save them, Here am I, send me.

I, Lord, send me, Here am

Lord, send me, Here am I, send me, Lord, send me, Here am I, send me,

I,

Lord, send me, Read - y at Thy bid - ding, Lord, send me!

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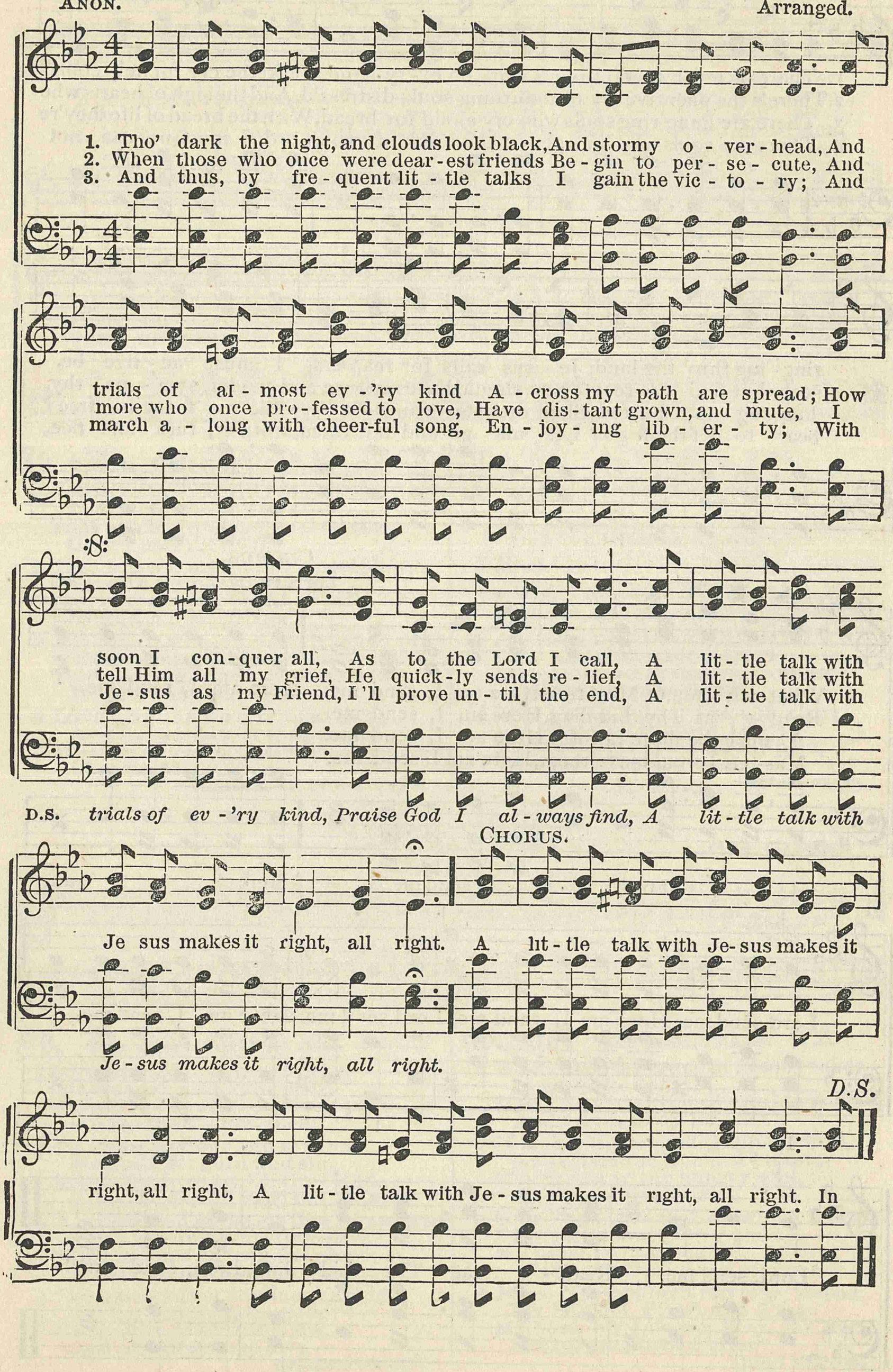
No. 41. A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

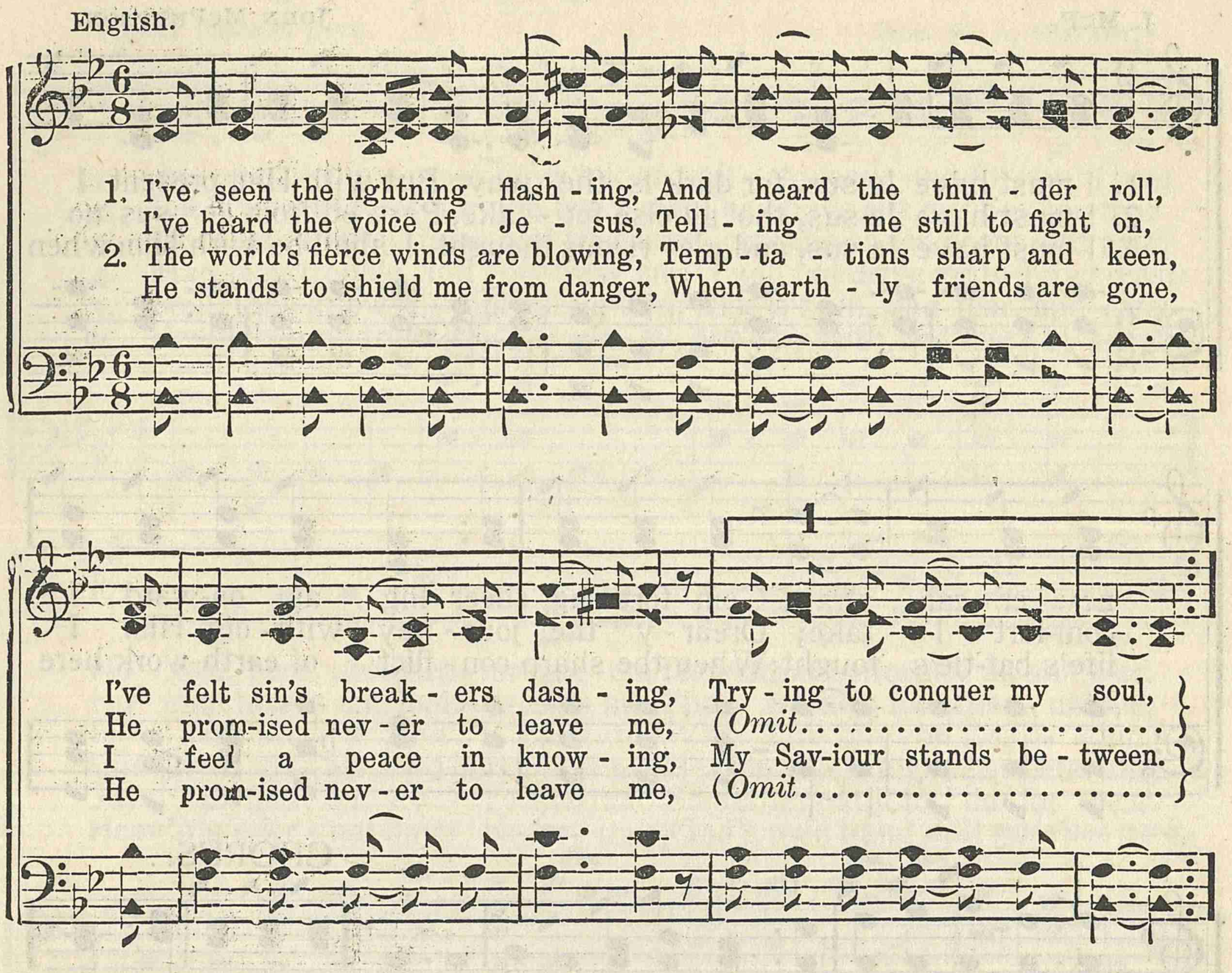
"And behold there talked with Him two men." Luke ix: 30.

ANON. Arranged.



No. 42. NEVER ALONE.

English.



3 When in affliction's valley,
I'm treading the road of care,
My Saviour helps me to carry,
My cross when heavy to bear;
My feet entangled with briars,
Ready to cast me down,
My Saviour whispers His promise,
I'll never leave thee alone.

4 He died for me on the mountain,
For me they pierced His side,
For me He opened that fountain,
The crimson cleansing tide;
For me He's waiting in glory,
Seated upon His throne,
He promised never to leave me,
Never to leave me alone.

No. 43.

I Must have Jesus.

J. McP. JOHN McPHERSON.

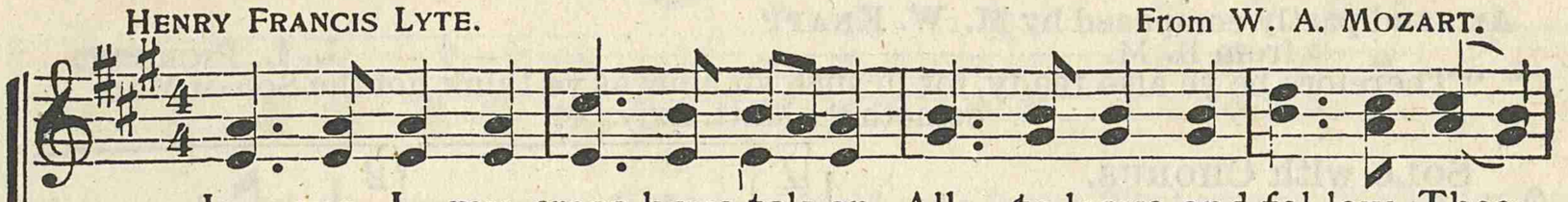
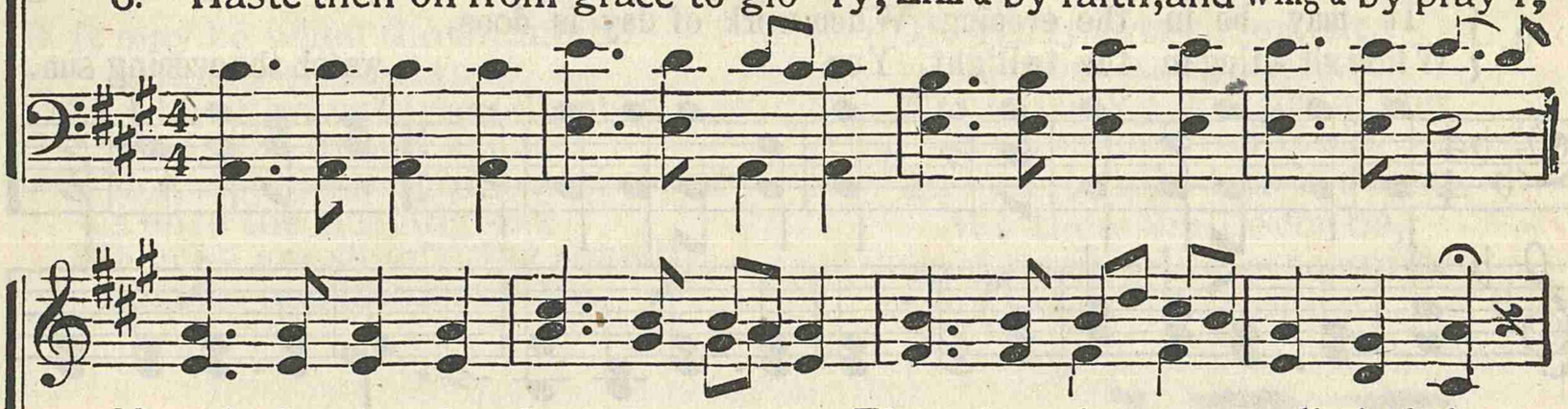
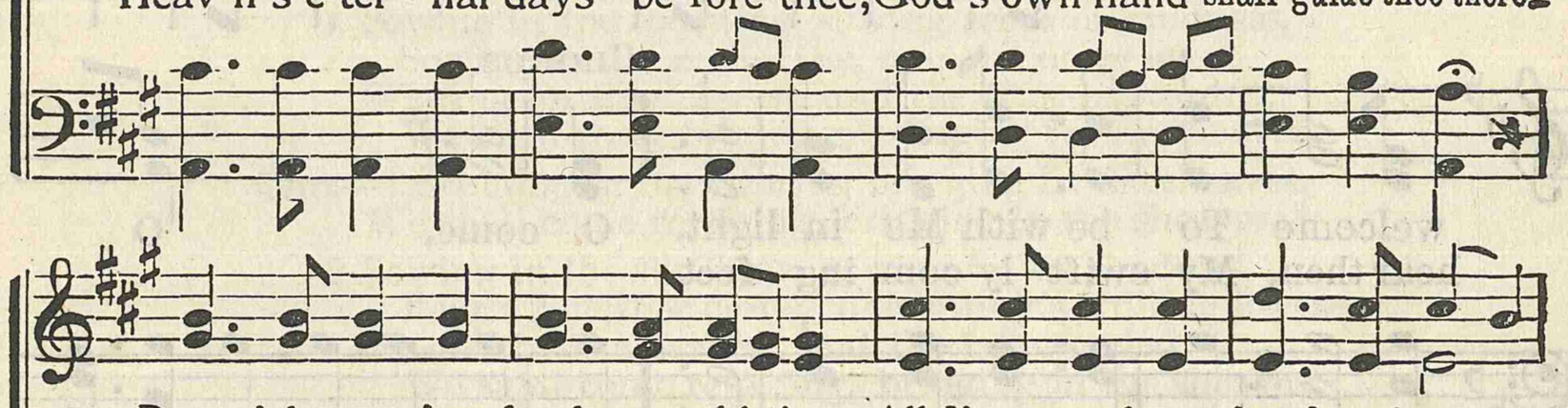
1. I must have Je-sus, for dark is the way, But with Him present I nev-er can stray; Com-fort-ing, cheer-ing as on-ward I go,
2. I must have Je-sus, tho' all else for-sake, Part-ed from Je-sus no com-fort I take; Drear-y the jour-ney with-out Him I find,
3. I must have Je-sus, and, glo-ri-ous thought, I shall be with Him when life's bat-tle's fought; When the sharp con-flict of earth-work here ends,

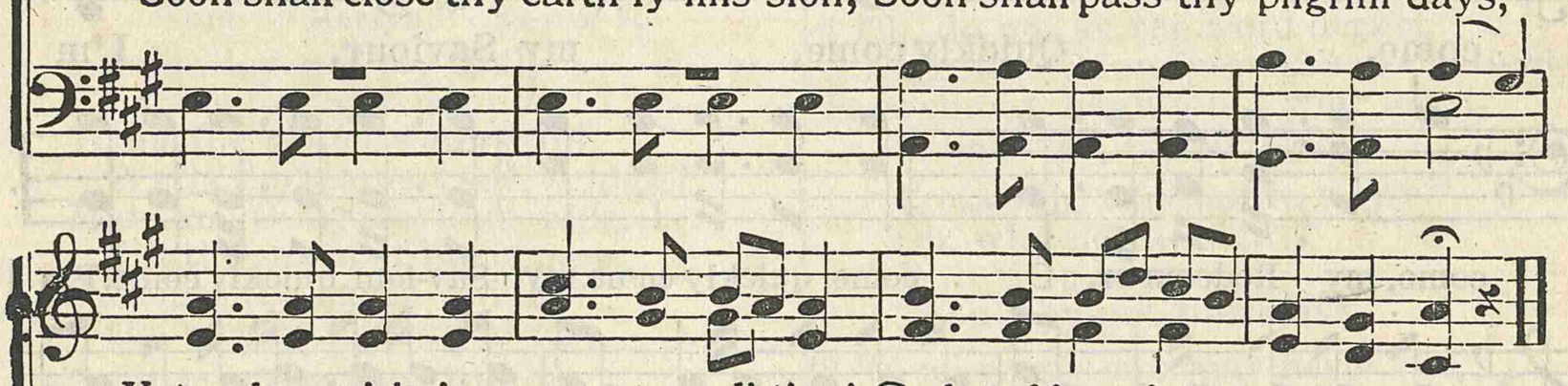
CHORUS.

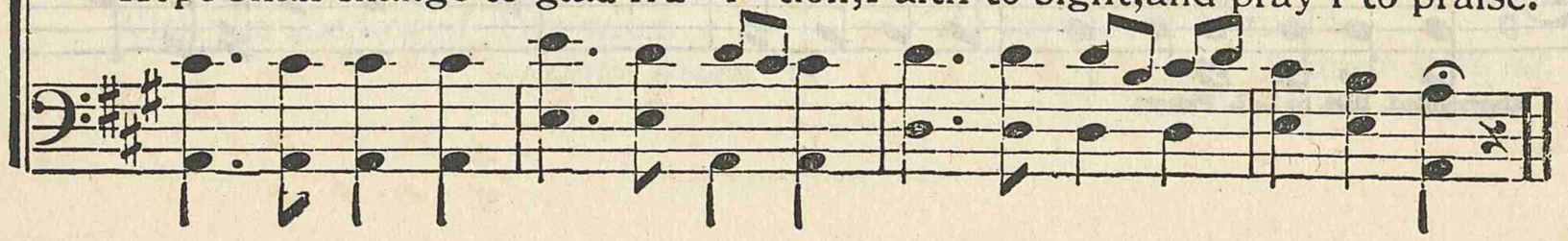
I must have Je-sus in all paths be-low.
I must have Je-sus, leave all else behind.
I will have Je-sus, the best of all friends.

I must have Je-sus,
I must have Jesus, Loving companion and mighty to save; I must have
Je-sus, I must have Jesus, Refuge of safe-ty when sin-billows wave.

No. 44. Jesus, I My Cross have Taken.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. From W. A. MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol-low Thee;
2. Let the world despise and leave me; They have left my Sav-ior too:
3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure; Come dis-as-ter, scorn and pain;
4. Man may trouble and dis-tress me, 'T will but drive me to Thy breast:
5. Soul, then know thy full sal-va-tion; Rise o'r sin, and fear, and care;
6. Haste then on from grace to glo - ry, Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by pray'r;

Na - ked, poor, despised, for-sak - en, Thou from hence, my all shalt be.
Hu - man hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art not, like them, untrue;
In Thy serv-ice pain is pleasure; With Thy fa - vor loss is gain.
Life with tri - als hard may press me; Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.
Joy to find in ev - 'ry sta-tion Something still to do or bear.
Heav'n's e-ter - nal days be-fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi-tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
And while Thou shalt smile up-on me, God of wis-dom, love, and might,
I have call'd Thee "Ab - ba, Fa-ther," I have set my heart on Thee;
O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me!
Think what Spirit dwells within thee; Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Soon shall close thy earth-ly mis-sion, Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;



Yet how rich is my con - di-tion! God and heav'n are still my own.
Foes may hate, and friends disown me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather; All must work for good to me.
O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmix'd with Thee;
Think that Je - sus died to win Thee: Child of heav'n, canst thou repine?
Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

No. 45

Be Ready.

Arr. and partly composed by M. W. KNAPP
from B. M.

L. L. PICKETT.

"Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." Matt. xxiv: 44.

SOLO with CHORUS.

1. It may be in the morning, When sun is bright and strong,
And dew is glist'ning sharply, And day looks bright and long.

2. It may be in the evening, When work of day is done,
While sit - ting in the twilight, You watch the evening sun.

You then may see Me com-ing, On clouds of glo-ry bright; Your waiting soul to
A - mong the vil - lage children, Who throng the bus - y street, It may be you will

CHORUS.

welcome To be with Me in light. O come, O
hear then, My swift - ly com - ing feet.

O come bless-ed Lord, Quickly

come, Quickly come, my Saviour. I'm

come, my Redeem-er, O come, quickly come, my Sav-iour, quickly come. I'm

read - y now for Thee, I 'm read - y now for Thee, And greet with joy the promise, And

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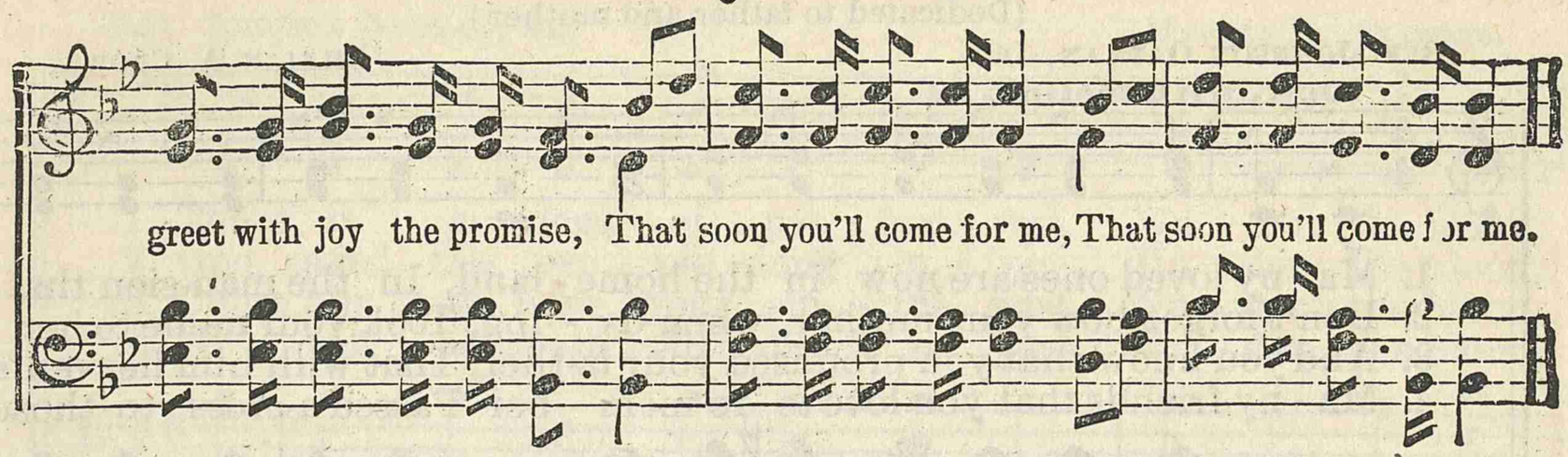
Be Ready. Concluded.

3 It may be when the midnight
Is heavy on the land,
The black waves lying dumbly
Along the dreary sand,
When moonless night draws closer
Above the sleeping sea,
When all are slumbering soundly,
And no one thinks of Me.

4 Be ready every moment,
Be robed and sanctified;
For quickly I will claim you
My own beloved bride.
In sweet and blessed union
We then shall ever be,
And dwell in bliss together
Through all eternity.

46 Key of C.

1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noon-tide, and the dewy eves;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

CHO.—‖:Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.:‖

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze,
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go, then, even weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

47 Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

Tune: "Martyn." Key of F.

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

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

—*Charles Wesley.*

48 Key of F.

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

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

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

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

—*Elizabeth Reed, alt.*

No. 49. Are You Going to Meet Them Up There?

(Dedicated to father and mother.)

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. LILLIAN A. CROWE.

Slow, with feeling.

1. Ma - ny loved ones are now in the home - land, In the man-sion that
2. Don't forget how your mother, when dy - ing, Took your name to her
3. And you know that you promised your fa-ther, That with him heaven's
4. Ma - ny friends that you love to re-mem - ber Passed a-cross to those

Christ did prepare; When at last you are thro' with earth's toiling, Are you
Sav - iour in pray'r; Then you promised to meet her in heav - en, Are you
joys you would share; Don't forget that dear father and moth - er, Are you
man-sions so fair; Tell us now, and may this seal the an - swer, Are you

CHORUS.

go - ing to meet them up there?
go - ing to meet her up there? Yes, they're waiting for you o - ver
go - ing to meet them up there?
go - ing to meet them up there?

yon - der, By the side of the riv - er so fair; Are you

do - ing your best to reach heaven? Are you going to meet them up there?

Copyright, 1908, by Marvin H. Prather, words and music.

No. 50. Under the Blood of Jesus.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. MARVIN H. PRATHER.

1. There is a place of per - fect rest, Un - der the blood,
2. God saved His peo - ple long a - go, Un - der the blood,
3. Come bur - y here your sin - ful past, Un - der the blood,
4. If you re - main till life is past Un - der the blood,

un - der the blood; A hid - ing place, su - preme - ly blest,
un - der the blood; He'll save and make you white as snow,
un - der the blood; Re - morse can ne'er a shad - ow cast,
un - der the blood; You'll find the gate of heav'n at last,

CHORUS.

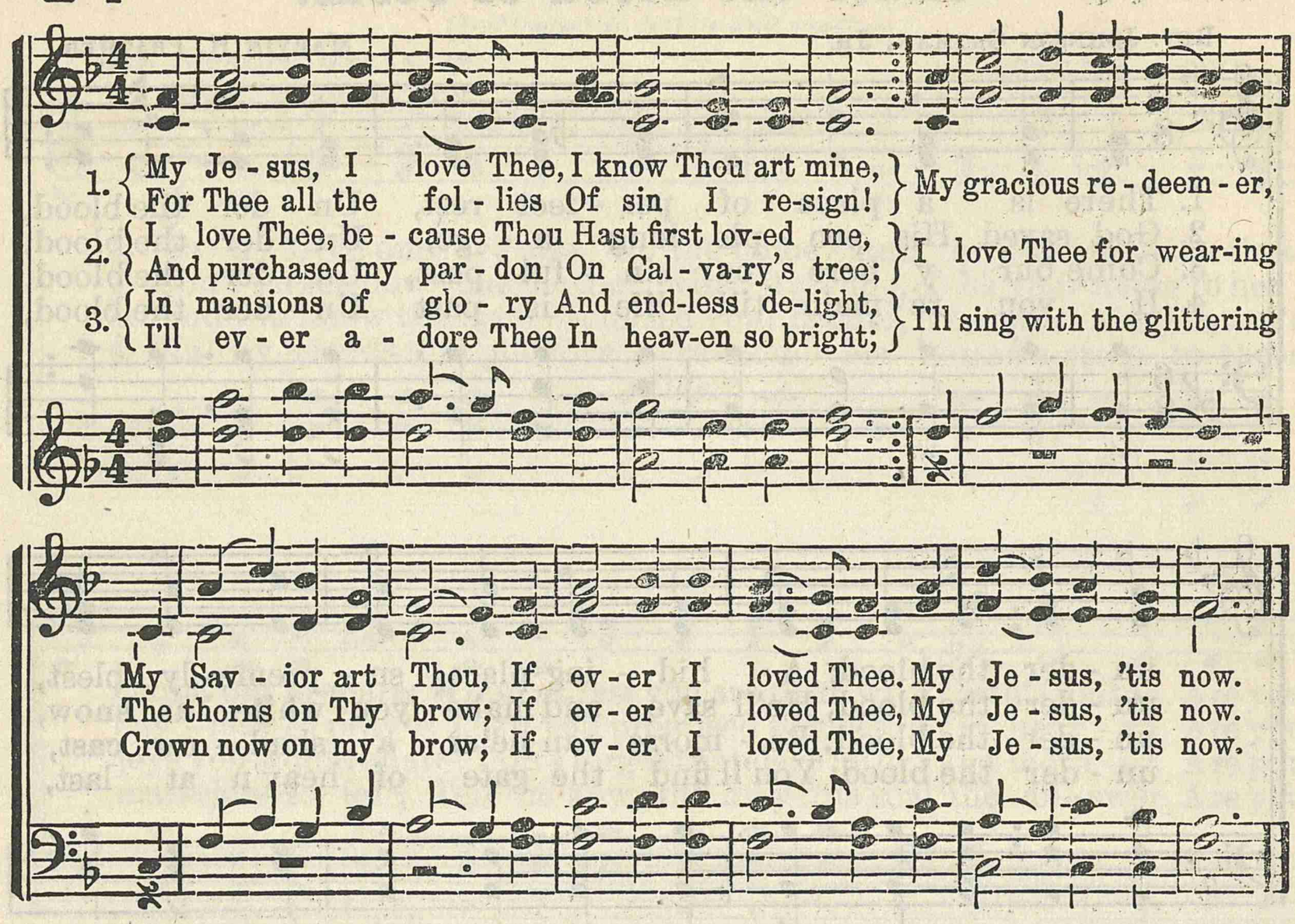
Un - der the blood of Je - sus. O yes, there's safe - ty

un - der the blood, Un - der the blood, un - der the blood; The

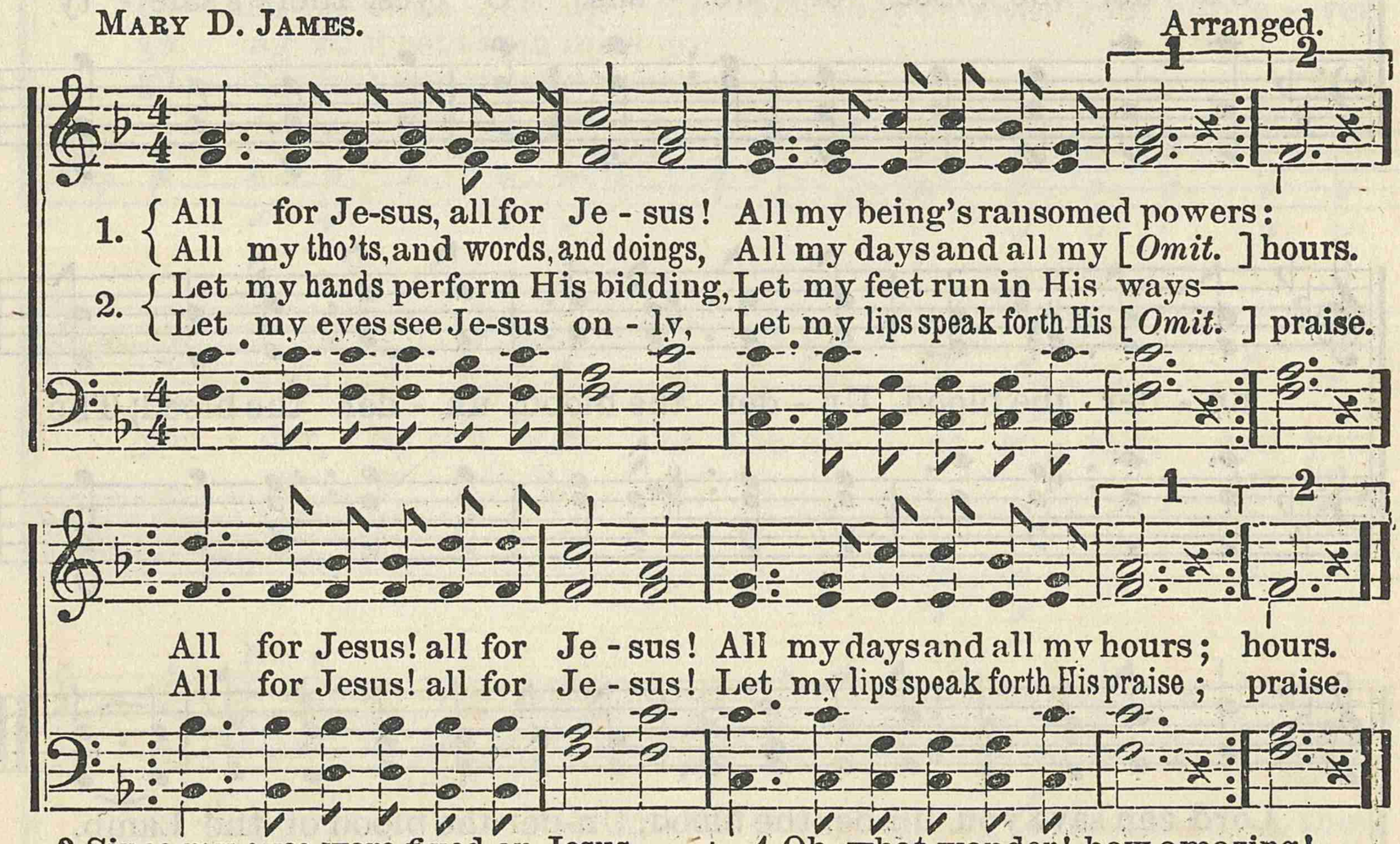
Lord can save you un-der the blood, Un-der the blood of the Lamb.

Copyright, 1908, by Marvin H. Prather, words and music.

51 My Jesus, I Love Thee.



No. 52. ALL FOR JESUS.

MARY D. JAMES.

3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at 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. :‖

No. 53. I'm On the Road Home.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. LILLIAN A. CROWE-PRATHER.

1. You ask me where I'm bound to-day, I'm on the road home;
2. What tho' my way leads o'er the hill, I'm on the road home;
3. If I am led where skies are bright, I'm on the road home;
4. While Je - sus leads me by the hand, I'm on the road home;

Though rough at times may be the way, I'm on the road home.
Or through the val-ley dark and chill, I'm on the road home.
Or if the way be dark as night, I'm on the road home.
Soon I will reach the promised land, I'm on the road home.

CHORUS.

Home, beau - ti - ful home, Tho' here I may roam,
Beau - ti - ful home,

My faith tells me ev - er, I'm on the road home.

Copyright, 1909, by Marvin H. Prather, words and music.

No. 54. Every Day Brings My Soul Nearer Home.

JENNIE WILSON. MARVIN H. PRATHER.

1. There's a tho't full of com - fort and love, When in wear - i - some path-ways I roam, Whereso-ev - er my jour-ney may be, Ev - 'ry day brings my soul near-er home.
2. Ev - 'ry day brings me near-er the land, Where the tri - als of earth come no more; By and by I shall rest on that strand, Where the con - flicts of life are all o'er. Ev-'ry day brings my soul nearer home.
3. Ev - 'ry day brings me near-er my King, And the glo - ry that I shall be-hold, When I dwell where celestial songs ring, While His name by the saved is ex - tolled. Ev-'ry day brings my soul nearer home.

CHORUS.

home, Ev-'ry day brings my soul nearer home, Whether clouds dim the light or the sun glows bright, Ev'ry day brings my soul nearer home.

Copyright, 1909, by Marvin H. Prather, words and music.

No. 55. The Child of a King.

HATTIE E. BUELL. Arr. by Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold-eth the wealth of the world in His hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His cof-fers are full,—He has rich-es un-told.
2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav-ior of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the poor - est of them, But now He is reign-ing for- ev - er on high, And will give me a home in heav'n by and by.
3. I once was an out - cast stranger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, and an al - ien by birth! But I've been a - dopt-ed, my name's written down, An heir to a man-sion, a robe, and a crown.
4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're building a pal - ace for me o - ver there! Tho' ex-iled from home, yet still I may sing: All glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

CHORUS.

I'm the child of a King, The child of a King! With Je - sus, my Sav - ior, I'm the child of a King!

ad lib.

No. 56. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Words by S. B. GOULD. Music by A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be-fore; Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter,
2. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus Con-stant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev - er
4. Onward, then, ye people! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voic - es In the triumph-song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or

Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, his ban - ners go!
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that can not fail.
Un - to Christ, the King; This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

REFRAIN.

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

No. 57. Our Blood-Washed Band.

J. M. JOHN MCPHERSON. By per.

1. Come and go with me to e - ter - ni - ty, I be-long to the blood-washed band; We are on our way to the land of day, I be-
2. We are meek and low as we on-ward go, I be-long to the blood-washed band; Whit-er than the snow are our robes we know, I be-
3. I am saved to - day and am on my way, I be-long to the blood-washed band; To the world of light where there is no night, I be-
4. May I meet you there in that home so fair? I be-long to the blood-washed band; Je - sus hear-eth all who up - on Him call, I be-

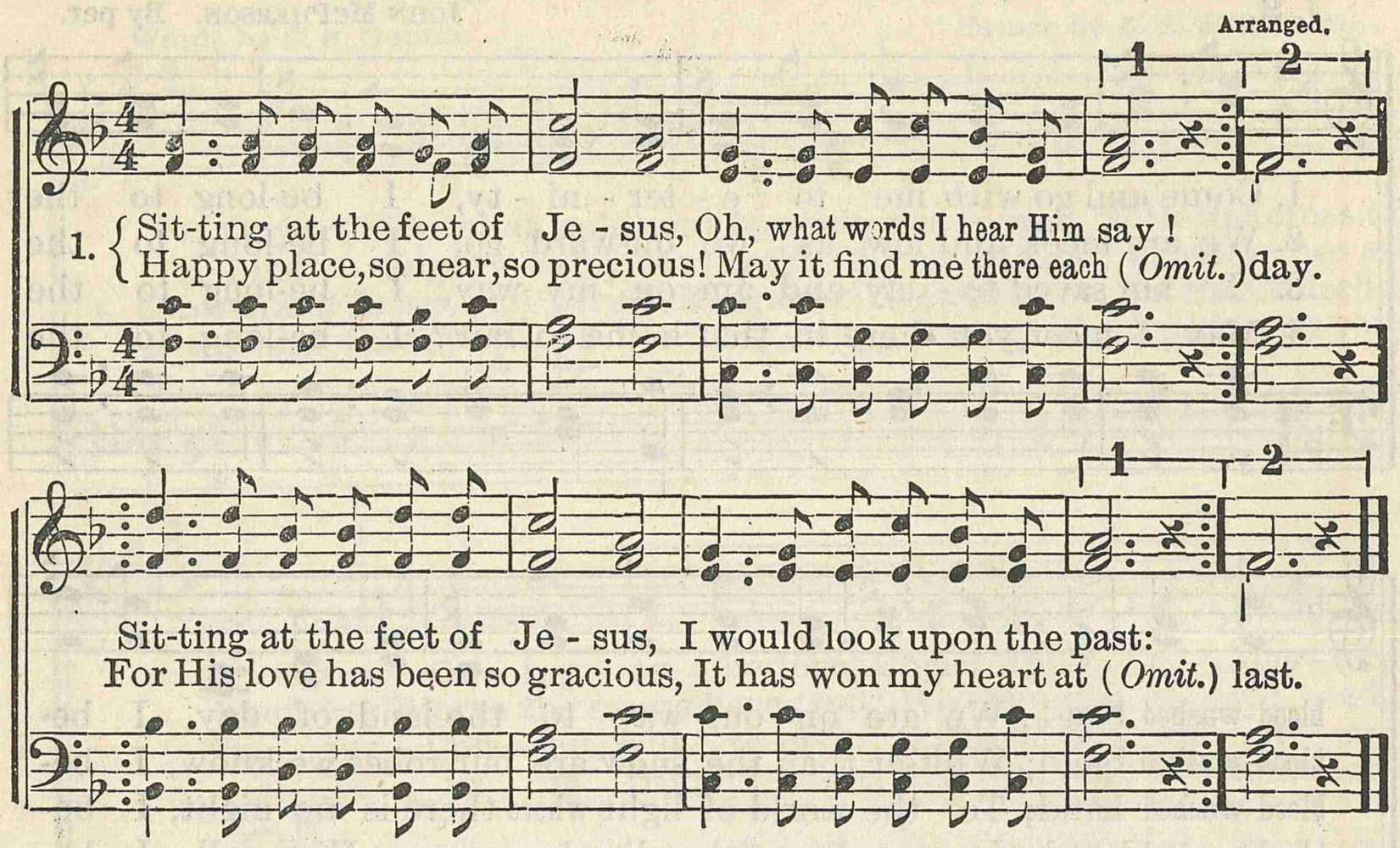
CHORUS.

long to the blood-washed band. I be - long to the blood-washed band, I be-long to the blood-washed band, Je - sus
The blood-washed band, The blood-washed band,

saves I know for I'm whiter than snow, I belong to the blood-washed band.

No. 58. SITTING AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

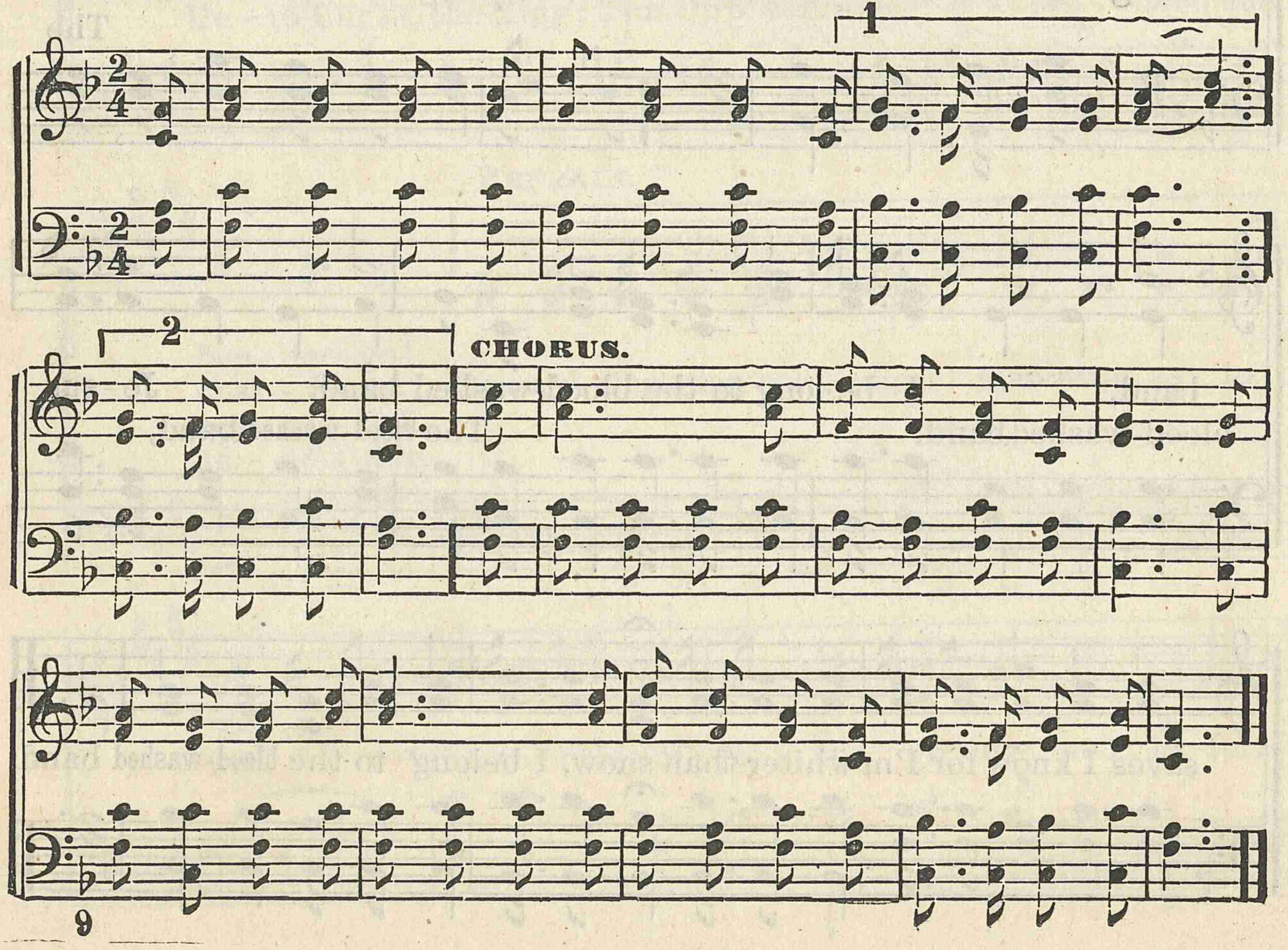
Arranged.



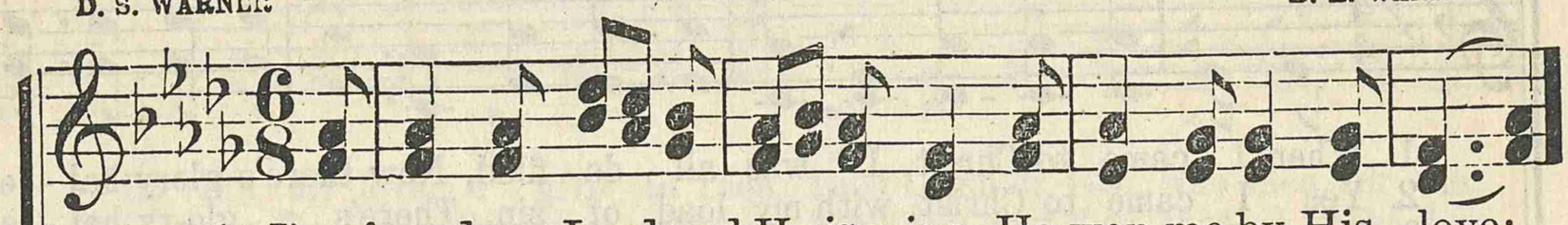
2 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
Where can mortal be more blest?
There I lay my sins and sorrows,
And, when weary, find sweet rest;
Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
There I love to weep and pray,
While I from His fullness gather
Grace and comfort every day.

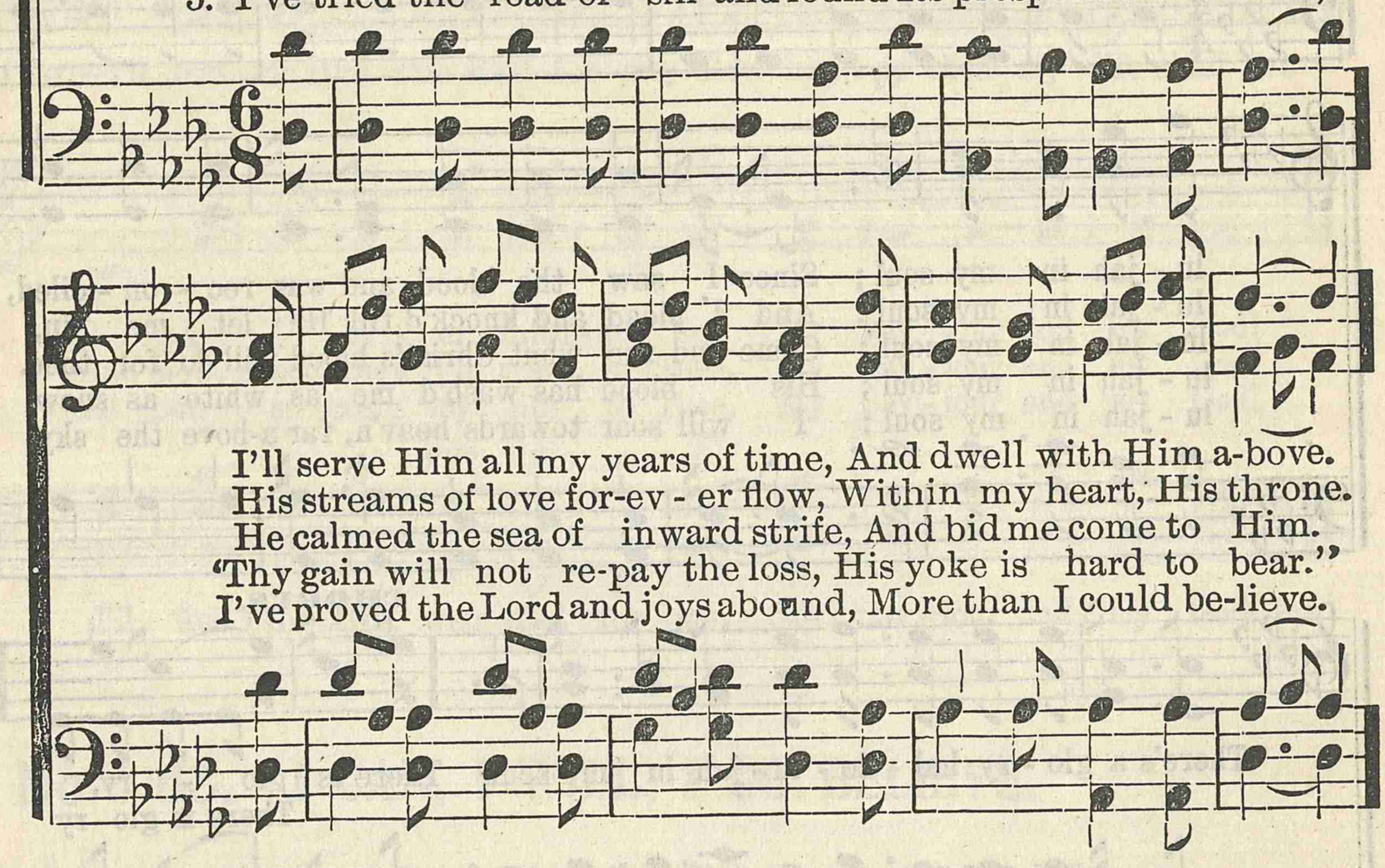
3 Bless me, O, my Saviour, bless me,
As I sit low at Thy feet,
Oh, look down in love upon me,
Let me see Thy face so sweet;
Give me, Lord, the mind of Jesus,
Make me holy as He is:
May I prove I've been with Jesus,
Who is all my righteousness.

No. 59. WE'LL WORK.



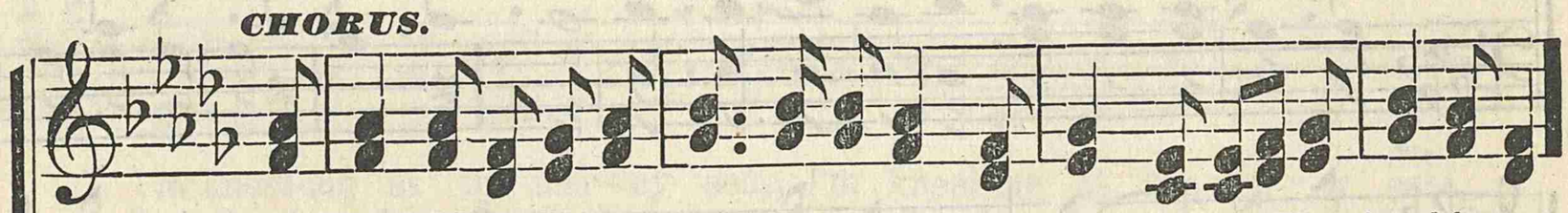
No. 60. HIS YOKE IS EASY.

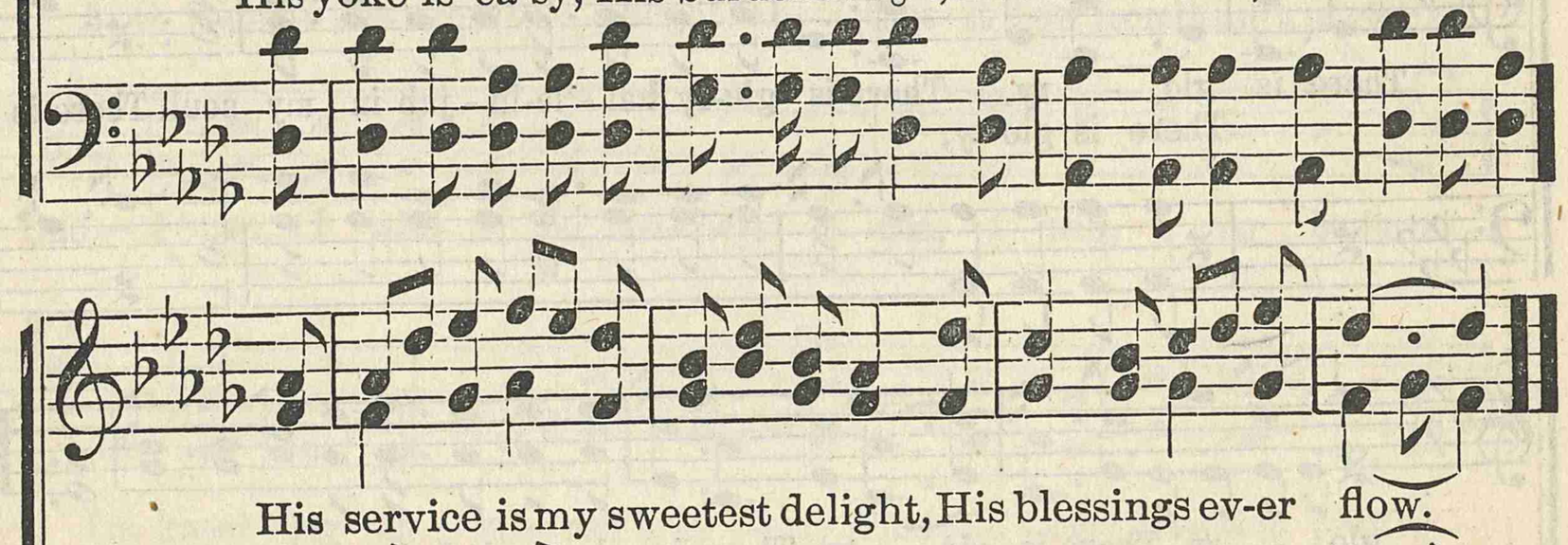
D. S. WARNER. B. E. WARREN.

1. I've found my Lord and He is mine, He won me by His love;
2. No oth-er Lord but Christ I know, I walk with Him a - lone;
3. He's dear-er to my heart than life, He found me lost in sin;
4. My flesh recoiled be-fore the cross, And Sa-tan whispered there,
5. I've tried the road of sin and found Its prospects all de-ceive;



I'll serve Him all my years of time, And dwell with Him a-bove.
His streams of love for-ev - er flow, Within my heart, His throne.
He calmed the sea of inward strife, And bid me come to Him.
'Thy gain will not re-pay the loss, His yoke is hard to bear."
I've proved the Lord and joys abound, More than I could be-lieve.

CHORUS.



His yoke is ea-sy, His burden is light, I've found it so, I've found it so:

His service is my sweetest delight, His blessings ev-er flow.

Copyright, 1893, by Warner & Warren.

No. 61.

GLORY HALLELUJAH IN THE SOUL.

G. T. B.

G. T. Byrd.

1. When I came to Christ, I was all de - filed, Now there's glory hal - le-
2. Yes I came to Christ, with my load of sin, There's a glo-ry hal - le-
3. Come, O wan - der - er, come and go with me, There's a glo-ry hal - le-
4. I will hon - or Christ where-so-e'er I go, There's a glo-ry hal - le-
5. When I leave the earth, I will say good-bye, There's a glo-ry hal - le-

lu - jah in my soul; Since I saw the blood and was rec - on - ciled,
lu - jah in my soul; And I plead and knock'd till He let me in,
lu - jah in my soul; Come and see what Christ's blood will do for thee.
lu - jah in my soul; His blood has wash'd me as white as snow,
lu - jah in my soul; I will soar towards heav'n, far a-bove the sky.

CHORUS.

There's a glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah in my soul. There is glo - ry,
There is glo - ry

There is glo - ry, There is glo-ry hal - le-lu - jah in my soul, There is
There is glo-ry,

glo - ry, There is glo - ry, There is glo - ry hal - le - lu-jah in my soul.
There is glory, There is glory,

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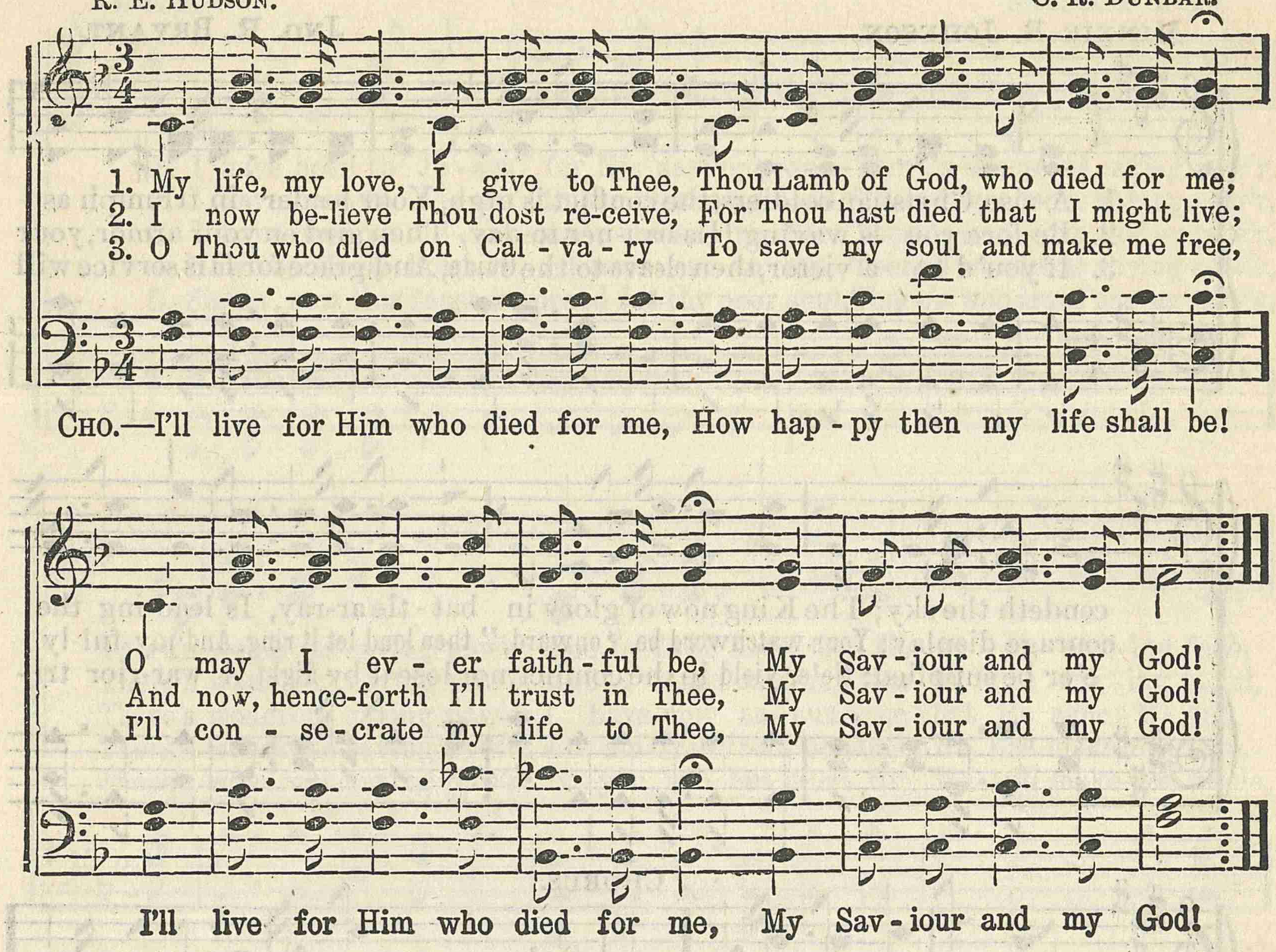
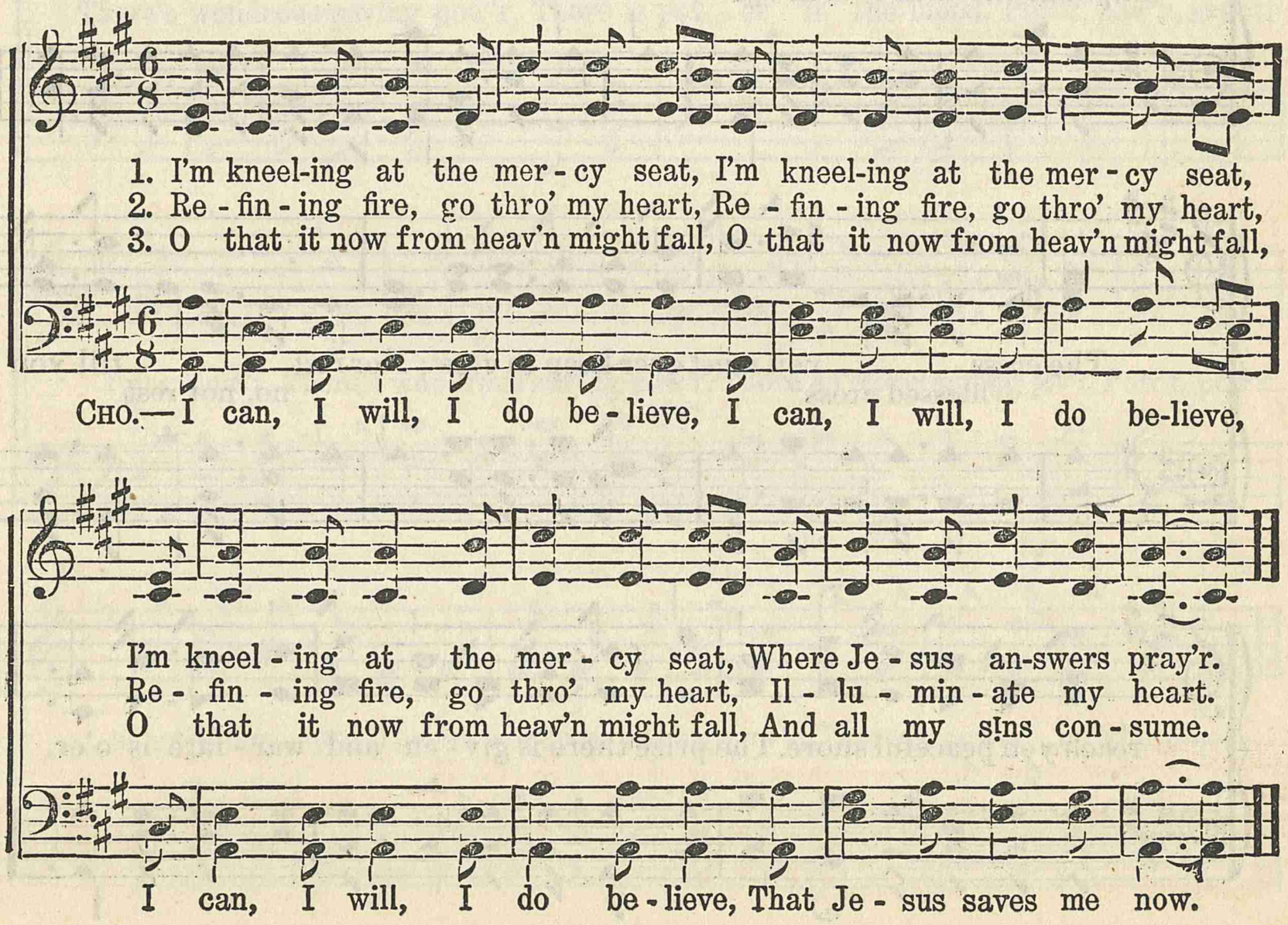
No. 62. I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.

R. E. HUDSON. C. R. DUNBAR.

No. 63. I CAN, I WILL, I DO BELIEVE.



No. 64.

PRESS ON.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. A-rise, Christian soldiers, the conflict is nigh, Your leader in triumph as -
2. Be-fore you is waving His ban-ner to-day, Then gird on your armor, your
3. If you'd be a victor, then cleave to the Guide, And grace for His service will

cendeth the sky; The King now of glory in bat - tle ar-ray, Is lead-ing the
courage display; Your watchword be "onward," then loud let it ring, And joy-ful-ly
e'er be supplied; Ne'er yield in the conflict, nor lose it by flight, A war-rior tri -

CHORUS.

faithful to vic-t'ry to-day.
follow your Saviour and King.
umphant till faith ends in sight.

Press on, bravely onward, O ye true, bravely on,

The cross you must ever keep in view; Nor rest till you
blessed cross no, not rest

reach yon peaceful shore, The prize there is giv - en and war - fare is o'er.

Copyrighted, 1904, by G. T. Byrd, owner.

No. 65.

WONDROUS SAVING POWER.

G. T. B.

REV. G. T. BYRD.

1. I have been to Je - sus for His saving grace, There's wondrous saving pow'r,
2. I have been to Je - sus to the cleansing flood, There's wondrous saving pow'r,
3. I have been to Je - sus, made the sac- ri - fice, There's wondrous saving pow'r,
4. Now the Ho-ly Spir - it wit-ness - es to me, There's wondrous saving pow'r,
5. Sinner, now this feast is spread for thy poor soul, There's wondrous saving pow'r.

There's wondrous saving pow'r; And by faith have seen His ev - er smil-ing face,
There's wondrous saving pow'r; And I found re-demp-tion in the sav - ing blood,
There's wondrous saving pow'r; I have now as - sur-ance that He sanc - ti - fies,
There's wondrous saving pow'r; I am free from bondage, He has made me free,
There's wondrous saving pow'r; If you will but trust Him He will make you whole,

REFRAIN.

There's wondrous saving pow'r, There is pow - er in the blood. Pow'r, pow'r, sancti-

fying pow'r, There's wondrous saving pow'r, There's wondrous saving pow'r, Pow'r, pow'r,

sanctifying pow'r, There's wondrous saving pow'r, There is power in the blood.

66 How Firm a Foundation.

Geo. Keith. Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "In ev - 'ry con - di - tion—in sick-ness, in health, In pov - er - ty's
3. "Fear not: I am with thee: O be not dismayed; I, I am thy
4. "E'en down to old age all my peo - ple shall prove My sov-'reign, e-
5. "The soul that on Je - sus still leans for re - pose, I will not, I

faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to
vale, or a - bound - ing in wealth, At home and a - broad, on the
God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
ter - nal, un - change - a - ble love; And when hoar - y hairs shall their
can - not de - sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-

you He hath said,—You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
land, on the sea—As your days may demand, shall thy strength ev-er be.
cause thee to stand, Up - held by my righteous, om - nip - o - tent hand.
tem - ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bos - om be borne.
deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for-sake."

Portuguese Hymn.

Geo. Keith. (Second Tune.) J. Reading.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is

Portuguese Hymn.

laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He

say than to you He hath said,— You who un - to Je - sus for

ref - uge have fled? You who un - to Je - sus for ref-uge have fled?

67 Rock of Ages.

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

Fine.

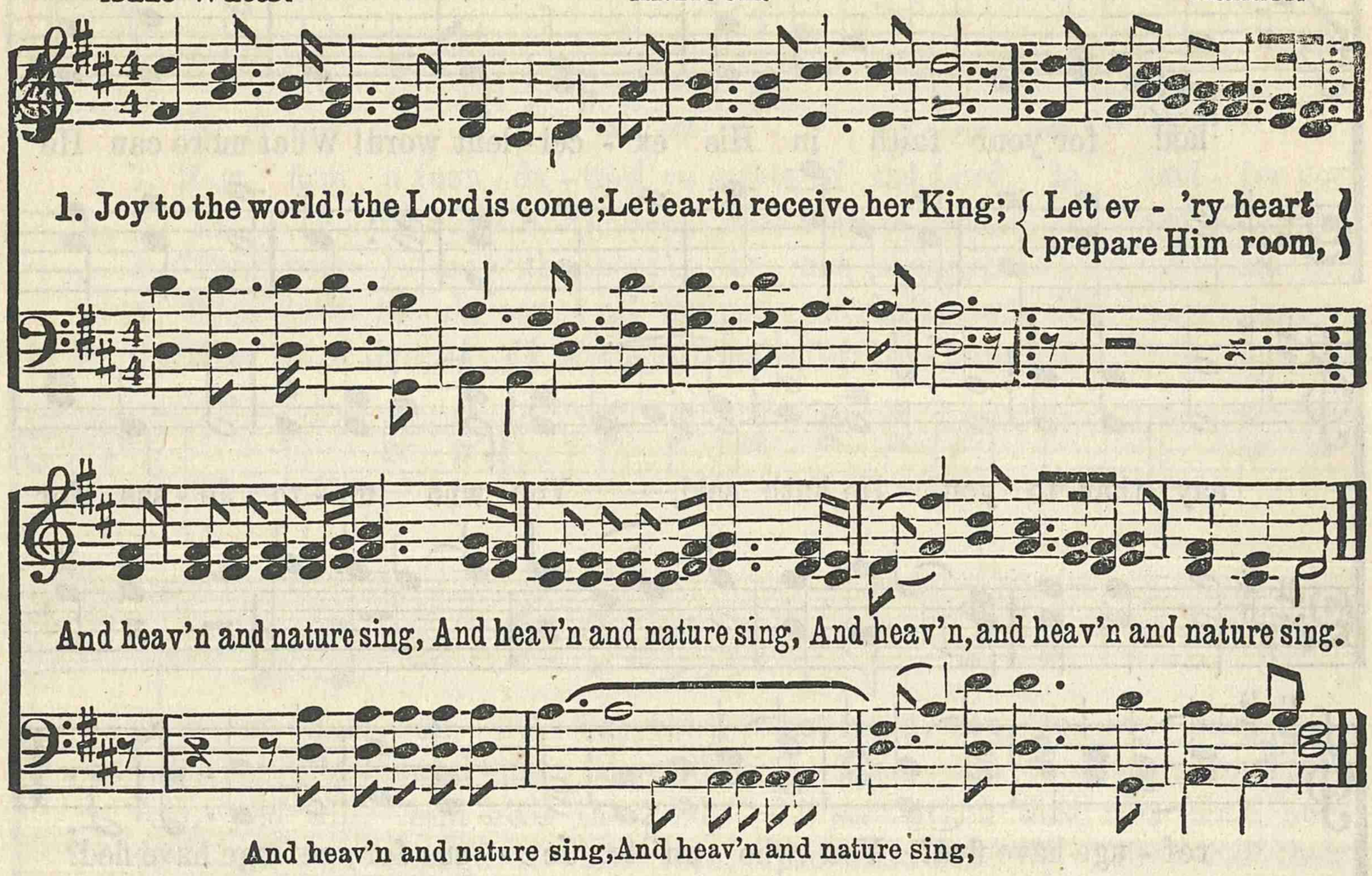
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's de - mands;
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleeting breath, When mine eye lids close in death,

D. C.—1. Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
D. C.—2. All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
D. C.—3. Vile, I to the foun - tain fly, Wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.
D. C.—4. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Na - ked, come to Thee for dress; Help - less, look to Thee for grace;
When I rise to worlds un-known, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—

68 Joy to the World.

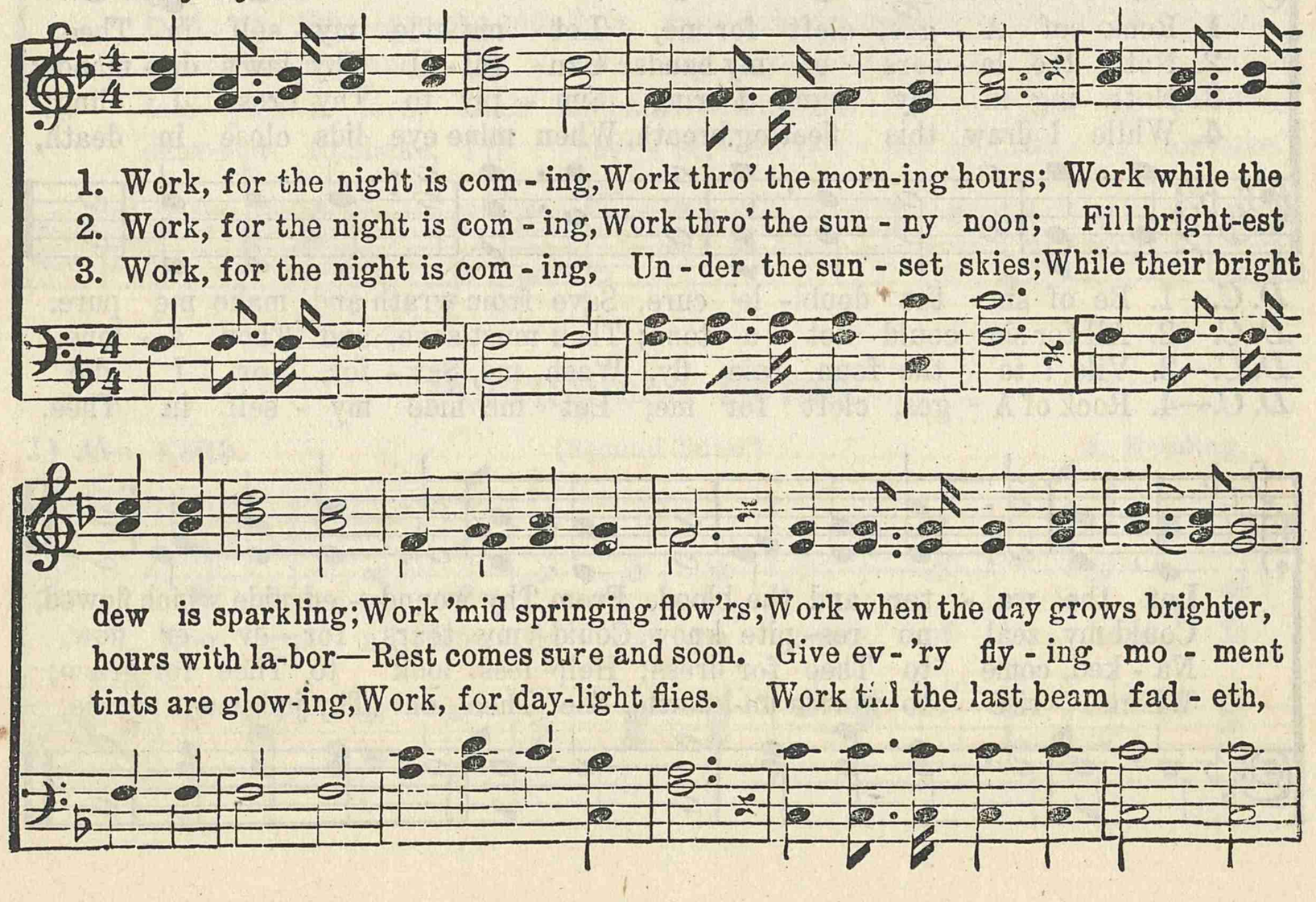
Isaac Watts. ANTIOCH. Handel.

2 Joy to the earth! the Savior reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

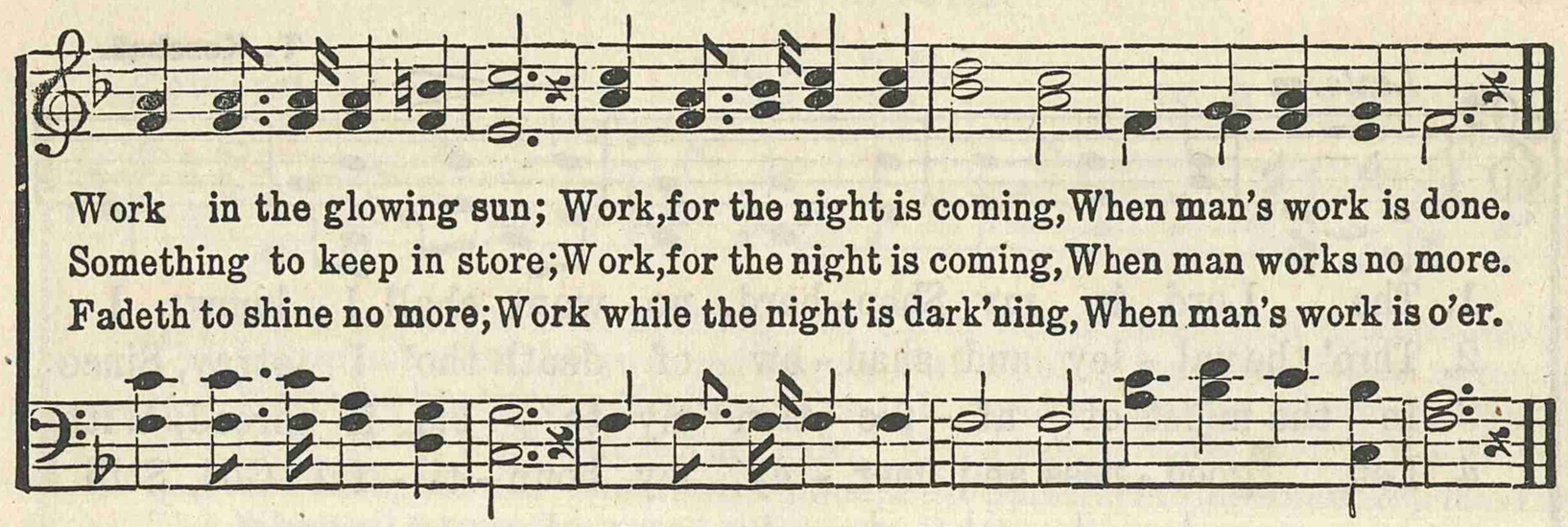
4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

69 Work, for the Night is Coming.

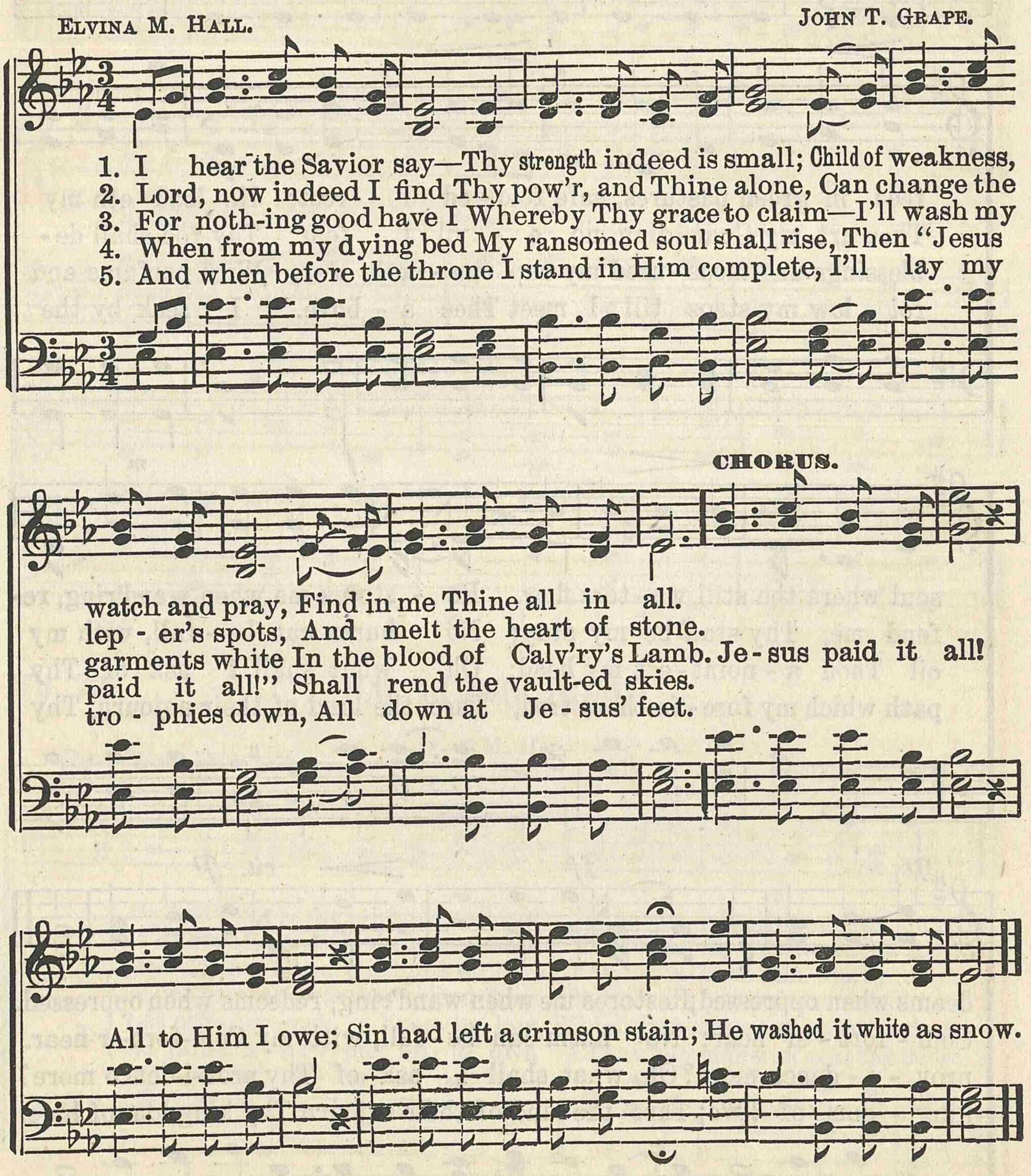
Sidney Dyer. WORK SONG. Lowell Mason,



Work, For the Night is Coming.



No. 70. All To Christ I Owe.



No. 71.

The Lord is My Shepherd.

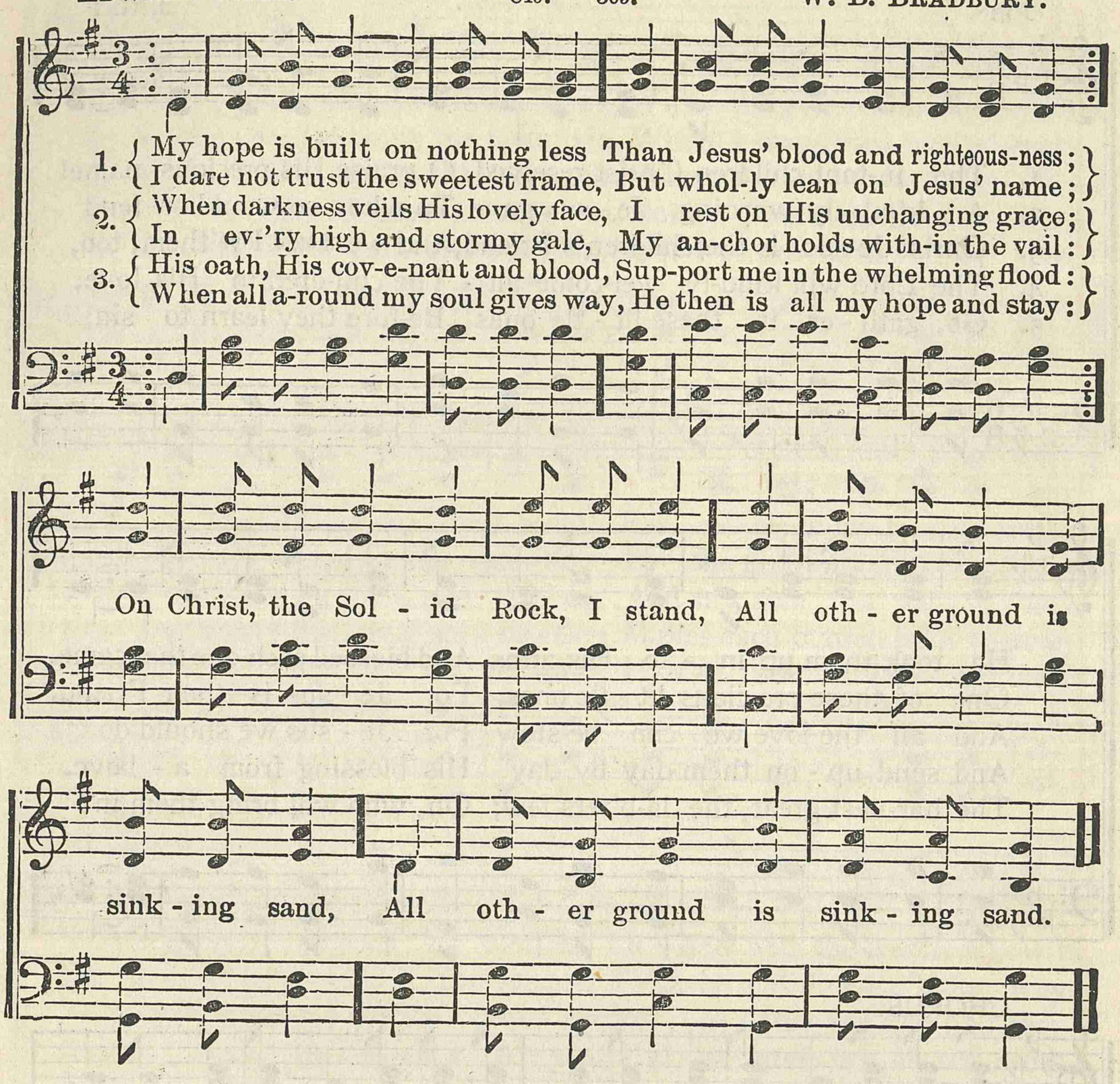
T. Koschat.

Lento. m

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures, safe fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when oppressed;Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.
2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my Guar-dian, no e-vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er near. Com-fort-er near; No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er near.
3. In the midst of af-flic-tion my ta-ble is spread; With blessings un-meas-ured my cup run-neth o'er; With perfume and oil Thou a-noint-est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more? prov-i-dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more?
4. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still fol-low my steps till I meet Thee a-bove. I seek by the path which my fore-fa-thers trod, Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy king-dom of love; Thro' the land of their sojourn Thy kingdom of love.

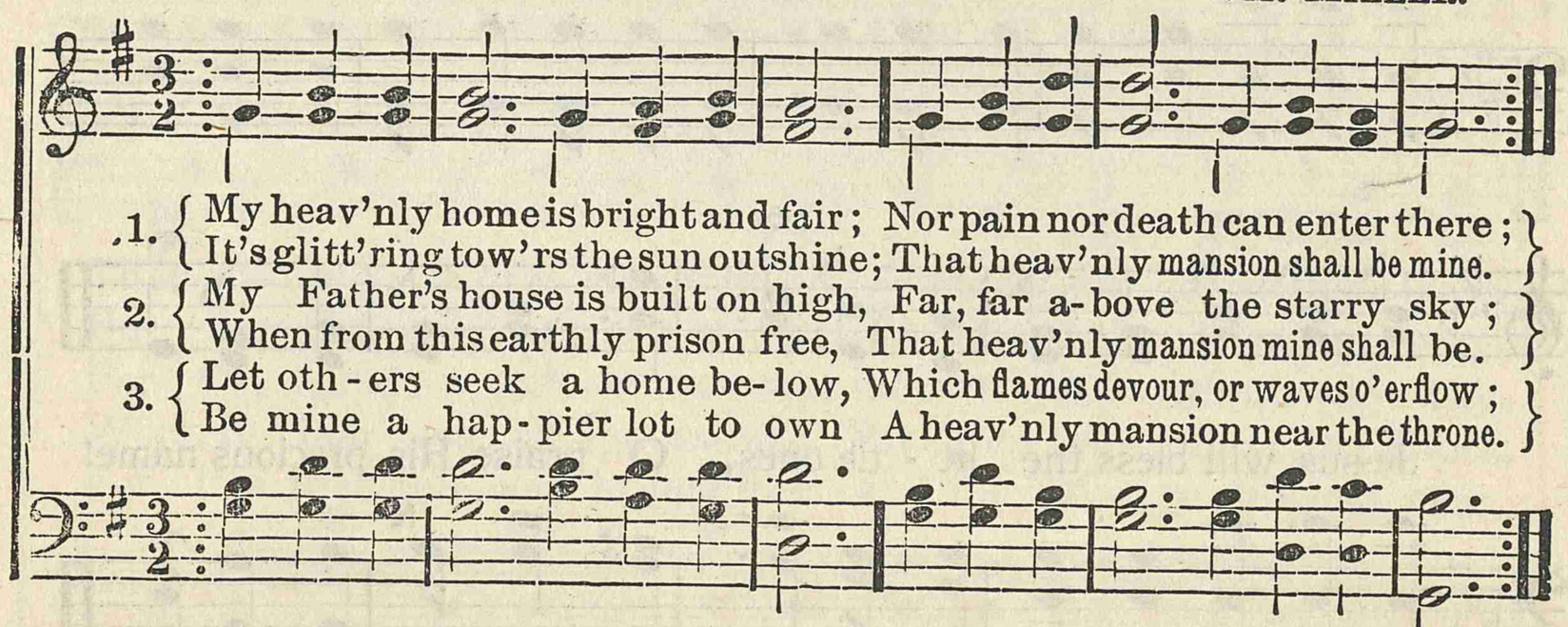
No. 72. SOLID ROCK.

EDWARD MOTE. * M. H. 849. B. H. 309. W. B. BRADBURY.



No. 73. I'M GOING HOME.

Rev. WM. HUNTER. * M. H. 895. WM. MILLER.



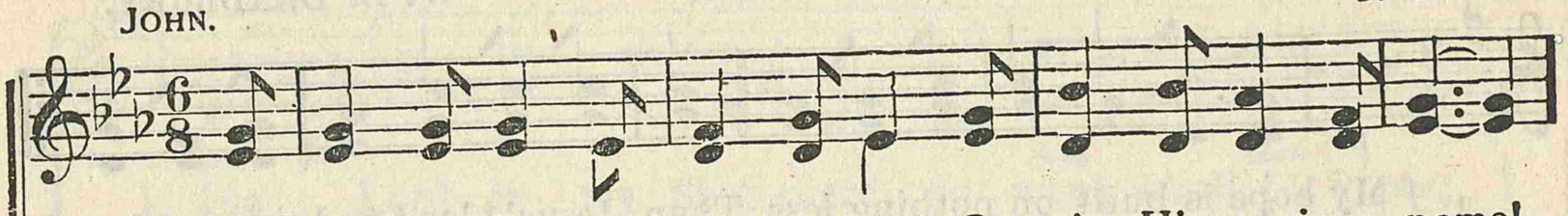
* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

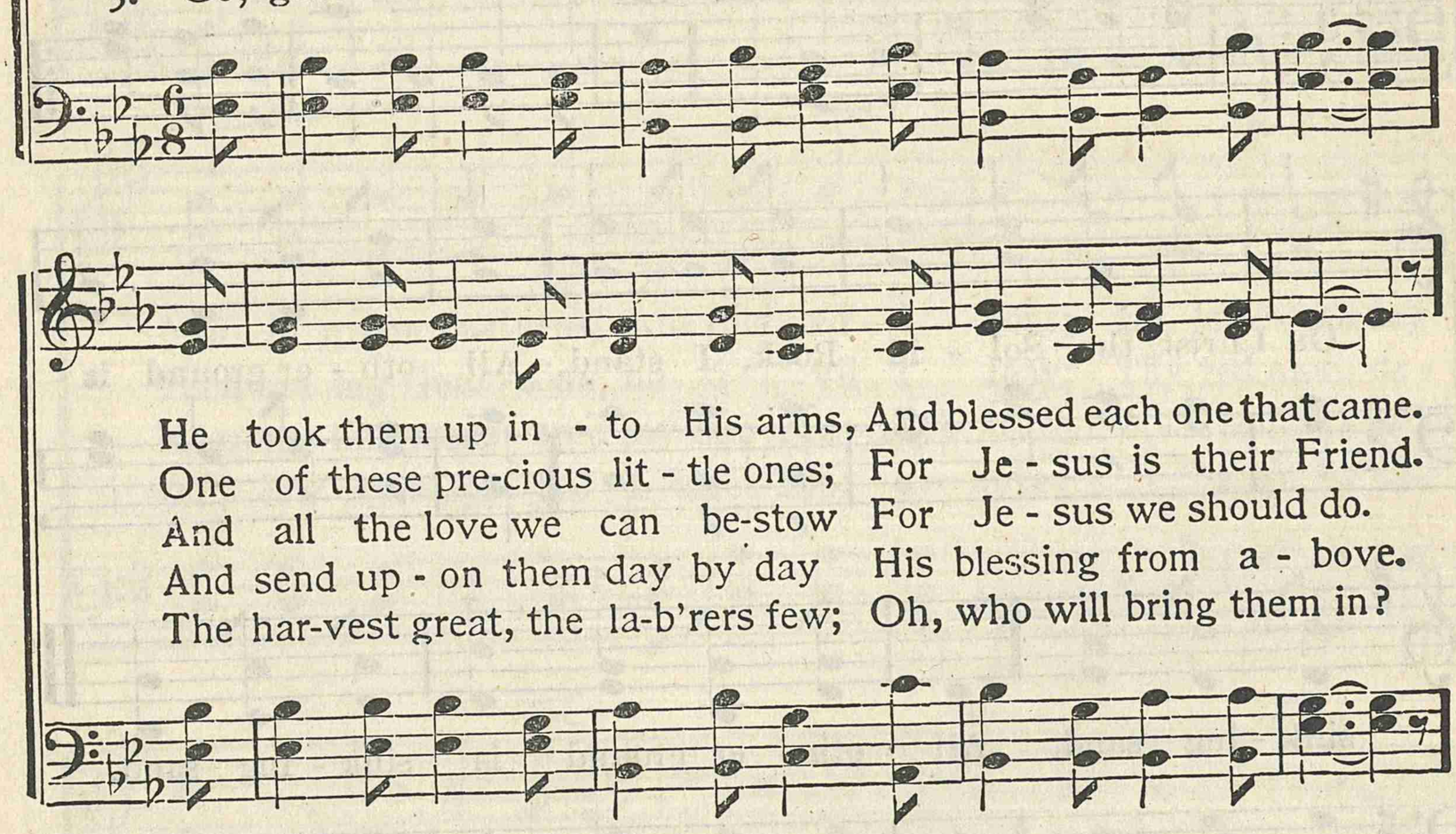
No. 74.

Jesus Will Bless the Little Ones.

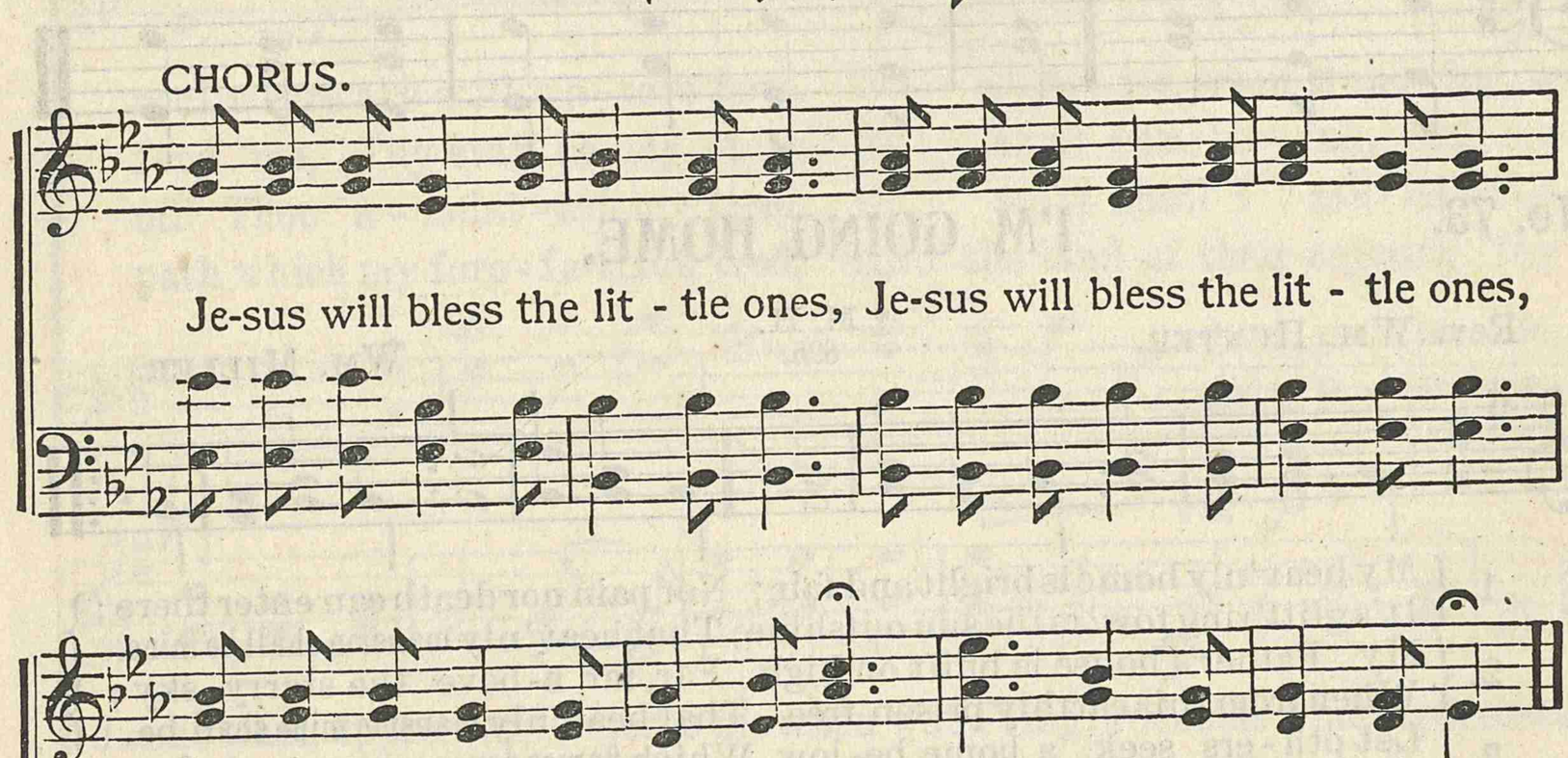
"He took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them and blessed them."

J. G. F

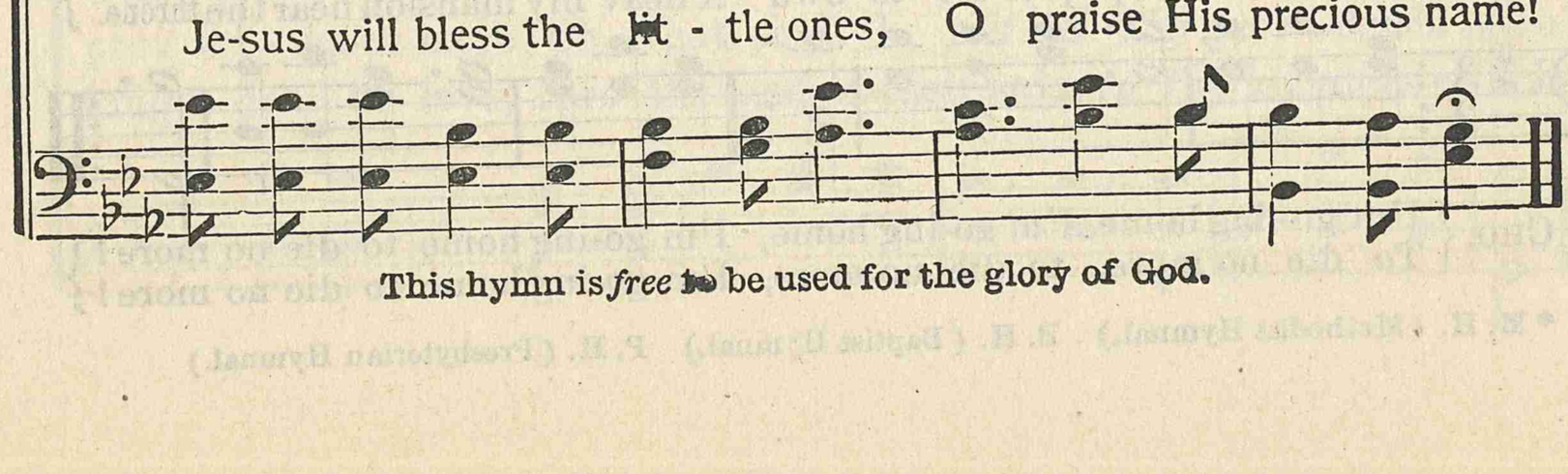
JOHN.

1. The in-fant children Christ received, O praise His precious name!
2. A kind - ly warning Je - sus gave To who - so would of - fend
3. Christ Je-sus is the children's Friend, And we should love them, too,
4. The Lord will kind-ly wel-come all The chil-dren to His love,
5. Go, gath - er in these lit - tle ones Be-fore they learn to sin;



He took them up in - to His arms, And blessed each one that came.
One of these pre-cious lit - tle ones; For Je - sus is their Friend.
And all the love we can be-stow For Je - sus we should do.
And send up - on them day by day His blessing from a - bove.
The har-vest great, the la-b'rers few; Oh, who will bring them in?



CHORUS.



Je-sus will bless the lit - tle ones, Je-sus will bless the lit - tle ones,

Je-sus will bless the lit - tle ones, O praise His precious name!

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

No. 75.

Is Not this the Land of Beulah?

ANON. Arranged.

1. I am dwell - ing on the mountain, Where the gold-en sunlight gleams
2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wan-dered wea-ry years,
3. I am drink - ing at the fount-ain, Where I ev - er would a - bide,
4. Tell me not of heav-y cross - es, Nor of bur-dens hard to bear,
5. Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory! Oft I've prov'd this to be true,

O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far ex - ceeds my fondest dreams;
Oft - en hin - dered in my jour-ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears;
For I've tast - ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;
For I've found this great sal - va - tion Makes each burden light ap-pear;
When I'm in the way so nar-row I can see a path-way thro';

Where the air is pure e - the-real, La - den with the breath of flow'rs,
Bro - ken vows and dis-ap-point-ments, Thick-ly sprink-led all the way,
There's no thirst-ing for life's pleasures, Nor a - dorn - ing, rich and gay,
And I love to fol - low Je - sus, Glad - ly count - ing all but dross,
And how sweet - ly Je - sus whispers: Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear,

CHO.–*Is not this the land of Beu-lah, Bless - ed, bless - ed land of light,*

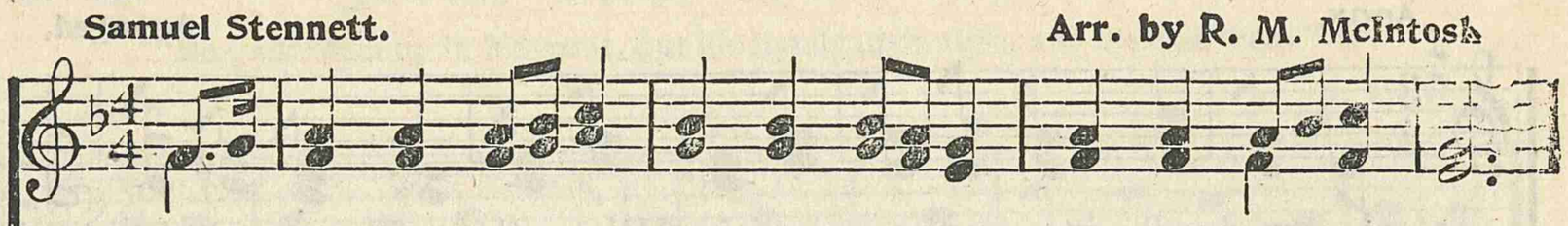
D. S. Chorus.

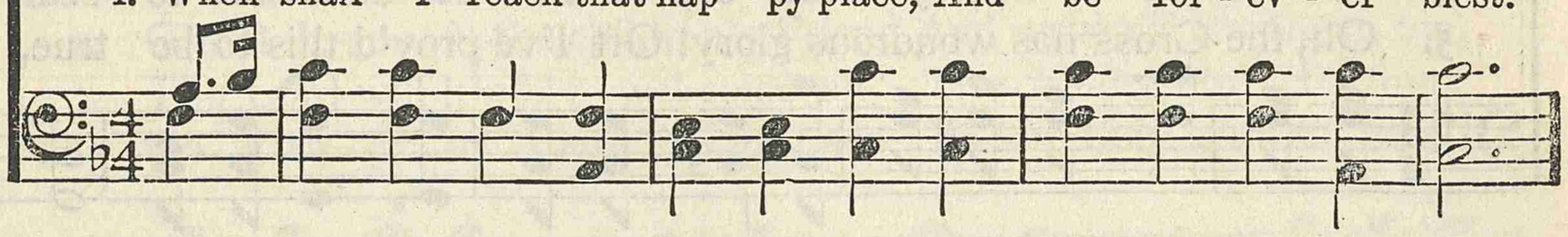
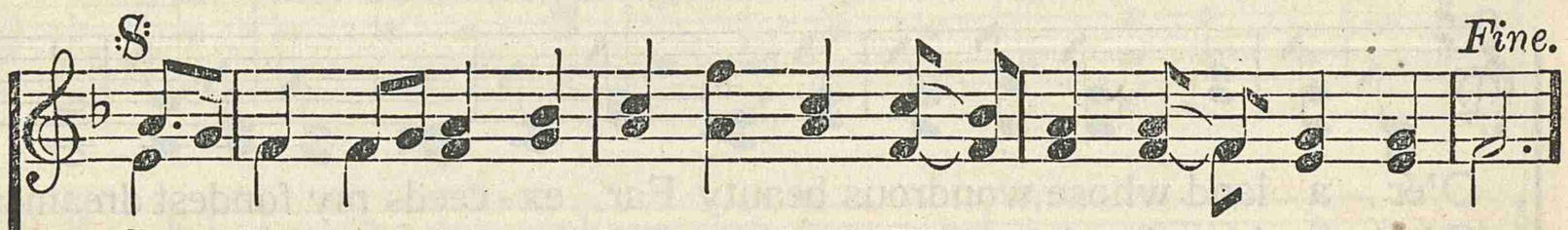
That are bloom - ing by the fountain, 'Neath the am - a-ran-thine bow'rs.
But the Spir - it led, un - er - ring, To the land I hold to - day.
For I've found a rich - er treasure, One that fad - eth not a - way.
World-ly hon ors all for - sak-ing For the glo - ry of the Cross.
For I've tried this way be-fore thee And the glo - ry lin-gers near.

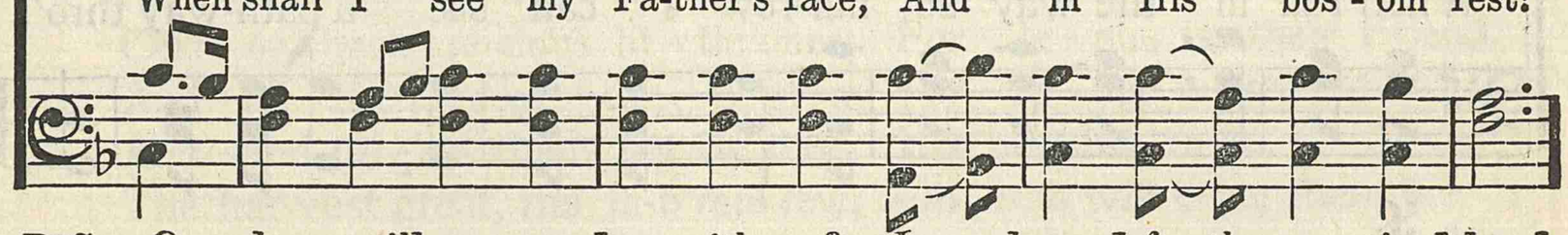
Where the flow - ers bloom for-ev - er, And the sun is al-ways bright.

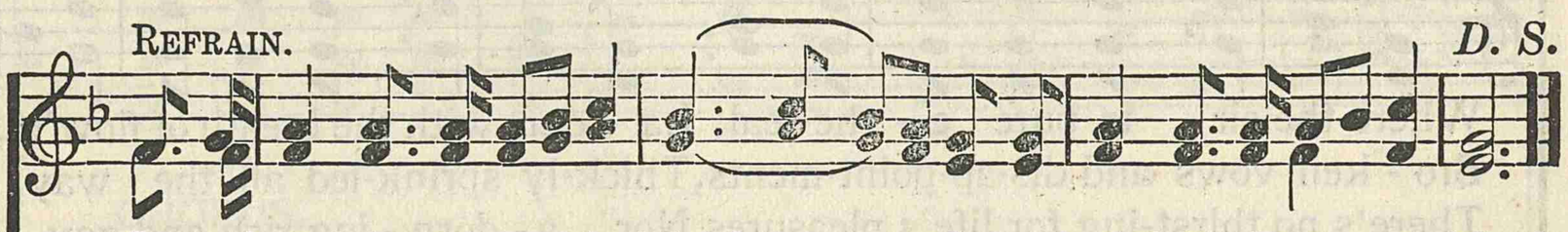
76 The Promised Land.

Samuel Stennett. **Arr. by R. M. McIntosh**

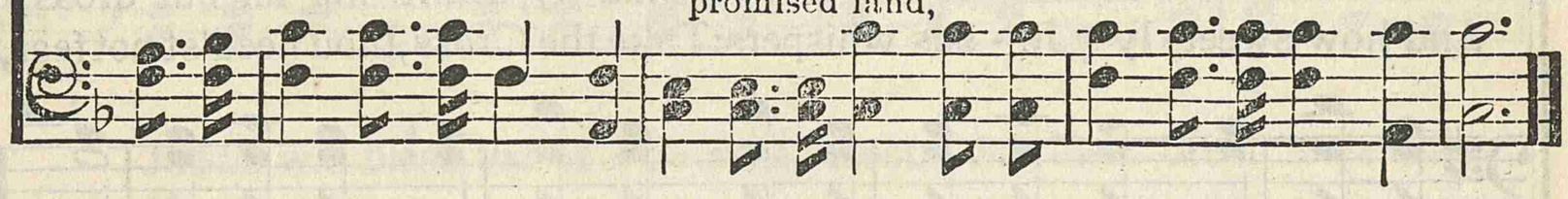


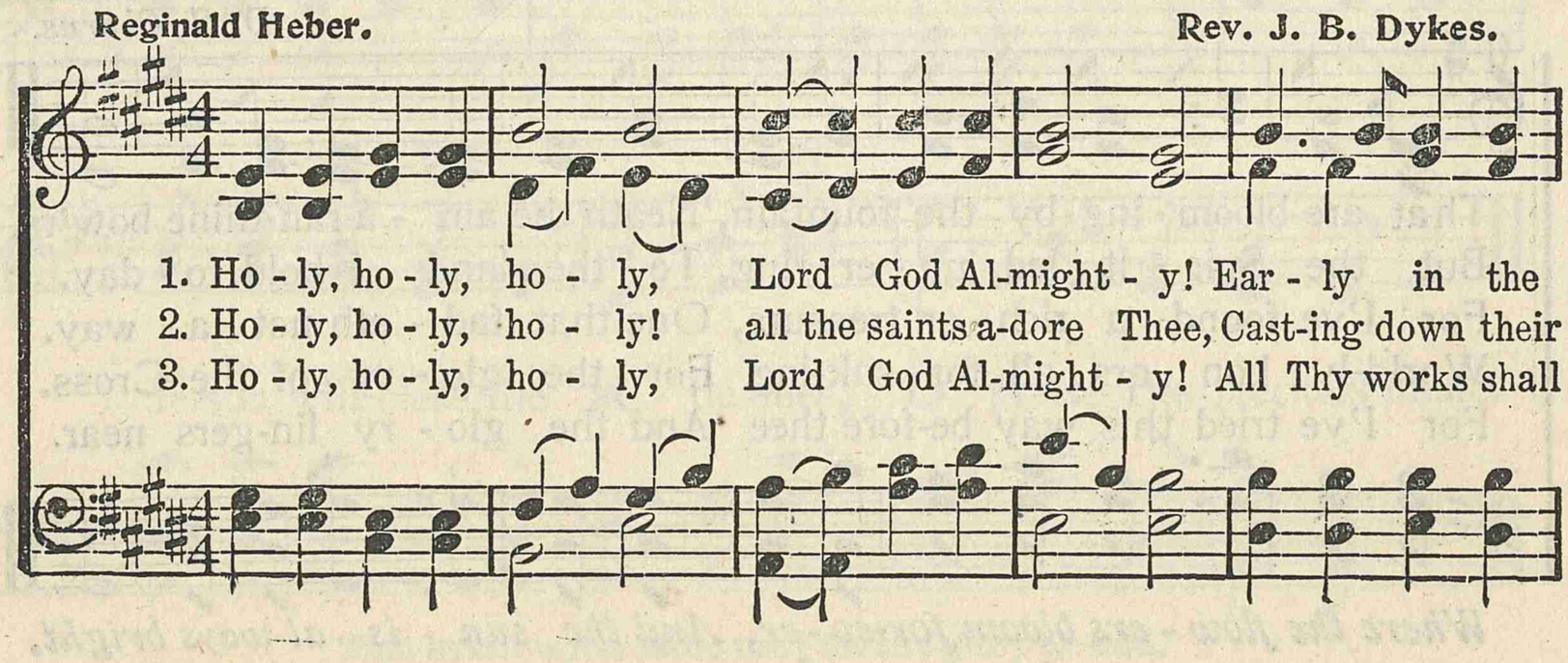
1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. All o'er those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
3. No chill-ing winds, nor pois'nous breath, Can reach that healthful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?



To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
There God, the Son, for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos-om rest?

D. S.—*O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land.*

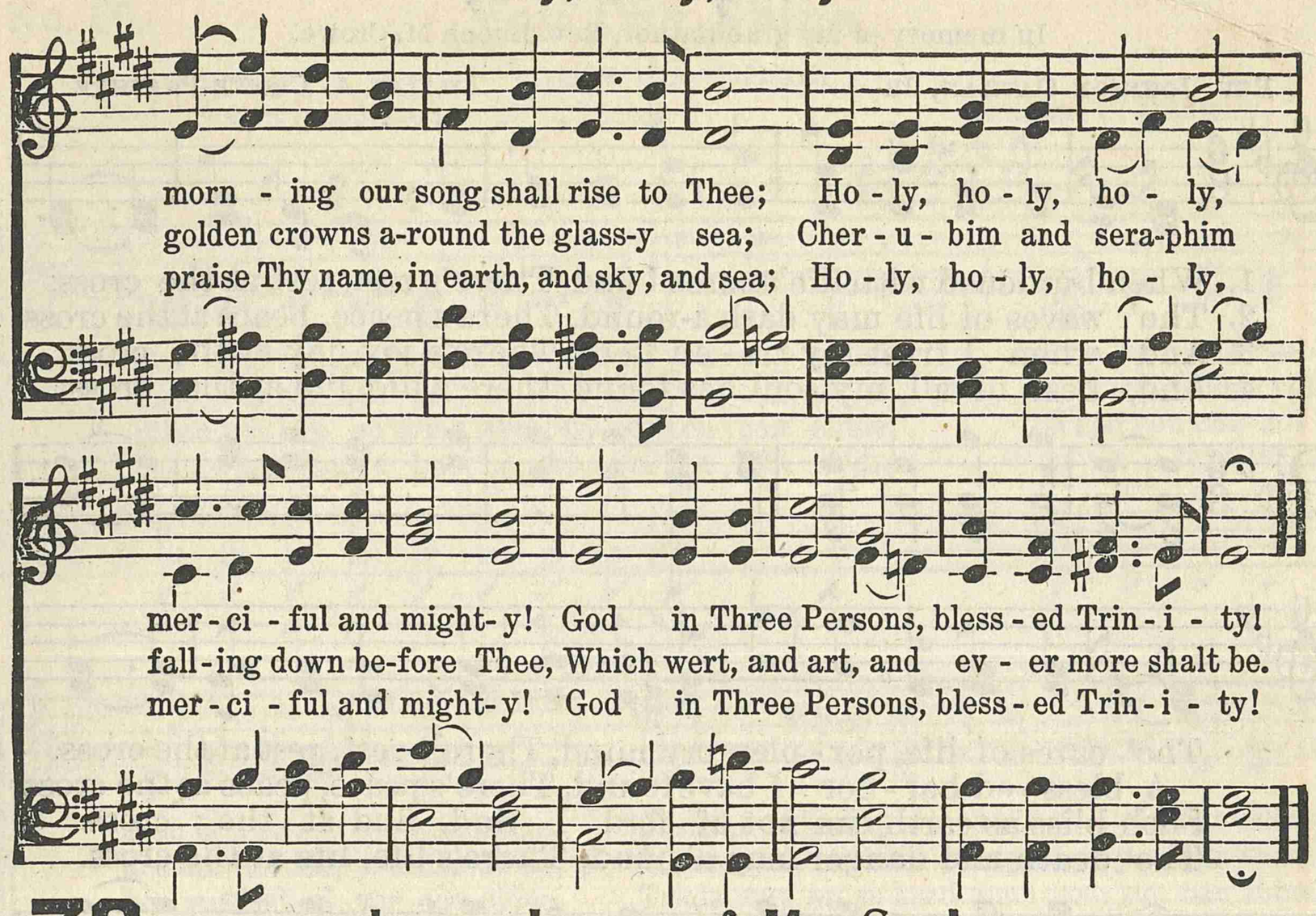


REFRAIN. D. S.

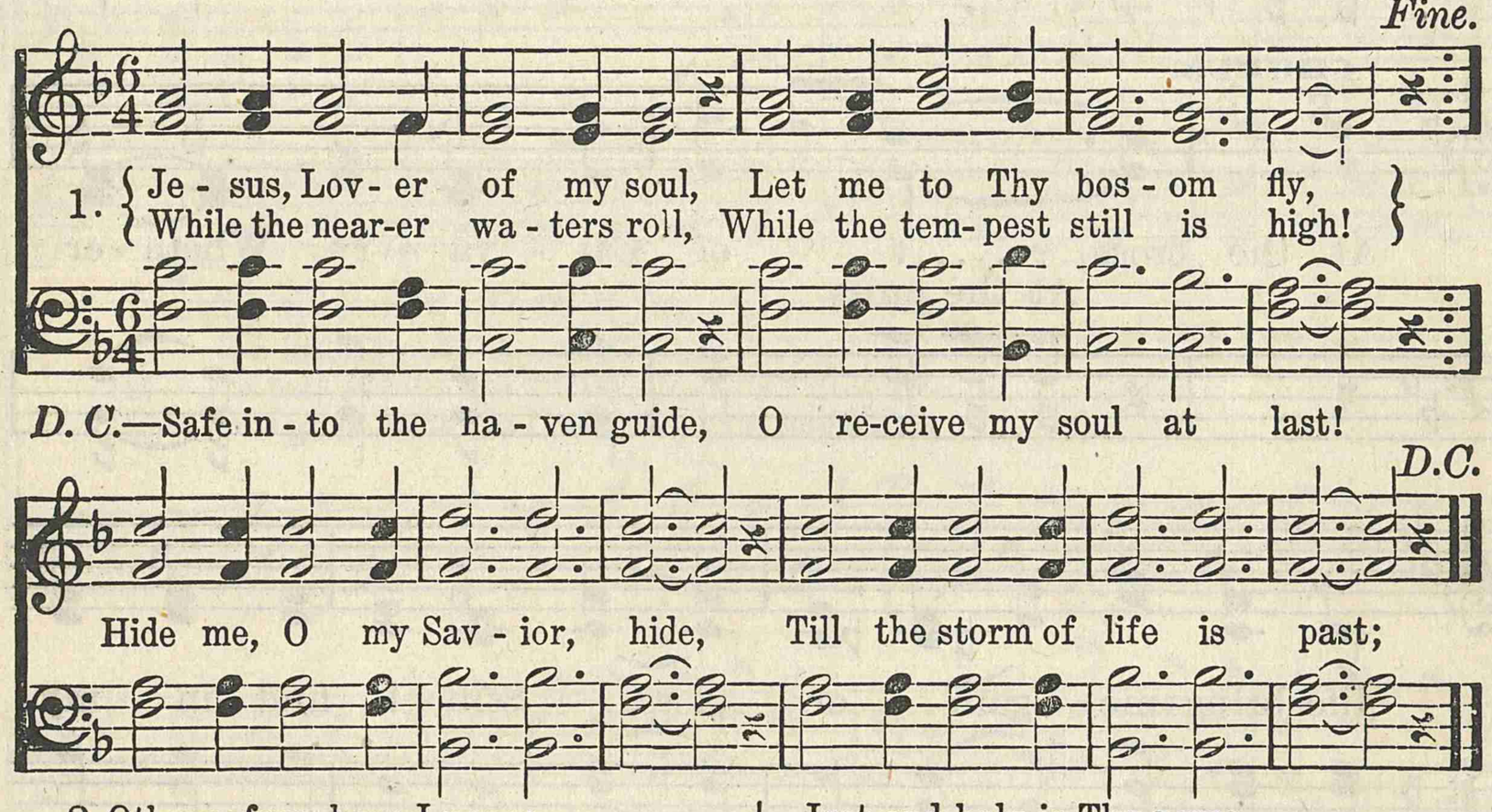
I am bound for the promised land, ... I am bound for the promised land;
promised land,

77 Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. **Rev. J. B. Dykes.**

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! all the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall

Holy, Holy, Holy.



78 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. S. B. Marsh.

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

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

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 79. At the Cross.

In memory of my grandfather, Rev. Enoch M. Crowe.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. LILLIAN A. CROWE-PRATHER.

1. When burdened with life's cares I find There's rest, rest at the cross;
2. Tho' waves of life may dash a-round, There's peace, peace at the cross;
3. And when I trust my ris - en Lord, There's joy, joy at the cross;
4. And, best of all, my soul has found There's life, life at the cross;

Tho' cares of life per - plex my mind, There's rest, rest at the cross.
A bless - ed har - bor I have found, There's peace, peace at the cross.
Such bliss as earth can-not af - ford I find, find at the cross.
Tho' death and danger may abound, There's life, life at the cross.

CHORUS.

At the cross..... of Cal - va - ry, Wheth - er

At the cross

life brings me gain or loss, Still I find in my

rit.

joy or my sor - row, There's all that I need at the cross.

Copyright, 1909, by Marvin H. Prather, words and music.

No. 80.

You Can Shine.

"YOU WILL SHINE."

C. D. T. Theme suggested by D. R. Pierce.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN

1. Tho' like oth-ers, you're not gifted. you can shine, Ev - 'ry cloud can
2. Tho' you can not be a lead - er, you can shine, Tho' sometimes you
3. When you are so tried and test-ed, you can shine, When you can-not
4. Then when time is but a sto - ry, you will shine, In a land of

soon be lift-ed, you can shine, Jesus promised grace to aid you, you can shine,
are not needed, you can shine, You may sometimes be rejected, you can shine,
be mo-lest-ed, you can shine, Trials may press hard upon you, you can shine,
wondrous glory, you will shine, Je-sus will be there to greet you, you will shine,

CHORUS.

Trusting all to Him who made you, you can shine.
If His light you have reflected, then you shine. When your heart with love is glowing,
If His tender love has won you, shout and shine.
Loved ones gone before will meet you, shout and shine.

you will shine, When His love you're daily showing, you will shine, Then this saddened world is

brightened by the rays of light divine; If you really have the blessing you will shine.

Copyright, 1908, by Charlie D. Tillman.

No. 81. THE WHISKEY SHOPS MUST GO.

(CAMPAIGN SONG.)

W. W. PINSON. Old Campmeeting Air.

1. Oh, comrades in this conflict of the right a-gainst the wrong. To the bat-tle of the bal-lots come with shout-ing and with song; And this shall be our slogan as the legions march along—"The whiskey shops must go."
2. Je-ho-vah's wrath is kindled, and His arm is lift-ed high, For from out the dust of a-ges He has heard the mar-tyrs cry; The cup of wrath is brimming, and His vengeance draweth nigh—"The whiskey shops must go."
3. From the silence and the shadows, where our mothers weep and pray, With their pa-tient hands uplift-ed 'gainst the woe they can-not stay, We have heard a voice entreating us to sweep the curse away—"The whiskey shops must go."
4. Hear the children cry for pit-y from the cru-el heart of greed; See them trampled in-to si-lence by the mon-ster while they plead! Be quick, my patriot brothers, to the rescue let us speed—"The whiskey shops must go."
5. We are com-ing! we are coming! for the light has dawned at last; Hark, the bat-tle-cry is ring-ing, and our lines are length'ning fast, For God, and Home, and Native Land, our ballots shall be cast—"The whiskey shops must go."

CHORUS.

Ral-ly! Ral-ly! O, ye free-men! Ral-ly! Ral-ly! O, ye free-men!
Ral-ly! Ral-ly! O, ye free-men! The whis-key shops must go.

No. 82.

Save One Soul for Jesus.

Rev, Eliska A. Hoffman. Charlie D. Tillman.

1. Try to save one soul for Je - sus, Some poor soul by
2. Try to bring one soul to Je - sus From the wea - ry
3. Try to lead one soul to Je - sus, To the fount of
4. Try to do some work for Je - sus, Try some pre - cious

sin de - filed; Bring him to the lov - ing Sav - ior,
paths of sin; All will have a heart - y wel - come
life and light; He can cleanse from all de - file - ment,
soul to win; Some poor wan - d'rer in the dark - ness,

CHORUS.

He will own him as His child.
Who a bet - ter life be - gin. He is call - ing now in
Make the sin-stained pure and white.
Waits for thee to bring him in.

ten - der-ness, Stand-ing read - y, wait - ing to for-give; He will

wel-come all who come to Him, He the sin - ner will re - ceive.

Copyright, 1903, by Charlie D. Tillman.

No. 83. Jesus, Our Friend.

J. M. JOHN MCPHERSON. By per.

1. Ten-der and kind is Je - sus, With more than a moth-er's love;
2. Bear-ing our ev - 'ry bur-den, He cares for us night and day,
3. Leading us gent - ly on-ward, Giv - ing us rest so sweet,

For - giving each wrong, He makes life a song, Leads us to realms a - bove.
Dis-pell-ing all fear when danger is near, Hearing us when we pray.
And soon in that land, a glo-ri-fied band, Je-sus, our Friend, we'll greet.

CHORUS.

Wonder-ful love of Je - sus, our Friend, Ten-der, sweet and so true;
More wonderful still, you can if you will, Make this love abound to you.

No. 84. He Loves Me.

Rev. Isaac Watts. Arr.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face While His dear cross ap - pears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de-gree!
When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died, For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way,—'T is all that I can do.

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

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

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

No. 85. FATHER, I STRETCH MY HANDS TO THEE.

CHARLES WESLEY. * M. H. 345. B. H. 219. Unknown.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know;
2. What did Thine on - ly Son en-dure, Be - fore I drew my breath;
3. O Je - sus, could I this be - lieve, I now should feel Thy pow'r;
4. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;

CHO.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me;

D. C. Chorus.

If Thou with-draw Thy-self from me, Ah! whither shall I go?
What pain, what la-bor to se - cure My soul from end - less death!
And all my wants Thou would'st re-lieve, In this ac - cept - ed hour.
Oh, let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul without it dies.

And thro' His blood, His precious blood I shall from sin be free!

* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 86. I'LL BE THERE TO VOTE.

1. For God and home and na- tive land, Our watchword still shall be;
   From rum, foul rum, from ruined homes, We'll vote for lib - er - ty.
2. We've tried to stop this curse of rum, We've tried both pray'rs and tears;
   We ask for home pro - tec - tion laws, They an-swer us with sneers.
3. We've tried high license, but it failed To stop the curse of rum;
   We ask for Pro-hi - bi - tion now, Pro - tec- tion to our homes.
4. To those who comprom-ise with rum We now must say good-bye;
   To *stop* the traf - fic, *not to tax*, We'll fight un - til we die.

CHORUS.

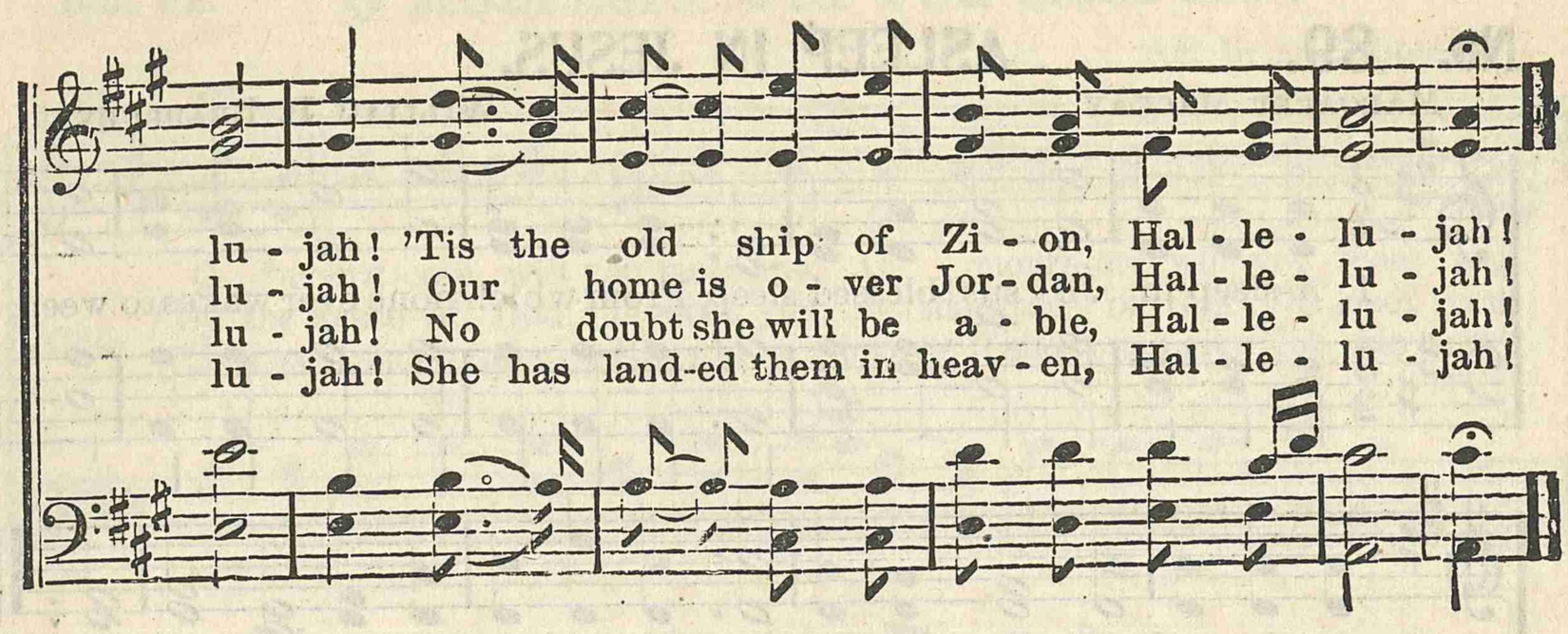
I'll be there, I'll be there, When the time comes to vote, I'll be there.
I'll be there, I'll be there,

No. 87. THE OLD SHIP OF ZION.

Anon.

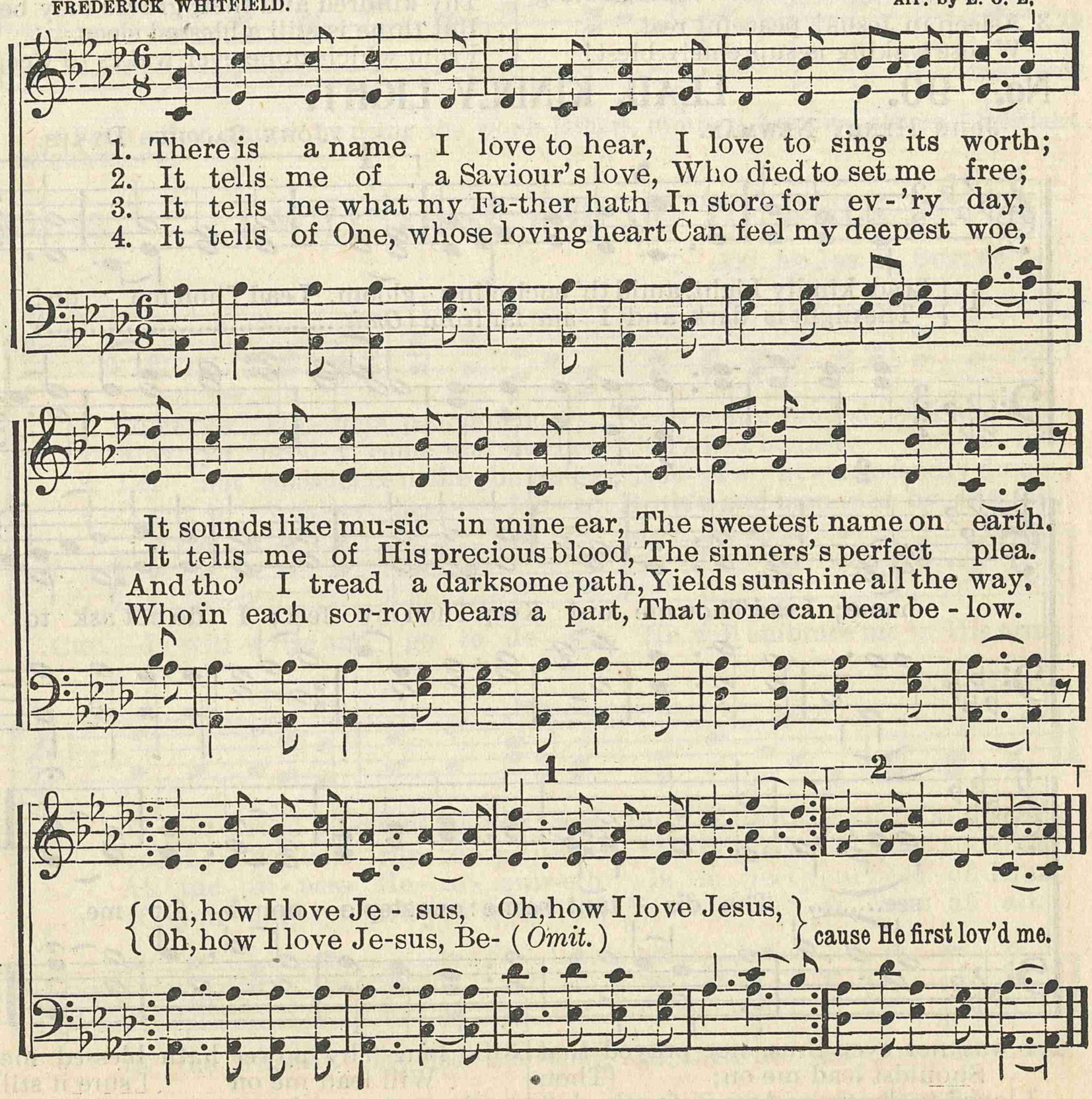
1. O what ship is this that will take us all home? O
2. Come a - long, come a - long, and let us go home! O
3. Do you think she will be a - ble to take us all home? O
4. She has land-ed ma-ny thousands and can land as many more, O

glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! 'Tis the old ship of Zi - on, Hal - le -
glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Our home is o - ver Jor-dan, Hal - le -
glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! No doubt she will be a - ble, Hal - le -
glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! She has land-ed them in heav-en, Hal - le -



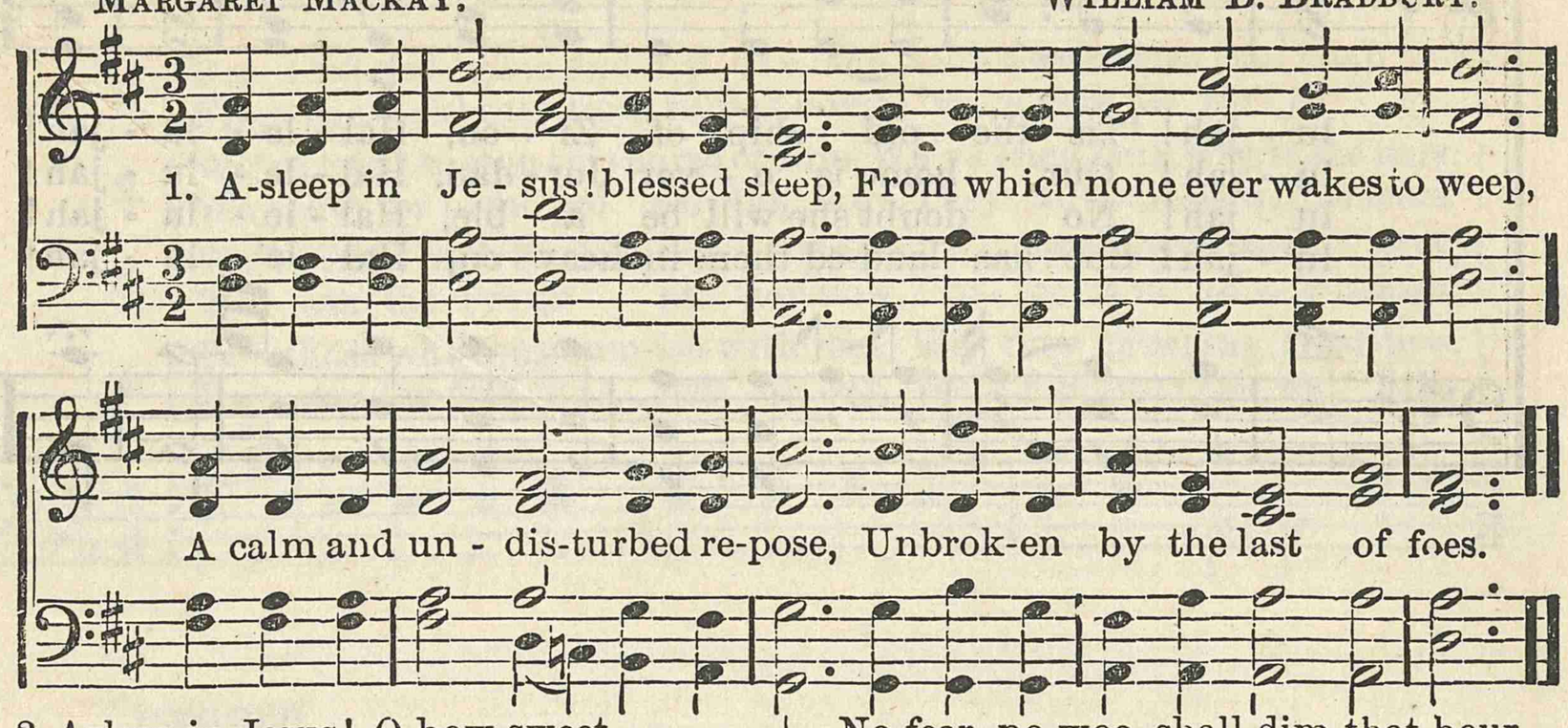
No. 88. HOW I LOVE JESUS.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD. Arr. by E. O. E.



No. 89. ASLEEP IN JESUS.

MARGARET MACKAY. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

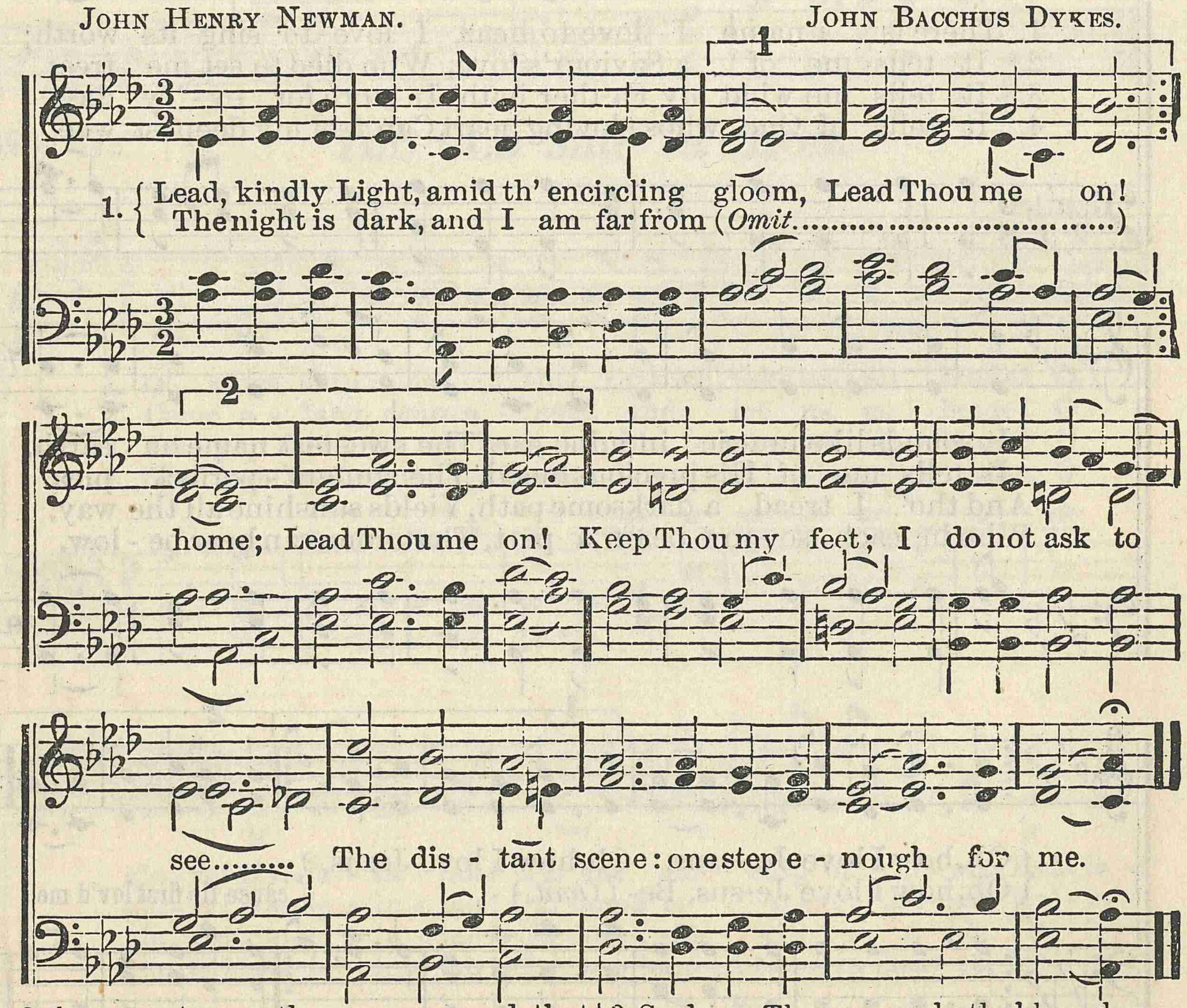


2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death hath lost its venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be:
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

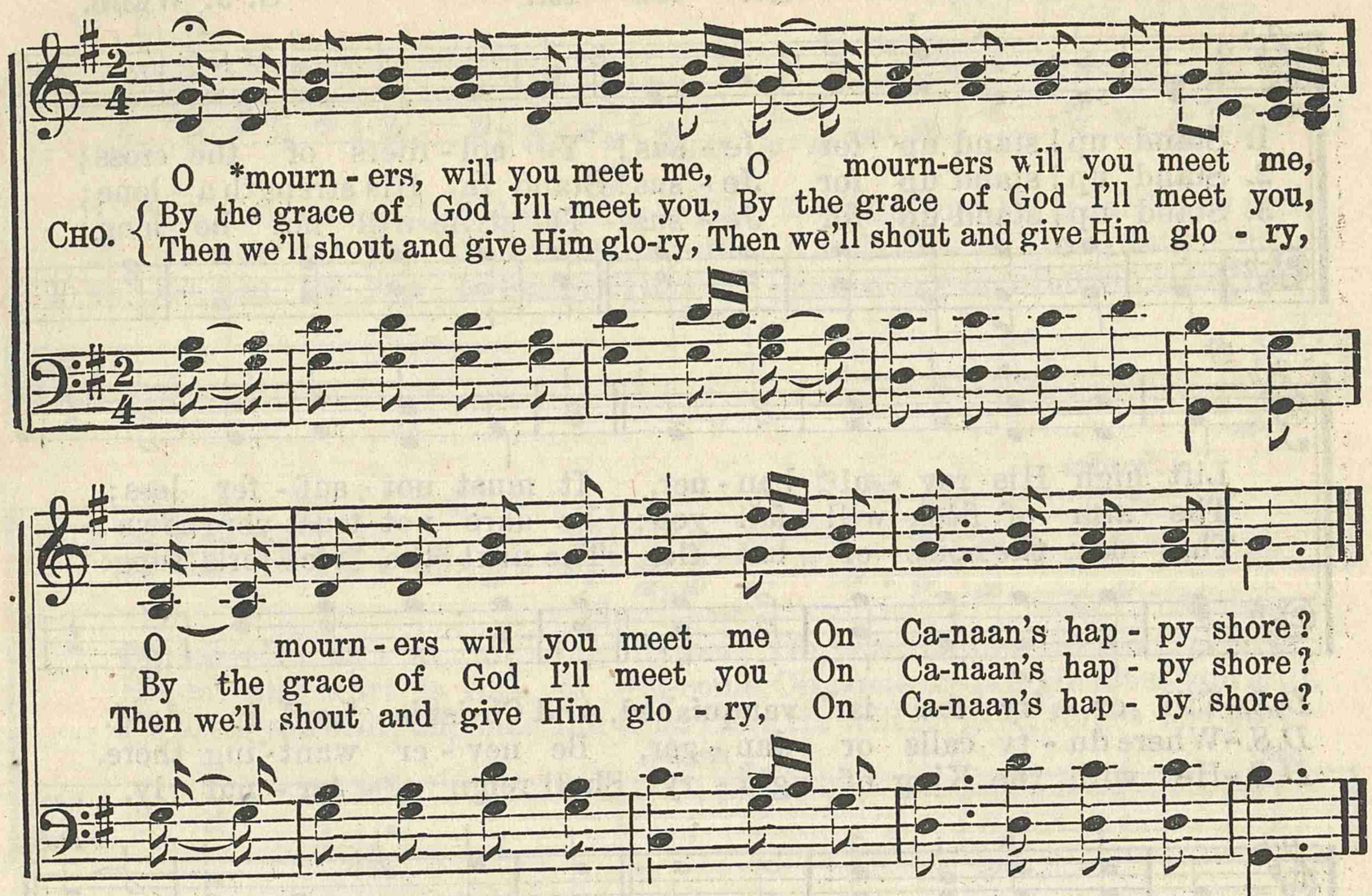
No. 90. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that
Shouldst lead me on; [Thou
I loved to choose and see my path; but
Lead Thou me on! [now
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Prider uled my will. Remember not
past years!

3 So long Thy power hath blessed me,
Will lead me on [sure it still
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,
The night is gone, [till
And with the morn those angel faces
smile [awhile!
Which I have loved long since and lost

No. 91. O Mourners Will You Meet Me?

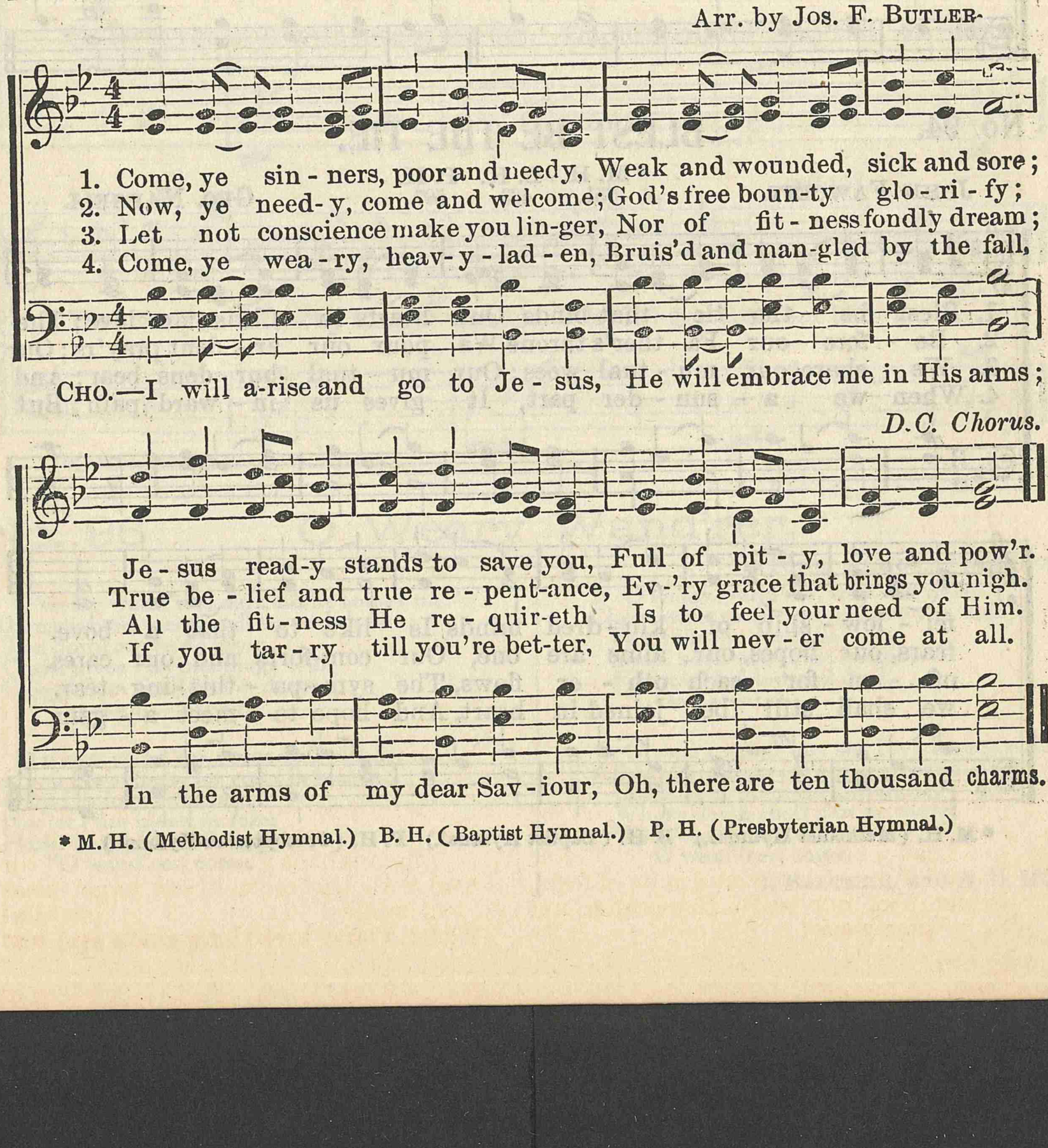
Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



*Form other stanzas by using the words fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, Christians, neighbors, etc.

No. 92. I WILL ARISE AND GO TO JESUS.

Arr. by Jos. F. BUTLER.



* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 93. STAND UP! STAND UP FOR JESUS!

GEORGE DUFFIELD, Jr.	*M. H. 580.	B. H. 425.	P. H. 951.	G. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;
3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own:
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song:

D.S.–Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
D.S.–Where du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
D.S.–He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my He shall lead,
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And, watch - ing un - to pray'r,
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

No. 94. BLEST BE THE TIE.

JOHN FAWCETT.	*M. H. 751.	B. H. 463.	P. H. 597.	GEO. NAEGELI.

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

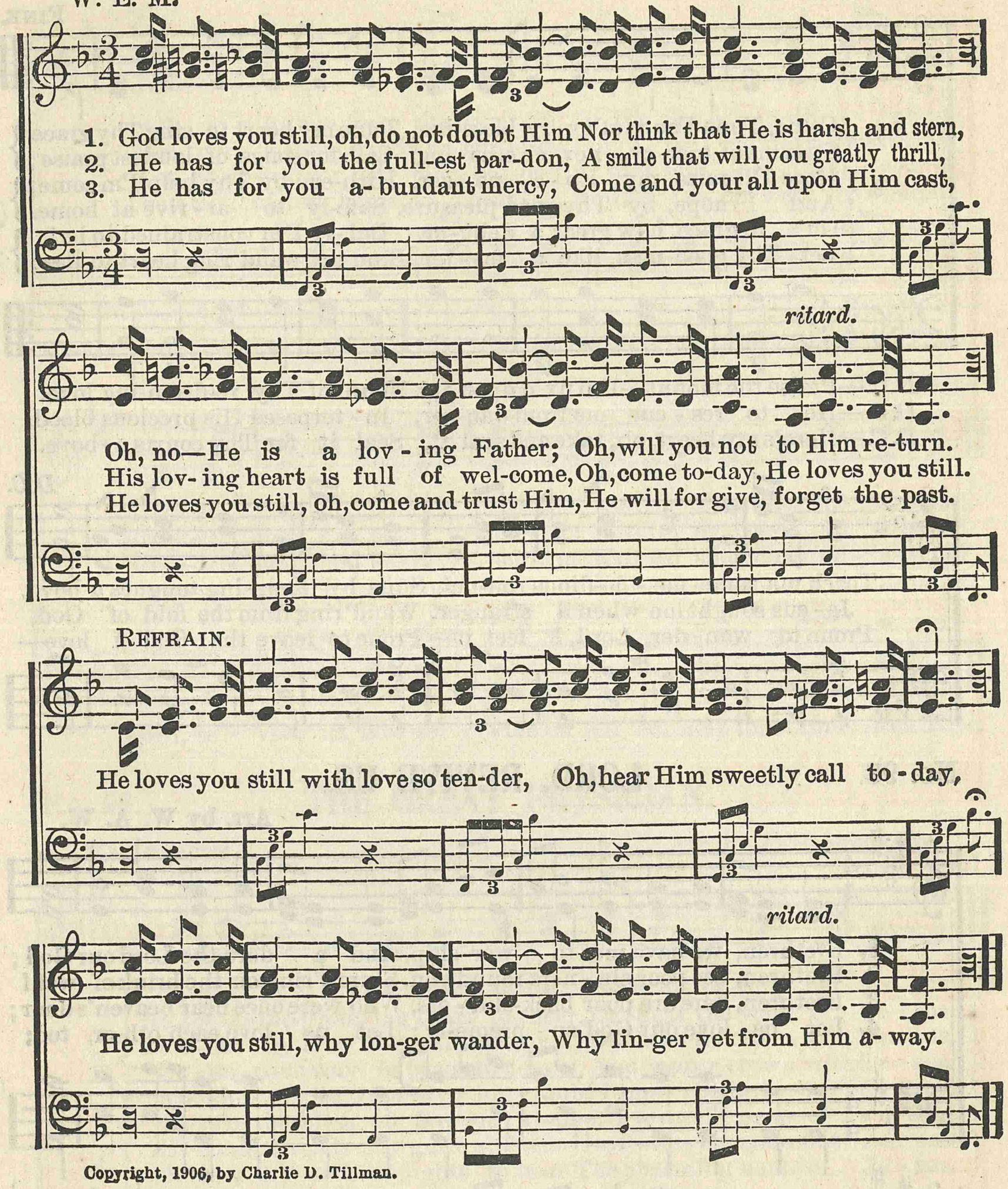
fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
oft - en for each oth - er flows, The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

95 HE LOVES YOU STILL.

DUET FOR SOPRANO AND ALTO.

W. E. M. WM. EDIE MARKS.



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No. 96 O Weary Wand'rer.

(TUNE: ALMOST PERSUADED.)

1 O weary wand'rer, dark night comes on
When slighted mercy will be withdrawn;
The Spirit strive no more,
Christ gives His pleadings o'er,
Closed then shall be the door;
Thy doom, despair.

2 O weary wand'rer, Jesus still pleads;
For you He suffers, for you He bleeds.
O let His love constrain,
Nor let Him bleed in vain;
Hark! hark! He calls again,
"O wand'rer, come."

3 O weary wand'rer, why still delay.
Christ waits to save you—save you today;
Fast falls the eventide;
Soon, soon you must decide;
For you He bled and died
On Calvary!

4 O weary wand'rer, see loved ones stand
All saved in heaven, a happy band.
Come, join them on that shore;
Where death shall part no more;
Wide open stands the door,
O wand'rer, come.

I. BALTZELL and E. D. MUND.

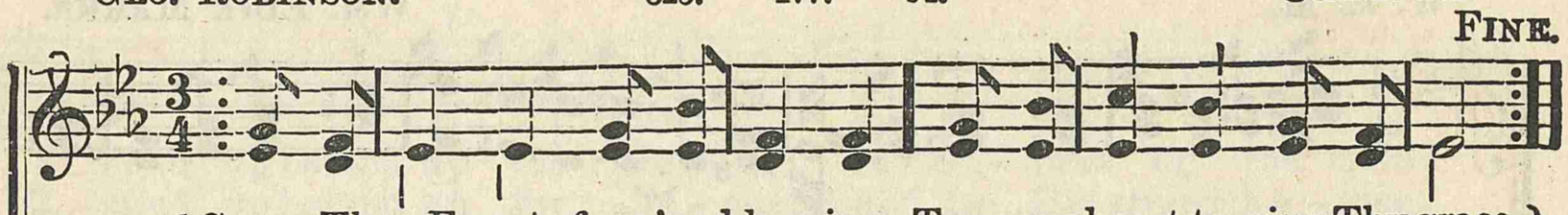
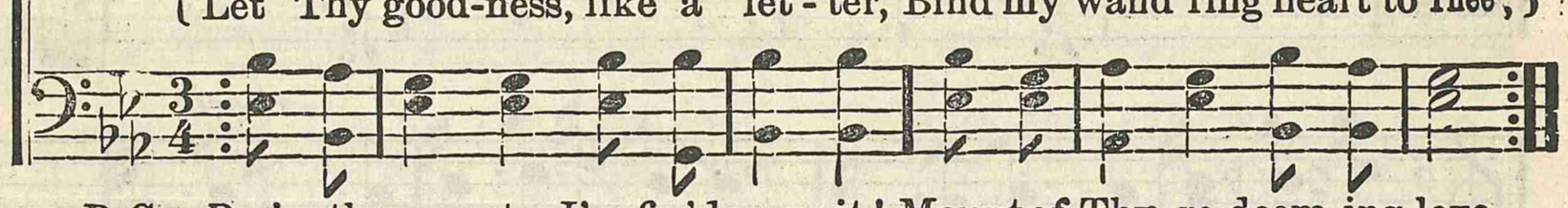
No. 97.

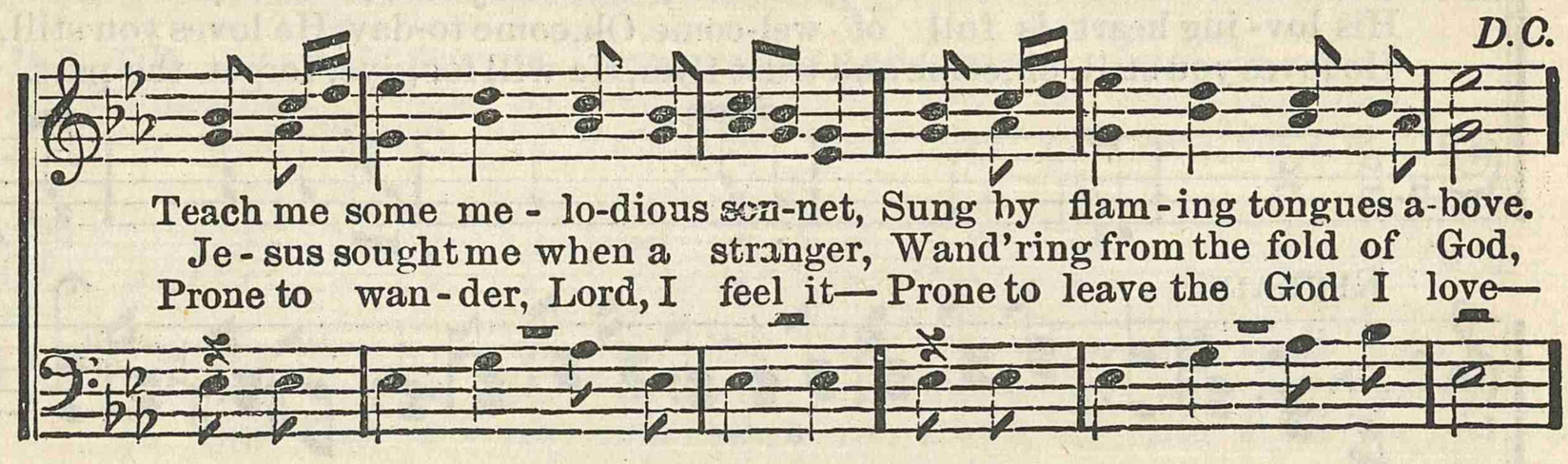
COME, THOU FOUNT.

GEO. ROBINSON.

*M. H. 525. B. H. 177. P. H. 94.

Unknown.

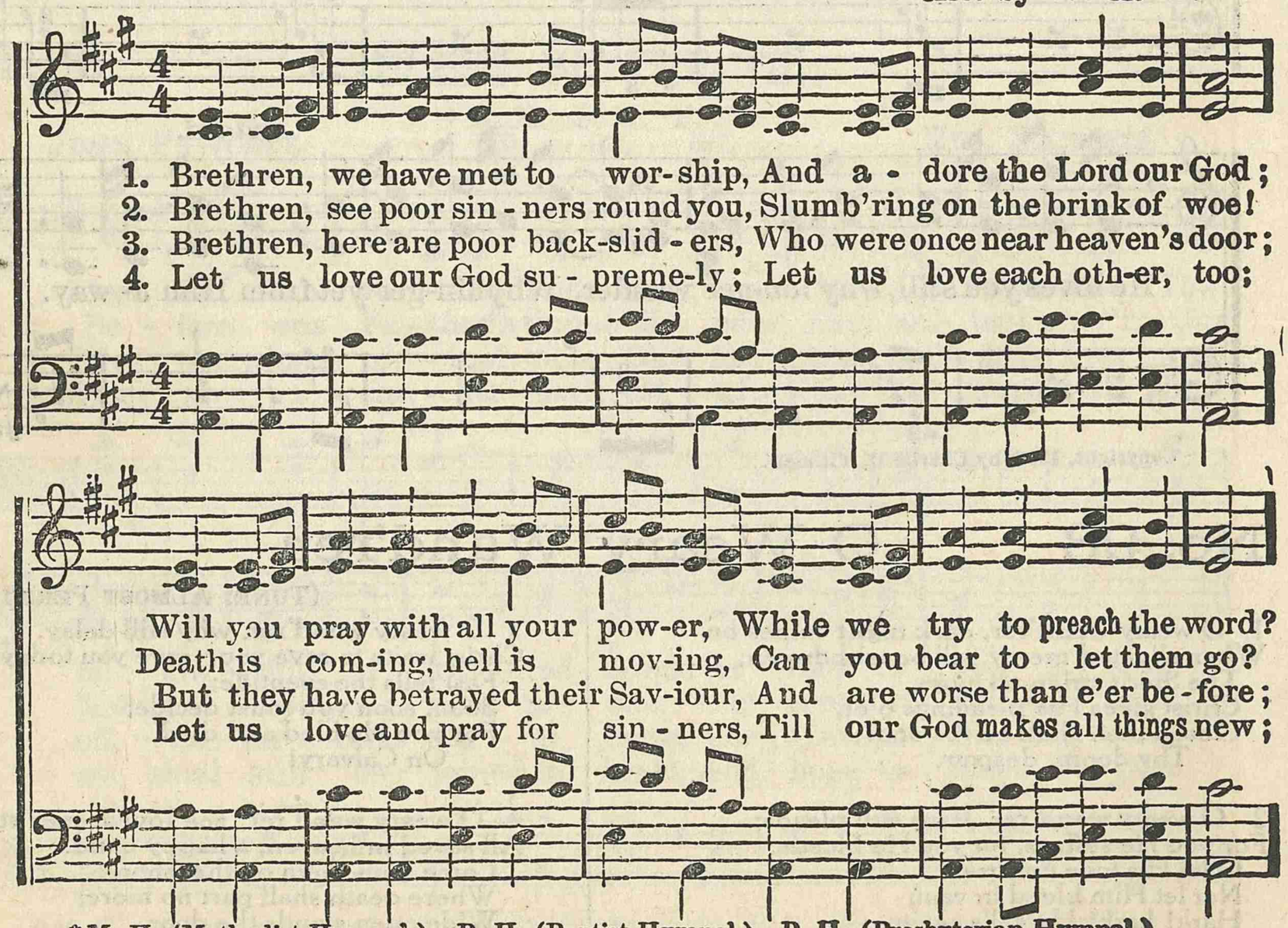
FINE.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace
   Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise;
2. Here I'll raise my Eb-e-ne-zer, Hith-er by Thy help I'm come;
   And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.
3. Oh, to grace, how great a debt-or, Dai-ly I'm constrained to be!
   Let Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee;

D. C.—Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it! Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.
D. C.—He to res-cue me from dan-ger, In-terposed His precious blood.
D. C.—Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.

D. C.

Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove.
Je-sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God,
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it—Prone to leave the God I love—

No. 98.

LORD, REVIVE US.

Arr. by W. A. W.

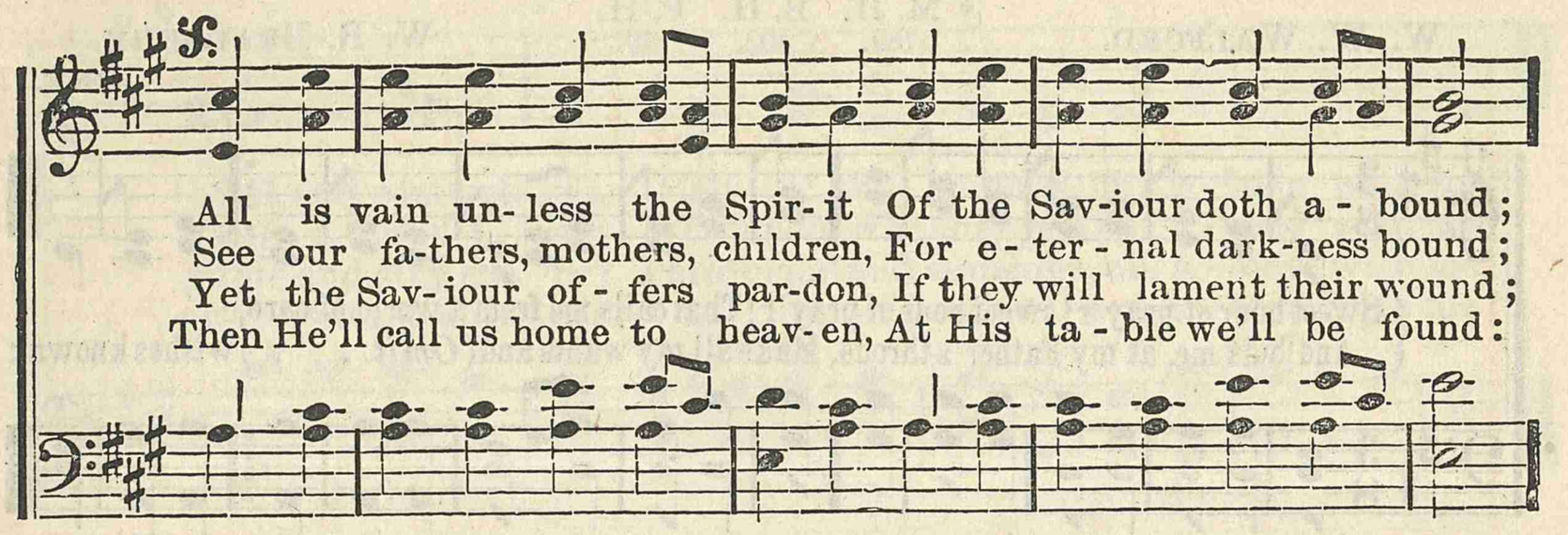


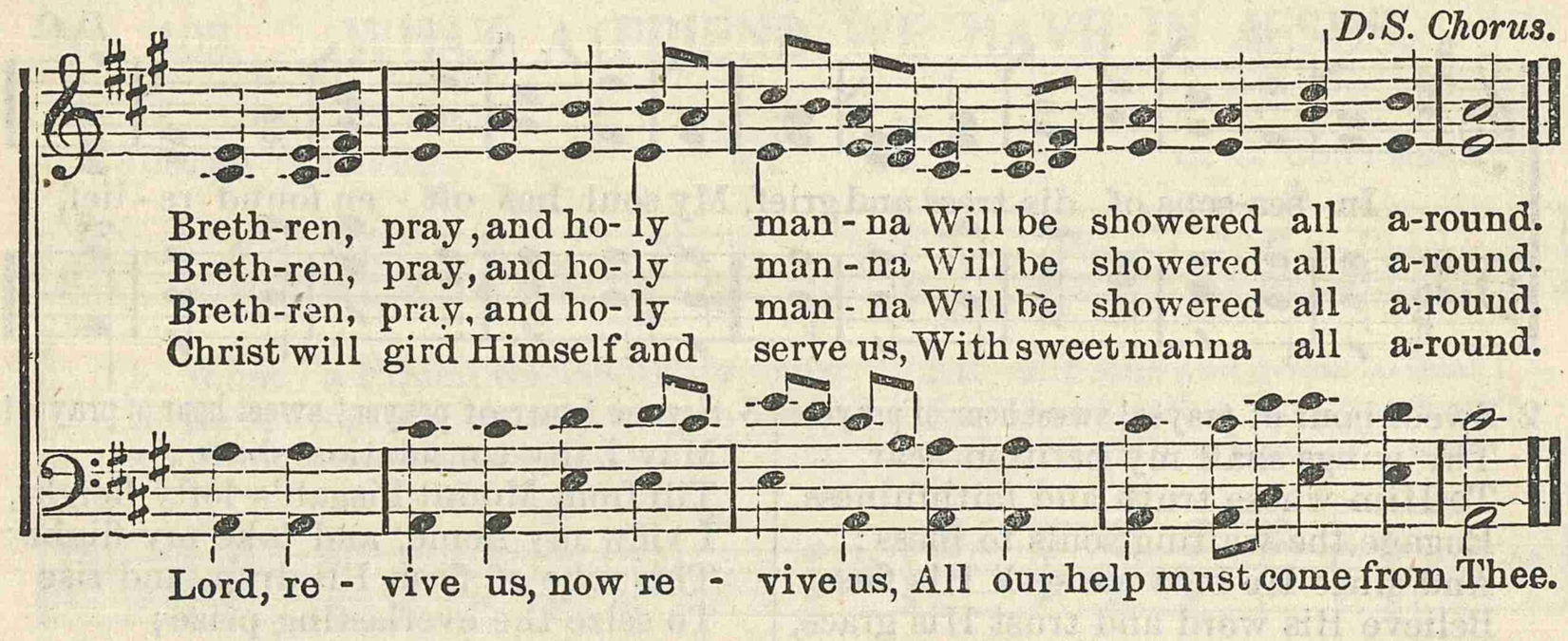
1. Brethren, we have met to wor-ship, And a-dore the Lord our God;
2. Brethren, see poor sin-ners round you, Slumb'ring on the brink of woe!
3. Brethren, here are poor back-slid-ers, Who were once near heaven's door;
4. Let us love our God su-preme-ly; Let us love each oth-er, too;

Will you pray with all your pow-er, While we try to preach the word?
Death is com-ing, hell is mov-ing, Can you bear to let them go?
But they have betrayed their Sav-iour, And are worse than e'er be-fore;
Let us love and pray for sin-ners, Till our God makes all things new;

*M. F. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

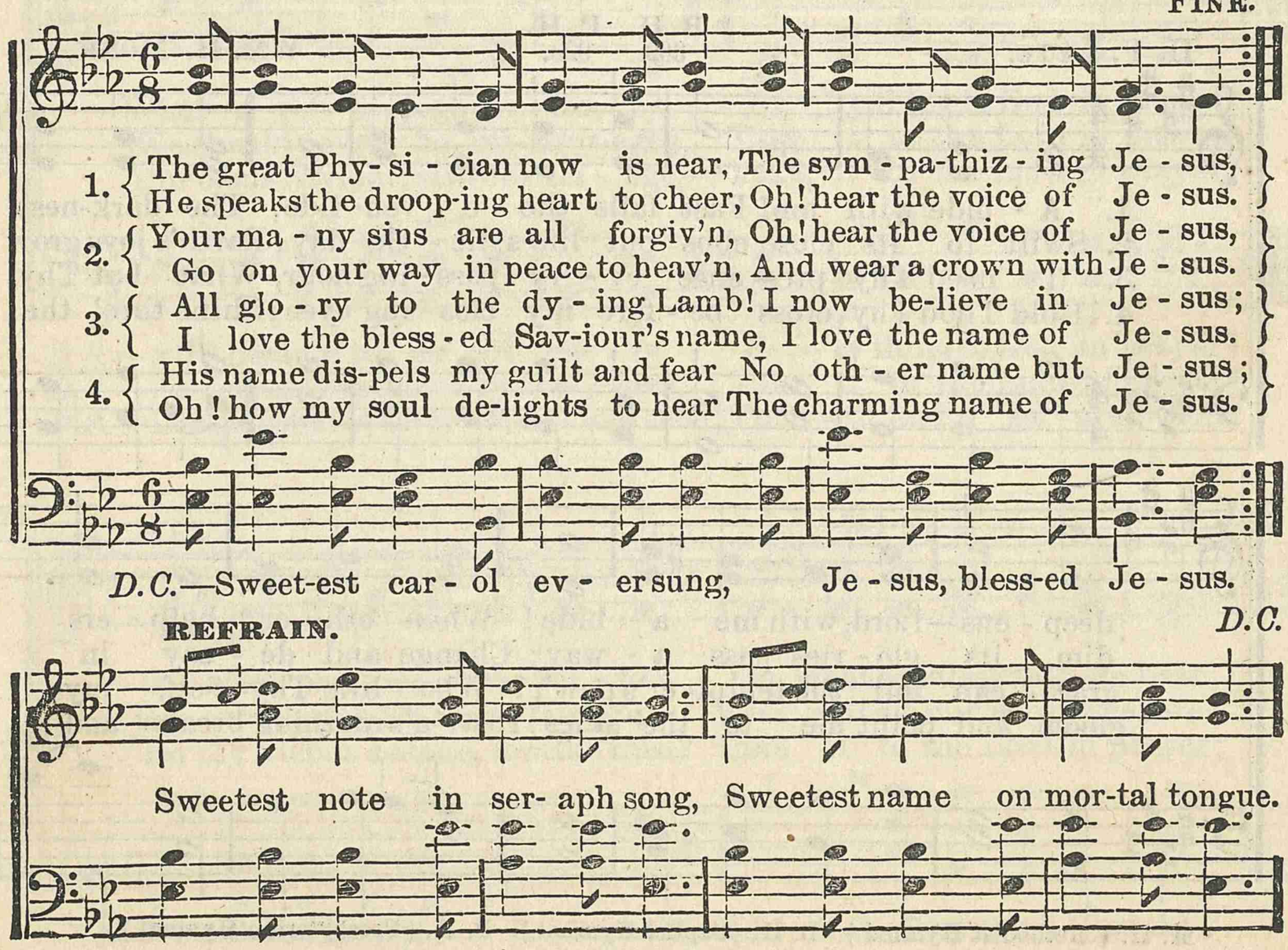
LORD, REVIVE US.





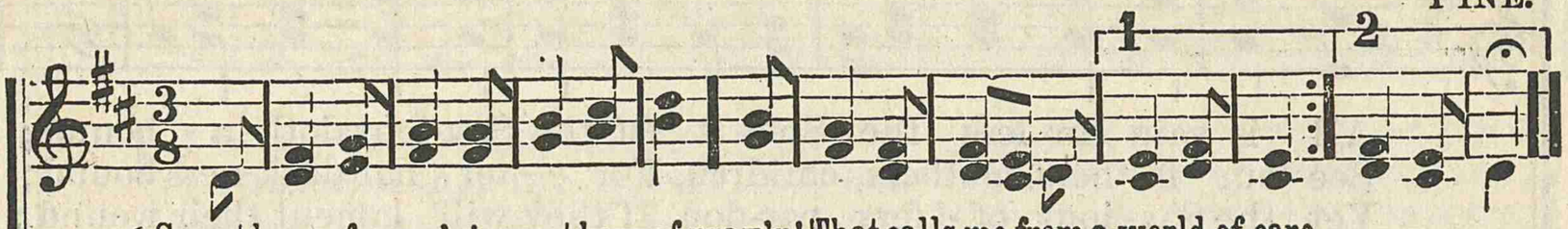
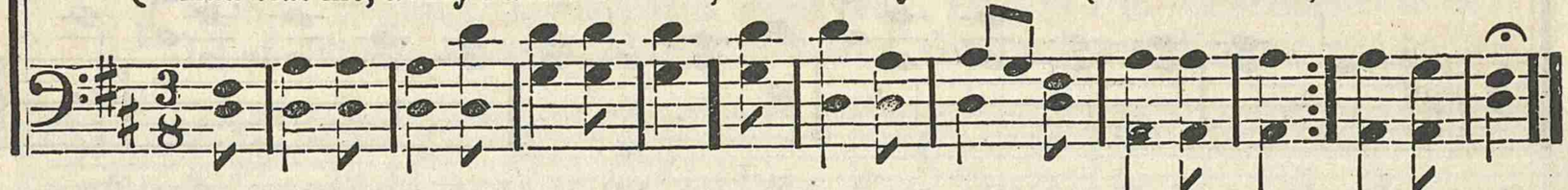
No. 99. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

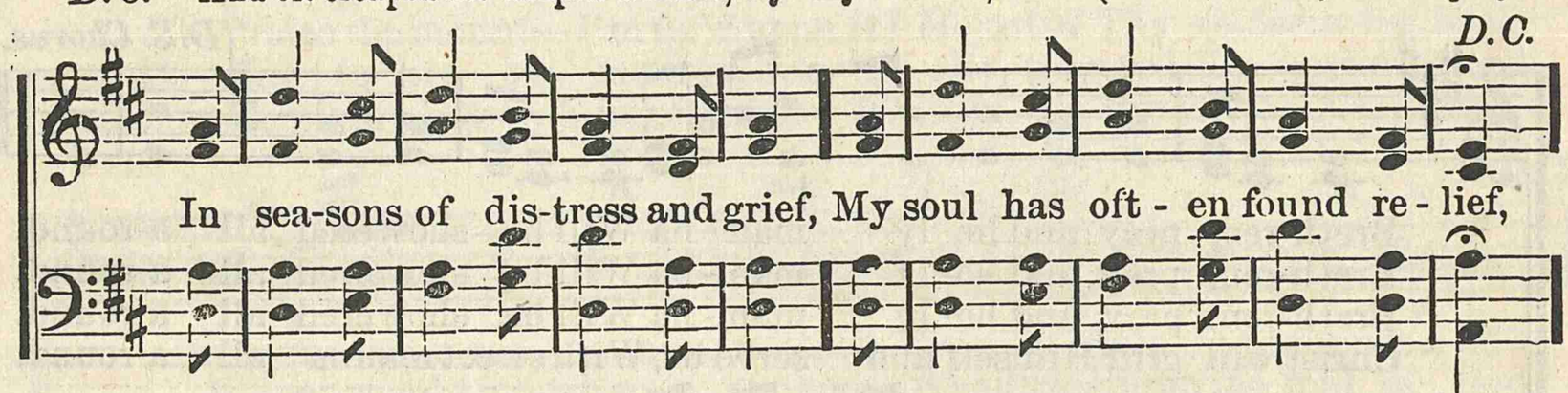
Wm. Hunter. Arr. by J. H. Stockton.



No. 100. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER!

W. W. WALFORD. * M. H. 789. B. H. 405. P. H. 49. W. B. BRADBURY.

FINE.

1. { Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
   { And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and (*Omit. . . .*) wishes known:

D. C.—And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy re- turn, sweet (*Omit. . . .*) hour of pray'r.



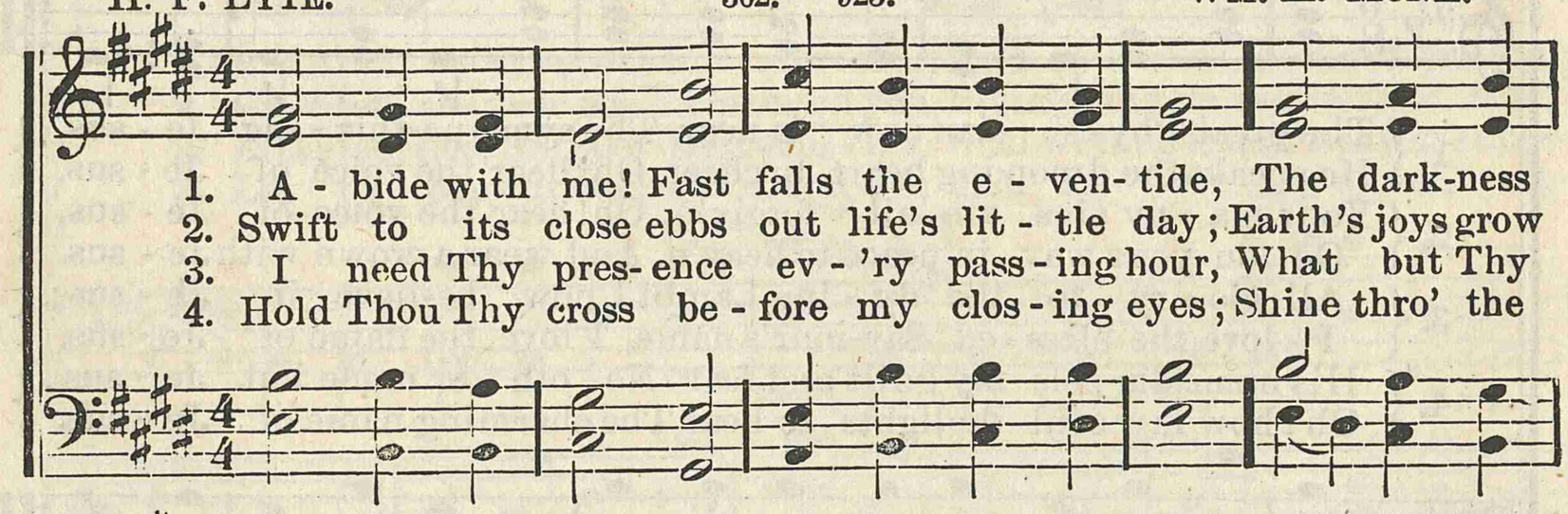
In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,

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

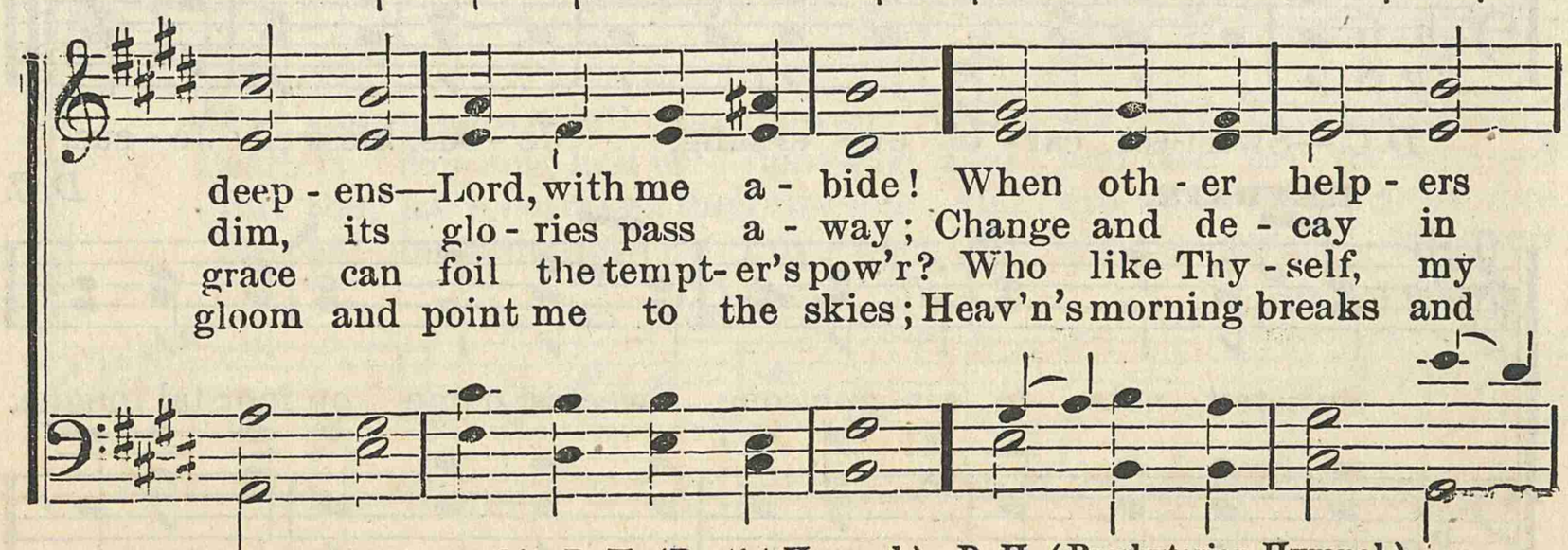
3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share;
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing thro' the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 101. ABIDE WITH ME.

H. F. LYTE. * B. H. 362. P. H. 923. WM. H. MONK.



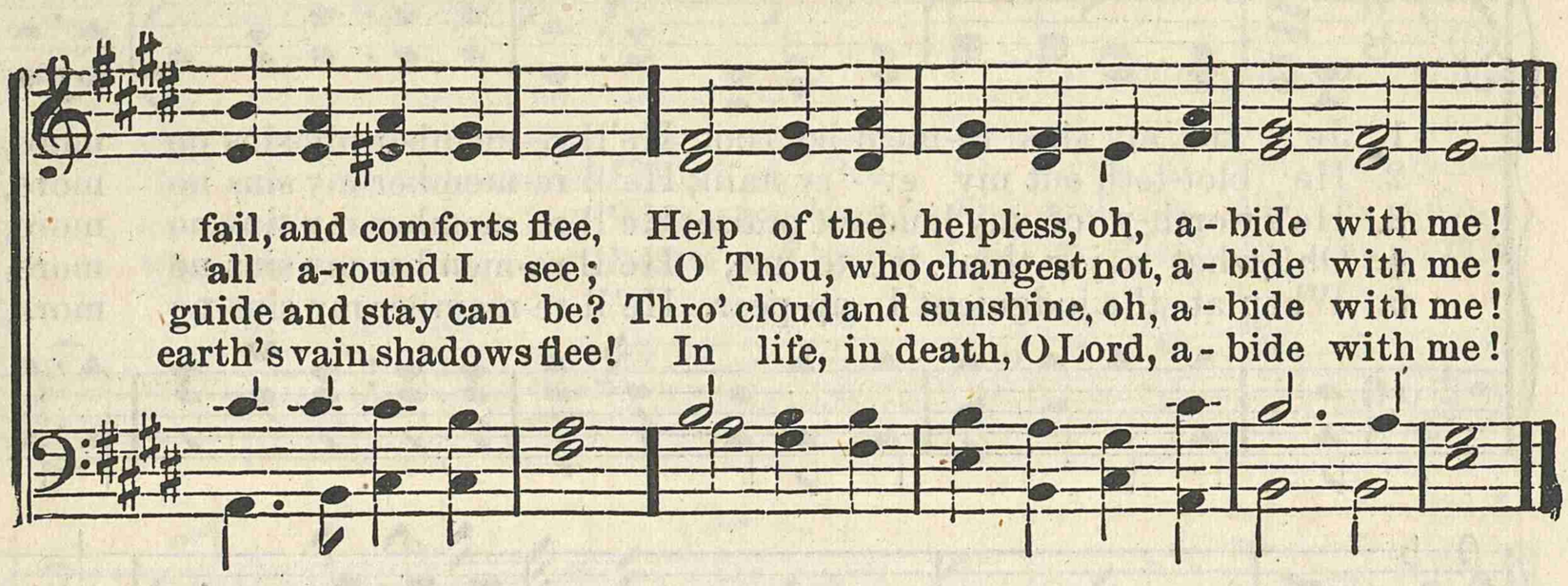
1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven- tide, The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres- ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, What but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the



deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempt- er's pow'r? Who like Thy - self, my
gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks and

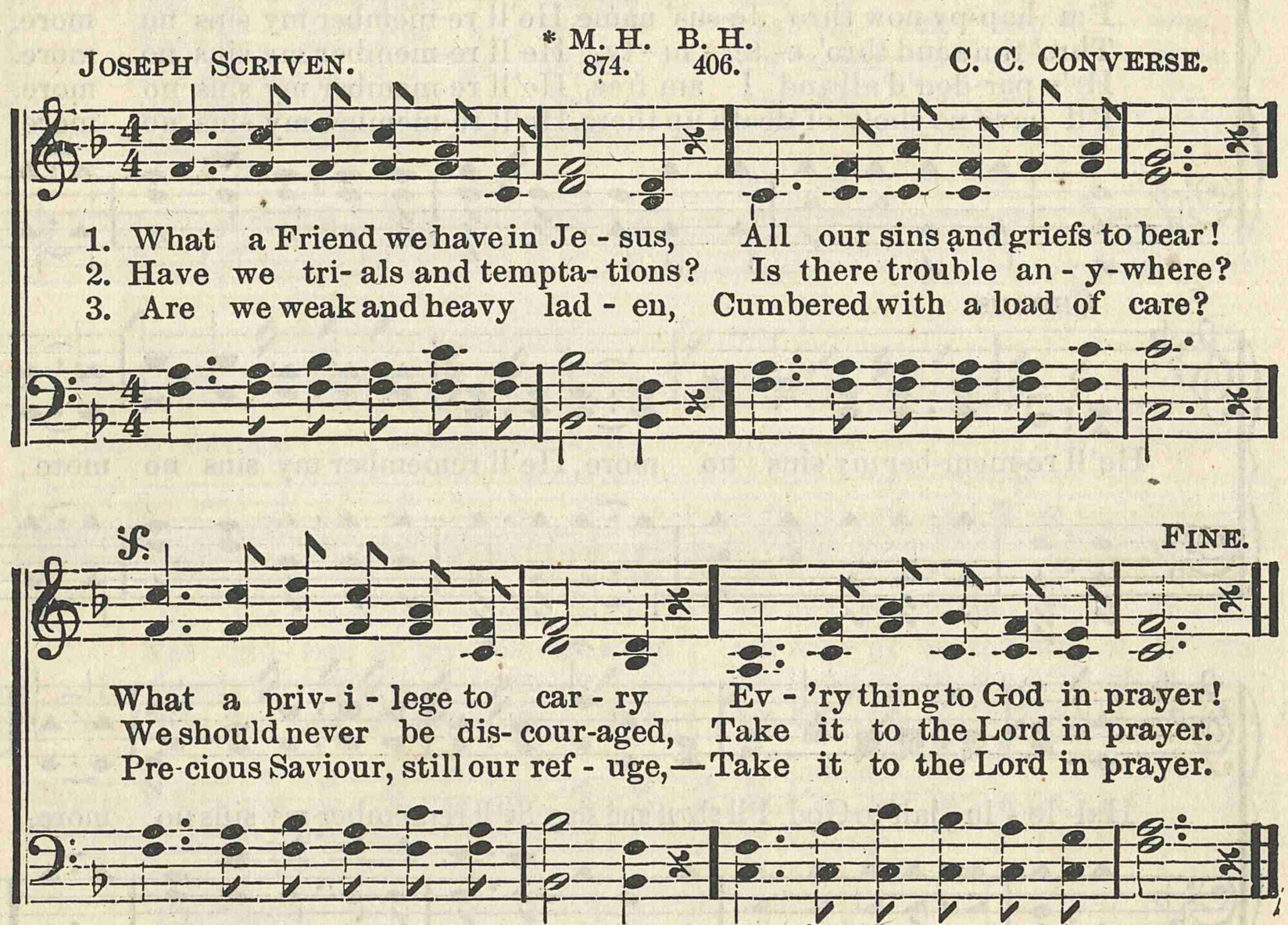
*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

ABIDE WITH ME.—Concluded.

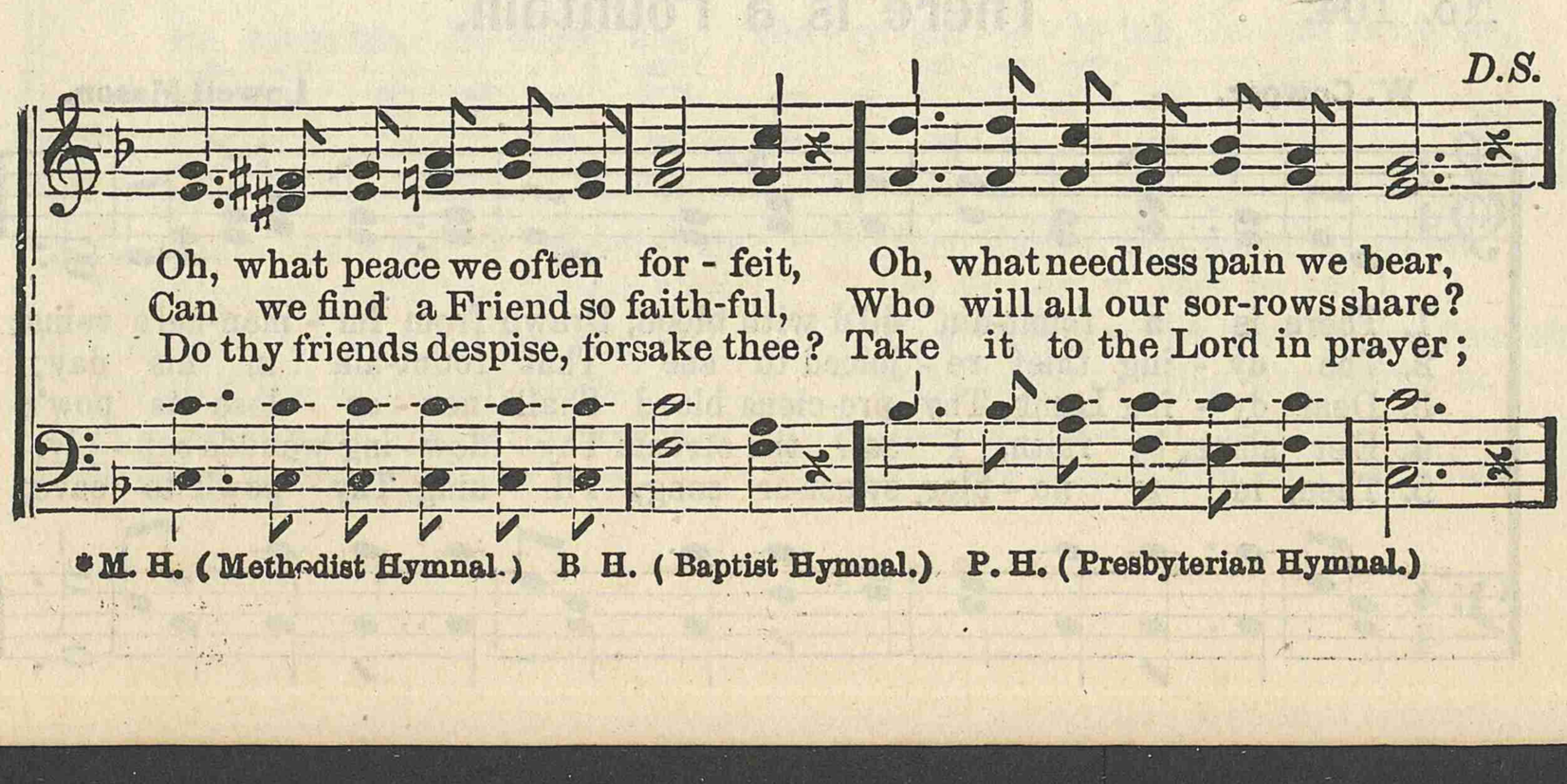


No. 102. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. * M. H. 874. B. H. 406. C. C. CONVERSE.



FINE.



*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 103. HE'LL REMEMBER MY SINS NO MORE.

G. T. B. G. T. Byrd.

1. Je - sus my sins re-mem-bers not; He'll re-member my sins no more,
2. He blot-teth out my ev -'ry stain; He'll re-member my sins no more,
3. He's worth-y of my loud-est praise; He'll re-member my sins no more,
4. Oh! what a joy this is to me, He'll re-member my sins no more,
5. When at the judgment I ap-pear. He'll re-member my sins no more,

My vil - est crime is now for-got, He'll re-member my sins no more.
I'm hap-py now thro' Je-sus' name, He'll re-member my sins no more.
Thro' time and thro' e- ter - ni - ty, He'll re-member my sins no more.
He's par-don'd all and I am free, He'll re-member my sins no more.
I'll have no tho't of death up there, He'll re-member my sins no more.

Chorus.

He'll re-mem-ber my sins no more, He'll remember my sins no more;

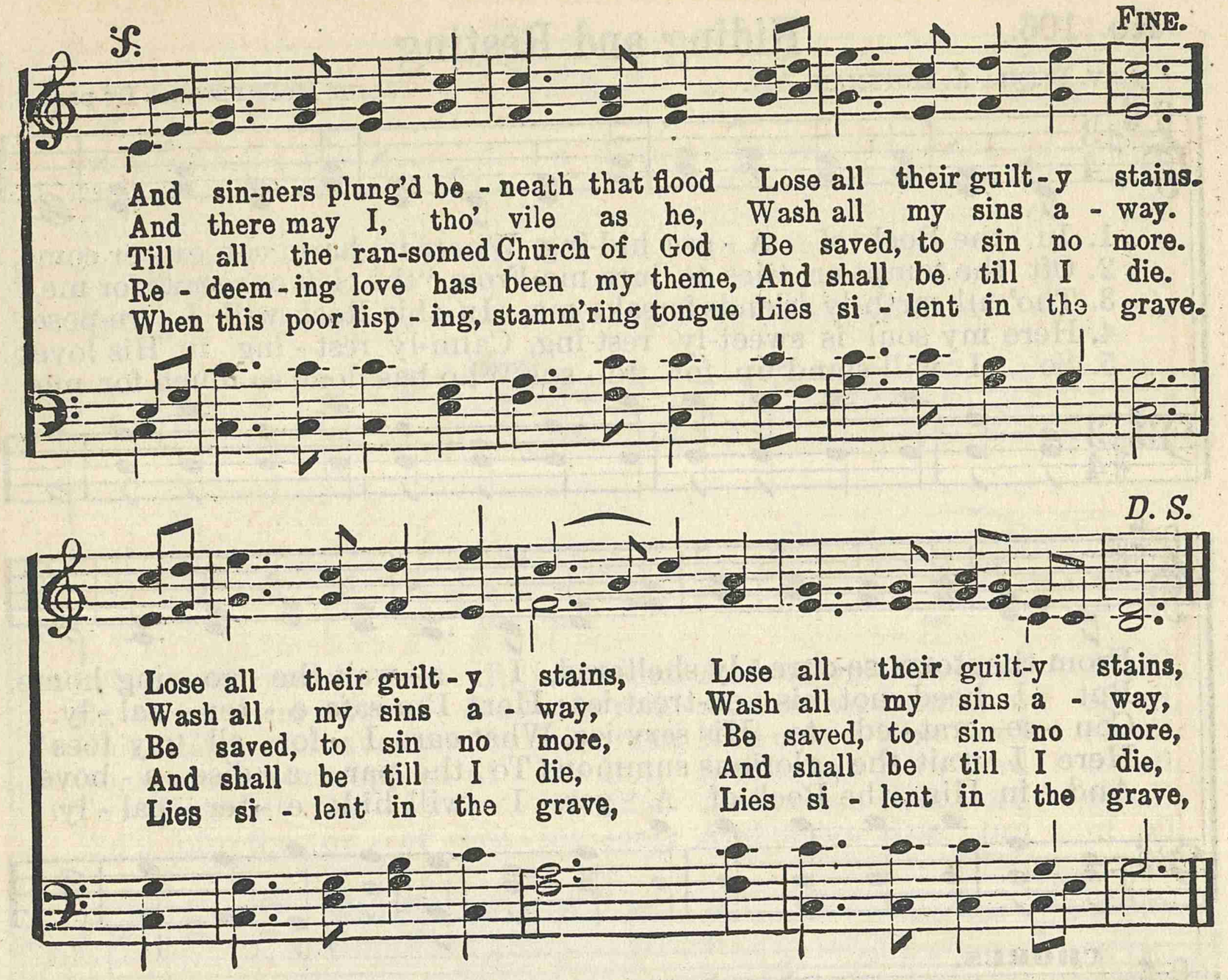
Hal- le - lu- jah to God, I'll shout and sing, He'll remember my sins no more.

Copyright, 1904, by G. T. Byrd.

No. 104. There is a Fountain.

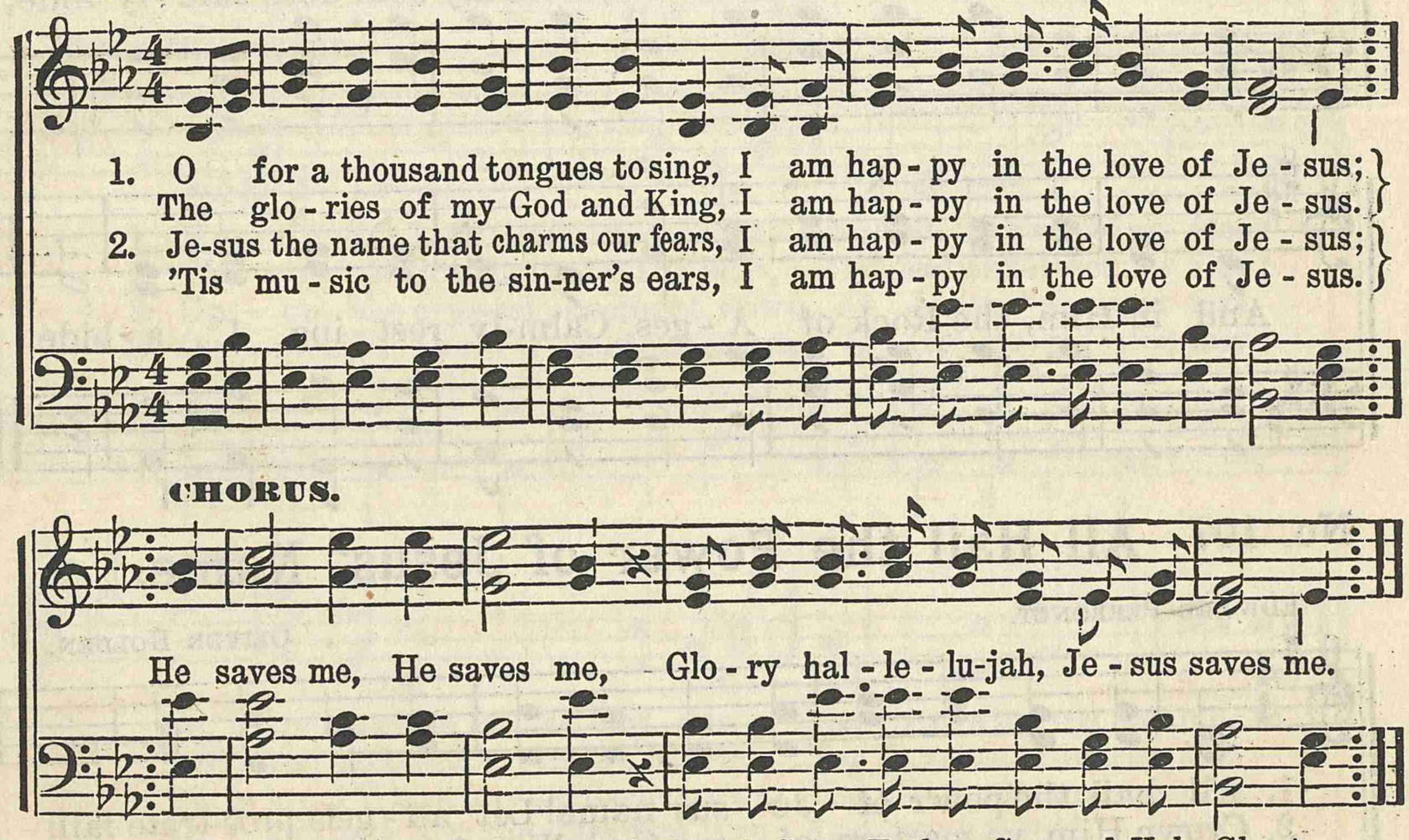
W. Cowper. Lowell Mason.

1. There is a fount-ain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im - man-uel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That fount-ain in his day;
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
5. Then, in a no - bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,



No. 105. Happy In The Love of Jesus.

JOS. F BUTLER. Copyright, 1904, by Jos. F. Butler, Gordon, Tex. ARR. by JOS. F. BUTLER.



3 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
His blood can make the foulest clean.

4 Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

5 Thy name to me Thy nature grant,
Nothing besides my God I want.

6 Come Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Let all I am in Thee be lost.

7 Since Thou wouldst have us free from sin,
Make haste to bring Thy nature in.

8 Eternal life to all mankind,
All they who seek in Him shall find.

No. 106. Hiding and Resting.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN, Arr. JOHN MCPHERSON. By per.

1. In the Rock of A - ges hid-ing, Where no harm can ev - er come,
2. Oft the tempt-er tries to lure me From "the cleft once made for me,"
3. Tho' all earth-ly friends forsake me, In this Rock will I re-pose;
4. Here my soul is sweet-ly rest-ing, Calm-ly rest - ing in His love;
5. So I will stand up for Je - sus Who has done so much for me,

From the storm se-cure - ly sheltered, I a - wait the go - ing home.
But I heed not his en-treat-ies; Here I'm safe e - ter - nal - ly.
Con - se - crat - ed to His serv-ice, What care I for all my foes?
Here I wait the glorious summons To the par - a - dise a - bove.
And in Him, the Rock of A - ges, I will hide e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS.

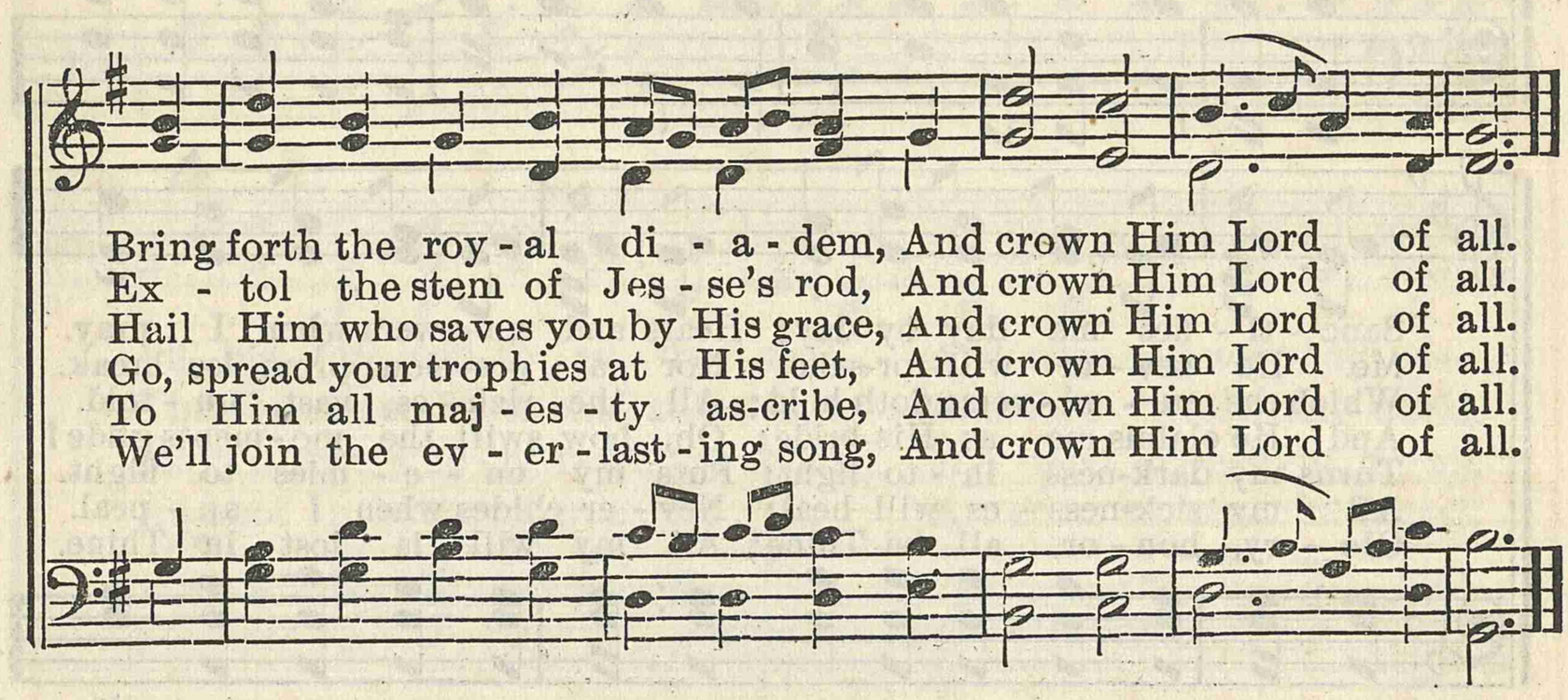
Glo - ry, glo - ry, Je - sus saves me, Here my soul doth safe - ly hide,
And in Him, the Rock of A - ges, Calm-ly rest - ing I a - bide.

No. 107. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

EDWARD PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

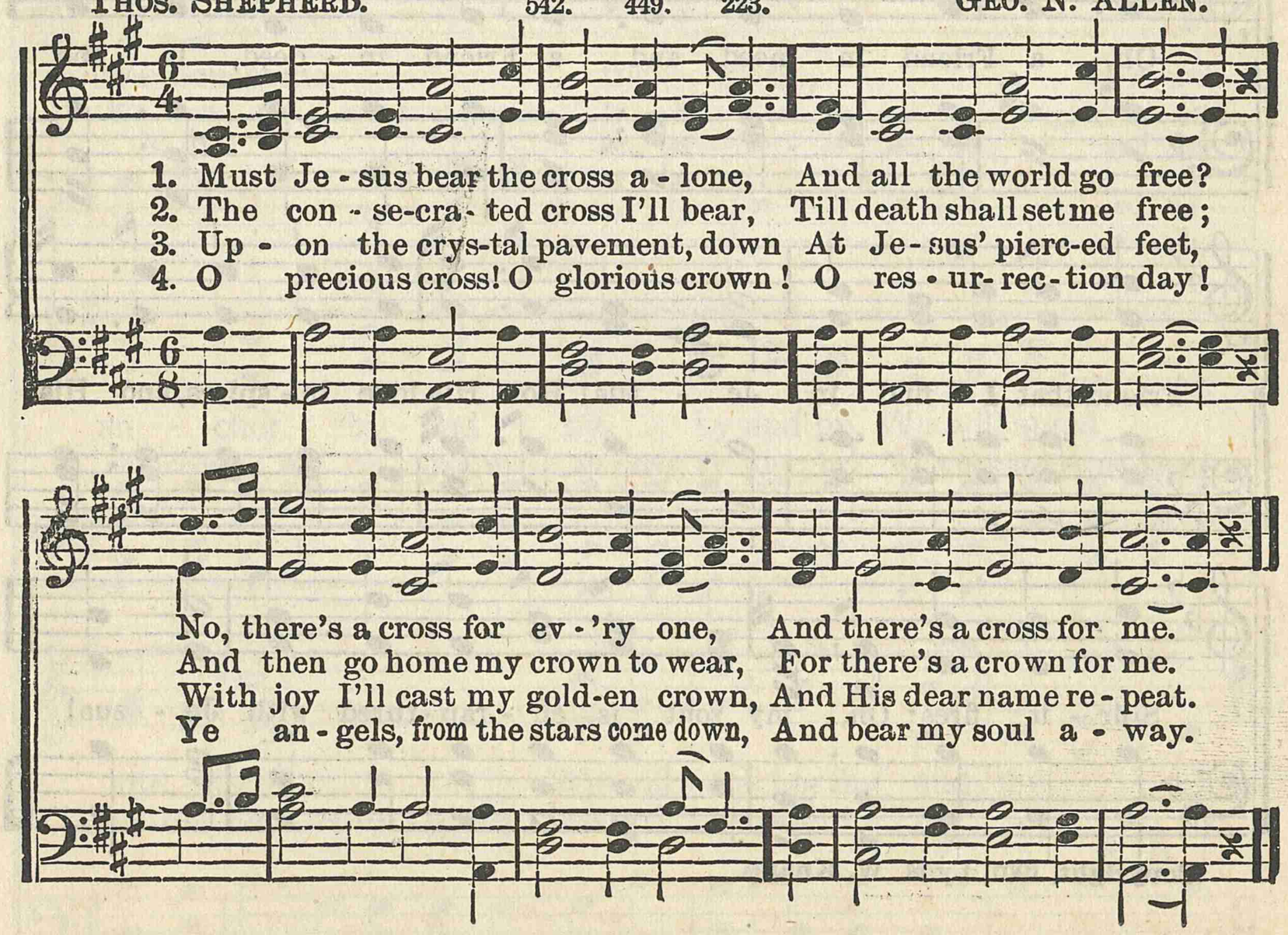
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God, Who from His al - tar call;
3. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall;
4. Sin - ner, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm-wood and the gall;
5. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball,
6. Oh, that with yon-der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;



No. 108. MUST JESUS BEAR THE CROSS ALONE?

THOS. SHEPHERD. * M. H. 542. B. H. 449. P. H. 223. GEO. N. ALLEN.



No. 109.

Oh, a Friend in Need.

"All things whatsoever ye pray and ask for, believe that ye have received them, and ye shall have them."—Mark 11: 24.

C. F. WEIGELE.
ARR. BY R. E. M.

M. W. KNAPP.

1. What a *good* Friend I have in Je - sus! All my sins He washed a-way;
2. What a *true* Friend I have in Je - sus, While I sleep and while I wake;
3. What a *rich* Friend I have in Je - sus! His the sil - ver and the gold
4. What a *near* Friend I have in Je - sus! He is al-ways by my side,
5. What a *strong* Friend I have in Je - sus! He up-holds me by His might;
6. What a *kind* Friend I have in Je - sus! All my sor-rows He does feel;
7. What a *wise* Friend I have in Je - sus! Might-y Coun-sel - lor di - vine,

Sanc - ti - fies me day by day; Hears and an - swers when I pray.
Me He nev - er will for-sake, Nor a pre-cious prom - ise break.
Which the u - ni - verse doth hold; All the rich - es, vast, un - told.
And He claims me as His bride; Oh, how swift the mo - ments glide!
Turns my dark-ness in - to light; Puts my en - e - mies to flight.
All my sick-ness - es will heal; Nev - er chides when I ap - peal.
Glo - ry, hon - or, all be Thine; All my will is lost in Thine.

CHORUS.

Oh, a Friend in need, and a Friend in - deed, Is the

Friend that I find in Je - sus! How His love in - spires, and His

Spir - it fires; Oh, my soul is en - rap - tured with Je - sus!

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No. 110.

When I Can Read My Title Clear.

Arr. by H. N. LINCOLN,

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, To man-sions in the skies,
2. Should earth again my soul en-gage, And fier - y darts be hurl'd,
3. Let cares like a wild del-uge come, And storms of sor-row fall,
4. There I shall bathe my weary soul, In seas of heav'nly rest,

I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frowning world.
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of trou - ble roll A - cross my peaceful breast.

REFRAIN.

We will stand the storm, We will
We will stand, stand the storm, It will not be ver - y long; We will
an - chor by and by, by and by, We will stand
an - chor by and by, We will an - chor by and by, We will stand, stand the storm,
the storm, We will an-chor by and by,
It will not be ver - y long, We will an - chor by and by, by and by.

No. 111.

Battle Hymn.

English. Arr.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A foll-'wer of the Lamb,
   And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow'r - y beds of ease,
   While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
   Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord;
   I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup-port - ed by Thy word.

CHORUS.

And when the battle's over we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown!

yes, we shall wear a crown! And when the battle's o-ver, we shall wear a crown

In the new Je-ru - sa-lem! Wear a crown! wear a crown!
Wear a crown! wear a crown!

And when the battle's o-ver we shall wear a crown In the new Je-ru - sa - lem!

No. 112

We Are Traveling Home.

J. F. B.

Copyright, 1900, by Jos. F. Butler, Gordon, Tex.

JOS. F. BUTLER.

1. We are trav'ling to our home a-bove, Where we'll meet with lov'd ones gone before,
2. As we fol - low Je - sus here be-low, Ma - ny tri - als come up-on the way,
3. Now we see them robed in spotless white, Stand before the great e-ter-nal throne,
4. Soon we'll join the great and holy throng, And with them our Savior's name adore;

There, un-ceas-ing, chant e - ter-nal love, Wear a star - ry crown for ev - er-more.
Yet, each day the path doth brightly grow, For the Sav-iour is our Guide and Stay.
In the sweetest strains sing day and night, To the Lamb who did for us a - tone.
There we'll sing the ev - er - last-ing song, And we'll part with saved ones never more.

CHORUS.

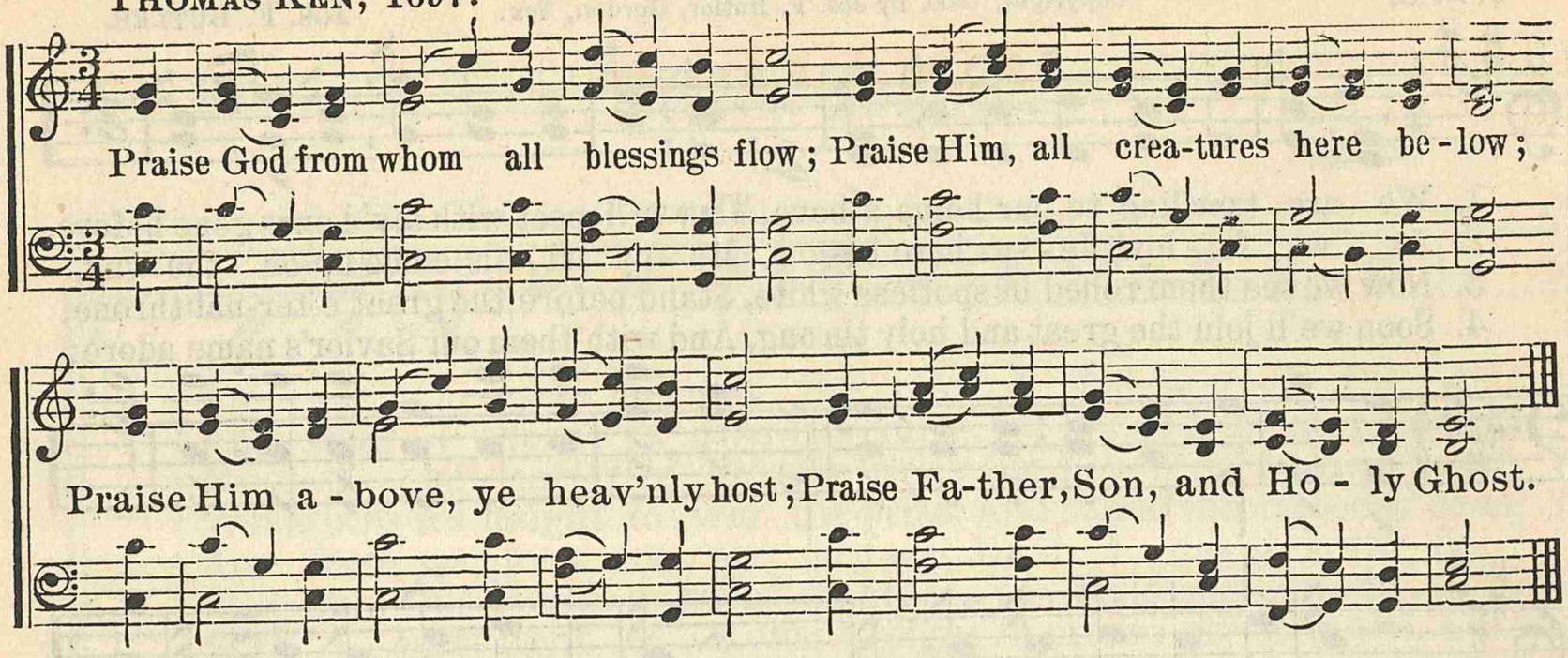
When we arrive in that home, that beautiful home a-bove, We'll
When we ar - rive..... in that beautiful home.... a-bove, We'll

stand at the feet of the King, the feet of the heavenly King, Joining the glorified song with
stand.....at the feet of the King,.... Joining the song.....with our kindred and

kindred and friends we love Forever His praises to sing, for - ev-er His praises to sing.
friends.... we love For - ev - - er His praises to sing.....

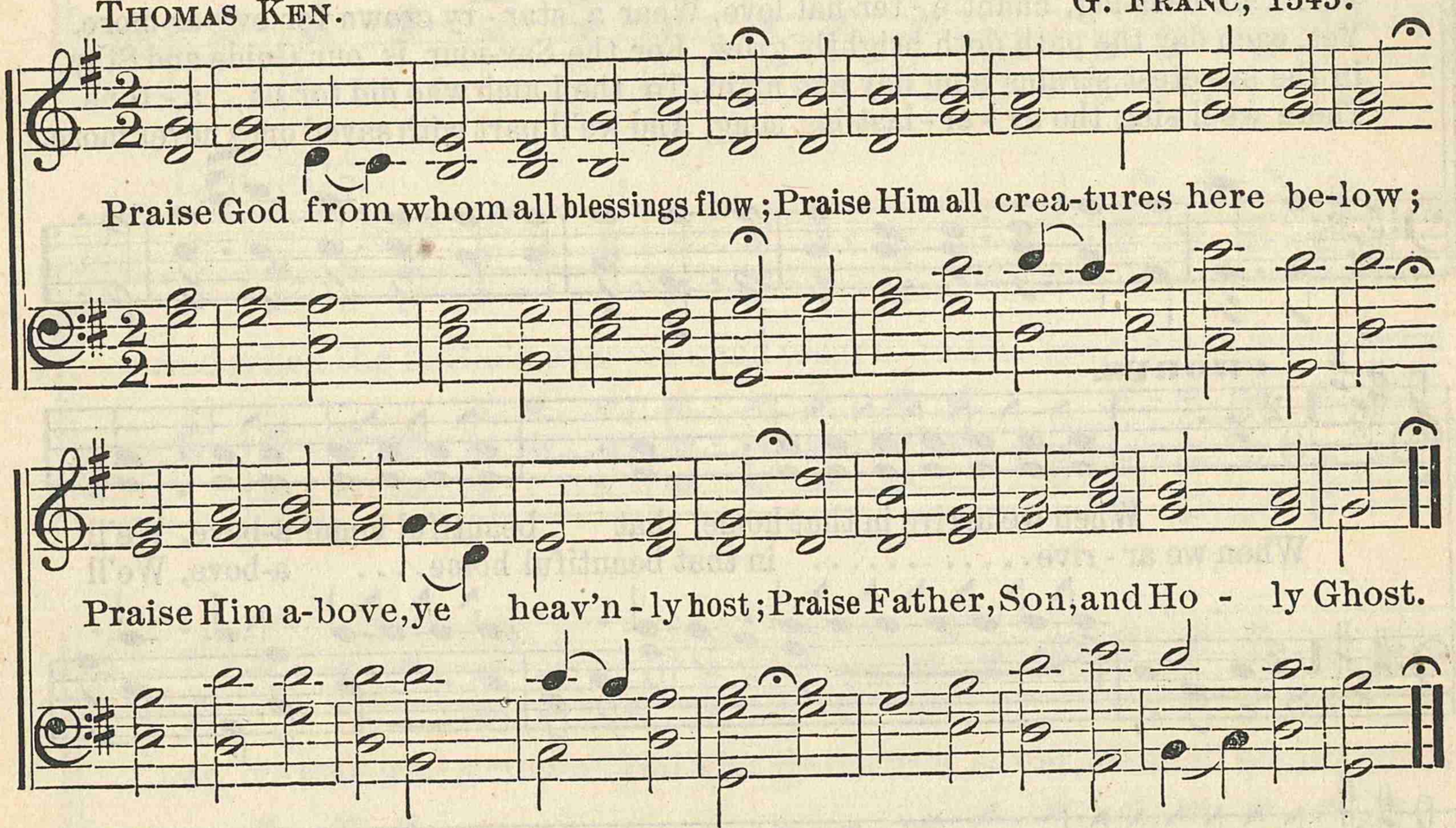
DOXOLOGY.

THOMAS KEN, 1697. D. E. DORTUH.

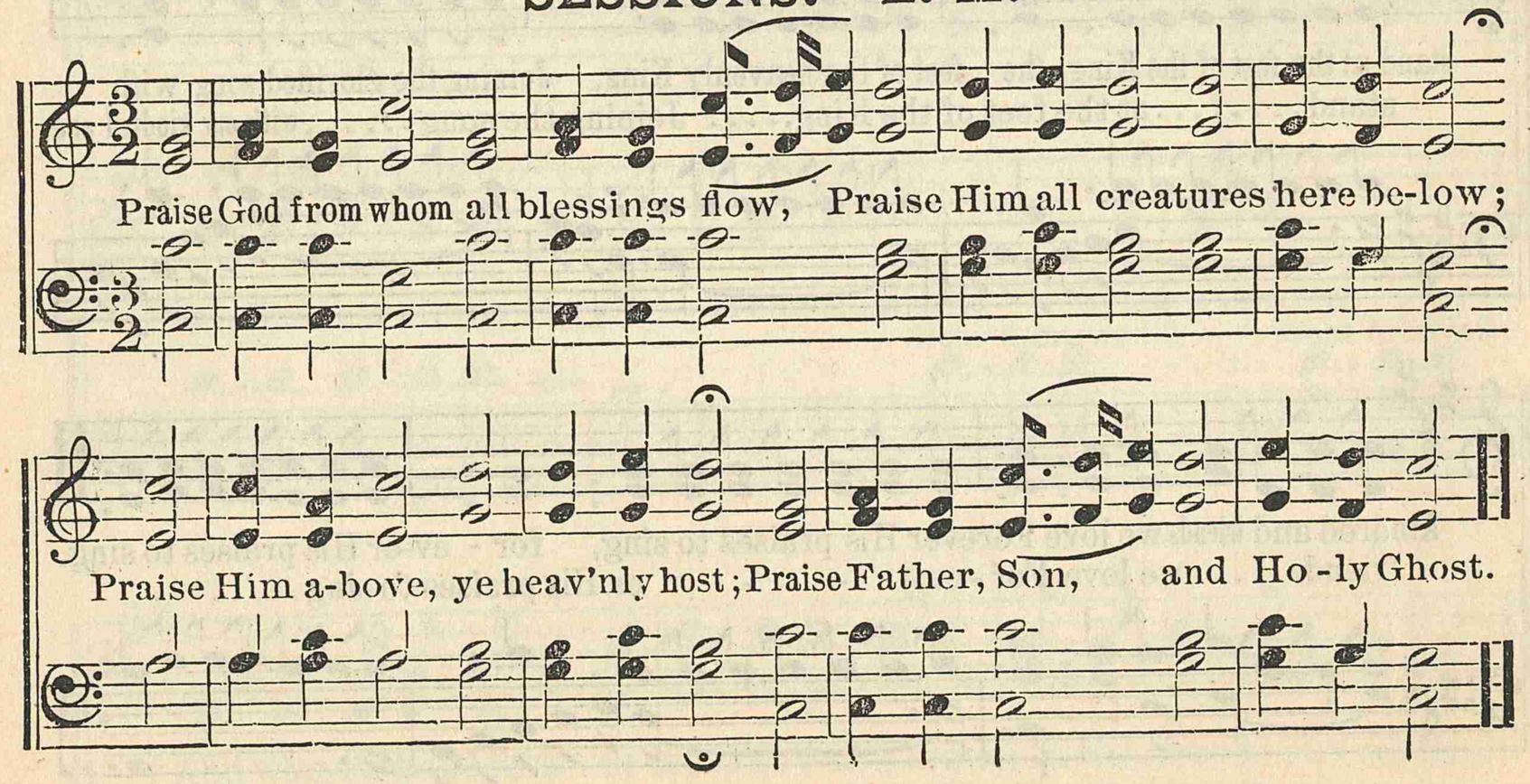


OLD HUNDRED.

THOMAS KEN. G. FRANC, 1545.



SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.

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