The KING'S PRAISES

NUMBER 2

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The King's Praises

• Number 2 •

Compiled especially for
EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS
SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND
YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERVICES

EDITED BY

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PREFACE

THE KING'S PRAISES, NUMBER 2, has been produced after much careful thought on the part of the Editors. We believe it will commend itself to the public as an exceptional collection of new and popular gospel songs.

More than fifty new copyrights are included in this collection and nearly all of them have been tried out in large assemblies. We believe they will prove very acceptable.

We have tried to make a book of new songs and popular favorites covering a wide range of authors.

We send it on its mission of song, believing that many precious souls will be won for the Master through its use.

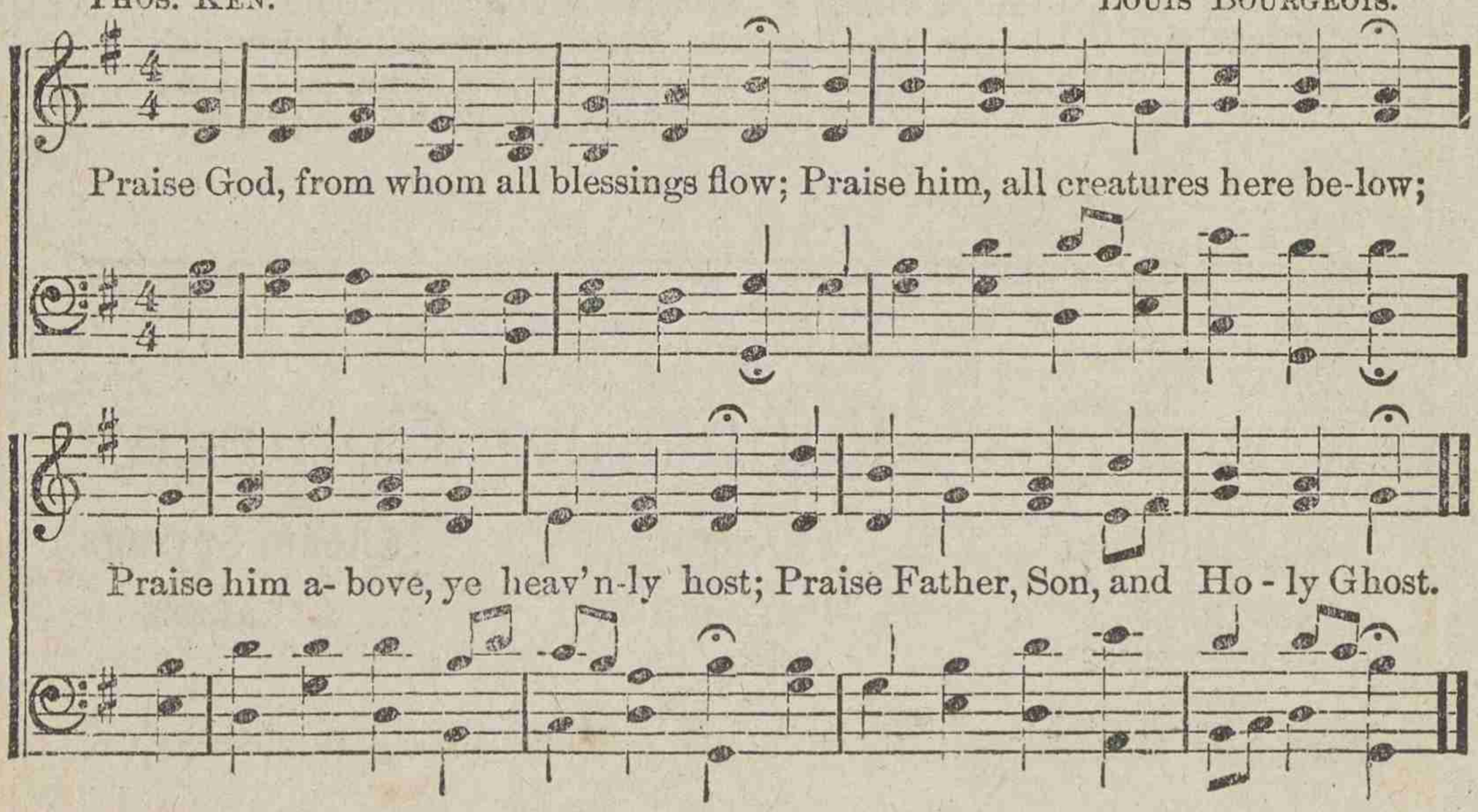
THE PUBLISHERS.

MARCH 1ST, 1910.

Doxology.

(Old Hundred. L. M.)

THOS. KEN. LOUIS BOURGEOIS.



THE KING'S PRAISES, No. 2.

1 Crown Him.

THOMAS KELLEY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-rious, See the Man of sor-rows now;
2. Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him: Rich the trophies Je - sus brings:
3. Sin - ners in de- ri-sion crown'd him, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
4. Hark, those bursts of ac-cla-ma-tion! Hark, those loud triumphant chords!

From the fight return'd vic - to- rious, Ev- 'ry knee to him shall bow:
In the seat of pow'r enthrone him, While the vault of heav-en rings:
Saints and angels crowd a-round him, Own his ti - tle, praise his name:
Je - sus takes the highest sta - tion: O what joy the sight af - fords!

Crown him, crown him! Crowns become the Victor's brow;.....
Crown him, crown him! Crown the Saviour King of kings;.....
Crown him, crown him! Spread a- broad the Victor's fame;.....
Crown him, crown him, King of kings, and Lord of lords;.....

Crowns.... become the Victor's brow;

Crowns be-come the Victor's brow.

Crown him, crown him! Crowns be-come the Vic - tor's brow.
Crown him, crown him! Crown the Sav - iour King of kings.
Crown him, crown him! Spread a - broad the Vic - tor's fame.
Crown him, crown him, King of kings, and Lord of lords.

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One of God's Days.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. One of God's days ev - 'ry dark cloud, Hid-ing the sun-light of
2. One of God's days, those who are now Faith-ful to Je - sus in
3. One of God's days loved ones so dear, Who in the glo - ry are

heav- en - ly grace, He will re- move, And face to face, we shall see
life's con-stant maze, Soon shall see light; Then will they know all of life's
sing - ing his praise, Lost for a while, We shall soon meet, with all the

CHORUS.

Je - sus One of God's days.
meaning One of God's days.
ransomed, One of God's days.
} One of God's days, beau - ti - ful days,

We shall in glo - ry sing his praise; Fight- ings all done,

Vic - to - ries won, We shall see Je - sus, One of God's days.

rit.

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Christ Will Win.

JAMES ROWE. W. A. POST.

1. Sing the tidings o'er and o'er, Christ will win! Send the news o'er sea and shore,
2. Fast his fol-low-ers increase, Christ will win! Dawns the blessed day of peace,
3. Long-er grow his battle-lines, Christ will win! As the sun his glo-ry shines,
4. See the hosts of evil frown, Christ will win! See, be-yond the victor's crown,

Christ will win! With his hosts he on- ward goes, Mak-ing cap-tives
Christ will win! Day by day and hour by hour, Nations feel his
Christ will win! In the vales of sin and shame, Souls to live a-
Christ will win! Doubt and sin are backward hurl'd, He is bless-ing

of his foes; Forward! for the way he knows; Christ will win!
Sav-ing pow'r; Is he not a might-y tow'r? Christ will win!
new be-gin; Praise his ev-er-last-ing name! Christ will win!
all the world, Sa-tan's ban-ners will be furl'd; Christ will win!

CHORUS. *Unison.*

cres.

Forward march! the Captain needs you, Forward in the strife with sin;

Harmony.

By his might he doth up-hold us; Forward, sol-diers, Christ will win!

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My Father's Love.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER. JER. 31 : 3. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. How my longing heart is cheer'd And my Lord the more endear'd By his
2. Golden beam of priceless worth, Piercing thro' the mists of earth, Ev- er -
3. Hoar-y head and smiling youth, Ponder well the wondrous truth, Let your

precious words that come from heav'n above! From his high and ho - ly throne,
more his faithful, yearning care to prove, Love that knows not chill, or change,
soul with grat-i-tude and gladness move; With a joy that's full and strong,

Ten - der-ly he tells his own: "I have lov'd thee with an everlasting love."
Passing fancy's widest range, "I have lov'd thee with an everlasting love!"
Sound the blest, exultant song, "I have lov'd thee with an everlasting love."

CHORUS.

Lov'd thee with an ev - er - last-ing love, Lov'd thee with an
I have lov'd thee, I have lov'd thee,

ev - er-last- ing love; Sing these words to me a- gain, Glad me with the

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My Father's Love.—Concluded.

5

Love Took Him There.

W. C. MARTIN. MELVIN J. HILL.

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6 You Can Never Be Lonely With Jesus.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. You can nev - er be lone-ly if Christ is your friend, He says he'll be with you un - to the end; And up - on his great promises you may depend;
2. You can nev - er be lone-ly in earth's darkest night, God's pil - lar of fire now is burning bright, And your soul shall be flooded with heavenly light;
3. With no Christ and no hope, O so lone - ly life's road! Come now and be cleansed in the precious blood; You may have as companion the dear Son of God;

CHORUS.

You can nev - er be lone-ly with Je - sus. O 'twould be dreary with out him, With-out the dear Saviour each day; Let him be your com- pan-ion, your brother and friend, He will lead you and keep you al - way.

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Satisfied.

A. H. ACKLEY. B. D. ACKLEY.

1. When I have fin-ish'd my pil - grimage here, When shall have vanish'd temp-
2. When I am trou-bled by grief and de - spair, Grace nev-er fail-ing a -
3. When I have trav-el'd the way with my Lord, Counting the mile-posts by

ta - tion and fear As in the arms of his love I a - bide,
waits me up there; Will-ing to trust him what - ev - er be - tide,
faith in his word, Liv - ing and dy - ing with him at my side,

CHORUS.

I shall be sat - is - fied. I..... shall be sat - is -
I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be
fied,..... I..... shall be sat - is - fied;.....
sat - is - fied. I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied;

rit.

Shelter'd a-bove by his in - fin-ite love, I shall be sat - is - fied.

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Let Us Be Triumphant Christians.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Let us be tri-um-phant Christians While we so-journ here be-low;
2. Let us be tri-um-phant Christians, O-ver-com-ers in the strife;
3. Let us be tri-um-phant Christians With love's banner wide unfurl'd;

With a faith that knows no wav'ring, And our hearts with love a-glow,
Let us give the world the sun-shine Of a true, vic-to-rious life;
Trusting in our conqu'ring Je-sus Who has o-ver-come the world;

Let us show to those a-bout us Who still cling to earth-ly toys,
Let us meet life's dis-appointments With a cour-age born of faith
Ev-'ry need-ed grace sup-ply-ing While we look to him for aid,

We have something more en-dur-ing Than its tran-si-to-ry joys.
In our glo-ri-ous Re-deem-er, Who has con-quer'd sin and death.
On his arm of strength re-ly-ing We shall nev-er be dismay'd.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord!.... who ev-er giv-eth us the vic-to-ry, Praise the Lord!

Praise the Lord!

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Let Us Be Triumphant Christians.

9 Burden Bearing.

FRED SCOTT. "Bear ye one another's burdens.—GAL. 6 : 2. F. S. SHEPARD.

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Standing on the Hill-top.

Rev. D. Y. Stephens. H. L. Gilmour.

CHORUS.

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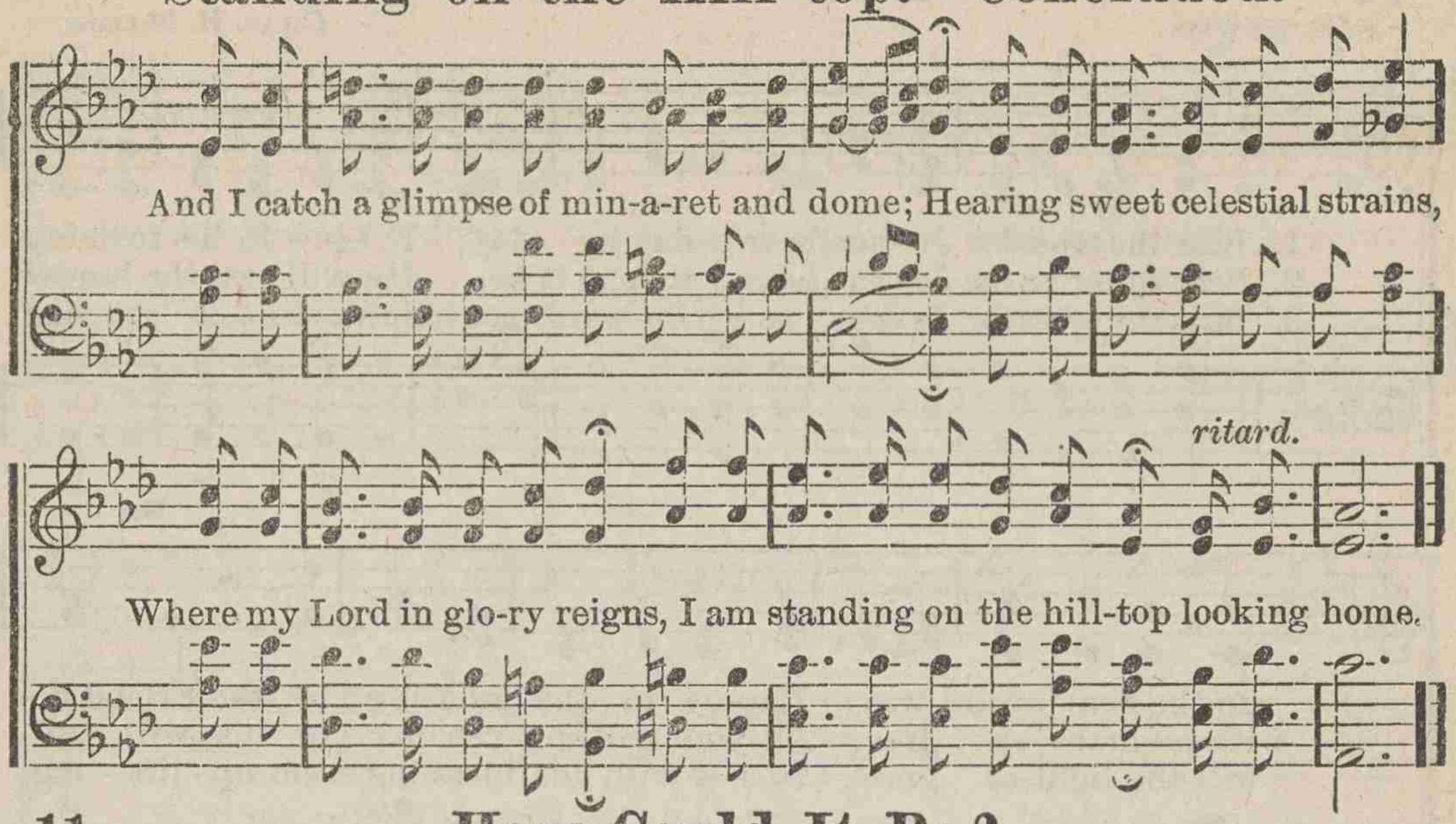
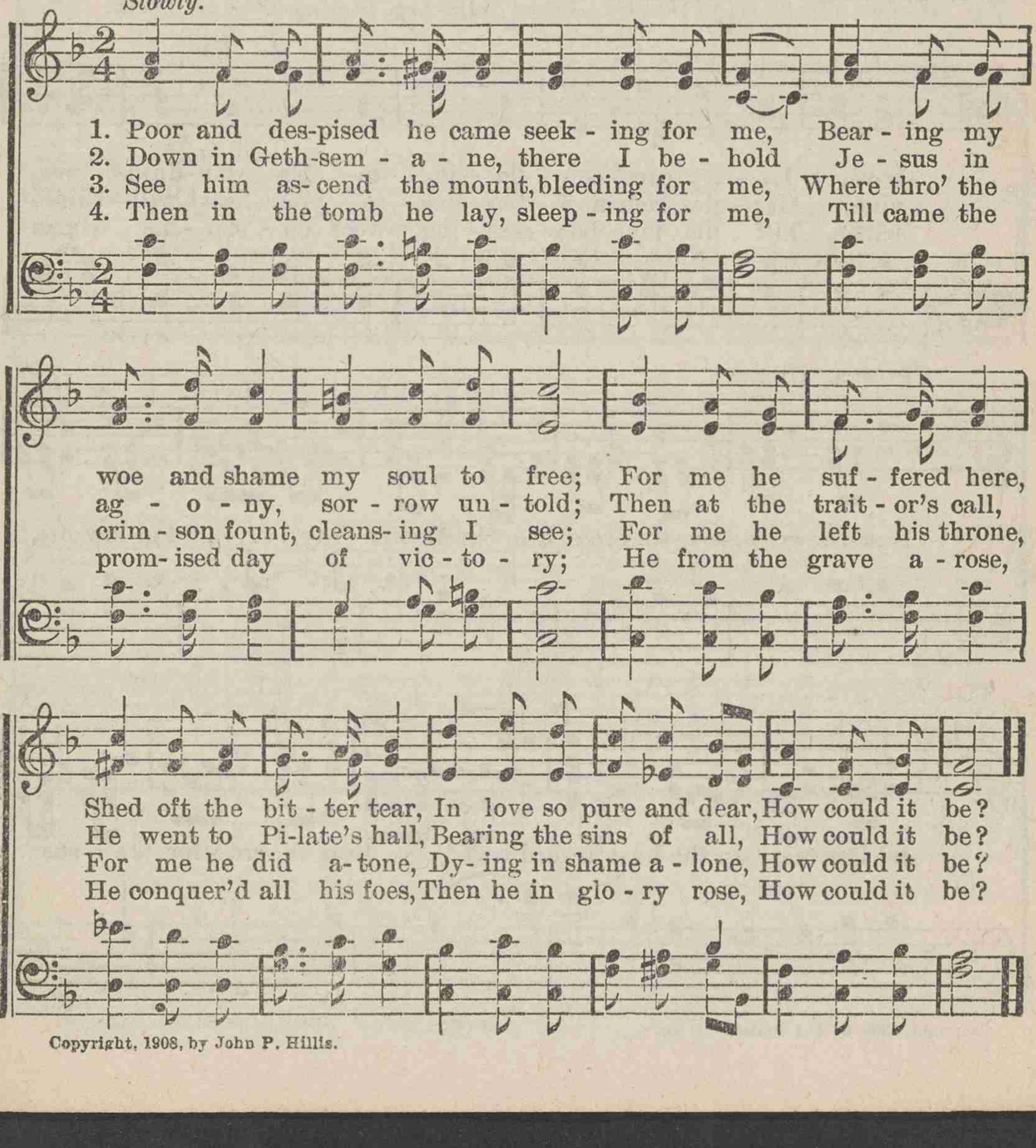
Standing on the Hill-top.—Concluded.



11 How Could It Be?

REV. N. A. McAULAY. CHAS. H. MARSH.

Slowly.



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Bear the Cross.

E. E. HEWITT. CHAS. H. MARSH.

1. Bear the cross for Je - sus, bear it day by day; Fol-low in his footsteps
2. Bear the cross for Je - sus, heav-y though it be, He will ease the burden
3. Bear the cross for Je - sus, as we on-ward go, Burdens he is shar-ing

up the heav'nward way; Hap-py in the guid-ing of the Friend a -
with his grace so free; All your will sur - ren - der to his will di -
will the light-er grow; Cross-es with his bless-ing seem up - lift - ing

bove, Ev - 'ry care con - fid - ing to his won - drous love.
vine, Mer - cies, rich and ten - der, in your heart will shine.
wings, Till his joy pos - sess - ing, sweet ho - san - na rings.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Bear the cross, bear the cross, hear the Master say, ... "Fol-low me,

fol-low me, up the heav'nward way;" Bear the cross for Je - sus

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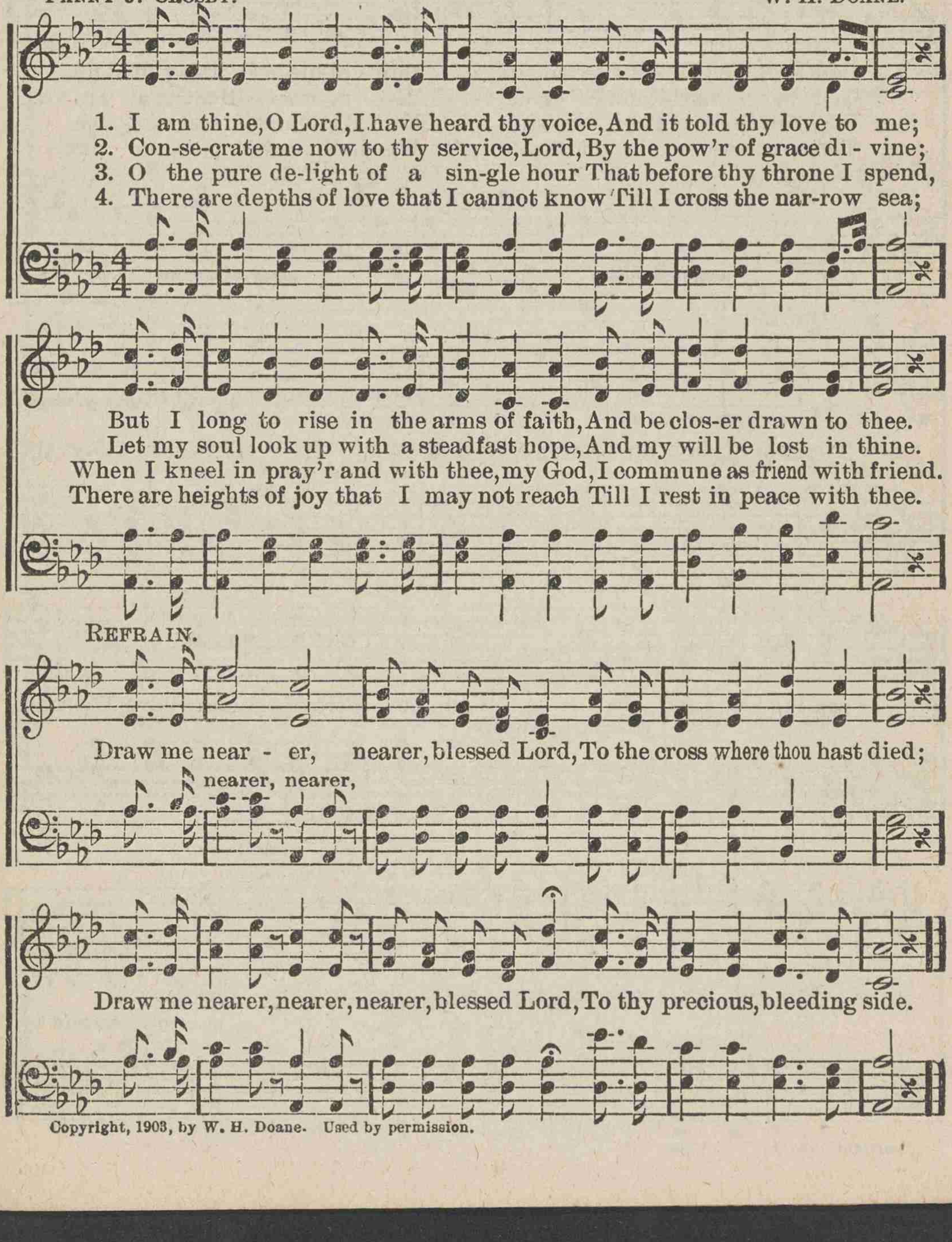
Bear the Cross.—Concluded.

13 I Am Thine, O Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



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14 The Golden Days are Coming Bye and Bye.

ORA SAMUEL GRAY. CHAS. F. ALLEN.

SOLO.

1. Does the tempter seek your soul? Do your doubts perplex your mind?
2. Tho' your load is heavy now, Don't give up or be cast down;
3. Je - sus is a mighty king, Ev - 'ry foe will vanquish'd be;
4. Sin some day will be un-known, Tears of pain and sor-row o'er;

God still holds the world's control, Hap - pi- ness in him you'll find.
God has promis'd, and he's true, Ev - 'ry cross will mean a crown.
We shall find our heart's de-sire Thro' the Man of Gal - i - lee.
Those we've "lov'd and lost awhile," We shall meet to part no more.

CHORUS.

The gold-en days are coming by and by, The gold-en days are coming by and by,
coming by and by, In our Father's home a- bove, We shall
coming by and by,
glo - ry in his love, The gold-en days are coming by and by.
coming by and by.

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15 The Angels Have Charge Over Thee.

WILDIE THAYER. Ps. 91: 11. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. In time of temp-ta - tion, I hear a sweet voice, So ten-der - ly
2. When tri - als a - rise, and when dan-ger is near, A light in the
3. Then rest, sweetly rest, on the prom-ise of God, From sin and its

whis - per to me, "Be strong in the Lord, sweetly rest on his word,
dark - ness I see, This prom-ise so blest bringeth comfort and rest,
pow - er be free; O be of good cheer, there is noth-ing to fear,

CHORUS.

The angels have charge o- ver thee."
" The angels have charge o- ver thee."
" The angels have charge o- ver thee."
} "The an-gels have charge o - ver

thee, ... To keep thee in all thy ways;" This blessed as - sur-ance

over thee,

ritard. . . . . . .

brings peace to my soul, My heart is o'er-flow - ing with praise.

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16 Why Not Come to Him Now?

L. F. J. LYMAN F. JACKSON.

1. Sweet as the dew at morn, ... When the new day is born, . .
2. Long hast thou sought for rest, ... Long have thy sins dis - trest! . .
3. Sweet as the voice of love..... Whispers the heav'n-ly dove, . .

at morn, is born,

Com - eth the voice of Je - sus to cheer thee, Gracious-ly to thee borne;
Long has thy soul, its heav - y load bear-ing, Sad - ly its guilt con - fest!
Gra- cious-ly bear-ing God's in - vi - ta- tion, From his bright throne a-bove!

Hear ye the whispered call, ... Ten - der - est word of all, ...
Help-less, a - lone and drear, ... Seek- ing in vain for cheer, ...
Yield to him now thy heart! ..... Bid all thy doubts de - part! ....

the call, of all,

"Come un-to me, all ye that are wea-ry!" Come, ere the shadows fall!
Je - sus would help, thy sorrows all sharing; Glad- ly the mes- sage hear!
He would in mer - cy per- fect sal - va- tion Free- ly to thee im - part!

CHORUS.

Why! ..... O why ..... not ..... now? . .
Will ye not come to him now, just now? O will ye not come to him now, just now?

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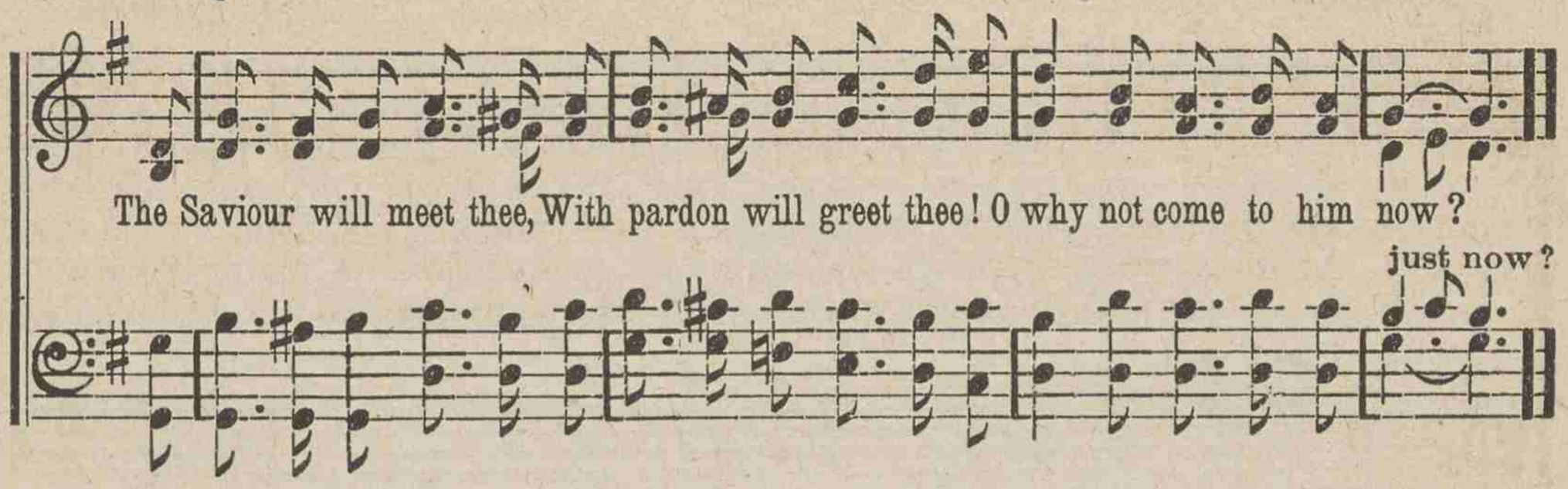
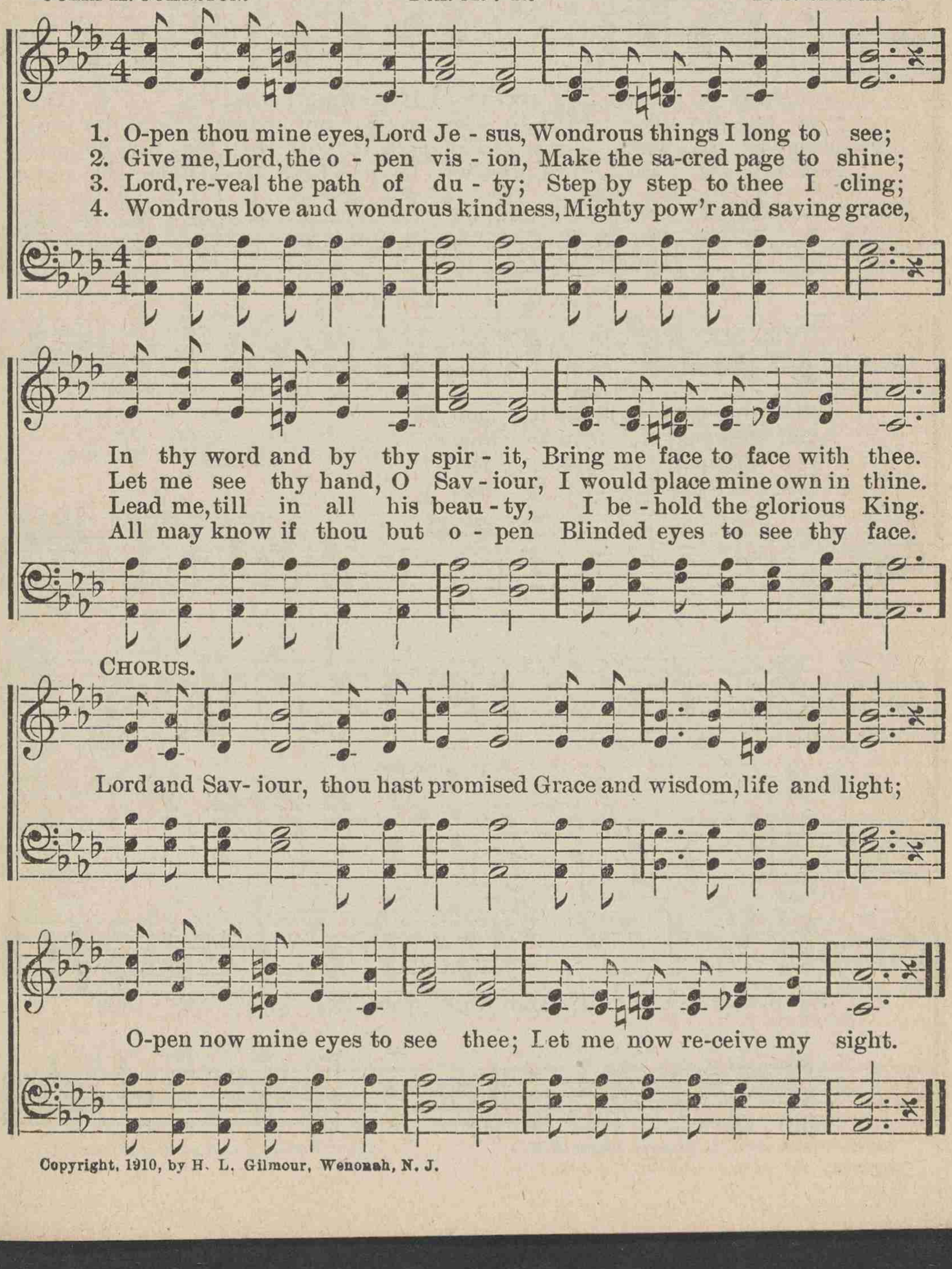
Why Not Come to Him Now?—Concluded.



17 Open Thou Mine Eyes.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. PSA. 119: 18. F. S. SHEPARD.



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18 He Whispers His Love to Me.

JAMES ROWE. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. When-ev - er by sor- row my spir - it is tried, Or rough seems my path - way to be,
2. Tho' waves of mis - for-tune may o - ver me roll, And friends with their sym - pa - thy flee,
3. At times when the temp-ter steals near to my heart, I claim the pow'r promised so free,
4. No fear will be mine, when I get the command To cross to the clear crys - tal, sea,

My pre- cious Re-deem-er what - ev - er be - tide,
Still Je - sus my Saviour comes close to my soul,
The wil - der - ness He - ro then bids him de- part,
For Christ who has promised, be - side me will stand,

CHORUS.

Still whis-pers his love to me.
And whis-pers his love to me.
And whis-pers his love to me.
And whis- per his love to me.

He whispers his love to me,

He whis - pers his love to me, My spir - it to cheer, my Sav - iour draws near, And whis - pers his love to me.

to me,

to me.

to me.

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19 Shine and Keep Sweet.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. There's sorrow and sad-ness on ev - er - y side, And tri - als how oft - en we meet; Let this be our watchword whatev - er be- tide,
2. Shine brightest for Je - sus when dark - est the way, When fierce op-po - si - tion you meet; His love can change midnight to ra-diant noon-day;
3. His grace is suf - fi-cient what-ev - er the test, You nev - er need suf - fer de - feat; Then scat-ter the sun-light, let oth-ers be blest;
4. Then walk in the light with God's glo - ry in view, Sal - va - tion is full and com - plete; Keep look-ing to Je - sus he'll car - ry you thro';

CHORUS.

"Just shine and keep sweet." Shine and keep sweet, shine and keep sweet,

Just shine keep sweet,

No mat - ter what ob - sta - cles here you may meet, With God on your side, ev'ry foe 'neath your feet, Just shine, brother, shine and keep sweet.

and keep sweet.

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20 I Have an Every Day Saviour.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. I have an ev - 'ry day Sav- iour, Je - sus who died for me,
2. I have an ev - 'ry day Sav- iour, Planning my way for me,
3. I have an ev - 'ry day Sav- iour, On his strong arm I rest,

Full of com-pas-sion and mer - cy, A - ble to make me free;(make free;)
He knows the end and be- gin - ning—On - ly a step I see; (I see;)
Seek-ing his glo - ry and hon - or, Do - ing my Lord's be- hest; (be hest;)

Nev - er a mo-ment un-mind- ful, He will not slumber or sleep;
Rul-ing the world by his pow - er, Rul-ing my heart by his love;
I shall find grace for temp - ta - tion, Light he will shed on my way;

He who doth no - tice the spar- row, Safe-ly his lov'd ones will keep.
O what a Sav - iour is Je - sus, Liv-ing for - ev - er a - bove!
O what a Sav - iour is Je - sus, Sav-ing and keeping each day!

CHORUS.

I have an ev - 'ry day Sav- iour, Wonder-ful, won-der-ful Sav-iour!

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I Have an Every Day Saviour.—Concluded.

O what a Friend! I may de-pend Ev - er on Je - sus my Sav- iour.

21 Never Doubt Your Saviour.

JAMES ROWE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Tho' your head be bow'd with sorrow, Never doubt your Saviour, Never doubt your
2. When the tempter strives to harm you, Never doubt your Saviour, Never doubt your
3. On his love re - ly com-plete-ly; Never doubt your Saviour, Never doubt your

Sav-iour; Go to him and com-fort bor - row, Nev-er, nev - er doubt your
Sav-iour; When the storms of life a - larm you, Nev-er, nev - er doubt your
Sav-iour; Rest in him se- rene- ly, sweet - ly; Nev-er, nev - er doubt your

Sav-iour; Ev - er on his faith-ful breast You your wea-ry head may rest,
Sav-iour; Ev - er in his pre-cious side There is room for you to hide;
Sav-iour; Faithful he will ev - er prove Till you reach your home a-bove;

He will stand the strongest test; Nev- er, nev-er doubt your Sav- iour.
Let your faith in him a - bide; Nev- er, nev-er doubt your Sav- iour.
No one loves as he doth love; Nev- er, nev-er doubt your Sav- iour.

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God Is For Us.

MRS. C. H. M. ROMANS 8: 31. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. There's a glad song rings thro'out the world to- day, It is vic - to - ry!
2. "Peace on earth, good will to men" he brings to all, It is vic - to - ry!
3. He shall reign from sea to sea, and shore to shore, It is vic - to - ry!

it is vic - to- ry! To the con-quest of the cross we haste a - way;
it is vic - to- ry! Pris- on doors swing wide, and i - ron fet- ters fall;
it is vic - to- ry! Ev - 'ry mor-tal tongue confess his sov'reign pow'r;

CHORUS. *Unison.*

It is vic- to- ry! for our King! God is for us, who can be against us?

Ral - ly, Christian soldiers, ral - ly at his call; In his name shall

vic - to-ry at-tend us, Sa - tan's ar-ma-ments be-fore us yield and fall;

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God Is For Us.—Concluded.

23 Bless the Lord, My Soul.

E. A. Barnes. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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Why I'm Happy.

ADA BLENKHORN. LYMAN F. JACSKON.

1. I'm hap - py in my Lord be-low, My heart with praise doth overflow;
2. On him I cast my ev - 'ry care, And he doth all my sorrow share;
3. His faith - ful-ness and truth a-bide; He bids me in his love con-fide;
4. He leads me in the nar-row way, He saves and keeps me ev-'ry day;
5. For all my need he gives me grace, For ev - 'ry time and ev-'ry place;

He par-don'd all my sin I know, And that is why I'm hap - py.
He gives me strength my cross to bear, And that is why I'm hap - py.
From ev - 'ry foe in him I hide, And that is why I'm hap - py.
I love him, and his will o - bey, And that is why I'm hap - py.
And ev - 'ry-where I see his face, And that is why I'm hap - py.

CHORUS.

I'm hap - py! I'm hap - py! Praise God, I'm al- ways hap - py! I'm

hap - py in my Lord be-low, He took my bur - den long a - go; And

this is why I love him so, And why I'm al- ways hap - py.

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25

Safe in the Ark.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. J. B. HERBERT.

1. When I was lost on the sea of sin, Dark - ness with -
2. Here thro' the blood I have been made whole, Here I am
3. Now, thro' the grace of the Lord, I stand, Bound for the
4. Here I will stay till this life is o'er, Here I will

out, deep- er yet with- in; God sent me help and I en- tered in,
safe, tho' the waves may roll; Here not a storm can mo - lest my soul,
shores of the Gold - en Land; Here I am kept by the Lord's own hand,
stay till I reach yon shore; Then I will ren- der, for - ev - er - more,

CHORUS.

In - to the Ark of God.
Safe in the Ark of God.
Safe in the Ark of God.
Praise for the Ark of God.

I'm safe, safe in the Ark to - day,

the ark of God.

I'm safe, safe in the Ark to stay; While all.... a - round me

bil- lows may dash and spray, I'm safe in the ark to - day.

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Somebody Cares.

IRENE DURFEE. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. Nev - er a-lone in this earth- ly way, Somebody cares, Somebod-y cares,
2. When I am singing a hap - py song, Somebody cares, Somebod-y cares,
3. When I am weary and long for rest, Somebody cares, Somebod-y cares,

I have a help-er each bus - y day; Somebod-y cares, 'tis Je - sus,
When I am fighting against the wrong, Somebod-y cares, 'tis Je - sus,
When by the tempter I'm sorely press'd, Somebod-y cares, 'tis Je - sus,

Somebod - y cares when the clouds hang low, Cares when my heart is o'er -
Somebod - y cares when I stand a - lone, Cares when the pleasures of
Somebod - y cares, and what-e'er be- tide, Walks ev - 'ry hour by the

whelm'd with woe, Cares and is marking my path below, Somebody cares, 'tis Jesus.
earth are gone, Cares when my false hopes with wings have flown, Somebody cares, 'tis Jesus.
Christian's side, Love so a-maz-ing will e'er a-bide, Somebody cares, 'tis Jesus.

REFRAIN.

Some - bod-y cares for me, Some - bod - y cares for me,
Somebody cares, yes, Somebody cares, yes, he cares for me,

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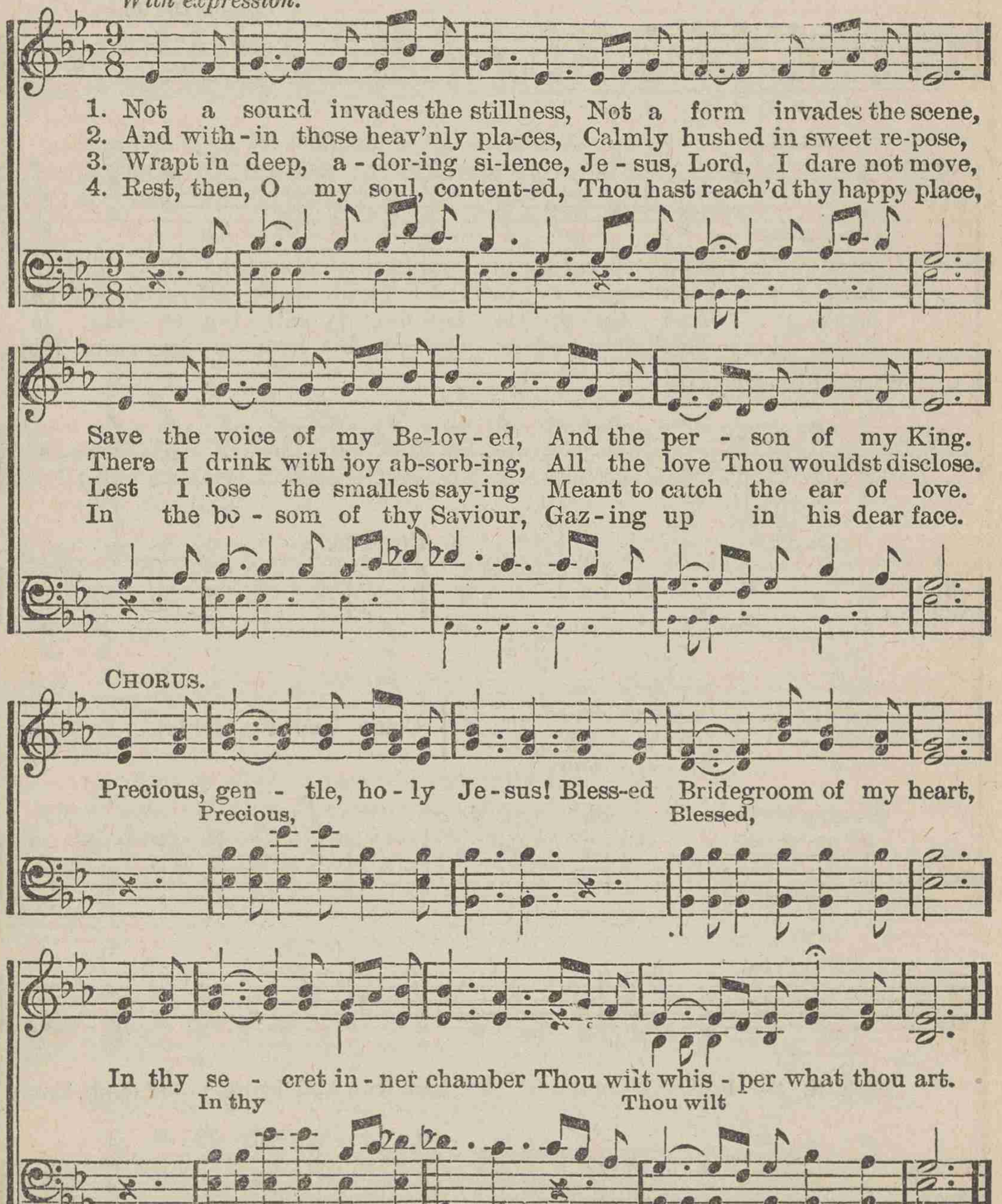
Somebody Cares.—Concluded.

27 Whisperings of Jesus.

D. K. W. Hosea 2: 19. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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Outside of the Fold.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

With tenderness.

1. Out-side of the fold of the Shepherd so true, The Shep - - herd so
2. He heard the low cry of his sheep that was lost, His sheep..... that was
3. He laid down his life for his lost ones astray, His lost..... ones a -
4. De - lay not, but en - ter by Je - sus the door, By Je - - sus the

1. Shepherd so true,
2. Sheep that was lost,
3. Lost ones astray,
4. Je-sus the door,

true,..... Who o-ver bleak mountains came seeking for you, Came
lost,..... From glo - ry to Cal- v'ry the dark a-byss cross'd, The
stray,..... And for you is ten- der - ly call - ing to - day, Is
door,..... Safe fold - ed to rest in his love ev - er - more, His

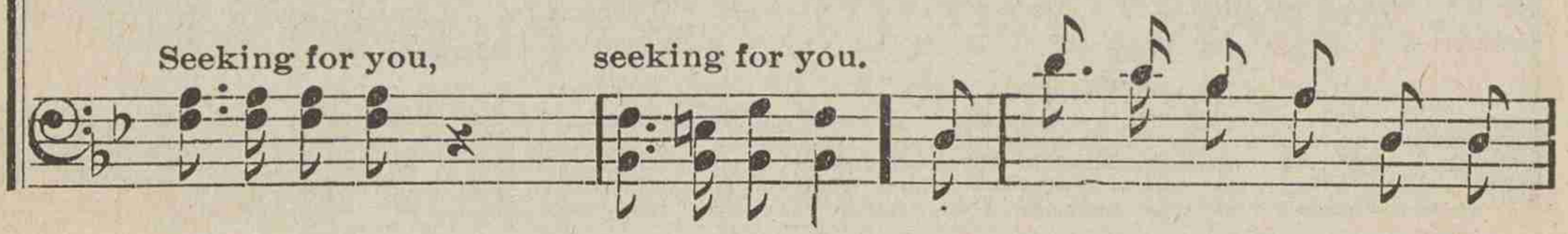
Shepherd so true,

CHORUS.

seek - - ing for you.....
dark..... a - byss cross'd.....
call - - ing to - day.....
love..... ev - er - more.....

} Come back to the fold, O come

Seeking for you, seeking for you.



back to the fold, No more to be foot sore and hungry and cold; Come

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Outside of the Fold.—Concluded.

29 I Love Him.

C. F. O. S. C. Foster. Arr. by A. S. M.

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30 I Will Sing the Wondrous Story.

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY. PETER P. BILHORN.

1. I will sing the wondrous sto - ry Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray;
3. I was bruised, but Je-sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4. Days of darkness still come o'er me, Sorrow's paths I oft - en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;

How he left his home in glo - ry, For the cross on Cal - va - ry.
Threw his lov - ing arms a-round me, Drew me back in - to his way.
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But he freed me from them all.
But the Sav - iour still is with me, By his hand I'm safe - ly led.
Then he'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.

CHORUS.

Yes, I'll sing..... the won-drous sto - - - ry
Yes, I'll sing the won-drous sto - ry

Of the Christ..... who died for me,.....
Of the Christ who died for me,

Sing it with..... the saints in glo - - - - ry,
Sing it with the saints in glo - ry,

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I Will Sing the Wondrous Story.—Concluded.

Gath - ered by..... the crys - tal sea.

Gath-ered by the crys - tal sea,

31 Close to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. SILAS J. VAIL.

1. Thou, my ev - er - last - ing por-tion, More than friend or life to me,
2. Not for ease or world - ly ples-ure, Nor for fame my pray'r shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad-ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea:

All a - long my pil-grim jour - ney, Sav-iour, let me walk with thee.
Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with thee.
Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with thee.

REFRAIN.

Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee;
Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee;
Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee;

All a - long my pil-grim jour-ney, Sav-iour, let me walk with thee.
Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with thee.
Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with thee.

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32 Lead Us, Dear Lord, to Thee.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. W. A. POST.

Fervently.

1. It mat-ters not how long the way If dark or bright each passing day,
2. When hope is faint and faith is weak, O not in vain God's word we'll seek;
3. When blessings fall in gracious show'rs, And joy illumes our bus - y hours,

rit.

We'll fol - low on, thy face to see, Lead us to thee, dear Lord, to thee.
Un - to the throne we'll bear the plea, Lead us to thee, dear Lord, to thee.
This ev-ermore our pray'r shall be, Lead us to thee, dear Lord, to thee.

CHORUS. *A tempo.*

Lead us to thee,..... dear Lord di - vine,.....Bright Star of
Lead us to thee, dear Lord di - vine,

Morn..... up-on us shine,..Thine, on-ly thine.....our hearts would
Bright Star of Morn, up - on us shine, Thine, only thine, our

rall.

be,..... Lead us to thee, dear Lord, to thee.
hearts would be, Lead us to thee.

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33 Soldiers of the Prince of Peace.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. MARSH.

Unison.

1. March-ing on in bless-ed gos-pel light, Cour-age strong and
2. Je - sus left his king-ly home a-bove, Just to show to
3. If we true re-main till life is o'er, Bye and bye on

ar - mor shin-ing bright, Al - ways stand-ing firm-ly for the right,
us his boundless love; Now our con-stant faith in him to prove,
heaven's bless-ed shore We shall rest with him for-ev - er-more;

CHORUS.

We are sol-diers of the Prince of Peace.
We are sol-diers of the Prince of Peace.
Saint-ed sol-diers of the Prince of Peace.

On-ward, for-ward,

sing-ing as we go, Help-ing oth-ers Jesus Christ to know, Spreading

Harmony.

love and sunshine here be-low, We are soldiers of the Prince of Peace.

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34 Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd.

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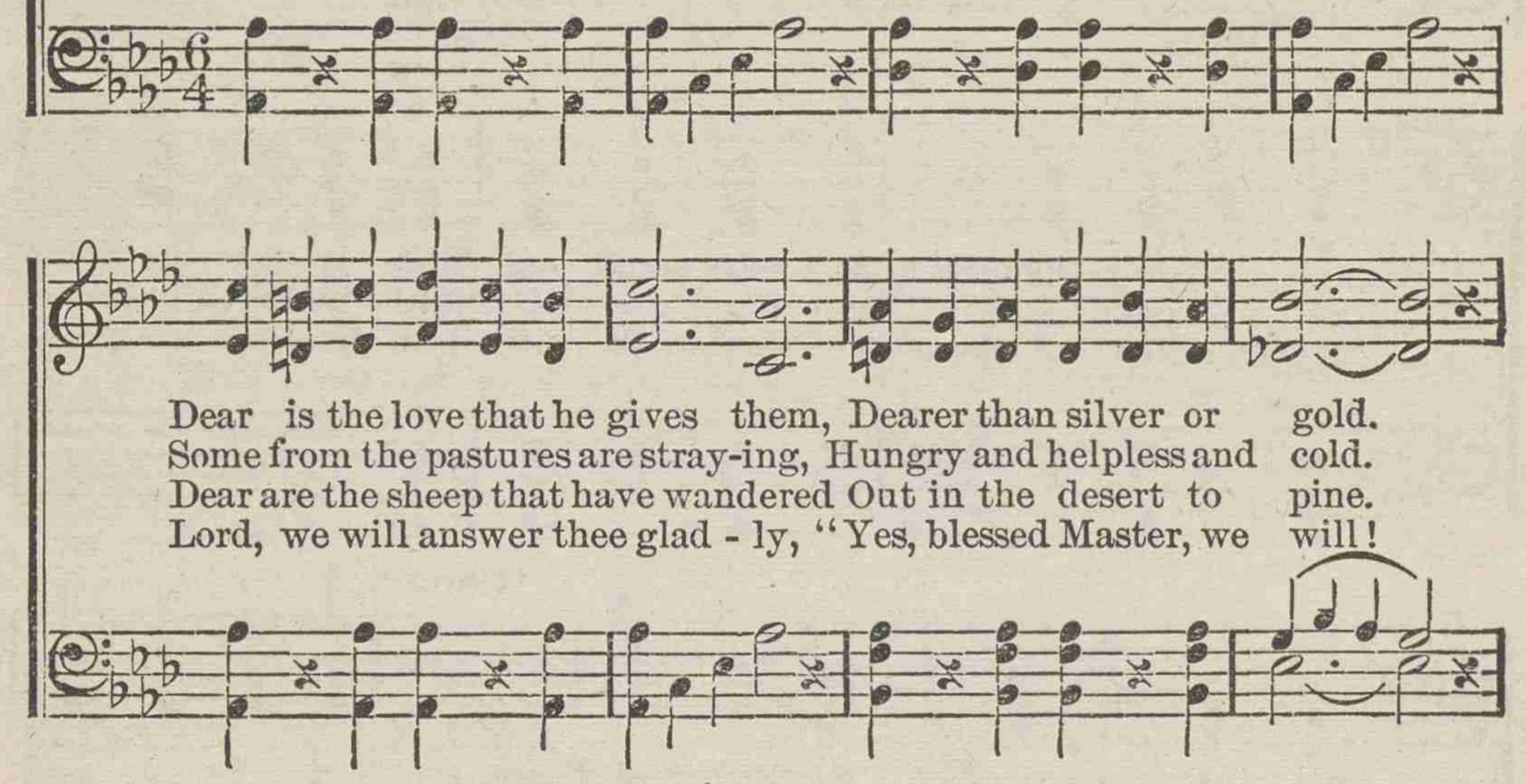
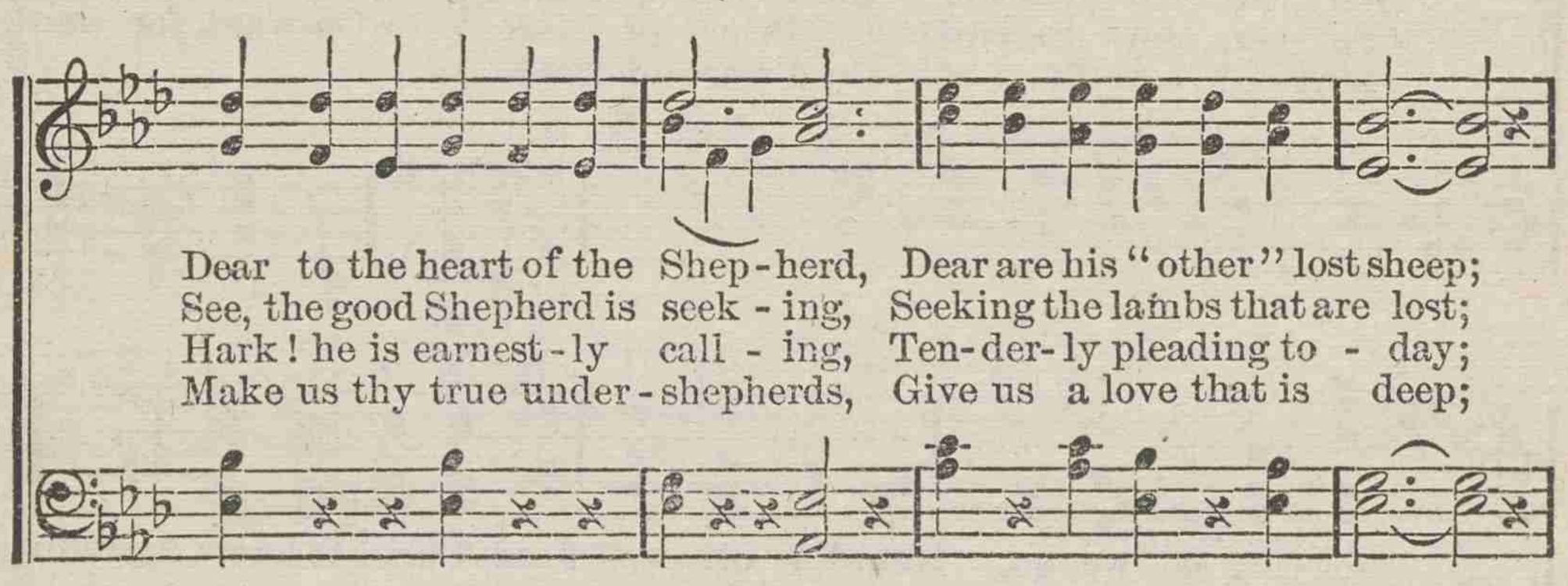
MRS. MARY B. WINGATE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

DUET.

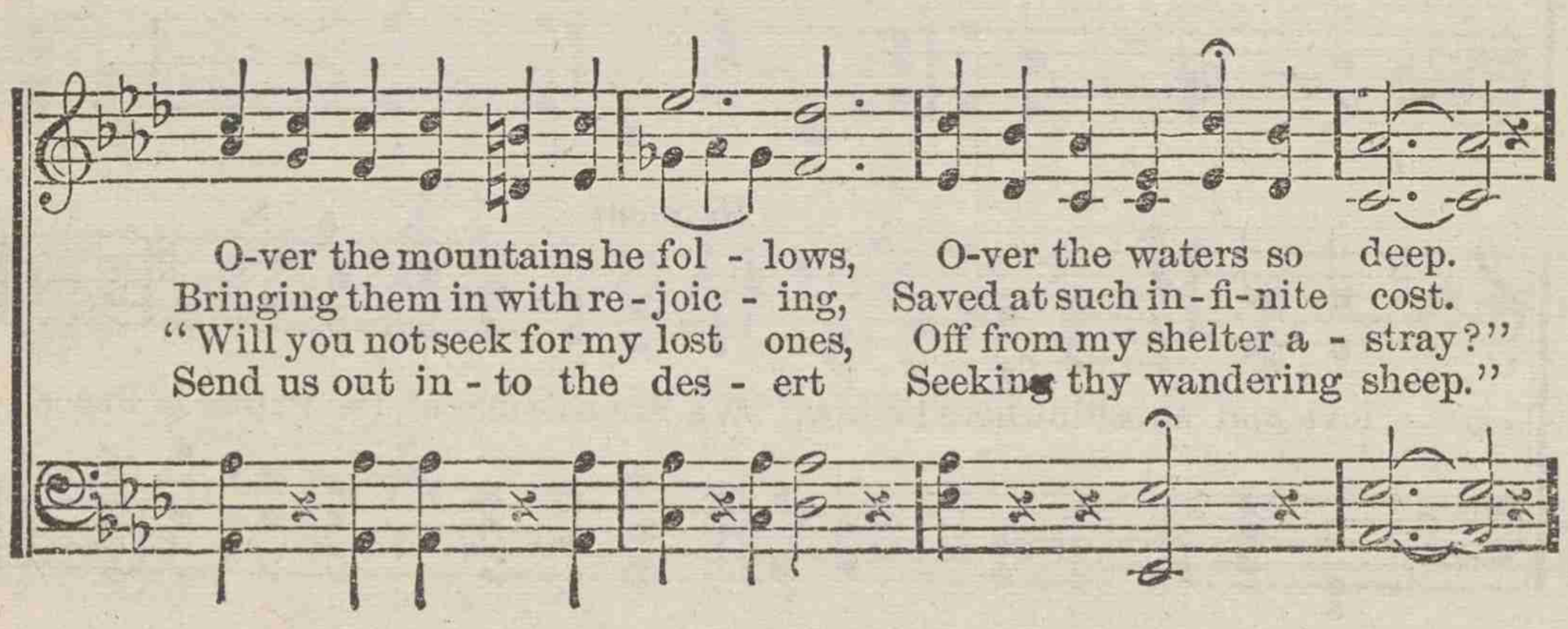
1. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the sheep of his fold;
2. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the lambs of his fold;
3. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the "ninety and nine."
4. Green are the pastures in-vit - ing, Sweet are the waters and "still";



Dear is the love that he gives them, Dearer than silver or gold.
Some from the pastures are stray-ing, Hungry and helpless and cold.
Dear are the sheep that have wandered Out in the desert to pine.
Lord, we will answer thee glad - ly, "Yes, blessed Master, we will!



Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are his "other" lost sheep;
See, the good Shepherd is seek - ing, Seeking the lambs that are lost;
Hark! he is earnest-ly call - ing, Ten-der-ly pleading to - day;
Make us thy true under-shepherds, Give us a love that is deep;



O-ver the mountains he fol - lows, O-ver the waters so deep.
Bringing them in with re-joic - ing, Saved at such in-fi-nite cost.
"Will you not seek for my lost ones, Off from my shelter a - stray?"
Send us out in - to the des - ert Seeking thy wandering sheep."

Dear to the Heart, Etc.—Concluded.

CHORUS. *poco rit.*

Out in the desert they wan - der, Hungry and helpless and cold;

f a tempo.

Off to the rescue { he hast - ens, } Bringing them back to the fold.
(*4th verse.*) { we'll hast-en, }

35 While Jesus Whispers to You.

WILL E. WITTER. H. R PALMER.

1. { While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
   { While we are pray-ing for you, Come, (*Omit.....*) sin- ner, come!

{ Now is the time to own him, Come, sin-ner, come!
{ Now is the time to know him, Come, (*Omit.....*) sin-ner, come!

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2 Are you too heavy laden?
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will bear your burden,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will not deceive you,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus can now redeem you,
Come, sinner, come!

3 O hear his tender pleading,
Come, sinner, come!
Come and receive the blessing,
Come, sinner, come!
While Jesus whispers to you,
Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you,
Come, sinner, come!

36 They Shall Shine.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. DAN. 12: 3. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. How man - y in heav - en re - joic - ing - ly stand Ar - ray'd in white
2. 'Tis prom-is'd to us that bright crown we may wear, Where flow - ers are
3. Where songs of re-demp-tion shall ev - er be sung, Where those who were

gar- ments at Je - sus' right hand! A won - der - ful, beau - ti - ful,
blooming e - ter - nal - ly fair; O think of the glo - ry a -
a - ged shall al - ways be young, Shall we be found wor - thy to

CHORUS. *mf*

sanc - ti - fied band! They shall shine as the stars.
wait - ing us there, Where they shine as the stars!
join the glad throng, Those that shine as the stars?

} They shall shine,

p *mf* *ff* (*1st section of singers.*)

shine as the stars! They shall shine, shine as the stars! They that lead sin-ners their

(*2d section.*) (*3d section.*)

sins to con- fess, They that turn man- y to righteousness, They that shall

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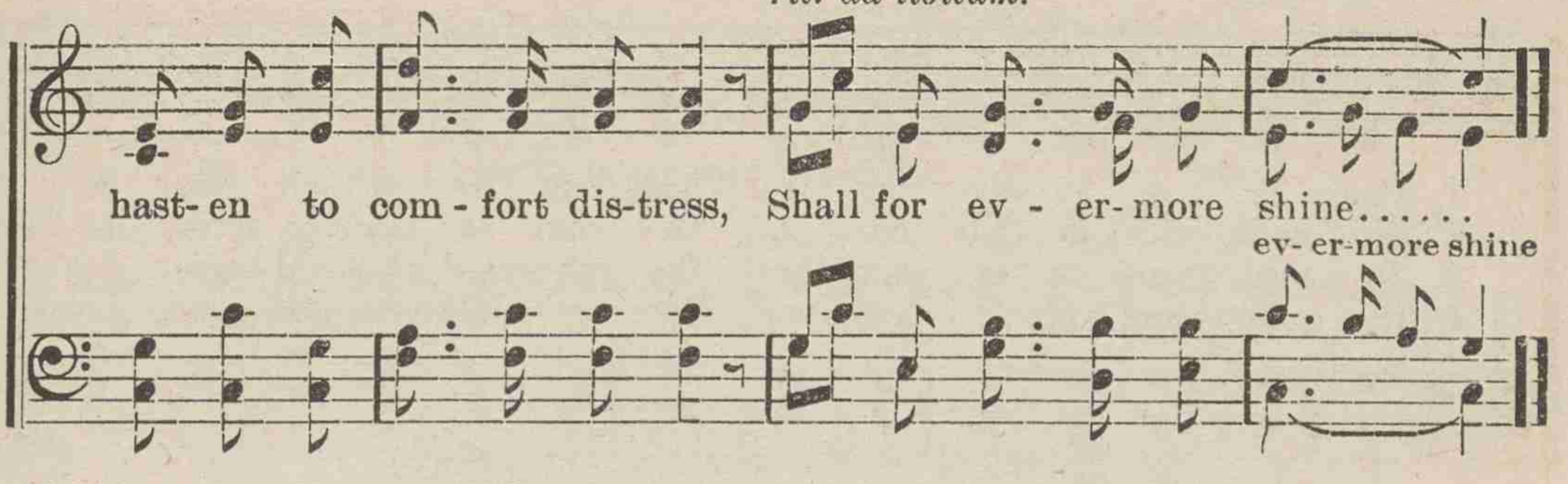
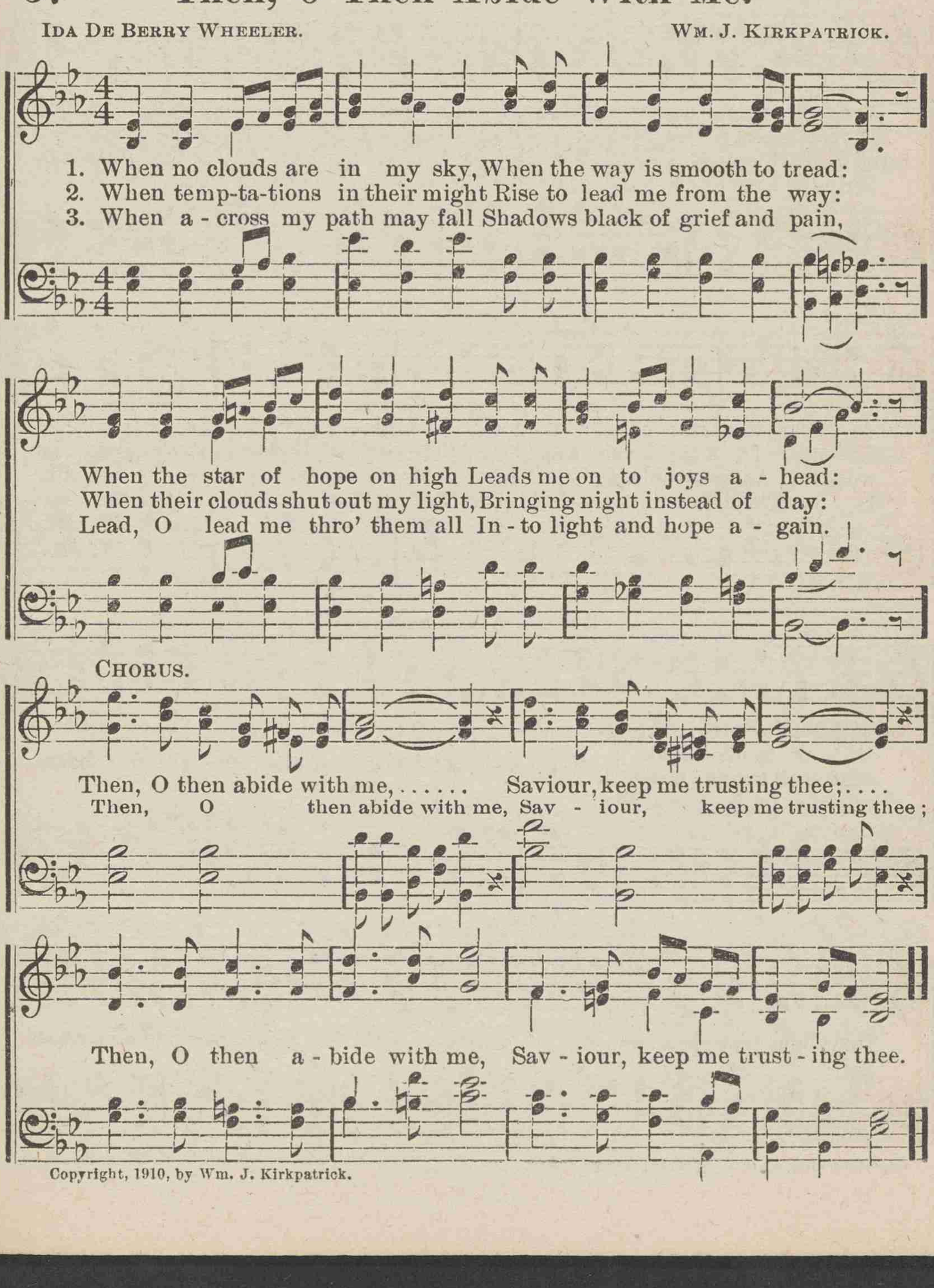
They Shall Shine.—Concluded.

rit. ad libitum.



37 Then, O Then Abide With Me.

IDA DE BERRY WHEELER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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38 The Light of the Holy City.

ADA BLENKHORN. LYMAN F. JACKSON.

1. There is a ho - ly cit - y, Whose build - er is our God; No eye hath seen its mansions fair, No foot its courts hath trod. The wealth of its foun -
2. No need with - in that cit - y, Of sun or moon to shine; Je - ho-vah's presence lights the scene With radiance most di-vine; No shade of night e'er
3. No man could ev - er num - ber The ran-somed ga-ther'd there, Ar - rayed in blood-washed robes of white They palms of vict'ry bear; Before God's throne they
4. The count - less hosts of heav - en His wor - thy praise pro - claim, As - scrib-ing hon - or, bless-ing, pow'r And glo - ry to his name. In cease-less al - le -

da - tions, Its streets of pur-est gold, The glo - ry of its gates of pearl. No tongue hath ev - er told.
fall - eth, To dim its splen-dor bright; The Lamb of God on Calv -'ry slain, For ev - er is the light.
wor - ship And serve him night and day; And ev - 'ry tear from ev - 'ry eye His hand shall wipe a - way.
lu - ias They chant e - ter - nal psalm, And cry, "Sal - va - tion to our God! Sal - va - tion to the Lamb!"

REFRAIN. *moderato.*

The Lamb is the light of that cit - y a - bove, The . light that shall nev - er cease!....And all shall be - hold him, whose

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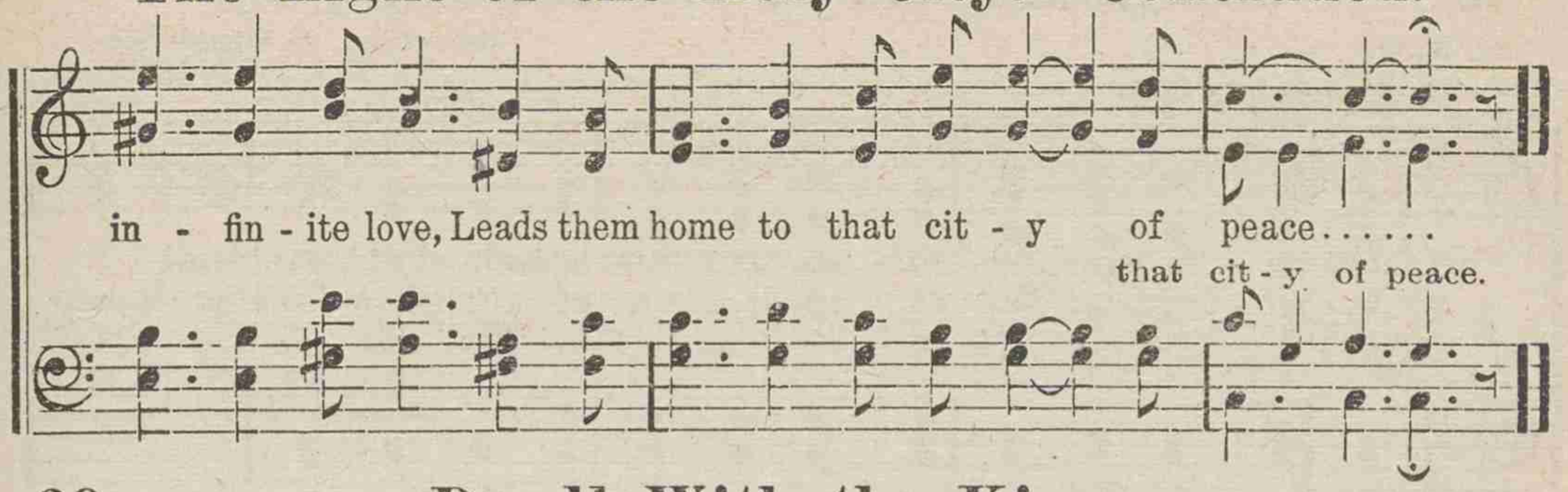
The Light of the Holy City.—Concluded.



39 Dwell With the King.

JENNIE E. HUSSEY. 1 Chron. 4 : 23. H. L. GILMOUR.

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40 Homeland of the Blest.

G. A. G. REV. GEO. A. GRISWOLD.

p Moderately fast.

1. Je - ru - sa-lem! Je - ru - sa- lem! thou homeland of the blest! I fain would be a shar- er in thy joy - ful rest; And tho' unmurm'ring,
2. Je - ru - sa-lem! Je - ru - sa- lem! up - on thy peace-ful shore Temp - ta - tions cease and tri- als come to vex no more; While smarting here in
3. Je - ru - sa-lem! Je - ru - sa- lem! within thy por- tals high My friends are passing one by one as years roll by; And lone- ly I shall

mf

here I stay till Christ shall bid me come, Yet thou, O sa - cred cit - y,
heart and flesh beneath cor- rec- tions rod, I know a rest re-maineth
be on earth and long-ings will im - pel My spir-it tow'rds the place where-

art my soul's true home. I cov - et not thy splendors, thy halls of dazzling
for the sons of God. I suf- fer here with Je - sus, but soon the fier- y
in my loved ones dwell. Those absent ones re-turn not, but I to them shall

grace, But O! to dwell with Je - sus and see him face to face.
test Will end, and I shall en - ter in - to his per - fect rest.
go, And find them crown'd with glory and pure as drift - ed snow.

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Homeland of the Blest.—Concluded.

CHORUS. *faster.*

I shall behold thee, cit- y of my King, And to his pierc-ed feet my trophies

ff

bring, There with the blood-wash'd myriads I shall sing, "Glo-ry for ev - er to Je - sus."

41 My Fatherland.

L. T. RIGHTSELL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. My fa-therland, my heaven, The home for which I long, Tho' ab-sent and an
2. My fa-therland, my heaven, Thy living streams are pure, Thy trees are ev - er
3. My fa-therland, my heaven, I shall not cease to long For thee in all thy

CHORUS.

a - lien, My love for thee how strong!
blooming, Thy walls they shall en-dure.
beau - ty, My love for thee how strong!
} My fa-therland, my fatherland, I

ritard......

lift mine eyes and see My home, my friends, my fatherland, When shall I en - ter thee?

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42 "Ye Would Not."

MRS. C. H. M. MATT. 23: 37. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

May be used as a duet.

1. "Ye would not come un - to me That ye might have life," Christ
2. This ver - y same Je - sus With heart fond and true, Is
3. O yield now, be - lov - ed one, Throw o - pen the door, Lest

mourn'd o'er Je - ru - sa - lem, With wick-ed-ness rife; Re - ject- ing his
mourn - ing, O broth-er mine, In love o - ver you. He will- eth the
griev'd he should turn a-way, To come back no more; Man's will he doth

proffered grace, Their Lord they de- nied, And turn'd from his love a - way,
death of none, But free - ly he gave Him-self as an of - fer - ing
nev - er break To save him from sin, The choice you must free-ly make

CHORUS.

And him cru - ci - fied.
This whole world to save.
Sal - va - tion to win.

O Je - ru - sa-lem! Je - ru - sa-lem!

How oft would I have gath-ered you, but ye would not, ye would not;

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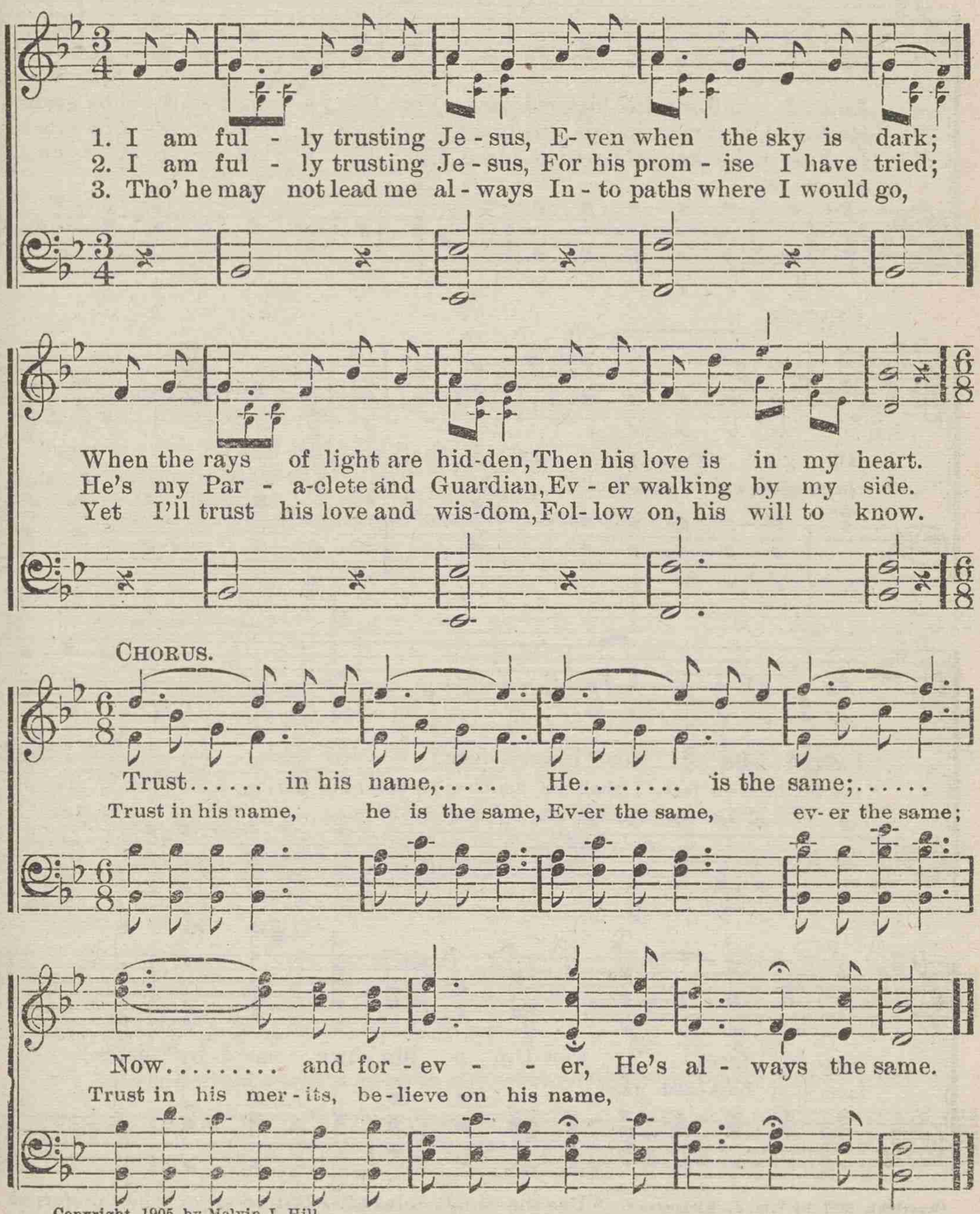
"Ye Would Not."—Concluded.

43 He Is the Same.

M. J. H. "The Sychar Song." MELVIN J. HILL.



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44 A Sinner, Saved by Grace.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

see his face..... For I'm a sin - ner sav'd by grace!
face, his bles - sed face,

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Not a Star in My Crown.

[Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. A. D. George.]

Lizzie De Armond. Jean Howard.

Duet.

1. Shall I stand all a - lone in the king-dom of God, Not a
2. Shall I look o'er the fields, with their har- vest so white Where
3. Shall I stand all a - lone when my Lord com- eth down To

star in my heav - en - ly crown; While the faith-ful ones haste sheaves of
oth - ers were faith-ful and true; And know that an oth - er will
bring his glad king-dom be - low; Will but I, of the millions who

Chobus.

gladness to bring, Be-fore the dear Christ to lay down?
reap the re-ward For toil that my hands fail'd to do?
welcome his call, Have naught for my life-work to show?
} A-lone, all a- lone,

rit.

when I kneel at his feet, Who died for my sins long a - go, long a - go, O

help me to save just a soul in thy name, And show forth thy love here below.

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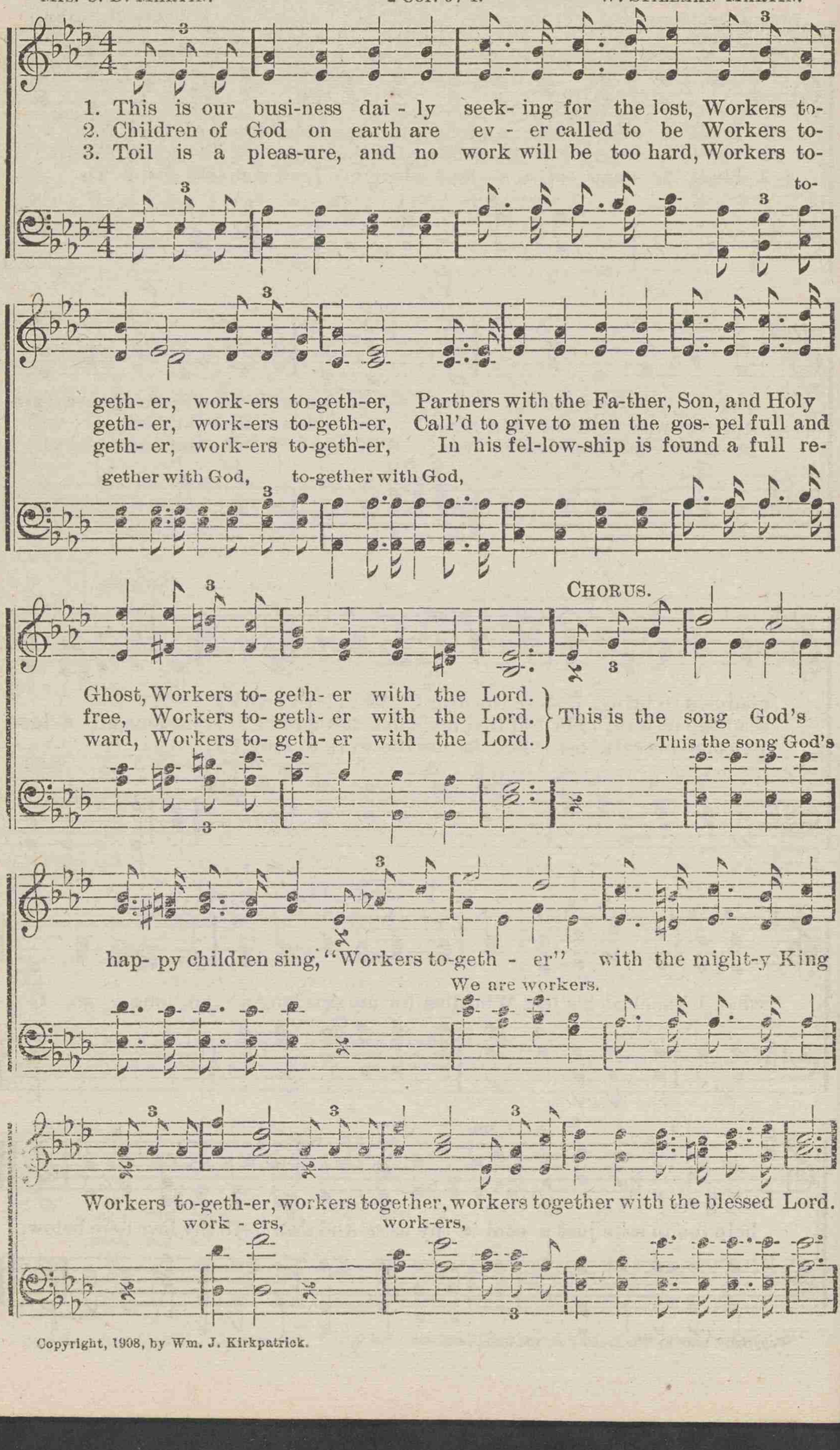
46 Workers Together With God.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN. 2 Cor. 6: 1. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



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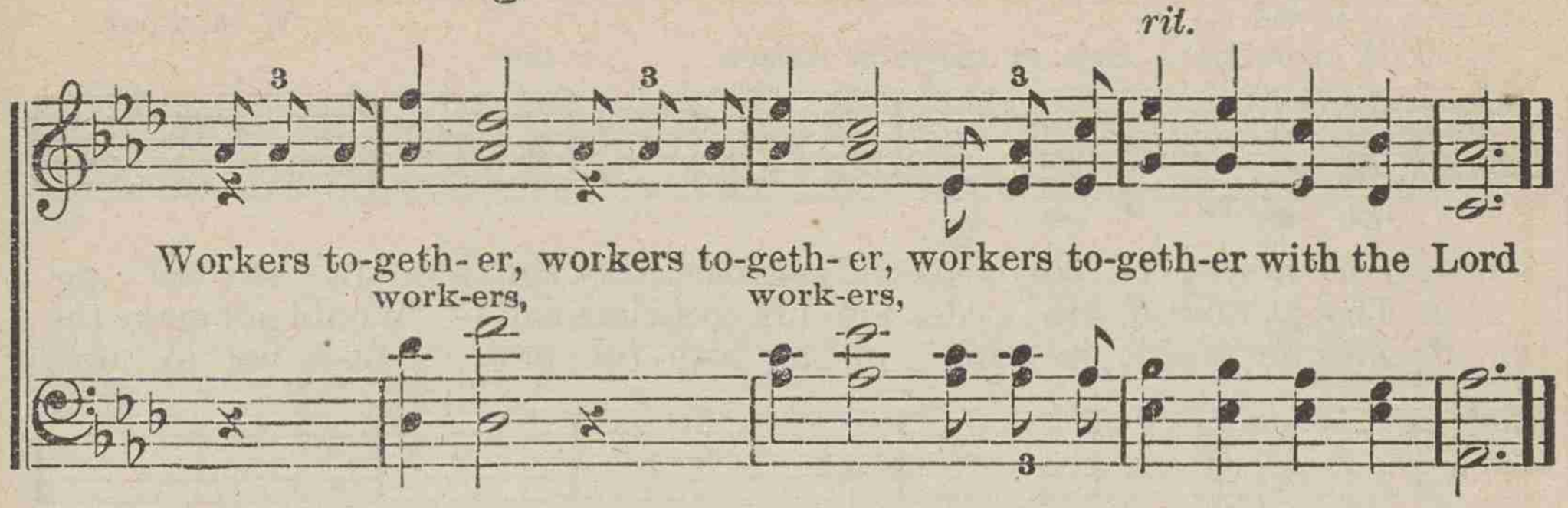
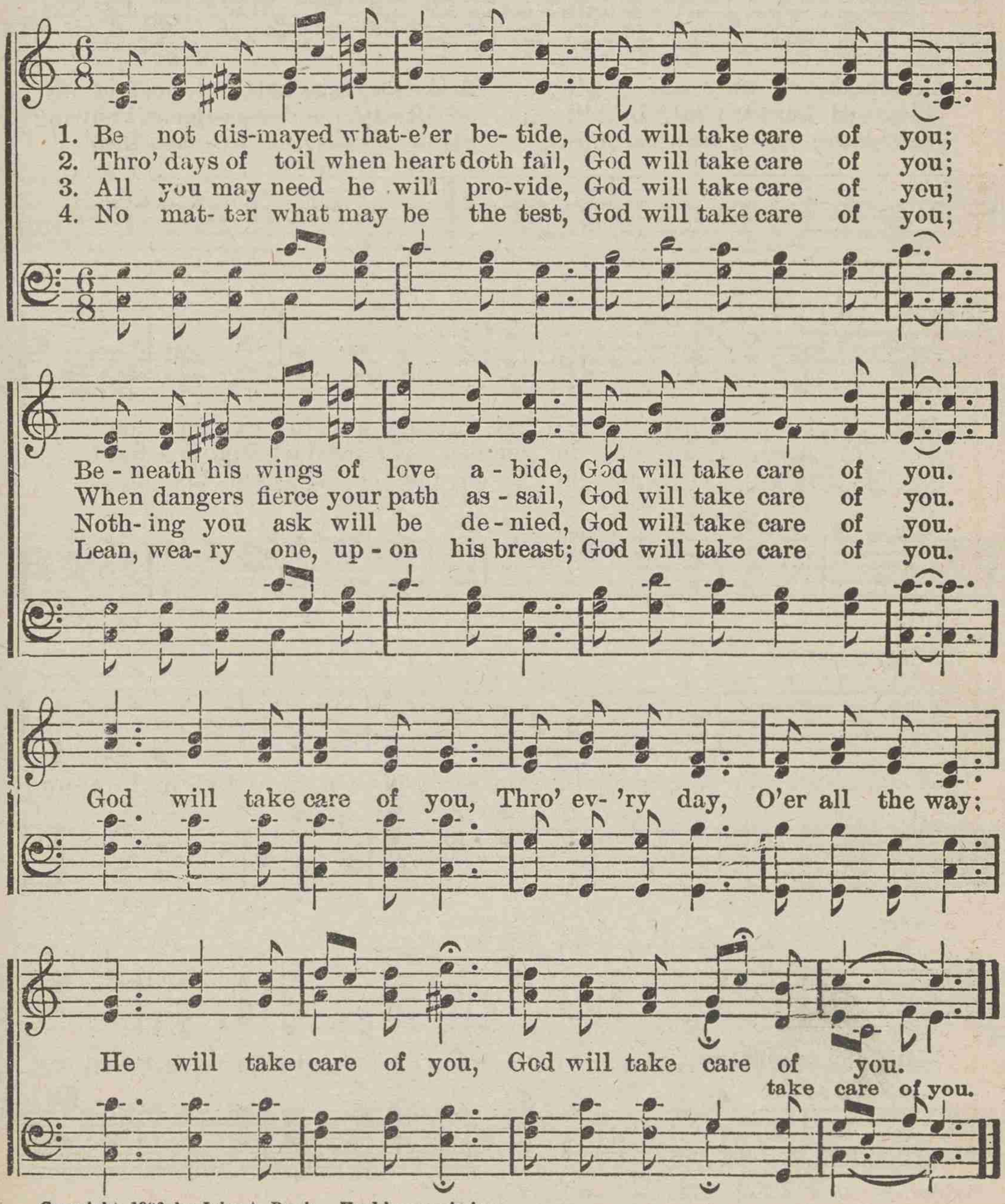
Workers Together With God.—Concluded.



47 God Will Take Care of You.

MRS C. D. MARTIN. Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis. W. S. MARTIN.



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48 Far Away He Saw Me.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. W. A. POST.

With expression. Solo, or voices in unison.

1. Far a-way he saw me in the paths of sin, By his lov-ing
2. Tho' at first I heed-ed not his gra-cious call— Would not make the
3. Now my soul is rest-ing on his faith-ful-ness, Look-ing to my

kindness sought my soul to win; Broke the chains that bound me, set my
bless-ed Lord my all in all, Still with ten-der pa-tience, knowing
Sav-iour ev-er near to bless; Heir of his sal-va-tion thro' a-

spir-it free, Gave his full sal-va-tion un-to "ev-en me."
ev-'ry need, Je-sus in his mer-cy proved a friend in-deed.
bounding grace, Trust-ing in his goodness, I shall see his face.

REFRAIN.

Far a-way he saw me in the paths of sin, By his love un-

cres. . . . . . .

fail-ing sought my soul to win, Far a-way he lov'd me; tuned my

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Far Away He Saw Me.—Concluded.

cres.

life to praise, Fllled with joy and gladness all life's wea-ry days.

49 Jesus Only

E. NASON. C. H. MARSH.

1. Je - sus on - ly, when the morn-ing, Beams up-on the path I tread;
2. Je - sus on - ly, when the bil - lows Cold and sul - len o'er me roll;
3. Je - sus on - ly, when a - dor - ing Saints their crowns before him bring;

Je - sus on - ly, when the dark- ness, Gathers round my wea- ry head.
Je - sus on - ly, when the trum- pet Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.
Je - sus on - ly, I will joy - ous, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges sing.

CHORUS.

Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus on - ly, Let me see thy face di- vine,

rit.

May my stubborn will be yield- ed, Ful - ly yield-ed, Lord, to thine.

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50 The Hallelujah Song.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Let those who've never known our Lord and King Go mourning all the
2. 'Tis heav'n within a sin-ner's heart to know His bur-den roll'd a-
3. The blood, the pre-cious blood of God's dear Son Is on my soul to-
4. Some day be-fore the great white throne we'll sing The hal- le - lu - jah

day, go mourn-ing all the day; But we've a song of joy we
way, his bur-den roll'd a - way; His sins like crim-son, made as
day, is on my soul to - day, And fears and doubtings from my
song, the hal - le - lu - jah song Of praise and hon - or to our

CHORUS.

love to sing While pressing on our up-ward way.
white as snow, And Christ the Lord come in to stay.
heart have flown Since Je- sus wash'd my sins a - way.
God and King With all the ransom'd blood-wash'd throng.
} Hal-le - lu - jah!

for the blood which re-deems us, Hal - le - lu - jah! we'll sing it
re-deems us from all sin,

o'er and o'er;... ..... Hal - le - lu - jah! for the blood of the

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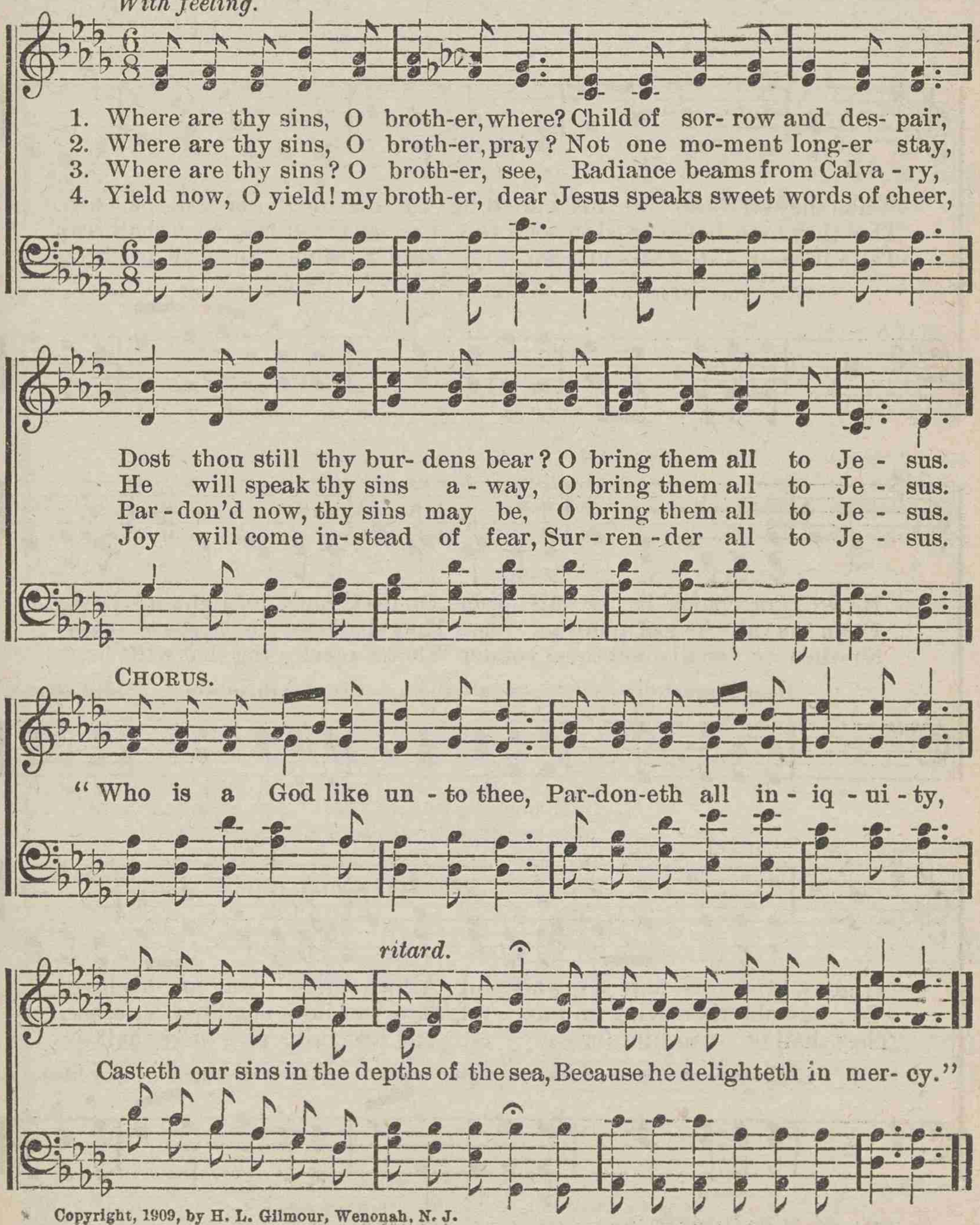
The Hallelujah Song.—Concluded.

51 Where Are Thy Sins?

CLARA J. DENTON. MICAH 7: 18, 19. A. L. GILMOUR.

With feeling.



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Like the Stars.

NEAL A. McAULAY. CHAS. H. MARSH.

1. Oh, the glo - ry that the Sav - iour, On his loved ones will be-stow,
2. Tho' in life they bore the bur - den, Tho' their way was rough and steep,
3. Here the faith-ful friends of Je - sus, Glad-ly serve their Lord and King;

1. Oh, the glo - ry that the Sav - iour, On his loved ones will bestow,

When they strive to do his bid - ding In this life of toil be - low.
Tho' they here have sowed in sor - row Precious seed they soon shall reap.
Tell - ing out the sav - ing sto - ry, Need-y souls in love to bring.

When they strive to do his bid-ding In this life of toil be-low.

He will gra - cious - ly ex - alt them, On his throne of light a - bove;
From the val - leys of temp-ta - tion They shall rise to heights of peace,
So when we shall greet them yonder What a meet - ing that will be.

He will gracious - ly ex - alt them, On his throne of light above;

Highest bliss is now a - wait - ing, All who here en - joy his love.
To be-hold their King im-mor - tal, Where their joys shall nev - er cease.
They shall be with him for - ev - er, And his full - ness there shall see.

Highest bliss is now a-wait - ing, All who here en - joy his love.

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Like the Stars.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

They shall chant the sav-ing sto - ry, On that bright e - ter- nal shore;
They shall chant the saving sto-ry, On that bright e - ternal shore;

They shall shine in endless glo - ry, Like the stars for-ev - er more.
They shall shine in endless glory, Like the stars for - ev-er more.

53 Great is the Love of Jesus.

Copyright, 1894, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Great is the love that bro't me, Out of the path of sin; Great is the
2. Great is the love that draws me, Near to my heav'nly Guide; Great is the
3. Great is the love that leads me, Safe-ly where'er I go; More of its
4. Great is the love pre-par - ing, Mansions of rest a - bove; There shall I

CHORUS.

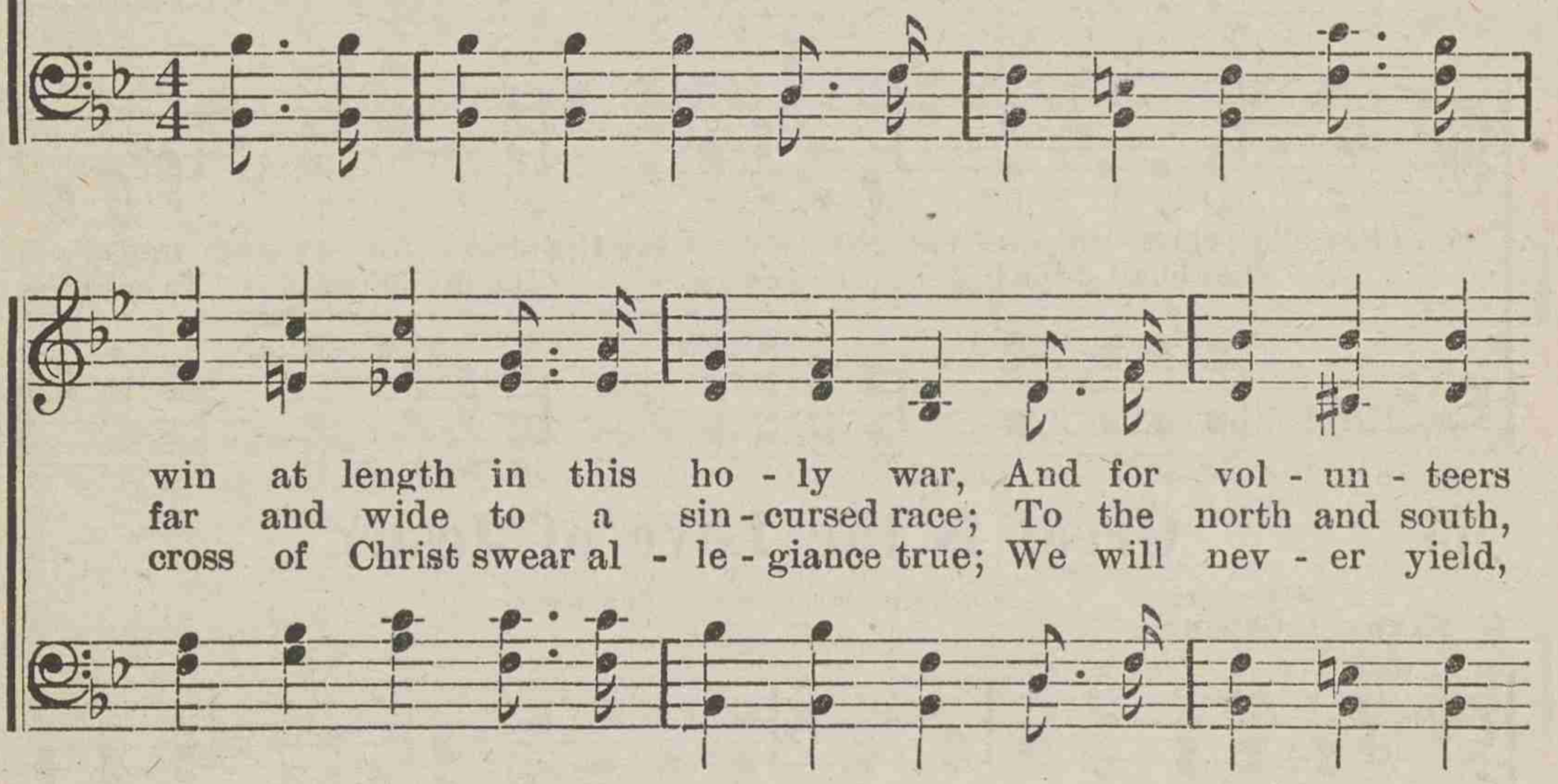
love that gave me, Pardon and peace within.
love that keeps me, Close to his bleeding side.
pow'r and greatness, Teach me, O Lord, to know.
know its full-ness, Wonderful, boundless love.
} Great is the love that saves me,

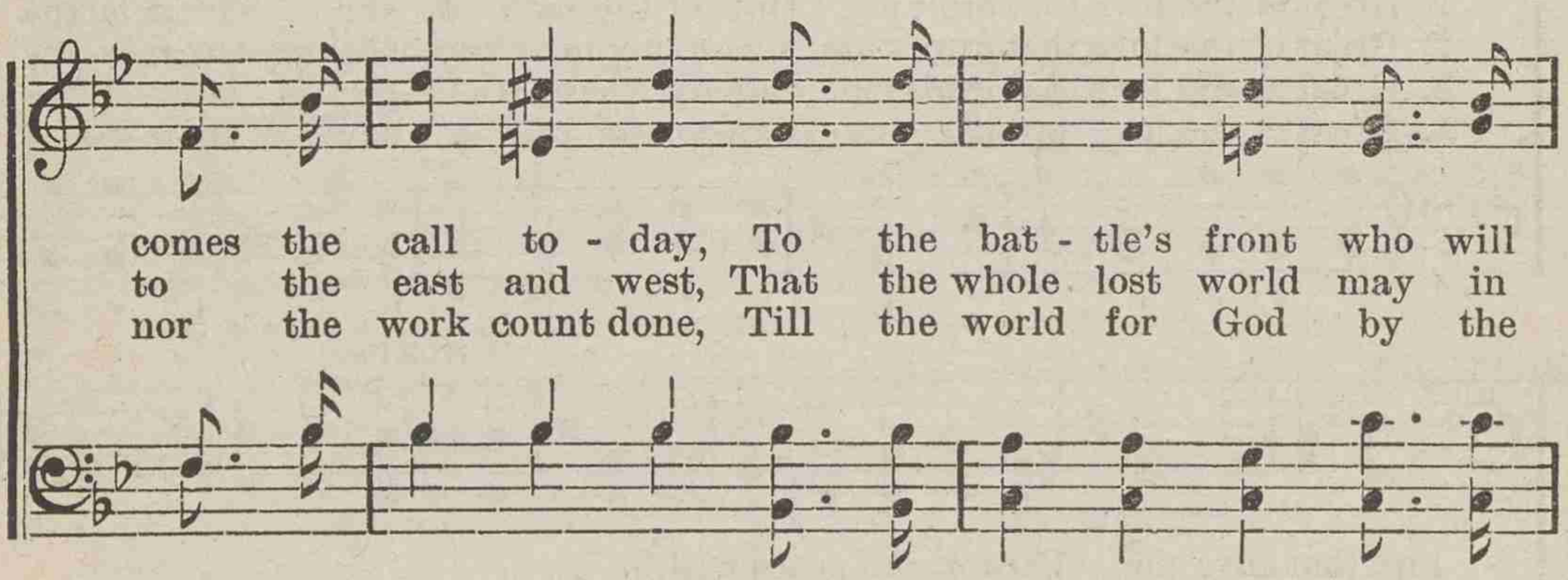
Saves me hour by hour; Wonderful love of Je- sus, Who can resist its pow'r.

54 Victory for the Cross.

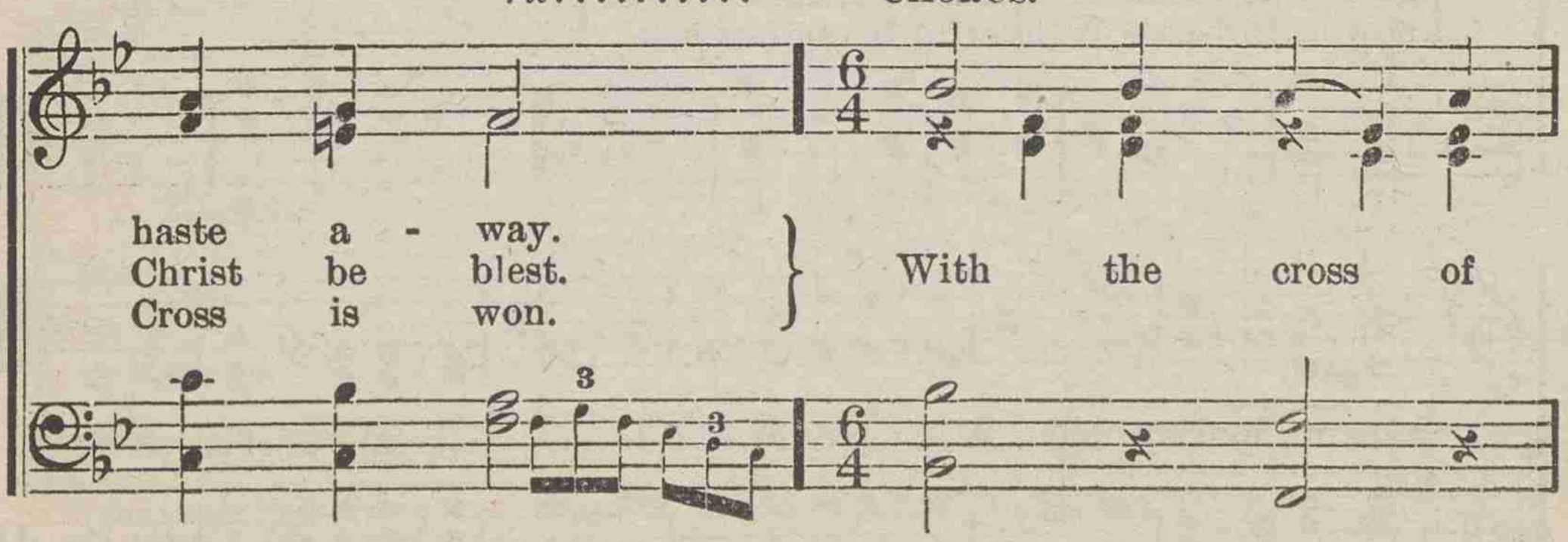
MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

Martial.





rit. . . . . . CHORUS.



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55 Victory for the Cross.—Concluded.

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore,.....

We shall more than con - qu'rers be In this ho - ly

Harmony.

war..... Vic - to - ry our glad hearts sing!

Vic - to - ry for Christ our King! 'Round the whole world

let it ring,.... Vic - to - ry ev - er - more!....

rit.

56

My Anchor Holds.

W. C. MARTIN. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Tho' the an - gry surg- es roll On my tem-pest-driv - en soul,
2. Might-y tides a- bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with- in the deep;
3. Troubles almost whelm the soul, Griefs like bil - lows o'er me roll;

I am peace- ful, for I know, Wild- ly tho' the winds may blow,
An- gry clouds o'er-shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;
Tempters seek to lure a- stray, Storms ob- scure the light of day;

I've an an - chor safe and sure, That can ev - er- more en- dure.
Still I stand the tem-pest's shock, For my an - chor grips the rock.
I can face them and be bold, I've an an - chor that shall hold.

CHORUS.

And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild-est, then, O
And it holds..... my anchor holds; Blow your wild - - - est,

gale, On my bark so small and frail; I shall nev- er, nev - er
then, O gale,

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My Anchor Holds.—Concluded.

57 When I Cross the Bar.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY. H. L. GILMOUR.

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58 Gathering Jewels.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

CONTRALTO SOLO.

1. We are gath - er - ing jew- els for the crown of our Lord, And no oth - er em-ployment such delights could af - ford; At our feet they are ly - ing in the dust and the grime, If thro' grace we may find them in his flow if at the last I may see In his crown some bright jewels which are

2. We are gath - er - ing jew- els of great val - ue un- told, Far more pre-cious than ru - bies, more than sil-ver or gold; They are blood-bought and priceless, and how fearful the cost, If for want of our serv- ice these bright

3. For I love him so dear- ly, this Re-deem- er of mine, All my fond- est af - fec-tions now a-round him en-twine, And my heart will o'er-

CHORUS.

crown they shall shine.
jew - els be lost.
gath - ered by me.

O then let us be bus- y in his work ev-'ry day, Let not one precious moment unimproved pass away; For the Mas-ter is

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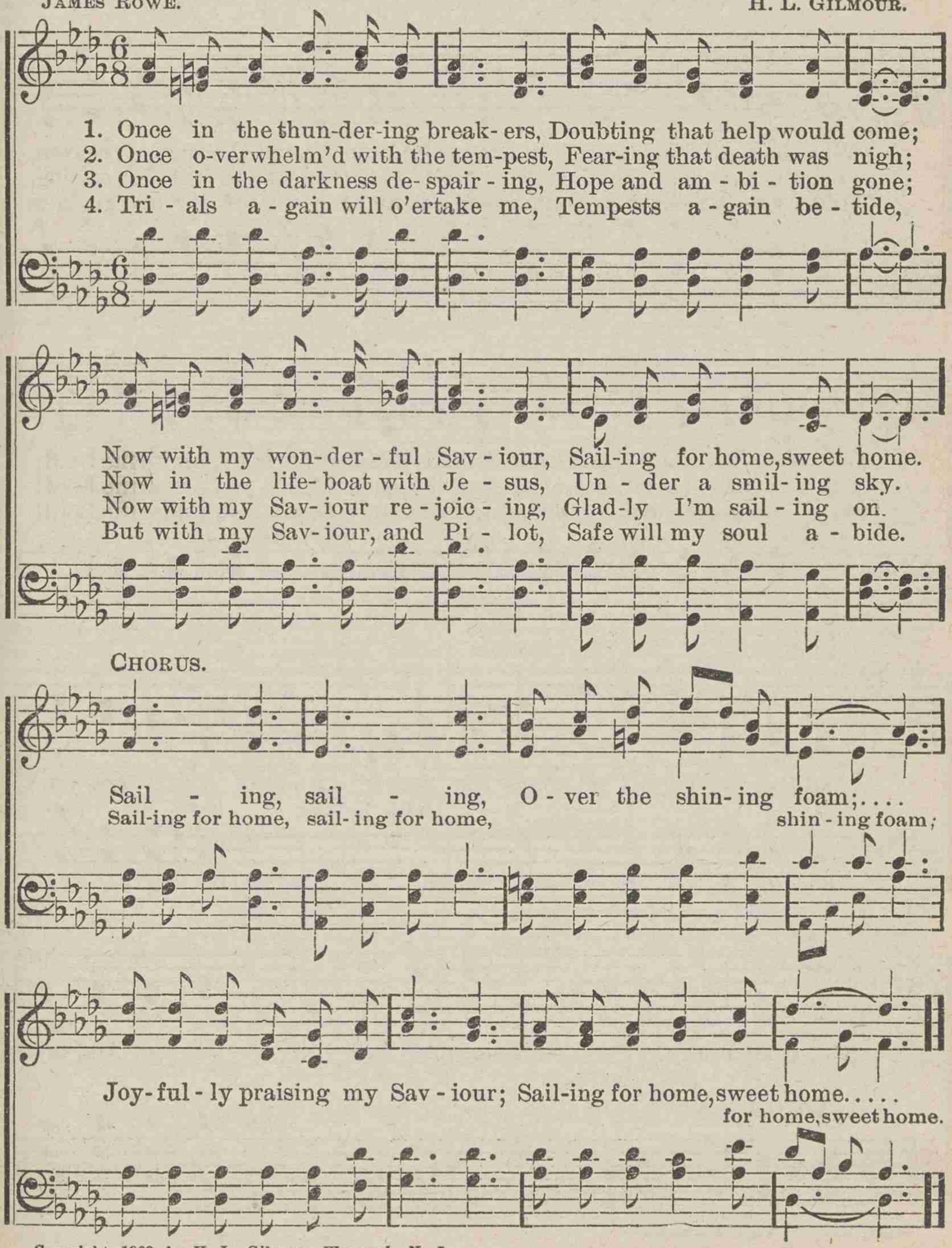
Gathering Jewels.—Concluded.

59 Sailing for Home, Sweet Home.

JAMES ROWE. H. L. GILMOUR.



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60

The End is Not Yet.

E. D. ELLIOTT. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. I have tried to count his blessings, and I fail to un - derstand
2. Like an arm - y I be - hold them pass be - fore me in re - view,
3. Sure - ly goodness, love and mer - cy have been mine a - long life's way,

Why the Lord should so rich - ly reward; Could I count the stars of heaven,
O what joy doth the sight now afford! Tho' they may be long in passing,
And my weak heart to strength is restored; And my cup of joy and gladness

add to them earth's grains of sand, Still his blessings are more, praise the Lord!
still they come, ba - tallions new, And the end is not yet, praise the Lord!
keeps o'erflowing, day by day, And the end is not yet, praise the Lord!

CHORUS.

And the end is not yet, praise the Lord, And the end is not yet,
praise the Lord,
praise the Lord; Blessings new he's still be - stowing, And my
O praise the Lord;

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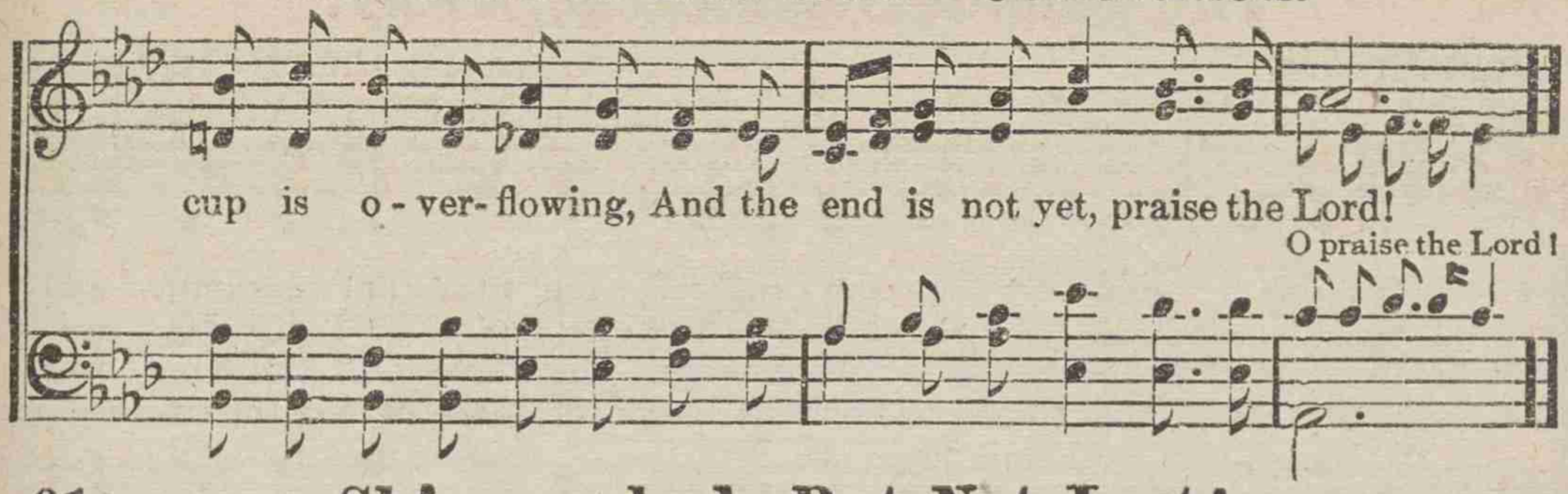
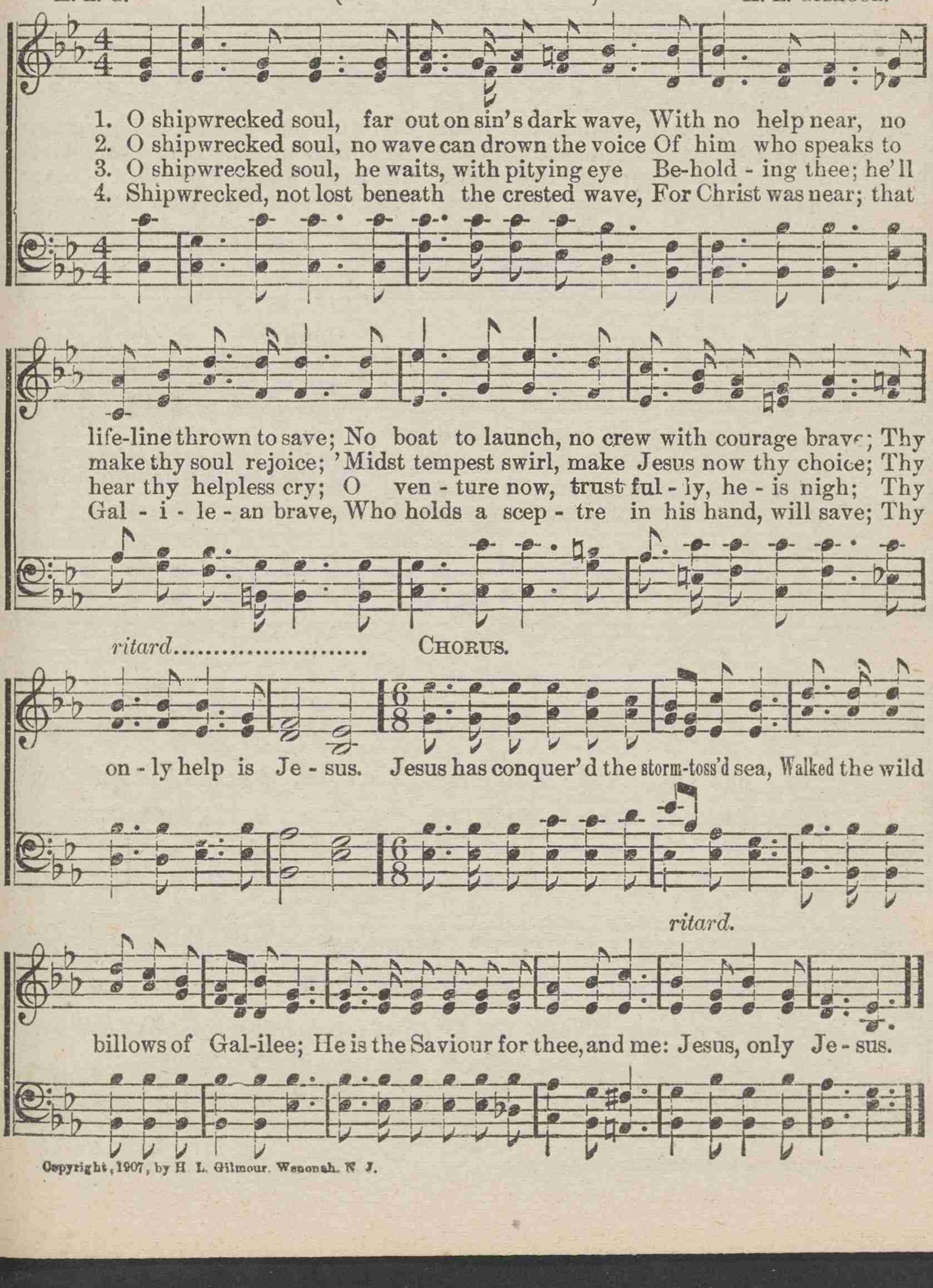
The End is Not Yet.—Concluded.



61 Shipwrecked, But Not Lost!

H. L. G. (An Effective Solo.) H. L. Gilmour.



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62 The Clouds Will Clear Away.

E. E. HEWITT. M. PAULINE GILMOUR HATCH.

1. There's a gold - en ray thro' the fall - ing rain, For the sun will
2. Let a song of joy cheer the darken'd hours; 'Mid the bri - ars
3. We will sweet-ly rest in the ten - der love Of the King who
4. Far be - yond the blue there's a home of peace, Where the storm-y

shine a - gain; There's a streak of blue thro' the mist - y gray,
look for flow'rs; Let the heart be strong in the Lord to - day,
reigns a - bove; If we trust his care, and his word o - bey,
winds will cease; In the fade - less glow of that per - fect day

CHORUS.

For the clouds will clear a - way.
For the clouds will clear a - way.
Soon the clouds will clear a - way.
All the clouds will clear a - way.

O the clouds will clear a-way,
by and by, And the sun-beams flood the sky; Look up to
heav'n with a trust - ful eye, For the clouds will clear a-way, by and by.

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63 He Hideth My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. A won - der - ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, A won-der-ful
2. A won - der - ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
3. With num - ber - less blessings each moment he crowns, And fill'd with his
4. When cloth'd in his brightness trans-port - ed I rise To meet him in

Sav - iour to me; He hid- eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
bur - den a - way, He hold-eth me up, and I shall not be moved,
ful - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap- ture, O, glo - ry to God
clouds of the sky, His per- fect sal - va - tion, his won-der-ful love,

CHORUS.

Where riv- ers of pleasure I see.
He giveth me strength as my day.
For such a Redeemer as mine!
I'll shout with the millions on high.
} He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,

That shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hid-eth my life in the depths of his love,

And covers me there with his hand, And cov-ers me there with his hand.

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Revival Flames.

JENNIE HUSSEY. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Re - vi - val flames are kindling, In the hearts of sin - ful men; And souls once dead in sinning, Thro' the Spir-it live a - gain; O let the fire sweep on - ward O'er this land from sea to sea: Lord, send a great re - vi - val,
2. Now en - ter, Ho - ly Spir - it, And cleanse my in - most soul; O touch my lips this moment As with a liv-ing coal; Then send me un - to oth - ers Thy mes-sage to con - vey; For dy -ing, souls around me
3. The hay, and chaff, and stubble Must be all consumed a - way; There's on - ly one foun-da-tion That will stand the fire to-day, Then let me warn the sin - ful Now to make their building sure, Upon the Rock, Christ Je - sus

CHORUS.

And the work be - gin in me.
Must be reach'd with-out delay.
Which shall ev-er-more endure.
} Lord, set my heart on fire, With ho - ly on fire, zeal in - spire; And make the world's re-vi-val my su-preme de - sire. in-spire,

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65

The King of Love.

REV. HENRY W. BAKER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose goodness faileth nev - er;
I noth-ing lack if I am his, And he is mine for - ev - er.

2. Per-verse and fool - ish oft I strayed, But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoul-der gen- tly laid, And home, re - joic-ing, bro't me.

3. Thou spread'st a ta- ble in my sight, Thy unc-tion grace bestow- eth,
And O what trans- port of delight, From thy pure chalice flow-eth!

Where streams of liv - ing wa-ters flow, My ransomed soul he lead- eth,
In death's dark vale I fear no ill With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
And so thro' all the length of days Thy good-ness fail - eth nev - er;

And where the ver-dant pastures grow, With food ce - les-tial feed-eth,
The rod and staff my com-fort still, Thy cross be- fore to guide me,
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise With-in thy house for- ev - er,

And where the verd-ant pas-tures grow, With food ce-les-tial feed- eth.
The rod and staff my com-fort still, Thy cross be- fore to guide me.
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise Within thy house for - ev - er.

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66 Doing His Will.

C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Just to trust in the Lord, just to lean on his word, Just to feel I am his ev- 'ry day; Just to walk by his side with the Spir-it to guide, Just to
2. When my way darkest seems, when are blighted my dreams, Just to feel that the Lord knoweth best; Just to yield to his will, just to trust and be still, Just to
3. Then my heart will be light, then my path will be bright, If I've Je-sus for my dear-est friend; Counting all loss but gain, such a friend to obtain. True and

CHORUS.

fol - low where he leads the way.
lean on his bos- om and rest.
faithful he'll be to the end.

Just to say what he wants me to say, And be still when he whispers to me, ... Just to
what he wants me to say, when he whispers to me;
go where he wants me to go, ... Just to be what he wants me to be.
where he wants me to go,

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67 Jesus the King of Kings.

M. J. H. MELV_ J. HILL.

1. In the light of truth e - ter - nal I approach my Lord;
2. Tongue and pen have ne'er de- pict - ed Matchless love di - vine;
3. In be- hold - ing there the nail-prints, Looking on his side,
4. I have heard his "who- so - ev - er," And, a- mong that throng,

I ac - cept his proffered mer - cy, Trust-ing in his word.
Wondrous tho't, sub - li - mer, deep - er, Than we can de - fine.
Tears of love and joy I min - gle, That for me he died.
Will, thro' one e - ter - nal mor- row, Sing re-demption's song.

CHORUS.

Glad- ly my voice shall ech - o his prais - es, Je - sus the
King of kings,..... Joy in its full - ness,
glo - rious King of kings,
peace in a - bun-dance, Un - to my heart he brings....

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68 Sweet Will of God.

MRS. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

DUET.

1. My stub-born will at last hath yield - ed; I would be
2. I'm tired of sin, foot - sore and wea - ry, The dark-some
3. Thy pre-cious will, O conqu'ring Sav - iour, Doth now em -
4. Shut in with thee, O Lord, for - ev - er, My way-ward

thine and thine a - lone; And this the pray'r.... my lips are
path hath drear-y grown, But now a light..... has ris'n to
brace and com - pass me; All dis-cords hush'd... my peace a
feet no more to roam; What pow'r from thee ..... my soul can

rit......

bring-ing, "Lord, let in me thy will be done."
cheer me; I find in thee my Star, my Sun.
riv - er, My soul a prison'd bird, set free.
sev - er? The cen-tre of God's will my home.

CHORUS.

Sweet will of God, still

fold me clos-er, Till I am whol-ly lost in thee, Sweet will of

God still fold me clos-er, Till I am whol - ly lost in thee.

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69 My Hand in His.

M. J. H. To Dr. C. W. Winchester. MELVIN J. HILL.

1. There's a Sav - iour who's al-migh-ty, He will guide my steps a- right.
2. As I trav - el toward that cit- y Of whose joys I long to prove;
3. As he spake to trembling Pe-ter, Christ re- peat- eth "Come" to me,
4. All my doubts are gone for-ev - er, And my soul is sat - is- fied,

In the way that he di- rect - eth I have faith, tho' lacking sight.
My sup-port is grace su- per - nal, My un - err - ing coun-sel, love.
And the bil-lows shall not harm you; Wherefore doubtest thou? Saith, he.
For Om-nip - o-tence enthrills me, Wondrous pres- ence doth a- bide.

CHORUS.

My hand in his, I'll tread the bil - lows, My hand in
My hand in his, My
his, I'll brave the storm, My hand in his, he'll take me
hand in his, I'll brave the fierc- est storm, My hand in his, he'll take me
o - ver I need not fear, nor have a - larm.
safe - ly o'er, ev - er fear,

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70 Wait On the Lord.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. JEAN HOWARD.

Slowly.

1. Wait on the Lord, O soul be still, In si - lence thou shalt
2. Wait on the Lord, and ques - tion not What-e'er may be thy
3. Wait on the Lord, O soul be still, His per - fect love thy

learn his will, Thy heart's de-sire he well doth know, His best on
dai - ly lot, Thy emp - ty ves - sel glad - ly bring Un - to the
heart shall fill, In sweet commun - ion thou shalt hear The voice of

CHORUS.

thee God will be - stow.
nev - er - fail - ing spring.
Christ, thy friend so dear.
} Wait on the Lord, be still, be still,

O hin - der not his ho - ly will, Wait on the Lord and

thou shalt know The joy of heav'n, on earth be - low.

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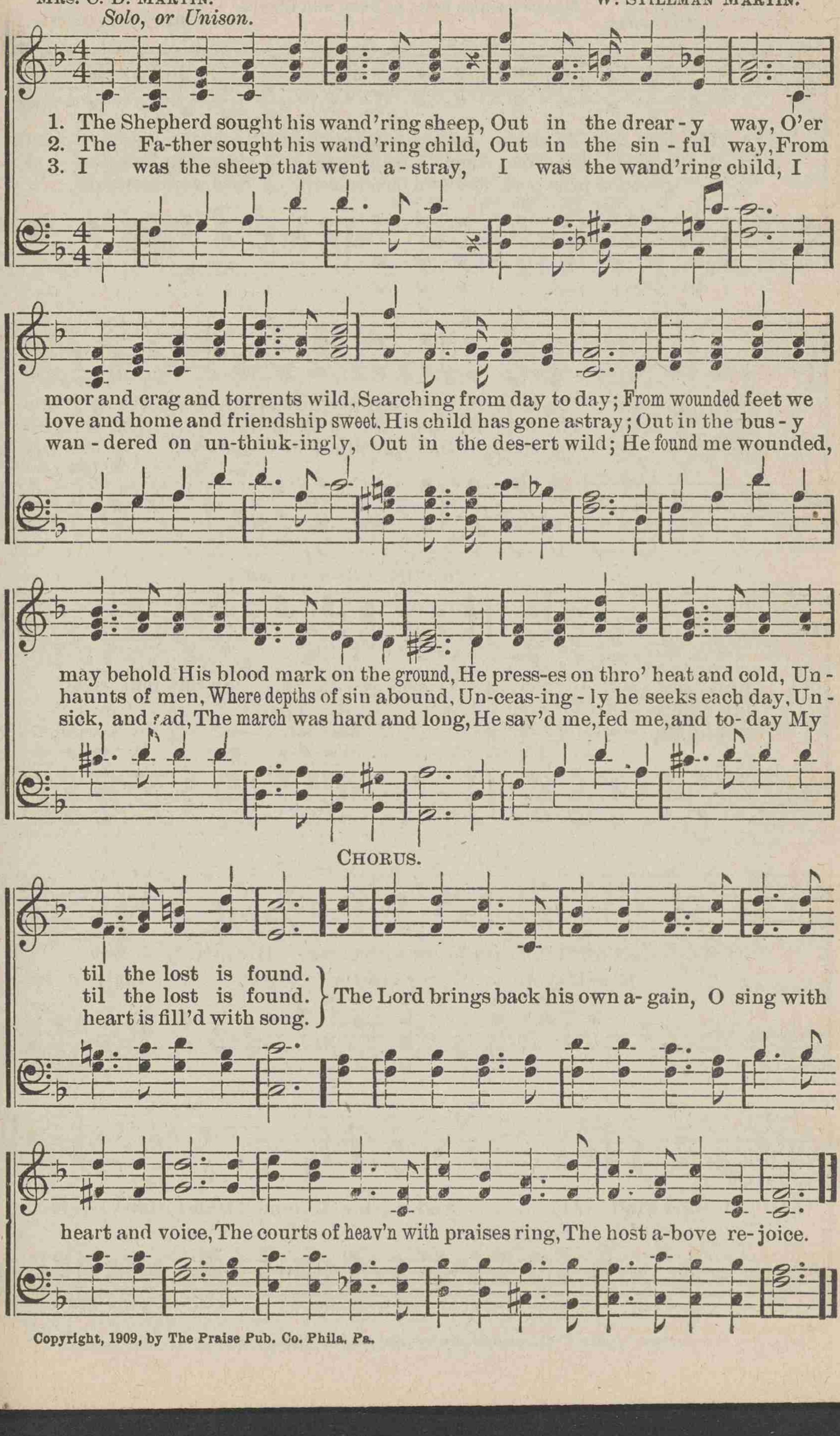
71 The Lord Brings Back His Own.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

Solo, or Unison.



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"The Face of Jesus."

May be used as Solo, or Duet, and Chorus.

REV. P. H. CLIFFORD. REV. WM. STONE.

1. The face of Je - sus, to me most dear, With-in the glo - ry shall
2. A light, a shad-ow, then I shall see A face the sweetest of
3. O glorious pros-pect, Christ's face to see! A joy transcendant, e -

soon ap - pear; The hope it giv - eth my heart doth cheer, While I am
all to me; The face of Je - sus, who on the tree Did shed his
ter - nal - ly! The thought that like him I then shall be Is dai - ly

CHORUS. (*Re-arranged.*)

wait - ing, wait-ing here.
pre - cious blood for me.
moul-ding, moulding me!

O face of Je - sus, my Sav-iour dear!

Face of Je - sus, my Saviour dear!

O hope that fill - eth my heart with cheer! His love-ly face

Hope that fill-eth my heart with cheer! His lovely face

I soon shall see,..... And in his like-ness transformed I'll be.

I soon shall see,

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73 Jesus is Precious to Me.

JAMES ROWE. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. With Je - sus my Lord all the way I am go- ing, Be - cause his sweet
2. He light-ens my cares and he shares all my sor-row; What-ev - er I
3. I'm close to the side that for sin-ners was riv - en; The love of my

love all my heart is o'er-flow - ing; My faith in his grace to the
need from his love I can bor - row; He gives me, each day, strength and
soul to my Sav-iour I've giv - en, And, now I am sure he will

CHORUS.

world I am showing, Je - sus is precious to me.
hope for the morrow, Je - sus is precious to me.
guide me to heaven, Je - sus is precious to me.

Je - sus is precious to me, Al-ways his lov - er I'll be, Wher - ev - er he leads to me, I'll be, by his grace I will fol - low; Je - sus is pre-cious to me.

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74 Out of the Land of Sorrow.

L. F. J. LYMAN F. JACKSON.

1. Is thy heart by sin now burden'd? Does its pow'r thy peace annoy?
2. If thy heart has been dis-cour-aged And thy hopes oft blighted been;
3. If thy path thro' life is shadowed By the cloud of deep-est grief;

Do the fet-ters it has fashion'd Tru-est lib-er-ty de-stroy?
If in struggling for the vic-t'ry You have met de-feat a-gain;
If thy heart is bow'd with bur-dens And it seems there's no re-lief;

There's a fountain for thy cleansing; There's re-fin-ing for thy dross;
Still is true the Saviour's prom-ise To redeem the soul from loss;
Be as-sured of cer-tain com-fort, In thy ev-'ry grief and loss;

There is rest and peace and par-don Thro' the mer-it of the cross.
Prove it now by simp-ly trust-ing In the mer-it of the cross.
It is found by way of Cal-v'ry, Thro' the vir-tue of the cross.

REFRAIN.

Out of the land of sor-row, Of tri-al, grief and loss;

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Out of the Land of Sorrow.—Concluded.

Out of thy dark temp- ta - tions The way leads by the cross;

Out of the des - ert bar - ren, Where not a hope can bud,

rall.

There is a way to peace and joy, But the way is mark'd by blood.

75 We Shall Be Like Him.

E. E. HEWITT. MELVIN J. HILL.

1. Precious words to Christians sweet, Sit - ting at the Mas-ter's feet,
2. May this hope, this keen de - sire, Like a new - ly kin - dled fire
3. Keep me, Lord, be- neath the tide Pour - ing from thy wound-ed side;
4. Let thy will in me be wrought, Quick-en, pu - ri - fy each thought;
5. There, O there, thy face I'll see, Sing the love that died for me,

Drink-ing from the streams of grace, Long-ing to be - hold his face.
Burn with - in, a heav'n-ly glow, More and more like him to grow.
Hour - ly 'neath the crim- son flow, Make me whit - er than the snow.
Let my words and acts be love, Em-blems of that home a - bove.
Wear a robe of spot- less white, Walk in ev - er - last - ing light.

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76

Honey In the Rock For All.

MRS. C. H. M. (Psalms 81: 16.) MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Once my wea-ry heart peace and com-fort sought, And the streams of worldly
2. In the paths of sin have you wea-ry grown? From its bondage would you
3. O the price-less gift of a Sav-iour's love! Mon-ey nev-er could its
4. Broth-er, taste and see that the Lord is good; For his won-der-ful sal-

pleas-ure tried, There I deeply drank but to thirst the more, Now a Sav-iour's
now be free? Have you felt that peace has for-ev-er flown? Taste the honey
rich-ness buy; Best of all on earth and in heav'n above, It a-lone can
vation call; Feast your famished soul with the heavenly food, There is hon-ey

CHORUS.

love has sat-is-fied.
from the rock and see.
ev-er sat-is-fy.
in the rock for all.

} There is hon-ey in the rock for all, O hear it

broth-er, Hon-ey in the rock for all, for all; Without money come and

buy, It will ful-ly sat-is-fy, And there's hon-ey in the rock for all.

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77

Calling for You.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O come to the Sav- iour, his arms are ex-tend-ed, O come to the
2. O come to the Sav- iour, for why will you wander? The world and its
3. A - way to the fountain, the life- giv- ing fountain, Its soul-cheering
4. A - way, for the shad-ows of night are approaching, Then lose not his

Sav-iour so lov-ing and true; Be-hold, he is call- ing in ten-der com -
pleasures no lon-ger pur- sue; A- gain he is call- ing: how can you re -
waters your strength will renew; Then come while the day-beams of mercy are
blessings that fall like the dew; Still, still he is wait-ing and ten-der - ly

CHORUS.

pas - sion! O brother, the Sav-iour is call-ing for you. (he is)
ject him? O brother, the Sav-iour is call-ing for you.
shin- ing, O brother, the Sav-iour is call-ing for you.
call - ing, O brother, the Sav-iour is call-ing for you.
} Calling for you,

call - ing for you, Broth- er, the Sav- iour is call- ing for you;

rit.

Call-ing,.... call-ing.... Brother, the Sav-iour is calling for you.
Call-ing for you, (he is) calling for you,

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78

All Along the Gospel Line.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Re - vive thy work Al-might - y God In ev - 'ry wait-ing heart;
2. With ho - ly unc - tion from a - bove Touch thou our lips of clay,
3. Ex-change our weak-ness for thy strength, Make us as li - ons bold,
4. A great world-wide re - vi - val send, And hell's foundations shake,

The pen - te- cost - al pow'r of old To each and all im - part.
And send us forth with hearts of love To seek the lost a - stray.
Un- til thro'out earth's breadth and length The gos-pel news is told.
Till Sa-tan's cru - el reign shall end And morn-ing light shall break.

CHORUS.

All..... a - long the gos - pel line, All..... a -
All a - long the gos - pel line, All a - long,

long the gos - pel line; Let re - vi - val fires be
the gos - pel line;

bright - ly burn - ing All a - long the gos - pel line.....
All a - long the gos - pel line.

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79 The Plea of a Penitent.

L. F. J. LYMAN F. JACKSON.

1. Je - sus, I come to thee, kneeling low be- fore thee; I would my
2. Long sin has rul'd my heart, rob-bing me of bless-ing; Long has thy
3. Sin led me 'gainst thy love, long my heart to hard - en; Now for my
4. Long has my wil - ful-ness been thy great heart pain-ing; Long has the

sins confess, and thine own re-store thee; Thy promise is my plea, naught have
mer-cy plead, warning and ca - res-sing; Long has my stubborn will kept me
guilt I pray un - de-serv - ed par- don; And tho' I kept thee long at my
guilt of sin been my sad heart stain-ing; But in con - tri-tion deep, come I

I to ren - der; And for thy love to me, I my sins sur - ren- der.
from o - bey - ing; Now at thy wounded feet, I my life am lay- ing.
heart's door standing, I now would yield the love thy love is de-mand-ing.
now con- fess - ing, Pleading with-out a plea, grant to me thy bless-ing.

CHORUS.

Sav-iour, hear me while I pray! Take my man-y sins a - way!

Help me from this ho - ly day To love and serve thee ev - er.

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"By Faith."

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. "By faith" God's hosts march out to battle, For the right a-gainst the wrong,
2. "By faith" we bear the cross with Je-sus, To the har- vest field we go,
3. "By faith" we seek the heav'nly cit - y, Seek a man-sion o - ver there,

Be-neath the precious blood-stained banner Hear them sing the vic-tor's song;
"By faith," shall be our daily watchword, As we seek God's will to know;
And if by faith we gain the vic-to-ry, We at last a crown shall wear;

Be - fore them is the Lord their Captain, In their hand the Spir-it's sword,
The faith that shook the walls of Jer-i-cho, Conquered giants in the way,
"By faith" we see our Sav-iour coming With the bright angel - ic host,

And yet above them nev- er slumb'ring, Is the ev - er watchful eye of God.
That gave the men of God such courage Is the faith God's children need to-day.
We see his grand e - ter- nal triumph, And by faith in him we make our boast.

CHORUS.

"By faith" God's hosts march out to battle For the right a- gainst the wrong,

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"By Faith."—Concluded.

Beneath the precious blood-stain'd banner, Hear them sing the victor's song.

81 Redeemed.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Redeem'd how I love to pro-claim it, Redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeem'd and so happy in Je - sus, No language my rapture can tell;
3. I think of my blessed Re-deem-er, I think of him all the day long;
4. I know I shall see in his beau - ty, The King in whose law I de - light;
5. I know there's a crown that is wait-ing, In yonder bright mansion for me;

Redeem'd thro' his infinite mer - cy, His child and for-ev-er I am.
I know that the light of his pres-ence With me doth continu-al-ly dwell.
I sing, for I can-not be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.
Who lov-ing-ly guardeth my footsteps, And giveth me songs in the night.
And soon with the spirits made perfect, At home with the Lord I shall be.

CHORUS.

Re - deem'd, Re - deem'd, Redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb.
Redeem'd, Redeem'd,

Re - deem'd, Re - deem'd, His child and for-ev - er I am.
Redeem'd, Redeem'd,

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82

"I Am the Door."

MRS. C. H. M. ST. JOHN 10: 9. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Out on the mount-ain - way steep, Je - sus is call - ing his sheep,
2. It is the Sav - iour of men, call- ing a - gain and a - gain,
3. Wonder - ful Shep - herd of all, glad- ly we come at thy call,

"I am the door of the sheep-fold, I am the Shep-herd so true;"
"En - ter ye in by the Christ-door, for there is no oth - er way."
Breathing a wel- come to sin - ners stand-eth the door o - pen wide;

Why will ye wan - der a - way, out on the hills far a - stray,
Ye who are hun - gry and cold, stray-ing a - far from the cold,
Friendless and hun - gry no more, en - ter we in by the door,

When there is wel- come and shel - ter ev - er a - wait - ing for you?
Lis - ten to- day to his plead-ings, hear ye his voice and o - bey.
Here to be shel-tered and nur-tured, ev - er with thee to a - bide.

CHORUS.

"I am the door, the door of the sheep-fold, If an - y man by me en- ter in,

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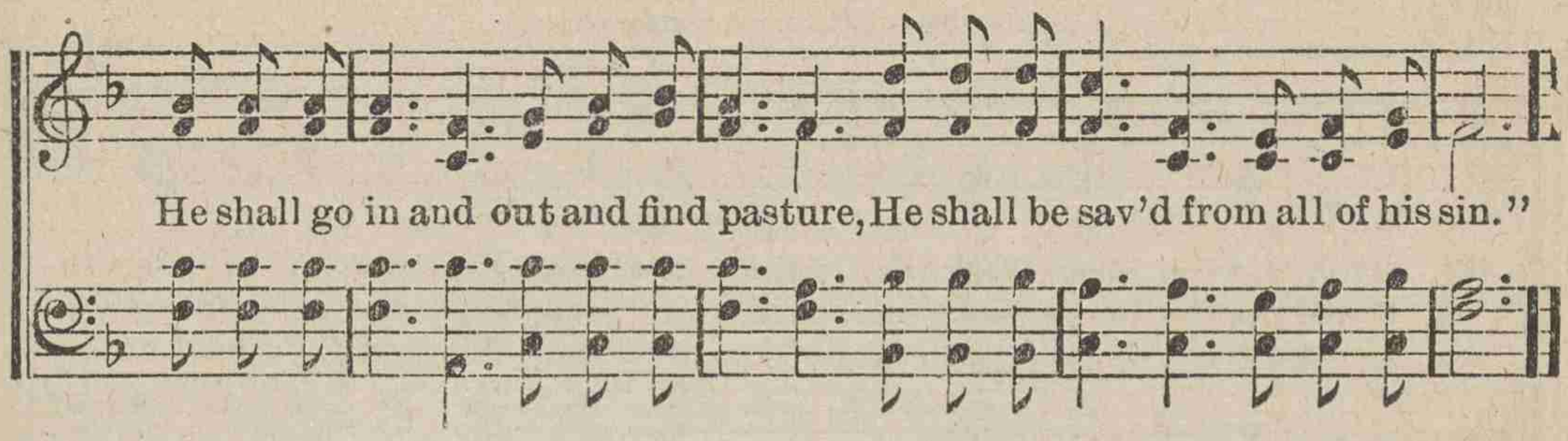
"I Am the Door."—Concluded.



83 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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Give Me Thy Heart.

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E. E. HEWITT. ANNIE F. BOURNE.

1. "Give me thy heart," says the Father a - bove, No gift so precious to
2. "Give me thy heart," says the Saviour of men, Call-ing in mer - cy a
3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spirit di - vine, "All that thou hast, to my

him as our love, Soft - ly he whis- pers wher- ev - er thou art,
gain and a - gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e - vil de - part,
keep- ing re - sign; Grace more a - bound- ing is mine to im - part,

CHORUS.

"Grate- ful-ly trust me, and give me thy heart."
Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart."
Make full sur - ren- der and give me thy heart."
} "Give me thy heart,

p

Give me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper, wher- ev-er thou art; From this dark

Rit.

world, he would draw thee a- part, Speaking so ten- der- ly, "Give me thy heart."

85 Jesus Understands!

BIRDIE BELL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Bow'd beneath your burden, is there none to share? Wea-ry with the jour-ney, is there none to care? Cour-age, way-worn trav - 'ler,
2. Ev - 'ry heav-y bur-den he will glad - ly share, Are you sad and wea - ry? Je - sus has a care; Well he knows the path - way
3. Tho' temptation meet you, Je-sus can sus - tain, Life has vex - ing problems which he can ex - plain; Serve him where he sends you
4. Wea-ry heart, he calls you, "Come to me and rest," Does the path grow rug - ged? yet his way is best; Leave the unknown fu - ture

:S: FINE.

heed your Lord's com-mands, There's a tho't to cheer you, Je-sus understands.
o'er life's burning sands, Courage, fainting pil-grim, Je-sus understands.
though in distant lands, Do not doubt or ques-tion, Je-sus understands.
in the Master's hands, Whether sad or joy - ful, Je-sus understands.

D. S.—in the Master's hand, Whether sad or joy - ful, Je-sus understands.

CHORUS.

Yes, he un-der-stands, All his ways are best. Hear, he
O yes, O hear,
calls to you, "Come to me and rest." Leave the unknown fu - ture

D.S.

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86 Saved to the Uttermost.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

1. Sav'd to the ut-ter-most: I am the Lord's; Je - sus, my Sav-iour, sal - va-tion af - fords; Gives me His Spir - it a wit - ness with - in,
2. Sav'd to the ut ter-most: Je - sus is near; Keeping me safe-ly, He cast-eth out fear; Trusting His prom-is - es, how I am blest;
3. Sav'd to the ut ter-most: this I can say, "Once all was darkness, but now it is day; Beau-ti - ful vis - ions of glo - ry I see,
4. Sav'd to the ut-ter-most: cheer-ful-ly sing Loud hal-le - lu - ias to Je - sus, my King! Ran - som'd and par-don'd, re - deem'd by His blood,

Refrain.

Whisp'ring of par - don, and sav - ing from sin. Sav'd, sav'd,
Lean - ing up - on Him, how sweet is my rest.
Je - sus in bright-ness re - veal'd un - to me.
Cleans'd from un - right - eous-ness, glo - ry to God.

sav'd to the ut-ter-most: Sav'd, sav'd, by pow-er divine; Sav'd, sav'd,

sav'd to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus, the Sav-iour, is mine.

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87 There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from your bur-den of sin? There's power in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's power in the blood,
3. Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow? There's power in the blood,
4. Would you do ser-vice for Jesus your King? There's power in the blood,

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

CHORUS.

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

Wonder-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb, There is
in the blood of the Lamb,

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

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For You and For Me.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. *p* *m*

1. Soft - ly and tender-ly Je-sus is calling, Calling for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the wonderful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me.
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned he has mercy and par-don, Pardon for you and for me.

m CHORUS. *cres.*

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

Come home, come home,

p *pp* *rit.* *p*

Earnestly, tender-ly, Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

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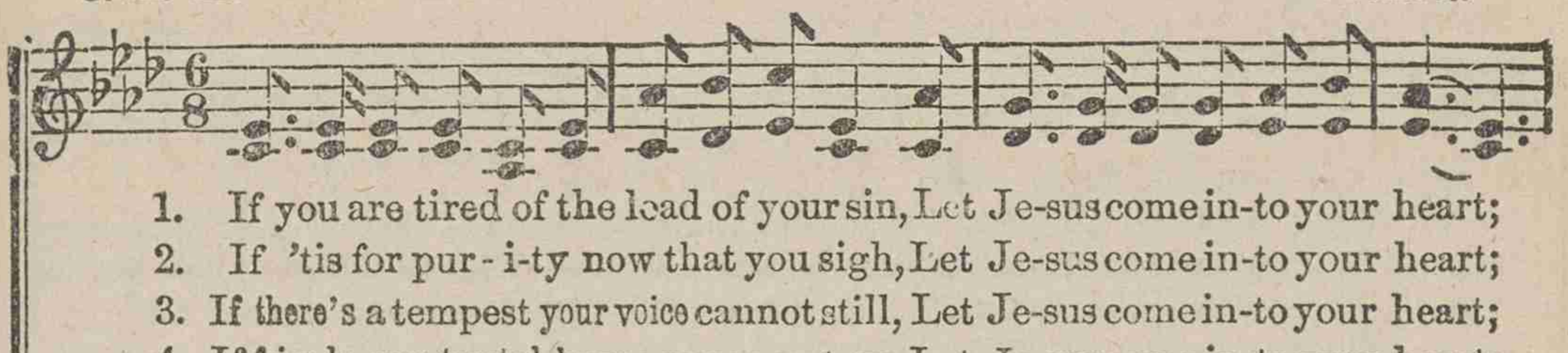
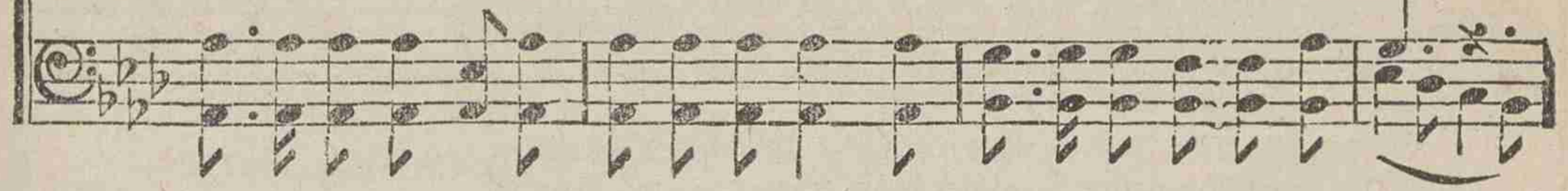
89 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
2. If 'tis for pur-i-ty now that you sigh, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;

If you de-sire a new life to be-gin, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
Find what a Friend he will be unto you, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
If you would enter the mansions of rest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.



Chorus.

Just now, your doubtings give o'er; Just now, re-ject him no more;
5th v. Just now, my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re-ject-ing no more;

Just now, throw o-pen the door; Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
Just now, I o-pen the door; And Je-sus comes in-to my heart.

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90 "Walk Ye in the Old Paths."

Dedicated to Rev. Eugene A. Robinson, Pitman Grove, N. J.

MARIAM W. HUBBARD. CHO. BY H. L. G. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. "Walk ye in the old paths," that your fathers trod, Fol - low in their foot-steps
2. "Walk ye in the old paths," like the saints of yore, With the blood-stain'd banner
3. "Walk ye in the old paths," nar - row is the way Lead - ing to the cit - y
4. "Walk ye in the old paths!" for -ward is the word, Step and shout to - geth - er

to your mother's God; Take the dear old Bi - ble, ev - 'ry word you see
they so glad - ly bore; Nev - er dream'd of shirk-ing, nev - er were dismay'd,
of E - ter - nal Day; Proph-ets, saints and martyrs hal-low'd as they trod,
all of one ac - cord; When the tow'ring cit - y ris - es to our view,

FINE. CHORUS.

Brings the gos - pel message taught at mother's knee.
With their conq'ring Captain they were not a - fraid.
Toil - ing in the good old paths were true to God.
En - trance will be grant-ed to the tried and true.

} 'Twas the faith of the

D.S.—"Ask ye for the old paths and walk there-in."

mar-tyrs, who stood thro' flood and flame; 'Twas the faith of our fa - thers, who

D.S.

honor'd Jesus' name; 'Twas the faith of our mothers, who lov'd and taught the same.

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Alone With God.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. When storms of life are round me beating, When rough the path that I have trod,
2. What tho' the clouds have gather'd o'er me? What tho' I've pass'd beneath the rod?
3. 'Tis there I find new strength for du-ty, As o'er the sands of time I plod,
4. And when I see the moment nearing When I shall sleep beneath the sod,

With-in my clos-et door re-treat-ing, I love to be a-lone with God.
God's perfect will there lies be-fore me, When I am thus a-lone with God.
I see the King in all his beau-ty, While resting there a-lone with God.
When time with me is dis-ap-pear-ing, I want to be a-lone with God.

Chorus.

A-lone with God..... the world for-bid-den, A-lone with

A-lone with God,

God,..... O blest re-treat! Alone with God,..... and in him

A-lone with God,

Alone with God,

ritard.

hid-den, To hold with him..... com-mun-ion sweet.

To hold with him

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92 Kept By His Power.

E. E. HEWITT. MELVIN J. HILL.

1. Out in the con-flict, press'd by tempt-a-tion, Fighting with e-vil,
2. Close to my Sav-iour, sweet-ly a-bid-ing, Whether he sends me
3. Gra-cious pro-tect-ion! won-der-ful bless-ing! Christ is my Ref-uge,
4. Look-ing to Je-sus, trusting, o-bey-ing, Blooms in my pathway

per-il-ous hour; Je-sus will keep me, he's my sal-va-tion, "Faith is the sunshine or show'r, In his own promise, humbly con-fid-ing, Here is my Covert and Tow'r! Weakness and failure meekly con-fess-ing, Sav'd by his joy's brightest flow'r; Ransom'd from bondage, rescued from straying, His all the

CHORUS.

vic-t'ry," kept by his pow'r.
safe-ty, kept by his pow'r!
mer-cy, kept by his pow'r!
glo-ry, kept by his pow'r!

Kept..... by his pow'r,.....

Kept by his pow'r, kept by his pow'r,

Mar- -vellous pow'r,..... Trust- -ing in Je-sus,

Marvellous pow'r, marvellous pow'r, Trusting in Je-sus, in Je-sus a-lone,

Je- -sus a-lone;..... Kept..... by his

Trusting in Je-sus a-lone, I am trusting him, Kept by his pow'r,

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Kept By His Power.—Concluded.

93 O Hear the Saviour's Voice.

ADELAIDE ROBERTSON WEBB. Tune.—"MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND."

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94

Victory in Jesus' Name.

MRS. N. P. C.

MRS. NELLIE PLACE CHANDLER.

1. The bat - tle is on, 'tis the Lord who commands it, We march 'neath his ban- ner, we ne'er know defeat; To vic-t'ry he leads, in his name we shall con-quer. Be faith-ful, nor dare to re - treat.
2. The bat - tle is on, sol-dier rise in thy man-hood, Go for - ward, the bat - tle is right against wrong; En- list in this arm - y, 'tis God calls to serv-ice, Press on-ward, be val-iant and strong.
3. The bat - tle is on, in the front of the con-flict, O brave - ly we'll fight at command of our King; For vic-t'ry he's promis'd, we trust in our Captain, We march while in tri-umph we sing.

CHORUS.

March on with banners fly - ing, on Christ re - ly - ing, For in his name is vic - to - ry; March on, march with ban - ners fly - ing, March on, march, on Christ re - ly- ing, March on, O ne'er be fearful, there is vic - to - ry in Jesus' name; march on, march on, ne'er be fearful, vic - to - ry in Je-sus' name, hal-le-lu- jah!

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Victory In Jesus' Name.—Concluded.

Vic - to-ry thro' Christ the Saviour, He goes be-fore us, his love and care is

Vic - to - ry through Christ the Sav - iour, for his love is ev -

o - ver us, March on, to triumph glo-ri-ous, there's victory in Je-sus' name.

er o'er us,

95 I Pray Thee.

ALMEDA WRIGHT DRISCOLL. LYMAN F. JACKSON.

1. I pray thee! I pray thee! O Fa- ther Al-might- y The gift of thy
2. I pray thee! I pray thee! O Fa- ther Al-might- y Now list to my
3. I pray thee! I pray thee! O Fa- ther Al-might- y To take from me

Spir - it to me now im- part, I long to be ho - ly, and
plead- ing, and grant my re- quest, That in each en- deav - or I'll
whol - ly all sin - ful de- sire, I come in my weak-ness, for

fit for thy serv-ice; O grant he may ev - er a - bide in my heart!
hon - or thee ful - ly, In-spired by thy prom- ise to hon - or; I'll rest.
strength I en-treat thee; Baptize me, O Fa-ther, with thy sa-cred fire!

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Homeward.

ADA POWELL. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Homeward I go re - joic - ing! O love - ly promised land,
2. Homeward to meet the Sav - iour On that e - ter - nal shore;
3. Homeward I go, be - liev - ing That there shall be no night

Far in the dis-tance gleam- ing I see thy shin-ing strand.
Won-der-ful land of Ca- naan, Where sorrows come no more.
In that e - ter - nal cit - y, Where God him - self is light.

CHORUS.

Homeward to join the ransom'd, Beyond the bor-ders of the crys-tal sea;
Homeward bound to join the ransom'd ones, We're

Homeward to joys e - ter - nal, And O how sweet the rest will be!
homeward bound to joys, e - ter - nal joys,

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97 Jesus, I Come.

W. T. SLEEPER. GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. Out of my bondage, sorrow and night, Je- sus, I come, Je- sus, I come;
2. Out of my shameful fail-ure and loss, Je- sus, I come, Je- sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar- ro-gant pride, Je- sus, I come, Je- sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je- sus, I come, Je- sus, I come;

In - to thy free-dom, gladness and light, Je - sus, I come to thee;
In - to the glo- rious gain of thy cross, Je - sus, I come to thee;
In - to thy bless - ed will to a - bide, Je - sus, I come to thee;
In - to the joy and light of thy home, Je - sus, I come to thee;

Out of my sickness in-to thy health, Out of my want and in - to thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows into thy balm, Out of life's storms and in- to thy calm,
Out of myself to dwell in thy love, Out of de-spair in-to rap-tures a-bove,
Out of the depths of ru- in un-told, In-to the peace of thy shel-ter-ing fold,

Out of my sin and in - to thy-self, Je - sus, I come to thee.
Out of distress to ju - bi-lant psalm, Je - sus, I come to thee.
Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je - sus, I come to thee.
Ev - er thy glo-rious face to be- hold, Je - sus, I come to thee.

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98

He Brought Me Out.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY.
CHO. BY H. L. G.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. My heart was distress'd 'neath Je-ho-vah's dread frown, And low in the pit where my sins dragg'd me down; I cried to the Lord from the deep mi-ry clay, Who ten-der-ly brought me out to gold-en day.
2. He placed me up-on the strong Rock by his side, My steps were es-tab-lished and here I'll a-bide; No dan-ger of fall-ing while here I re-main, But stand by his grace un-til the crown I gain.
3. He gave me a song, 'twas a new song of praise, By day and by night its sweet notes I will raise; My heart's o-ver-flow-ing, I'm hap-py and free. I'll praise my Re-deem-er, who has res-cued me.
4. I'll sing of his won-der-ful mer-cy to me, I'll praise him till all men his good-ness shall see; I'll sing of sal-va-tion at home and a-broad, Till man-y shall hear the truth and trust in God.

CHORUS.

He brought me out of the mi-ry clay, He set my feet on the Rock to stay;
He puts a song in my soul to-day, A song of praise, hal-le-lu-jah!

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99 Victory!

JAMES ROWE. DE LOSS SMITH.

1. Hear the shouts that rend the air, vic - to- ry! the cry, Banners wave and
2. Sol - diers true are pressing on, vic - to- ry! they cry, Precious souls for
3. Na - tions love the light at last, vic - to- ry! they cry, Un - be-lief is

trumpets blare, vic - to - ry is nigh; Christians have not fought in vain,
Christ are won, vic - to - ry is nigh; Sa - tan's ar- mies take to flight,
flee - ing fast, vic - to - ry is nigh; Conquer'd souls are com-ing in

For from hill, and vale, and plain Comes the glad triumphant strain, vic-to - ry!
Chris - tian soldiers win the fight, They are shouting with delight, vic-to - ry!
From the fields of doubt and sin; Soon the world the Lord will win, vic-to - ry!

CHORUS. *unison.*

Sing with joy the tri-umph-song, To the hap-py wait- ing throng;

ritard.

Let it ring the whole day long, Vic- to- ry! vic- to- ry! vic - to - ry!

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100 You May Have the Joybells.

J. Edw. Ruark. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. You may have the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je-sus in its ful-ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri-als as you journey home, Grace suf-fi-cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je-sus ev-'ry day, Own his right to

from you nev-er will de-part; Walk the straight and narrow way,
those a-round you sweet-ly show; Words of kind-ness al-ways say,
he will give to o-ver-come; Tho' un-seen by mor-tal eye,
ev-'ry serv-ice you can pay; Sin-ners you can help to win

Live for Je-sus ev-'ry day, He will keep the joybells ringing in your heart.
Deeds of mercy do each day, Then he'll keep the joybells ringing in your heart.
He is with you ever nigh, And he'll keep the joybells ringing in your heart.
If your life is pure and clean, And you keep the joybells ringing in your heart.

Chorus.

Joy - - bells ringing in your heart, Joy - - bells
Ringing in your heart, You may have the joy bells
ringing in your heart; Take the Saviour here below, With you ev-'ry-

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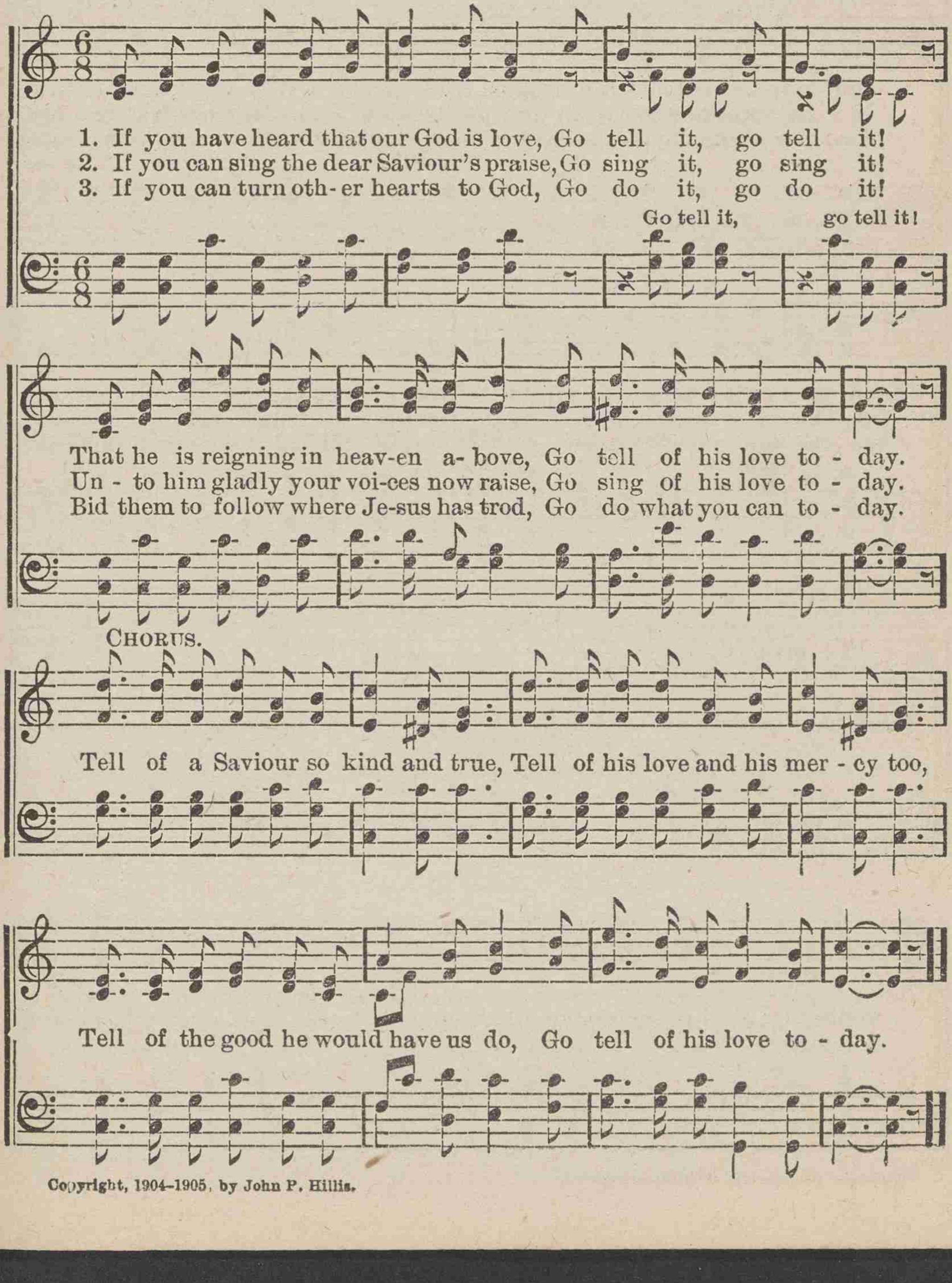
You May Have the Joybells.—Concluded.

101 Go Tell It.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. JOHN P. HILLIS.



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102 At the Battle's Front.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the army, The triumph shouting, the foe we're

Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

rout - ing; Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the ar - my, March-ing

tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

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At the Battle's Front.—Concluded.

on to vic - to - ry,..... I'm in this ar - my, this glorious

hal - le - lu - jah! tramp! tramp! tramp!

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

tramp! tramp! tramp!

ar - my, this glorious ar-my, At the front of the battle you will find me.

tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

103 All Hail the Power.

EDWARD PERRONEY. Miles Lane. C. M. WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an- gels prostrate fall, Bring forth the
2. Crown him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this earthly ball; Now hail the
3. Ye chos-en seed of Is- rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail him who
4. Let ev-'ry kindred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter- res-trial ball, To him all
5. O that with yonder sa- cred throng We at his feet may fall; We'll join the

roy - al di- a-dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.
strength of Israel's might, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.
saves you by his grace, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.
maj - es - ty ascribe, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.
ev - er-last-ing song, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.

104 The Fight Is On.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

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

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

CHORUS. *Unison.*

triumph of the right will soon appear.
in his strength un-to the end endure.
morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

} The fight is on, O Chris-tian

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

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

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The Fight Is On.—Concluded.

Harmony.

The fight is on, but be not wea - ry, Be strong and in his might hold

fast; If God be for us, his banner o'er us, We'll sing the victor's song at last.

vic-t'ry! vic-t'ry!

105 What Did He Do.

ANON, alt. W. OWEN.

1. { O list-en to our wondrous sto-ry: Once we dwelt among the lost, / Yet Je-sus came from heaven's glo-ry Sav-ing us at aw - ful cost. }

2. { No angel could our place have tak-en, High-est of the high tho' he, / Nailed to the cross, despised, forsak-en, Was one of the God - head three! }

3. { Will you surrender to this Sav - iour? Now before him hum-bly bow? / You, too, shall come to know his fa-vor, He will save, and save you now! }

CHORUS.

Who sav'd us from e-ter-nal loss? What did he do?

Who but God's Son upon the cross! He

Where is he now? In heav-en in- ter - ced - ing!

died for you! Be - lieve it thou, In heaven in - ter - ced - ing!

106 When Love Shines In.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev- 'ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-
3. Dark -est sorrow will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heaviest
4. We may have unfad-ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friendship

woe can sadden, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,
joice in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc- ti - fied,
bur - den light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
true and ten-der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won,

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

CHORUS.

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

When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,

tuned to singing, When love shines in; .... When love shines in, ... When
When love shines in; .. When love shines in, ...

When love shines in, When love shines in.

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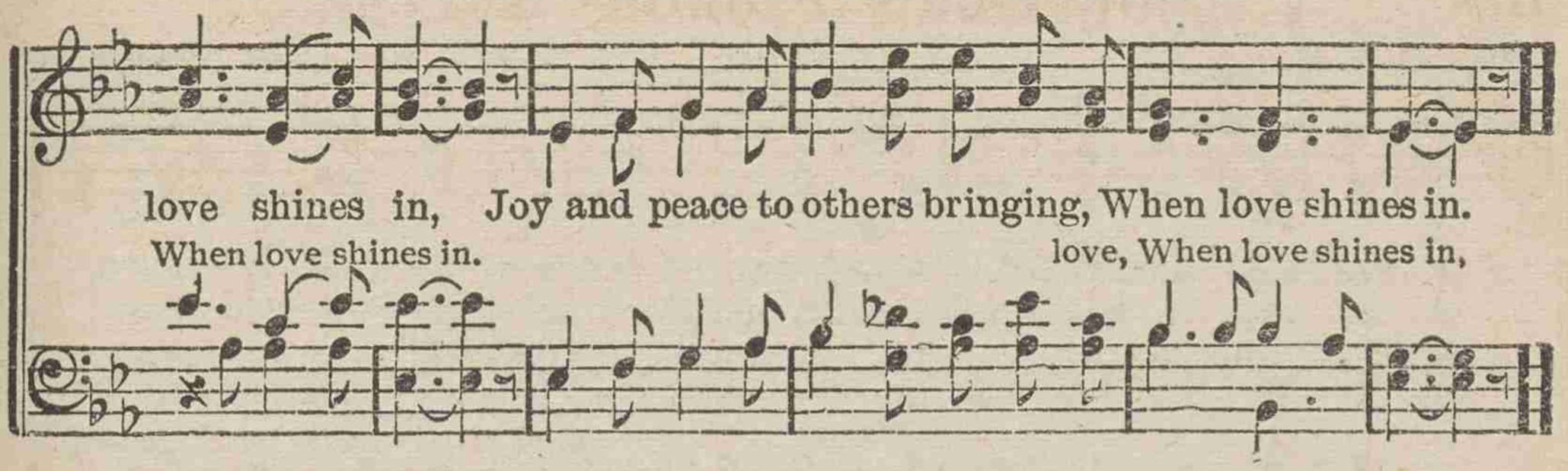
When Love Shines In.—Concluded.



107 Our Hearts Turn to Thee.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. W. A. POST.

With expression.

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108 I Know God's Promise is True.

MRS. C. H. M. John 3: 16. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. For God so loved this sin - ful world, His Son he free - ly gave,
2. I was a way-ward, wand'ring child, A slave to sin and fear,
3. The "who- so - ev - er" of the Lord, I trust - ed was for me;
4. E - ter - nal life be - gun be - low Now fills my heart and soul;

That who - so - ev - er would be - lieve, E - ter - nal life shall have.
Un - til this bless - ed prom - ise fell Like mu - sic on my ear.
I took him at his gra-cious word, From sin he set me free.
I'll sing his praise for - ev - er - more, Whose blood has made me whole.

CHORUS.

'Tis true, O yes, 'tis true,..... God's won - der - ful
'Tis true, O yes, the prom-ise is true,

prom - ise is true,..... For I've trust - ed, and test - ed, and
'tis true,

tried it, And I know God's prom - ise is true.....
'tis true.

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109 Oh, Think of the Home Over There.

D. W. C. HUNTINGTON. T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. Oh, think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
2. Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour-ney have
3. 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
see; O-ver there. Ma - ny dear to my heart o - ver there, Are

REFRAIN.

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

there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there;
there, Oh, think of the friends o - ver there;
there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there;

there, o - ver there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there.
there, o - ver there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the friends o-ver there.
there, o - ver there, o - ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there.

110 When the Saviour Comes.

W. E. M. MATT. 25: 31. ACTS 1: 11. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. O my comrades how cheering For the moment is near-ing Of our
2. Starry crowns he is bringing, An - gel harps will be ring- ing, O what
3. Ev-'ry-thing shall be right-ed And our souls be de-light- ed When in

Mas-ter's ap-pear- ing, Yes, our Lord shall come; Swiftly moments are
shouting and sing-ing When the Saviour comes; Saints will be there by
Christ we're u - nit - ed, When the Saviour comes; There'll be no sep - a -

fleet- ing Toward that glo-ri- ous greeting, How we long for that meeting,
mil-lions, Blood-wash'd souls by the billions, Ransom'd ones by the tril-lions
ra - tion But a great ju - bi - la - tion For the saints of each na-tion

CHORUS.

Yes, our Lord shall come.
When the Saviour comes.
When the Saviour comes.
} We'll bid good-bye to sorrow, There'll be no care to bor-row,

But a glo - ri - ous mor-row When the Saviour comes, In his arms he will take us,

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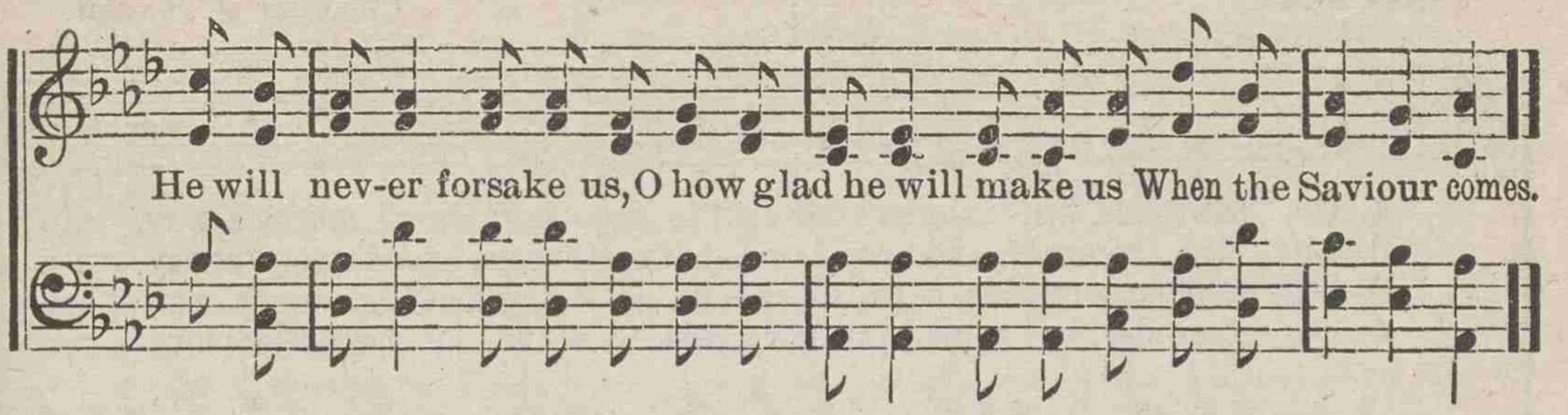
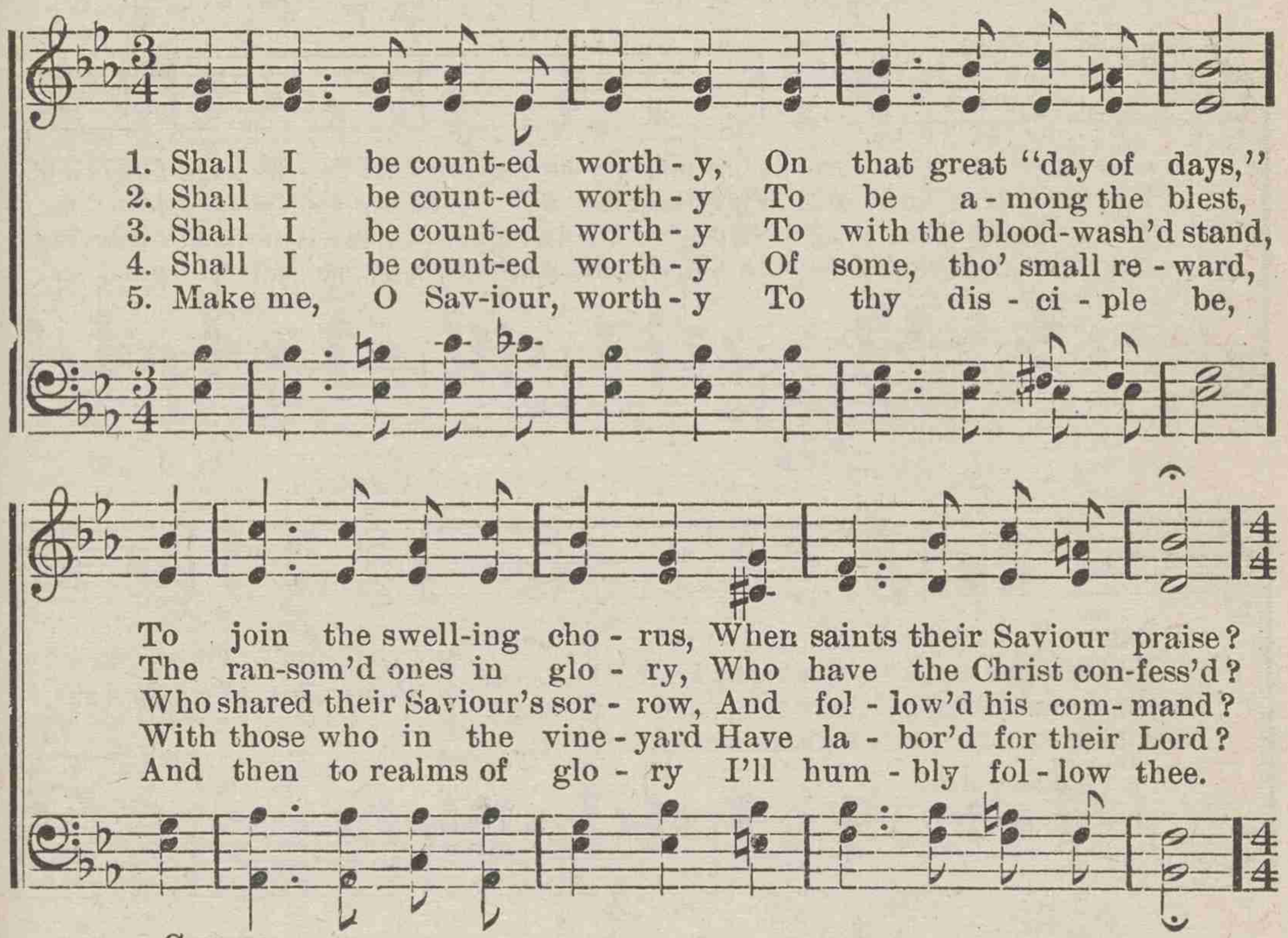
When the Saviour Comes.—Concluded.



111 Shall I Be Counted Worthy?

L. F. J. LYMAN F. JACKSON.



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112 Comrades of Jesus.

JAMES ROWE. CHARLES H. MARSH.

Unison.

1. On, comrades, on! the or - der still is ring - ing; March, march a-way, with
2. Lift high the cross, and keep Love's banner o'er us, Speed, speed a-way, with
3. Still precious souls are down to ru - in go - ing; Bow'd down by sin, they
4. On, comrades, on! spread far and wide the sto - ry Of bound-less love and

cour - age to en - dure; Sin's might-y hordes are bold de - fi - ance fling - ing,
hearts in true ac - cord; Fight with a will and drive the foe be - fore us;
near a hope-less grave! Strong in the Lord, our hearts with love o'er-flow - ing,
mer - cy rich and free; Je - ho - vah's Son will lead us all to glo - ry

CHORUS.

But Je - sus leads and vic-to - ry is sure.
No harm can come to those who trust the Lord.
On, com-rades, on! to comfort and to save.
And crown our souls with im-mor-tal - i - ty.

} Com-rades of Je - sus,

Her - alds of light, On-ward re-joic-ing, To battle for the right. Comrades of

Je - sus, Her-alds of light, On-ward re - joic - ing, To bat-tle for the right.

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113 His Strength is Made Perfect.

MIRIAM E. OATMAN. (Duet, Alto and Soprano.) FANNIE L. SIMPSON.

Alto marcato.

1. I'll trust in my Sav - iour for - ev - er, A kind lov - ing
2. I nev - er will wan - der from Je - sus; A Friend and a
3. So, Christ is my con - stant com - pan - ion; My Pi - lot and
4. And when we have an-chored in heav - en, And left this life's

Sav-iour is he; His strength is made perfect in weak - ness, And his
Broth-er is he; His strength is made perfect in weak - ness, And his
Guide he shall be; His strength is made perfect in weak - ness, And his
tur - bu-lent sea, His won-der - ful strength in our weak - ness, The

CHORUS.

grace is suf - fi - cient for me.
grace is suf - fi - cient for me.
grace is suf - fi - cient for me.
theme of our prais - es shall be.

} On - ly his grace, on - ly his grace,

cresc. *cresc.*

On - ly his grace is suf - fi - cient for me; His strength is made

per - fect in weak - ness, And his grace is suf - fi - cient for me.

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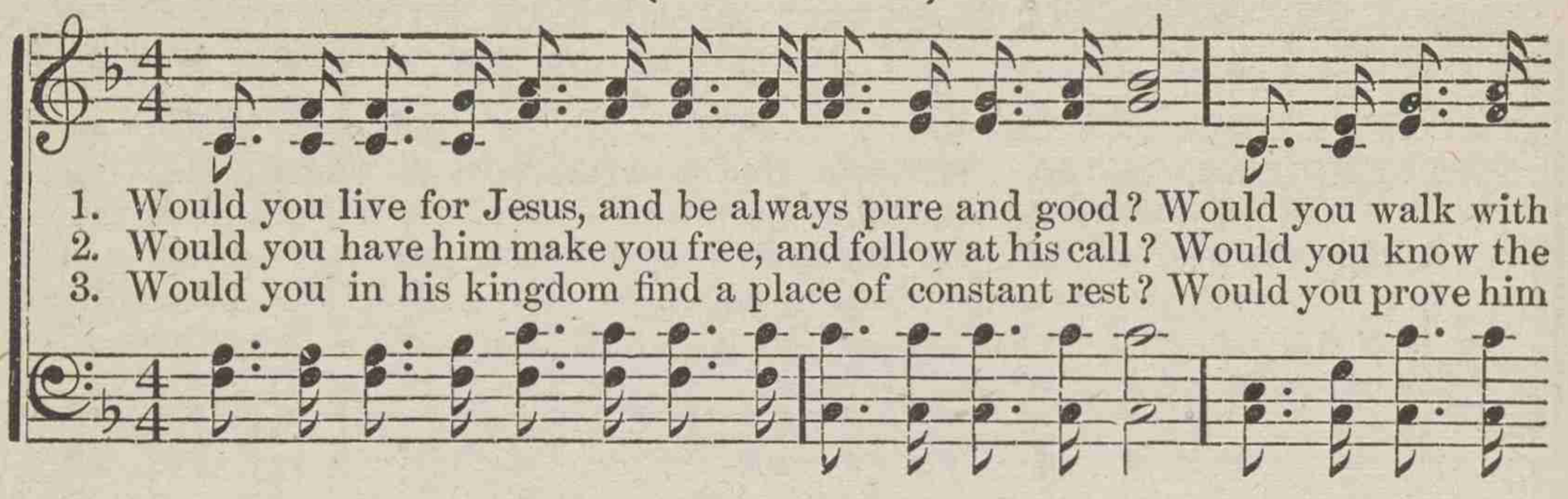
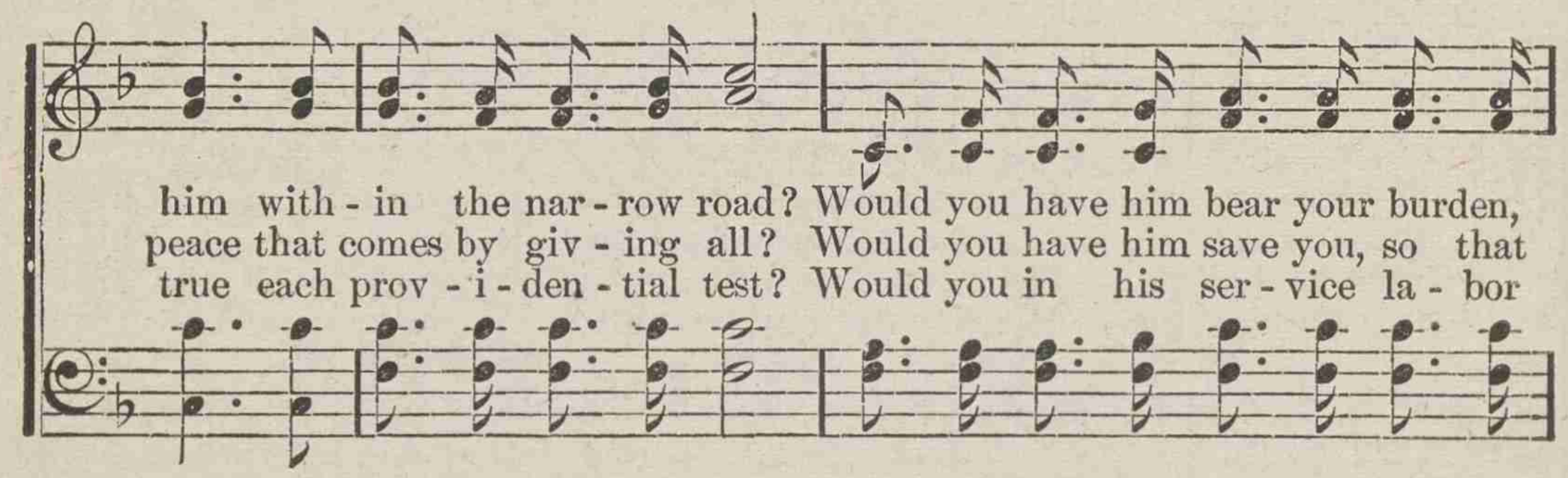
114 HIS WAY WITH THEE.

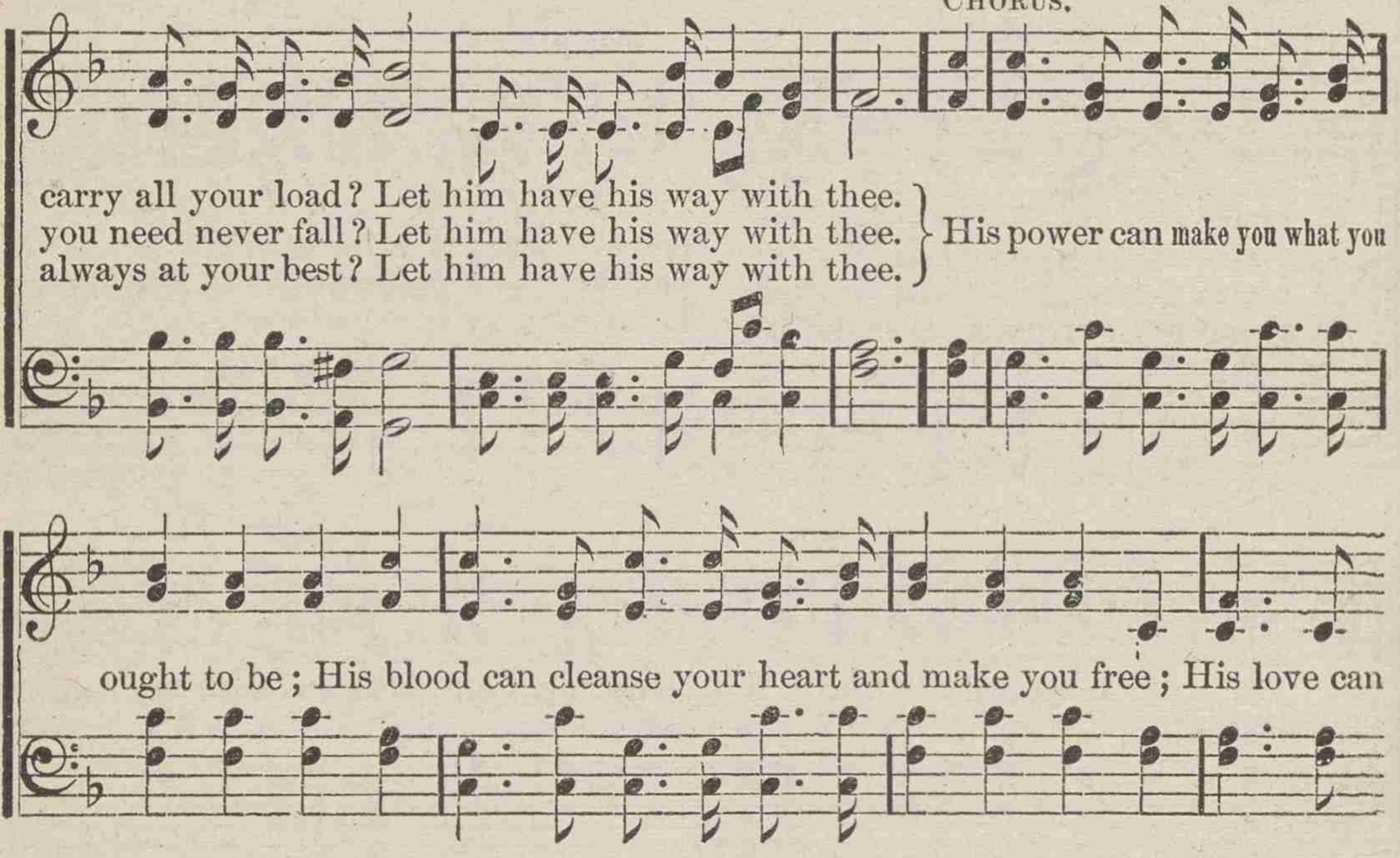
C. S. N. Psalm 37 : 5. Rev. Cyrus S. Nusbaum.

(Consecration.)





Chorus.



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115 Victory For Me.

The Ms. of this song was sent to me by Mrs. Geo. Hughes, mother of the author, for publication, that it might be used. It was sung by Anna, Sep. 4th, 1909, in Thornly Chapel Ocean Grove, N. J. In the 6.30 Temple Service, Anna was testifying that same day, when the Death Angel touched her heart, and she " was not, for God took her."—H. L. G.

A. P. H. ANNA P. HUGHES.

1. I'm walk-ing with Je - sus each day, yes I know; He helps me to
2. Tho' fierce be the bat - tle, and long be the fray; The Sav-iour has
3. And when to the end of life's con- flict I'm near, Death can-not a -

con-quer in this world below; A - bid-ing, confiding, I'll trust to the end;
promis'd to lead all the way; So following closely, I'll shout as I go!
fright me, no grave do I fear, For Jesus hath conquer'd; once dead, now he lives!

CHORUS.

Je - sus is vic - tor, on him I'll depend.
Vic- to - ry! vic - to - ry, o'er ev - 'ry foe.
Je - sus my Sav- iour the vic - to - ry gives.
} There's vict'ry for me! yes,

vic - t'ry for me, Thro Je - sus my Captain there's vic - to - ry; No

ill can be-tide, With Christ by my side, For he'll gain the vict'ry for me.

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116 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre-cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust thy love, be - lieve thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength renew, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

CHORUS.

Com- ing home, com- ing home, Nev - er - more to roam;

O - pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com- ing home.

5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

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117 Love So Unbounded.

M. J. H. MELVIN J. HILL.

1. I'm enthrilled in the presence of Je - sus, And his wonderful love for me;
2. He a-bandoned his will in the gar-den, And he suffered the Father's own,
3. When the weight of my sins fell up-on him, And he pray'd for the Father's pow'r
4. When the angel shall o - pen the por-tals, And I stand on the golden street,

My heart welleth up with his prais-es, And henceforth my song shall be.
That he my redemption might proffer, That he for my sins might atone.
There appeared in the heavens an an - gel Who strengthen'd his heart that hour.
My joy ne'er shall end in the presence Of him whom I long to meet.

CHORUS.

Love so unbound-ed, Won my heart to him, Blood all a-

vail - ing, pur - i - fies from sin; Grace so suf - fi - cient

Keep me pure and clean, In his grace I'll meet my King.

8va.

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118 Since I Have Entered In.

JENNIE E. HUSSEY. H. LAKE GILMOUR.

1. I stood be-side the crimson tide, All bur-dened with my sin;
2. The blood up-on the mer-cy-seat Was sprin-kled long a-go;
3. From Cal-v'ry's side the crimson tide Is flow-ing free-ly still:

And, paus-ing, took a backward look, Be-fore I en-tered in.
A-ton-ing grace for Israel's race Did God the Fa-ther show.
Oh, come to-day, while yet you may, Come, who-so-ev-er-will;

Be-hind me lay a wear-y way, Where once I chose to roam;
But now his plan for sin-ful man Has ful-ly been re-vealed,
The heal-ing stream will now re-deem, And cleanse thy heart from sin;

A-cross the stream a ra-diant gleam Shone from my Fa-ther's home.
For thro' his Son is par-don won, And all our stripes are healed.
Such peace be thine as now is mine, Since I have enter-ed in.

CHORUS.

Be-fore I enter-ed in My heart was full of sin;

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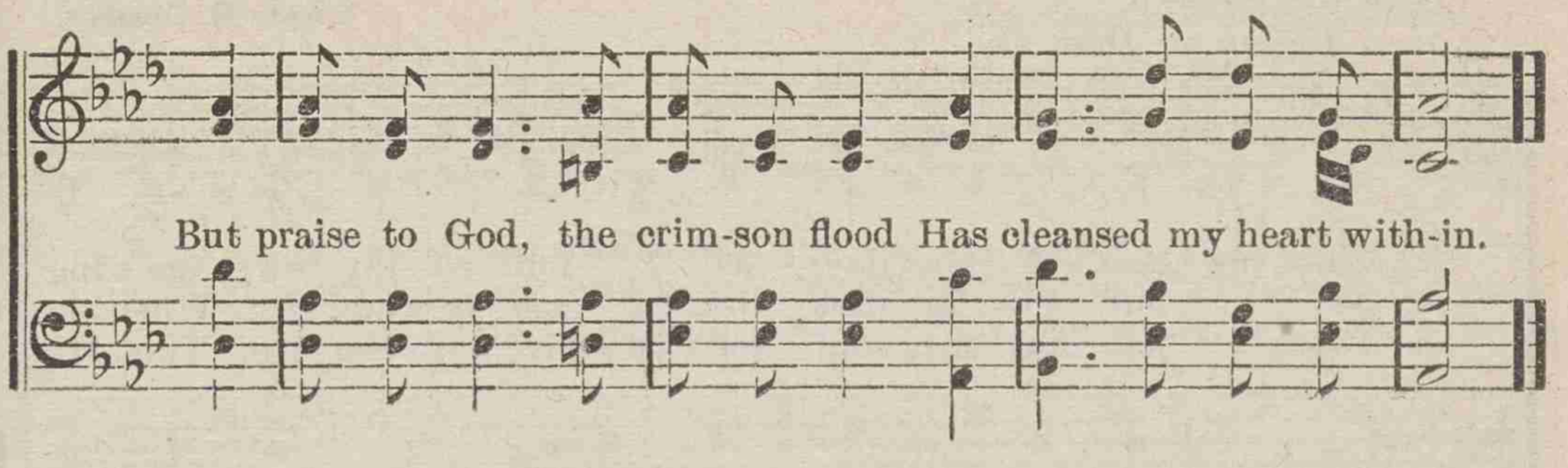
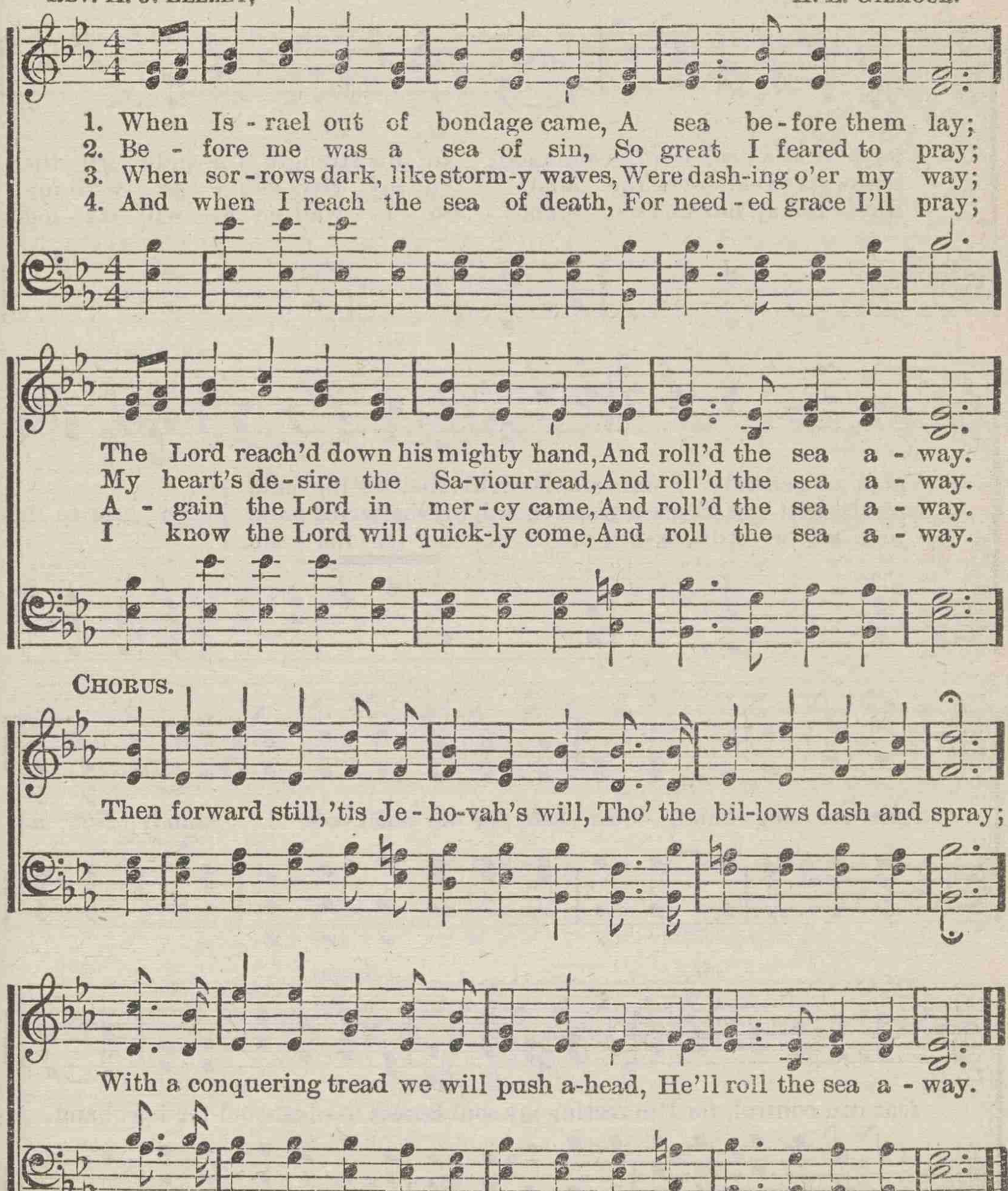
Since I Have Entered In.—Concluded.



119 He Rolled the Sea Away.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY, H. L. GILMOUR.



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120 Beneath His Sheltering Hand.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. CHAS. H. MARSH.

Unison, or Duet.

1. Thro' the heat of the day as I toil on my way, go - ing
2. As a bird to its nest flies for com - fort and rest, When the
3. There is joy in my soul for God's love doth con - trol, Tho' His

forth at the dear Lord's command; In his strength I a - bide till the
tempests sweep o-ver the land; To my Sav - iour I go with my
ways I may not un - der - stand; So I wait on his will, try - ing

CHORUS.

glad e - ven-tide I am safe neath his shel-ter-ing hand.
troubles and woe, There is peace 'neath his sheltering hand.
just to be still, O - ver me is his shel-ter - ing hand.

} So near to his

shel-ter - ing hand, So safe in its shad - ow I stand; Not a

rit.....a tempo.

fear can control, for I'm resting my soul Beneath his dear shel-ter-ing hand.

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121 "The Light of the World."

MRS. N. P. C. MRS. NELLIE PLACE CHANDLER.

1. Ye who now sit in dark-ness, Rise, for thy Light is come: Je- sus, the
2. Seek now the lov-ing Sav- iour, He is this dark world's light; Shin-ing in
3. Fear not the clouds about thee, Light thro' the gloom he'll bring; Walk in the

CHORUS.

world's Re-deem- er, Com-eth to guide thee home. } He is my
love and blessing, Mak-ing thy pathway bright. }
light he giv - eth, Trust him and glad-ly sing. }

He is my light,

light, and no darkness, I'll know, The light of his pres - ence makes

He is my light and no darkness I'll know, The light of his presence, light of his presence

life all a - glow, Wher- e'er this light shin - eth, love's banner's un -

aglow, Where'er this light shineth, where'er this light shineth,

furl'd, For Je - sus my Sav - iour is the light of the world.

Jesus my Saviour.

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122 Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah!

PSALM 146. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah, praise Je - ho - vah! From the heavens praise his name;
2. Let them prais-es give Je - ho - vah, They were made at his command;
3. All ye fruit-ful trees and ce - dars, All ye hills and mountains high,

Praise Je - ho - vah in the high - est, All his an - gels praise pro-claim.
Them for - ev - er he es - tab-lished, His de-cree shall ev - er stand.
Creeping things and beasts and cat - tle, Birds that in the heav-ens fly.

All his hosts to - geth- er praise him, Sun, and moon, and stars on high;
From the earth, O praise Je - ho - vah, All ye floods, ye dra- gons all;
Kings of earth and all ye peo - ple, Princes great, earth's judges all;

Praise him, O ye heav'n of heav - ens, And ye floods a - bove the sky.
Fire, and hail, and snow, and va - pors, Stormy winds that hear him call.
Praise his name, young men and maid-ens, A - ged men, and chil-dren small.

CHORUS.

Let them prais - es give Je - ho - vah, For his name a - lone is high,

Let them praises

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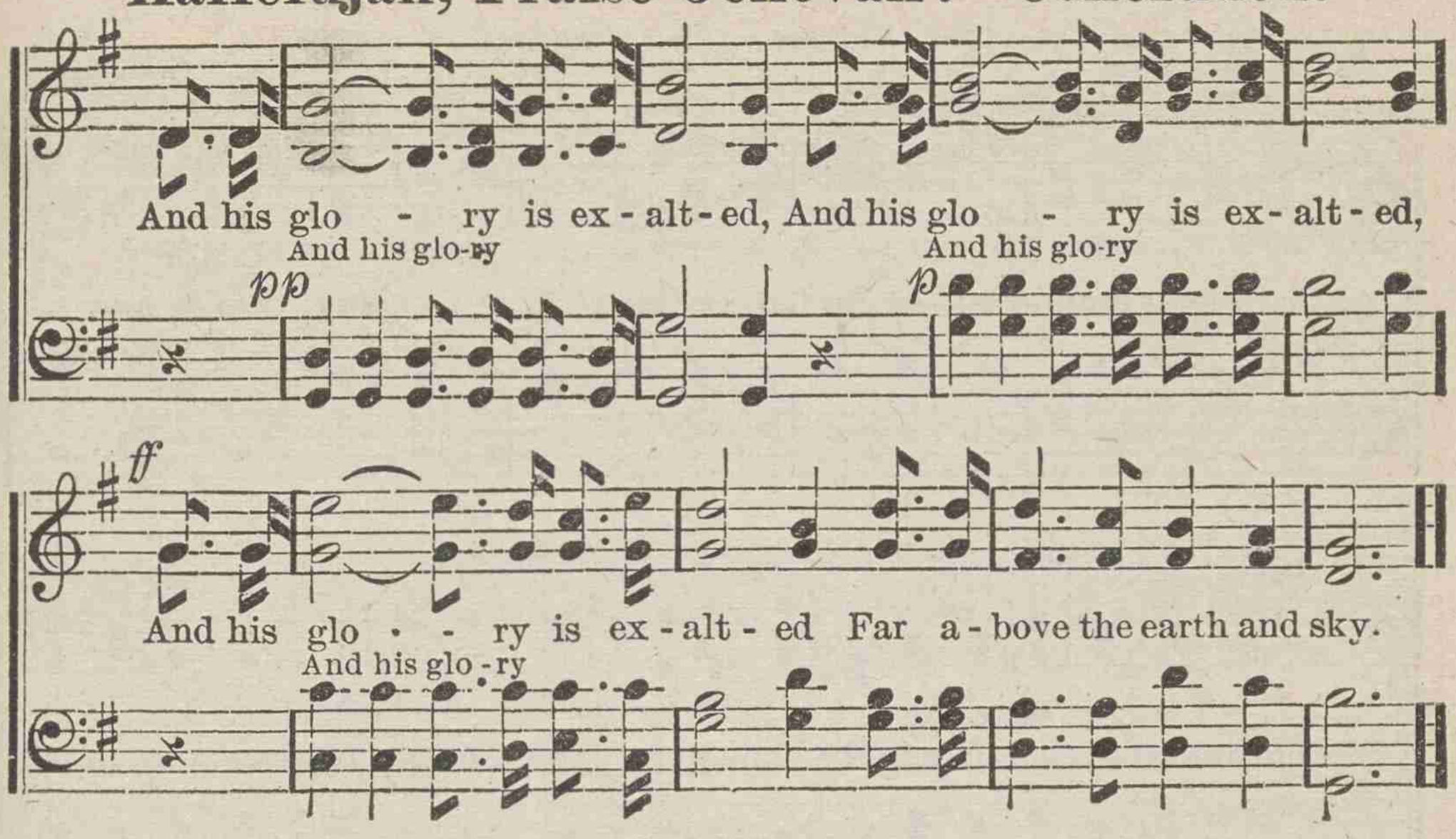
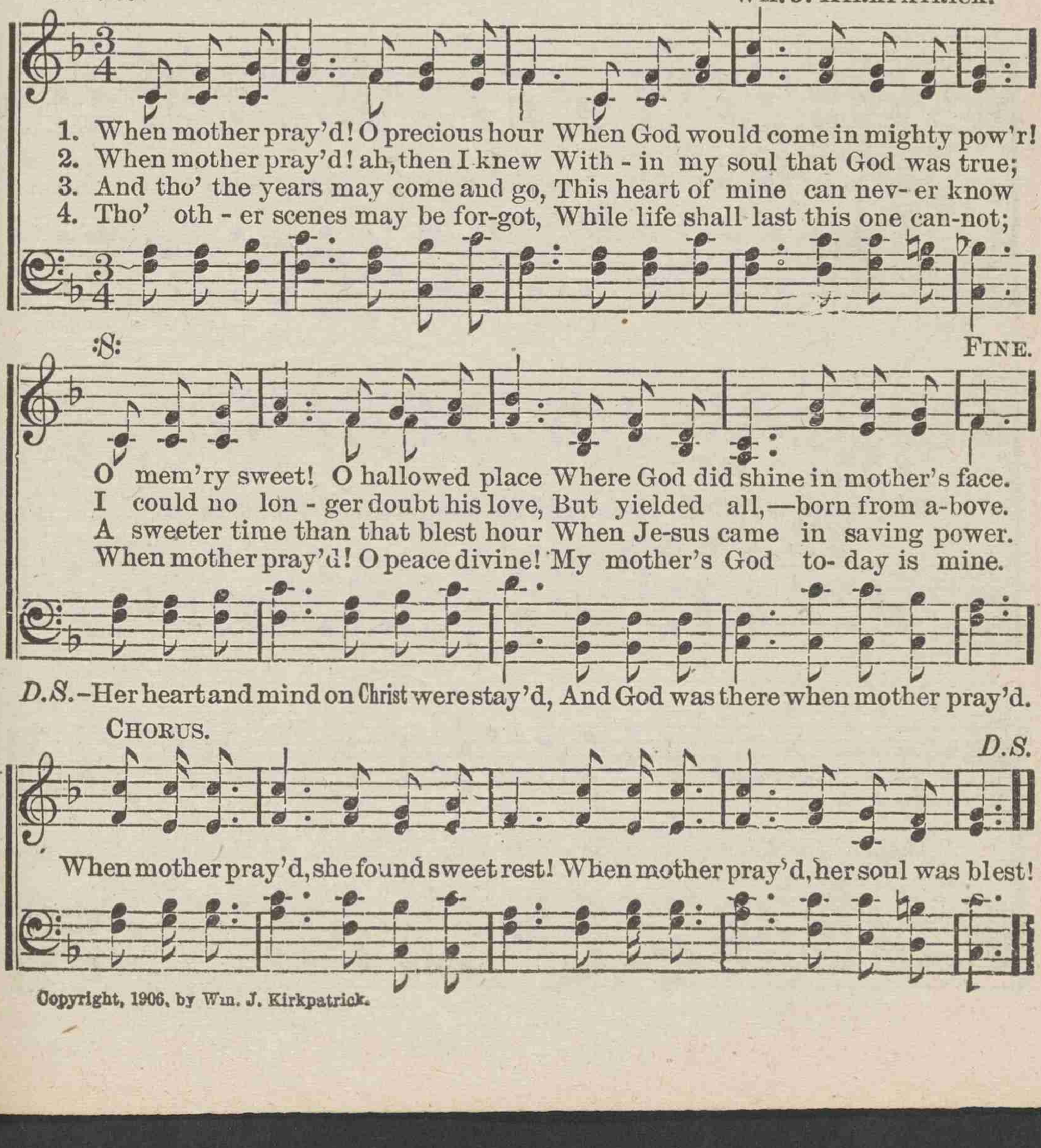
Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah!—Concluded.



123 When Mother Prayed.

C. F. O. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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124 Glory and Honor.

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FLORA KIRKLAND. CHAS. GOUNOD.

FULL CHORUS. *Maestoso.*

Glo - ry and hon - or to God our heav'nly Fa - ther, Praise and a-

dore him who reigns in might and majesty. Tell of his goodness, proclaim his

name to ev-'ry land 'Till all the nations shall own him King forev-er more.

Sing and give praise to the Lord the King of kings, For he is good, he is

O sing, give praise, is good,

good, and his mercy ev - er - last - ing. Sing to the Lord, tho' a

is good, O sing, O sing,

Glory and Honor.—Concluded.

host en-camp a-gainst thee, for his pow'r and his love o'er-shadow thee. Sing

praise to the God of bat-tles. Glo-ry and hon-or to the God of

our sal-va-tion! Glo-ry and hon-or unto God our Sun and Shield!

O lift joyous songs of praise, Praise for all his loving kindnesses. Give to

God the worship due his holy name, give glory and praise; praise for ever more.

* Use small notes if desirable.

125 With Heart and Voice.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Praise the Lord with heart and voice, Joyful-ly serv-ing your King, Come and
2. Praise the dear Re-deem-er's name, Crown him with beauty and light, Just and
3. Praise the Lord with heart and voice, Ev-er a - dor- ing- ly raise Hal - le -

wor-ship at his throne, Lov-ing-ly, grateful - ly sing; Hap-py ev- 'ry
true are all his ways, Won-der-ful, boundless, his might; Glad ho- san-nas
lu-jahs sweet and strong, Un- to the "Ancient of Days;" Shout with accla -

hour, trust-ing in his pow-er, Un-to the Giv-er of our sal- va- tion
swelling, loud his goodness tell-ing, Fountain of blessing our joy e - ter - nal,
ma-tion, hail him all cre - a-tion, Worship Je-ho-vah, O come re- joic-ing,

CHORUS. *Unison.*

prais-es bring.
day and night.
sound his praise.
} Praise him! sing with melo-dy, Heart and voice,

Praise him ev - er-last-ing-ly, Come, re - joice; Hail him,

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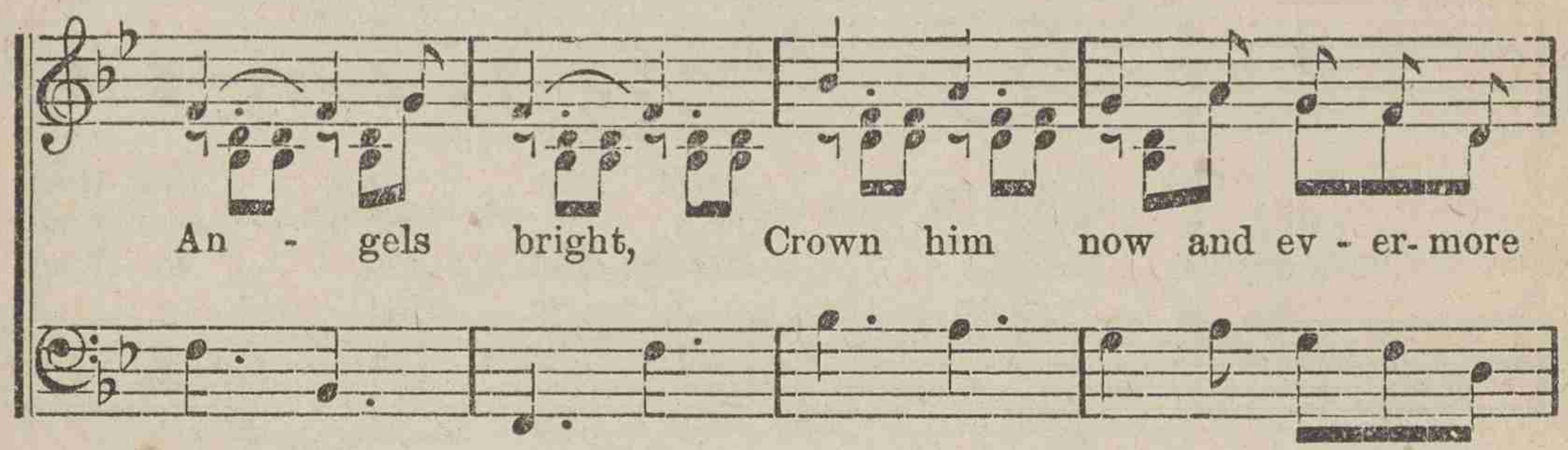
With Heart and Voice.—Concluded.



126

The King of the Ages.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

Unison.

1. See the cross, where the Sav - iour was cru - ci -
2. See the tomb, where the King of the A - ges
3. See the throne, where he sits by the Fa - ther's

fied, See the blood, shed for sin-ners when
lay, See the stone, by the an-gels once
side, Pray - ing there for the dear ones for

Je - sus died, Hear the song that the
roll'd a - way, He is ris'n, with his
whom he died; Heart and life to his

ransom'd in heav - en sing, See the crown on the
prais - es the heav - ens ring, See the crown on the
serv - ice we glad - ly bring, Place a crown on the

CHORUS. *Parts.*

head of our Sav - iour King. Je - sus is liv - ing in
Je - - sus is

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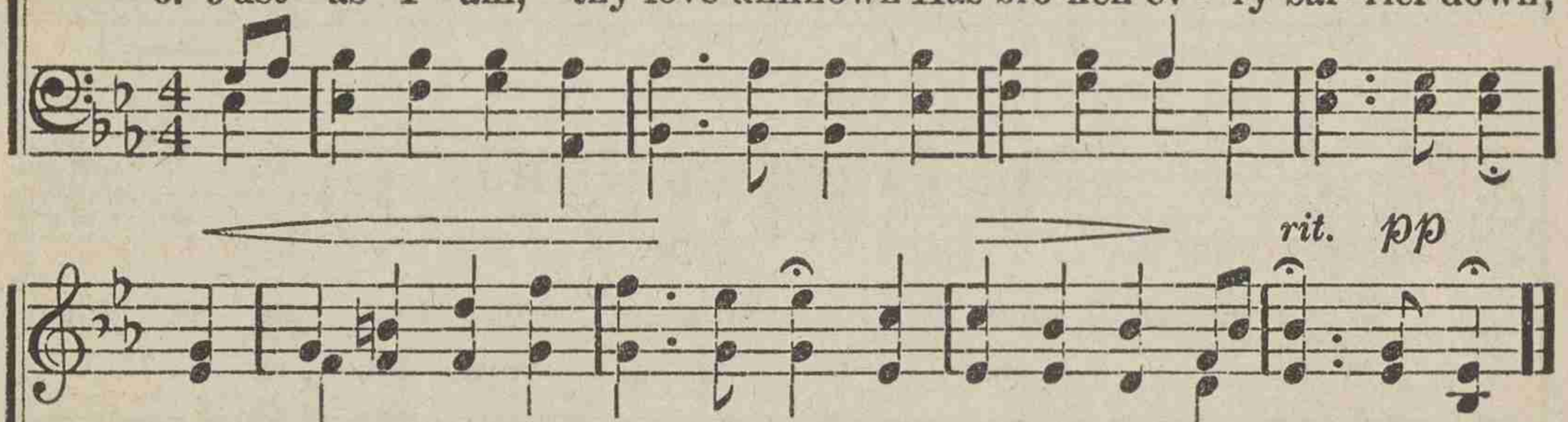
The King of the Ages.—Concluded.

127 Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. Wildmere. L. M. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Just as I am with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a - bout With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
5. Just as I am, thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome pardon, cleanse, relieve;
6. Just as I am,—thy love unknown Has bro-ken ev - 'ry bar- rier down;



And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fight-ings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be - cause thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Now, to be thine, yea, thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

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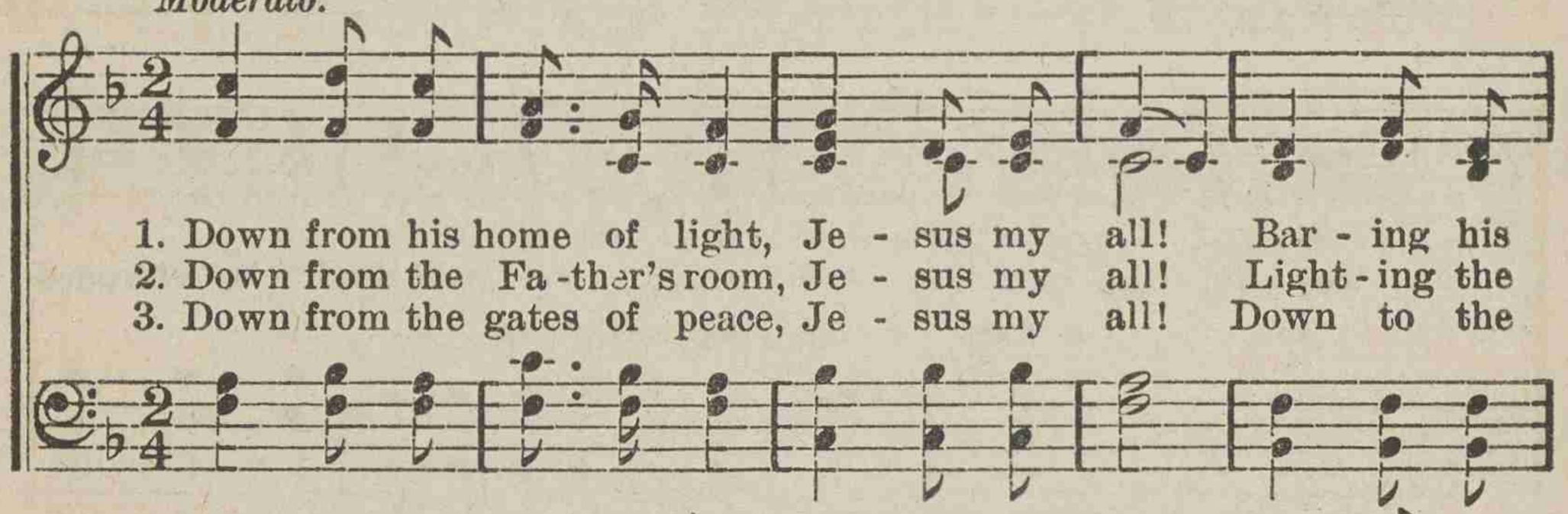
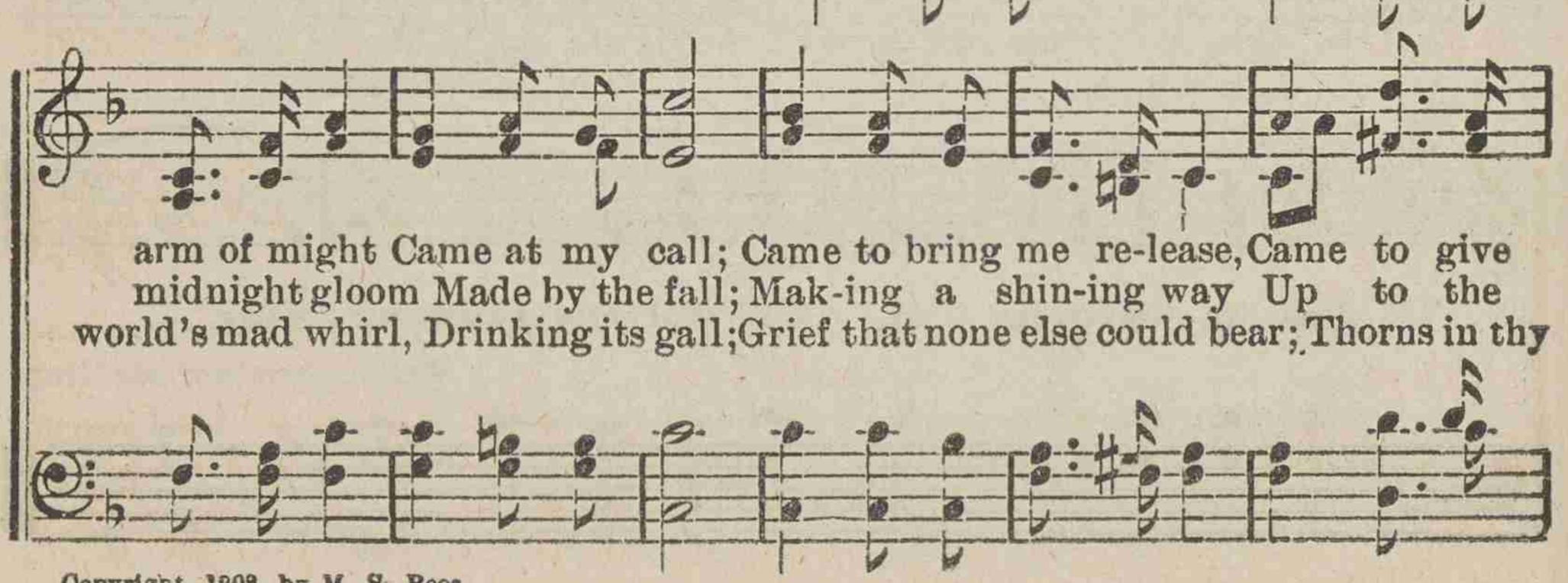
128 Jesus, My All.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. MRS. M. S. REES.

Moderato.



1. Down from his home of light, Je - sus my all! Bar - ing his
2. Down from the Fa-ther's room, Je - sus my all! Light - ing the
3. Down from the gates of peace, Je - sus my all! Down to the



arm of might Came at my call; Came to bring me re-lease, Came to give
midnight gloom Made by the fall; Mak-ing a shin-ing way Up to the
world's mad whirl, Drinking its gall; Grief that none else could bear; Thorns in thy

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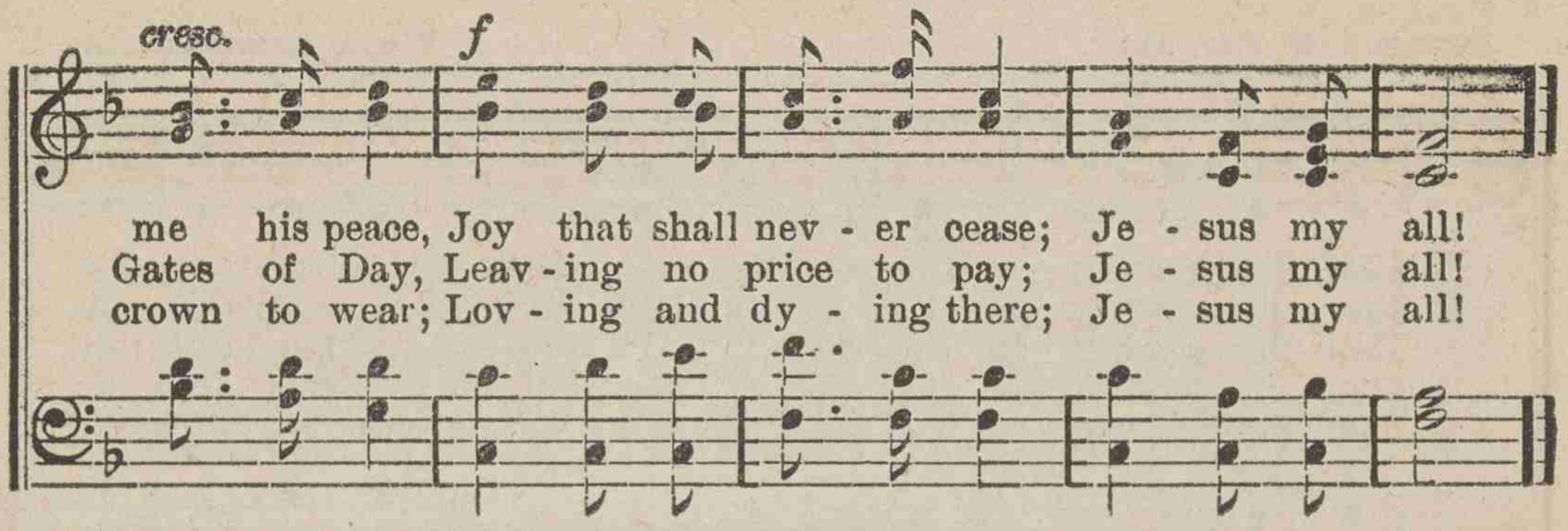
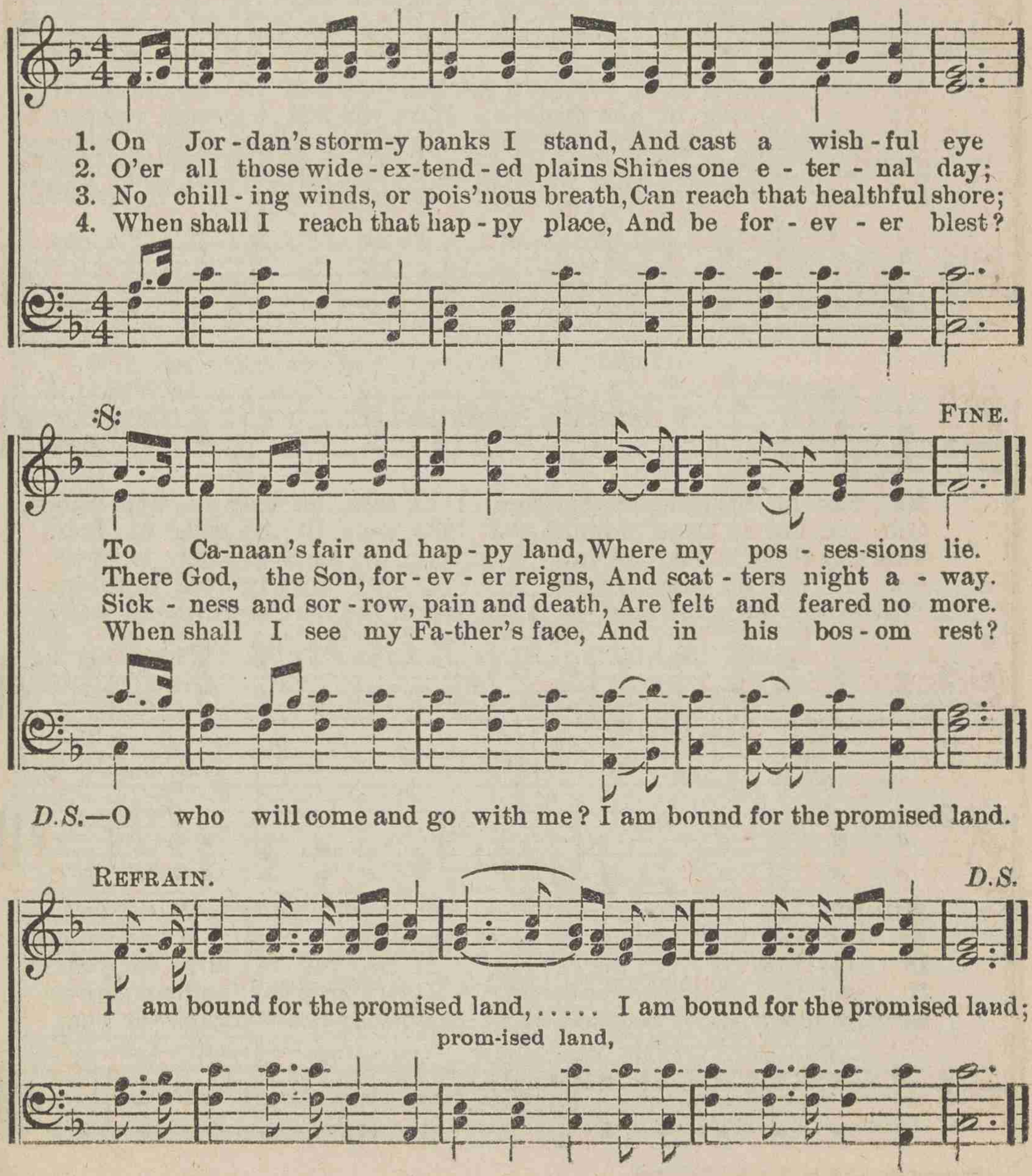
Jesus, My All.—Concluded.



129 The Promised Land.

SAMUEL STENNETT. ARR. BY R. M. McINTOSH.



130 Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters.

PHŒBE J. HANAFORD. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Ye who have but scant sup-ply,
2. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Poor and wea-ry, worn with care,—
3. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Ye who have a-bund-ant store;
4. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Far and wide your treas-ure strew,
5. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Waft it on with pray-ing breath,

An-gel eyes will watch a-bove it;— You shall find it by and by!
Oft-en sit-ting in the shad-ow, Have you not a crumb to spare?
It may float on many a bil-low, It may strand on many a shore;
Scat-ter it with will-ing fin-gers, Shout for joy to see it go!
In some dis-tant, doubtful mo-ment It may save a soul from death;

He who in his righteous bal-ance Doth each hu-man ac-tion weigh,
Can you not to those a-round you Sing some lit-tle song of hope,
You may think it lost for-ev-er, But, as sure as God is true,
For if you do close-ly keep it, It will on-ly drag you down;
When you sleep in sol-emn si-lence, 'Neath the morn and evening dew,

Will your sac-ri-fice re-mem-ber, Will your lov-ing deeds re-pay.
As you look with longing vis-ion Thro' faith's mighty tel-e-scope?
In this life or in the oth-er, It will yet re-turn to you.
If you love it more than Je-sus, It will keep you from your crown.
Stranger hands, which you have strengthen'd, May strew lilies o-ver you.

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181 Heavenly Sunlight.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY. G. H. COCK.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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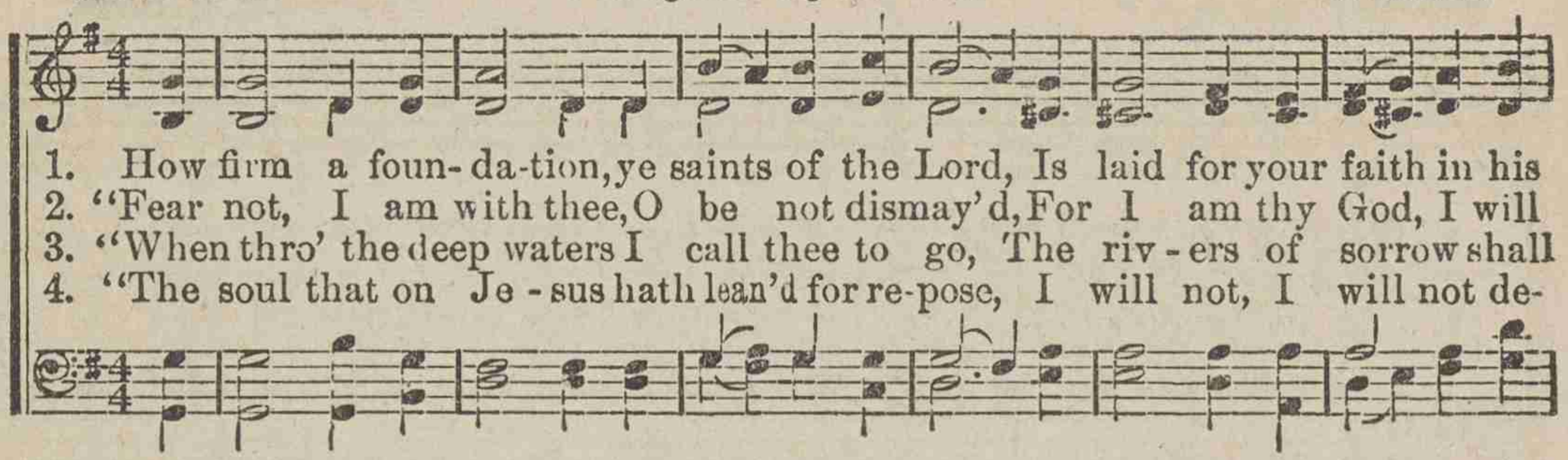
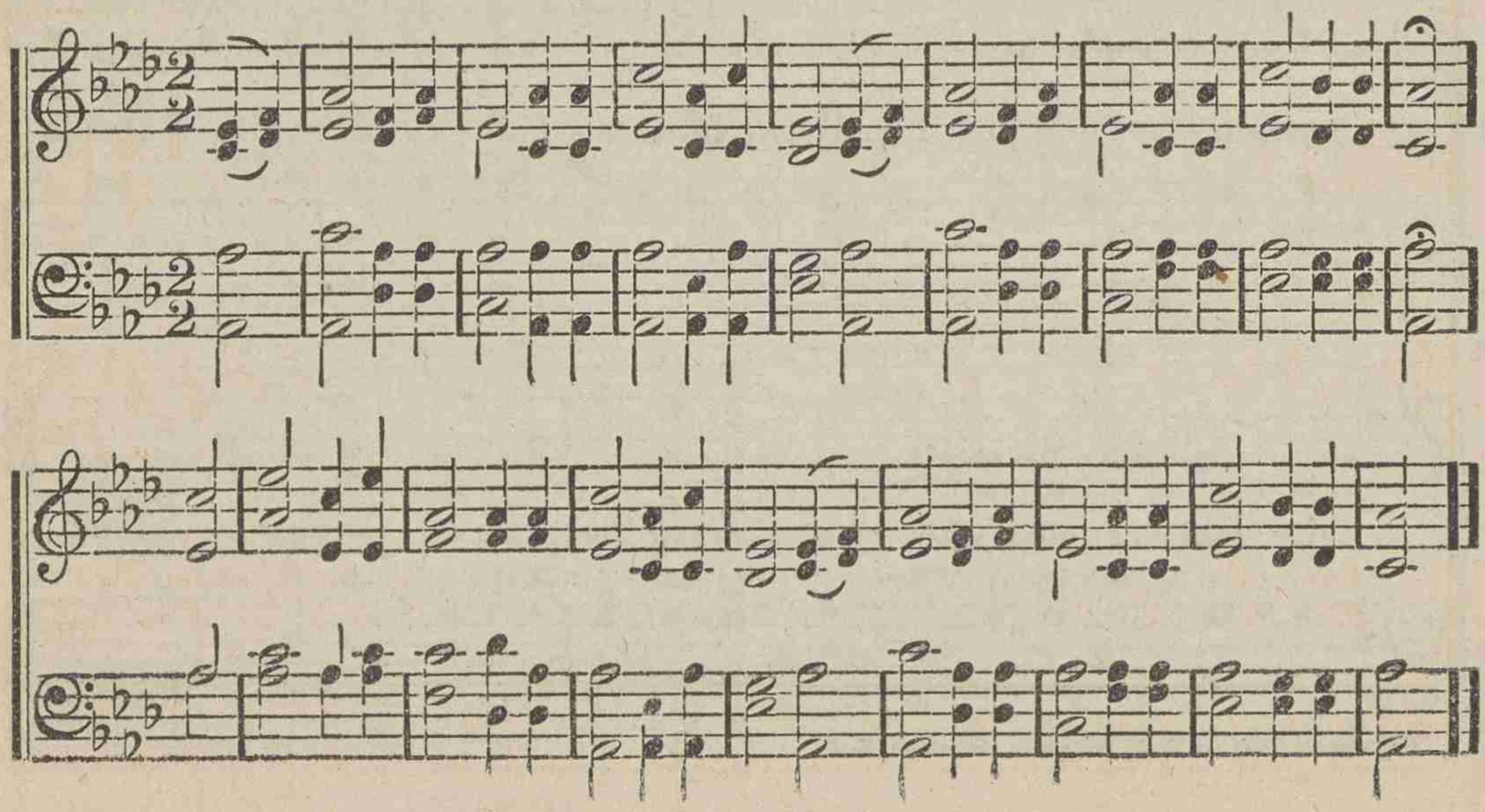
132 How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH. Portuguese Hymn. 11s. J. READING.



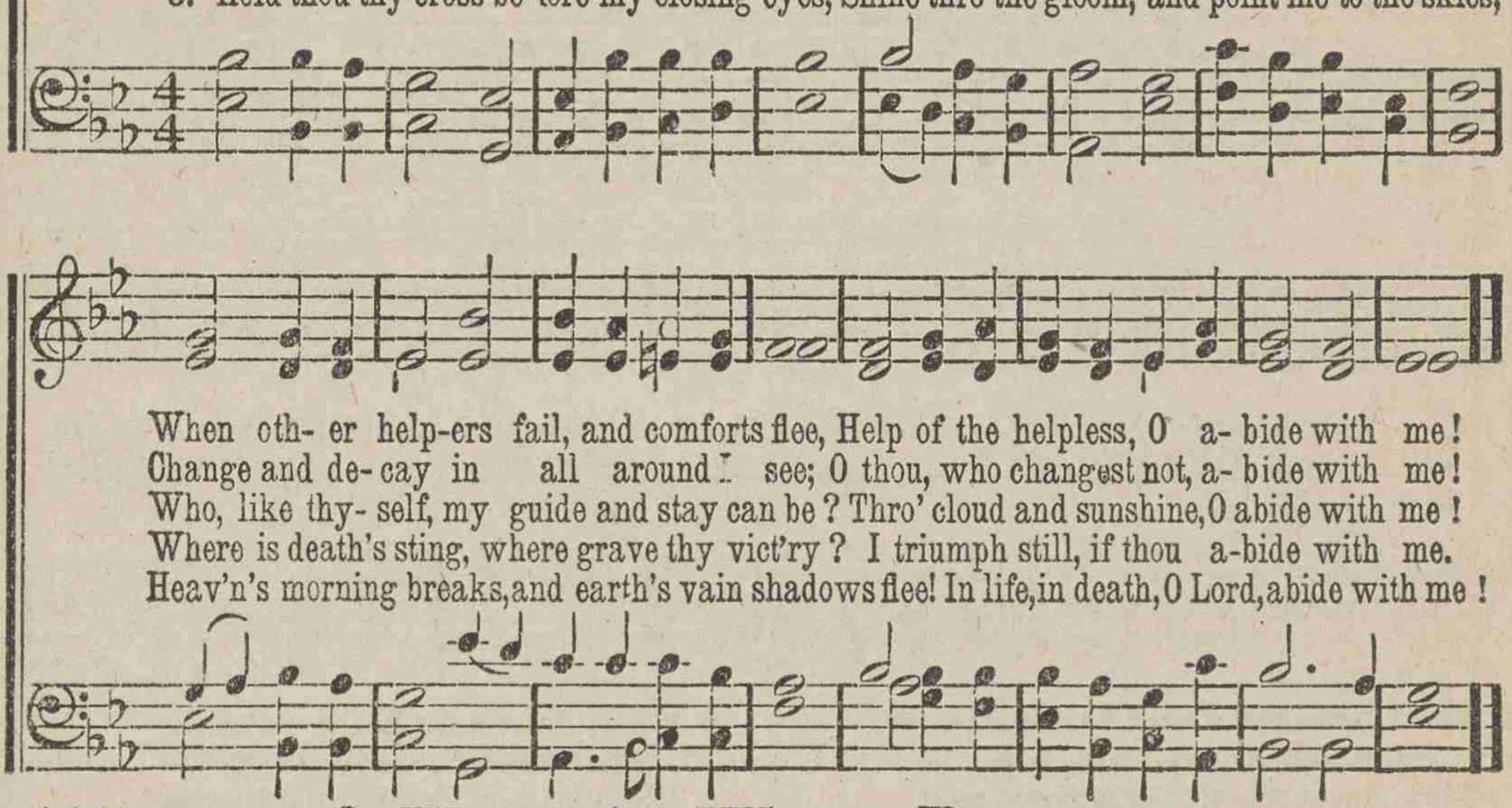
133 Foundation. 11s.



134 Abide With Me.

HENRY F. LYTE. (EVENTIDE 10s.) WILLIAM H. MONK.

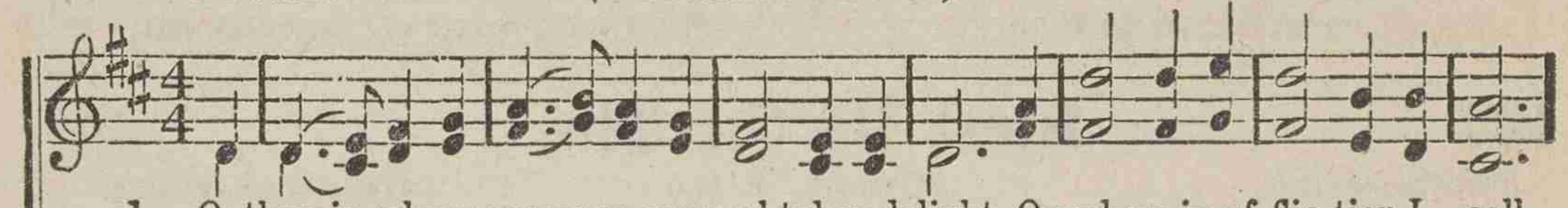
1. A- bide with me! Fast falls the e-ven- tide, The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a-way;
3. I need thy presence ev'ry passing hour; What but thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
5. Hold thou thy cross be-fore my closing eyes; Shine thro'the gloom, and point me to the skies;



When oth- er help-ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a- bide with me!
Change and de- cay in all around I see; O thou, who changest not, a- bide with me!
Who, like thy- self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!
Where is death's sting, where grave thy vict'ry? I triumph still, if thou a-bide with me.
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

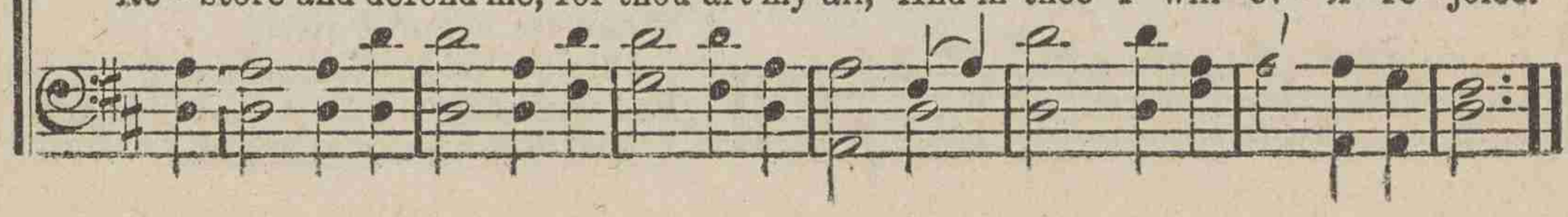
135 O Thou, in Whose Presence.

JOSEPH SWAIN. (MEDITATION 11s 8s.) FREEMAN LEWIS.



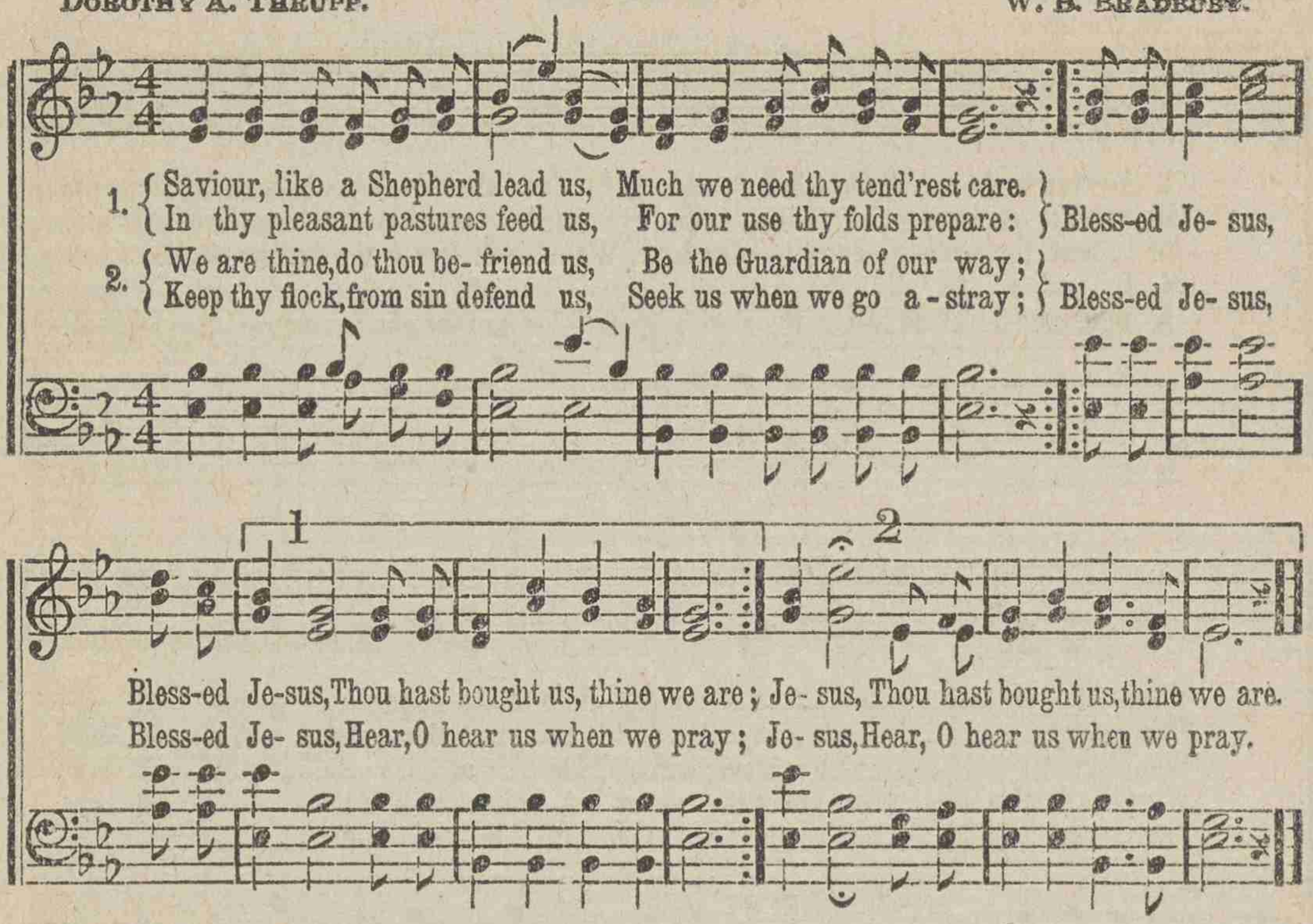
1. O thou in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in af-flic-tion I call,
2. Where dost thou, dear shepherd, resort with thy sheep, To feed them in pastures of love?
3. O why should I wan-der, an al - ien from thee, Or cry in the des-ert for bread?
4. Ye daught - ers of Zi - on, declare, have you seen the star that on Israel shone?
5. Dear Shepherd! I hear, and will follow thy call; I know the sweet sound of thy voice;

My com-fort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal-va-tion, my all,
Say, why in the val-ley of death should I weep, Or alone in this wilder-ness rove?
Thy foes will re-joice when my sorrows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been, And where with his flocks he is gone.
Re - store and defend me, for thou art my all, And in thee I will ev - er re - joice.



136 Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. W. 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 Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

137 Blest Be the Tie.

JOHN FAWCETT, (DENNIS. S. M.) HANS G. NAEGELI.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

138 Jewels.

REV. W. O. CUSHING. Mal. 3: 17. GEO. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

1. When he com-eth, when he com-eth To make up his jew-els, All his
2. He will gath-er, he will gath-er The gems for his kingdom, All the
3. Lit-tle children, lit-tle children Who love their Re-deem-er, Are the

CHORUS.

jew-els, precious jew-els, His lov'd and his own.
pure ones, all the bright ones, His lov'd and his own.
jew-els, precious jew-els, His lov'd and his own.
} Like the stars of the
} They shall shine in their

morn-ing, His bright crown a-dorn-ing,
beau-ty, (*Omit*.....) Bright gems for his crown.

139 Jesus Calls Us.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER. W. H. JUDE.

1. Je-sus calls us, o'er the tu-mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea;
2. Je-sus calls us from the wor-ship Of the vain world's golden store;
3. In our joys and in our sor-rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je-sus calls us! by thy mer-cies, Sav-iour, may we hear thy call;

Day by day his sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, fol-low me."
From each i-dol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love me more."
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love me more than these."
Give our hearts to thy o-be-dience, Serve and love thee best of all.

140 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

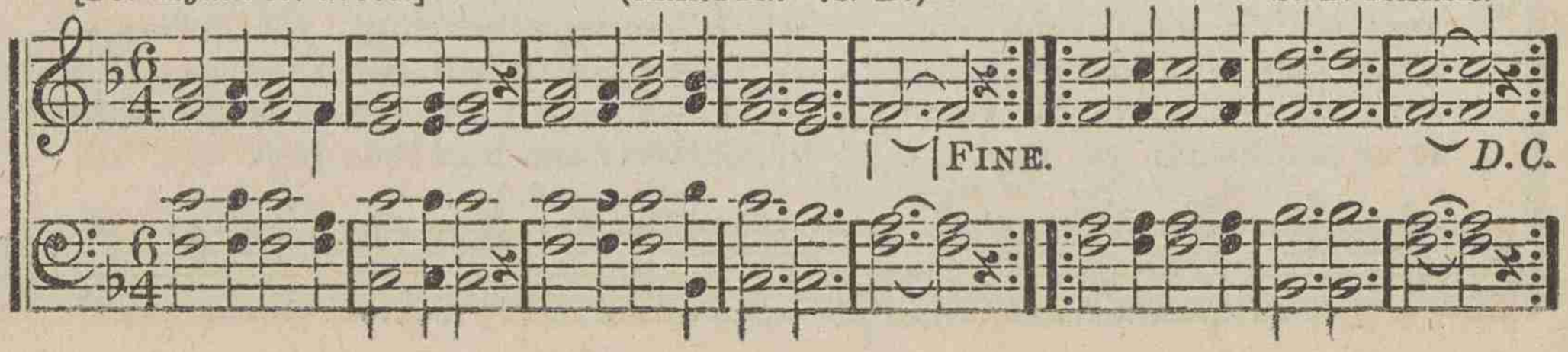
CHARLES WESLEY. (REFUGE. 7s. D.) J. P. HOLBROOK.

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

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

141 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

[*For Hymn see above.*] (MARTYN. 7s. D.) S. B. MARSH.



142 The Old Time Religion.

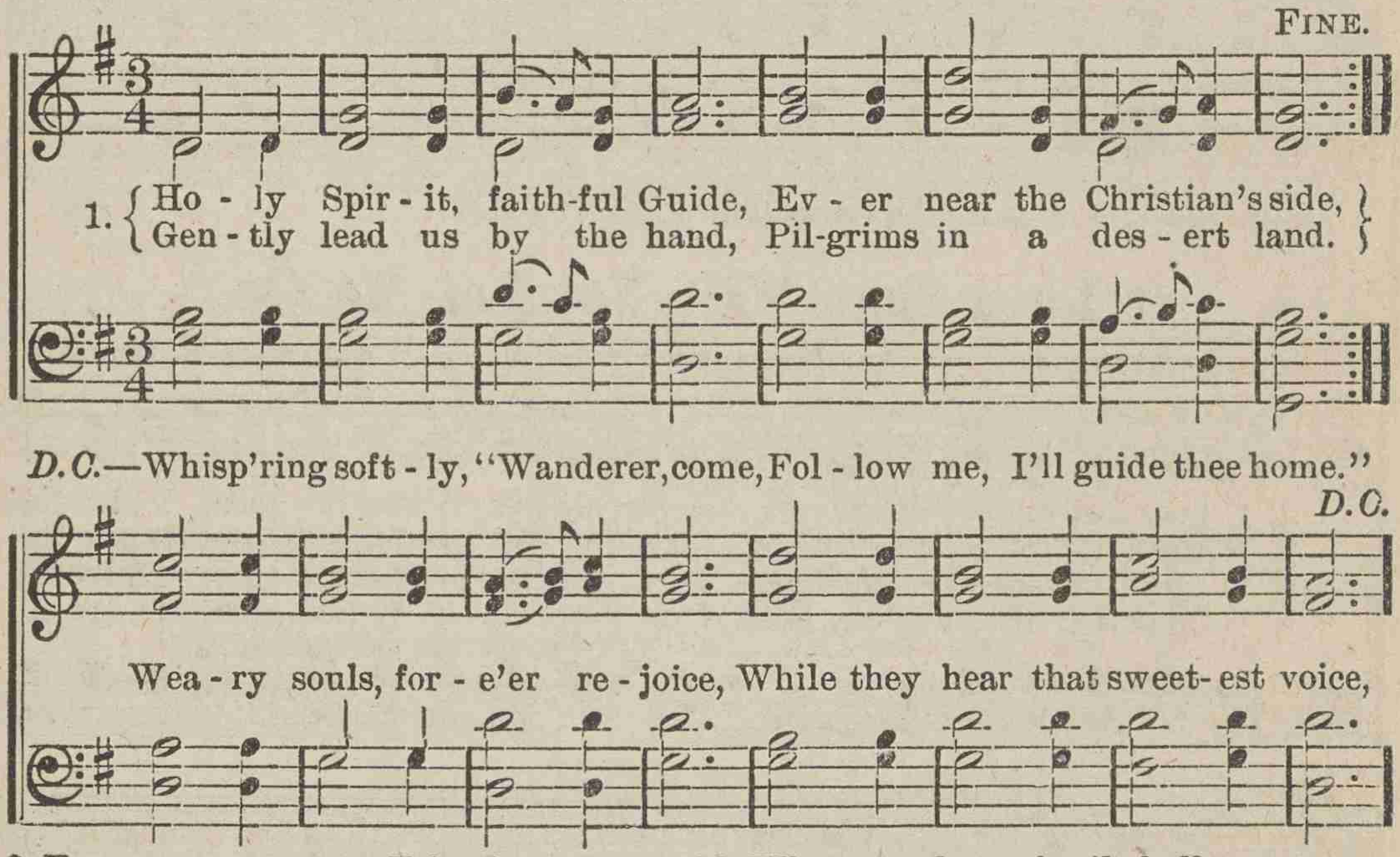
2 ‖: Makes me love everybody, :‖
And it's good enough for me!

3 ‖: Makes me love the good old Bible, :‖
And it's good enough for me!

4 ‖: It will do when I'm dying, :‖
And it's good enough for me!

5 ‖: It will take us all to heaven, :‖
And it's good enough for me!

143 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide. M. M. Wells.



2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubts 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."

144 Rescue the Perishing.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting him, Still he is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen - i-tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur-ied that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy la-bor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fal - len,
child to re-ceive. Plead with them earnest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly:
grace can re-store; Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wakened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro-vide: Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient-ly win them;

CHORUS.

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

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

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145 O Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go.

GEORGE MATHESON. ST. MARGARET. 8, 8, 8, 8, 6. ALBERT L. PEACE.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea- ry soul in thee; I give thee
2. O Light that followest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to thee; My heart re-
3. O joy that seekest me thro' pain, I can-not close my heart to thee; I trace the
4. O Cross that lift-est up my head, I dare not ask to fly from thee; I lay in

back the life I owe, That in thine ocean depths its flow May richer, full-er be.
stores its borrow'd ray, That in thy sunshine's glow its day May brighter, fairer be.
rainbow thro' the rain, And feel the prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tearless be.
dust life's glo-ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall endless be.

146 Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Blessed as- sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of glo- ry di-vine!
2. Per-fect submis-sion, perfect de-light, Vis-ions of rapture now burst on my sight;
3. Per-fect submis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am hap-py and blest;

Heir of sal - va-tion, purchas'd by God, Born of his Spir-it, wash'd in his blood.
An - gels descending, bring from a- bove, Ech-oes of mer - cy, whispers of love.
Watching and waiting, looking a-bove, Fill'd with his goodness, lost in his love.

CHORUS.

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

This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long.

147 Saviour, Pilot Me.

E. HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

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

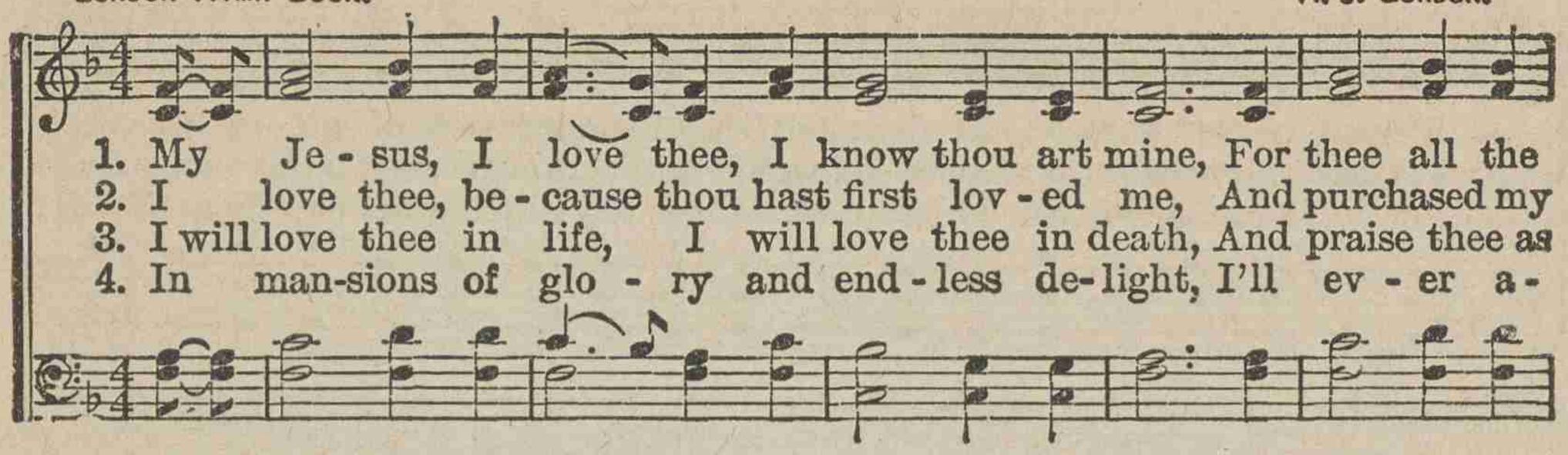
D.C.—Chart and com- pass came from thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D.C.—Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D.C.—May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

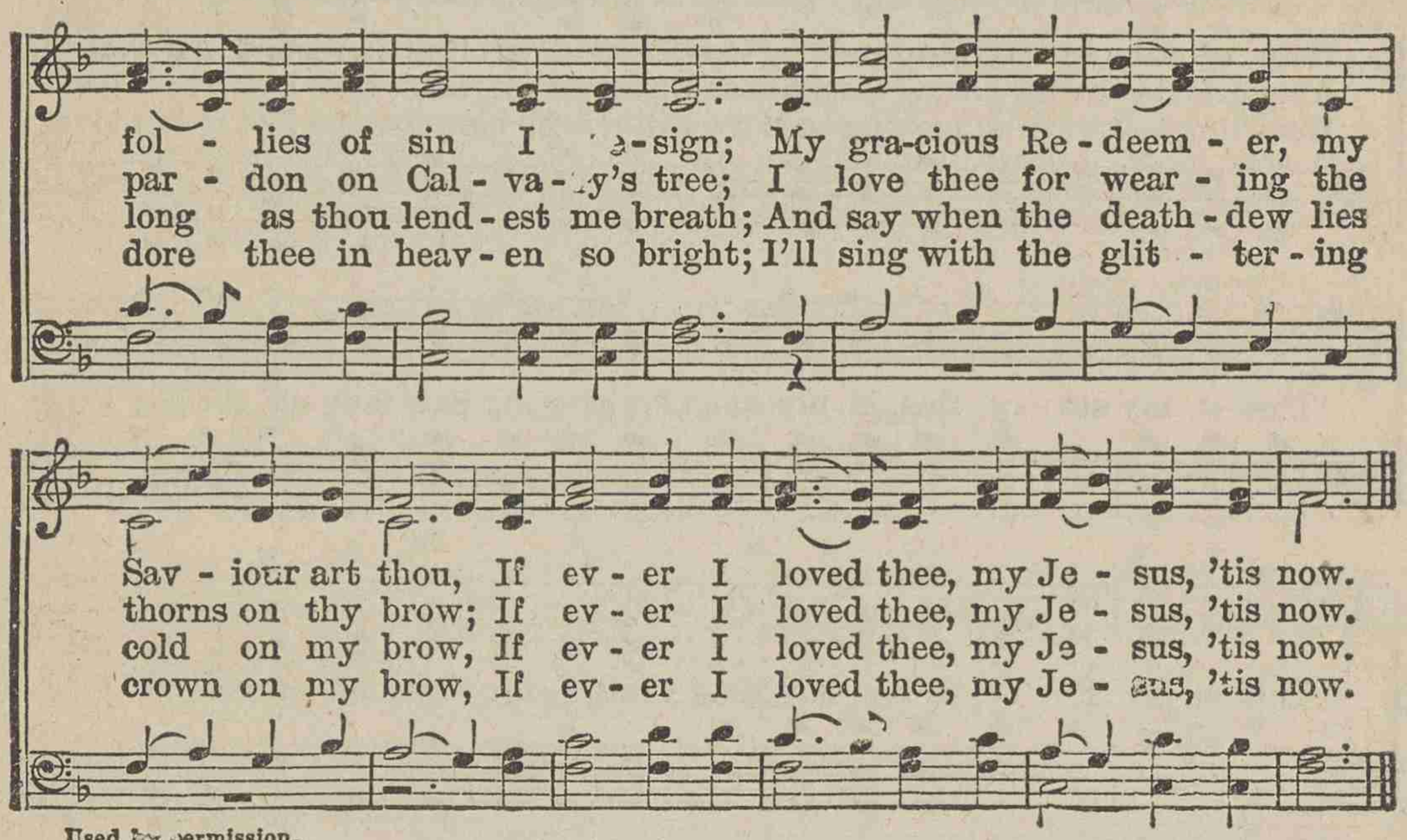
D.C.

Un - known waves be- fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Bois-terous waves o - bey thy will When thou say'st to them "Be still,"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on thy breast,

148 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

LONDON HYMN BOOK. A. J. GORDON.





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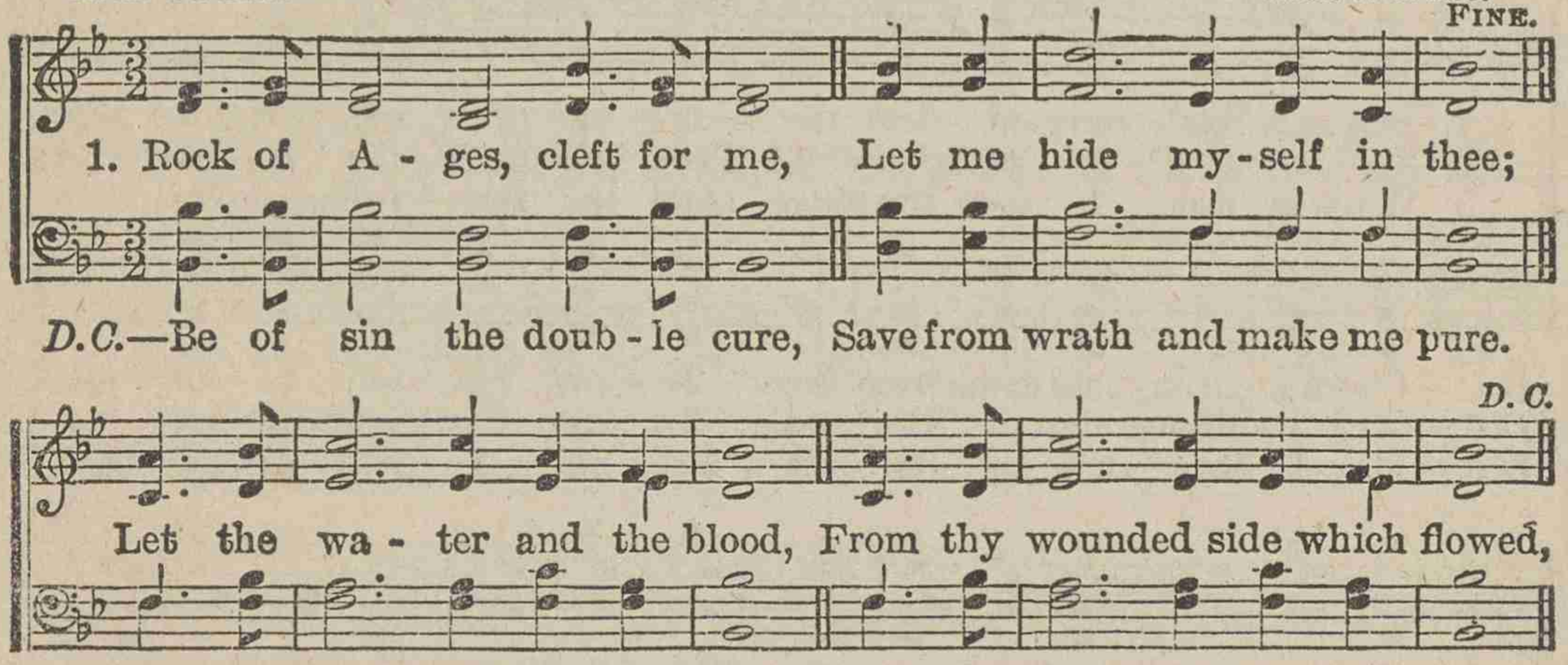
149 Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. THOS. HASTINGS.

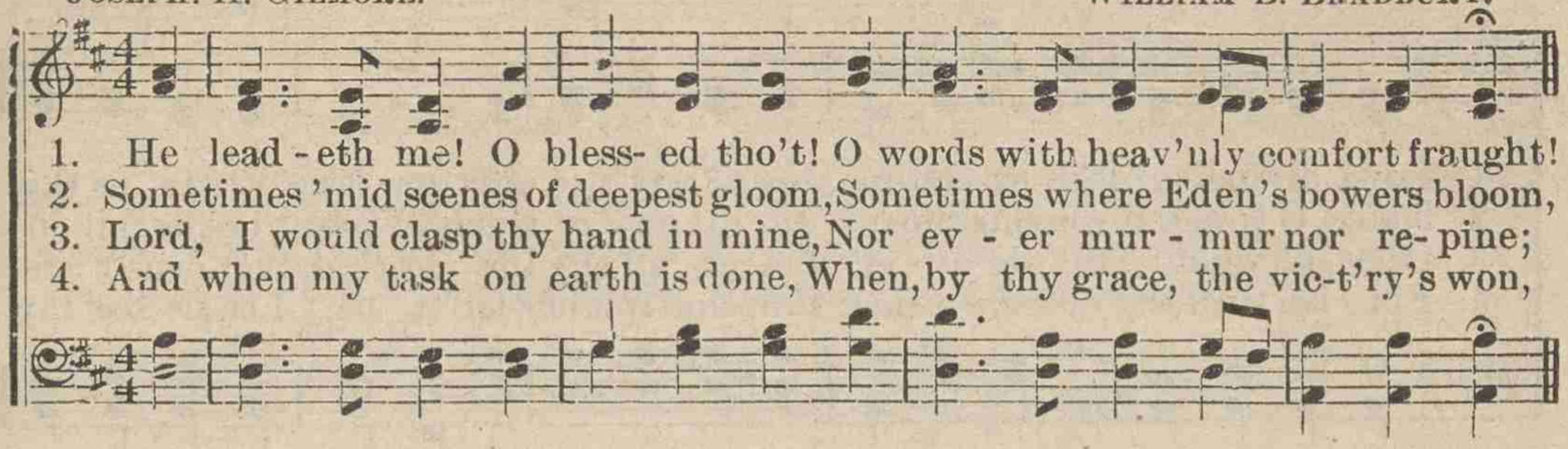


2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

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

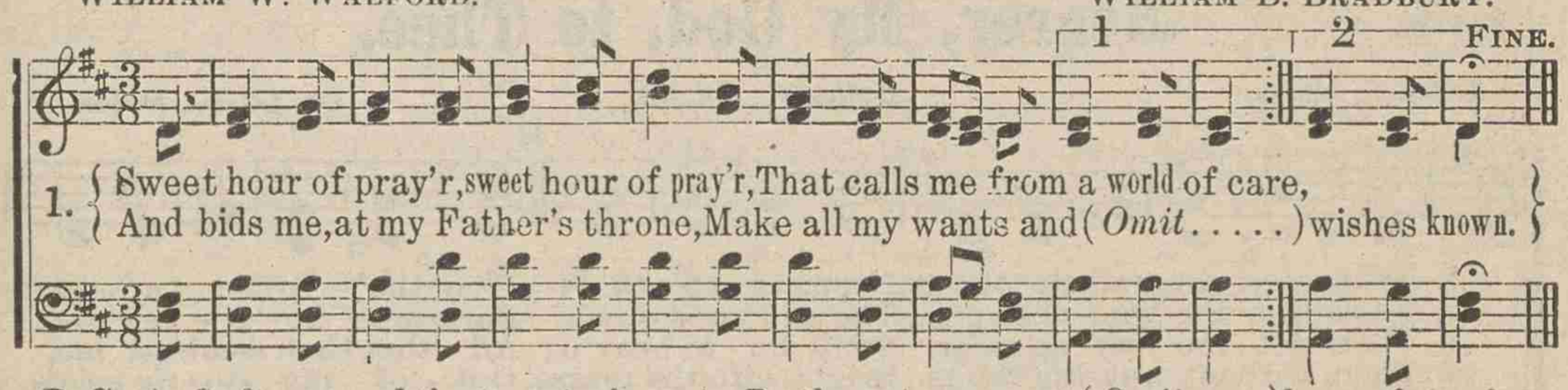
150 He Leadeth Me.

JOSEPH. H. GILMORE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



151 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

WILLIAM W. WALFORD. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

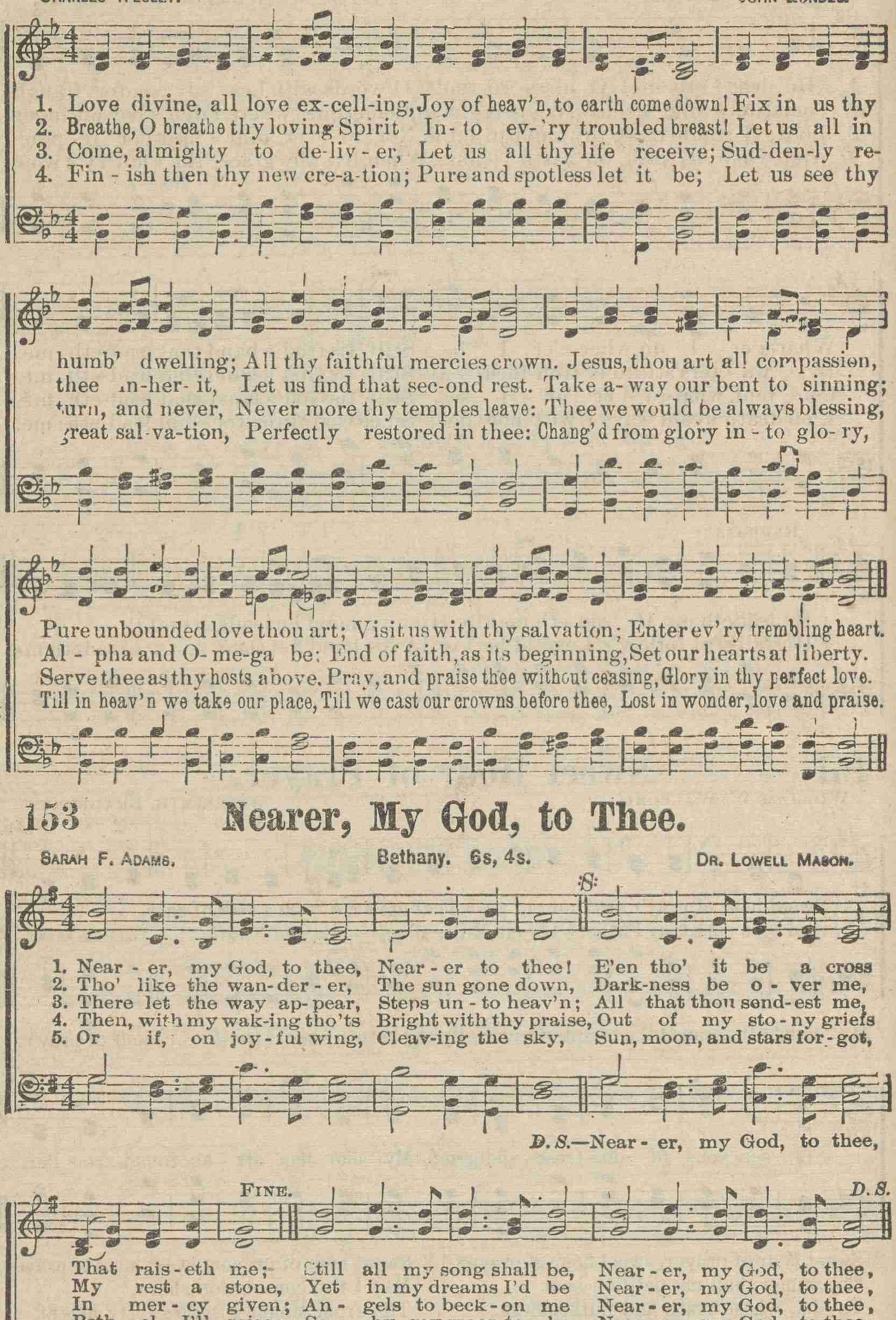


2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

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

152 Love Divine, all Love Excelling.

CHARLES WESLEY. JOHN ZUNDEL.



153 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. Bethany. 6s, 4s. DR. LOWELL MASON.

154 All to Christ I Owe.

ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Saviour say—Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,
2. Lord, now indeed I find Thy pow'r, and thine alone, Can change the
3. For noth - ing good have I Whereby thy grace to claim—I'll wash my
4. When from my dy - ing bed My ransomed soul shall rise, Then "Je - sus
5. And when before the throne I stand in him complete, I'll lay my

CHORUS.

watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.
lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
paid it all!" Shall rend the vault-ed skies.
tro - phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

Je - sus paid it all!

All to him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.

155 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H. REV. LEWIS HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear thy welcome voice That calls me, Lord, to thee For cleansing in thy
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure, Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and
4. 'Tis Je - sus who confirms To bless - ed work within, By ad - ding grace to

CHORUS.

pre-cious blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.
ful - ly cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure.
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n above.
welcomed grace, Where reign'd the pow'r of sin.

I am com-ing Lord! Com- ing now to thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.

5 And he the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail! atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

156 Nearer, Still Nearer.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Near-er, still near-er, close to thy heart, Draw me, my Sav-iour, so pre-cious thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to thy breast, Shel-ter me
2. Near-er, still near-er, noth-ing I bring, Naught as an off-'ring to Je-sus my King; On-ly my sin-ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the
3. Near-er, still near-er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin, with its fol-lies, I glad-ly re-sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but
4. Near-er, still near-er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo-ry my an-chor is cast; Thro' endless a-ges, ev-er to be Near-er, my

safe in that "Haven of Rest," Shelter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."
cleansing thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing thy blood doth impart.
Je-sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied, Give me but Je-sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied.
Sav-iour, still nearer to thee, Near-er, my Saviour, still near-er to thee.

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157 The Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je-sus' name.
2. When darkness seems to veil his face, I rest on his unchanging grace; In ev-'ry high and stormy gale, My anchor holds with-in the veil.
3. His oath, his cov-e-nant, and blood, Sup-port me in the whelming flood; When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.

CHORUS.

On Christ, the sol-id rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sinking sand, All oth-er ground is sinking sand.

158 I Will Go.

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I will go, I can-not stay From the arms of love a-way: O for
2. Tho' I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain, Yet to-
3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can nev-er heal my woe; I will
4. Something whispers in my soul, Tho' your sins like mountains roll, Je-sus'
5. I o-bey the Sav-iour's call, Now to him I yield my all, At his

CHORUS.

strength of faith to say, Je-sus died for me.
day I'll try a-gain, Je-sus, help thou me.
rise at once and go, Je-sus died for me.
blood will make me whole, Je-sus died for me.
feet, where oth-er's fall, There's a place for me.

Can it be, O can it be

There is hope for one like me? I will go with this my plea, Je-sus died for me.

rit.

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159 Deeper Yet.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be
2. Day by day, hour by hour Blessings are sent to me; But for more
3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol-low-ing him each day; What I ask
4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray

CHORUS.

free from dross Still I would en-ter in.
of his pow'r Ev-er my pray'r would be.
he will give, So then with faith I pray.
I'll not cease Till I am pure with-in.

Deep-er yet, deep-er yet,

In-to the crimson flood; Deep-er yet, deep-er yet, Under the precious blood

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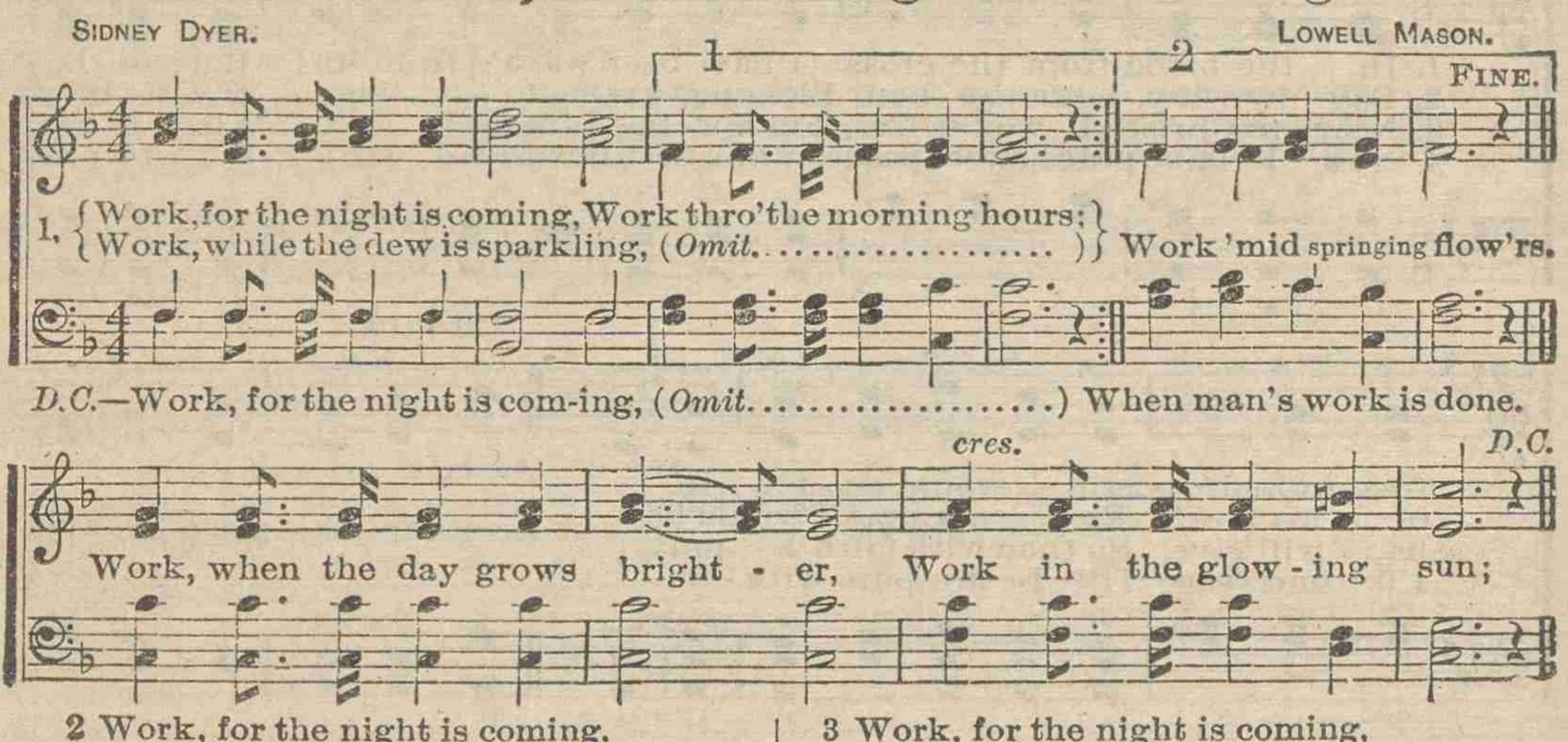
160 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. B. GOULD. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

161 Work, for the Night is Coming.

SIDNEY DYER. LOWELL MASON.



2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

162 Whiter than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want thee for-ev-er to live in my soul; Break down ev-'ry i-dol, cast out ev-'ry foe; Now
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-plete sac-ri-fice; I give up my-self, and what-ev-er I know: Now
3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most humbly en-treat; I wait, blessed Lord, at thy cru-ci-fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow: Now
4. Lord Je-sus, thou se-est I pa-tient-ly wait: Come now, and within me a new heart cre-ate; To those who have sought thee, thou never said'st "No," Now

CHORUS.

wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow. Whit-er than snow, yes, whit-er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.

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163 Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

ANDREW REED. Mercy. 7s. L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Ho-ly Ghost, with light di-vine, Shine up-on this heart of mine; Chase the shades of night a-way, Turn my dark-ness in-to day.
2. Ho-ly Ghost, with pow'r di-vine, Cleanse this guilt-y heart of mine; Long hath sin, with-out con-trol, Held do-min-ion o'er my soul.
3. Ho-ly Ghost, with joy di-vine, Cheer this sad-den'd heart of mine; Bid my ma-ny woes de-part, Heal my wound-ed, bleeding heart.
4. Ho-ly Spir-it, all di-vine, Dwell with-in this heart of mine; Cast down ev-'ry i-dol-throne, Reign su-preme—and reign a-lone.

164 Why Will Ye Wander?

FANNY J. CROSBY. STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1. O ye thirst - y ones that lan - guish On life's drift - ing sand!
2. From the riv - er gen - tly flow - ing Drink a full sup - ply;
3. O, the bliss of life e - ter - nal You may al - so share!
4. Lo, the sum - mer days are end - ing, They will soon be o'er;

'Tis the Sav-iour bend-ing o'er you, Reaching out his toil - worn hand.
Free to all its bless - ed wa - ters, Wherefore will ye faint and die?
Come to Je - sus, and be - liev - ing, En - ter thro' the gate of pray'r.
While the Spir - it still is plead - ing, Grieve your dearest Friend no more.

D.S.—To the lov - ing arms of mer - cy Who - so - ev - er will may come.

CHORUS.

Why will ye wan - der, Far a - way from home?

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165 Glory to His Name.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - iour died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won - drous - ly saved from sin! Je - sus so sweet - ly a -
3. O precious foun - tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this foun - tain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry to his
bides with - in; There at the cross where he took me in; Glo - ry to his
en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to his
Saviour's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made com - plete; Glo - ry to his

D.S.—There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry to his

FINE. CHORUS.

name! Glo - ry to his name! Glo - ry to his name!

166 Pass Me Not.

FANN. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing
3. Trust-ing on-ly in thy mer-it, Would I seek thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have

oth-ers thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief.
wounded, bro-ken spir-it, Save me by thy grace.
I on earth be-side thee? Whom in heav'n but thee?

CHORUS.

Sav-iour, Sav-iour,

Hear my humble cry, While on others thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

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167 Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON.

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

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

CHORUS.

1 2

{* On-ly trust him, on-ly trust him, On-ly trust him now;
{ He will save you, he will save you, He will (*Omit.....*)} save you now.

* The words "Come to Jesus" may be used for chorus instead of "Only Trust Him."

168 I Surrender All.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

SOLO.

1. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, All to him I free - ly give;
   I will ev - er love and trust him, In his pres-ence dai - ly live.
2. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Hum-bly at his feet I bow;
   World-ly pleas-ures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now.
3. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Make me, Sav-iour, whol-ly thine;
   Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that thou art mine.

CHORUS.

I sur-ren - der all, I sur-ren - der all:
I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;
All to thee, my bless - ed Sav - iour, I sur ren - der all.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to thee:
Fill me with thy love and power,
Let thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame;
O the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to his name!

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169 In the Cross of Christ.

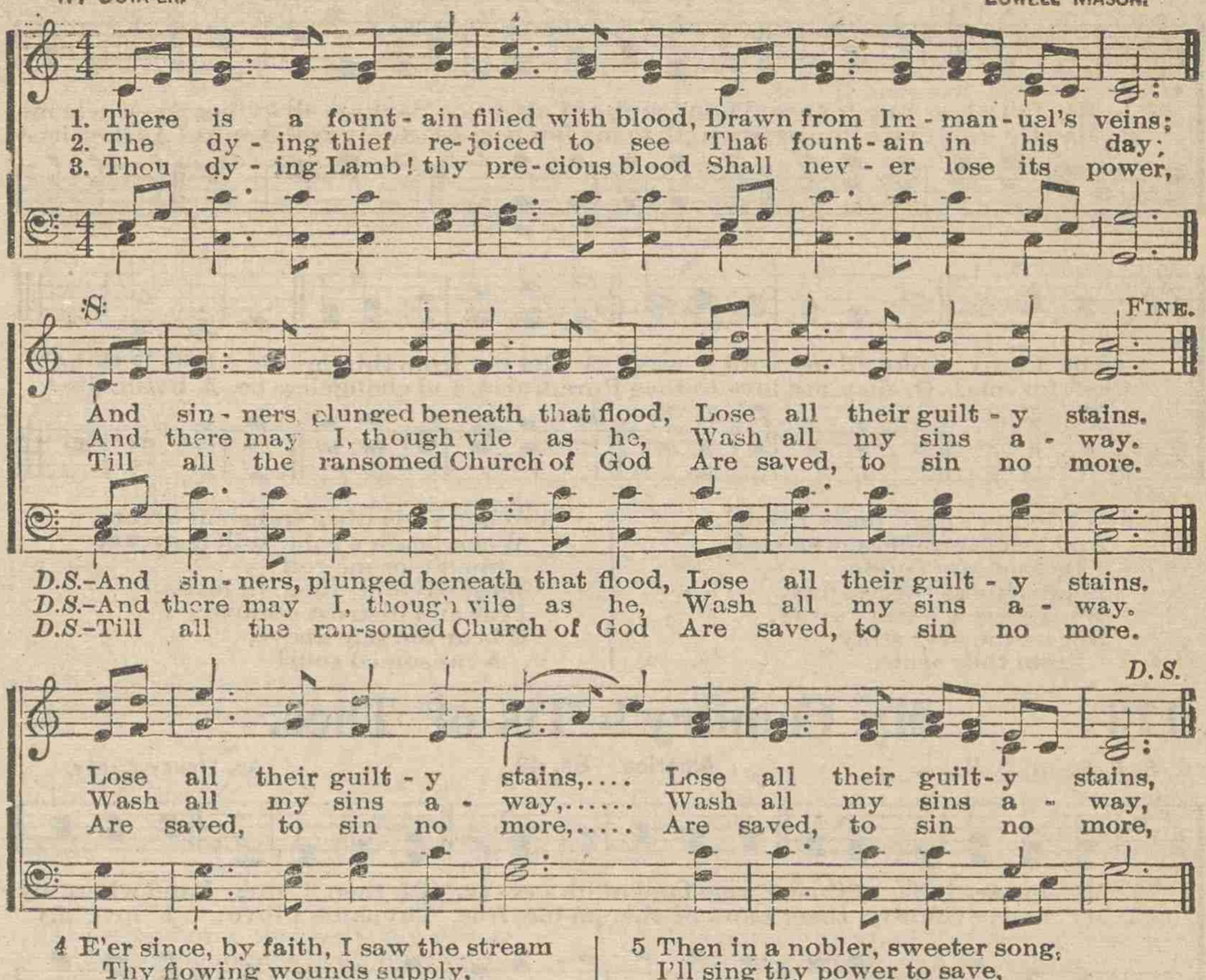
SIR JOHN BOWRING. Rathbun. 8s, 7s. ITHAMER. JONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming, Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds new lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there, that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

170 There is a Fountain.

W. COWPER. LOWELL MASON.



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.

171 Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. Woodworth. L. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.

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!

6 Just as I am,—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

172 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. Olivet. 6s, 4s. LOWELL MASON.

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

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

173 My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

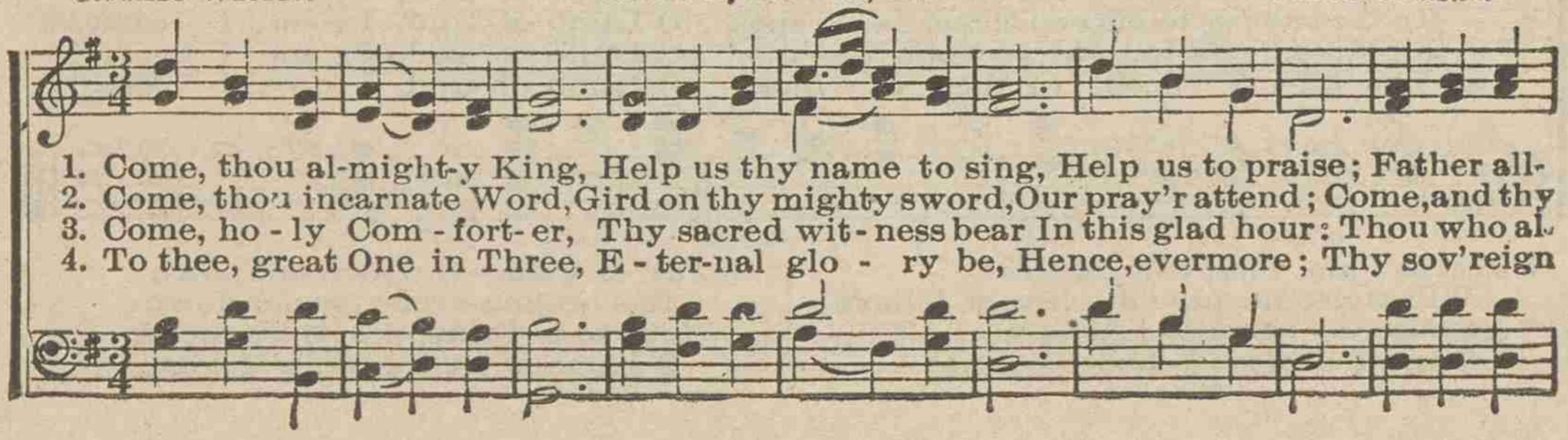
S. F. SMITH, D. D. America. 6s, 4s. AD. HENRY CAREY.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

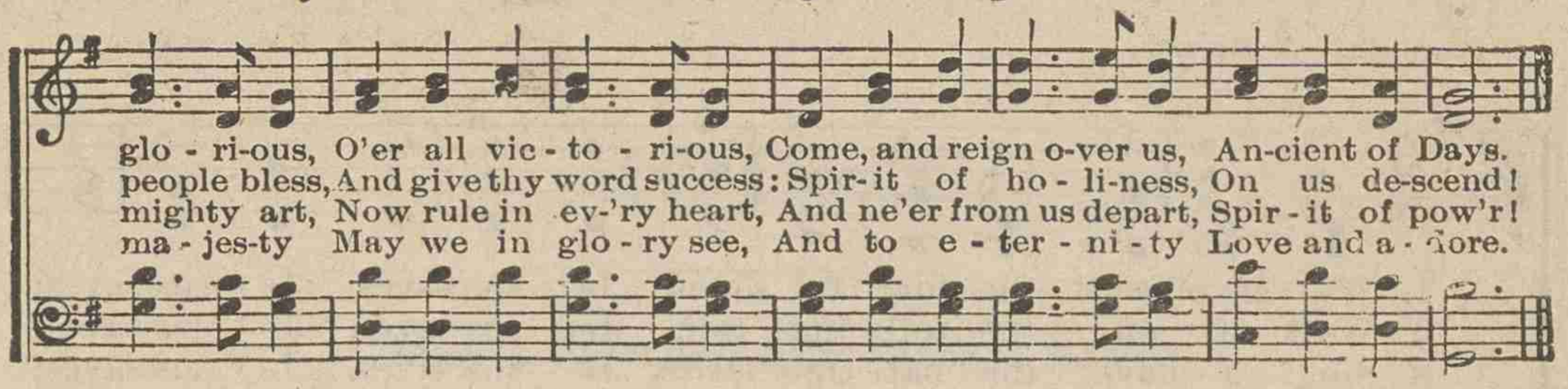
4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

174 Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY. Italian Hymn. 6s, 4s. FELICE GIARDINI.



Come, Thou Almighty King.—Concluded.



175 Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.

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

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

176 Revive Us Again.

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

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

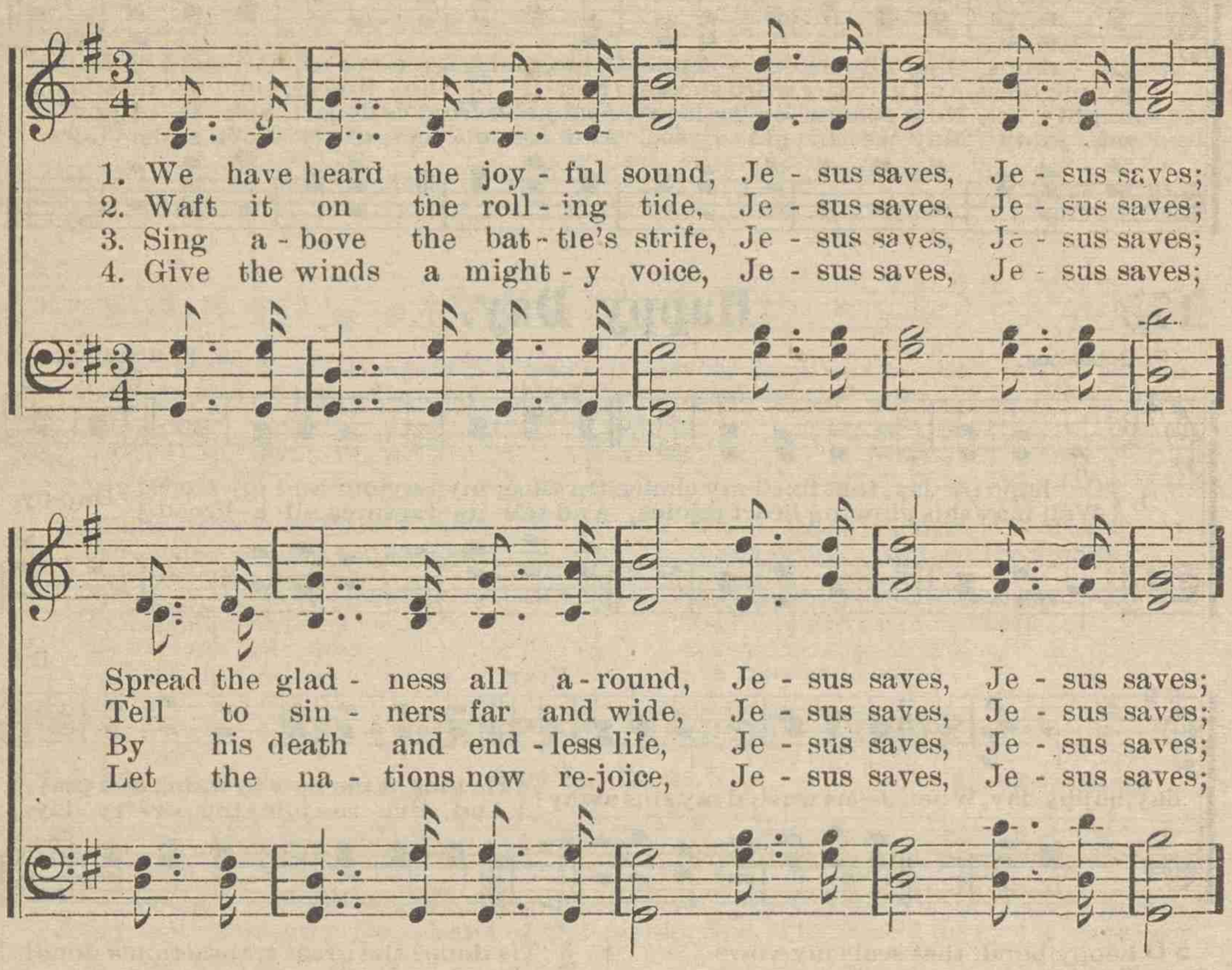
3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

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

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

177 Jesus Saves.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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INDEX

Titles in CAPITALS; First Lines in Roman.

	No.
ABIDE WITH ME....	134
ALL ALONG THE GOS-	78
ALL HAIL THE POW-	103
ALL TO CHRIST I	154
All to Jesus I sur-	168
ALONE WITH GOD..	91
AMERICA, 6s, 4s...	173
A SINNER, SAVED BY	44
As I toil on my way,	120
AT THE BATTLE'S..	102
A wonderful Saviour	63
BEAR THE CROSS..	12
BENEATH HIS SHEL-	120
Be not dismayed...	47
BETHANY, 6s, 4....	154
Beyond the danger-	57
BLESSED ASSURANCE	146
BLESS THE LORD, MY	23
Blest be the tie,...	137
Bow'd beneath your	85
BURDEN BEARING...	9
"BY FAITH".....	80
CALLING FOR YOU..	77
CAST THY BREAD...	130
CHRIST WILL WIN..	3
CLOSE TO THEE....	31
Come every soul by	167
Come Thou Almighty	174
COMRADES OF JESUS.	112
CROWN HIM.....	1
DEAR TO THE HEART.	34
DEEPER YET.....	159
DENNIS, S. M.....	137
Does the tempter....	14
DOING HIS WILL....	66
DOWN at the cross..	165
Down from his home	127
DWELL WITH THE...	39
EVENTIDE, 10s.....	134
FAR AWAY HE SAW.	48
For God so loved this	108
FOR YOU AND FOR..	88
GATHERING JEWELS.	58
GIVE ME THY HEART	84
GLORY AND HONOR..	124
GLORY TO HIS NAME	165
GOD IS FOR US....	22
GOD WILL TAKE....	47
Gone from my heart	29
GO TELL IT.....	101
GREAT IS THE LOVE	53
HALLELUJAH, PRAISE	122
HAPPY DAY.....	175
Hear the shouts that	99
HEAVENLY SUNLIGHT	131
HE BROUGHT ME...	98
HE HIDETH MY SOUL	63
HE IS THE SAME...	43
HE LEADETH ME...	150
HE ROLLED THE SEA	119
HE WHISPERS HIS..	18
HIS STRENGTH IS...	113
HIS WAY WITH THEE	114
Holy Ghost with....	163
HOLY SPIRIT FAITH-	143
HOMELAND OF THE..	40
HOMEWARD	96
HONEY IN THE ROCK	76
HOW COULD IT BE...	11
HOW FIRM A FOUN-	132
How many in heaven	36
How my longing....	4
I am fully trusting	43
"I AM THE DOOR"...	82
I AM THINE, O LORD	13
I BELIEVE IN THE..	142
If you are tired of	89
If you have heard.	101
I HAVE AN EVERY-..	20
I have come thro'..	10
I have tried to count	60
I hear the Saviour..	154
I HEAR THY WEL-..155	
I KNOW GOD'S PROM-	108
I'll trust in my Sav-	113
I LOVE HIM.....	29
I'm enthrilled in the	117
I'm happy in my..	24
I'm walking with...	115
In the blood from..	159
In the cross of....	169
In the light of truth	67
In time of tempta-.	15
I PRAY THEE.....	95
I stood beside the..	118
Is thy heart by sin.	74
I SURRENDER ALL..	168
ITALIAN HYMNS, 6s,	174
It matters not how.	32
I've enlisted for life	102
I've wandered far..	116
I will go.....	158
I WILL SING THE..	30
Jerusalem, Jerusa-.	40
JESUS CALLS US....	139
Jesus comes with...	106
JESUS, I COME.....	97
Jesus, I come to...	79
JESUS IS PRECIOUS..	73
Jesus, Lover of my	140
JESUS, MY ALL.....	127
JESUS ONLY.....	49
JESUS SAVES	177
Jesus, Saviour, pilot	147
JESUS THE KING OF	67
JESUS UNDERSTANDS	85
JEWELS	138
JUST AS I AM...171-128	
Just to trust the...	66
KEPT BY HIS POWER	92
LEAD US, DEAR LORD	32
LET JESUS COME...	89
Let those who've...	50
LET US BE TRIUM-.	8
LIKE THE STARS....	52
Look, ye saints, the	1
LORD, I'M COMING..	116
Lord Jesus, I long to	162
Love, Divine all love	152
LOVE SO UNBOUNDED	117
LOVE TOOK HIM....	4

	No.
Marching on in....	33
MARTYN, 7s, d.....	141
MEDITATION. 11s, 8s.	135
MERCY, 7s.....	163
MILES LANE, C. M..	103
MY ANCHOR HOLDS.	56
My country 'tis of.	173
My faith looks up to	172
MY FATHERLAND....	41
MY FATHER'S LOVE.	4
MY HAND IN HIS...	69
My heart was dis-..	98
My hope is built on.	157
MY JESUS, I LOVE..	148
My stubborn will at	68
Nearer my God to..	153
NEARER, STILL NEAR-	156
Never alone in this	26
NEVER DOUBT YOUR	21
Not a sound invades	27
NOT A STAR IN MY.	45
O bless the Lord, my	23
O Child of the King	39
O come to the Sav-	77
O GIVE ME THE OLD-	142
O happy day that..	175
O comrades, on.....	112
O HEAR THE SAV-..	93
Oh the glory that the	52
O THINK OF THE....	109
O listen to our won-	105
OLIVET, 6s, 4s.....	172
O love that wilt not	145
O my comrades, how	110
Once in the thunder-	59
Once my weary heart	76
ONE OF GOD'S DAYS.	2
ONLY TRUST HIM..	167
ONWARD, CHRISTIAN.	160
OPEN THOU MINE...	17
O shipwrecked soul..	61
O thou in w..ose pres-	135
OUR HEARTS TURN TO	107
Out in the conflict..	92
Out of my bondage	97
OUT OF THE LAND OF	74
Out on the mountain	82
OUTSIDE OF THE FOLD	28
O ye thirsty ones..	164
Pass me not.....	166
Poor and despised He	11
Praise the Lord with	125
Precious words to...	75

	No.
RATHBUN, 8s, 7s....	169
REDEEMED	81
REFUGE, 7s, d.....	140
RESCUE THE PERISH-	144
REVIVAL FLAMES....	64
Revive Thy work, Al-	78
REVIVE US AGAIN..	176
ROCK OF AGES.....	149
SAFE IN THE ARK..	25
SAILING FOR HOME.	59
SATISFIED	7
SAVED TO THE UTTER-	86
SAVIOUR LIKE A...	136
SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.	147
See the cross where	126
SHALL I BE COUNTED	111
Shall I stand all..	45
SHINE AND KEEP...	19
SHIPWRECKED, BUT..	61
SINCE I HAVE ENTER-	118
Sing the tidings o'er	3
Softly and tenderly	88
SOLDIERS OF THE...	33
SOMEBODY CARES...	26
STANDING ON THE..	10
Sweet as the dew at	16
SWEET HOUR OF...	151
SWEET WILL OF GOD	68
THE ANGELS HAVE..	15
The battle is on, 'tis	94
THE CLOUDS WILL..	62
THE END IS NOT YET	60
"THE FACE OF.....	72
THE FIGHT IS ON..	104
THE GOLDEN DAYS..	14
THE HALLELUJAH...	50
THE KING OF LOVE..	65
THE KING OF THE..	126
THE LIGHT OF THE..	38
THE LIGHT OF THE..	121
THE LORD BRINGS..	71
THEN, O THEN, ABIDE	37
THE OLD TIME RE-	142
THE PLEA OF A PENI-	79
THE PROMISED LAND	129
THERE IS A FOUN-..	170
There is a Holy City	38
THERE IS POWER IN	87
There's a glad song.	22
There's a golden ray	62
There's a Saviour..	69
There's many a sor-	9
There's sorrow and..	19
The Shepherd sought	71

	No
THE SOLID ROCK....	157
THEY SHALL SHINE.	3[illegible]
This is our business	4[illegible]
Tho' the angry....	56
Thou, my everlasting	31
Tho' your head be..	21
'TIS SO SWEET TO..	83
"'Tis true. O yes, 'tis	108
'Twas love alone that	5
VICTORY	99
VICTORY FOR ME....	115
VICTORY FOR THE..	54
VICTORY IN JESUS'..	94
WAIT ON THE LORD.	70
Walking in sunlight	131
WALK, YE, IN THE.	90
Weak and unworthy	44
We are gathering..	58
We praise Thee, O	176
WE SHALL BE LIKE	75
WHAT DID HE DO..	105
Whenever by sorrow	18
When He cometh...	138
WHEN I CROSS THE	57
When I have finished	7
When Israel out of	119
When I was lost on	25
WHEN LOVE SHINES.	106
When morning's gold	107
WHEN MOTHER PRAY-	123
When no clouds are.	37
When storms of life	91
WHEN THE SAVIOUR	110
WHERE ARE THY....	51
WHILE JESUS WHIS-	35
WHISPERINGS OF JE-	27
WHITER THAN SNOW	162
WHY I'M HAPPY...	24
WHY NOT COME TO..	16
WHY WILL YE WAN-	164
WITH HEART AND..	125
With Jesus my Lord	73
With the cross of..	54
WOODWORTH, L. M..	171
WORK . FOR THE..	161
WORKERS TOGETHER.	46
Would you be free.	87
Would you live for	114
Ye who now sit in..	121
"YE WOULD NOT"..	42
YOU CAN NEVER BE	6
You may have the..	100

"THE SIGN OF QUALITY"