HIGHWAY HYMNAL

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The HIGHWAY HYMNAL

INTERDENOMINATIONAL

Compiled and Edited by

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN

A Collection Covering Every Phase of

Church and Sunday School Work.

Charlie Tillman Song
TILLMAN'S CROSSI
ATLANTA, GEORGIA, U. S.
OR
PENTECOSTAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, LOUISVILL

1919
HIGH A

TO THOSE WHO WILL SING and enjoy this book allow me to say that one of the main reasons for its attractiveness is that I have had access to the productions of so many of our efficient writers to whom I am greatly indebted.

The title, "HIGHWAY HYMNAL," was suggested by the reading of Isaiah 35:8-10, "And an HIGHWAY shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it, but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools shall not err therein.

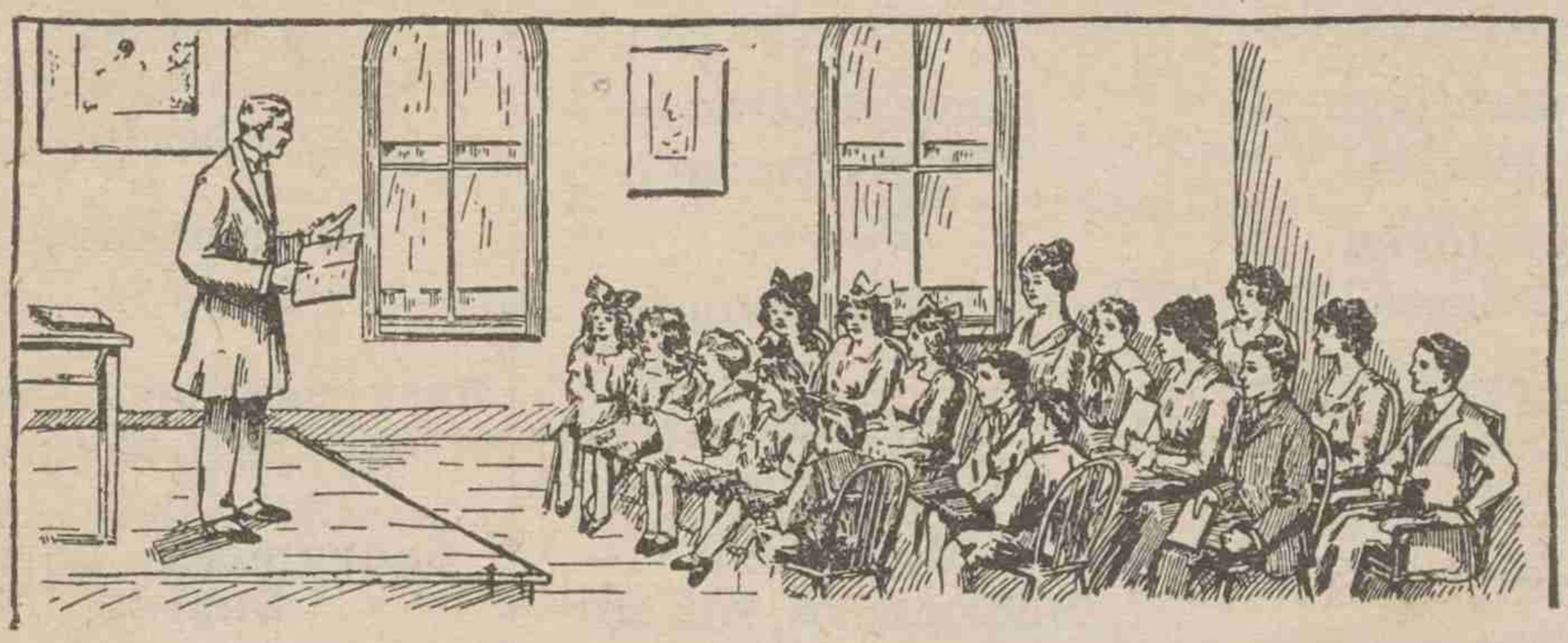
"No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there.

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come
Zion with SONGS and everlasting joy upon their heads:
ll obtain JOY and GLADNESS, and sorrow and
flee away."

is that the Highway Hymnal may be a
some who are pressing on the up-
ith singing and everlasting joy
His service,

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

ONE WAY TO KEEP FROM GETTING THE BEST RESULTS FROM YOUR SONG BOOK.



The leader says, "We are getting started a little late this morning so we will sing something familiar; we haven't time to practice a new song."

Keep this up long enough and your book becomes prematurely old. This should not be; it is neither fair to your Sunday school nor to us who invest our labor, time, money and talent to produce such a book as this.

Allow us to suggest that you appoint some one to meet with the Sunday School for a half hour's song service prior to the opening of the School. If they are not sight readers they can arrange with some pianist during the week to teach them a few new songs, so that they can lead them.

The young people of this generation should be kept in touch with our standard church hymns, which are given such prominence in the Highway Hymnal. TAKE TIME TO SING THEM WITH THEM.

The church hymns in this book are numbered to correspond with the numbers in Church Hymnal and Sunday School Songs, the "two in one" song book. Therefore both books can be used at the same time in regular church services.

If any of the above suggestions help you, drop me a line.

Yours for the best there is in Gospel Song,

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN,
Tillman's Crossing, Atlanta, Ga.

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The Beatitudes.

Blessed are the poor in spirit:
For theirs is the kingdom of God.
Blessed are they that mourn:
For they shall be comforted.
Blessed are the meek:
For they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness:
For they shall be filled.
Blessed are the merciful:
For they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart:
For they shall see God.
Blessed are the peace makers:
For they shall be called the children of God.
Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake:
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.
Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

The Ten Commandments.

First.—Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

Second.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

Third.—Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.

Fourth.—Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

Fifth.—Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Sixth.—Thou shalt not kill.

Seventh.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Eighth.—Thou shalt not steal.

Ninth.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

Tenth.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

Gloria Patri.

CHARLES MEINEKE.



The Apostles' Creed.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth. And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord: who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; the third day He arose from the dead; He ascended into heaven; and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

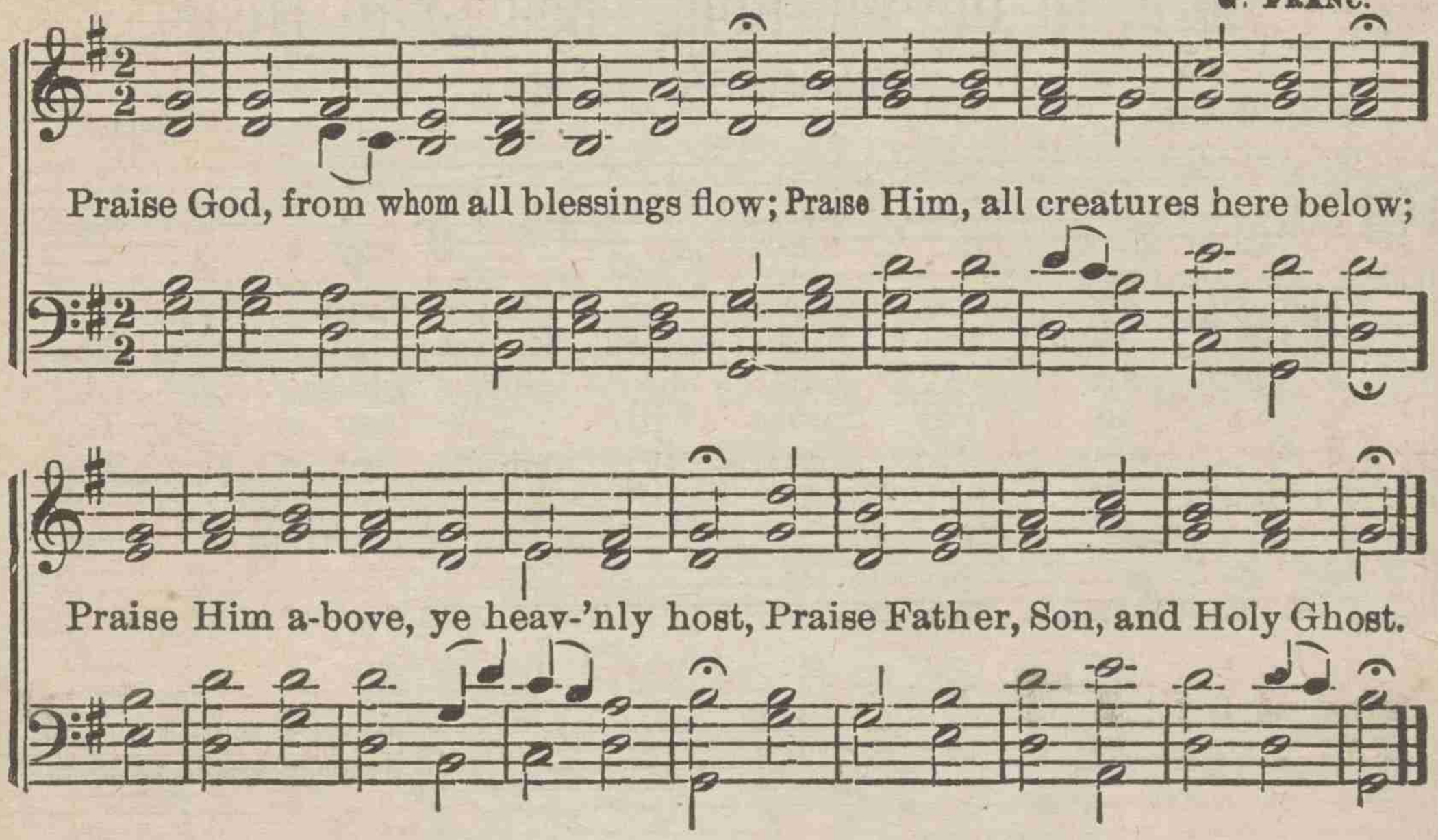
Highway Hymnal

1

Doxology.

(OLD HUNDRED. L. M.)

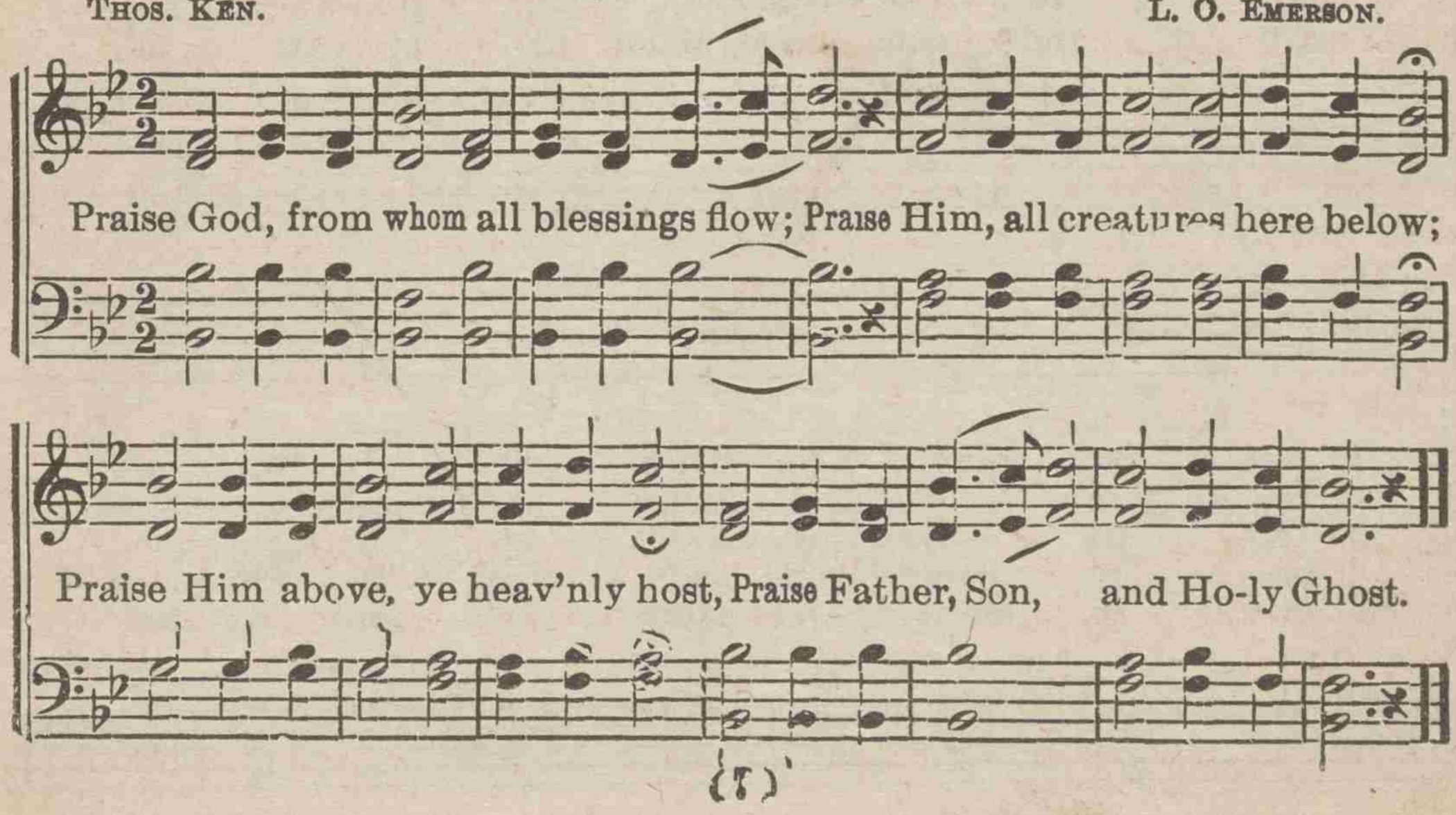
G. FRANC.



Doxology.

(SESSIONS. L. M.)

THOS. KEN. L. O. EMERSON.



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2 Lord, In the Morning Thou Shalt Hear.

WARWICK. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. SAMUEL STANLEY.

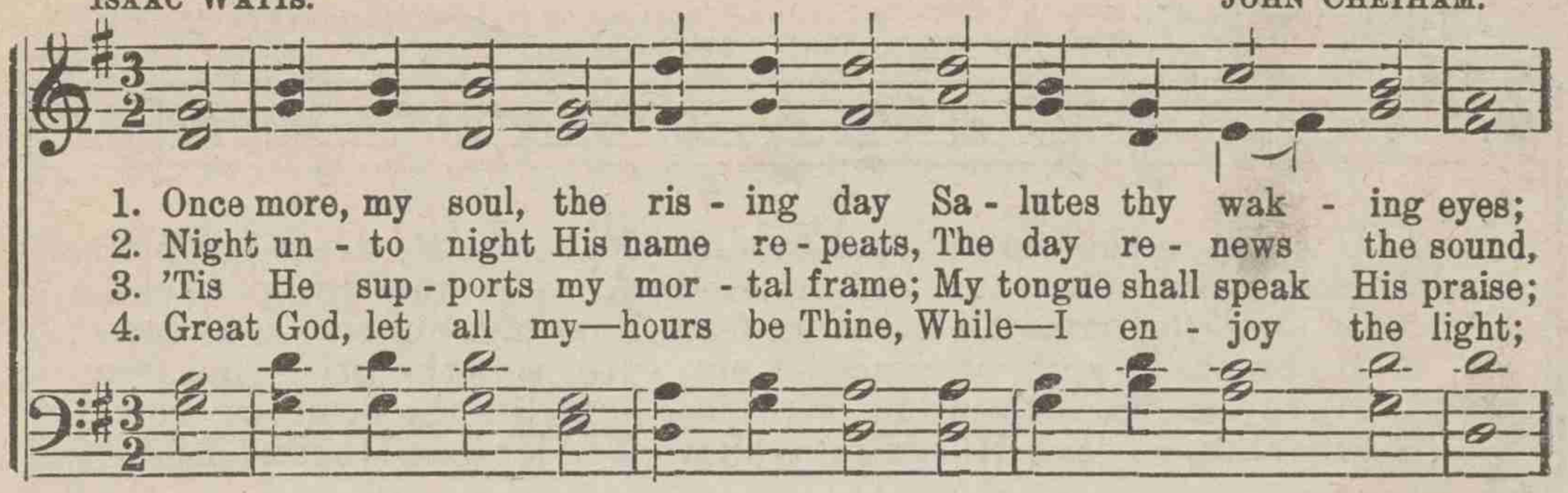


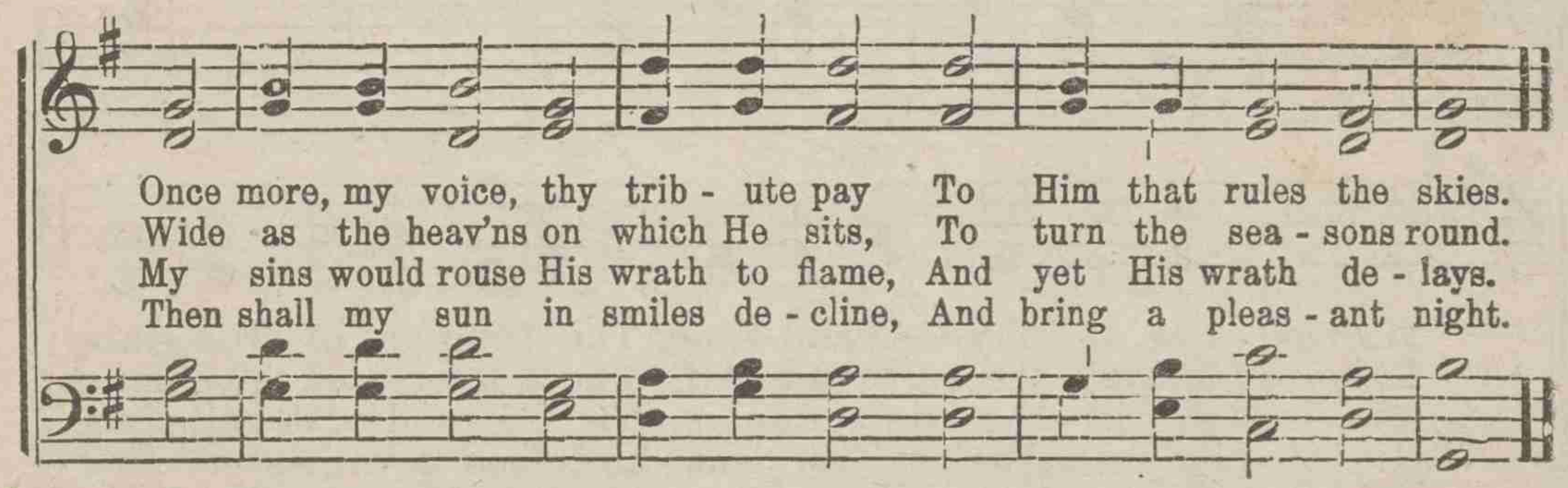
3

Once More, My Soul.

(MARLOW. C. M.)

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN CHETHAM.



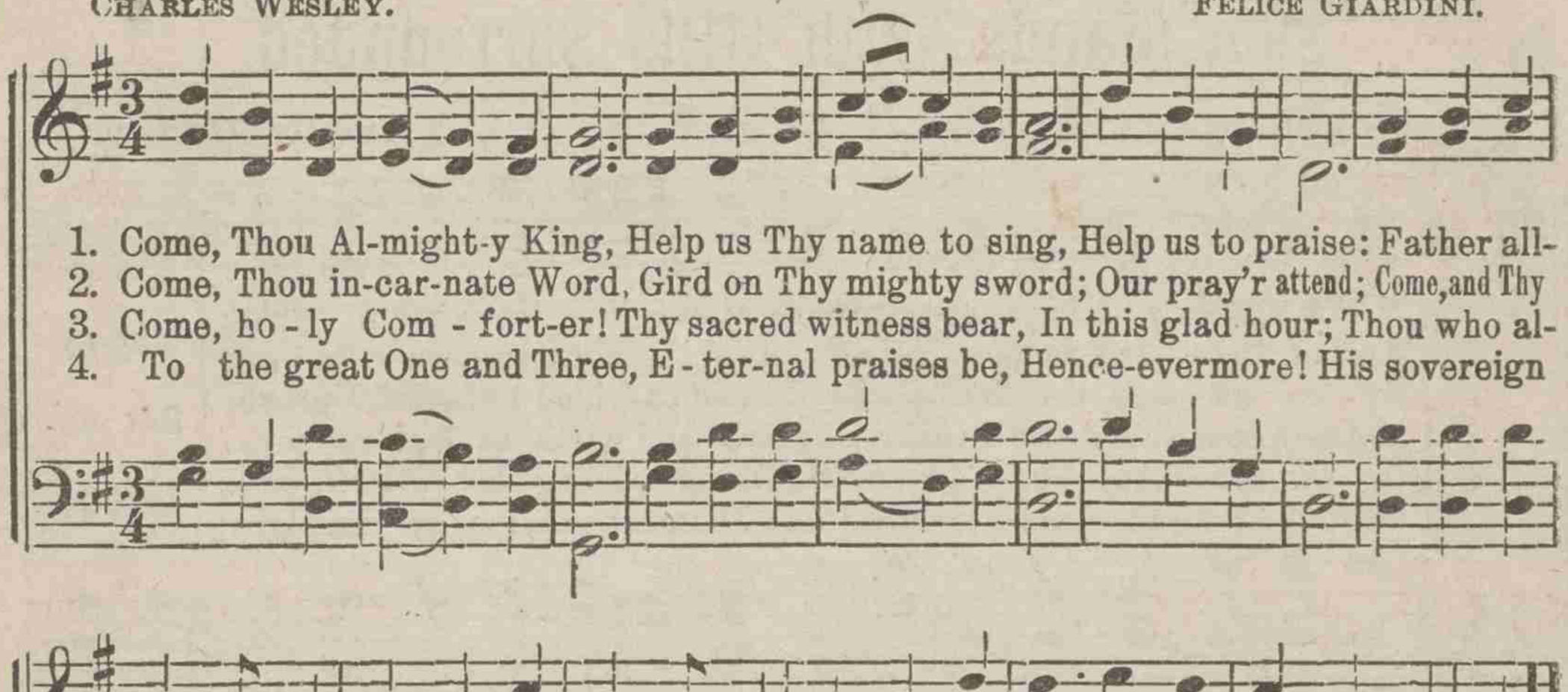


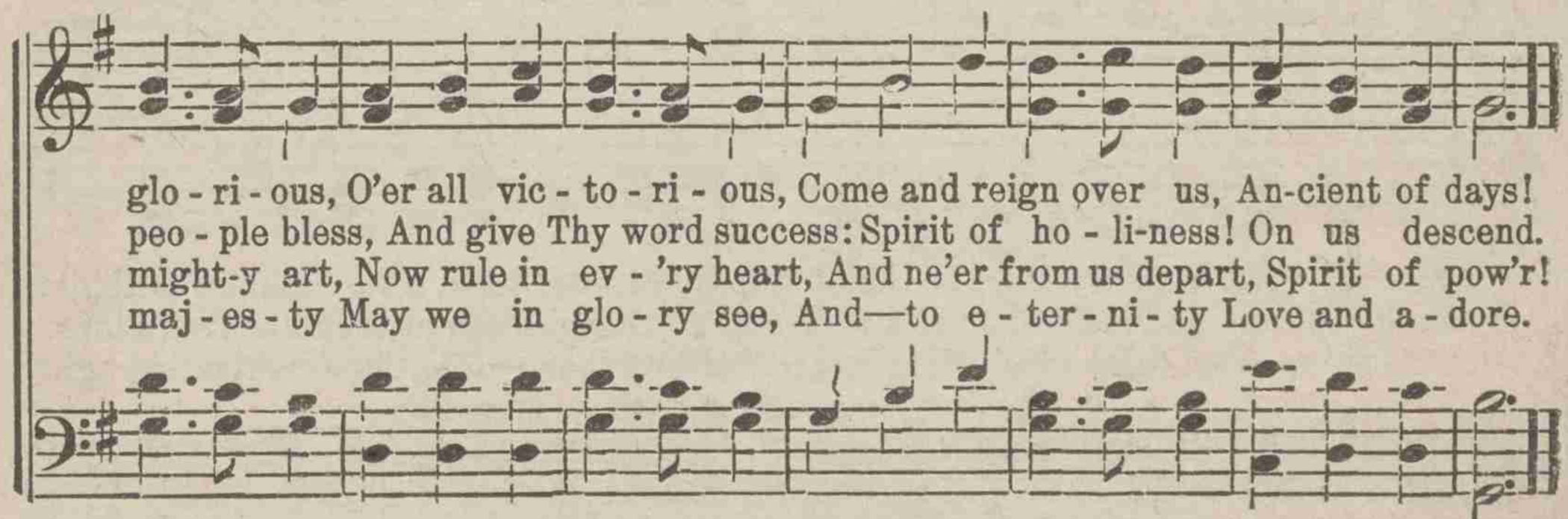
4

Come, Thou Almighty King.

(ITALIAN HYMN. 4s & 6s.)

CHARLES WESLEY. FELICE GIARDINI.





5 O For a Thousand Tongues.

(AZMON. C. M.)

CHARLES WESLEY. CARL G. GLASER. LOWELL MASON.

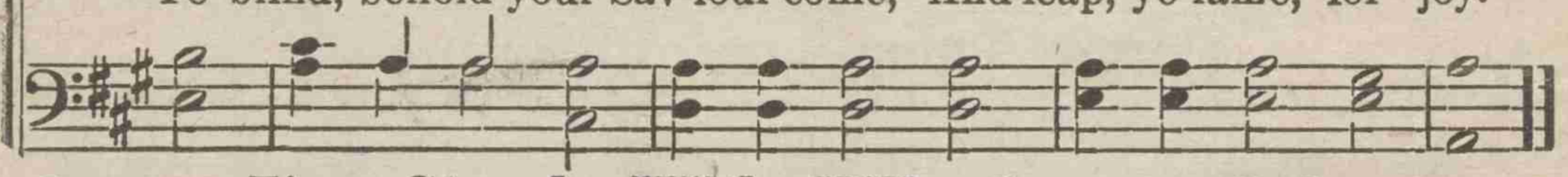


1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise,
2. My gracious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,
3. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease;
4. He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, He sets the pris - 'ner free;
5. He speaks, and list'ning to His voice, New life the dead re - ceive;
6. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues em-ploy;



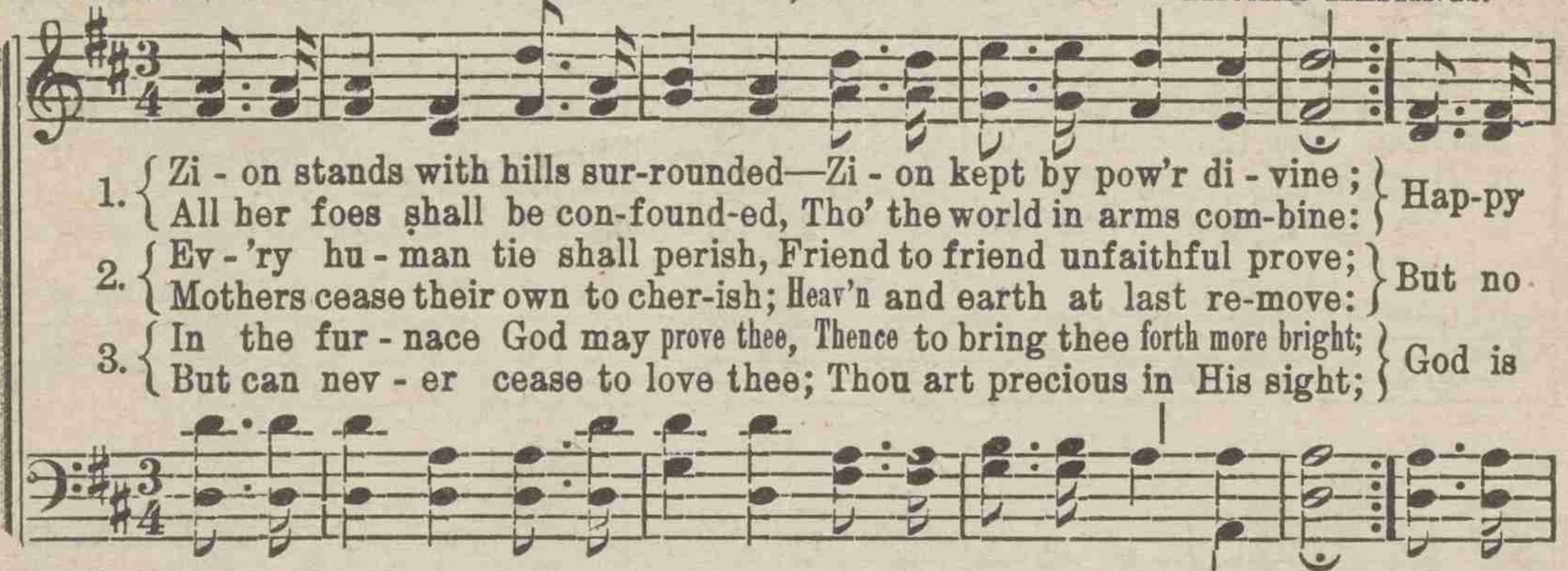


The glo - ries of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace!
To spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of Thy name.
'Tis mu - sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
His blood can make the foul - est clean; His blood a-vailed for me.
The mournful, bro-ken hearts re-joice; The hum-ble poor be - lieve.
Ye blind, behold your Sav-iour come; And leap, ye lame, for joy.



6 Zion Stands With Hills Surrounded.

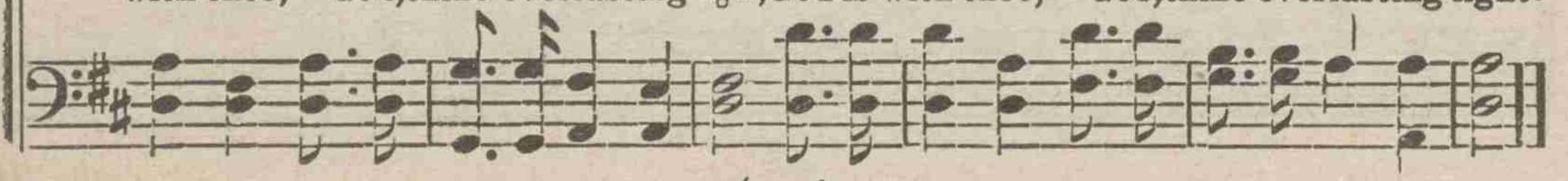
THOMAS KELLEY. ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s. THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. { Zi - on stands with hills sur-rounded—Zi - on kept by pow'r di - vine; / All her foes shall be con-found-ed, Tho' the world in arms com-bine: } Hap-py
2. { Ev - 'ry hu - man tie shall perish, Friend to friend unfaithful prove; / Mothers cease their own to cher-ish; Heav'n and earth at last re-move: } But no
3. { In the fur - nace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more bright; / But can nev - er cease to love thee; Thou art precious in His sight; } God is

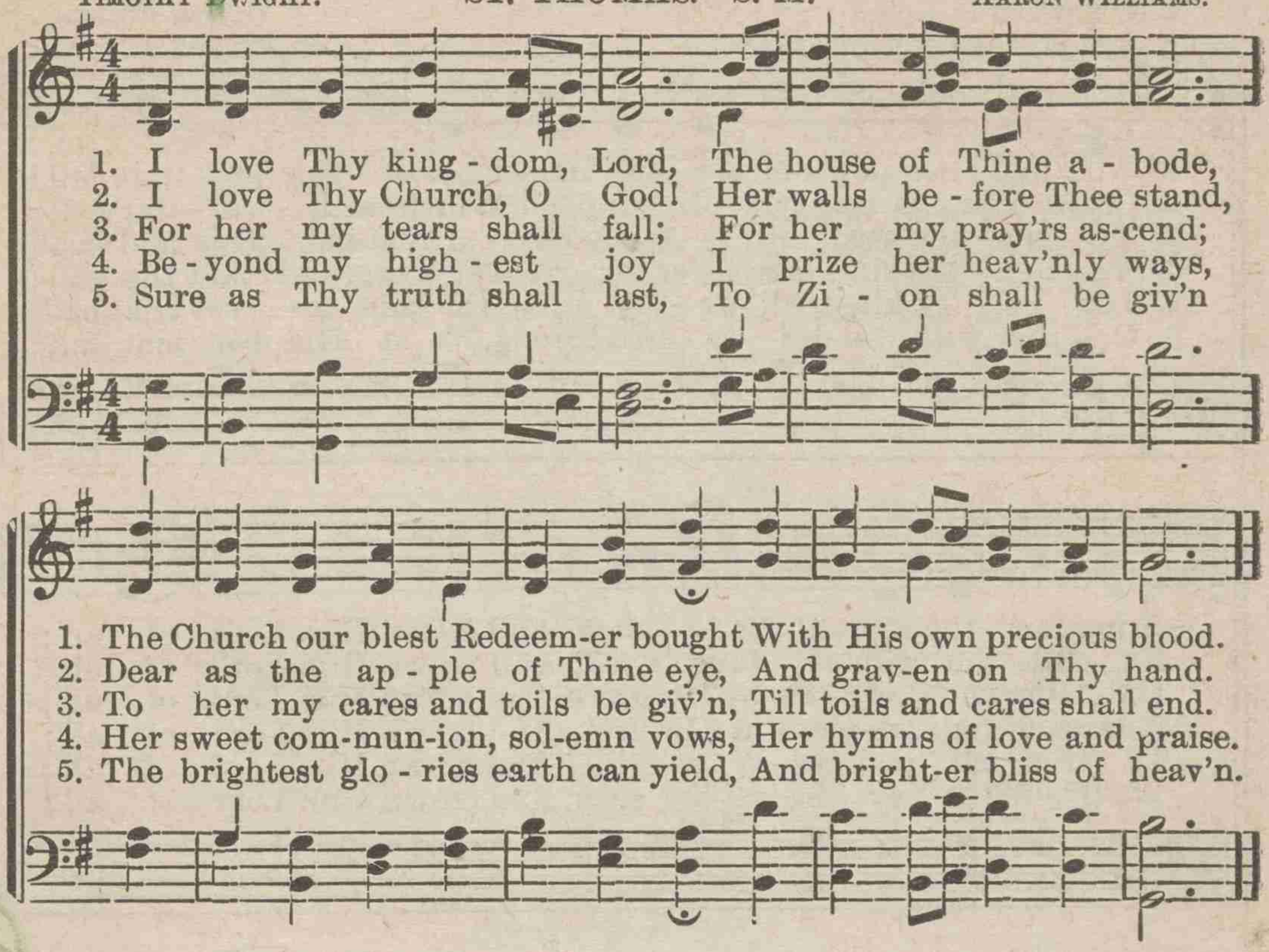


Zi - on, what a fa-vored lot is thine! Hap-py Zi - on, what a fa-vored lot is thine!
chang - es can at-tend Je-ho-vah's love, But no changes can at-tend Jehovah's love.
with thee,—God, thine everlasting light, God is with thee,—God, thine everlasting light.



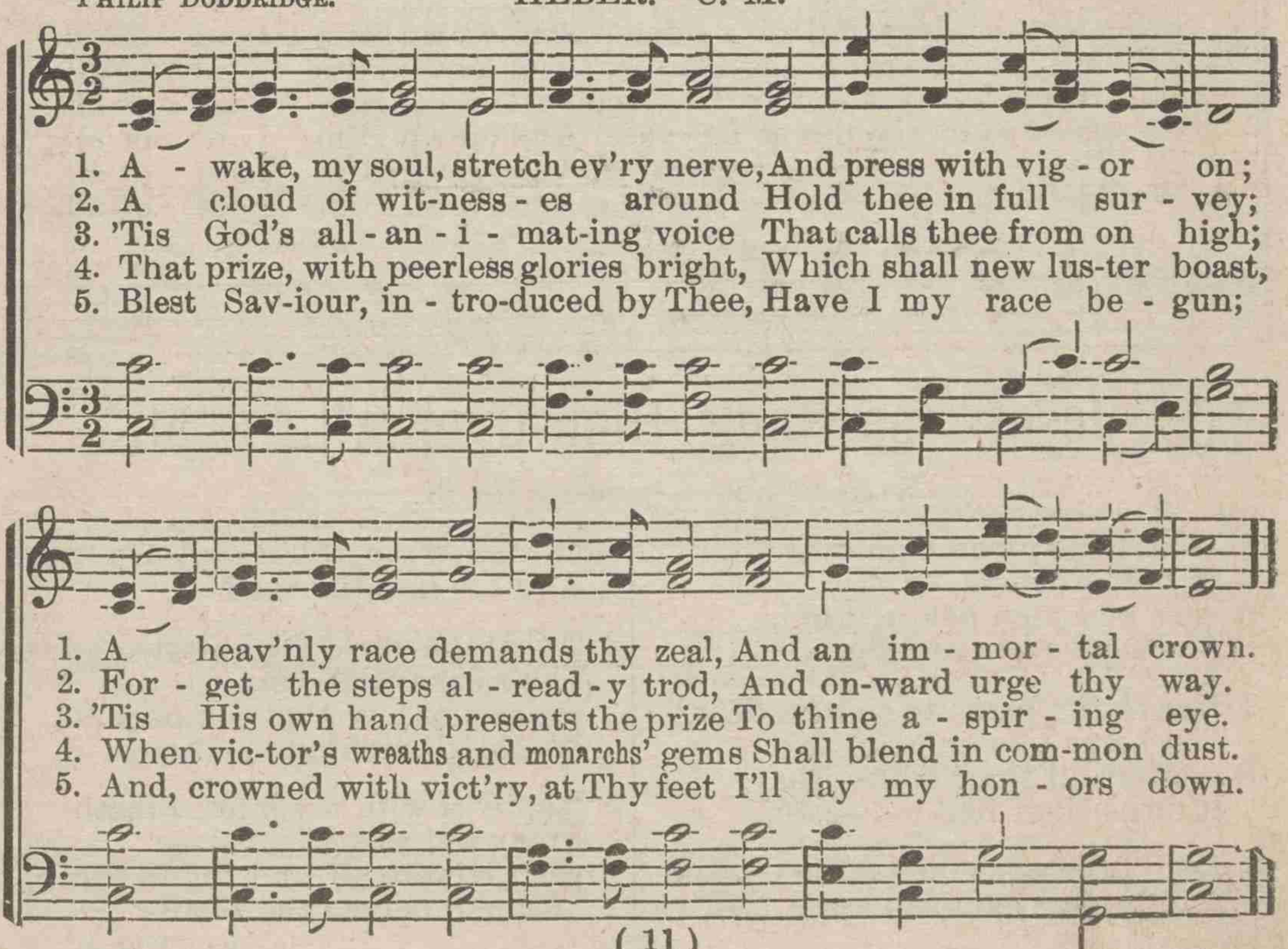
7 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. ST. THOMAS. S. M. AARON WILLIAMS.



8 Awake, My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve.

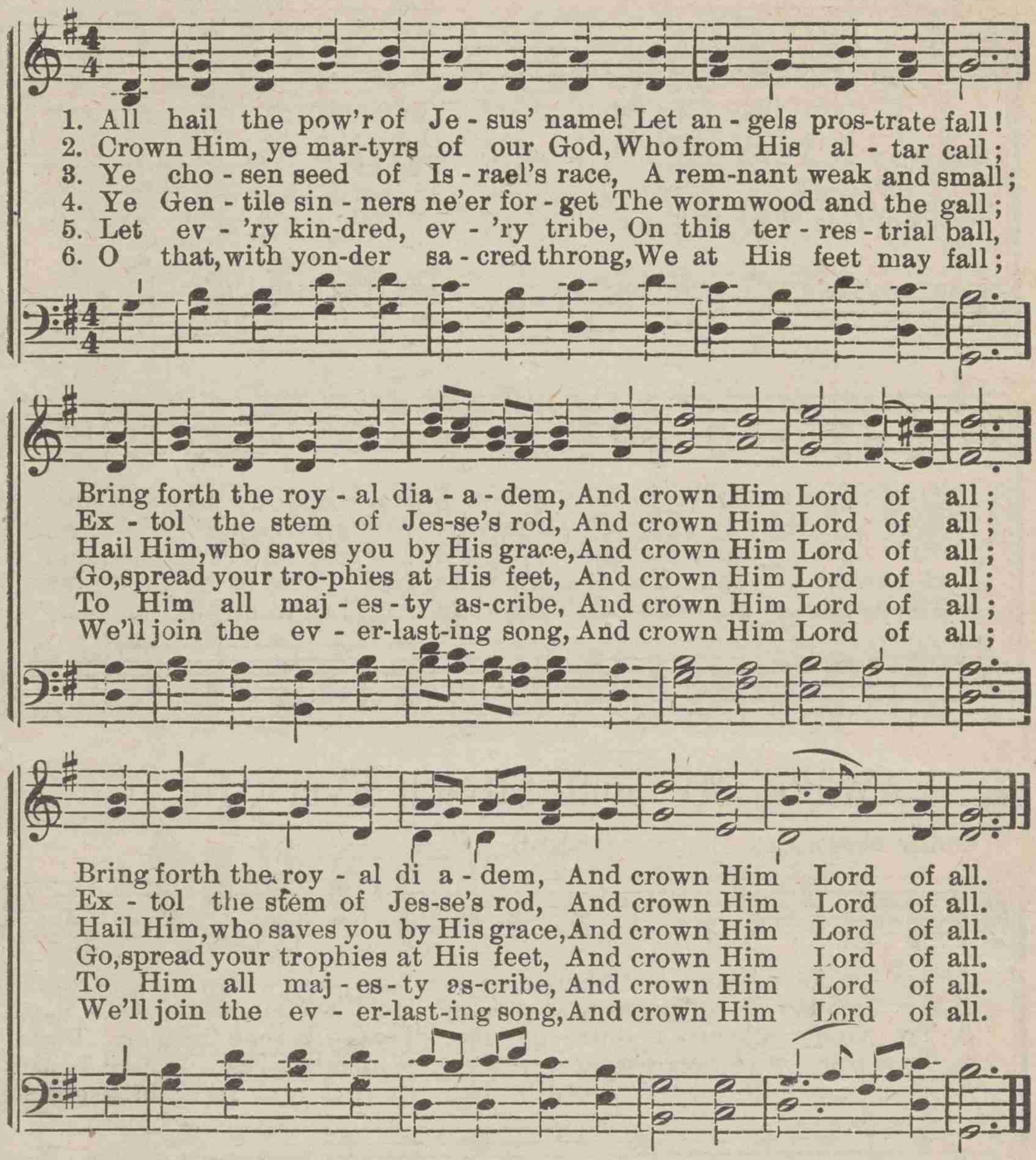
PHILIP DODDRIDGE. HEBER. C. M.



9 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

(CORONATION. C. M.)

REV. EDWARD PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.



10 Jesus! the Name High Over All. C. M.

Sung to above tune or No. 31.

1 Jesus! the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus! the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners giv'n;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus! the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Pow'r into strengthless souls He speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace;
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

5 Happy if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb."

CHAS. WESLEY.

11 Children of the Heavenly King.

(FIRST TUNE.)

REV. JOHN CENNICK. Revived by CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

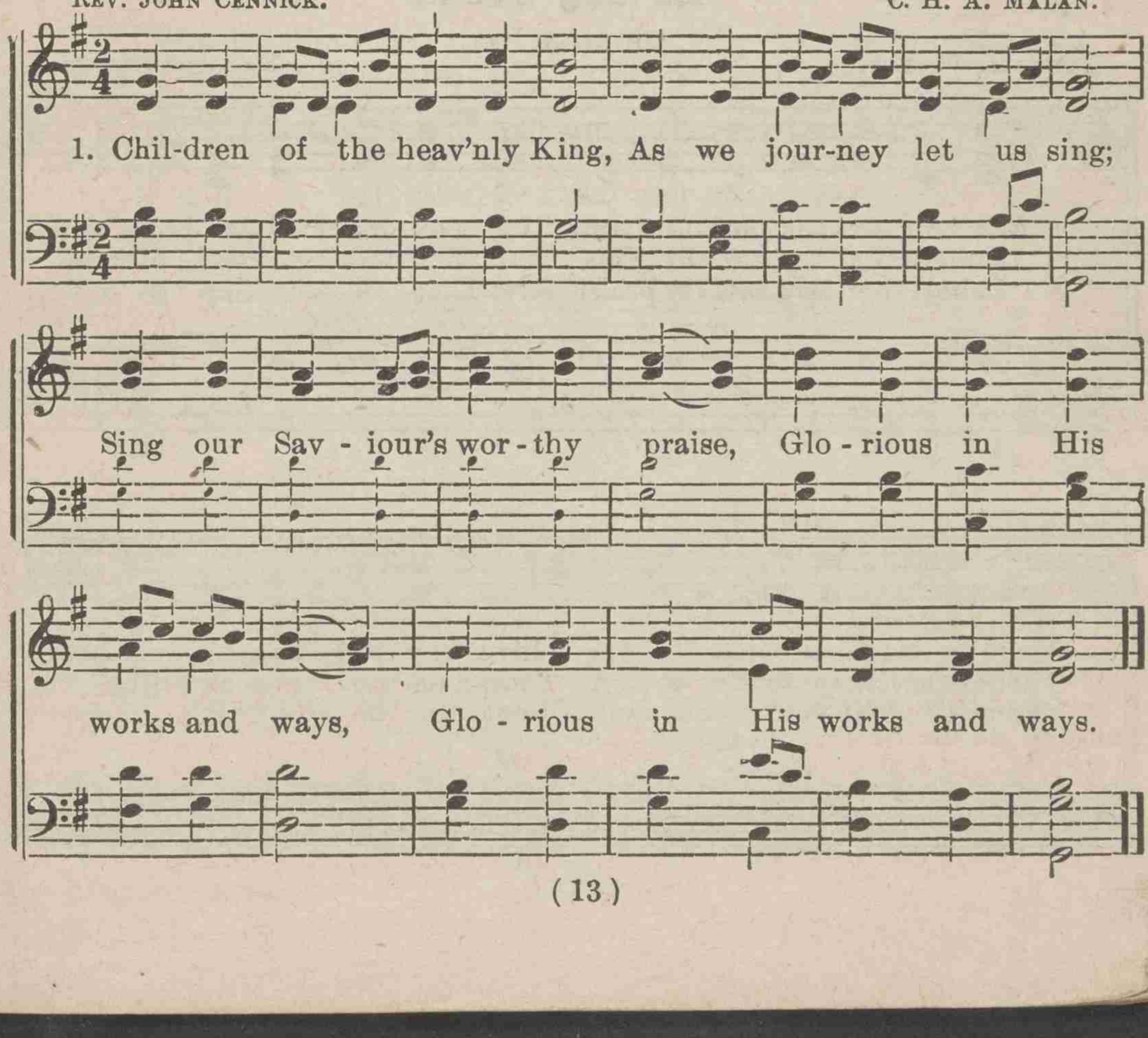


12

(SECOND TUNE.)

(HENDON. 7s.)

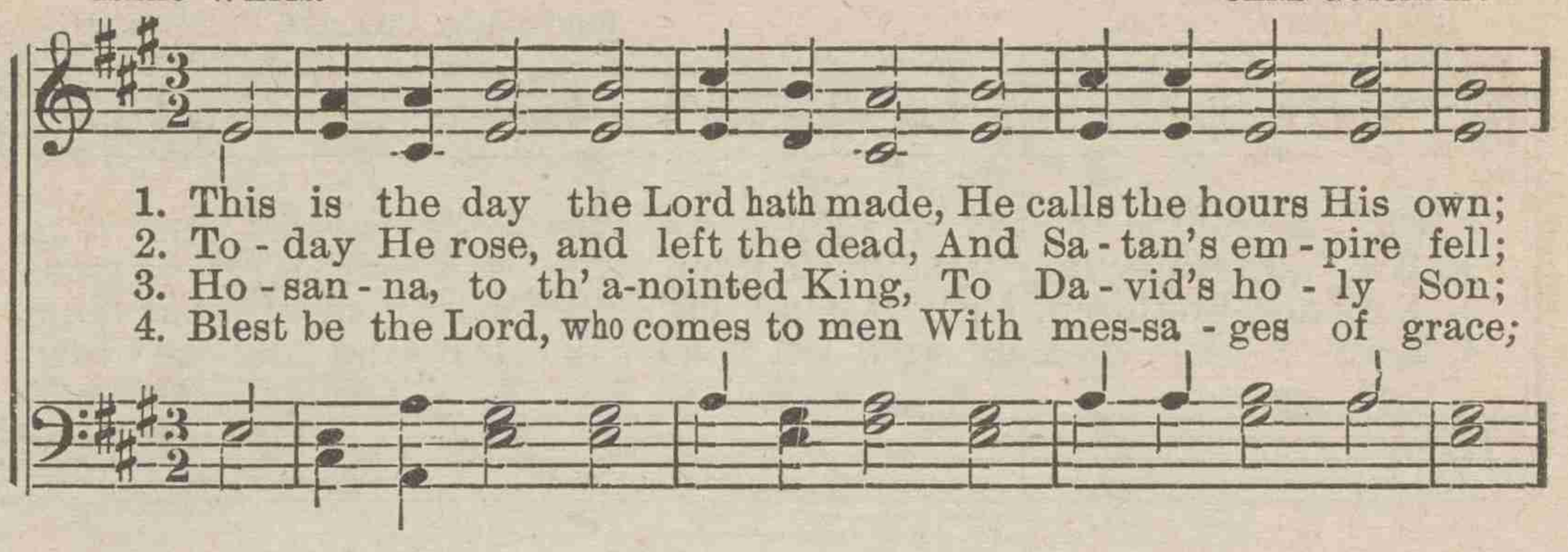
REV. JOHN CENNICK. C. H. A. MALAN.

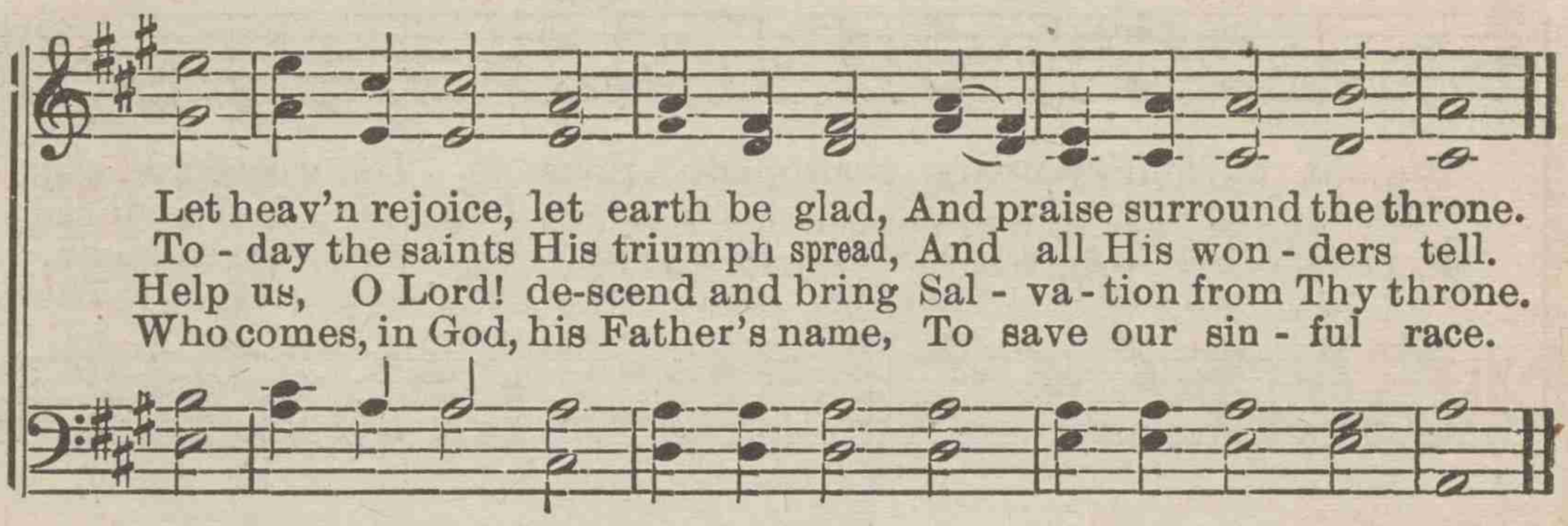


13 This is the Day.

(AZMON. C. M.)

ISAAC WATTS. CARL GOTTHELF.

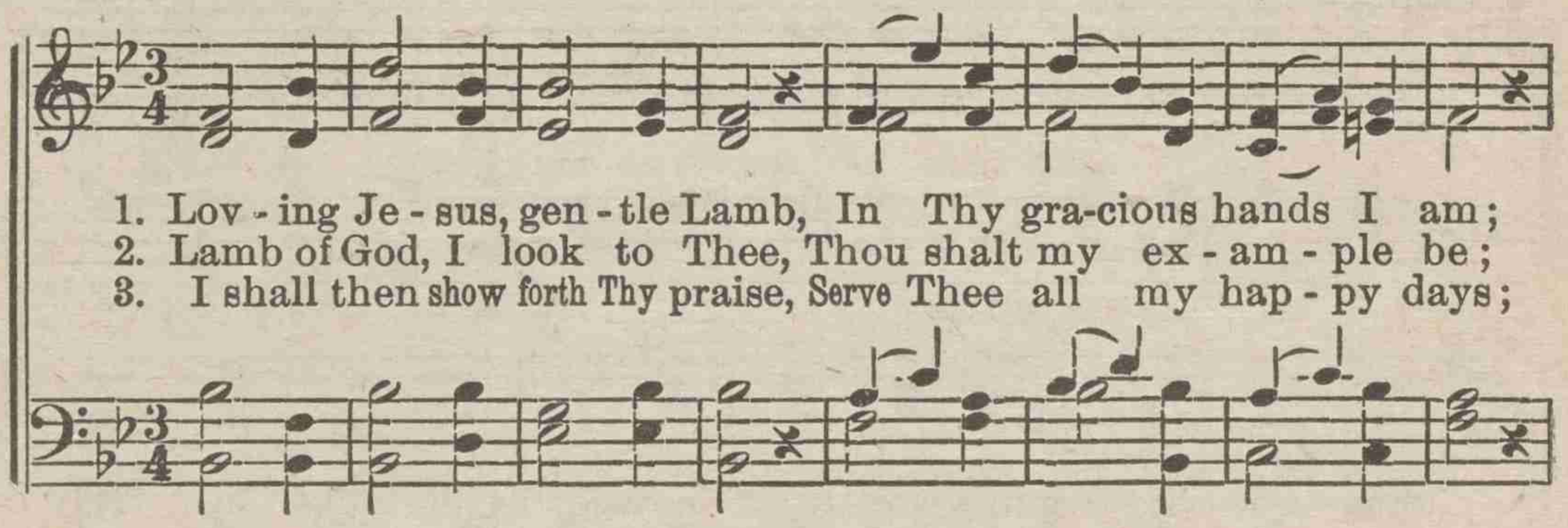


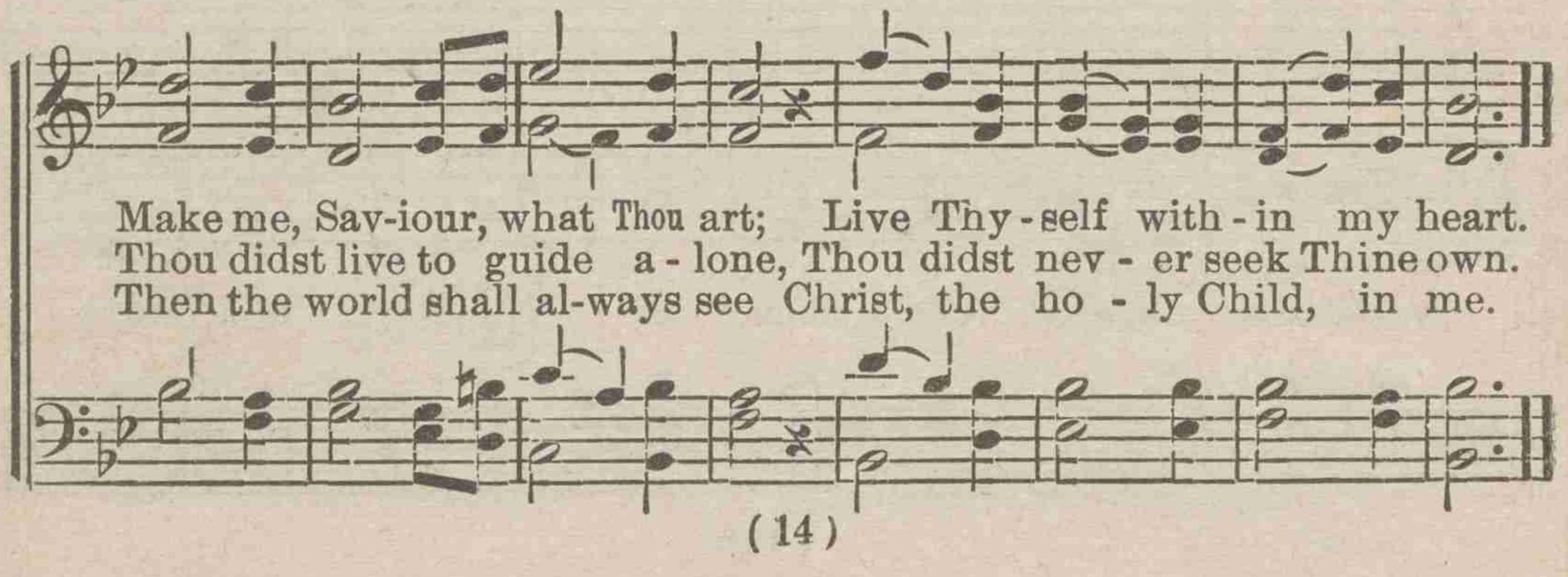


14 Loving Jesus.

(HORTON. 7s.)

CHARLES WESLEY. XAVIER SCHNEIER.

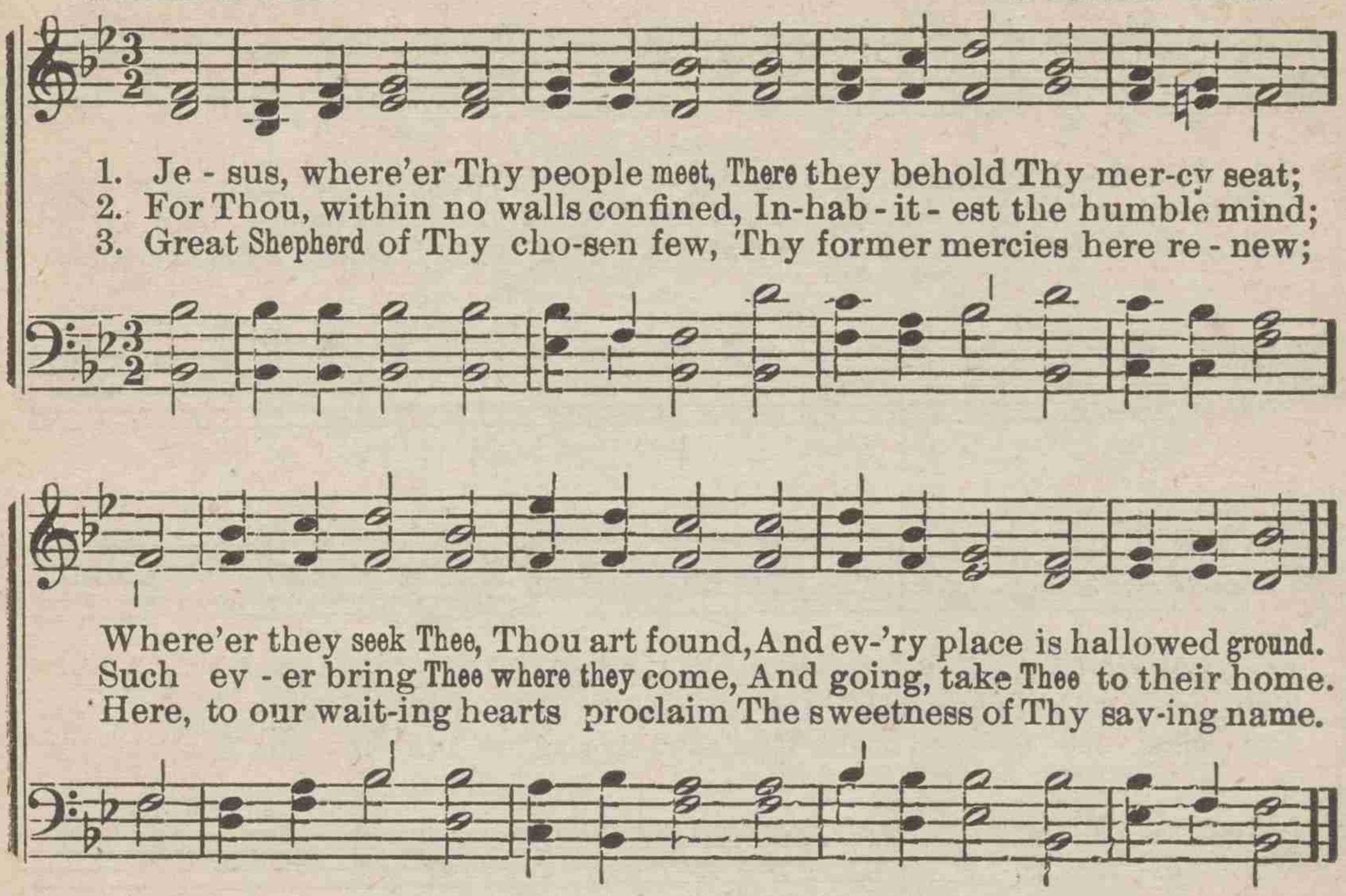




15 Jesus, Where'er Thy People Meet.

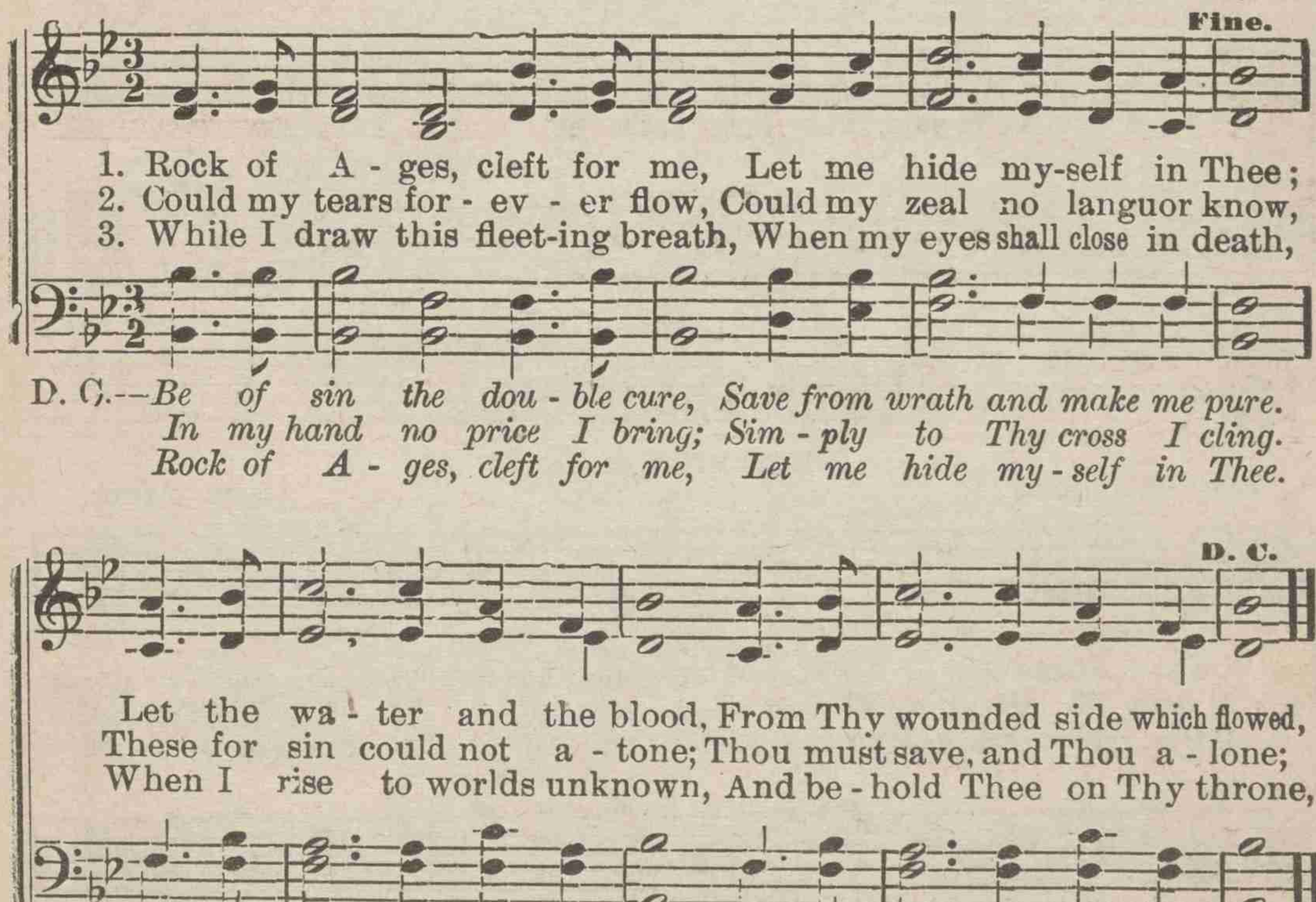
(HEBRON. L. M.)

WILLIAM COWPER. DR. LOWELL MASON.



16 Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. THOS. HASTINGS.



17 Welcome Delightful Morn.

(LISCHER. H. M.)

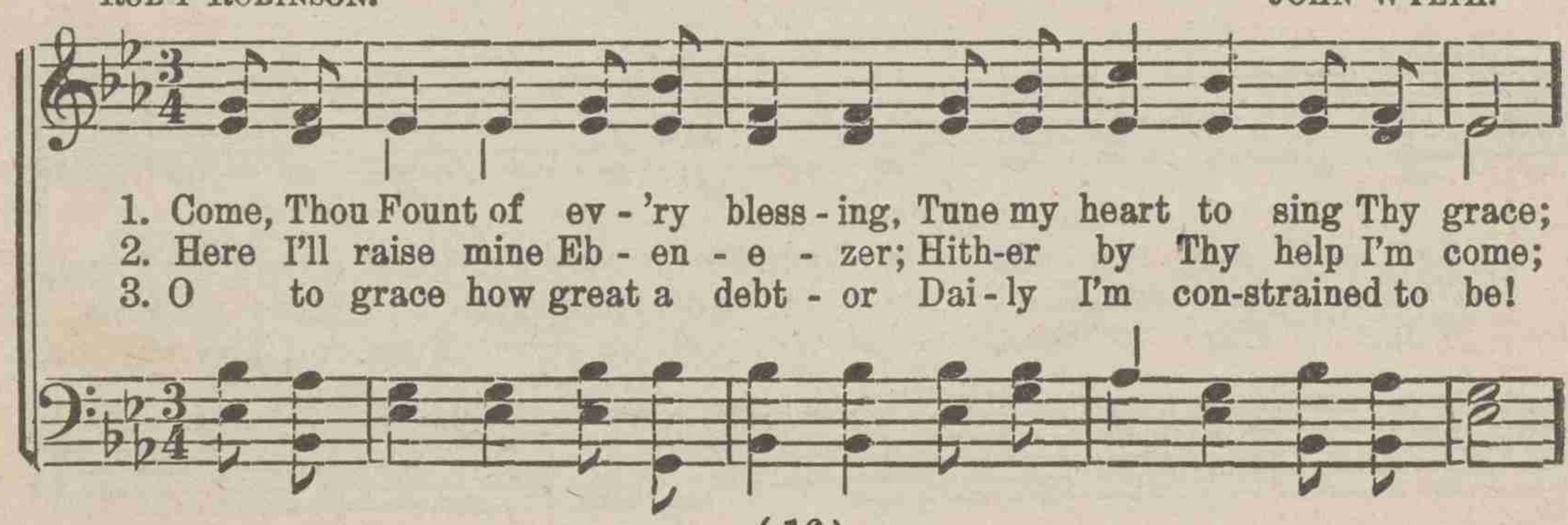
HAYWOOD. FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER.



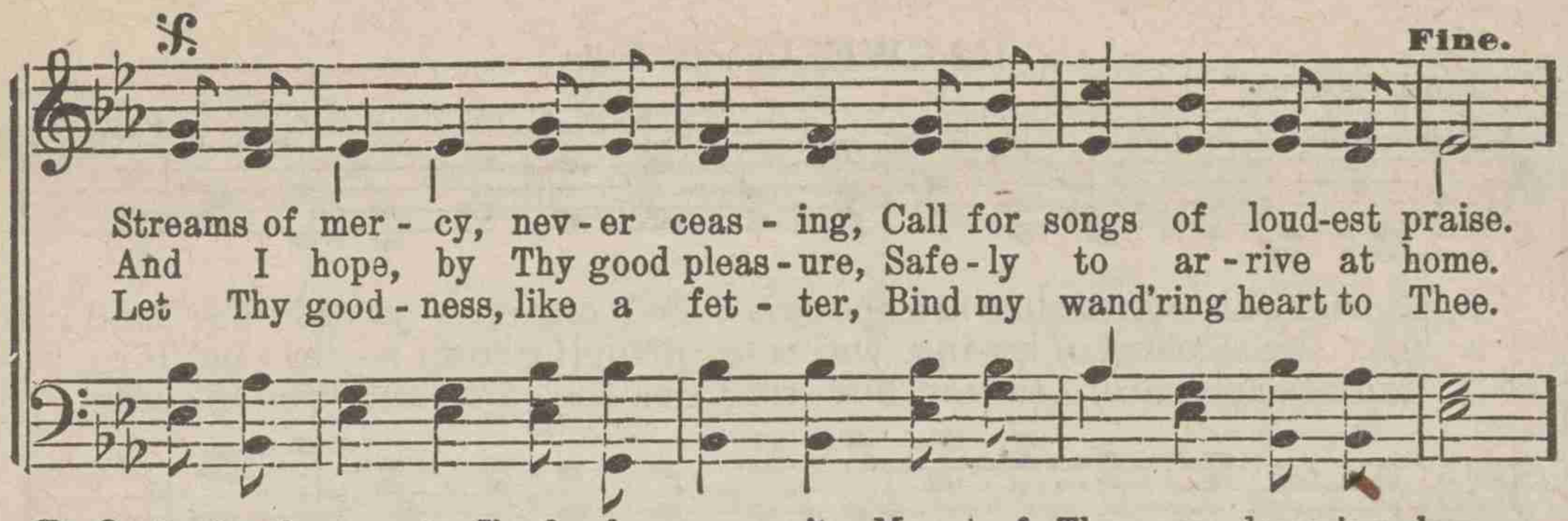
18 Come Thou Fount.

(NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D)

ROB'T ROBINSON. JOHN WYETH.



Come Thou Fount. Concluded.



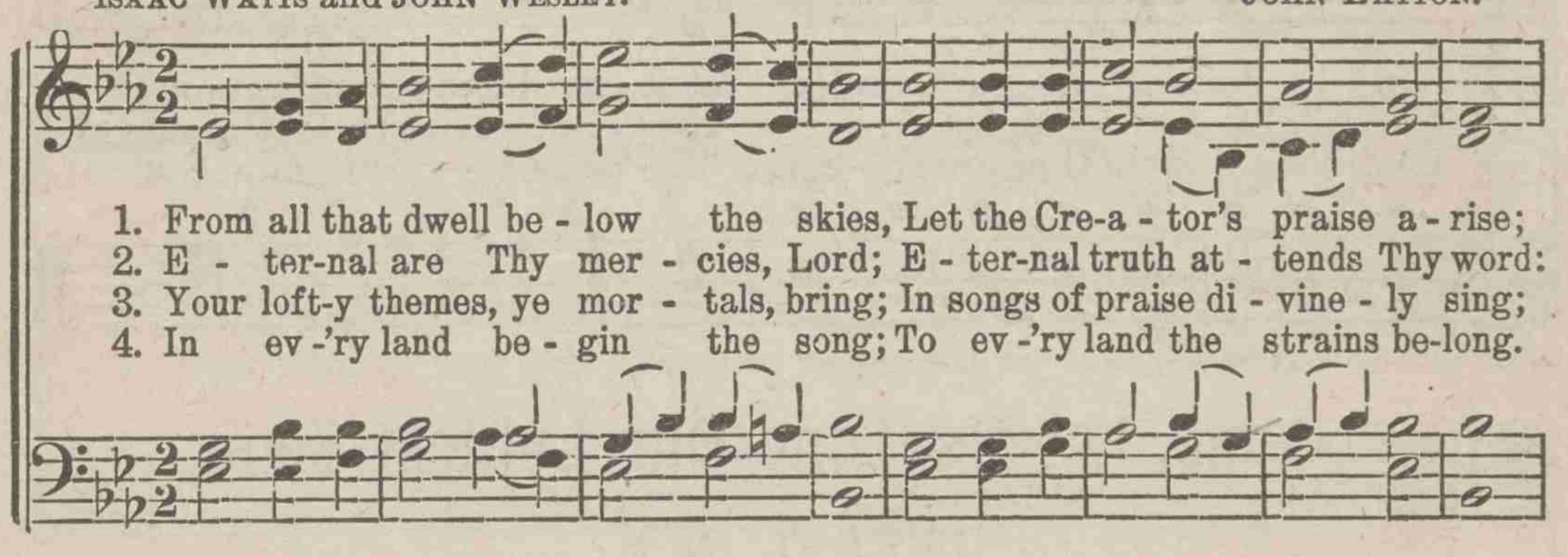
D. S.–Praise the mount—I'm fixed up-on it—Mount of Thy re - deem-ing love.
He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter-posed His pre-cious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

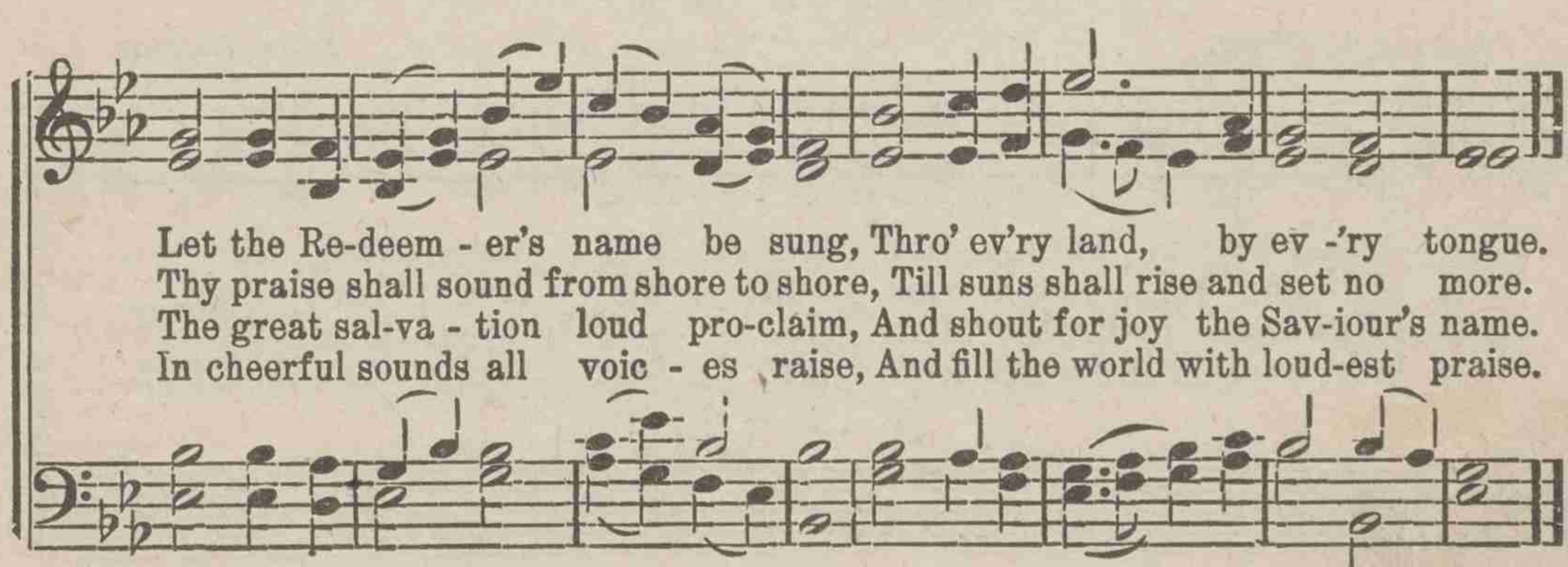


19 From All That Dwell.

(DUKE STREET. L. M.)

ISAAC WATTS and JOHN WESLEY. JOHN HATTON.





20 Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken.

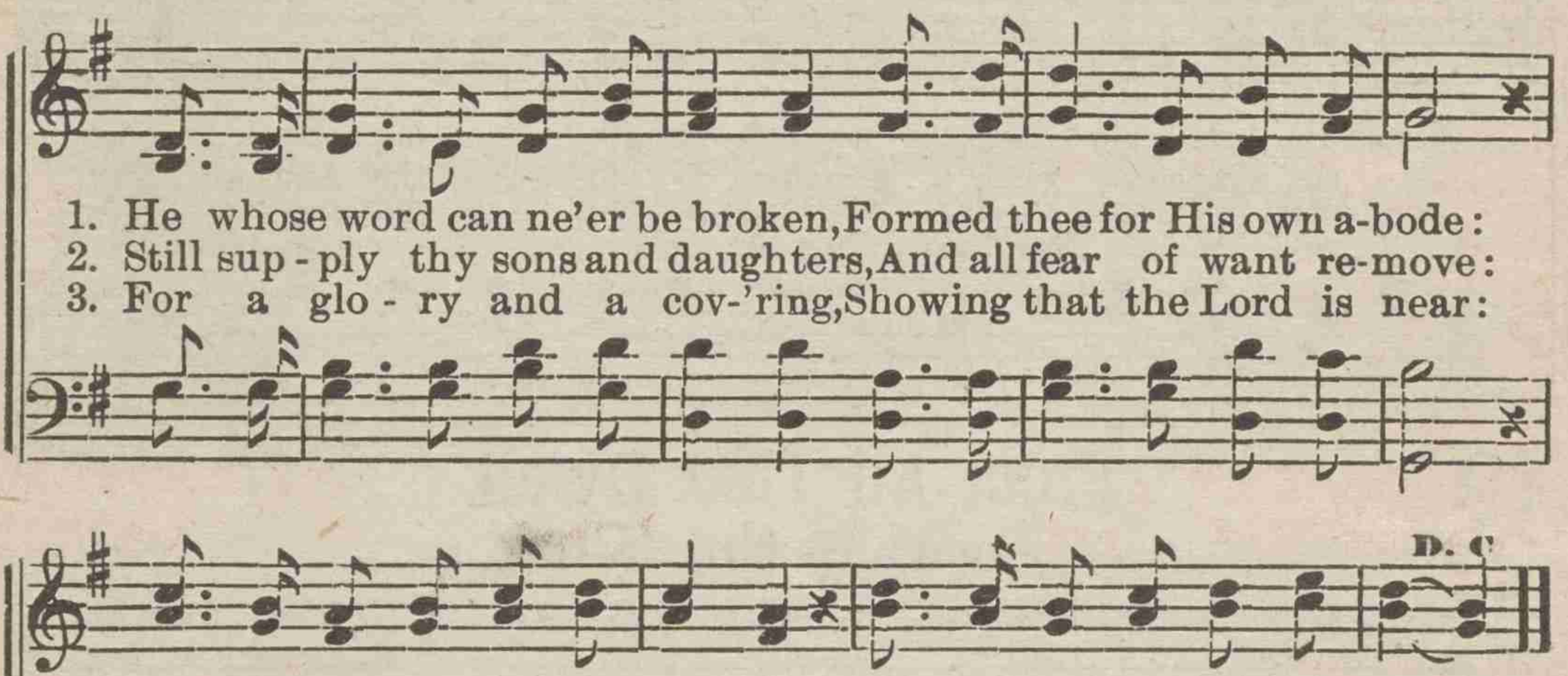
HARWELL. 8s & 7s.

JOHN NEWTON.

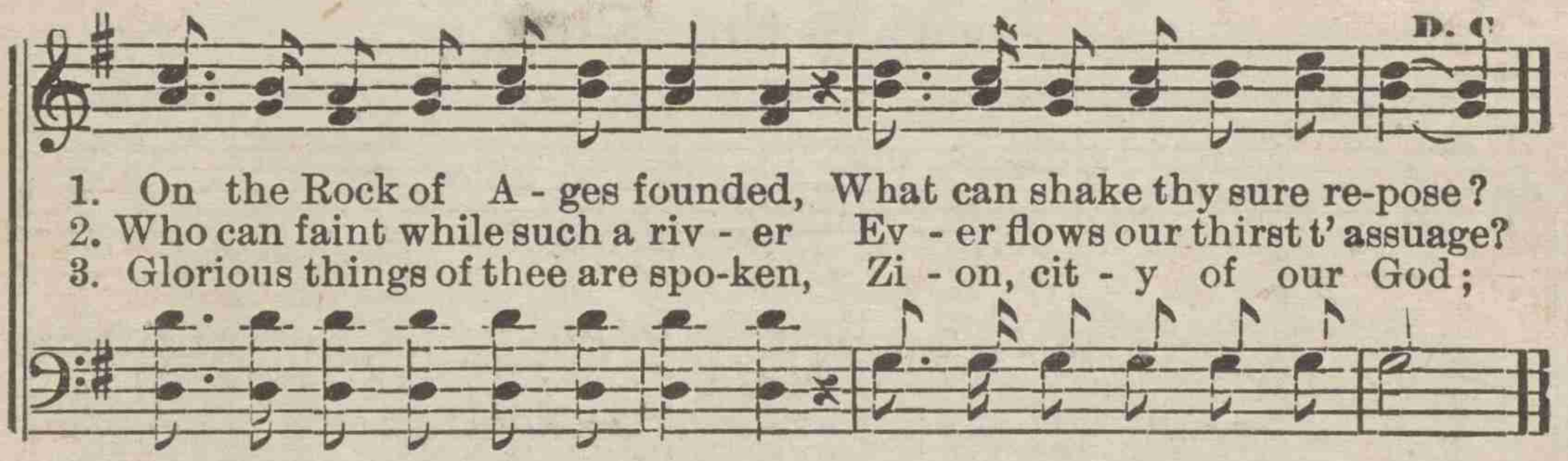


1. Glorious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
2. See! the streams of liv-ing wa - ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love,
3. Round each hab-i - ta-tion hov-'ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear,

D. C.—*With sal-va-tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.*
Grace which, like the Lord, the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.
He, whose word can ne'er be bro - ken, Formed thee for his own a - bode.



1. He whose word can ne'er be broken, Formed thee for His own a-bode:
2. Still sup - ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re-move:
3. For a glo - ry and a cov-'ring, Showing that the Lord is near:



1. On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake thy sure re-pose?
2. Who can faint while such a riv - er Ev - er flows our thirst t' assuage?
3. Glorious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;

21 Come, Let Us Tune Our Loftiest Song.

DUKE ST. L. M.

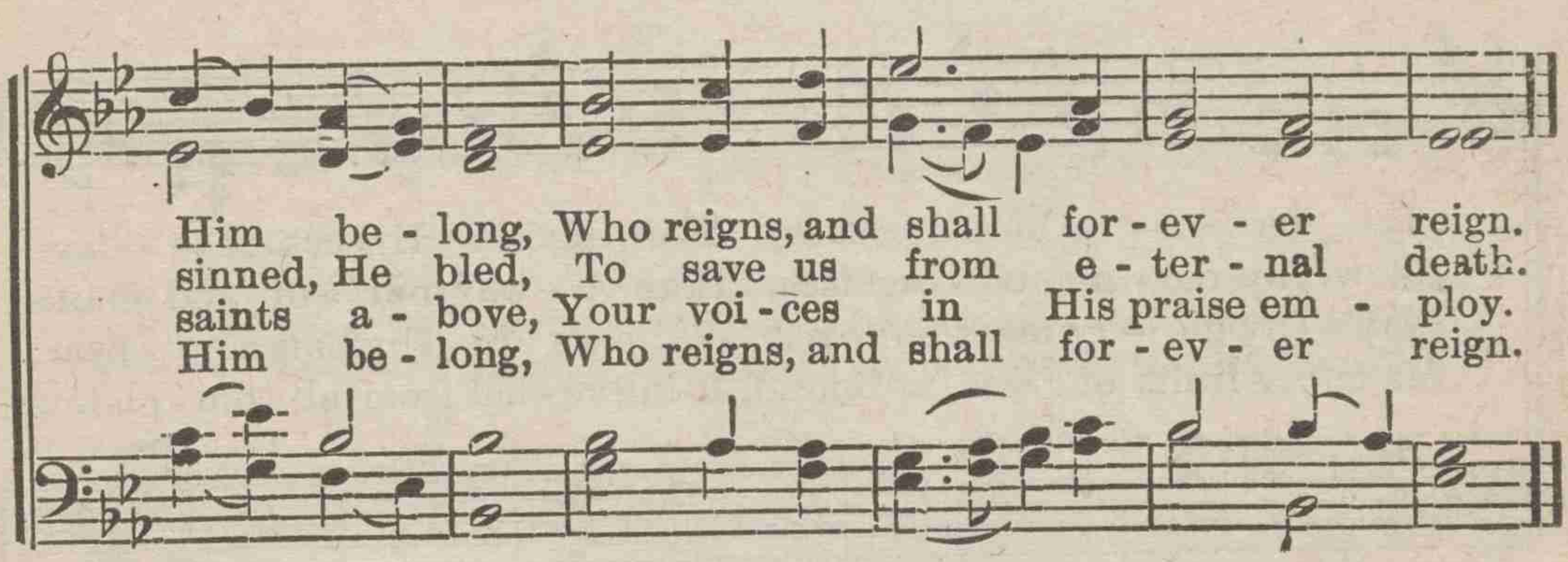
ROBERT A. WEST. JOHN HATTON.



1. Come, let us tune our loft - iest song, And raise to
2. His sov-'reign pow'r our bod - ies made; Our souls are
3. Burn ev - 'ry breast with Je - sus' love; Bound ev - 'ry
4. Ex - tol the Lamb with loft - iest song, As - cend for

Come, Let Us Tune Our Loftiest Song. Concluded.

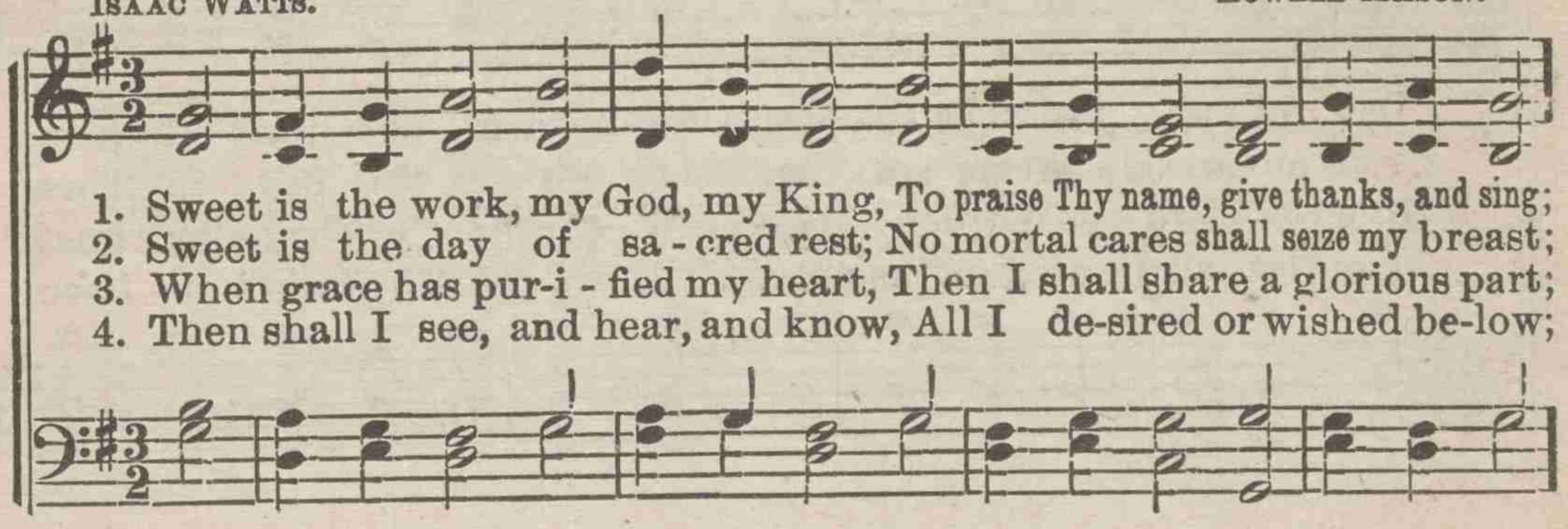


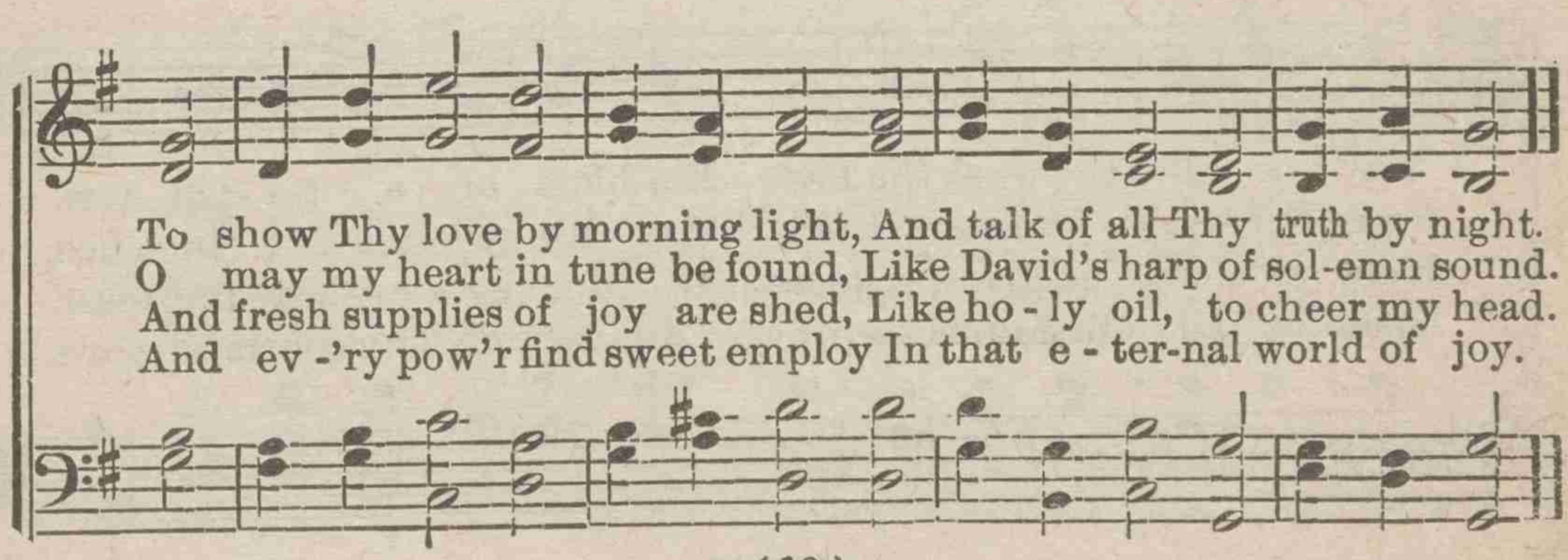


22 Sweet is the Work.

(ROCKINGHAM. L. M.)

ISAAC WATTS. LOWELL MASON.





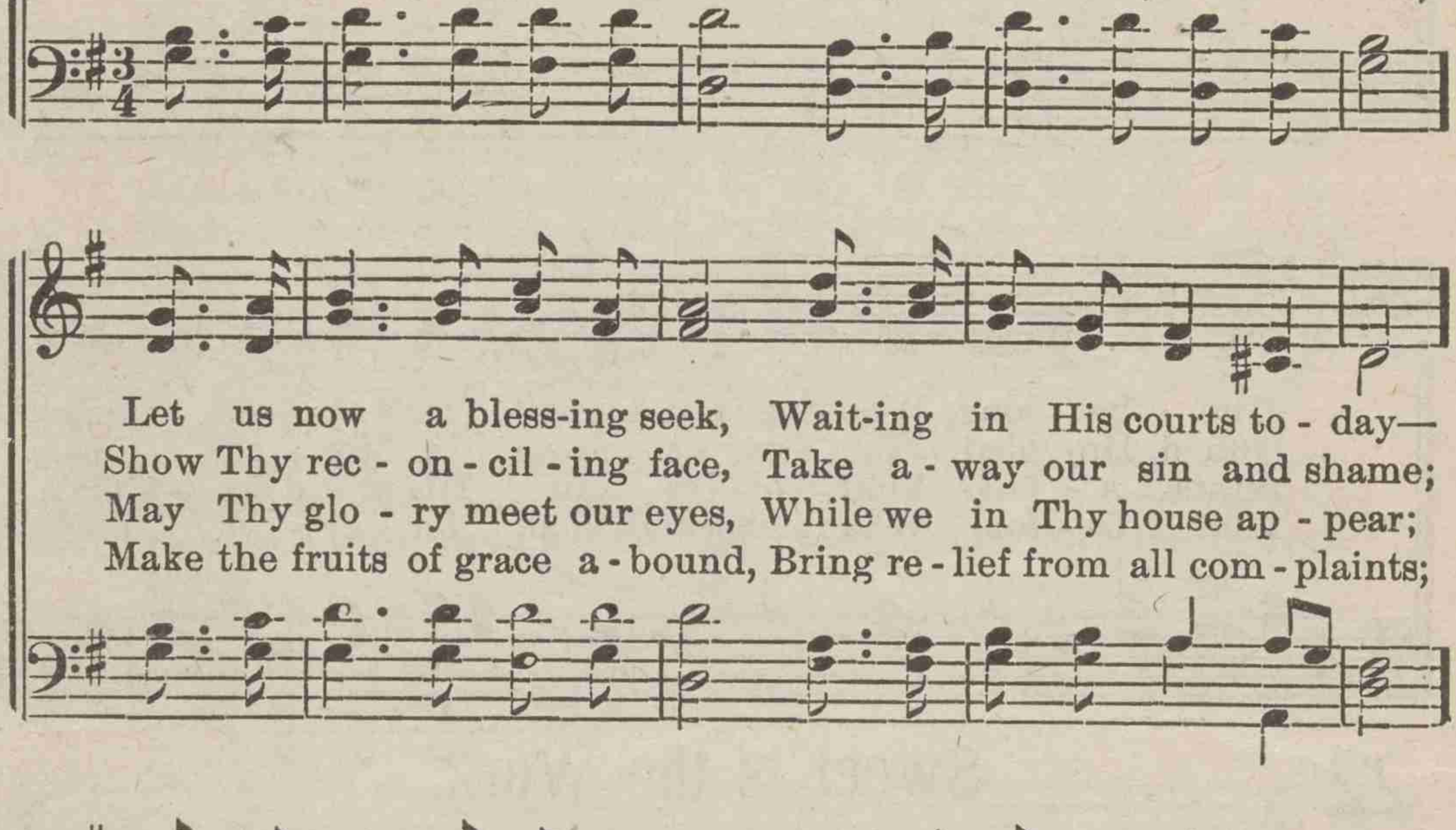
23 Safely Through Another Week.

(SABBATH.)

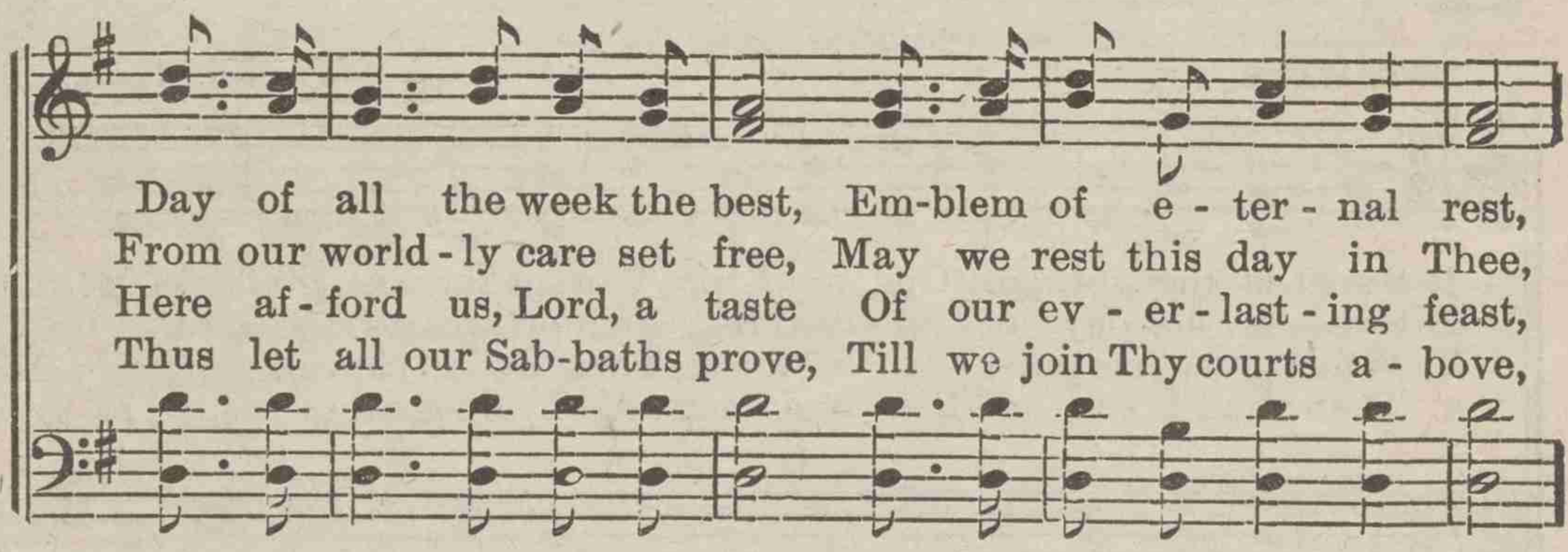
JOHN NEWTON. LOWELL MASON.



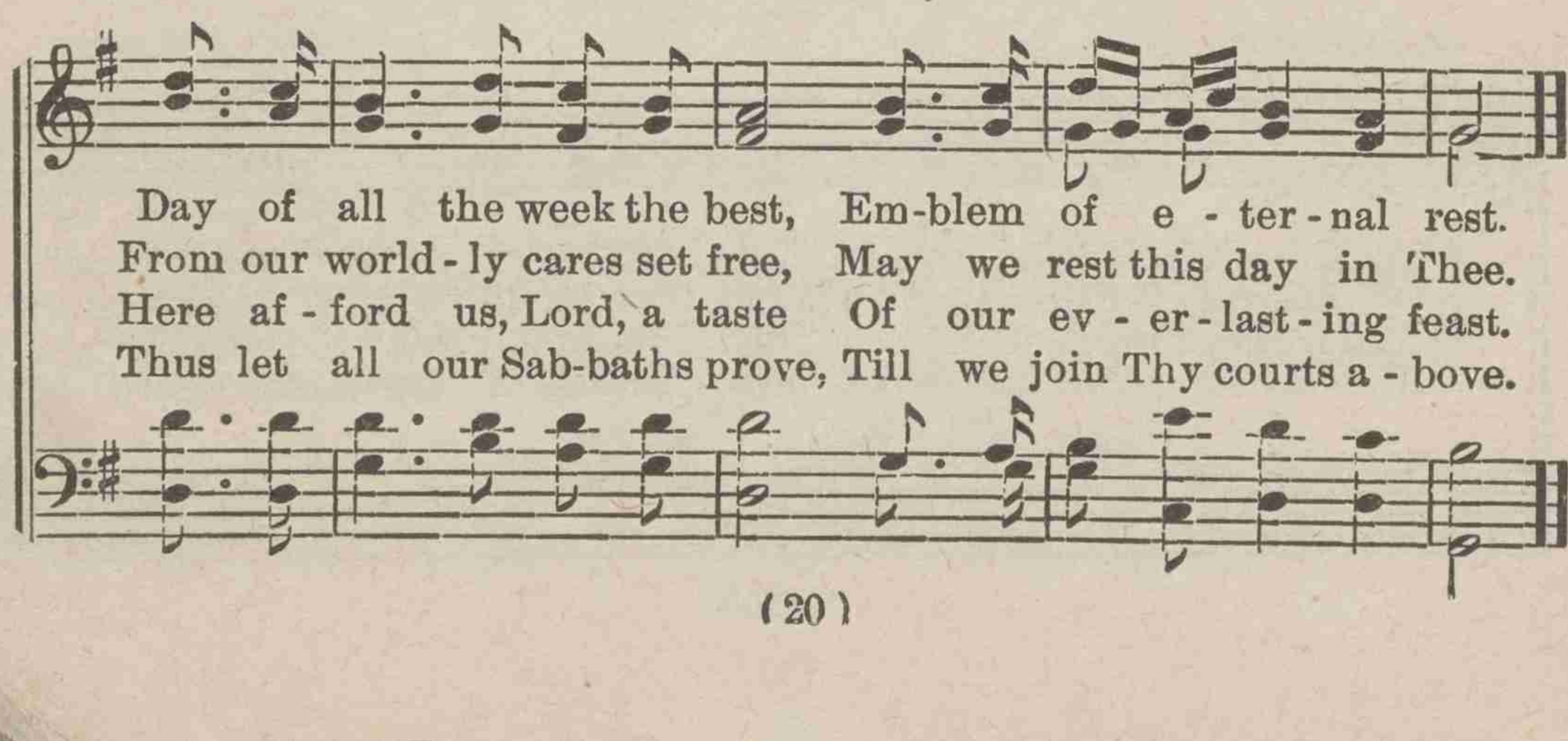
1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way:
2. While we seek sup-plies of grace Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
3. Here we come Thy name to praise: Let us feel Thy pres-ence near;
4. May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con-quer sin - ners, comfort saints,



Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to - day—
Show Thy rec - on - cil - ing face, Take a - way our sin and shame;
May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear;
Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief from all com - plaints;



Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest,
From our world - ly care set free, May we rest this day in Thee,
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast,
Thus let all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join Thy courts a - bove,



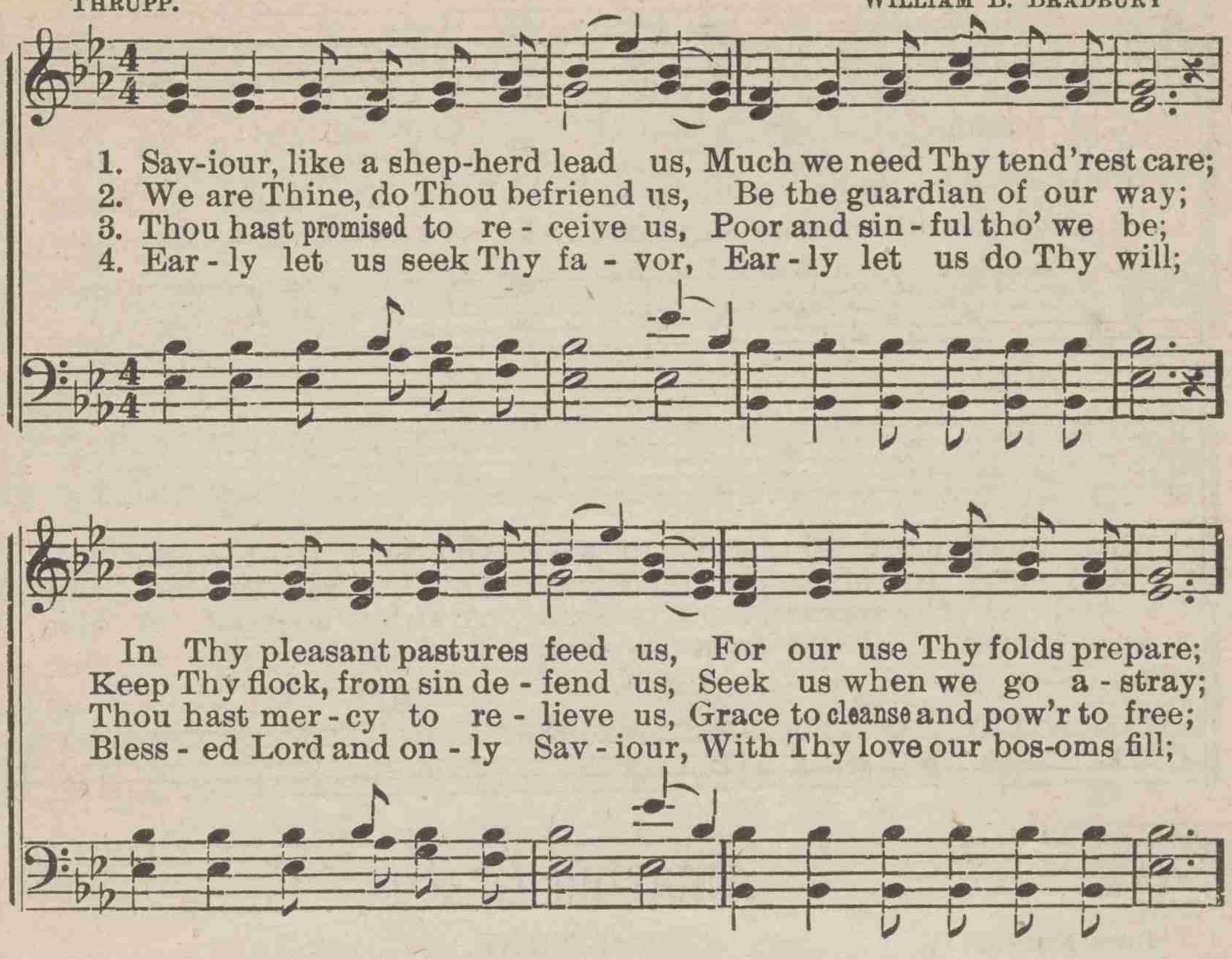
Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest.
From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
Thus let all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join Thy courts a - bove.

24 Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

(BRADBURY. 8s, 7s)

THRUPP. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

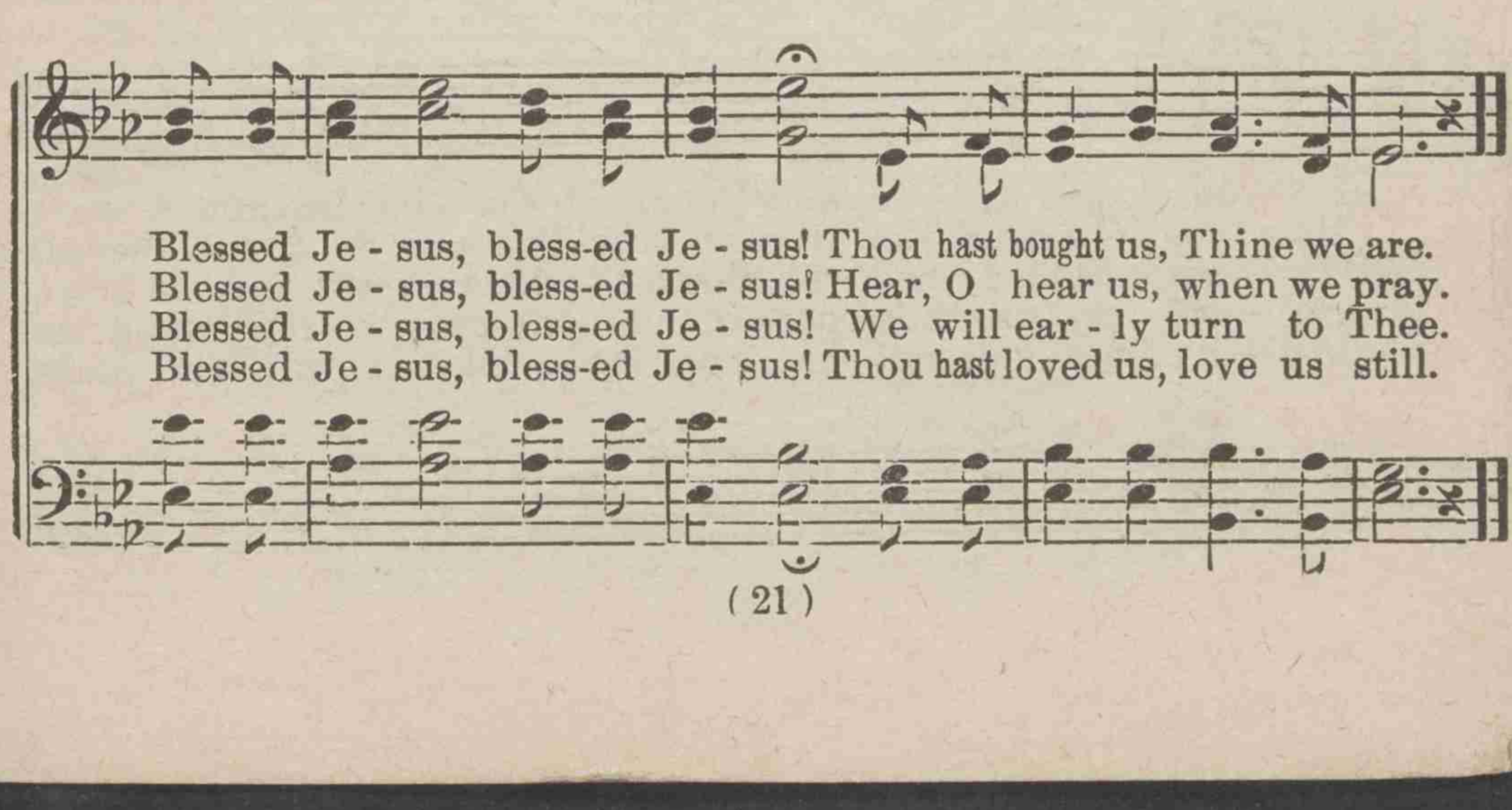
1. Sav-iour, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care;
2. We are Thine, do Thou befriend us, Be the guardian of our way;
3. Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful tho' we be;
4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor, Ear - ly let us do Thy will;



In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare;
Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray;
Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse and pow'r to free;
Bless - ed Lord and on - ly Sav - iour, With Thy love our bos-oms fill;



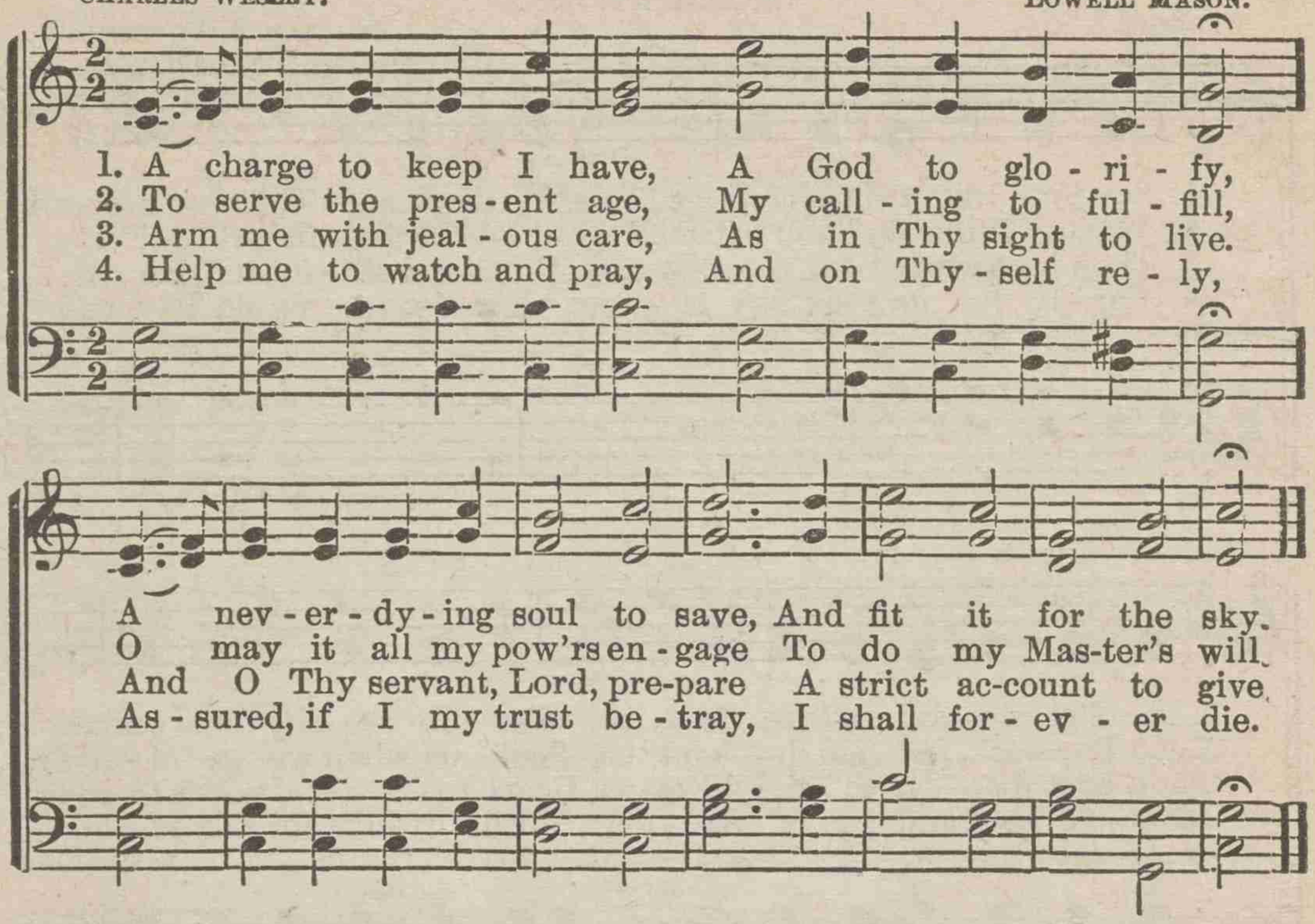
Blessed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are,
Blessed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus! Hear, O hear us when we pray,
Blessed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus! We will ear - ly turn to Thee,
Blessed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus! Thou hast loved us, love us still,



Blessed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Blessed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus! Hear, O hear us, when we pray.
Blessed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus! We will ear - ly turn to Thee.
Blessed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus! Thou hast loved us, love us still.

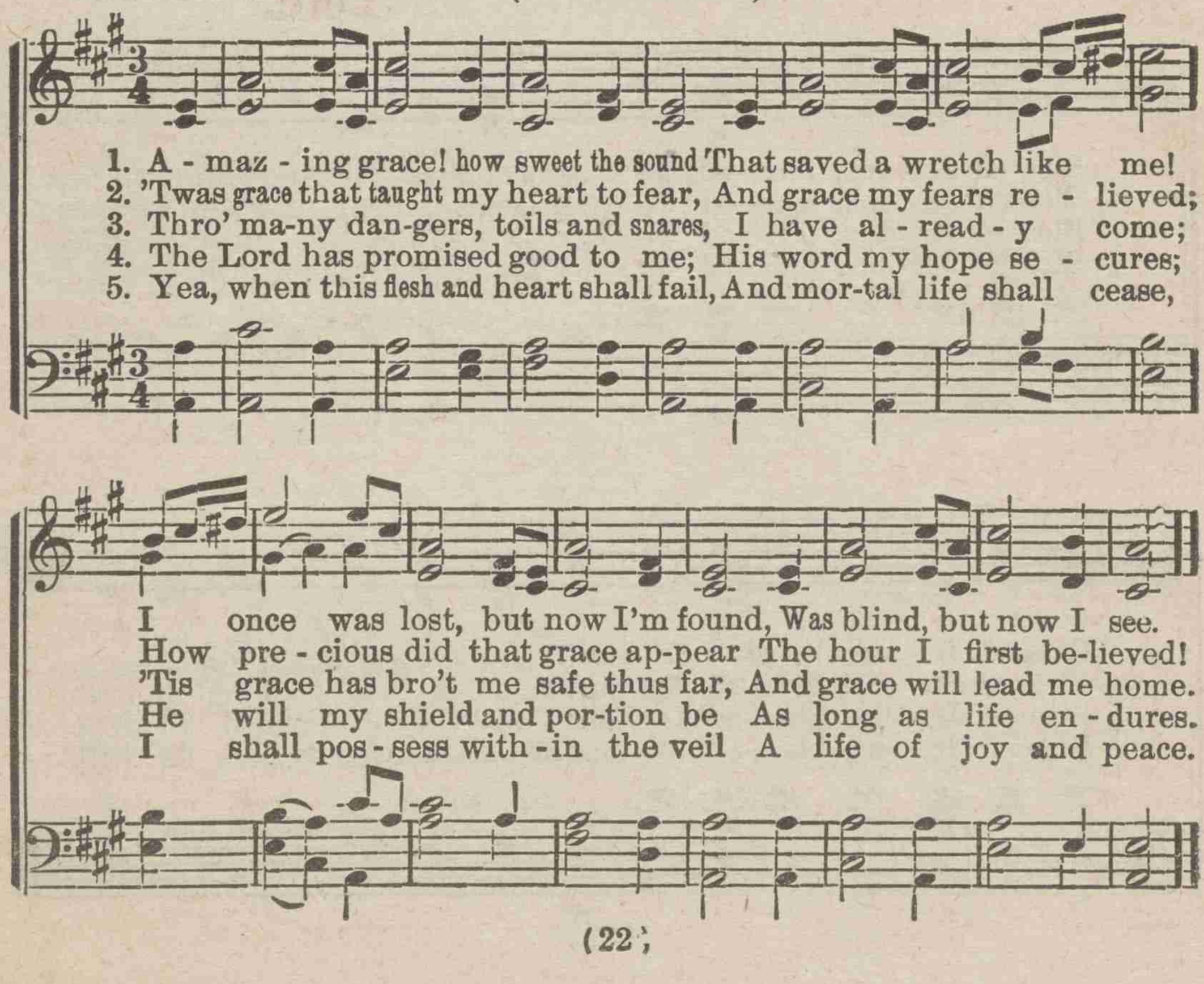
25 A Charge to Keep I Have.

CHARLES WESLEY. LOWELL MASON.



26 Amazing Grace.

JOHN NEWTON. (FIRST TUNE.)

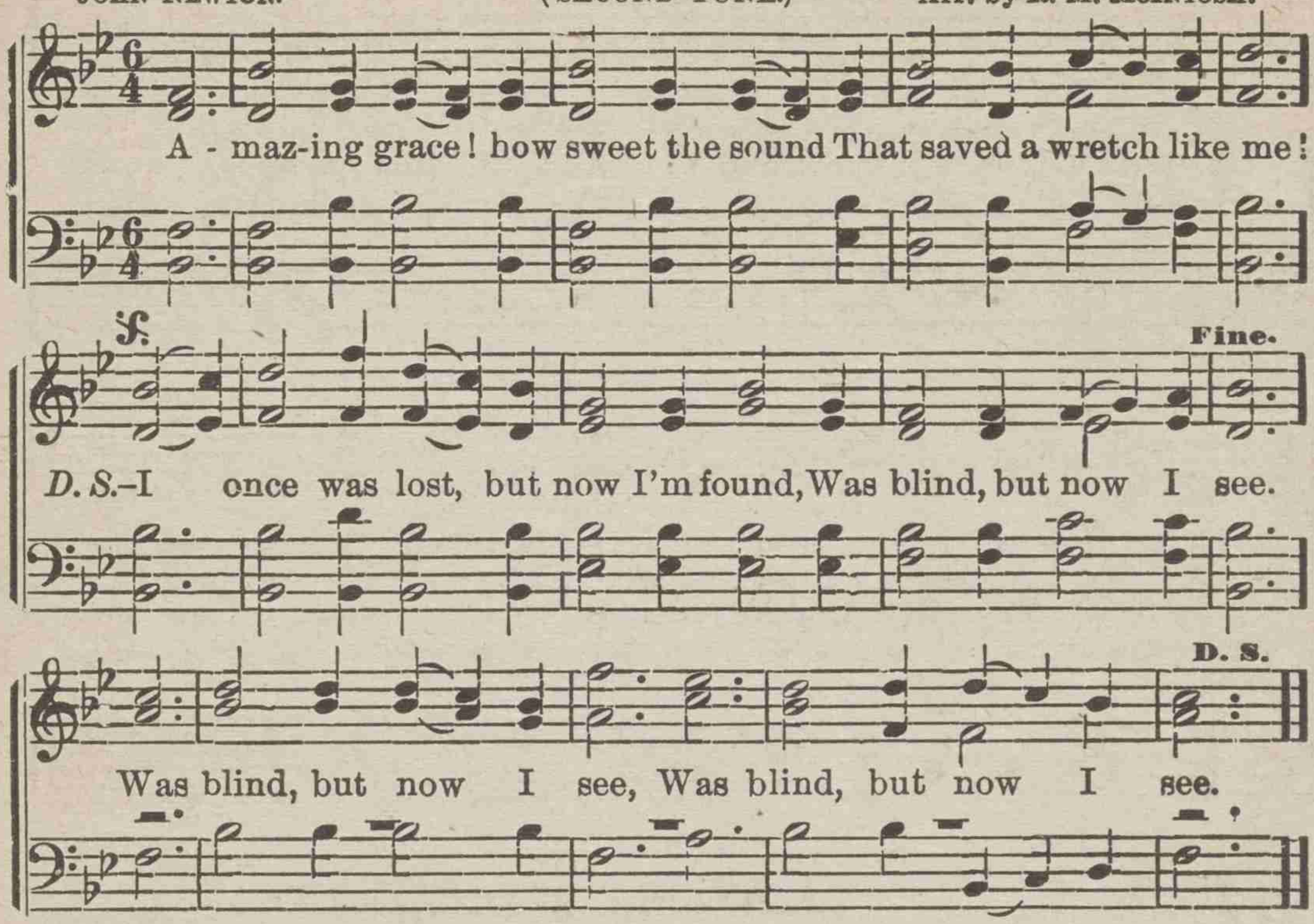


27

Amazing Grace.

HARP. C. M.

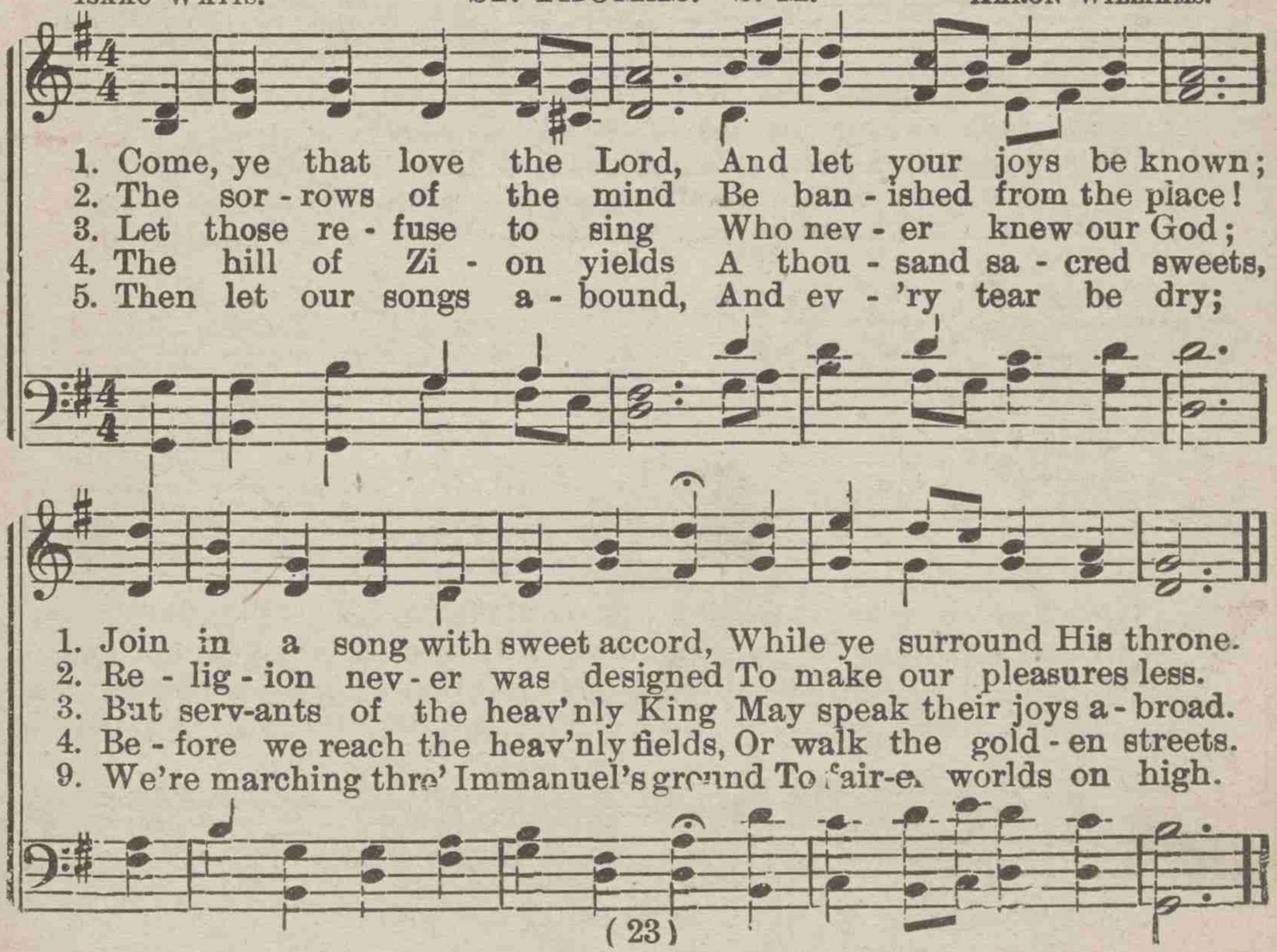
JOHN NEWTON. (SECOND TUNE.) Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



28

Come, Ye that Love the Lord.

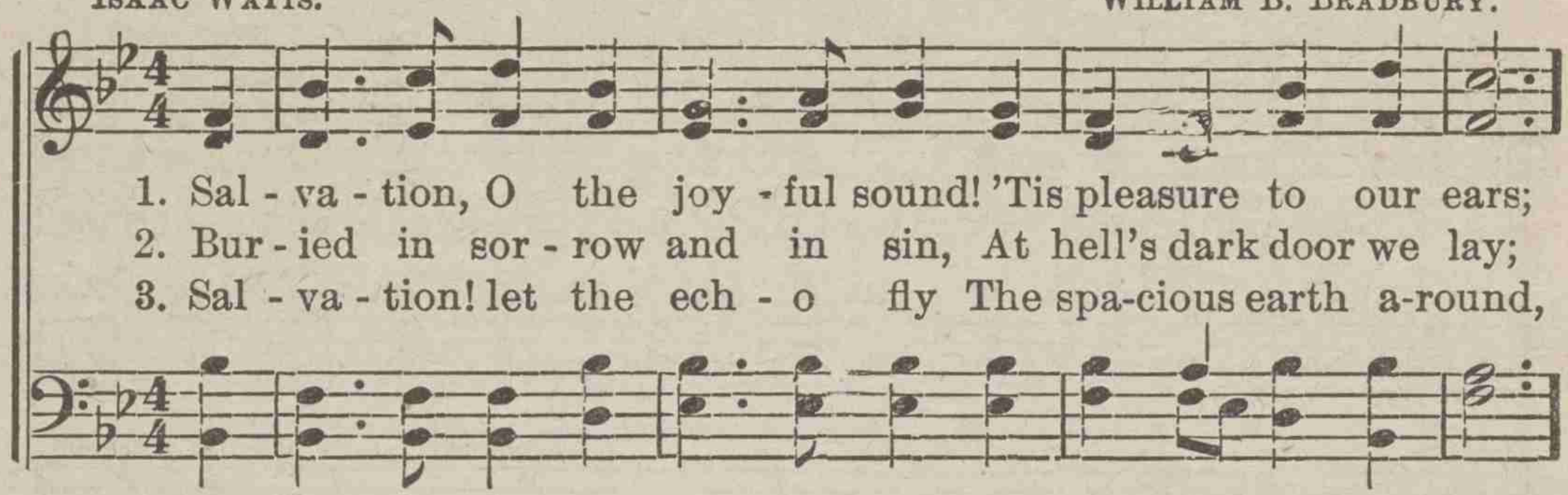
ISAAC WATTS. ST. THOMAS. S. M. AARON WILLIAMS.

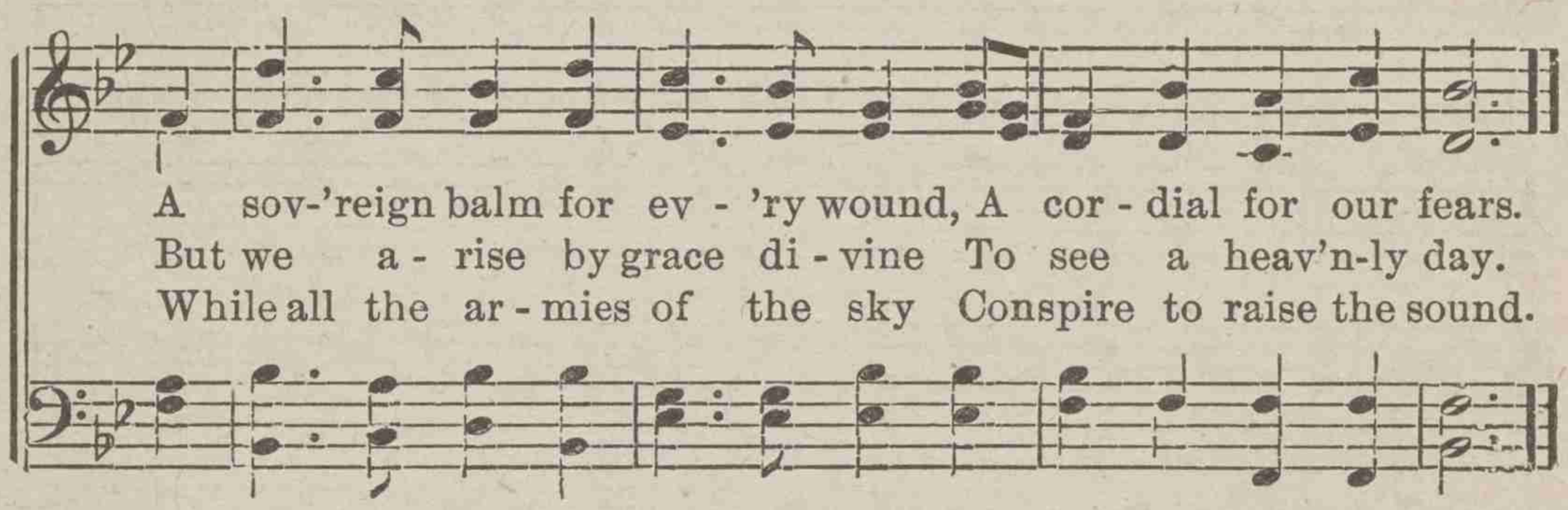


29 Salvation.

(BROWN. C. M.)

ISAAC WATTS. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

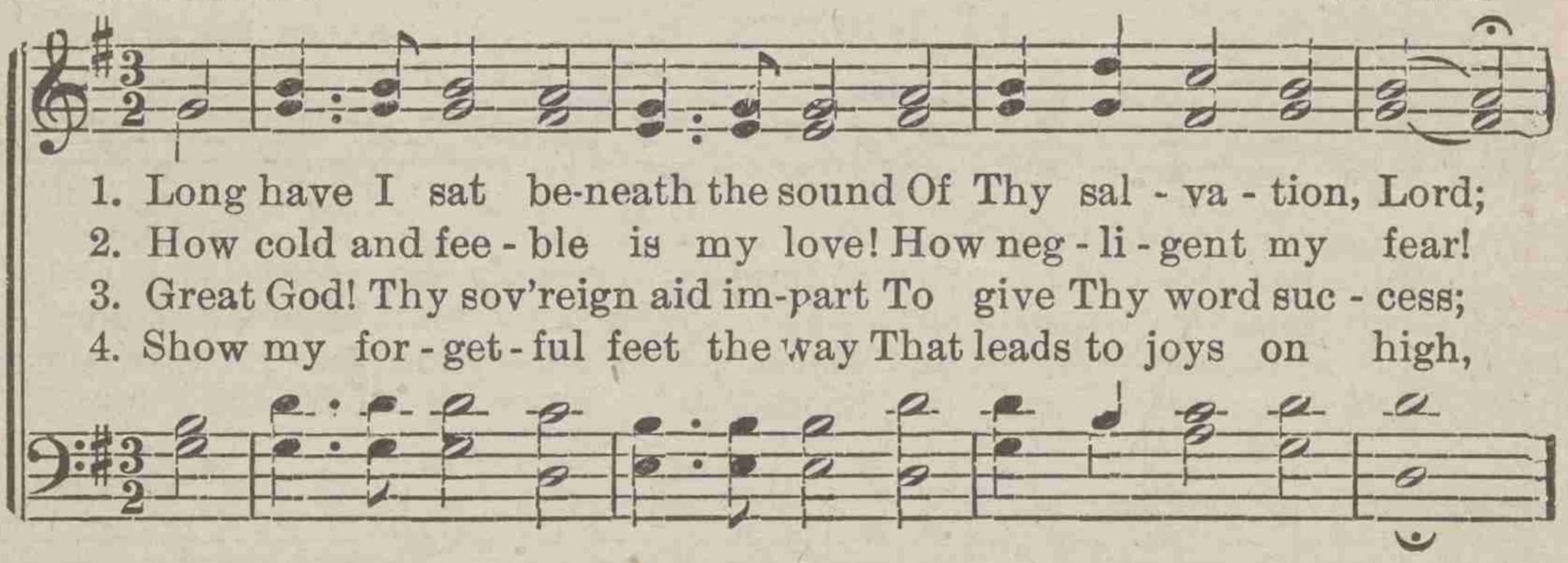


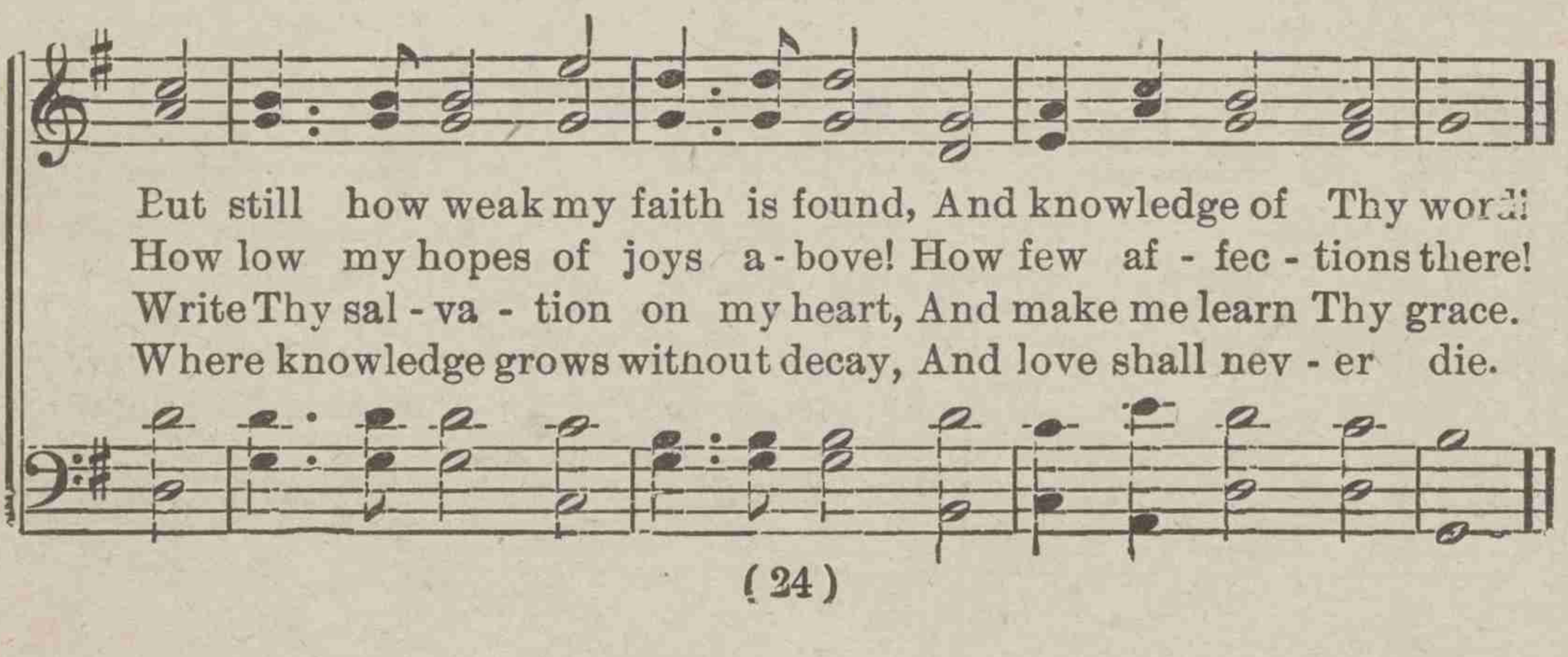


30 Long Have I Sat Beneath the Sound.

(ARLINGTON. C. M.)

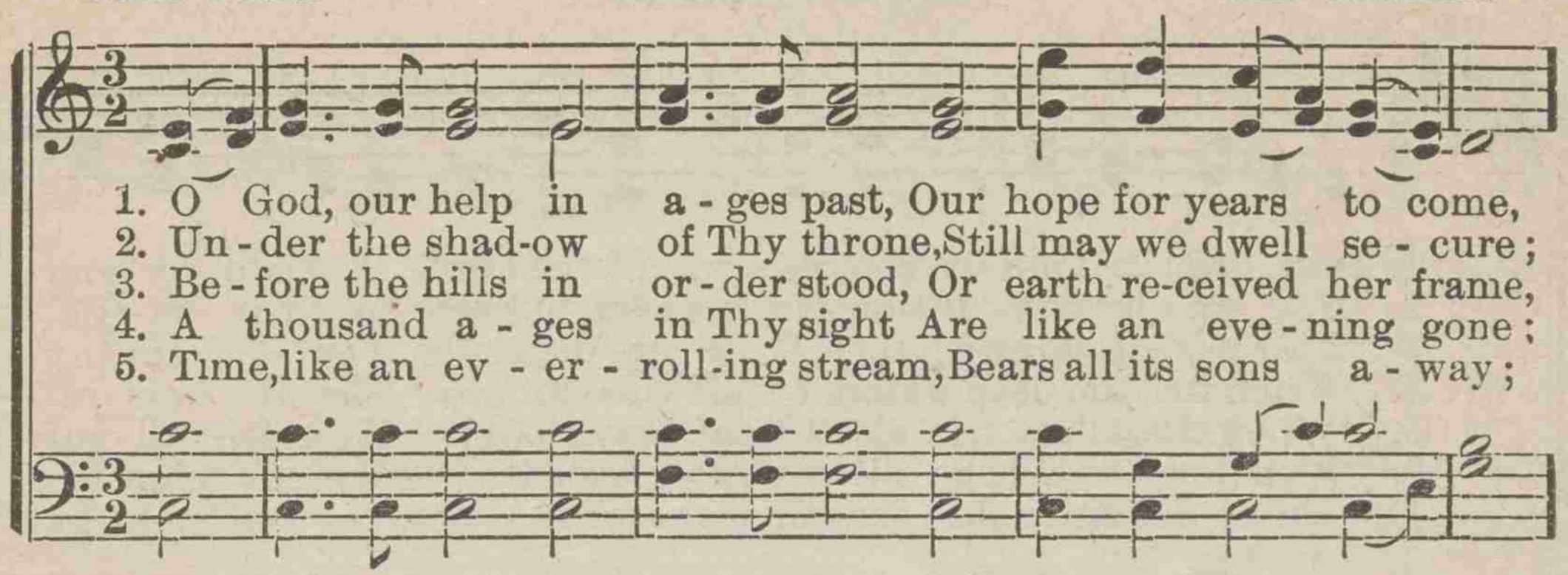
ISAAC WATTS. DR. ARNE.

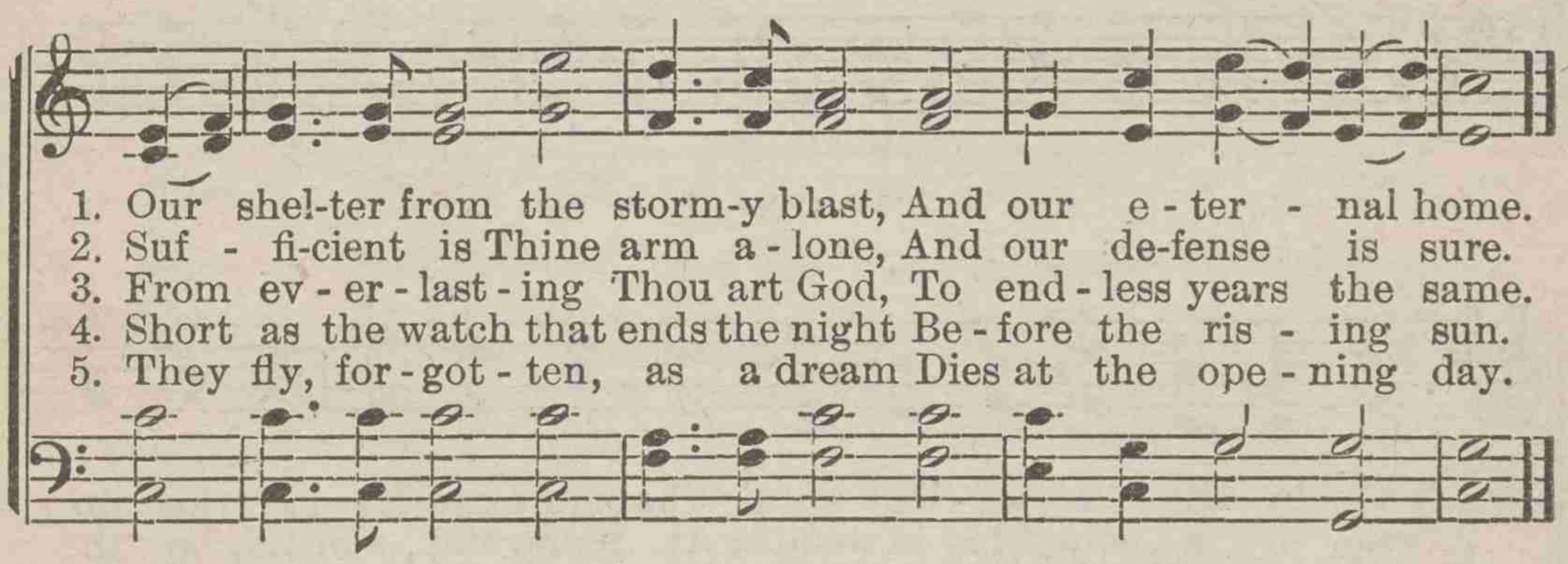




31 O God, Our Help in Ages Past.

ISAAC WATTS. HEBER. C. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.

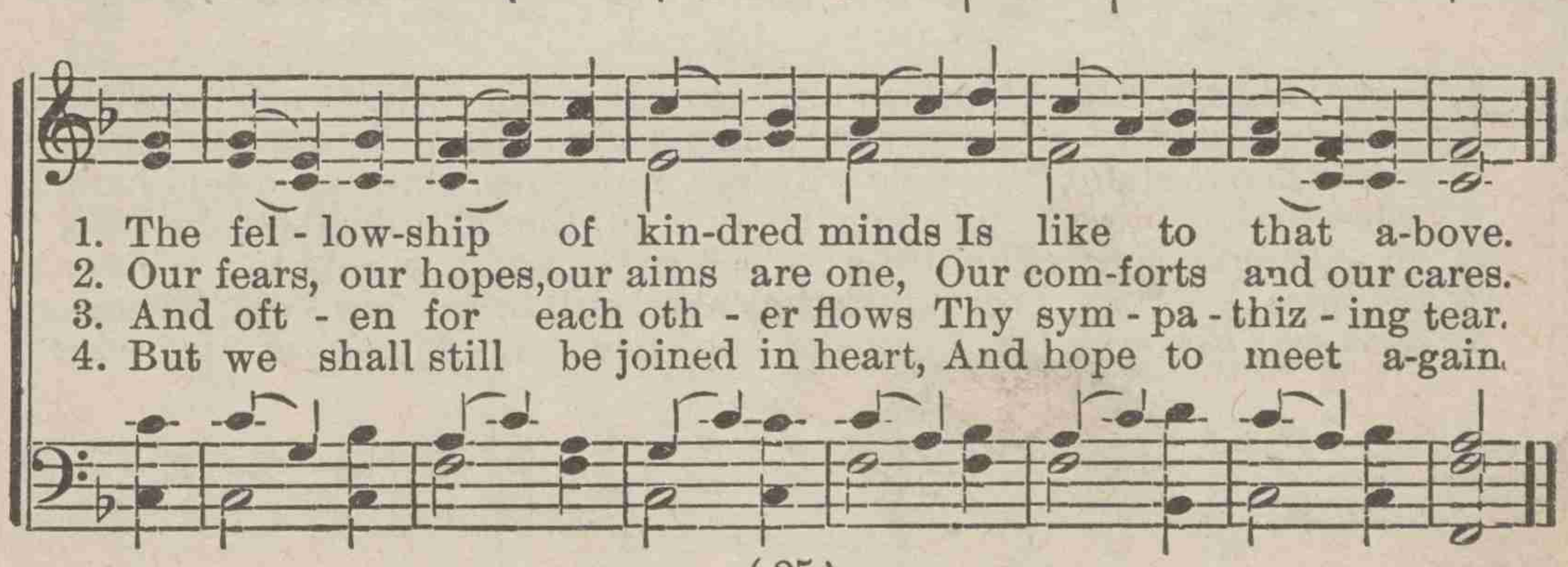




32 Blest Be the Tie That Binds.

JOHN FAWCETT. DENNIS. S. M. GEO. NAGELI.





33 How Firm a Foundation.

FOUNDATION. 11s.

GEO. KEITH.



1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. In ev - 'ry con - di-tion—in sickness, in health; In pov - er-ty's
3. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy
4. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of
5. "When thro' fiery tri - als thy pathway shall lie, My grace, all - suf -
6. "E'en down to old age all my peo-ple shall prove My sov'reign, e -
7. "The soul that on Je - sus still leans for re - pose, I will not, I





1. faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to
2. vale, or a - bound-ing in wealth; At home and a-broad, on the
3. God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
4. woe shall not thee o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee, thy
5. fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply, The flame shall not hurt thee; I
6. ter - nal, un-change-a - ble love; And when hoar-y hairs shall their
7. will not, de - sert to His foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en -





1. you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
2. land, on the sea—"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be."
3. cause thee to stand, Up-held by my righteous, om-nip - o-tent hand.
4. trou-bles to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
5. on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.
6. tem-ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bos - om be borne.
7. deav-or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for-sake!"



34 How Firm a Foundation.

SECOND TUNE.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

GEO. KEITH.

35 We Will Stand the Storm.

ISAAC WATTS. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross (of the cross), Am I a sol-dier
2. Are there no foes for me to face (for me to face), Are there no foes for
3. Sure I must fight if I would reign (if I would reign); Sure I must fight if

1. of the cross (of the cross), Am I a sol-dier of the cross,
2. me to face (for me to face), Are there no foes for me to face,
3. I would reign (if I would reign); Sure I must fight if I would reign;

1. A foll'wer of the Lamb? And shall I fear to own His cause (own His cause),
2. Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a friend to grace (friend to grace),
3. Increase my courage, Lord! I'll bear the toil, endure the pain (endure the pain),

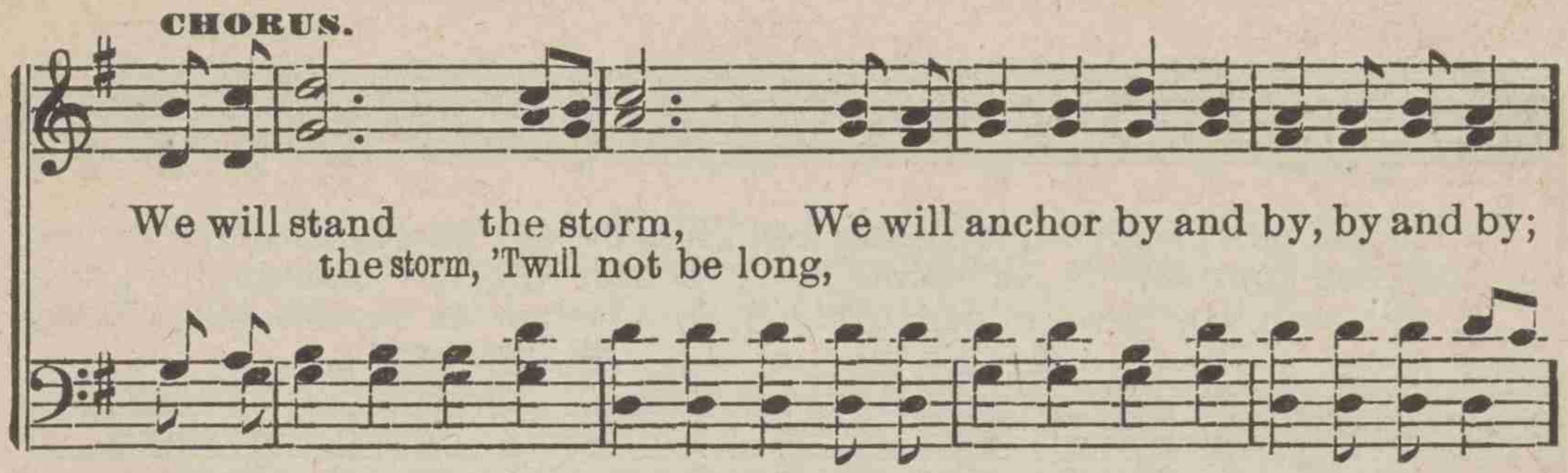
1. And shall I fear to own His cause (own His cause), And shall I
2. Is this vile world a friend to grace (friend to grace), Is this vile
3. I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain (endure the pain), I'll bear the

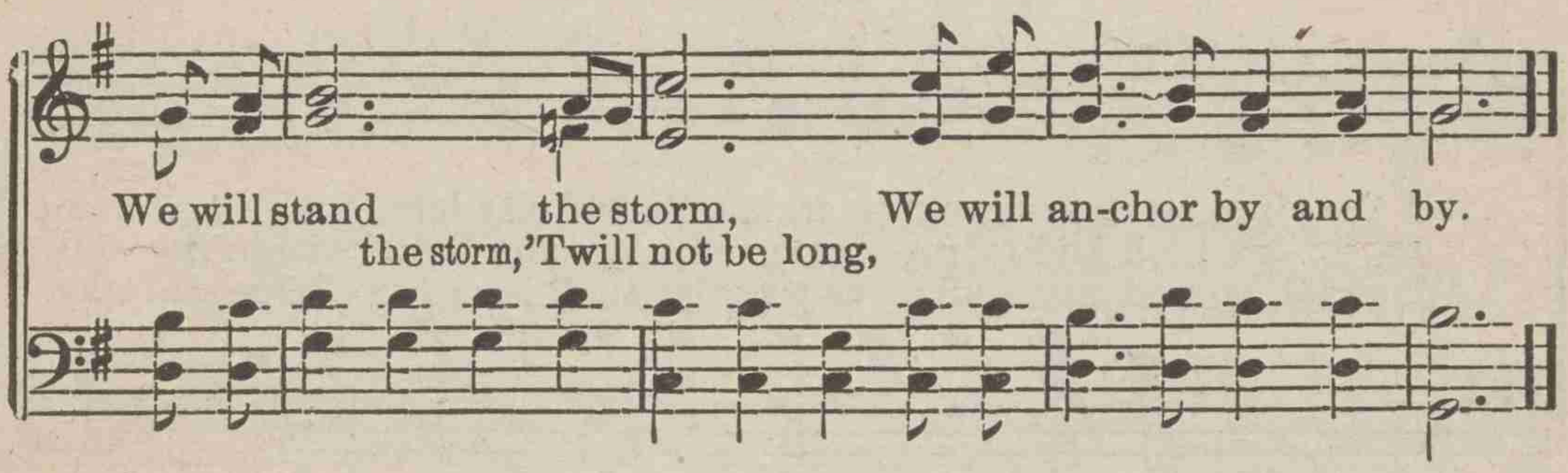
1. fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
2. world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
3. toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

By permission.

We Will Stand the Storm. Concluded.

CHORUS.

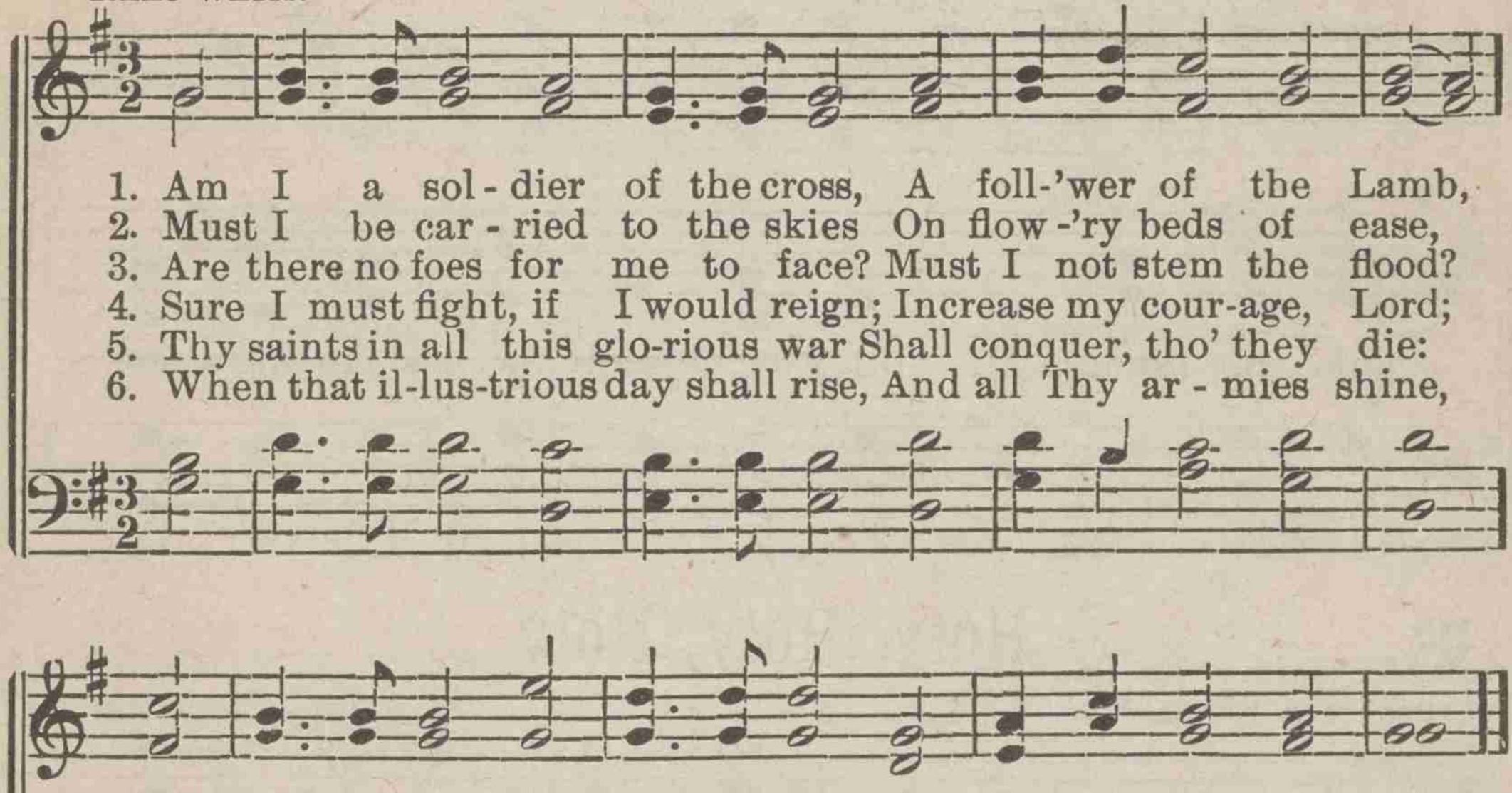


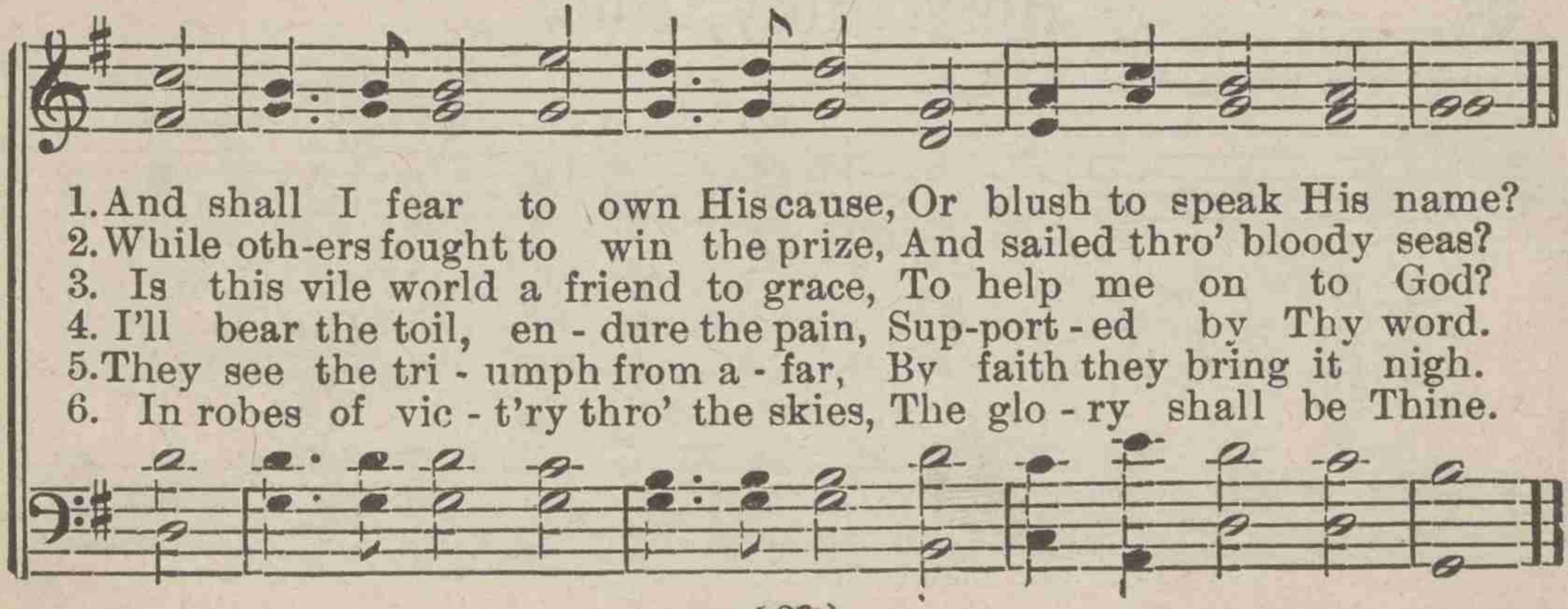


36 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

ARLINGTON. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. THOMAS A. ARNE.





37 Solid Rock. L. M.

EDWARD MOTE. W. B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
2. When darkness veils His loving face I rest on His unchanging grace;
3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, His blood, Support me in the whelming flood;

I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je-sus' name.
In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds within the veil.
When all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.

CHORUS.

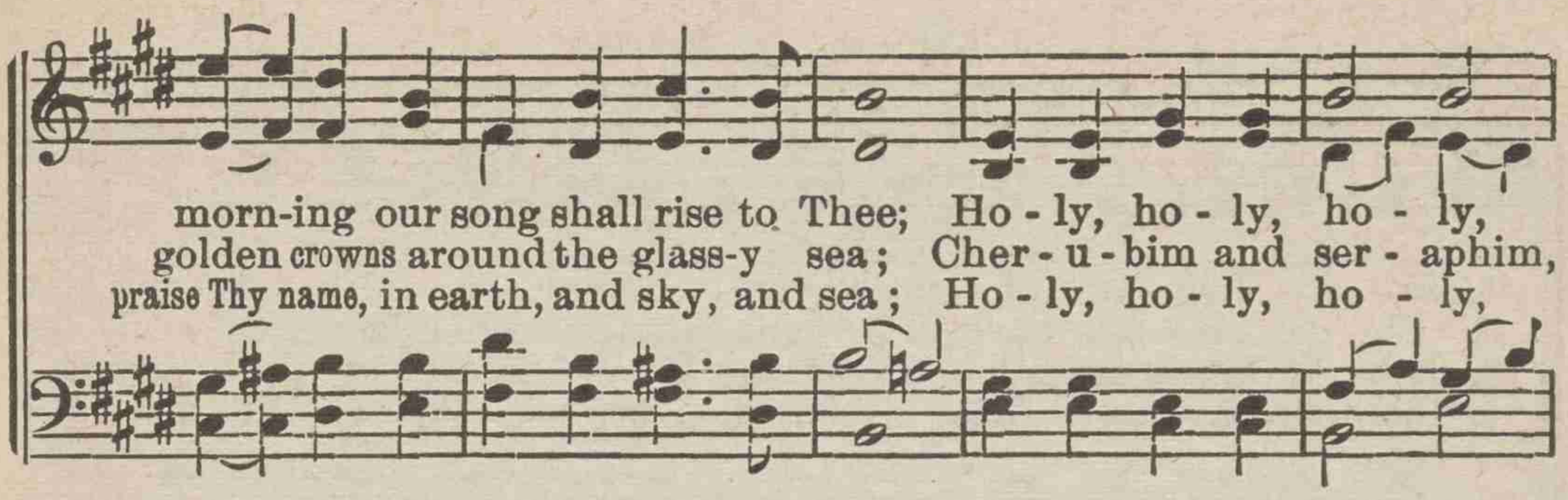
On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

38 Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER. REV. J. B. DYKES.

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

Holy, Holy, Holy. Concluded.

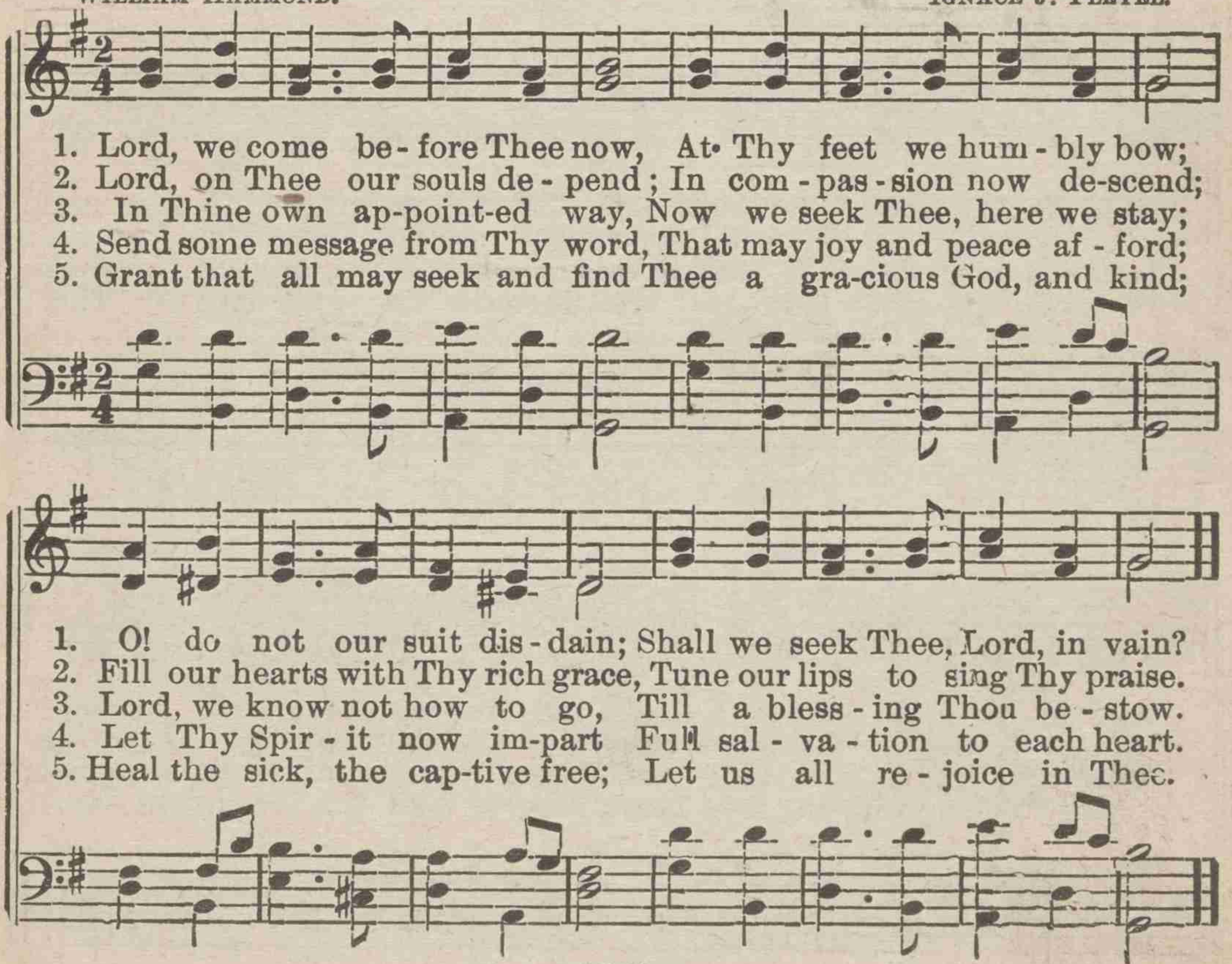




39 Lord, We Come Before Thee Now.

PLEYEL'S HYMN.

WILLIAM HAMMOND. IGNACE J. PLEYEL.



40 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

(REFUGE. 7s. Double.)

CHARLES WESLEY. J. P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find:
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin:

While the near - er wa-ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and comfort me.
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams abound; Make and keep me pure with-in.

Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness;
Thou of life the foun-tain art: Free - ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
False, and full of sin, I am; Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

41 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

SECOND TUNE.

MARTYN. 7s. Double.

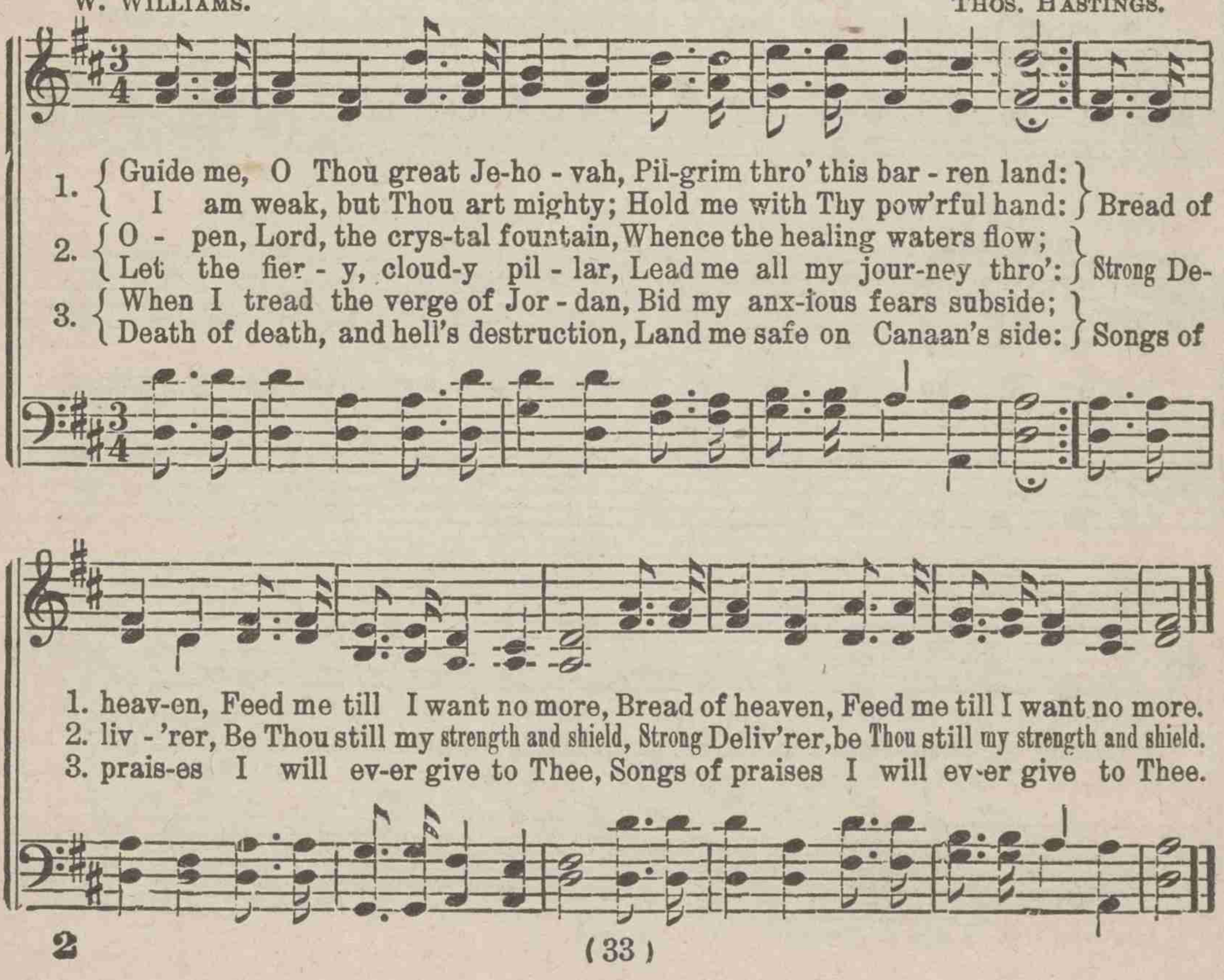
CHARLES WESLEY. S. E. MARSH.



42 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

W. WILLIAMS. THOS. HASTINGS.

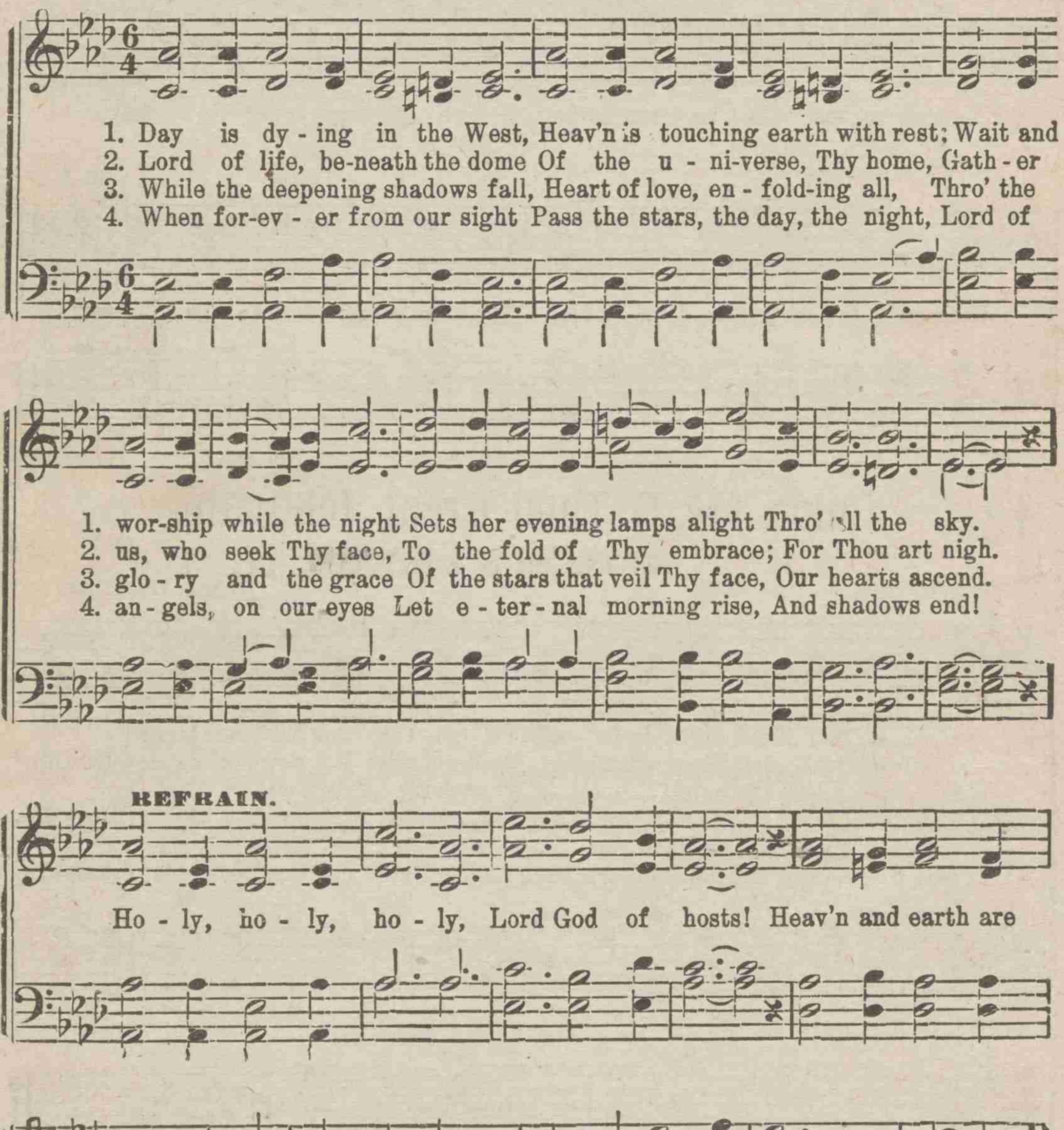


Evening Worship.

	No.
Day is Dying	43
Softly Now	44
Again as Evening Shadows	45
Softly Fades	46
Silently the Shades	47
The Day is Past	48
Now from the Altar	49
I Love to	50
Let My Evening Song	51
Evening Sacrifice	52
The Holy Song	53

43 Day Is Dying In the West.

MARY A. LATHBURY. WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.

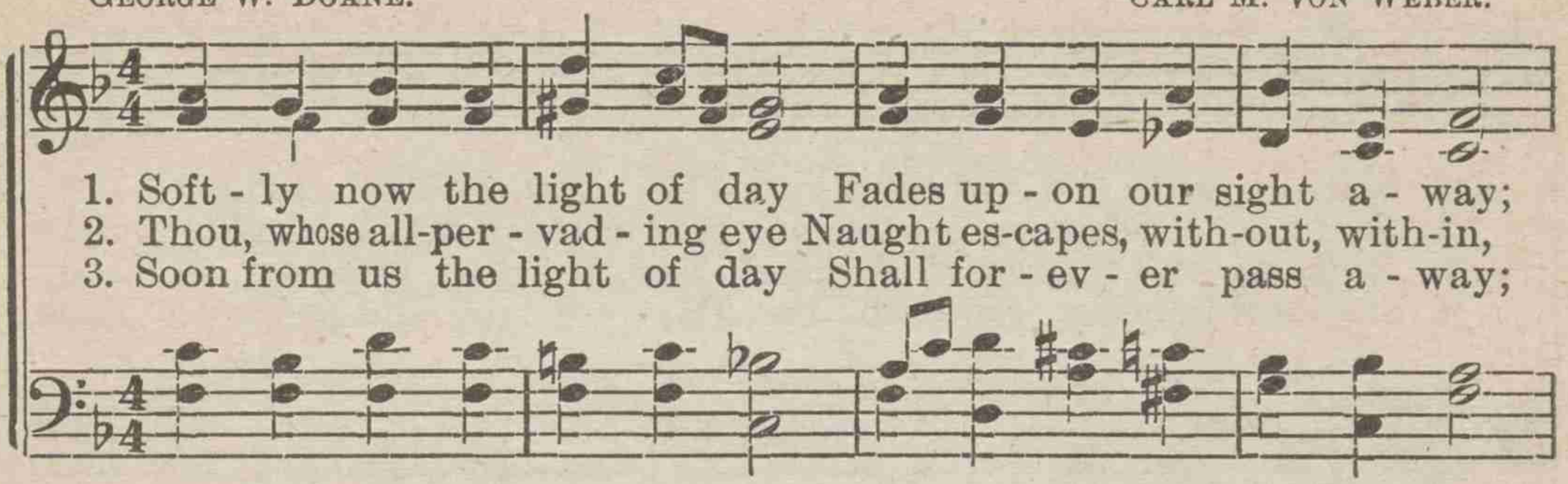


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44 Softly Now the Light of Day.

SEYMOUR. 7s.

GEORGE W. DOANE. CARL M. VON WEBER.

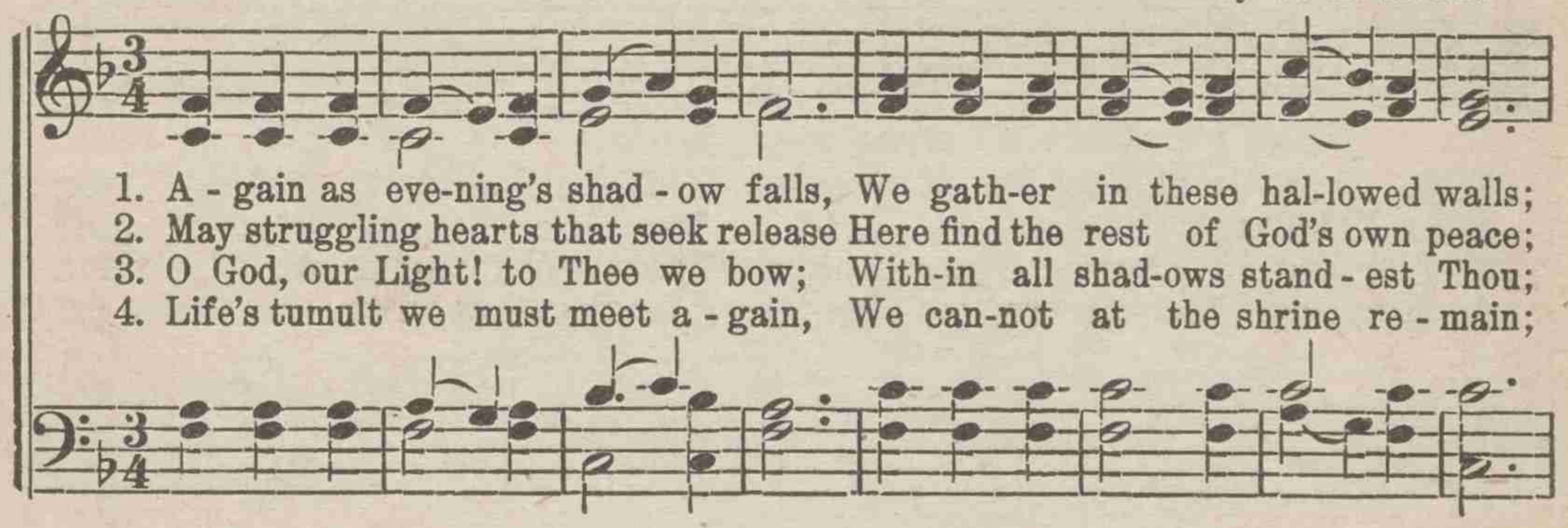


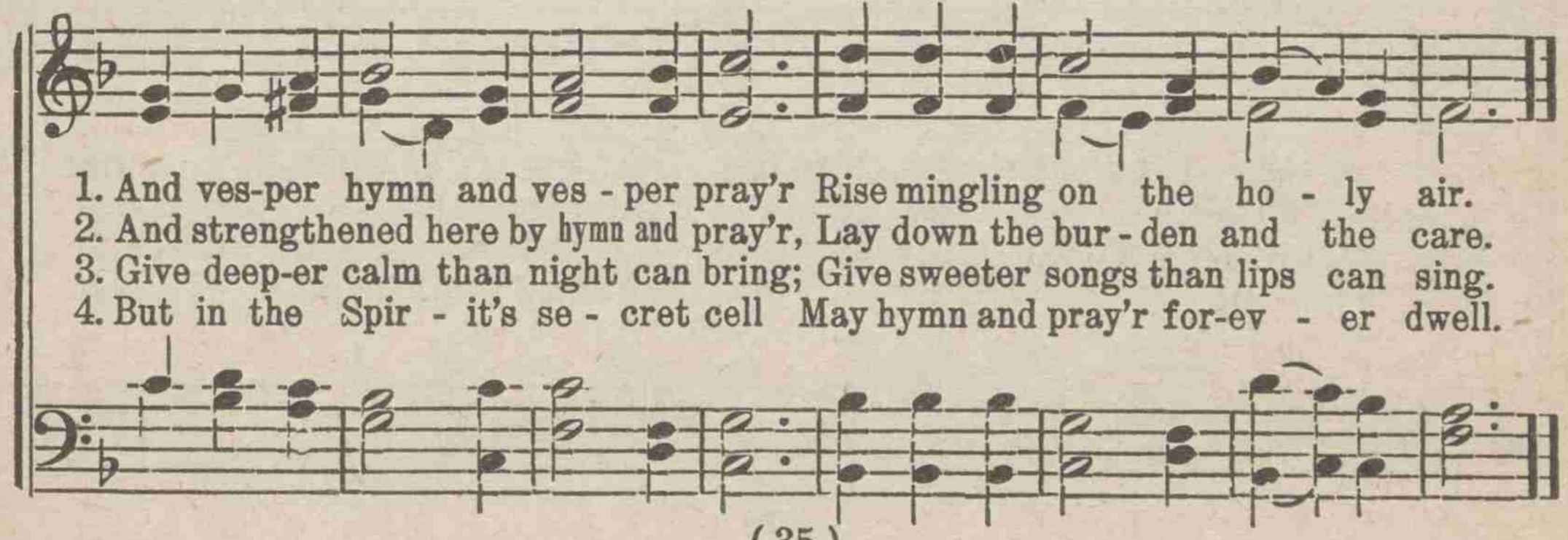


45 Again As Evening's Shadow Falls.

HURSLEY. L. M.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW. Arr. by W. H. MONK.

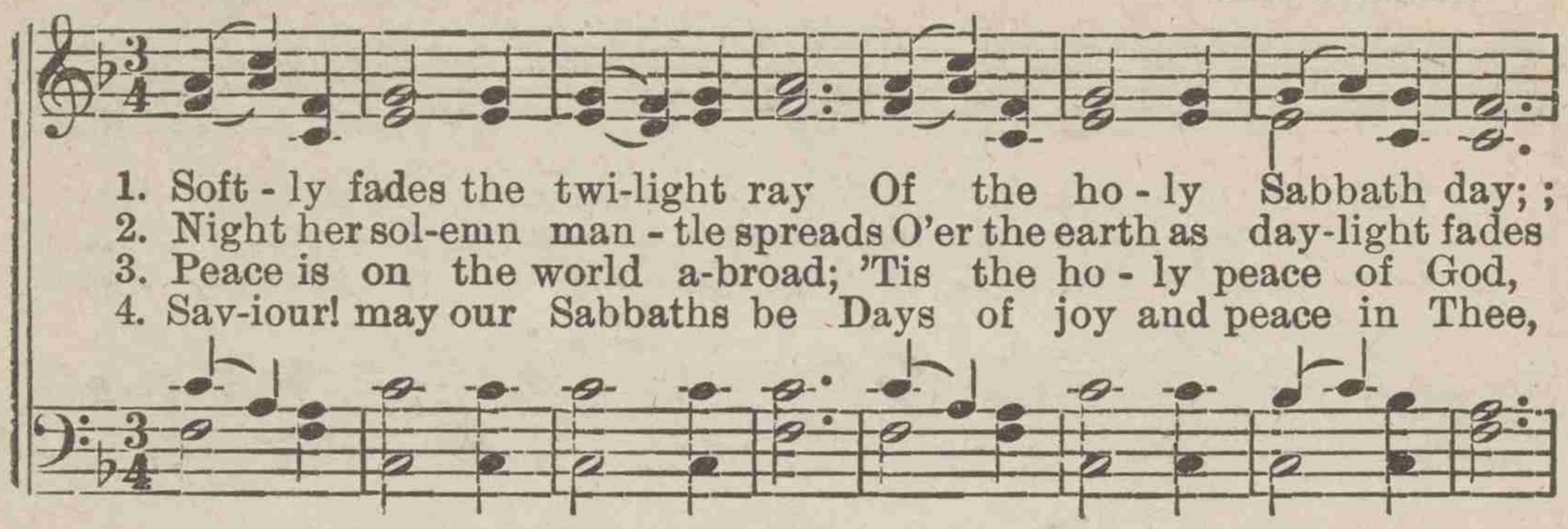




46 Softly Fades the Twilight Ray.

ALLETTA. 7s.

S. F. SMITH. 1840. W. B. BRADBURY.

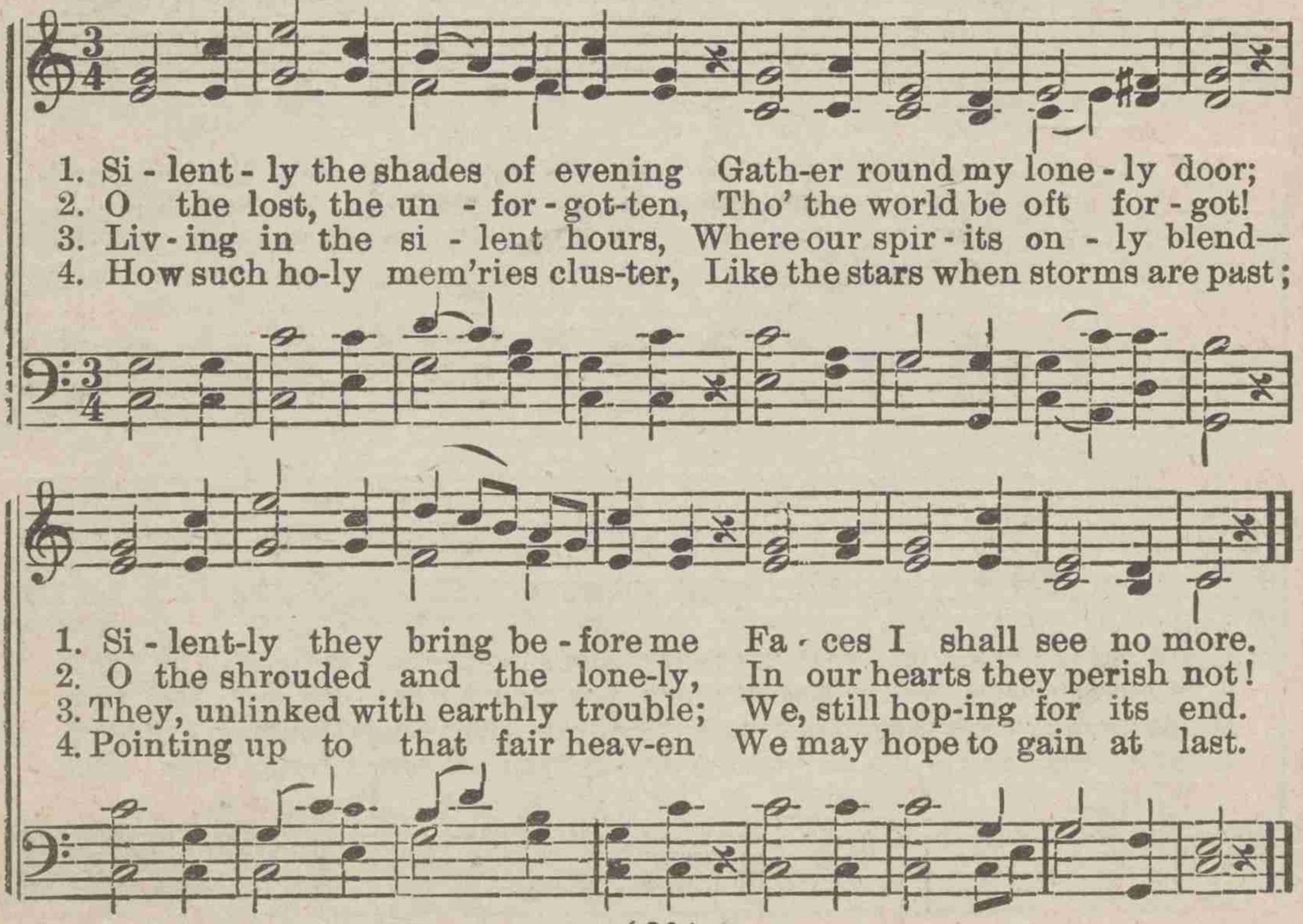




47 Silently the Shades of Evening.

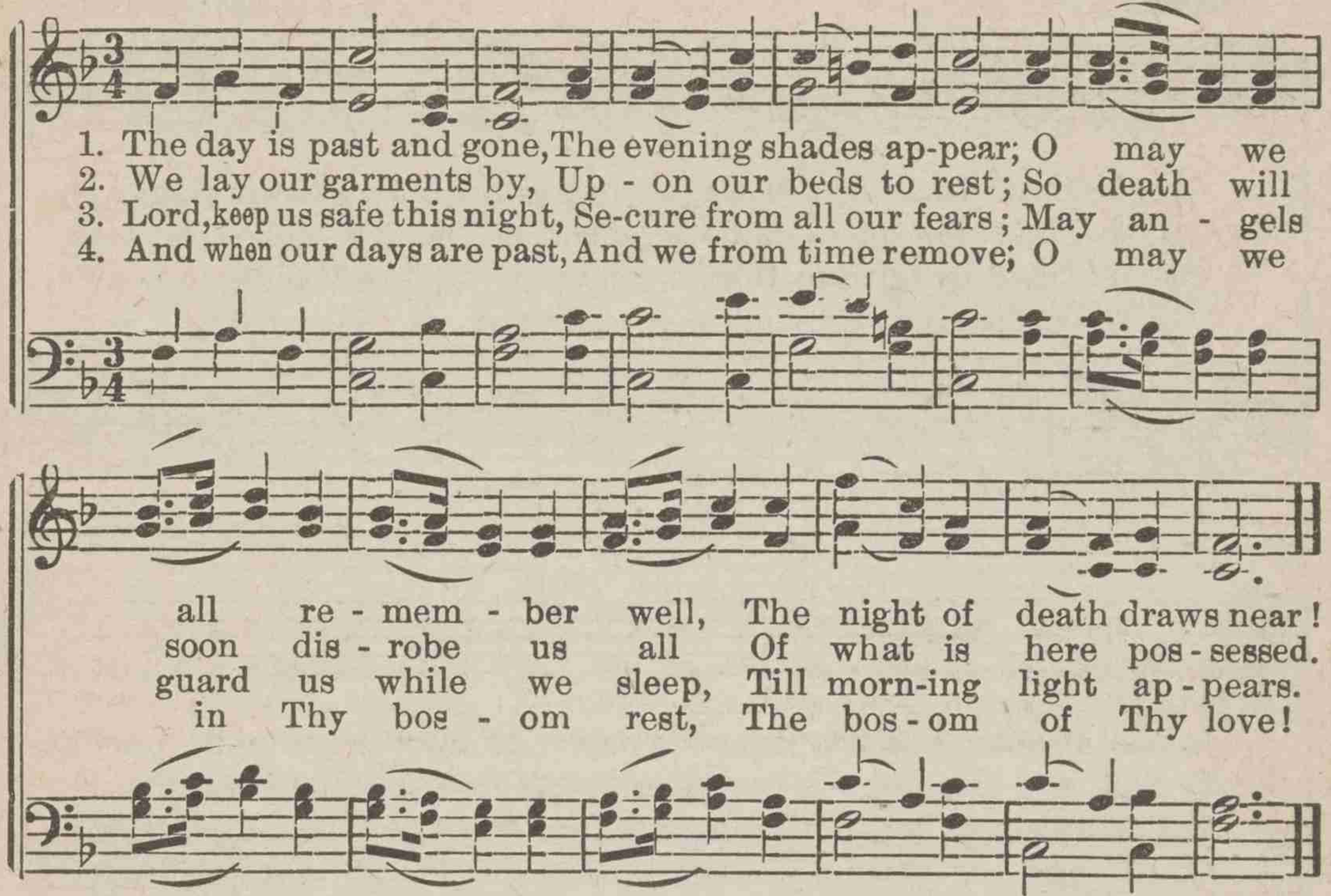
RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

C. C. COXE. ITHAMAR CONKEY.



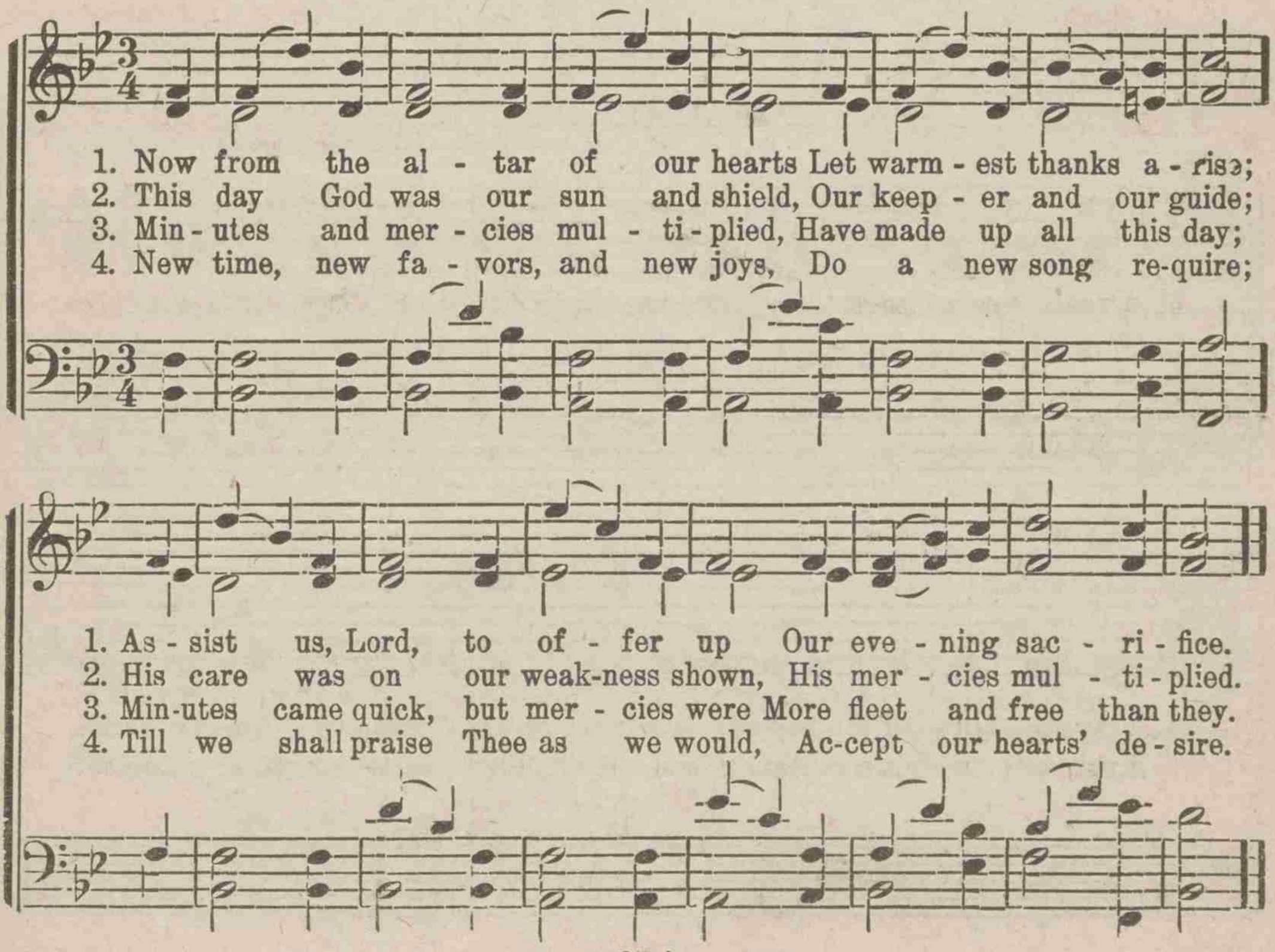
48 The Day Is Past and Gone.

JOHN LELAND. GERAR. S. M. LOWELL MASON.



49 Now From the Altar of Our Hearts.

GEER. C. M. HENRY W. GREATOREX.



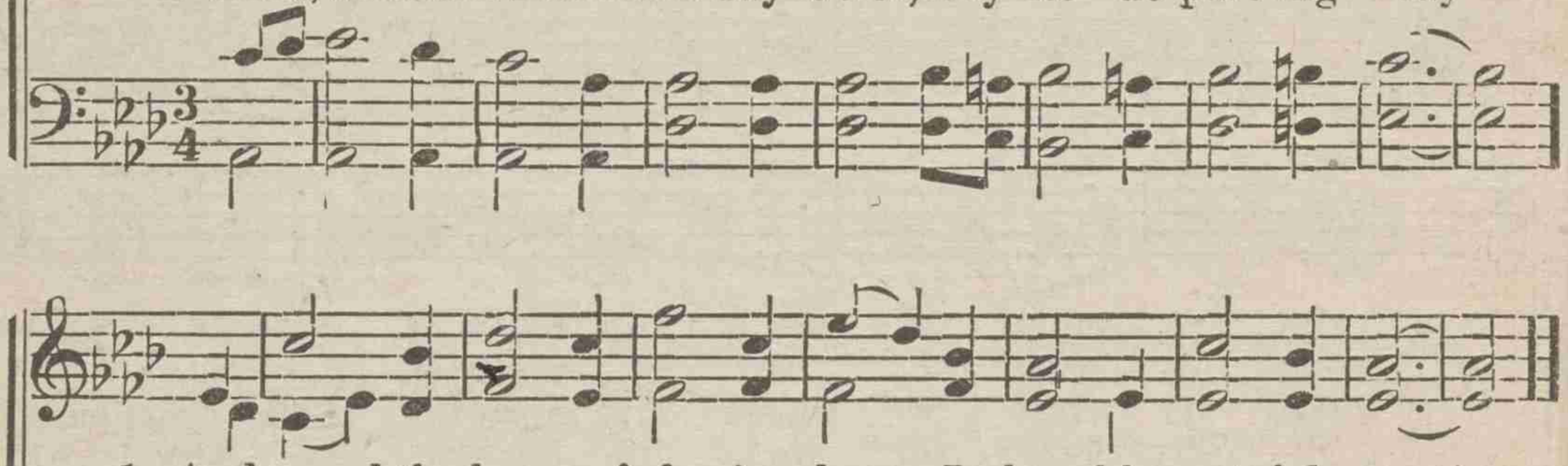
50 I Love to Steal Awhile Away.

MANOAH. C. M.

BROWN. From ROSSINI, by GREATOREX.



1. I love to steal a-while a-way From ev-'ry cumb'ring care,
2. I love in sol-i-tude to shed The pen-i-ten-tial tear,
3. I love by faith to take a view Of bright-er scenes in heav'n,
4. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er, May its de-part-ing ray



1. And spend the hours of clos-ing day, In humble, grateful pray'r.
2. And all His prom-is-es to plead, Where none but God can hear.
3. The pros-pect does my strength renew, While here by tempests driv'n.
4. Be calm as this im-pres-sive hour, And lead to end-less day.



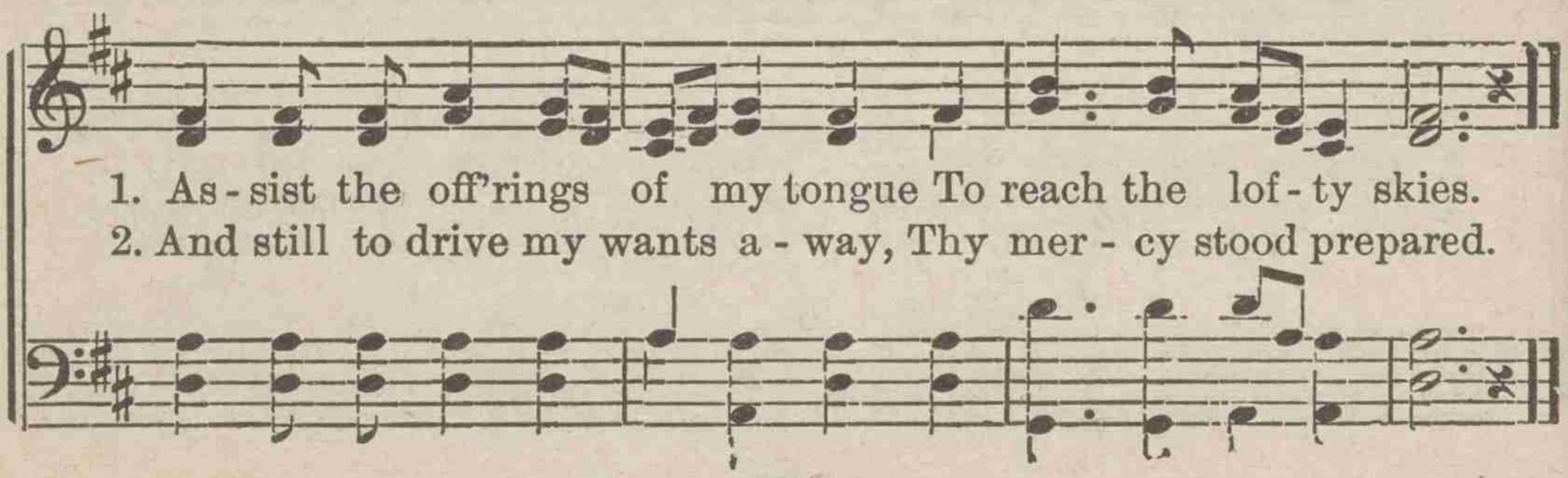
51 My Evening Song.

NAOMI. C. M.

HANS G. NAEGELI.



1. Dread Sovereign, let my ev'ning song Like ho-ly-in-cense rise;
2. Thro' all the dan-gers of the day Thy hand was still my guard;



1. As-sist the off'rings of my tongue To reach the lof-ty skies.
2. And still to drive my wants a-way, Thy mer-cy stood prepared.

52 Evening Sacrifice.

AZMON. C. M.

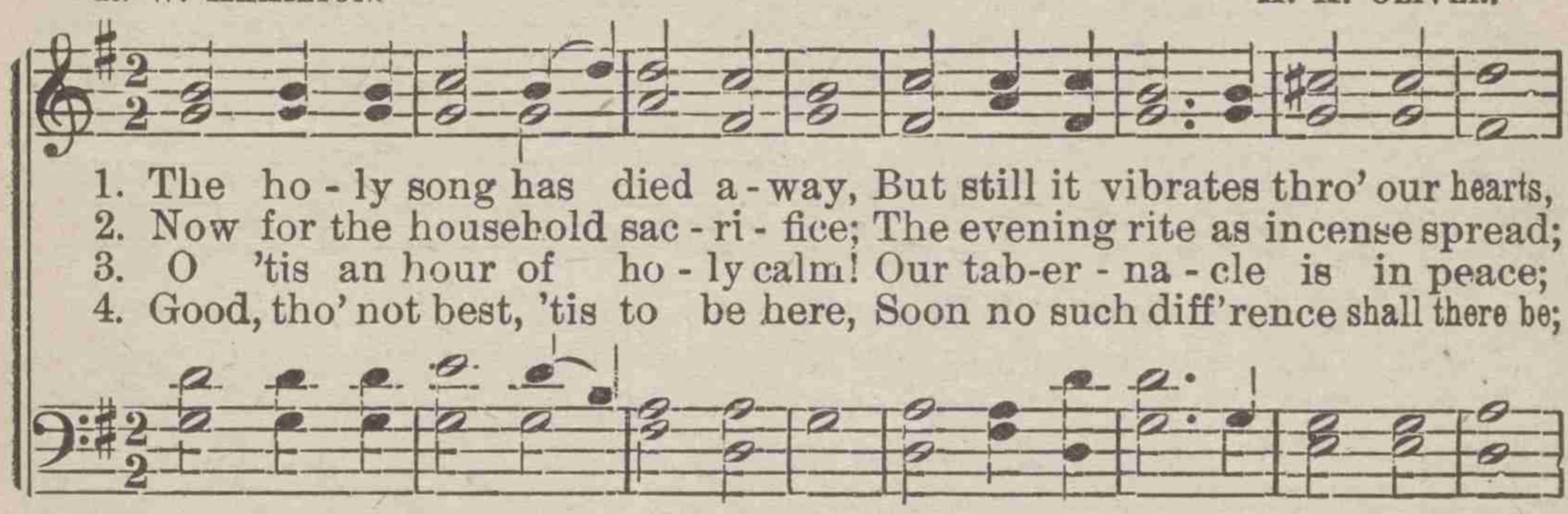
CHARLES WESLEY. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



53 The Holy Song Has Died Away.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

R. W. HAMILTON. H. K. OLIVER.



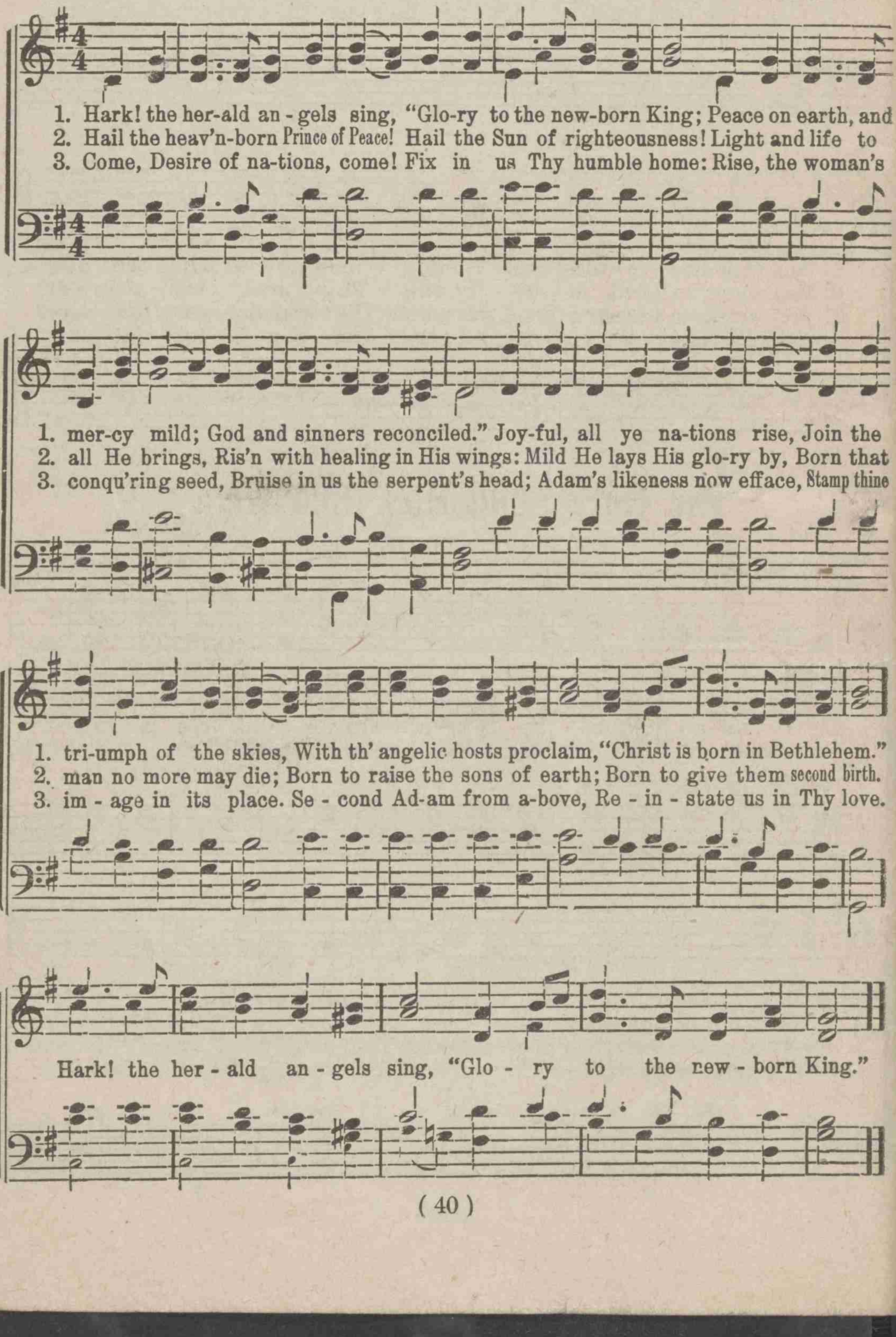
Incarnation--Christmas Hymns.

	No.		No.		No.
Hark! the Herald	54	Silent Night	56	The Prince of	58
Hark! the Glad Sound	55	Joy to the World	57	While Shepherds	59

54 Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

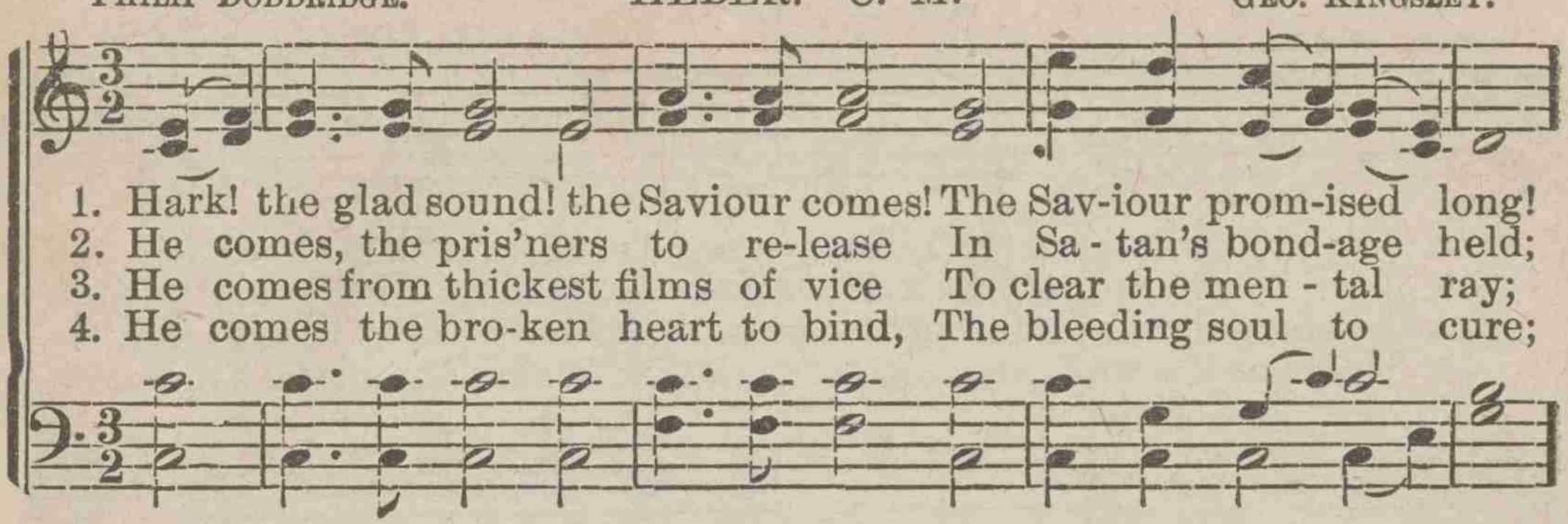
MENDELSSOHN. 7s, D.

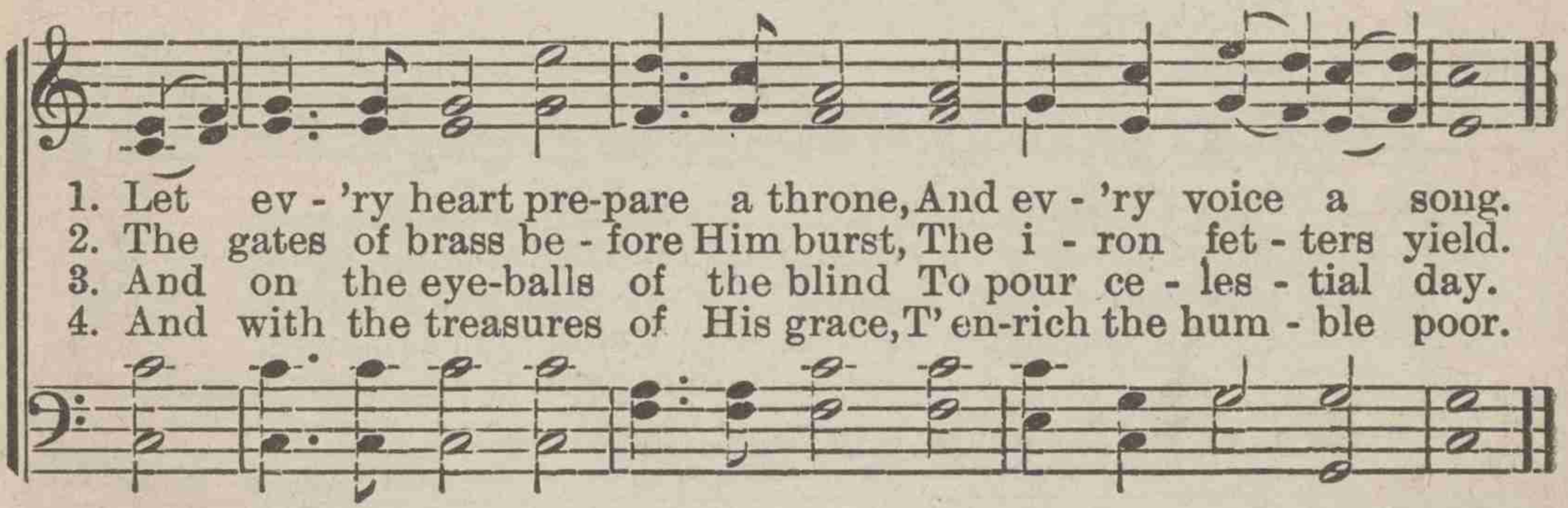
FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.



55 Hark! the Glad Sound!

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. HEBER. C. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.

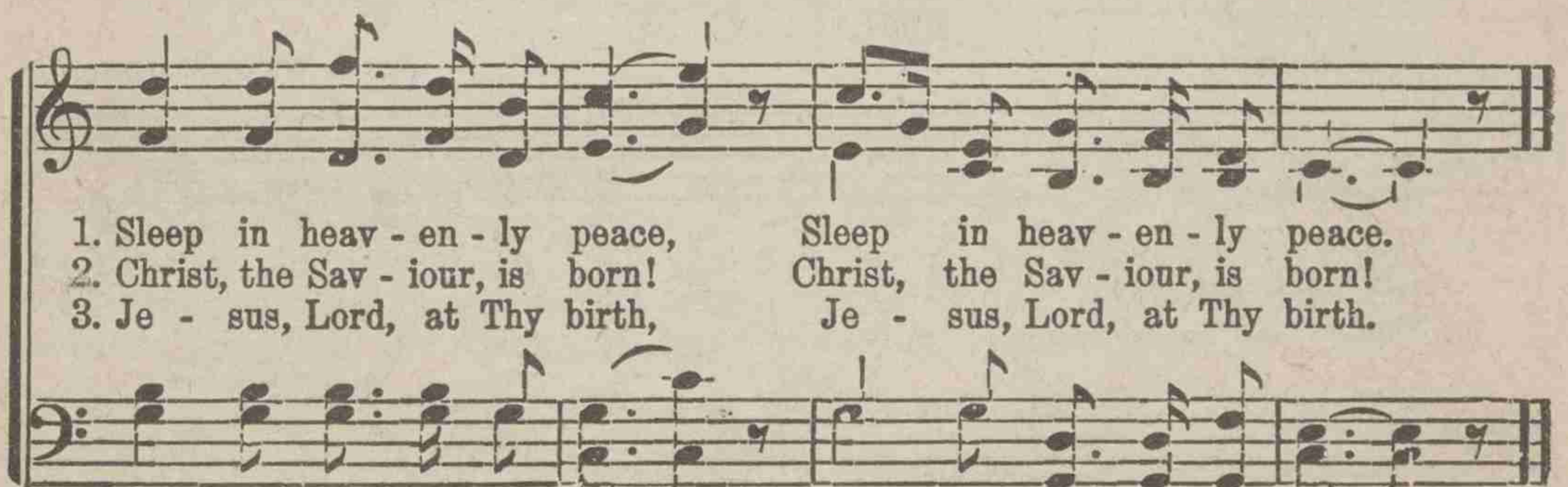




56 Silent Night, Holy Night.

JOSEPH MOHR. FRANZ GRUBER.



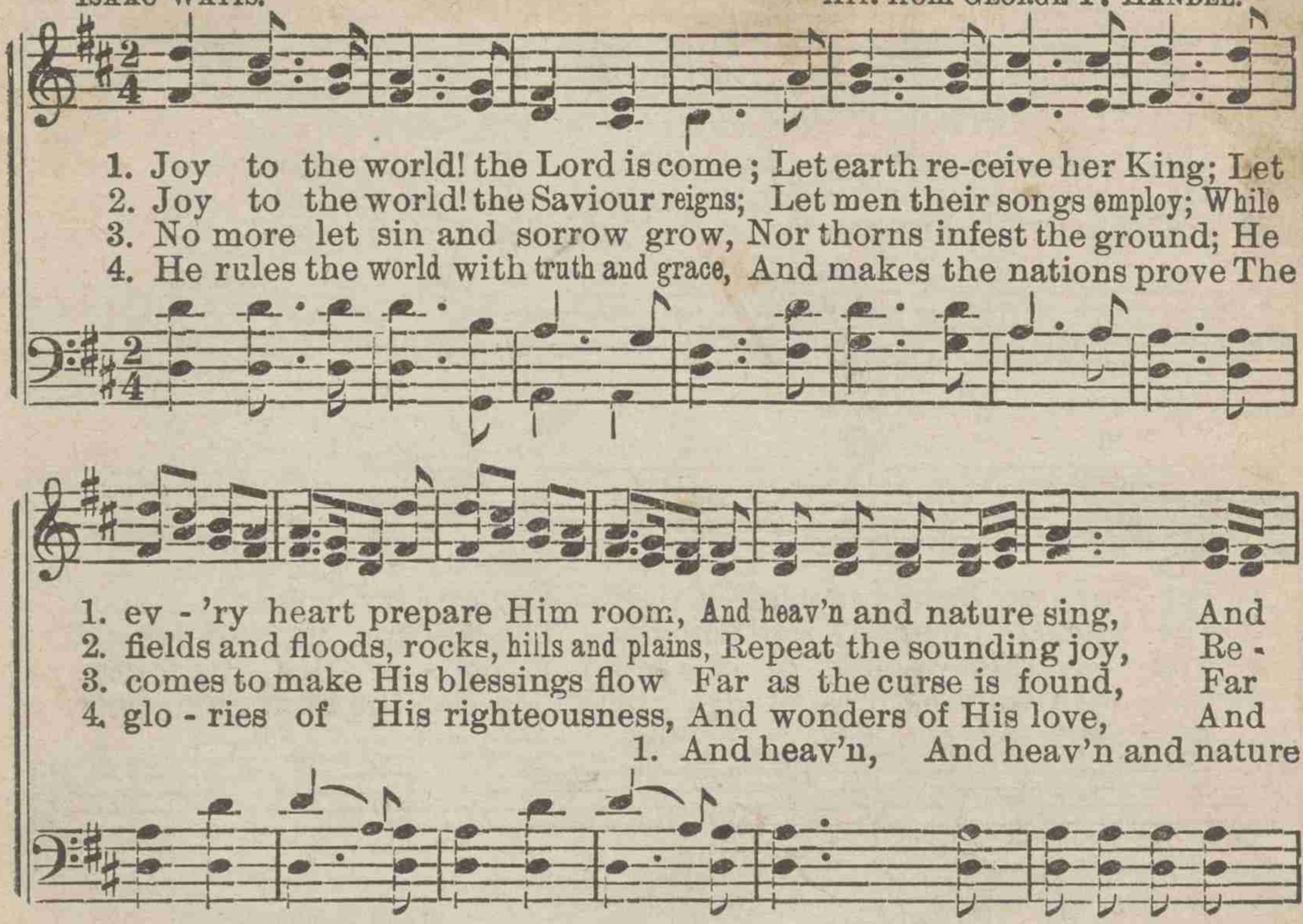


57

Joy to the World.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. ARR. from GEORGE F. HANDEL.

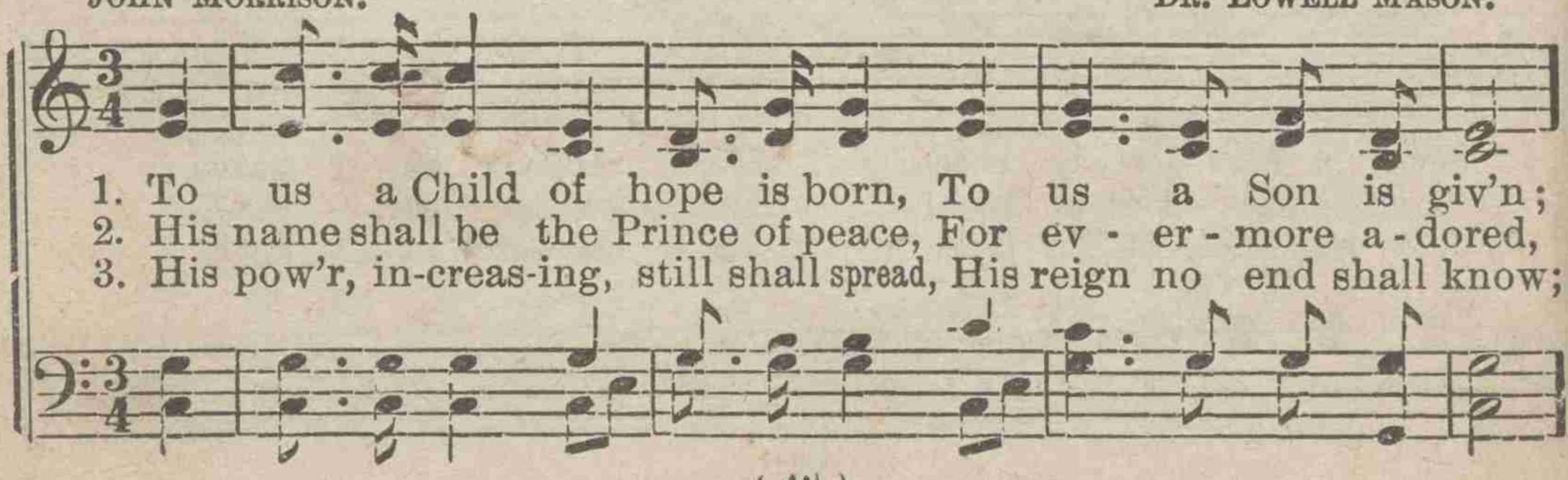


58

The Prince of Peace.

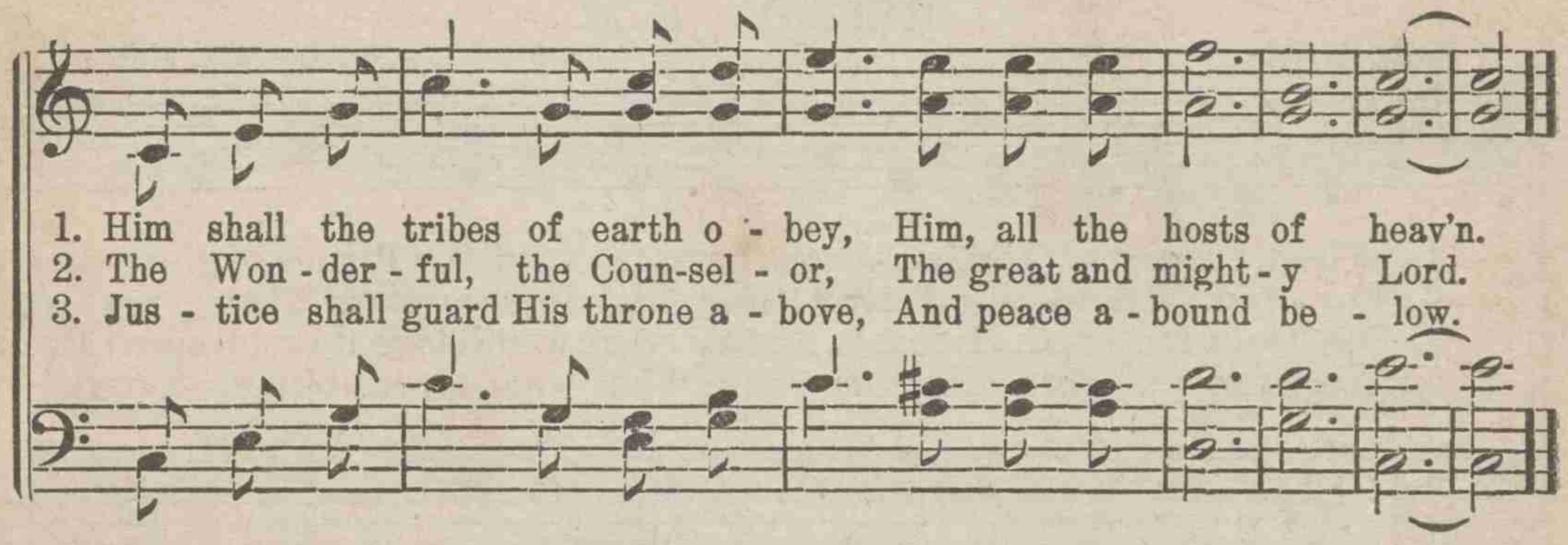
ZERAH. C. M.

JOHN MORRISON. DR. LOWELL MASON.



The Prince of Peace. Concluded.

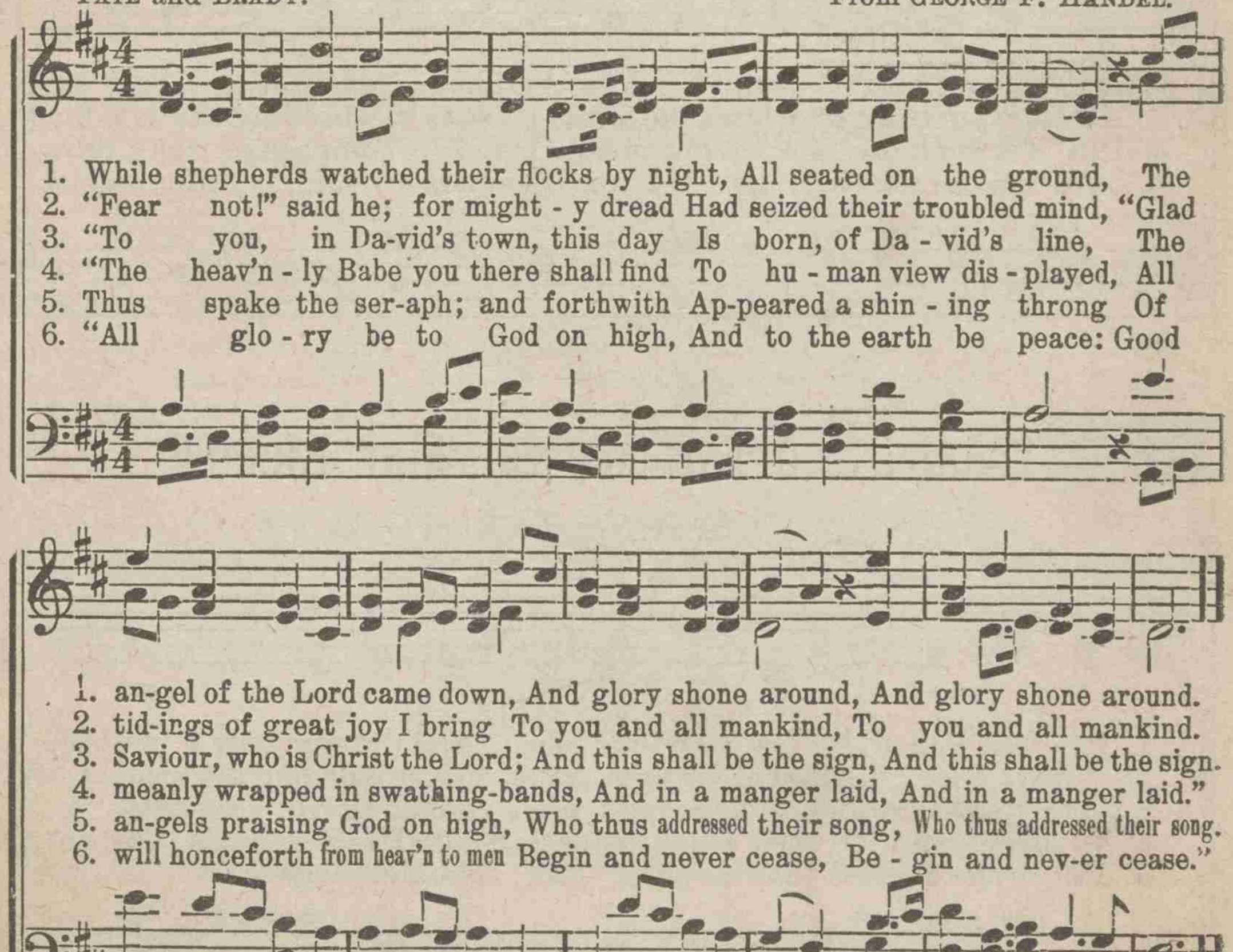




59 While Shepherds Watched.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

TATE and BRADY. From GEORGE F. HANDEL.



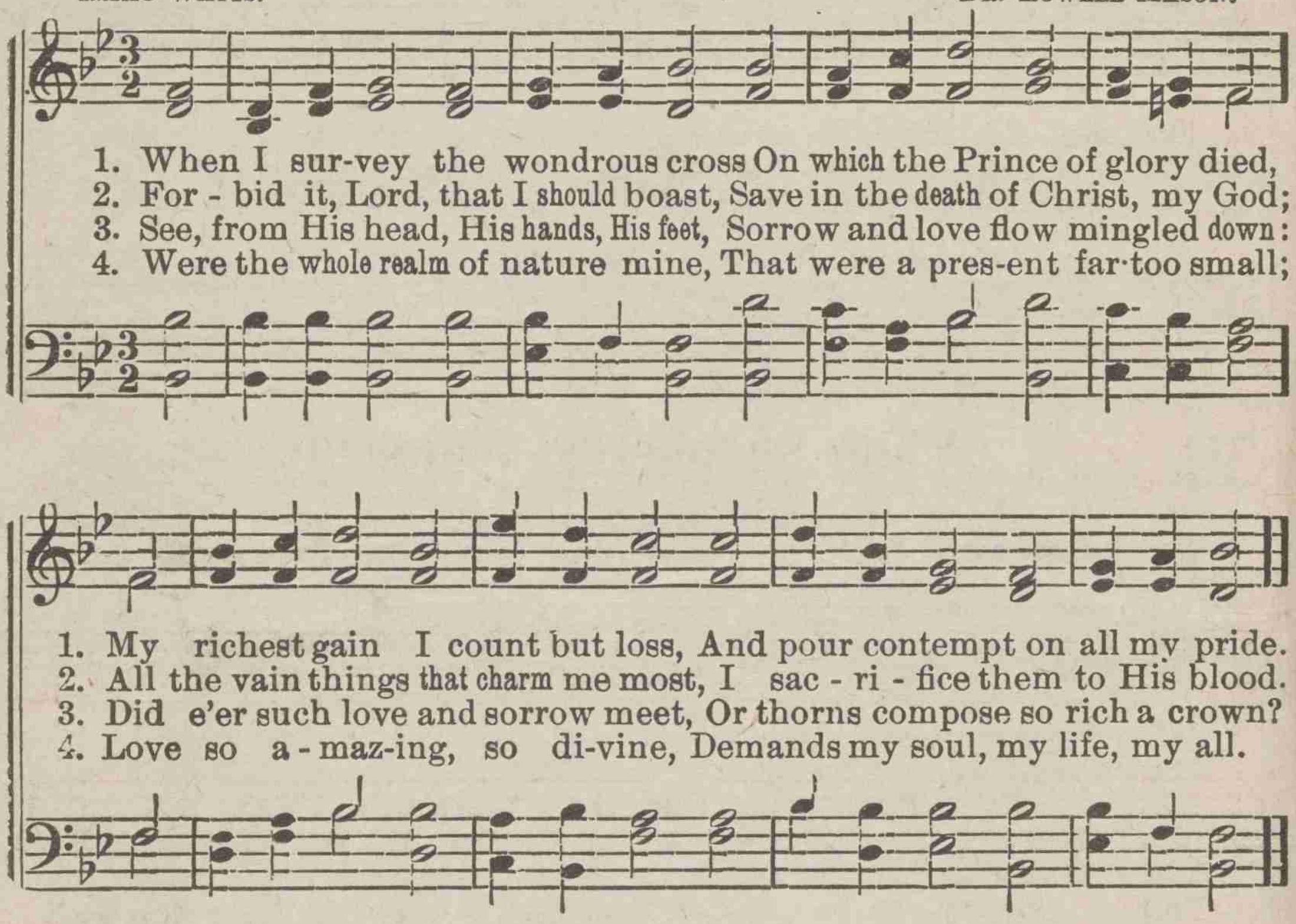
The Atonement.

	No.		No.		No.
When I Survey	60	He Dies	65	'Tis Finished	70
Alas! and Did	61	In Evil Long	66	There is a Fountain	71
Not All the Blood	62	Behold, the Saviour	67	Forgive Them	72
Did Christ O'er	63	'Tis Midnight	68	The Wondrous Sight	73
In the Cross of Christ	64	O Sacred Head	69		

60 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

HEBRON. L. M.

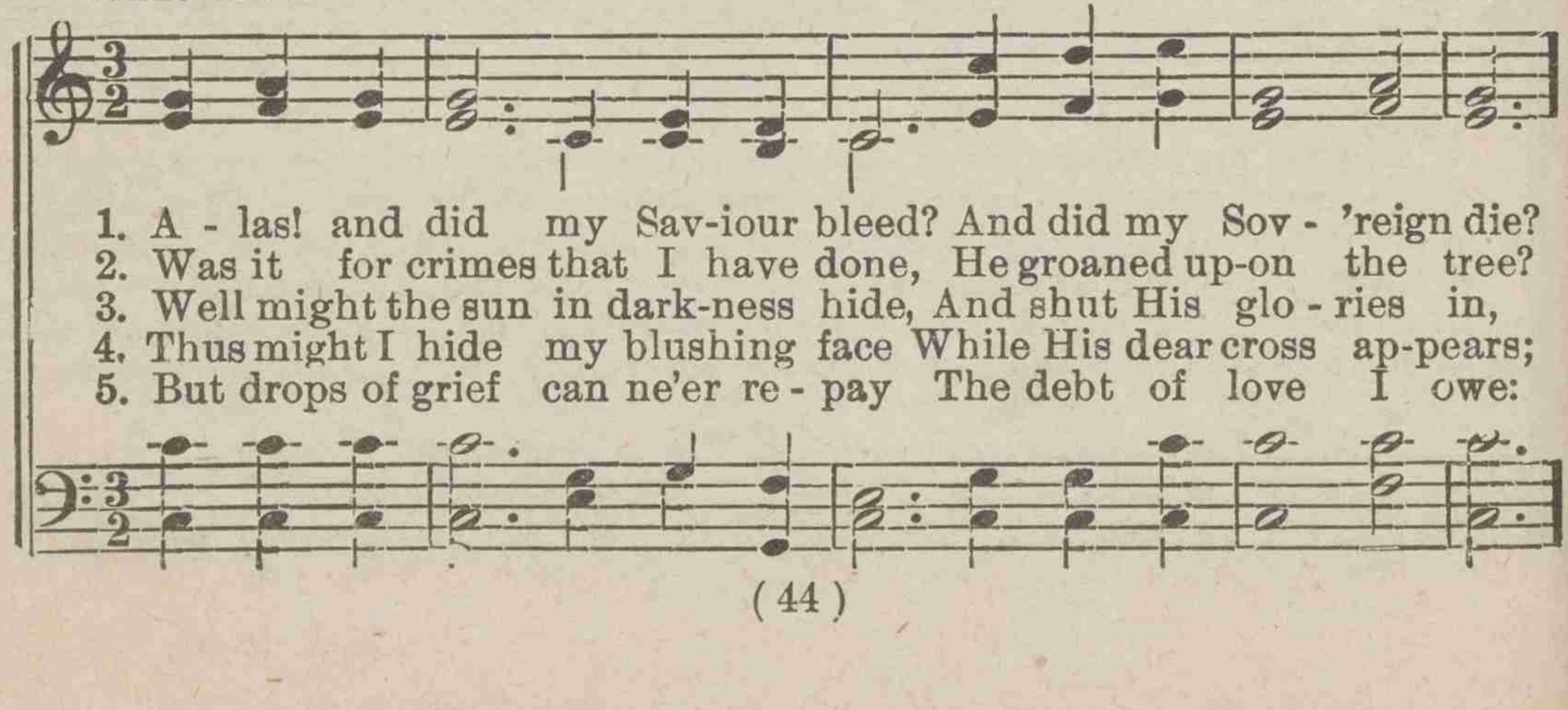
ISAAC WATTS. DR. LOWELL MASON.



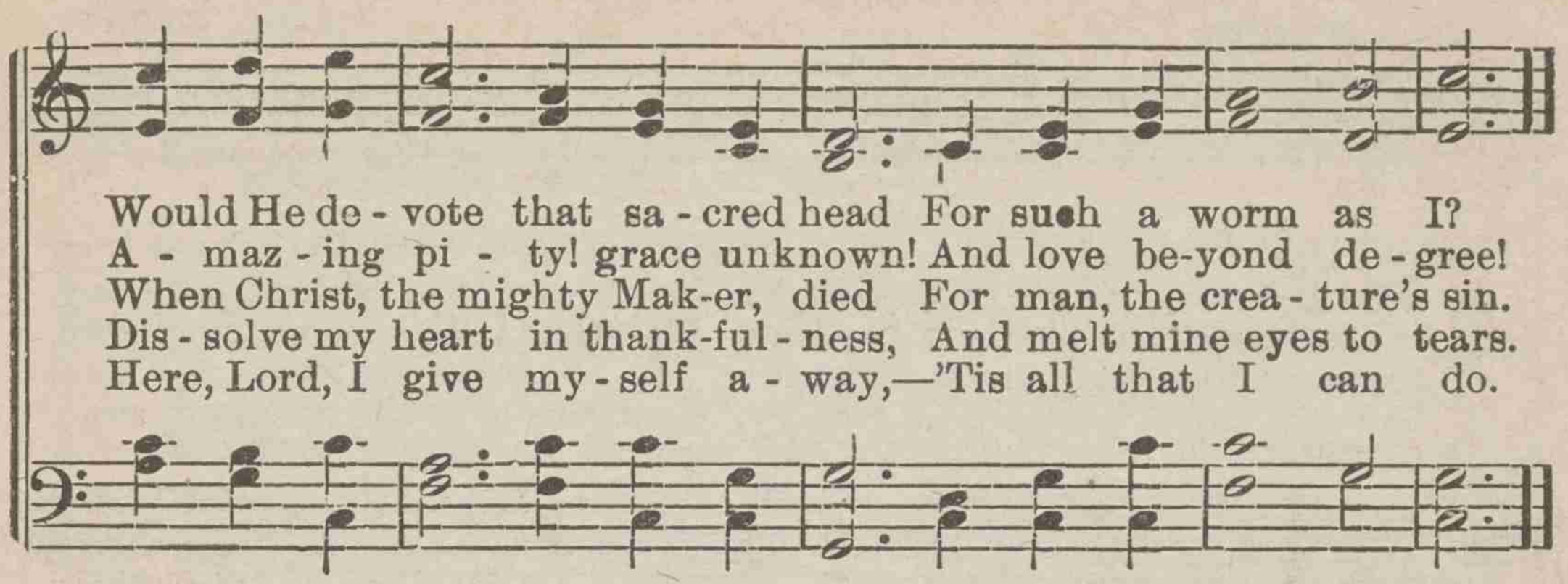
61 Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed?

SPRING. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. L. C. EVERETT.



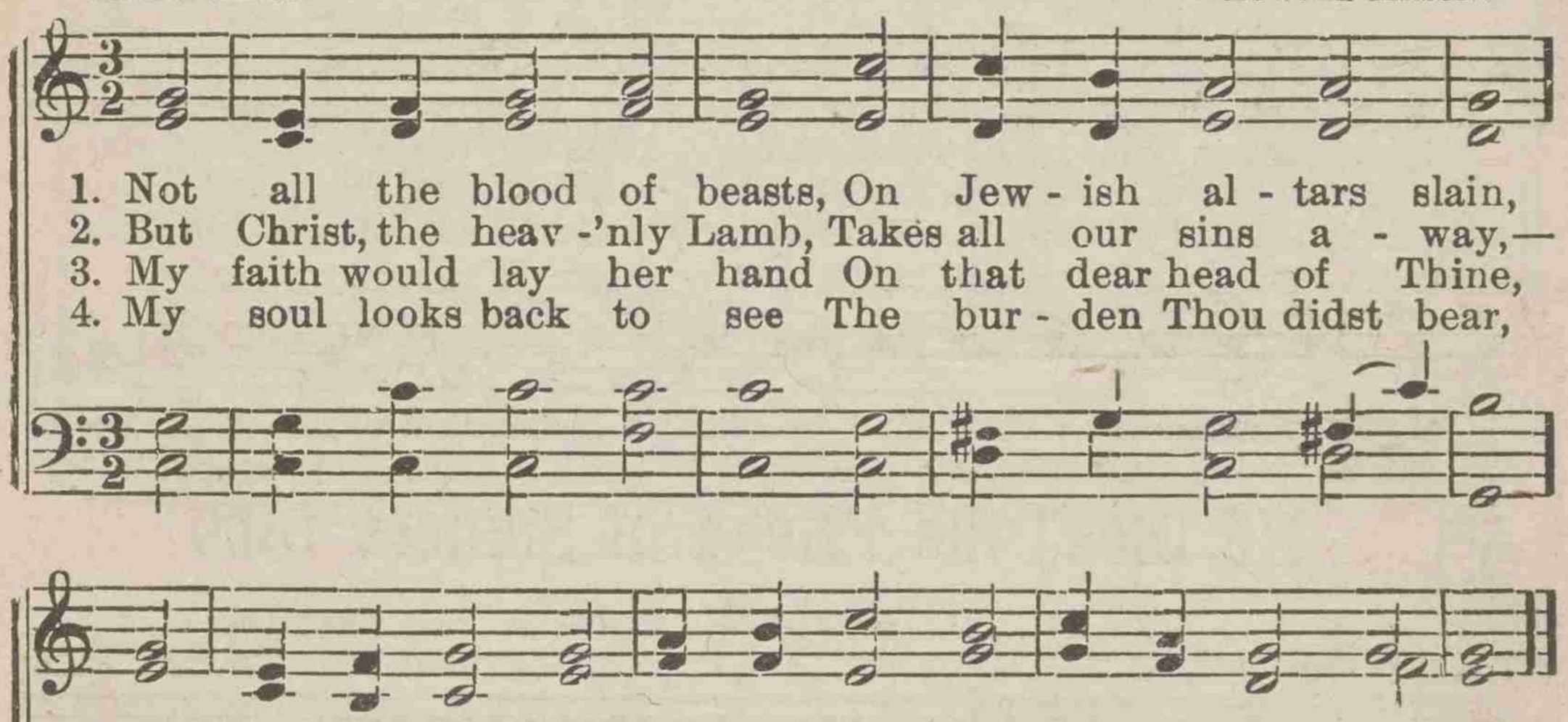
Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed? Concluded.

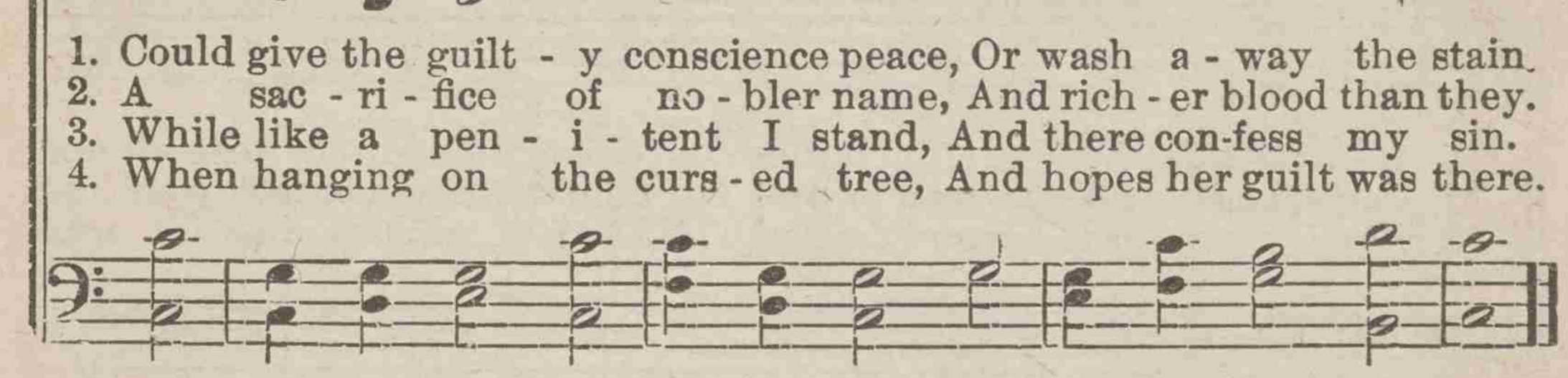


62 Not All the Blood Of Beasts.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS. LOWELL MASON.





No. 63. The Pity of The Lord.

(Sung to the above music.)

1. The pity of the Lord
   To those that fear His name,
   Is such as tender parents feel;
   He knows our feeble frame,

2. He knows we are but dust,
   Scatter'd with every breath;
   His anger, like a rising wind;
   Can send us swift to death.

3. Our days are as the grass,
   Or like the morning flow'r;
   If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field
   It withers in an hour.

4. But Thy compassions, Lord,
   To endless years endure;
   And children's children ev-er find
   Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts.

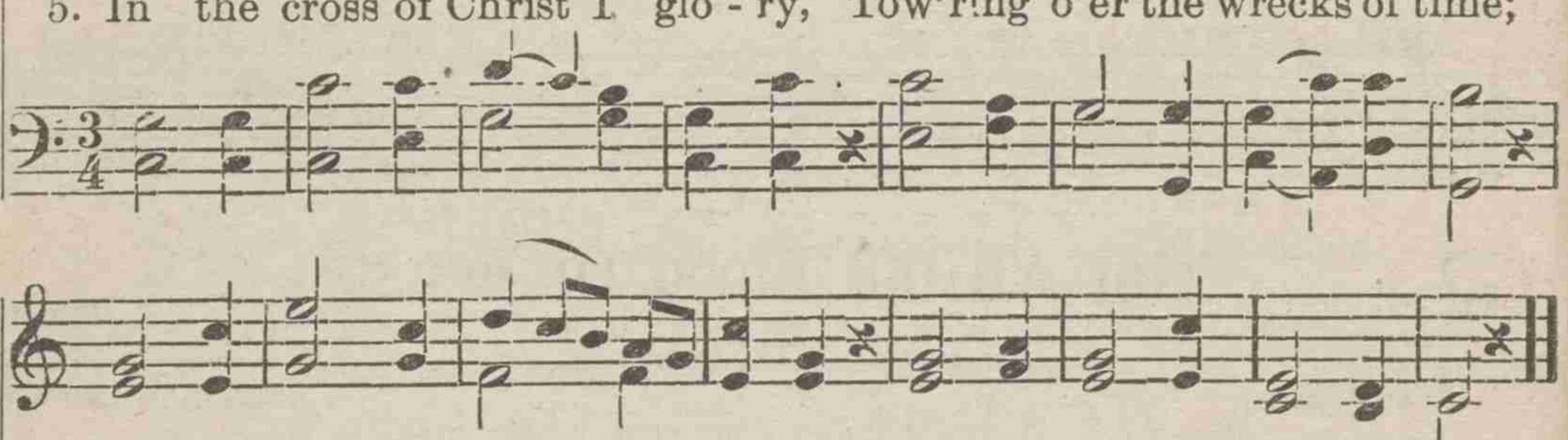
64 In the Cross of Christ.

RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

JOHN BOWRING. ITHAMAR CONKEY.



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



1. All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sublime.
2. Nev-er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
3. From the cross the ra-diance streaming, Adds more lus-ter to the day.
4. Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.
5. All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sublime.



65 He Dies! the Friend of Sinners Dies!

WINDHAM. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. DANIEL READ.



1. He dies! the Friend of sinners dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
2. Come, saints, and drop a tear or two For Him who groaned be-neath your load;
3. Here's love and grief beyond degree: The Lord of glo - ry dies for man!



1. A sol-emn dark-ness veils the skies; A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
2. He shed a thousand drops for you, A thousand drops of richest blood.
3. But lo! what sud-den joys we see! Je - sus, the dead, revives a-gain!

66 My Sins are Under the Blood.

T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**



1. Darker than midnight the stain of my sin, When I to Cal-va-ry came;
2. From all the old con-dem-na-tion and fear, Now I have bless-ed re-lease;
3. I am redeemed, but how great was the price That my redemption se-cured!
4. Pre-cious to me are the wounds of my Lord, For, if He nev-er had died,
5. Sinners redeemed by the blood of the Cross, Join in my grate-ful re-frain;



Now are my garments made per-fect-ly clean, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
Faith in the blood of my cru-ci-fied Lord Fills me with won-der-ful peace.
He that was ho-ly and harmless and good, Death for my ran-som en-dured.
Hope-less in-deed my con-di-tion had been, Mer-cy for-ev-er de-nied!
Praise Him who all our transgressions hath borne, But who now liv-eth a-gain.



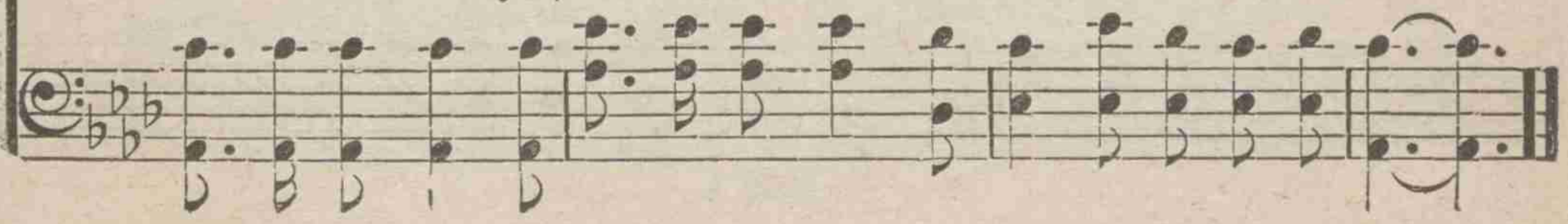
CHORUS.



Un-der the blood! Un-der the blood! My sins are un-der the blood; . . .
yes, pre-cious blood;



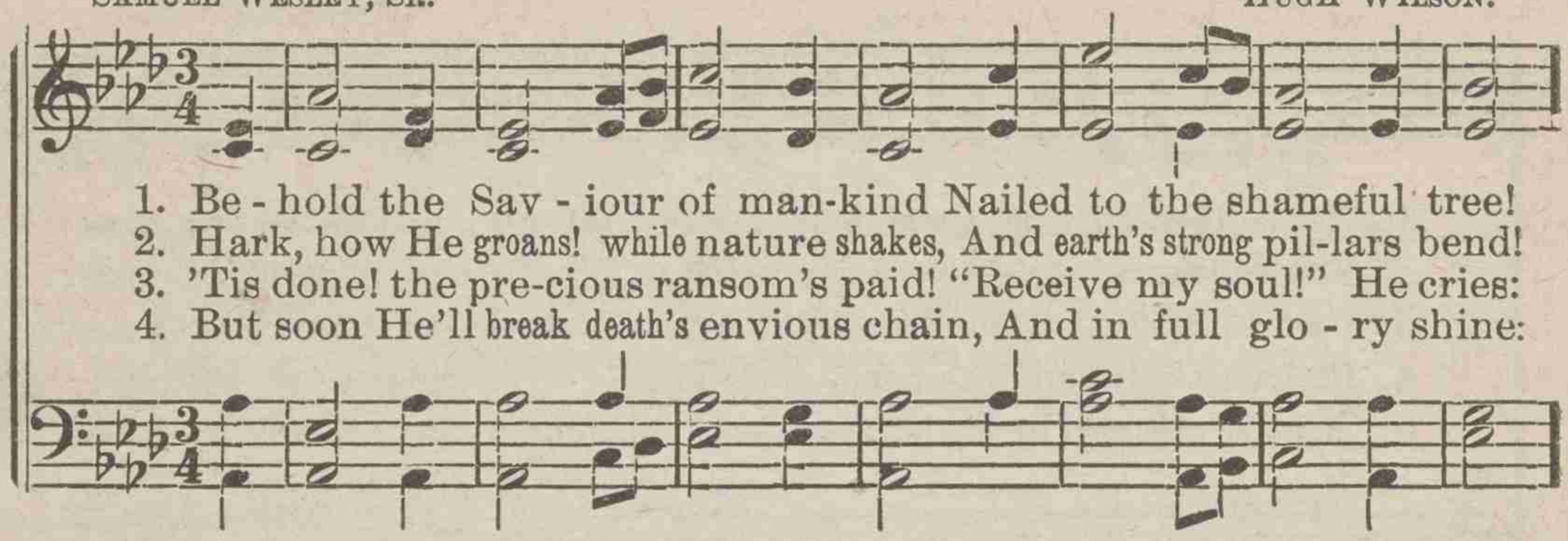
Un-der the blood! Un-der the blood! My sins are un-der the blood.
yes,

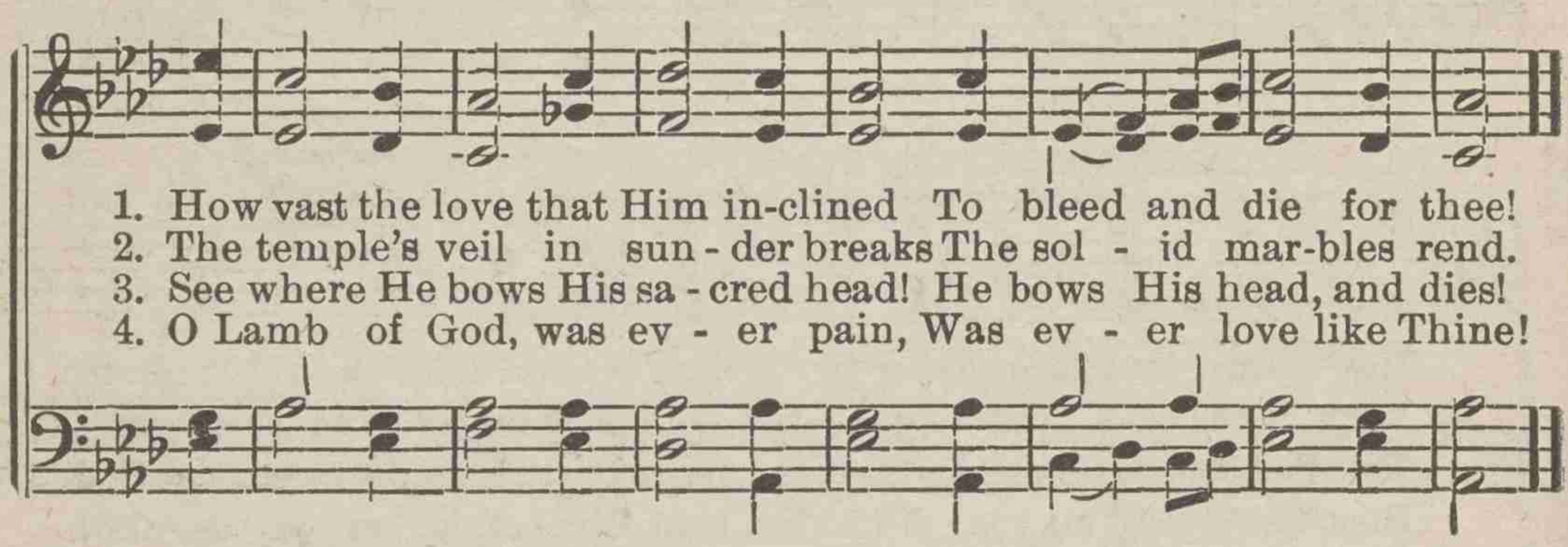


67 Behold the Saviour of Mankind.

AVON. C. M.

SAMUEL WESLEY, SR. HUGH WILSON.

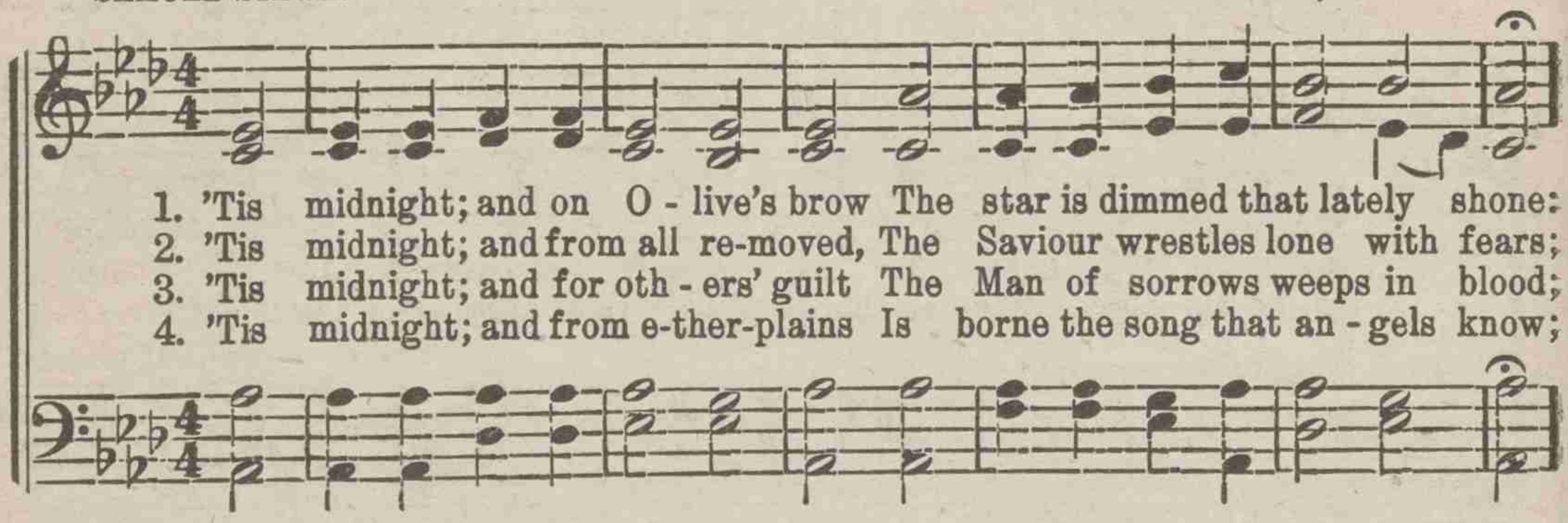


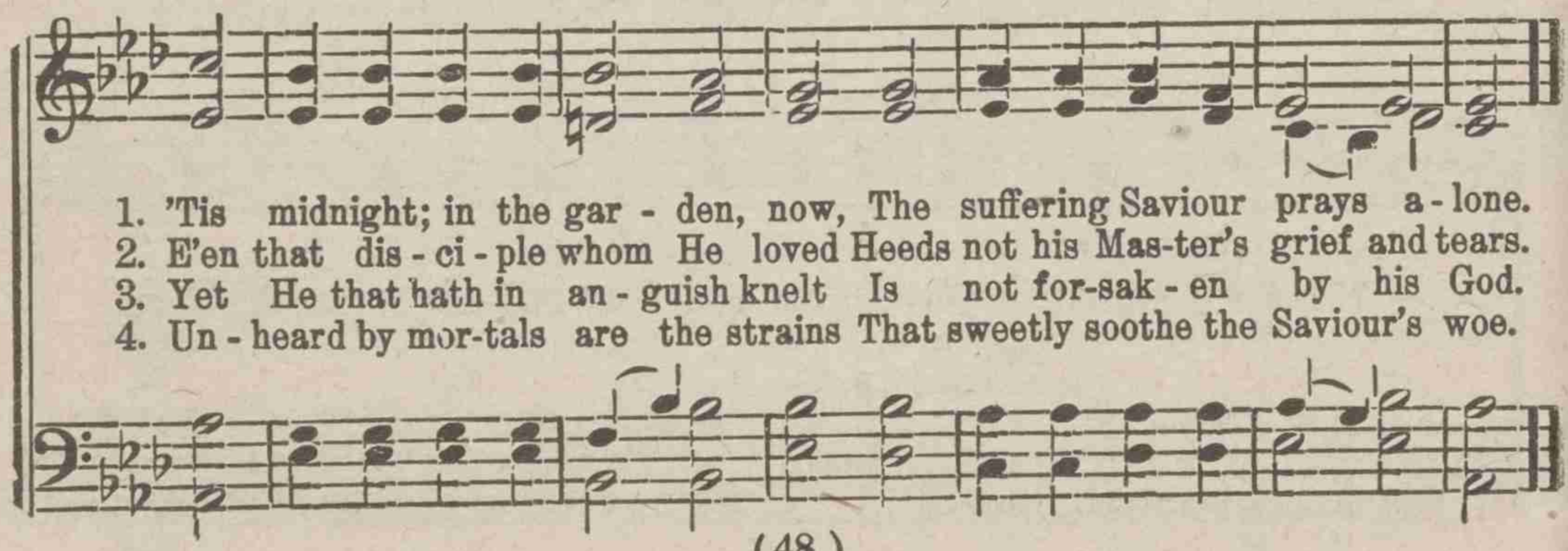


68 'Tis Midnight, and On Olive's Brow.

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

SAMUEL STEWART. W. B. BRADBURY, 1816–1868.





69 O Sacred Head, Now Wounded.

SHIPP. 7s & 6s. Double.

BERNARD. Tr. by J. W. ALEXANDER. SIGISMUND THALBERG.



70 "'Tis Finished!" So the Saviour Cried.

(Sung to "Olive's Brow." L. M. Opposite page.)

SAMUEL STENNETT.

1 "'Tis finished!" so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed His head and died:
"'Tis finished!" yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

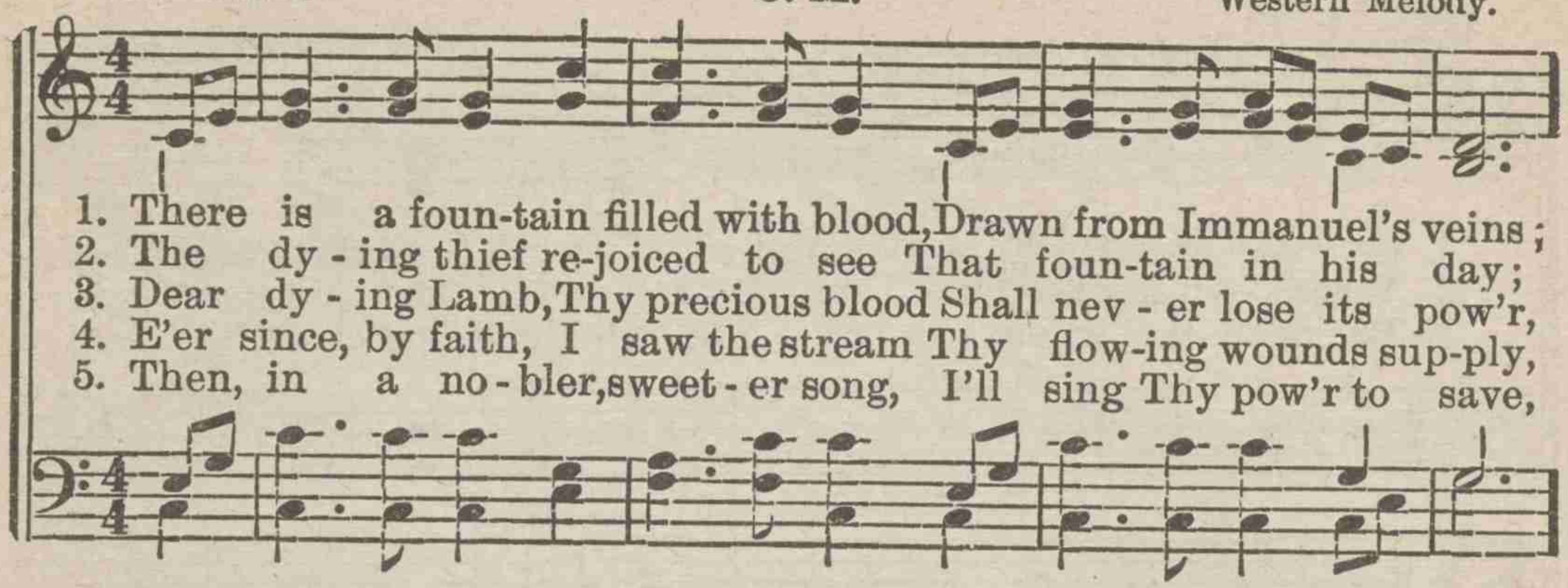
2 "'Tis finished!" this His dying groan
Shall sins of deepest hue atone,
And millions be redeemed from death
By Jesus' last, expiring breath.

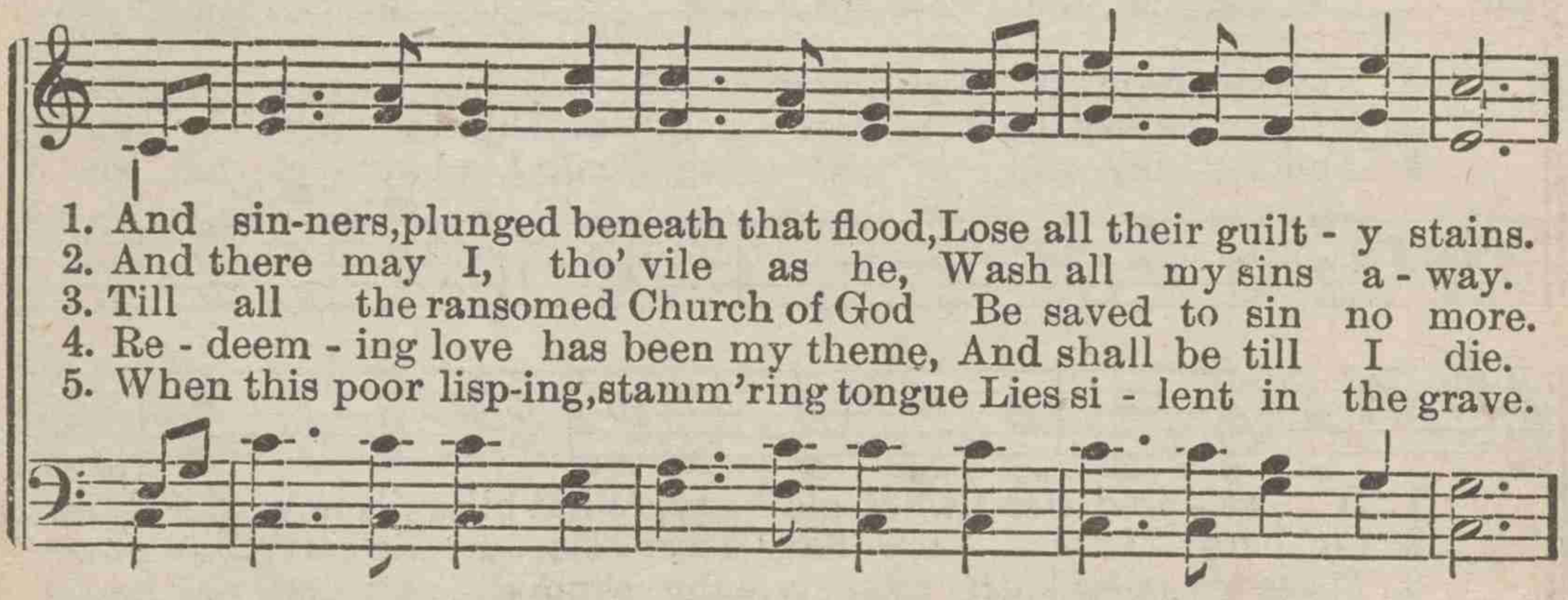
3 "'Tis finished!" Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled;
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

4 "'Tis finished!" let the joyful sound
Be heard thro' all the nations round:
"'Tis finished!" let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

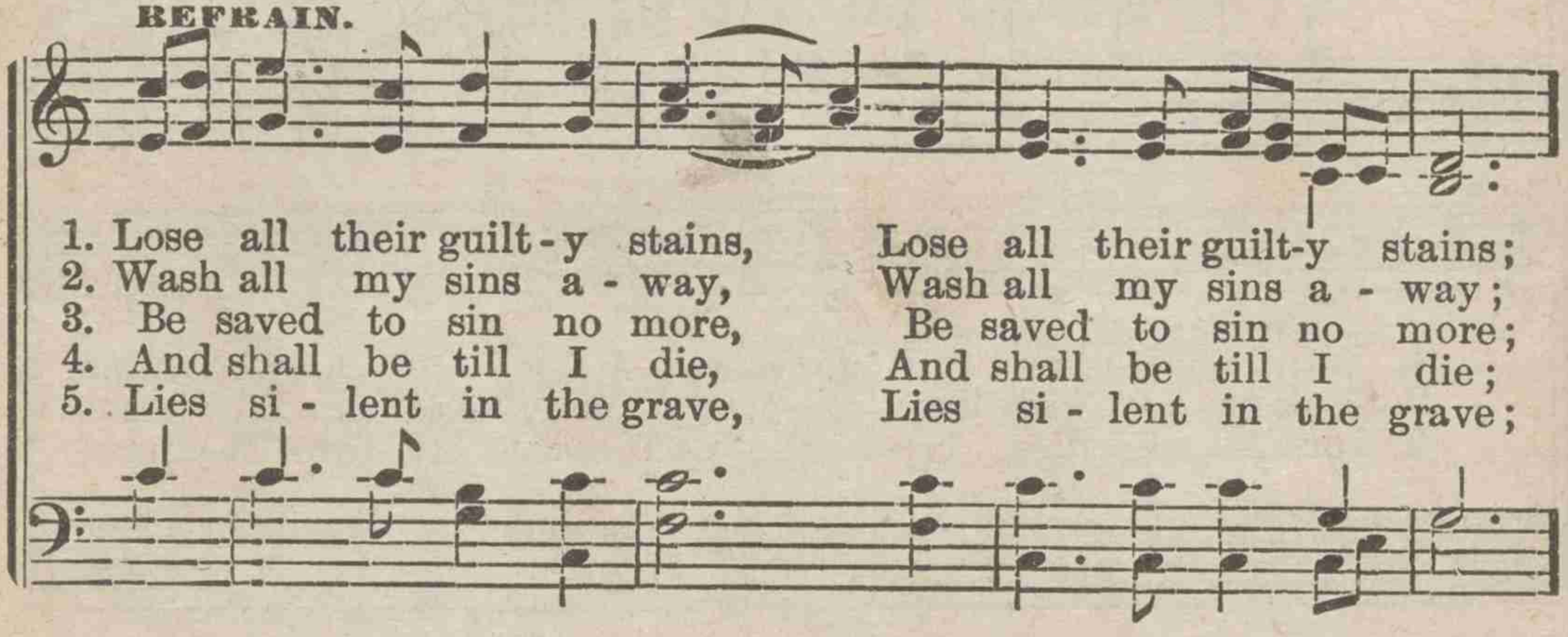
71 There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood.

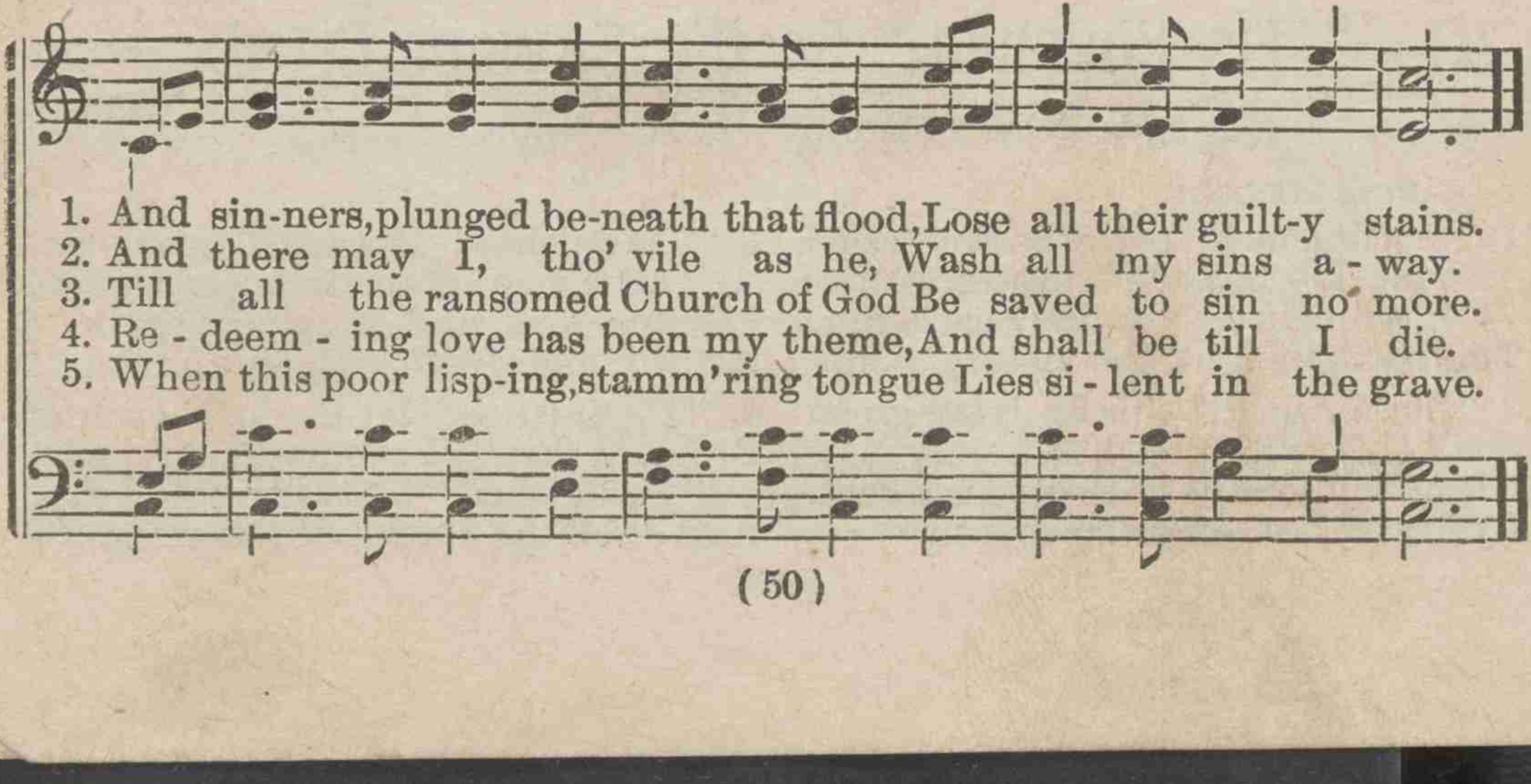
WM. COWPER. C. M. Western Melody.





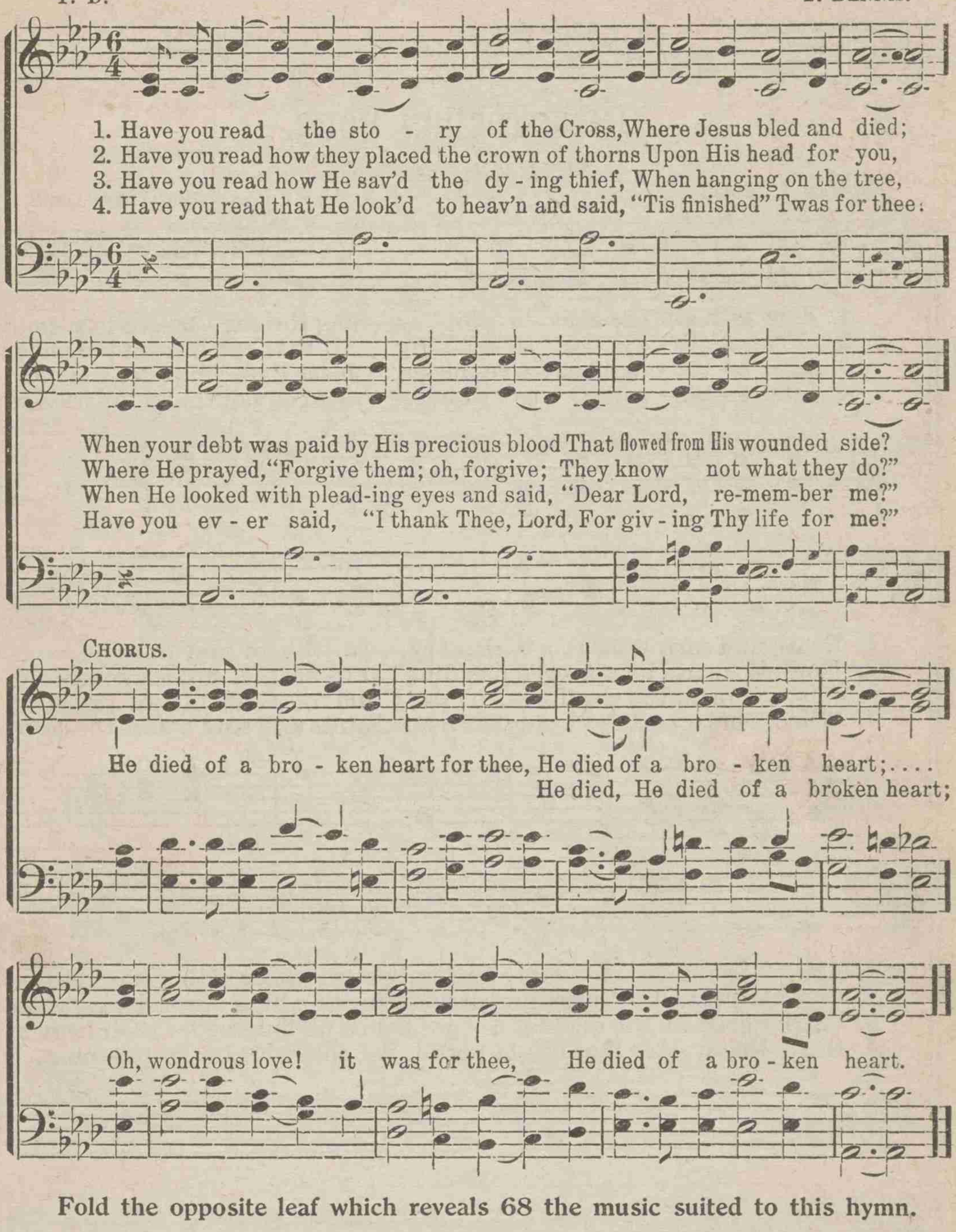
REFRAIN.





72 He Died of a Broken Heart.

T. D. T. DENNIS.



Fold the opposite leaf which reveals 68 the music suited to this hymn.

73 The Wondrous Sight.

1 While in the agonies of death,
The Saviour yields His latest breath,
We, too, will mount on Calv'ry's height,
And contemplate the wondrous sight.

2 O Lamb of God, by faith we see
How all our hopes are fixed on Thee;
Thy cross we see, ordained by heav'n,
For man to look, and be forgiv'n.

3 By this thy saints to glory come,
By this they brave the martyr's doom;
In this the surest proof we find
Of God's vast love to lost mankind,

4 O banner of the cross, unfurled
To shine with glory thro' the world,
O may we ever cleave to Thee,
And Thou shalt our salvation be.

Tr. by John Chandler.

Resurrection--Easter.

	No.		No.		No.
Resurrection Song	74	I Know that My	77	Hail the Day	79
Christ, the Lord	75	The Head that Once	78	The Conqueror	80
The Lord is Risen	76				

74 Resurrection Song.

AUTUMN. 8s, 7s, D.

WILLIAM J. IRONS. LOUIS VON ESCH.

1. Sing with all the sons of glo - ry, Sing the res - ur-rec-tion song;
2. O what glo - ry, far ex-ceed-ing All that eye has yet perceived!
3. Life e - ter - nal! heav'n re-joic-es, Jesus lives who once was dead;
4. Life e - ter - nal! O what wonders Crowd on faith; what joy unknown,

1. Death and sorrow, earth's dark story, To the for-mer days be-long:
2. Ho-liest hearts for a - ges pleading, Nev - er that full joy conceived.
3. Join, O man, the deathless voic-es, Child of God, lift up thy head!
4. When, amidst earth's closing thunders, Saints shall stand before the throne!

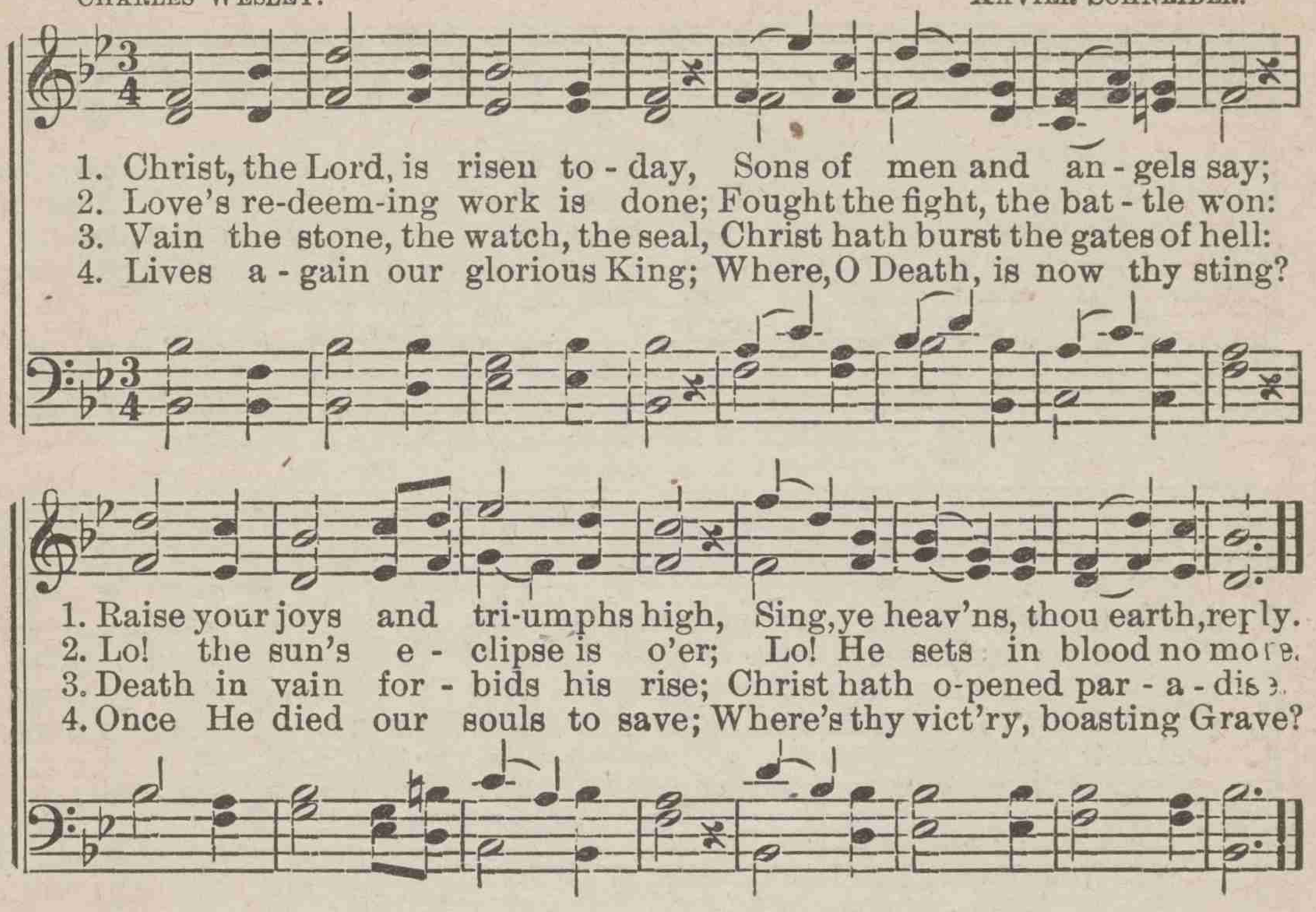
1. All a-round the clouds are breaking, Soon the storms of time shall cease,
2. God has promised, Christ prepares it, There on high our welcome waits;
3. Patriarchs from the dis-tant a - ges, Saints all longing for their heav'n,
4. O to en - ter that bright portal, See that glowing fir-ma-ment,

1. In God's like-ness, man a-wak-ing, Knows the ev - er-last-ing peace.
2. Ev - 'ry hum-ble spir - it shares it, Christ has passed the eternal gates.
3. Prophets, psalmists, seers, and sa - ges, All a - wait the glo - ry giv'n.
4. Know, with Thee, O God im-mor-tal, "Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent!"

75 Christ, the Lord, is Risen To-day.

HORTON. 7s.

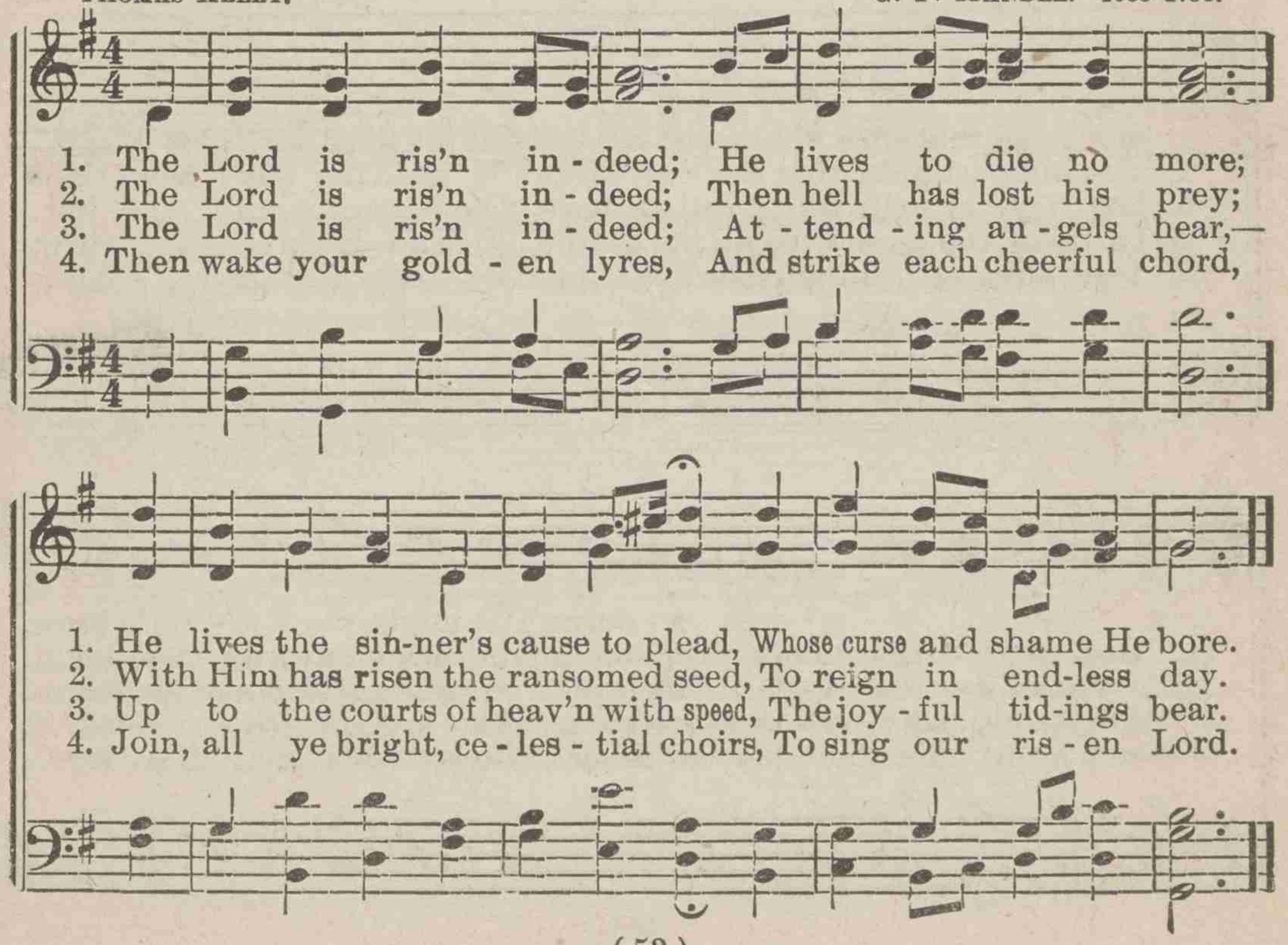
CHARLES WESLEY. XAVIER SCHNEIDER.



76 The Lord is Risen Indeed.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

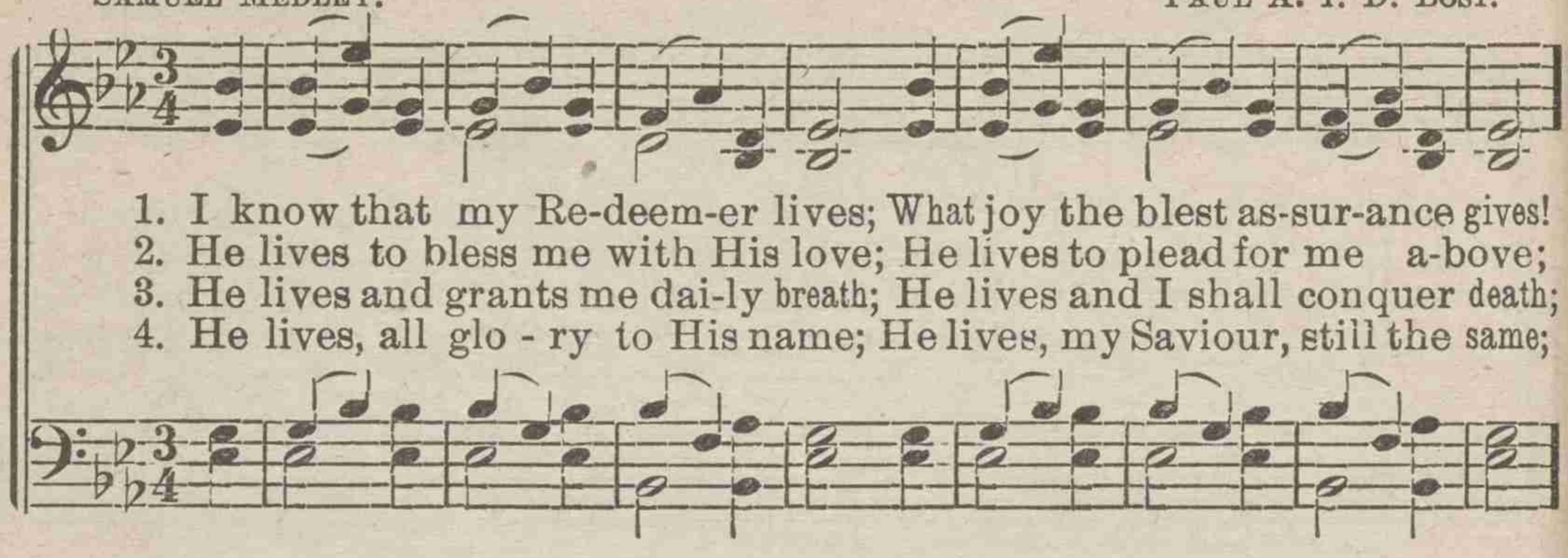
THOMAS KELLY. G. F. HANDEL. 1985–1756.



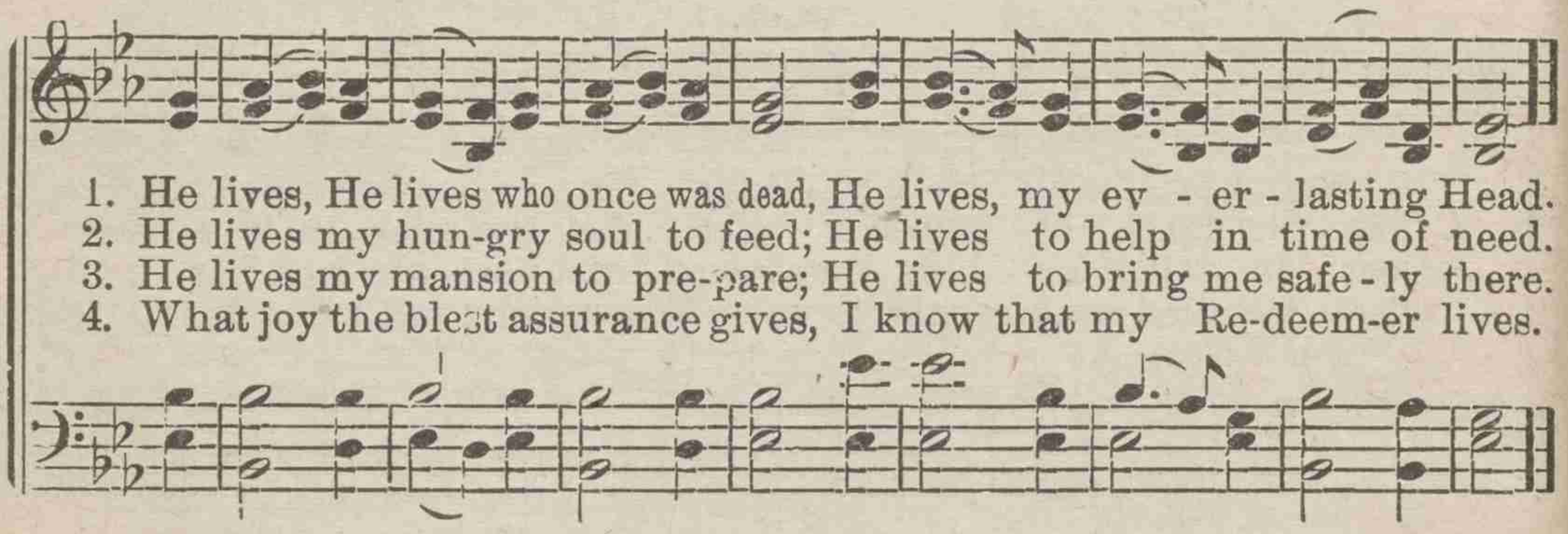
77 I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

GRATITUDE. L. M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. PAUL A. I. D. BOST.



1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives; What joy the blest as-sur-ance gives!
2. He lives to bless me with His love; He lives to plead for me a-bove;
3. He lives and grants me dai-ly breath; He lives and I shall conquer death;
4. He lives, all glo - ry to His name; He lives, my Saviour, still the same;



1. He lives, He lives who once was dead, He lives, my ev - er - lasting Head.
2. He lives my hun-gry soul to feed; He lives to help in time of need.
3. He lives my mansion to pre-pare; He lives to bring me safe - ly there.
4. What joy the blest assurance gives, I know that my Re-deem-er lives.

78 Crowned With Glory.

HEBER. C. M.

THOMAS KELLY. GEO. KINGSLEY.



1. The head that once was crowned with thorns, Is crowned with glo - ry now;
2. The high-est place that heav'n af - fords Is His by sov - 'reign right,
3. The joy of all who dwell a - bove, The joy of all be - low,
4. To them the cross with all its shame, With all its grace is giv'n;
5. They suf-fer with their Lord be - low, They reign with Him a - bove;



1. A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might-y Vic - tor's brow.
2. The King of kings, and Lord of lords, And heav'n's e - ter - nal Light.
3. To whom He man - i - fests His love, And grants His name to know.
4. Their name, an ev - er - last - ing name, Their joy, the joy of heav'n.
5. Their profit and their joy to know The mys-t'ry of His love.

79 Hail the Day That Sees Him Rise.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

CHARLES WESLEY. IGNACE PLEYEL.



1. Hail the day that sees Him rise, Rav-ished from our wish-ful eyes!
2. There the pom-pous tri-umph waits: Lift your heads, e-ter-nal gates;
3. Cir-cled round with an-gel pow'rs, Their tri-umph-ant Lord and ours,
4. Him though high-est heav'n re-ceives, Still He loves the earth He leaves;
5. Sav-iour, part-ed from our sight, High a-bove yon az-ure height,

1. Christ, a-while to mor-tals giv'n, Re-as-cends His na-tive heav'n.
2. Wide un-fold the ra-diant scene; Take the King of glo-ry in!
3. Con-queror o-ver death and sin, Take the King of glo-ry in!
4. Tho' re-turn-ing to His throne, Still He calls man-kind His own.
5. Grant our hearts may thith-er rise, Following Thee be-yond the skies.

80 Jesus, the Conqueror, Reigns.

GERAR. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. LOWELL MASON.

1. Jesus, the Conqueror reigns, In glo-rious strength arrayed; His kingdom o-ver
2. Ye sons of men, re-joice In Je-sus' might-y love; Lift up your heart, lift
3. Ex-tol His king-ly pow'r; Kiss the ex-alt-ed Son, Who died, and lives to
4. Our Ad-vo-cate with God, He un-der-takes our cause, And spreads thro' all the

1. all maintains, His kingdom o-ver all maintains, And bids the earth be glad.
2. up your voice, Lift up your heart, lift up your voice, To Him who rules a-bove.
3. die no more, Who died, and lives to die no more, High on His Fa-ther's throne.
4. earth abroad, And spreads thro' all the earth abroad The vict'ry of His cross.

Holy Spirit.

	No.		No.		No.
Come, Holy Spirit	81	Old-Time Power	85	Promised Comforter	88
Come, Holy Ghost	82	Holy Ghost, in Love	86	Holy Ghost	89
O For That Flame	83	O Spirit of the Living	87	Holy Spirit	90
Lord God, the Holy	84				

81 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.

BALERMA. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. R. SIMPSON.



1. Come, Ho-ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs,
2. Look how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth-ly toys;
3. In vain we tune our for-mal songs, In vain we strive to rise;
4. And shall we then for - ev - er live, At this poor dy - ing rate?
5. Come, Ho-ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs,

1. Kin-dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
2. Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
3. Ho - san-nas lan-guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
4. Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great.
5. Come, shed a-broad a Saviour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

82 Come, Holy Ghost, Our Hearts Inspire.

CHARLES WESLEY. MILAM. C. M. D. WARD MILAM.



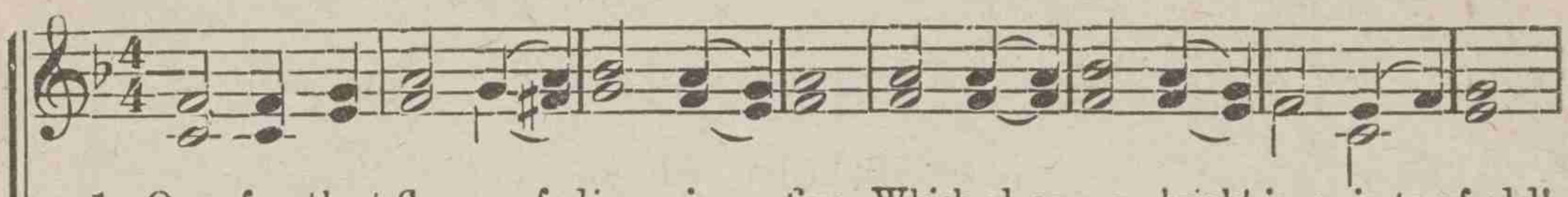
1. Come, Ho-ly Ghost our hearts in-spire; Let us Thine in-fluence prove,
2. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, for moved by Thee The prophets wrote and spoke;
3. Ex - pand Thy wings, ce - les - tial Dove, Brood o'er our na - ture's night;

Source of the old pro-phet - ic fire, Foun-tain of light and love.
Un - lock the truth, Thy-self the key, Un - seal the sa - cred Book.
On our dis - or-dered spir-its move, And let there now be light.

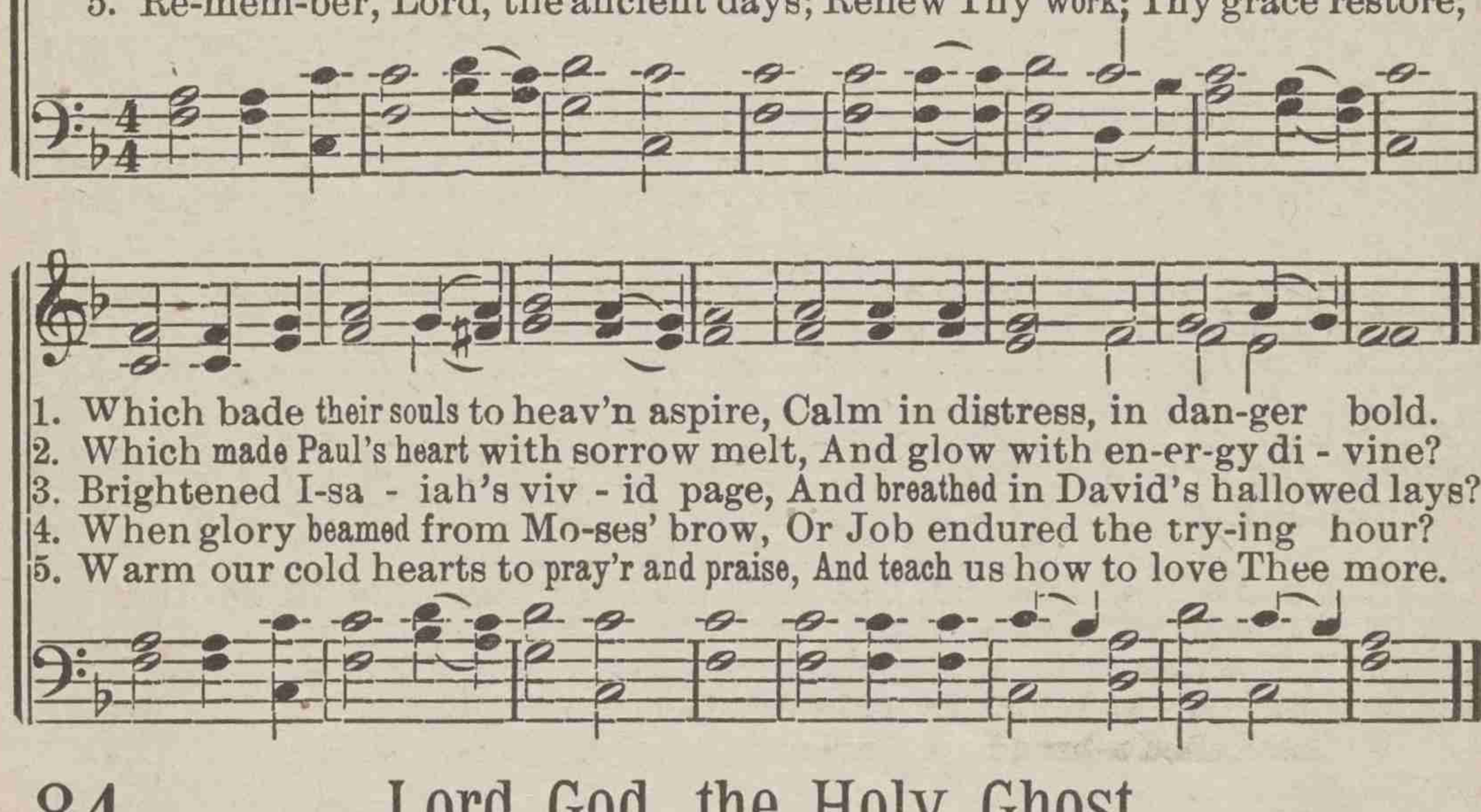
83 O for That Flame of Living Fire.

GREGORIAN. L. M.

WILLIAM H. BATHURST. LOWELL MASON.



1. O for that flame of liv - ing fire, Which shone so bright in saints of old!
2. Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt In Abraham's breast, and sealed him Thine?
3. That Spirit which, from age to age Proclaimed Thy love, and taught Thy ways?
4. Is not Thy grace as might-y now As when E-li - jah felt its pow'r;
5. Re-mem-ber, Lord, the ancient days; Renew Thy work; Thy grace restore;

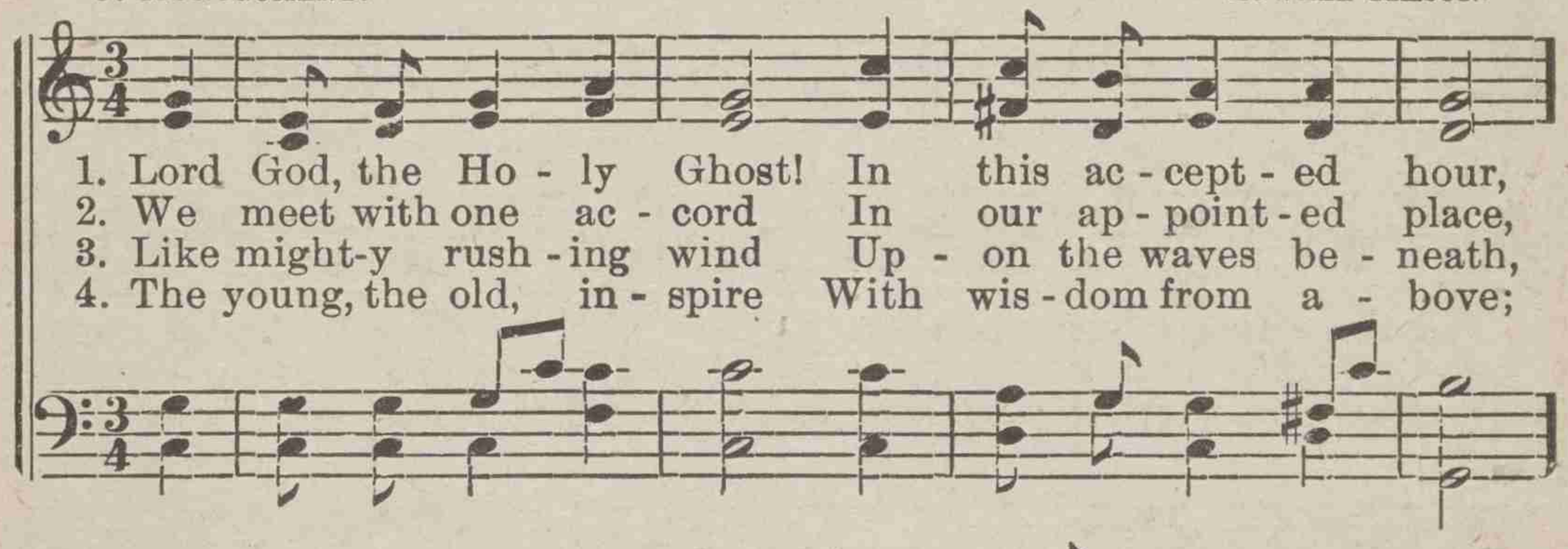


1. Which bade their souls to heav'n aspire, Calm in distress, in dan-ger bold.
2. Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt, And glow with en-er-gy di - vine?
3. Brightened I-sa - iah's viv - id page, And breathed in David's hallowed lays?
4. When glory beamed from Mo-ses' brow, Or Job endured the try-ing hour?
5. Warm our cold hearts to pray'r and praise, And teach us how to love Thee more.

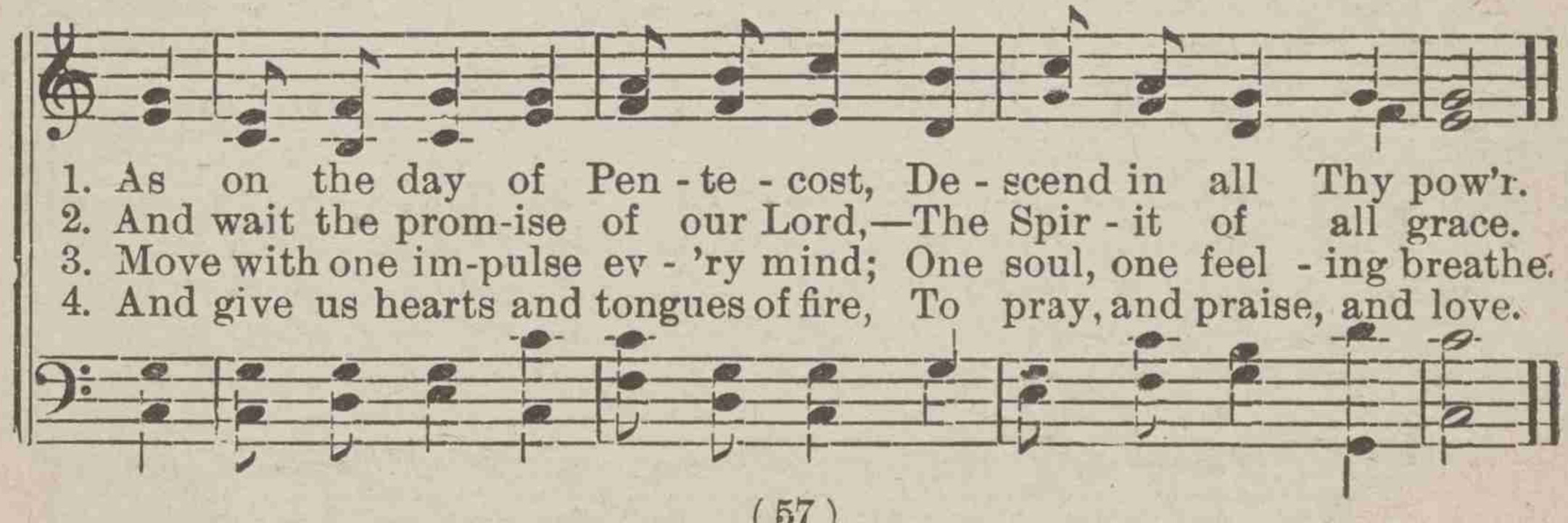
84 Lord God, the Holy Ghost.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

J. MONTGOMERY. LOWELL MASON.



1. Lord God, the Ho - ly Ghost! In this ac - cept - ed hour,
2. We meet with one ac - cord In our ap - point - ed place,
3. Like might-y rush - ing wind Up - on the waves be - neath,
4. The young, the old, in - spire With wis - dom from a - bove;



1. As on the day of Pen - te - cost, De - scend in all Thy pow'r.
2. And wait the prom-ise of our Lord,—The Spir - it of all grace.
3. Move with one im-pulse ev - 'ry mind; One soul, one feel - ing breathe.
4. And give us hearts and tongues of fire, To pray, and praise, and love.

85 Old-Time Power.

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

C. D. T. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. They were in an up - er cham-ber, They were all with one ac - cord,
2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n descended, With the sound of rushing wind;
4. Yes, this "old-time" pow'r was giv - en To our fa-ther's who were true;

1. When the Ho - ly Ghost de - scended, As was promised by our Lord.
2. Tongues of fire came down up-on them, As the Lord said He would send.
3. This is promised to be - liev - ers, And we all may have it, too.

CHORUS.

O Lord, send the pow'r just now, O Lord, send the pow'r just now,

O Lord, send the pow'r just now, And bap-tize ev - 'ry one.

Copyright, 1895, by Charlie D. Tillman.

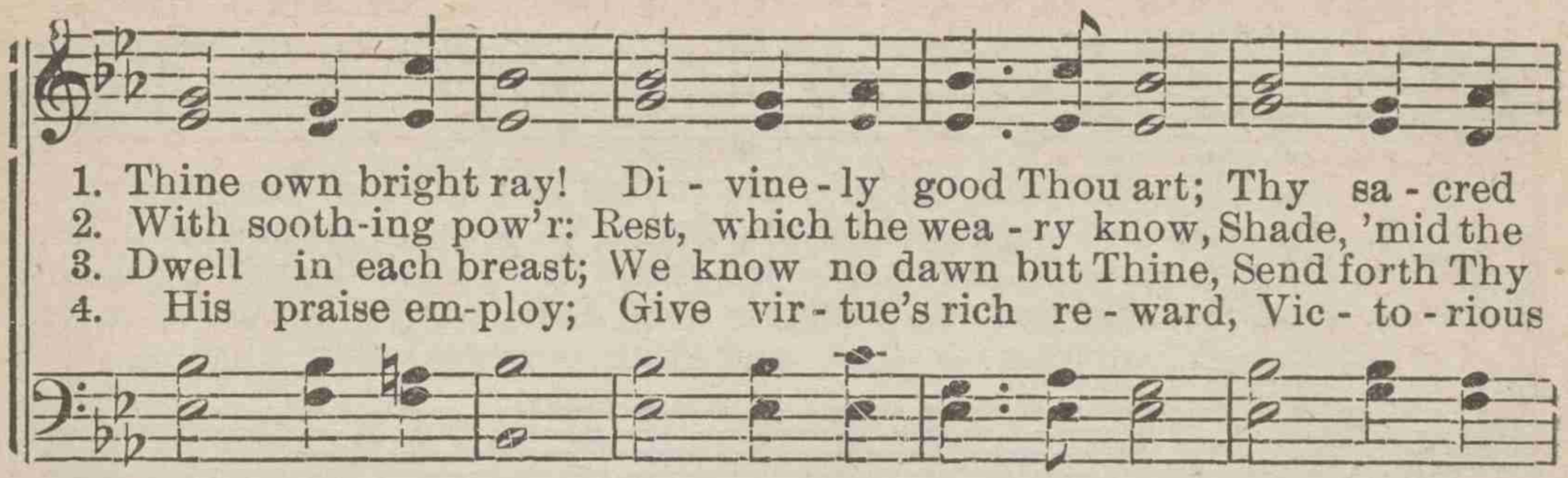
86 Come, Holy Ghost, In Love.

OLIVET.

ROBERT II, King of France. LOWELL MASON.

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, in love, Shed on us from a - bove
2. Come, tenderest Friend, and best, Our most de - light - ful Guest,
3. Come, Light se - rene, and still Our in - most bos - oms fill,
4. Come, all the faith - ful bless; Let all who Christ con - fess

Come, Holy Ghost, In Love. Concluded.



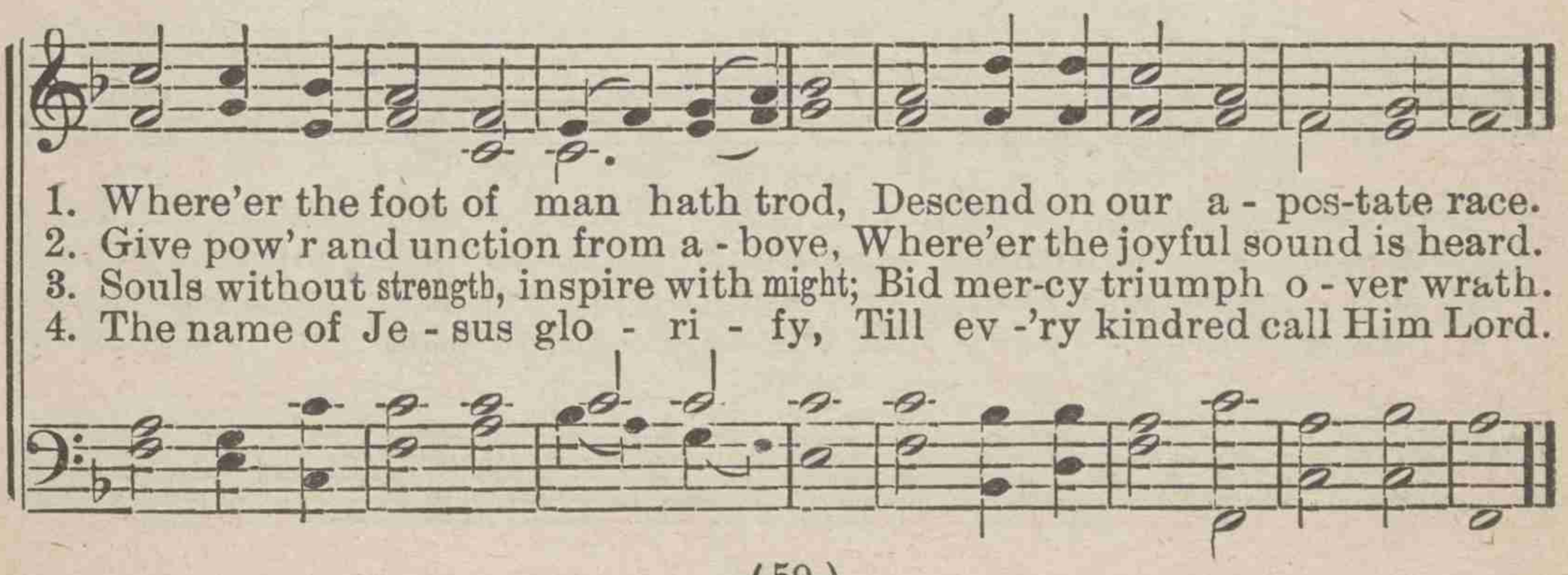


87 O Spirit of the Living God!

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

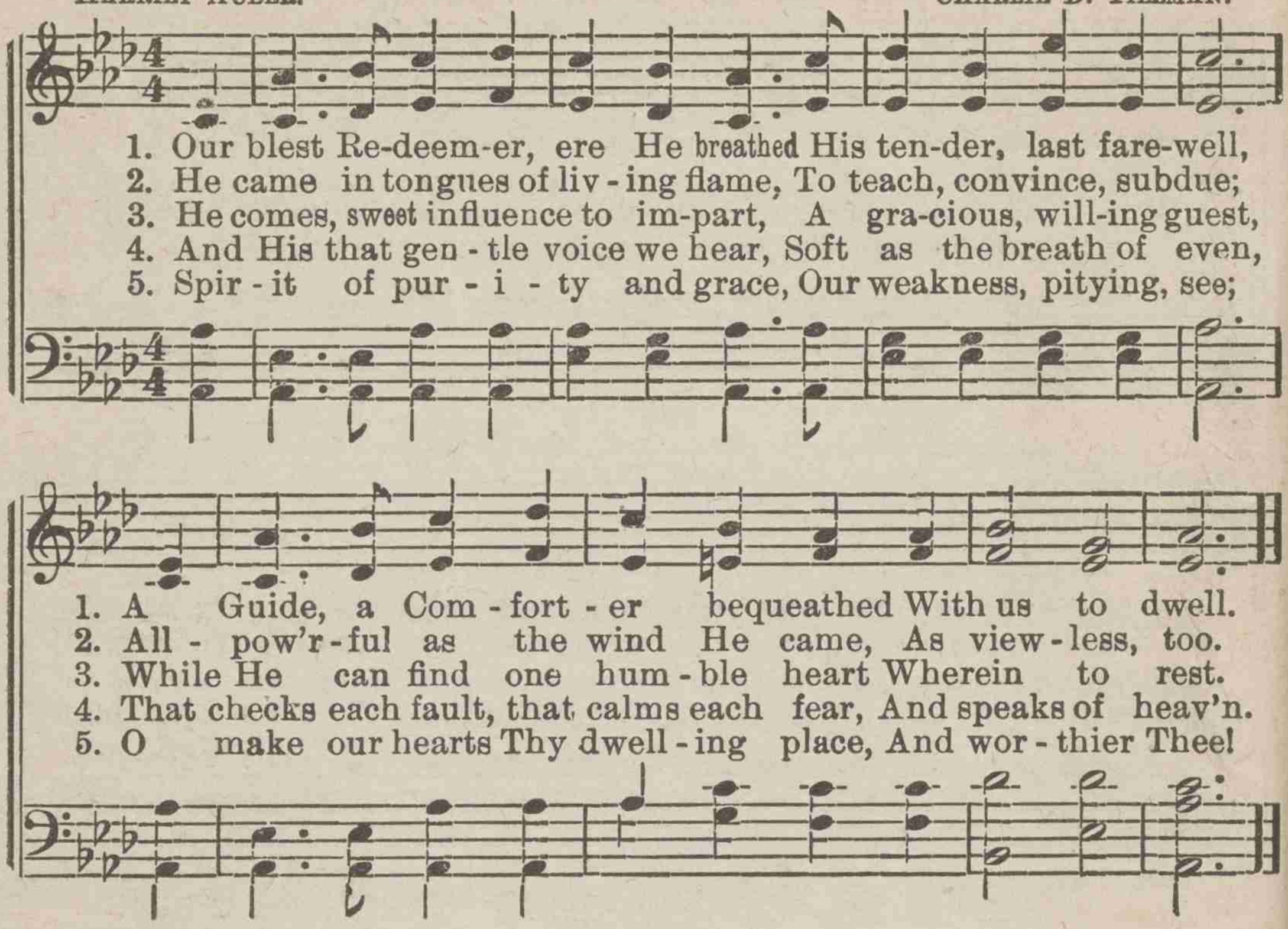
JAMES MONTGOMERY. HENRY K. OLIVER.





88 The Promised Comforter.

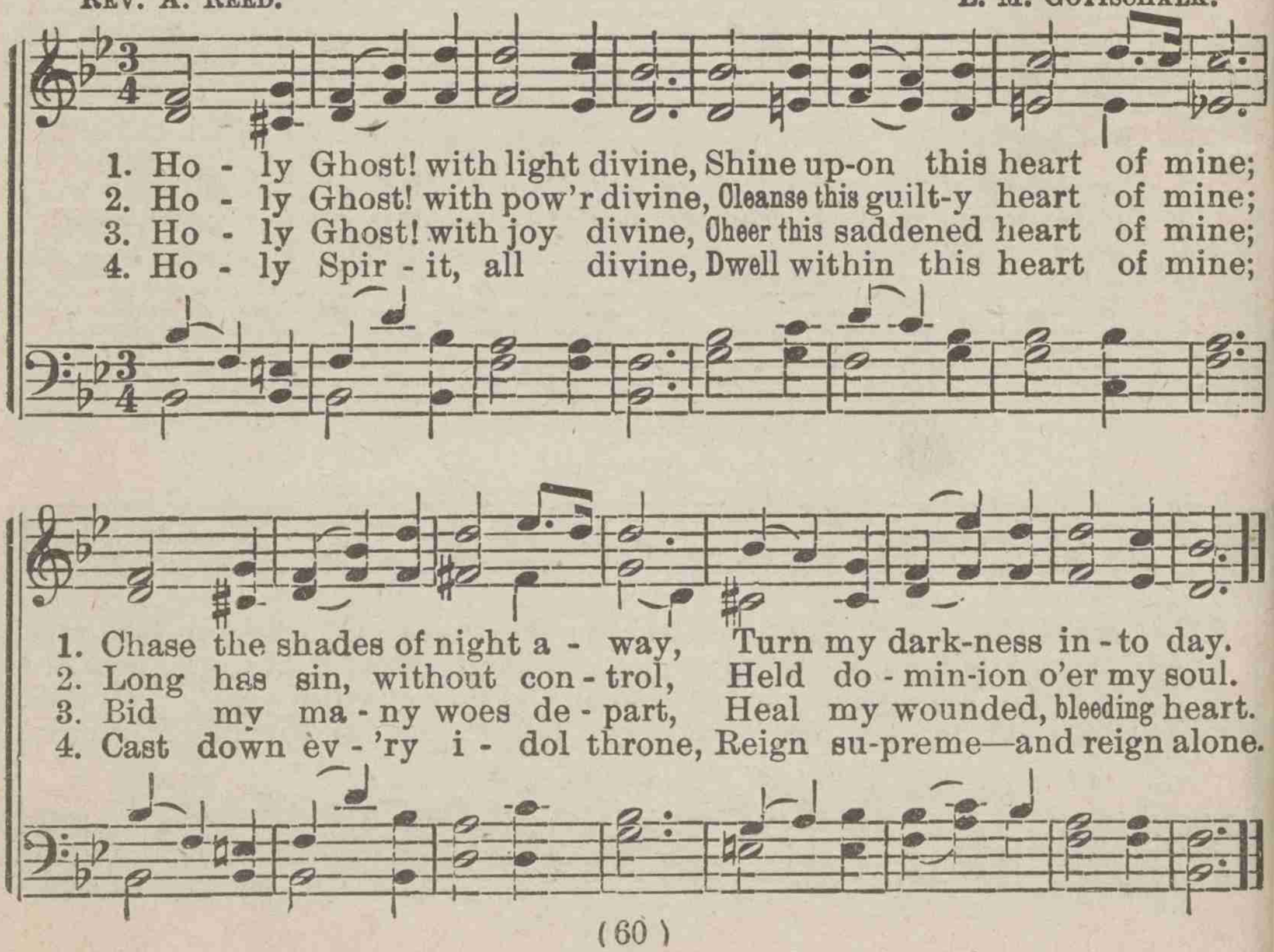
HARRIET AUBER. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



89 Holy Ghost! With Light Divine.

LAST HOPE. 7s.

REV. A. REED. L. M. GOTTSCHALK.



90 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

FAITHFUL GUIDE. 7s, D.

M. M. W. MARCUS M. WELLS.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side;
2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re - lease,

1. Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a des - ert land;
2. Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in darkness drear;
3. Noth - ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names were there;

1. Wea - ry souls for - e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
2. When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
3. Wad-ing deep the dis - mal flood, Pleading naught but Je - sus' blood,

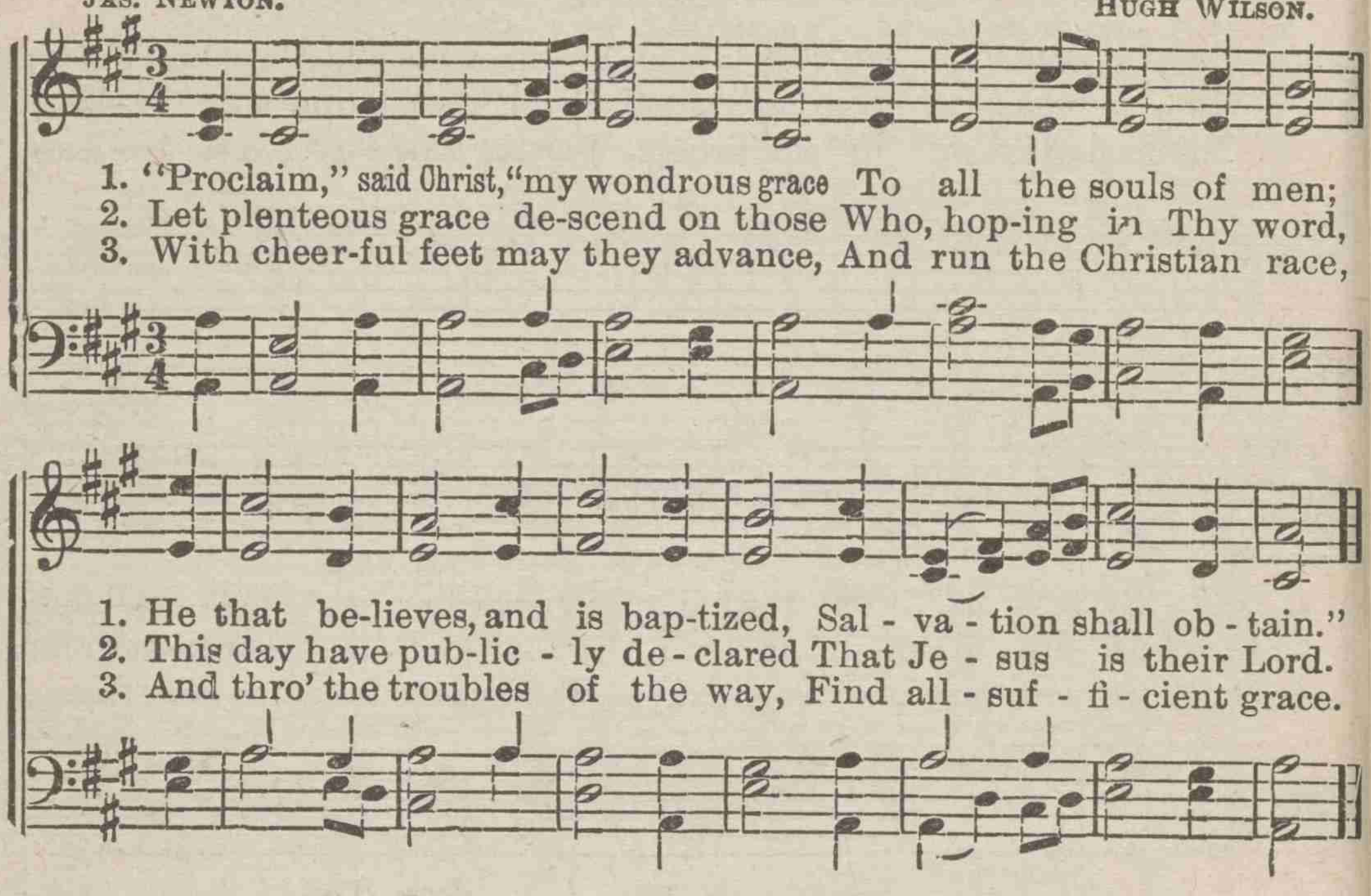
1. Whisp'ring soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."
2. Whis - per soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."
3. Whis - per soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

Baptism.

91 He That Believes.

AVON. C. M.

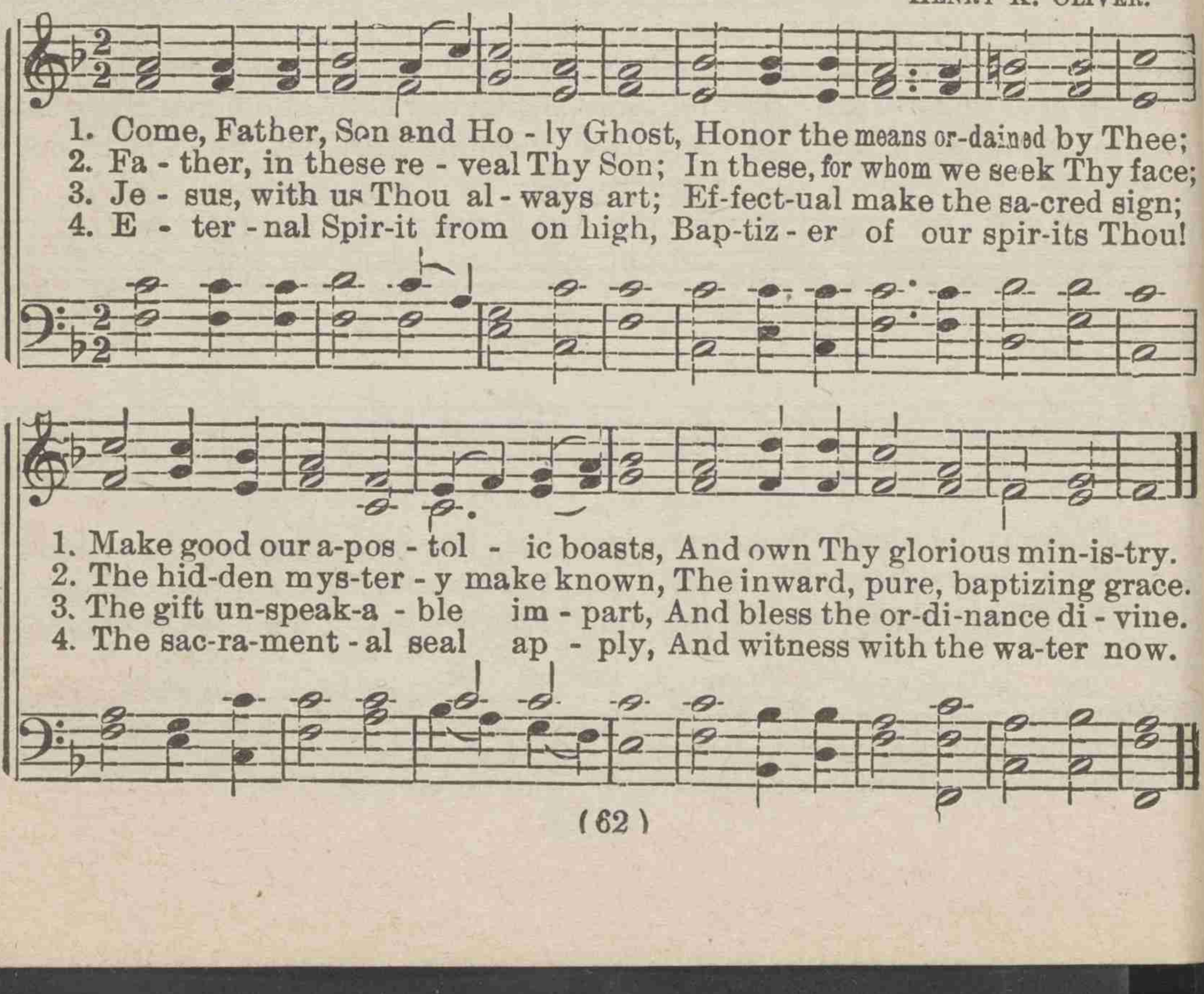
JAS. NEWTON. HUGH WILSON.



92 Witness With the Water.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

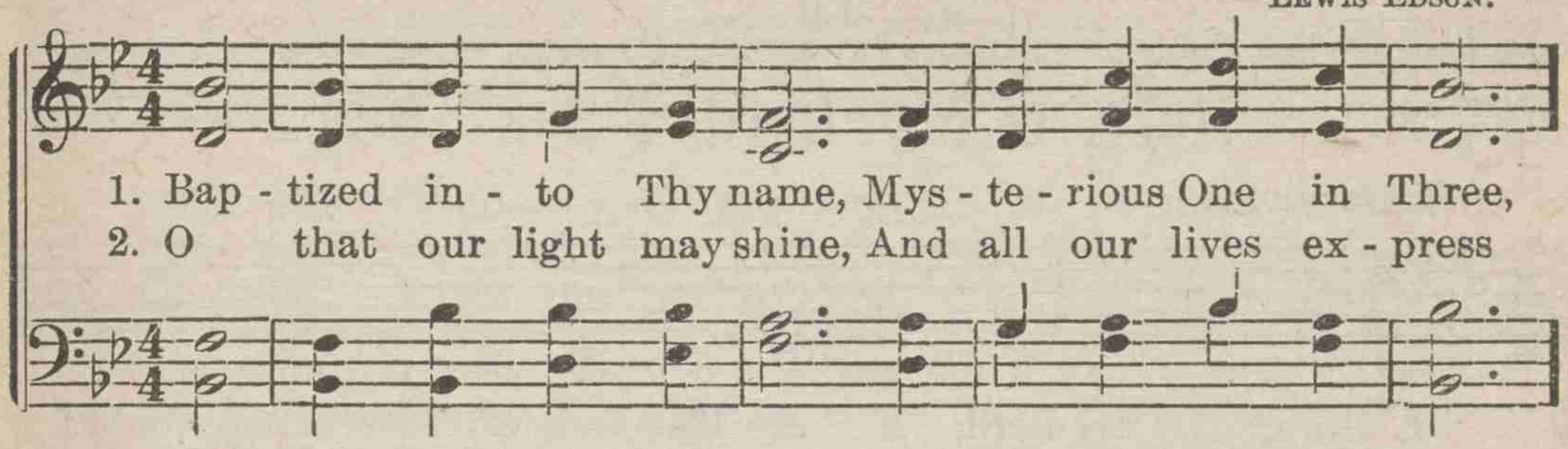
CHARLES WESLEY. HENRY K. OLIVER.



93 Baptized Into Thy Name.

LENOX. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

LEWIS EDSON.







94 'Twas the Commission of Our Lord.

FEDERAL ST. L. M. (Sing to music on opposite page.)

1 'Twas the commission of our Lord,
"Go, teach the nations, and baptize:"
The nations have received the word
Since He ascended to the skies.

2 "Repent, and be baptized," He saith,
"For the remission of your sins;"
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what His gospel means.

3 Our souls He washes in His blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends, like purifying rain.

4 Thus we engage ourselves to Thee,
And seal our cov'nant with the Lord;
O may the great Eternal Three
In heaven our solemn vows record!

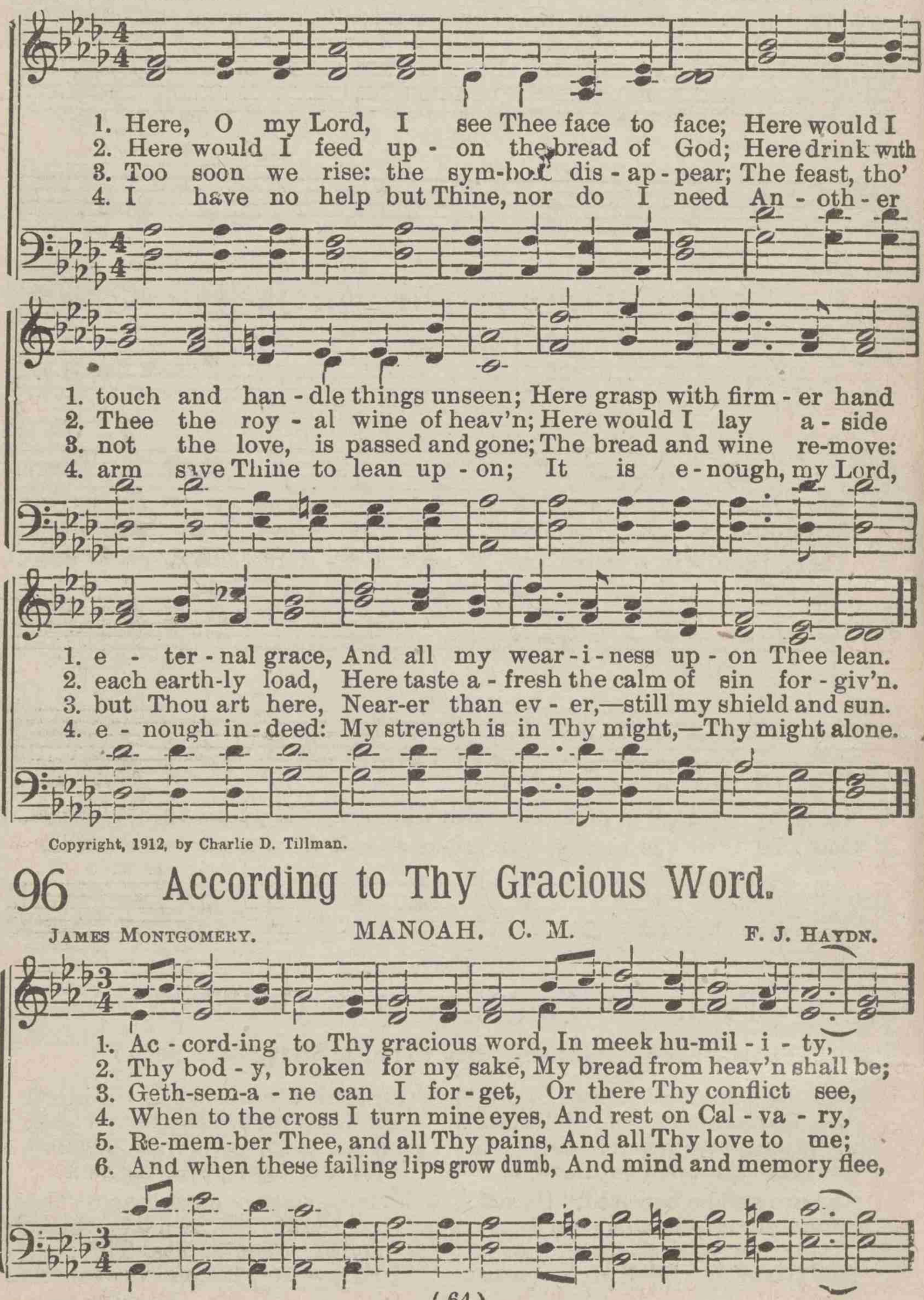
ISAAC WATTS.

The Lord's Supper.

	No.		No.		No.
Here, O My Lord	95	Jesus Invites	98	Amidst us Our Beloved	101
According to	96	The King of Heaven	99	A Parting Hymn	102
Blest Feast of Love	97	Lord, at Thy Table	100	See also 356,	359.

95 Here, O My Lord, I See Thee.

HORATIUS BONAR. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

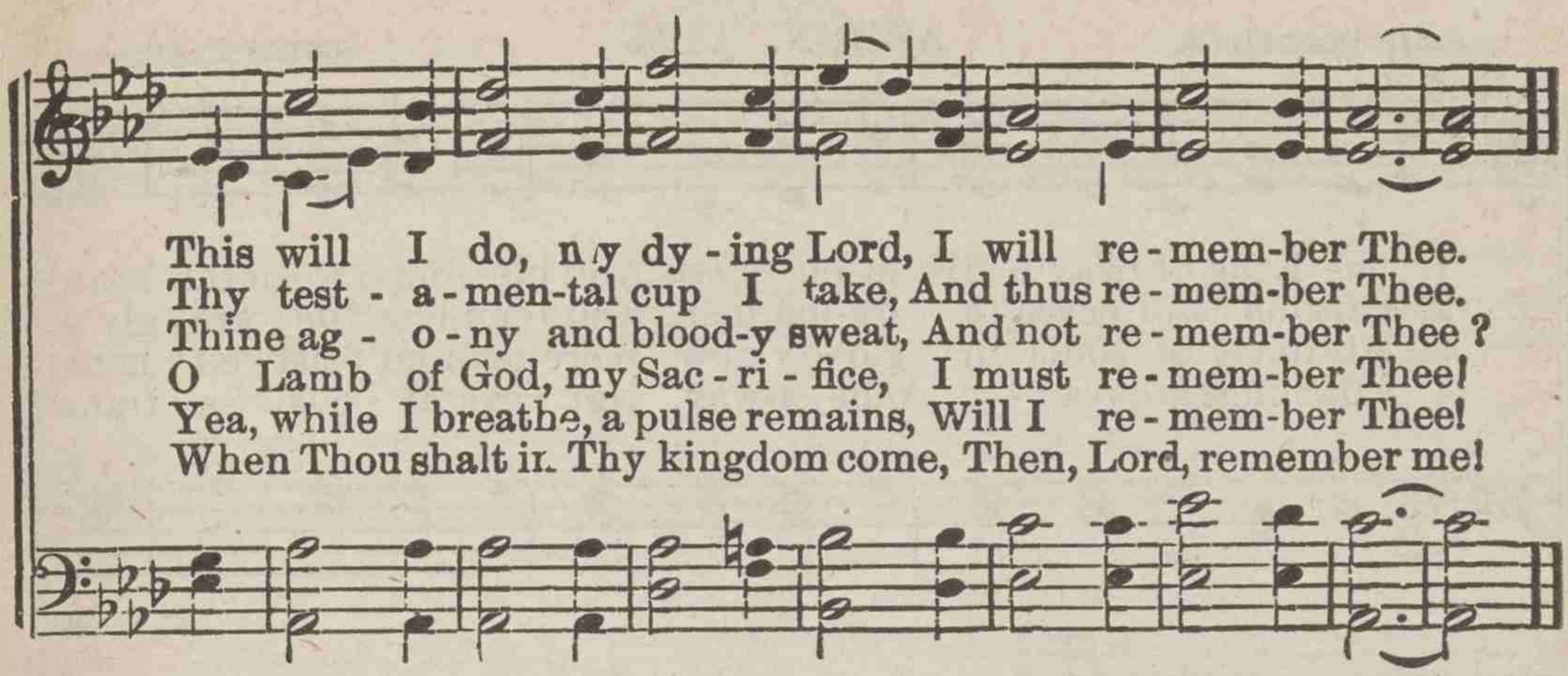


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96 According to Thy Gracious Word.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. MANOAH. C. M. F. J. HAYDN.

According to Thy Gracious Word. Concluded.



97 Blest Feast of Love Divine!

DENNIS. S. M.

EDWARD DENNY. H. G. NAGELI.



98 Jesus Invites His Saints.

Sung to above music.

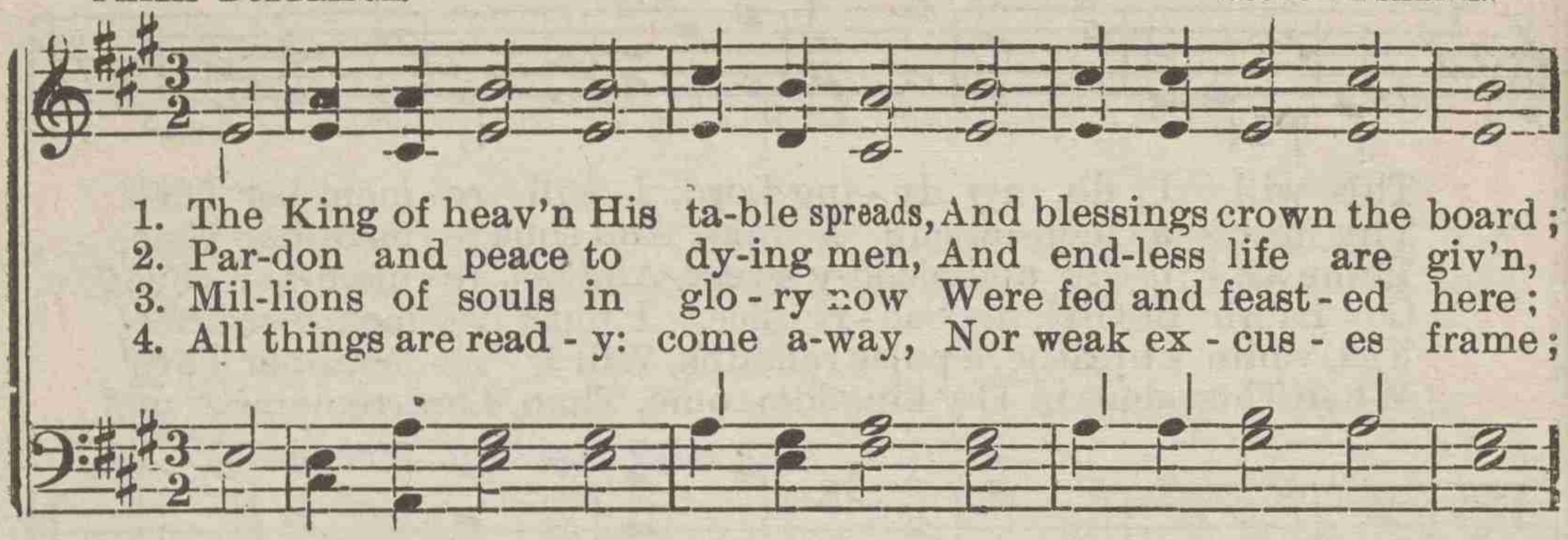
1 Jesus invites His saints
To meet around His board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

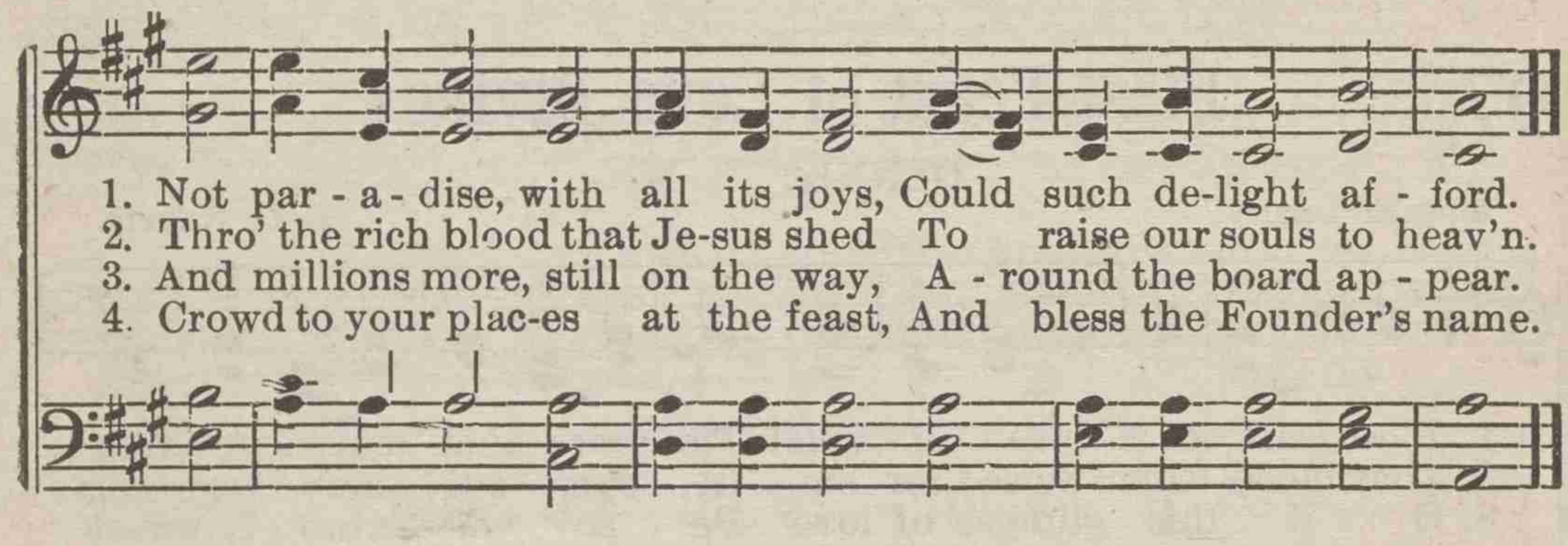
2 This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in His death.

3 Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise:
Let holy love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

99 The Table Spread.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. AZMON. C. M. SCOTCH PSALTER.

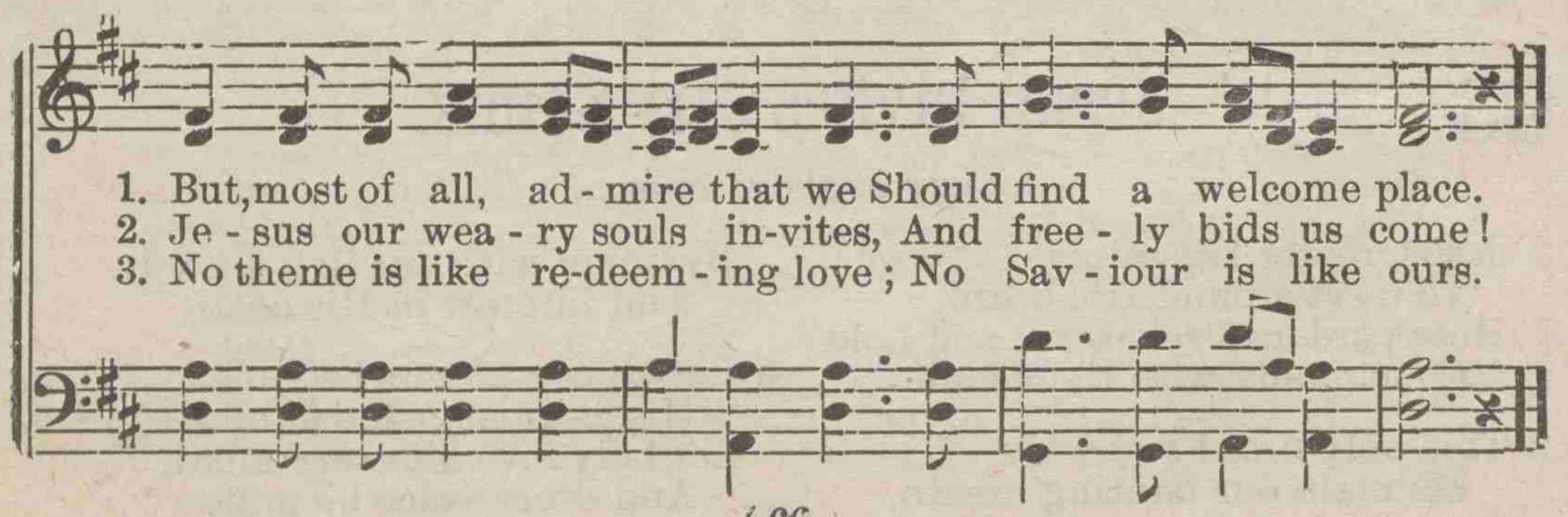




100 Lord, At Thy Table.

JOSEPH STENNETT. NAOMI. C. M. DR. LOWELL MASON.





101 Amidst Us Our Beloved Stands.

HAMBURG. L. M.

CHARLES H. SPURGEON. LOWELL MASON.



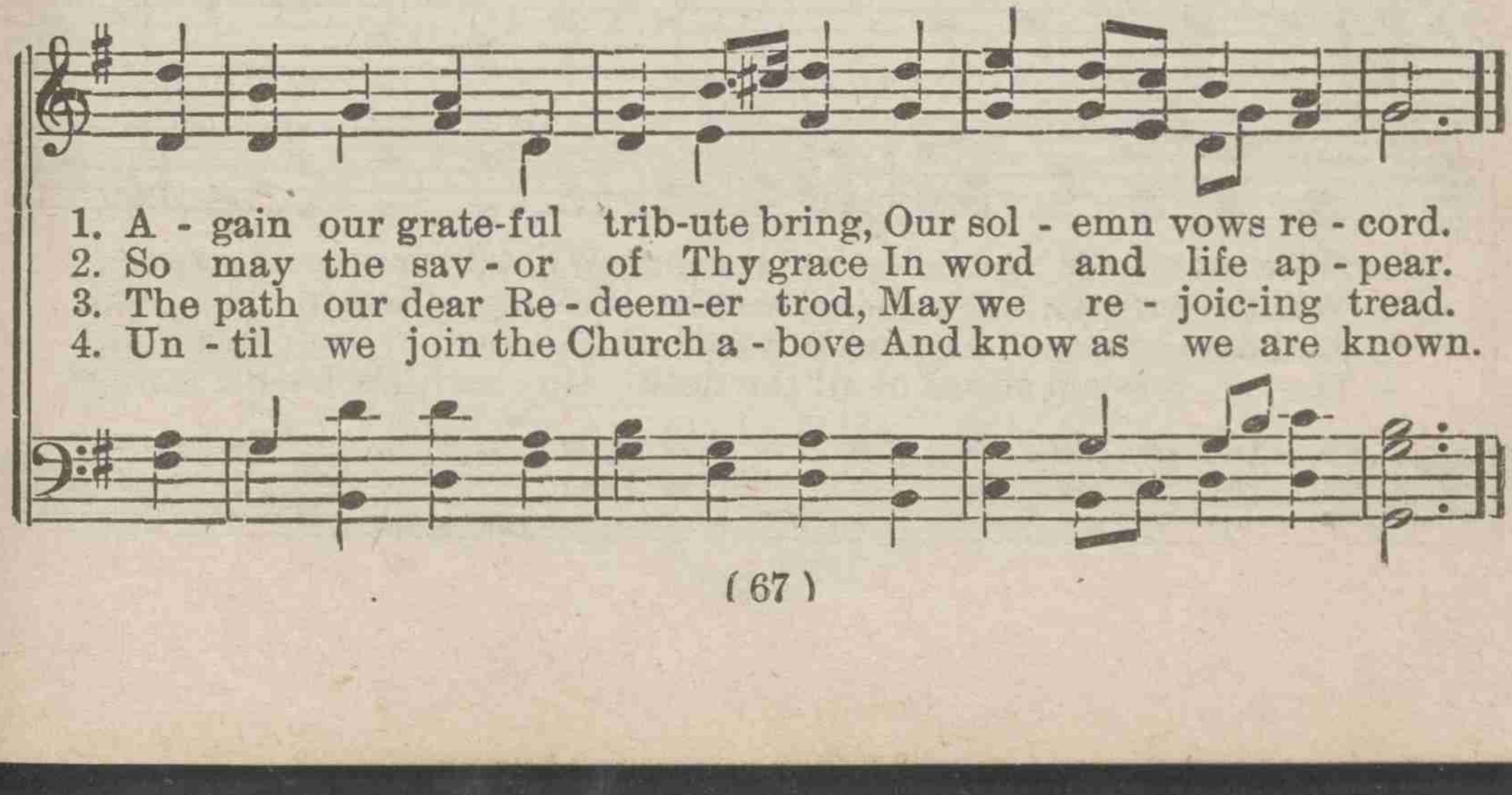


102 A Parting Hymn We Sing.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

G. F. HANDEL.





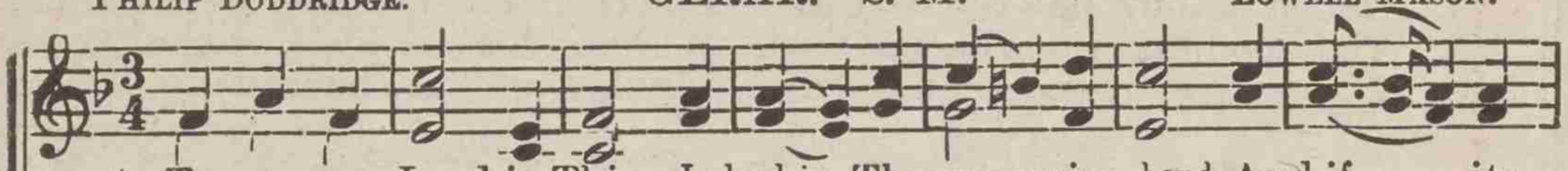
Warning.

No.		No.		No.
To-morrow, Lord.....103		That Awful Day.....106		Death Rides on Every.....109
Thee We Adore.....104		And Am I Born to Die 107		Make Haste, O Man 110
Sinners, the Voice.....105		And must I be.....108		

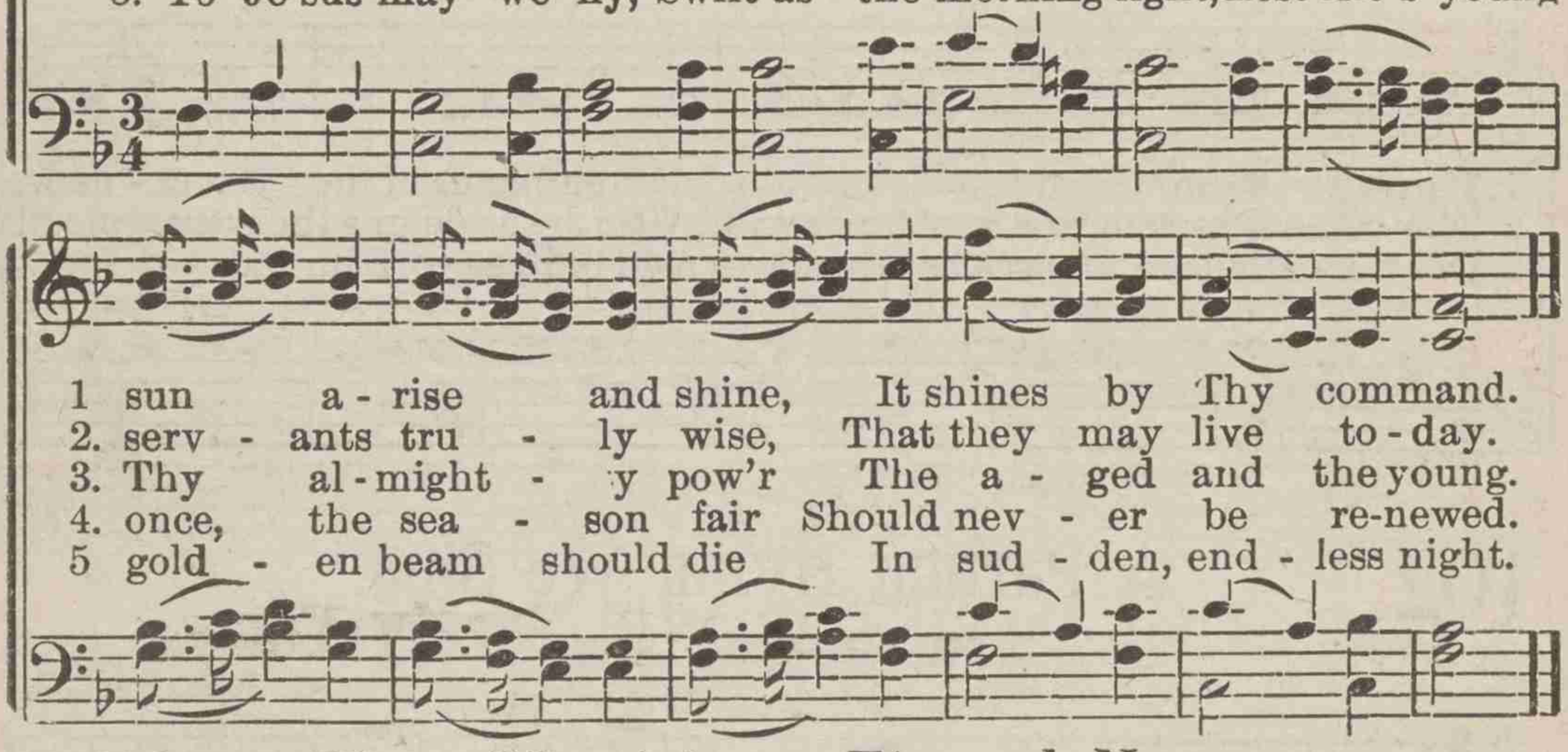
The following numbers bear on this subject: 303, 304,

103 To-Morrow, Lord, Is Thine.

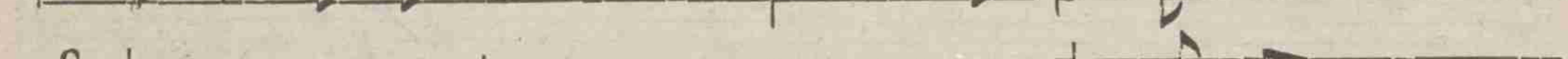
PHILIP DODDRIDGE. GERAR. S. M. LOWELL MASON.



1. To-morrow, Lord, is Thine, Lodged in Thy sovereign hand, And if its
2. The present moment flies, And bears our life a-way; O make Thy
3. Since on this winged hour E - ter - ni - ty is hung, Wak-en, by
4. One thing demands our care; O be it still pur-sued, Lest, slight - ed
5. To Je-sus may we fly, Swift as the morning light, Lest life's young

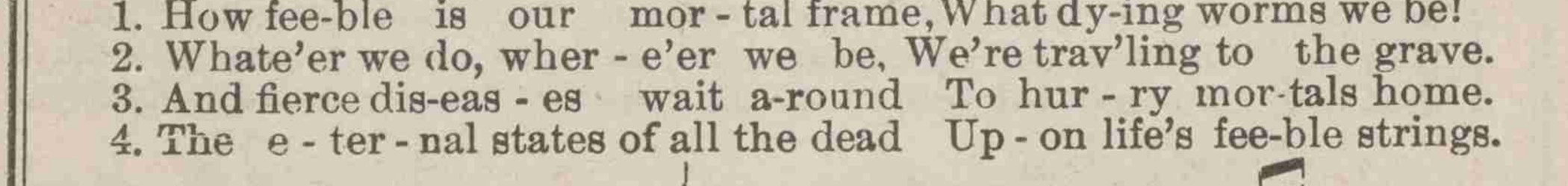


1 sun a - rise and shine, It shines by Thy command.
2. serv - ants tru - ly wise, That they may live to - day.
3. Thy al - might - y pow'r The a - ged and the young.
4. once, the sea - son fair Should nev - er be re-newed.
5 gold - en beam should die In sud - den, end - less night.

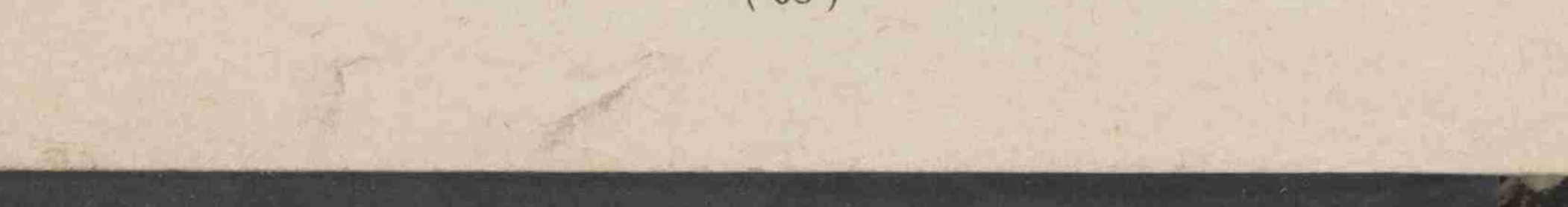


104 Thee We Adore, Eternal Name.

ISAAC WATTS. NAOMI. C. M. L. MASON, 1836.



1. Thee we a - dore, e - ter-nal Name! And humbly own to Thee
2. The year rolls round, and steals a-way The breath that first it gave:
3. Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground, To push us to the tomb;
4. Great God! on what a slen-der thread Hang ev-er - last-ing things!



1. How fee-ble is our mor - tal frame, What dy-ing worms we be!
2. Whate'er we do, wher - e'er we be, We're trav'ling to the grave.
3. And fierce dis-eas - es wait a-round To hur - ry mor-tals home.
4. The e - ter - nal states of all the dead Up - on life's fee-ble strings.

105 Sinners, the Voice of God Regard.

BALERMA. C. M.

FAWCETT.

1. Sin-ners, the voice of God re-gard; 'Tis mer-cy speaks to-day;
2. Like the rough sea that can-not rest, You live de-void of peace;
3. Your way is dark, and leads to hell: Why will you per-se-vere?
4. Why will you in the crook-ed ways Of sin and fol-ly go?
5. But he that turns to God shall live Thro' His a-bound-ing grace:

1. He calls you by His sa-cred word From sin's de-struc-tive way.
2. A thou-sand stings within your breast De-prive your souls of ease.
3. Can you in end-less torments dwell, Shut up in black de-spair?
4. In pain you trav-el all your days, To reap e-ter-nal woe.
5. His mer-cy will the guilt for-give Of those that seek His face.

106 That Awful Day Will Surely Come.

WARWICK. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. STANLEY MARTIN, 1810.

1. That aw-ful day will sure-ly come, Th' appointed hour makes haste,
2. Je-sus, Thou Source of all my joys, Thou Rul-er of my heart,
3. What, to be banished from my Lord, And yet for-bid to die!
4. O wretched state of deep de-spair, To see my God re-move,

1. When I must stand be-fore my Judge, And pass the sol-emn test.
2. How could I bear to hear Thy voice Pronounce the word, "Depart!"
3. To lin-ger in e-ter-nal pain, And death for-ev-er fly!
4. And fix my dole-ful station where I must not taste His love!

107 And Am I Born To Die?

GAVIN. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. JEREMIAH INGALLS.





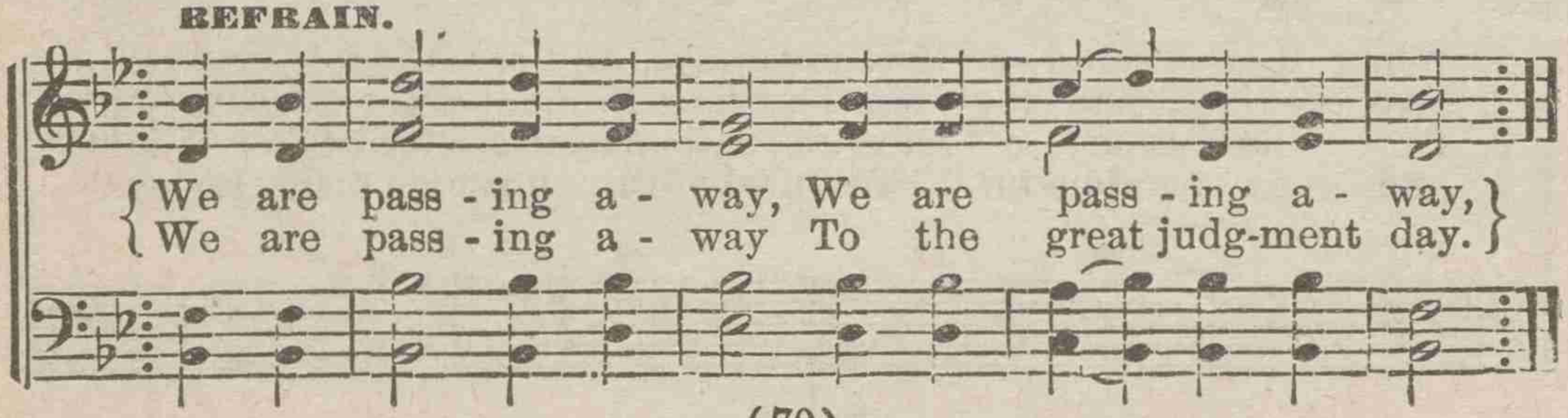
108 The Day Of Judgment.

"WE ARE PASSING AWAY."

CHARLES WESLEY. ARR. TILLMAN.



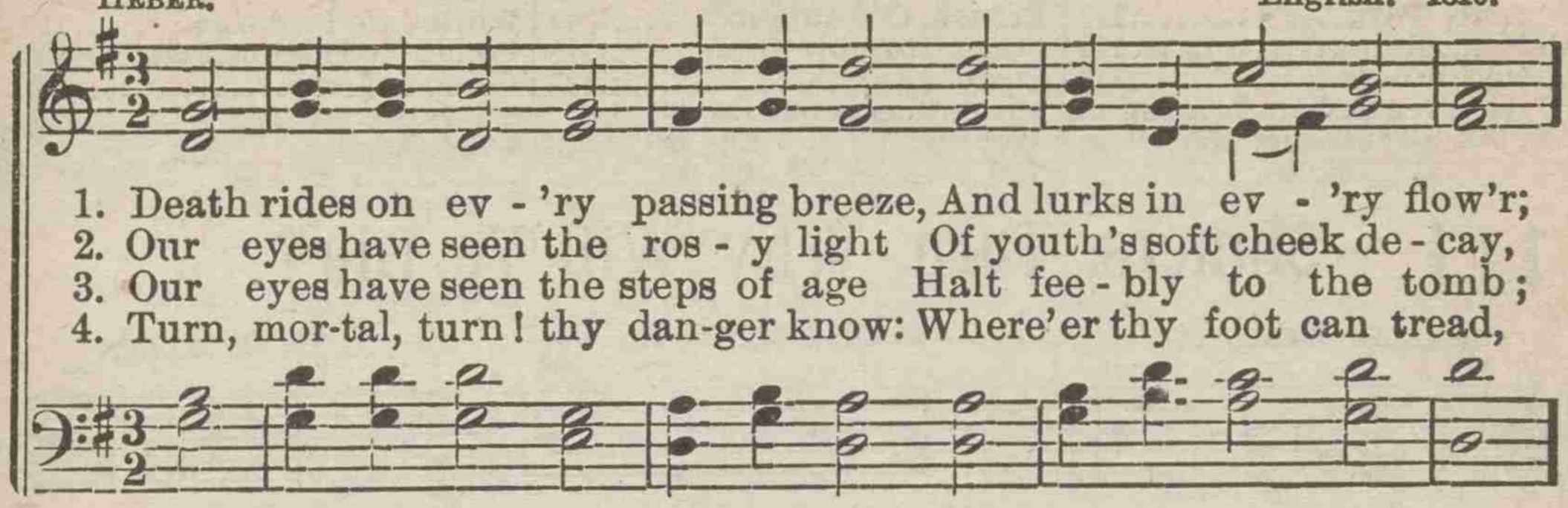
REFRAIN.

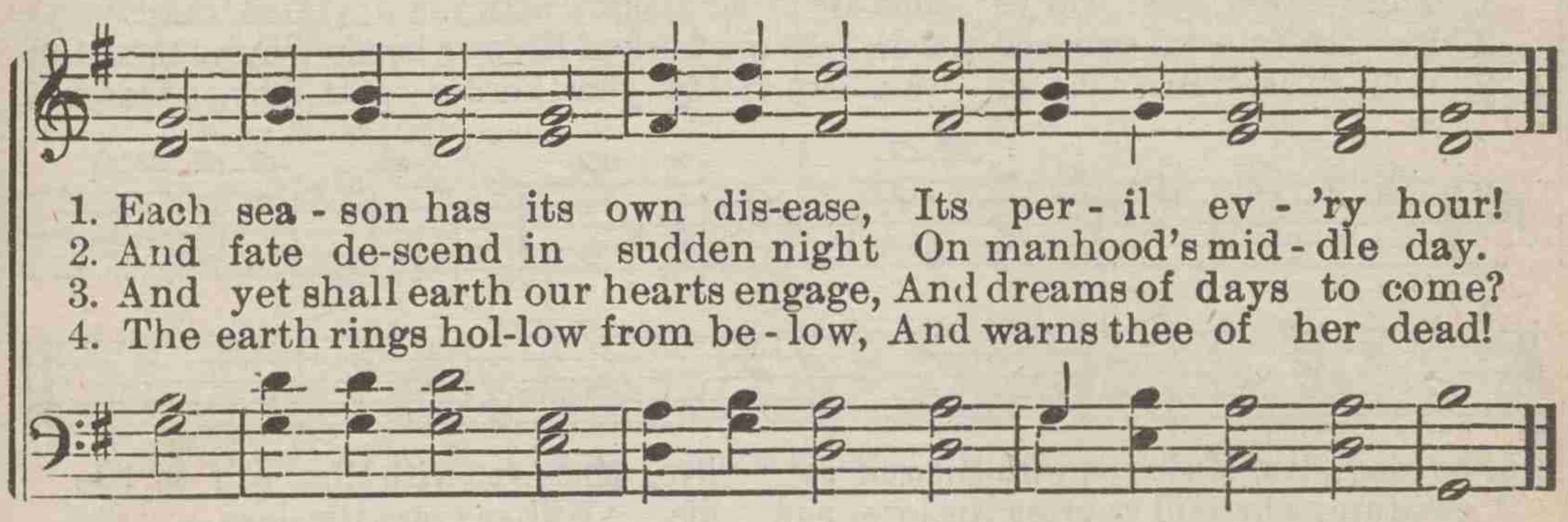


109 Death's Warning.

MARLOW. C. M.

HEBER. English. 1810.

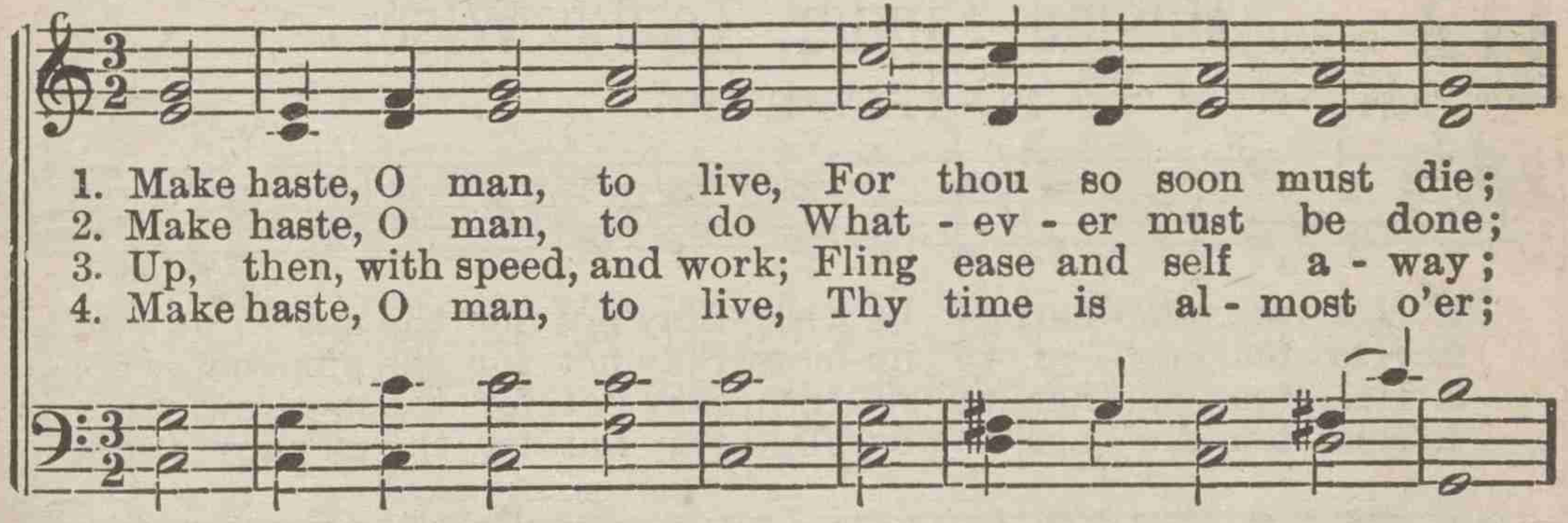


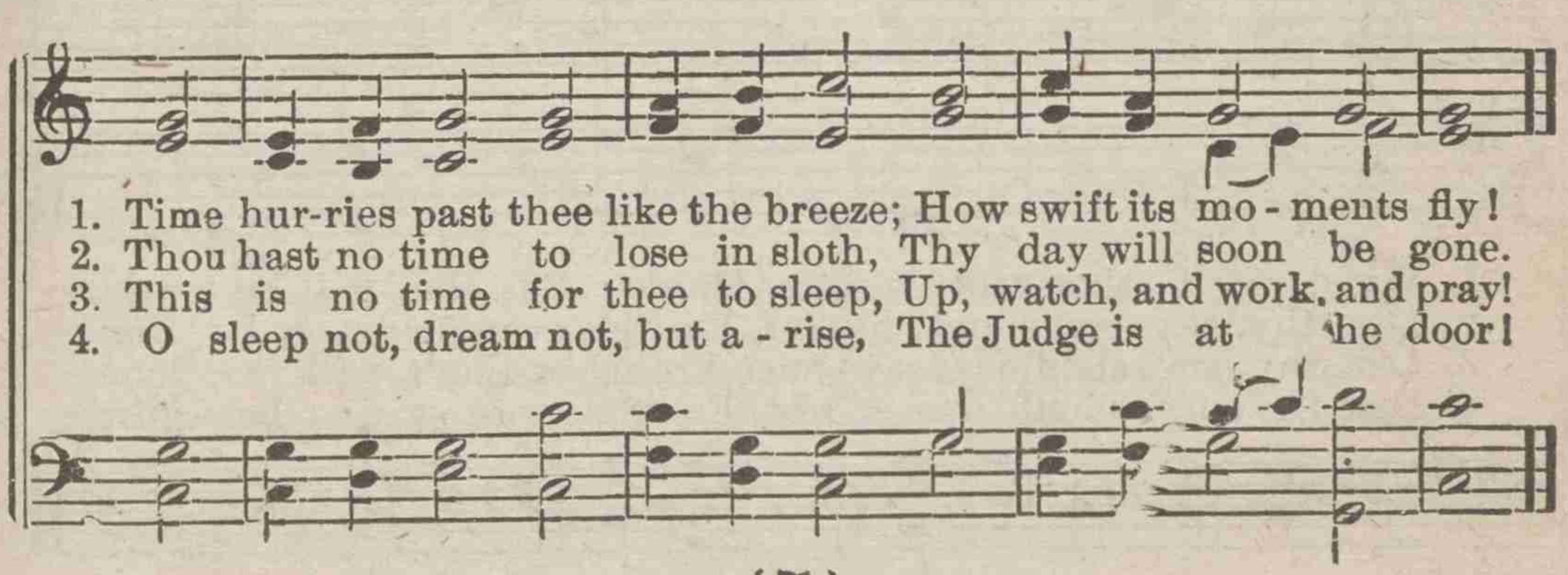


110 Make Haste, O Man, To Live.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

HORATIUS BONAR. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1832.





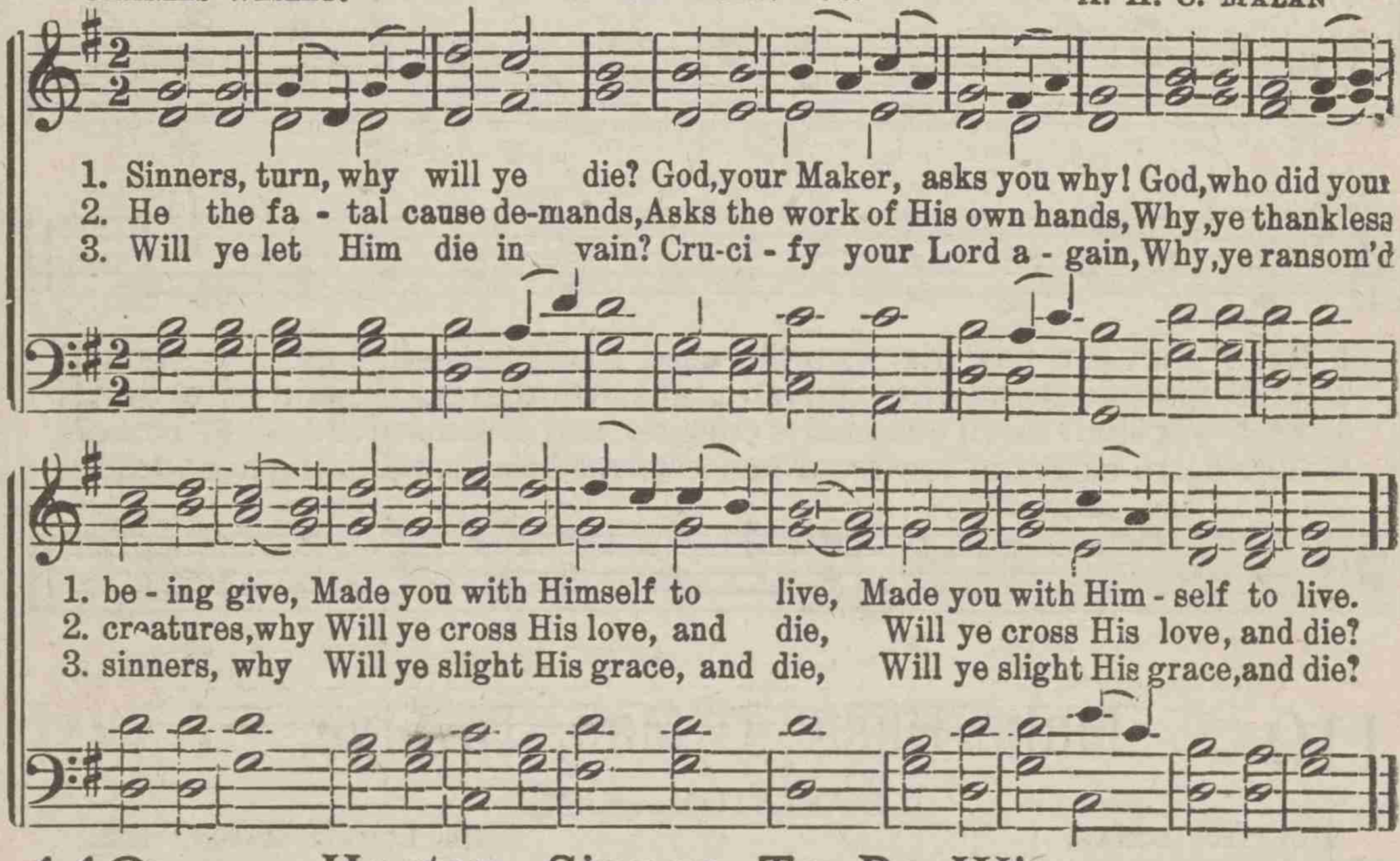
Invitation.

	No.		No		No.
Sinners, Turn	111	Return, O Wanderer	114	Come, Ye Sinners	118
Hasten, Sinner	112	Come, Humble Sinner	115	While Life Prolongs	119
Come, Sinners	113	Come, Every Soul	117	Come, Ye Disconsolate	120
				Come to Jesus	121

Other numbers bearing on this subject: 131, 133, 135, 136, 137, 138, 140, 141, 142, 144, 225, 230, 236. 243, 249, 263, 272. 280, 282, 298, 300, 302, 303, 304, 309, 310, 312, 317, 318, 324, 336, 357, 363, 369,

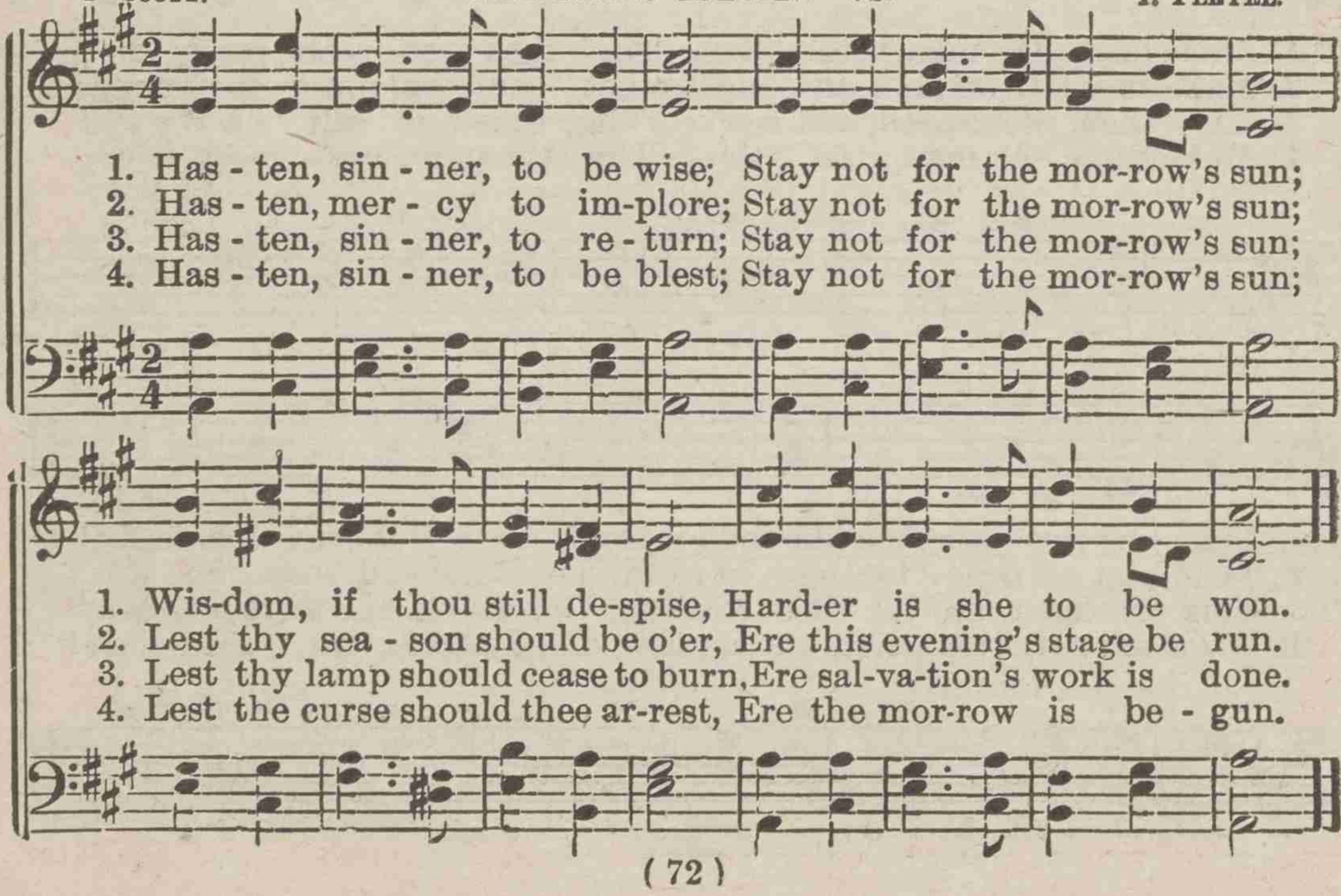
111 Sinners, Turn, Why Will Ye Die?

CHARLES WESLEY. HENDON. 7s. A. H. C. MALAN



112 Hasten, Sinner, To Be Wise.

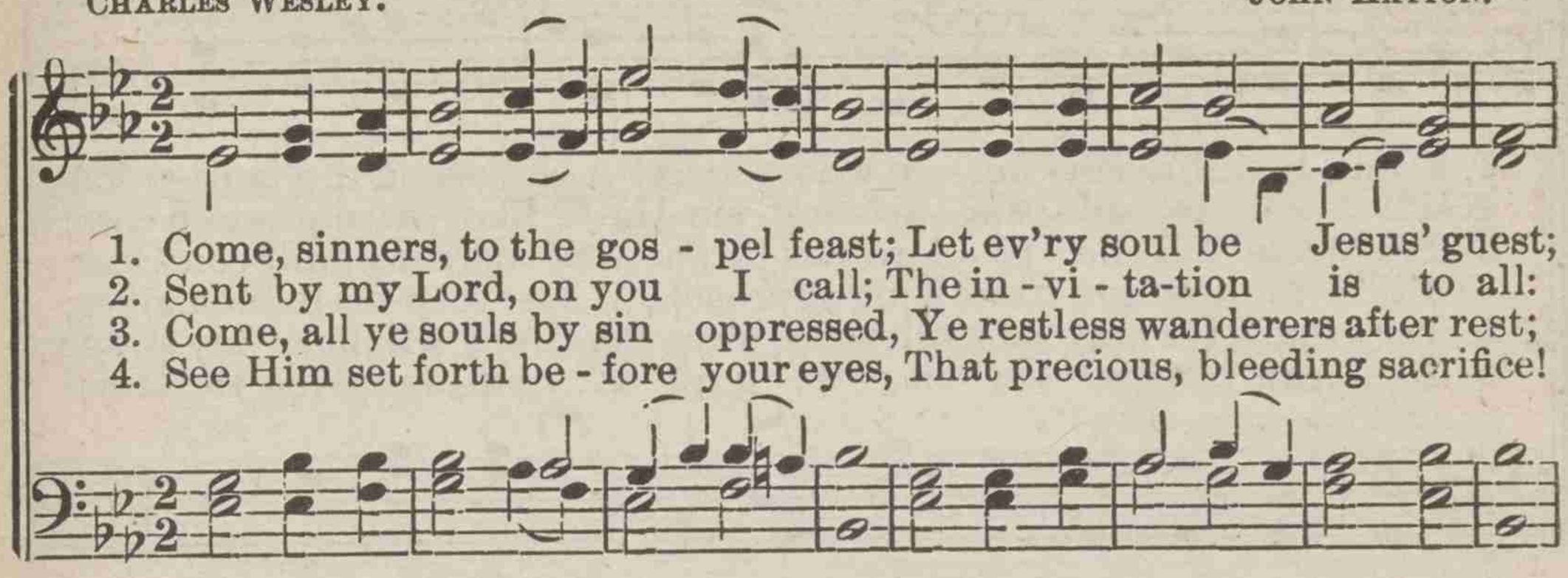
T SCOTT. PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. I. PLEYEL.



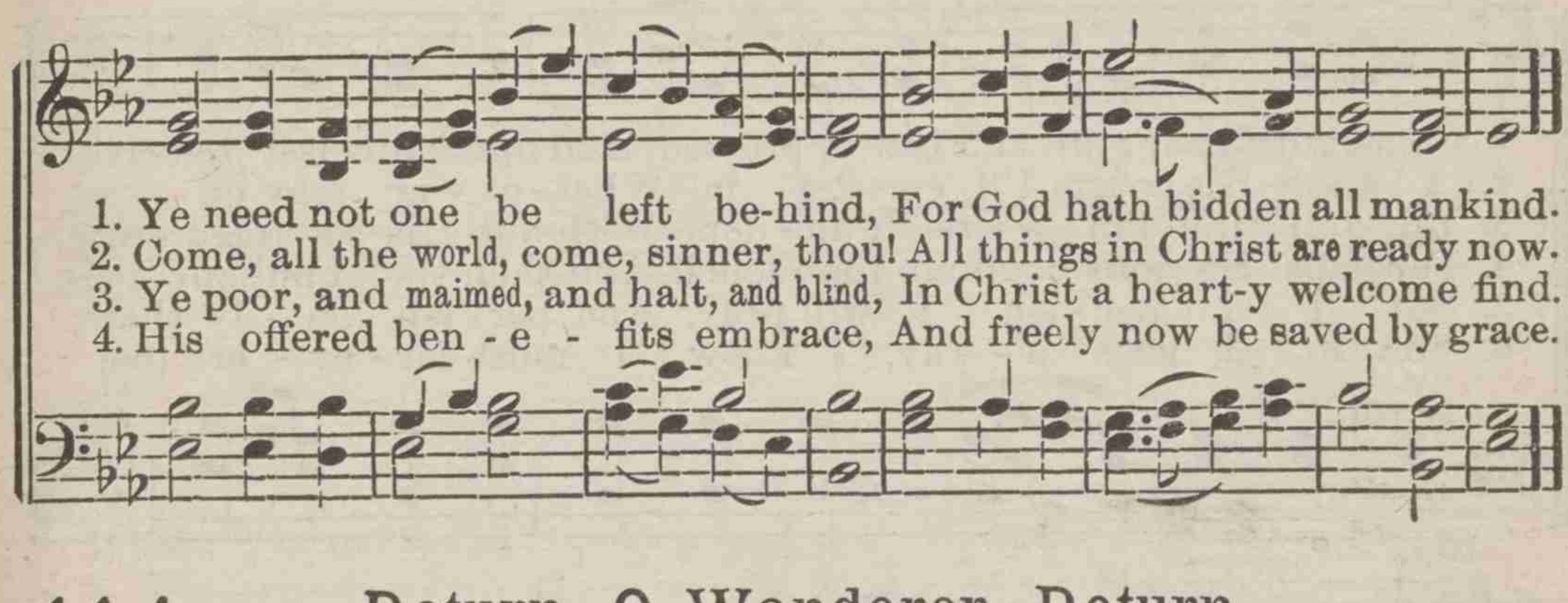
113 Come, Sinners, to the Gospel Feast.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

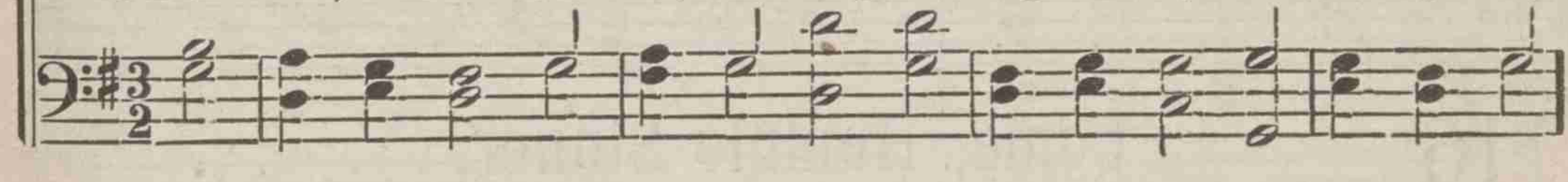
CHARLES WESLEY. JOHN HATTON.



1. Come, sinners, to the gos - pel feast; Let ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest;
2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call; The in - vi - ta-tion is to all:
3. Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed, Ye restless wanderers after rest;
4. See Him set forth be - fore your eyes, That precious, bleeding sacrifice!



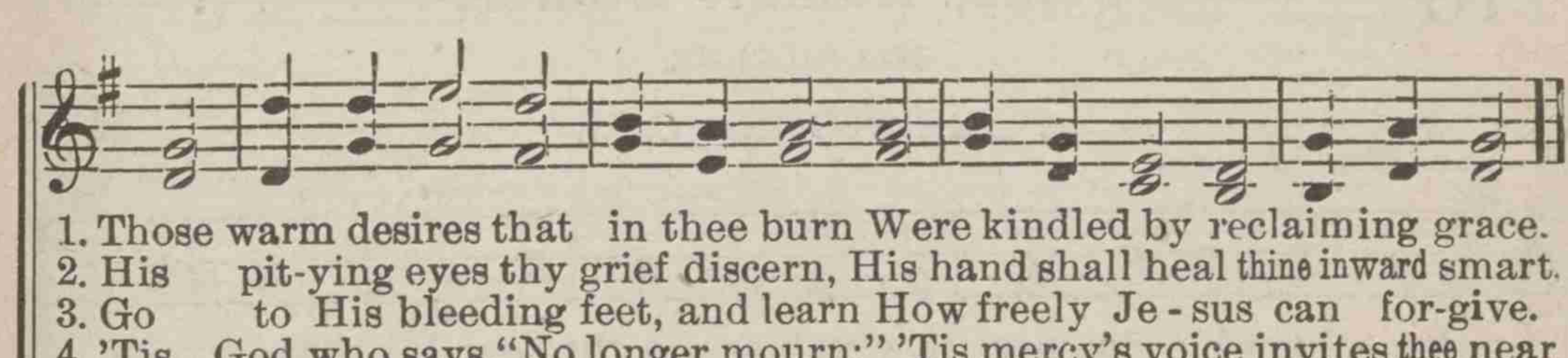
1. Ye need not one be left be-hind, For God hath bidden all mankind.
2. Come, all the world, come, sinner, thou! All things in Christ are ready now.
3. Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind, In Christ a heart-y welcome find.
4. His offered ben - e - fits embrace, And freely now be saved by grace.



114 Return, O Wanderer, Return.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

WILLIAM B. COLLYER. LOWELL MASON.

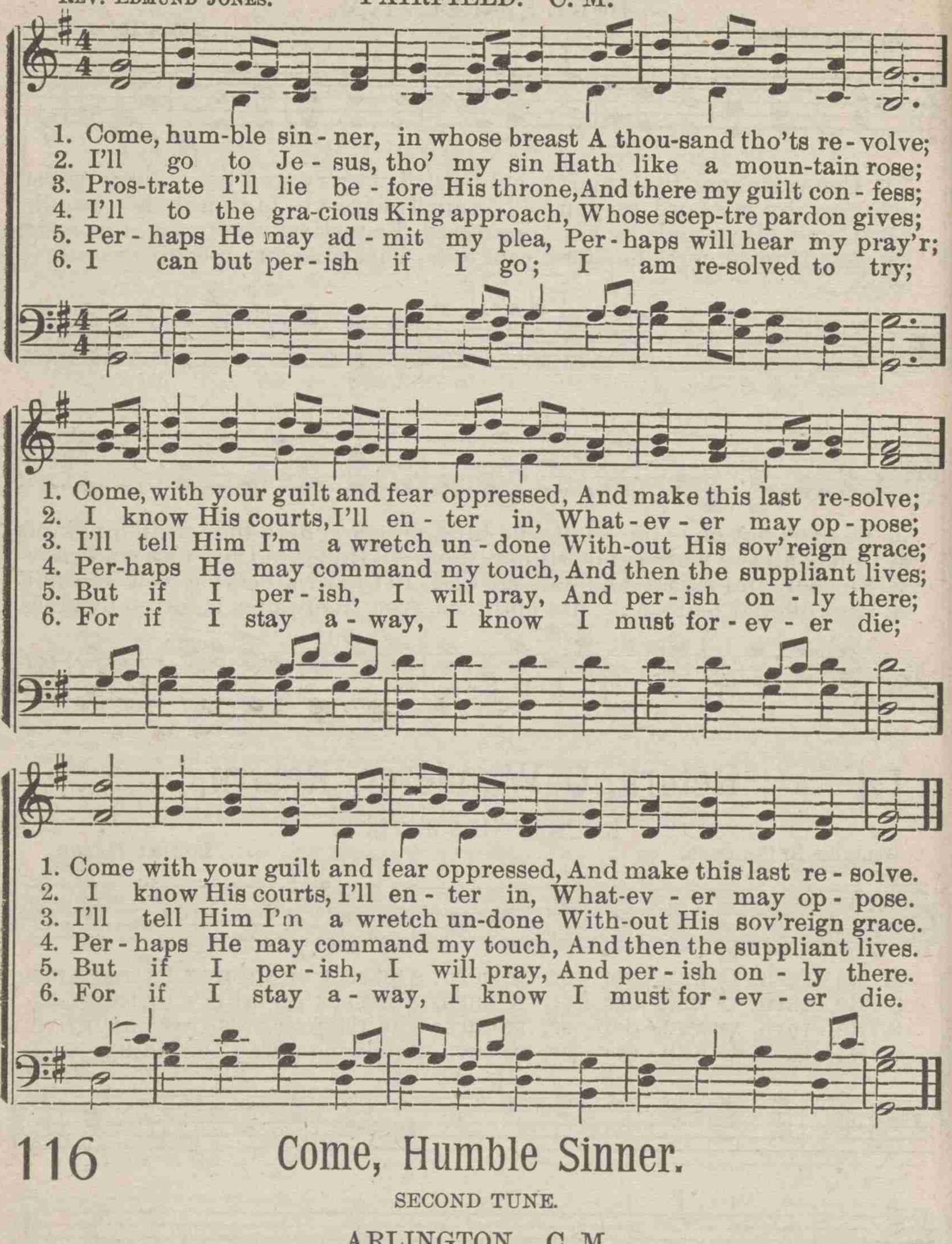


1. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re-turn, And seek an injured Father's face;
2. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re-turn, And seek a Father's melting heart;
3. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re-turn; Thy Saviour bids thy spir-it live;
4. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re-turn, And wipe a-way the falling tear;

1. Those warm desires that in thee burn Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
2. His pit-ying eyes thy grief discern, His hand shall heal thine inward smart.
3. Go to His bleeding feet, and learn How freely Je - sus can for-give.
4. 'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn;" 'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

115 Come, Humble Sinner.

REV. EDMUND JONES. FAIRFIELD. C. M.



1. Come, hum-ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thou-sand tho'ts re - volve;
2. I'll go to Je - sus, tho' my sin Hath like a moun-tain rose;
3. Pros-trate I'll lie be - fore His throne, And there my guilt con - fess;
4. I'll to the gra-cious King approach, Whose scep-tre pardon gives;
5. Per - haps He may ad - mit my plea, Per - haps will hear my pray'r;
6. I can but per - ish if I go; I am re-solved to try;

1. Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last re-solve;
2. I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may op - pose;
3. I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un - done With-out His sov'reign grace;
4. Per-haps He may command my touch, And then the suppliant lives;
5. But if I per - ish, I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there;
6. For if I stay a - way, I know I must for - ev - er die;

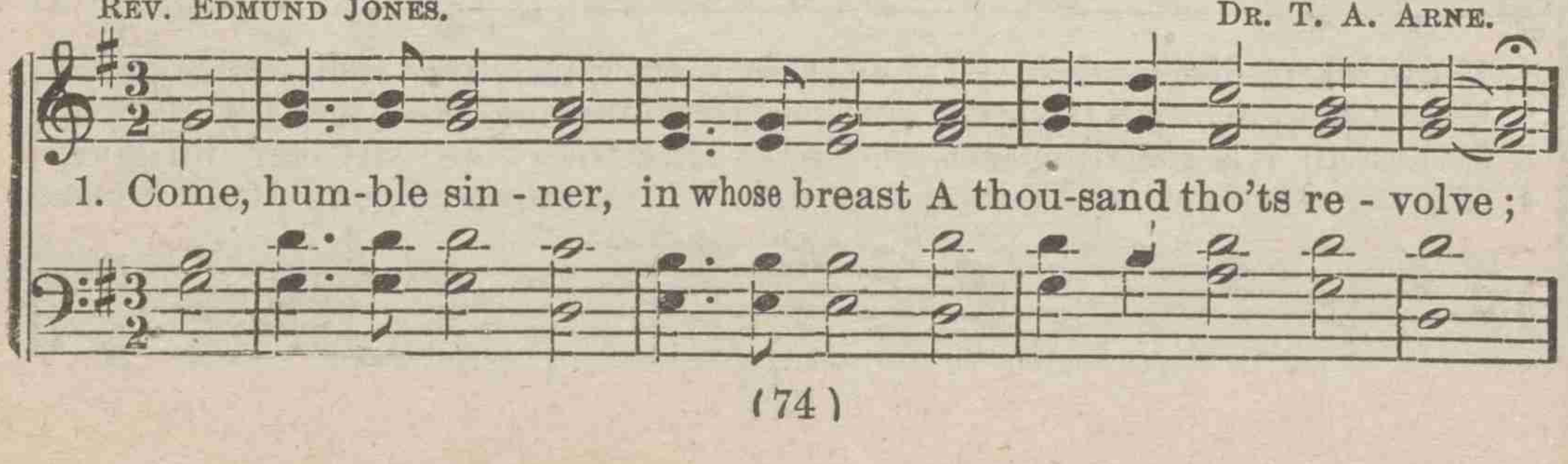
1. Come with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last re - solve.
2. I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What-ev - er may op - pose.
3. I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un-done With-out His sov'reign grace.
4. Per - haps He may command my touch, And then the suppliant lives.
5. But if I per - ish, I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there.
6. For if I stay a - way, I know I must for - ev - er die.

116 Come, Humble Sinner.

SECOND TUNE.

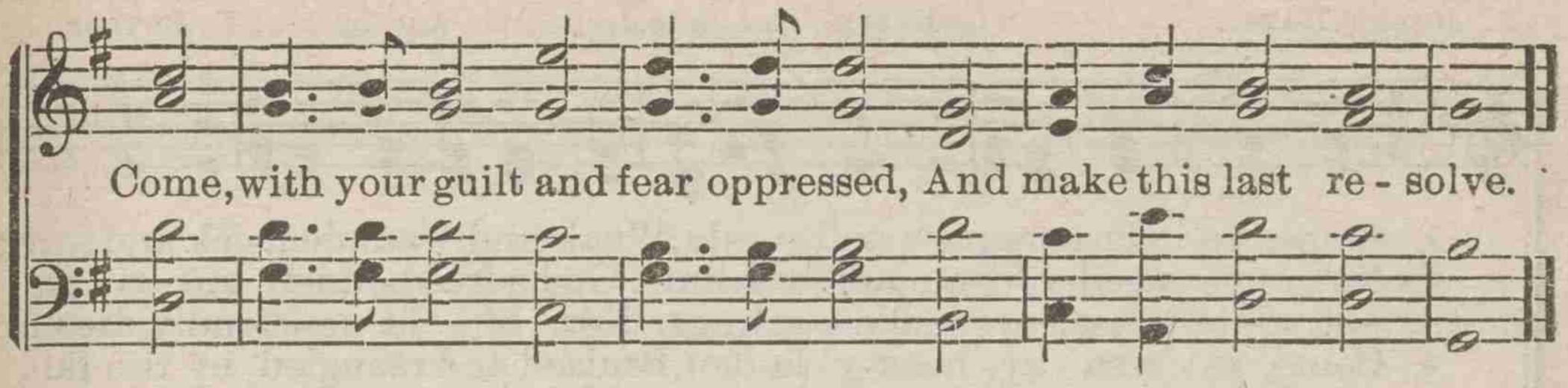
ARLINGTON. C. M.

REV. EDMUND JONES. DR. T. A. ARNE.



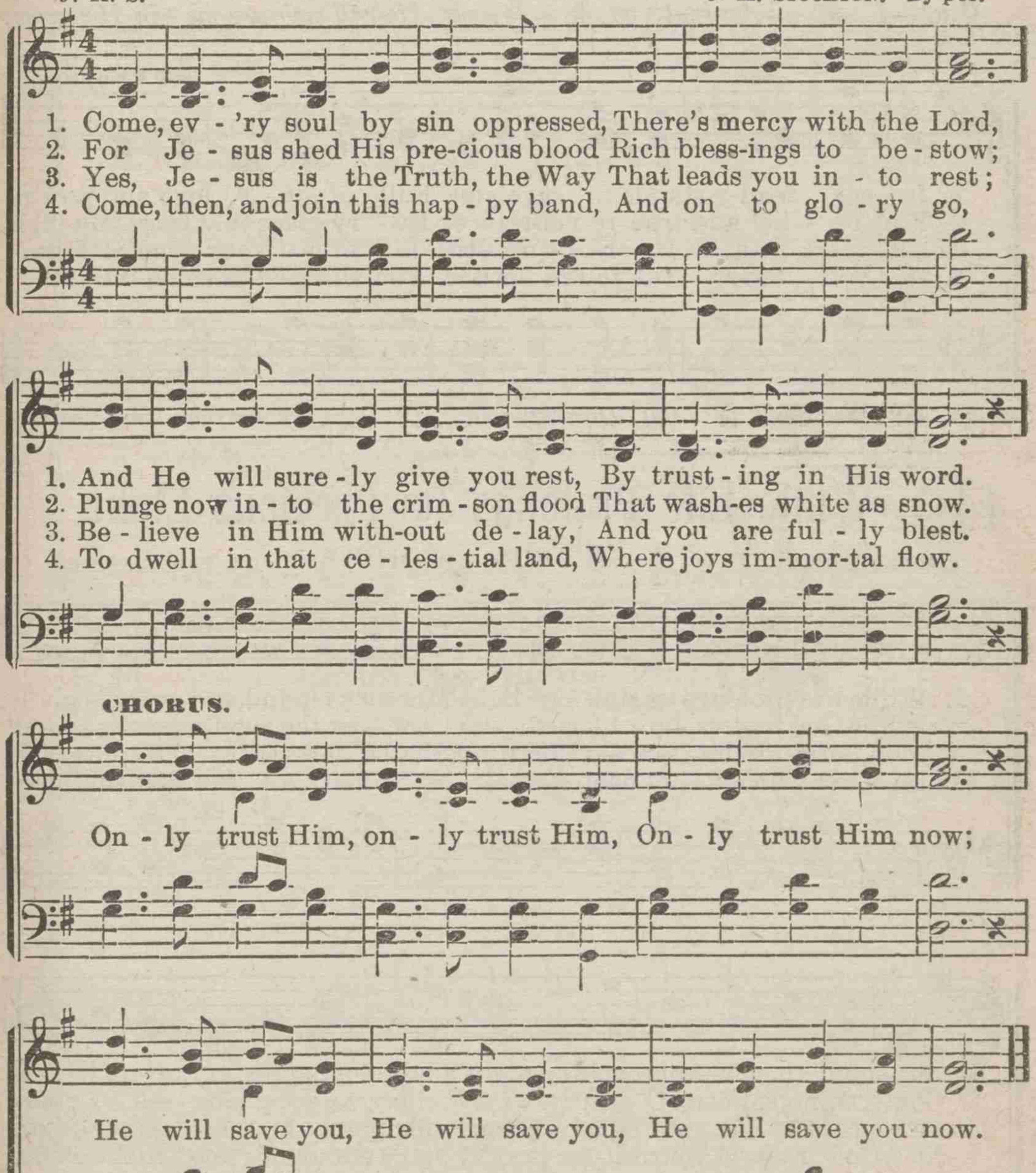
1. Come, hum-ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thou-sand tho'ts re - volve;

Come, Humble Sinner. Concluded.



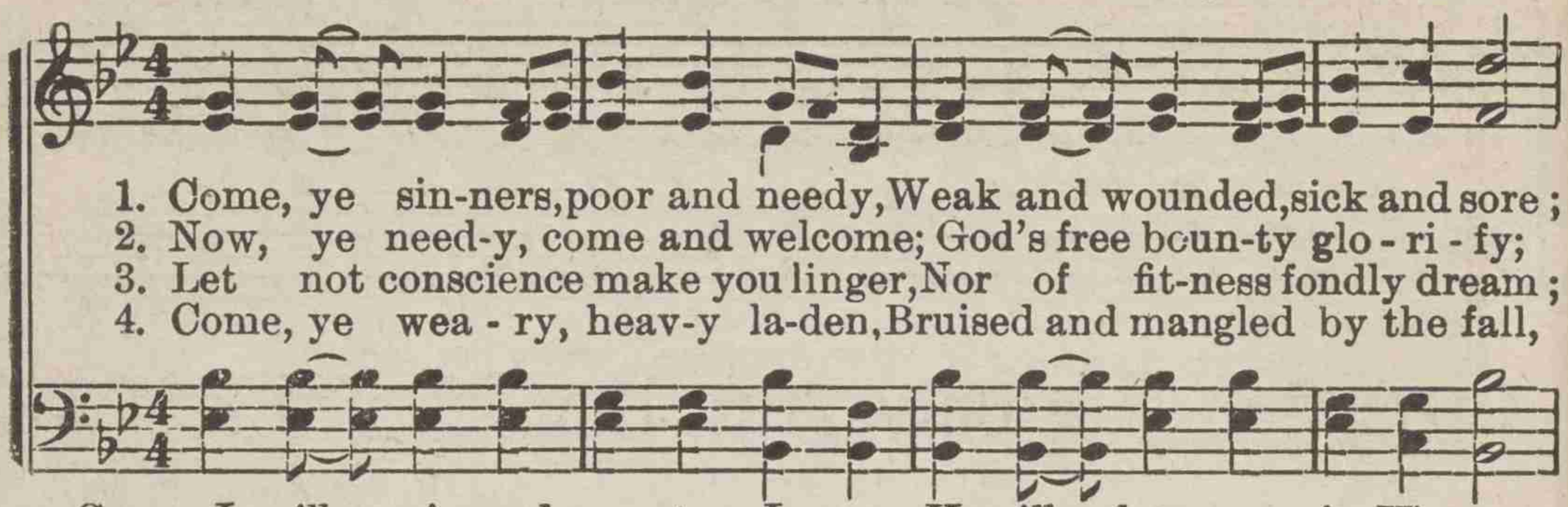
117 Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON. By per.



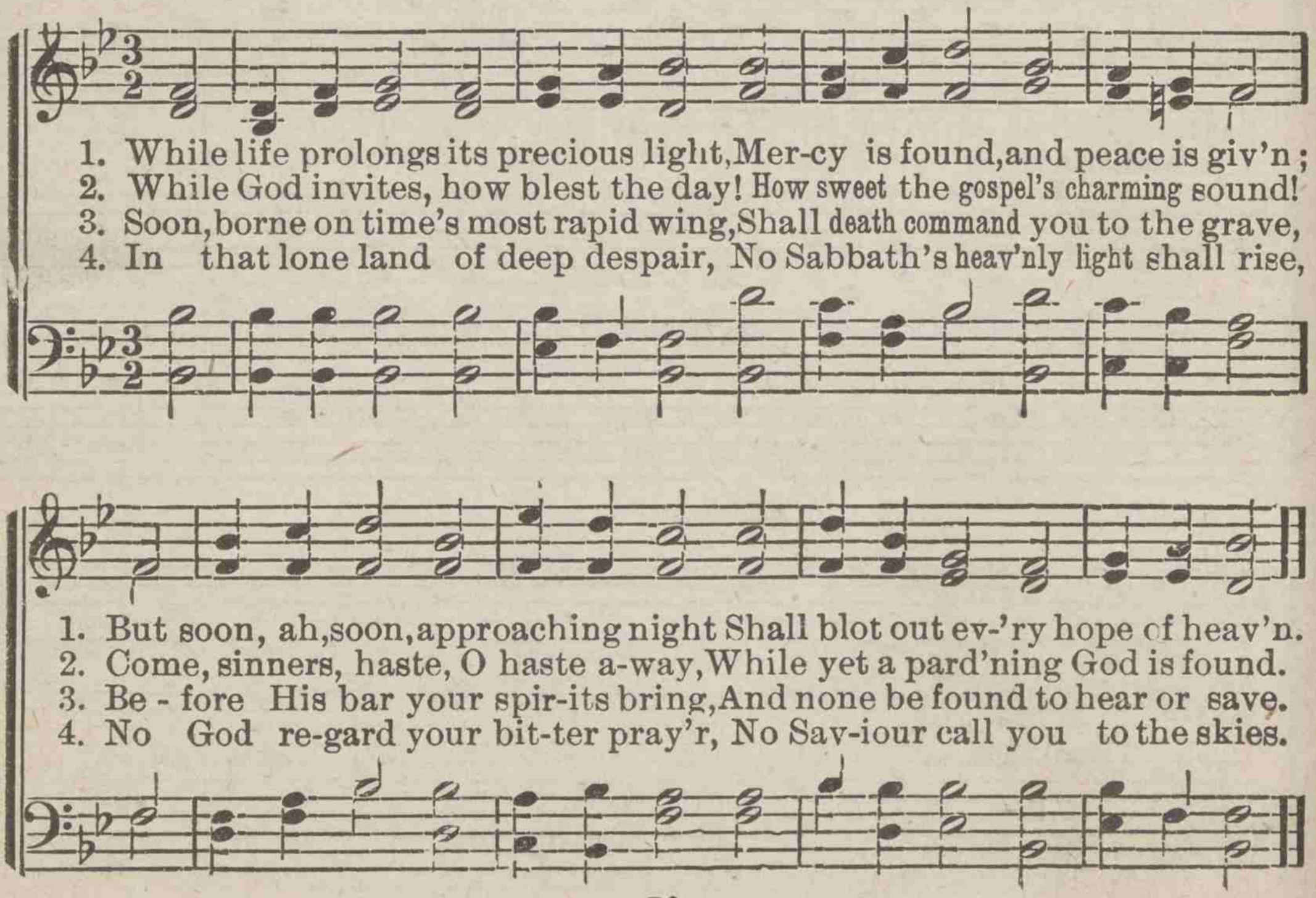
118 Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.

JOSEPH HART. "I will arise and go to Jesus." Arr. by JOS. F. BUTLER.



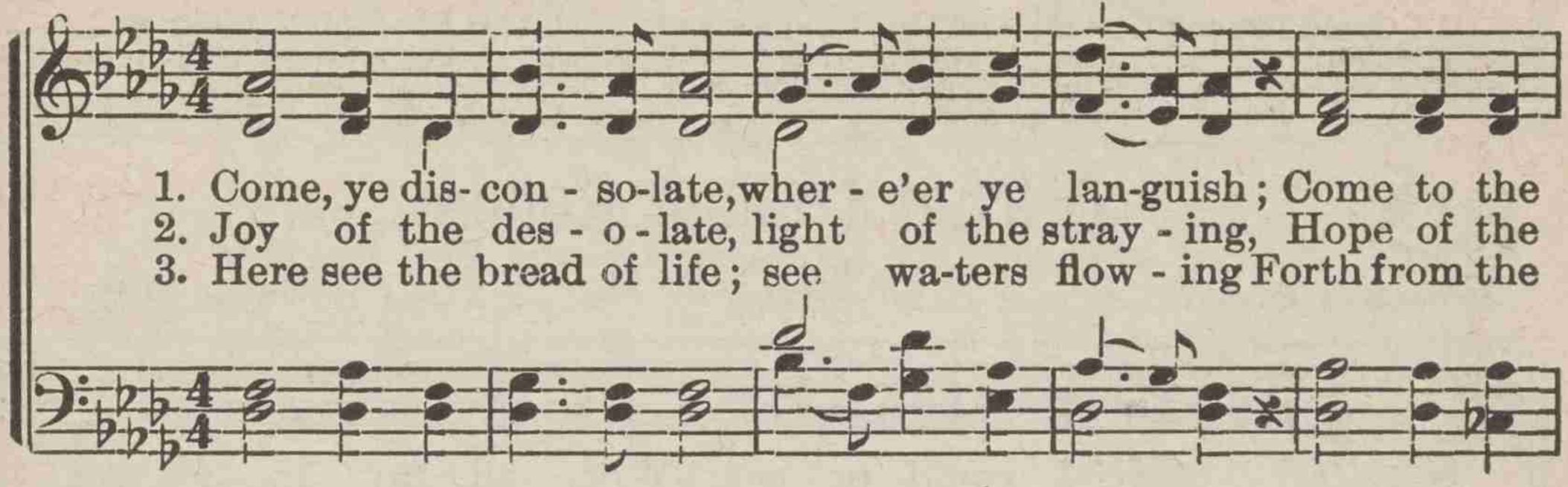
119 While Life Prolongs Its Precious Light.

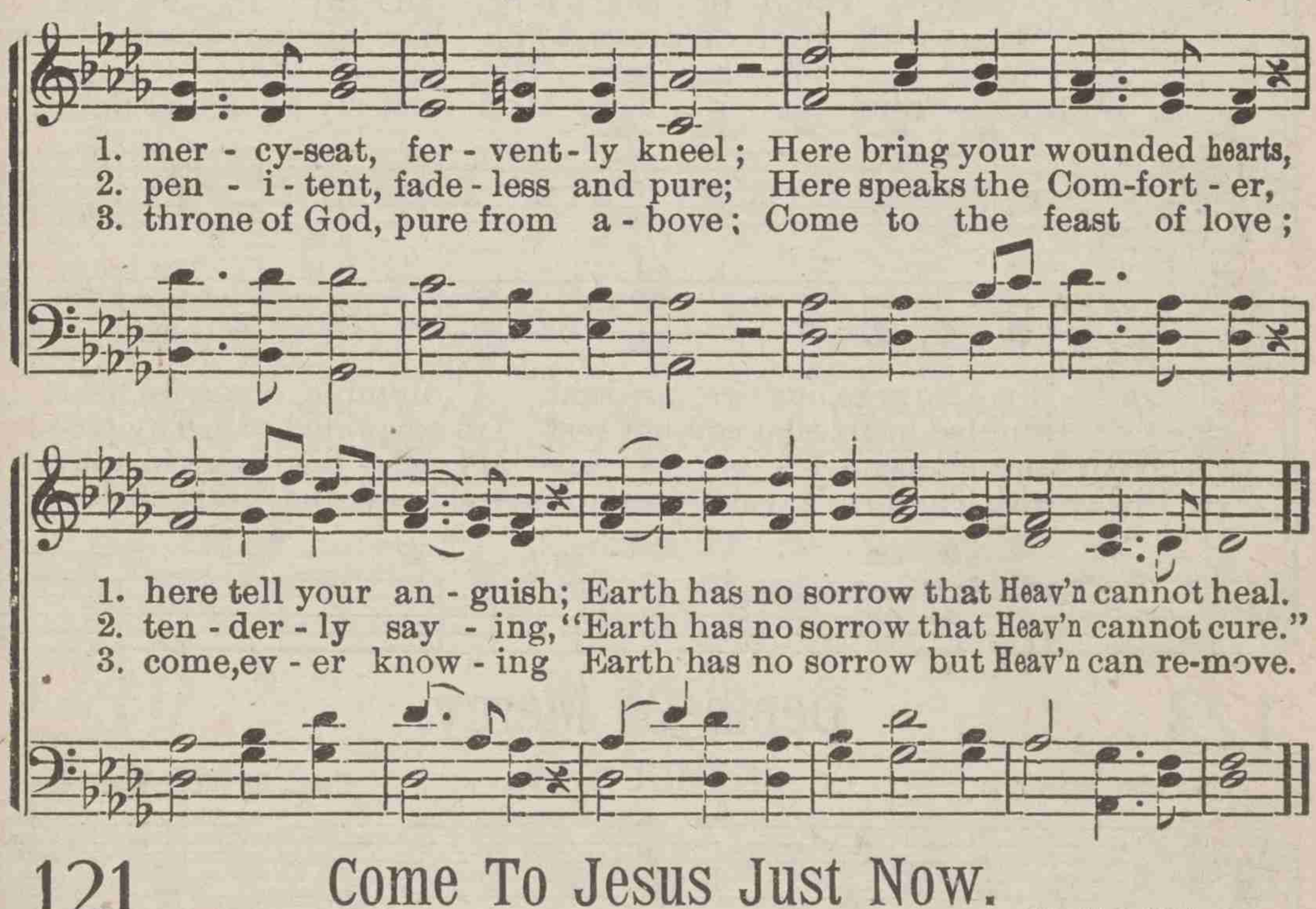
TIMOTHY DWIGHT. HEBRON. L. M. DR. LOWELL MASON.



120 Come, Ye Disconsolate.

THOMAS MOORE and THOMAS HASTINGS. 11s. 10s. SAMUEL WEBBE.





121 Come To Jesus Just Now.

English Melody.



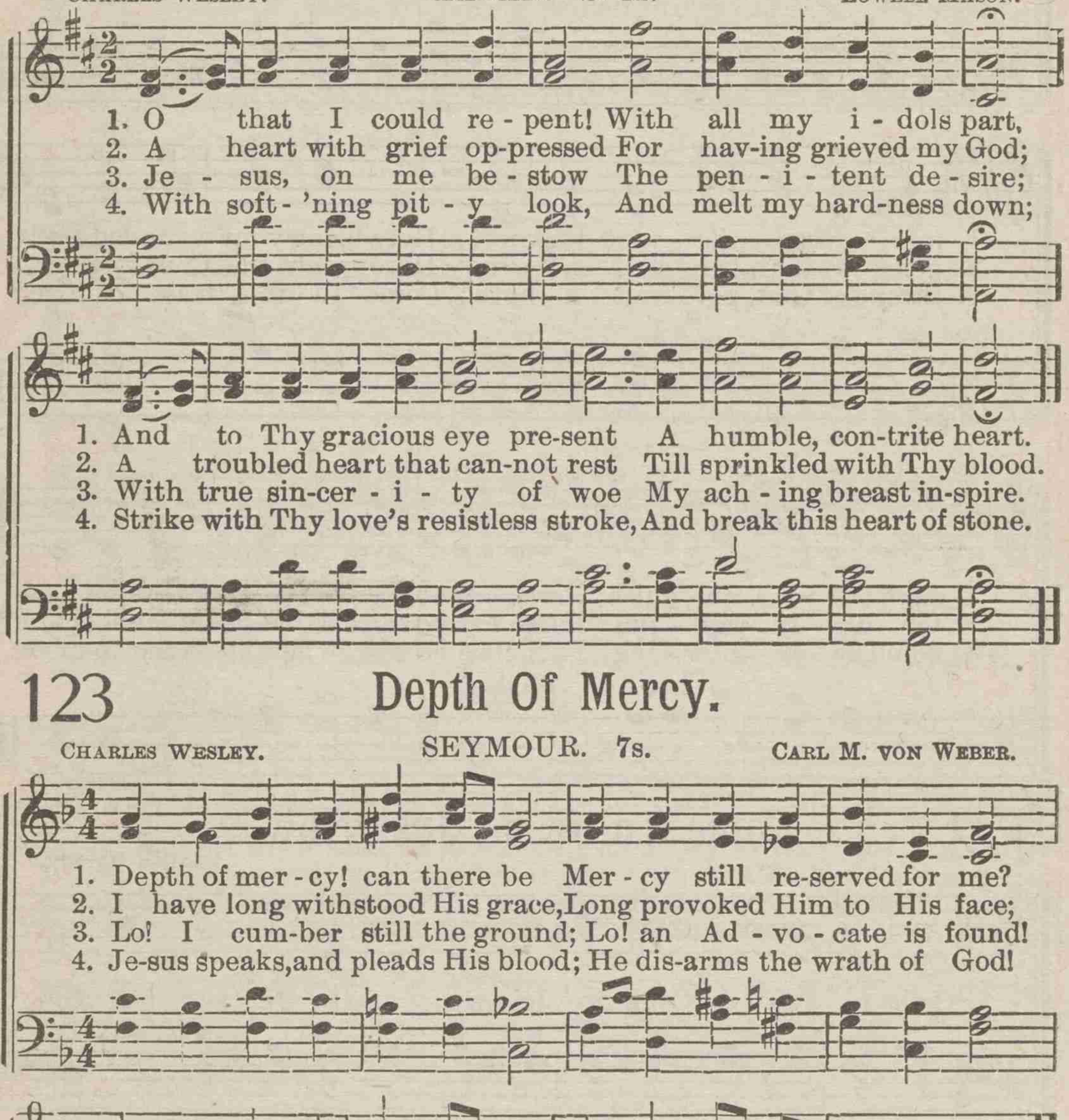
2 He will save you, etc.
3 He is able, etc.
4 He is willing, etc.
5 He is ready, etc.
6 He is waiting, etc.
7 He'll forgive you, etc.
8 O believe Him, etc.
9 Do not tarry, etc.
10 Don't reject Him, etc.

Repentance.

	No.		No.		No.
O That I Could Repent	122	And Can I Yet Delay?	126	O For That Tenderness	129
Depth of Mercy	123	Lord, I Hear of Showers	127	O For a Closer Walk	130
Show Pity, Lord	124	There's a Wideness	128	The Mistakes	131

122 O That I Could Repent.

CHARLES WESLEY. LABAN. S. M. LOWELL MASON.



123 Depth Of Mercy.

CHARLES WESLEY. SEYMOUR. 7s. CARL M. VON WEBER.

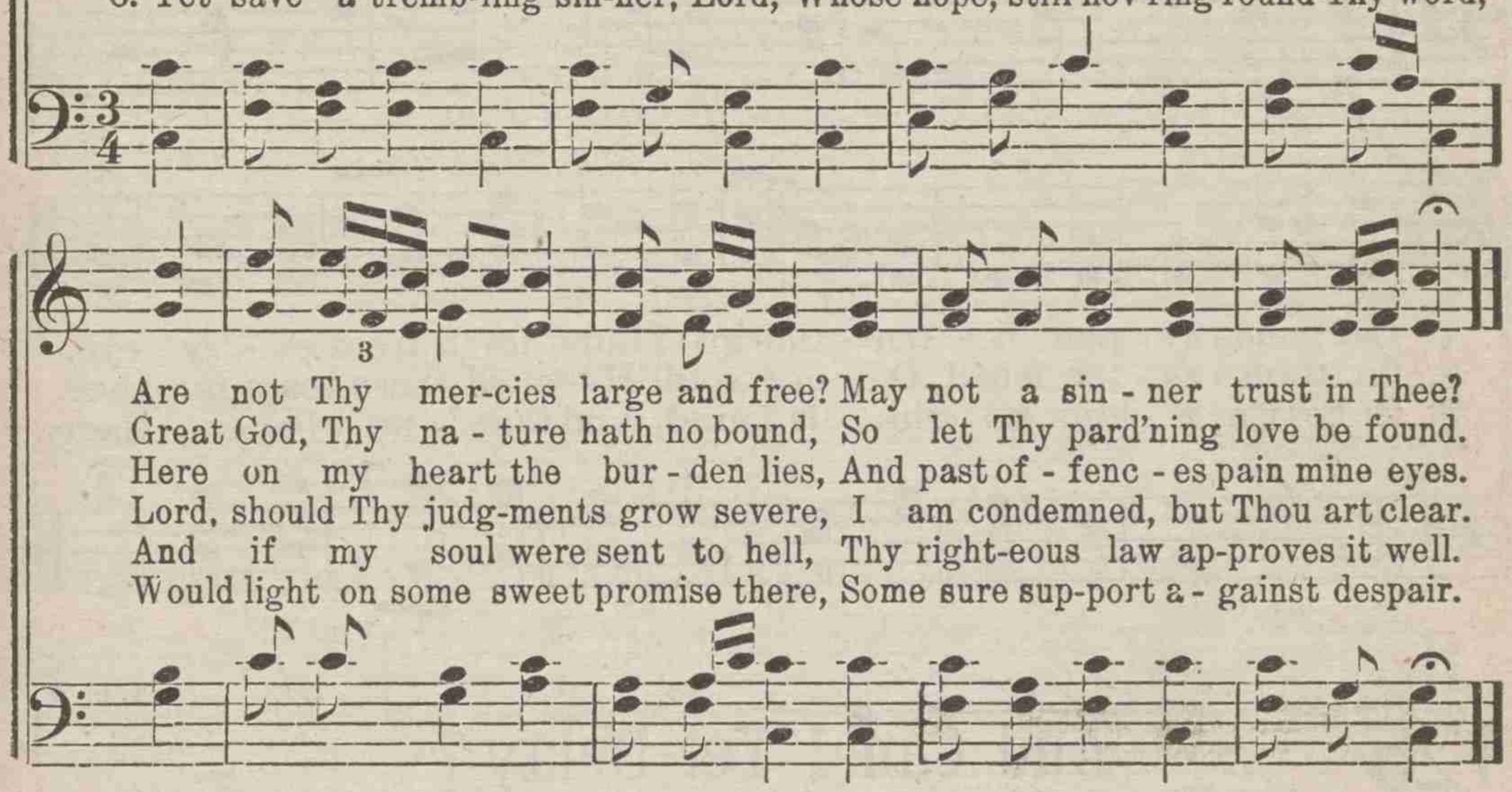


124 a Show Pity, Lord, O Lord Forgive.

ISAAC WATTS. DEVOTION. L. M. Southern Tune.



1. Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord for-give; Let a re - pent - ing reb - el live,
2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass The pow'r and glo - ry of Thy grace,
3. O wash my soul from ev - 'ry sin, And make my guilt - y conscience clean!
4. My lips with shame my sins con-fess, A - gainst Thy law, a-gainst Thy grace;
5. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pro-nounce Thee just in death;
6. Yet save a tremb-ling sin-ner, Lord, Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy word,

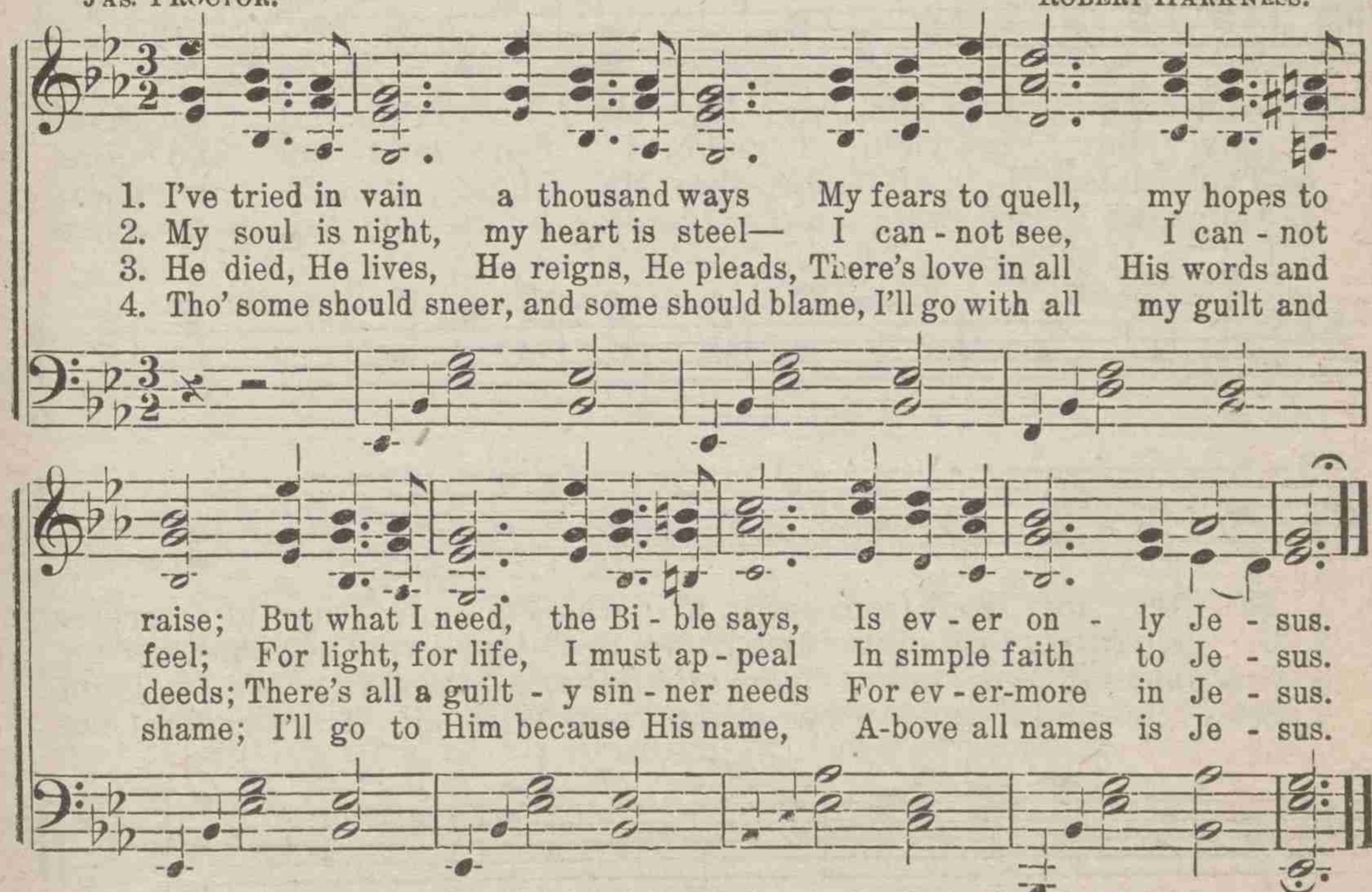


Are not Thy mer-cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in Thee?
Great God, Thy na - ture hath no bound, So let Thy pard'ning love be found.
Here on my heart the bur - den lies, And past of - fenc - es pain mine eyes.
Lord, should Thy judg-ments grow severe, I am condemned, but Thou art clear.
And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy right-eous law ap-proves it well.
Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure sup-port a - gainst despair.

124 b In Jesus.

"Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins."—Matt. i: 21.

JAS. PROCTOR. ROBERT HARKNESS.



1. I've tried in vain a thousand ways My fears to quell, my hopes to raise; But what I need, the Bi - ble says, Is ev - er on - ly Je - sus.
2. My soul is night, my heart is steel— I can - not see, I can - not feel; For light, for life, I must ap - peal In simple faith to Je - sus.
3. He died, He lives, He reigns, He pleads, There's love in all His words and deeds; There's all a guilt - y sin - ner needs For ev - er-more in Je - sus.
4. Tho' some should sneer, and some should blame, I'll go with all my guilt and shame; I'll go to Him because His name, A-bove all names is Je - sus.

The above lines were found after his death, on the desk of an Infidel who became a Christian.

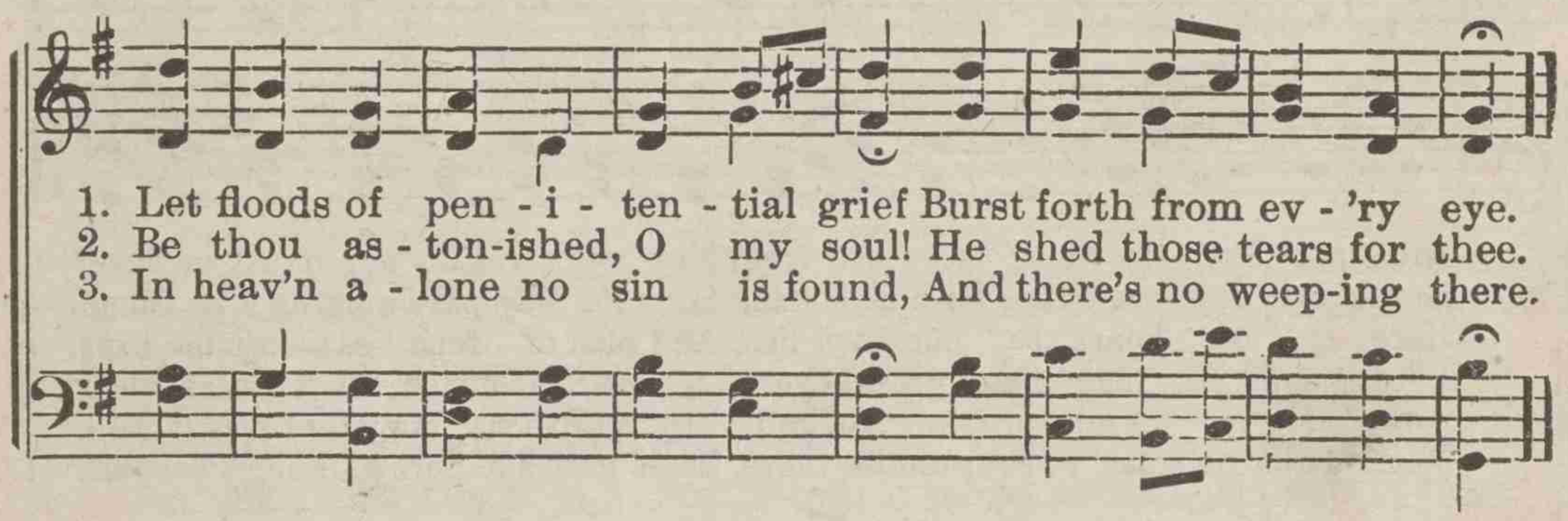
Copyright, 1904, 1913, by Charles M. Alexander. International copyright secured.

125 Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME — JOSEPH BARNBY.



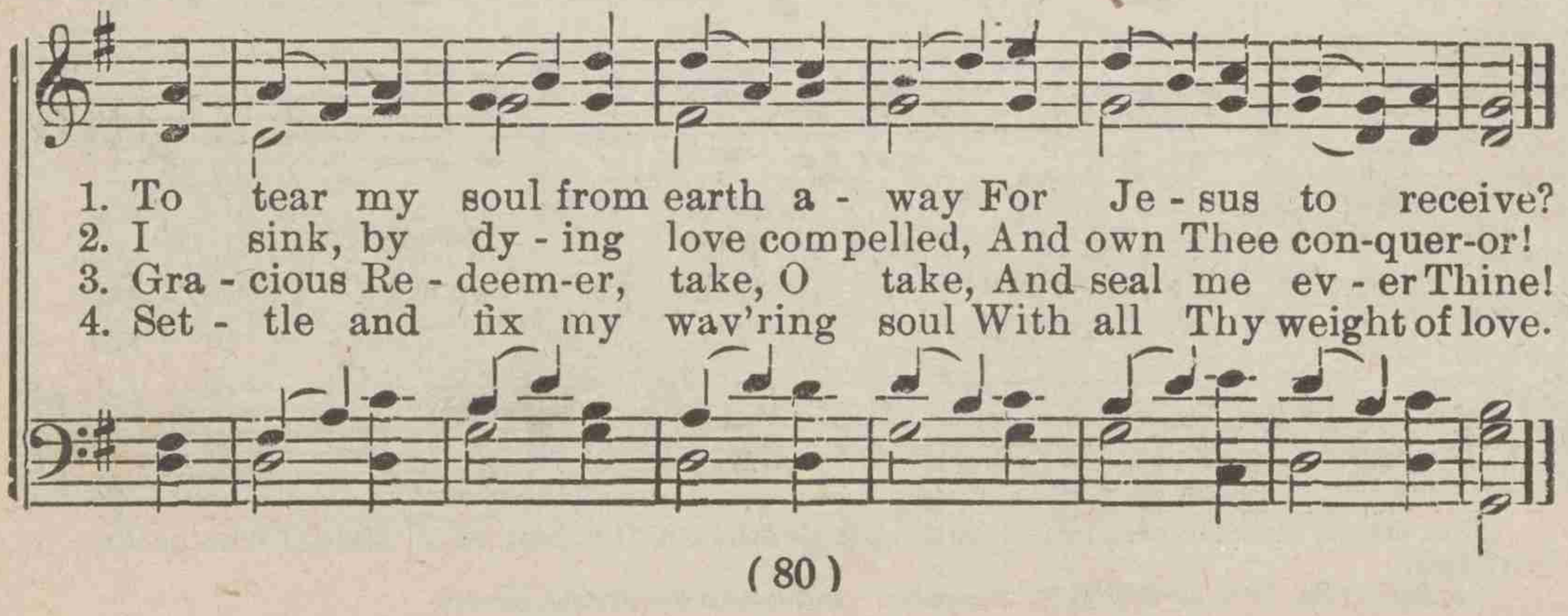


126 And Can I Yet Delay?

DENNIS. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. — H. G. NAGELI.

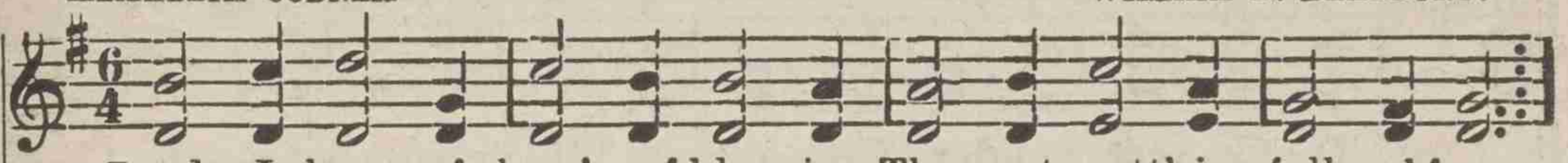




127 Even Me.

8, 7, 8, 7, 3.

ELIZABETH CODNER. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free;
   Show'rs the thirsty land re-fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me.
2. Pass me not, O gracious Fa-ther, Sin-ful tho' my heart may be;
   Thou mightst leave me, but the rather, Let Thy mer-cy light on me.
3. Pass me not, O ten-der Sav-iour, Let me love and cling to Thee;
   I am long-ing for Thy fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
4. Pass me not, O might-y Spir-it, Thou canst make the blind to see;
   Wit-ness-er of Je-sus' mer-it, Speak the word of pow'r to me.
5. Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich, so free,
   Grace of God, so strong and boundless, Mag-ni-fy them all in me.



CHORUS.



E-ven me, e-ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.

128 There's a Wideness In God's Mercy.

WILMOT. 8s, 7s.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.



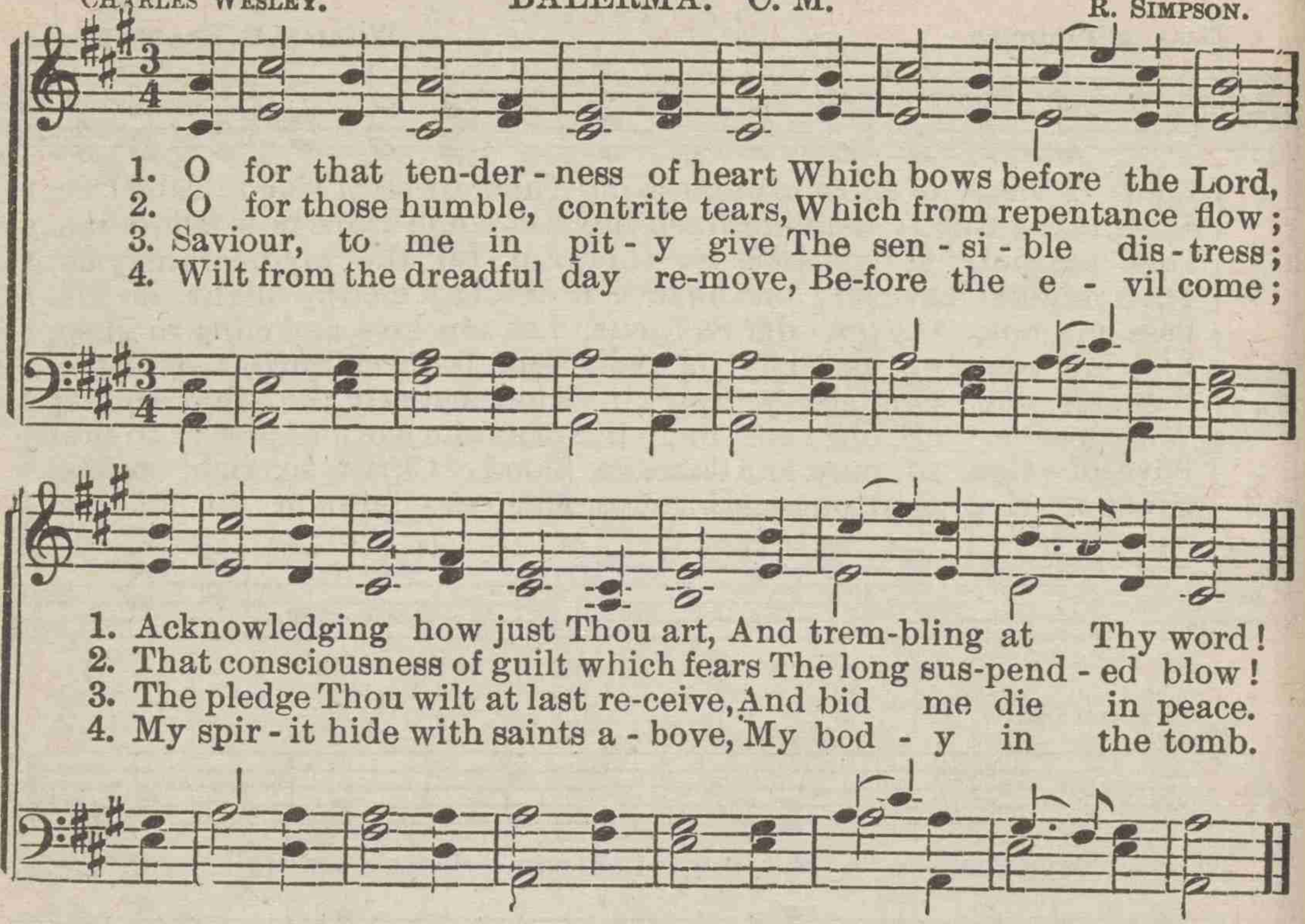
1. There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea:
2. There is welcome for the sin-ner; There are blessings for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the measure of man's mind;
4. If our faith were but more simple, We should take Him at His word;



1. There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
2. There is mer-cy with the Saviour; There is heal-ing in His blood.
3. And the heart of the e-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.
4. And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

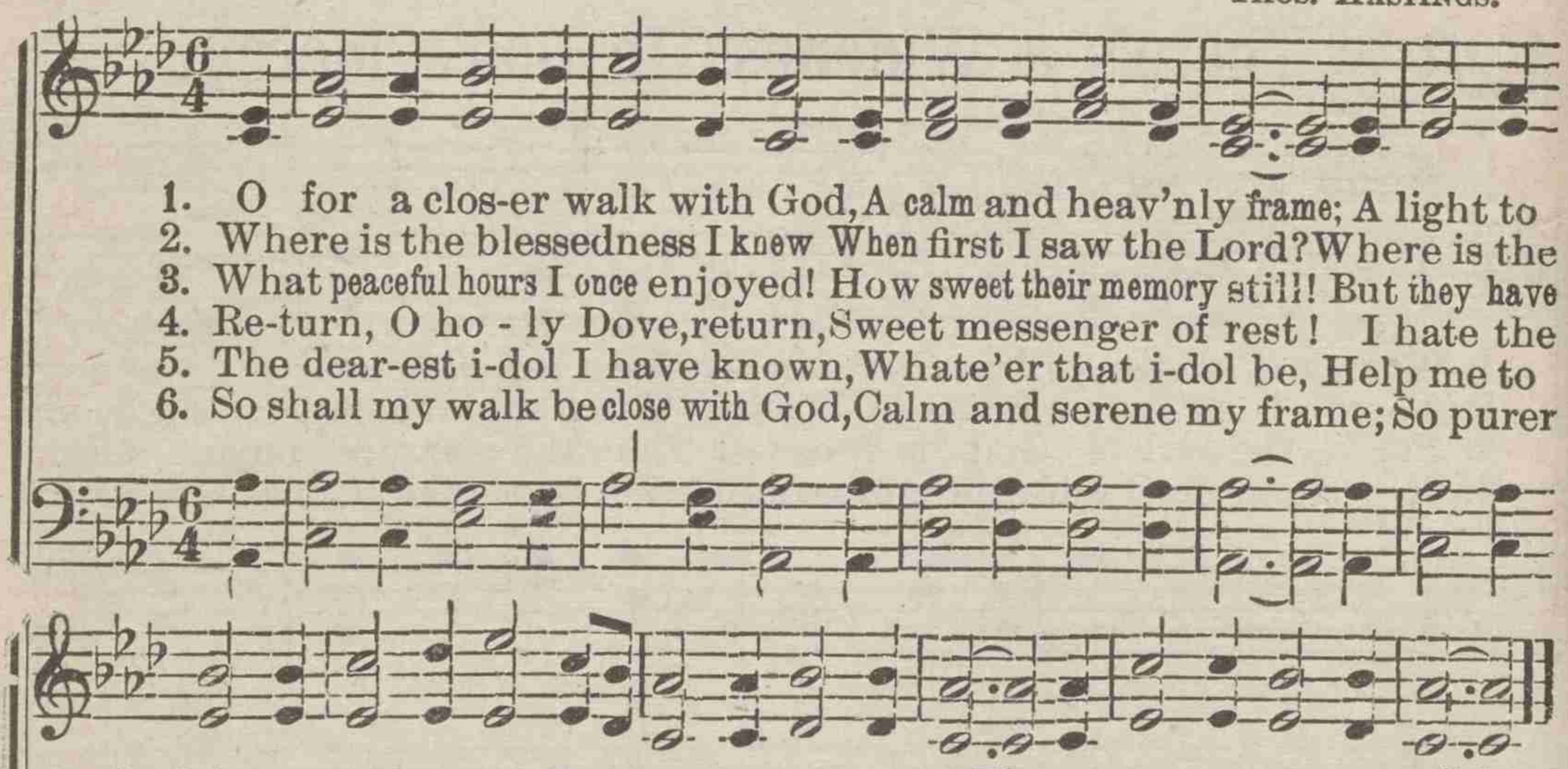
129 A Penitent Heart.

CHARLES WESLEY. BALERMA. C. M. R. SIMPSON.



130 O For a Closer Walk With God.

WILLIAM COWPER. ORTONVILLE. C. M. THOS. HASTINGS.



131 The Mistakes Of My Life.

U. L. BAILEY. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. The mistakes of my life have been ma - ny, But the sins of my
2. I am low - est of those who would love Him; I am weak-est of
3. My mistakes His free grace now will cov - er, And my sins He will
4. The mistakes of my life have been ma - ny, And my spir - it is

1. heart have been more; And I scarce-ly can see for my weeping, But I'll
2. those who would pray; But I come to Him as He has bid - den, And I
3. wash all a - way; And the feet that now stumble and fal - ter, Soon may
4. wea - ry with sin; Tho' I scarce-ly can see for my weeping, Yet the

CHORUS.

1. knock at the o - pen door.
2. know He'll not say me nay. I know I am sin - ful and un -
3. en - ter the gate of day.
4. Sav - iour will let me in.

wor - thy, And now I feel it more and more, ... But Je - sus in -
more and more,
vites me to come in, ... I will en - ter the o - pen door. . . .
come in, o-pen door.

Arr. Copyright, 1912, by Charlie D. Tillman.

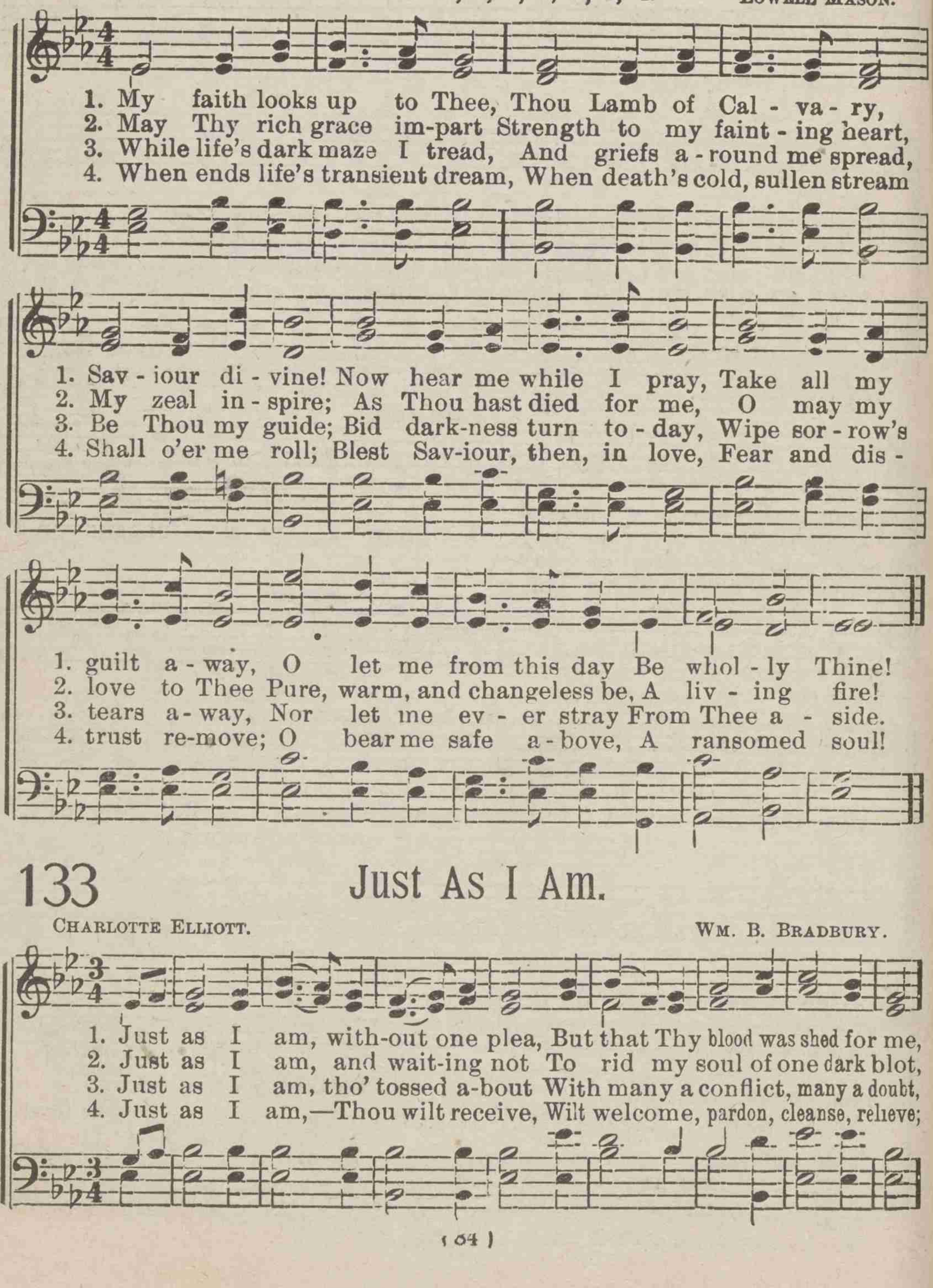
Prayer and Faith.

No.	No.	No.
My Faith Looks Up 132	I Am Coming to the Cross .136	Arise, My Soul.....140
Just As I Am.....133	Pass Me Not.....137	Alas, and Did.....141
Father, I Stretch My Hands.134	Take Me As I Am.....138	What a Fellowship.....142
Jesus Paid It All.....135	Jesus Breaks Every.....139	

See these numbers· 217, 224, 239, 240, 272, 290, 291, 319, 331, 333, 334, 362, 365,

132 My Faith Looks Up To Thee.

RAY PALMER. OLIVET. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4. LOWELL MASON.



133 Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.

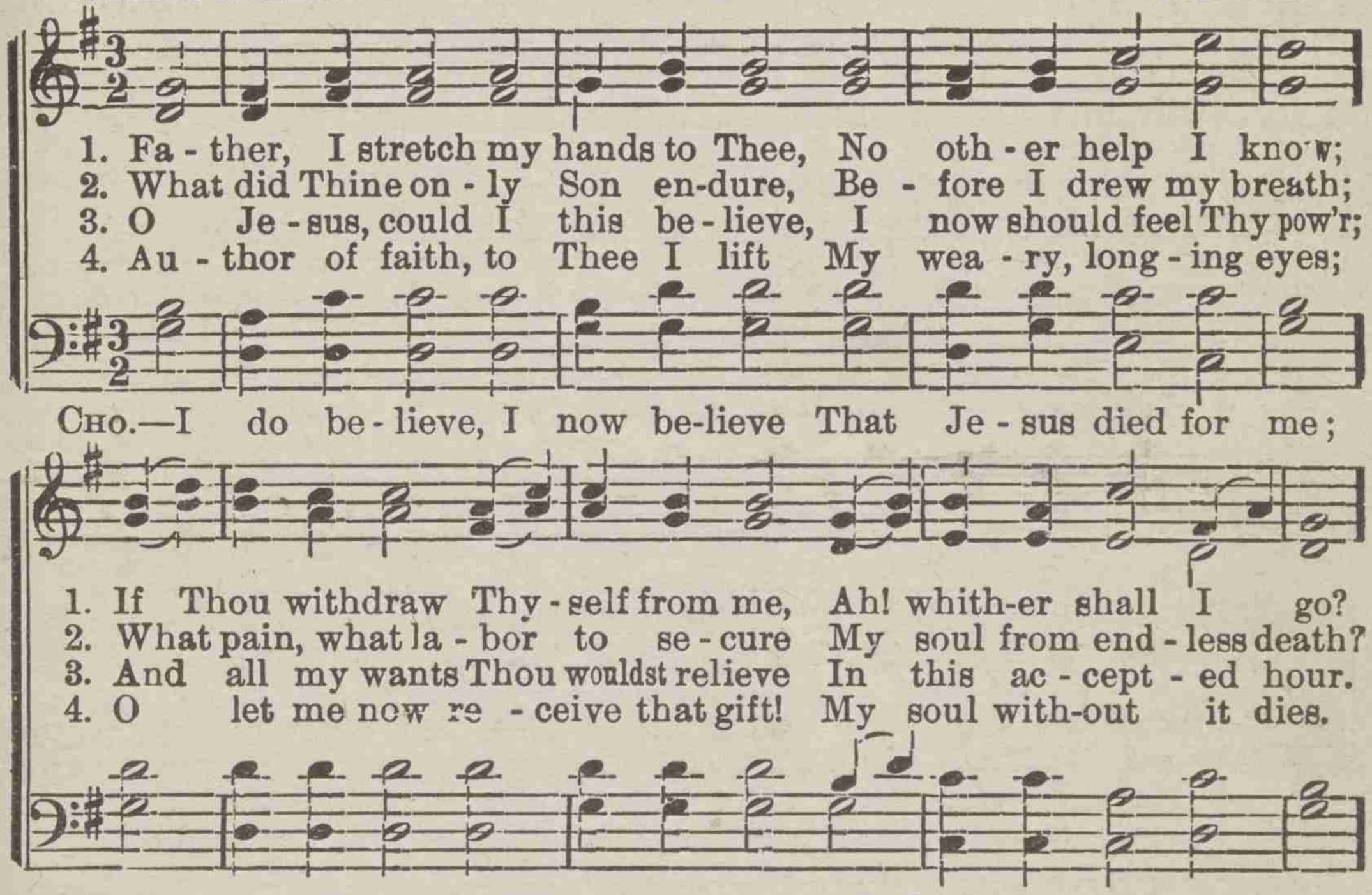
Just As I Am. Concluded.



134a Father, I Stretch My Hands to Thee.

I DO BELIEVE.

CHARLES WESLEY. Unknown.



134b O For a Faith.

Sung to above music, and use chorus if desired.

I 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;—

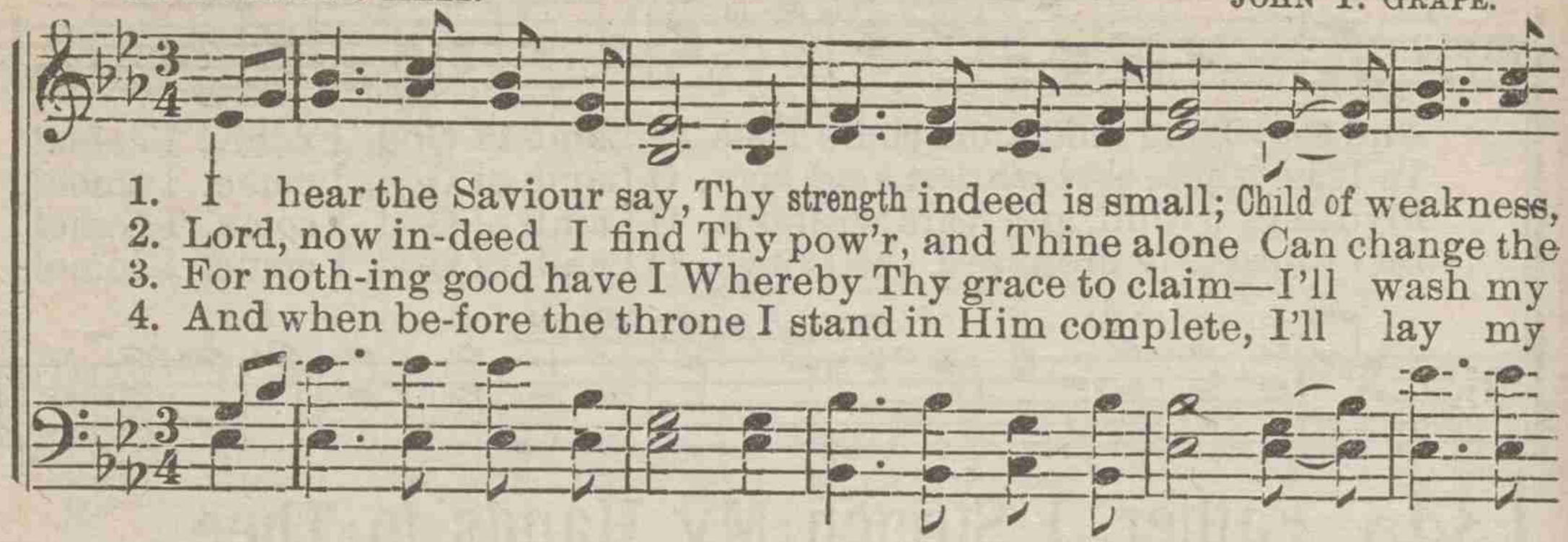
3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt.

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.

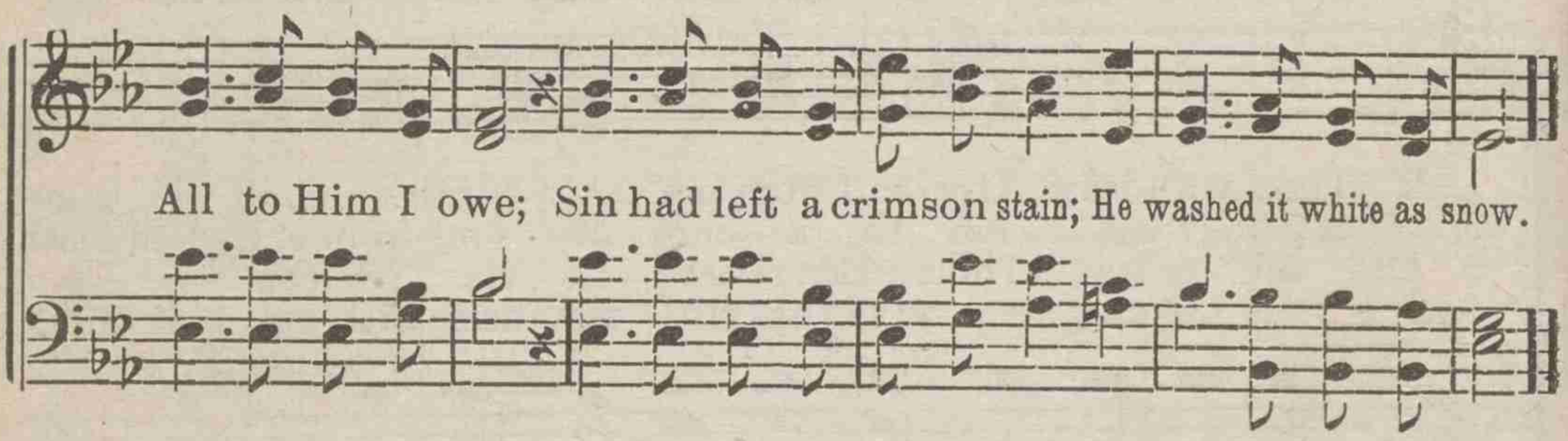
WILLIAM H. BATHURST.

135 Jesus Paid It All.

MRS. ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.

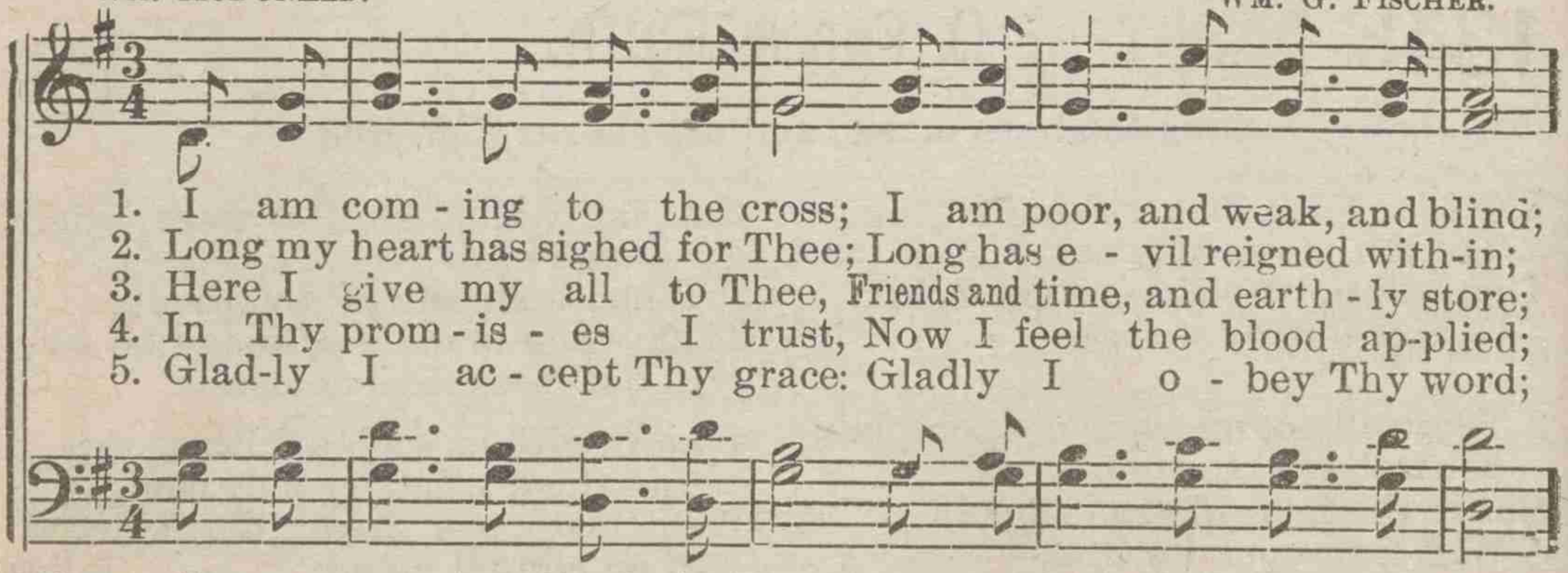






136 I Am Coming To the Cross.

WM. MCDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER.



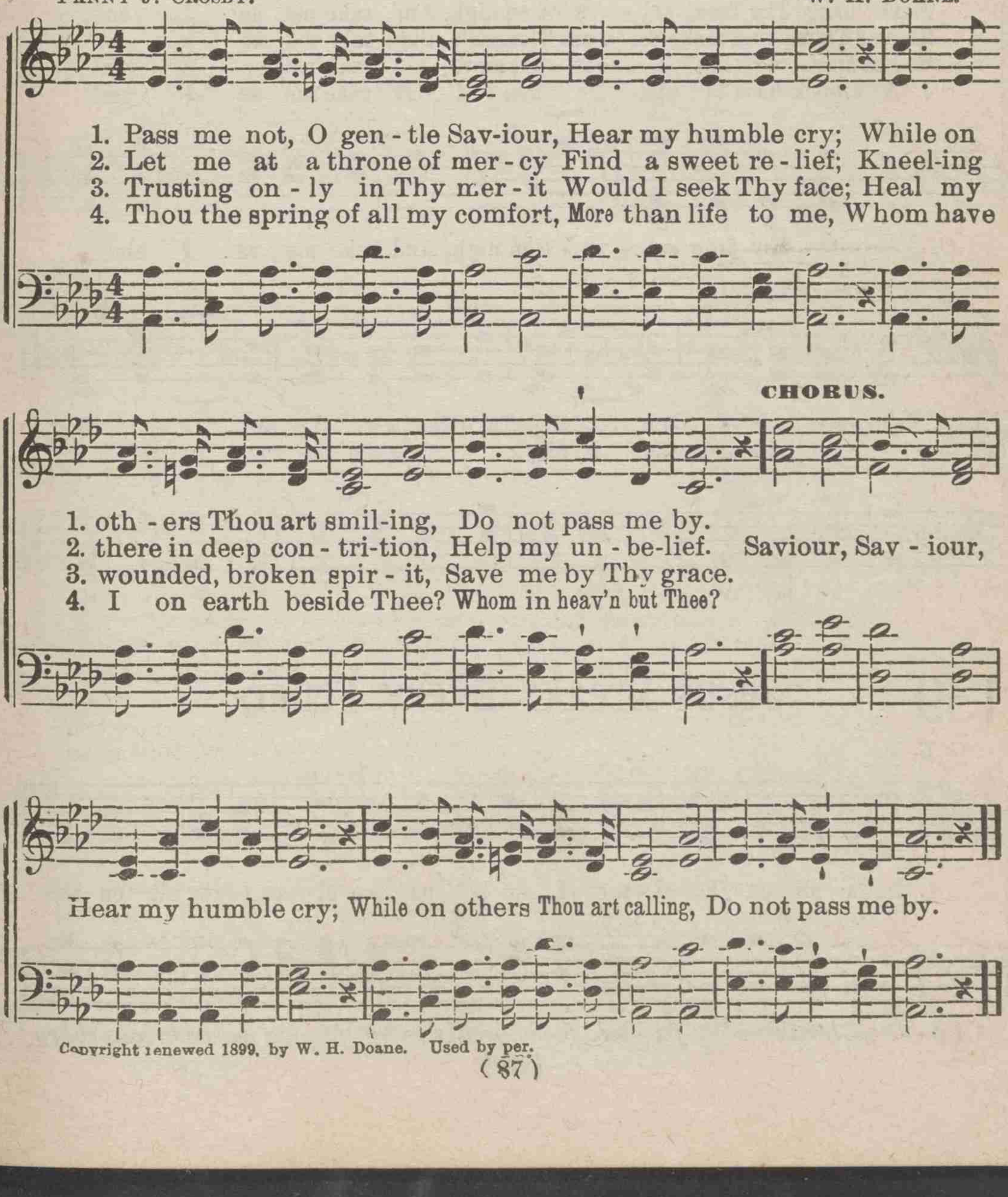
I Am Coming To the Cross. Concluded.

D. C. for Chorus.



137 Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



Copyright renewed 1899, by W. H. Doane. Used by per.

138 Take Me As I Am.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

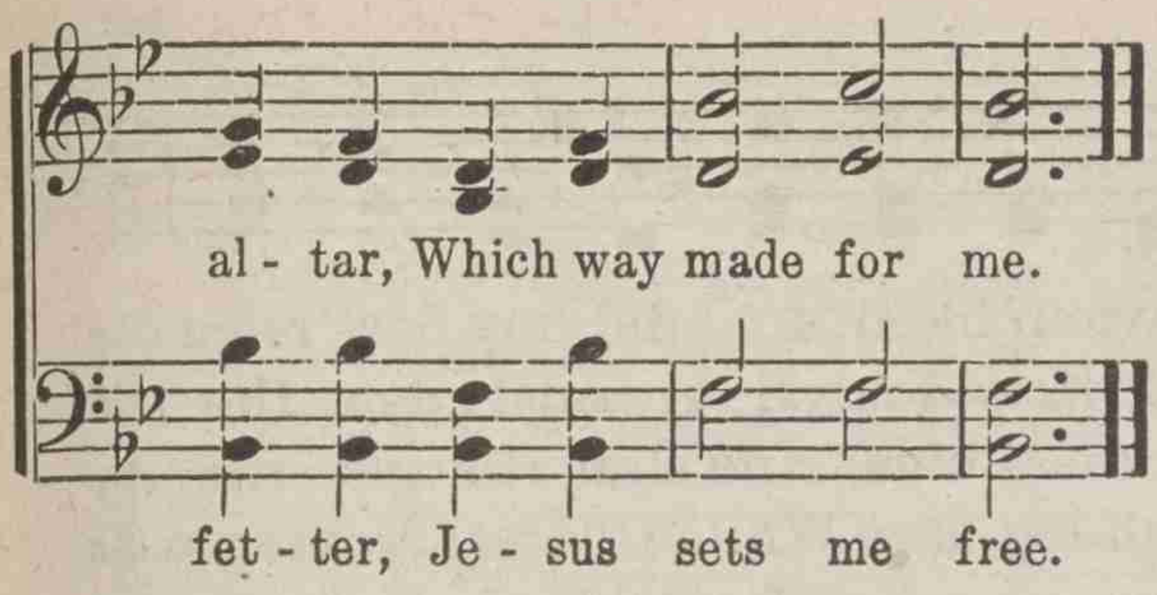
139 Jesus Breaks Every Fetter.

C. D. T. W. MCDONALD.

1. I am all on the al - tar, I am all on the al - tar, I am all on the

CHO.–*Je-sus breaks ev-'ry fet - ter, Je-sus breaks ev-'ry fet - ter, Je-sus breaks ev-'ry*

Jesus Breaks Every Fetter. Concluded.



2 ‖: He accepts all I've brought Him; :‖
And that's even me.

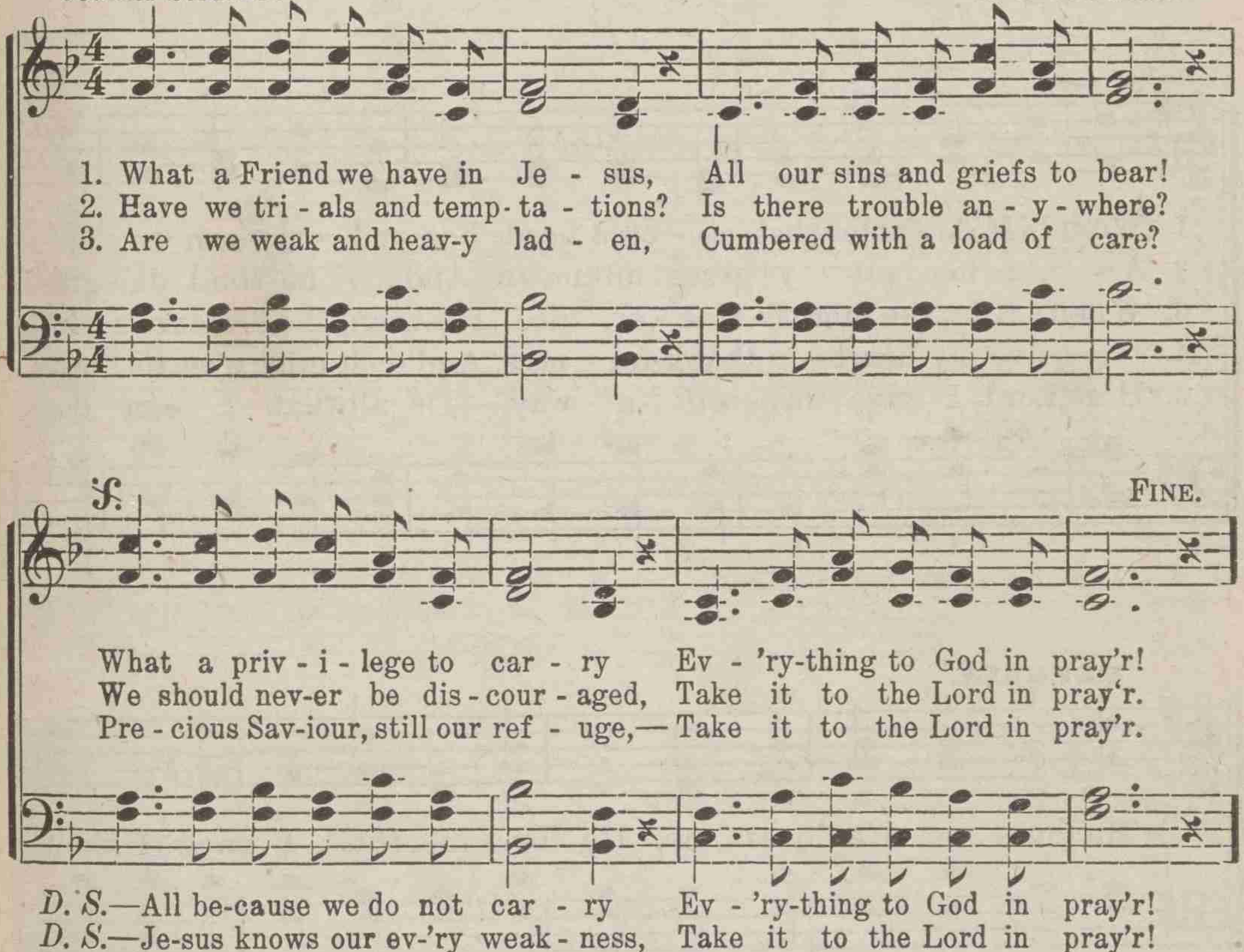
3 ‖: I will never more doubt Him, :‖
For He cleanses me.

4 ‖: I will rest on His promise, :‖
Which was made for me.

4 ‖: Hallelujah! I'll praise Him, :‖
For He sets me free.

140 What a Friend We Have In Jesus.

JOSEHH SCRIVEN. C. C. CONVERSE.



FINE.

D. S.



141 He Loves Me.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr.

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

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

REFRAIN.

He loves me, He loves me, He loves me, this I know (I know);
He gave Him-self to die for me, Be-cause He loved me so.

142 Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the ev-er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in the pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev-er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-

last-ing arms; What a bless - ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last-ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last-ing arms; I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

REFRAIN.

Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing,
Lean - ing on Je - sus,
lean - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;
lean - ing on Je - sus,
Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms
Lean - ing on Je - sus, lean-ing on Je-sus,

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Consecration and Sanctification.

	No.
Jesus, I My Cross	143
Footsteps of Jesus	144
Love Divine	145
Lord, I Believe a Rest	146
Give Me a New	147
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With Every Passing Day	165

The following numbers suited to this subject: 279, 280,

143 Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

ELLESIDE. 8s, 7s.

H. F. LYTE. MOZART.







144 Footsteps Of Jesus.

MARY B. SLADE. A. B. EVERET

1. Sweet-ly, Lord, have we heard Thee call-ing, Come, fol - low me!
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seek - ing His sheep;
3. If they lead thro' the tem-ple ho - ly, Preach-ing the word;
4. Tho' dear Lord, in Thy path way keeping, We fol - low Thee;
5. If Thy way and its sor-rows bear-ing, We go a - gain,
6. By and by, thro' the shin-ing por - tals, Turn - ing our feet,
7. Then at last, when on high He sees us, Our jour-ney done,

1. And we see where Thy foot-prints fall - ing, Lead us to Thee.
2. Or a - long by Si - lo - am's foun - tains, Helping the weak.
3. Or in homes of the poor and low - ly, Serv - ing the Lord.
4. Thro' the gloom of that place of weep - ing, Geth-sem - a - ne!
5. Up the slope of the hill - side, bear - ing Our cross of pain.
6. We shall walk with the glad im - mor - tals, Heav'n's golden streets.
7. We will rest where the steps of Je - sus End at His throne.

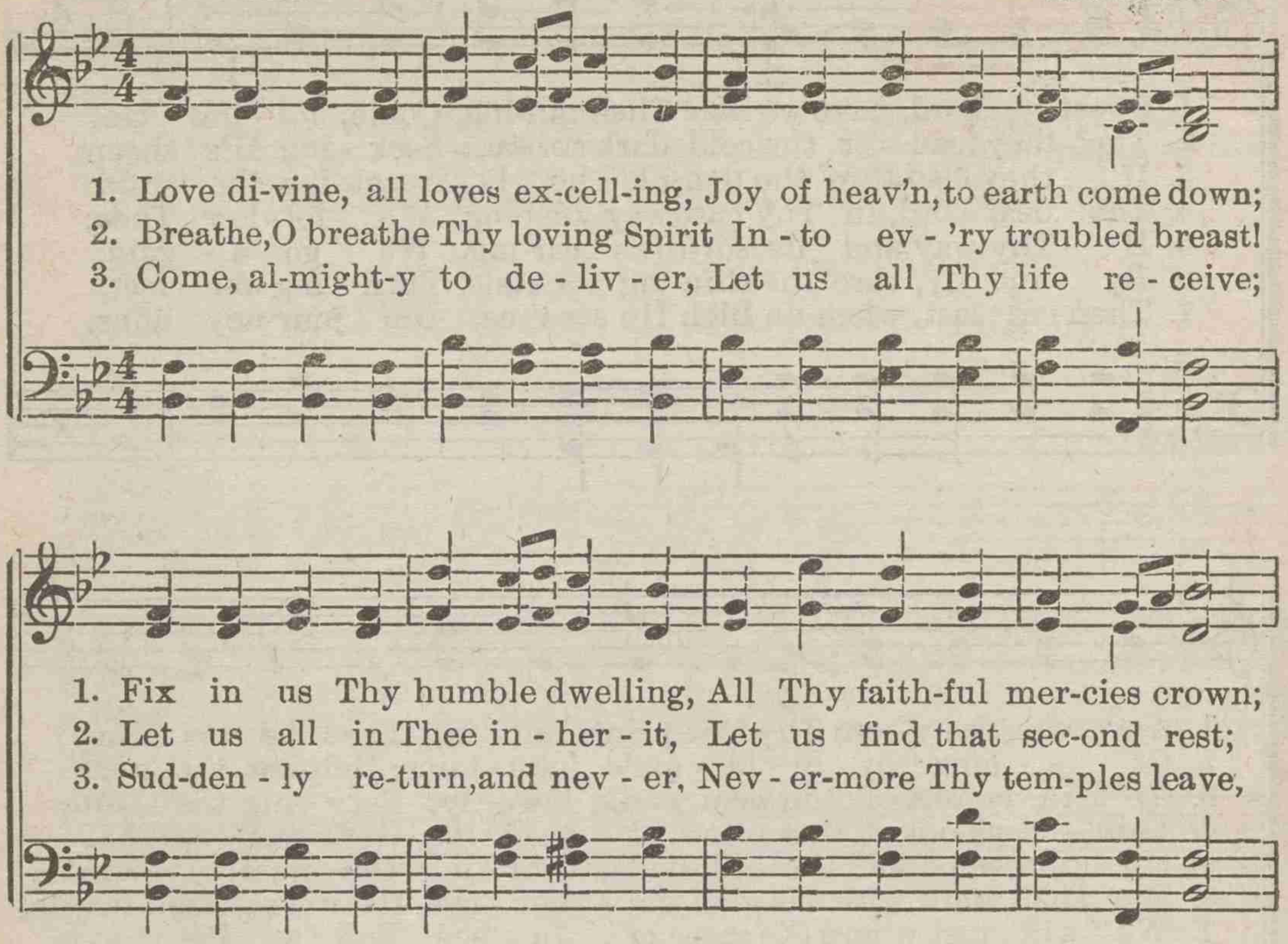
REFRAIN.

Foot - prints of Je - sus, that make the path - way glow;

We will fol - low the steps of Je - sus wher - e'er they go.

145 Love Divine.

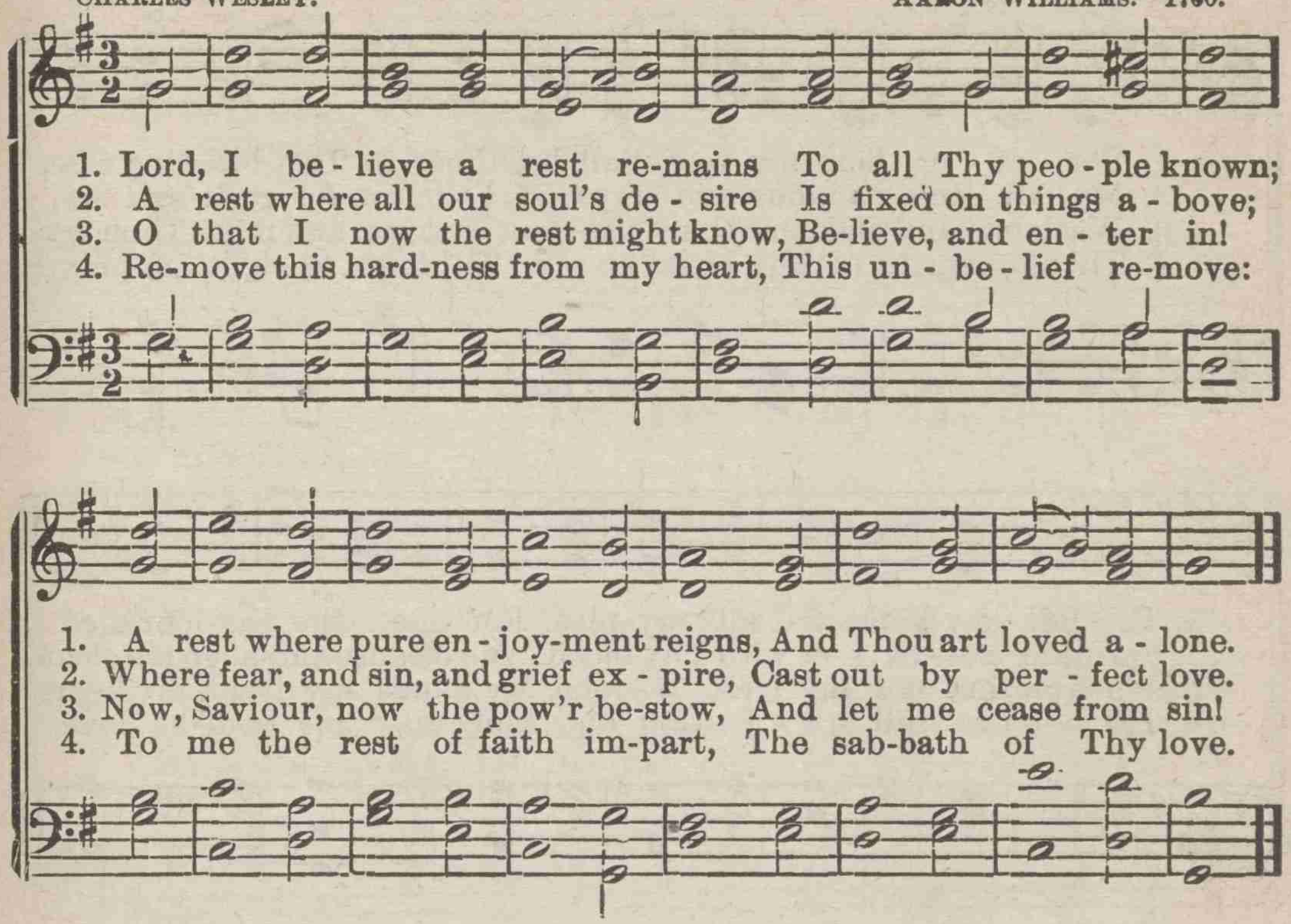
CHARLES WESLEY. JOHN ZUNDEL.



146 Lord, I Believe a Rest Remains.

MEAR. C. M.

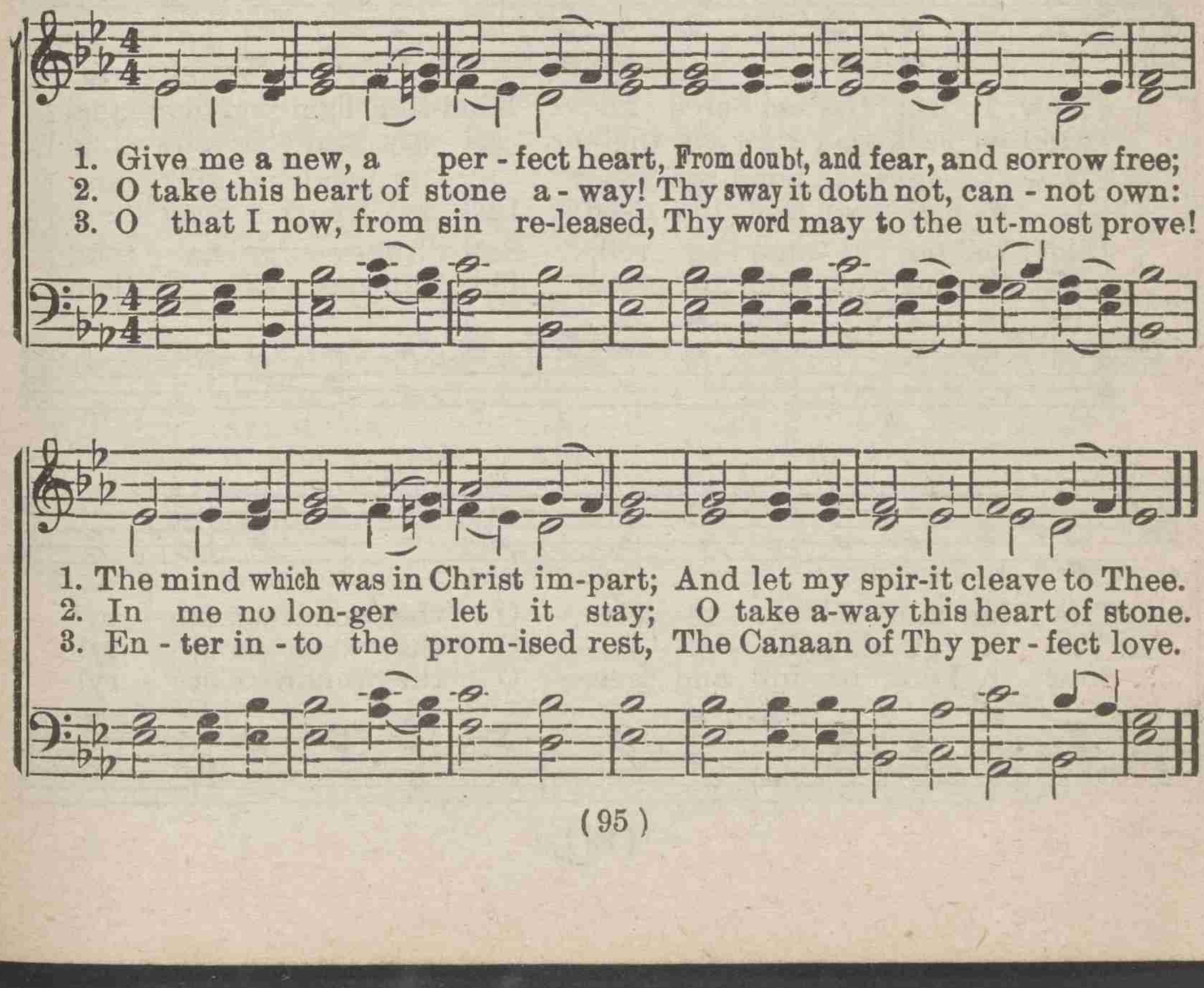
CHARLES WESLEY. AARON WILLIAMS. 1760.



147 Give Me a New, a Perfect Heart.

HAMBURG. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. Arr. by DR. L. MASON. 1825.



148 Sanctification.

CHARLES WESLEY. HUGH WILSON.

1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleeding side,
2. My dy - ing Sav-iour and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin,
3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own; Wash me, and mine Thou art;
4. Th' a-tonement of Thy blood ap-ply, Till faith to sight im-prove;

1. This all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Sav-iour died.
2. Sprinkle me ev - er with Thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
3. Wash me, but not my feet a - lone, My hands, my head, my heart.
4. Till hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul be love.

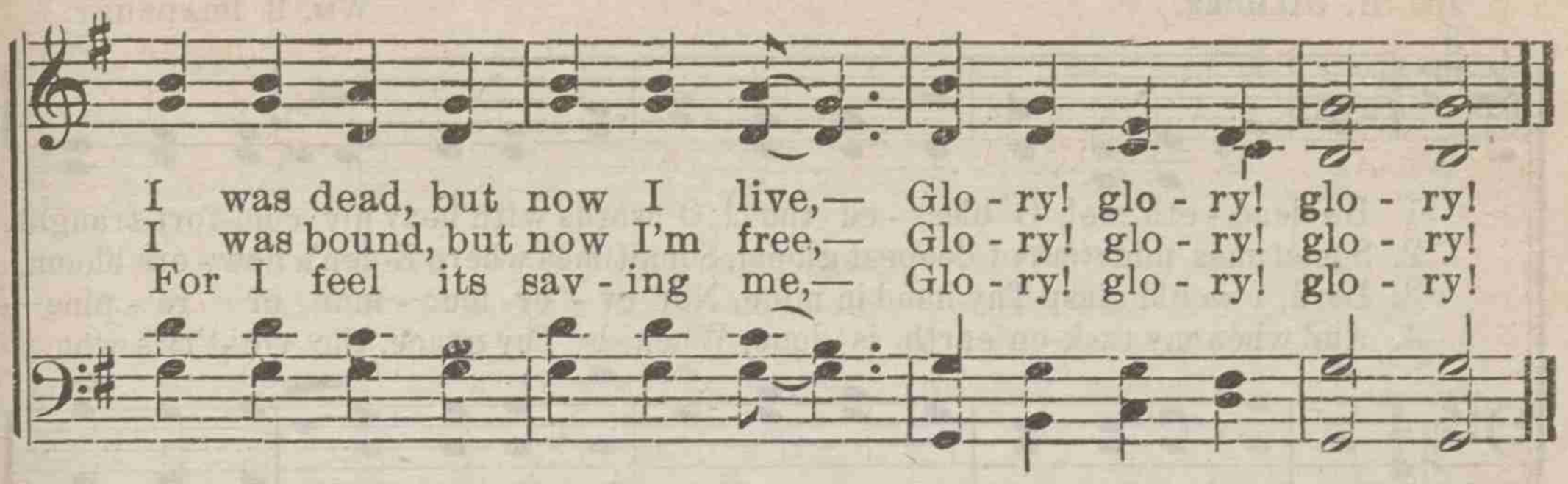
149 The Sacred Fire.

Arranged for this work.

1. { Now I feel the sa - cred fire, Kind-ling, flam-ing, glow - ing,
   { High-er still, and ris - ing high-er, All my soul o'er - flow - ing;
2. { Now I am from bond-age freed, Ev - 'ry bond is riv - en;
   { Je - sus makes me free in - deed, Just as free as heav - en;
3. { Let the tes - ti - mo - ny roll, Roll thro' ev - 'ry na - tion;
   { Wit-ness-ing from soul to soul This immense sal - va - tion;

1. Life im - mor - tal I re - ceive,— O the wondrous sto - ry!
2. 'Tis a glo-rious lib - er - ty,— O the wondrous sto - ry!
3. Now I know its full and free,— O the wondrous sto - ry!

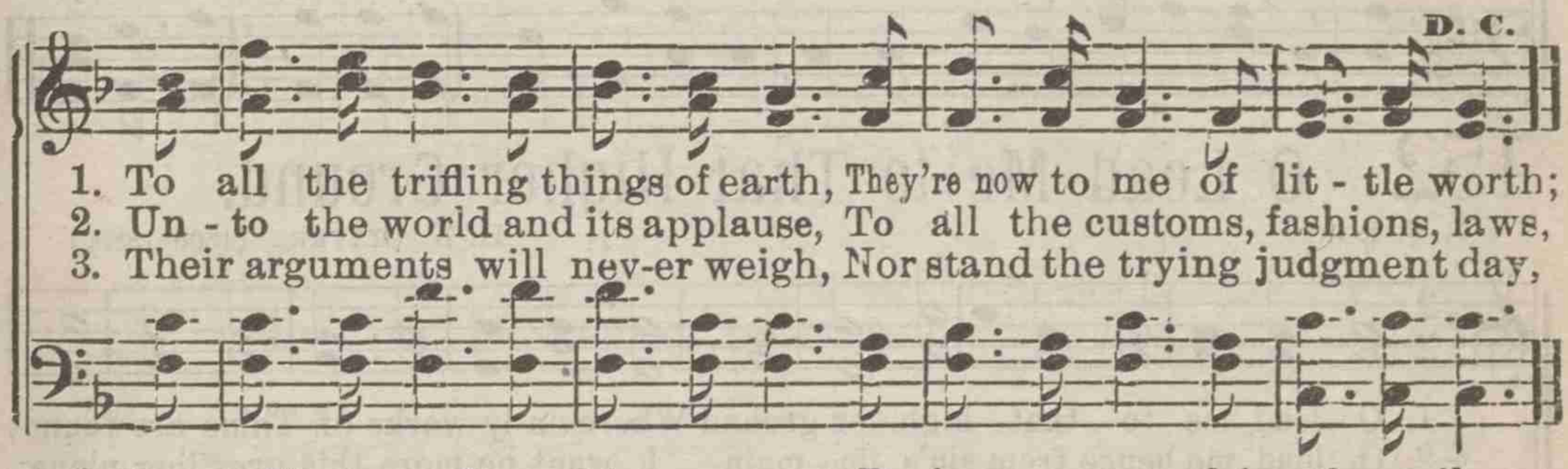
The Sacred Fire. Concluded.



150 Let Me Die.

MRS. JANETTE PALMITA.





4 O I must die to scoffs and jeers,
Let me die, let me die;
I must be freed from slavish fears,
Let me die, let me die;
So dead that no desire shall rise
To pass for good, or great, or wise,
In any but my Saviour's eyes:
Let me die, let me die.

5 If Christ would live and reign in me,
I must die, I must die;
Like Him I crucified must be,
I must die, I must die;
Lord, drive the nails, nor heed the groans,
My flesh may writhe and make its moans,
But in this way and this alone,
I must die, I must die.

6 Begin at once to drive the nails,
Let me die, let me die;
O suffer not my heart to fail,
Let me die, let me die;
Jesus, I look to Thee for power,
To help me to endure the hour,
When crucified by sovereign power
I shall die, I shall die.

7 When I am dead, then, Lord, to Thee,
I shall live, I shall live;
My time, my strength, my all to Thee,
Will I give, will I give;
O may the Son now make me free!
Here, Lord, I give my all to Thee,
For time and for eternity
I will live, I will live.

151 He Leadeth Me.

JOS. H. GILMORE. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead - eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught;
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where E-den's bow - ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine—
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic - t'ry's won,

What-e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troub-led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
E'en death s cold wave I will not flee, Since God thru Jor - dan lead-eth me.

REFRAIN.

{ He leadeth me! He lead-eth me! By His own hand He lead-eth me; }
{ His faithful foll'wer I would be; By His own hand He [*Omit . .]* } lead-eth me.

152 O Lead Me to That Higher Ground.

R. J. LORD. H. K. OLIVER. (1800–1885.)

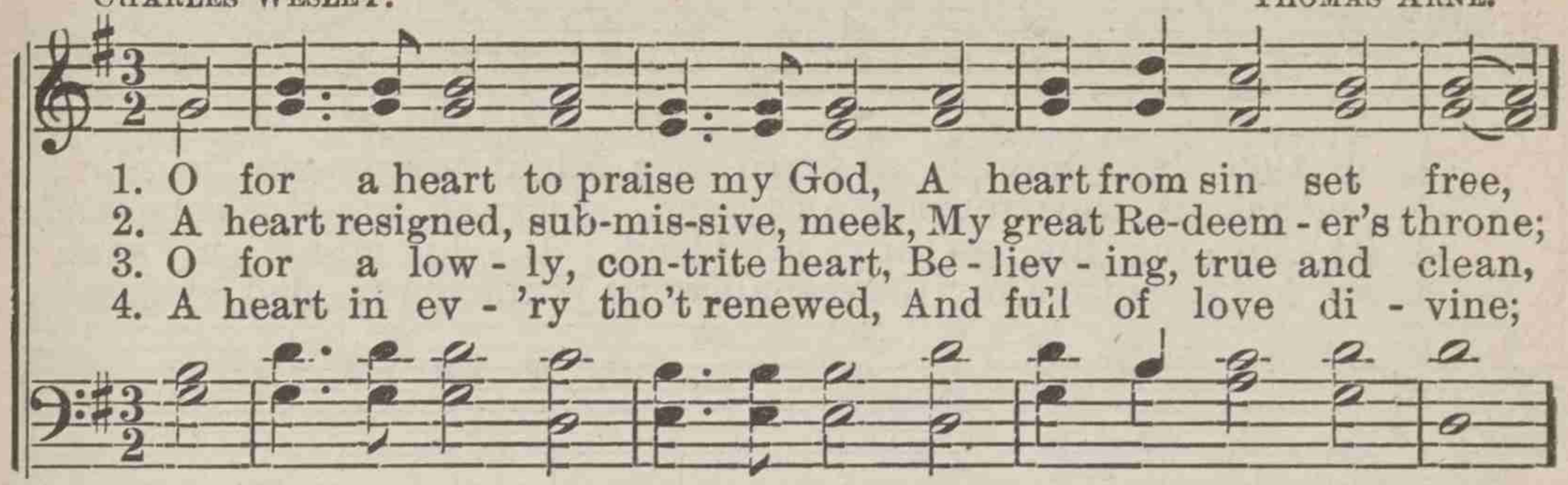
1. O lead me to that high - er ground Where on-ly works of Thine art found;
2. O lead me hence from sin's do - main, I want no more this grov'ling plane;
3. O lead me Sav - iour, lead me on, That I on earth can sing that song

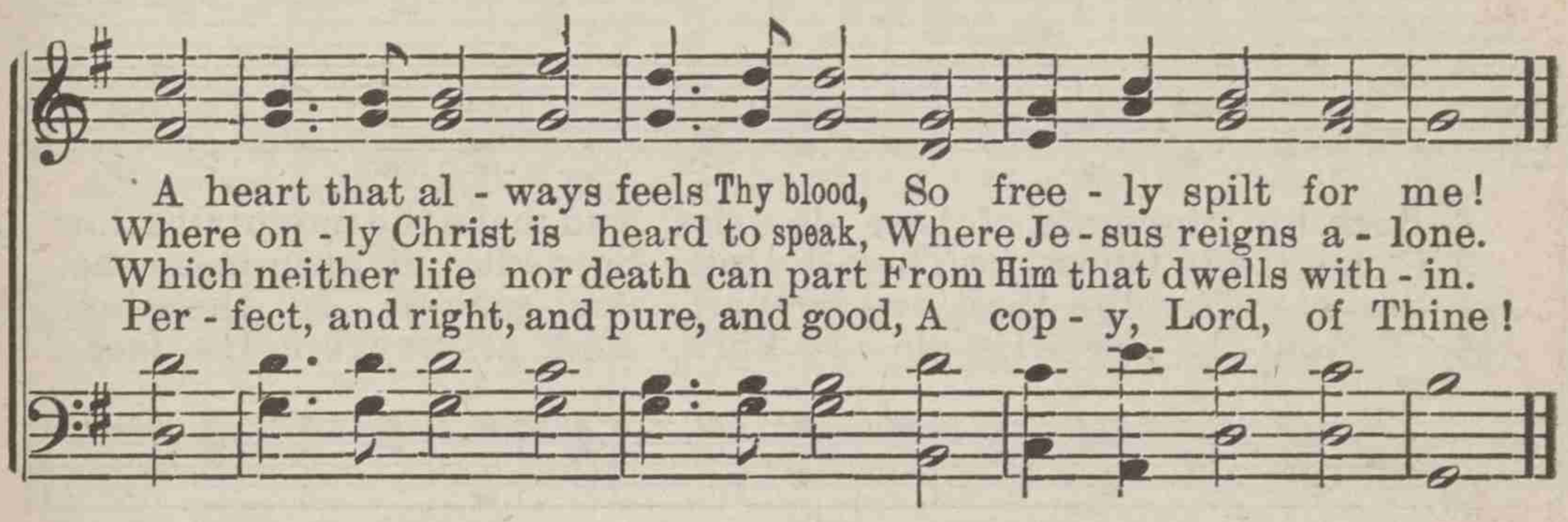
This natural plane is filled with woes, O lead me where the life-tree grows.
O lead me to that ho - ly life, A - bove all way-ward-ness and strife.
Which ransomed ones a - lone can sing, "That Je - sus keeps me free from sin."

153 O For a Heart.

(ARLINGTON. C. M.)

CHARLES WESLEY. THOMAS ARNE.

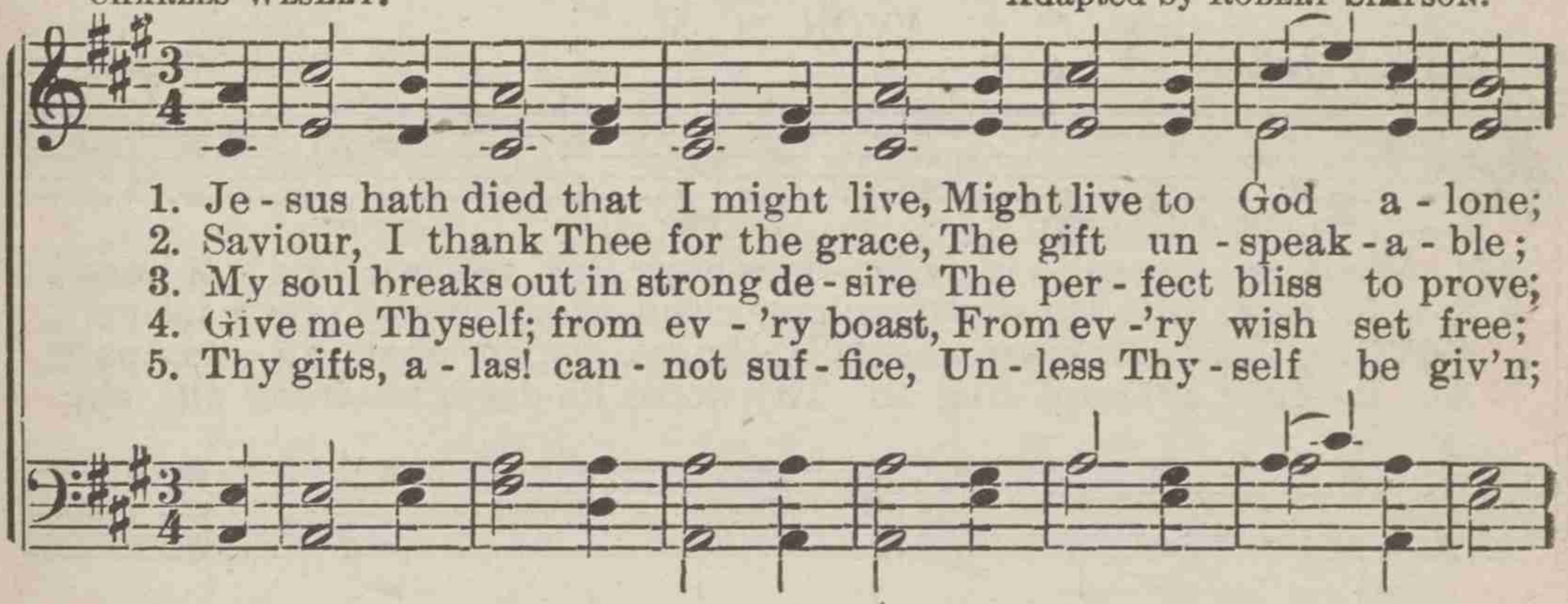


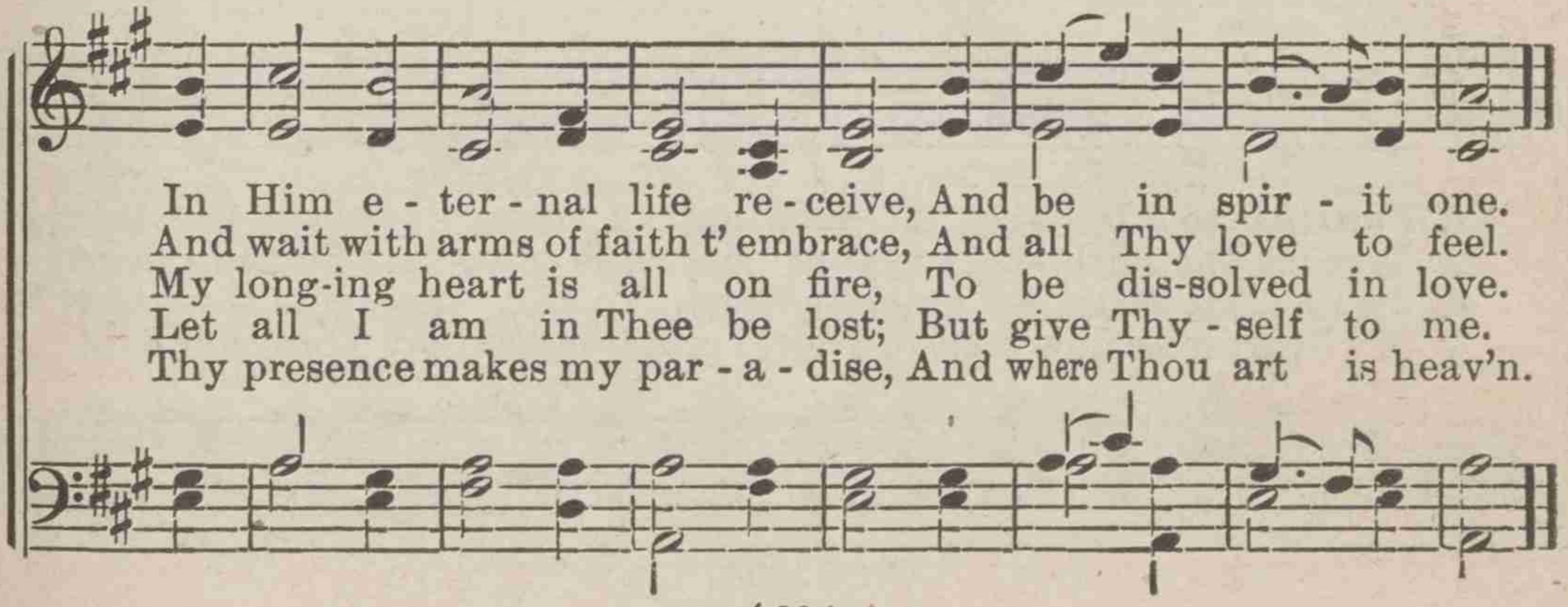


154 He Died That I Might Live.

(BALERMA. C. M.)

CHARLES WESLEY. Adapted by ROBERT SIMPSON.

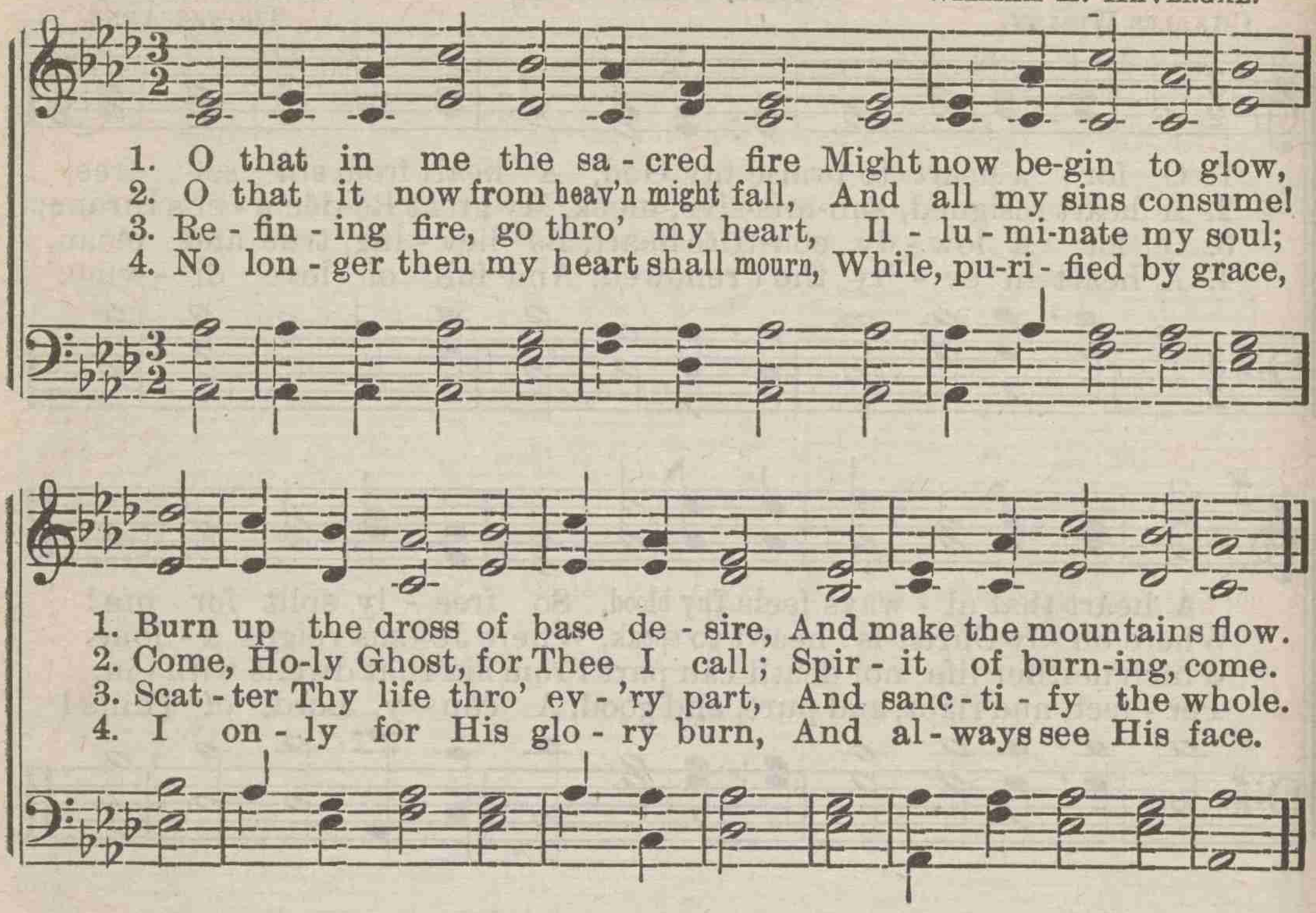




155 O For the Sacred Fire.

EVAN. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL.



156 Our Calling.

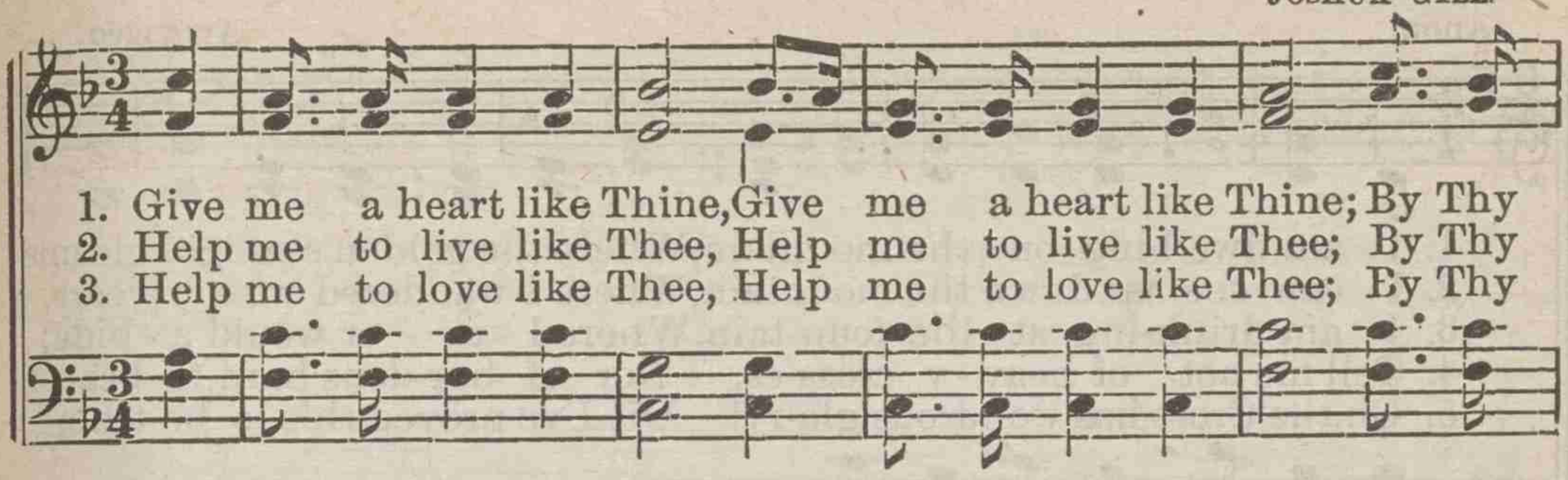
AVON. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. HUGH WILSON.



157 Give Me a Heart Like Thine.

JOSHUA GILL.





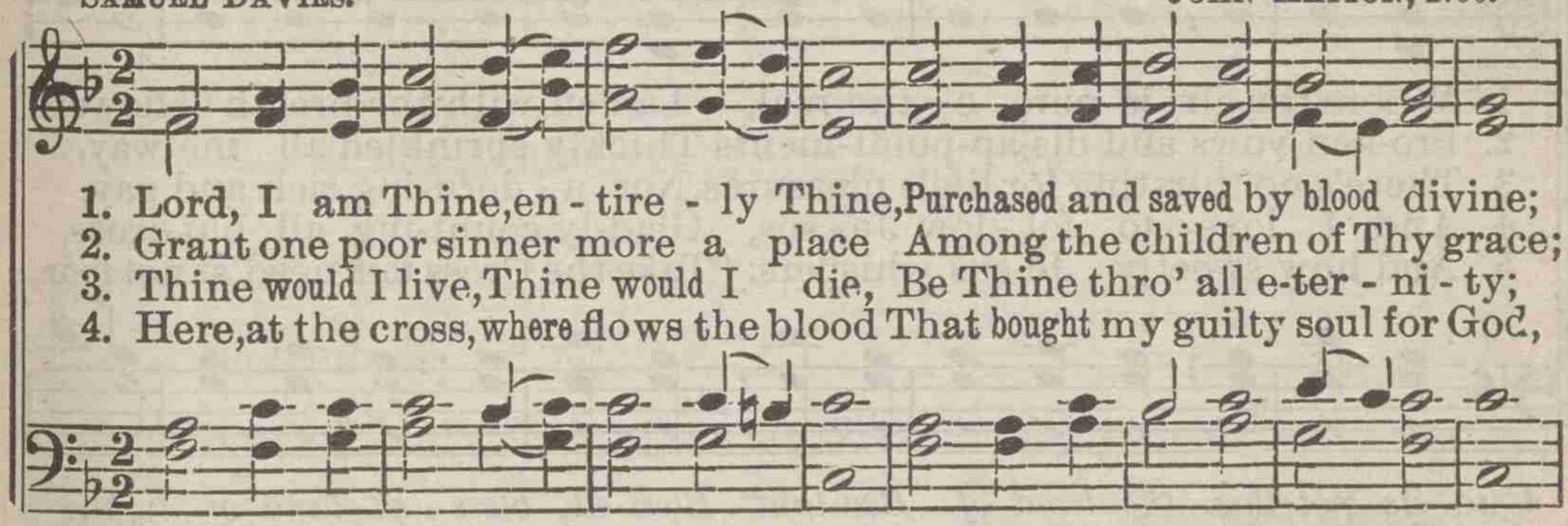
4 Help me to pray like Thee.
5 Help me to give like Thee.
6 Help me to speak like Thee
7 Help me to work like Thee.

Copyright, 1888, by Joshua Gill.

158 Lord, I Am Thine, Entirely Thine.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

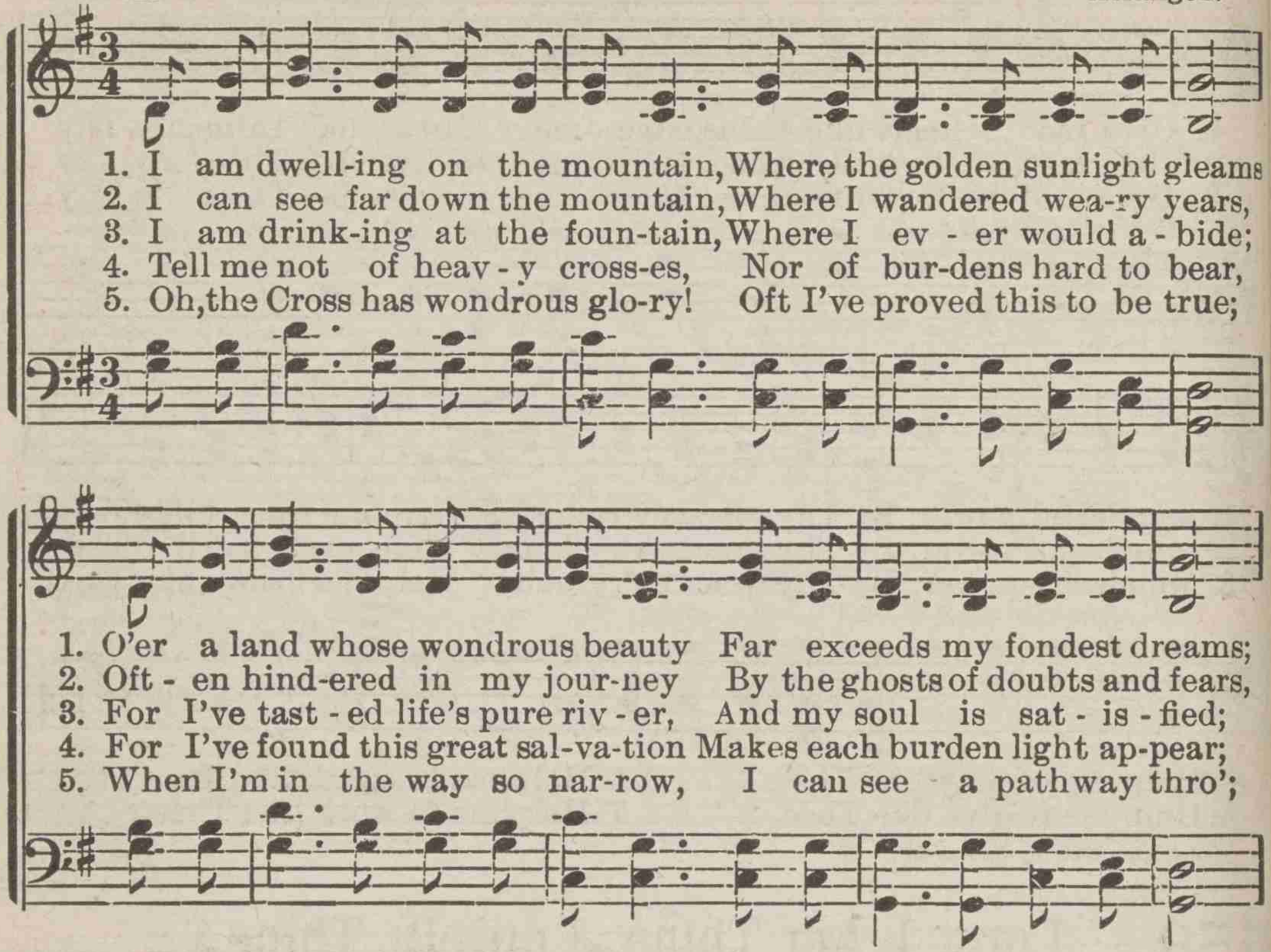
SAMUEL DAVIES. JOHN HATTON, 1790.





159 Is Not This the Land Of Beulah?

Anon. Arranged.



160 Beulah Land.

E. P. STITES. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free-ly mine;
2. The Saviour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;
3. A sweet per-fume up-on the breeze Is borne from ev-er ver-nal trees,
4. The zeph-yrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heav-en's mel - o - dy,

1. Here shines undimmed one blissful day, For all my night has passed away.
2. He gen-tly leads me by the hand, For this is heav-en's bor-der-land.
3. And flow'rs that never fad-ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
4. As angels with the white robed throng Join in the sweet redemption song.

CHORUS.

O Beu-lah land, sweet Beulah land! As on thy high-est mount I stand,

I look a - way a - cross the sea Where mansions are prepared for me,

And view the shin-ing glo-ry shore, My heav'n, my home for-ev-er-more.

From "Goodly Pearls," by John J. Hood. Used by per.

161 God's Promises.

"God's promises are sure, if you will only believe."
Words spoken by Gen. William Booth on his death bed.

S. W. B. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. God's prom - is - es are sure in - deed If you will on - ly be - lieve;
2. They ev - er - last - ing are, my friend, And filled with His sur - e - ty;
3. His prom - is - es are made to all Who know His words will come true;

They all will be ful - filled by Him If you His truth will re - ceive.
All that He says will be proved true If you be-lieve trust-ing - ly.
Take hold up - on them, O my friend, Once more they're giv-en to you.

CHORUS.

God's prom-is-es are sure, if you be-lieve, God's prom-is - es are sure, if you be - lieve; Ev - 'ry word He says is true, O be-lieve it sin-ner, do; God's prom-is - es are sure, if you be-lieve.

on-ly be-lieve, on-ly be-lieve, on - ly be-lieve; on - ly be-lieve.

Samuel W. Beazley, 808 Leland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

162 Have Thy Way, Lord.

REV. GEORGE BENNARD.

Effective as a Soprano and Alto Duet.

1. Je - sus, see me at Thy feet, With my sac - ri - fice complete;
2. O how pa - tient Thou hast been With my pride and in - bred sin!
3. Lord, I loathe my - self and sin, En - ter now and make me clean;
4. Lord, Thy love has won my all, Let Thy Spir - it on me fall;
5. Praise the Lord, the work is done! Praise the Lord, the vic-t'ry's won!

1. I am bring - ing all to Thee, Thine a - lone I'll be.
2. O what mer - cy Thou hast shown, Grace and love un-known!
3. Make my heart just like Thine own; Come, Lord, take Thy throne.
4. Burn up ev - 'ry trace of sin; Make me pure with-in.
5. Now the blood is cleans-ing me, From all sin I'm free.

CHORUS.

Have Thy way, Lord, have Thy way, This with all my heart I say;

I'll o - bey Thee, come what may; Dear Lord, have Thy way.

Copyright, 1910, by Geo. Bennard, Albion, Mich.

163 I Need Never Grieve Him Again.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

English Song. Arr. by Charlie D. Tillman.

1. Of Je - sus, my Sav-ior and Broth-er, To you of His love I would sing;
2. The light that He gives I will fol - low, His will I will al-ways o - bey,
3. Like E-noch, I would be found walk-ing In paths that Je-ho-vah has trod;
4. He's gone to pre-pare me a man-sion; Where He is, I al - so shall be,

To save me from sin and from sor-row, He came full sal-va-tion to bring.
And take lit-tle tho't for the mor-row—His grace is suf - fi - cient to - day.
Like E-noch, I would be found talk-ing And hold-ing communion with God.
And join in the songs of re-demp-tion, When face to face Je - sus I'll see.

He gave up His kingdom and glo - ry, He faced all the sor-row and shame,
Why need I live sin-ning and sigh-ing, Why should I be sad or com-plain?
I would have a boundless sal-va - tion, Be cleansed by His blood from all sin;
In streets where the joy-bells are ringing, I'll crown Him, the Lamb that was slain,

And if I be-lieve the old sto - ry, I nev-er need grieve Him a - gain.
My needs He is ev - er sup-ply - ing, I nev-er need grieve Him a - gain.
Like E-noch, be-fore my trans-la - tion, I nev-er need grieve Him a - gain.
And join in the songs they are sing-ing, And nev-er grieve Je - sus a - gain.

FINE.

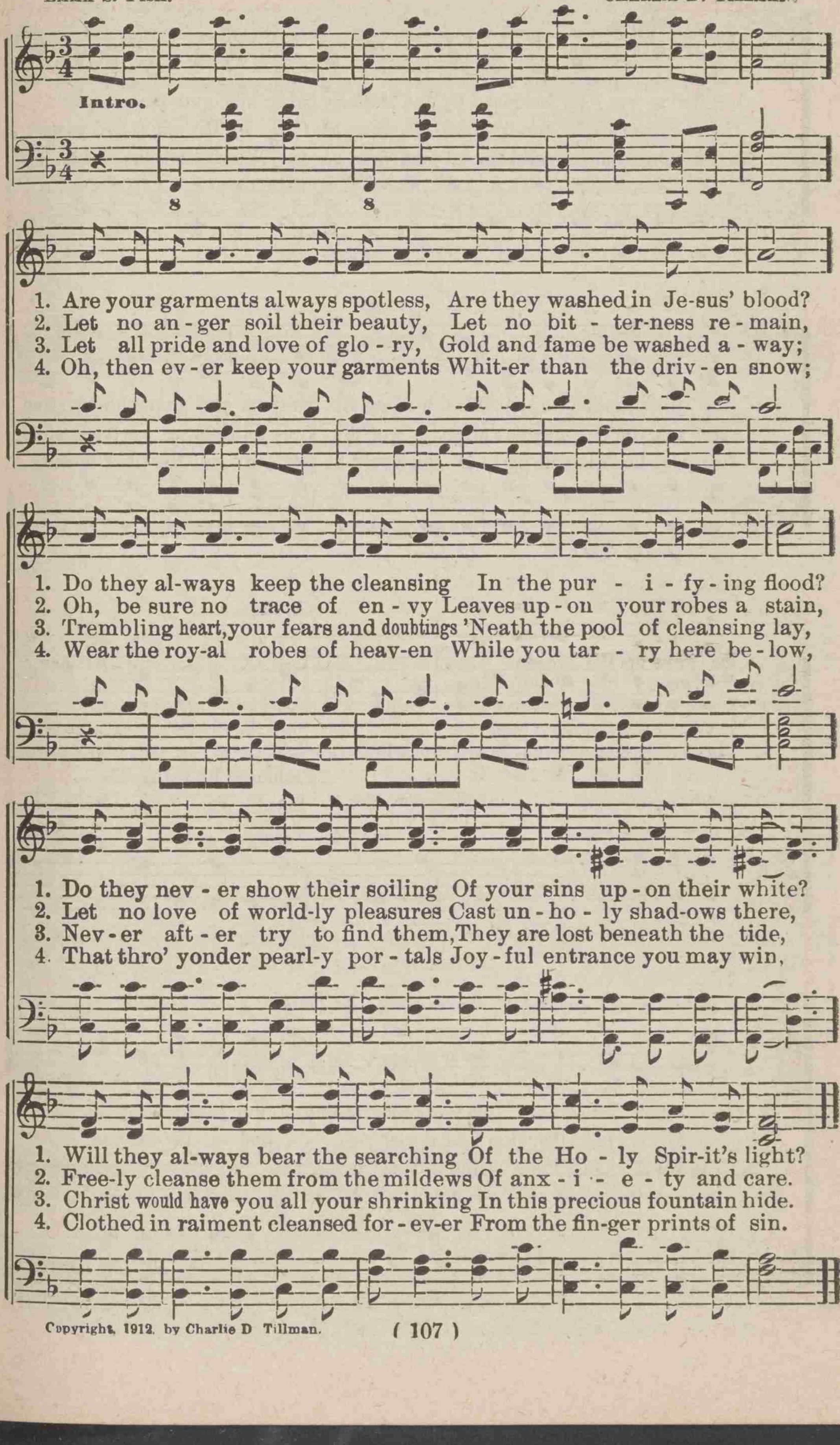
D. S.—*But lay at His feet ev-'ry treas-ure, And nev-er grieve Je-sus a - gain.*

CHORUS. D. S.

And nev - er grieve Je-sus a - gain, And nev - er grieve Je - sus a - gain,

164 Are Your Garments Always Spotless?

EMMA S. FISK. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



1. Are your garments always spotless, Are they washed in Je-sus' blood?
2. Let no an-ger soil their beauty, Let no bit - ter-ness re-main,
3. Let all pride and love of glo - ry, Gold and fame be washed a - way;
4. Oh, then ev-er keep your garments Whit-er than the driv-en snow;

1. Do they al-ways keep the cleansing In the pur - i - fy-ing flood?
2. Oh, be sure no trace of en - vy Leaves up-on your robes a stain,
3. Trembling heart, your fears and doubtings 'Neath the pool of cleansing lay,
4. Wear the roy-al robes of heav-en While you tar - ry here be-low,

1. Do they nev - er show their soiling Of your sins up-on their white?
2. Let no love of world-ly pleasures Cast un-ho - ly shad-ows there,
3. Nev-er aft-er try to find them, They are lost beneath the tide,
4. That thro' yonder pearl-y por-tals Joy-ful entrance you may win,

1. Will they al-ways bear the searching Of the Ho - ly Spir-it's light?
2. Free-ly cleanse them from the mildews Of anx - i - e - ty and care.
3. Christ would have you all your shrinking In this precious fountain hide.
4. Clothed in raiment cleansed for-ev-er From the fin-ger prints of sin.

Copyright, 1912, by Charlie D Tillman.

No. 165. Let The Master Use You.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1 Like a ves - sel fashioned by the Master's hand, Tho' your place be low - ly
2. Come, your all sur - rend - er to the Son of God, By His might and pow-er
3. Yield to Him the chal-ice of your life so fair, Which His spir - it fill - ing

be ye clean and ho - ly; That a-mong His chos-en you in truth may stand,
He can you en - dow-er; Made a wor-thy ves - sel from a worthless clod,
if your heart is will-ing; If you would be wor - thy in His love to share.

CHORUS.

Let the Master use you in His work to-day. Like a ves - sel fashioned
Fashioned by His hand,
Like a ves - sel that is
by His hand, Let the Mas-ter find a use for you;
fashioned by His hand, Let Him find a use, find a use for you;
fashioned by His hand, Let Him find a use, yes use for you, And pure and

Copyright, 1919, by Samuel W. Beazley, in "Beazley's New Songs."

Let the Master Use You. Concluded.



166 Take My Life.

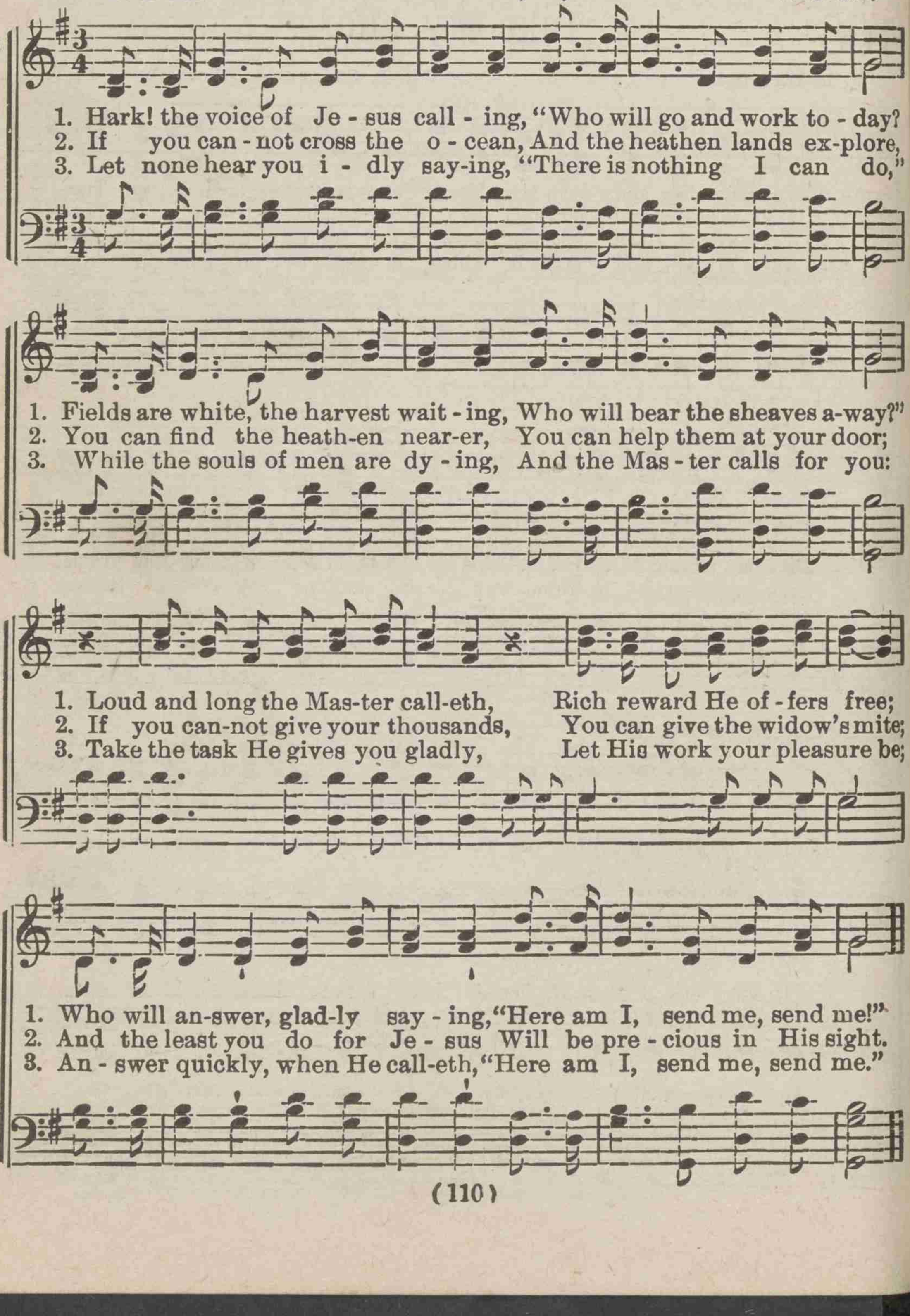
F. R. HAVERGAL. WM. B. BRADBURY. Chorus by C. D. T.

Activity and Zeal.

	No.		No.		No.
Hark! the Voice..	167	We'll Work Till Jesus	171	To the Work	176
Work, for the Night	168	Stand Up For Jesus	172	Rescue the Perishing	176
Onward, Christian	169	I Want to Be a Worker	173	Bringing in the Sheaves	177
Throw Out the	170	Ready To Go	174	Save One Soul for Jesus	178

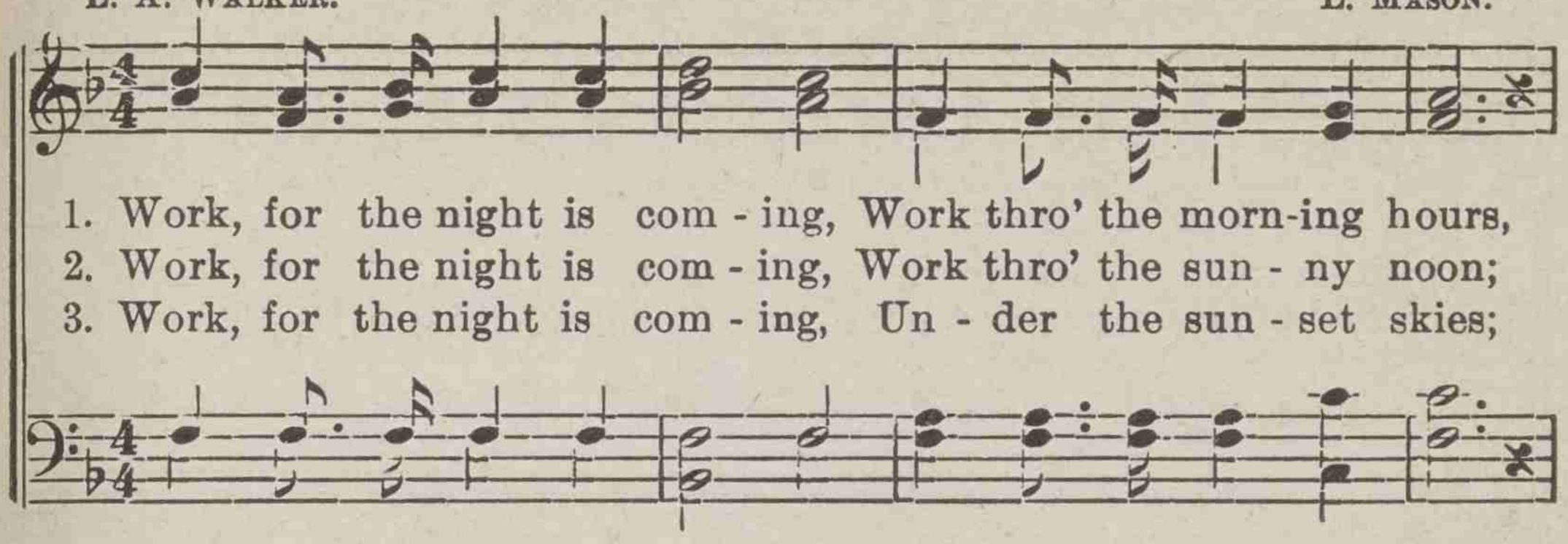
167 Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

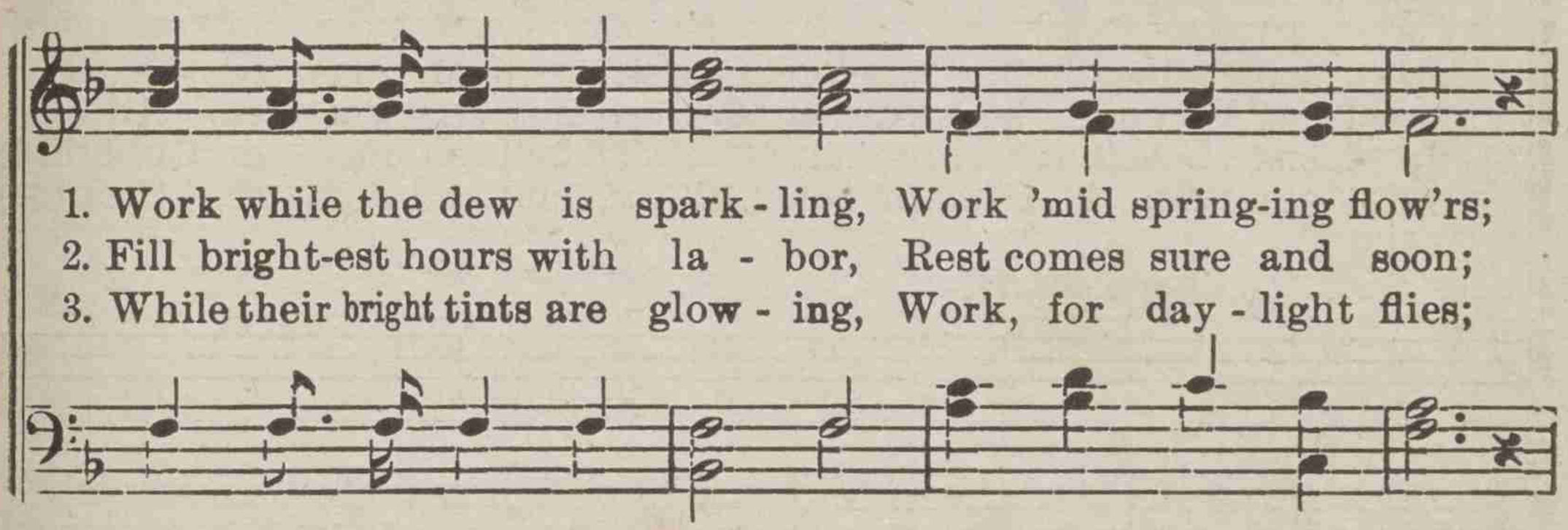
DANIEL MARCH. HARWELL. 8s, 7s, D. L. MASON.

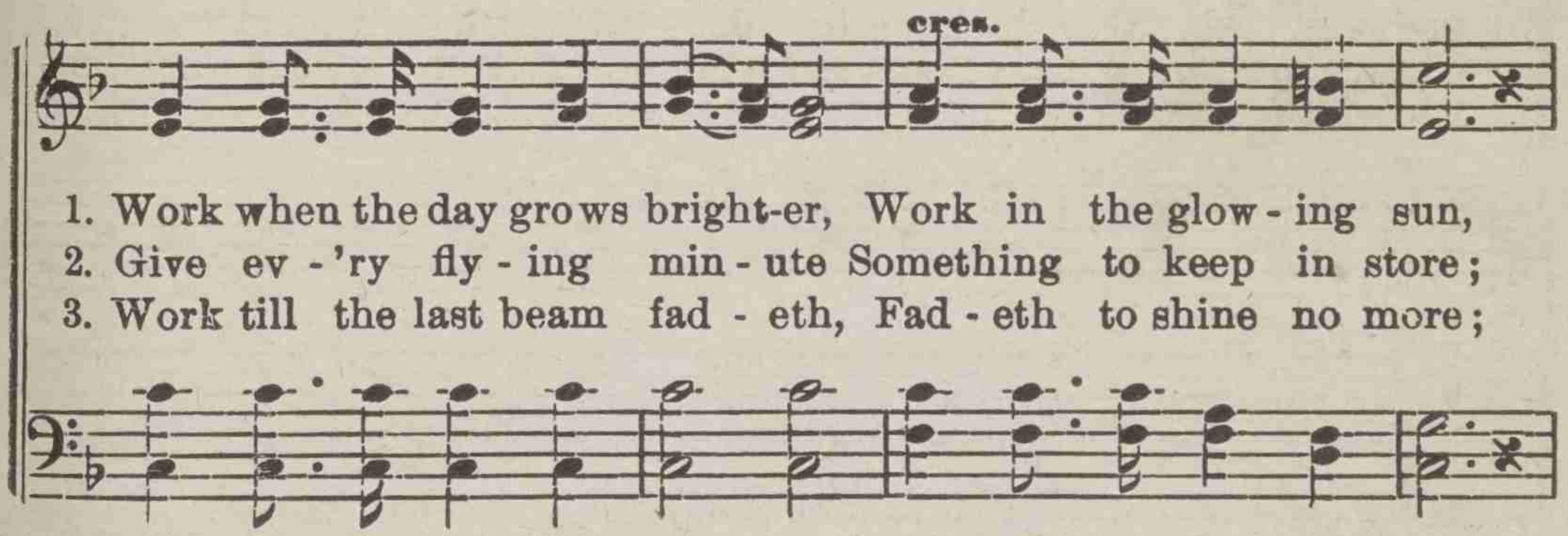


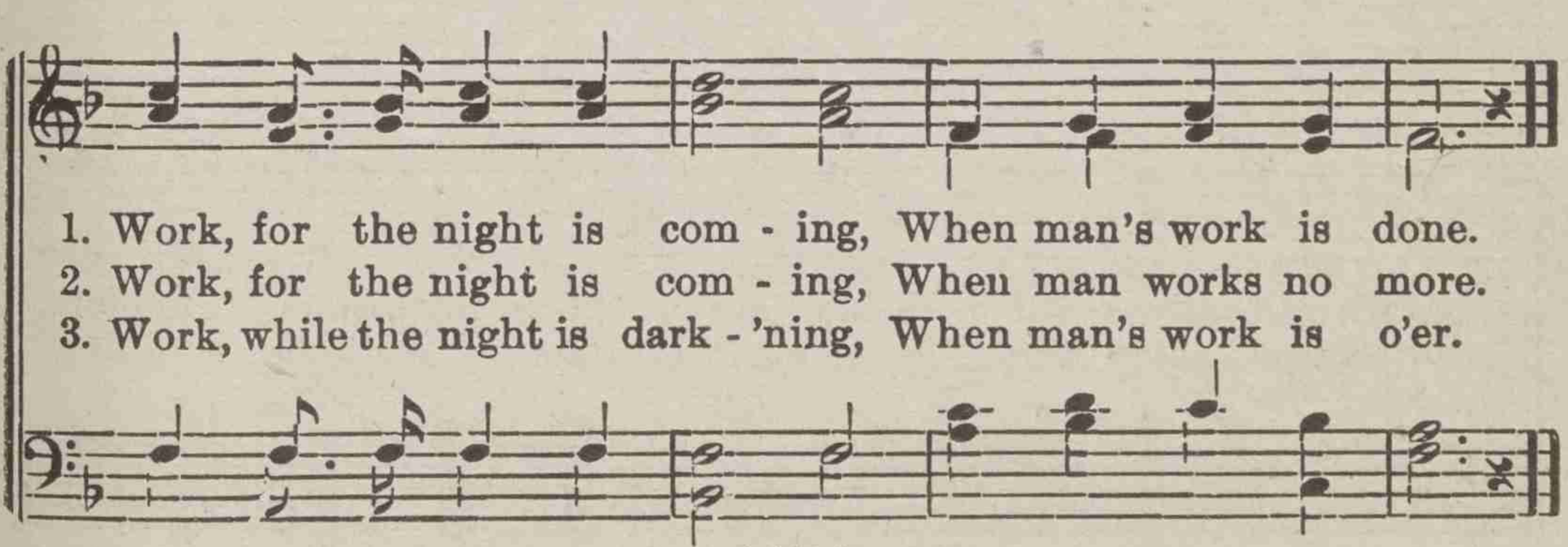
168 Work, For the Night Is Coming.

L. A. WALKER. L. MASON.









169 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. B. GOULD. A. S. SULLIVAN.

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

Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore; Christ, the royal Mas - ter, Leads a-
tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one
Je - sus Constant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that
voi - ces In the triumph-song; Glo-ry, laud and hon - or Un - to

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

CHORUS.

Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the

cross of Je - sus go - ing on be - fore.
cross of

170 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;

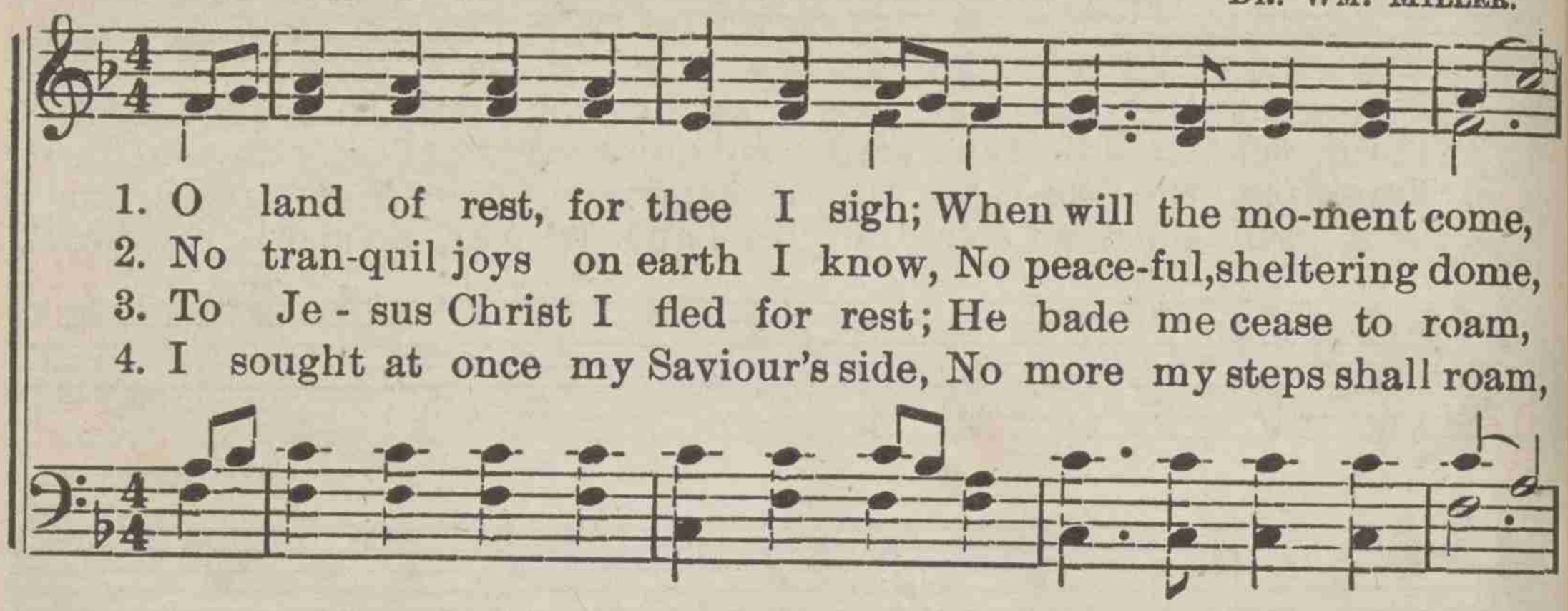
Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sinking to-day.

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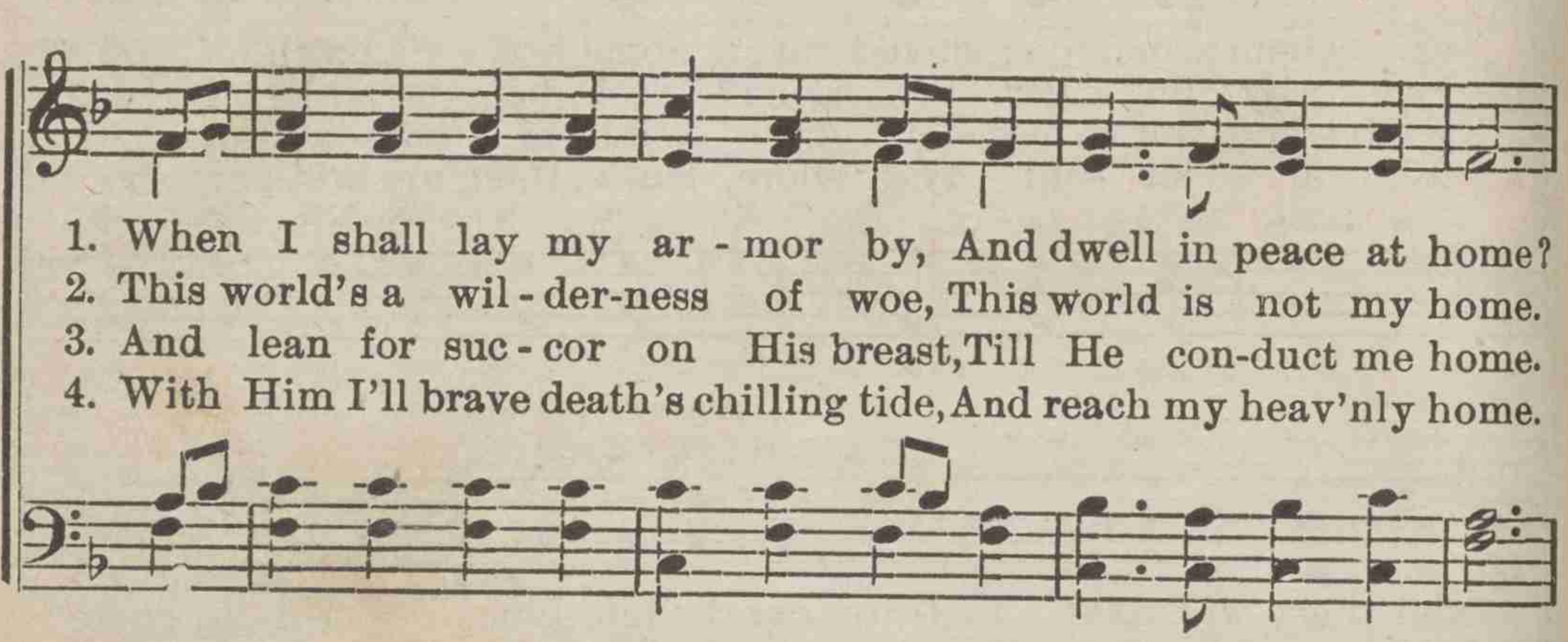
171 We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

"Thy work shall be rewarded."—JER. 31: 16.

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS. DR. WM. MILLER.

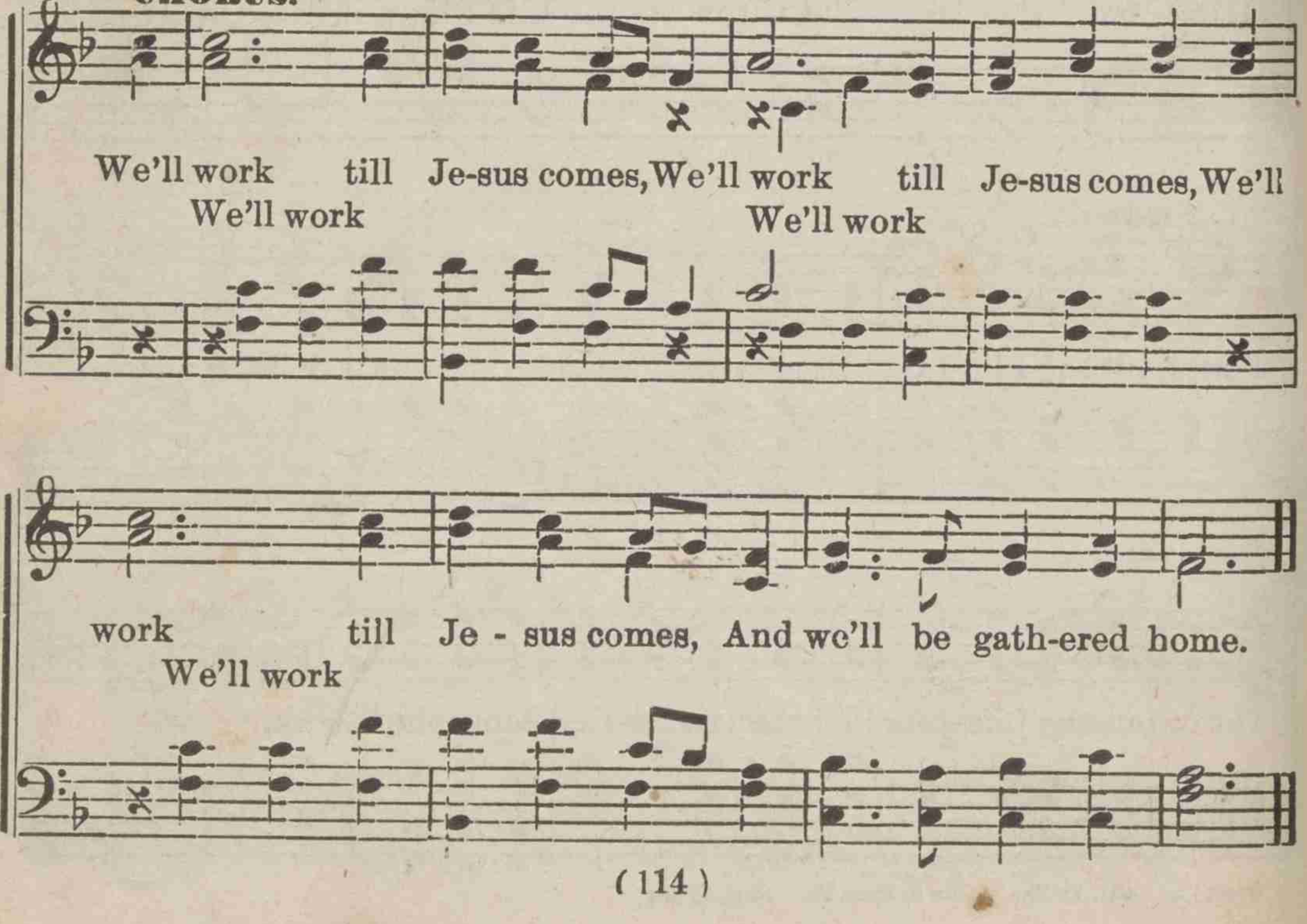


1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the mo-ment come,
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful, sheltering dome,
3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Saviour's side, No more my steps shall roam,



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

CHORUS.



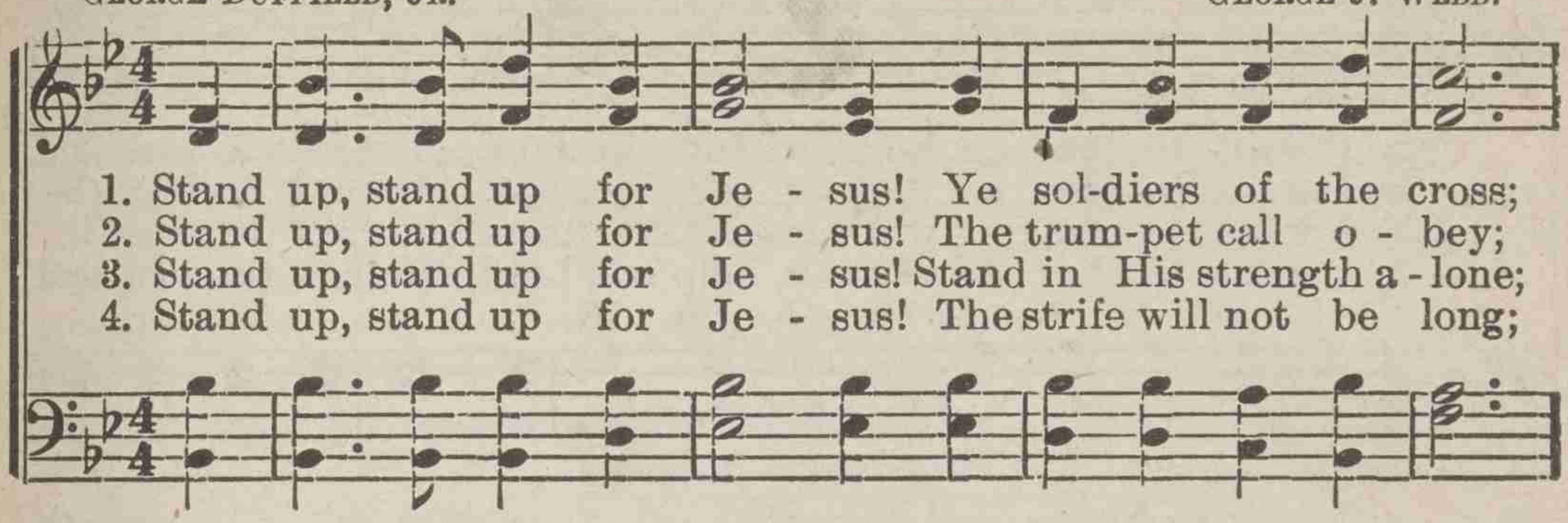
We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work We'll work

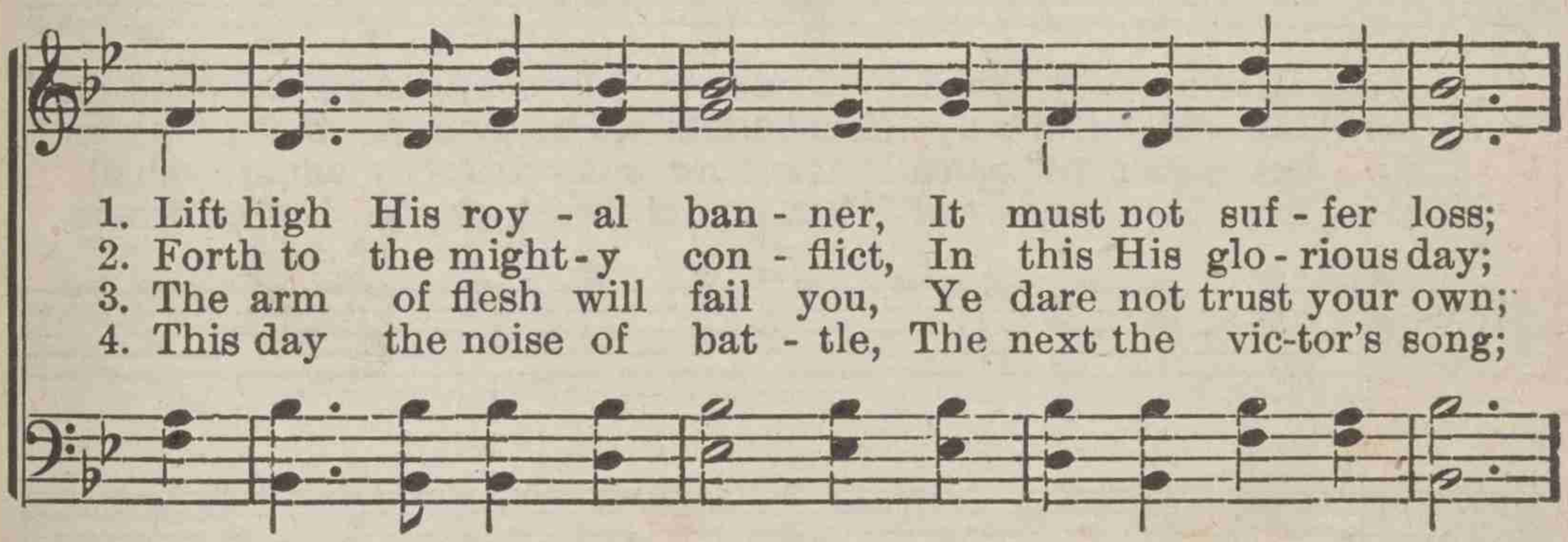
work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath-ered home. We'll work

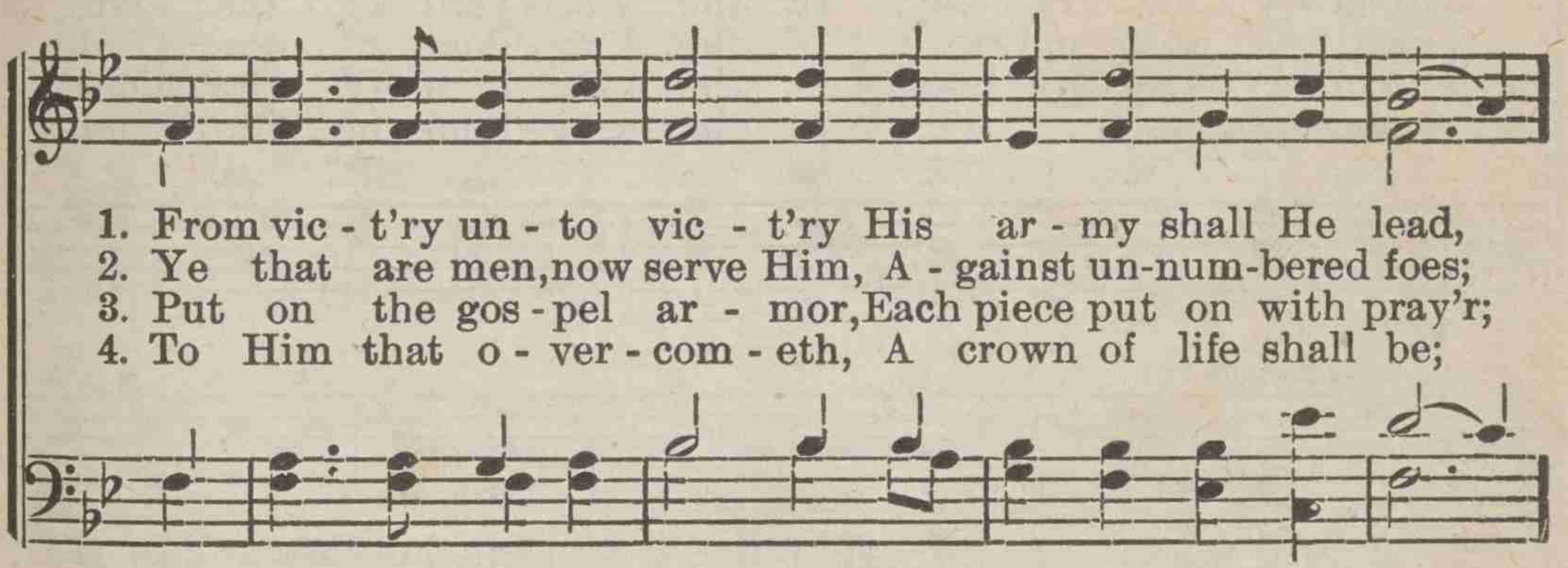
172 Stand Up For Jesus.

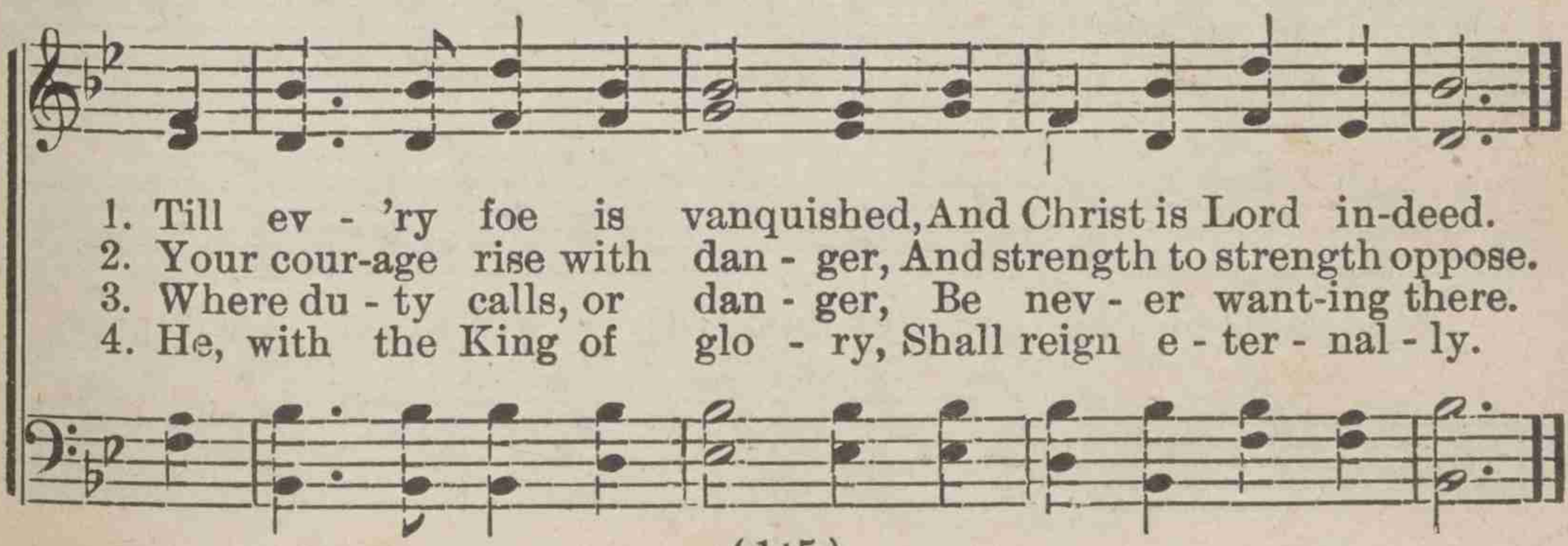
WEBB. 7s. 6s. D.

GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR. GEORGE J. WEBB.



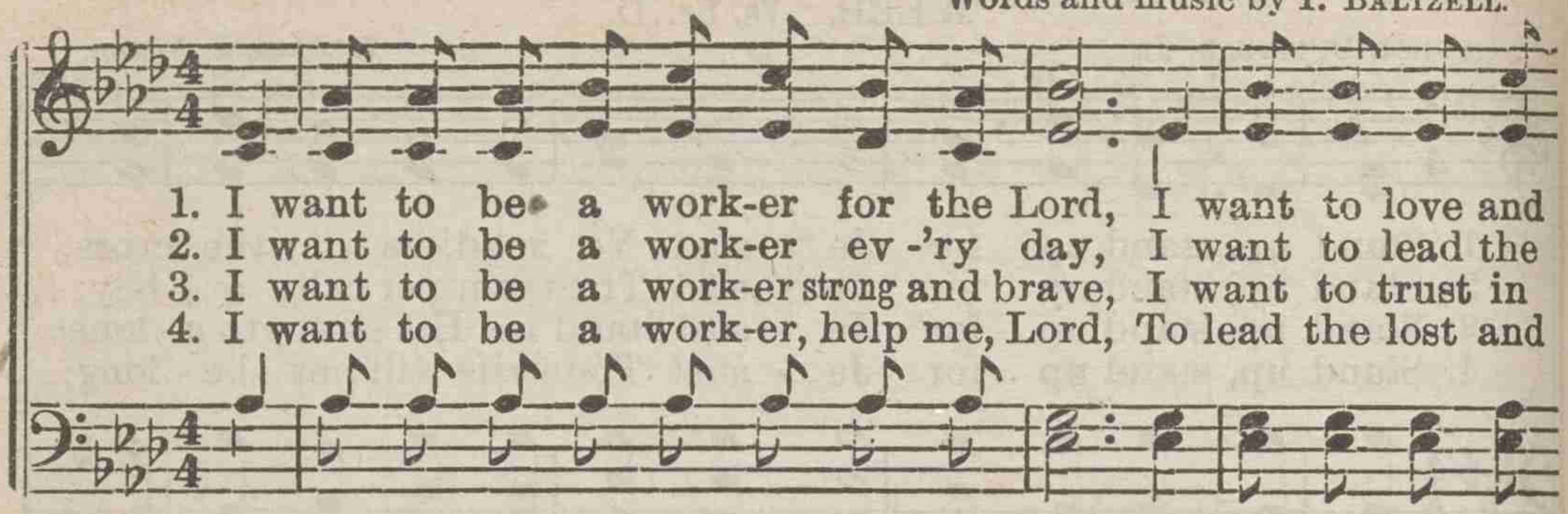


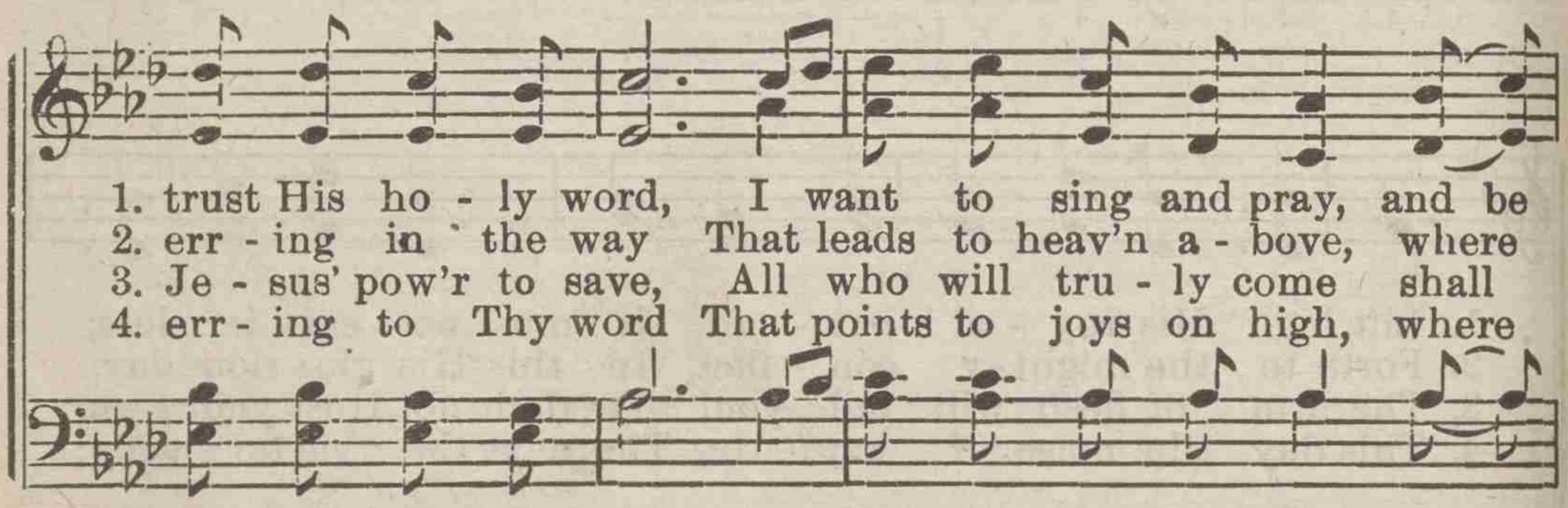




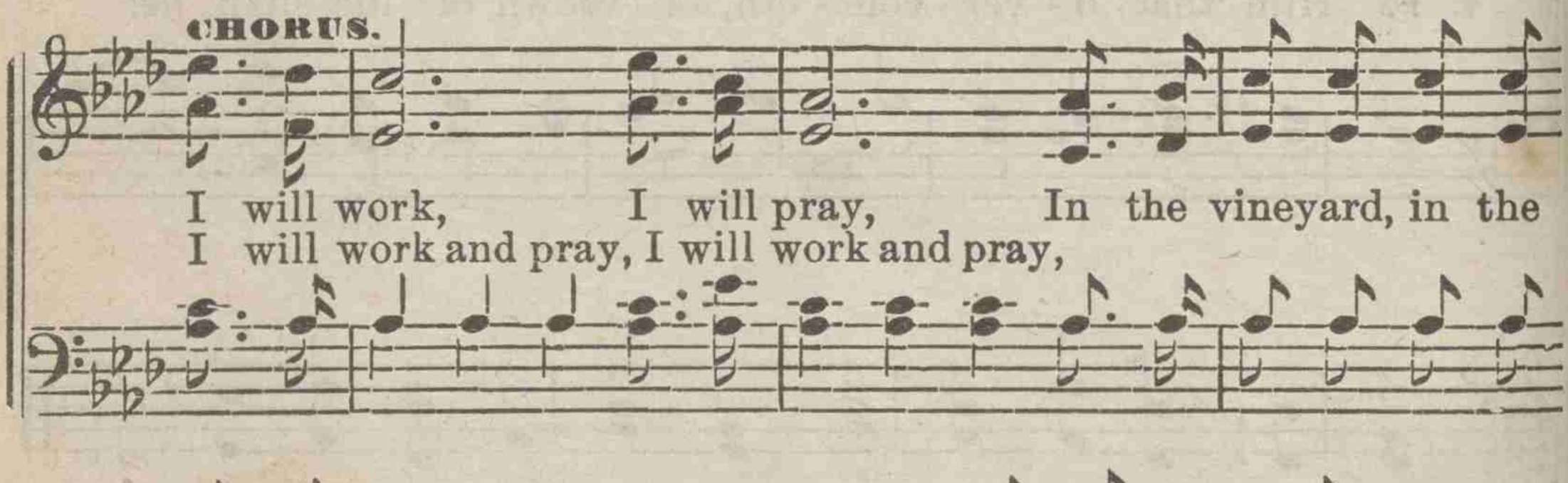
173 I Want To Be a Worker.

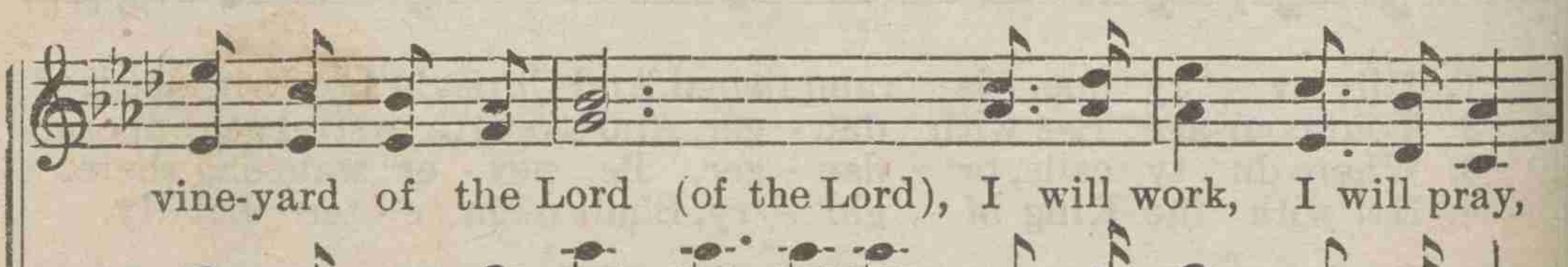
Words and music by I. BALTZELL.











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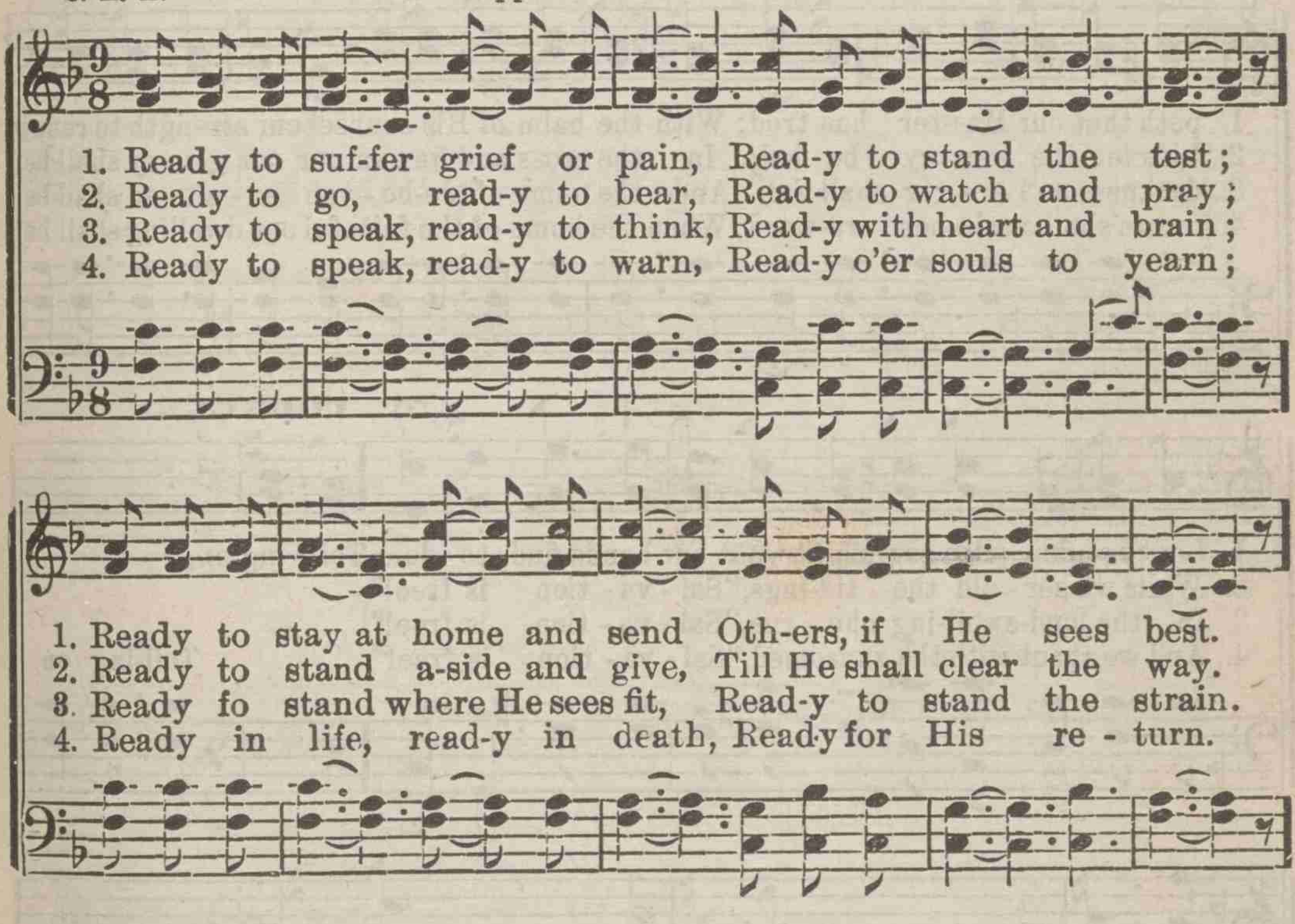
I Want To Be a Worker. Concluded.

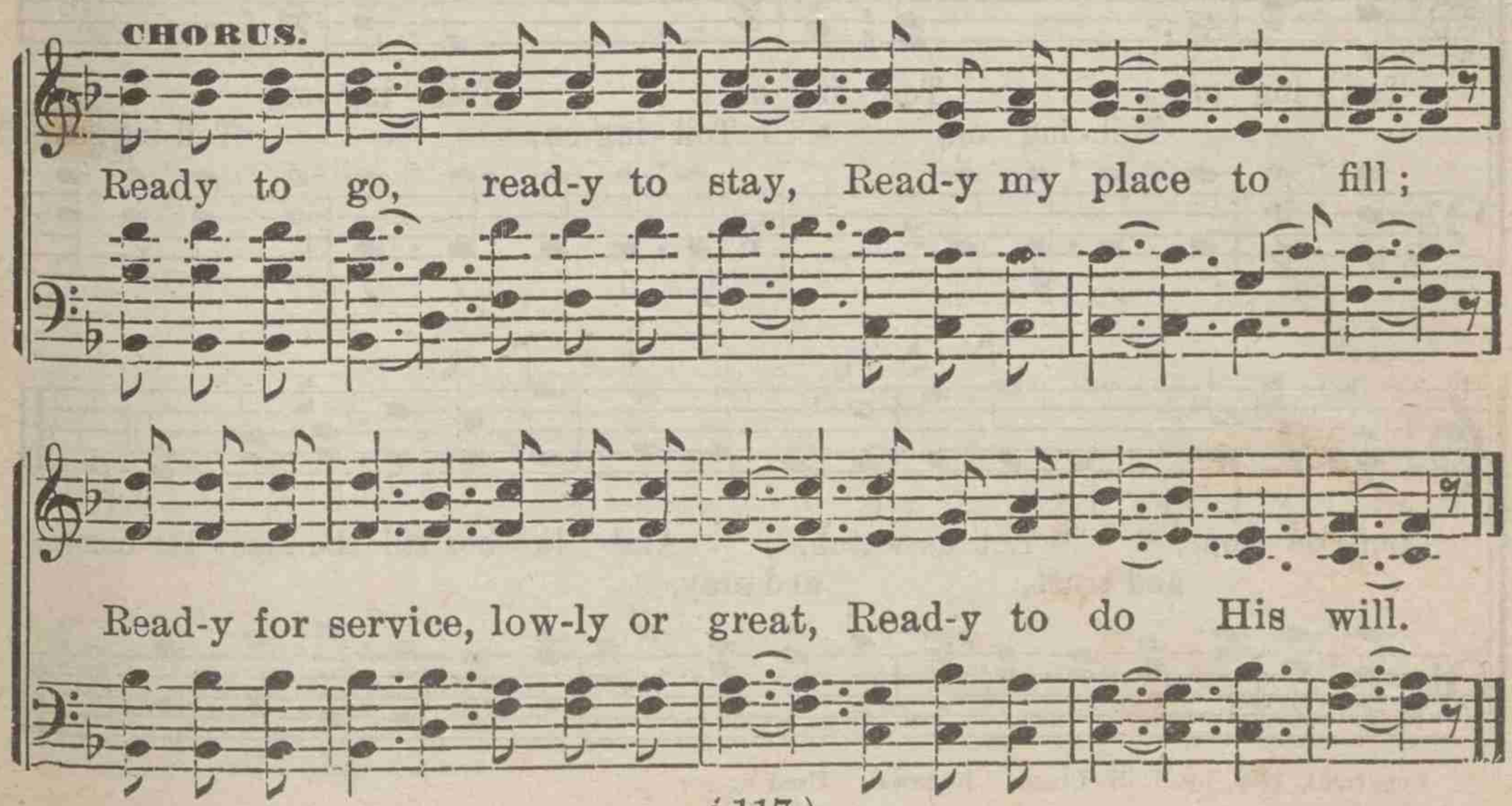


174 Ready.

"Behold thy servants are ready to do whatsoever my Lord the King shall appoint."—2 SAM. 15: 15.

S. E. L. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.





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175 To the Work.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. H. DOANE.

1. To the work! to the work! we are serv-ants of God, Let us fol-low the
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun-gry be fed; To the foun-tain of
3. To the work! to the work! there is la-bor for all, For the king-dom of
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a robe and a

1. path that our Mas-ter has trod; With the balm of His counsel our strength to renew,
2. Life let the wea-ry be led; In the cross and its ban-ner our glo-ry shall be,
3. darkness and er-ror shall fall, And the name of Je-ho-vah ex-alt-ed shall be
4. crown shall our la-bor re-ward; When the home of the faithful our dwelling shall be,

CHORUS.

1. Let us do with our might what our hands find to do. Toil-ing on,
2. While we her-ald the tid-ings, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
3. In the loud-swell-ing cho-rus, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
4. And we shout with the ransomed, "Sal-va-tion is free!" Toil-ing on,

Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on,
Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on,

Let us hope, and trust, Let us watch, and pray, And la-bor till the Mas-ter comes.

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176 Rescue the Perishing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Res - cue the per - ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie bur-ied that
4. Res - cue the per - ish-ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy la-bor the

1. sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
2. child to re - ceive, Plead with them ear-nest - ly, Plead with them gen - tly;
3. grace can re - store: Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by kind - ness,
4. Lord will pro - vide: Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

CHORUS.

1. Tell them of Je - sus, the might - y to save.
2. He will for-give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
3. Chords that were broken will vi - brate once more.
4. Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - iour has come.

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

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177 Bringing In the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEO. A. MINOR.

1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness,
2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad - ows,
3. Go, then, ev - en weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter,

1. Sow-ing in the noon-tide and the dew - y eve; Wait-ing for the
2. Fear-ing nei-ther clouds nor winter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the
3. Tho' the loss sustained our spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weeping's

1. har-vest, and the time of reap - ing, We shall come re - joic - ing,
2. har-vest, and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come re - joic - ing,
3. o - ver, He will bid us wel - come, We shall come re - joic - ing,

CHORUS.

bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,

1

2

We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves;
We shall come re-joic - [*Omit . . . . .] ing, Bringing in the sheaves.

By permission.

178 Save One Soul For Jesus.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. Charlie D. Tillman.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

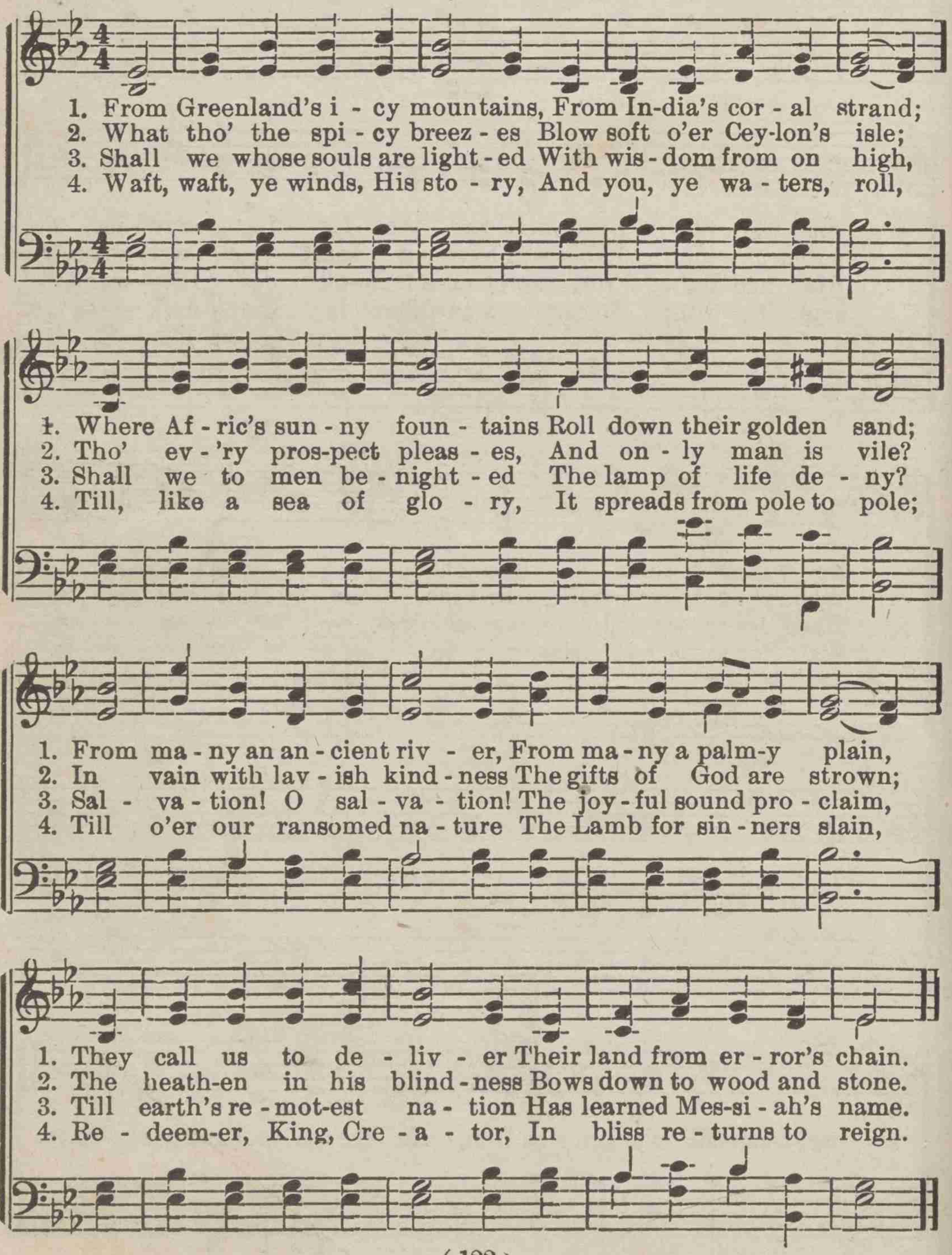
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Missions.

No.		No.		No.
From Greenland's.....179		Watchman, Tell Us.....183		Missionary's Farewell.....187
The Kingdom Coming.....180		Praise the Saviour.....184		The Whole Wide World....188
		Jesus shall Reign 185		Brethren, Go.....189
The Morning Light.....182		The Coming Millions 186		See also 167, 174, 176.

179 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

REGINALD HEBER. 7s, 6s. D. LOWELL MASON.



180 The Kingdom Coming.

MARY B. C. SLADE. ROBERT M. McINTOSH.

1. From all the dark plac-es Of earth's heathen rac-es, O see how the
2. The sun-light is glanc-ing O'er ar - mies ad-vanc-ing To con-quer the
3. With shouting and sing-ing, And ju - bi - lant ringing, Their arms of re-

1. thick shadows fly! The voice of sal - va - tion Awakes ev -'ry na - tion,
2. king-doms of sin ; Our Lord shall possess them, His presence shall bless them,
3. bel-lion cast down; At last ev - 'ry na - tion, The Lord of sal-va - tion

REFRAIN.

1. "Come o - ver and help us," they cry.
2. His beau-ty shall en - ter them in. The king-dom is com-ing, O
3. Their King and Re-deem-er shall crown!

tell ye the sto - ry, God's banner exalted shall be! The earth shall be

full of His knowledge and glo-ry, As wa - ters that cov - er the sea!

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181 Go Into the Field.

Brown Rowland, A. B. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Stand no longer i - dle, heed the call; Go to work for Je-sus, one and all;
2. There to shield and help you He will be; Fruitage of your la-bors you shall see;
3. Je - sus will re-ward for what you do, Life's fair crown of glo-ry give to you,

Fields are waiting for your hands to-day, Take up your sickles and speed a - way.
His dear voice shall cheer you thro' the day; Singing a car-ol, oh, speed a - way.
Perfect rest when ends life's lit-tle day; Reapers, get read-y and speed a - way.

REFRAIN.

Go in - to the field, gath-er in the yield, La-bor for the Lord,
Go,.....

Go in - to the field, gath - er in the yield, La - bor for the Lord,

gain the great reward; Reapers, the hours are speeding, Jesus your help is needing,

gain the great re-ward,

Shall He call in vain? Go in - to the field, reap the golden yield,
in vain? Go,.....

Go in - to the field, reap the gold-en yield.

Go Into the Field. Concluded.

Heed His lov - ing plea, true to Je - sus be; Love for the
Go . . . . . .

Heed His lov - ing plea, true to Je - sus be;

Mast-er showing, Work while the sun is glowing, Gather now the grain.
golden grain.

182 The Morning Light Is Breaking.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. WEBB, 7s. 6s. D. GEORGE J. WEBB.

1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
2. See heath - en na - tions bend - ing, Be - fore the God we love,
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thine on - ward way;

f. FINE.

The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
And thou - sand hearts as - cend - ing In gra - ti - tude a - bove;
Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay;

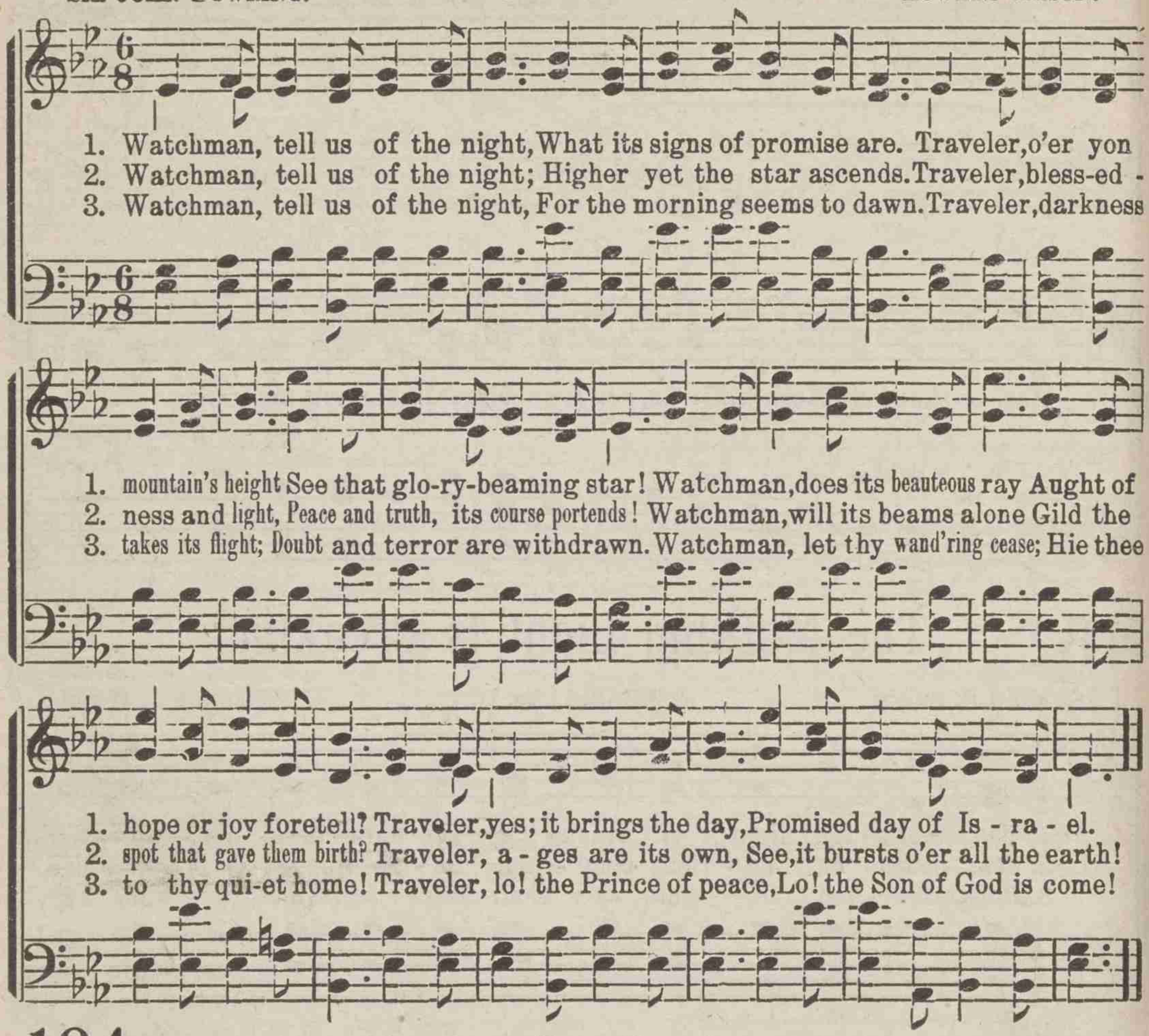
D. S. Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.
D. S. And seek the Sav - iour's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day.
D. S. Stay not till all the low - ly Pro - claim, "The Lord is come!"

D. S.

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far,
While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The gos - pel call o - bey,
Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - umph - ant reach their home;

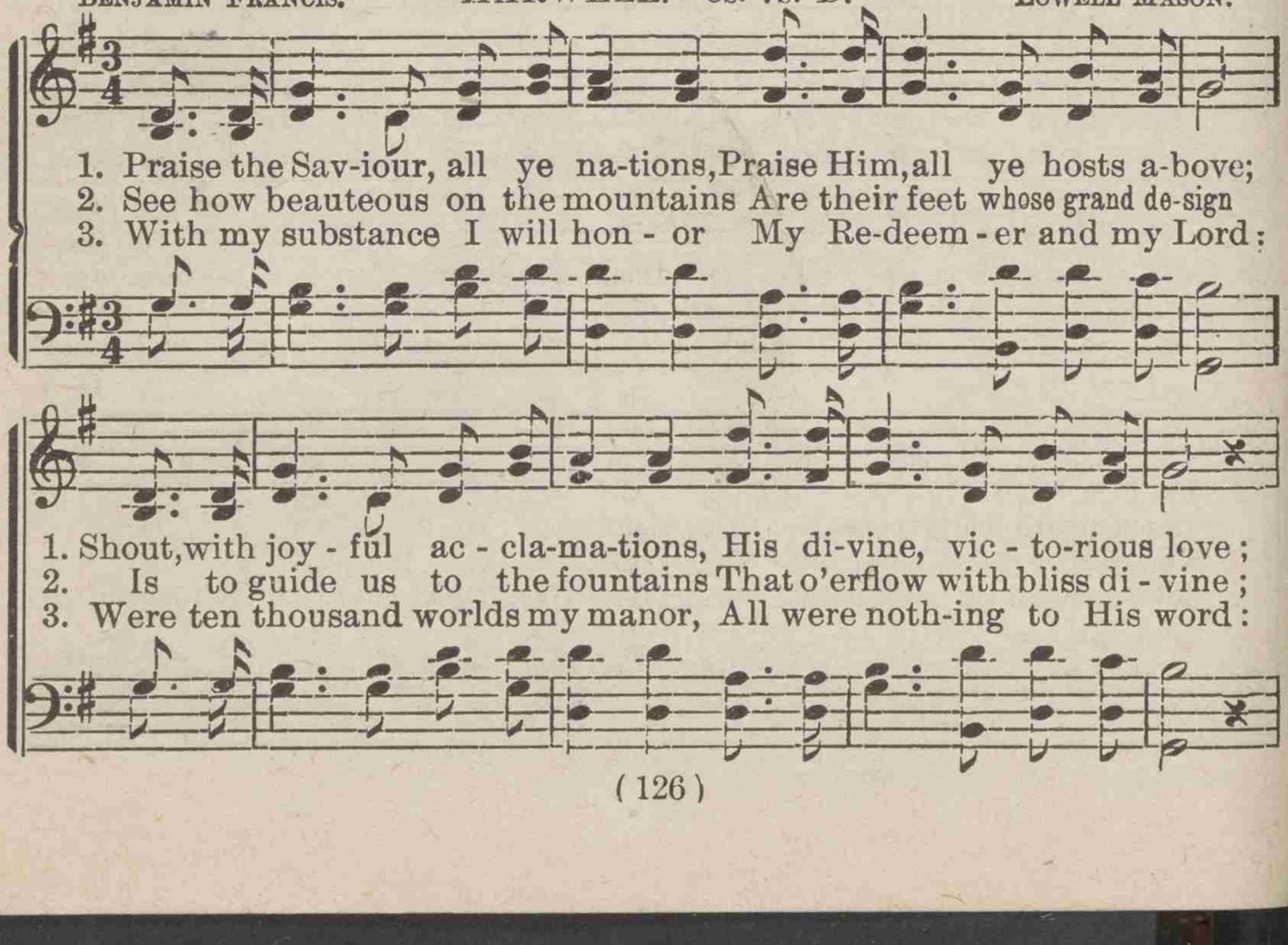
183 Watchman, Tell Us.

SIR JOHN BOWRING. WATCHMAN. 7s. D. LOWELL MASON.

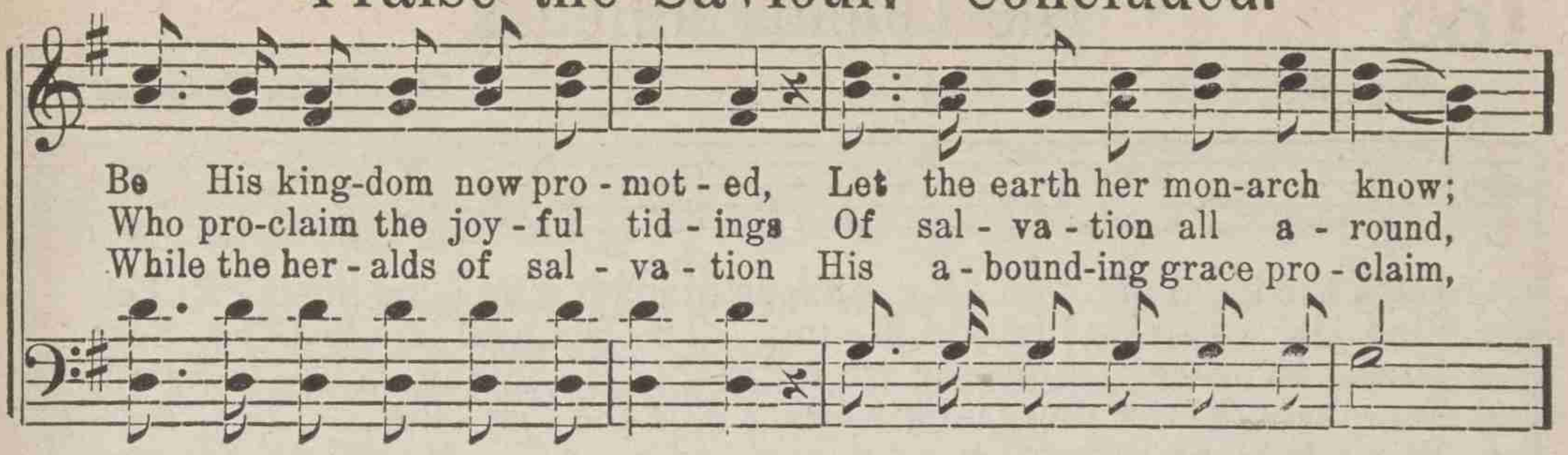


184 Praise the Saviour.

BENJAMIN FRANCIS. HARWELL. 8s. 7s. D. LOWELL MASON.



Praise the Saviour. Concluded.

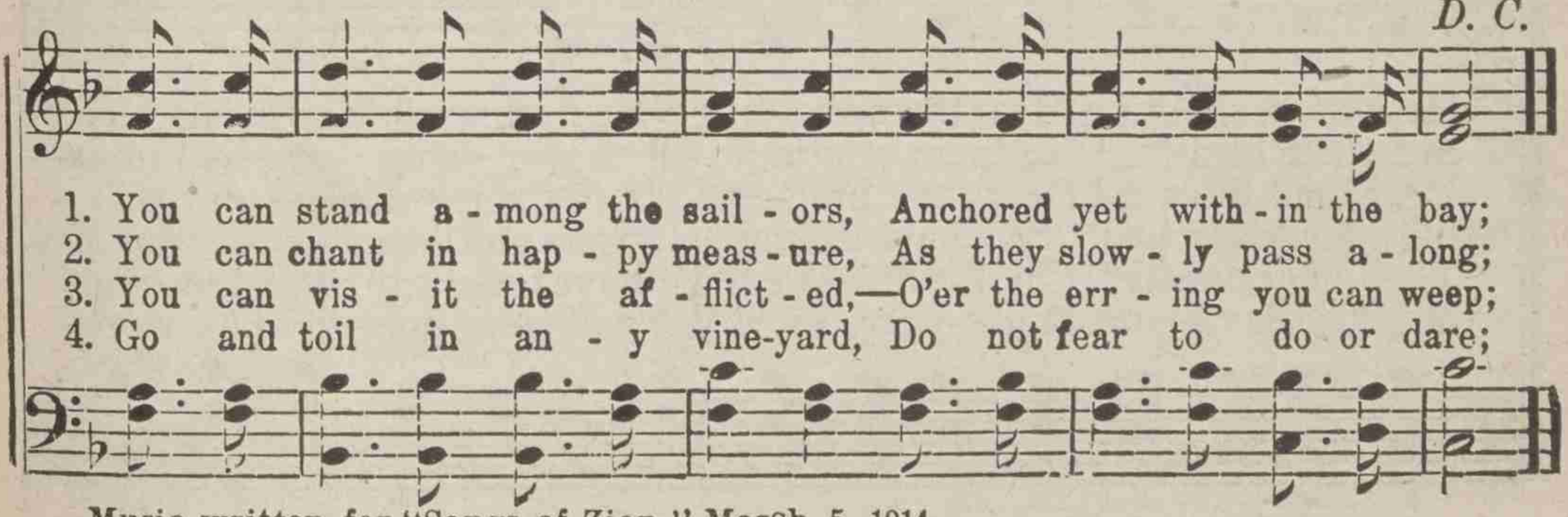




185 Your Mission.

MRS. ELLEN M. H. GATES, 1861. W. T. DALE.





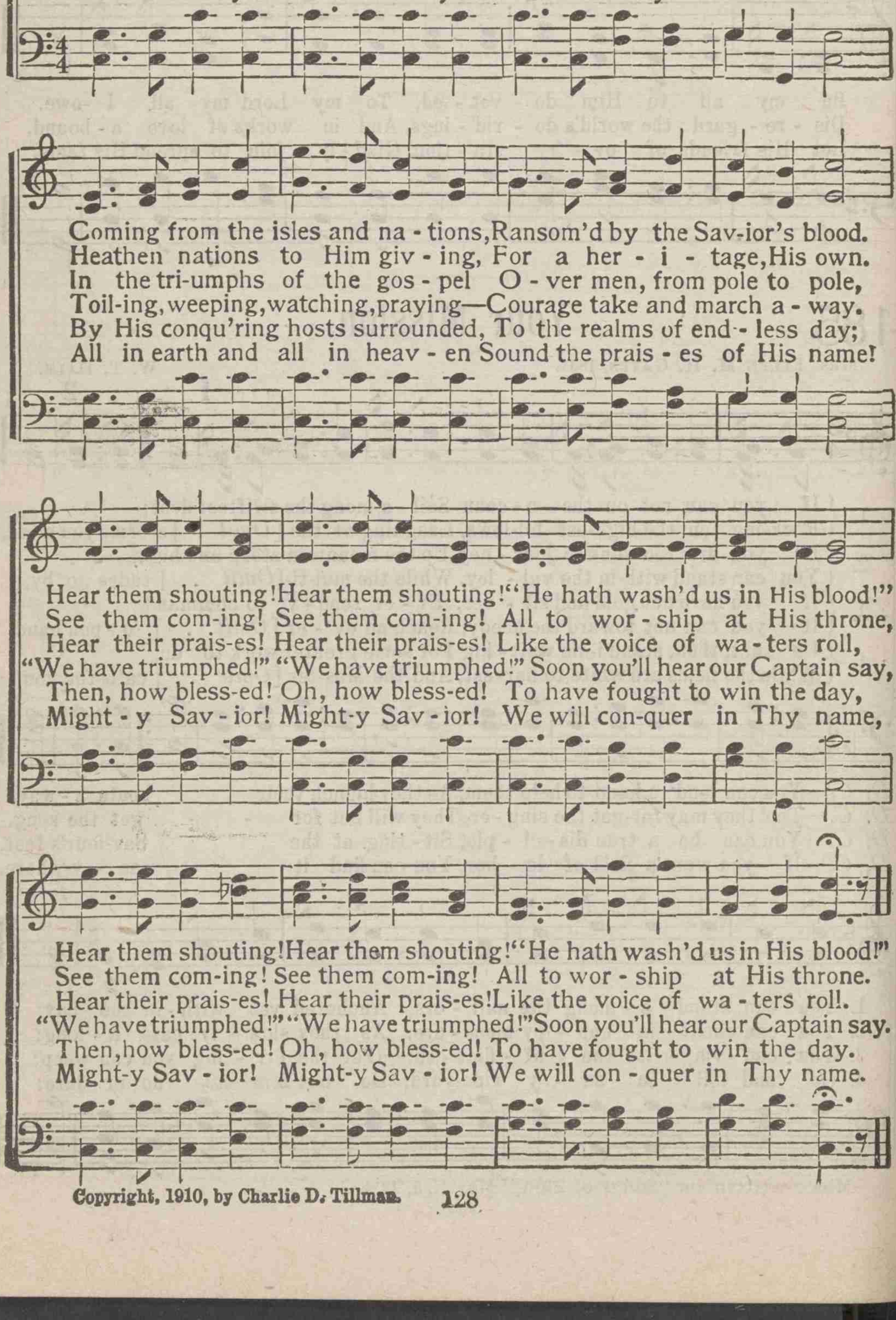
Music written for "Songs of Zion," March, 5, 1914.

186 The Coming Millions.

W. C. A. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



1. Hark the tread of com - ing millions Marching on—the hosts of God;
2. God His pro-mise is ful-fil - ing To His well be - lov - ed Son:
3. Christ is see-ing of the tra - vail Of His loving, wait - ing soul,
4. Sol - diers of the cross, long waiting For the com - ing of this day—
5. When the long re-treat has sounded, And our Chieftain leads the way,
6. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!



Coming from the isles and na - tions, Ransom'd by the Sav-ior's blood.
Heathen nations to Him giv - ing, For a her - i - tage, His own.
In the tri-umphs of the gos - pel O - ver men, from pole to pole,
Toil-ing, weeping, watching, praying—Courage take and march a - way.
By His conqu'ring hosts surrounded, To the realms of end - less day;
All in earth and all in heav - en Sound the prais - es of His name!

Hear them shouting! Hear them shouting! "He hath wash'd us in His blood!"
See them com-ing! See them com-ing! All to wor - ship at His throne,
Hear their prais-es! Hear their prais-es! Like the voice of wa - ters roll,
"We have triumphed!" "We have triumphed!" Soon you'll hear our Captain say,
Then, how bless-ed! Oh, how bless-ed! To have fought to win the day,
Might - y Sav - ior! Might-y Sav - ior! We will con-quer in Thy name,

Hear them shouting! Hear them shouting! "He hath wash'd us in His blood!"
See them com-ing! See them com-ing! All to wor - ship at His throne.
Hear their prais-es! Hear their prais-es! Like the voice of wa - ters roll.
"We have triumphed!" "We have triumphed!" Soon you'll hear our Captain say.
Then, how bless-ed! Oh, how bless-ed! To have fought to win the day.
Might-y Sav - ior! Might-y Sav - ior! We will con - quer in Thy name.

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187 Tell it Again.

MRS. M. H. SLADE. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. In - to the tent where a gyp - sy boy lay, Dy - ing a - lone at the close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we car - ried, said he,
2. "Did he so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good ti - dings of joy? Need I not per - ish, my hand will he hold,
3. Bend-ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en-tered the val - ley of death, "God sent his Son!" "who - so - ev - er" said he;
4. Smil-ing, he said, as his last sight he spent, "I am so glad that for me He was sent!" Whis-pered, while low sank the sun in the west,

REFRAIN.

"No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"
No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told." Tell it a - gain!
"Then I am sure that he sent Him for me!"
"Lord, I be - lieve, tell it now to the rest!"

Tell it a - gain! Sal-va-tion's sto - ry re-peat o'er and o'er, Till none can say of the children of men, "No-bod - y ev - er has told me be - fore."

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188 On For Christ the King.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley,**

1. Loy - al ev - er, ral - ly to the call, Come with joy-ful sing - ing,
2. Swift ad-vanc-ing now we haste a-long, Vict'ry's watchward rais-ing,
3. Up and do - ing, there's a world to win, See the dark-ness rift - ing,

Ban-ners wav-ing proud - ly o - ver all, Sun-beams round us fall;
Hill and mountain ech - o back the song—"We to Christ be - long;"
Soon the gos-pel light shall ban - ish sin, Heav'n-ly life be - gin;

For-ward marching in His bless-ed Name Keep the mu - sic ring - ing,
Not de-pend - ing on our-selves a-lone, God our Fa - ther prais - ing,
Forward comrades where the Lord doth lead, Back the clouds are drift-ing,

Faith-ful and stead-y, will-ing and read-y, On for Christ the King.
Trust-ing His pow-er, thro' sun and show-er, On for Christ the King.
Sweet voic-es blending, glad songs as-cend-ing, On for Christ the King.

CHORUS.

Shout - ing, wav-ing high His col-ors for - ward go,
Shouting, shouting, forward, forward go, Go
for-ward, for-ward go,

On for Christ the King. Concluded.

March-ing on with true en-deav-or, Loy - al faith - ful ev-er, For - ward
marching, marching, Loyal faithful ev-er, Forward, forward

in His bless - ed serv-ice here be - low, Work - ing
here be-low, yes, here be-low, And working, working,

joy - ful - ly to - geth - er, On for Christ the King.
bless - ed King.

189 Jesus Shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS. DUKE STREET. L. M. J. HATTON.

1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does His suc-cess-ive jour - neys run!
2. To Him shall end-less pray'r be made, And endless prais-es crown His head;
3. Peo-ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet - est song;
4. Blessings abound wher-e'er He reigns, The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains,

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
His name like sweet per - fume shall rise With ev-'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
And infant voic - es shall pro-claim Their ear-ly bless - ings on His name.
The wea-ry find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.

190 Crown This Temple.

LISCHER. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

BENJAMIN FRANCIS. FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER.



1. Great King of glo - ry, come, And with Thy favor crown This temple as Thy home,
2. Here may Thine ears at-tend Our in - ter-ced-ing cries, And grateful praise ascend,
3. Here may our un-born sons And daughters sound Thy praise, And shine, like polished stones,
4. Here may the listening throng Receive Thy truth in love; Here Christians join the song



1. This peo - ple as Thine own: Be-neath this roof, O deign to show How God can
2. Like in - cense to the skies: Here may Thy word me - lo-dious sound, And spread ce-
3. Thro' long-suc-ceed-ing days: Here, Lord, dis-play Thy sav-ing pow'r, While temples
4. Of ser - a - phim a - bove, Till all, who hum - bly seek Thy face, Re-joice in

1. dwell with men be - low, How God can dwell with men be - low.
2. les - tial joys a-round, And spread ce - les - tial joys a - round.
3. stand and men a - dore, While tem - ples stand and men a - dore.
4. Thy a - bounding grace, Re - joice in Thy a - bound-ing grace.

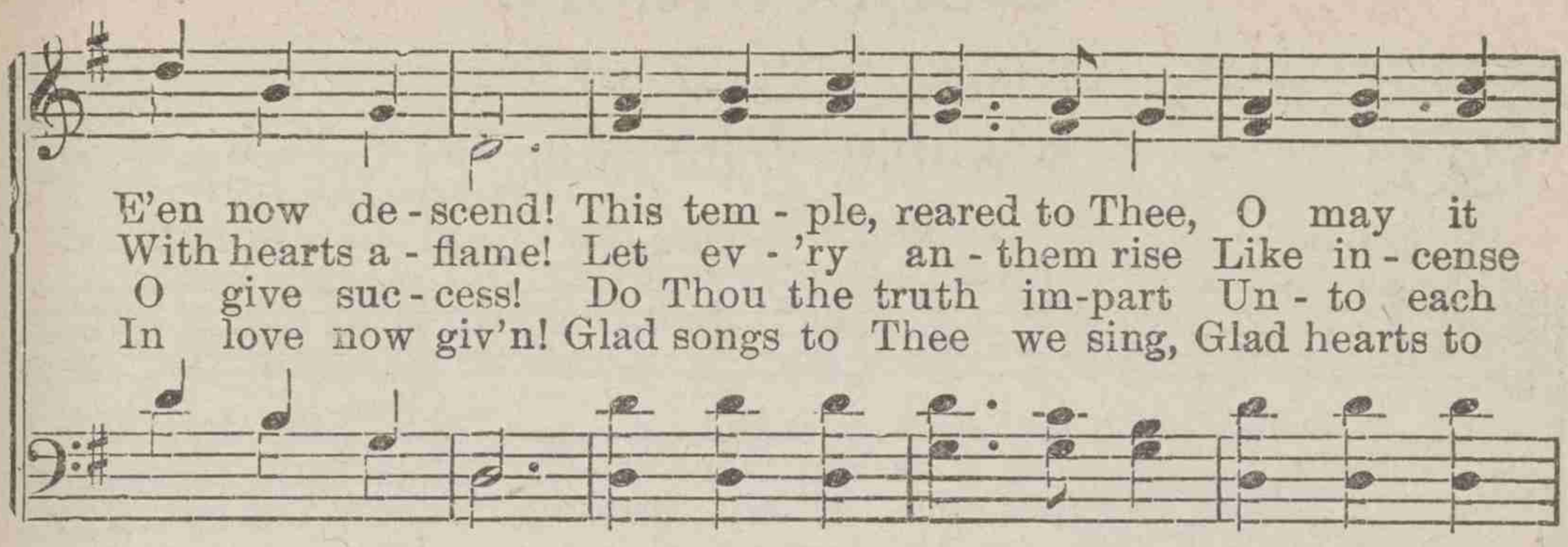
191 Dwell In This Holy Place.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

WILLIAM E. EVANS. FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, O Thou God of grace, Dwell in this ho - ly place,
2. Be in each song of praise Which here Thy peo - ple raise,
3. Speak, O e - ter - nal Lord, Out of Thy liv - ing word,
4. To the great One and Three Glo - ry and prais - es be

Dwell In This Holy Place. Concluded.

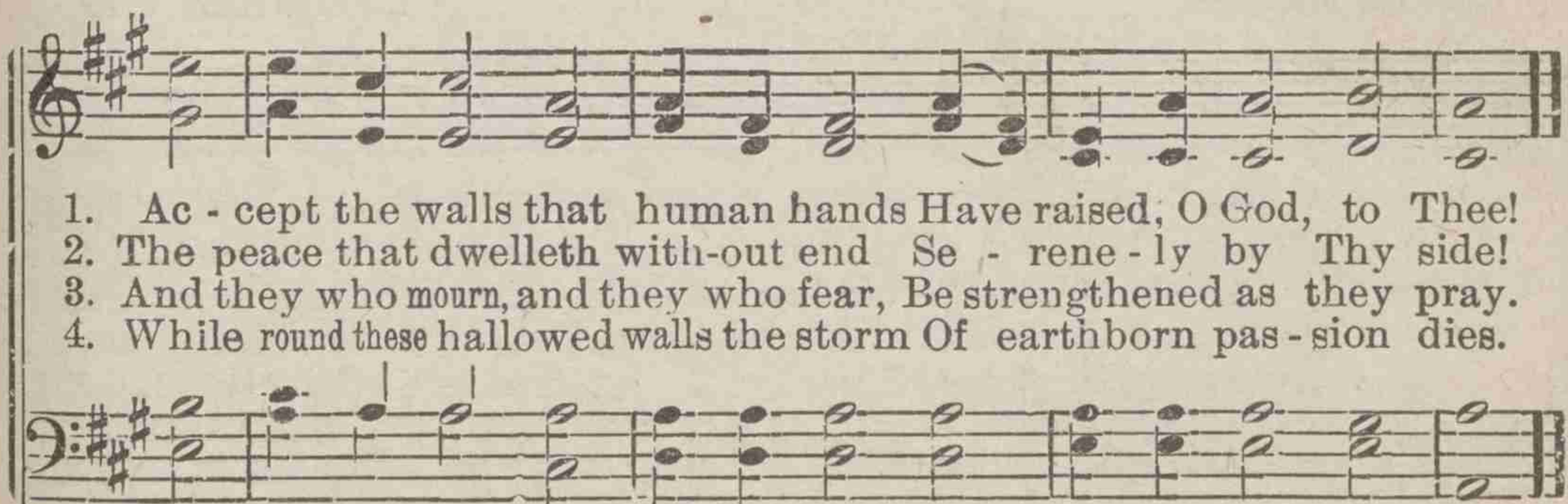




192 Accept This Temple.

AZMON. C. M.

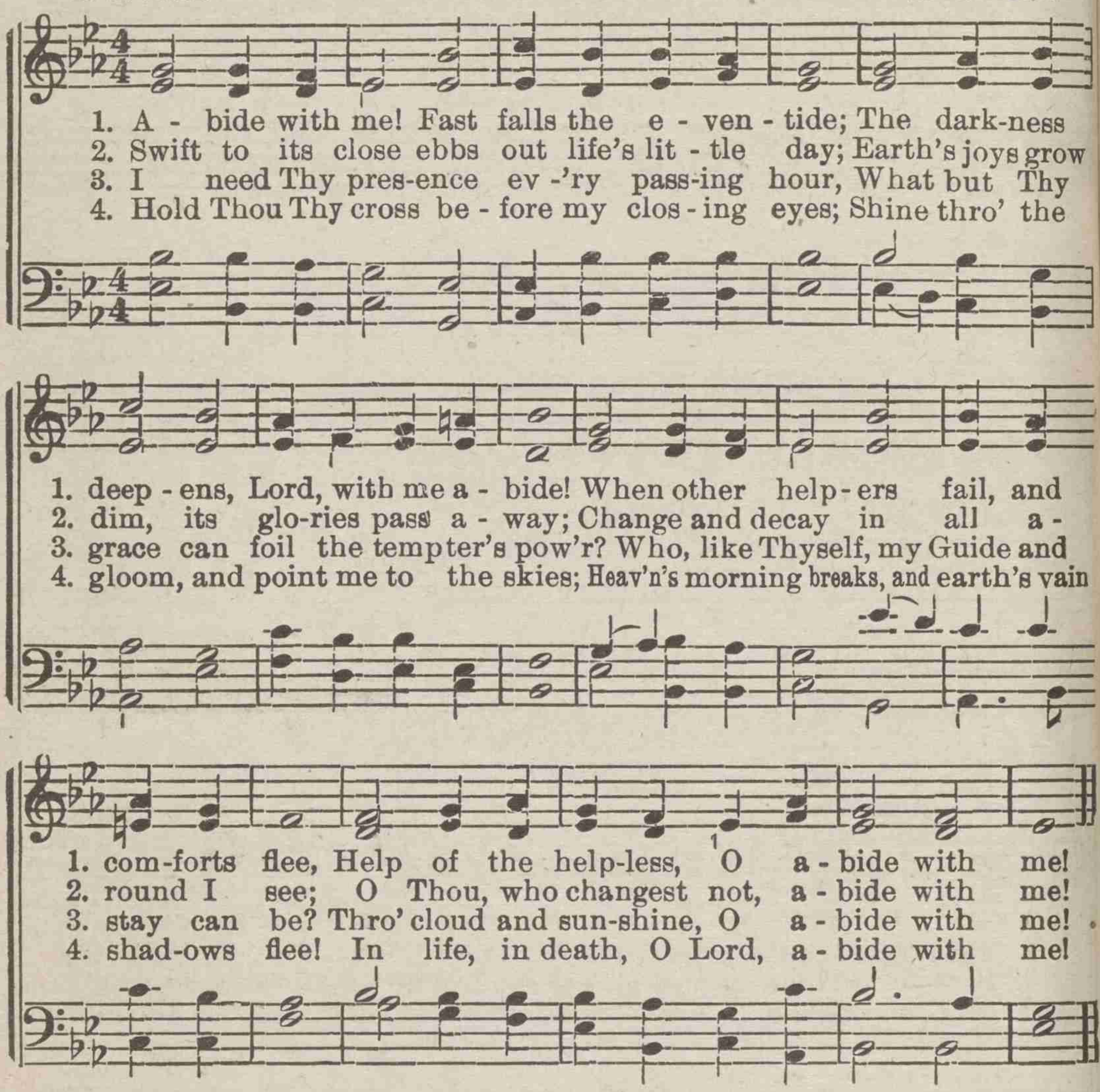




Consolation.

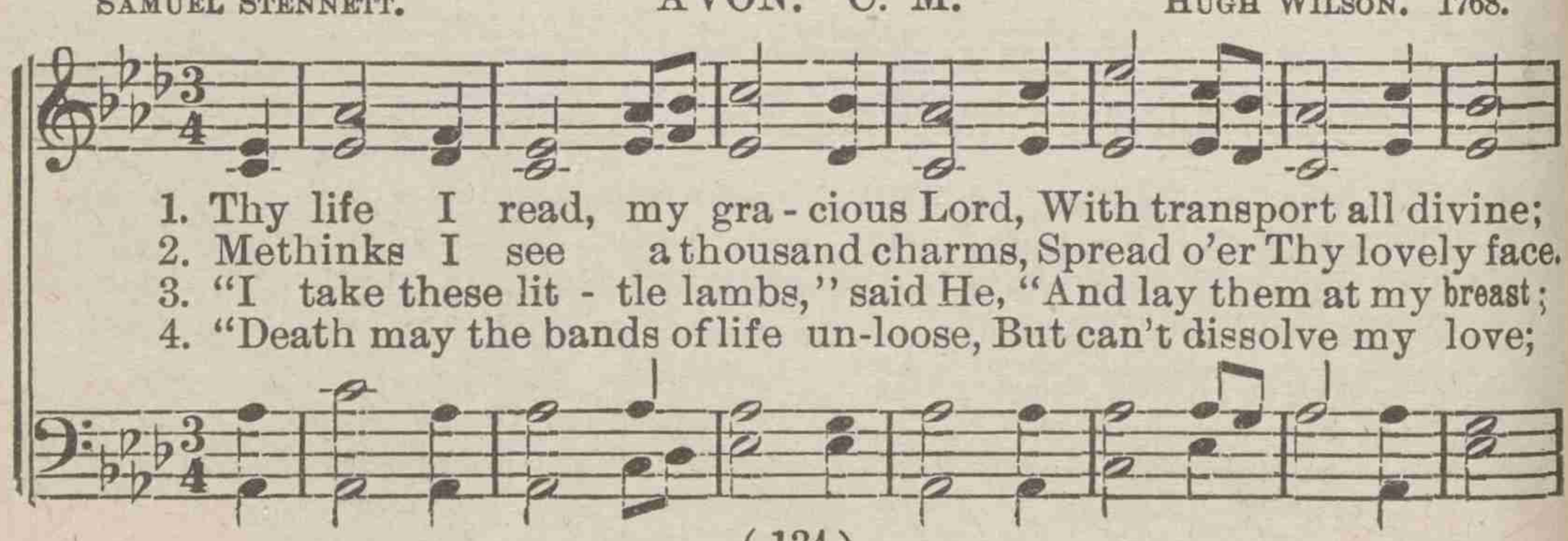
193 Abide With Me.

H. F. LYTE. EVENTIDE. 10s. W. H. MONK.



194 He Takes the Lambs.

SAMUEL STENNETT. AVON. C. M. HUGH WILSON. 1768.



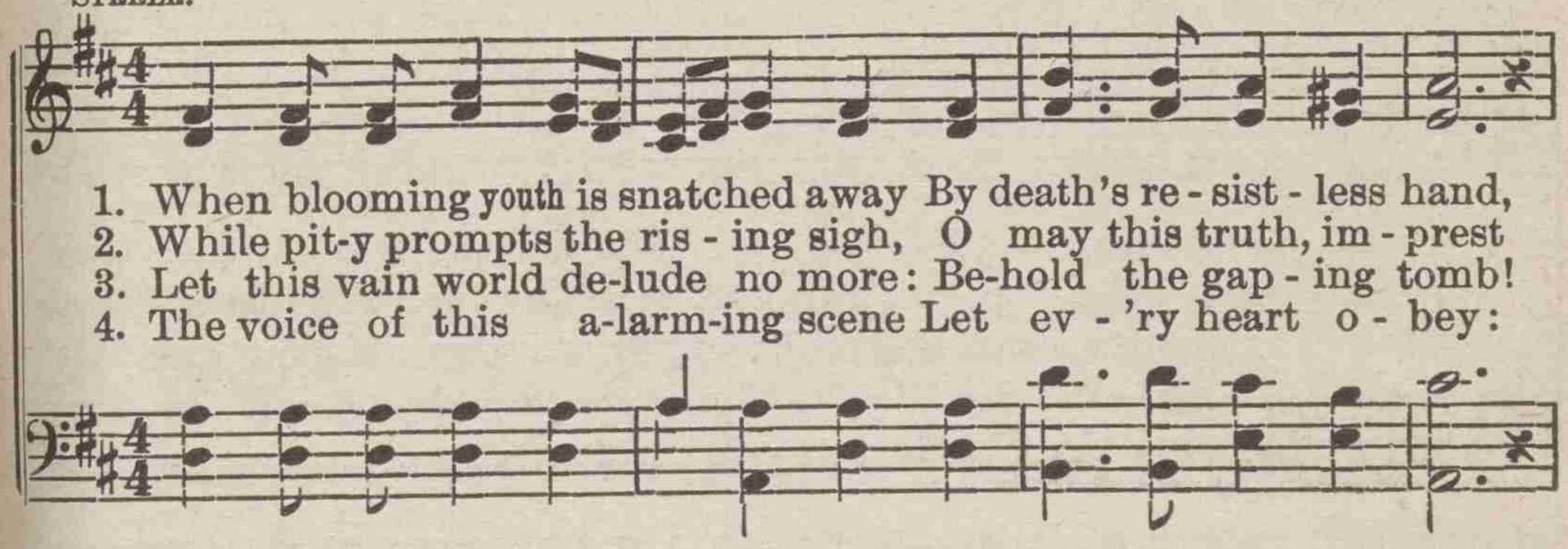
He Takes the Lambs. Concluded.

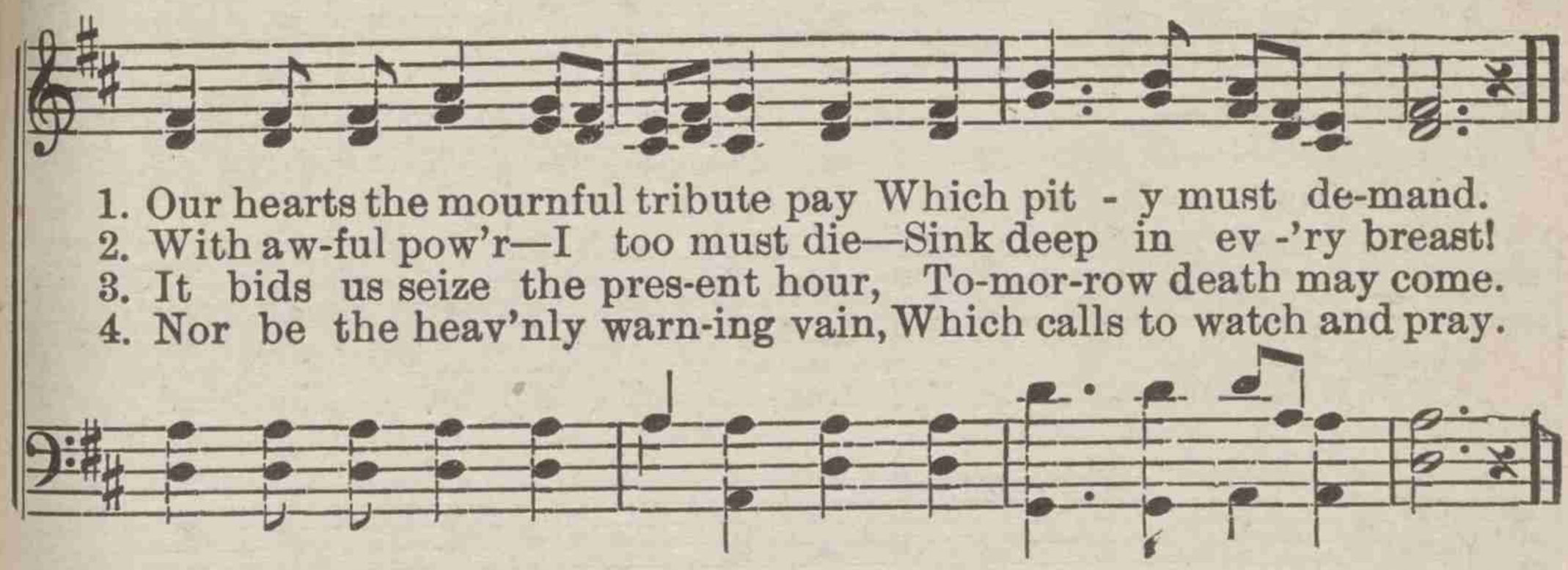


195 Youth Is Snatched Away.

NAOMI. C. M.

STEELE. LOWELL MASON.





196 Why Should We Weep?

(Sung to the above music, or "Avon," opposite page.) C. M.

1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls His own,
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest:
They've fought the fight, the vict'ry won,
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,
God has recalled His own;
And let our hearts in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done!"

197 Will the Circle Be Unbroken?

ADA R. HABERSHON. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There are loved ones in the glo - ry Whose dear forms you oft-en miss,
2. In the joy - ous days of child-hood, Oft they told of won-drous love
3. You re-mem - ber songs of heav - en, Which you sang with childish voice.
4. You can pic - ture hap - py gath-'rings Round the fire - side long a - go,
5. One by one their seats were emp-tied, One by one they went a - way,

When you close your earth-ly sto - ry, Will you join them in their bliss?
Point - ed to the dy - ing Sav - iour, Now they dwell with Him a - bove.
Do you love the hymns they taught you, Or are songs of earth your choice?
And you think of tear-ful part - ings, When they left you here be - low.
Now the fam - i - ly is part - ed, Will it be com-plete one day?

CHORUS.

Will the cir - cle be un - brok - en By and by, by and by?

Is a bet - ter home a - wait - ing In the sky, in the sky.

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198 Sweet By and By.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT. JOS. P. WEBSTER. By per.

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a -
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore, The me-lo - di-ous songs of the
3. To our boun - ti-ful Fa - ther a-bove, We will of - fer our trib-ute of

1. far, For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-pare us a
2. blest, And our spir-its shall sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the
3. praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the bless-ings that

CHORUS.

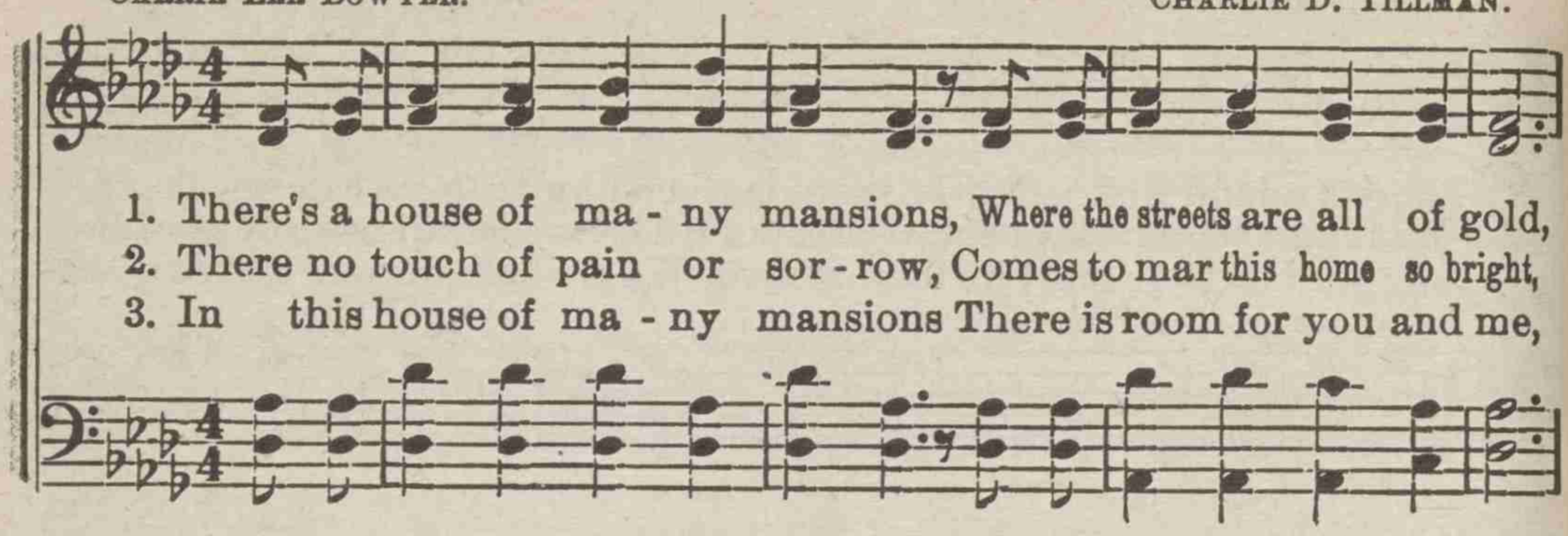
1. dwelling place there. In the sweet by and by We shall
2. bless-ing of rest.
3. hal - low our days. In the sweet by and by

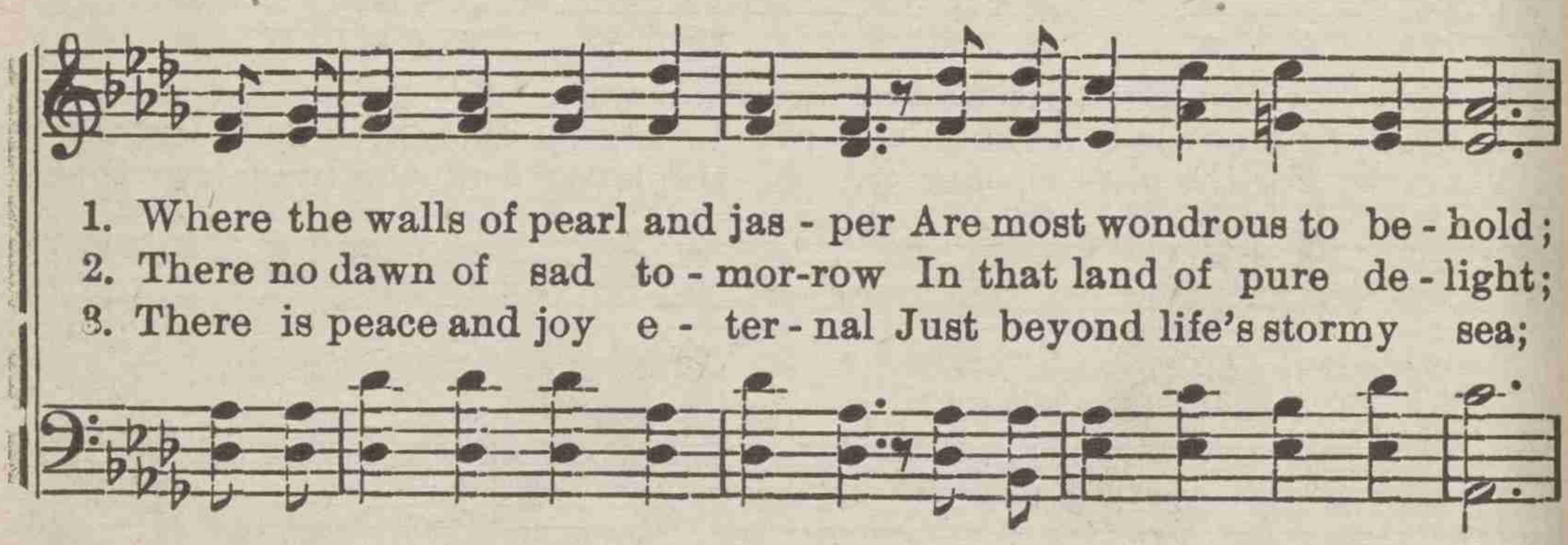
meet on that beau-ti-ful shore, In the sweet by and
by and by, by and by,

by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
by and by,

199 The House of Many Mansions.

CARRIE LEE BOWYER. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.









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The House of Many Mansions. Concluded.



200 Lead, Kindly Light!

LUX BENIGNA. 10s, 4s.

J. H. NEWMAN. REV. J. B. DYKES.



201 Safe In the Arms of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care,
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear Ref-uge, Je - sus has died for me;

CHO.—*Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,*

rit. Fine.

1. There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.
2. Safe from the world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there.
3. Firm on the Rock of A - ges Ev - er my trust shall be.

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.

1. Hark, 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me;
2. Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
3. Here let me wait in pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;

D. C. Chorus.

1. O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.....
2. On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears!.....
3. Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold-en shore.

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202 Some Day, It Won't Be Long.

L. B. B. L. B. BRIDGERS.

1. Some day I'll cross the mystic stream, It won't be long, it may be soon;
2. Some day this mor-tal life shall cease, It won't be long, it may be soon;
3. He's com-ing back with glo-ry rare, It won't be long, it may be soon;
4. Then as you trav-el on life's way, Thro' waters deep, or bil-lows foam,

Some day I'll lay my bur-dens down, It won't be long, it may be soon;
Some day I'll see my Saviour's face, It won't be long, it may be soon;
We'll rise to meet Him in the air, It won't be long, it may be soon;
You may have Je-sus as your stay, He'll walk with you and lead you home.

Some day I'll reach the gol-den shore, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more,
Some day I'll leave this vale of tears, For-get the strug-gles of long years,
If He should call me, this I know: I'm saved and read-y now to go,
O broth-er, will you let Him in? He'll save and keep you free from sin,

I'll meet the ones who've gone before, It won't be long, it may be soon.
I'll know no sor-row, pain, nor fears; It won't be long, it may be soon.
I'm wait-ing with my heart a-glow; It won't be long, it may be soon.
Till heaven's door you en-ter in; It won't be long, it may be soon.

Sing after last verse. **Fine.** **D. C.**

There'll be no sorrow there, There'll be no sorrow there, In heav'n above, where all is love,
D.C. There'll be no sorrow there.

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203 Shall We Meet?

H. L. HASTINGS. ELIHU S. RICE.

1. Shall we meet be yond the riv - er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crystal shine;
4. Shall we meet with Christ, our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own?

Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the an - chor, By the bright ce - les-tial shore?
Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work - man-ship di- vine?
Shall we know His bless - ed fav - or. And sit down up - on His throne?

CHORUS.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er?

Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?

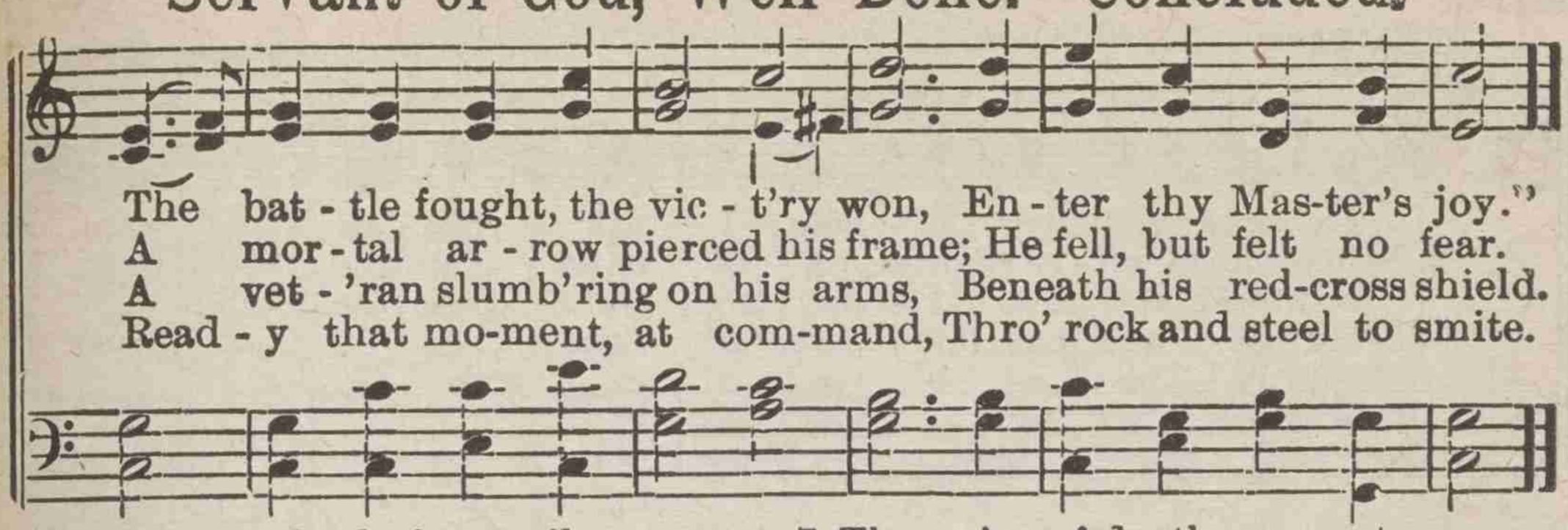
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204 Servant of God Well Done.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. LABAN, S. M. DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. "Serv - ant of God, well done! Rest from thy loved em - ploy;
2. The voice at mid - night came; He start - ed up to hear;
3. Tran - quil a - mid a - larms, It found him on the field,
4. His sword was in his hand, Still warm with re - cent fight,

Servant of God, Well Done. Concluded.



5 Bent on such glorious toils
The world to him was loss,
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the cross.

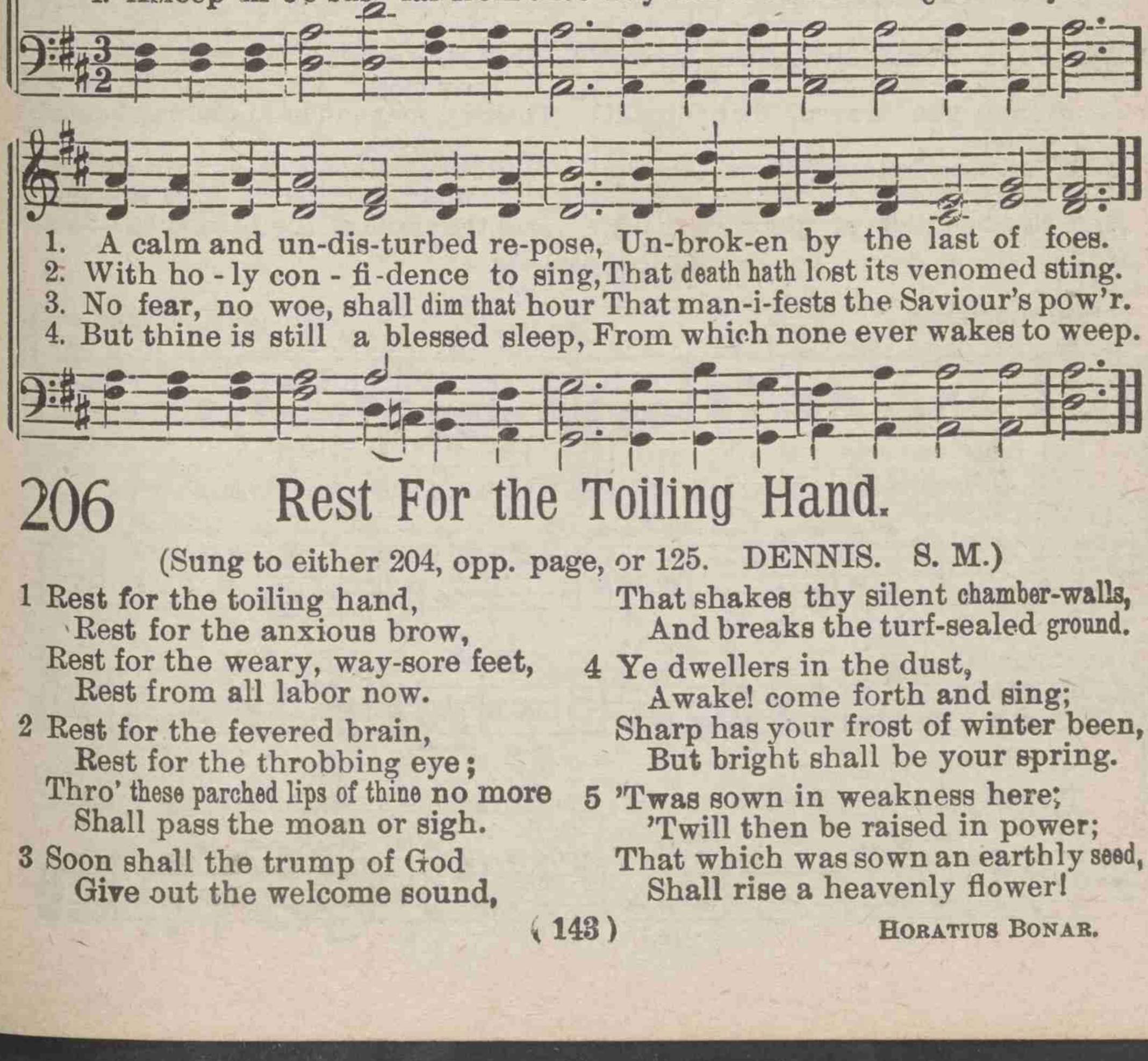
6 His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumb'ring clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darkened ruin lay.

7 The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

8 Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

205 Asleep In Jesus.

MARGARET MACKAY. REST. L. M. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



206 Rest For the Toiling Hand.

(Sung to either 204, opp. page, or 125. DENNIS. S. M.)

1 Rest for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-sore feet,
Rest from all labor now.

2 Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye;
Thro' these parched lips of thine no more
Shall pass the moan or sigh.

3 Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound,
That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

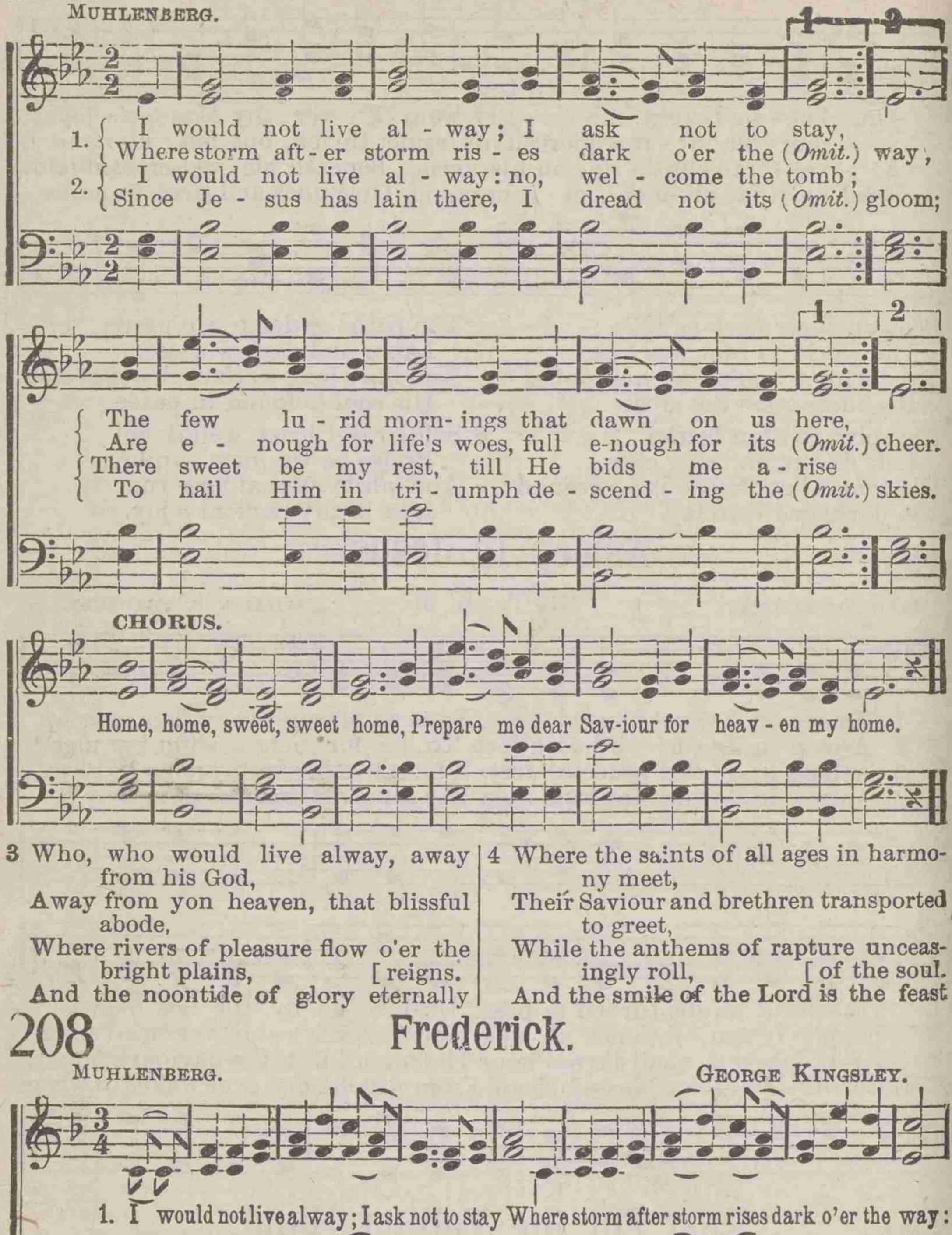
4 Ye dwellers in the dust,
Awake! come forth and sing;
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.

5 'Twas sown in weakness here;
'Twill then be raised in power;
That which was sown an earthly seed,
Shall rise a heavenly flower!

HORATIUS BONAR.

207 I Would Not Live Alway.

MUHLENBERG.

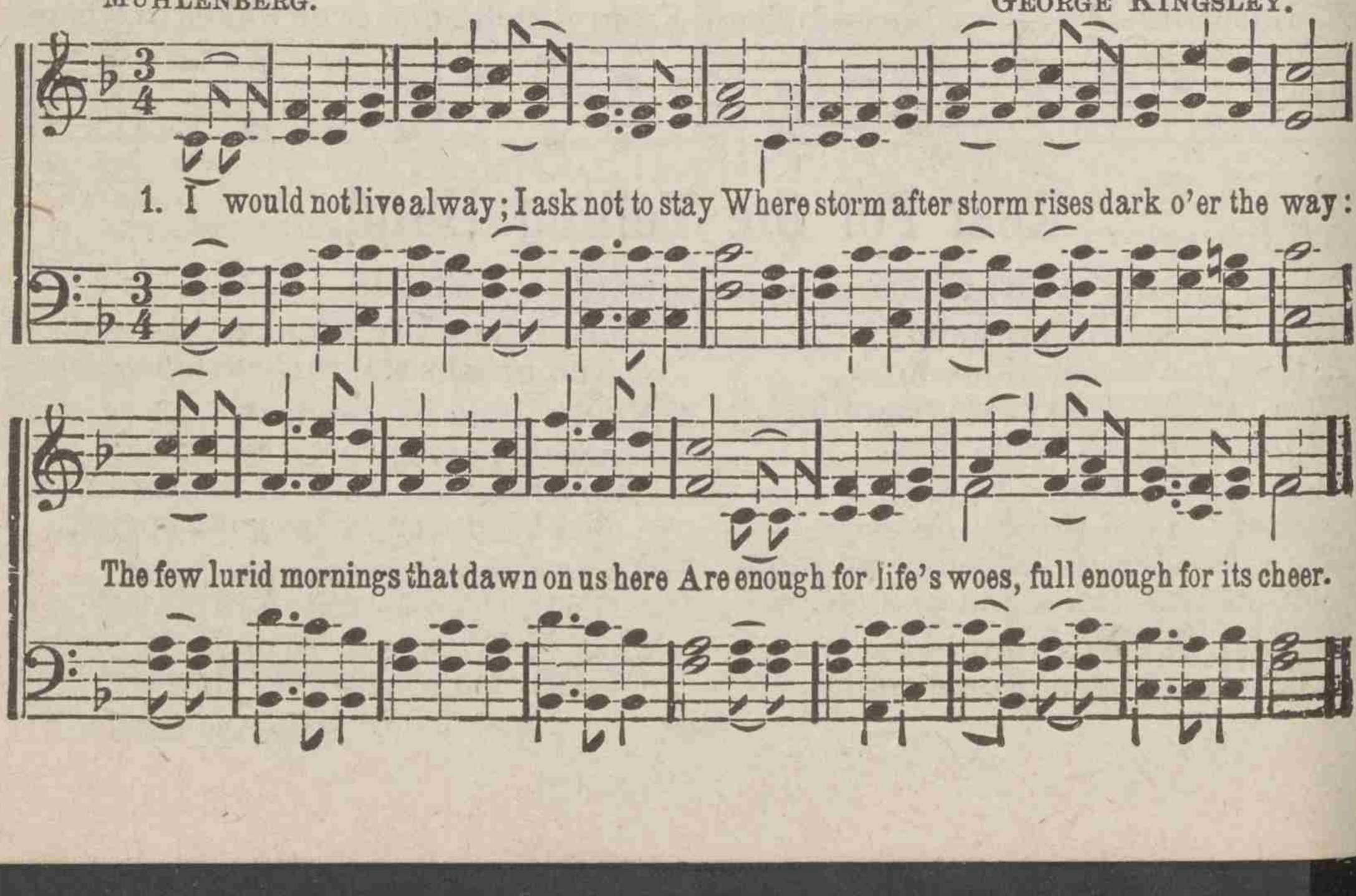


3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains, [reigns.
And the noontide of glory eternally

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll, [of the soul.
And the smile of the Lord is the feast

208 Frederick.

MUHLENBERG. GEORGE KINGSLEY.



209 Beautiful Beckoning Hands.

Respectfully dedicated to Miss Emma Montgomery.

SOLO. R. E. HUDSON.

1. Beau - ti - ful hands at the gate-way to-night, Fac - es all shin-ing with ra - di - ant light,
2. Beck - on-ing hands of a moth-er, whose love Sac - ri-ficed life its de- vo - tion to prove;
3. Beau - ti - ful hands of a lit - tle one, see, Ba - by voice call-ing, oh, moth-er, to thee;
4. Beck - on-ing hands of a husband or wife, Waiting and watch-ing the loved one of life;

ORGAN.

Eyes look-ing down from yon heav-en - ly home,
Hands of a fa - ther, to mem - o - ry dear,
Ro - sy-cheeked darling, the light of our home,
Hands of a broth - er, a sis - ter, a friend,

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful hands that are beck - on - ing, come.
Beck-'ning up high - er, the wait - ing ones here. Beau - ti - ful hands,
Tak - en so ear - ly, is beck - on - ing, come.
Out from the gate - way to - night they ex - tend.

beck - on-ing hands, Call - ing the dear ones to heav - en - ly lands, Beau-ti-

ful hands, beck-on - ing hands, Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful, beck-on - ing hands.

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A little child, two years old, was dying, seeing her parents weep, she said, "Don't cry, I'll be at the window and watch for you when you come."

210 Death is Only a Dream.

C. W. RAY.

A. J. BUCHANAN, by per.

SOLO.

1. Sad - ly we sing, and with trem - u - lous breath, As we stand by the mys - ti - cal stream,.... In the val - ley and by the dark
2. Why should we weep when the wea-ry ones rest In the bo - som of Je - sus su - preme,..... In the man-sions of glo - ry pre -
3. Naught in the riv - er the saints should ap - pall, Tho' it fright-ful - ly dis - mal may seem,..... In the arms of their Sav - iour no
4. O - ver the tur - bid and on rush - ing tide, Doth the light of e - ter - ni - ty gleam;..... And the ran-somed the dark - ness and

riv - er of death, And yet 'tis no more than a dream.....
pared for the blest? For death is no more than a dream.....
ill can be - fall, They find it no more than a dream.....
storm shall out-ride, To wake with glad smiles from their dream...

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Death is only a Dream. Concluded.

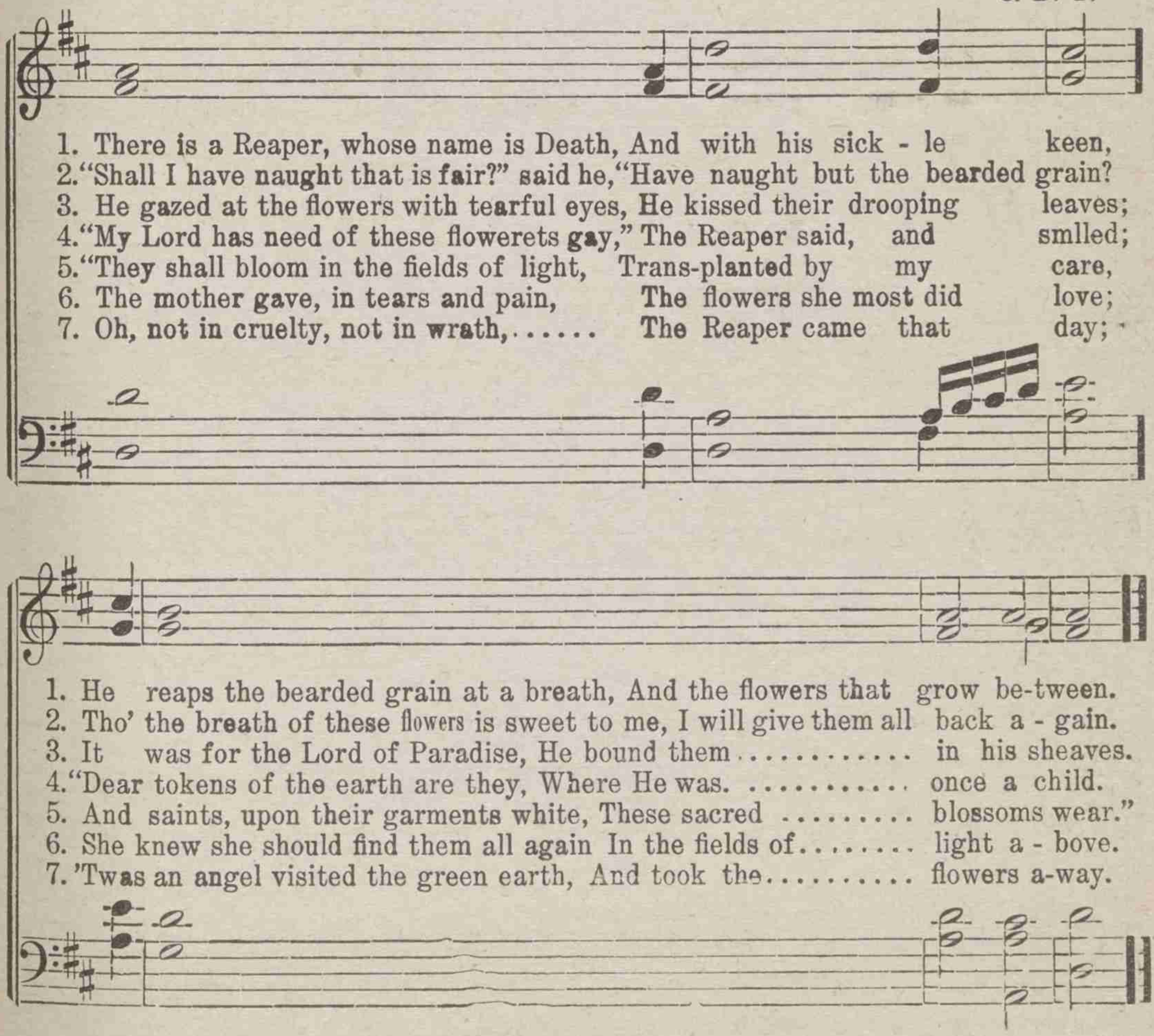
CHORUS.*



* Words of chorus by A. J. Buchanan.

211 The Reaper.

C. D. T.



212 Rest For the Weary.

SAMUEL Y. HARMER. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There re-mains a land of rest:
2. He is fit - ting up my man-sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand,
3. Pain and sickness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
4. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo - ry—Shout your triumphs as ye go;

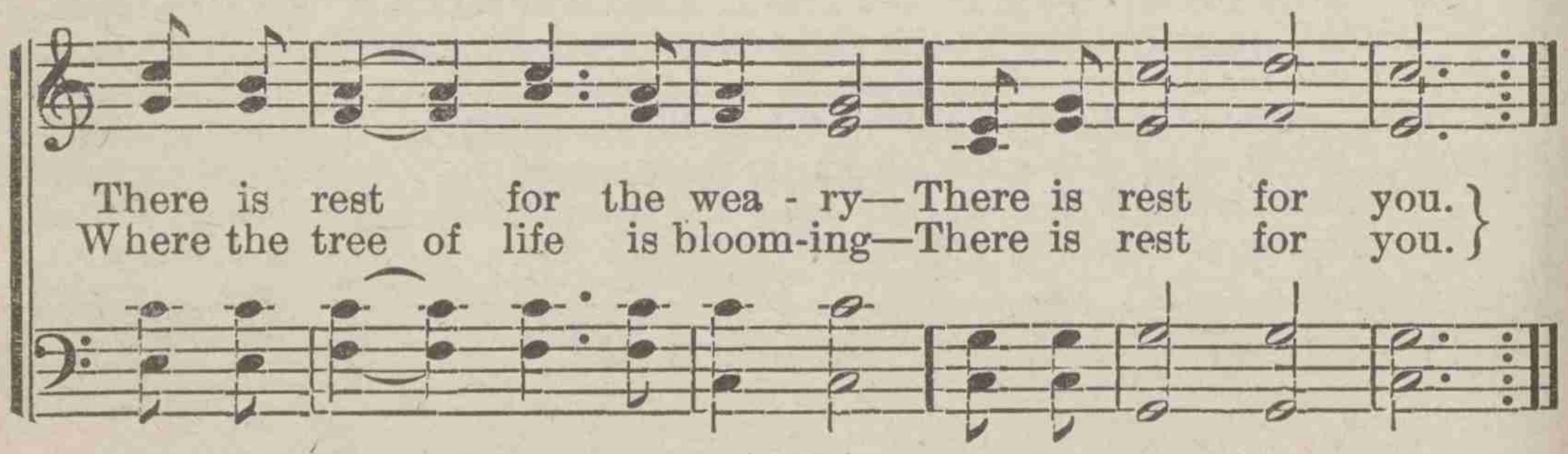




1. There my Saviour's gone before me, To ful - fill my soul's re-quest.
2. For my stay shall not be tran-sient In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
3. But, in that ce - les - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear.
4. Zi - on's gates will o - pen for you, Ye shall find an entrance thro'.







213 Home Of the Soul.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.



214 Angels, Get My Mansion Ready.

S. E. L.

MRS. S. J. HEATH.

1. O - ver yon-der stands a man-sion Christ prepared for me, God ordained that
2. Tho' a pil-grim I have wandered In the val - ley here, Now un - to the
3. When my work on earth is end-ed, And my race is run, And I hear my

I should have it For e - ter - ni - ty, And I'll send my pray'r before me,
bless-ed homeland I am drawing near, Soon a - mid these scenes of sorrow,
Sav-iour call-ing At the set of sun, Then I'll send my message upward,

Ere I cross the foam: Angels, get my mansion ready, For I'm com-ing home.
I shall cease to roam; Angels, get my mansion ready, For I'm com-ing home.
Past yon vaulted dome: Angels, get my mansion ready, For I'm com-ing home.

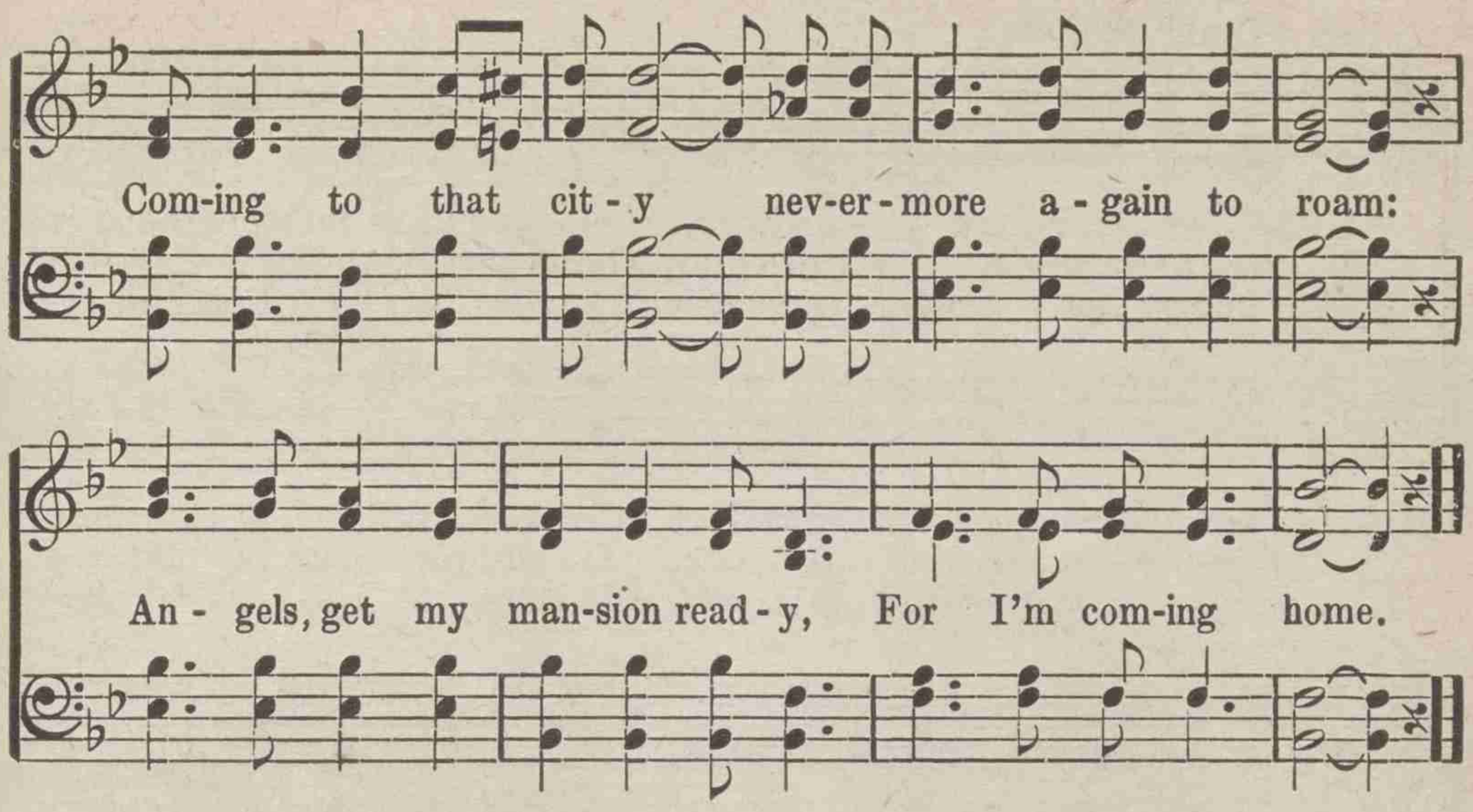
CHORUS.

I'm com-ing home to heav - en, With the an-gels there to dwell; I'm
com - ing home to glo - ry, Where I'll nev - er say fare - well; I'm

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Single copies for sale by Mrs. S. J. Heath, 402 Pulliam St., Atlanta, Ga. 10 cts.

Angels, Get My Mansion Ready.



No. 215. We'll Meet Them Again.

In memorium of Rev. J. L. Tillman and wife, parents of Charlie D. Tillman.

Jno. R. Clements. **Jno. R. Bryant.**

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216 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.



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

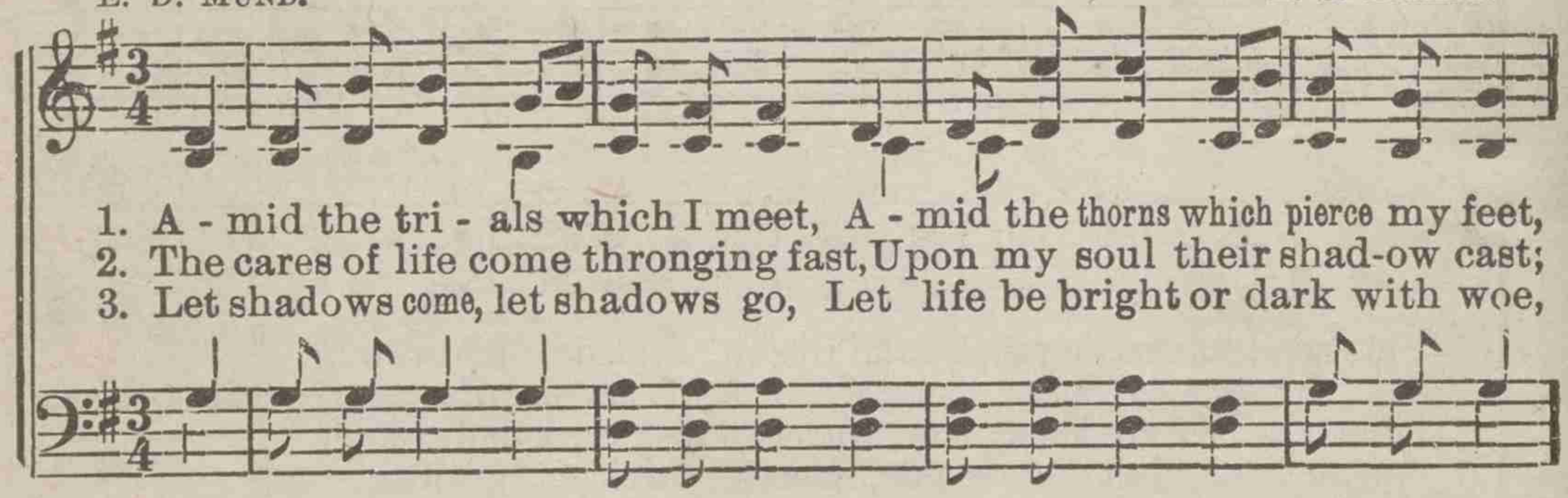
D. C.—*Chart and com-pass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.*
Wondrous sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."



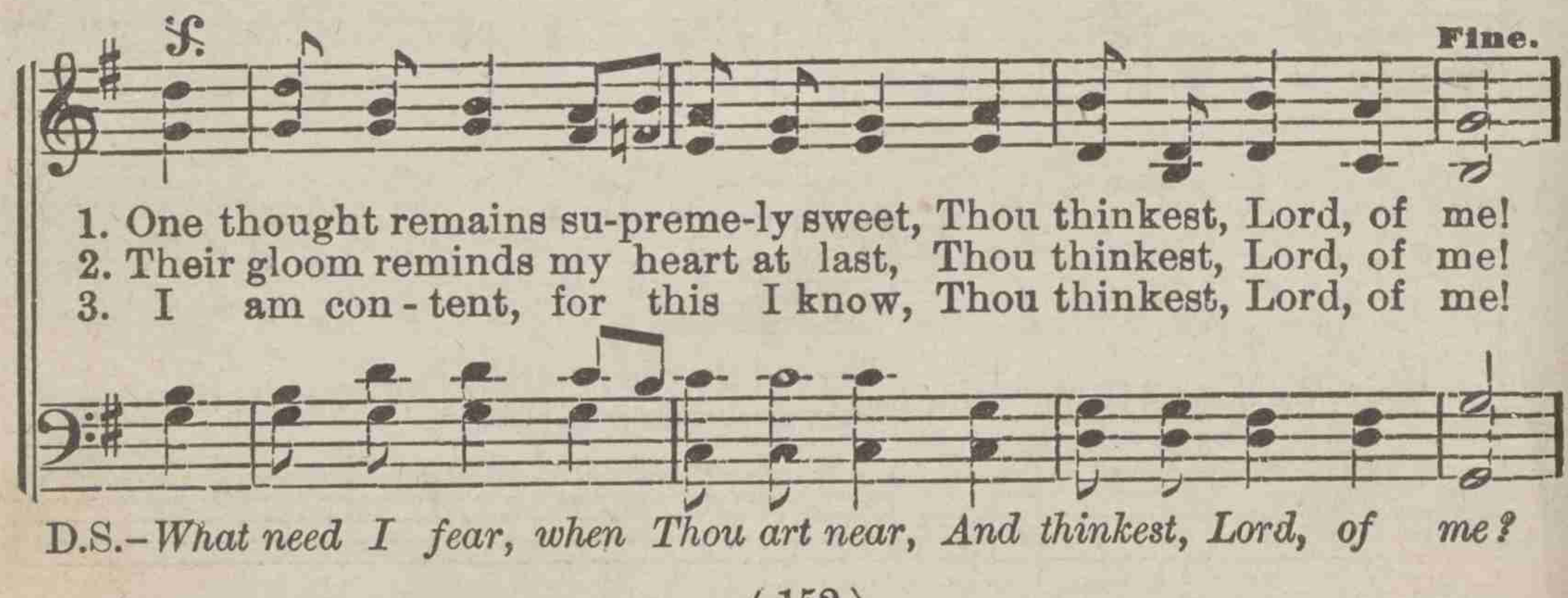
1. Unknown waves a-round me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
2. Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to "Peace, be still!"
3. 'Twixt me and my peace-ful rest; Then, while leaning on Thy breast,

217 Thou Thinkest, Lord, Of Me.

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



1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns which pierce my feet,
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Upon my soul their shad-ow cast;
3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

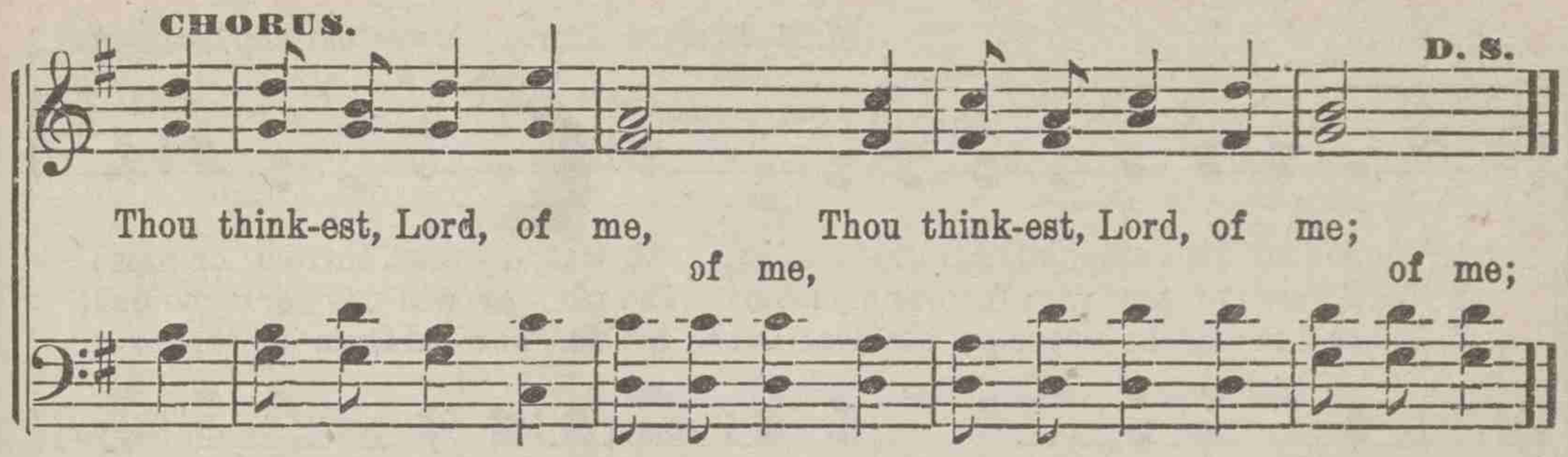


1. One thought remains su-preme-ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
2. Their gloom reminds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
3. I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

D.S.—*What need I fear, when Thou art near, And thinkest, Lord, of me?*

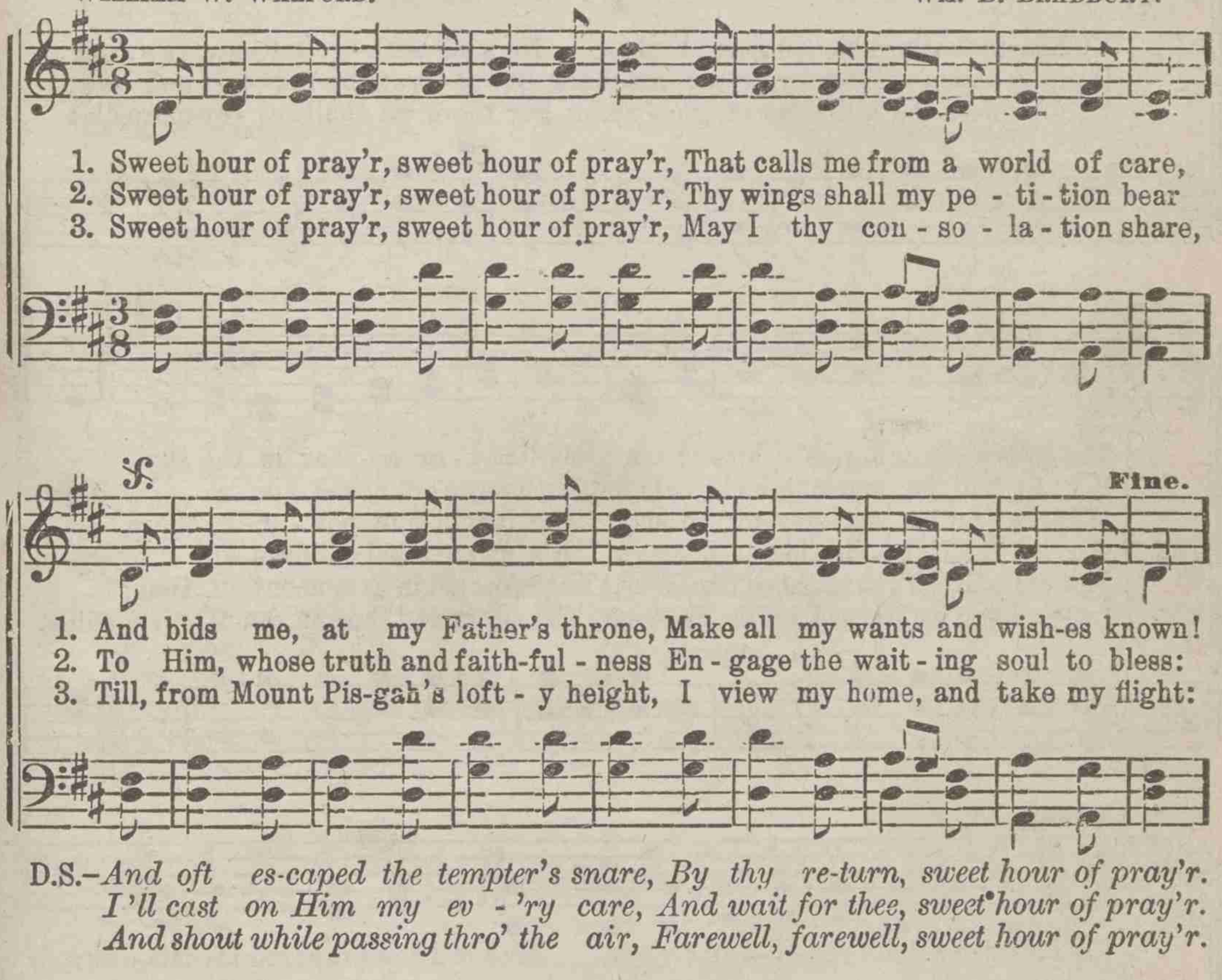
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Thou Thinkest, Lord, Of Me. Concluded.



218 Sweet Hour Of Prayer.

WILLIAM W. WALFORD. WM. B. BRADBURY.



219 No Disappointment In Heaven.

F. M. L. F. M. Lehmc. Har. by Miss Claudia Lehman

1. There's no dis - ap-point-ment in heav-en, No wear-i - ness, sorrow or pain;
2. We'll nev - er pay rent for our mansions, The tax - es will nev - er come due;
3. There'll nev-er be crepe on the door-knob, No fu - ner - al train in the sky;

No hearts that are bleeding and broken, No song with a mi - nor re - frain;
Our gar-ments will nev-er grow threadbare, But al - ways be fade-less and new;
No graves on the hill-sides of glo - ry, For there we shall nev - er-more die;

{ The clouds of our earth-ly ho - ri-zon Will nev - er ap-pear in the sky,
{ For all will be sunshine and gladness, With nev - er a sob nor a sigh.
{ We'll nev-er be hun - gry nor thirst-y, Nor languish in pov - er - ty there,
{ For all the rich boun-ties of heav-en His sanc-ti-fied children will share.
{ The old will be young there for-ev-er, Transformed in a moment of time;
{ Im - mor-tal we'll stand in His like-ness, The stars and the sun to out - shine.

Chorus

I'm bound for that beau-ti - ful cit - y, My Lord has prepared for His own;

Where all the redeemed of all a - ges Sing "glo - ry" around the white throhe;

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No Disappointment in Heaven. Concluded.



220 We Soon Shall Recover Our Home

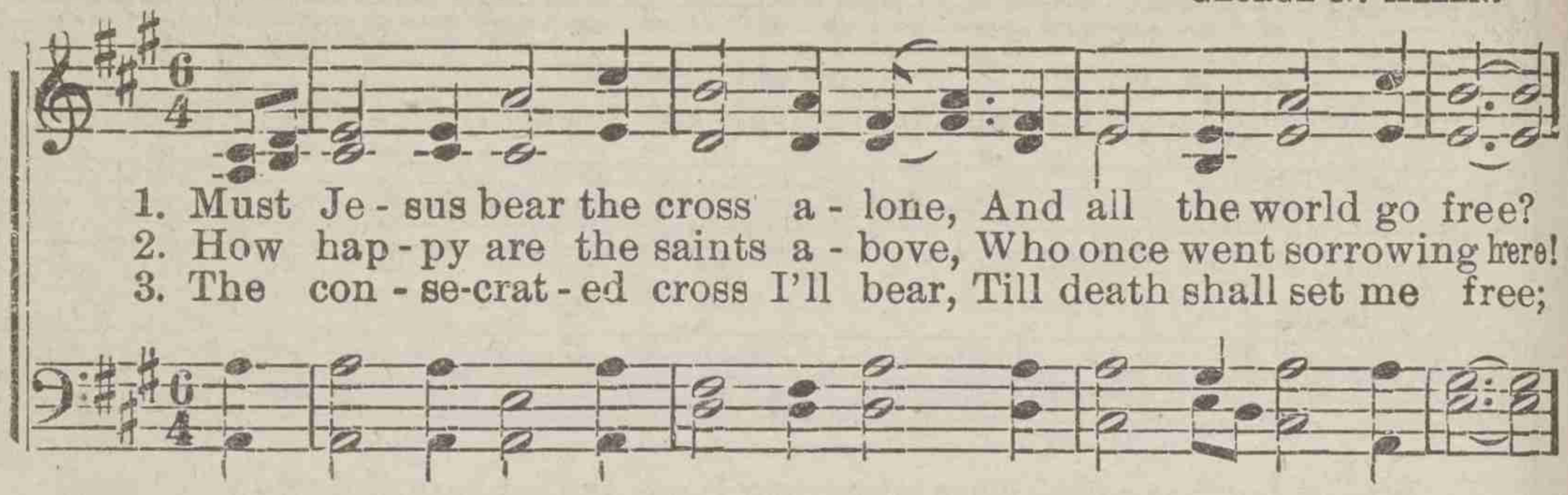
CHARLES WESLEY. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

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221 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

MAITLAND. C. M.

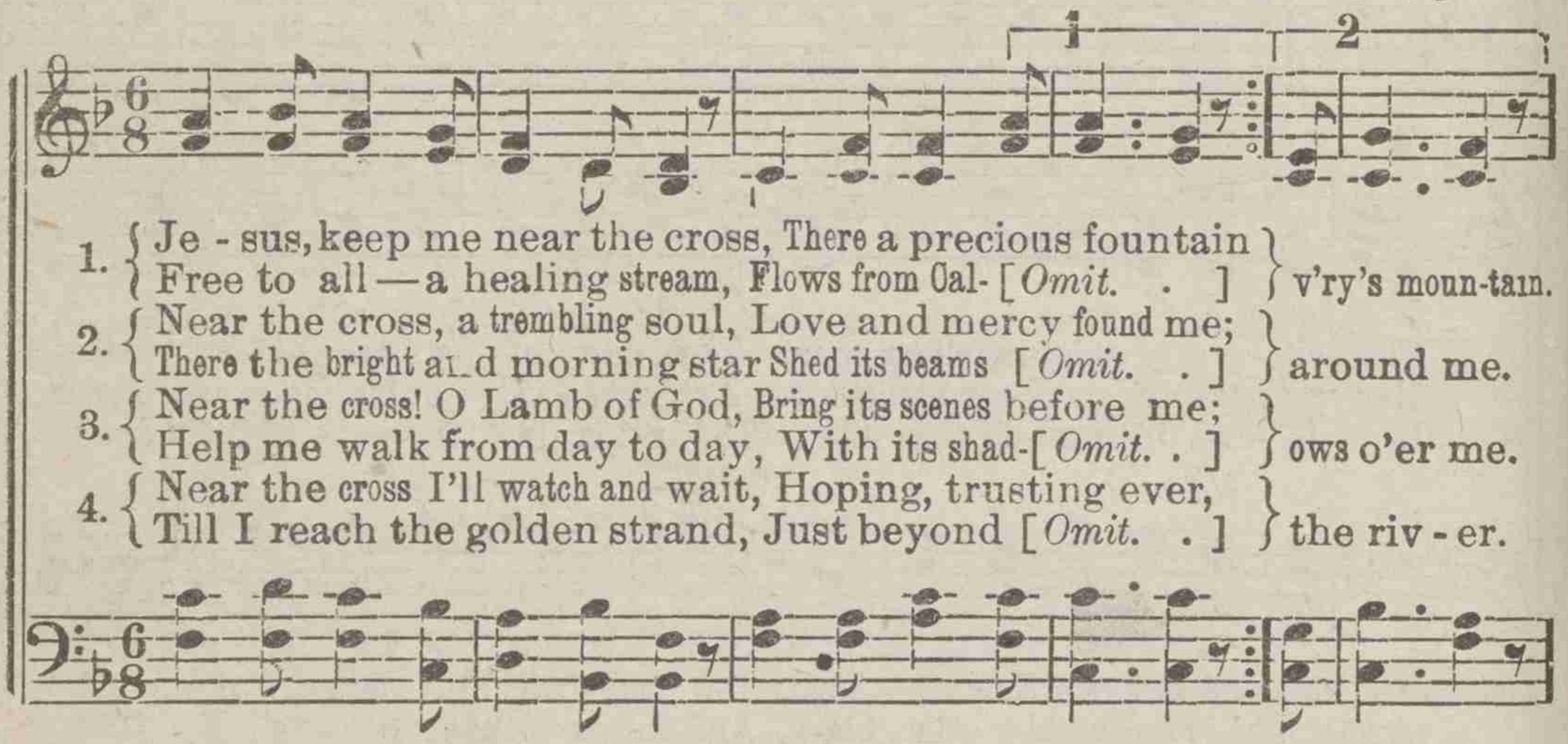
THOMAS SHEPHERD. Alt. GEORGE N. ALLEN.





222 Near the Cross.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.





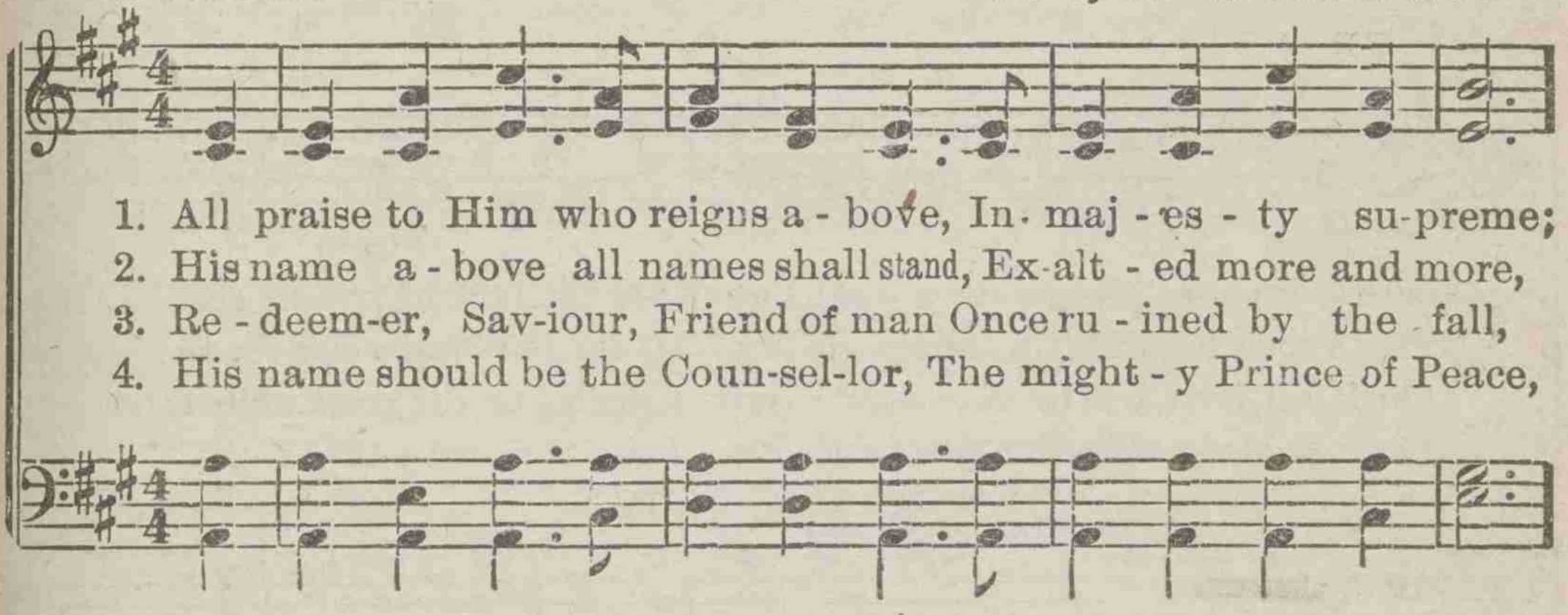
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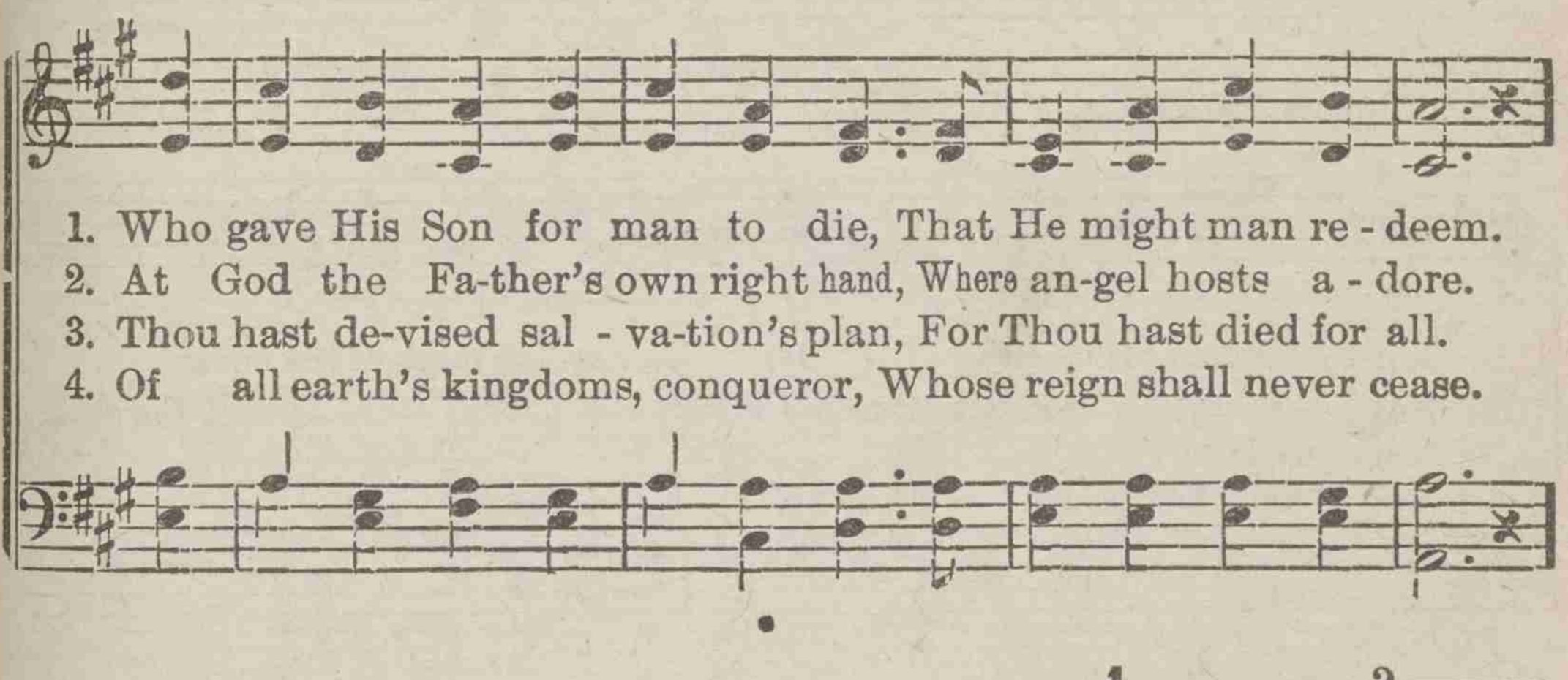
Near the Cross. Concluded.

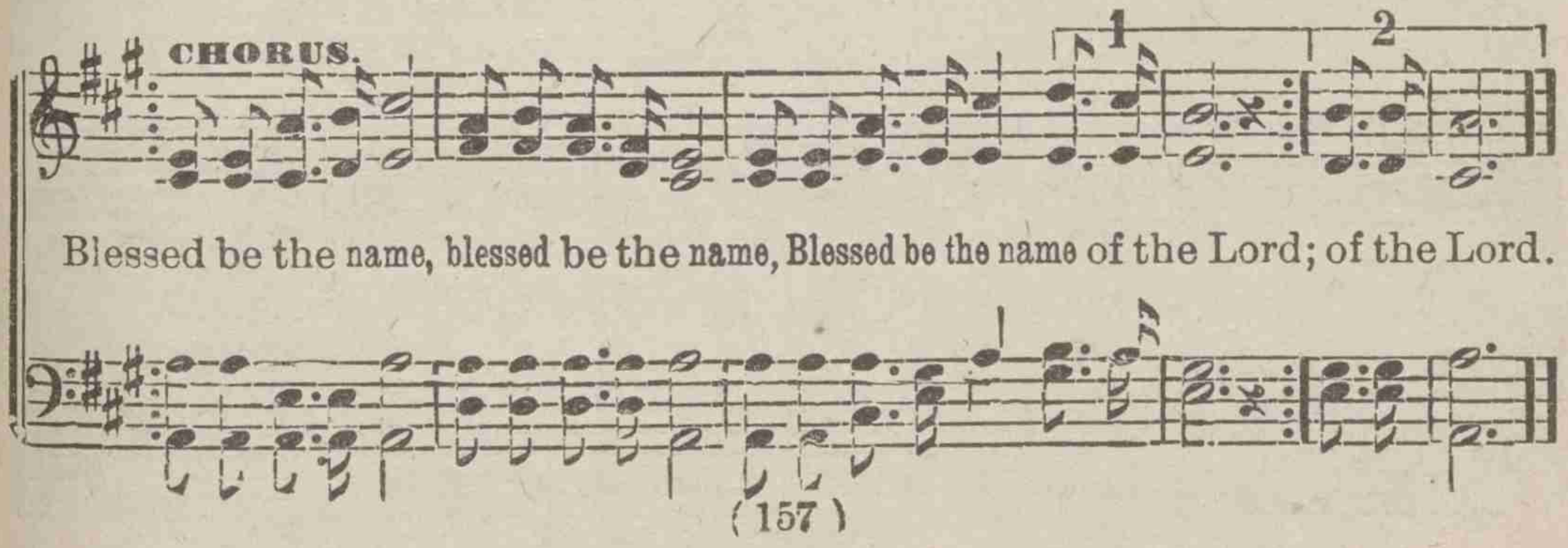


223 Blessed Be the Name.

W. H. CLARK. Arr by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.







224 Not by Nail-Prints Only.

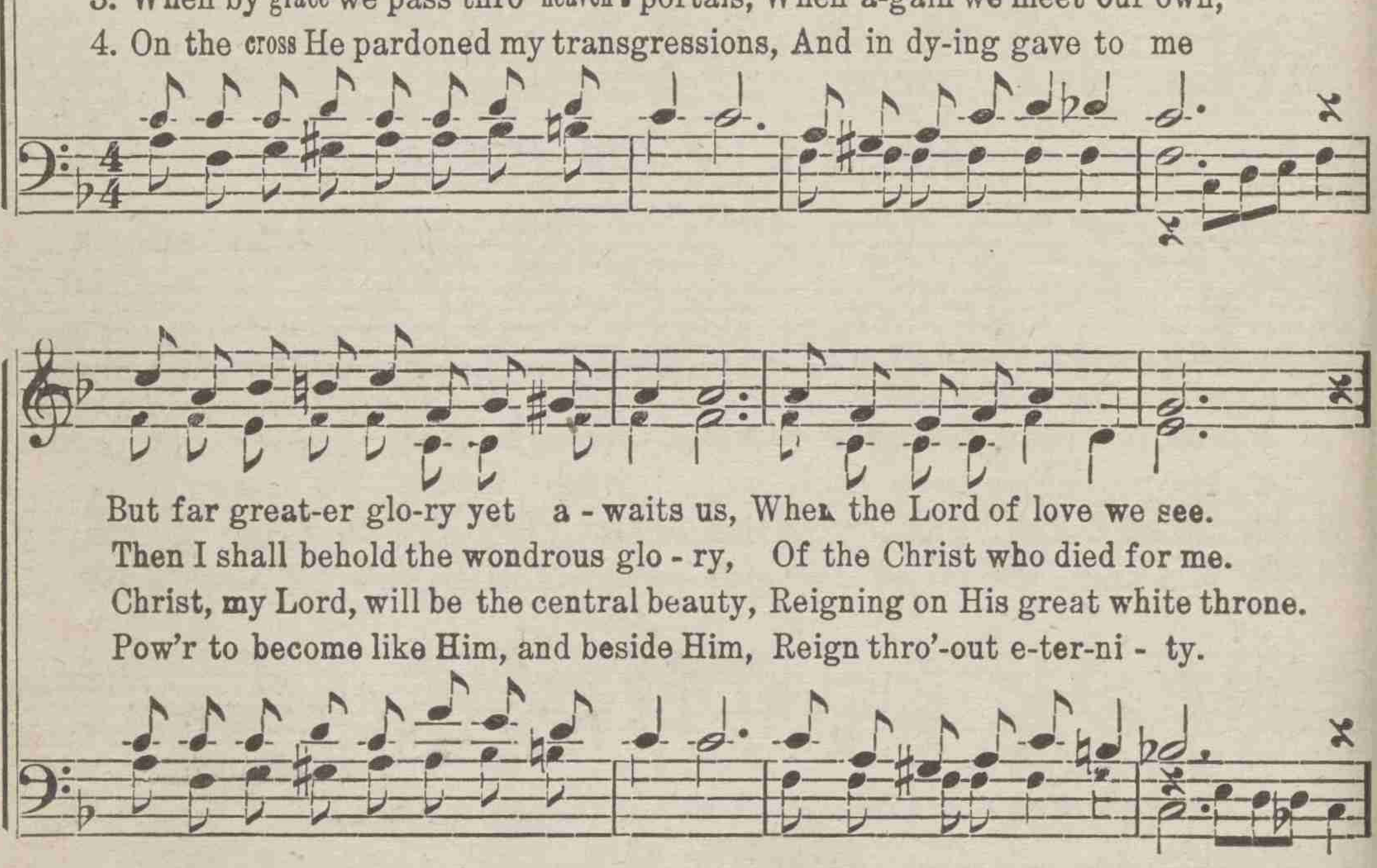
J. V. R.

Copyright, 1917, by W. J. Ramsay, Chattanooga, Tenn.

DUET. *Tenderly, slowly.* JAMES V. REID.



1. Oh, what love the Father placed up-on us, That we sons of God might be;
2. When my Lord shall come with saints and angels, When from clouds He calls for me;
3. When by grace we pass thro' heaven's portals, When a-gain we meet our own,
4. On the cross He pardoned my transgressions, And in dy-ing gave to me

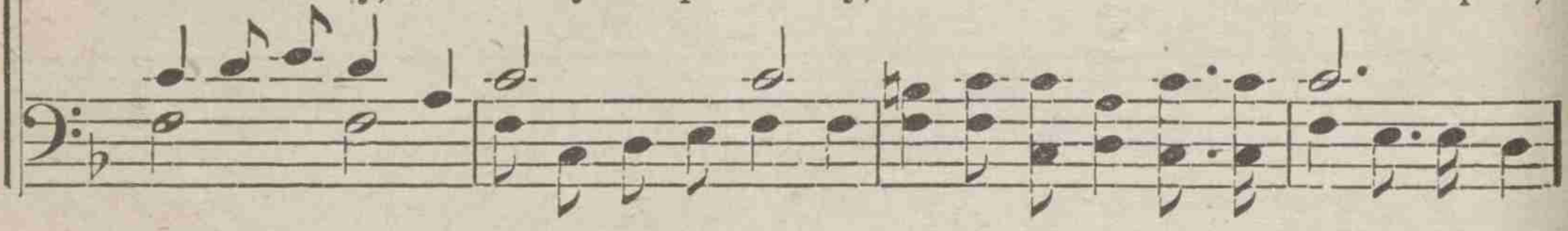


But far great-er glo-ry yet a - waits us, When the Lord of love we see.
Then I shall behold the wondrous glo - ry, Of the Christ who died for me.
Christ, my Lord, will be the central beauty, Reigning on His great white throne.
Pow'r to become like Him, and beside Him, Reign thro'-out e-ter-ni - ty.

CHORUS. *Slowly.*



Not by the nail-prints on - - ly, Nor by the mark of the spear,
Not by, Not by nail-prints only, of the spear,





But I shall see and know Him there, Because I have known Him here.
known Him here.

225 Draw Me Nearer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the

1. love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
2. grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope,
3. throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God,
4. nar - row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach

REFRAIN.

1. And be clos - er drawn to Thee. Draw me near - er,
2. And my will be lost in Thine.
3. I commune as friend with friend.
4. Till I rest in peace with Thee. near - er, near - er,

near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me

near-er, near-er, near-er, blessed Lord, To Thy precious bleeding side.

Copyright, 1903, by W. H. Doane.

226 When I Can Read My Title Clear.

ISAAC WATTS. PISGAH. C. M. ARR. by DR. J. M. BONNELL.



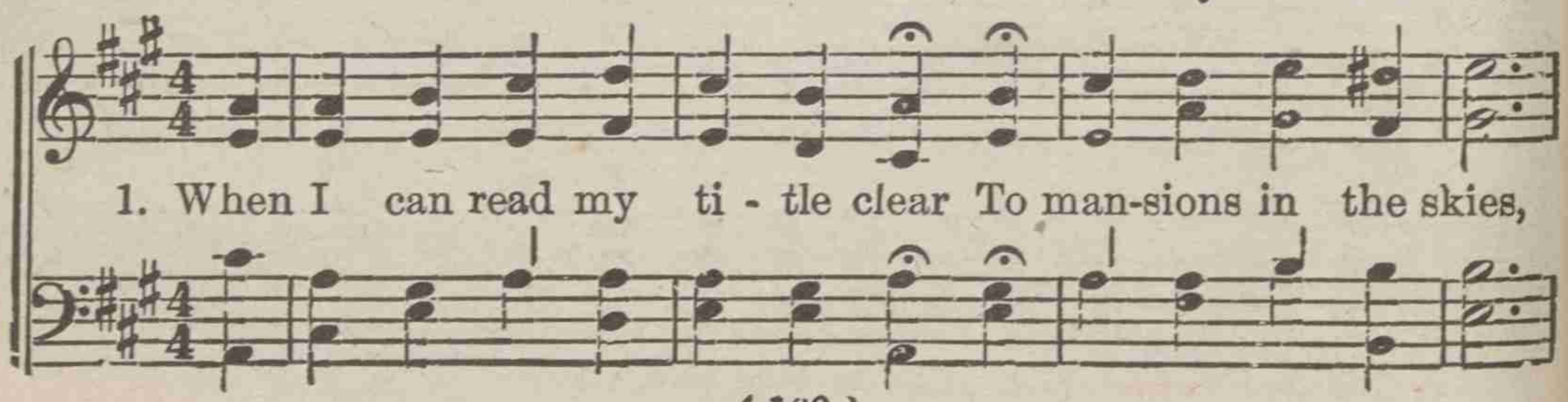




227 When I Can Read My Title Clear.

SECOND TUNE.

ISAAC WATTS. NINETY-FIFTH. C. M. ARR. by R. M. MCINTOSH.



When I Can Read MY Title Clear. Concluded.



228 Step Out On the Promise.

The Highway. E. F. Miller.



From "Shout of Victory," by per Copyright, 1884, by E. F. Miller.

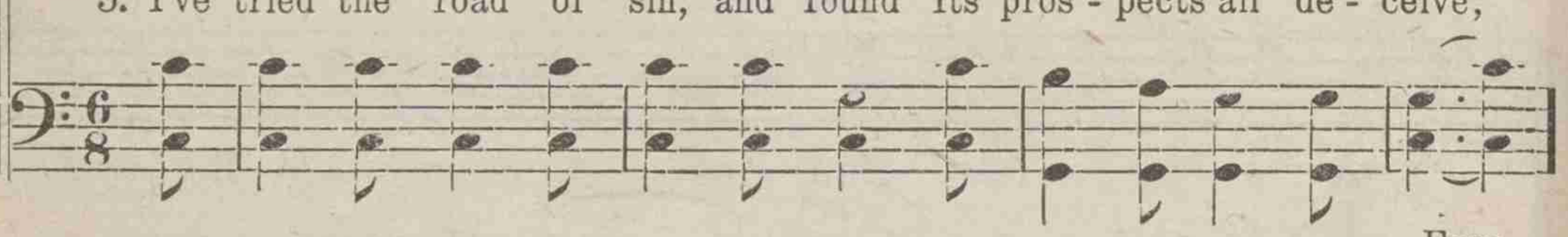
229 His Yoke is Easy.

"My yoke is easy and my burden is light."—Mat. 11: 30.

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



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



FINE.

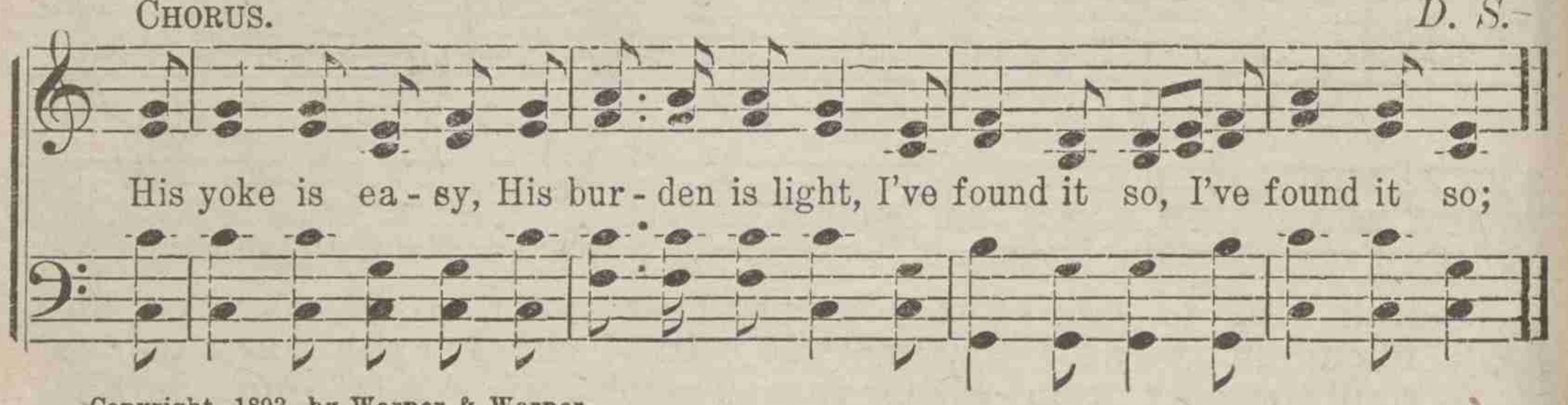


I'll serve Him all my years of time, And dwell with Him a - bove.
His streams of love for-ev - er flow, With - in my heart, His throne.
He calmed the sea of in - ward strife, And bade me come to Him.
"Thy gain will not re - pay the loss, His yoke is hard to bear."
I've proved the Lord and joys a-bound,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



D. S.—His service is my sweetest de-light, His bless-ings ev - er flow.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

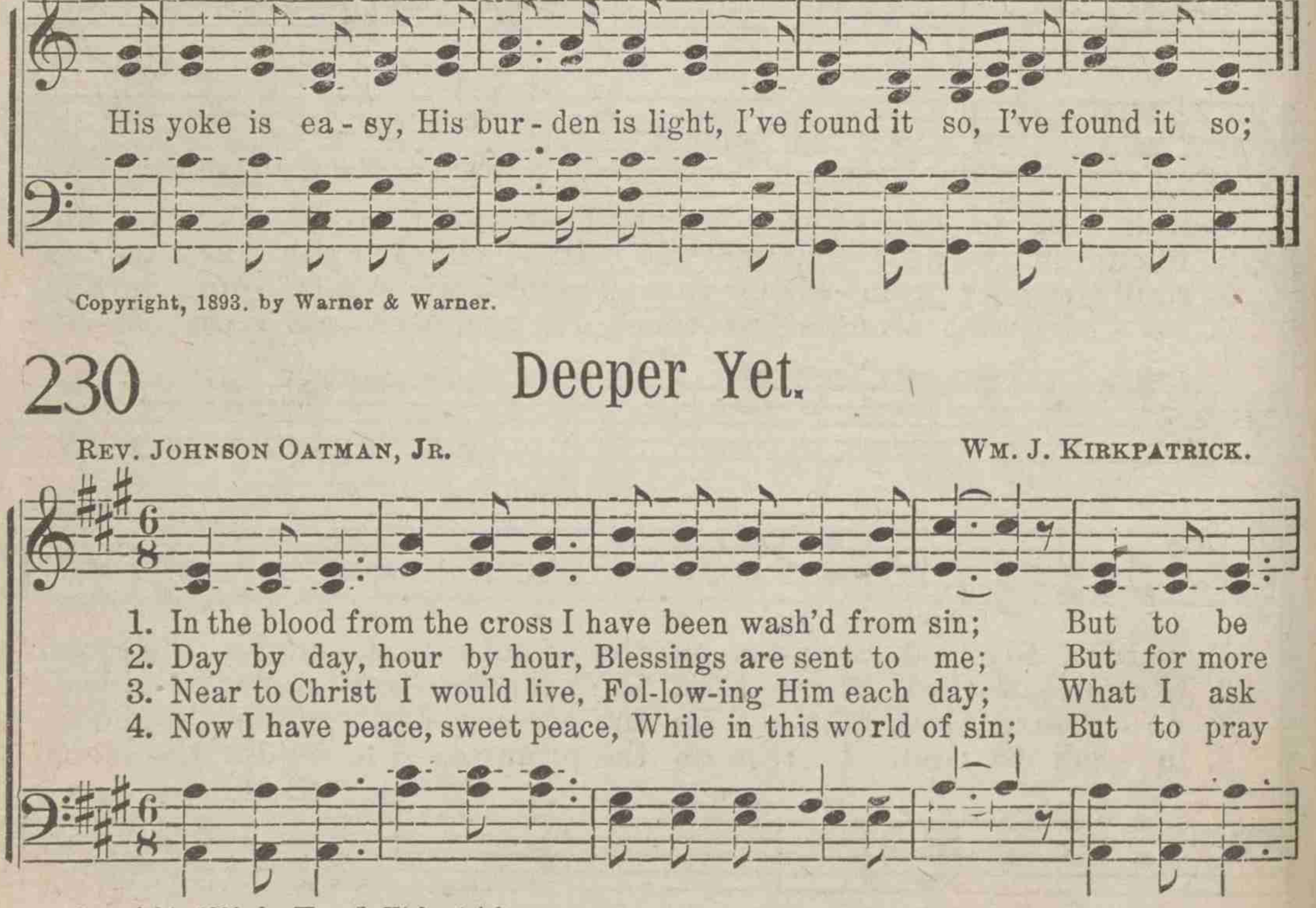


His yoke is ea - sy, His bur - den is light, I've found it so, I've found it so;

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230 Deeper Yet.

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



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

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Deeper Yet. Concluded.

CHORUS.

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

Into the crimson flood; Deeper yet, deeper yet, Under the precious blood.

231 Every Day and Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

Fine.

1. Sav-iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world below, Lead me gently, gently as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;

D. C.—*May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clos - er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.*

1. Let Thy precious blood applied, Keep me ev-er, ev - er near Thy side.
2. Trusting Thee I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
3. Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a-bove.

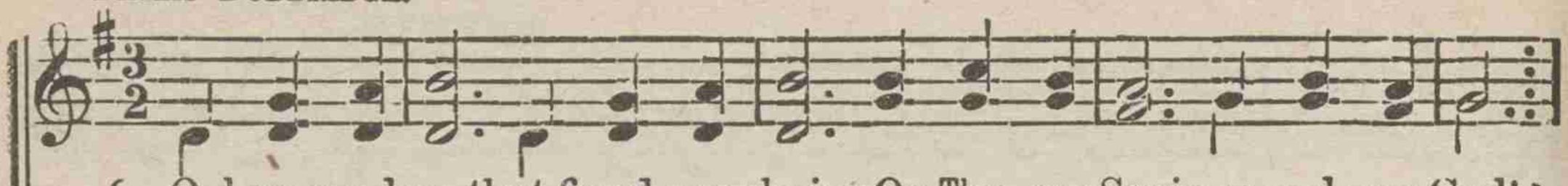
REFRAIN. D. C.

Ev -'ry day, ev -'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r,
Ev'ry day and hour, ev'ry day and hour,

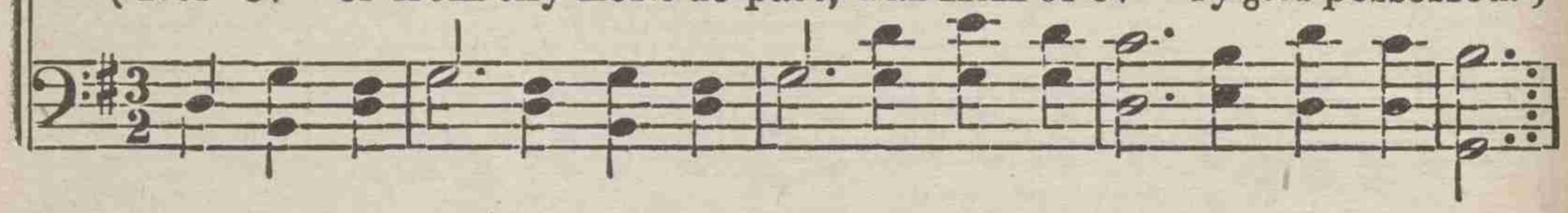
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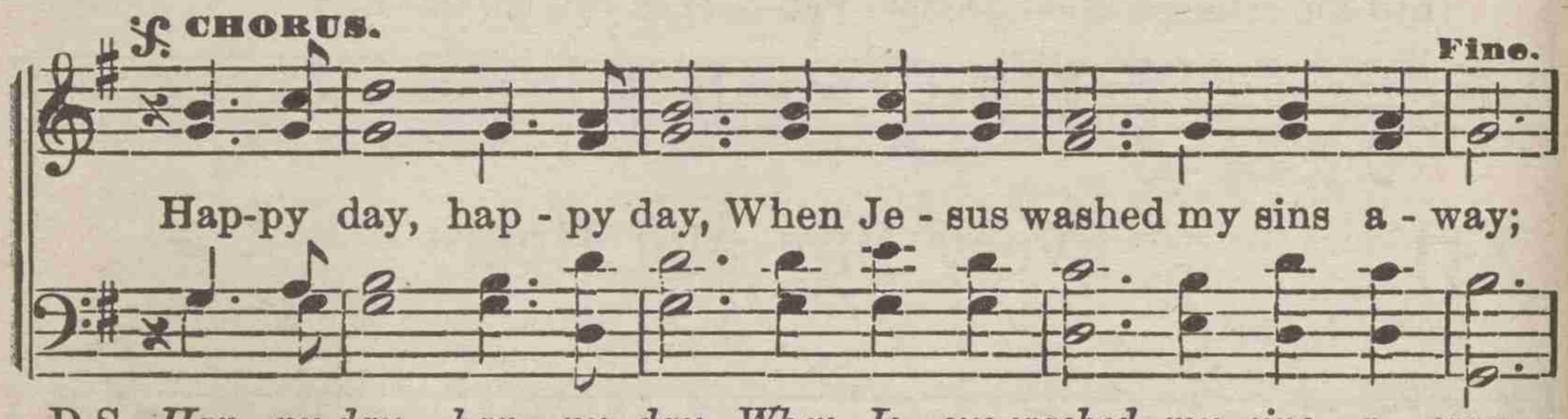
232 O Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

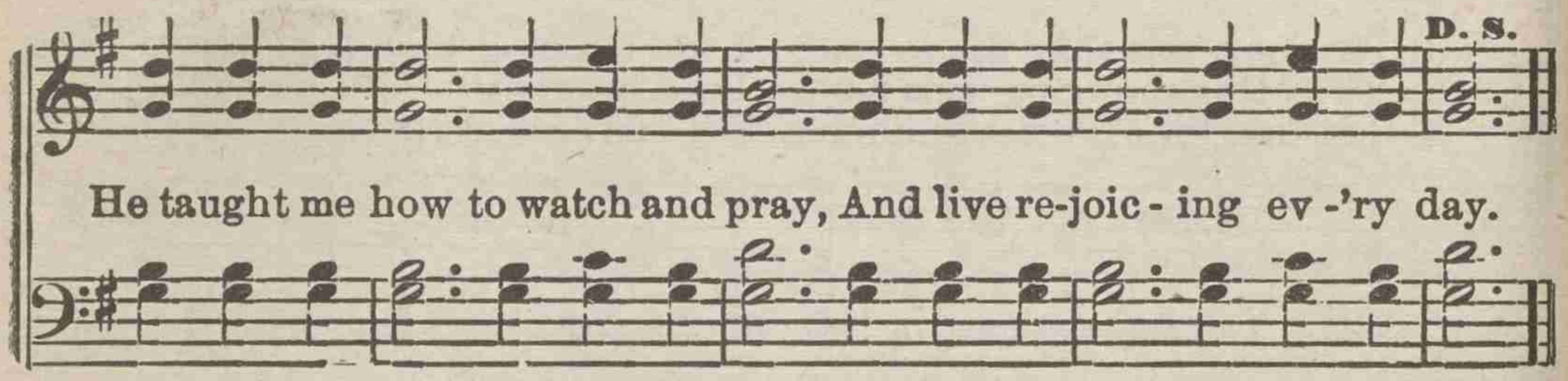


1. { O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God! Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its raptures all abroad. }
2. { O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love! Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move. }
3. { 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine; He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to confess the voice di-vine. }
4. { Now rest, my long-di - vid-ed heart, Fixed on this blissful cen-ter, rest; Nor ev - er from thy Lord de-part, With Him of ev - 'ry good possessed. }





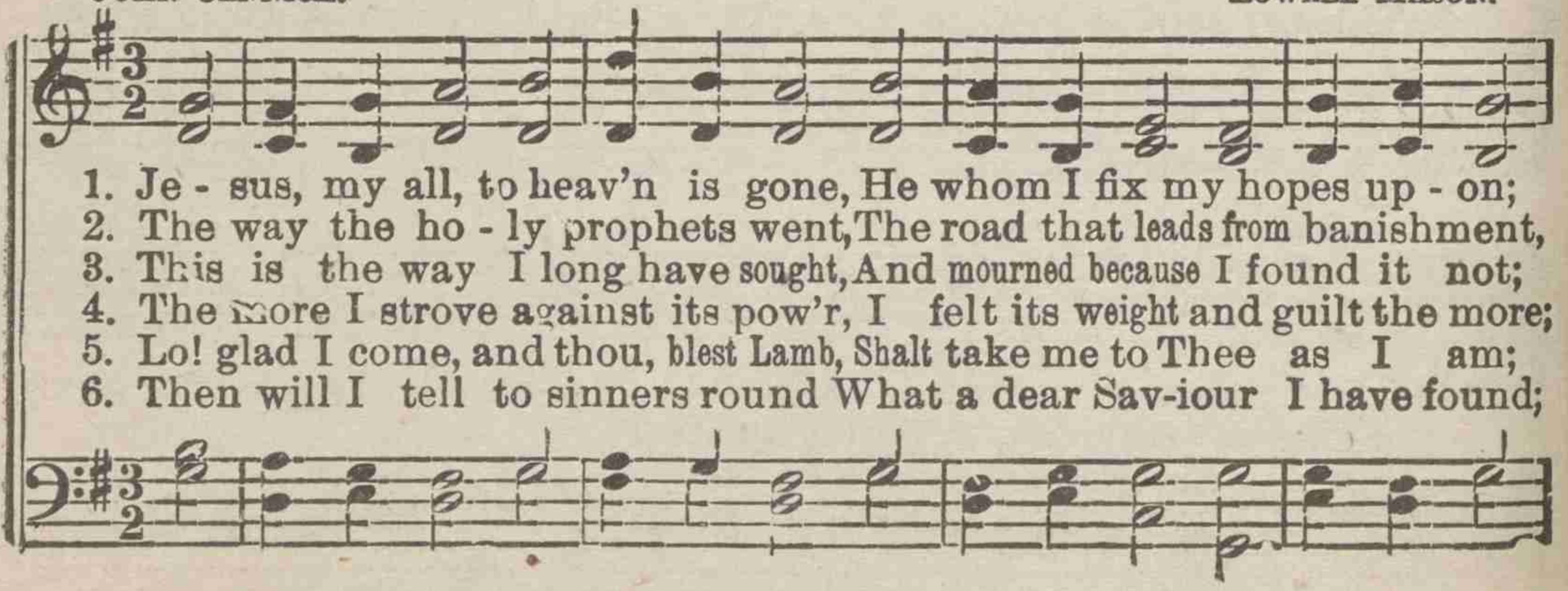
D.S.–*Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way.*



233 Jesus, My All, to Heaven Is Gone.

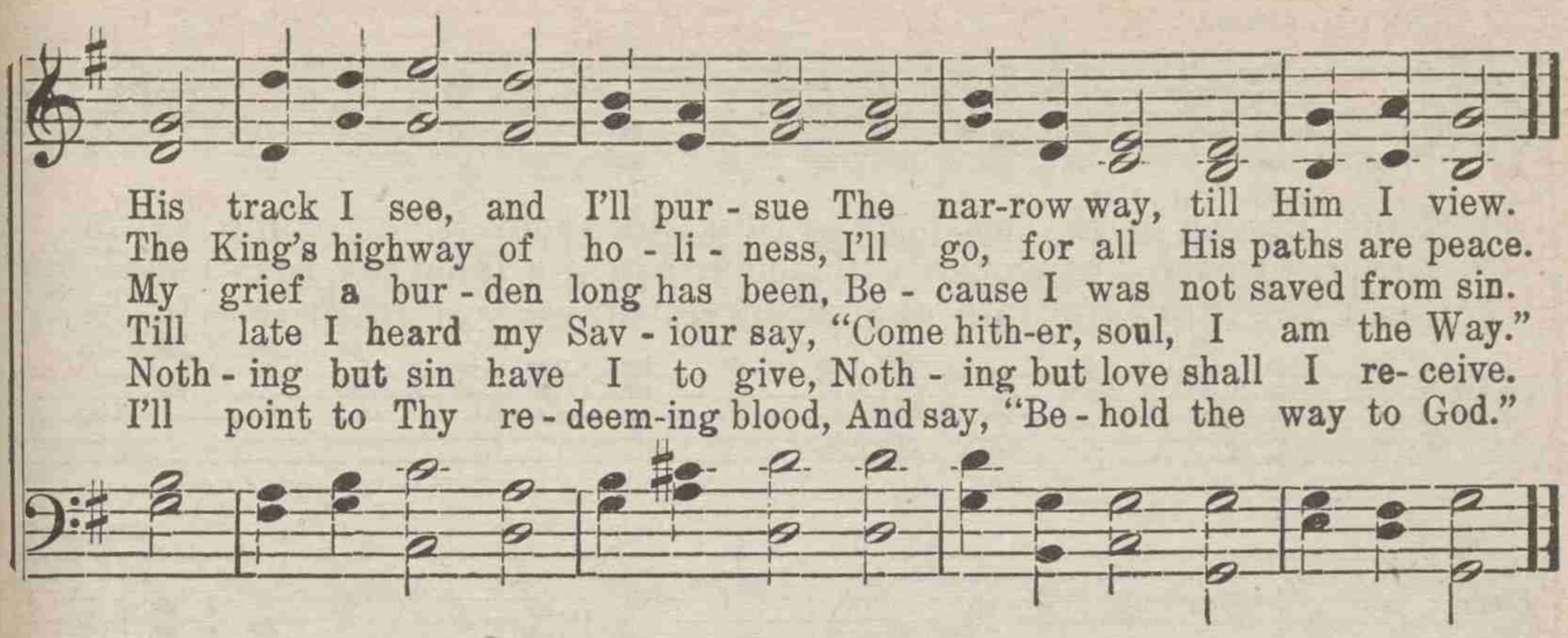
ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

JOHN CENNICK. LOWELL MASON.



1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up - on;
2. The way the ho - ly prophets went, The road that leads from banishment,
3. This is the way I long have sought, And mourned because I found it not;
4. The more I strove against its pow'r, I felt its weight and guilt the more;
5. Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb, Shalt take me to Thee as I am;
6. Then will I tell to sinners round What a dear Sav-iour I have found;

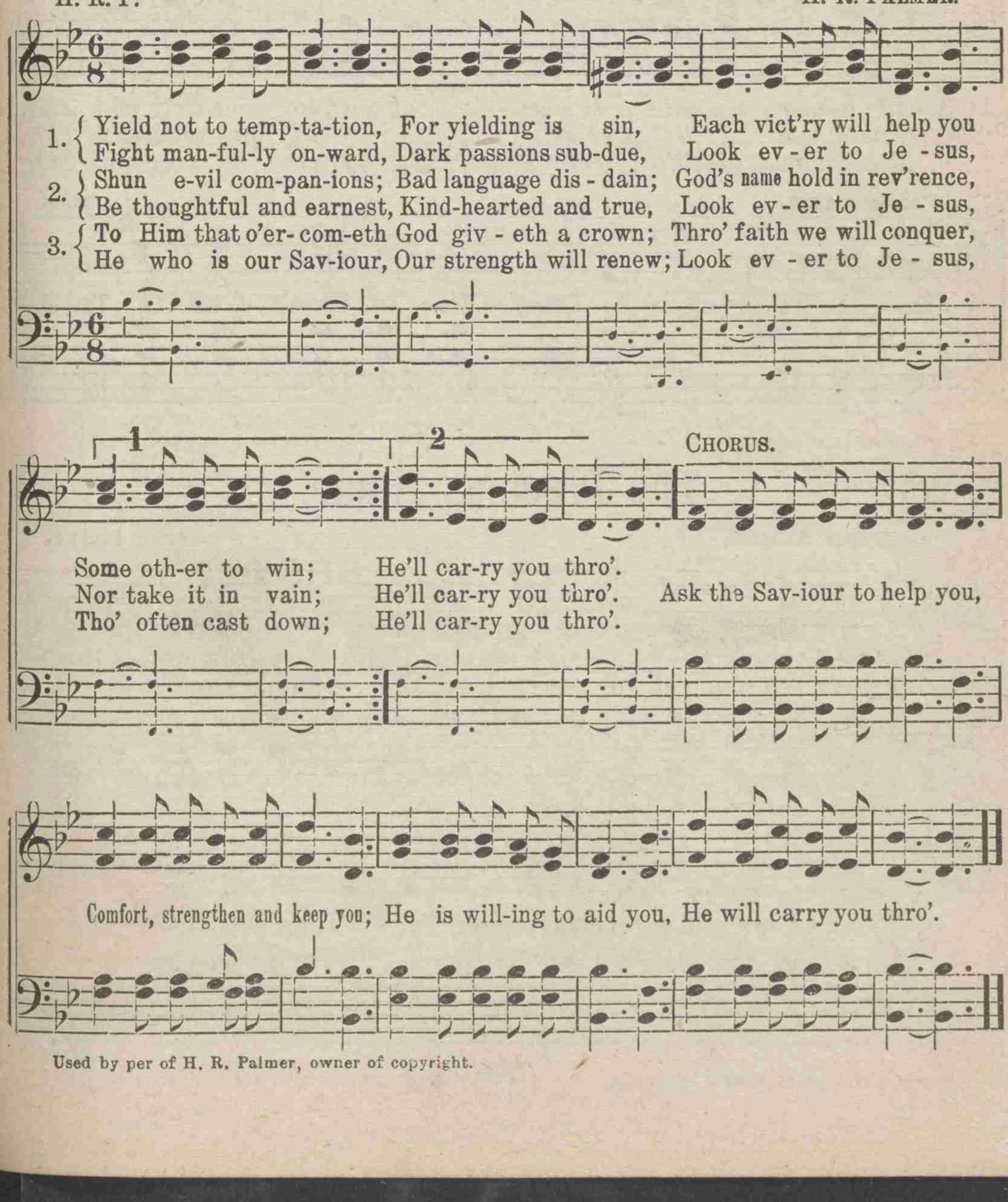
Jesus, My All, to Heaven is Gone. Concluded.



234 Yield Not to Temptation.

"Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptaticn."—Mark 14: 38.

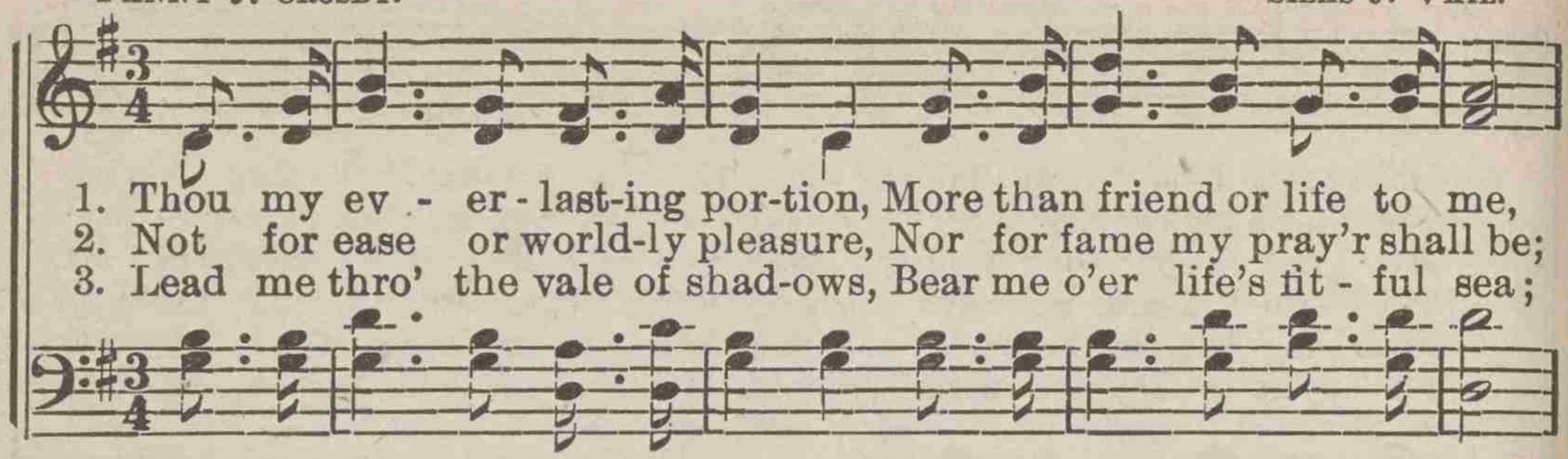
H. R. P. H. R. PALMER.

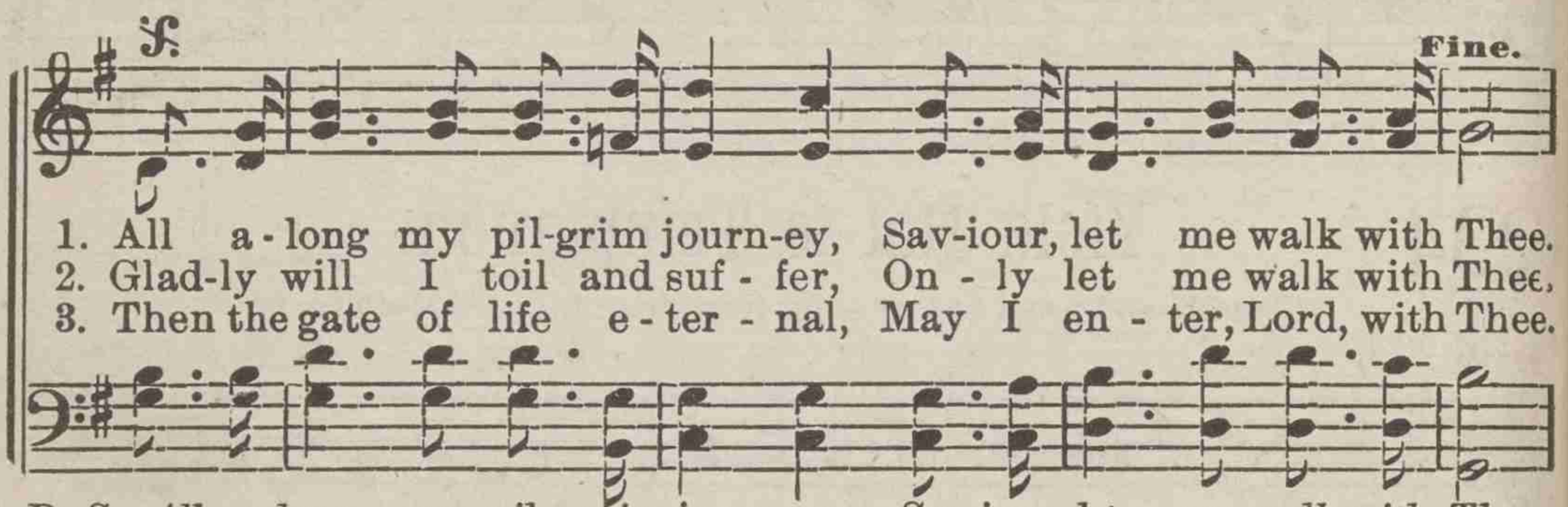


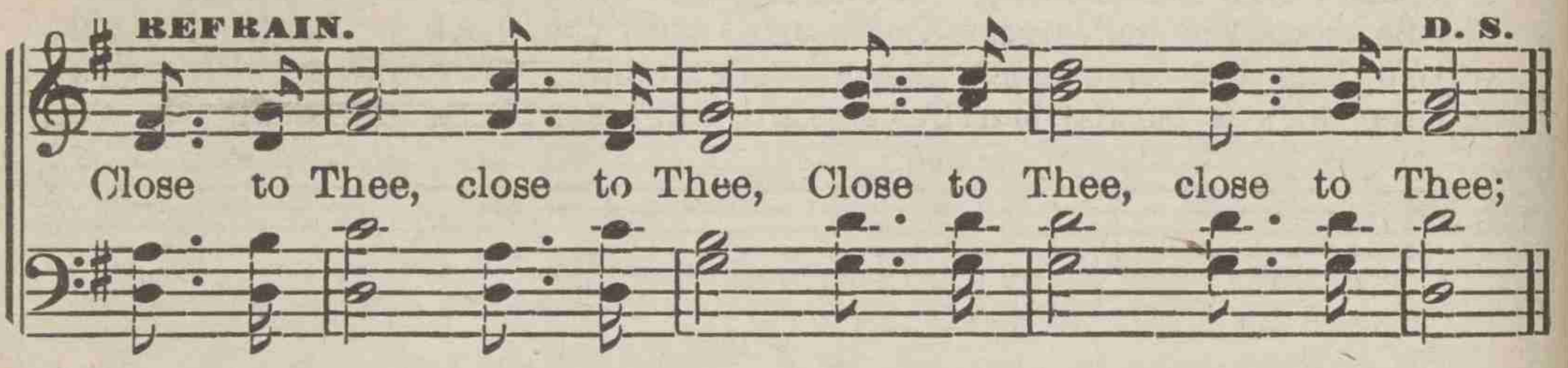
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235 Close To Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. SILAS J. VAIL.

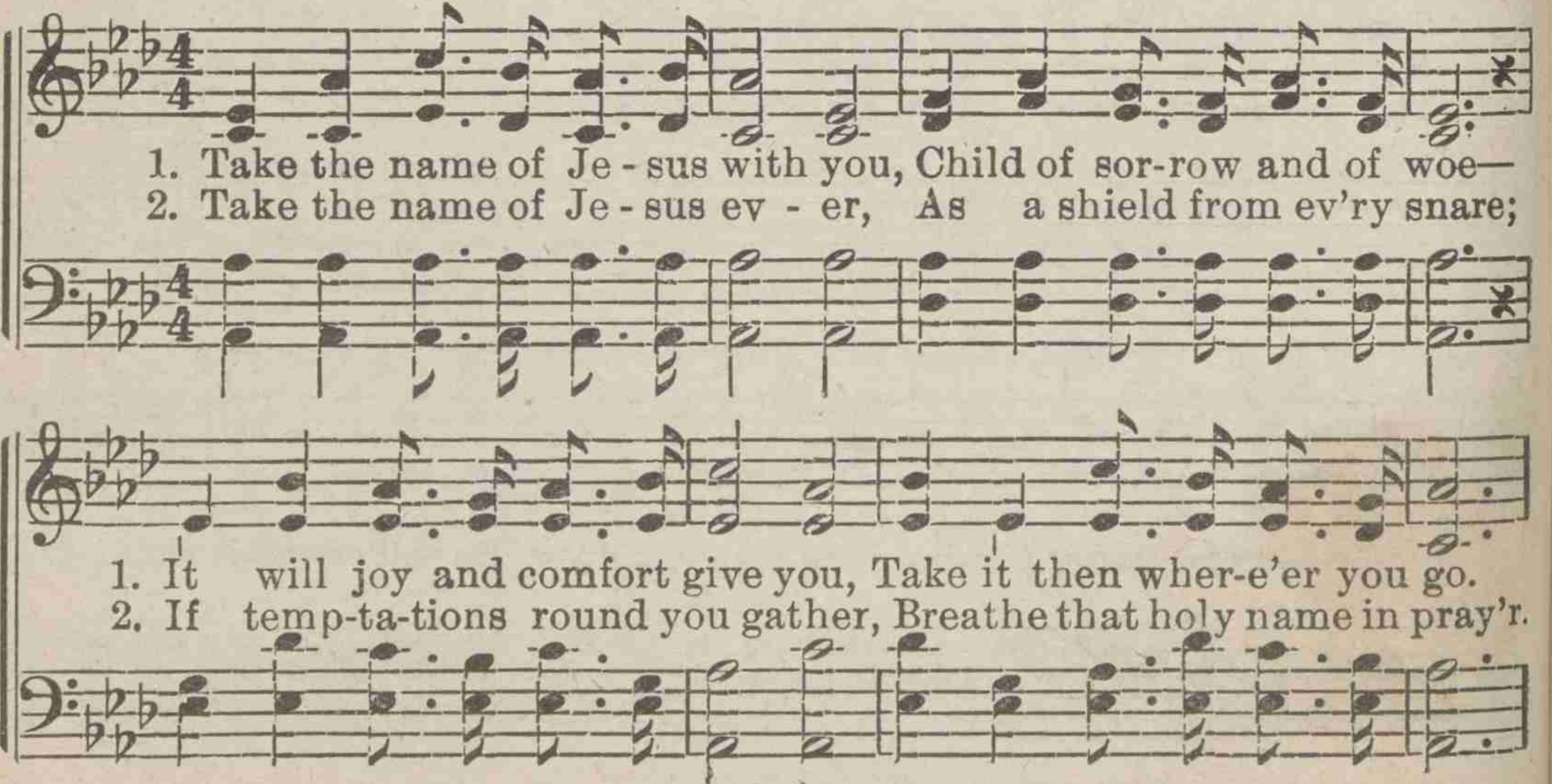






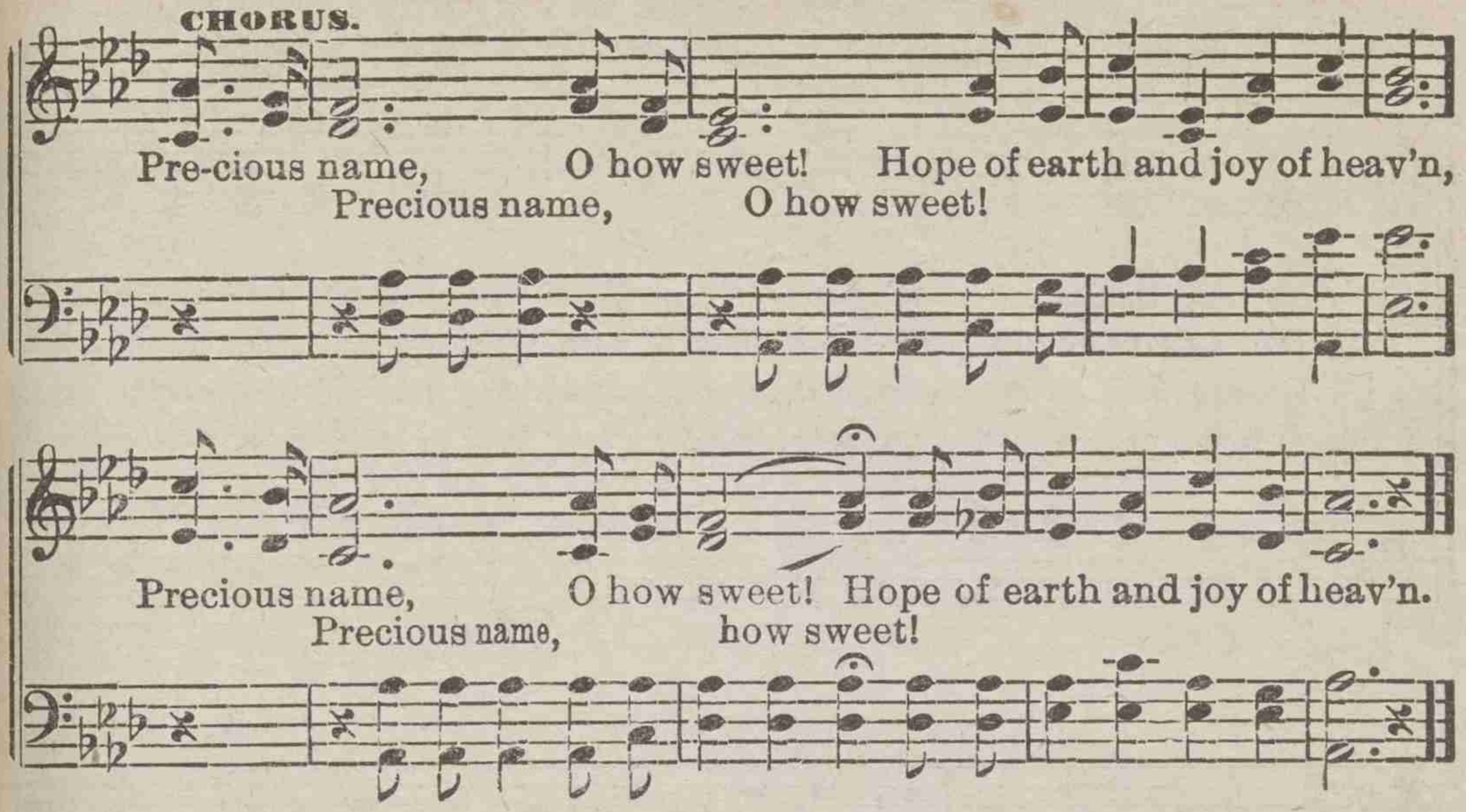
236 The Precious Name.

MISS LYDIA BAXTER. W. H. DOANE.



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The Precious Name. Concluded.

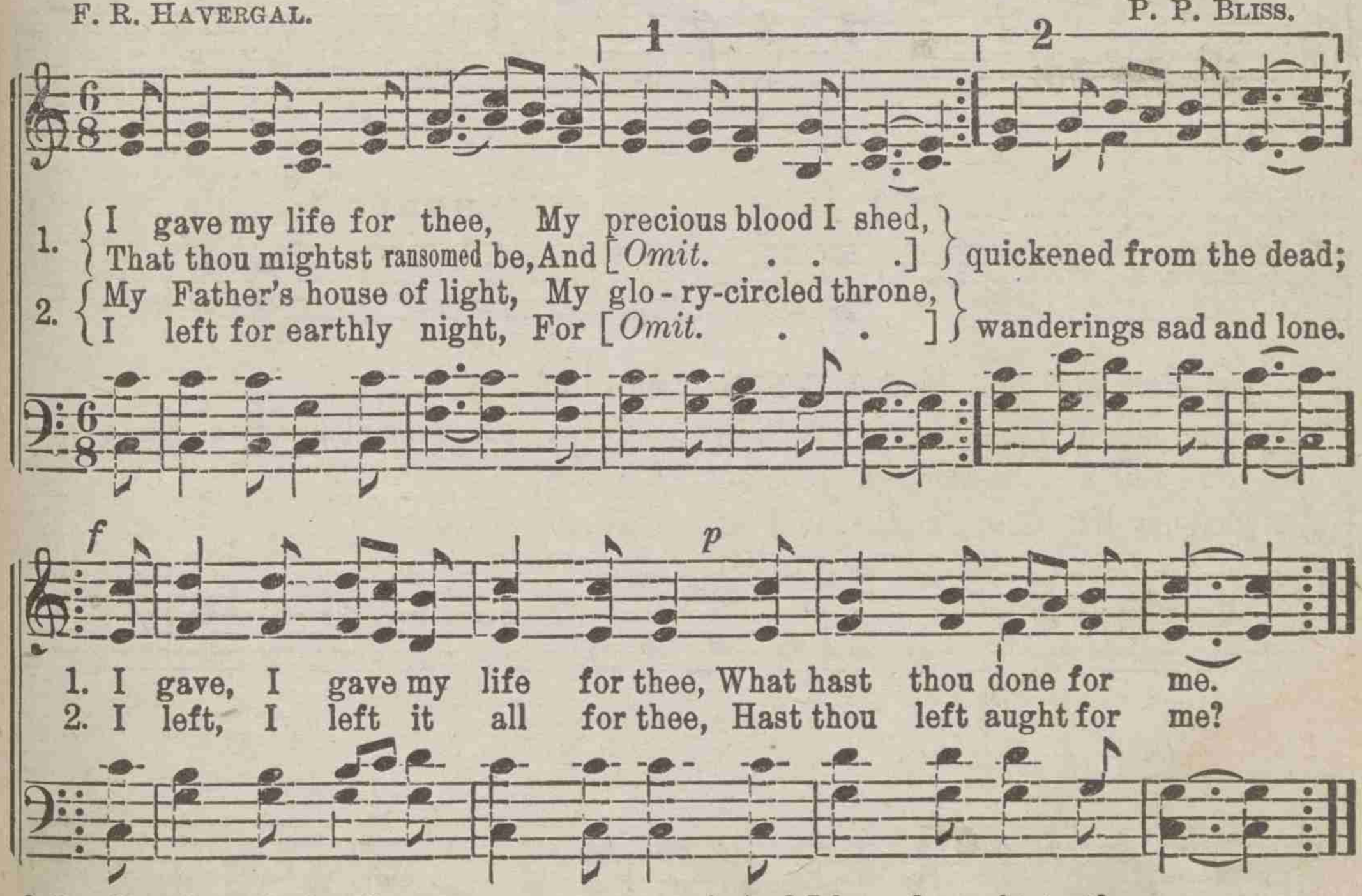


3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ.

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet;
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him
When our journey is complete.

237 I Gave My Life For Thee.

F. R. HAVERGAL. P. P. BLISS.



3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to me?

238 The Child Of a King.

"Heirs of the kingdom."—JAMES 2: 5.

HATTIE E. BUELL. JOHN B. SUMNER. ARR.

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold-eth the wealth of the
2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav - iour of men, Once wandered o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out - cast, stran-ger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care? They're build-ing a pal-ace for

1. world in His hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His
2. poor - est of them; But now He is reign-ing for - ev - er on high, And will
3. a - lien by birth! But I've been a - dopt-ed, my name's written down,—An
4. me o - ver there! Tho' ex - iled from home, yet still I may sing: All

CHORUS.

1. cof - fers are full,—He has rich - es un - told.
2. give me a home in heav'n by and by. I'm the child of a King.
3. heir to a man-sion, a robe and a crown!
4. glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King!

ad lib.

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

239 Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. Blessed as - sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va-tion, purchas'd of God, Born of His
2. Perfect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rapt-ure now burst on my sight, An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove, Ech - oes of
3. Perfect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am hap - py and blest, Watching and wait-ing, look-ing a - bove, Fill'd with His

CHORUS.

Spir - it, wash'd in His blood.
mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
good-ness, lost in His love.

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

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240 Standing On the Promises.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.

1. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal
2. Standing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howl - ing
3. Standing on the prom-is - es, I now can see Per - fect, pres - ent
4. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord; Bound to Him e-
5. Standing on the prom-is - es I can - not fall, Lis-t'ning ev - 'ry

a - ges let His prais-es ring; Glo - ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
storms of doubt and fear as-sail; By the liv - ing Word of God, I shall pre-vail,
cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the lib-er-ty where Christ makes free,
ter - nal - ly by love's strong cord; O - ver-com-ing dai - ly with the Spir-it's sword,
mo - ment to the Spir - it's call; Rest-ing in my Sav - ior, as my all in all,

CHORUS.

Standing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,
Standing on the promise, standing on the promise,
Standing on the prom-is - es of God, my Sav - ior; Stand - ing,
Standing on the promise,
stand - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God.
standing on the promise,

RIGHT, 1886, BY JOHN J. HOOD. USED BY PER.

241 Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I am thinking to-day of that beautiful land I shall reach when the sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Savior I stand, Will there be
2. In the strength of the Lord let me labor and pray, Let me watch as a winner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day, When His feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the city of gold, Should there be
3. O what joy will it be when His face I behold, Liv-ing gems at His

CHORUS.

a-ny stars in my crown?
praise like the sea-billows roll Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown,
be a-ny stars in my crown?

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

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

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242 I Love To Tell the Story.

MISS KATE HANKEY. WILLIAM G. FISCHER. By per.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un-seen things above, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to re-peat What seems, each
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger-

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

1. Because I know 'tis true; It sat - is-fies my longings, As nothing else can do.
2. It did so much for me; And that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee.
3. For some have never heard The message of sal-va-tion From God's own holy word.
4. I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old story, That I have loved so long.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,

To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

243 At the Cross.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die,
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay, The debt of love I owe;

Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love beyond de-gree!
Here Lord, I give my-self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the bur-den of my heart rolled away— It was there by faith rolled a - way,

I received my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

Copyright, 1895, by R. E. Hudson. Used by per.

Old-Time Favorites Our Fathers Sang.

The resurrection and preservation of these old time hymns and tunes will strike in many a heart a chord that is always vibrant to the touch of tender memories and deathless love.

---

244 Loving Kindness.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. WILLIAM CALDWELL.



245 How Happy Are They.

CHARLES WESLEY. Revived by CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. How hap - py are they Who their Sav - iour o - bey, And have
2. That com - fort was mine, When the fa - vor di - vine I first
3. 'Twas a heav'n be - low My Re-deem - er to know; And the
4. Je - sus all day long Was my joy and my song: O that
5. O the rapturous height Of that ho - ly de - light, Which I

1. laid up their treasures a - bove? Tongue can never express The sweet
2. found in the blood of the Lamb; When my heart it believed, What a
3. an - gels could do nothing more, Than fall at His feet, And the
4. all His sal - va - tion might see! He hath loved me, I cried, He hath
5. felt in the life - giv - ing blood! Of my Sav - iour pos-sest, I was

1. com - fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love!
2. joy I re-ceived, What a heav - en in Je - sus' name!
3. sto - ry re - peat, And the Lov - er of sin - ners a - dore.
4. suf - fered and died, To re - deem a poor reb - el like me.
5. per - fect - ly blest, As if filled with the full - ness of God.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry be to Je - sus, Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Come with us, come with us,

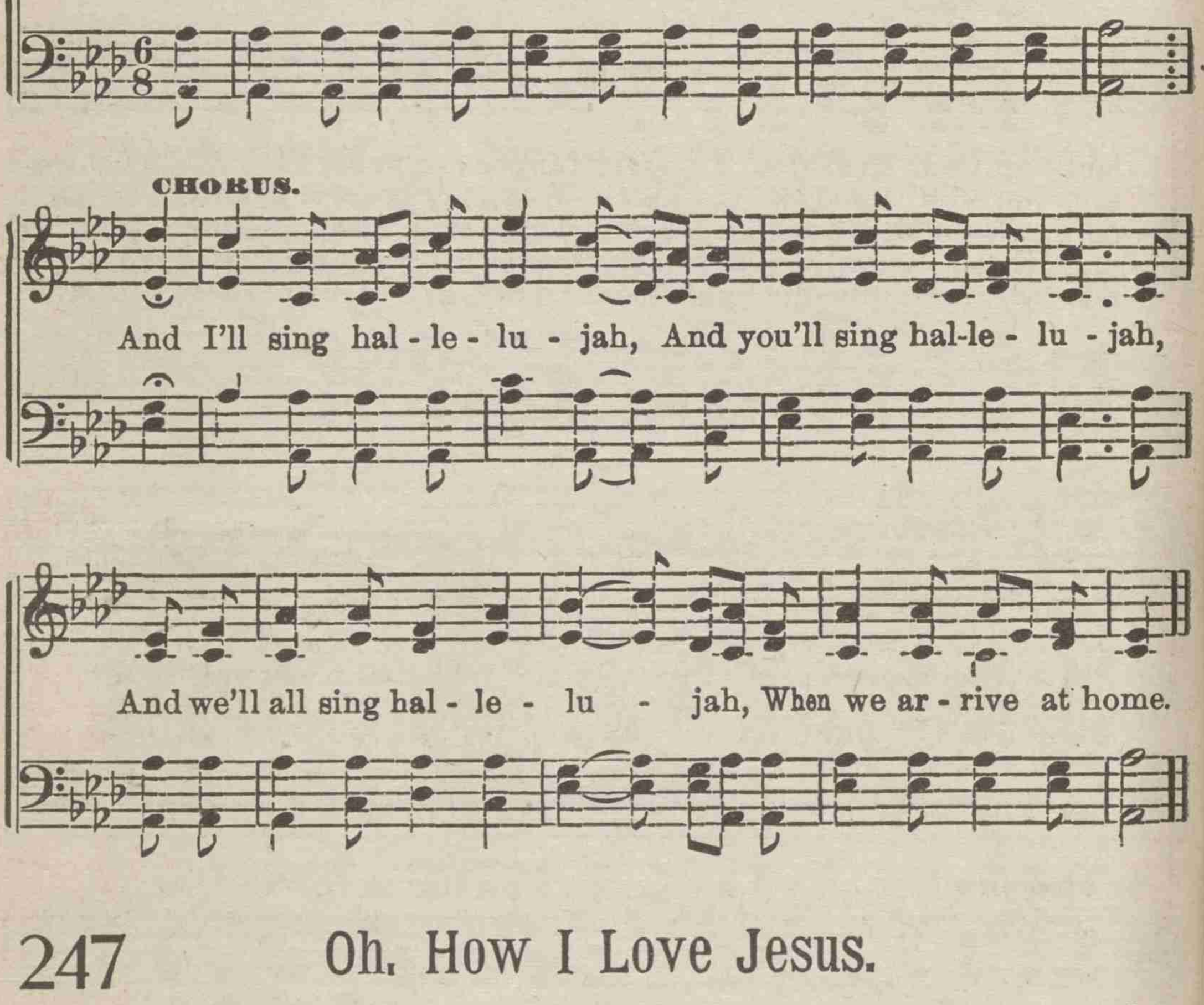
Come with us in love, And we'll all march together to heav-en a - bove.

246 The Christian's Hope.

CHARLES WESLEY. Revived by CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



1. And let this fee-ble bod-y fail, And let it droop and die:
   My soul shall quit the mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high.
2. I suf-fer out my threescore years, Till my De-liv-'rer come,
   And wipe a-way His servant's tears, And take His ex-ile home.
3. O what are all my suff'rings here, If, Lord, Thou count me meet
   With that en-rap-tured host t' appear, And wor-ship at Thy feet!
4. Give joy or grief, give ease or pain, Take life or friends a-way,
   I come to find them all a-gain In that e-ter-nal day.



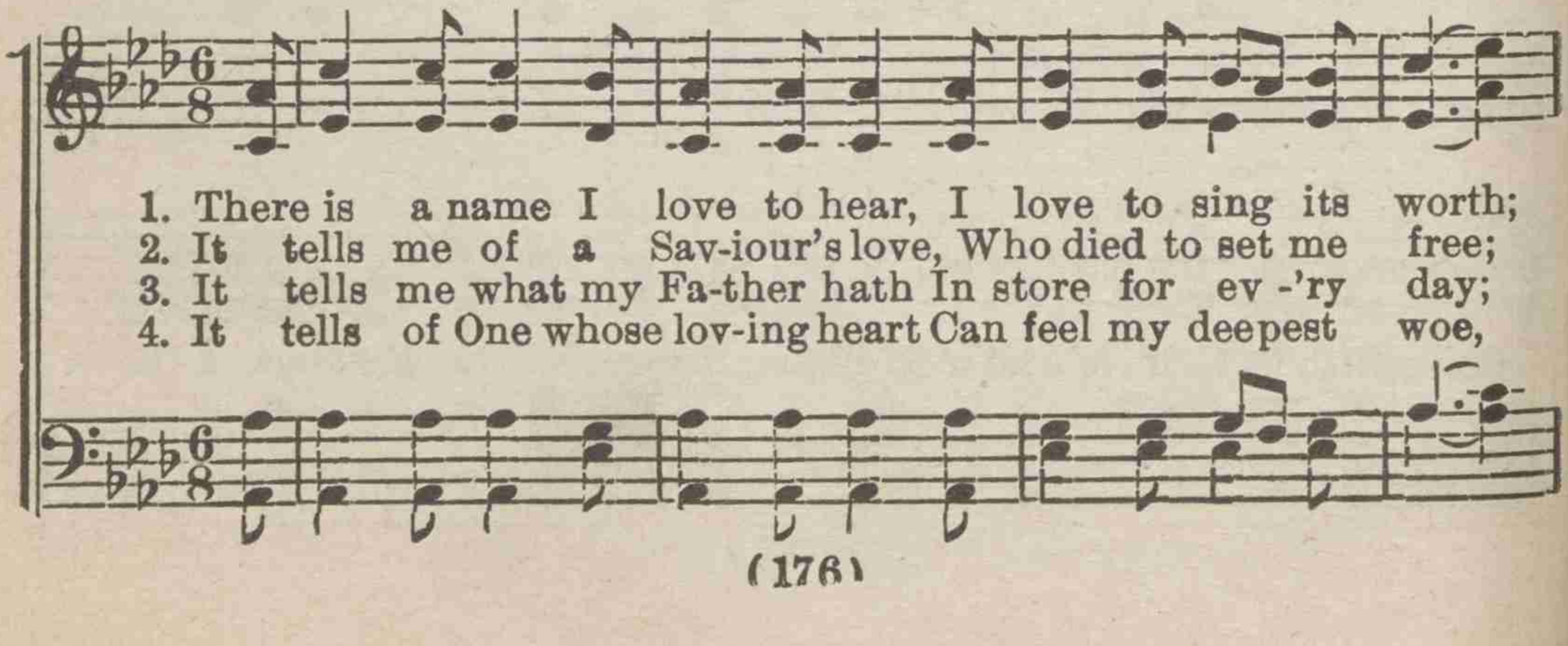
CHORUS.

And I'll sing hal-le-lu-jah, And you'll sing hal-le-lu-jah,

And we'll all sing hal-le-lu-jah, When we ar-rive at home.

247 Oh, How I Love Jesus.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD. American Spiritual.



1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Sav-iour's love, Who died to set me free;
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath In store for ev-'ry day;
4. It tells of One whose lov-ing heart Can feel my deepest woe,

Oh, How I Love Jesus. Concluded.

It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear, The sweetest name on earth.
It tells me of His precious blood, The sinner's per - fect plea.
And tho' I tread a dark-some path, Yields sunshine all the way.
Who in each sor - row bears a part, That none can bear be - low.

CHORUS.

Oh, how I love Jesus! Oh, how I love Jesus! sus, Because He first loved me.

248 Holy Manna.

8s, 7s.

REV. GEO. ATKINS. Arr.

Fine.

1. Brethren, we have met to worship, And a - dore the Lord our God;
   Will you pray with all your pow-er, While we try to preach the word?
2. Brethren, see poor sinners round you Slumb'ring on the brink of woe;
   Death is com-ing, hell is mov-ing, Can you bear to let them go?
3. Sis - ters, will you join and help us? Mo - ses' sis-ter aid - ed him;
   Will you help the trembling mourners Who are struggling hard with sin?

D. C.—*Brethren, pray, and ho - ly man - na Will be show-ered all a-round.*
Brethren, pray, and ho - ly man - na Will be show-ered all a-round.
Sis - ters, pray, and ho - ly man - na Will be show-ered all a-round.

D. C.

1. All is vain un - less the Spir - it Of the Ho - ly One comes down;
2. See our fa-thers and our mothers, And our children sink-ing down;
3. Tell them all a - bout the Sav-iour, Tell them that He will be found;

249 The Promised Land.

SAMUEL STENNETT. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

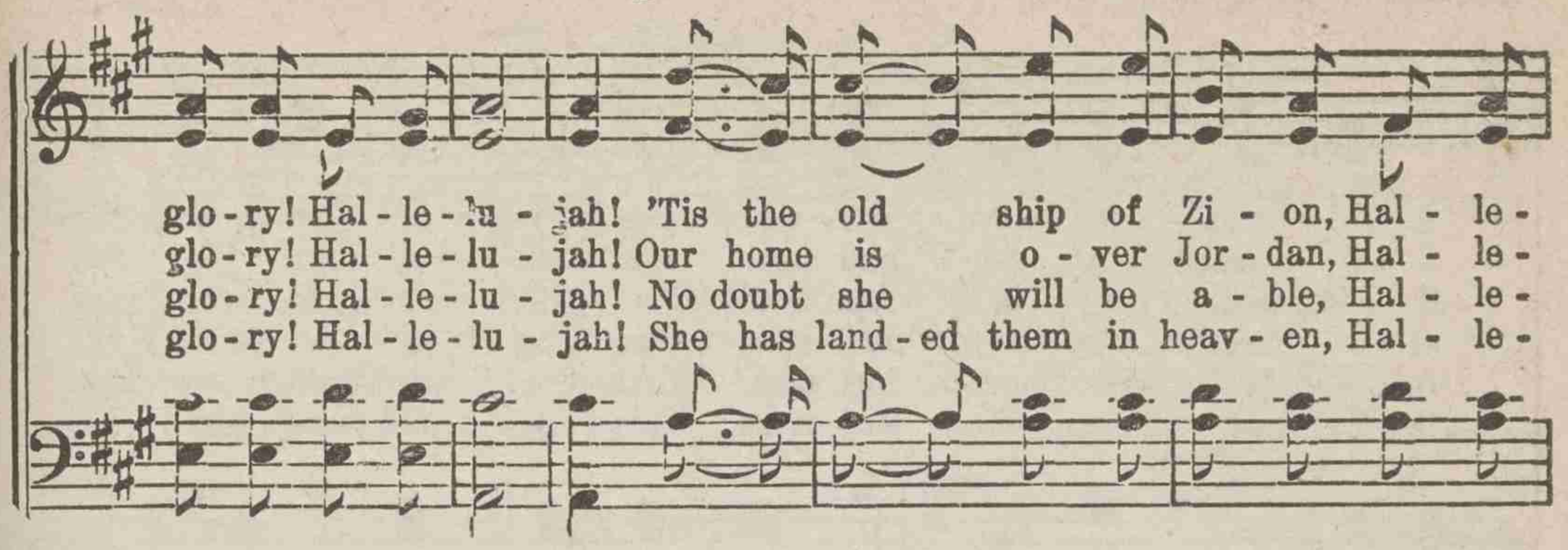
I am bound for the promised land,..... I am bound for the promised land;
promised land,

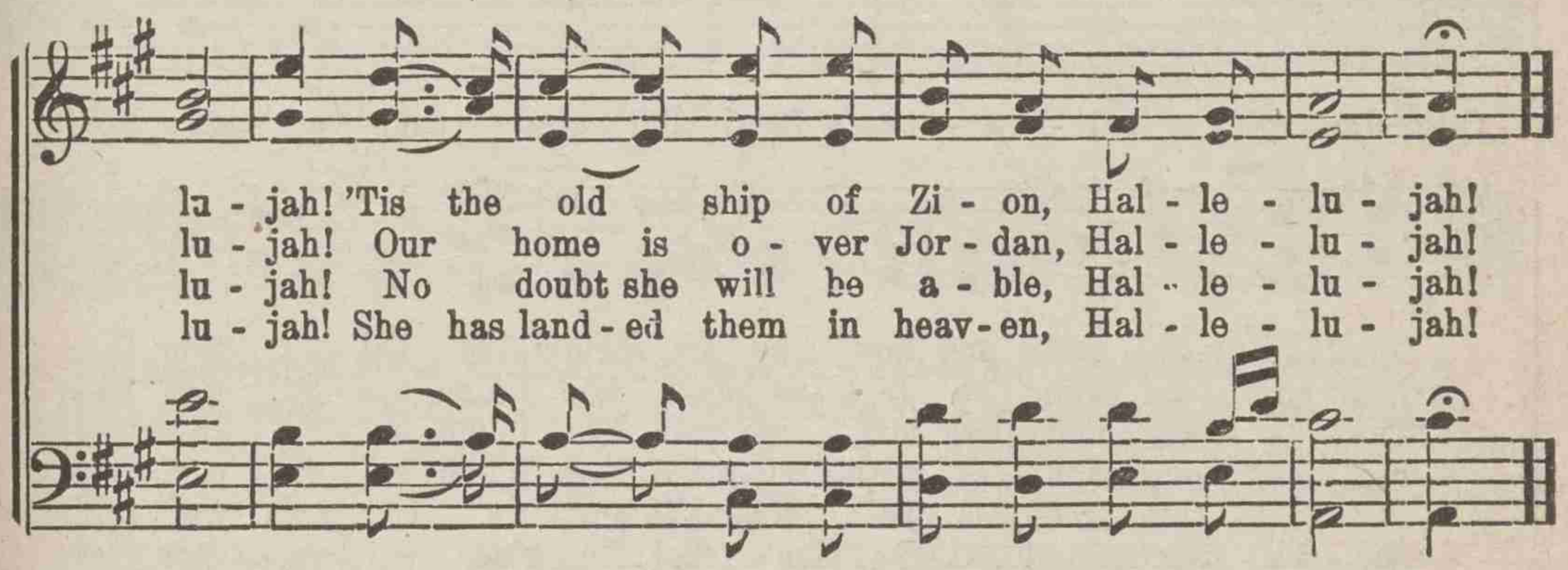
250 The Old Ship Of Zion.

Arr.

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

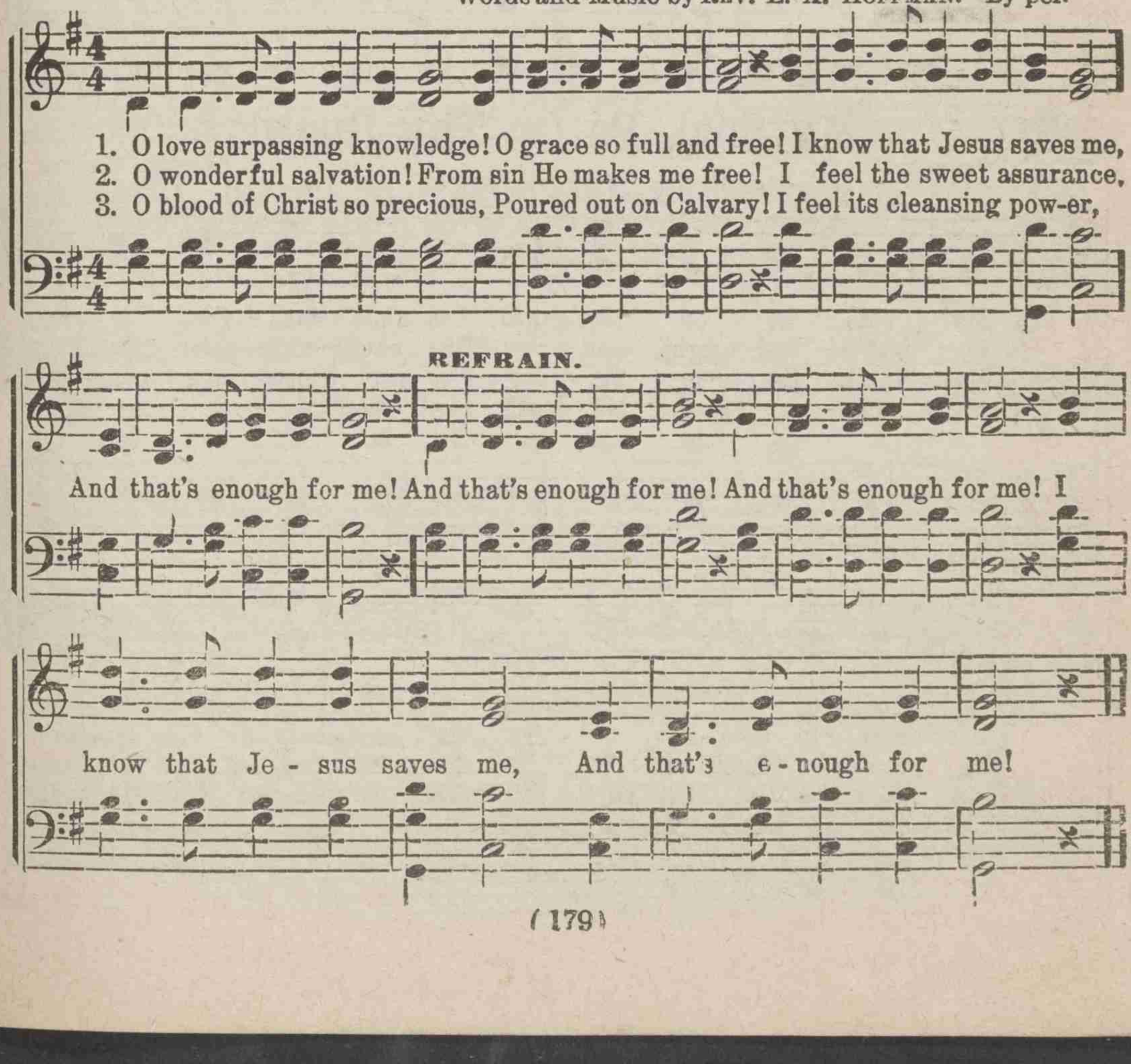
The Old Ship Of Zion. Concluded.





251 Enough For Me.

Words and Music by Rev. E. A. Hoffman. By per.



252 I'm Glad Salvation's Free.

JOSEPH MCCREERY. Arranged.

1. Oh! won - drous love di - vine, The love of Christ to me;
2. Op - pressed with sin and guilt, And none to care for me,
3. With noth - ing in my hand, No gift, no price, no plea,
4. O breth - ren, help me sing One song of vic - to - ry,
5. I feel it burn - ing now, Like fire all through my soul,
6. For - ev - er— ev - er - more, This my glad song shall be,

CHO.–I'm glad sal - va - tion's free! I'm glad sal - va - tion's free!

1. That I, un - done and lost by sin, Should find sal - va - tion free.
2. I cast my soul on Je - sus' blood, And found sal - va - tion free.
3. Thro' Je - sus' bound-less love a - lone I've found sal - va - tion free.
4. For with - out mon - ey, with - out price, I've found sal - va - tion free.
5. Sal - va - tion free, as free as heav'n, Sal - va - tion free and full.
6. Sal - va - tion's free! sal - va - tion's free! I'm glad sal - va - tion's free.

Sal - va - tion's free for you and me; I'm glad sal - va - tion's free.

253 My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

GEORGE HEATH. LOWELL MASON.

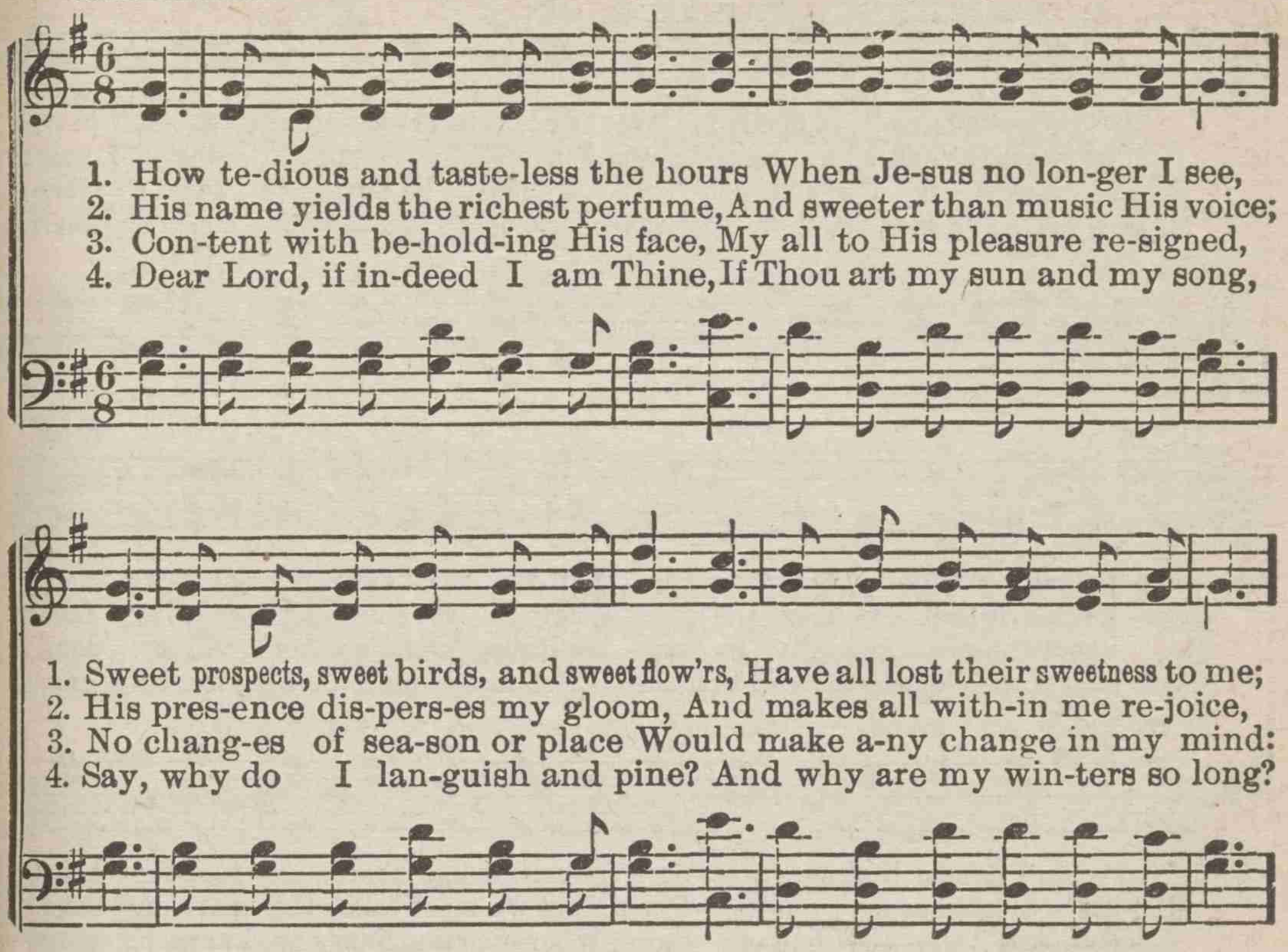
1. My soul be on thy guard; Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring me to thy God;

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

254 How Tedious and Tasteless the Hours

CONTRAST. 8s. D.

JOHN NEWTON.

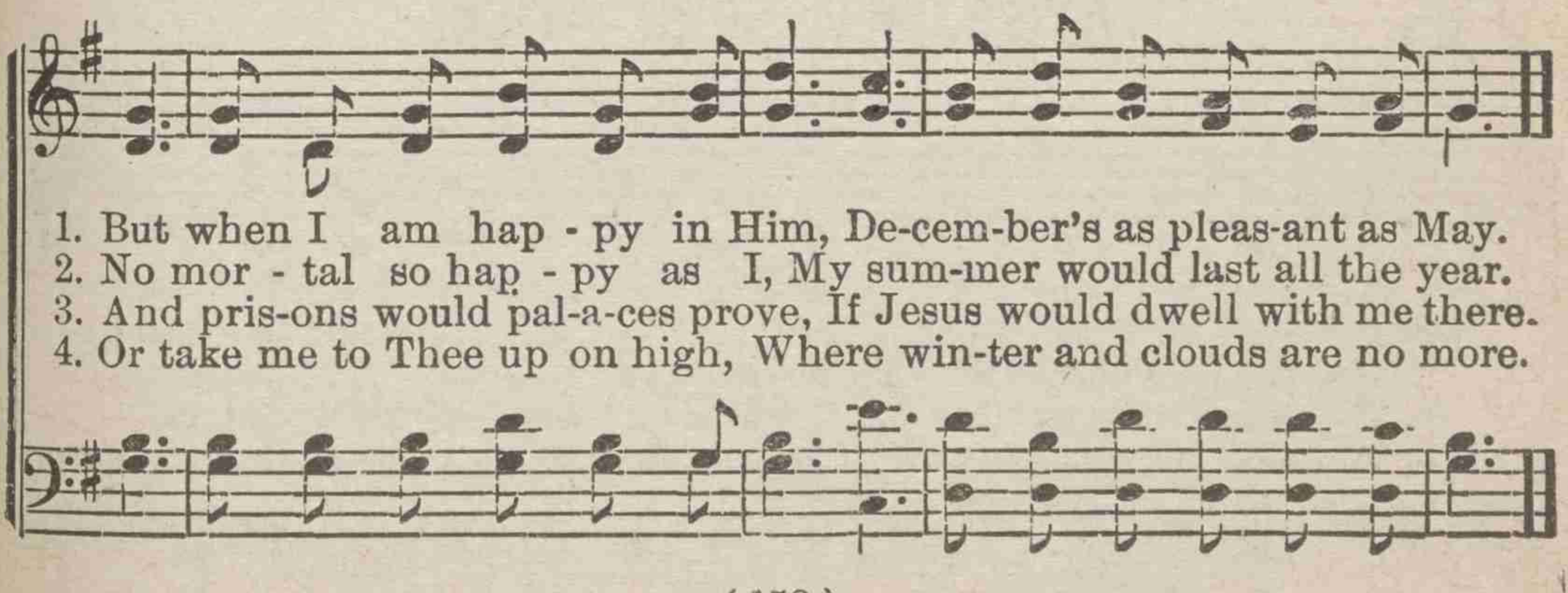


1. How te-dious and taste-less the hours When Je-sus no lon-ger I see,
2. His name yields the richest perfume, And sweeter than music His voice;
3. Con-tent with be-hold-ing His face, My all to His pleasure re-signed,
4. Dear Lord, if in-deed I am Thine, If Thou art my sun and my song,

1. Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me;
2. His pres-ence dis-pers-es my gloom, And makes all with-in me re-joice,
3. No chang-es of sea-son or place Would make a-ny change in my mind:
4. Say, why do I lan-guish and pine? And why are my win-ters so long?



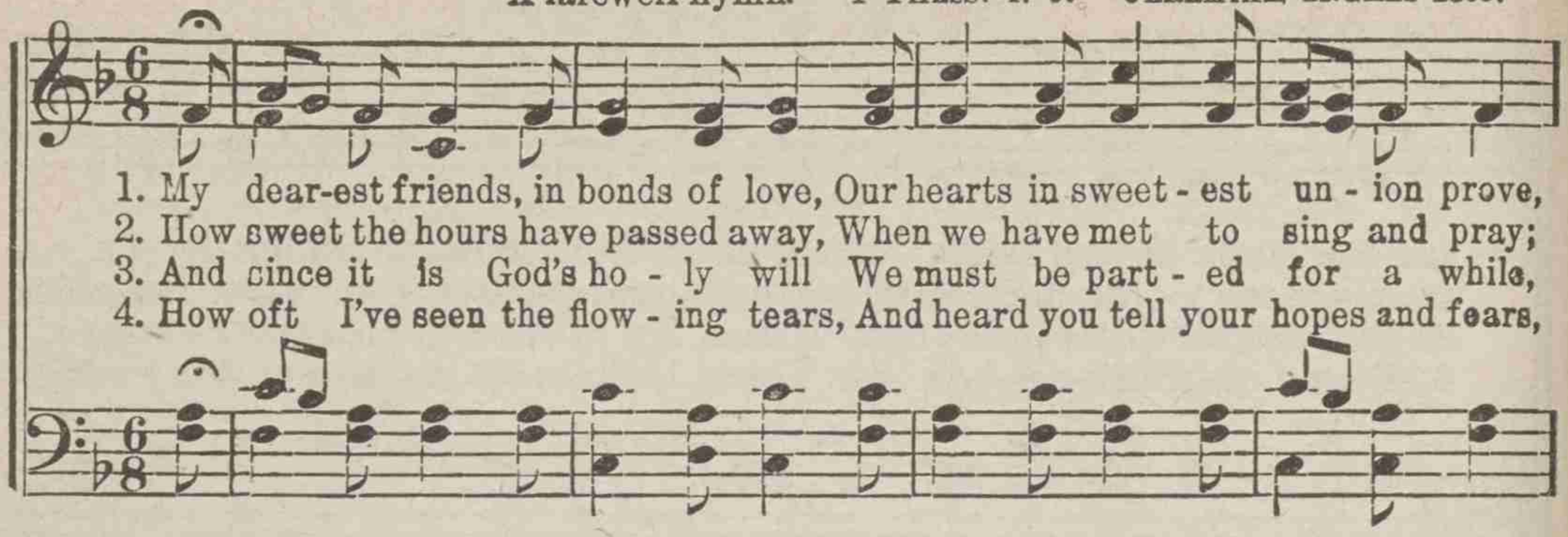
1. The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;
2. I should, were he al-ways thus nigh, Have noth-ing to wish or to fear;
3. While blest with a sense of His love, A pal - ace a toy would ap-pear,
4. O drive these dark clouds from my sky, Thy soul-cheering presence restore,



1. But when I am hap - py in Him, De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.
2. No mor - tal so hap - py as I, My sum-mer would last all the year.
3. And pris-ons would pal-a-ces prove, If Jesus would dwell with me there.
4. Or take me to Thee up on high, Where win-ter and clouds are no more.

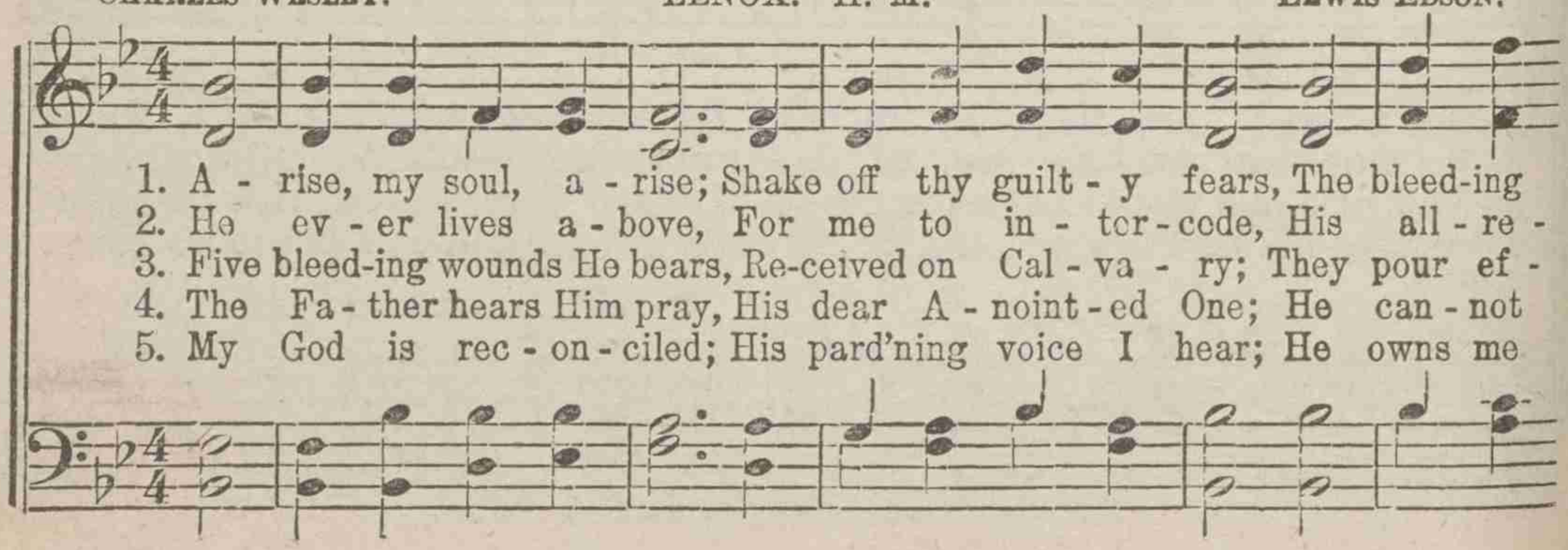
255 The Parting Hand.

"A farewell hymn."—1 THESS. 4: 9. JEREMIAH INGALS 1805.



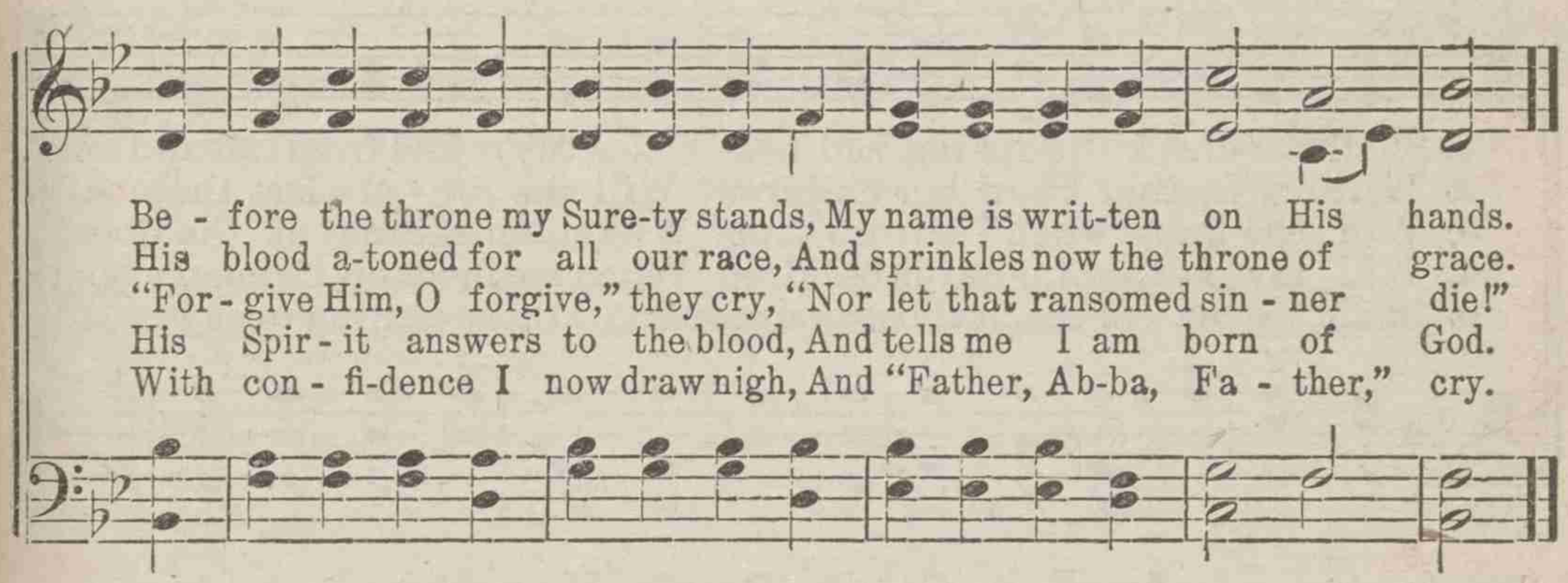
256 Arise, My Soul, Arise.

CHARLES WESLEY. LENOX. H. M. LEWIS EDSON.



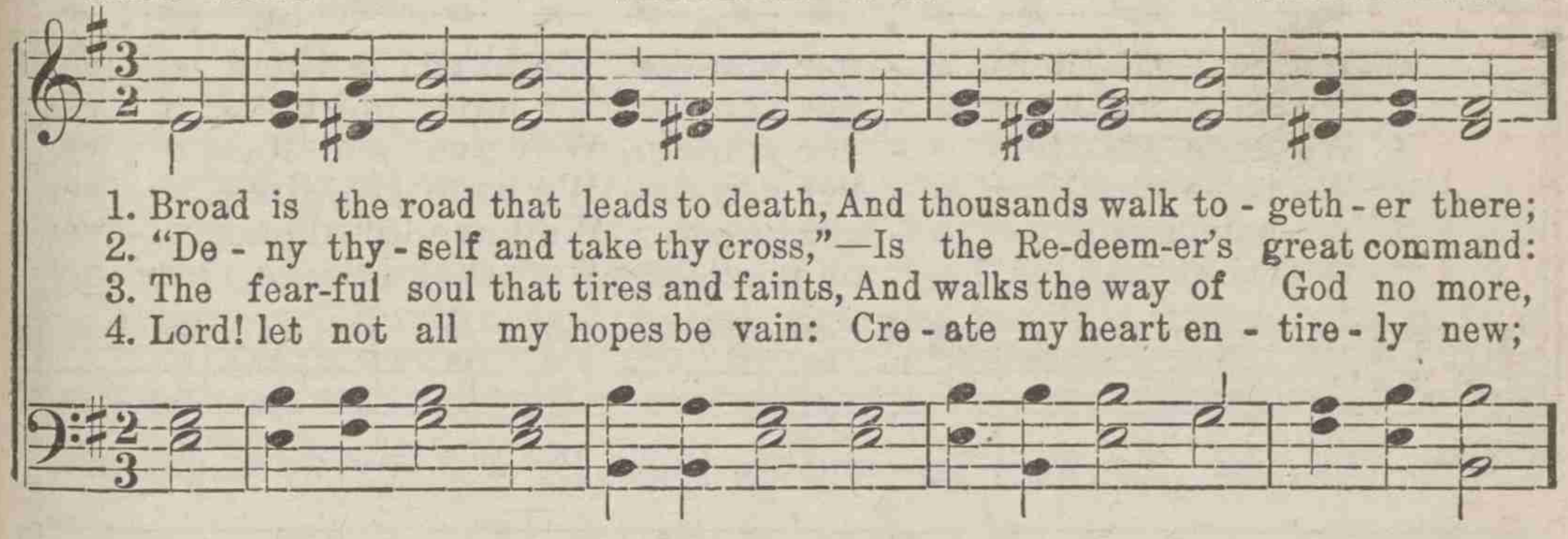
Arise, My Soul, Arise. Concluded.





257 Broad is the Road.

ISAAC WATTS. WINDHAM. L. M. DANIEL READ.





258 Departed Loved Ones.

Old Revival Song. Arr.

1. Is it wrong to wish to meet them, Who were dear to us in life?
2. I've a moth-er up in heav-en, And, O tell me, if you will,
3. Does she watch me from those windows While I'm on this distant shore,
4. I've a fa-ther, too, in glo-ry, And, O tell me, if you know,
5. In that land are saint-ly chil-dren, Who are happy now and free;

1. Shall we check the ris-ing sad-ness, Since they're freed from toil and strife?
2. Will my mother know her children? Will she rec-ol-lect them still?
3. Will she know when I am go-ing? Will she meet me at the door?
4. Will my fa-ther know his children, When we meet on Canaan's shore?
5. Shall we ev-er reach those mansions, All those darling ones to see?

259 Loved Ones Over Yonder.

Revived by CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. We have fa-thers o-ver yon-der, We have fa-thers o-ver
2. We have moth-ers o-ver yon-der, We have moth-ers o-ver
3. We have sis-ters o-ver yon-der, We have sis-ters o-ver
4. We have chil-dren o-ver yon-der, We have chil-dren o-ver
5. We have loved ones o-ver yon-der, We have loved ones o-ver
6. Won't that be a hap-py meet-ing, Won't that be a hap-py

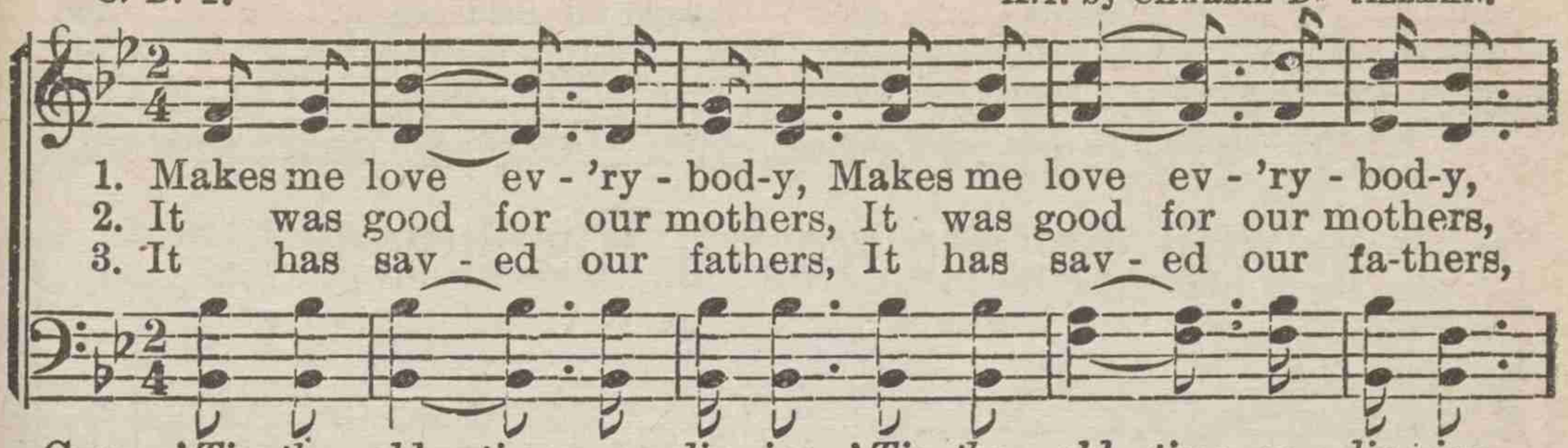
CHO.—By and by we'll go and see them, By and by we'll go and

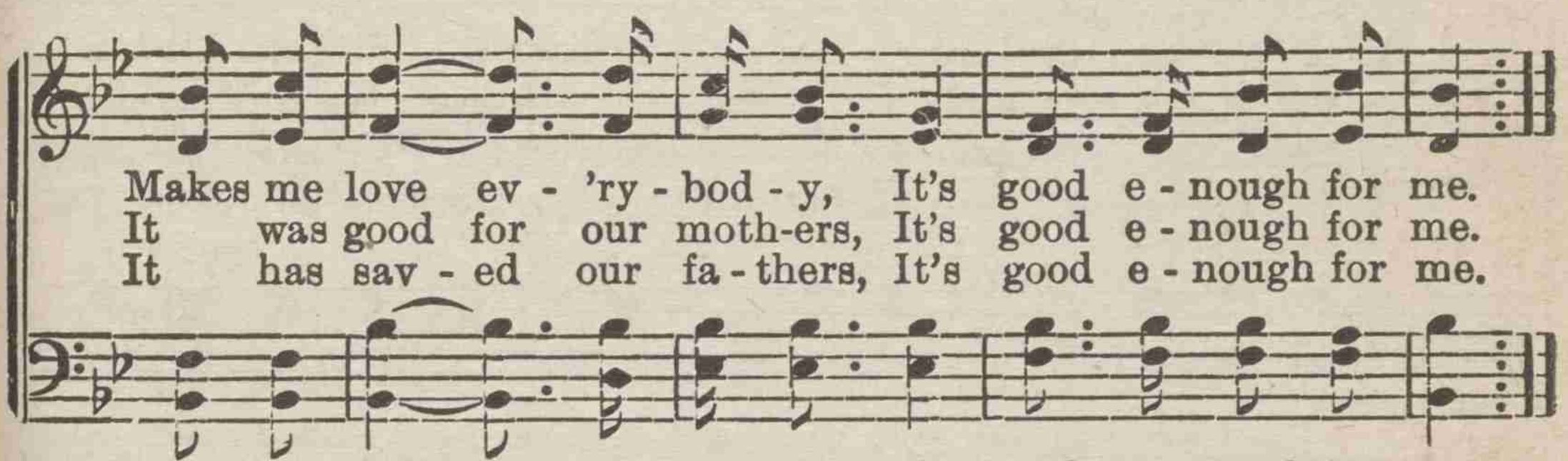
1. yon-der, We have fa-thers o-ver yon-der On the oth-er shore.
2. yon-der, We have moth-ers o-ver yon-der On the oth-er shore.
3. yon-der, We have sis-ters o-ver yon-der On the oth-er shore.
4. yon-der, We have chil-dren o-ver yon-der On the oth-er shore.
5. yon-der, We have loved ones o-ver yon-der On the oth-er shore.
6. meet-ing, Won't that be a hap-py meet-ing On the oth-er shore?

see them, By and by we'll go and see them, On the oth-er shore.

260 Old-Time Religion.

C. D. T. Arr. by Charlie D. Tillman.





4 It will save our children, etc.

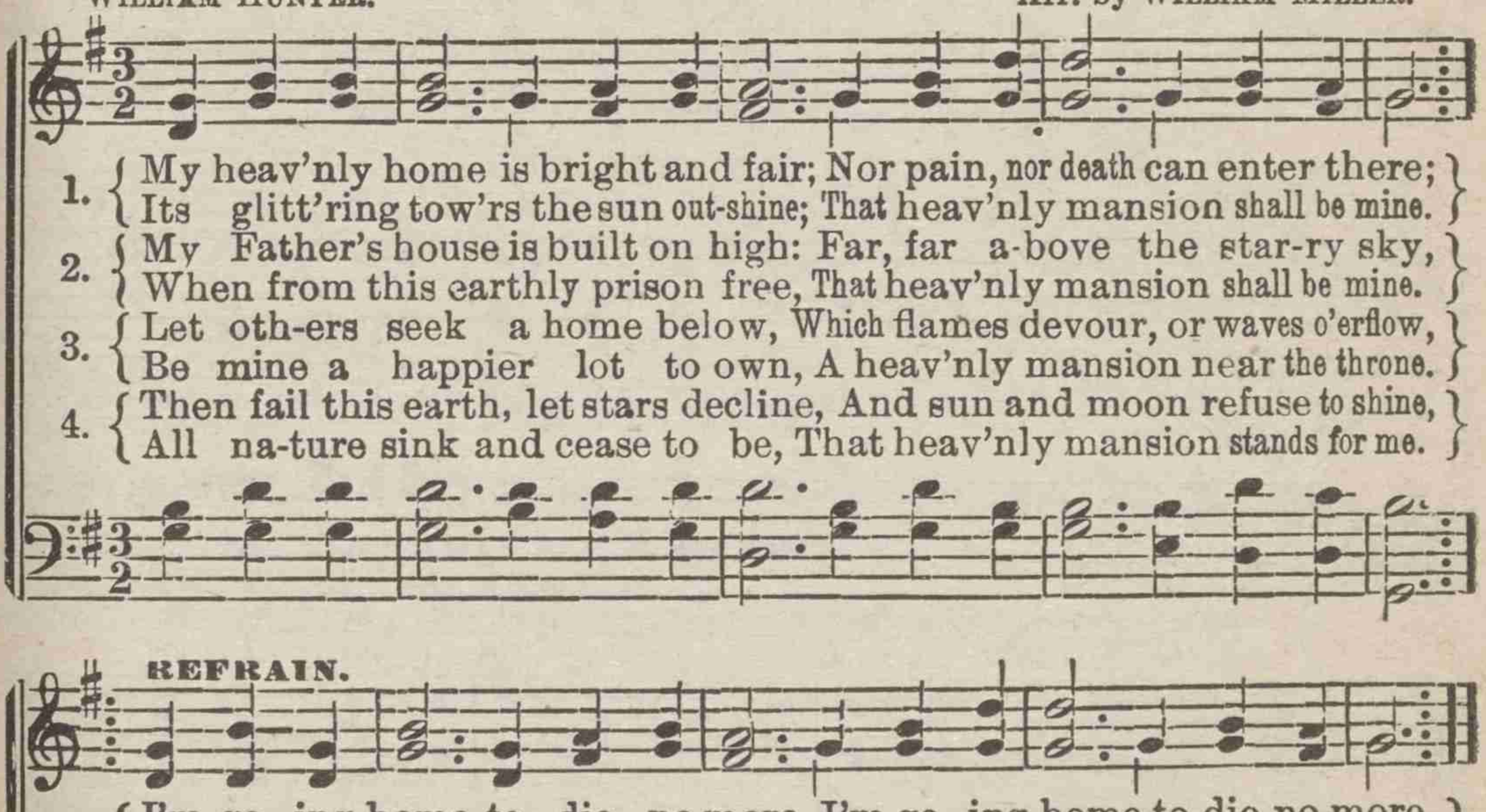
5 It was good for Paul and Silas, etc.

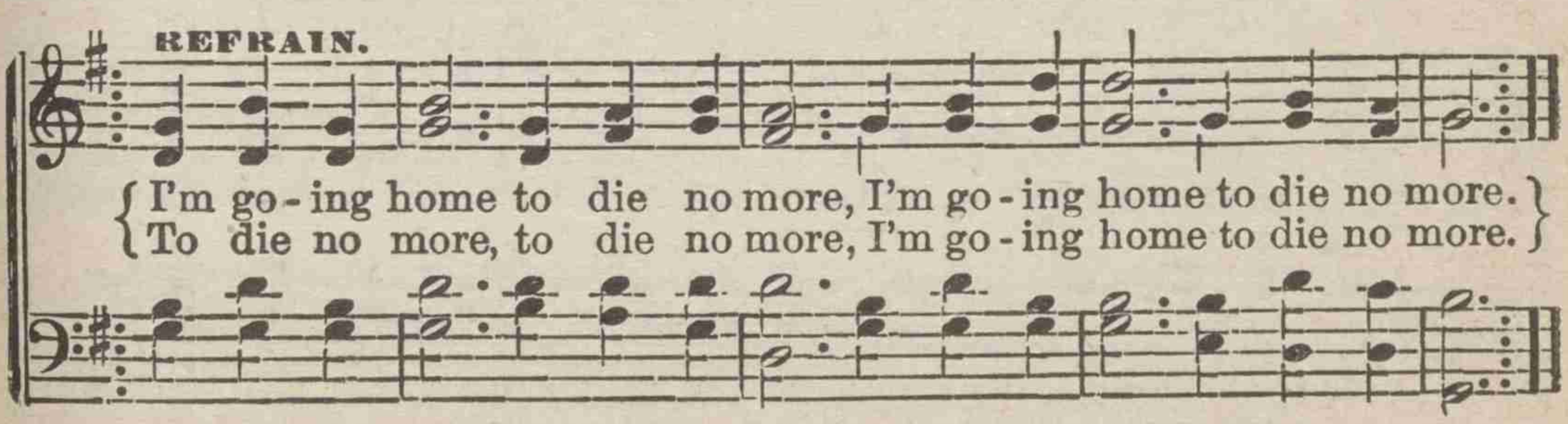
6 It will do when I am dying, etc.

7 It will take us all to heaven, etc.

261 I'm Going Home.

William Hunter. Arr. by William Miller.



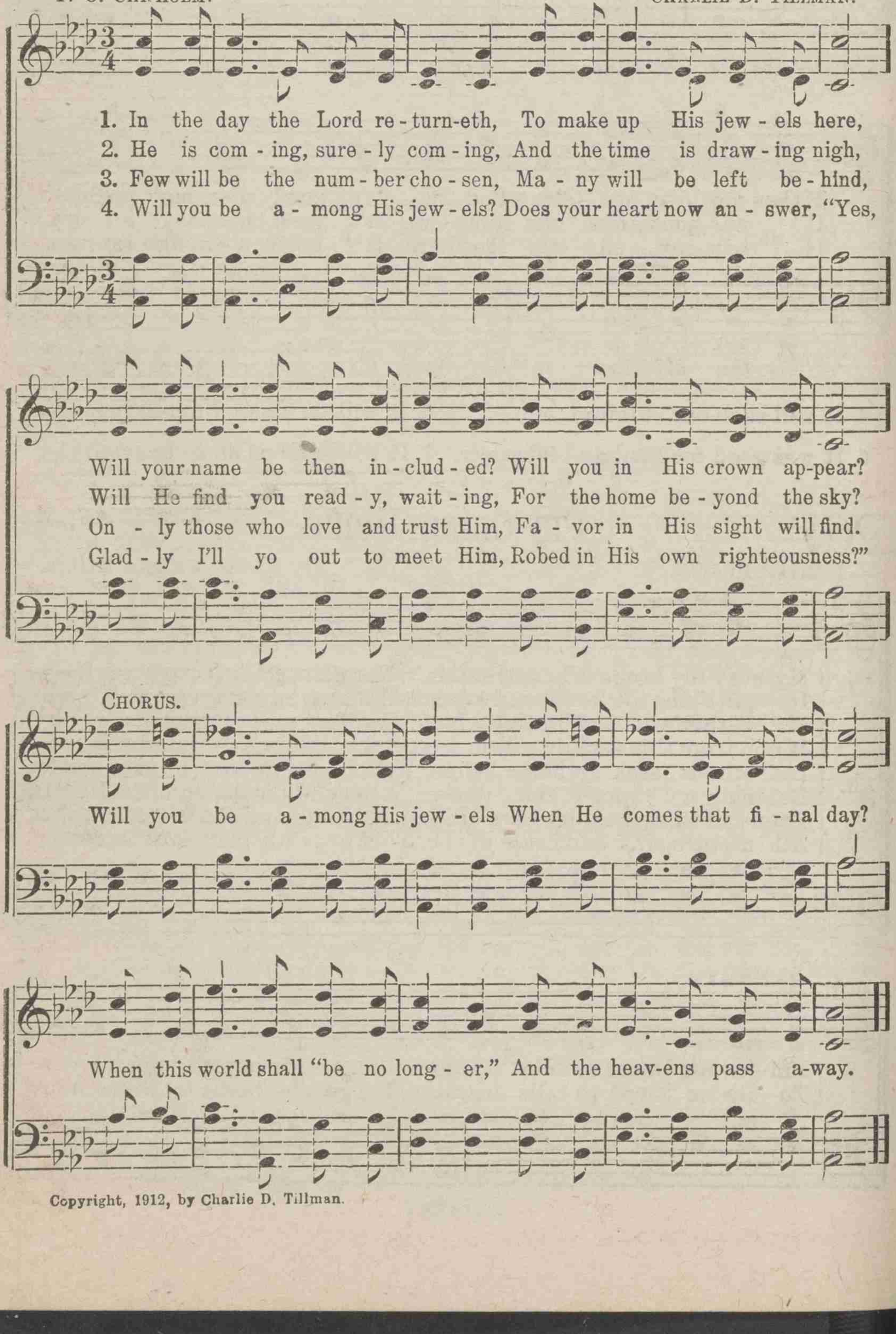


Christ's Second Coming.

Will You Be Among His Jewels? ..262
Will Jesus Find us Watching ... .263
Lo, He Comes 264
Hark, Ten Thousand.....265
The King is Coming. 266
Be Ye Therefore Ready 267
Behold the Bridegroom.....268
The Meeting in the Air 269
Some of These Days 270
Wear a Crown..... 271

262 Will You Be Among His Jewels?

T. O. CHISHOLM. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



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263 Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His serv-ants, 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

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

rit.

REFRAIN.

1. With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
2. Will He an-swer thee "Well done?" O can we say we are
3. We shall have a glo - rious rest.
4. Will He find us watch - ing there?

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

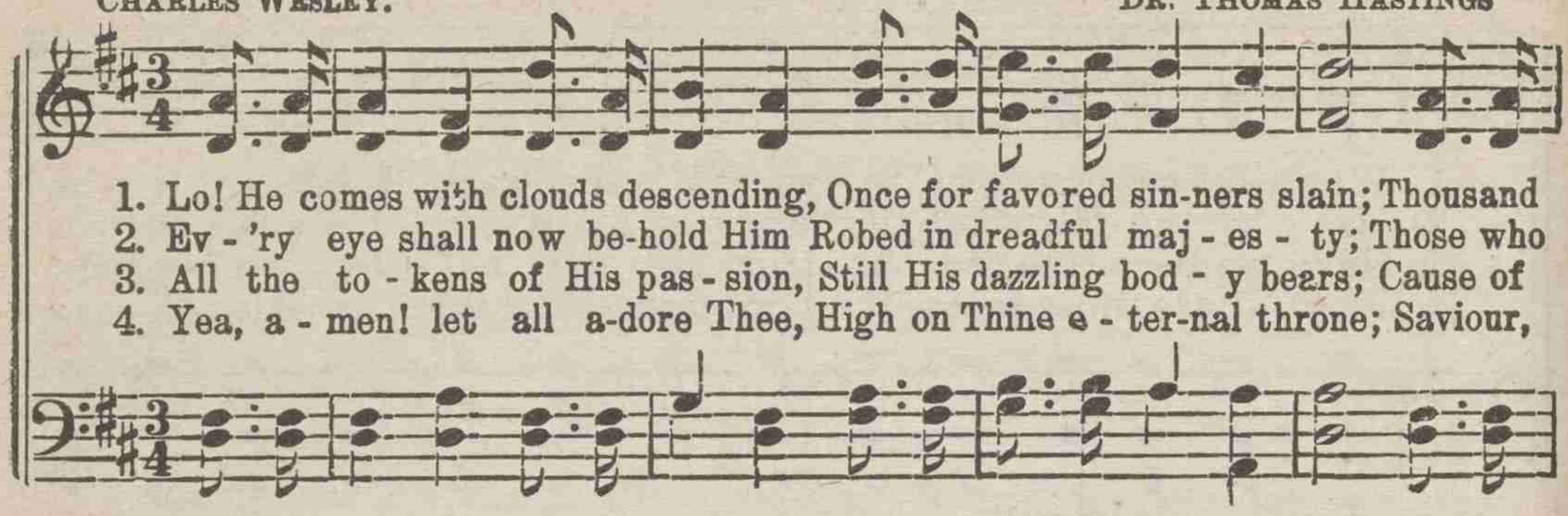
find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

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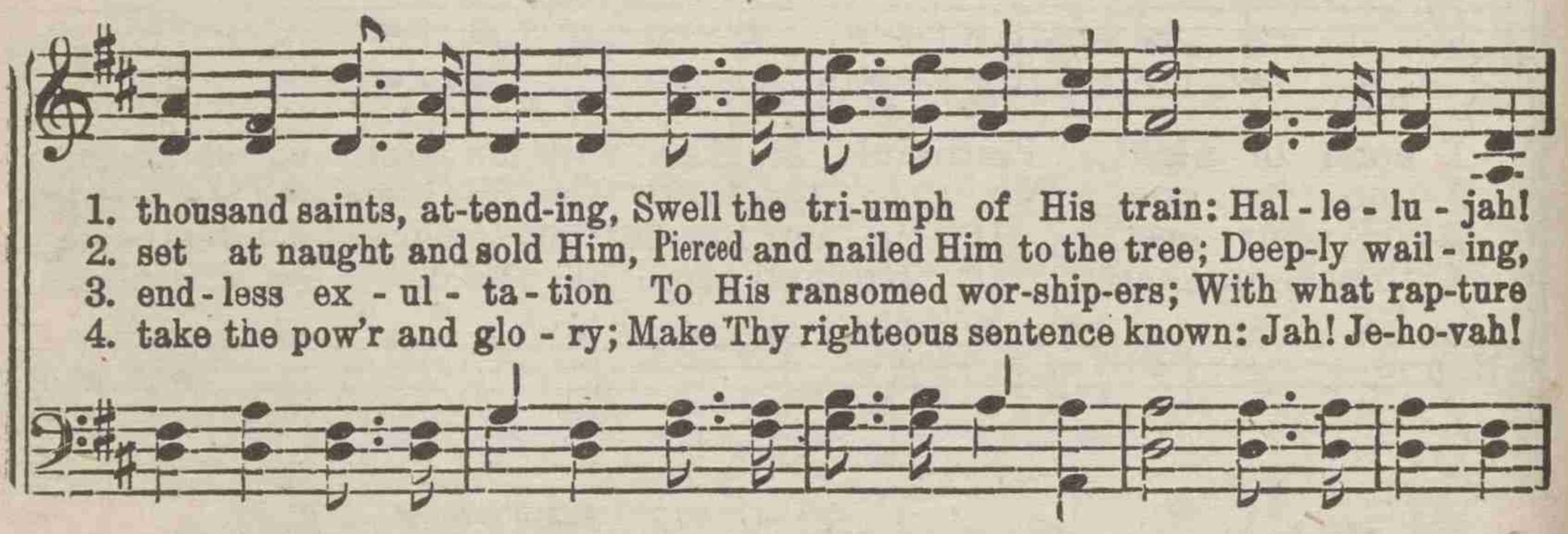
264 Lo! He Comes With Clouds Descending.

ZION. 8s, 7s, 4s.

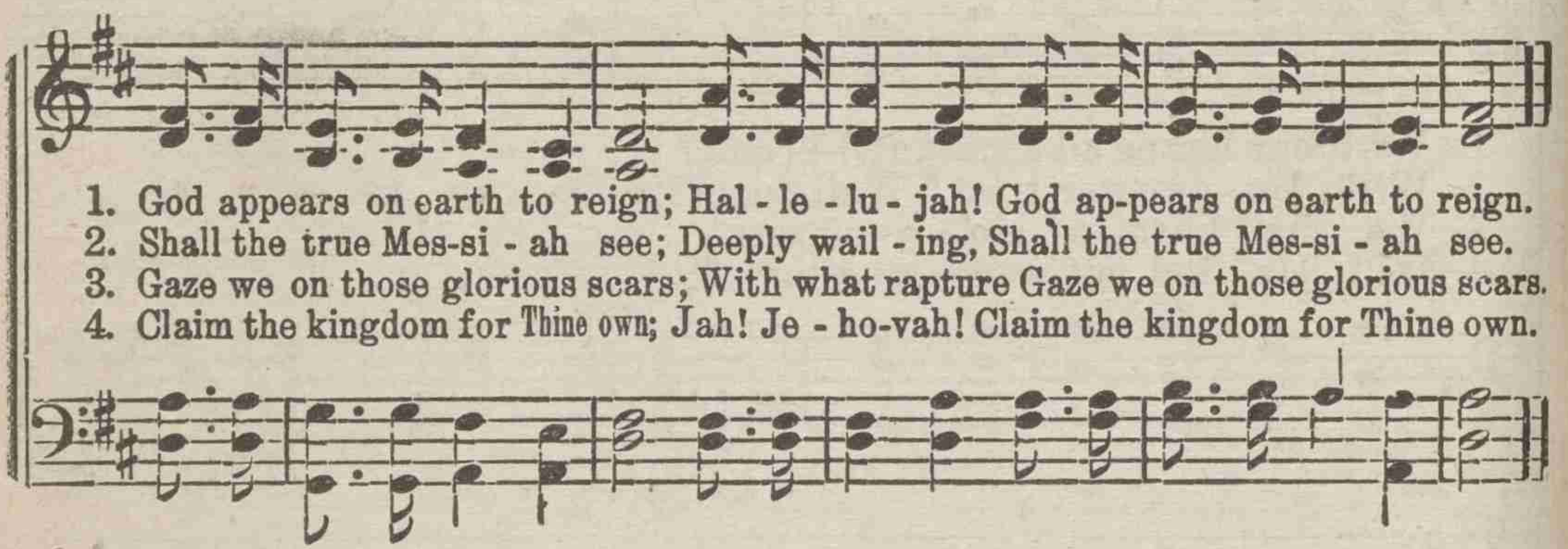
CHARLES WESLEY. DR. THOMAS HASTINGS



1. Lo! He comes with clouds descending, Once for favored sin-ners slain; Thousand
2. Ev - 'ry eye shall now be-hold Him Robed in dreadful maj - es - ty; Those who
3. All the to - kens of His pas - sion, Still His dazzling bod - y bears; Cause of
4. Yea, a - men! let all a-dore Thee, High on Thine e - ter-nal throne; Saviour,



1. thousand saints, at-tend-ing, Swell the tri-umph of His train: Hal - le - lu - jah!
2. set at naught and sold Him, Pierced and nailed Him to the tree; Deep-ly wail - ing,
3. end - less ex - ul - ta - tion To His ransomed wor-ship-ers; With what rap-ture
4. take the pow'r and glo - ry; Make Thy righteous sentence known: Jah! Je-ho-vah!

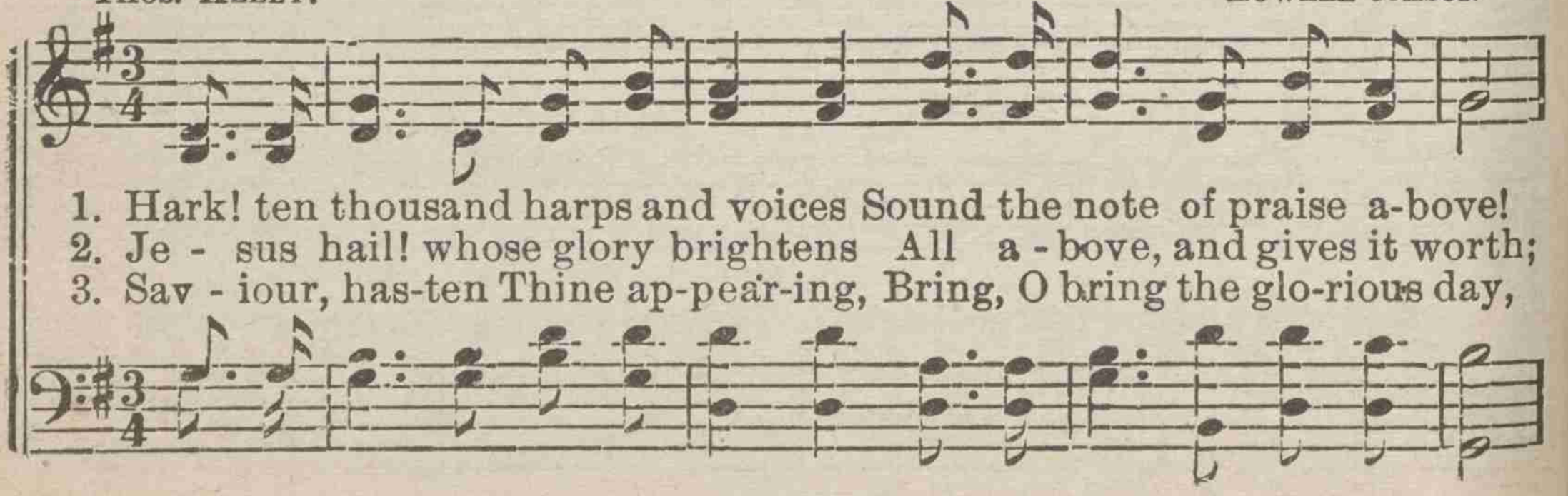


1. God appears on earth to reign; Hal - le - lu - jah! God ap-pears on earth to reign.
2. Shall the true Mes-si - ah see; Deeply wail - ing, Shall the true Mes-si - ah see.
3. Gaze we on those glorious scars; With what rapture Gaze we on those glorious scars.
4. Claim the kingdom for Thine own; Jah! Je - ho-vah! Claim the kingdom for Thine own.

265 Hark! Ten Thousand Harps and Voices.

HARWELL. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

THOS. KEELY. LOWELL MASON



1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise a-bove!
2. Je - sus hail! whose glory brightens All a - bove, and gives it worth;
3. Sav - iour, has-ten Thine ap-pear-ing, Bring, O bring the glo-rious day,

Hark! Ten Thousand Voices. Concluded.

FINE.

Je - sus reigns and heav'n re - joic - es; Je - sus reigns, the God of love;
Lord of life, thy smile en-light - ens, Cheers and charms thy saints on earth;
When the aw - ful sum - mons hear - ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way,

D. S.–Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

D. S.

See, He sits on yon - der throne, Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it, love di - vine.
Then with gold - en harps we'll sing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"

266 The King is Coming.

BROWN ROWLAND, A. B. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. I'm resting near the living Spring, And ready now am I, With house in or-der,
2. I would not have Him come and find Me un-pre-pared to go And leave this drear a -
3. He died for me, He made me whole, So I shall trust His grace Till He shall come to
4. And how my heart with joy will swell When He shall come for me, To take me home, with

CHORUS.

for my King Is coming by and by.
bode behind, For oh, He loves me so! The King is com-ing by and by, The day of
bear my soul To its a-bid - ing place.
Him to dwell Beside the crystal sea!

rapture draweth nigh; The King is coming by and by, To call His children home.

Cepyright, 1916 by Samuel W. Beazley.

267 Be Ye Therefore Ready.

Inscribed to the memory of Homer V. Secrist, a young evangelistic worker, who was fatally hurt at a railroad crossing a few minutes after having taken part in a students' meeting at Winona Lake, Ind. The title of this hymn was found underscored in his Bible.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY,
IN "HOSANNAS."

T. O. Chisholm. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

SOLO.

1. Some year will be the last year, Some day will be the last day, Some hour will be the last hour, Of all the years of time! Christ, with His ho-ly an-gels, Will come in clouds of glo-ry, "And ev-'ry eye shall see Him" O advent hour sublime!
2. With-out a mom-ent's warning, Swift as an eye-lid's closing, Such will be His ap-pear-ing, To end earth's pain and strife; Those who are His, remaining, They who in Him are sleeping, Shall from that hour be like Him, Death "swallowed up of life!"
3. Faith-ful is He that promised, Sure-ly He com-eth quickly, But some are drinking, feasting, Who think that hour delayed; But while the Bride-groom tarries, Be always watching, praying, Lest He should find you sleeping And you should wake, dismayed!
4. O day of earth's re-demption And of the new cre-a-tion, When sorrow's tears will van-ish And sigh-ing flee a-way! Day of all days the greatest, Of des-ti-ny e-ter-nal, How swift-ly it approacheth! Be read-y for that day!

CHORUS.

"Be ye therefore ready!" "Be ye therefore ready!" If it be at morning or in midnight gloom, For ye know not the day nor the hour, When the Son of Man shall come.

268 Behold the Bridegroom!

R. E. H. R. E. Hudson. By per.

1. Are you ready for the Bridegroom When He comes, when He comes? Are you
2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burn-ing When He comes, when He comes; Have your
3. We will all go out to meet Him When He comes, when He comes; We will
4. We will chant al - le - lu-ias When He comes, when He comes; We will

ready for the Bridegroom When He comes, when He comes? Behold! He cometh! Be-
lamps trimm'd and burn-ing When He comes, when He comes; He quickly cometh, He
all go out to meet Him When He comes, when He comes; He surely cometh! He
chant al - le - lu-ias When He comes, when He comes; Lo! now He cometh! Lo!

f.

hold! He com-eth! Be rob'd and read - y, for the Bridegroom comes.
quick - ly com-eth, O, soul! be read - y when the Bridegroom comes.
sure - ly com-eth! We'll go to meet Him, when the Bridegroom comes.
now He com-eth! Sing al - le - lu - ia! for the Bridegroom comes.

D. S.—Be rob'd and read - y, for the Bridegroom comes!

Chorus.

Be - hold the Bridegroom, for He comes, for He comes! Be-hold the Bridegroom,

D. S.

for He comes, for He comes! Be - hold! He com-eth! be-hold! He com-eth!

269 The Meeting In the Air.

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

1. There's soon to be a meet-ing in the air, When Christ, the
2. As light - ning flash - es forth from east to west, So sud - den-
3. The ran - somed dead in Christ shall first a - rise; Then we who
4. Oh, bless - ed, glo - rious meet - ing in the air; Ye watch-ing,

Bridegroom, shall re - turn, To gath - er all who wed-ding gar-ments
ly.... He shall ap - pear; Be robed and read - y for your Roy - al
live .. and still re - main, Shall meet the Lord de-scend-ing from the
wait - ing saints re - joice, And for the com - ing of your Lord pre-

CHORUS.

wear; And for His com - ing watch and yearn. Will you be
Guest; His crown-ing day is al - most here.
skies, For ev - er - more with Him to reign.
pare, Per-haps to - day we'll hear His voice. Will you be

there?.... Will I be there?.... With lamps all trimmed and burning,
there, be there? Will I, will I be there, be there?

To greet our Lord's re-turn - ing, Will you be there? .... Will
Will you be there, be there?

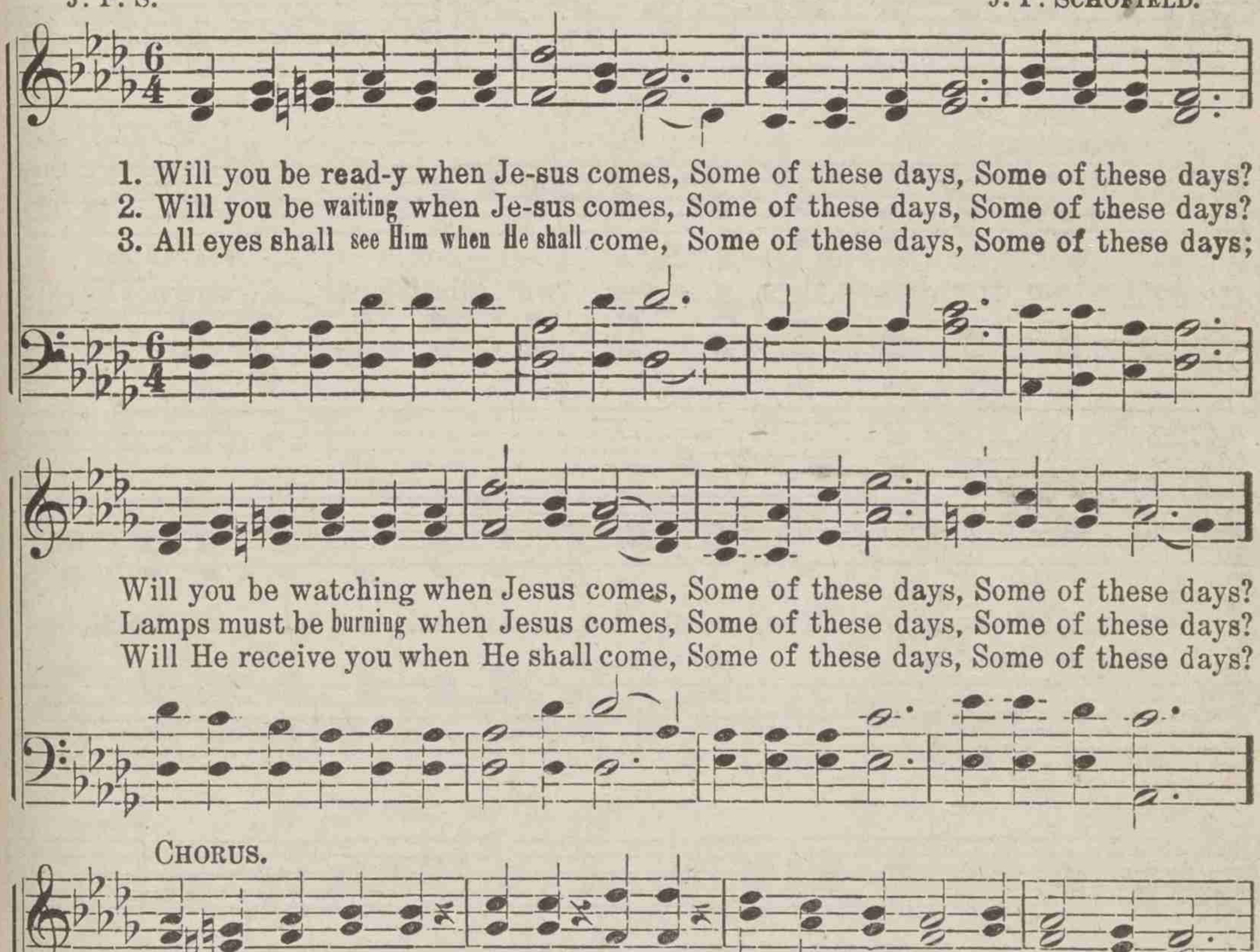
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The Meeting In the Air. Concluded.



270 Some of These Days.

J. P. S. J. P. SCHOFIELD.



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271 Wear a Crown.

ISAAC WATTS. English. Arr.

1. { Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll-'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? }

2. { Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas? }

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

4. { Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my cour-age, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word. }

CHORUS.

And when the bat-tle's o-ver we shall wear a crown! Yes,
we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown! And when the battle's
o-ver we shall wear a crown in the new Je-ru-sa-lem.
Wear a crown, wear a crown, Wear a bright and shining crown.
Wear a crown, wear a crown,

D.S. Fine.

272 Go by the Way of the Cross.

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James Rowe. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. If you would find the bet - ter land, If you would reach the gold-en strand,
2. If you would reach the cit - y gate, Where man-y dear ones watch and wait,
3. If you would live in that glad place, Where shall be crowned the saved by grace,

Rit.

There to a - bide with heaven's throng, Sing-ing the ev - er - last-ing song,—
Look - ing for you, with eyes of love, Wait-ing to hear from you a-bove,—
If you would rest for - ev - er there, Al - ways so hap - py and so fair,—

CHORUS.

Go by the way of the cross, Go by the way of the cross,
go, go go, go go,
Go by the way of the cross, And you'll reach home.
go, go

273 SING ON, DEAR HEART.

S. M. L.

BERTHA MAE LILLENAS.

DUET.

1. Sing on, dear heart, bright days are near, The low'ring clouds will drift away;
2. Think not alone thou'rt crown'd with grief, For others, too, meet sorrow here;
3. Sing on, dear heart, do not re - pine, Unnumbered blessings come to thee;

God's face now veil'd will soon ap-pear, The dark-est night be turned to day.
Life's lit - tle day is on - ly brief, Then comes the song in place of tear.
Let faith a - bout thy life en-twine And trust in God e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS.

Sing on, sing on, ... tho' days are drear, ... God's sunny
Sing on, dear heart, tho' days are drear,

skies ..... will soon ap-pear, ... He will dis-play ..... His mighty
God's sunny skies will soon appear, He will display

pow'r, ... His pow'r to keep ..... for ev-er - more .....
His mighty pow'r, His pow'r to keep for ev - er-more.

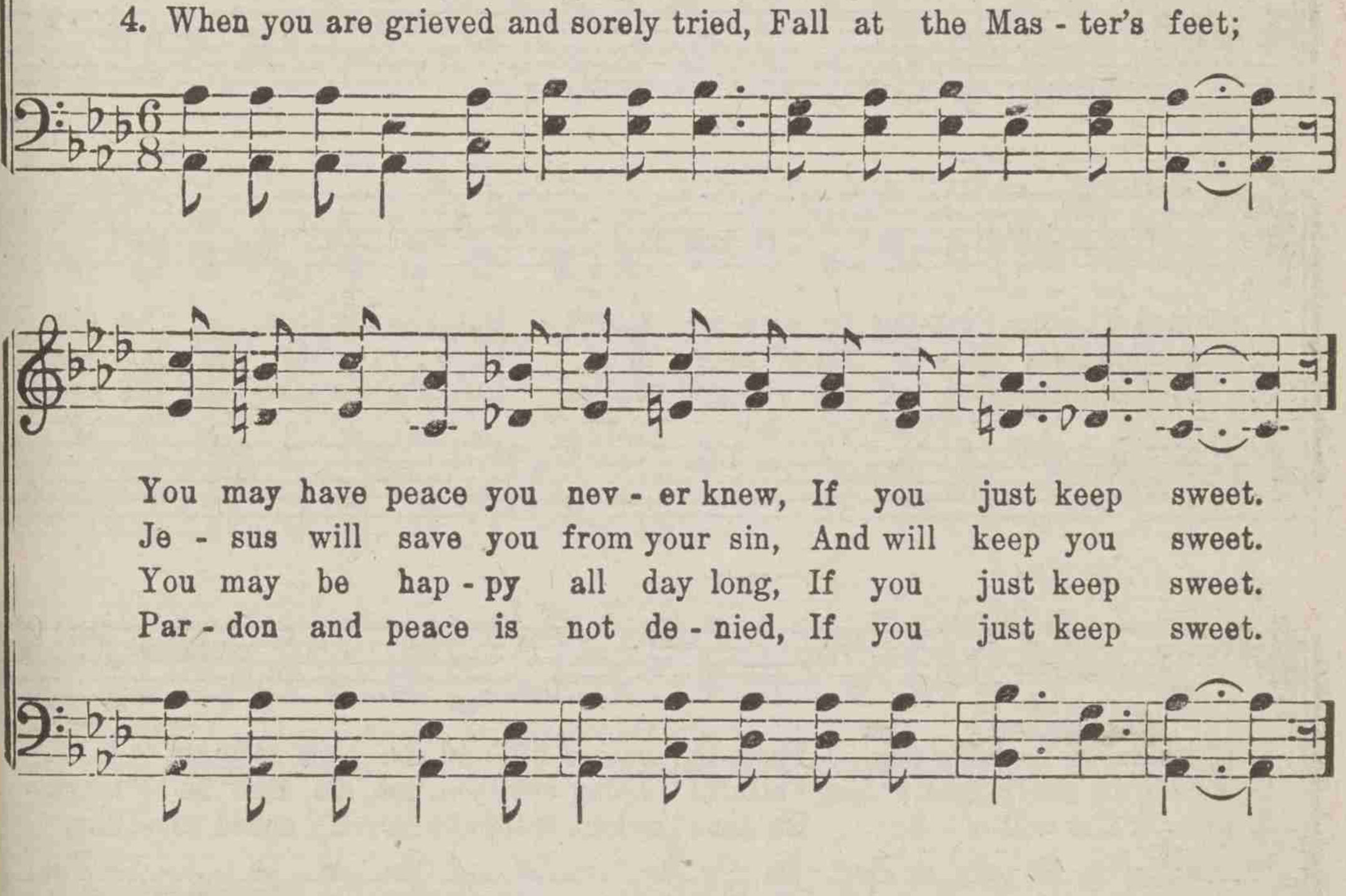
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274 KEEP SWEET.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.



1. There is a se - cret tried and true, When you with trou-ble meet,
2. When e - vil tempts without, with-in, Fly to the mer - cy seat;
3. When all a-round you things go wrong, Ev -'ry-where seems de - feat,
4. When you are grieved and sorely tried, Fall at the Mas - ter's feet;

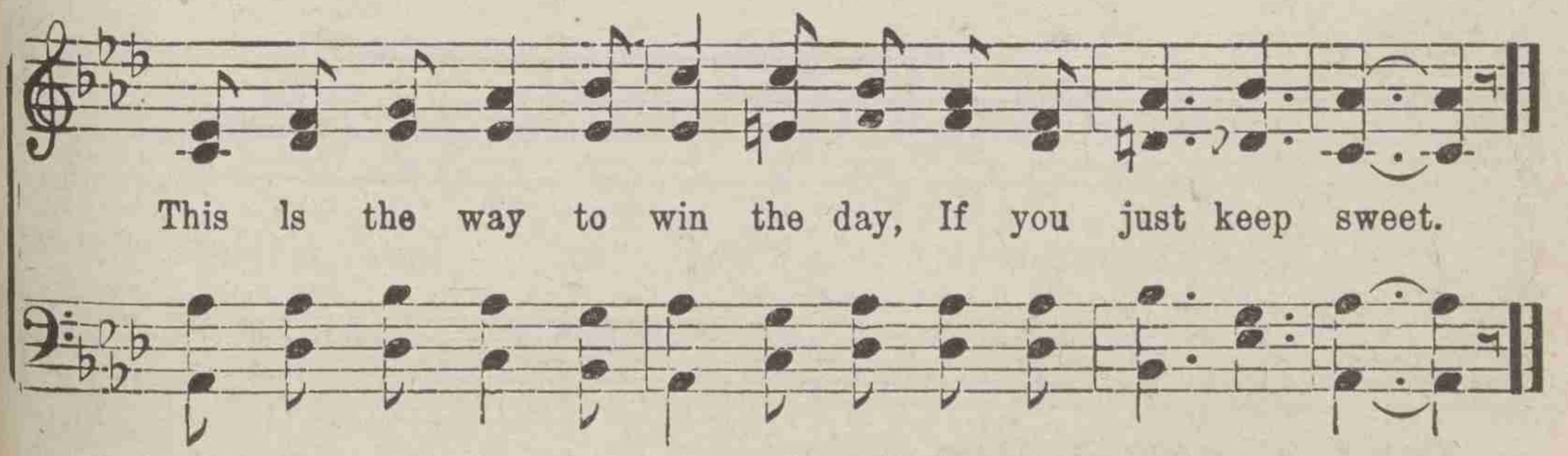


You may have peace you nev - er knew, If you just keep sweet.
Je - sus will save you from your sin, And will keep you sweet.
You may be hap - py all day long, If you just keep sweet.
Par - don and peace is not de - nied, If you just keep sweet.

Chorus.



Keep sweet, keep sweet, This is the on - ly way,
Just keep sweet and you will con - quer,



This ls the way to win the day, If you just keep sweet.

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275 Love Lifted Me.

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JAMES ROWE. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. I was sinking deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver-y deep-ly
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev-er to Him I'll cling, In His blessed
3. Souls in danger, look a-bove, Je-sus complete-ly saves; He will lift you

1. stained within, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
2. pres-ence live, Ev-er His prais-es sing. Love so mighty and so true
3. by His love Out of the an-gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,

1. Heard my despairing cry, From the waters lift-ed me, Now safe am I....
2. Merits my soul's best songs, Faithful, lov-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be-longs.
3. Billows His will o-bey; He your Saviour wants to be—Be saved to-day.

CHORUS.

Love lift-ed me!..... Love lift-ed me!.....
e-ven me! e-ven me!

When nothing else could help, Love lift-ed me. Love lift-ed me.

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276 GIVE US A NEW TOUCH OF FIRE.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. We are gathered, blessed Je - sus, in Thy name, Give us a new touch of fire
2. We are long-ing to be like Thee more and more, Give us a new touch of fire
3. That our serv-ice for Thee bet - ter may be-come, Give us a new touch of fire

to - day; In our hearts increase the Pen - te-cos - tal flame, Give us a
to - day; Till our cup of glad - ness shall be run - ning o'er, Give us a
to - day; On our jour-ney to the bet - ter, bright-er home, Give us a

CHORUS.

new touch of fire to - day;.... Give us a new touch of fire to - day,
to - day,

Give us a new touch of fire, we pray; ... Draw us near-er, clos - er still,
we pray;

To the cen-ter of Thy will, Give us a new touch of fire to - day....
to-day.

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277 I Prize Thy Love.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. MARSH.

Duet.

1. I prize Thy love, my Lord di - vine, For all my heart is tru - ly Thine;
2. For pleasures vain no more I yearn, And low de - sires no more re-turn;
3. The day of earth is speed-ing on, Its griefs and cares will soon be gone,

1. My hope Thou art, my peace and light, My com-fort true in sor-row's night;
2. I sweet-ly rest with - in Thy love And keep my gaze on things a - bove;
3. But still I shall a - bide with Thee, Thou still wilt my Com-pan - ion be;

1. Thy words of cour-age let me hear Till heaven's shin - ing gates ap - pear;
2. Still keep me Thine, en-fold my soul, Up-hold me when the bil - lows roll;
3. In yon-der land where an-gels sing, My soul will praise Thee, Christ my King,

1. I've no de - sire from Thee to roam, So hold my hand till safe at home.
2. From e - vil guard me by Thy grace, Till I be - hold Thee face to face.
3. Yes, praise Thee, serve Thee, and a - dore For ev-er - more. for ev - er-more.

CHORUS. Harmony.

I prize Thy love, My heav'nly King, And in its praise with rap-ture sing;
love for me, and in its praise with rapture sing;

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I Prize Thy Love. Concluded.



278 He Called, I Answered.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. CHAS. H. MARSH.



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279 A Closer Walk With Jesus.

CARRIE LEE BOWYER. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Just a clos - er walk with Je - sus, I am need-ing ev - 'ry day,
2. Just a clos - er walk with Je - sus, Now I need His ten - der care!
3. Just a clos - er walk with Je - sus, He the Shepherd of the sheep,

Just to feel His pres-ence ev - er, Lest my feet should go a - stray.
When the storms of life o'er-take me, I can feel His pres-ence near.
Leads me thro' green pastures ev - er, Up the pathway rough and steep.

Just to feel Him close be - side me, When my soul is sore op - prest;
Where He leads me I must fol - low, For I can - not walk a - lone;
I am go - ing home to glo - ry, He will lead me all the way;

Just a clos - er walk with Je - sus, Brings to me a per - fect rest.
Just a clos - er walk with Je - sus, Will for all my sin a - tone.
Just a clos - er walk with Je - sus, Fills my soul with joy each day,

CHORUS.

Just a clos - er walk with Je - sus, Lead me, Saviour, lest I stray;

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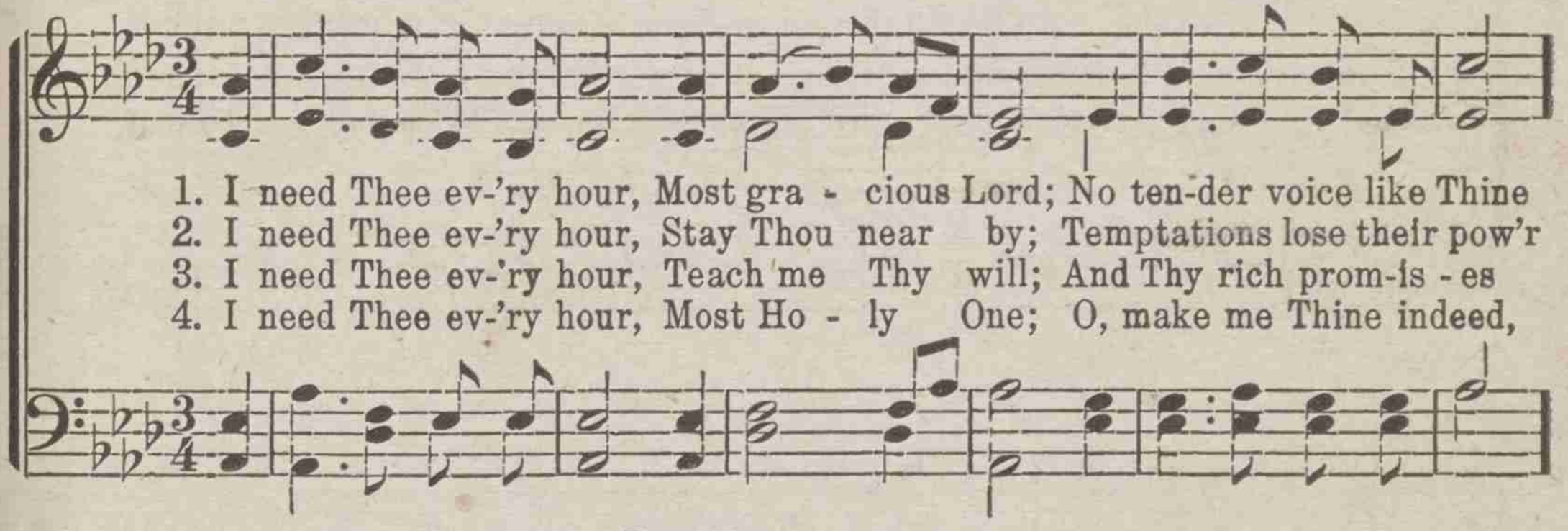
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280 I Need Thee Every Hour.

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY.



REFRAIN.





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281 Face Toward the Cross.

W. C. Poole. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. Charlie D. Tillman.

1. Face tow'rd the cross—'tis a bea-con light To guide thee o'er life's sea,
2. Face tow'rd the cross—'tis a ref - uge sure, When thou art temp-est - tossed,
3. Face tow'rd the cross and thy soul shall find The things it most did crave;—
4. Face tow'rd the cross—when so tried by sin, And think of Him who died,

And pi - lot safe thro' tho dark-est night To heav'n's e-ter - ni - ty.
That for all a - ges shall e'er en-dure, When all earth things are lost.
The peace of heart and the peace of mind, And pow - er that can save.
And thou shalt there the full tri-umph win, Thro' Christ the Cru-ci - fied.

CHORUS.

Face tow'rd the cross! Face tow'rd the cross! In it your strength shall be;

shall be;

And from the cross, the hal-lowed cross, New strength shall come to thee!

282 Christ Is Crowded Out.

J. H. W. SOLO. PROF. J. H. WEBER.

Slowly, with expression.

1. In the bus - y marts, in the crowd - ed street, The world goes hur - ry - ing on; It craves for wealth and pomp and show, And
2. We're bus - y at home with our friends and cares, And there's no time to pray; It's lodge, or club and world - ly things, In
3. The world, with its song, goes march - ing on, You join the glad re - frain; With soul and mind and ev - 'ry nerve, You

heeds the si - ren's song. It's pleas - ure first, it's self and gold,
this gay world to - day: But death will come, and you will die,
plan for earth - ly gain. O stop! and think, some day you'll die,

And Christ is crowd - ed out, And Christ is crowd - ed out;

O what will you say in the judgment day, If Christ is crowded out?

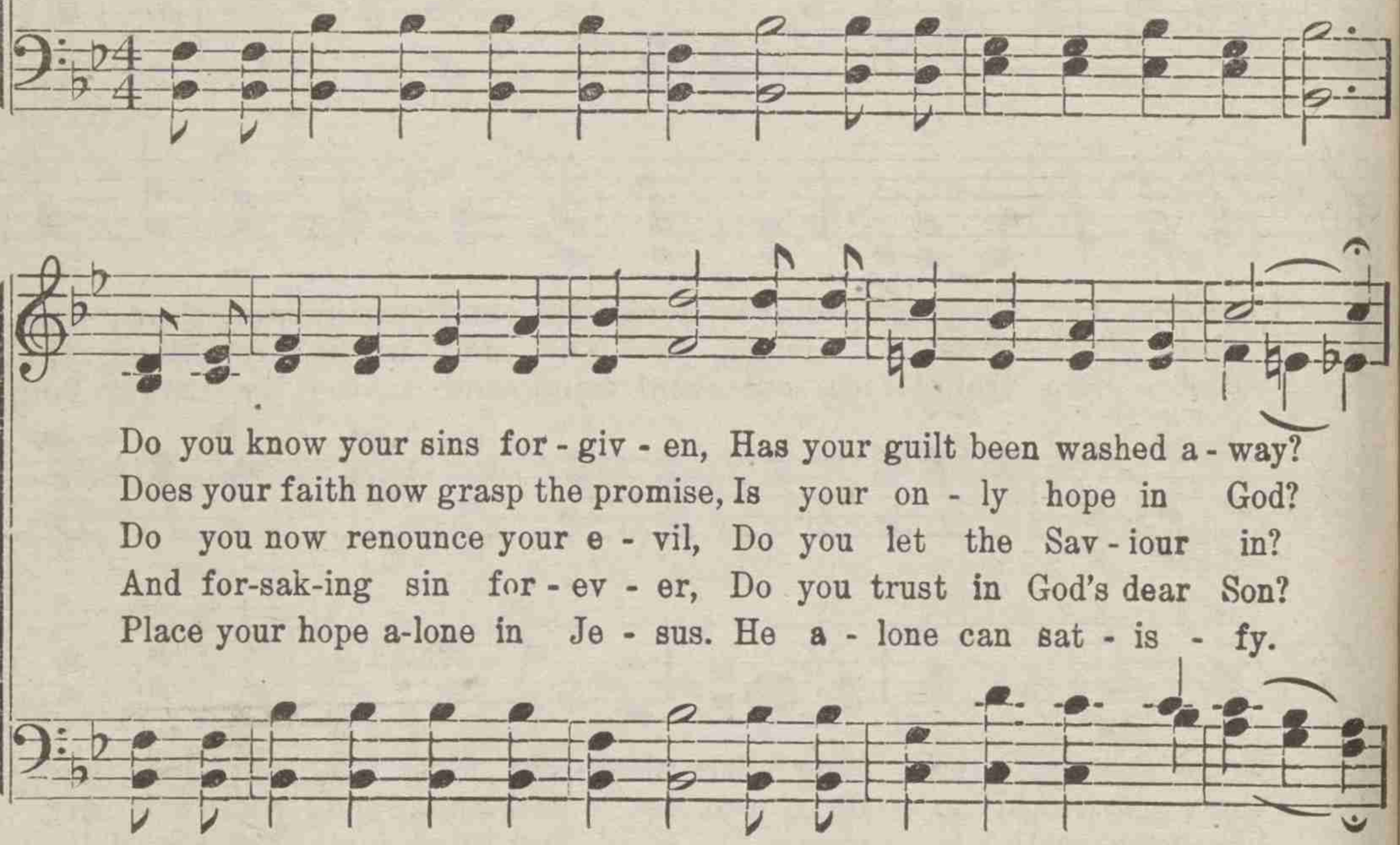
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283 IS YOUR HEART RIGHT?

LILLENAS AND TOVEY. HERBERT G. TOVEY.



1. Do you love the bless - ed Sav - iour? Are you in the nar - row way?
2. Have you made a full sur - ren - der, Have you trusted in the blood?
3. Have you ceased your search for pleasure, In the world-ly things of sin?
4. Will you now make res - ti - tu - tion For the wrongs that you have done,
5. Trust not in your own en - deav - or, On your strength do not re - ly;

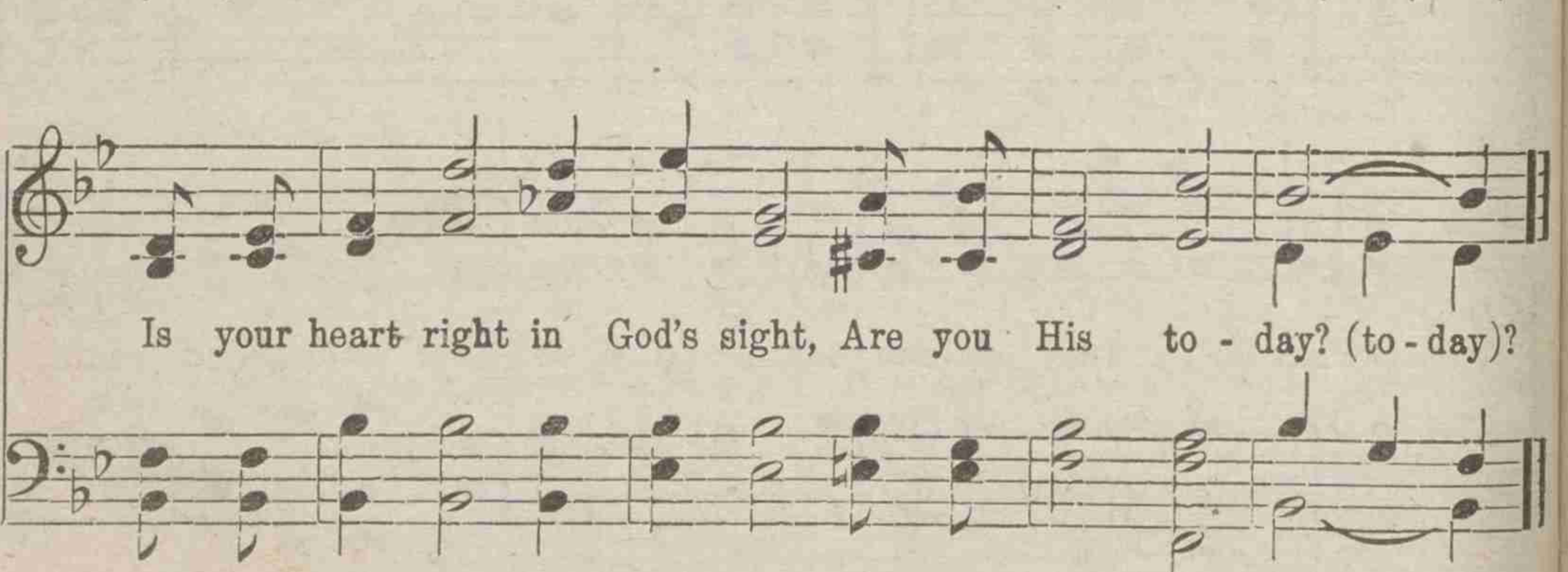


Do you know your sins for - giv - en, Has your guilt been washed a - way?
Does your faith now grasp the promise, Is your on - ly hope in God?
Do you now renounce your e - vil, Do you let the Sav - iour in?
And for-sak-ing sin for - ev - er, Do you trust in God's dear Son?
Place your hope a-lone in Je - sus. He a - lone can sat - is - fy.

CHORUS.



Is your heart right in God's sight, Have your sins been washed away? (away)?



Is your heart right in God's sight, Are you His to - day? (to - day)?

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284 I CAN TRUST HIM.

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T. O. Chisholm. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. I re - joice in Christ, my Sav - ior, I will mag - ni - fy His name for - ev - er - more, He was slain for my trans-gres-sion, My in-
2. When I think of how He suf - fered, How His ve - ry life He gave, to make me free, I can ne - ver fail to trust Him, Doubt His
3. Tho' He hide His face a mo - ment, Thus to lead me on to deep - er, ful - ler trust, I will rest in calm as - sur - ance, That He'll
4. E'en tho' heart and flesh should fail me, Tho' the earth from her foun- da - tions should re-move, "Tho' He slay me, I will trust Him," Hide me
5. What is best for me I know not, What the fu - ture days will bring I can - not tell, But He knows and I can trust Him, For I

CHORUS.

iq - ui - ties up - on the cross He bore.
changeless love and faith-ful - ness to me.
keep me, for He promised and He must. I can trust Him, I can
in the strong pa - vil - ion of His love.
know at last with me it shall be well.

trust Him, He will ne - ver, ne - ver fail me, come what may, He will come what may,

guide me, He will keep me, Till "the day break and the shadows flee a - way."

285 WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH JESUS?

"What shall I do then with Jesus, which is called Christ?"—Matt xxvii, 22.

ANON. M. L. STOCKS.

1. Je - sus is stand-ing in Pi-late's hall—Friendless, forsaken, betrayed by all;
2. Je - sus is stand-ing on tri - al still, You can be false to Him if you will,
3. Will you e - vade Him as Pi-late tried? Or will you choose Him, whate'er betide?
4. Will you, like Peter, your Lord de-ny? Or will you scorn from His foes to fly,
5. "Je-sus; I give Thee my heart to - day! Je - sus, I'll fol-low Thee all the way,

Harken! what meaneth the sud - den call? What will! you do with Je - sus?
You can be faith - ful thro' good or ill; What will you do with Je - sus?
Vain- ly you strug-gle from Him to hide; What will you do with Je - sus?
Dar- ing for Je - sus to live or die, What will you do with Je - sus?
Glad - ly o - bey - ing Thee!" will you say: "This will I do with Je - sus!"

CHORUS.

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

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

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286 I WILL TAKE HIM AS SAVIOUR.

E. E. HEWITT. D. WARD MILAM.

1. I have read in the Bi - ble, in God's Ho - ly Word, That God gave His
2. O the won-der - ful love of the Fa - ther on high, Who spared not the
3. O the won-der - ful love of the Sav-iour Di - vine, Who wil - ling - ly

on - ly be - got - ten Son, That who - so - ev - er be - liev-eth on Him
Blessed and Ho - ly One, But free - ly He gave Him for sin-ners to die,
suf-fered for you and for me, Be-lieve now on Je - sus, and brightly will shine

CHORUS.

Should have e - ter - nal life.
Thro' Him sal - va - tion won. I will take Him as my Sav-iour and
His light e - ter - nal - ly.

crown Him King, I will tell of His sal - va-tion, His praises sing, He for my re-

demption was sac - ri - ficed, He the "Rock of A - ges," in Him I hide.

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287 The Scarlet Line.

All through history and into the future there runs a "Scarlet Line," leading up to and from Calvary.

JESSE P. TOMPKINS. JEAN HOWARD.

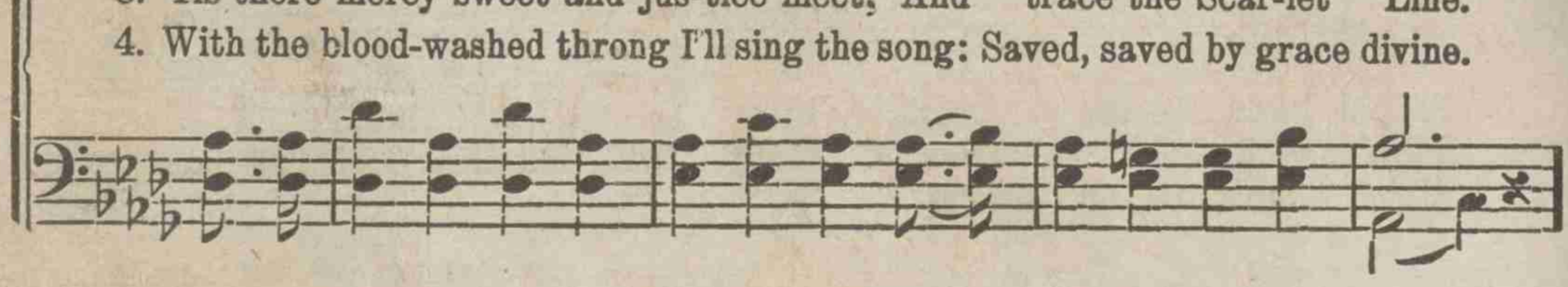


1. From the ear - ly dawn of the new-born world, Thro' the ages yet to be,
2. To the cross it runs, from the cross it flows, From a fountain deep and wide;
3. To my sinful heart how it brings re-lief, And I love that sa-cred shrine;
4. Thro' the shadows drear and the vale of death I shall see that Scarlet Line;





1. There's a Scar-let Line, the trace di-vine, That leads to Cal - va - ry.
2. There's a par - don free for you and me, That flows from hand and side.
3. 'Tis there mercy sweet and jus-tice meet, And trace the Scar-let Line.
4. With the blood-washed throng I'll sing the song: Saved, saved by grace divine.



CHORUS.



Won - der-ful Scar - let Line, Traced by the Mas - ter di - vine,



I shall find my way to the gates of day, Un-der the Scar-let Line.



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288 He Keeps Me Singing.

L. B. B. L. B. BRIDGERS.



1. There's within my heart a mel - o - dy Je - sus whispers sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, Discord filled my heart with pain,
3. Feast-ing on the rich - es of His grace, Resting 'neath His shelt'ring wing,
4. Tho' sometimes He leads thro' waters deep, Trials fall a - cross the way,
5. Soon He's com-ing back to wel-come me Far be-yond the star-ry sky;

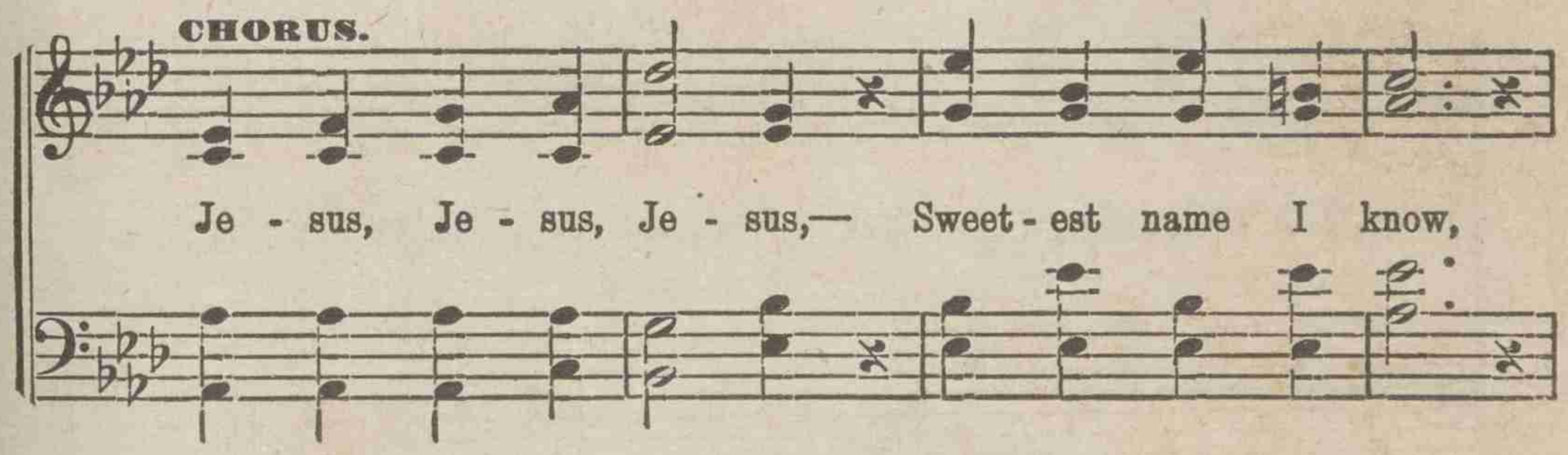




1. Fear not, I am with thee, peace, be still, In all of life's ebb and flow.
2. Je - sus swept across the broken strings, Stirred the slumb'ring chords again.
3. Al-ways look-ing on His smil-ing face, That is why I shout and sing.
4. Tho' sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the way.
5. I shall wing my flight to worlds unknown, I shall reign with Him on high.



CHORUS.



Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus,— Sweet - est name I know,



Fills my ev - 'ry long - ing, Keeps me sing - ing as I go.

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Charlie Tillman

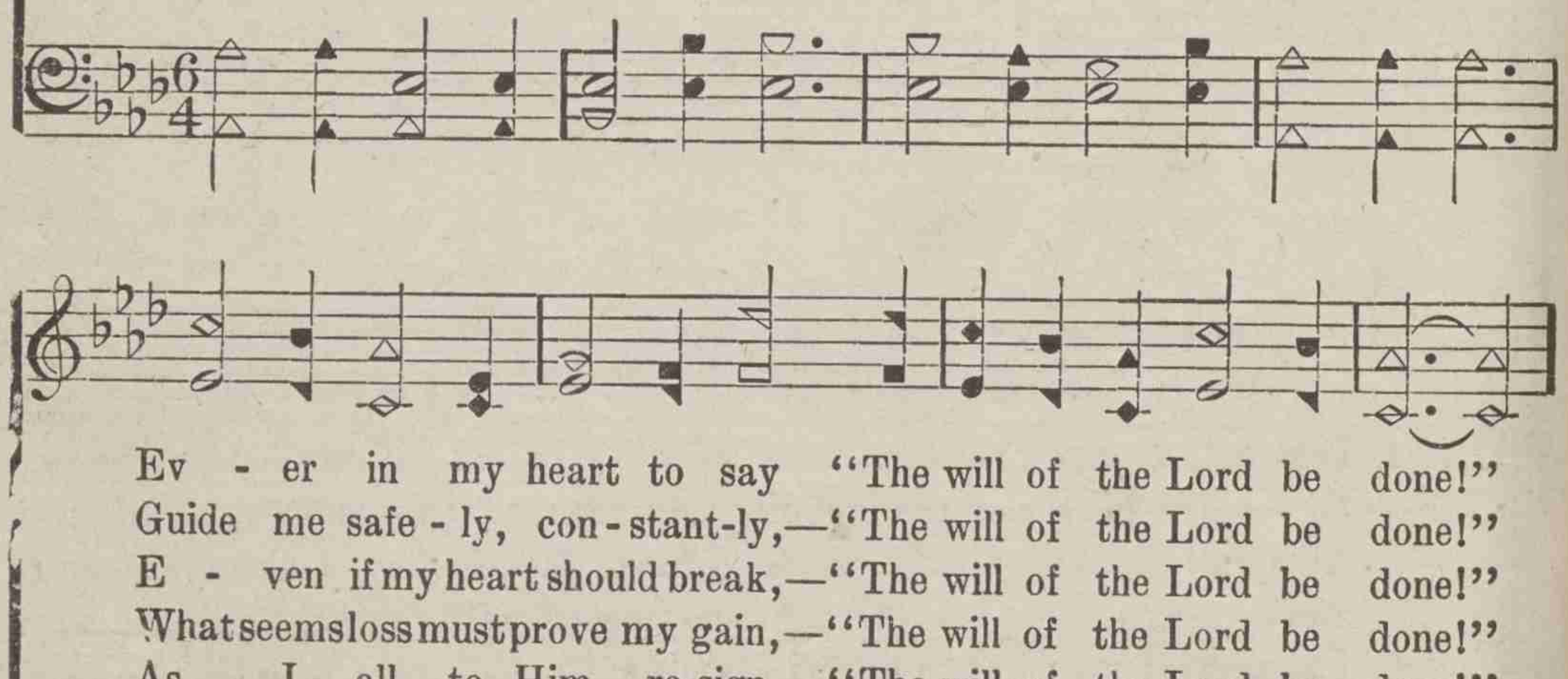
No. 289. "The Will of the Lord be Done."

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

T. O. Chisholm. **Samuel W. Beazley.**



1. Once I loved to choose my way, Now for grace and strength I pray,
2. I am blind but He can see, He will choose my path for me,
3. If my treas-ures He must take, I will yield them for His sake,
4. He would not af - flict in vain, Cause His child a need-less pain;
5. O what per-fect peace is mine! O what rest and joy di - vine!



Ev - er in my heart to say "The will of the Lord be done!"
Guide me safe - ly, con - stant-ly,—"The will of the Lord be done!"
E - ven if my heart should break,—"The will of the Lord be done!"
What seems loss must prove my gain,—"The will of the Lord be done!"
As I all to Him re-sign,—"The will of the Lord be done!"



CHORUS.



His will is best, In that I rest, In shad-ow or in sun; . .
in sun;



So, come what may, Yet will I say "The will of the Lord be done!"



290 In the Garden.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I come to the gar - den a - lone, While the dew is still on the
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their
3. I'd stay in the gar - den with Him, Tho'the night a-round me be

ros - es; And the voice I hear, Fall - ing on my ear; The
sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy That He gave to me, With-
fall - ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His

CHORUS.

Son of God dis - clos - es.
in my heart is ring - ing. And He walks with me, and He
voice to me is call - ing.

talks with me, And He tells me I am His own, And the

joy we share as we tar - ry there, None oth-er has ev - er known.

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291 Cling to His Hand.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Laurene Highfield. WORDS AND MUSIC. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. When you are anx - ious and bur-dened with care, List - en to
2. When you are lost in the per - il - ous dark, Reach for the
3. When sore temp - ta - tions en - com - pass you round, Kneel at the

hear Je - sus' voice; Soft - ly He'll say "Bring your tri - als to me,
dear Mas-ter's hand; Feel - ing His hand-clasp will stead - y your feet:
dear Sav-ior's feet; He who was tempt-ed can show you the way

CHORUS.

And I will make you re - joice.
He will the way un - der - stand. Cling..... to his
All of life's test - ing to meet. Cling to His hand

hand..... Cling..... to His hand,.....
Cling to His hand, Cling to His hand, Cling to His hand,

Je-sus will help you life's testing to meet, O cling to the dear Savior's hand.

292 Just to Please Him.

Rev. C. A. GAGE — CHAS H. GABRIEL.

1. I am not long - ing for the hour, That bring - eth my re - ward,
2. My Sav-ior will give peace and rest To those who love His way,
3. Come pain or pleas-ure, joy or woe, I wel - come His de-crees,
4. Oh, what a pure and sweet de - light, When sinks life's set-ting sun,

But I would use my ev - 'ry pow'r To please my bless-ed Lord.
Who gave to Him of life the best, To please Him ev-'ry day.
For while I tar - ry here be - low, 'Tis heav'n my Lord to please.
When faith is chang'd to bliss-ful sight, To hear him say, "Well done."

CHORUS.

Just to please Him all the way, Just to do His will;
Just to please Him all the way, Just to do His ho - ly will;

Just to serve Him day by day, And His law ful - fill.
Just to serve Him day by day, And His law ful - fill,

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293 Always on Duty.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. WORDS AND MUSIC. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Al-ways on du - ty my watch-word shall be, Je - sus my Lord may de-
2. Al-ways on du - ty, His name I now bear, And in the serv-ice of
3. Al-ways on du - ty, my best shall He have, Once for my soul His own

pend up - on me; Read - y and will - ing His bid - ding to do,
Christ I must share, Seek - ing no glo - ry of men, but of God,
life blood He gave, Liv - ing and do - ing for Him all the way,

CHORUS.

I will for - ev-er be true.
Fol-low-ing Je - sus my Lord. Al - ways on du - - ty, my
I'll be on du - ty each day. Al-ways on du - ty, al - ways on du - ty, my

mo - - ments I give..... Un - to Je - sus my Lord, on whom
mo-ments I give, my mom-ents I give, To

now I be - lieve, And for His glo - ry I live.....
His glo - ry I live.

294 Sometime, Somewhere.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

Mrs. Ophelia G. Adams. **Charlie D. Tillman.**



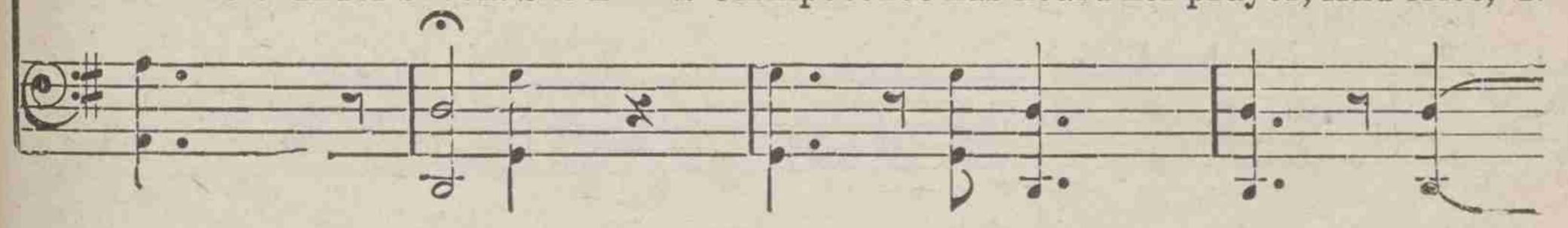
1. Unanswered yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded In ag-o-ny of heart these many
2. Unanswered yet? Tho' when you first presented This one pe-ti-tion at the Fa-ther's
3. Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted; Perhaps your part is not yet wholly
4. Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered; Her feet were firmly planted on the



years? Does faith be-gin to fail, is hope de-part-ing, And think you all in
throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of ask-ing, So ur-gent was your
done; The work be-gan when first your prayer was ut-tered, And God will fin-ish
Rock; A-mid the wildest storm prayer stands undaunted, Nor quails be-fore the



vain those falling tears? Say not the Father had not heard your prayer; You shall have
heart to make it known. Tho' years have passed since then, do not despair; The Lord will
what He has be-gun. If you will keep the incense burning there, His glo-ry
loud-est thunder shock. She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer, And cries, "It



rit. *ad lib.*



your de-sire, sometime, somewhere, You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere.
an-swer you, sometime, somewhere, The Lord will answer you, sometime, somewhere.
you shall see, sometime, somewhere, His glo-ry you shall see, sometime, somewhere.
shall be done, sometime, somewhere," And cries, "It shall be done, sometime, somewhere."



295 O I Want to See Him.

R. H. C. COPYRIGHT. 1916. BY R. H. CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius

1. As I journey thro' the land sing-ing as I go, Point-ing souls to cal - va-ry— to the crim-son flow, Ma - ny ar-rows pierce my soul
2. When in ser-vice for my Lord dark may be the night, But I'll cling more close to Him, He will give me light; Sa-tan's snares may vex my soul,
3. When in val-leys low I look tow'rd the mountain height, And be-hold my Sav - ior there, lead-ing in the fight, With a ten-der hand outstretched
4. When be-fore me bil-lows rise from the mighty deep, Then my Lord di- rects my bark; He doth safe - ly keep, And He leads me gent - ly on

from without, with-in; But my Lord leads me on, thro' Him I must win.
turn my tho'ts a - side; But my Lord goes a-head, leads what-e'er be-tide.
tow'rd the val-ley low, Guid-ing me, I can see, as I on-ward go.
thro' this world be-low; He's a real Friend to me, O I love Him so.

D. S.—*Cares all past, Home at last, ev - er to re - joice.*

FINE.

REFRAIN.

O I want to see Him, look up-on His face, There to sing for-ev - er of His sav - ing grace; On the streets of Glo - ry let me lift my voice;
His saving grace;

D. S.

296 Building On the Wall.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. We are building on the wall,
Dai-ly building one and all,
Building for e-ter-nal years to-day;

2. As the Ar-chi-tect di-vine,
Now inspects your work and mine,
He condemns each stone He finds untrue,

3. In the judgment day to come,
When in sight of that sweet home,
Should He find some stone that was not right,

And in what way we shall build,
Will the years of time be filled,
Let us then be care-ful how its stones we lay.

As He pass-es now a-long,
He detects each stone that's wrong,
Place the right ones in; the work is left to you.

Oh, how sad 'twill be when He
Shall re-veal so all may see,
Just one lit-tle sin that failed to come to light.

CHORUS.

On this wall be dai-ly build-ing, Cut the
On this wall be dai-ly building, dai-ly building, dai-ly building, Cut the

stones most care-ful-ly and true, Place them one by one in line, Ce-ment

them with love di-vine, So this wall may stand in judgment shielding you.

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297 The Old Account Settled Long Ago.

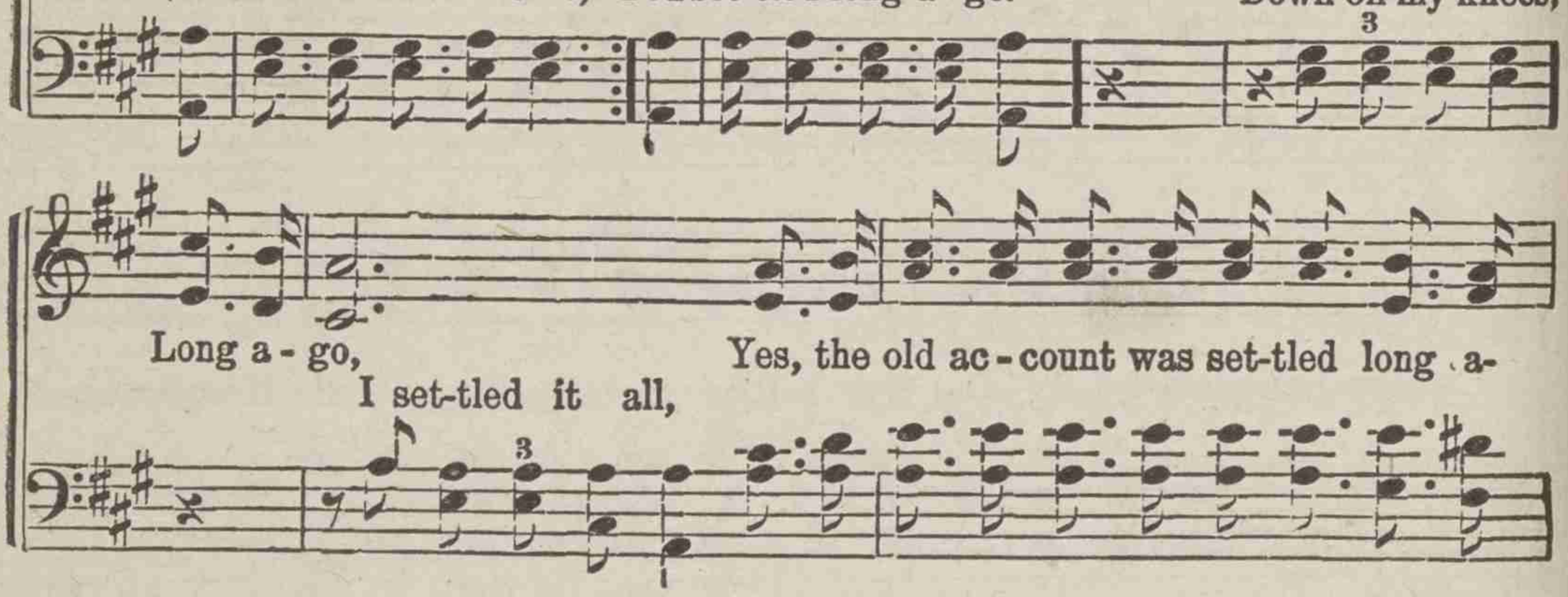
F. M. G. F. M. GRAHAM.



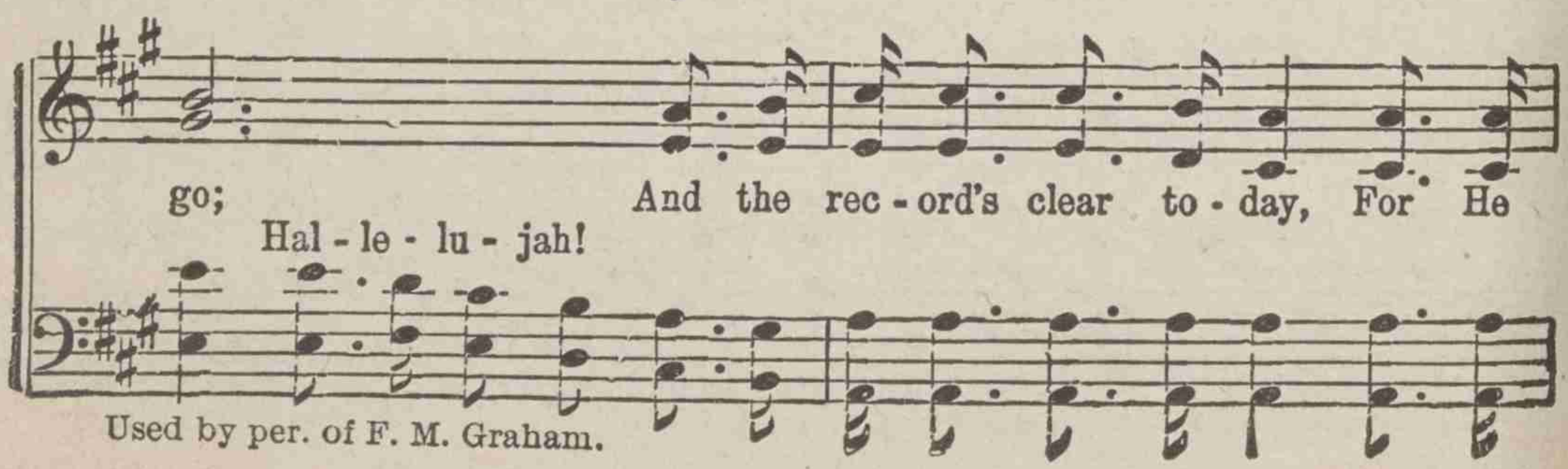
1. There was a time I know, When in the book of heav'n, An old account was standing,
   My name was at the top, And many things be-low, But I went to the keep-er,
2. The old account was large, And larg-er ev-'ry day, For I was always sinning,
   But when I looked ahead, And saw such pain and woe, I said 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 if for years to come You live on here be-low, Up there you'll not regret it



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,



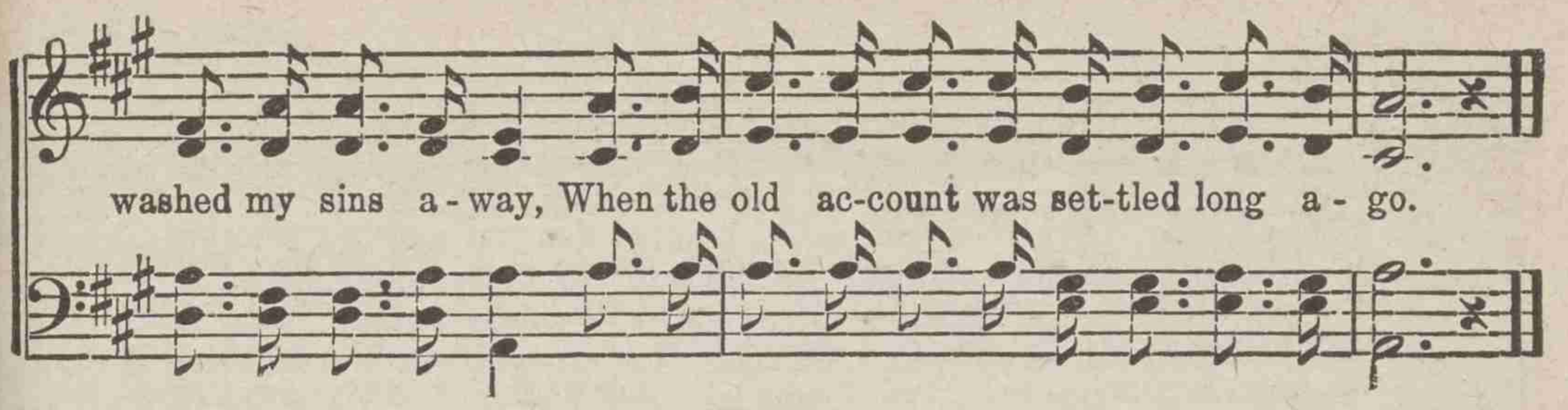
Long a - go, Yes, the old ac - count was set-tled long a -
I set-tled it all,



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

Used by per. of F. M. Graham.

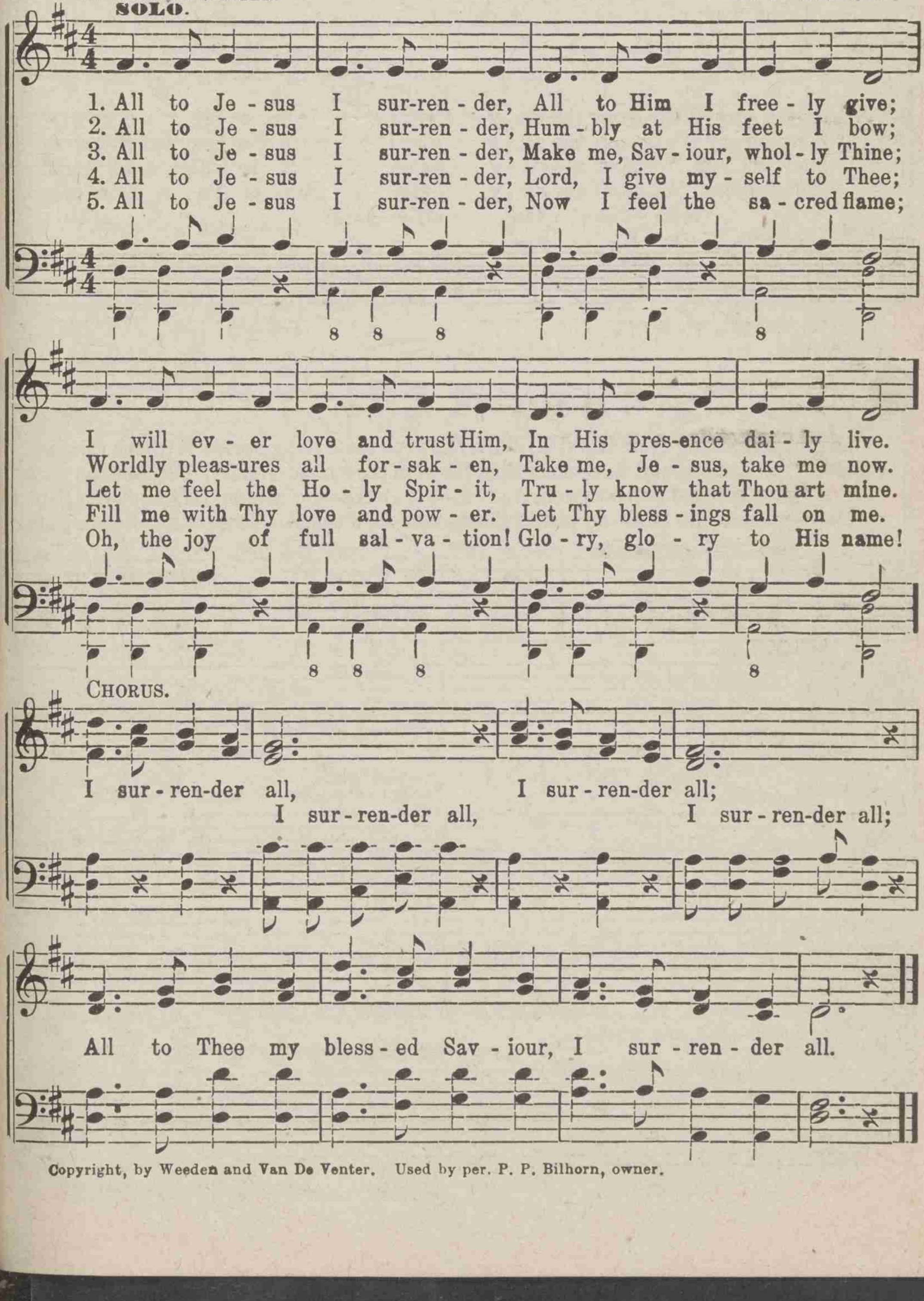
The Old Account Settled. Concluded.



298 I Surrender All.

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

SOLO.



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299 WITHOUT THE GATE.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. Who, ah, who is this I see, made a curse for you and me, Bearing shame and
2. On the cross up-lift - ed high, See the Man of Sor-rows die, Hear the loud and
3. Writ in mock'ry, writ in shame, Read the suff'r's chosen name; Hear "Judah's King,"
4. Now "without the camp" we go, Sharing His un-spok - en we, Bear-ing His re -

ag - o - ny With - out the cit - y gate? Who for sin is cru - ci - fied,
piercing cry With - out the cit - y gate! On His head our sins were laid,
loud proclaim, Without the cit - y gate! "It is fin-ished, all is done,
proach below, With-out the cit - y gate. Sons of glo - ry, heirs of grace,
With - out the cit-y gate?

Pardon streaming from His side, While His foes their King deride Without the gate.
He "an end of sin" hath made And for man the ran-som paid, Without the gate.
I have life and par-don won, And e - ter - nal peace be-gun, Without the gate.
Here we have no 'bid - ing place; But a - non we'll see His face, With - in the gate.

CHORUS.

with - out the cit - y gate,..... Where pil-grims watch
With-out the cit - y o - pen gate, Where wea - ry
and wait, Christ our Lord was cru - ci - fied With-out the gate.
pilgrims watch and wait,

Repeat Chorus.

Copyright, 1910, by Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

300 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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301 The Prodigal Son.

T. O. CHISHOLM. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Out in the wilderness wild and drear, Sad-ly I've wandered for many a year,
2. Why should I per-ish in dark despair, Here where there's no one to help or care.
3. Sweet are the mem'ries that come to me, Faces of loved ones a - gain I see,
4. O that I nev-er had gone a - stray! Life was all radiant with hope one day,

Driv - en by hun - ger and filled with fear, I will a - rise and go;
When there is shel-ter and food to spare? I will a - rise and go;
Vis-ions of home where I used to be,— I will a - rise and go;
Now all its treasures I've thrown a - way, Yet I'll a - rise and go.

Backward with sorrow my steps to trace, Seek-ing my heav-en- ly Fa-ther's face,
Deep-ly re-pent-ing the wrong I've done, Wor-thy no more to be called a son,
Others have gone who had wandered too, They were forgiven, were clothed anew,
Something is saying "God loves you still, Tho' you have treated His love so ill,"

Will-ing to take but a ser-vant s place,— I will a - rise and go,—
Hop-ing my Fa-ther His child may own, I will a - rise and go,—
Why should I linger, with home in view, I will a - rise and go,—
I must not wait for the night grows chill, I will a - rise and go,—

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The Prodigal Son. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Back to my Fa-ther and home,..... Back to my Fa-ther and home,....
and home,

I will a-rise and go..... Back to my Fa-ther and home.....
and go

302 Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. "Al-most per - suad - ed," Now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
2. "Al-most per - suad - ed," Come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
3. "Al-most per - suad - ed," Har - vest is past; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"

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

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

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303 There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

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

great day com-ing by and by; When the saints and the sinners shall be
bright day com-ing by and by; But its brightness shall on-ly come to
sad day com-ing by and by; When the sinner shall hear his doom, "de-

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

CHORUS.

Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the
judgment day? Are you ready? Are you ready for the judgment day?

USED BY PER. W. L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND CHICAGO.

304 That Wonderful Day.

J. B. V. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. The won-der-ful day of judgment is coming, And we shall soon hear the call;
2. Poor sin-ner, be-lieve the judgment is coming, O where will you stand that day?
3. The dead in their graves will come forth to meet it, All nations will hear the call

'Tis com-ing to you, and 'tis com-ing to me, That day is coming to all.
The righteous will hear, "Come, ye blessed of mine," The lost be driven a - way.
That speaks in loud tones, time on earth is no more, That day is coming to all.

day;.....

CHORUS.

O that won-der-ful, won-der-ful day, 'tis coming, coming soon; O that

day;.....

won-der-ful, won-der-ful day, 'tis coming, coming soon; It's com-ing to you, it's

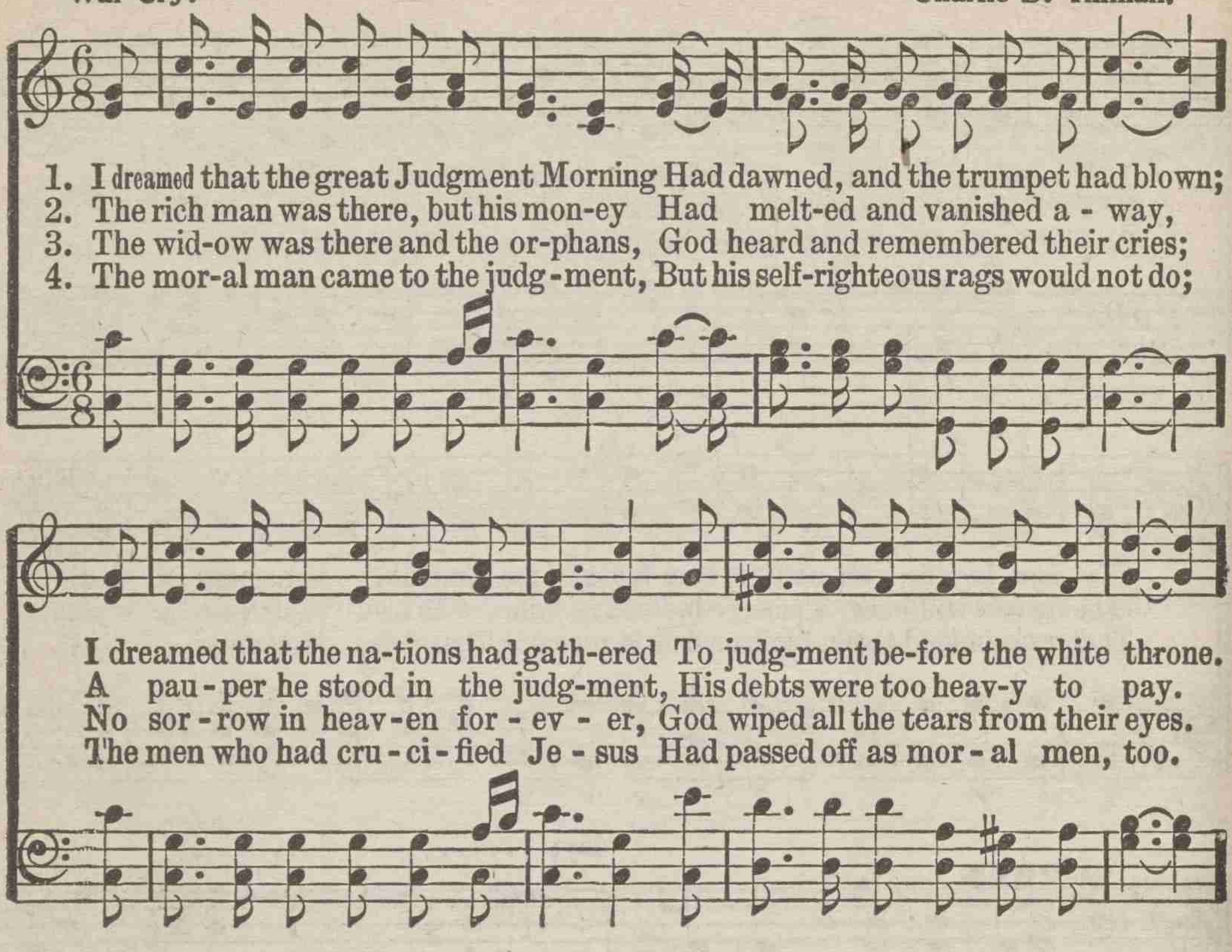
to all.....

com-ing to me, That day is com-ing, yes, coming, coming to all.

From "Windows of Heaven," by per. of J. B. Vaughan.

305 The Judgment.

War Cry. Charlie D. Tillman.



Copyright, 1893, by Charlie D. Tillman.

306 His Matchless Love.

S. N. E.

SAM. N. ELSEY.

1. O I love to sing of His match-less love, How He died to set me free; For the clouds of sin had ob-scured my soul,
2. O this match-less love, how it lift-ed me From the depths of sin and woe; For my soul was lost 'till I viewed the cross
3. O this match-less love, how it fills my heart With the pow'r of its con-trol; And I fear no harm for His might-y arm

CHORUS.

By His blood He ran-somed me.
Borne by Him who loved me so. I will sing of His matchless love,
Will pro-tect and keep my soul.

How He came from His throne a-bove; Yes, His match-less love,

a-bove;

blood was spilt for the sin-ner's guilt, I will sing of His matchless love.

Copyright, 1919, by Sam. N. Elsey

307 Forward Go.

Francis Foster. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. For-ward go, for-ward go, In the Master's name to wayward ones appealing,
2. For-ward go, cour-age show, Sure that He who leads you knows the path to glory;
3. For-ward go, good seed sow, Giv-ing light for darkness, happiness for sadness;

Beat-ing back ev-'ry foe, Great-er and tru-er faith re-veal-ing.
Foes of truth o-ver-throw, Ev-er re-peat-ing love's glad sto-ry.
Help-ing souls Christ to know, Fill-ing the world with light and glad-ness.

REFRAIN.

For-ward, in the Master's name, Dai-ly
For-ward in the Mas-ter's name, ye faith-ful, Dai-ly spread-ing
spread-ing far His fame; Him con-fess-ing, oth-ers bless-ing,
far His fame and good-ness,
Glad that you can serve Him here be-low; The ev-er-last-ing Sav-ior! For-ward
Forward in His

Forward Go. Concluded.

in His love-light fair, Spread the gos-pel ev-'ry-where,
love - light fair, ye workers, Spread the gospel ev - 'ry - where, ye faith-ful,

Giv-ing praise all your days, Servants of the bless-ed Mas - ter, for-ward go.

308 No, Not One.

Rev. Johnston 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 for-sake 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!

f. **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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309 Jesus is All the World to Me.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;

He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me.
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleeting days shall end.

When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sunshine and the rain, He sends the harvest's golden grain;
Fol-low-ing Him I know I'm right, He watch-es o'er me day and night;
Beau-ti-ful life with such a friend; Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;

f *pp*

When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun-shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day or night, He's my friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

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310 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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311 The Little You Can Do.

C. B HOPKINS. EDWIN ST. CLOUD.

1. In the vine-yard of the Mas - ter there is work for you to - day, He is call - ing you to serv - ice, do not fal - ter or de - lay; 'Tis not much of you He's ask-ing, just your la - bor, humble, true, And He ear-nest-ly is plead-ing for the lit - tle you can do.

2. And perchance there may be someone that you meet up - on your way Who will draw new hope and cour-age from a word that you may say; And a soul grown faint and wea-ry may take heart and strive anew, If you're faithful to the Mas - ter in the lit - tle you can do.

3. There are ma-ny who are read - y for the lar-ger things of life, Who will take the place of hon - or in the bat - tle and the strife, But the Mas - ter is so need - ful of the serv-ice hid from view, And a vic - to - ry is wait - ing for the lit - tle you can do.

CHORUS.

'Tis but lit - tle He is ask - ing, Just your service, humble, true, But His kingdom will be greater For the little you can do.

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312 Whosoever Meaneth Me.

J. E. McC. J. Edwin McCo[illegible]ell.

1. I am hap - py to - day and the sun shines bright, The clouds have been rolled a - way; For the Sav - ior said who - so - ev - er will, May come with Him to stay, (to stay.)
2. All my hopes have been raised, oh His name be praised, His glo - ry has filled my soul; I've been lift - ed up and from sin set free, His blood hath made me whole. (me whole.) Who - so - ev - er, sure - ly mean-eth me, now I am set free, (set free.)
3. Oh what won - der - ful love, O what grace di - vine, That Je - sus should die for me; I was lost in sin, for the world I pined, But sure - ly mean-eth me, oh, sure - ly mean-eth me, Who - so - ev - er, sure - ly mean - eth me, Who - so - ev - er, mean - eth me.

REFRAIN.

Who - so - ev - er, mean-eth me.

Copyright, 1914, by Charlie D. Tillman.

313 The Best News.

W. C. POOLE. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. The best news that I have is Je - sus loves you, That He
2. The best news that I have is Je - sus loves you, That He
3. The best news that I have is Je - sus loves you, That in

came from heav'n to earth the news to bring, And His life a ran - som
fol - lowed af-ter you for ma - ny years, When you did not for Him
love He ev - er watch-es o - ver you, Lest your feet from Him should

gave On the cross your soul to save, The best news that I
care, At your hearts door He stood there, The best news that I
stray, He will guide you all the way, The best news that I

CHORUS.

have is Je - sus loves you. Good news,
Je - sus loves you,

Glad news, Glad good news that Je - sus loves you.
Je - sus loves you,

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314 He Never Will Change.

"I am the Lord, I change not."—Mal. 3: 6.
"Jesus Christ the same, yesterday, and to-day, and forever."—Heb. 13: 8.

T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. This world hath man - y beau-ties rare, In wood and field, in
2. The years pass on and leave their trace On cher-ished scene, on
3. This life is but a fleet-ing dream, An ev - er - on - ward-
4. But One there is whom naught can change; No flight of years His

sun-set fair; But soon their beau - ty will be past,— It can-not
form and face; And some we loved in days gone by Have left us
mov-ing stream; There's naught a-bides be-neath the sun, Our songs are
love es - trange; In life, in death, O praise His Name! A - bid - ing

last, it can-not last.
for the home on high. But Christ is the same, For-ev-er the
hushed when scarce be-gun.
ev - er - more the same. 4. Yes, Christ is the same, For-ev-er the

CHORUS.

same! What-ev - er comes, thro' chang-ing years, Of loss or

espress.

pain, of joy or tears, He nev-er will change, No, nev-er change.

315 A NEW NAME IN GLORY.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I was once a sin - ner, but I came Par-don to re-ceive from my Lord:
2. I was hum-bly kneel-ing at the cross, Fearing naught but God's angry frown,
3. In the Book 'tis writ-ten, "Saved by grace;" Oh, the joy that came to my soul!

This was free-ly giv - en, and I found That He al-ways kept His word.
When the heavens o-pened and I saw That my name was written down.
Now I am for-giv - en, and I know, By the blood I am made whole.
kept His word.

CHORUS.

There's a new name written down in glory, And it's mine, oh, yes, it's mine!
And it's mine, yes, it's mine!

And the white-robed angels sing the sto-ry, "A sin-ner has come home;"
has come home;

For there's a new name written down in glo - ry, And it's mine, oh, yes, it's
And it's mine,

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A NEW NAME IN GLORY. Concluded.



316 I WILL MAKE THE DARKNESS LIGHT.

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

Copyright, 1916, dy Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

317 Jesus Is Calling

FANNY J. CROSBY. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL. GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee home—Calling to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je-sus is calling the wea - ry to rest—Calling to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;

Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Farther and farther a - way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a-way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet lowly bow; Come, and no long-er de - lay.
They who believe on His name shall rejoice; Quickly a - rise and a - way.

CHORUS.

Call - ing to - day! Call - ing to - day!
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!

Je - sus is call - ing, is ten-der - ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten - der - ly call-ing to - day,

Copyright, 1883, by Geo C. Stebbins. Used by per.

318 I Am Resolved.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I am re-solved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the world's de - light; Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler,
2. I am re-solved to go to the Sav-iour, Leav - ing my sin and strife; He is the true one, He is the just one,
3. I am re-solved to fol - low the Sav-iour, Faith -ful and true each day, Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth,
4. I am re-solved to en - ter the king-dom, Leav - ing the paths of sin; Friends may oppose me, foes may be - set me,
5. I am re-solved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with- 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,

Copyright, 1896, by Fillmore Bros.

319 The Blood Will Never Lose its Power.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. Copyright, 1912, by J. M. Harris. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. The blood that Je-sus once shed for me, As my Re-deem-er, up - on the tree; The blood that setteth the pris'ner free, Will nev - er lose its pow'r.
2. It gives us ac - cess to God on high, From "far off places" it brings us nigh; To precious blessings that never die, It will nev - er lose its pow'r.
3. It is a shel-ter for rich and poor, It is to heav - en the o - pen door; The sin-ner's mer-it for ev - er-more, It will nev - er lose its pow'r.
4. And when with all of the blood-washed throng We sing in glo-ry, re-demp-tion's song; We'll pass the glorious truth a - long, It nev - er lost its pow'r."

CHORUS.

It will nev - er lose its pow'r,.... It will nev - er lose its pow'r;....
ho - ly pow'r, ho - ly pow'r;

The blood that cleans-es from all sin, Will nev - er lose its pow'r.

320 Waiting On the Lord.

C. F. W. C. F. WEIGELE.

1. Wait-ing on the Lord, for the prom-ise giv - en; Wait-ing on the Lord
2. Wait-ing on the Lord, giv - ing all to Je - sus; Wait-ing on the Lord,
3. Wait-ing on the Lord, long - ing to mount high-er; Wait-ing on the Lord,

to send from heaven; Wait-ing on the Lord, by our faith re - ceiv-ing;
till from sin He frees us, Wait-ing on the Lord for the heav'nly breez-es;
hav - ing great de - sires; Wait-ing on the Lord for the heav'nly fire;

CHORUS.

Wait-ing in the up - per room. The pow - - - er! the
The Pen - te - cos - tal pow'r! the

pow - - - er! Gives vic-t'ry o - ver sin, and pur - i - ty with - in; The
Pen - te - cos-tal pow'r!

pow - - - er! the pow - - - er! The pow'r they had at Pen-te - cost.
Pen - te-cos-tal pow'r! the Pen-te-cos-tal pow'r!

Copyright, 1903, by C. F. Weigele.

321 All Alone.

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C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Have you ev - er tried to bear your bur - dens All a - lone?
2. Don't you know He trod the wine-press for you All a - lone?
3. Don't you know that He has bought your pardon All a - lone?

All a - lone?

All a - lone? Don't you know there's One who waits to
All a - lone? And the bur - den that He bore in
All a - lone? And your grat - i - tude for such a

All a - lone?

help you, Who will make all your bur-dens His own?
meekness, Such a bur - den no oth - er has known. When I have
mer - cy Un - to Je - sus you nev - er have shown.

CHORUS.

bur-dens to bear which no one can share, I take them to Je - sus, the

Man of Cal - va - ry; When I have cross - es to bear, my Sav-iour is

All Alone. Concluded.

there, And al-ways takes the heavy end and gives the light to me.

322 O Love that Will Not Let Me Go.

REV. GEO. MATHESON. Copyright, 1910, by Homer A. Rodeheaver. J. B. HERBERT.

May be sung as Soprano and Tenor Duet.

1. O love that will not let me go, I rest my wea-ry soul in
2. O light that followest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to
3. O joy that seekest me thro' pain, I can - not close my heart to
4. O cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to fly from

Thee, I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine ocean depths its
Thee; My heart re - stores its borrowed ray, That in Thy sun-shine's blaze its
Thee; I trace the rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the promise is not
Thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms

flow..... May rich-er, full - er be, May rich - er, full - er be.
day..... May brighter, fair - er be, May brighter, fair - er be.
vain..... That morn shall tearless be, That morn shall tear - less be.
red..... Life that shall end-less be, Life that shall end - less be.

323 I Am On My Way to Heaven.

H. J. L. Copyright, 1906, by Hall-Mack Co. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. I am on my way to heav - en where the saints are robed in white,
2. I am on my way to heav - en where the streets are paved with gold,
3. I am on my way to heav - en, bless - ed land of pure de - light,
4. I am on my way to heav - en where I'll see my Sav-iour's face,

Shout-ing glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! To that blessed land im-
Shout-ing glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! To the place of ma-ny
Shout-ing glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! Where the blest of ev'ry
Shout-ing glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! There I'll sing redemption's

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

mortal, where can never come the night, Shouting glory all the way!
man - sions and of glo-ries yet un-told, Shouting glory all the way!
na - tion are forever clothed in white, Shouting glory all the way!
sto - ry, blessed song of saving grace, Shouting glory all the way!

Hal-le-lu-jah! all the way!

CHORUS.

O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! I am on the way to heav - en,

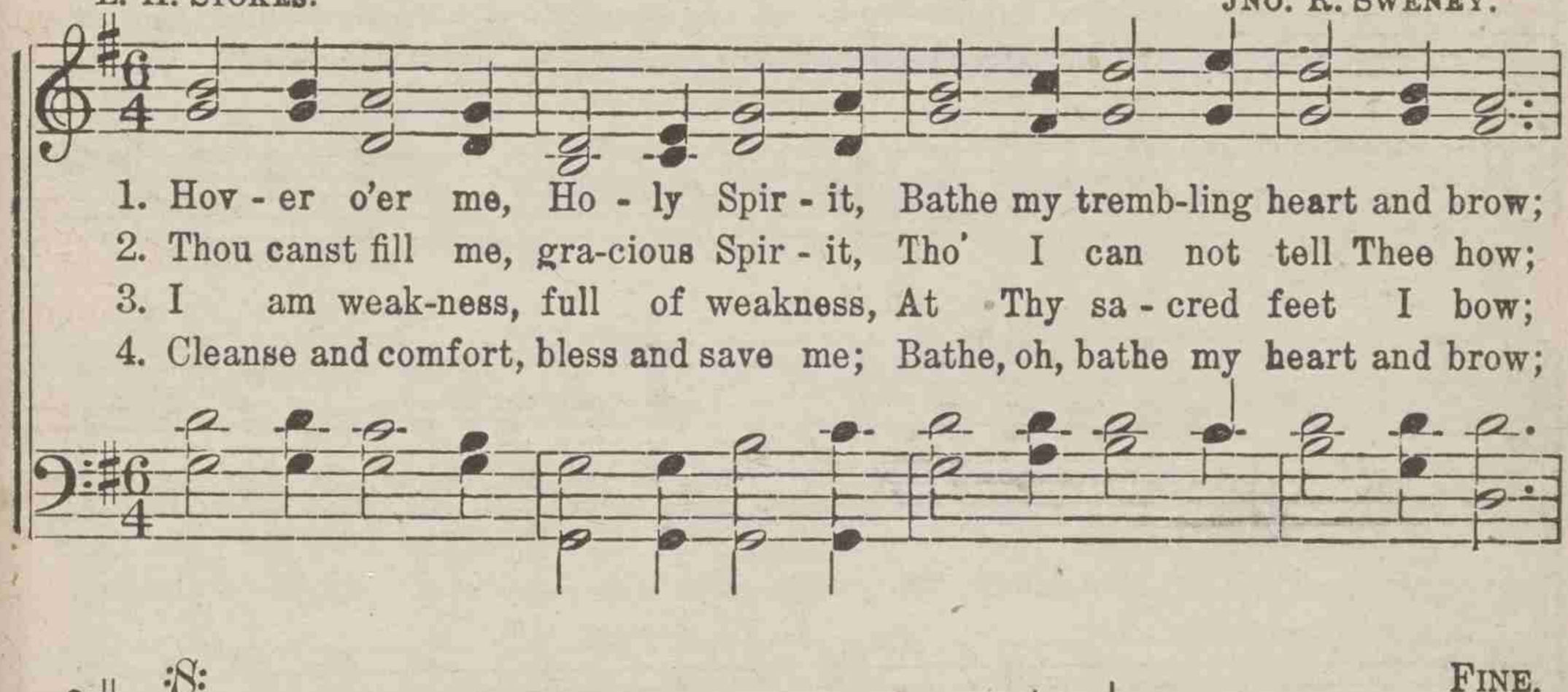
I Am On My Way to Heaven. Concluded.

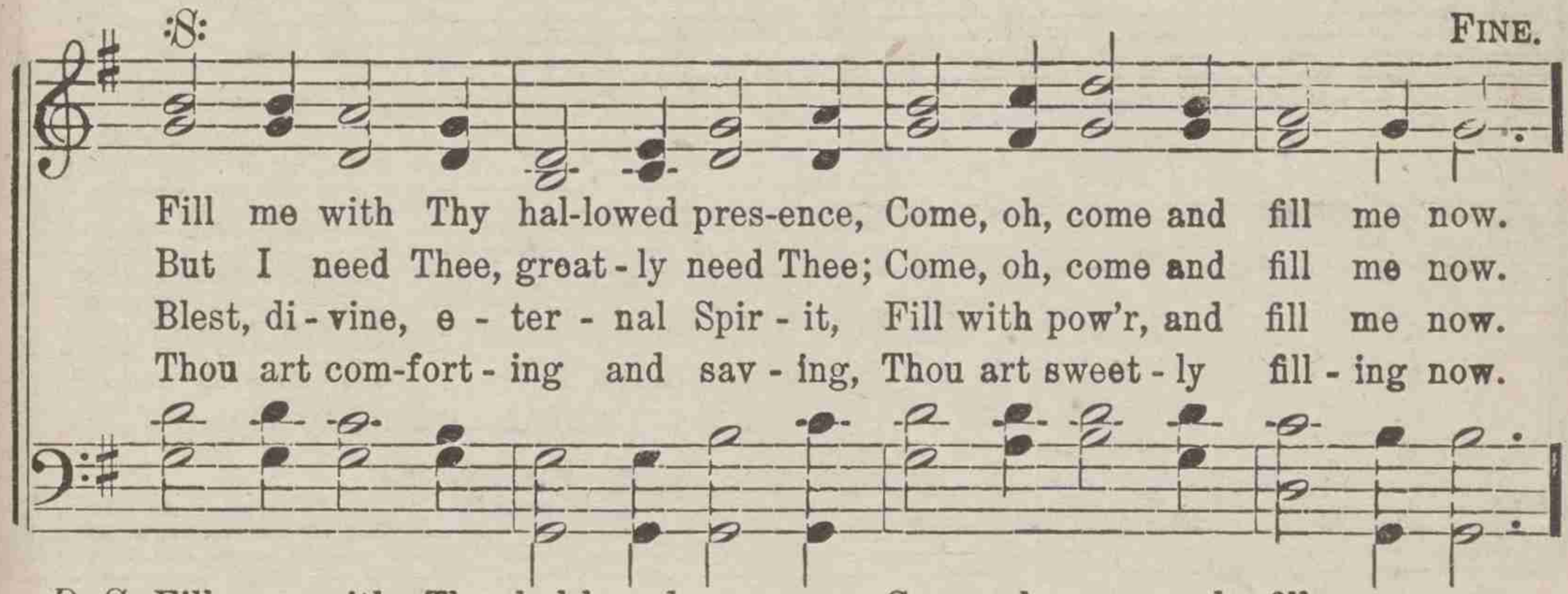


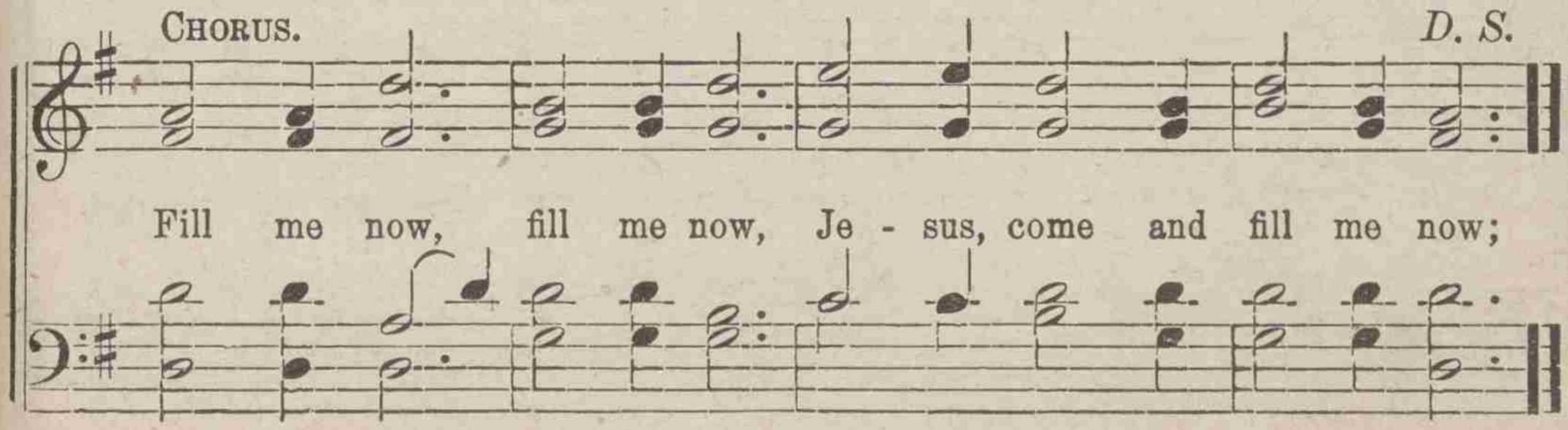
324 Fill Me Now.

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E. H. STOKES. JNO. R. SWENEY.







325 The Old Home and the New.

JAMES ROWE. Copyright, 1919, by Charlie D. Tillman. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

Deliberately.

1. Oh, how ten - der and sweet is the feel - ing That is mine when in fan - cy I roam, Where the joy-bells of childhood are peal - ing, And the
2. The old home is to mem - o - ry cling - ing, Not be-cause it was state-ly or fair, But be-cause of the hearts that were sing - ing, And the
3. There's a new home now wait - ing up yon - der, 'Tis a beau - ti - ful man-sion I know, Where my heart will for - ev - er grow fond - er Of the

sun - set makes bright the old home. I can feel the dear hand of my
peace and the love that were there. It was there the first les - son was
dear ones I've cher-ished be - low; There to - geth - er by life's bless-ed

moth - er, I can hear her sweet voice as of yore, And with fa-ther and
giv - en, While I knelt at my dear mother's knee, I then first heard of
riv - er, We shall dwell, and a - part nev - er roam, But be hap - py for-

sis - ter and broth - er, Lose the world and its tri - als once more.
Je - sus and heav - en, In the sto - ry which she told to me.
ev - er and ev - er, In our beau - ti - ful heav - en - ly home.

The Old Home and the New. Concluded.

REFRAIN. *Very slowly, with feeling.*

1–2. Oh, the old home, sweet home, How I loved it, Its mem'ries are precious to me, Whereso-
3. Oh, that new home, waiting For God's children, Who have struggled and la-bored down here, We shall

con espres.

ev-er I roam, tho'ts of loved ones and home, Bring a blessing of comfort to me.
reach it some day, it shall not pass a-way, For its Builder and Mak-er is there.

326 Home, Sweet Home.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE. (Melody in second tenor.) H. R. BISHOP. Arr. by HENRY FILLMORE.

1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal - a - ces tho' we may roam,
   Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place .....like home;
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
   And feel that my moth-er now thinks of.....her child;
3. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain;
   O, give me my low - ly thatched cot - tage.....a - gain;

A charm..... from the skies,

Refrain.

A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there,
Which seek thru the world, is ne'er met with else - where. Home, home,
As she looks on that moon from our own cot-tage door,
Thru the woodbine whose fra - grance shall cheer me no.....more.
The birds sing-ing gai - - ly that came at my call,
Give me them and that peace of mind dear - er than.....all.

sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home,..... O, there's no place like home.

Arr. copyright, 1919, by Charlie D. Tillman.

327 My Saviour's Love.

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

1. I stand a-mazed in the pres - ence Of Je - sus, the Naz - a - rene,
2. For me it was in the gar - den He pray'd "Not my will but Thine;"
3. In pit - y an - gels be-held Him, And came from the world of light
4. When with the ran-somed in glo - ry, His face I at last shall see,

And won - der how He could love me, A sin - ner, condemned, unclean.
He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweatdrops of blood for mine.
To com - fort Him in the sor - row He bore for my soul that night.
'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.

CHORUS.

How mar - vel-ous! how won-der-ful! And my song shall ev - er be:—
O how mar - vel-ous! O how won-der-ful!

How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful! Is my Saviour's love for me!
O how mar-vel-ous! O how won-der-ful!

Chas. M Alexander, owner. Copyright, 1906, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

328 Tell it Wherever You Go.

Dedicated to and first used at the Virginia State Sunday-School Convention,
Feb. 8–11, 1915, at Charlottesville, Va.

C. H. L. C. HAROLD LOUDEN.

1. If you've heard the wondrous sto - ry of the Sav - iour and His love,
2. Deep in sin He may have found you, t uched and changed you thru and thru,
3. 'Tis a won-der - ful sal - va - tion that will save a soul from sin,
4. Life at best is ver - y fleet-ing, death and judg - ment swift and sure,

Tell it wher-ev - er you go. If you've felt the thrill of glo-ry when He
Tell it wher-ev - er you go. There are thousands who will prof-it by the
Tell it wher-ev - er you go. Just a word when rightly spok-en oft - en
Tell it wher-ev - er you go. E'en the word that you've forgotten may a

touched you from a - bove, Tell it wher-ev - er you go.
thing He did for you, Tell it wher-ev - er you go.
will the vic - t'ry win, Tell it wher-ev - er you go.
place in heav'n se - cure, Tell it wher-ev - er you go.

CHORUS.

Tell it, tell it wher-

ev - er you go, Ma - ny souls are longing for the good things you know, Some one's

rit. a tempo.

hope of heav-en rests on words you may bestow; Tell it wher - ev - er you go.

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329 THE EASTERN GATE.

Dedicated to Rev. P. F. Bresee, Los Angeles, Cal.

I. G. M. Arr. I. G. Martin.

1. I will meet you in the morn - ing, Just in - side the East-ern Gate,
2. If you has - ten off to glo - ry, Lin - ger near the East-ern Gate,
3. Keep your lamps all trimmed and burning, For the Bridegroom watch and wait,
4. O the joys of that glad meet - ing With the saints who for us wait,

Then be read - y, faith-ful pil - grim, Lest with you it be too late.
For I'm com-ing in the morn - ing, So you'll not have long to wait.
He'll be with us at the meet - ing, Just in - side the East - ern Gate.
What a bless-ed, hap-py meet - ing, Just in - side the East - ern Gate.

Chorus.

I will meet you in the morning, I will meet you in the morn-ing, Just in side the Eastern Gate o - ver there; I will meet you in the morning, I will meet you in the morning, I will meet you in the morning o - ver there.

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330 IN SAFE-GUARD WITH JESUS.

"With me thou shalt be in safe-guard."—1 Sam'l, 22: 23.

E. E. HEWITT. JEAN HOWARD.

1. In safe-guard with Jesus, so happy and blest, With-in His pav - il - ion we
2. O mark the con-di - tion, "a-bide thou with Me," For on - ly in Je - sus our
3. In safe-guard with Jesus, a-bid-ing with Him, A light shines around us, no
4. In ut-ter dependence we'll ask for the pow'r To keep us a - bid-ing and

peace-ful-ly rest; His truth is our ref-uge, and brightly a - bove His ban-ner
safe - ty shall be; When from the dear Saviour the heart goes astray, The feet quick-
shadows need dim; For e - ven in sor-row it shines thro' our tears, Till on the
trusting each hour; The soldiers who conquer on life's try-ing field, Are those who

CHORUS.

is float-ing, the ban-ner of love.
ly fol - low a dan-ger-ous way. How sweet is our shel-ter be-neath His own
dark back-ground the rain-bow appears.
to Je - sus con - fid - ing - ly yield.

wing, How sure our pro - tec-tion, the word of our King; O hear our Re-

deem-er, "a-bide thou with Me, Then shalt thou for-ev - er in safe - guard be."

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331 One Day at a Time.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Katharine Atherton Grimes. **Francis Foster.**

1. One day at a time God gives us the year; One day at a time to
2. One day at a time–He knows it is best; To - day let us la-bor, and
3. One day at a time–the Fa-ther will hold The days that we give Him more

trust in His care; There's nev - er a bur - den that we can - not
trust for the rest; At night - fall 'tis fin - ished, each troub - le con-
pre-cious than gold; One day at a time life's sto - ry is

CHORUS.

bear One day at a time for Je - sus.
fessed, And laid at the feet of Je - sus. One day at a time our
told Till we are at home with Je - sus.

serv - ice to give; One day at a time to tru - ly be-lieve; 'Tis

all that He asks—we sure - ly can live One day at a time for Je - sus.

332 For You I Am Praying.

S. O'Maley Cluff. **Ira D. Sankey.**

1. I have a Sav-ior, He's plead-ing in glo-ry, A dear, lov-ing Sav-
2. I have a Fa-ther: to me He has giv-en A hope for e-ter-
3. I have a robe: 'tis re-splend-ent in whiteness, A-wait-ing in glo-
4. When Jesus has found you, tell oth-ers the sto-ry, That my lov-ing Sav-

ior tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in ten-der-ness
ni-ty, bless-ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in
ry my won-der-ing view; Oh, when I re-ceive it all shin-ing in
ior is your Sav-ior too; Then pray that your Sav-ior may bring them to

CHORUS.

o'er me, And oh, that my Sav-ior were your Sav-ior too.
heav-en, But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too! For you I am
brightness, Dear friends, could I see you re-ceiv-ing one too!
glo ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!

p praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm pray-ing for you.

f *pp* *rall.*

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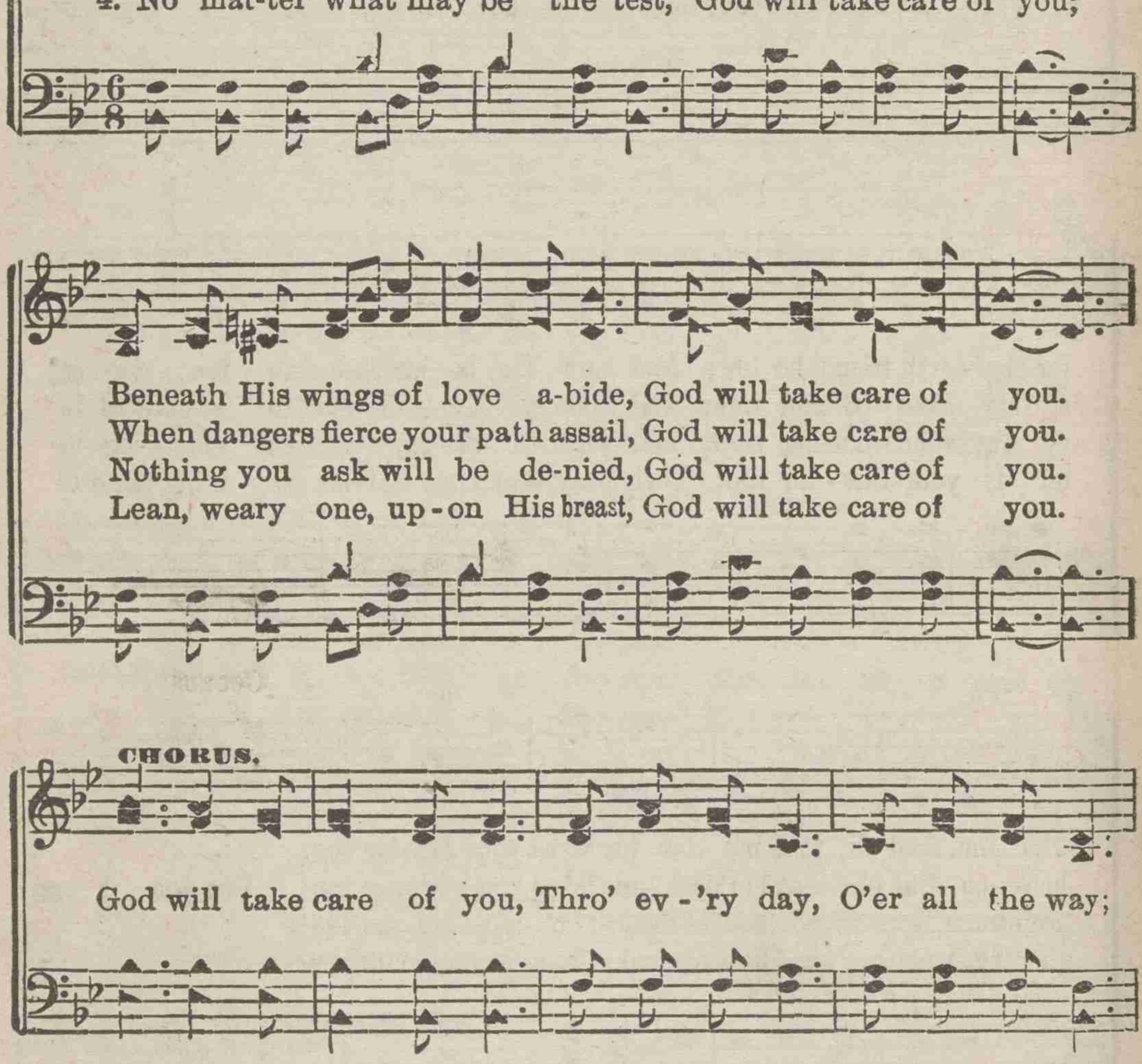
333 God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

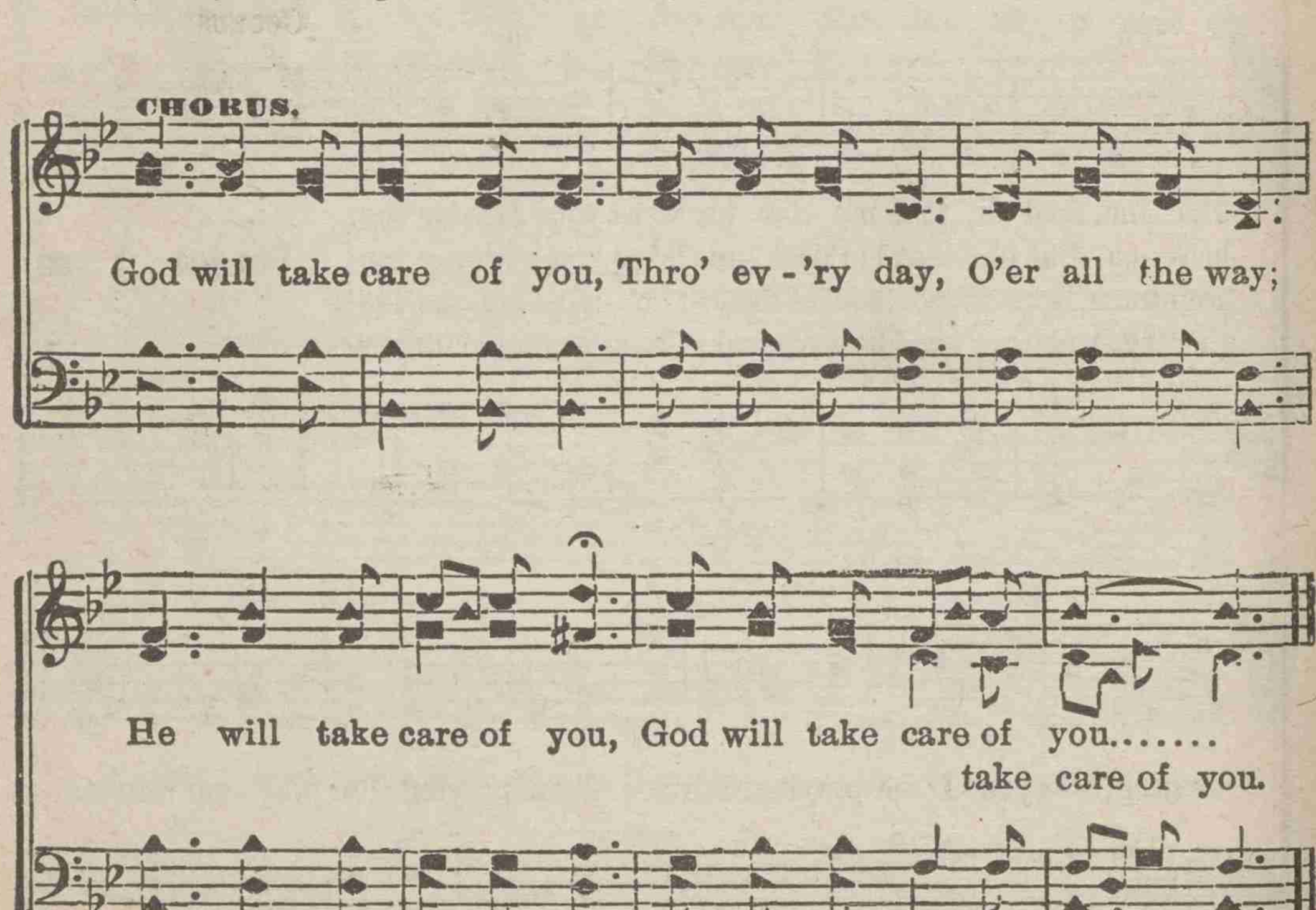
C. D. MARTIN. W. S. MARTIN.



1. Be not dismayed whate'er be-tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

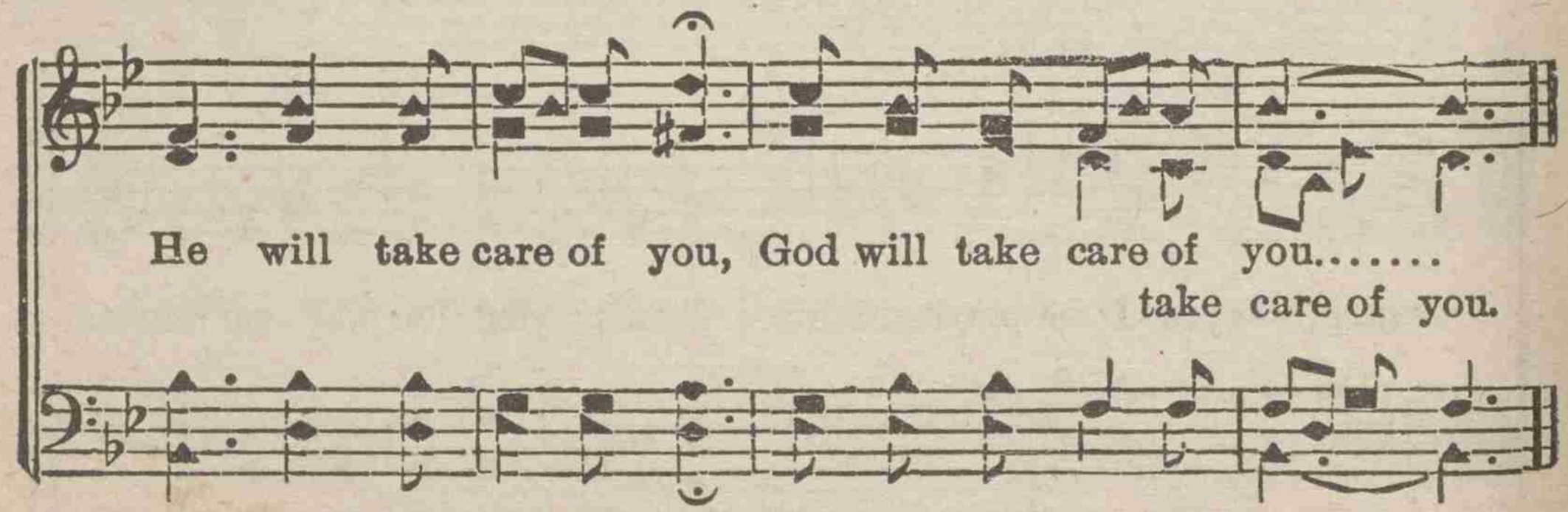


Beneath His wings of love a-bide, God will take care of you.
When dangers fierce your path assail, God will take care of you.
Nothing you ask will be de-nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, weary one, up-on His breast, God will take care of you.



CHORUS.

God will take care of you, Thro' ev-'ry day, O'er all the way;



He will take care of you, God will take care of you.....
take care of you.

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334 It Was Jesus.

J. M. HENSON. MCD. WEAMS.

Duet. *Semi Chorus.*

1. Some one touched my heart with love, It was Je - sus, It was
2. Some one changed my sigh to song, It was Je - sus, It was
3. Some one gave my soul new life, It was Je - sus, It was

Duet. *Semi Chorus.*

Je - sus; Some one bade me look a-bove, It was Je - sus,
Je - sus; Led me right in - stead of wrong, It was Je - sus,
Je - sus; Some one helped me in the strife, It was Je - sus,

CHORUS.

bless - ed Je - sus. It was Je - sus my dear Friend,
my dear Friend,

On whose love I could de-pend, Some one
I could de - pend;.....

caused my grief to end, It was Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

Weams and Henson, owners.

335 Saviour Mine.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY,
IN "HOSANNAS,"

Laurene Highfield. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Thou art in-deed a friend to me, Sav - ior mine, In all my griefs to
2. I love to feel that Thou art near, Sav - ior mine, That in Thy care I
3. Thou art the source of all my joy, Sav - ior mine, I come to Thee when

Sav - ior mine, Sav-ior mine,

Thee I flee, Sav - ior mine, Thy love hath com-fort spok - en,
need not fear, Sav - ior mine, I know that Thou so ho - ly,
cares an-noy, Sav - ior mine, I bring my pain and pleas - ure,

Sav - ior mine, Sav - ior mine,

From a heart once broken, None like Thee had borne such sorrow, Sav-ior mine.
Died to save the low - ly, Yet I can-not com-pre-hend it, Sav-ior mine.
Life nor death can measure All the help that Thou dost give me, Sav-ior mine.

CHORUS.

Sav - ior of sin - - ners, how can it be,.....
Sav - ior mine, Sav - ior di - vine, can it be, how can it be,

That Thou hast par - - don pur - chased for me?.....
That Thou hast par - don for me, par - don free purchased for me?

Saviour Mine. Concluded.

I..... am un-wor - thy, Thou.... art di - vine,.....
Sav-iour mine, Sav-iour of love, I am weak, Thou art di-vine,

Great.... is Thy mer - - cy, Sav - iour mine.....
Great and bless-ed Thy won-der-ful mer-cy, Sav - iour mine, dear Sav-iour mine.

Sav - iour, Sav-iour mine.....

336 The Great Physician.

Rev. Wm. H. Hunter, D. D. Arranged by J. H. Stockton.

1. { The Great Phy-si - cian now is near, The sym - pa-thiz - ing Je - sus;
   { He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus.
2. { Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus;
   { Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
3. { All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be - lieve in Je - sus;
   { I love the bless-ed Sav-iour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
4. { His name dis-pels my grief and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus;
   { Oh, how my soul de - lights to hear The pre-cious name of Je - sus.
5. { And when to that bright world a-bove, We rise to see our Je - sus,
   { We'll sing a-round the throne of love His name, the name of Je - sus.

Chorus.

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

pp

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

337 The Amen Corner.

REV. A. J. HOUGH. (Not Ah-men this time.) CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. In old - en days when our fa-ther's Put the en - e - my to rout,
2. When the saints in the A - men cor - ner Bowed lis- ten - ing, on their knees,
3. And oft when the preacher in bat - tle Seemed o - ver-born by his foes,
4. There is pow'r in the grand old gos - pel There is pow'r in songs of old,

All the saints in the A - men cor - ner Per - sued Him with a shout, (Amen!)
They would hear the sound of "a go - ing In the tops of the mulberry trees;" (Amen!)
From the pray-ing souls in the cor - ner A grand A - men a - rose, (Amen!)
We are tell - ing the won-der-ful sto - ry, Our fa-ther's so grand-ly told; (Amen!)

While the burdened hearts of the seek-ers, For par - don and per-fect peace
When strengthened they were in spir - it, Then led by the heav'n - ly host,
Then it broke the spell of the temp-ter, The heav'n's they ceased to frown,
The Lord in His church is dwelling In pow - er as He did then,

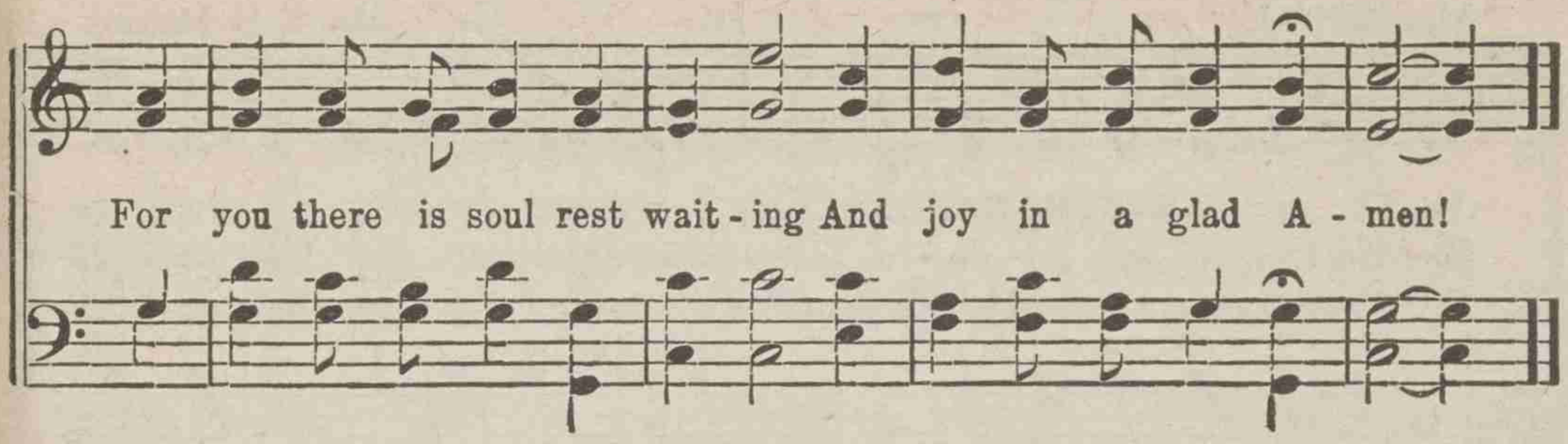
In a flood of glad hal - le - lu - jahs Ob - tained a swift re - lease.
Stepped out on the prom-ise bold-ly And prayed in the Ho - ly Ghost.
Faith rose to the throne tri - umphant And the glo - ry of God came down.
But the spell of si-lence is on her, And she needs the grand A - men!

CHORUS.

Stand ye in the ways and look ye, In the old paths walk a-gain, (A-men!)

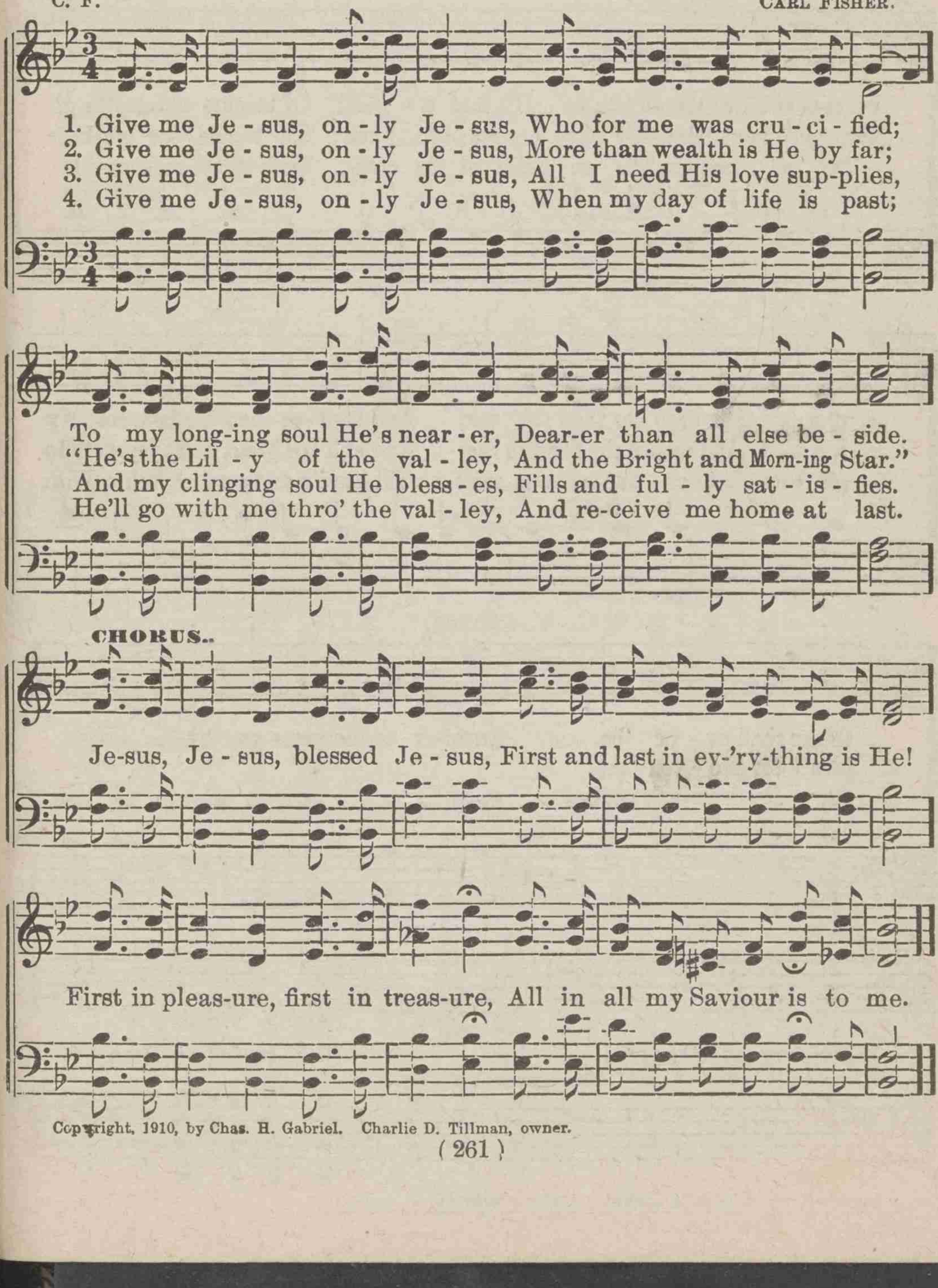
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The Amen Corner. Concluded.



338 Give Me Jesus.

C. F. CARL FISHER.



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339 Sweeter as the Years Go By.

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

1. Of Je-sus' love that sought me, When I was lost in sin; Of wondrous
2. He trod in old Ju-de-a Life's pathway long a-go; The peo-ple
3. 'T was wondrous love which led Him For us to suf-fer loss—To bear, with-

grace that brought me Back to His fold a-gain; Of heights and depths of
thronged about Him, His sav-ing grace to know; He healed the bro-ken-
out a mur-mur, The an-guish of the cross; With saints redeemed in

mer-cy, Far deep-er than the sea, And high-er than the heavens, My
heart-ed, And caused the blind to see; And still His great heart yearneth In
glo-ry, Let us our voi-ces raise, Till heav'n and earth re-ech-o With

theme shall ev-er be. Sweet-er as the years go by,.....
love for e-ven me.
our Re-deem-er's praise. {Sweet-er} as the years go by. 'Tis

CHORUS.

Sweet-er as the years go by; Rich-er, full-er, deep-er,
sweet-er as the years go by;

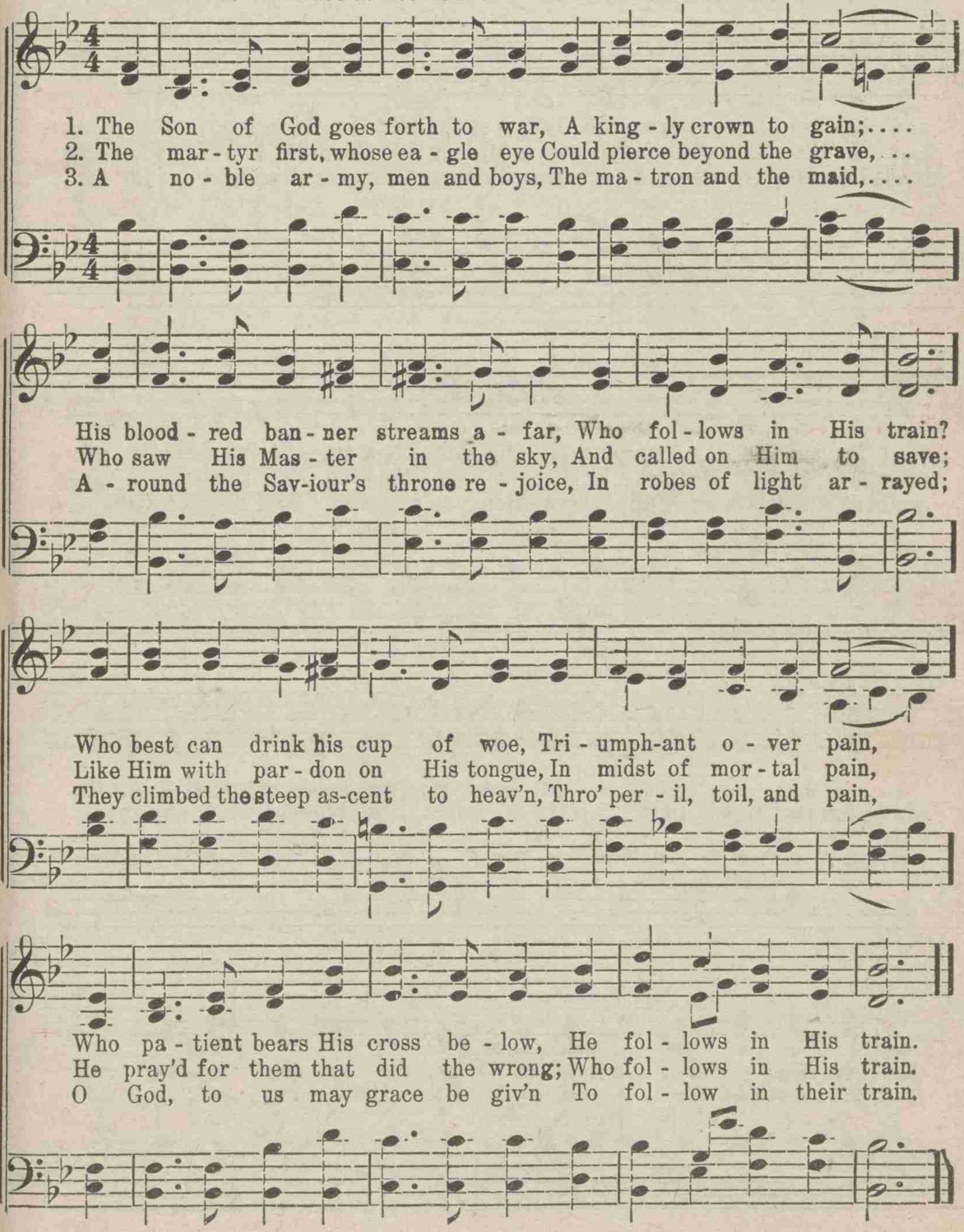
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Sweeter As the Years Go By. Concluded.



340 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

REGINALD HEBER. "I have overcome the world."—JOHN 16: 33. DR. H. S. CUTLER.



341 Jesus Paid the Debt.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY,
IN "HOSANNAS."

M. S. Shaffer. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Gone is all my debt of sin, A great change is bro't with-in, And to live I now be - gin, Ris - en from the fall; Yet the debt I did not pay--Some one
2. Oh, I hope to please Him now, Light of joy is on my brow, As at His dear feet I bow, Safe with-in His love. Making His the debt I owed, Free-dom
3. Sin - ner, not for me a - lone Did the Son of God atone; Your debt, too, He made His own, On the cru - el tree. Come to Him with all your sin; Be as

died for me one day, Sweeping all the debt a-way,—Je - sus paid it all.
true He has bestowed; So I'm sing-ing on the road To my home a-bove.
white as snow with-in; Full sal-va - tion you may win And re-joice with me.

CHORUS. *Bass to predominate in power.*

Je - sus died and paid it all, yes, On the cross of Cal - va - ry, Oh,
Je - sus died and paid it On the cross of Cal - va - ry,

And my ston - y heart was melt - ed At His dy - ing, dy - ing call;
And my heart was melt - ed At His dy - ing call;

Jesus Paid the Debt.

Oh, His heart in shame was bro - ken On the tree for you and me, yes,
Oh, His heart was bro - ken On the tree for you and me,

And the debt, the debt is can-celled, Je - sus paid it, paid it all.
And the debt is can - celled, Je - sus paid it all.

342 Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God, For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God, For Thy spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love, May each soul be re -

REFRAIN.

died And is now gone a - bove.
Sav-ior, And scattered our night. Hal - le - lu-jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le-
sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
kin-dled With fire from a - bove.

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

343 Constantly Abiding.

MRS. W. L. M. MRS. WILL L. MURPHY.

1. There's a peace in my heart, that the world nev-er gave, A peace it can not take a - way; Tho' the tri - als of life may surround like a cloud,
2. All the world seemed to sing of a Sav-iour and King, When peace sweetly came to my heart; Trou - bles all fled a - way and my night turned to day,
3. This treas-ure I have in a tem - ple of clay, While here on His foot-stool I roam; But He's com - ing to take me some glo - ri - ous day,

CHORUS.

I've a peace that has come there to stay! Con - - - stant-ly a-
Bless-ed Je - sus, how glorious Thou art!
O - ver there to my heav - en - ly home! Cons-tant-ly a-bid - ing,

bid - - - ing, Je - - - sus is mine;
con - stant-ly a - bid - ing, Je - sus is mine, yes, Je - sus is mine;

Con - - - stant-ly a - bid - - - ing, rap - ture di-
Con - stant-ly a - bid - ing, con-stant-ly a - bid - ing, rap-ture di-vine, O

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Constantly Abiding. Concluded.

vine; He nev - er leaves me lone - - ly, whispers,
rap - ture di-vine; He nev-er leaves me, never leaves me lonely, whispers,

O so kind:— "I will nev-er leave Thee," Je - sus is mine.
whispers, O so kind:— never leave Thee," Jesus, Je-sus is mine.

344 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

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

1. Brightly beams our Father's mer-cy From the light-house ev - er - more;
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows roar;
3. Trim your feeble lamp, my broth-er; Some poor sea - man tem-pest toss'd,

But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watching, longing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

D. S.—Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may res - cue, you may save.

Chorus. *D. S.*

Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!

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345 Why Not Now.

"Behold, now is the accepted time." II Cor. 6: 2.

El Nathan. C. C. Case.



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





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

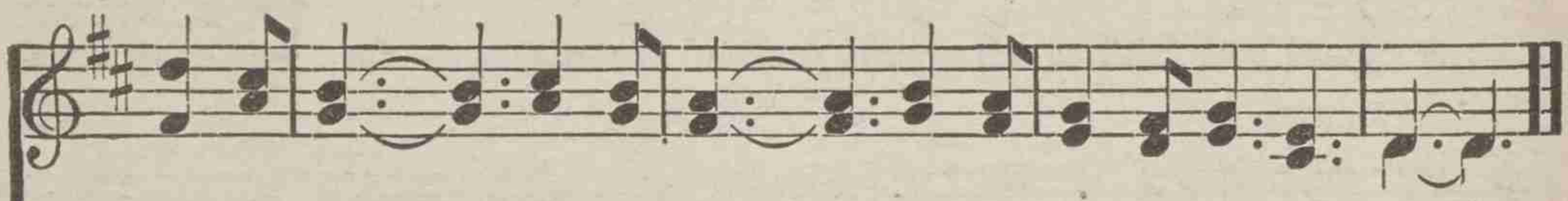


Chorus.



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





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



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346 After the Shadows.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Aft - er the mid-night, morning will greet us; Aft-er the sad - ness, joy will ap-
2. Aft - er the bat-tle, peace will be giv - en; Aft-er the weeping, songs there will
3. Shadows and sun-shine all thro' the sto - ry, Teardrops and pleasure, day aft-er

pear; Aft - er the tem-pest, sun-light will meet us; Aft - er the jeer - ing,
be; Aft - er the jour - ney there will be heav-en,—Burdens will fall and
day; But when we reach the king-dom of Glo - ry, Tri - als of earth will

praise we shall hear. Aft - er the shad - ows, there will be sun - shine;
we shall be free.
van - ish a - way.

CHORUS.

Aft-er the shad-ows, there will be sun-shine,

Aft-er the frown, the soul-cheering smile;... Cling to the Sav - ior,

After the frown, the soul-cheering, soul-cheering smile; Cling to the Sav - ior,

love Him for - ev - er; All will be well in a lit - tle while.

love Him for - ev - er;

347 The Call of the Cross.

E. E. HEWITT. Copyright, 1919, by Charlie D. Tillman. EDWIN ST. CLOUD.

1. The cross, the cross! It calls to one and all; A - rise, a - rise! Re-
2. The cross, the cross! The sign of sac - ri - fice; Of love, such love, that
3. The cross, the cross! Oh, let us own its pow'r! Press on, press on, thro'

spon - sive to its call; Ex - alt, ex - alt our worth-y Leader's fame, And
paid re-demption's price; Go forth, go forth to win the vic - to - ries, Wher-
ev - 'ry try - ing hour; Re - joice, re - joice to tell of love di - vine, And

CHORUS.

bat - tle in His name.
e'er our King shall please. 'Tis the call of the cross, call-ing you, call - ing
con - quer by this sign.

me, To the work of our King, on the land, on the sea; Who will

make glad re-ply, "Blessed Lord, here am I," Who will serve the King on high?

348 Did You Talk with Jesus About It?

HERBERT BUFFUM. Copyright, 1919, by Charlie D. Tillman. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. When laden with sin and bowed down with grief, When you've tried in vain
2. Did you choose your way with-out ask - ing Him, And then won - dered why
3. Did you talk with Je - sus a - bout that sin? You failed to o'er - come
4. Did you talk with Je - sus a - bout that wrong That came to you once

to ob - tain re - lief, Did you talk with Je - sus a - bout the load And
you were o'er-come by sin? Do you know that God has a plan for you? Have
it a - gain and a - gain; Or try - ing to con-quer in your own strength, You
when you mixed with the throng? Or did you forget what He said you must do When

CHORUS.

ask Him to help you a - long life's road?
you asked Him what He would have you to do? Did you talk with Je - sus, and
gave up the strug-gle and failed at length.
oth-ers you trusted mis-treat - ed you?

what did He say? Did you ask Him to help you a - long life's way? Did you

talk with Him, did He talk with you? Then surely you know what He'd have you do!

349 My Mother's Bible.

EVANGELIST M. B. WILLIAMS. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

DUET.

1. There's a dear and pre-cious book, Tho' its worn and fad-ed now, Which re-
2. As she read the sto - ries o'er, Of those mighty men of old, Of
3. Then she read of Je - sus' love, As He blest the children dear, How He
4. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem'ry lin - gers still, And the

calls those happy days of long a - go; When I stood at mother's knee,
Jos - eph and of Dan-iel and their trials; Of lit - tle Da - vid bold,
suffered, bled and died up - on the tree Of His heav-y load of care,
dear old Book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will,

With her hand up - on my brow, And I heard her voice in gen-tle tones and low.
Who became a king at last; Of Sa - tan with his ma - ny wick - ed wiles.
Then she dried my flow-ing tears With her kisses as she said it was for me.
As my moth-er taught me then, And ev - er in my heart His words a-bide.

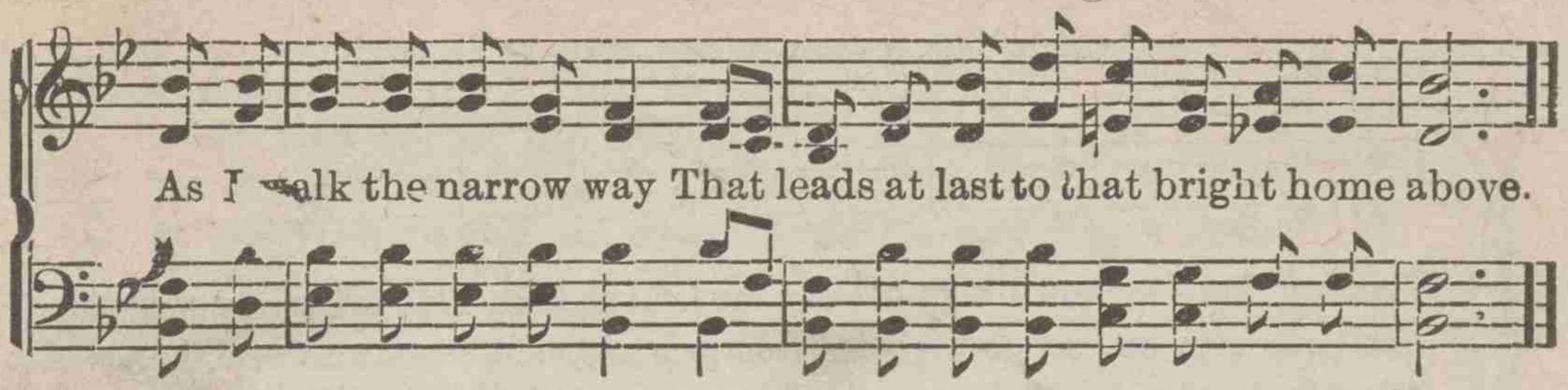
CHORUS.

Bless - ed book,..... pre - cious book,..... On thy dear old tear-stained
Bless-ed book, precious book,

leaves I love to look; (love to look;) Thou art sweet - er day by day,

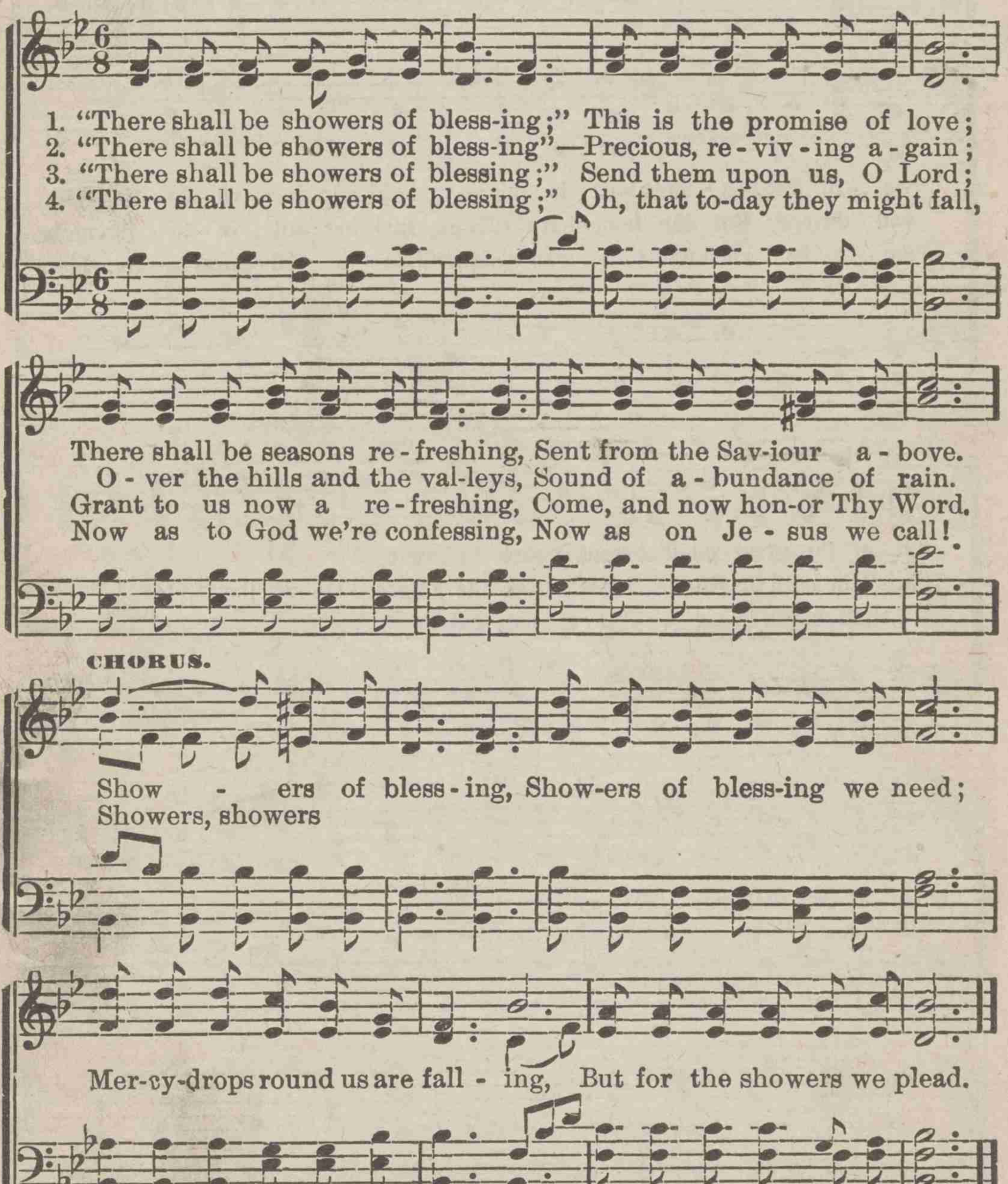
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My Mother's Bible. Concluded.



350 There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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351 Over the Top For Jesus.

Copyright, 1918, by James V. Reid, Oakland City, Ind.

J. V. R. J. V. Reid.

1. There's a bat - tle rag - ing o - ver the land and sea, True to Christ our Captain
2. There's a cry of sor - row ris-ing from hearts oppress'd, There's a world in sadness
3. When the pow'rs of earth be-fore the Redeemer shall kneel, When the joy of tri-umph

we will be; Sa - tan's host is might-y, fight-ing for ru - in and sin,
and un-rest; But the hope that thrills us, look-ing out in - to the night,
we shall feel; Then with Christ who conquer'd, in - to the realms of the blest

CHORUS.

But in this great con-flict right is sure to win,
Christ, the Lord of bat-tles, leads us in the fight. O - ver the top for Je - sus
We shall march in vic - t'ry to e - ter - nal rest.

brave - ly we will go; O - ver the top for Je - sus, rout-ing ev - 'ry foe,

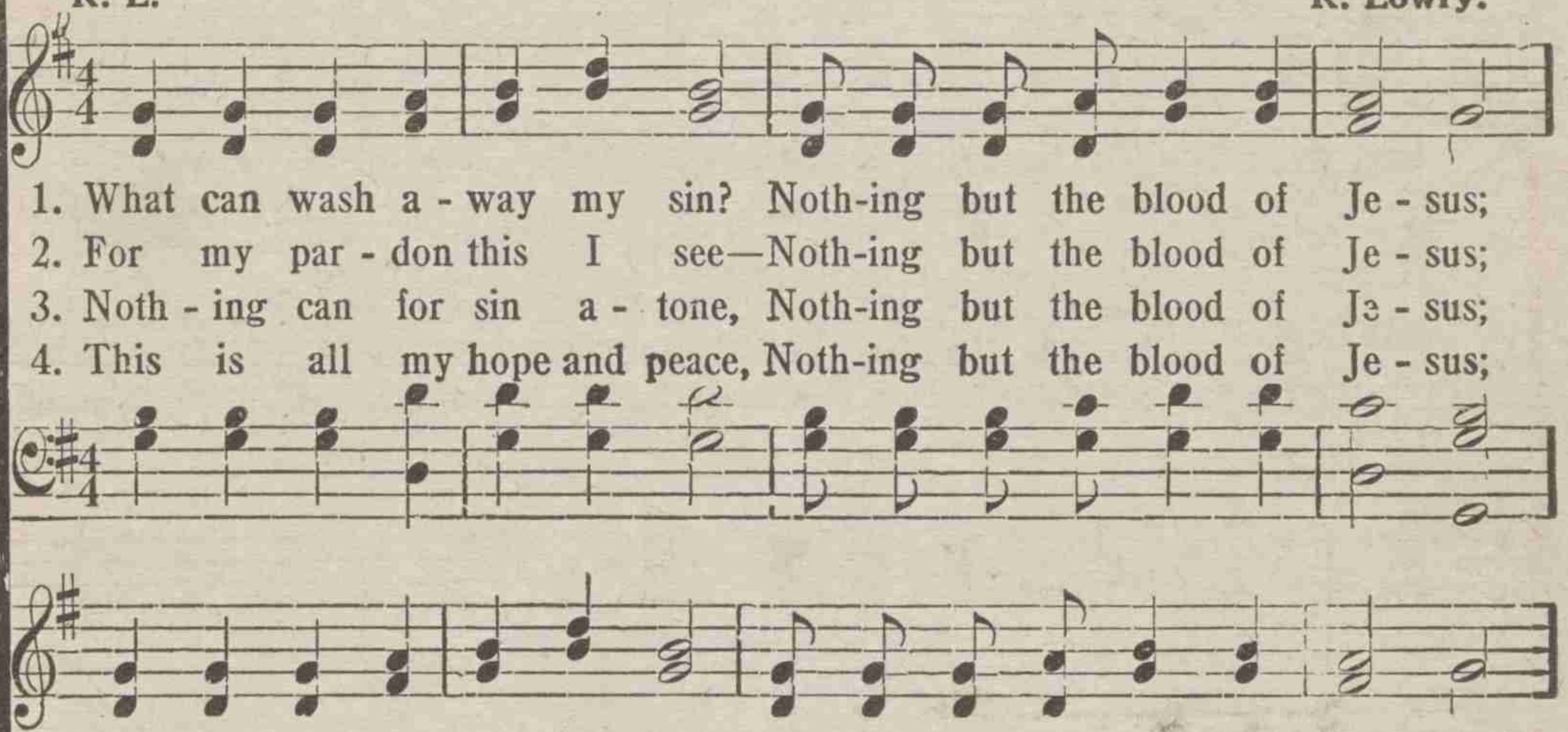
Nev - er de - lay - ing when we hear the bu - gle blow,

Over the Top for Jesus.

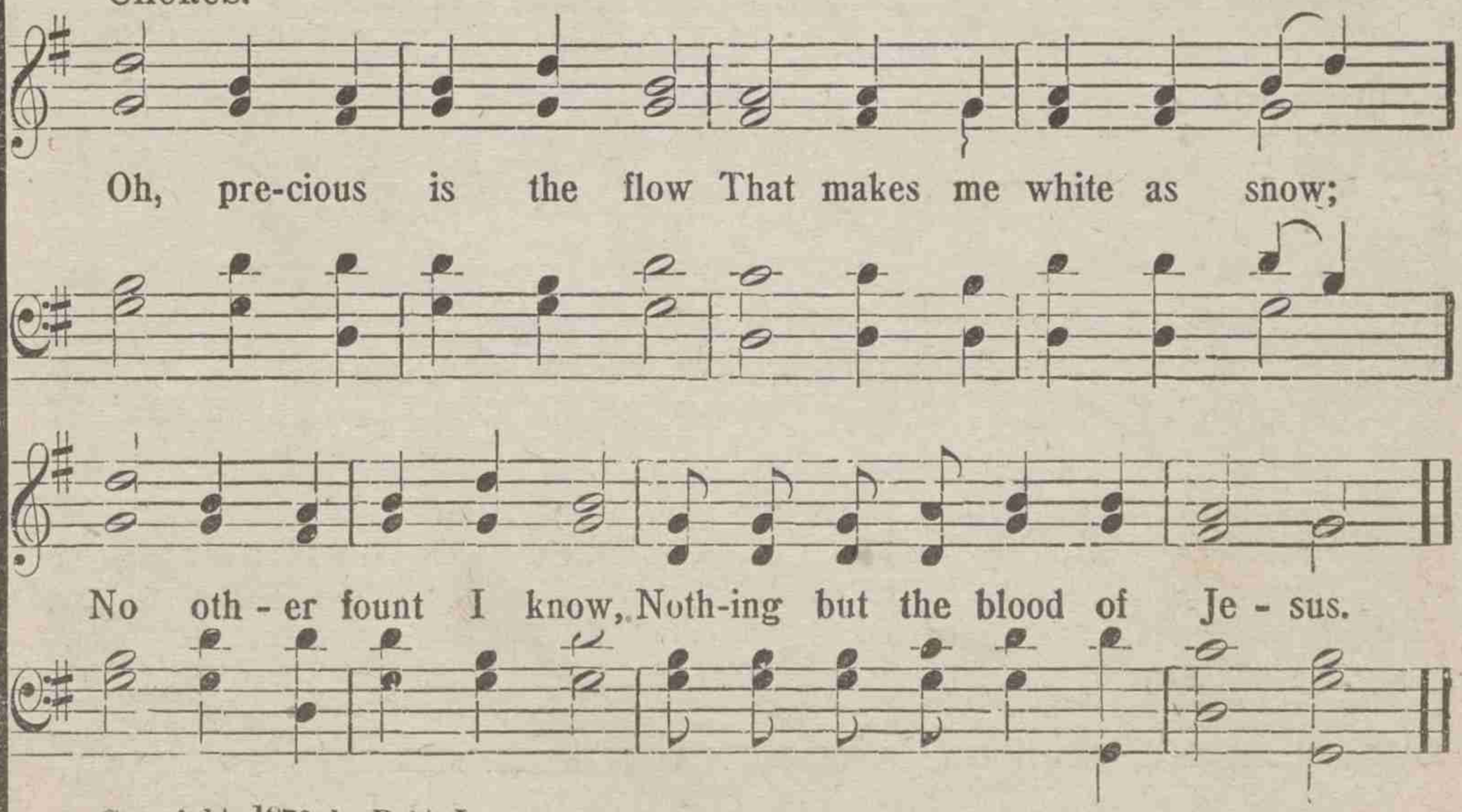


No. 352 Nothing but The Blood of Jesus.

R. L. R. Lowry.



CHORUS.



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353 Although He Knew My Story.

J. R. JAMES ROWE.

1. Although He knew my dreadful sto-ry, The Sav-iour took me in,
2. Tho' I for years ignored and grieved Him, He mentions not the past;
3. His lov - ing arms will be around me Un - til His face I see;

And with His loving arms a-round me, He par-doned all my sin.
But oh, I know that He rejoice - es That I am His at last.
In life and death I'll love and praise Him For all His love for me.

CHORUS.

Oh, love that passeth understand-ing, The love that reaches me!

rit.

My voice shall soar in praises more and more, For all e - ter - ni - ty.

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354 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near-er, my God to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan-der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou send-est me,
4. Then, with my wak-ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and stars forgot,

D. S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee,

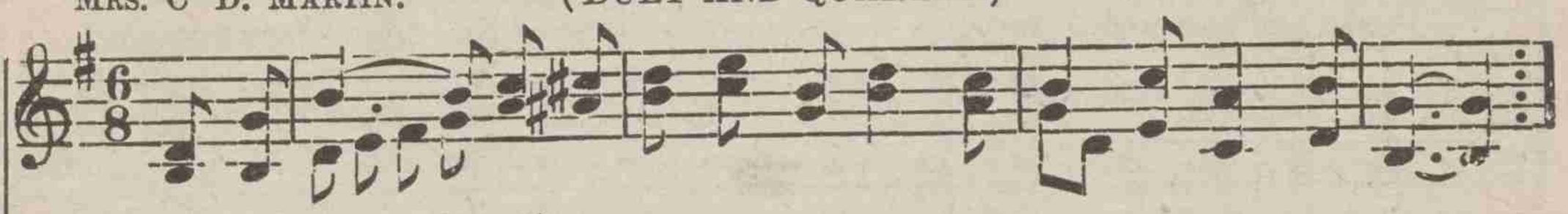
Nearer, My God, to Thee. Concluded.



That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Near - er to Thee!

355 The Man of Galilee.

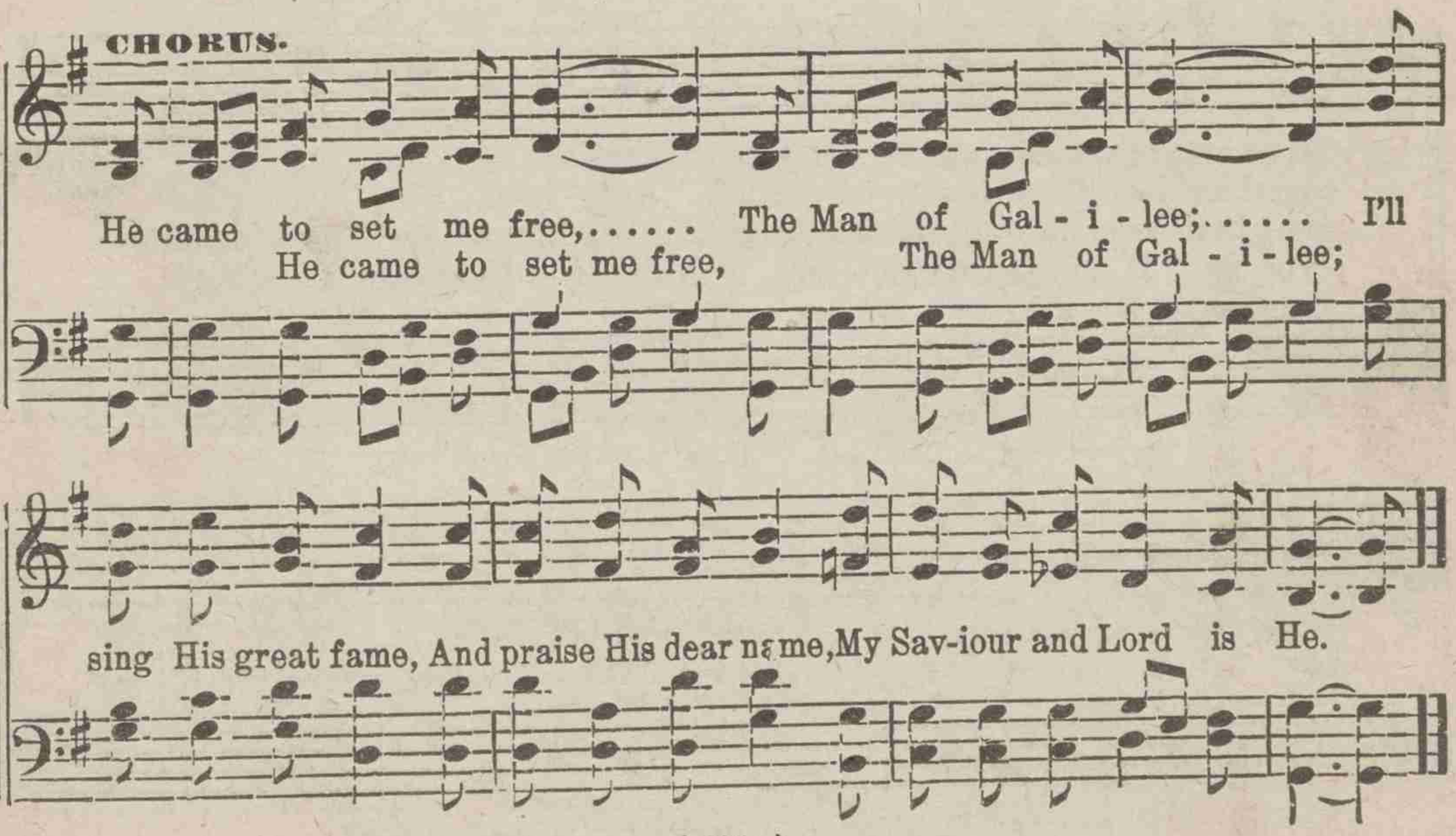
MRS. C D. MARTIN. (DUET AND QUARTET.) W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



(have you heard)

1. { Have you heard of that won-der-ful Man, Who lived in Gal - i - lee, / Who came down from the glo - ry a - bove To set earth's cap-tives free? }
2. { Have you heard of His birth in the stall, The days of ten - der youth, / How He gave as the message of God The words of life and truth? }
3. { Have you heard when His garments they touched The sick at once where whole, / How in love He for-gave men their sins, And healed the sin - sick soul? }
4. { Have you heard how for sin-ners He died Up - on the cru - el tree, / How He lives ev - er-more from the dead, To save e - ter - nal - ly? }





He came to set me free,..... The Man of Gal - i - lee;..... I'll sing His great fame, And praise His dear name, My Sav-iour and Lord is He.
He came to set me free, The Man of Gal - i - lee;

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356 What Did it Mean?

T. O. CHISHOLM. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. What did it mean when Je - sus came Down from His home of light,
2. What did it mean when Je - sus wrought All of His deeds of might;
3. What did it mean when Je - sus died, Hang-ing on Cal - va - ry;
4. What did it mean when Je - sus rose Up from His dream-less bed?

Lay - ing a - side His glo - ry there, En - ter - ing this dark night;
Heal-ing the ills and pains of men, Giv - ing the blind their sight,
Heav- en and earth were joined in grief Dy - ing like His to see!
Death and the grave for - ev - er past, Finished a - tone - ment made!

Tak - ing the form of sin - ful man, Shar - ing our want and woe,
Rais- ing the dead to life a - gain, Feed- ing the mul - ti - tude,
Lips that were filled with bless- ing once, Parch'd with His fail - ing breath,
Glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry of grace, In - fi - nite reach of love!

Hav - ing not where to lay His head, Hat - ed, yet lov - ing so?
Spending His life, His wondrous life, On - ly in do - ing good?
He that was ho - ly, harm-less, pure, Dy - ing a sin - ner's death!
Won- der of men, and an - gels, too, Theme of the saints a - bove!

CHORUS.

What did it mean, O what did it mean? None sure-ly ev - er lov'd as He!

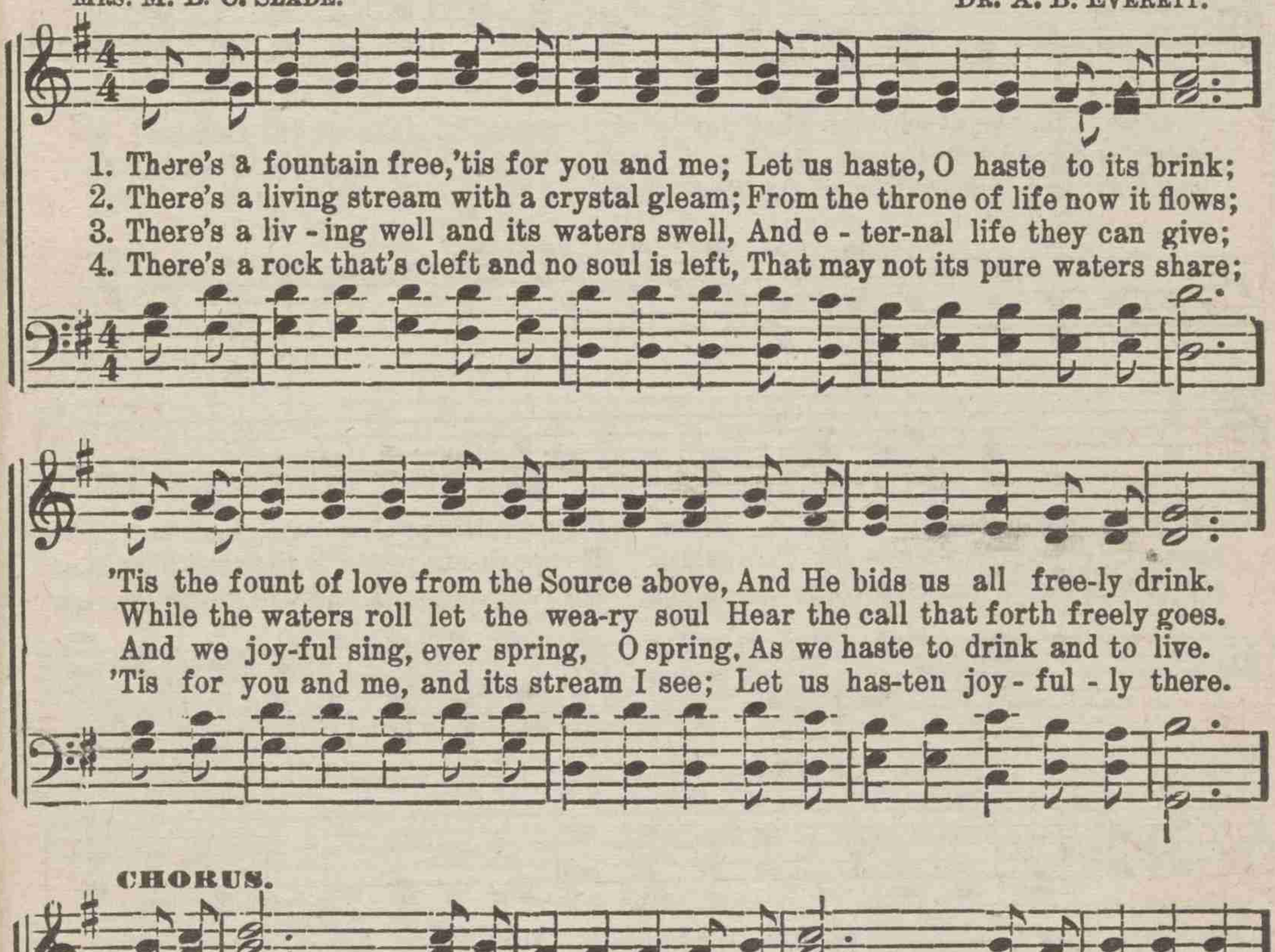
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What Did It Mean? Concluded.



357 Free Waters.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. DR. A. B. EVERETT.



CHORUS.



358 THE KING OF PEACE.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Hail to the glo - ri-ous Po - ten-tate, The King of Peace, Mon-arch di -
2. Glo - ry to God in the high-est rings The an - gel's song, Peace up - on
3. When on the storm beaten Gal - i - lee, His "Peace be still," Still'd the wild

vine and His bless - ed reign Shall nev - er cease; Je - sus, the fair-est in
earth and good will to men thro' a - ges long; His name is Je - sus be -
temp-est and calmed the sea At His best will; So He can still ev - 'ry

earth or heav'n we now a - dore, Sing we His prais-es with loud ac - claim
cause He saves from ev - 'ry sin, He speak-eth peace to the trou-bled heart
storm-toss'd soul and com-fort bring, He will sup-port and will guide a-right

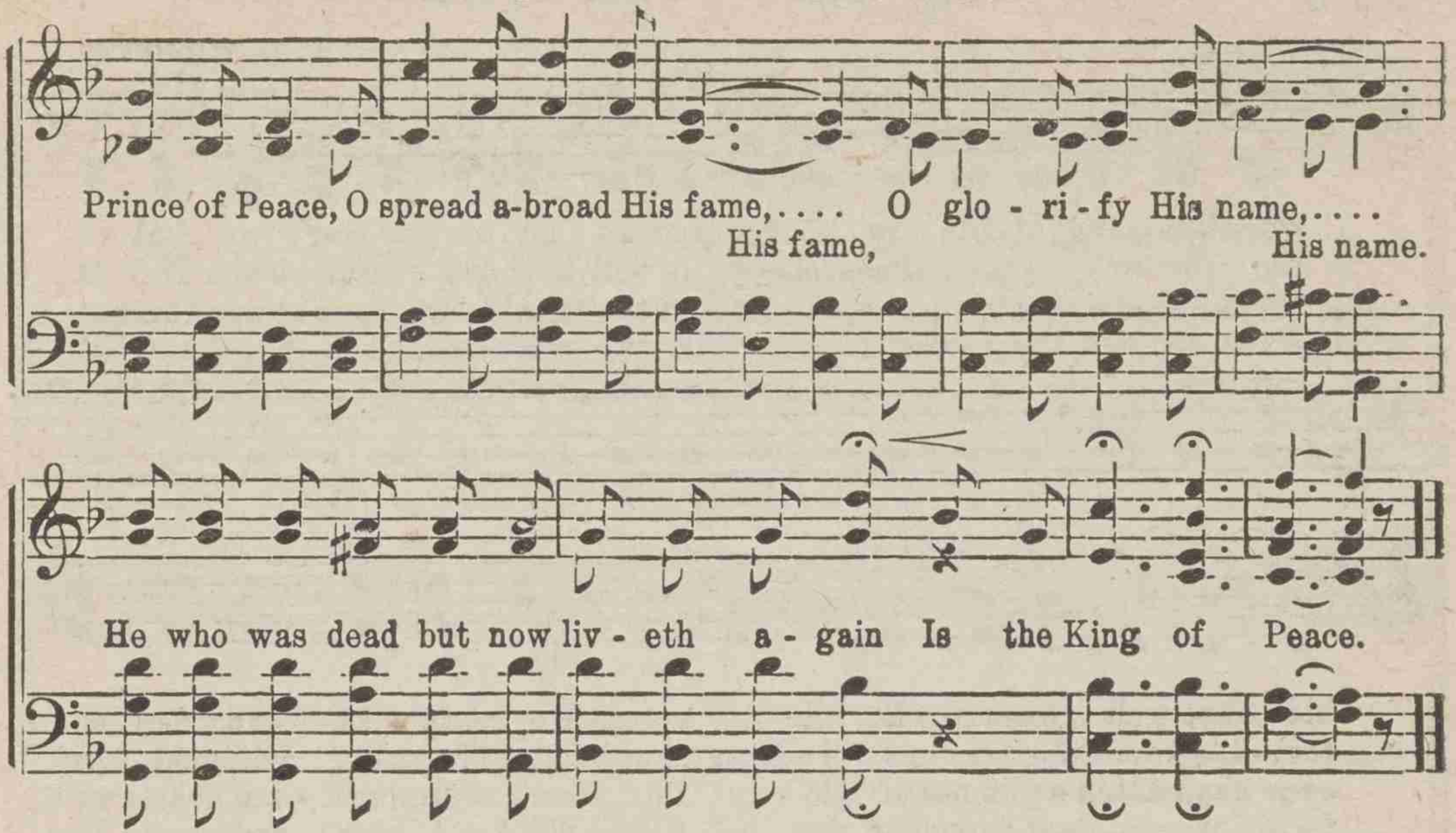
CHORUS.

For - ev - er - more. The King of Peace is He..... who gave His life for
When He comes in.
In ev - 'ry - thing. is He

me ..... His glorious reign shall nev-er cease, For He is the won-der-ful
for me

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THE KING OF PEACE. Concluded.



359 MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

A. J. GORDON.



360 IN THE NEW JERUSALEM.

C. B W. C. B. WIDMEYER.

1. When the toils of life are o - ver And we lay our ar-mor down, And we bid fare-well to earth with all its cares, We shall meet and greet our oved ones And our Christ we then shall crown In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
2. Tho' the way is sometimes lone-ly, He will hold me with His hand, Thro' the test - ings and the tri - als I must go; But I'll trust and glad - ly fol - low, For some-time I'll un - der-stand, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
3. When the last good-bye is spok - en And the tear stains wiped away, And our eyes shall catch a glimpse of glo - ry fair, Then with bound - ing hearts we'll meet Him Who hath washed our sins a - way, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
4. When we join the ransomed ar-my In the sum-mer-land a - bove, And the face of our dear Sav - iour we be - hold, We will sing and shout for - ev - er And we'll grow in per - fect love, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

CHORUS.

There'll be sing - ing, there'll be shout - ing When the saints come march-ing home,
In Je - ru - sa-lem, In Je - ru - sa-lem;
In the new Je - ru - sa-lem, In the new Je - ru - sa-lem;

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IN THE NEW JERUSALEM. Concluded.

Wav - ing palms with loud ho - san - nas As the King shall take His throne,

In tne new..... Je - ru - sa - lem.
in the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

361 I'M BELIEVING AND RECEIVING.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. Sins of years are washed a - way, Black - est stains be - come as snow,
2. Doubts and fears are borne a - long On the cur-rent's cease-less flow,
3. Ease and wealth be - come as dross, Worth-less, earth's de - light and show;
4. Sel - fish - ness is lost in love, Love for Him whose love you know;

Cho.—I'm be - lev - ing and re - ceiv-ing, While I to the fount-ain go,

Dark - est night is changed to day, When I to the foun-tain go.
Sor - row chan-ges in - to song, When I to the foun-tain go.
All my boast is in the cross, When I to the foun-tain go.
All my treas-ure is a - bove, When I to the foun-tain go.

And my heart the waves are cleansing Whit-er than the driv - en snow.

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362 My Lord and Saviour.

C. D. T. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. I was trav'ling the road ap - pall-ing, When Je-sus came and He saw me
2. O how oft He had spok-en to me, In ma - ny ways He had tried to
3. I will tell of this great sal-va-tion; Help spread to ev-'ry lost tribe and

fall - ing, And then He heard me in earnest call - ing; Tho' ma - ny times I
woo me, And in it all, oh, how well He knew me And sweetly saved,—yes,
na - tion, How Je - sus came to save all cre - a - tion In heav'n to dwell there

CHORUS.

had spurned His call. I will crown Him my Lord and Sav - iour,
saved thro' and thro'.
for ev - er - more. I will crown Him Lord and Saviour, Lord and Sav-iour, Priest and

The One be - fore whom the an - gels fall, ...
King, One be - fore whom an-gels fall, an - gels crown Him Lord of all,

I will praise Him and e'er a - dore Him,
I will praise Him, ev - er praise Him, And a - dore Him ev - er - more,

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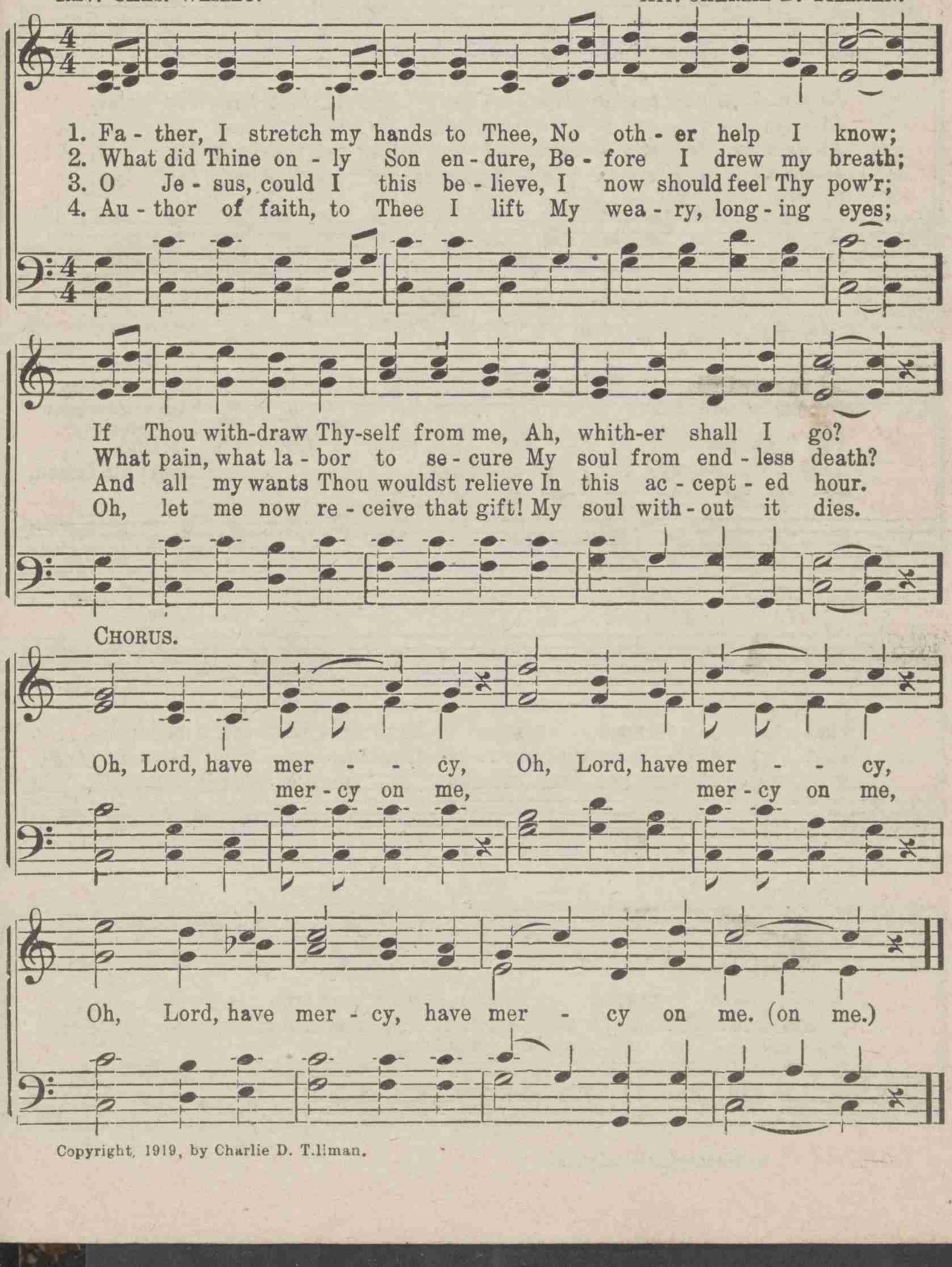
My Lord and Saviour. Concluded.



363 Penitent's Plea.

As was sung by our late beloved Uncle "Jim" Williams, of S. C.
Dedicated to his family.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY. ARR. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



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364 I Choose Jesus.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HILDEBRAND-BURNETT CO. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. When I need someone in time of grief, Someone my cheer to be,
2. When I need someone to guide my soul O - ver the storm - y sea,
3. When I need help to de - feat the foe, Someone my shield to be,
4. When all my tri - als on earth are o'er, And the dark stream I see,

Je - sus I choose, for He gives re - lief, He is the best for me.
Al-ways to Je - sus I give control, He is the best for me.
Al-ways to Je - sus in faith I go, He is the best for me.
Je-sus shall bear me to yon - der shore, He is the best for me.

CHORUS.

I choose Je - sus when I need a friend,....
Yes, I choose my Sav - iour al - ways help - ful friend,

What I need I know that He will send;.....
What I need I know that sure - ly He to me will free - ly send;

I have proved Him, good and true is He;.....
I have proved Him o'er and o'er, and al - ways good and true is He;

Copyright. 1913, by Hildebrand-Burnett Co.

I Choose Jesus. Concluded.

I choose Je - sus, He is the best for me.....
Yes, I choose my Sav - iour dear, of all for me.

365 Hide You in the Blood.

Verses 4, 5 and 6 by R. E. W. As sung by the St. Louis Assembly.

1. Come from the loathsome way of sin, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus;
2. Come to the shel-ter's safe re - treat, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus;
3. Come, for your sins the Lord has bled, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus;
4. Come to the Lord, He's call - ing thee, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus;
5. Come, there is safe - ty in the blood, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus;
6. Come now be-liev - ing in the Lord, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus;

Come, for the Lord will take you in, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus.
Come, for the storms a - round you beat, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus.
Come, tho' they be like crim - son red, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus.
Come, let His Spir - it set you free, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus.
Now plunge beneath the crim - son flood, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus.
Trust-ing His grace and pre - cious Word, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

O hide ..... you in the blood, For the storms..... are raging
Hide you in the blood, hide you in the blood, storms are raging high,
high, O hide.... you in the blood, Till the dan-gers pass you by.
storms are raging high, hide, O hide

366 Lift Him Up.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. B. B. BELL.

1. How to reach the mass-es, men of ev-'ry birth? For an an-swer
2. Oh, the world is hun-gry for the liv-ing bread, Lift the Sav-iour
3. Lift him up by liv-ing as a Christian ought, Let the world in

Je-sus gave a key, "And I, if I be lift-ed up from the earth,
up for them to see, Trust Him, and do not doubt the words that He said,
you the Sav-iour see, Then men will glad-ly fol-low Him who once taught,

REFRAIN.

Will draw all men un-to me." Lift Him up. Lift Him
"I will draw all men un-to me."
"I will draw all men un-to me." Lift the precious Sav-iour up, Lift the

up,..... Still He speaks from e-ter-ni-ty, "And I, if
pre-cious Sav-iour up,

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

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367 Take the Home Path

Brown Rowland, A. B. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. You have wandered far on the des - ert lone, And you face an aw - ful
2. You have been al-lured from the peace-ful way By your soul's re - lent - less
3. While the chance is yours turn your back to sin, Seek-ing par - don, hum-bly

fate,(an aw-ful fate,)For a storm is near and the night comes on—Take the
foe; (re-lent-less foe;) Let the Sav - ior true take your hand to - day, For He
bow;(now humbly bow;)You've a soul to save and a crown to win, And the

CHORUS.

home-path ere too late. Take the home - path, take the home-path,
knows the way to go. Take the home - path,.....
time to start is now.

Take the home-path, take it now, take the home-path, take it now,

Night is com-ing, do not wait;(do not wait;)Take the home-path, take the
Take the home-path, ...

Take the home-path, take it now, take the

home - path,
Take the home - path ere too late. (ere too late.)

home-path, take it now,

368 He Is a Friend.

C. A. M.

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C. Austin Miles.

1. I have a Friend in-deed, A Friend I oft-en need, And when I need Him
2. Now Je-sus is His name, His love is e'er the same; And tho' my love for
3. It is e-nough for me To know that He will be A Friend when all the

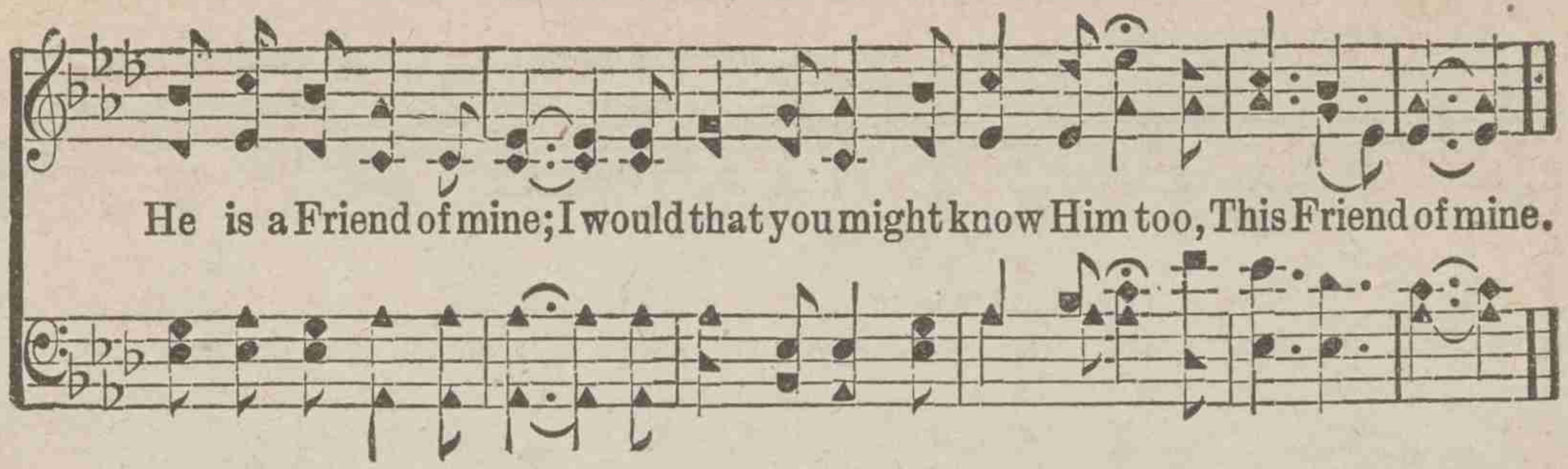
He is al-ways near, (al-ways near,) To chide me when I'm wrong,
Him may fee-ble grow, (fee-ble grow,) Still thro' my tears I see
rest for-get my name; (for-get my name;) When thro' the gates of gold

To fill my heart with song, Or make the hid-den way seem clear. (seem clear.)
My Friend a-wait-ing me, And hand in hand we on-ward go. (onward go.)
My chariot wheels have rolled, He'll be my lov-ing Friend the same. (the same.)

CHORUS.

He is a Friend of mine, He is a Friend of mine, The Ru-ler of the
yes,
land and sea, And yet He lov-eth me; He is a Friend of mine,
yes,

He is a Friend of Mine.



369 He Loves You Still.

W. E. M. Duet for Soprano and Alto, Wm. Eddie Marks.



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370 We Shall Have a New Name.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Beau - - ti - ful sto - ry, Fra - - grant with glo - ry, Prom - ise of God while
2. If..... we be - lieve it, We..... shall re- ceive it,— Faith..... in His word shall
3. There..... is no sor - row, In..... that to- mor - row, And..... we are told no

time..... shall en-dure;..... Guer - don of du-
have..... its re-ward;..... Who..... can di - vine
night..... shall be there;..... Joys..... that for - ev-

ty, Gold - en with beau - ty, And..... as the
it? Who..... can de - fine it? Mar - vel - ous
er Flow..... like a riv - er, With..... all the

heav'ns, e - ter - nal, sure.....
hope thro' Christ, our Lord.....
ran - somed we shall share.....

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We Shall Have a New Name.

CHORUS.

We shall have a new name in that bright

land,..... When, thro' grace, be-

fore the great King we stand,..... There in

all its beau-ty His face we shall see,..... And

shall reign with Him thro' e - ter - ni - ty.....

371 Praise Ye the King.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. EDWIN MCCONNELL.

Introduction.

1. The Lord is King! ex - alt His name And hum-bly bow be - fore Him;
2. The Lord is King! let ev - 'ry voice His ho - ly praise be sing - ing,
3. The Lord is King! we own His sway, And fol - low where He leads us;

His pow'r and ma - jes - ty proclaim, And worship and a - dore Him,
Un - til the whole world shall re-joice And heav'n with joy be ring - ing;
We con - se-crate our lives al - way To serve Him where He needs us;

The Ru - ler of all worlds is He, Of earth and the sea and sky;
Hon - or His great and worth-y name, Ex - alt Him, the King on high,
The wondrous King of kings is He, En - thron-ed in love on high;

CHORUS.

His love and good - ness Laud and mag - ni - fy. Praise.....
His love so match - less Laud and glo - ri - fy.
His boundless grace We praise and mag - ni - fy. Praise ye the King!

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Praise Ye the King. Concluded.

ye the King!..... Praise..... ye the King!.....
praise the King a - bove, Praise ye the King, praise the King of love!

Praise..... Him who reigns a - bove, Let the peo - ple
Praise ye the King,

praise the King,..... Glo - - - ry to Him!.....
glad - ly praise their King, Glo - ry to Him, let the an-them ring,

yea,..... in the high - est, Praise the great Je -
yea, let it ring,

ho - vah, Ji - rah, He will reign for ev - er - more.

372 Forward.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

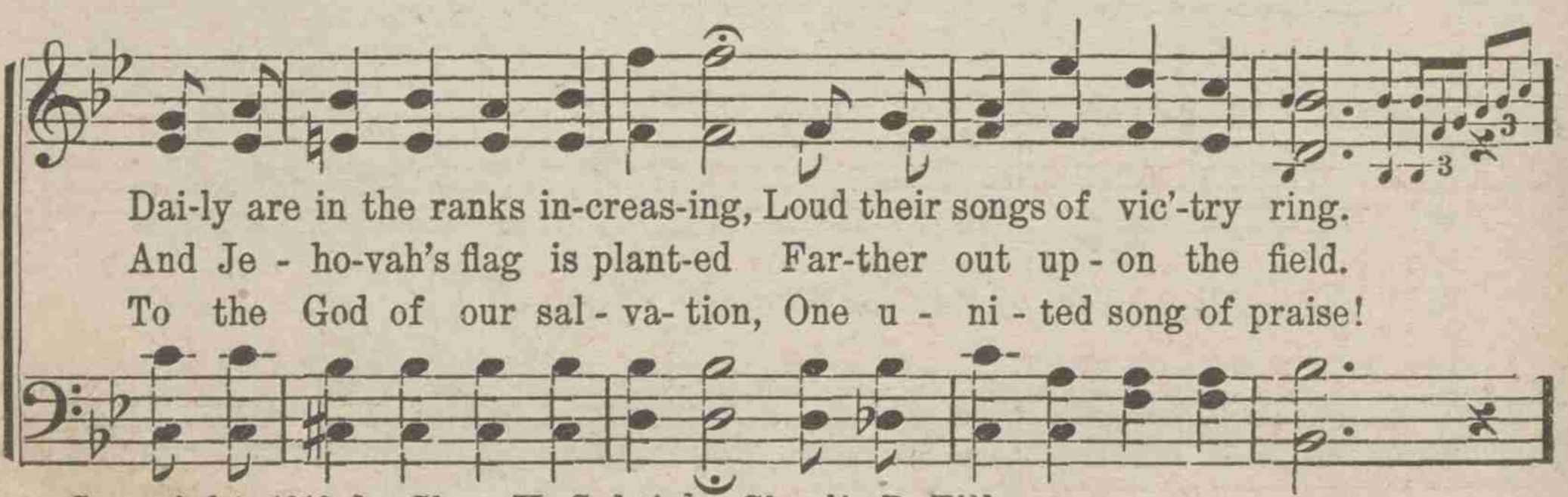


1. Like a tid - al wave of glo - ry, Reach-ing o - ver land and sea,
2. Sa - tan's forc - es flee in ter - ror At the com - ing of the host;
3. What a song of joy and glad - ness Will re-sound from shore to shore



Sweeps the grand old gos - pel sto - ry Of the cross of Cal - va - ry;
Sin and wrong, de - ceit and er - ror Of their skill no lon - ger boast;
When the night of gloom and sad - ness Shall be light for - ev - er - more;

Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp un-ceas - ing Of the her - alds of the King!
Loud their sub - tle theme is chan - ted As re - luct - ant - ly they yield,
When from ev - 'ry land and na - tion Souls re-deemed shall voic- es raise,



Dai-ly are in the ranks in-creas-ing, Loud their songs of vic'-try ring.
And Je - ho-vah's flag is plant-ed Far-ther out up - on the field.
To the God of our sal - va- tion, One u - ni - ted song of praise!

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Forward. Concluded.

CHORUS.

For - ward to the bat - tle glo - rious! For the
For - ward to the bat - tle glo - rious, Go for - ward! For the

King pos - sess the land! (Be brave, and) Force the fight

For the right, For, is it not the Lord Je -ho-vah's call! O Christian,
For 'tis Je - ho - vah's call!

For - ward! You shall be vic - to - rious, Christ Him - self is in com-
Forward! you shall be vic - to-rious, For-ward! Christ Him-self

mand! In His name Go proclaim lib - er - ty for all.
Re-joic-ing, un-daunted, The day of

373 I NEED THEE, LORD.

MRS. J. W. ASKEW. J. W. ASKEW.

1. I need Thee, Lord,..... from day to day,..... As I pur-
2. I need Thee, Lord,..... ... from day to day,..... That I no
3. I need Thee, Lord,..... from day to day,..... Be ver-y

sue..... the nar-row way;..... While trav'ling thro'.....
more..... may go a-stray;..... O lead me home.....
near..... to me, I pray;..... O close-ly clasp.....

this wea-ry land,..... Up-hold me by..... ..... Thy guid-ing
that I may see..... Thy glo-ry thro'..... e-ter-ni-
my hand in Thine..... And safe-ly guide ..... each step of

hand..... I need Thee, Lord,..... when I am sad.....
ty..... I need Thee, to..... re-sist the wrong.....
mine..... I need Thee, Lord,..... to take me home.....

To cheer my soul..... and make me glad; ..... O show to
Thy grace di-vine..... will make me strong,..... ... And I will
To dwell be-yond..... the star-ry dome;..... With Thee at

J. W. Askew, owner, 1912.

I NEED THEE, LORD. Concluded.

me..... Thy smil-ing face, ...Then bright will seem.....
praise..... Thee for the love.. ..... That helps me gain.....
last..... On that bright shore.... ... I'll sing Thy praise..... ....

REFRAIN.

the dark-est place.....
the rest a-bove.....
for-ev-er-more.....

I need Thee, Lord,

I need Thee, Lord,..... close by my

close by my side,
side,..... That I in peace..... may e'er a-

bide;..... O grant to me..... Thy lov-ing care.....
bide, may e'er abide;

O grant to me

Thy lov-ing care

That I in peace may e'er a-

Un-til ce-les - - - tial joys I share.....
Un-til ce-les-tial joys, ce-les-tial joys I share.

374 Crossing the Bar.

MALE CHORUS OR QUARTET.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Alfred Tennyson. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

Con espress.

1. Sun-set and eve-ning star, And one clear call for me! And may there be no
2. Twilight and eve-ning bell, And aft-er that the dark! And may there be no

pp *mf*

moaning of the bar When I put out to sea, When I put out to sea. But
sad-ness of farewell When I, when I em-bark, When I, when I em-bark. For

rit.

such a tide as moving seems asleep,
tho' from out our bourne of time and place,
Too full for sound and foam,
The flood may bear me far;

Too full for sound and foam, ...
The flood may bear me far, ...

a tempo.

When that which drew from out the boundless deep,
I hope to see my Pi-lot face to face,
Turns a-gain home,
When I have crossed,

Turns a-gain home, ...
When I have crossed, ...

Turns a-gain home, Turns a-gain home, Turns a-gain home.
When I have crossed, When I have crossed, crossed the bar.

375 Sailing Life's Ocean.

(MALE QUARTET.)

S. W. B. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. We are sail - ing o'er life's o - cean, Where the bil-lows toss and roll,
2. We are shun-ning rocks and dan - gers, Time-ly warn-ings we have heard,
3. We are fear - ing not the tem-pests, Tho' far - dis-tant lies the land,
4. Safe in - deed will be the voy - age If we trust His love and care;

To the shores of joy e - ter - nal, To the har - bor of the soul.
And a cer-tain course are tak - ing, For our com-pass is God's word.
For our Fa - ther holds the wa - ters In the hol - low of His hand.
We at length shall drop our an - chor Where the shores are bright and fair.

CHORUS.

Sail - ing on o - ver life's o - cean, Toss - ing

Sail - ing on,..... o - ver life's o - cean,

on its wa - ters wide, Sail - ing on o - ver life's

deep and wide,

Sail - ing on,.....

rit.

o - cean, To the port on yon - der side.

..... o - ver life's o - cean, (on yon - der side.)

376 The Church In the Wildwood.

W. S. P. DR. WM. S. PITTS

1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No love - li - er
2. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morning To list to the
3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the

1. place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
2. clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call - ing, Oh,
3. loved so well; She sleeps, sweetly sleeps 'neath the willow, Dis -
4. wild flowers bloom, When the fare-well hymn shall be chanted, I shall

D. S.—*spot is so dear to my child-hood As the*

CHORUS.

1. lit-tle brown church in the vale. Come to the
2. come to the church in the vale.
3. turb not her rest in the vale.
4. rest by her side in the tomb. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,

lit-tle brown church in the vale.

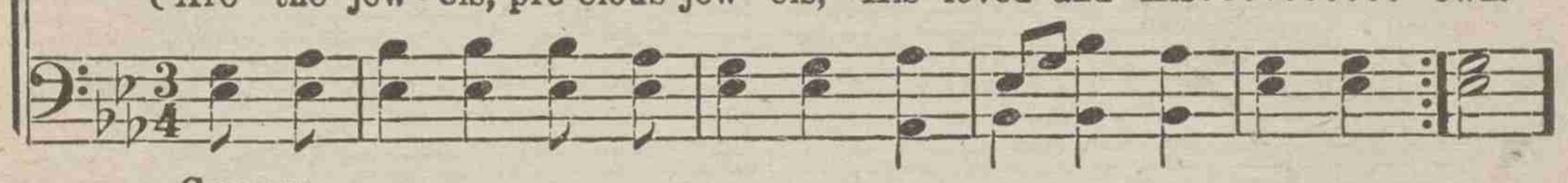
church by the wild-wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale; No
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,

379 Jewels.

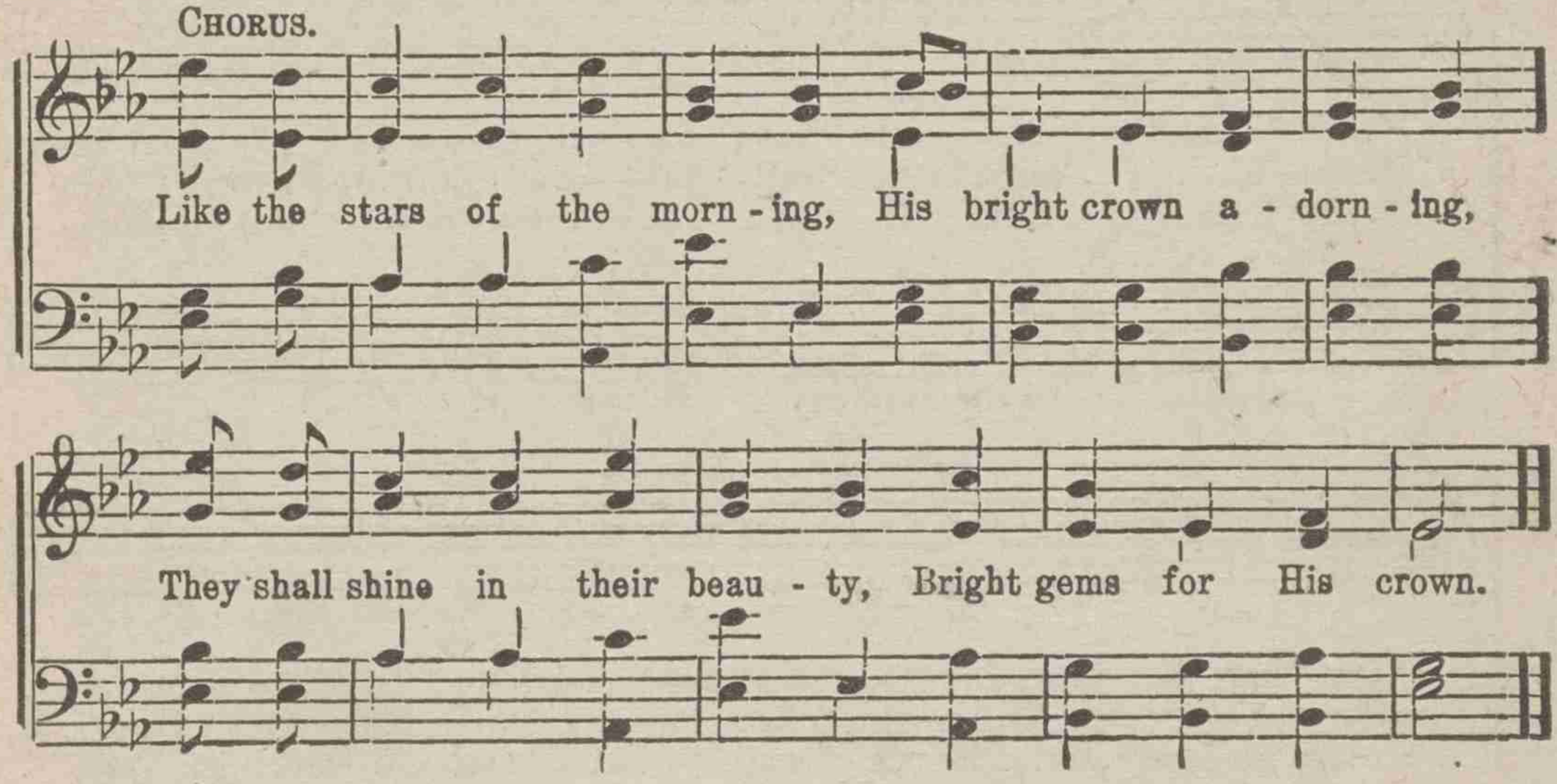
W. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT.



1. When He com-eth, when He com - eth To make up His jew - els,
   All His jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His..... own.
2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king-dom;
   All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His..... own.
3. Lit - tle chil-dren, lit - tle chil-dren, Who love their Re - deem-er,
   Are the jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His..... own.



CHORUS.



Like the stars of the morn - ing, His bright crown a - dorn - ing,
They shall shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for His crown.

380 Little Eyes.

REV. B. R. HANBY. Copyright, 1911, by The Fillmore Bros. Co. J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Lit - tle eyes, lit - tle eyes, O - pen with the morn - ing light;
2. Lit - tle heart, lit - tle heart, Full of laugh - ter, full of glee,
3. Lit - tle hands, lit - tle hands, Bus - y with the kite or doll,
4. Lit - tle feet, lit - tle feet, Soft your pat - ter, light your load,



Up - ward look, up - ward look, Heav - en's morn is al - ways bright.
Beat with love, beat with love, For the Lord who bless - es thee.
Learn ye may, work or play, Dai - ly to do good to all.
Do not stray, keep the way, Walk the straight and nar - row road.

381 Little Deeds for Jesus.

M. B. J. J. R. B.

1. Lit-tle [1]hands to [2]work in the [3]Mas-ter's [4]vineyard, Lit- tle [5]feet to
2. Lit-tle will [11]that ev - er will keep me [12]do - ing, Lit-tle [13]eyes to
3. Lit-tle [20]knees to bow at the bless - ed al - tar, Lit-tle [21]lips to

[6]walk in the bless - ed [7]way; Lit - tle [8]heart with life from the
[14]see lest I [15]faint and [16]fall; Lit - tle [17]mind to [18]learn of the
smile when His face I [22]see; Lit - tle [23]ears to [24]hear when He

[9]lov - ing Sav - iour, Lit - tle [10]tongue to speak of His love each day.
Saviour's [19]precepts, Lit - tle voice to sing forth His prais - es all.
speaks so ten - der. Lit - tle [25]soul to save for e - ter - ni - ty.

Chorus.

Oh, the lit - tle deeds can be done for Je - sus, Oh, the lit - tle

songs we can al - ways sing; Oh, the pre-cious love that He

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Little Deeds for Jesus. Concluded.



Gestures to 381, LITTLE DEEDS FOR JESUS.

1. Extending hands.
2. Striking with both hands.
3. Left hand raised, right extended.
4. Right pointing to the right.
5 & 6. Two steps forward, placing even again.
7. Motioning right hand forward.
8. Right hand to heart.
9. Both hands raised beckoning.
10. Left forefinger to lips.
11. Showing both palms.
12. Motioning both hands to the left.
13. Covering eyes with left hand.
14. Peering forward.
15. Swaying body forward.
16. Casting both hands to left, downward.
17. Left hand clasping forehead.
18. Both hands raised, thrown out in opposite directions.
19. Both hands thrown out.
20. Kneeling down.
11. Left hand to lips.
22. Peering upward.
23. Left hand to ear, turning face a little to the right.
24. Folding arms.

382 Out with Your Dollars.

MISSIONARY.

JAMES ROWE. Copyright, 1911, by The Fillmore Bros. Co. J. H. FILLMORE.

383 Little Feet Be Careful.

MRS. L. M. BATEMAN. (Teacher instruct as to gestures.) J. H. BOSECRANS.



1. I washed my hands this morn-ing, So ver - y clean and white,
   And lent them both to Je - sus, To work for Him ..... till night.
2. I told my ears to list - en Quite close-ly all day thro',
   For an - y act of kind - ness, Such lit - tle hands ..... can do.
3. My eyes are set to watch them A - bout their work or play,
   To keep them out of mis - chief, For Je - sus' sake ..... all day.



CHORUS.

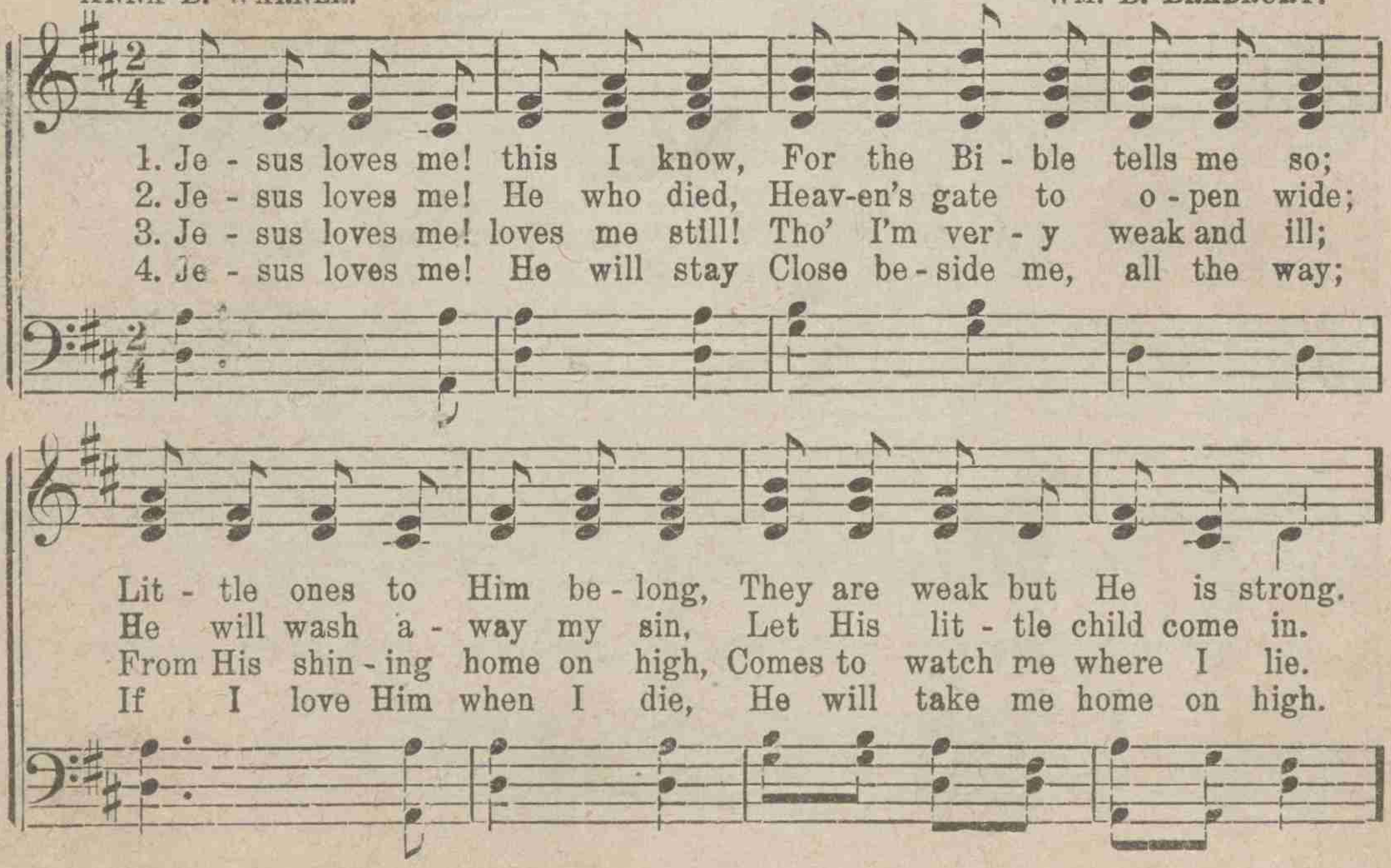


Lit - tle feet, be care - ful Where you take me to,
An - y - thing for Je - sus, On - ly let me do.

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384 Yes, Jesus Loves Me.

ANNA B. WARNER. WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav-en's gate to o - pen wide;
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still! Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill;
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me, all the way;

Lit - tle ones to Him be - long, They are weak but He is strong.
He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.
From His shin - ing home on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
If I love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.



NOTI

have a bann

1 Point at ea

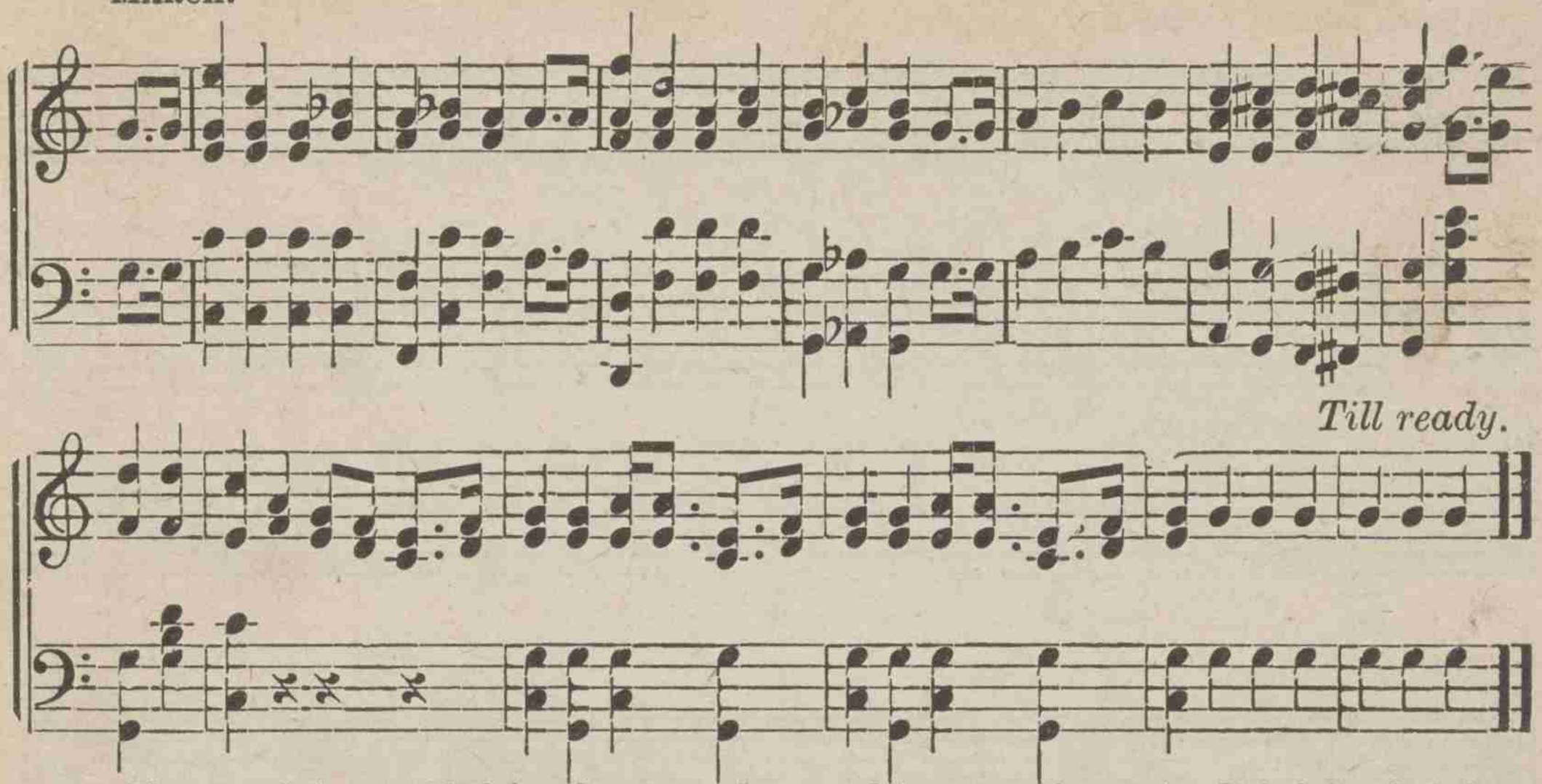
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Any Weather Soldiers. Concluded.

MARCH.*



* The march is provided for the song when used in entertainments. It is intended that, between verses, the boys march in some movements rehearsed beforehand.

387 We For Christ.

MRS. JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. Copyright, 1897, by Fillmore Bros. J. H. FILLMORE.



388 Give Ten.

To be spoken by the little singers just before the Introduction is played:

BOYS.—It is said that if the Christian world would give to missions an amount equal to ten cents per head,

GIRLS.—That the gospel of salvation would be heralded to earth's remotest bounds in a few years' time.

J. O. L. J. OWEN LONG.



MOTIONS.—1 Hands extended, money in palm of hands. 2 Sweeping motion with right arm. 3 Hold up pennies in right hand. 4 Hold hands close together. 5 Point at the audience. 6 Stand on tiptoe and point to audience again in different direetions, singing slower. Begin singing faster with "Give them." 7 Hold up silver dollar.

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389 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.

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Zion stands with hills
surrounded

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