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OLIVER'S

"SONGS OF DELIVERANCE"

WITH

PERSONAL WORKER'S GUIDE BOOK

"EXCUSES ANSWERED"

EDITED BY

Rev. FRENCH E. OLIVER, D. D.

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4330 Harrison St. Kansas City, Mo.

Hymn
1908
Oliv

27
.O43

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By French E. Oliver.

Preface

I have long felt the need of a song book adapted particularly to aggressive Christian work. I have sought to combine enough solos, high-grade choruses and gospel songs to make a book so complete that the Evangelist who has choirs of several hundred voices in his meetings can have a book worthy the best choir any city can produce. Many of the greatest composers are well represented in this book: E. O. Excell, Chas. H. Gabriel, P. P. Bliss, Jno. R. Sweney, Geo. C. Stebbins, and others.

The "Personal Worker's Guide" or "Excuses Answered" adds a new thought to a song book. Every singer is urged to become a personal worker, using the "Sword of the Spirit" as God has given it to us to thoroughly furnish us unto every good work. The contents of this book was copyrighted in America and in Great Britain, 1908.

2 Timothy 2:15.

Yours fraternally
French E. Oliver

OLIVER'S
SONGS OF DELIVERANCE

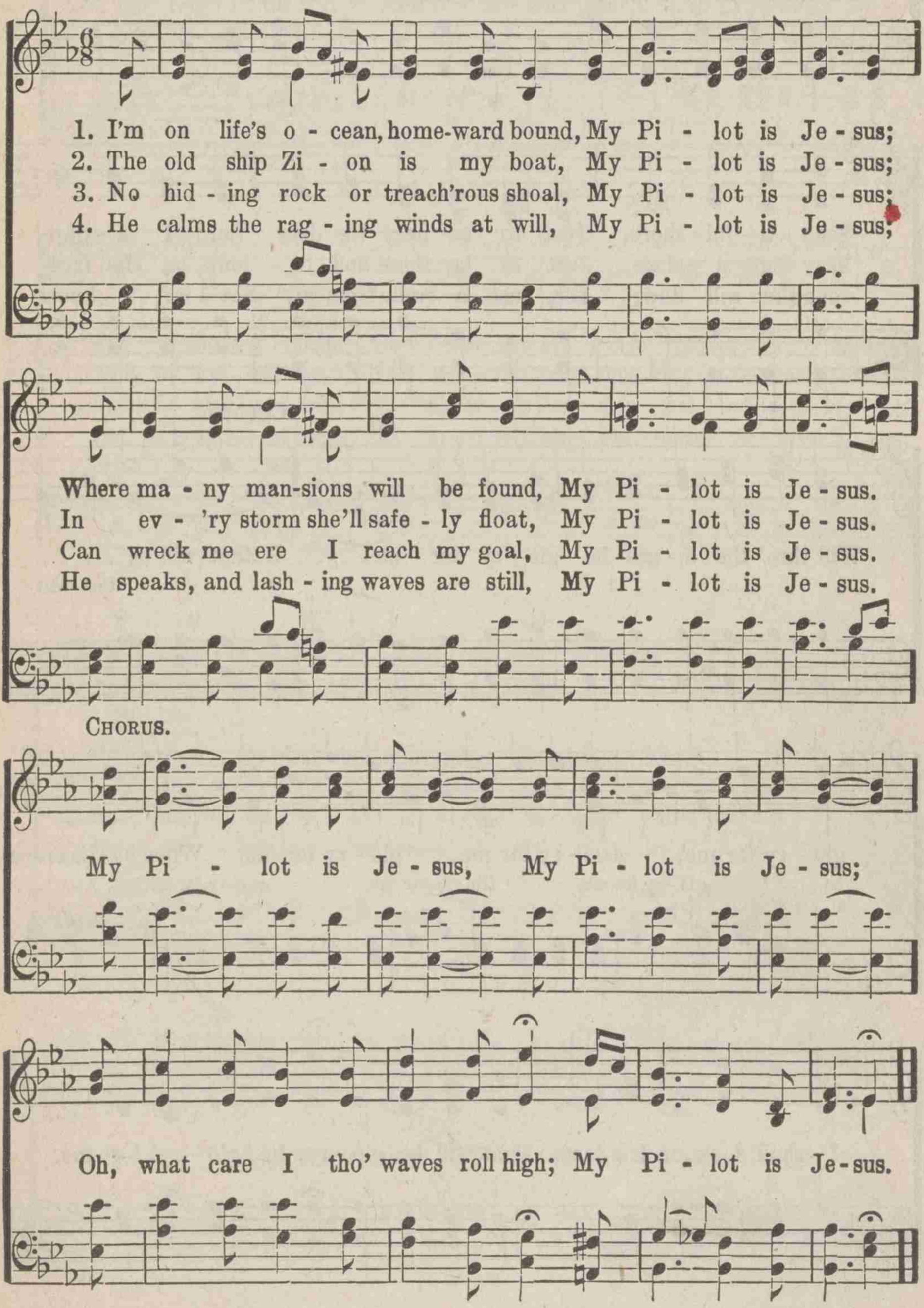
No. 1.

My Pilot is Jesus.

F. E. O.

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French E. Oliver.



No. 2. O That Will Be Glory.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

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

1. When all my la - bors and tri - als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in - fin - ite grace, I am ac - cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a - go; Joy like a riv - er a -

beau - ti - ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore,
heav - en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav - ior, I know,

CHORUS.

rit

Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me. . . . O that will be . . . .
O . . . . . that will
glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me; When by His grace
be glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me; . . . . . .

I shall look on His face, That will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for me.

No. 3. No Sorrow Yonder.

INTERNATONAL COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.

F. E. O. WORDS AND MUSIC. French E. Oliver.

1. No sor-row yon-der, and no more of pain, In that blest Cit-y—
2. No sad-ness yon-der, and no dol'rous days, No sea of troub-le,
3. No reign of ter-ror, and no si-lent grief, No more temp-ta-tion,
4. No ab-sent loved ones—wor-thy of a place—Where saints and an-gels

nev-er more a-gain, Shall death and cry-ing, tears and suf-fer-ing,
and no wo-ful ways, No tire-some wait-ing for the storm to cease;
and no with-ered leaf, No cheer-less fire-side, and no love be-reft,
see His bless-ed face, But sweet re-un-ion, blithe fe-lic-i-ty;

rit.

CHORUS.

De-press the soul with an-guish, Christ is King!
"The val-ley of the shad-ow" leads to peace! No sor-row
For in the Rock of A-ges is a cleft!
Re-joic-ing in the cross of Cal-va-ry.

yon-der, all mourn-ing done, No more heart-wounding—Heav-en won!

No. 4. Jesus Hold Me Fast.

COYPRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

F. E. O.

French E. Oliver.

Slow.

1. When the foe is press - ing hard, Je - sus, hold me fast;
2. When the way is rough and steep, Je - sus, hold me fast;
3. When my foot-steps fal - ter here, Je - sus, hold me fast;
4. When my heart with sor - row breaks, Je - sus, hold me fast;

When he would my zeal re - tard, Je - sus, hold me fast.
Heaven's path I fain would keep, Je - sus, hold me fast.
I must have my Sav - ior near, Je - sus, hold me fast.
When my loved ones cold death takes, Je - sus, hold me fast.

CHORUS.

p *mf* *f* *cres.*

Je - sus, hold me fast, Je - sus, hold me fast;

hold me fast;

ff

By Thy love and right-eous - ness, Je - sus, hold me fast.

hold me fast.

No. 5. Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

Rev. R. L. RENEWAL. MRS. MARY RUNYON LOWRY, OWNER. **Rev. Robert Lowry.**

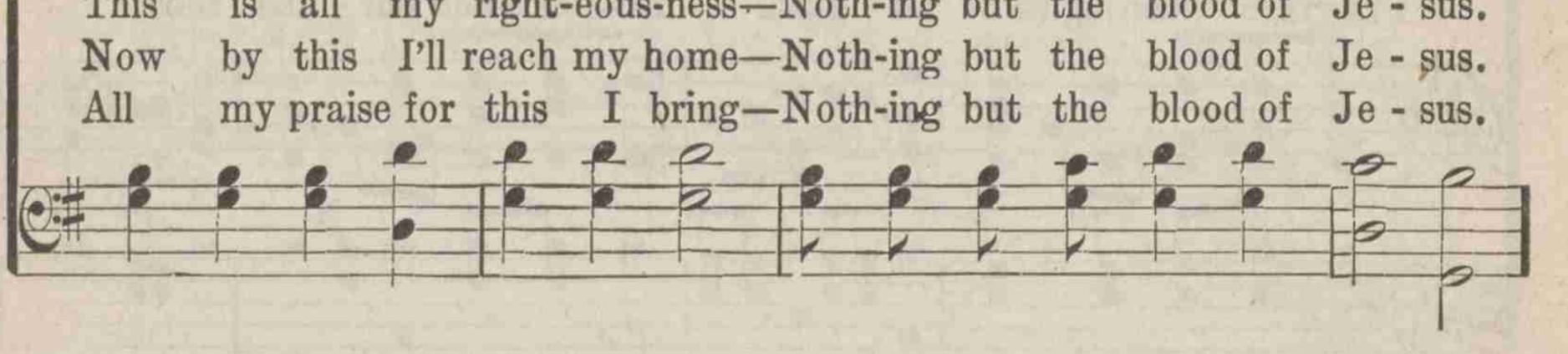


1. What can wash a - way my stain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my cleans-ing this I see—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
5. Now by this I'll o - ver-come—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
6. Glo - ry! glo - ry! thus I sing—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;





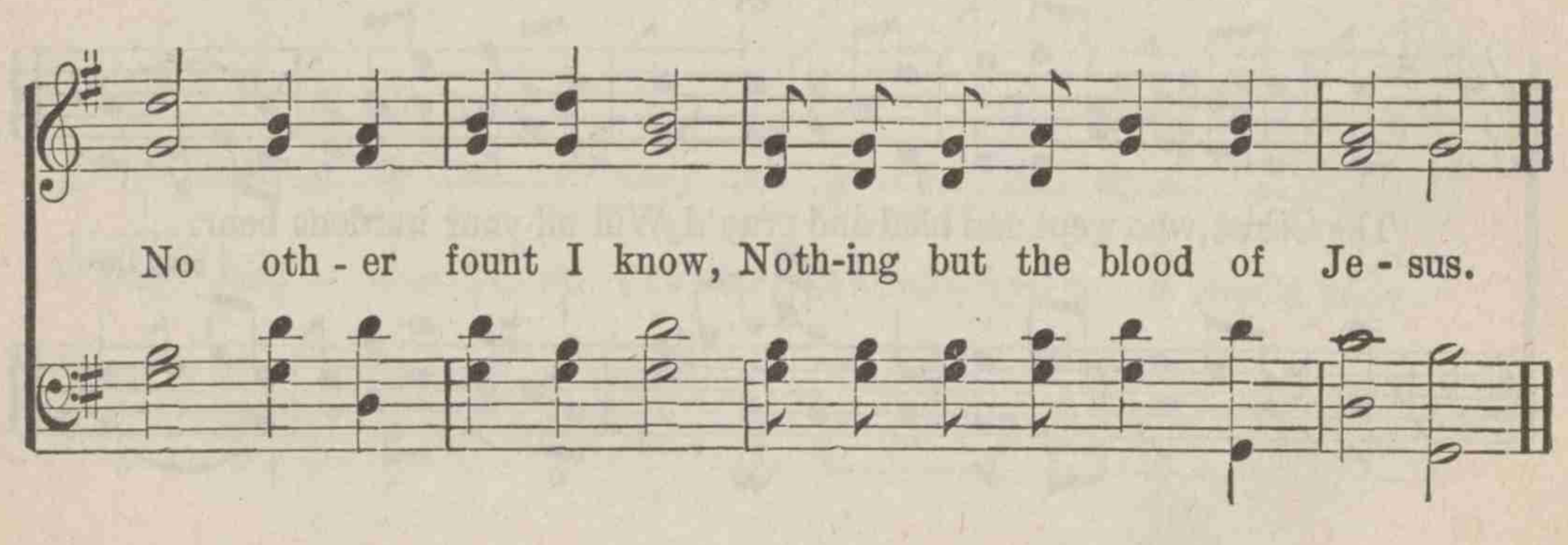
What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
For my par - don this my plea—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
This is all my right-eous-ness—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
Now by this I'll reach my home—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
All my praise for this I bring—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.



REFRAIN.



Oh, pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;



No oth - er fount I know, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

No. 6. Pray Through.

WORDS AND MUSIC COYPRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

F. E. O. French E. Oliver.

1. Pray thro' when world-ly pleas - ures Lead you from God and right;
2. Pray thro' when sore - ly tempt - ed, When bat-tles press the soul;
3. Pray thro' tho' sins like crim - son Hard - en and stain your heart;
4. Pray thro, when clouds of sor - row Sweep o'er life's barque at sea;

Octaves.

Pray thro'—your soul is drift - ing On to e - ter - nal night.
Pray thro'—Je - ho - vah lead - eth, Safe to the heav'nly goal.
Pray thro'—Faith's armor quencheth Ev - e - ry fier - y dart.
Pray thro' when nights of an - guish Ensconce and bur - den thee.

CHORUS.

Pray thro', pray thro, 'my brother, ... There's po - ten - cy in pray'r; ....
pray thro', pray thro';

The Christ, who wept and bled and pray'd, Will all your burdens bear.....
pray thro'.

No. 7. Everybody May Know.

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

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. E. O. Excell.

1. I have such a won-der-ful Sav - ior, Who helps me wher-ev-er I go;
2. His mer-cy and love is un-bound-ed, He makes me with gladness o'er-flow;
3. He helps me when trials surround me, His grace and His goodness to show;
4. My life and my love I will give Him, And faith-ful - ly serve Him be-low;

That I must be tell-ing His good-ness For ev - 'ry-bod - y should know.
Oh, He is "the Chief of ten-thou-sand" That ev - 'ry-bod - y should know.
Oh, how I can help but a - dore Him That ev - 'ry-bod - y should know.
Who bro't me His wondrous sal - va - tion, That ev - 'ry-bod - y should know.

CHORUS.

Ev - 'ry - bod - y should know, Ev - 'ry - bod-y should know;
should know, should know;

I have such a won-der - ful Sav - ior, That ev - 'ry - bod - y should know.

No. 8. Sailing Heavenward.

A. M. Toplady.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.
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French E. Oliver.

1. If on a qui - et sea, T'ward heav'n we calm-ly sail;
2. But should the surg-es rise, And rest de-lay to come,
3. Soon shall our quak-ing fears All yield to Thy con-trol;
4. Teach us in ev - 'ry state Thy will to make our own;

Octaves.

With grate-ful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the fav'ring gale.
Blest be the temp-est, kind the storm, Which drives us near-er home.
Thy ten - der mer - cies shall il - lume, The midnight of the soul.
And when the joys of sense de-part, To live by faith a - lone.

CHORUS.

Trust - ing Thee here be-low, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
Trust-ing in Je - sus, Dear dy - ing

Walk - ing in faith we'll go, On till Thy face we see.....
Walk-ing in faith we see.

No. 9. City of Beauty.

COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
PROPERTY OF E. O. EXCELL.

M. E. Servoss. E. O. Excell.

DUET.

1. O cit - y of beau-ty, I long to be-hold Thy pearly white gates and thy
2. When sad and oppress'd with life's burdens and fears, Sweet tho'ts of that city my
3. My Sav - ior hath promised for me to pre-pare A home in that country so

pavement of gold; And I long for a stroll on that beau - ti-ful shore Where
wea - ry heart cheers, And I feel that each bat - tle must brave-ly be won That
peace-ful and fair; And I rest in this hope, till His lov - ing command Shall

CHORUS.

earth-wea-ry feet shall grow wea-ry no more.
I may re-joice in a Father's "Well done." But dear - er by far than
sum-mon me home to that beau - ti-ful land.

than all

all else to me, Is the tho't that the face of my Lord I shall see; Yes, dear-er by

else

far than all else to me, Is the tho't that the face of my Lord I shall see.

than all else

No. 10. "Get Right With God."

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

F. E. O. French E. Oliver.

1. Are there with - in you base pas - sions rife, Pride and vain-glo - ry,
2. Why not let Je - sus your bur - dens bear? Ye who are sink - ing
3. Are you now long-ing for per - fect peace? Would you from bond-age
4. Have you a moth-er in yon - der home? Think of her pray'rs and

ran - cor and strife? Heed, heed the call to the bet - ter life;
in - to de - spair, Lost for e - ter - ni - ty, O be - ware!
now have re - lease? Seek ye the Lord ere His plead-ings cease;
tears as you roam; Hear her still plead - ing with thee to come;

CHORUS.

"Get right, get right with God." Je - sus of Naz - ar - eth
stand - eth here, Friend of the sin - ner, Sav - ior so dear;
so dear;
"Call ye up - on Him while He is near;" "Get right, get right with God."

No. 11. O What a Change!

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O what a change! From the darkness of night In - to the noon - tide of
2. O what a change! From my hun-ger for bread In - to the place where His
3. O what a change! From my bur-den of care In - to the rest He in-

God's shin - ing light; Out of my weak - ness to strength in His might,
chil - dren are fed, In - to the bless - ing of life from the dead,
vites me to share, In - to His joy from the sor - row I bear,

CHORUS.

O what a change! O what a change! O what a change in my

heart there has been! O what a change! O what a change! O what a

change, since the Sav - ior came in! O what a change! O what a change!

No. 12. No Room in the Inn.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY R. KELSO CARTER.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

A. L. Skilton. E. Grace Updegraff.

1. No beau - ti - ful cham - ber, No soft cra-dle bed, No place but a man - ger, No where for His Head; No prais - es, of glad - ness,
2. No sweet con-se - cra - tion, No seek-ing His part, No hu - mil - i- a - tion, No place in the heart; No tho't of the Sav - ior,
3. No one to re-ceive Him, No welcome while here, No balm to re- lieve Him, No staff but a spear; No seek - ing His treas - ure,

No tho't of their sin, No glo - ry, but sad-ness, No room in the inn.
No sor-row for sin, No pray'r for His fa - vor, No room in the inn.
No weeping for sin, No do - ing His pleas-ure, No room in the inn.

rit.

CHORUS.

No room, no room for Je - sus, Oh, give Him wel - come free,

rit.

Lest you should hear at Heav-en's gate, "There is no room for Thee."

No. 13.

To Please Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

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

1. I will not go where I can-not take Je - sus, Je - sus my Sav-ior, my
2. I will not do what I know would grieve Jesus, How could I spurn such a
3. I'll not be-lieve what I can-not tell Je-sus, Nor will I think up - on
4. I'll do what-ev - er I know will please Je-sus, I will be faith-ful in

friend and Guide, For I should trem-ble to feel for one mo - ment
Friend as He? No! for a life - time of tend'rest de - vo - tion
things un - true; For in the light or the dark-ness He sure - ly
ev - 'ry-thing; Yes, by the help and the grace that He gives me,

rit. CHORUS.

That He was ab - sent from my side.
Can - not re - pay His love to me. Stay with me, Sav - ior,
Know-eth all things we think or do.
I will be loy - al to my King.

keep me I pray; Nev-er a mo-ment let me stray, Help me more often Thy
love to re-mem-ber, That I may live clos - er, clos - er to Thee.

No. 14. God Is A Friend.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

R. W. Raymond. Alvin W. Roper.

1. Far out on the des-o-late bil-low, The sail-or sails the sea;
   sails the sea;
2. Far down in the earth's dark bo-som, The min-er mines the ore;
   mines the ore;
3. Forth, in-to the dread-ful bat-tle, The stead-fast sol-dier goes;
4. Lord, grant as we sail life's o-cean, Or delve in its mines of woe;
   mines of woe;

A-lone with the night and the tem-pest, Where count-less dan-gers be.
Death lurks in the dark be-hind him, And hides in the rock be-fore.
No friend where he lies a-dy-ing, His eyes to ten-der-ly close.
Or fight in its ter-ri-ble con-flict, This com-fort all to know.

CHORUS.

1-3. Yet nev-er a-lone is the Chris-tian, Who lives by faith and pray-er;
4. That, nev-er a-lone is the Chris-tian, etc.

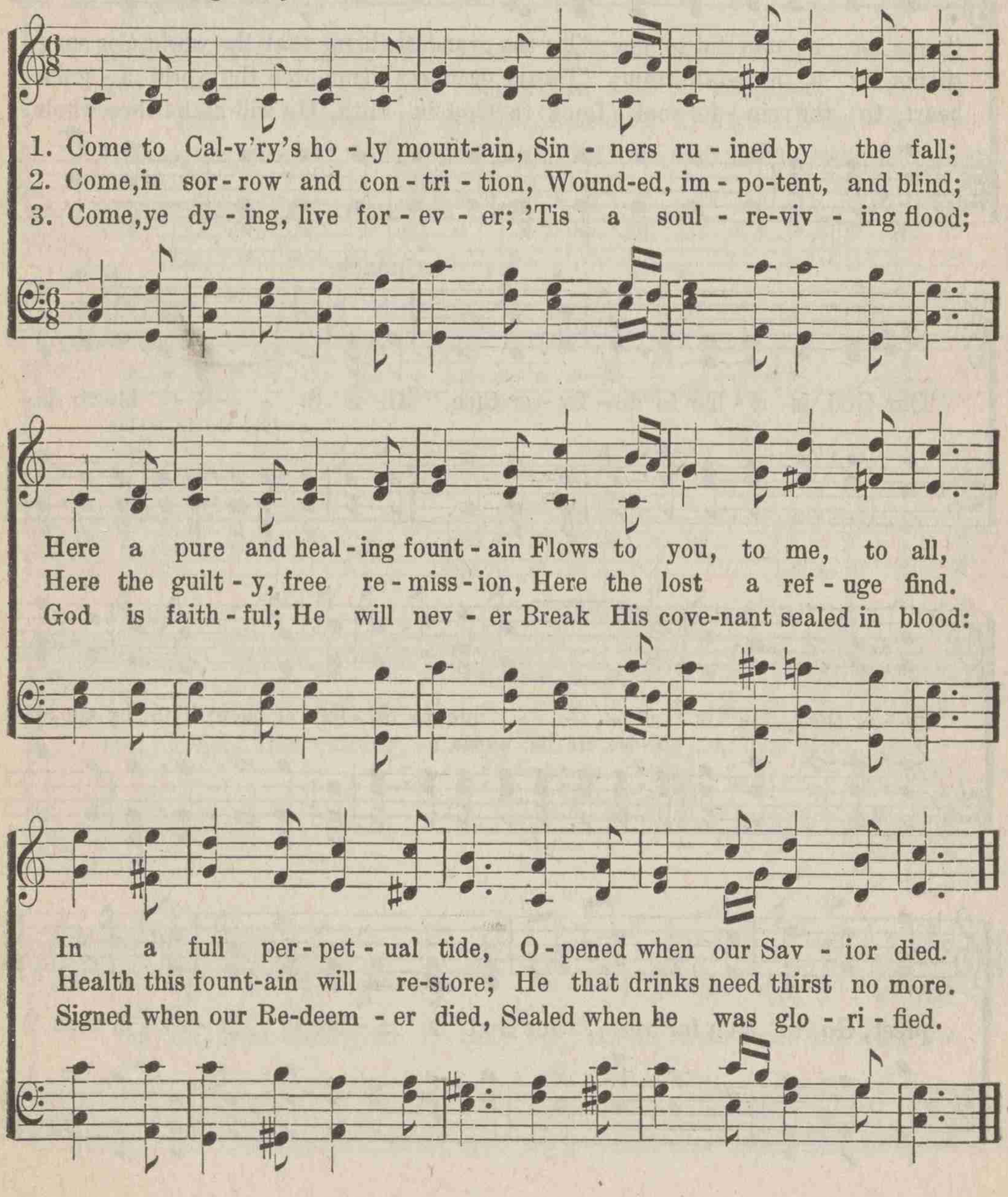
For God is a friend un-fail-ing, And God is ev-'ry-where,

God Is A Friend.



No. 15. Come to Calvary's Holy Mountain.

James Montgomery.



No. 16. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A, O. W. A. Ogden.

1. 'Tis the grand - est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the grand - est
2. 'Tis the grand - est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grand - est
3. 'Tis the grand - est theme, let the ti - dings roll To the guilt - y

theme for a mor-tal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung,
theme for a mor-tal strain; 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a - gain,
heart, to the sin - ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,

CHORUS.

"Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee." He is a - - - - ble to de-
a - ble, He is a - ble

liv - er thee, He is a - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee; Tho' by sin op-
a - ble, He is a - ble

prest, Go to Him for rest, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

No. 17. God is Calling Yet.

Gerhard Tersteegen. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

1. God call - ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call - ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov - ing voice de - spise,
3. God call - ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clos - er lock?
4. God call - ing yet! I can - not stay, My heart I yield with - out de - lay?

Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum - ber lie?
And base - ly His kind care re - pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?
He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir - it grieve?
Vain world, fare-well, from thee I part; The voice of God has reach'd my heart.

CHORUS.

Call - - ing, oh, hear Him call - - ing, oh, hear Him, God is call - ing
God is call - ing yet, God is call - ing yet,
yet, oh, hear Him call-ing, call-ing, Call - - ing, oh, hear Him, Call - -
God is call - ing yet, God is call - ing
ing, oh, hear Him, God is call - ing yet, oh, hear Him call - ing yet.
yet,

rit. *a tempo.* *rit.*

No. 18. "But for a Moment."

ADELAIDE A. POLLARD. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. "But for a mo-ment"—this val-ley of sor-rows, Darken'd with shad-ows and heav-y with sighs: Bright dawns the mor-row, the glo-ri-ous mor-row! Faint not! The sun shall with heal-ing a-rise!..

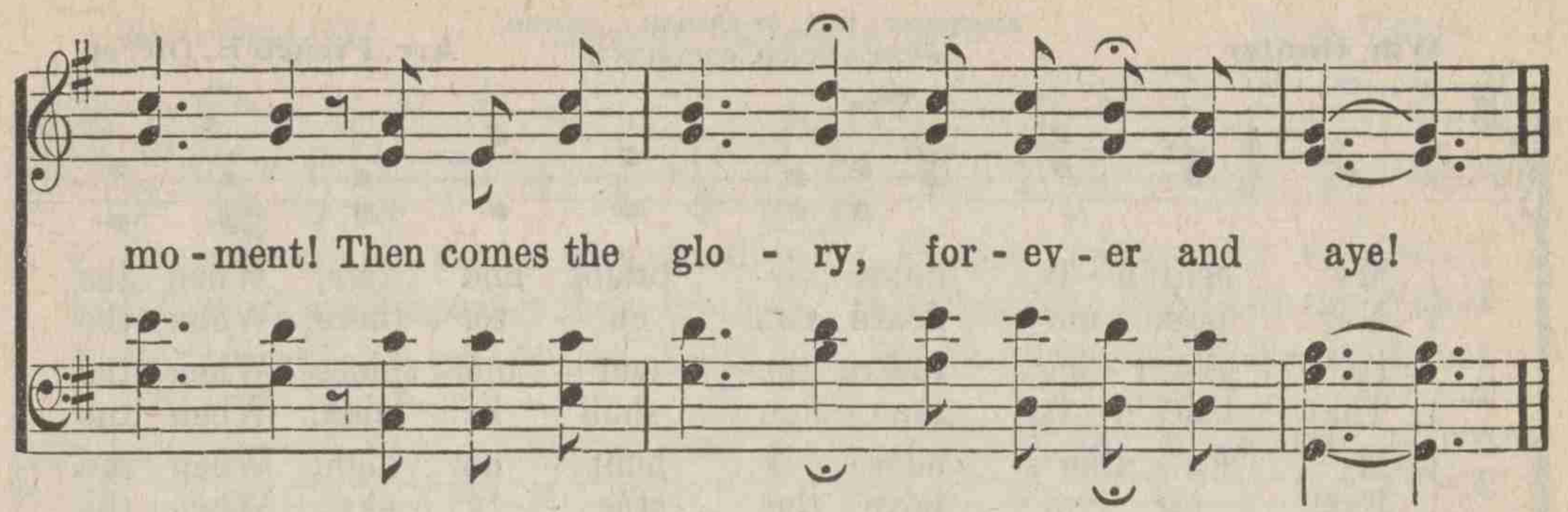
2. "Far more ex-ceed-ing" the heav-en-ly glo-ry—Suf-fer-ings here with it can-not com-pare. Glo-ry e-ter-nal the guer-don for an-guish—Ra-di-ant crowns, for the thorns, o-ver there!

3. Tem-po-ral things like a va-por shall van-ish, High-er than earth lies the land of our choice. Up-ward we press to the king-dom e-ter-nal; Je-sus, our King, we be-hold and re-joice!

REFRAIN.

"But for a mo-ment!" On-ly a mo-ment! Light our af-flic-tion—'twill soon pass a-way; "But for a mo-ment!" On-ly a

"But for a Moment."



No. 19. The Old Ship of Zion.

COYPRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

Anon. Arr. French E. Oliver.



No. 20. When the General Roll is Galled.

COYPRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

Wm. Hunter. **Arr. French E. Oliver.**



5 While here a stranger far from home,
When the general roll is called, I'll be there;
Affliction's waves may round me foam,
When the general roll is called, I'll be there.

6 Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
When the general roll, etc.
My heavenly mansion is secure,
When the general roll, etc.

7 Let others seek a home below,
When the general roll, etc.
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
When the general roll, etc.

8 Be mine the happier lot to own,
When the general roll is called, I'll be there;
A heavenly mansion near the throne,
When the general roll is called, I'll be there.

9 Then fail the earth, let stars decline,
When the general roll, etc.
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
When the general roll, etc.

10 All nature sink and cease to be,
When the general roll, etc.
That heavenly mansion stands for me,
When the general roll, etc.

No. 21. What Shall it Profit Thee!

M. P. Ferguson. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY E. O. EXCELL. W. A. Ogden.

1. Oh, what shall it prof-it thee, broth-er, Hous-es and a-cres so broad?
2. Oh, what shall it prof-it thee, broth-er, Friendships to share and to make?
3. Oh, what shall it prof-it thee, broth-er, Earth-ly am-bi-tion and fame?

No ti-tle to man-sions of glo-ry e-ter-nal, And none to the
And know not the friend-ship of Je-sus, the Sav-ior, Of Je-sus who
If Christ in the life-book of glo-ry e-ter-nal, Had nev-er re-

CHORUS.

cit-y of god?
died for thy sake? What shall it prof-it thee then?.....
cord-ed thy name?

prof-it thee then?

Tho' the whole world be thine own..... When the death-an-gel has

The whole world be thine own,

called for thy spir-it, And mer-cy for-ev-er has flown.

No. 22. Some Happy Day.

COPYRIGHT 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Charlotte G. Homer. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Some day I'll reap what I have sown, Some day— I know not when,
2. Some day my deeds of good and wrong, Some day— it may be soon,
3. Some day the Judge up - on the throne, Some day—will speak to me,

But fruit and tares ma - ture - ly grown Will all be gather'd then.
Will rise be - fore me in a throng, Clear as the light of noon.
Will ei - ther wel - come or dis - own Me for e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Some day— I can-not tell ..... Just when, but, Lord, I pray,
Some day—but oh, I can - not tell, I can-not tell Just when 'twill be, but this, O Lord I pray,

That I may go to dwell With Thee some hap-py day.
That I may go, may go to dwell with Thee, With Thee some hap-py, hap-py, hap-py day.

No. 23. Jesus, I Come.

C. W. W.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.
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C. W. Waggoner.
Arr. by French E. Oliver.

1. Wea - ry of sin with my guilt and my woe, Je - sus I come!
2. The sins I've clung to have not sat - is - fied, Je - sus I come!
3. I do re - pent! O God! how I re - pent! Je - sus I come!

Je - sus I come! Here at Thy feet, Lord, I lay my-self low, Je - sus I
Je - sus I come! Let me creep close to Thy dear bleeding side, Je - sus I
Je - sus I come! I mourn the years that in sin I have spent, Je - sus I

come! Je - sus I come! Thy love has con-quered and bro - ken my
come! Je - sus I come! I can - not car - ry this bur - den of
come! Je - sus I come! With dark fore - bod - ings my soul is o'er-

heart, Now from my sin with its pleas-ures I part; Lord, on - ly
guilt, I bring it all to the blood that was spilt; Lord, Thou canst
cast, O, how I hate all the black, sin - ful past; Here to Thy

long - ing to be where Thou art, Je - sus I come! Je - sus I come!
cleanse me, I know that Thou wilt, Je - sus I come! Je - sus I come!
dear arms of ref - uge at last, Je - sus I come! Je - sus I come!

No. 24. Here Am I!

Julia H. Johnston. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY J. B. TROWBRIDGE. **J. B. Trowbridge.**

1. Je - sus, Mas - ter, hast Thou mes - sag - es to send? Here am I,
2. Sav-iour, is there not some low - ly task to do? O send me,
3. Dost Thou need a hand to bear a shin - ing light? Use my hand,
4. Working, wait - ing, what - so - e'er Thy ho - ly will, Here am I,

here am I! Wait - ing, list'n - ing, at Thy feet I low - ly bend,
O send me! Gird me now for serv - ice, make me strong and true,
use my hand! Dost Thou need a pa - tient watch - er in the night?
here am I! Mas - ter, let me Thy de - sire a - lone ful - fill,

CHORUS.

Here am I— O do not pass me by!
Send me on some er - rand, Lord, for Thee! Read - y for Thy serv-ice,
Let me serve Thee, Lord, at Thy com-mand!
Keep me to Thy heart for - ev - er nigh!

Mas-ter, here am I! Hush my heart to hear Thee call-ing from on high;

Choose Thou for me, let me still re - ply—O Mas - ter, here am I!

No. 25. The King's Business.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's Simultaneous Campaign Hymn.

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

Dr. E. T. Cassel. **Flora H. Cassel.**

1. I am a strang-er here, with - in a for - eign land, My home is far a - way, up - on a gold-en strand; Am - bas - sa - dor to be of realms be - yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.

2. This is the King's command, that all men ev - 'ry - where, Re - pent and turn a - way, from sin's se - duc-tive snare; That all who will o - bey, with Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the

3. My home is bright - er far than Shar-on's ros - y plain, E - ter - nal life and joy thro' - out its vast do - main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how mor-tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.

CHORUS.

mes - sage that I bring, A mes-sage angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye reconciled" Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye reconciled to God."

No. 26. Wonderful Love!

Mrs. C. D. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. In love He re-deemed me, the Sav - ior di - vine, I'm trust-ing in
2. In love He re-deemed me, thro' shedding of blood, From "far a-way"
3. In love He re-deemed me and made me His own, An heir to His

Him, life e - ter - nal is mine; Un - wor - thy the least of His
plac - es He brought me to God; He found me a sin - ner with
glo - ry, His king-dom and throne; Now an - thems of joy to His

gifts to re - ceive—Sal - va - tion is mine as on Him I be - lieve.
no one to save, And gra - cious-ly, lov - ing - ly my sins for - gave.
name will I sing, A - dor - ing my Sav - ior, my Lord and my King.

CHORUS.

Won - der - ful, won - der - ful love! ..... He came from the
won - der - ful love!

glo - ry a - bove ..... To seek and to save,
the glo - ry a - bove

Wonderful Love!

and to make me His own; O, won - der-ful, won - der - ful love!

No. 27. O Watchman!

Arr. French E. Oliver. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER. **Kinkel. Arr.**

1. O watchman of the cit - y— The Mas-ter calls in pit - y
2. While storms of sin are sweep-ing Souls in - to Sa-tan's keep-ing,
3. While weight of care op-press - es, While tho't of sin dis-tress - es,
4. The day of judg-ment near-eth—Plead while the sin - ner hear - eth,

To lost ones who are dy - ing While days of hope are fly - ing.
While wick-ed ones are fall - ing And not a watchman call - ing.
Thro' all the life that's mor-tal Be - fore they pass death's por-tal.
E - ter - nal death is gain-ing, Their blood our hands are stain-ing.

CHORUS.

O sol - diers of the cross a-wake! Go warn the lost for Je - sus' sake.
4th v. Je - sus my Lord, what-e'er the cost, I'll go, I'll go and warn the lost.

No. 28. I Might Have Known It Was Jesus.

Dedicated to Melvin E. Trotter.

NOTE.—My friend, Melvin E. Trotter, saw a man in the business district of a large American city, whose face was a picture of despair. He invited him to luncheon, and requested him to call at his office at two o'clock the same afternoon. The sad-faced man entered the office of the great city mission and was shown a seat. He looked and read the words, "Jesus saves," on the great plate glass window and began weeping. He said: "I have been wondering what caused you to be interested in me. I might have known it was Jesus Christ. I have resisted Him for years, but will do so no longer." The man was wonderfully converted. He had decided to commit suicide, but was prevented by the touch of Jesus through my friend. F. E. O.

F. E. O.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.

French E. Oliver.

1. "I might have known it was Je - sus" Who call'd in the bu - sy mart;....
Je-sus, my Lord, bu-sy mart;

2. "I might have known it was Je - sus" Who seeking to save my soul;.....
Je-sus, my Lord, save my soul.

3. "I might have known it was Je - sus" Who lift - ed me from the mire;....
Je-sus, my Lord, mir-y clay;

4. "I might have known it was Je - sus" Who came from His home a - bove;...
home a-bove;

Who sent you with words of com - fort To cheer my bro-ken heart.....
com-fort and love bro - ken heart.

Came pleading in love and mer - cy To cleanse and make me whole.....
pas-sion and grace whole a - gain.

Who filled me with songs of glo - ry, To grant my soul's de - sire.....
glo - ri-ous praise, soul's de-sire,

Who suf-fer'd and died on Cal - v'ry—Sent not, but bro't His love.....
Cal-va-ry's tree love to me.

CHORUS.

Oh, I might have known it was Je - sus Al - tho' my sight was dim,...
Je-sus, my Lord, my sight was dim.

rit.

Who would have died to save me? Who could it be but Him? .....
Je - sus, my Lord.

No. 29. Jesus in Pilate's Hall.

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Anon. **French E. Oliver.**

1. Je - sus is stand-ing in Pi - late's Hall, Friend-less, for - sak - en, be-
2. Je - sus is stand-ing on tri - al still, You can be false to Him
3. Will you e - vade Him as Pi - late tried, Or will you choose Him what-
4. Will you, like Pe - ter, your Lord de - ny? Or will you scorn from His
5. "Je - sus, I give Thee my heart to - day; Je - sus, I'll fol - low Thee

trayed by all; Hark - en! what mean-eth the sud - den call? What will you
if you will, You can be faith - ful thro' good or ill,—What will you
e'er be - tide? Vain - ly you strug-gle from Him to hide,—What will you
foes to fly, Dar - ing for Je - sus to live or die? What will you
all the way, Glad - ly o - bey - ing Thee;" will you say: "This will I

CHORUS.

do with Je - sus? What will you do with Je - sus? Neu-tral you can-not

be; Some day your heart will be ask - ing, What will He do with me?

with me?

No. 30. Thou Son of Righteousness.

Evangelist M. B. Williams.
Cho. by F. E. O.

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French E. Oliver.

1. Thou Sun of Right-eous-ness a - rise, Thy heal - ing wings un - fold;
2. Shine midst the gloom, light up our sky With beams of heav'n-ly grace;
3. Our hearts shall glow be-neath the ray; Our souls on fire with love;

Dis - pel the damps of sin's dark night, And warm our hearts, so cold.
That thro' these earth-born clouds may show Thy smil - ing, ten - der face.
We'll watch and work to speed that day, Thy com - ing from a - bove.

CHORUS.

A - rise, a - rise, ... a - rise, a - rise, ...
A - rise, a - rise, a - rise, a - rise,

Thy wait - ing peo - ple bless; A - rise, a - rise, ...
A - rise, a - rise,

a - rise, a - rise, ... Thou Sun of Right - eous - ness.
a - rise, a - rise,

No. 31. Drifting Away From God.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL.

F. A. S. WORDS AND MUSIC. Frank A. Simpkins.

1. Drift-ing a - way from the Sav - ior, Drift - ing to lands un - known,
2. Drift-ing a - way from the Sav - ior, He who would bear your load;
3. Drift-ing a - way from the Sav - ior, Fear-less - ly on you go;
4. Drift-ing a - way from the Sav - ior, E - ven the an - gles weep;

Drift-ing a - way by night and by day, Drift-ing, yes, drift-ing a - lone.
Drift-ing a - way by night and by day, Drift-ing, yes, drift-ing from God.
Drift-ing a - way by night and by day, Drift-ing to re - gions of woe.
Still you drift on with mirth and with song, Out on the fath-om - less deep.

CHORUS.

Drift-ing a - way from the Sav - ior, Drift-ing a - way from His love, While the

Sav - ior is ten-der - ly call - ing, You are drift-ing a - way from God.

No. 32. Abide With Me.

H. E. Lyte.

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French E. Oliver.

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

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

fail and com - forts flee, Help of the help-less, Oh, a - bide with
all a - round I see; O Thou, who chang-est not, a - bide with
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, oh, a - bide with
earth's vain shad-ows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with

me! Help of the help - less, Oh, a - bide with me!
me! O Thou, who chang-est not, a - bide with me!
me! Thro' cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bide with me!
me! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 33. O, do not Let the Word Depart.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

H. Bonar. Alvin Rop

1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long-de-lud-ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit-y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite;
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none, Who would to Him their souls u-nite;

Poor sin-ner, hard-en not your heart, Be saved, be saved to-night.....
This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, be saved to-night.....
Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, be saved to-night.....
Be-lieve, o-bey, the work is done, Be saved, be saved to-night.....

be saved to-night.

CHORUS.

Oh, why..... not to-night?..... Oh, why not come to-night?..

Why not to-night? why not to-night? to-night?

rit.

Wilt thou be saved? Oh, why not come to-night?....

Wilt thou to-night?

No. 34. What If?

F. E. O.

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French E. Oliver.

Slow.



1. What if my heart should feel The load my Sav - ior felt
2. What if my lips should touch The cup my Sav - ior met
3. What if my hands and feet Were nailed to Cal - v'ry's cross,
4. What if this heart of mine Were pierced with cru - el spear?





When for my sins He prayed, and wept, And bled, as there He knelt?
When in His ag - o - ny of soul He wres - tled with my debt?
That for my sins could not a - tone, Nor take a - way my dross?
Yea, death it - self would sure - ly fail To make my rec - ord clear.



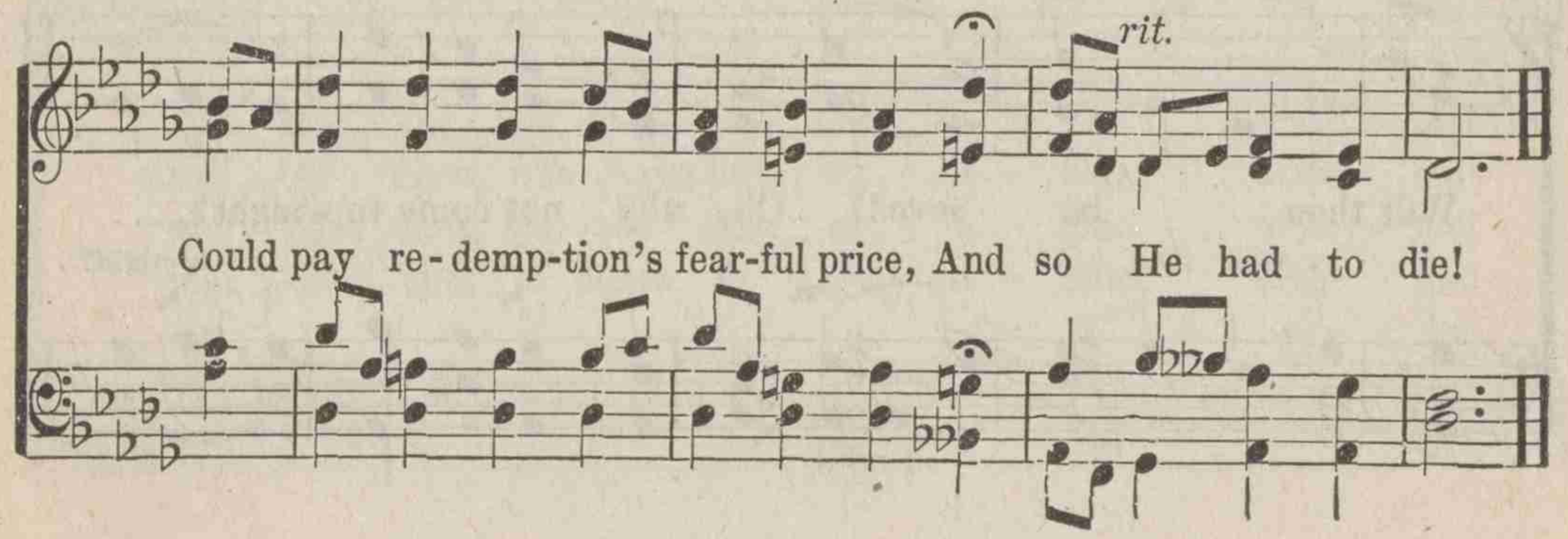
CHORUS.



None but the sin - less Man, The ap - ple of God's eye,



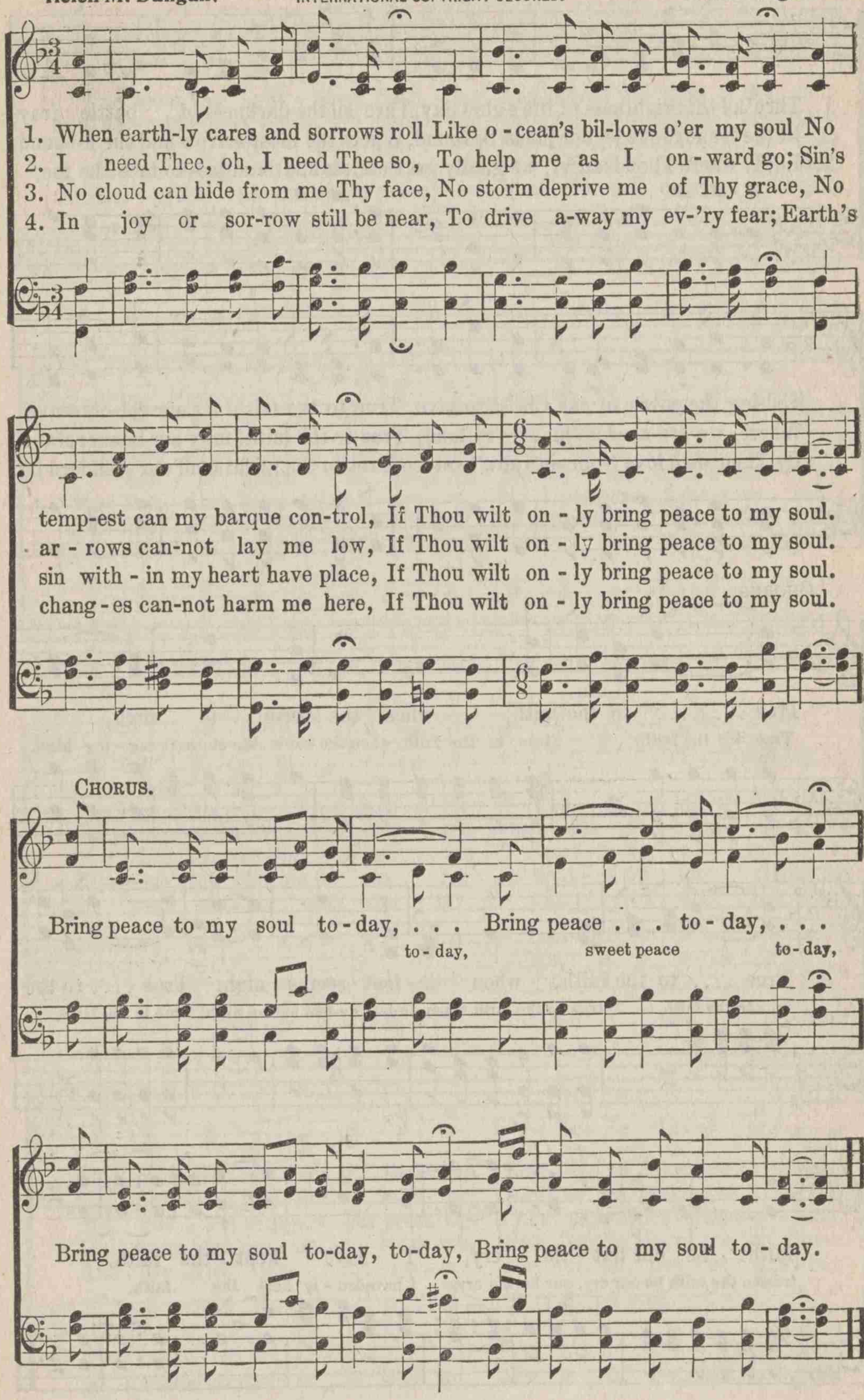
Could pay re - demp-tion's fear-ful price, And so He had to die!



No. 35. Bring Peace to My Soul.

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Helen M. Dungan. J. M. Dungan.



No. 36. I Have Kept the Faith.

Elizabeth M. Clark.

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French E. Oliver.

1. Thro' all the brightness of life's glad day, Thro' all the darkness of battle fray;
2. In the front ranks let our place be found, Where the most sorrow and sin a-bound;
3. Lord, where Thou leadest, we gladly go, Fearless and dauntless to face the foe;

Tell-ing the pow'r of our Christ to save, True to the faith! let our col-ors wave.
Where we are needed, in ev-'ry land, True to the faith! may our banner stand.
By Thine own love from sin's pow'r set fee, True to the faith! shall our standard be.

CHORUS.

True ..... to the faith, when the storm is high,
True to the faith, true to the faith, when the storm, the storm is rag - ing high,

True .... to the faith, when de-feat seems nigh; True .... to the
True to the faith, true to the faith, when de-feat, de-feat seems nigh; True to the faith,

faith! be our bat - tle cry, I have kept the faith.
true to the faith be our cry, our bat-tle cry, I have tru - ly kept the faith.

No. 37. Never Alone.

Arranged.

1. I've seen the light - 'ning flash - ing, And heard the thun - der roll;
2. The world's fierce winds are blow - ing, Temp-ta - tions sharp and keen;
3. When in af - flic - tion's val - ley, I'm tread-ing the road of care,
4. He died for me on the mount - ain, For me they pierced His side;
5. He gives me the sweet prom - ise That He will come a - gain,

CHO.—*No, nev - er a - lone, No, nev - er a - lone,*

I've felt sin's break - ers dash-ing, Try - ing to con-quer my soul;
I feel a peace in know-ing My Sav - ior stands be - tween;
My Sav - ior helps me to car - ry My cross when heav-y to bear;
For me He o - pened that fountain, The crim-son, cleans - ing tide;
And when he reigns in glo - ry. And I to heav'n at - tain,

He prom-ised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

I've heard the voice of my Sav - ior Tell - ing me still to fight on;
He stands to shield me from dan - ger When earth - ly friends are gone;
My feet, en - tan-gled with bri - ars Read - y to cast me down,
For me He's wait-ing in glo - ry, Seat - ed up - on His throne;
I shall, in that dear coun - try, Be num - bered with His own;

No, nev - er a - lone, No, nev - er a - lone;

D. C. for Chorus.

He prom-ised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
He prom-ised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
My Sav - ior whispers His prom-ise: "I nev - er will leave thee a - lone."
He prom-ised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
And live with Him for - ev - er, Nev - er, no, nev - er a - lone.

He prom-ised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

No. 38. The Promised Land.

Samuel Stennett. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER. **Arr. Alvin Roper.**

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

wish - ful eye,
Shines one, shines one e - ter - nal day;
healthful shore;
ev - er blest?

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

CHORUS.

I am bound for the promised land, I am bound for the promised land;
prom-ised land, promised land;

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

No. 39. Bless the Lord.

David. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER. French E. Oliver.

1. O thou my soul, bless God the Lord, And all that in me is,
2. Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God, And not for - get - ful be
3. The Lord Je - ho - vah gra - cious is, And He is mer - ci - ful,
4. As far as east is dis - tant from The west, so far hath He
5. O bless the Lord, all ye His works, Where-with the world is stored,

Be lift - ed up His ho - ly name, To mag-ni - fy ..... and bless.
Of all His gra-cious ben - e - fits, He hath be-stowed ..... on thee.
Long suf - fer - ing and slow to wrath, In kindness plen - - - ti - ful.
From us re-moved in ten - der love, All our in - iq - - - ui - ty.
In His do - min - ion ev - 'ry-where, My soul, bless thou ..... the Lord.

To mag - ni - fy

CHORUS.

Bless the Lord,.... bless the Lord,.... Bless the Lord,.... O my soul,...

Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, Bless, O bless the Lord, O my soul, my soul,

And all that is with - in me bless His ho - ly name.

No. 40. Shepherd of Israel.

Adelaide Pollard. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. **Geo. C. Stebbins.**

1. Shepherd of Is - ra - el, keep-ing Thy sheep—Nev - er for - get - ting in
2. Shepherd of Is - ra - el, true to Thine own When the false hire - ling
3. Shepherd of Is - ra - el, strong is Thy arm, Shielding Thy flock from each
4. Shepherd of Is - ra - el, soon to ap - pear, Soon to de - liv - er Thy

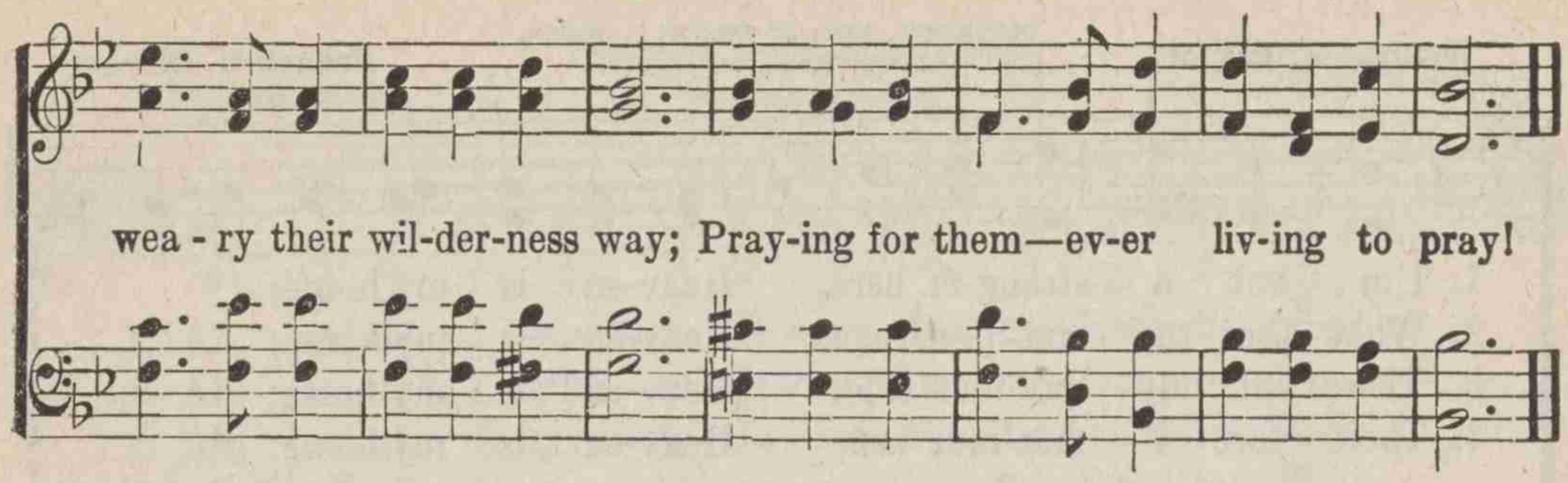
slum-ber or sleep; Fold - ing them gen-tly when night com-eth on,
ser-vant hath flown; Lay - ing Thy life down their par-don to win,
threaten - ing harm; Gath'ring the lambs as they fal - ter and fall,
"lit - tle flock" here! Just to be - hold Thee their rich-est re - ward—

CHORUS.

Go - ing be - fore them at break of dawn!
Shedding Thy blood to re-deem them from sin! Shepherd of Is - ra - el!
Safe in Thy bo - som en - fold - ing them all!
Shep-herd of Is - ra - el, Je - sus, their Lord!

Shep-herd of love! Watching Thy flock from the glo - ry a - bove! Knowing how

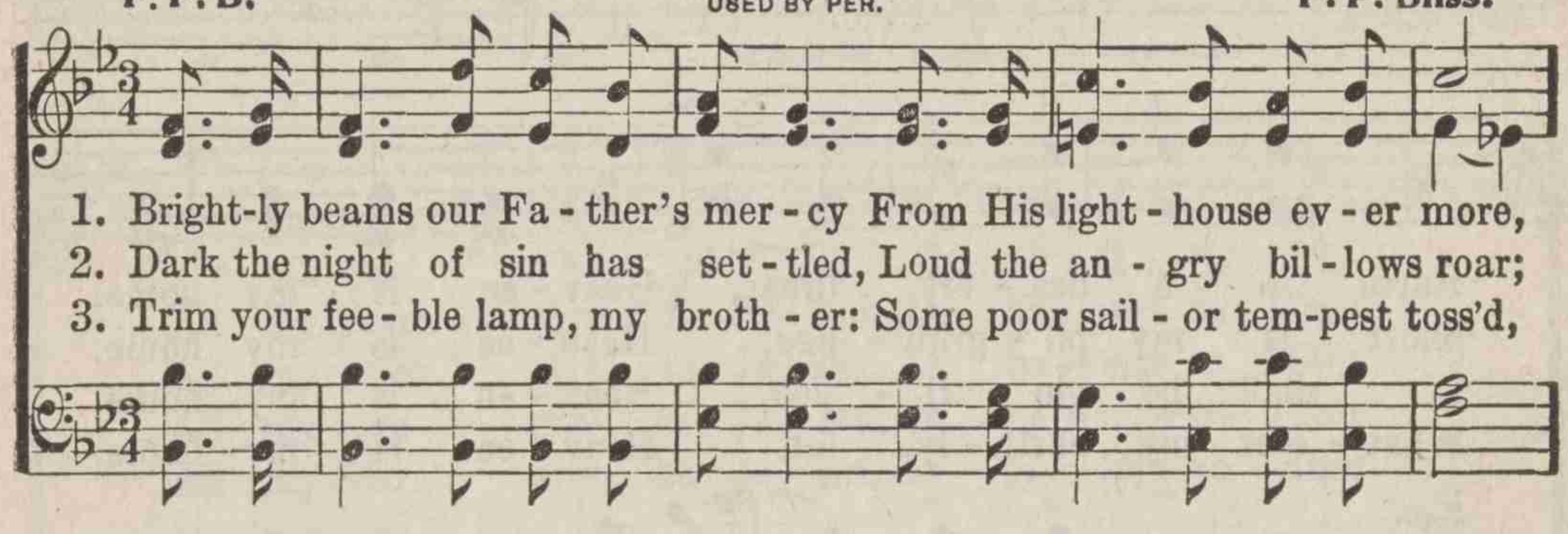
Shepherd of Israel.

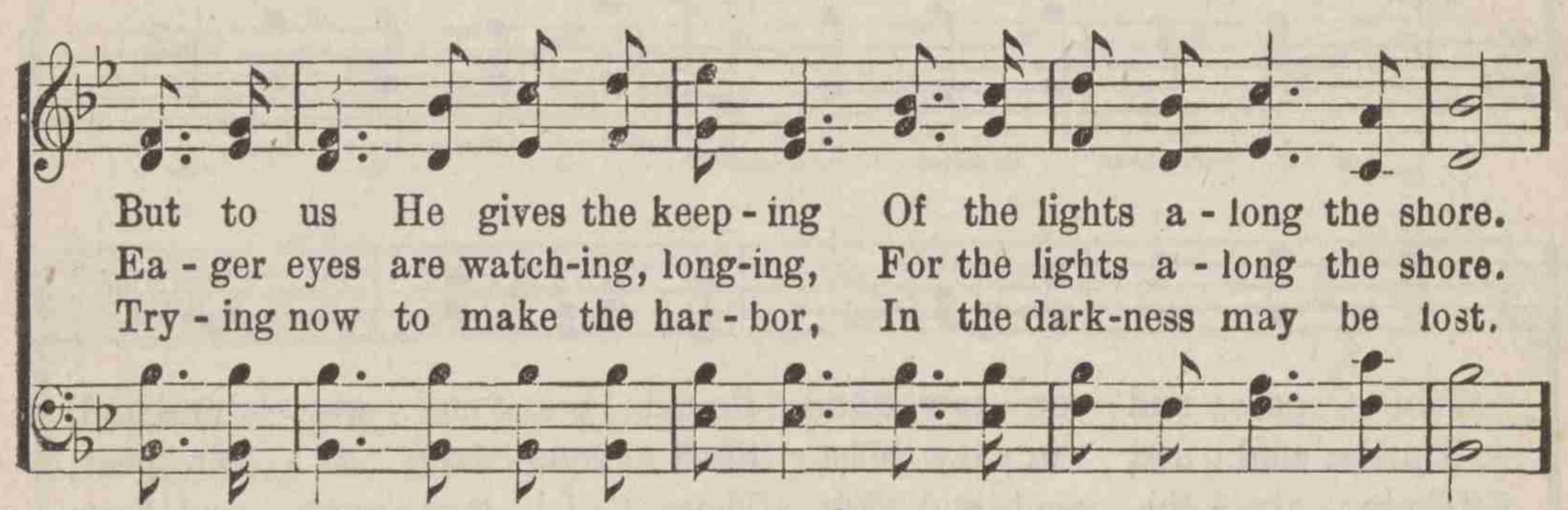


No. 41. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

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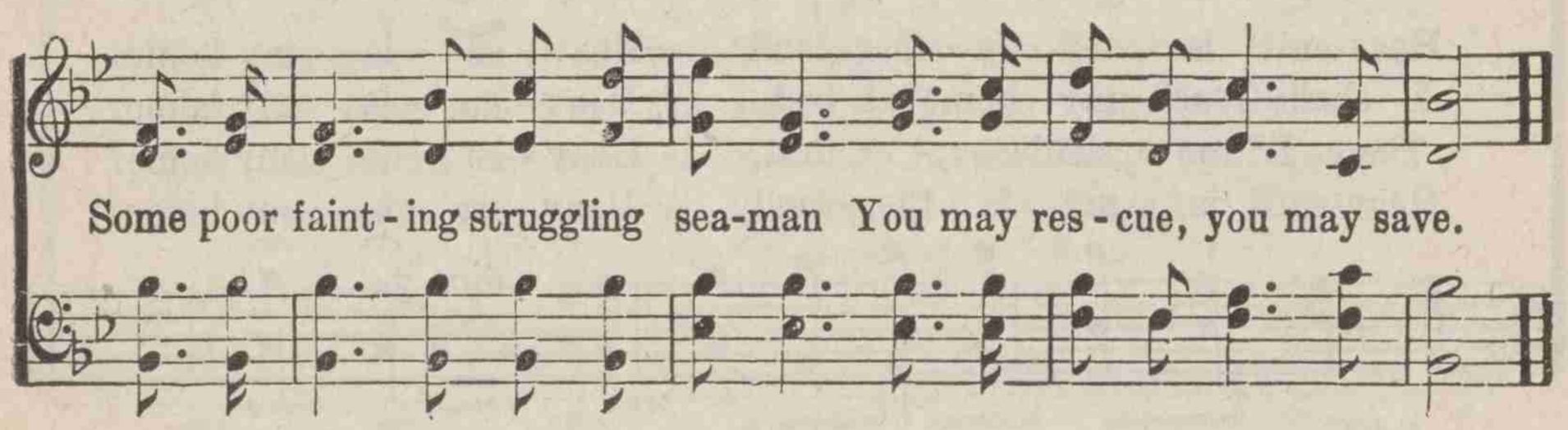
P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.





CHORUS.





No. 42. Heaven is My Home.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

Thomas R. Taylor. **French E. Oliver.**

1. I'm but a strang-er here, Heav-en is my home;
2. What tho' the tem-pest rage, Heav-en is my home;
3. There at my Sav-ior's side, Heav-en is my home;
4. There-fore I mur-mur not, Heav-en is my home;

Heav'n is my home;

Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav-en is my home.
Short is my pil-grim-age, Heav-en is my home.
I shall be glo-ri-fied, Heav-en is my home.
What-e'er my earth-ly lot, Heav-en is my home.

Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round me on ev-'ry hand;
Time's cold and win-try blast Shall soon be o-ver past,
There are the good and blest, Those I love most and best;
And I shall sure-ly stand There at my Lord's right hand;

ff

Heav-en is my fa-ther-land, Heav-en is my home.
I shall reach my home at last, Heav-en is my home.
There, I too shall ev-er rest, Heav-en is my home.
Heav-en is my fa-ther-land, Heav-en is my home.

No. 43. All for Jesus.

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J. B. Atchinson, WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;
2. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;
3. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;
4. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;

All my heart I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;
All my voice I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;
All my love I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;
All my life I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;

Ev - er - more to be His dwell-ing, Ev - er - more His prais-es swell-ing,
Plead-ing for the young and hoar - y, Tell - ing of His pow'r and glo-ry,
Lov - ing Him for love un - ceas - ing, For His mer - cy e'er in - creas - ing,
Hour by hour I'll live for Je - sus, Day by day I'll work for Je - sus,

Ev - er-more His good - ness tell - ing, It be - longs to Him.
Sing - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, It be - longs to Him.
For His watch-care nev - er ceas-ing, It be - longs to Him.
Ev - er-more I'll hon - or Je - sus, It be - longs to Him.

No. 44. Arise My Soul.

Chas. Wesley.
Alt. Alvin Roper.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

Alvin W. Roper.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise my soul! Shake off thy guilt - y fears; The bleed - ing, bleed-ing sac - ri - fice In
2. He ev - er, ev - er, lives a - bove, For me to in - ter- cede; His all re-deem - ing love, His love, His
3. Five bleed - ing, bleed - ing wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va- ry; They pour, they pour ef - fec - tual pray'rs, They
4. The Fa - ther hears, He hears Him pray, His dear a - noint - ed One; He can not, can not turn a - way The
5. My God, my God is re - con-ciled, His par - d'ning voice I hear; He owns me, owns me for His child, I

ff

my be - half ap-pears; Be - fore the throne my
pre - cious blood to plead; His blood a-toned for
strong - ly plead for me; For - give Him, O, for-
pres - ence of His Son; His Spir - it an - swers
can no long - er fear; With con - fi-dence I

Arise My Soul.

sure - ty stands, Be - fore the throne He stands, My
all our race, A - toned for all our race, And
give they cry, For - give, for-give, they cry, Nor
to the blood, He an - swers to the blood, And
now draw nigh, With con - fi-dence draw nigh, And

name is writ - ten on His hands, 'Tis writ-ten on His hands.
sprink - les now the throne of grace, The bless - ed throne of grace.
let that ransomed sin - ner die, Nor let that sin - ner die.
tells me I am born of God, That I am born of God.
Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther cry, And Ab - ba, Fa - ther, cry.

CHORUS.

I will a-rise, and go to Je - sus, He will take me in His arms;

In the arms of my dear Sav - ior, O, there are ten thousand charms.

No. 45. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

E. Perronet.

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

Let an - gels pros - trate fall, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,

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

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

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

crown Him, crown Him,

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

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

No. 46. Depth of Mercy.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

Charles Wesley. French E. Oliver.

1. Depth of mer - cy! Can there be Mer - cy still re-served for me
2. I have long with-stood His grace; Long pro-voked Him to His face;
3. Kin - dled His re - lent - ings are; Me He now de - lights to spare;
4. Now in - cline me to re - pent, Let me now my fall la-ment;

Can my God His wrath for - bear; Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?
Would not heark-en to His calls; Grieved Him by a thou-sand falls.
Cries, How shall I give thee up?—Lets the lift - ed thun - der drop!
Now my foul re - volt de - plore; Weep, be - lieve and sin no more.

CHORUS.

There for me the Sav - ior stands; Shows the wounds with-in His hands;

God is love! I know, I feel; Je - sus pleads and loves me still.

No. 47. The Child of a King.

Hattie E. Buell. **Arr. by Rev. John B. Sumner.**

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

CHORUS.

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

ad lib.

No. 48. I Gave My Life.

F. R. Havergal. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER. French E. Oliver.

1. I gave my life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed;
2. My Fa - there's house of light— My glo - ry - cir - cled throne,
3. I suf - fered much for thee, More than my tongue can tell,
4. And I have bro't 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 bit - t'rest ag - o - ny To res - cue thee from hell:
Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and my love;

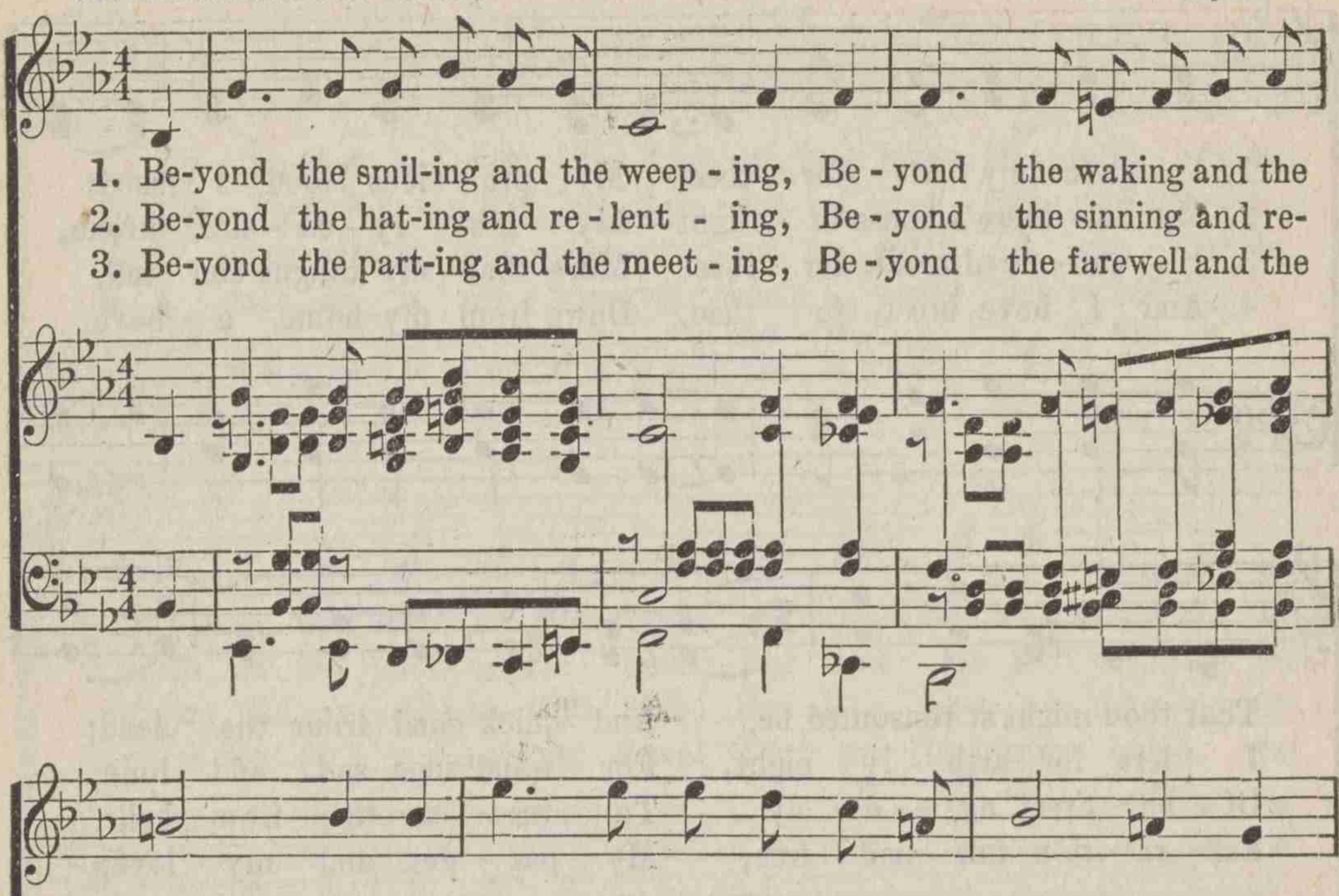
I gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for me?
I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for me?
I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me?
I bring rich gifts for thee, What hast thou bro't for me?

No. 49. Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

Horatius Bonar. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.

Vs. 2 arr. French E. Oliver. **A. W. Roper.**

1. Be-yond the smil-ing and the weep - ing, Be - yond the waking and the
2. Be-yond the hat-ing and re - lent - ing, Be - yond the sinning and re-
3. Be-yond the part-ing and the meet - ing, Be - yond the farewell and the



sleep - ing, Be - yond the sow-ing and the reap - ing, I
pent - ing, Be - yond the curb-ing and the vent - ing, I
greet - ing, Be - yond the pul - se's fev - er beat - ing, I



shall be soon. Be - yond the blooming and the fad - ing, Be-
shall be soon. Be - yond the ris-ing and the set - ting, Be-
shall be soon. Be - yond the frost-chain and the fev - er, Be-



Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

yond the shin-ing and the shad - ing, Be - yond the hoping and the
yond the calm-ing and the fret - ting, Be - yond remembering and for-
yond the rock-waste and the riv - er, Be - yond the ev - er and the

dread - ing, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.
get - ting, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.
nev - er, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

rit. *mf*

CHORUS.

Love,..... rest and home, Sweet, sweet home;
Love, rest and home, O love, rest and home, O sweet, sweet home;

Lord tar-ry not, but come; Lord, tar-ry not, but come.
Lord, tar-ry not, Lord, tar-ry not, but come.

No. 50. Mother.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E OLIVER.

F. E. O. WORDS AND MUSIC French E. Oliver

1. How dear to me in mem - o - ry, Are days of long a - go—
2. She told of Christ the Con - quer-or, Of hu - man hearts and foes,
3. Oh, bless-ed pas-tures ev - er green! Oh, wa - ters ev - er still!

When 'round the hearthstone of our home, In ac-cents soft and low,
Whose glo - ry gilds e - ter - ni - ty, Whose grace for-ev - er flows,
Oh, gold - en cit - y of our God! My wait-ing heart doth thrill

My moth - er used to tell of heav'n, Where saints without a fear,
Like might - y riv - ers, full and free, For sin - ners here be - low,
With joy su-preme, and rapt - ure keen, For e - ven here I share,

Ap-proach the throne where Je-sus reigns: His bless-ed words to hear.
How Je - sus Christ went forth to die; Be-cause He loved us so.
A fore - taste of the bliss to come With moth-er o - ver there!

Mother.

Oh, moth - er dear, if once a - gain, As in the sweet old

way, Your voice and love could soothe my heart, And

turn my night to day; Cares would de - part— my sor - row

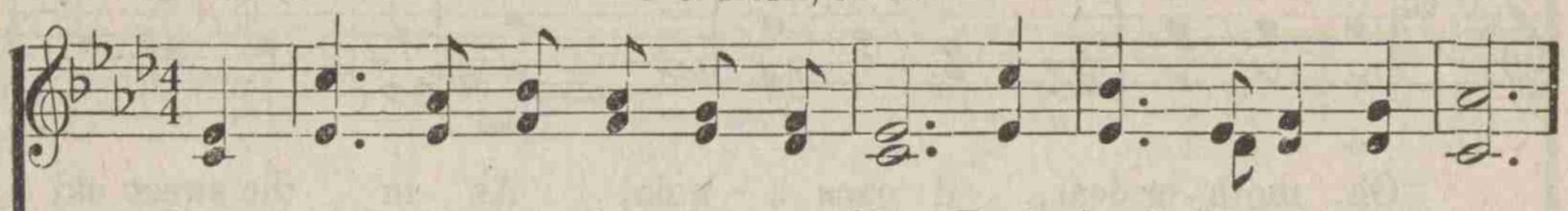
cease, The dawn of hope ap - pear; Yonr faith was

vic - tor in the strife, Your prayer bro't peace and cheer.

No. 51. On the Sweet Other Side.

COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
E. O EXCELL, OWNER

Mrs. Emma Pitt. E. O. Excell.



1. We're o - ver on the storm-y side, Dark clouds be-set our way,
2. There is an - oth - er bright-er side, Of life be-yond the sky,
3. Our jour - ney here will soon be done, We'll en - ter in - to rest,
4. Soon I shall strike those harps of gold, Where flowers immortal bloom,



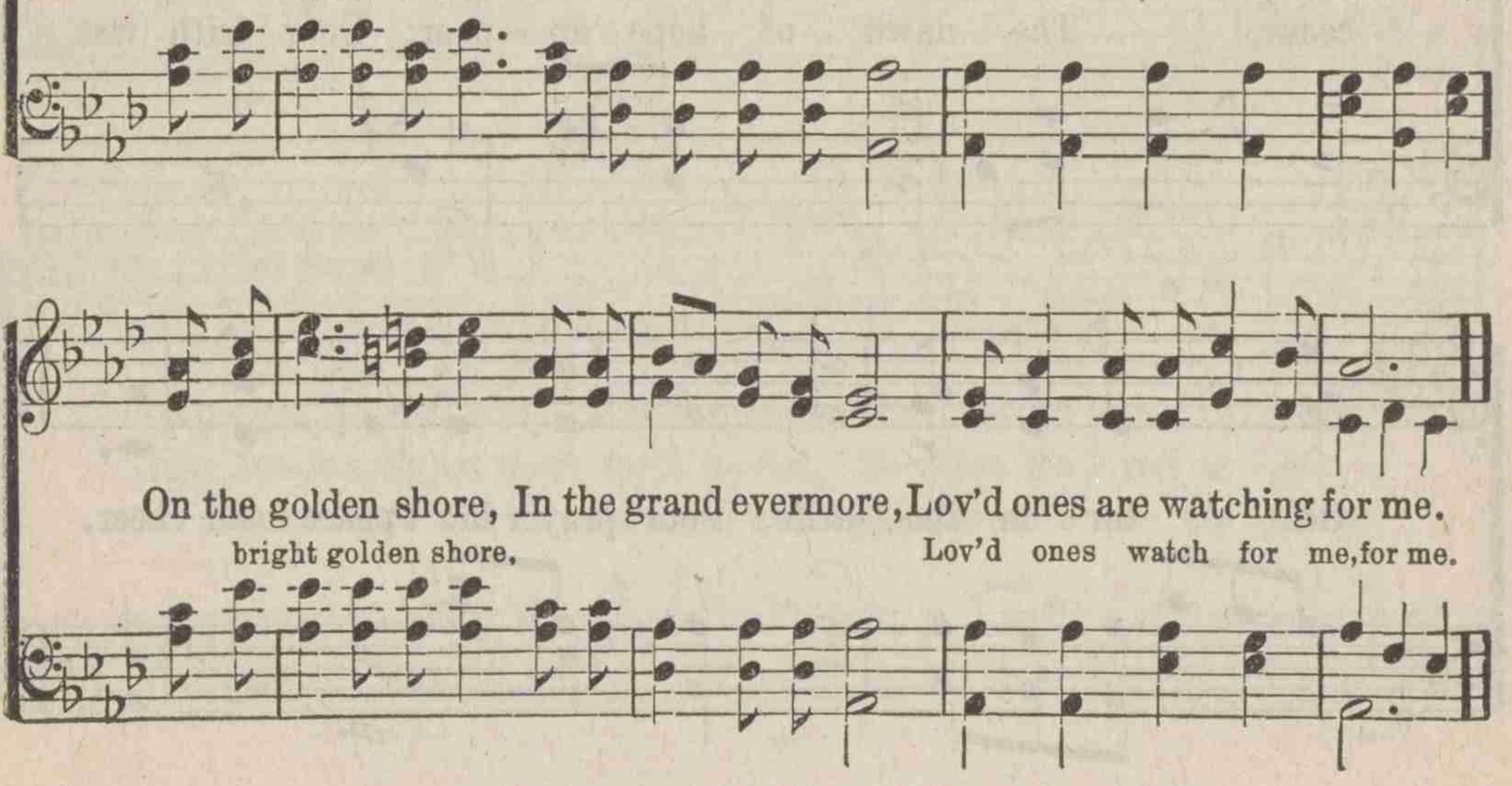
But just a - cross the roll - ing tide Beam shores of end - less day.
Where sin and sor - row ne'er be-tide, And loved .ones nev - er die.
In yon - der clime that needs no sun, Re - pose on Je - sus' breast.
My dear Re-deem - er's face be-hold, And calm - ly rest at home.



CHORUS.



On the oth - er side, beyond the rolling tide, Je-sus is waiting for me;
sweet oth-er side, Je - sus waits for me, for me;



On the golden shore, In the grand evermore, Lov'd ones are watching for me.
bright golden shore, Lov'd ones watch for me, for me.

No. 52. What More Can He Do.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rachel Rivers. **Jno. R. Sweney.**

1. O lost ones, in dan-ger no long-er re-main! The Sav-iour is
2. He calls thro' the Gos-pel, re-pent and be-lieve; He calls and en-
3. He calls thro' His mer-cy, and still you de-lay; He calls by His
4. O haste, He is wait-ing, you can-not re-fuse The way of sal-

call-ing a-gain and a-gain; Re-mem-ber the an-guish He
treats you His grace to re-ceive; He of-fers full par-don, and
Spir-it, you grieve Him a-way; Ah, soon your pro-ba-tion per-
va-tion with glad-ness to choose! His blood of a-tone-ment is

suf-fered for you; His life paid your ran-som—what more can He do?
on-ly de-mands Your lov-ing sub-miss-ion to all He commands.
haps may be o'er, And then your Re-deem-er will call you no more!
flow-ing for you, He of-fers it free-ly—what more can He do?

ad lib..... FINE.

D. S.—*His life paid your ran-som—what more can He do?*

CHORUS.

What more can He do, what more can He do—His hands and His feet to the
cross nailed for you? What more can He do, what more can He do—

D. S.

No. 53. The Golden Rule.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

Anon. Arr, F. E. O. French E. Oliver

1. You nev-er can tell when you send a word, Like an ar-row shot
2. You nev-er can tell when you do an act, The great joy or sor-
3. You nev-er can tell what your tho'ts will do For the des-ert heart

from a bow By an ar-cher blind, be it cru-el or kind, Just
row to be; But with ev-'ry deed you are sow-ing a seed, The
crav-ing love; For the tho'ts are things, and their swift flying wings Bear

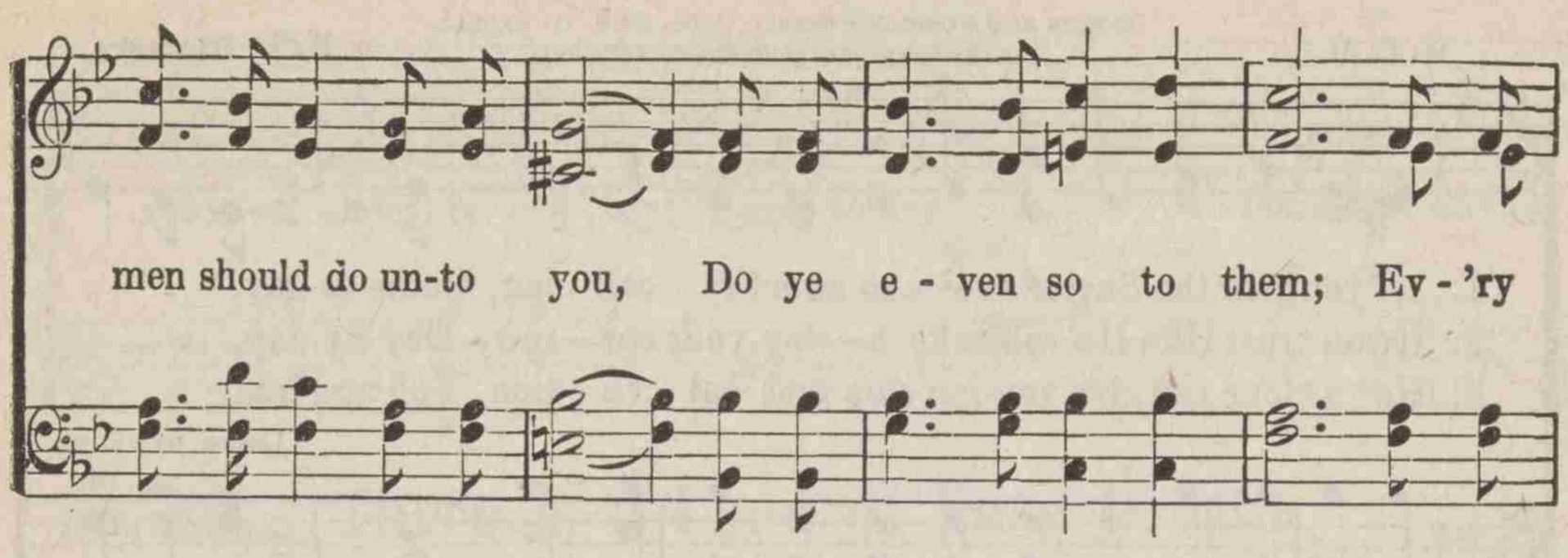
where it may chance to go. It may pierce the heart of your dearest friend,
har-vest you may not see. Speak the lov-ing word for your gracious Lord,
ti-dings from heav'n a-bove. They will make or mar, they are what you are,

Tipped with pois-on or with balm; To a ten-der heart, in life's
In God's rich, pro-duc-tive soil; Tho' you may not know, trees of
For man must be-get his kind; Speed-ing o'er life's track, they will

CHORUS.

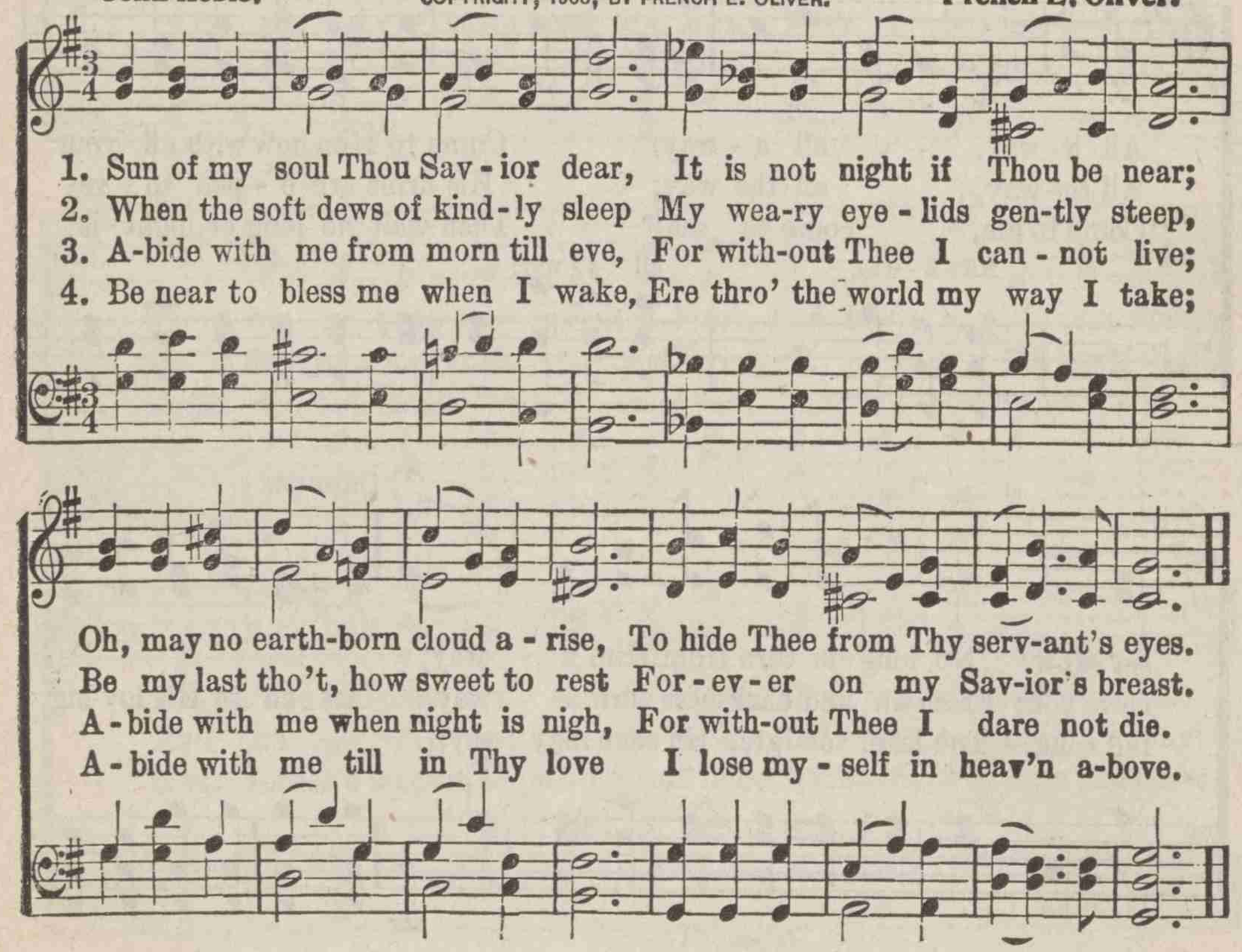
teem-ing mart, It will car-ry its pain or balm.
life do grow, Giv-ing shel-ter to those who toil. As ye would that
sure bring back, Hid-den pic-tures with-in your mind.

The Golden Rule.



No. 54. Sun of My Soul.

John Keble. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER. French E. Oliver.



No. 55. Come Today.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

R. L. B. R. L. Blowers.

1. Do you hear the Savior's voice so sweet-ly call - ing, Come to-day,
2. If you trust Him He will take a - way your sor - row, Day by day,
3. He a - lone can give you par-don and sal - va - tion, Full and free,

Come to - day,

come to-day; He will wipe the teardrops now so swift-ly fall - ing,
day by day; And in safe - ty lead you to that bright to-mor - row,
full and free; "Who - so - ev - er," is the bless-ed in - vi - ta - tion,

come to - day;

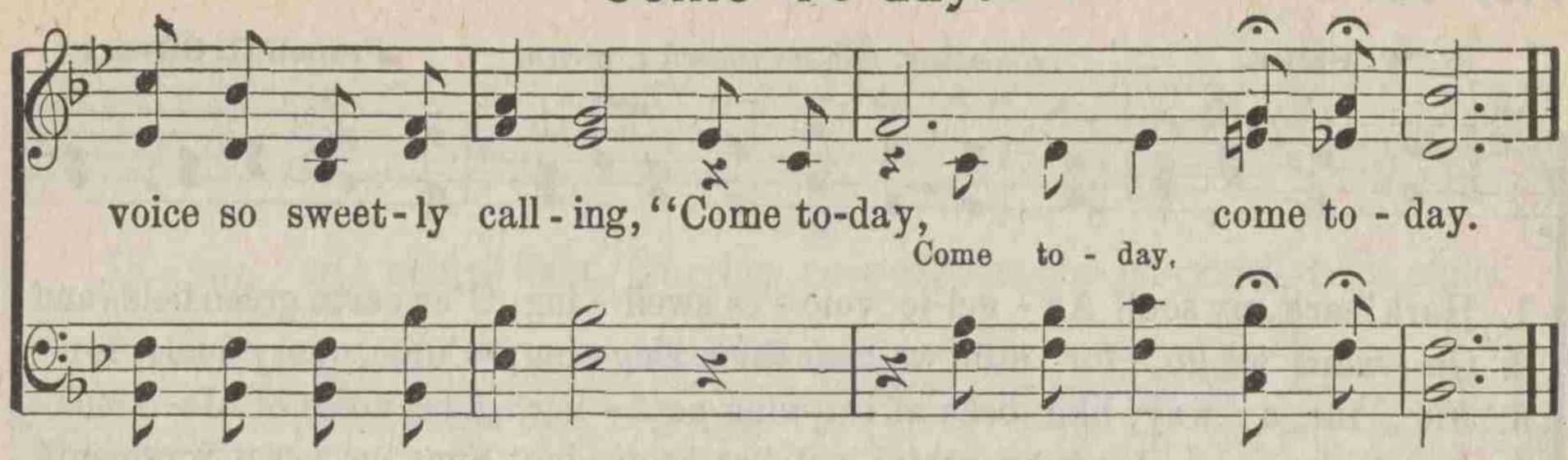
All a - way, all a - way; Come to Him now with all your
All the way, all the way; His arms are o - pen to re-
"Come to me, come to me;" Then wait no long-er, night is

All a - way, all a - way;

sor - row, No long - er turn from Him a - way;
ceive you; From sin and dark-ness turn a - way; List - en to His lov-ing
fall - ing, Too late, too late, He soon may say;

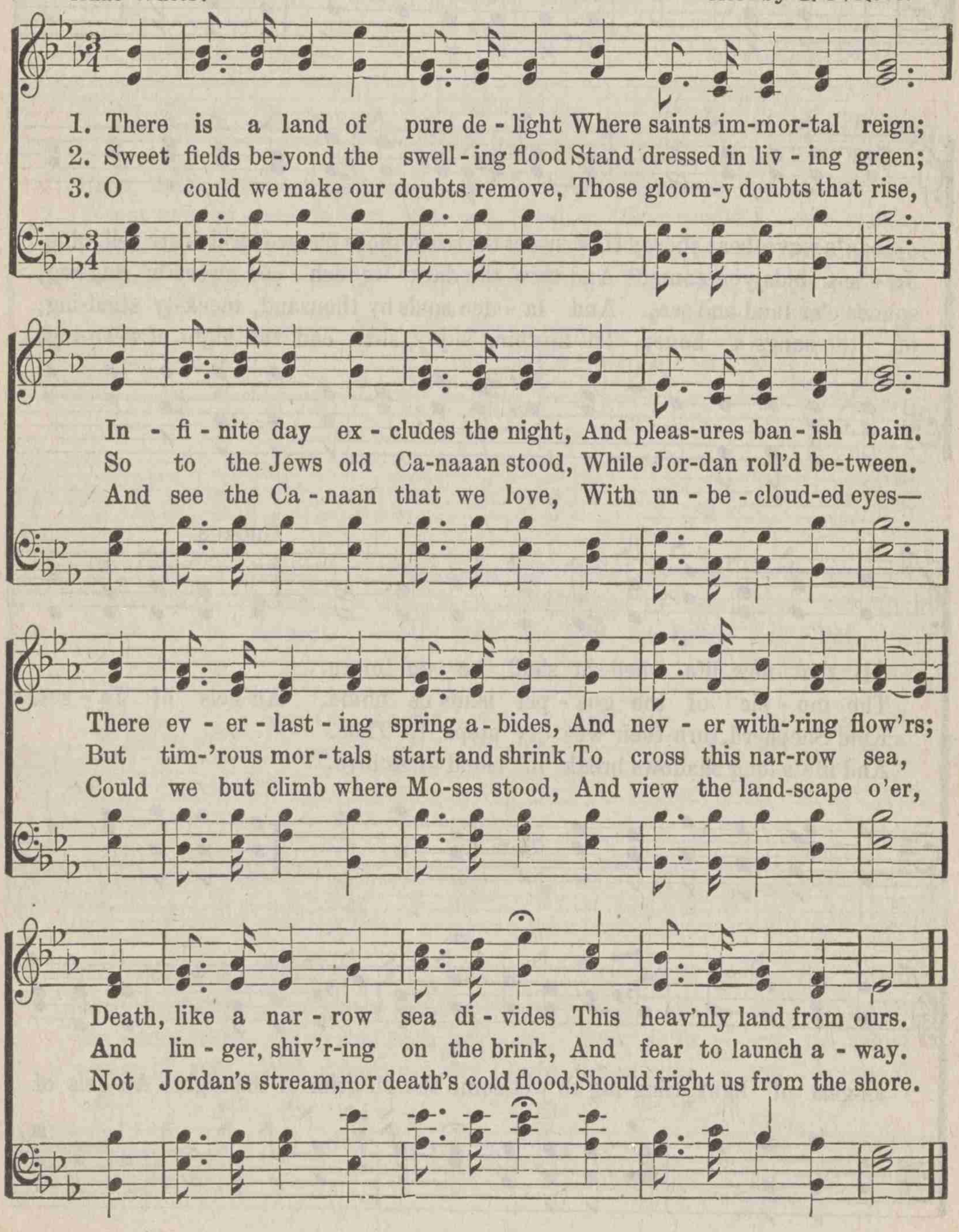
CHORUS.

Come To-day.



No. 56. There is a Land of Pure Delight.

Isaac Watts. **Arr. by G. F. Root.**

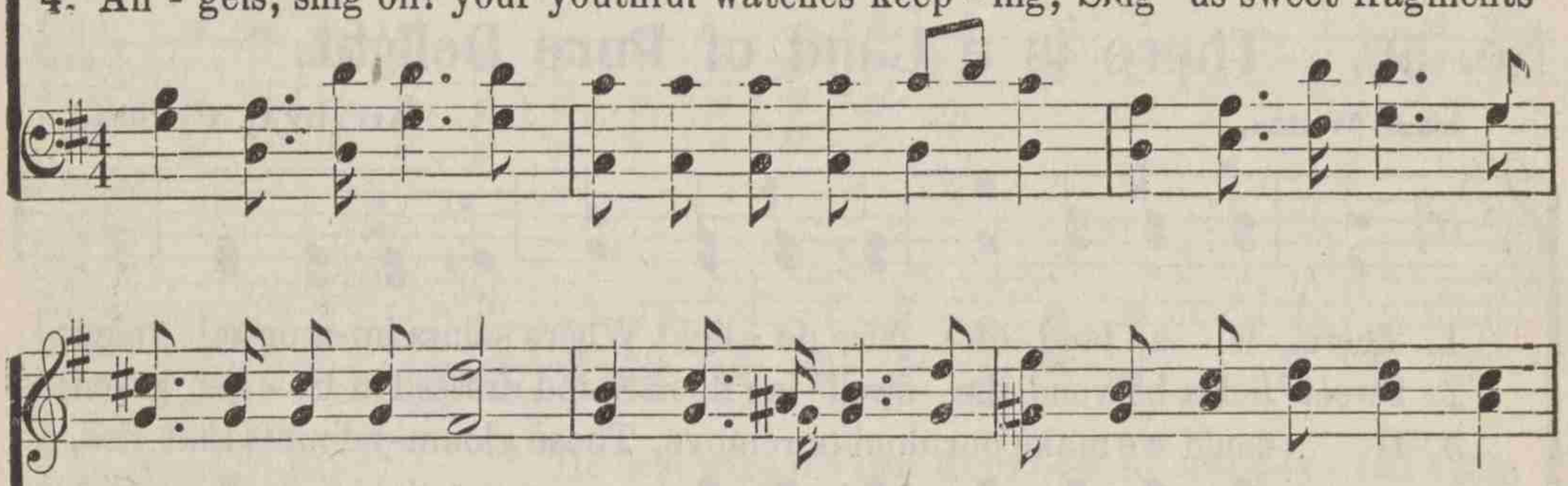


No. 57. Hark! Hark, My Soul.

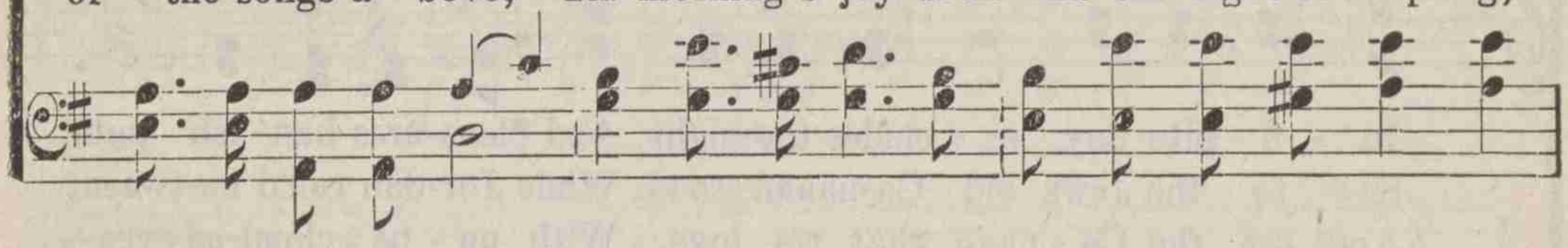
F. W. Faber. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER. French E. Oliver.



1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel-ic voic - es swell - ing, O'er earth green fields and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, weary souls, for
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve-ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus
4. An - gels, sing on! your youthful watches keep - ing; Sing us sweet fragments



o-cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing
Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark its ech - oes sweet-ly ring-ing,
sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls by thousand, meek-ly steal-ing,
of the songs a - bove; Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep-ing,



CHORUS.



Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home. An-gels of Je - sus,
Kind Shepherd, turn their wea - ry steps to Thee.
And life's long shadows break in cloud - less love.





an-gels of light, Sing-ing to wel-come the pil-grim of the night; An-gels of



Hark! Hark, My Soul.



No. 58. Fade. Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.

Mrs. Catherine J. Bonar. **French E. Oliver.**



No. 59. Under His Shadow.

F. E. O.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.

French E. Oliver.

1. Why care for the bur-dens or sor-rows Or tri-als you see night or morn;
2. Tho' all of life's joys may for-sake me, These beg-gar-ly pleasures I scorn;
3. If you will dwell un-der His shad-ow You'll never stay sad or for - lorn—
4. Dwell un-der His shad-ow, my brother, For here He your life will a-dorn,

If you will dwell un-der His shad-ow He'll make you re-vive as the corn.
I'm con-stant-ly un-der His shad-ow And here He re-vives me as corn.
"Oh, come un - to Me all ye bur-dened And I will re-vive you as corn."
And He'll make your face shine with gladness For He will revive you as corn.

CHORUS.

In.....His shad - ow Here..... night and morn,.....
In His shad.ow, yes, in His shad-ow, Here night and morn, Here night and morn,

Lord,..... with Thy Spir - it, Re-vive..... us as corn,
Lord, with Thy Spir - it, Lord, with Thy Spir-it, Re-vive us, re-vive us as corn,

Under His Shadow.

In..... His shad - ow Here..... night and morn,.....
In His shad-ow, yes, in His shad-ow, Here night and morn, Here night and morn,

Lord,..... with Thy Spir - it Re-vive us as corn.
Lord, with Thy Spir - it, Lord, with Thy Spir-it, Re - vive us, re-vive us as corn.

No. 60. Today.

S. F. Smith,
Arr. by F. E. O.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.

French E. Oliver.

1. To - day the Sav - ior calls! "Ye wan - der - ers come home,
2. To - day the Sav - ior calls! O hear him, hear Him now,
3. To - day the Sav - ior calls! To Him for ref - uge fly,
4. To - day the Sav - ior calls! Yield hum - bly to His pow'r,

O ye be - night - ed sin - ners come; Why long - er roam?"
To - day with - in these sa - cred walls; To Je - sus bow.
The storm of judg-ment as it falls; Makes hope to die.
O grieve the Spir - it not a - way; 'Tis mer - cy's hour.

No. 61. Calling the Prodigal.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

C. H. G. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal, come with-out de - lay, Hear, O
2. Pa - tient, lov-ing, and ten-der - ly still the Fa-ther pleads, Hear, O
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Fa - ther, and to spare, Hear, O

hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee; Tho' you've wandered so
hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee; Oh! re-turn while the
hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee; Lo! the ta - ble is
for thee;

far from His presence, come today, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . .
Spir - it in mer-cy in - ter-cedes, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . .
spread and the feast is waiting there, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . .
calling still.

CHORUS.

Call - - - ing now for thee, . . . O wea - - - - - ry prod-i-gal
Calling now for thee, Calling now for thee, Wea-ry prod-i-gal, come,

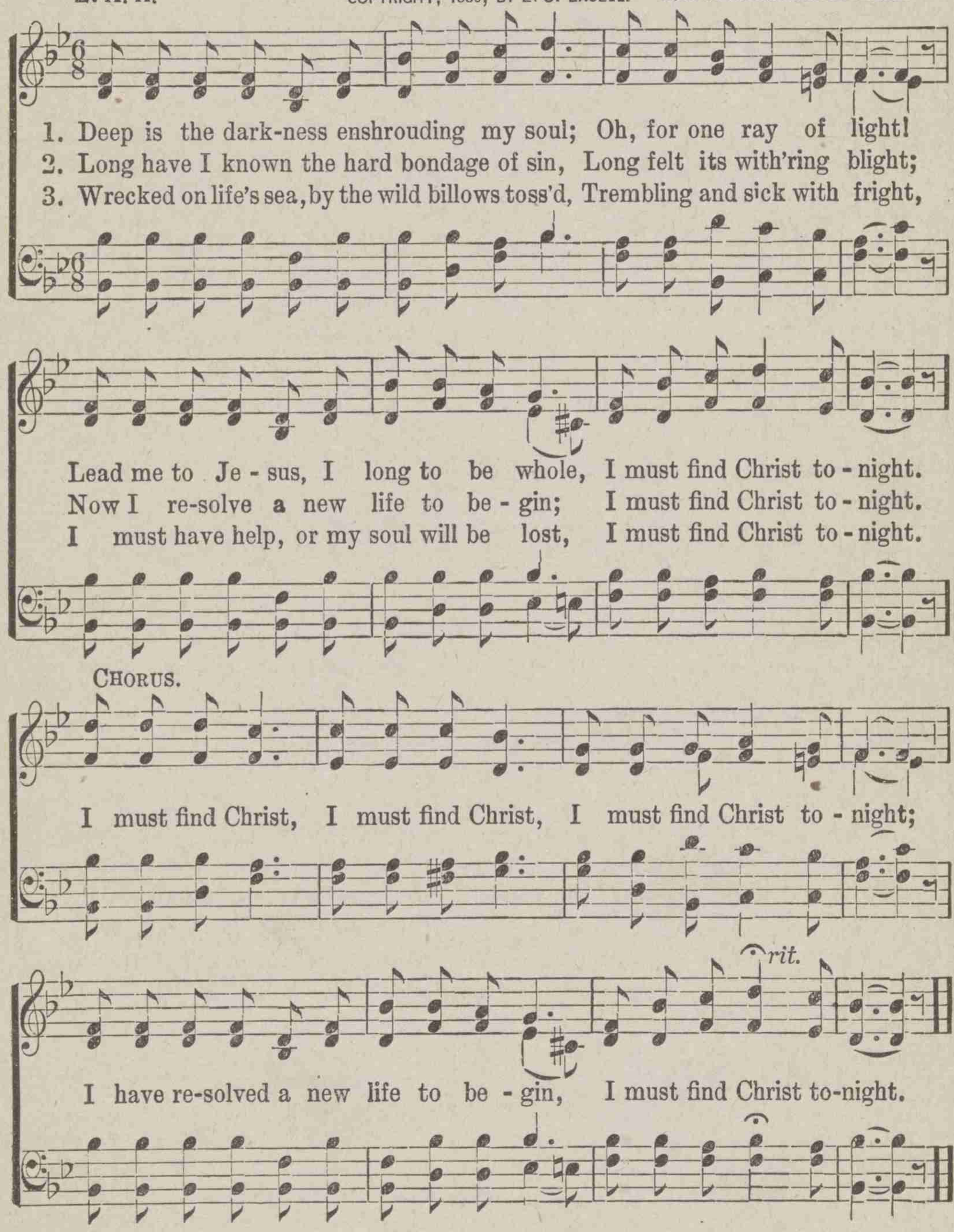
come; . . . . . Call - - - ing now for thee, ...
wea - ry prod - i - gal, come; Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee,

Galling the Prodigal.



No. 62. I Must Find Christ To-night.

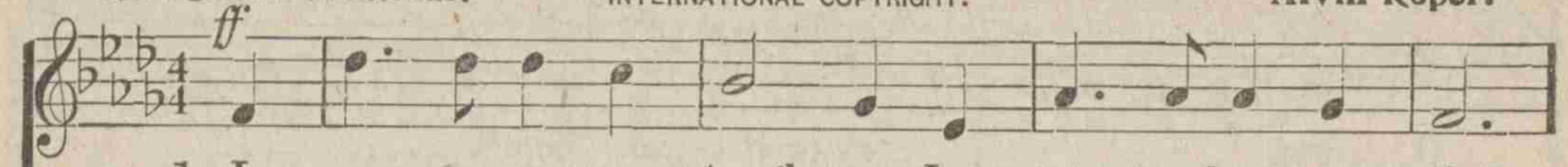
E. A. H. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



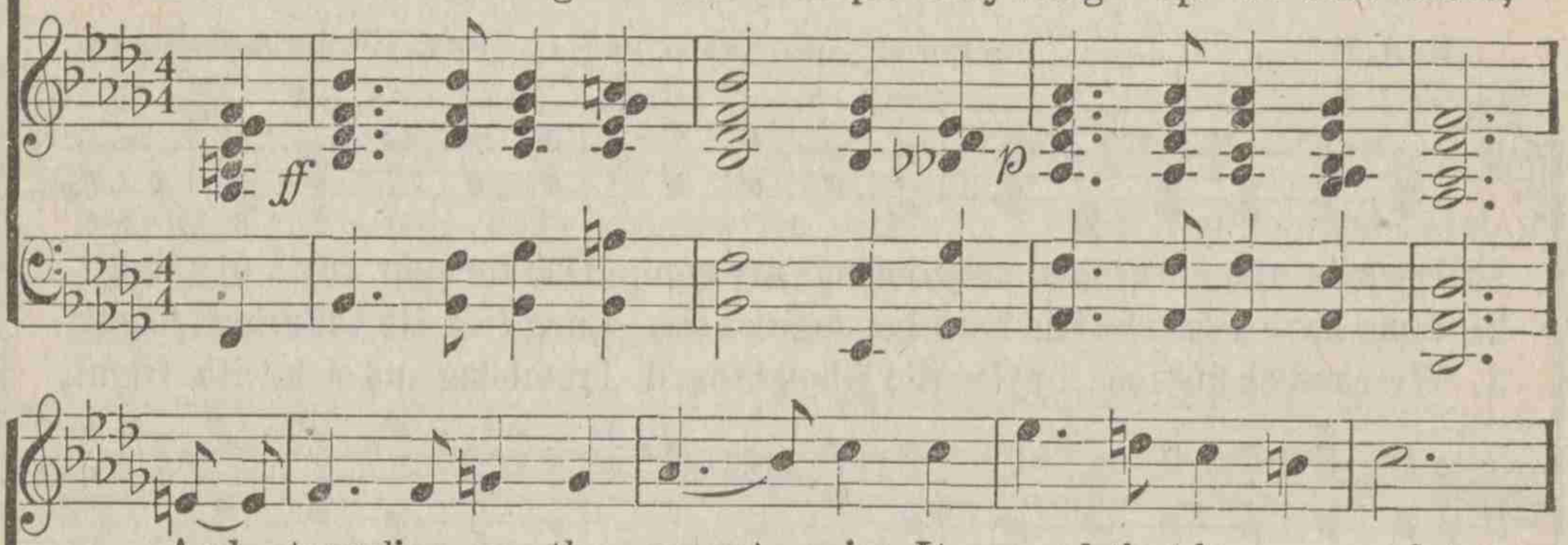
No. 63. Palms of Victory.

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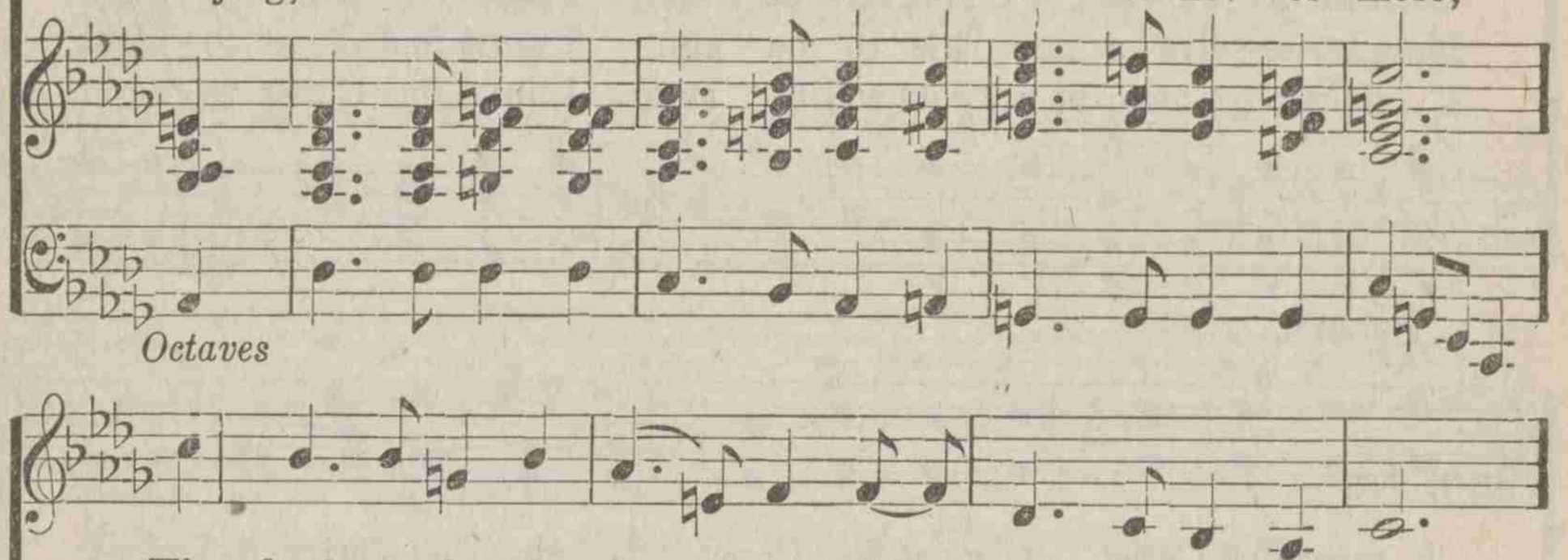
Rev. Jno. B. Mathias. Alvin Roper.



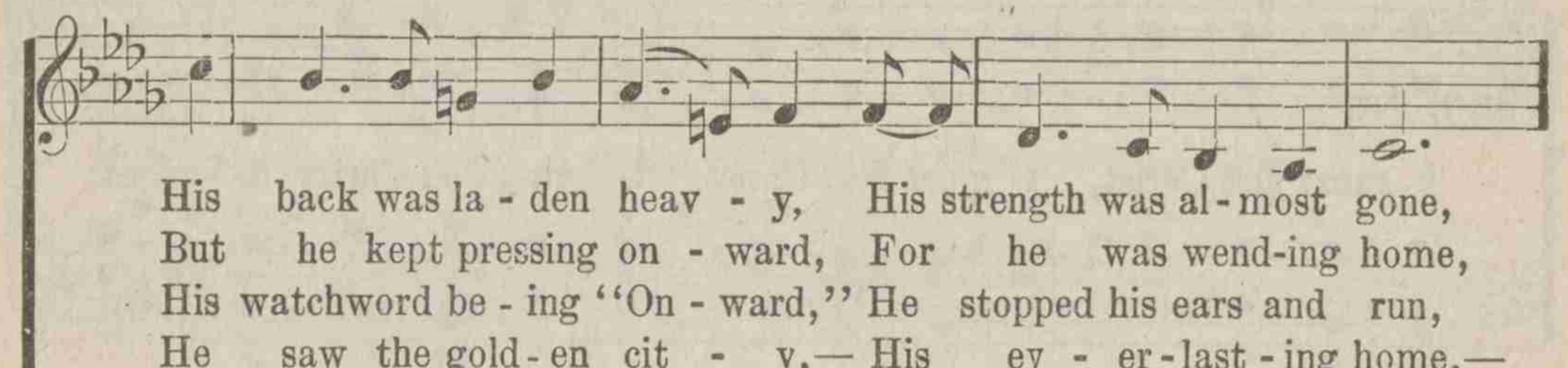
1. I saw a way-worn trav'l - er, In tat - tered gar-ments clad,
2. The sum - mer sun was shin - ing, The sweat was on his brow,
3. The song - sters in the ar - bor, That stood be-side the way,
4. I saw him in the eve - ning, The sun was bend-ing low,
5. While gaz - ing on that cit - y, Just o'er the nar - row flood,
6. I heard the song of tri - umph They sang up - on that shore,



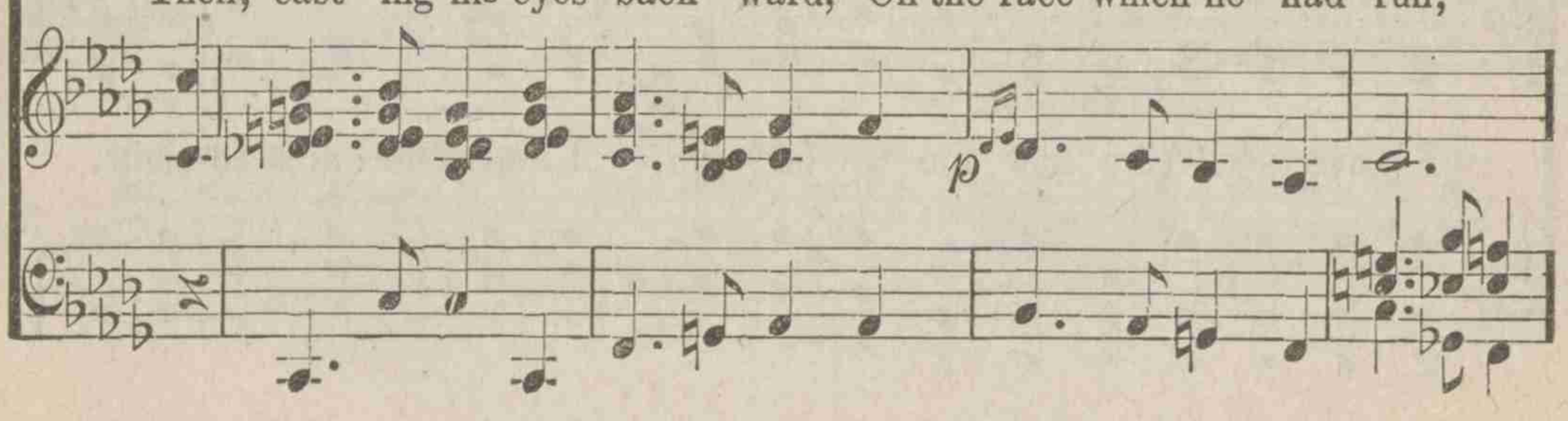
And struggling up the mount - ain, It seemed that he was sad;
His gar-ments worn and dust - y, His step seemed ver - y slow;
At - tract - ed his at - ten - tion, In - vit - ing his de - lay;
He'd o - ver-topp'd the mount - ain, And reach'd the vale be - low;
A band of ho - ly an - gels Came from the throne of God;
Saying, Je - sus has re - deemed us To suf - fer nev - er - more;



Octaves



His back was la - den heav - y, His strength was al - most gone,
But he kept pressing on - ward, For he was wend-ing home,
His watchword be - ing "On - ward," He stopped his ears and run,
He saw the gold - en cit - y,— His ev - er - last - ing home,—
They bore him on their pin - ions, Safe o'er the dash - ing foam,
Then, cast - ing his eyes back - ward, On the race which he had run,

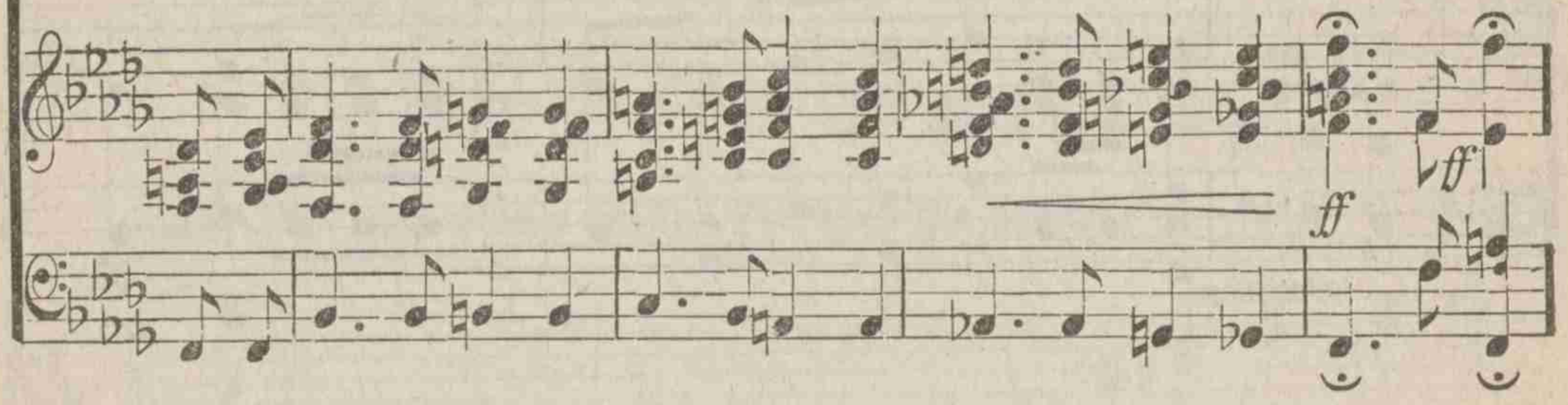


Palms of Victory.

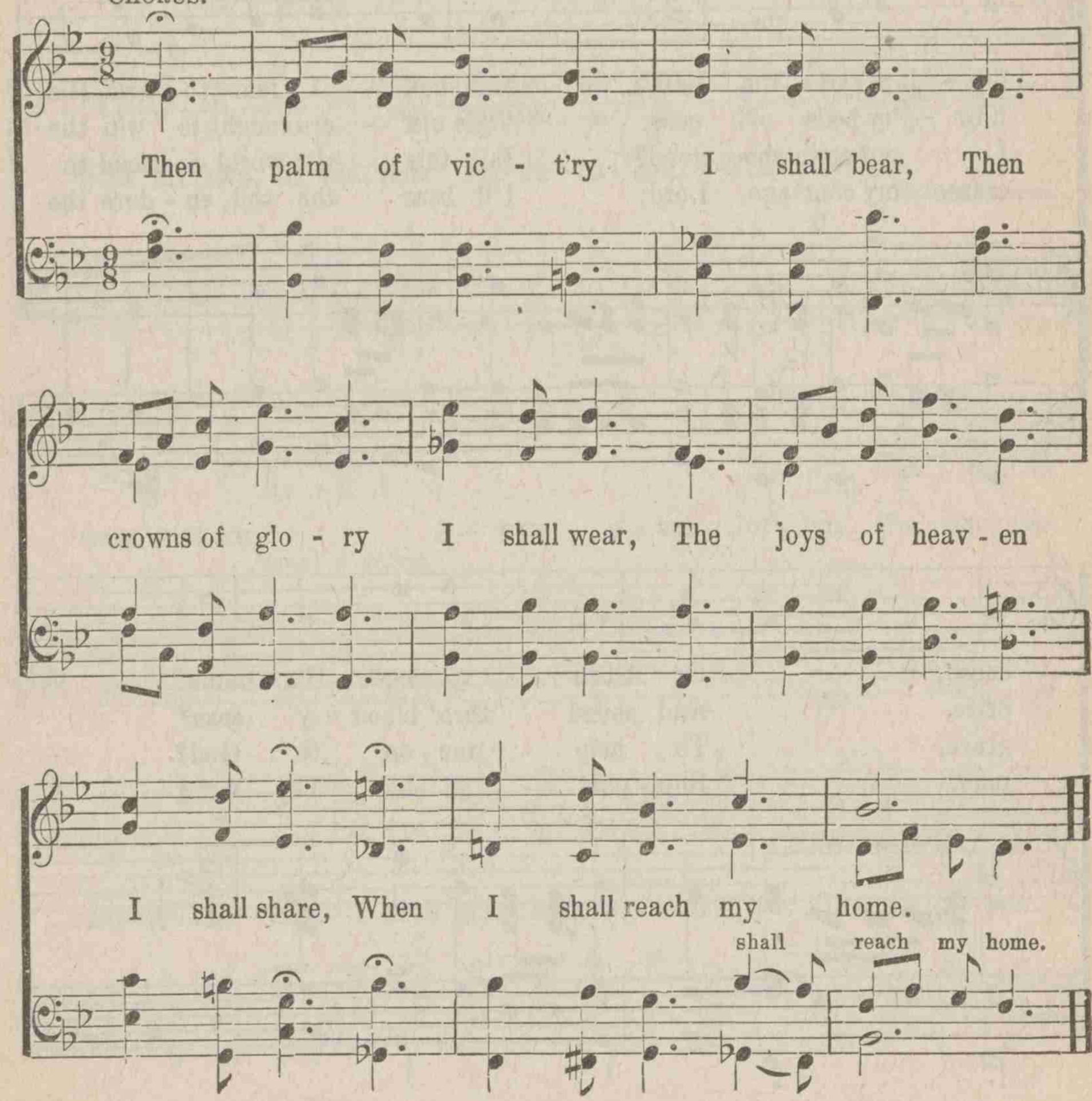
All voices.



Yet he shout-ed as he jour-ney'd, De - liv - er-ance will come, will come!
Still shout - ing as he jour-neyed, De - liv - er-ance will come, will come!
Still shout - ing as he jour-neyed, De - liv - er-ance will come, will come!
And shout-ed loud, Ho - san - na, De - liv - er-ance will come, will come!
And joined him in his tri - umph, De - liv - er-ance has come, has come.
He shout-ed loud, Ho - san - na, De - liv - er-ance has come, has come.



CHORUS.



Then palm of vic - t'ry I shall bear, Then

crowns of glo - ry I shall wear, The joys of heav - en

I shall share, When I shall reach my home.

shall reach my home.

No. 64. A Soldier of The Cross.

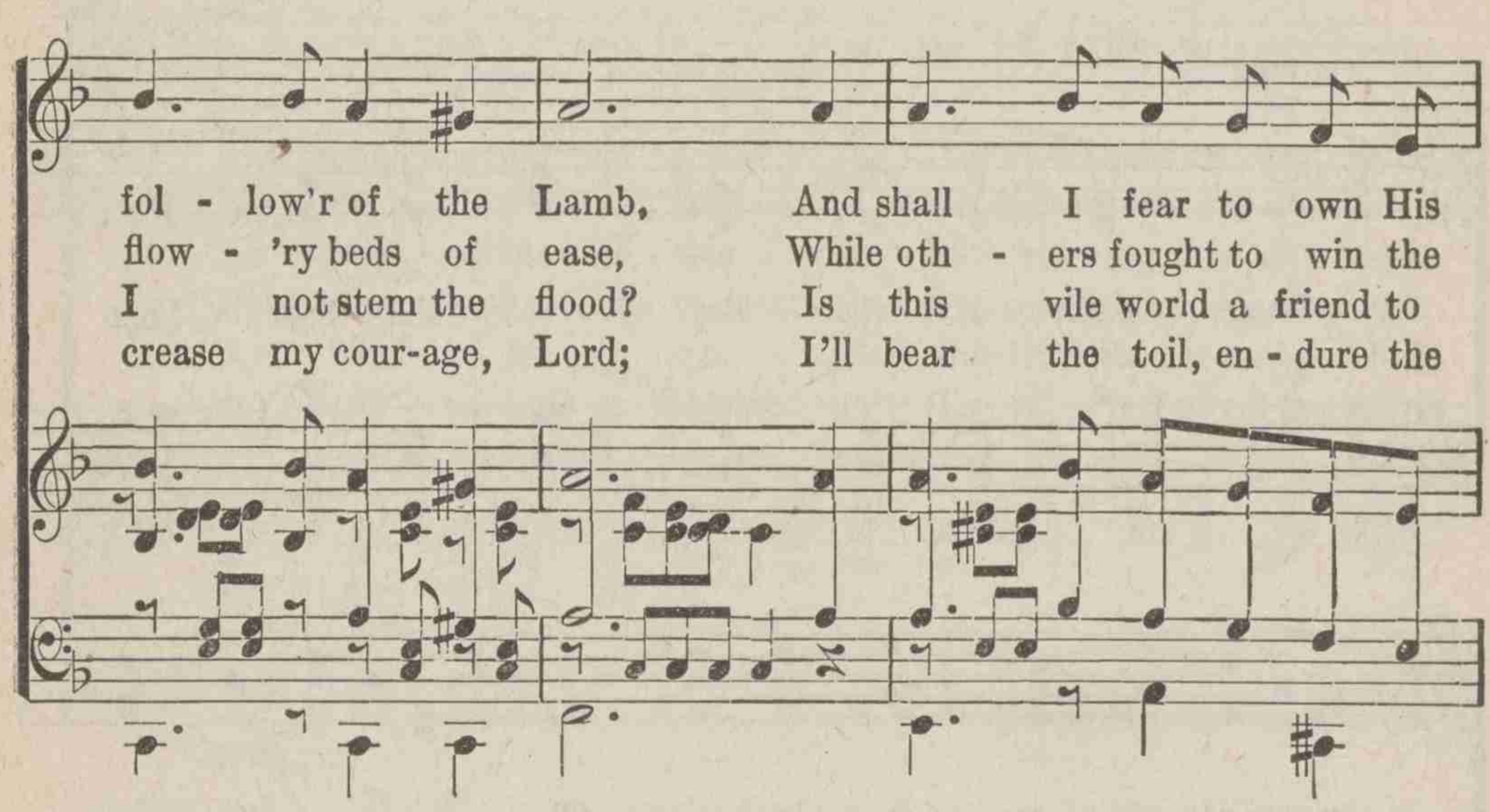
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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

Isaac Watts. **French E. Oliver.**

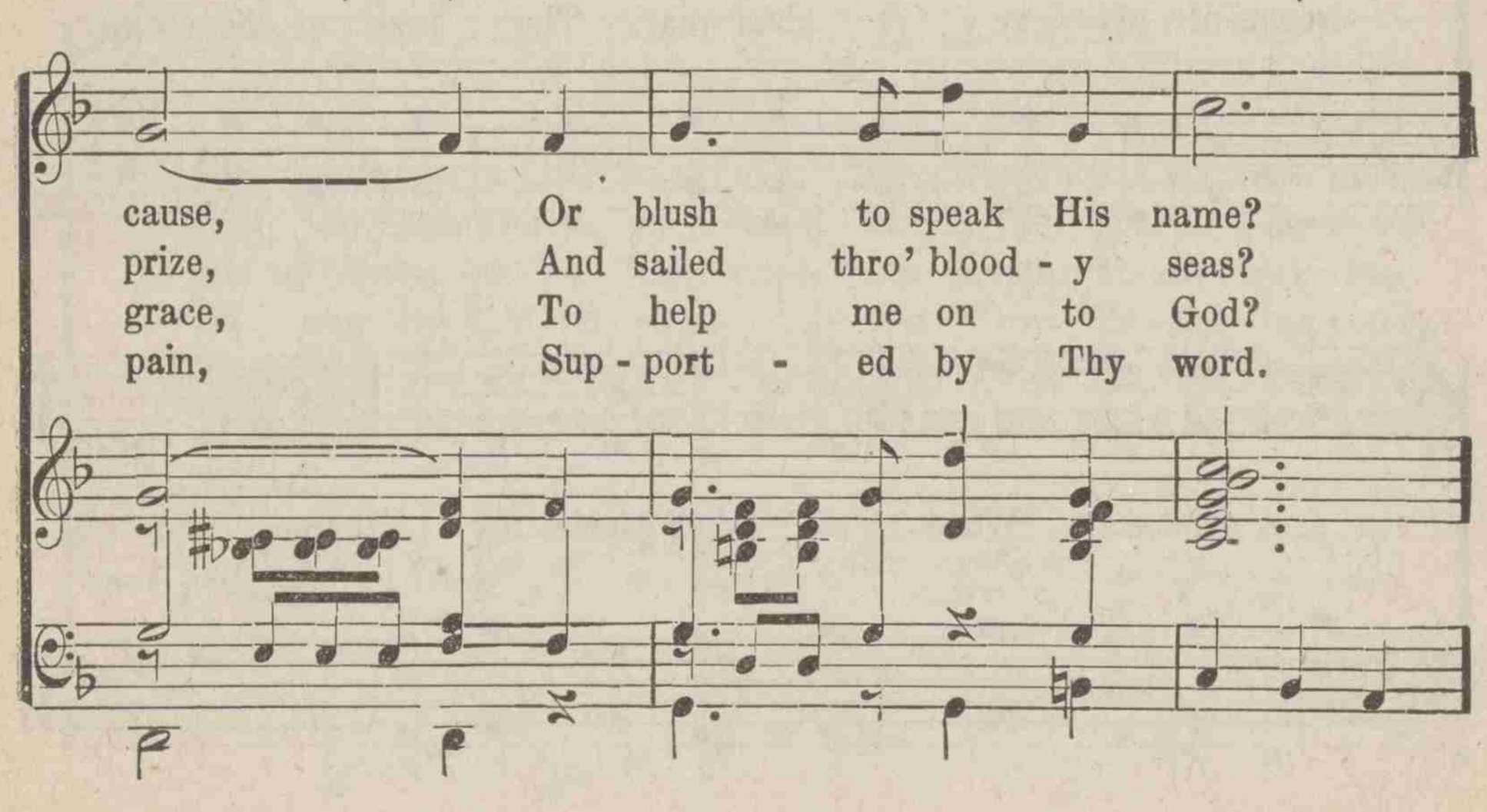


1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-

fol - low'r of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own His
flow - 'ry beds of ease, While oth - ers fought to win the
I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a friend to
crease my cour-age, Lord; I'll bear the toil, en - dure the



cause, Or blush to speak His name?
prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
grace, To help me on to God?
pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.



A Soldier of the Cross.

CHORUS.

And when the bat - tle's o - ver, I shall wear a crown, I shall wear a

crown, I shall wear a crown, For when the bat-tle's o - ver, I shall

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

Wear a crown,

wear a crown, A - way o - ver Jor - dan, For when the

wear a crown,

bat-tle's o - ver, I shall wear a crown, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

No. 65. Oh, it is Wonderful.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY E O. EXCELL.

C. H. G. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I stand all a - mazed at the love Je - sus of - fers me, Con - fused at the grace that so ful - ly He prof - fers me; I trem - ble to know that for
2. I mar - vel that He would descend from His throne divine, To res - cue a soul so re - bel-lious and proud as mine; That He should ex-tend His great
3. I think of His hands, pierc'd and bleeding to pay the debt! Such mercy, such love and de - vo - tion can I for - get? No, no, I will praise and a -

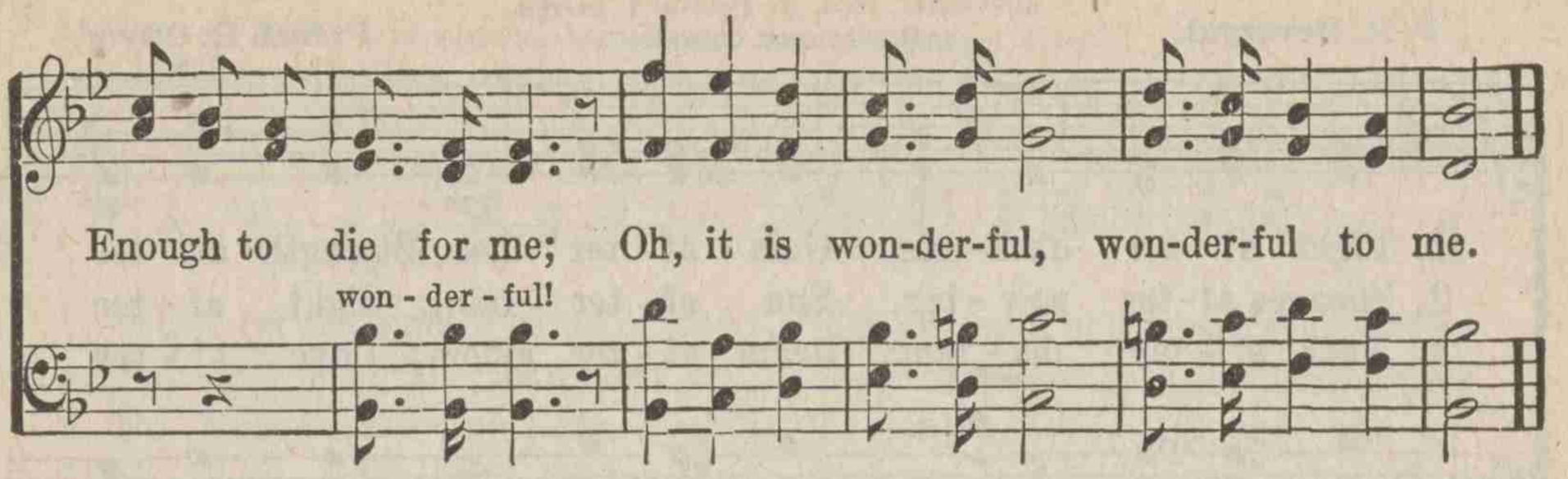
rit. rit.

me He was cru-ci-fied, That for me a sin-ner, He suffer'd, He bled and died.
love un - to such as I, Suf - fi-cient to own, to re-deem and to jus - ti - fy.
dore at the mer-cy-seat, Un - til at the glo-ri-fied throne I kneel at His feet.

CHORUS.

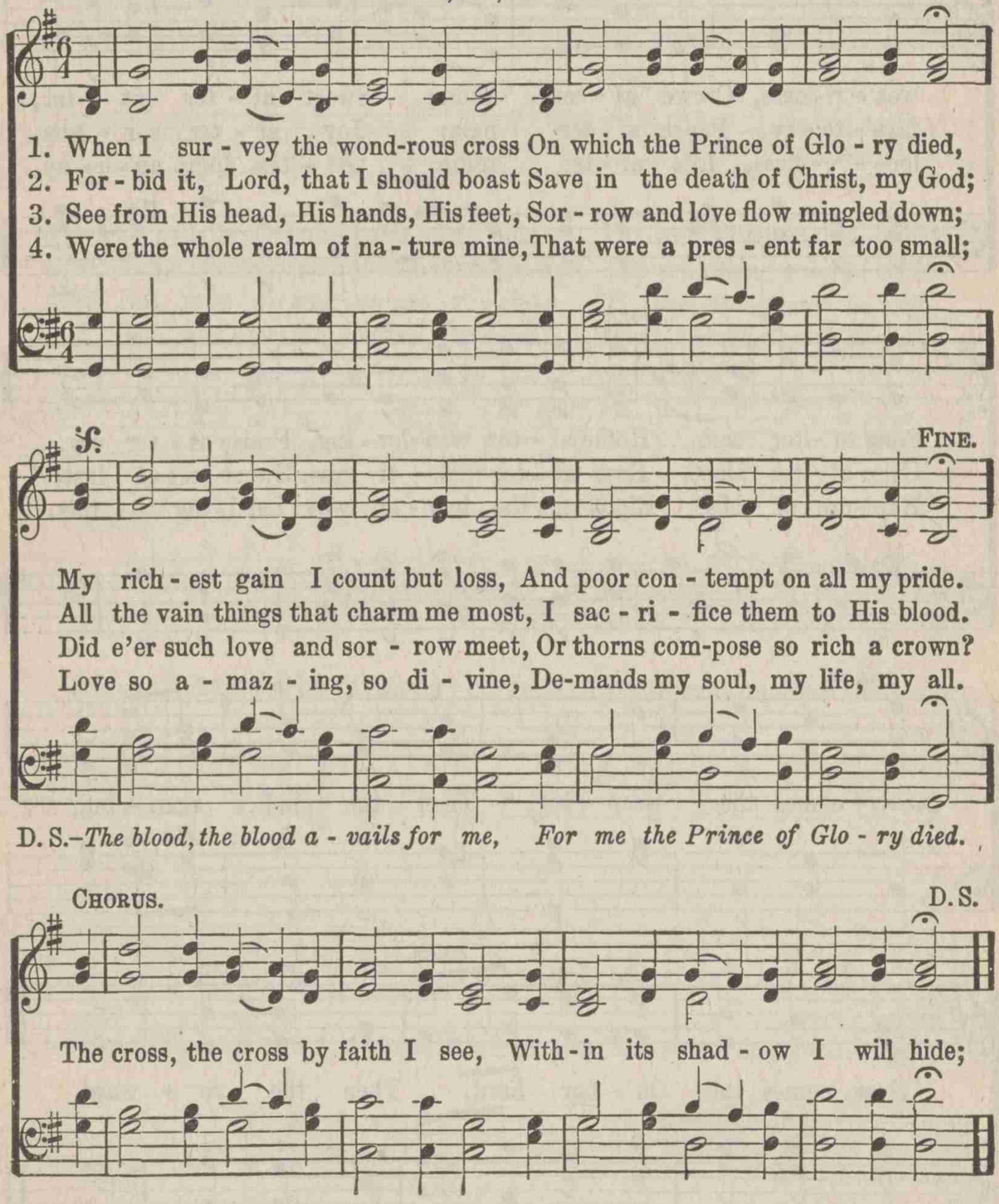
Oh, it is won - der - ful that He should care for me,
won - der - ful!

Oh, it is Wonderful.



No. 66. The Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. **E. O. Excell.**



No. 67. Light After Darkness.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

F. R. Hevergal. French E. Oliver.

1. Light af - ter dark-ness, Gain af - ter loss, Strength af - ter
2. Sheaves af - ter sow - ing, Sun af - ter rain, Sight af - ter
3. Near af - ter dis - tant, Gleam af - ter gloom, Love af - ter

wea - ri - ness, Crown af - ter cross; Sweet af - ter bit - ter,
mys - te - ry, Peace af - ter pain; Joy af - ter sor - row,
lone - - ness, Life af - ter tomb; Af - ter long ag - o - ny,

rit.

Song af - ter sigh, Home af - ter wan-der - ing, Praise af - ter cry.
Calm af - ter blast, Rest af - ter wea - ri - ness, Sweet rest at last.
Rapt-ure of bliss, Right was the hav - en way Lead - ing to this.

CHORUS.

Now comes the weep - ing, Then the glad reap - ing;

Now comes the la - bor hard, Then the re - ward.

No. 68. Let Something Good be Said.

4th. vs. F. E. O. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.

James Whitcomb Riley. Alt. WORDS AND MUSIC. French E. Oliver

1. When o'er the fame of friend or foe, The shad-ow of disgrace shall fall; in-
2. For - get not grace, no sin-ner yet, May fall so low but Christ can lift his
3. No gen'rous heart may turn a - side, To deeds of love—if they in sin be
4. If cru - el words em-bit-ter thee, Turn to the cross on Cal-va-ry; where

stead Of words of blame, or fa - tal blow— Let something good be said.
head, While cheeks of shame with tears are wet; Let something good be said.
dead, But may a - wak - en glo - ri - fied, If something good be said.
said The Sav - ior: "O forgive," and see That something good be said.

CHORUS.

And so I charge ye by the thorn-y crown, And by the cross on which the Savior

bled, And by your own soul's hope of fair renown; Let something good be said.

No. 69. Forgiven!

Words and music by C. W. Waggoner.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

Arr. by French E. Oliver.

1. My heart was sad and filled with bit - ter sor - row, I sought the
2. Oh, had I known the door was al - ways o - pen, I might have
3. Bit - ter the pain I suf - fered ere I knew Him, Vain - ly I

Lord for par - don from my sin; I could not bear the bur-den an - y
sought His fa - vor long a - go; But in my blind-ness I went on heart-
strove, and want-ed to be good; I was a slave, and sin the cru - el

long - er, I brought it all to Him, and He has made me clean.
bro - ken, Till the great bur - den of my guilt had laid me low.
mas - ter, It's pow'r was bro - ken when I passed be - neath the blood!

CHORUS.

For - giv - - - en! for - giv - - - en! Hal - le-
O, yes, I'm for - giv - en! My chains are all riv - en!

lu - jah! I am for - giv - en! O glo - ry! 'tis done, my

Forgiven!



No. 70. Guide Me.

Wm. Williams. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER. **French E. Oliver.**

No. 71. Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1908 BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

Priscilla J. Owens. **French E. Oliver.**

1. Oh, the peace that fills my soul, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus;
2. Christ is mine in storm and calm, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus;
3. Here I rest from toil and strife, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus;
4. Come, ye guilt - y, and be healed, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus;

Cleans'd from sin, made free and whole, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus.
All my wounds are filled with balm, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus.
Safe be - neath the Tree of Life, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus.
Free - ly is God's love re-vealed, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

This is my a - bid - ing place, Saved by His a - maz - ing grace,

Look-ing up-ward to His face, Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus.

No. 72. Arise and Go into the City.

C. M. Wood.
Arr. F. E. O.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

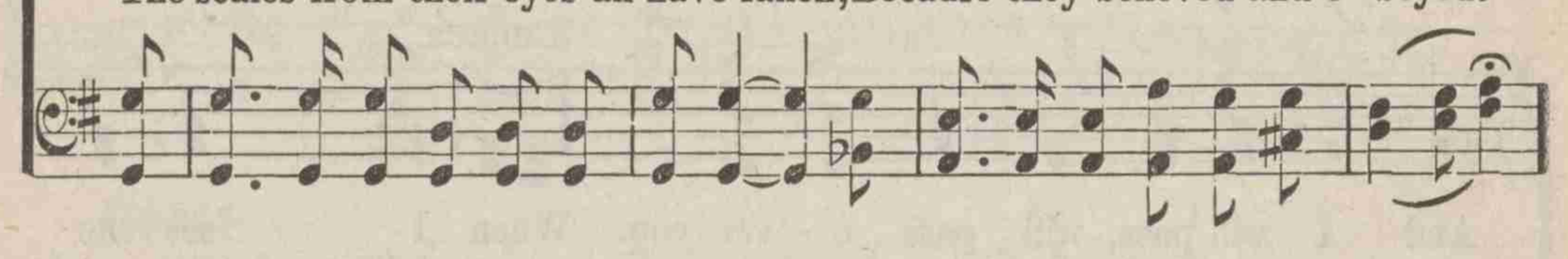
French E. Oliver.



1. Oh, sin-ner on life's rugged pathway, With a sense of thy guilt over-come;
2. The light shining into thy conscience, Bringing sorrow and pain to thy soul;
3. Oh come tho' thy sins be as scarlet, And as red as crimson can be;
4. Art asking in thy heart this moment, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"
5. Far o-ver in heaven are loved ones, Whom the Port have safe-ly made;



In blindness and mis-e-ry grop-ing, A voice from the sky calls thee home.
Is the goodness of God in giv-ing Re-pent-ance that maketh thee whole.
Oft' thou hast denied the dear Sav-ior, And nailed Him afresh to the tree.
The an-swer from Heaven is fall-ing In words sweetly, tender and true.
The scales from their eyes all have fallen, Because they believed and o-beyed.



CHORUS.



A-rise and go in-to the Cit-y, Do not for a mo-ment de-lay;



There's healing and par-don and bless-ing, For all who re-pent and o-bey.



No. 73. When I See the Blood.

By Foote Bros., not copyrighted. Let no one do so. May this song ever be free to be published for the glory of God.

John and E. A. H. **J. G. F.**

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

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

CHORUS.

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

When I

blood, When I see the blood, When I see the

see the blood, When I see the blood, When I

rit.

blood, I will pass, I will pass o - ver you.

see the blood, o - ver you.

No. 74. Grace, Enough for Me.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

1. In look - ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal - va - ry,
2. While stand - ing there, my trembling heart, Once full of ag - o - ny,
3. When I be - held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el tree,
4. When I am safe with - in the veil, My por - tion there will be,

cres.

Beneath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, enough for me.
Could scarce be-lieve the sight I saw Of grace, enough for me. (enough for me.)
I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, enough for me.
To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, enough for me.

CHORUS.

Grace is flowing from Cal-va-ry, Grace as fathomless as the sea,
Grace is flow-ing from Cal-va-ry, for me, Grace as fath-om-less as the roll-ing sea,

Grace for time and e-ter - ni - ty, ... Grace, . enough for me.
Grace for time and e - ter - ni - ty, A-bun-dant grace I see. e-nough for me.

No. 75. Drifting Down.

COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Jessie Brown Pounds. **W. E. M. Hackleman.**

Slowly, with expression.

1. You are drift-ing far from shore, leaning on an i - dle oar, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down; You are drift-ing with the tide, to the o - cean wild and wide, You are drifting, slow-ly drift-ing, drift-ing down.
2. Lights upon the Homeland shore give you warning o'er and o'er, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down; Soon beyond the har-bor bar will your boat be car-ried far, You are drifting, slow-ly drift-ing, drift-ing down.
3. Voic-es from the Homeland shore faint-er grow, as they implore, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down; O, my brother, do not wait! heed them ere it be too late, Ere for - ev - er you have drift-ed, drift - ed down.

rit. ad lib.

CHORUS. *rit.* *a tempo.* *rit.* *a tempo.*

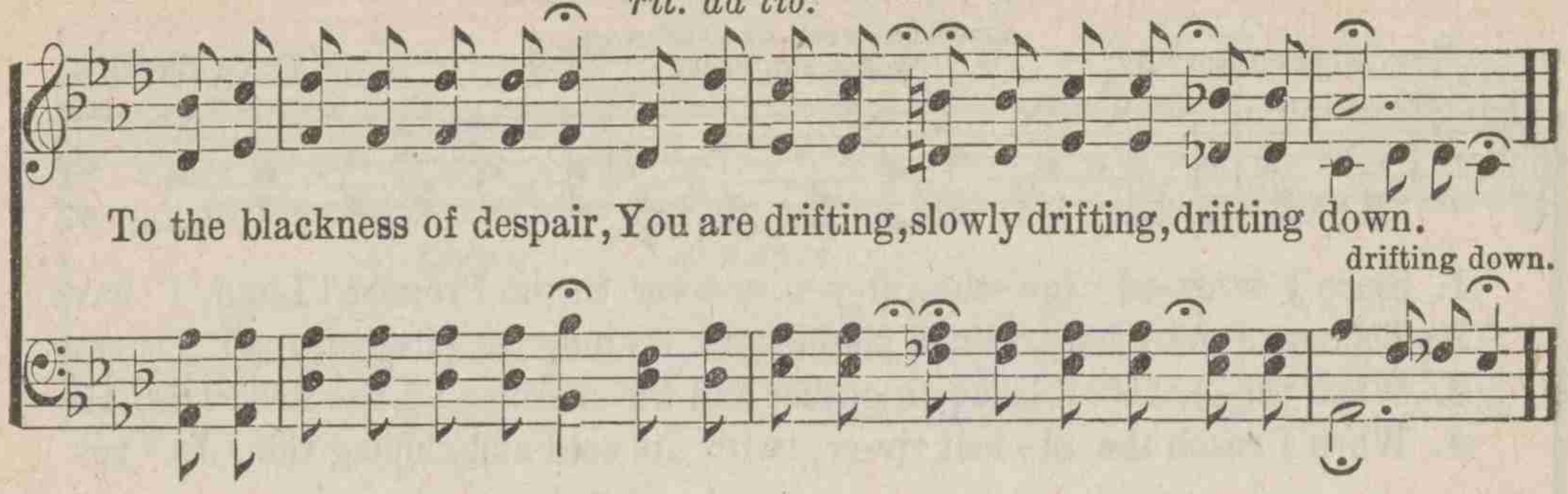
You are drift - ing down, drift - ing down To the dark and aw-ful sea; You are drift - ing down From a Father's loving care,

You are drift - ing, slow - ly drift - ing, you are slow-ly drift-ing down dark and aw - ful sea; You are drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing.

rit. *a tempo.*

Drifting Down.

rit. ad lib.



No. 76. The Hem of His Garment.

G. F. R. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. Geo. F. Root.

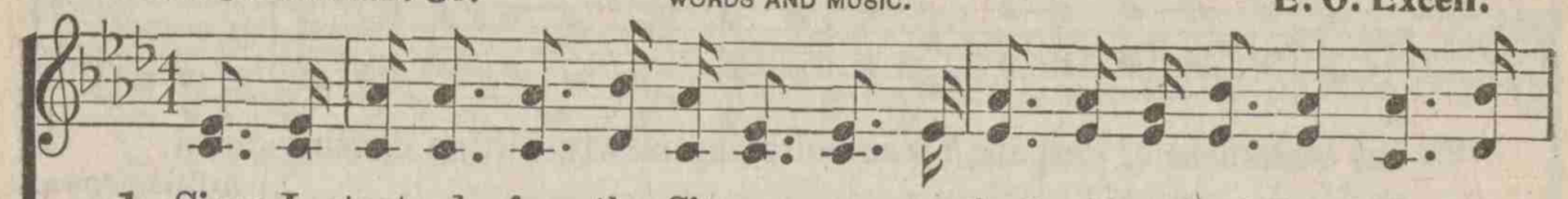
No. 77.

All the Way.

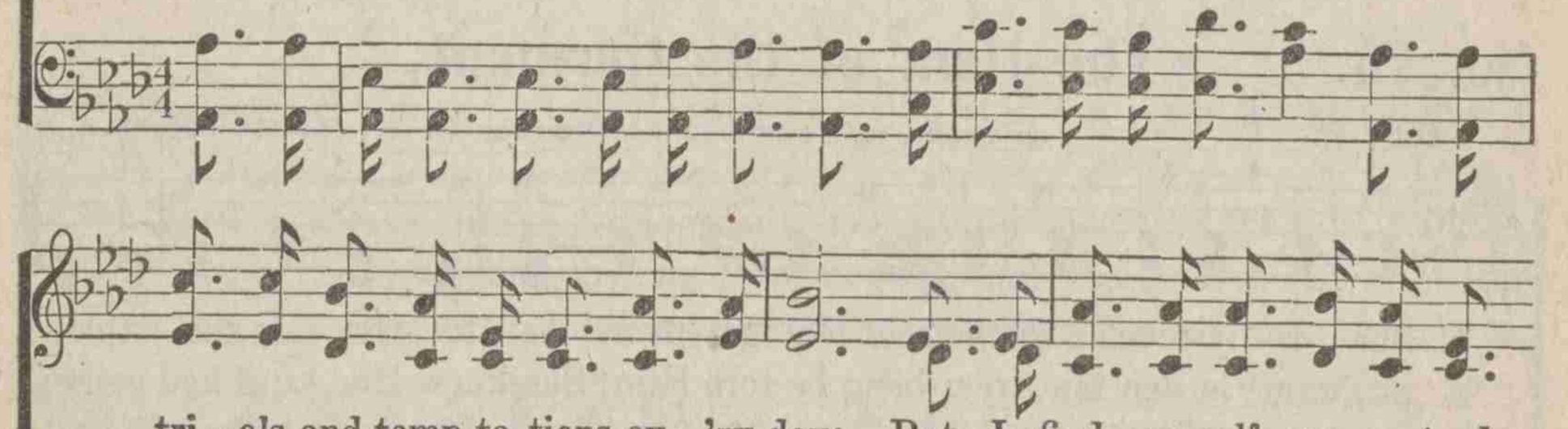
To the Singing Bishop C. C. McCabe,

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

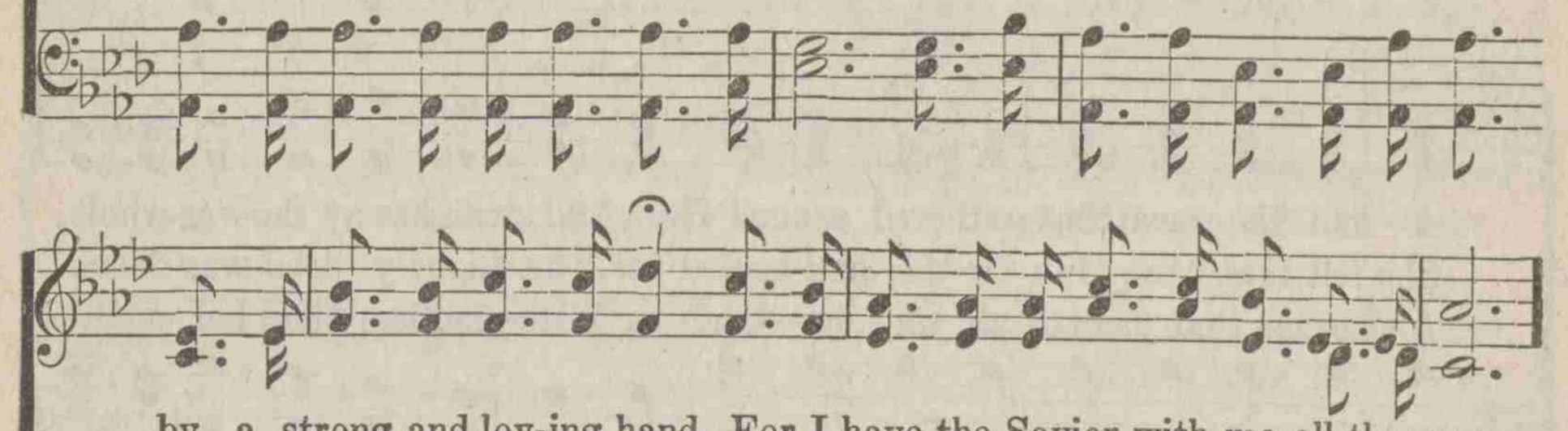
Rev. J. Oatman. Jr. **E. O. Excell.**



1. Since I start-ed for the Cit-y o - ver in the Promised Land, I have
2. There are ma-ny snares and pit-falls all a - long the pil-grim road, I can
3. When the clouds of darkness gather and the sunshine all has fled, Then He
4. When I reach the si - lent riv-er, with its cold and chilling tide, Je - sus



tri - als and temp-ta-tions ev - 'ry day; But I find my-self sup-port-ed
o - ver-come them if I watch and pray; In the hour of pain and sor-row,
guides my falt'ring footsteps lest I stray, And the bless-ed light of heav-en
will be there, my helper and my stay; I will sail a - way tri-um-phant,



by a strong and lov-ing hand, For I have the Savior with me all the way.
grace suf-fi-cient is be-stow'd, For I have the Savior with me all the way.
o - ver all my path is spread, For I have the Savior with me all the way.
land my soul on Canaan's side, For I have the Savior with me all the way.



CHORUS.



All the way, all the way, For I have the Savior with me all the way;
All the way, all the way, all the way.



All the Way.



No. 78. Look and Live.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.
W. A. O. WORDS AND MUSIC. W. A. Ogden.



No. 79. He Knows.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.
INTERNATONAL COPYRIGHT.

Anon. French E. Oliver.

1. He knows the bit - ter, wea - ry way, The end-less striv-ing day by day;
2. He knows how hard the fight has been, The clouds that come our lives between;
3. He knows, when, faint and worn, we sink, How deep the pain, how near the brink
4. He knows! oh, tho't so full of bliss! For tho' on earth our joys we miss,

The souls that weep, the souls that pray—He knows, He knows it all.
The wounds the world has nev - er seen—He knows, He knows it all.
Of dark de-spair we pause and shrink—He knows, He knows it all.
We still can bear it, feel - ing this—He knows, He knows it all.

He knows it all.

CHORUS.

He knows, my Father knows it all, ... The bit - ter way; O souls that weep,

rit.

My Fa-ther knows, O souls that pray, He knows, He knows it all.

No. 80. Is it Well with Thee?

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

F. E. O. French E. Oliver

1. "Is it well with thee, my broth-er?" Are you now at one with God?
2. "Is it well with thee, my broth-er?" Is thy heart right with thy God?
3. "Is it well with thee, my broth-er?" Is the wit - ness clear and sure?

Are your ma - ny sins for - giv - en? Are you washed in Je - sus' blood?
Are you on your way to heav - en? Will you reach the ho - ly sod?
Have you found the price-less treas-ure? Peace that ev - er shall en - dure?

CHORUS.

"Is it well with thee, my broth-er? Has your faith a liv - ing spark?

Come and en - ter, thou and thy house, Hasten now with - in the ark.

No. 81. True Prayer.

James Montgomery. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER. **French E. Oliver.**

1. Prayer is the soul's sin-cere de - sire, Ut-tered or un - ex - pressed;
2. Prayer is the bur - den of a sigh, The fall - ing of a tear,
3. Prayer is the sim - plest form of speech, That in-fant lips can try;
4. Prayer is the Chris-tian's vi - tal breath, The Christian's na - tive air:
5. Oh, Thou by whom we come to God,—The Life, the Truth, the way!

The mo-tion of a hid - den fire That trem-bles in the breast,
The up-ward glanc - ing of an eye, When none but God is near.
Prayer, the sub-lim - est strains that reach The Maj - es - ty on high.
His watchword at the gates of death; He en - ters heaven with pray'r.
The path of pray'r thy - self hast trod; Lord! teach us how to pray.

CHORUS.

rit.

Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care;

And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wish-es known.

my wants

No. 82, The Storm of Life.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

F. E. O. French E. Oliver.

1. A rag - ing storm of the tempter's pow'r, Swept o-ver my life one day,
2. While my sad heart felt the fear - ful shock, The winds blew an an-gry gale,
3. The storm is past and the hav-en's won, I'm safe in my Sav-ior's fold,

The blighting blast pierc'd my soul that hour, And night dimm'd the sun's last ray;
I launched my bark for the Sol-id Rock, And Faith was the trembling sail;
The price is paid and the deed is done, My an-chor will sure - ly hold,

Then my bleeding heart felt the caustic pain, Of a soul bowed down by sin—
Then a voice more clear than a sil - ver bell, Rang out o'er the storm-toss'd sea,
And the path grows brighter the live-long day, I sup with my Lord and King;

I longed to wel-come His smile a-gain; Freed from Sa-tan's taunt-ing din.
"Fear not, but think of the calm that fell On the waves of Gal - i - lee."
By faith I see heav-en's bright ar-ray; And can hear the an - gels sing.

No. 83. Ashamed of Jesus.

Joseph Griggs. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. **E. O. Excell.**

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be A mor - tal
2. A - shamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let ev - 'ning
3. A - shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend, On whom my
4. A - shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no

man a - shamed of Thee? A - shamed of Thee, whom
blush to own a star; He sheds the beams of
hopes of heav'n de - pend? No! when I blush be
guilt to wash a - way, No tear to wipe, no

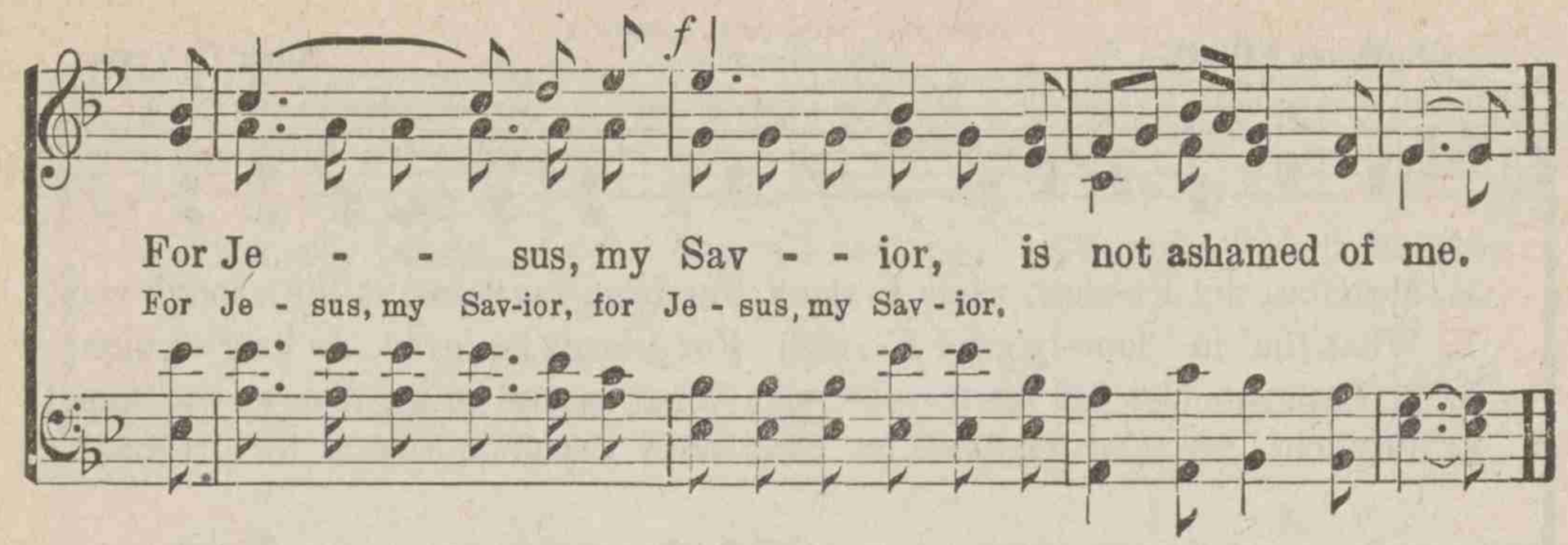
an - gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine thro' end - less days?
light di - vine O'er this be - night - ed soul of mine.
this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.
good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.

CHORUS.

A-shamed .... of Je - sus, I nev-er, I nev-er will be;
A-shamed of Je-sus, a-shamed of Je - sus, I nev - er, I nev - er, I nev-er will be;

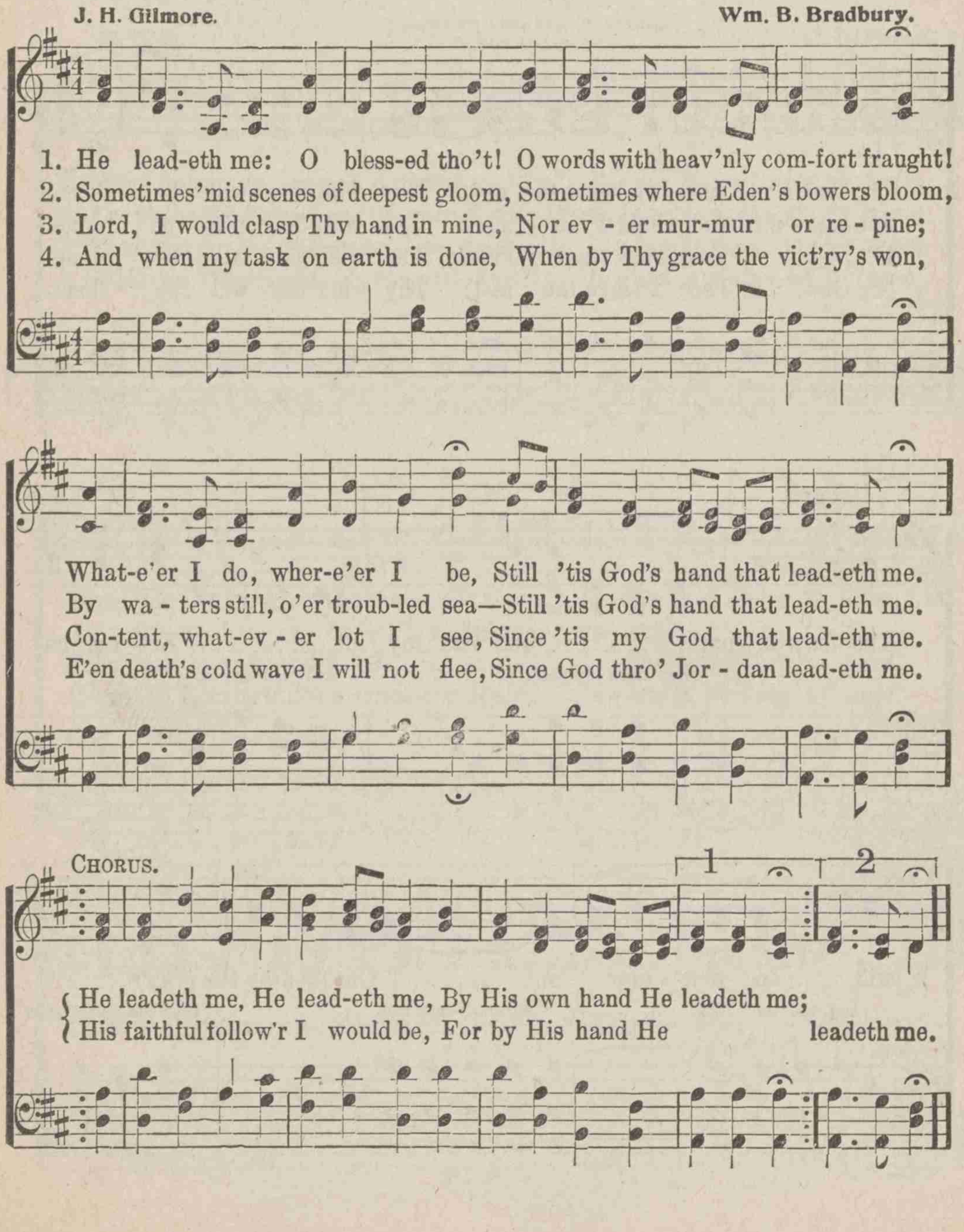
* Tenor and Bass sing the upper *large* notes; the Sop. and Alto the lower. Small notes with the large ones for organist.

Ashamed of Jesus.



No. 84. He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.



No. 85. Thy Will be Done.

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

Charlotte Elliott. Jules DeVere.

1. My God, my Fa-ther, while I stray Far from my home in life's rough way,
2. What tho' in lone-ly grief I sigh For friends be-loved, no long-er nigh,
3. If Thou shouldst call me to re - sign What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
4. Let but my faint-ing heart be blest With Thy good Spir-it for its guest,

Oh, teach me from my heart to say, Thy will, Thy will be done.
Sub-mis - sive still would I re - ply, Thy will, Thy will be done.
I on - ly yield Thee what is Thine; Thy will, Thy will be done.
My God, to Thee I leave the rest; Thy will, Thy will be done.

CHORUS.

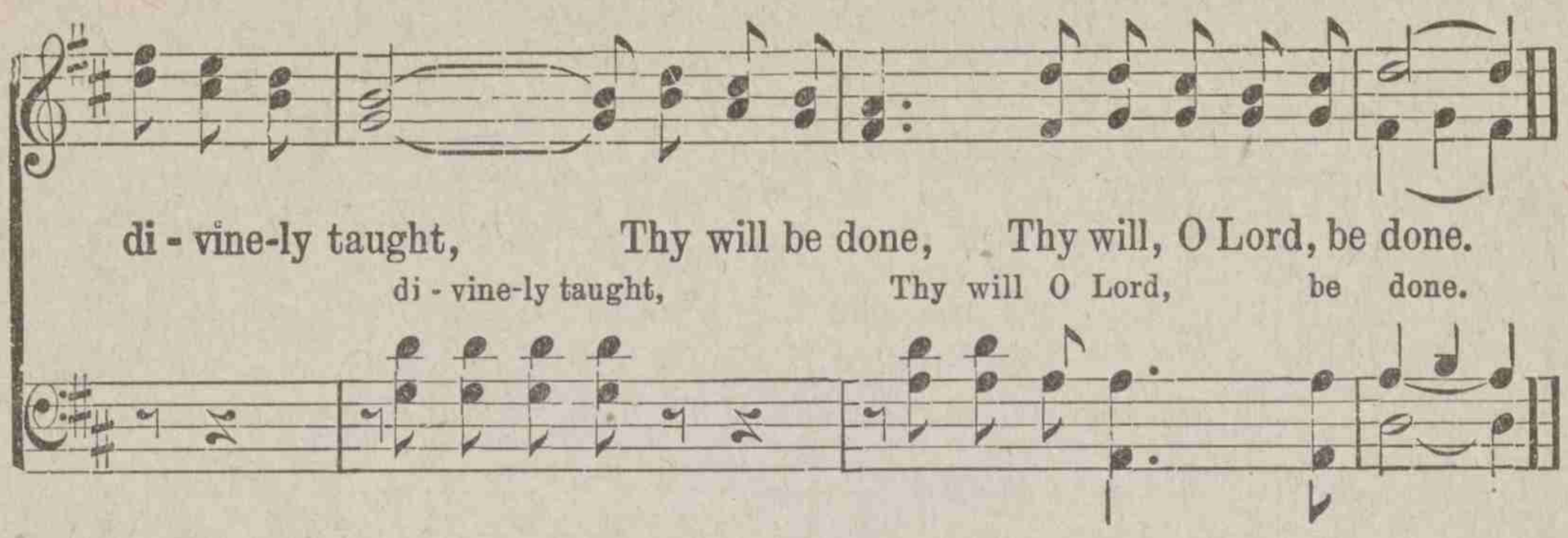
Tho' dark my path,..... and sad my lot,..... Let me be

Tho' dark my path, and sad my lot.

still, and mur - mur not,..... Oh, breathe the pray'r.....

Let me be still,..... and mur-mur not. Oh breathe the pray'r

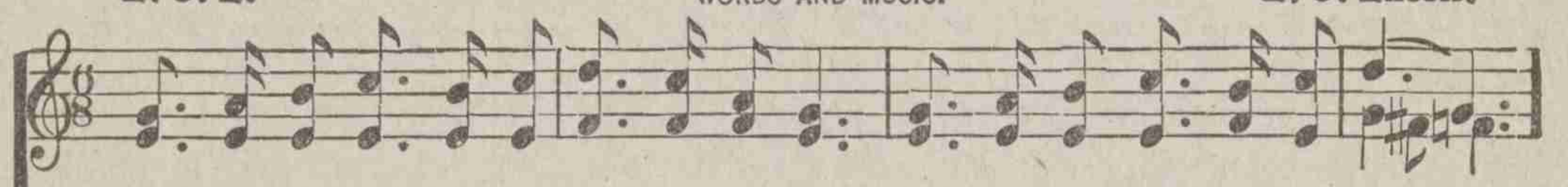
Thy Will be Done.



No. 86. Jesus is Waiting to Save.

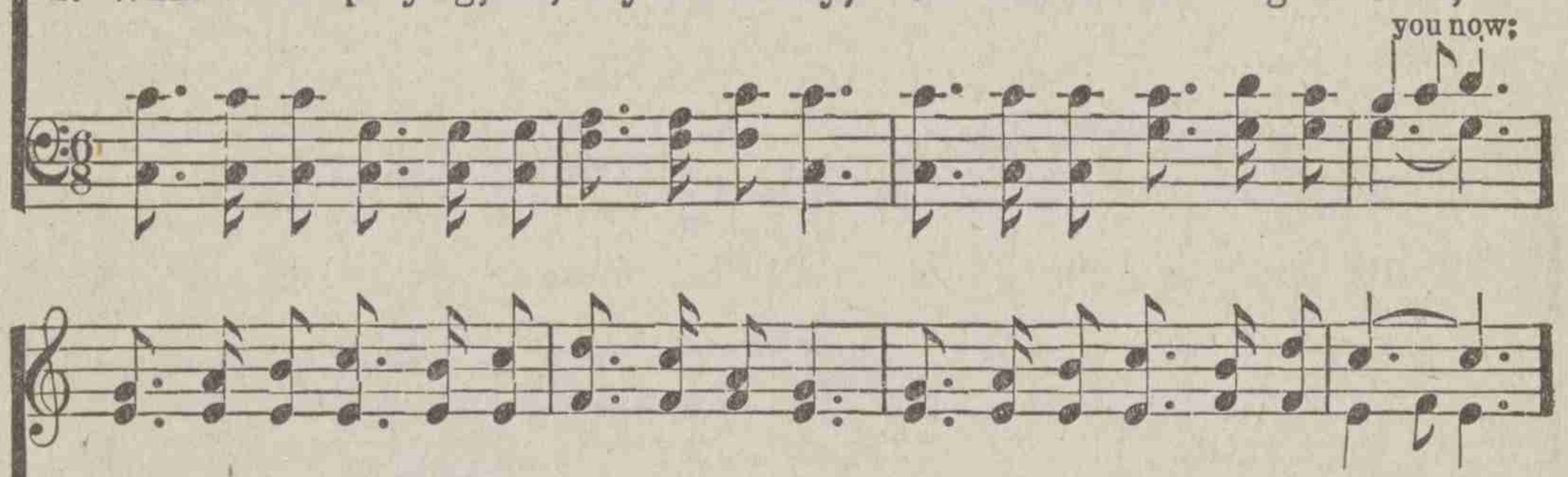
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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.



1. Why do you lin - ger in darkness so long? Je - sus is wait - ing to save;
2. Leave the broad road and the narrow way choose, Jesus is wait - ing to save;
3. Time will not linger; how soon we must go! Je - sus is wait - ing to save;
4. While we are praying, oh, stay not a-way, Je - sus is wait - ing to save;

you now;

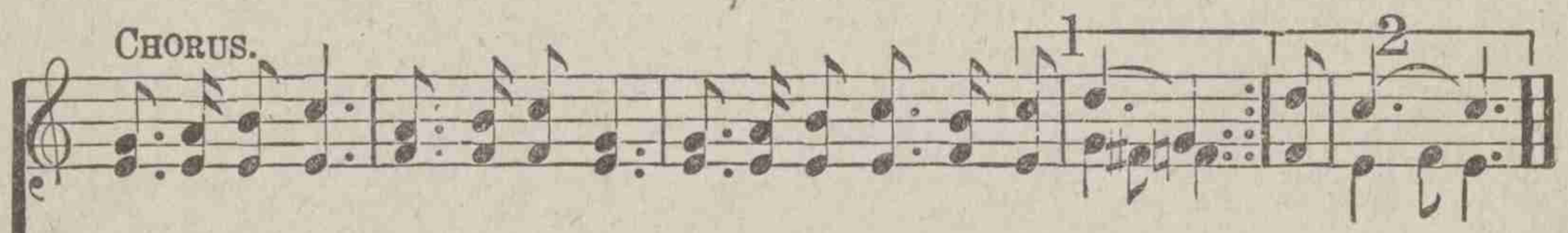


Have you not friends in the heav-en-ly throng, Je - sus is wait-ing to save.
An - gels are long-ing to tell the glad news, Je - sus is wait-ing to save.
Why turn a-way and to Je - sus say, No? Je - sus is wait-ing to save.
Come to Him now, not a moment de-lay, Je - sus is wait-ing to save.

you now



CHORUS.



Come to Him now, come to Him now, Jesus is waiting to save; to save.

you now; you now.



No. 87. His Love is All I Need.

To my friend Rev. Parley E. Zartmann

COPYRIGHT 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

1. The love of Je - sus, who can tell Tho' he may know it, oh, so well?
2. The love of Je - sus, oh, what bliss! To hear Him whisper, I am His,
3. The love of Je - sus, oh, how sweet! To hide in such a safe re - treat,

The love that ev - 'ry want sup-plies, The love that al - ways sat - is - fies,
Tho' I may fal - ter on the way, He will not let me go a - stray,
Tho' Sa - tan would my hopes destroy, My Sav-ior's love is still my joy,

rit.

CHORUS.

His love is all I need! So won - der - ful, His love to me, So won - der - ful, how can it be; My ev - 'ry sin on Him was laid, My ev - 'ry debt by Him was paid? His love is all I need!

rit.

No. 88. Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY H. G. SMYTH.
WINONA PUB. CO., OWNERS.

H. G. S. H. G. Smyth.

1. Is your life a chan - nel of bless - ing? Is the love of God flow-ing thro' you? Are you tell - ing the lost of the Sav - ior? Are you read - y His serv-ice to do?
2. Is your life a chan - nel of bless - ing? Are you bur-dened for those that are lost? Have you urged up - on those who are stray-ing, The Sav - ior who died on the cross? Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day,
3. Is your life a chan - nel of bless - ing? Is it dai - ly tell - ing for Him? Have you spok - en the word of sal - va - tion To those who are dy - ing in sin?
4. We can - not be chan - nels of bless - ing If our lives are not free from all sin; We will bar - ri - ers be and a hin - drance To those we are try - ing to win.

CHORUS.

Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing, I pray; My life pos - sess - ing, my serv-ice bless-ing, Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to - day.

rit.

No. 89. Jesus is Calling.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL,
WORDS AND MUSIC.

F. S. H. F. S. Shepard.

1. Je - sus, the Sav - ior, is call - ing for thee, "Come, heav-y la - den one,
2. Ye who are wan-der - ing now far a - way, Heed the blest mes-sage, why
3. Je - sus still seeks thee a - far from the fold, Out on the mountain so

come un - to me; I will thy soul from its bur - dens set free"—Je - sus
long - er de - lay? Why from His pres-ence so long wilt thou stay? Je - sus
dark and so cold; Turn to Him now—in His arms He'll en - fold—Je - sus

REFRAIN.

is call - ing for thee! Je - sus is call - - - ing, ten - der - ly
Call - ing for thee

call - - - ing, Je - sus is call-ing, call-ing for thee; Je - sus is call - - -
call - ing for thee, Call - ing for

Rit.

ing, ten-der-ly call - - ing, Je - sus is call - ing, call - ing for thee.
thee, call - ing for thee,

No. 90. The Heavenly Sunlight.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. E. O. Excell.

1. Be - fore I came to Je-sus, My heart was full of sin, My soul was lost in
2. Tho' pleasures oft would tempt me To turn from Christ away, Tho' trials would im-
3. Some day I'll reach the val-ley When thro' my journey here, And with the Savior
4. When I be-hold His glo - ry With - in the jas-per walls, Where one e-ter-nal

dark-ness, No sun-shine beamed with-in; But since the hand of Je-sus My
pede me Or Sa - tan bid me stray, Yet I am still de - ter-mined To
near me, The shad-ow I'll not fear, But shout when un-der-neath me The
sun - light For - ev - er on me falls; I'll sing thro' all the cit - y, While

guilt a-way did roll, O the Sun-light of Heav-en is beam-ing in my soul.
reach the heav'nly goal, O the Sun-light of Heav-en is beam-ing in my soul.
waves of Jor-dan roll, O the Sun-light of Heav-en is beam-ing in my soul.
end-less a - ges roll, O the Sun-light of Heav-en is beam-ing in my soul.

CHORUS.

{ O the Sunlight is beaming since Jesus made me whole; }
{ O the Sunlight of Heaven } is beaming in my soul.

since Jesus spoke, and made me whole; is gently beaming in my soul.

No. 91. I Have Cast My Anchor.

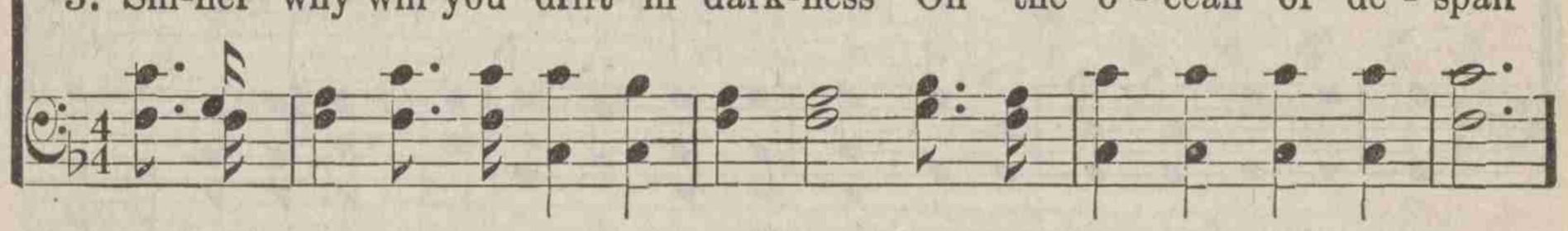
(To Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman.)

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY E. O. EXCELL.
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E. O. E. E. O. Excell,

1. I was out on the o - cean sail - ing In a wild and storm-y sea,
2. Tho' the waves dashing high surround me, Tho' the winds blow cold and chill,
3. Sin-ner why will you drift in dark-ness On the o - cean of de - spair





And my sin ladened barque was sink-ing Help-less as a wreck could be;
There's a calm in my soul since Je - sus Bade my troubled heart be still;
When the Pi- lot would guide you safe - ly To the Har-bor o - ver there?





There were breakers all a - round me Darkness filled the sky a - bove,
By His grace I shall be - hold Him By His blood will o - ver - come,
Call up - on Him He will hear you, He can calm the troub - led wave,

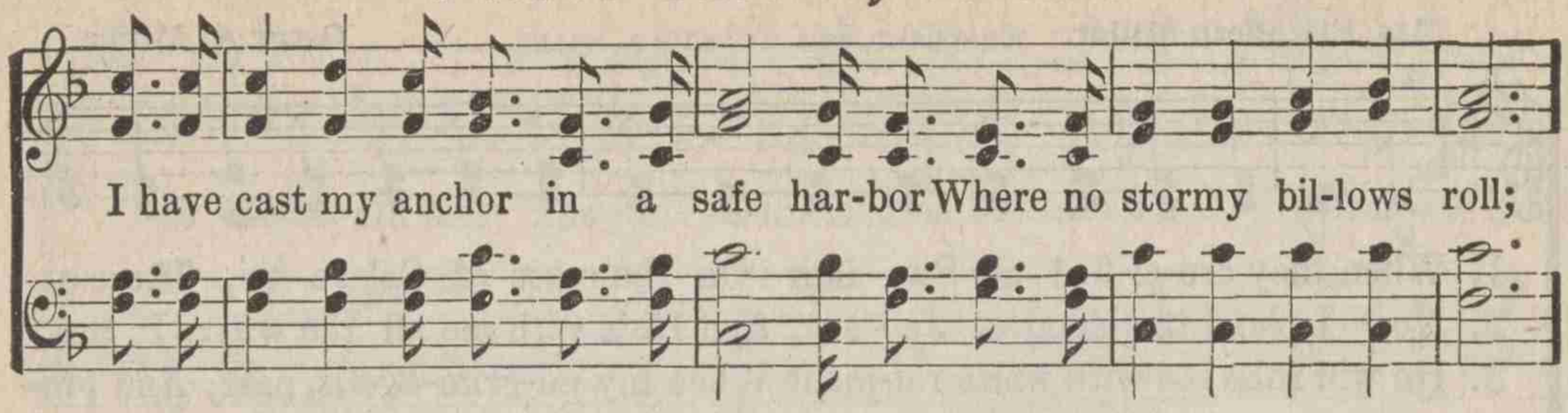


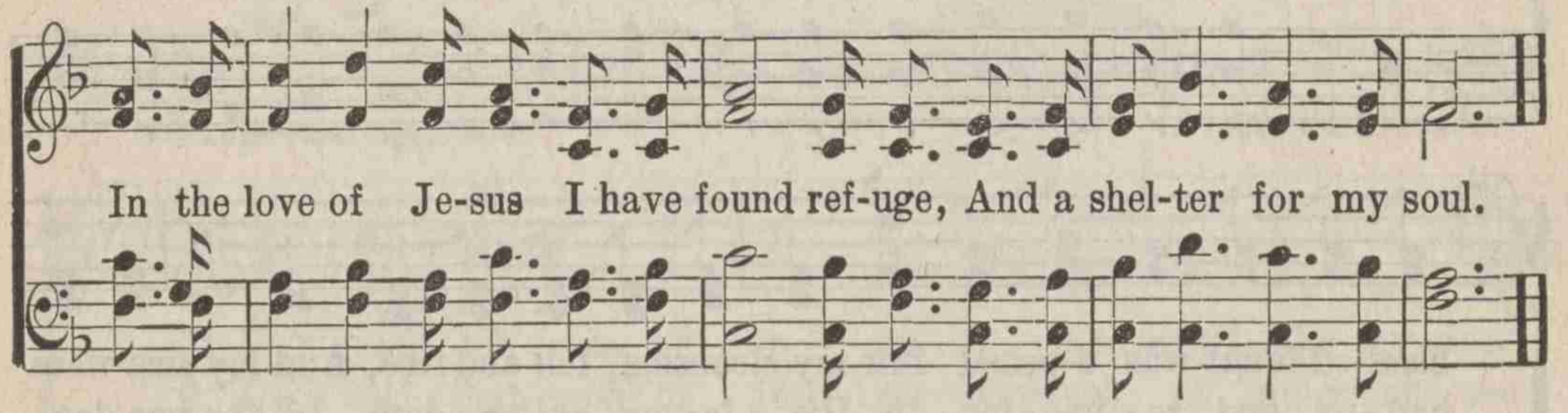


When I heard some one say "Cast anchor In the har - bor of my love."
And thro' all the e - ter - nal a - ges Sing, "His love hath brought me Home."
From the tempt-er He will de - liv - er He is might - y, He can save.



I Have Cast My Anchor.





No. 92. Why Not Come to Him Now.

COPYRIGHT, 1908 BY E. O. EXCELL.

F. A. S. WORDS AND MUSIC. **Frank A. Simpkins.**



No. 93. The Cleansing Blood.

Mrs. Elizabeth Miller. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY OSCAR A. MILLER. **Oscar A. Miller.**

1. When they cru-ci-fied my Sav-iour On the cross of Cal-va-ry, There a bless-ed fount was o-pened For my cleansing, full and free, And my sins were all for-giv-en Just by faith in His shed blood—They are wash'd away for ev-er By the crim-son flood!

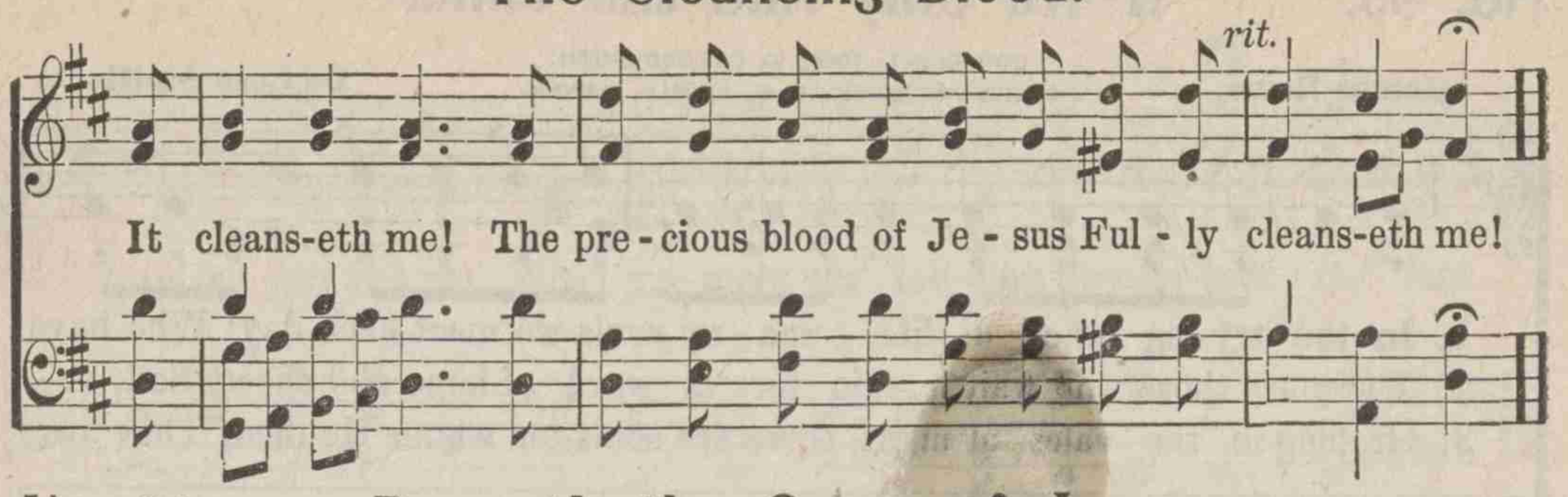
2. Now I plead the blood of Je-sus, And He's with me all the way; I am hap-py and re-joic-ing In His fa-vor ev-'ry day; In the bur-den and the tri-al There is none so kind as He; My Re-deem-er is my kinsman, And His blood saves me! It cleanseth me, it cleanseth me! The praise and glo-ry Un-to all e-ter-ni-ty, Tell-ing ev-er-more the sto-ry How His blood saved me! O yes,

3. He will robe me with white rai-ment When my pil-grim-age is past, And pre-sent me pure and spot-less With the sanc-ti-fied at last; I will sing His praise and glo-ry Un-to all e-ter-ni-ty, Tell-ing ev-er-more the sto-ry How His blood saved me!

CHORUS.

precious blood of Jesus Ful-ly cleans-eth me! It cleanseth me,
Yes, the precious blood of Je-sus ful-ly cleans-eth, cleans-eth me!

The Cleansing Blood.



No. 94. Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

Elizabeth C. Clephane. **Frederick C. Maker.**

No. 95. If We Only Had the Time.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY DE LOSS SMITH.
WORDS AND MUSIC, E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

James Rowe. De Loss Smith.

1. In the try-ing race of life, ma - ny souls we meet each day; Who have
2. There are those who wait in vain for a word of hope and cheer, Sad, un-
3. Groping in the vales of night, there are souls for whom He died; They are

wear - ied of the run and have fall - en by the way; We would like to
loved and lone-ly souls, pass-ing life on des - ert drear; You and I could
long - ing for the light, but no friend is near to guide; We could save these

cheer their hearts, Like to comfort them we say, If we on - ly had the time.
share their woes, Make their lives more pleasant here, If we on - ly had the time.
err - ing souls, Lead them to the Sav-ior's side, If we on - ly had the time.

CHORUS.

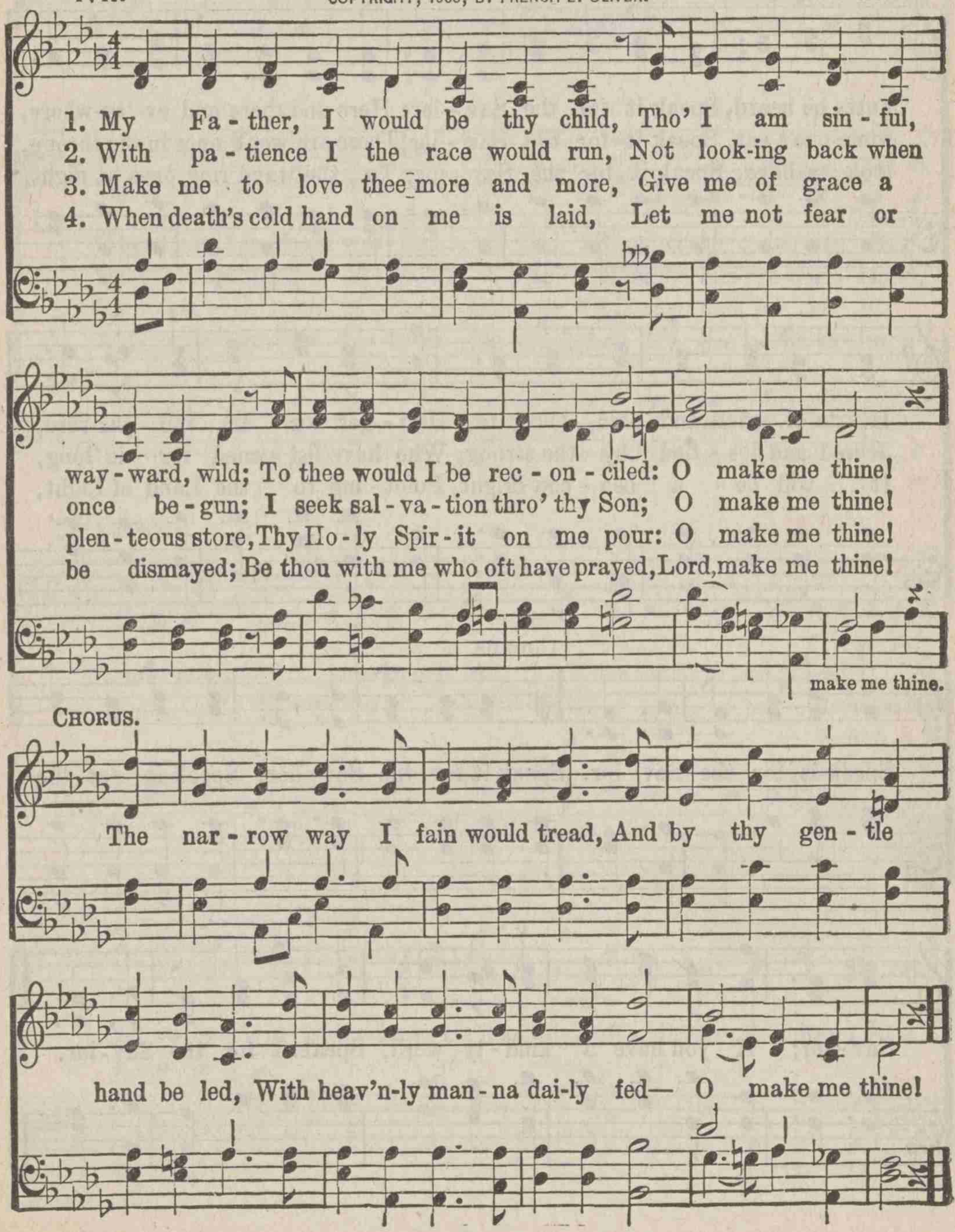
If we on - ly had the time— It is your ex - cuse and mine, So we
pass the need-y by with quickened pace; Nev-er thinking this will be no ex-

If We Only Had the Time.



No. 96. Make Me Thine.

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER. Thoro Harris.



No. 97. Speak It for the Savior.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

James Rowe. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. If you have a kind-ly word, Speak it for the Sav-ior; Let its soothing
2. If you have a word of cheer, Speak it for the Sav-ior; It will glad-den
3. If you have a word of love, Speak it for the Sav-ior; That some soul may

notes be heard, Speak it for the Sav - ior; Here and there and ev-'ry-where,
some-one's ear, Speak it for the Sav - ior; There are weak ones in the throng,
look a-bove, Speak it for the Sav - ior; To the wand'ring ones at night,

Hearts of grief, and pain, and care, Hun - ger for its mu - sic rare,
Jeered and jos - tled by the strong, Who have list - ened for it long,
It will be a bea - con bright, Point - ing to the Land of Light,

CHORUS.

Speak it for the Sav - ior. Speak it for the Sav - ior, Speak it for the

Sav - ior; If you have a kind - ly word, Speak it for the Sav - ior.

No. 98. The Green Hill Far Away.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander. WORDS AND MUSIC. H. P. Danks.

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,
2. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good,
3. There was no oth - er good e-nough, To pay the price of sin,
4. Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly was He loved! And we must love Him too,

Where our dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His pre-cions blood.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n, and let us in.
And trust in His re - deem - ing blood, And try His works to do.

CHORUS.

We may not know, ... we cannot tell, ... What pains He had to bear, ...

We may not know, we can-not tell, He had to bear,

But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suffer'd there, He suffer'd there.

No. 99. Who Shall be Able to Stand?

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER. Thoro Harris.

1. In that aw - ful hour when all the tribes of men Shall be-fore the throne of
2. When the mountains and the hills shall dis-ap-pear, And the is-lands of the
3. When the loud de-spair - ing cry of myr-iads lost Shall ascend from earth's un-
4. Shall we sti - fle now the Spir - it's kind-ly voice And in tres-pass-es and

just-ice stand, When the deep shall yield her hid - den treasure, And the dead a-
sea de - part, When the thun-ders of God's wrath a - wak - en Bit - ter mem'ries
numbered host Who have pass'd the bounds of God's forbearance And have sinn'd a-
sins lie dead, While the door of mer - cy still stands o - pen, Ere the hope of

CHORUS.

rise from sea and land—
in each care-less heart—
gainst the Ho - ly Ghost—
pard'ning grace is fled?(when He cometh)

Who shall be a - ble to stand
be a-ble to stand

When the King shall name His own (all His own?) When the day of hope is flown,

And we reap what we have sown, Who shall be a - ble to stand(in that great day?)

rit.

No. 100. Bringing in the Sheaves.

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

1. Sow-ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness, Sow - ing in the noon-tide and the dew - y eve; Wait - ing for the har - vest,
2. Sow-ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad - ows, Fear-ing neither clouds nor win - ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har - vest,
3. Go - ing forth with weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the loss sustain'd our spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weep-ing's o - ver,

and the time of reap-ing, We shall come re-joic - ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come re-joic - ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
He will bid us welcome, We shall come re-joic - ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.

CHORUS.

{ Bring - ing in the sheaves, bring - ing in the sheaves, We shall
{ Bring - ing in the sheaves, bring - ing in the sheaves, We shall

1. come re - joic - ing, bring ing in the sheaves;
2. come re - joic - (*Omit . . . . . .*) ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.

No. 101. The Lord is My Shepherd.

T. Koschat.

Lento. *m*

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

No. 102. Ye Must be Born Again.

W. T. Sleeper. COPYRIGHTED, 1907, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. A ruler once came to Jesus by night, To ask Him the way to salvation and light; The Master made answer in words true and plain,
2. Ye children of men, attend to the word So solemnly utter'd by Jesus, the Lord, And let not this message to you be in vain,
3. O ye who would enter that glorious rest, And ransom'd the song of the blest; The life-ever-lasting if ye would obtain,
4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, At the beautiful gate may be watching for thee; Then list to the note of this solemn refrain,

CHORUS.

"Ye must be born again, again." "Ye must be born again, again,"
Ye must be born again, again, I verily, verily,
say unto thee, Ye must be born again, again.

No. 103. Able to the Uttermost to Save.

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

Kate Ulmer. **Warren W. Bentley.**

1. Such a won - der - ful Re - deem - er I have found! In His pres - ence
2. Noth - ing good have I where-with His love to claim, All my hope and
3. In the full - ness of His all re - deem-ing grace, He has prom-ised
4. Oh, this ut - ter-most sal - va - tion is for thee, Wilt thou not ac-

pleasures ev - er - more a - bound; From the law He set me free, by His
trust is stay'd up - on His name; To His cross in faith I cling while His
I shall see His bless - ed face; 'Tis an an - chor to my soul when the
cept His mer - cy full and free? He will ev - er be thy Friend, He will

D. S.—Come, oh, come with-out de - lay, He will

FINE.

death on Cal - va - ry, He is a - ble to the ut - ter - most to save.
wondrous pow'r I sing, He is a - ble to the ut - ter - most to save.
bil-lows 'round me roll, He is a - ble to the ut - ter - most to save.
keep thee to the end, He is a - ble to the ut - ter - most to save.

wash thy sins a-way, He is a - ble to the ut - ter - most to save.

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

He is a - ble He can save, For His life ..... He free-ly gave;
He is a - ble to the ut-ter-most to save, For His life up - on the cross He free-ly gave:

No. 104. In the Shadow of His Wings.

COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell.

1. In the shad-ow of His wings There is rest, sweet rest; There is rest from care and la - bor, There is rest for friend and neigh-bor,
2. In the shad-ow of His wings There is peace, sweet peace, Peace that pass-eth un - der-stand-ing, Peace, sweet peace that knows no end - ing,
3. In the shad-ow of His wings There is joy, glad joy, There is joy to tell the sto - ry, Joy ex - ceed - ing, full of glo - ry;

In the shad-ow of His wings, There is rest, sweet rest, In the shad-ow of His wings, There is rest, sweet rest.
In the shad-ow of His wings, There is peace, sweet peace, In the shad-ow of His wings, There is peace, sweet peace.
In the shad-ow of His wings, There is joy, glad joy, In the shad-ow of His wings, There is joy, glad joy.

CHORUS.

shad-ow of His wings, There is rest. (sweet rest.)
shad-ow of His wings, There is peace. (sweet peace.) There is rest, There is peace, There is joy, (glad joy.) There is joy,
sweet rest. sweet peace. glad joy.

In the shadow of His wings; shadow of His wings.

No. 105. I've Washed My Robes.

E. O. E. COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

1. My robes were once all stain'd with sin, I knew not how to make them clean;
2. That prom-ise, "who-so - ev - er will," In - clud-ed me, in-cludes me still;
3. I do not doubt, nor do I say, "I hope the stains are wash'd a-way,"
4. Oh, who will come and wash to-day, 'Till all their stains are wash'd a-way.

Un - til a voice said sweet and low, "Go wash, I'll make them white as snow."
I came and ev - er since I know, His blood it cleans-eth white as snow.
For in His Word I read it so; His blood it cleans-eth white as snow.
Un - til by faith they see and know Their robes are wash'd as white as snow.

CHORUS.

I've wash'd my robes ..... in Je - sus' blood, ... And He has made ..... them white as snow; .... I've wash'd my robes .... in Je-sus' blood, ... And He has made ..... them white as snow.

I've wash'd my robes in Je-sus' blood, And He has made them white as snow; I've wash'd my robes, in Je-sus' blood, And He has made them white as snow, white as snow.

No. 106. I am Listening.

W. S. M. W. S. Marshall.



1. Do you hear the Sav - ior call - ing, By the woo - ings of His voice?
2. By His Spir - it He is woo - ing, Soft - ly draw - ing us to Him,
3. By the Word of Truth He's speaking, To the wand'ring, err - ing ones;
4. In His Prov - i - den - tial deal-ings, E - ven in His stern de - crees,





Do you hear the ac - cents fall - ing? Will you make the pre-cious choice?
Thro' the day and night pur - su - ing, With His gen - tle voice to win.
List! the voice the still - ness break-ing! Hear the sweet and sol-emn tones!
In the loud - est thun-ders peal - ing, Or the murm'ring of the breeze.



REFRAIN.



I am listening; oh, I'm listening Just to hear the ac - cents fall!



Repeat softly.



I am listening; oh, I'm listening To the Sav-ior's gen - tle call!



No. 107. Can It be You?

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER, Thoro Harris.

Solo.

1. Ma - ny are grop - ing in dark - ness to - day, Ma - ny are drift - ing from Je - sus a - way; Some who once loved him now wil - ful - ly stray,
2. Tho' you have wast - ed the tal - ents he gave, Slight-ed the love of the best friend you have, Je - sus is wait - ing and anx - ious to save;
3. Come, for the Sav - ior will free - ly for - give; Trust in his mer - cy re - pent and be - lieve; Rich is the bless - ing your soul shall re - ceive—
4. Haste to thy Fa-ther and wan-der no more; All your lost years he will glad - ly re - store, Own and ac - cept you his child ev - er - more;

REFRAIN.

Far from the fold, far from the fold.
Seek him to - day, seek him to - day.
On - ly be - lieve, on - ly be - lieve: Can it be you, broth - er,
Come to him now, come to him now.

can it be you? Say, have you prov'd to the Sav - ior un - true? Turn to him

rit. *f*

now, your al - le-giance re - new; Je - sus will save, Je - sus will save.

No. 108. No Room in Heaven.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.

W O. Cushing. WORDS AND MUSIC. French E. Oliver

1. How sad it would be, if when thou didst call, All
2. How sad it would be, the har - vest all past, The
3. Oh, haste thee, and fly, while mer - cy is near, Re-

hope-less and un - for - giv - en; The an - gel that stands at the
bright sum-mer days all o - ver; To know that the reap - ers had
mem - ber the love that He gave you; The love that has sought thee is

beau - ti - ful gate, Should an - swer, No room in heav-en.
gath-ered the grain, And left thee a - lone for - ev - er.
seek - ing thee still. And Je - sus now waits to save you.

CHORUS.

Sad, sad, sad would it be! No room in heav - en for thee!

No room, no room, no room in heav - en for thee!

No. 109. Lord, Send the Power.

F. E. O.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.

French E. Oliver.

1. Lord, send the power upon us, While we en-treat Thee to - day;
2. Lord, send the power upon us, For in the con flict and strife;
3. Lord, send the power upon us, In - to the heart of our hearts;
4. Lord, send the power upon us, When in the val - ley we go;

Lord send the power, to-day;

Pow-er to help us in serv - ice, Giving us strength for the fray.
We would stand true to our Sav - ior, Liv-ing the transfigured life.
Thrill us and bless us and use us Quenching the en - e-my's darts.
When life's sweet dreams all are end - ed, Help us to con-quer the foe.

CHORUS.

Lord,..... send the pow'r, Old - time pow - er we pray;

O Lord, we pray;

Lord.... send the pow'r, Send it up - on us to - day.

O Lord, to - day; O

Lord,..... send the pow'r, Old time power we pray;.....

O Lord, we pray;

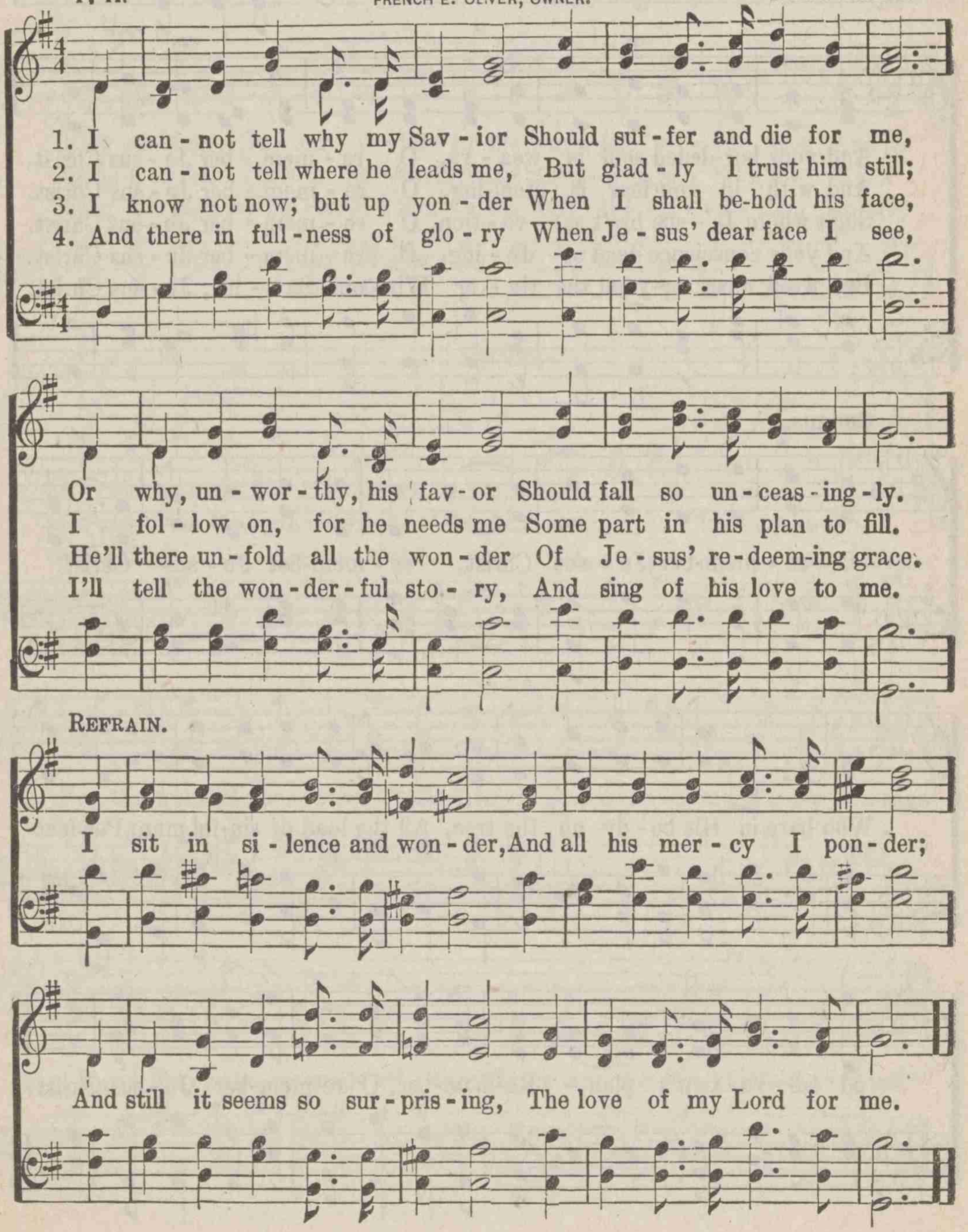
Lord, Send the Power.



No. 110. His Love for Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY THORO HARRIS.
FRENCH E. OLIVER, OWNER.

T. H. Thoro Harris.



No. 111, Remember Jesus Christ.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

F. E. O. French E. Oliver.

1. In the time when tri - als vex you, When the days are long and drear-y,
2. When the clouds are black and low'ring, When the thunder-bolts are peal-ing,
3. When the gates of hell, with fu - ry, Seek to bring to des - o - la - tion
4. See yon tomb, O care - less sin-ner! While the days of hope are fly - ing,
5. When death's an-gel spreads his pinions, He, the sil - ver cord will sev - er,

And your bur-dened soul is wea - ry, O re - mem - ber Je - sus Christ.
And with - in you fear is steal-ing, O re - mem - ber Je - sus Christ.
Souls whom Je - sus bro't sal - va - tion, O re - mem - ber Je - sus Christ.
And your conscience dead or dy - ing, O re - mem - ber Je - sus Christ.
But we'll meet be-yond the riv - er With our Sav - ior, Je - sus Christ.

CHORUS.

O re - mem-ber Je - sus Christ, re - mem-ber Je - sus Christ

Who bare in His bo - dy on the tree, All the load of sin-ful man; Per-fect-

ed sal - va - tion's plan— Re-mem-ber, O re-mem-ber Je - sus Christ.

No. 112. A Message for the Nations.

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER. Thoro Harris.

1. We've a mes - sage to pro - claim to the na-tions, From the pal - ace of the
2. We've a mes - sage full of joy— O re - ceive it! There is heal - ing thro' His
3. We've a mes - sage to pro - claim to the na-tions; Now the man-date of the

King of kings; Je - sus of - fers to the world His sal - va - tion, And to
name a - lone, There is par-don thro' His blood—soul, be - lieve it— 'Tis a
King o - bey; While He of - fers to the world His sal - va - tion, Sin-ner,

CHORUS.

all the gift of life He brings.
mes-sage from the Father's throne. Christ can save, . . . Christ can save, . . .
come; it is de - cis-ion day! Christ can save, Christ can save,

For the world His pre - cious life He free - ly gave a ran - som; Hear the mes-sage

from above, Ev'ry note resounds with love: "There is pardon thro' the Savior's blood,"

No. 113 Mother's Bible.

COYPRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

F. E. O. French E. Oliver.

1. Oh how well do I re-mem-ber, In a co - zy lit - tle nook,
2. When the shades of eve - ning gather'd, And night's curtains veiled the west,
3. I shall reach the gates of heav-en If I fol - low moth-er's God—

Moth - er sat with calm as - sur-ance, Seek-ing com - fort in God's book.
Moth - er found the heav'n - ly man-na; And her soul had per - fect rest.
In the way that's strait and nar-row, The old path my moth - er trod.

There was ne'er an hour of tri - al, But with earn-est, pray'r - ful look,
Oft when bat - tles sore op-press me, Sa - tan's hosts, op - pose, de - ride,
Thro' the midst of God's green pastures, Where the crys-tal wa - ters flow,

Moth - er sought the Pi - lot's compass, Her dear Bi - ble, pre-cious book.
Moth - er's Bi - ble, is my shel-ter, In its prom - is - es I hide!
Je - sus like a shep-herd leads me As I on to glo - ry go.

rit.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed Bi - - - ble, Moth-er's Bi - - - ble,
Bless - ed moth - ers book, Bless - ed moth - ers book,

Mother's Bible.

Oh how dear it is to me, Constant source.....
how dear to me, Constant source
of in - spi - ra - tion, Bless-ing, Peace and Pu - ri - ty.
Pu - ri - ty.

No. 114. Peacefully Round Us.

A. N. Blatchford

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.

Thoro Harris

1. Peace-ful - ly round us the shad - ows are fall - ing, Glad be our
2. Hushed are the sheep-bells a - far on the moor - land, O'er the still
3. Soft - ly may wea - ry ones rest from their du - ty, Bright be the
4. Lord of the night! let thine an - gels be - friend us, Sun - shine and

prais - es and trust - ful our pray'r! Hear us O Lord, on thy prov - i - dence
mead - ows the night breez - es sweep; Faint fall the foot-steps in cit - y and
dreams of the trou - bled and worn! While thro' the shade beam the stars in their
gloom are a - like un - to thee; Lord of the day! let thy Spir - it at-

call - ing, Light - en our dark - ness and ban - ish our care.
ham - let, Safe - ly the chil - dren are fold - ed in sleep.
beau - ty, Watch - ing the world till the break-ing of morn.
tend us, Bless us and keep us where - ev - er we be. A - men.

No. 115. Yes, There's One!

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE BIBLE INSTITUTE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION OF CHICAGO.

W. T. M. Mrs. W. T. Morris.

1. Is there a Friend on whom sinners may call? Yes, there's one, yes, there's one;
2. Is there a Sav-iour for souls that are lost? Yes, there's one, yes, there's one;
3. Is there a ref-uge from sor-row and sin? Yes, there's one, yes, there's one;
4. Is there a ha-ven of rest from all care? Yes, there's one, yes, there's one;
5. Is there a heav-en where we all may meet? Yes, there's one, yes, there's one;

A Friend who will help you what-ever be-fall? Yes, there's one, on-ly one;
A Saviour who'll rescue, tho' great is the cost? Yes, there's one, on-ly one;
A ref-uge for all who would en-ter in? Yes, there's one, on-ly one;
A ha-ven where Sa-tan can nev-er ensnare? Yes, there's one, on-ly one;
Where loved ones who've gone on before we may greet? Yes, there's one, on-ly one;

Je-sus of Naz-a-reth, cru-ci-fied, On the cross for sin-ners died;

He is a Friend when there's none be-side; Yes, there's one, on-ly one!
He is the Sav-iour, there's none be-side; Yes, there's one, on-ly one!
He is the ref-uge, there's none be-side; Yes, there's one, on-ly one!
He is the rest-ing-place, there a-bide; Yes, there's one, on-ly one!
With Him in heav-en the saved a-bide; Yes, there's one, on-ly one!

No. 116. Will You be Washed in the Blood?

E. O. E. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.

1. List, the Spir - it calls to thee, Will you be washed in the blood?
2. Sin - ner, now this bless-ing claim, Will you be washed in the blood?
3. He can wash you white as snow, Will you be washed in the blood?
4. Christ did drink that cup for all, Will you be washed in the blood?

Je - sus died to make you free, Will you be washed in the blood?
Thro' the dear Re - deem - er's name, Will you be washed in the blood?
And the wit - ness you may know, Will you be washed in the blood?
Don't re - ject the Spir - it's call, Will you be washed in the blood?

Par - don free - ly giv - en, Cleans - ing you for heav - en.
Claim Him as your Sav - ior, He can save for - ev - er.
You can know the hour Of His dy - ing pow - er.
Grace is all a - bound-ing, Joy thro' heav'n re - sound - ing.

CHORUS.

Will you be washed, Washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Will you be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Will you be washed, Washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Will you be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

No. 117, Is My Name Written There.

M. A. K. COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL. Frank M. Davis.

1. Lord! I care not for rich-es, Neith-er silv-er nor gold; I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are ma-ny, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, O my
3. Oh! that beau-ti-ful cit - y, With mansions of light, With its glo - ri-fied

heav-en, I would en - ter the fold; In the book of Thy kingdom, With its
Sav - ior, Is suf - fi - cient for me; For Thy promise is writ-ten, In bright
be - ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e - vil thing cometh, To de-

pag - es so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav-ior, Is my name written there?
let - ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scarlet; I will make them like snow."
spoil what is fair; Where the an-gels are watching, Is my name written there?

REFRAIN.

Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?
In the book of Thy king - dom, Is my name writ - ten there?

No. 118 Say, Are You Ready?

A. S. Kieffer. BY PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR T. C. O'Kane.

1. Should the Death an- gel knock at thy cham-ber In the still watch of to-
2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part - ing In - to the world of de-
3. Ma - ny re-deemed ones now are as - cend - ing In - to the mansions of

night, Say, will your spir - it pass in - to tor-ment, Or to the
spair; Ev - 'ry brief mo-ment brings your doom near-er; Sin - ner, O
light; Je - sus is plead-ing, pa - tient - ly plead-ing, Oh, let Him

CHORUS.

!and of de - light?
sin - ner, be - ware! Say, are you read - y? Oh, are you read - y?
save you to - night.

If the death an - gel should call?..... Say, are you read - y?

should call?

Oh, are you read - y? Mer - cy stands wait - ing for all.

No. 119. O Paradise.

F. W. Faber. Joseph Barnby.

1. O par - a-dise! O par - a-dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
2. O par - a-dise! O par - a-dise! The world is grow-ing old;
3. O par - a-dise! O par - a-dise! 'Tis wea - ry wait - ing here;
4. O par - a-dise! O par - a-dise! I want to sin no more;
5. O par - a-dise! O par - a-dise! I great - ly long to see

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest.
Who would not be at rest and free Wh re love is nev - er cold.
I long to be where Je - sus is, To feel, to see Him near.
I want to be as pure on earth As on Thy spot-less shore.
The spec - ial place my dear - est Lord In love pre-pares for me.

CHORUS.

Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,
Where loy - al hearts and true
All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight?

No. 120. The Reapers' Song.

Silas Farmer. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER. **Alvin W. Roper.**

1. We're draw-ing near to Je - sus, Our ban - ner waves on high, on high,
2. We love our Mas-ter's serv - ice, And, "see - ing eye to eye," to eye,
3. The "fields are white to har-vest," The days are speed-ing by; speed by;
4. The "night of death" ap-proach - es, And an - gels in the sky the sky

And this our watch-word ev - er, We'll work un - til we die. O yes!
With grace di - vine to help us, We'll work un - til we die.
Go forth a - gain, ye work - ers, And work un - til you die.
Re - peat the cho - rus o - ver, "Go work un - til you die!"

CHORUS.

We'll work un - til we die, . . We'll work un - til we die,
We'll work, we'll work un - til we die, We'll work, we'll work un - til we die,

We'll work un - til we die,— And we'll be car - ried home.
We'll work, we'll work un - til we die,—And we'll be car - ried to our home.

No. 121. The Home Over There.

T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.
BY PER.

D. W. C. Huntington. Tullius C. O'Kane.

1. O think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
2. O think of the frinds o - ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have
3. My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, There my kindreds and friends are at
4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour - ney I

light, Where the saints, all im - mor - tal and fair, Are
trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
rest; Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me
see; Ma - ny dear to my heart, o - ver there, Are

O - ver there.

robed in their garments of white, O - ver there, o - ver
home in the pal - ace of God. O - ver there, o - ver
fly to the land of the blest. O - ver there, o - ver
watch-ing and wait - ing for me. O - ver there, o - ver

REFRAIN.

there, O think of the home o - ver there, O - ver
there, O think of the friends o - ver there, O - ver
there, My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, O - ver
there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there, O - ver

o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there,

The Home Over There.

there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
there, o-ver there, o-ver there, My Sav-ior is now o-ver there.
there, o-ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.
o - ver there,

No. 122. I'm a Pilgrim.

Mrs. M. S. B. Dana.

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stranger; I can tar-ry, I can
2. There the glo-ry is ev-er shin-ing; Oh, my long-ing heart, my
3. There's the cit-y to which I jour-ney; My Re-deem-er, my Re-

D.C.—I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar-ry, I can

FINE.

tar-ry but a night; Do not de-tain me, for I am
long-ing heart is there; Here in this coun-try so dark and
deem-er is its light; There is no sor-row nor an-y

tar-ry but a night.

D. C.

go-ing To where the fount-ains are ev-er flow-ing;
drear-y, I long have wan-dered for-lorn and wea-ry;
sigh-ing, Nor an-y tears there, nor an-y dy-ing;

No. 123. I Feel Like Going On.

[In a testimony meeting a Christian in the prime of life spoke of his many trials and discouragements, and seemed utterly down-cast. Following him, an old gray-haired father arose to his feet, and in clear, thrilling tones, cried: "Brethren, I feel like going on, the Lord being my help." His words proved an inspiration to every heart.]

E. A. H. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. I am a Chris - tian pil - grim, And jour - ney to a land,
2. Why should I be dis - cour-aged, Tho' oft the sky ap - pears
3. I meet with ma - ny troub - les, And tri - als on the way;

Where, robed in roy - al gar-ments, The Lord's an - noint - ed stand;
All veiled in clouds and dark - ness, And I have doubts and fears?
But when I look to Je - sus, And in the spir - it pray,

In Je - sus' blood, these saved ones Have wash'd their garments white,
My Lord and my Re - deem - er, While He my lead - er is,
He gives me grace and cour - age And helps my soul a - long;

And soon I hope to join them, In yon - der land of light.
Will guide my steps in safe - ty, What want I more than this?
And so I go re - joic - ing, And sing my pil - grim song.

CHORUS.

I feel like go - ing on, broth-er, I feel like go - ing on,

I Feel Like Going On.



No. 124. Christ the Lord is Risen Again.

Catherine Winckworth. **Arr. by Henry Carey.**



No. 125. Blest Holy spirit.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

W. C. D.

W. C. Dennison.
Arr. A. W. Roper.

1. Blest Ho - ly Spir - it, Com-fort-er, Guide, God's gift to me for
2. Blest Ho - ly Spir - it, source of all love, God's gift to me sent
3. Blest Ho - ly Spir - it, all and in all, Re - veal-ing Christ to

Octaves

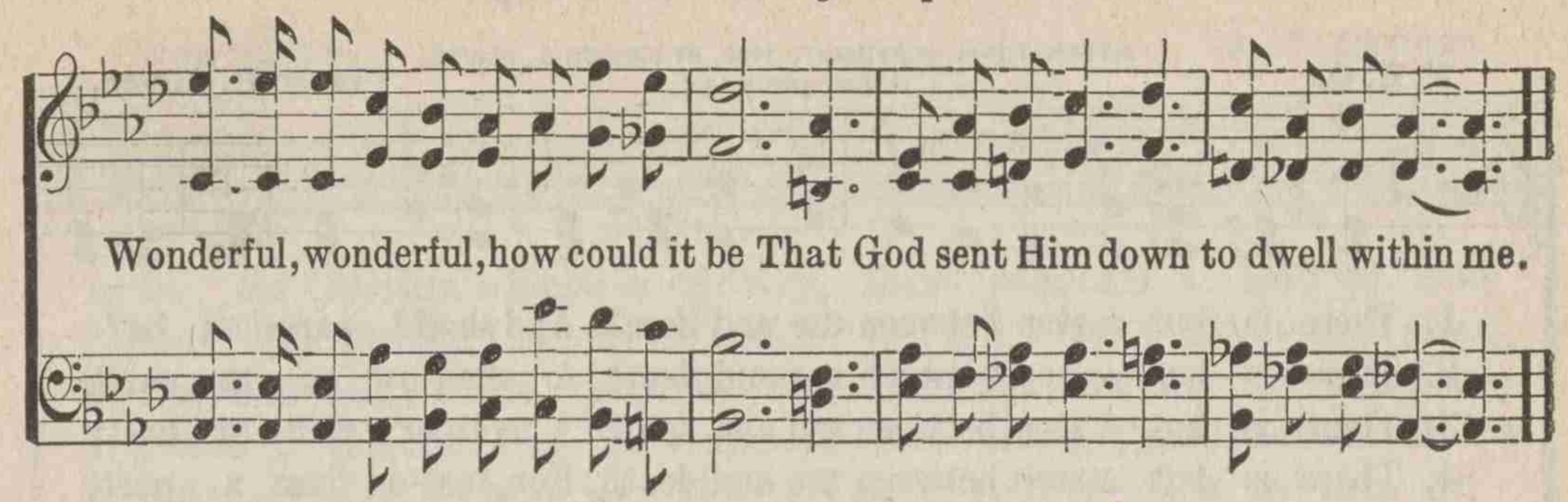
ev - er a - bide In joy or in sor - row,
down from a - bove, To sanc - ti - fy, keep and
man in his fall, That all may be saved from

sick-ness or health, Con-stant a - bid - ing, in - fin-ite wealth.
lead me a - right, To Him be glo - ry, source of all light.
sin by His grace, And by His Spir - it live in sweet peace.

CHORUS.

Blest Ho - ly Spir - it sent from a-bove, God's precious gift of in - fin - ite love;

Blest Holy Spirit,



No. 126. Have Thine Own Way. Lord!

A. A. P. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY GEORGE C. STEBBINS. Geo. C. Stebbins.



No. 127. There is But a Step.

INTERNATONAL COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

F. E. O. French E. Oliver.



1. There is but a step between me and death, And shall I care-less be?
2. There is but a step between me and death, A shad-ow on the earth
3. There is but a step between me and death, A spi-der's web at best;
4. There is but a step between me and death, For, fast-er than a post,



My days, like a shut-tle, swift-ly fly; My fu-ture I can - not see.
A breath, the length of my pil-grim-age; And death quickly fol-lows birth.
As the ea-gle swoopeth on the prey, So man is brought to his rest.
Or pass-ing ships on the might-y deep, Shall I join the si - lent host.



CHORUS.



There is but a step be-tween me and death; Lord, e're I reach the goal,



Write Thou my name in the Book of Life, And save my sin - ful soul.....
my lost soul.



No. 128, Rest for the Weary.

Wm. Hunter. J. W. Dadmun,

1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There re-mains a land of rest;
2. He is fit - ting up my man-sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand,
3. Pain and sick-ness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
4. Death it - self shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be with-drawn;
5. Sing, oh! sing, ye heirs of glo - ry! Shout your tri-umph as you go;

There my Sav-ior's gone be - fore me, To ful - fill my soul's re-quest.
For my stay shall not be tran-sient, In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
But, in that ce - les - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear.
Shout for glad-ness, oh, ye ransomed! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.
Zi - on's gate will o - pen for you, You shall find an en-trance thro'.

CHORUS.

{ There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry,
On the oth-er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,

There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you. }
Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, There is rest for you.

No. 129*a*. Two Babes.

Anon. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER. **Freneh E. Oliver.**

1. Two babes were born in the self-same town, On the ver - y same bright day,
2. Two chil-dren play'd in the self-same town, And the children both were fair,
3. Two maidens wrought in the self-same town, And one was wedded and loved,
4. Two women lay dead in the self-same town, And one had ten - der care,
5. If Christ who died for the rich and poor, In won-drous ho - ly love,

They laughed and cried in their mother's arms, In t he ver - y self-same way;
But one had curls brushed smooth ann round, The oth-er had tangled hair.
The oth-er one saw thro' the curtain's part, The world where her sister mov'd,
The oth-er was left to die a - lone, On her pal-let so thin and bare;
Took both of the sis - ters in His arms, And car-ried them home above;

And both seem'd pure and in - no - cent, As fall - ing flakes of snow;
The chil-dren both grew up a - pace, As oth - er chil - dren grow;
And one was smil-ing a hap-py bride; The oth-er knew care and woe;
The one had ma-ny to mourn her loss, For the other few tears would flow;
Then all the dif-fer-ence vanished quite, For in heaven none would know

But one of them lived in a terraced house, And one in the street be - low.
But one of them lived in a terraced house, And one in the street be - low.
For one of them lived in a terraced house, And one in the street be - low.
For one had lived in a terraced house, And one in the street be - low.
Which one of them lived in a terraced house, And which in the street be - low.

No. 129b. Praise the King.

Henry F. Lyte. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER. Alvin W. Roper.

1. Praise my soul, the King of heav - en, To His feet thy trib-ute bring;
2. Praise Him for His grace and fav - or To our fa-thers in dis - tress;
3. Fa - ther - like He tends and spares us, Well our fee-ble frame He knows;
4. An - gels, help us to a - dore Him, Ye be - hold Him face to face;

Rransom'd,heal'd,restored,forgiv - en, Who like me His praise should sing?
Praise Him,still the same for-ev - er, Slow to chide,and swift to bless.
In His hands He gen - tly bears us, Res-cues us from all our foes.
Sun and moon bow down before Him, Dwellers all in time and space.
all people

CHORUS.

Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise the ev - er-last - ing King;
Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Glo - rious in His faith-ful - ness;
Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Wide - ly as His mer - cy flows;
Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise with us the God of grace;
Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him!

Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise the ev - er-last - ing King.
Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Glo - rious in His faith-ful - ness.
Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Wide - ly as His mer - cy flows.
Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise with us the God of grace.
Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him!

No. 130. I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Nellie Talbot. **E. O. Excell.**

1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin;
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;

In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Showing how pleasant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect - ing His good - ness, And al - ways shine for Him.
Serv-ing Him mo-ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.

CHORUS.

A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam;

A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun - beam for Him.

No. 131, The Lily of the Valley.

English Melody.

1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry-thing to me, He's the
2. Oh, He all my griefs has tak - en, and all my sorrows borne; In temp-
3. He will nev-er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here, While I

fair - est of ten thousand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Val-ley, in
ta - tion He's my strong and mighty tow'r; I have all for Him for-sak - en, and
live by faith and do His bless-ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me, I've

D. S.—Lil - y of the Val-ley, the

FINE.

Him a-lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole.
all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r.
noth-ing now to fear, With His man - na He my hun - gry soul shall fill.

bright and Morning Star, He's the fair - est of ten thousand to my soul.

In sor - row He's my com - fort, in troub - le He's my stay,
Tho' all the world for - sake me, and Sa - tan tempt me sore,
Then sweep-ing up to glo - ry to see His bless - ed face,

D. S.

He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll. He's the
Thro' Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal. He's the
Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll. He's the

No. 132. Rock of Ages,

A. M. Toplady. COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

1. Rock of A - - ges cleft for me,
2. Could my tears for - ev - - er flow,
3. While I draw this fleet - - ing breath,

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Oh! Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, Yes, While I draw this fleeting breath,

Let me hide my - self in Thee;
Could my zeal no lan - - guor know,
When mine eyes shall close in death,

Let me hide my - self in Thee, Oh! Let me hide my - self in Thee;
Could my zeal no languor know, Oh! Could my zeal no languor know,
When mine eyes shall close in death, Yes, When mine eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - - ter and the blood,
These for sin could not a - tone,
When I rise to world's un - known,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, Oh! Let the wa - ter and the blood
These for sin could not a - tone, No, These for sin could not a - tone,
When I rise to world's un-known, Yes, When I rise to world's unknown,

Rock of Ages.

From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd,
Thou must save and Thou a - lone,
And be - hold Thee on Thy throne;

From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd, Yes, From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd,
Thou must save and Thou a - lone, Yes, Thou must save and Thou a - lone,
And be - hold Thee on Thy throne, Yes, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

rit.

Be of sin the doub - - le cure,
In my hand no price I bring;
Rock of A - - ges, cleft for me,

rit.

Be of sin the doub-le cure, Yes, Be of sin the doub-le cure,
In my hand no price I bring, Lord, In my hand no price I bring,
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,

Repeat pp

Save from wrath and make me pure.
Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Let me hide my - self in Thee.

Repeat pp.

Save from wrath and make me pure, Yes, Save from wrath and make me pure.
Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling, Lord, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Let me hide my - self in Thee, Oh, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

No. 133. Praise Ye the Father.

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

E. O. E. C. Gounod.

Allegro Maestoso.

Introduction.

Praise ye the Father, let

ev-'ry na-tion join to sing; Praise ye the Father, let ev-'ry heart its tribute bring,

King ev-er-last-ing! The angels mag-ni - fy Thy name. King of all glo-ry? The

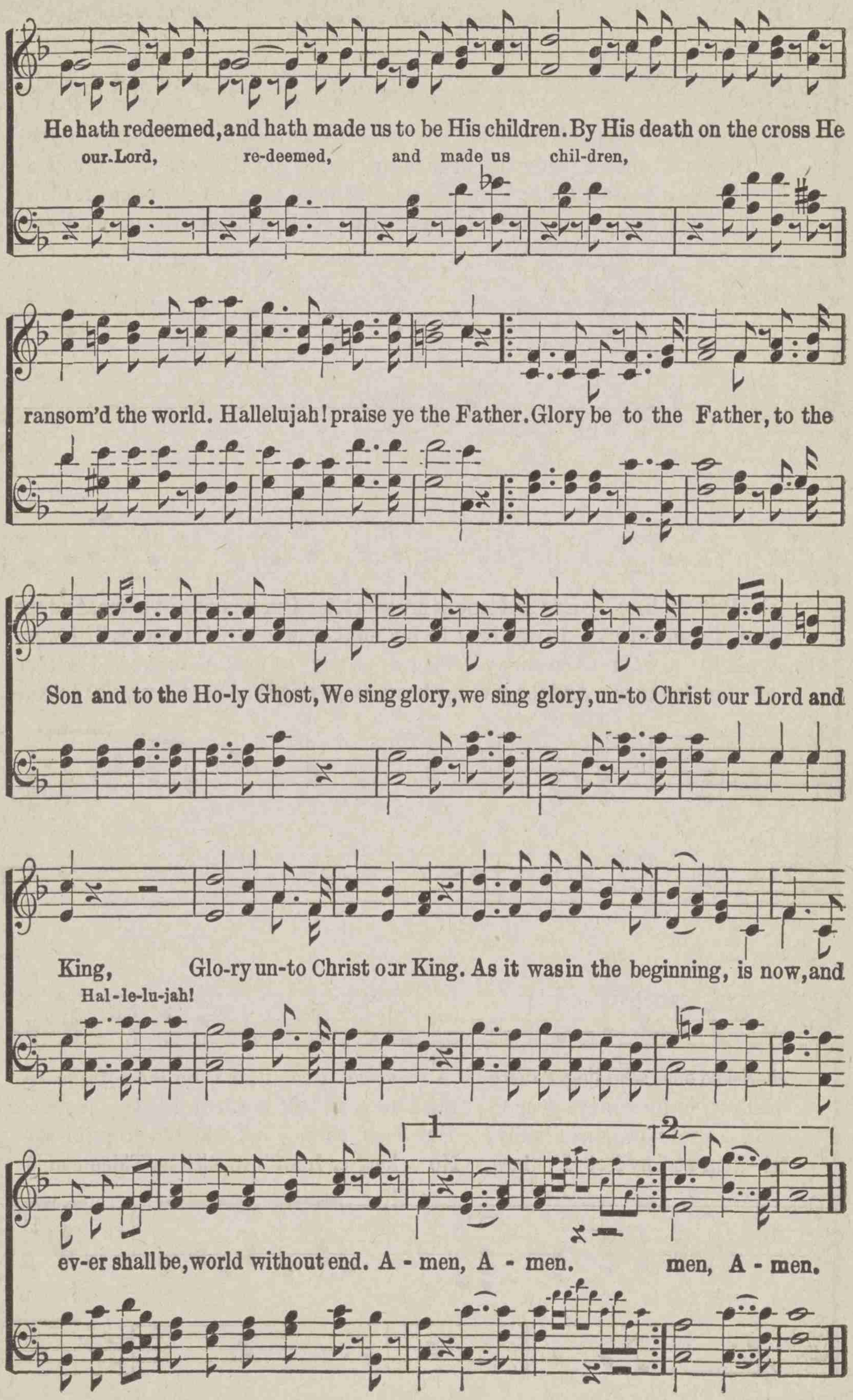
worlds Thy might and pow'r proclaim. Praise ye the Lord, ev-'ry heart break forth and

O praise, our God break forth,

sing, For He is good .... un-to all, ... and His mercy is ev-er - last - ing.

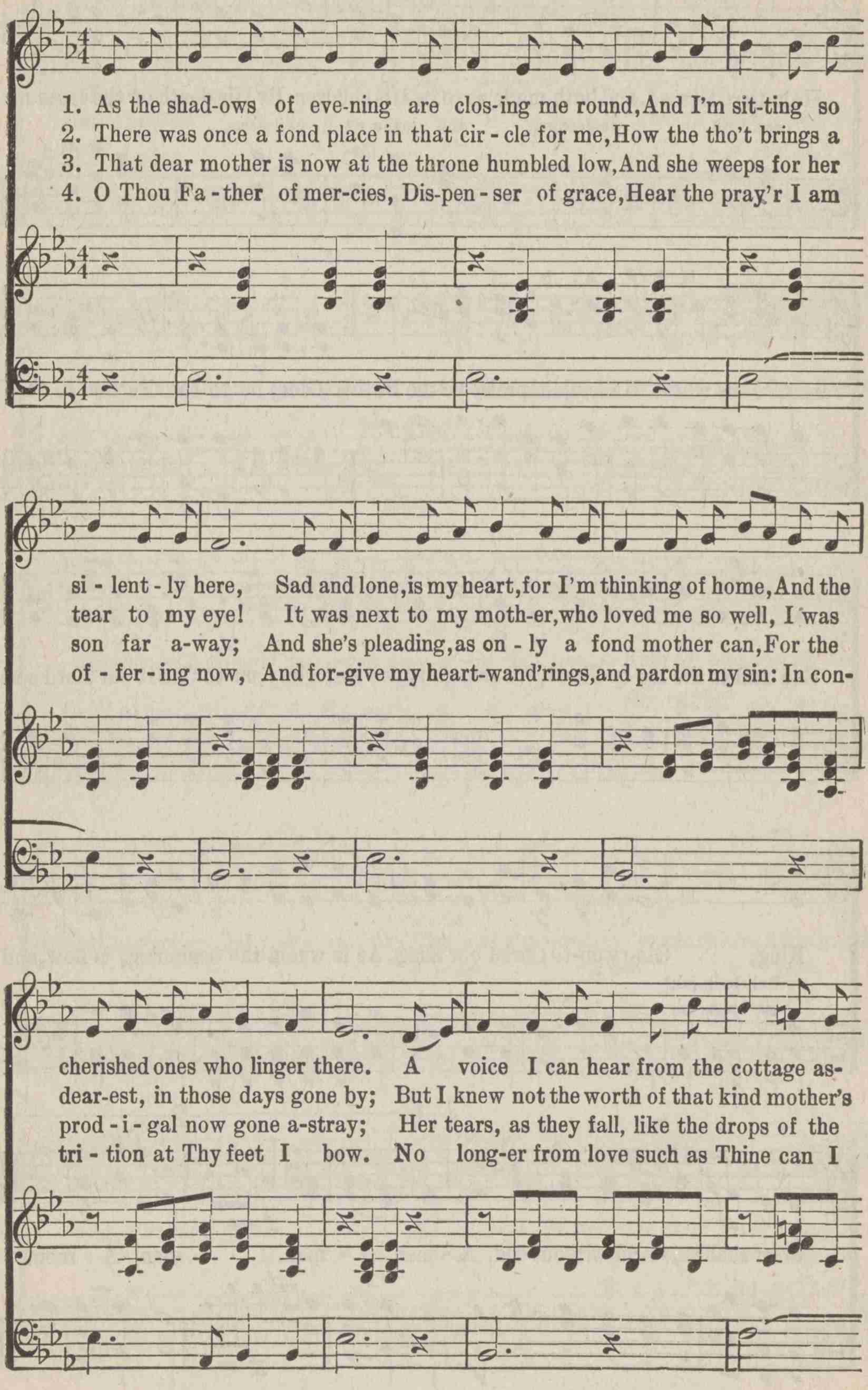
and sing. is good, to all, His mer-cy is ev - er-last-ing.

Praise Ye the Father.



No. 134. Mother is Praying for Me.

E. A. H. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.



Mother is Praying for Me.

cend, To the Lord, with so ten-der a plea; 'Tis the voice of my
love, Nor how strong such af-fec-tion could be; And a-las! like a
rain, Rise to God in im-por-tu-nate plea, As she bends at the
turn, No lon-ger I'll wan-der from Thee, For-give me, and

moth-er, its sweet-ness I know, Yes, my moth-er is praying for me.
prod-i-gal wan-dered a-way, While my mother was praying for me.
al-tar of mer-cy, where oft We to-geth-er had bend-ed the knee.
an-swer in mer-cy the pray'r That my moth-er is praying for me.

CHORUS.

My moth-er is praying for me, My moth-er is pray-ing for me; 'Tis the
for me,

voice of my mother, its sweetness I know, Yes, my mother is praying for me.

No. 135. His Love for Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL, WORDS AND MUSIC.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

F. M. Eastwood. Fred H. Byshe.



1. You have heard of the sto - ry of Je - - sus— Of His
2. You have heard how He blessed lit - tle chil - - dren; "Come, all
3. You have heard how the blind as they sought Him, Found their
4. You have heard how He spake to the tem - - pest— How His







grace flow-ing boundless and free,
ye that are wea - ry," said He;
sight, when He bade them to see;
words "Peace, be still!" calm'd the sea;

But there's no one can tell you the
So I came, and He gave me the
So my sin - blind-ed eyes have been
So my soul found the peace that it



His Love for Me.

ful - ness Of His won - der - ful love for me.
bless - ing Of His won - der - ful love for me.
o - pened By His won - der - ful love for me.
longed for In His won - der - ful love for me.

CHORUS.

His love for me, His love for me! High as the heaven, deep as the sea;

Love that will last thro' e - ter - ni - ty, His love for me, His love for me!

No. 136. I Will Meet You There.

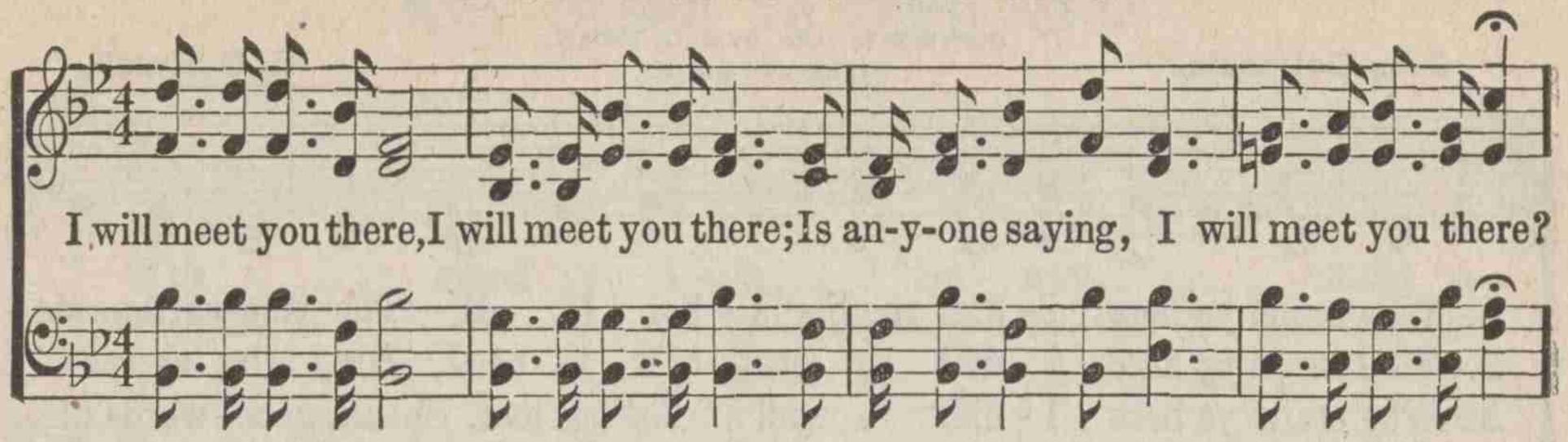
COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY E O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. E. Hewitt. E. O. Excell.

1. You told me the sto - ry of Christ and His love, You showed me the path-way to man - sions a - bove; I called to the Sav - ior, He
2. You show'd me the fount-ain that cleanseth the soul, The streams of sal- va - tion that won - drous - ly roll; I sought the Great Healer, the
3. You told me of mer - cies that fail nev - er - more, Of grace all - suf- fi - cient, of love's bound-less store: And now I am trust-ing the
4. The light of that coun-try shall nev - er grow dim, So bright is the glo - ry that stream - eth from Him; O joy ev - er-last - ing, be

an - swered my pray'r; You led me to Je - sus, I will meet you there.
bless - ing to share; You led me to Je - sus, I will meet you there.
Fa - ther's kind care: You led me to Je - sus, I will meet you there.
yond all com-pare! You led me to Je - sus, I will meet you there.

I Will Meet You There.

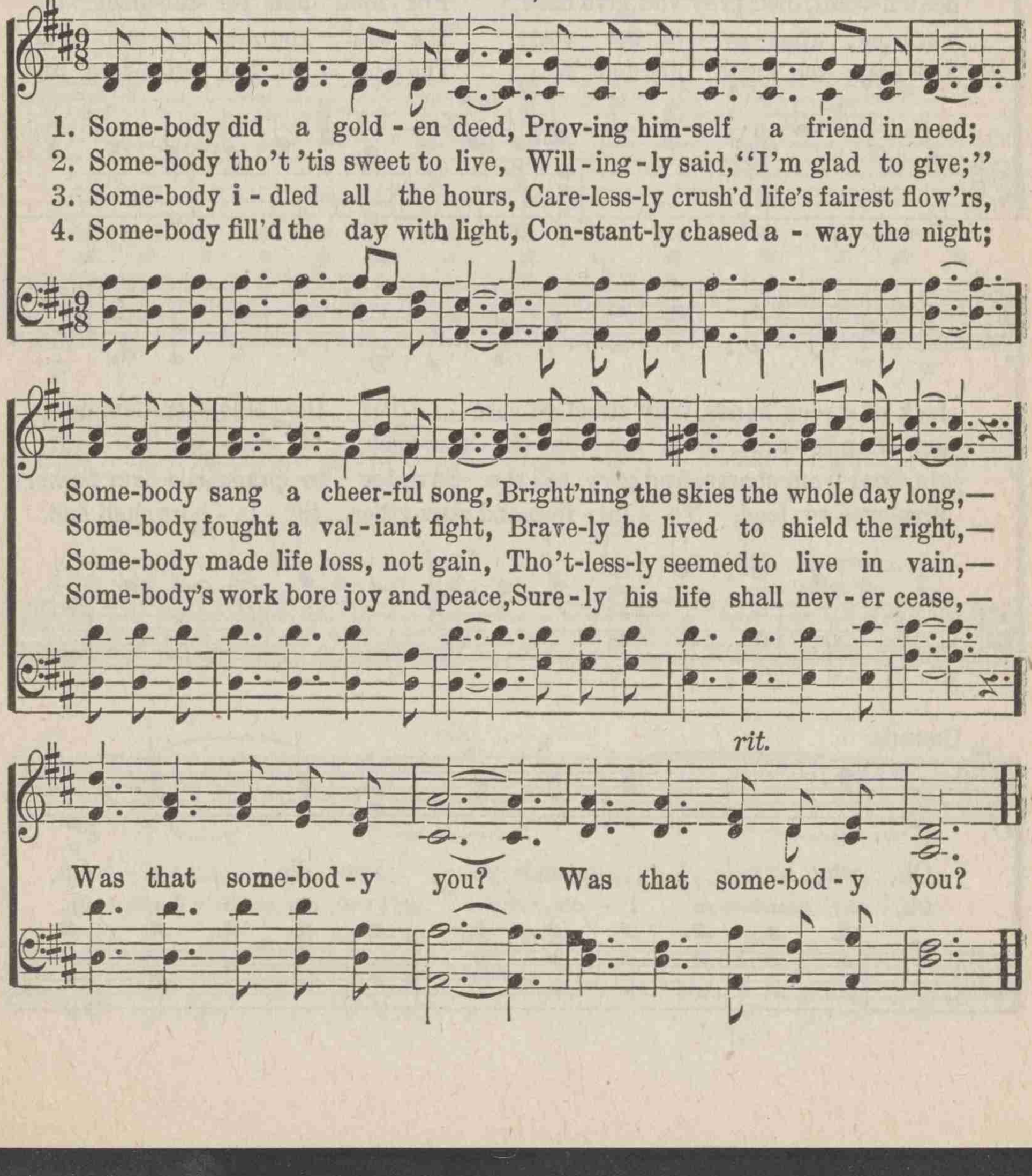




No. 137. Somebody.

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

John R. Clements. W. S. Weeden.



No. 138. Why Stand Ye Here Idle?

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL.

J. L. McDonald. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. Why stand ye here i - dle? there's la - bor for all, The vine-yard needs
2. Why stand ye here i - dle? a broth-er's in need, His cries as-cend
3. Why stand ye here i - dle? a soul's be - ing lost, Speak, speak words of
4. Why stand ye here i - dle? O la - bor each day, To lead men to

work-men, the weeds are grown tall; The ripe fruit is wast-ing for
heav'n-ward, then pray you, give heed; For food and for rai-ment he
warn-ing, what - ev - er the cost; The soul you may res - cue from
Je - sus, the Truth, Life and Way; The Spir - it has prom-ised its

lack of strong hands, Why stand ye here i - dle? the Mas - ter demands.
suf - fers to-night, Then ren - der as - sist-ance; O, dare to do right.
sin and from shame, And give to the Sav - ior to praise His dear name.
pres-ence to lend, To com - fort and strengthen, till la - bors shall end.

CHORUS.

Oh, why..... stand ye i - dle..... Oh,
Oh, why stand ye i - dle, so i - dle all day? Oh,

Why Stand Ye Here Idle?

Why..... stand ye i - dle,.... Oh, why..... stand ye
Why stand ye i - dle, so i - dle all day? Oh, why stand ye i - dle, so

i - dle, ... i - - - - dle all day? ..... The
i - dle all day, i - dle all day, i - dle all day? The

har - - vest is pass - ing,..... The har -
har - vest is pass - ing, is pass - ing a - way, The har - vest is

vest is pass - ing ..... The har - - - vest is
pass - ing, is pass - ing a - way, The har - vest is pass-ing, is

rit.

pass - ing ..... pass - - ing a - way.....
pass - ing a - way, pass - ing a - way, pass - ing a - way.

No. 139. 'Twas Rum that Spoiled my Boy.

Rev. L. F. Cole. COPYRIGHT, 1880, BY THE CHICAGO MUSIC CO T. Martin Towne.

1. I have seen a moth - er weep-ing, O'er a lit - tle pal - lid face;
2. I have known a moth - er wait - ing, Wait - ing while the years roll'd by,
3. I have seen a moth - er pac - ing On the shore where breaks the sea,
4. Gaze in - to the eyes cher - u - bic; Rain your kiss - es on his cheek;

I have seen her kiss the fore - head, Seen the
Start - ing from her dream at mid - night, Wait - ing,
Plead - ing with the storm - y wa - ters, "Give, oh
Clasp him fond - ly to your bos - om, Feel the

rit. *a tempo.*

last, sad, fond em - brace; I have seen her heav - y,
watch - ing ea - ger - ly, For her boy, long lost and
give my boy to me!" But by waves by far more
thrill you can - not speak; Link your - self to God and

'Twas Rum that Spoiled My Boy.

heart-sore, Turn - ing toward her home a - gain; And I've
wand'ring In some strange and dis - tant land, And I've
cru - el, Waves that drowned my sweet - est joy, I am
heav - en, All your moth - er - love em - ploy, That your

en - vied her her sad - ness, There was much to soothe her pain.
tho't, oh blest the watch-er! Hop - ing yet to clasp his hand.
sit - ting and la - ment - ing, Oh, 'twas rum that spoiled my boy!
lips may nev - er fal - ter, Oh, 'twas rum that spoiled my boy!

CHORUS.

Oh, 'twas rum that spoil'd my darling, Rum, enthron'd but to de-stroy:

Drive the mon-ster from the nation, Then you'll shout, "We've sav'd the boy!"

No. 140. As We've Sown so Shall We Reap.

F. M. D. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. F. M. Davis.

1. As we've sown so shall we reap, When the har-vest time ap-pears,
2. As we've sown so shall we reap, In the tide of com - ing years,
3. As we've sown so shall we reap, When the fields are read - y, white,

Wheth - er it be joy or glad-ness, weal or woe, This the
Reap - ing fruits of sin - ful life, or time well spent, Then this
And the Mas - ter calls for reap - ers here be - low, Let us

thought for us to keep, As thro' life we on - ward move,
thought in view still keep, While the hours are go - ing by,
then this thought still keep, While the trum - pet call is heard,

We shall gath - er at the har - vest what we sow.
Shall we sow un - ho - ly strife or sweet con - tent?
Shall we la - dened well, or emp - ty hand - ed go?

As We've Sown so shall We Reap.

CHORUS.

On, on, ev - er to the har - vest, Sow - ing ei - ther weal or woe, This the tho't for us to keep, As thro' weal or woe, life we on-ward move, We shall gath-er at the har-vest what we sow.

No. 141. The Voice of Jesus.

Horatius Bonar. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER. **French E. Oliver.**

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un-to me, and rest,
2. I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea-ry, and worn, and sad;
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"Be-hold, I free-ly give
4. I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life-giv-ing stream;
5. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"I am this dark world's light;
6. I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."
I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He hath made me glad.
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-vived, And now I live in Him.
Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright!"
And in that light of life I'll walk, Till trav-'ling days are done.

No. 142. Will You Meet Me at the Fountain,

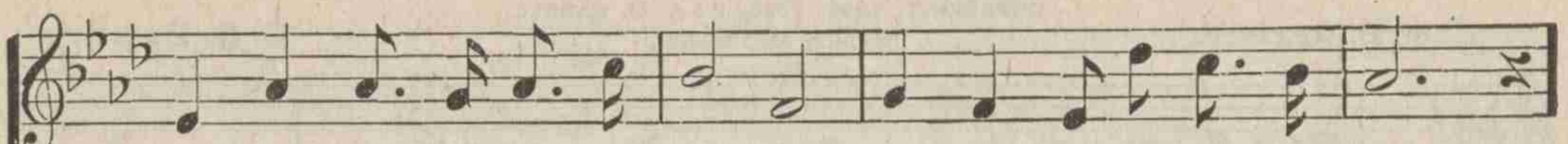
P. P. B. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. P. P. Bliss.

1. Will you meet me at the fount-ain, When I reach the glo - ry-land?
2. Will you meet me at the fount-ain, For I'm sure that I shall know
3. Will you meet me at the fount-ain, I shall long to have you near,

Will you meet me at the fount-ain, Shall I clasp your friendly hand?
Kindred souls and sweet communion, More than I have known be-low.
When I meet my lov - ing Sav - ior, When His welcome words I hear.

Oth - er friends will give me wel-come, Oth - er lov - ing voic - es cheer;
And the cho-rus will be sweet - er, When it bursts up - on my ear;
He will meet me at the fount - ain, His em-brac - es I shall share;

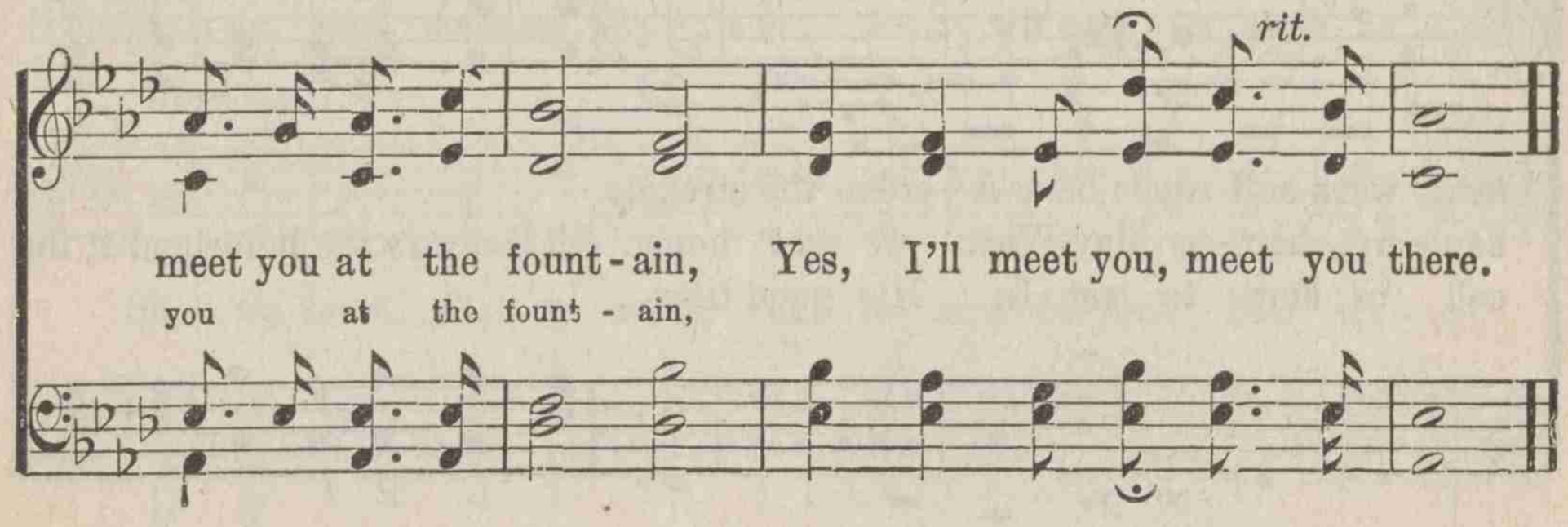
Will You Meet Me at the Fountain?





CHORUS.





No. 143. The Homeland of the Heart.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Eben E. Rexford. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. Heav'n is the Christian's Fa - ther-land—The heart's dear home, Where
2. Oh, Fa - ther-land, up - on thy hills What glo - ry lies; In
3. Oh, dear, dear Fa-ther-land of ours, We long for thee! Thy

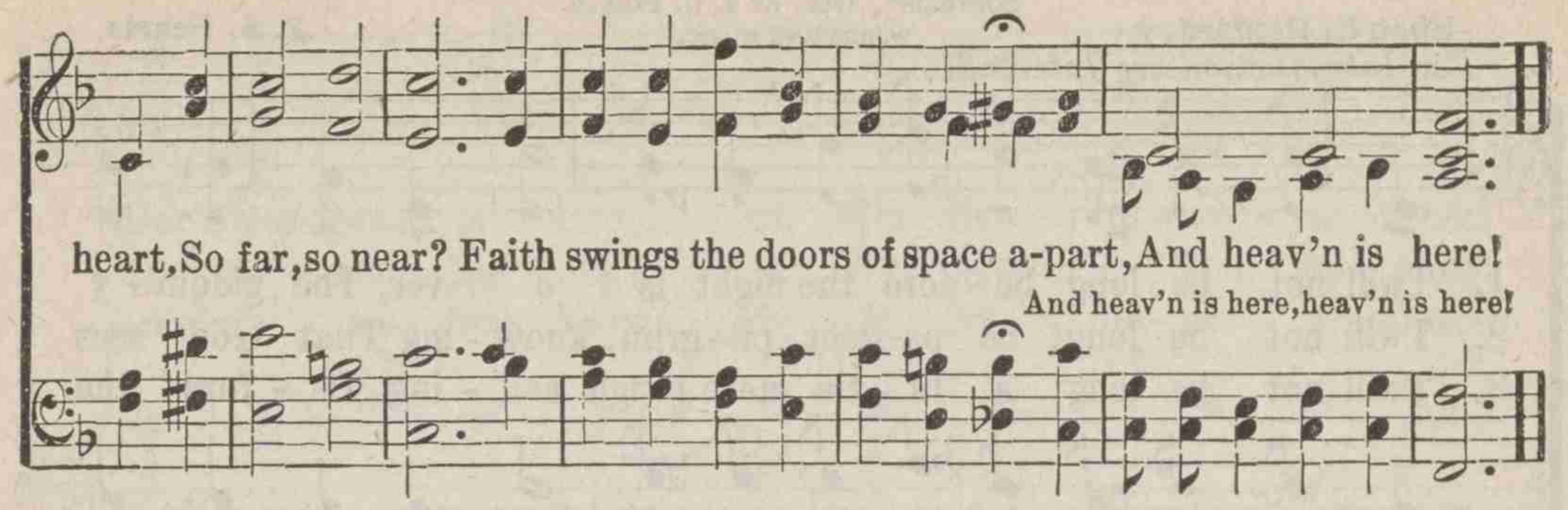
friends reach out a beck'ning hand To those who roam; And lov - ing
dreams of thee what rap-ture thrills Our hearts, our eyes; And when we
mead - ows fair, thy fade-less flow'rs We long to see; But know - ing

voic - es, sweet and low, As in a dream, We oft - en
wake, we soft - ly say, What rest shall come To us that
that God know-eth best, Life's hills we climb, And say, He'll

CHORUS.

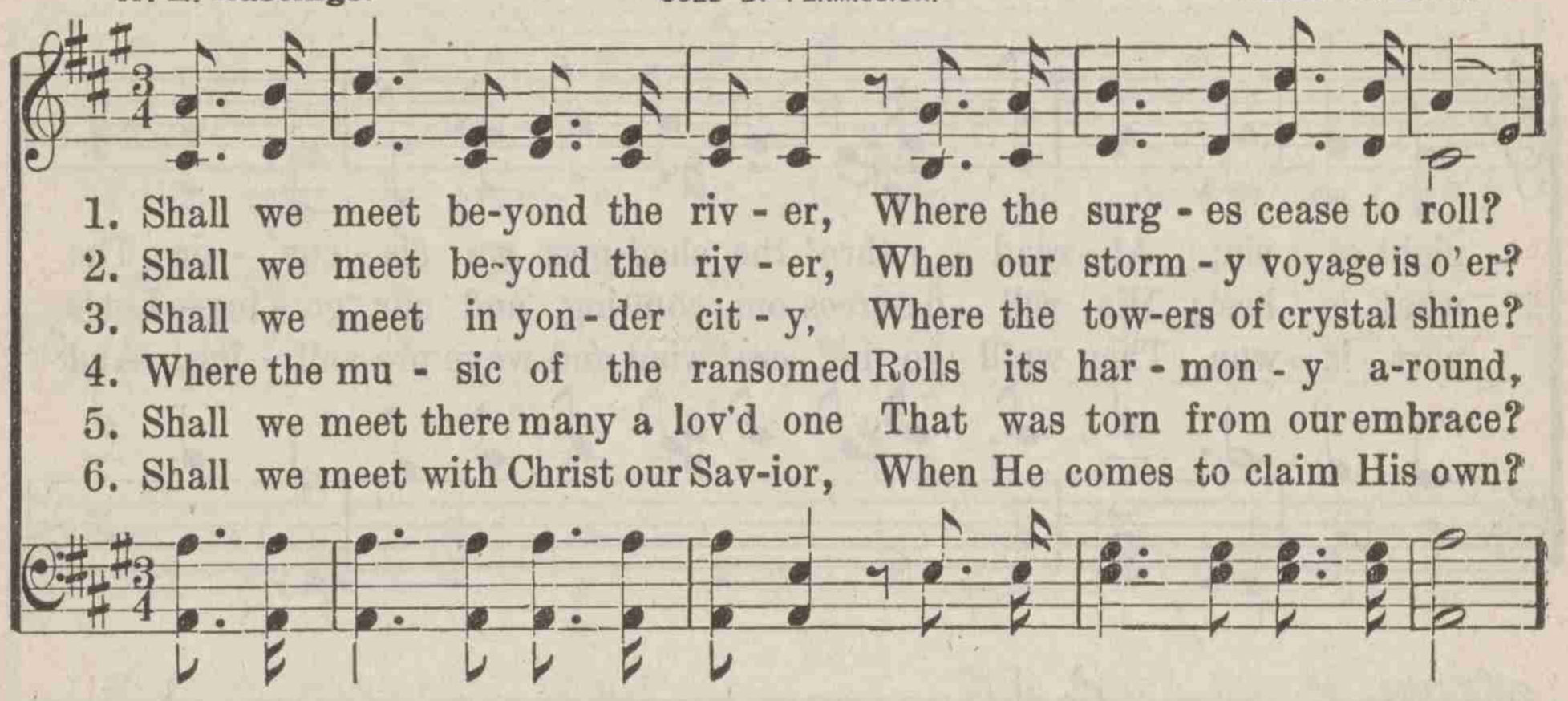
hear, when soft winds blow A - cross the stream.
hap - py, hap - py day When we get home. Oh, Heav'n's the homeland of the
call us home to rest, In His good time.

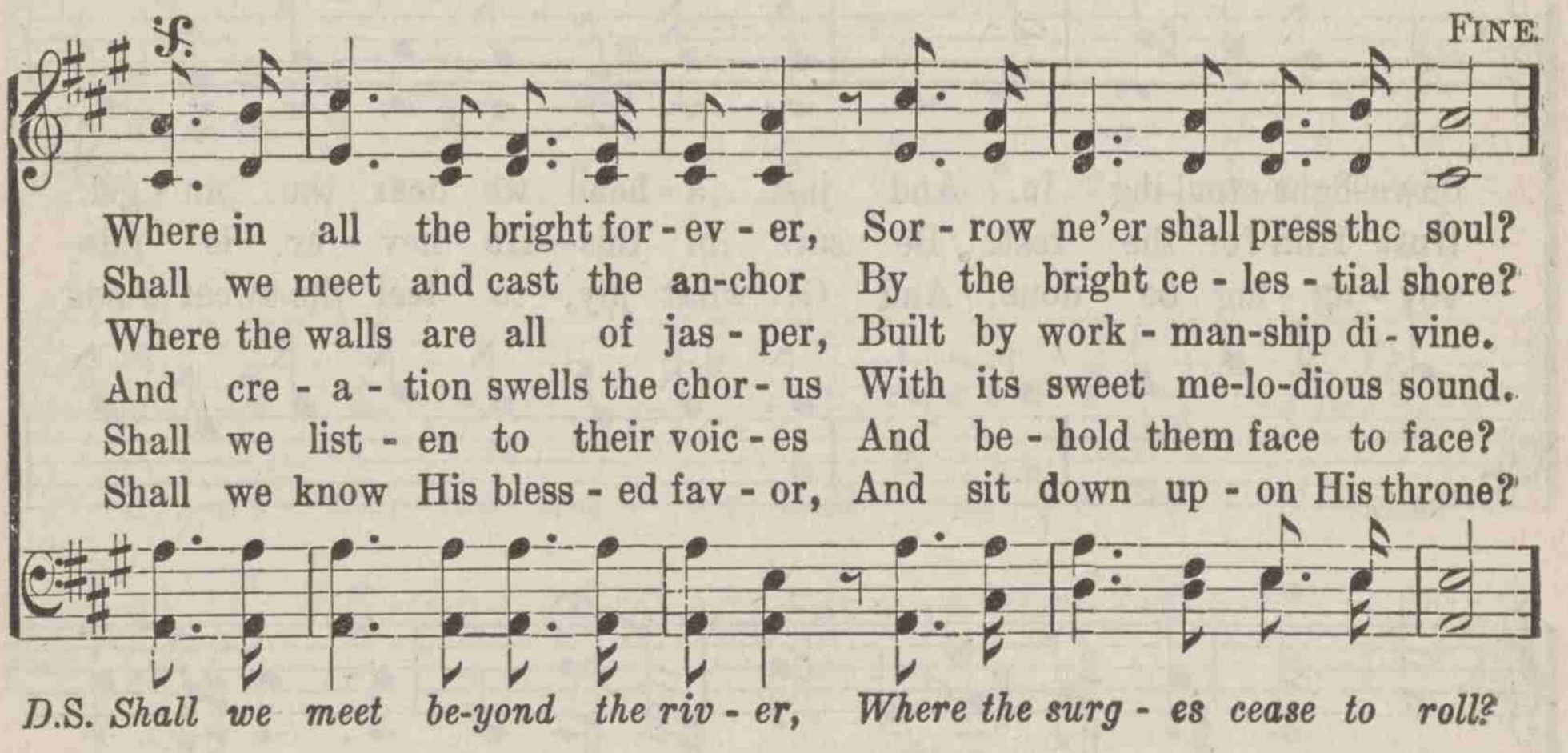
The Homeland of the Heart.



No. 144. Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings. USED BY PERMISSION. Elihu H. Rice.







No. 145. 'Twill Not Be Long.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Eben E. Rexford. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. S. Fearis.

For Introduction see Interlude.

1. 'Twill not be long be - fore the night is o - ver, The gloom - y
2. 'Twill not be long; be pa-tient, pil - grim, know - ing That God sees
3. 'Twill not be long; a lit - tle more rough sail - ing Be - fore the

night of sin; Al - read - y thro' the shad-ows we dis - cov - er The
what is best; His will de-crees our com-ing and our go - ing—Let's
port is won, Then we'll go in, ere wind and wave pre-vail - ing, And

dawn-light steal-ing in. And just a - head we hear the an - gel
trust Him for the rest. Be sure of this—He nev - er is mis-
voy - ag - ing be done. And O! what joy, to feel the sweet winds

cho - rus Sing - ing at heav - en's door— The voic - es of our
tak - en, His plans are wise and just, And nev - er yet has
blow - ing From that ce - les - tial shore, As we throw out the

'Twill Not Be Long.

dear ones gone be - fore us, Who live for - ev - er - more!
He that soul for - sak - en Who puts in Him its trust.
heav'n-ly an - chor, know - ing It holds for - ev - er - more!

CHORUS.

'Twill not be long— a lit - tle while of wait - ing For

God to whis - per "Come!" Then heav'n, for all earth's
"wan - d'rer come!"

tri - als com - pen - sat - ing, And home, e - ter - nal home!

Interlude.

No. 146 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Baring-Gould. **Arthur Sullivan.**

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol - diers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are tread - ing
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voic-es

Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise,
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King,

REFRAIN.

For-ward in - to bat - tle. See His ban-ner go!
Brotners, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise. Onward, Christian sol-diers!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' count-less a - ges Men and an-gels sing.

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

No. 147. Why Not Now?

El Nathan. COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY C. C. CASE. C. C. Case.

1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan - der'd far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've fail'd to find Aught of peace for troubled mind:
4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ and par - don take;

While your Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But, to - day, ac-cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

CHORUS.

Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?

Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?

No. 148. A Little Talk With Jesus.

ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1903,
FRENCH E. OLIVER.

Words arr. F. E. O. English arr.

1. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black And storm-y o - ver-head, And trials of al - most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How
2. When those who led by Sa - tan's pow'r Be - gin to per - se-cute, And they who once pro-fessed to love, Have dis - tant grown, and mute; I
3. And thus, by fre-quent talks with Him, I gain the vic - to - ry; And soon I con - quer all, When on the Lord I call, A lit-tle talk with
tell Him all my grief, He quick - ly sends re - lief, A lit-tle talk with
Je - sus as my Friend, I'll prove un - to the end, A lit-tle talk with

D.S.--trials of ev - 'ry kind, I nev - er fail to find A lit-tle talk with

FINE. CHORUS.

Je-sus makes it right, all right. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes my path-way light, A lit - tle talk with Je-sus gives me clear - er sight; In

Je - sus makes it right, all right.

D. S.

No. 149. Eternity.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

F. A. S. Frank A. Simpkins.

1. There is a Cit - y, I am told Where all the
2. Me thinks I hear the heav'n-ly song, In hal - le-
3. Our loved ones who have gone be - fore, Are beck-'ning
4. Some day my bless - ed Lord will call, In tones that

streets are paved with gold; A Home pre - pared for you and
lu - jahs loud and long: Come float-ing o'er the might-y
us to that bright shore; That we may from our cares be
gen - tly rise and fall; And He will say "Come home with

me, Where we may spend e - ter - ni - ty..... E - ter - ni-
sea, A mes-sage from e - ter - ni - ty..... E - ter - ni-
free, And sing thro' all e - ter - ni - ty..... E - ter - ni-
me, To dwell in blest e - ter - ni - ty''..... E - ter - ni-

E - ter - ni - ty

ty, E - ter - ni - ty, Where we may spend e - ter - ni - ty.
ty, E - ter - ni - ty, A mes-sage from e - ter - ni - ty.
ty, E - ter - ni - ty, And sing thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
ty, E - ter - ni - ty, And dwell in blest e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 150. Have Faith in God.

M. A. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY MAY AGNEW STEPHENS

May Agnew Stephens.

1. Do you ev - er feel down-heart-ed or dis - cour-aged? Do you
2. Dark-est night will al - ways come be-fore the dawn - ing, Sil - ver
3. God is might - y—He is a - ble to de - liv - er; Faith can

ev - er think your work is all in vain? Do the burdens thrust up-on you
lin-ings shine on God's side of the cloud; All your jour-ney He has promised
vic - tor be in ev - 'ry try-ing hour; Fear, and care, and sin, and sor-row

ad lib.

make you trem-ble, And you fear that you shall ne'er the vic-t'ry gain? .....
vic - t'ry gain?

to be with you, Naught has come to you but what His love al-lowed. .....
His love al - lowed.

be de - feat-ed By our faith in God's al-might-y conqu'ring pow'r. .....
conqu'ring pow'r.

CHORUS.

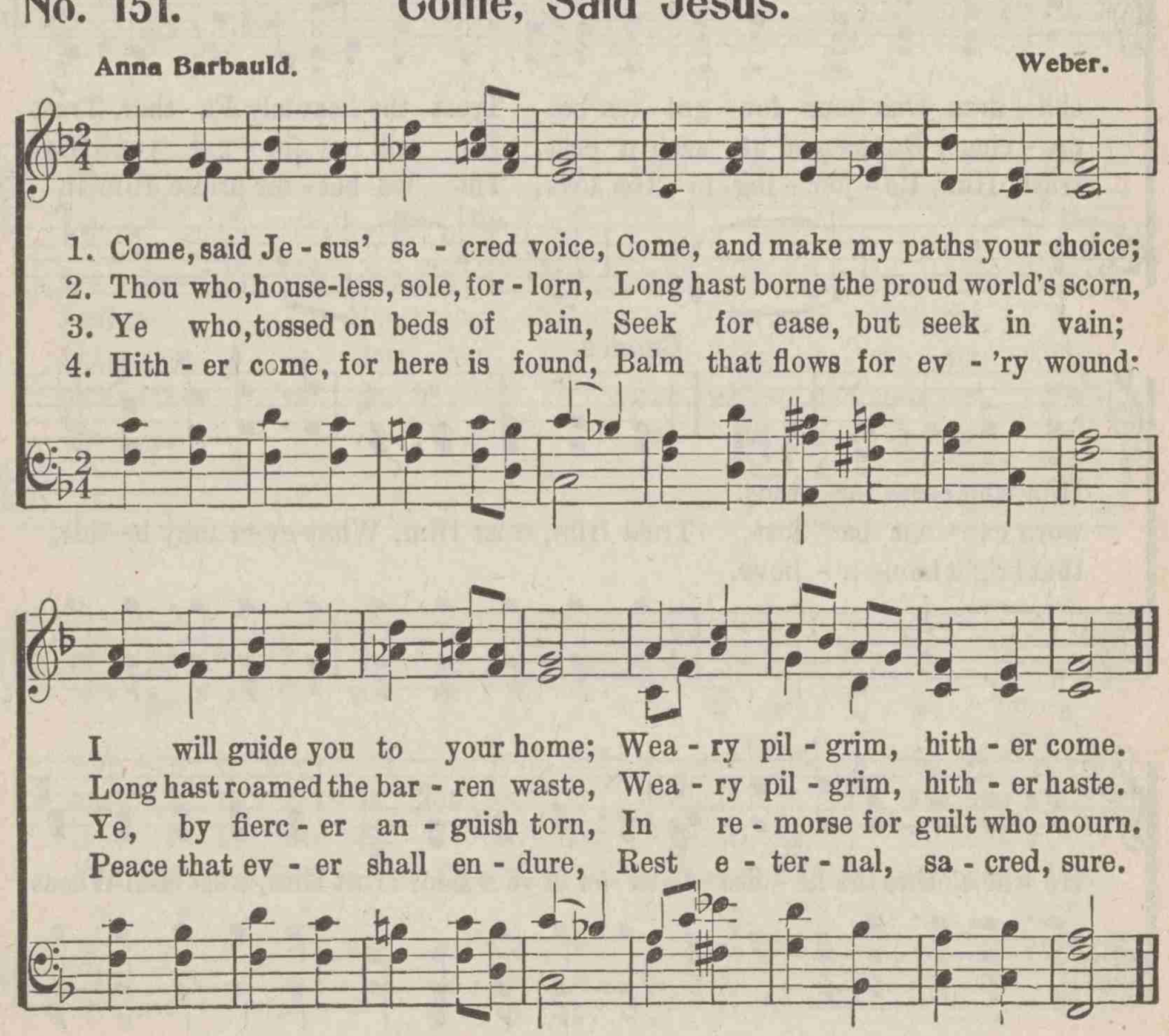
Have faith in God, ... the sun will shine, ...
Have faith in God, the sun will shine,

Tho' dark the cloud ..... may be to - day; .....
Tho' dark the cloud may be to - day;

Have Faith in God.



No. 151. Come, Said Jesus.



No. 152. He Will Not Forsake You.

COPYRIGHT, 1908 BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. E. Hewitt. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

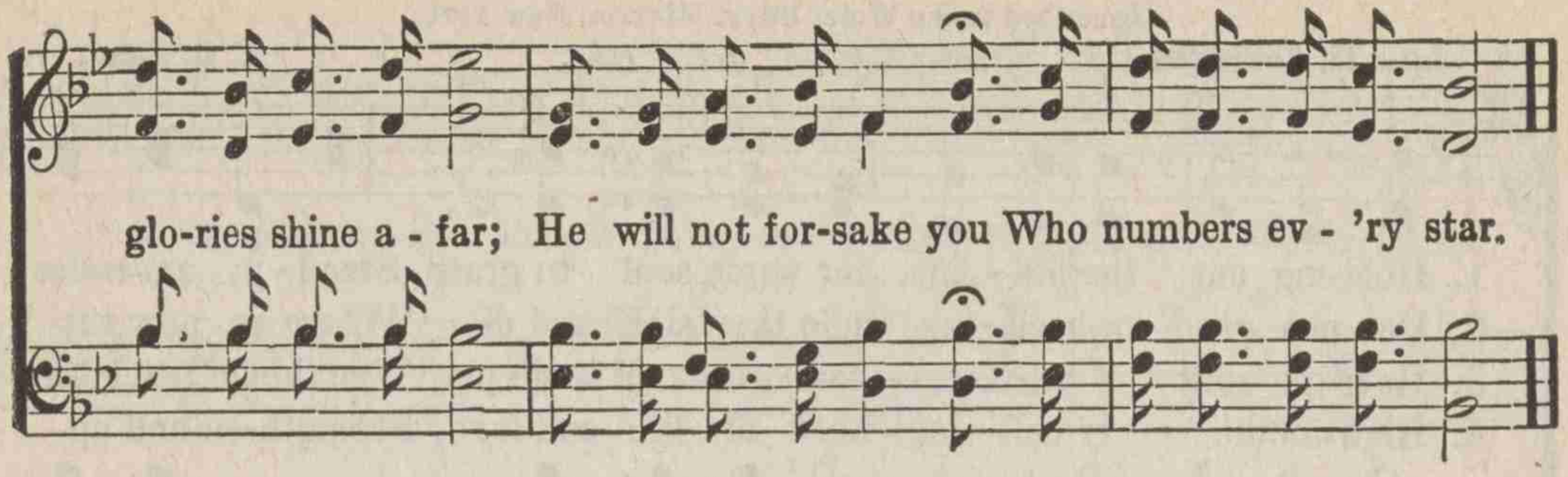
1. He will not for - sake you Whose glo - ries shine a - far; He who feeds the ra - ven, And num-bers ev - 'ry star, Will not let His chil - dren One hour for - got - ten be; Trust the heav'nly Fa - ther, Trust
2. He will not for - sake you, The chil - dren of the King, Made in His own like-ness, His sav - ing grace to sing; Bought with blood so pre - cious, Re-deemed at such a cost, He will not for - get you, His
3. He will not for - sake you; Oh let the mes - sage ring, Bright or storm - y weath-er 'Twill hope and glad-ness bring; Let us sweet-ly trust Him, Re - joic - ing in His love, Till we bet - ter praise Him In

CHORUS.

Him who cares for thee.
word can - not be lost. Trust Him, trust Him, What-ev-er may be-tide;
that bright home a - bove.

He who clothes the lil - lies Is ev - er at your side; Trust Him, trust Him Whose

He Will Not Forsake You.



No. 153. I Do, Don't You?

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Melville W. Miller. E. O. Excell.





No. 154. Holding Out the Life-Line.

(Inscribed to the Water Street Mission, New York.

Julia H. Johnston. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY C. C. CASE. C. C. Case.

1. Hold-ing out the life - line for some soul to grasp, Stead - y, com-rades
2. Do not gaze un-heed - ing, while they sink and die; "Where is now thy
3. Hear the roar of break-ers—dan - gers mul - ti - ply, Who should reach the
4. High and ho - ly call - ing! Lord of life and love, Strength-en and up-

stead - y, fee - ble tho' the clasp, Struggling in the dark-ness, driv - en
broth-er?" ech - oes from the sky; By the love we bear Him, our Re-
lost ones? broth-er, you and I! Hark, the cry of an - guish rings a-
hold us from Thy throne a-bove; Hold - ing out the life - line, Sav - ior,

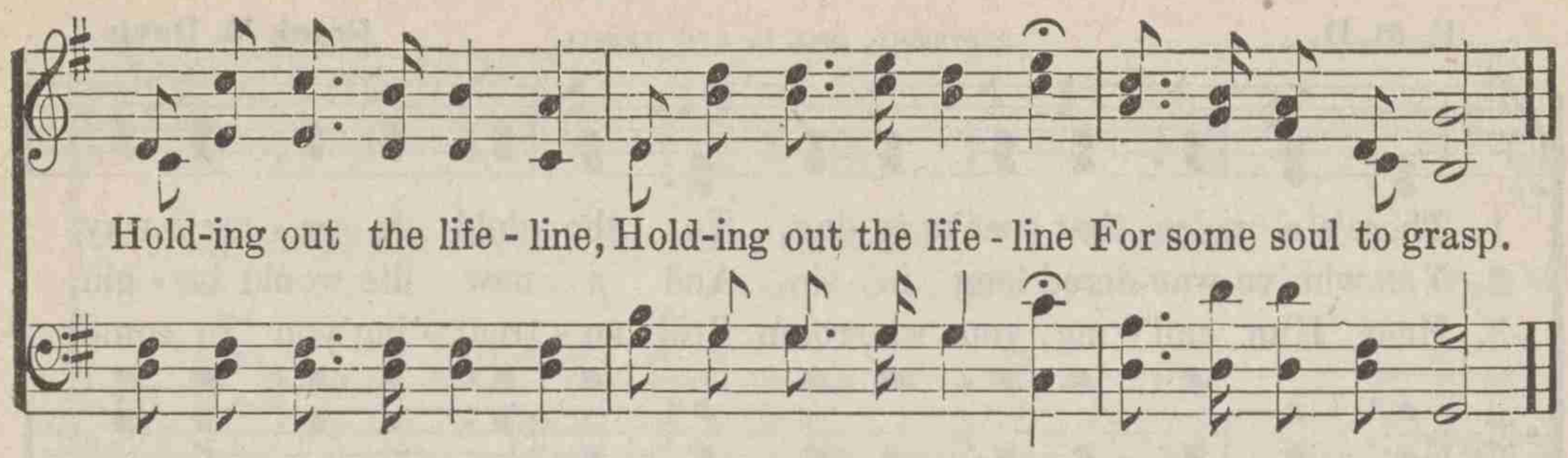
by the wave, Yon - der men are sink - ing, hast-en now to save.
deem - er dear, Let us hold the life - line, for the broth - er near.
cross the sea, Je - sus bends to whis - per, "Hold the line for me!"
here I stand, While I hold the life - line, Mas-ter, hold my hand!

CHORUS.

Hold-ing out the life - line, Hold-ing out the life - line, Hold-ing out the

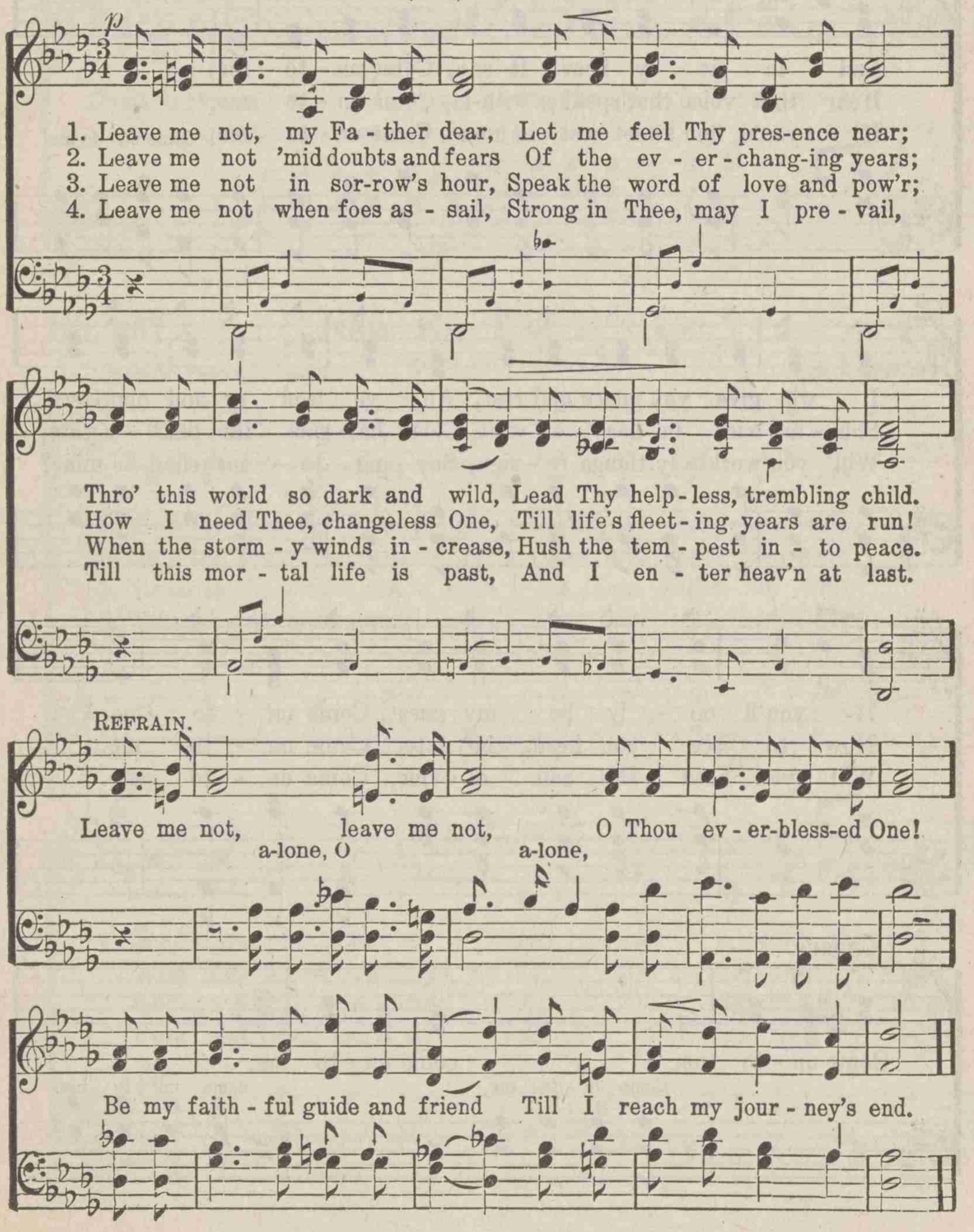
life - line For some soul to grasp; Hold - ing out the life - line,

Holding Out the Life-Line.



No. 155. Leave Me Not.

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER. Thoro Harris.



No. 156. Come Unto Me.

F. M. D. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. Frank M. Davis.

1. There's a voice that speaks to-day, To the child in er - ror's way;
2. You who've wan-dered long in sin, And a new life would be - gin,
3. Hear Him call - ing, you who roam, Still en - treat - ing you to come;

And in pit - y hear it say, Come un - to me;
Hear that voice that speakes with-in, Come un - to me;
If you'd find sweet rest at home, Come un - to me; Come un - to me:

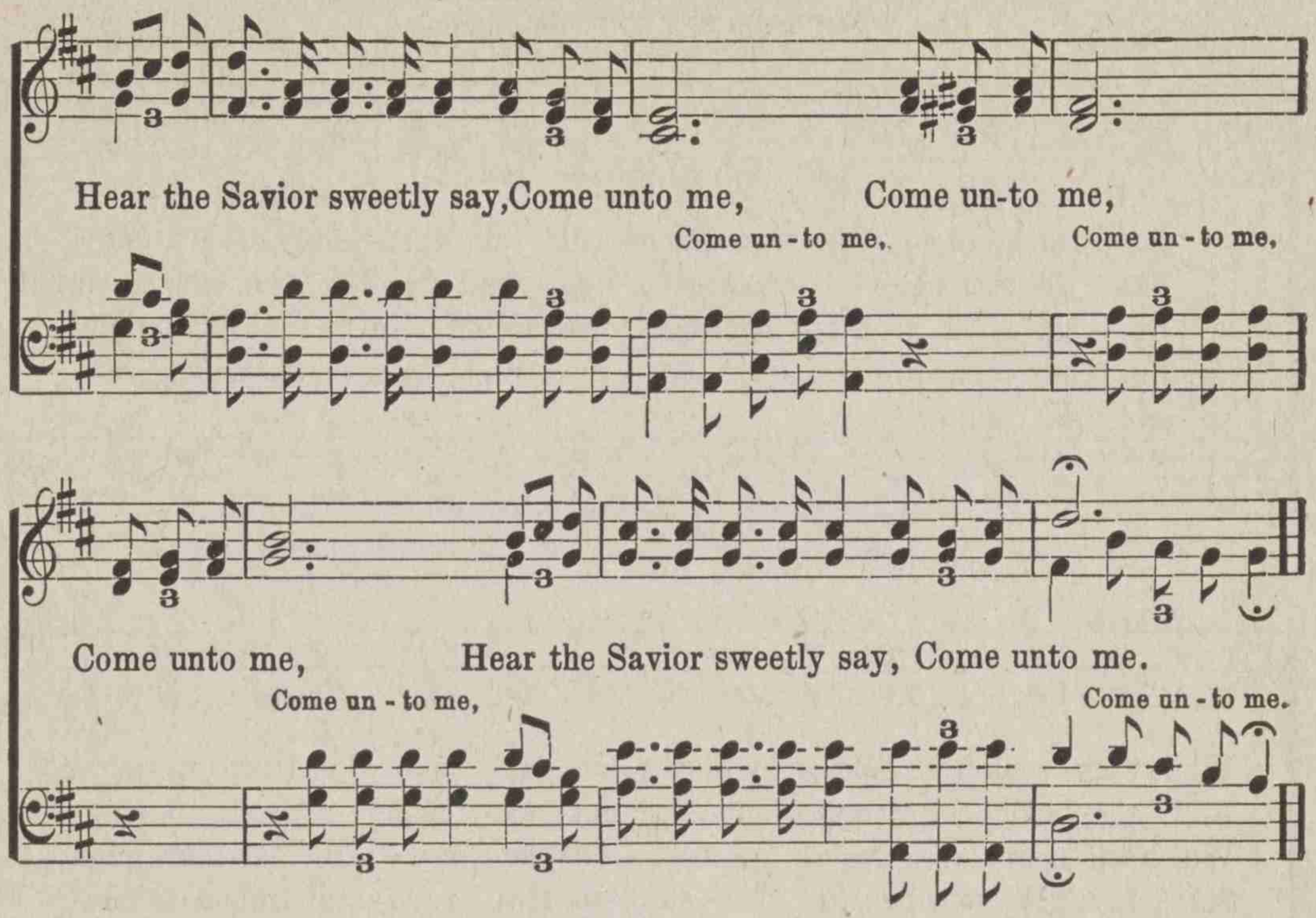
I will give you peace and rest, All ye wea - ry and oppressed,
Shin - ing ones in heav - en wait, Close be - side the pearl - y gate,
Will you world - ly things re - sign, Say - ing Je - sus shall be mine?

If you'll on - ly be my guest, Come un - to me.
Now to see you heed, tho' late, Come un - to me.
Will you heed His call di - vine, Come un - to me.

CHORUS.

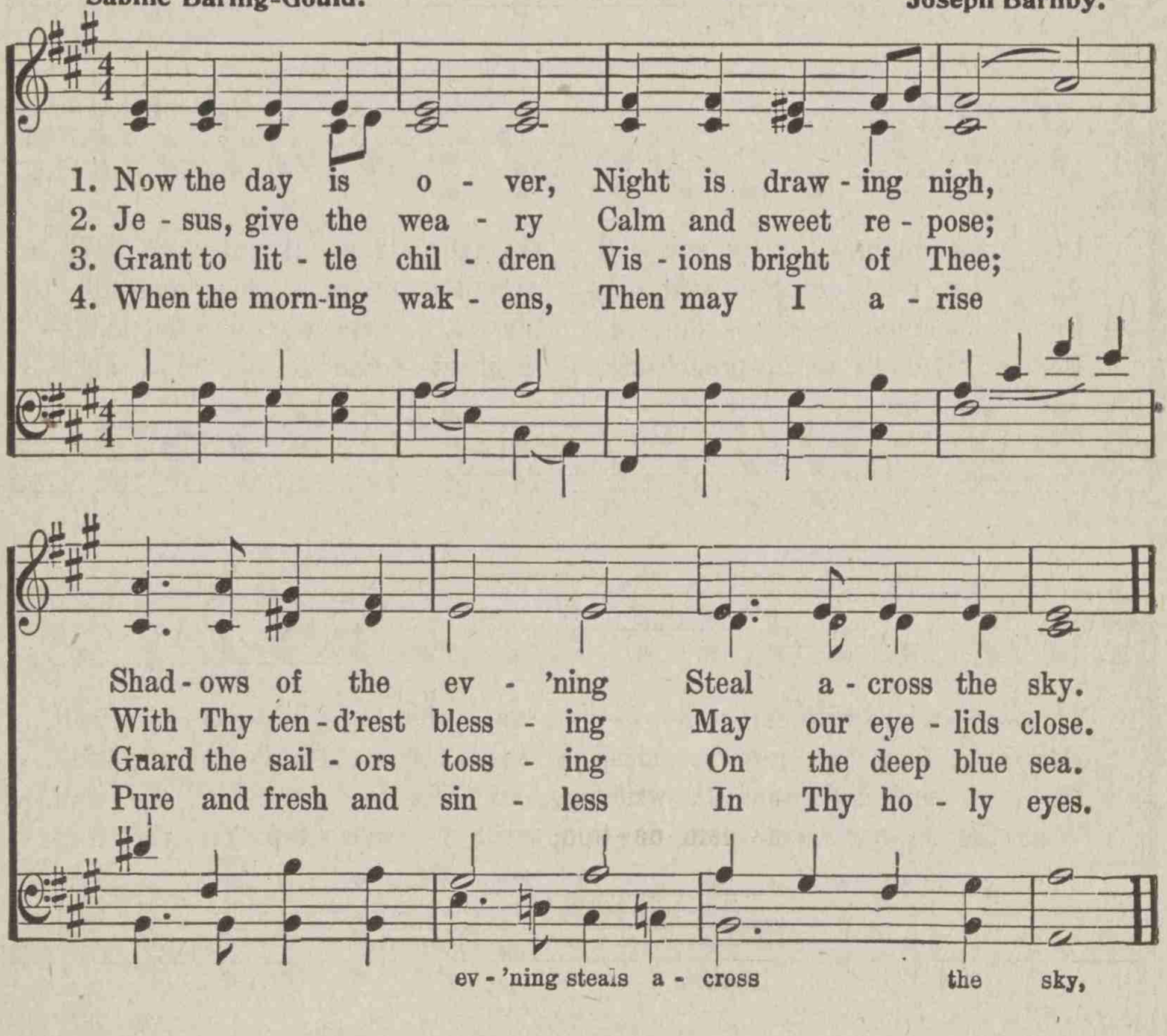
Come un - to me, come un - to me,
Come un - to me, come un - to me,

Come Unto Me.



No. 157 Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould. **Joseph Barnby.**



No. 158. The Handwriting on the Wall.

COPYRIGHT, 1887 BY KNOWLES SHAW.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

K. Shaw. Knowles Shaw.

1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zer and a thou-sand of his lords,
2. See the brave cap-tive Dan-iel as he stood be-fore the throng,
3. See the faith, zeal, and courage, that would dare to do the right,
4. So our deeds are re-cord-ed, there's a Hand that's writ-ing now,

While they drank from gold-en ves-sels, as the book of truth re-cords.
And re-buked the haugh-ty mon-arch for his might-y deeds of wrong;
Which the spir-it gave to Dan-iel,—this the se-cret of his might;
Sin-ner, give your heart to Je-sus, to His roy-al mandate bow;

In the night as they rev-el in the roy-al pal-ace hall,
As he read out the writ-ing, 'twas the doom of one and all.
In his home in Ju-de-a, or a cap-tive in the hall—
For the day is ap-proach-ing, it must come to one and all,

They were seized with con-ster-na-tion, 'twas the hand up-on the wall.
For the king-dom now is fin-ished—said the hand up-on the wall.
He un-der-stood the writ-ing, of his God up-on the wall.
When the sin-ner's con-dem-na-tion, will be writ-ten on the wall.

The Handwriting on the Wall.

CHORUS.

'Tis the hand of God on the wall, 'Tis the hand of
'Tis the hand of God that is writ-ing on the wall; 'Tis the hand of

God on the wall; Shall the re-cord be, "Found wanting," or
God that is writ-ing on the wall,

shall it be "Found trusting?" While that hand is writing on the wall.
writ-ing on the wall.

No. 159. Only a Word.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.

J. M. Dungan.

1. On-ly a word for the Mas-ter, Lov-ing-ly, qui-et-ly said;
2. On-ly a look of re-mon-strance, Sor-row-ful, gen-tle and deep;
3. On-ly one cry from the sin-ner, Bit-ter-ly, ear-nest and wild;
4. On-ly an hour with the chil-dren, Pleas-ant-ly, cheer-ful-ly giv'n;

On-ly a word! Yet the Mas-ter heard; And some faint-ing hearts were fed.
On-ly a look! Yet the strong man shook; And He went a-lone to weep.
"Help, Lord! I die!" Rose in ag-o-ny; And the Sav-ior sav'd His child.
Still seed was sown In that hour a-lone, Which would bring forth fruit for heav'n.

No. 160. By Thy Birth.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.

Robert Grant. French E. Oliver.

1. By Thy birth, and by Thy tears; By Thy hu - man griefs and fears;
2. By the ten - der - ness that wept O'er the grave where Laz'rus slept;
3. By Thy lone - ly hour of pray'r; By the fear - ful con-flict there;
4. By Thy tri - umph o'er the grave; By Thy pow'r the lost to save;

By Thy con - flict in the hour Of the sub - tle tempter's pow'r,—
By the bit - ter tears that flow'd O - ver Sa-lem's lost a - bode,—
By Thy cross and dy - ing cries; By Thy one great sac - ri - fice,—
By Thy high, ma - jes - tic throne; By the em - pire all Thine own,—

Sav - ior, look with pity - ing eye; Sav - ior, help me or I die;

Sav - ior, look with pity - ing eye; Sav-ior, help me, or I die.

No. 161. Was There Ever a Friend so True?

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE BIBLE INSTITUTE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION OF CHICAGO.

Harriet Fithian. **Ira B. Wilson.**

1. I have a dear Sav-iour who loves me, I know, And whose
2. This won - der - ful Friend is a help - er in - deed; He has
3. He soothes me in sor - row with songs in the night, And in-
4. His love is a fount - ain of bless - ing so pure, Ev - er

will I de-light to do; He's present to cheer me wher-ev - er I go,—
promised to lead me thro', And clos-er He comes than a broth-er in need,—
spires me with hope a - new; He fills me with cour-age my bat-tles to fight,—
flow-ing for me, for you; His pow'r is un - fail - ing, His prom-ise is sure,—

CHORUS.

Was there ev - er a friend so true? Was there ev - er a friend so

true?.... Was there ev - er a friend so true?.... I oft - en have
so true? so true?

proved Him, I ev - er will love Him—Was there ev-er a friend so true?

No. 162. Jesus Tenderly Calling.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.

J. G. Foote. John.



1. Je - sus is call - ing, ten-der - ly call - ing, Sin - ner, thy Sav - ior now
2. Sin - ner, 'tis Je - sus, like the good Shep-herd, Out on the des - ert to
3. Prod-i - gal son, thy Fa-ther is wait-ing, Anx-ious and long-ing for
4. Chief-est of sin - ners Je - sus will wel-come, Be of good cheer, He will

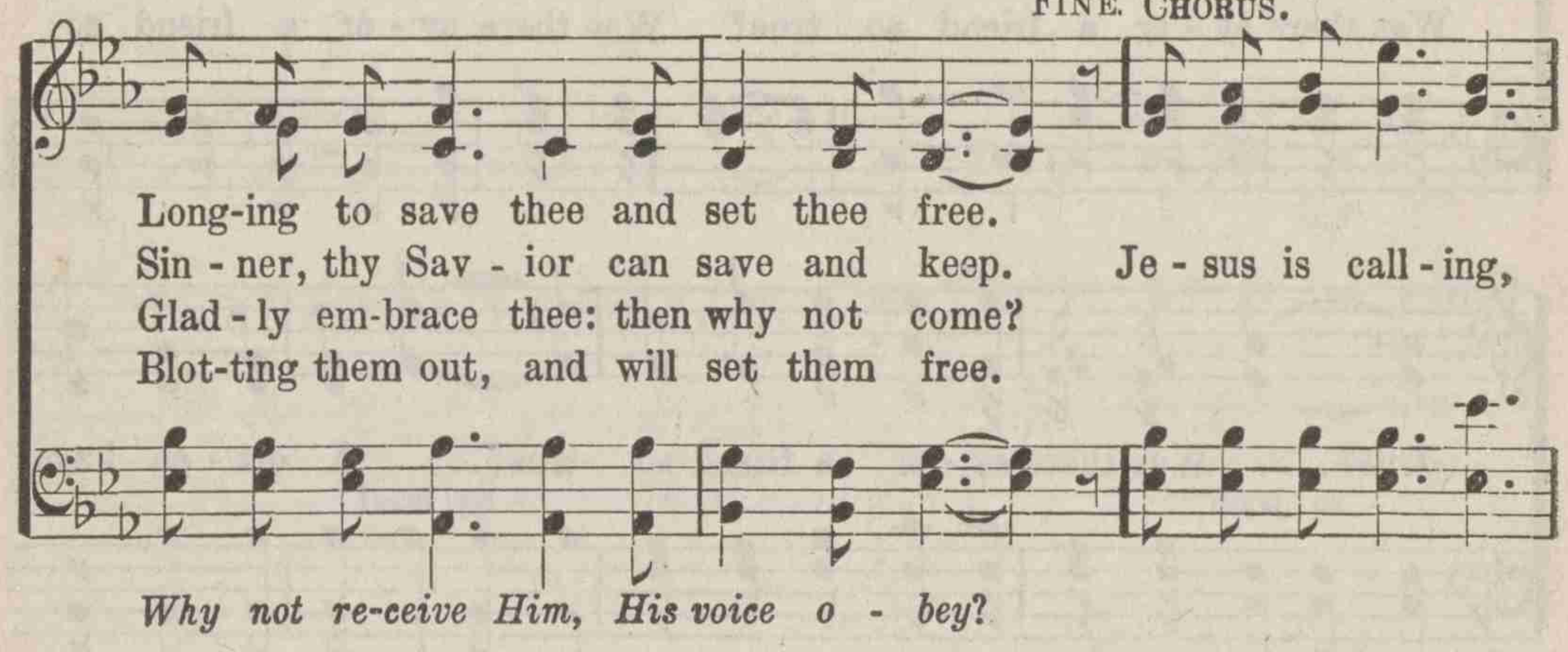




pleads for thee; Stand-ing and knock-ing, anx - ious-ly wait - ing,
find His sheep; When He hath found it heav - en re - joic - es;
thy re - turn; He will for - give thee, wel-come and bless thee,
say to thee, He will re - move your ev - 'ry trans-gres - sion,

D. S.—Will you not heed His ten - der en - treat - ies?

FINE. CHORUS.



Long-ing to save thee and set thee free.
Sin - ner, thy Sav - ior can save and keep. Je - sus is call - ing,
Glad - ly em-brace thee: then why not come?
Blot-ting them out, and will set them free.

Why not re-ceive Him, His voice o - bey?

D. S.



ten-der - ly call-ing, Sin-ner, He pleads, oh, hear Him to - day;

No. 163. Jesus Wants Jewels

INTERNATONAL COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.

French E. Oliver. WORDS AND MUSIC. Melody by Kathryn R. Oliver. (Age 3 1-2 yrs.)

1. Je-sus wants jew-els bright as the morning, Gems for the streets of gold, O suf-fer the children to come and forbid not; Their en-ter-ing in-to the fold.
2. Je-sus wants children, gen-tle and lov-ing, Whether at work or play, O come to the Savior and en-ter His serviee; And fol-low Him ev-'ry day.
3. Je-sus wants workers, earn-est and loy - al, Seek-ing to win the lost, "Go in-to the highways, and in - to the hedges; And bring them at an - y cost."

No. 164. The Old Time Religion.

CHO. *'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion,*
1. Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, Makes me love ev - 'ry-bod - y,
2. It was good for our moth-ers, It was good for our moth-ers,
3. It has saved our fa - thers, It has saved our fa - thers,

'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, And it's good e - nough for me!
Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, And it's good e - nough for me!
It was good for our moth-ers, And it's good e - nough for me!
It has saved our fa - thers, And it's good e - nough for me!

4 Makes me love the good old Bible,
And its good enough for me!

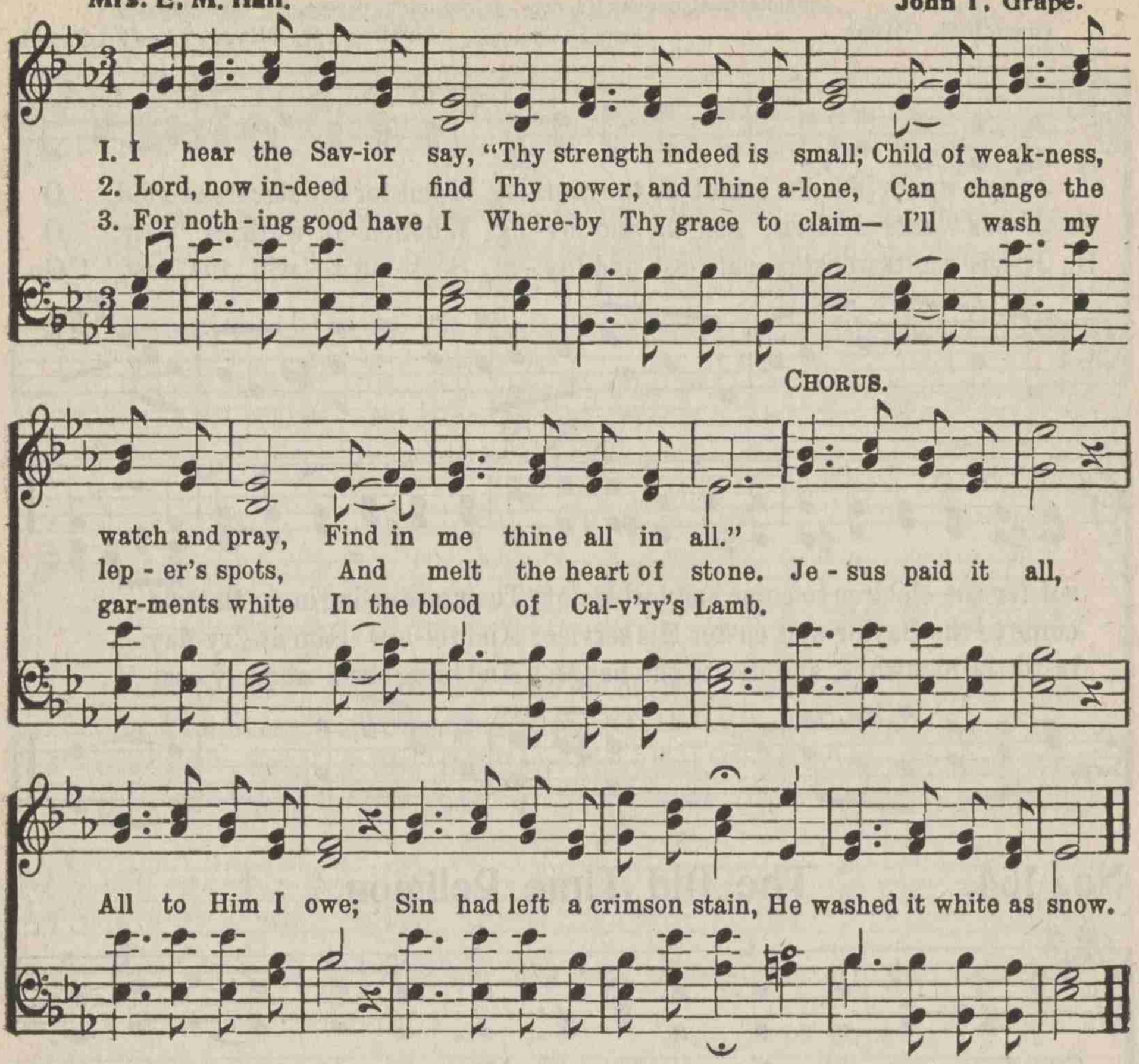
5 It will lead me to Jesus,
And it's good enough for me!

6 It will do when I'm dying,
And it's good enough for me!

7 It will take us all to heaven,
And it's good enough for me!

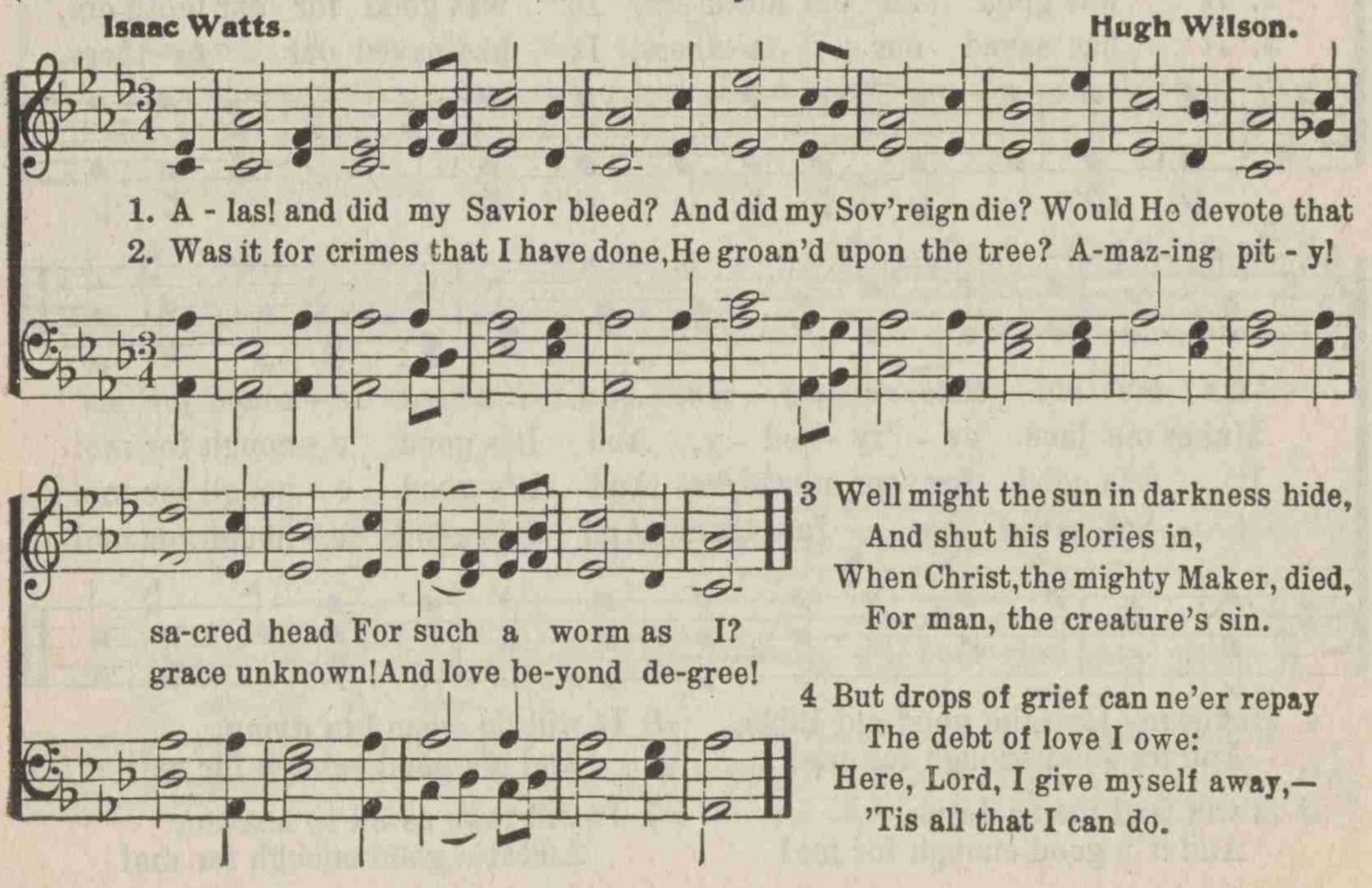
No. 165. Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. E. M. Hall. John T. Grape.



No. 166. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts. Hugh Wilson.

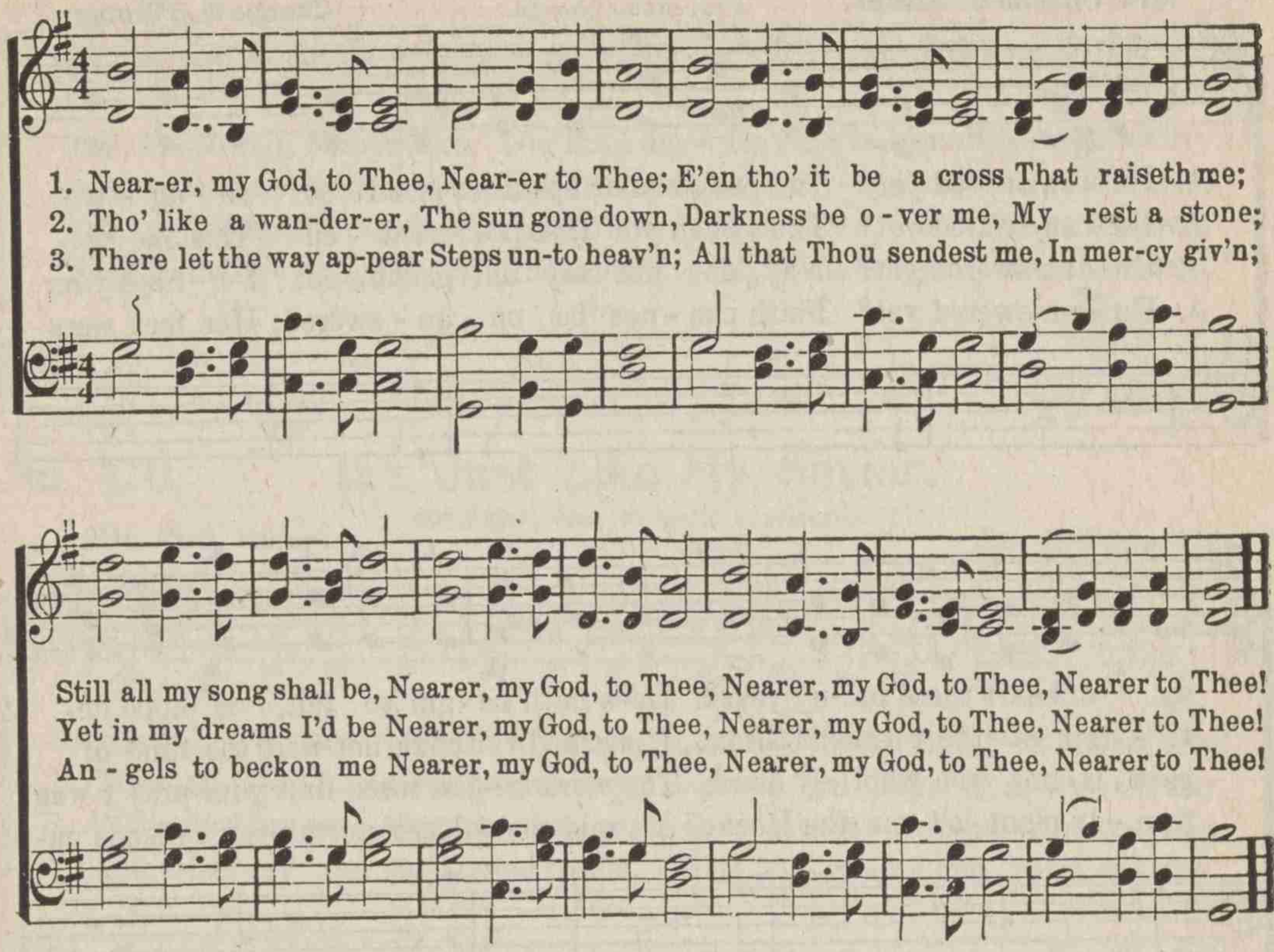


3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

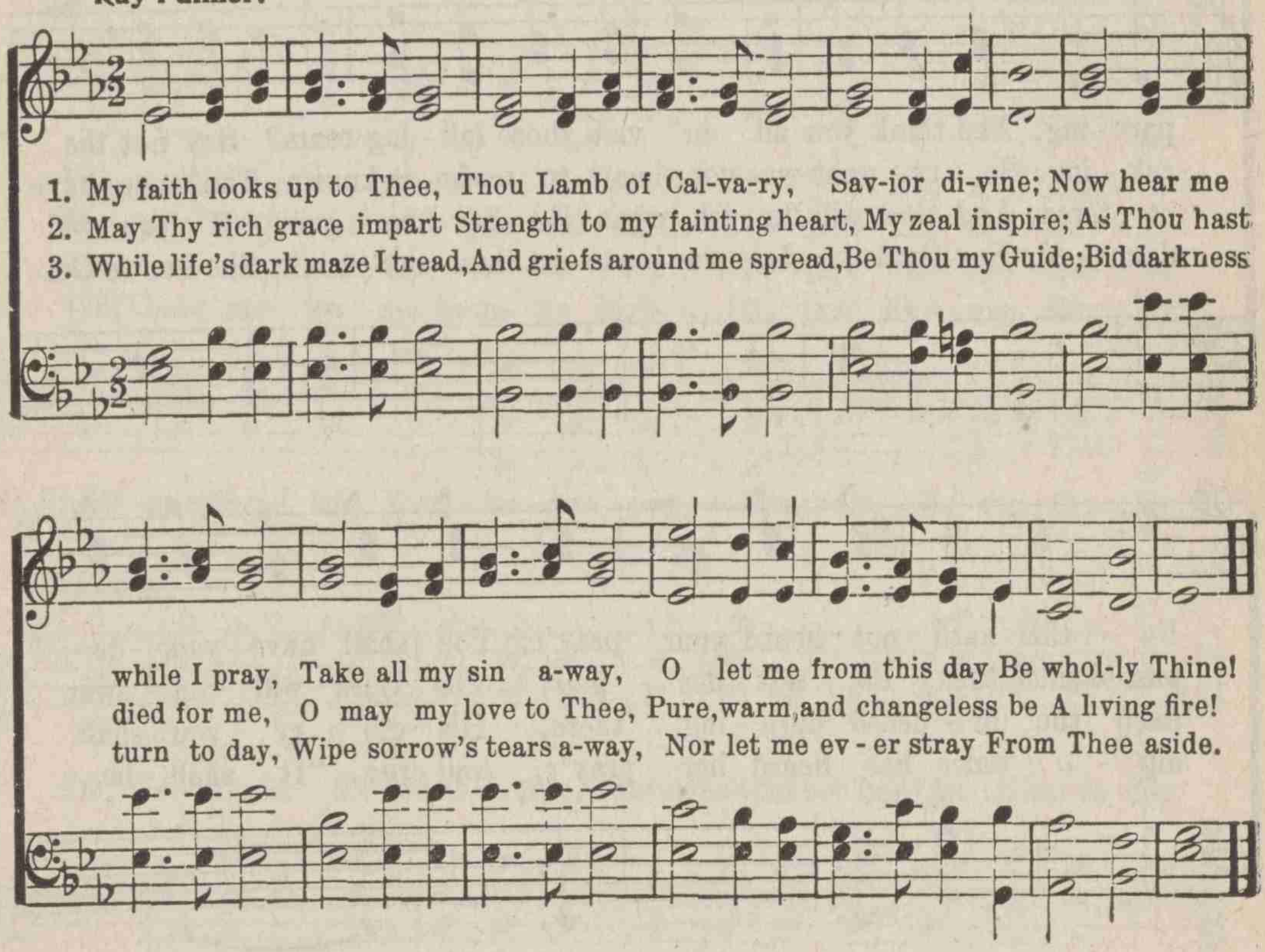
No. 167. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. **Lowell Mason.**



No. 168. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. **Lowell Mason.**



No. 169. Sometime, Somewhere.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
E. O. EXCELL. OWNER.

Mrs. Ophelia G. Adams. **Charlie D. Tillman.**

1. Un - an-swered yet? The pray'r your lips have plead - ed In ag - o -
2. Un - an-swered yet? Tho' when you first pre - sent - ed This one pe -
3. Un - an-swered yet? Nay, do not say un - grant - ed; Per - haps your
4. Un - an-swered yet? Faith can - not be un - an - swered; Her feet were

ny of heart these ma-ny years? Does faith be - gin to fail, is hope de-
ti - tion at the Fa-ther's throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of
part is not yet whol - ly done; The work be-gan when first your pray'r was
firm - ly plant - ed on the Rock; A - mid the wildest storm pray'r stands un-

part - ing, And think you all in vain those fall - ing tears? Say not the
ask - ing, So ur - gent was your heart to make it known. Tho' years have
ut - tered, And God will fin - ish what He has be - gun. If you will
daunt - ed, Nor quails be - fore the lond - est thun - der shock; She knows Om-

Fa - ther hath not heard your pray'r; You shall have your de -
passed since then, do not des - pair; The Lord will an - swer
keep the in - cense burn - ing there, His glo - ry you shall
nip - o - tence has heard her pray'r, And cries, "It shall be

Sometime, Somewhere.

rit. *ad lib.*

sire, sometime, somewhere, You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere.
you, sometime, somewhere, The Lord will answer you, sometime, somewhere.
see, sometime, somewhere, His glo - ry you shall see, sometime, somewhere.
done, sometime, somewhere," And cries "It shall be done, sometime, somewhere."

No. 170. It's Just Like My Savior.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY LIZZIE E. SWENEY.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Rev. M. J. Zelley. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. When I a ransomed sin - ner see, Redeemed from death, from sin set free,
2. When all pollution's washed a - way, And I am kept from day to day,
3. While bow-ing at the mer - cy - seat, He comes my wait-ing soul to greet,
4. And when my hour shall come to die, His ho - ly an - gels from the sky

FINE.

It caus - es no sur - prise to me,— It's just like my Sav - ior.
My throbbing heart with joy can say, It's just like my Sav - ior.
And our com - mun - ion is so sweet,—It's just like my Sav - ior.
Will bear me to my home on high,— It's just like my Sav - ior.

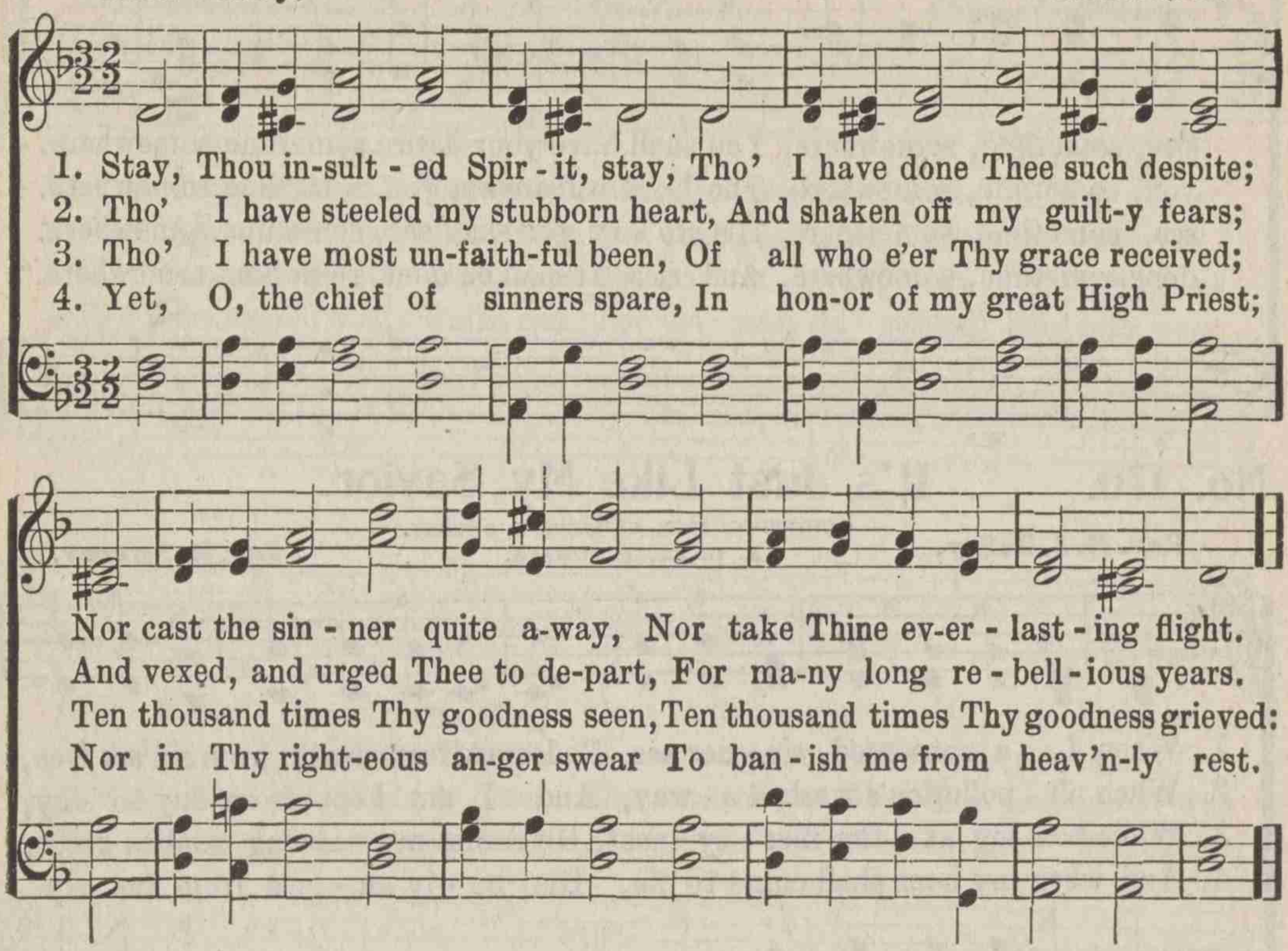
D.S.–He purchased life for me and you,— It's just like my Sav - ior.

CHORUS. D. S.

Oh, Je - sus is a friend so true! There's naught too hard for Him to do;

No. 171. Stay, Thou Insulted Spirit.

Chas. Wesley. Daniel Read.



No. 172. Show Pity.

1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The pow'r and glory of Thy grace;
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
So let Thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace;
Lord, should Thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

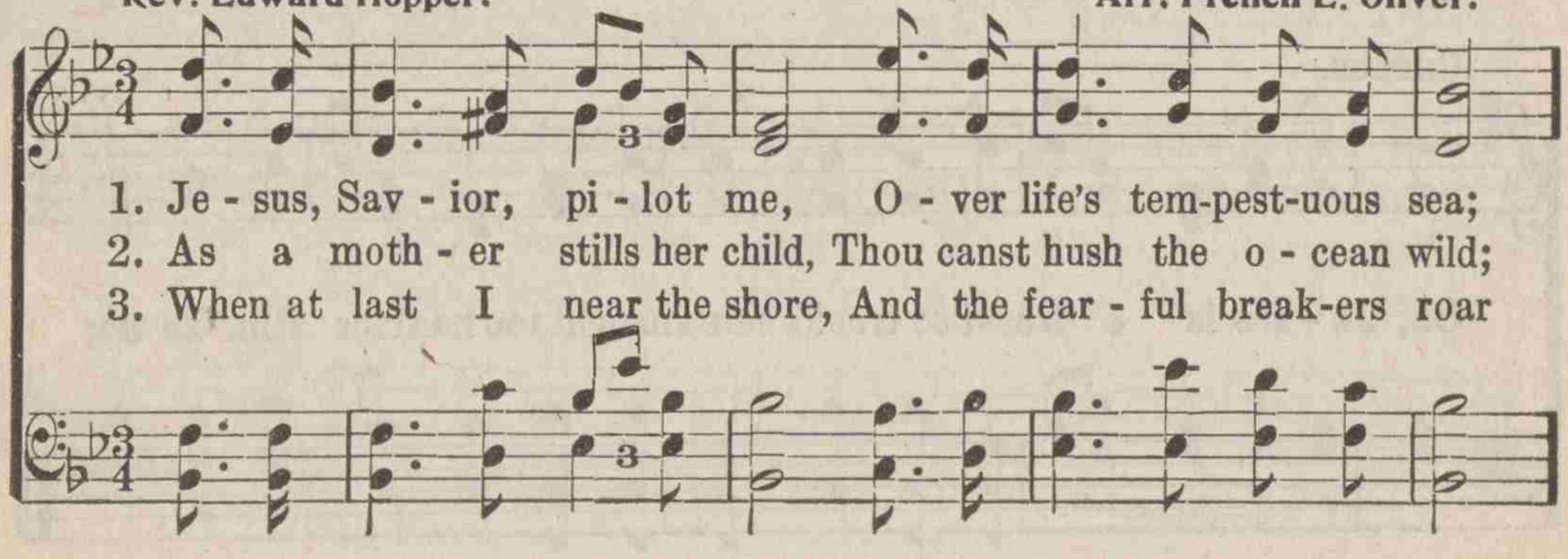
5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce Thee just, in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

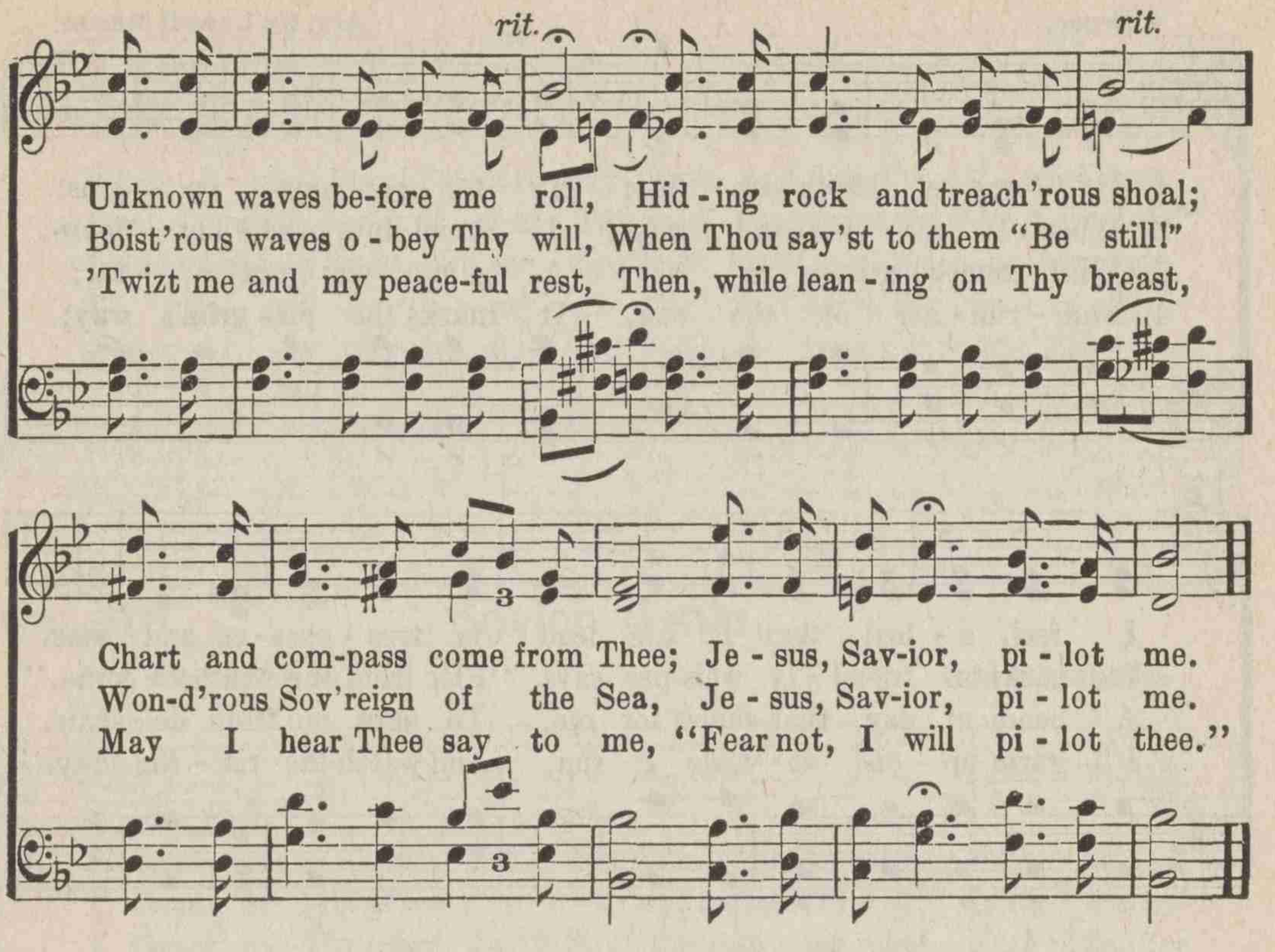
No. 173. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1908 BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.

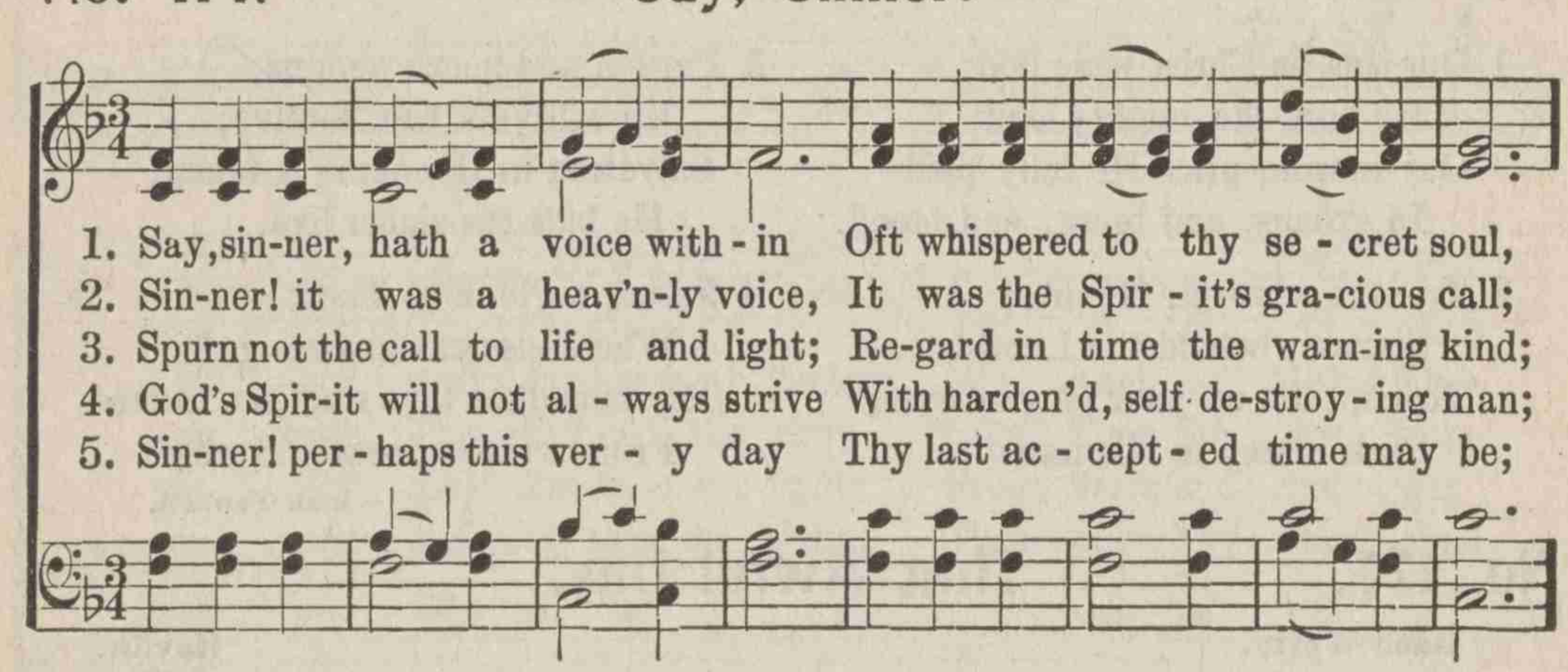
Rev. Edward Hopper. J. E. Gould. Arr. French E. Oliver.

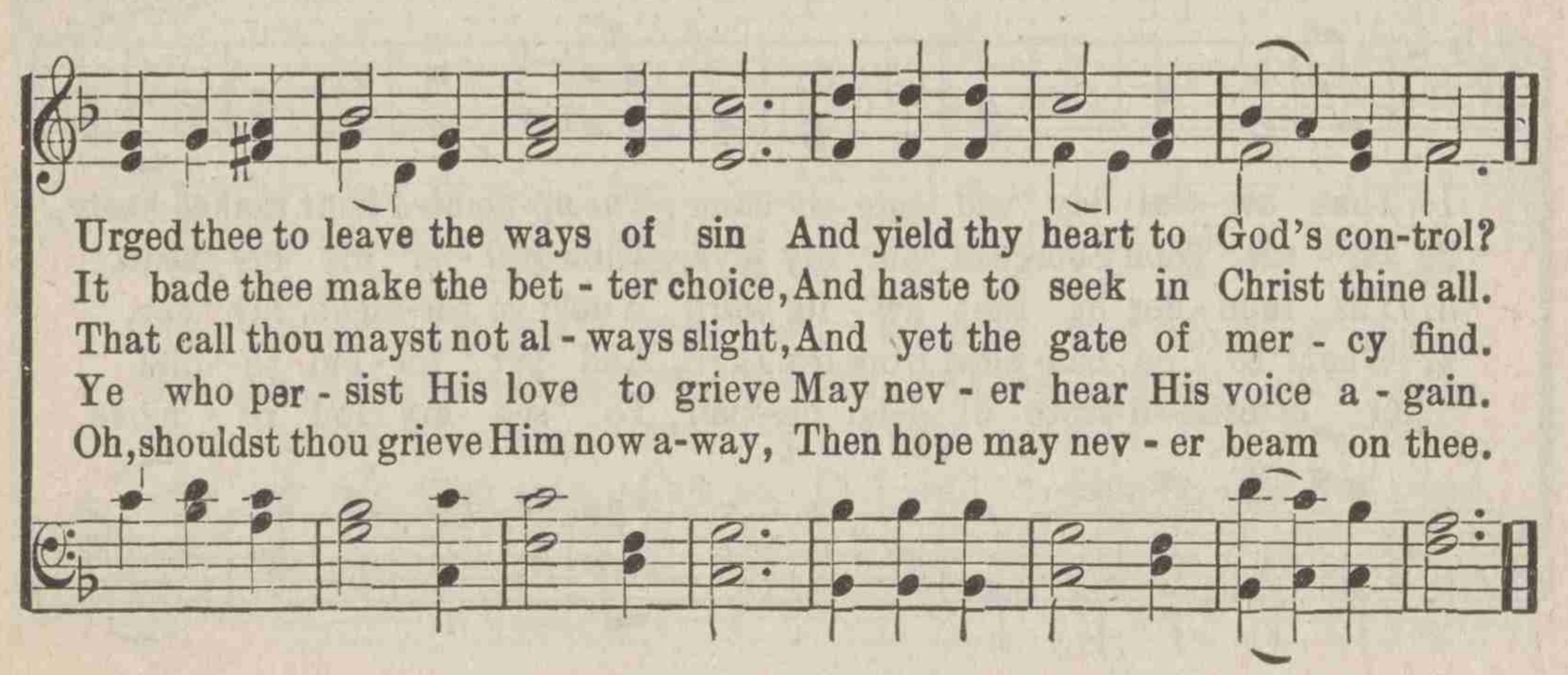


Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.



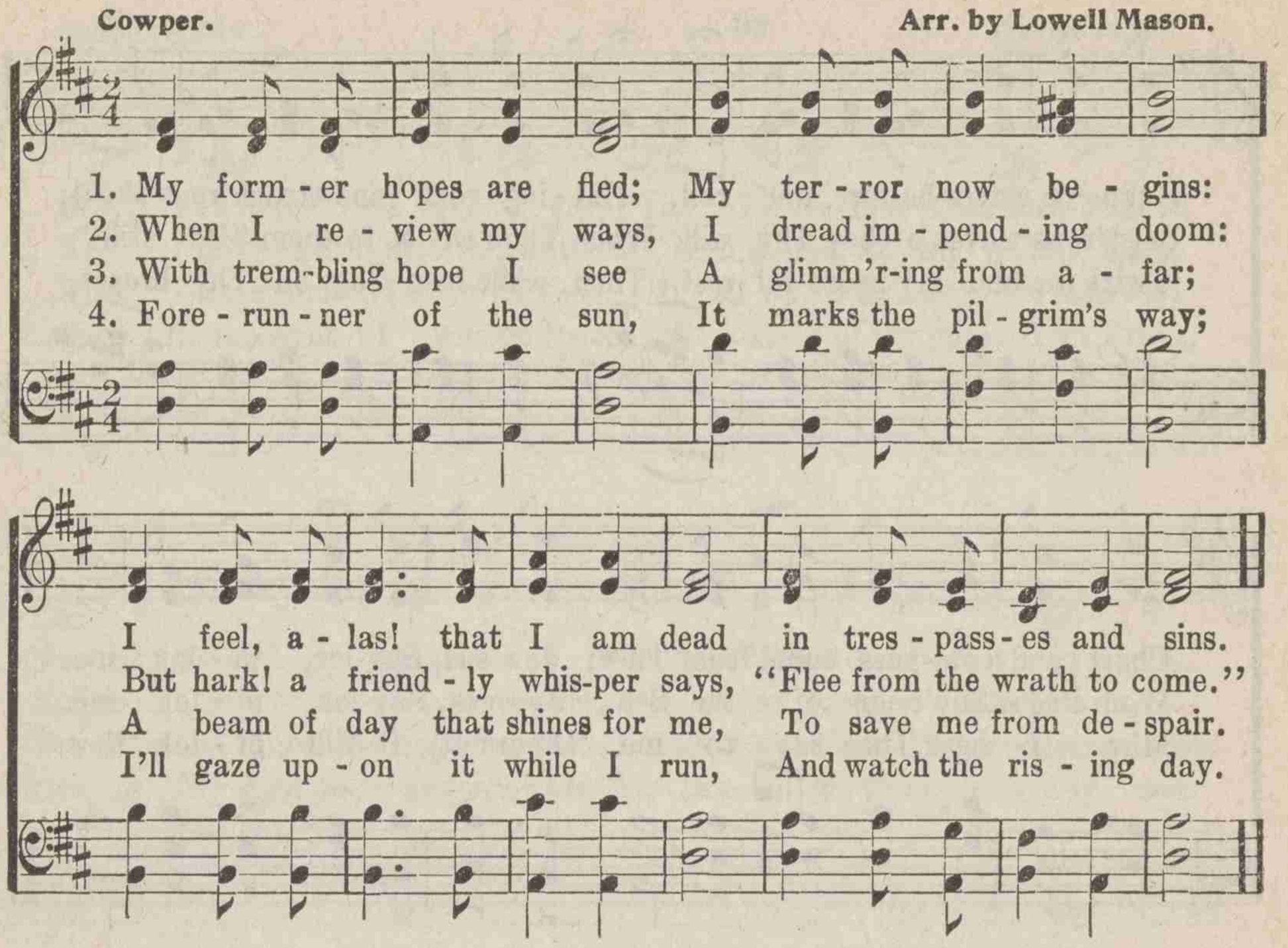
No. 174. Say, Sinner.





No. 175. My Former Hopes.

Cowper. Arr. by Lowell Mason.



No. 176. Our Sins on Christ.

1 Our sins on Christ were laid;
He bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price He fully paid
In groans, and tears, and blood.

2 To save a world, He dies;
Sinners, behold the Lamb!
To Him lift up your longing eyes;
Seek mercy in His name.

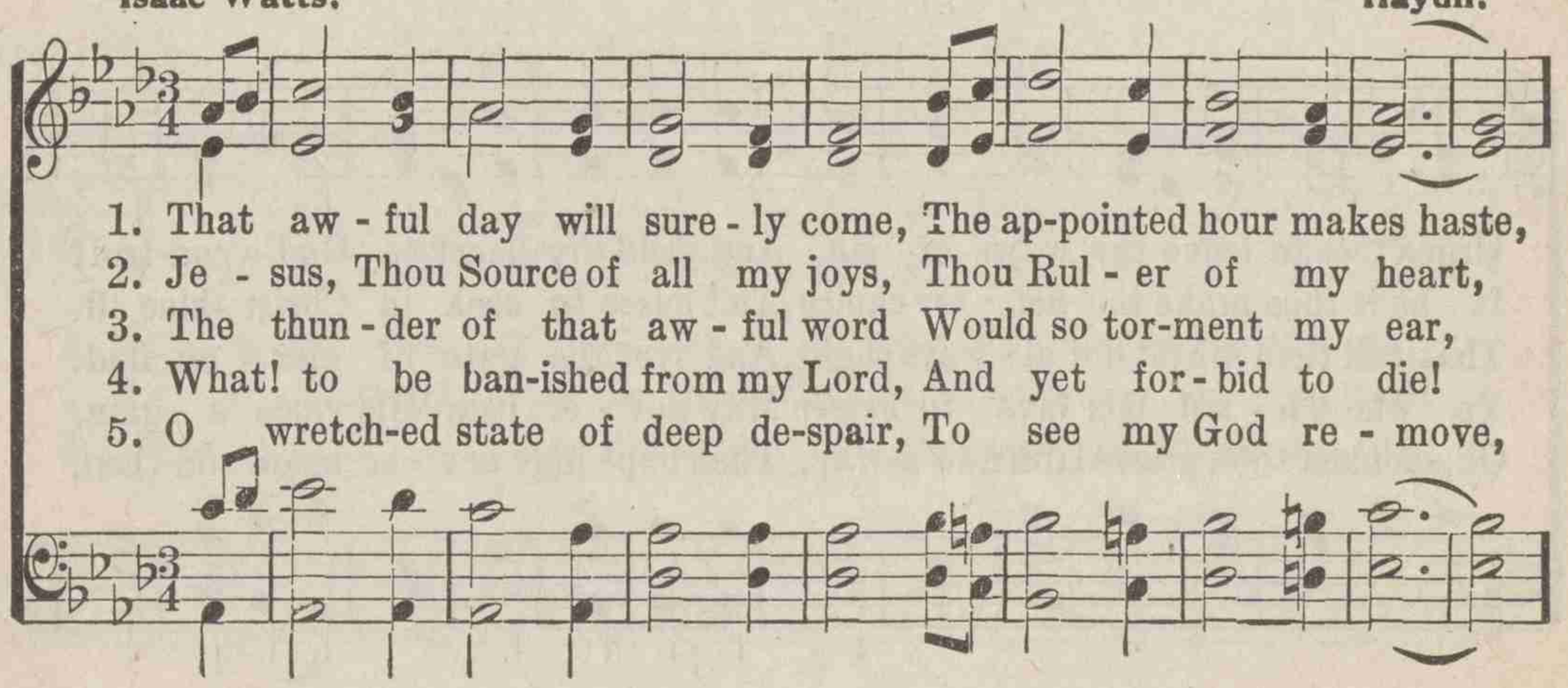
3 Pardon and peace abound;
He will your sins forgive;
Salvation in His name is found,—
He bids the sinner live.

4 Jesus, we look to Thee;
Where else can sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set us free
From wretchedness and woe.

—John Fawcett.

No. 177. That Awful Day.

Isaac Watts. Haydn.



That Awful Day.

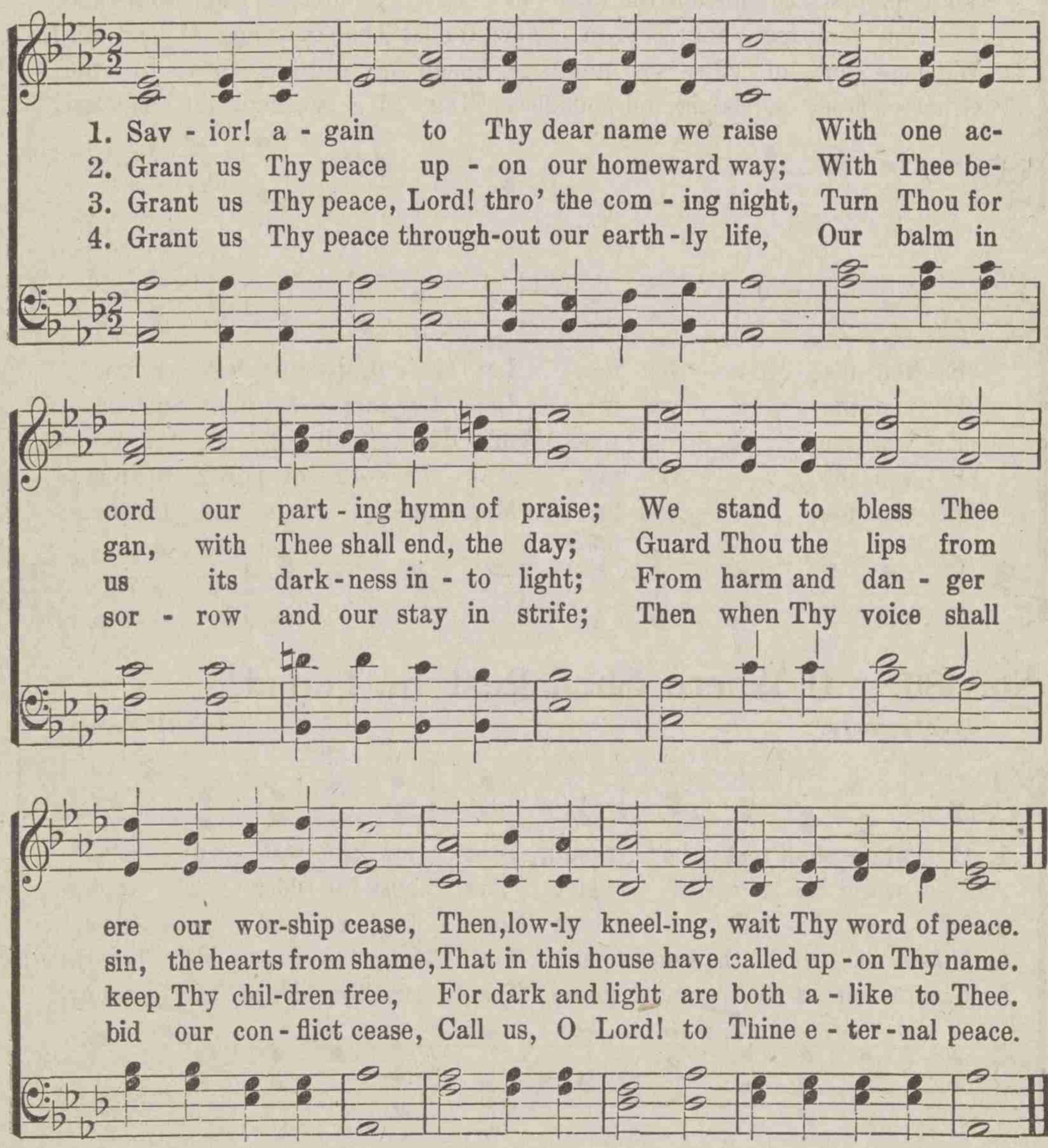


When I must stand be - fore my Judge, And pass the sol - emn test.
How could I bear to hear Thy voice Pronounce the word, "De-part!"
'Twould tear my soul a - sun - der, Lord, With most tor-ment - ing fear.
To lin - ger in e - ter - nal pain, And death for - ev - er fly.
And fix my dole - ful sta - tion where I must not taste His love.



No. 178. Savior Again.

Rev. John Ellerton. **Edward Hopkins.**



1. Sav - ior! a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac-
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be-
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord! thro' the com - ing night, Turn Thou for
4. Grant us Thy peace through-out our earth - ly life, Our balm in

cord our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee
gan, with Thee shall end, the day; Guard Thou the lips from
us its dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger
sor - row and our stay in strife; Then when Thy voice shall

ere our wor-ship cease, Then, low-ly kneel-ing, wait Thy word of peace.
sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
keep Thy chil-dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
bid our con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord! to Thine e - ter - nal peace.



No. 179. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free;
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa-ther, Sin - ful tho' my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O gra-cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee;
4. Pass me not, O might - y Spir - it, Thou canst make the blind to see;
5. Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich, so free,

Show'rs, the thirsty land re-fresh - ing; Let some drops now fall on me,
Thou mightst leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy light on me,
I am long-ing for Thy fa - vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me,
Wit-ness - er of Je - sus' mer - it, Speak the word of pow'r to me,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless, Mag - ni - fy them all in me,

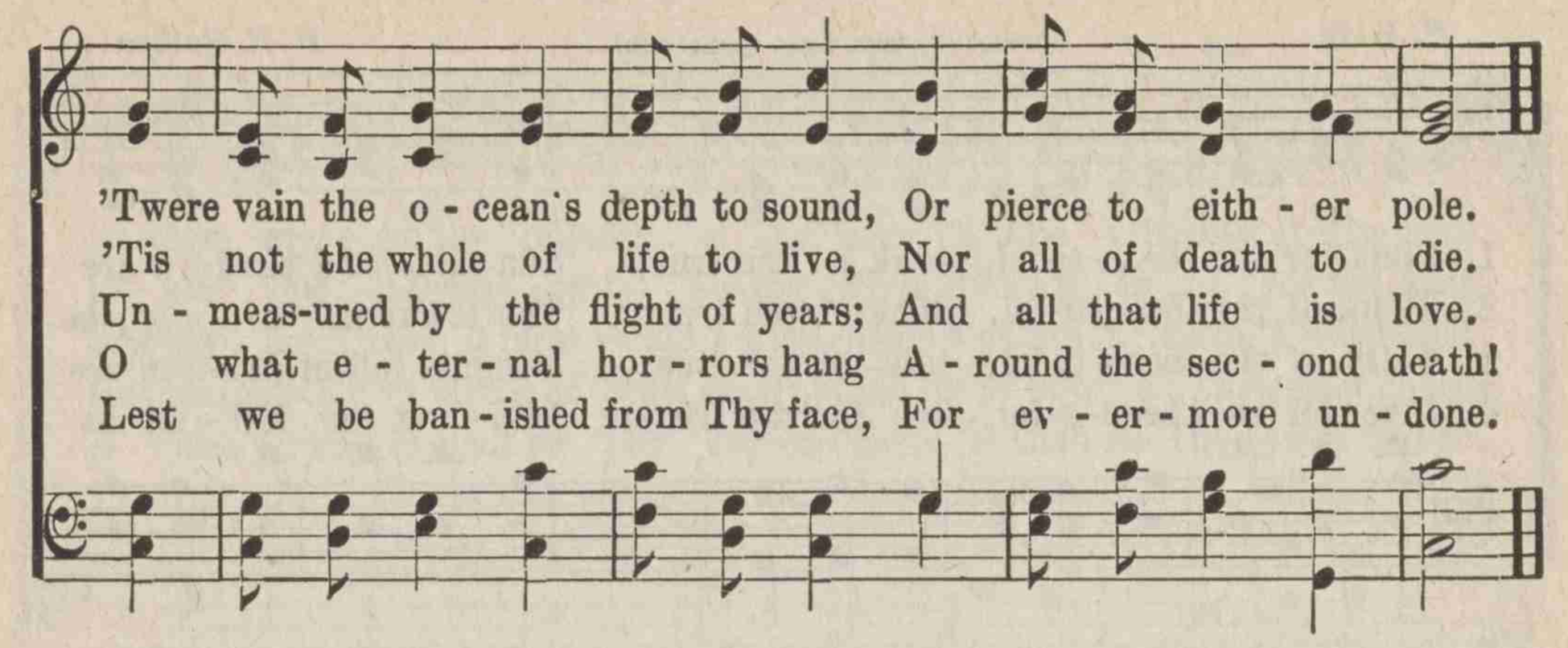
E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt call-ing, O call me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Speak the word of pow'r to me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

No. 180. O Where Shall Rest be Found?

Montgomery. Lowell Mason.

1. O where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul?
2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh;
3. Be - yond this vale of tears There is a life a - bove,
4. There is a death, whose pang Out - lasts the fleet - ing breath:
5. Thou God of truth and grace, Teach us that death to shun;

O Where Shall Rest be Found.



No. 181. More Love to Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Mrs. E. P. Prentiss. **Hutchinson. Arr. by E. O. E.**



No. 182. Look for the Beautiful.

F. E. B. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY F. E. BELDEN. F. E. Belden.

1. Look for the beau-ti-ful, look for the true; Sun-shine and shad-ow are all a-round you; Look-ing at e - vil we grope in the night, Look-ing at
2. Think of the beau-ti-ful, think of the true; Tho'ts like an av - a-lanche sweep o-ver you; Keep not the mul - ti-tude, sort them with care, Test-ing by
3. Talk of the beau-ti-ful, talk of the true; Tongues full of poi - son are whisp'ring to you; An-swer them not with a tale-bear-ing word, On - ly in
4. Live for the beau-ti-ful, live for the true, Lift - ing the fall - en as Christ lift-ed you; Search for the jew - els im-bed-ded in sin, Bring them to

Je - sus we walk in the light, Look for the beau-ti-ful, hon - or the right.
pur - i - ty, purg-ing by pray'r; Think of the beau-ti-ful, think of the fair.
bless-ing the voice should be heard; Talk of the beau-ti-ful, talk of thy Lord.
Je - sus, His blood wash-es clean; Live for the beau-ti-ful, keep love with - in.

No. 183. Take My Life and Let it Be.

Handel.

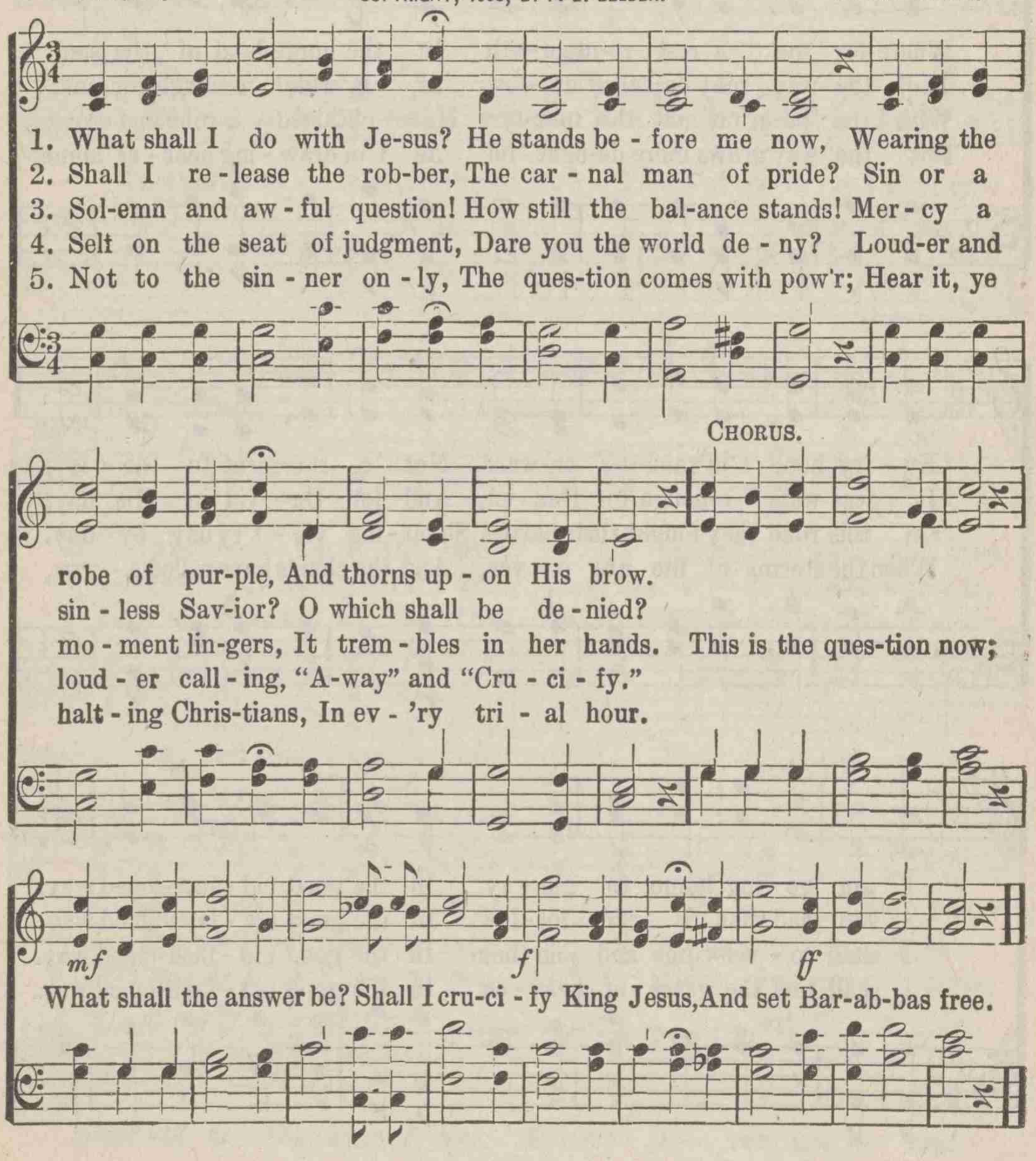
1. Take my life and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands and
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee; Take my voice and
3. Take my lips and let them be Fill'd with messages from Thee; Take my sil - ver
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in endless praise; Take my in-tel-
5. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no long-er mine; Take my heart, it
6. Take my love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its treasure store, Take myself, and

Take my Life and Let it be.



No. 184. Christ or Barabbas?

F. E. B. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY F. E. BELDEN. F. E. Belden.



No. 185. The Good Old-Fashioned Way.

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Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. E. O. Excell.

1. I am on the Gos-pel high-way, Press-ing for-ward to the goal,
2. From the snares of sin - ful pleas-ure, Here my feet are al - ways free;
3. Ma - ny friends have gone be - fore me, They have laid their ar-mour down,
4. Just a few more steps to fol - low, Just a few more days to roam;

Where for me a rest re-main - eth In the home-land of the soul:
Tho' the way may be called nar-row, It is wide e-nough for me;
With the pil-grims and the mar-tyrs Have obtained a robe and crown;
But the way grows more de-light - ful As I'm draw - ing near - er home;

Ev - 'ry hour I'm mov-ing on-ward, Not a mo-ment to de - lay;
It was wide e-nough for Dan - iel, And for Da - vid in His day;
On this road they fought their battles, Shout - ing vic - t'ry day by day.
When the storms of life are o - ver, And the clouds have rolled a - way,

I am go - ing home to glo - ry In the good old - fash-ioned way.
I am glad that I can fol - low In the good old - fash-ioned way.
I shall o - ver-come and join them In the good old - fash-ioned way.
I shall find the gates of heav - en In the good old - fash-ioned way.

The Good Old Fashioned Way.

CHORUS.

In the good old - fash-ioned way, In the good old - fash-ioned way,

D. C.

I am go - ing home to glo - ry In the good old - fash-ioned way.

CODA.

Then palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic-to - ry I shall wear.

No 186. I Am Trusting Lord in Thee.

Wm. McDonald. BY PERMISSION. W. G. Fischer.

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

CHO.- *I am trust - ing, Lord in Thee; Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;*

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

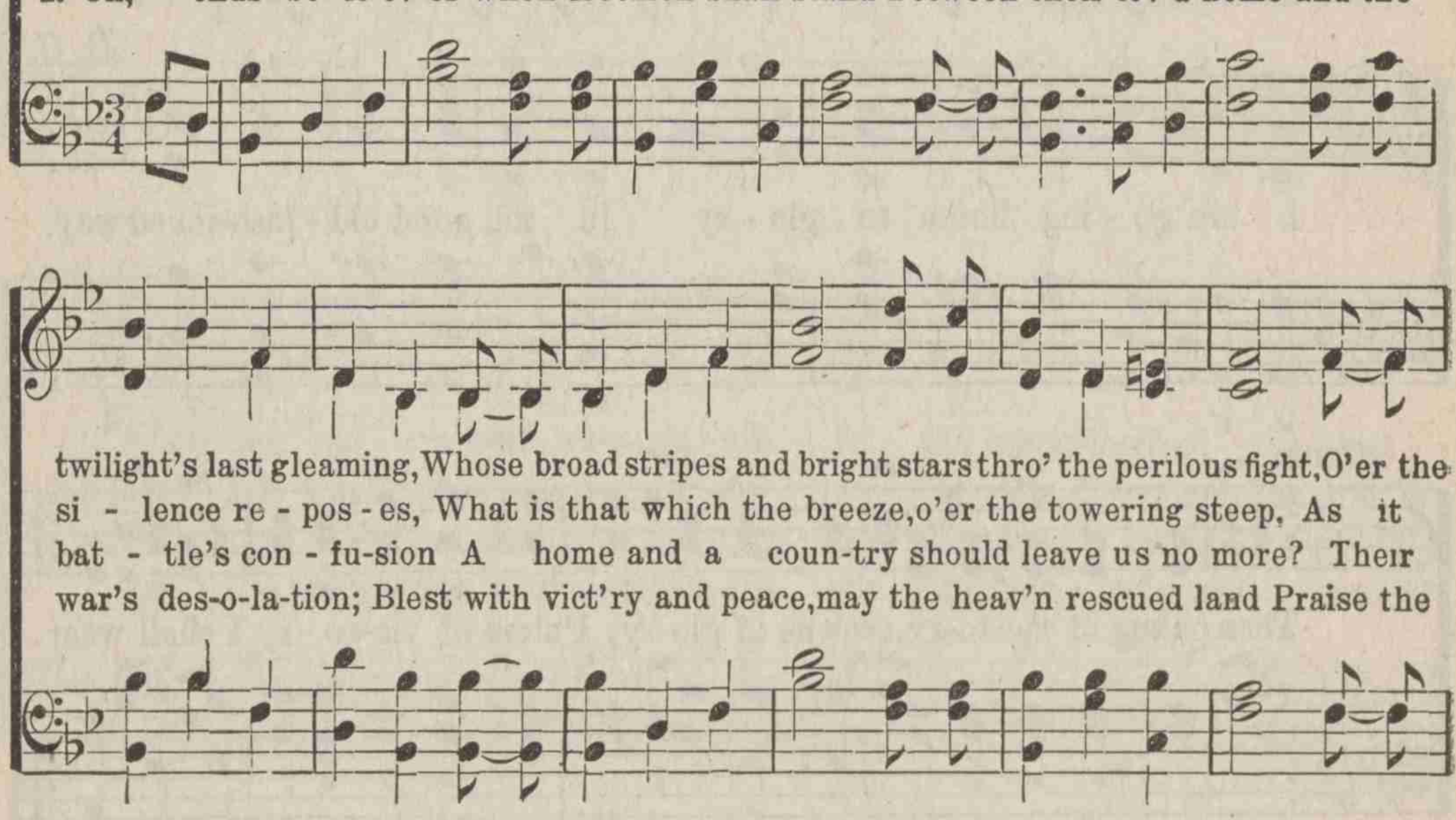
Humb - ly at Thy cross I bow, Save me Je - sus, save me now.

No. 187. The Star-Spangled Banner.

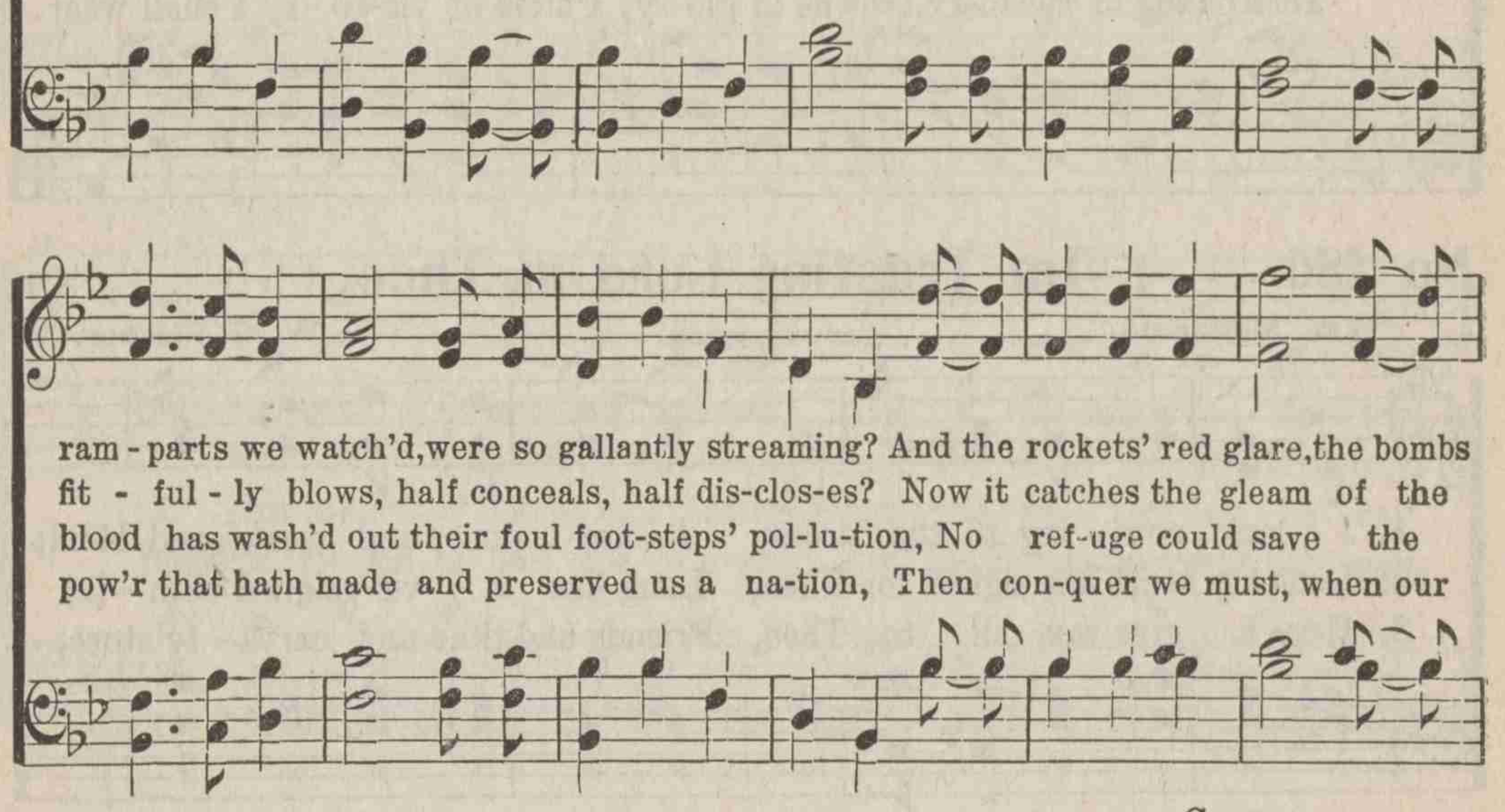
Solo or Quartet. **Francis Scott Key.**



1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hail'd at the
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore, That the hav-oc of war and the
4. Oh, thus be it ev-er when freemen shall stand Between their lov'd home and the



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

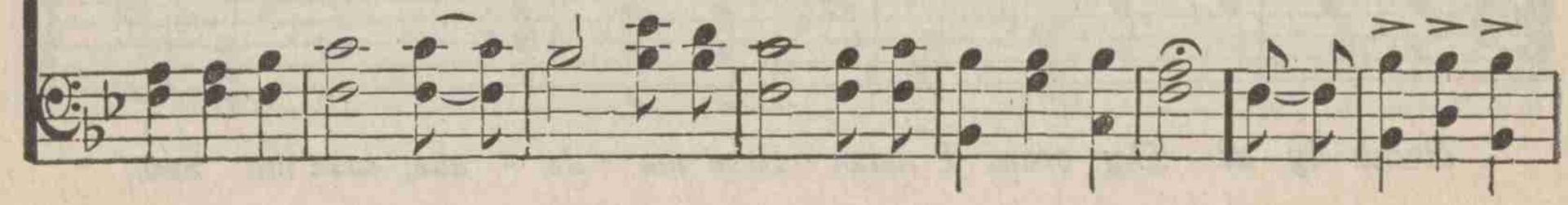


ram - parts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catches the gleam of the
blood has wash'd out their foul foot-steps' pol-lu-tion, No ref-uge could save the
pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na-tion, Then con-quer we must, when our

CHORUS.



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



The Star-Spangled Banner.



star-spangled ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
ban - ner; oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
ban - ner in triumph doth wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
ban - ner in triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?



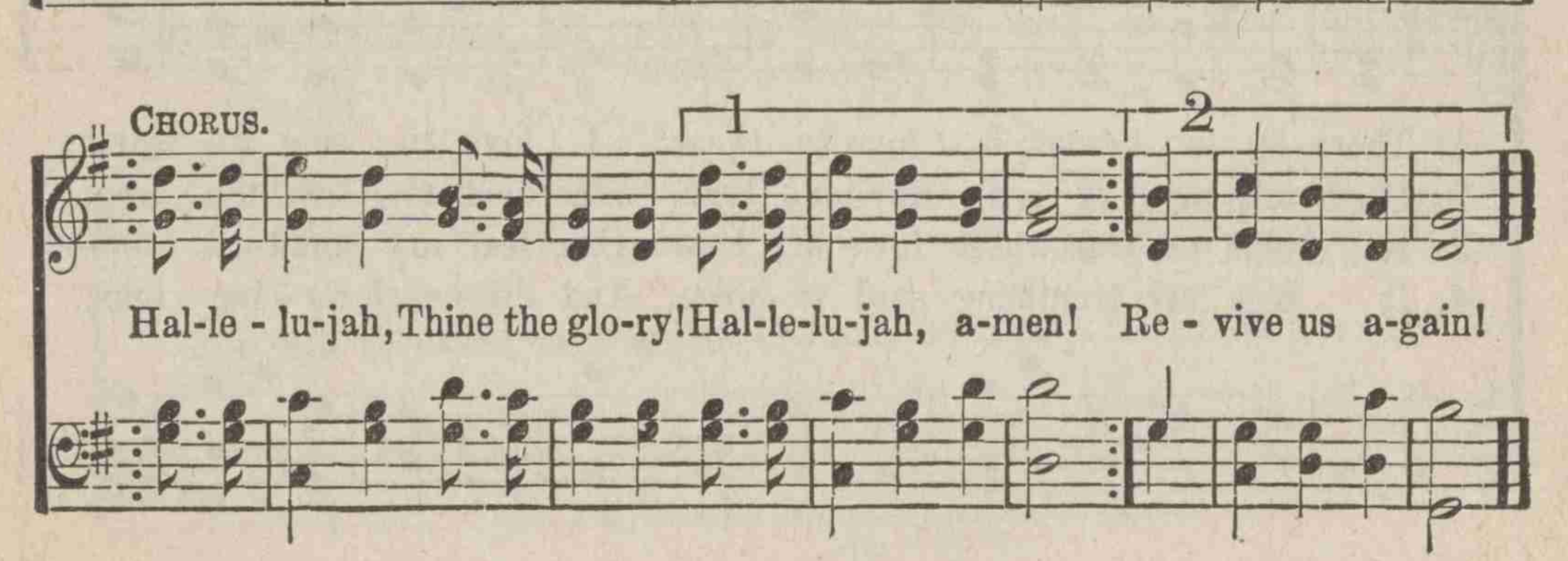
No. 188. We Praise Thee, O God.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.



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

For Je - sus who died and is now gone a - bove!
Who has shown us our Sav - iour and scat - tered our night!
Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain!
May each soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove!



CHORUS.

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

No. 189. He Loves Me.

Rev. Isaac Watts. Arr.

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

FINE.

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
When Christ, the mighty Mak - er, died, For man, the creature'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 loved me so.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

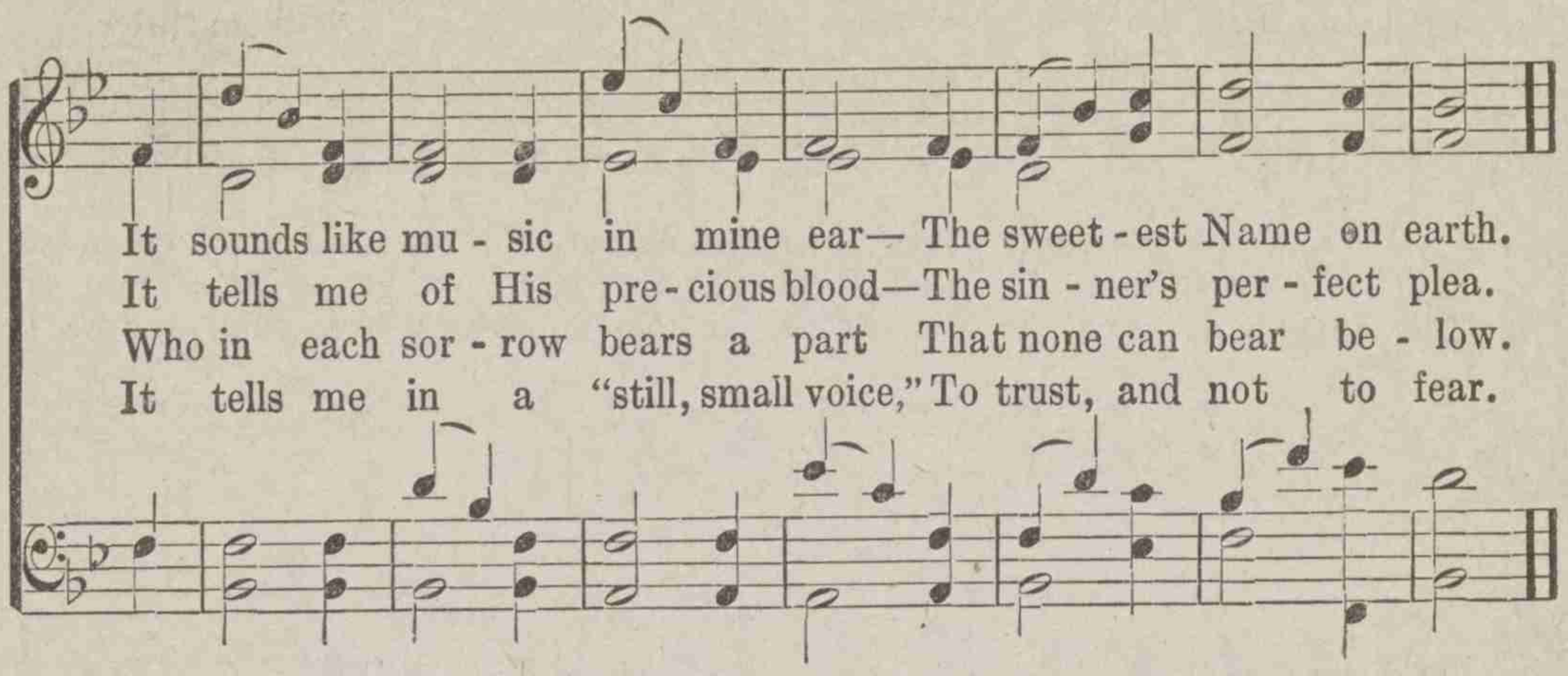
He loves me, He loves me, He loves me, this I know;
I know;

No. 190. There is a Name I Love.

F. Whitefield. H. W. Greatorex.

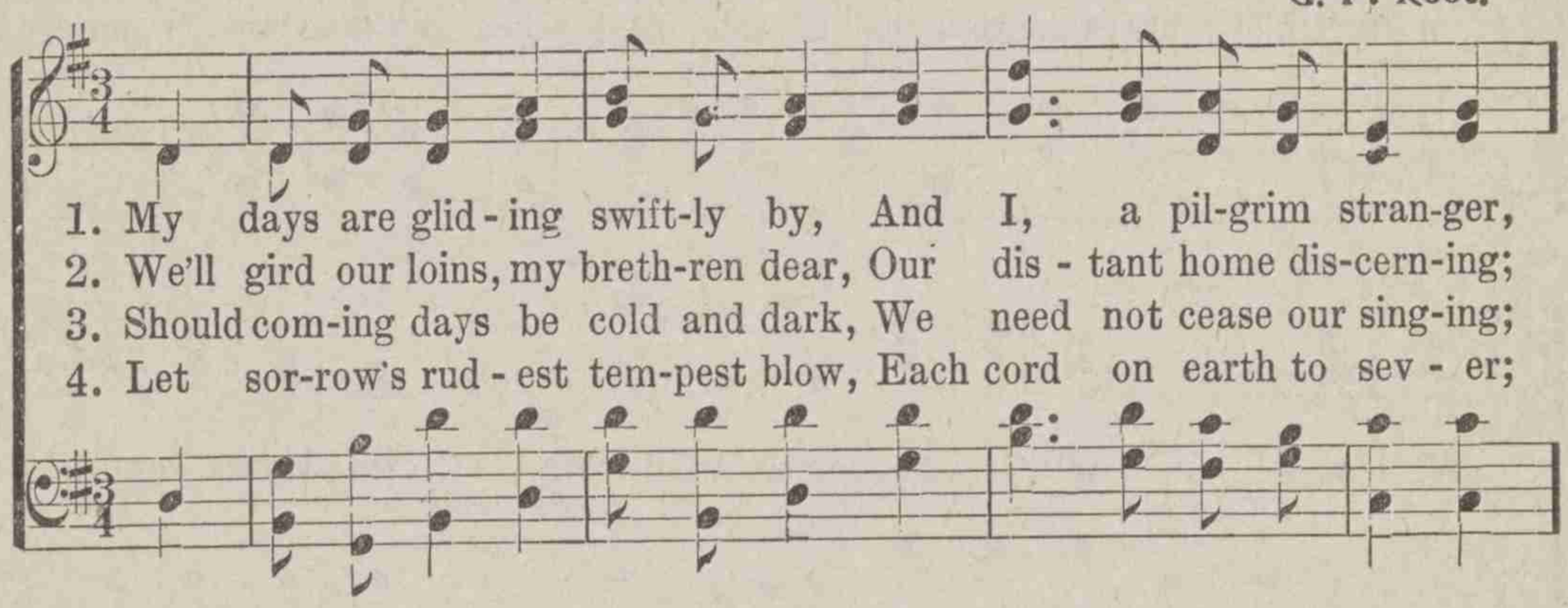
1. There is a name I love to hear; I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love Who died to set me free;
3. It tells of One whose lov - ing heart Can feel my small-est woe—
4. It bids my trembling soul re - joice, And dries each ris - ing tear;

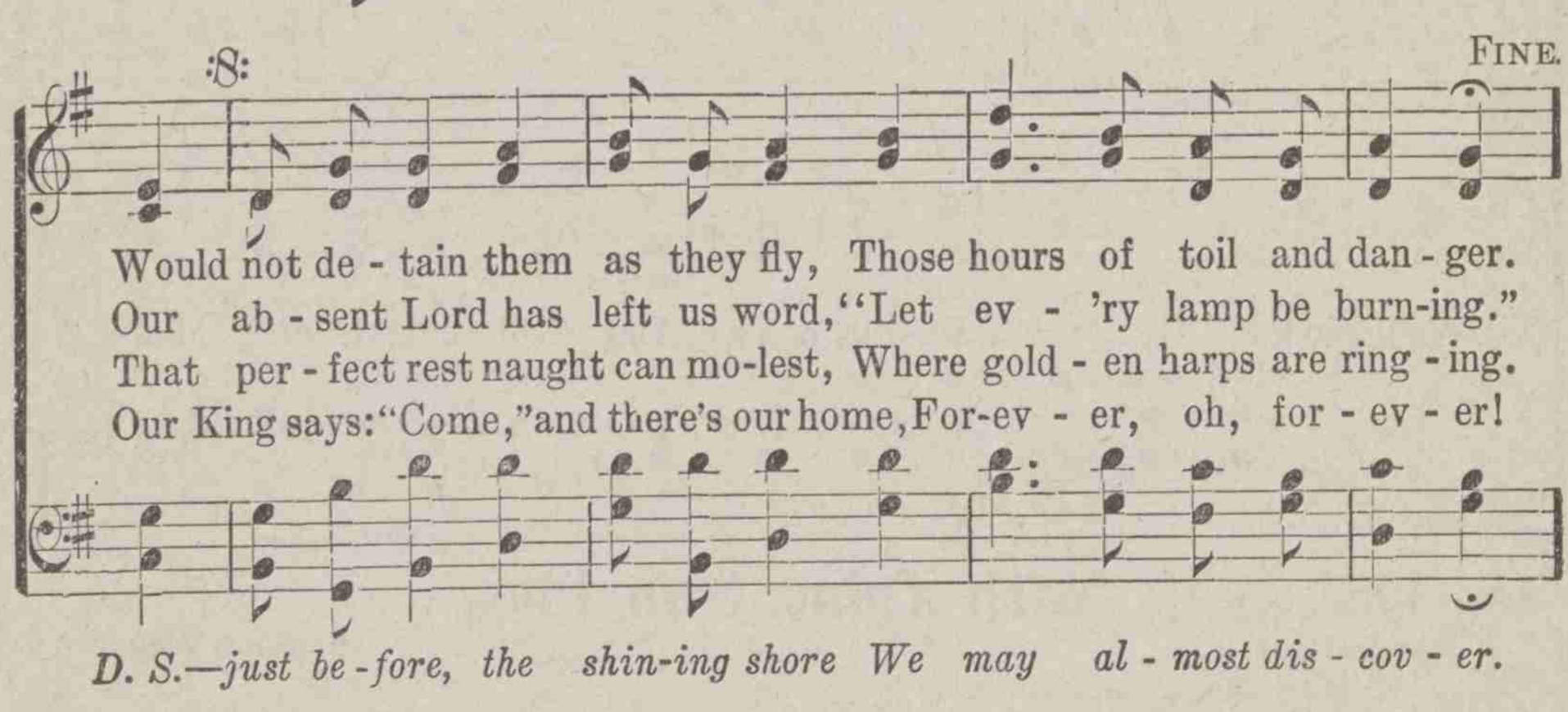
There is a Name I Love.



No. 191. The Shining Shore.

G. F. Root.







No. 192, We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Mills. William Miller.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo-ment come
2. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
3. I sought at once my Sav - ior's side, No more my steps shall roam;

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at 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 work We'll work
We'll work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath-ered home!
We'll work

No. 193. With Thine Own Pity.

Ray Palmer. Samuel Weber.

1. With Thine own pit - y, Sav-ior, see The throng'd and dark'ning way!
2. Thou bidst us go, with Thee to stand A-gainst hell's marshalled pow'rs;
3. Teach Thou our lips of Thee to speak, Of Thy sweet love to tell;
4. O'er all the world Thy Spir - it send, And make Thy good-ness known,

With Thine Own Pity.

We go to win the lost to Thee, Oh, help us, Lord, we pray!
And heart to heart, and hand to hand, To make Thine hon - or ours.
Till they who wan - der far shall seek And find and serve Thee well.
Till earth and heav'n to - geth - er blend Their prais - es at Thy throne.

No. 194. Living With Jesus.

James Rowe, T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER. Thoro Harris.

1. Once my life was sad and lone - ly, Drear my path from day to day;
2. O how drear was all a-round me! Naught but darkness reign'd within;
3. Foes can nev - er-more a-larm me, Nev - er need I doubt or fear;
4. Soul a-stray in sin and sad - ness, Yield your heart to Christ to-day,

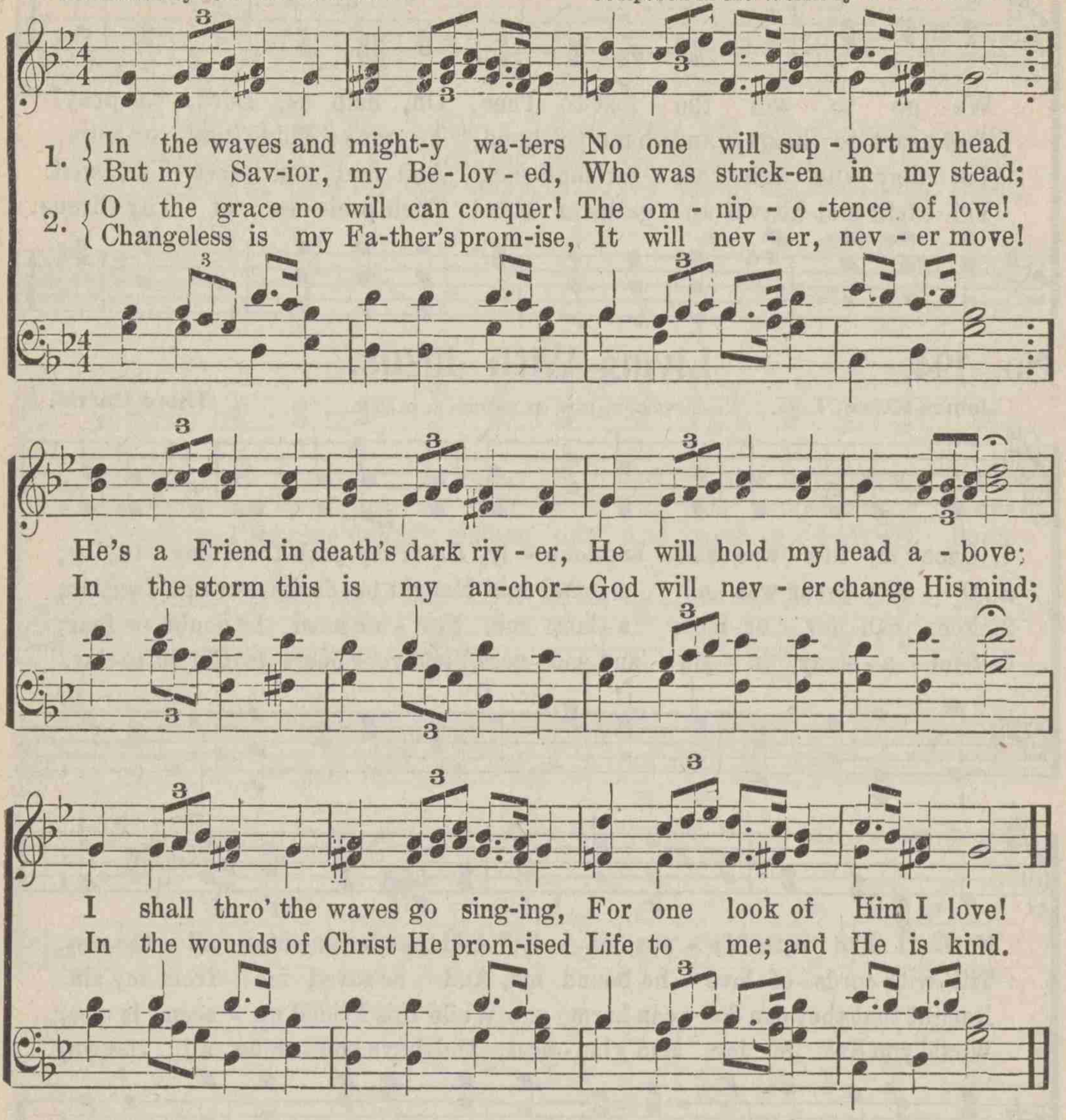
Now I live with "Je - sus on - ly," And there's sun-shine all the way.
Till with cords of love he bound me, And he saved me from my sin.
Naught that they can do can harm me While this Friend un - seen is near.
Would you live in joy and glad - ness, And have sun - shine all the way.

REFRAIN.

I am liv - ing now with Je - sus, I have giv'n him full con-trol;
This is why my path is sun - ny, Why there's gladness in my soul.

No. 195. In the Waves.

Translated by **Rev. Elvet Lewis.** Composed in the Welsh by **D. Williams.**



1. In the waves and might-y wa-ters No one will sup - port my head
   But my Sav-ior, my Be - lov - ed, Who was strick-en in my stead;
2. O the grace no will can conquer! The om - nip - o -tence of love!
   Changeless is my Fa-ther's prom-ise, It will nev - er, nev - er move!

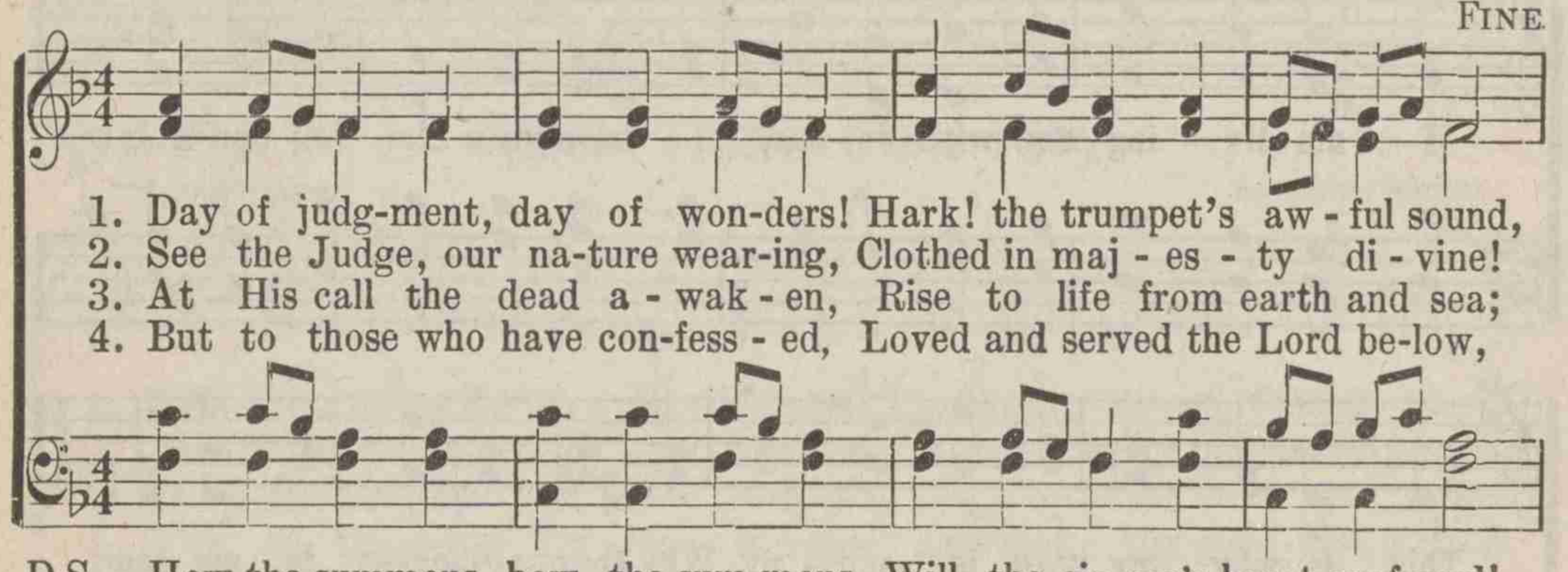
He's a Friend in death's dark riv - er, He will hold my head a - bove;
In the storm this is my an-chor—God will nev - er change His mind;

I shall thro' the waves go sing-ing, For one look of Him I love!
In the wounds of Christ He prom-ised Life to me; and He is kind.

No. 196. Day of Judgment.

John Newton. **Jean Jacques Rousseau.**

FINE.



1. Day of judg-ment, day of won-ders! Hark! the trumpet's aw - ful sound,
2. See the Judge, our na-ture wear-ing, Clothed in maj - es - ty di - vine!
3. At His call the dead a - wak - en, Rise to life from earth and sea;
4. But to those who have con-fess - ed, Loved and served the Lord be-low,

D.S.—How the summons, how the sum-mons Will the sin-ner's heart confound!
D.S.—Glo-rious Sav-ior, glo-rious Sav - ior, Own me in that day for Thine!
D.S.—Care-less sin - ner, care-less sin - ner, What will then be - come of Thee?
D,S.—You for - ev - er, you for - ev - er Shall my love and glo - ry know.

Day of Judgment.

D. C.

Loud - er than a throusand thun-ders, Shake the vast cre - a - tion round:
You who long for His ap - pear-ing, Then shall say, "This God is mine:"
All the pow'rs of na - ture shak - en By His voice, pre-pare to flee:
He will say, "Come near, ye bless - ed, See the king-dom I be - stow:

No. 197 It is Better Farther On.

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Negro Camp-Meeting Song. Arr. French E. Oliver.

1. Dark and storm-y is the des - ert, Thro' which pil-grims make their way;
2. Hark! a voice from E - den stealing, Soft - ly in an un - der - tone;
3. Night and morn it sings the same song, Sings it while I sleep or wake,
4. When I reach the vale of Jor-don, When the bil-lows round me roll,

Just be-yond this vale of sor - row Lie the fields of end - less day.
Hark, I hear the gen - tle whis-per: "It is bet - ter farth - er on."
Sings it so my soul can hear it: "It is bet - ter farth - er on."
I will hear my Je - sus say - ing: "It is bet - ter farth - er on."

CHORUS.

Farth - er on, but how much farth-er? Count the mile-stones, one by one;
Je - sus will for - sake us nev - er! It is bet - ter farth - er on!

No. 198. Lead, Kindly Light.

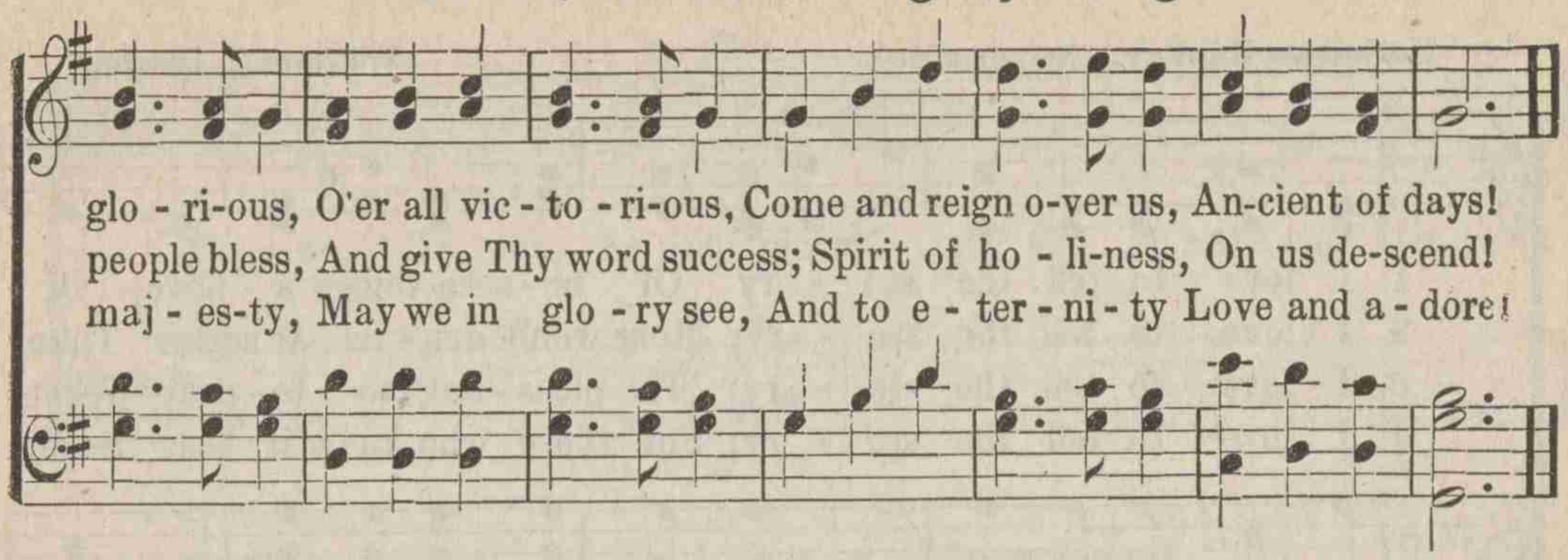
J. H. Newman. J. B. Dykes.



No. 199. Come, Thou Almighty King.

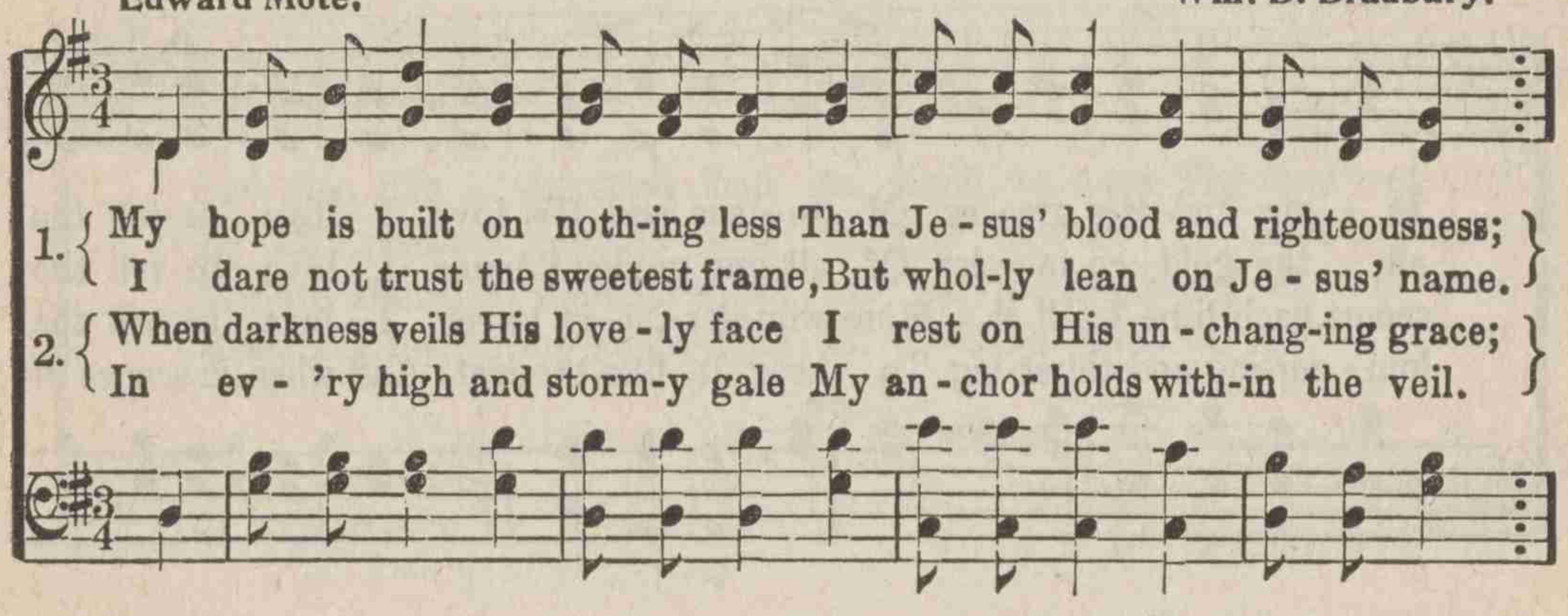
Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.

Come, Thou Almighty King.

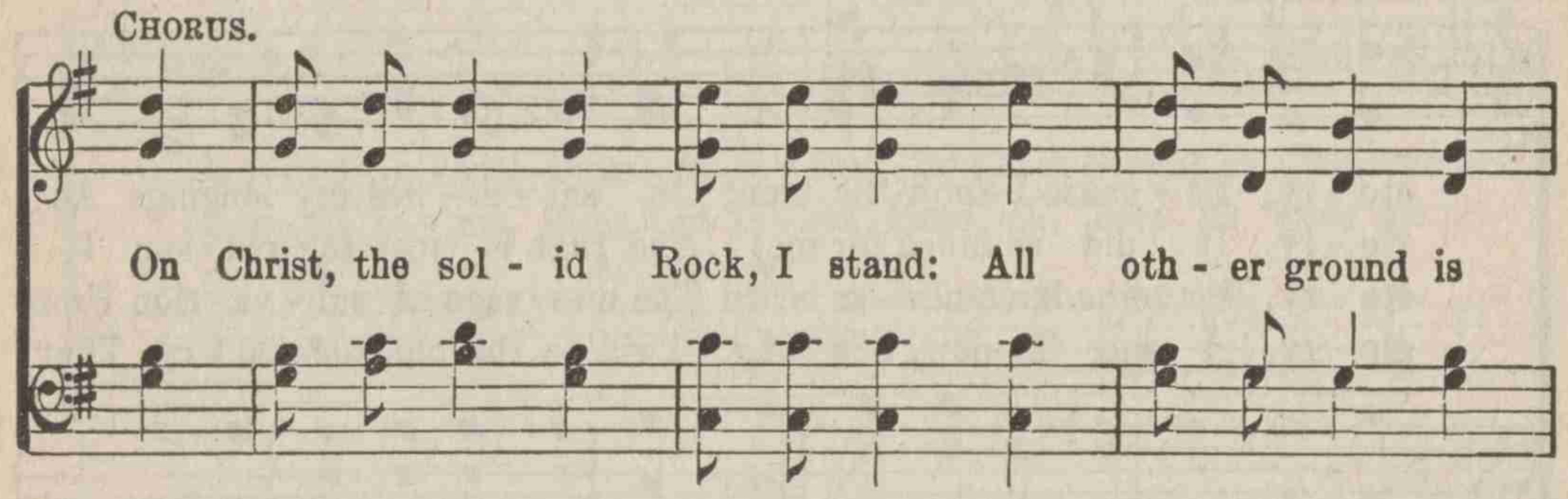


No. 200. The Solid Rock.

Edward Mote. Wm. B. Bradbury.



CHORUS.



3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
O may I then in Him be found,
Dressed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne!

No. 201. I Love to Tell the Story.

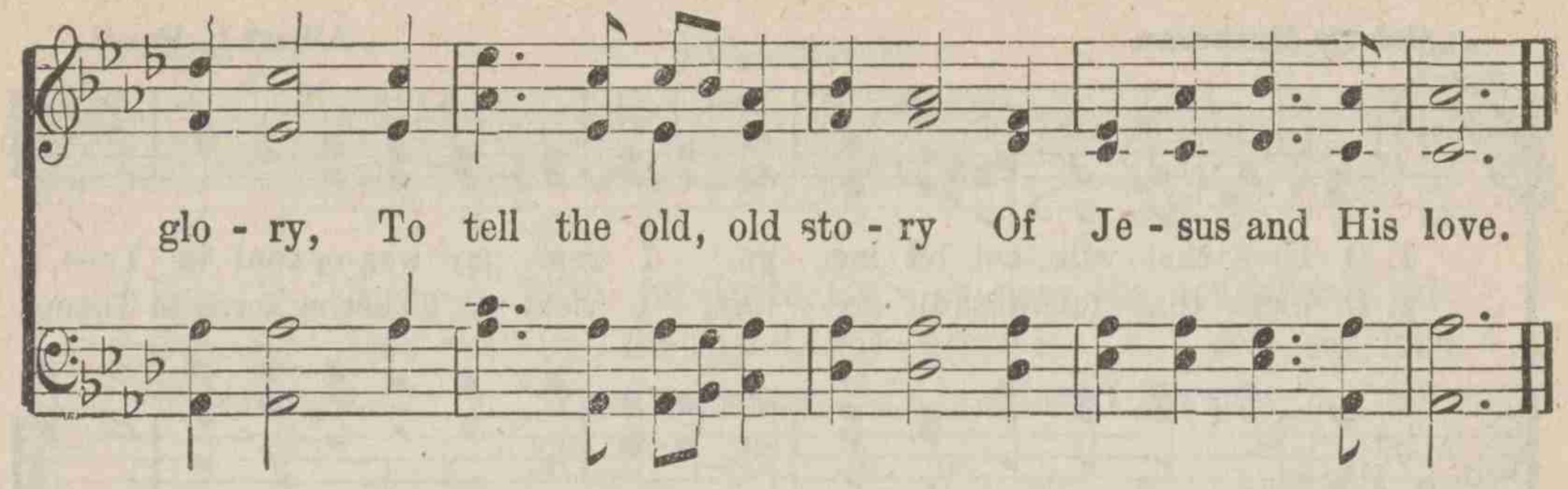
Katharine Hankey. **Refrain added.** **William G. Fischer.**

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my longings As noth-ing else would do.
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan-cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it, More won-der-ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger-ing and thirst-ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.

CHORUS.

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

I Love to Tell the Story.



No. 202, Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. William B. Bradbury.



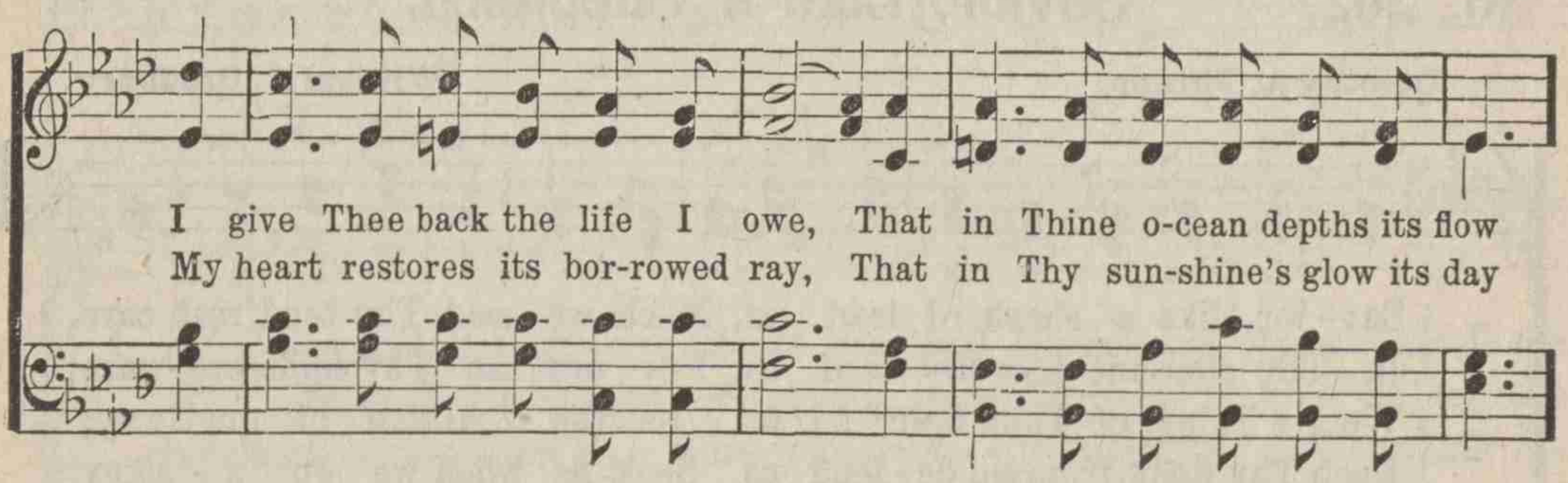
3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us;
Grace to cleanse and power to free;
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill;
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 203. O Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. Albert L. Peace.





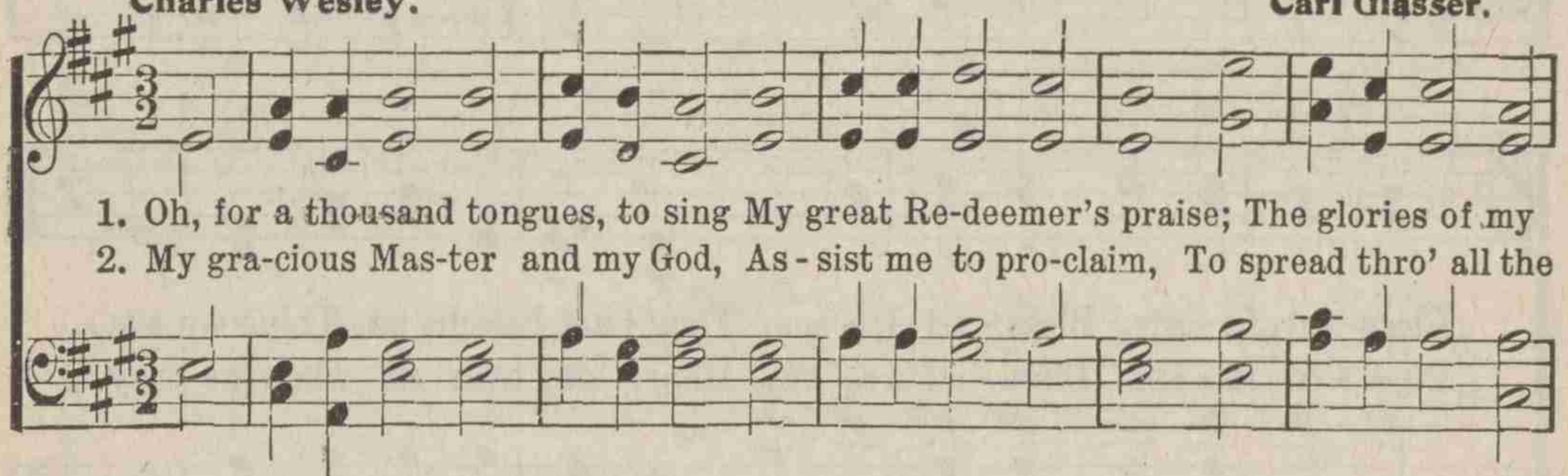


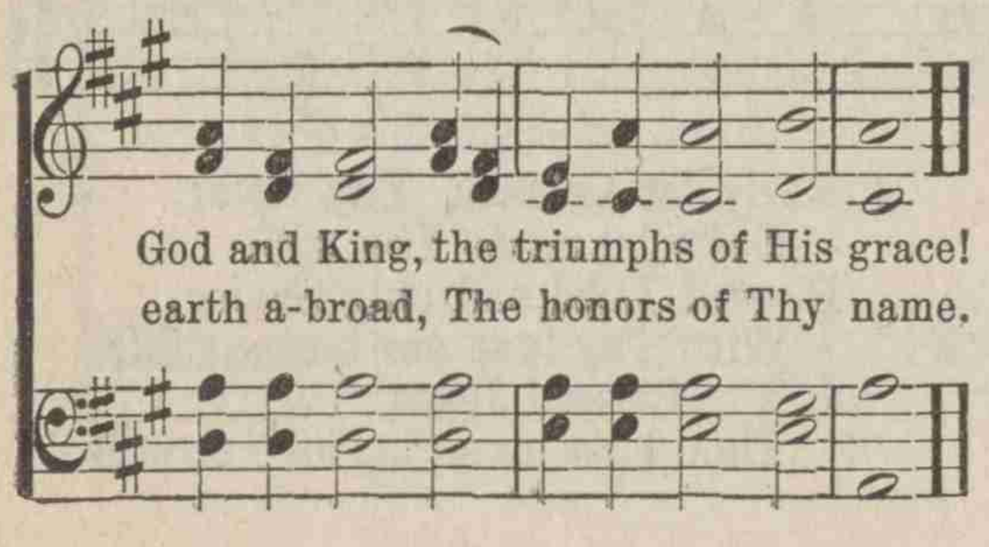
3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to hide from Thee:
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

No. 204. Oh, For a Thousand Tongues.

Charles Wesley. Carl Glasser.





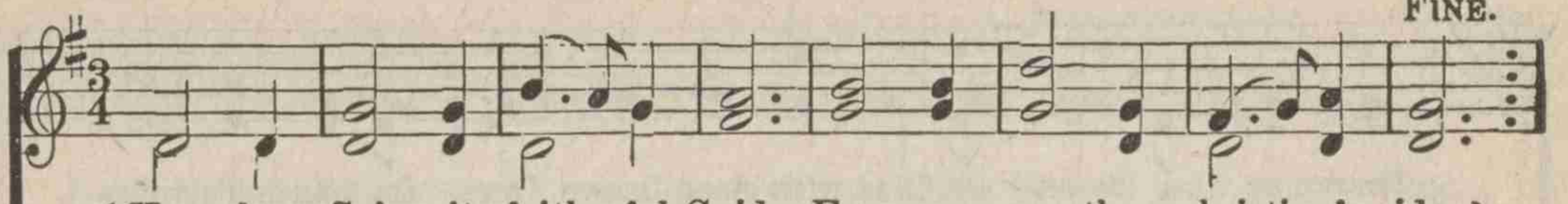
3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease:
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

No. 205. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

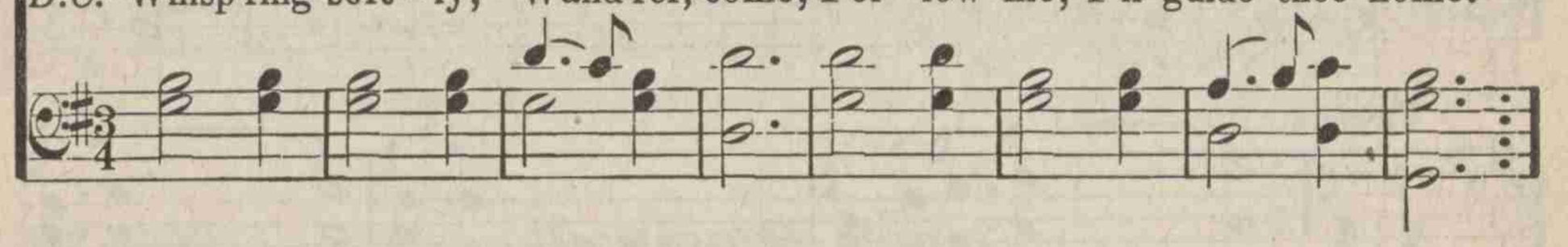
M. M. W. HOLY SPIRIT. M. M. Wells.

FINE.

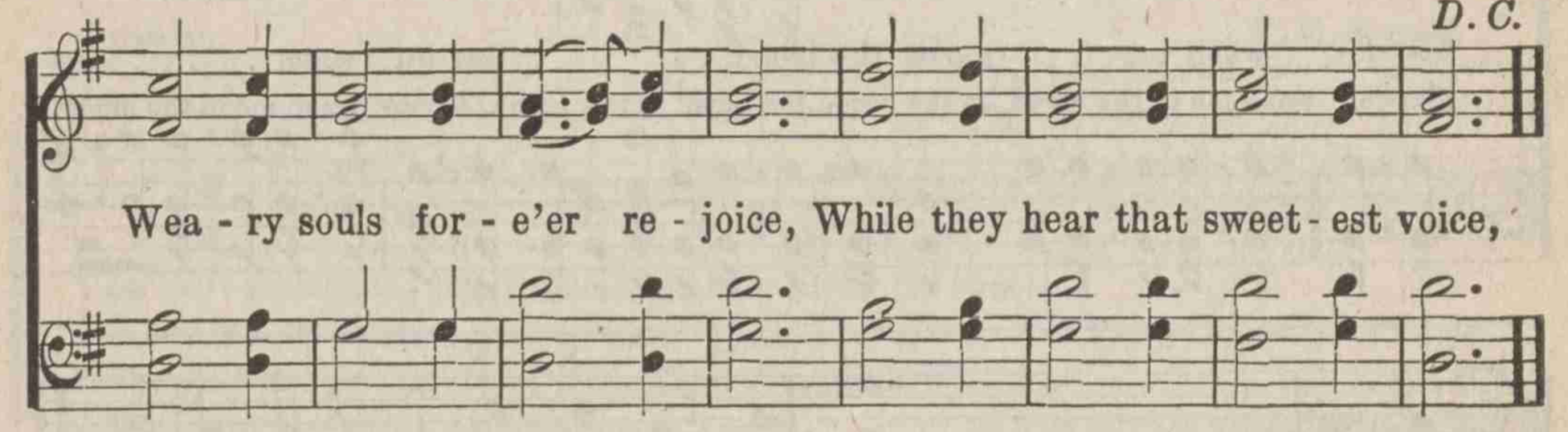


1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the christian's side, }
   { Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - est land. }

D.C.–Whisp'ring soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come, Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."



D. C.



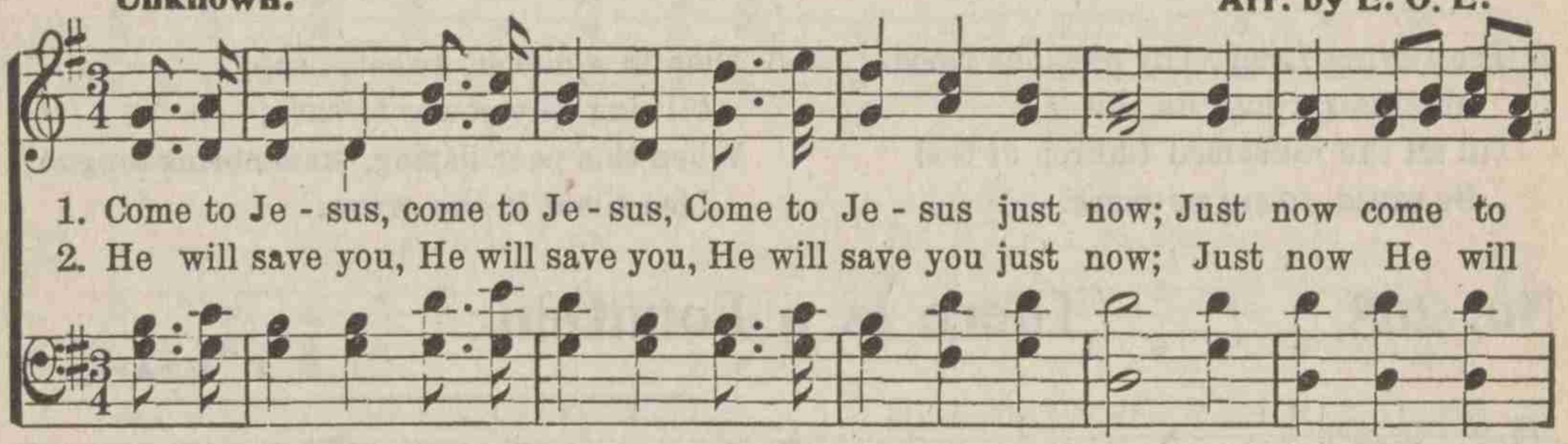
Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,

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,
Wondering if 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. 206. Come to Jesus.

Unknown. Arr. by E. O. E.



1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now; Just now come to
2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now; Just now He will



Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.
save you, He will save you just now.

3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 Call upon Him.
6 He will hear you.
7 He'll forgive you.
8 He will cleanse you.
9 Jesus loves you.
10 Only trust Him.

No. 207 Savior, Wash Me in the Blood.

William Cowper. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.



2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

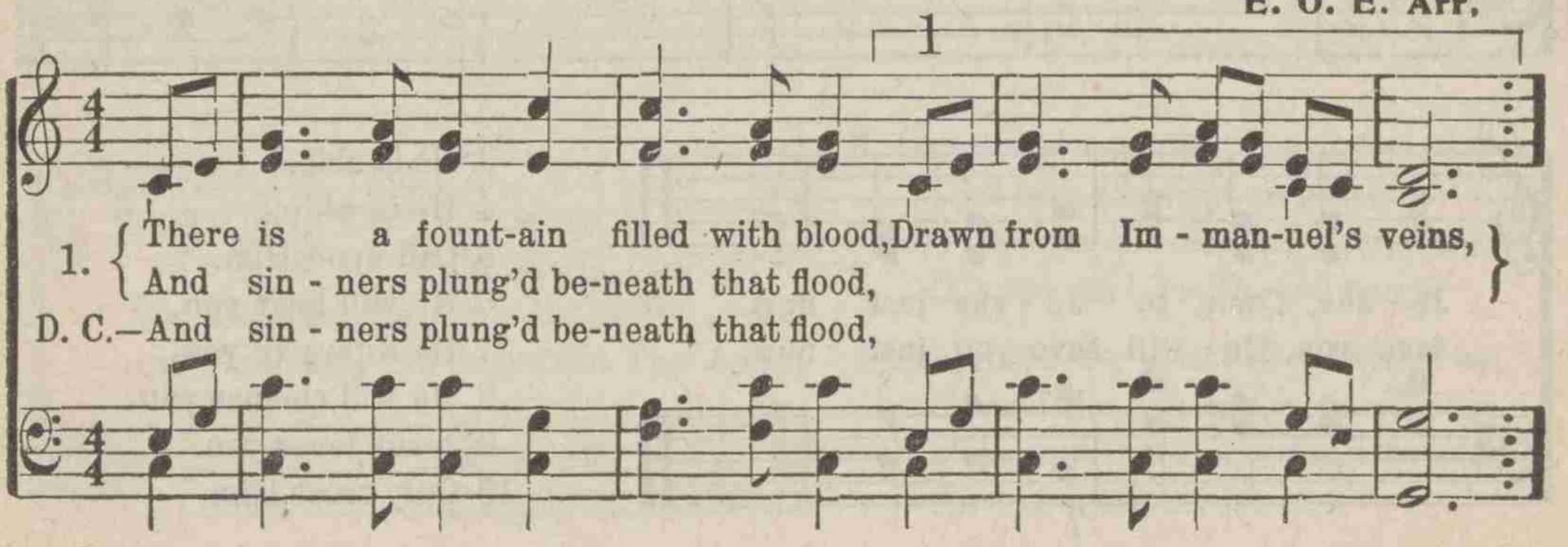
3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

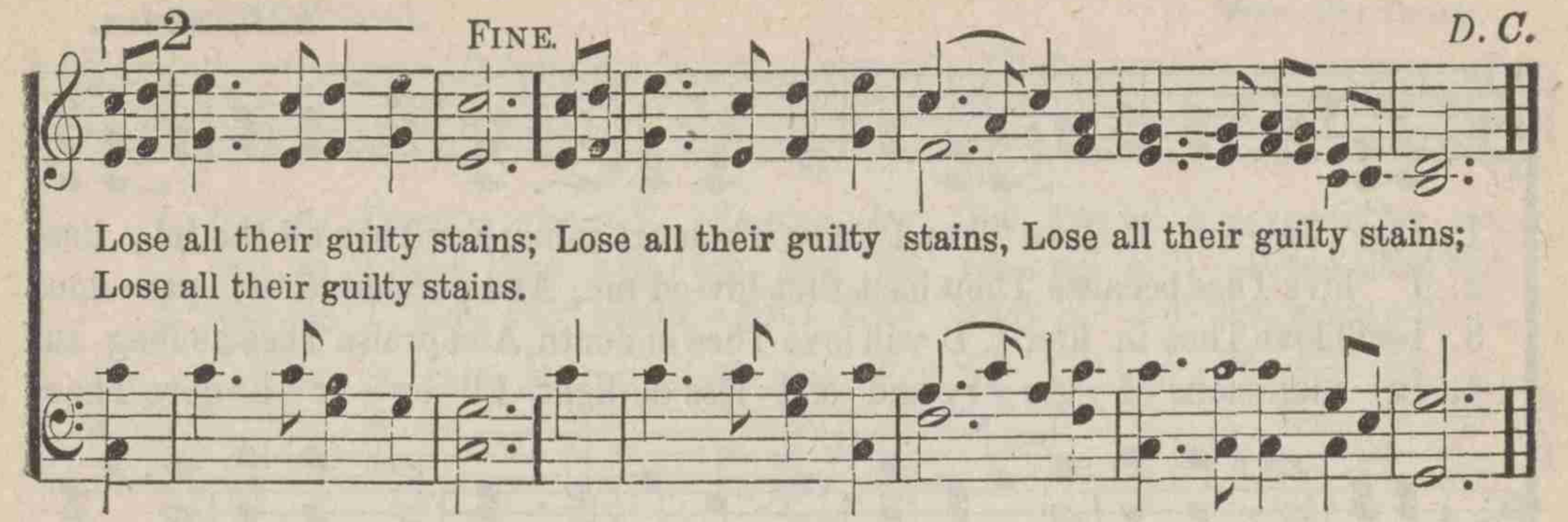
5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 208. There is a Fountain.

E. O. E. Arr.



There is a Fountain,



No. 209. My Happy Home.

Anon. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. **E. O. Excell.**

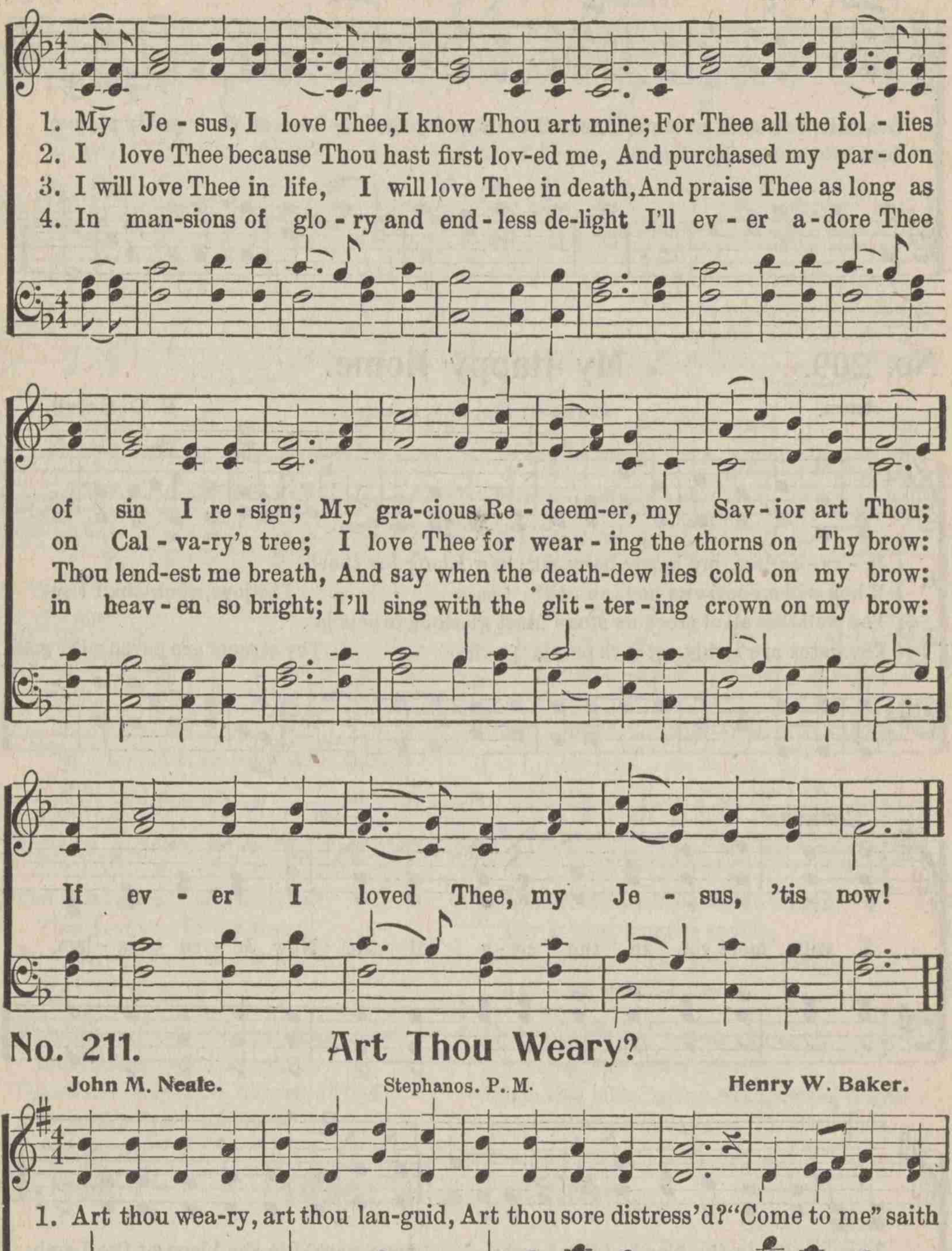


3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams
My study long have been—
Such sparkling gems by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

4 Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up
And praises never end,

No. 210. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. Gordon.



No. 211. Art Thou Weary?

John M. Neale. Stephanos. P. M. Henry W. Baker.

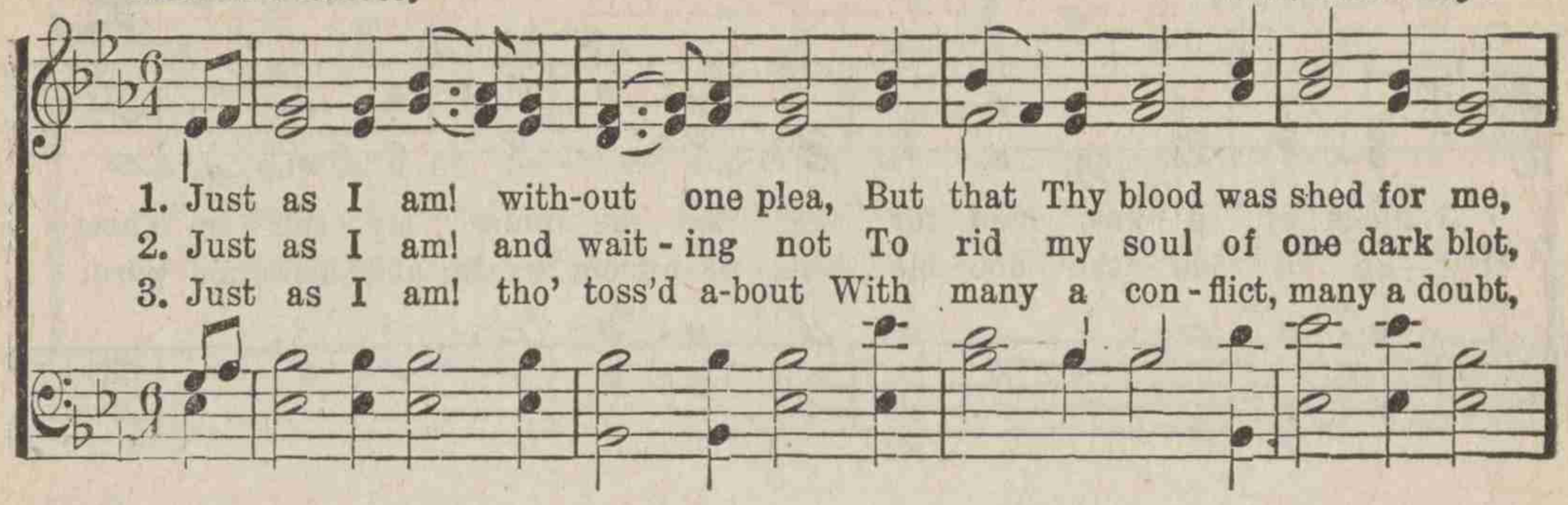


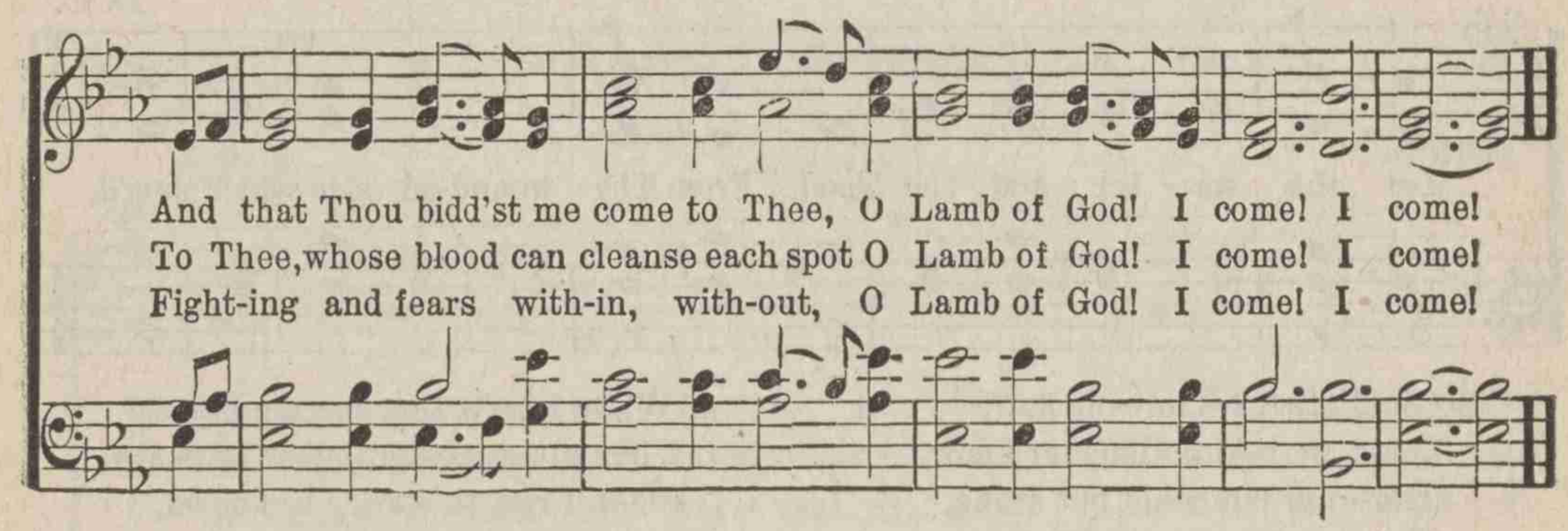
2 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yes, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"

3 If I still hold closely to Him,
What have I at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

No, 212. Just as I Am.

Charlotte Elliott, Wm. Bradbury.



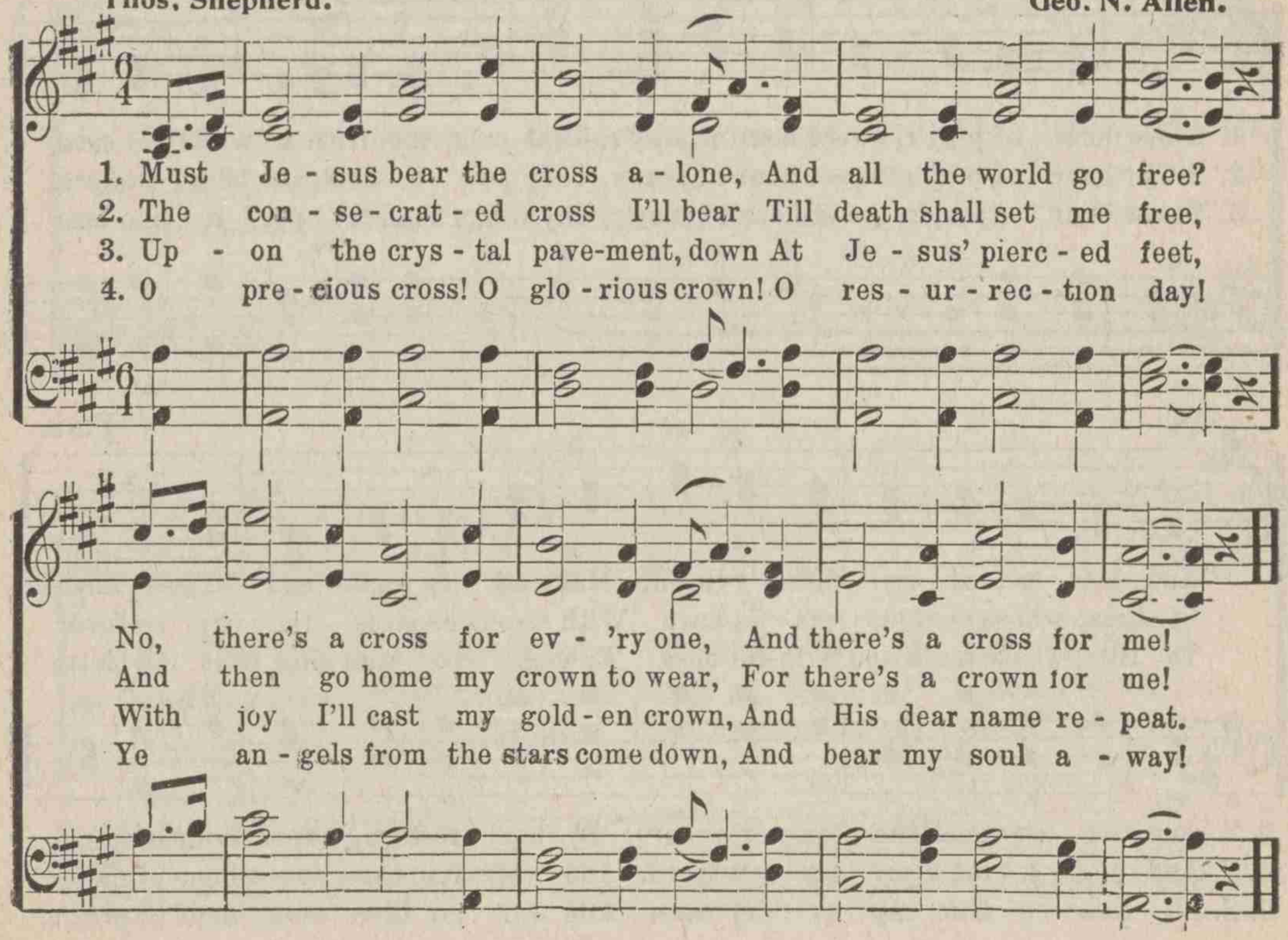


4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

No. 213. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. Geo. N. Allen.



No. 214. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Thomas Hastings.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee:
D. C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flow'd,

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

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

No. 215. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

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, The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear

:8:

FINE.

And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known;
Of those whose anxious spir - its burn With strong de-sires for thy re-turn!
To Him, whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait - ing soul to bless;

D. S.-And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
D. S.-And glad - ly take my sta - tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
D. S.-I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.

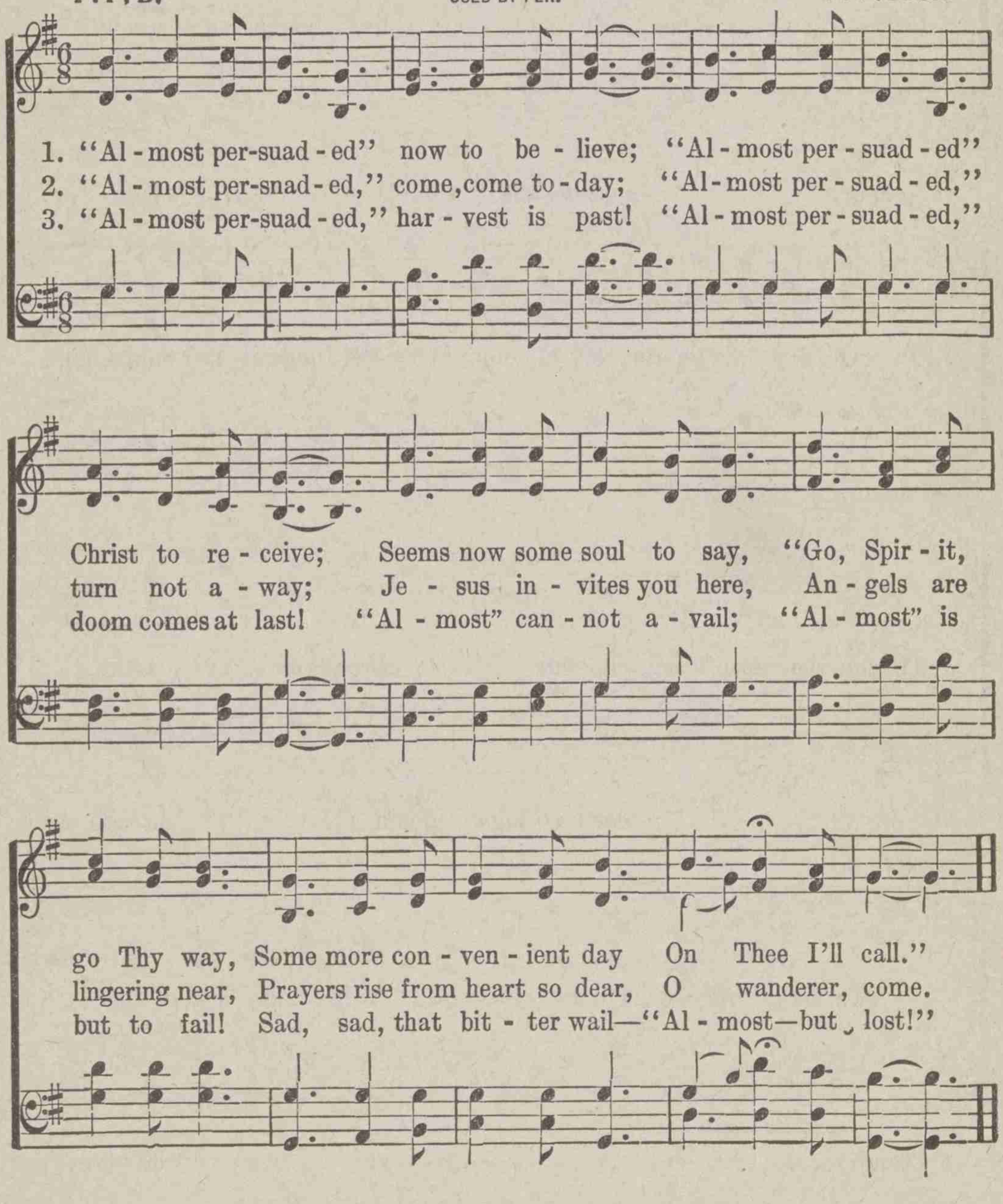
Sweet Hour of Prayer.



No. 216. "Almost Persuaded."

COPYRIGHT, 1902 BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
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P. P, B. P. P. Bliss.



No. 217 Day of Doom.

Words arr. by French E. Oliver.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

Adapt. fr. Rachmaninoff. Alvin W. Roper.

Slow

O dread-ful day!.... worlds pass a - way—

Day of doom! day of doom! Dread-ful

The heav - ens roll .... like parch - ed scroll;

gloom shrouds the tomb! Day of

O day of ter-ror, day of doom, When the Judge at last shall come!

doom!

Though the deep'n-ing gloom shrouds ev - 'ry tomb,

deep'n - ing gloom shrouds the

rit.

Then the writ - ing shall be read which judg - es quick and dead...

tomb..... Trum-pet

Day of Doom.

Faster.

Soon shall the an - gel's trum - pet tone, Sum-mon all be
Doom! doom!
tone
fore the throne! Then the writ - ing shall be read,
Doom! doom!
day of doom! Doom! doom!
rit.
Which shall judge the quick and dead. What shall I, frail
Doom! doom!
Which shall judge the dead!
man be plead - ing, Who for me be
a primo tempo.
in - ter - ced - ing, In that day of doom?

Day of Doom.

Unison.

Day of doom! day of doom! Dread - ful

gloom shrouds the tomb!.....

.....

Deep'n - ing

gloom! day of doom!..... day of

Parts. *p* *dim* *pp* *ppp*

doom! Save us in the day of doom!

doom! Lord, save us from doom!

No. 218. Is There Peace?

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French E. Oliver. A. W. Roper.

Slow and Steady.

Octaves

ff

Slow.

1. O - - ver my
2. Day - - Star of
3. Nar - row the
4. Since in the

mf

spir - it, In bil - lows, bound - less, glo - rious,
Glo - ry, O light the way be - fore me,
path - way, That with my Lord I'm walk - ing,
sun - light Of His great love I'm liv - ing,

Is There Peace?



Is There Peace?





No. 219.

The Dead Line.

Dr Alexander.
Cho. A. R.

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Alvin W. Roper.

ff *Moderato.* *Crescendo.* *ff*

Octaves

1. There
2. Oh!
3. But
4. How

Accelerando *e* *crescendo.*

fff *rit.*

is a line by us un - seen, That
where is this mys - te - rious bourne By
on that fore - head God has set In-
far may we go on in sin? How

The Dead Line.

cross - es ev - 'ry path: The
which our path is crossed; Be-
del - i - bly a mark— Un-
long will God for - bear? Where

hid - den bound - a - ry be - tween God's
yond which God Him - self has sworn That
seen by man, for man as yet Is
does hope end, and where be - gin The

pa - tience and His wrath. To
he who goes is lost? The
blind and in the dark. And
con - fines of de - spair? An

The Dead Line.

With force.

pass that lim - it is to die, To
con - science may be still at ease, The
still the doomed man's path be - low May
an - swer from the skies is sent— "Ye,

ff

die as if by stealth; It
spir - its light and gay; That
bloom as E - den bloomed— He
that from God de - part, While

mf *ff*

does not quench the beam - ing eye, Or
which is pleas - ing still may please, And
did not, does not will not know, Or
it is called to - day, re - pent, And

ff *rit.* *a tempo.*

does not quench the beam - ing eye, Or
which is pleas - ing still may please, And
did not, does not will not know, Or
it is called to - day, re - pent, And

fff *rit.*

The Dead Line.

pale the glow of health.
care be thrust a - way.
feel that he is doomed.
hard - en not your heart.

CHORUS.

O, do not cross the line, my broth-er. Turn to Jes-us for there

my brother.

is no oth-er; Who can give the sin-ner sight, Turn to

no oth - er;

day the darkest night, And can save you by His might, O re - ceive him now.

Sostenuto. *rit.*

No. 220. Ashamed of Jesus.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

Jos. Grigg. Alt. Alvin W. Roper.



Ashamed Of Jesus.

sostenuto

an - gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine thro' end - less days? A-
soul, till He, Bright Morn - ing Star, bid dark - ness flee. A-
good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save. Till

cres.

shamed of Je-sus, soon-er far,
shamed of Je-sus, that dear friend,
then, nor is my boast-ing vain,

Let eve - ning blush to own a
On whom my hopes of heav'n de-
Till then I'll boast a Sav-ior

mf

f

f *cres.*

star. He sheds the beams of light di-vine, O'er
pend; No, when I blush, be this my shame, That
slain; And, O, may this my glo - ry be, That

Ashamed of Jesus.

this be-night-ed soul of mine.
I, no more, re-vere His name.
Christ is not ashamed of me.

CHORUS.

Of Je-
Of Jesus let

sus let me nev-er be..... a-shamed, May He, ... with rev-er-ence by
me nev - er, nev - er be a-shamed, ashamed May He with rev-er-ence by me be

me.... be named; And, O,..... may this my glo - ry
named, by me be named, And O, may this my glo - ry be, And, O, may this my glo - ry

rit.

be, That Christ..... is not a - shamed.... of me.....
Christ is not ashamed of me, He is not a-shamed of me, of me.

No. 221. The Touch of Faith.

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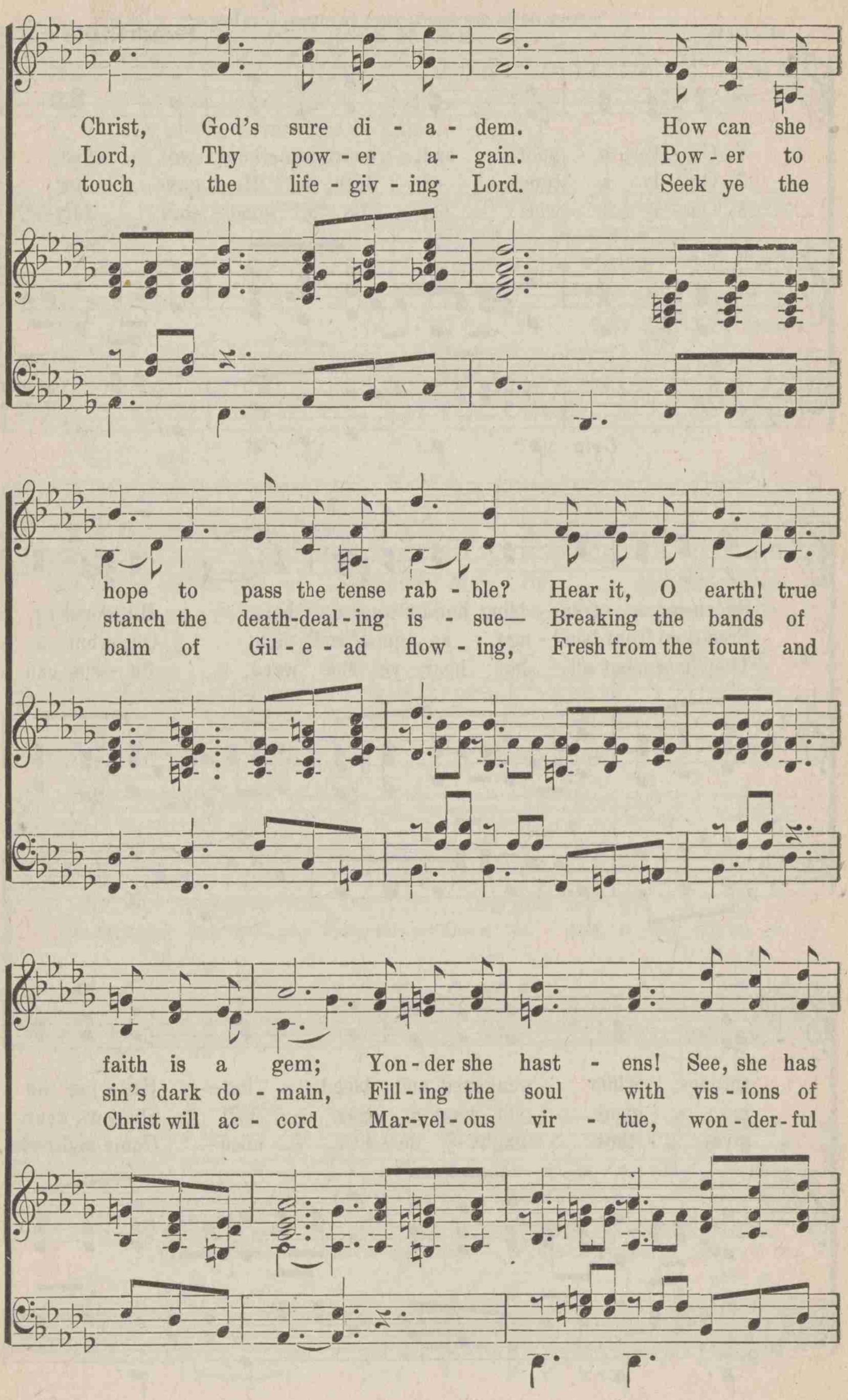
F. E. O. WORDS AND MUSIC. French E. Oliver.

1. On - ly a poor, sad, heart-bro - ken wo - man,
2. On - ly a touch of faith, but He gave her
3. On - ly a whis - per: Be of good com - fort—

Reach-ing a trem - bling hand t'ward a hem, Hin-der'd by
Free-dom from bond - age, an - guish and pain, Oh, what a
Thou hast spent all— but hear ye the word, Je - sus can

throngs, while weakened and bleed - ing— See - ing on
mo - ment, Oh, what a Sav - ior! Show us, dear
give thee might - y de - liv'r - ance— Come and now

The Touch of Faith.



The Touch of Faith.

touched Him! Blest be thy man - ger, O Beth - le - hem!
heav - en, Hold - ing us fast with love's gold-en chain.
heal - ing! Show - ing the lov - ing heart of thy God.

CHORUS.

Come ye and touch Him, see He is wait - ing, Wait-ing in

love and mer - cy for thee; Press pass the throng and hast - en to

rit.

Je - sus One touch will bring thee sweet lib - er - ty.

No. 222. The Battle Cry.

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G. Duffield. Alvin Roper.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trum - pet call o- bey,
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a- lone;
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long;

Octaves

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
Forth to the might - y con - flict, In this His glor - ious day;
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;

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall he lead,
"Ye that are men now serve Him Put on the gos - pel armor,
To him that o - ver - com - eth A crown of life shall be;
He chal - lenges the war - rior And cheers to bold - er deed,

Till ev'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord in deed.
And o - ver all vic - to - rious In all the con - flict be.
He with the King of glo - ry Shall sit e - nthroned with me.
Till crowns and thrones are giv - en To those who win the day.

The Battle Cry.



CHORUS. *Unison.* Frances Havergal.

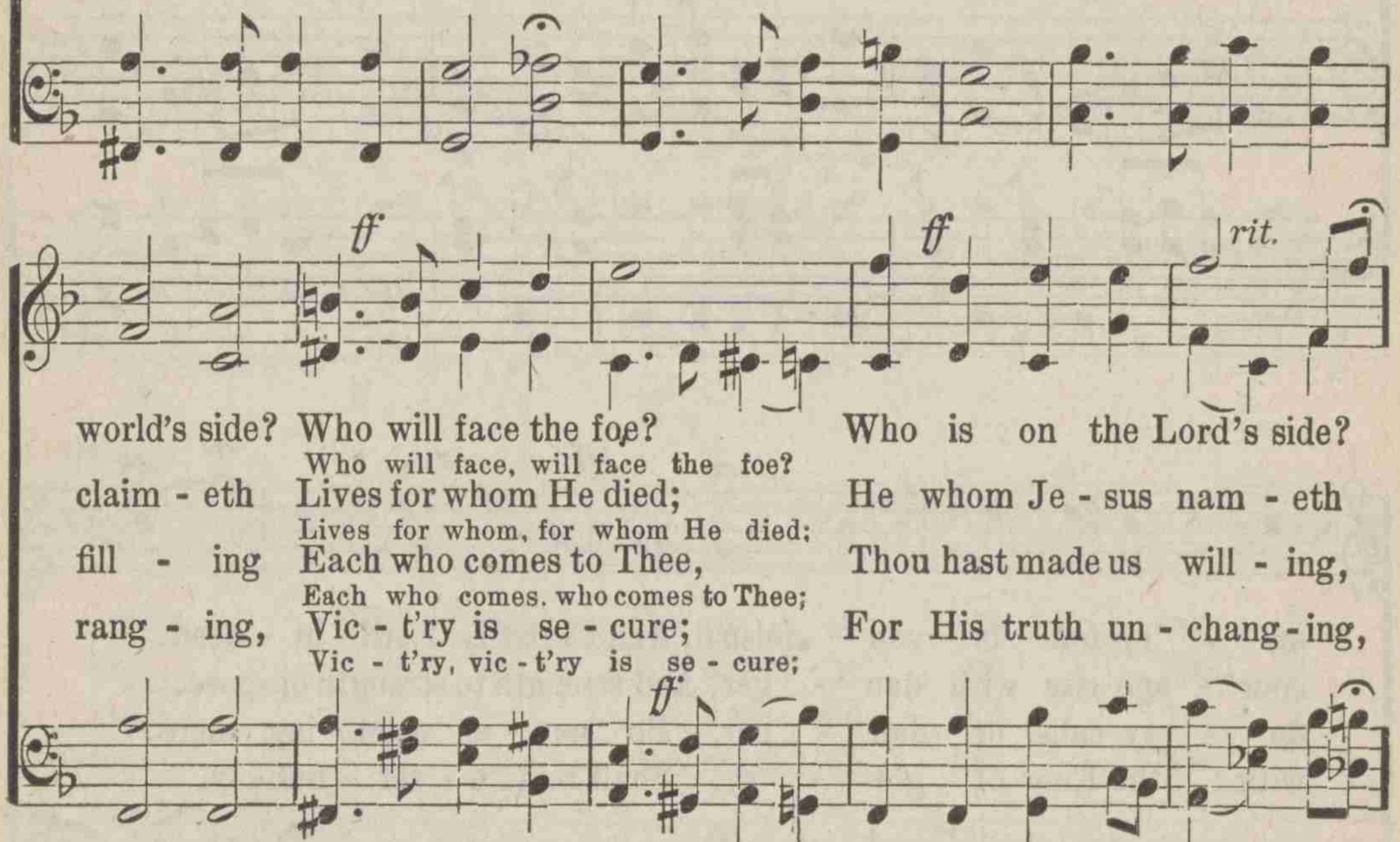


The Battle Cry.

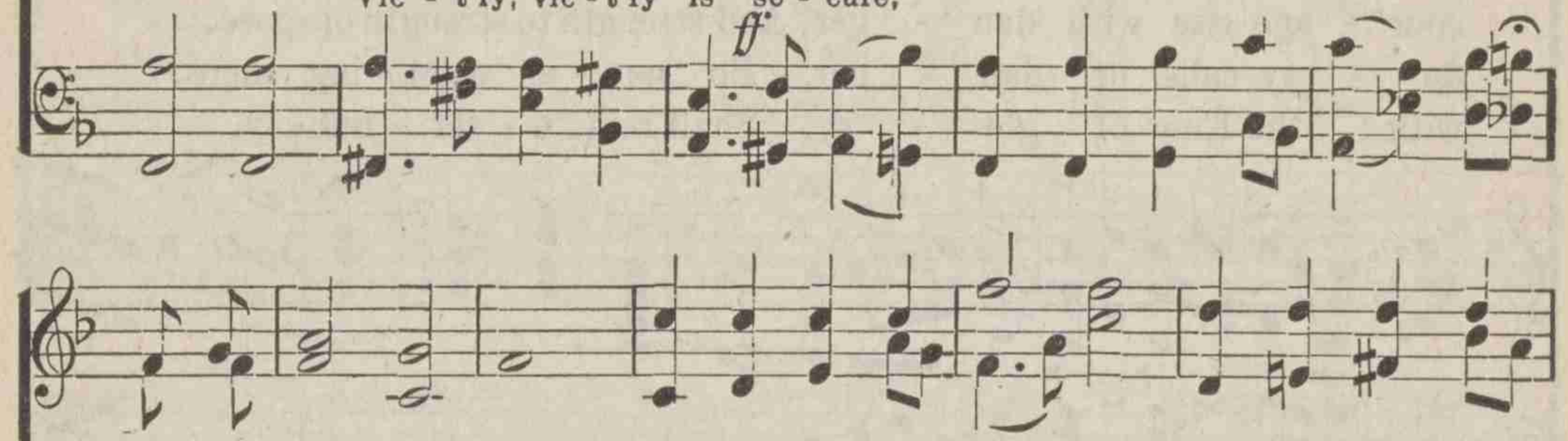
Harmony.



Who will be His help - ers Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the
En - ter we the ar - my, Raise the war-rior psalm; But for love that
But with Thine own life-blood, For Thy di - a - dem: With Thy bless - ing
But the King's own ar - my, None can o - ver-throw: Round His standard



world's side? Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side?
Who will face, will face the foe?
claim - eth Lives for whom He died; He whom Je - sus nam - eth
Lives for whom, for whom He died;
fill - ing Each who comes to Thee, Thou hast made us will - ing,
Each who comes, who comes to Thee;
rang - ing, Vic - t'ry is se - cure; For His truth un - chang - ing,
Vic - t'ry, vic - t'ry is se - cure;



Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy, By Thy grace di-
Must be on His side. By Thy love con-strain-ing, By Thy grace di-
Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand re-demp-tion, By Thy grace di-
Makes the tri-umph sure. Joy - ful - ly en - list - ing, By Thy grace di-



vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - ior, we are Thine.



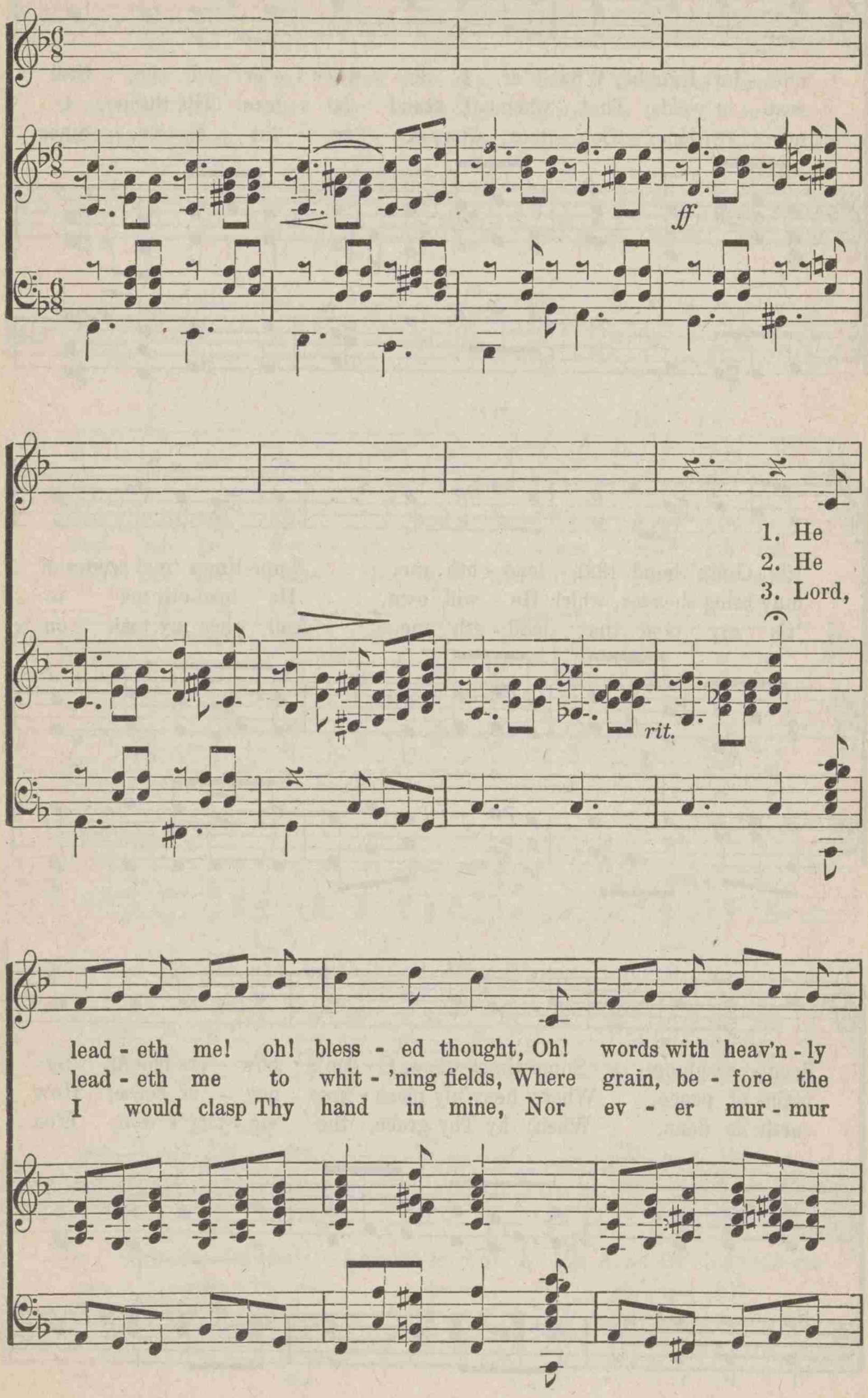
No. 223.

He Leadeth Me

James H. Gilmore.
vs. 2. French E. Oliver.

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A. W. Roper.



He Leadeth Me.

com - fort fraught; What-e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still
reap - er yields; That, when I stand be - fore His throne, I
nor re - pine; Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since

'tis God's hand that lead - eth me. Some-times 'mid scenes of
may bring sheaves, which He will own. He lead-eth me to
'tis my God that lead - eth me. And when my task on

deep - est gloom, Some-times where E - den's bow - ers bloom, By
plains of peace, Where heav'nly pleas - ures nev - er cease; How
earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic - t'ry's won, E'en

He Leadeth Me.

cres.

wa - ters still, o'er troub - led sea, Still, 'tis God's hand that
sweet the hid - den life with Thee! For - ev - er Je - sus
death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan

rit.

lead - eth me, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
lead - eth me, For - ev - er Je - sus lead - eth me.
lead - eth me, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead - eth me.

CHORUS.

He lead - eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me;

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

No. 224. 'Tis Awful.

Words arr. by
French E. Oliver.

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Alvin W. Roper.

Octaves

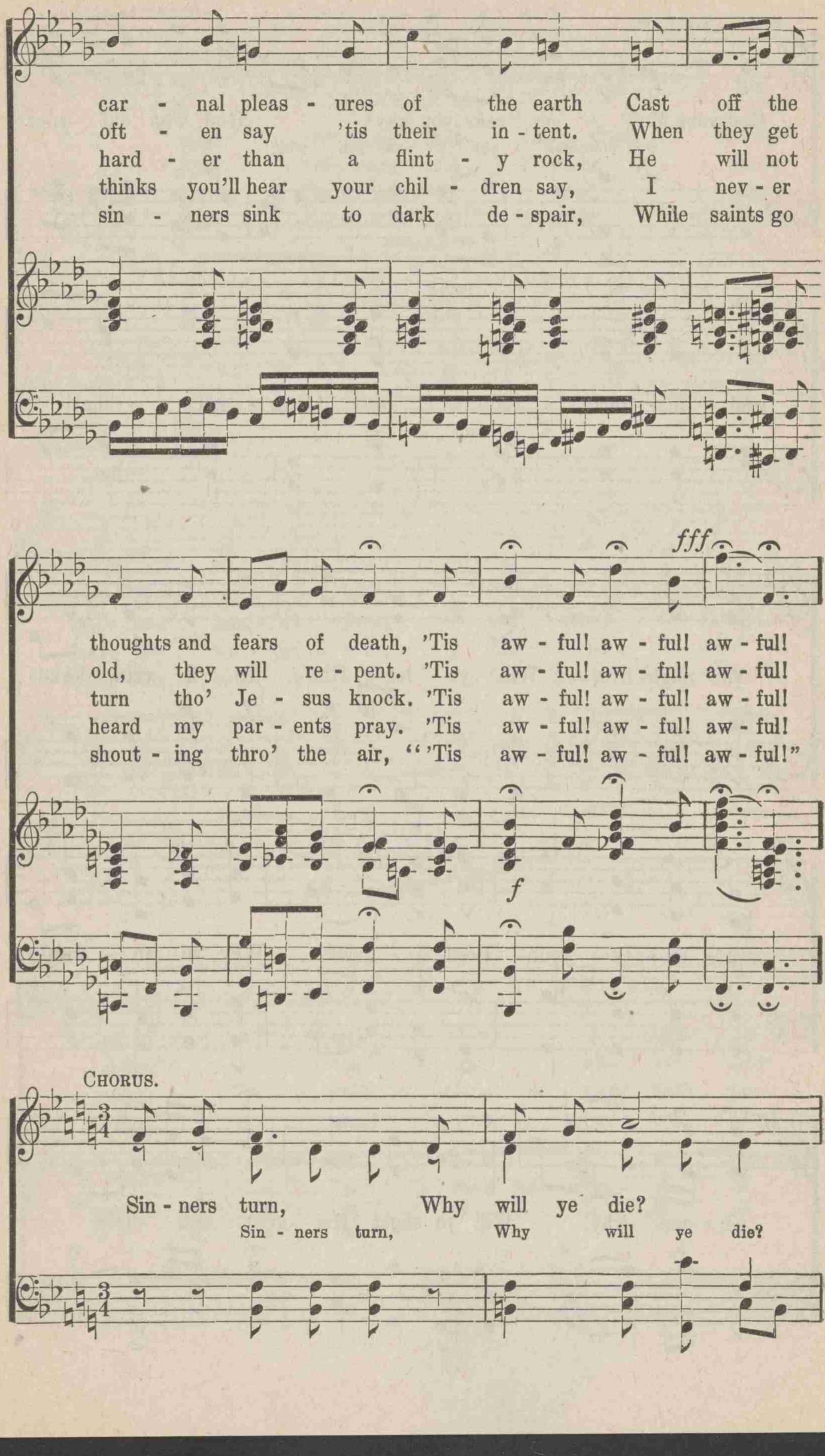
1. Sin - ners! per - haps this news to you May
2. The laugh - ing youth, all in their prime, Are
3. The a - ged sin - ner will not turn, His
4. Then, parents, take a sol - emn view, Of
5. Good Lord, what groans, what bit - ter sighs, What

rit.

cres

have no weight, al - though so true. The
count - ing out their length of time. They
heart so hard he can - not mourn. Much
your dear chil - dren, fond and true. Me
thun - der roll - ing thro' the skies, Poor

'Tis Awful.


car - nal pleas - ures of the earth Cast off the
oft - en say 'tis their in - tent. When they get
hard - er than a flint - y rock, He will not
thinks you'll hear your chil - dren say, I nev - er
sin - ners sink to dark de - spair, While saints go
thoughts and fears of death, 'Tis aw - ful! aw - ful! aw - ful!
old, they will re - pent. 'Tis aw - ful! aw - ful! aw - ful!
turn tho' Je - sus knock. 'Tis aw - ful! aw - ful! aw - ful!
heard my par - ents pray. 'Tis aw - ful! aw - ful! aw - ful!
shout - ing thro' the air, "'Tis aw - ful! aw - ful! aw - ful!"
fff
f
CHORUS.
Sin - ners turn, Why will ye die?
Sin - ners turn, Why will ye die?

'Tis Awful.


God your Mak - er asks you why? God, who did your
God your Mak - er asks you why,
soul re - trieve, (He) Died Him - self that
you might live; Will ye let Him die in vain, (And)
cru - ci - fy your Lord a - gain? Why, ye ran - som'd
sin - ners why, Will ye slight His grace and die?

No. 225. I'm Living in Ganaan.

Words arranged
2nd and 3rd verses by **F. E. O.**

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French E. Oliver.

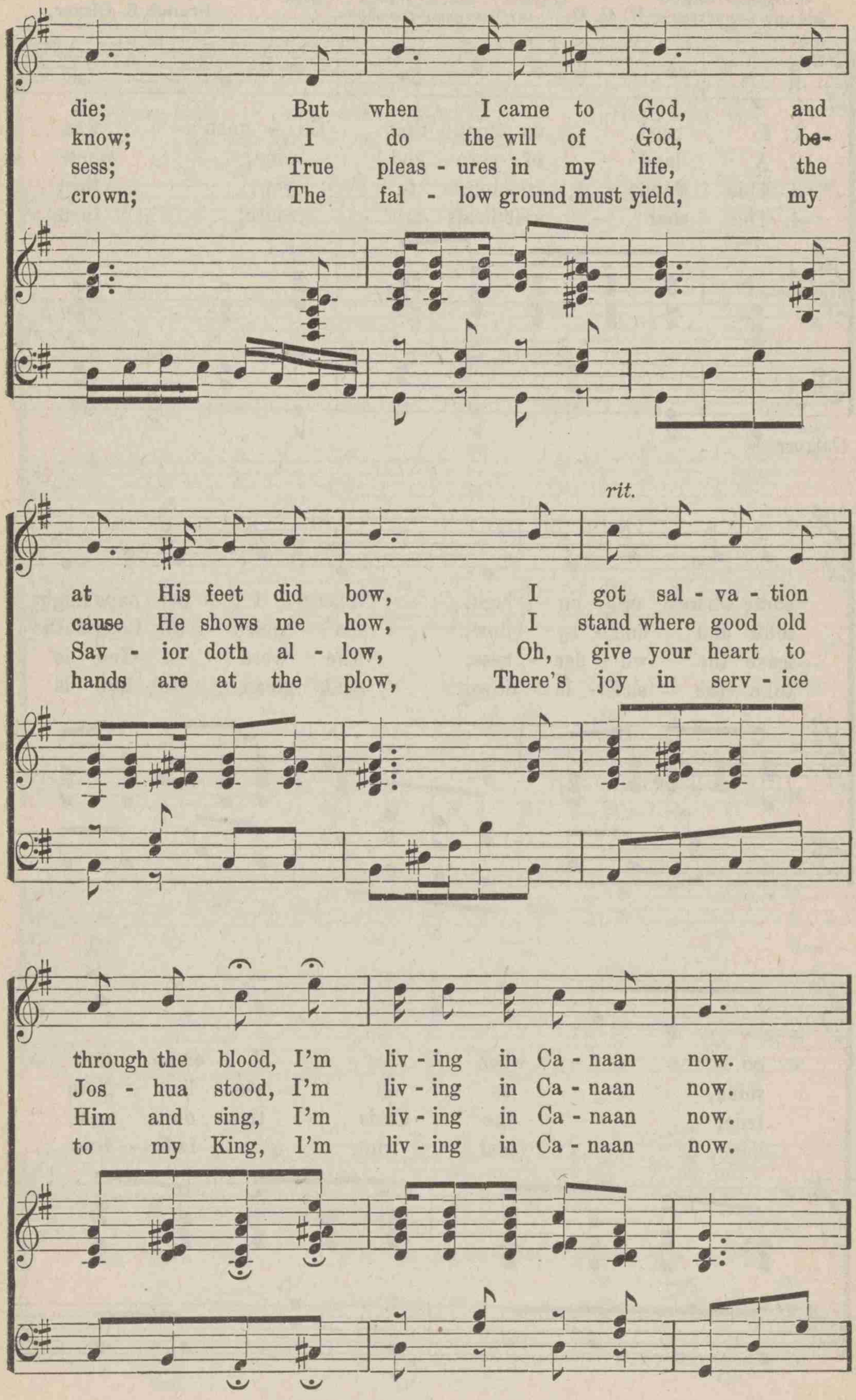
1. I used to think that Ca - naan was
2. A land of corn and wine, where
3. This land be - longs to you; then
4. The har - vest fields are white; then

Octaves.

some-where up on high, Where I per - haps might
milk and hon - ey flow; On which the Lord doth
leave the wil - der - ness; The word of God is
take the sick - le down, And glean 'till life is

go when - e'er I came to
shine, as all who live there
true, the Chris - tian doth pos-
done, and win a fade - less

I'm Living in Ganaan.



I'm Living in Ganaan.

CHORUS.

I'm liv - ing in Ca - naan now, I'm liv - ing in Ca-naan
just now,

now, I'm do - ing well, I'm glad to tell, I'm
just now,

liv - ing in Ca - naan now; I'm liv - ing in Ca - naan
just now;

now, I'm liv - ing in Ca - naan now, I'm
just now, just now.

do - ing well, I'm glad to tell, I'm liv - ing in Ca - naan now.

No. 226. The Son of God Goes Forth.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

Alvin Roper.

1. The Son of God goes forth to
2. That mar - - - tyr first, whose ea - gle
3. A no - - - ble band, the cho - sen

Octaves.

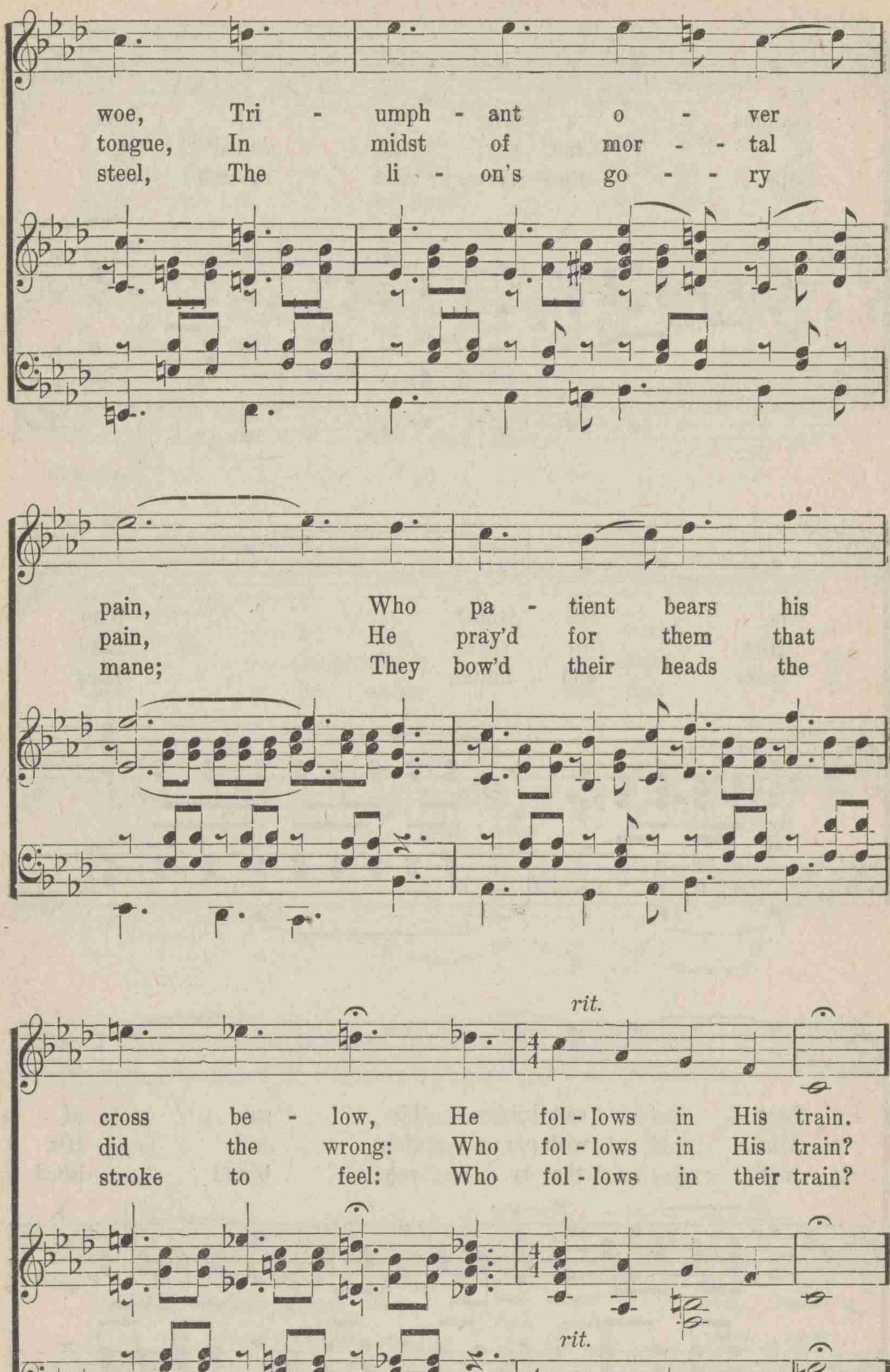
war, A king - - ly crown to
eye Could pierce be - yond the
few, On whom the Spir - - it

gain; His blood - - red ban - - ner
grave; Who saw his Mas - - ter
came; Twelve val - - iant saints, their

The Son of God Goes Forth.



The Son of God Goes Forth.



CHORUS.

The Son of God Goes Forth.

On-ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war, to war
At the sign of tri - umph Sa - tan's host doth flee; doth flee;
On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng,
hap - py throng,

With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be-
On, then Chris - tian sol - diers, On to vic - to-
Blend with ours your voic - es In the tri - umph-

1. With the cross of Je - sus

fore. Christ the roy - al Mas - ter,
ry! Hell's foun - da - tions quiv - er
song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or,

go - ing on be - fore.

Leads a - gainst the foe; For - ward in - to
At the shout of praise; Broth - ers, lift your
Un - to Christ the King, This thro' count - less

bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go! His ban - ners go!
voic - es, Loud your an - thems raise.
a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

Personal Worker's Guide Book

By

Rev. French E. Oliver.

Excuses Answered.

"I'm Good Enough."

That which is born of the flesh is flesh—Jno. iii: 6.

Flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of God—I Cor. xv: 50.

Except a man be born again (or from above) he can not see the kingdom of God—Jno. iii: 3.

Who can say, I have made my heart clean. I am pure from my sin?—Prov. xx: 9.

There is a generation that are pure in their own eyes, and yet is not washed from their filthiness—Prov. xxx: 12.

For there is not a just man upon the earth that doeth good, and sinneth not—Eccl. vii: 20.

But the Scripture hath concluded all under sin, that the promise by faith of Jesus Christ might be given to them that believe—Gal. iii: 22.

But we are all as an unclean thing and all our righteousness is as filthy rags; and we do all fade as a leaf, and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away—Isa. lxiv: 6.

For they being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God—Rom. x: 3.

"Not To-night."

Behold now is the accepted time. Behold now is the day of salvation—2 Cor. vi: 2.

Go to now ye that say, To-day or to-morrow, * * * Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away—Jas. iv: 13-14.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth—Prov. xxvii: 1.

Thus saith the Lord of hosts: Turn ye NOW from your evil ways, and from your evil doings—Zech. i: 4.

Come: for all things are now ready—Luke xiv: 17.

Choose you THIS DAY whom ye will serve—Josh. xxiv: 15.

Wherefore as the Holy Ghost saith: To-day if ye will hear his voice, Harden not your hearts.

Exhort one another daily, while it is called TO-DAY; lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin—Heb. iii: 7, 8, 13.

Come now and let us reason together saith the Lord—Isa. i: 18.

The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass—Isa. xl: 6, 7.

The time is at hand—Rev. xxii: 10.

If we tarry till the morning light, some mischief will come upon us—II Kings vii: 9.

"Can't Hold Out."

There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it—I Cor. x: 13.

Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee: yea I will help thee: yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.

For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee.

Behold I will make thee a new sharp threshing instrument, having teeth: thou shalt thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff—Isa. xli: 10, 13, 15.

Hold fast that which is good—I Thess. v: 21.

This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein; for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success—Josh. i: 8.

When I said my foot slippeth: thy mercy O Lord, held me up—Ps. xciv: 18.

The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way.

Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down; for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand—Ps. xxxvii: 23, 24.

In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.

For the Lord shall be thy confidence, and shall keep thy foot from being taken. —Prov. iii: 6, 26.

For a just man falleth seven times, and riseth up again—Prov. xxiv: 26.

For the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open unto their prayers—I Pet. iii: 12.

The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations—II Pet. ii: 9.

My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness— II Cor. xii: 9.

"I Don't Feel Like it."

(Feelings are as changeable as the wind. You get up many a cold morning when you don't feel like it. Religion with the Christian, is *obedience*,and the highway leading to the life hid with Christ in God is known as obedience, not feeling.)

If ye be willing and obedient ye shall eat the good of the land. But if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured—Isa. i: 19, 20.

(If I should puncture your arm with a needle and you should be unable to feel it, your anxiety would be intense, your condition physically would be regarded as a very precarious one indeed. When I come and talk of your soul's salvation and you say you have no feeling, it shows the peril of your position. Get some feeling. I would do something to get some feeling.)

Having their understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through ignorance that is in them because of the blindness (or hardness) of their heart:

Who being *past feeling* have given themselves over unto lasciviousness, to work all uncleanness with greediness— Eph. iii: 18, 19.

It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment—Heb. ix: 27.

(Have you no desire to be ready for this day? If you have, encourage the desire, for it may be the last call from the Holy Ghost.)

"Hypocrites in the Church."

What is that to thee? Follow thou me—Jno. xxi: 22.

Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth—Rom. xiv: 4.

Therefore, thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest: for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself: for thou that judgest doest the same things. And thinkest thou this, O man that judgest them which do such things, *and doest the same*; that thou shalt escape the judgment of God? —Rom. ii; 1, 3.

So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God—Rom. xiv. 12.

(You may as well argue, "Don't deposit money in a bank. There are men in the banking business that have embezzled. Don't join the lodge or trades unions." There are hypocrites in every lodge and union in America. There are hypocrites everywhere.)

The hypocrite's hope shall perish—Job vii: 13.

An hypocrite shall not come before Him—Job xiii: 16.

For the congregation of hypocrites shall be desolate—Job xv: 34.

Knowest thou not this * * * that the triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment. —Job xx: 4-5.

For what is the hope of the hypocrite, though he hath gained, when God taketh away his soul?—Job xxvii: 8.

Thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are—Matt. vi: 5.

"I Don't Want to Go Forward."

Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven.

But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.—Matt. x: 32-33.

(One of two things keep people from "going to the front," or a public confession of Jesus Christ as their Savior.

(1) Either they have not made an unconditional surrender to Jesus,

(2) Or they are held back by pride and a desire for worldly amusements.

That if thou shalt confess with THY MOUTH (not your influence or your actions alone) the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness: and with the MOUTH (not your influence) confession is made unto salvation—Rom. x: 9-10.

Return to thine own house, and show how great things God hath done unto thee—Luke viii: 39.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven—Matt. v: 16.

(Are you ashamed of the Son of God?)

Whosoever believeth on him, shall not be ashamed—Rom. x: 2.

"I'm a Backslider."

Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love.

Remember, therefore, from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do thy first works: or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent—Rev. ii: 4-5.

I know thy works, that thou are neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot.

So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot I will spue thee out of my mouth. Because thou sayest, I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked:

I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear: and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see.

As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous therefore, and repent.

Behold I stand at the door and knock: If any man hear my voice, and opens the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me—Rev. iii: 15-20.

Go and proclaim these words toward the north, and say, Return, thou backsliding Israel, saith the Lord: and I will not cause mine anger to fall upon you; for I am merciful, saith the Lord, and I will not keep anger forever.

Only acknowledge (or confess) thine iniquity, that thou hast transgressed the Lord thy God, and hast scattered thy ways to the strangers under every green tree, and ye have not obeyed my voice, saith the Lord.

Turn, O backsliding children, saith the Lord: for I am married unto you—Jer. iii: 12-14.

Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee: Know, therefore, and see that it is an evil thing and bitter, that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, and that my fear is not in thee saith the Lord, God of hosts—Jer. ii: 19.

The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways—Prov. xiv: 14.

"I Am Such a Great Sinner."

This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners—1 Tim. i: 15.

Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow: though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool—Isa. i: 18.

The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost—Luke xix: 10.

The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.

If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness—1 Jno. i: 7-9.

By Him all that believe are justified from all things—Acts xiii: 39.

He that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but who so confesseth and forsaketh them shall find mercy—Prov. xxviii: 13.

If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: And He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world—1 Jno. ii: 1, 2.

Wherefore, He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them—Heb. vii: 25.

My son, give I pray thee, glory to the Lord God of Israel, and make confession unto Him: and tell me what thou hast done; hide it not from me—Josh. vii: 19.

"I Don't Believe."

Lo! this only have I found, that God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions—Eccl. vii: 29.

Happy is the man that feareth alway: but he that hardeneth his heart shall fall into mischief—Prov. xxvii: 14.

He that believeth not shall be damned. —Mark xvi: 16.

Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his maker?—Job iv: 17.

Woe to him that striveth with his maker—Isa. xiv: 9.

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. They are corrupt, they have done abominable works; there is none that doeth good—Ps. xiv: 1.

(I have never seen a man or woman hiding behind the excuse, "I don't believe," but that upon investigation I have always found them tangled up in sin, usually as black as hell.)

There is no wisdom nor understanding nor counsel against the Lord—Prov. xxi: 30.

Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him—Prov. xxvi: 12.

They that forsake the law praise the wicked—Prov. xxviii: 4.

There is a generation that are pure in their own eyes, and yet is not washed from their filthiness—Prov. xxx: 12.

Every word of God is pure: He is a shield unto them that put their trust in Him.

Add thou not unto His words, lest He reprove thee, and thou be found a liar—Prov. xxx: 5, 6.

Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil.

Though a sinner do evil an hundred times, and his days be prolonged, yet surely I know that it shall be well with *them* that fear God.

But it shall not be well with the wicked—Eccl viii: 11-13.

And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient—Rom. i: 28; see 29-32.

They have rejected the word of the Lord and what wisdom is in them?—Jer. viii: 9.

And it shall come to pass that whosoever will not hearken unto my words, * * I will require it of him—Deut. xviii: 19.

"I Can't Quit Dancing, etc."

He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man: he that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich—Prov. xxi: 17.

(The paupers spiritually are always the dancing, card-playing,theater-going church members. I can't call them Christians.)

She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth—1 Tim. v: 6.

(It is true spiritually. I never saw a soul-winner, male or female, that was a frequenter or an attendant at such places. The worldly life shuts out the Holy Ghost, kills the experience, and the person so far as a life of usefulness is concerned is dead while she liveth.)

Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father *is not in him.*

For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, *is not of the Father*, but is of the world.

And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever—1 Jno. ii: 15, 16, 17.

Ye adulterers and adulteresses. Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? Whosoever therefore will be the friend of the world is the enemy of God—Jas. iv: 4.

I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil.

They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world.

As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world—Jno. xvii: 15, 16, 18.

(Some say; "All my friends dance, and my pastor does not object to our dances. My pastor encourages us in this." I must say with Paul.)

If any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed—Gal. i: 9.

Do I seek to please men? For if I yet please men, I should not be the servant of Christ—Gal. i: 10.

No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other: or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye can not serve God and mammon—Matt. vi: 24.

I have chosen you out of the world—Matt. 5: 19.

Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean things and I will receive you and will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty—2 Cor. vi: 17-18.

"What Must I Do to be Saved?"

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved—Acts xvi: 31.

And by Him all that believe are justified from all things—Acts xiii: 39.

To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins—Acts x: 43.

He that heareth my words and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation: but it passed from death unto life—Jno. v: 24.

For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved—Rom. x: 13.

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

But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the Sons of God, even to them that believe on His name—Jno. i: 12.

Ye must be born again—Jno. iii: 7.

Except a man be born again he can not see the kingdom of God—Jno. iii: 3.

Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost—Tit. iii: 5.

For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness: and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation—Rom. x: 10

"My Parents Oppose Christianity."

When a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him—Prov. xvi: 7.

When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up—Ps. xxvii: 10.

He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me—Matt. x; 37.

There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's.

But he shall receive an hundred fold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions: and in the world to come eternal life—Mk. x: 29, 30.

There is no man that hath leit house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the Kingdom of God's sake,

Who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting—Lk. xviii: 29, 30.

Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world—Matt. xxviii: 20.

Fear thou not for I am with thee—Isa. xli: 10.

It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man—Ps. cxviii: 8.

"I Don't Want to Join the Church."

And let us consider one another to provoke unto love good works: Not forsaking the assembling ourselves together, as the manner of some is: but exhorting one another: and so much the more as ye see the day approaching—Heb. x; 24, 25.

(If the church is not the best institution for the follower of Christ, why did He establish it?)

And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.

And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou Simon Bar-jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven.

And I say unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock (that is, the confession, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God") I will build my church: and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it—Matt. xvi: 16, 17, 18.

(When you fight the church militant you are striking at Jesus Christ. The church is His bride.)

And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved—Acts ii: 47.

(Don't join the church unless you are saved.)

"I Don't Believe in Christ."

[Unless there is a change in your attitude toward Jesus Christ you are as sure of hell as the earth revolves on her axis.]

By the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth,

This is the stone which was set at naught of you builders, which is become the head of the corner.

Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved—Acts iv: 10, 11, 12.

Who is a liar but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ? he is anti-Christ.

Whosoever denieth the Son the same hath not the Father: [but] he that acknowledgeth the Son hath the Father also—1 Jno. ii: 22, 23.

This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased—Matt. iii: 17.

To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins. —Acts x: 43.

[To deny the divinity of Christ and the merit of His sacrifica, the power of His name, is to make God a liar and all the prophets, and you have a ialse God, and a book given by false prophets.]

He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar: because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son—1 Jno. v: 10.

If ye believe not that I am He: Ye shall die in your sins—Jno. vii: 24.

He that believeth not the Son shall not see life: but the wrath of God abideth on Him—Jno. iii: 36.

He that despised Moses law died with out mercy under two or three witnesses:

Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God and hath counted the blood of the covenant wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite to the Spirit of grace—Heb. x: 28, 29.

For there are certain men crept in unawares, who were before of old ordained to this condemnation, ungodly men, turning the grace of our God into lasciviousness, and denying the only Lord God, and our Lord Jesus Christ.

These be they who separate themselves, sensual, having not the Spirit—Jude 4: 19.

"I Don't Understand.

[There is nothing remarkable about that: I never saw a man who did understand the operations of God. To understand all abont God's plan you would have to be God. Know all past and all future.]

But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: Neither can he know *them*, because they are *spiritually* discerned—1 Cor. ii: 14.

For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts—Isa. iv: 8, 9.

As thou knowest not what is the way of the Spirit, nor how the bones do grow in the womb of her that is with child: even so thou knowest not the works of God who maketh all—Eccl. xi: 5.

(You did not understand arithmetic when you first started to study it. You followed the light given by your teacher, and gradually the reasonableness of this wonderful study unfolded to you, and the mysterious became as light as a sunbeam. It is so with following God. Obey what yov do understand, and the Teacher, the Holy Spirit, will reveal to you the hidden treasures.)

If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself—Jno. vii: 17.

Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near—Isa. lv: 6.

"I Don't Believe in Hell."

(The Bible doctrine of "hell and eternal damnation" is being discarded by the fashionable clergy and other servants of the devil. A preacher in an orthodox church in one of our large cities said in a recent "*sermonette*," "Whether He, (Jesus) taught the everlasting punishment of the wicked, is a point of controversy- Scholars are not agreed, and while they engage in dispute, let us hold to our idea of God as the Perfect Father in heaven. Let us maintain his Fatherhood in the face of a thousand Bibles, if need be. God's success or failure is wrapped up in the salvation of the race and the whole race."

This is a specimen of some of the compromising incubators that are hatching infidelity, scepticism, liberalism, devilism and jackassism. Preaching cunningly devised fables, which is the devil's insignia for

"The Way, the Truth and the Life." "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered.]

For a fire is kindled in mine anger, and shall burn unto the lowest hell—Deut. xxxii: 22.

For behold, the Lord will come with fire, and with His chariots, like a whirlwind, to render His anger with fury, and His rebuke with flames of fire.

For by the fire of His sword will the Lord plead with all flesh; and the slain of the Lord shall be many—Isa. lxvi: 15, 16.

And they shall go forth and look upon the carcasses of the men that have transgressed me; for their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched; and they shall be an abhorring unto all flesh. —Isa. lxvi: 24.

And the destruction of the transgressors and of the sinners shall be together, and they that forsake the Lord shall be consumed—Isa. i: 28.

Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?—Isa. xxxiii: 14.

How can ye escape the damnation of hell!—Matt. xxiii: 33.

The wicked shall bh turned into hell—Ps. ix: 17.

Hell and destruction are never full—Prov. xxvii: 20.

But he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternel damnation—Mk. iii: 29.

He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire—Matt. iii: 12.

And shall come forth * * * they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation—Jno. v; 29.

There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth—Matt. xxii; 13.

* * * and He shall separate them * *

And He shall set the sheep on His right hand, but the goats on the left—Matt. xxv: 32, 33.

But He shall say, I tell you, I know not whence ye are; depart from me all ye workers of iniquity—Lk. xiii: 27.

In flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ:

Who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord—2 Thess. i; 8, 9.

Suffering the vengeance of eternal fire. —Jude 7.

Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone and an horrible tempest; this shall be the portion of their cup—Ps. xi: 6.

And he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone. * *

And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever; and they have no rest day nor night—Rev. xiv: 10, 11.

Shall be in danger of hell fire—Matt. 5: 22.

And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in [a summer resort? No!] TORMENTS!

And he cried and said * * send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue, for I am tormented *in this flame.*

But Abraham said, Son, remember.

Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed, so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us that would come from thence—Lk. xvi: 23, 26.

(I never saw a man who was right with God doubt the existence of hell.)

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