

Revival Echoes

Enlarged and Combined.

**McD. Weams, E. M. Cullom. J. H. and W. H.
Ruebush, Associates.**

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DAYTON, VIRGINIA.**

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Shaped note

(Enlarged and Combined)

309

1910

REVI A

A collection of songs for every department of worship,
and suitable for all services of the church

McD. Weams, E. M. Cullom. W. H. and J. H. Ruebush
Associates.

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Revi A

PREFACE.

FOR OPENING SCHOOL.

Leader.—The Lord upholdeth all that fall, and raiseth up all those that be bowed down.

School.—The eyes of all wait upon thee; and thou givest them their meat in due season.

Leader.—Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

School.—The Lord is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works.

Leader.—The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

School.—He will fulfill the desire of them that fear him: he will also hear their cry, and will save them.

Leader.—The Lord preserveth all them that love him, but all the wicked will he destroy.

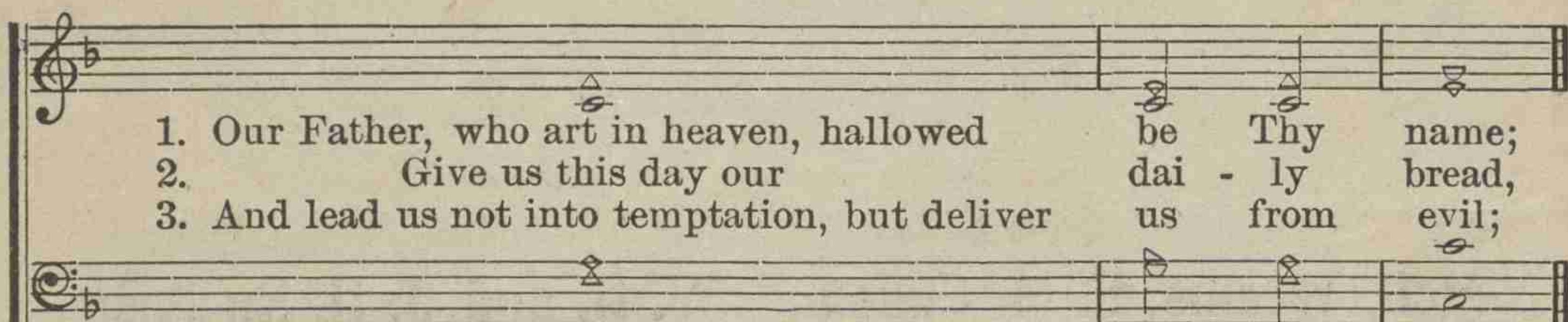
School.—My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord: and let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

All.—I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall be continually in my mouth.

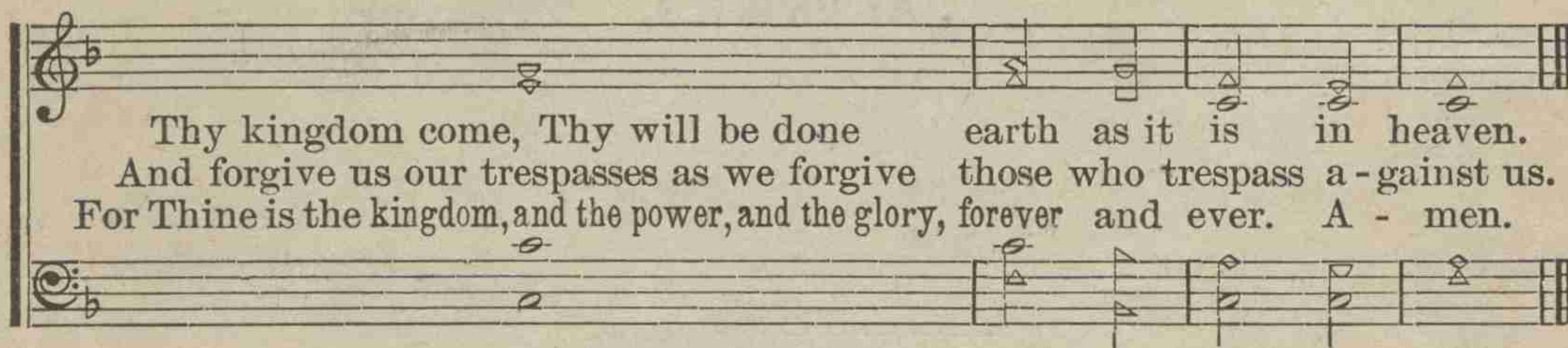
THE LORD'S PRAYER.

CHANT.

H. R. PALMER, by per.



1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name;
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread,
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;



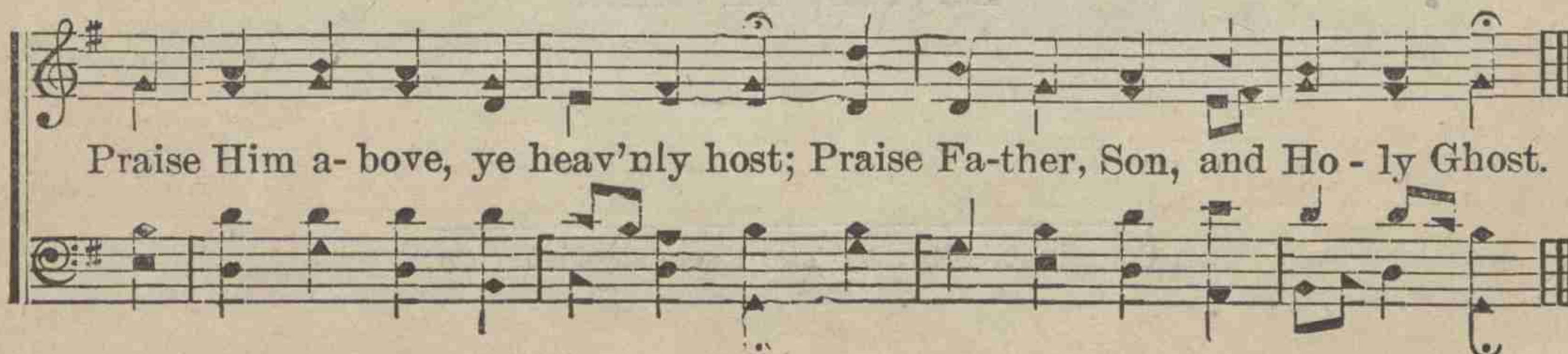
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done earth as it is in heaven.
And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. A - men.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.



Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;



Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

REVIVAL ECHOES.

[ENLARGED AND COMBINED.]

No. 1.

STRENGTHEN YOUR HOLD.

GEO. P. HOTT.

E. McINTOSH CULLOM.



1. Out on the o - cean sail - ing, Near-ing the port so fair,
2. Fast-en your hold on Je - sus, Safe in His ten - der love;
3. Fast-en your hold se - cure - ly, Lest when the storm is high,



Break-ers and rocks are hid - den, Fast-en your hold with care.
Sure is the hope He gives you, Anch-or your hearts a - bove.
Drift-ing, your barque may leave you, Wreck'd on the rocks to die.



CHORUS.



Strengthen your hold on Je - sus, By faith, and hope, and pray'r;



Strengthen your hold on Je - sus, Make sure your anch - or there.



No. 2.

FACE TO FACE.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

Moderato.



1. Face to face with Christ my Sav-iour, Face to face—what will it be?
2. On - ly faint-ly now, I see Him, With the darkling veil be-tween,
3. What re-joic-ing in His pres-ence, When are banished grief and pain,
4. Face to face! O! bliss-ful mo-ment! Face to face—to see and know:



When with rap-ture I be - hold Him, Je-sus Christ who died for me.
 But a bless-ed day is com-ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.
 When the crooked ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain.
 Face to face with my Re-deem - er, Je-sus Christ who loves me so.



CHORUS.



Face to face shall I be- hold Him, Far be-yond the star-ry sky;



Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by.



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No. 3.

AT THE ALTAR KNEELING.

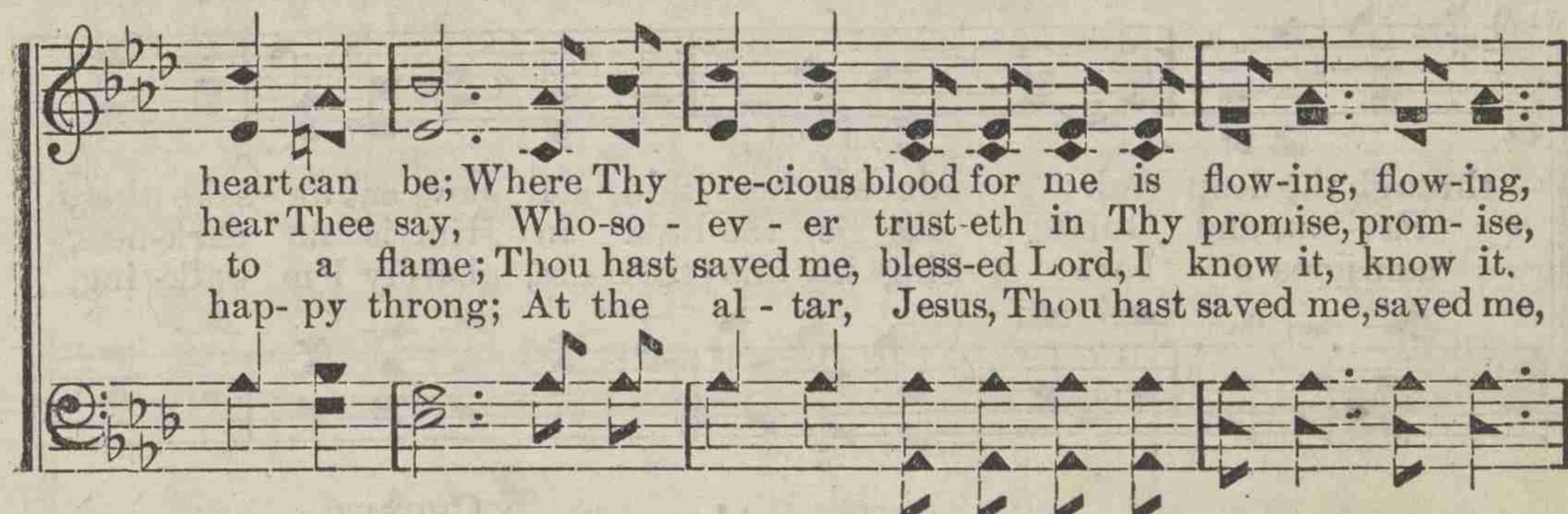
"Then will I go unto the altar of God."—Ps. 43: 4.

* * *

W. H. DOANE.



1. O my Sav-iour, humbly I am com-ing, com-ing, Wea-ry as a
 2. O my Sav-iour, to the cross I'm clinging, clinging, There by faith I
 3. In - to rap-ture now my soul is breaking, breaking, Love has kindled
 4. O! there's joy where angel harps are ringing, ringing, Joy among their



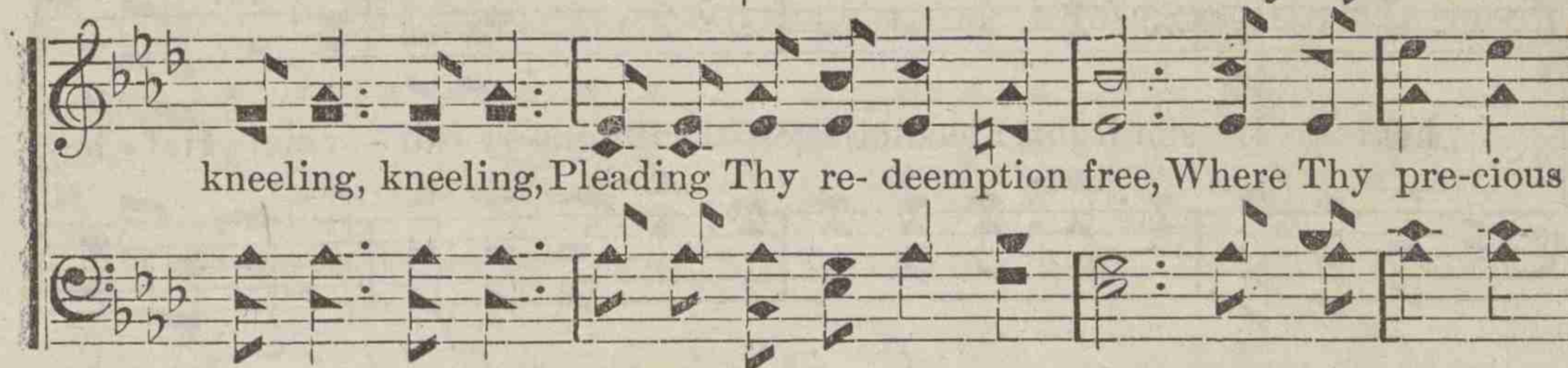
heart can be; Where Thy pre-cious blood for me is flow-ing, flow-ing,
 hear Thee say, Who-so - ev - er trust-eth in Thy promise, prom-ise,
 to a flame; Thou hast saved me, bless-ed Lord, I know it, know it.
 hap-py throng; At the al - tar, Jesus, Thou hast saved me, saved me,

CHORUS.



I sur-ren-der all to Thee.
 Thou wilt nev-er turn a - way.
 Glo-ry, glo-ry to Thy name.
 Thou hast fill'd my heart with song.

At the al - tar, humbly I am



kneeling, kneeling, Pleading Thy re-deemption free, Where Thy pre-cious



blood for me is flow-ing, flow-ing I sur-ren-der all to Thee.

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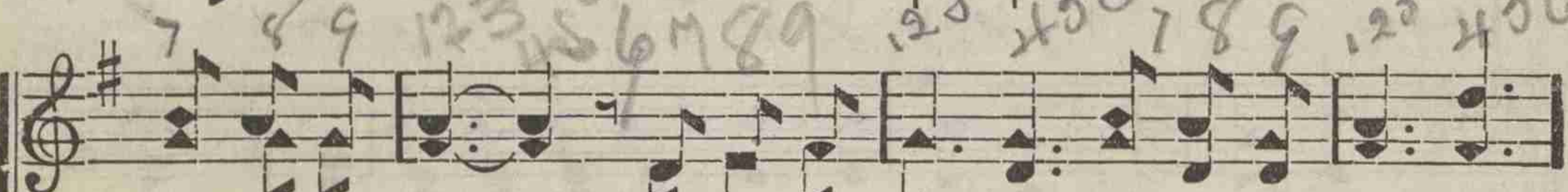
No. 4. HEAVENLY SUNLIGHT.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

G. H. COOK.



1. Walking in sun-light, all of my jour-ney; O-ver the mountains,
2. Shad-ows a-round me, shad-ows a-bove me, Nev-er con-ceal my
3. In the bright sun-light, ev-er re-joic-ing, Pressing my way to



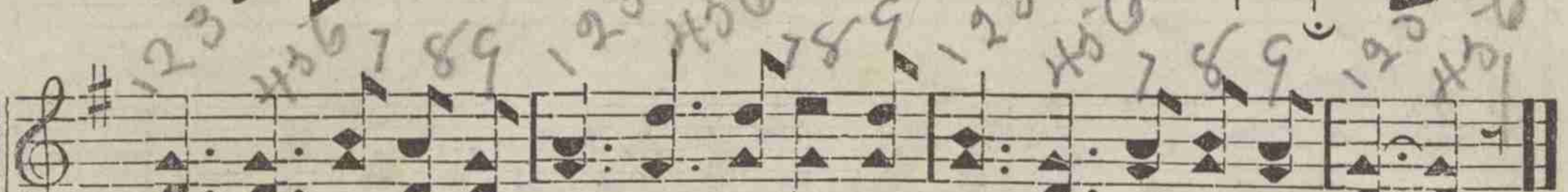
through the deep vale; Je-sus has said I'll nev-er for-sake thee,
Sav-iour and Guide; He is the light; in Him is no dark-ness,
mansions a-bove Sing-ing His praise-es, glad-ly I'm walk-ing,



Prom-ise di-vine that nev-er can fail. }
Ev-er I'm walk-ing close to His side. } Heav-en-ly sun-light,
Walk-ing in sun-light, sunlight of love. }



heav-en-ly sun-light; Flooding my soul with glo-ry di-vine: Hal-le-



lu-jah, I am re-joic-ing, Singing His prais-es, Je-sus is mine.



No. 5.

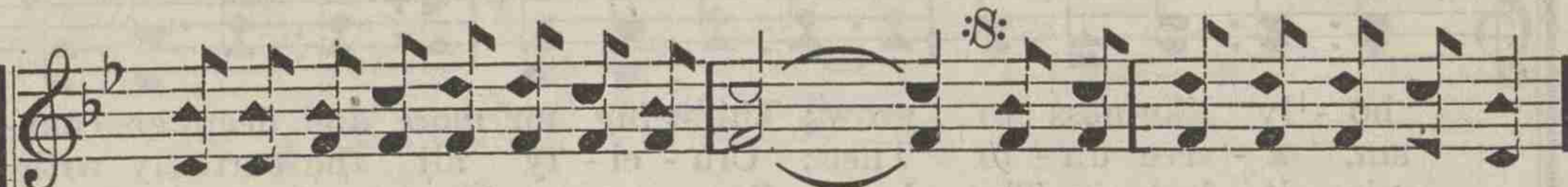
WHILE 'TIS DAY.

GEO. P. HOTT.

J. F. LESLIE.



1. God has giv-en us, the day, And has set us in the way, To im-
 2. Learn the moments to improve, Be as con-stant as true love, In the
 3. Has-ten while the day is bright, Toil is sweet-est in the light, Gath-er



prove the passing, happy golden hour;..... There is much for us to do,
 service you would render day by day; Ban-ish ev-'ry i-dle deed,
 in the harvest's richest, golden grain, Tread earth's honest, worthy sward,
 1. golden hour;



D.S.—As the hours so swift-ly fly,



FINE.

If to Him we would be true, We must consecrate our ev'ry ransomed pow'r.
 For the tru-est ev-er plead, And in acts of kindness never brook de-lay.
 Heav'n will bring you great reward, And in Par-a-dise His image you'll re-gain.



Are your chances passing by, And the task of life must surely soon be done.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Work.....while 'tis day..... for the night..... cometh on,.....
 Go work while 'tis day, go work while 'tis day, Cometh on the night, cometh on the night,

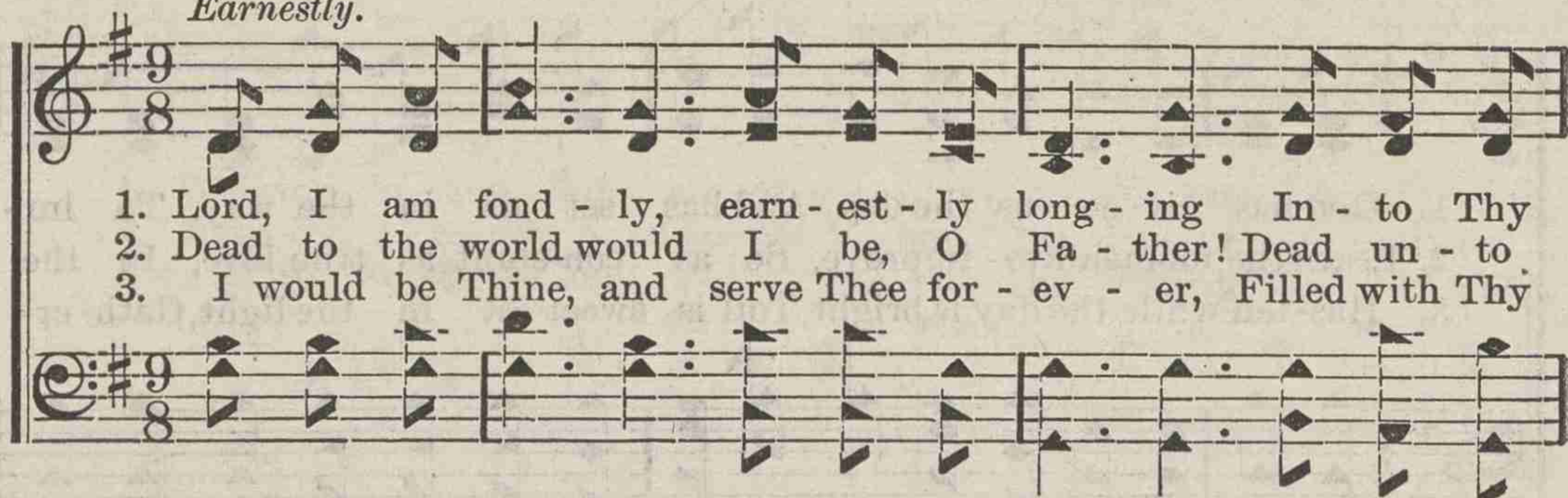


No. 6. OPEN THE WELLS OF SALVATION.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Earnestly.



1. Lord, I am fond - ly, earn - est - ly long - ing In - to Thy
 2. Dead to the world would I be, O Fa - ther! Dead un - to
 3. I would be Thine, and serve Thee for - ev - er, Filled with Thy



ho - ly like-ness to grow; Thirst-ing for more and deep-er com -
 sin, a - live un - to Thee; Cru - ci - fy all the earth-ly with -
 spir - it, lost in Thy love; Come to my heart, Lord, come with a -



mun - ion, Yearn - ing Thy love more ful - ly to know.
 in me, Emp - tied of sin and self may I be.
 noint - ing, Show - ers of grace send down from a - bove.

REFRAIN.



O - pen the wells of grace and sal - va - tion, Pour the rich
 O - pen the wells of grace



streams deep in - to my heart; Cleanse and re - fine my
 Pour the rich streams deep Cleanse and re - fine my

OPEN THE WELLS OF SALVATION.—Concluded.



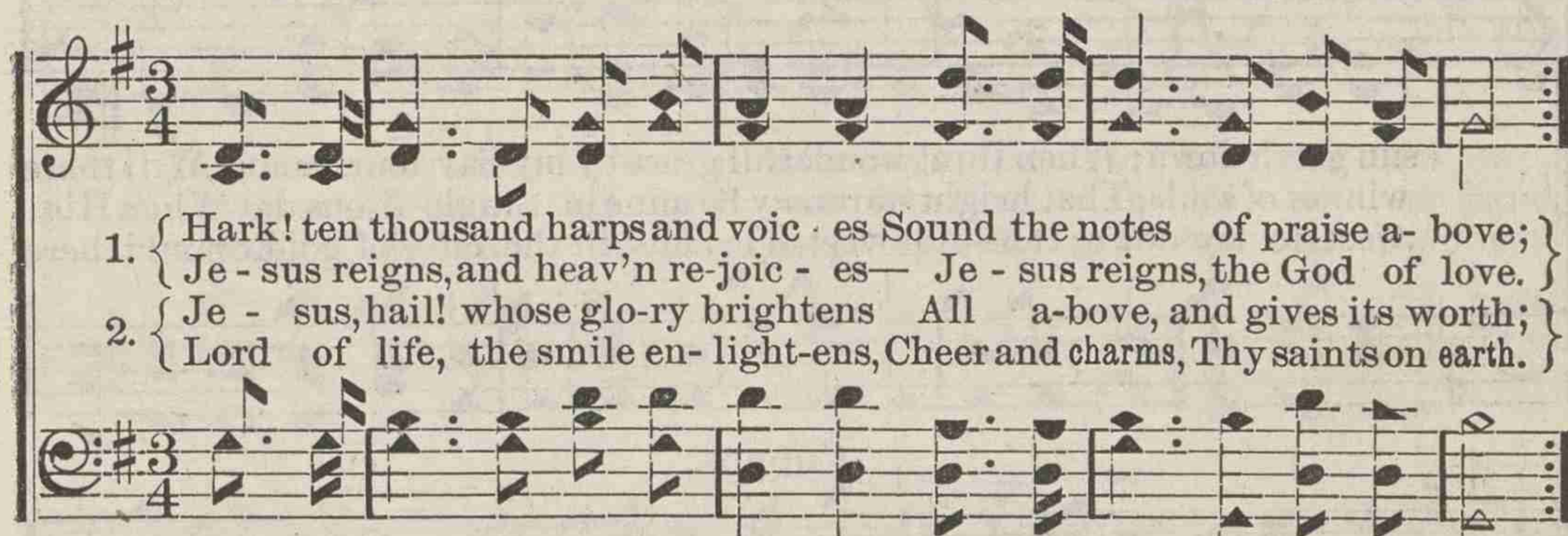
tho't and af - fec - tion, Seal me and make me pure as Thou art.
Seal me and make me

No. 7.

HARWELL.

THOS. KELLY.

LOWELL MASON.



1. { Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the notes of praise a - bove; }
 { Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re-joice - es — Je - sus reigns, the God of love. }
 2. { Je - sus, hail! whose glo-ry brightens All a - bove, and gives its worth; }
 { Lord of life, the smile en-light-ens, Cheer and charms, Thy saints on earth. }



See, He sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world a - lone.
 When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.
 1. See, He sits on yon-der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.



Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
 Hal - le - ln - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Lord, we own it love di - vine.

3 King of glory, reign forever,
 Thine an everlasting crown;
 Nothing from Thy love shall sever
 Those whom Thou hast made Thine own.
 Happy objects of Thy grace,
 Destined to behold Thy face.
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 Destined to behold Thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
 Bring, O bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away.
 Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King!"
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 Glory, glory to our King!

No. 8. WILL THERE BE ANY STARS?

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

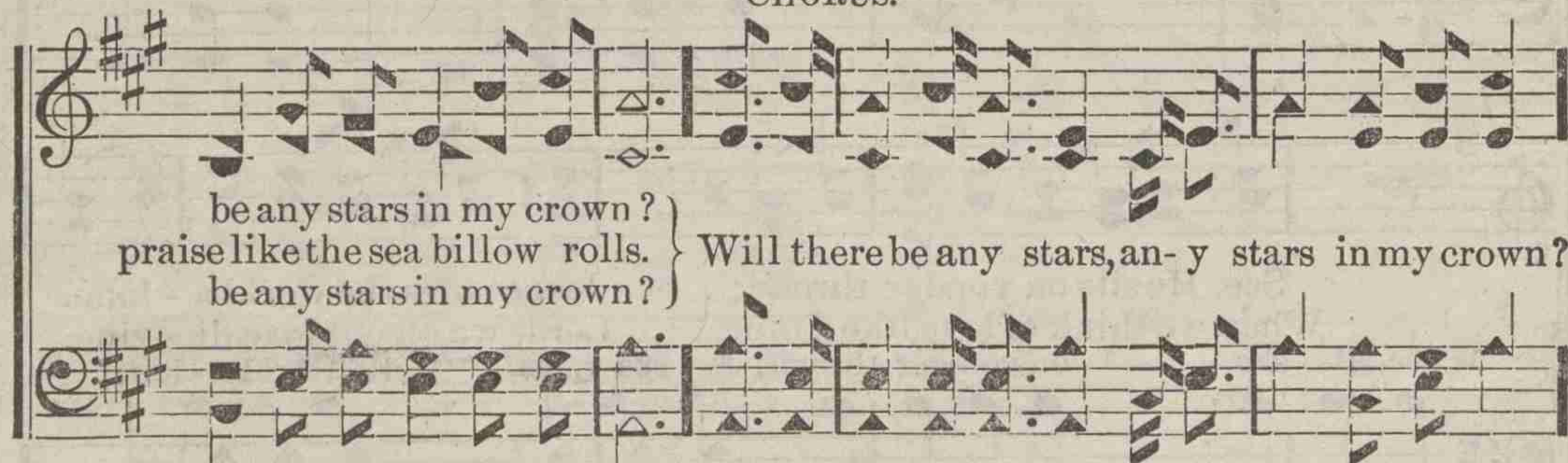


1. I am thinking to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
 3. Oh, what joy will it be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His



sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav-iour I stand, Will there
 winner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day When His
 feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there

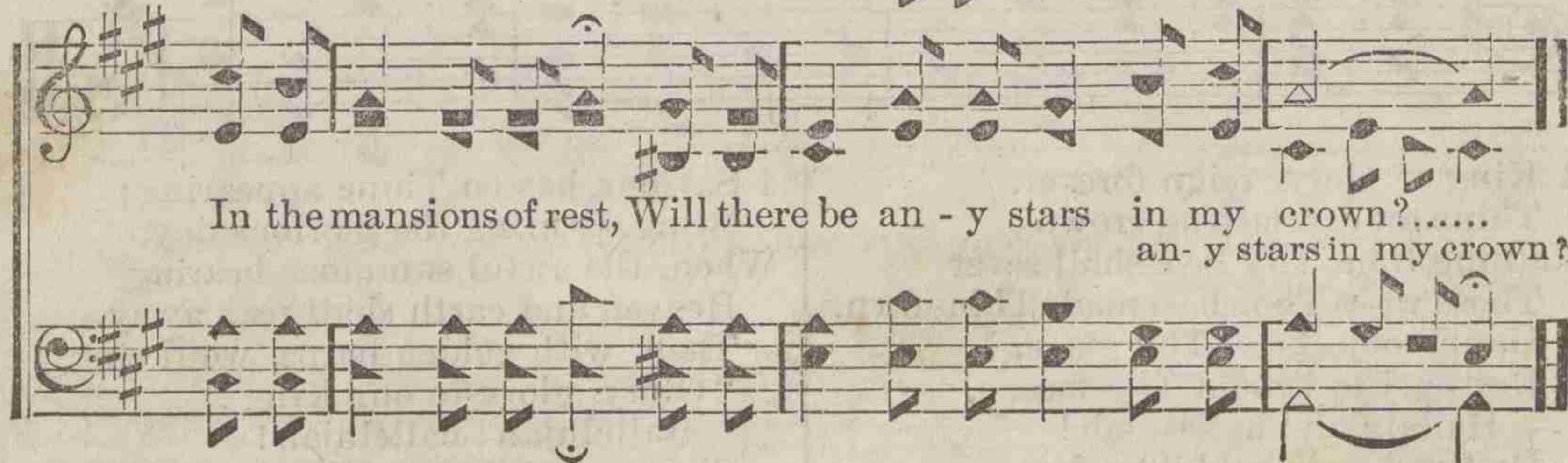
CHORUS.



be any stars in my crown?
 praise like the sea billow rolls. } Will there be any stars, an-y stars in my crown?
 be any stars in my crown?



When at evening the sun go-eth down?..... When I wake with the blest
 goeth down?



In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?.....
 an-y stars in my crown?

By per. Mrs. L. E. Sweney.

No. 9. ALL THE WAY OVER.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



1. Shad-ow-ing sor-rows to me may be known, Christ will not leave me to
 2. All the way o-ver to Canaan's fair land, Tri - als will meet me wher -
 3. All the way o-ver, I have such a Friend, Who from all dan-ger will




bear them a - lone; Tru - ly He loves me, He cares for His own,
 ev - er I stand; I will not fear them with Je - sus at hand,
 strong-ly de-fend, I may keep sing - ing—care-free to the end,



CHORUS.



Je - sus will stay at my side.
 E - vil shall nev - er be - tide.
 Trust-ing my com- fort-ing Guide. } All the way o-ver, all the way o-ver,




All the way o-ver, Christ journeys with me; Grief shall not bind me, de -




spair shall not find me, All the way o-ver, Christ journeys with me.



No. 10. LONGING FOR THE HOMELAND.

GEO. BLEWSTER.

McD. WEAMS.

1. I have read the wondrous sto - ry of a cit - y built on high,
 2. I have read how Christ has gone be - fore us mansions to pre - pare,
 3. Soon I'll be a - mong the bless - ed in that cit - y o - ver there,

Where the ran-somed of the Lord shall ev - er dwell, Where there
 And with Him we'll reign in glo - ry bye and bye, When this
 In my man-sions by the riv - er I'll a - bide, Side by

is no pain or sor - row, ne'er is heard the sad good - bye, And its
 life of toil is o - ver, with the saved of earth I'll share, End - less
 side, with those that love me, I shall walk the streets so fair, And with

CHORUS.

glo-ry, tongue can never, nev - er tell. } I am long - - ing for the
 joy and love and peace beyond the sky. } I am longing for the homeland when this
 wondrous joy sit down by Je - sus' side. }

Home - land, To my home be - yond death's riv - er, there I'd
 life of sin is o'er,

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LONGING FOR THE HOMELAND.—Concluded.

fly; Face to face..... with Christ my Sav - iour
Face, to face with Christ my Saviour, oh, what joy with Him to reign,
In that great and glo - rious ci - ty built on high.

No. 11

DEAR MOTHER.*

A. J. D.

A. J. DUNCAN.

1. Dear moth - er now from us has gone, Un - to her Long E - ter-nal Home,
2. Oh, why should I lament and mourn Since God our Saviour tho't it best!
3. Here ma - ny friends are seat-ed round, A - wait-ing for God's trumpet's sound;
Her smil - ing face we see no more, Un - til we reach the shin-ing shore.
To take her from this world of sin, In - to a world of hap - pi-ness.
That they may rise and soar a - way, And meet dear mother in that day.

REFRAIN.

{ She's gone, she's gone, And you and I must fol - low on, }
{ She's gone, she's gone, Un - to her Long E - (Omit.)..... } ter-nal Home.
Yes, gone, yes, gone,

* Father, brother, or sister may be used.

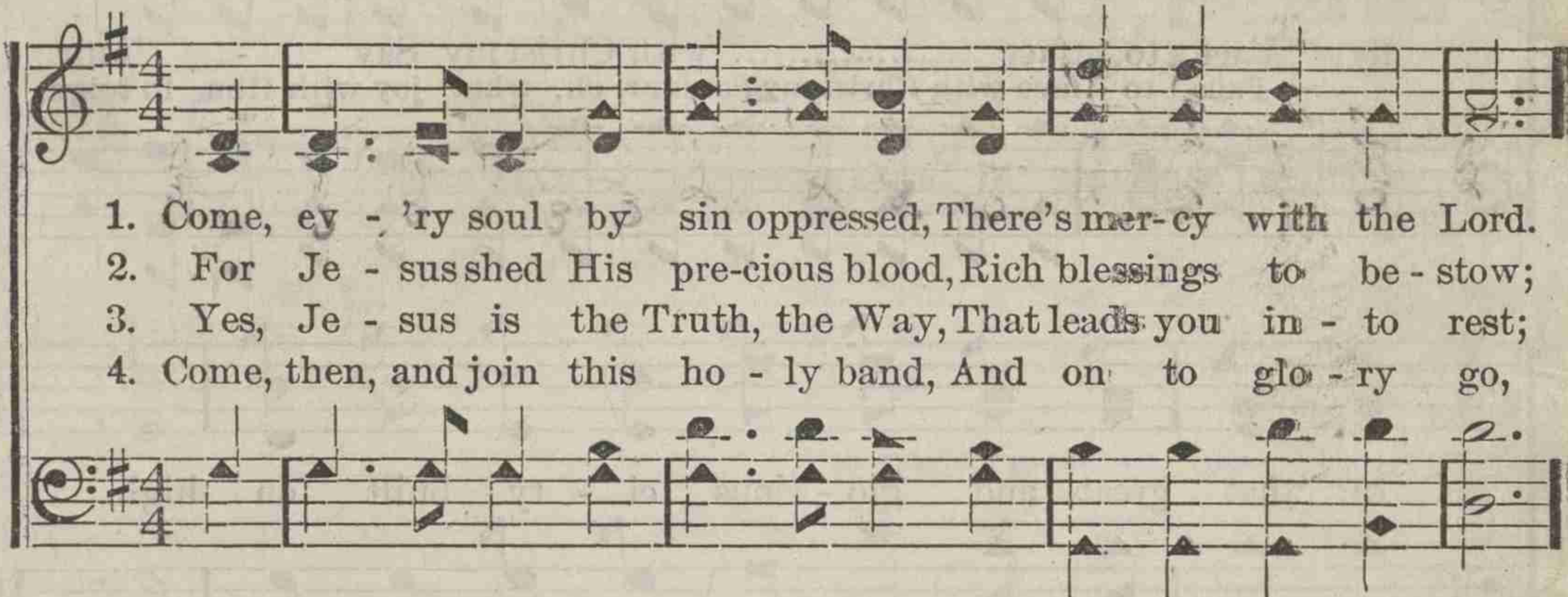
No. 12.

ONLY TRUST HIM.

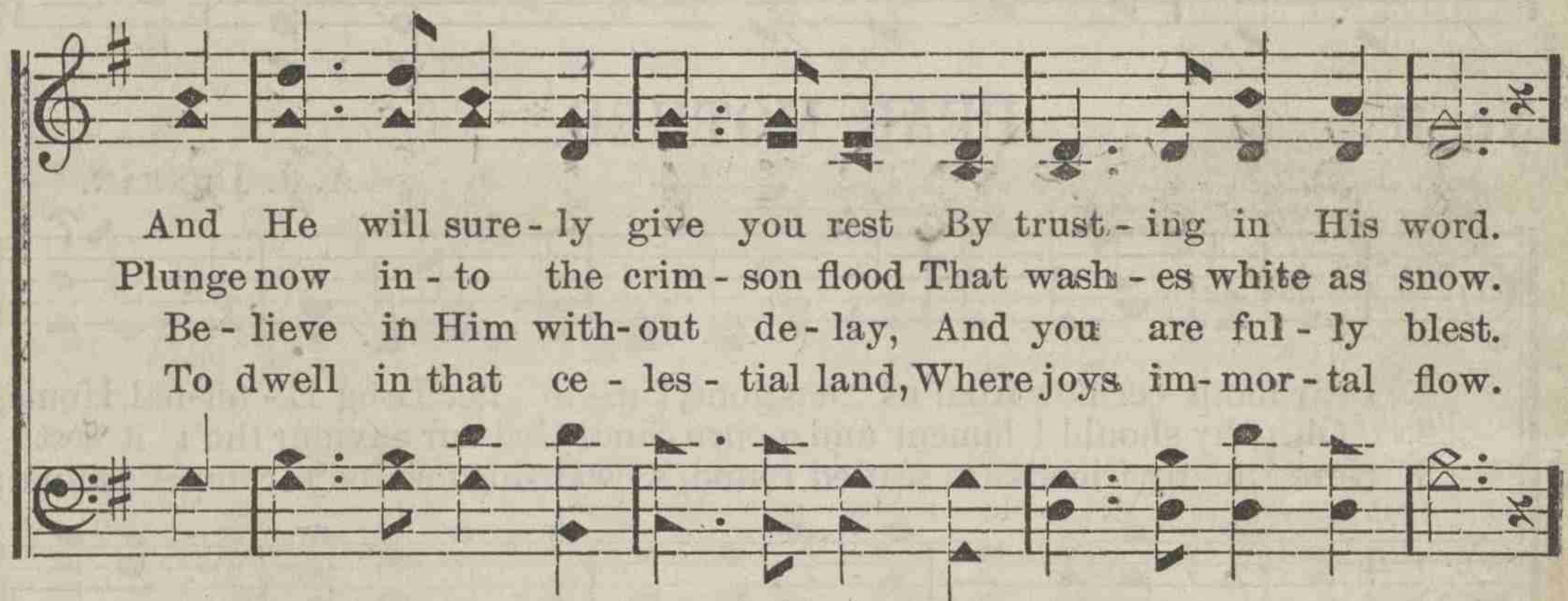
"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; and ye shall find rest unto your soul."—Matt. 11: 29.

Rev. J. H. S.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.



1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mer - cy with the Lord.
 2. For Je - sused His pre - cious blood, Rich blessings to be - stow;
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
 4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

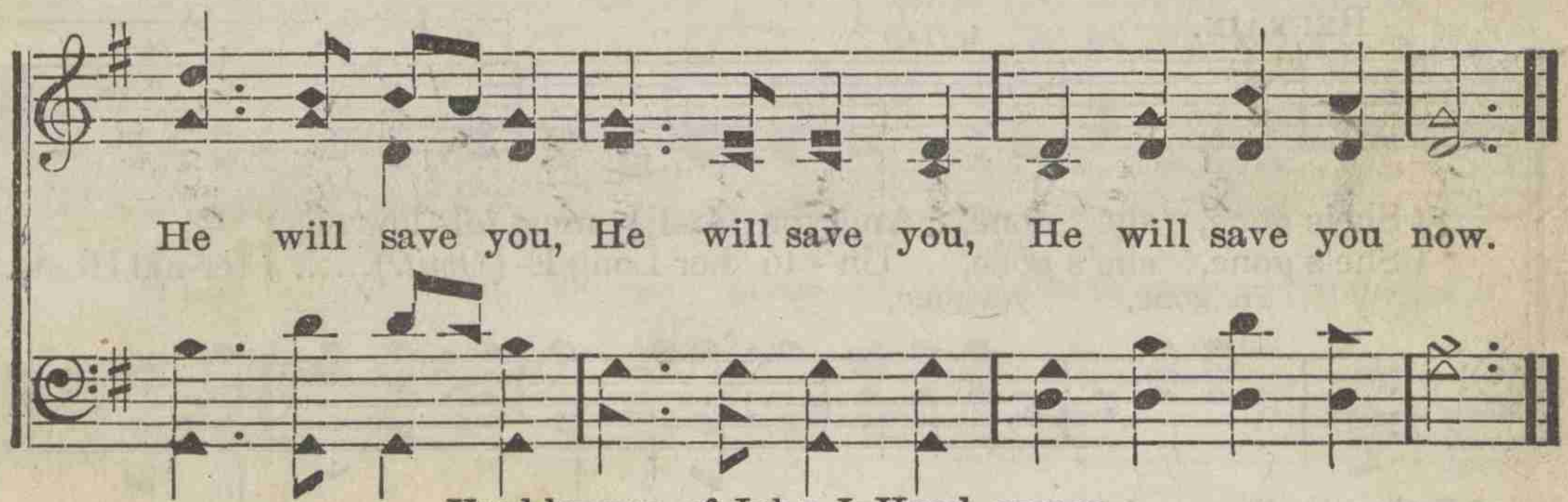


And He will sure - ly give you rest By trust - ing in His word.
 Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
 Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
 To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

CHORUS.



On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;



He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

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No. 13.

HIGHER THAN I.

"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."—Psalm 61: 2.

WM. HUNTER.

1. In sea-sons of grief to my God I'll re-pair, When my
 2. When Sa-tan, my foe, com-eth in like a flood, To
 3. When tempt-ed by Sa-tan the Spi-rit to grieve, And the
 4. O Sav-iour of sin-ners, when faint and depressed, With

heart's o-verwhelmed with sor-row and care; From the
 drive my poor soul from the fount-ain of God, I'll
 serv-ice of Christ, my Re-deem-er, to leave, I'll
 man-i-fold tri-als and sor-rows oppressed, I'll

end of the earth un-to Thee will I cry, Lead me to the
 pray to the Sav-iour who kind-ly did die, Lead me to the
 claim my re-la-tion to Je-sus, on high—The Rock of Sal-
 bow at Thy feet, and with con-fi-dence cry, Lead me to the

Rock that is high-er than I.
 Rock that is high-er than I.
 va-tion that's high-er than I.
 Rock that is high-er than I.

High-er than I,

high-er than I, Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I.

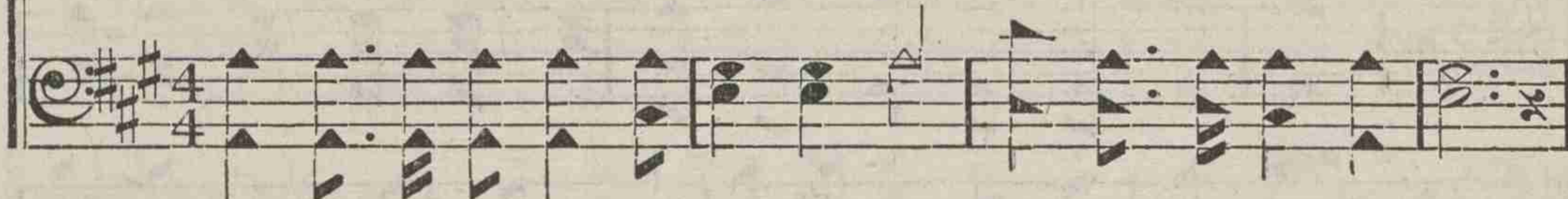
No. 14. WHO'LL SEND THE NEWS?

O. R. B.

O. R. BARROWS.



1. An-gels are waiting to bear the news Up to the courts a-bove,
2. Je-sus is read-y, oh, heed His call, "Come, wea-ry ones, and rest,"
3. Oh, what an an-them will an-gels sing! How throb their hearts with love!



Of some poor wand'rer now coming home, Seek-ing a Father's love.
Noth-ing is wanting, there's room for all, Now be for-ev-er blest.
E'en now they're waiting, and on the wing, Who'll send the news a-bove?



CHORUS.



There will be joy in heav'n, There will be joy a-bove,
will be joy in heav'n, will be joy a-bove,



O-ver the wand'rer re-turn-ing home, Seek-ing a Father's love.



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No. 15. WHERE THE MASTER LEADS.

GEO. P. HOTT.

(Can be used as Sop. and Alto Duet.)

R. C. BOLING.



1. Where the Master leadeth, 'long the King's highway, Where the lambs He feedeth,
2. In the Master's vineyard, let me find a place, Where my hands may la-bor,
3. When the qui-et val-ley, I must pass a-lone, None to walk be-side me,



shelt'ring night and day; Let me find a welcome, in His love un-told,
shunning sin's disgrace; To the worn and wea-ry, when the sun goes down,
on-ly Christ my own, Then His grace will cheer me 'long the lone-ly way,



Find a hap-py welcome, safe with-in the fold. }
Oh, how sweet the morrow, with all work well done. } Where the Master leads me,
And the path grow brighter to the perfect day. }



cheerful-ly I'll go, Where His service needs me, He the path will show, Where the



bat-tle rages, 'gainst the hosts of sin, He will lead His armies, victo-ry to win.

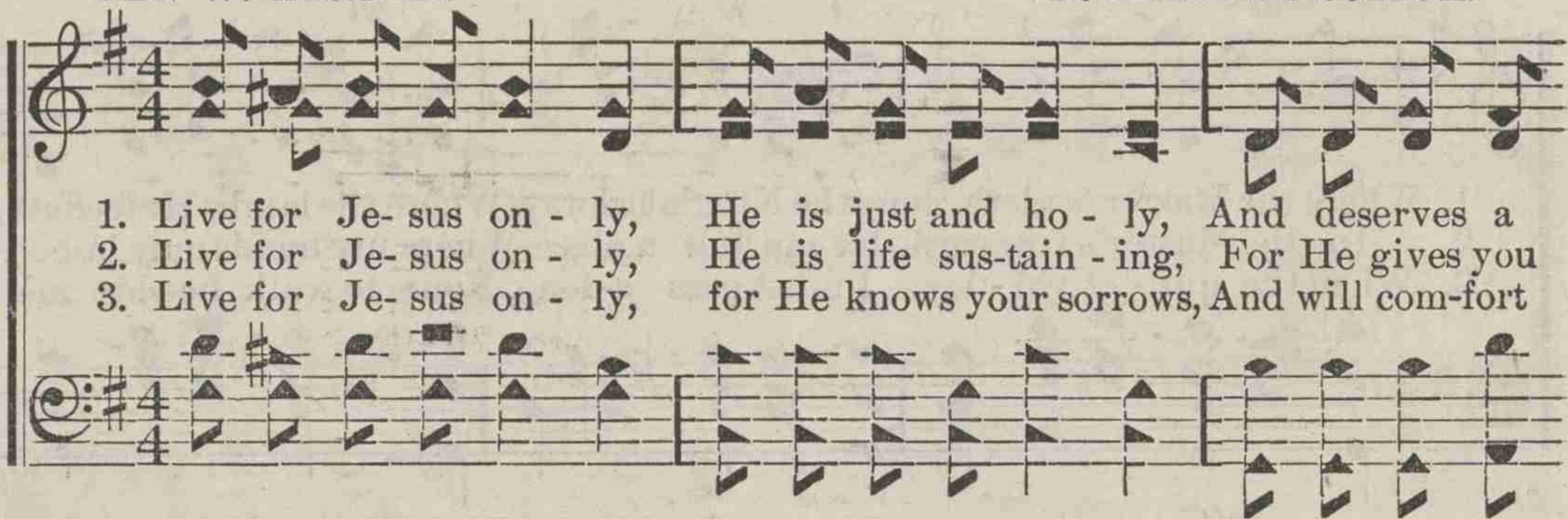


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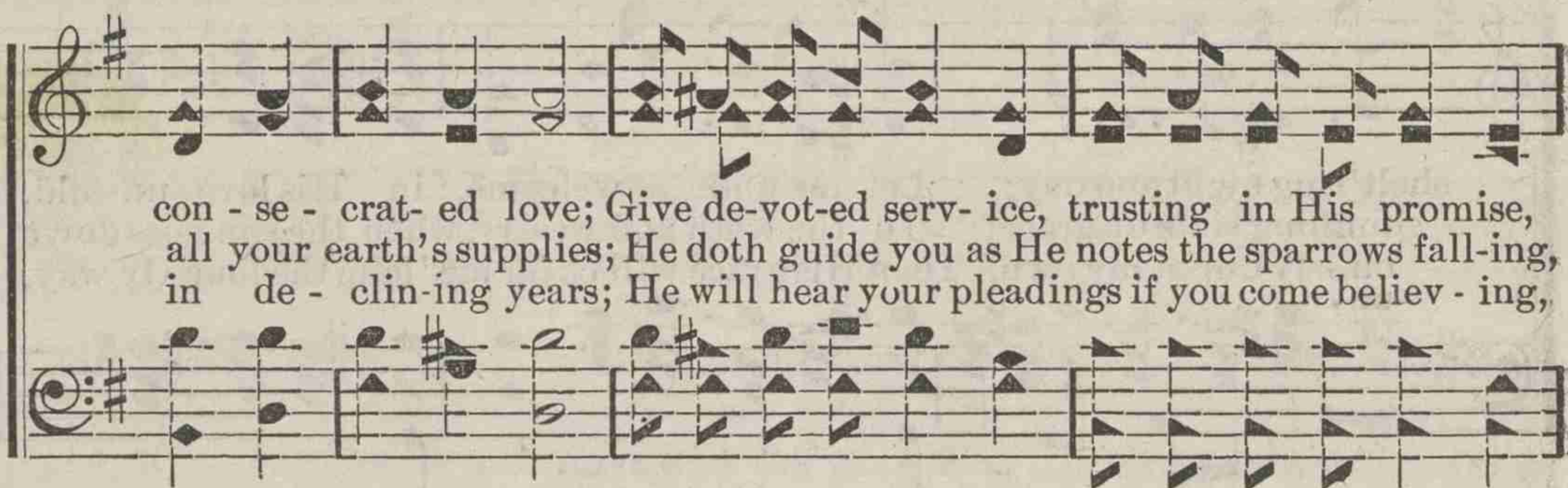
LIVE FOR JESUS ONLY.

GEO. W. LASSITER.

E. MCINTOSH CULLOM.



1. Live for Je-sus on - ly, He is just and ho - ly, And deserves a
 2. Live for Je-sus on - ly, He is life sus-tain - ing, For He gives you
 3. Live for Je-sus on - ly, for He knows your sorrows, And will com-fort



con - se - crat - ed love; Give de-vot-ed serv-ice, trusting in His promise,
 all your earth's supplies; He doth guide you as He notes the sparrows fall-ing,
 in de - clin-ing years; He will hear your pleadings if you come believ - ing,

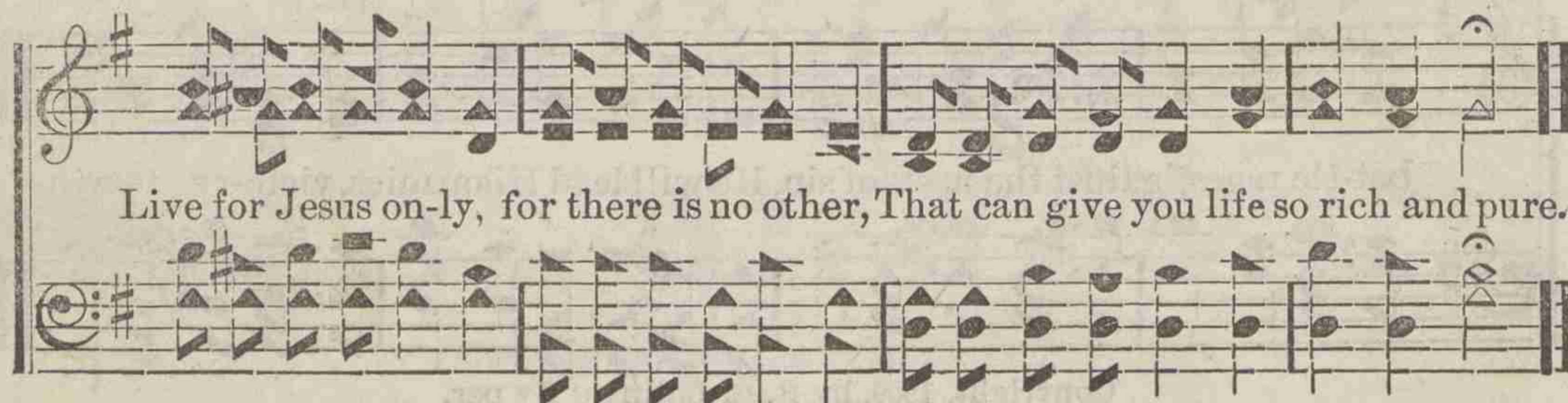
CHORUS.



That through Him you'll gain a crown a-bove.
 And by Him we en - ter Par - a - dise. } Live for Je - sus on - ly,
 Joy He'll give to those, who sow in tears.



He is just and ho - ly, There is none so lov - ing, ten-der, kind, and sure,



Live for Jesus on-ly, for there is no other, That can give you life so rich and pure.

No. 17.

TELL IT TO JESUS.

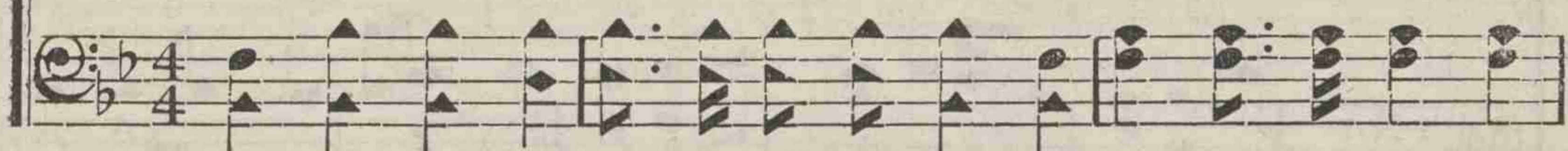
"Tell it to Jesus."—Matt. 14: 12.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

E. S. LORENZ.



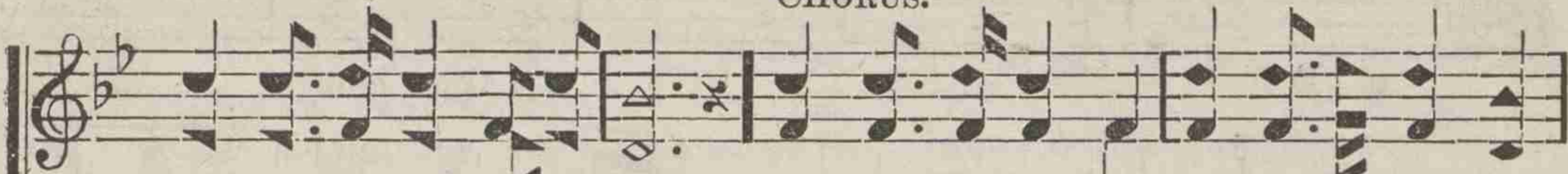
1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav - y heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
 2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un - bid - den? Tell it to Je - sus,
 3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je - sus,
 4. Are you troub - led at the tho't of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,




Tell it to Je - sus, Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?
 Tell it to Je - sus, Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den?
 Tell it to Je - sus, Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor - row?
 Tell it to Je - sus, For Christ's com - ing king - dom are you sigh - ing?



CHORUS.



Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus,




He is a friend that's well known: You have no oth - er




such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.



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No. 18.

DIADEM.

E. PERRONET.

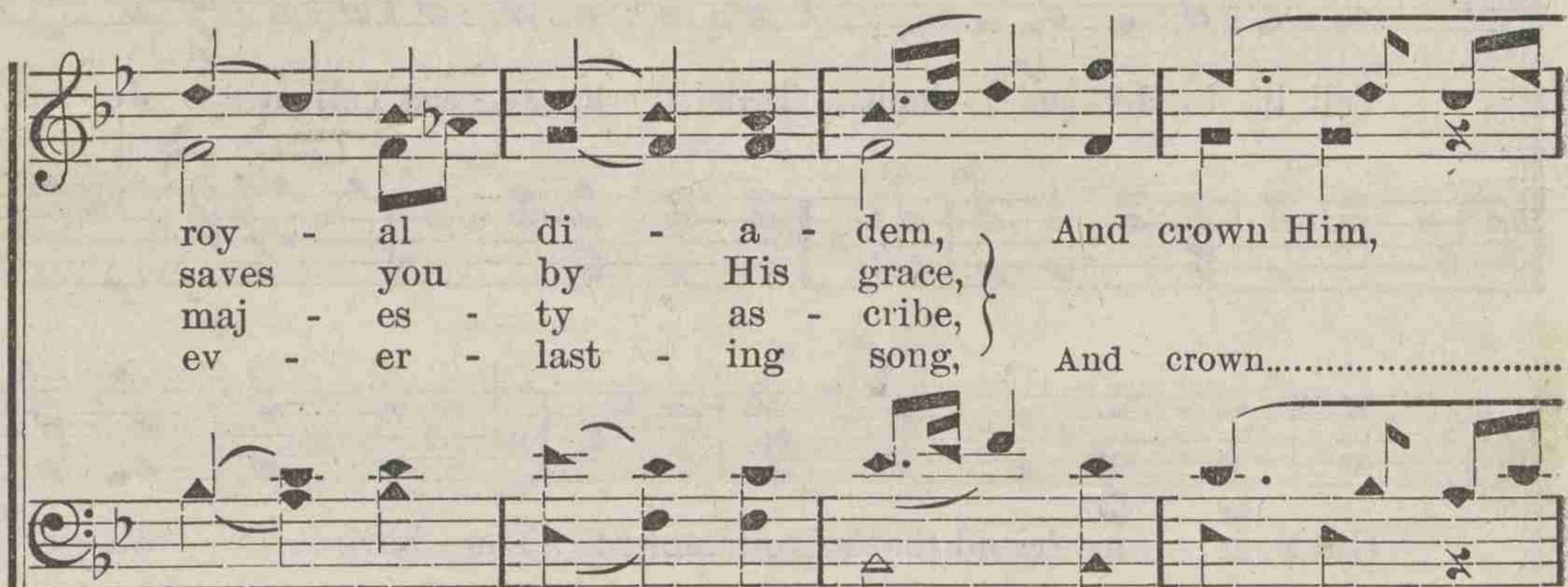
Arr. by T. G. RICHARDS.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate
 2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res trial
 4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at His feet may



fall, Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the
 fall, Ye ran - somed from the fall, Hail Him who
 ball, On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all
 fall, We at His feet may fall, We'll join the



roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him,
 saves you by His grace,
 maj - es - ty as - crite,
 ev - er - last - ing song, And crown.....



And crown Him,
 Him, crown Him,
 crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of
 Him, crown Him,



crown Him, crown Him. crown.....

DIADEM.—Concluded

crown Him, crown Him,

all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all.

crown..... Him,

Him, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 19.

JESUS IS NEAR YOU.

GEO. P. HOTT.

CHAS. E. REDMAN.

1. Je - sus is near you when the way is drear-y, He will protect you
 2. Je - sus is near you when your strength may fail you, He then will help you
 3. Je - sus is near you all the journey onward, Look un - to Him the

all the journey thro'; Look un-to Him when e'er the heart grows weary,
 all your troubles bear; He is your strength when Satan's darts assail you,
 Life the Truth the Way; Lift high the standard, keep your heart exalted,

D.S.—Ev - er be faith-ful tho' your heart be weary,

CHORUS.

He's ver - y kind and car - eth much for you.
 Anch-or your hope and trust His constant care.
 Dark-ness will van - ish in e - ter - nal day. } Je - sus is near you,

Je - sus has said ye shall with me a-bide.

Je - sus will guide you, He will pro-ect you sheltered near His side;

D.S.

No. 20.

THERE'LL BE SHOUTING.

L. O.

LOGAN OSKIN.

1. Wont that be a hap-py meet-ing o-ver on the oth-er side, There'll be
 2. When the ransomed ones shall gather o-ver on the shining shore, There'll be
 3. When I view my blessed Saviour seated on the great white throne, There'll be

shouting..... over there, When the chosen ones shall gather to their
 When we meet and greet the loved ones who have
 hal-le-lu-jah, When He looks on me with gladness and shall

D.S.—When we join that hap-py cho-rus that is
 home be-yond the tide, There'll be shouting..... o-ver there.
 journeyed on be-fore,
 say to me well done, (hal-le-lu-jah,)

singing 'round the throne, There'll be shouting (hal-le-lu-jah,) o-ver there.
 CHORUS.
 There'll be shout-ing..... o-ver there, bright and fair,
 Hal-le-lu-jah,

D.S.
 In that king-dom..... o-ver there, o-ver there.
 in that kingdom,

No. 21. THERE NEVER WAS ANY ONE LIKE HIM.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

E. S. LORENZ.

DUET.



1. There nev - er was a - ny one like Him, The love of a soul to com -
 2. No oth - er so cares for His dear ones, No mat - ter how fee - ble, how
 3. There's no one with friendship so loy - al, Or friendship that reach - es so
 4. There nev - er was a - ny one like Him! I can - not re - fuse Him my



mand; Like Je - sus, whose sym - pa - thy, bound - less, Can
 small; There nev - er was a - ny one like Him, So
 far As Je - sus, whose love in all tri - als Is
 love; And I in His foot - steps must fol - low, Un -

CHORUS.



ful - ly our hearts un - der - stand.
 pa - tient and ten - der to all.
 love no estrangement can mar.
 til I may see Him a - bove. } There nev - er was a - ny one



like Him, Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er, There nev - er was
 a - ny one like Him,



a - ny one like Him, Like Je - sus my Lord.
 a - ny one like Him, Je - sus, my won - der - ful, won - der - ful Lord.

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No. 22. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

S. B. GOULD.

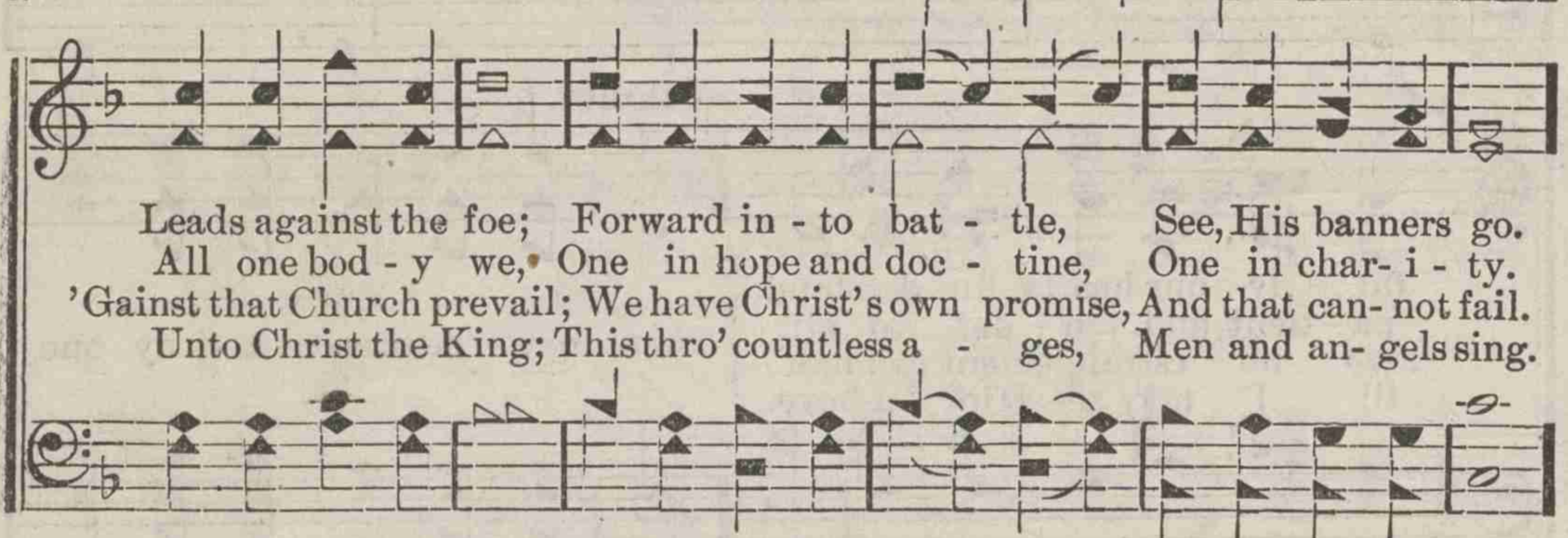
A. S. SULLIVAN.



1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war; With the cross of
 2. Like a might - y ar - my, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
 3. Crowns and thorns may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
 4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng; Blend with ours your



Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter,
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
 Je - sus Con-stant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev - er
 voi - ces In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,



Leads against the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go.
 All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - tine, One in char-i - ty.
 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that can-not fail.
 Unto Christ the King; This thro' countless a - ges, Men and an-gels sing.

CHORUS.



On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, March - ing as to



war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.
 With the cross of Je - sus

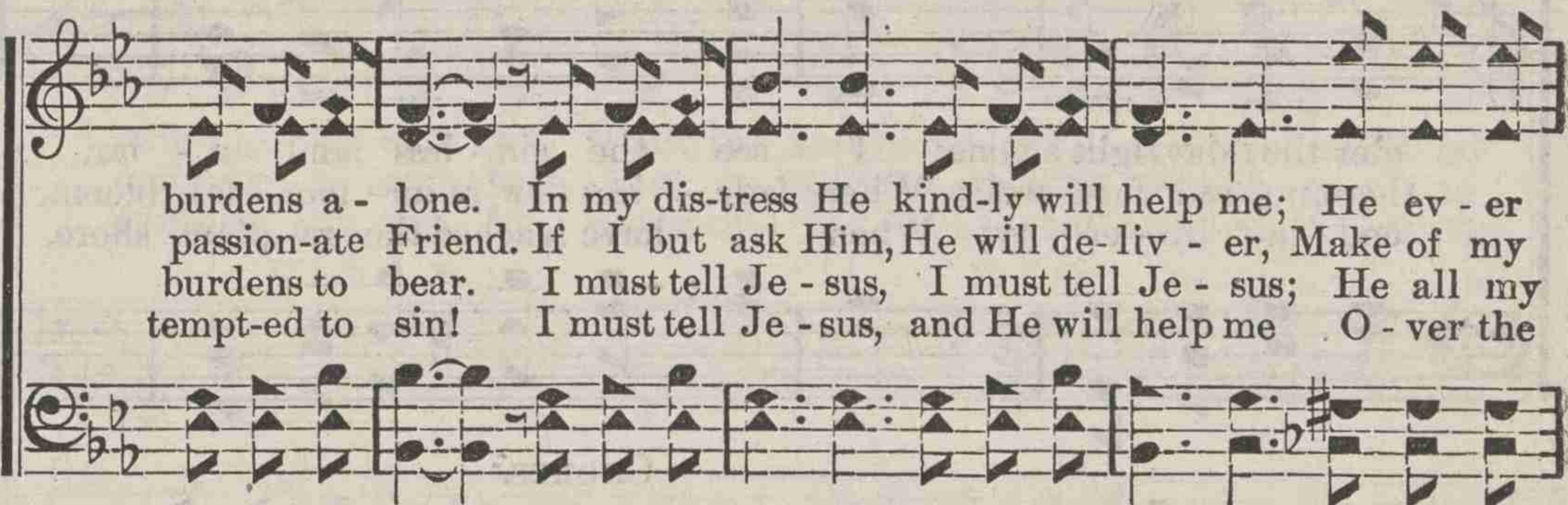
No. 23.

I MUST TELL JESUS.

"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you." 1 Peter 5: 7.
E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear those
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind, com -
3. Tempt-ed and tried, I need a great Sav-iour, One who can help my
4. Oh, how the world to e - vil al-lures me! Oh, how my heart is



burdens a - lone. In my dis-tress He kind-ly will help me; He ev - er
passion-ate Friend. If I but ask Him, He will de-liv - er, Make of my
burdens to bear. I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; He all my
tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me O - ver the

CHORUS.



loves and cares for His own.
troub - les quick-ly an end.
.cares and sor-rows will share.
world the vic-'try to win. } I must tell Je - sus, I must tell



Je - sus, I can - not bear my bur-dens a - lone; I must tell



Je - sus I must tell Je - sus; Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

No. 24.

THE RADIANT SHORE.

GEO. P. HOTT.

GEO. W. STAPLETON.

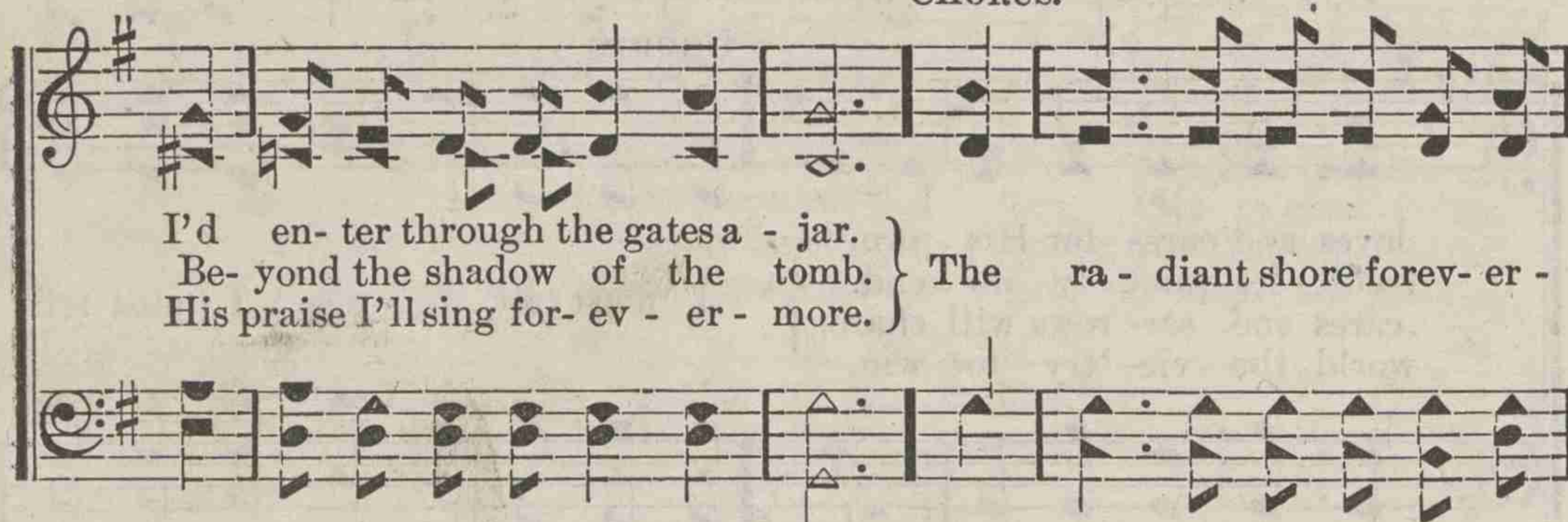


1. The ra - diant shore al - lures me on, I hast - en
 2. Oh, ra - diant shore where loved ones dwell, No part - ing
 3. Some - time, some - time I hope to see, This bond - age



e'er the daylight's gone; I see the sin - less land a - far,
 there, no sad fare - well; Where fade - less flow'rs, im - mor - tal, bloom,
 end in lib - er - ty; When I have reached the ra - diant shore,

CHORUS.



I'd en - ter through the gates a - jar.
 Be - yond the shadow of the tomb. } The ra - diant shore forev - er -
 His praise I'll sing for - ev - er - more.



more, My home shall be, my home shall be; That land so



bright, my soul's de - light, I long to see, I long to see.

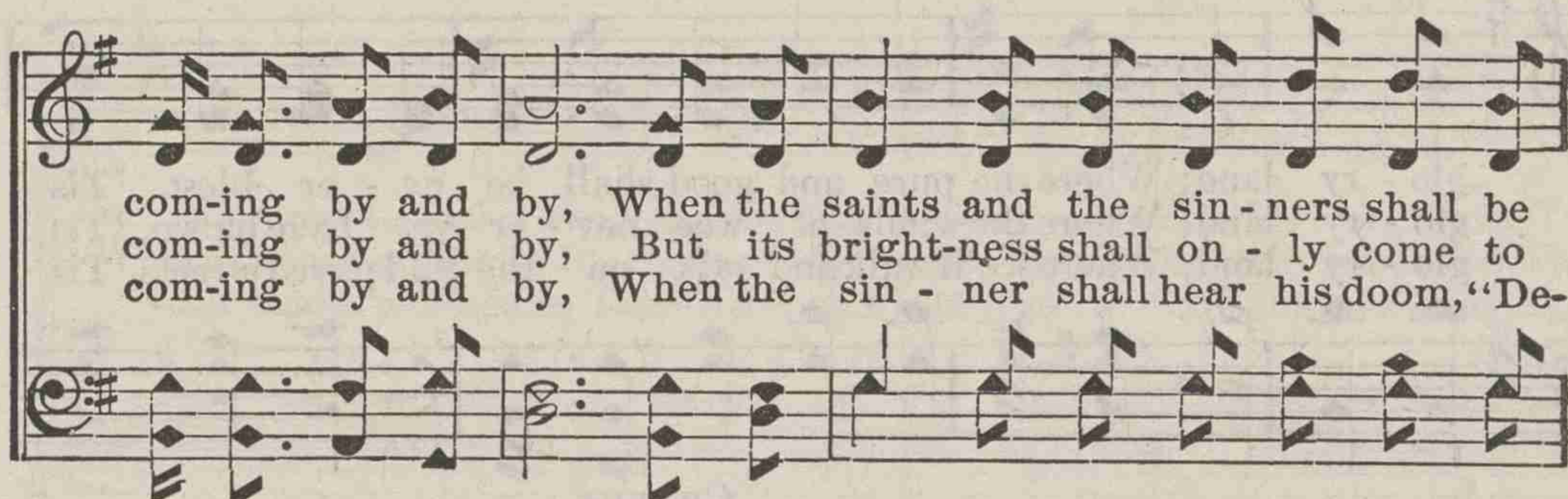
No. 25. There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

W. L. Thompson.



1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day coming, There's a great day
 2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day coming, There's a bright day
 3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day coming, There's a sad day

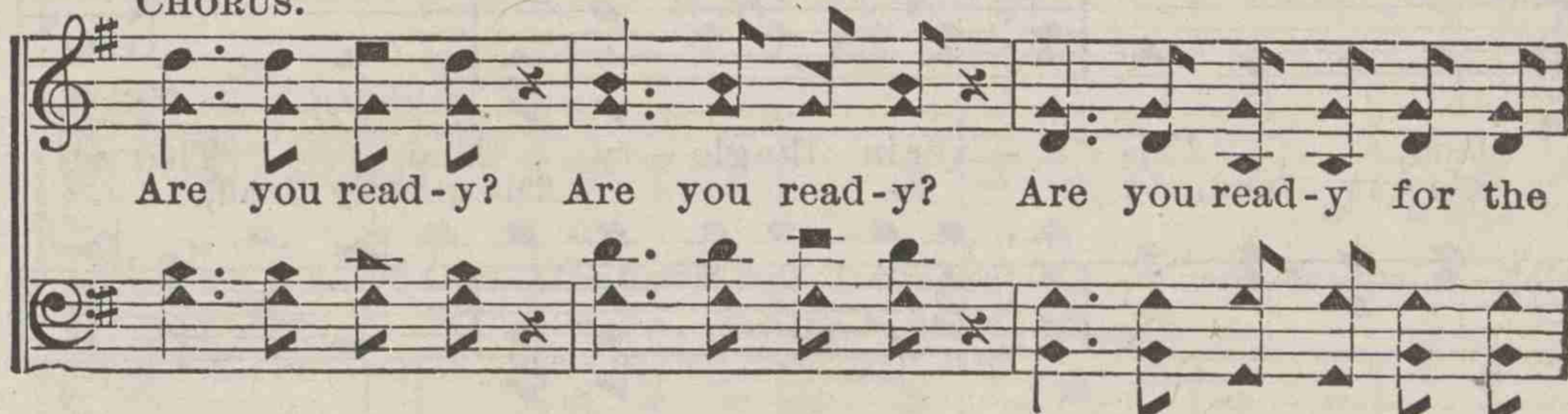


com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
 com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on - ly come to
 com-ing by and by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "De-



part - ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
 them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
 part I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

CHORUS.



Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the



Judgment day? Are you ready? Are you ready For the Judgment day?

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No. 26. 'TIS OVER IN THE GLORY LAND.

Rev. F. L. SNYDER.

HOWARD E. SMITH.



1. There's a time and place where the faith-ful rest, 'Tis o - ver in the
 2. We shall someday be where no sorrow's known, 'Tis o - ver in the
 3. Here we part with friends, but someday we'll meet, 'Tis o - ver in the



glo - ry land; Where the pure and good shall be ev - er blest, 'Tis
 glo - ry land; Where the winds of woe nev - er yet have blown, 'Tis
 glo - ry land; Where we'll walk and talk on the gold paved streets, 'Tis

CHORUS.



o - ver in the glo - ry land. 'Tis o - ver in the glo - ry The



land, 'Tis o - ver in the glo - ry land, That we
 glo - ry land, The glo - ry land,



long to go when we're thro' be - low, 'Tis o - ver in the glo - ry land.

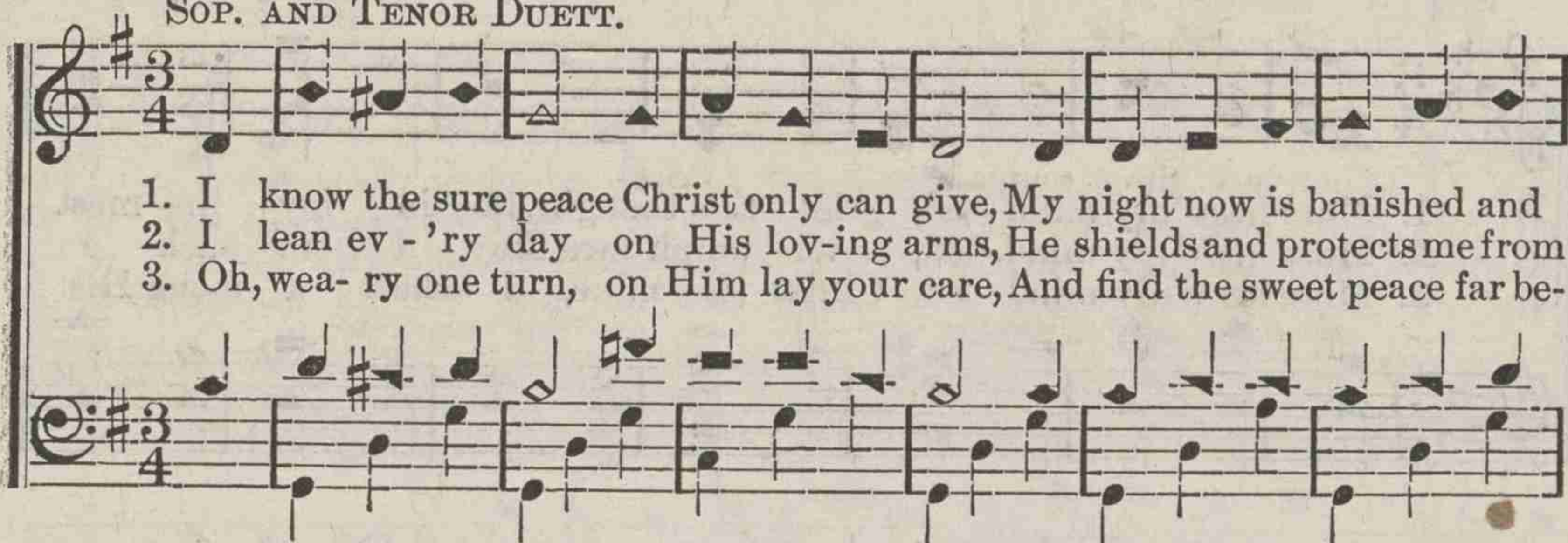
No. 27.

HE IS MY FRIEND.

W. H. RUEBUSH.

E. McINTOSH CULLOM.

SOP. AND TENOR DUETT.



1. I know the sure peace Christ only can give, My night now is banished and
 2. I lean ev - 'ry day on His lov-ing arms, He shields and protects me from
 3. Oh, wea- ry one turn, on Him lay your care, And find the sweet peace far be-

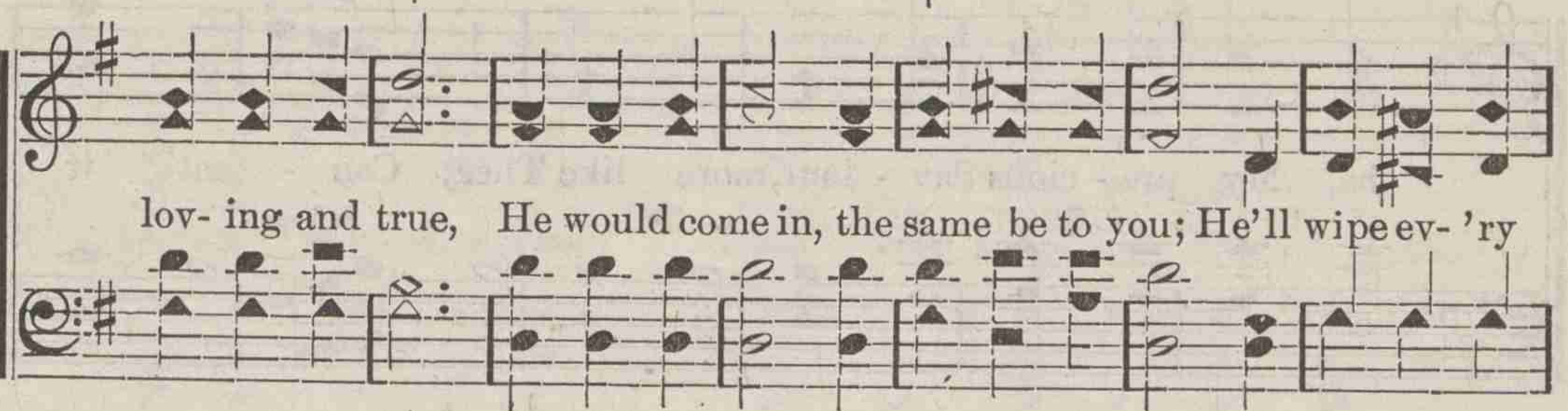


life sweet to live; My err-ing feet led from the Val- ley of Care, To
 earth's wild a- larms; In times of dis - tress me He nev - er has failed, Tho'
 yond wealth's compare; Take Him as a Friend, as a Sav-iour and King, And

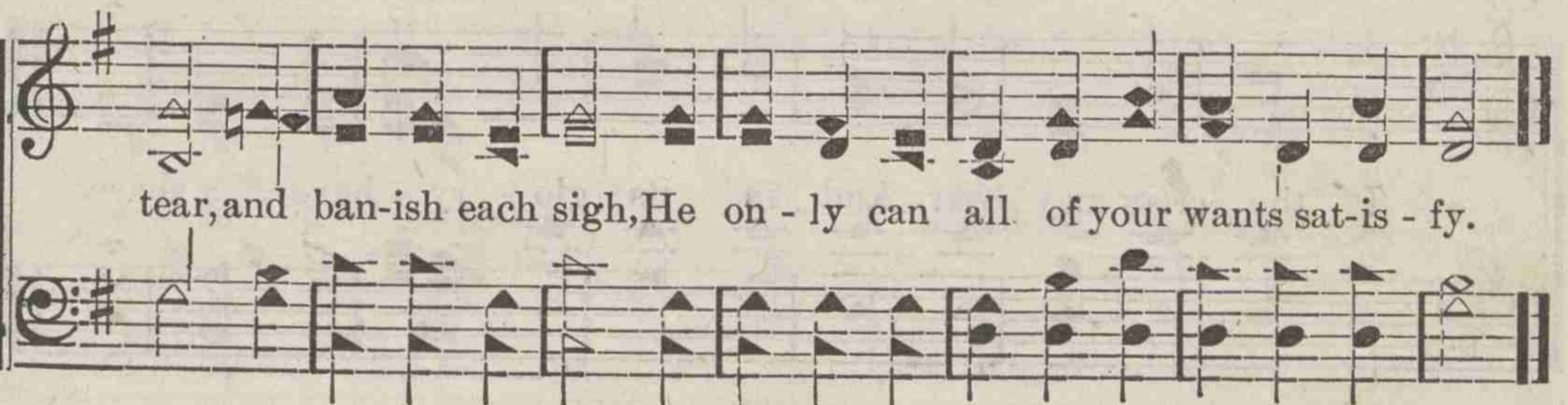


CHORUS.

bask in His sunshine where days are all fair.
 Sa-tan's strong cohorts have oft- en as- sailed. } He is my friend so
 bring Him each day your heart's best offer - ing.



lov- ing and true, He would come in, the same be to you; He'll wipe ev - 'ry



tear, and ban-ish each sigh, He on - ly can all of your wants sat-is - fy.

No. 28.

MORE HEAVENLY-MINDED.

GEO. P. HOTT.

McD. WEAMS.

1. More heav'nly-mind - ed, let this thought, Be in my in - most
 2. More heav'nly-mind - ed, tri - umph rare, May I in such a
 3. More heav'nly-mind - ed, Christ is mine, I shall a - mong His

nature wrought; That all my life henceforth shall be, An of - fer -
 vic - t'ry share; I'd yield my heart no more to sin, But praise the
 jew - els shine; The voy - age o'er, I'll cross the bars, And anch - or

CHORUS.

ing of love to Thee.
 Christ en-throned with-in. } More heav'n - ly-mind - ed would I
 safe be - yond the stars.

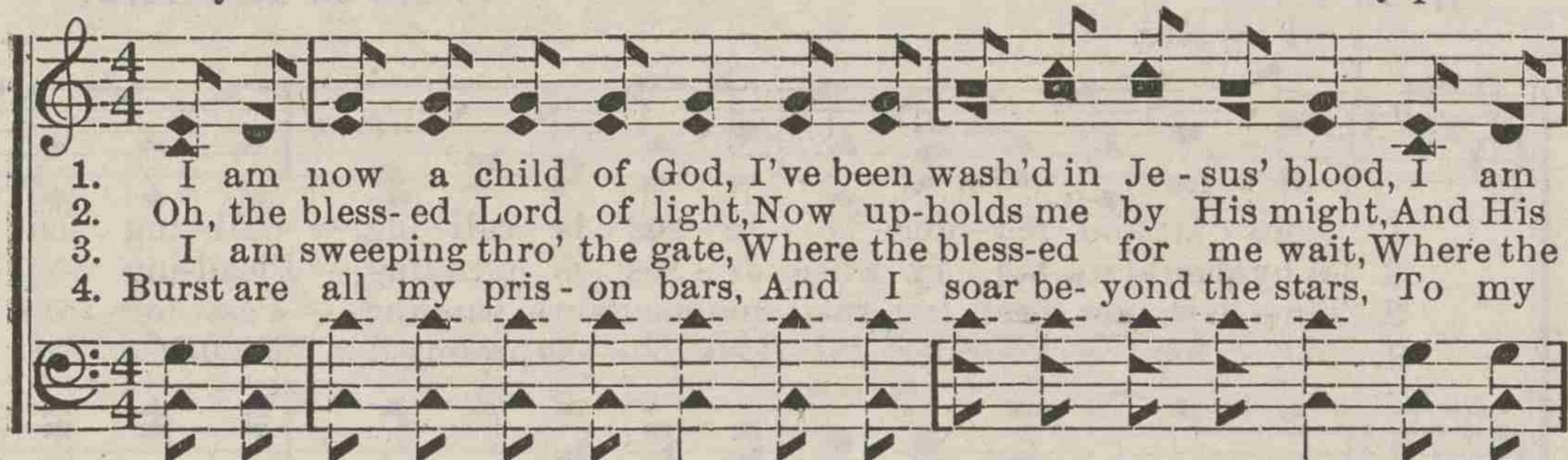
be, My pre - cious Sav - iour, more like Thee; Con - tent if

I the cross may bear, And in its glo - ry have a share.

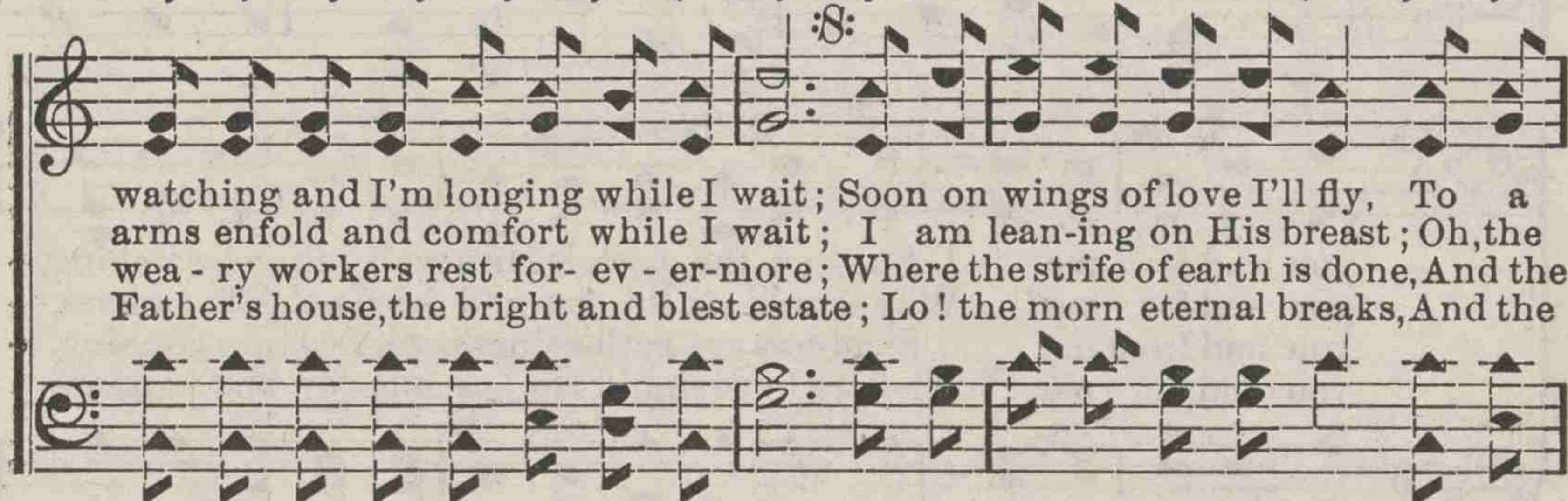
No. 29. SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES.

Arr. by J. L. M.

J. L. MOORE. By per.

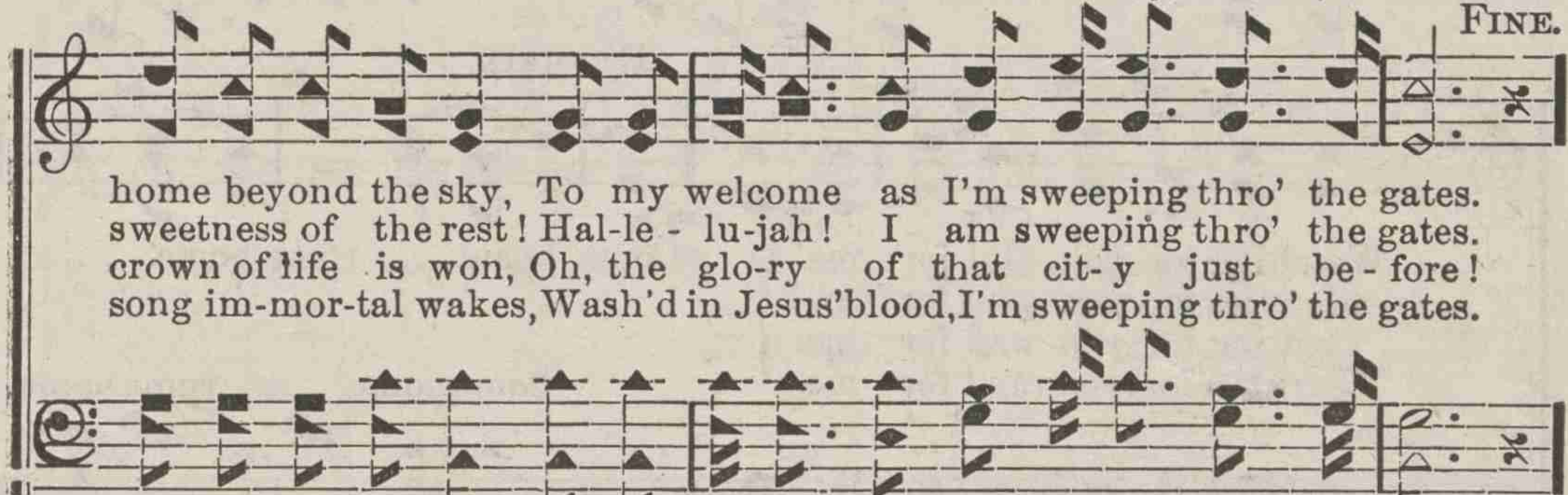


1. I am now a child of God, I've been wash'd in Je - sus' blood, I am
 2. Oh, the bless-ed Lord of light, Now up-holds me by His might, And His
 3. I am sweeping thro' the gate, Where the bless-ed for me wait, Where the
 4. Burst are all my pris-on bars, And I soar be-yond the stars, To my



watching and I'm longing while I wait; Soon on wings of love I'll fly, To a
 arms enfold and comfort while I wait; I am lean-ing on His breast; Oh, the
 wea-ry workers rest for-ev-er-more; Where the strife of earth is done, And the
 Father's house, the bright and blest estate; Lo! the morn eternal breaks, And the

D.S.—In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb, Wash'd from

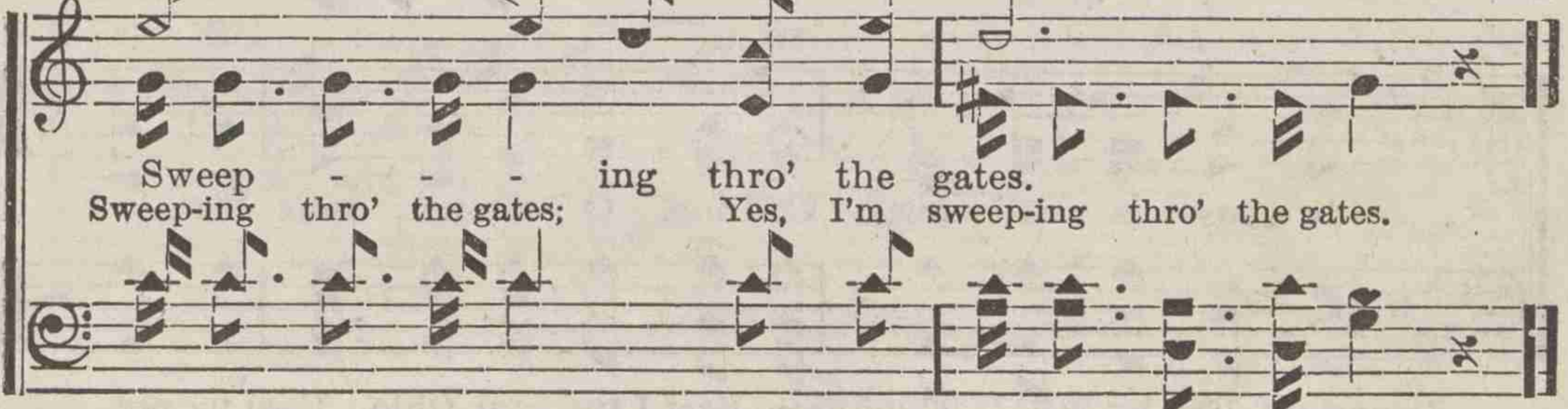


home beyond the sky, To my welcome as I'm sweeping thro' the gates.
 sweetness of the rest! Hal-le-lu-jah! I am sweeping thro' the gates.
 crown of life is won, Oh, the glo-ry of that cit-y just be-fore!
 song im-mor-tal wakes, Wash'd in Jesus' blood, I'm sweeping thro' the gates.

ev'-ry stain I am, Hal-le-lu-jah! I am sweeping thro' the gates.
 CHORUS.



Sweep Sweep-ing thro' the gates; ing thro' the gates, Yes, I'm sweep-ing thro' the gates;



Sweep Sweep-ing thro' the gates; ing thro' the gates. Yes, I'm sweep-ing thro' the gates.

No. 30.

FOR YOU AND FOR ME.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow.

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, — Call - ing for
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is pleading, — Plead - ing for
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing, — Pass - ing from
 4. O, for the won - der - ful love He has promised, — Promised for

you and for me. See on the portals He's wait - ing and watching, —
 you and for me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mercies, —
 you and from me. Shad - ows are gath - ering, death - beds are com - ing, —
 you and for me. Tho' we have sinn'd He has mer - cy and pardon, —

REFRAIN.

Watching for you and for me. Come home..... come home,.....
 Mer - cies for you and for me?
 Com - ing for you and for me.
 Par - don for you and for me. Come home, come home,

Ye who are wea - ry, come home;..... Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly

Je - sus is call - ing, — Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

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No. 31.

WE ARE DRIFTING DOWN.

W. H. R.

WILL H. RUEBUSH.



1. We are drifting down the stream of life, To a fair and tranquil shore,
 2. We are drifting to a cit - y bright, And no tongue its joys can tell,
 3. We are drifting down and our worn feet, Soon may tread the golden shore,
 1. Tranquil shore,



We are drifting down the stream of life, To a land where tears are o'er.
 We are drifting to a cit - y bright, With the ransomed there to dwell
 We are drifting down and our worn feet, Will find rest forev - er - more.



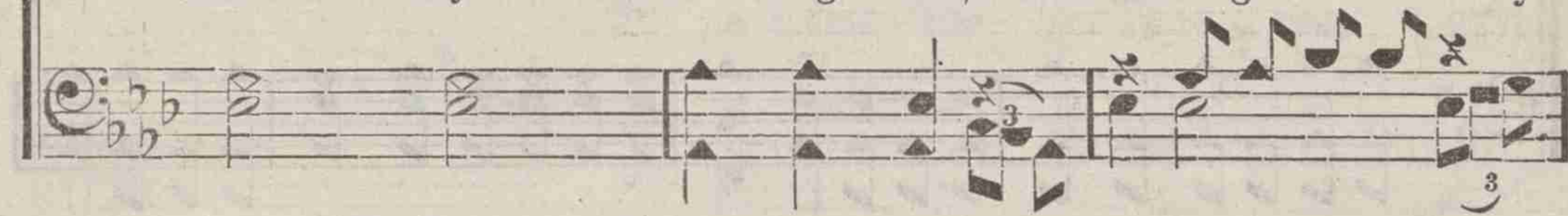
REFRAIN.



We are drift-ing, drift - ing down,
 We are drift-ing, slow-ly drift - ing down, We are



Slow-ly, we are slowly, we are slowly drifting down, we are drift-ing,
 slow - ly drift - ing down, We are drifting slow-ly



drifting down slow-ly, we are slow-ly drifting down, drifting down.
 drift-ing down, We are drift - ing down.



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No. 32. SCATTER THE SUNSHINE OF LOVE.

JAMES ROWE.

J. H. RUEBUSH.



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



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



CHORUS.



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



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



No. 33.

ROLLING ON.

WILL H. RUEBUSH.

A. M. VESTAL.

1. As the moments roll a-long, And the fleet-ing days go by, We are
 2. Are you drift-ing with the tide, As the fleet-ing days go by? Do you
 3. Do you trust the Mighty One, As the fleet-ing days go by? He will

borne on the waves of time, Tho' the eyes are filled with tears, As the
 float with the moving stream? There are treacherous rocks and shoals, That may
 guide to the hav - en fair, He will aid the temp - est tosst, He is

CHORUS.

passing moments fly, Or the cheering joy bells chime.
 hidden near you lie, Do you drift in an idle dream?
 ever, ever nigh, With His help you can anchor there.

Roll-ing on,
 Rolling on, rolling

roll - ing on,
 on, To a bound - less un - known sea, Roll-ing

Roll - ing on, roll - ing on,
 on, rolling on, We are roll-ing to e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 34. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

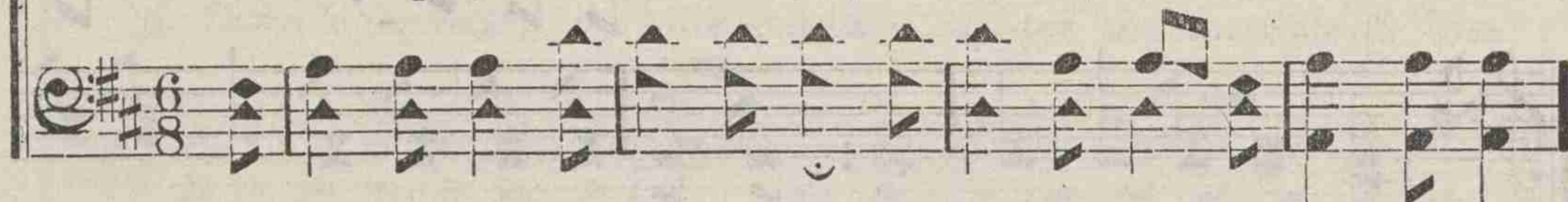
Unto Thee will I Pray.—Psa. 5: 2.

W. W. WALFORD.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe-ti-tion bear
3. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! May I thy con-so-la-tion share;



And bids me at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known;
To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness, Engage the wait-ing soul to bless;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's loft-y height, I view my home, and take my flight:



In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief;
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev-er-last-ing prize;



And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
I'll cast on Him my ev-'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r.



No. 35.

LIFT HIM UP.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

B. B. BEALL.



1. How to reach the mass-es, men of ev-'ry birth? For an an-swer
2. Oh, the world is hun-gry for the liv-ing bread, Lift the Sav-iour
3. Don't ex-alt the preacher, don't ex-alt the pew, Preach the gos-pel
4. Lift Him up by liv-ing as a Christian ought, Let the world in



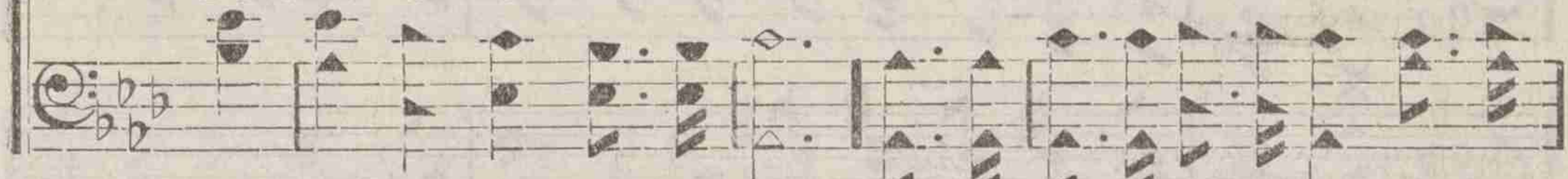
Je-sus gave a key, 'And I, if I be lift-ed up from the earth,
up for them to see, Trust Him, and do not doubt the words that He said,
sim-ple, full and free, Prove Him and you will find that promise is true,
you the Saviour see, Then men will gad-ly follow Him who once taught,



REFRAIN.



Will draw all men un-to me." Lift Him up, Lift Him
"I'll draw all men un-to me." }
"I'll draw all men un-to me." }
"I'll draw all men un-to me." } Lift the precious Saviour up, Lift the



up,..... Still He speaks from e-ter-ni-ty, "And I, if
precious Saviour up,



I be lift-ed up from the earth, will draw all men un-to me."



No. 36. THE HALLELUJAH ANTHEM.

W. H. R.

WILL H. RUEBUSH.



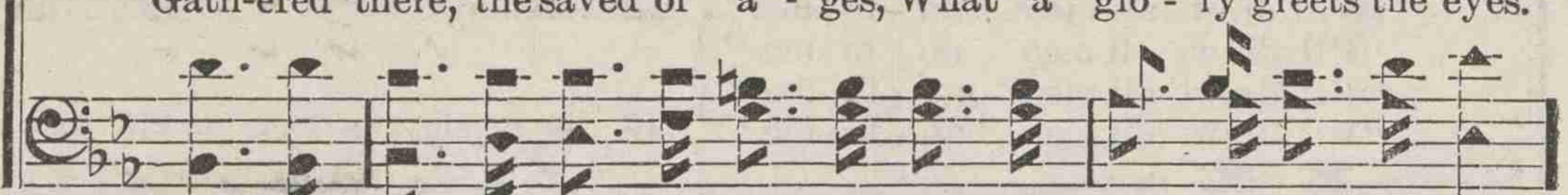
1. When the pilgrims all are gathered, Thro' the gates have en-tered in,
 2. When the pilgrims all are gathered, To that hap - py, heav'nly home,
 3. When the pilgrims all are gathered, That have crossed the crys-tal sea,




And shall all be crowned with glo-ry, As the vic - tors o - ver sin.
 And the harp-ers sound the new song, That is sung be-fore the throne.
 Un - to Him who hath redeemed them, Shall e - ter - nal prais-es be.




There will be a sound of mu - sic, That shall ech - o thro' the skies,
 From that might-y con-gre-ga-tion, Shall a glo-rious song a - rise,
 Gath-ered there, the saved of a - ges, What a glo - ry greets the eyes.



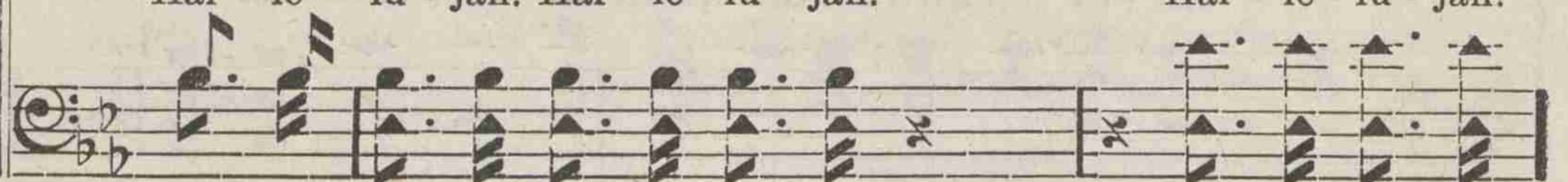

'Tis the hal - le - lu - jah an-them, Of the saints in Par - a - dise.
 'Tis the hal - le - lu - jah an-them, Of the saints in Par - a - dise.
 And that hal - le - lu - jah an-them, Sung by saints in Par - a - dise.



CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!



THE HALLELUJAH ANTHEM.—Concluded.

Oh, that hal - le - lu - jah anthem, That shall ech - o thro' thee skies;

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Oh, that hal - le - lu - jah an - them, Of the saints in Par - a - dise.

No. 37.

DENNIS. S. M.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT.

H. G. NAGELI.

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

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

No. 38.

WONDERFUL LOVE.

"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us."—1 JOHN 3: 1.

May the Holy Spirit attend in mighty power the singing of this song; let no one copyright, freely let it be used to to the glory of God.—JAS. H. Y.

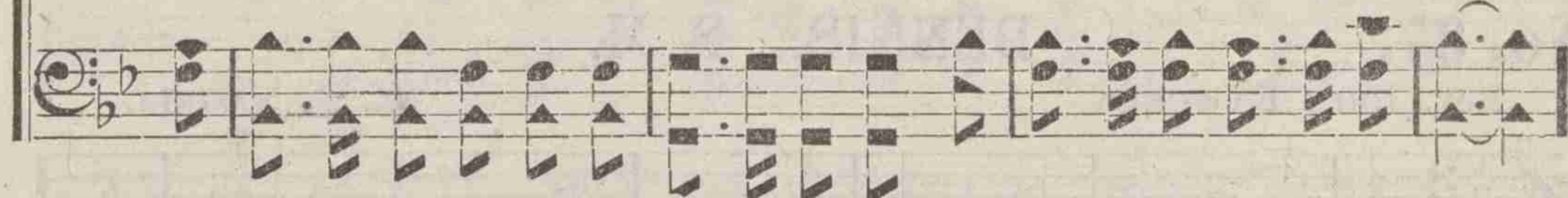
Arranged by COUSIN EVA.



1. I'm tell-ing of Je-sus, so loving and true, I'm telling His wonderful love,
2. I'll tell of His pardon, so gracious to me, I'll tell of His wonderful love,
3. I'm shouting salvation, so mighty to save, I'm shouting His wonderful love,
4. Oh! praise Him for power His children to keep, Oh! glory for heaven's pure love,
5. I'll shout it, and sing it, His, nev-er to roam, Sanctified, and kept by His love,
6. With Je-sus in heaven, I'll sing it above, Hal-le-lu-jah, amen and amen.



That precious old story, that ev - er is new, I'm praising His wonderful love.
 Oh! Je-sus my Saviour, has made me so free, I'm praising His wonderful love.
 A balm for each heartache, A Friend in my need, Is Jesus, my Saviour and love.
 To keep us when waking and guard us in sleep, Hallelujah for wonderful love.
 I'm looking for Je-sus, so quickly to come, Oh, glo-ry! Thou Heavenly Dove.
 In glo-ry I'll shout it, oh, wonderful love, Hal - le - lu-jah, amen and amen.



CHORUS.



Oh! tell of His wonderful, wonderful love, There's nothing so freely He gave;



Oh! shout the glad tidings, of wonderful love, His wonderful power to save.



Words and Music by Jas. H. Yeaman, Nashville, Tenn., 1904 Not copyrighted.

No. 39.

GOING UNPREPARED.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

H. N. LINCOLN.



1. Go-ing un - prepared to the judg-ment throne, Go-ing to be
 2. Go-ing rash - ly on in your guilt and sin, Care-less - ly a -
 3. Go-ing fast as mo-ments can bear you on, Knowing that your

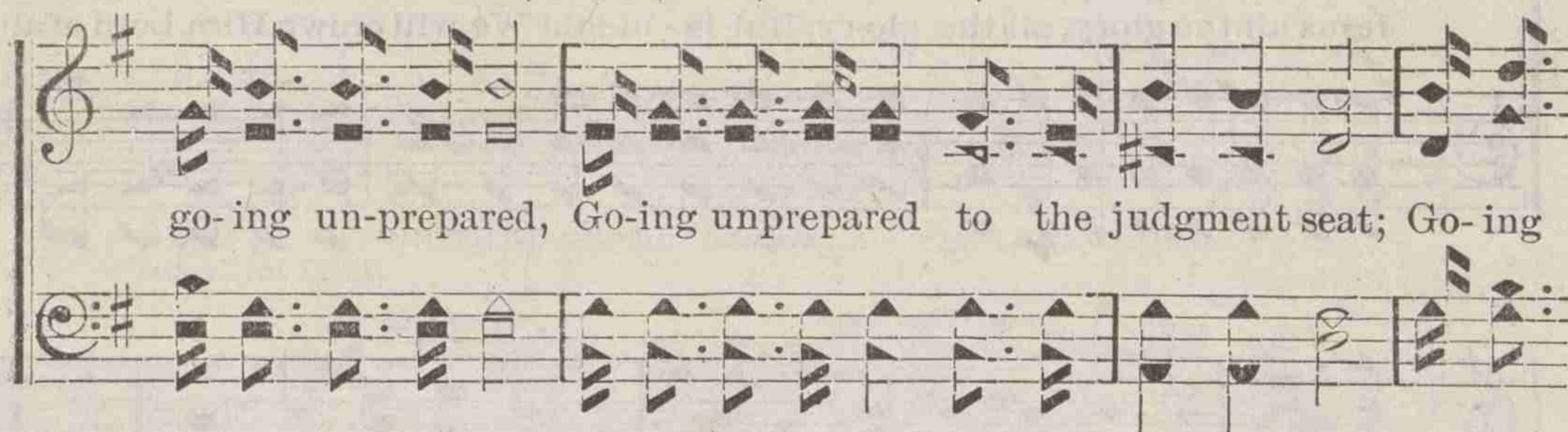


tried at the bar a - lone, Go-ing up unsaved thro' the precious blood,
 long, naught of peace with-in, Trampling on the ten - der Re-deem-er's blood,
 days will be quick-ly run, Soon will lay your bod - y beneath the sod,

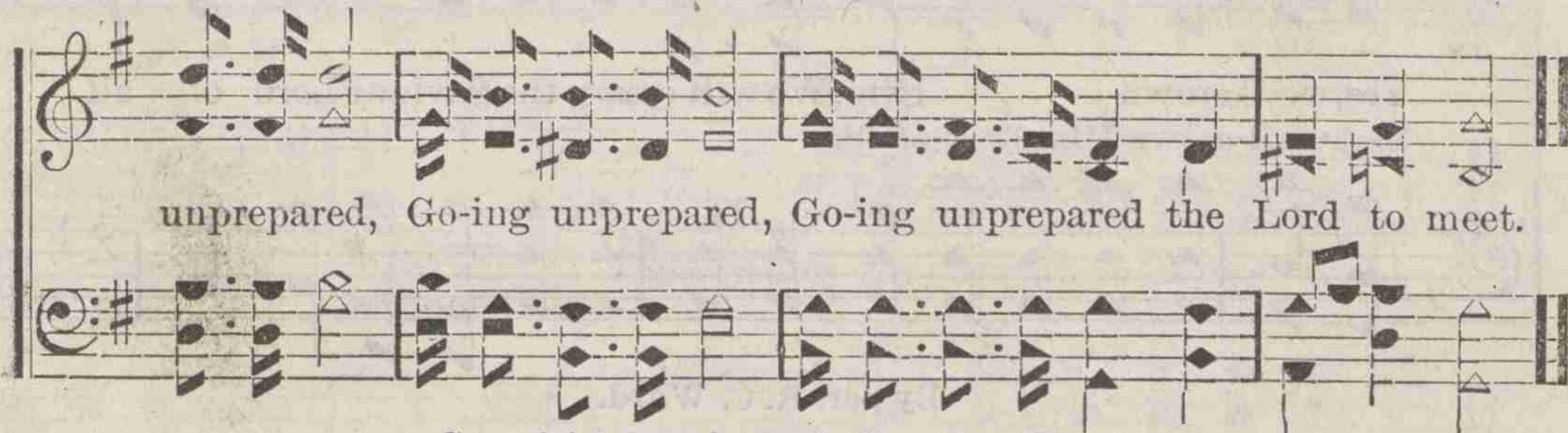
REFRAIN.



Go-ing un - prepared to meet your God. }
 Go-ing all a - lone to meet your God. } Go-ing un - prepared,
 Go-ing un - prepared to meet your God. }



go-ing un-prepared, Go-ing unprepared to the judgment seat; Go-ing



unprepared, Go-ing unprepared, Go-ing unprepared the Lord to meet.

No. 40.

CROWN HIM.

"Thou crownedst him with glory and honor."—Heb. 2: 7.

EDWARD PERRONET.

R. C. WARD.

1. { All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate fall; }
 { Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all. }
 2. { Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball, }
 { To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all. }
 3. { Oh! that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall, }
 { We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all. }

CHORUS.

We will crown Him, Yes, we'll crown Him, Give to
 We will crown Him Lord of all, Yes, we'll crown Him Lord of all, Give to

Jesus all the glory, Halle - lu - - jah! We will crown Him,
 Jesus all the glory, all the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! We will crown Him Lord of all,

Yes, we'll crown Him, We will crown the Saviour Lord of all.
 Yes, we'll crown Him Lord of all,

By per. R. C. Ward.

No. 41.

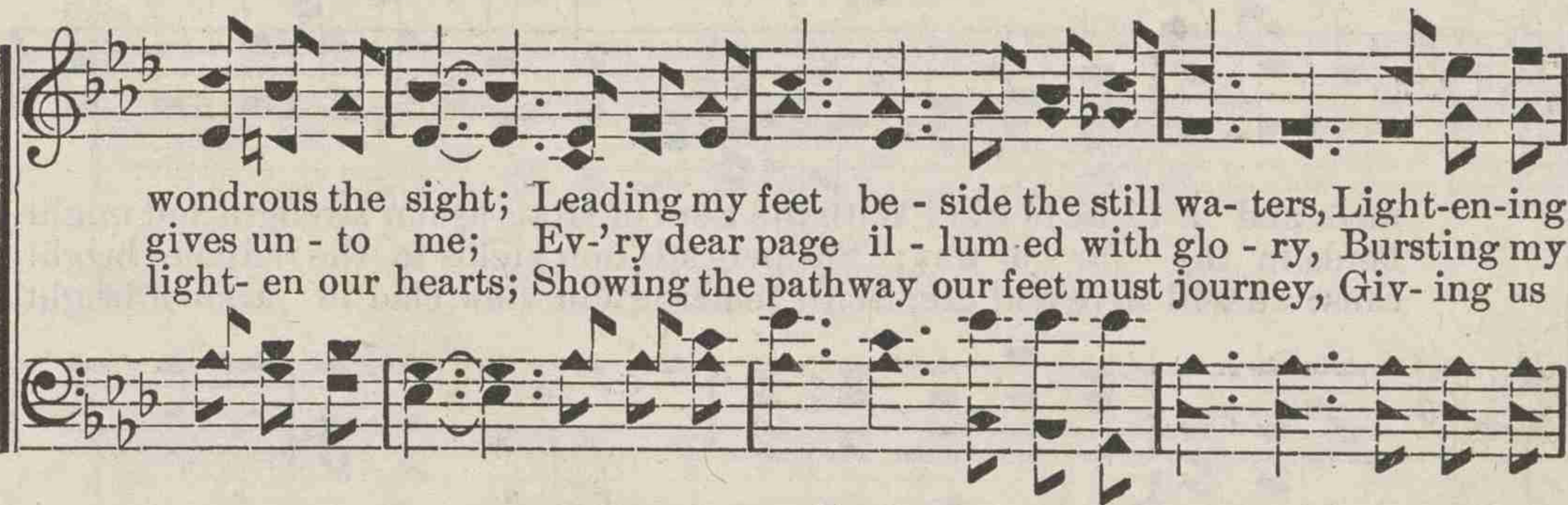
BEAUTIFUL LIGHT.

WILL H. RUEBUSH.

McD. WEAMS.



1. Beau-ti - ful light now on me is shin - ing, Guiding me on, how
 2. Beau-ti - ful light from out His word gleaming, Won-der-ful peace it
 3. Beau-ti - ful light from heav-en it shin - eth, Sent from a - bove to



wondrous the sight; Leading my feet be - side the still wa - ters, Light-en-ing
 gives un - to me; Ev-'ry dear page il - lum - ed with glo - ry, Bursting my
 light - en our hearts; Showing the pathway our feet must journey, Giv - ing us

CHORUS.



sor - row, ban-ish-ing night.
 bonds and set-ting me free. } Beau-ti - ful light, beau-ti - ful
 hope that nev-er de - parts. } Beau-ti - ful light,



light;..... Shining up-on me, leading a - right, Beautiful light,.....
 beautiful light, Beautiful light,



Beau-ti-ful light;..... Light-en-ing sor - rows, ban-ish-ing night.
 Beau-ti-ful light;

No. 42.

KEEP UP THE FIGHT.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. There's a con - flict on with the hosts of sin, There's a foe to
 2. Note the dawn - ing light of a bet - ter day, In the heath - en
 3. "All the world for Christ!" is our bat - tle cry, For His glo - rious

meet and a cause to win! With the Lord of Hosts as our strength and might,
 lands in the far - a - way; Su - per - sti - tion yields to the radiance bright,
 cause we will live and die; With the crown in view, clad in ar - mor bright,

CHORUS.

Let us ev - er keep up the fight. Then ral - ly at our Lead - er's

call, And bravely forward, one and all; The skies are clearing,
 At our Leader's call, Forward, one and all;

The triumph nearing, And the darkness takes its flight! Then to the
 keep up the fight!

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KEEP UP THE FIGHT.—Concluded.



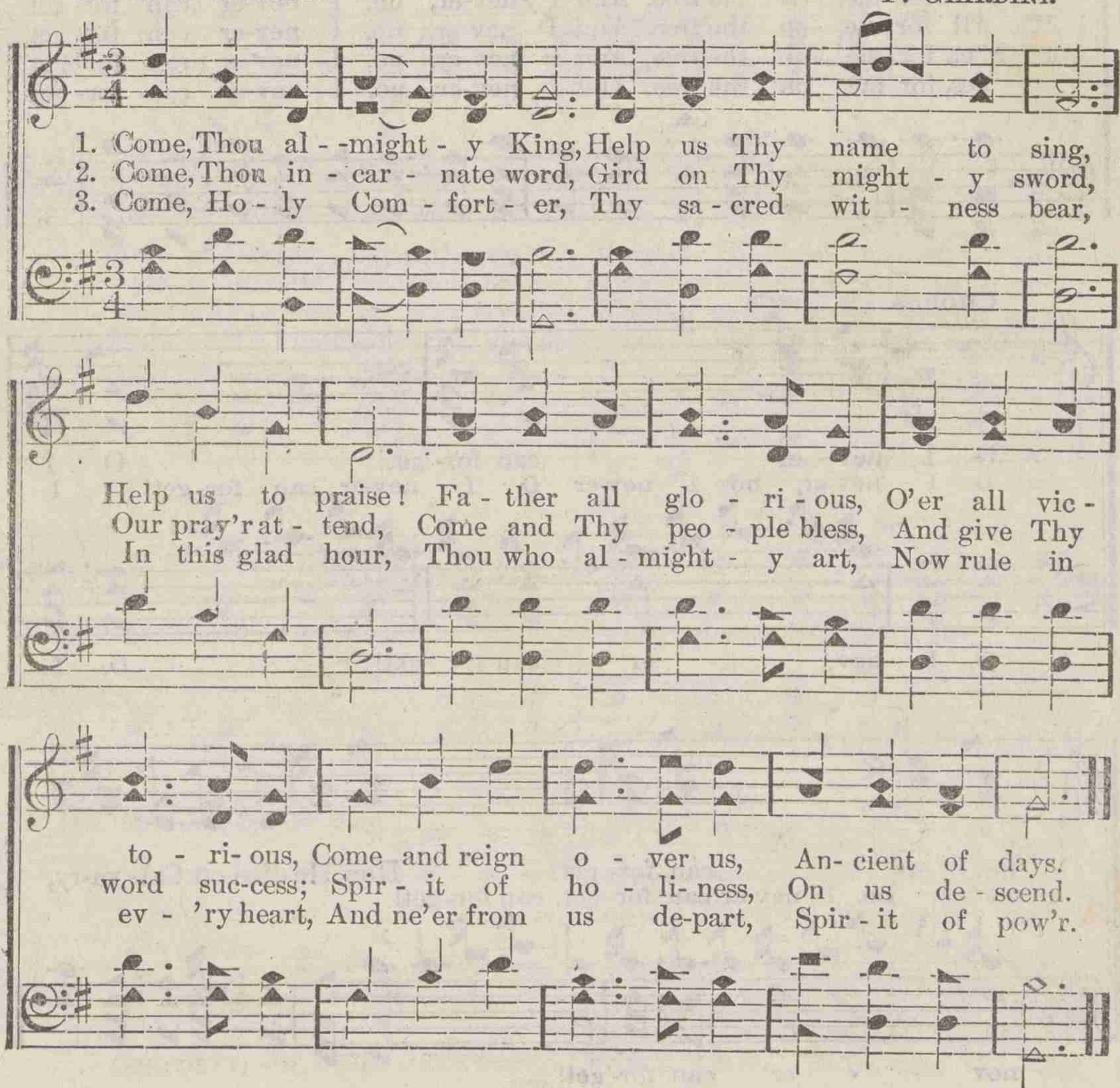
bat-tle-field a - way, And charge the ene-my to - day;
To the field away, charge the foe to-day;

With a courage firm in the cause of right, Let us ev - er keep up the fight!

No. 43. ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

CHARLES WESLEY.

F. GIARDINI.



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

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

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

No. 44.

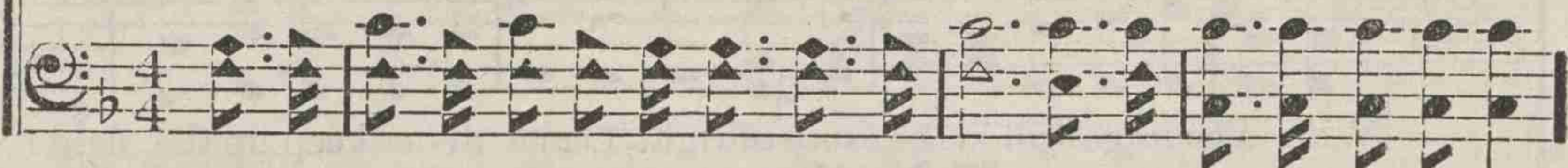
I NEVER CAN FORGET.

FRANK E. GRAEFF.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. There is One who loved me truly, and so well, That He came from hea'vn for me,
2. There is One who bore my burden, O so great! Bore the shame of sin for me,
3. There is One who bought my pardon, full and free, Paid the price of sin for me,
4. There is One I love more dearly than all else, For He gave His life for me,



Died for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.
 All for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.
 E'en for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.
 Yes, for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.



CHORUS.



O I nev - er can for-get! O I
 O I nev-er, no I nev-er O I nev-er can for-get! O I



O I nev - er can for - get! O I



nev - er can for-get! How He died on Cal-va-ry,
 nev-er no, I nev-er can for-get, can for-get!



nev - er can for-get!

Copyright, 1906, by Hall-Mack Co. By per.

I NEVER CAN FORGET.—Concluded.

How he died to set me free, O I nev - er can for - get!
 O I nev - er, no - nev - er can for - get!
 O I nev - - er can for - get!

No. 45.

MORE ABOUT JESUS.

"And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man."—Luke 2:52. E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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

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

CHORUS.

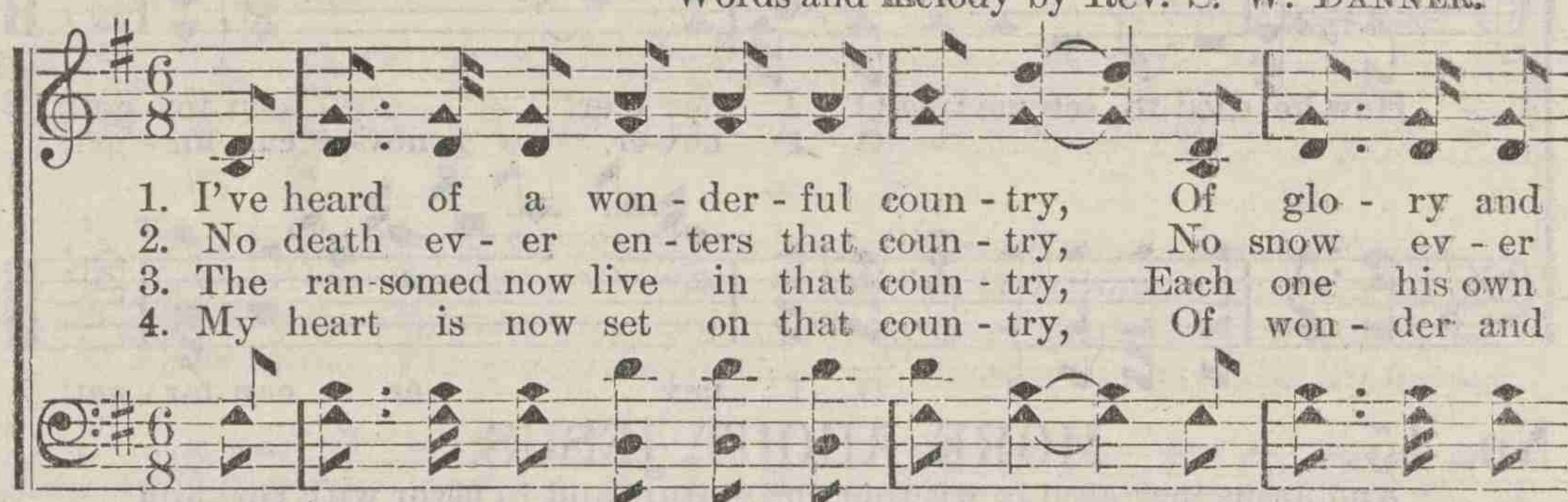
More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus,

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

Copyright, 1887, by Jno. R. Sweney. By per. of Mrs. L. E. Sweney.

No. 46. AND THE SUN WILL NEVER GO DOWN.

Words and melody by Rev. S. W. DANNER.



1. I've heard of a won - der - ful coun - try, Of glo - ry and
 2. No death ev - er en - ters that coun - try, No snow ev - er
 3. The ran - somed now live in that coun - try, Each one his own
 4. My heart is now set on that coun - try, Of won - der and



beau - ty, re - nown, Where the flow - ers are blooming for - ev - er, And the
 cov - ers the ground, And the darkness is banished for - ev - er, For the
 mansion has found, They are wait - ing for us in the kingdom, Where the
 glo - ry, re - nown, And one day I shall rest in its beau - ty, There the

CHORUS.



sun will nev - er go down. And the sun will nev - er go



down,..... And the sun will nev - er go down,..... Where the
 nev - er go down, nev - er go down.



flowers are blooming for - ev - er, And the sun will nev - er go down.

Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Danner.

No. 47.

GO OUT IN THE HIGHWAY.

GEO. P. HOTT.

S. E. ARNOLD.



1. Go out in the high-ways and wel-come them in, The wand'rer from
 2. A - far from the Sav-iour they've wander'd a - way, While pangs of re -
 3. Oh, when the dear Sav - iour shall sit on His throne, And all of His

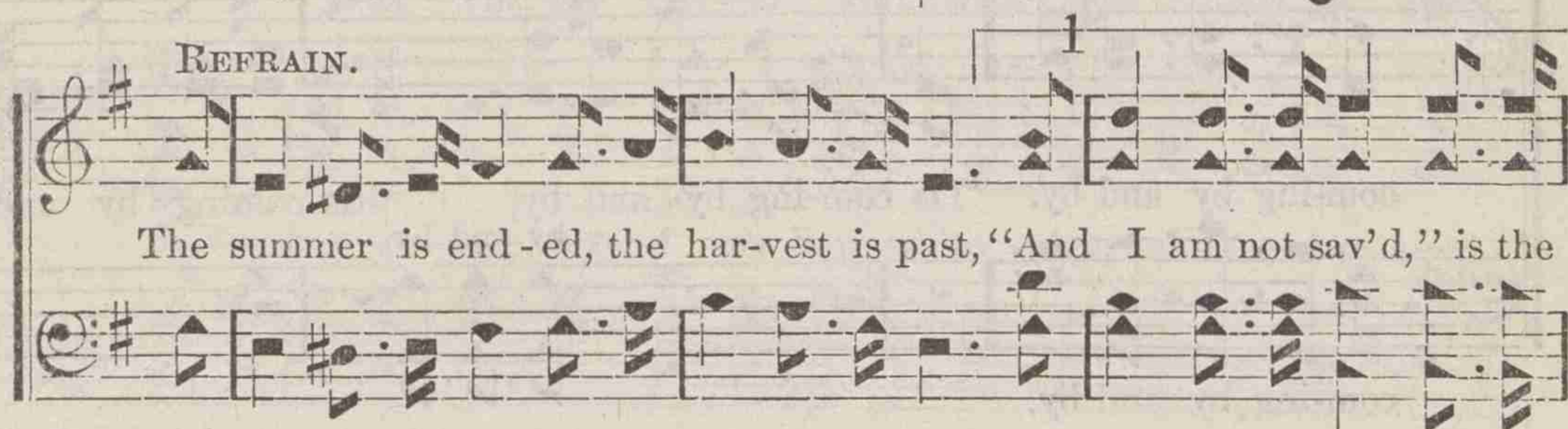


Je - sus bring back to the fold; Go out and en - treat men to
 morse and deep an - guish for sin; Are burd'ning the life, marr - ing
 chil - dren shall kneel at His feet; Shall neigh-bor and broth - er be



give up their sin, And come to the Sav-iour whose love can't be told.
 each hap - py day; Go out in the high-ways and wel-come them in.
 call'd as His own? Go out and en-treat, make that gath'ring complete.

REFRAIN.



The summer is end - ed, the har-vest is past, "And I am not sav'd," is the



cry of the lost; "And I am not sav'd," is the cry of the lost.

No. 48.

SALVATION'S TIDAL WAVE.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Joel 2: 28.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. A ti - dal wave is draw-ing near, is com-ing sure and soon, Sal - va - tion
2. A ti - dal wave of gos-pel pow'r by prophets long foretold, When God His
3. Be glad, ye children of our God, re-joice in God your King, In - to the

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff. The staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation consists of a series of notes and rests, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and a final measure with a double bar line.

full and free shall o - ver all the world be known; The gos-pel preach'd in
Spir - it shall outpour up - on the young and old; Your daughters and your
storehouse of the Lord your tithes and off'rings bring; 'Tis near at hand, that

D.S.—The ju - bi - lee of

ev'ry clime and land beneath the sun, 'Tis coming, 'tis coming, 'tis
sons shall proph-e-sy with courage bold, 'Tis coming, 'tis coming, 'tis
glorious day lift up your voice and sing, 'Tis coming, 'tis coming, 'tis

ho - li - ness on rap - id wings draws nigh, 'Tis coming, 'tis coming, 'tis

FINE. CHORUS.

The first system of the musical score is written on a single five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together, and rests. A double bar line is placed after the first measure, which contains a whole note. The second measure contains a half note, and the third measure contains a quarter note. The system ends with a final double bar line.

com-ing by and by. 'Tis com-ing by and by, 'tis coming by and
by and by,

com-ing by and by.

com-ing by and by.

A musical staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody begins with a quarter rest followed by a dotted half note G4. This is followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-D5, E5-F#5, and G5-A5. Then comes another quarter rest, followed by eighth notes B4-A4, G4-F#4, E4-D4, and C4-B3. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots. Above the final measure, there are markings "D.S." and "Allegro".

by, The dawning of a bet-ter day lights up the east-ern sky;
by and by,

The first system of musical notation for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The system ends with a double bar line.

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No. 49.

I AM HAPPY TO-DAY.

GEO. P. HOTT.

McD. WEAMS.

1. In this vale of tears, Earthly doubts and fears, Like the low - 'ring
 2. I re - joice in Him, Who has borne my sin, And has taught my
 3. In the glo - rious dawn, Of the ra - diant morn, When the Lord shall

clouds hide the light of day; But my heart grows light, And the
 feet nev - er - more to stray; If the world I had, I'd not
 come cloth'd in bright ar - ray, When the white-rob'd throng, Sing the

way grows bright, When my Sav-iour walks with me a - long the way.
 be more glad, For my Sav-iour walks with me a - long the way.
 new, new song, We will walk with Je - sus thro' un - end - ing day.

D.S.—For my Sav-iour walks with me a - long the way.

CHORUS.

I am hap-py to - day, I am hap-py to - day, Like the way - ward

D. S.

sheep I had wander'd a-stray, Now the path grows bright, And my burden light,

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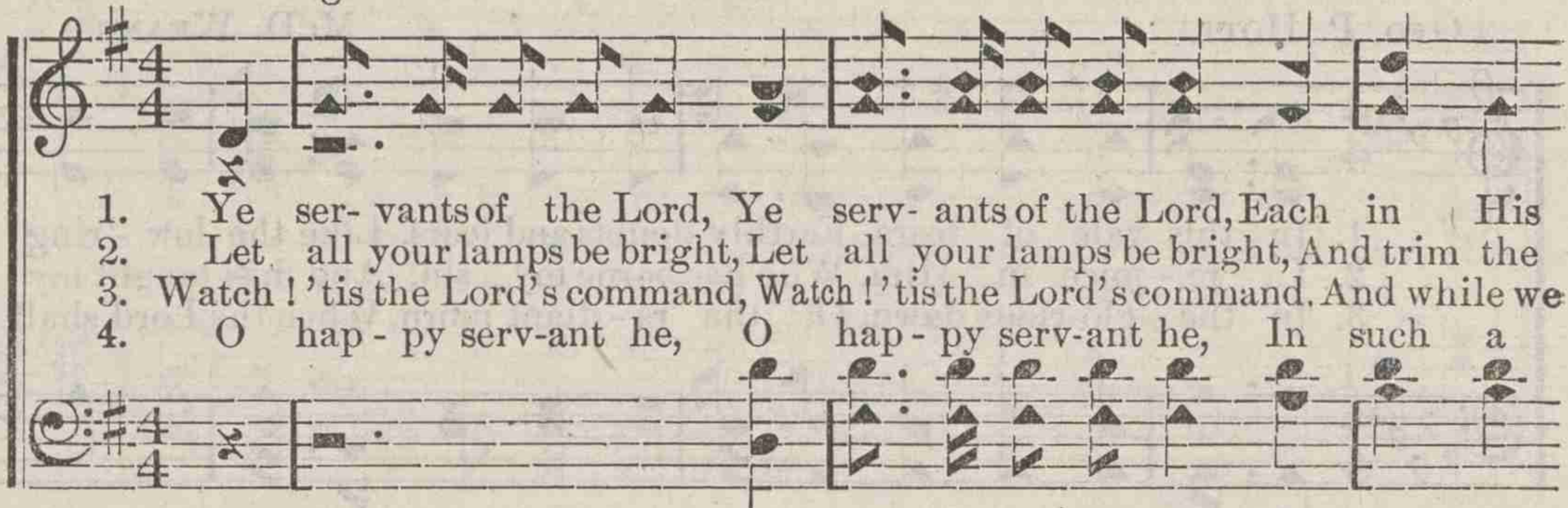
No. 50.

WATCH AND PRAY.

Words arranged.

(Mark 13: 33.)

J. B. HERBERT.



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



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

CHORUS.

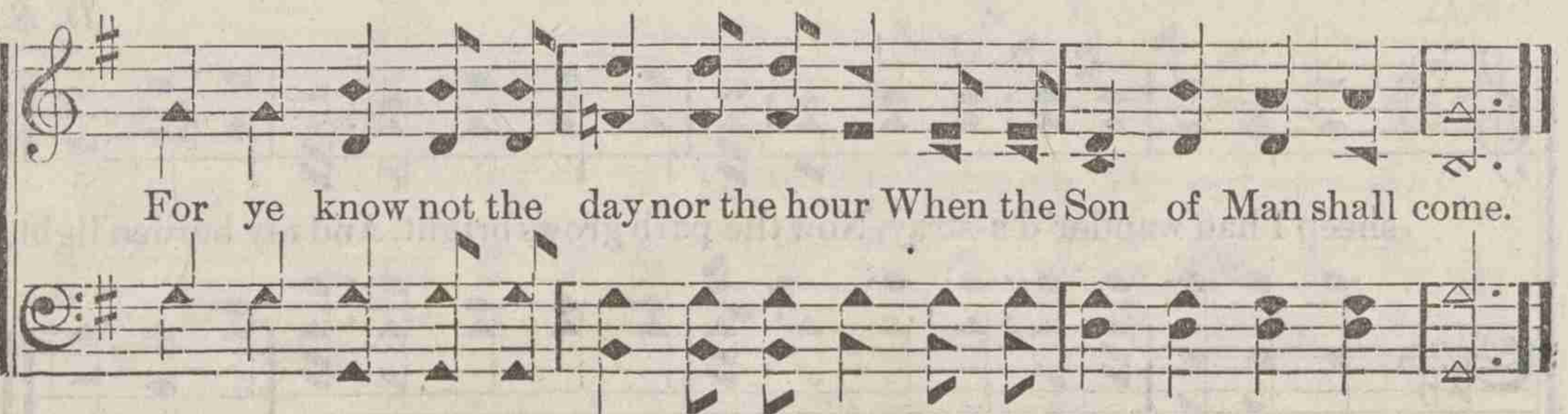


watch be - fore His gate.
 ho - ly in His name.
 read - y all ap - pear.
 be with honor crowned.

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



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

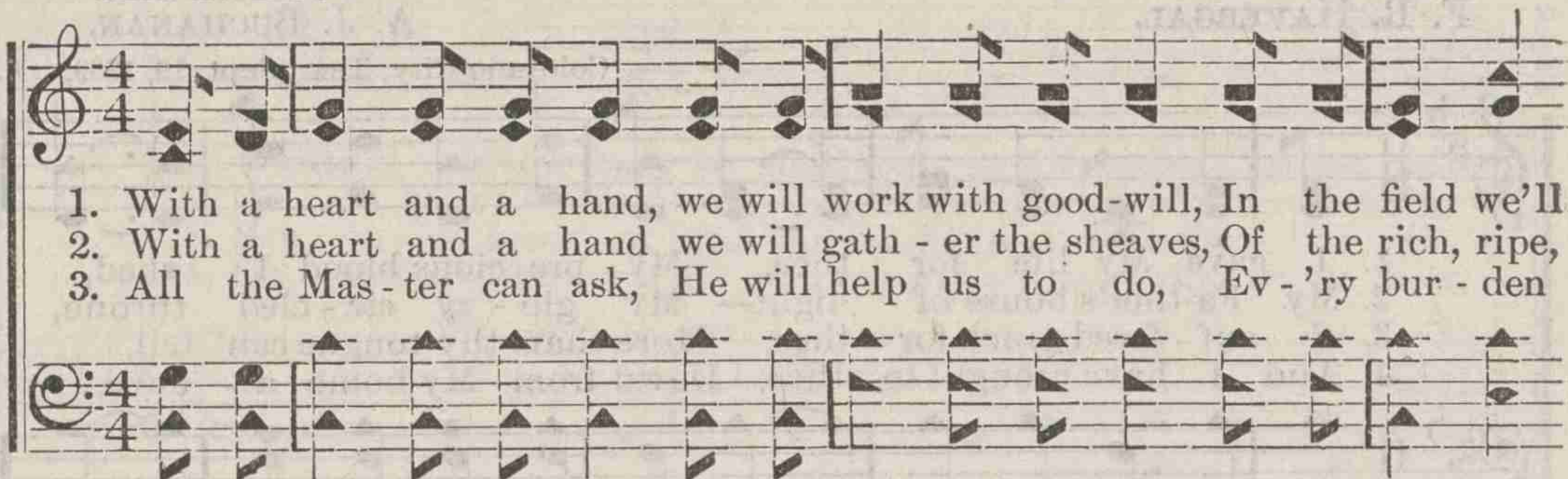


For ye know not the day nor the hour When the Son of Man shall come.

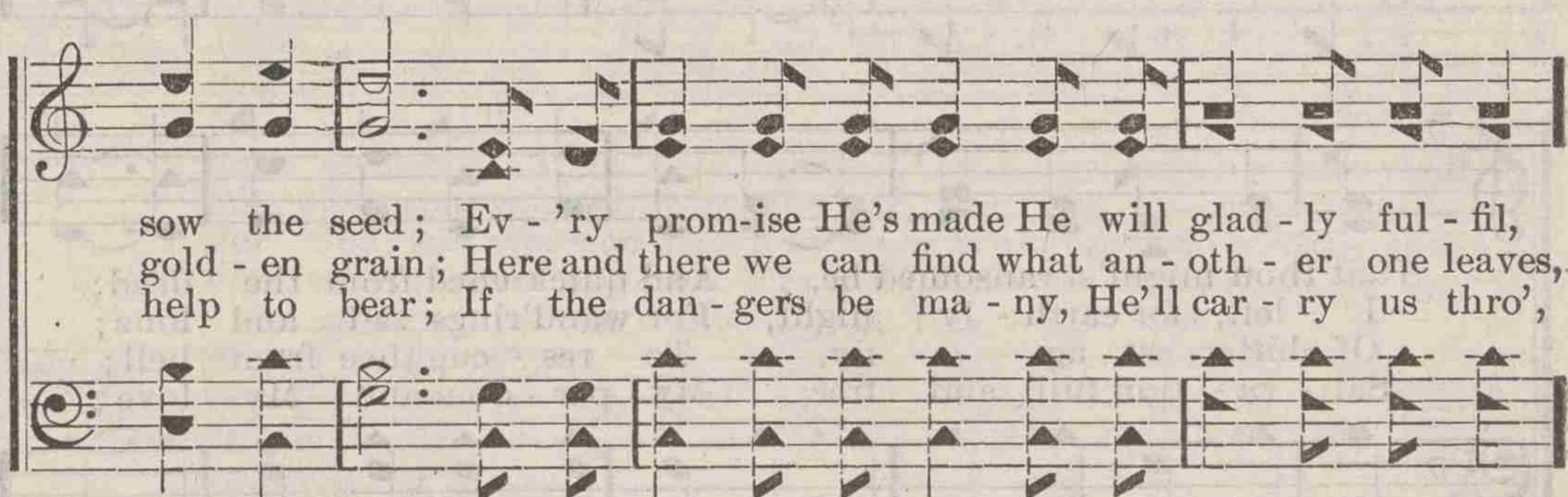
No. 51. WITH OUR HEART AND HAND.

GEO. P. HOTT.

E. MCINTOSH CULLOM.

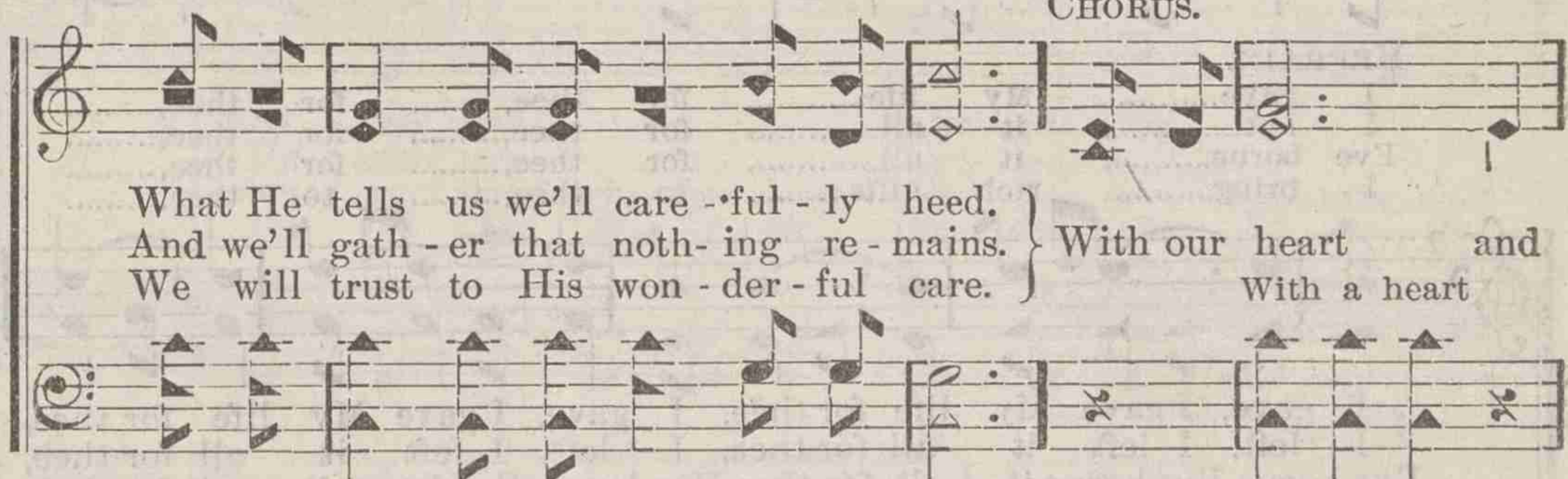


1. With a heart and a hand, we will work with good-will, In the field we'll
 2. With a heart and a hand we will gath - er the sheaves, Of the rich, ripe,
 3. All the Mas - ter can ask, He will help us to do, Ev - 'ry bur - den



sow the seed; Ev - 'ry prom - ise He's made He will glad - ly ful - fil,
 gold - en grain; Here and there we can find what an - oth - er one leaves,
 help to bear; If the dan - gers be ma - ny, He'll car - ry us thro',

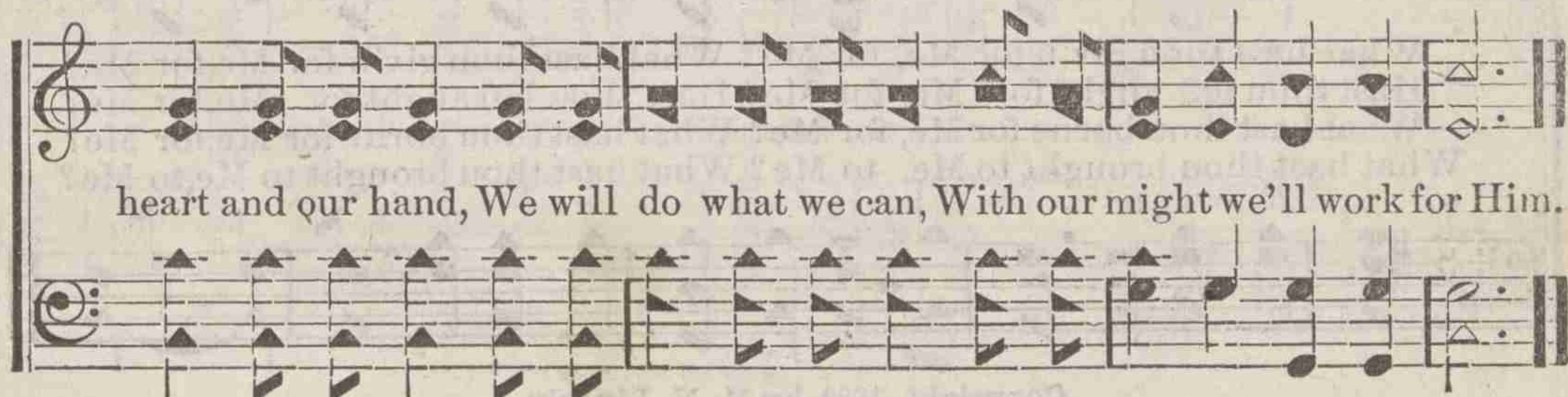
CHORUS.



What He tells us we'll care - ful - ly heed. } With our heart and
 And we'll gath - er that noth - ing re - mains. } With a heart
 We will trust to His won - der - ful care.



hand, We will work for Him; With our
 and a hand, With a heart and hand we'll all work for Him;



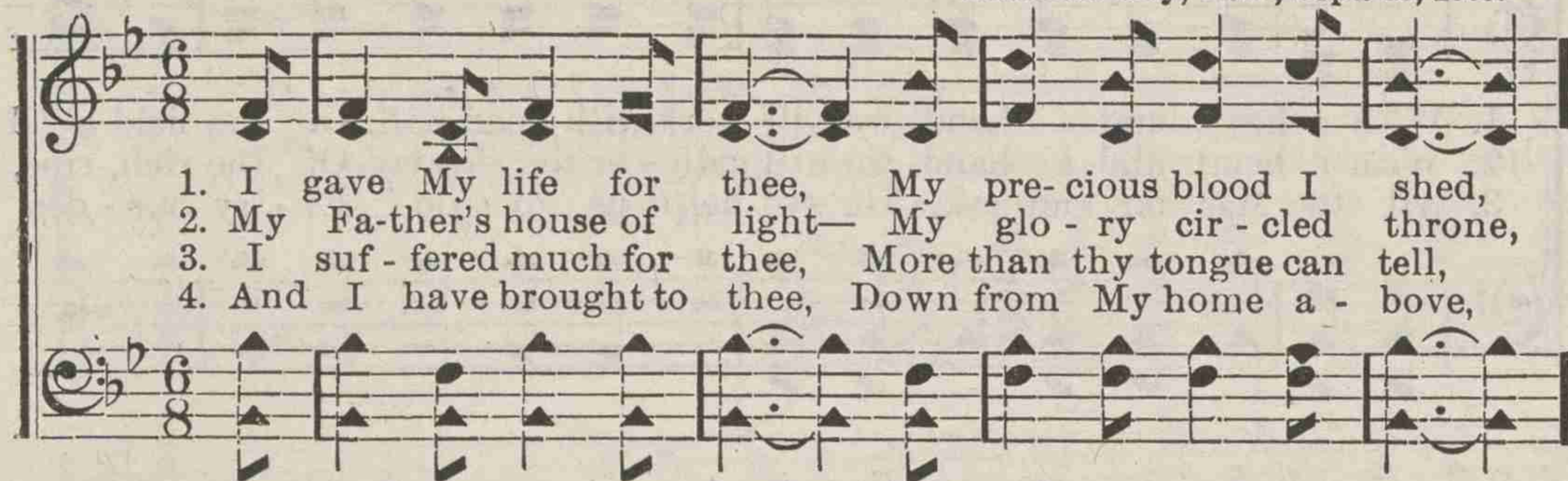
heart and our hand, We will do what we can, With our might we'll work for Him.

No. 52. I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

A. J. BUCHANAN.

Colorado City, Tex., Sept. 19, 1889.



1. I gave My life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed,
 2. My Fa-ther's house of light— My glo - ry cir - cled throne,
 3. I suf - fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
 4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a - bove,



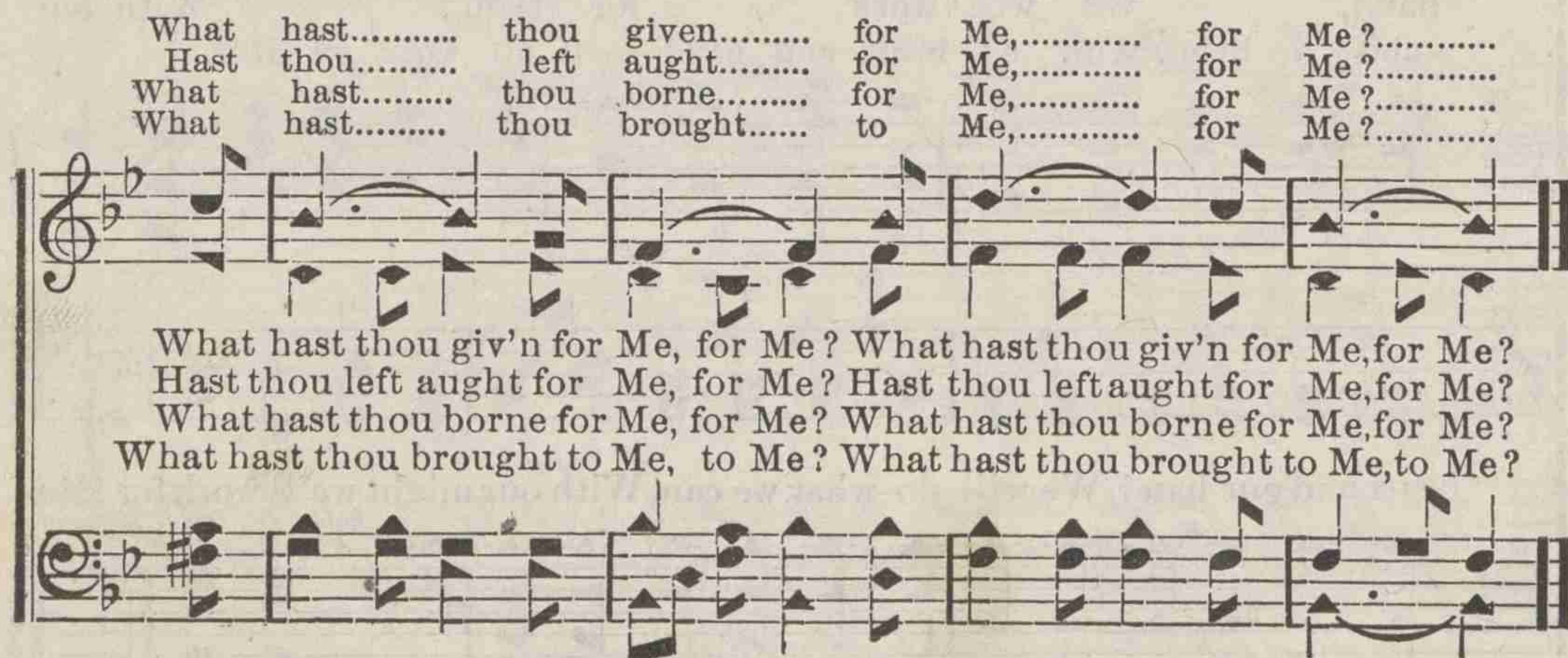
That thou might'st ransomed be, And quick-ened from the dead;
 I left, for earth - ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone;
 Of bitter-est ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell;
 Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and My love;

REFRAIN.



I gave..... My life..... for thee..... for thee.....
 I left..... it all..... for thee..... for thee.....
 I've borne..... it all..... for thee..... for thee.....
 I bring..... rich gifts..... to thee..... to thee.....

I gave, I gave My life for thee, I gave, I gave My life for thee,
 I left, I left it all for thee, I left, I left it all for thee,
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,



What hast..... thou given..... for Me..... for Me?.....
 Hast thou..... left aught..... for Me..... for Me?.....
 What hast..... thou borne..... for Me..... for Me?.....
 What hast..... thou brought..... to Me..... for Me?.....

What hast thou giv'n for Me, for Me? What hast thou giv'n for Me, for Me?
 Hast thou left aught for Me, for Me? Hast thou left aught for Me, for Me?
 What hast thou borne for Me, for Me? What hast thou borne for Me, for Me?
 What hast thou brought to Me, to Me? What hast thou brought to Me, to Me?

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No. 53.

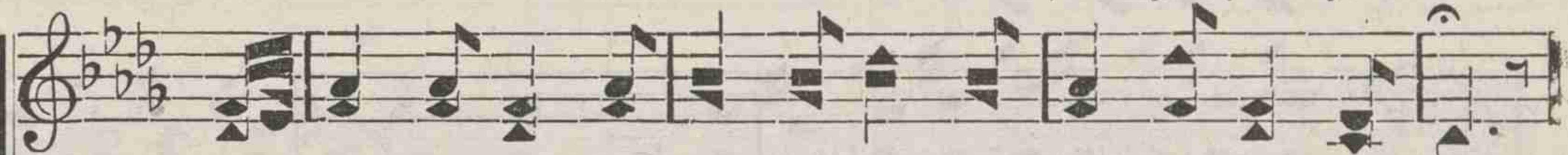
LIFE'S HARVEST.

R. E. W.

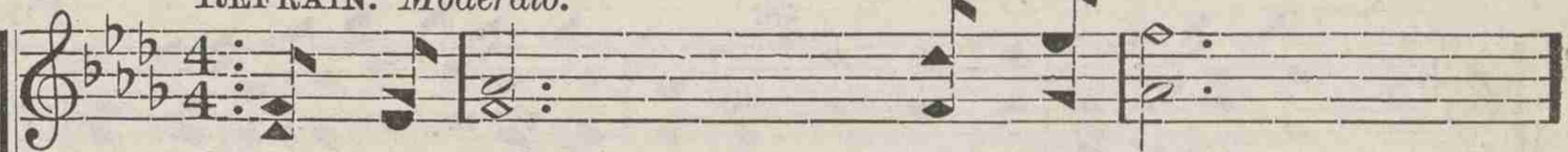
R. E. WINSETT.

Andante.

1. Whate'er we sow that we shall reap, In life's great har-vest field,
2. Oh, if you sow but e - vil seed, Death will your har-vest be,
3. Sow on - ly seeds of love and truth, Your harvest will be life.
4. Oh, soon the har-vest day will come, We'll reap what'er we sow,



For ei-ther good or e - vil seed, A - bun-dant har-vest yield.
 For then your soul will e'er be lost, For all e - ter - ni - ty.
 For God will give you heav'n-ly peace, Which ends all earth-ly strife.
 For ev - 'ry word and ev - 'ry deed, Will to the judgment go.

REFRAIN. *Moderato.*

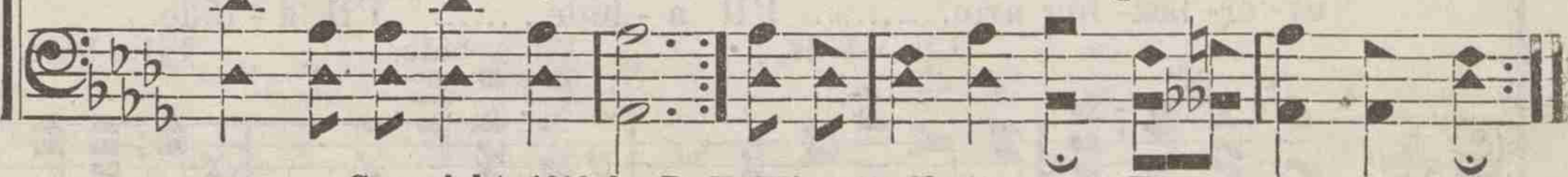
{ May we sow right-eous seed,
 { By and by ev - 'ry soul,
 { May we sow right-eous seed, may we sow right-eous seed,
 { By and by ev - 'ry soul, by and by ev - 'ry soul,



For the great harv - est day Which is }
 Shall meet all its work, }
 For the great har-vest day which is com - ing to all, }
 Shall meet all its work, shall meet all its work, }



com-ing to ev - 'ry one: Whether it be wrong or be well done.



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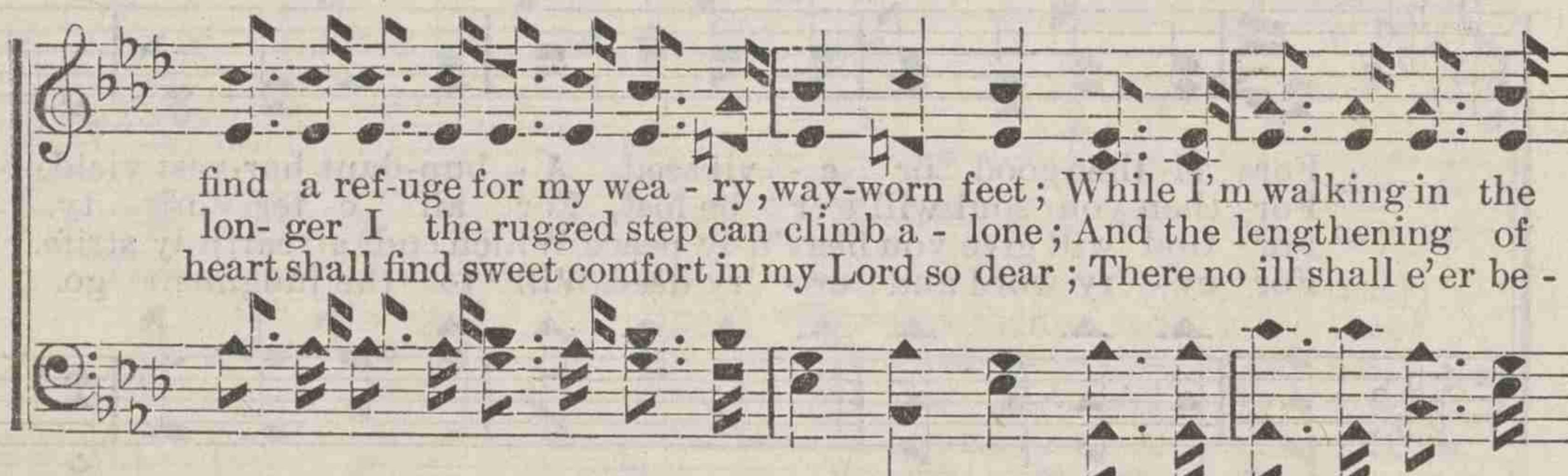
No. 54. 'Neath the Shelter of the Everlasting Arm.

GEO. P. HOTT.

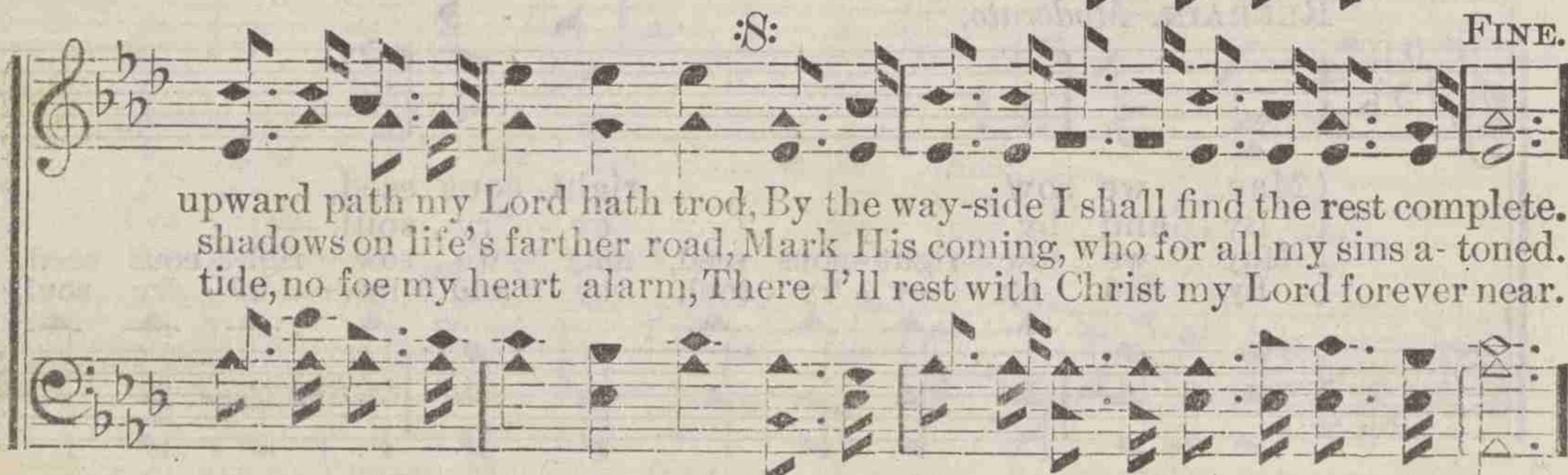
R. M. BOLDING



1. 'Neath the shel-ter of the ev - er - last - ing arm of God, I will
 2. When my burdened heart grows wea-ry of the heav - y load, And no
 3. I'll a - bide beneath the shel-ter of His might-y arm, There my



find a ref-uge for my wea - ry, way-worn feet; While I'm walking in the
 lon-ger I the rugged step can climb a - lone; And the lengthening of
 heart shall find sweet comfort in my Lord so dear; There no ill shall e'er be -



upward path my Lord hath trod, By the way-side I shall find the rest complete.
 shadows on life's farther road, Mark His coming, who for all my sins a-toned.
 tide, no foe my heart alarm, There I'll rest with Christ my Lord forever near.

D.S.—There no e-vil shall my soul for-ev-er harm.

CHORUS.



I'll a - bide,..... I'll a - bide,.....'Neath the shel-ter of the

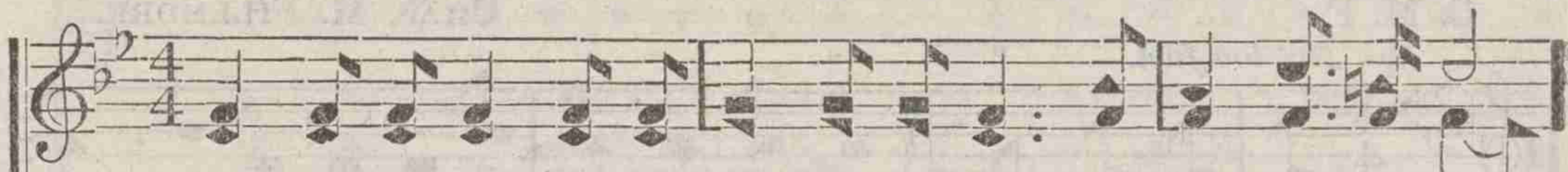


ev-er-last-ing arm,..... I'll a - bide,..... I'll a - bide.

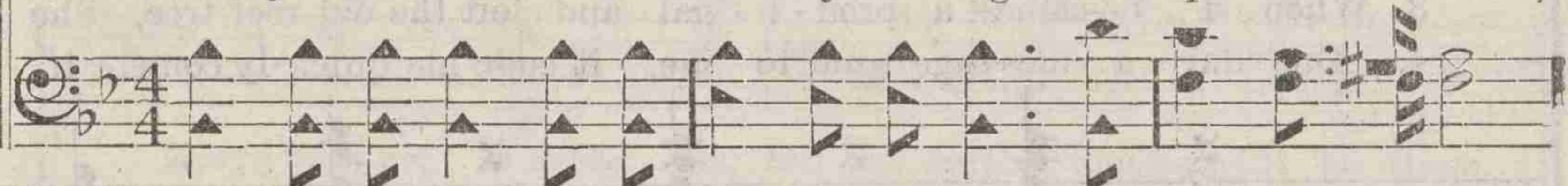
No. 55. THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.



1. Would you be free from your bur-den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit-er, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv-ice for Je-sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,



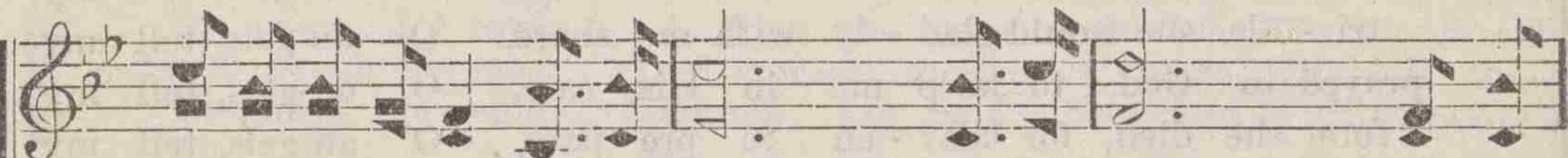
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,
 pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv-ing flow,
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing?



CHORUS.



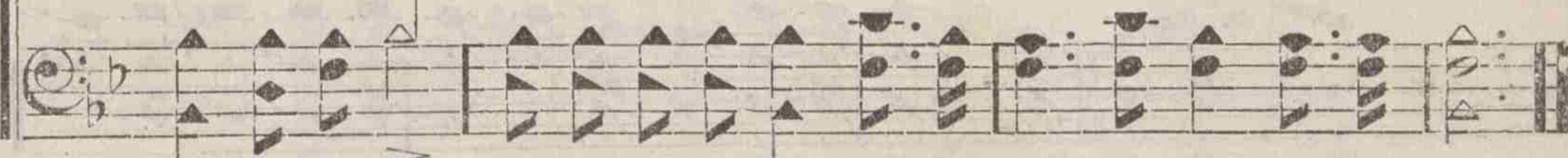
There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
 There is pow'r,



wonder-working pow'r In the blood of the Lamb; There is
 In the blood of the Lamb;



pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb.
 There is pow'r,



No. 56. TELL MOTHER I'LL BE THERE.

C. M. F.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

Not too fast.



1. When I was but a lit-tle child, how well I rec-ol-lect, How
 2. Tho' I was oft-en wayward, she was always kind and good, So
 3. When I be-came a prod-i-gal and left the old roof-tree, She
 4. One day a mes-sage came to me, it bade me quick-ly come, If




I would grieve my mother with my folly and neglect, And now that she has
 patient, gentle, loving, when I acted rough and rude, My childhood griefs and
 almost broke her loving heart in mourning after me, And day and night she
 I would see my mother, ere the Saviour took her home; I promised her be-




gone to heav'n, I miss her ten-der care, O an-gels, tell my
 tri-als, she would glad-ly with me share, O an-gels, tell my
 prayed to God to keep me in His care, O an-gels, tell my
 fore she died, for heav-en to pre-pare, O an-gels, tell my



CHORUS.



mother I'll be there. Tell mother I'll be there in answer to her pray'r,



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TELL MOTHER I'LL BE THERE.—Concluded.

This message, guardian angels, to her bear, Tell mother I'll be there, heav'n's
joys with her to share, Yes, tell my darling moth-er I'll be there.

No. 57. MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

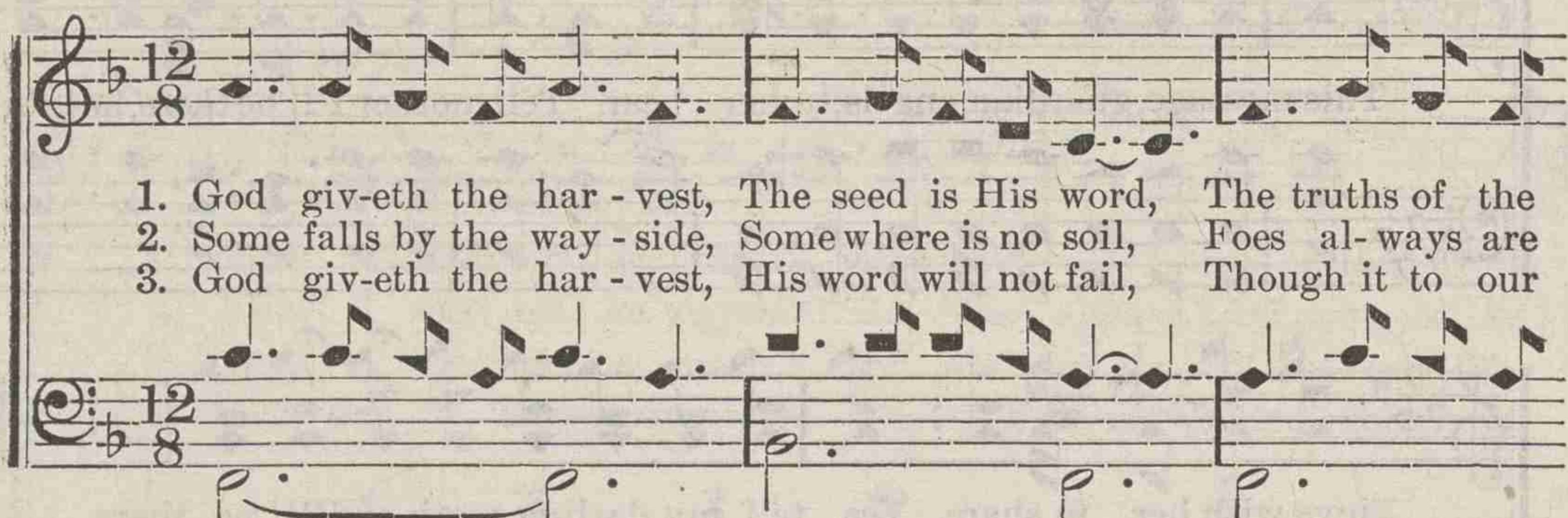
S. F. SMITH.

HENRY CAREY.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free—
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the tress
4. Our Fa - ther's God to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free-dom's
pilgrim's pride; From ev - 'ry mount - ain side Let free-dom ring.
tem-pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take, Let rocks their si - lence break—The sound pro-long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

H. B. GREEN.



1. God giv-eth the har-vest, The seed is His word, The truths of the
 2. Some falls by the way-side, Some where is no soil, Foes al-ways are
 3. God giv-eth the har-vest, His word will not fail, Though it to our



bi - ble, Must ev - er be heard; 'Tis our part to scat - ter,
 wait - ing, The fields to de - spoil; Some hearts are so hard - en'd,
 blind - ness, Seems naught to a - vail; Hearts wait to re - ceive it,



The seed as we pray, "God bless us in sow-ing, Thy truth by the way."
 They feel not their need, Yet still we must scatter, The life-bearing seed.
 This seed as of old, Will yield at the reaping, Rich har-vest un-told.

CHORUS.



God giv-eth the har-vest, We but sow the seed; God giv-eth the



har - vest, His bless-ing we plead; If He bless the sow - ing,

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

GOD GIVETH THE HARVEST.—Concluded.

And nurture the seed, 'Twill yield at the reaping, Rich harvest in - deed.

No. 59. O LORD, WITHIN MY SOUL.

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. O Lord, with - in my soul I long for pu - ri - ty, To
 2. I bend be - fore Thy cross, And know my heart can be Cleans'd
 3. I pray at Thy dear feet, Sal - va - tion full en - treat, And
 4. My faith Thy word be - lives, The prom - ise made to me, And

CHORUS.

be com-plete and whole A - lone thro' Thee.
 from its sin and dross A - lone thro' Thee.
 want to feel my love In Thee com-plete. } There is no oth-er
 per - fect peace re - ceives A - lone thro' Thee. There

hope, There is no oth - er plea; Sal -
 is no oth - er hope, There is no oth - er plea;

va - tion, full sal - va - tion free, Must come a - lone thro' Thee.

No. 60.

OH, LIGHT SHINE IN.

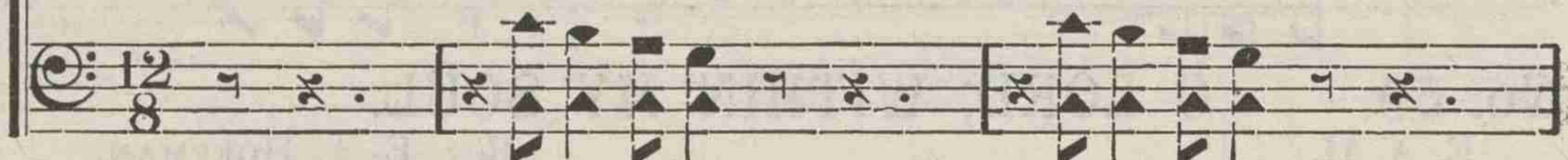
WILL H. RUEBUSH.

C. V. LESLIE.



1. Oh, light of life,..... shine in on me,..... Dis- pel the
2. Oh, draw me near..... un- to Thy heart,..... Thy sun- shine
3. In times of fear..... cause me to stand,..... And let no

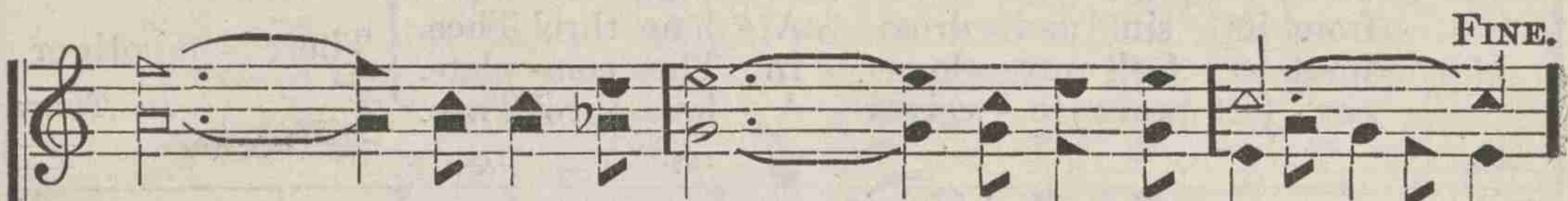
1. Oh, light of life, shine in on me,



clouds..... that hide my skies,..... Remove all doubts.....whate'er they
cast..... a- bout my way,.....Ne'er let me from.....Thy side de -
doubt..... or storm ap- pall,..... But hold with Thine,..... my trembling
Dispel the clouds, that hide my skies, Remove all doubts,



D.S.—Till all my fear,..... shall disap-
Till all my fear,



be,..... That hide Thee from,..... Thy serv-ant's eyes.....
part,..... But keep me near,..... dear Lord, I pray.....
hand,..... My life, my light,..... my way, my all.....
whate'er they be, That hide Thee from, Thy servants eyes.



pear,..... Oh, light of life,..... shine in shine in.....
shall disappear, Oh, light of life, shine in shine in.

CHORUS.



Oh, light of life,..... shine in, shine in, shine in, shine in,
life,..... shine in, shine in, shine in, shine in,



OH, LIGHT SHINE IN.—Concluded.

D.S.

Light up my day,..... drive gloom a - way.....

D.S.

No. 61. WAITING AND WATCHING.

GEO. P. HOTT.

S. O. ARNOLD.

1. A - far from the com-forts of moth-er and home, But dim - ly the
 2. The days have been ma - ny, the hours have been long, My frail barque has
 3. In beau - ti - ful mansions of light o - ver there, As hap - py as

mansions I see; I won-der if loved ones who're rest-ing at home,
 drift-ed to sea; But safe in the heav - en - ly ha - ven a - bove,
 an - gels could be; With songs of re - joic - ing and an - thems of praise,

D.S.—They're wait ing and watching for me o - ver there,
 FINE. CHORUS.

Are wait-ing and watching for me.
 The loved ones are waiting for me. } They're wait-ing and watching for
 They're waiting and watching for me.

They're waiting and watching for me.

D.S.

me o - ver there, In glo - ry their fac - es I see;

No. 62. GOING THROUGH THE LAND.

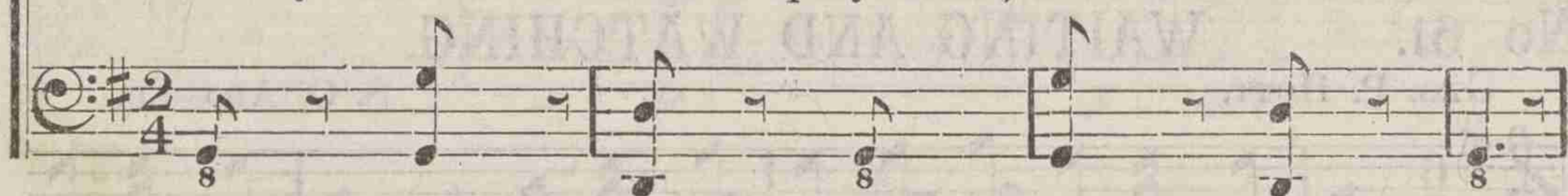
W. D. CORNELL, by per.

Arr. by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

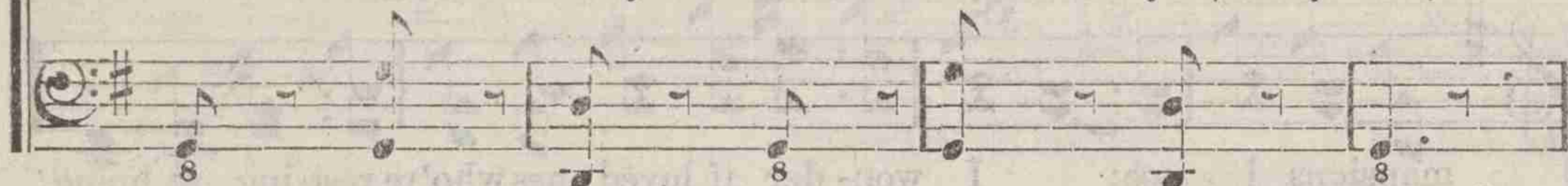
SOLO. *Slowly, with expression.*



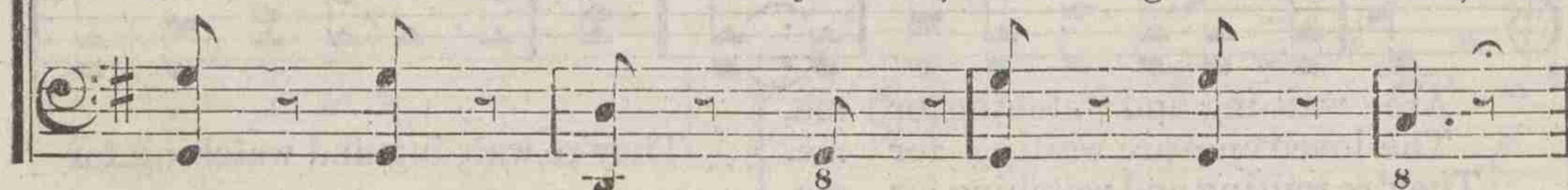
1. If a Chris-tian meet a Chris-tian, Go-ing thro' the land,
2. If a Chris-tian gets in troub-le, Go-ing thro' the land,
3. If you meet a soul dis-cour-aged, Go-ing thro' the land,
4. Would you have a home up yon-der, In the bet-ter land?



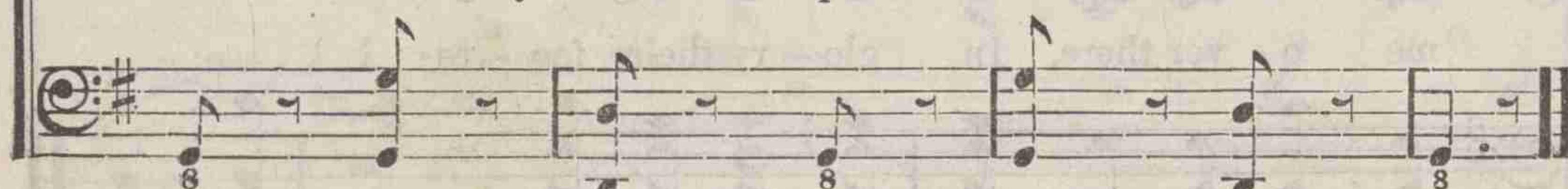
Just re-mem-ber he's your brother, Reach to him your hand; For
Don't condemn your weak-er broth-er. Help him all you can; For
Show to him God'e word of promise, Cheer him all you can; For
Do to oth-ers as you'd have them Do to you, my man; And



who can tell but on the mor-row, You and he may stand Be-
who can tell what great temp-tations Press a-round the man? He
deeds and words in kind-ness giv-en, Mend the brok-en strand; A
when the Mas-ter comes for jew-els, Search-ing thro' the land, He'll



fore the great white throne up yon-der: Help him all you can.
needs the help of Chris-tian friend-ship, Give him all you can.
lit-tle help when one is drown-ing Oft-en saves the man.
take that wea-ry faith-ful spir-it Home to Beu-lah land.



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No. 63.

SONGS OF LOVE ETERNAL,

JAMES ROWE.

McD. WEAMS.



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




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



CHORUS.



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




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




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



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No. 64. THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH.

W. C. MARTIN.

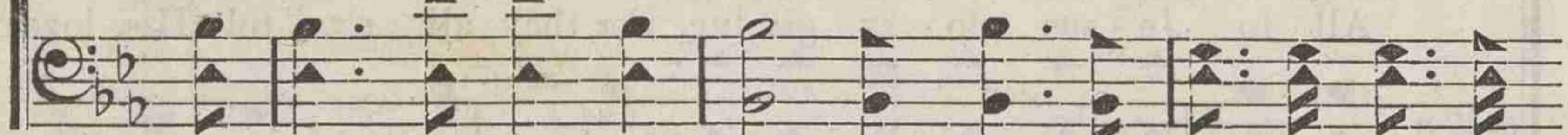
C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. O my soul would fill with rap-ture if this mo-ment I might hear:
2. Soon my ea-ger wait-ing spir-it shall the glad announcement hear:
3. Hark! the long, ex-pect-ed cry rings out a-mid the stil-ly night:



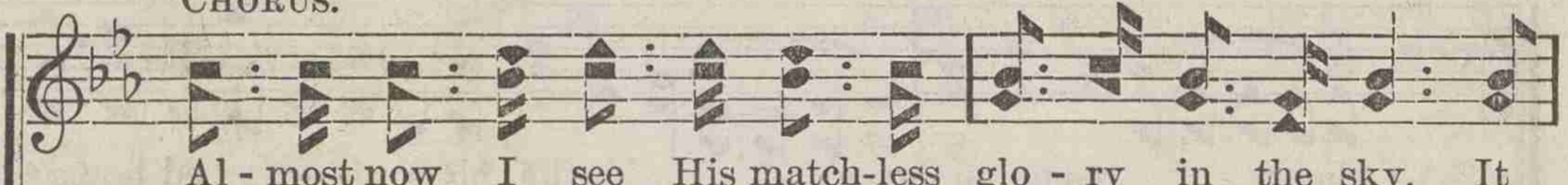
Be - hold, the Bride-groom com - eth; I would shout a - loud with
Be - hold, the Bride-groom com - eth; And the dreams of night shall
Be - hold, the Bride-groom com - eth; Go ye out, there-fore, to



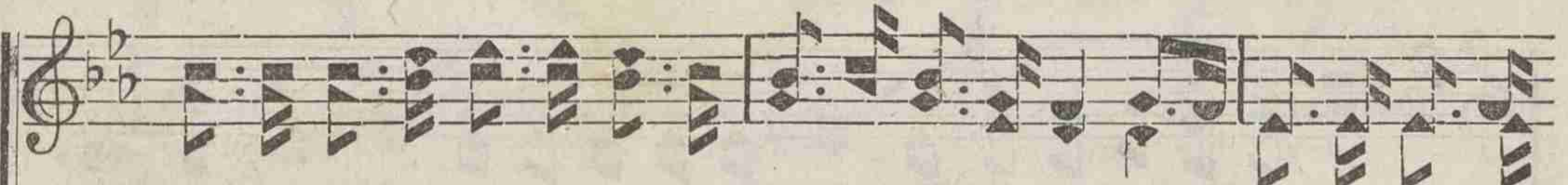
joy if it were spo-ken now and here, Be-hold, the Bridegroom cometh.
vanish when the Bridegroom shall appear; Be-hold, the Bridegroom cometh.
meet Him with a bright and shining light; Be-hold, the Bridegroom cometh.



CHORUS.



Al - most now I see His match-less glo - ry in the sky, It



may be that the dawning of His day is drawing nigh, And, O my eag-er



THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH.—Concluded.

heart awaits the long, ex-pect-ed cry: Be-hold, the Bridegroom com-eth.

No. 65. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

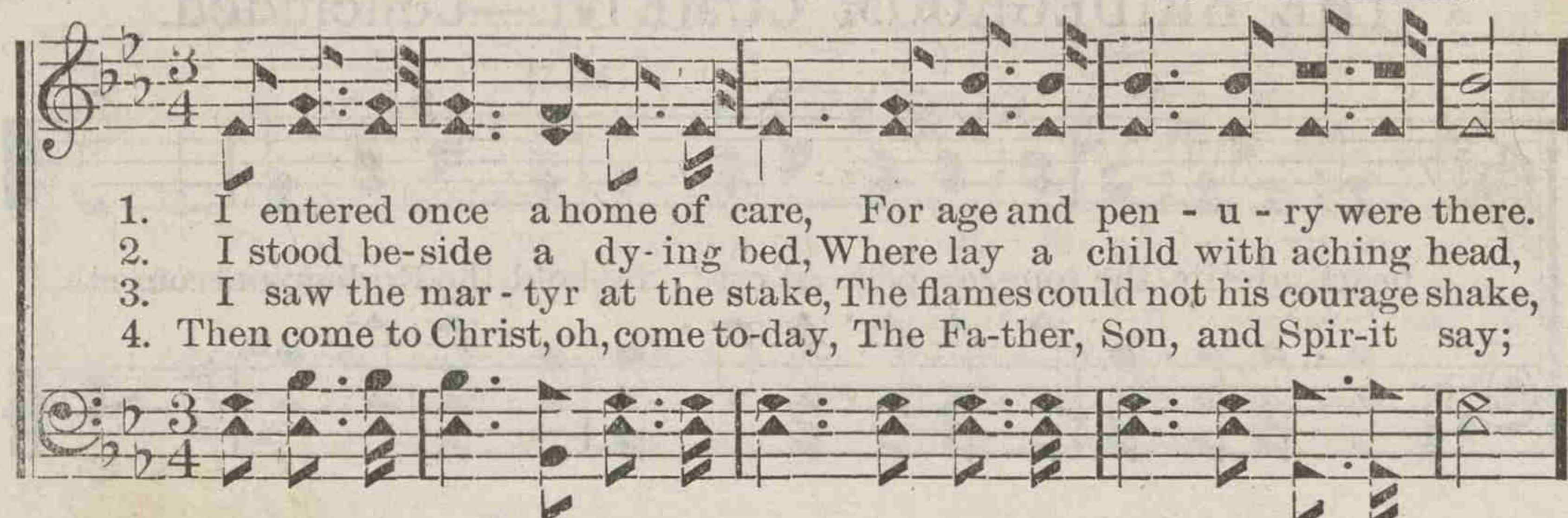
Mrs. SARAH F. ADAMS.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

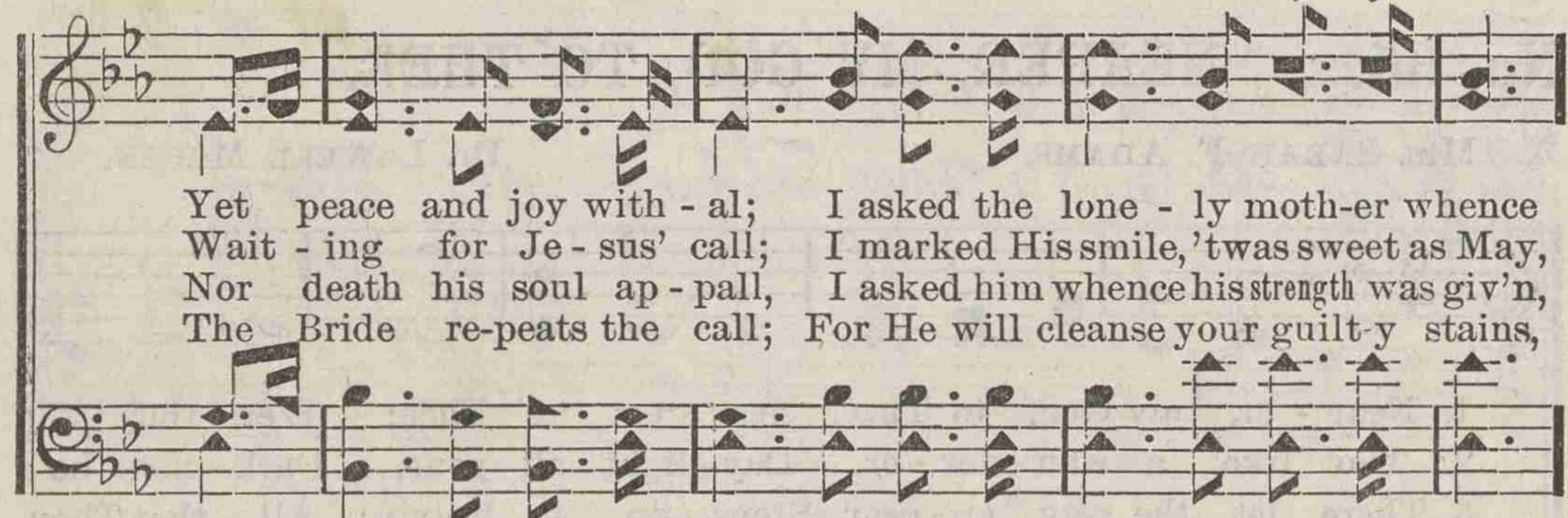
1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'er tho' it
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, Day - light all gone, Dark - ness be
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps up to heav'n; All that Thou
4. Or, if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

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

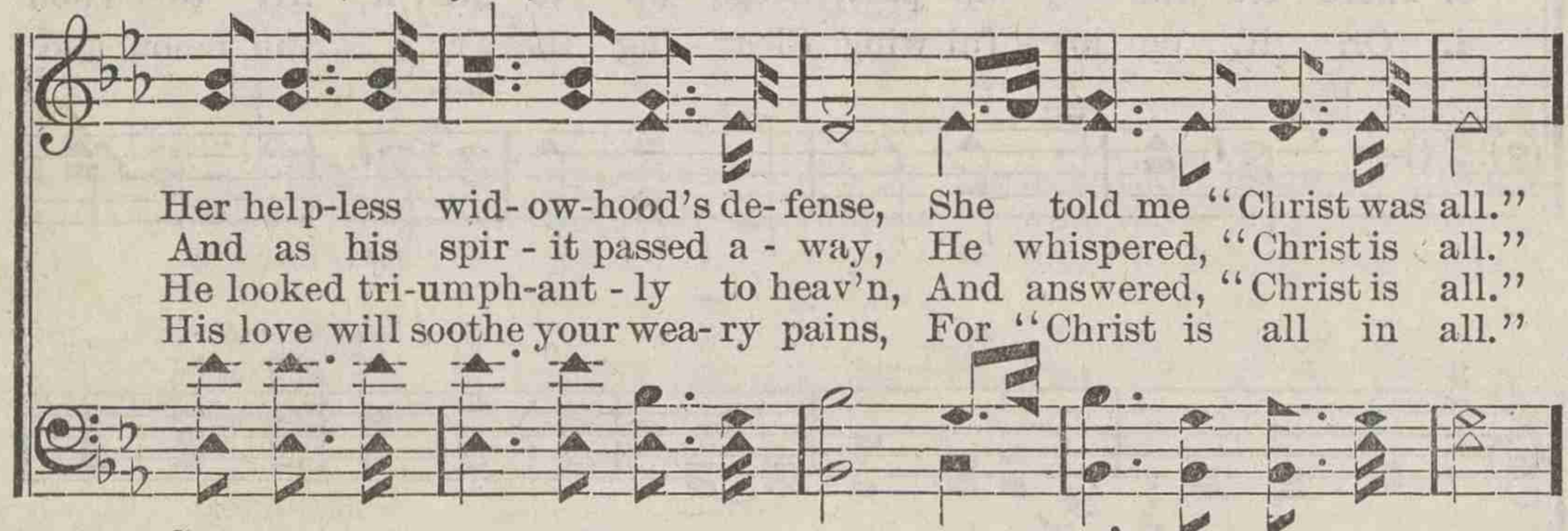
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.



1. I entered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there.
 2. I stood be-side a dy-ing bed, Where lay a child with aching head,
 3. I saw the mar - tyr at the stake, The flames could not his courage shake,
 4. Then come to Christ, oh, come to-day, The Fa-ther, Son, and Spir-it say;



Yet peace and joy with - al; I asked the lone - ly moth-er whence
 Wait - ing for Je - sus' call; I marked His smile, 'twas sweet as May,
 Nor death his soul ap - pall, I asked him whence his strength was giv'n,
 The Bride re-peats the call; For He will cleanse your guilt-y stains,



Her help-less wid-ow-hood's de-fense, She told me "Christ was all."
 And as his spir - it passed a - way, He whispered, "Christ is all."
 He looked tri-umph-ant - ly to heav'n, And answered, "Christ is all."
 His love will soothe your wea-ry pains, For "Christ is all in all."

CHORUS.



Christ is all, all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all;



Christ is all, all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all.

By per. H. S. Gordon.

No. 67.

FISHERS OF MEN.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



1. Why stand ye i - dle on the shores of life's o - cean, When be - fore you the
2. Feel now the thrill of the command He has giv - en. Launch ye forth at the
3. Why stand ye i - dle, looking down at life's pebbles? Lift your eyes to the



deep sea is spread? A - rouse you! He who can rule the waves and
bid - ding of Christ; Oh, has - ten! Yours is a serv - ice that shall
great track - less main; Be read - y! Prompt, loy - al serv - ice ev - 'ry



D. S.—Cast in your nets, no lon - ger

FINE.



still their commotion, Has ap - point - ed you fish - ers of men.
bring souls to heav - en, Do not wait, but be fish - ers of men.
joy of life tre - bles, Go ye forth and be fish - ers of men.
wise fish - ers of men.

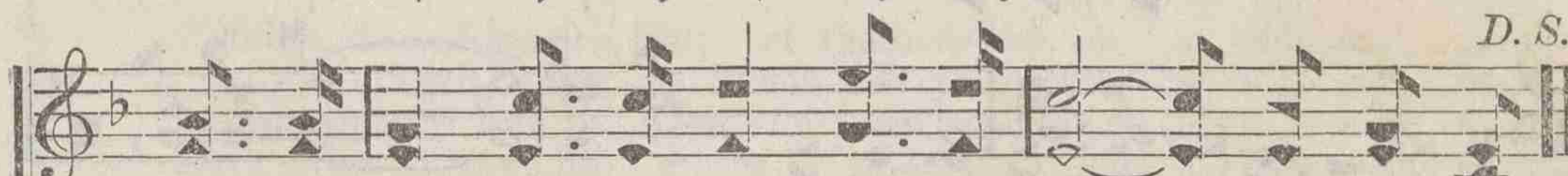


stand i - dly dreaming, Go ye forth and be fish - ers of men.

CHORUS.



Launch you forth on the deep, be wise fish - ers of men,



There are souls you can bring to the Lord; Oh, has - ten!



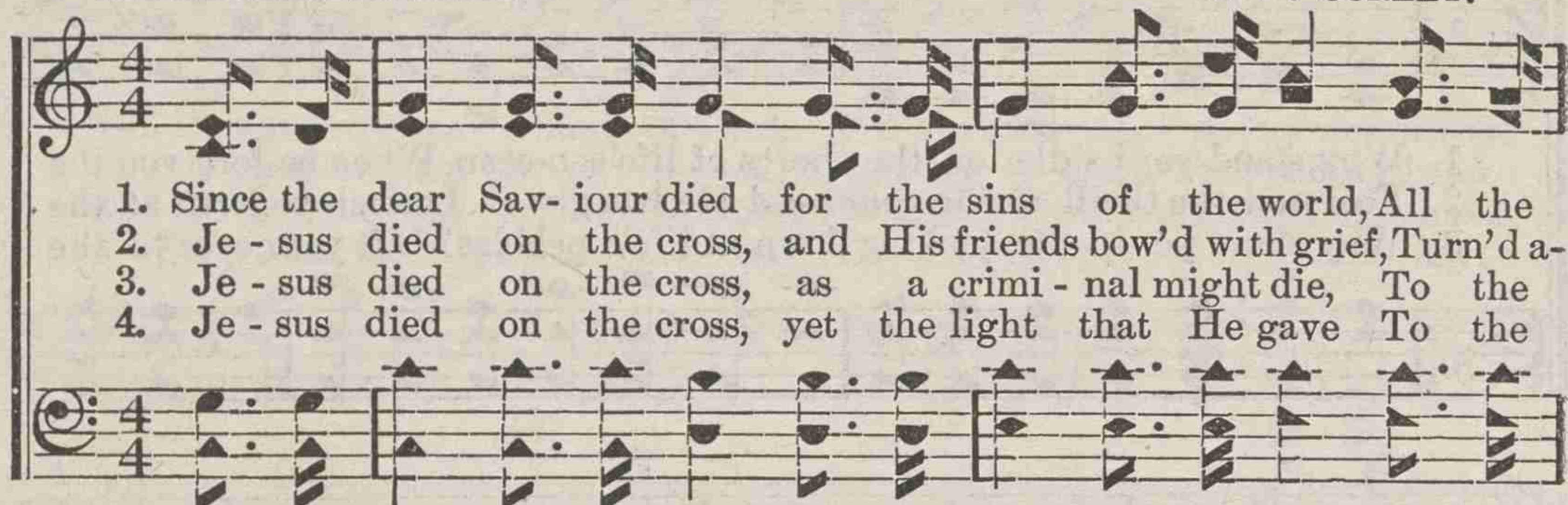
Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 68.

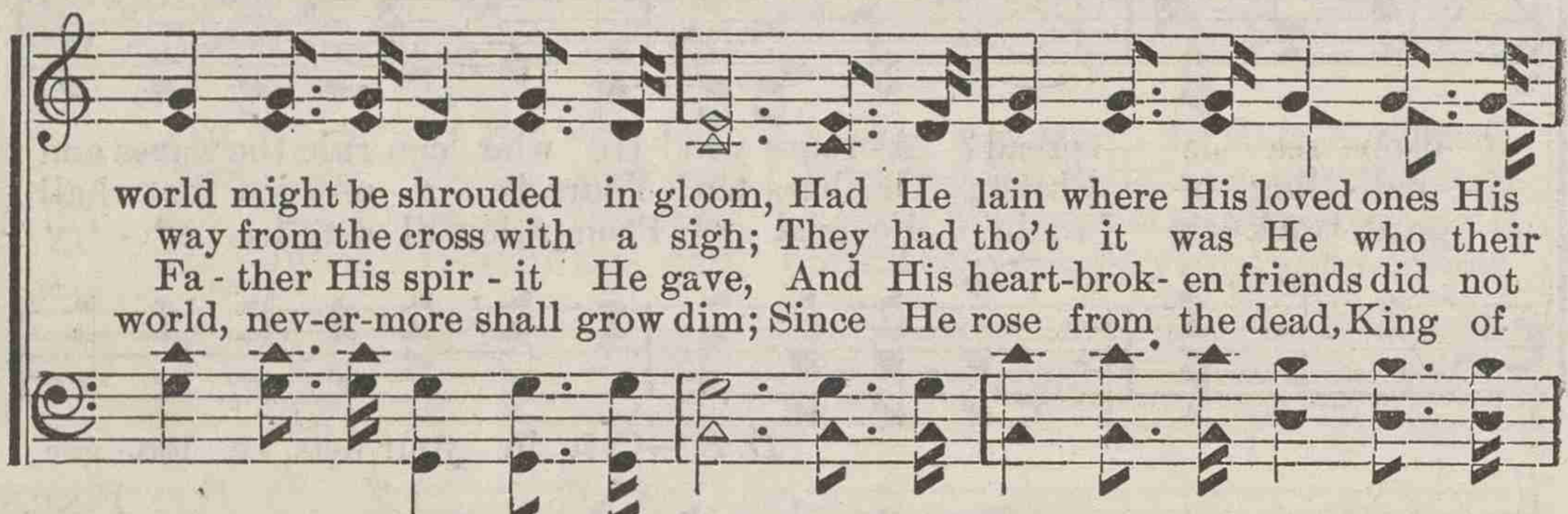
JESUS LIVES.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

B. P. CORLEY.



1. Since the dear Sav- iour died for the sins of the world, All the
 2. Je - sus died on the cross, and His friends bow'd with grief, Turn'd a-
 3. Je - sus died on the cross, as a crimi - nal might die, To the
 4. Je - sus died on the cross, yet the light that He gave To the



world might be shrouded in gloom, Had He lain where His loved ones His
 way from the cross with a sigh; They had tho't it was He who their
 Fa - ther His spir - it He gave, And His heart-brok - en friends did not
 world, nev - er - more shall grow dim; Since He rose from the dead, King of



form gen - tly placed, In the si - lent con - fines of the tomb.
 land could re - deem, They knew not that their King had to die.
 know that their God Would not leave His dear Son in the grave.
 life, men may know They may live by a - bid - ing in Him.

CHORUS.



Je - sus lives, He reigns a - bove, Je - sus
 Je - sus lives, Je - sus lives,



lives, Je - sus lives, Je - sus lives no more to
 clothed in light, crowned with love, Je - sus lives

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

JESUS LIVES.—Concluded.

die, Je - sus lives, He is reign - ing for - ev - er on high.

No. 69.

ABIDE WITH ME.

"Abide with us, for it is toward evening."—Luke 24: 29.

H. F. LYTE, 1847.

WM. H. MONK, 1761.

1. A - bid 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 - bid! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way, Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the temp - ter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my
gloom, and point me to the skies, Heav'n's morning breaks and

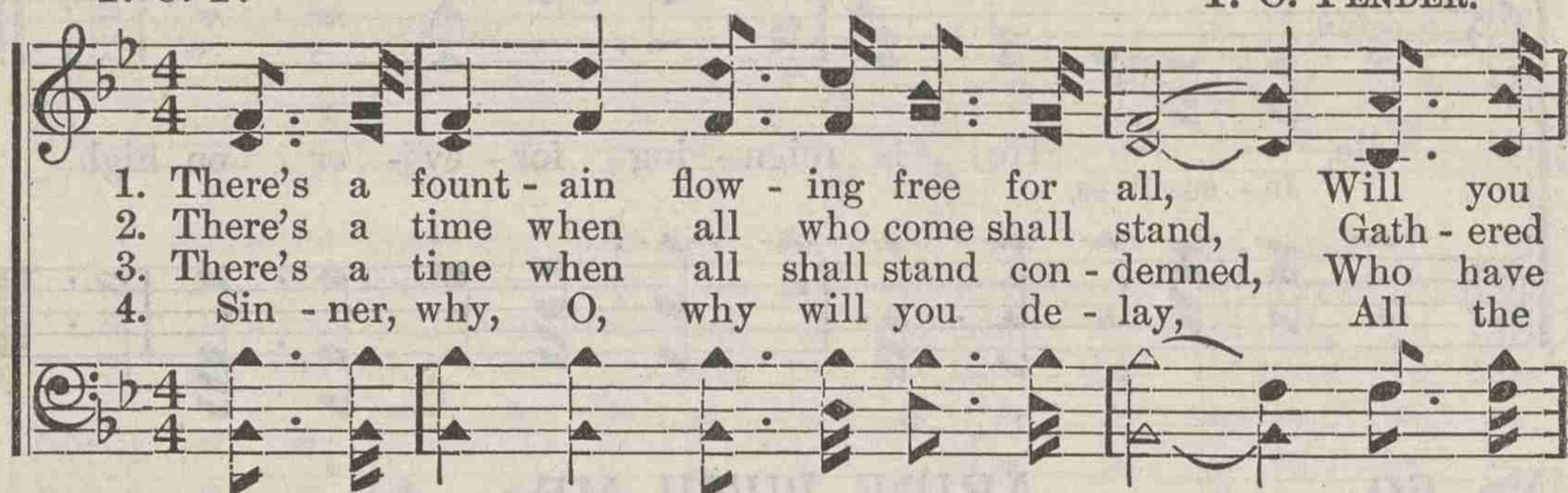
fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help - less, oh, a - bid with me!
all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bid with me!
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bid with me!
earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bid with me!

No. 70.

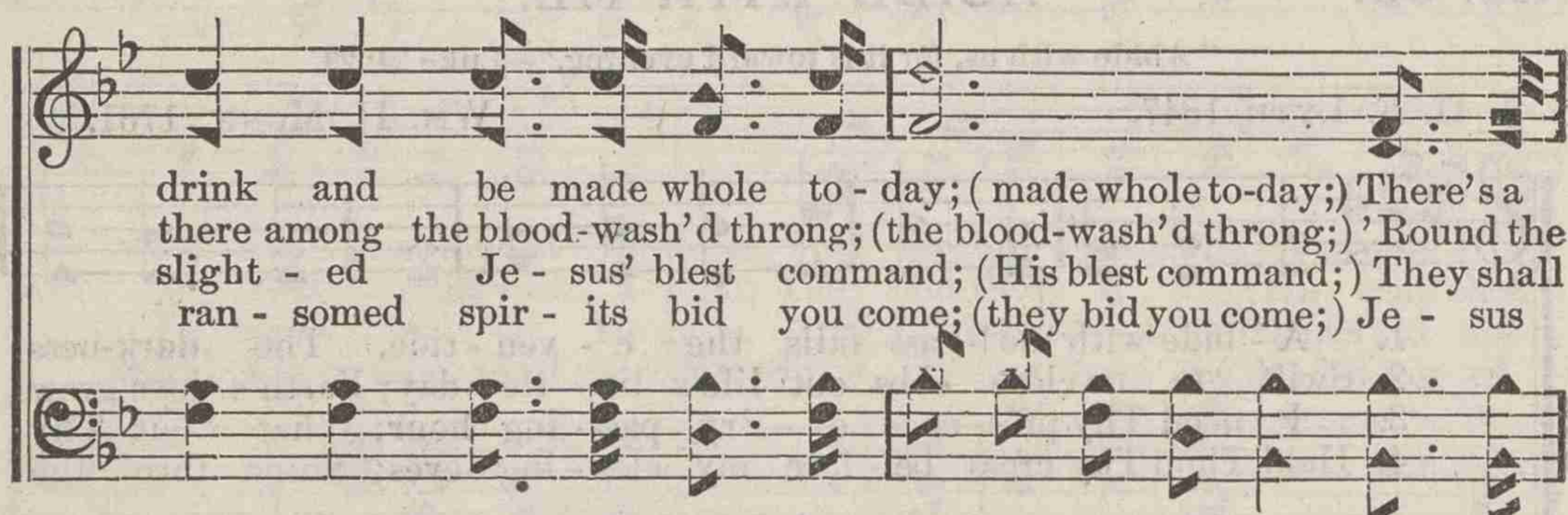
COME TO JESUS NOW.

T. O. P.

T. O. PENDER.



1. There's a fount - ain flow - ing free for all, Will you
 2. There's a time when all who come shall stand, Gath - ered
 3. There's a time when all shall stand con - demned, Who have
 4. Sin - ner, why, O, why will you de - lay, All the



drink and be made whole to - day; (made whole to-day;) There's a
 there among the blood-wash'd throng; (the blood-wash'd throng;) 'Round the
 slight - ed Je - sus' blest command; (His blest command;) They shall
 ran - somed spir - its bid you come; (they bid you come;) Je - sus



ta - ble spread for all who come, Come to Je - sus, come, I pray.
 throne of God, at His right hand, Beck'ning oth - ers to come home.
 hear His words, "Depart ye" then, Sit ye not at my right hand.
 calls you; come then while you may, Come to Je - sus, O, come Home.

CHORUS.



Come to Je - sus now;..... Hear Him sweetly say,
 Come to Je - sus, come to-day, O, hear Him sweet - ly saying "come," then



Sin - ner, O be - lieve me, Come to Je - sus, come to - day.
 sin-ner, O, be - lieve in me, to-day.

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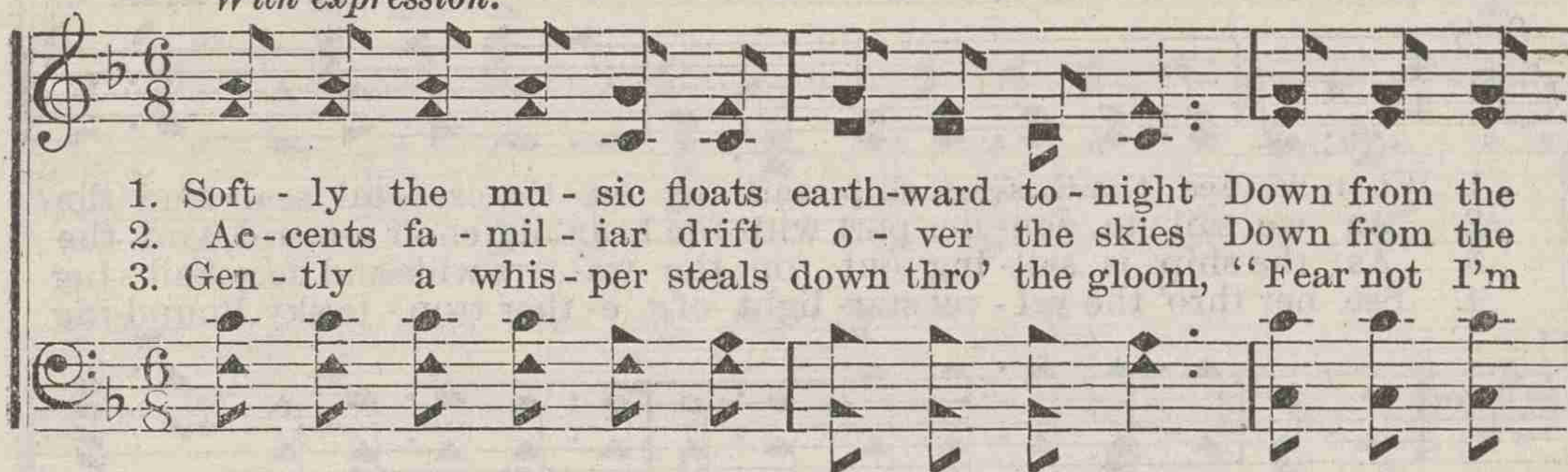
No. 71.

OVER THE STARS.

H. F. P.

H. F. PAGE.

With expression.



1. Soft - ly the mu - sic floats earth-ward to - night Down from the
 2. Ac - cents fa - mil - iar drift o - ver the skies Down from the
 3. Gen - tly a whis - per steals down thro' the gloom, "Fear not I'm



re - gions of end - less de - light— Mu - sic whose con - cord no
 bor - ders of Par - a - dise Bid - ding us come where no
 with thee in death and the tomb, Night shades will van - ish with



dis - son - ance jars— An - gels are call - ing us o - ver the stars.
 grief ev - er mars— Loved ones are call - ing us o - ver the stars.
 morn - ings first bars"— Je - sus is call - ing us o - ver the stars.

CHORUS.



O - ver the stars, o - ver the stars, Angels are calling us o - ver the stars;
 O - ver the stars, o - ver the stars, Loved ones are calling us o - ver the stars;
 O - ver the stars, o - ver the stars, Je - sus is calling us o - ver the stars;



O - ver the stars, o - ver the stars, Angels are calling us o - ver the stars.
 O - ver the stars, o - ver the stars, Loved ones are calling us o - ver the stars.
 O - ver the stars, o - ver the stars, Je - sus is calling us o - ver the stars.

The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners,

No. 72.

THE HAPPY PILGRIM BAND.

T. B. Y.

T. B. YATES.



1. When we see the Gos-pel ship sail-ing on the crys-tal sea, And the
2. As we sail to yon-der port with the heav'nly choir a-board, And the
3. As the ship is sail-ing out on the wa-ters wide and deep, Sail-ing
4. See her thro' the vel-vet star-light of e-ther trop-ic sky, Bound-ing



heav'n-ly host is com-ing from a-far, (from a-far,) See, her
mu-sic ring-ing out up-on the air; (on the air;) As the
o'er the foam-ing bil-lows of the sea; (of the sea;) Tho' we
on for Ca-naan's bright and sunny shore; (sun-ny shore;) While the



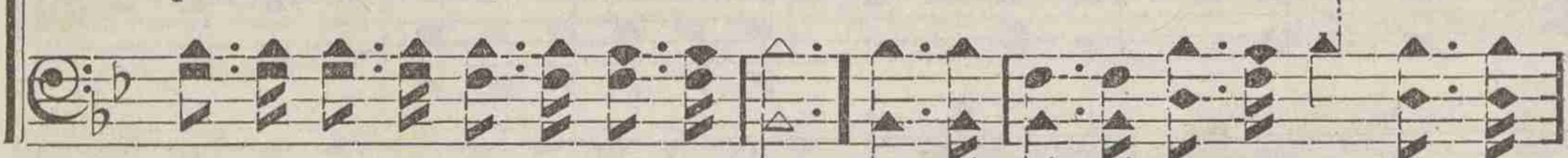
light is shin-ing clear with her col-ors fly-ing bright, Hear the
ship is sail-ing on, heav-en join-ing in the song, While the
fear no dan-ger there, as we glide the wa-ters o'er, Sail-ing
sail-ors sweet-ly sing, and the bells of heav-en ring, Hear the



CHORUS.



welcome call, "Ye blessed, come on board." Come, my brother, let us join in the
chim-ing bells are ringing bright and clear.
on the o-cean to e-ter-ni-ty.
captain shout aloud, "We've landed o'er."



hap-py pilgrim band Sailing o-ver the o-cean so wide;
Hal-le-lu-jah;



THE HAPPY PILGRIM BAND.—Concluded.

Hear the sail - ors sweet - ly sing, And the bells of heav - en ring,

While sail - ing to a home be - yond the tide. (be - yond the tide.)

No. 73. THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.

Mrs. JEMIMA LUKE.

J. C. ENGLEBRECHT.

1. I think when I read that sweet story of old, When Jesus was here among men,
 2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That His arms had been thrown around me,
 3. Yet still to His foot-stool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share of His love;

How He call'd little children like lambs to His fold; I should like to have been with them then.
 And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the little ones come unto Me."
 And if I now earnestly seek Him below, I shall see Him and hear Him above.

D.S.—How He call'd little children like lambs to His fold; I should like to have been with them then.
 And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the little ones come unto me."
 And if I now earnestly seek Him below, I shall see Him and hear Him above.

REFRAIN. *D.S.*

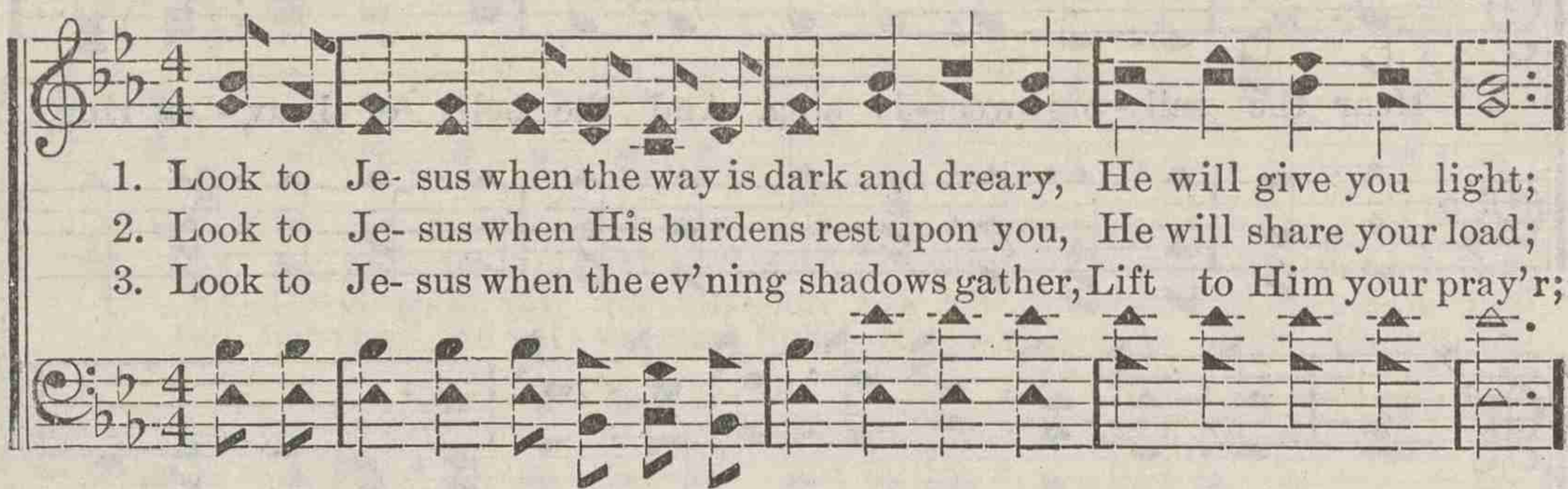
I should like to have been with them then, I should like to have been with them then;
 "Let the lit - tle ones come unto Me, Let the lit - tle ones come unto Me;"
 I shall see Him and hear Him above, I shall see Him and hear Him above;

No. 74.

LOOK TO JESUS.

GEO. P. HOTT.

JAMES B. PARKER.

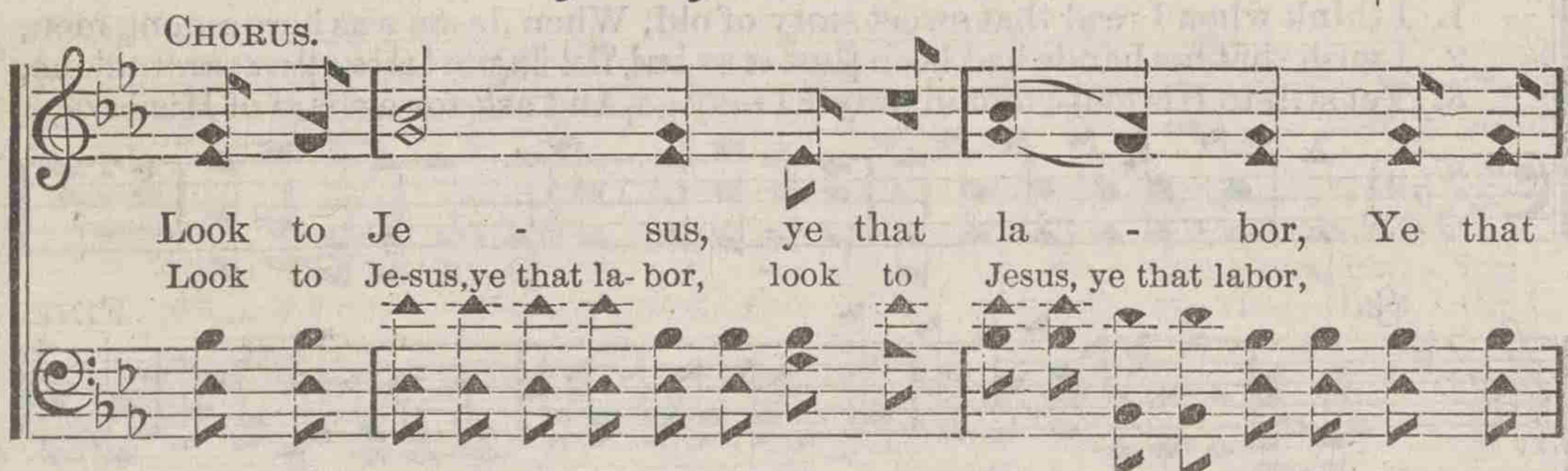


1. Look to Je- sus when the way is dark and dreary, He will give you light;
 2. Look to Je- sus when His burdens rest upon you, He will share your load;
 3. Look to Je- sus when the ev'ning shadows gather, Lift to Him your pray'r;

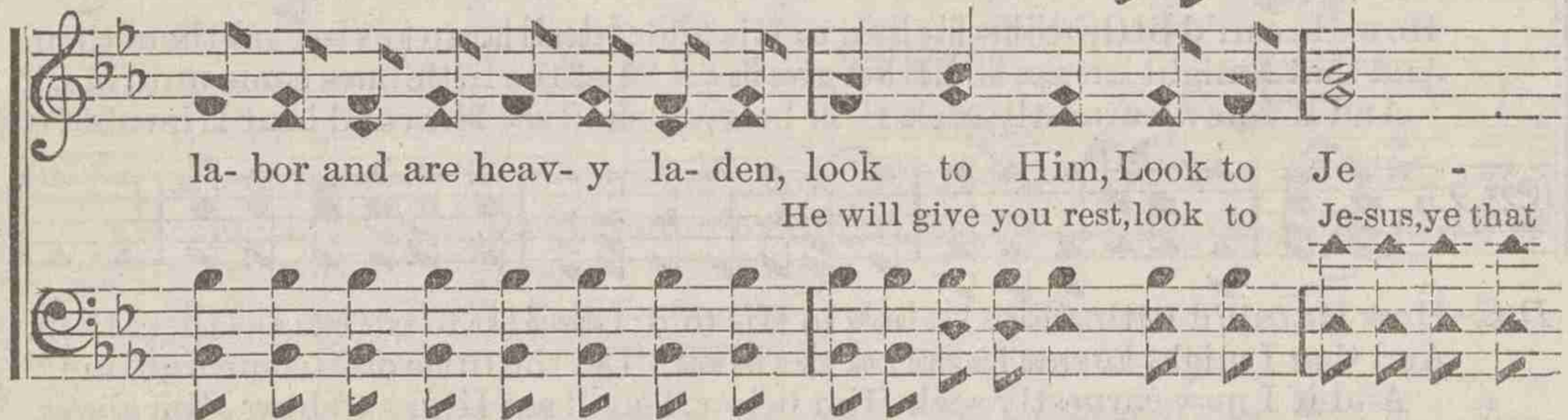


Look to Je- sus when your feet are worn and weary, He will lead a- right.
 Look to Him who says: "Lo, I am always with you," All a - long the road.
 Look to Him whose promise is: "I'll never leave thee," Cast on Him your care.

CHORUS.



Look to Je - sus, ye that la - bor, Ye that
 Look to Je-sus, ye that la- bor, look to Jesus, ye that labor,



la- bor and are heav- y la- den, look to Him, Look to Je -
 He will give you rest, look to Je-sus, ye that



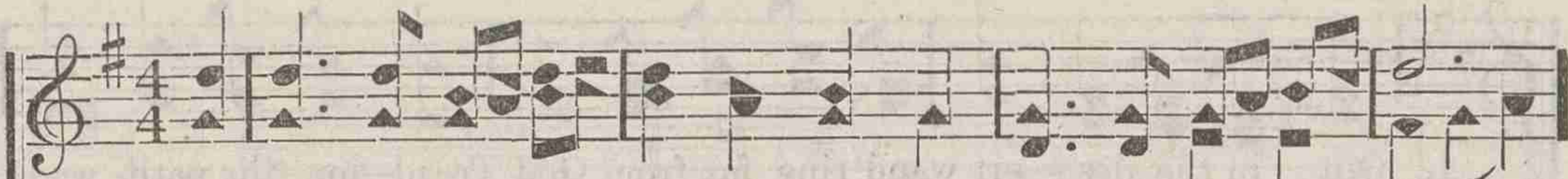
sus, ye that la - bor, Look to Je- sus, He will give you rest.
 la-bor, look to Jesus, ye that labor,

Copyright, 1910, by James B. Parker.

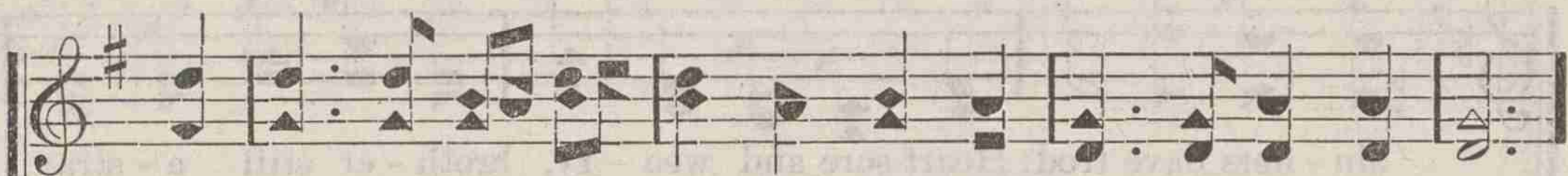
No. 75. SINCE I HAVE BEEN REDEEMED.

NEWTON, arr.

WILL H. RUEBUSH.



1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds, Since I have been re - deemed;
 2. It makes my wounded spir - it whole, Since I have been re - deemed;
 3. Je-sus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend, Since I have been re - deemed;

It soothes my sor - rows, heals my wounds, Since I have been re-deemed.
 'Tis man - na to my hun - gry soul, Since I have been re-deemed.
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Since I have been re deemed.



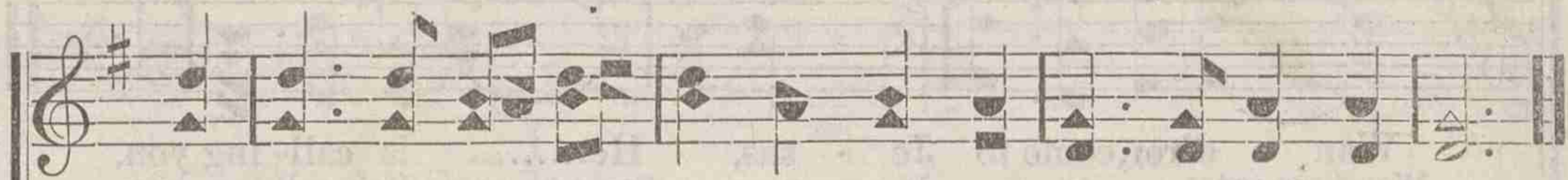
CHORUS.



I'm re - deemed, I'm re - deemed,
 Hal - le - lu - jah, I'm re-deemed, Hal - le - lu - jah, I'm redeemed,




Hal - le - lu - jah, I'm re-deemed, I'm re-deemed,
 I'm re-deemed,

How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds, Since I have been redeemed.



No. 76. COME, OH, COME TO JESUS.

GEO. P. HOTT.

WALTER THOMAS.



1. Out in the des - ert wand'ring far from God, Tread - ing the path - way
 2. What so al - lur - ing, to thy wayward feet? What so as - sur - ing?
 3. Je - sus in - vites you, Mer - cy calls to - day, This is the mes - sage,



sin - ners have trod; Heart - sore and wea - ry, broth - er still a - stray,
 life's in - com - plete? Ban - ish the tempt - er, break each bar - rier down,
 make no de - lay; Hast - en to Je - sus, ev - 'ry ef - fort bend,

CHORUS.



Why hur - ry on - ward in the downward way.
 Je - sus is near thee, make Him now thine own. } Come,..... oh, come to
 He is your ref - uge, He's the sinner's friend. } Come, oh, come oh,



Je - sus, Come,..... oh, come to Je - sus,
 come to Je - sus, Come, oh, come, oh, come just now,



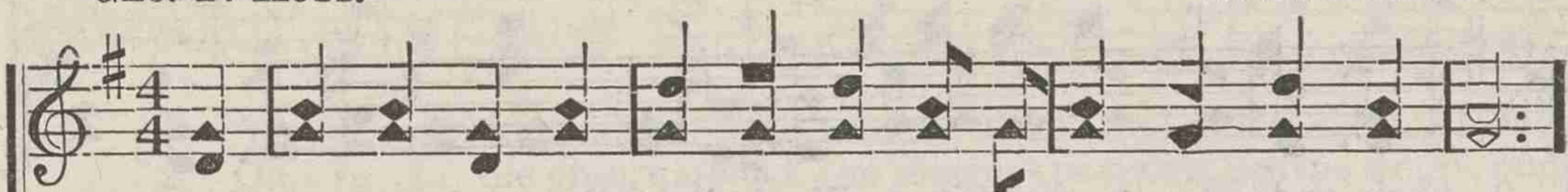
Wan - d'r'er, come to Je - sus, He..... is call - ing you.
 Wand'r'er, come to Je - sus now, Come, oh, come, He's call - ing you.

No. 77.

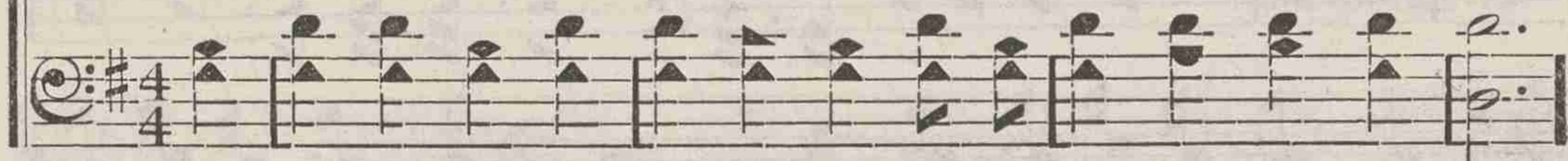
PRAISE THE LORD.

GEO. P. HOTT.

A. E. JULIAN.



1. There is no name in earth or Heaven, So won - der - ful - ly sweet;
2. Lift up your hearts, lift up your voices, And join in glad ac - claim;
3. We soon shall join the heav'nly cho - rus, And sing a - round the throne;



As Je - sus, to the Sav-iour giv - en, To make our joy com-plete.
While earth and sea and heav'n re-joic - es, In 'hon - or to His name.
Sweet praise to Him who reign-eth o'er us, Who brought us safe-ly home.



CHORUS.



Praise the Lord and mag - ni - fy His name,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,



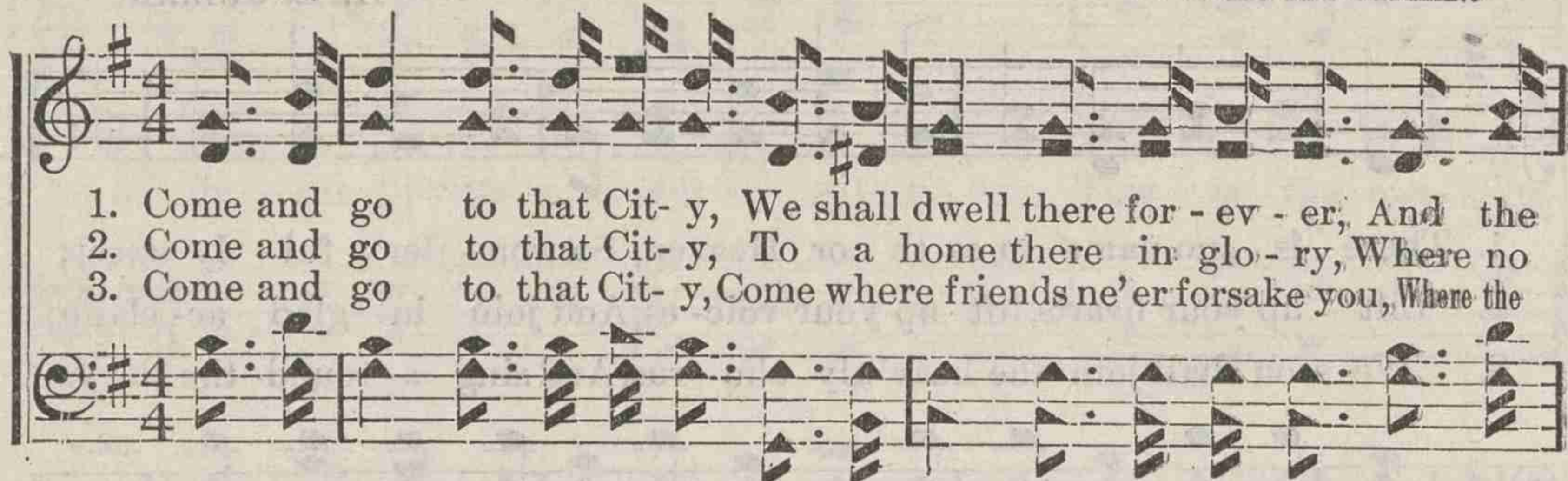
Praise the Lord and mag - ni - fy His name.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,



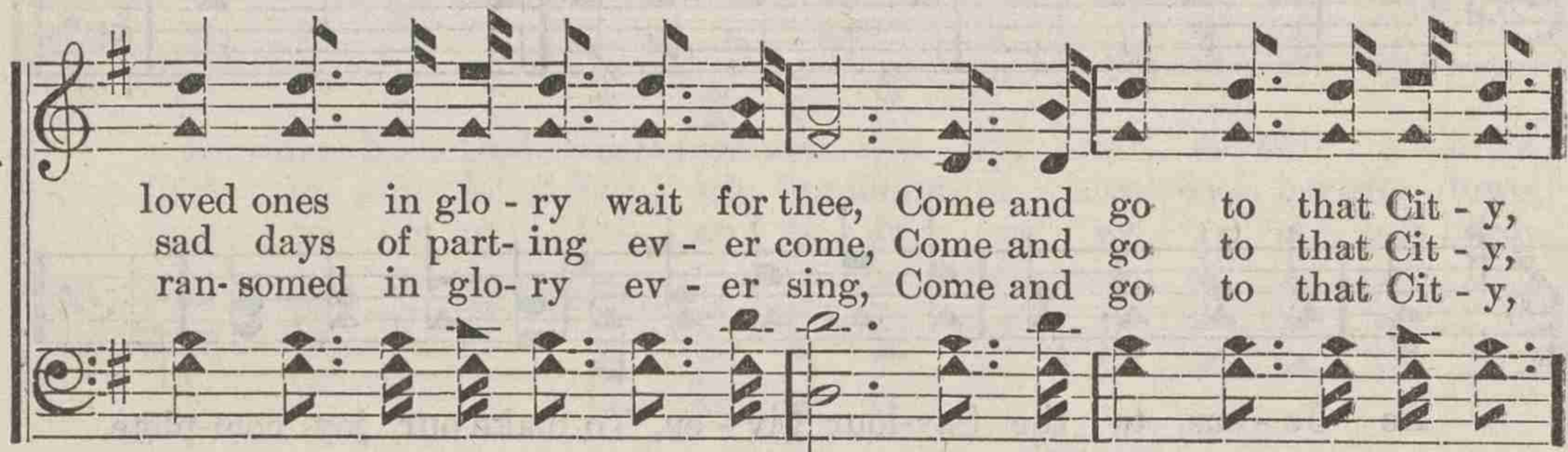
No. 78. COME, AND GO TO THAT CITY.

Words arranged and "Refrain" by J. C. L.
"Theme" by W. H. RUEBUSH.

J. C. LENDERMAN.



1. Come and go to that Cit-y, We shall dwell there for - ev - er, And the
2. Come and go to that Cit-y, To a home there in glo - ry, Where no
3. Come and go to that Cit-y, Come where friends ne'er forsake you, Where the



loved ones in glo - ry wait for thee, Come and go to that Cit - y,
sad days of part-ing ev - er come, Come and go to that Cit - y,
ran-somed in glo-ry ev - er sing, Come and go to that Cit - y,



There'll be part-ing, no, nev-er, And the King in His beauty you shall see.
Where we'll sing that sweet story, With the loved ones for-ev-er be at home.
Where no sor-rows o'ertake you, Where the sweet halle-lu-jahs ev - er ring.

D.S.—Come and go to that Cit-y o - ver there.



REFRAIN.
Come and go to that Cit-y, Come and go to that Cit-y, Come and go to those



D.S.
mansions bright and'fair, We shall sing that sweet story, Be with loved ones in glory.

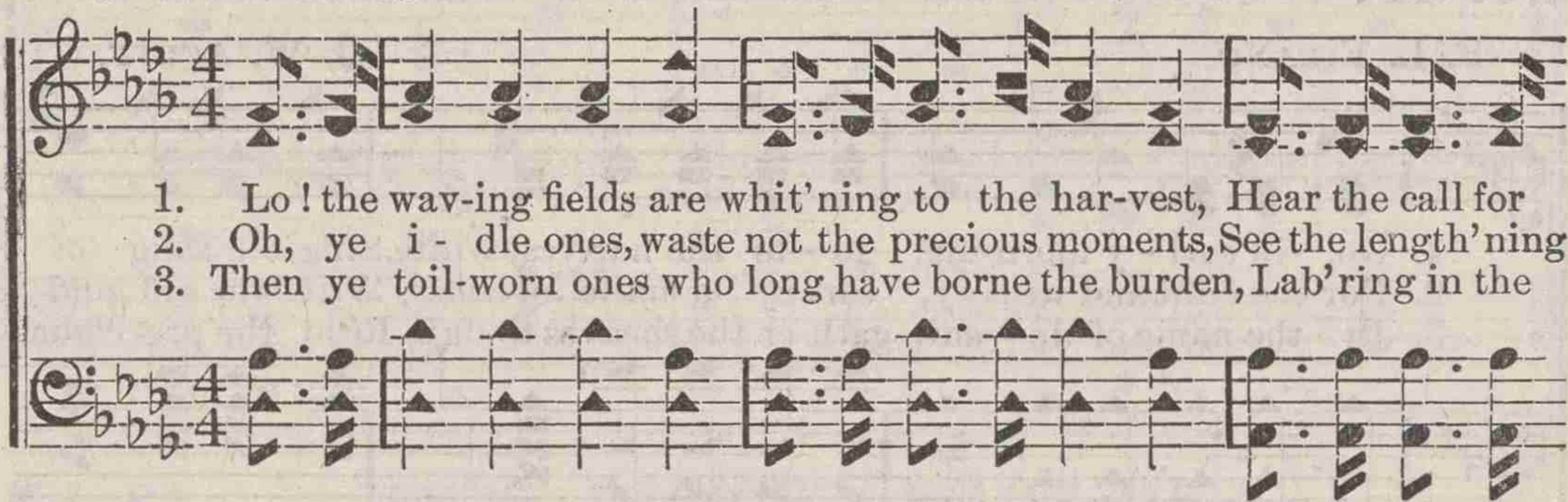
J. C. Lenderman, and W. H. Ruebush, owners.

No. 79.

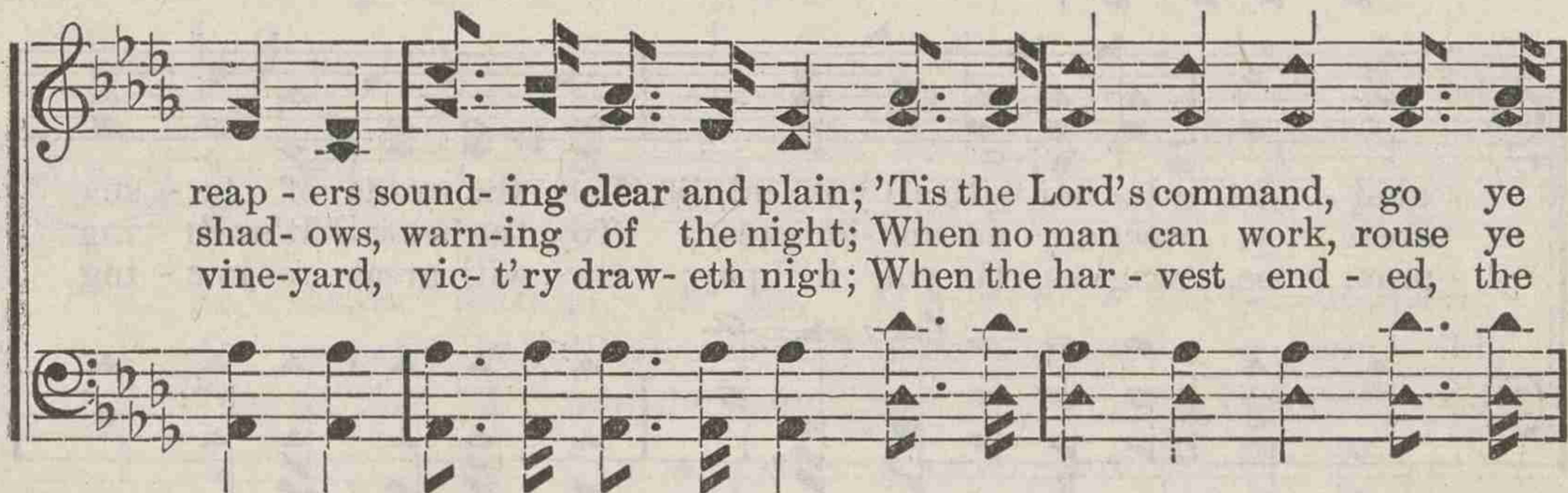
THE CALL TO SERVICE.

G. A. BLEWSTER.

J. E. HUDSON.



1. Lo! the wav-ing fields are whit'ning to the har-vest, Hear the call for
 2. Oh, ye i - dle ones, waste not the precious moments, See the length'ning
 3. Then ye toil-worn ones who long have borne the burden, Lab'ring in the



reap - ers sound-ing clear and plain; 'Tis the Lord's command, go ye
 shad-ows, warn-ing of the night; When no man can work, rouse ye
 vine-yard, vic-t'ry draw-eth nigh; When the har-vest end-ed, the

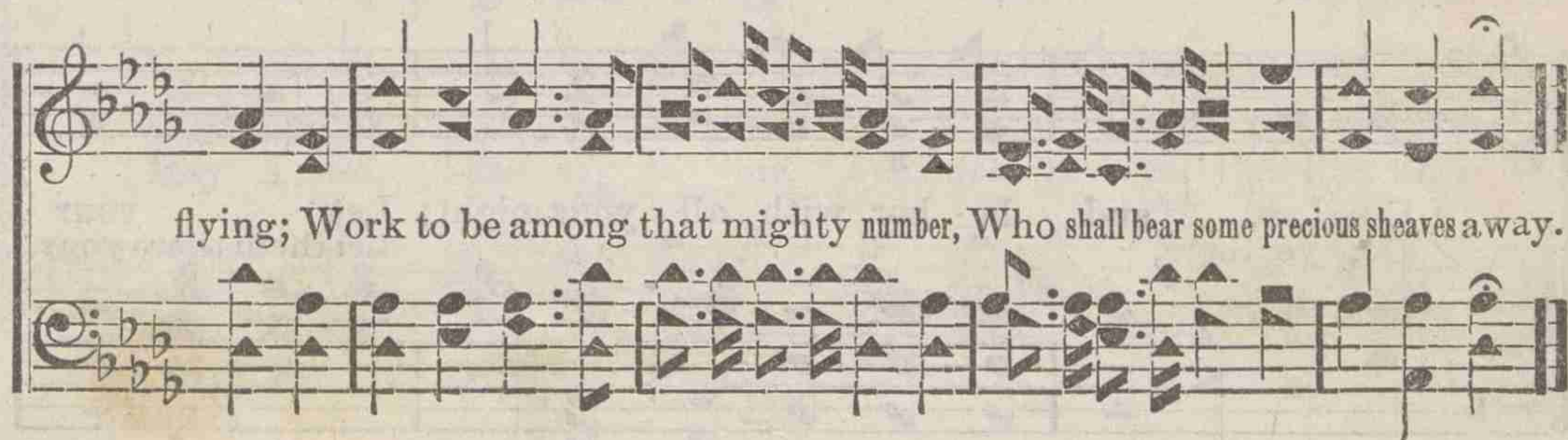


forth and la - bor, For the ev-'ning com-eth, save the gol - den grain.
 then from slum-ber, 'Tis the Mas - ter call-ing, go forth in His might.
 sheaves all garnered, Rest sweet rest, a- waits you in your home on high.

CHORUS.



Wake, awake, arouse ye from your slumber, 'Round thee men are dying, see the time is



flying; Work to be among that mighty number, Who shall bear some precious sheaves away.

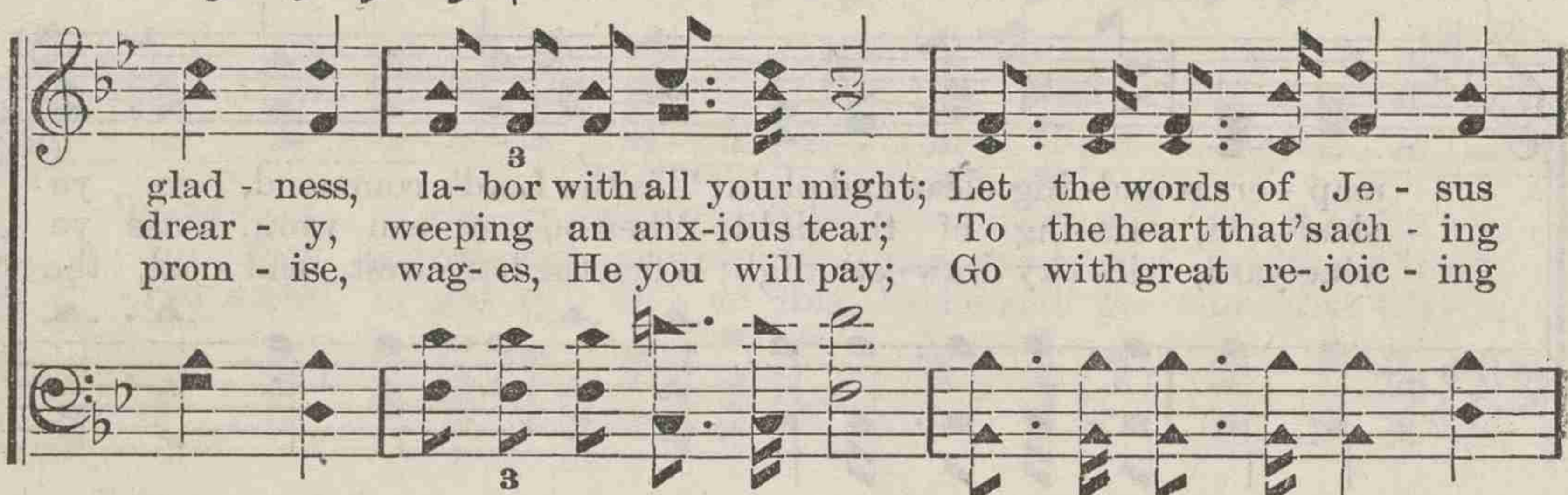
No. 80. BEAUTIFUL GLEANINGS BRING.

F. L. EILAND.

J. W. ACUFF.



1. Go, in earl - y morn - ing, in - to the har - vest white, Sing a song of
 2. For the faint and wea - ry, car - ry a smile of cheer, With the sad and
 3. In the name of Je - sus, gath - er the sheaves to - day, Read the pre - cious



glad - ness, la - bor with all your might; Let the words of Je - sus
 drear - y, weeping an anx - ious tear; To the heart that's ach - ing
 prom - ise, wag - es, He you will pay; Go with great re - joic - ing

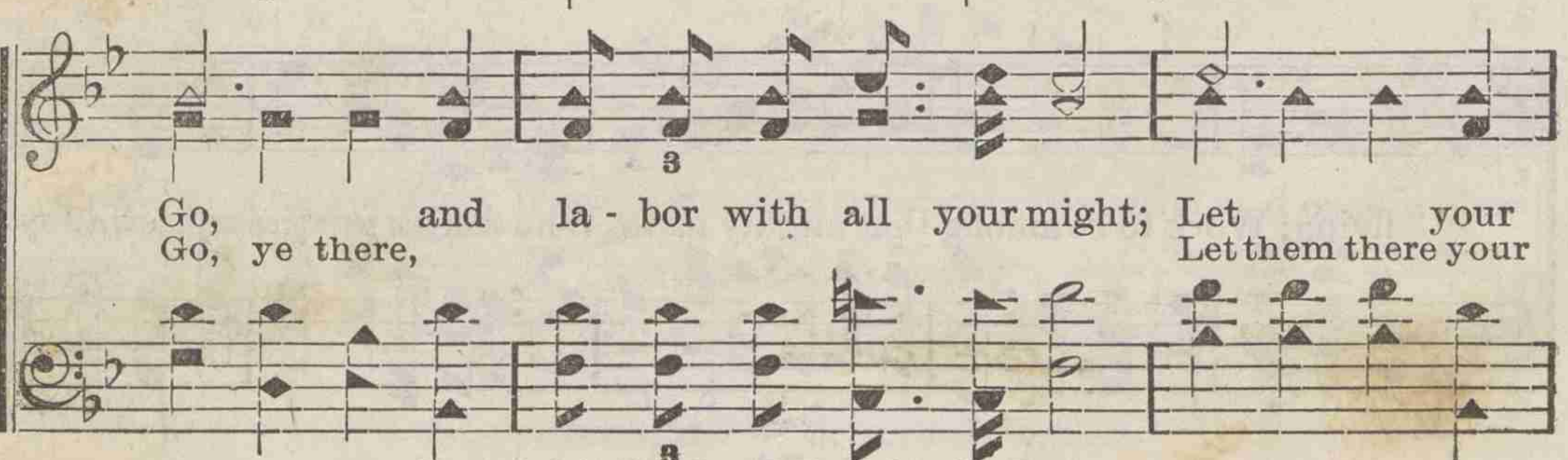


o - ver the na - tion ring, With the com - ing eve - ning,
 un - der a load of care, Lend a hand of com - fort,
 glean - ing from fields of sin, Thrust thy glow - ing sick - le,

CHORUS.



beau - ti - ful gleanings bring. } See the beau - ti - ful har - vest white!
 cov - er its ail - ing there. }
 bringing the har - vest in. } See you there,

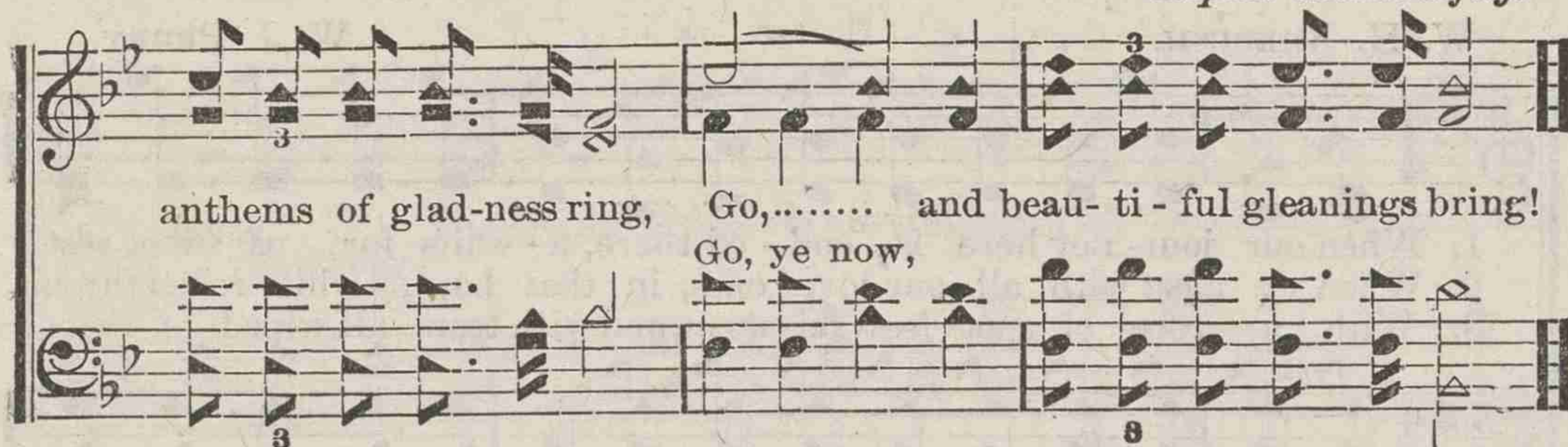


Go, and la - bor with all your might; Let your
 Go, ye there, Let them there your

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BEAUTIFUL GLEANINGS BRING.—Concluded.

Repeat Chorus softly.

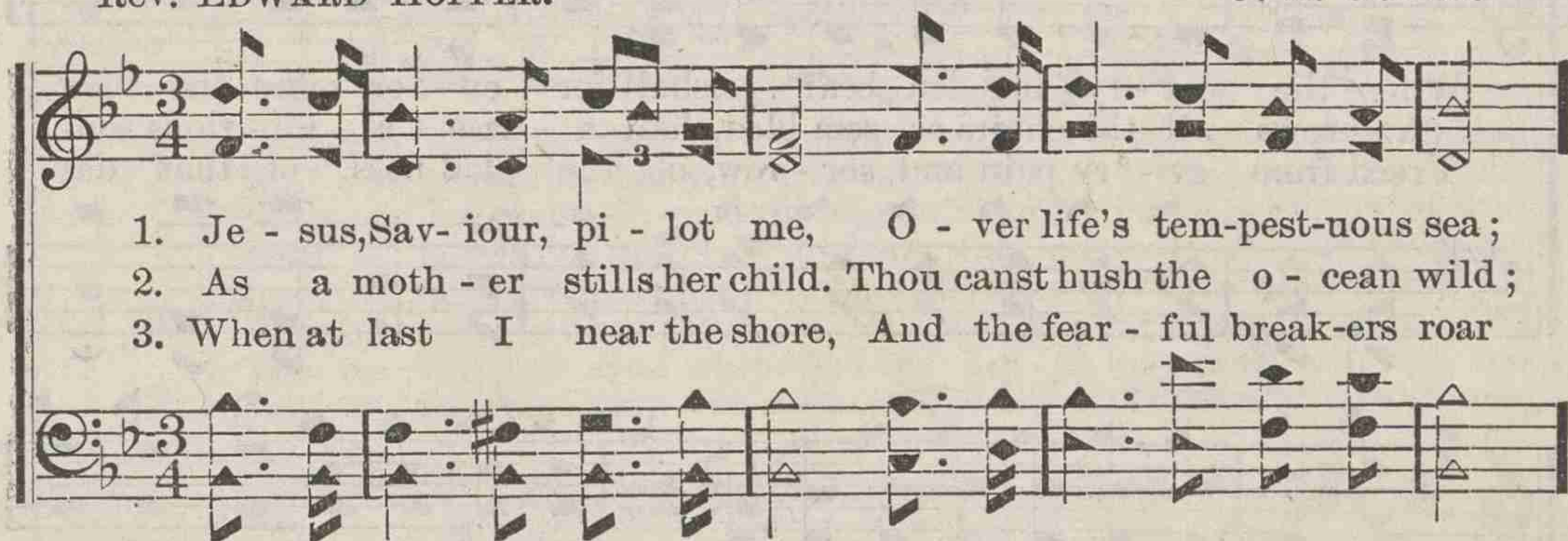


anthems of glad-ness ring, Go,..... and beau-ti-ful gleanings bring!
Go, ye now,

No. 81. JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.



1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-u-ous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child. Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar



Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,

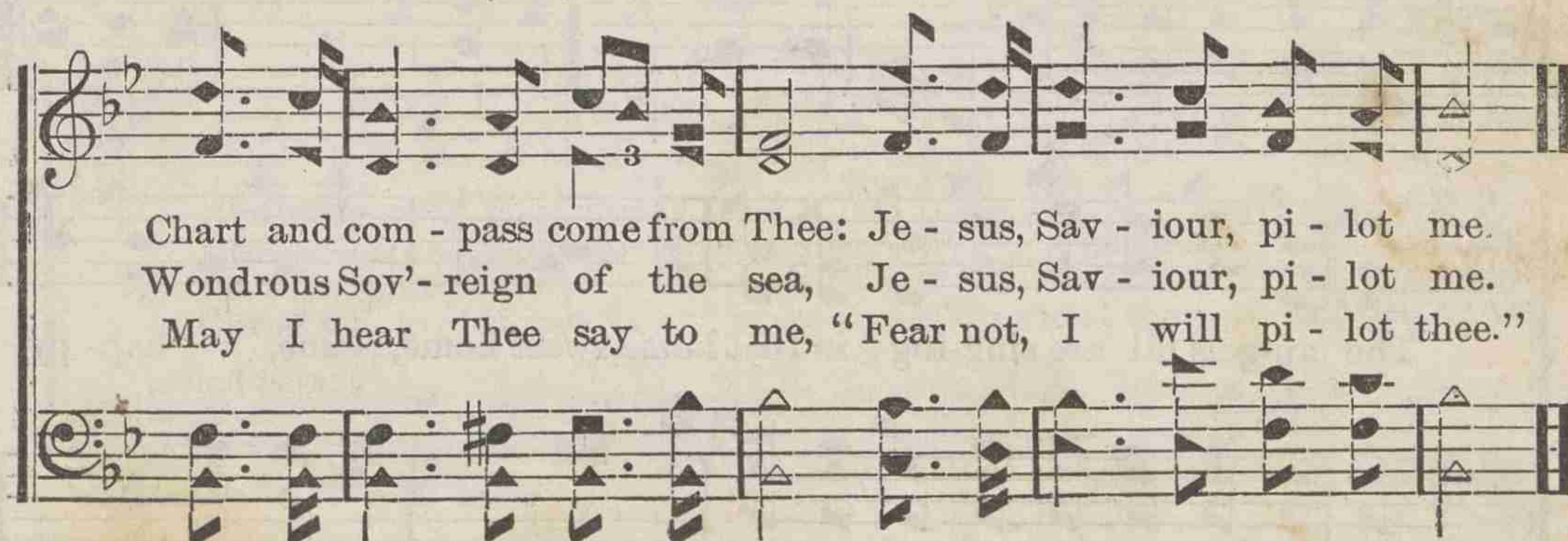


Chart and com - pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Wondrous Sov'-reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

No. 82.

THAT HOME SWEET HOME.

W. H. RUEBUSH.

W. J. PERRY.



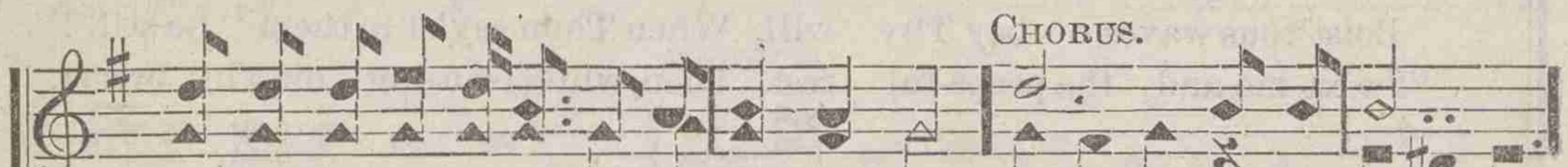
1. When our jour-ney here is end-ed, there a-waits for us sweet rest,
 2. When we meet with all our loved ones, in that hap-py white-robed throng,
 3. With a robe of spot-less rai-ment, and with tears all wiped a-way,




Where the wea-ry bur-den bear-er, shall for-ev-er-more be blest,
 And from all the choirs as-sem-bled, shall a-rise a glo-rious song,
 Freed from ev-'ry pain and sor-row, oh, the glad-ness of that day,




Where no heart is sad and lone-ly, and no tears are ev-er known, For they
 What a sound of ju-bi-la-tion, that shall ech-o thro' the dome, For they
 We will tell His praise and glory, nev-er from His presence roam, For we

CHORUS.

evermore are singing in that home, sweet home.
 evermore are singing in that home, sweet home.
 all will dwell forever in that home, sweet home.

Home, hap-py home,
 sweet home, sweet home,




The an-gels all are sing-ing in that home, sweet home, Home, hap-py
 sweet home,



THAT HOME, SWEET HOME.—Concluded.

home, The courts of heav'n are singing with that home, sweet home.
sweet home,

No. 83.

LORD, REVIVE US.

Arr. by MCD. WEAMS.

1. { Breth-ren, we have met to worship, And a-dore the Lord our God; }
 { Will you pray with all your pow-er, While we try to preach the word? }
 2. { Breth-ren, see poor sin-ners round you, Slumb'ring on the brink of woe! }
 { Death is com-ing, hell is moving, Can you bear to let them go? }
 3. { Breth-ren, here are poor back-sliders, Who were once near heaven's door; }
 { But they have betrayed their Saviour, And are worse than e'er be-fore; }
 4. { Let us love our God su-preme-ly, Let us love each oth-er, too; }
 { Let us love and pray for sinners, Till our God makes all things new; }

All is vain un-less the Spir-it Of the Sav-iour doth a-bound;
 See our fath-ers, moth-ers, children, For e-ter-nal dark-ness bound;
 Yet the Sav-iour of-fers par-don, If they will la-ment their wound;
 Then He'll call us home to heav-en, At His ta-ble we'll be found;

CHO.—Lord, re-vive us, Oh, re-vive us, All our help must come from Thee;

D.S. Chorus.
 Breth-ren, pray, and ho-ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
 Breth-ren, pray, and ho-ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
 Breth-ren, pray, and ho-ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
 Christ will gird Him-self and serve us, With sweet manna all a-round.

Lord, re-vive us, now re-vive us, All our help must come from Thee.

No. 84. WHO WILL GREET ME FIRST IN HEAVEN?

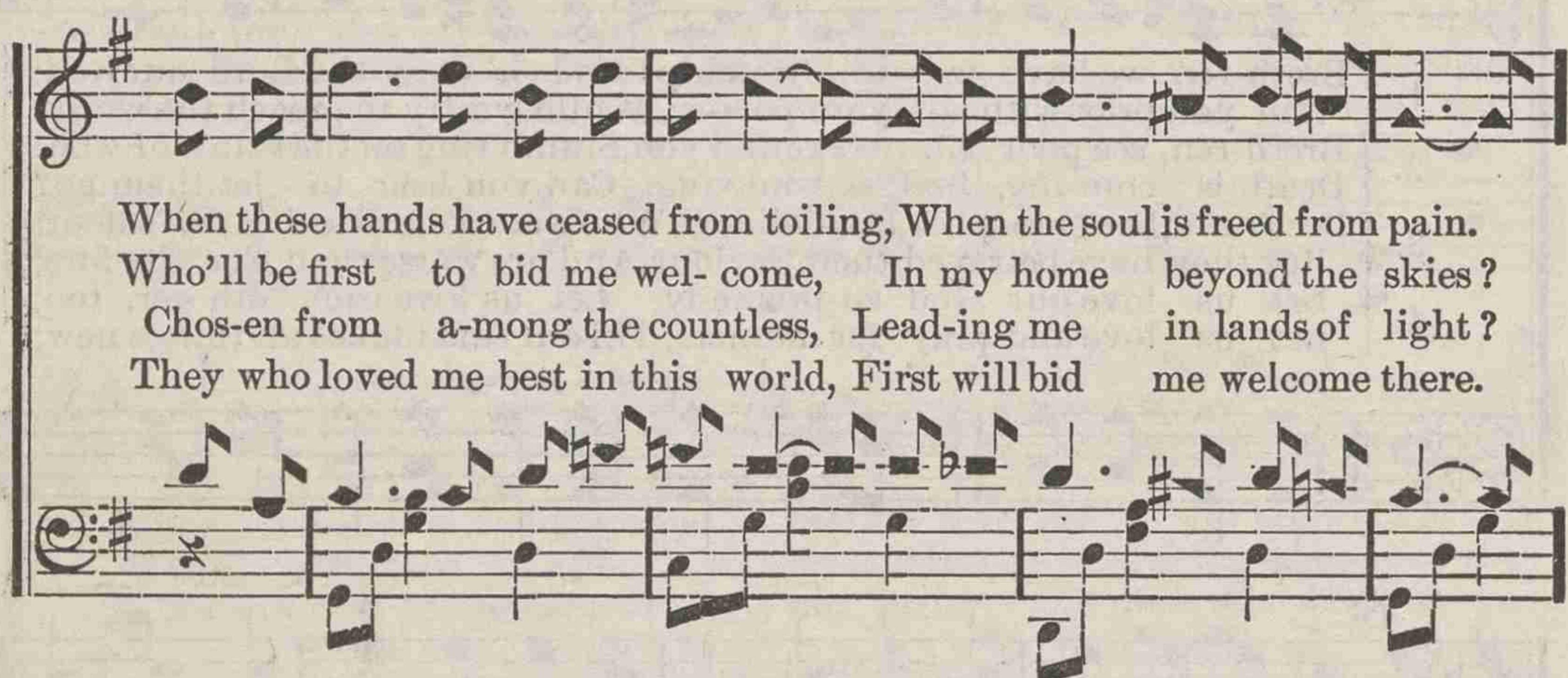
Miss MOLLIE VIQUESNEY.

GEO. LASSITER.

DUET FOR SOP. AND TENOR.

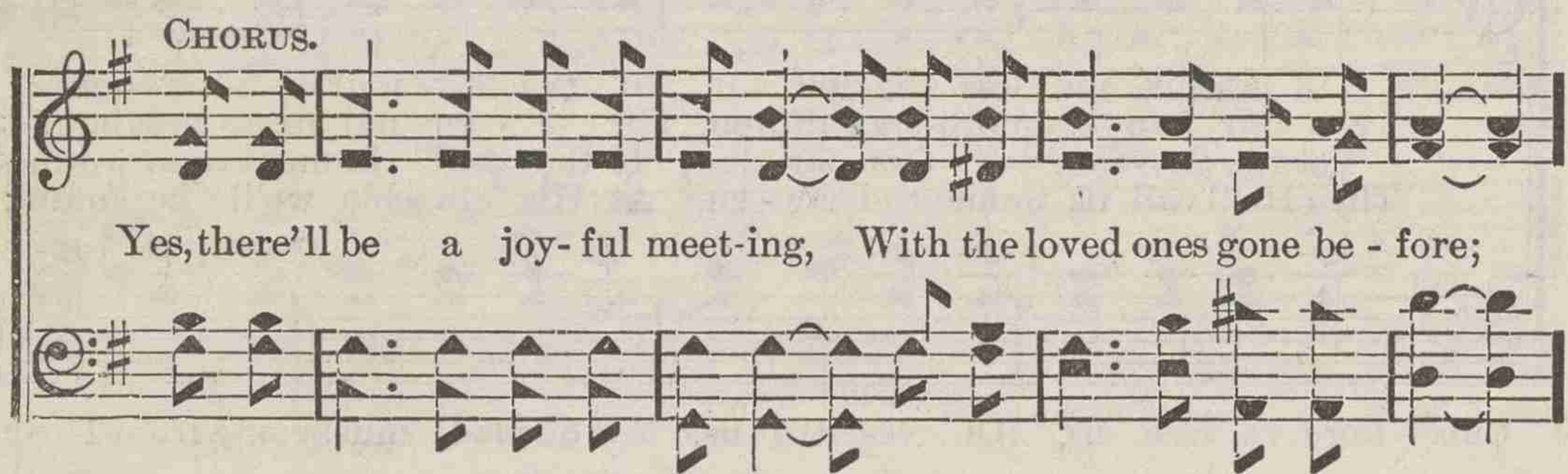


1. Who will greet me first in heav-en, When that bliss-ful realm I gain?
2. Who will greet me first in glo-ry, Oft the earnest thought will rise!
3. Who will be my heav'nly men-tor, Will it be some an-gel bright?
4. Oh! the loved ones wait my coming; In that land so bright and fair;

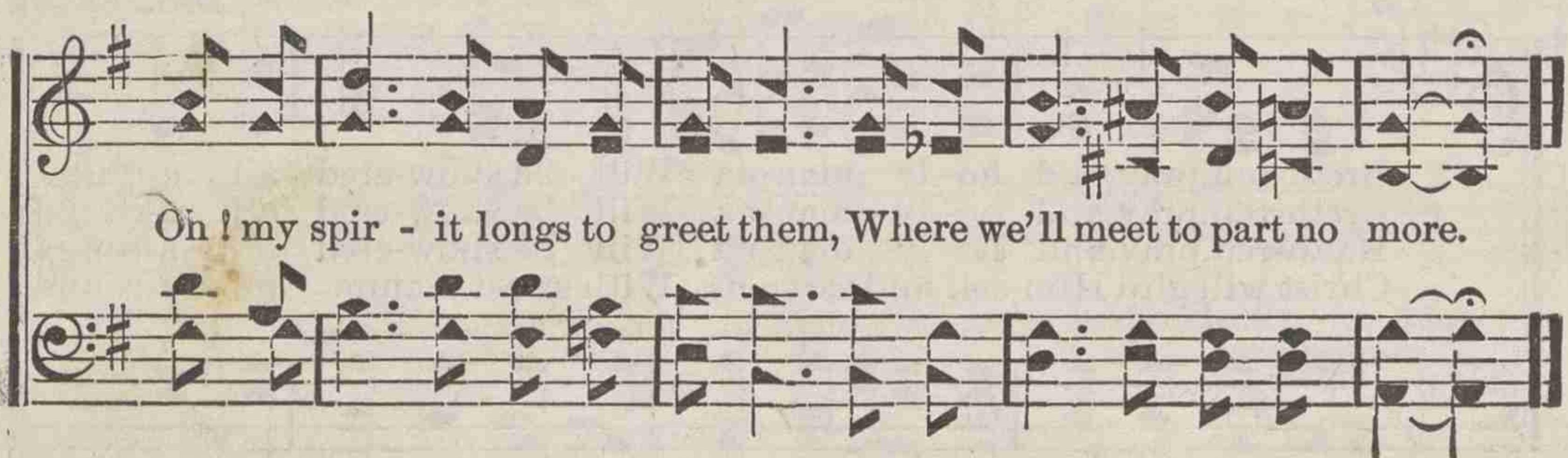


When these hands have ceased from toiling, When the soul is freed from pain.
Who'll be first to bid me wel-come, In my home beyond the skies?
Chos-en from a-mong the countless, Lead-ing me in lands of light?
They who loved me best in this world, First will bid me welcome there.

CHORUS.



Yes, there'll be a joy-ful meet-ing, With the loved ones gone be-fore;



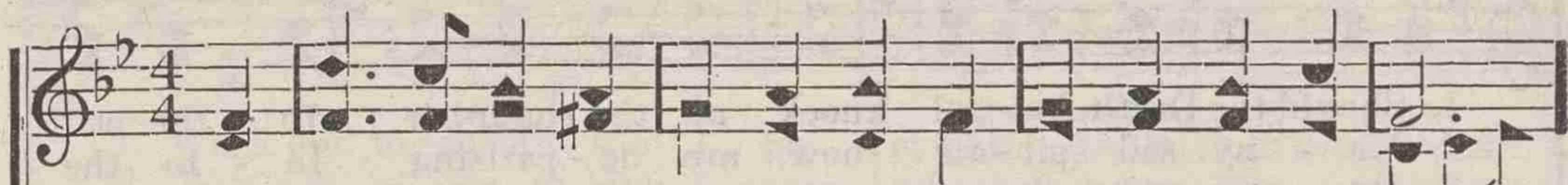
Oh! my spir-it longs to greet them, Where we'll meet to part no more.

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No. 85. SINCE JESUS CAME TO STAY.

T. C. HARPER.

LOGAN OSKIN.



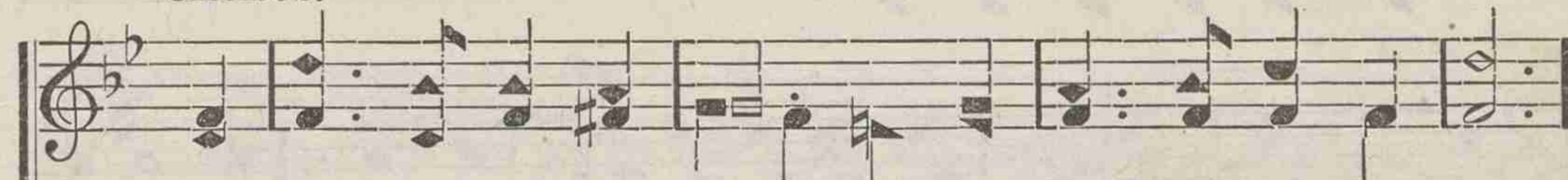
1. I know I am a child of God, Since Je - sus came to stay;
2. I know His peace with - in my heart, Since Je - sus came to stay;
3. I know His grace so rich and and free, Since Je - sus came to stay;
4. I love Him more and more each hour, Since Je - sus came to stay;



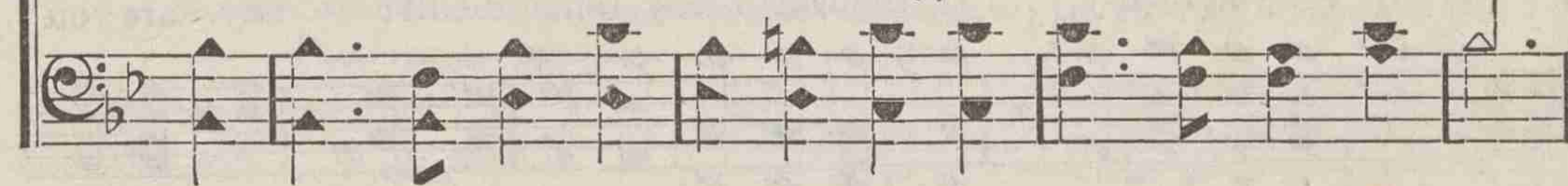
I'm walk - ing in the path he trod, Since Je - sus came to stay.
A joy that nev - er will de - part, Since Je - sus came to stay.
I know the love that res - cued me, Since Je - sus came to stay.
I trust His cleansing keep - ing pow'r, Since Je - sus came to stay.



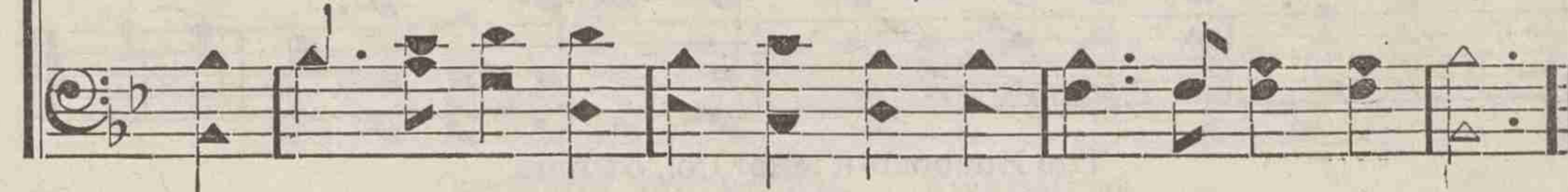
CHORUS.



Since Je - sus came to stay, Since Je - sus came to stay;
to stay,



I know I am a child of God, Since Je - sus came to stay.



The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

No. 86.

SAY, ARE YOU READY?

A. S. KIEFFER.

Rev. W. H. SAMSELL.



1. Should the Death-An - gel knock at thy cham-ber In the still
 2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part-ing In - to the
 3. Ma - ny redeem'n ones now are as - cend-ing In - to the

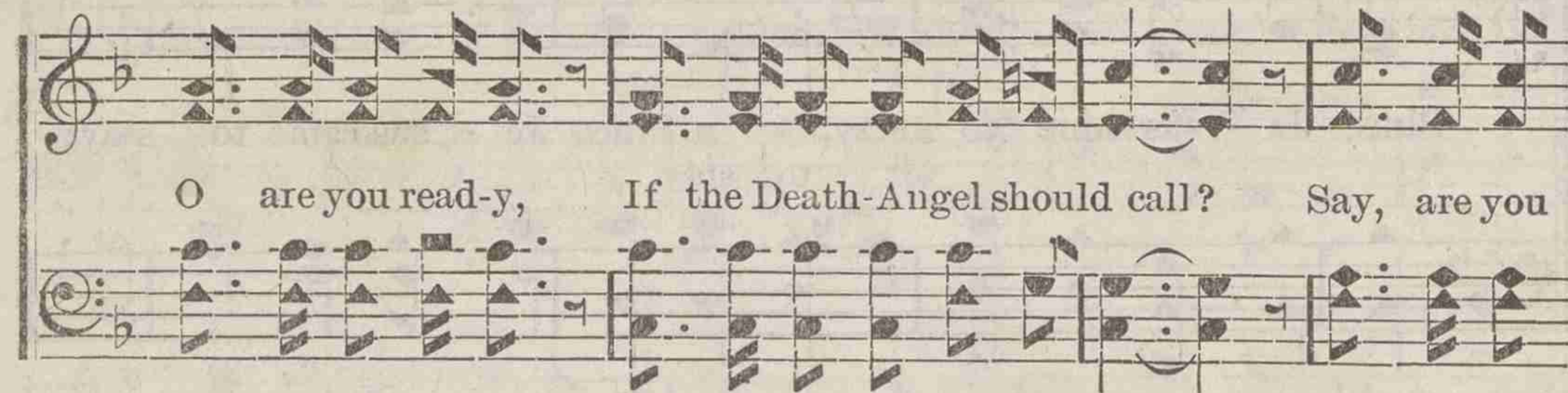


watch of to - night, Say, will your spir - it pass in - to torment,
 world of de - spair; Ev - 'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer,
 mansions of light; Je - sus is pleading high up in glo-ry,

REFRAIN.



Or to the land of de - light?
 Sin - ner, O sin - ner, be - ware!
 Seek - ing to save you to - night. } Say, are you read - y,



O are you read-y, If the Death-Angel should call? Say, are you



read-y, O are you read-y? Mer - cy stands waiting for all.

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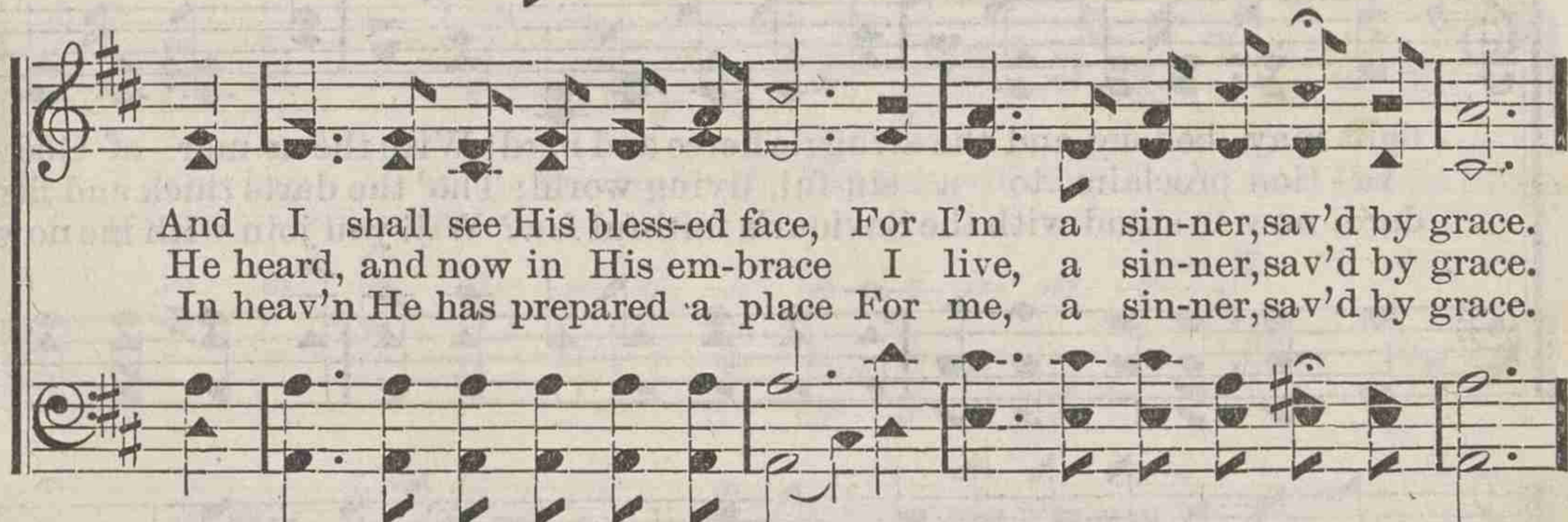
No. 87. A SINNER, SAVED BY GRACE.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Weak and un-wor-thy tho' I be, Yet Christ, the Saviour died for me;
 2. Wea - ry of sin, to Him I came, And asked for par-don in His name;
 3. Tho' fierce temptations press me sore, I'll leave my Sav-iour nev-er-more;



And I shall see His bless-ed face, For I'm a sin-ner, sav'd by grace.
 He heard, and now in His em-brace I live, a sin-ner, sav'd by grace.
 In heav'n He has prepared a place For me, a sin-ner, sav'd by grace.

CHORUS.



In glo - ry I shall see His face, His
 In glo - ry I shall see His face, His bless-ed face, I shall



bless-ed face, His bless-ed face; In glo - ry I shall
 see His blessed face, I shall see His blessed face; In glo-ry I shall see His



see His face,..... For I'm a sin-ner, sav'd by grace!
 face, His bless-ed face,

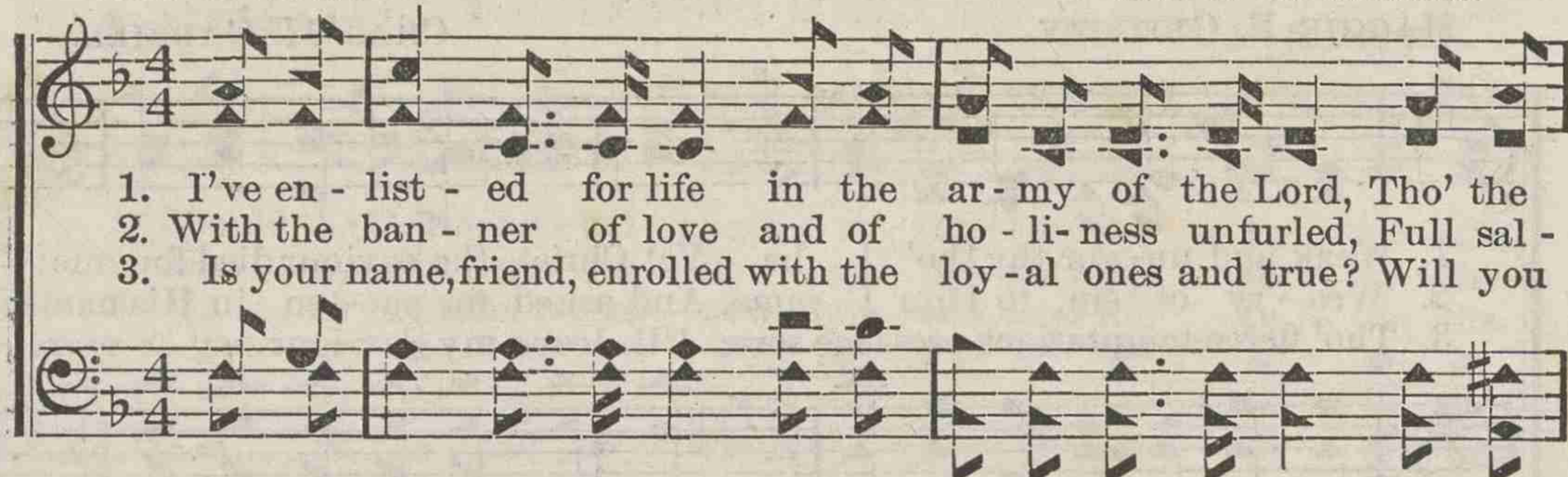
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No. 88.

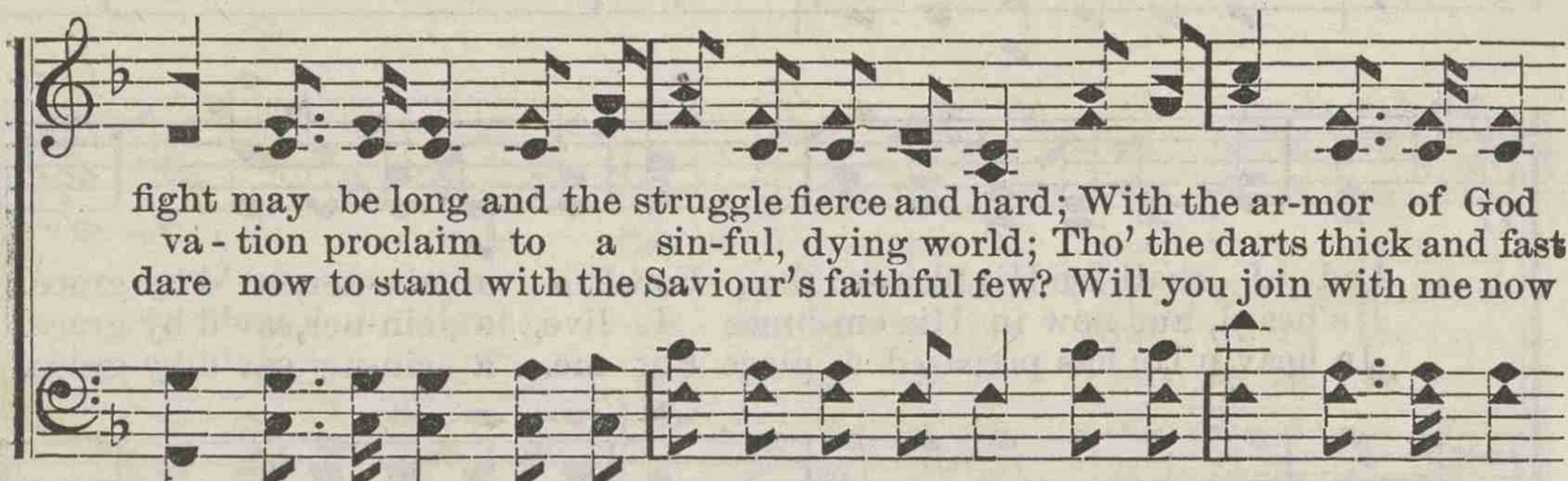
AT THE BATTLE'S FRONT.

Mrs. C. H. M.

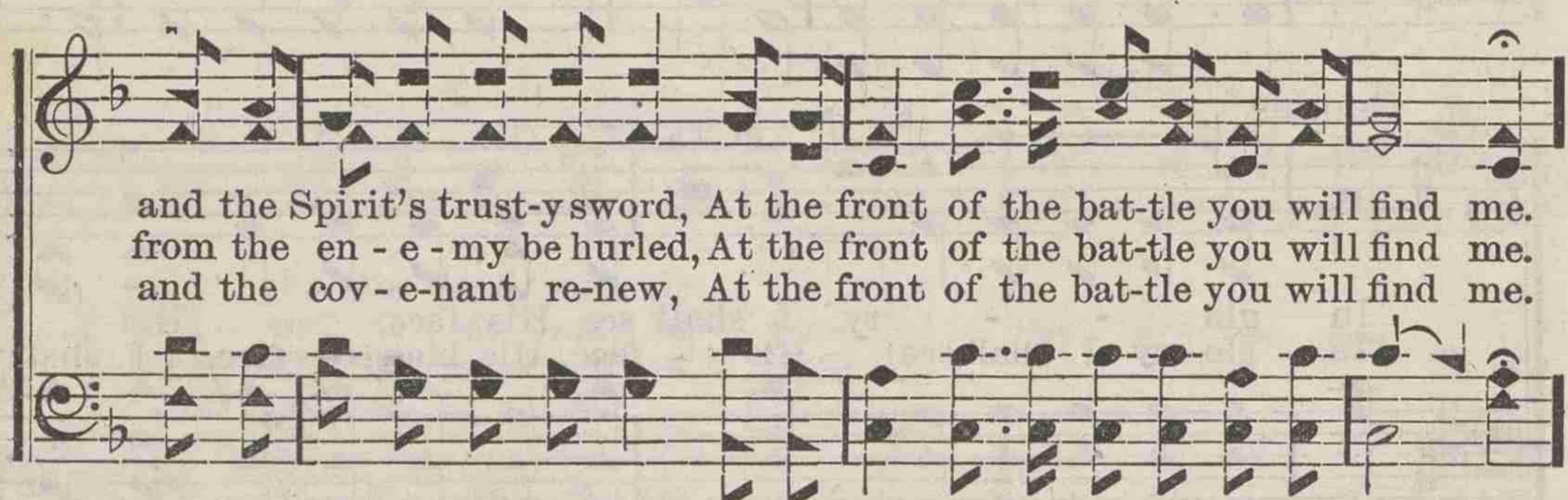
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. I've en - list - ed for life in the ar - my of the Lord, Tho' the
 2. With the ban - ner of love and of ho - li - ness unfurled, Full sal -
 3. Is your name, friend, enrolled with the loy - al ones and true? Will you



fight may be long and the struggle fierce and hard; With the ar - mor of God
 va - tion proclaim to a sin - ful, dying world; Tho' the darts thick and fast
 dare now to stand with the Saviour's faithful few? Will you join with me now



and the Spirit's trust - y sword, At the front of the bat - tle you will find me.
 from the en - e - my be hurled, At the front of the bat - tle you will find me.
 and the cov - e - nant re - new, At the front of the bat - tle you will find me.

CHORUS.



Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the ar - my, The triumph shouting, the foe we're
 Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!



rou - ting; Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the ar - my, Marching
 tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

Copyright, 1906, by H. L. Gilmour, Wenonah, N. J.

AT THE BATTLE'S FRONT.—Concluded.

on to vic - to - ry,..... I'm in this ar - my this glo-rious
hal - le - lu - jah! tramp! tramp! tramp!

ar - my, And the God of bat-tles will de - fend me, I'm in this
tramp! tramp! tramp!

ar-my, this glorious ar-my, At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.
tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

No. 89. COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.

"To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."—Heb. 3: 15.

Arr.

1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now

Just now, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

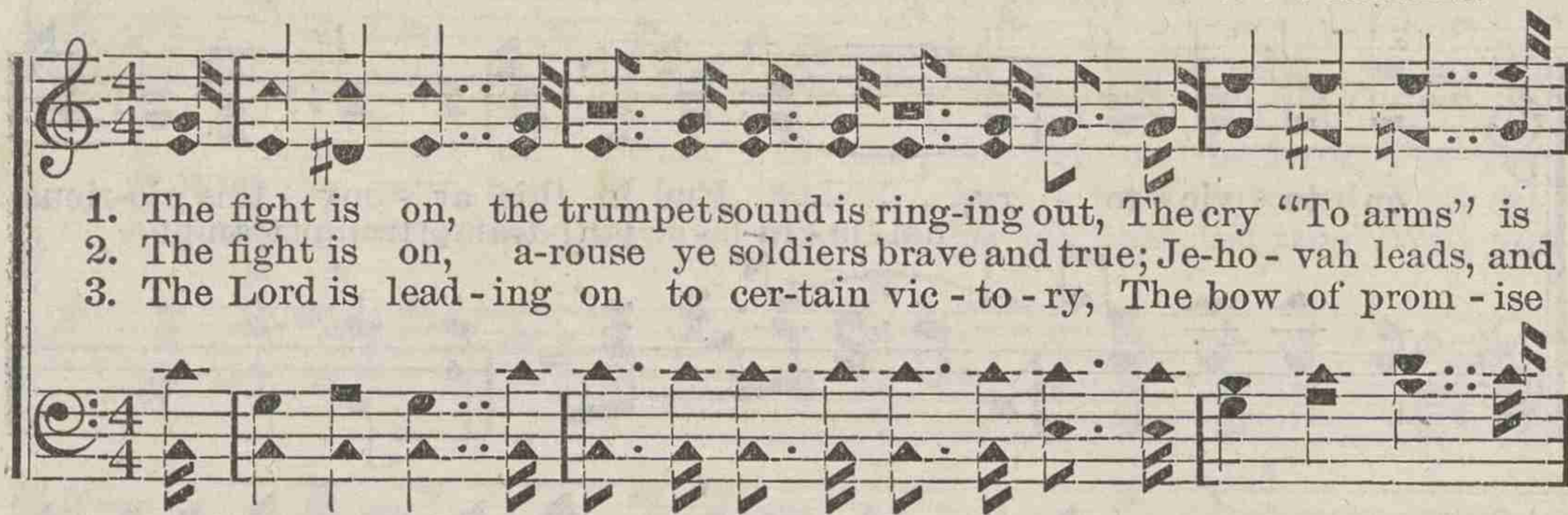
2 He will save you. 4 He is willing. 6 O believe Him. 8 Only trust Him.
3 He is able. 5 He is waiting. 7 O receive Him. 9 Hallelujah. Amen.

No. 90.

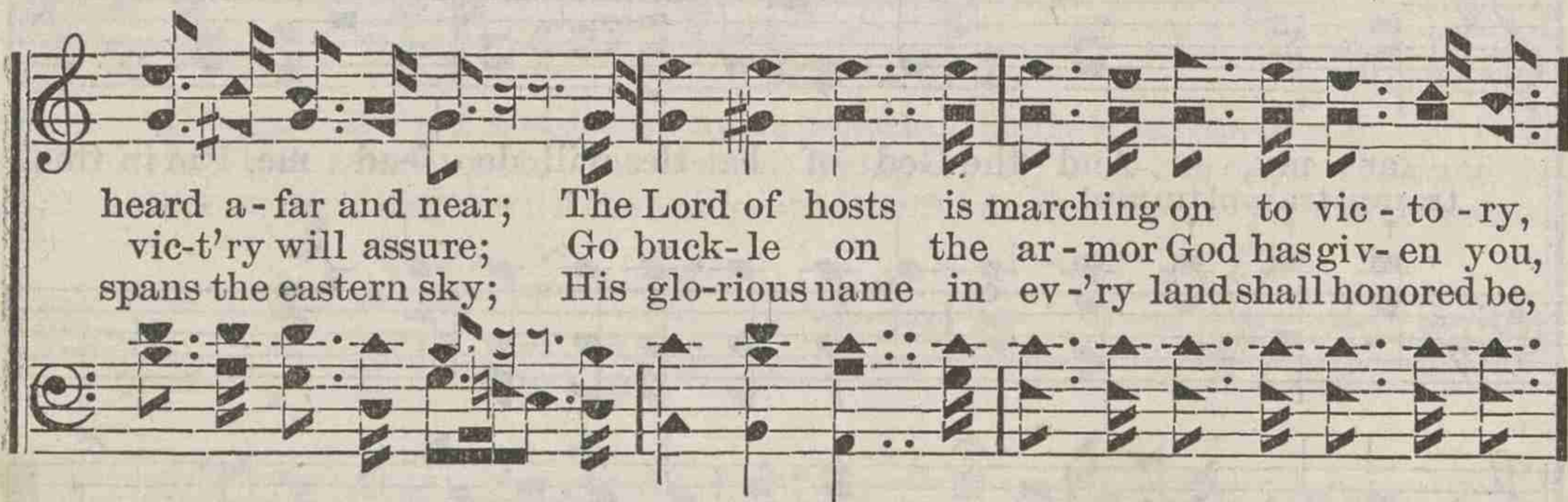
THE FIGHT IS ON.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. The fight is on, the trumpet sound is ring-ing out, The cry "To arms" is
 2. The fight is on, a-rouse ye soldiers brave and true; Je-ho - vah leads, and
 3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic - to - ry, The bow of prom - ise

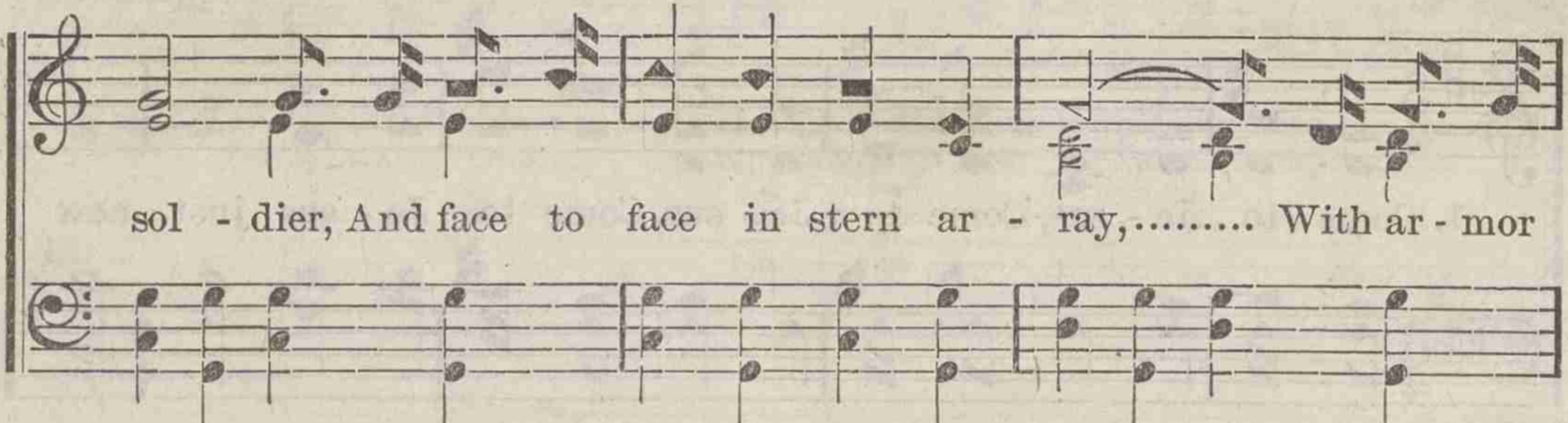


heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is marching on to vic - to - ry,
 vic-t'ry will assure; Go buck-le on the ar-mor God has giv-en you,
 spans the eastern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-'ry land shall honored be,

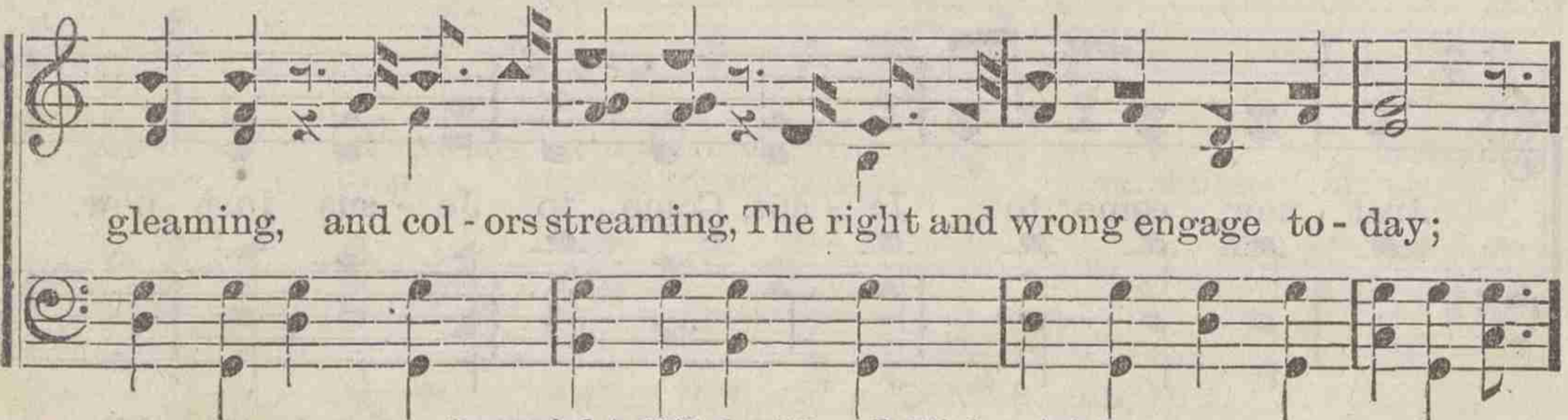
CHORUS. *Unison.*



The tri-umph of the right will soon appear.
 And in His strength un-to the end endure. } The fight is on, O Christain
 The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.



sol - dier, And face to face in stern ar - ray,..... With ar - mor



gleaming, and col - ors streaming, The right and wrong engage to - day;

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THE FIGHT IS ON.—Concluded.

Harmony.

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

No. 91.

TAKE ME AS I AM.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Un-less Thou help me I must die;
 2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
 3. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove;
 4. If Thou hast work for me to do, In-spire my will, my heart re-new,

O bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
 And Thou can'st make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am!
 But since to Thee I can - not move, O take me as I am!
 And work both in and by me, too, But take me as I am!

D. S.—bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!

CHORUS. *D. S.*

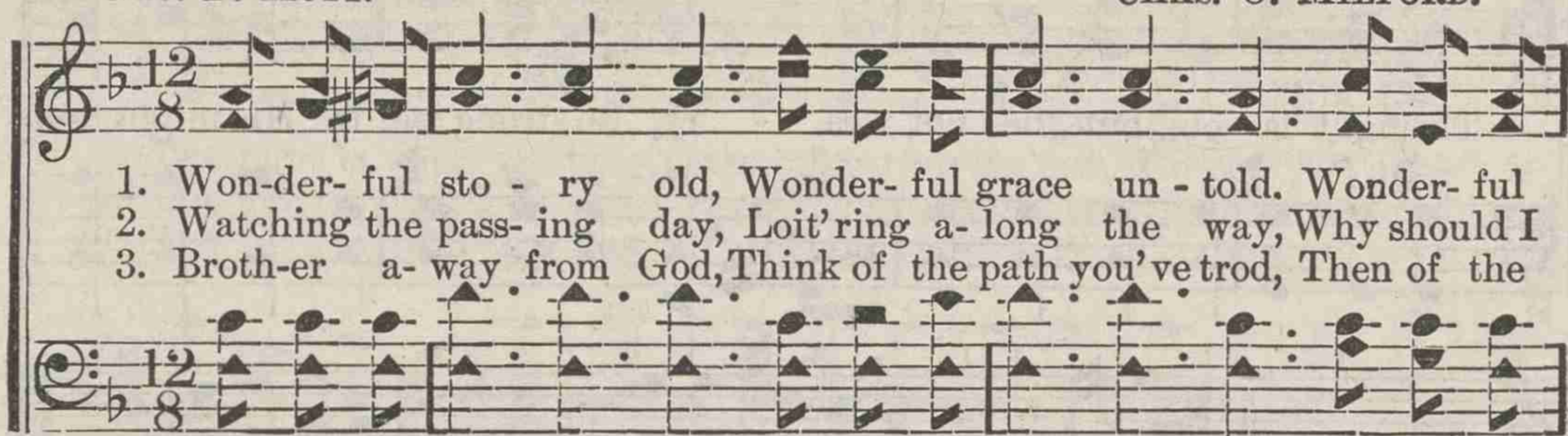
Take me as I am,..... Take me as I am;.....
 Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;

No. 92.

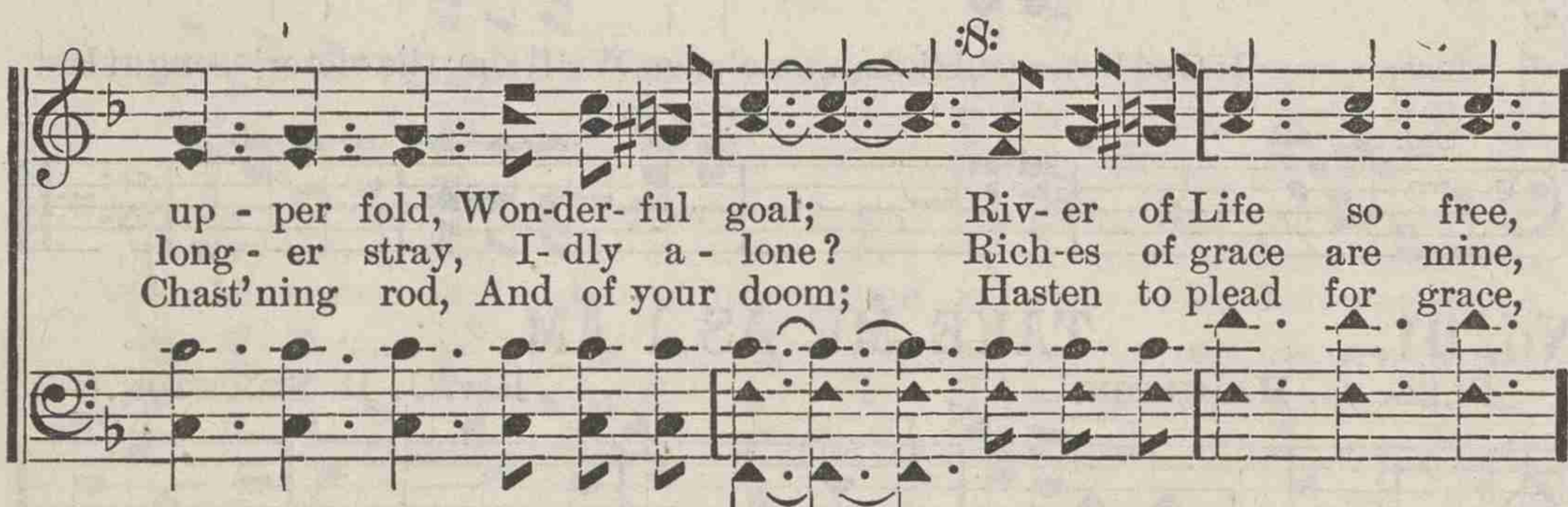
WONDERFUL GIFT DIVINE.

GEO. P. HOTT.

CHAS. O. MILFORD.



1. Won-der-ful sto - ry old, Won-der-ful grace un - told. Won-der-ful
2. Watching the pass-ing day, Loit'ring a-long the way, Why should I
3. Broth-er a-way from God, Think of the path you've trod, Then of the



up - per fold, Won-der-ful goal; Riv-er of Life so free,
long - er stray, I-dly a - lone? Rich-es of grace are mine,
Chast'ning rod, And of your doom; Hasten to plead for grace,

D.S.—Anthems of joy then raise,
FINE.



Flowing for you and me, Fountain of cleansing be, Un-to my soul.....
Wonder-ful gift di-vine, I, like the stars may shine, Love can atone.....
Bowing be-fore His face, Seek-sng the heav'nly place, Lovingly come.....

Swelling the notes of praise, Tribute through endless days, Joyfully bring.....

CHORUS.



Won - der-ful gift di - vine, Won-der-ful treas - ure mine,
Won-der-ful gift di-vine, Won-der-ful treasure mine,



All of the world is thine, Bow to the King.
all of the world is thine,

No. 93.

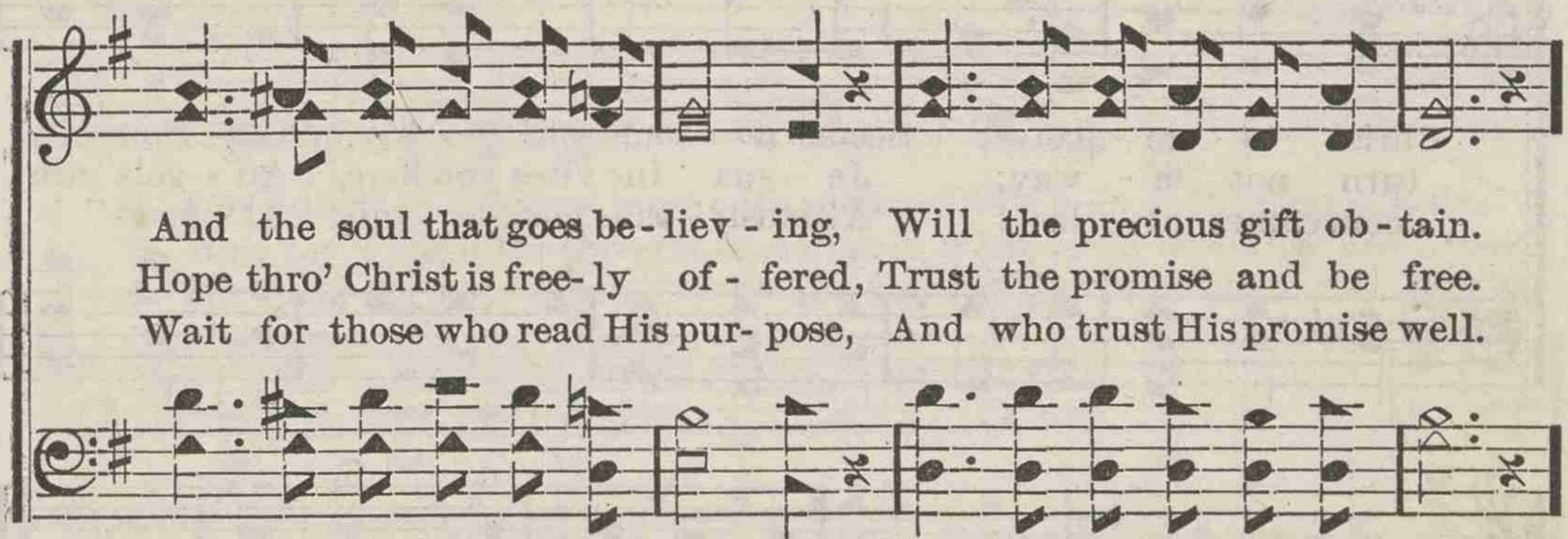
"COME, YE BLESSED."

W. H. RUEBUSH.

J. M. GOOD.



1. "Come, ye bless-ed of my Fa - ther," Pre-cious promise of great gain;
 2. "Come, ye bless-ed of my Fa - ther," Bless - ed mansions wait for thee;
 3. "Come, ye bless-ed of my Fa - ther," Joys no mor-tal tongue can tell:



And the soul that goes be-liev - ing, Will the precious gift ob-tain.
 Hope thro' Christ is free-ly of - fered, Trust the promise and be free.
 Wait for those who read His pur- pose, And who trust His promise well.

CHORUS.



"Come, ye blessed of my Fa-ther," Prom-ise of e - ter-nal joy;



He who promis - es is faith - ful, And your hope will not de-destroy.

The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

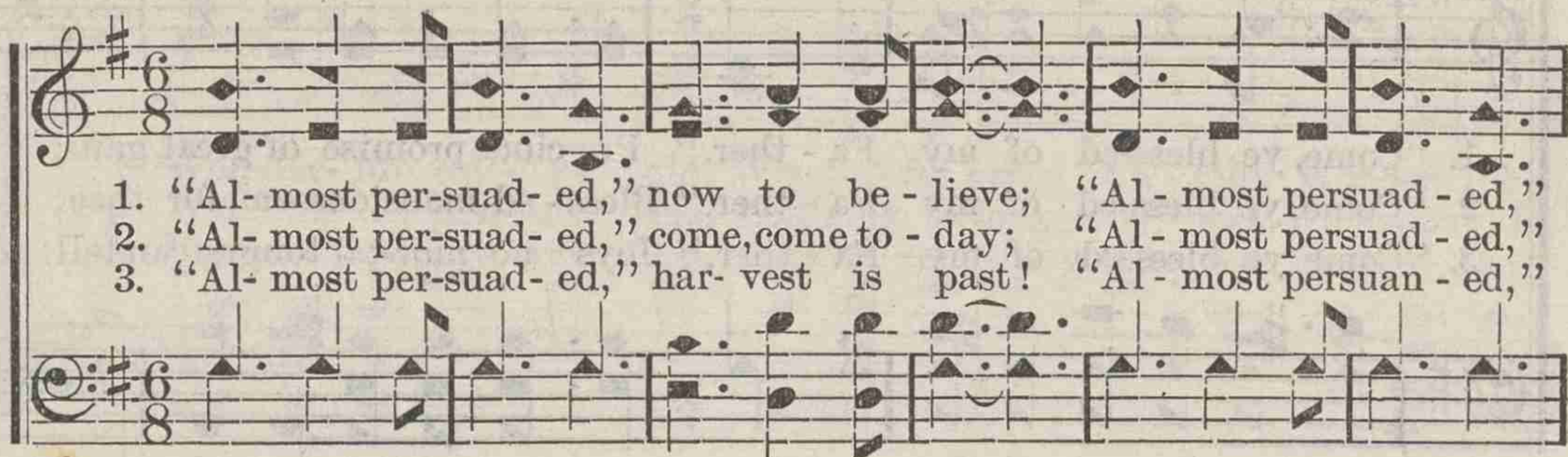
No. 94.

ALMOST PERSUADED.

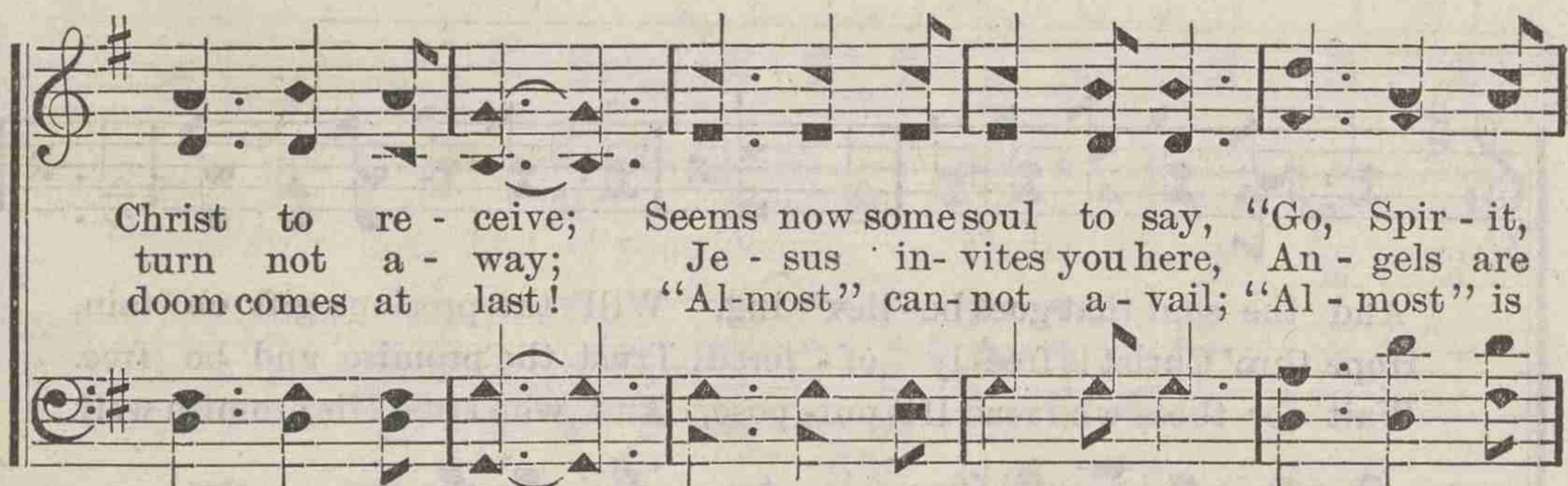
"Almost Thou Persuadest Me to be a Christian."—Acts 26: 28.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.



1. "Al- most per-suad- ed," now to be - lieve; "Al - most persuad - ed,"
 2. "Al- most per-suad- ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most persuad - ed,"
 3. "Al- most per-suad- ed," har- vest is past! "Al - most persuan - ed,"



Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
 turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
 doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is



go thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day, On thee I'll call."
 ling'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wan - d'rer come.
 but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail, "Al - most," but lost.

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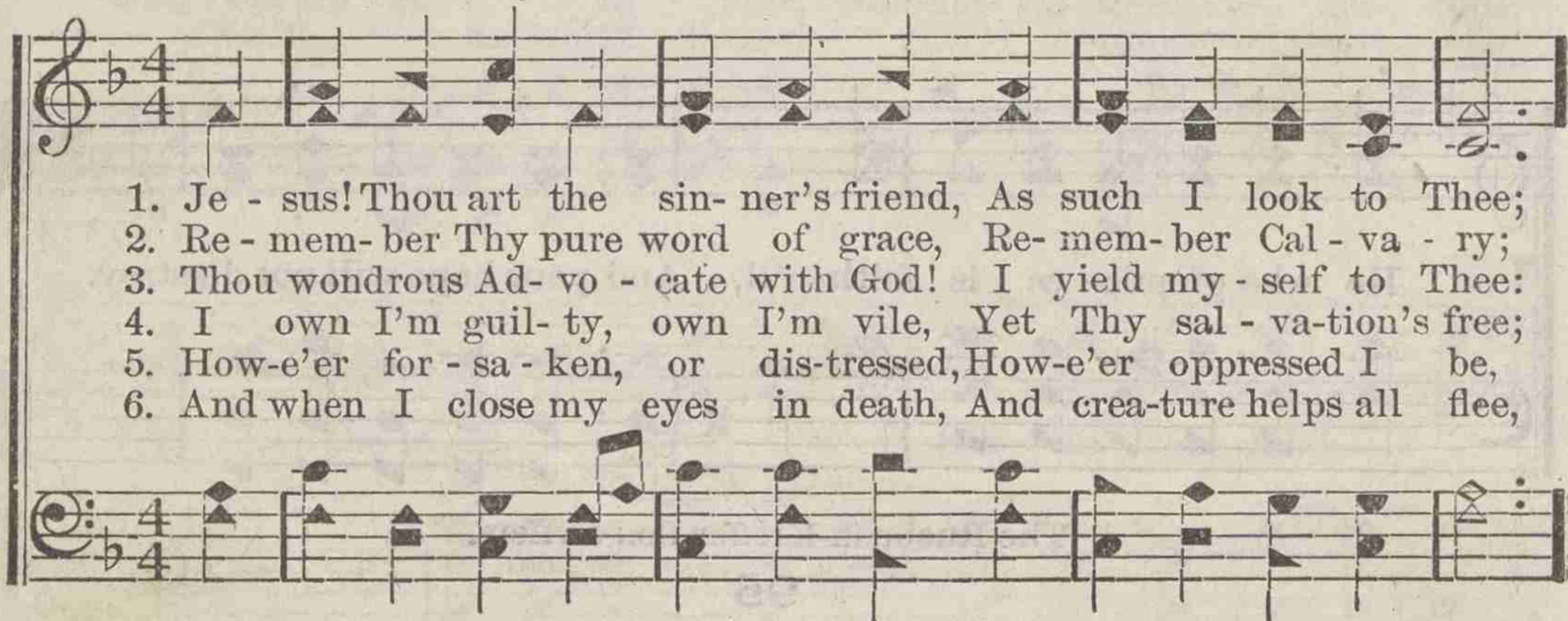
No. 95.

DUNDEE C. M.

"The Deceitfulness of Sin."—Heb. 3: 13.

I. WATTS.

GUIL. FRANCO.



1. Je - sus! Thou art the sin - ner's friend, As such I look to Thee;
 2. Re - mem - ber Thy pure word of grace, Re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry;
 3. Thou wondrous Ad - vo - cate with God! I yield my - self to Thee:
 4. I own I'm guil - ty, own I'm vile, Yet Thy sal - va - tion's free;
 5. How - e'er for - sa - ken, or dis - tressed, How - e'er oppressed I be,
 6. And when I close my eyes in death, And crea - ture helps all flee,

DUNDEE. C. M.—Concluded.

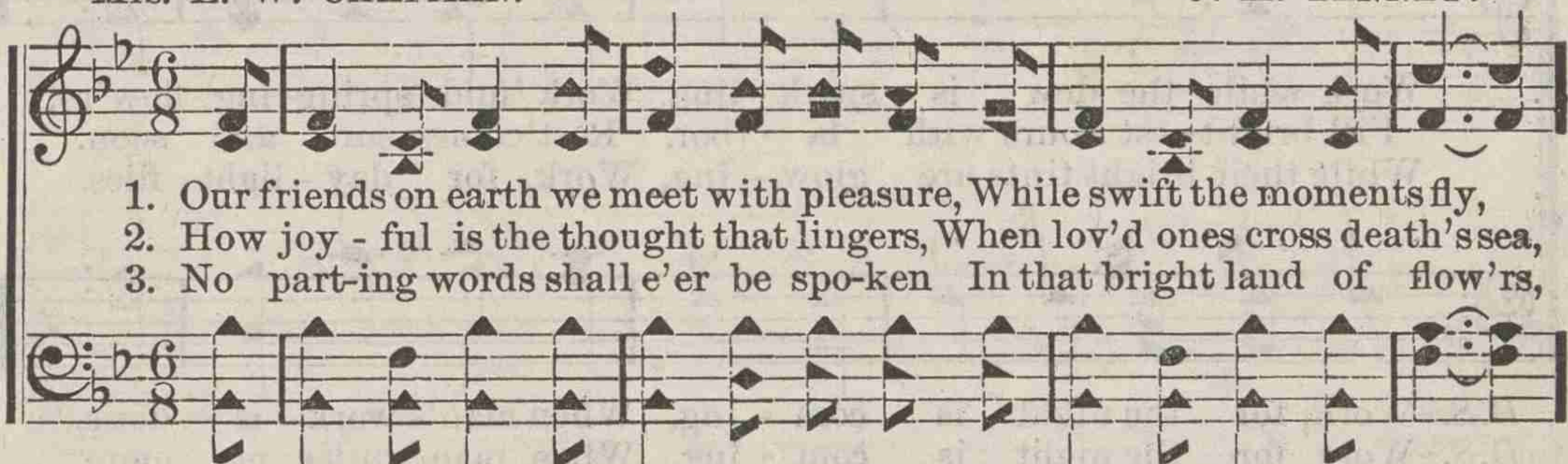


Now in the full-ness of Thy love, O Lord! re-mem-ber me.
 Re-mem-ber all Thy dy-ing groans, And then re-mem-ber me.
 While Thou art sit-ting on Thy throne, O Lord! re-mem-ber me.
 Then, in Thine all-a-bound-ing grace, O Lord! re-mem-ber me.
 How-e'er af-flict-ed here on earth, Do Thou re-mem-ber me.
 Then, O my great Re-deem-er God! I pray re-mem-ber me.

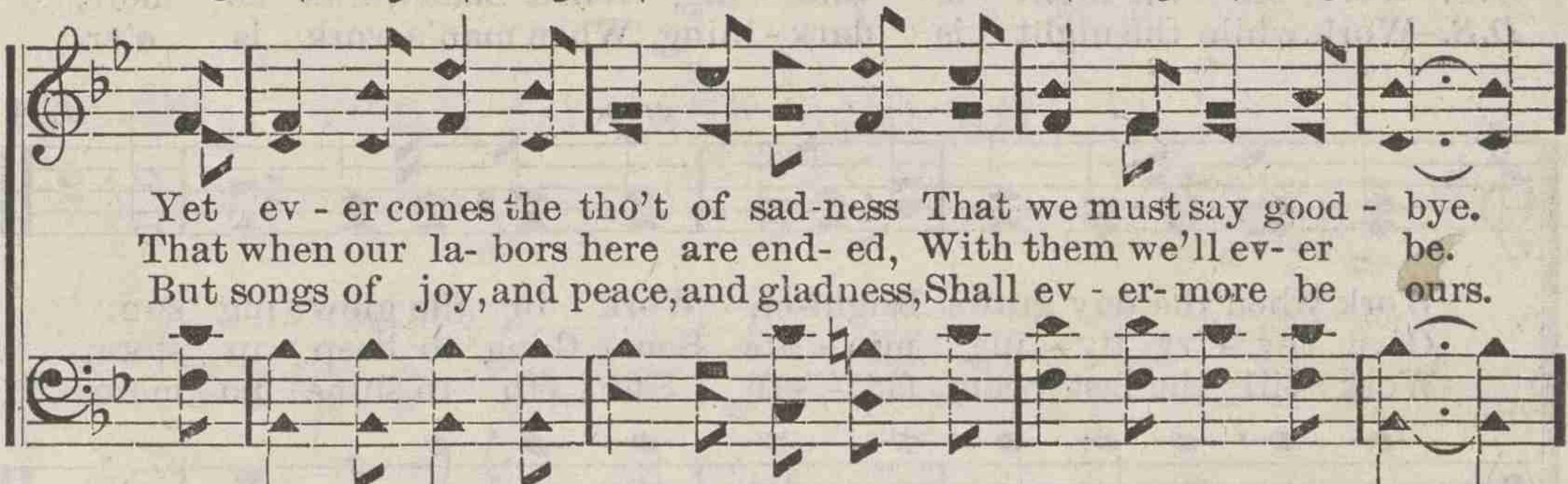
No. 96. WE'LL NEVER SAY GOOD-BYE.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleasure, While swift the moments fly,
 2. How joy-ful is the thought that lingers, When lov'd ones cross death's sea,
 3. No part-ing words shall e'er be spo-ken In that bright land of flow'rs,



Yet ev-er comes the tho't of sad-ness That we must say good-bye.
 That when our la-bors here are end-ed, With them we'll ev-er be.
 But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness, Shall ev-er-more be ours.

CHORUS.



We'll nev-er say good-bye in heav'n, We'll nev-er say good-bye;
 good-bye;

Repeat Chorus pp.



For in that land of joy and song, We'll nev-er say good-bye.

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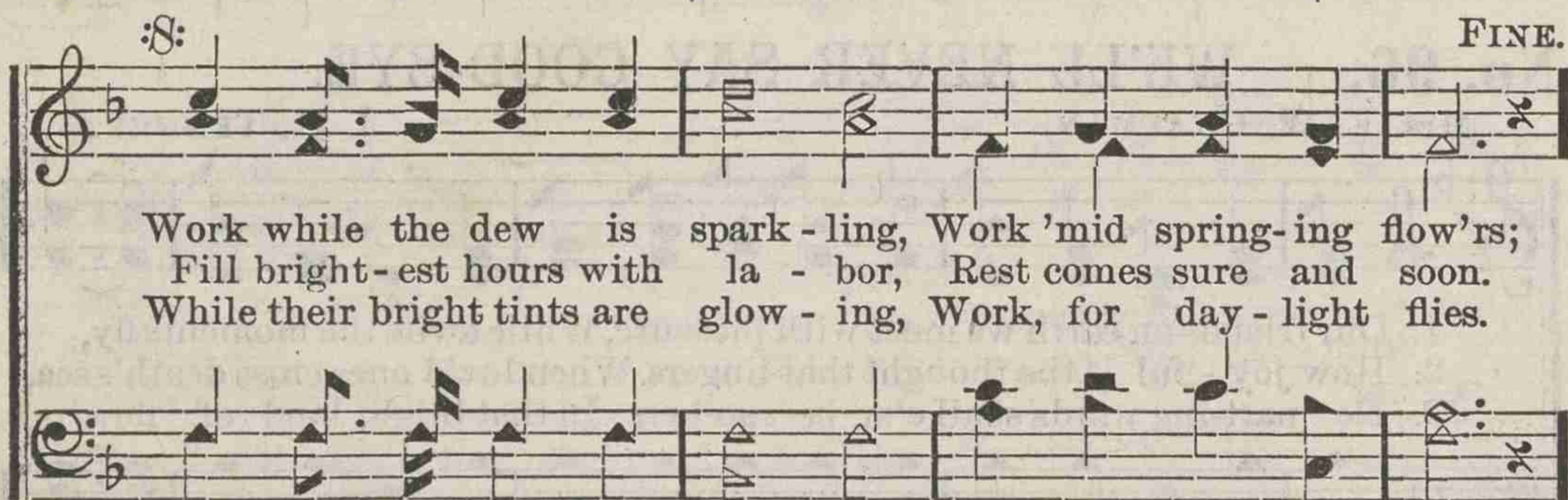
No. 97. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

ANNIE L. WALKER.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn - ing hours;
 2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon;
 3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;



Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;
 Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon.
 While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies.

D.S.—Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
D.S.—Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
D.S.—Work while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.



cres. *D. S.*
 Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
 Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Some - thing to keep in store;
 Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;

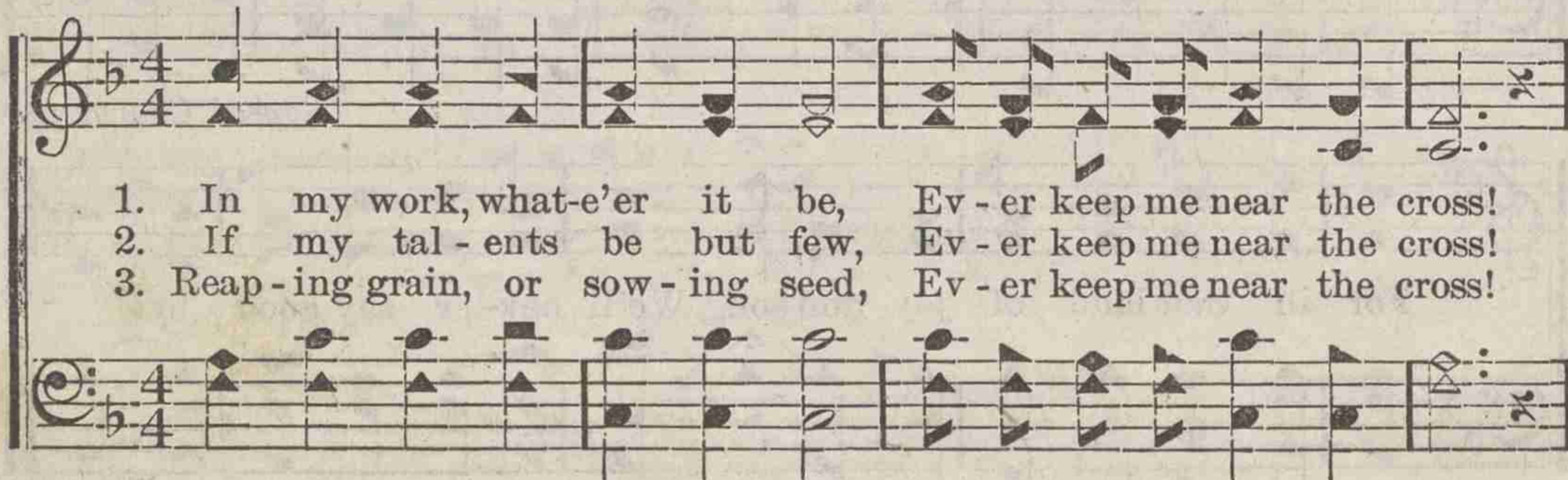
No. 98. NEAR THE CROSS.

"But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

—Gal. 6: 14.

E. R. LATTA.

J. H. RUEBUSH.



1. In my work, what - e'er it be, Ev - er keep me near the cross!
 2. If my tal - ents be but few, Ev - er keep me near the cross!
 3. Reap - ing grain, or sow - ing seed, Ev - er keep me near the cross!

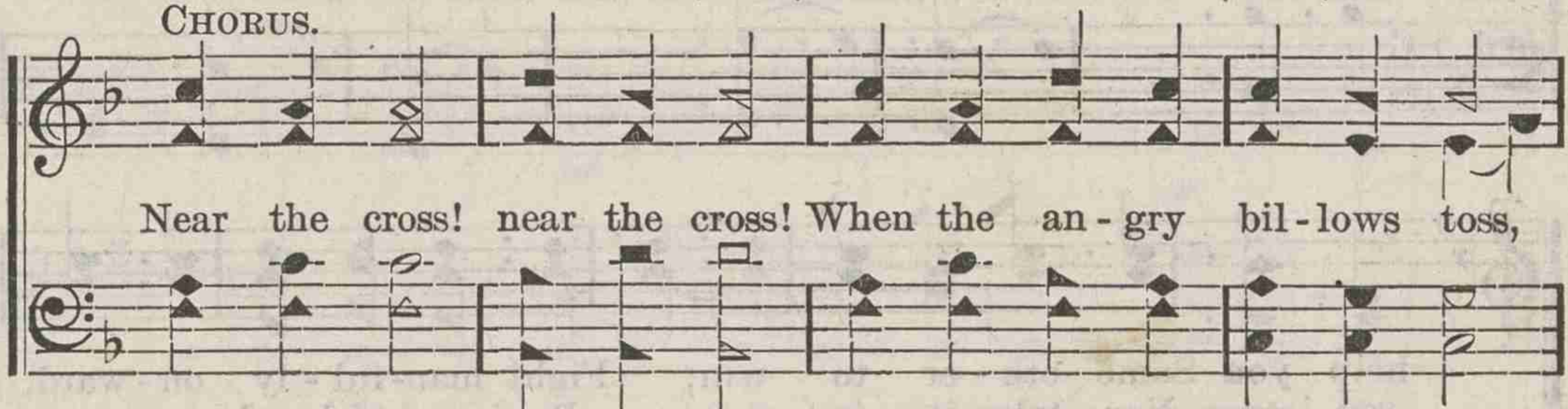
The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

NEAR THE CROSS.—Concluded.



What - so - e'er it bring-eth me, Ev - er keep me near the cross!
 I must all my du - ty do, Ev - er keep me near the cross!
 Still my Sav-iour's grace I need, Ev - er keep me near the cross!

CHORUS.



Near the cross! near the cross! When the an - gry bil - lows toss,



That my soul may fear no loss, Ev - er keep me near the cross!

No. 99. TAKE MY LIFE AND LET IT BE.

(HENDON. 7s.)

"Who then offereth willingly to consecrate himself unto the Lord."—1, Chr. 29: 5.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

C. H. A. MALAN.



1. Take my life and let it be Con-se- crated, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands and
 2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beauti- ful for Thee; Take my voice and
 3. Take my lips and let them be Fill'd with messa- ges from Thee; Take my silver
 4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in endless praise; Take my intel-



let them move At the impulse of Thy love, At the impulse of Thy love.
 let me sing Always—only—for my King, Always—on-ly—for my King.
 and my gold, Not a mite would I with- hold, Not a mite would I with- hold.
 lect and use Ev'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose, Ev'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

No. 100. YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation."—James 1: 12.

H. R. P.

H. R. PALMER.



1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yielding is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e - vil compan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall



help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man-ful - ly on - ward,
rev - 'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn - est,
con - quer, Though oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - iour



Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you thro'.
Kind-hearted and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you thro'.
Our strength will renew, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you thro'.



CHORUS.



Ask the Sav - iour to help you, Com - fort, strengthen, and keep you;



He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.



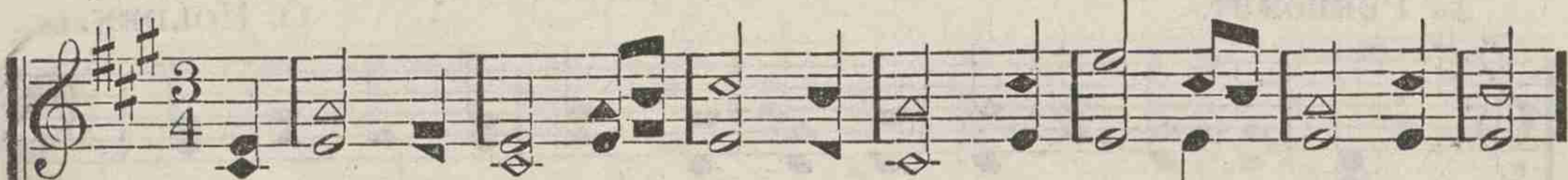
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No. 101.

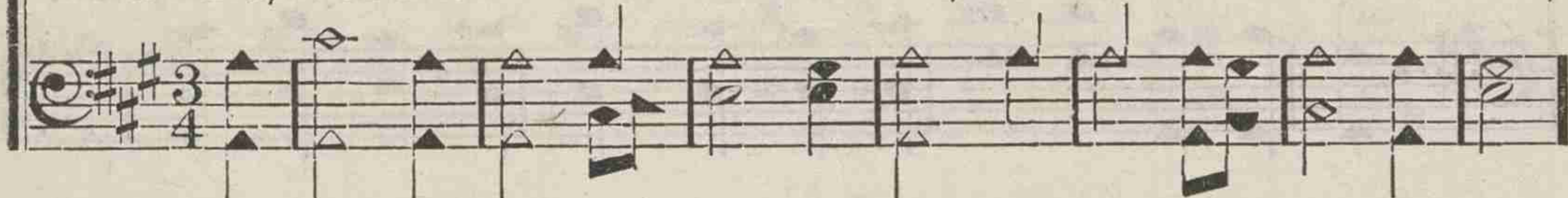
AVON. C. M.

JOSEPH HART.

HUGH WILSON.



1. A - maz - ing grace! (how sweet the sound!) That sav'd a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. The Lord has prom-ised good to me; His word my hope se- cures:
5. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor- tal life shall cease,



I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
How pre-cious did that grace ap-pear, The hour I first believed!
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life en-dures.
I shall pos - sess, with-in the vail, A life of joy and peace.



No. 102.

I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.

R. E. HUDSON.

C. R. DUNBAR.



1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost receive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free;



CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!

D. C. Chorus.



Oh, may I ev - er faith-ful be, My Sav-iour and my God!
And now, henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
I'll con - se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav-iour and my God!



I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-iour and my God!

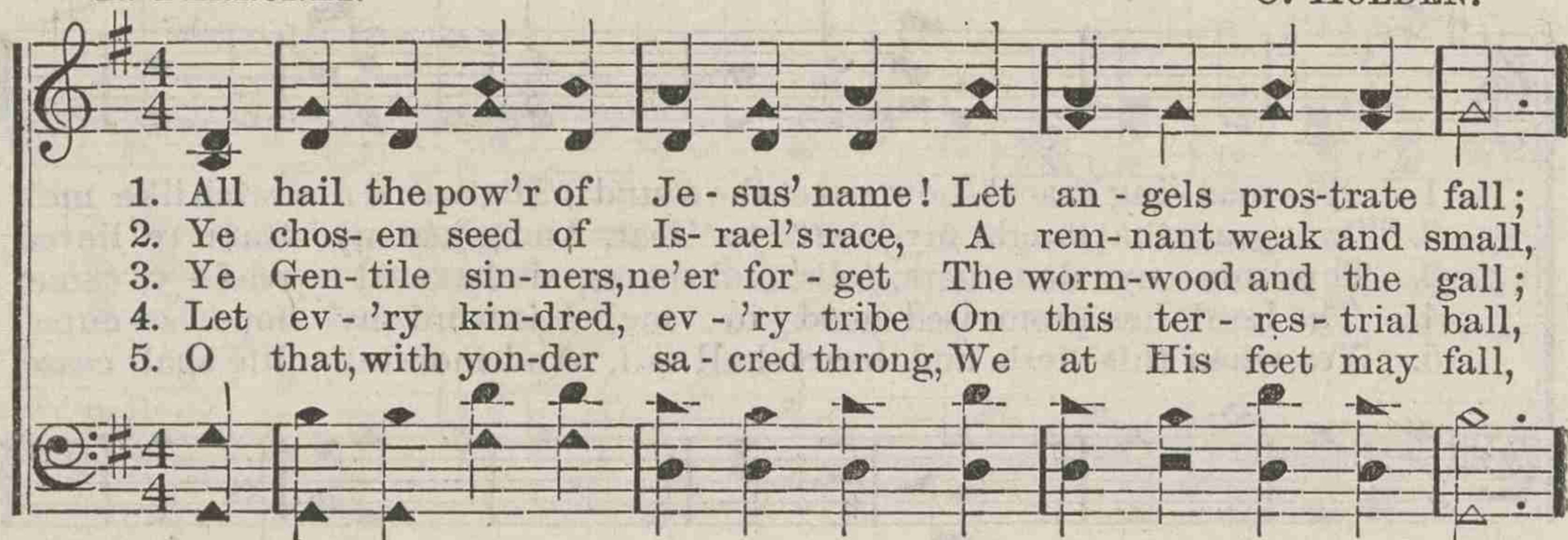
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No. 103.

CORONATION. C. M.

E. PERRONET.

O. HOLDEN.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
 2. Ye chos-en seed of Is-rael's race, A rem-nant weak and small,
 3. Ye Gen-tile sin-ners, ne'er for - get The worm-wood and the gall;
 4. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res-trial ball,
 5. O 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;
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Go, spread your tro-phies 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;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, 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. 104.

REVIVE US AGAIN.

Dr. W. McKAY.

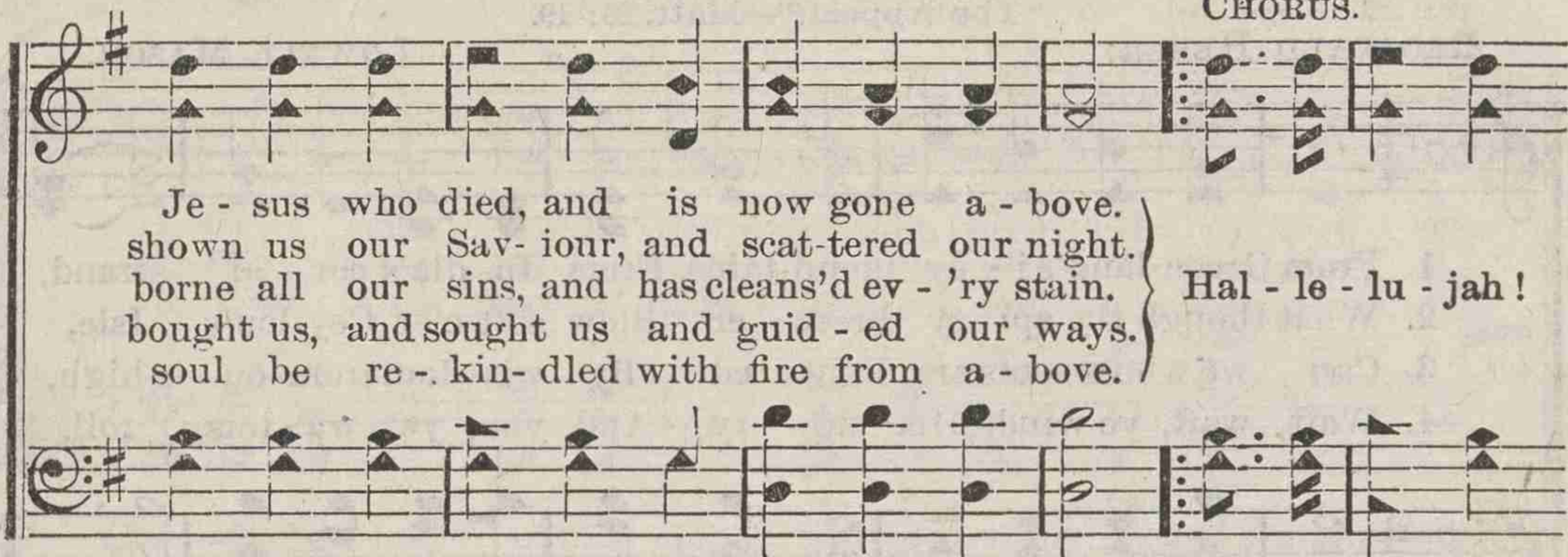
English Melody.



1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For
 2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has
 4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has
 5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each

REVIVE US AGAIN.—Concluded

CHORUS.



Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove.
 shown us our Sav- iour, and scat-tered our night.
 borne all our sins, and has cleans'd ev - 'ry stain.
 bought us, and sought us and guid - ed our ways.
 soul be re - kin- dled with fire from a - bove.

Hal - le - lu - jah!



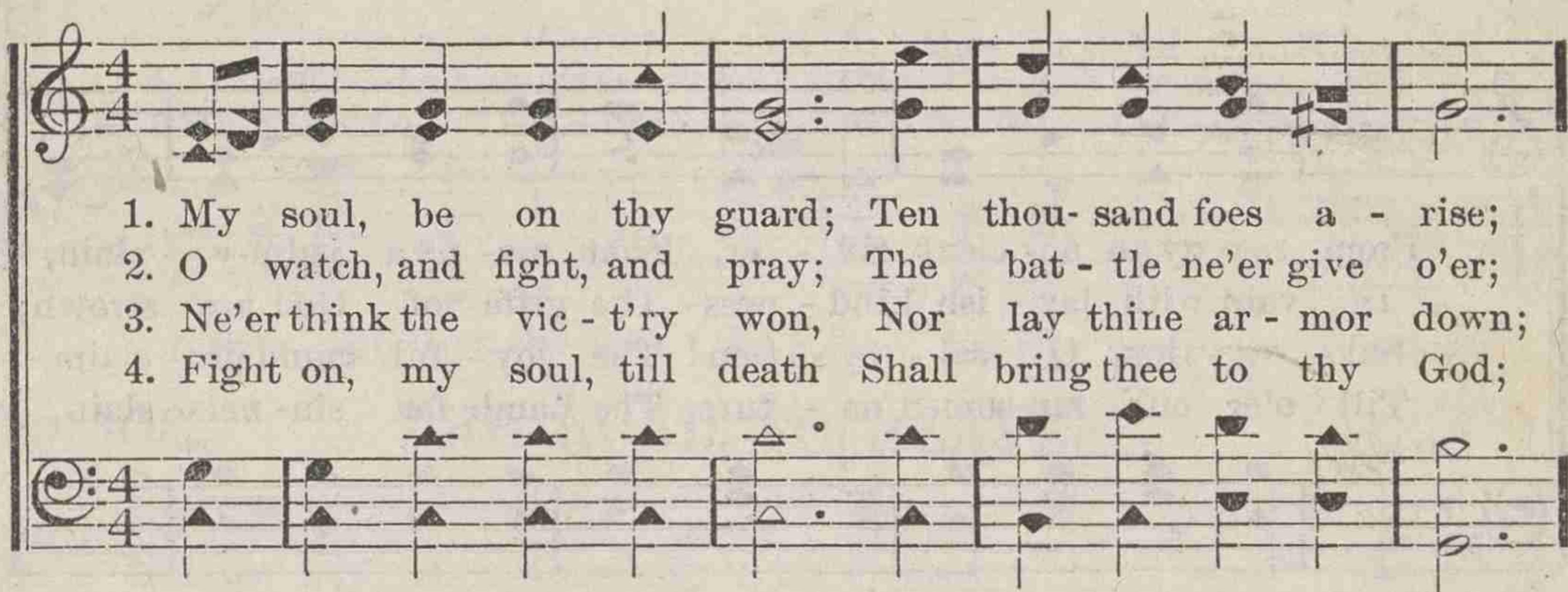
Thine the glo - ry, Hal- le - lu - jah! A - men. Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 105.

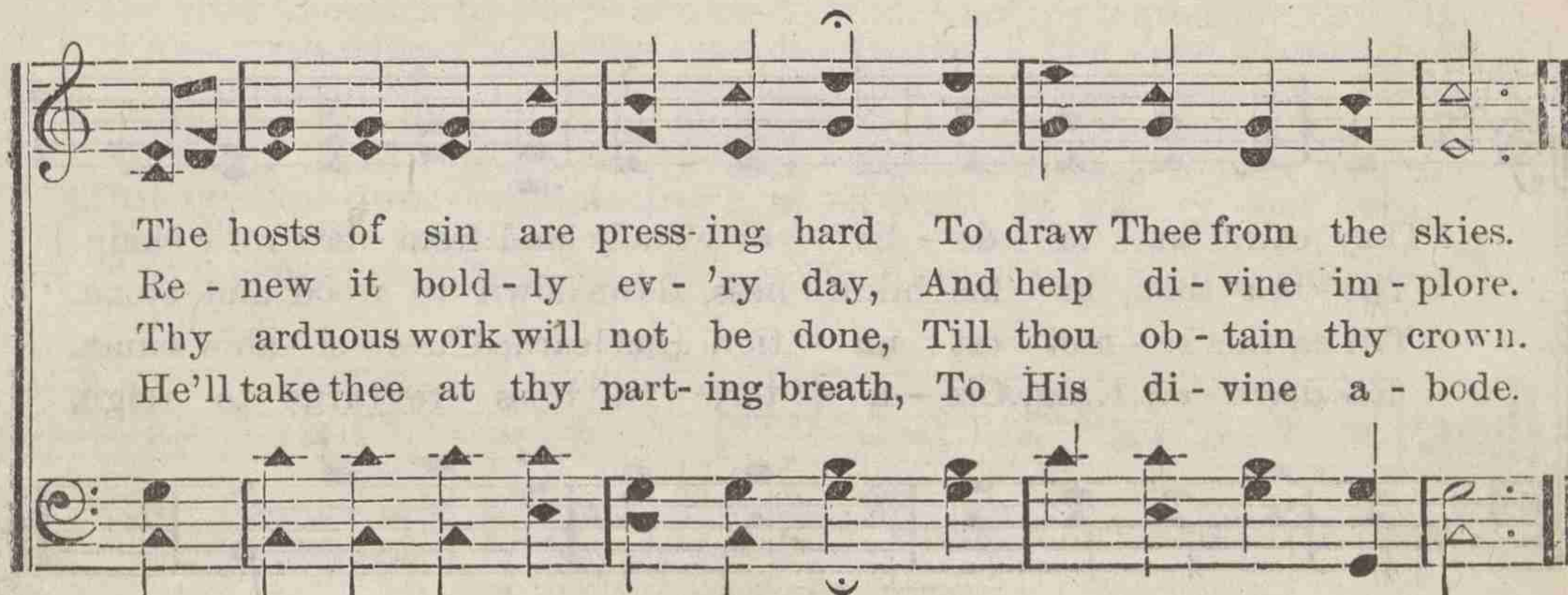
LABAN. S. M.

GEORGE HEATH.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



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



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

No. 106. FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

"The Appeal."—Matt. 28: 19.

REGINALD HEBER;

LOWELL MASON.



1. From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor - al strand,
2. What though the spi - cy breez - er Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's Isle,
3. Can we whose souls are light - ed By wis-dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry; And you, ye wa - ters, roll,



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



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



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



No. 107. TO BE LOST IN THE NIGHT.

A. F. FERRIS.

(EFFECTIVE AS A SOLO.)

Arr. by J. H. H.

1. Oh, come to the Sav-iour, thou poor wea-ry soul, 'Tis
 2. His great lov-ing heart beats in pit-y for thee, He
 3. Your time now is pass-ing e-ter-ni-ty's near, The

Cho.—To be lost in the night, in e-ter-ni-ty's night, To

Je-sus in-vites thee to come; By the pow'r of His blood
 anx-ious-ly waits for thee now; Oh, turn not a-way.
 sun hangs low o'er thy way; Oh, turn to Him now,

sink in de-spair and in woe! But such is thy doom,
D.S. for Chorus.

would He now make thee whole, And fit thee to dwell in His home.
 but His bleeding hands see, They'll smoothe the dark clouds from Thy brow.
 the glad Gos-pel word hear, Oh, has-ten while yet there is day.

if thou turn from the light, Re-fus-ing His mer-cy to know.

No. 108. THE ROAD TO HEAVEN.

Arr.

1. { The road to heav'n by Christ was made, With heav'nly truth the rails are laid. }
 { From earth to heav'n the line extends, To life e-ter-nal where it ends. }
2. { Re-pent-ance is the sta-tion, then, Where passengers are tak-en in; }
 { No fee for them is there to pay, For Je-sus is Him-self the way. }
3. { The Bi-ble is the en-gi-neer—It points the way to heav'n so clear, }
 { Through tunnels dark and drear-y here—It leads to glo-ry, nev-er fear. }
4. { God's love the fire, His truth the way, Which leads us home to end-less day; }
 { All you who would to glo-ry ride, Must come to Christ—in Him a-bide. }

CHORUS.

{ We're go-ing home, We're go-ing home, } We're going home, To die no more.
 { To die no more, To die no more, }

The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

No. 109.

THE SOLID ROCK.

"The Lord is my rock."—Ps. 92: 15.

Rev. EDWARD MOTE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
2. When darkness veils His love-ly face; I rest on His unchanging grace;
3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood, Support me in the whelming flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, O may I then in Him be found;



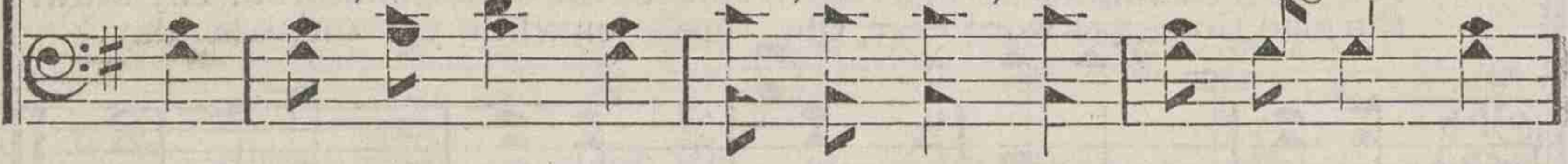
I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
In ev -'ry high and storm-y gale, My anchor holds with-in the vale.
When all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Drest in His righteous-ness a-lone, Fault-less to stand be-fore the throne.



CHORUS.



On Christ, the Sol - id Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is



sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.



No. 110.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Rev. J. H. NEWMAN.

(Words written at sea.)

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I lov'd to
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and



LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.—Concluded.



dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on. Keep 'Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I lov'd the gar - ish
fen o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those



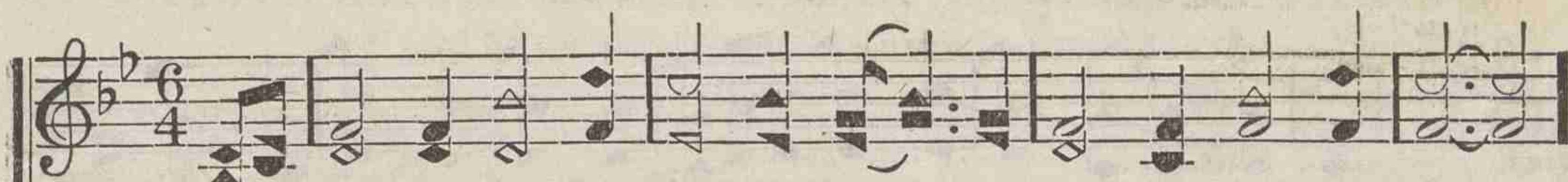
do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step enough for me.
day, and spite of fears, Pride rul'd my will. Remember not past years.
an - gel fa - ces smile Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while!



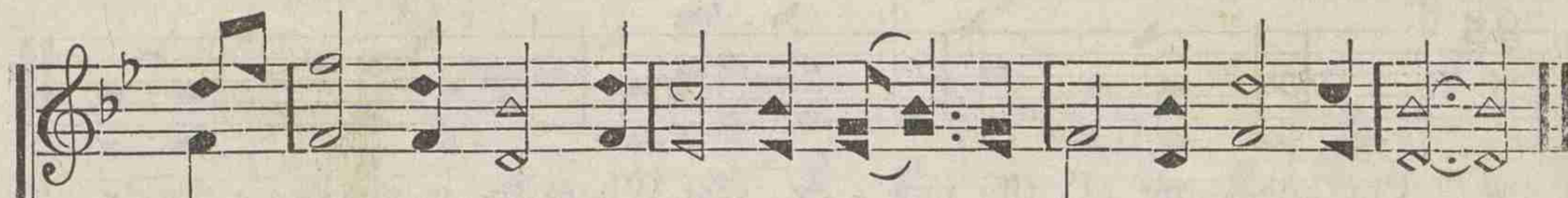
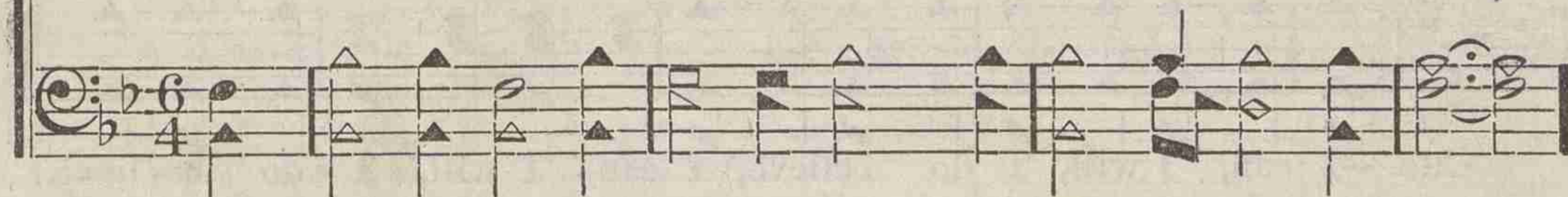
No. 111. MUST JESUS BEAR THE CROSS ALONE.

THOS. SHEPHERD.

GEORGE N. ALLEN.



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here;
3. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free,



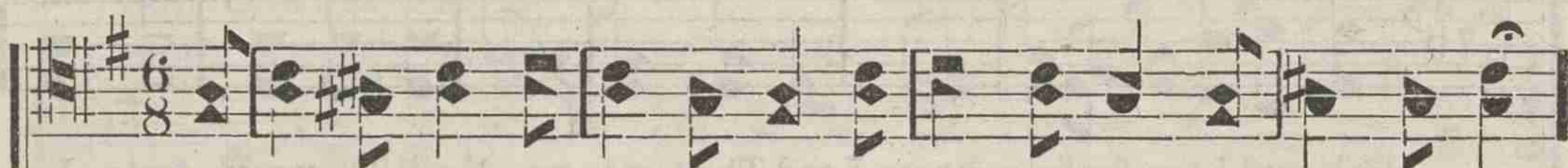
No; there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un - min - gled love, And joy with - out a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.



No. 112. SOME FAIR, SWEET DAWN.

JAMES ROWE.

McDUFFIE BAKER.



1. Some fair, sweet dawn, some blessed day, My ransomed soul will soar a-way,
2. Some fair, sweet dawn, I shall be-hold, The jas-per walls and streets of gold,
3. Some fair, sweet dawn, with saints above, My soul will praise re-deem-ing love,



CHO.—Some fair, sweet dawn, some blissful morn, When all my trials have been borne,

D.S. for Chorus.

Rit....



To dwell be-side the crys-tal sea, With Him who shed His blood for me.
And meet again those loved ones dear, Who left me sad and lonesome here.
And free from sin, and face to face, Ex-tol my Sav-iour for His grace.



A-way my hap-py soul will soar, To dwell with Christ for-ev-er-more.

No. 113. I CAN, I WILL, I DO BELIEVE.



1. I'm kneeling at the mer-cy seat, I'm kneeling at the mer-cy seat,
2. Re-fin-ing fire, go thro' my heart, Re-fin-ing fire, go thro' my heart,
3. O that it now from heav'n might fall, O that it now from heav'n might fall,



CHO.—I can, I will, I do believe, I can, I will, I do be-lieve,



I'm kneel-ing at the mer-cy seat, Where Je-sus an-swers pray'r.
Re-fin-ing fire, go thro' my heart, Il-lu-min-ate my heart.
O that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins con-sume.



I can, I will, I do be-lieve, That Je-sus saves me now.

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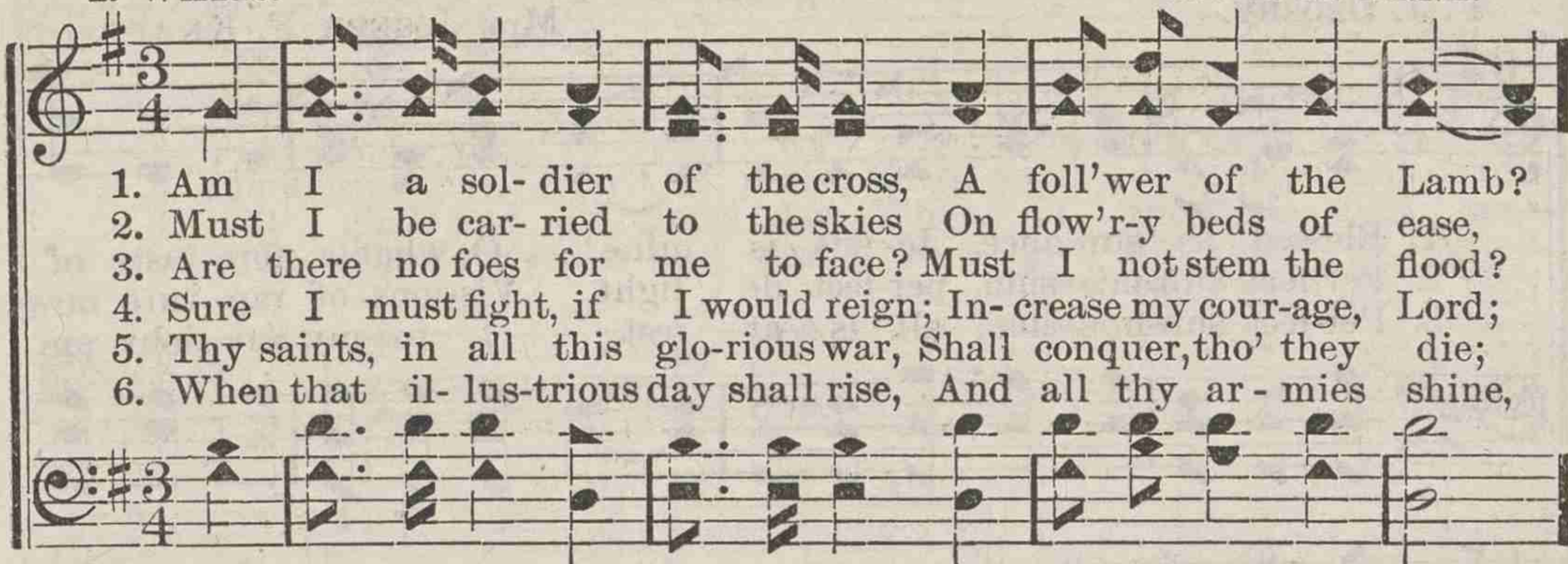
No. 114.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

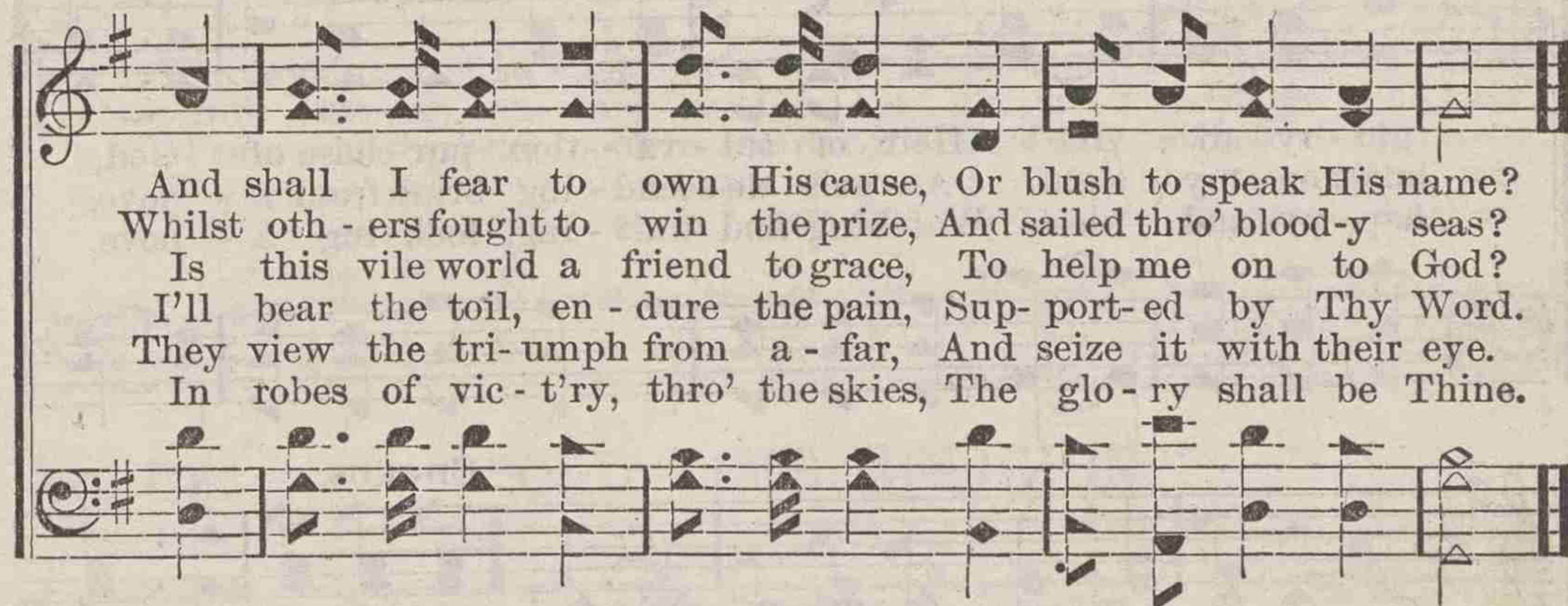
"If We Suffer, We shall also Reign."—2 Tim. 2: 12.

I. WATTS.

Dr. T. A. ARNE.



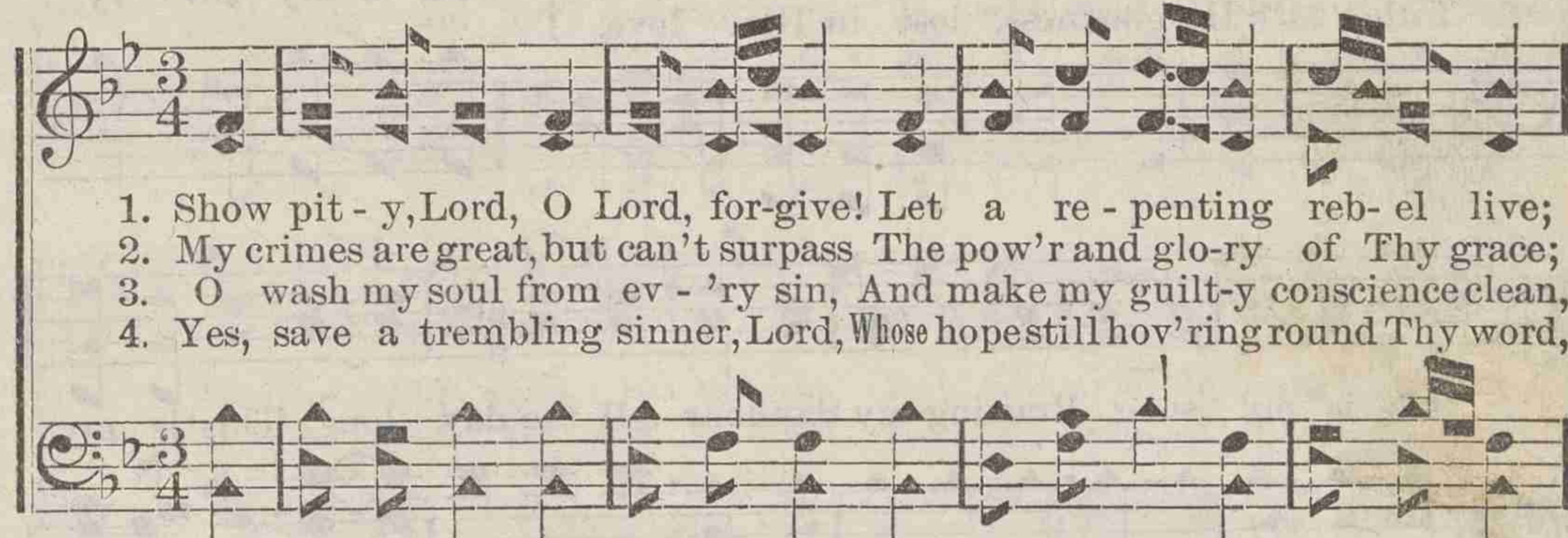
1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb?
 2. Must I be car-ried to theskies On flow'r-y beds of ease,
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord;
 5. Thy saints, in all this glo-rious war, Shall conquer, tho' they die;
 6. When that il-lus-trious day shall rise, And all thy ar-mies shine,



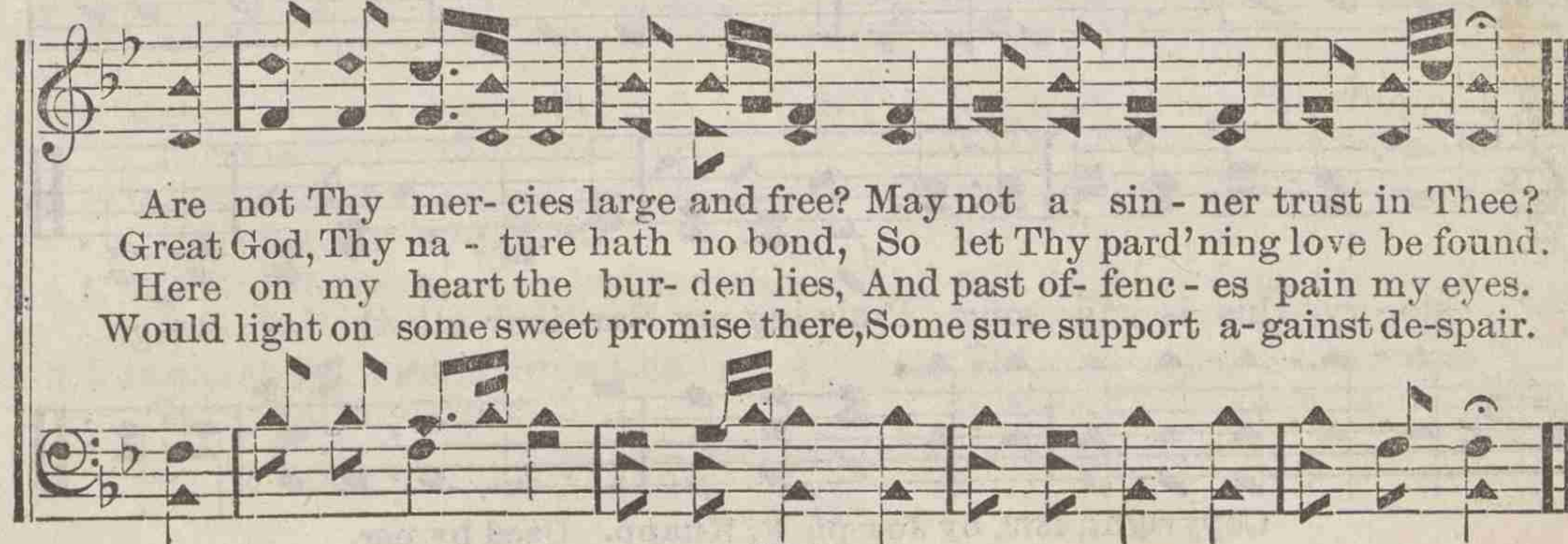
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 Whilst oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-ported by Thy Word.
 They view the tri-umph from a-far, And seize it with their eye.
 In robes of vic-t'ry, thro' theskies, The glo-ry shall be Thine.

No. 115. SHOW PITY, LORD, O LORD, FORGIVE.

"God be merciful to me, a sinner."—LUKE. 18: 13.



1. Show pit-y, Lord, O Lord, for-give! Let a re-penting reb-el live;
 2. My crimes are great, but can't surpass The pow'r and glo-ry of Thy grace;
 3. O wash my soul from ev-'ry sin, And make my guilt-y conscience clean,
 4. Yes, save a trembling sinner, Lord, Whose hope still hov'ring round Thy word,



Are not Thy mer-cies large and free? May not a sin-ner trust in Thee?
 Great God, Thy na-ture hath no bond, So let Thy pard'ning love be found.
 Here on my heart the bur-den lies, And past of-fenc-es pain my eyes.
 Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support a-against de-spair.

No. 116.

BLESSED ASSURANCE.

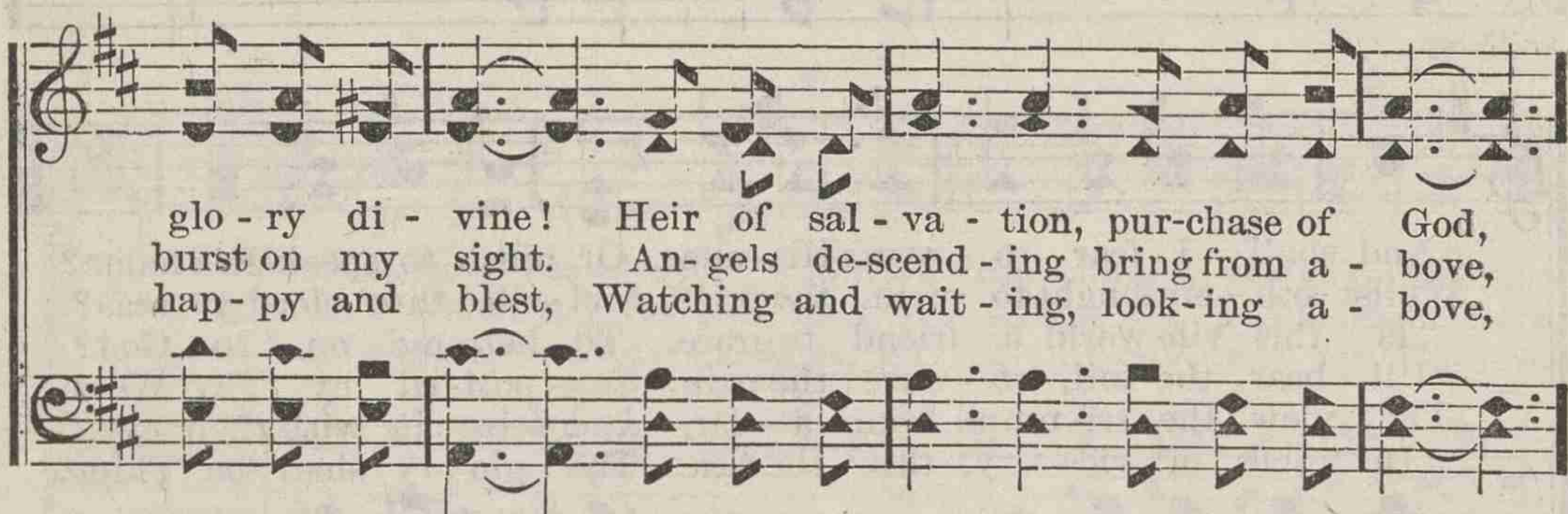
"He is faithful that promised."—Heb. 10: 23.

F. J. CROSBY.

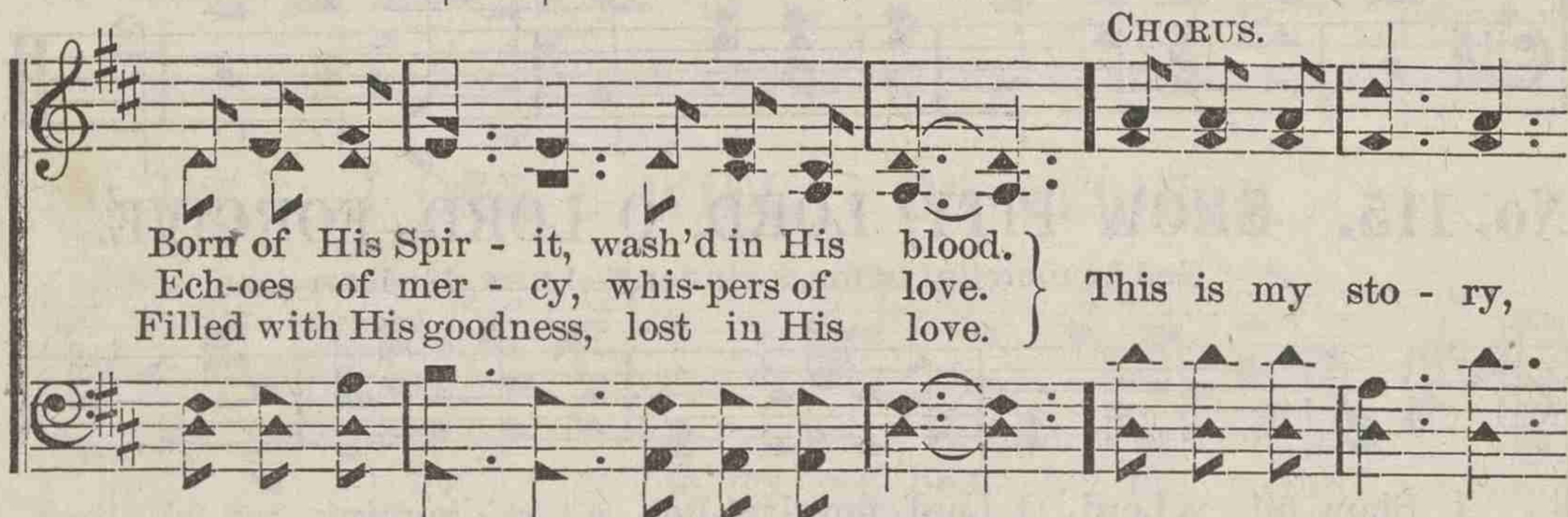
Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



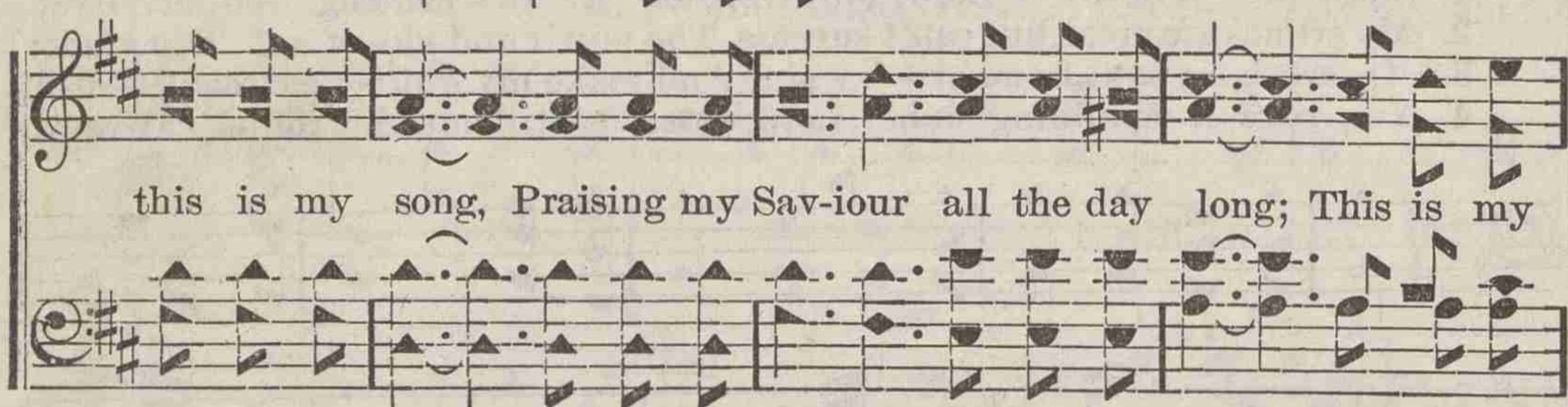
1. Blessed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am



glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God,
 burst on my sight. An-gels de-scend-ing bring from a-bove,
 hap-py and blest, Watching and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,



CHORUS.
 Born of His Spir-it, wash'd in His blood.
 Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love.
 Filled with His goodness, lost in His love. } This is my sto-ry,



this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my



sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

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No. 117.

LAND OF LOVE.

A. S. K.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1. There is a land a - bove, A clime of peace - ful rest,
 2. I wan - der to and fro In this low earth - ly sphere,
 3. Some - times, in hour of night, Songs sweet - ly strange float down
 4. O glad and glo - rious day When I the King shall see—
 5. Till then, I'll watch and pray, Nor give the bat - tle o'er—

Where saints and an - gels bask in love, — Se - cure, su - preme - ly blest.
 But, ev - er on - ward as I go, An - gel - ic songs I hear.
 From out the beau - teous realms of light, Were waits for me a crown.
 Where an - gel forms in bright ar - ray A - wait to wel - come me.
 Un - til I greet that end - less day Which gilds yon heav'n - ly shore.

No. 118.

"OLD TIME RELIGION."

Arr. by MCD. WEAMS.

Cho.—'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - li - gion,
 1. It was good for our moth - ers, It was good for our mothers,
 'Tis the old time re - li - gion, It is good e - nough for me.
 It was good for our mothers It is good e - nough for me.

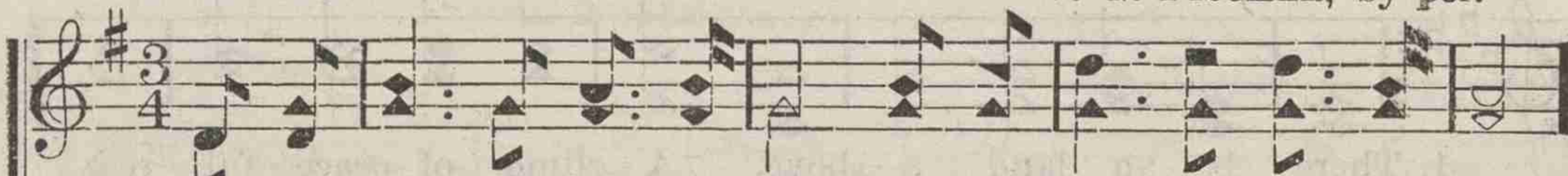
- 2 ||: Makes me love everybody, :||
 It is good enough for me.
 3 ||: It has saved our fathers. :||
 It is good enough for me.
 4 ||: It was good for the Prophet Daniel, :||
 It is good enough for me.
 5 ||: It was good for the Hebrew Children, :||
 It is good enough for me.
 6 ||: It was tried in the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

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No. 119. I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

WM. McDONALD.

W. G. FISCHER, by per.



1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sigh'd for Thee; Long has e - vil reign'd with-in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee; Friends and time, and earth-ly store;
4. In the prom - is - es I trust Now I feel the blood ap - plied;
5. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per-fect - ed in love I am!



CHO.—I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee; Thou dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;



D.C. Chorus.

I am count-ing all but dross; I shall Thy sal - va - tion find.
 Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me— I will cleanse you from all sin.
 Soul and bod - y Thine to be— Whol - ly Thine— for - ev - er - more.
 I am pros-trate in the dust; I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.
 I am ev - 'ry whit made whole; Glo - ry! glo - ry to the Lamb!



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

No. 120. ORTONVILLE. C. M.

Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear! It soothes his
2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna
3. By Him my pray'r acceptance gain, Al - tho' with sin de - filed; Sa - tan ac -



sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear, And drives away his fear.
 to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest, And to the wea - ry rest.
 cus - es me in vain, And I am own'd a child, And I am own'd a child.



No. 121.

O HAPPY DAY.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

(MALE VOICES.)

Arr. by McD. WEAMS.

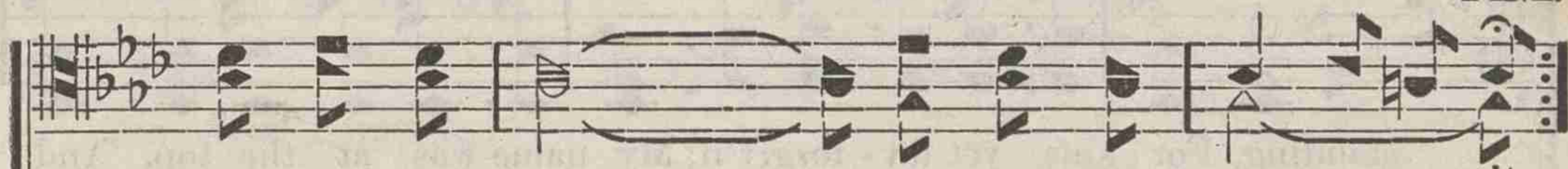


1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice.....
2. { Well may this glow - - ing heart re - joice,.....
3. { O hap - py bond..... that seals my vows,.....
4. { Let cheer-ful an - - them fill His house,.....
5. { 'Tis done, the great..... trans- action's done,.....
6. { He drew me, and..... I fol- lowed on,.....
7. { 1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice, that fixed my choice,
8. { Well may this glow- ing heart re - joice, this heart re-joice,



D.S.—O hap - py day..... that fixed my choice.....

FINE.



On Thee, my Sav - - iour and my God!.....
 And tell its rap - - ture all a - broad.....
 To Him who mer - - its all my love.....
 While to that sa - - cred shrine I move.....
 I am my Lord's..... and He is mine.....
 Charmed to con - fess..... the voice di - vine.....
 on Thee, my Sav-iour and my God, and my God!
 and tell its rap-ture all a - broad, all a-broad.



Where Je - sus washed..... my sins a - way.....
 sins a-way.

CHORUS.



He taught me how, to watch and pray,
 He taught me how, to watch and pray,



D.C.



And live re - joic-ing ev - 'ry day, and live re - joic-ing ev - 'ry day.
 And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day.....



Owned by McD. Weams.

No. 122. THE OLD ACCOUNT SETTLED LONG AGO.

F. M. G.

F. M. GRAHAM.



1. There was a time I know, When in the book of heav'n, An old account was
2. The old account was large, And larger ev - 'ry day, For I was al- ways
3. When at the judgment bar, I stand be- fore my King, And He the book will
4. When in that happy home, My Saviour's home above, I'll sing redemption's
5. O sin-ner seek the Lord, Repent of all yoursin, For thus He has com -




standing, For sins yet un - forgiv'n; My name was at the top, And
sin-ning, And nev - er tried to pay; But when I looked a-head, And
o- pen, And can- not find a thing; Then will my heart be glad, While
sto - ry, And praise Him for His love; I'll not for- get that book, With
mand-ed, If you would en - ter in; And then if you should live, A




ma-ny things below, But I went to the keep-er, And set-tled long a- go.
saw such pain and woe, I said that I would set-tle, And set-tled long a- go.
tears of joy will flow, Because I had it set-tled, And set-tled long a- go.
pages white as snow, Because I came and set-tled, And set-tled long a- go.
hundred years below, Up there you'll not regret it, You set-tled long a- go.



CHORUS.



Long a - go, Long a - go, Yes, the old account was
Down on my knees, I set-tled it all,



The Old Account Settled Long Ago.—Concluded.

settled long a - go; Hal-le-lu-jah! And the record's clear to-day, For He
washed my sins away, When the old account was settled long a - go.

No. 123.

I'M GOING HOME.

Rev. WM. HUNTER.

WM. MILLER.

1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair; No pain nor death can en-ter there; }
 { It's glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine, That heav'nly mansion shall be mine, }
 2. { My Father's house is built on high, Far, far a-bove the star-ry sky; }
 { When from this earthly pris-on free, That heav'nly mansion mine shall be; }
 3. { Let oth-ers seek a home below, Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow; }
 { Be mine a hap-pier lot to own, A heav'nly mansion near the throne. }

CHO. { I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more! }
 { To die no more, To die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more! }

No. 124.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;
Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

No. 125.

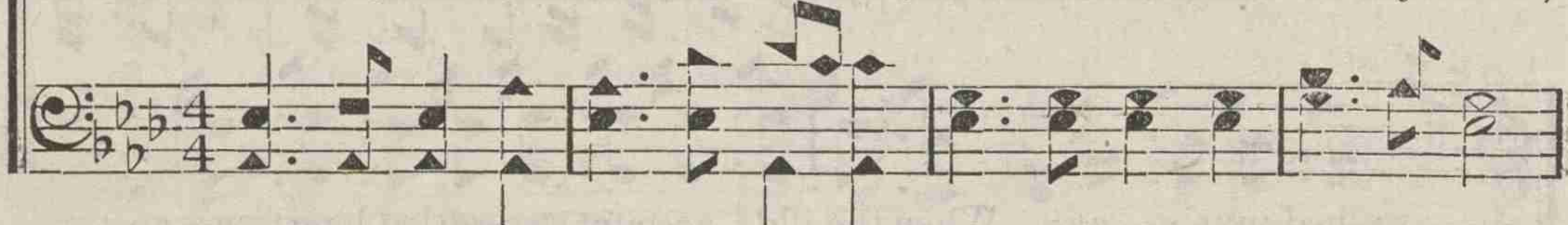
DISCIPLE. 8s, 7s.

Rev. H. F. LYTE.

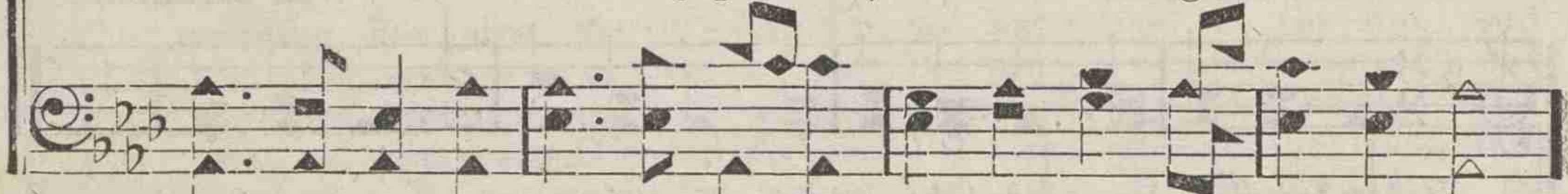
MOZART.



1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world de - spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - iour, too;
3. Man may trou - ble and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;



Na - ked, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Hu - man hearts and looks deceive me; Thou art not, like them, un - true.
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.



D.S.—Yet, how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own.
D.S.—Foes may hate and friends may shun me, Show Thy face and all is bright.
D.S.—Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un - mix'd with Thee.



Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hop'd, or known;
And while Thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;

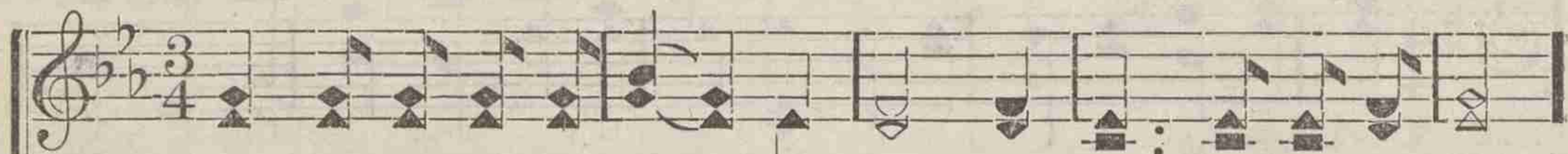


No. 126.

ELIZABETH TOWN. C. M.

W. COWPER.

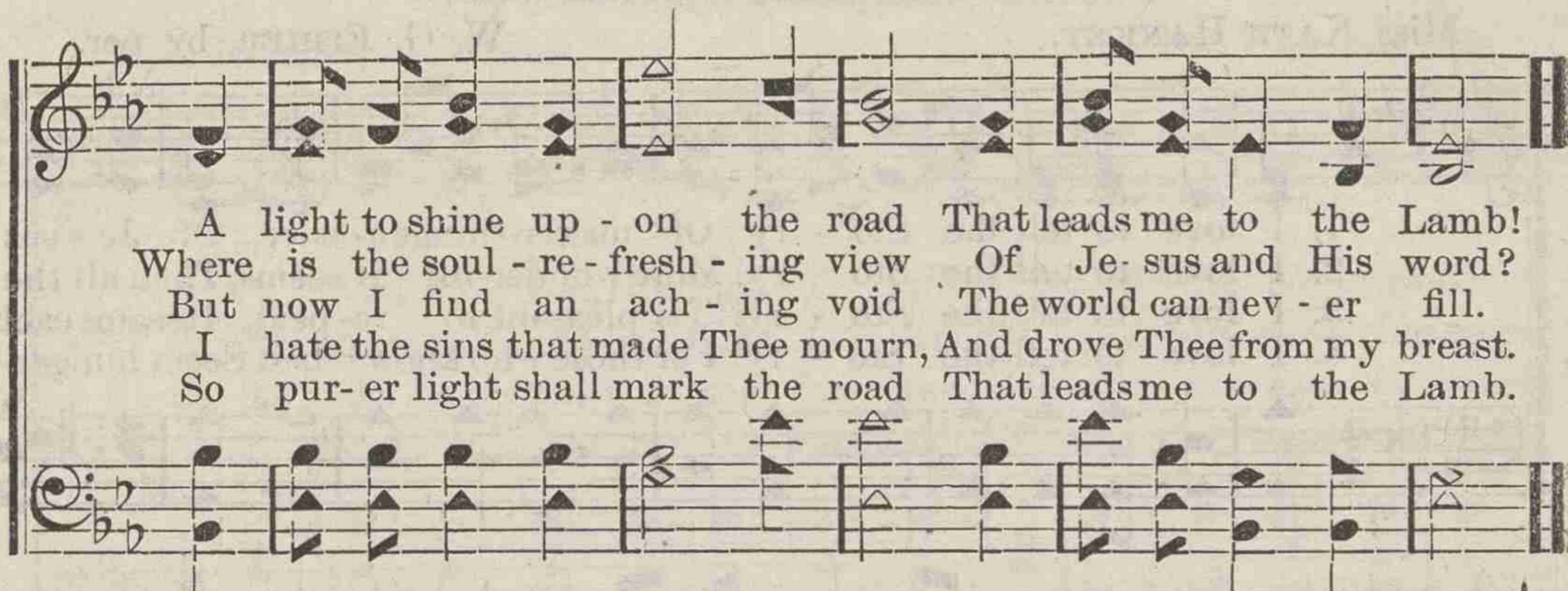
GEORGE KINGSLEY.



1. Oh, for a clos - er walk with God! A calm and heav'n - ly frame!
2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord?
3. What peaceful hours I then en - joyed! How sweet their mem'ry still!
4. Re - turn, oh, ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet mes - sen - ger of rest;
5. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se - rene my frame;



ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.—Concluded.



A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and His word?
But now I find an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.
So pur - er light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

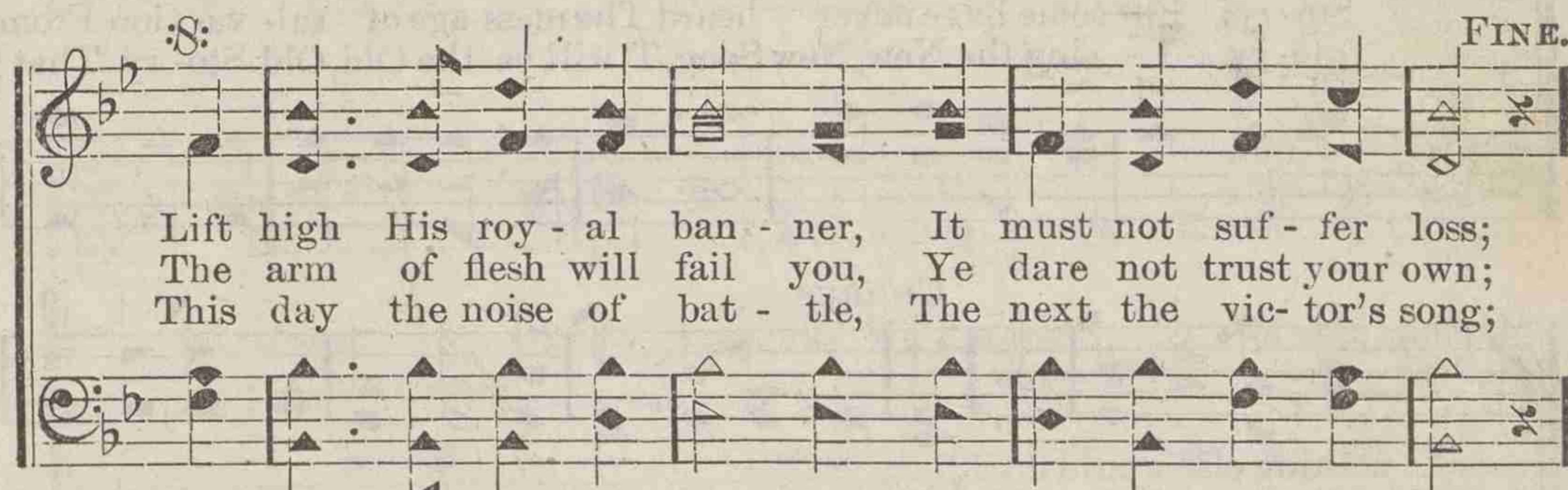
No. 127. STAND UP! STAND UP FOR JESUS!

GEORGE DUFFIELD, Jr.

G. J. WEBB.

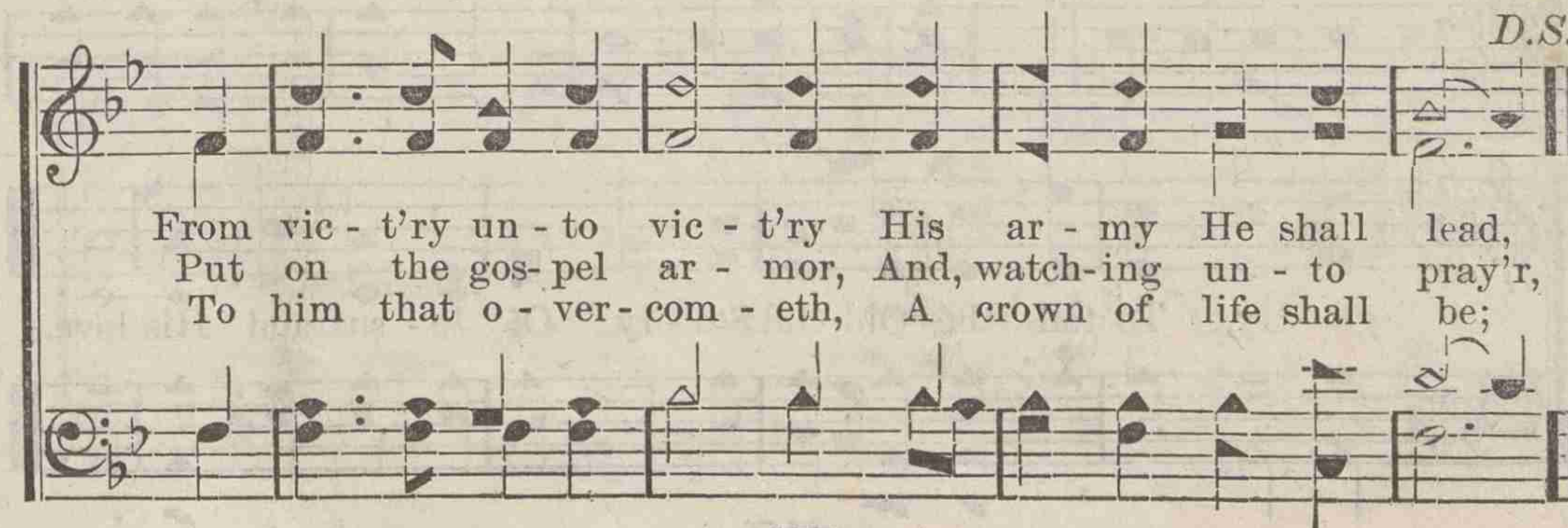


1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;
3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;



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.



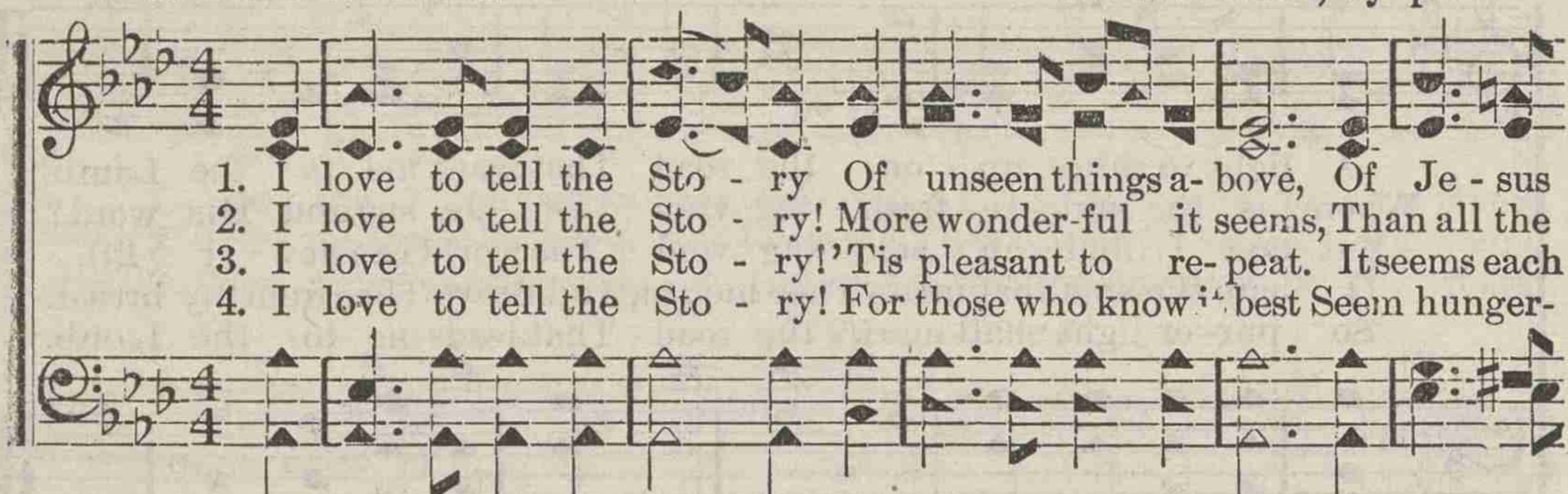
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my He shall lead,
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And, watch - ing un - to pray'r,
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

No. 128. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

"I will speak of Thy wondrous work."

Miss KATE HANKEY.

W. G. FISHER, by per.



1. I love to tell the Sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the Sto - ry! More wonder - ful it seems, Than all the
3. I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Tis pleasant to re - peat. It seems each
4. I love to tell the Sto - ry! For those who know it best Seem hunger-



and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love! I love to tell the
gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the
time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
ing and thirsting To hear it, like the rest. And when, in scenes of



Sto - ry, Be - cause I know its true; It sat - is - fies my longings, As
Sto - ry! It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son I
Sto - ry! For some have never heard The mess - age of sal - va - tion From
glo - ry, I sing the New, New Song, T' will be the Old, Old Sto - ry That

CHORUS



nothing else would do.
tell it now to thee.
God's own ho - ly word. } I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Twill be my theme in
I have loved so long.



glo - ry, To tell the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 129. WE'LL WORK TILL JESUS COMES.

"Thy work shall be rewarded."—Jer. 31: 17.

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS.

Dr. WM. MILLER.



1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the mo-ment come,
 2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful shelt'ring dome;
 3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
 4. I sought at once my Sav- iour's side, No more my steps shall roam,



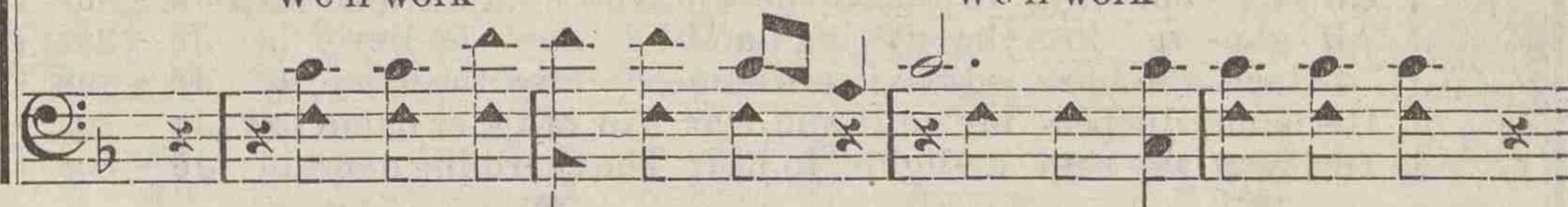

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
 This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
 And lean for suc - cor on His breast, Till He con - duct me home.
 With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home.



CHORUS.



We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll
 We'll work We'll work




work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath - ered home.
 We'll work



No. 130. HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

M. M. W.

"Lead Me into Thy Truth."—Psa. 25: 5.

M. M. WELLS.

FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, }
 { Gen - tly lead us by Thy hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land; }

D. C.—Whisp'ring soft-ly, "Wan-d'r'er, come! Fol-low me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice,

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
 Ever near Thine aid to lend,
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,
 Groping on in darkness drear;
 When the storms are raging sore,
 Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
 Waiting still for sweet release,
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
 Trusting that our names are there;
 Wading deep the dismal flood,
 Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
 Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

No. 131. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

WM. HUNTER.

Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON.

FINE.

1. { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa-thiz - ing Je - sus. }
 { He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus. }
 2. { Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus. }
 { Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus. }
 3. { All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je - sus; }
 { I love the bless - ed Saviour's name, I love the name of Je - sus. }
 4. { His name dis-pels my guilt and fear No oth - er name but Je - sus; }
 { Oh! how my soul de-lights to hear The charming name of Je - sus. }

D. S.—Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

D. C.

Sweetest note in ser - aph song, Sweetest name on mor - tal tongue.

No. 132.

WHERE HE LEADS ME.

"The meek will He guide in judgment."—Psa. 25: 9.

E. W. BLANDLY.

Arr.



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



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



I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, "Take thy cross, and follow, follow me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo- ry, And go with me, with me all the way.



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

No. 133.

ROCK OF AGES.

Rev. 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 - bor of my hands, Can ful- fil Thy laws' de- mands;
3. Noth- ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

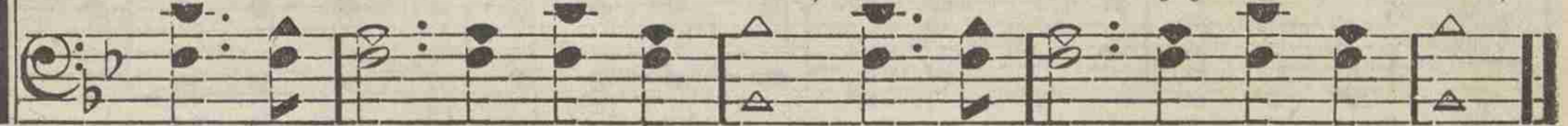


D.C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.
D.C.—All for sin could not a- tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
D.C.—Foul, I to the foun- tain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
D.C.—Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

D.C.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flow'd,
Could my zeal no res- pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress, Help- less, look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—



No. 134.

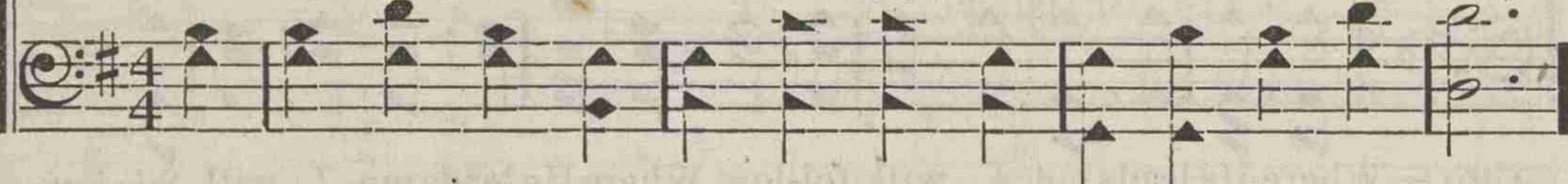
HE LOVES ME.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS.

Arr.



1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour 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;



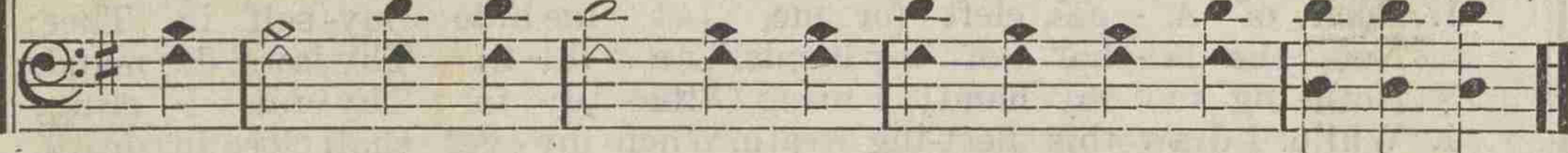
Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A-maz-ing pit-y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree!
When Christ, the might-y Mak-er died For man, the crea-ure's sin.
Dis-solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way,—'Tis all that I can do.



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



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



No. 135. ASLEEP IN JESUS! BLESSED SLEEP.

Mrs. M. MACKAY.

(REST. L. M.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep;
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet;
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! O for me May such a bliss-ful ref-uge be!
5. A-sleep in Je - sus! time nor space Affects this pre-cious hid-ing-place;
6. A-sleep in Je - sus! far from thee Thy kindred and their graves may be,



ASLEEP IN JESUS! BLESSED SLEEP.—Concluded.

A calm and un - dis-turbed re-pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes.
 With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing, That death has lost its venomed sting.
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That mani-fests the Saviour's pow'r.
 Se-cure-ly shall my ash-es lie, And wait the summons from on high.
 On Indian plains, or Lapland snows, Be-liev-ers find the same re - pose.
 But thine is still a bless-ed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep.

No. 136. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
 2. Have we tri-als and temp-tations? Is there trouble an - y-where?
 3. Are we weak and heavy lad - en, Cumbered with a load of care?

S: What a priv-i-lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
 We should nev-er be dis-cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Pre-cious Saviour, still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.

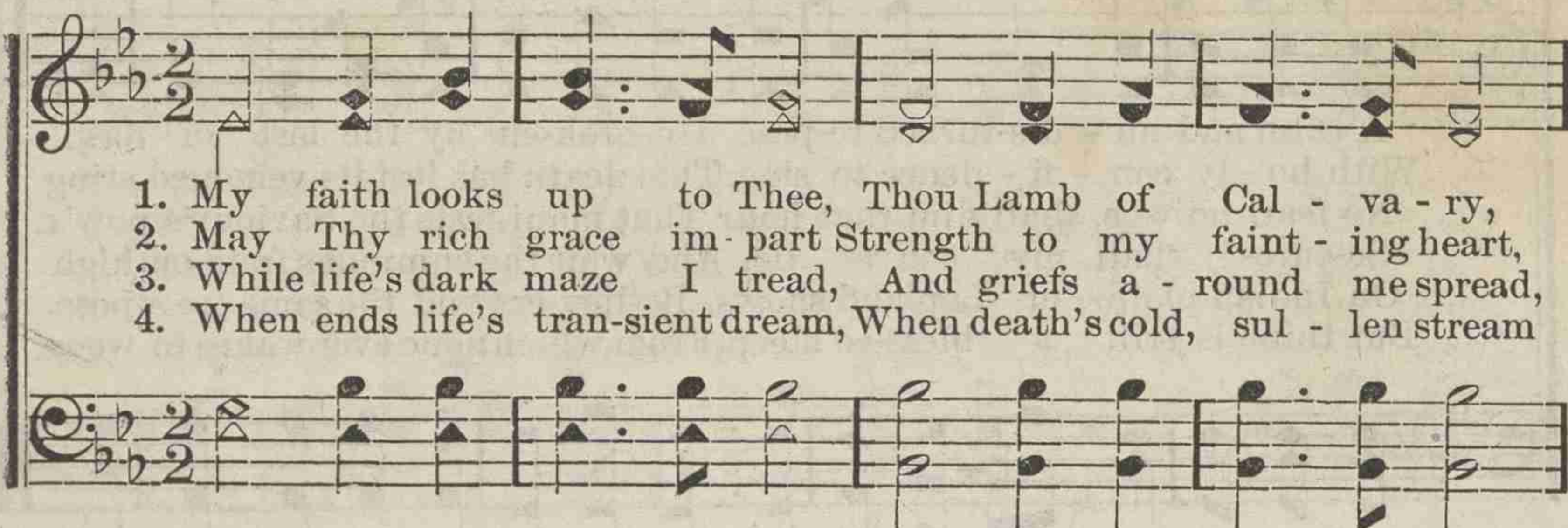
D.S.—All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
D.S.—Je-sus knows our ev - 'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer!
D.S.—In His arms He'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a sol-ace there.

D.S. Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,
 Can we find a Friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sorrows share?
 Do thy friends despise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

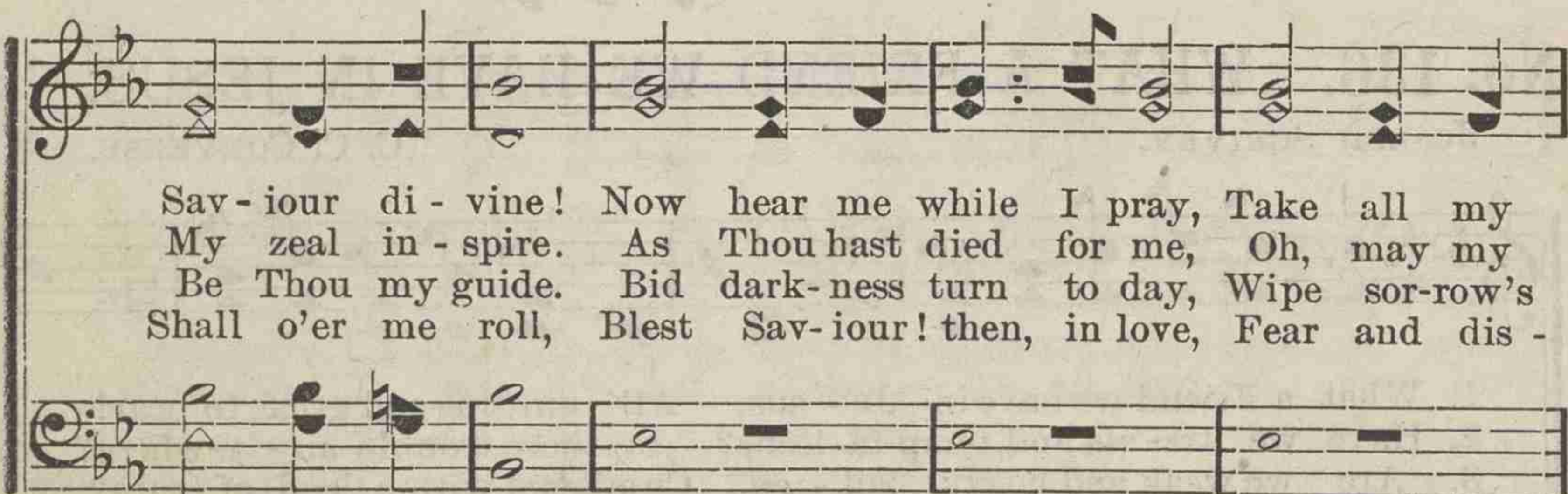
No. 137. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

RAY PALMER.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
 4. When ends life's tran-sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream



Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 My zeal in - spire. As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
 Be Thou my guide. Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's
 Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav-iour! then, in love, Fear and dis -



guilt a - way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
 'love to Thee Pure, warm, and change-less be, A liv - ing fire.
 tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 tress re-move; Oh, bear me safe a - bove, A ran-somed soul.

No. 138.

BALERMA. C. M.

W. H. BATHURST.

R. SIMPSON.



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs,
 2. Look how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys;
 3. Dear Lord! and shall we ev - er live, At this poor dy - ing rate?
 4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs,

BALERMA.—Concluded.

3 12 3 12 3 12 3 12 3 1-9 3 12 3 1-2

Kin-dle a flame of sa-cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
Our souls can nei-ther fly nor go To reach e-ter-nal joys!
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great?
Come, shed a-broad a Sav-iour's love, And that shall kin-dle ours.

No. 139. THE HAPPY DAY. L. M.

Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-iour and my God! }
Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-ture all a-broad. }
2. { O hap-py bond that seals my vows, To Him who mer-its all my love. }
Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sa-cred 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 con-fess the voice di-vine. }
4. { Now rest, my long-di-vid-ed heart, Fixed on this bliss-ful cen-ter, rest; }
Nor ev-er from thy Lord de-part, With Him of ev-'ry grace possessed. }
5. { High heav'n that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall daily hear, }
Till in life's lat-est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear. }

REFRAIN.

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way.

FINE.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day.

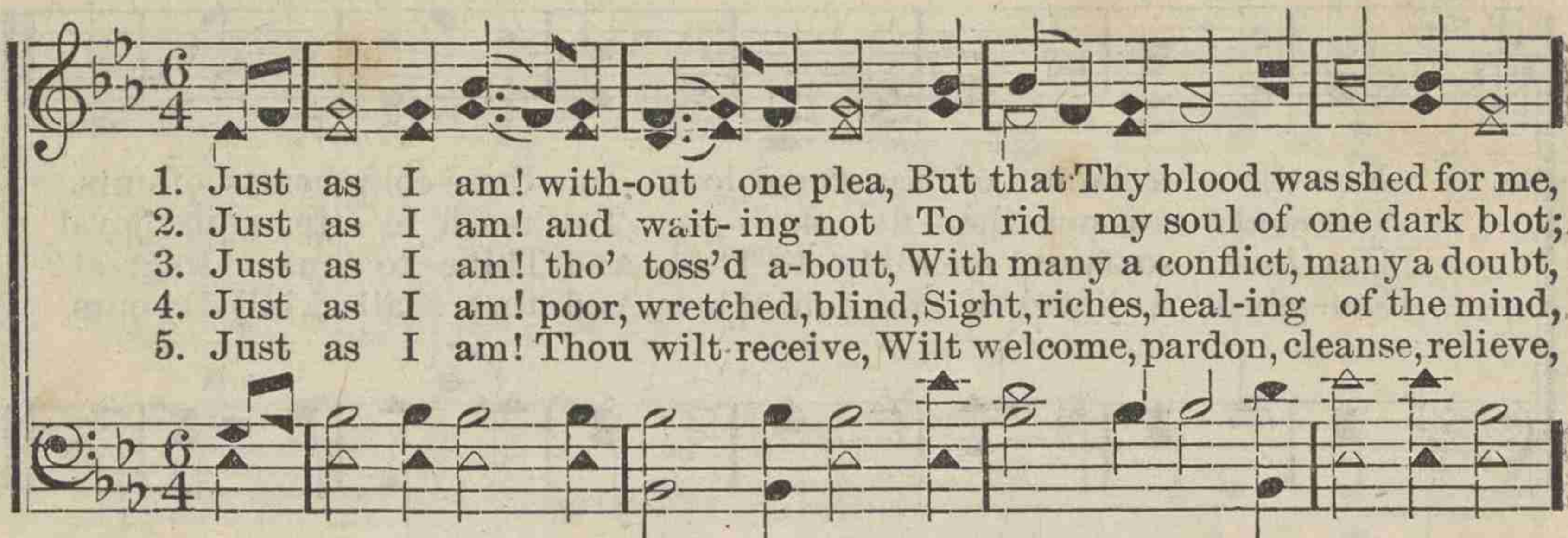
D. S.

No. 140.

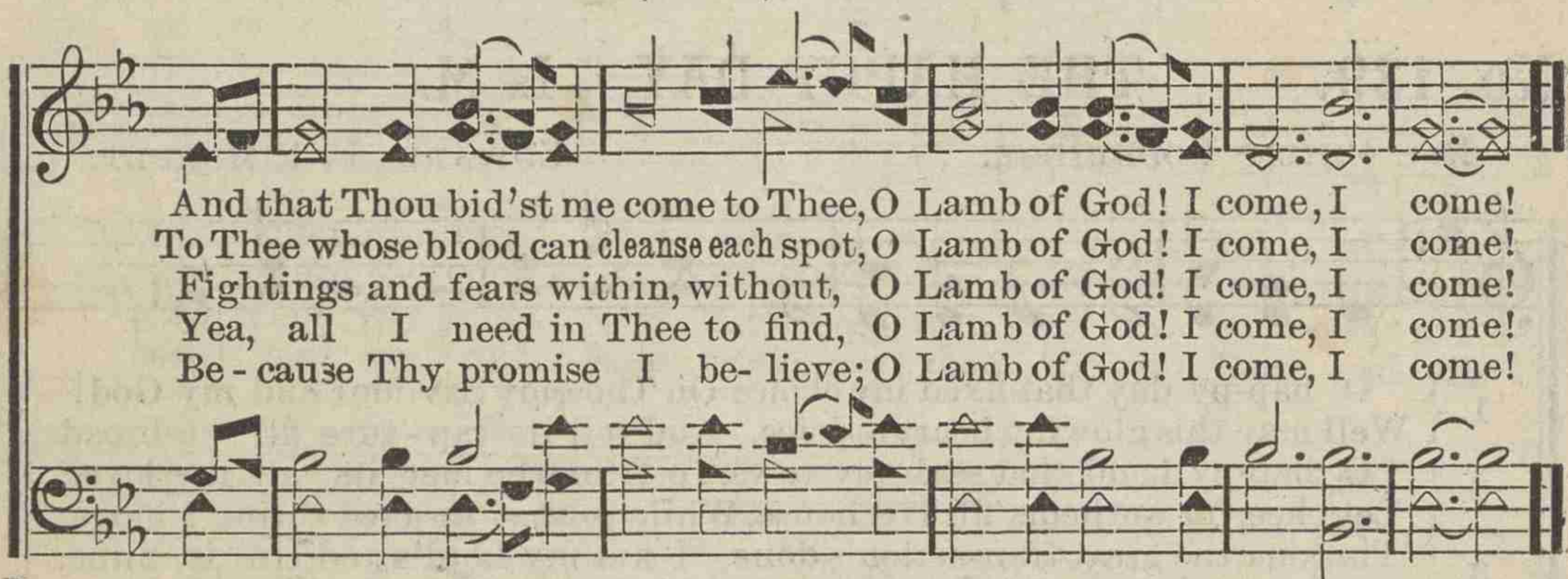
WOODWORTH. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot;
 3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout, With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
 5. Just as I am! Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,



And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
 Fightings and fears within, without, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
 Be-cause Thy promise I be-lieve; O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

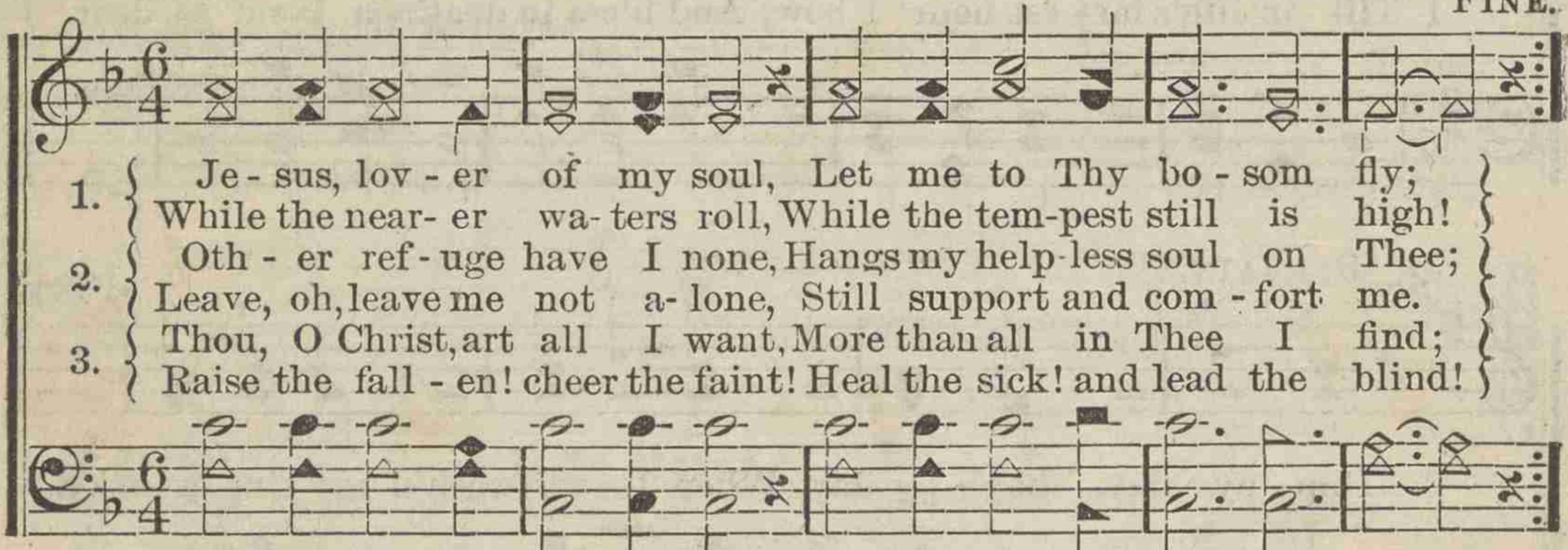
No. 141.

MARTYN. 7s. D.

CHARLES WESLEY.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE.



1. { Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly; }
 { While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high! }
 2. { Oth-er ref-uge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on Thee; }
 { Leave, oh, leave me not a-lone, Still support and com-fort me. }
 3. { Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find; }
 { Raise the fall-en! cheer the faint! Heal the sick! and lead the blind! }

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



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

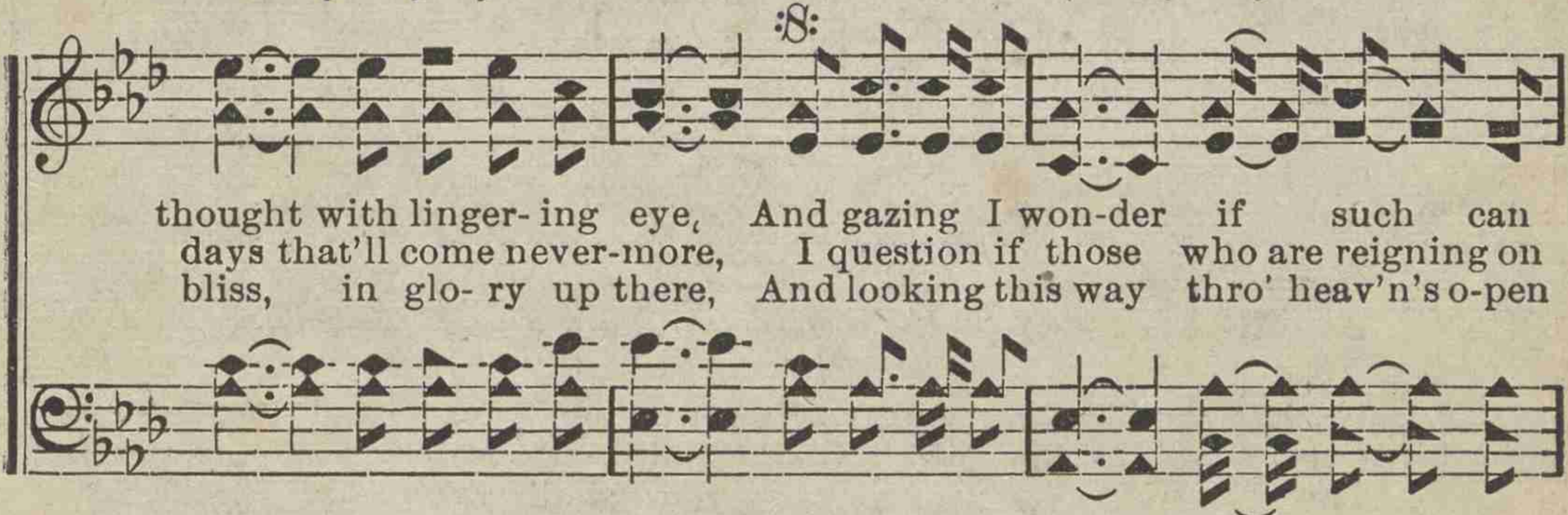
No. 142. DO THEY THINK OF ME IN HEAVEN?

SAMUEL BEAZLEY.

R. K. ORR.



1. I look up-on heav'n's deep az-ure blue sky With wonder-ing
 2. A wan-der-er here on time's dreary shore, Oft dreaming of
 3. Ce-les-tial and bright the garments they wear, In bow-ers of



thought with linger-ing eye, And gazing I won-der if such can
 days that'll come never-more, I question if those who are reigning on
 bliss, in glo-ry up there, And looking this way thro' heav'n's o-pen

D.S.—Where Jesus Himself's the glo-ry and
 FINE.



be That lov'd ones up there are think-ing of me.
 high Are think-ing of me be - yond the blue sky.
 door They beck-on me home to that beau-ti-ful shore.

light? Are they thinking of me in heav-en to-night?
 CHORUS.



Do they think of me be-yond the blue sky?



Do they beck-on me home to man-sions on high?

By permission of S. W. Beazley.

No. 143. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION. 11s.

GEORGE KEITH.

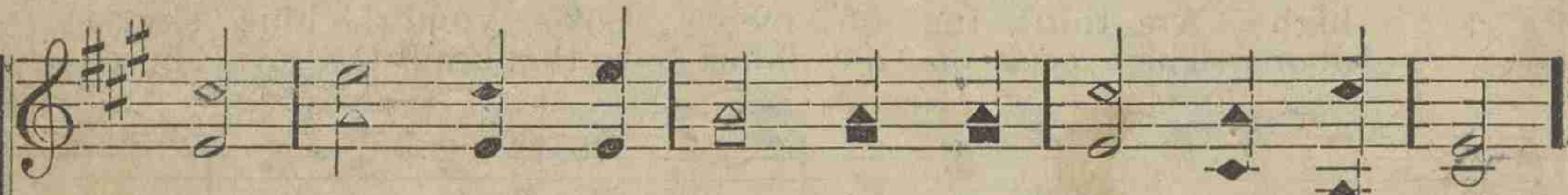
ANNIE STEELE.



1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord,
2. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dis - mayed!
3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go,
4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose,



Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word!
 For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid.
 The riv - ers of sor - rows shall not o - ver - flow;
 I will not, I will not de - sert to His foes.



What more can He say than to you He hath said,
 I'll strength - en thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
 For I will be with thee thy troub - les to bless,
 That soul, tho' all hell should en - deav - or to shake,



You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
 Up - held by my right - eous, om - nip - o - tent hand.
 And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
 I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for - sake.



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