REVIVAL SPECIAL

REPRESENTING

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T466.5



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Hymn
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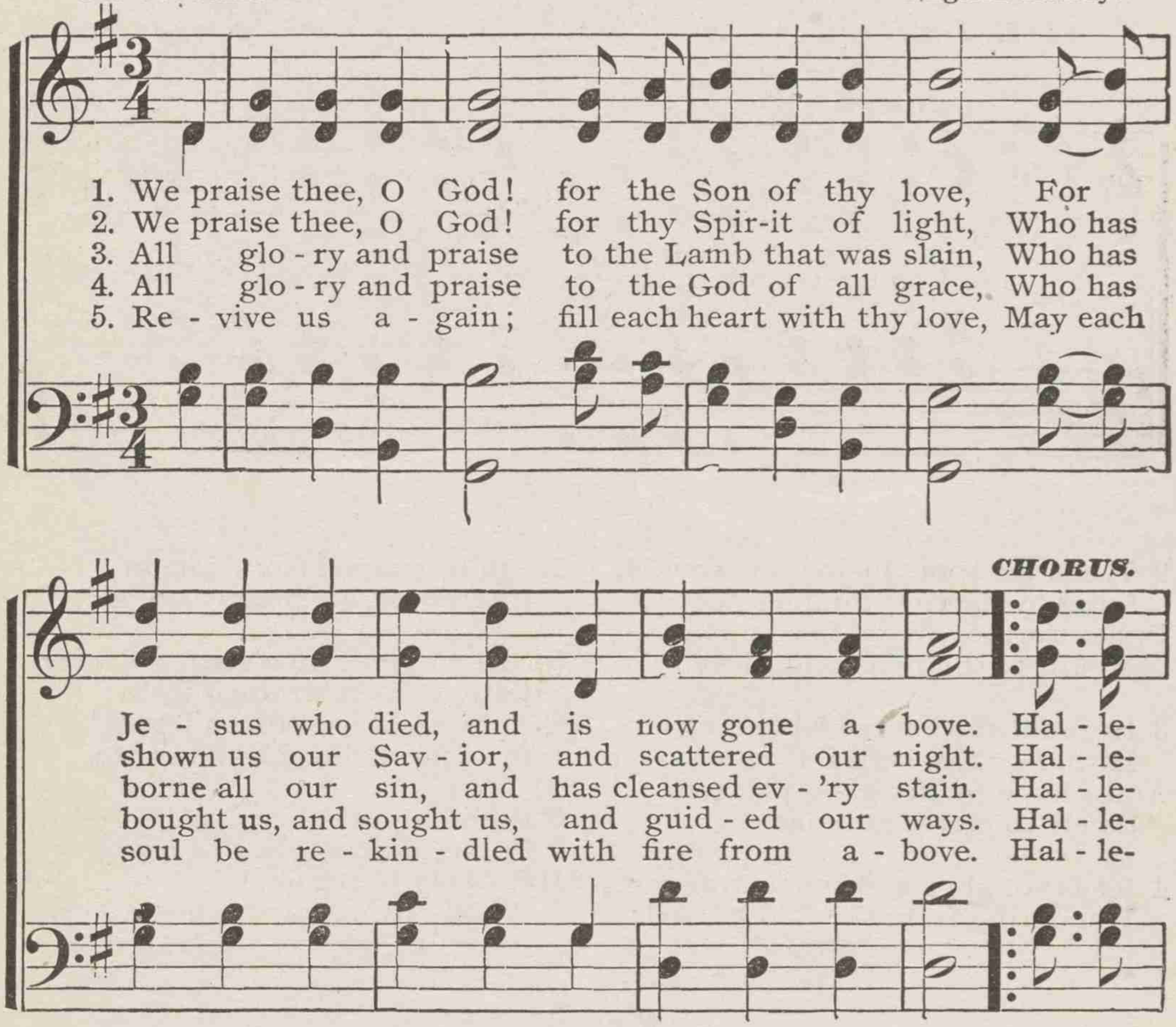
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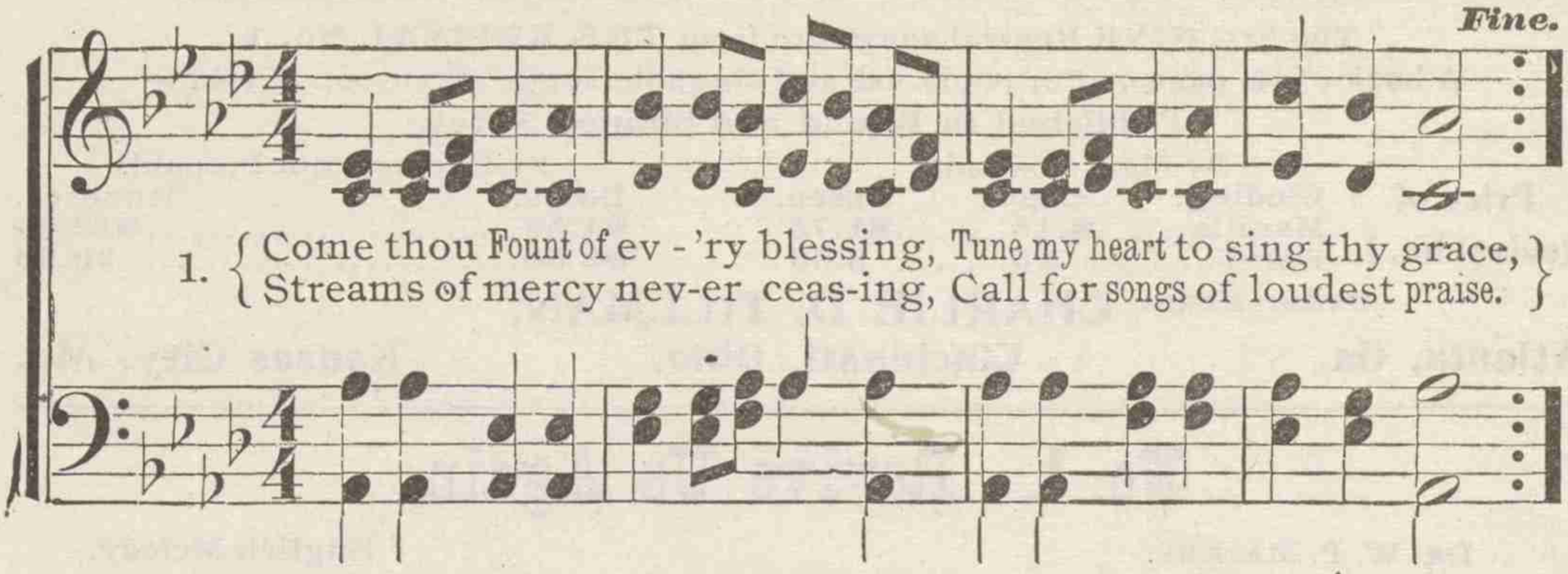
No. 1. Revive Us Again.

DR. W. P. MACKEY. English Melody.
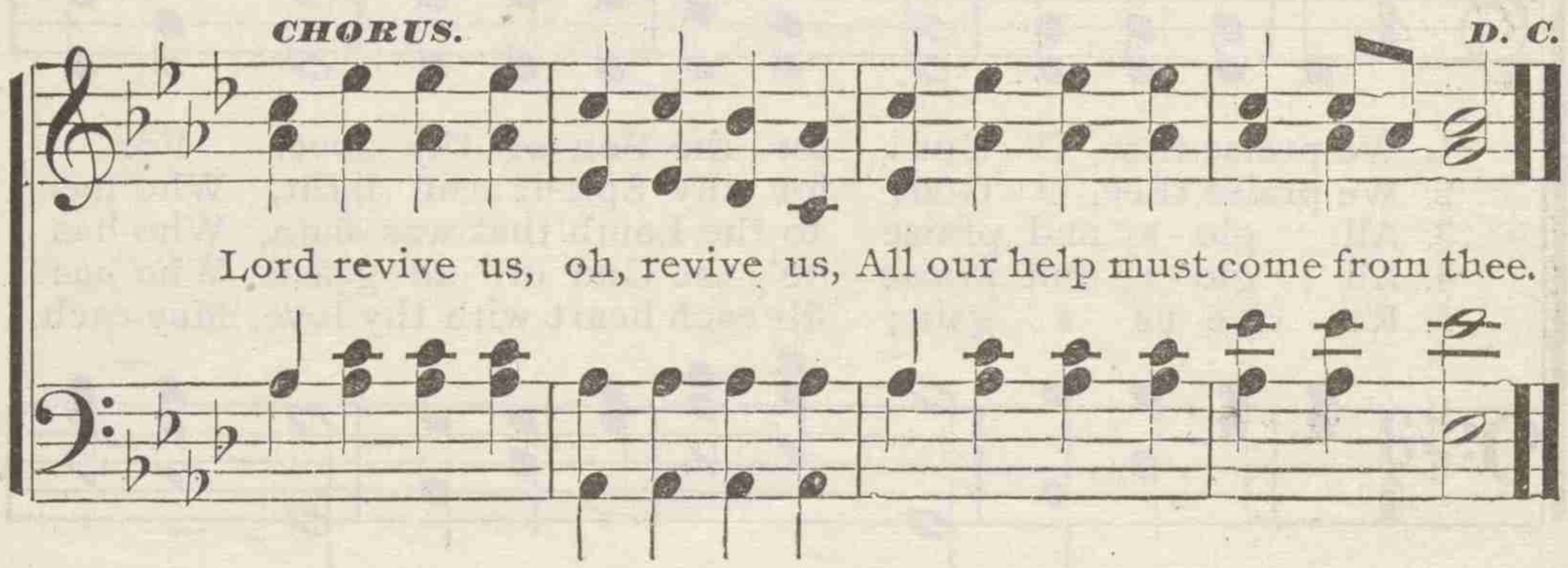


27
T466.5

No. 2. Lord Revive Us.



D. C. *Lord revive us, oh, revive us, All our help must come from thee.*



2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,—
Mount of thy redeeming love.

3 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come,
And I hope by thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

5 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be;
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind me closer, Lord, to thee.

6 Prone to love thee, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to love thee and adore,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Wholly thine forever more.

No. 3.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power,
‖: He is able, he is able,
He is willing, doubt no more. :‖

2 Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
‖: Without money, without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy. :‖

3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
‖: Not the righteous, not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call. :‖

4 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
‖: This he gives you, this he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam. :‖

No. 4. COME TO THE FEAST.

MARGARET MOODY. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Come to the feast that the Lord hath spread, Here ev - 'ry soul may be tru - ly fed; Come in the name of your "Liv - ing Head,"
2. Come to the feast, leave your care and strife, Come, for His word is with bless - ings rife; Now un - to you is e - ter - nal life,
3. Come to the feast, hear the gos - pel word, Come while your heart by its pow'r is stirred; Fly to the ark like the wea - ry bird,

CHORUS.

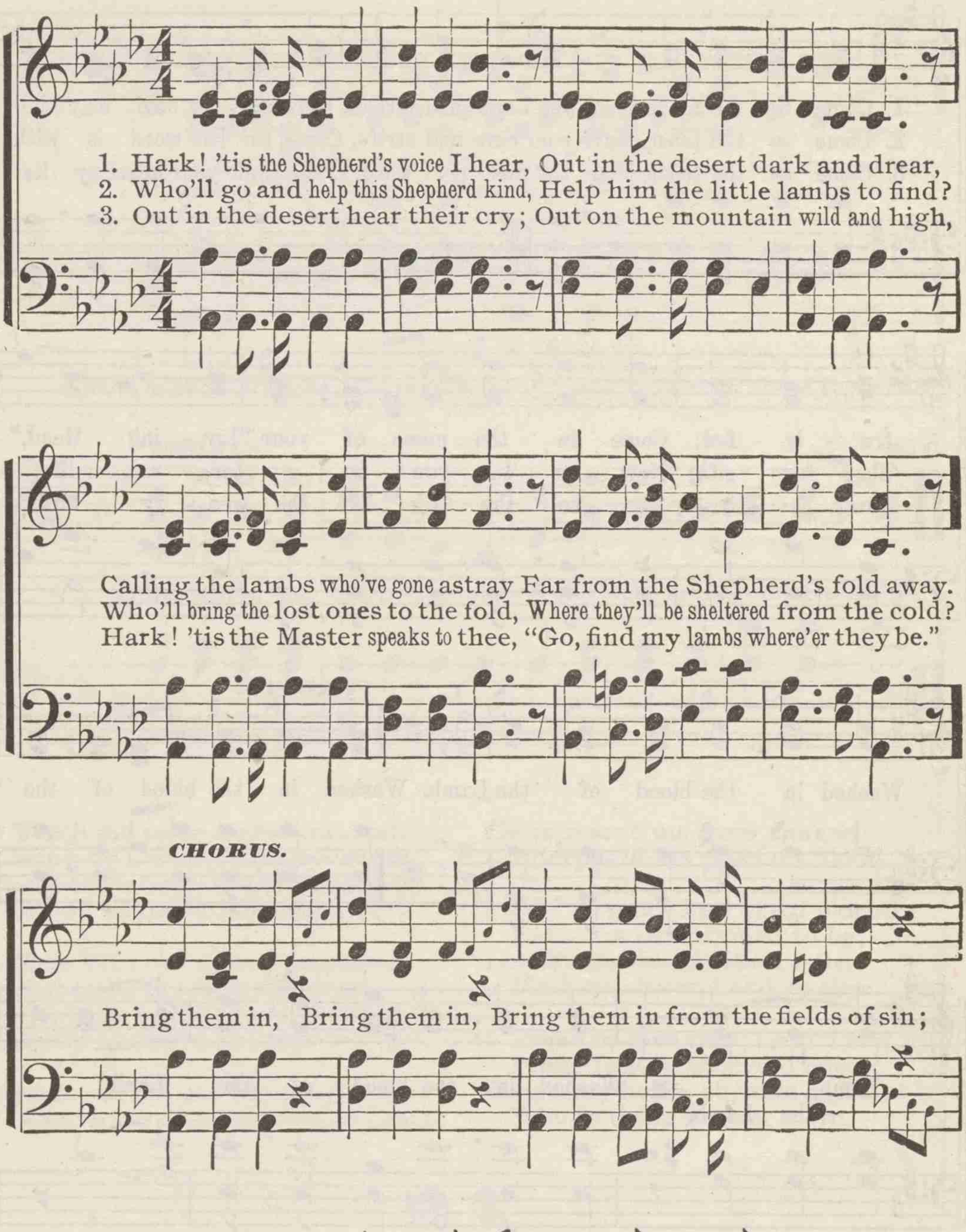
Washed in the blood of the Lamb. Washed in the blood of the Lamb,..... Washed in the blood of the Lamb;
the Lamb,

Come, and your souls shall be tru - ly fed, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

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No. 5. Bring Them In.

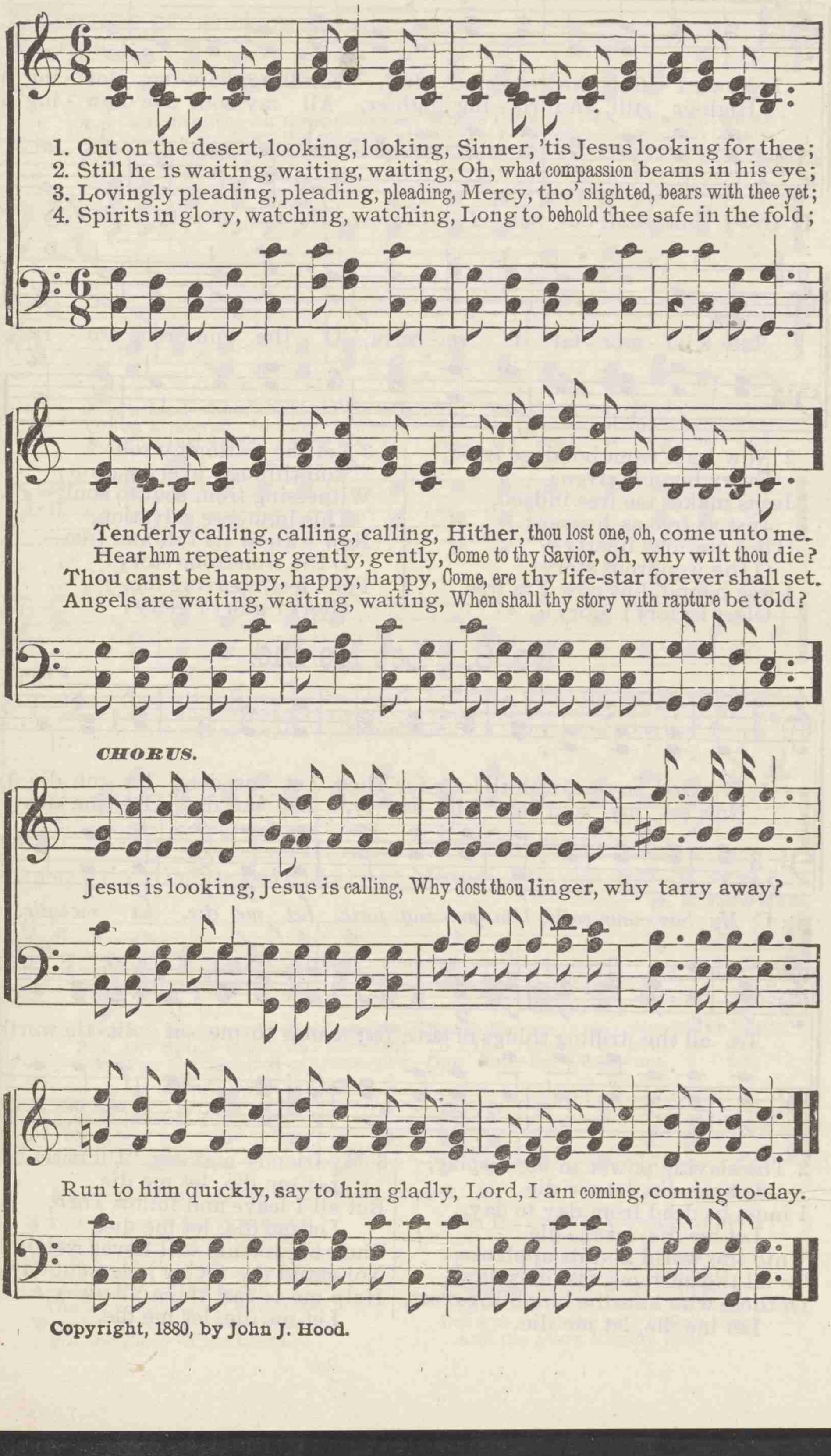
ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.



From "Notes of Victory," by per. of W. A. Ogden.

No. 6. Coming To-day.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Out on the desert, looking, looking, Sinner, 'tis Jesus looking for thee;
2. Still he is waiting, waiting, waiting, Oh, what compassion beams in his eye;
3. Lovingly pleading, pleading, pleading, Mercy, tho' slighted, bears with thee yet;
4. Spirits in glory, watching, watching, Long to behold thee safe in the fold;

Tenderly calling, calling, calling, Hither, thou lost one, oh, come unto me.
Hear him repeating gently, gently, Come to thy Savior, oh, why wilt thou die?
Thou canst be happy, happy, happy, Come, ere thy life-star forever shall set.
Angels are waiting, waiting, waiting, When shall thy story with rapture be told?

CHORUS.

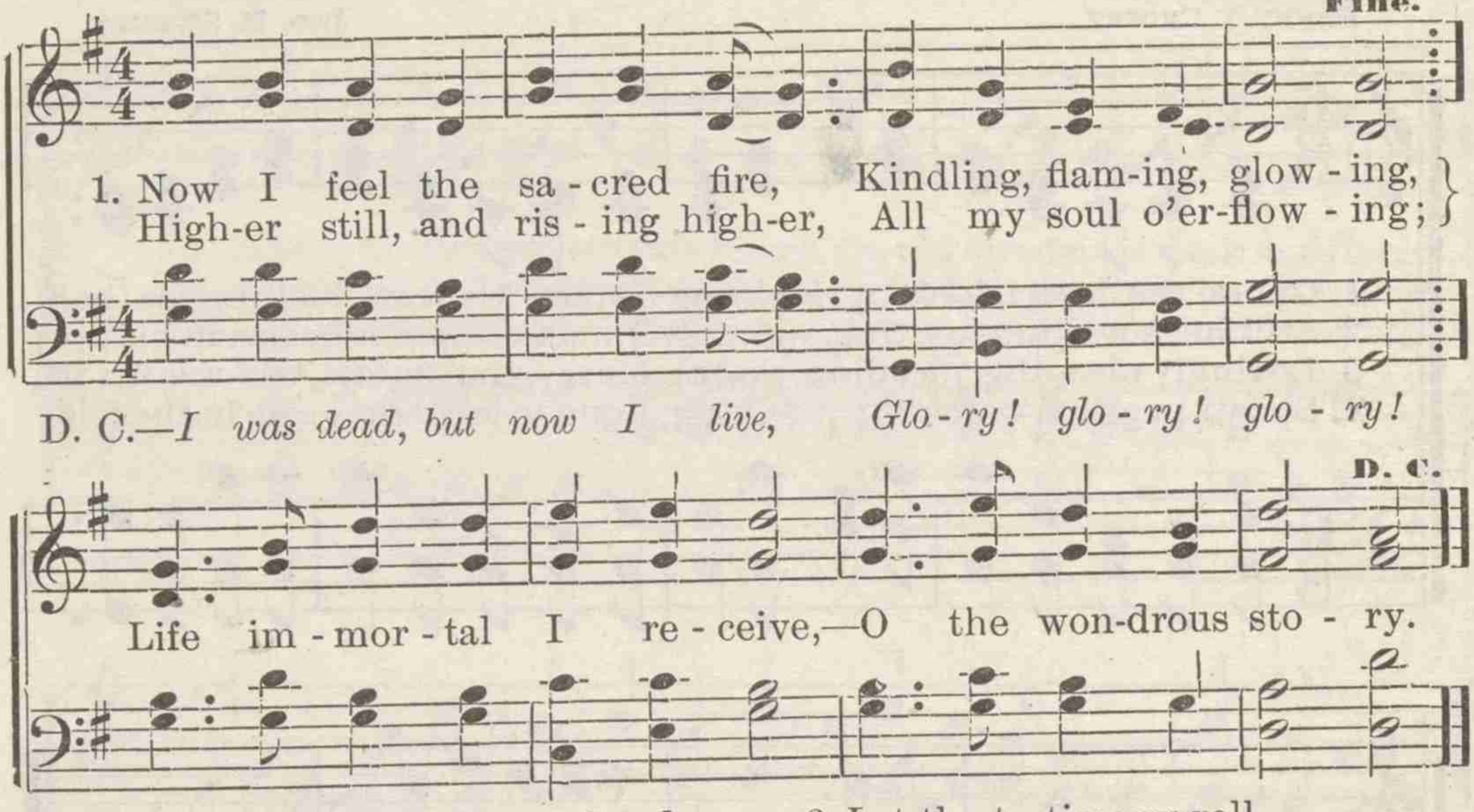
Jesus is looking, Jesus is calling, Why dost thou linger, why tarry away?

Run to him quickly, say to him gladly, Lord, I am coming, coming to-day.

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No. 7. Now I Feel the Sacred Fire.
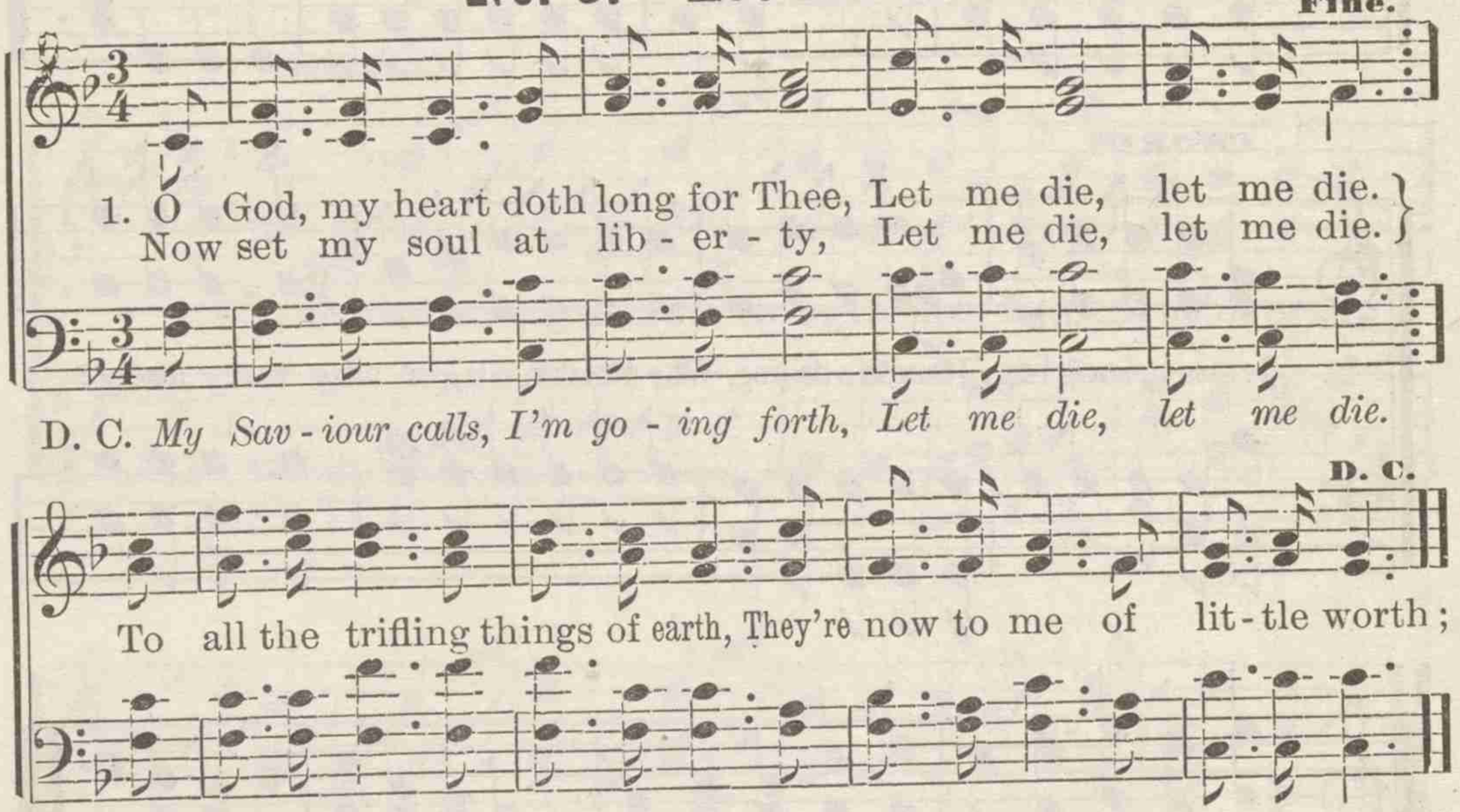
Arranged for this Work.



2 Now I am from bondage freed,
Every bond is riven;
Jesus makes me free indeed,
Just as free as heaven;
'Tis a glorious liberty—
O the wondrous story!
I was bound, but now I'm free,
Glory! glory! glory!

3 Let the testimony roll,
Roll through every nation;
Witnessing from soul to soul
This immense salvation,
Now I know its full and free—
O the wondrous story!
For I feel it saving me,
Glory! glory! glory!

No. 8. Let Me Die.



2 The slaying power in me display,
Let me die, let me die.
I must be dead from day to day,
Let me die, let me die.
Unto the world and its applause,
To all the customs, fashions, laws,
Of those who hate the humbling cross,
Let me die, let me die.

3 My friends may say, "I'll ruined be,"
Let me die, let me die.
But all I leave and follow Thee,
Let me die, let me die.
Their arguments will never weigh,
Nor stand the trying judgment day,
Help me to cast them all away,
Let me die, let me die.

No. 9. Is not this the Land Beulah?

Anon. Arranged.

1. I am dwelling on the mountain, Where the gold - en sunlight gleams
2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wandered wea - ry years,
3. I am drinking at the foun - tain, Where I ev - er would a - bide;

O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far ex - ceeds my fond - est dreams;
Oft-en hindered in my journey By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
For I've tast-ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;

Where the air is pure, e - the - real, La - den with the breath of flowers,
Bro - ken vows and disappointments Thick-ly sprinkled all the way,
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures, Nor a - dorn - ing, rich and gay,

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

D. S. CHORUS.

They are blooming by the fountain, 'Neath the am - a - ran - thine bow's.
But the Spir - it led, un - err-ing, To the land I hold to - day.
For I've found a rich-er treas - ure, One that fad - eth not a - way.

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

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor the burdens hard to bear,
For I've found this great salvation
Makes each burden light appear;
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross,
Worldly honors all forsaking
For the glory of the Cross.

5 Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!
Oft I've proved this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow,
I can see a pathway through;
And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear,
For I've tried the way before thee,
And the glory lingers near.

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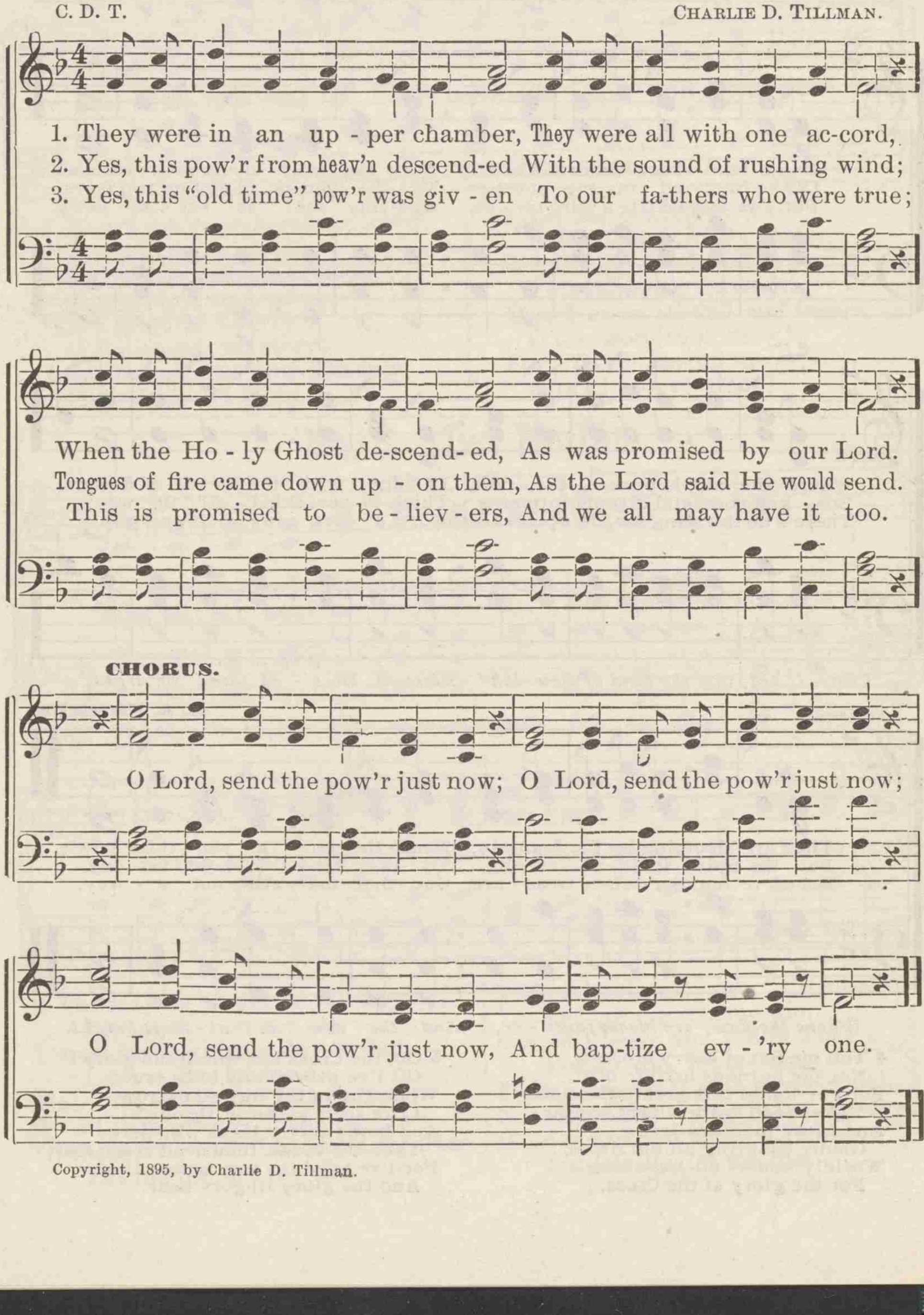
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN,

Atlanta, Ga. **Cincinnati, Ohio.** **Kansas City, Mo.**

No. 10. OLD TIME POWER.

"They were all filled with the Holy Ghost."—ACTS 2: 4.

C. D. T. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



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11. COME TO THE FEAST.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. W. A. OGDEN.

1. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the ta-ble now is spread; Ye fam-ish-ing, ye weary, come, And thou shalt be richly fed.
2. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the door is o-pen wide; A place of hon-or is reserv'd For you at the Master's side.
3. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, while He waits to welcome thee; De-lay not while this day is thine, To-mor-row may nev-er be.
4. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Leave ev-'ry care and worldly strife; Come, feast upon the love of God, And drink ev-er-last-ing life.

CHORUS.

Hear . . . . the in-vi-ta - tion, Come, "who - - so-ev-er will;" . . . . . Praise God . . . . . for full sal-
Hear the in-vi-ta - tion, "Who-so-ev-er will," Hear the in-vi-ta - tion, "Who-so-ev - er will;" Praise God for full sal-va - - tion For
va - - - - tion For "who - so-ev-er - will."
"who - so - ev - er will."

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No. 12. I AM RESOLVED

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I am re-solved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the
2. I am re-solved to go to the Sav-iour, Leav - ing my
3. I am re-solved to fol - low the Sav-iour, Faith -ful and
4. I am re-solved to en - ter the king-dom, Leav - ing the
5. I am re-solved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with-

world's de - light; Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler,
sin and strife; He is the true one, He is the just one,
true each day, Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth,
paths of sin; Friends may oppose me, foes may be - set me,
out de - lay, Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it,

CHORUS.

These have al-lured my sight. I will hast-en to Him
He hath the words of life.
He is the liv - ing way.
Still will I en - ter in.
We'll walk the heav'nly way. I will hast-en, hast-en to Him,

Hast - en so glad and free, (Hast - en glad and free),

Je - sus, great - est, high - est, I will come to Thee.
Je - sus, Je - sus,

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No. 13. A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

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

ANON. Arranged.

1. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black, And stormy o - ver - head, And trials of al - most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How soon I con - quer all, As to the Lord I call, A lit - tle talk with
2. When those who once were dear - est friends Be - gin to per - se - cute, And more who once pro - fessed to love, Have dis - tant grown, and mute, I tell Him all my grief, He quick - ly sends re - lief, A lit - tle talk with
3. And thus, by fre - quent lit - tle talks I gain the vic - to - ry; And march a - long with cheer-ful song, En - joy - ing lib - er - ty; With Je - sus as my Friend, I'll prove un - til the end, A lit - tle talk with

D.S. *trials of ev - 'ry kind, Praise God I al - ways find, A lit - tle talk with*

CHORUS.

Je sus makes it right, all right. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right, A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right. In

Je - sus makes it right, all right.

D.S.

No. 14. THE LAST CHANCE.

Rev. GEO. A. LeCLERE. O. E. MATTOX.

1. Do you hear the voice of God As He call-eth now to thee?
2. Ma - ny times the voice has come, Call-ing thee from paths of sin;
3. Now's the time to let Him in, While He calls to thee to-day;
4. Now I see my life's mistake, And I'm com-ing to the Lord,

Hear Him speak in tenderest tones, As He calls to mer - cy free;
Knocking at the heart's-door loud, Pleading that you let Him in;
O-pen wide the heart's-door now, E're He turns from thee a-way,
It is "now's the time" to come, So I read His bless-ed word;

Oft He calls thee to His breast, And He of - fers to thy soul,
Yet you've turned Him from your heart, By your sin you've barred the door,
All the lost souls now that die, In the land of deep de-spair,
Now I come my heart to cast At the bless - ed Saviour's feet,

Wea - ry with its bur - den, rest, sweet rest.
You have caused the spir - it to de - part.
Let their last chance to be saved pass by.
For I fear this chance will be the last.

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THE LAST CHANCE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

There is a last chance for sal - va - tion,
There is a last chance for sal - va-tion,

Cho. for last verse.

Lord, I am com - ing, yes, I'm com - ing,
Lord, I am com-ing, yes, I am coming,

Do you not hear Him ten - der - ly call - ing—
Do you not hear Him tenderly calling,

Down at Thy feet I pa-tient - ly lin - ger,
Down at Thy feet I patiently lin-ger,

Ur-gent - ly call - ing, long He has wait - ed,
Ur-gent-ly call-ing, long He has waited,

Je - sus, re - ceive me, cleanse and re - lieve me,
Je-sus, re-ceive me, cleanse and relieve me,

Turn, O sin - ner, ere it is too late, (it is too late.)
I am com-ing now with-out de - lay, (without de-lay.)

No. 15. BLESSED ASSURANCE.

"He is faithful that hath promised."—HEB. 10: 23.

F. J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Blessed as - surance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va-tion, purchased of God, Born of His
2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, perfect de - light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now burst on my sight, Angels descending, bring from above, Ech-oes of
3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am hap - py and blest, Watching and waiting, looking above, Filled with His

CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in His blood.
mer - cy, whispers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
good-ness, lost in His love.

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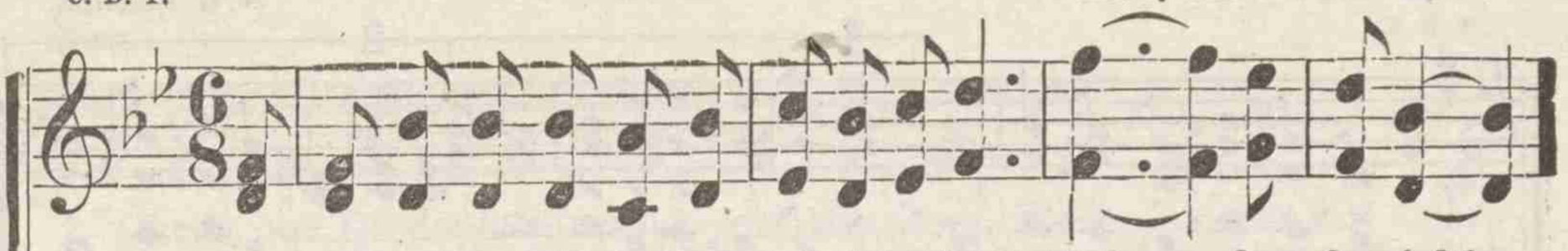
sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

Copyright, 1873, by Joseph F. Knapp.

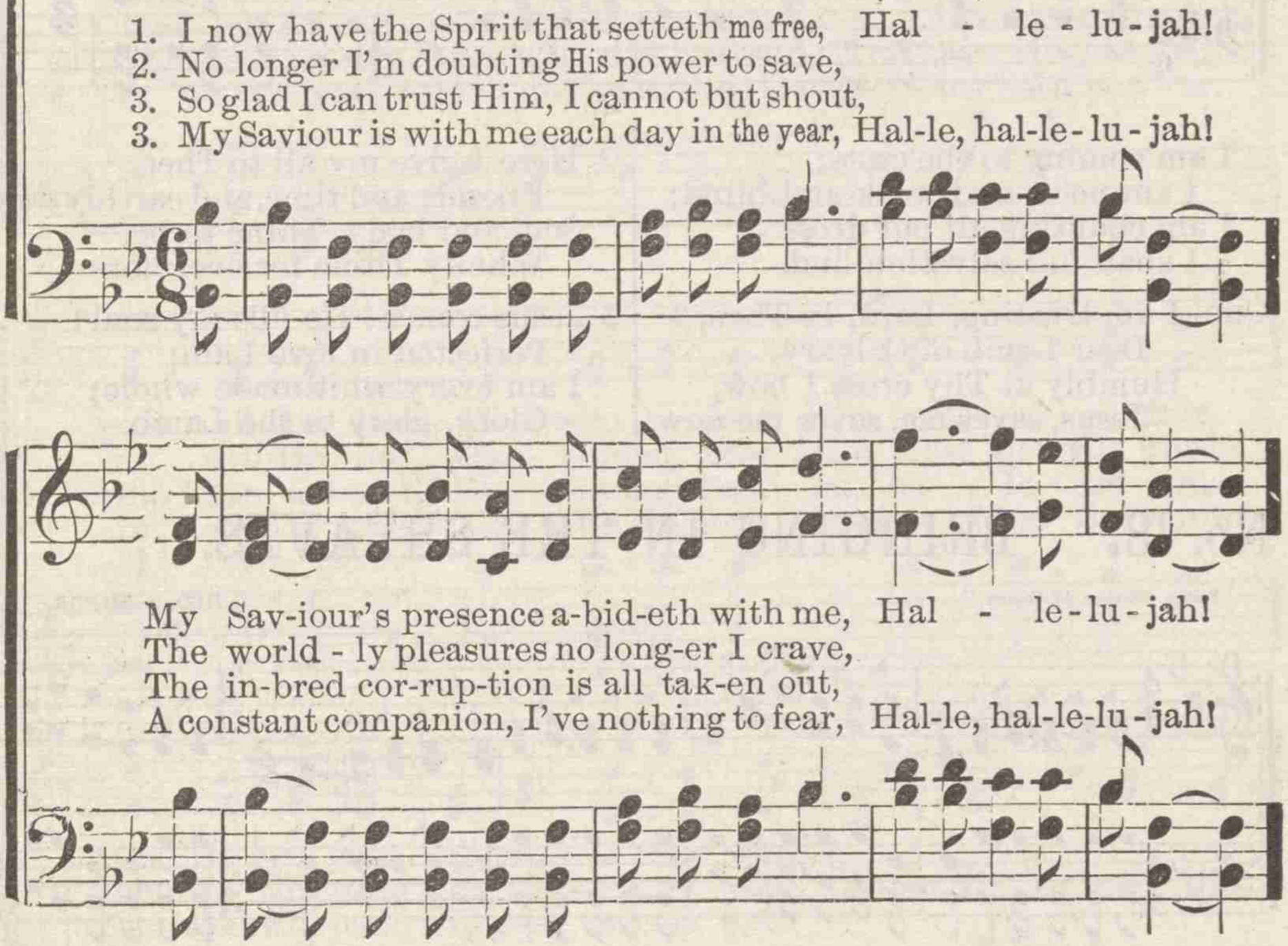
No. 16. HALLELUJAH!

Melody furnished by the Salvation Army.
Arr. by CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
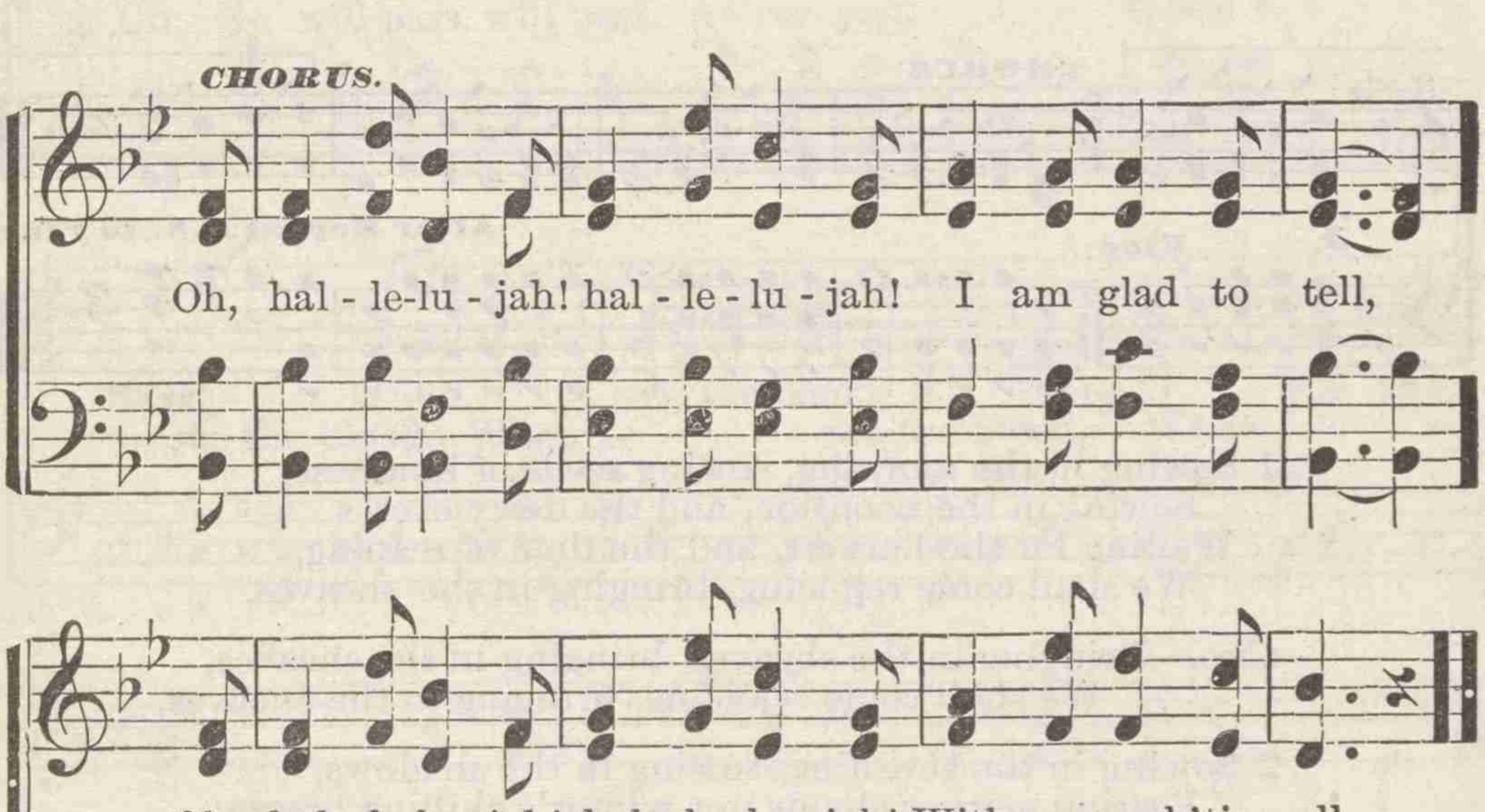
C. D. T.



1. I now have the Spirit that setteth me free, Hal - le - lu - jah!
2. No longer I'm doubting His power to save,
3. So glad I can trust Him, I cannot but shout,
3. My Saviour is with me each day in the year, Hal-le, hal-le - lu - jah!



My Sav-iour's presence a-bid-eth with me, Hal - le - lu - jah!
The world - ly pleasures no long-er I crave,
The in-bred cor-rup-tion is all tak-en out,
A constant companion, I've nothing to fear, Hal-le, hal-le-lu - jah!



CHORUS.
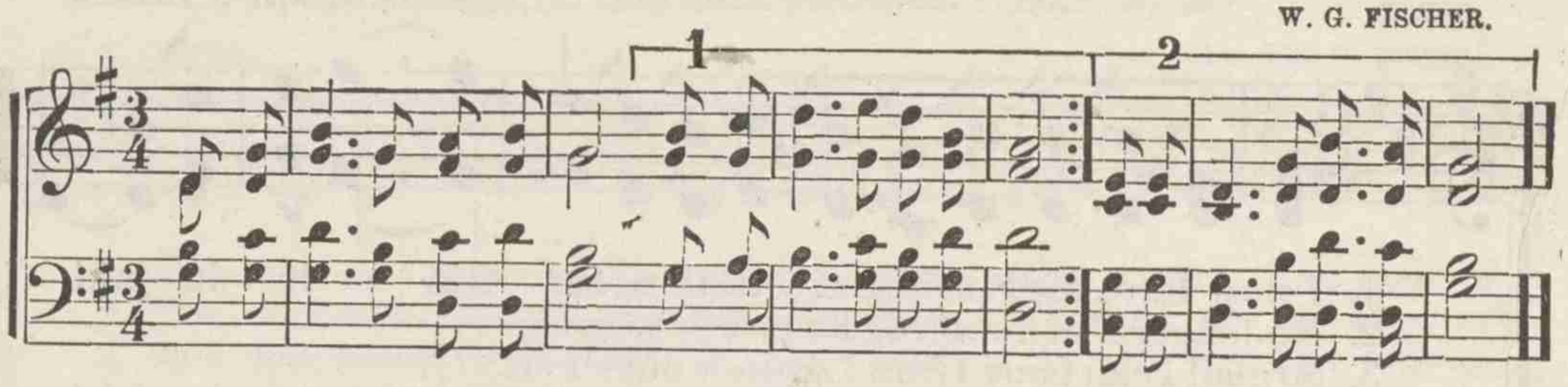
Oh, hal - le-lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! I am glad to tell,

Oh, hal - le-lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! With my soul 'tis well.

Copyright, 1894, by Charlie D. Tillman.

No. 17. I AM COMING.

W. G. FISCHER.



I am coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak and blind;
I am counting all but dross.
I shall full salvation find.

CHO. I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Jesus, saves me, saves me now.
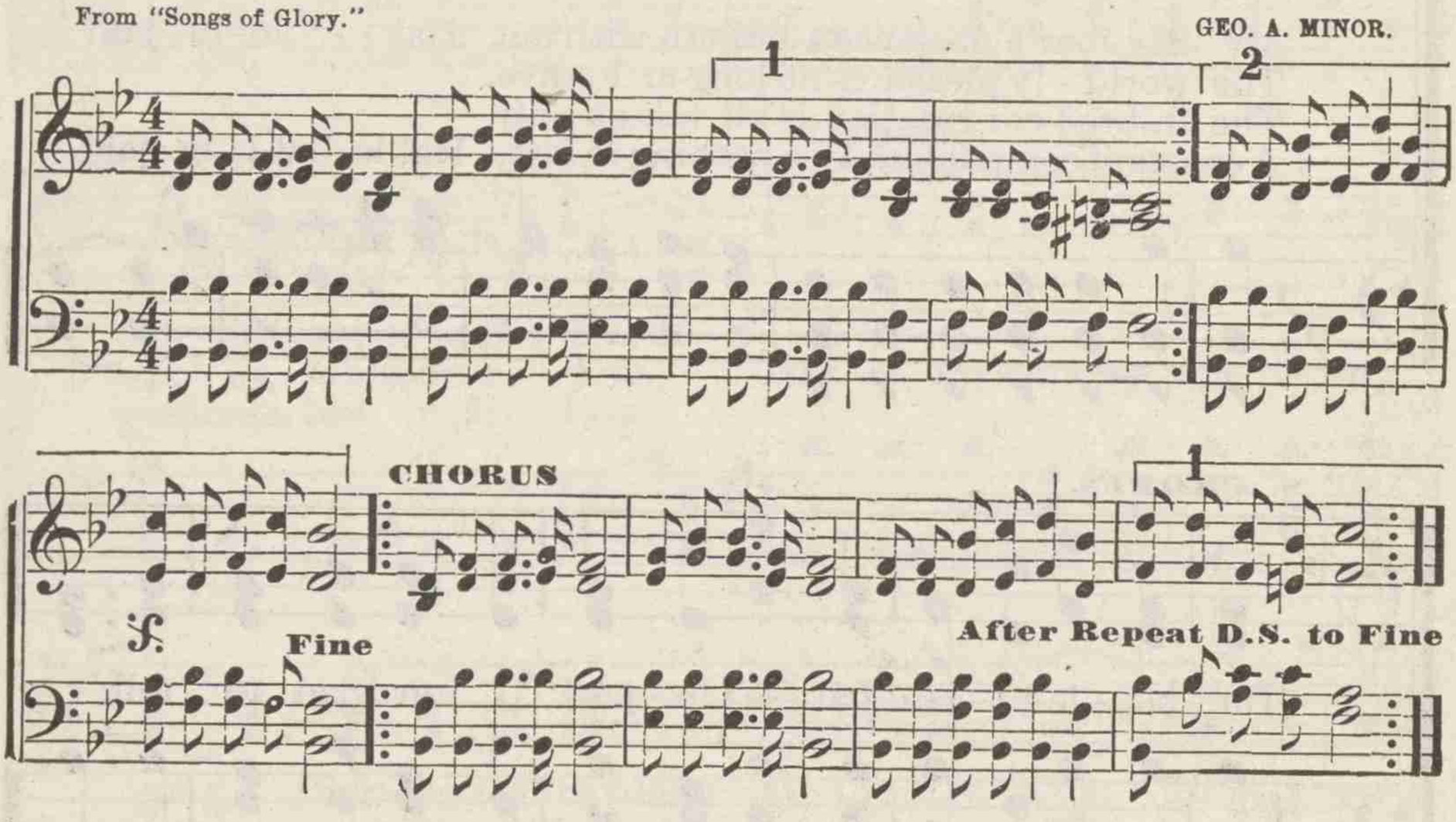
2 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends and time, and earthly store:
Soul and body, Thine to be,—
Wholly Thine for evermore.

3 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

No. 18. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

From "Songs of Glory."

GEO. A. MINOR.



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

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

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

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

No. 19. WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD.

JOHN. J. G. F.

1. Christ our Re-deem - er died on the cross, Died for the sin - ner,
2. Chief - est of sin-ners, Je - sus can save, As He has promised,
3. Judg-ment is com - ing, all will be there, Who have re - ject - ed,
4. O, what com-pas-sion, oh, boundless love! Je - sus hath pow - er,

paid all his due; All who re-cieve Him need nev - er fear,
so will He do; Oh, sin-ner, hear Him, trust in His word,
who have re-fused? Oh, sin-ner, hast - en, let Je - sus in,
Je - sus is true; All who be-lieve are safe from the storm,

CHORUS

Yes, He will pass, will pass o - ver you.
Then He will pass, will pass o - ver you.
Then God will pass, will pass o - ver you.
Oh, He will pass, will pass o - ver you.

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

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

Rit

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

No. 20. JESUS IS PLEADING FOR THEE.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

1. Hear the gen - tle Spir-it's call, Jesus is pleading for thee;
2. Sin - ner, will you come to - day? Jesus is pleading for thee;
3. Oh! He drank that bit-ter cup, Jesus is pleading for thee;
4. He will wash your garments white, Jesus is pleading for thee;
5. He will sweep your guilt away, Jesus is pleading for thee;
6. He will give you joy and peace, Jesus is pleading for thee;

There is par-don free for all, Je-sus is pleading for thee.
Leave that dark and dreary way, Je-sus is pleading for thee.
And this world you must give up, Je-sus is pleading for thee.
Turn your darkness in - to light, Je-sus is pleading for thee.
Make thy soul as clear as day, Je-sus is pleading for thee.
Glo - ry that will nev - er cease, Je-sus is pleading for thee.

CHORUS.

Wash in the blood, Wash in the blood of Je - sus;
Wash in the blood of the cleansing tide,

Wash in the blood, Wash in the blood of the Lamb.
Wash in the blood of the cleansing tide, of the Lamb.

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No. 21. THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE.

Rev. E. S. UFFORD. E. S. U. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth-
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar-
3. Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men, Sinking in an-
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift

er whom some one should save: Some-bod - y's broth-er! oh,
ry, why lin - ger so long? See! he is sink - ing, oh,
guish where you've nev - er been: Winds of temp-ta - tion and
to e - ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste, then, my broth-er, no

who then, will dare To throw out the Life-Line, his per-il to share?
hast - en to - day And out with the Life-Boat, away, then, a - way!
bil - lows of woe, Will soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.
time for de - lay, But throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.

CHORUS.

Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drifting away;

Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sinking to-day.

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No. 22. FULL SALVATION.

LOUISE M. ROUSE. MISS DORA BOOLE.

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

Oh! the cleansing blood has reached me, Glory, glory to the Lamb!
But I give all try-ing o - ver; Simply trusting, I was blest.
Ly-ing at the cleansing fountain; Dwelling in my Saviour's side.
I will wit-ness to Thy glo - ry Of Sal-va-tion full and free.
Cleansed me from inbred corruption, Sanctified and made me whole.
Glo-ry to the blood that keeps me! Glory, glory, ev - er - more!

CHORUS

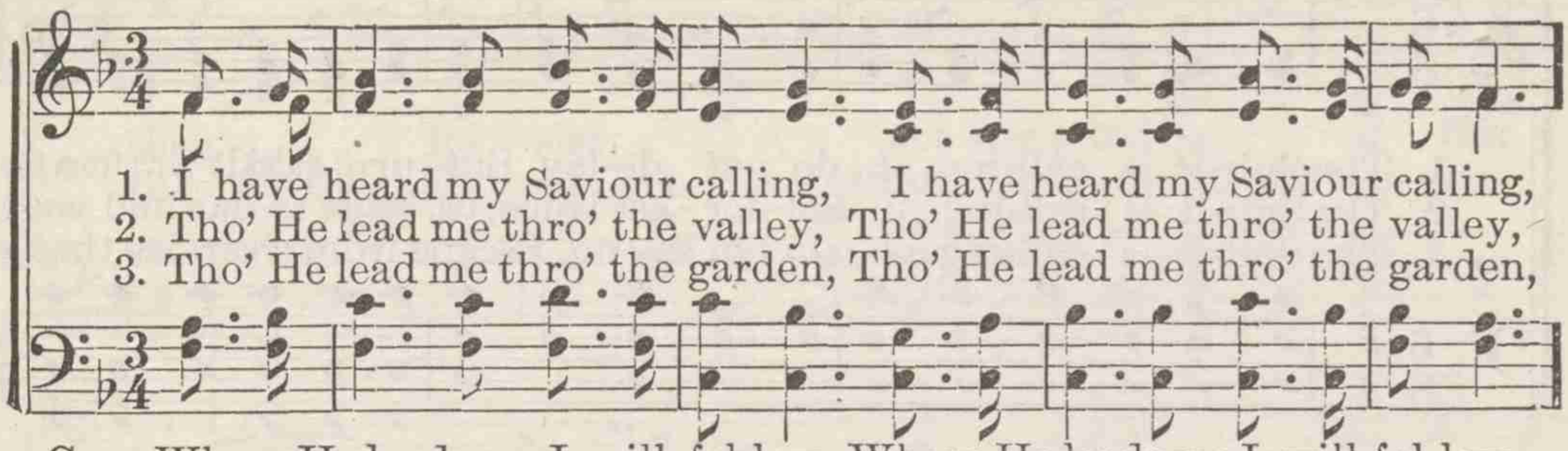
Glory, glo - ry, Je - sus saves me, Glory, glo - ry to the Lamb!

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

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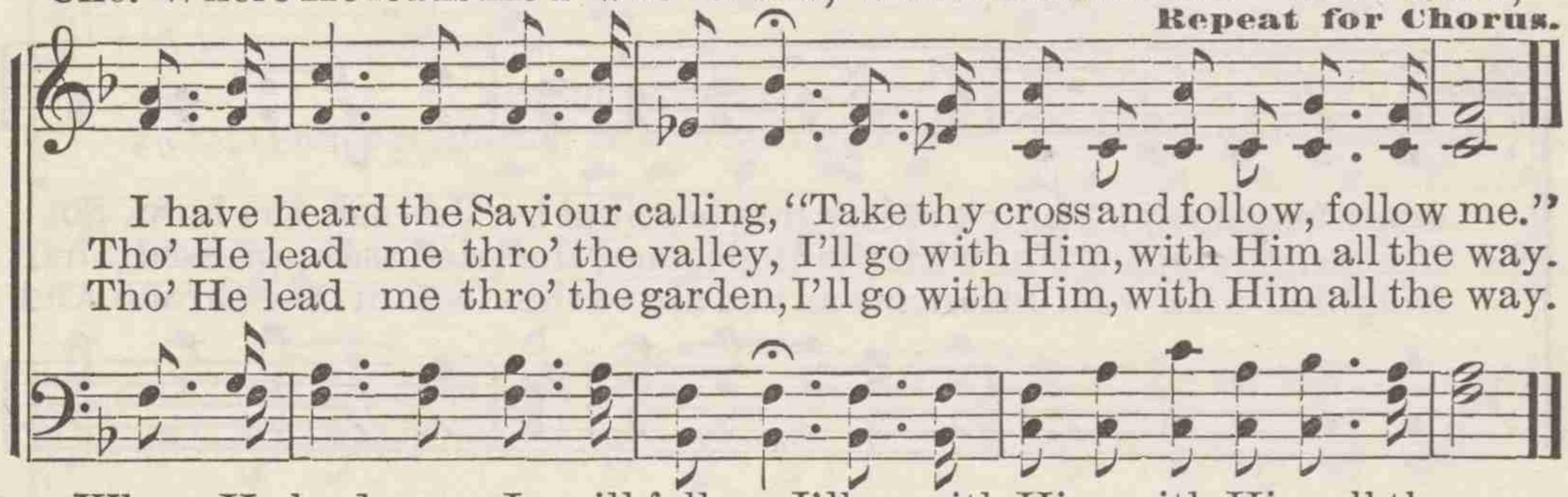
No. 23. I'LL GO WITH HIM.

GEO. W. COLLINS. Arr. for This Work.



1. I have heard my Saviour calling, I have heard my Saviour calling,
2. Tho' He lead me thro' the valley, Tho' He lead me thro' the valley,
3. Tho' He lead me thro' the garden, Tho' He lead me thro' the garden,

CHO. Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,



Repeat for Chorus.

I have heard the Saviour calling, "Take thy cross and follow, follow me."
Tho' He lead me thro' the valley, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
Tho' He lead me thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

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

Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

4 ‖:Tho' the path be dark and dreary,:‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

5 ‖:Tho' He lead me to the conflict,:‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

6 ‖:Tho' He lead thro' fiery trials,:‖
I I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

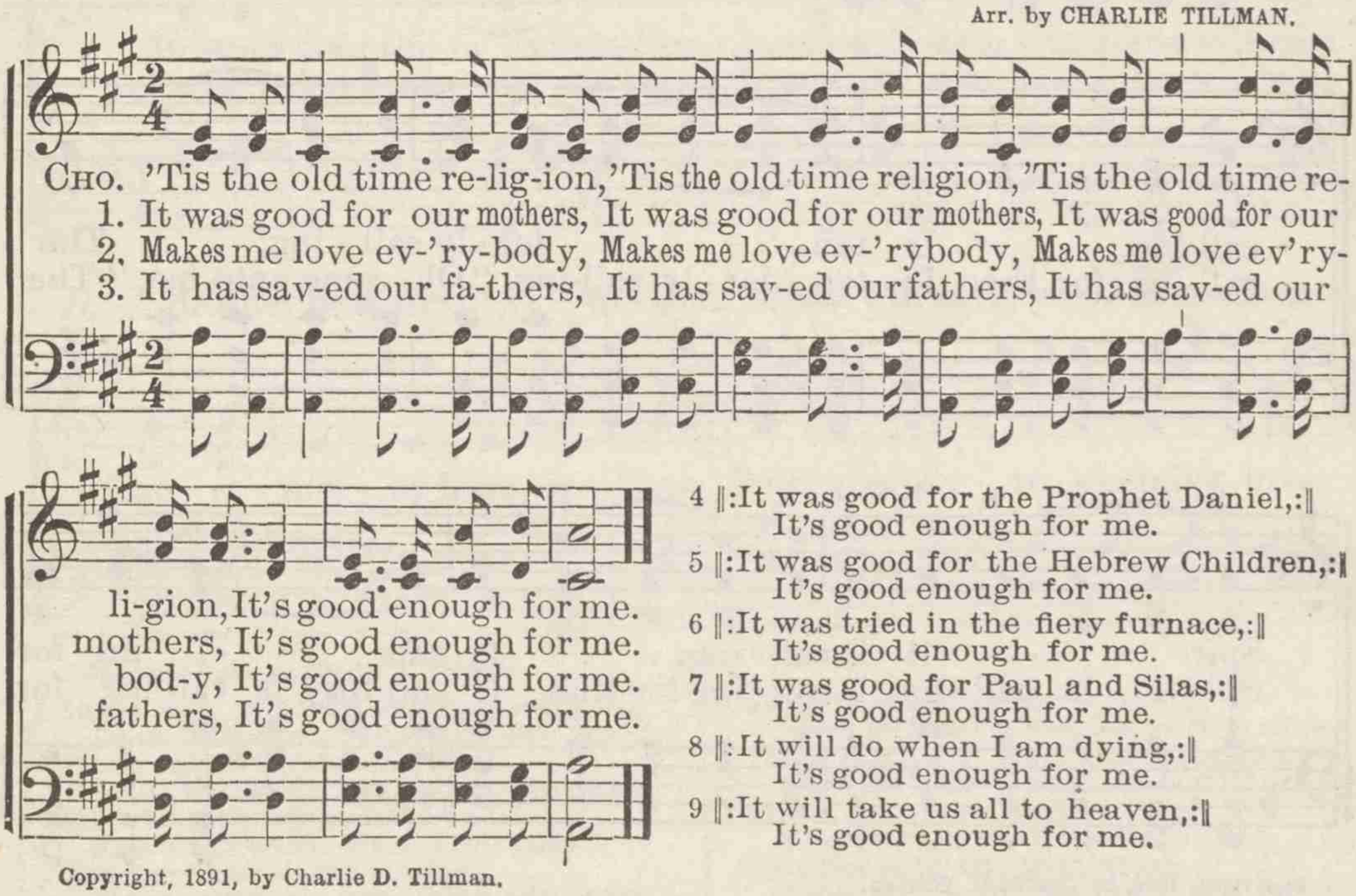
7 ‖:I will follow on to know Him,:‖
He's my Saviour, Saviour, Brother, Friend.

8 ‖:He will give me grace and glory,:‖
He will keep me, keep me all the way.

9 ‖:Oh, 'tis sweet to follow Jesus,‖
And be with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 24. "OLD TIME RELIGION."

Arr. by CHARLIE TILLMAN.



CHO. 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time religion, 'Tis the old time re-
1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our
2. Makes me love ev-'ry-body, Makes me love ev-'rybody, Makes me love ev'ry-
3. It has sav-ed our fa-thers, It has sav-ed our fathers, It has sav-ed our

li-gion, It's good enough for me.
mothers, It's good enough for me.
bod-y, It's good enough for me.
fathers, It's good enough for me.

Copyright, 1891, by Charlie D. Tillman.

4 ‖:It was good for the Prophet Daniel,:‖
It's good enough for me.

5 ‖:It was good for the Hebrew Children,:‖
It's good enough for me.

6 ‖:It was tried in the fiery furnace,:‖
It's good enough for me.

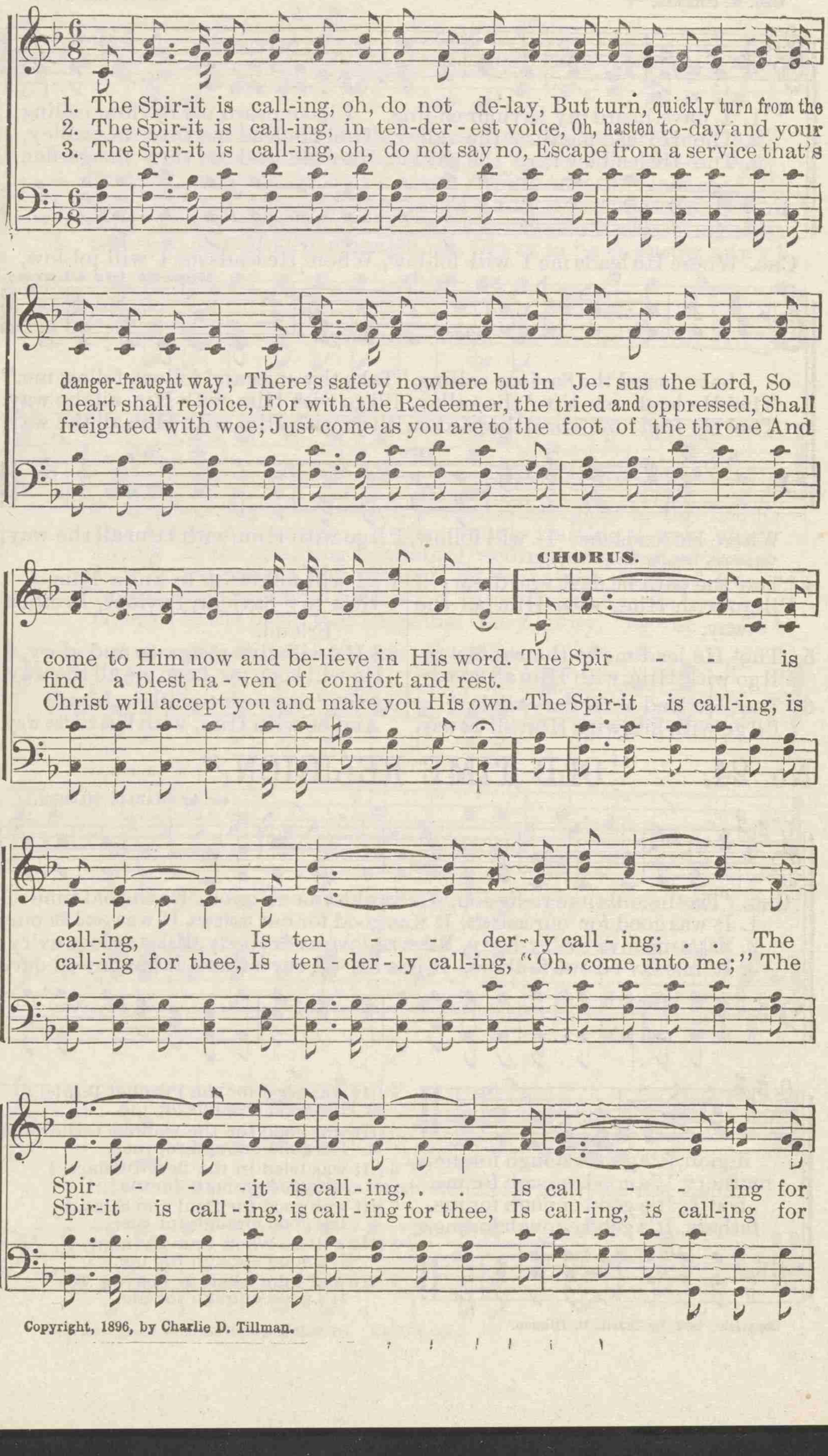
7 ‖:It was good for Paul and Silas,:‖
It's good enough for me.

8 ‖:It will do when I am dying,:‖
It's good enough for me.

9 ‖:It will take us all to heaven,:‖
It's good enough for me.

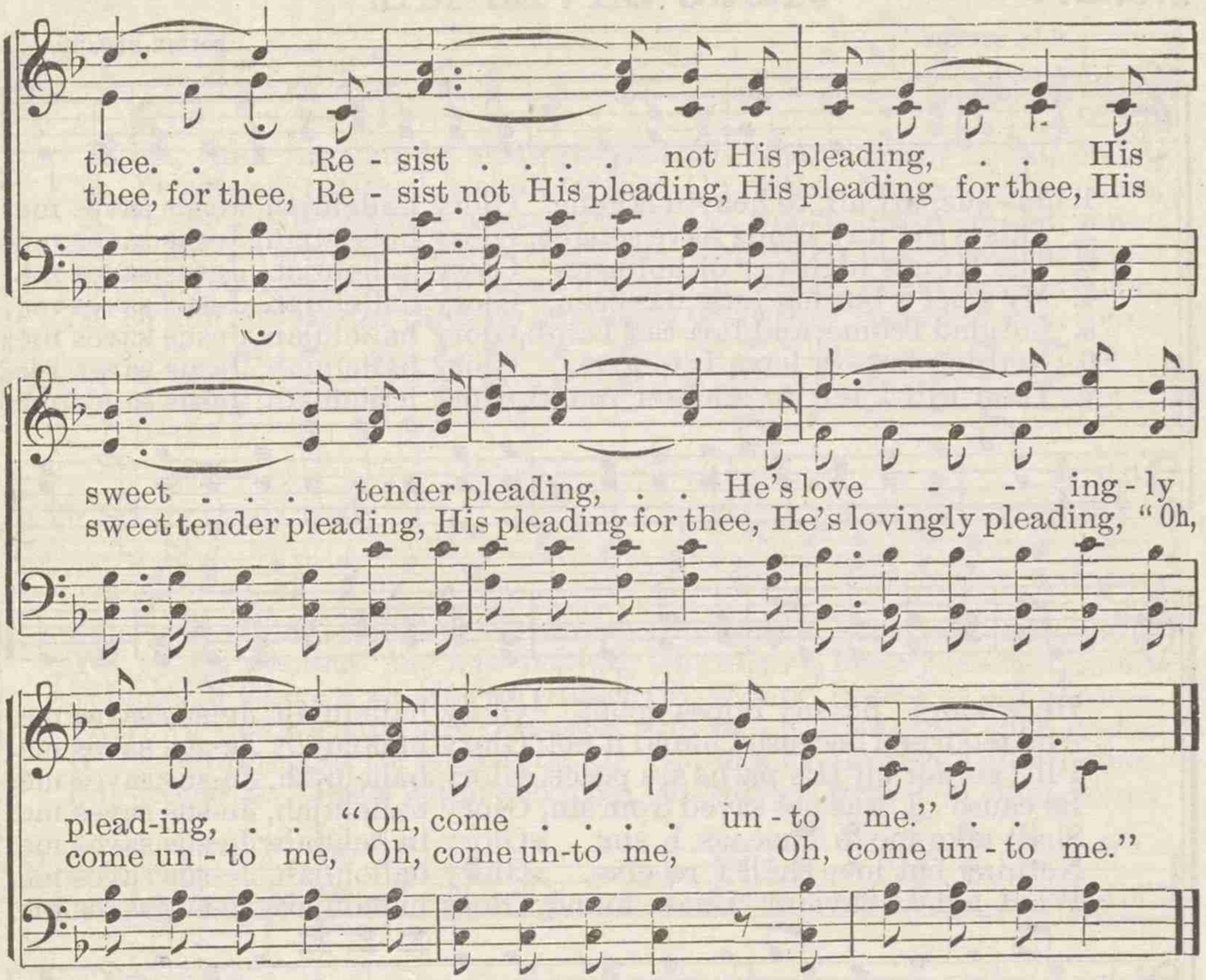
No 25. THE SPIRIT IS CALLING.

L. E. JONES. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN,

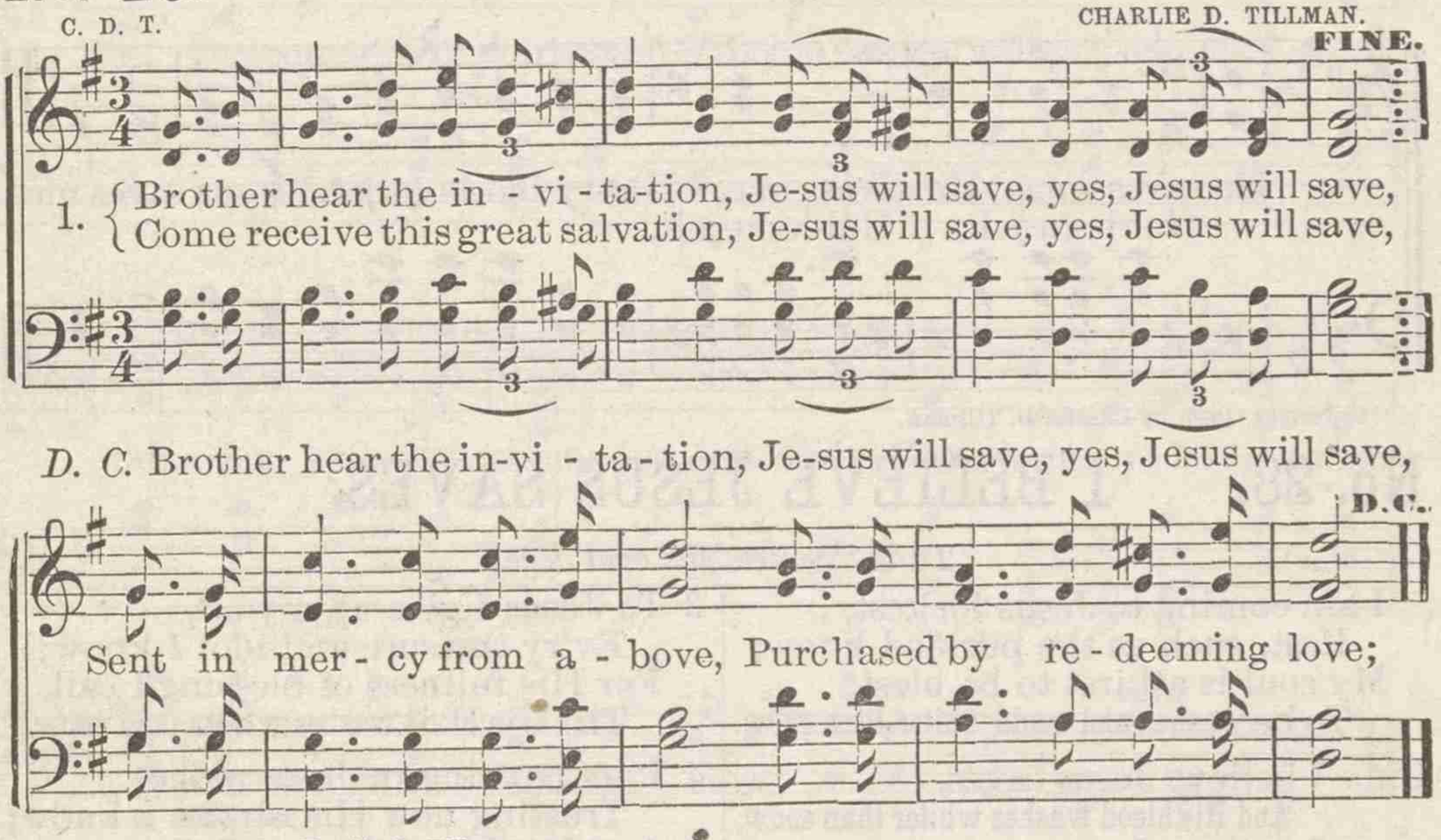


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THE SPIRIT IS CALLING. Concluded



No. 26. JESUS WILL SAVE.



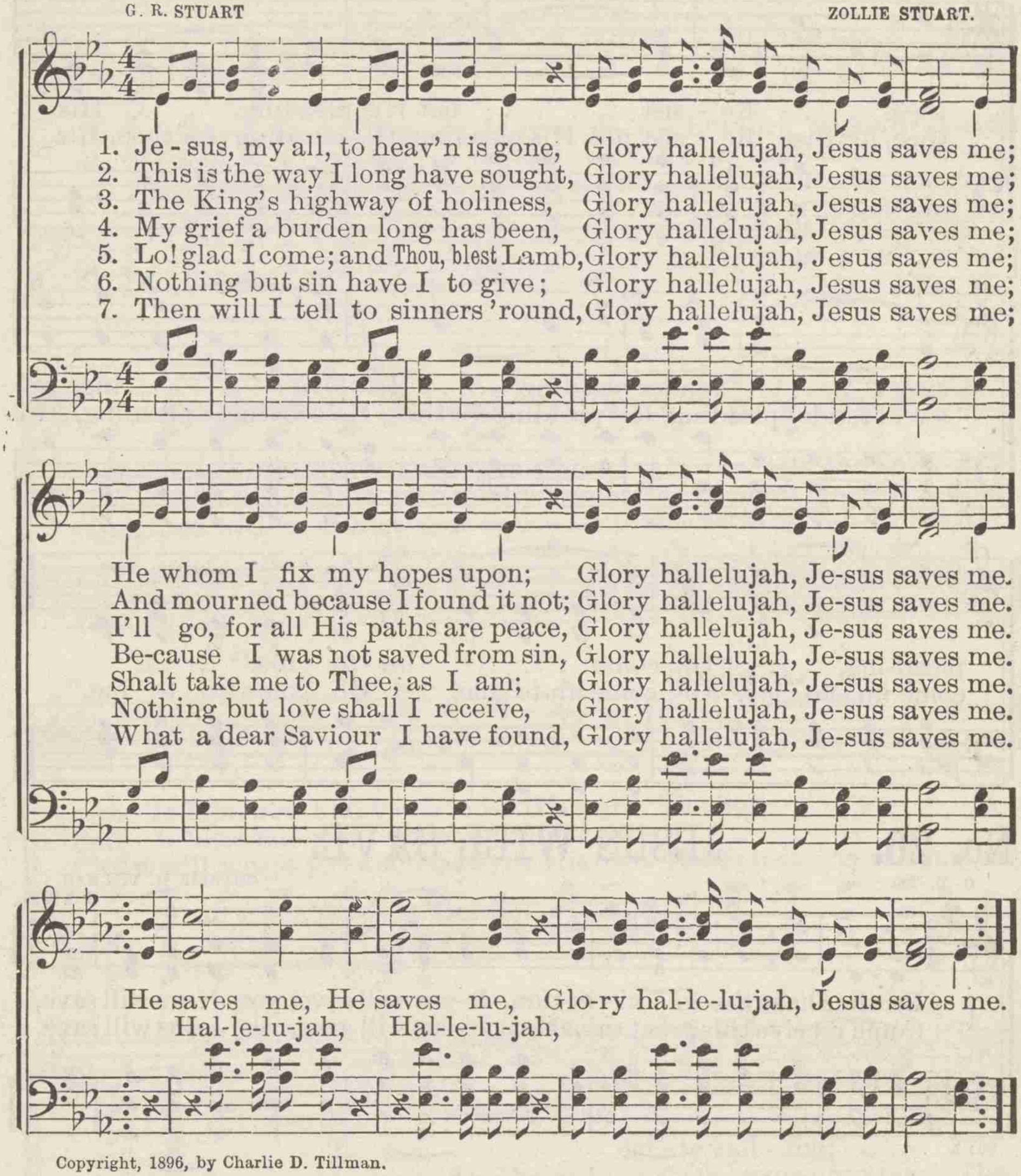
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2 Jesus calls in sweet compassion;
Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save;
Don't reject the invitation;
Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save;
He will set your spirit free,
Rise forthwith, He calleth thee;
Brother hear the invitation,
Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save.

3 Hear that dying intercession,
Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save;
He will pardon your transgression,
Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save;
Come, ye weary souls, to me,
Rise forthwith, He calleth thee,
Brother hear the invitation,
Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save.

No. 27. JESUS SAVES ME.

G. R. STUART ZOLLIE STUART.



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No. 28. I BELIEVE JESUS SAVES.

Tune "Sweet Bye and Bye."

1 I am coming to Jesus for rest,
Rest, such as the purified know;
My soul is athirst to be blest,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

CHO. I believe Jesus saves,
And His blood washes whiter than snow,
I believe Jesus saves,
And His blood washes whiter than snow.

2 In coming, my soul I deplore,
My weakness and poverty show;
I long to be saved evermore,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

3 To Jesus I give up my all,
Ev'ry treasure and idol I know;
For His fullness of blessing I call,
Till His blood washes whiter than snow.

4 I am trusting in Jesus alone,
Trusting now His salvation to know;
And His blood doth so fully atone,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

5 My heart is in raptures of love,
Love, such as the ransomed ones know,
I am strengthened with might from above,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

Rev. WM. McDONALD.

No. 29. WEARY, HEAVY-LADEN COME.

G. C. T. GRANT C. TULLAR.

1. Oh, faint-ing soul, by sin oppressed, Oh, weary, heavy-la-den, come;
2. Ye palsied, maimed, ye halt and blind, Oh, weary, heavy-la-den, come;
3. In the Father's house are mansions fair, Oh, weary, heavy-la-den, come;
4. There's a city fair with streets of gold, Oh, weary, heavy-la-den, come;
5. Tho' your garments are all stained with sin, Oh, weary, heavy-la-den, come;
6. While the Master calls, do not delay, Oh, weary, heavy-la-den, come;

Come unto Christ and find sweet rest, Oh, wea-ry, heav-y-la - den, come.
Ye need not one be left behind, Oh, wea-ry, heav-y-la - den, come.
Which He'll give to you when you get there, Oh, wea-ry, heav-y-la - den, come.
There's a victor's palm with joys untold, Oh, wea-ry, heav-y-la - den, come.
If you'll repent He'll take you in, Oh, wea-ry, heav-y-la - den, come.
But come to Jesus while you may, Oh, wea-ry, heav-y-la - den, come.

CHORUS.

Will you come, (will you come,) Will you come, (will you come.) With your

bur - den will you come, (ye lost ones,) Come home, ye lost ones whom

Je - sus died to save, Oh, wea-ry, heav-y - la - den, come, (come home.)

Rit.

Copyright, 1893, by Grant C. Tullar.

No. 30. We're on the Way to Canaan's Land.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON. W. S. NICKLE.

1. From Egypt's cru - el bondage fled, O - be-dient to our
2. Thro' wil-der-ness - es wide and drear Our Lord will guide our
3. His pow'r the smit-ten rock con-trols, A crys-tal stream our
4. In hos-tile lands we feel no fear, No foe our on-ward
5. Ere long, the riv - er crossed, we'll meet The ransomed host at

Lord's command, And by His word and Spir - it led, We're
steps a-right; Be - hold, to prove His pre-sence here, The
need supplies; He feeds our hun - gry, faint-ing souls With
march can stay; In ev - 'ry con - flict He is near, Whose
His right hand; And there re - ceive a wel-come sweet From

CHORUS

on the way to Canaan's land!
cloud by day, the fire by night!
dai - ly man - na from the skies! We're on the way, a
presence cheers us on the way.
our dear Lord to Canaan's land!

pil-grim band, We're on the way to Canaan's land, Di-

vine-ly guid - ed day by day, We're on the way, we're on the way.

Used by per. of Mrs. W. A. Ogden.

No. 31. STANDING ON THE PROMISES.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Standing on the promis-es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges let His prais-es ring, Glo - ry in the high-est, I will
2. Standing on the promis-es that can - not fail, When the howl-ing storms of doubt and fear assail, By the liv - ing Word of God, I
3. Standing on the promis-es I now can see, Per - fect, pres - ent cleansing in the blood for me; Stand-ing in the lib - er - ty where
4. Standing on the promis-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e- ter - nal-ly by love's strong cord, O - ver-com - ing dai - ly with the
5. Standing on the promis-es I can - not fall, Listening ev - 'ry moment to the Spir-it's call, Rest - ing in my Sav - iour, as my

CHORUS.

shout and sing, Standing on the promis-es of God. Stand - ing,
shall pre-vail, Standing on the promis-es of God.
Christ makes free, Standing on the promis-es of God.
Spir-it's sword, Standing on the promis-es of God.
all in all, Standing on the promis-es of God. Standing on the promise,

stand - ing, Standing on the promis-es of God, my Sav-iour,
Standing on the promise,

Stand - ing, stand - ing, I'm standing on the promises of God.
Standing on the promise, Standing on the promise,

Copyright, 1886, by John J. Hood.

No. 32. CAN A BOY FORGET HIS MOTHER?

(Dedicated to my friend, Mrs. R. G. Chandler, Coldwater, Mich.)

J. H. W. Rev. J. H. WEBER. By per.

1. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's pray'r, When he has wan - dered, God knows where? It's down the path of death and
2. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's face, Whose heart was kind and filled with grace? Her lov - ing voice it ech - oes
3. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's door, From which he wan - dered years be - fore? With tears and sighs she said, "good-
4. Can a boy for - get that she is dead, Tho' ma - ny years have passed and fled? Those tears, that pray'r, that sweet "good-

CHORUS.

shame, But moth-er's pray'rs are heard the same!
sweet; She waits, she longs her boy to meet! Come back, my
bye, Meet me, my boy, be - yond the sky!"
bye;" She waits to wel - come thee on high!

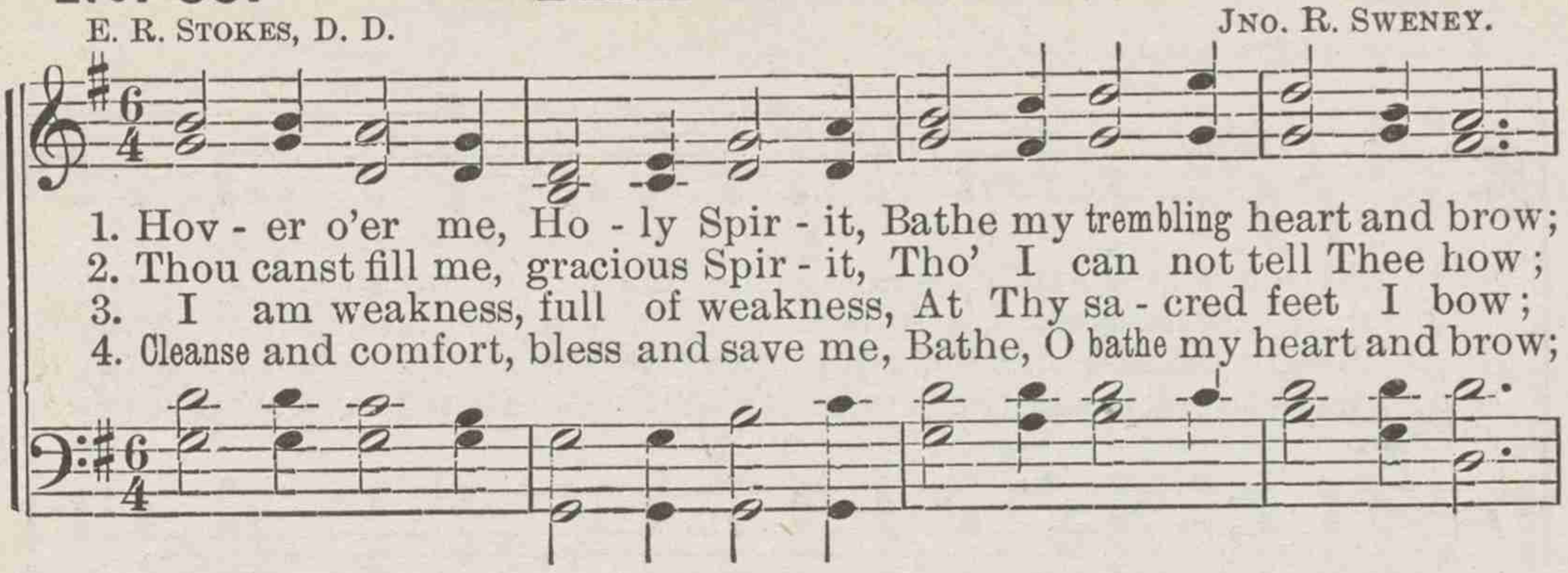
boy, come back, I say, And trav - el in thy mother's way! Come back, my

boy, come back I say, And trav - el in thy mother's way!

Copyright, 1889, by Rev. J. H. Weber.

No. 33. FILL ME NOW.
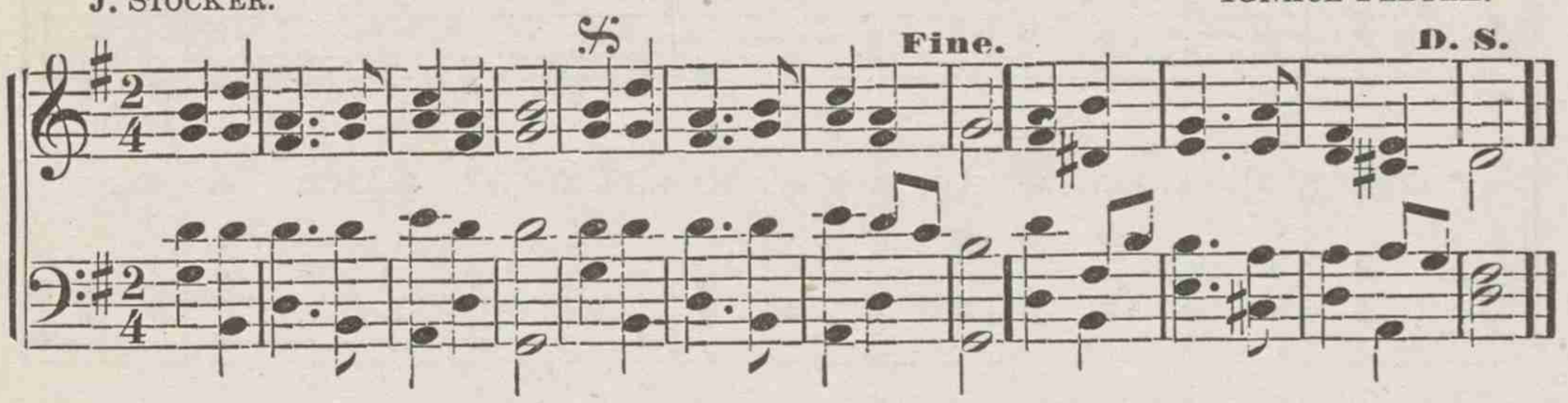
E. R. STOKES, D. D. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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No. 34. GRACIOUS SPIRIT, LOVE DIVINE.

J. STOCKER. IGNACE-PLEYEL.



1 Gracious Spirit, love divine,
Let Thy light within me shine!
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with Thy heavenly love.

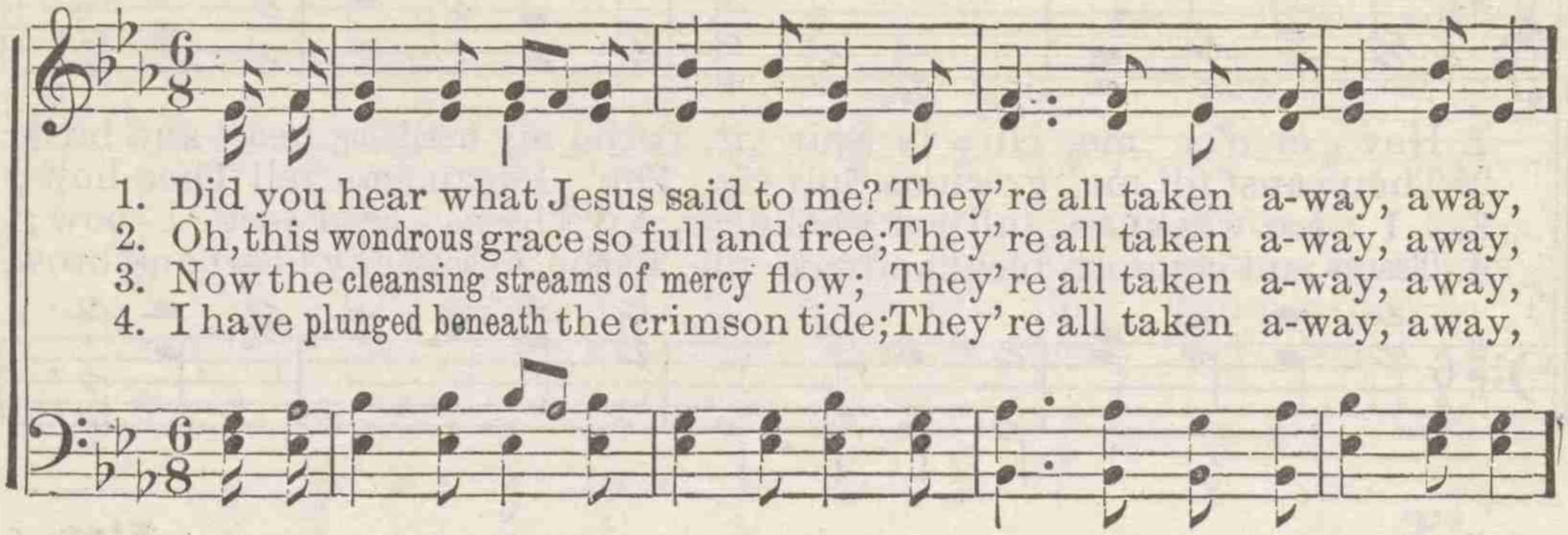
2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in His precious blood.

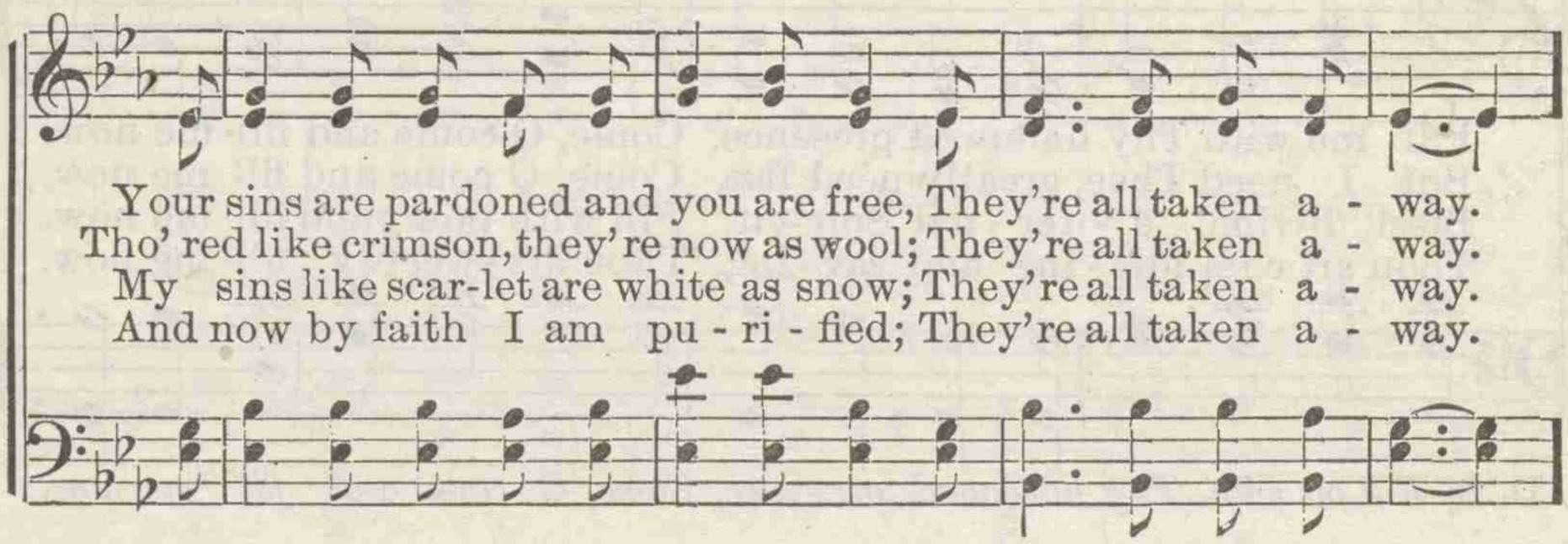
3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

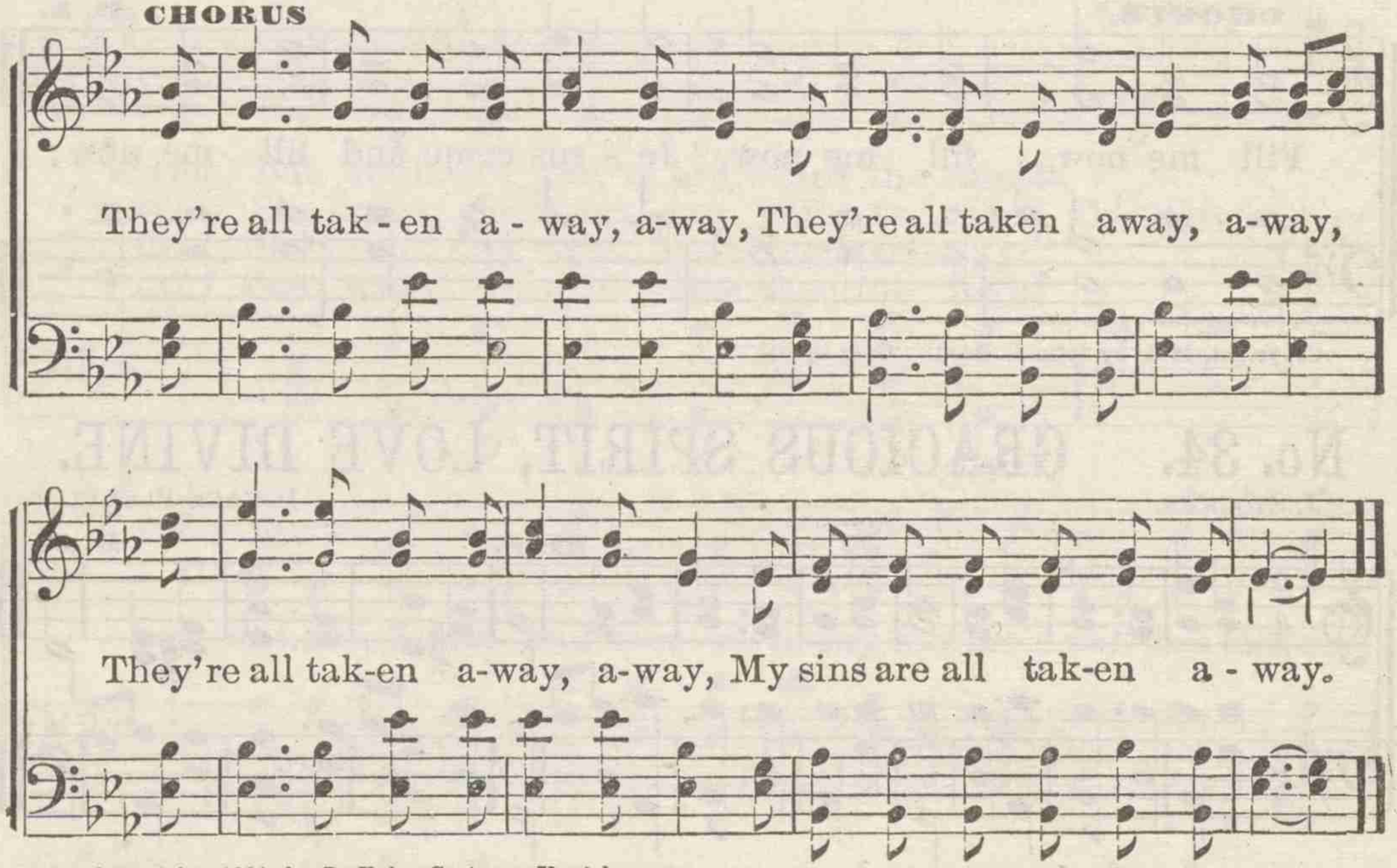
4 Let me never from Thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

No. 35. ALL TAKEN AWAY.

R. KELSO CARTER, except 1st verse. . A.







Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter. Used by per.

5 Oh, the cleansing blood has washed my soul,
They're all taken away, away;
And Jesus' healing has made me whole;
They're all taken away.

6 Now the Spirit witnesses to me;
They're all taken away, away;
And keeps me standing in liberty;
They're all taken away.

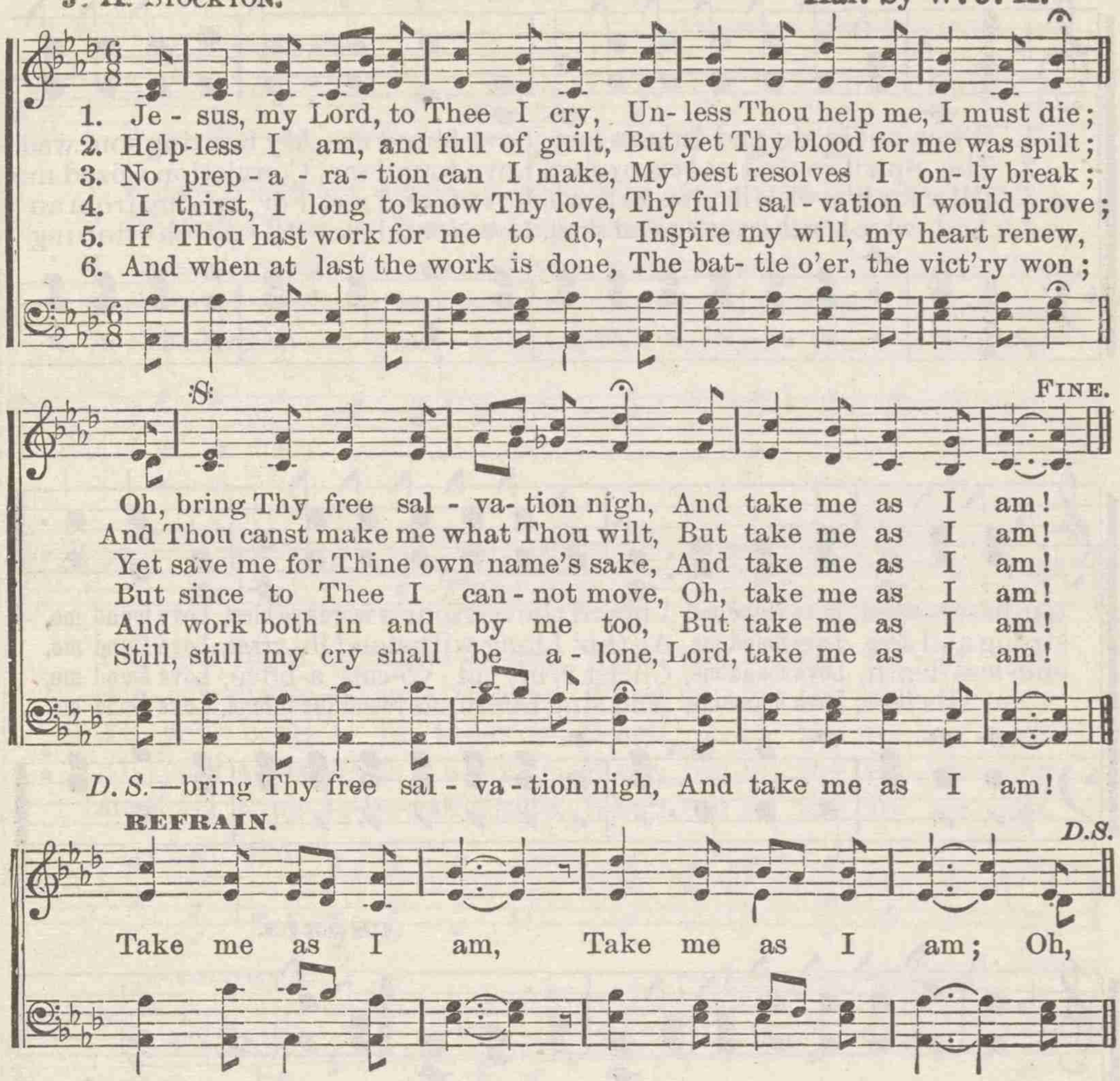
7 So I praise the Lord for sins forgiven,
They're all taken away, away;
While onward pressing my way to heav'n;
They're all taken away.

8 And when in glory we meet above,
They're all taken away, away;
We'll sing the song of Redeeming Love;
They're all taken away.

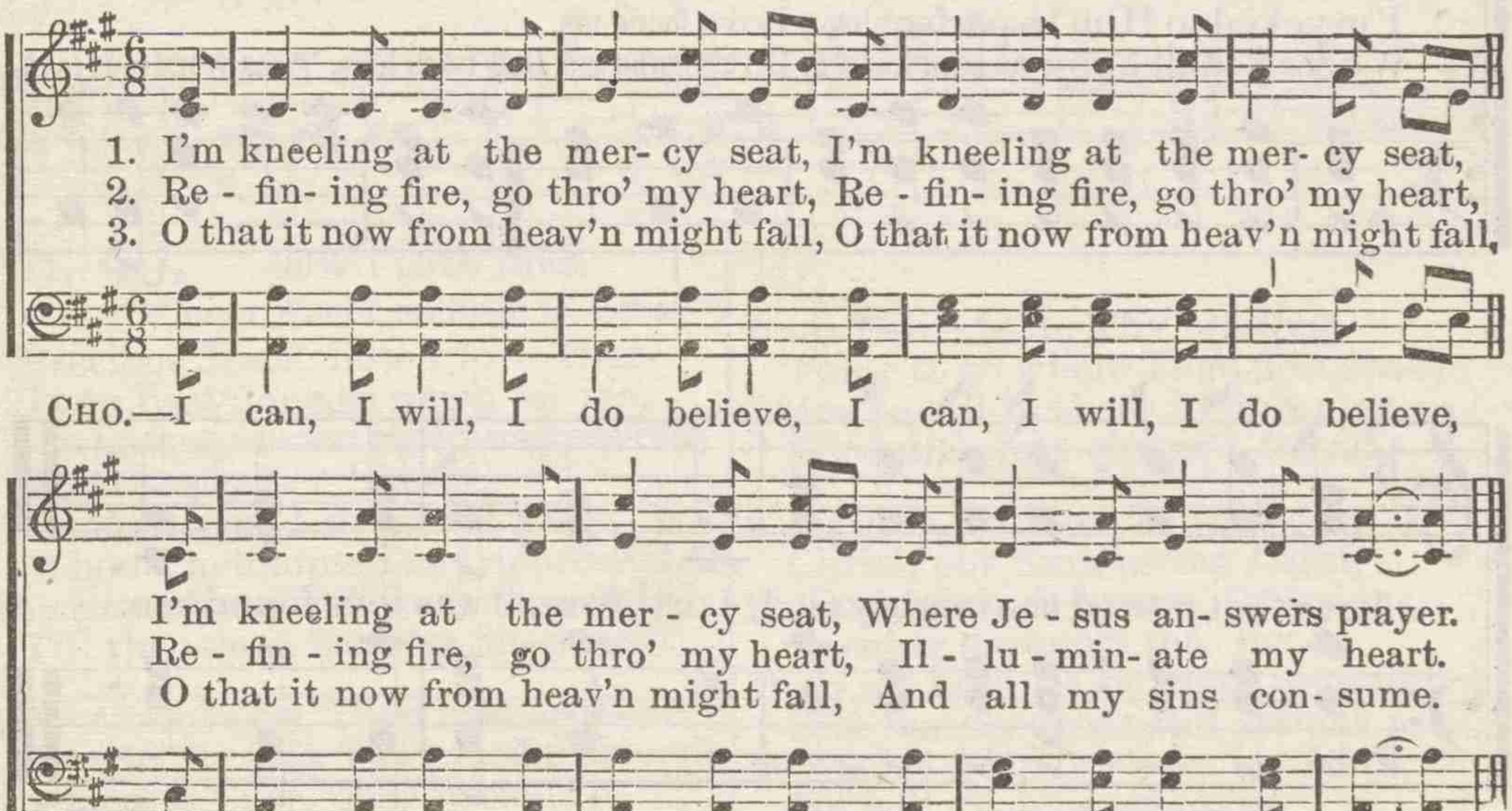
No. 36. TAKE ME AS I AM.

From the "Garner." By per. J. J. Hood.

J. H. STOCKTON. Har. by W. J. K.
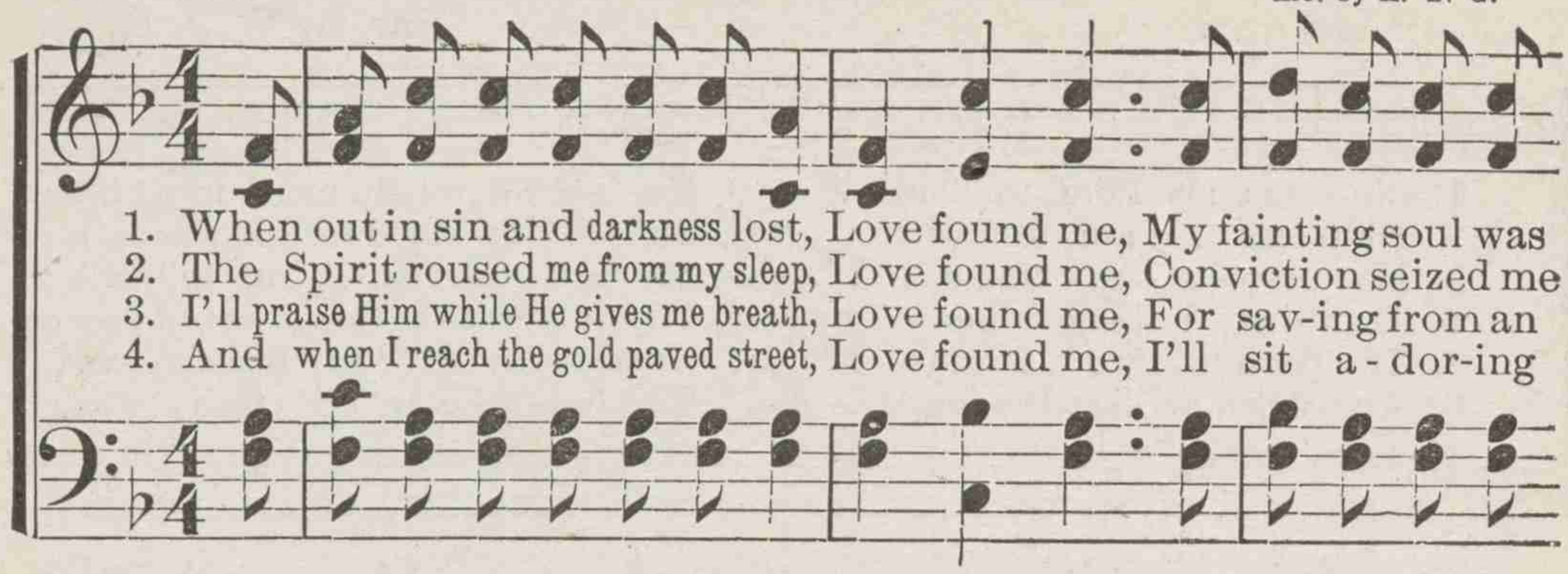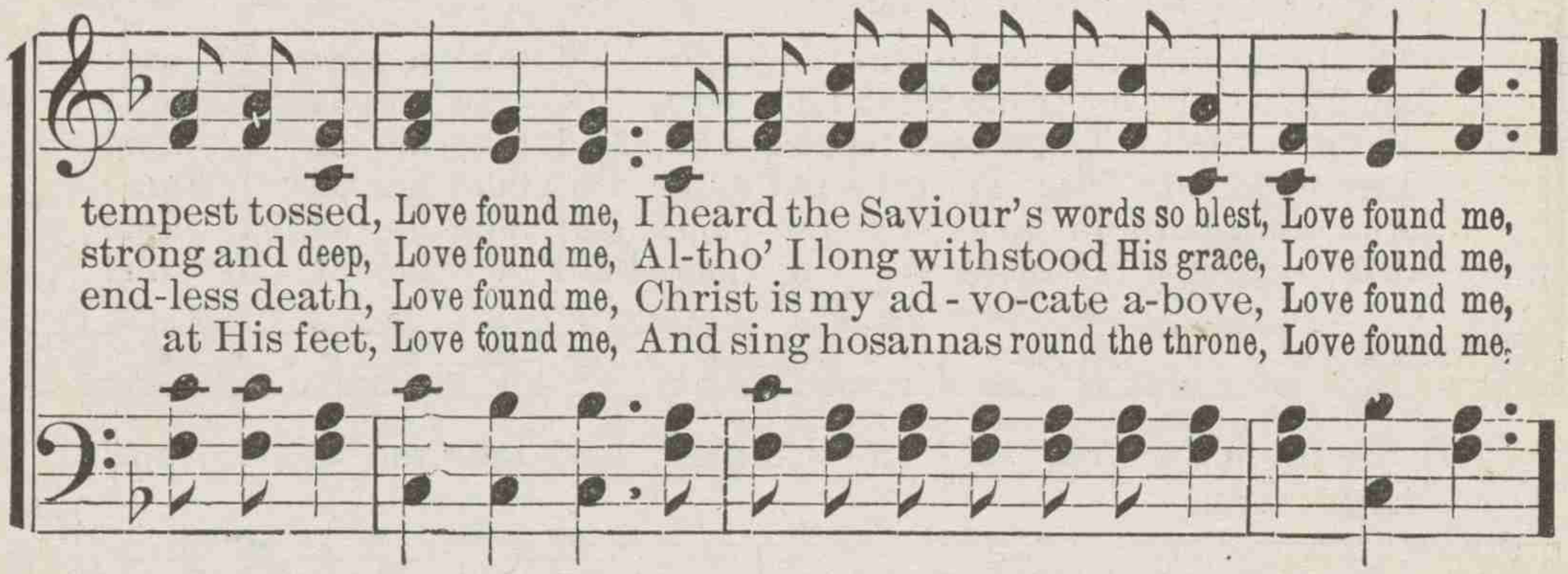


No. 37. I CAN, I WILL, I DO BELIEVE.
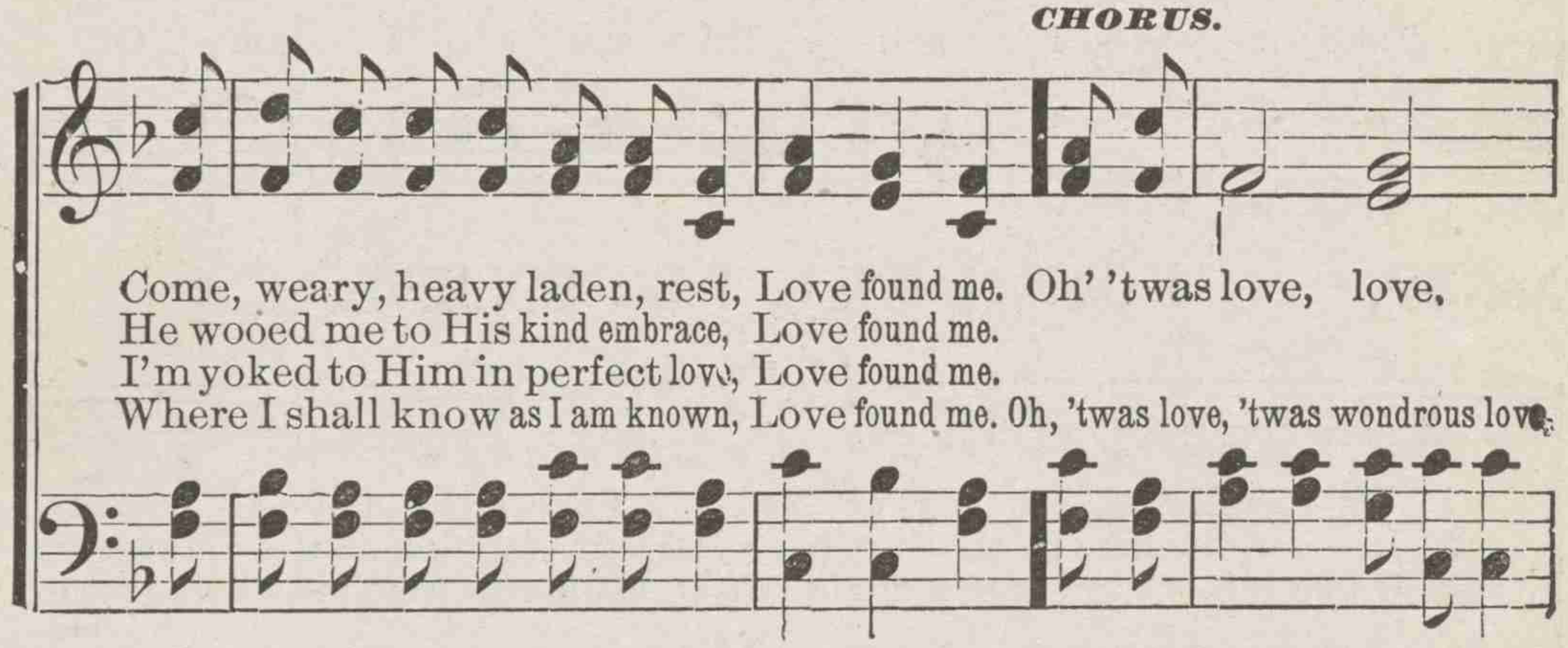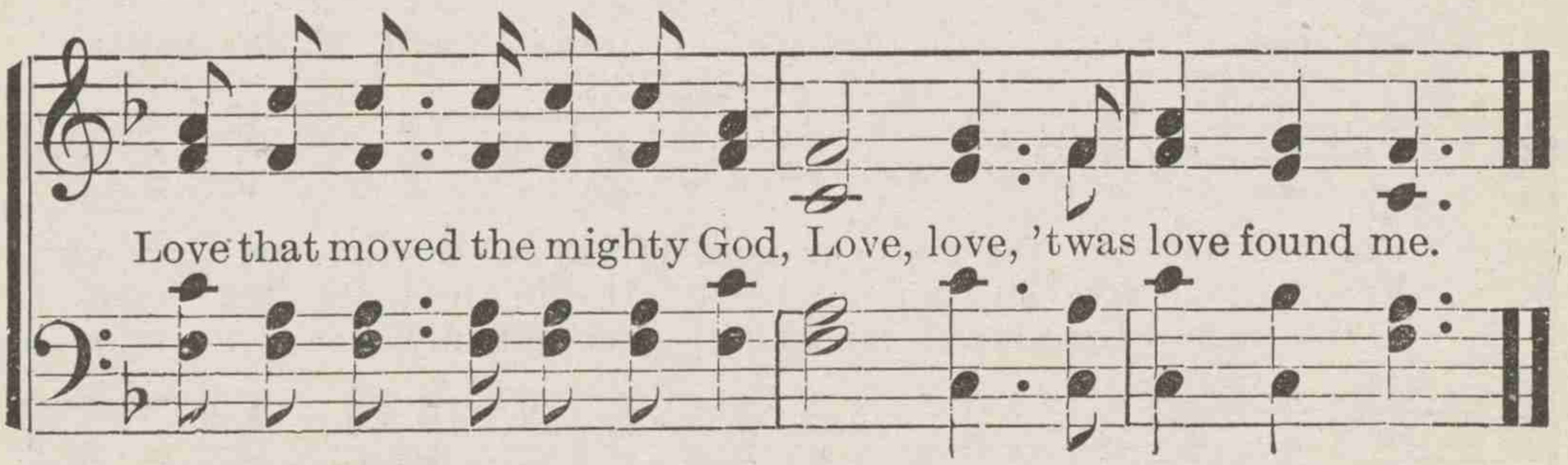


No. 38. LOVE FOUND ME.

H. L. GILMOUR. Arr. by H. L. G.







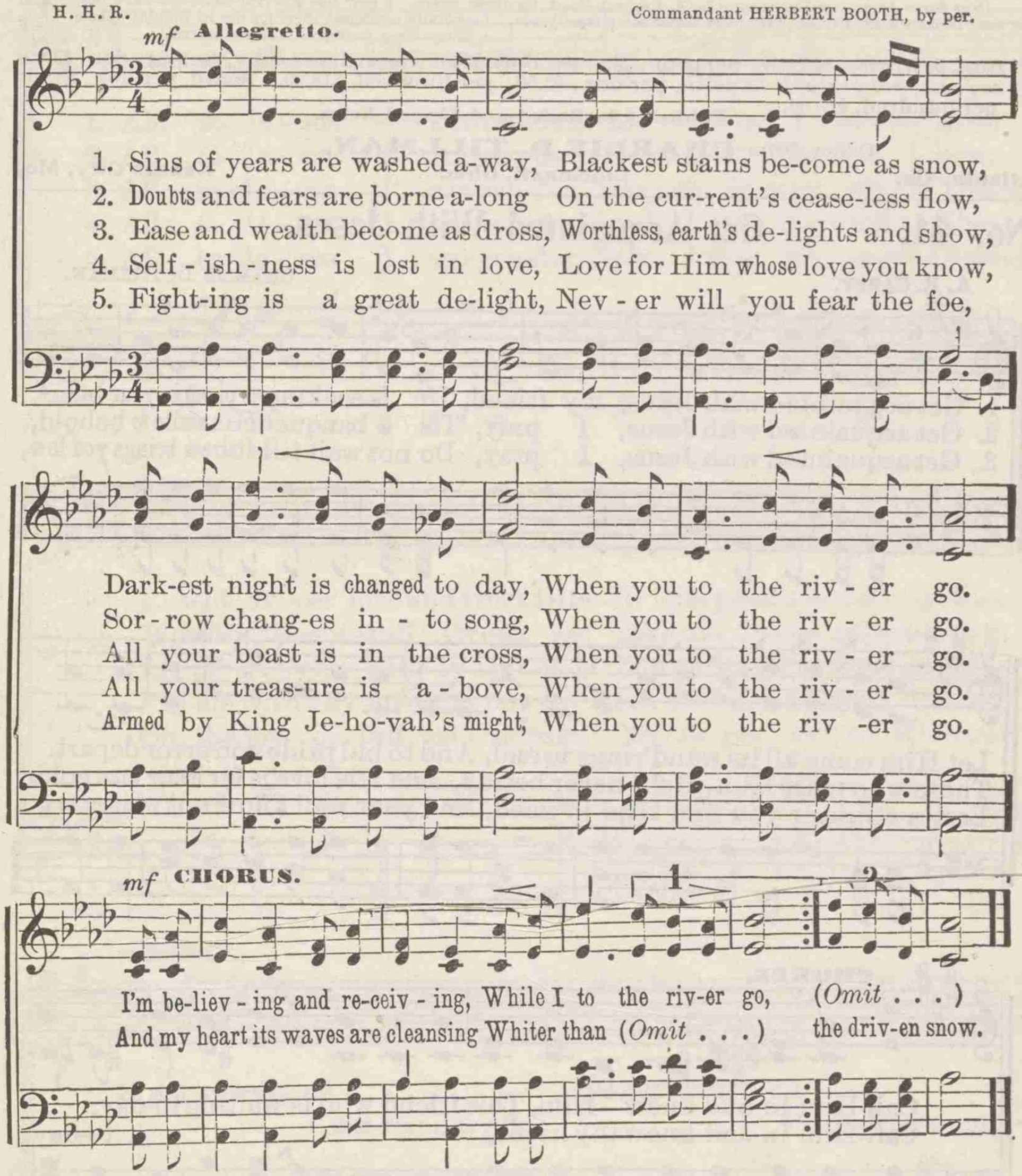


Copyright, 1890, by H. L. Gilmour.

No. 39. I'M BELIEVING AND RECEIVING.

"Believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable." 1 PET. 1: 8.

H. H. R. Commandant HERBERT BOOTH, by per.



No. 40. HOW I LOVE THEE.

TUNE—"*What a friend we have in Jesus.*"

1 Precious Jesus, how I love Thee,
Thou hast done so much for me,
Thou hast pardoned my transgressions,
Thou hast given liberty.
Precious Jesus, I will trust Thee,
When I'm tempted and oppressed,
Thy great hand will keep me safely,
Till the storm has o'er me passed.

2 Precious Jesus, Thou hast bought me—
Bought me with Thy precious blood;
I belong to Thee, dear Saviour,
I belong to Thee, my God.
I am Thine to do Thy bidding,
Thine to go where Thou dost send,
Thine to tell to those in darkness,
Thou art every sinner's friend.

3 Light is found alone in Jesus;
Christ, our Everlasting Light,
Shine into these hearts, O Saviour,
Turning darkness into light.
Help us, Lord, to be more watchful
O'er our thoughts and actions too.
While we keep our eyes on Jesus,
He will keep us ever true.

By M. LOUISA MILLS, New York.

The next fifteen Revival songs are from the REVIVAL, No. 3. A book of 283 songs. Many leading Sunday-schools are supplied with this book, and they write like this:

NORTH AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL, Hon. Hoke Smith, Supt.

Mr. Charlie D. Tillman, Atlanta:—

Dear Sir:—I have used your song book, Revival No. 2, for three years. I now use Revival No. 3. I have never seen any song books which, I think, give more satisfaction than yours. I cordially commend them for use in Sunday-school.

Very truly yours, Hoke Smith.

By mail, postpaid—Muslin, per copy, 25c.; per doz., $3.00. Board, per copy, 30c.; per doz., $3.60.
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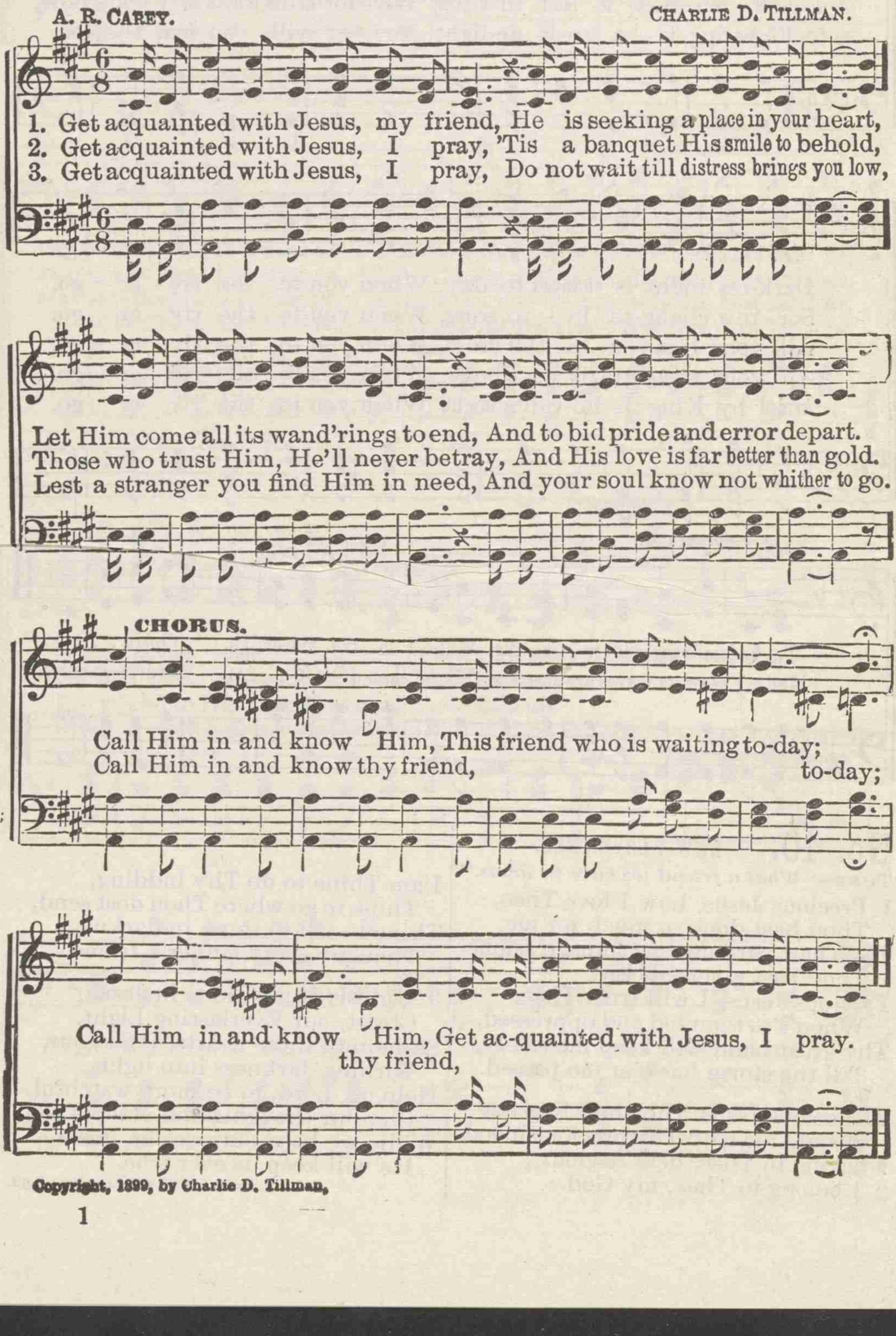
Published in Round and Shaped Notes.

Order from **CHARLIE D. TILLMAN,**

Atlanta, Ga. **Cincinnati, Ohio.** **Kansas City, Mo.**

No. 41. Get Acquainted With Jesus.

A. R. Carey. Charlie D. Tillman.

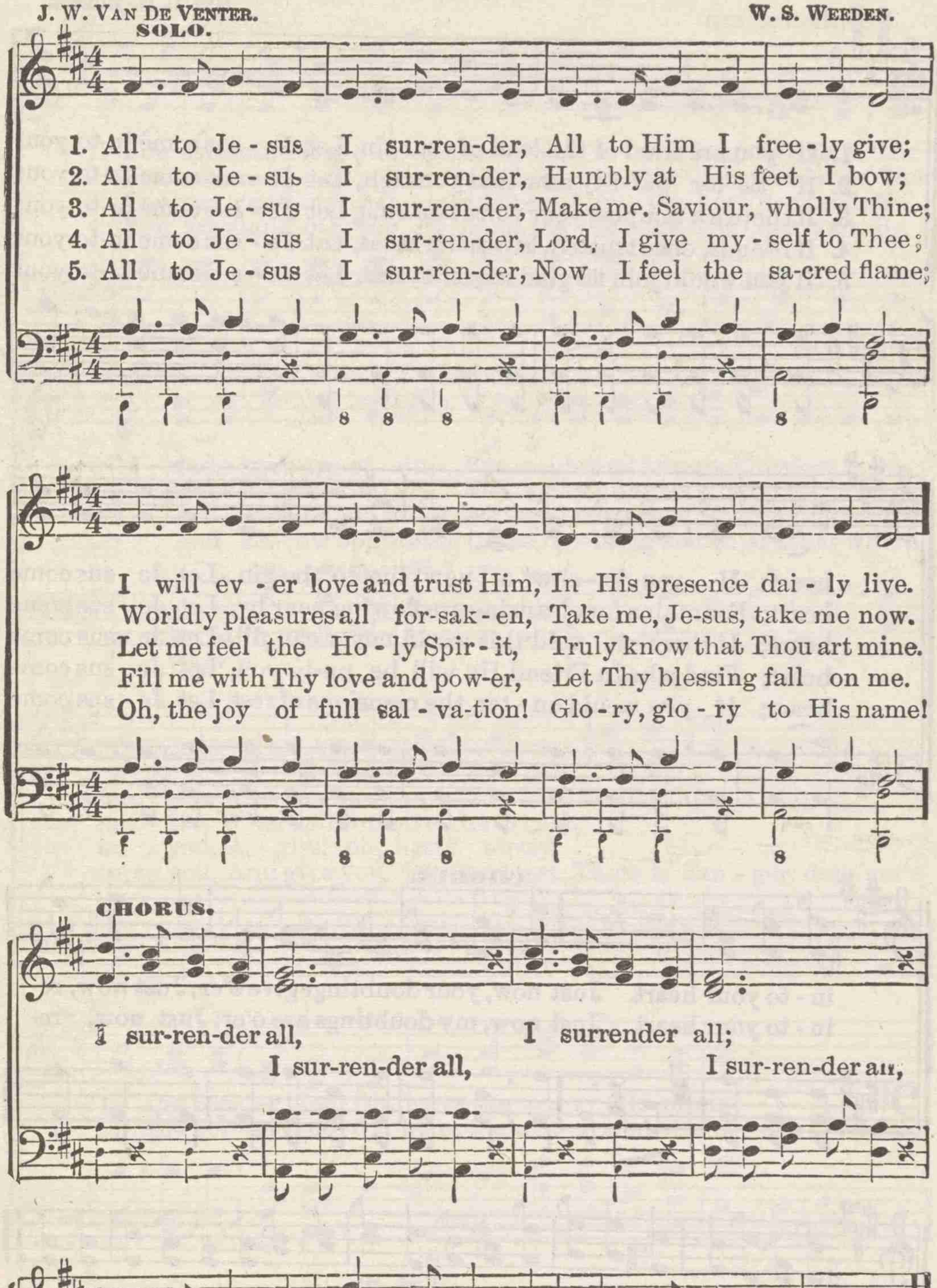


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No. 42. I Surrender All.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

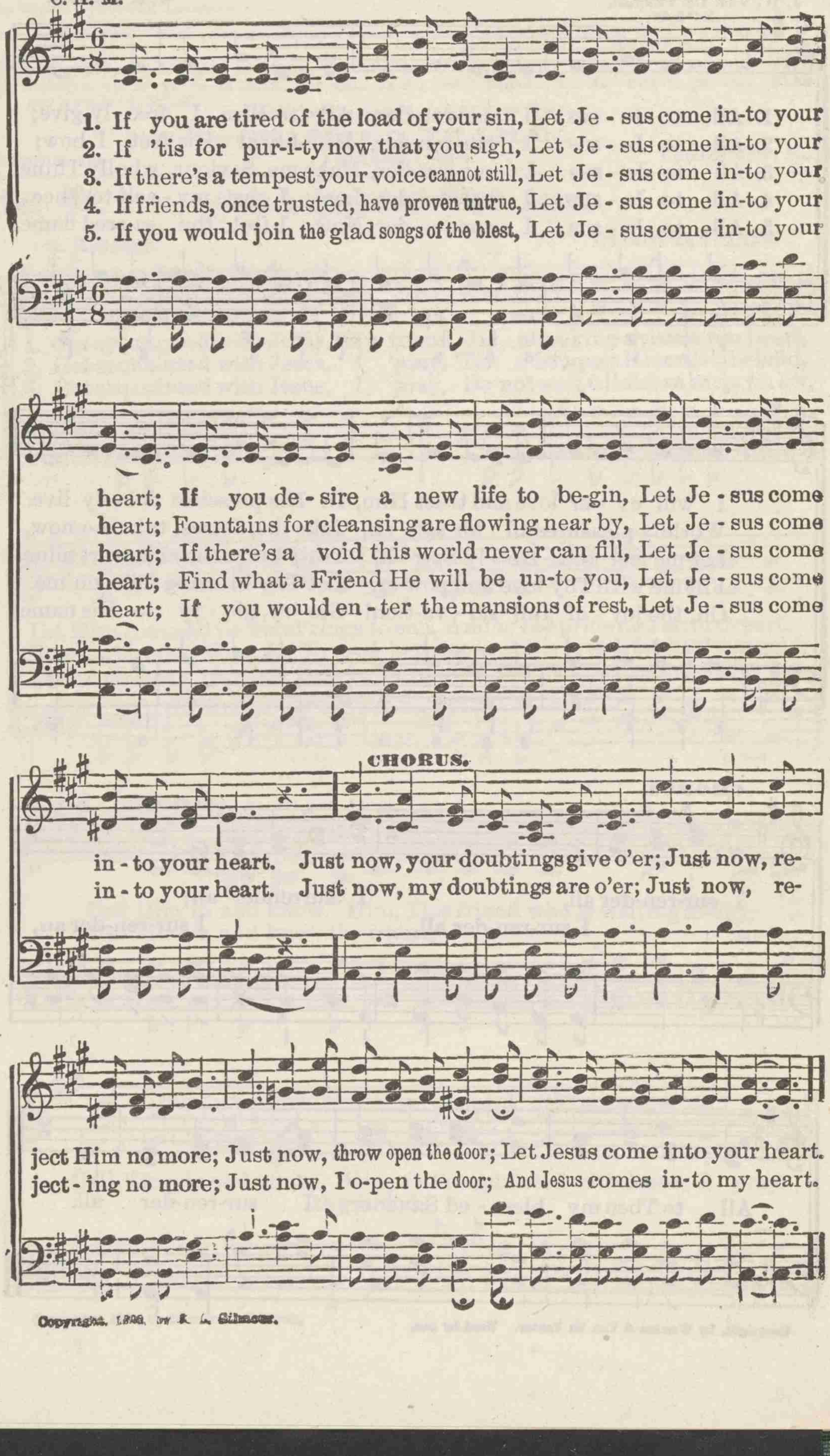
SOLO.



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No. 43. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

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



Copyright, 1898, by E. O. Excell.

No 44. DANGER IN THE BORDER LAND.

Mrs. Frank E. Breck. Geo. B. Holsinger.

1. You are stand-ing, you are stand-ing in the bor - der land, The wild waste coun-try of sin; But a blessed hap-py kingdom is be-
2. You are stand-ing, you are stand-ing in the bor - der land, "Not far from the kingdom of God," And a Saviour longs to bless you, will you
3. You are stand-ing, you are stand-ing in the bor - der land, No lon - ger, long-er de-lay, For the darkness will be coming swift up-
4. You are stand-ing, you are stand-ing in the bor - der land, By sin and sor-row oppressed; Come repenting and thy Father will re-

Chorus.

fore you, And you may en - ter in. There is dan - ger
en - ter, Where all the saved have trod.
on you, A - rise! oh, haste a-way.
ceive you, And give you joy and rest. There is dan - ger, dan - ger

in the bor-der land, Oh, leave the wea-ry life of sin,
in the bor-der land, Oh, leave the wea-ry land of sin, come to Je-sus,

For there's dan - ger in the border land, Come, a bet-ter life be-gin.
For there's danger, danger

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No. 45. THE VEIL UPLIFTED.

WM. KITCHING, alt. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When the veil shall be up- lift - ed, Hid- ing from our mor-tal sight,
2. When the Saviour home shall call me, There to taste e - ter- nal joy,
3. I shall tune my harp with gladness, While in robes of glo - ry dressed,
4. There 'midst angels gatherd round Him, Strains of heav'nly music flow ;

All that scene of wondrous glo - ry, Where the saints are robed in white.
Wash'd in His all-cleansing fountain, Praise shall be my glad em- ploy.
Round the throne the angels worship, Sin - less and for - ev - er blest.
I shall join th'angelic cho - rus, Such as none on earth may know.

CHORUS.

I shall see what now I see not, Hear what
I shall see what now, shall see what now I see not,
none on earth may hear; . . . Walk in ev - er-last- ing
Hear what none on earth, hear what none on earth may hear; Walk in ever-last - ing,
sun - shine, With my Sav - iour ev - er near. . . . .
ev- er-lasting sunshine, With my Saviour near, my Saviour ever near.

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No. 46. THE BROKEN PINION.

Tenor and Soprano Duet, Tenor sing small notes. **C. S. COLBURN.**

1. I walked thro' the woodland meadows, Where sweet the thrushes sing,
2. I found a young life stricken By sin's se-duc-tive art,
3. But the bird with a broken pin - ion Kept an-oth-er from the snare,

And found on a bed of moss - es, A bird with a broken wing;
And touched with a Christ-like pit - y I took him to my heart;
And the life that sin had strick-en Raised an-oth-er from de - spair;

I healed its wound and each morning It sang its old sweet strain.
He lived with a no - ble pur - pose And struggled not in vain.
For Christ the might-y heal - er Has a balm for ev -'ry pain.

But the bird with a broken pin - ion, Never soared as high a - gain,
But the life that sin had strick-en Never soared as high a - gain,
And the soul that He has heal - ed, Higher still shall soar a - gain.

Rit

But the bird with a broken pin - ion Never soared as high a - gain.
But the life that sin had strick-en Never soared as high a - gain.
And the soul that He has heal - ed Higher still shall soar a - gain.

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No. 47. Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His ser-vants, Whether it be
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn-ing, He shall call us
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to
4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glo-ry

noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch-ing,
one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
do our best! If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid-night,

CHORUS.

With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
Will He an-swer thee, "Well done?" **Oh, can we say, we ar**
We shall have a glo - rious rest.
Will He find us watch-ing there?

read - y, brother? Read-y for the soul's bright home? Say will He

find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

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No. 48. Sunlight.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. I wandered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
2. Though clouds may gather in the sky, And billows round me roll,
3. While walking in the light of God, I, sweet communion find;
4. I cross the wide ex-tended fields, I jour-ney o'er the plain,
5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The Light that came to me,

And with the sun-light of His love Bid all my darkness flee.
How - ev - er dark the world may be I've sun-light in my soul.
I press with ho - ly vig - or on And leave the world behind.
And in the sun-light of His love I reap the gold-en grain.
Be - hold the brightness of His face, Throughout e-ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS

Sun-light, sun-light, in my soul to-day, Sunlight, sunlight,
to-day, yes,
all a-long the way, Since the Sav - iour found me,
nar - row way,
took away my sin, I have had the sunlight of His love within.
load of sin,

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No. 49. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.

B. M. J. J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the morning breaks, e - ter-nal, bright and fair; When the
2. On that bright and cloud-less morn-ing when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His
3. Let me la - bor for my Mas - ter from the dawn till set-ting sun, Let me talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when

saved of earth shall gath-er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
chos - en ones shall gath-er to their home be - yond the skies, And the
all of life is o - ver, and my work on earth is done, And the

CHORUS.
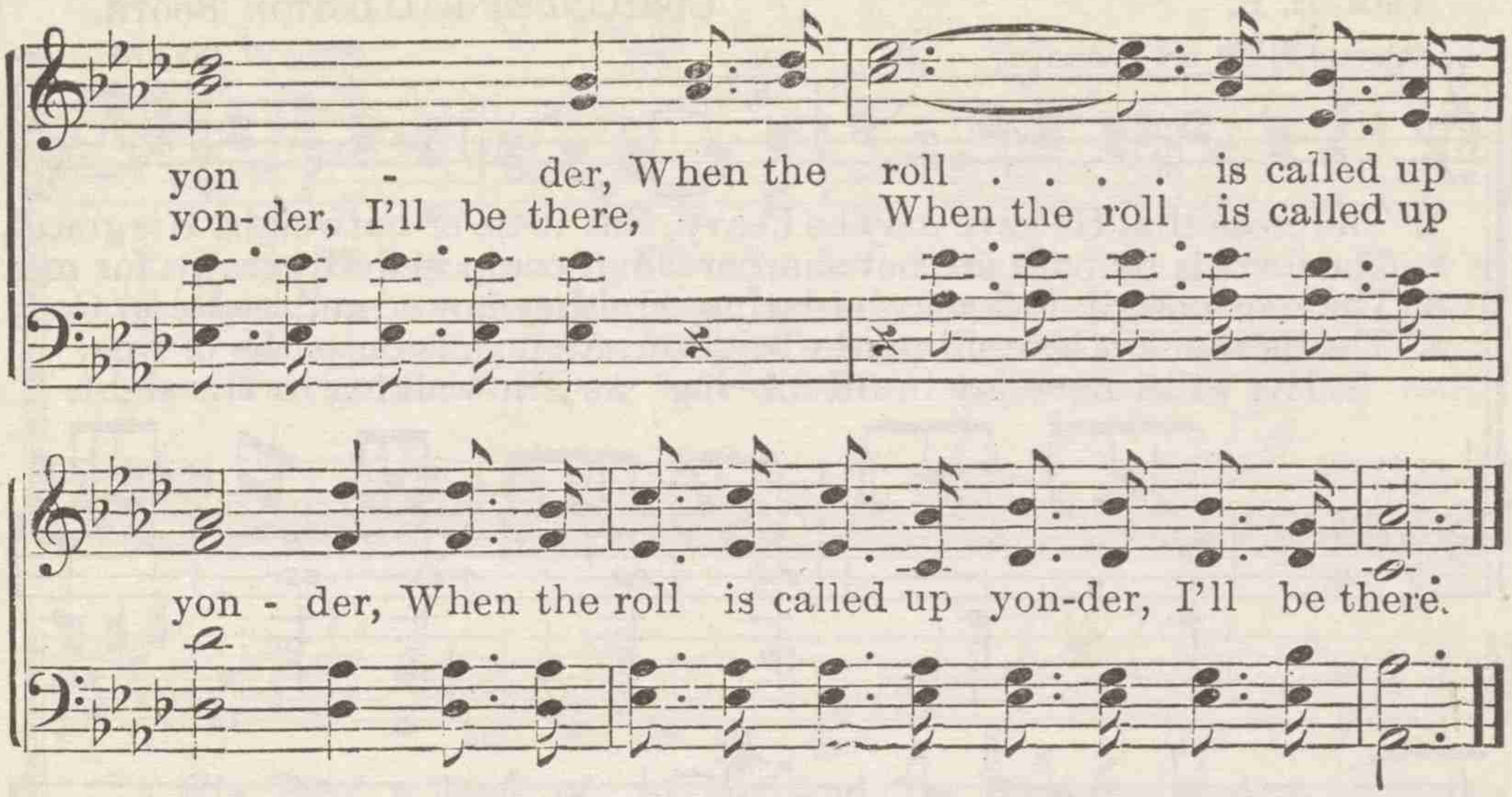
roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is
roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll is
roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.

called up yon - - der, When the roll..... is called up
called up yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

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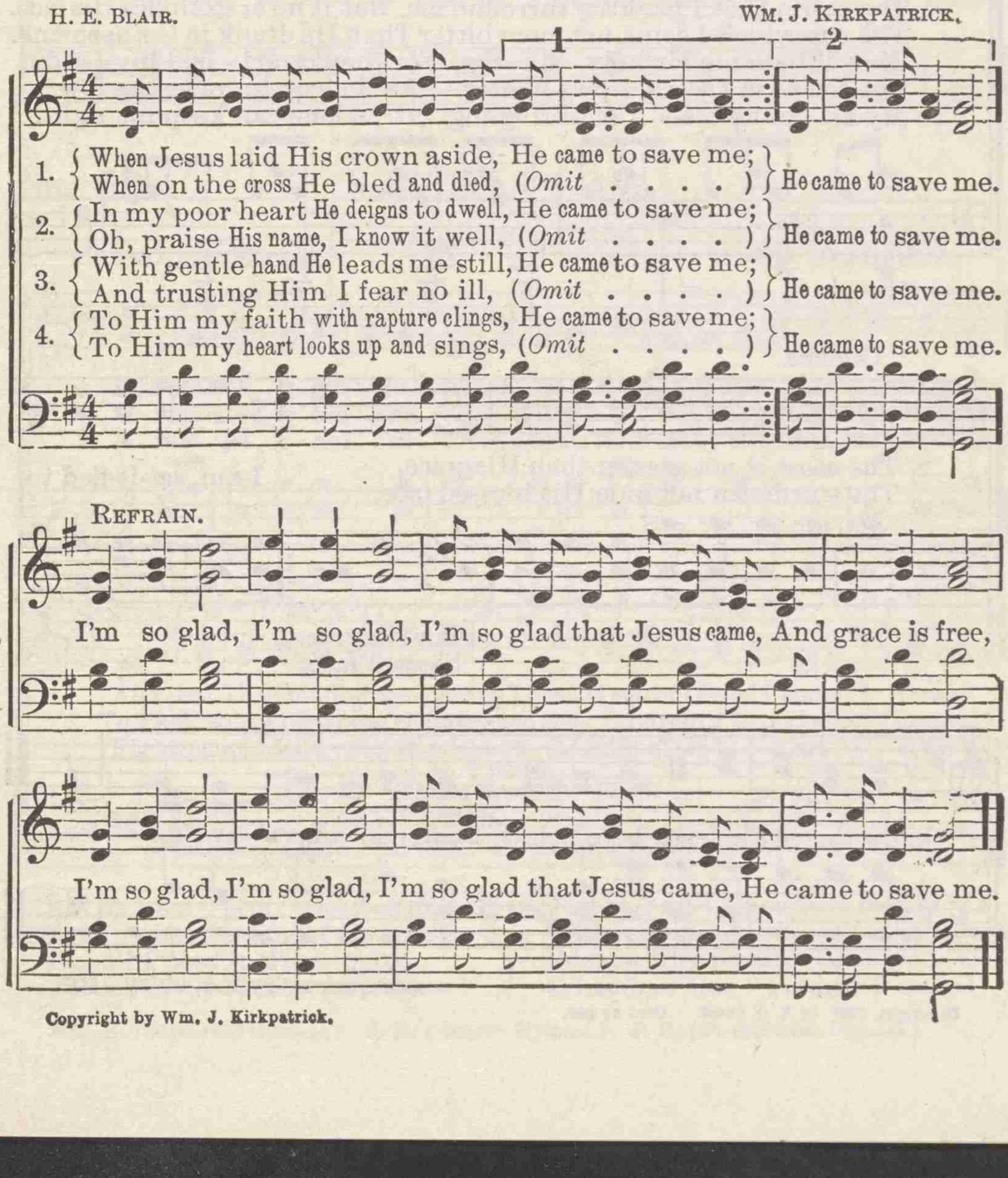
J. M. Black, owner.

WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED. Concluded.



No. 50. HE CAME TO SAVE.

H. E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Copyright by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 51. THE CROSS IS NOT GREATER.

COM. B. B. COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH.

DUET.

1. The cross that He gave may be heavy, But it ne'er outweighs His grace;
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His crown for me;
3. The scorn of my foes may be daring, For they bowed and mocked my God;
4. The light of His love shines the brighter, As it falls on paths of woe;
5. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing As I'm walking in His sight,

The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
The cup which I drink not more bitter Than He drank in Gethsemane.
They'll hate me for holy liv-ing, For they cru-ci-fied my Lord.
The toil of my work grows lighter, As I stoop to raise the low.
My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a-lone can keep me right.

CHORUS.

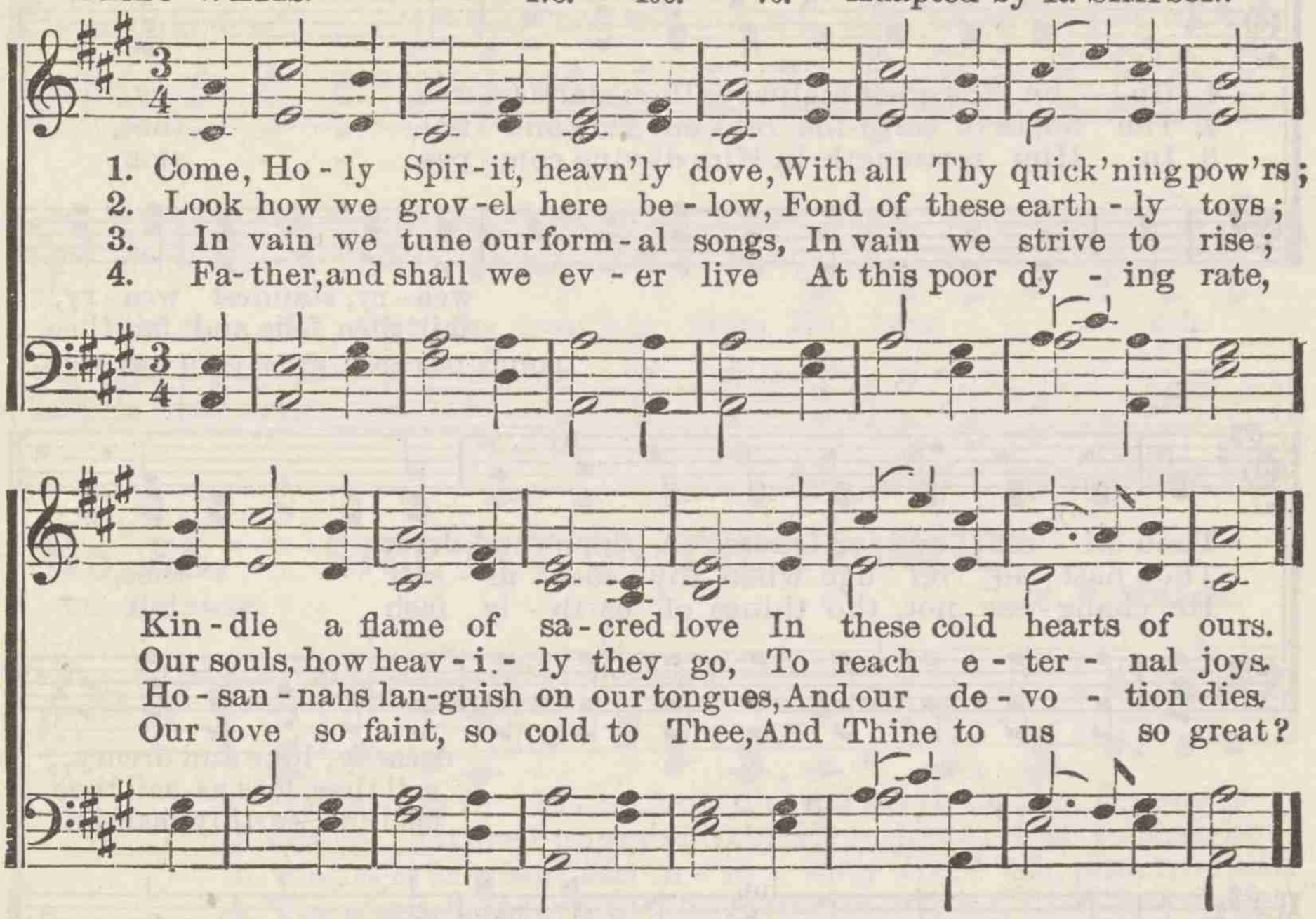
The cross is not greater than His grace,
The storm can not hide His blessed face:
I am sat-is-fied to know that with Jesus here below, I can con-quer ev-'ry foe.

than His grace,
blessed face:
conquer ev'ry foe, ev'ry foe.

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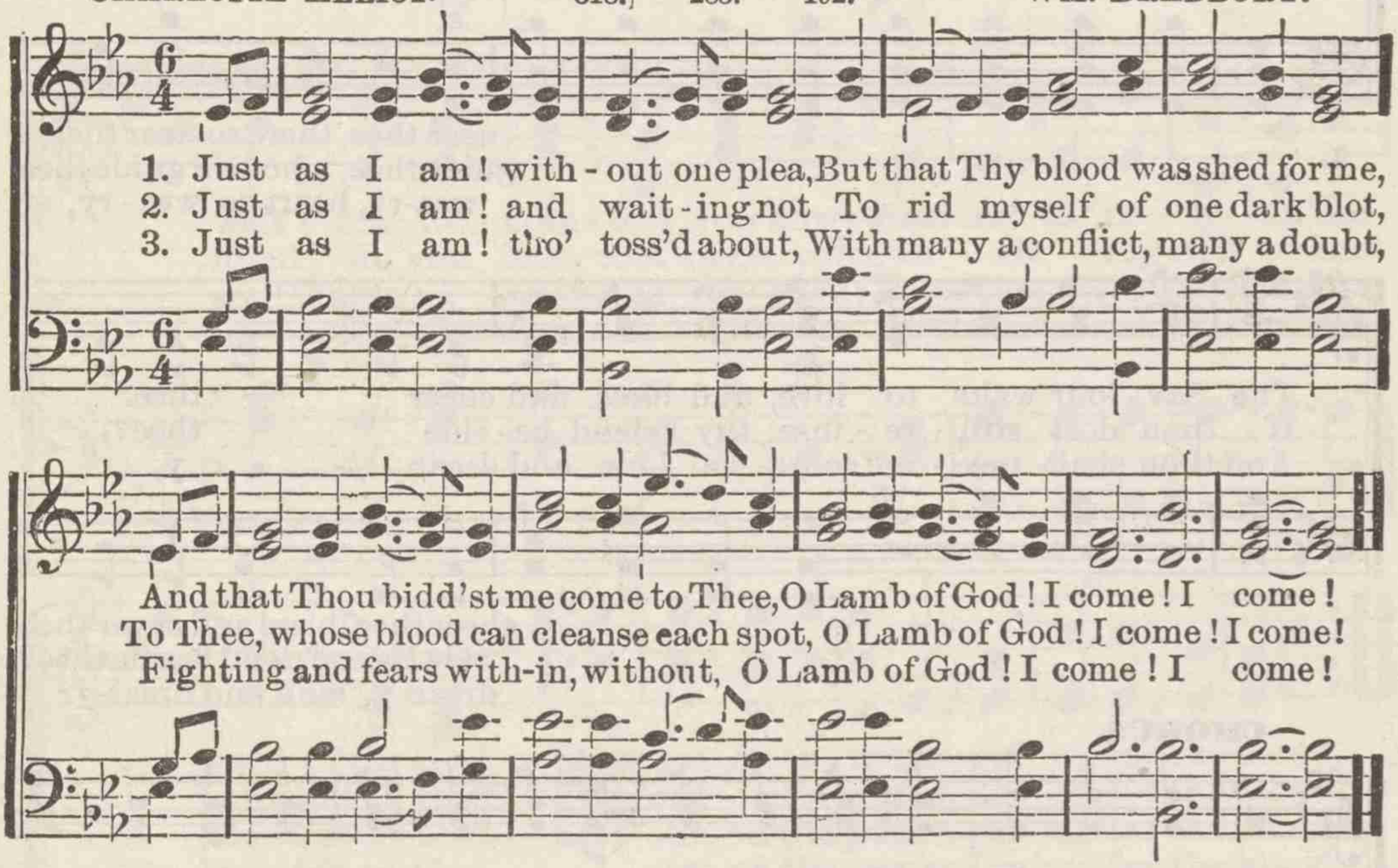
No. 52. COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

ISAAC WATTS. *M. H. 178. B. H. 196. P. H. 76. Adapted by R. SIMPSON.



No. 53. JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. *M. H. 318. B. H. 283. P. H. 192. WM. BRADBURY.
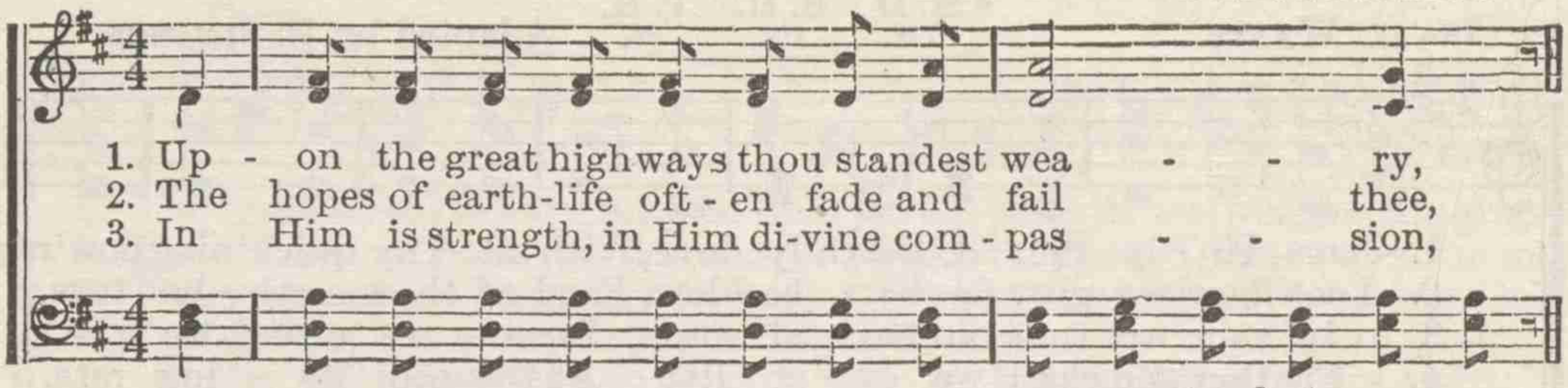


4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

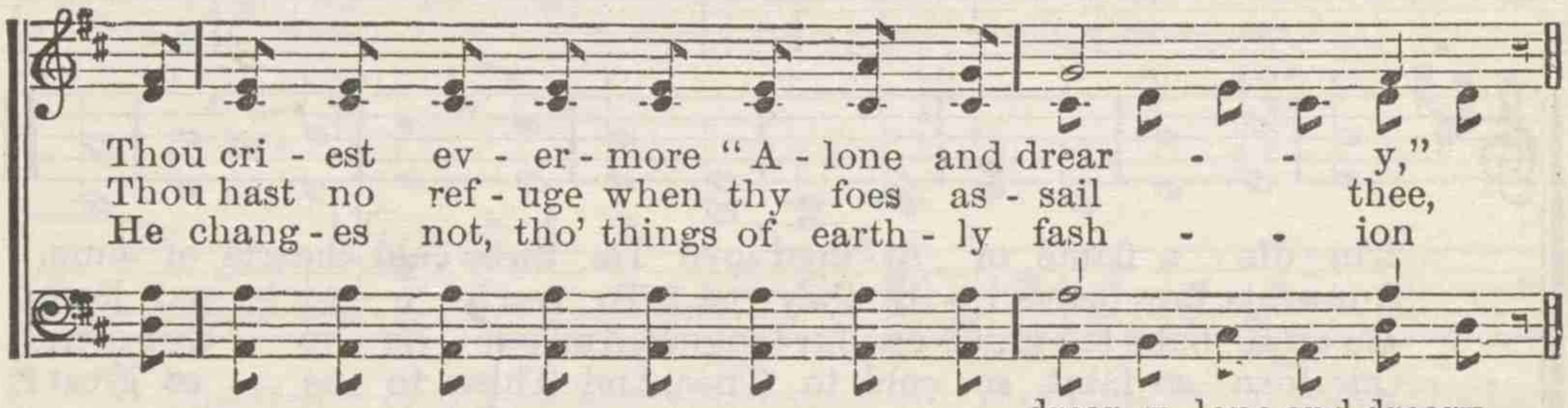
5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve
Because Thy promise I believe:
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
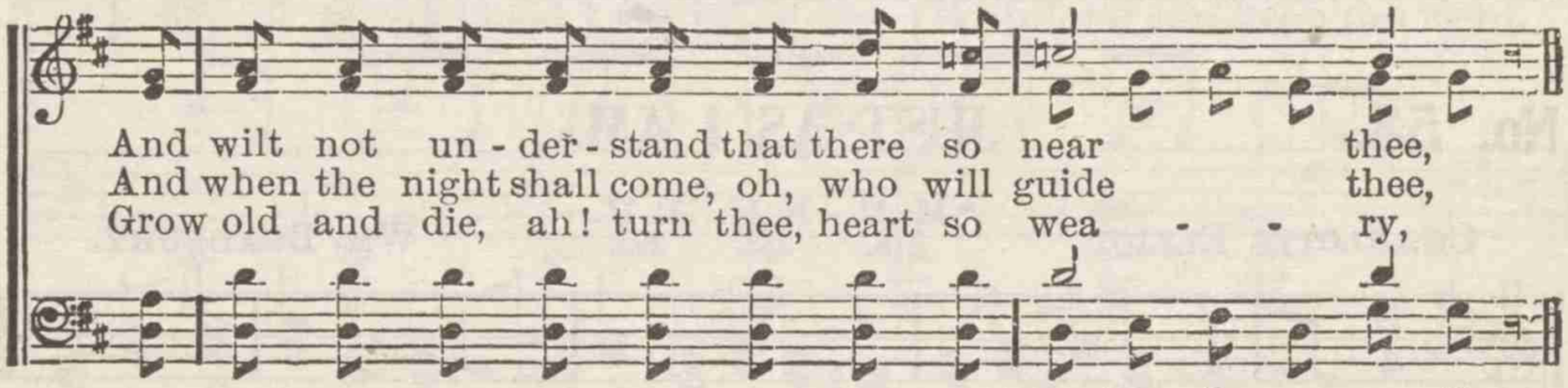
*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)
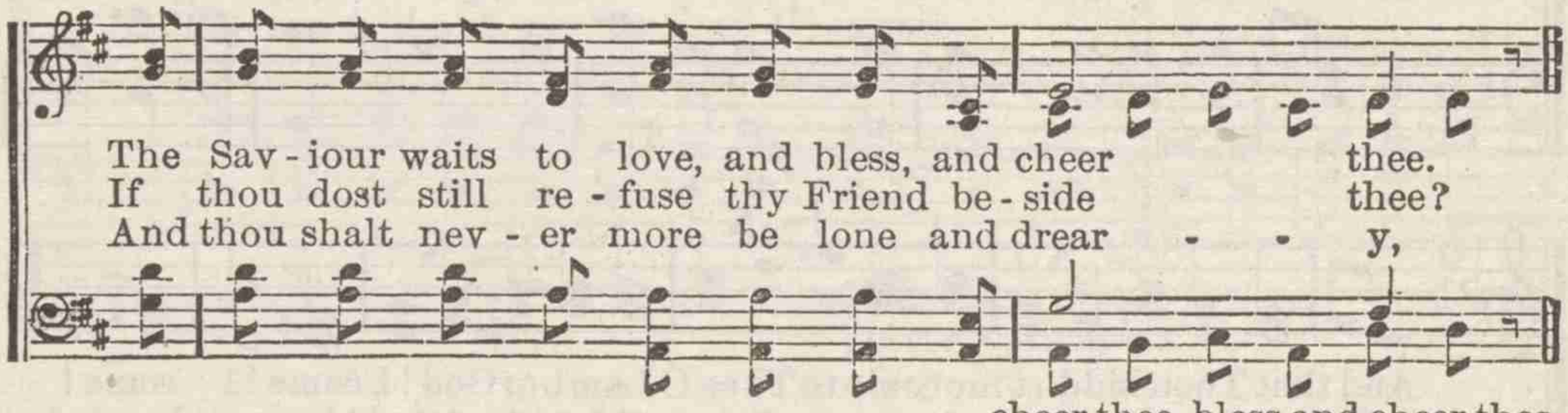
No. 54. HE STANDS SO NEAR.

Mrs. A. L. Davison. J. H. Fillmore.
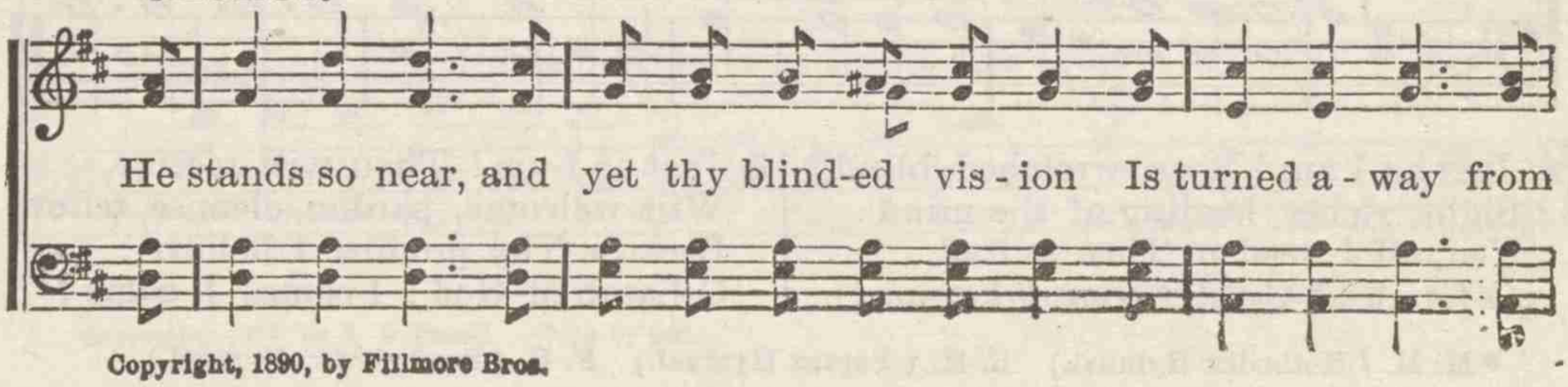






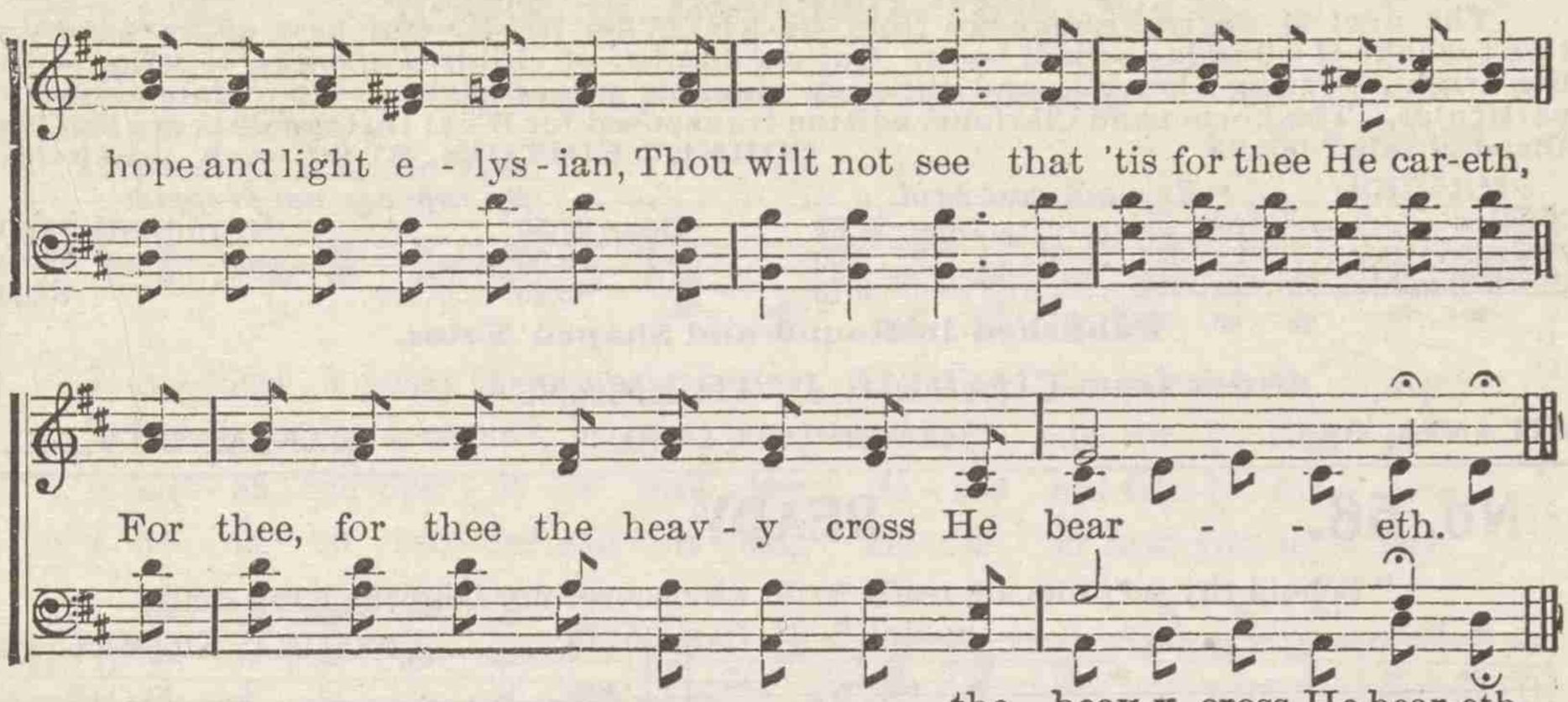


CHORUS.



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HE STANDS SO NEAR.



No. 55. STEP OUT ON THE PROMISE.

The Highway. E. F. MILLER.

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The next 74 Revival songs are from the REVIVAL No. 4. Our best effort is put in this to make it a Sunday-school book. Quite a number of children's songs, together with the bright, stirring choruses and the easy singable pieces, make it up-to-date in every particular. The Cornet and Clarionet edition transposed for B-flat instruments is a feature ahead of other books. **CORNET EDITION, $1.00 each, postpaid.**

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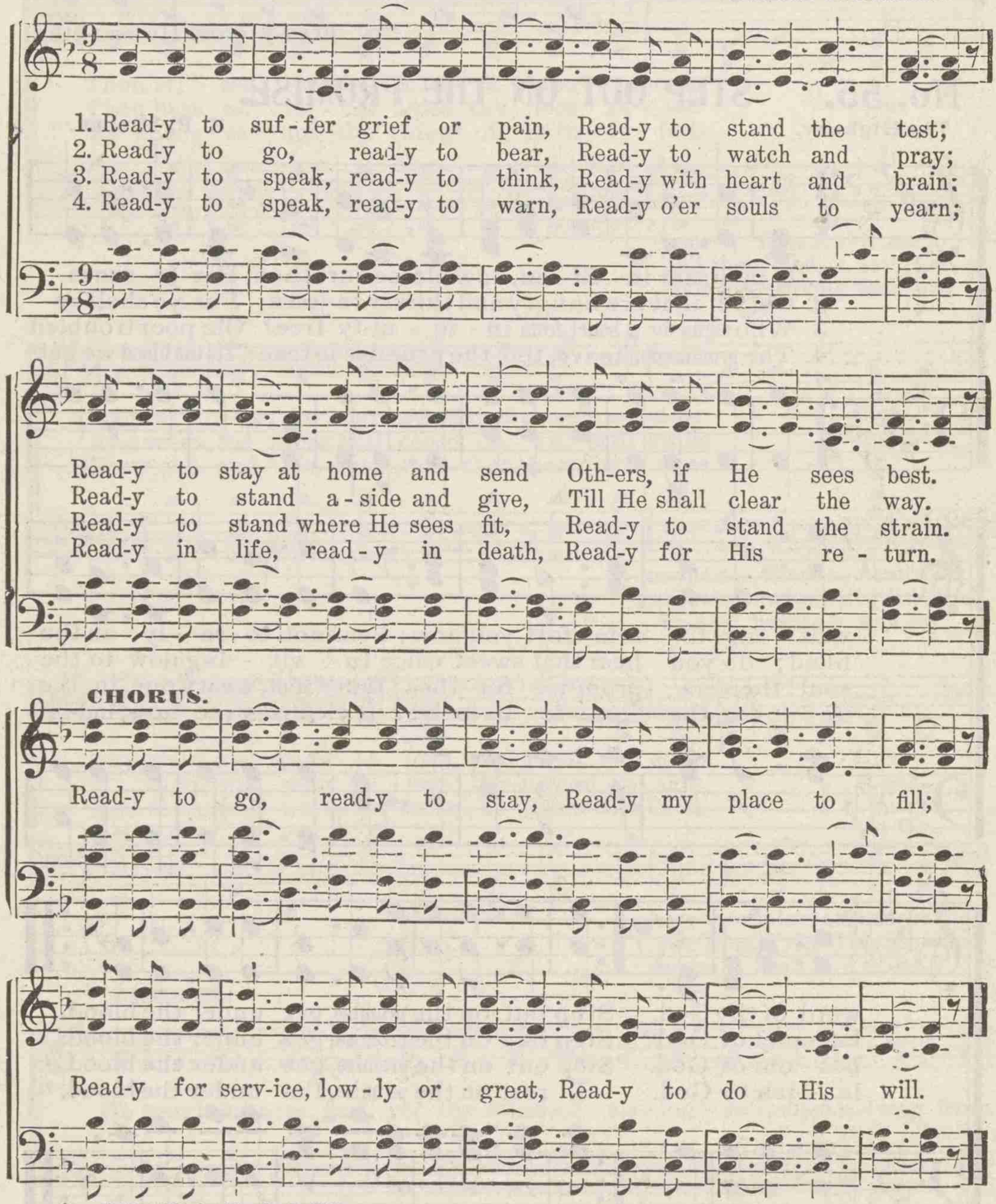
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ATLANTA, GA. CINCINNATI, OHIO. **KANSAS CITY, MO.**

No. 56. READY.

"Behold thy servants are ready to do whatsoever my Lord the King shall appoint."—II. SAM. 15:15.

S. E. L. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
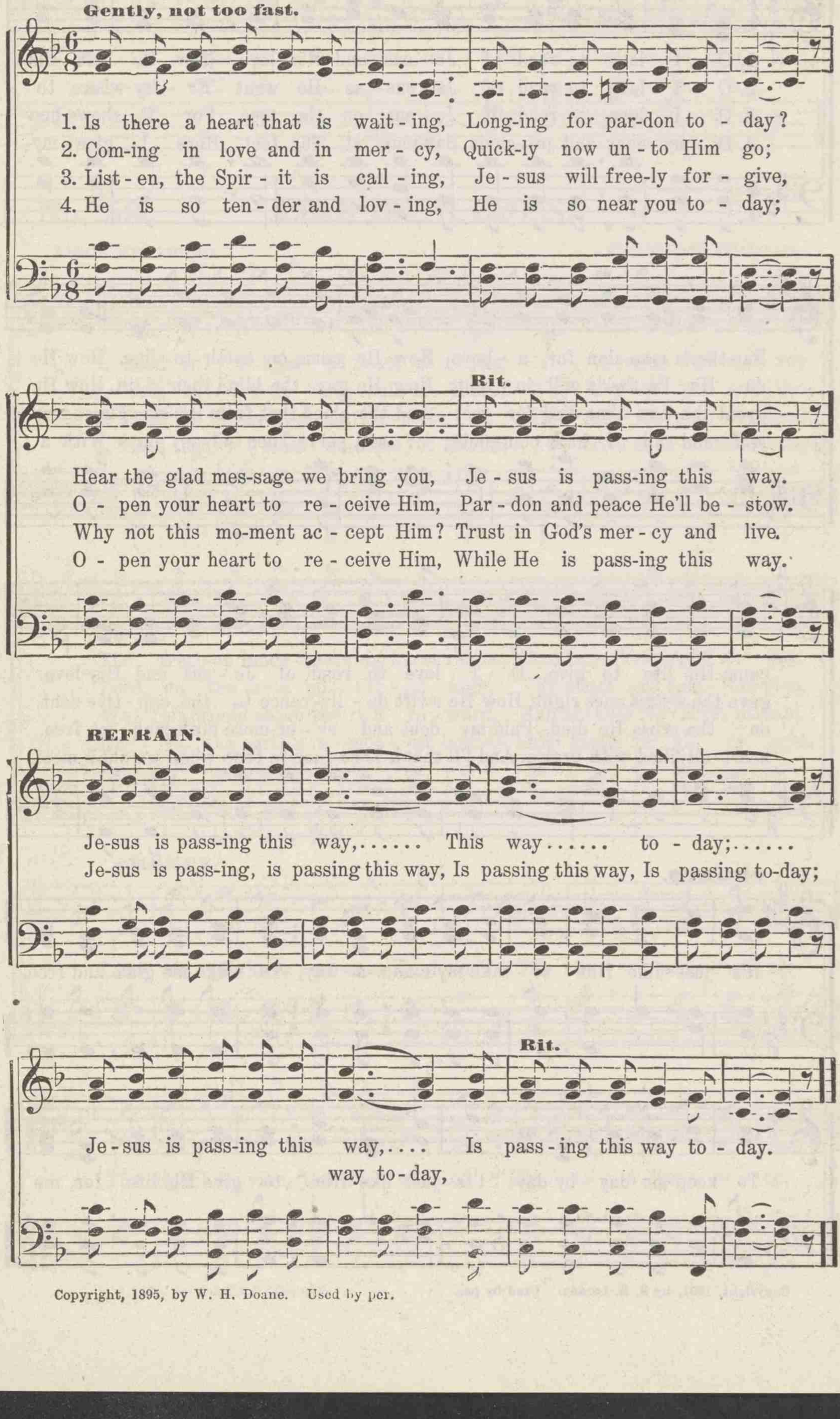


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No. 57. JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY.

"He was to pass that way."—LUKE 19: 4.

ANNIE L. JAMES. W. H. DOANE.

Gently, not too fast.



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No. 58. IT'S JUST LIKE HIM.

W. L. S. REV. W. L. STONE.

1. O I love to read of Je - sus and His love, How He left His
2. O I love to read of Je - sus as He went Ev - 'ry-where to
3. O I love to read of Je - sus on the tree, For it shows how
4. O my dear and pre-cious Sav-iour, at Thy feet Here I give my-

Fa - ther's man-sion far a - bove, How He came on earth to live, How He
do His Fa-ther's will in - tent; How He gave the blind their sight, How He
great the love that died for me; And the blood that from His side Flowed, when
self and all I have com-plete; I will serve Thee all my days With a

came His life to give, O I love to read of Je - sus and His love.
gave the wronged ones right, How He swift de - liv-'rance to the cap - tive sent.
on the cross He died, Paid my debt and ev - er-more doth make me free.
heart all filled with praise, And I'll thank Thee face to face when we shall meet.
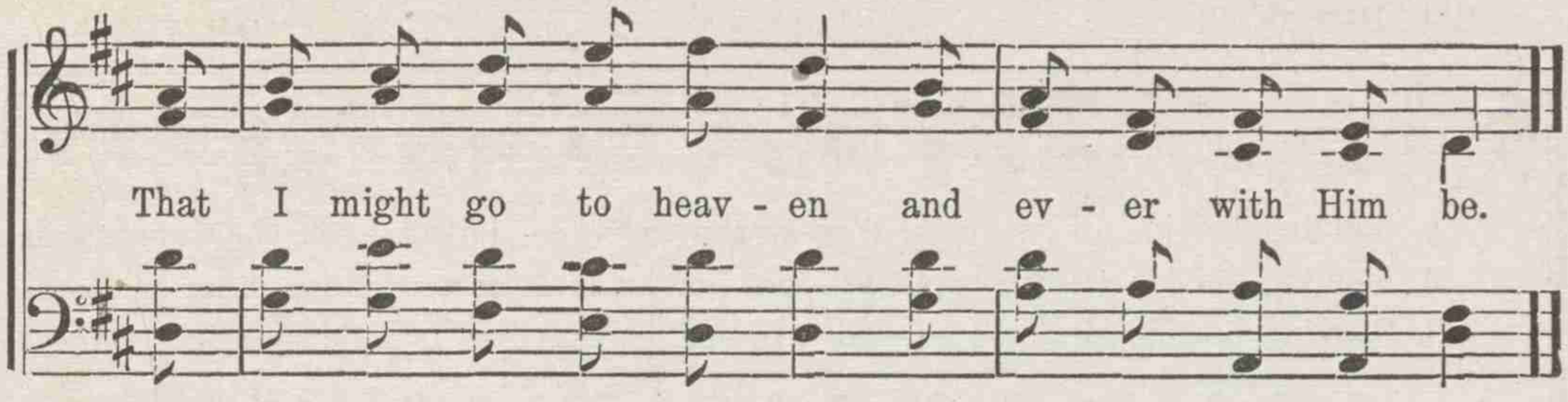
CHORUS.

"It's just like Him" to take my sins a - way, To make me glad and free,

To keep me day by day; "I'ts just like Him" to give His life for me

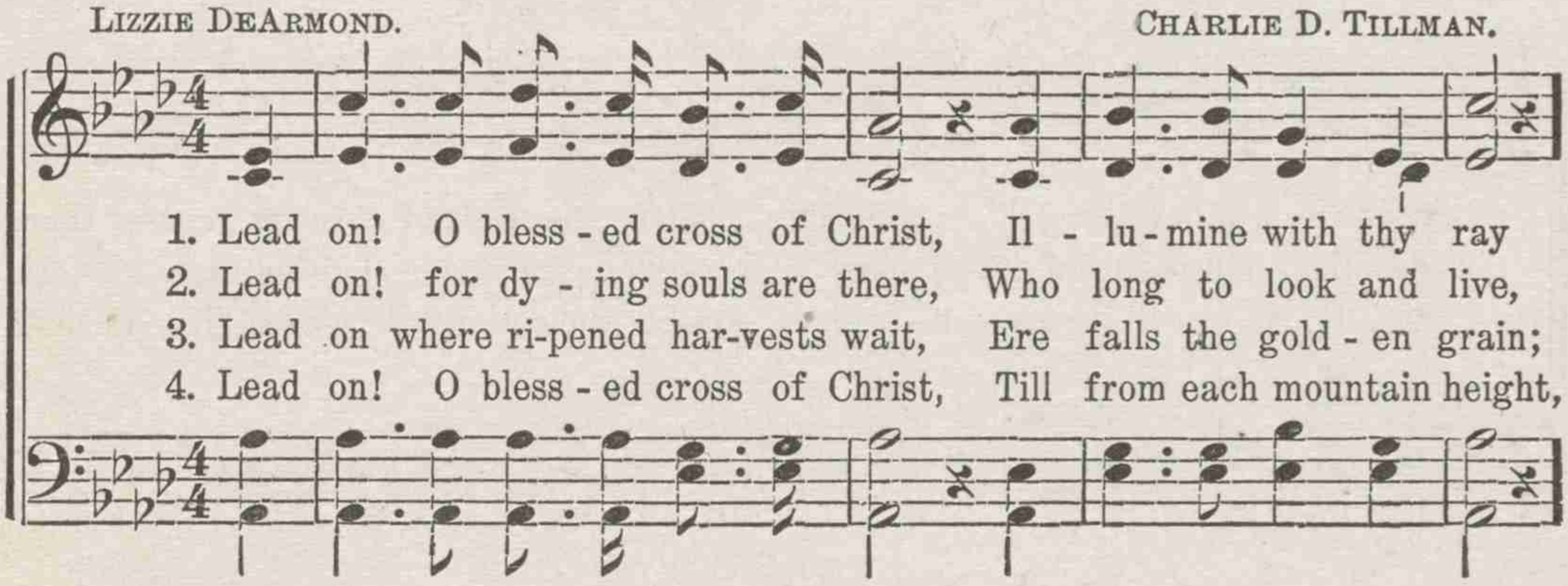
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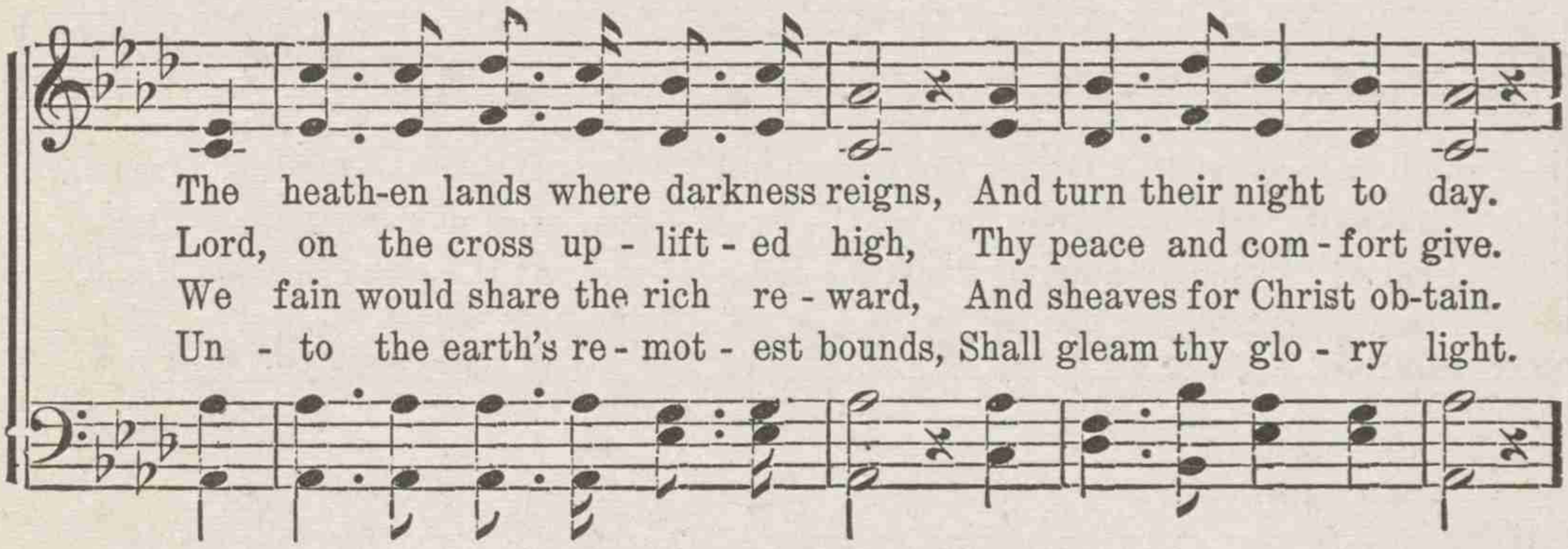
IT'S JUST LIKE HIM. Concluded.
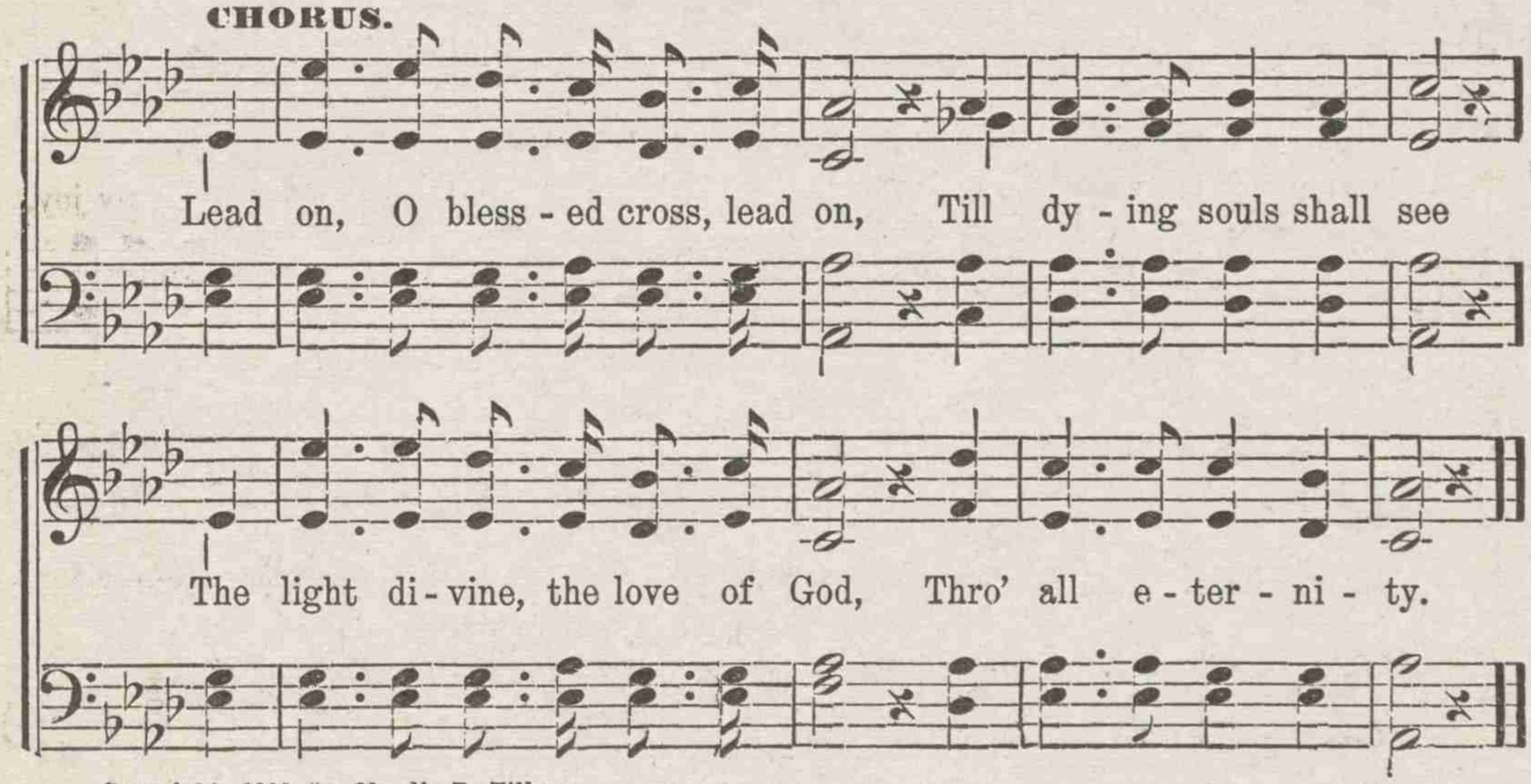


No. 59. LEAD ON, O CROSS.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.





CHORUS.



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No. 60. GATHER THE GOLDEN SHEAVES.

E. E. HEWITT. ADAM GEIBEI

1. Sow-ing be-side all wa-ters, Who-so the word be - lieves, From the wide fields of serv-ice, Gather the gold-en sheaves. Scatter the seeds of blessing, Scatter them
2. Sow-ing be-side all wa-ters, Whereso our lot is cast, Hast-ening hours re- deeming, Till the brief day is past. Now while the sun is shin-ing, Now while the
3. Sow-ing be-side all wa-ters, He will our baskets fill, Scatter His bounty free-ly, More will be giv - en still. Gather the sheaves for Jesus, Till He shall
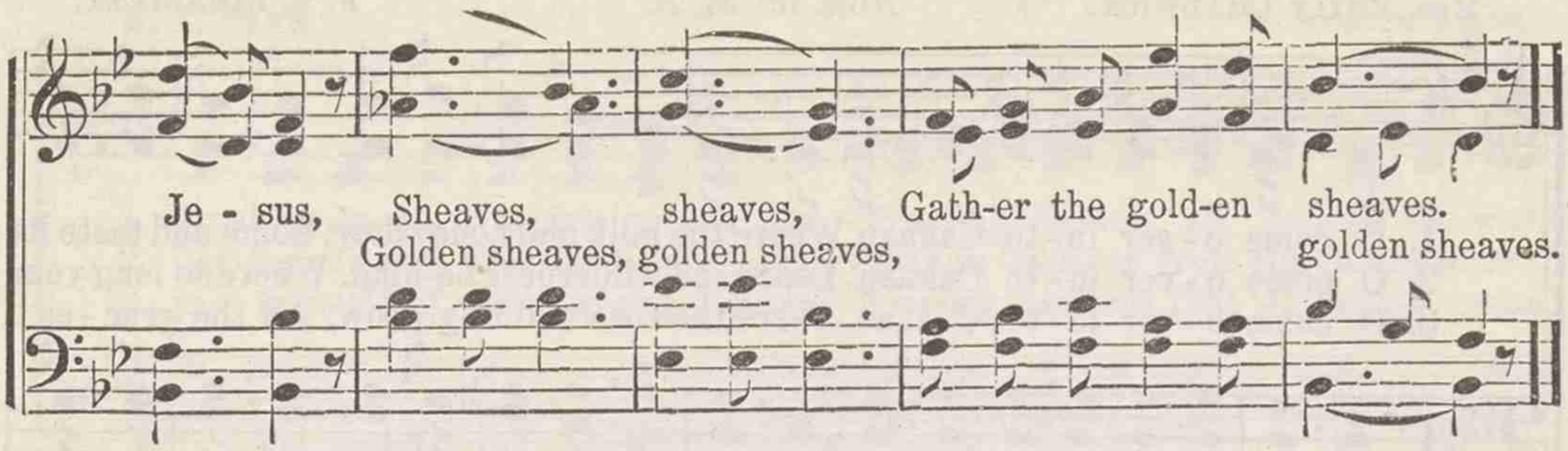
all a - round, O - ver the barren hill - side, O - ver the fer-tile ground.
sky is bright, Gather the sheaves for Je - sus, Toil in the Master's might.
bid us "come," Singing His grace and glo - ry, At the great Harvest Home.

CHORUS.

Joy, joy, Sow-ing be - side all wa - ters, Joy, joy,
O what joy, heav'nly joy, O what joy, heav'nly joy,
joy the heart re - ceives, Sheaves, sheaves, Gather the sheaves for
Golden sheaves, golden sheaves,

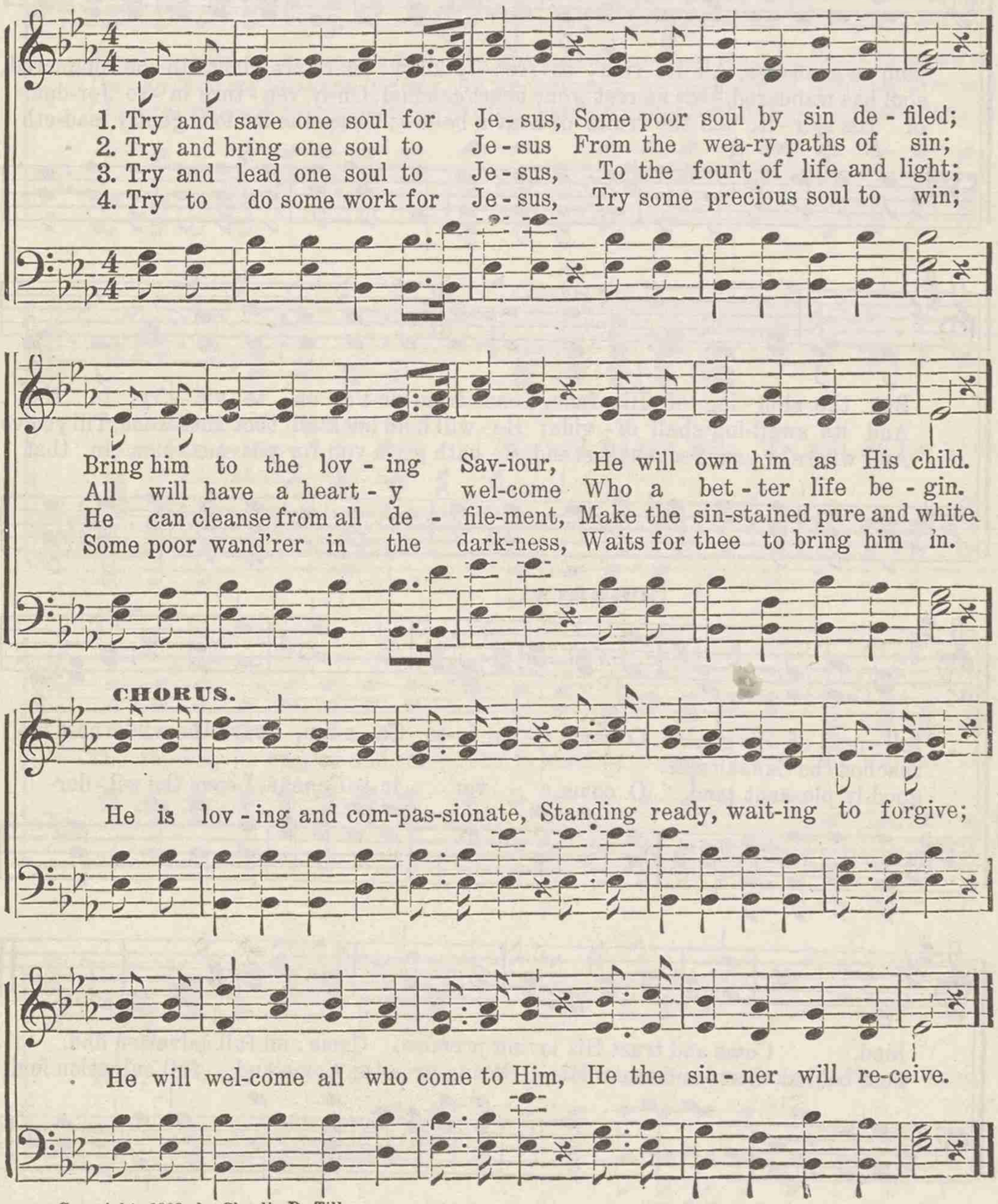
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GATHER THE GOLDEN SHEAVES. Concluded.



No. 61. SAVE ONE SOUL FOR JESUS.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



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No. 62. COME OVER INTO CANAAN.

MRS. EMILY CHADWICK. NUM. 13: 23, 27. F. E. RIMANOCZY.

1. O come o-ver in-to Canaan, Where the milk and honey flow; Come and taste its pom-e-gran-etes, All its rich- es free-ly know; There are giants to be conquered,
2. O come o-ver in-to Canaan, Leave the wilderness be-hind. Where so long your soul has wandered, Where no rest your heart can find; On-ly ven-ture in-to Jor-dan,
3. O come o-ver in-to Canaan, There the rose and lil-y grow, All the grac-es of His spir-it, All the fruits of heav'n be-low; There the Saviour gently lead-eth

But the shin-ing of His face, Leads from vic-t'ry on to vic-t'ry, In the full-ness of His grace.
And its swell-ing shall di-vide; He will hold back all that threatens, Till you've reached the Canaan side.
And where'er your feet shall stand, He hath giv'n you for pos-ses-sion In that good-ly pleasant land.

CHORUS.

O come o-ver in-to Ca-naan, Leave the wilderness be-hind, Come and trust His loving promise, Come and full salvation find.
O come o - ver in-to Canaan, Leave the wil-der-ness behind, Come and trust His loving promise, Come and full salvation find.

Copyright, 1902, by C. S. McDowell.

No. 63. WE WILL FOLLOW THEE.

A. A. PAYN. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Trusting Je-sus, trusting ev'-ry day, Trusting Je-sus all a-long the way,
2. Lov-ing Je-sus, who in deep-est love Came in mer-cy from His throne above;
3. In a world of sor-row and distress, Bear-ing burdens that so heav-y press,

Trusting Him, we never can fall, He will hear when-ev-er we call; Swift to an-swer
Un-to Him we fer-vent-ly pray, As we jour-ney o-ver the way, We may love and
Cheerful words will brighten the way, Willing hands will lighten the day, "Ye have done it

CHORUS.

is the King who rules us all.
serve Him better ev'-ry day.
un-to me," shall Je-sus say.

We will fol-low Thee, We will fol-low Thee,

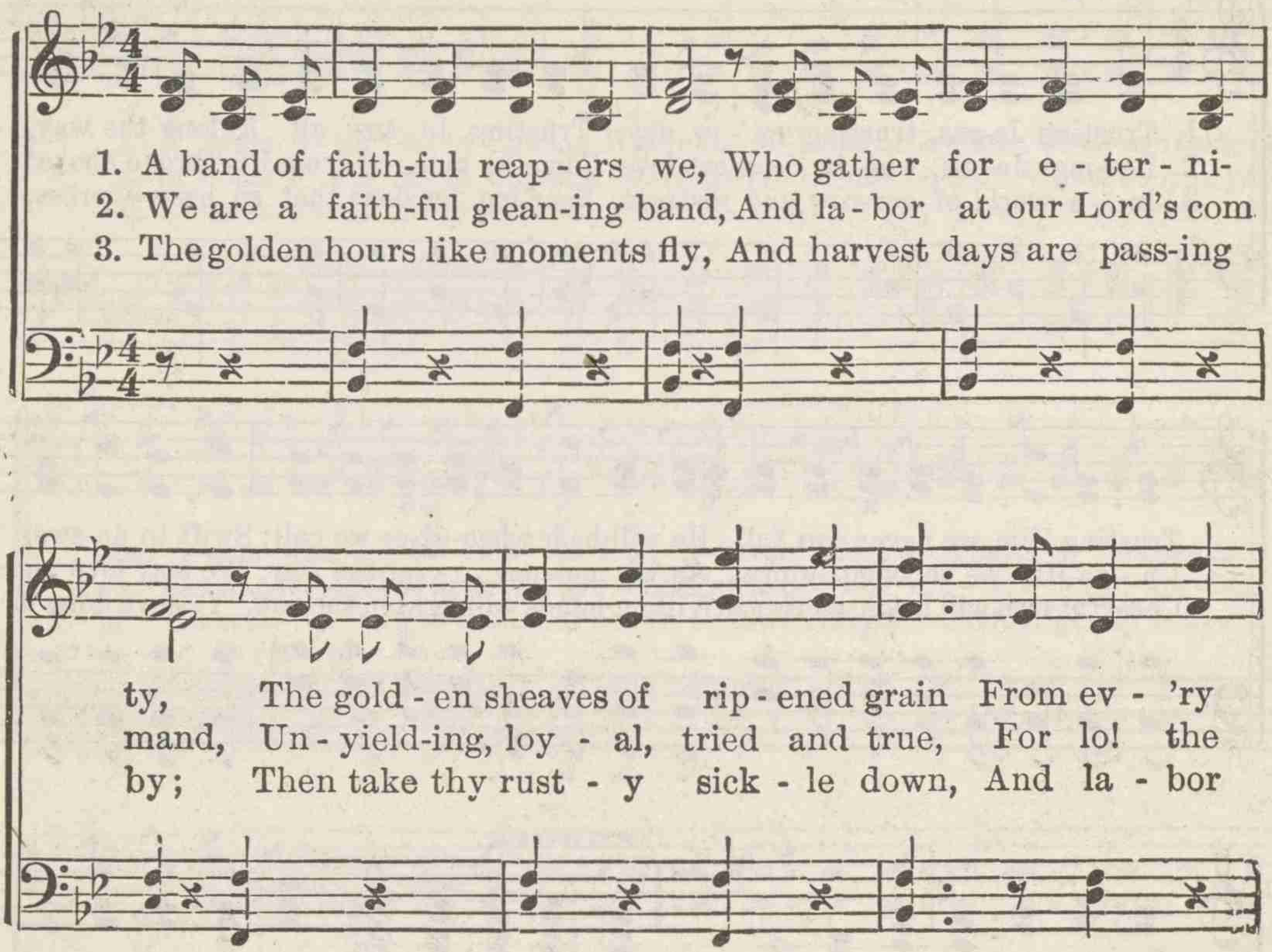
Tho' the way be rugged and steep, Tho' it leads us o-ver the deep; We will fol-low

Thee, We will fol-low Thee, Thou wilt guide in tenderest care and safe-ly keep.

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No. 64. To the Harvest Field.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



Copyright, 1896, by E. O. Excell. Charlie D. Tillman, owner.

To the Harvest Field. Concluded.

of the har-vest wide, Who for a world of sin-ners died.
Lord of har-vest say To all: "Go reap for me to-day."
judgment bring but leaves, While here are waiting gold-en sheaves?

CHORUS.

To the har-vest field a-way, For the Mas-ter
call-eth; There is work for all to-day, Ere the dark-ness
fall-eth. Swift-ly do the moments fly, Har-vest days are
go-ing by, Go-ing, go-ing, go-ing, go-ing by.

No. 65. IS YOUR NAME ENROLLED?

S. O. L. S. O. Lowe.

1. Is your name enrolled in the book of life, Is it with the tried and true;
2. When the bu-gle blows and the or-ders come For the forward march be true;
3. Where the conflict's fierce and the battle's long, Where the faith-ful dare and do;

In the marching ranks of the sons of God, I am marching there, are you?
In the forward ranks, in the battle's front, I'll be fighting there, will you?
With the col - ors high, loy - al to my King, I will hold my place, will you?

CHORUS.

Is your name enrolled with the loy - al ones, With the Saviour's faith-ful few;

In the read - y ranks where they dare and do, I'll be ev - er there, will you?

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No. 66. SINGING HALLELUJAH.

ISAAC WATTS. REV. 19:1. JOHN B. SHAW.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies,
2. Should earth a-gainst my soul en-gage, And fie - ry darts be hurled,
3. Let cares like a wild del-uge come, Let storms of sor - row fall,
4. There I shall bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'nly rest,

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

CHORUS.

Sing - ing hal - le - lu - jah, Thine be the glo - ry,

Thine be the glo - ry, A - men, a - men. Sing-ing hal - le - lu - jah,

Thine be the glo - ry, Thine be the glo - ry, A - men, a - men.

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67. THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD.

L. E. J. I. JOHN 1: 7. L. E. JONES.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

Won-der-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is
in the blood of the Lamb,

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

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No. 68. IT IS TRULY WONDERFUL.

B. E. W. Is. 25 : 1. B. E. Warren.

1. He par-doned my trans-gres-sions, He sanc-ti-fied my soul,
2. He keeps me ev-'ry mo-ment By trust-ing in His grace;
3. He brings me through af-flic-tion, He leaves me not a-lone;
4. He pros-pers and pro-tects me, His bless-ings ev-er flow;
5. He keeps me firm and faith-ful, His love I do en-joy,
6. There's not a sin-gle bless-ing Which we re-ceive on earth

He hon-ors my con-fes-sions, Since by His blood I'm whole.
'Tis through His blest a-tone-ment, That I may see His face.
He's with me in temp-ta-tion, He keeps me for His own.
He fills me with His glo-ry, He makes me white as snow.
For this I shall be grate-ful, And live in His em-ploy.
That does not come from heav-en, The source of our new birth.

CHORUS.
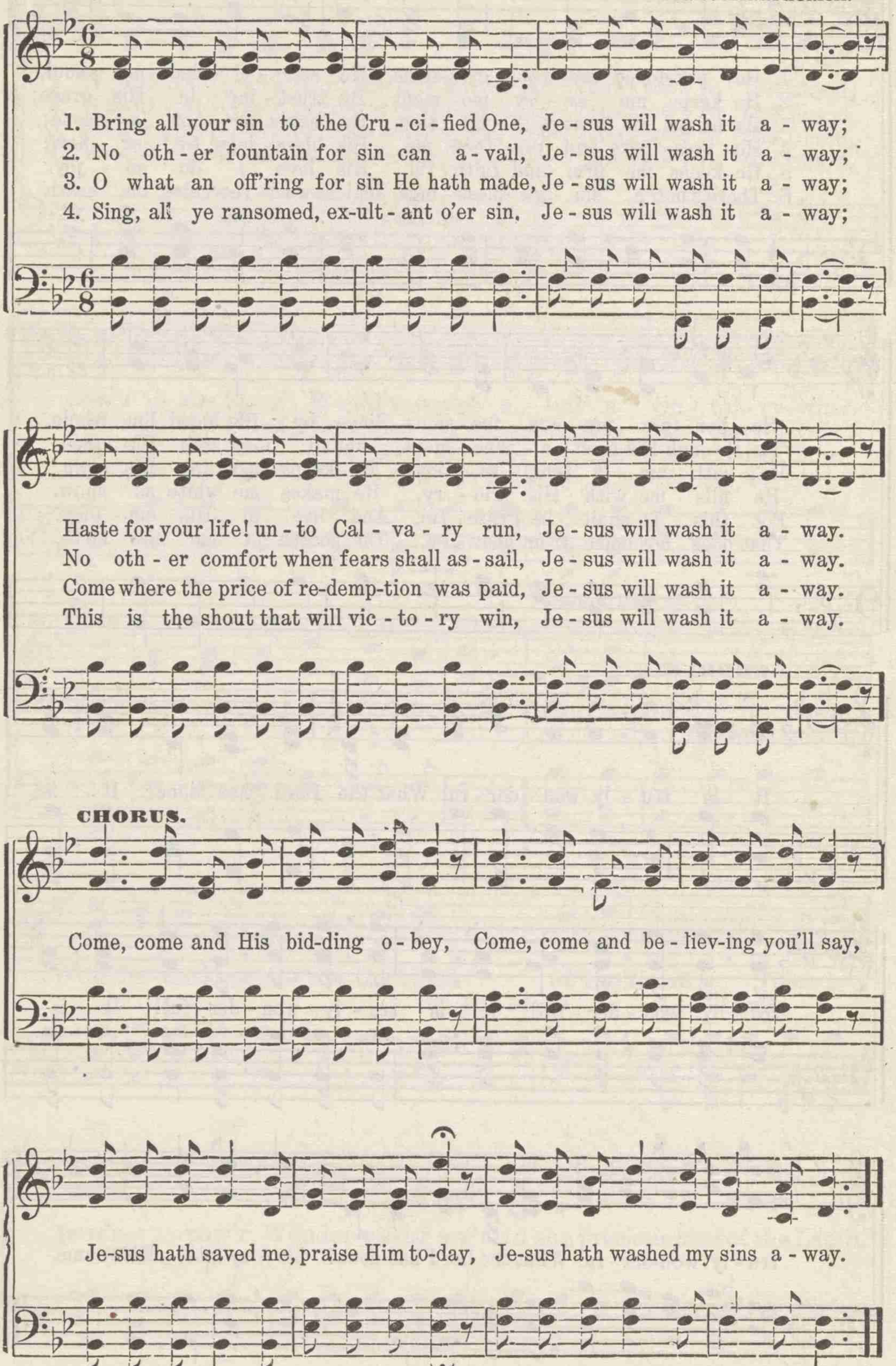
It is tru-ly won-der-ful What the Lord has done! It is
tru-ly won-der-ful! It is tru-ly won-der-ful! It is
tru-ly won-der-ful What the Lord has done! Glo-ry to His name.

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No. 69. JESUS WILL WASH IT AWAY.

"Wash and be clean."—KINGS 5: 13.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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No. 70. IF HE COMES.

B. E. W. REV. 22: 12, 20. B. E. WARREN.

1. Are you read-y when the Bridegroom comes? Are you read-y when the Bridegroom
2. Are you read-y when the Bridegroom comes? Are you read-y when the Bridegroom
3. Are you read-y when the Bridegroom comes? Are you read-y when the Bridegroom
4. Are you read-y when the Bridegroom comes? Are you read-y when the Bridegroom

comes? If He comes at noon or night Will it fill you with de-light, Or will
comes? If He comes without de-lay Will He find you in dis-may, Pleading
comes? You will hear Him at the door Say-ing, "Time shall be no more, Your pro-
comes? If you're not prepared to go You will sink to end-less woe, Be for-

CHORUS.

you de-plore the sight, If He comes? If He comes, If He comes,
for a chance to pray, If He comes?
ba- tion now is o'er," If He comes?
ev - er lost, you know, If He comes? If He comes, If He comes,

Are you read-y, watching, waiting If He comes, If He comes,
If He comes, If He comes,

If He comes, Are you read-y if the Bridegroom comes?
If He comes, Bridegroom comes?

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No. 71. COME TO THE SAVIOUR.

MINNIE H. GREENE. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

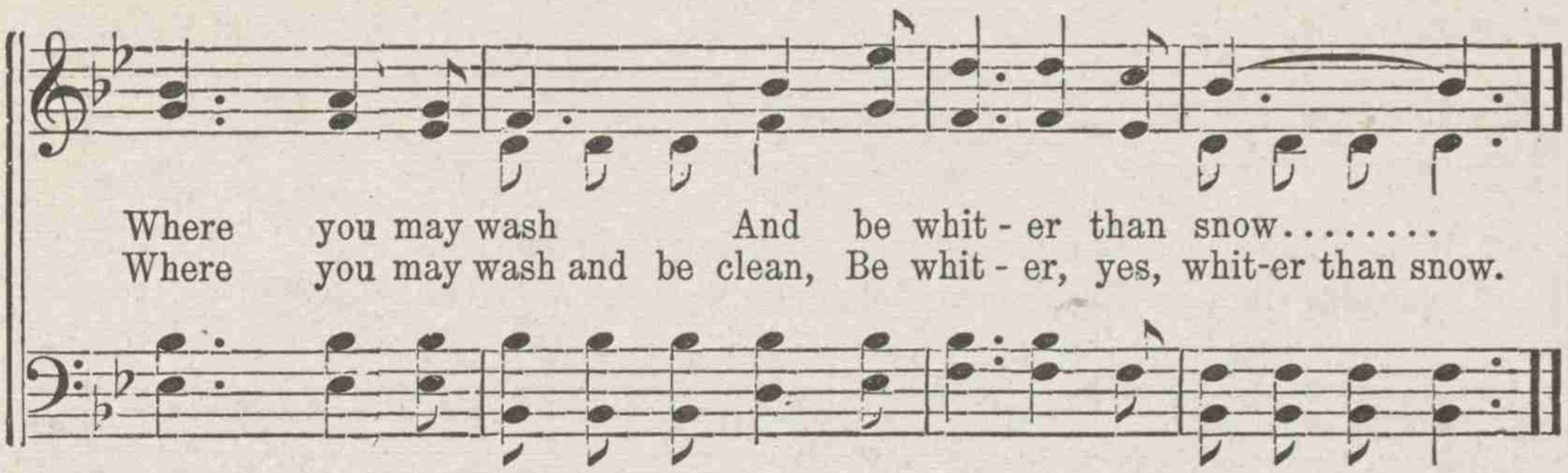
1. Come to the Sav - iour, O come to - day, He will re-ceive you, why long - er de - lay; I have re-deemed thee, come un - to me, He's
2. Come to the Sav - iour, sin - ner o - bey, Soft - ly He call - eth, O come, come to - day; Safe - ly in me for - ev - er a - bide, I
3. Come to the Sav - iour, sin - ner be wise, Do not His pleading voice long - er de - spise, Lest He for - ev - er turn from thy door, And

CHORUS.

ten - der - ly pleading with thee. Come un - to me,..... Come un - to me,..... Je - sus is plead - ing, sin - ner, with thee,.....
love thee, for thee I have died. Come un - to me, Je - sus is plead-ing with thee, sin - ner, He's thee,.....
nev - er to plead with thee more. Come, come, come un - to me, Come, come, come un - to me, Come, come, Je - sus is plead - ing, sin - ner, with thee,.....
pleading with thee, Fountains of mer-cy still flow, Free-ly, yes, freely they flow.

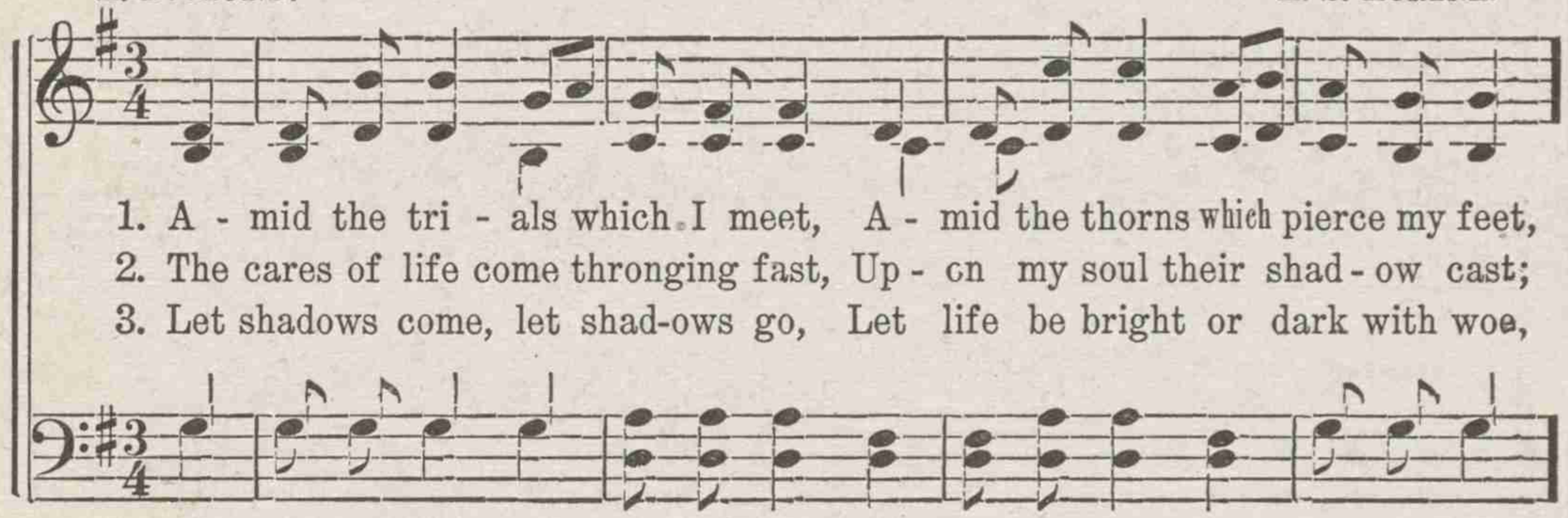
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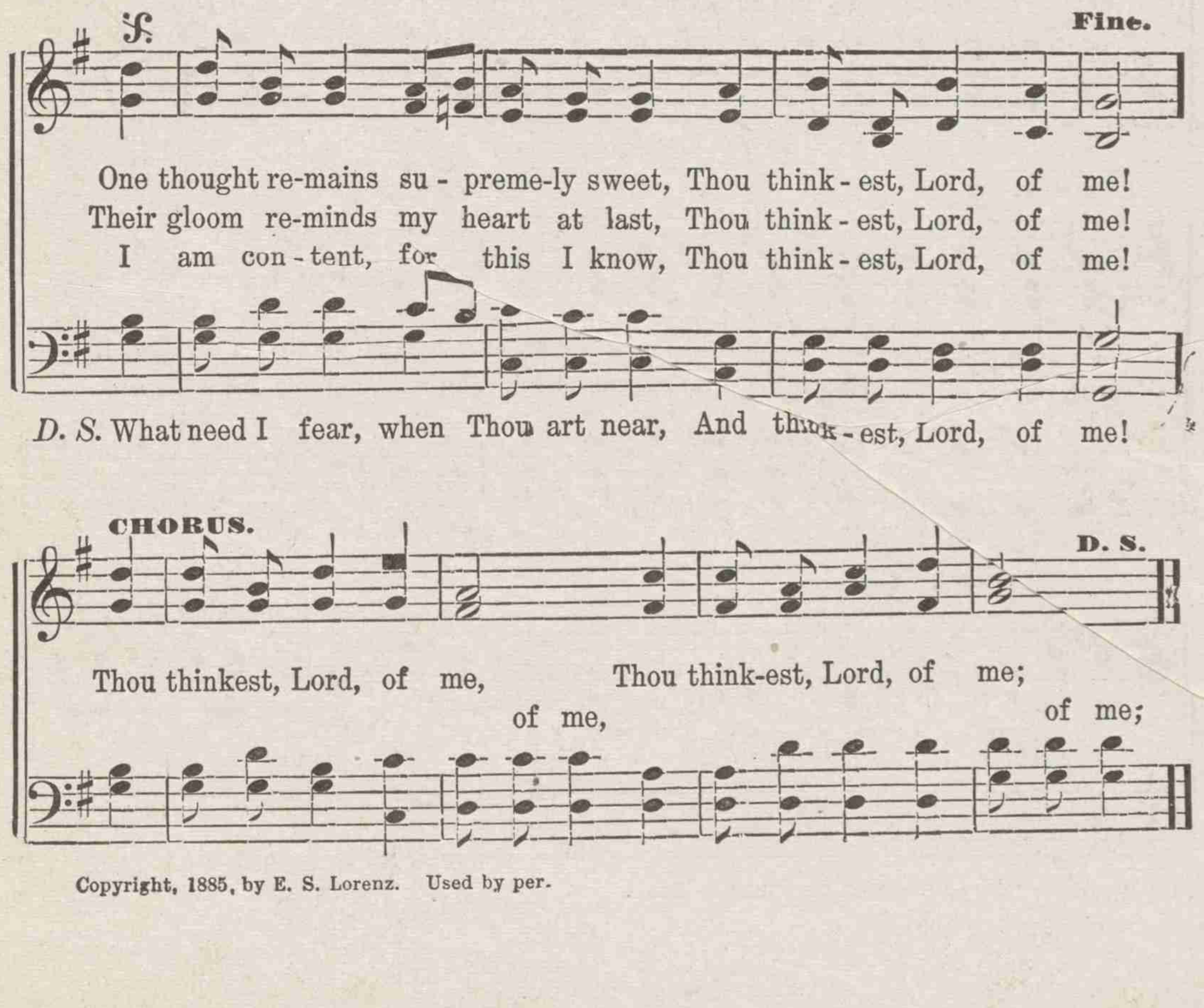
COME TO THE SAVIOUR. Concluded.



No. 72. THOU THINKEST, LORD, OF ME.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.





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No. 73. THE SUMMER SONG.

E. E. HEWITT. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Buds and blossoms sing the summer song, Balm-y breez-es bear their breath along;
2. Nature's voic - es sing the summer song, Birds and brooklets, ocean billows strong;

Woodland warblers trill their car - ols sweet, Mer-ry streams the joy re - peat.
All a-round us proves His faith-ful care, Tell His love in grate - ful pray'r.

Girls.

We'll join the sing-ing, Ho-san-nas ring-ing, Our tribute bring-ing To God a - bove.
Our hearts are blending, In thanks ascending, A song un - end -ing To God a - bove.

Boys. **All.**
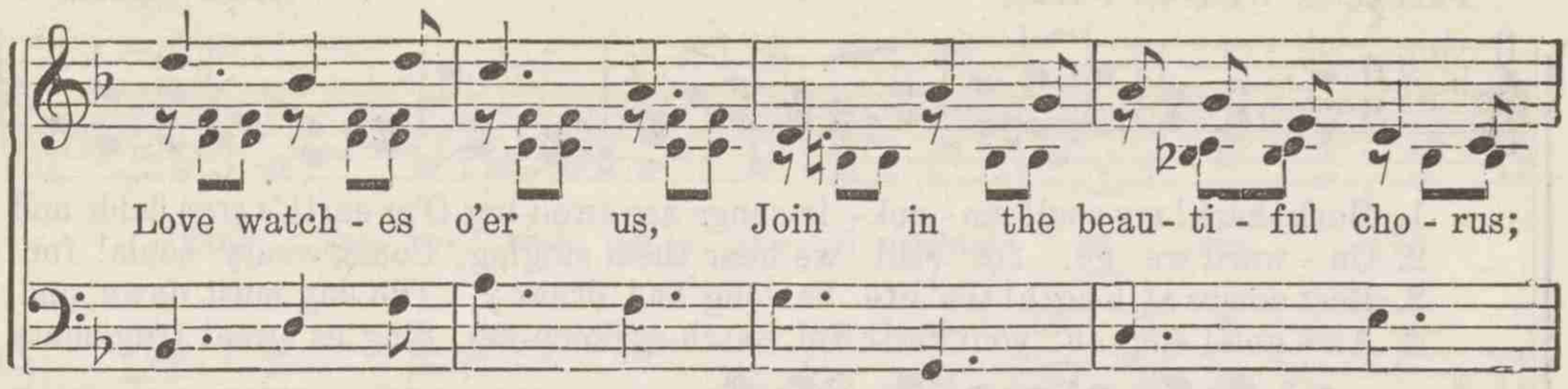
We sing the sto - ry, Our Fa-ther's glo - ry, Lov's precious sto - ry— Love.
With pure de - vo - tion, With glad e - mo - tion, Sing with de - vo - tion—Love.
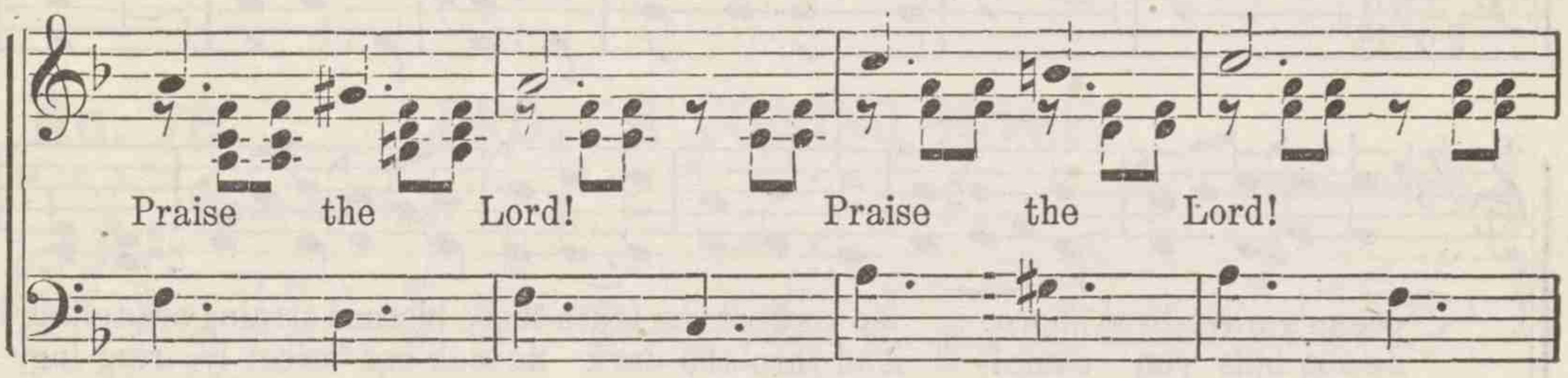
CHORUS. Unison.

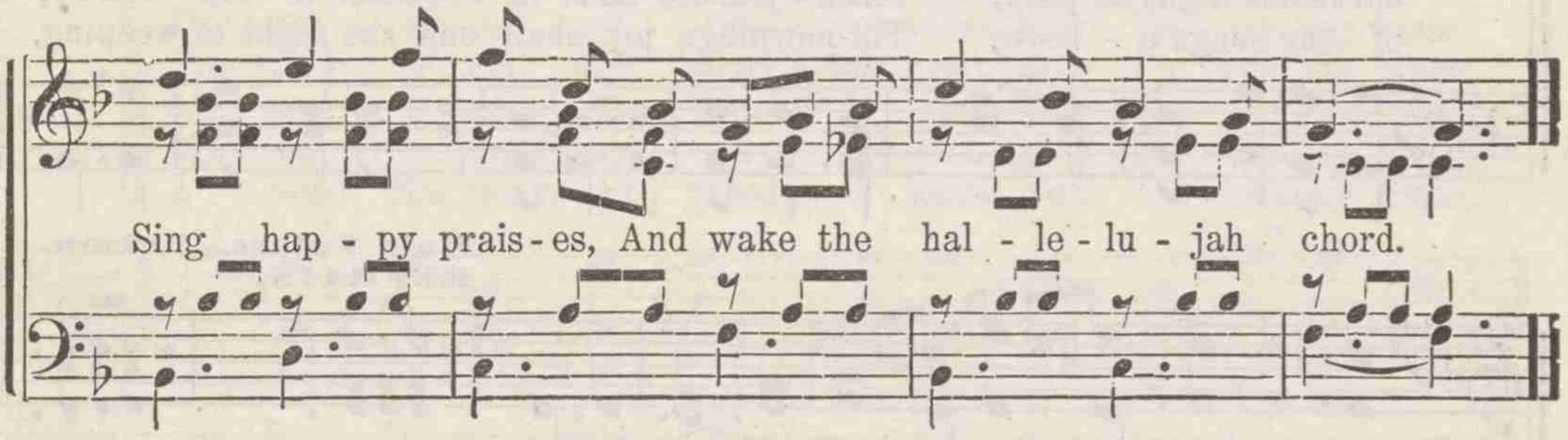
Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!

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THE SUMMER SONG. Concluded.
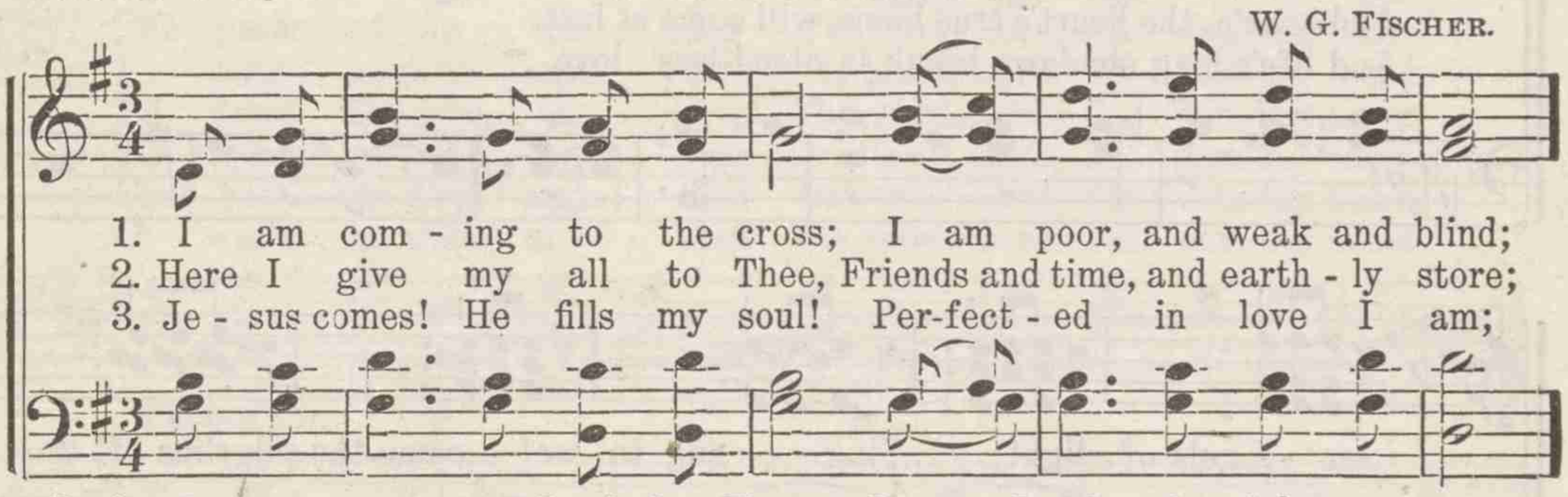


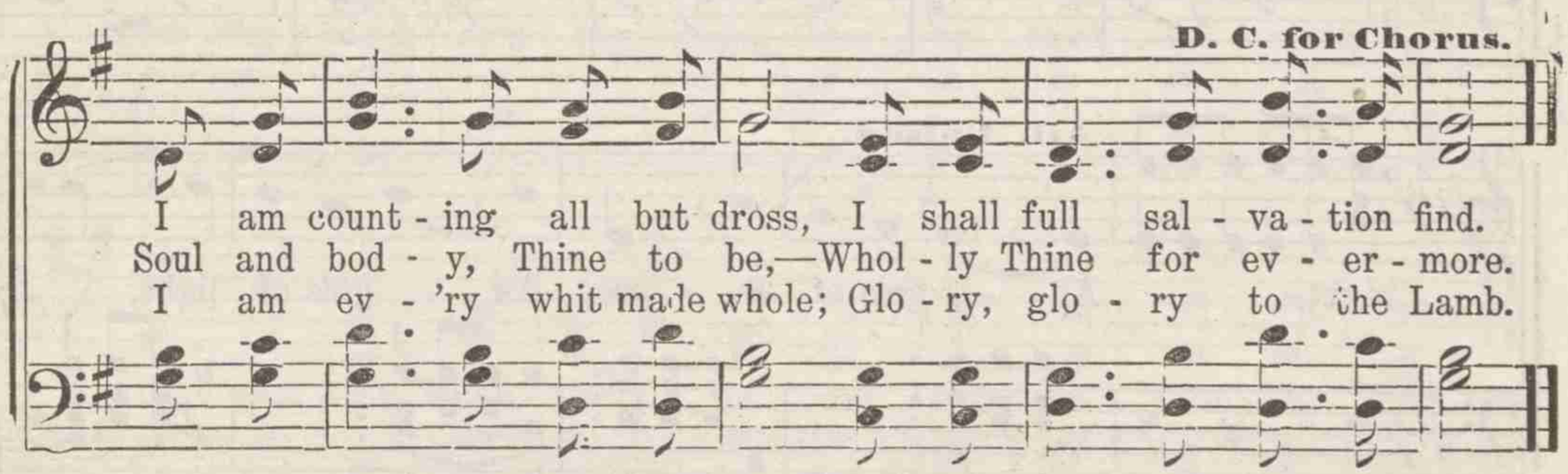




No. 74. I AM COMING.

W. G. FISCHER.





No. 75. HARK! HARK! MY SOUL!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Hark! hark! my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls! for Je-sus bids you come!"
3. Rest comes at length! tho' life be long and drear-y, The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
4. An - gels! sing on: your faith-ful watch-es keep-ing, Sing us sweet fragments of the songs a - bove;

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
And thro' the dark its ech-oes sweet-ly ring-ing,
Faith's journey ends in wel-come to the wea-ry,
Till mornings joy shall end the night of weeping,

Male Voices. Unison.
REFRAIN.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.
And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.
And life's long shadows break in cloud-less love.

An - gels of Je - sus,
An - gels of light;
Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims of the night,

All. Unison.

An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light,

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HARK! HARK! MY SOUL. Concluded.

Harmony.

Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.

No. 76. LORD, I'M COMING HOME.

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

With feeling.

1. I've wan - dered 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;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home;
6. I need His cleans-ing blood, I know, 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 re - new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
O wash me whit - er than the snow, 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.

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No. 77. GLAD TIDINGS OF SALVATION.

R. O. SMITH. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Tell the glad sto - ry how Je - sus can save, Save from all e - vil and woe,
2. Tell the glad sto - ry how Je - sus will save, Save ev - er-more from thy sin;
3. Tell the glad sto - ry how Je - sus has saved, Saved thro' His in-fin - ite grace;

And from the shadows of sin and the grave, Tell it wher-ev - er you go.
Yes, He will give you the par-don you crave, If you will bid Him come in.
Tak - en thy soul long by e - vil en-slaved In - to His lov - ing em-brace.

CHORUS.
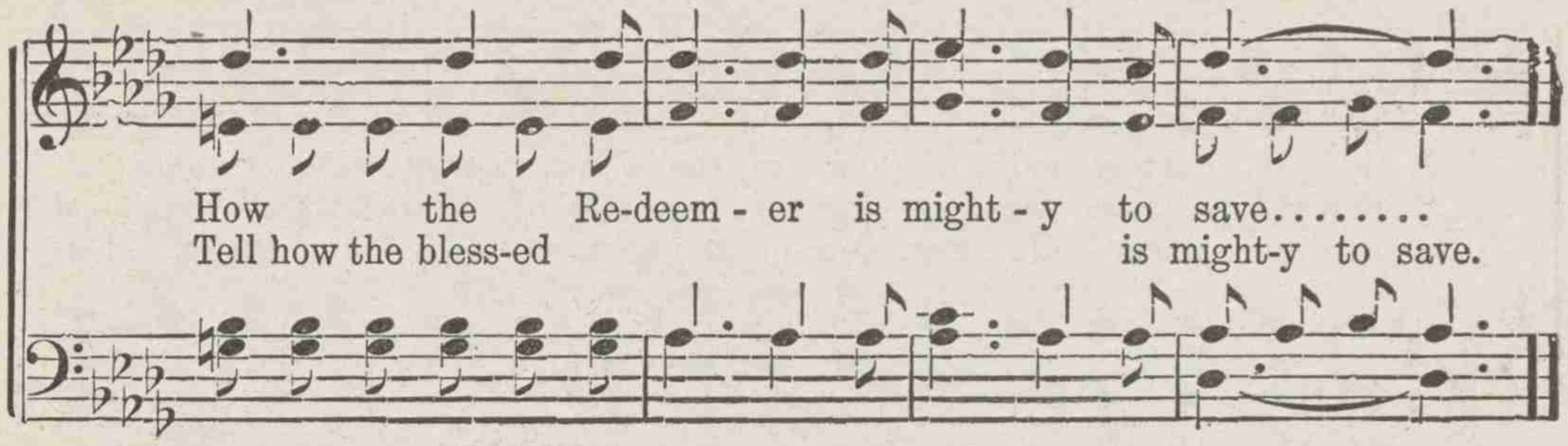
O tell..... the glad ti - dings, Tell of this great sal-va-tion,
O tell the glad tidings, tell the glad tidings,

Tell how the Sav - iour For us His life free - ly gave, Then

sing..... it with glad - ness, Shout it and sing it for - ev - er,
sing it with gladness, sing it with gladness,

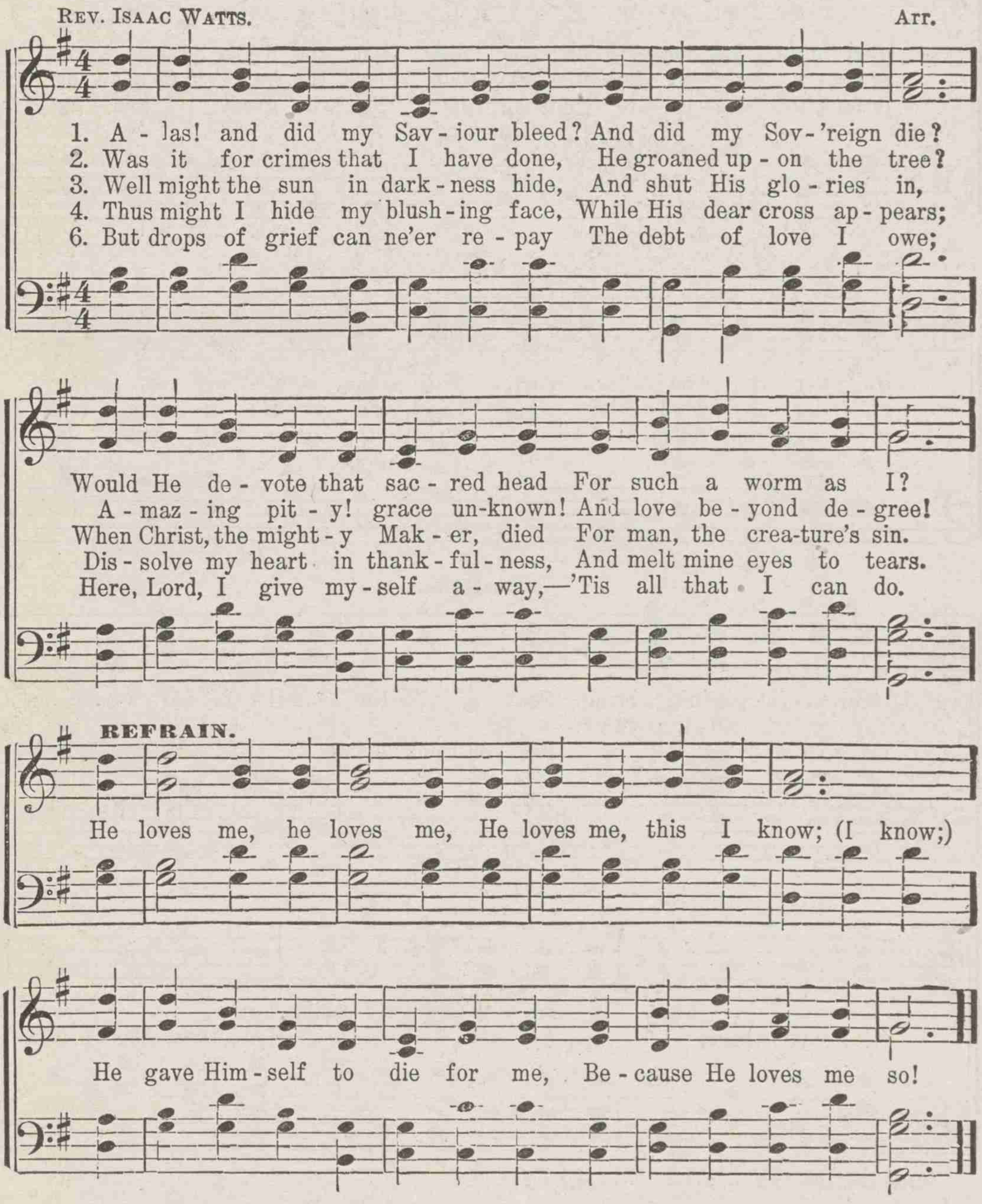
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GLAD TIDINGS OF SALVATION. Concluded.



No. 78. HE LOVES ME.

REV. ISAAC WATTS. Arr.



No. 79. BEAUTIFUL GLEANINGS BRING.

F. L. EILAND. J. W. ACUFF.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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BEAUTIFUL GLEANINGS BRING. Concluded.

Repeat Chorus softly.

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

No. 80. NO, NOT ONE.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG.

Slow and with feeling.

1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this friend forsake him, No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-iour giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!

Fine.

None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re - fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!

D. S. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

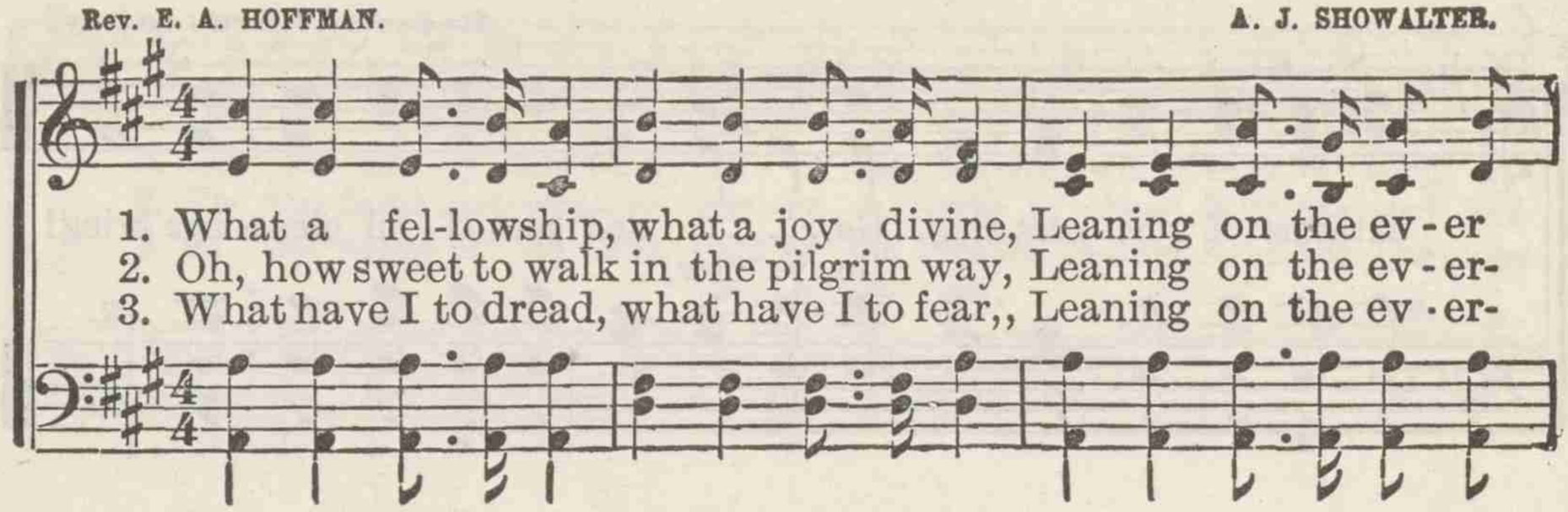
D. S.

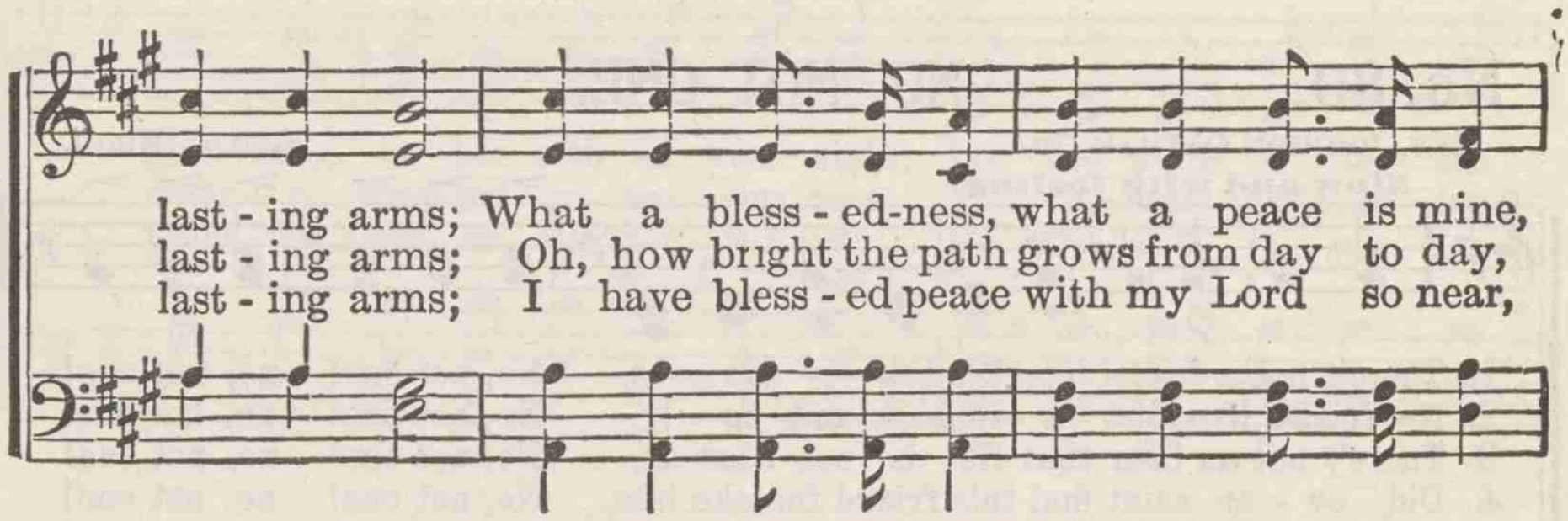
Je-sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;
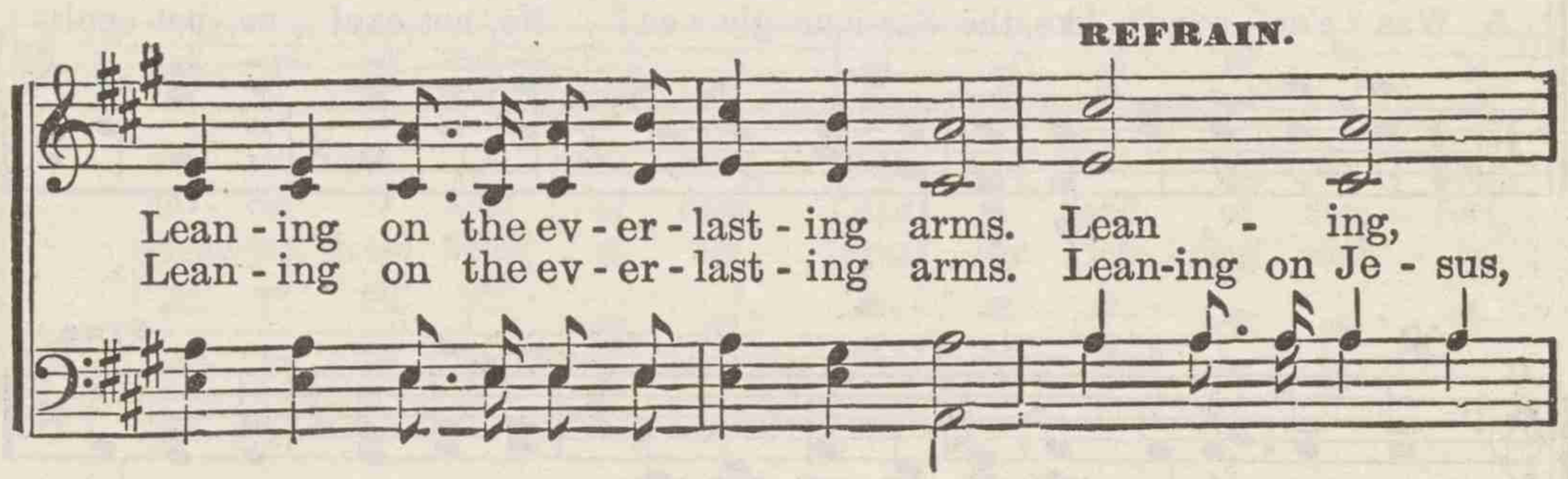
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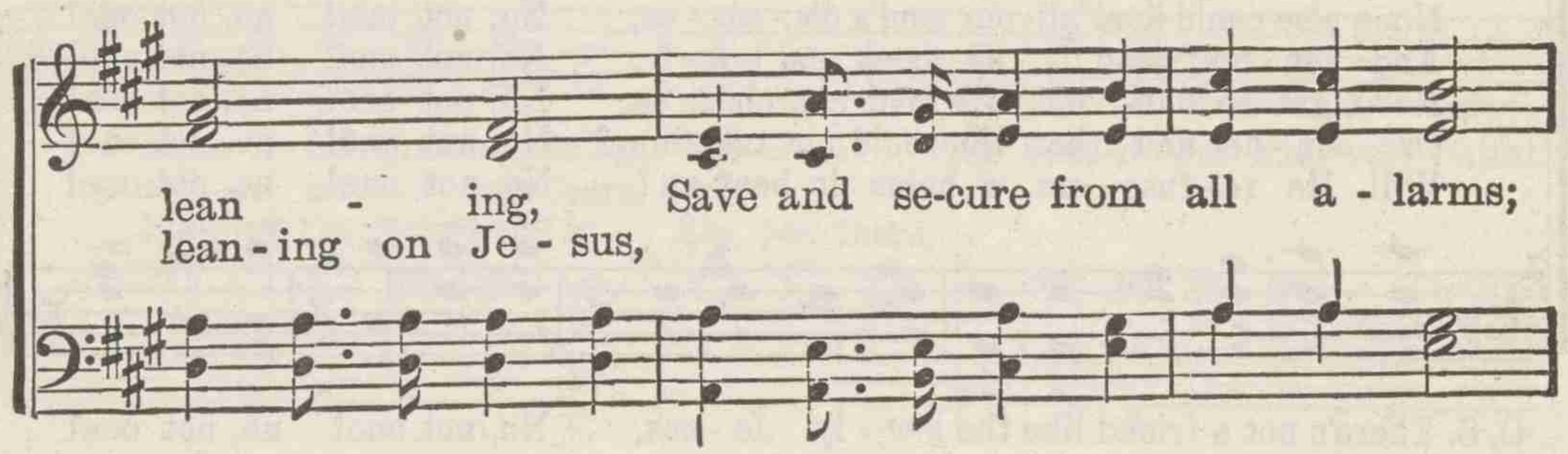
No. 81. Leaning On The Everlasting Arms.

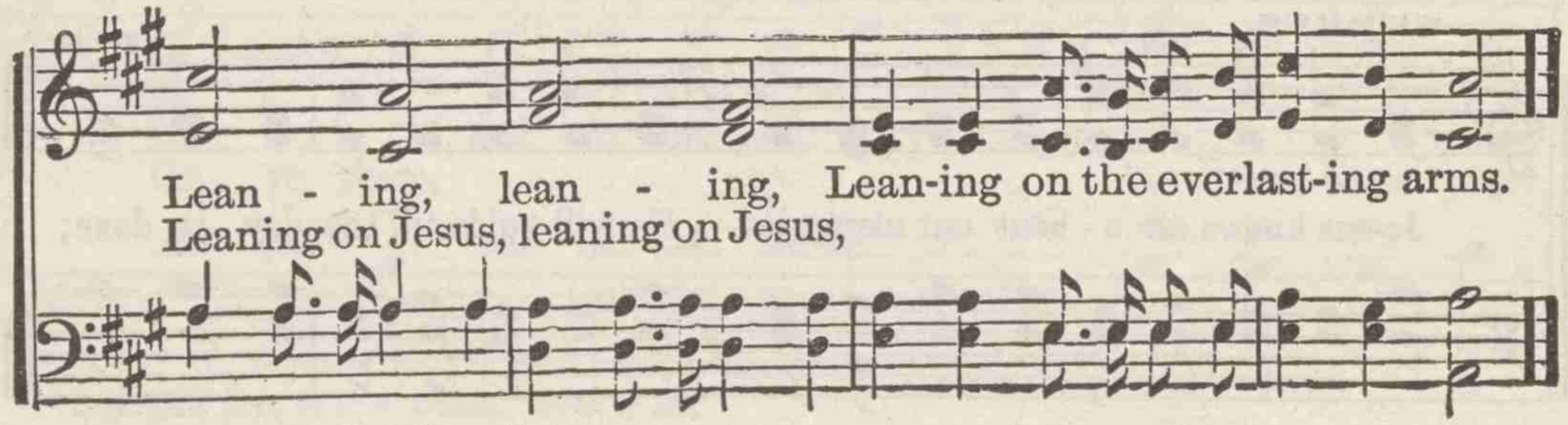
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.











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No. 82. JESUS IS PASSING BY.

"Jesus passed by."—JOHN 9: 1.

Arr. by REV. J. H. W. REV. J. H. WEBER.

1. "Je - sus is pass - ing," the blind man was told, Who by the way - side was beg - ging of old, Wish - ing that Je - sus His
2. "Je - sus, my Sav - iour, have mer - cy on me! O - pen my eyes, and from sin set me free; Help - less and need - y, I
3. "Je - sus is pass - ing," if, feel - ing your need, Ear - nest en- treat - ies He sure - ly will heed; If you but ask Him, your

sight would un - fold, "Je - sus is pass - ing by."
come un - to Thee, Je - sus is pass - ing by."
soul shall be freed, Je - sus is pass - ing by.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is pass - ing, He's passing this way, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
Thou Son of Da - vid, have mercy on me; Je - sus is pass-ing by.

By per. Rev. J. H. Weber.

83. REAPERS ARE NEEDED.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Stand-ing in the mark-et plac-es all the sea-son thro', Id-ly say-ing "Lord, is there no work that I can do;"
2. Ev-'ry sheaf you gath-er will be-come a jew-el bright In the crown you hope to wear in yon-der world of light.
3. Morn-ing hours are pass-ing, and the evening fol-lows fast; Soon the time of O how ma-ny loi-ter, while the reap-ing will for-ev-er-more be past. Seek the gems im-mor-tal that are Emp-ty hand-ed to the Mas-ter

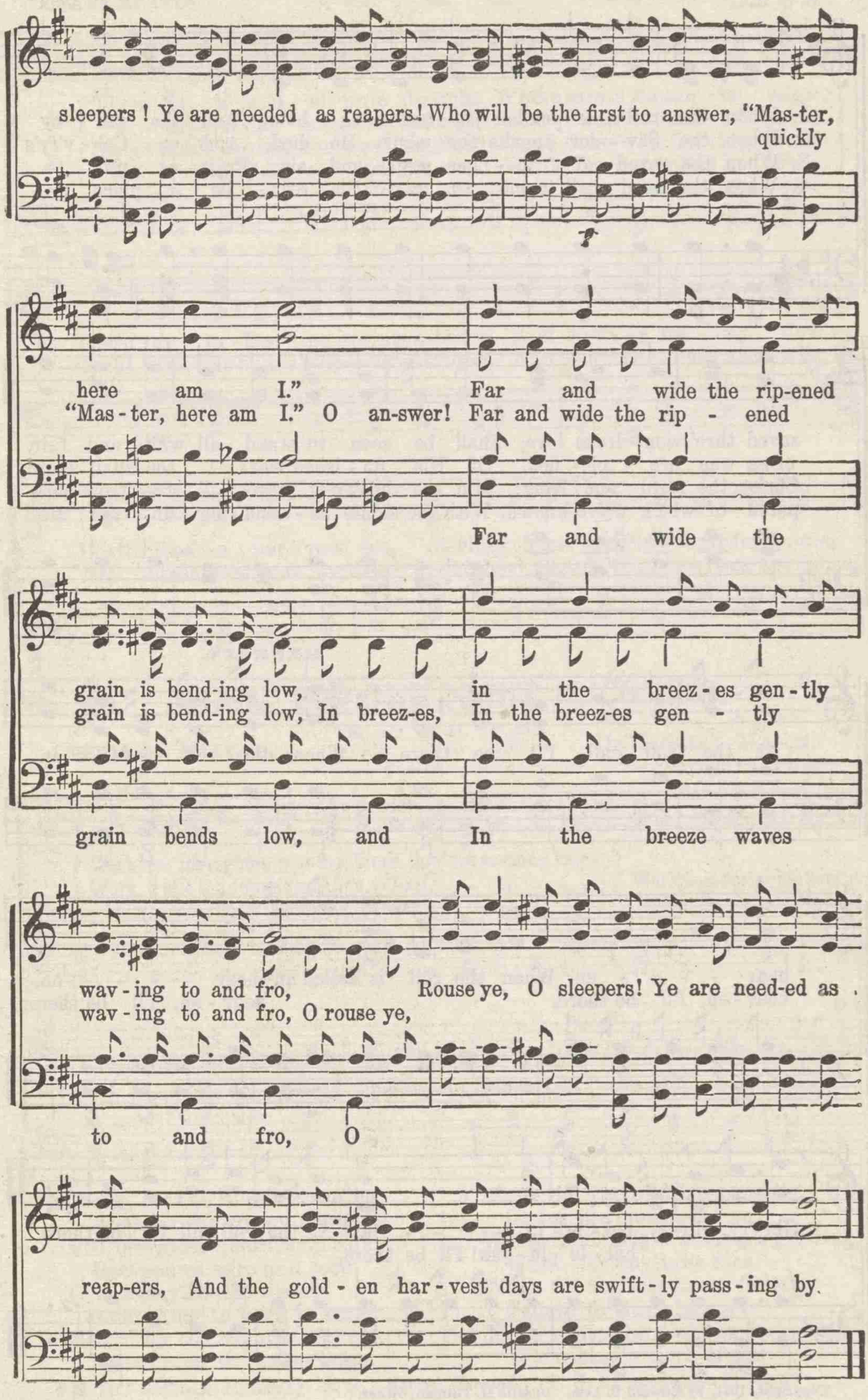
Mas-ter calls a-new—"Reapers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"
pre-cious in His sight! "Reapers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"
will you go at last? "Reapers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"

CHORUS.

Lift thine eyes and look up-on the fields that stand
Lift thine eyes and look up-on the fields that stand all read-y
Lift thine eyes to fields that stand all
Ripe and read-y for the will-ing gleaner's hand, Rouse ye, O
Ripe and read-y for the will-ing gleaner's hand, O rouse ye,
Read-y for the glean-er's hand, O

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REAPERS ARE NEEDED. Concluded.



No. 84. AT THE ROLL CALL I'LL BE THERE.

E. C. A. E. C. A-VIS.

1. When the roll is called in heav'n a - bove, And the ma - ny
2. When the Sav - ior speaks for whom He died, And on Cal - v'ry's
3. When the saved of a - ges stand and sing, Prais - es un - to
4. When the Lord shall come to take His own To a place pre-

saved thro' won - drous love, Shall be seen to stand all white and fair,
cross was cru - ci - fied, Of His fin - ished work I too shall share,
Christ, the Lord and King, 'Mid the heav'n-ly hosts all free from care,
pared of which we've known, With the saints as - cend - ing in the air,

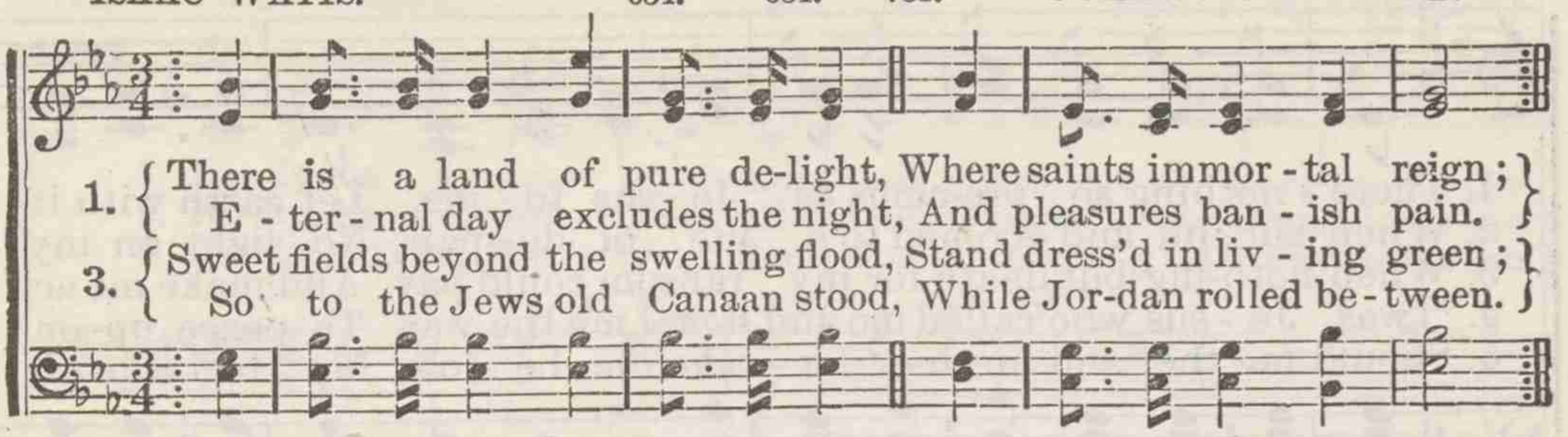
REFRAIN.

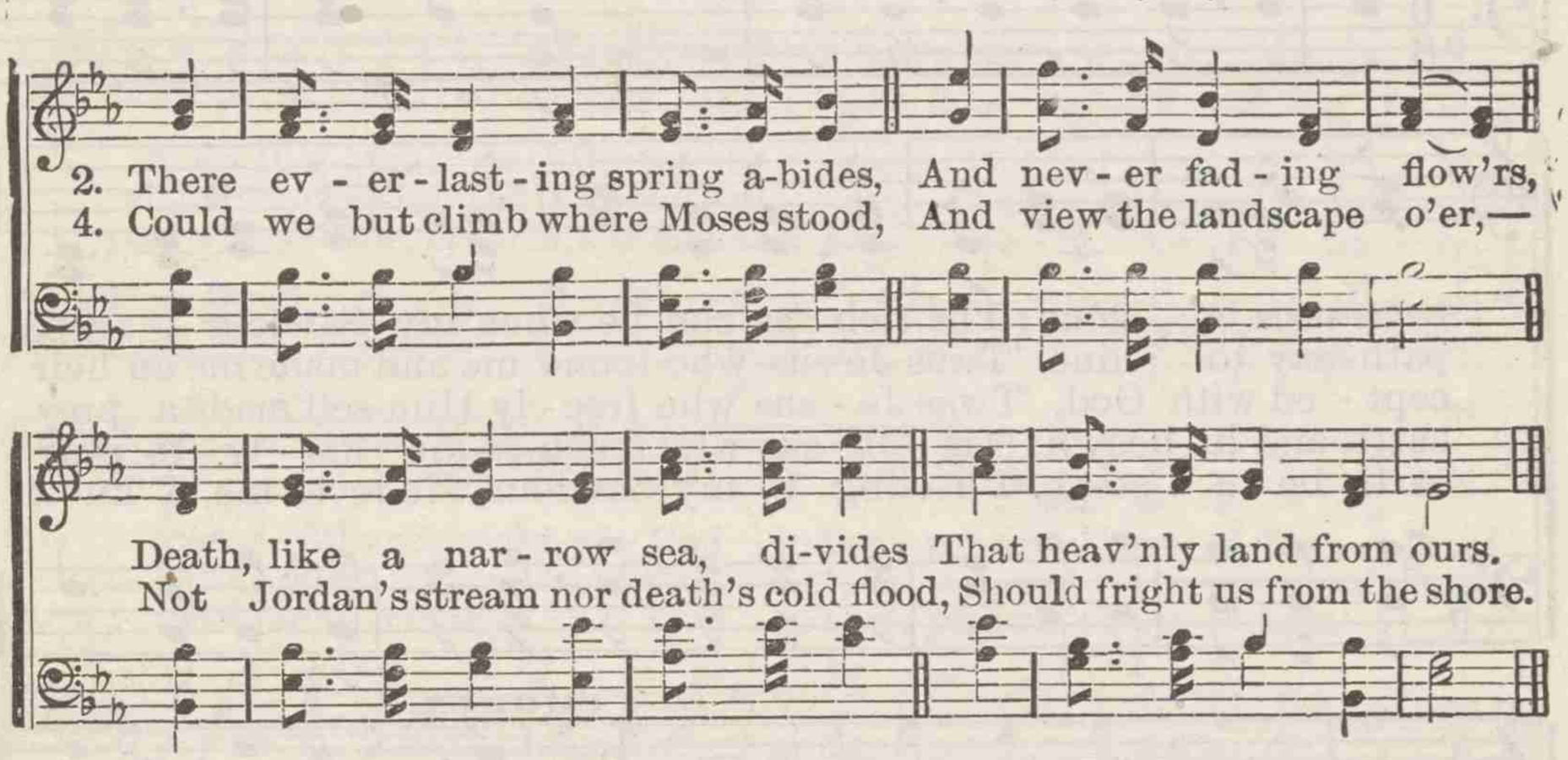
At the roll call I'll be there. When the roll is called in
heav - - - - en, When the roll is called in heav - - - - en,
heav - en, I'll be there, heav - en, I'll be there;
Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - - - - jah! At the roll call I'll be there.
hal - le - lu - jah! I'll be there,

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No. 85. THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

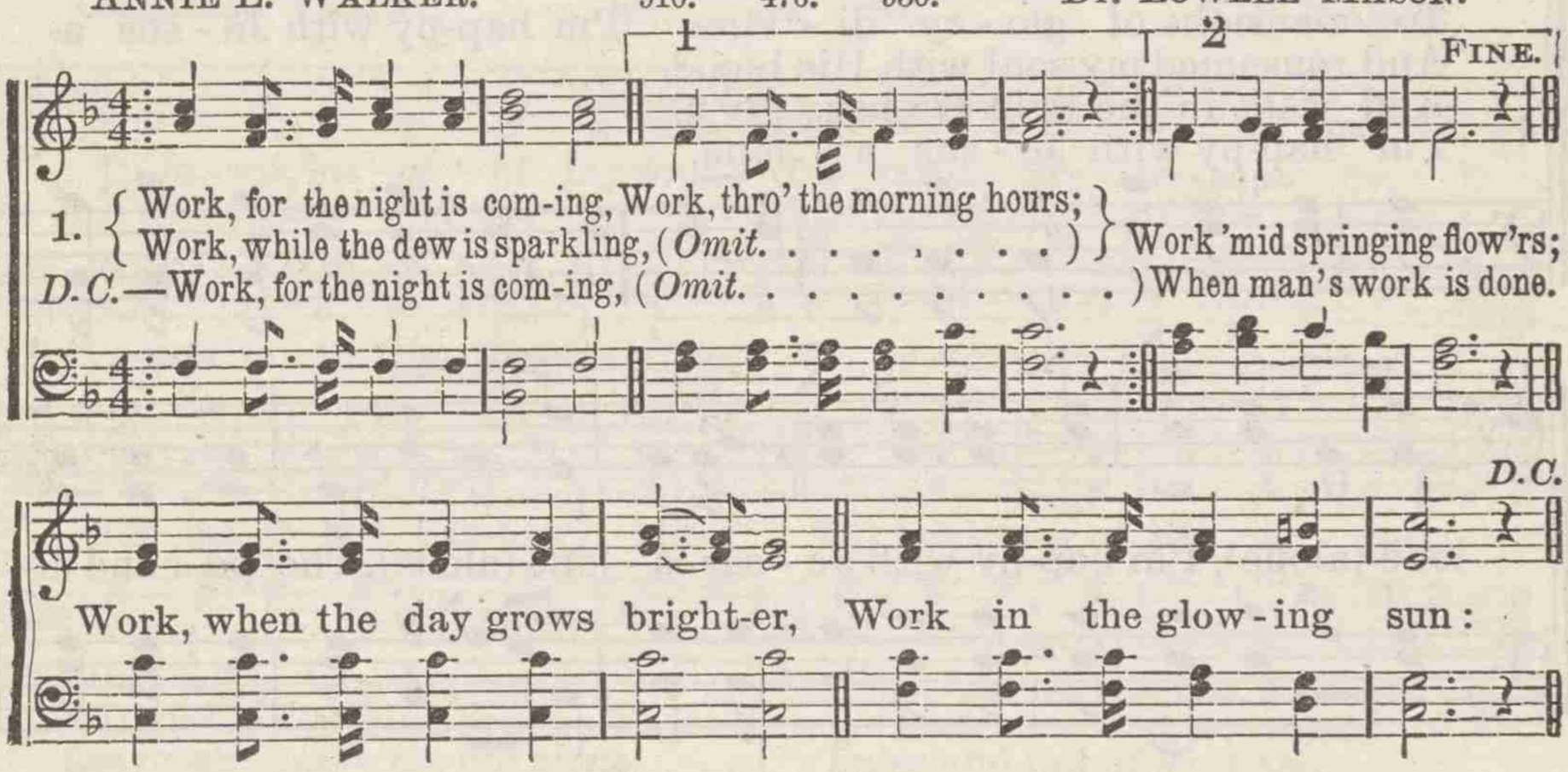
ISAAC WATTS. *M. H. 654. B. H. 684. P. H. 781. JOHANN C. H. RINK.





No. 86. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

ANNIE L. WALKER. *M. H. 910. B. H. 476. P. H. 950. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work in 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.

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

No. 87. I'M HAPPY WITH JESUS ALONE.

C. P. J. CHAS. P. JONES.

1. There's nothing so pre-cious as Je - sus to me, Let earth with its
2. When sin - ful and doomed to a life of de-spair, No light on my
3. When noth-ing but death for my ransom could pay, And make me ac-
4. 'Twas Je - sus who called me and showed me the way To peace up- on
5. Should fa - ther and moth-er for - sake me be - low, My bed up- on

treas-ures be gone; I'm rich as can be when my Sav-iour I see,
path-way to shine, 'Twas Je-sus who found me and made me an heir
cept - ed with God, 'Twas Je - sus who free - ly Him-self made a prey
earth and in heav'n; 'Tis Je - sus who teach-es me dai - ly to pray
earth be a stone, I'll cling to my Sav-iour, He loves me I know,

CHORUS.

I'm hap-py with Je - sus a - lone.
To mansions of glo - ry di - vine. I'm hap-py with Je - sus a-
And ransomed my soul with His blood.
And walk in the light He has giv'n.
I'm hap-py with Je - sus a - lone.
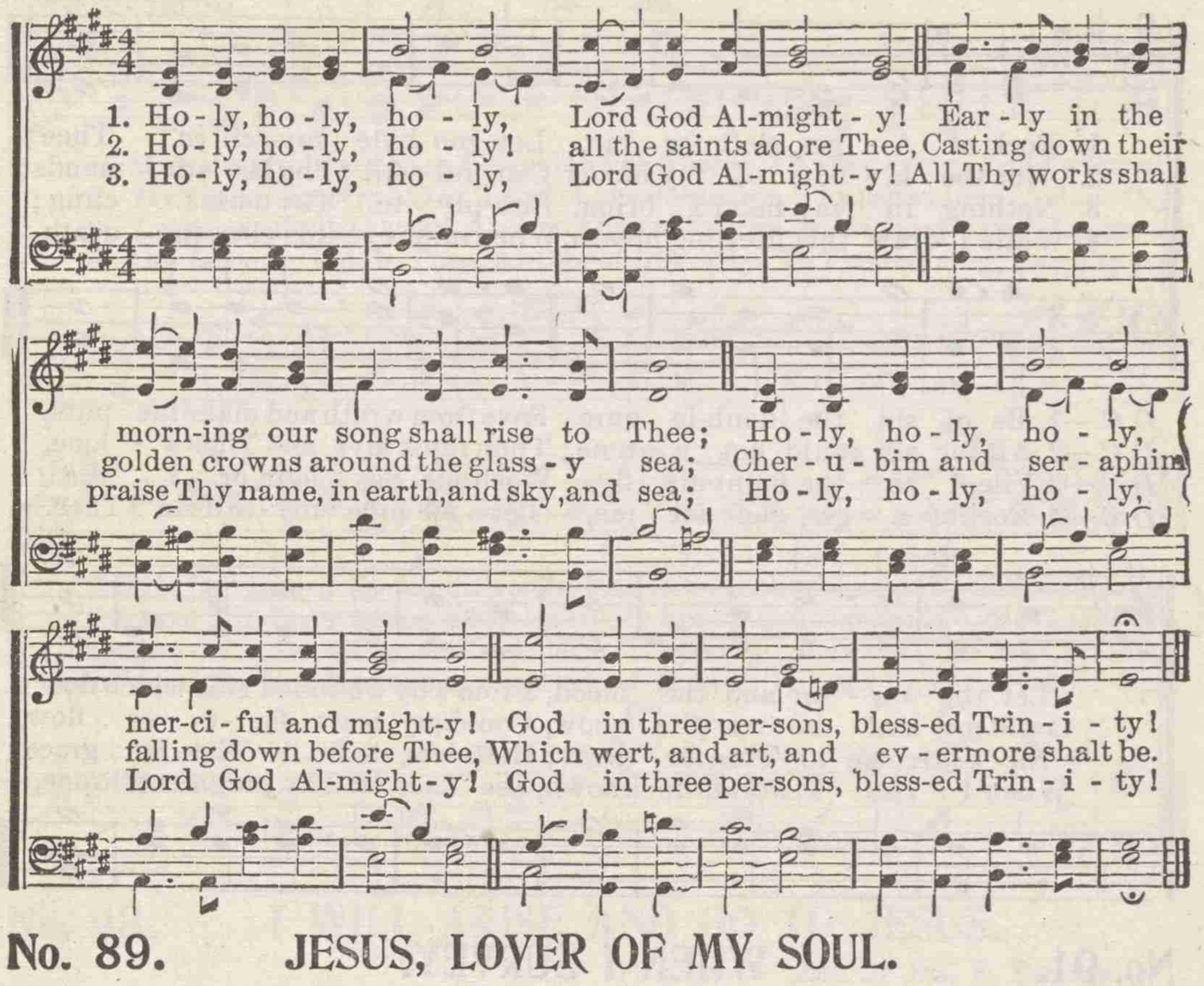
lone (alone), I'm hap-py with Je - sus a - lone (alone), Tho' poor and de-

sert - ed, thank God, I can say I'm hap-py with Je - sus a - lone.

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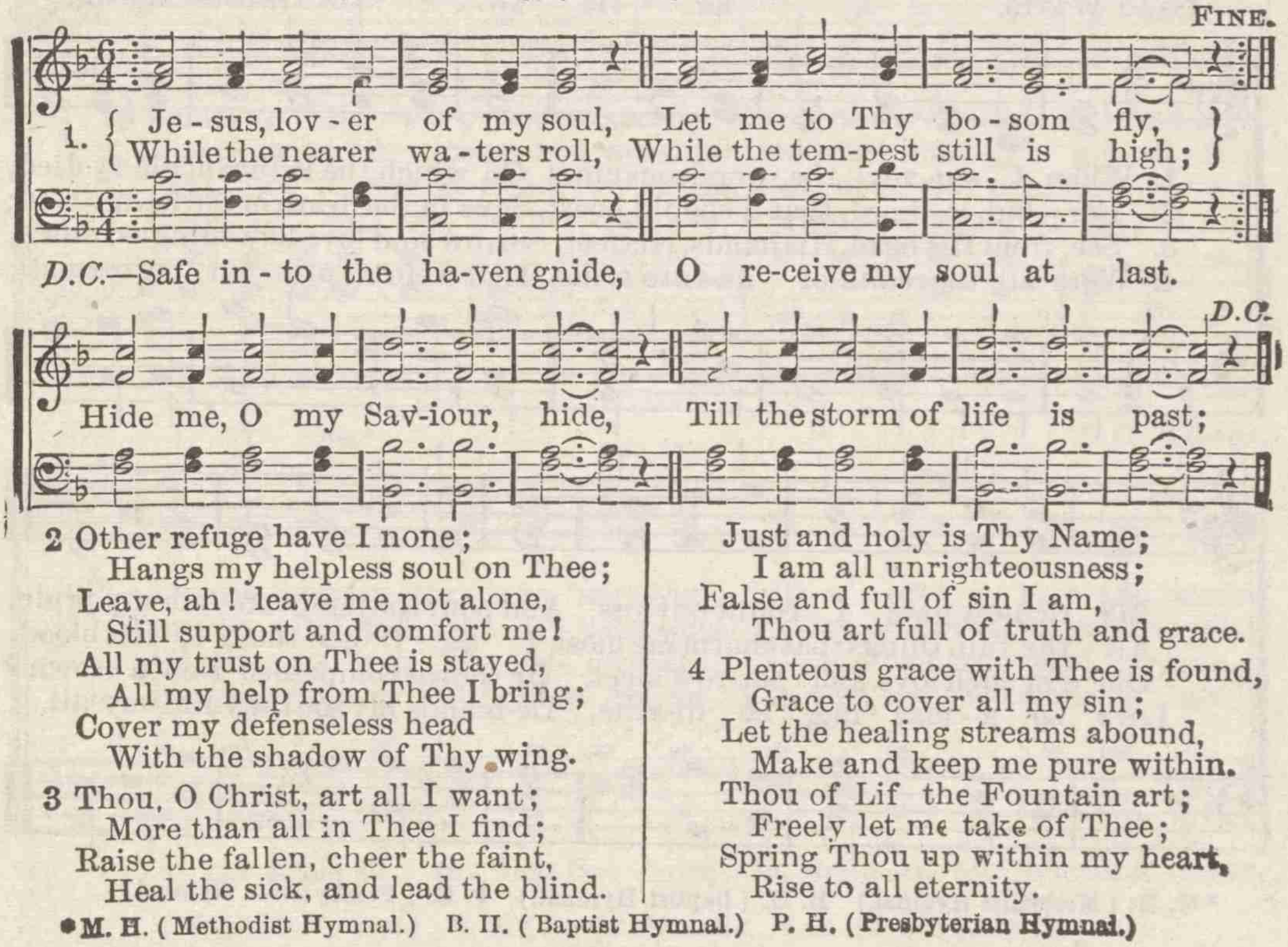
No. 88. HOLY, HOLY.

REGINALD HEBER. | *M. H. 4. B. H. 209. P. H. 527. | Rev. J. B. DYKES.



No. 89. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY. | *M. H. 354. B. H. 499. P. H. 305. | S. B. MARSH.



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

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
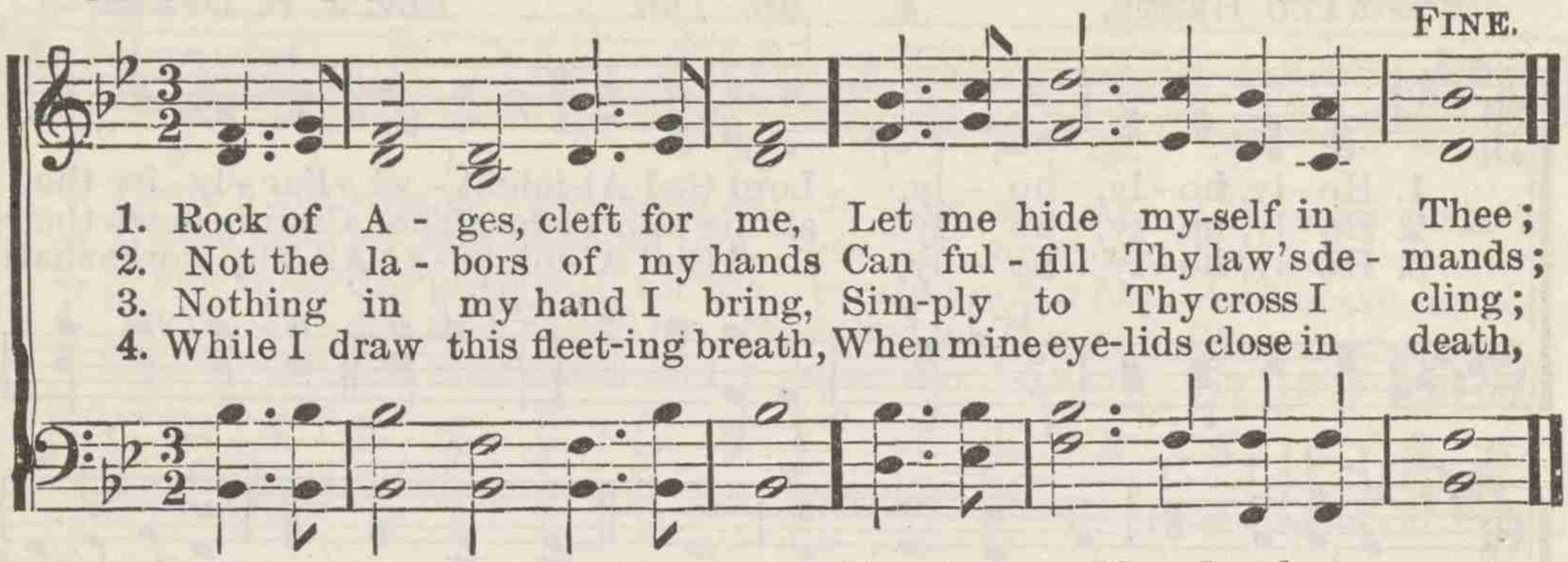
4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of Lif the Fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

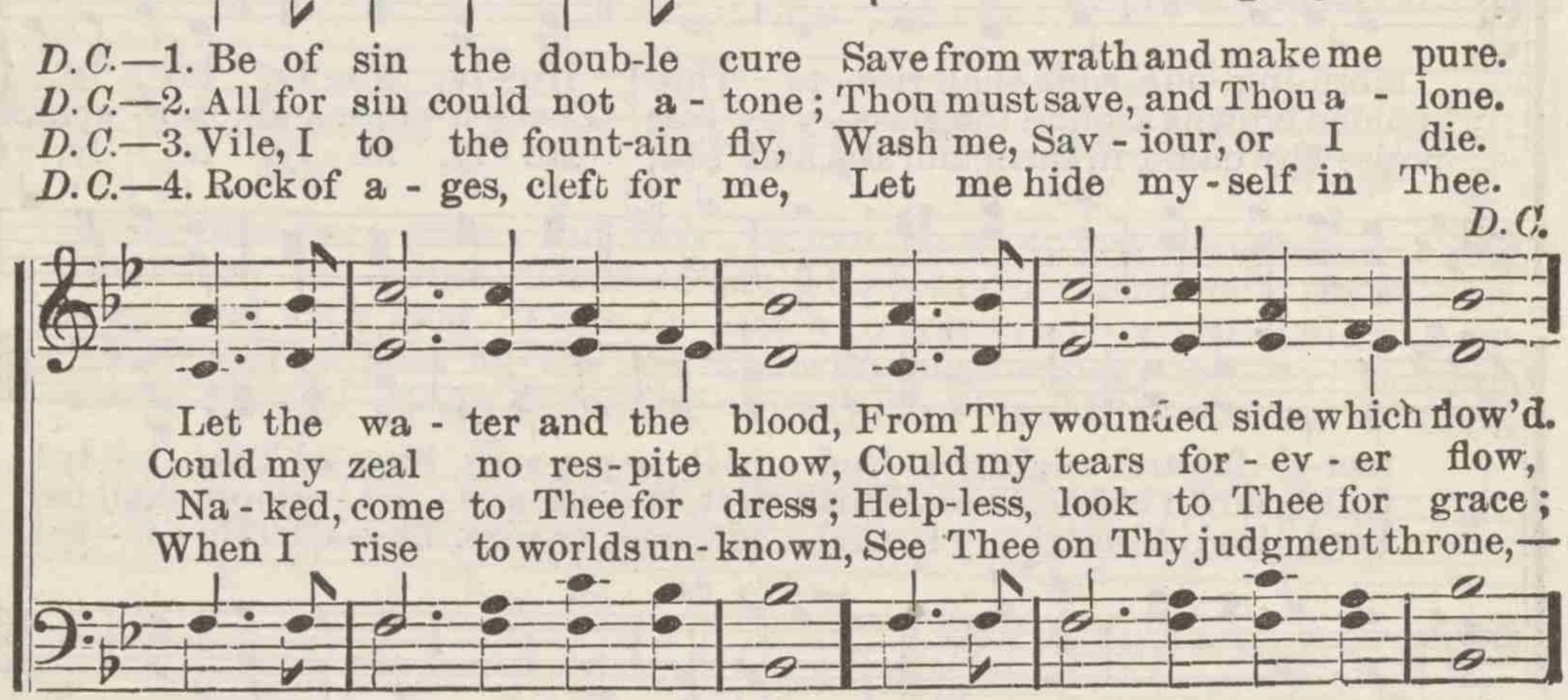
*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 90. ROCK OF AGES.

A. M. TOPLADY. *M. H. 106. B. H. 496. P. H. 304. Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

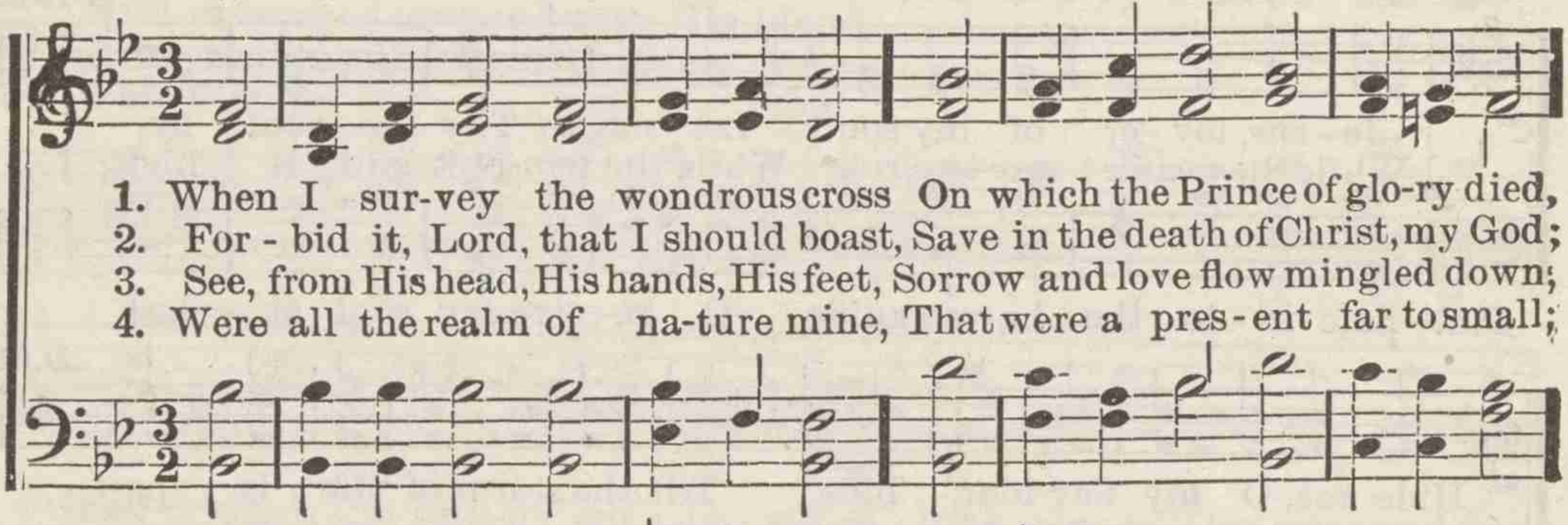
FINE.

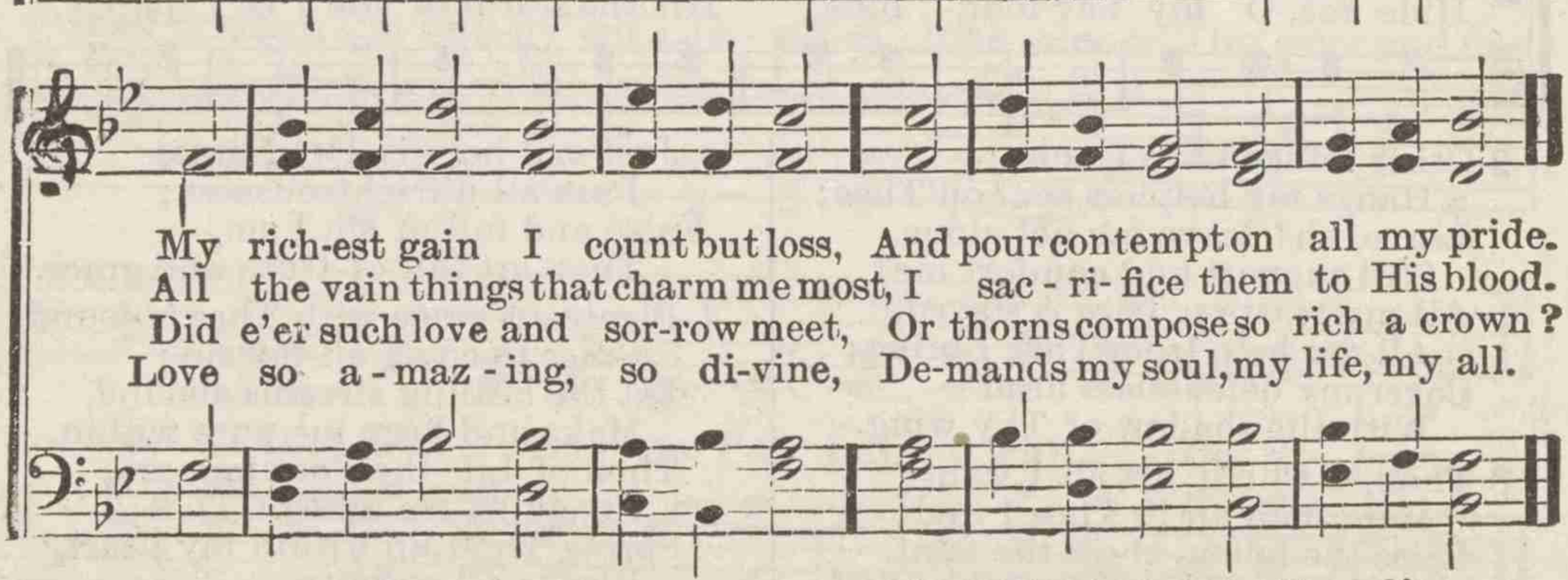




No. 91. WHEN I SURVEY.

ISAAC WATTS. *M. H. 102. B. H. 442. P. H. 147. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



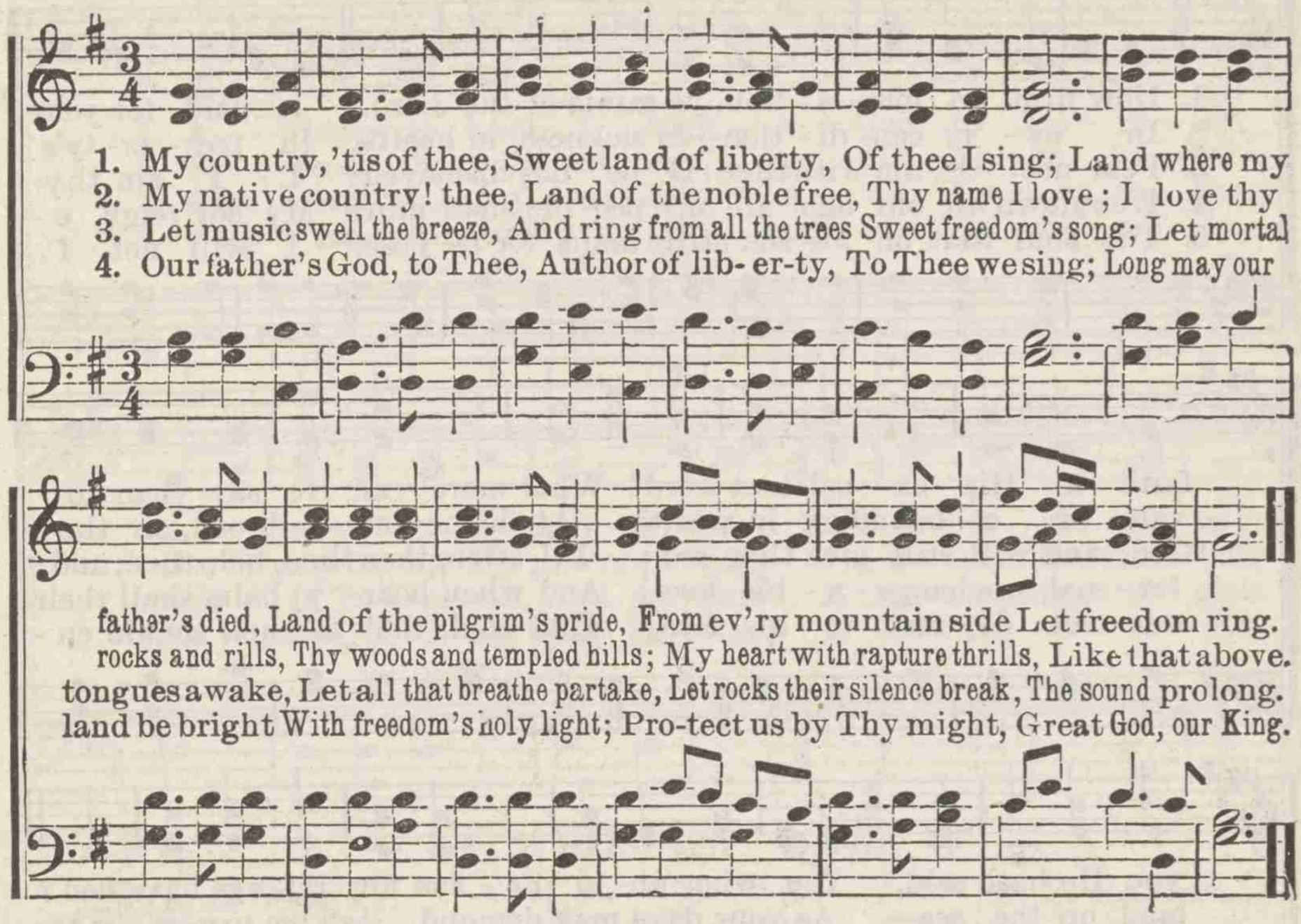


* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 92. AMERICA.

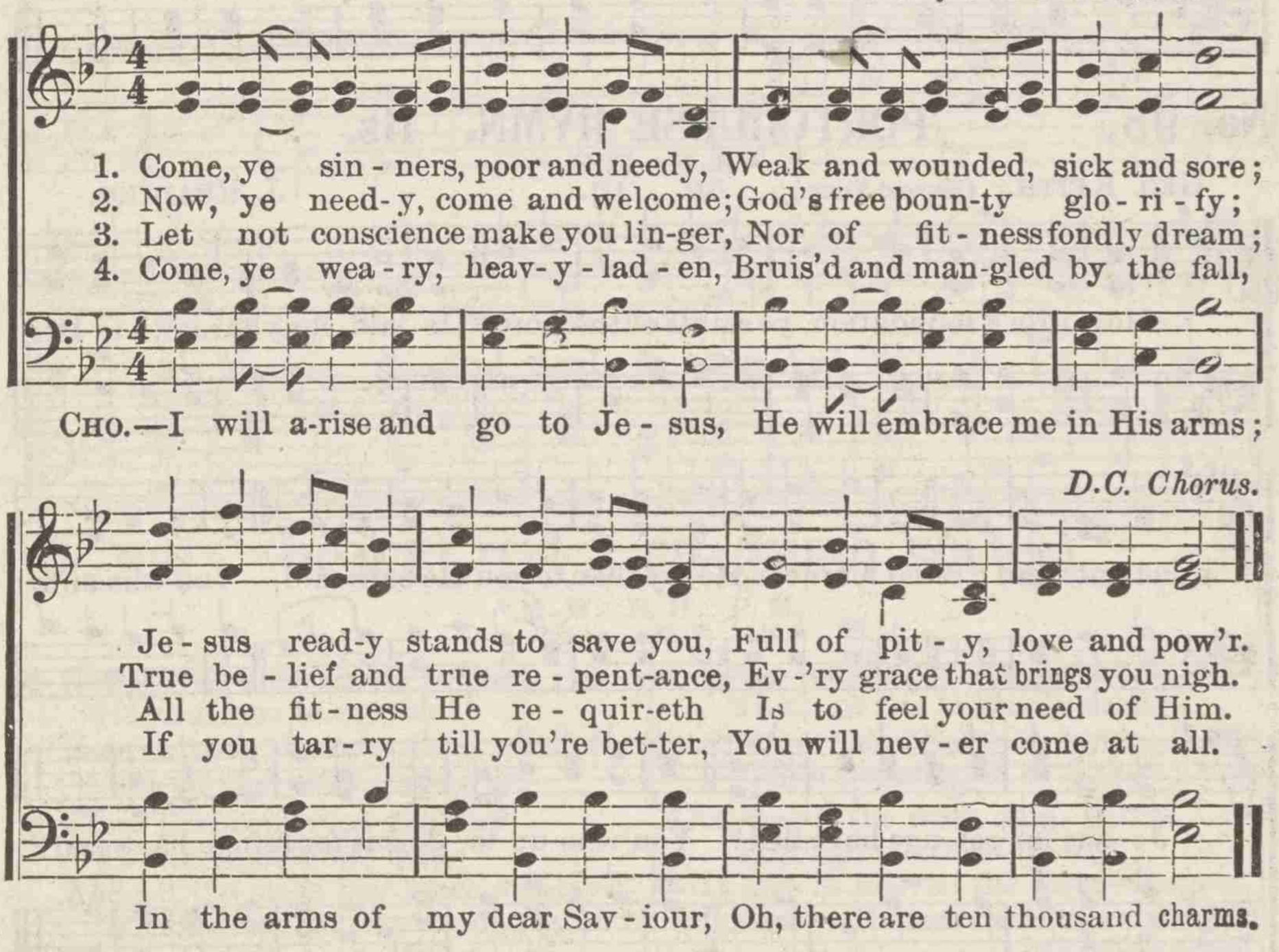
S. F. SMITH.

*M. H. 728. B. H. 696.



No. 93. I WILL ARISE AND GO TO JESUS.

Arr. by JOS. F. BUTLER.



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

No. 94. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION. 11s.

GEO. KEITH. *M. H. 546. B. H. 502. P. H. 325. Arr. by R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. How firm a founda - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel- lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, You who un- to Je - sus for ref- uge have fled?
2. In ev - 'ry con- di - tion—in sickness, in health, In pov - er- ty's vale or a - bounding in wealth, At home and a- broad, on the land, on the sea— As your days may demand, shall thy strength e'er be.
3. Fear not: I am with thee: O be not dismayed: I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by my righteous, om- nip - o- tent hand.
4. E'en down to old age all my peo- ple shall prove My sov'reign, e - ter - nal, unchange - a - ble love; And when hoar - y hairs shall their tem- ples a - dore, Like lambs they shall still in my bo - som be borne.
5. The soul that on Je- sus still leans for re- pose, I will not, I can - not de - sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en - deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for- sake.

No. 95. PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.
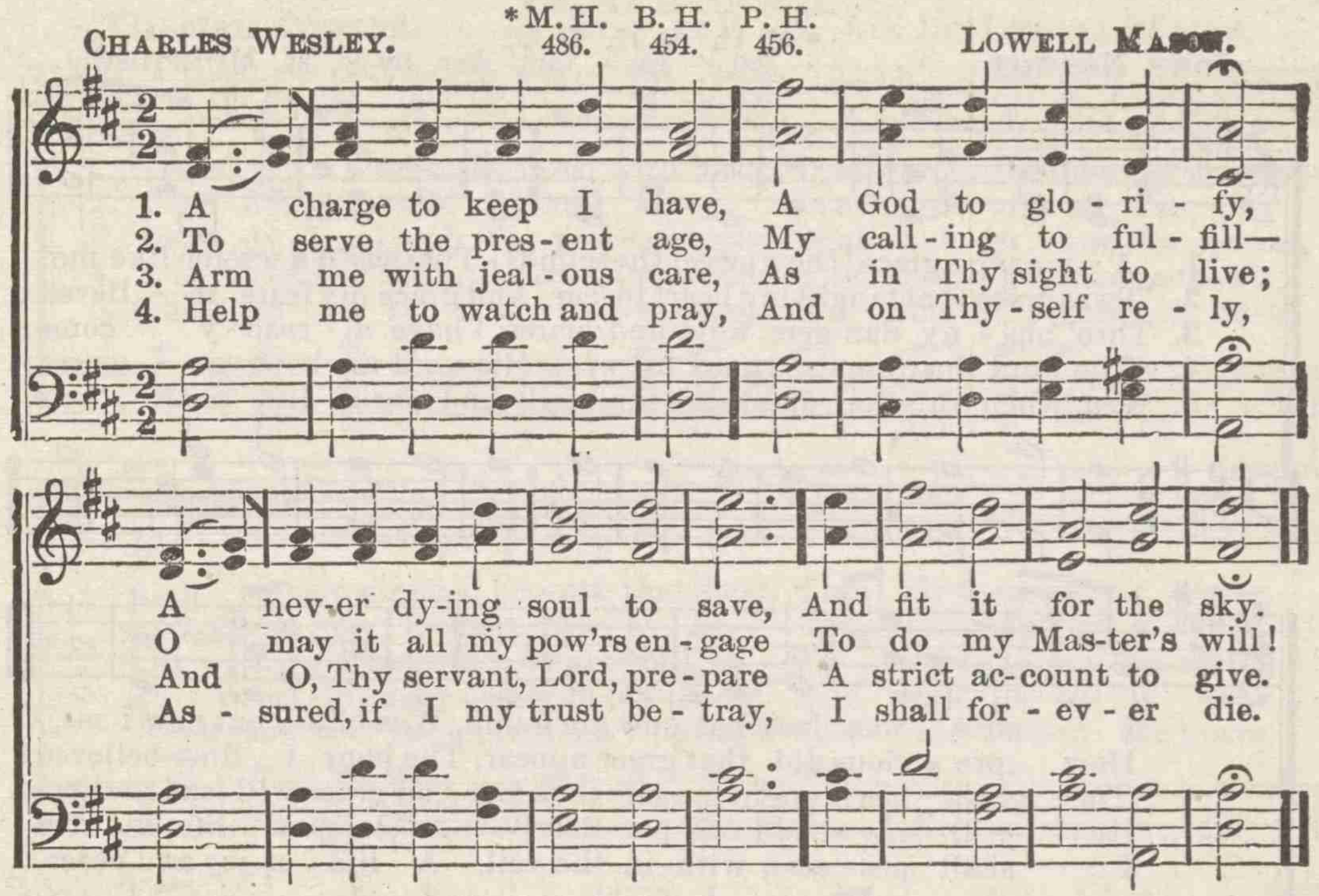
GEO. KEITH. (Second Tune.) * B. H. 502. P. H. 111. J. READING.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word; What more can He say than to you He hath said,—You who unto Je- sus for ref- uge have fled? You who un-to Je-sus for refuge have fled?

*M. H (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)
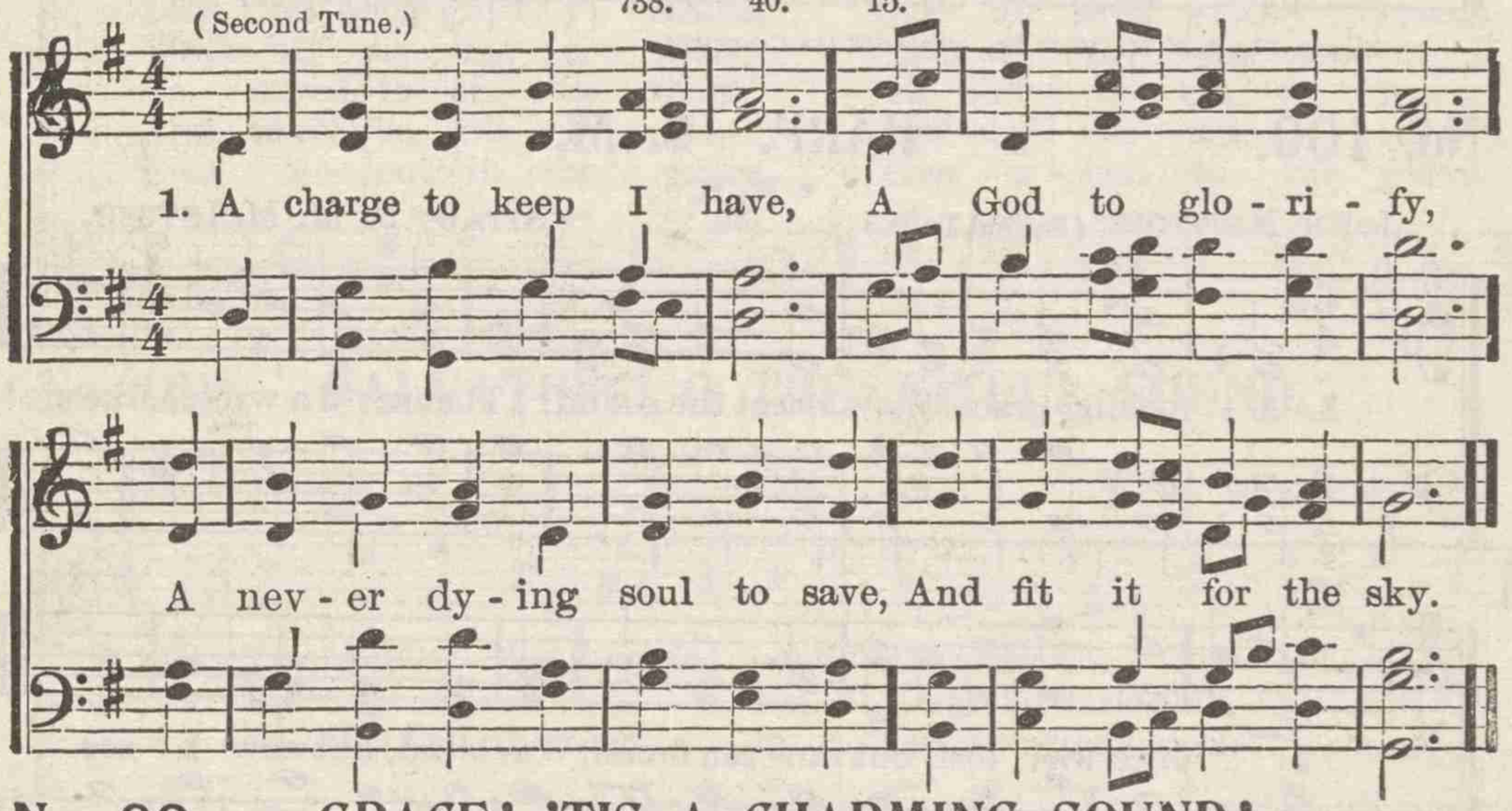
No. 96. A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE.

CHARLES WESLEY. *M. H. 486. B. H. 454. P. H. 456. LOWELL MASON.



No. 97. ST. THOMAS. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. (Second Tune.) *M. H. 738. B. H. 40. P. H. 15. G. F. HANDEL.



No. 98. GRACE! 'TIS A CHARMING SOUND!

*M. H. 161. B. H. 93. P. H. 544.

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to my ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps *that* grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

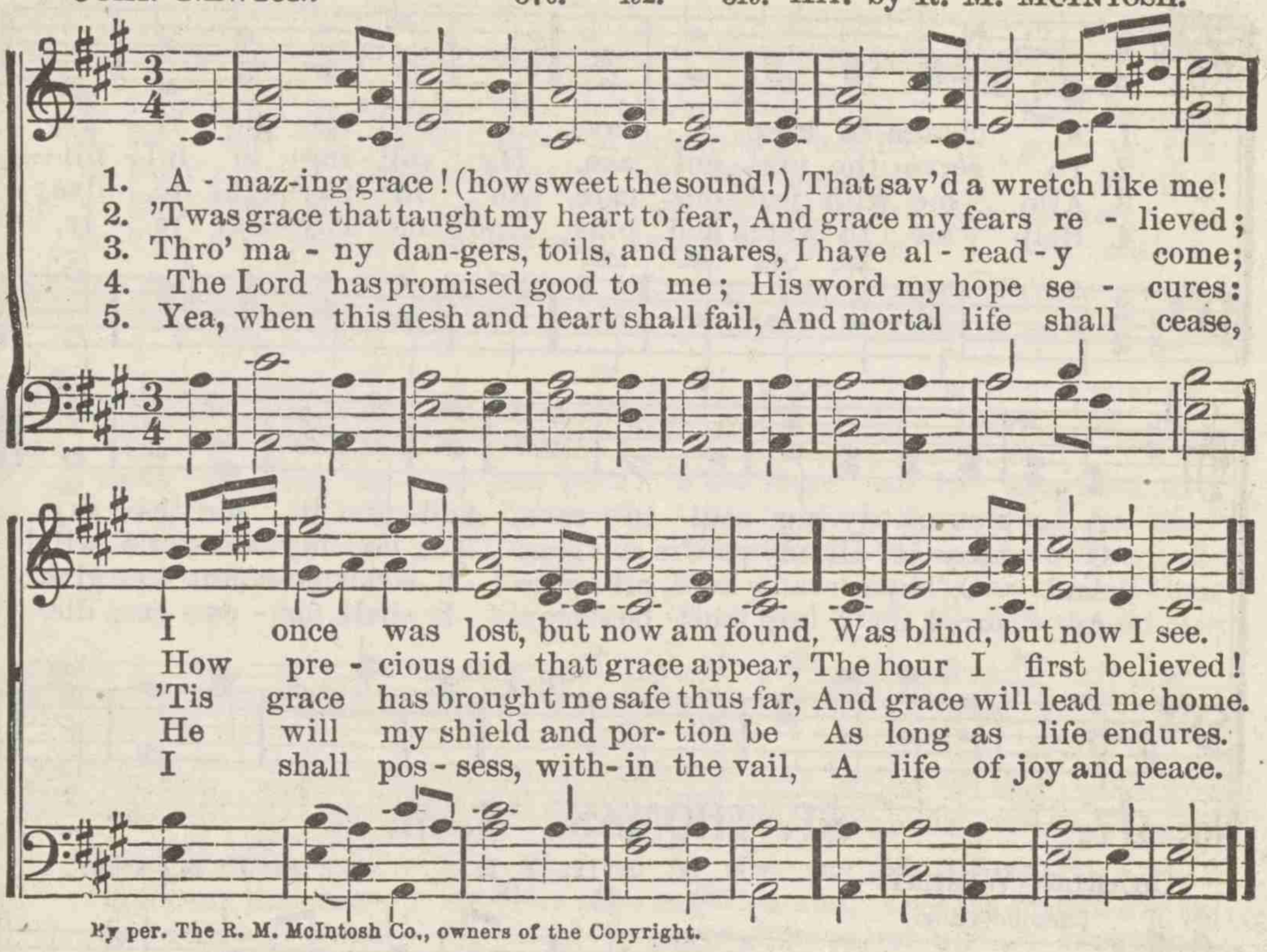
4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days:
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

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

No. 99. AMAZING GRACE.
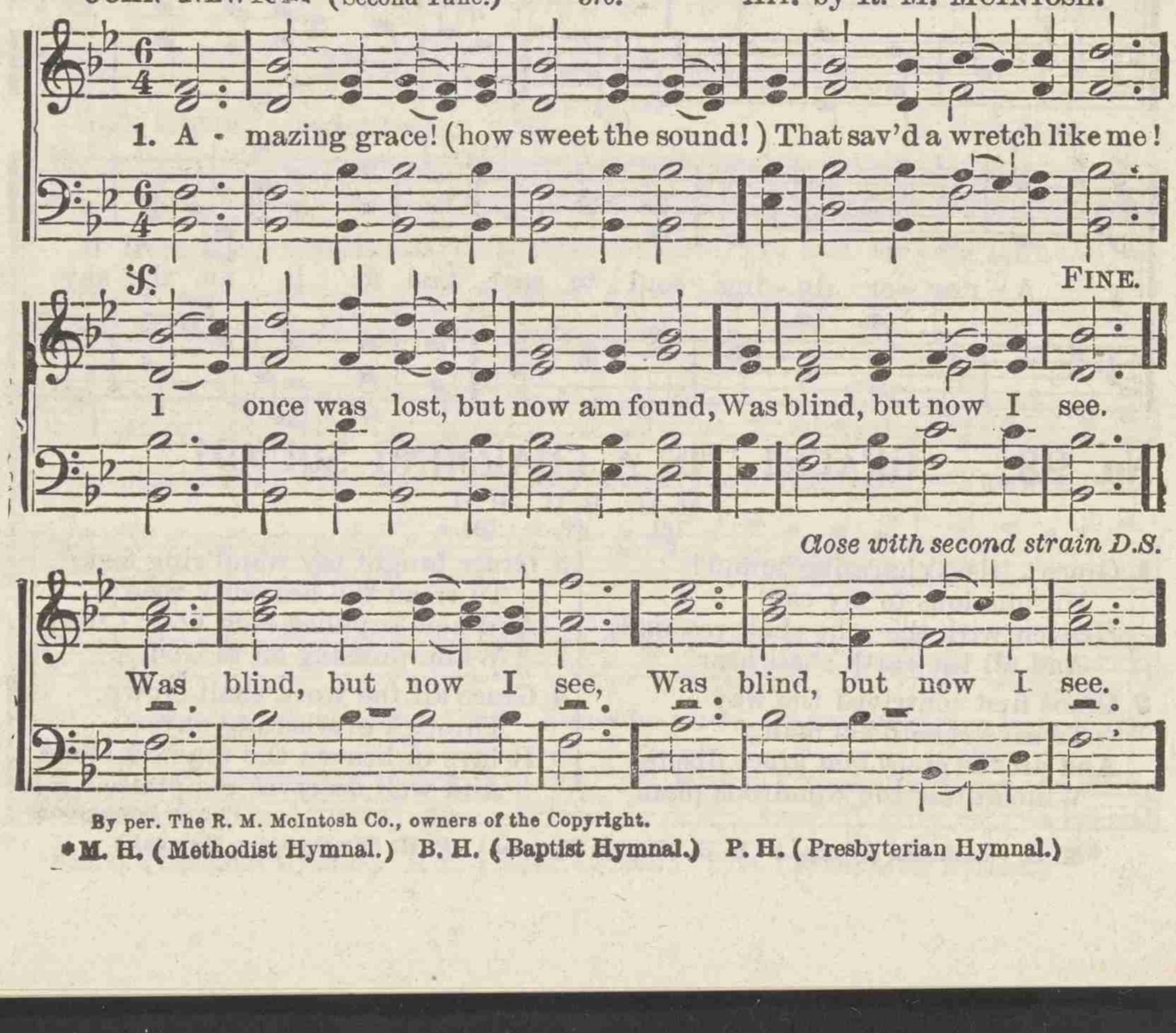
JOHN NEWTON. * M. H. 570. B. H. 492. P. H. 519. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



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No. 100. HARP. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON. (Second Tune.) * M. H. 570. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



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

No. 101. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

WILLIAM COWPER. *M. H. 107. B. H. 231. P. H. 136. Arr. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

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

And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains,
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way,
Till all the ransomed Church of God Be saved, to sin no more,
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave,

Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains,
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way.
Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more.
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die.
Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave.

No. 102. SALVATION! O THE JOYFUL SOUND.

ISAAC WATTS. *M. H. 65. B. H. 234. P. H. 871. W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sal - va - tion! O the joy - ful sound! 'Tis pleas-ure to our ears,
2. Bur-ied in sor-row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay;
3. Sal - va - tion! let the ech - o fly The spa-cious earth a-round,

A sov'reign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears.
But we a-rise, by grace di - vine, To see a heav'n - ly day.
While all the ar-mies of the sky Con - spire to raise the sound.

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

No. 103. WHITER THAN SNOW.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole;
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat;
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou seest I pa - tient - ly wait:

I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul;
And help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice;
I wait, bless - ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet,
Come now, and with - in me a new heart cre - ate;

Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now
I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I know: O
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow: O
To those who have sought Thee, Thou nev - er said'st "No;" O

CHORUS.
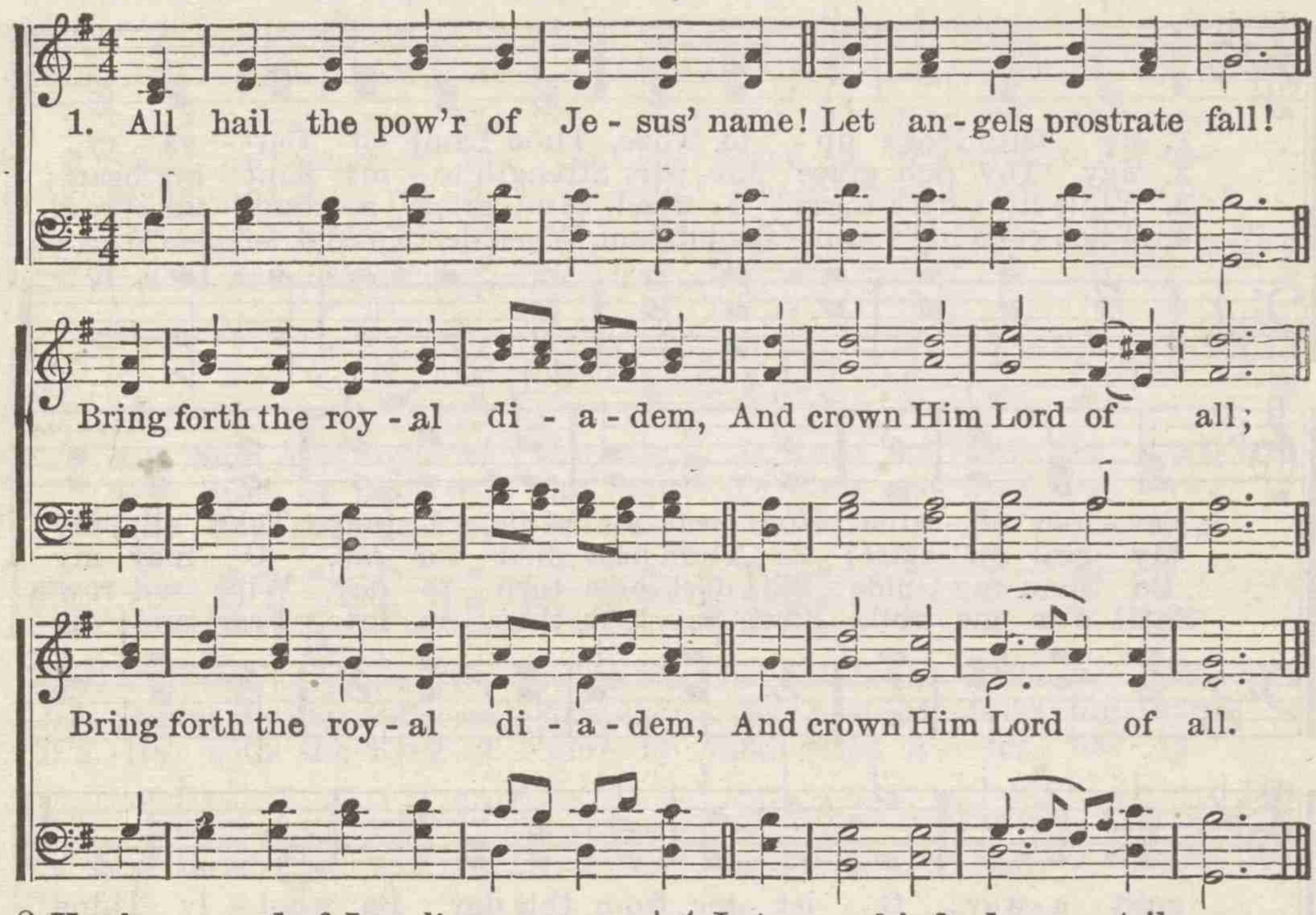
wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whiter than snow, yes,

whit - er than snow; O wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

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No. 104. ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME.

EDWARD PERRONET. * M. H. 132. B. H. 161. P. H. 32. OLIVER HOLDEN.



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

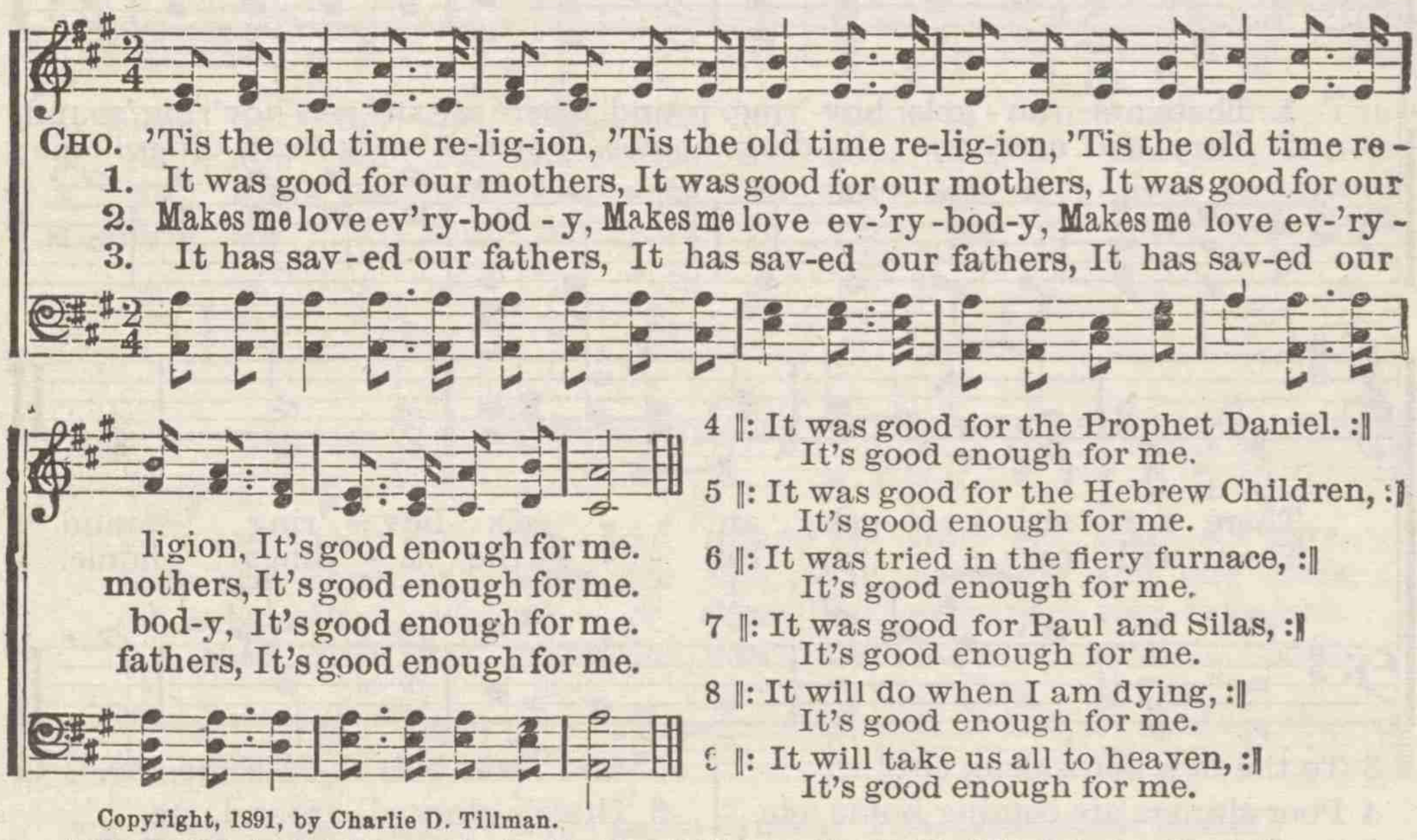
3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

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

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

No. 105. "OLD TIME RELIGION."

Arr. by CHARLIE TILLMAN.



4 ‖: It was good for the Prophet Daniel. :‖
It's good enough for me.

5 ‖: It was good for the Hebrew Children, :‖
It's good enough for me.

6 ‖: It was tried in the fiery furnace, :‖
It's good enough for me.

7 ‖: It was good for Paul and Silas, :‖
It's good enough for me.

8 ‖: It will do when I am dying, :‖
It's good enough for me.

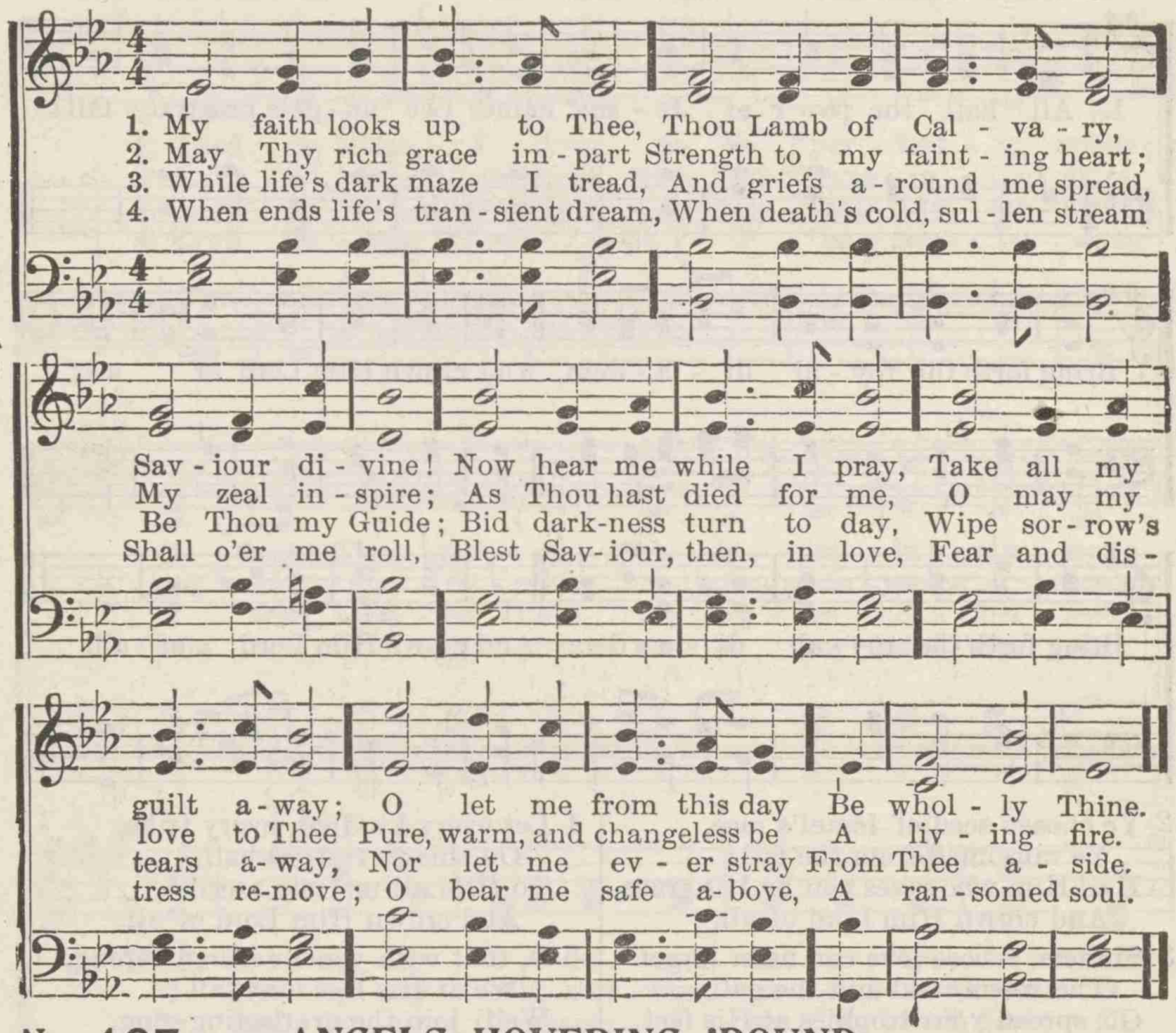
9 ‖: It will take us all to heaven, :‖
It's good enough for me.

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

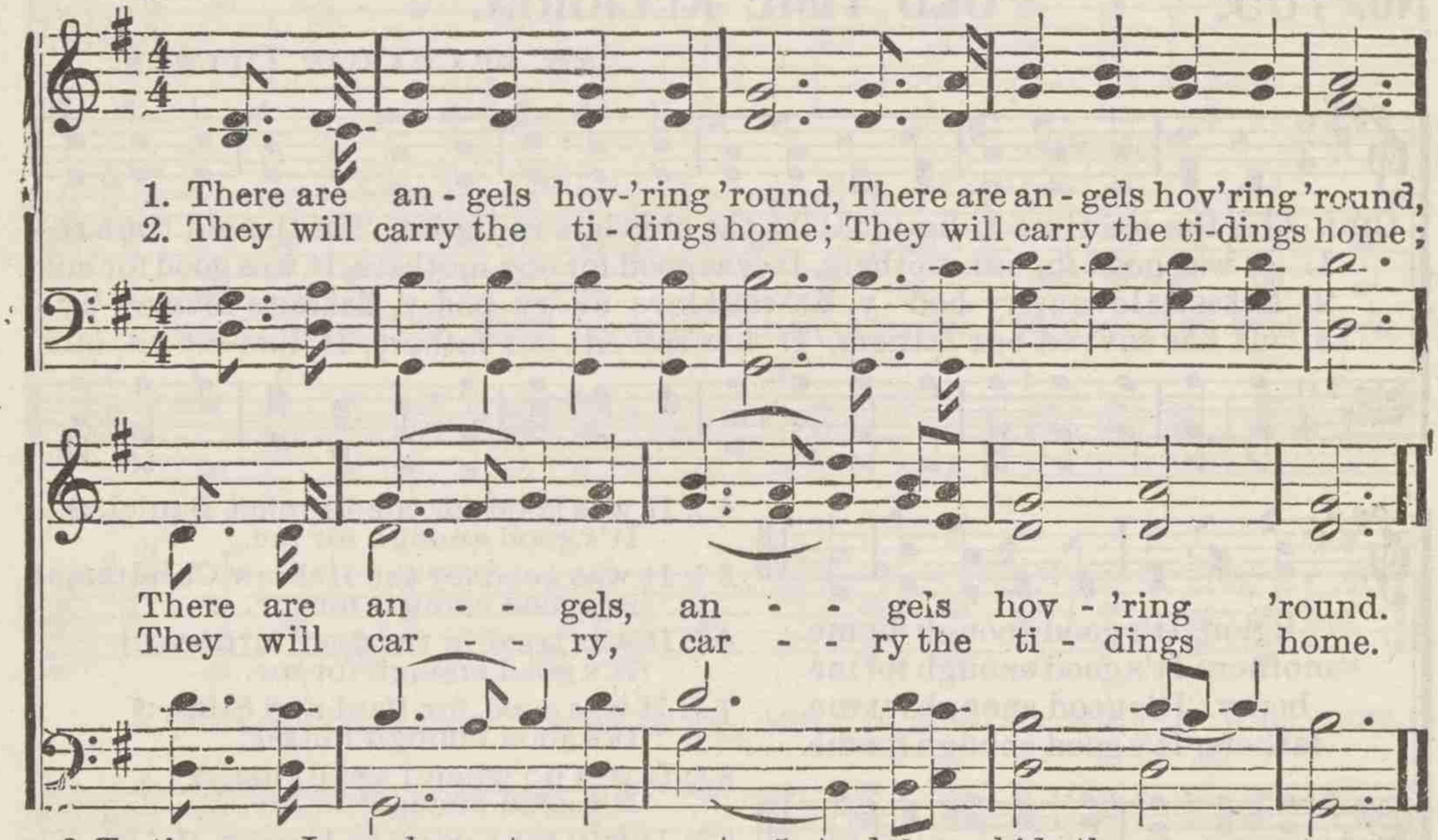
No. 106. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

RAY PALMER. *M. H. 398. B. H. 384. P. H. 335. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 107. ANGELS HOVERING 'ROUND.

Anon. Unknown.

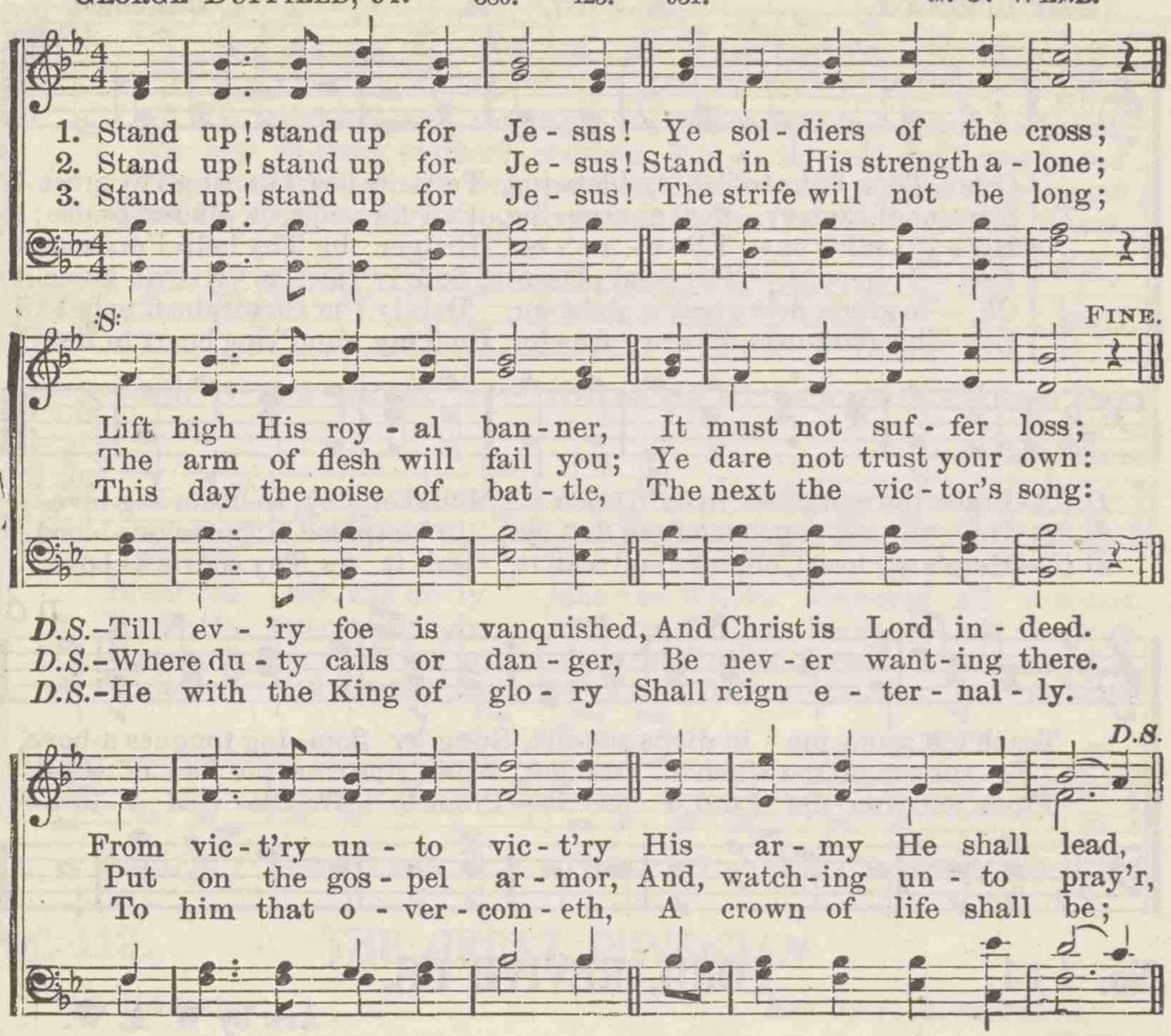


3 To the new Jerusalem, etc.
4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.
5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.
6 There's glory all around, etc.

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

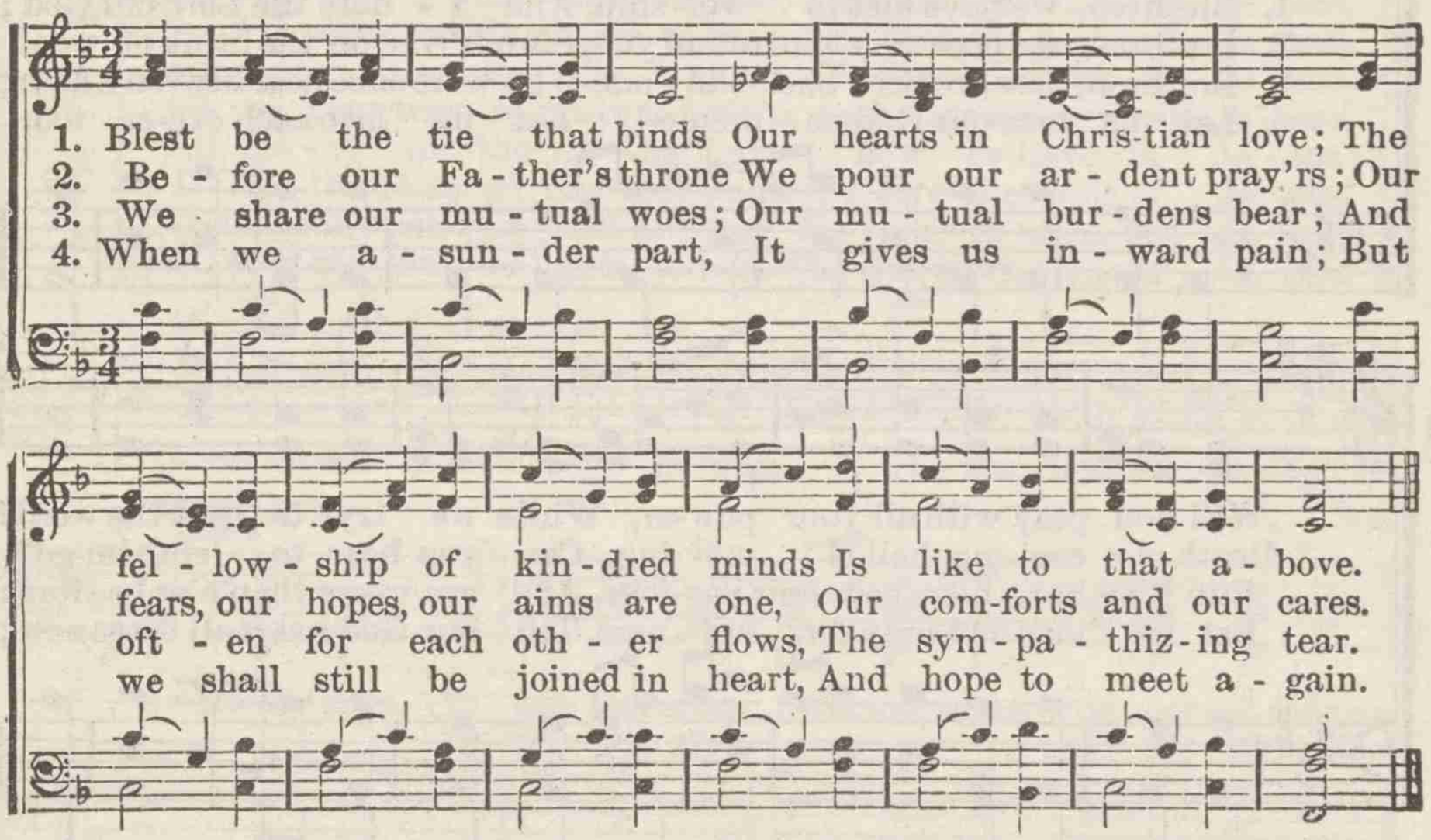
No. 108. STAND UP! STAND UP FOR JESUS!

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



No. 109. BLEST BE THE TIE.

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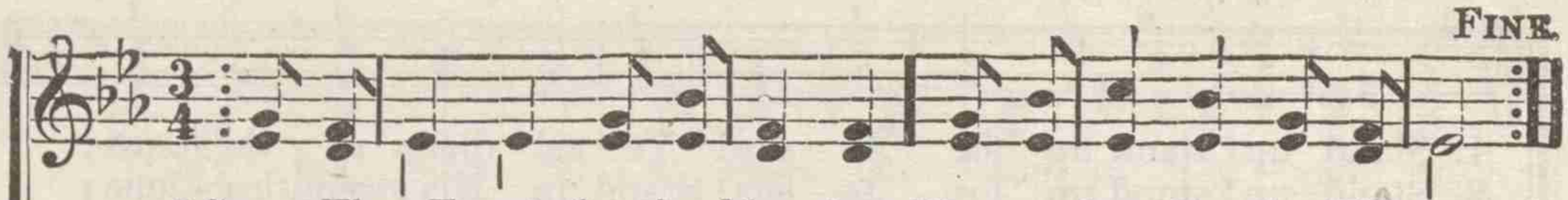


* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)
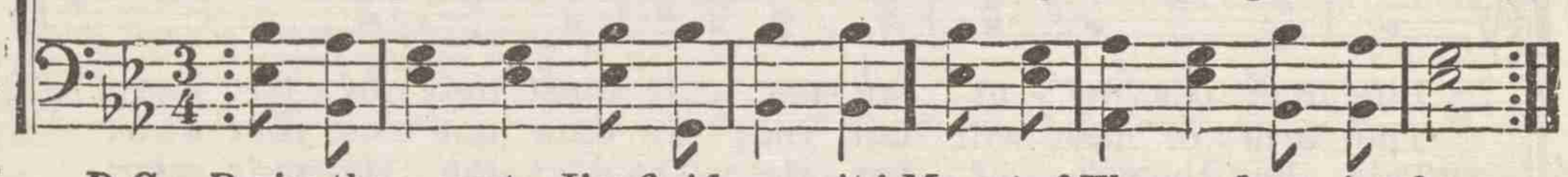
No. 110. COME, THOU FOUNT.

GEO. ROBINSON. *M. H. 525. B. H. 177. P. H. 94. Unknown.

FINE.
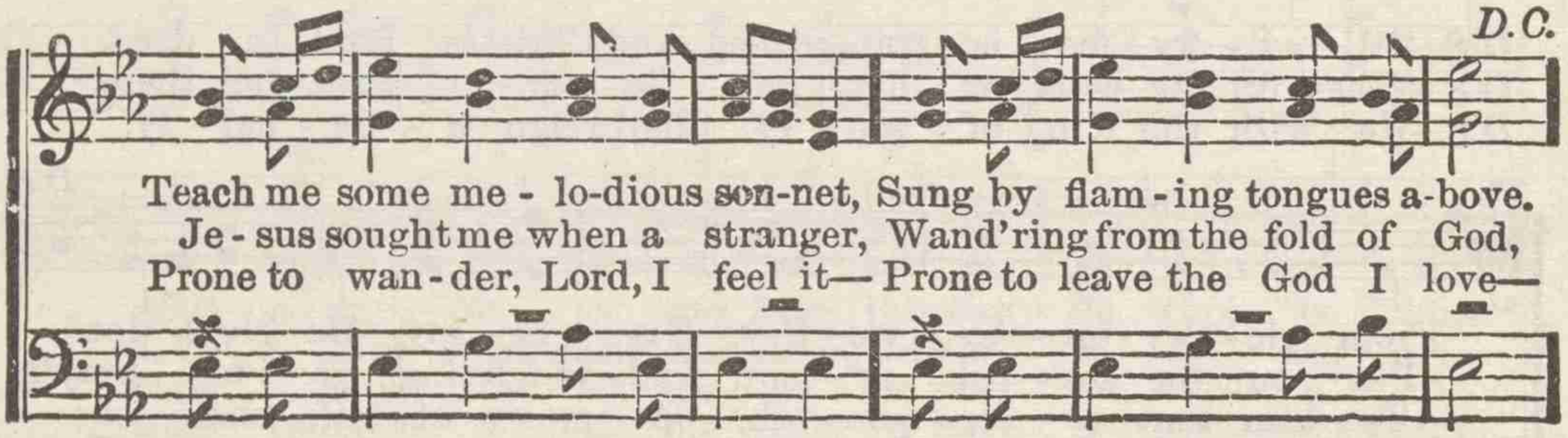


1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace
   Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise;
2. Here I'll raise my Eb-e-ne-zer, Hith-er by Thy help I'm come;
   And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.
3. Oh, to grace, how great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



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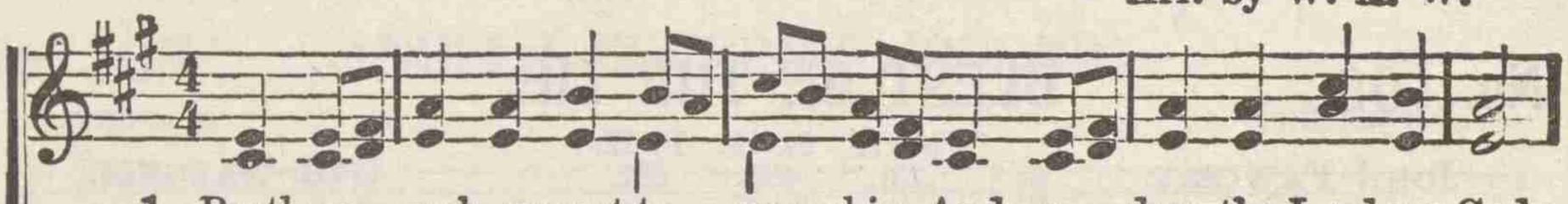
D.C.



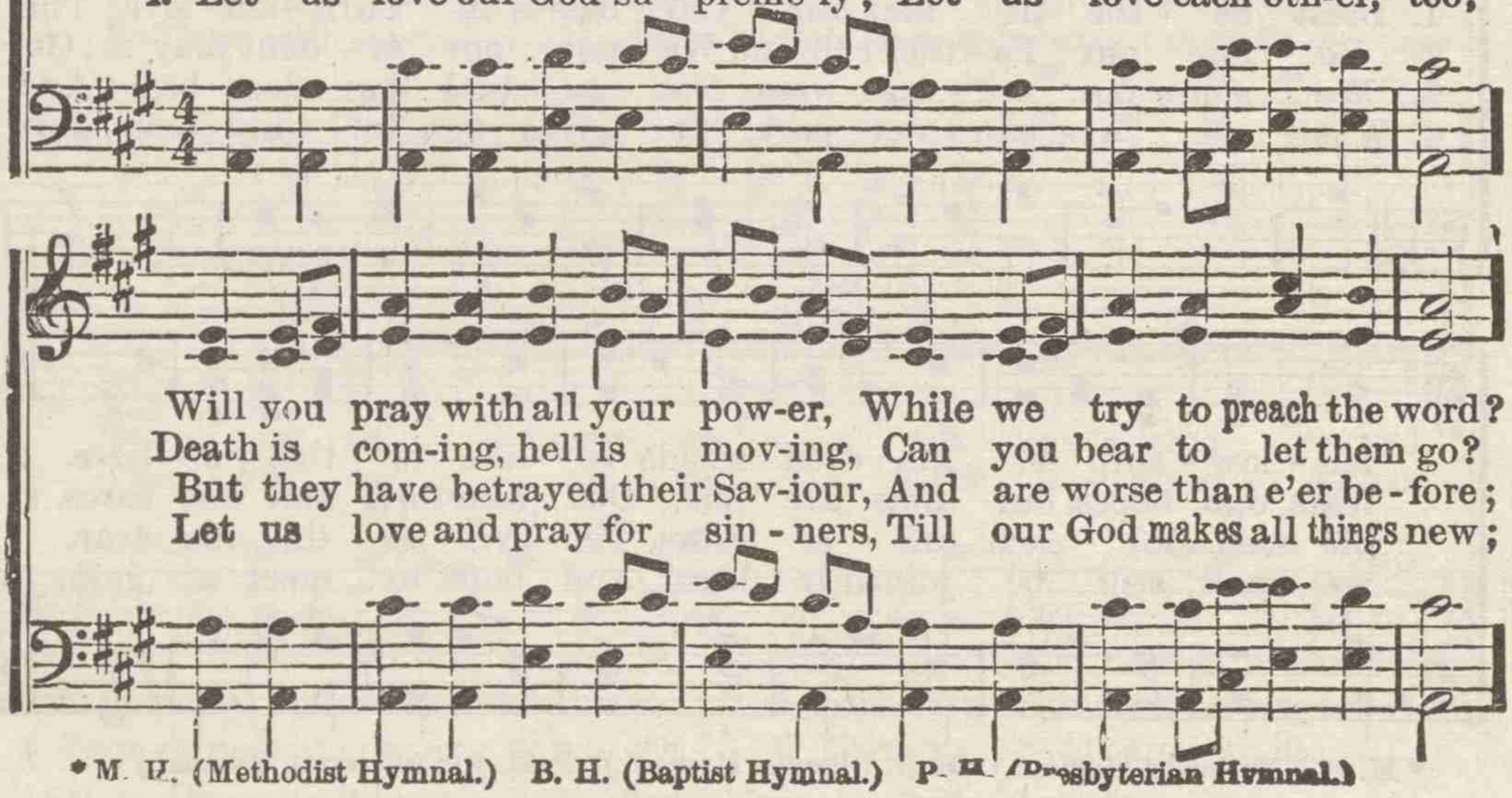
Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove.
Je-sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God,
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it—Prone to leave the God I love—

No. 111. LORD, REVIVE US.

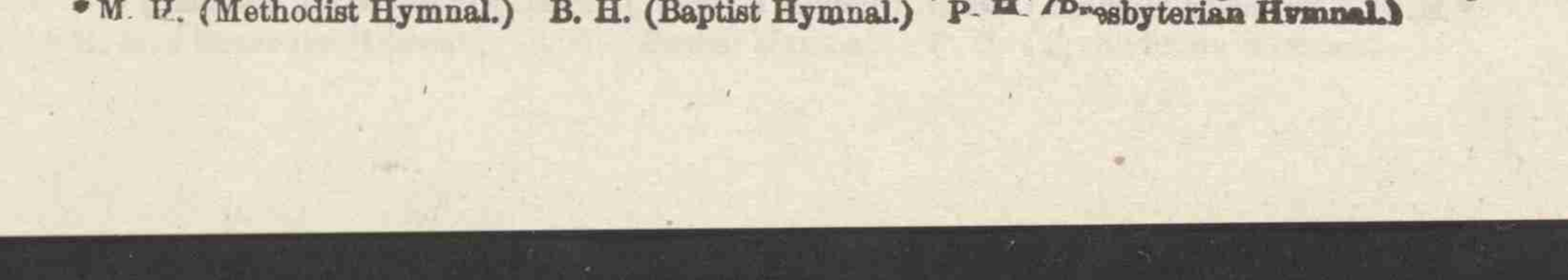
Arr. by W. A. W.



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

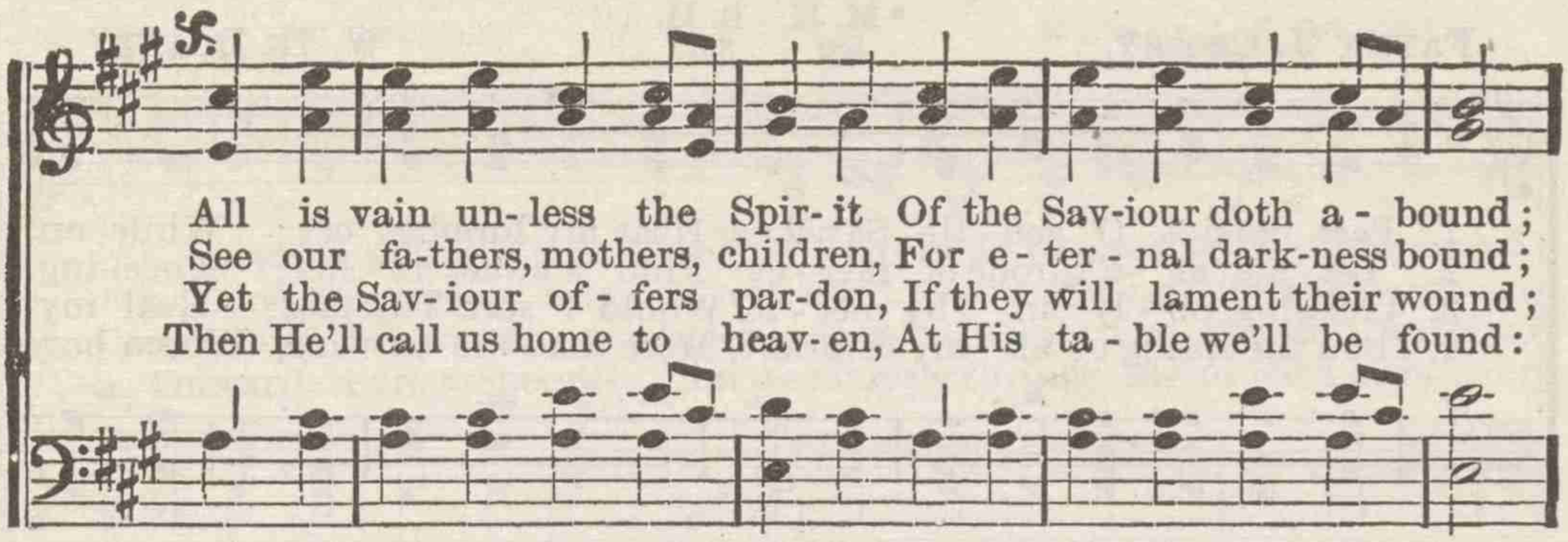


Will you pray with all your pow-er, While we try to preach the word?
Death is com-ing, hell is mov-ing, Can you bear to let them go?
But they have betrayed their Sav-iour, And are worse than e'er be-fore;
Let us love and pray for sin-ners, Till our God makes all things new;
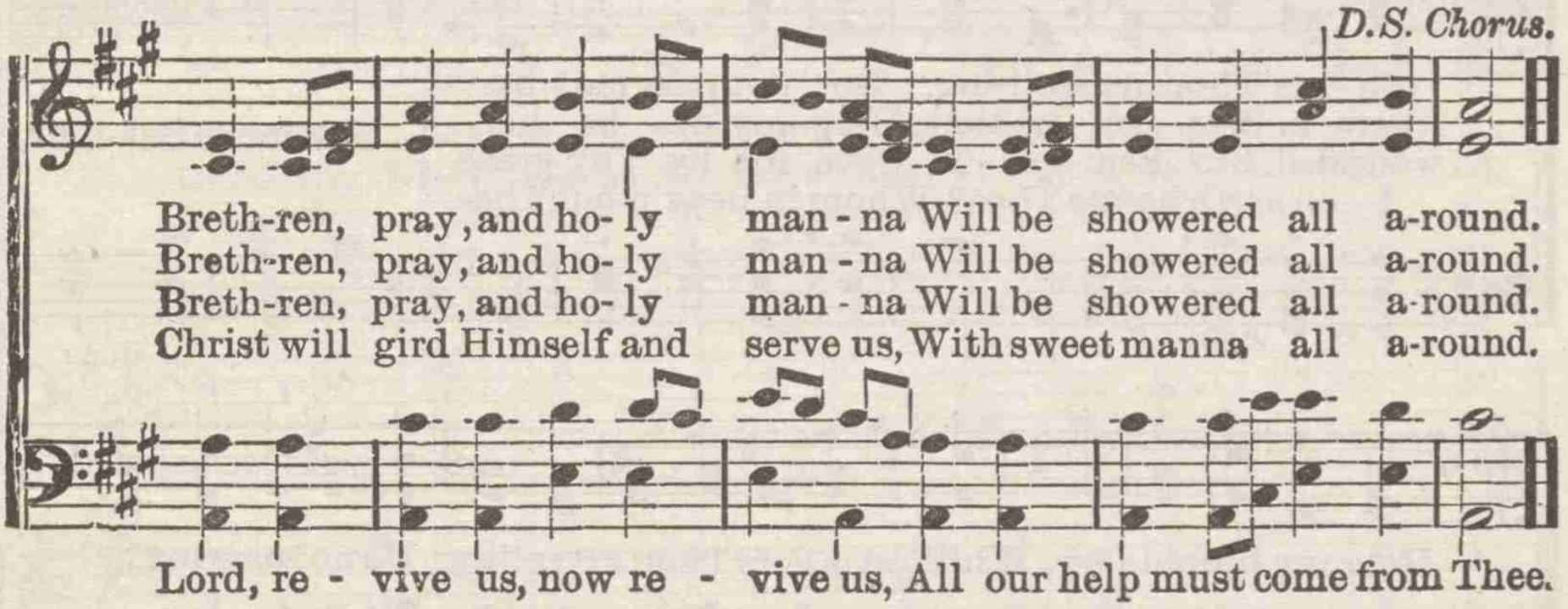


* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

LORD, REVIVE US.

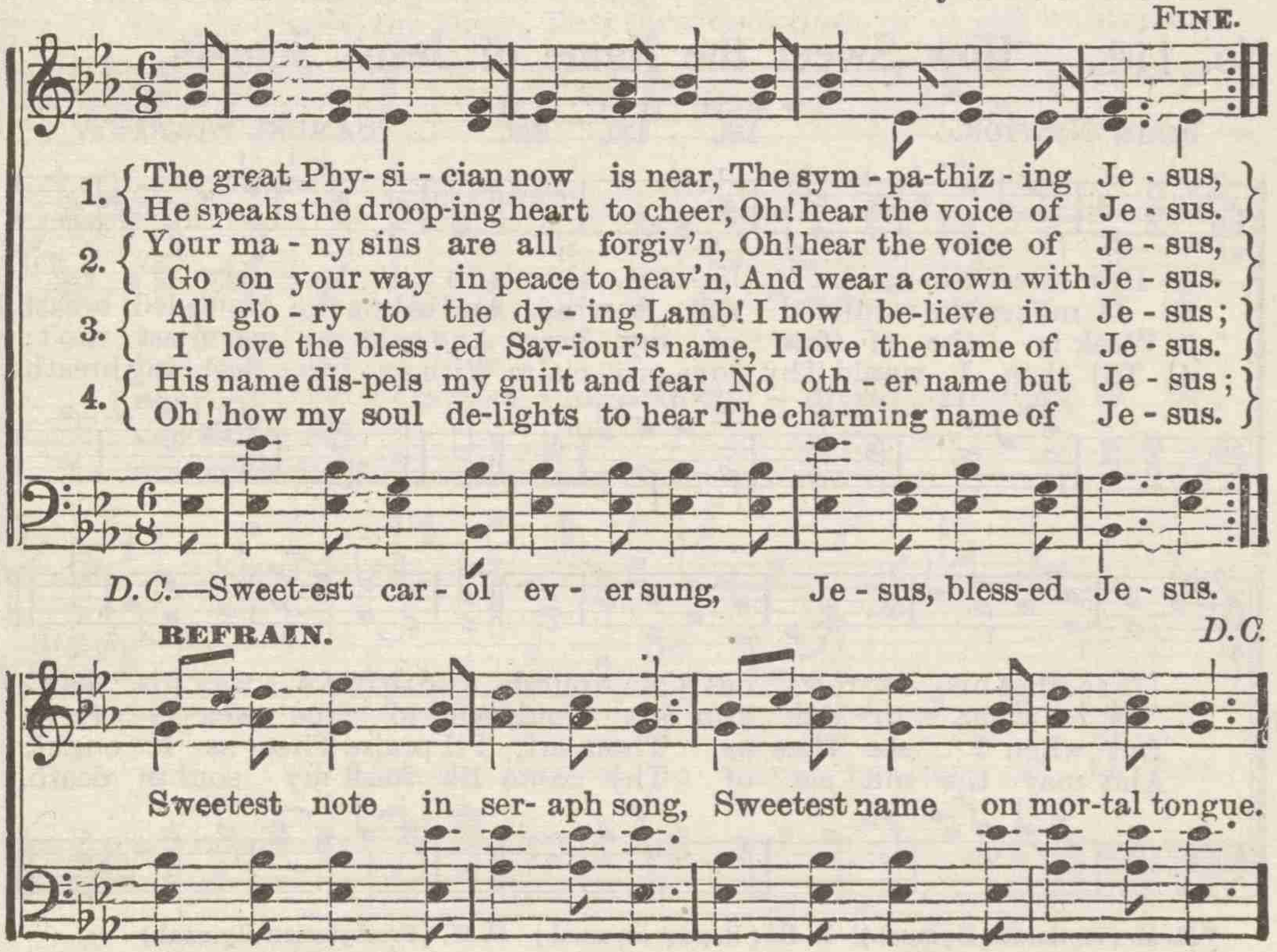


CHO.—Lord, re- vive us, Oh, re - vive us, All our help must come from Thee:



No. 112. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

WM. HUNTER. Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON.



No. 113. PASS ME NOT.

FANNY J. CROSBY. *M. H. 852. B. H. 361. W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav-iour, Hear my humble cry; While on oth - ers Thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by.
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel-ing there in deep con - tri-tion, Help my un - be - lief.
3. Trust-ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
4. Thou the spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee.

CHORUS.

Sav-iour, Sav-iour, Hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

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No. 114. How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds.

JOHN NEWTON. *M. H. 153. B. H. 170. P. H. 229. SAMUEL STANLEY.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear! It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, And calms the troub-led breast; 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.
3. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warm-est tho't; But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
4. Till then, I would Thy love pro - claim With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath; And may the mu - sic of Thy name Re - fresh my soul in death.

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

No. 115. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

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

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

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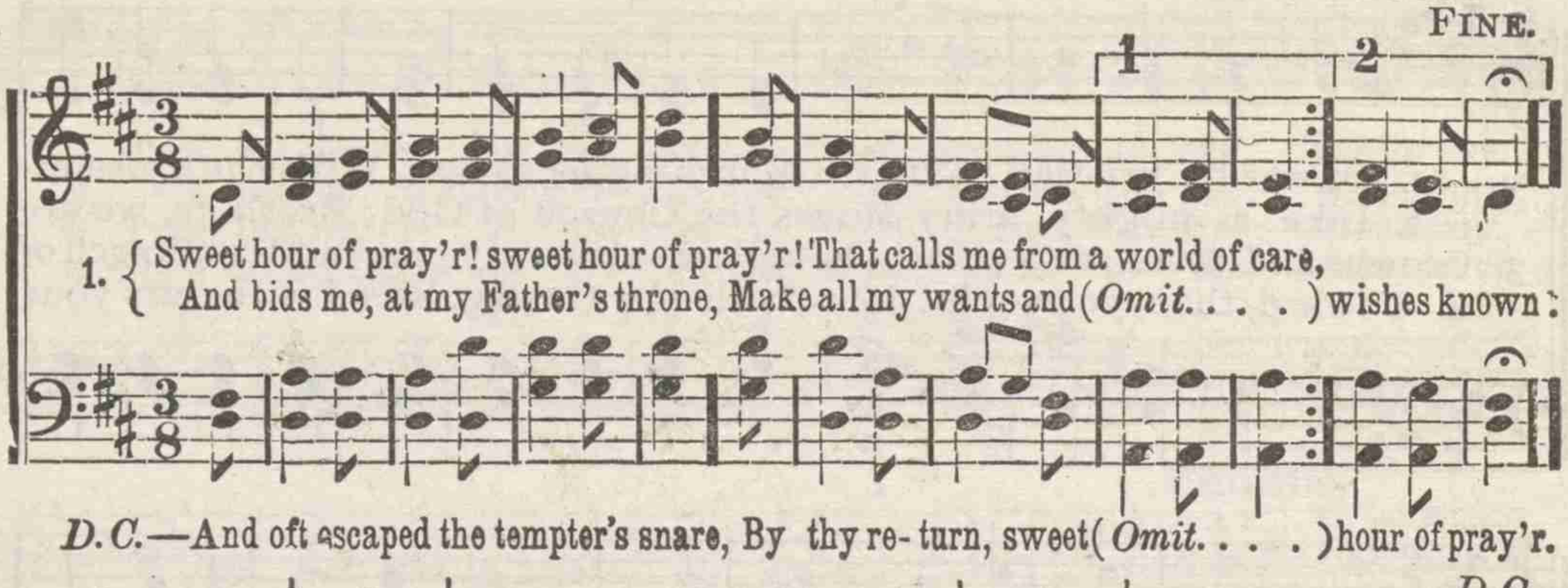
REFRAIN.

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

No. 116. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER!

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

FINE.

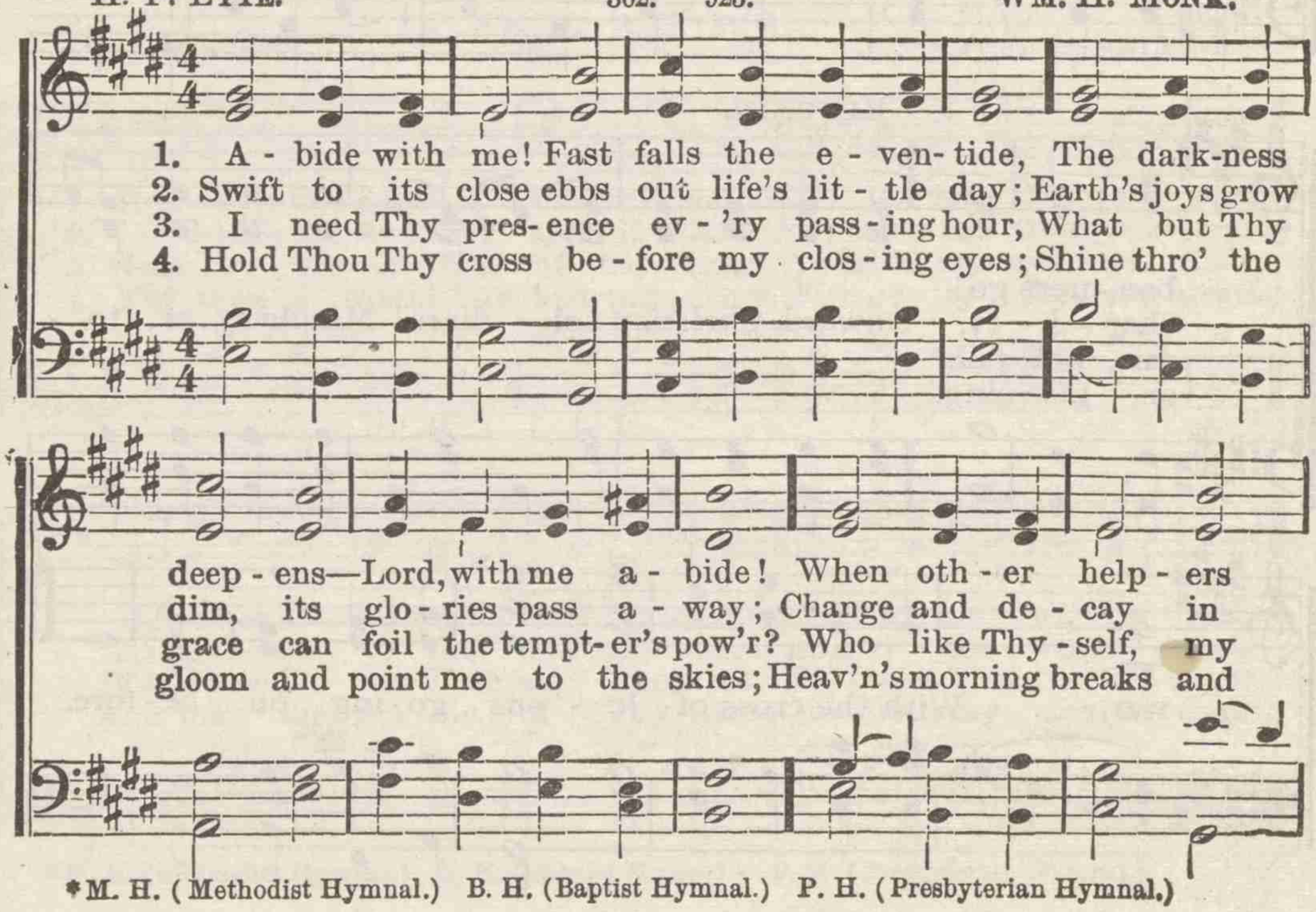


2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting souls to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for Thee, sweet hour of prayer.

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

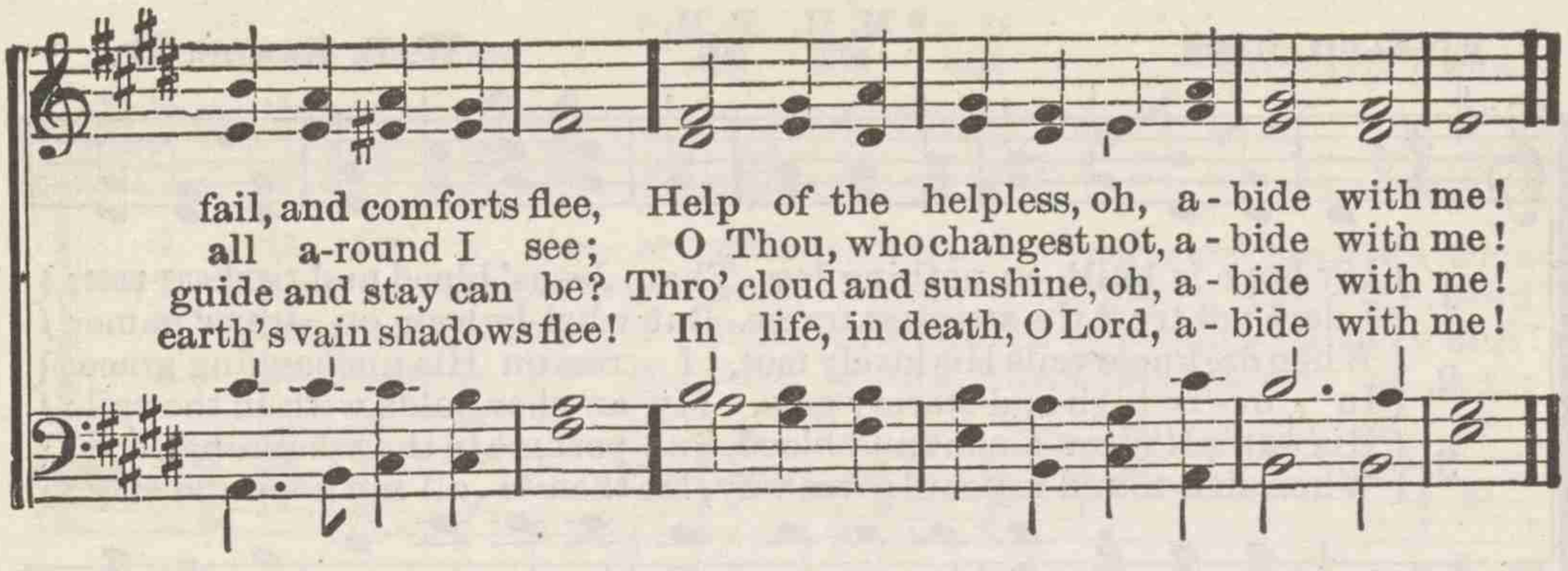
No. 117. ABIDE WITH ME.

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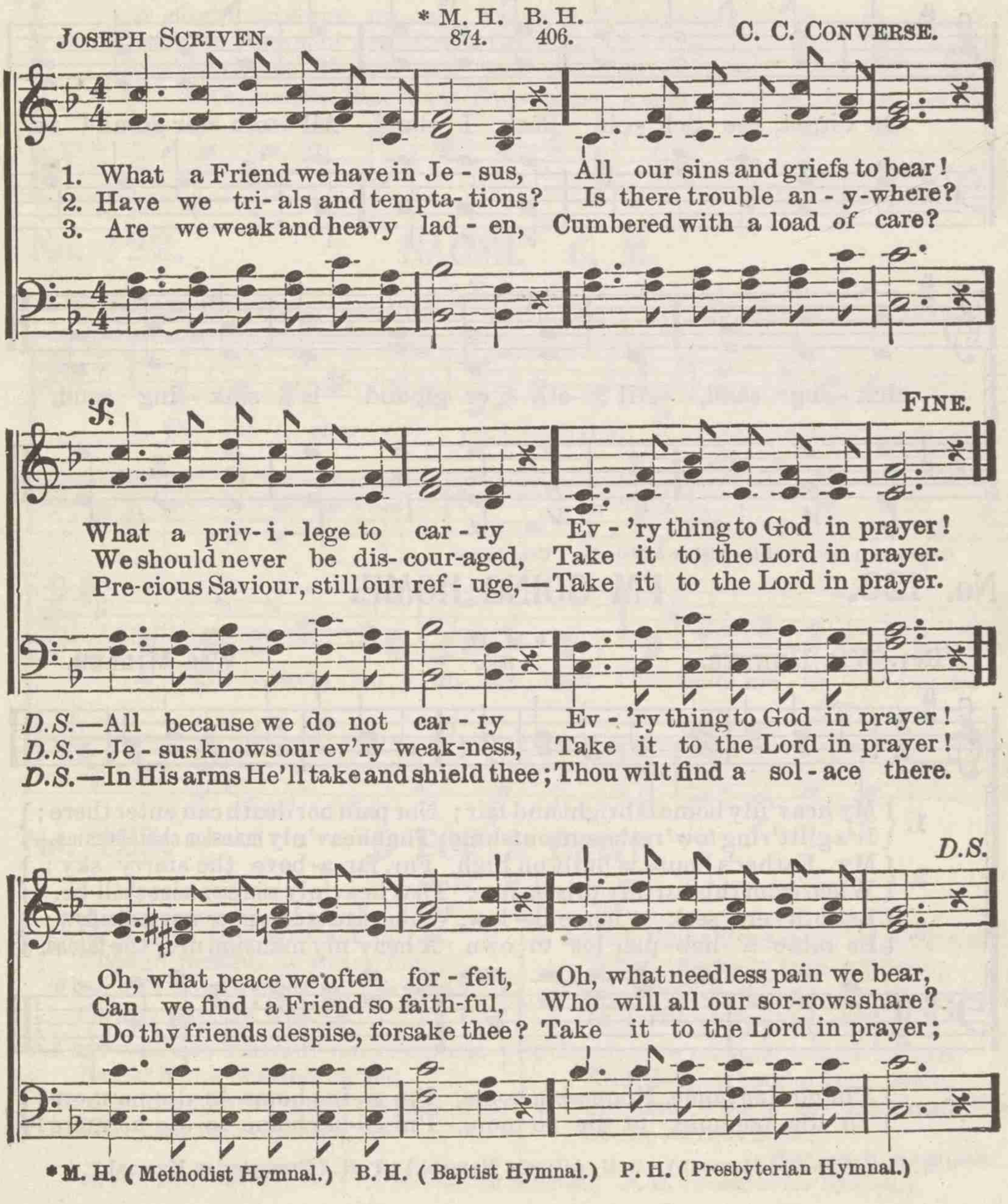


*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

ABIDE WITH ME.—Concluded.



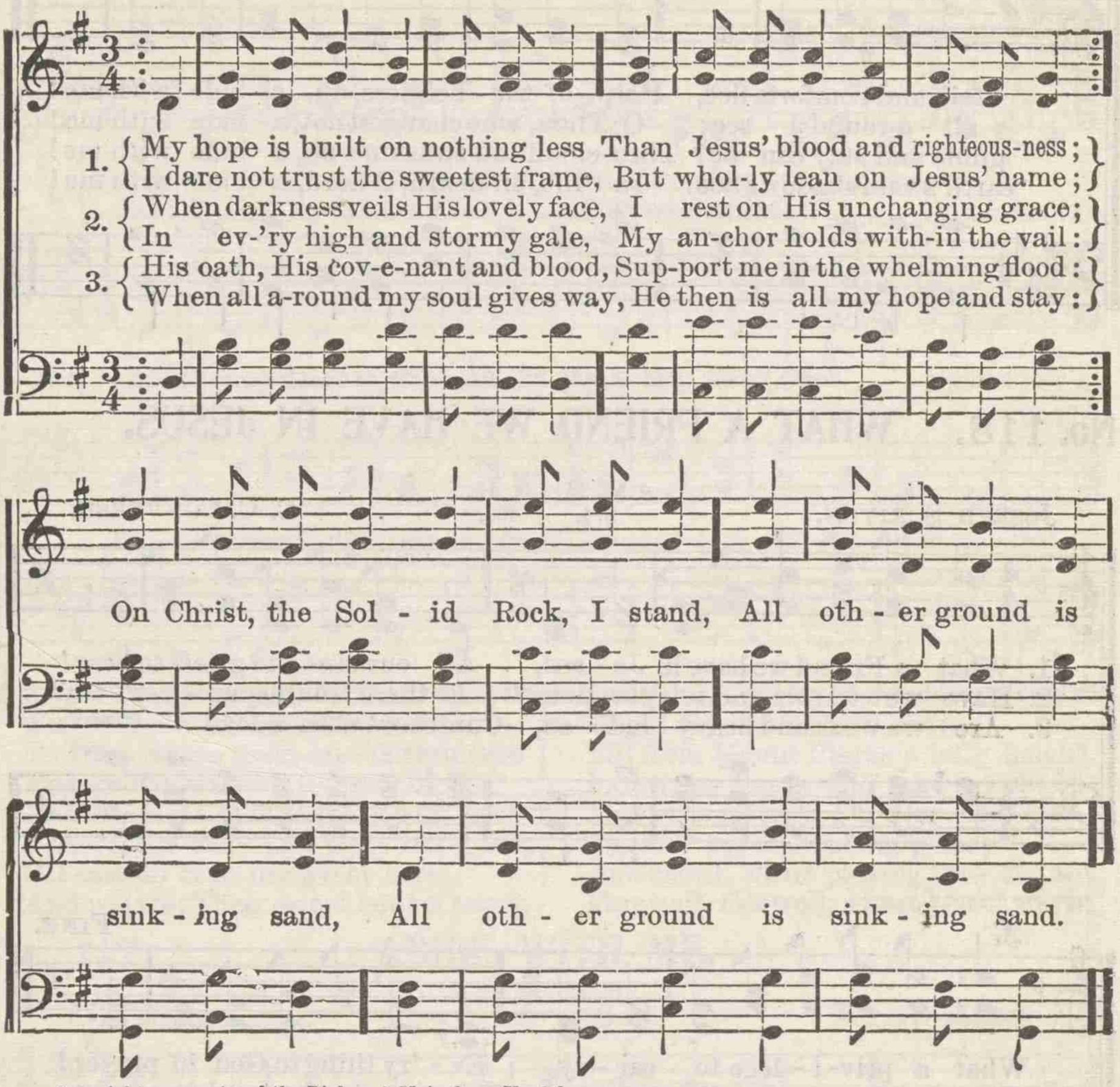
No. 118. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.



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

No. 119. SOLID ROCK.
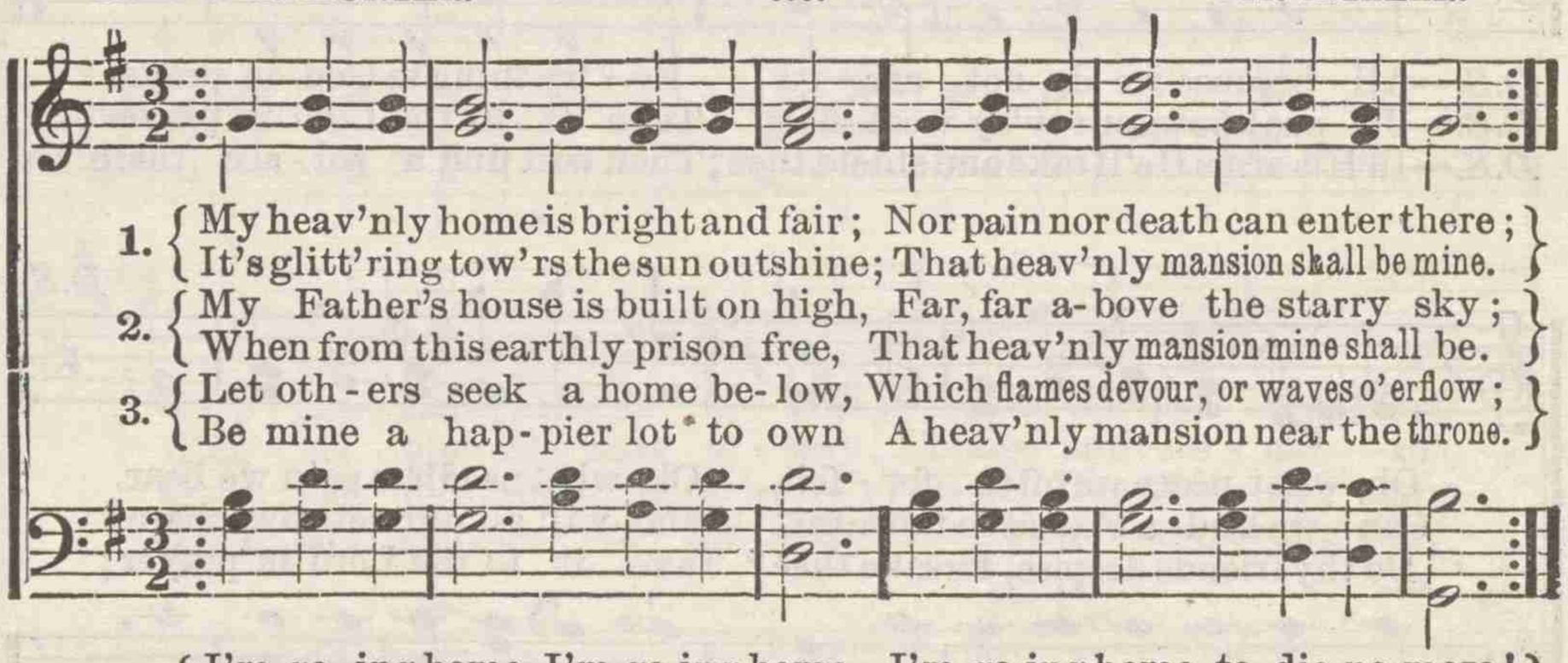
EDWARD MOTE. * M. H. 849. B. H. 309. W. B. BRADBURY.



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No. 120. I'M GOING HOME.

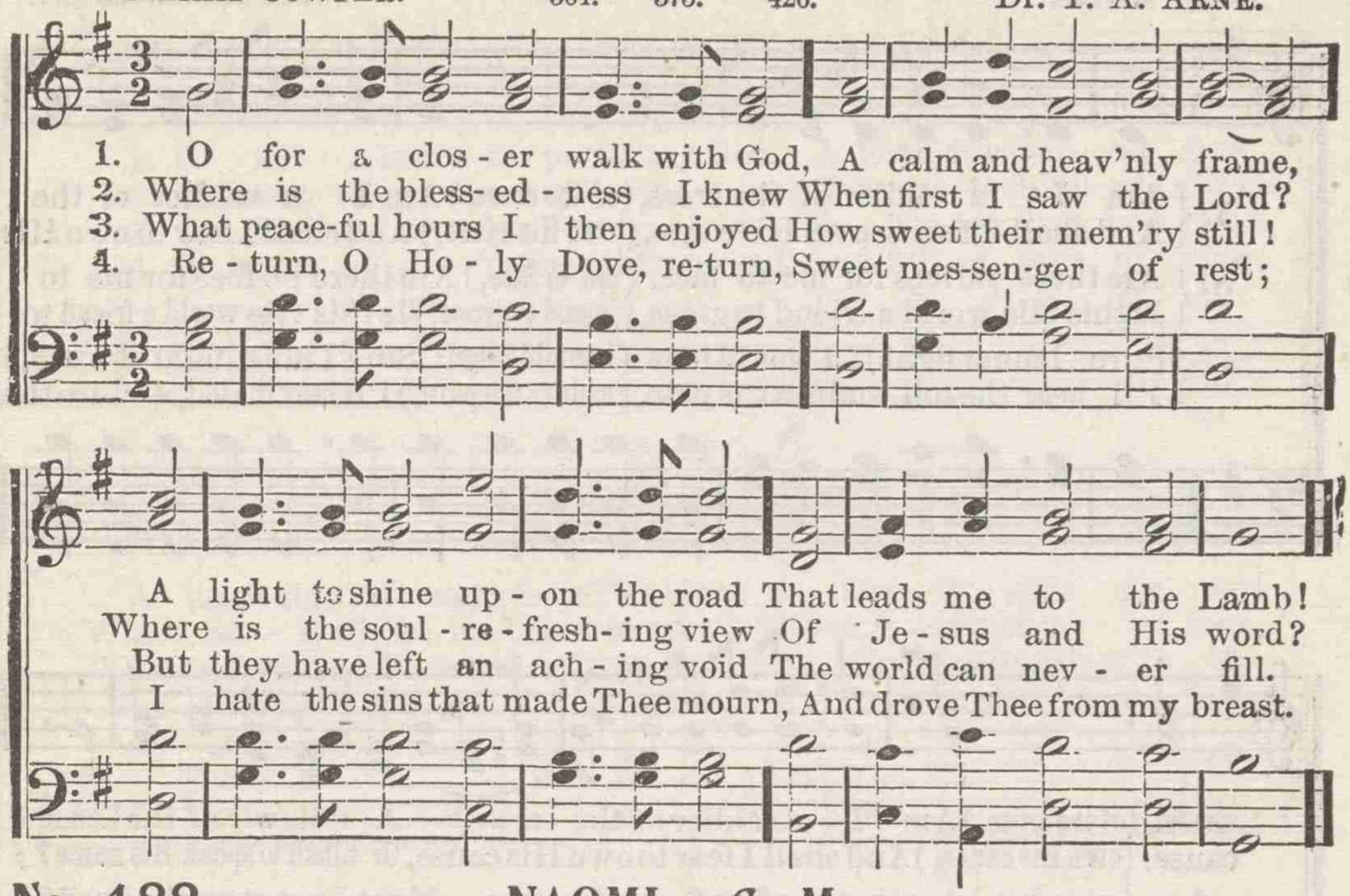
Rev. WM. HUNTER. * M. H. 895. WM. MILLER.



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

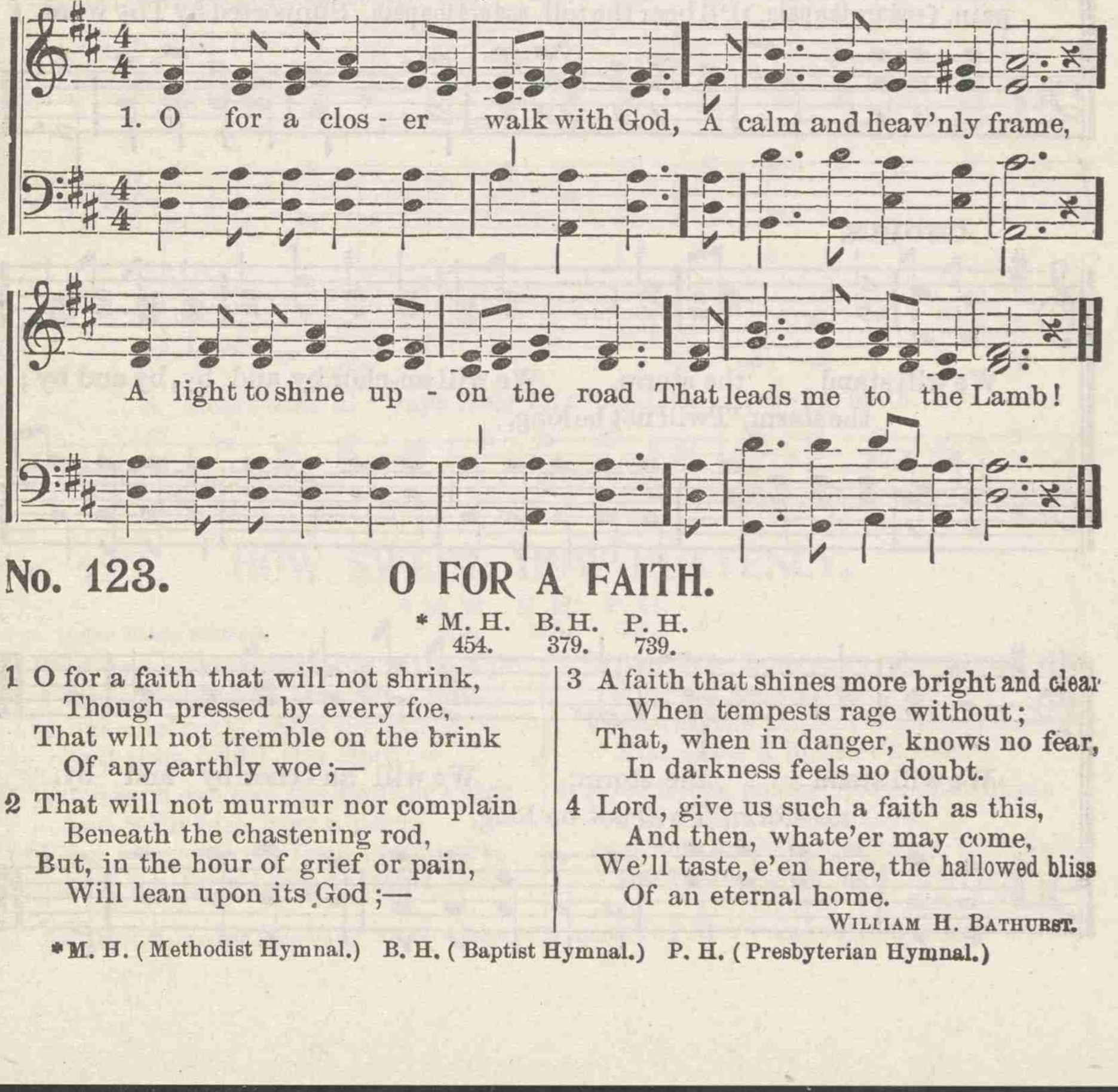
No. 121. O FOR A CLOSER WALK WITH GOD.

WILLIAM COWPER. * M. H. 364. B. H. 375. P. H. 426. Dr. T. A. ARNE.



No. 122. NAOMI. C. M.

WILLIAM COWPER. (Second Tune.) * B. H. 85. P. H. 423. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 123. O FOR A FAITH.

* M. H. 454. B. H. 379. P. H. 739.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;—

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

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt.
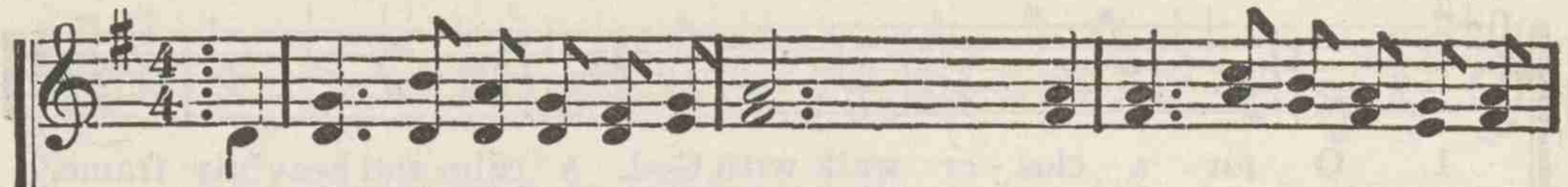
4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM H. BATHURST.

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

No. 124. WE WILL STAND THE STORM.
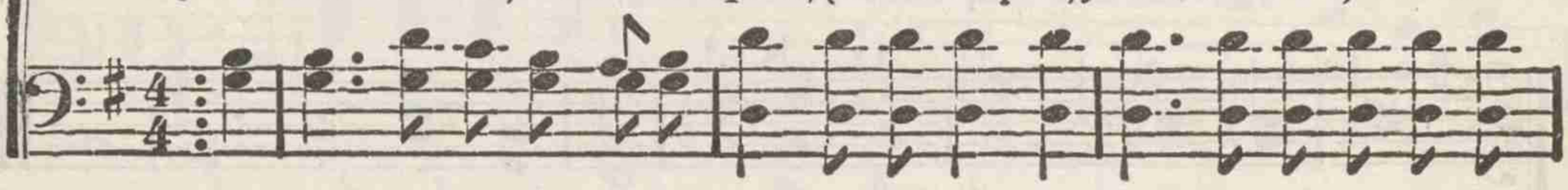
ISAAC WATTS. T. C. O'KANE. By per.
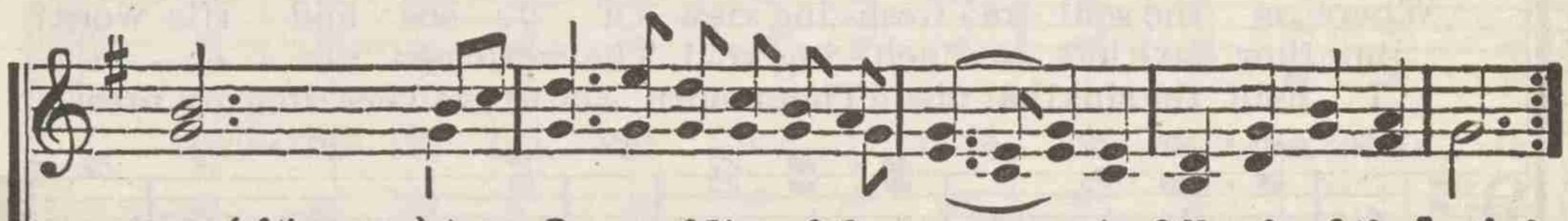


1. { Am I a soldier of the cross, (of the cross,) Am I a soldier of the
And shall I fear to own His cause, (own His cause,) And shall I fear to own His

2. { Are there no foes for me to face, (me to face,) Are there no foes for me to
Is this vile world a friend to grace, (friend to grace,) Is this vile world a friend to

3. { Sure I must fight if I would reign; (I would reign;) Sure I must fight if I would
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, (endure the pain,) I'll bear the toil, endure the
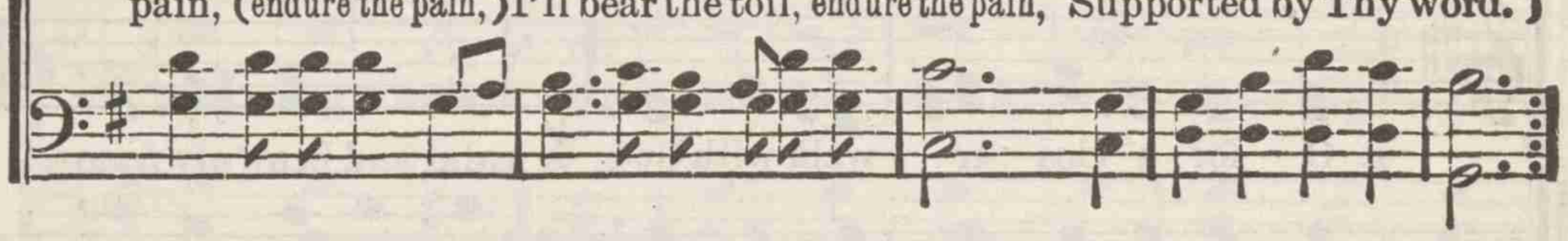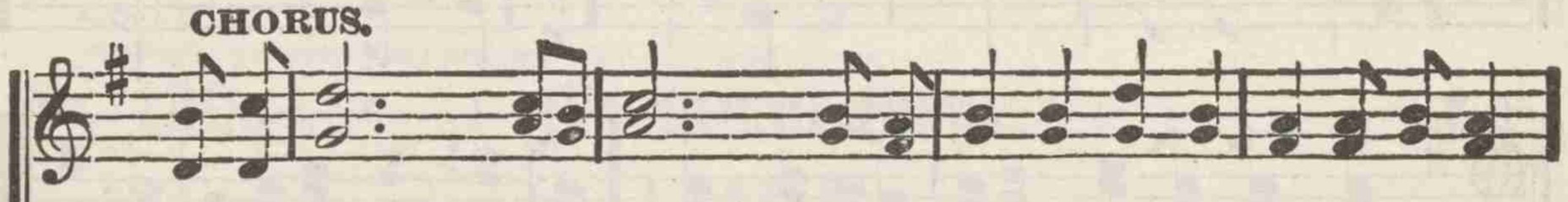




cross, (of the cross,) Am I a soldier of the cross, A follow'r of the Lamb,
cause, (own His cause,) And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?

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

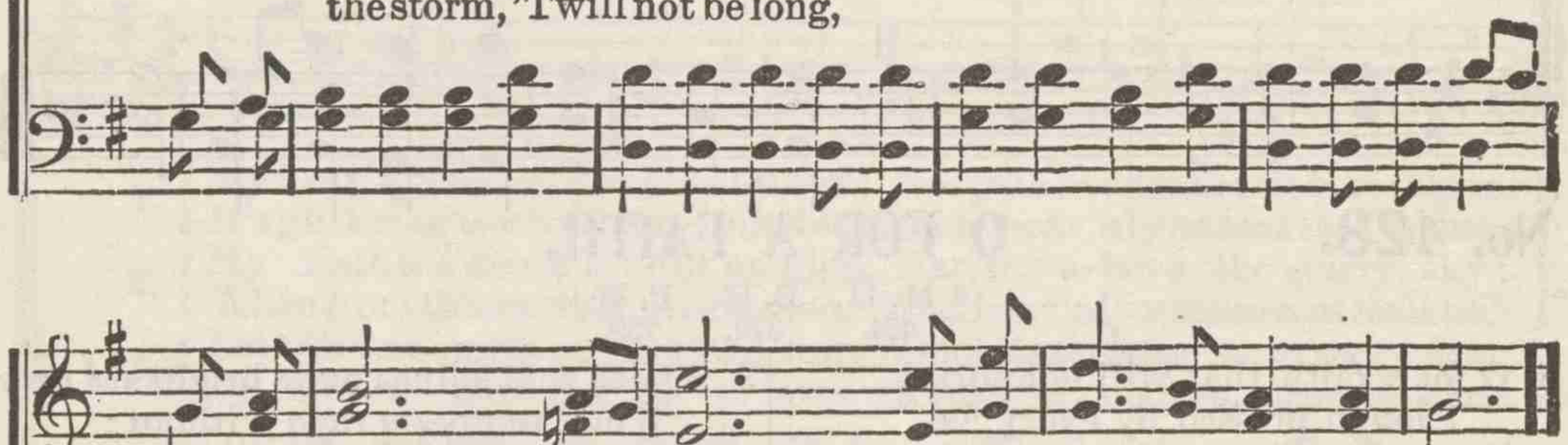
reign; (I would reign;) Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord!
pain, (endure the pain,) I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by Thy word.
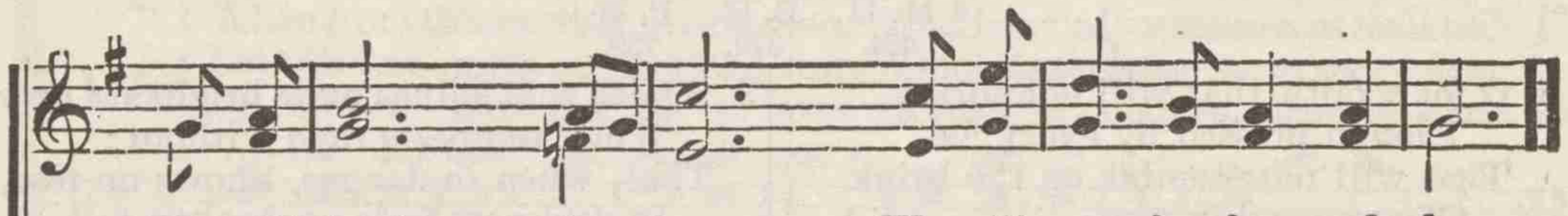


CHORUS.
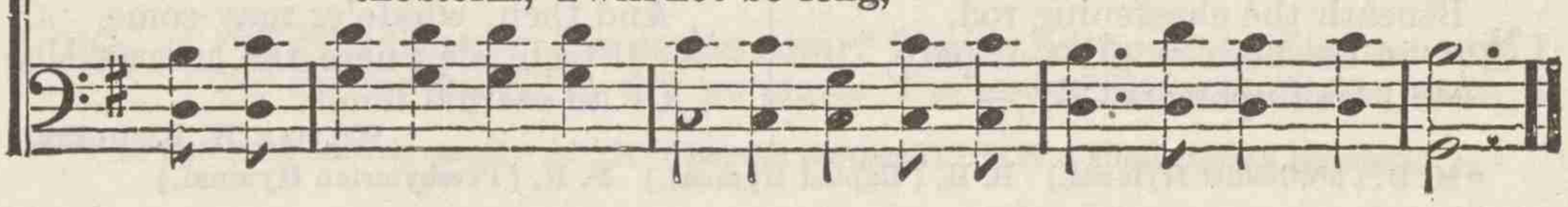


We will stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by, by and by;
the storm, 'Twill not be long,



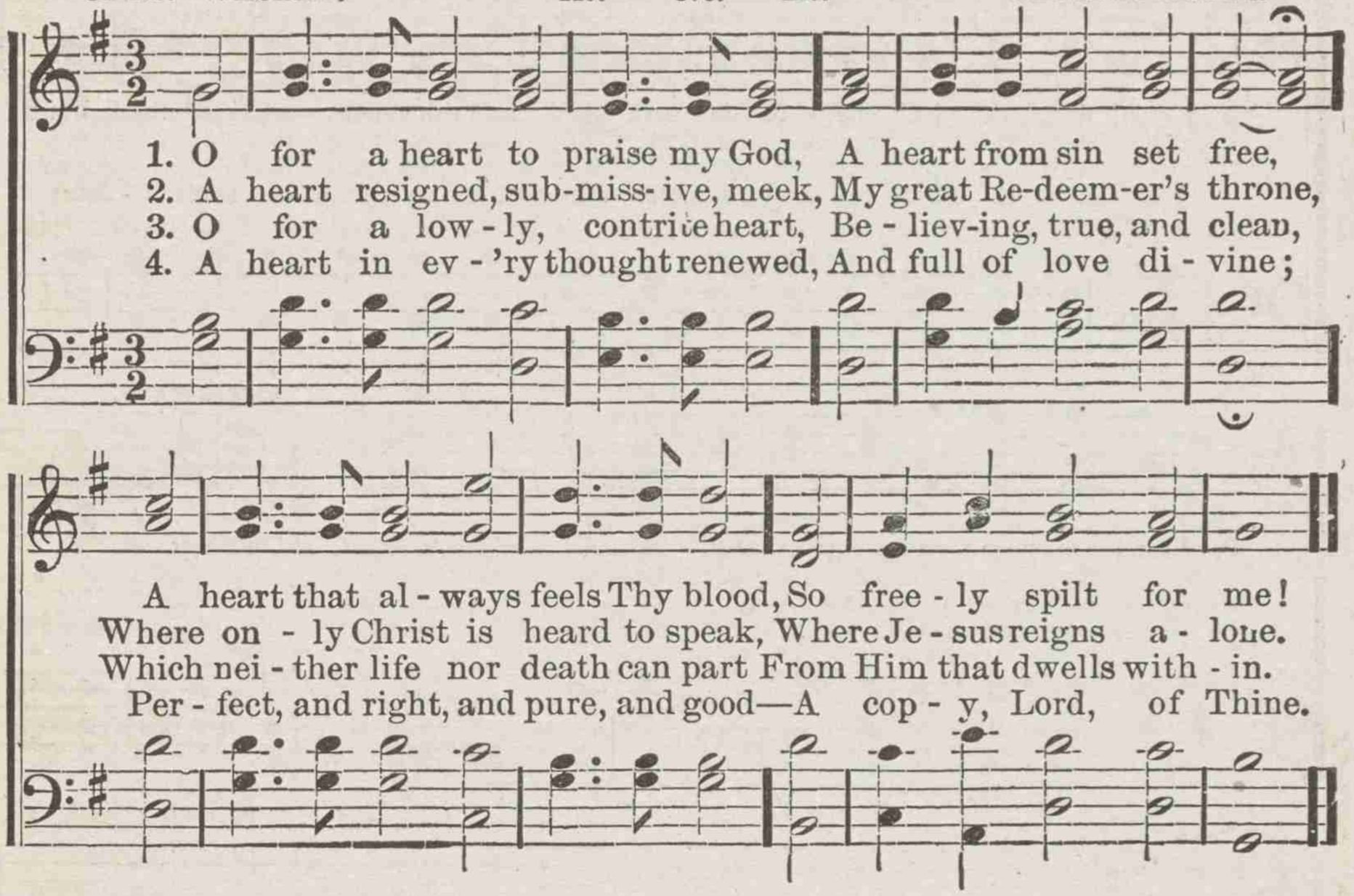


We will stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by.
the storm, 'Twill not be long,



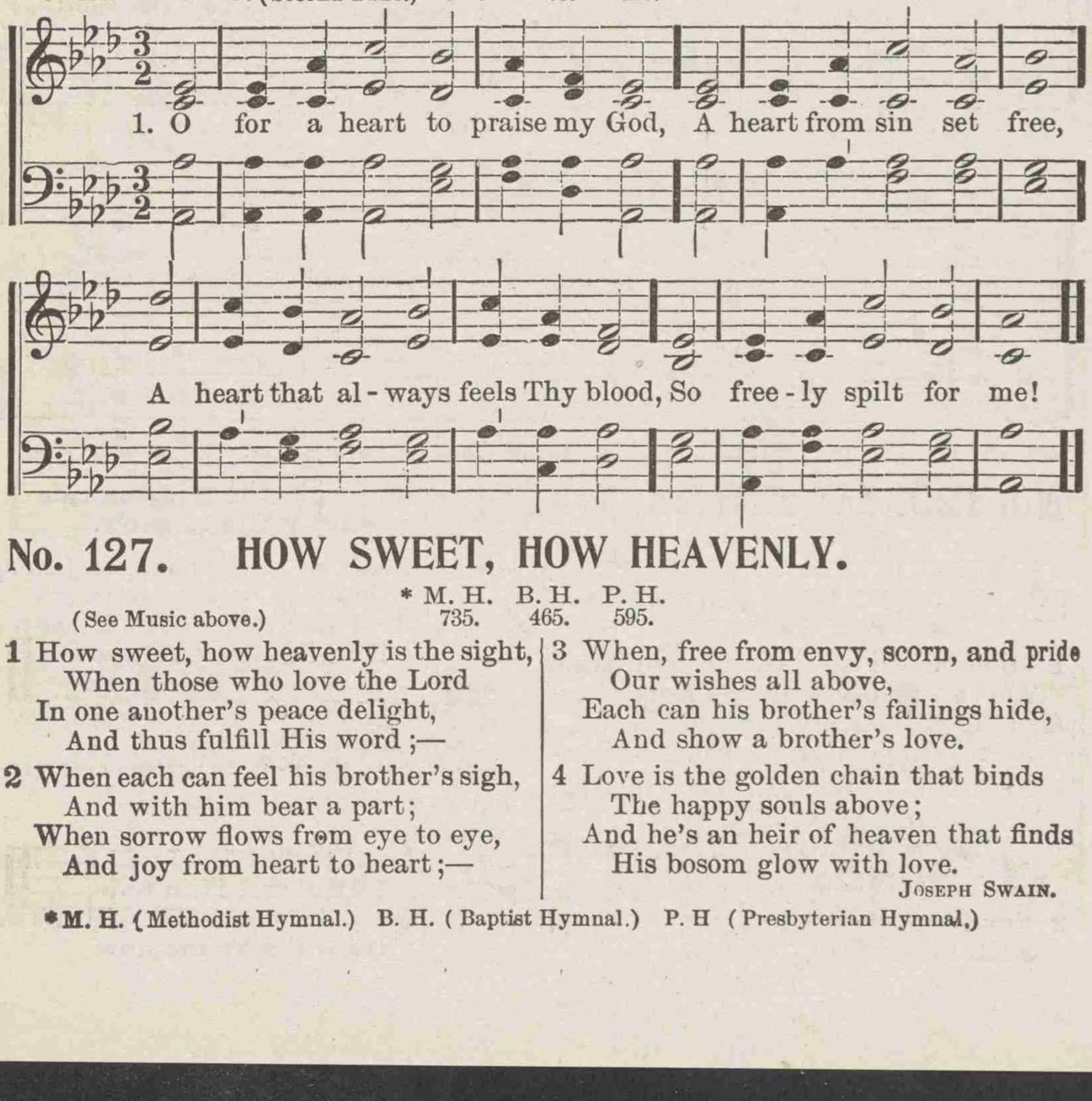
No. 125. O FOR A HEART TO PRAISE MY GOD.

CHAS. WESLEY. * M. H. 440. B. H. 378. P. H. 410. THOMAS ARNE.



No. 126. EVAN. C. M.

CHAS. WESLEY. (Second Tune.) * M. H. 342. B. H. 163. P. H. 410. Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.



No. 127. HOW SWEET, HOW HEAVENLY.

(See Music above.) * M. H. 735. B. H. 465. P. H. 595.

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfill His word;—

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;—

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

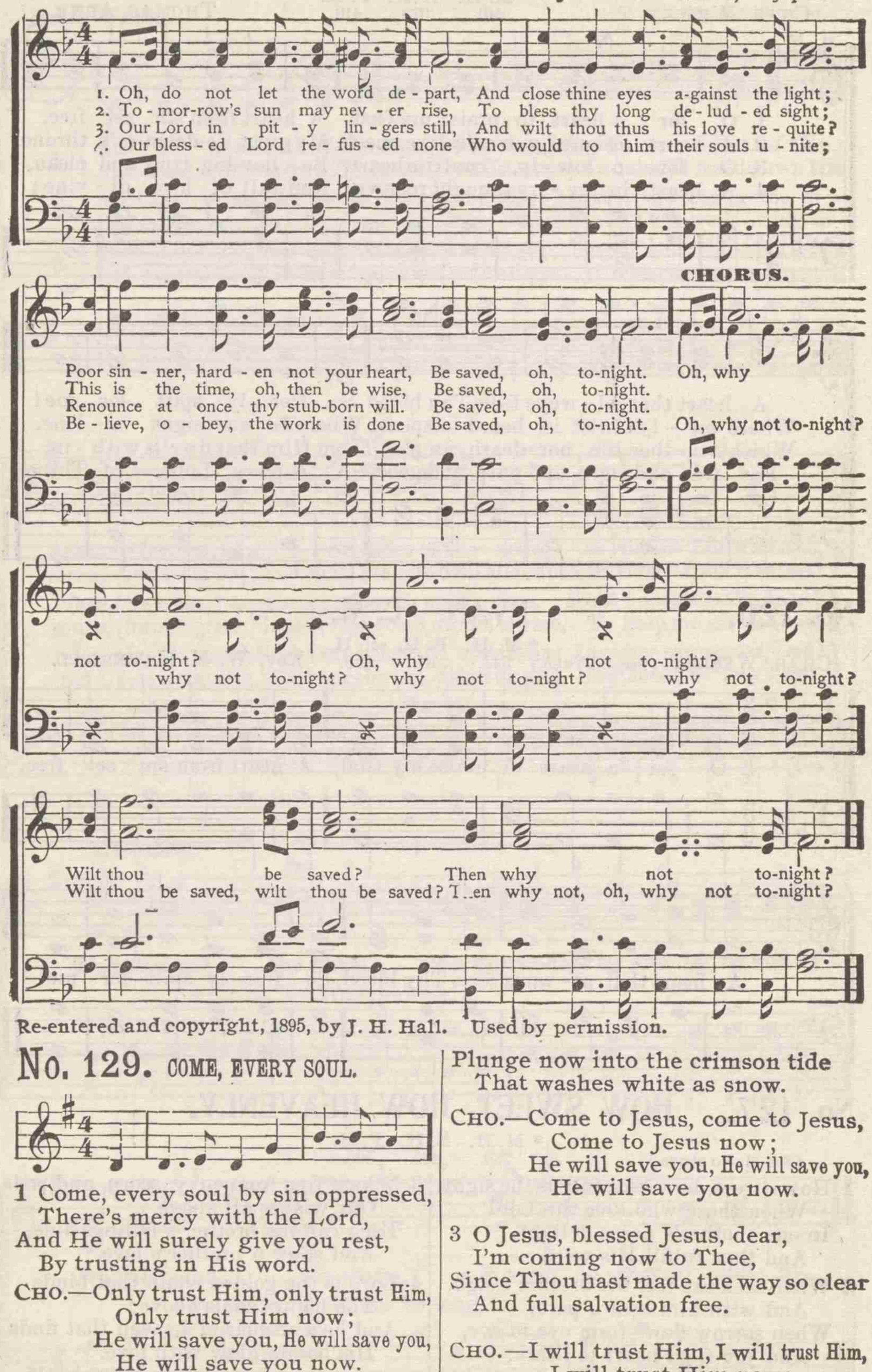
4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

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

No. 128. OH, WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

J. CALVIN BUSHEY, By per.



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No. 129. COME, EVERY SOUL.

1 Come, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.

CHO.—Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow,
Plunge now into the crimson tide
That washes white as snow.

CHO.—Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

3 O Jesus, blessed Jesus, dear,
I'm coming now to Thee,
Since Thou hast made the way so clear
And full salvation free.

CHO.—I will trust Him, I will trust Him,
I will trust Him now;
He will save me, He will save me,
He will save me now.

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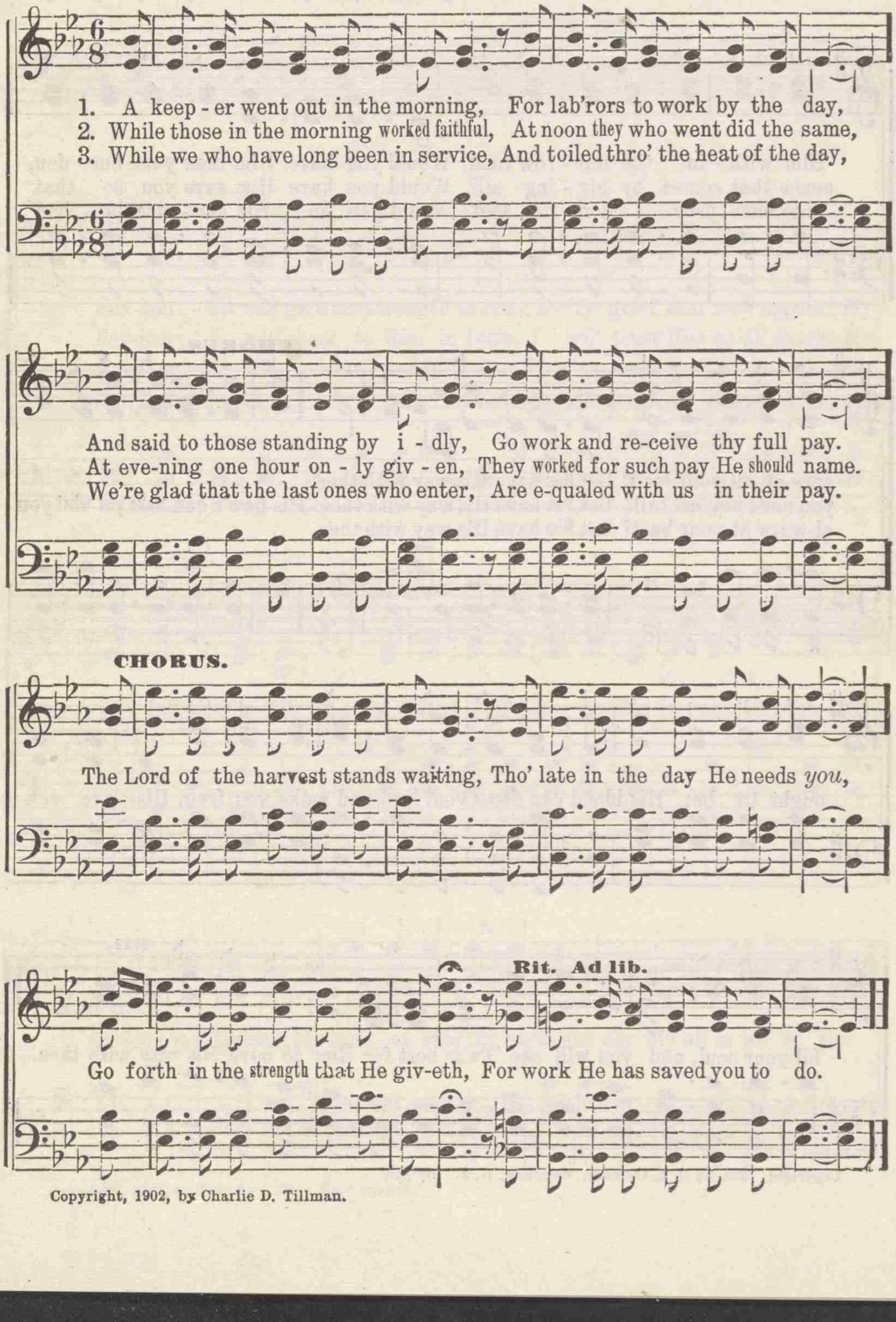
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No. 130. ELEVENTH HOUR LABORERS.

B. D. T. Matt. 20: 1-16. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



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No. 131. HIS WAY WITH THEE.

C. S. G. Ps. 37 : 5. REV. CYRUS S. NUSBAUM.

1. Would you live for Je-sus, and be always pure and good? Would you walk with Him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your bur - den,
2. Would you have Him make you free, and fol-low at His call? Would you know the peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that
3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of con-stant rest? Would you prove Him true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His ser - vice la - bor

CHORUS.

car - ry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
you need nev-er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you
al-ways at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.

ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can

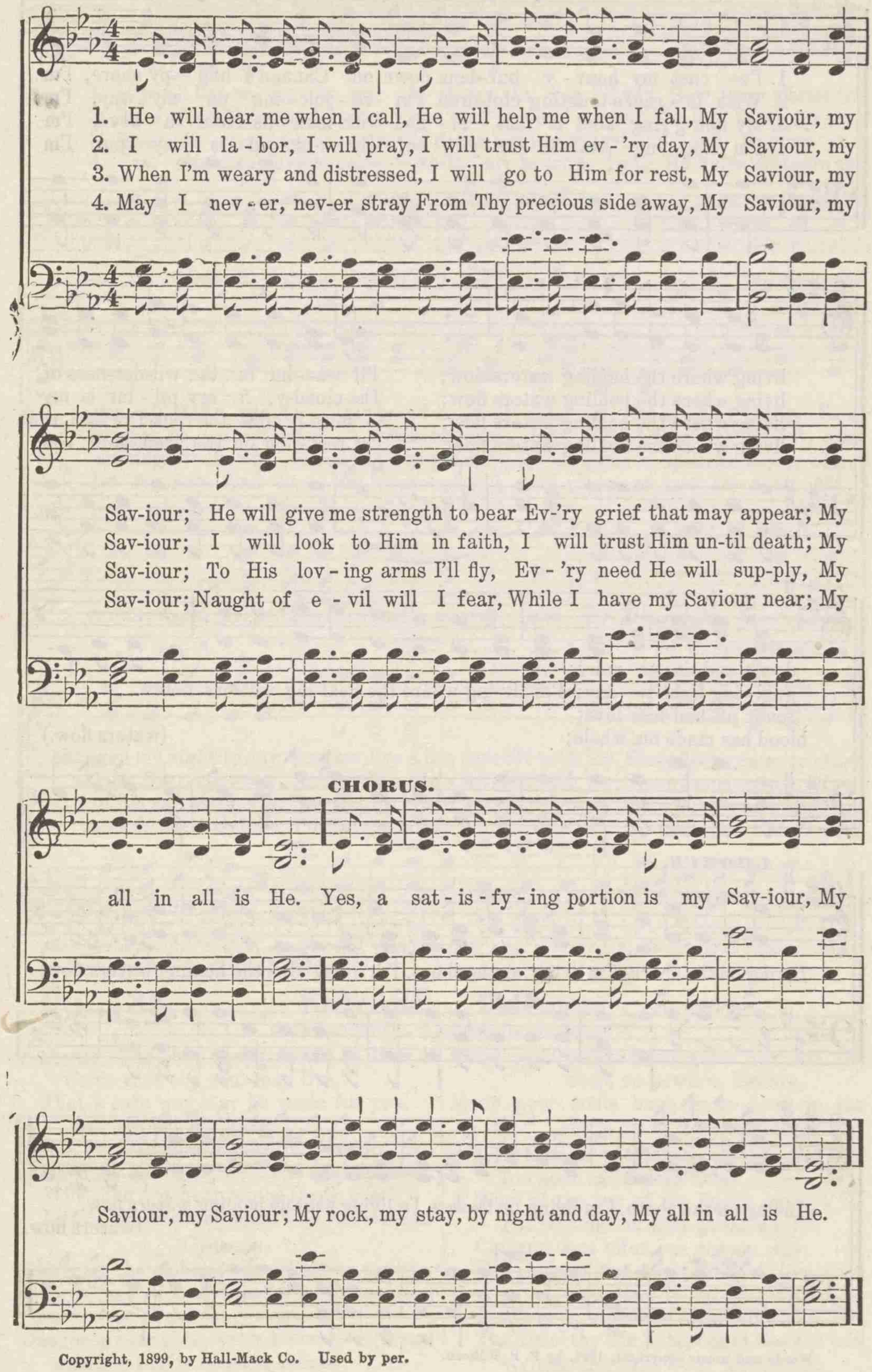
fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

Rit.

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No. 132. MY SAVIOUR.

A. A. PAYN. C. AUSTIN MILES.



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133. LIVING WHERE THE HEALING WATERS FLOW.

INA DULEY OGDEN. P. P. BILHORN. By per.

1. I've cast my heav - y bur-dens down on Canaan's hap - py shore, I'm living where the healing waters flow;
2. With Is - rael's trusting chil-dren I'm re - joic - ing on my way, I'm living where the healing waters flow;
3. My hun-g'ring soul is sat - is - fied with man - na from a - bove, I'm living where the healing waters flow;
4. I'm sing - ing "Hal - le - lu - jah," safe - ly an-chored is my soul, I'm living where the healing waters flow;

I'll wan-der in the wil-der-ness of doubt and sin no more;
The cloud-y, fi - ery pil - lar is my guid - ing light to - day; I'm liv-ing where the heal-ing wat-ers flow.
No more I thirst, the rock I've found, that fount of end-less love;
I'm rest - ing on His prom-is-es; the blood has made me whole; (waters flow.)

CHORUS.

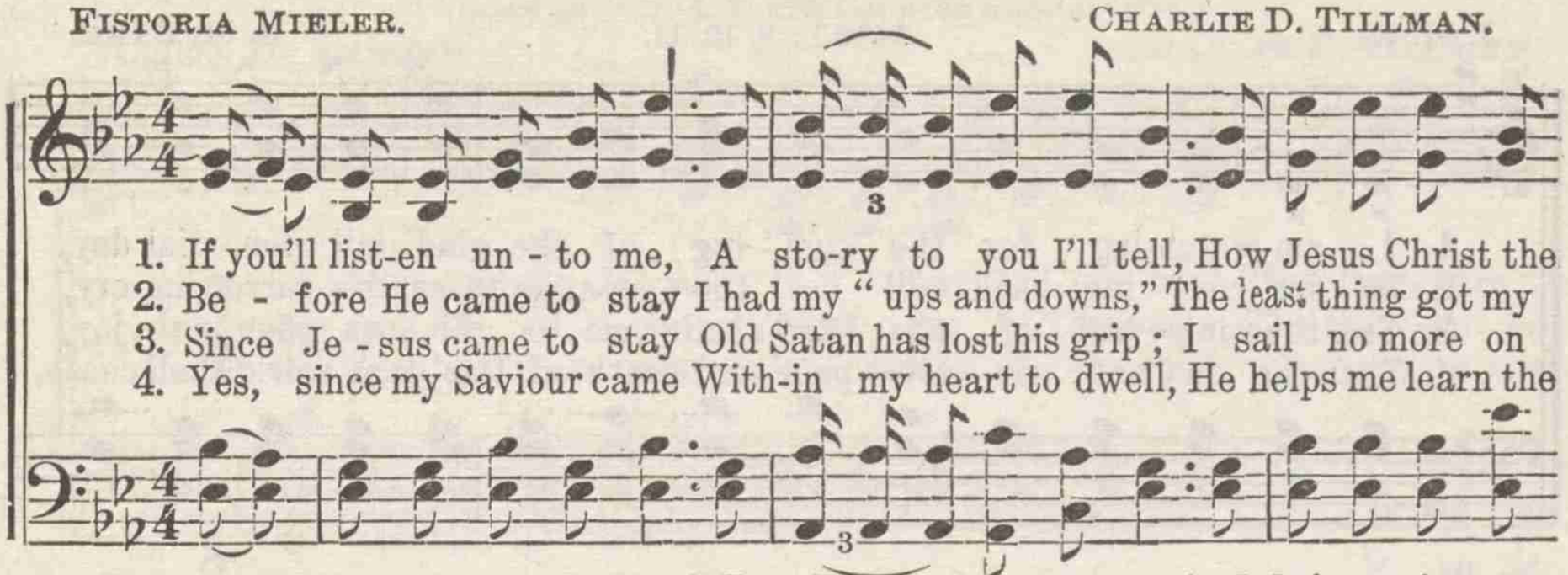
Living on the shore, I'm living on the shore, I'm living where the healing waters flow;

Living on the shore, I'm living on the shore, I'm living where the healing waters flow.
(waters flow.)

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No. 134. SINCE JESUS CAME TO STAY.

FISTORIA MIELER. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



D. C. for Chorus.

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No. 135. BEWARE. (Bass Solo.)

(Sung to music, "Asleep in the Deep.")

1 Sinner, God calls thee to come to Him,
Come that thy soul may live,
That a safe way may be made for you,
His only son He gave;
See, at your hearts door He patiently stands,
Lovingly knocking with nail-pierced hands,
Wilt thou not hear while He is near?
List to the warning from God's word so clear.

CHORUS.

Heed now the call and thou shalt be saved,
Time is fast rushing thee on to the grave,
Sinner, now hear, danger is near,
Danger is near thee, beware, beware, beware, beware.

Many poor souls have gone down in the deep, so beware, beware,
Many poor souls have gone down in the deep, so beware, beware.

2 Life with its pleasures and toils and cares,
Too soon must pass away,
Then at the bar of the Judge on high,
You'll stand on that great day;
Can you then offer one reason why,
God should not say to the "soul thou must die!"
For thou would'st not hear, my son so dear,
Tho' thro' thy life He besought thee with tears.

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Written and sung by L. MCCONNELL.

136. OUR LORD'S RETURN TO EARTH AGAIN.

J. M. K. ACTS 1: 9, 10, 11. J. M. KIRK.

1. I am watch-ing for the com - ing of the glad mil - len - nial day,
2. Je - sus' com - ing back will be the an-swer to earth's sorrowing cry,
3. Yes, the ran-somed of the Lord shall come to Zi - on then with joy,
4. Then the sin and sor - row, pain and death of this dark world shall cease,

When our bless-ed Lord shall come and catch his wait - ing Bride a - way; Oh! my
For the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth and sea and sky; God shall
And in all His ho - ly mount-ain noth-ing hurts or shall de-stroy; Per-fect
In a glo-rious reign with Je - sus of a thousand years of peace; All the

heart is fill'd with rapture as I la-bor, watch and pray, For our Lord is com-ing
take a - way all sick-ness and the suff 'rer's tears will dry, When our Saviour shall come
peace shall reign in ev-'ry heart, and love with-out al - loy, Aft - er Je-sus shall come
earth is groaning, cry-ing for that day of sweet release, For our Je - sus to come

D.S. *will be bound a thousand years, we'll have no tempter then, After Jesus shall come*

CHORUS.

Fine.

back to earth a-gain. Oh! our Lord is coming back to earth a-gain,
is com-ing back to earth again,

back to earth a-gain.

D. S.

Yes, our Lord is com - ing back to earth a - gain, Sa - tan
is com - ing back to earth a - gain,

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No. 137. THE HEATHEN'S PRAYER.

(Good as mixed Quartet or Solo and Quartet.)

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. CHARLES D. TILLMAN.

1. O we would see Je - sus, O hear the sad wail That rings thro' the
2. Our eyes are so dim, They cry in their pain, The hea-then no
3. Can you let them lie In depths of de - spair, Re - joic-ing your-

dark-ness of night; Come show us the way to the heav - en - ly land,
Sav - iour can see; Their souls are still bound in the val - ley of death,
self in the light; O send them the truth, lift the veil from ther eyes,

REFRAIN.

Where gleameth the star of His might.
Will your hand set God's chil-dren free. Hear the pit - i - ful cry from the
Till Je - sus shall dawn on their sight.

lands far a - way, "O Je - sus the Lord we would see," Go forth in His

might, bear the beau - ti - ful light, That sav'd by His grace they may be.

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No. 138. IT CLEANSETH ME.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—I. JOHN 1: 9.

REV. F. L. SNYDER. Chorus by A. F. M. A. F. MYERS.

Moderato.

1. There is a stream that flows from Cal - va - ry, A crim - son tide so
2. Its sav - ing vir-tues ev - er are the same, It cleans-eth still and
3. No oth - er fountain can for sin a - tone, But Je - sus' blood, oh!

deep and wide, That who - so - ev - er will but plunge there-in Shall
al - ways will; Poor sin - ner who will come to Him in faith Shall
prec-ious flood; It ev - er wash - es whit - er than the snow, It

f **CHORUS. Spirited.**

be made free from sin.
know the wondrous grace. Hal - le - lu-jah, 'tis His blood that cleanseth me,
cleanseth me, I know.

'Tis His grace that makes me free, And, my brother, 'tis for thee, oh! hal-le-lu-jah,

'Tis sal - va-tion, full and free, And it cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me.

Copyright, 1899, by A. F. Myers. Used by per.

No. 139. JUST SO HE LEADS.

NELLIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Where Je - sus calls me I will go, Just so He leads, just
2. My path - way may be dark and drear, Just so He leads, just
3. Just what He wills that will I do, Just so He leads, just

so He leads; Thro' sum - mer's heat and win - ter's snow, Just
so He leads; His lov - ing voice will al - ways cheer, Just
so He leads; And to His cause will I be true, Just

so He leads, just so He leads; Wher-e'er I go His
so He leads, just so He leads; Tho' storms of life my
so He leads, just so He leads; Dan - gers a - rise on

hand will guide, My ev - 'ry want will be sup - plied, I'll
soul as - sail, My pray'rs with Him shall yet pre - vail, His
ev - 'ry hand, But still I'll heed His blest com - mand, "My

in His prom - ise e'er con-fide, Just so He leads, just so He leads.
prom - is - es can nev - er fail, Just so He leads, just so He leads.
gos - pel preach in ev - 'ry land," For He will lead, yes, He will lead.

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No. 140. HOW WILL IT BE WITH YOU AND ME?

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Sometime we'll hear the sound of Gabriel's horn (sometime), And we'll wake to find it's
2. Sometime we'll hear an angel call the roll (sometime), He'll expect to hear re-
3. 'Tis time for ev - 'ry sin-ner to re-pent (re-pent), And to turn and make a-

res - ur - rec - tion morn (bright morn), What a wak-ing that will be! What a
port from ev - 'ry soul (ev - 'ry soul), And then we'll one and all Our
mends for life mis-spent (mis - spent), Put a - way all sin - ful pride Come and

wondrous sight to see! What a mul - ti-tude of fac - es long since gone!
sin - ful deeds re- call, And each will by his rec - ord stand or fall,
join the Saviour's side, Then watch and work and pray the com-ing day,

How will it be with you and me? How will it be with you and me?

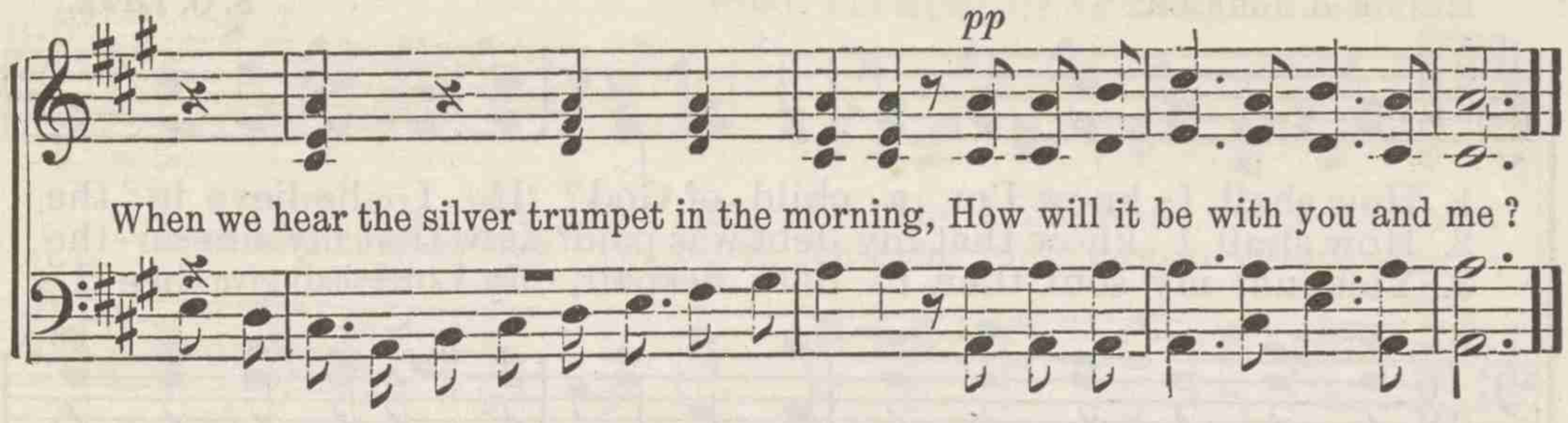
REFRAIN.*

When Gabriel's trumpet shall sound thro' land and sea, And wake the sleepers for all eternity.

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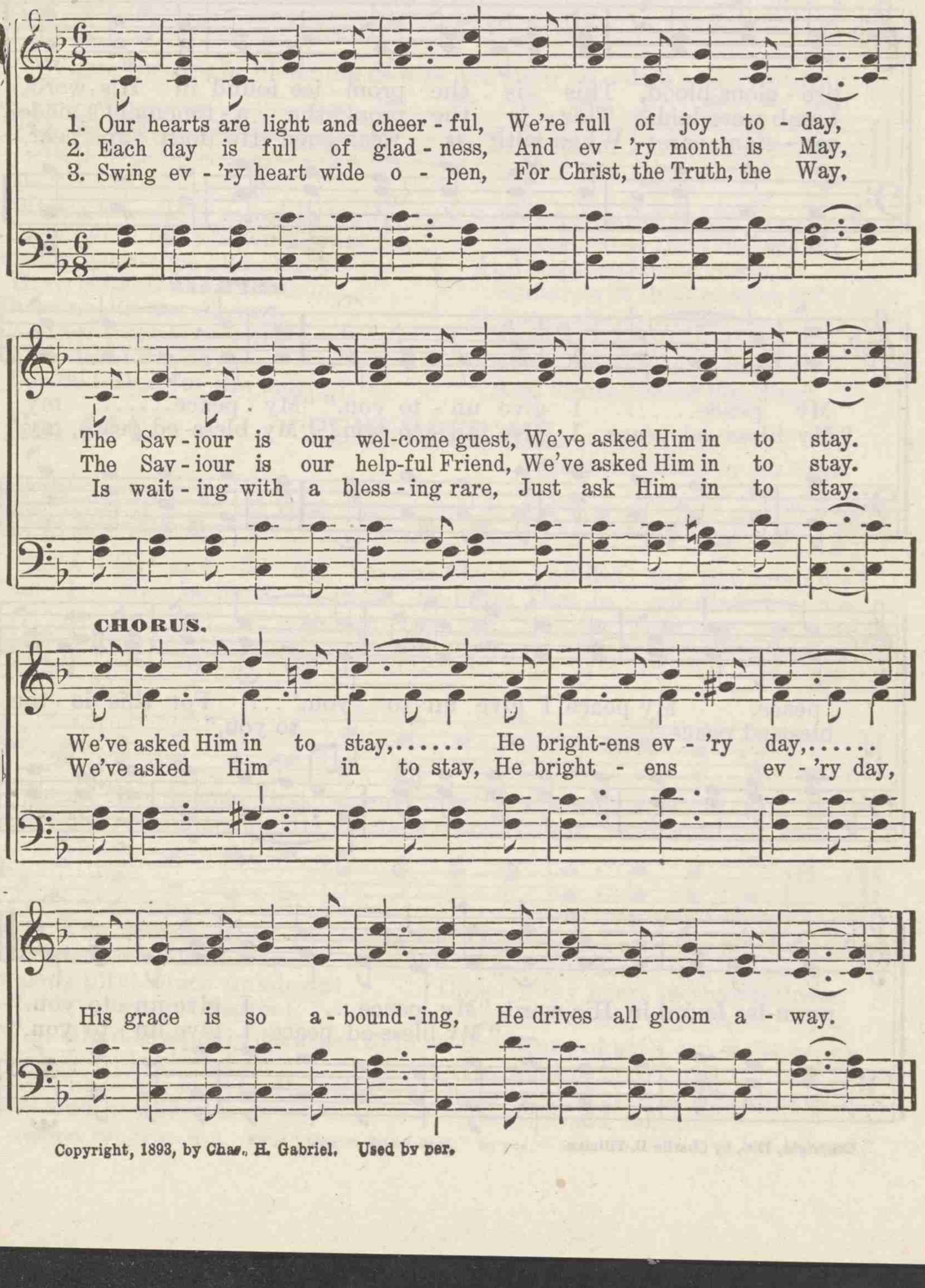
* Refrain may be omitted, if desired, when used as a special song.

HOW WILL IT BE? Concluded.



No. 141. JUST ASK HIM IN TO STAY.

SILAS F'ARMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



Copyright, 1893, by Chas. H. Gabriel. Used by per.

No. 142. HOW SHALL I KNOW.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON. S. O. LOWE.

1. How shall I know I'm a child of God? If I be-lieve in the pre - cious blood, This is the prom - ise found in His word,
2. How shall I know that my debt was paid? Know that my sins on the Lamb were laid, This is the proof the a - tonement's made,
3. Yield not my soul then to dark despair, My Lord shall give thee His con - stant care; When faith is weak-ened He doth ap - pear,

REFRAIN

"My peace..... I give un - to you." "My peace..... my
"My bless - ed peace I give un - to you." "My bless- ed peace, my

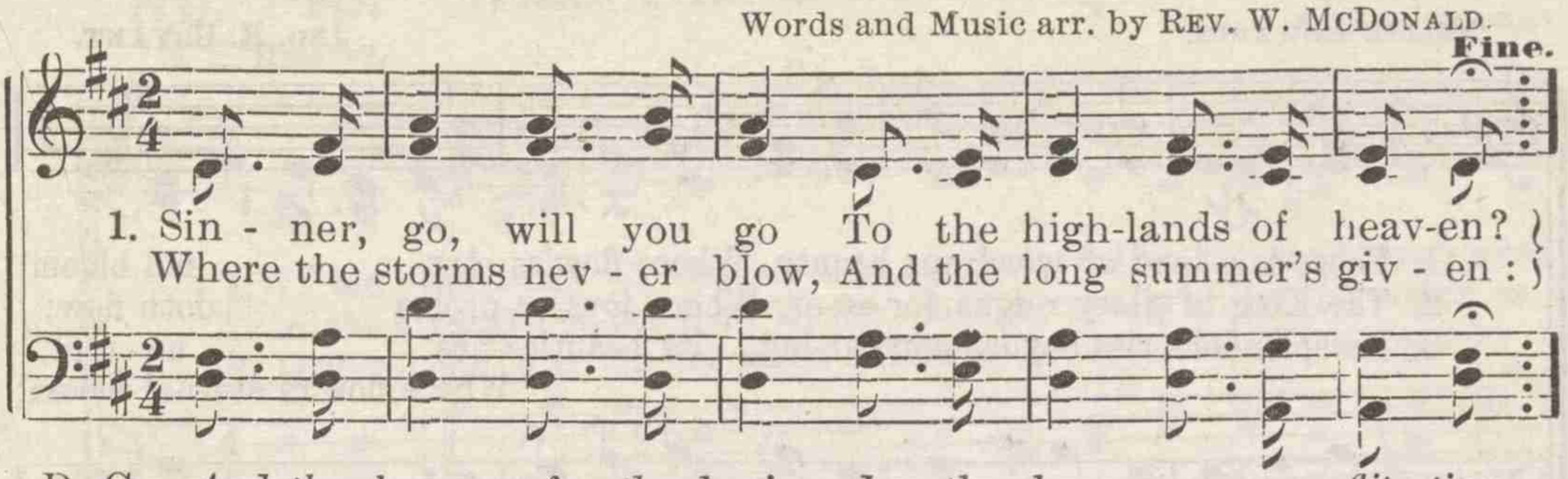
peace, My peace I give un - to you,".... For this is the
bless-ed peace, to you,"

prom-ise found in His word, "My peace.... I give un - to you."
"My bless-ed peace I give un - to you."

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No. 143. THE SINNER INVITED.

Words and Music arr. by REV. W. MCDONALD.

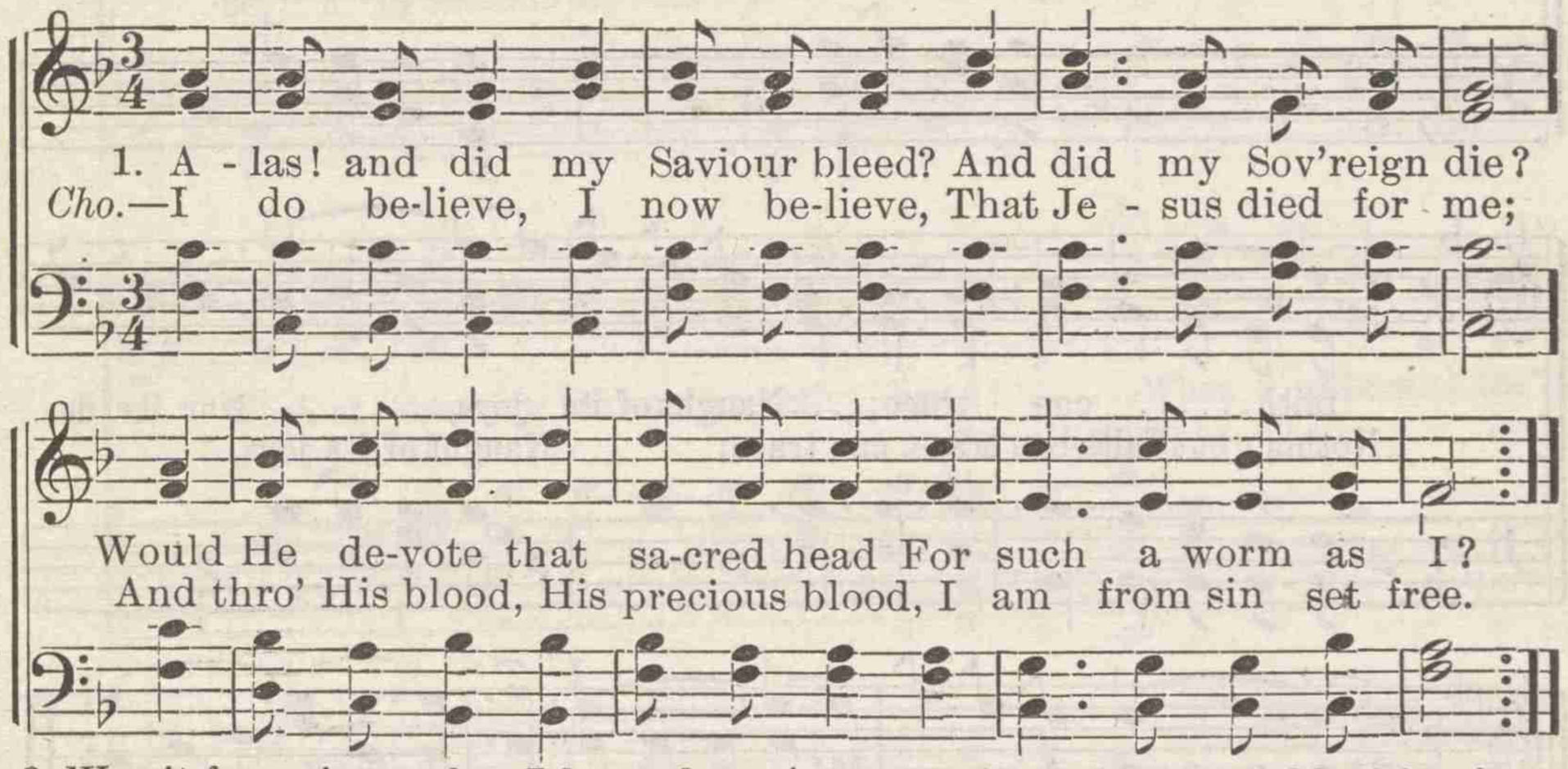


2 Where the saints robed in white,
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
Shining beauteous and bright,
They inhabit the mountain.
Where no sin nor dismay,
Neither trouble or sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be feared for the morrow.

3 He's prepared thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come,
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
O come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon
And forever cease pleading.

No. 144. REMEMBER ME.

Music and Chorus by ASA HULL.



2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unkdown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt away my tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

Copyright, 1867, by Asa Hull. From "Gospel Praise Book," by per.

No. 145. EYE HATH NOT SEEN.

NELLIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. There is a land of wondrous beauty, Where flow'rs eter - nal bloom;
2. The King of glory reigns for-ev-er, Where joys su-preme doth flow;
3. Its splendors rise beyond compar-ing, Its beauties are un - told;

Where flow'rs eternal bloom;

No mortal eye hath seen its glo-ries, The land be - yond the tomb.
And they who dwell with Him shall never Again earth's sor - row know.
When thro' its gates we shall be going, Its splendors shall un - fold.

The land beyond the tomb.

CHORUS.

Eye hath not seen,..... Ear hath not heard,..... Nothing but
Eye hath not seen, Ear hath not heard,

faith..... can trace;....Naught of its joys,..... Nor its de-
Nothing but faith can trace, can trace; Naught of its joys,

lights..... Till we be - hold..... His face.....
Nor its delights, Till we be-hold His face, His beautiful face.

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No. 146. WILL THERE BE ANY STARS.

E. E. HEWITT, JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the sun go-eth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Saviour I stand, Will there be a-ny stars in my crown?
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day, When His praise like the sea-billow rolls. Will there be a-ny stars, a-ny stars in my crown,
3. O what joy will it be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there be a-ny stars in my crown?

CHORUS.

When at even-ing the sun go-eth down?..... When I wake with the blest, When at even-ing the sun go-eth down? In the mansions of rest, Will there be a-ny stars in my crown?..... a-ny stars in my crown?

Copyright, 1897, by Jno. R. Sweney. Used by per,

No. 147. THERE'S SOME ONE IN HEAVEN,

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. There's some one in heav-en thinking of me, O how sweet
2. There's some one in heav-en thinking of me, Now I know,
3. The Sav-iour in heav'n is thinking of me, Bless-ed thought.

To have a friend in heav - en whom I soon shall greet.
I've more dear friends in heav'n a - bove, than earth be - low.
He knows I need Him dai - ly, He for - gets me not.

I know a dear one wait-ing there To give a hand of
But here is where the race is run, And here I'll fin - ish the
The ma - ny earth-ly friends now gone, They may for-get me as

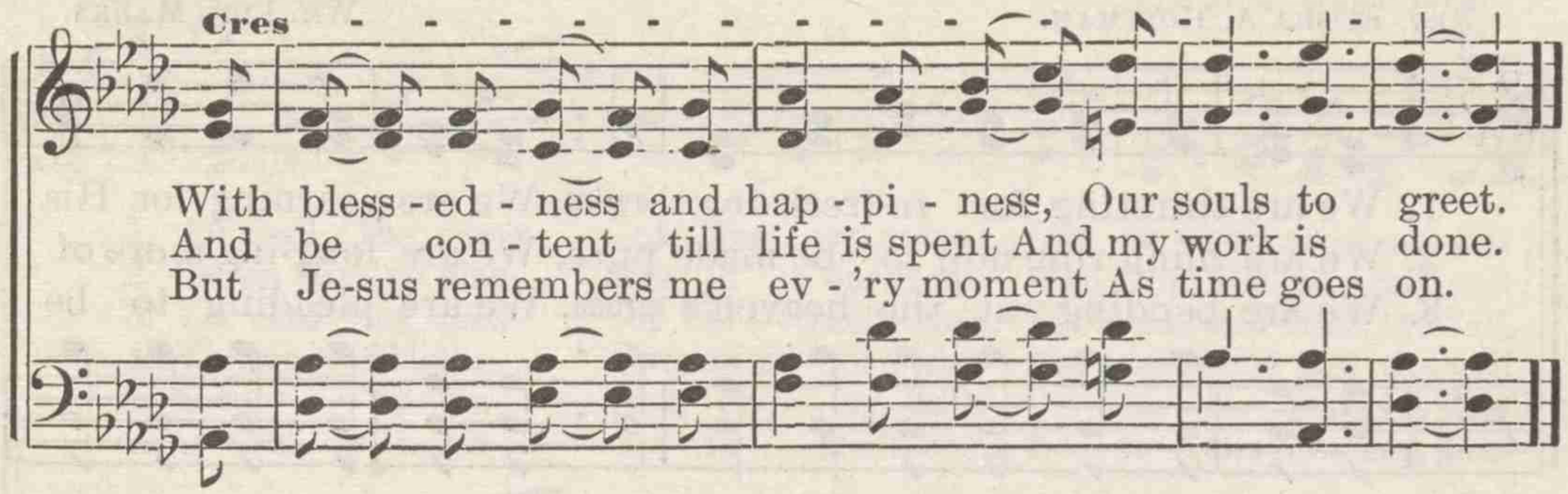
f *pp*

welcome where the an - gels sing,.... and the ech - oes ring,
work begun, till my race is run,.... and my work is done,
time goes on, as time goes on,..... and friends are gone,

an-gels sing, echoes ring.
is run, is done.
goes on, are gone.
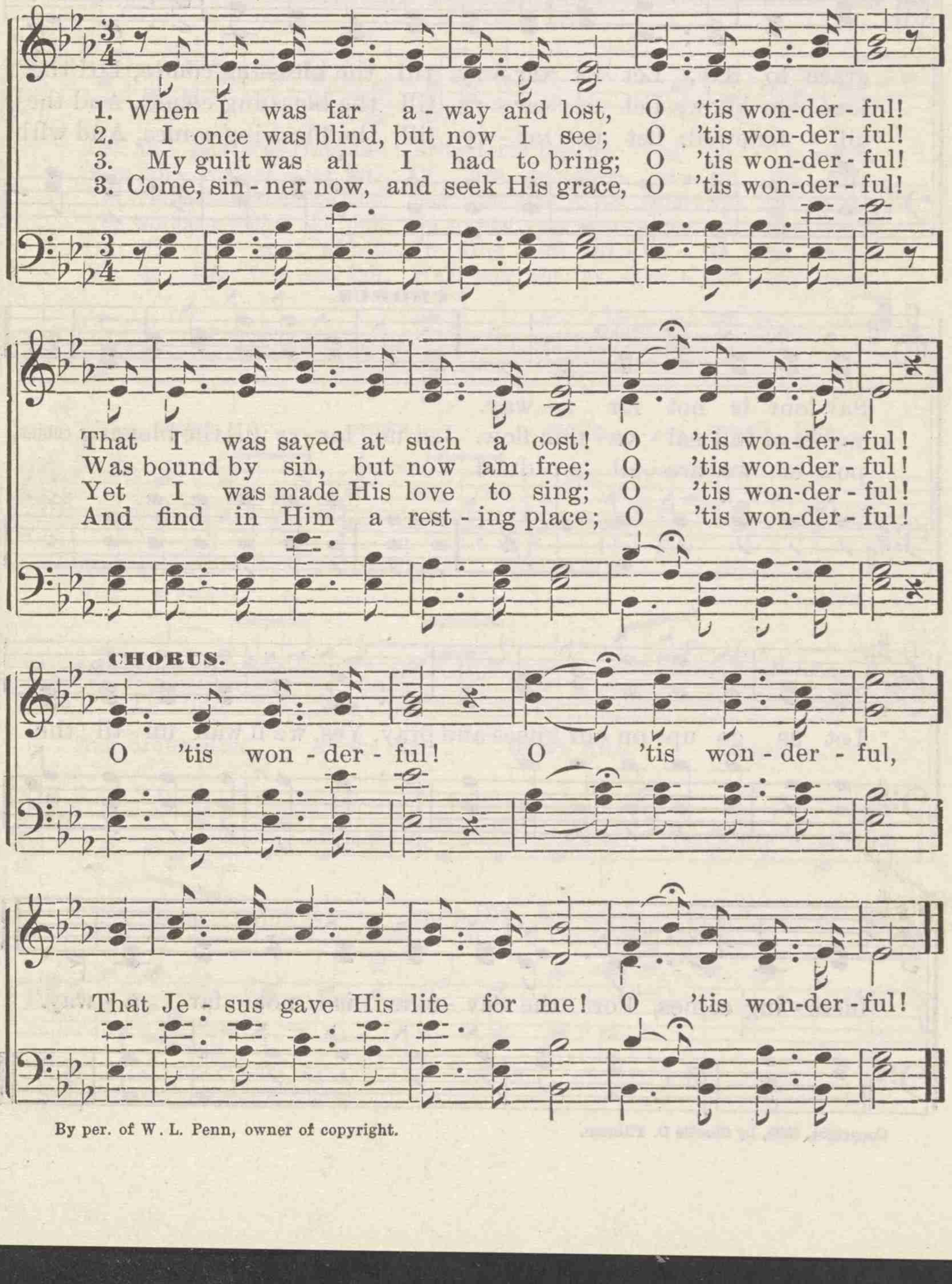
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THERE'S SOME ONE IN HEAVEN. Concluded.



No. 148. O 'TIS WONDERFUL!

I. I. LESLIE. F. A. BLACKMER.



By per. of W. L. Penn, owner of copyright.

No. 149. LET US TARRY TILL THE BLESSING.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. We are thirsting for re-fresh-ing show'rs, We are yearning for His
2. We are hung'ring now to be made pure, We are long-ing more of
3. We are bending at the heaven's throne, We are pleading to be

grace to-day, Let us tar-ry till the bless-ing comes, Lo! the
love to know, Let us tar-ry till the bless-ing comes, And the
all - renewed; Let us tar-ry till the bless-ing comes, And with

CHORUS.

Sav-iour is not far a-way.
waves of full sal-va-tion flow. Let us tar-ry till the blessing comes,
pow-er we are all en-dued.
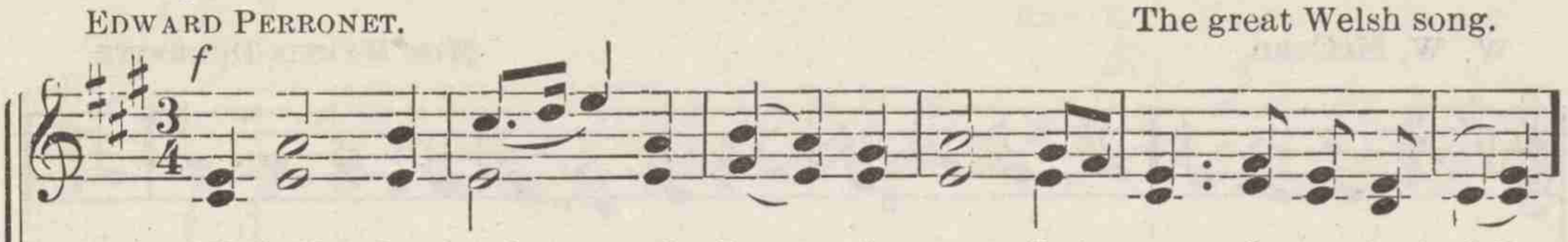
Let us go up-on our knees and pray, Yes, we'll wait un-til the

bless-ing comes, For the Sav-iour is not far a-way.
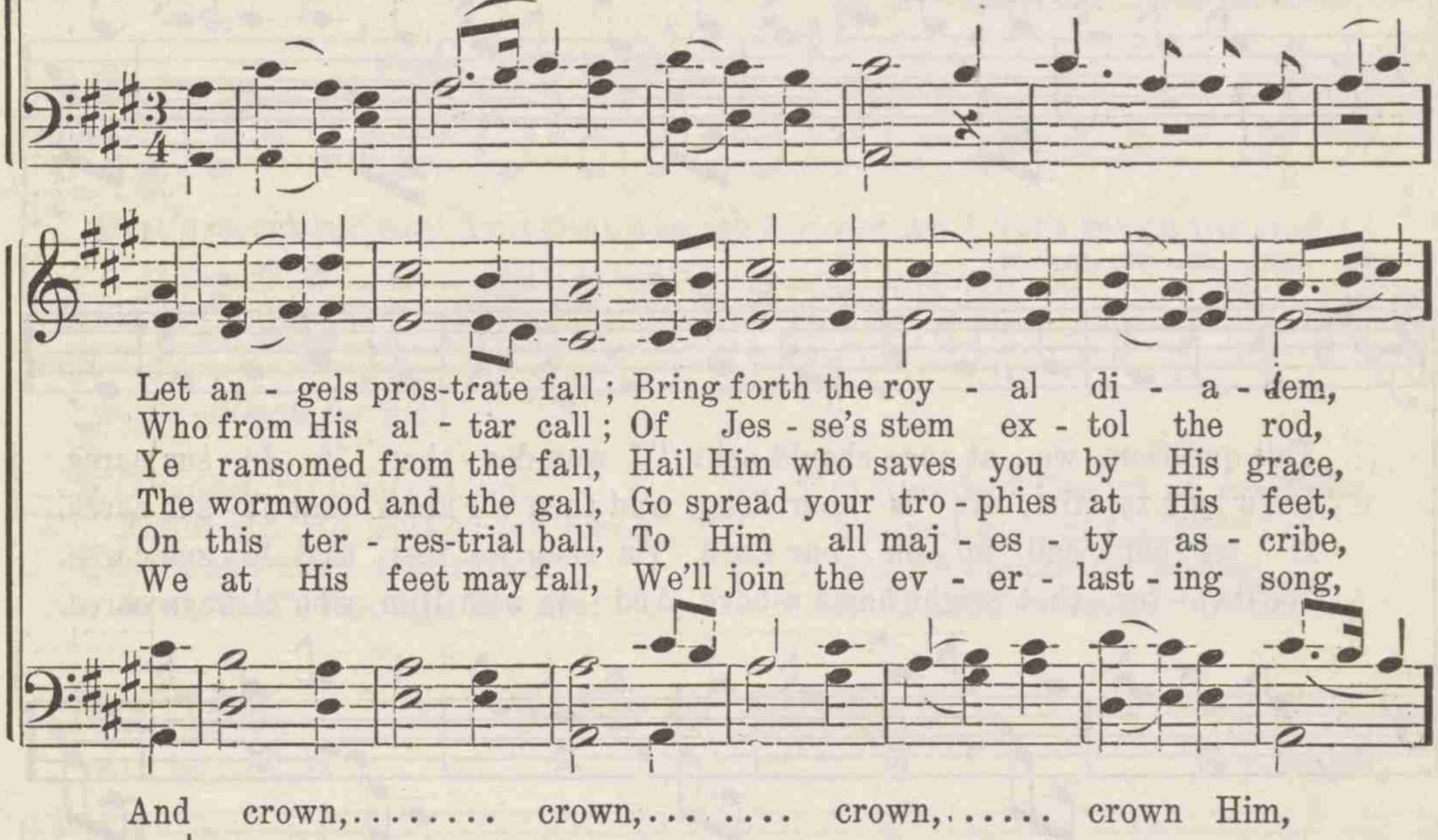
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150. DIADEM.

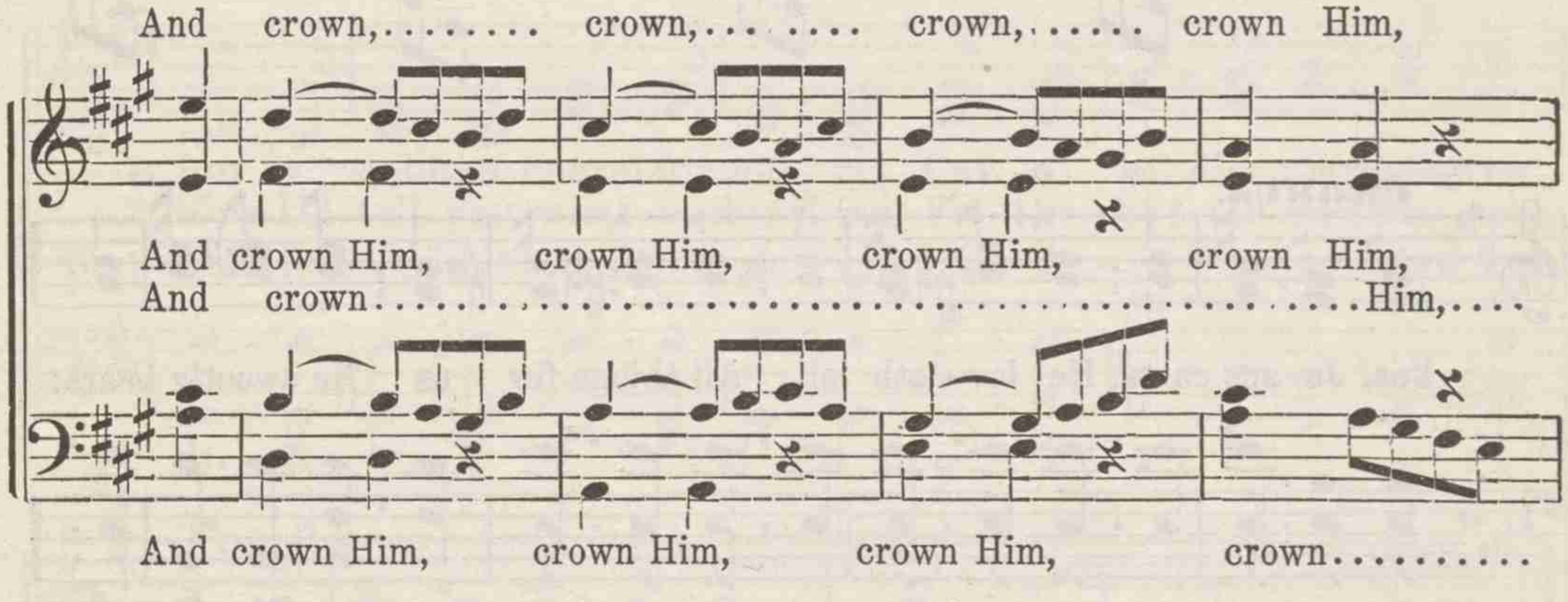
EDWARD PERRONET. The great Welsh song.
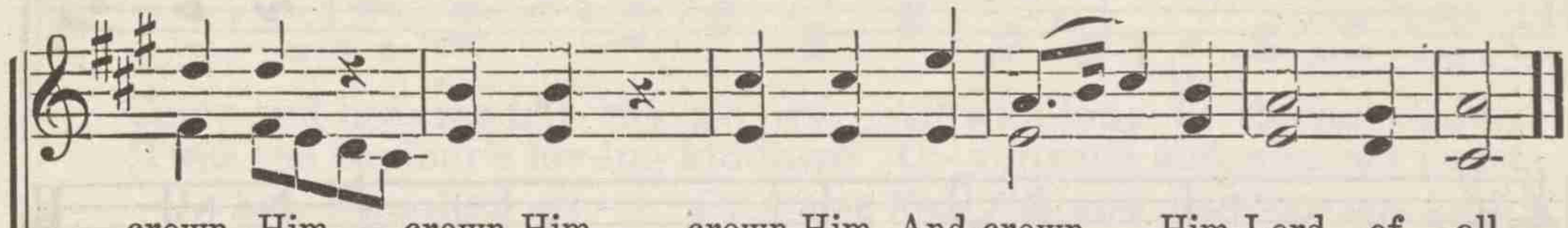


1. All hail the pow'r of Jes - sus' name; Let an - gels prostrate fall;
2. Crown Him, ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who from His al - tar call;
3. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
4. Ye Gen - tile sin - ners, ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall,
5. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res-trial ball
6. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,
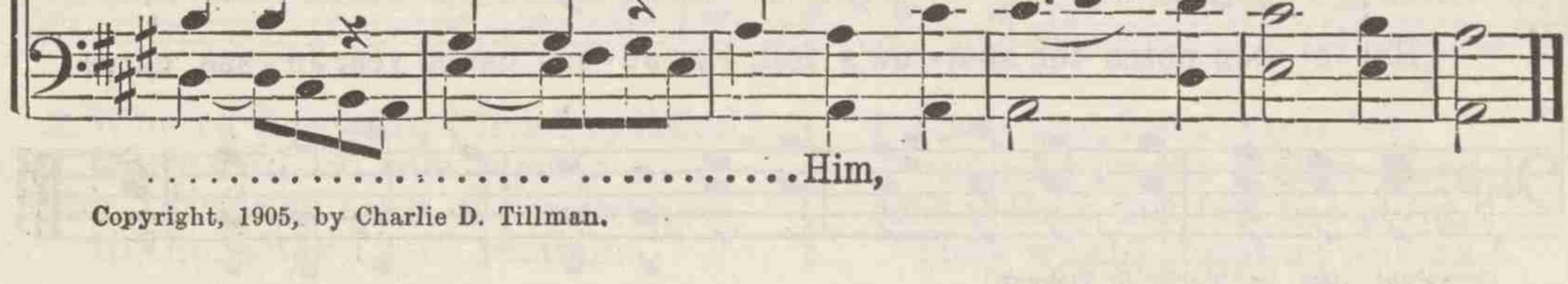


Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Who from His al - tar call; Of Jes - se's stem ex - tol the rod,
Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
The wormwood and the gall, Go spread your tro - phies at His feet,
On this ter - res-trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
We at His feet may fall, We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,



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



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



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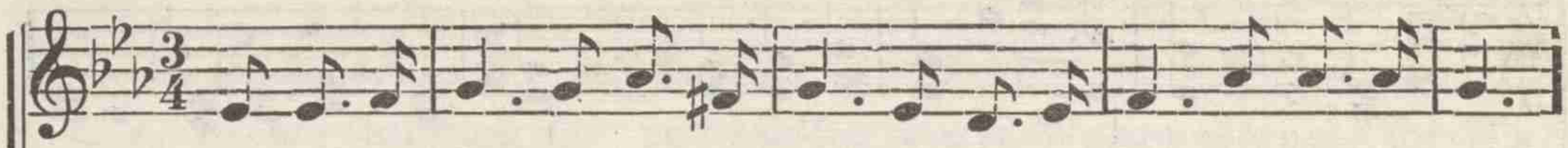
crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all.

.....Him,
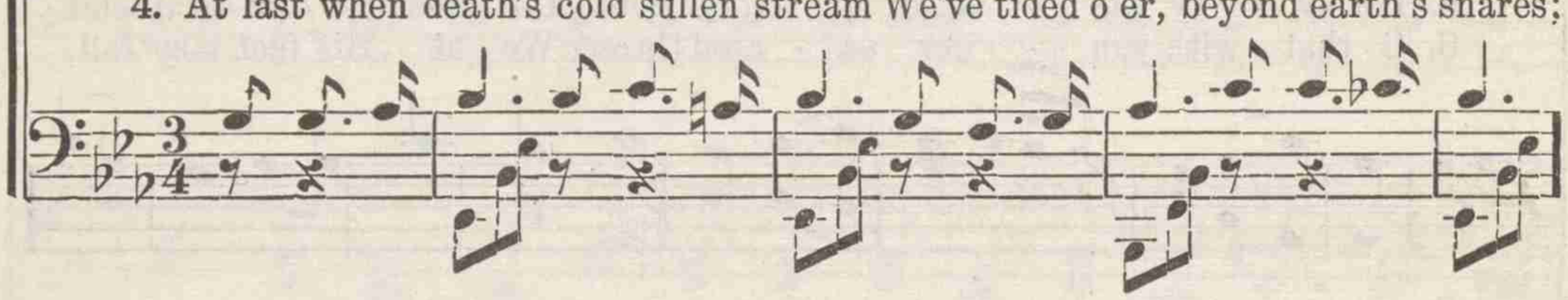
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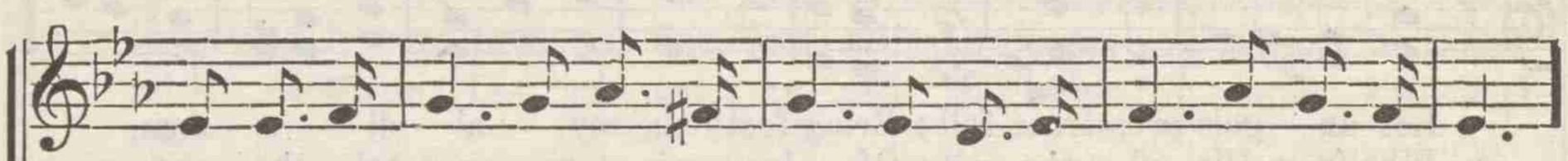
No. 151. I WONDER IF JESUS CARES?

W. W. McCORD. MISS MYRTIE DURRETTE.
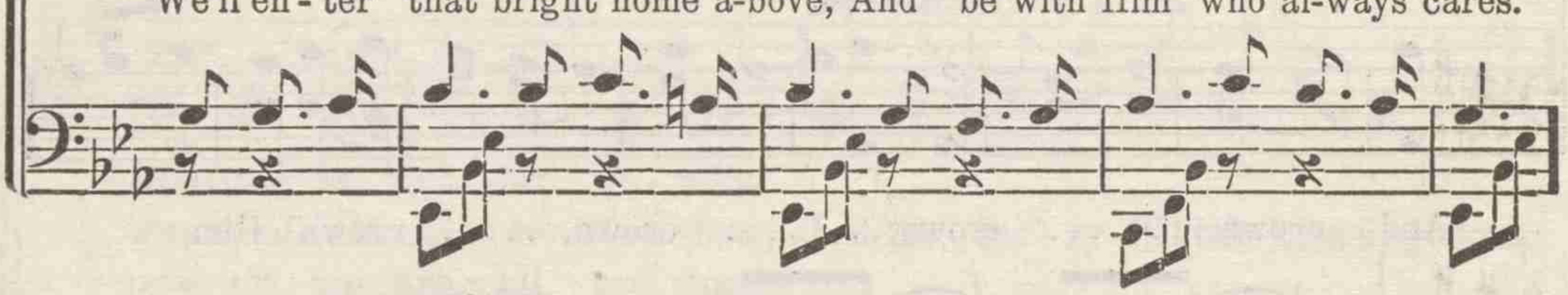


1. When cares of life press down on us, And we are tempt-ed un - a-wares,
2. When friends forsake and foes as-sail, And doubtings threaten all our pray'rs;
3. When trouble sore - ly try us here, Our lot no one with us e'er shares;
4. At last when death's cold sullen stream We've tided o'er, beyond earth's snares;
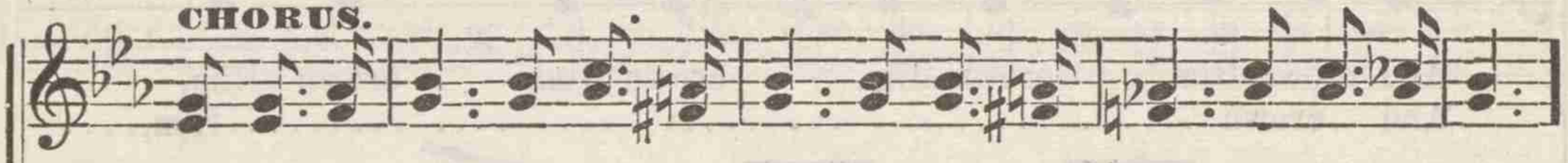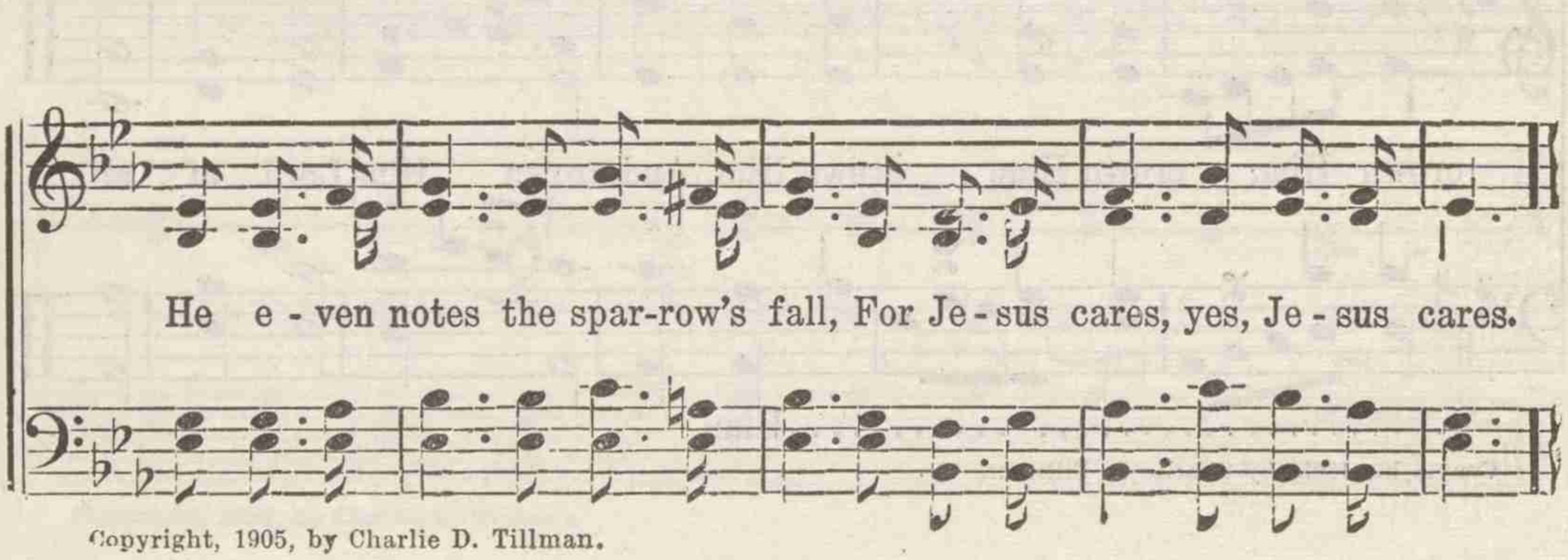




This question we at once should ask: "I won-der then if Je - sus cares.
Let's look to Him, He is our King, And then we know that Je - sus cares.
If we but call up - on our Lord, 'Tis then we feel that Je - sus cares.
We'll en - ter that bright home a-bove, And be with Him who al-ways cares.



CHORUS.



Yes, Je - sus cares, He lov - eth all, All things for us He sweetly bears;

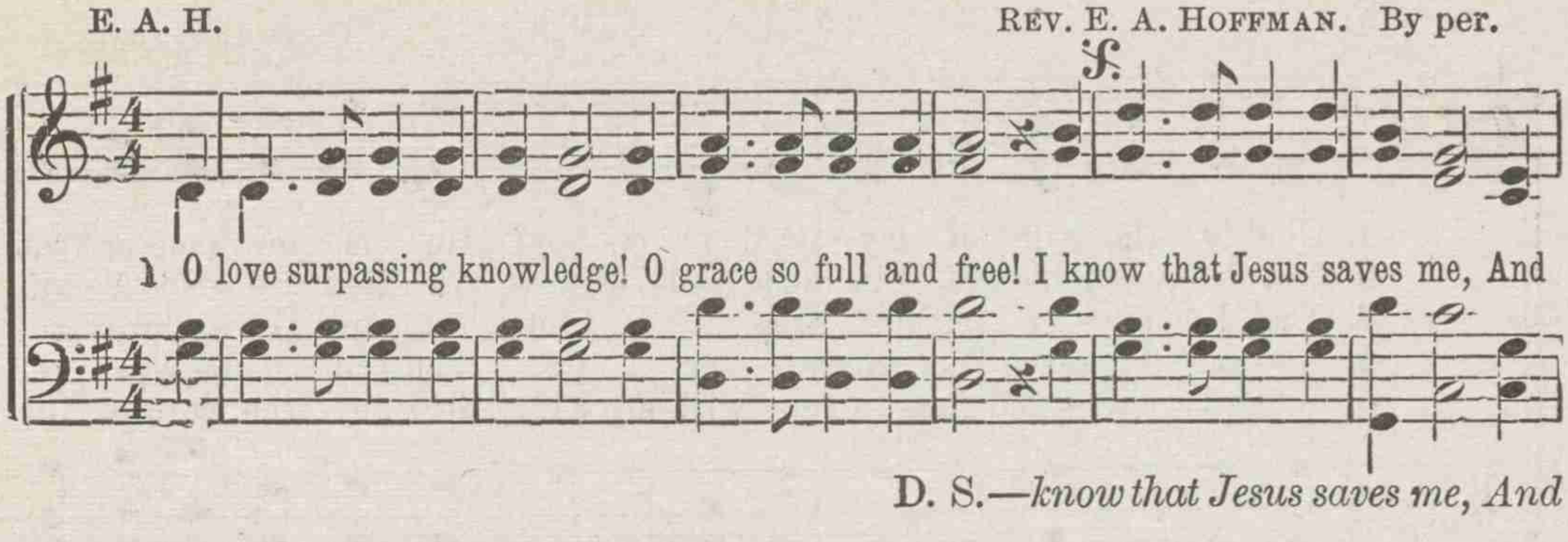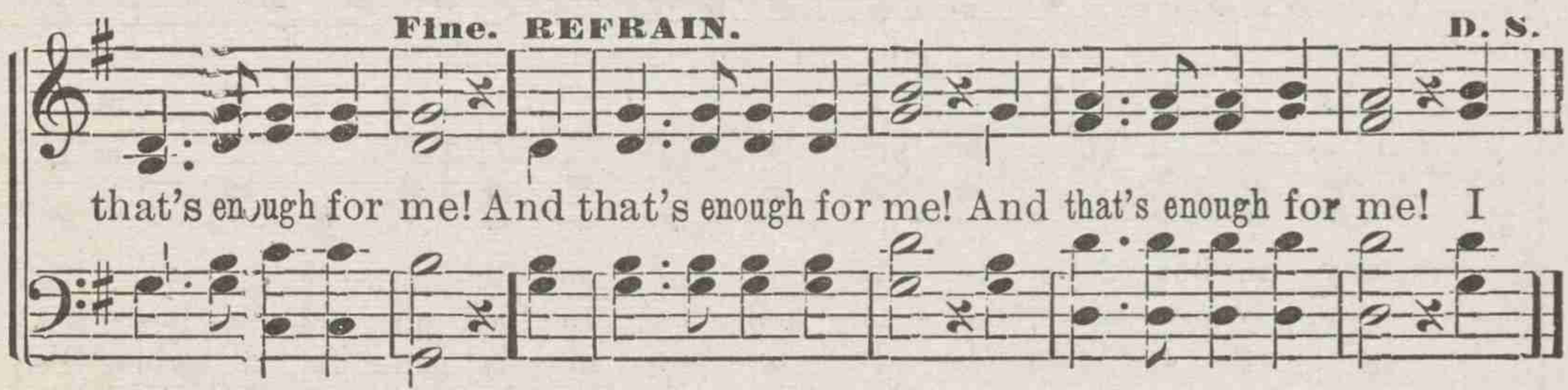


He e - ven notes the spar-row's fall, For Je - sus cares, yes, Je - sus cares.

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No. 152. ENOUGH FOR ME.

E. A. H. REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.



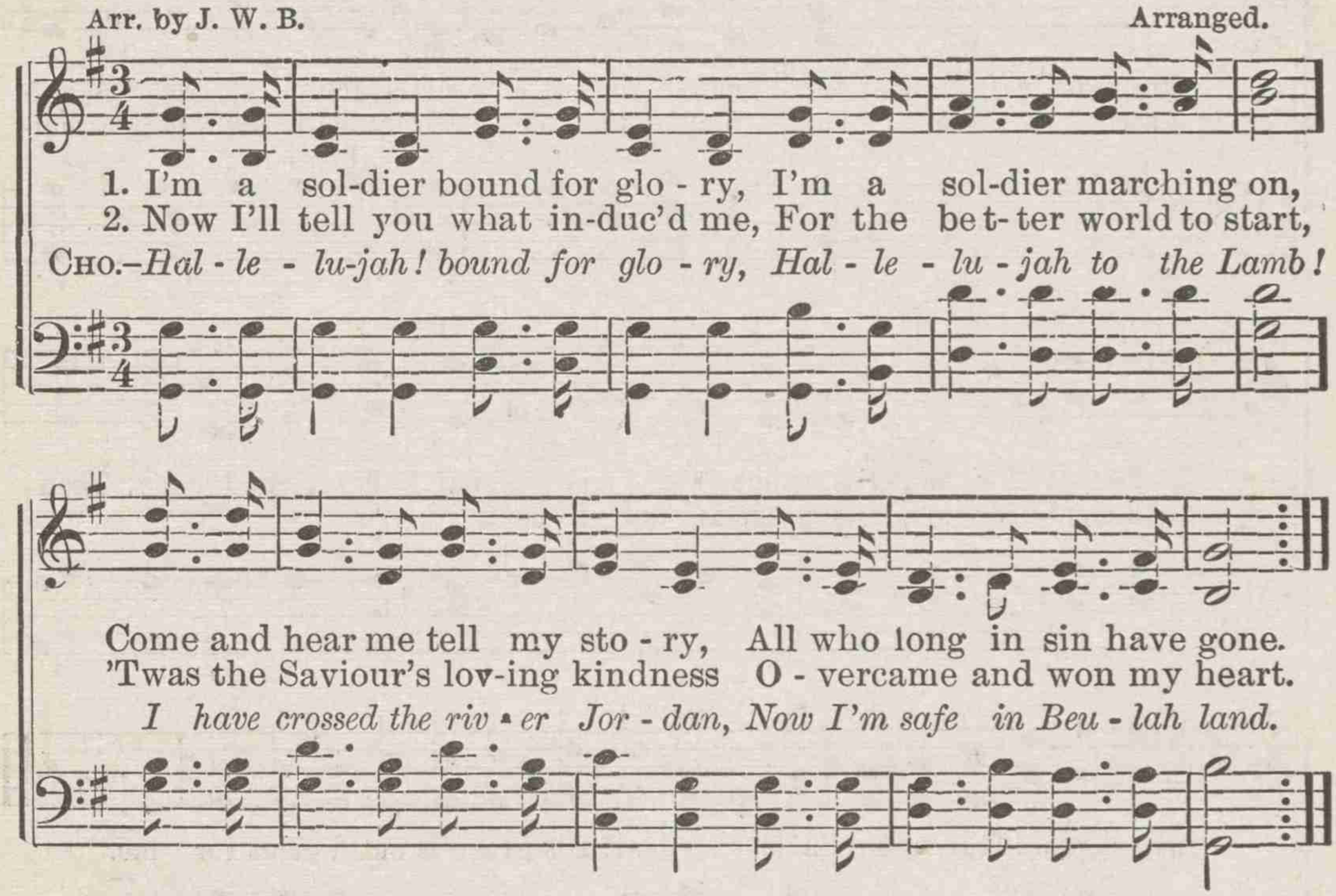


2 O wonderful salvation!
From sin He makes me free!
I feel the sweet assurance,
And that's enough for me!

3 O blood of Christ so precious,
Poured out on Calvary!
I feel its cleansing power,
And that's enough for me!

No. 153. SAFE IN BEULAH.

Arr. by J. W. B. Arranged.



3 When I first with Christ enlisted,
Many said I'd turn again,
But I through each day resisted—
In the ranks I still remain.

4 Many say I am too noisy,
But I know the reason why;
And if they but felt the glory,
They would shout as well as I.

No. 154. HIS GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR ME.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Glad-ly the will of my Lord I o - bey; He is my keep-er from day un - to day; He is my Guide, and He know-eth the way, His
2. Not o - ver things of the world will I grieve; All that He sends I will glad - ly re - ceive, Sat - is - fied just to look up and be - lieve, His
3. Tho' I may see but one step at a time, As up the pathway to glo - ry I climb, Yet I be - lieve in the prom-ise di - vine, His
4. Liv - ing I'll serve Him wher-ev - er I go, E'en tho' it be where the dark wa - ters flow; Dy - ing, I'll praise Him, for well do I know His
5. When I shall stand face to face with my King, Still to the word of His prom-ise I'll cling, And with the ran-somed for - ev - er I'll sing—His

CHORUS.

grace is suf - fi-cient for me,..... His grace is suf-
grace is suf - fi-cient for me, His grace is suf - fi-cient suf-
fi-cient for me, His grace is suf - fi - cient for me; Then
fi-cient for me, His grace is suf - fi - cent,
why should I fear with a Saviour so dear? His grace is suf-fi-cient for me.

Copyright, 1904, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

No. 155. TAKE OFF THE OLD COAT.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG.

1. The feast is prepared, you're urged to come in, Long years you have worn that old coat of sin; But for such a feast this old garment won't do, Then
2. The old coat has bro't you sor - row and care, It led you to shame, it led to de-spair; It nev - er has been a bless-ing to you, Then
3. The old coat is soiled with-out and with-in, All covered with guilt, all spot - ted with sin; To wear to the ban - quet it nev - er will do, Then
4. The new coat is love - ly, spot- less and pure, Ar - rayed in that coat, a wel - come is sure: A place at the feast will be wait - ing for you, Then

CHORUS.

take off the old coat, put on the new. O take off the old coat, put on the new, For Christ has a garment read-y for you; White robes of Sal- va - tion wait at the door, Then take off the old coat, wear it no more.

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No. 156. HIS LOVE WAKES HALLELUJAHS.

KATE ULMER. E. L. OZENDORFF.

1. I am hap-py, O so hap - py, All my life is one glad song;
2. O 'tis sweet to walk with Je - sus, For beneath His smile so dear,
3. If His smile thus blesses earth life, Then what rapture it will be

For my Sav - iour now hath tak - en full con-trol; And His
All earth's wea - ry shad-ows change to cloud-less light; While my
When I see the love-light beam-ing from His eye; I will

might-y arm en - fold-ing, Is so ten-der, true and strong, That His
life re-flects His brightness Spreading sunshine far and near, O His
sing His prais - es yon-der, Who so precious is to me, For His

CHORUS.

love wakes hal-le - lu-jahs in my soul. O His love wakes hal-le-
lu-jahs in my soul! O His love wakes hal-le-
hal - le - lu-jahs in my soul!

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HIS LOVE WAKES HALLELUJAHS. Concluded.

lu-jahs in my soul; Love unchanging, boundless, free,
hal - le - lu-jahs in my soul!

Without measure filling me, O His love wakes hallelujahs in my soul.

157. COME, SINNER, COME.

WILL E. WITTER. MATT. 11: 28. H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav - y lad - en? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead-ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re-

pray-ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your bur-den, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not de - ceive you,
ceive the blessing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whis-pers to you,

Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now re-deem you, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

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No. 158. THE CLOUD AND FIRE.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. As of old, when the hosts of Is - ra - el Were compelled in the wil-der-ness to dwell,
2. To and fro, as a ship without a sail, Not a compass to guide them thro' the vale,
3. All the days of their wand'rings they were fed, To the land of the promise they were led;

Trust-ing they in their God to lead the way To the light of per-fect day;
But the sign of their God was ev - er near, Thus their fainting hearts to cheer.
By the hand of the Lord in guidance sure, They were bro't to Ca-naan's shore.

CHORUS. Unison.

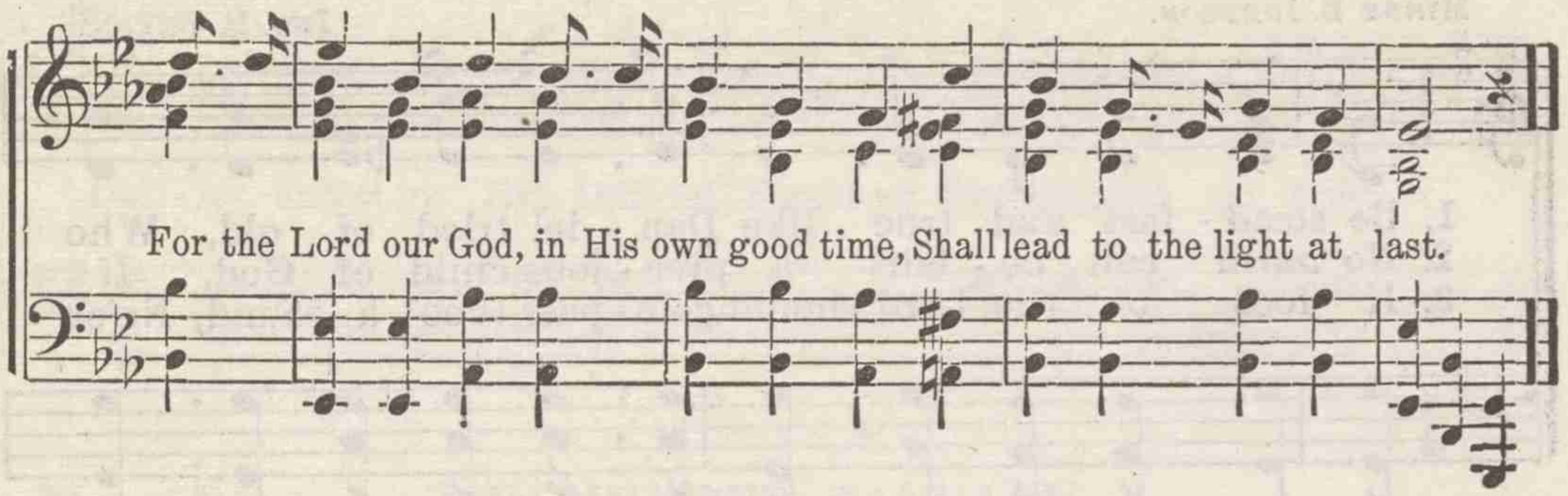
So the sign of the fire by night, And the sign of the cloud by day,

Hov'ring o'er, just be - fore, As they jour-ney on their way,

Shall a guide and a lead - er be, Till the wil-der - ness be past,

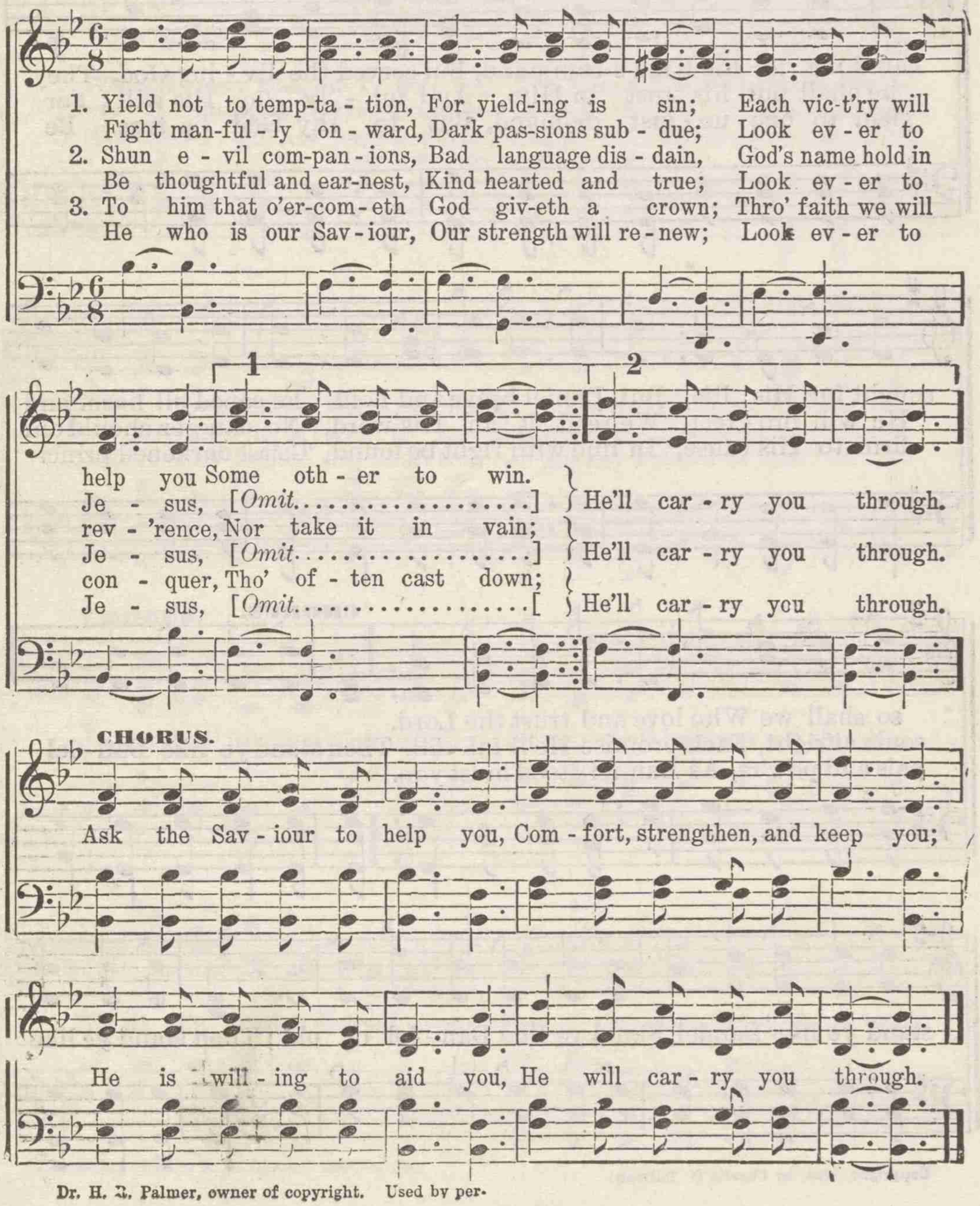
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THE CLOUD AND FIRE. Concluded.



No. 159. YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

H. R. P. H. R. PALMER.



Dr. H. R. Palmer, owner of copyright. Used by per-

No. 160. STAND YE LIKE DANIEL.

MINNE B. JOHNSON. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Be stead - fast and true like Dan - iel tried of old, Who cared not for the King's command, But served the liv - ing God, They
2. No harm can be - fall a prec - ious child of God, If he shall put his trust in Him, And ful - ly do His will; For
3. If foes of the Lord should com - pass thee a - round, Ne'er yield to one un - just de-mand, But to thy God be true; Be
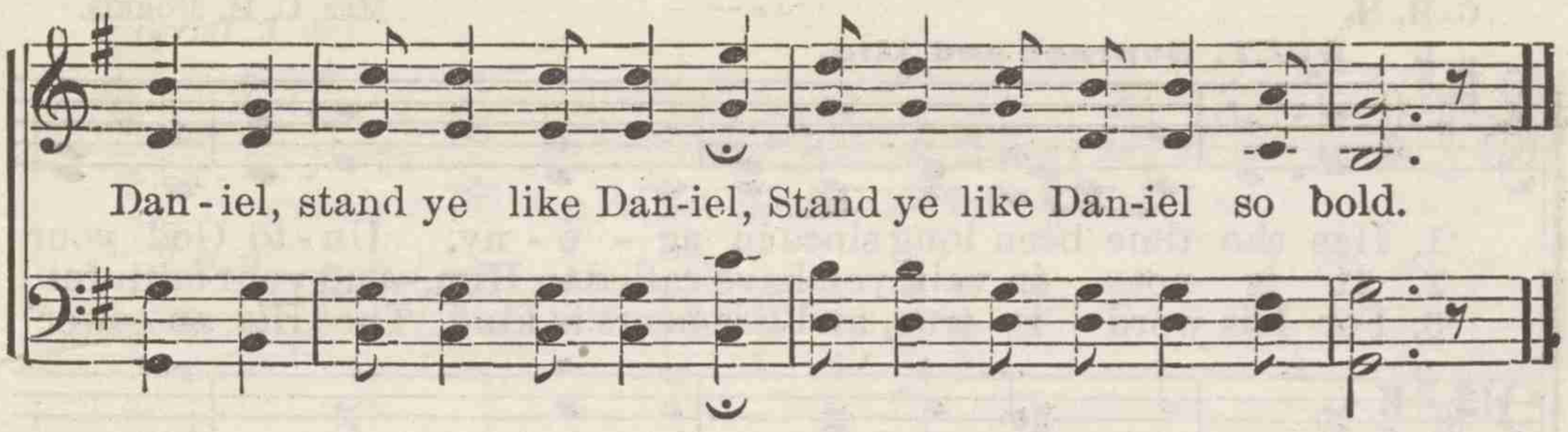
sought for His life, But Daniel brave and bold, Es-caped all harm and so shall we Who love and trust the Lord.
He will pro - tect, We read it in His word, No dan-ger should our souls affright, Each promise He'll ful - fill. Then stand ye like Dan - iel
firm to His cause, In line with right be found, 'Gainst darkened princi- pals and pow'rs, As Dan-iel stood must you.

CHORUS.

stand ye like Dan-iel, Stand ye like Dan - iel of old; Then stand ye like

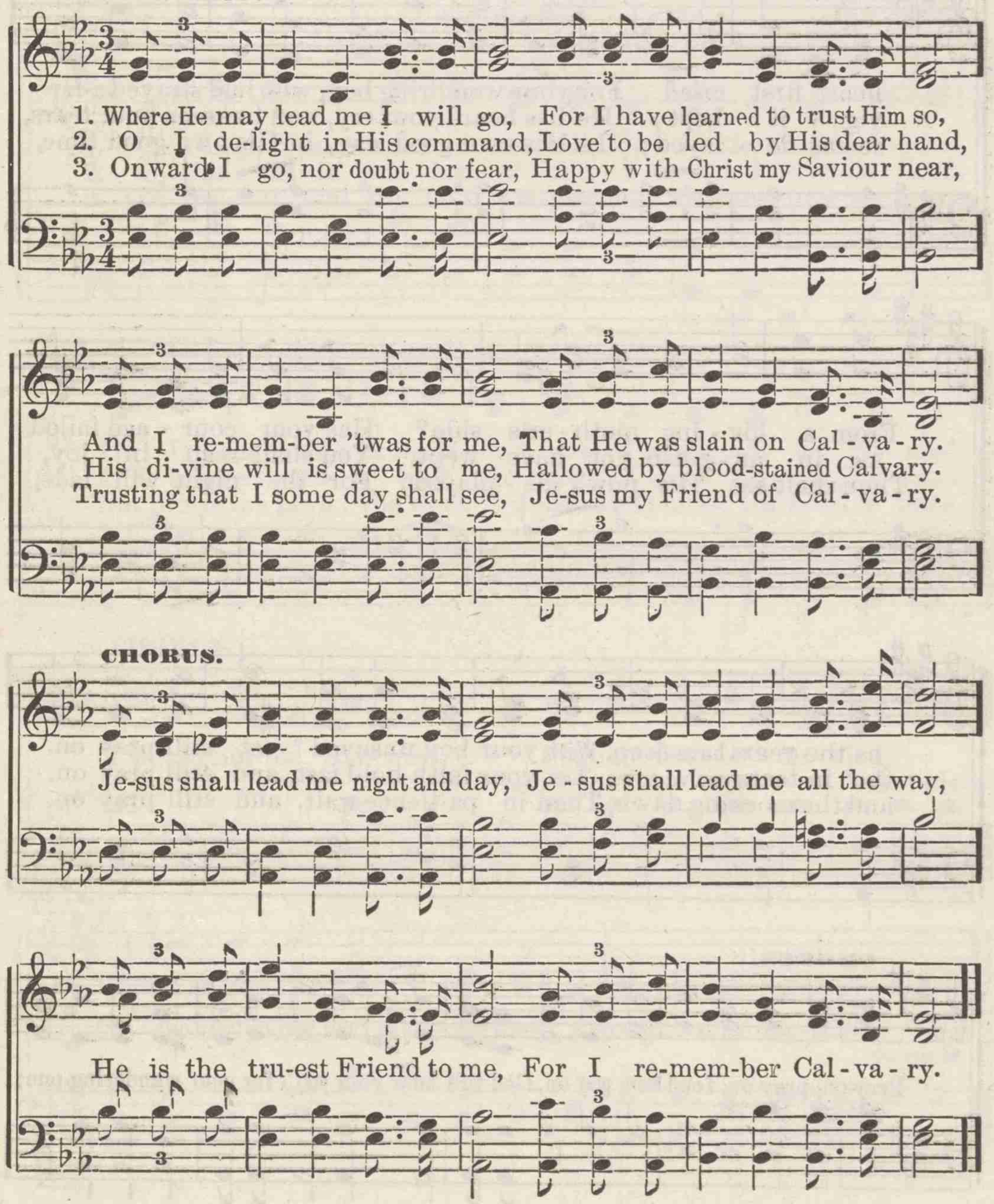
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STAND YE LIKE DANIEL. Concluded.



No. 161. I REMEMBER CALVARY.

REV. W. C. MARTIN. J. M. BLACK.



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No. 162. GOD WILL ANSWER A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

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

DUET. Soprano and Alto.

1. Has the time been long since in ag - o - ny, Un - to God your heart first cried For your wand'ring boy, who had strayed a-far
2. It is not in vain you have called to Him, And your faith-ful vig - il kept; He has heard your cry, and has seen your tears,
3. For His word is true, and His heart is kind, Tho' His an - swer seems de - layed; In His own good way, in His own good time,
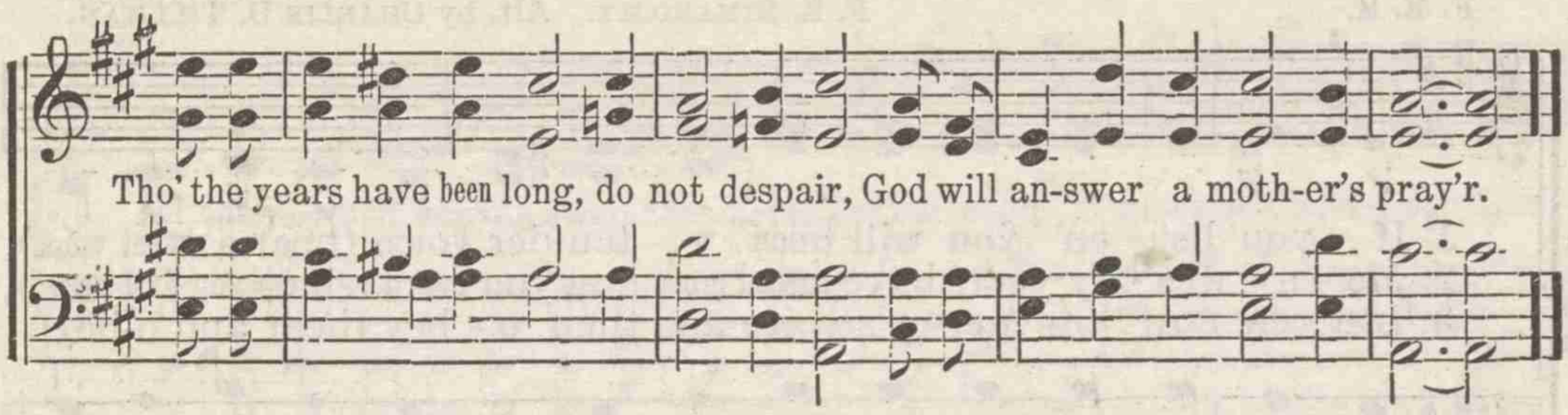
From a lov - ing moth - er's side? Has your cour - age failed as the years have flown, With your boy unsaved? yet still pray on.
As in an - guish you have wept, You shall reap in joy, tho' in tears you've sown, Let your faith hold fast, and still pray on.
Thou shalt see His pow'r dis - played; For the night will fade, and the morning dawn, Then in pa-tience wait, and still pray on.

CHORUS.

Pray on, pray on, fond heart, pray on, God will hear your pray'r for your wandering one;

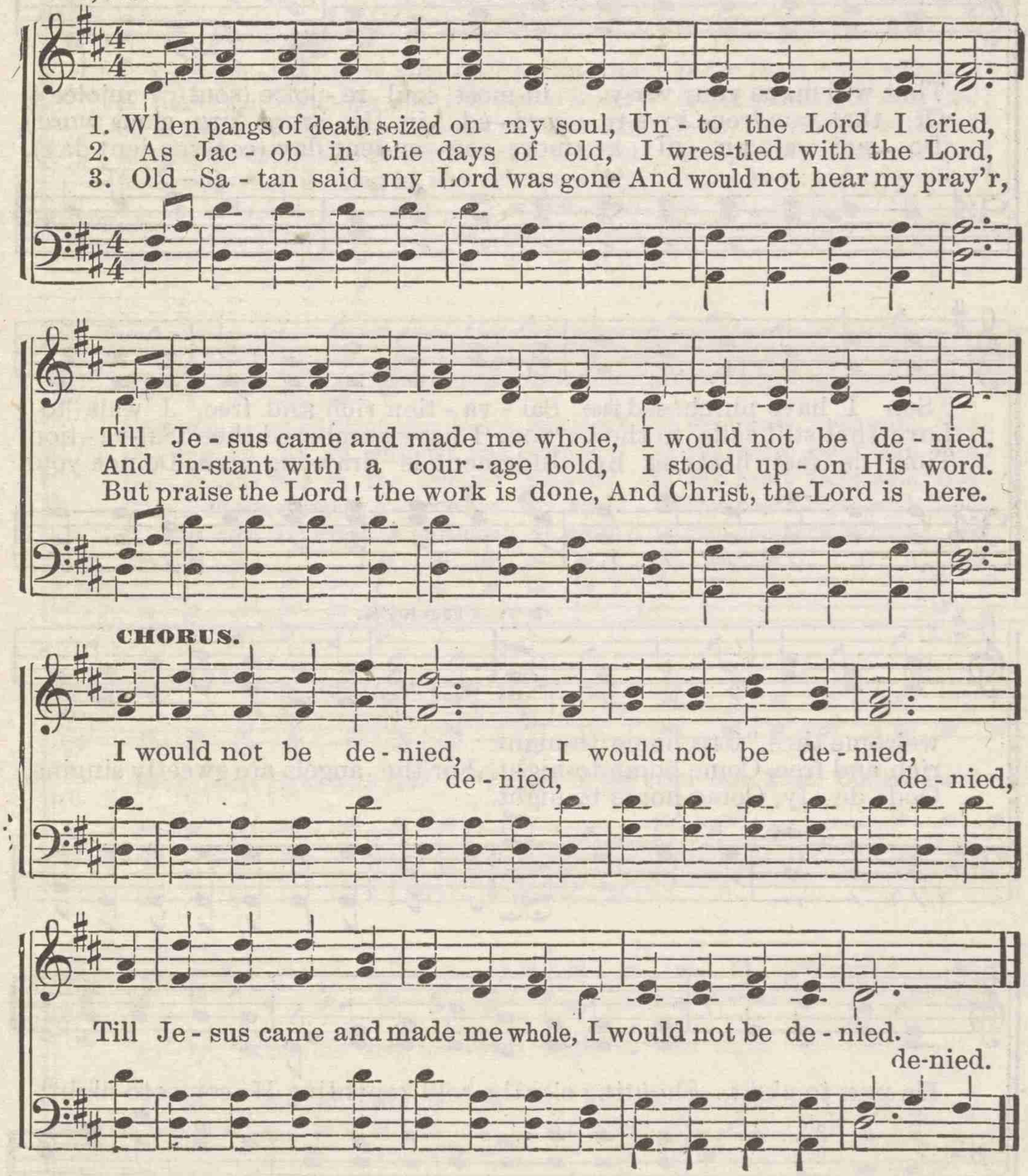
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GOD WILL ANSWER A MOTHER'S PRAYER. Concluded.
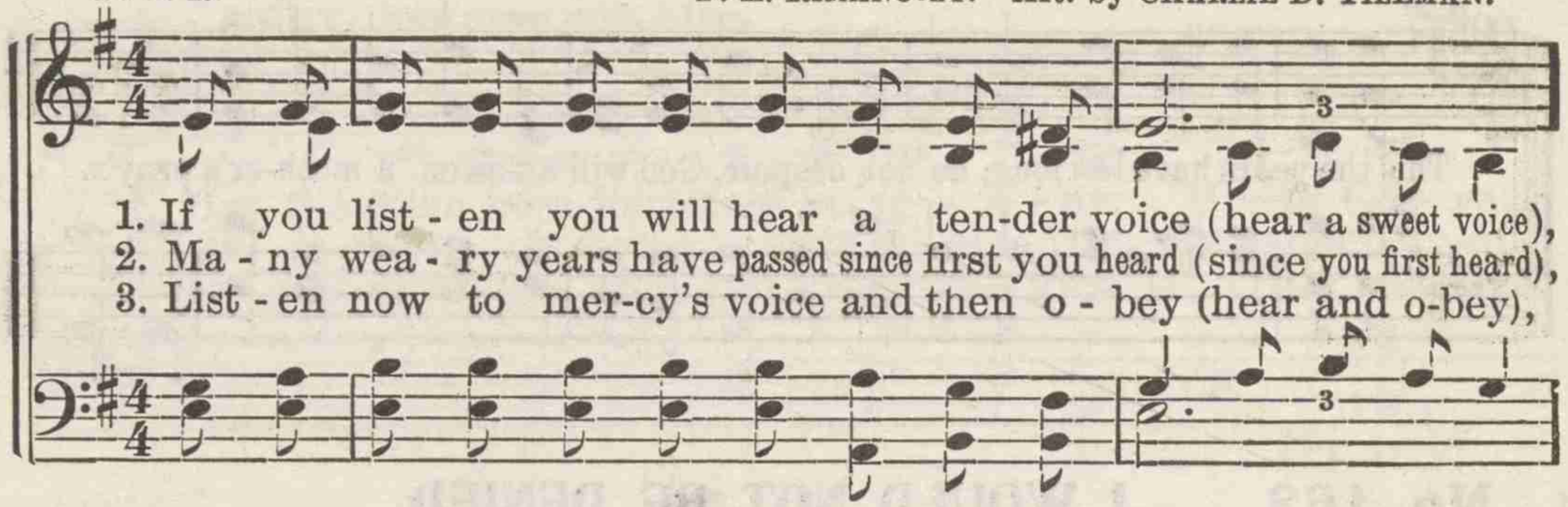


No. 163. I WOULD NOT BE DENIED.
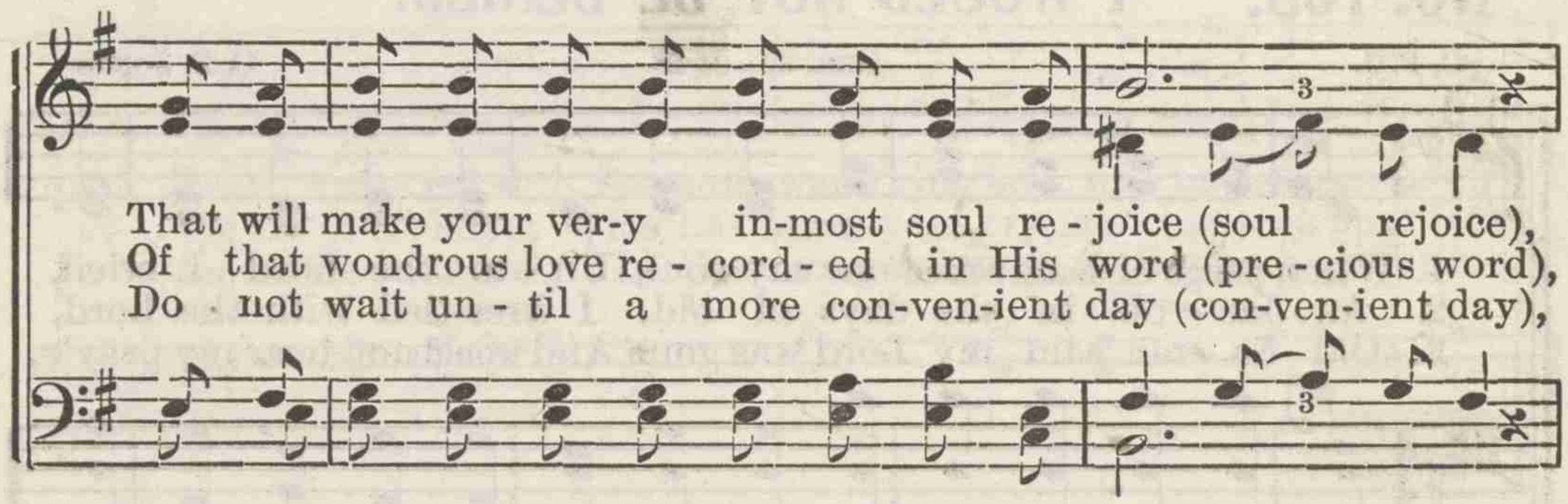
C, P. J. GEN. 32: 24-28. C. P. JONES.

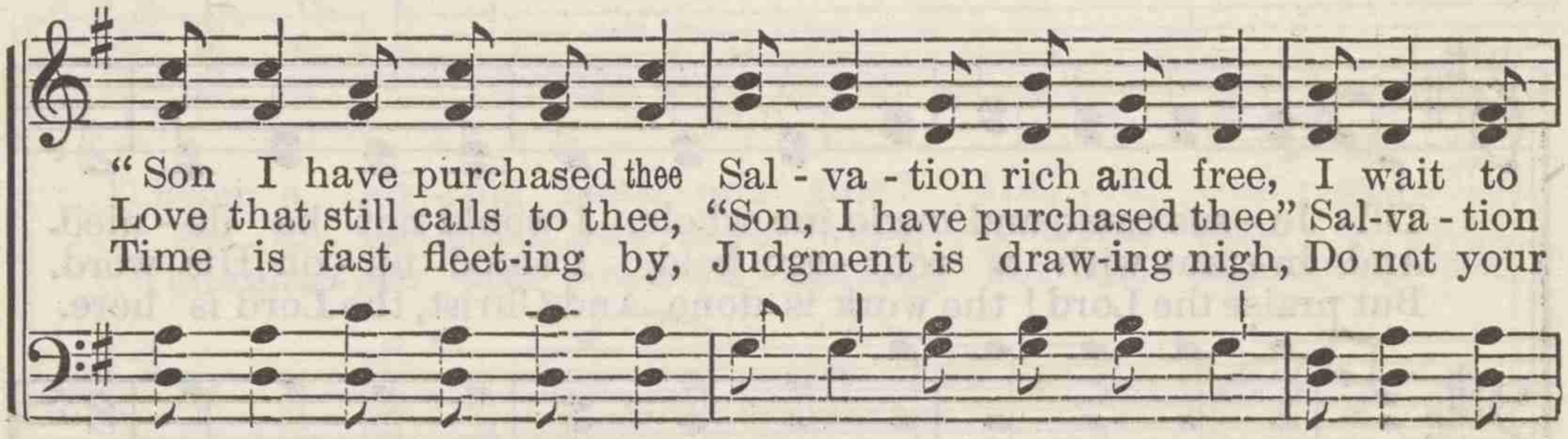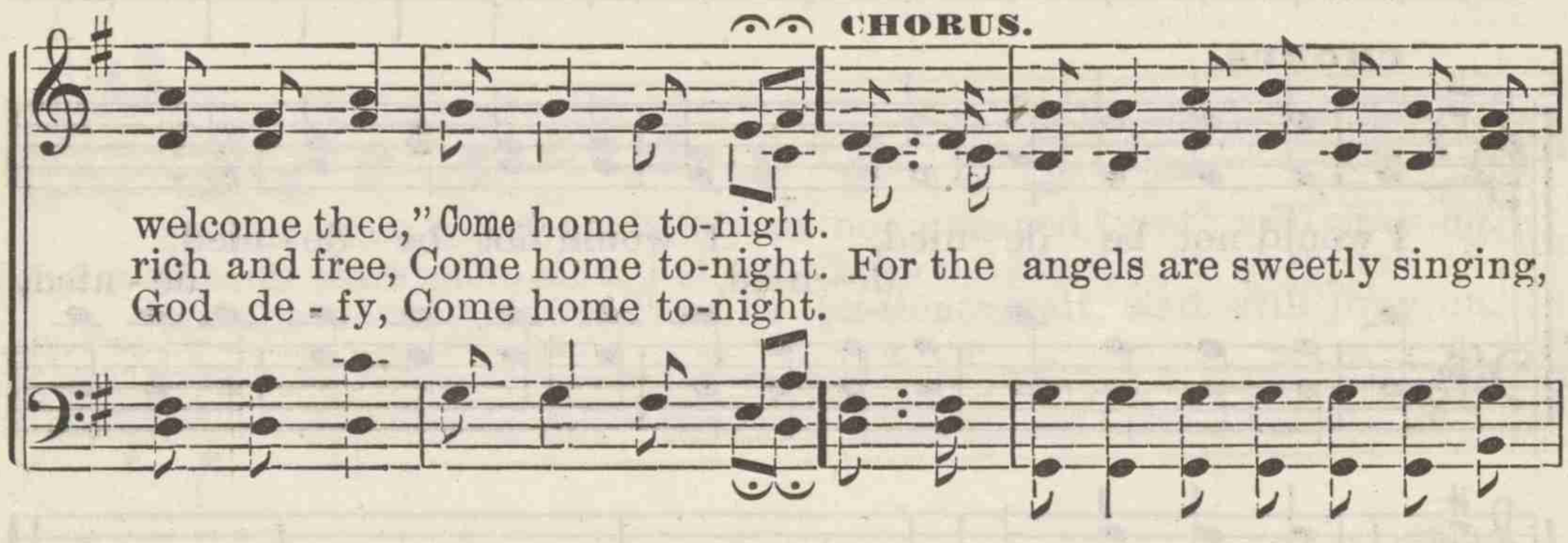


No. 164. HE'S SAVED TO-NIGHT.

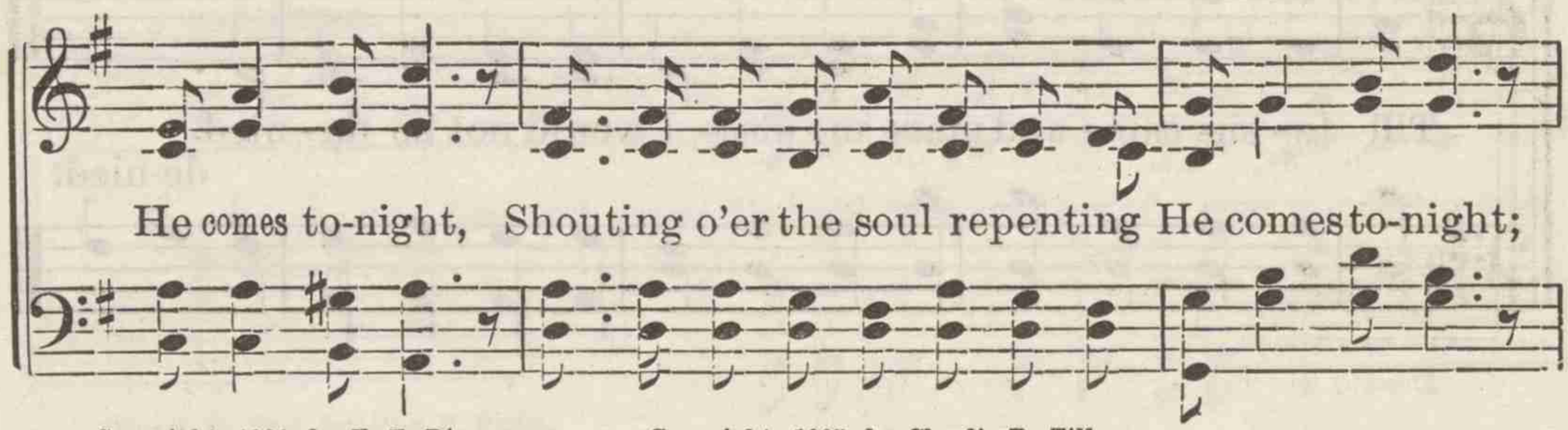
F. E. R. F. E. Rimanoczy. Alt. by Charlie D. Tillman.











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HE'S SAVED TO-NIGHT. Concluded.

All the hosts of heaven swell the chorus loud and bright, O glory he's saved to-night.

No. 165. IS THY HEART RIGHT WITH GOD?

E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have thy af-fec-tions been nail'd to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un-der Je - sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?

Dost thou count all things for Je-sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O - ver all e - vil with-out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je - sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does He each moment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
Is thy soul wearing the gar-ment of white? Is thy heart right with God?

CHORUS.

Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim - son flood, Cleansed and made

ho - ly, hum - ble and low - ly, Right in the sight of God?....
of God?

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No. 166. SAVED EVERY DAY.

Arr. for this Work.

1. On Sun - day I am hap - py, on Mon-day full of joy,
2. O once I was a sin - ner,— a sin - ner far from God,
3. Now since I am so hap - py, and saved right thro' and thro',
4. If you would be made hap - py, I'll tell you what to do:
5. Now come a - long, poor sin - ner, you have no time to wait,

Cho.—O glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, O glo - ry to the Lamb!

On Tues-day I have peace with-in which noth-ing can de-stroy,
But now I am support - ed by His rod and staff and word;
I'll stand for Je - sus ev - 'rywhere, what-ev - er men may do;
Just give to Je - sus all your heart, He'll save you thro' and thro'
Come seek and find sal - va - tion, be - fore it is too late;

O hal - le - lu - jah, I am saved, and I'm so glad I am!

On Wednesday and on Thurs-day I'm walk-ing in the light,
Up - on the Rock I'm stand-ing, no more I sink in mire,
He feeds me ev - 'ry morn-ing, He rests me ev - 'ry night,
He'll send you forth re - joic - ing, made hap - py all the day,
The world is full of pit - falls, the dev - il's wide a - wake,
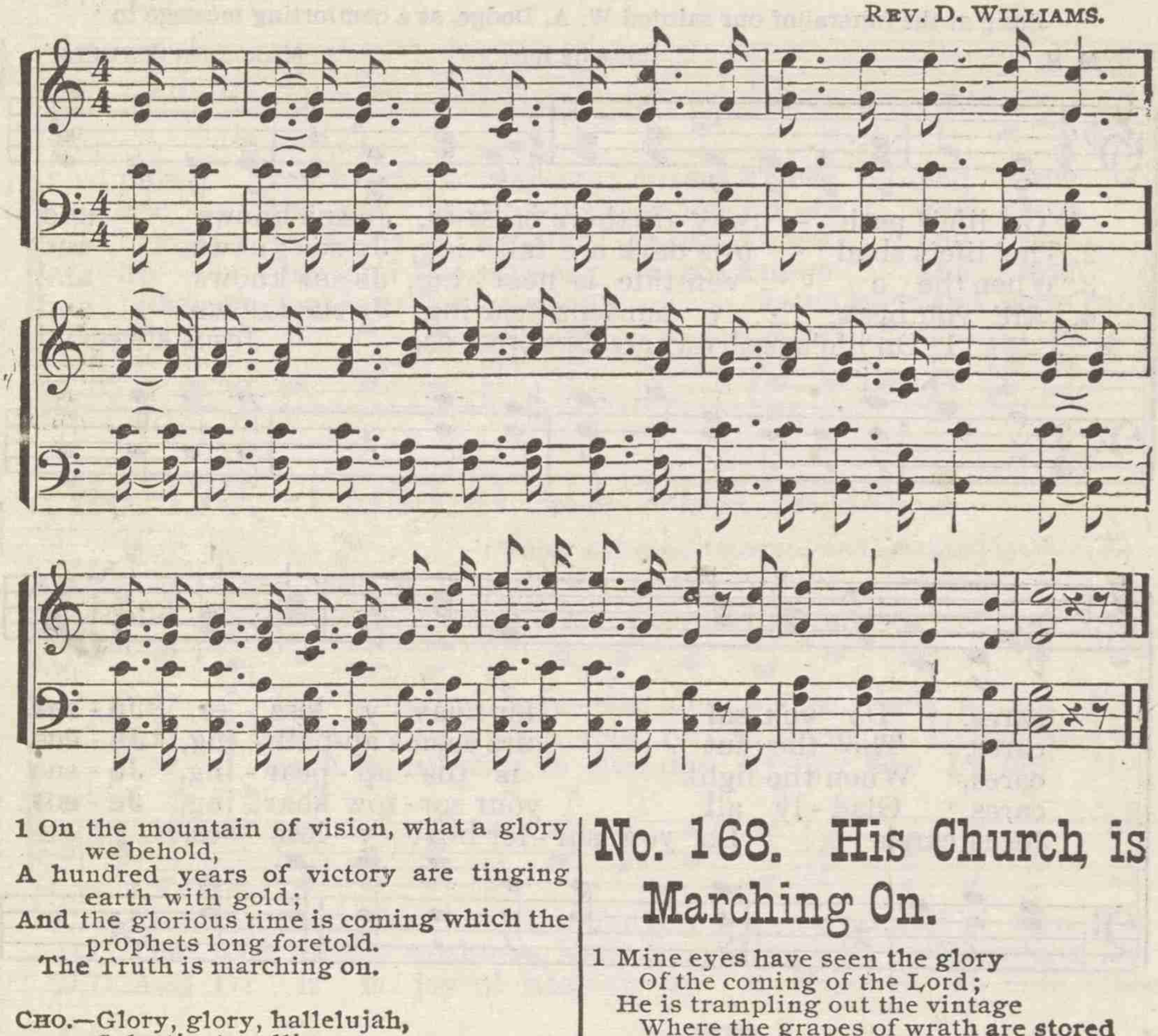
O glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, O glo - ry to the Lamb!

O Fri - day is a heav'n be-low, and Sat'rday's al-ways bright.
I'm go - ing now to trust in Him un - til He says, "Come high'r."
And walking in this ho - ly way, I find a real de-light.
So make a start, be clean in heart, and walk the ho - ly way.
So heed the Sav - iour's lov - ing call, and all your sins for-sake.

O hal - le - lu - jah, I am saved and bound for the happy land.

No. 167. Salvation's Rolling On.*

REV. D. WILLIAMS.



1 On the mountain of vision, what a glory
we behold,
A hundred years of victory are tinging
earth with gold;
And the glorious time is coming which the
prophets long foretold.
The Truth is marching on.

CHO.—Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Salvation's rolling on.

2 For the glory of the Master, Wesley
taught beyond the sea,
And preached the great salvation which
delivers you and me;
And a million voices shout it,—"Redemption's full and free."
Salvation's rolling on.

3 From the cabin on the prairie, from the
vaulted city dome,
From the dark and briny ocean, where our
sailor brothers roam,
We hear the glad rejoicing, like a happy
harvest home.
Salvation's rolling on.

4 A hundred years of marching, and a hundred years of song,
The Conqueror advances, and the time will
not be long
When he shall claim the heathen and overthrow the wrong.
Our God is marching on.

5 And when the war is over, with the saints
for evermore,
On the blissful heights of Glory we will
shout the battle o'er,
And in the Golden City we will join the
Conqueror.
Forever marching on.

No. 168. His Church is Marching On.

1 Mine eyes have seen the glory
Of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage
Where the grapes of wrath are stored
He has loosed the faithful lightnings
Of his great two-edged sword.
His church is marching on.

CHO.—Glory, glory, hallelujah,
His church is marching on.

2 He has sounded forth the trumpet
That shall never call retreat,
He's sifting out the hearts of men
Before the judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him,
Be jubilant, my feet.
His church is marching on.

3 From morning's early watches,
Till the setting of the sun,
We will never flag nor falter
In the work we have begun,
Till the forts have all surrendered,
And the victory is won.
His church is marching on.

4 Our trust is in Jehovah,
And our cause is in his care;
With Almighty arms to help us,
We have faith to do and dare,
While confiding in the promise
That the Lord will answer prayer.
His church is marching on.

5 In an humble place of refuge,
Christ was born across the sea,
With the glory in his bosom
That transfigures you and me;
Since he died to make men holy,
Let us strive to holy be.
His church is marching on.

*The Chorus, "Glory, hallelujah," is so familiar that the music need not be repeated.

No. 169. JESUS KNOWS AND CARES.

Sung at the funeral of our sainted W. A. Dodge, as a comforting message to those he left.

M. S. MARGARET SCHULTZ.

1. On life's path - way are there cross-es, Je-sus knows and cares,
2. Tho' life's shad - ows dark are fall - ing, Je-sus knows and cares,
3. When the e - ven-tide is near - ing, Je-sus knows and cares,
4. Are you heav - y burdens bear-ing, Je-sus knows and cares,

1. On life's pathway are there cross-es, Jesus knows and cares,
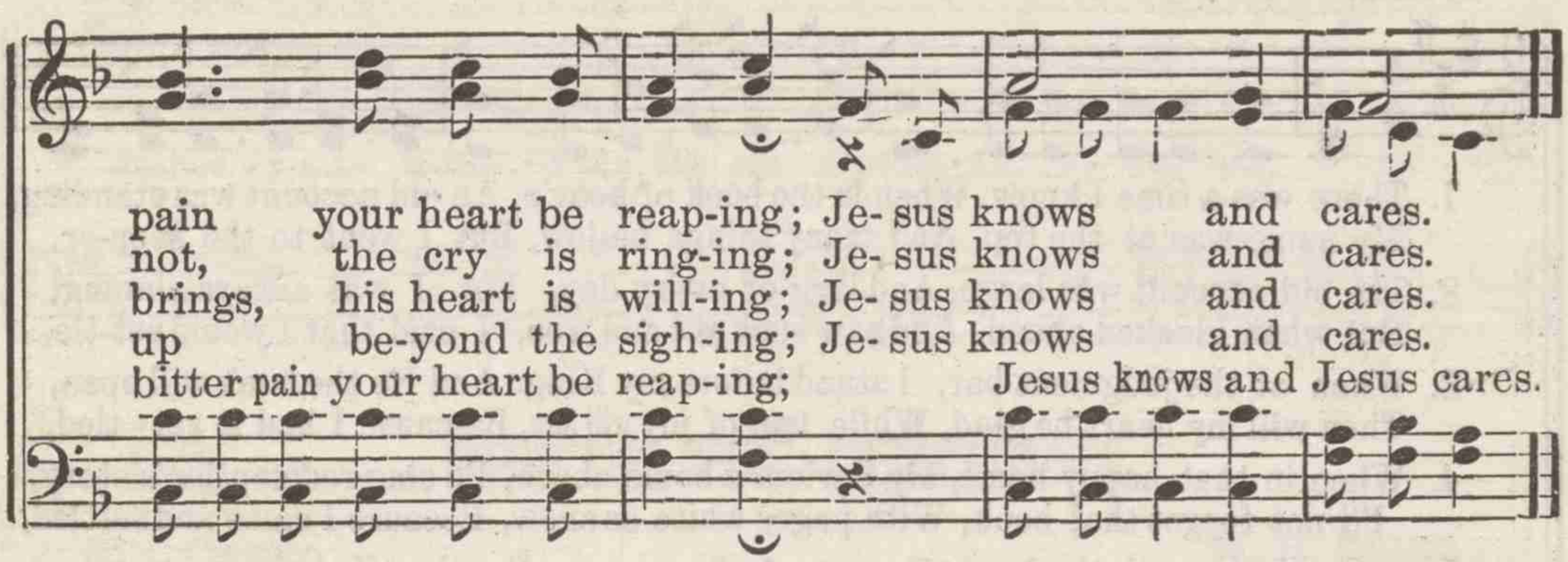
Do you suf - fer heav - y loss - es, Je - sus
Tho' the fut - ure seems ap-pall - ing, Je - sus
When the light is dis - ap - pear - ing, Je - sus
Glad - ly all your sor - row shar - ing, Je - sus
Jesus cares, Do you suf - fer heav - y loss - es,

knows and cares, Doth there come the hour of
knows and cares, Tho' the years their griefs are
knows and cares, When with tears the eyes are
knows and cares, Tho' your life be fill'd with
Je - sus knows and Je - sus cares,

weep - ing, Treas-ures van - ish from your keep - ing, Bit - ter
bring - ing, Hush-ing ev - 'ry voice of sing - ing, Fear ye
fill - ing, An - guish deep the soul is thrill - ing, Peace he
cry - ing, Pleas-ures van - ished, joys be dy - ing, Yet look

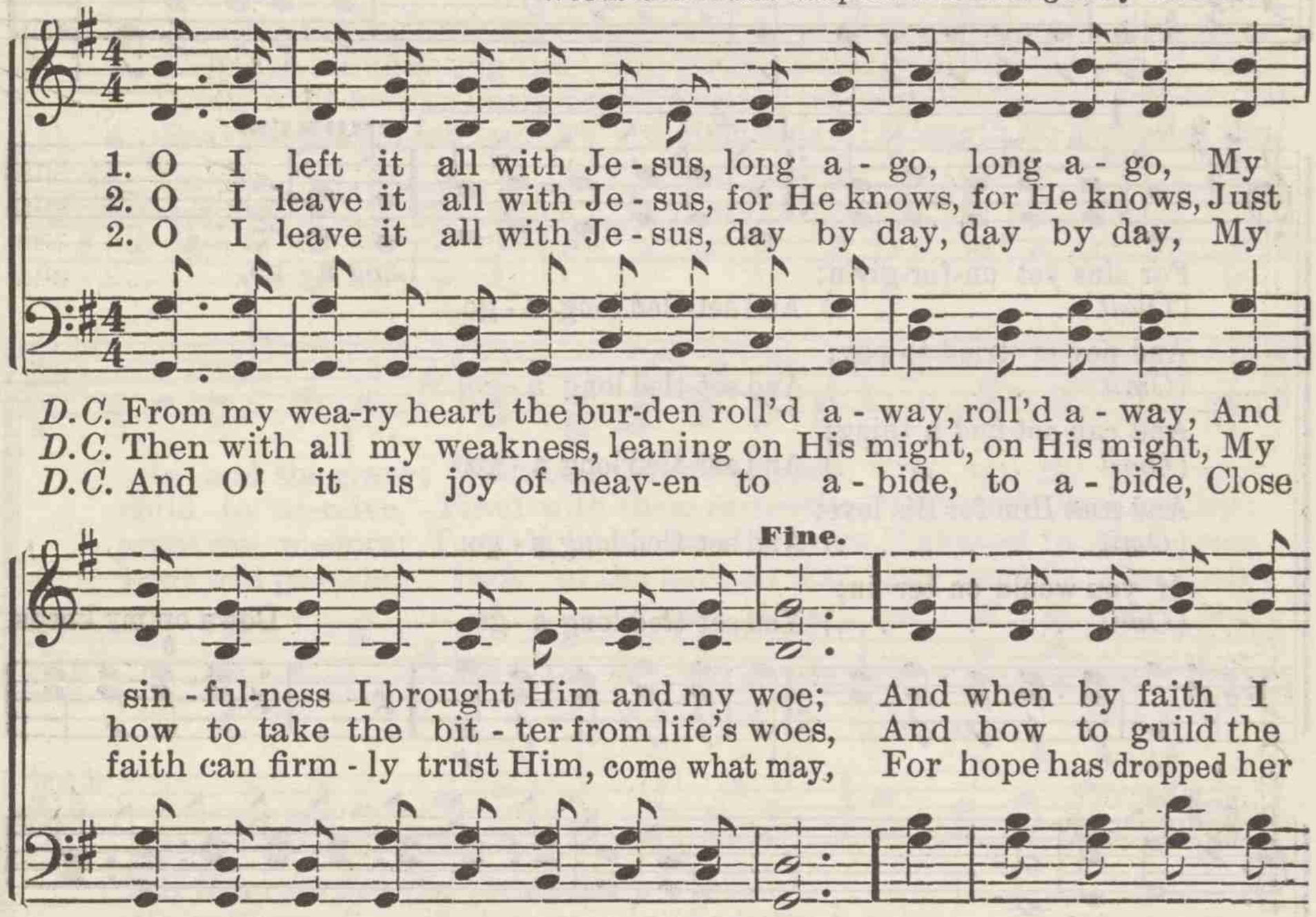
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JESUS KNOWS AND CARES. Concluded.



No. 170. I LEFT IT ALL WITH JESUS.

Words and music adapted and arranged by W. J. K.



From "Songs of Triumph," by per.

No. 171. THE OLD ACCOUNT SETTLED LONG AGO.

F. M. G. F M. GRAHAM.

1. There was a time I know, When in the book of heav'n, An old account was standing,
   My name was at the top, And many things be-low, But I went to the keep-er,
2. The old account was large, And larg-er ev-'ry day, For I was always sinning,
   But when I looked ahead, And saw such pain and woe, I said that I would set-tle,
3. When at the judgment bar, I stand before my King, And He the book will open,
   Then will my heart be glad, While tears of joy will flow, Be-cause I had it set - tled,
4. When in that happy home, My Saviour's home above, I'll sing redemption's story,
   I'll not forget that book, With pages white as snow, Because I came and settled,
5. O sinner seek the Lord, Repent of all your sin, For thus He has com-mand-ed,
   And then if you should live, A hundred years below, Up there you'll not regret it

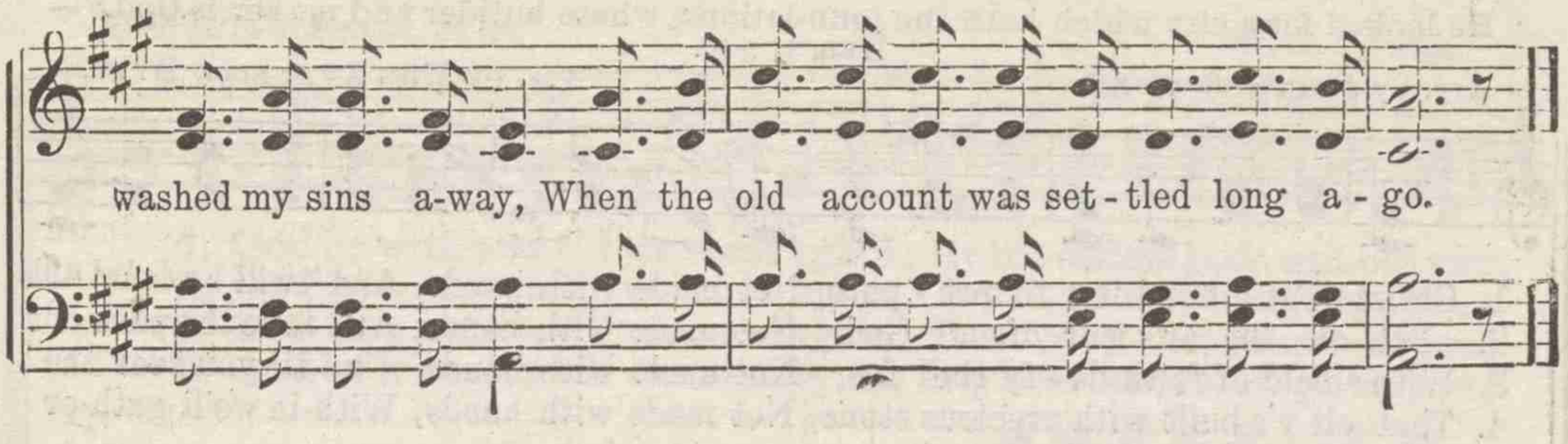
CHORUS.

For sins yet un-for-giv'n; Long a - go,
(*Omit* . . . . . .) And set-tled long a - go.
And nev-er tried to pay;
(*Omit* . . . . . .) And set-tled long a - go.
And can not find a thing;
(*Omit* . . . . . .) And set-tled long a - go.
And praise Him for His love;
(*Omit* . . . . . .) And set-tled long a - go.
If you would en-ter in;
(*Omit* . . . . . .) You set-tled long a - go. Down on my knees,

Long a - go, Yes, the old ac - count was set-tled long a-
I set-tled it all,

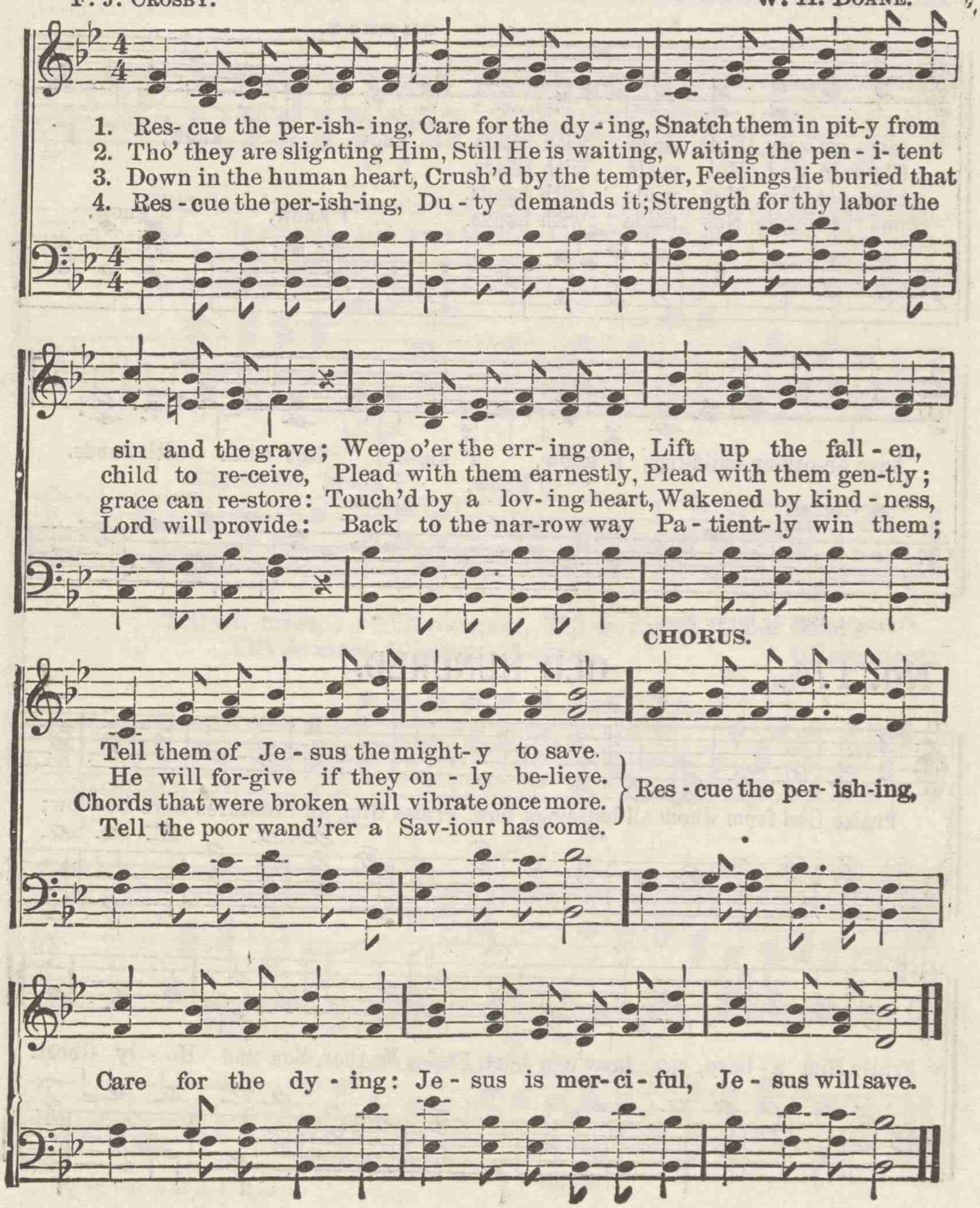
go; And the rec - ord's clear to - day, For He
Hal - le - lu - jah!

THE OLD ACCOUNT SETTLED LONG AGO. Concluded.



No. 172. RESCUE THE PERISHING.

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



No. 173. NOT MADE WITH HANDS.

"He looked for a city which hath the foundations, whose builder and maker is God."—HEB. 11: 10.

Arr. by JOHN S. BROWN. Arr. by MISS AVANELLE DYER.

1. Christ went a build-ing to pre - pare, Not made with hands, And 'twill be decked with
2. Put on the ar - mor of our God, Not made with hands, And take the path our
3. With shield of faith de - fy the foe, Not made with hands, Un - til you hear the
4. That cit-y's built with precious stone, Not made with hands, With-in we'll gath-er

CHORUS.

jew - els rare, Not made with hands. I know, I know, I
Cap-tain trod, Not made with hands.
trum-pet blow, Not made with hands.
round the throne, Not made with hands. I know, I know,

have an-oth-er build-ing; I know, I know, Not made with hands.
I know, I know,

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No. 174. OLD HUNDRED.

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

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

175. GOD BE WITH YOU.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet again; By his counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath his wings securely hide you;
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you;

With his sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
Dai - ly manna still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet again.
Put his arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet again.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, . . Till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet again, till we meet;

Till we meet, . . Till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Till we meet, till we meet again,

By permission of J. E. Rankin.

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