

# Selected Gospel Songs

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*Sing forth the honor of His name;  
make His praise glorious.--Ps. 66:2.*

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# SELECTED GOSPEL SONGS

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## Jesus Only.

"And Jesus came and touched them and said, Arise, and be not afraid. And when they had lifted up their eyes, they saw no man, save Jesus only."—Matt. 17: 7, 8.

C. P. J.

*Slowly and with much feeling.*

CHAS. P. JONES.



1. Je - sus on - ly is my mot - to, Je - sus on - ly is my song,
2. Je - sus on - ly shall com - mand me, Je - sus on - ly guide my way;
3. Je - sus on - ly is my Cap - tain, He shall lead me forth to fight;
4. Then a - way with ev - 'ry i - dol, Let my Lord be all to me;



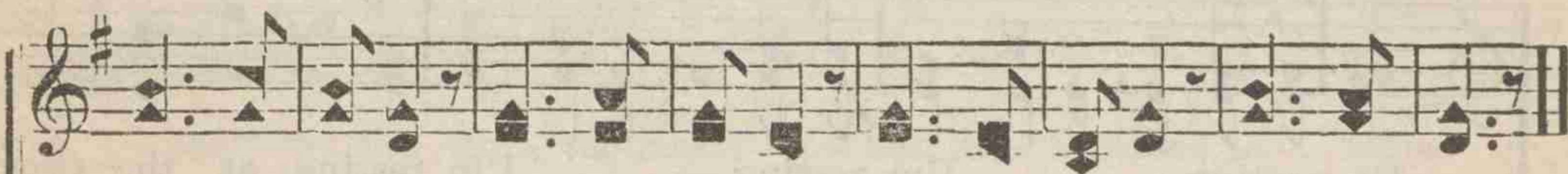
Je - sus on - ly is my heart-tho't, Je - sus on - ly all day long.  
On - ly He to choose my chang-es, None but Je - sus ev - 'ry day.  
Je - sus on - ly is mine ar - mor, Je - sus on - ly is my might.  
Je - sus on - ly is my Mas - ter, Je - sus on - ly let me see.



### CHORUS.



None but Je - sus, Sav - ior, Cap - tain, None but Je - sus help me sing;



Fill me ev - er with Thy pres-ence, Je - sus, Je - sus, Lord and King.






## Resting at the Cross.

W. J. K.


WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. To the Cross of Christ, my Sa-viour, I had brought my weary soul,  
 2. At the Cross, while meekly bow-ing, Je-sus, smiling, bade me live:  
 3. At the Cross, while prostrate ly-ing, Je-sus' blood flow'd o'er my soul;  
 4. At the Cross I'm calm-ly trust-ing— Ev-'ry mo-ment now is sweet;


Burden'd, faint, and broken-heart-ed, Pray-ing, "Je-sus, make me whole."  
 "I have died for your trans-gres-sions, And I free-ly all for-give."  
 All my guilt and sin were cov-ered, And he whisper'd, "Child, be whole."  
 I am tast-ing of his glo-ry, I am rest-ing at his feet."





## CHORUS.




Glo-ry, glo-ry be to Je-sus!— I am count-ing all but dross;

I have found a full sal-va-tion; I am rest-ing at the Cross!

I'm resting, I'm resting, I'm resting at the Cross!  
 at the Cross, at the Cross,





# Saved to the Uttermost.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

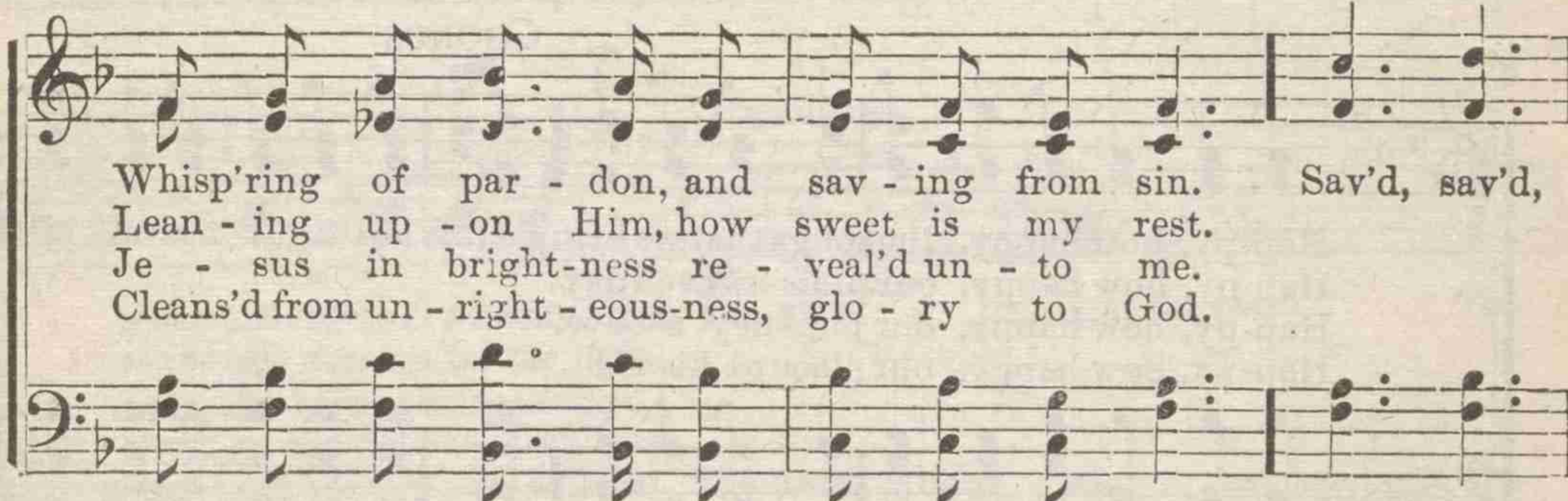


1. Sav'd to the ut-ter-most: I am the Lord's; Je - sus, my Sav-iour, sal -  
 2. Sav'd to the ut-ter-most: Je - sus is near; Keeping me safe-ly, He  
 3. Sav'd to the ut-ter-most: this I can say, "Once all was darkness, but  
 4. Sav'd to the ut-ter-most: cheer-ful-ly sing Loud hal-le - lu - ias to



va-tion af-fords; Gives me His Spir - it a wit - ness with - in,  
 cast-eth out fear; Trusting His prom-is - es, how I am blest;  
 now it is day; Beau-ti - ful vis - ions of glo - ry I see,  
 Je - sus, my King! Ran-som'd and par-don'd, re - deem'd by His blood,

## REFRAIN.



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



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



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



## Stepping in the Light.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Try - ing to fol - low our
2. Pressing more close - ly to him who is lead - ing, When we are tempt - ed to
3. Walking in footsteps of gen - tle forbearance, Footsteps of faith - ful - ness,
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Up - ward, still upward we'll



Sav - iour and King; Shap - ing our lives by his bless - ed ex - am - ple,  
 turn from the way; Trust - ing the arm that is strong to de - fend us,  
 mer - cy, and love, Look - ing to him for the grace free - ly prom - ised,  
 fol - low our Guide, When we shall see him, "the King in his beau - ty,"



## CHORUS.



Hap - py, how happy, the songs that we bring. How beautiful to walk in the  
 Hap - py, how happy, our prais - es each day.  
 Hap - py, how happy, our jour - ney a - bove.  
 Hap - py, how happy, our place at his side.



steps of the Sav - iour, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; How



beau - ti - ful to walk in the steps of the Sav - iour, Led in paths of light.





## Evening Light.\*

See Zech. 14:6; Act 3:19; Mark 16:17; John 12:35; Matt. 24:32.

R. E. W. (*Respectfully inscribed to all evening light laborers.*) R. E. W. WSETT.

1. Christians, awake! see the light has come, Shining in even-ing as clear as morn;  
 2. Time of re-freshing has come to all, God is new let-ting His spir-it fall;  
 3. Spir-it-ual signs follow saints of God, Who in a-pos-tol-ic footsteps trod;  
 4. Walk in the light as it comes to you, Christians, a-wake, there is work to do;  
 5. Look and be-hold now the fig leaves green, Nearing the end can be plainly seen;

Christians, a - wake! Christians, a - wake! Now a-  
 Now a-  
 Wake and  
 O a-  
 Christians, a-wake! Christians, a-wake! Wake and  
 D. S.—Books of

FINE. REFRAIN.  
 wake and be-hold evening light. The even - ing light has come, The  
 wake and receive lat-ter rain.  
 see ho-ly light shines for all.  
 wake or the light soon will pass.  
 watch soon the bridegroom will come. The evening light at last has come The  
 proph-e-sy fulfilled at last.

D. S.  
 dark day is past, The clouds now have flown,  
 dark and cloudy day is past, ev-er past, The noonday clouds have for-ev - er flown.

Owned by R. E. Winsett, Chattanooga, Tenn.

\*We are truly living in the evening light of time. When the prophecies have most all been fulfilled, and the church is returning to apostolic faith and doctrine, this wave of full salvation will no doubt girdle the globe, and the signs are following them. Mark 16:17, 18. Read Matt, 24th chapter. "Soon He'll come to gather up His bride-elect." Will you be one of that number?

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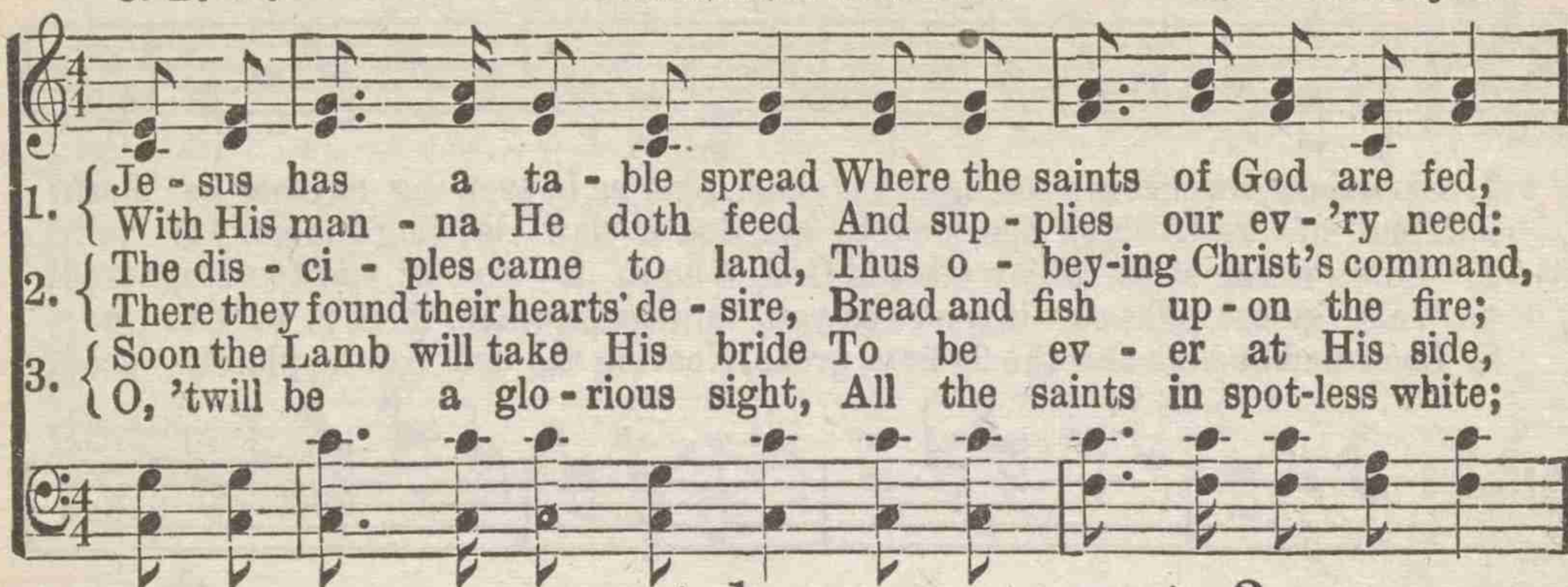
## Come and Dine.

John 21: 12.

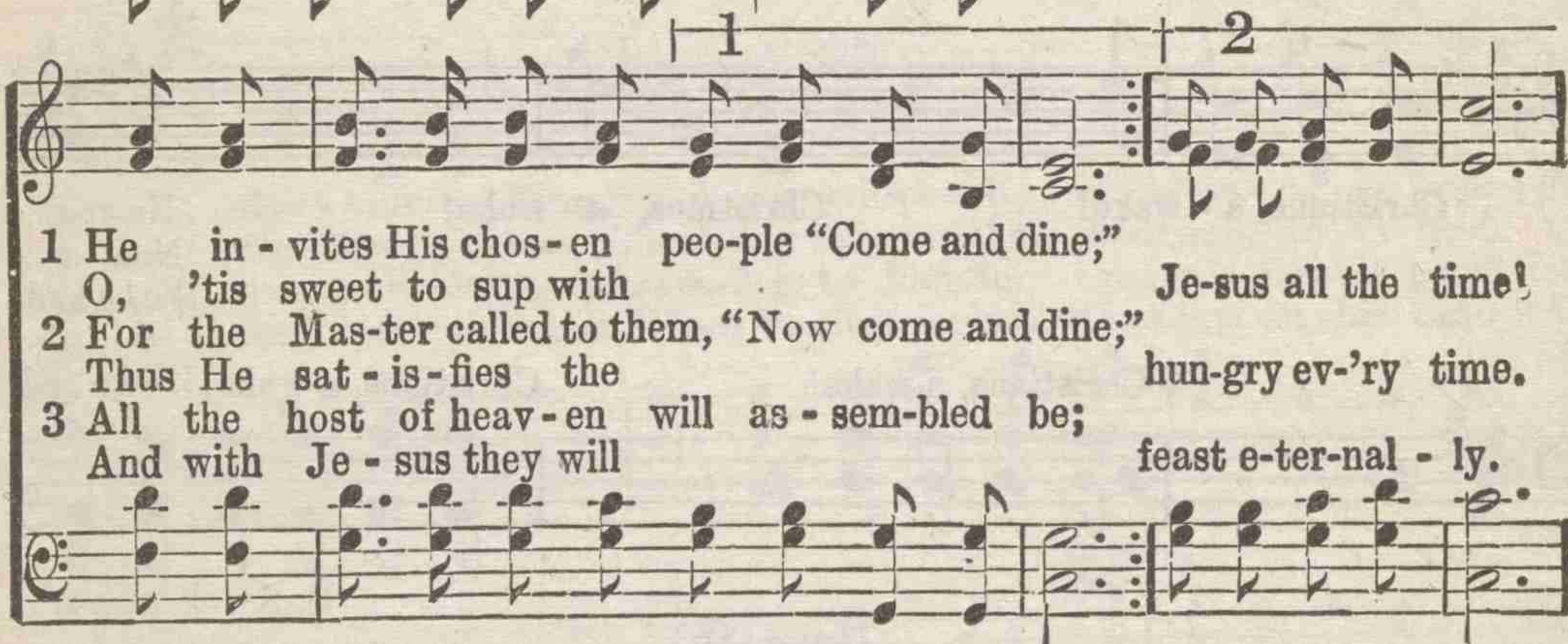
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C. B. W.

C. B. Widmeyer.

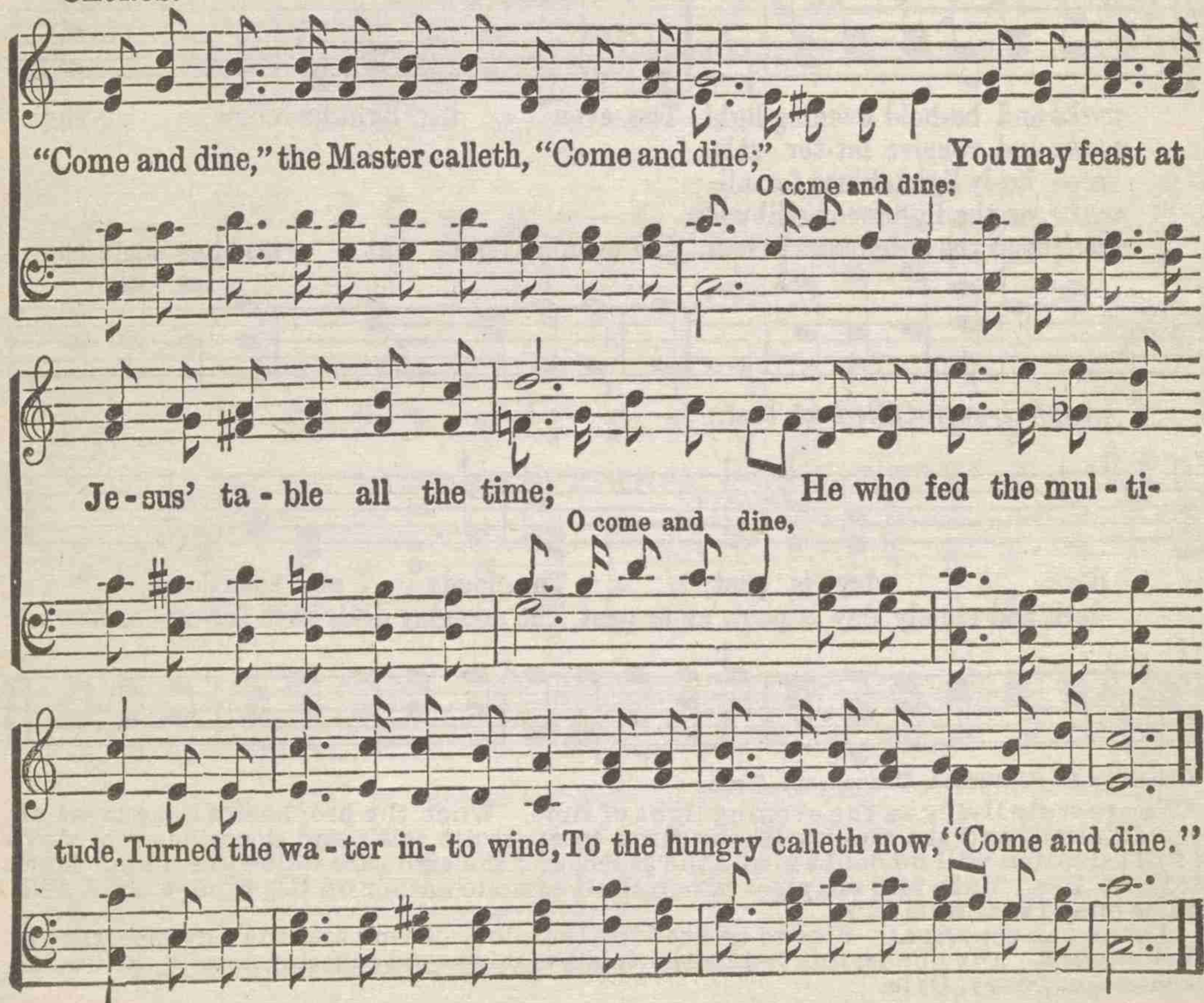


1. { Je - sus has a ta - ble spread Where the saints of God are fed,  
With His man - na He doth feed And sup - plies our ev - 'ry need:  
2. { The dis - ci - ples came to land, Thus o - bey-ing Christ's command,  
There they found their hearts' de - sire, Bread and fish up - on the fire;  
3. { Soon the Lamb will take His bride To be ev - er at His side,  
O, 'twill be a glo - rious sight, All the saints in spot-less white;



1 He in - vites His chos - en peo - ple "Come and dine;" Je - sus all the time!  
O, 'tis sweet to sup with  
2 For the Mas - ter called to them, "Now come and dine;" hun - gry ev - 'ry time.  
Thus He sat - is - fies the  
3 All the host of heav - en will as - sem - bled be; feast e - ter - nal - ly.  
And with Je - sus they will

## CHORUS.



"Come and dine," the Master calleth, "Come and dine;" You may feast at  
O come and dine;  
Je - sus' ta - ble all the time; He who fed the mul - ti -  
O come and dine,  
tude, Turned the wa - ter in - to wine, To the hungry calleth now, "Come and dine."



# God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

C. D. MARTIN.

W. S. MARTIN.



1. Be not dis-mayed what-e'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;




Be-neath His wings of lov a-bide, God will take care of you.  
 When dan-gers fierce your path as-sail, God will take care of you.  
 Noth-ing you ask will be de-nied, God will take care of you.  
 Lean, wea-ry 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.





E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. From ev - 'ry dan-ger, doubt and fear, God is a-ble to de-liv - er thee;  
 2. From fierce temptations, sub-tle snares, God is a-ble to de-liv - er thee;  
 3. In sor-row's dark and heav-y night, God is a-ble to de-liv - er thee;  
 4. Then trust Him e'en thro' flood and flame, God is a-ble to de-liv - er thee;  
 5. When passing thro' the val - ley chill, God is a-ble to de-liv - er thee;





His might-y pres-ence ev - er near, God is a-ble to de-liv - er thee.  
 His love is swift - er than thy pray'rs, God is a-ble to de-liv - er thee.  
 His word commands the dayspring bright, God is a-ble to de-liv - er thee.  
 He liv - eth ev - er-more the same, God is a-ble to de-liv - er thee.  
 His love will be a-round thee still, God is a-ble to de-liv - er thee.



## CHORUS.



He is a - ble, He is a - ble, A-ble to de-liv-er thee;  
 a-ble to deliver, a-ble to deliver,




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





FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Redeem'd how I love to proclaim it, Redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeem'd and so hap-py in Je-sus, No language my rapture can tell;
3. I think of my blessed Re-deem-er, I think of Him all the day long;
4. I know I shall see in His beaut-y, The King in whose law I de-light;
5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansion for me;



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



## REFRAIN.



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




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




From "SONGS OF TRIUMPH."




*Andante.*




1. Je - sus all my grief is shar-ing, He my man-sion is pre-par-ing,  
 2. Je - sus loves and watches o'er me, When a-stray he will restore me;  
 3. Je - sus loves and he will guide me, All I need he will pro-vide me,






When I'm trembling and de-spair-ing, He will sure - ly hear my call;  
 An - gel guards he sends be - fore me, Lest in fa - tal snares I fall;  
 In his bo - som he will hide me, When the woes of life ap - pal;


When the storms around me sweeping, Tho' in help-less-ness I'm sleeping,  
 With his friends he hath en-rolled me, By his might he will up-hold me,  
 He will hear my fee - blest sighing, Need-ful grace to me sup-ply-ing,

I am safe in his own keeping, This to me is best of all: Best of  
 In his arms he will en-fold me, This to me is best of all: Best of  
 He'll be with me when I'm dy-ing, This to me is best of all: Best of

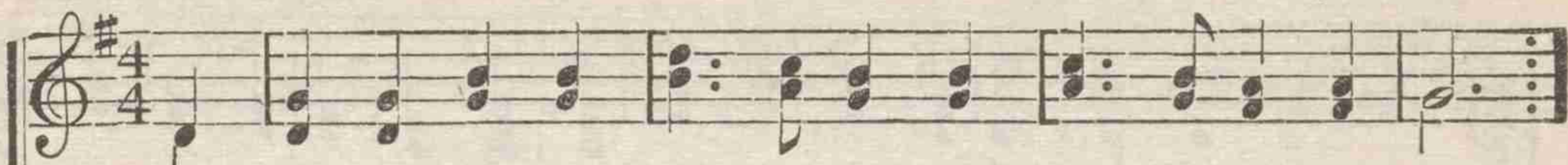
*ad lib.*  
 all, best of all, I am safe in his own keeping, This to me is best of all.  
 all, best of all, In his arms he will enfold me, This to me is best of all.  
 all, best of all, He'll be with me when I'm dying, This to me is best of all.



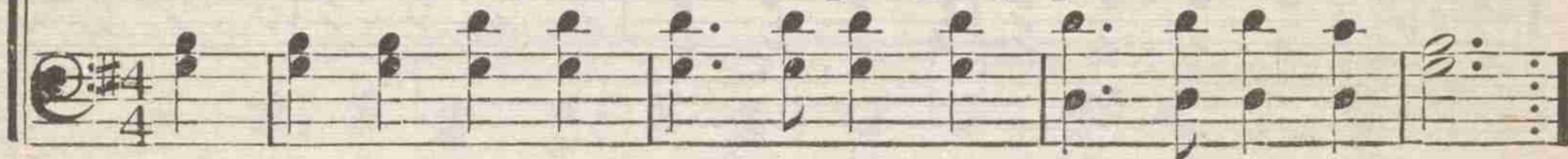


ISAAC WATTS.

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 oth-ers 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, In-crease my courage, 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



FINE.



o-ver we shall wear a crown In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.



D. S.



Wear a crown, wear a crown, Wear a bright and shining crown;



Wear a crown, wear a crown,



## Jesus Comes.

Mrs. PHOEBE PALMER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Watch, ye saints, with eyelids wak-ing, Lo, the pow'rs of heav'n are shaking ;
2. Lo! the prom-ise of your Saviour : Pardon'd sin and purchas'd fa-vor,
3. Kingdoms at their base are crumbling, Hark, His chariot wheels are rumbling ;
4. Na-tions wane, tho' proud and stately, Christ His kingdom hasteneth greatly ;
5. Lamb of God!—Thou meek and lowly, Ju-dah's li-on!—high and holy ;
6. Sin-ners, come, while Christ is pleading, Now for you He's in-ter-ced-ing ;



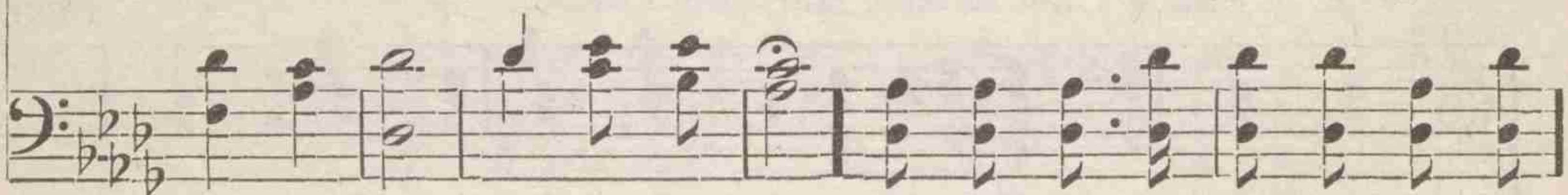
Keep your lamps all trimm'd and burning, Read-y for your Lord's re-turn-ing.  
 Blood-wash'd robes and crowns of glory ; Haste to tell redemption's sto-ry.  
 Tell, O tell of grace a-bound-ing. Whilst the seventh trump is sounding.  
 Earth her la-test pangs is summing, Shout, ye saints, your Lord is coming.  
 Lo! thy Bride comes forth to meet thee, All in blood-wash'd robes to greet thee.  
 Haste, ere grace and time diminished Shall proclaim the mystery finished.



## CHORUS.



Lo! He comes, lo! Je-sus comes ; Lo! He comes, He comes all glorious!




Je-sus comes to reign vic-to-rious, Lo! He comes, yes, Je-sus comes.






## Lord, I Believe.



Harmony by R. E. W.  
Arr. by F. M. G. and A. F. I.




1. When sor - row and storms are be - set - ting my track, And Sa - tan is  
2. How eas - y when sail - ing the sea in a calm, To trust in the  
3. "I'll stand to the end," I have heard peo - ple say, "I'll fight till I  
4. And oth - ers there are full of cour - age and zeal, Who go to the  
5. Then let us re - mem - ber in run - ning this race, That faith is not




whis - p'ring "You'd bet - ter turn back," How oft I have proved it, tho'  
strength of Je - ho - vah's great arm; But some - how I find when the  
die, and will ne'er run a - way;" But when by temp - ta - tion so  
bat - tle like war - riors of steel; But right in the heat of the  
feel - ing, and trust is not trace; And when all a - round us seems

dark be the way, A lit - tle be - liev - ing drives clouds all a - way.  
waves swamp the boat, It takes some be - liev - ing to keep things a - float.  
fierce - ly as - sailed, They left off be - liev - ing, and ter - ri - bly failed.  
con - flict with sin, In - stead of be - liev - ing they faint and give in.  
dark as the night, We'll keep on be - liev - ing, and win in the fight.



## REFRAIN.



Lord, I believe, Lord, I believe! Saviour, raise my faith in Thee, Till it can move a




mountain; Lord, I believe, Lord, I believe! All my doubts are buried in the fountain.







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

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



I've felt sin's break - ers dash - ing, Try - ing to conquer my soul;  
 I feel a peace in knowing My Sav - ior stands be - tween;  
 My Sav - ior helps me to car - ry My cross when heavy to bear;  
 For me He opened that foun - tain, The crimson, cleans - ing tide;  
 And when He reigns in glo - ry, And I to heav'n at - tain,

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



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

*No, nev - er a - lone, No, nev - er a - lone;*  
*D. C. for chorus.*



He prom - ised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.  
 He prom - ised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.  
 My Sav - ior whispers His promise: "I never will leave thee alone.  
 He prom - ised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.  
 And live with Him for - ev - er, Nev - er, no, nev - er a - lone.

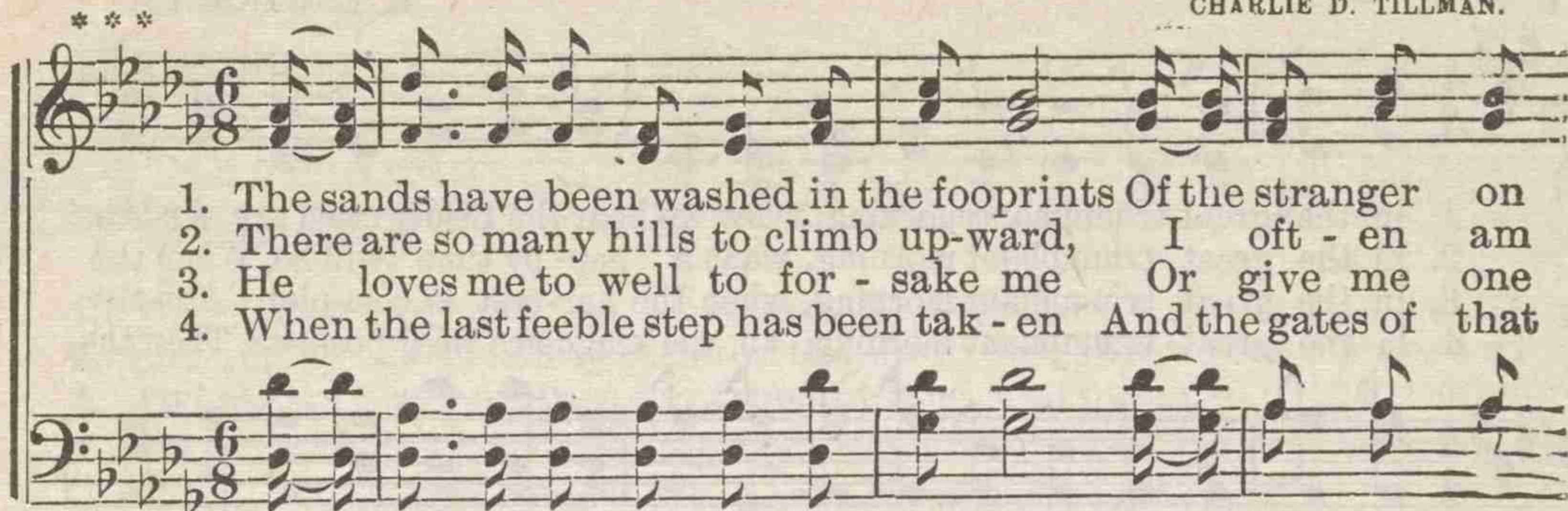
*He prom - ised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.*



## When I Get to the End of the Way.

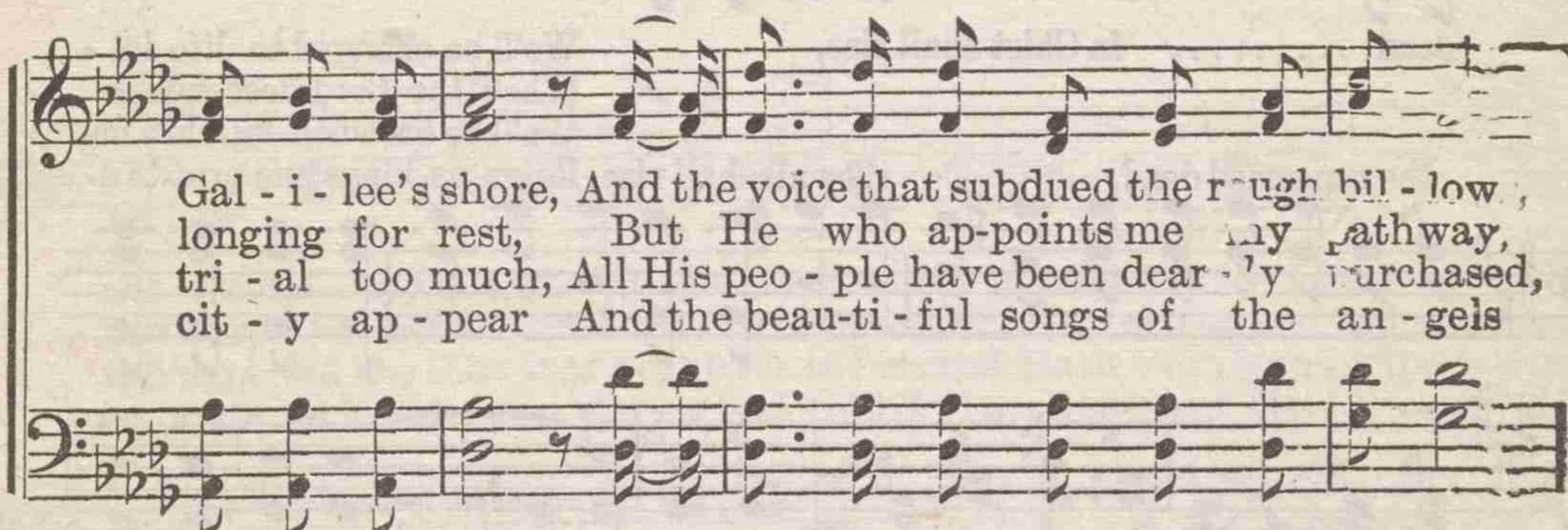
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

\*\*\*



1. The sands have been washed in the footprints Of the stranger on  
 2. There are so many hills to climb up-ward, I oft - en am  
 3. He loves me too well to for - sake me Or give me one  
 4. When the last feeble step has been tak - en And the gates of that

D. C.—And the toils of the road will seem nothing, When I get to the  
 Last.—Then the toils of the road will seem nothing, When I get to the



Gal - i - lee's shore, And the voice that subdued the rough bil - low,  
 longing for rest, But He who ap - points me my pathway,  
 tri - al too much, All His peo - ple have been dear - ly purchased,  
 cit - y ap - pear And the beau - ti - ful songs of the an - gels

end of the way, And the toils of the road will seem nothing,  
 end of the way, Then the toils of the road will seem nothing,

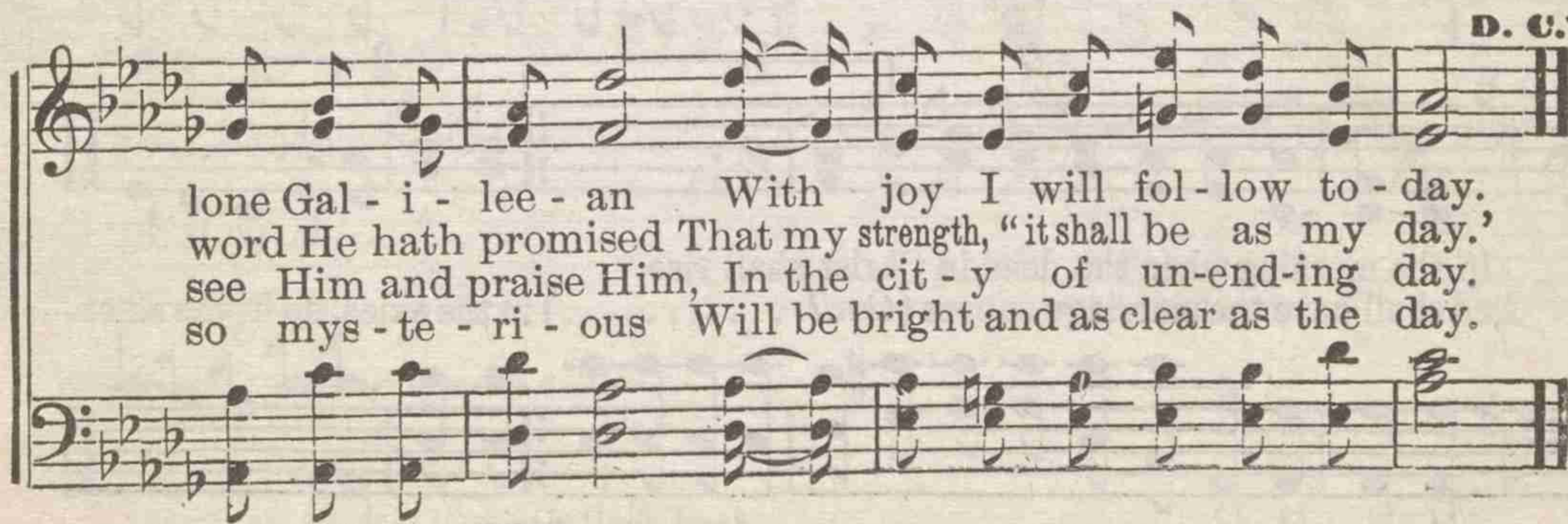
FINE.



Will be heard in Ju - de - a no more. But the path of that  
 Knows just what is need - ful and best. I know in His  
 And Sa - tan can nev - er claim such. By and by I shall  
 Float out on my list - en - ing ear. When all that now seems

When I get to the end of the way.  
 When I get to the end of the way.

D. C.



lone Gal - i - lee - an With joy I will fol - low to - day.  
 word He hath promised That my strength, "it shall be as my day."  
 see Him and praise Him, In the cit - y of un - end - ing day.  
 so mys - te - ri - ous Will be bright and as clear as the day.



# No. 16. In the Great Triumphant Morning.

R. E. W.

R. E. WINSETT.



1. In the great triumphant morning, when we hear the Bridegroom cry, And the
2. In the great triumphant morning, what a hap- py time 'twill be, When the
3. In the great triumphant morning, when the har-vest is com-plete, And the
4. In the great triumphant morning, all the kingdoms we'll pos-sess, Then the



dead..... in Chist shall rise,

We'll be changed to life im -  
When the Lord descends in  
We'll be crowned with life im -



the ransomed dead,

they all shall rise, Reign as kings and priests e -



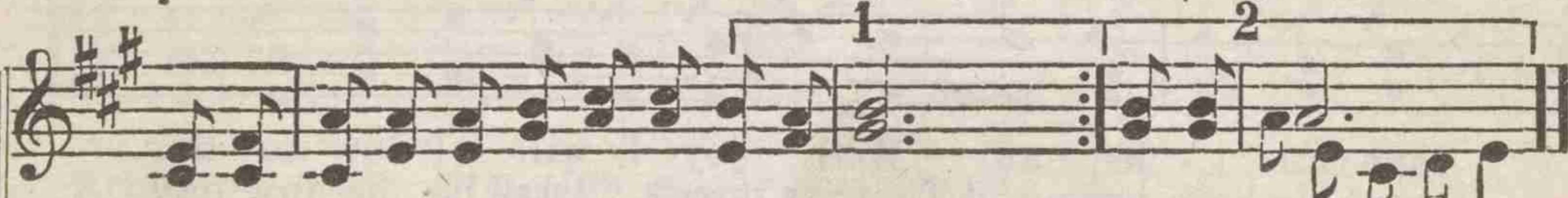
mor-tal, In the twinkling of an eye, And meet Je - - - sus in the  
glo - ry, Sets His waiting chil-dren free, And we meet..... Him in the  
mor-tal, Christ and all the loved ones meet, In the rap - - - ture in the  
ter-nal, Un-der Christ for-ev - er blest Aft-er meet - - - ing in the  
And meet Je-sus in the skies, up



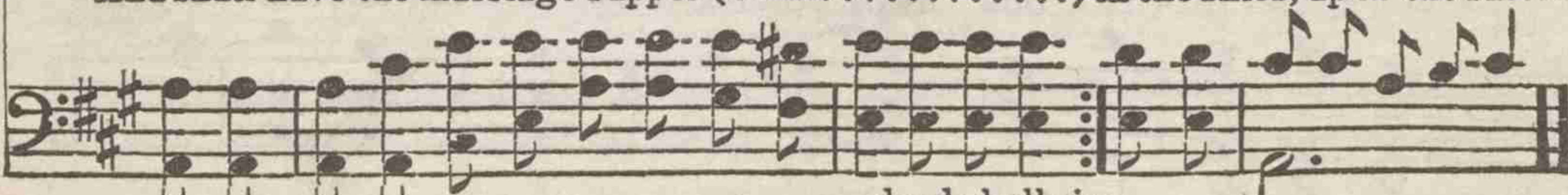
REFRAIN.



skies, (hear'nly skies). We shall all rise to meet Him, we shall all go to greet Him,



In the morning when the dead in Christ shall rise.  
And shall have the marriage supper (*Omit.....*) in the skies, up in the skies.



dead shall rise



A. B. SIMPSON.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. The mer-cy of God is an ocean divine, A boundless and fathomless flood; Launch  
 2. But ma-ny a-las! on-ly stand on the shore, And gaze on the ocean so wide; They  
 3. And others just venture away from the land, And linger so near to the shore, That  
 4. Oh, let us launch out on this ocean so broad, Where the floods of salvation o'er flow; Oh,

out in the deep, cut a-way the shore-line, And be lost in the full-ness of God.  
 nev - er have ventured its depths to explore, Or to launch on the fathomless tide.  
 the surf and the slime that beat over the strand, Dash o'er them in floods evermore.  
 let us be lost in the mer-cy of God, Till the depths of His fullness we know.

CHORUS.

Launch out in - to the deep, Oh, let the shore-line  
 Oh, launch out in the deep,

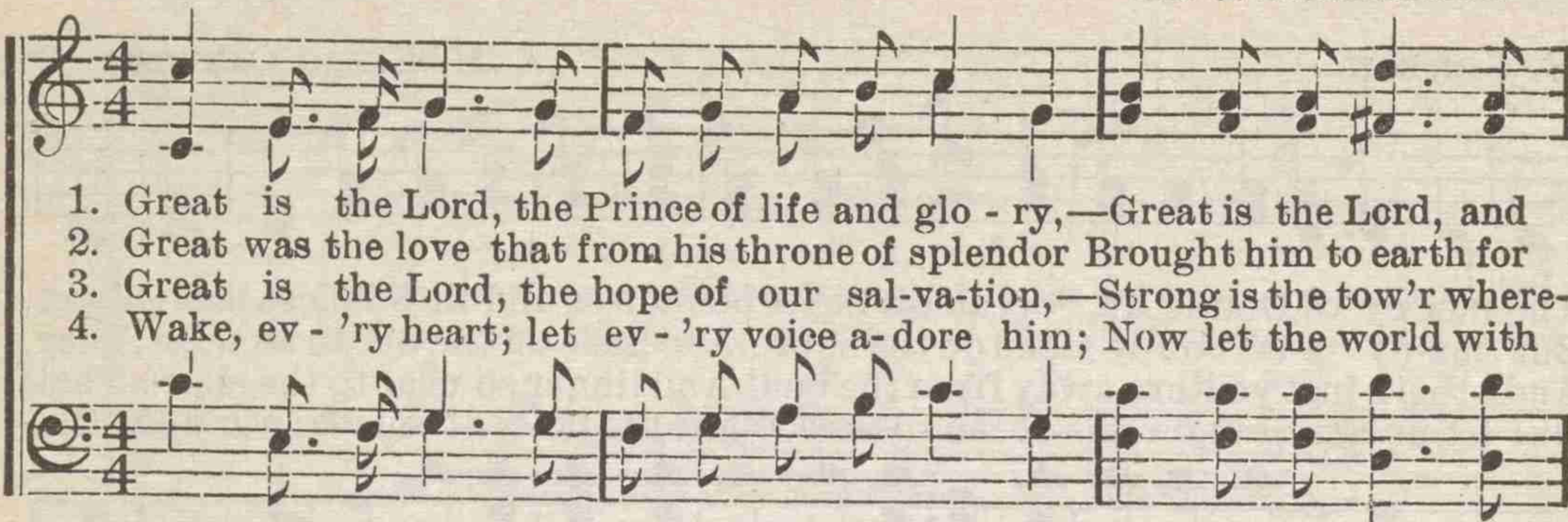
go; Launch out, launch out in the o - cean di - vine, Out where the full tides flow.



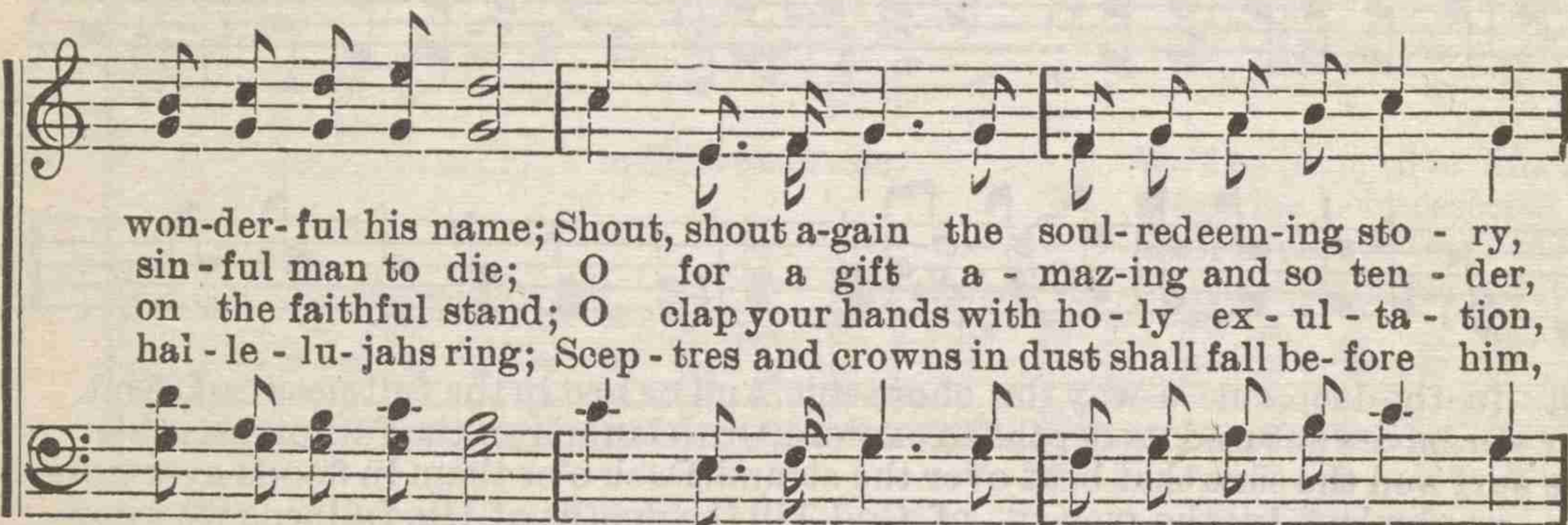
## Great is the Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Great is the Lord, the Prince of life and glo - ry,—Great is the Lord, and  
 2. Great was the love that from his throne of splendor Brought him to earth for  
 3. Great is the Lord, the hope of our sal - va - tion,—Strong is the tow'r where—  
 4. Wake, ev - 'ry heart; let ev - 'ry voice a - dore him; Now let the world with



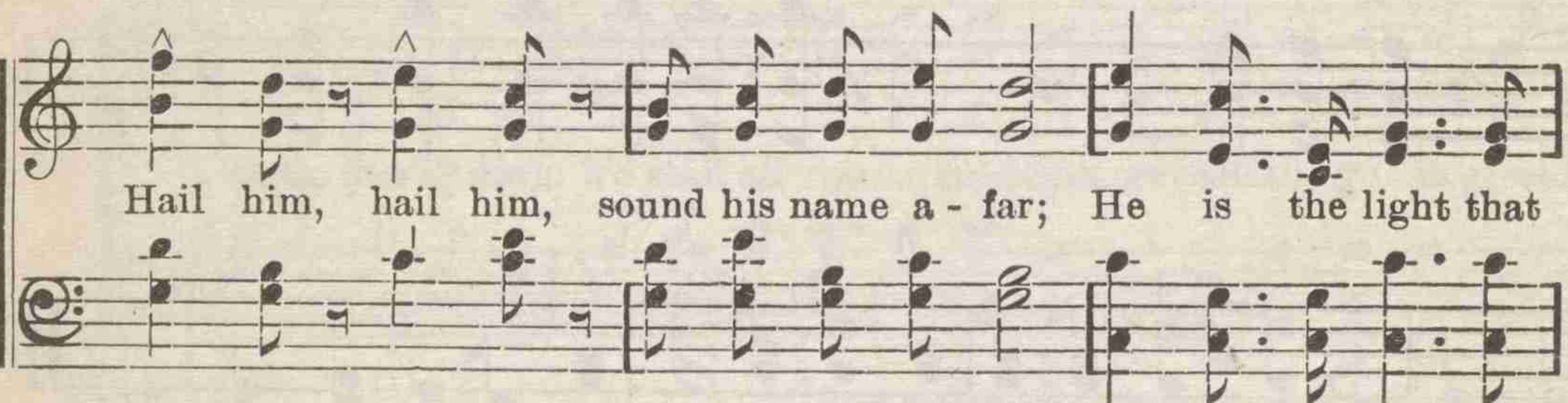
won - der - ful his name; Shout, shout a - gain the soul - redeem - ing sto - ry,  
 sin - ful man to die; O for a gift a - maz - ing and so ten - der,  
 on the faithful stand; O clap your hands with ho - ly ex - ul - ta - tion,  
 hai - le - lu - jahs ring; Scep - tres and crowns in dust shall fall be - fore him,



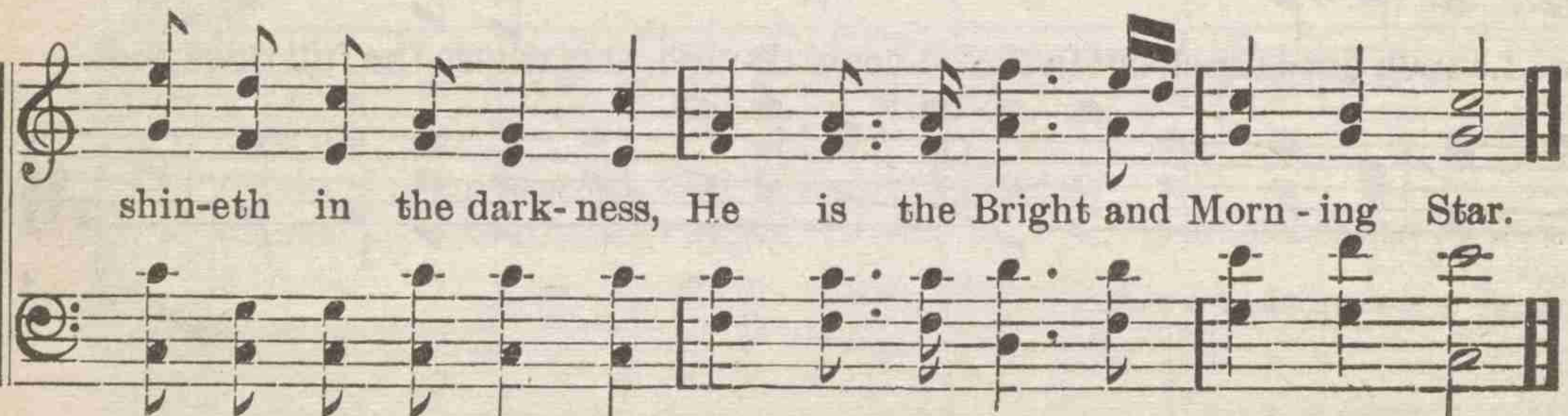
CHORUS.

Mer - cy for all thro' him pro - claim.  
 Glo - ry to God, to God on high!  
 Come with a song at his com - mand.  
 Je - sus a - lone shall reign our King.

Great is the Lord, great is the Lord,



Hail him, hail him, sound his name a - far; He is the light that



shin - eth in the dark - ness, He is the Bright and Morn - ing Star.

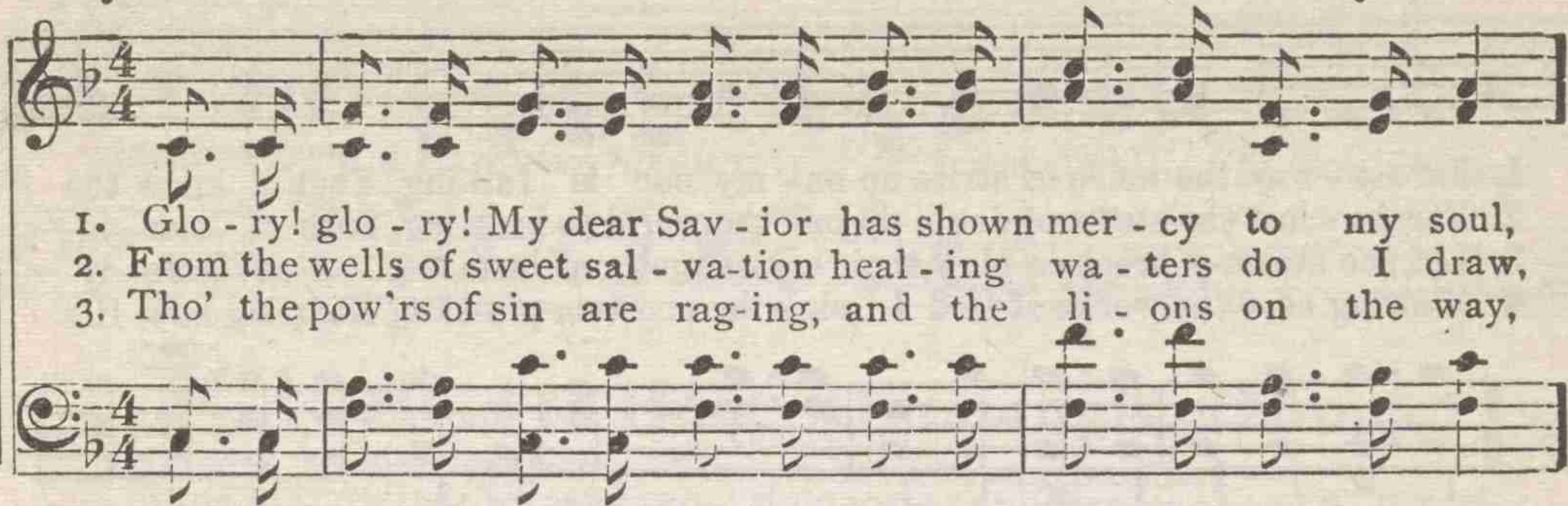


## I Will Trust and Never Fear.

"I will trust and not be afraid."—Isa. 12:2.

J.

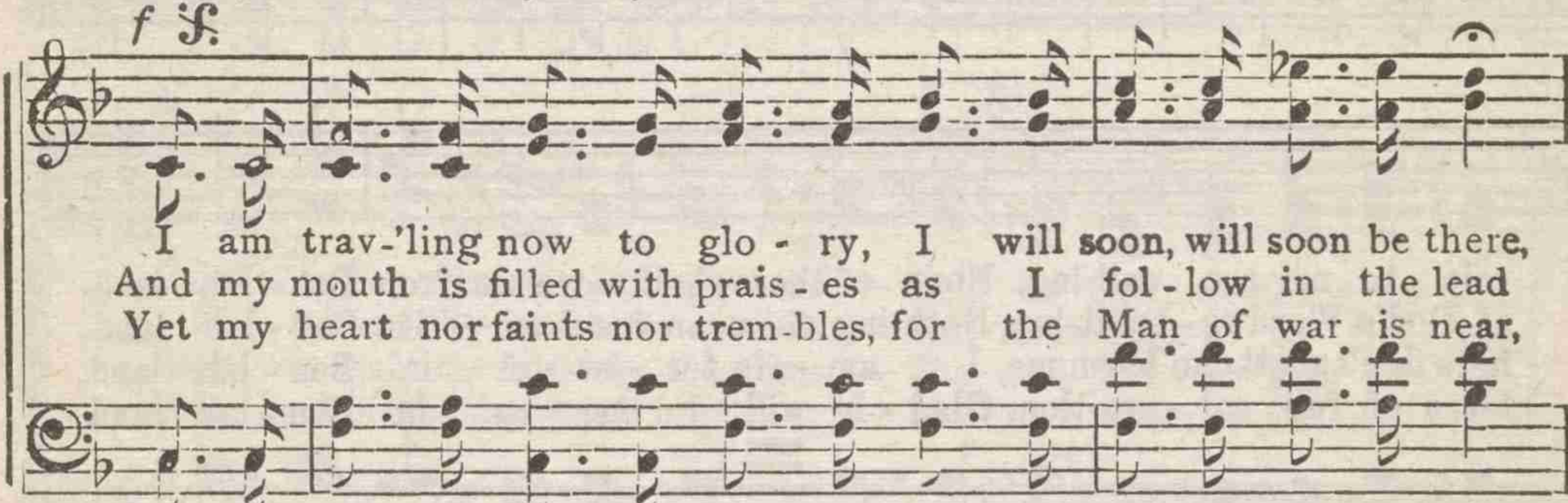
CHARLES PRICE JONES.



1. Glo - ry! glo - ry! My dear Sav - ior has shown mer - cy to my soul,  
 2. From the wells of sweet sal - va - tion heal - ing wa - ters do I draw,  
 3. Tho' the pow'rs of sin are rag - ing, and the li - ons on the way,



And by faith in Christ's a - tone - ment all my sins a - way do roll;  
 Oh, so cool - ing and re - fresh - ing, for my jour - ney here be - low;  
 Roar and glare up - on me oft - en as if read - y for the prey;



*f*  
 I am trav - ling now to glo - ry, I will soon, will soon be there,  
 And my mouth is filled with prais - es as I fol - low in the lead  
 Yet my heart nor faints nor trem - bles, for the Man of war is near,

D.S.—God Him - self is my re - demp - tion, my sal - va - tion ev - er near;  
 FINE.



And my Sav - ior is my Lead - er, Him I trust and nev - er fear.  
 Of my Sav - ior and my Cap - tain: I will trust nor be a - fraid.  
 I will take Him as mine arm - or, Trust Him still and nev - er fear.

I'm re - joic - ing on my jour - ney—I will trust and nev - er fear.  
 CHORUS. D.S. al Fine.



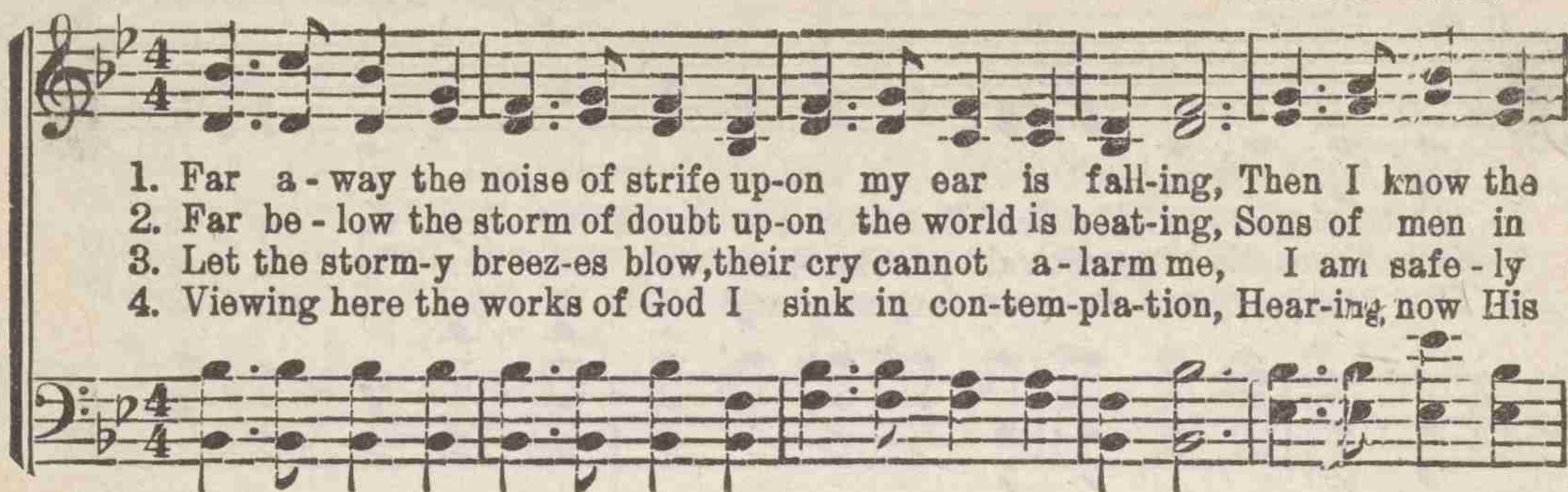
I will trust and nev - er fear, I will trust and nev - er fear,  
 I will trust and nev - er fear, I will trust and nev - er fear,



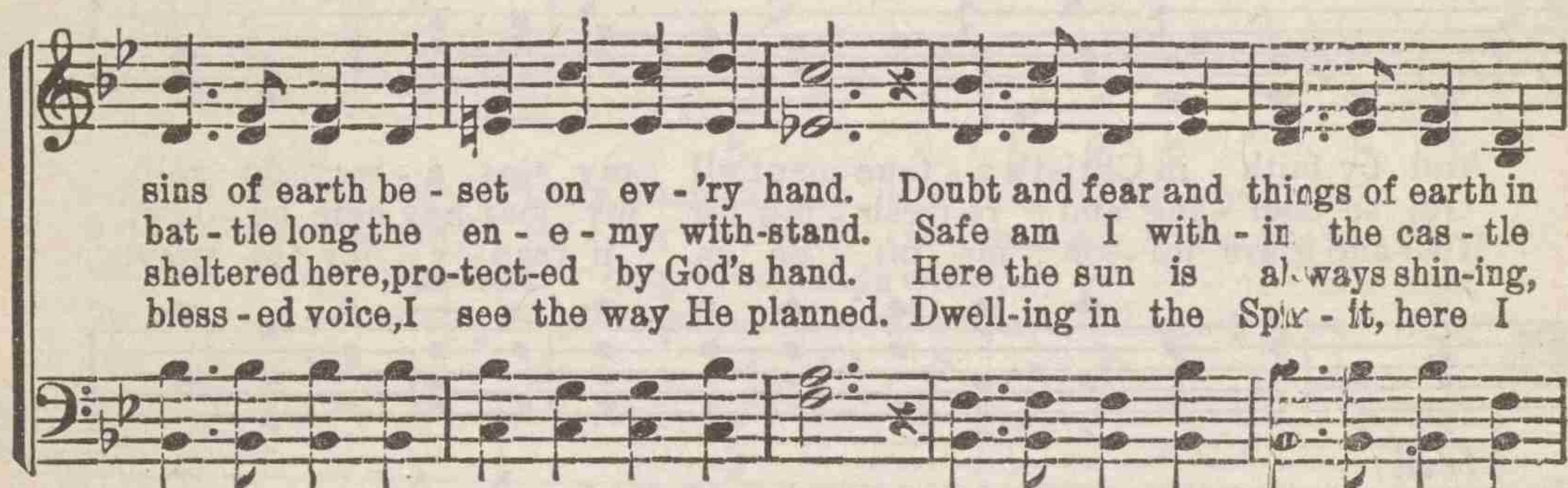
## Dwelling In Beulah Land.

C. A. M.

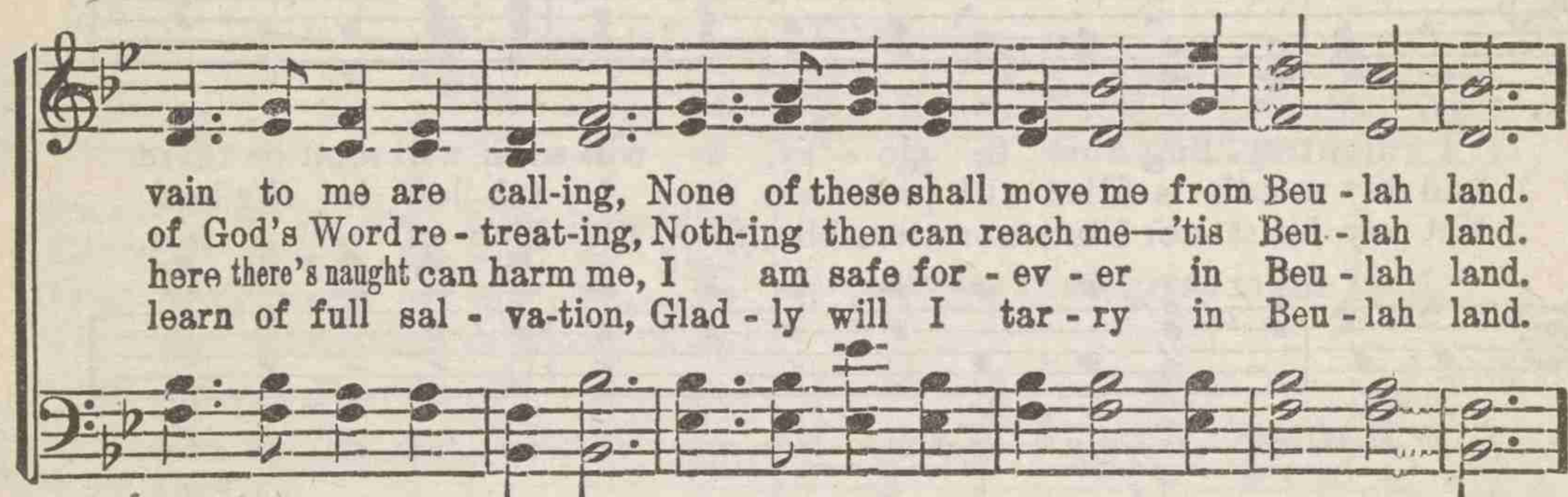
C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. Far a - way the noise of strife up-on my ear is fall-ing, Then I know the  
 2. Far be - low the storm of doubt up-on the world is beat-ing, Sons of men in  
 3. Let the storm-y breez-es blow, their cry cannot a-larm me, I am safe - ly  
 4. Viewing here the works of God I sink in con-tem-pla-tion, Hear-ing now His



sins of earth be - set on ev - 'ry hand. Doubt and fear and things of earth in  
 bat - tle long the en - e - my with-stand. Safe am I with - in the cas - tle  
 sheltered here, pro- tect - ed by God's hand. Here the sun is al - ways shin - ing,  
 bless - ed voice, I see the way He planned. Dwell - ing in the Spir - it, here I



vain to me are call - ing, None of these shall move me from Beu - lah land.  
 of God's Word re - treat - ing, Noth - ing then can reach me - 'tis Beu - lah land.  
 here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for - ev - er in Beu - lah land.  
 learn of full sal - va - tion, Glad - ly will I tar - ry in Beu - lah land.

## CHORUS.



I'm liv - ing on the mountain, un - der - neath a cloud - less sky, I'm  
 Praise God!



drink - ing at the fountain that nev - er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feasting on the



## Dwelling In Beulah Land. Concluded.

musical notation for the conclusion of the song, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature.

man - na from a boun - ti - ful sup - ply, For I am dwell - ing in Beu - lah land.

## 21 Hold to God's Unchanging Hand.

It is joy, beyond expressing,—That we have, at our command,—  
Thus to know that we can ever—"Hold to God's unchanging hand."—F. L. E.

JENNIE WILSON.

F. L. EILAND.

musical notation for the first part of the song, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two sharps and a 4/4 time signature.

1. Time is filled with swift tran - si - tion,—Naught of earth unmoved can stand,—  
2. Trust in Him who will not leave you,—What - so - ev - er years may bring,—  
3. Cov - et not this world's vain rich - es,—That so rap - id - ly de - cay,—  
4. When your journey is com - plet - ed,— If to God you have been true,—

musical notation for the second part of the song, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two sharps and a 4/4 time signature.

*Rit.*  
Build your hopes on things e - ter - nal,— Hold to God's un - chang - ing hand!  
If by earth - ly friends for - sak - en,— Still more close - ly to Him cling!  
Seek to gain the heav'nly treasures,— They will nev - er pass a - way!  
Fair and bright the home in glo - ry,— Your en - raptured soul will view!

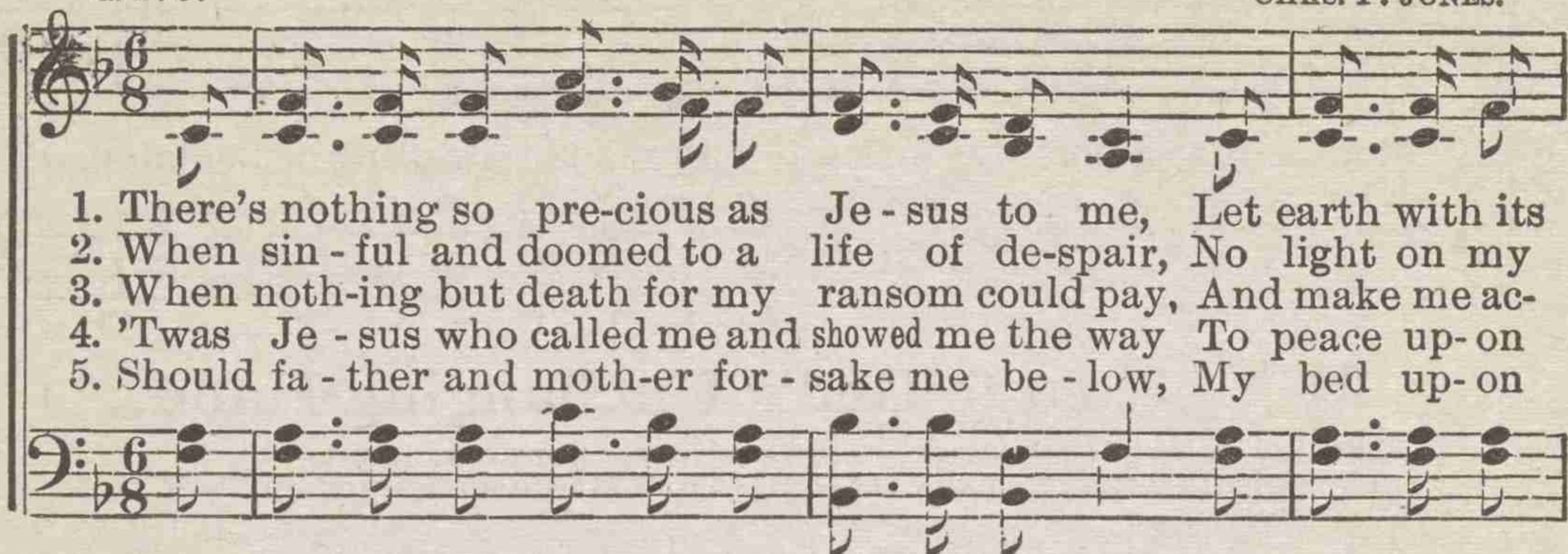
musical notation for the refrain, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two sharps and a 4/4 time signature.

REFRAIN.  
Hold . . . . . to God's unchanging hand! Hold to God's unchanging hand!  
Hold to His hand, Hold to His hand,

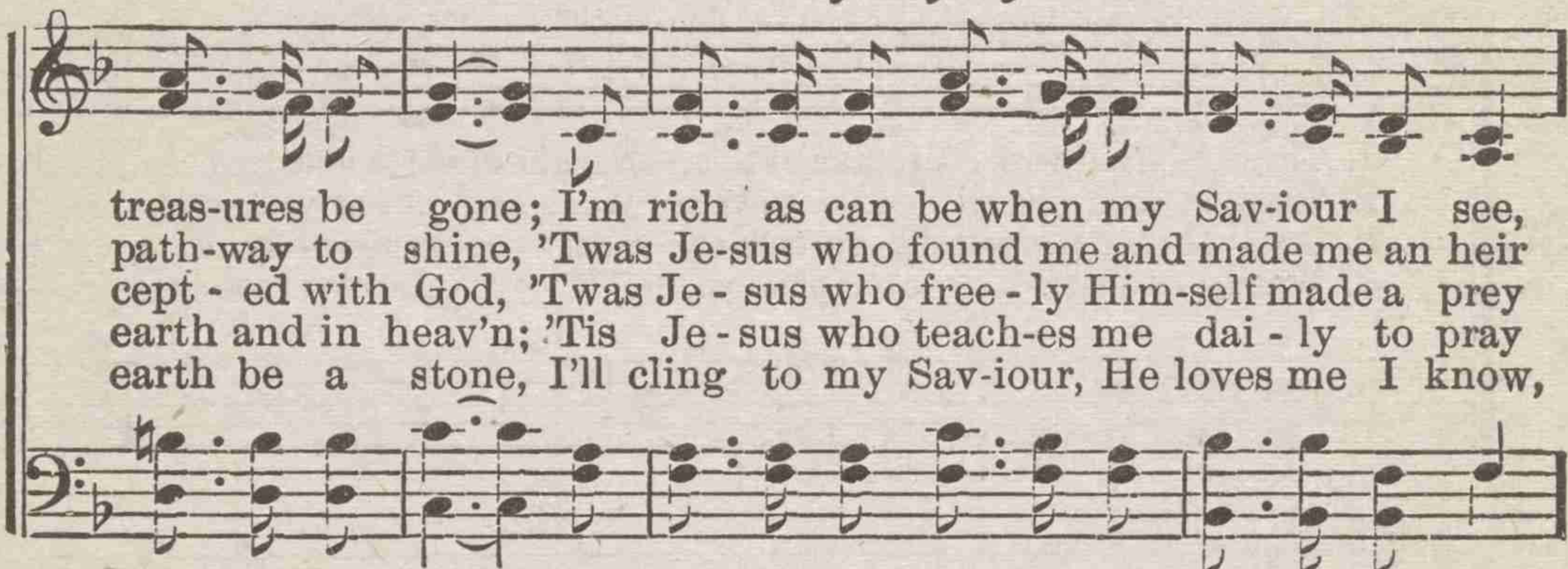
musical notation for the final part of the song, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two sharps and a 4/4 time signature.

*Rit.* *Repeat refrain softly.*  
Build your hopes on things e - ter - nal,— Hold to God's un - chang - ing hand!



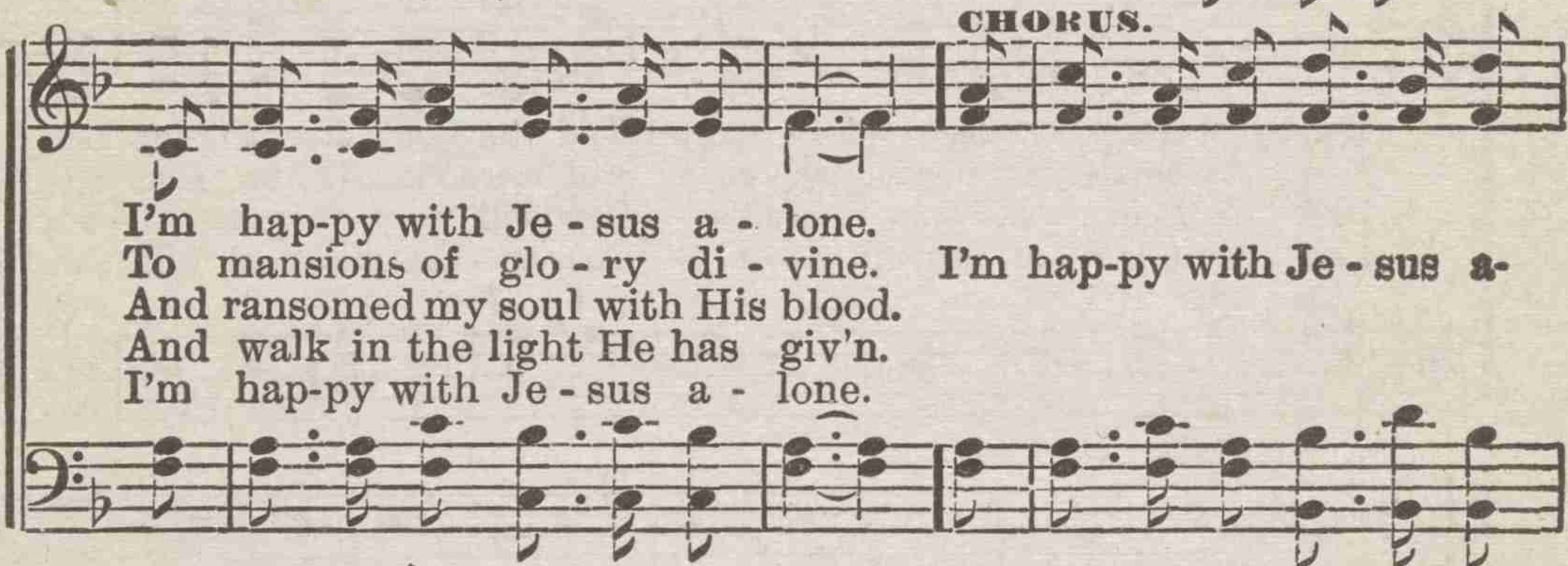


1. There's nothing so pre-cious as Je - sus to me, Let earth with its  
 2. When sin - ful and doomed to a life of de-spair, No light on my  
 3. When noth-ing but death for my ransom could pay, And make me ac-  
 4. 'Twas Je - sus who called me and showed me the way To peace up-on  
 5. Should fa -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

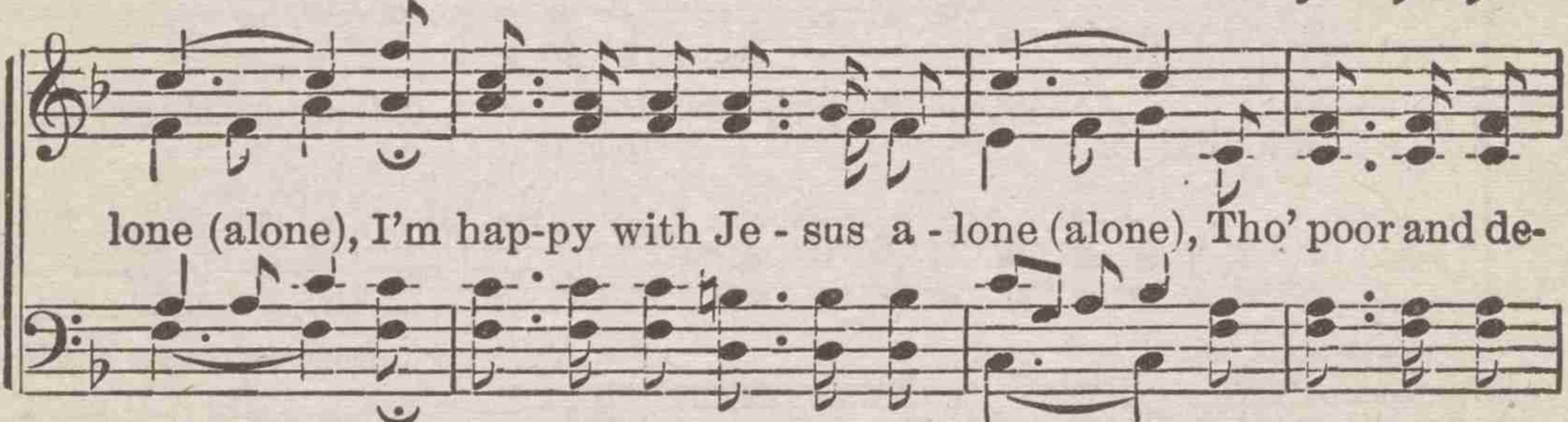


treas-ures be gone; I'm rich as can be when my Sav-iour I see,  
 path-way to shine, 'Twas Je-sus who found me and made me an heir  
 cept - ed with God, 'Twas Je - sus who free - ly Him-self made a prey  
 earth and in heav'n; 'Tis Je - sus who teach-es me dai - ly to pray  
 earth be a stone, I'll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

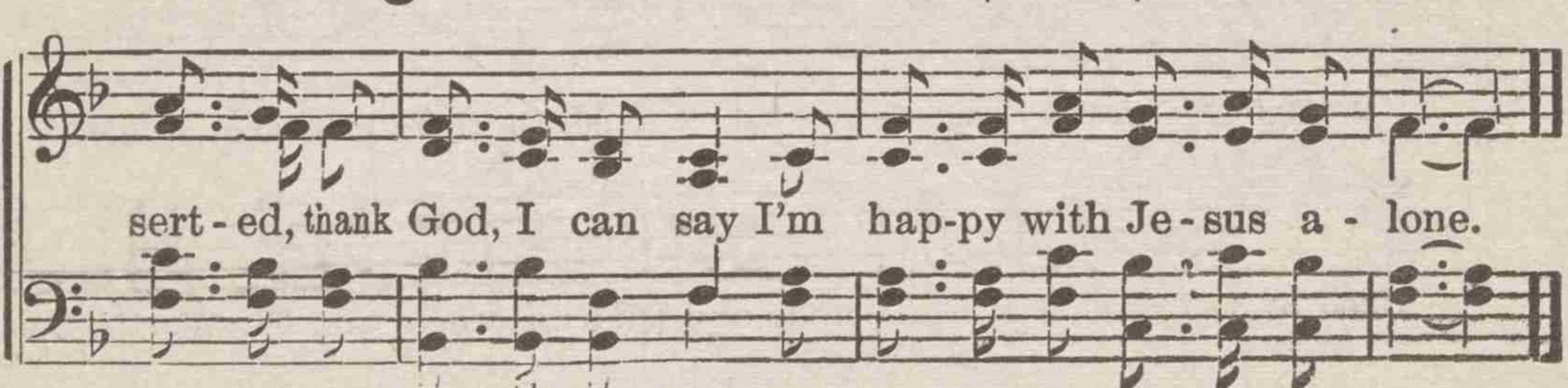
**CHORUS.**



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



lone (alone), I'm hap-py with Je - sus a - lone (alone), Tho' poor and de-



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



## I Want to Love Him Better.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I see my Saviour hanging on the bloody tree, By faith I see Him
2. The light He bro't from heaven, made the darkness flee, No more do types and
3. It veiled the face of na-ture to be-hold Him die, It made the mountains
4. But now he lives in glo - ry, in that home on high, Where angels chant the



dy - ing there in a - go - ny; But in His death on Calv'ry is my hope and plea,  
 shadows point to Calvary; He broke the chains that bound me, when He look'd at me,  
 tremble, when they heard Him cry; He saved my soul from dying as He hung on high,  
 sto - ry, how He came to die; But 'till I join that chorus with them in the sky,



*D.S.* want to love Him better as the moments fly,



I want to love Him better, for He died for me. I want to love Him  
 I want to love Him better, for He set me free.  
 I want to love Him better as the mo-ments fly.  
 I want to love Him better as the days go by.



I want to love Him better as the days go by.

*D.S.*



better for He died for me, I want to love Him better for He set me free; I





## Meet Me There.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. On the hap-py, golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the  
 2. Here our fond-est hopes are vain, Dearest links are rent in twain; But in  
 3. Where the harps of an-gels ring, And the blest for-ev - er sing, In the



storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves away In-to  
 heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the riv - er sparkling bright, In the  
 pal - ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet communion blend Heart with



pure and per-fect day, I am go - ing home to stay, Meet me there.  
 cit - y of de-light, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.  
 heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.



*D.S.*—hap-py gold - en shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.

## CHORUS.



Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is



blooming, Meet me there; When the storms of life are o'er, On the



Meet me there;



## Every Bridge is Burned Behind Me.

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Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

USED BY PER.

Geo. C. Hugg.



1. Since I start - ed out to find Thee, Since I to the cross did flee,
2. Thou didst hear my plea so kind - ly, Thou didst grant me so much grace;
3. Cares of life per-plex and grieve me, Yet I keep the nar - row way;
4. All in all, I ev - er find Thee, Sav-iour, Lov - er Bro-ther, Friend;



Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be-hind me, I will nev - er turn from Thee.  
 Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be-hind me, I will ne'er my steps re-trace.  
 Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be-hind me, I from Thee will nev - er stray.  
 Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be-hind me, I will serve Thee to the end.



## CHORUS.



Strength-en all the ties that bind me Clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to Thee;



Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be-hind me, Thine I ev - er - more will be.





## Glory to God, Hallelujah!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. We are nev - er, nev - er wea - ry of the grand old song ; Glo - ry to God,
2. We are lost a - mid the rap - ture of re - deem - ing love ; Glo - ry to God,
3. We are go - ing to a pal - ace that is built of gold ; Glo - ry to God,
4. There we'll shout redeeming mercy in a glad, new song ; Glo - ry to God,



hal - le - lu - jah ! We can sing it loud as ev - er, with our faith more strong :  
 hal - le - lu - jah ! We are ris - ing on its pinions to the hills a - bove :  
 hal - le - lu - jah ! Where the King in all his splendor we shall soon be - hold :  
 hal - le - lu - jah ! There we'll sing the praise of Jesus with the blood - wash'd throng ;



## FINE. CHORUS.



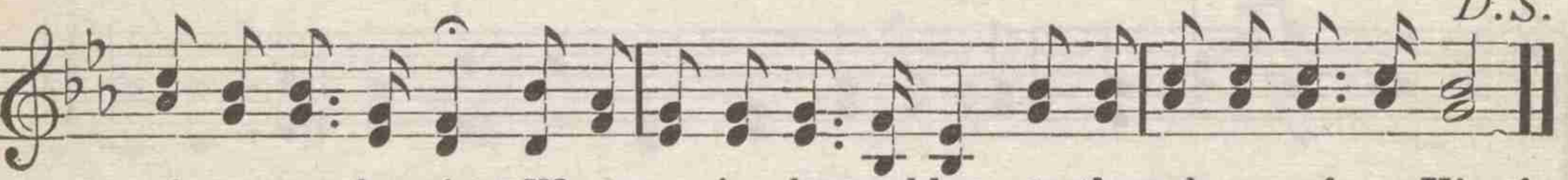
Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah ! O, the children of the Lord have a



right to shout and sing, For the way is grow - ing bright, and our



D.S.



souls are on the wing ; We are go - ing by and by to the pal - ace of a King !






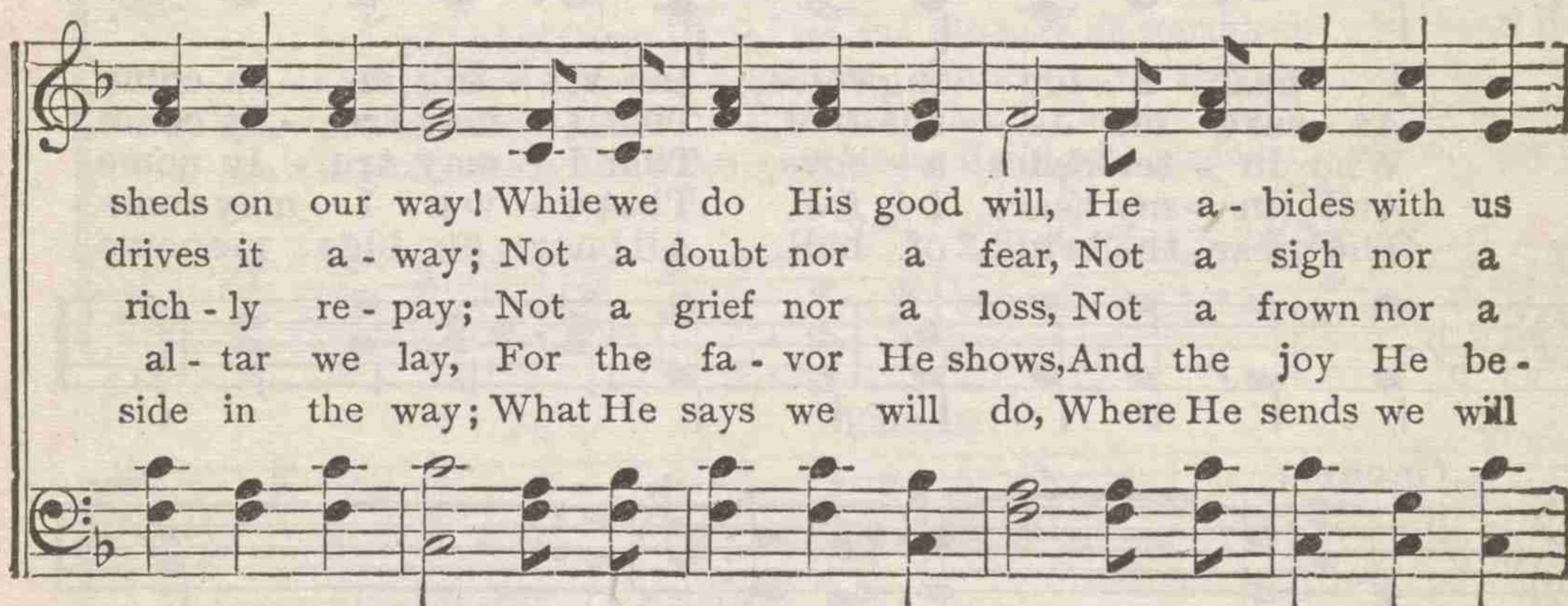
"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." — Ps. 25: 14.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word, What a glo-ry He  
 2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly  
 3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth  
 4. But we nev-er can prove The delights of His love, Un-til all on the  
 5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His

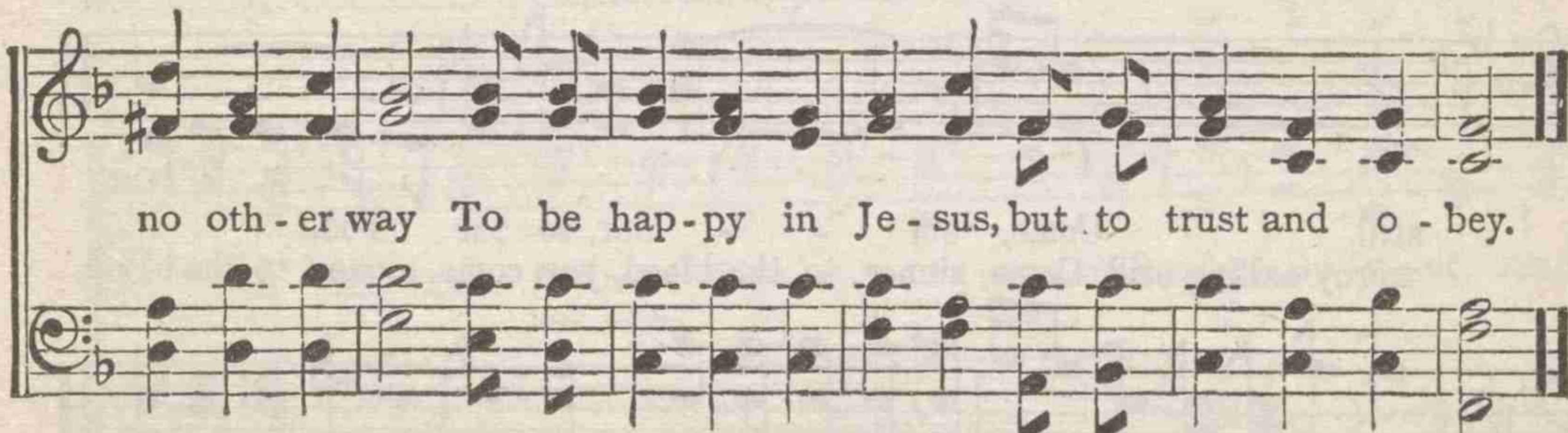


sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a-bides with us  
 drives it a-way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a  
 rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a  
 al-tar we lay, For the fa-vor He shows, And the joy He be-  
 side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will

CHORUS.



still, And with all who will trust and o-bey. Trust and o-bey, for there's  
 tear, Can a-bide while we trust and o-bey.  
 cross, But is blest if we trust and o-bey.  
 stows, Are for them who will trust and o-bey.  
 go, Nev-er fear, on-ly trust and o-bey.



no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je-sus, but to trust and o-bey.



## No. 28.

## Whosoever Will.

D. S. WARNER.

Rev. 22: 17.

Alt. by R. E. WINSETT.  
B. E. WARREN. By per.

1. Oh, why should I be lost? So care-less meet my doom?  
 2. The Spir-it and the bride, And an-gels round the throne,  
 3. I know that God is love, He free-ly gave His Son,  
 4. I hear the strong ap-peal From my Redeemer's throne,  
 5. Yes, who-so-ev-er will, Thy word, O Lord, I own;



I hear a lov-ing voice, In-vit-ing me to come.  
 As-sure me Je-sus died, That I may free-ly come.  
 Who in-ter-cedes a-bove, That I may tru-ly come.  
 And in my heart I feel That e-ven I may come.  
 Tho' near the brink of hell, All heav-en bids me come.



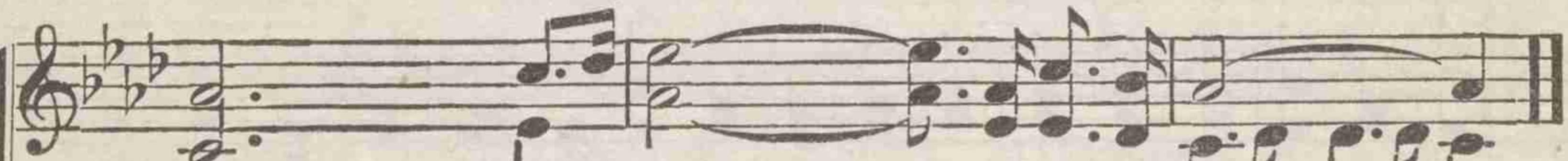
## CHORUS.



Yes, who - so - ev - er will, May  
 Yes, who - so - ev - er will, yes, who - so - ev - er will, May



free - ly come to God; 'Tis mer - cy calling  
 freely come to God, yes, may freely come to God; 'Tis mercy calling still, it is



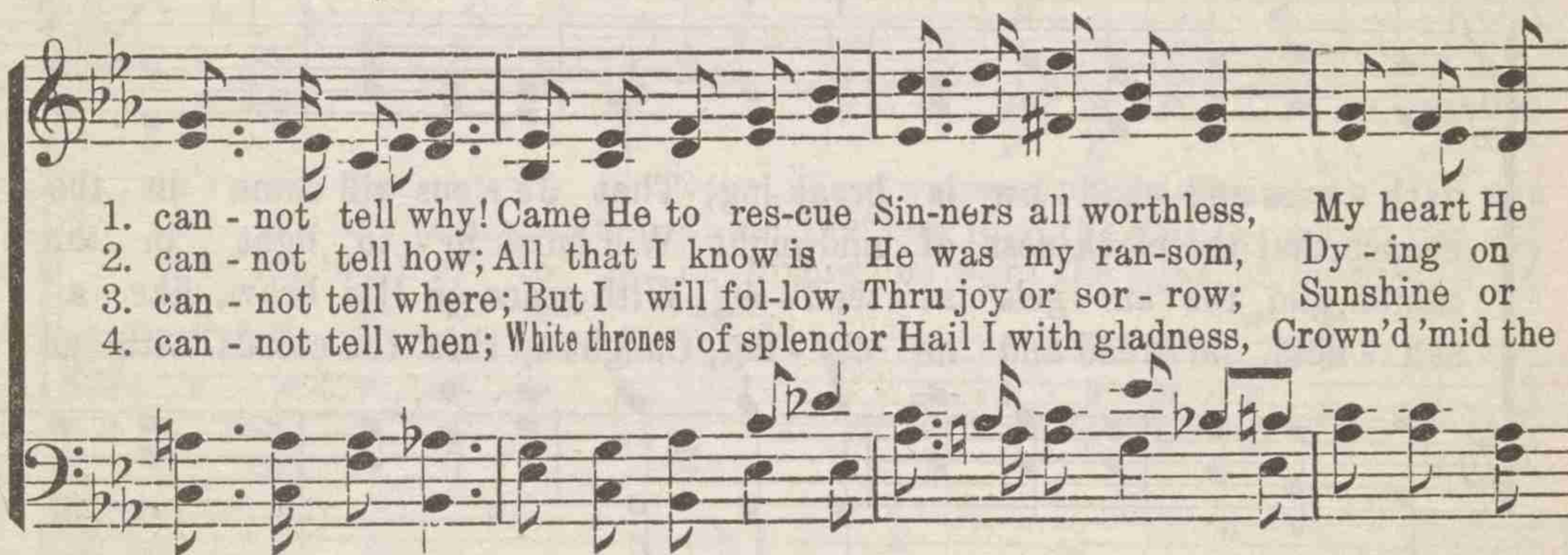
still, Come, sin - ner, to the blood.....  
 mercy calling still, Come, sinner, to the blood, yes, come, sinner, to the blood.





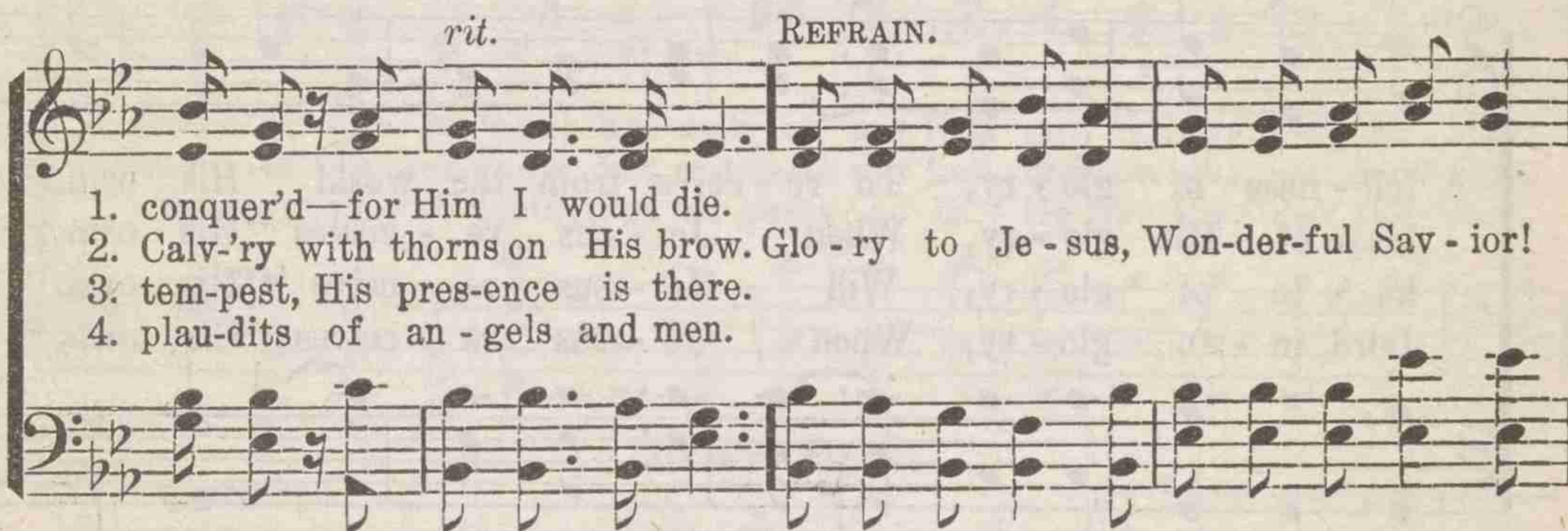


1. Je - sus hath lov'd me—Won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus hath lov'd me, I  
 2. Je - sus hath sav'd me—Won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus hath sav'd me, I  
 3. Je - sus will lead me—Won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus will lead me, I  
 4. Je - sus will crown me—Won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus will crown me, I



1. can - not tell why! Came He to res - cue Sin - ners all worthless, My heart He  
 2. can - not tell how; All that I know is He was my ran - som, Dy - ing on  
 3. can - not tell where; But I will fol - low, Thru joy or sor - row; Sunshine or  
 4. can - not tell when; White thrones of splendor Hail I with gladness, Crown'd 'mid the

*rit.* REFRAIN.



1. conquer'd—for Him I would die.  
 2. Calv'-ry with thorns on His brow. Glo - ry to Je - sus, Won - der - ful Sav - ior!  
 3. tem - pest, His pres - ence is there.  
 4. plau - dits of an - gels and men.

*f* *p* *m*



Glo - ry to Je - sus, the King I a - dore; I am re - joic - ing

*mf* *mp* *rit.*



in His kind fa - vor: Glo - ry to Je - sus, and praise ev - er - more.



# Christ Returneth.

"I will come again, and receive you unto Myself."—John 15: 3.

H. L. TURNER.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



1. It may be at morn, when the day is a - wak - ing, When sun - light thro'
2. It may be at mid - day, it may be at twi - light, It may be, per -
3. While its hosts cry "ho - san - na," from heav - en de - scend - ing, With glo - ri - fied
4. Oh, joy! oh, de - light! should we go with - out dy - ing, No sick - ness, no



dark - ness and shad - ow is break - ing, That Je - sus will come in the  
 chance, that the black - ness of mid - night Will burst in - to light in the  
 saints and the an - gels at - tend - ing, With grace on His brow, like a  
 sad - ness, no dread and no cry - ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our



full - ness of glo - ry, To re - ceive from the world "His own."  
 blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."  
 ha - lo of glo - ry, Will Je - sus re - ceive "His own."  
 Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."



CHORUS.



O Lord Je - sus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song, Christ re -



turn - eth, hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.







# No. 31.

# Press a Little Farther.


"I press toward the mark."—PHIL. 3: 14.




1. Let us press a lit - tle far - ther on the way; Time is fly - ing,  
 2. Let us press a lit - tle far - ther on the way, Let us strong - er  
 3. Let us pray for one an - oth - er on the way, Let each broth - er




we've no moments to de - lay; For we must with patience run Till the  
 be to - day than yes - ter - day; Let our love the deep - er grow, Let us  
 help his broth - er to o - bey; Let us fight the fight of faith, And be





crown of life is won; Let not sin nor hell our journey long - er stay.  
 more of Je - sus know; Let not earth nor hell nor sin our jour - ney stay.  
 constant un - to death; Let us press a lit - tle far - ther on the way.




*Hold on repeat.*

CHORUS.



On the way, on the way, Let us press a lit - tle  
 On the way, on the way,




farther on the way. Let us press a lit - tle farther on the way.  
 on the way.





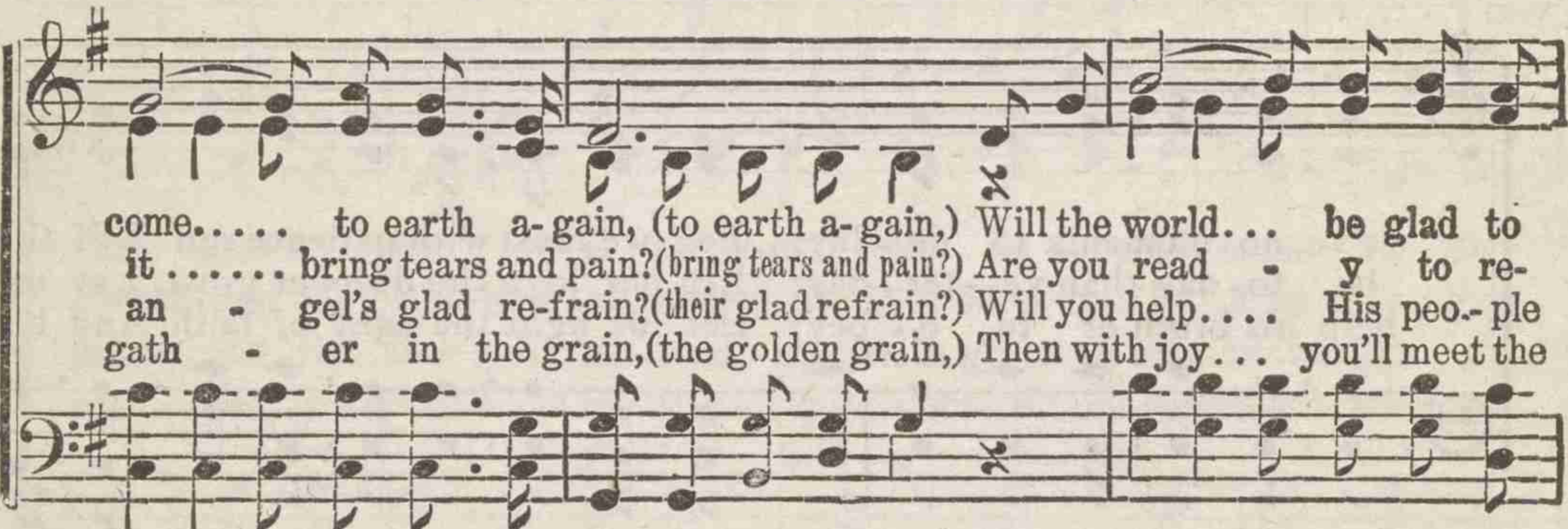
## When Our Lord Shall Come Again.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

R. L. FERGUSON.



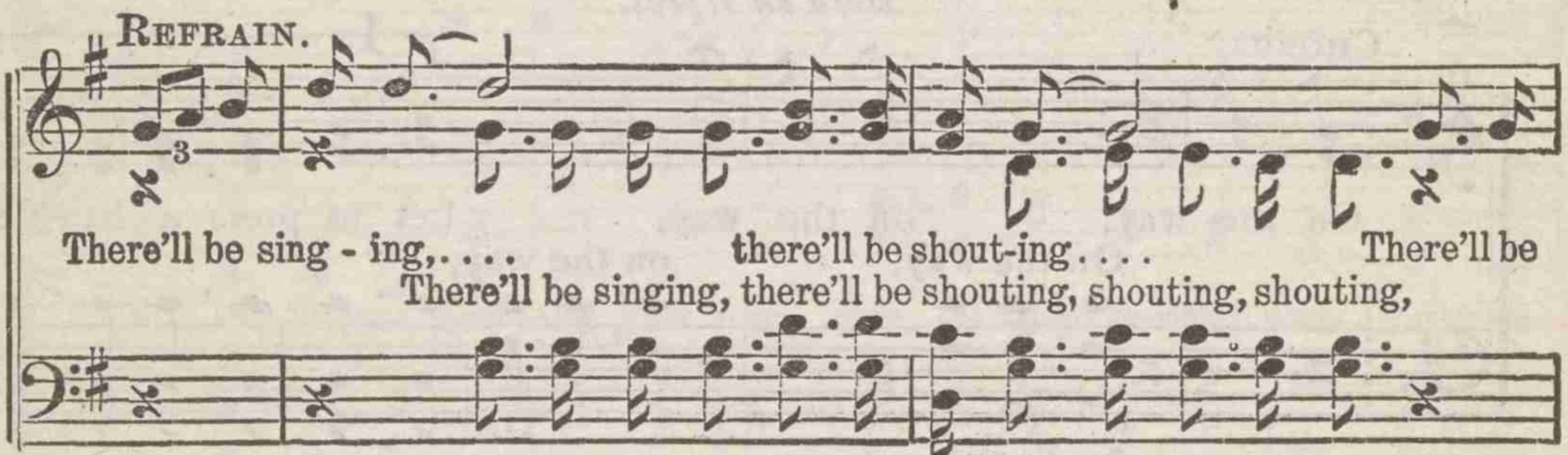
1. When up - on..... the clouds of heav-en, (clouds of heav-en,) Christ shall  
 2. Will His com - - ing bring re - joic-ing? (bring re - joic-ing?) Or will  
 3. Will you join..... in la - men - ta-tion? (la - men - ta-tion?) Or the  
 4. Work and pray..... till Je - sus calls you, (Je - sus calls you,) Help to



come..... to earth a-gain, (to earth a-gain,) Will the world... be glad to  
 it..... bring tears and pain?(bring tears and pain?) Are you read - y to re-  
 an - gel's glad re-frain?(their glad refrain?) Will you help.... His peo-ple  
 gath - er in the grain,(the golden grain,) Then with joy... you'll meet the



see Him, (glad to see Him,) When our Lord... shall come a-gain? (shall come a-gain?)  
 ceive Him, (to re-ceive Him,) When our Lord... shall come a-gain? (shall come a-gain?)  
 crown Him, (help to crown Him,) When our Lord... shall come a-gain? (shall come a-gain?)  
 Saviour, (meet the Saviour,) When our Lord... shall come a-gain? (shall come a-gain.)



**REFRAIN.**

There'll be sing - ing,.... there'll be shout-ing.... There'll be  
 There'll be singing, there'll be shouting, shouting, shouting,



sor-row,.. there'll be pain; There'll be weep-ing, there'll be  
 There'll be sorrow, there'll be pain, heart-rending pain, There'll be weeping, there'll be



# When Our Lord Shall Come. Concluded.

praying... When our Lord..... shall come a - gain.  
 praying, there'll be praying, When our Lord shall come a-gain.

33

## I Would Not Be Denied.

C. P. J.

Gen. 32: 24-28.

C. P. Jones.

1. When pangs of death seiz'd on my soul, Un - to the Lord I cried,  
 2. As Ja - cob in the days of old, I wres-tled with the Lord,  
 3. Old Sa - tan said my Lord was gone And would not hear my pray'r,

Till Je - sus came and made me whole, I would not be de-nied.  
 And in-stant with a cour-age bold, I stood up - on His word.  
 But praise the Lord! the work is done, And Christ, the Lord is here.

CHORUS.

I would not be de-nied, I would not be de-nied,  
 de-nied, de-nied.

Till Je - sus came and made me whole, I would not be de-nied.  
 de-nied.



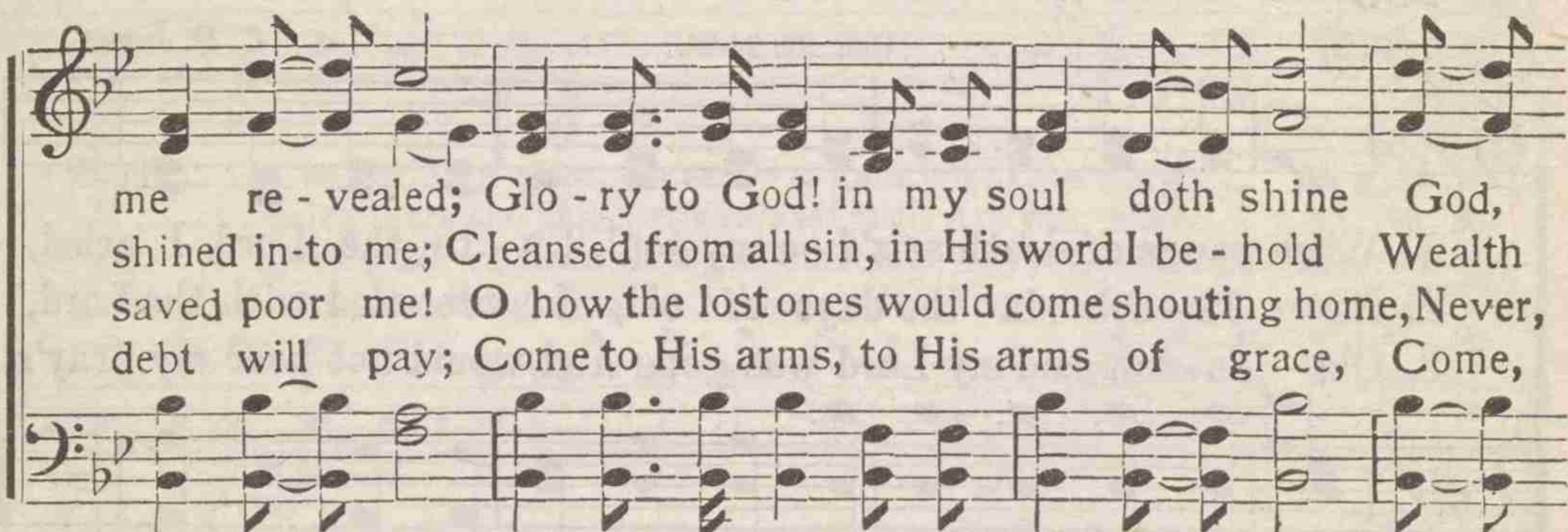
## Washed in the Blood.

C. P. JONES.

C. P. JONES.

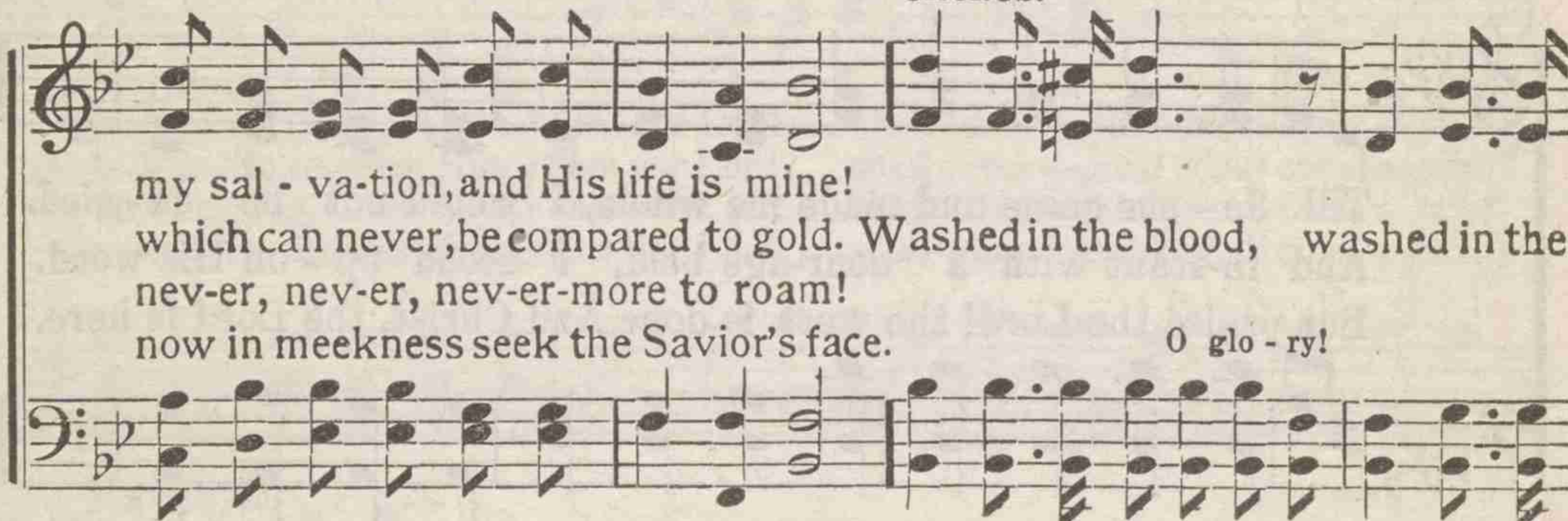


1. Washed in the blood, by the Spir-it sealed, Christ in His word is to  
 2. Once I was blind, but be-hold, I see; God from a - bove now hath  
 3. O that the world might the Sav-ior see, That bless-ed Sav - ior who  
 4. Washed in the blood! sin-ner, come to-day; Je - sus so free - ly the

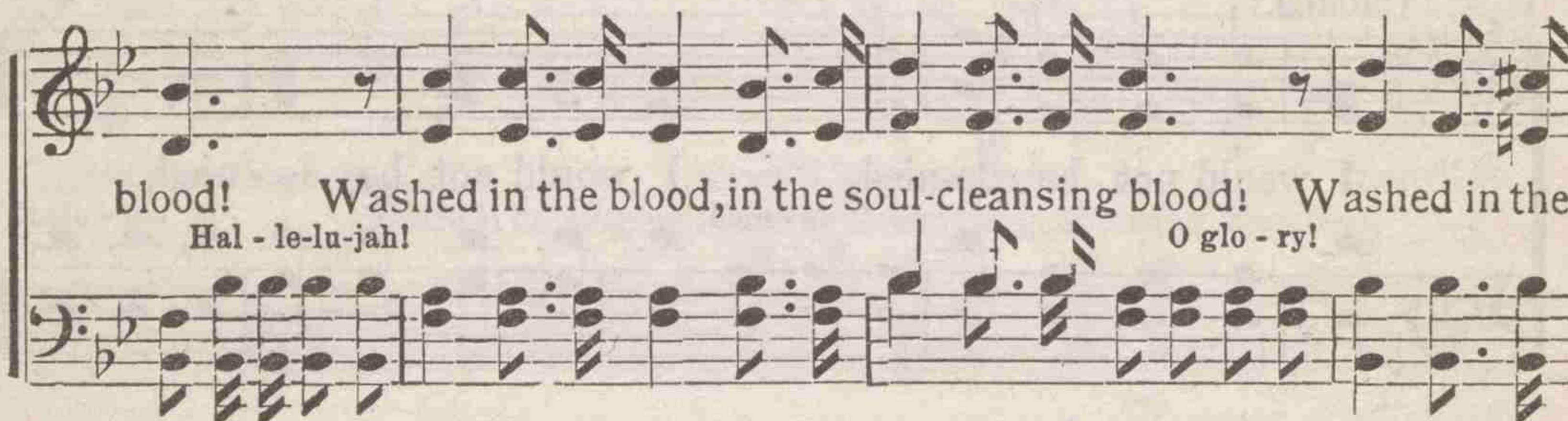


me re - vealed; Glo - ry to God! in my soul doth shine God,  
 shined in-to me; Cleansed from all sin, in His word I be - hold Wealth  
 saved poor me! O how the lost ones would come shouting home, Never,  
 debt will pay; Come to His arms, to His arms of grace, Come,

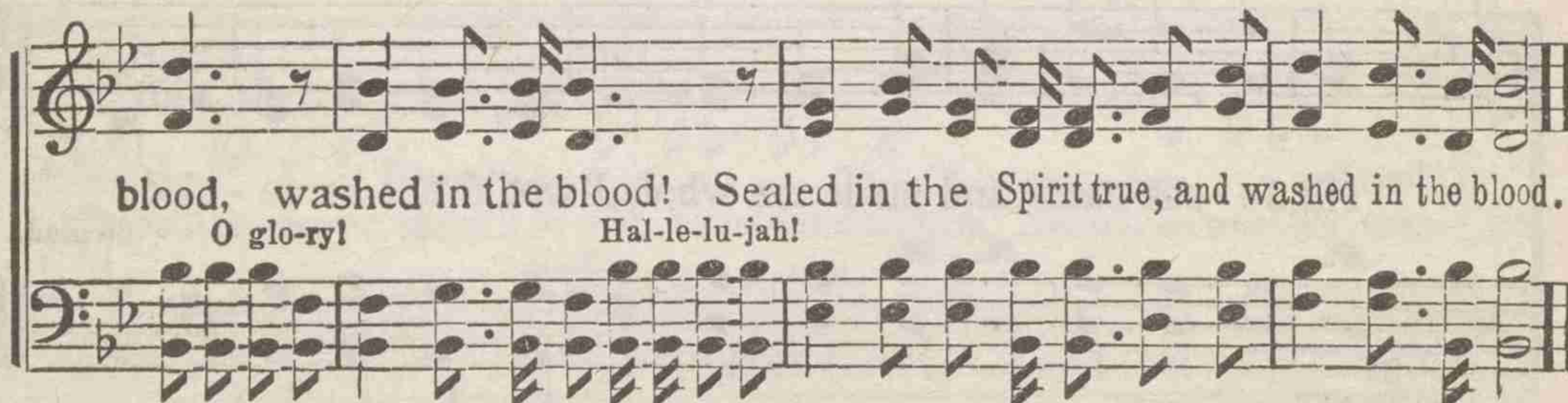
## CHORUS.



my sal - va-tion, and His life is mine!  
 which can never, be compared to gold. Washed in the blood, washed in the  
 nev-er, nev-er, nev-er-more to roam!  
 now in meekness seek the Savior's face. O glo - ry!



blood! Washed in the blood, in the soul-cleansing blood! Washed in the  
 Hal - le-lu-jah! O glo - ry!



blood, washed in the blood! Sealed in the Spirit true, and washed in the blood.  
 O glo-ry! Hal-le-lu-jah!




## No. 35.



## Built on the Rock.

"Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of Mine, and doeth them, I will liken unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock."—Matt. 7: 24.


CHAS. P. JONES.



1. Built on the rock, not on the sand, O God, Thy ho-  
 2. What grace that I should have a part In this blest band,  
 3. A live - ly stone kept by Thy grace, Thy mei - cy giv-  
 4. Yes, built up - on the sol - id rock Thy church shall stand

ly church shall stand, Redeemed from sin by Je-sus' blood, Pardoned and cleansed  
 that my poor heart Should be by heav'nly pow'r inclined Thy love to seek,  
 eth me a place: I, too, am of Thy bod-y, Lord, Cleansed by Thy blood,  
 the tem-pest shock; And, when the clouds have rolled away, Stand mistress of



*Rit.* CHORUS.



and filled with God.  
 Thy peace to find.  
 kept by Thy word.  
 e - ter - nal day.

Yes, filled with God, Yes, filled with God,




*Rit.*

Pardoned and cleansed, and filled with God; Pardoned and cleansed and filled with God.

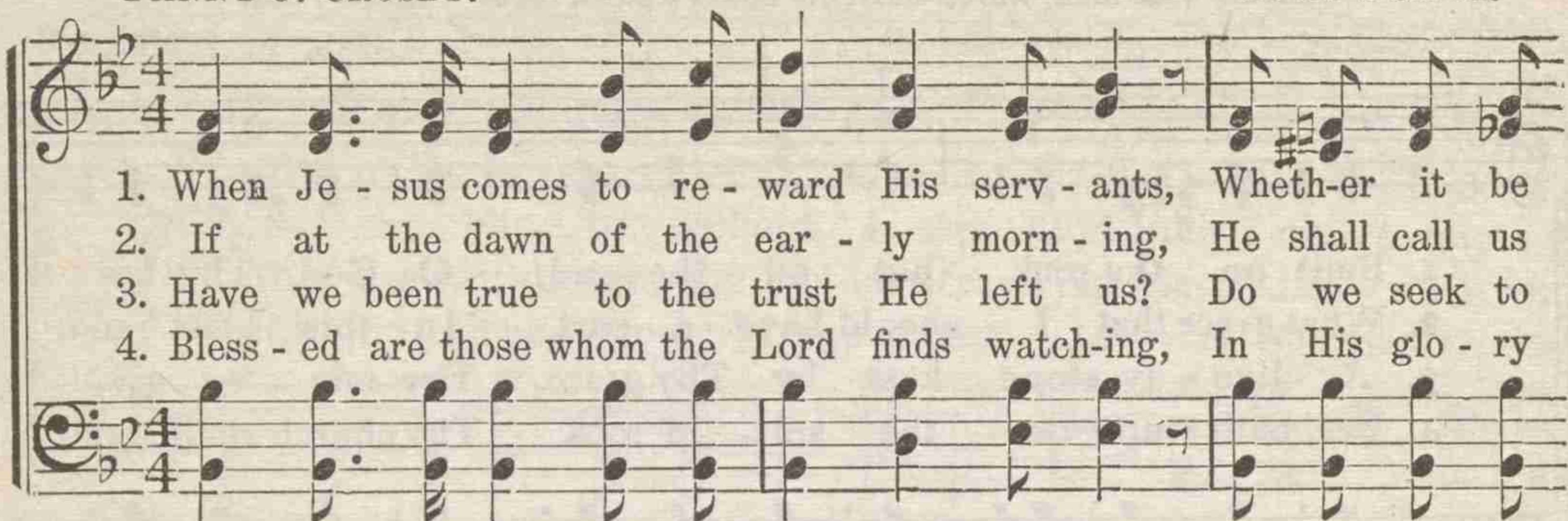




# 36 Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.




1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His serv - ants, Wheth - er 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 watch - ing, In His glo - ry

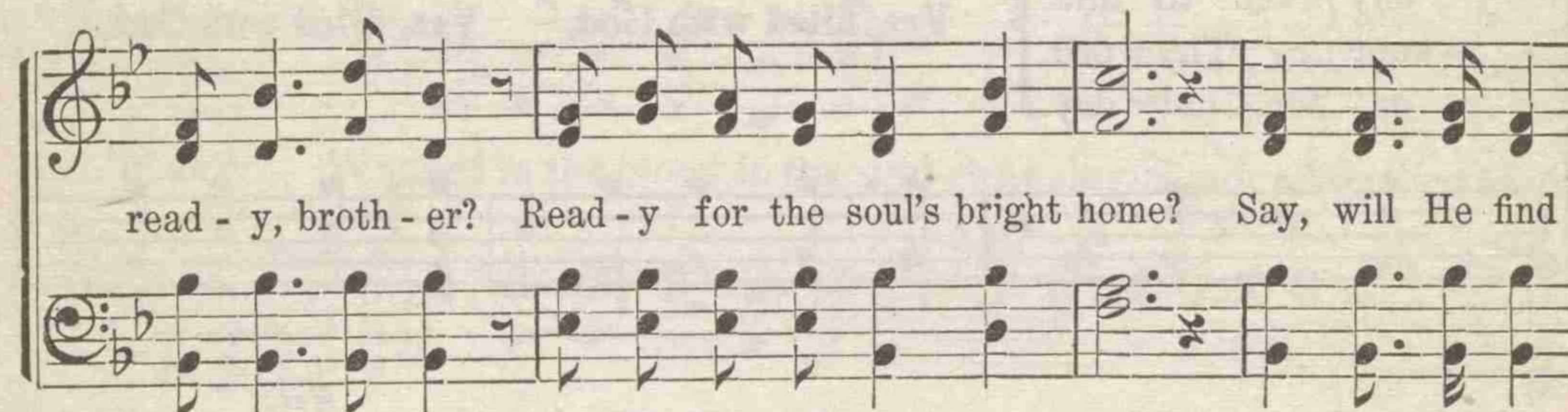


noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch - ing,  
 one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,  
 do our best? If in our hearts there is naught con - demns us,  
 they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid - night,

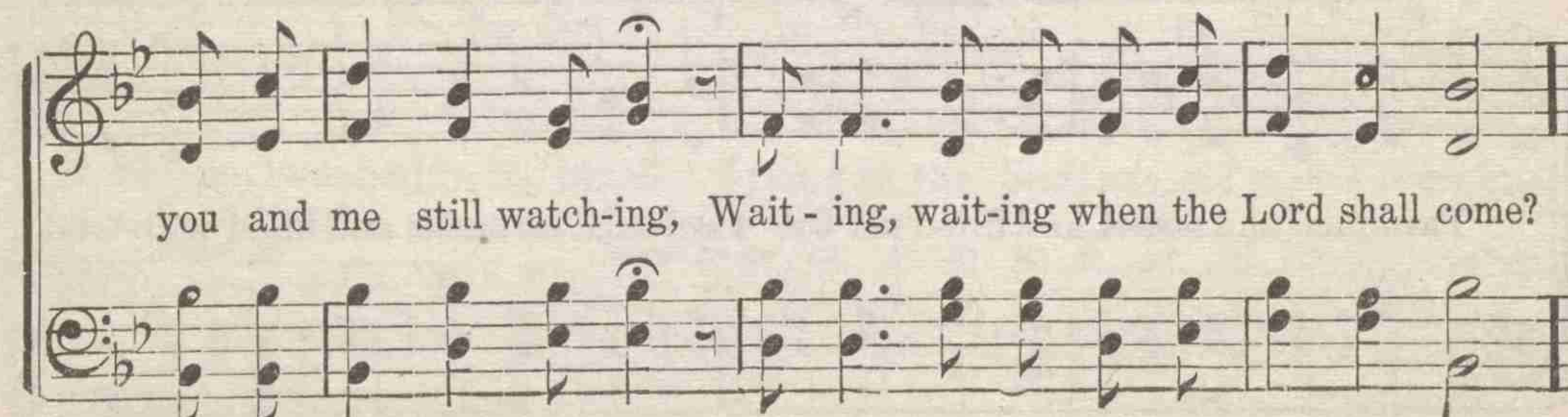
*rit.* REFRAIN.



With our lamps all trimm'd and bright?  
 Will He an - swer thee, "Well done?" Oh, can we say we are  
 We shall have a glo - rious rest.  
 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 watch - ing, Wait - ing, wait - ing when the Lord shall come?

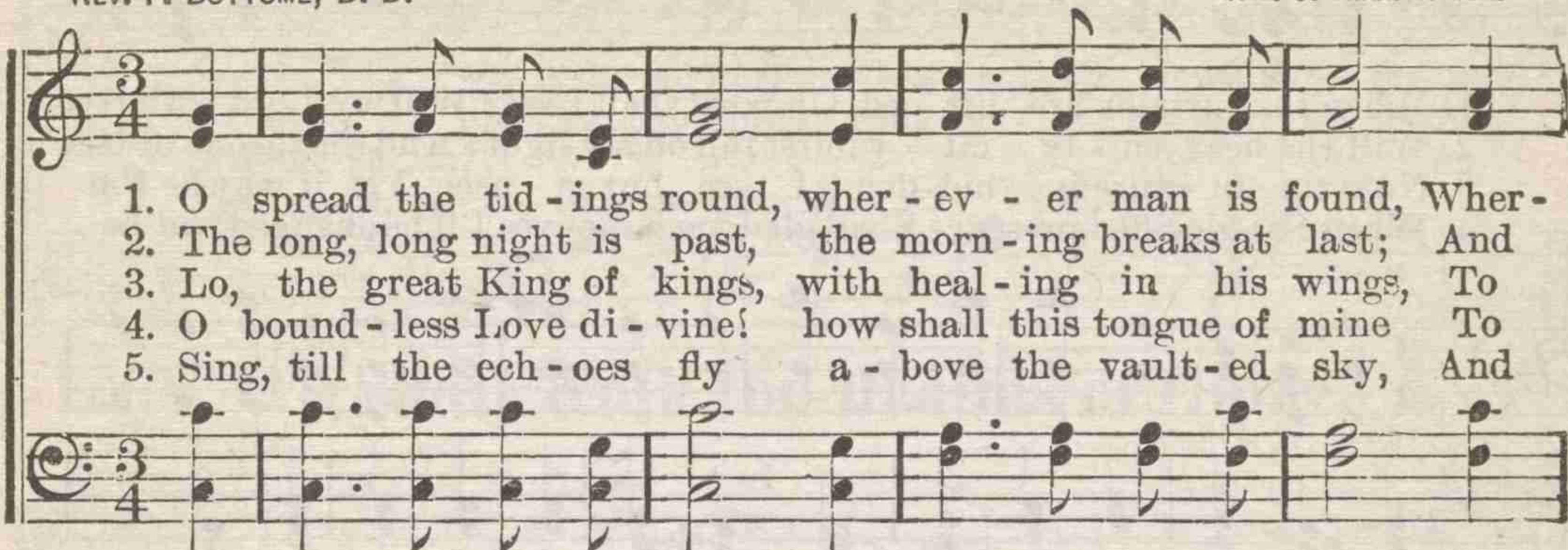


## The Comforter has Come!

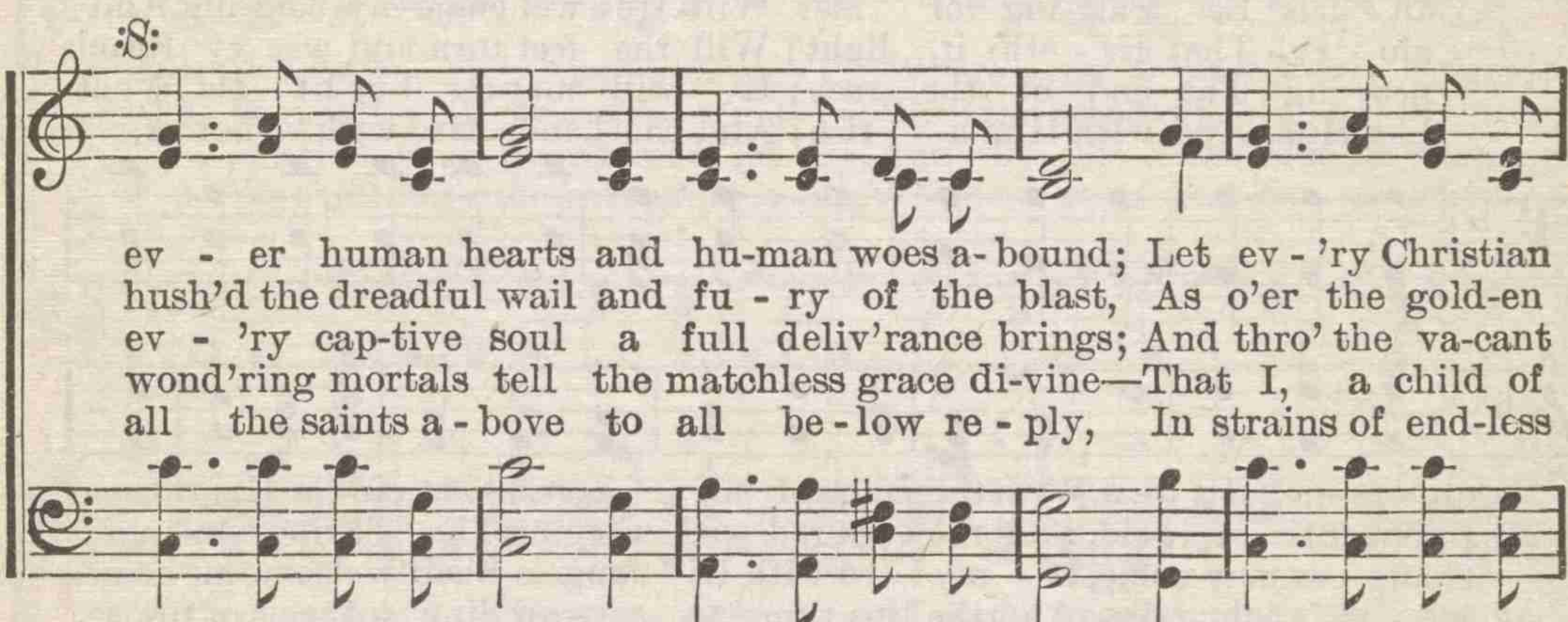
"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—John 14: 16.

REV. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. O spread the tid-ings round, wher-ev - er man is found, Wher-  
 2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last; And  
 3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal-ing in his wings, To  
 4. O bound-less Love di-vine! how shall this tongue of mine To  
 5. Sing, till the ech-oes fly a-bove the vault-ed sky, And



ev - er human hearts and hu-man woes a-bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian  
 hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en  
 ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant  
 wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace di-vine—That I, a child of  
 all the saints a-bove to all be-low re - ply, In strains of end-less

*D.S.*—Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n. The Father's promise giv'n; O spread the tid-ings



tongue pro-claim the joy-ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!  
 hills the day ad-van-ces fast! The Com - fort - er has come!  
 cells the song of triumph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!  
 sin, should in his im-age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!  
 love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

round, Wher-ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.



The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The



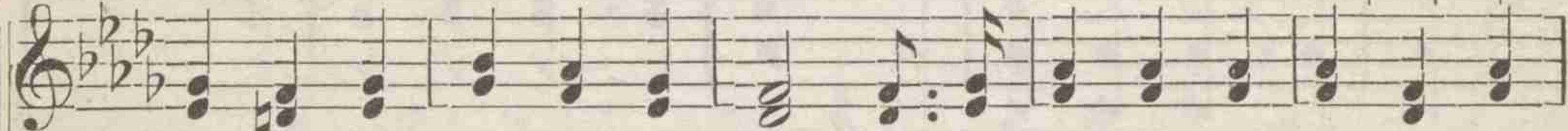
# 38. When the Curtains are Lifted.

Mrs. ANNIE WITTENMYER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. When the curtains are lift - ed, Oh, what shall I see? Will my Lord with His
2. Will the heav - en - ly cit - y burst full on my sight; And the throne of His
3. Now the fu - ture is hid - den, I see but a pace, Yet it may be I'm
4. When His glorified presence Shall gladden mine eyes, I'll be changed and be



an - gels Be wait - ing for me? Will He wel - come my com - ing, And  
glo - ry, That giv - eth it light; Will the feet torn and wea - ry Reach  
near - ing The end of the race; It will mat - ter but lit - tle What  
like Him, And with Him a - rise; And the hands hard with la - bor A



crown me His own, With the saints of all a - ges, That cir - cle His throne?  
pavements of gold, And the eyes red with weeping The Saviour be - hold?  
chang - es may come, If my Lord with His an - gels Shall welcome me home.  
vic - tor's palm raise; And the lips tuned to sor - row Sing anthems of praise.



## CHORUS.



- (1,2,3.) When the cur - tains are lift - ed, Oh, what shall I see? Will my  
(4.) When the cur - tains are lift - ed, Oh, this shall I see, That my



Lord and His an - gels be wait - ing for me, Be wait - ing, be  
Lord and His an - gels are wait - ing for me, Are wait - ing, are  
Be waiting for me? be  
Are waiting for me? are





## When the Curtains are Lifted. Concluded.

*ad lib.*

wait - ing, Will my Lord and his an - gels be wait - ing for me?  
 wait - ing, That my Lord and his an - gels are wait - ing for me!  
 wait - ing for me?

## 39 We Shall Walk the Realms of Glory.

EMMA PITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We shall walk the realms of glo - ry, Where e - ter - nal beau - ty reigns,
2. We shall walk the realms of glo - ry, With the blood - wash'd, mighty throng,
3. We shall walk the realms of glo - ry, And by Je - sus' side sit down;
4. We shall walk the realms of glo - ry, Where no tears can ev - er come,

There with ser - aph hosts unnumbered Join the grand im - mor - tal strains.  
 We shall join the an - gel harp - ers In their ev - er - last - ing song.  
 Clad no more in robes of sor - row, We shall wear a fade - less crown.  
 Where the sun - light is not need - ed, In that sweet, e - ter - nal home.

### CHORUS.

We shall walk the realms of glo - ry, With the loved ones gone be - fore,

We shall sing the sweet old sto - ry, O - ver on the oth - er shore.



## Calvary's Stream is Flowing.

LIDIE H. EDMUNDS.

Adapted and Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. From that dear cross where Je-sus died, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;
2. Come, wash the stain of sin a-way, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;
3. For ev-'ry con-trite, wounded soul, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;
4. For ev-'ry wea-ry, ach-ing heart, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;
5. With life and peace up-on its tide, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;



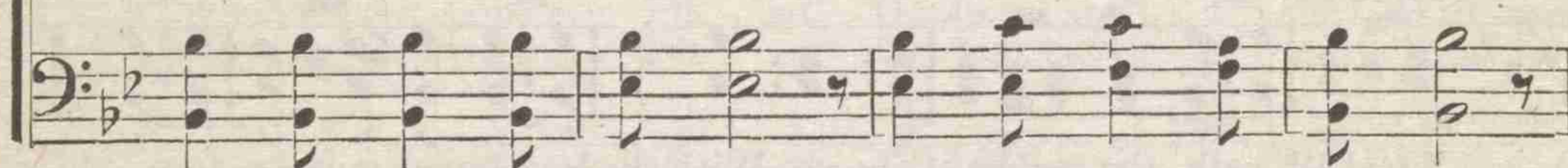
From bleeding hands and feet and side, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.  
 Come, while 'tis call'd sal-va-tion's day, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.  
 Step in just now, and be made whole, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.  
 A ten-der heal-ing to im-part, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.  
 Sweet blessings down the a-ges glide, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.



## CHORUS.



Cal - v'ry's stream is flow - ing, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow - ing;



Flow-ing so free for you and for me, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.





## He Hideth My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY.  
*Allegretto.*

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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



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



## CHORUS.



Where riv - ers of pleasure I see. He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,  
He giv - eth me strength as my day.  
For such a Re - deem - er as mine.  
I'll shout with the millions on high.



That shad - ows a dry, thirsty land; He hideth my life in the depths of his love,



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

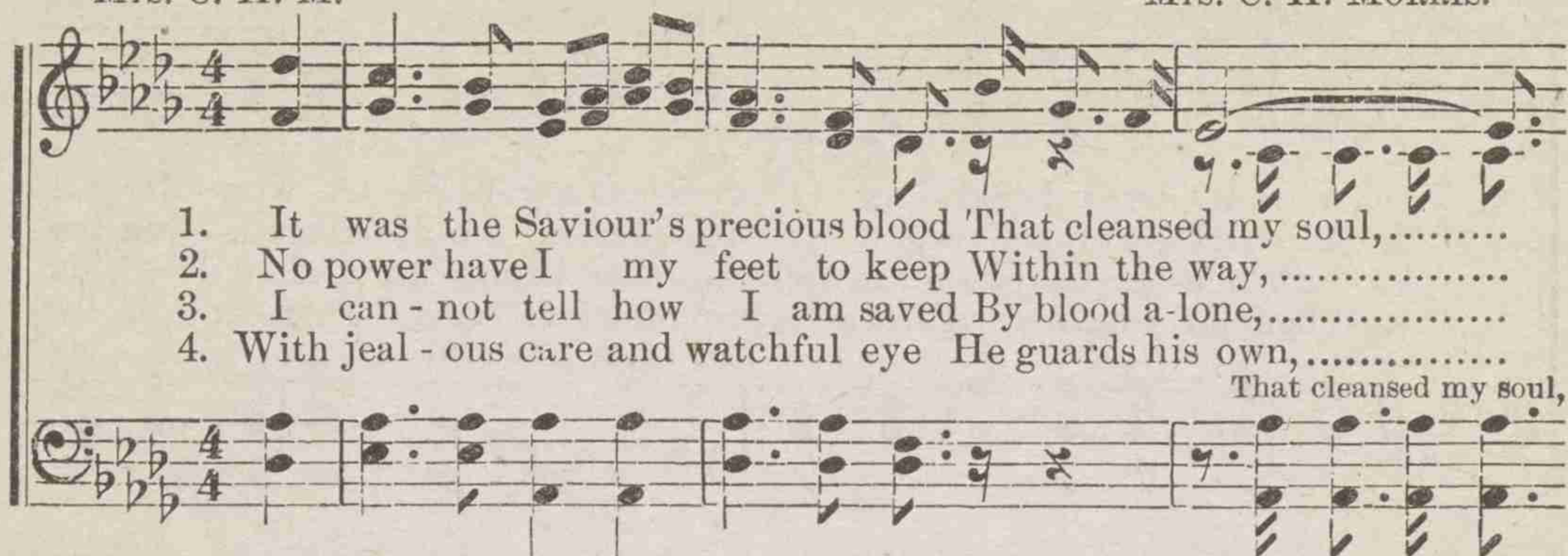




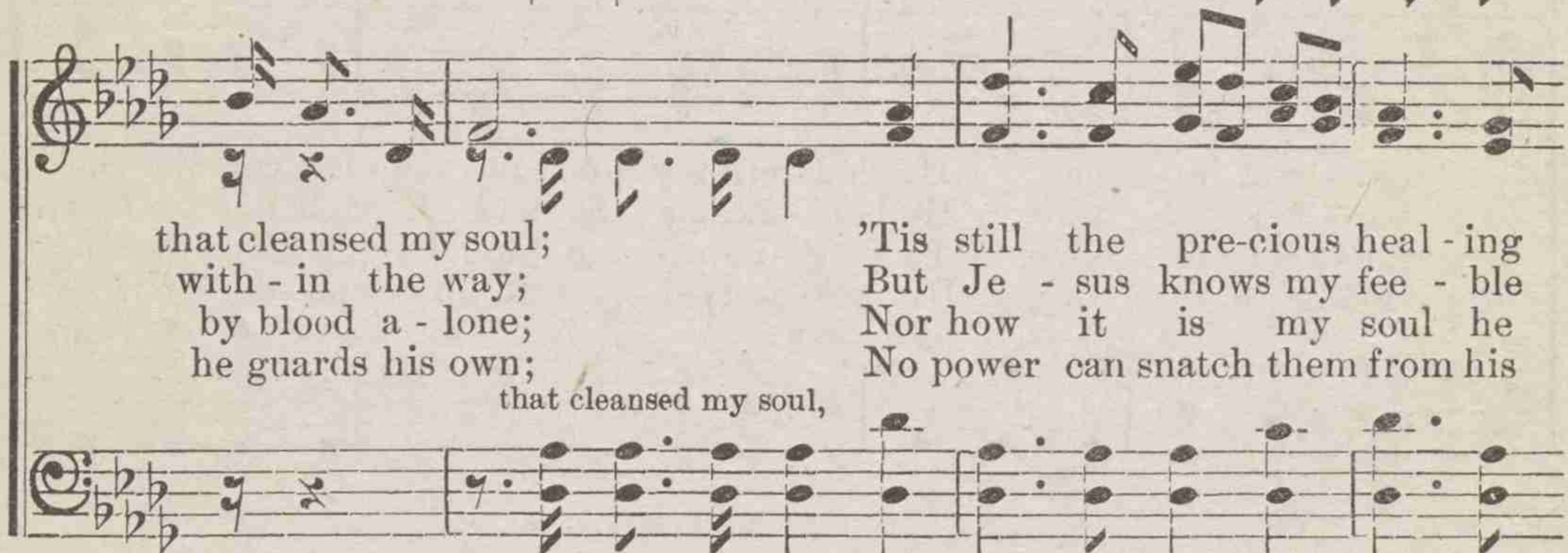
## Keeping Power.

Mrs. C. H. M.

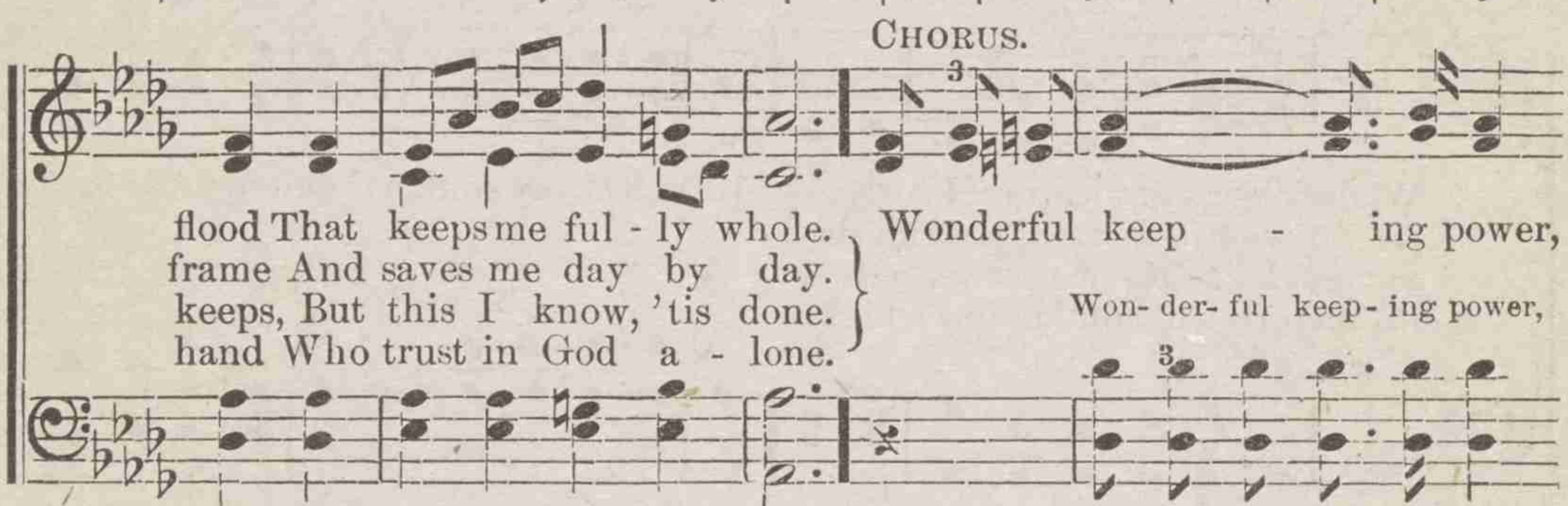
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



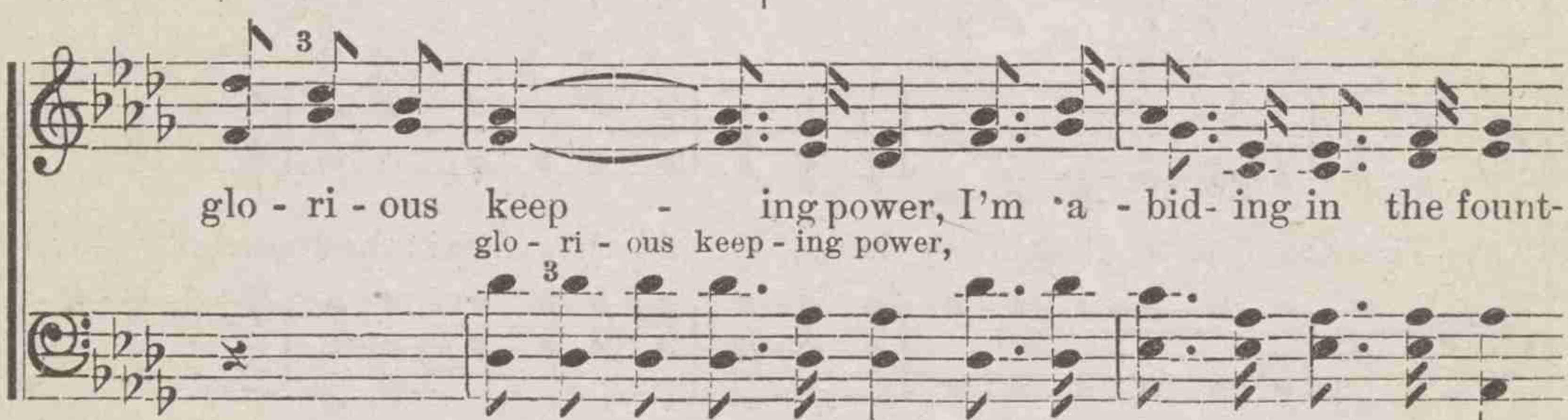
1. It was the Saviour's precious blood That cleansed my soul,.....  
 2. No power have I my feet to keep Within the way,.....  
 3. I can - not tell how I am saved By blood a-lone,.....  
 4. With jeal - ous care and watchful eye He guards his own,.....  
 That cleansed my soul,



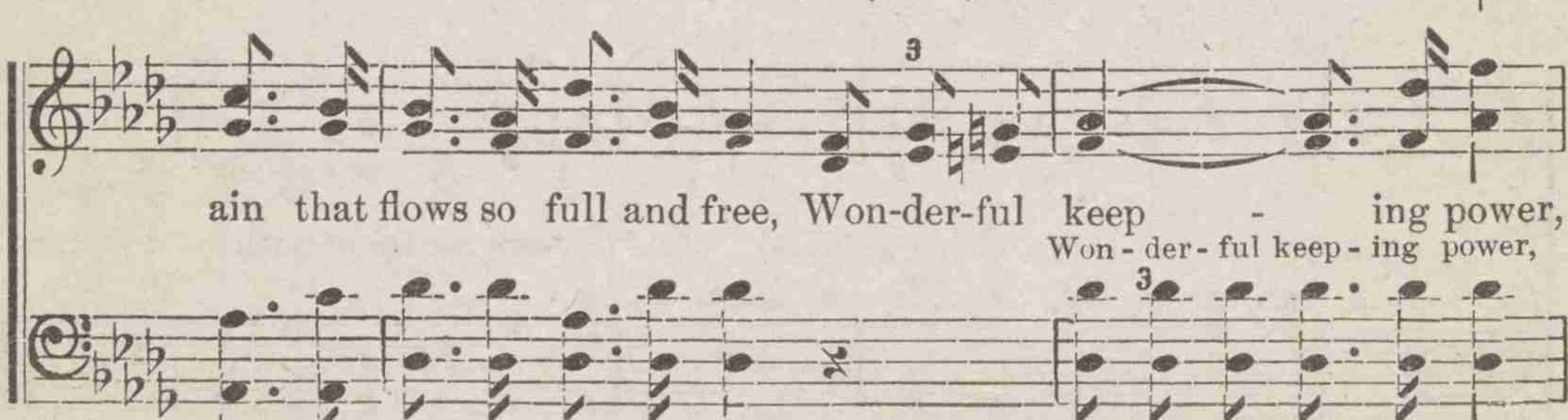
that cleansed my soul;  
 with - in the way;  
 by blood a - lone;  
 he guards his own;  
 that cleansed my soul,  
 'Tis still the pre-cious heal - ing  
 But Je - sus knows my fee - ble  
 Nor how it is my soul he  
 No power can snatch them from his



CHORUS.  
 flood That keeps me ful - ly whole. } Wonderful keep - ing power,  
 frame And saves me day by day. }  
 keeps, But this I know, 'tis done. } Won - der - ful keep - ing power,  
 hand Who trust in God a - lone. }



glo - ri - ous keep - ing power, I'm 'a - bid - ing in the fount-  
 glo - ri - ous keep - ing power,



ain that flows so full and free, Won - der - ful keep - ing power,  
 Won - der - ful keep - ing power,



## Keeping Power.—Concluded.

Glo - ri - ous keep - ing power, The blood now cleanseth me.  
 Glo - ri - ous keep - ing power,

## 43 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

Mrs. LOUISA M. R. STEAD.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take him at his Word;  
 2. O, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust his cleansing blood;  
 3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;  
 4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust thee, Precious Je - sus, Saviour, Friend;

Just to rest up-on his prom-ise; Just to know, "Thussaith the Lord."  
 Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal-ing, cleansing flood.  
 Just from Je - sus sim-ply tak-ing Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.  
 And I know that thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

### CHORUS.

Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust him; How I've prov'd him o'er and o'er.

Je - sus, Je - sus, Pre-cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust him more.



## The Old Fountain.

(Effective as a Solo.)

EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. By Sa - ma - ria's way - side well Once a bless - ed message fell On a
2. And a lit - tle cap - tive maid, By a lep - er un - dismayed, Told to
3. And a wom - an in a crowd, Without word or cry aloud, Just stoop'd
4. As the eu - nuch tried to read, Phil - ip taught him of his need, And bap -



woman's thirsty soul, Long a - go; And to eyes that long were seal'd Was the  
him a sim - ple story, Long ago; That the stream where he might lave Had a -  
down and touch'd his garment, Long a - go; As her urg - ent soul appeal'd, So her  
tized him in the stream, Long a - go; As the outward seal and sign Of an



glo - rious light revealed, Thro' a fountain that was open'd Long a - go.  
lone the pow'r to save, Thro' his trust in that old fountain, Long a - go.  
sin - ful soul was heal'd, In that fountain that was open'd Long a - go.  
inward work divine, That was wrought thro' that old fountain, Long a - go.



## CHORUS.



There's a fount - ain that was o - pened Long a - go, Long a - go, For the

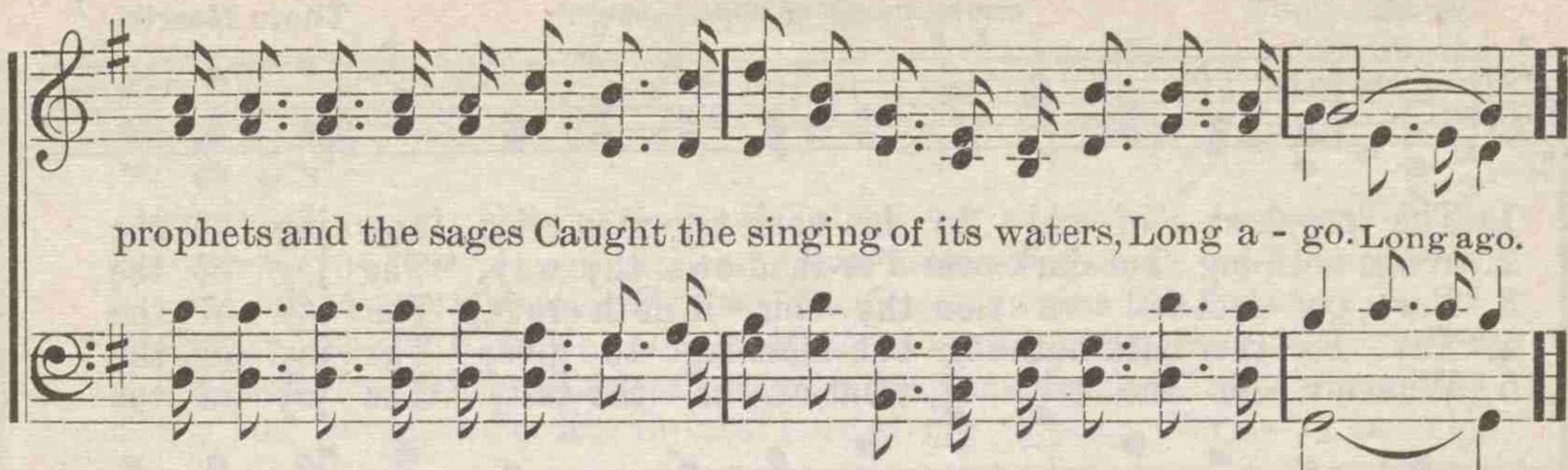


heal - ing of the nations Is its flow; A - long the line of a - ges The





## The Old Fountain.—Concluded.



5 O thou fountain, deep and wide,  
Flowing from the wounded side  
That was pierced for our redemption,  
Long ago;

In thy ever-cleansing wave  
There is found all pow'r to save,  
'Tis the pow'r that heal'd the nations,  
Long ago.

45

## Is There Room for Me?

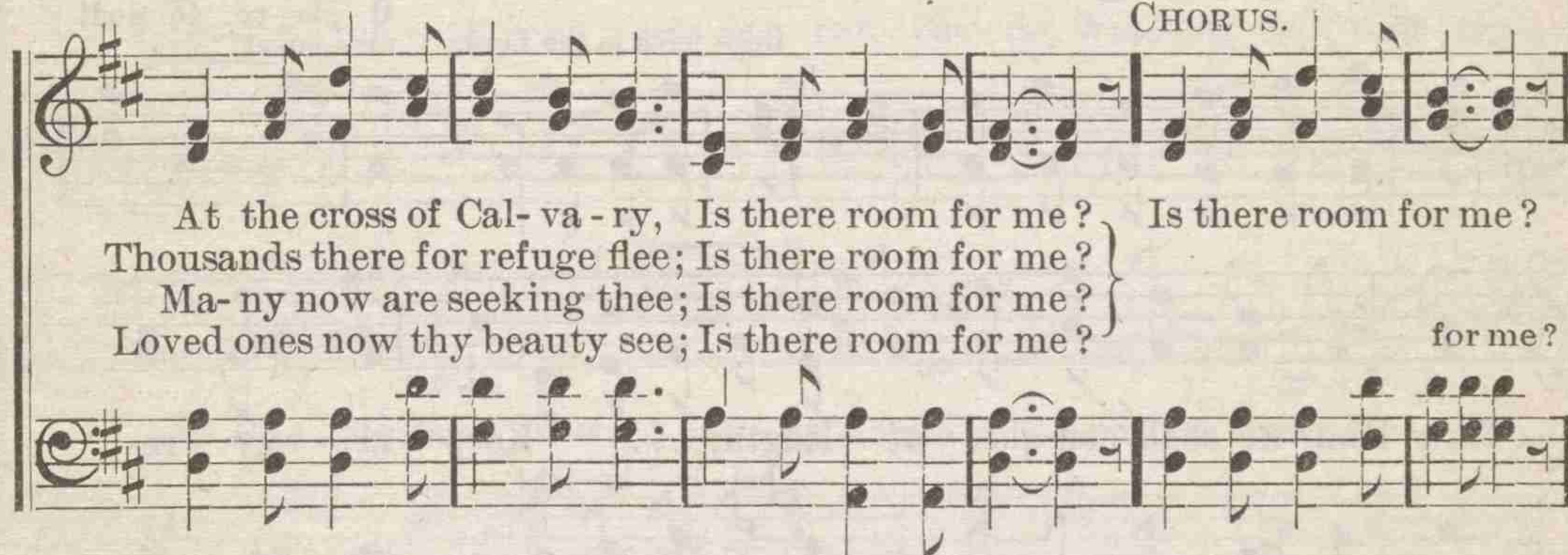
E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*Gently.*



CHORUS.






## The Joy of the Lord.

Neh. 8: 10.



T. H.

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Thoro Harris.



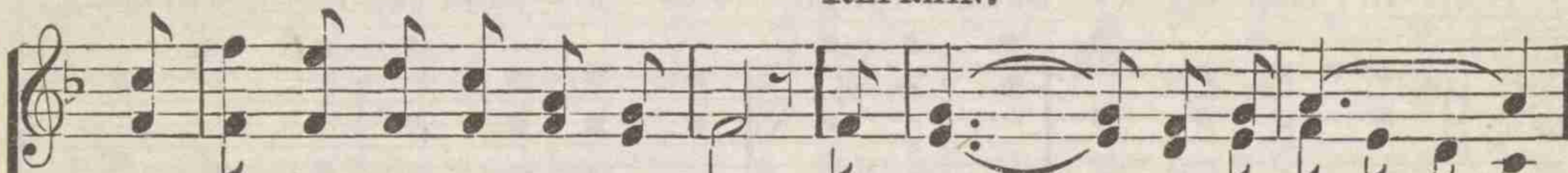
1. The proph-et of old to his coun-try-men cried, "The joy of the  
 2. When noth-ing but dark-ness o'er-shad-ows thy way, "The joy of the  
 3. For per-fect sal - va - tion thy spir - it doth crave? "The joy of the  
 4. Thy Fa-ther hath noth-ing but bless-ing to give; "The joy of the  
 5. What-ev - er the tri - al, what-ev - er the test, "The joy of the

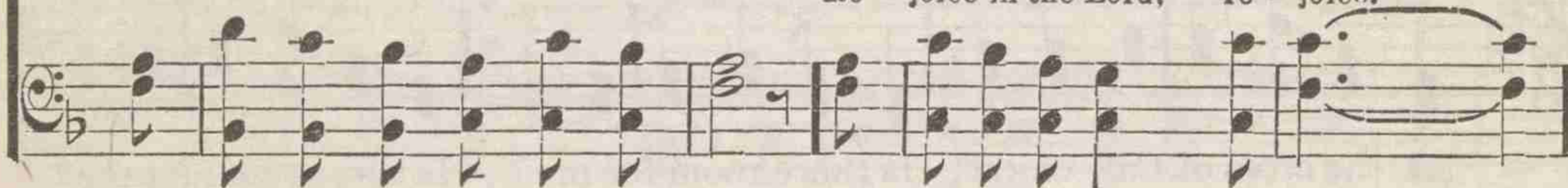
Lord is your strength;" Who hope in His mer - cy shall not be de - nied,  
 Lord is your strength;" Be-lieve in His prom-ise, be quick to o - bey;  
 Lord is your strength;" He's a - ble and will - ing this mo - ment to save;  
 Lord is your strength;" O heed but this coun-sel: His ful - ness re - ceive;  
 Lord is your strength;" Till thou shalt a - bide in the por - tals of rest,




## REFRAIN.




The joy of the Lord is your strength. O glo - ry to God!.....  
 Re - joice in the Lord, O glo - ry to God!  
 re - joice!




Thru Him we shall con-quer at length;.... Keep al - way re-  
 hal - le - lu - jah!

joic - ing, His word stand-eth sure, The joy of the Lord is your strength.





## The Kingdom is Almost Here.

T. H.

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Thoro Harris.

1. For-ward we go, Fac-ing the fo, Fol-low-ing ev - er Je - sus our Sav - ior,  
 2. Noth-ing we fear, Je - sus is near; Faith-ful to guide us, He walks be-side us  
 3. Look-ing a-bove, trusting His love Who free-ly gave us His life to save us;  
 4. Signs in the sky Show He is nigh; Mountains are quaking, Nations are shaking;  
 5. Kingdoms de-cay, Thrones pass a-way, Nothing en-dur-ing—Are ye se-cur - ing  
 6. O how we yearn For His re-turn! Lord of cre - a - tion, O'er ev'-ry na - tion

1. Seek-ing His grace, Running the race Straight to our glorious home.  
 2. All on our way To realms of day Where we shall see His face.  
 3. Glo-ry to God! Sure is His word Now and for-ev-er-more.  
 4. How o-ceans roar! He's at the door, Judge of the quick and dead.  
 5. Ti - tle and right, Children of light, To an e - ter - nal crown?  
 6. Thy flag shall wave, "Mighty to save," "Wonderful," "Prince of peace."

REFRAIN. *Unison. f*

Trust-ing for - ev - er Je - sus our Sav - ior, Watching and wait - ing

till He ap-pear, On-ward and up - ward be our en - deav - or—The

King - dom is al - most here! is al - most here!

1  
2 *Harmony.*



# Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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



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



## CHORUS.



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



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



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

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



## They Come.

Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris, Tr.

! Russell DeKoven.



1. They come from the East and West, They come from the lands a - far,.... To
2. I look on the great white throne, Be - fore it the ran-som'd stand;.. No
3. The gates of that ho - ly place Stand o - pen by night and day;.... O



CHO.—They come from the thorn-y way, From re-gions be-yond the sea,.... They



feast with the King, to dine as His guest: How blessed these pilgrims are! Be-  
lon - ger are tears, no sor-row is known Nor death in that good-ly land. My  
look to the Lord who "giveth more grace," Whose love has prepar'd the way. A



come from the vale, from mountain and dale, O Shepherd of men, to thee. They



hold-ing His hal-low'd face.... A - glow with a light di - vine;....  
Sav-ior has gone be - fore,... Pre - par - ing the way for me;.....  
home in those mansions fair... His hand hath reserv'd for all. ....

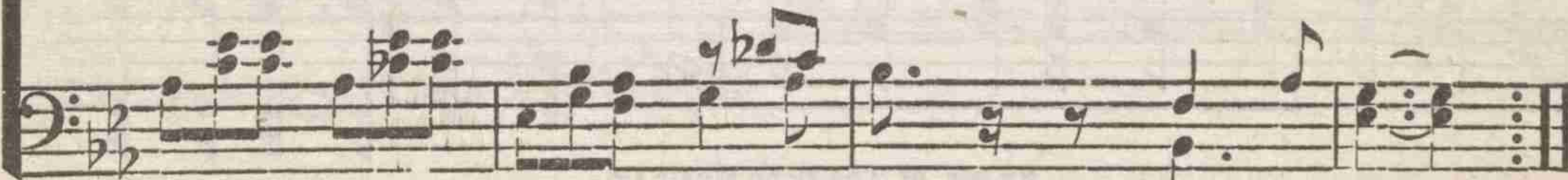


soar to the mount of God,.... Be - hold - ing the Bridegroom fair;....



FINE.

Blest par - tak - ers of His grace, As gems in His crown to shine.  
Soon we'll meet to part no more Thru time or e - ter - ni - ty.  
For the wed-ding feast pre-prepare, O - bey - ing the gra - cious call.



He who trod our earth - ly sod Will wel - come each pil - grim there.

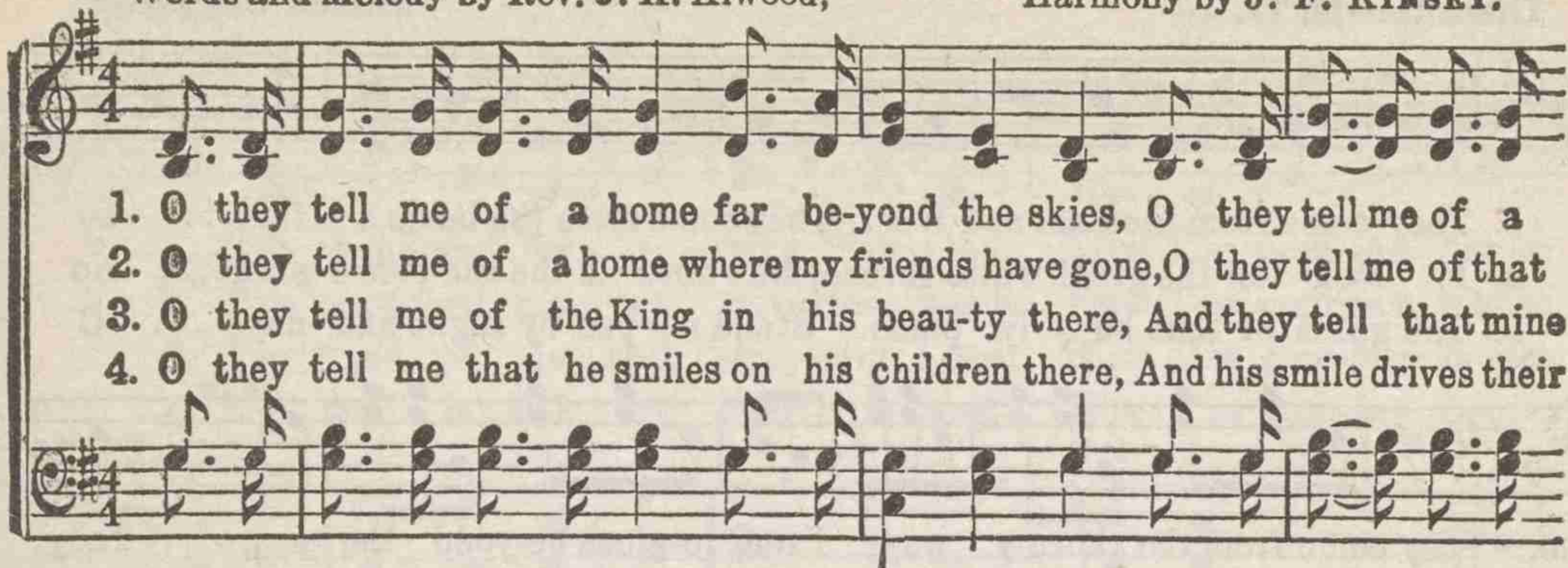


# The Unclouded Day.

May be used as a Solo.

Words and Melody by Rev. J. K. Alwood,

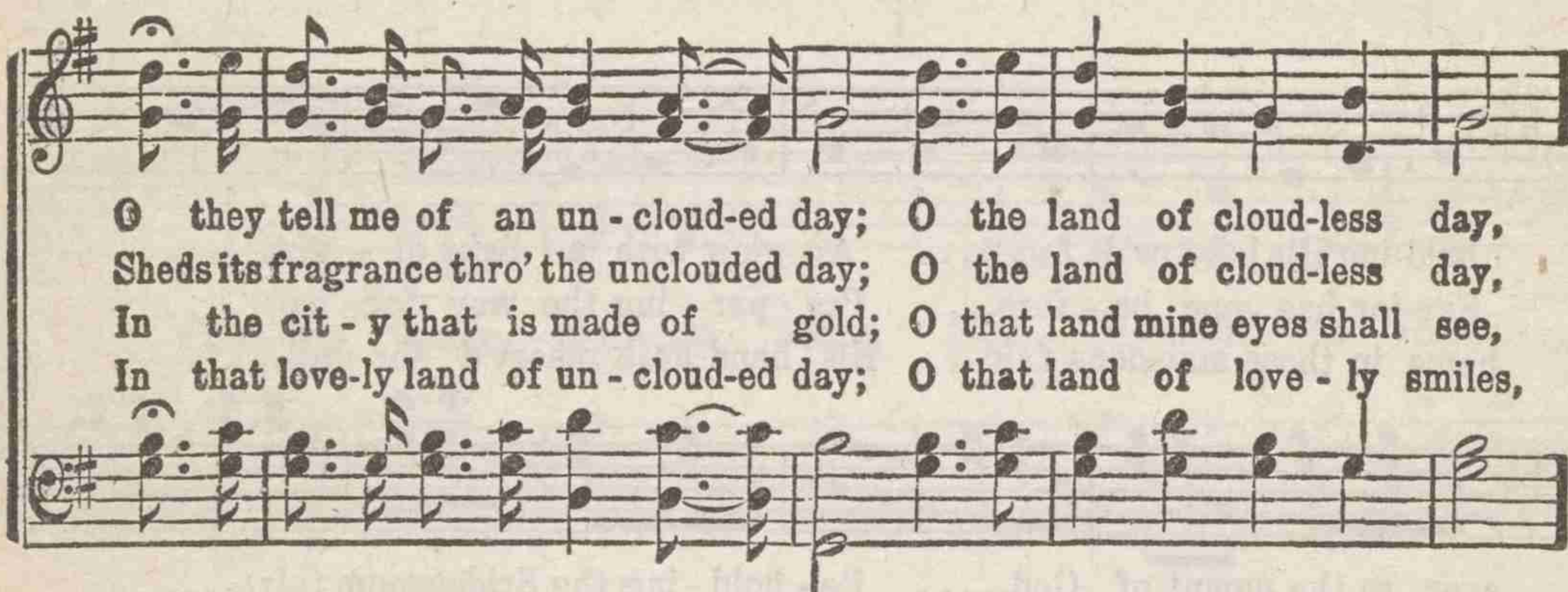
Harmony by J. F. KINSEY.



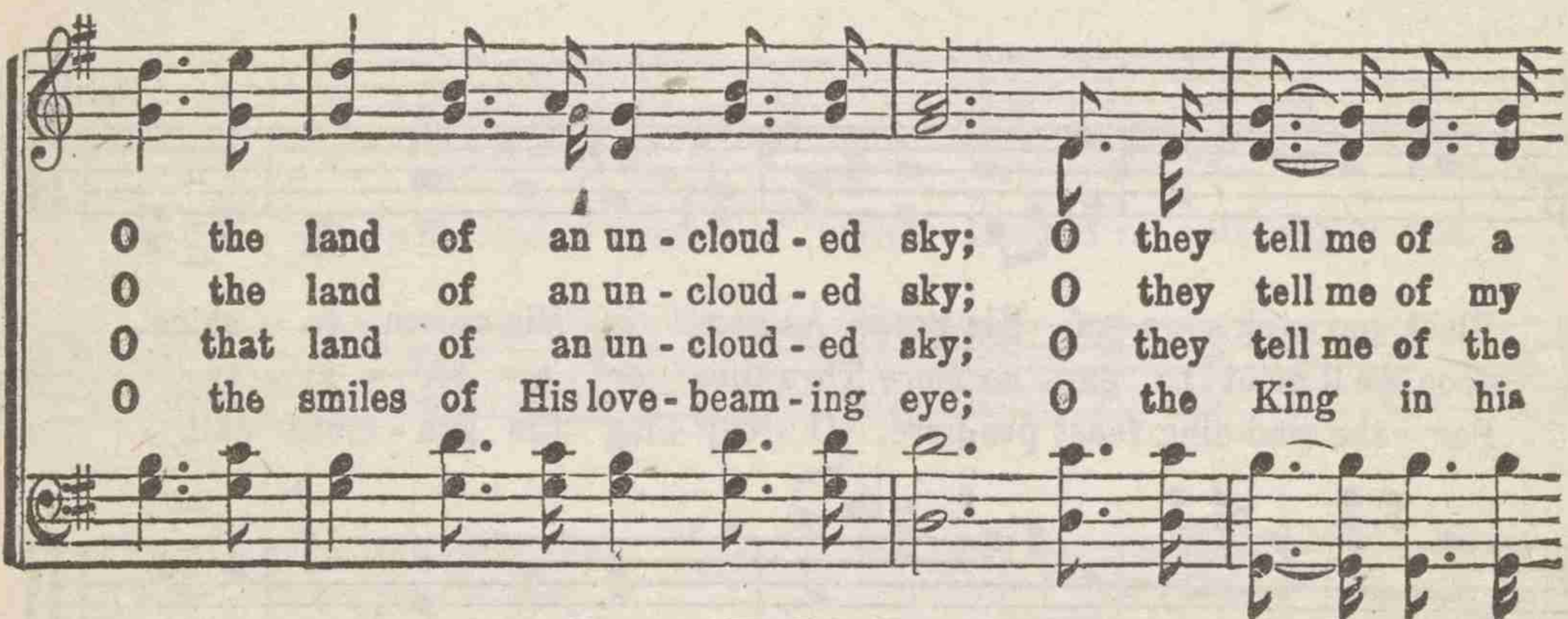
1. O they tell me of a home far be-yond the skies, O they tell me of a  
 2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they tell me of that  
 3. O they tell me of the King in his beau-ty there, And they tell that mine  
 4. O they tell me that he smiles on his children there, And his smile drives their



home far a-way; O they tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise,  
 land far a-way; Where the tree of life in e - ter - nal bloom  
 eyes shall be-hold; Where he sits on the throne that is whiter than snow,  
 sorrows all a-way; And they tell me that no tears ev - er come a - gain,



O they tell me of an un - cloud - ed day; O the land of cloud-less day,  
 Sheds its fragrance thro' the unclouded day; O the land of cloud-less day,  
 In the cit - y that is made of gold; O that land mine eyes shall see,  
 In that love-ly land of un - cloud - ed day; O that land of love - ly smiles,



O the land of an un - cloud - ed sky; O they tell me of a  
 O the land of an un - cloud - ed sky; O they tell me of my  
 O that land of an un - cloud - ed sky; O they tell me of the  
 O the smiles of His love - beam - ing eye; O the King in his



# The Unclouded Day.

home where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.  
 friends by the tree of life, In the land of the un-cloud-ed day.  
 King on his snow-white throne, In the land of the un-cloud-ed day.  
 beau - ty in - vites me there, To the land of the un-cloud-ed day.

## 51 He's with me all the Time.

M. D. K.

MAY D. KIRKPATRICK.

1. My soul is full of glad-ness, My heart is full of song; My lov-ing  
 2. I hold the hand of Je-sus, He keeps me safe al-way; Thro' unknown  
 3. I walk in brightest sun-shine, That shines a-long the way, It is the  
 4. I hear the soft-est mu-sic, Like the bells of silver chime, It is the

CHORUS.

Friend, my Je-sus, Is with me all day long.  
 paths he guides me, He's with me all the day. He's with me all the day, He's  
 smile of Je-sus, He's with me all the day.  
 voice of Je-sus, He's with me all the time.

with me all the time; My lov-ing Friend, my Je-sus, He's with me all the time.

Copyright, 1892, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

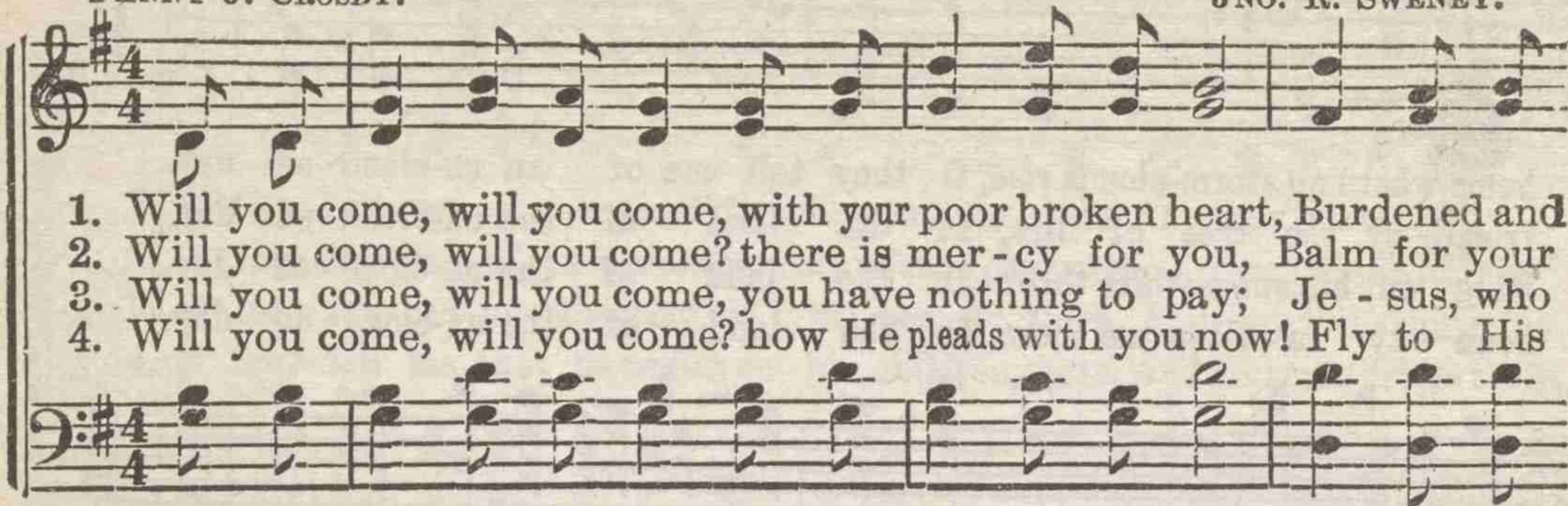


## Jesus Will Give You Rest.

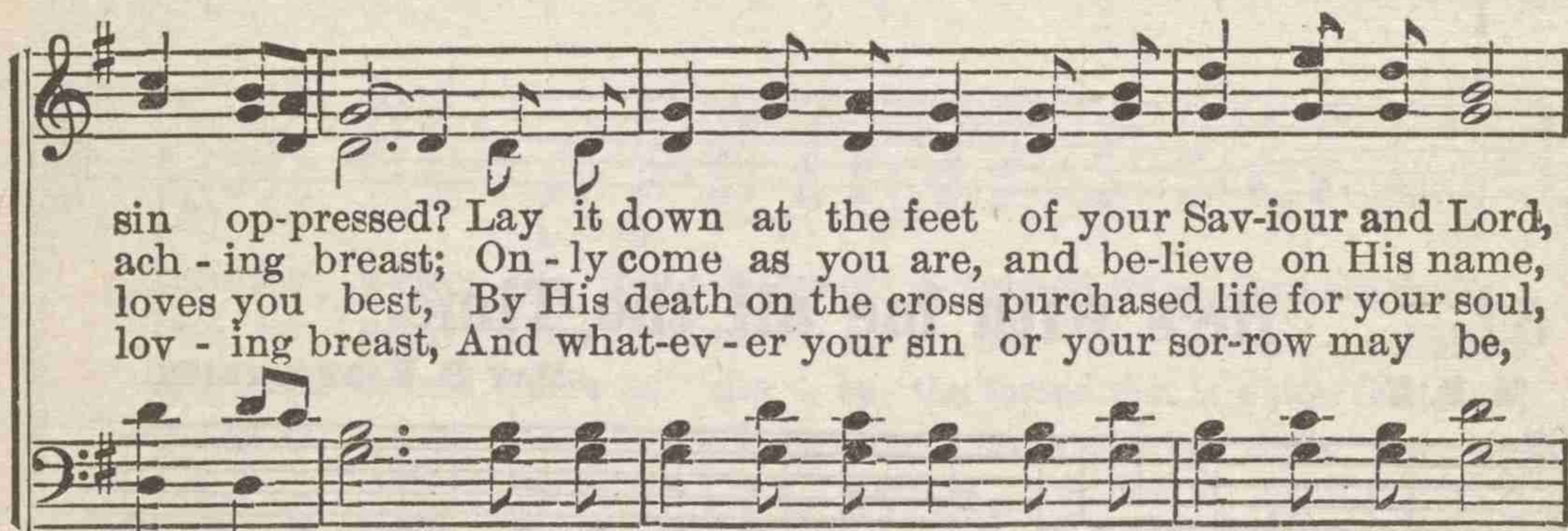
MRS. JOHN R. SWENEY, OWNER. USED BY PER.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

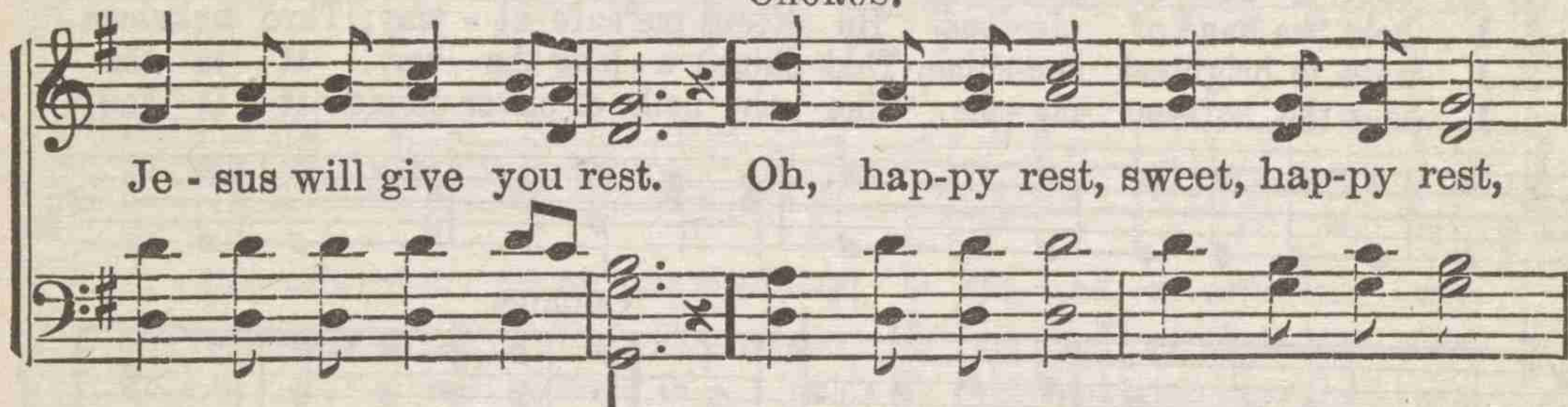


1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor broken heart, Burdened and  
 2. Will you come, will you come? there is mer-cy for you, Balm for your  
 3. Will you come, will you come, you have nothing to pay; Je - sus, who  
 4. Will you come, will you come? how He pleads with you now! Fly to His

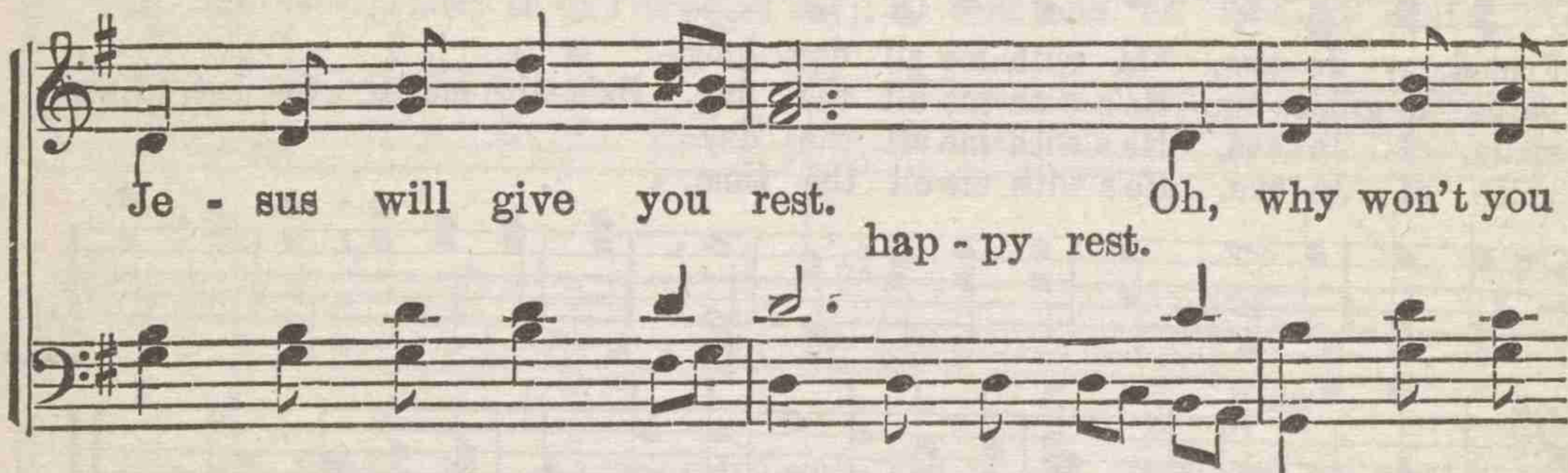


sin op-pressed? Lay it down at the feet of your Sav-iour and Lord,  
 ach - ing breast; On - ly come as you are, and be-lieve on His name,  
 loves you best, By His death on the cross purchased life for your soul,  
 lov - ing breast, And what-ev-er your sin or your sor-row may be,

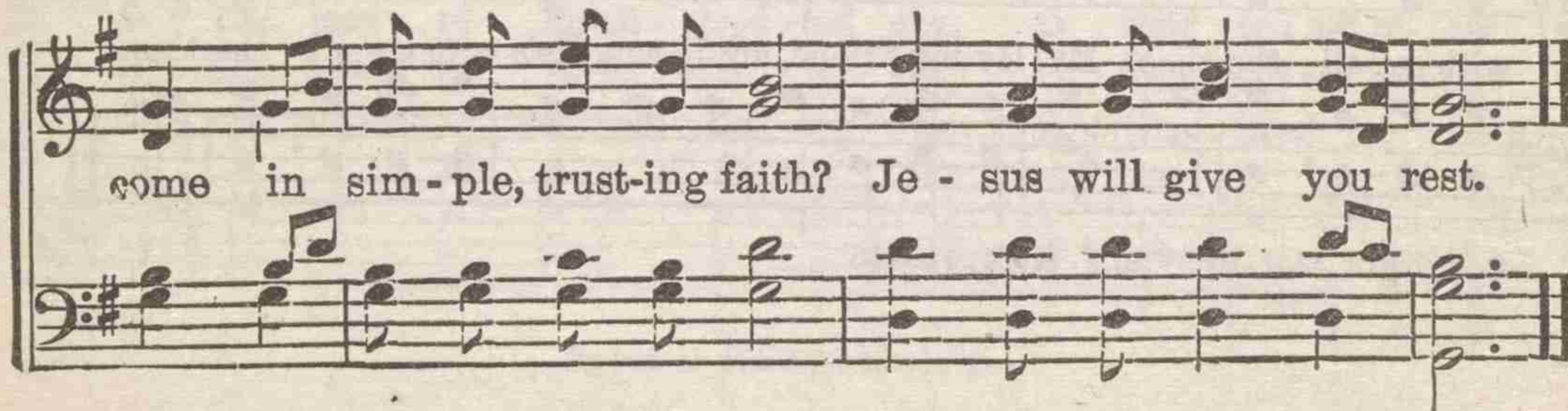
## CHORUS.



Je - sus will give you rest. Oh, hap-py rest, sweet, hap-py rest,



Je - sus will give you rest. Oh, why won't you  
 hap - py rest.



come in sim-ple, trust-ing faith? Je - sus will give you rest.



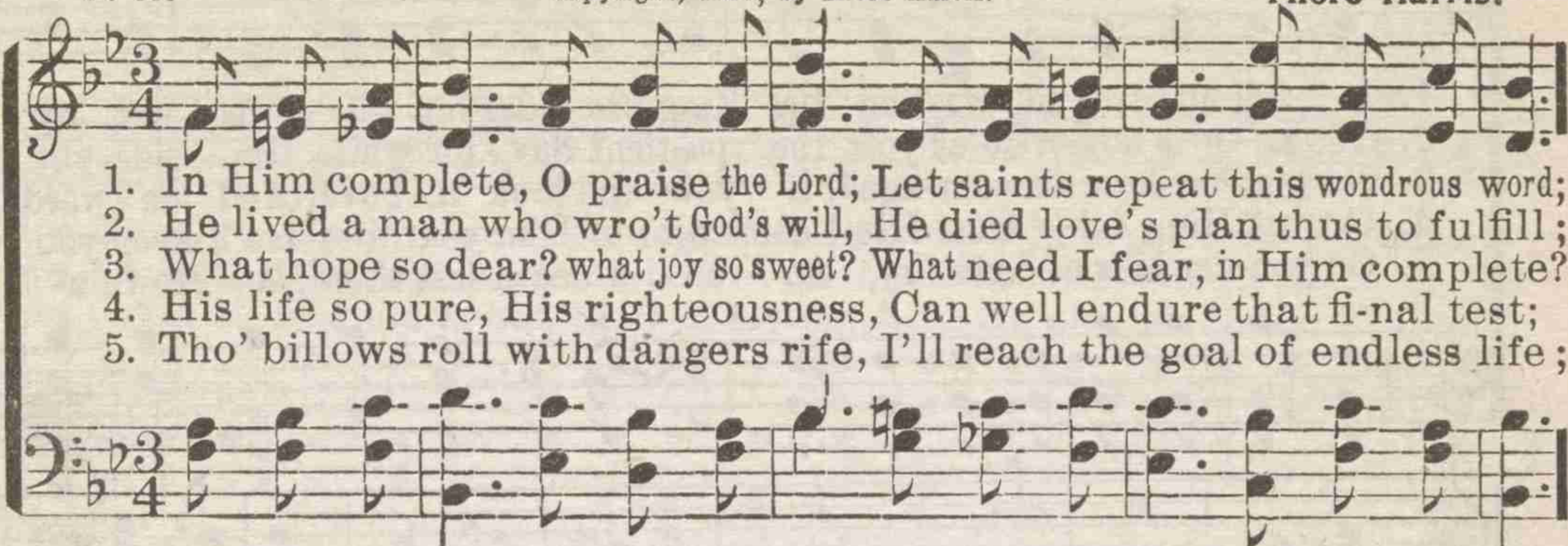
## Complete in Him.

COL. 2: 10.

T. H.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.

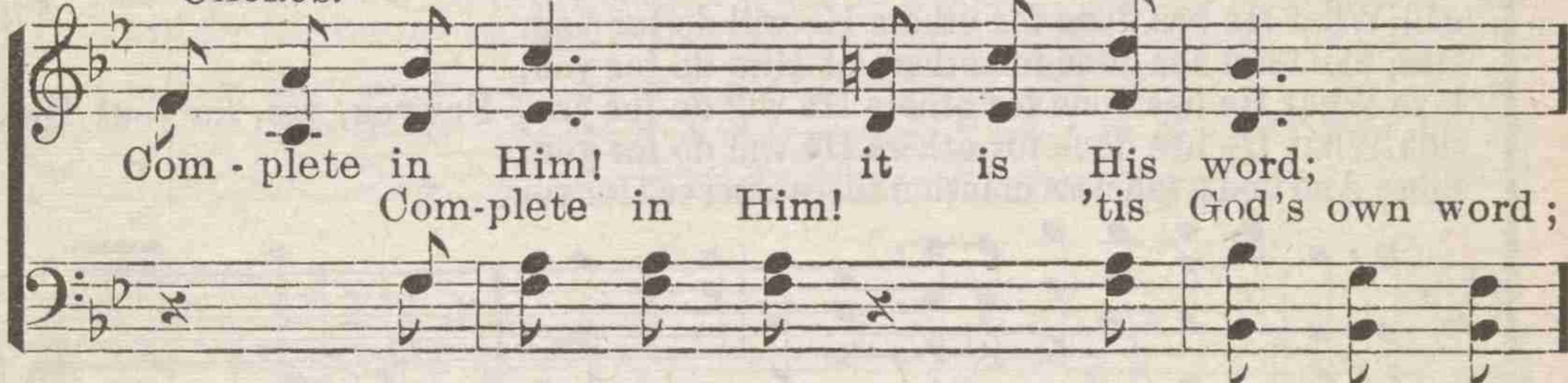


1. In Him complete, O praise the Lord; Let saints repeat this wondrous word;  
 2. He lived a man who wro't God's will, He died love's plan thus to fulfill;  
 3. What hope so dear? what joy so sweet? What need I fear, in Him complete?  
 4. His life so pure, His righteousness, Can well endure that fi-nal test;  
 5. Tho' billows roll with dangers rife, I'll reach the goal of endless life;



1. Now with the King my heart made one, With joy I sing what Christ has done.  
 2. His Spir-it gave, and now He stands, My name en-grav-en on His hands.  
 3. He lives within—O ho-ly rest! He saves from sin—and I am blest.  
 4. I dread no foe, nor face de-feat; But on I go, in Him complete.  
 5. The port of bliss, the golden street, My anchor this, in Him complete;

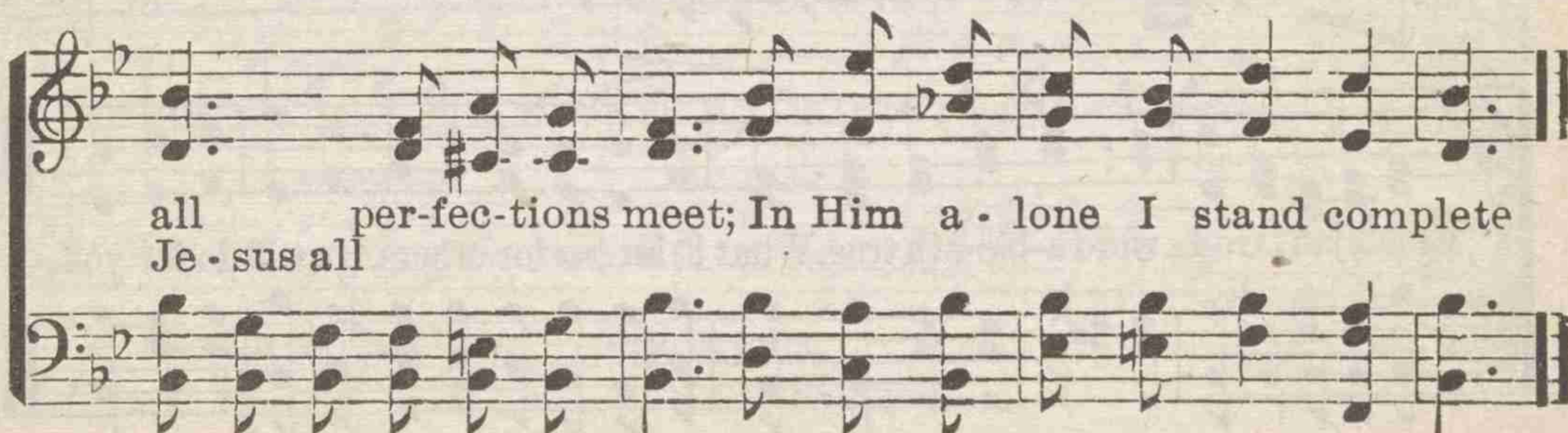
## CHORUS.



Com-plete in Him! it is His word;  
 Com-plete in Him! 'tis God's own word;



Com-plete in Him— O praise the Lord! In Je-sus  
 Complete in Him— In



all per-fec-tions meet; In Him a-lone I stand complete  
 Je-sus all





1. A full and free sal - va - tion the King pro - vides for all, — 'Tis not by
2. The an - gels hov - er o'er you, the pa - tient Sav - ior waits Be - side you
3. No mat - ter how dis - cour - aged, if you will look a - bove, And on - ward
4. O trust Him, ful - ly trust Him! com - mit to Him your life; He'll keep you
5. On yon - der hills of glo - ry, up - on a death - less shore, A crown a -



works our hands can do;  
in your nar - row pew;  
still the path pur - sue,  
all the jour - ney thru;  
waits your wond'ring view;

If you this ver - y moment on His dear name will  
He los - es all the blessing who falters and de -  
In Je - sus' arms en - cir - cled, con - fid - ing in His  
In ev - 'ry hour of con - flict, in all the bit - ter  
You'll en - ter that fair cit - y to sor - row nev - er -



call, What He has done for others He will do for you.  
bates, What Christ has done for others let Him do for you.  
love, What He has done for others He will do for you. For you, yes, for you! His  
strife, What He has done for others He will do for you.  
more, And find a fadeless mansion there reserved for you.



prom - ise is true; Now let the Savior enter and your heart re - new; O glo - ry,  
wayward heart renew. O glory, glo - ry,



hallelujah! God's word a - bid - eth true: What He has done for others, He will do for you.



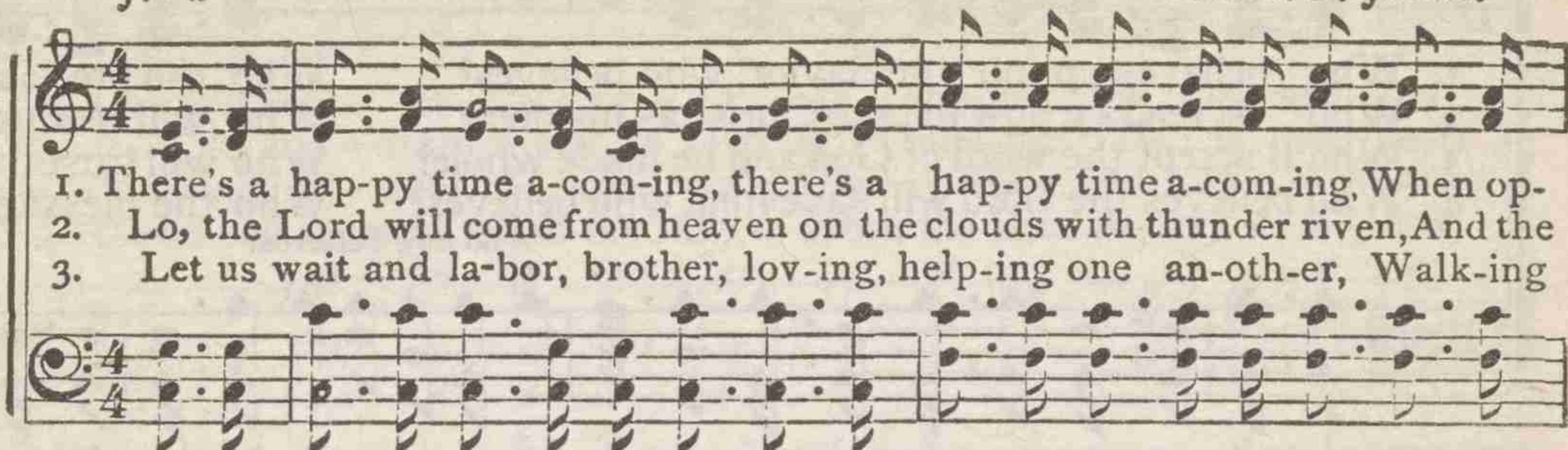


# No. 55. There's a Happy Time A-coming.

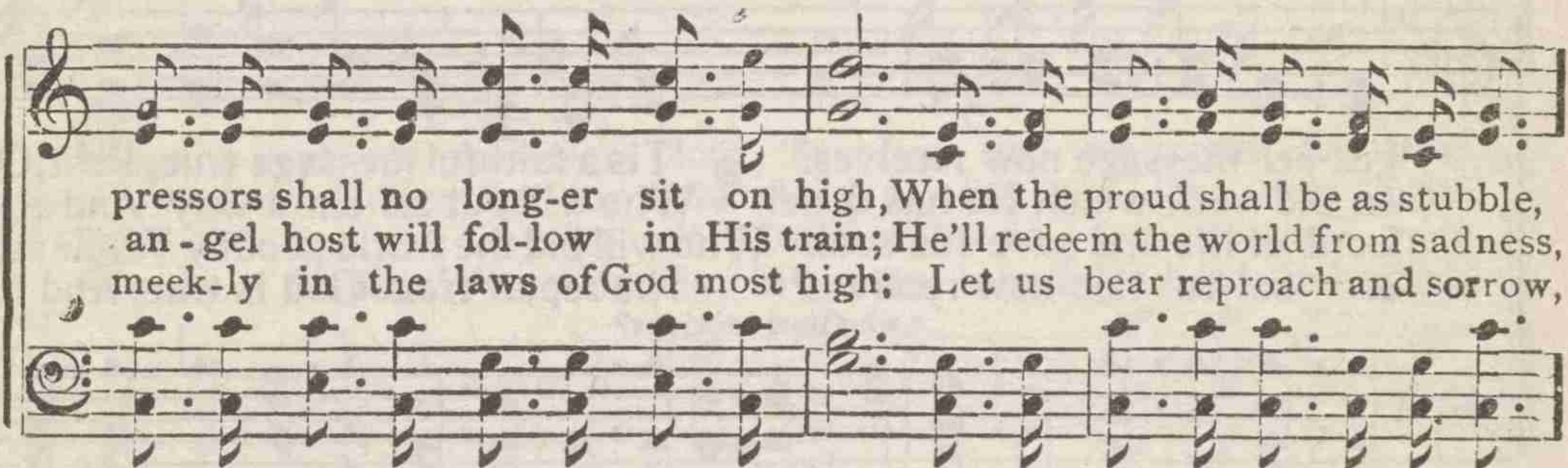
"But unto you that fear My name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in His wings, and ye shall go forth and leap up as calves of the stall."—Mal. 4: 2.

J. D

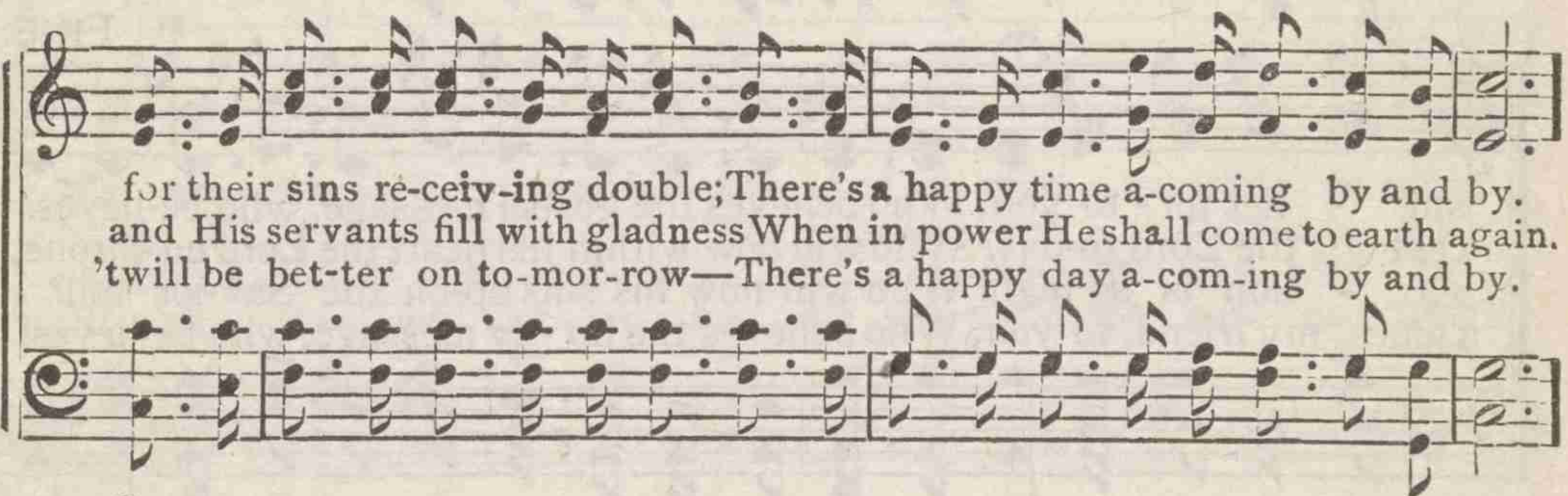
CHAS. P. JONES.



1. There's a hap-py time a-com-ing, there's a hap-py time a-com-ing, When op-  
 2. Lo, the Lord will come from heaven on the clouds with thunder riven, And the  
 3. Let us wait and la-bor, brother, lov-ing, help-ing one an-oth-er, Walk-ing



pressors shall no long-er sit on high, When the proud shall be as stubble,  
 an-gel host will fol-low in His train; He'll redeem the world from sadness,  
 meek-ly in the laws of God most high; Let us bear reproach and sorrow,



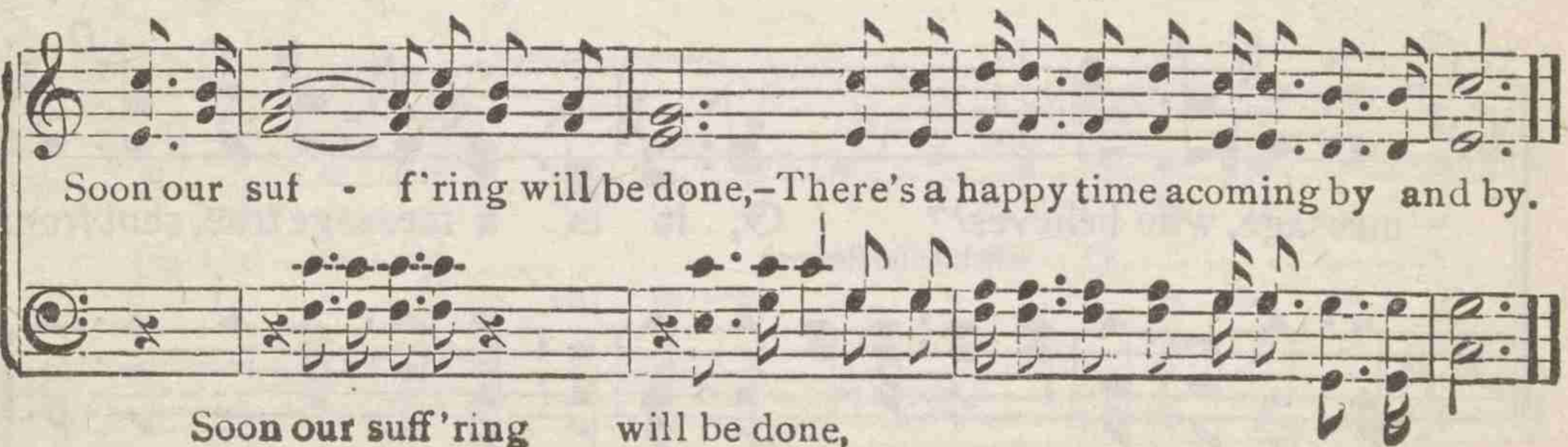
for their sins re-ceiv-ing double; There's a happy time a-coming by and by.  
 and His servants fill with gladness When in power He shall come to earth again.  
 'twill be bet-ter on to-mor-row—There's a happy day a-com-ing by and by.

## CHORUS.



Let us wait and la-bor on, Soon the vic - t'ry will be won,

Let us wait and labor on, Soon the vict'ry will be won,



Soon our suf - f'ring will be done,—There's a happy time acoming by and by.

Soon our suff'ring will be done,



# No. 56.

# Who Believes?

C. P. J.  
With expression.

"Who hath believed our report?"—Isa. 53: 1.

C. P. JONES.



- |   |                    |
|---|--------------------|
| 1. Who believes up-on the Savior, who believes?       | Who the precious   |
| 2. Who is read-y now to take Christ as his own?       | Who will rest up-  |
| 3. Who'll accept the word of God and be made whole?   | Who will trust the |
| 4. Who believes the Lord will save him, who believes? | Who the message    |



gos-pel message now receives?	'Tis a faithful message true, Sent, O
on the work which He has done?	Who will put all sin a-way And ac-
Lord of life and save his soul?	Who will bid the world goodby While sal-
of sal-va-tion now receives?	The report from God is true, And it



sin - ner un - to you, Who believes the gospel message, who be-lieves?  
cept the Lord to-day? Who will now within his heart the Lord en-throne,  
va - tion is so nigh? Who will now his sins up-on the Sav-ior roll?  
comes, my friend, to you, Who believes the ho - ly message, who be-lieves?



*D. S.—heav-en un - to you! Who be-lieves the gospel mes-sage, who be-lieves?*

## CHORUS.



Who believes?	Who believes?	Who believes the gospel
who now believes?	who now believes?	



message, who believes?	O, it is a message true, sent from
who be-lieves?	





C. F. O.

Arr. by W. J. K.



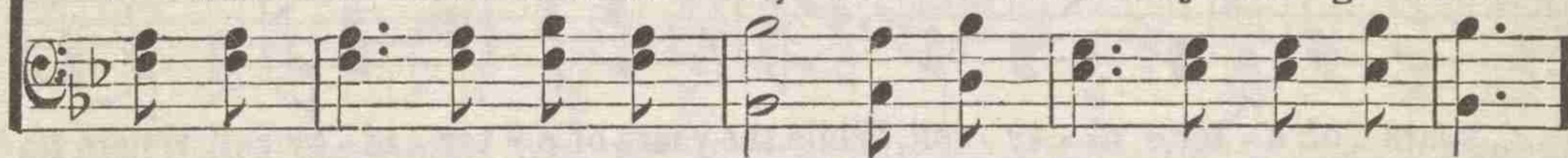
1. On the cross of Cal - va - ry Je - sus died for thee and me;
2. O what won - drous, wondrous love, Bro't me down at Je - sus' feet!
3. Take me, Je - sus, I am thine, Whol - ly thine for - ev - er - more;
4. Clouds and darkness veiled the sky When the Lord was cru - ci - fied;



There he shed his pre - cious blood, That from sin we might be free.  
 O such won - drous, dy - ing love Asks a sac - ri - fice com - plete!  
 Bless - ed Je - sus, thou art mine, Dwell with - in for - ev - er - more.  
 "It is fin - ished!" was his cry, When he bowed his head and died.



O, the cleans - ing stream doth flow, And it wash - es white as snow:  
 Lord, I give my - self to thee, Soul and bod - y thine to be:  
 Cleanse, O cleanse my heart from sin, Make and keep me pure with - in;  
 It was fin - ished there for me; All the world may now go free:



It was for me that Je - sus died On the cross of Cal - va - ry.  
 It was for me thy blood was shed On the cross of Cal - va - ry.  
 It was for this thy blood was shed On the cross of Cal - va - ry.  
 It was for me that Je - sus died On the cross of Cal - va - ry.




## CHORUS.




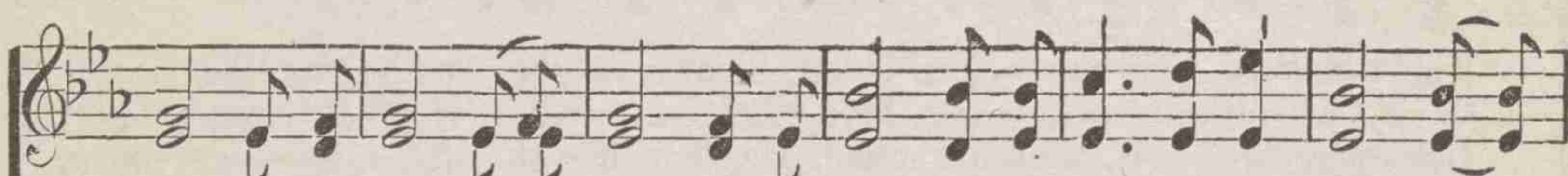


ELLEN H. GATES.



PHILIP PHILLIPS.





1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti - ful land, The far a - way  
 2. O that home of the soul, in my vis-ions and dreams, Its bright jas-per  
 3. That un-change-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of  
 4. O how sweet it will be in that beau-ti - ful land, So free from all

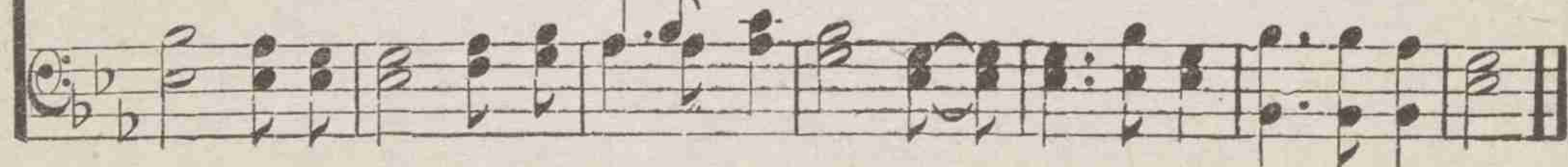
home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand, While the  
 walls I can see, Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the vail in - ter - venes Be-  
 Na - zar-eth stands; The King of all king-doms for-ev - er is he, And he  
 sor-row and pain, With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To

years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no  
 tween the fair cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; Till I  
 hold-eth our crowns in his hands, And he hold-eth our crowns in his hands; The  
 meet one an-oth - er a - gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; With

storms ev-er beat on the glittering strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.  
 fan - cy but thin - ly the vail in - ter-venes Be-tween the fair cit - y and me.  
 King of all kingdoms for-ev - er is he, And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.  
 songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth-er a - gain.





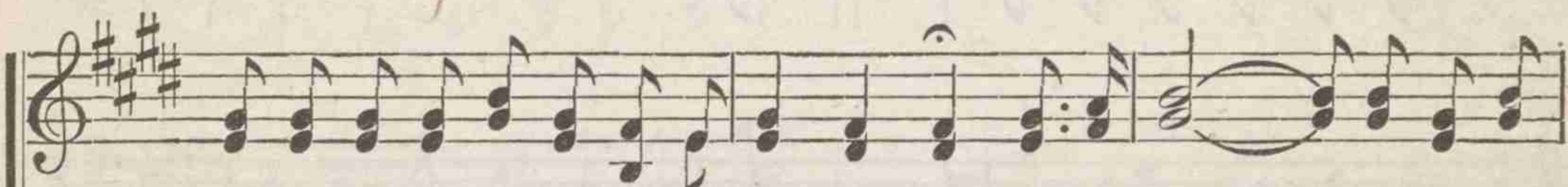
## When the Bridegroom Comes.

E. R. Latta. Alt.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Will our lamps be filled and ready, When the Bridegroom comes? And our
2. Shall we hear a welcome sounding, When the Bridegroom comes? And a
3. Don't de-lay our prep-a-ra-tion Till the Bridegroom comes; Lest there
4. It may be a time of sorrow, When the Bridegroom comes; If our
5. O there'll be a glorious meeting, When the Bridegroom comes! And a



lights be clear and steady, When the Bridegroom comes? In the night, that solemn  
shout of joy resounding, When the Bridegroom comes? In the night, that solemn  
be a separation, When the Bridegroom comes. In the night, that solemn  
oil we hope to borrow, When the Bridegroom comes. In the night, that solemn  
hallelujah greeting, When the Bridegroom comes. In the night, that joyful



night, (that solemn night,) Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?  
 night, (that solemn night,) Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?  
 night, (that solemn night,) Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?  
 night, (that solemn night,) Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?  
 night, (that joy-ful night,) With our lamps all burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes.



CHORUS.



{ O be ready! O be ready! O be ready when the Bridegroom comes!  
{ O be ready! O be ready! O be ready when the (*Omit. . .*) Bridegroom comes!





KATE ULMER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. O what a won-der-ful Sav-iour In Je-sus my Lord I have found!
2. When a poor sin-ner he found me, No goodness to of-fer had I;
3. Nothing of mer-it pos-sess-ing, All helpless be-fore him I lay;
4. In him, my gracious Redeem-er, My Prophet, my Priest and my King;
5. How can I keep from re-joic-ing? I'll sing of the joy in my soul;



Tho' I had sins without num-ber, His grace un-to me did a-bound.  
 Oft-en his law I had bro-ken, And mer-it-ed naught but to die.  
 But in the precious blood flowing He wash'd all my sin-stains a-way.  
 Mer-cy I find and for-giveness, My all to his keeping I bring.  
 Praising the love of my Saviour, While years of E-ter-ni-ty roll.



## CHORUS.



His grace a-bound-eth more, His grace a-bound-eth more,  
 and more,



Tho' sin a-bound-ed in my heart, His grace a-bound-eth more.





## Precious Name.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

W. H. DOANE.



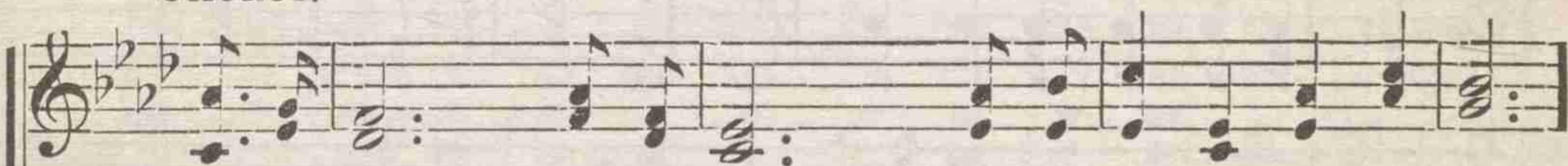
1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev'ry snare;
3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall-ing pros-trate at His feet,



It will joy and com-fort give you; Take it, then, wher-e'er you go.  
 If temp-ta-tions round you gath-er, Breathe that ho - ly name in pray'r.  
 When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues em-ploy!  
 King of earth and heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.



## CHORUS.



Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n,  
 Precious name, O how sweet!



Pre-cious name, O how sweet!.. Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.  
 Precious name, how sweet!






INVITATION.

No. 62.



F. A. G.

# Honey in the Rock.


F. A. GRAVES.




1. O my brother, do you know the Sav - ior, Who is won - drous  
 2. Have you "tast-ed that the Lord is gra - cious?" Do you walk in the  
 3. Do you pray un - to God the Fa - ther, "What wilt Thou have  
 4. Then go out thro' the streets and by - ways, Preach the word to the



kind and true? He's the "Rock of your sal - va - tion!"  
 way that's new? Have you drunk from the liv - ing fount-ain?  
 me to do?" Nev - er fear, He will sure - ly an - swer,  
 ma - ny or few; Say to ev - 'ry fall - en broth - er,




CHORUS.



There's Hon-ey in the Rock for you. Oh, there's Honey in the Rock, my

broth-er, There's Hon - ey in the Rock for you; Leave your  
 my broth-er, for you;




sins for the blood to cov-er, There's Hon-ey in the Rock for you.



for you.

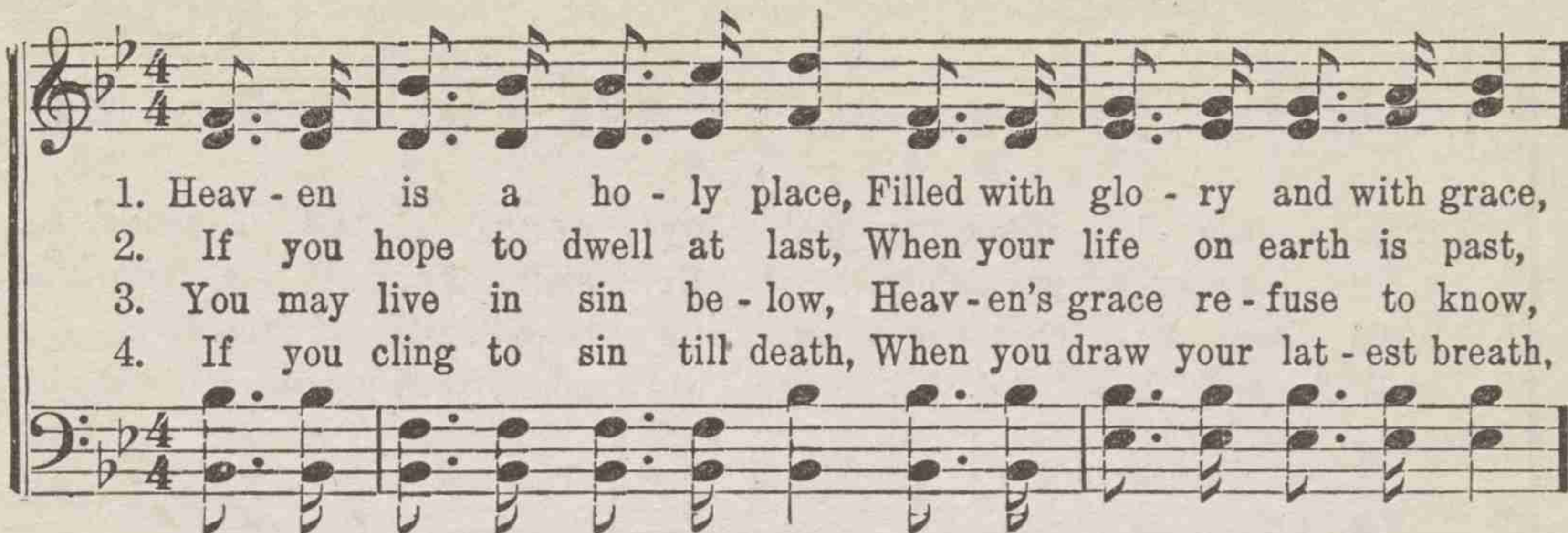


# No. 63. Sin Can Never Enter There.

C. W. NAYLOR.

(REV. 21: 27.)

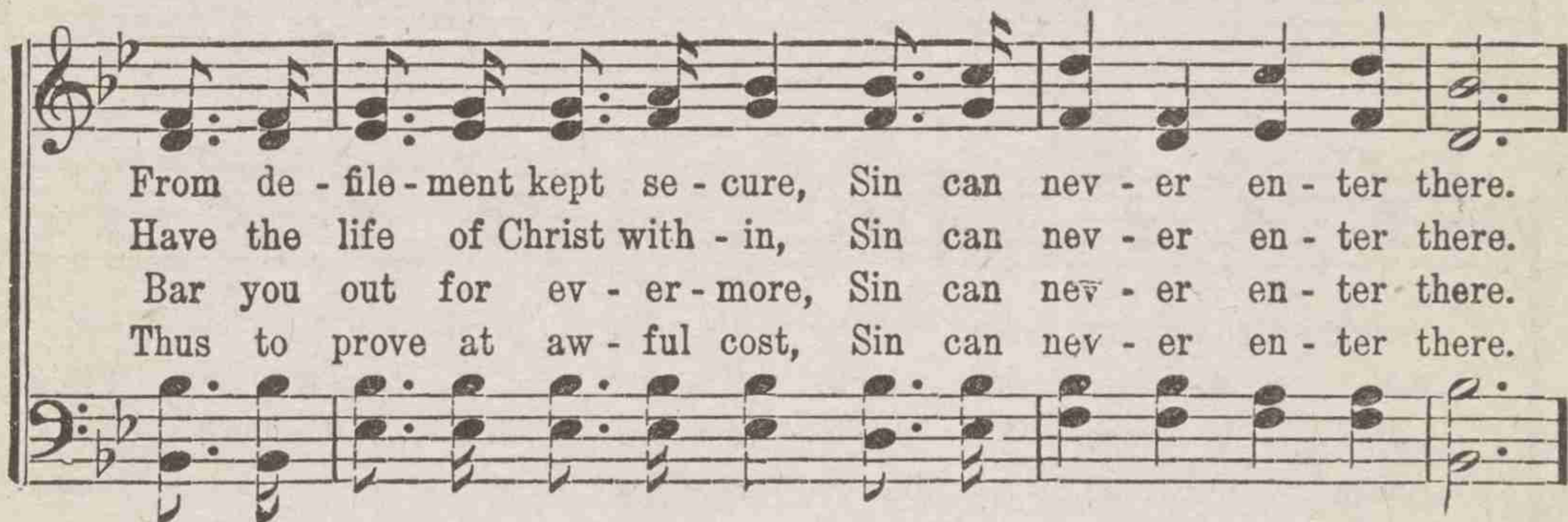
B. E. WARREN.



1. Heav - en is a ho - ly place, Filled with glo - ry and with grace,  
2. If you hope to dwell at last, When your life on earth is past,  
3. You may live in sin be - low, Heav - en's grace re - fuse to know,  
4. If you cling to sin till death, When you draw your lat - est breath,

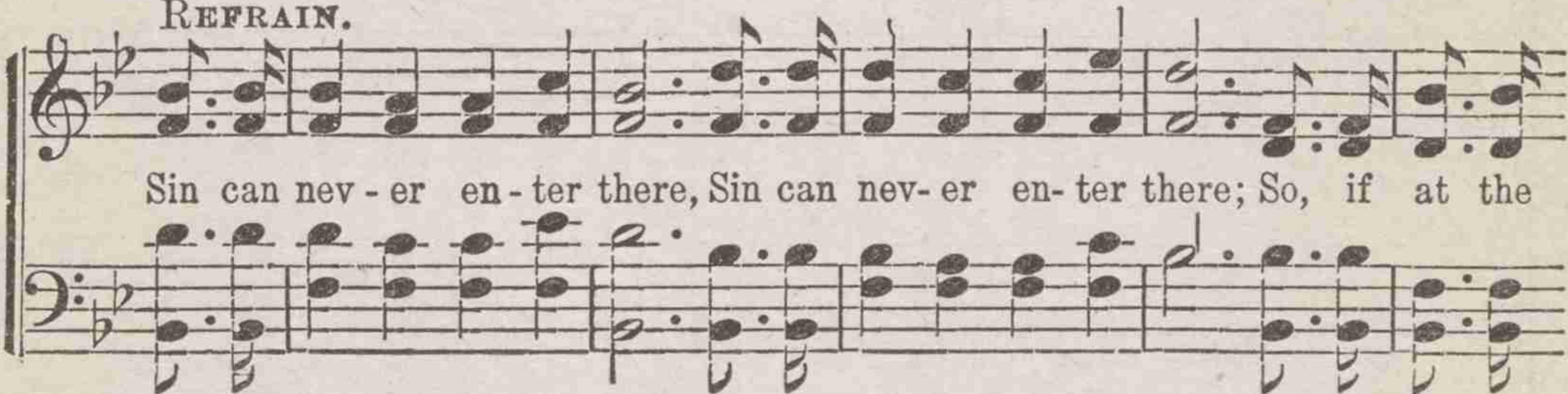


Sin can nev - er en - ter there; All with - in its gates are pure,  
In that home so bright and fair, You must here be cleansed from sin,  
But you can - not en - ter there; It will stop you at the door,  
You will sink in dark de - spair, To the re - gions of the lost,

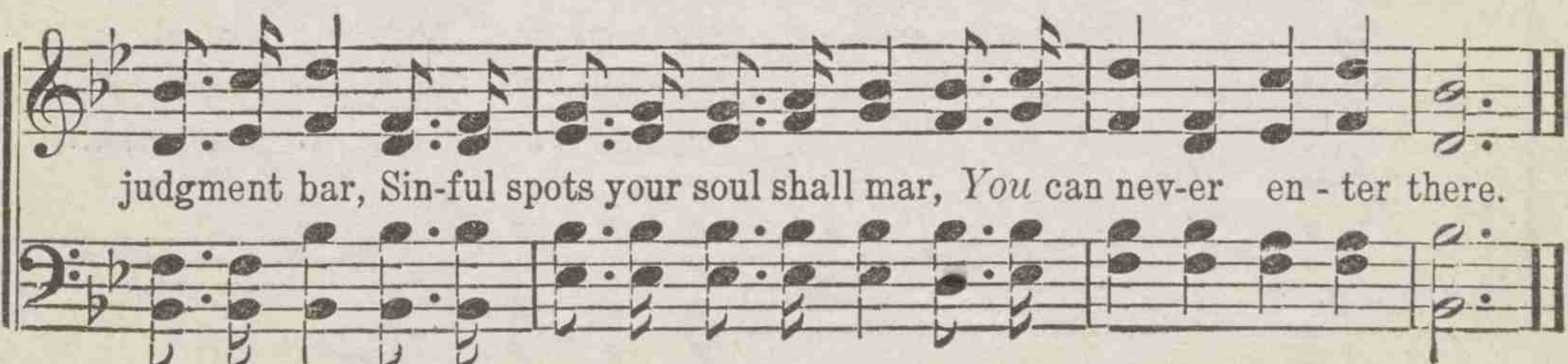


From de - file - ment kept se - cure, Sin can nev - er en - ter there.  
Have the life of Christ with - in, Sin can nev - er en - ter there.  
Bar you out for ev - er - more, Sin can nev - er en - ter there.  
Thus to prove at aw - ful cost, Sin can nev - er en - ter there.

## REFRAIN.



Sin can nev - er en - ter there, Sin can nev - er en - ter there; So, if at the




judgment bar, Sin - ful spots your soul shall mar, You can nev - er en - ter there.




## O, Could I Speak.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.


MOZART.




1. O, could I speak the match-less worth, O, could I sound the  
 2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood He spilt, My ran-som from the  
 3. I'd sing the char-ac-ter He bears, And ail the forms of  
 4. Well, the de-light-ful day will come, When my dear Lord will



glo-ries forth Which in my Sav-ior shine; I'd soar, and touch the  
 dread-ful guilt Of sin, and wrath di-vine: I'd sing His glo-rious  
 love He wears, Ex-alt-ed on His throne: In loft-iest songs of  
 bring me home, And I shall see His face; Then with my Sav-ior,



heav'n-ly strings, And vie with Ga-briel while he sings  
 right-eous-ness, In which all-per-fect, heav'n-ly dress  
 sweet-est praise, I would to ev-er-last-ing days  
 Broth-er, Friend, A blest e-ter-ni-ty I'll spend,



In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.  
 My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.  
 Make all His glo-ries known, Make all His glo-ries known.  
 Tri-umph-ant in His grace, Tri-umph-ant in His grace.



## The Secret of the Lord.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."—PSALMS, 25 : 14.

H. L.

HARRY LOPER.



1. There's a se - cret we can know Walking with the Lord be - low, And the
2. We can, like the saints of old, Who now walk the streets of gold, Have the
3. He can qui - et ev - 'ry storm, Bid the winds his will per - form, Tho' the
4. Paul and Si - las felt this pow'r, Sing - ing at the midnight hour, Tho' with



bliss of such a life is con - stant joy; We can on - ly find it true,  
wit - ness of his pres - ence ev - 'ry day; If in Je - sus we a - bide,  
sky's so dark we can - not see our way; We can trust his hand to guide  
bleed - ing backs they in a dungeon lay; They for - got to think of pain,



When his footsteps we pursue, When our lives in his sweet service we employ.  
And our all to him confide, Then his blessed Spir - it comes with us to stay.  
E - ven o - ver Jordan's tide And the clouds shall flee before eter - nal day.  
For a wave from glory came; Praise the Lord! that pow'r is just the same to - day.



*D. S.*—I'm so glad I've enter'd in.

## CHORUS.



I've surrendered, now he fills me; I'm so glad I ev - er found this blessed



way, 'Tis a precious life to know, To have sunshine as you go, Halle - lujah.

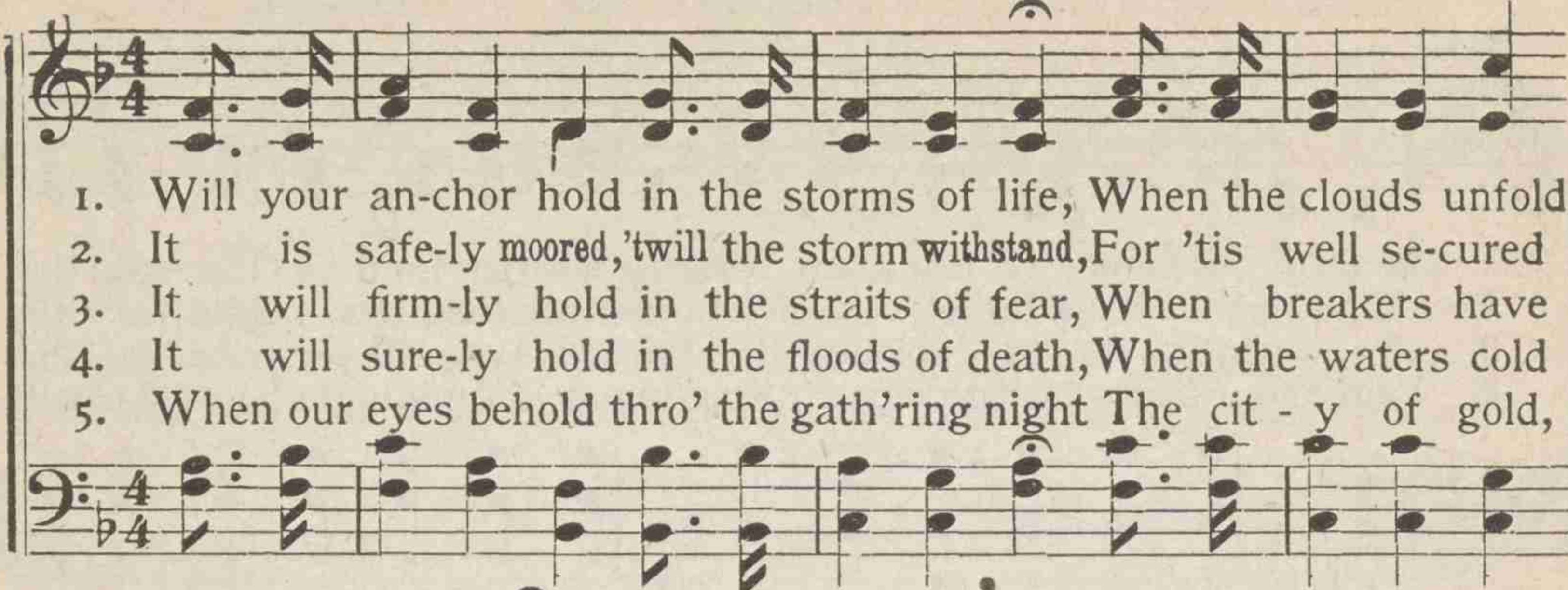




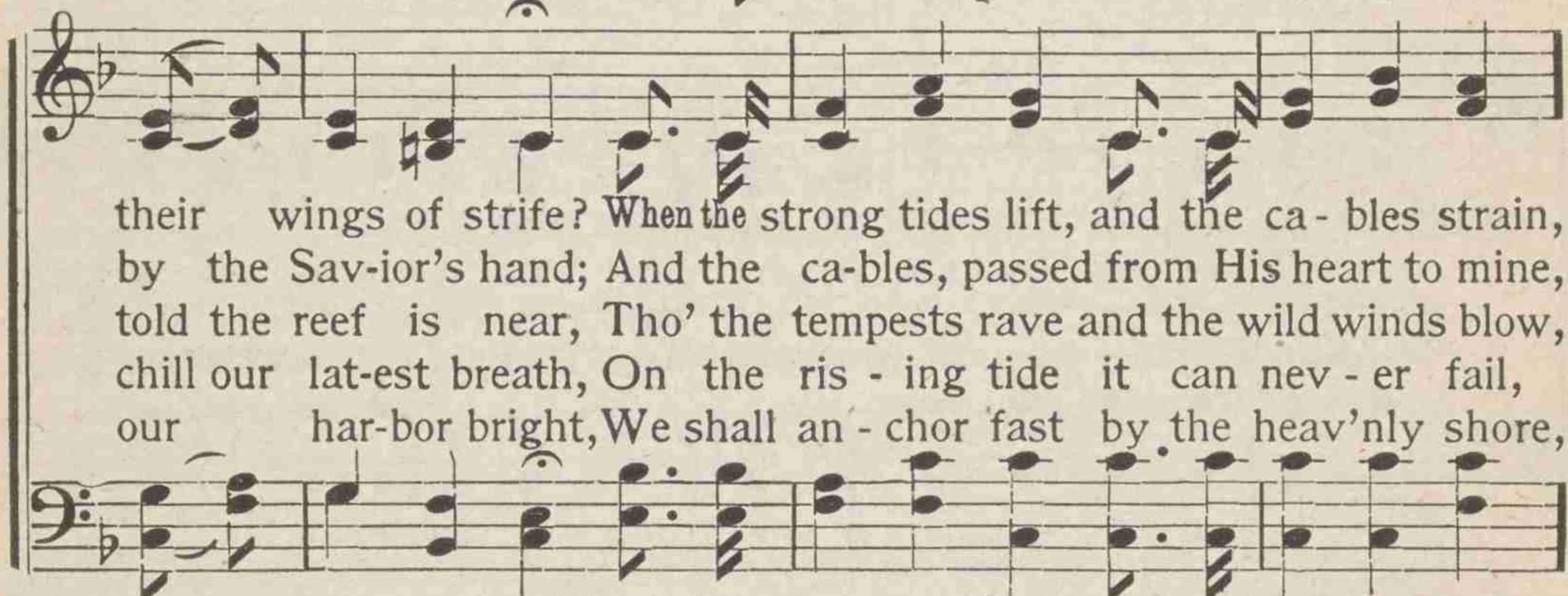
## We Have an Anchor.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

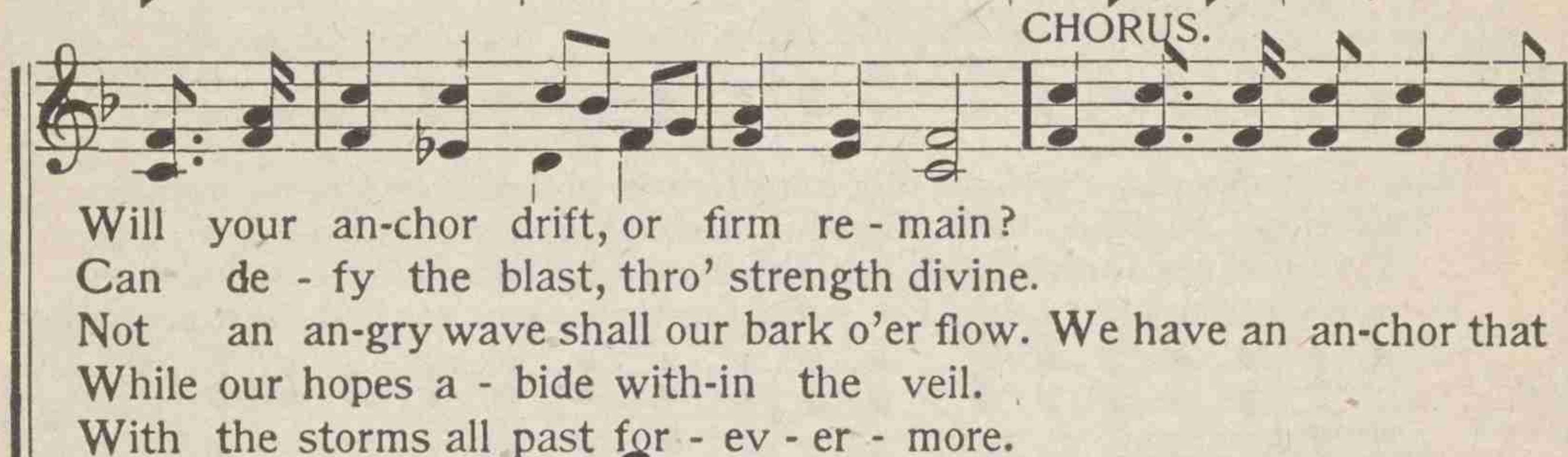


1. Will your an-chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds unfold  
 2. It is safe-ly moored, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well se-cured  
 3. It will firm-ly hold in the straits of fear, When breakers have  
 4. It will sure-ly hold in the floods of death, When the waters cold  
 5. When our eyes behold thro' the gath'ring night The cit - y of gold,

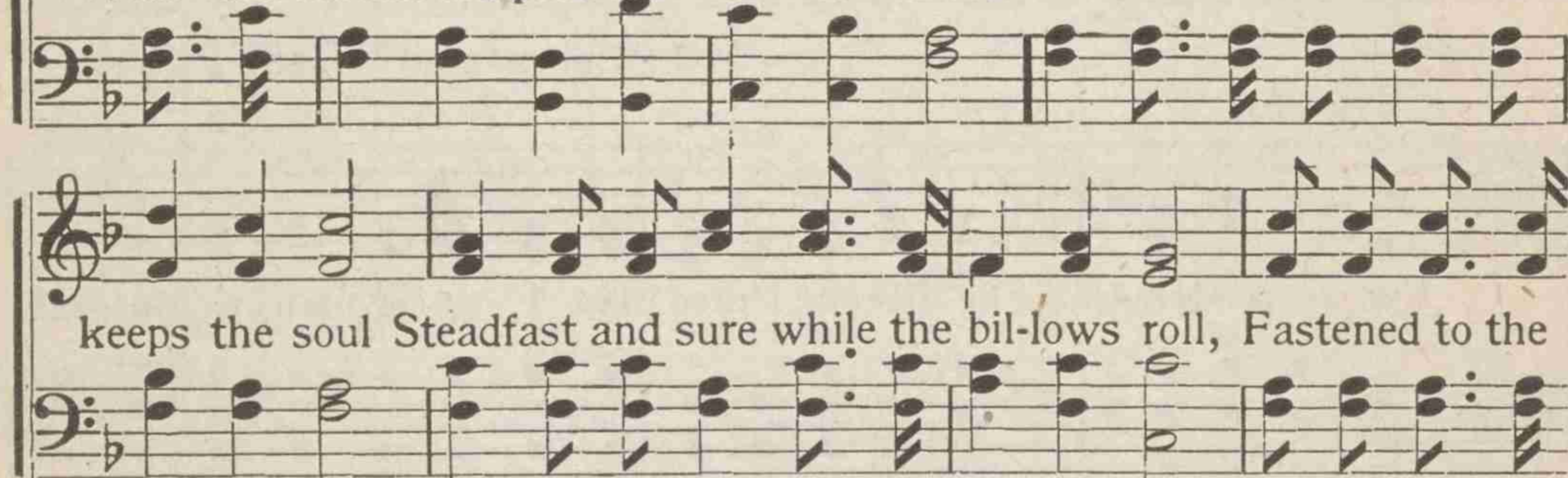


their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the ca - bles strain,  
 by the Sav-ior's hand; And the ca-bles, passed from His heart to mine,  
 told the reef is near, Tho' the tempests rave and the wild winds blow,  
 chill our lat-est breath, On the ris - ing tide it can nev - er fail,  
 our har-bor bright, We shall an - chor fast by the heav'nly shore,

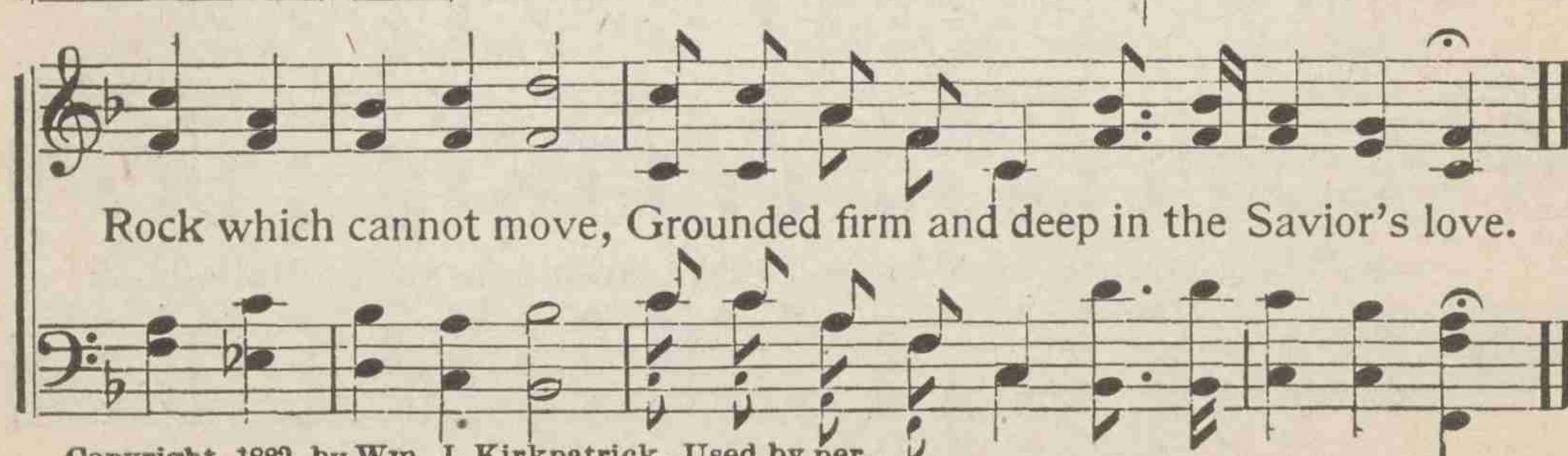
CHORUS.



Will your an-chor drift, or firm re - main?  
 Can de - fy the blast, thro' strength divine.  
 Not an an-gry wave shall our bark o'er flow. We have an an-chor that  
 While our hopes a - bide with-in the veil.  
 With the storms all past for - ev - er - more.



keeps the soul Steadfast and sure while the bil-lows roll, Fastened to the



Rock which cannot move, Grounded firm and deep in the Savior's love.



## Redeemed by the Blood.

M. W. KNAPP.

THORO HARRIS.



1. John saw up - on Pat-mos a vis - ion so bright! The saints of all
2. Sal - va - tion and hon - or, and wis-dom and might, And glo - ry and
3. A few from the hon - ored and no - ble by birth, The most had been
4. From great trib-u - la - tion they hith - er re - pair, And vic - tors for-



na - tions in garments of light; With palms and re-joic-ing, be - fore the white  
 bless-ing their voic-es u - nite, As - crib - ing to Je - sus, the Lamb that was  
 hum-ble or out-casts on earth; Transformed by the Spir-it, their anthems they  
 ev - er, God's glory they share; From sword and from scaffold, from dungeon and



CHORUS.

throne, They gave all the glo - ry to Je - sus a - lone.  
 slain, Soon com-ing in glo - ry for - ev - er to reign. Re-deemed by the  
 bring, A - dor - ing their Sav-ior, u - nit - ed - ly sing.  
 stake—Naught ever could move them their Lord to forsake.



blood, redeemed by the blood, Arrayed in white garments, redeemed by the blood.



- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>5 For this they are honored and serve day<br/>         and night,<br/>         And nearest the throne they rejoice in<br/>         His light;<br/>         They hunger no more, by the Lamb they<br/>         are fed,<br/>         By Him to the fountain of waters are led.</p> | <p>6 Their tears are all banished, God wipes<br/>         them away,<br/>         Enthroned in His presence forever they<br/>         stay;<br/>         What glory and honor for service so<br/>         small!<br/>         One hour of such blessing repays them for all.</p> |
|--|--|

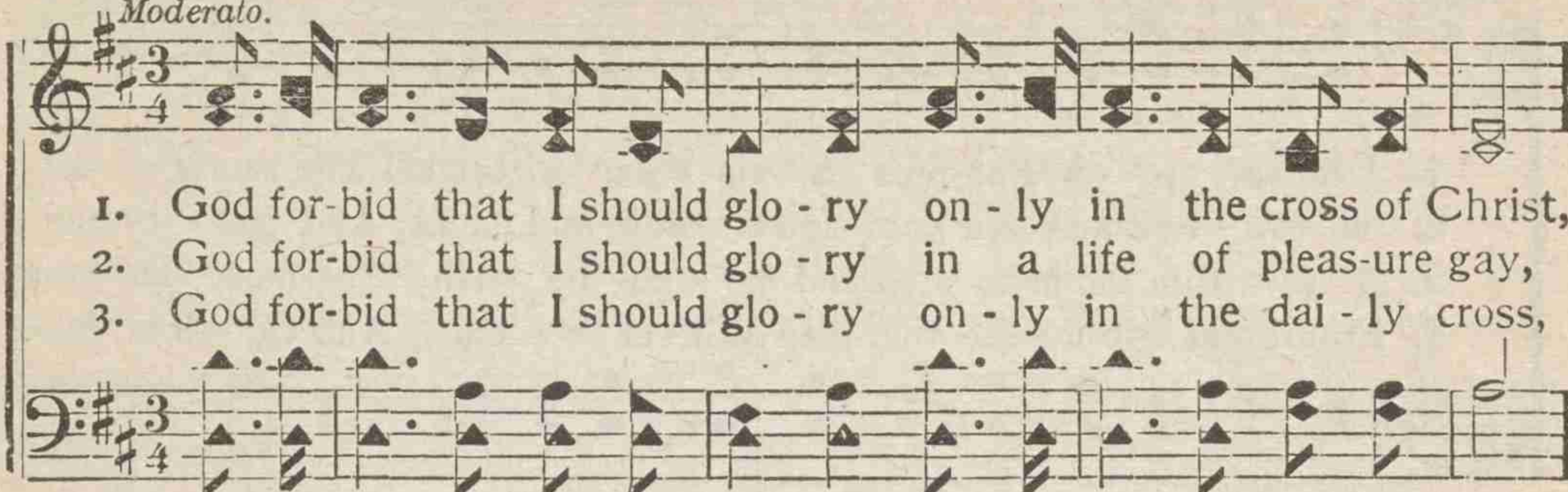


## God Forbid That I Should Glory.

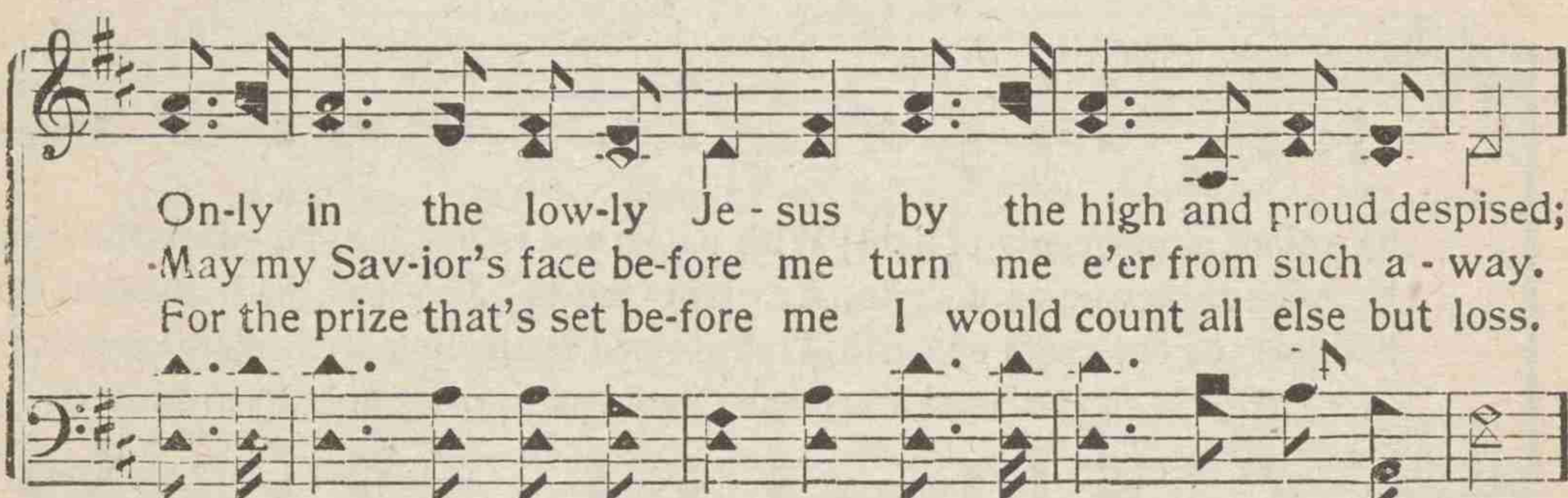
"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ"—Gal. 6:14.

C. P. J.  
Moderato.

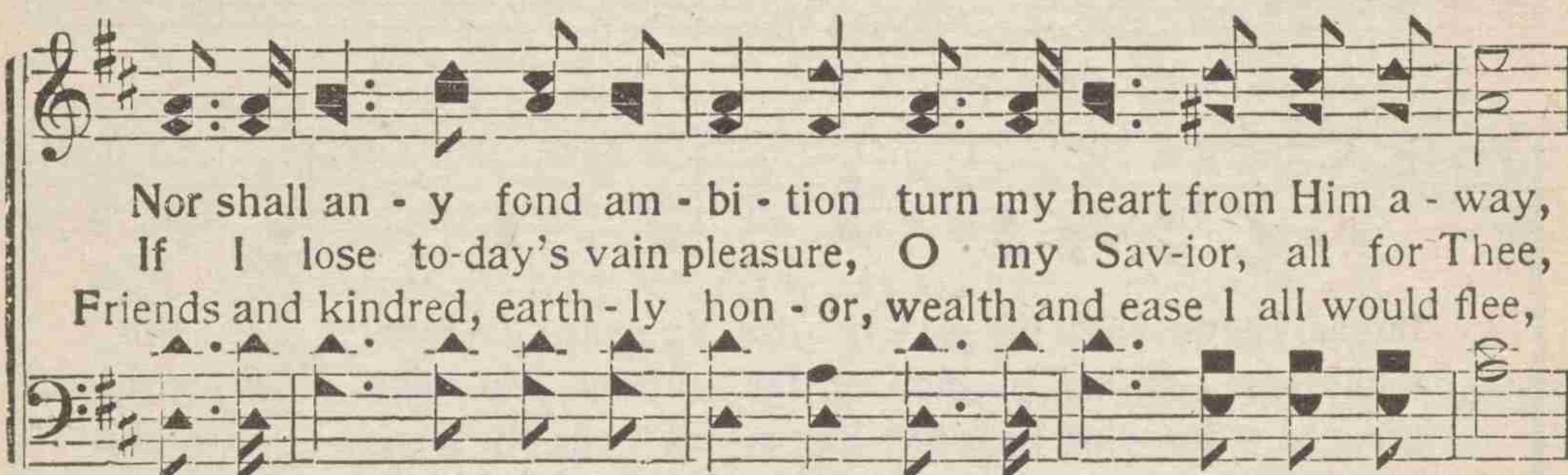
C. P. JONES.



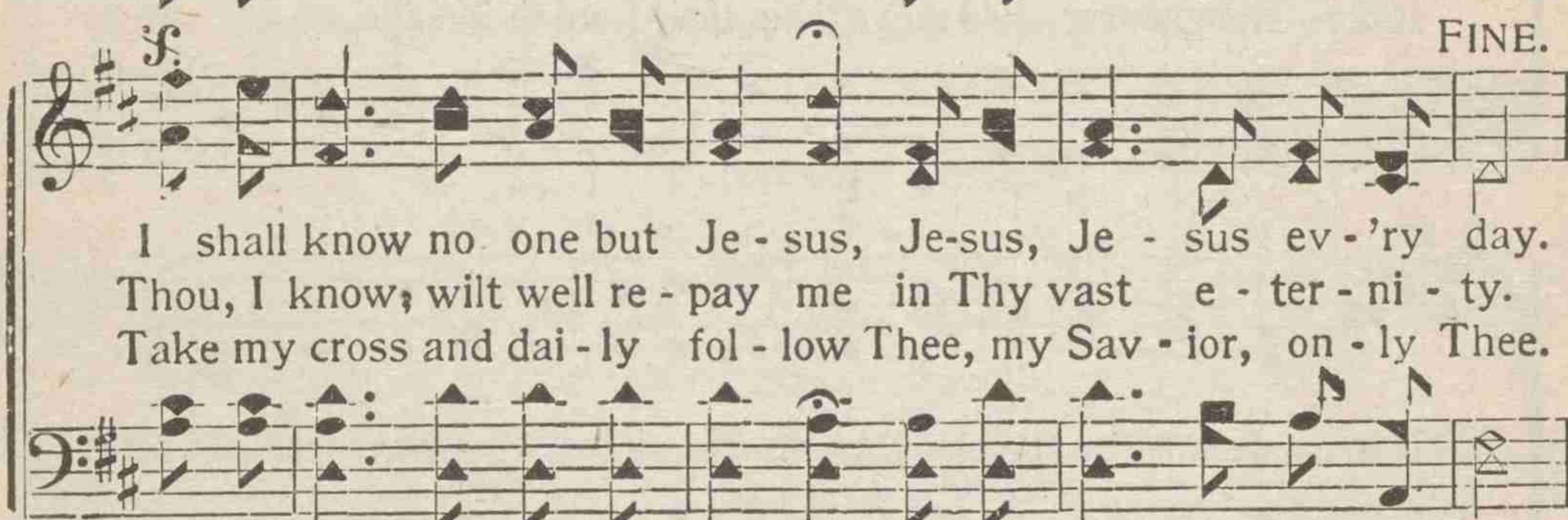
1. God for-bid that I should glo - ry on - ly in the cross of Christ,  
 2. God for-bid that I should glo - ry in a life of pleas-ure gay,  
 3. God for-bid that I should glo - ry on - ly in the dai - ly cross,



On-ly in the low-ly Je - sus by the high and proud despised;  
 May my Sav-ior's face be-fore me turn me e'er from such a - way.  
 For the prize that's set be-fore me I would count all else but loss.



Nor shall an - y fond am - bi - tion turn my heart from Him a - way,  
 If I lose to-day's vain pleasure, O my Sav-ior, all for Thee,  
 Friends and kindred, earth - ly hon - or, wealth and ease I all would flee,



I shall know no one but Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus ev - 'ry day.  
 Thou, I know, wilt well re - pay me in Thy vast e - ter - ni - ty.  
 Take my cross and dai - ly fol - low Thee, my Sav - ior, on - ly Thee.

*D.S.—I shall know no one but Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus ev - 'ry day.*

CHORUS.



None but Je - sus cru - ci - fied, Je - sus Christ Who for me died;



## In These Days of Sin and Peril.

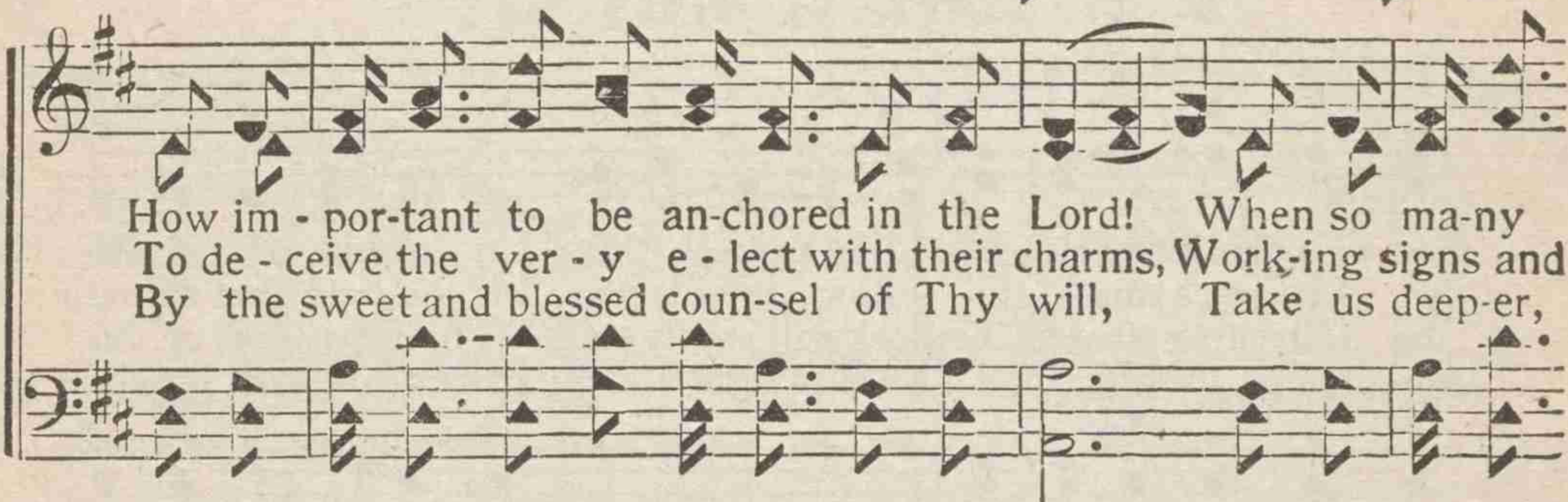
"This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come."—2 Tim. 3: 1.

C. P. J. *Deliberately.*

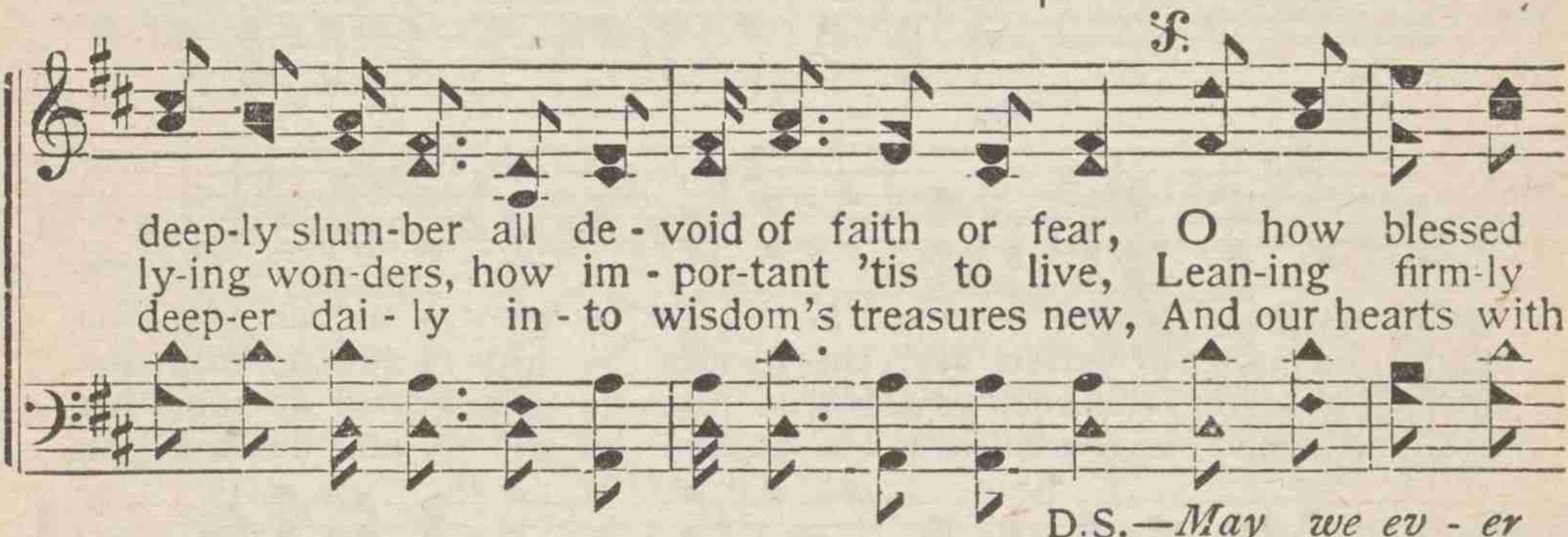
CHAS. P. JONES.



1. In these days of sin and per-il as the end of time draws near,  
 2. In these days of deep de-cep-tion when the pow'rs of darkness strive,  
 3. O blest Sav-ior, ev-er keep me by Thy ho-ly faith and true,



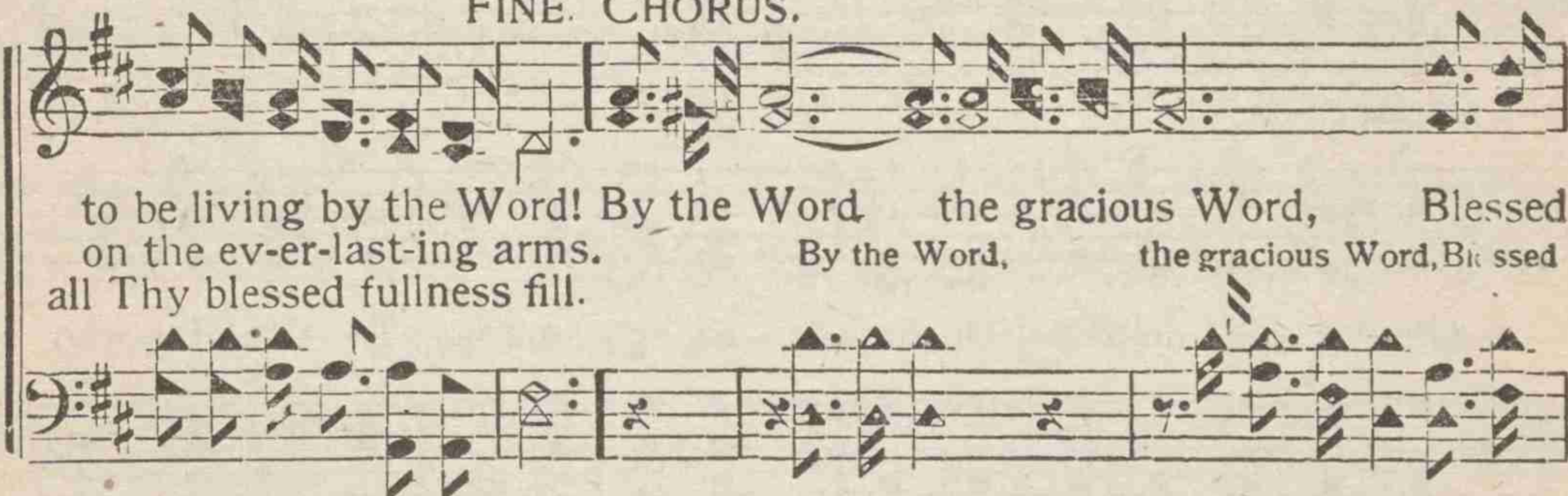
How im-por-tant to be an-chored in the Lord! When so ma-ny  
 To de-ceive the ver-y e-lect with their charms, Work-ing signs and  
 By the sweet and blessed coun-sel of Thy will, Take us deep-er,



deep-ly slum-ber all de-void of faith or fear, O how blessed  
 ly-ing won-ders, how im-por-tant 'tis to live, Lean-ing firm-ly  
 deep-er dai-ly in-to wisdom's treasures new, And our hearts with

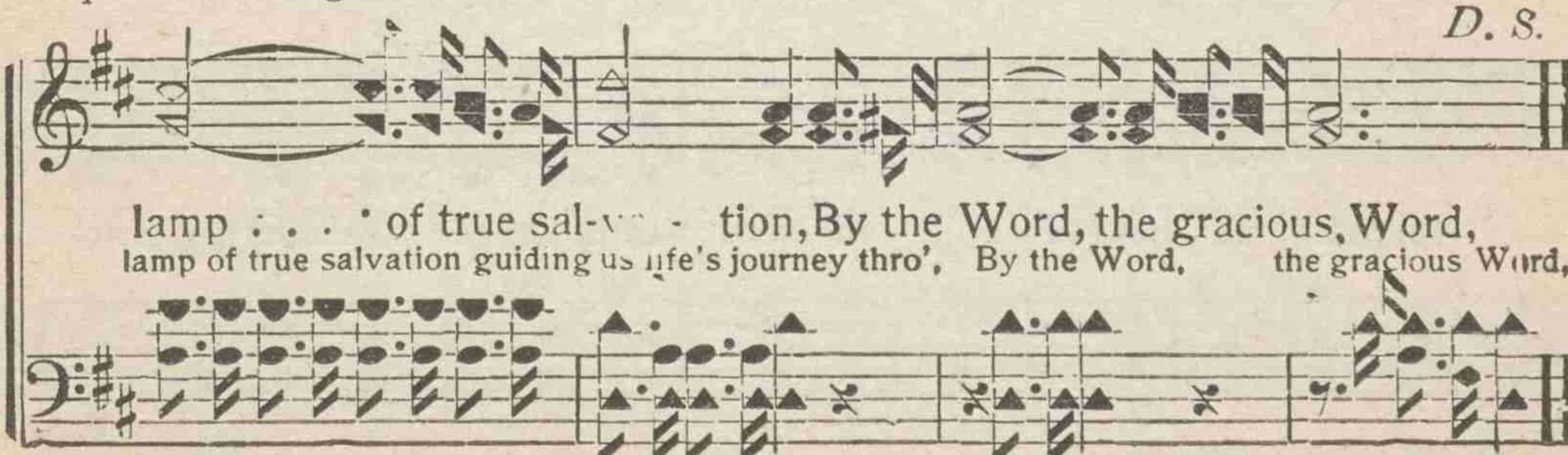
D.S.—*May we ev-er*

## FINE. CHORUS.



to be living by the Word! By the Word the gracious Word, Blessed  
 on the ev-er-last-ing arms. By the Word, the gracious Word, Ble ssed  
 all Thy blessed fullness fill.

*keep its teachings in our view.*



lamp : . . . of true sal-vation, By the Word, the gracious, Word,  
 lamp of true salvation guiding us life's journey thro', By the Word, the gracious Word,

D. S.



## Glory and Dominion.

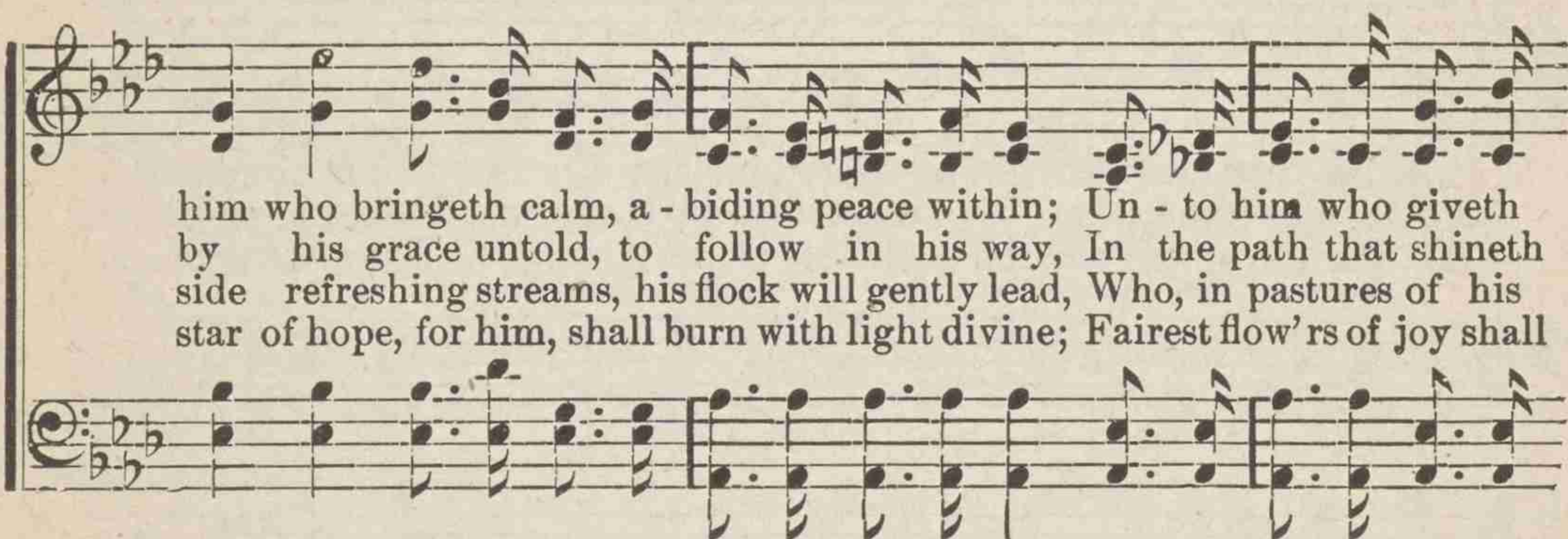
E. E. HEWITT.

1 Peter 5: 11.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



1. Un - to him that lov - eth us, and cleanseth us from sin; Un - to  
 2. Un - to him that sought for us when we were far astray, Brought us  
 3. Un - to him who car - eth still for all his children's need, Who, be -  
 4. Un - to him, the King of kings, let love's bright jewels shine, Ev - 'ry



him who bringeth calm, a - biding peace within; Un - to him who giveth  
 by his grace untold, to follow in his way, In the path that shineth  
 side refreshing streams, his flock will gently lead, Who, in pastures of his  
 star of hope, for him, shall burn with light divine; Fairest flow'rs of joy shall




strength the vic - to - ry to win; Un - to him be glo - ry and do - min - ion.  
 more un - to the perfect day, Un - to him be glo - ry and do - min - ion.  
 love, our hungry souls will feed, Un - to him be glo - ry and do - min - ion.  
 bloom, and 'round his cross entwine; Un - to him be glo - ry and do - min - ion.

## CHORUS.



Glo - ry and do - min - ion for - ev - er, ev - ermore, To the King who



reigneth on heaven's gold - en shore; Saints above are singing, ar -



## Glory and Dominion.—Concluded.

ray'd in spotless white, "Glo-ry and do-min-ion, and maj-es-ty and might."

71

## The Gate is Ajar.

COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER.

CATHERINE MOTEE BOOTH-TUCKER.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. O sin-ner, see thy Sav-iour At Mer-cy's o - pen gate!  
 2. His hands are pierc'd with nail-marks, His ho - ly brow with thorns!  
 3. For thee thy Lord was wound-ed, Thy chas-tise-ment he bore;  
 4. Thy sins he yearns to par-don, He'll wash them all a - way;

O lis - ten to his plead-ing! Soon, soon 'twill be too late!  
 Thy sins have caused his an-guish, Thy way-ward-ness he mourns!  
 For thee—de - spised, re - ject - ed,—Holds o - pen heav-en's door!  
 The gate a - jar he's hold-ing! O en - ter while you may!

CHORUS.

The gate is a - jar! O sin-ner step in! The gate is a - jar for thee!

O wand'rer, a - far, it still is a - jar! The gate is a - jar for thee!

Used by permission.



C. P. J.  
*Briskly.*

Isa. 26: 3. Ps. 119: 165

C. P. Jones.



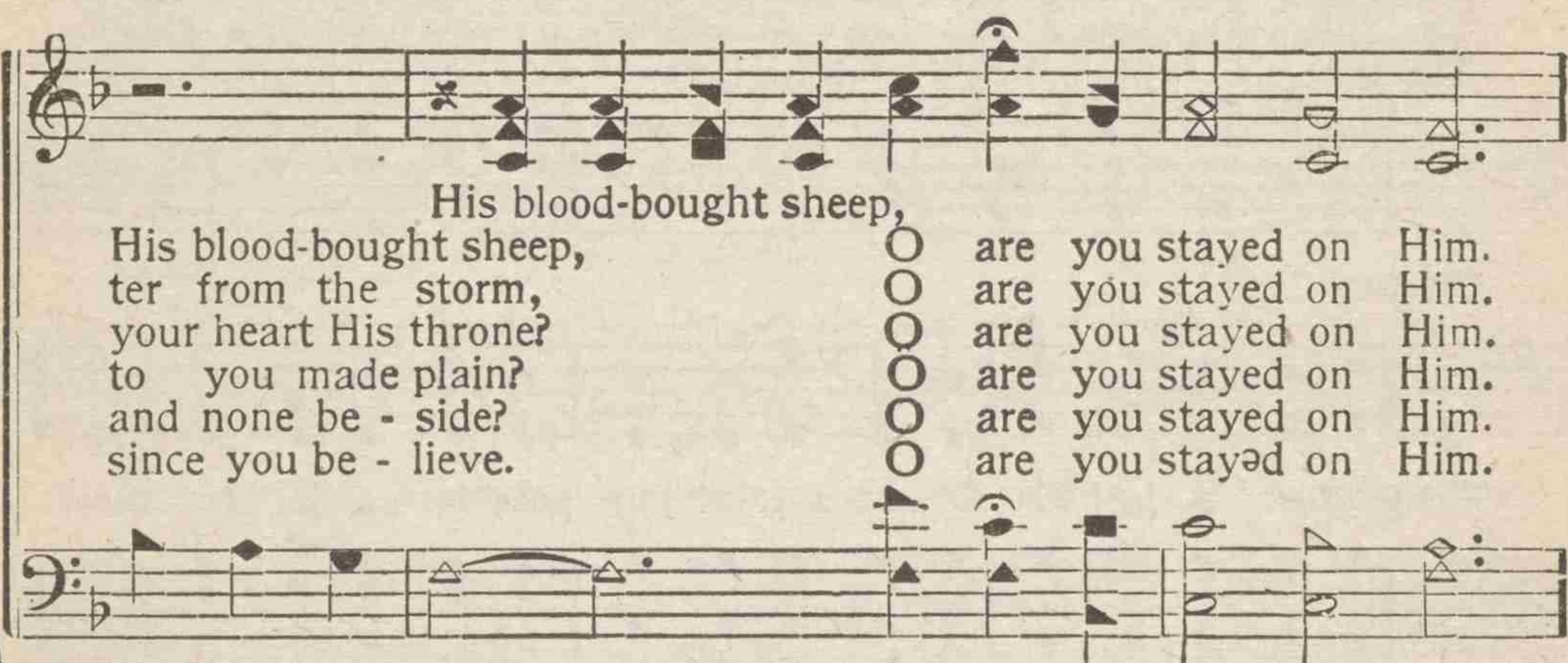
1. The Lord in per - fect peace will keep,

1. The Lord in per - fect peace will keep, O have you  
 2. No rav'nous beast may do them harm, O have you  
 3. O have you made the Lord your own? O have you  
 4. O does His peace with - in you reign? O have you  
 5. O have you all the world de-nied? O have you  
 6. Have you the Ho - ly Ghost re-ceived? O have you



O have you stayed your mind on Him? The spir - its of

stayed your mind on Him? The spir - its of  
 stayed your mind on Him? He is their shel-  
 stayed your mind on Him? And has He made  
 stayed your mind on Him? And are His ways  
 stayed your mind on Him? Chos - en the Lord  
 stayed your mind on Him? Have you been "sealed"



His blood-bought sheep,

His blood-bought sheep, O are you stayed on Him.  
 ter from the storm, O are you stayed on Him.  
 your heart His throne? O are you stayed on Him.  
 to you made plain? O are you stayed on Him.  
 and none be - side? O are you stayed on Him.  
 since you be - lieve. O are you stayed on Him.

## CHORUS.



In per - fect peace Thou'lt keep him Whose mind is stayed,



## Kept in Peace. Concluded.

*Rit.*

is stayed on Thee, In perfect peace Thou'lt keep him, Whose mind is stayed on Thee.

73

## O Jesus, Jesus, Glorious Name.

Tune, GLORIOUS NAME. G. M. Double.

C. P. J.

C. P. JONES.

1 O Je - sus, Je - sus! glo - rious name! The name of all most dear!  
2 The name of Je - sus! none so sweet, Nor yet so full of pow'r;

It frees the guilt - y soul from blame And ban - ish - es its fear.  
It fills my heart with grace com - plete, And keeps me ev - 'ry hour.

Dark de - mon - stre - m - ble at the sound And sor - rows flee a - way;  
It keeps me cleansed from ev - 'ry stain With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath.

*Rit.*

It loos - es souls by Sat - tan bound When they be - lieve and pray.  
In sick - ness it doth soothe the pain, And quell the fear of death,



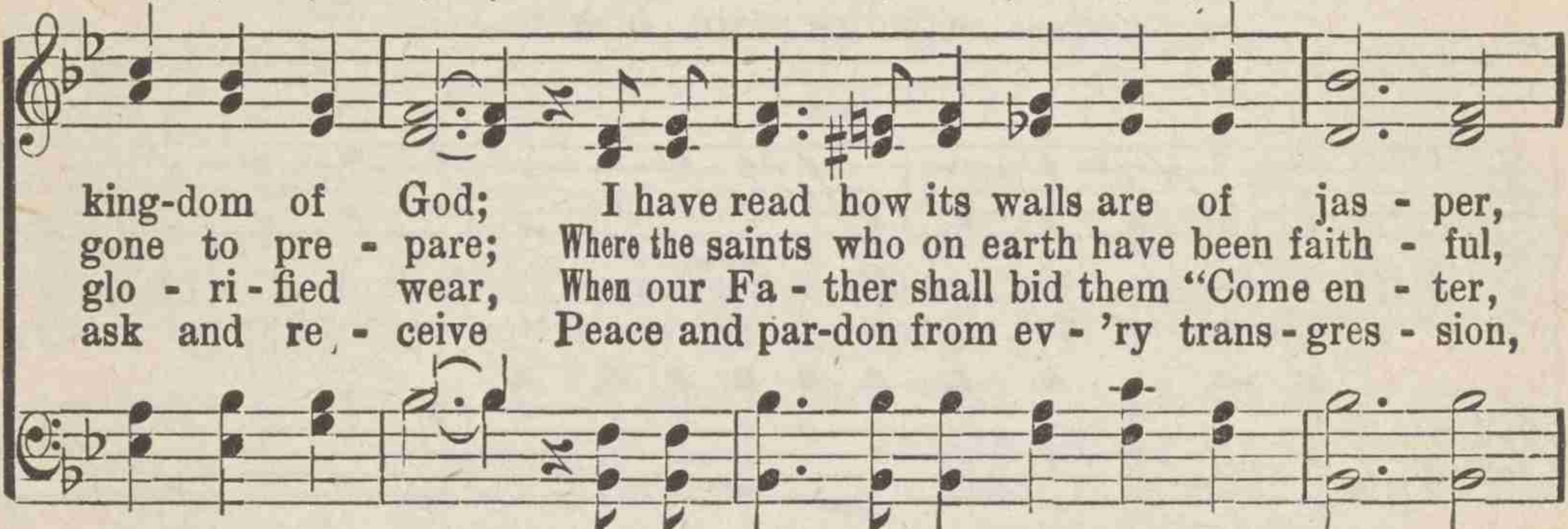
## Not Half Has Ever Been Told.

B. Atchinson.

BY PERMISSION. Otis F. Presbrey. Arr. by Thoro Harris.




1. I have read of a beau-ti-ful cit-y, Far a-way in the  
 2. I have read of bright mansions in Heav-en, Which the Sav-ior has  
 3. I have read of white robes for the right-eous, Of bright crowns which the  
 4. I have read of a Christ so for-giv-ing, That vile sin-ners may



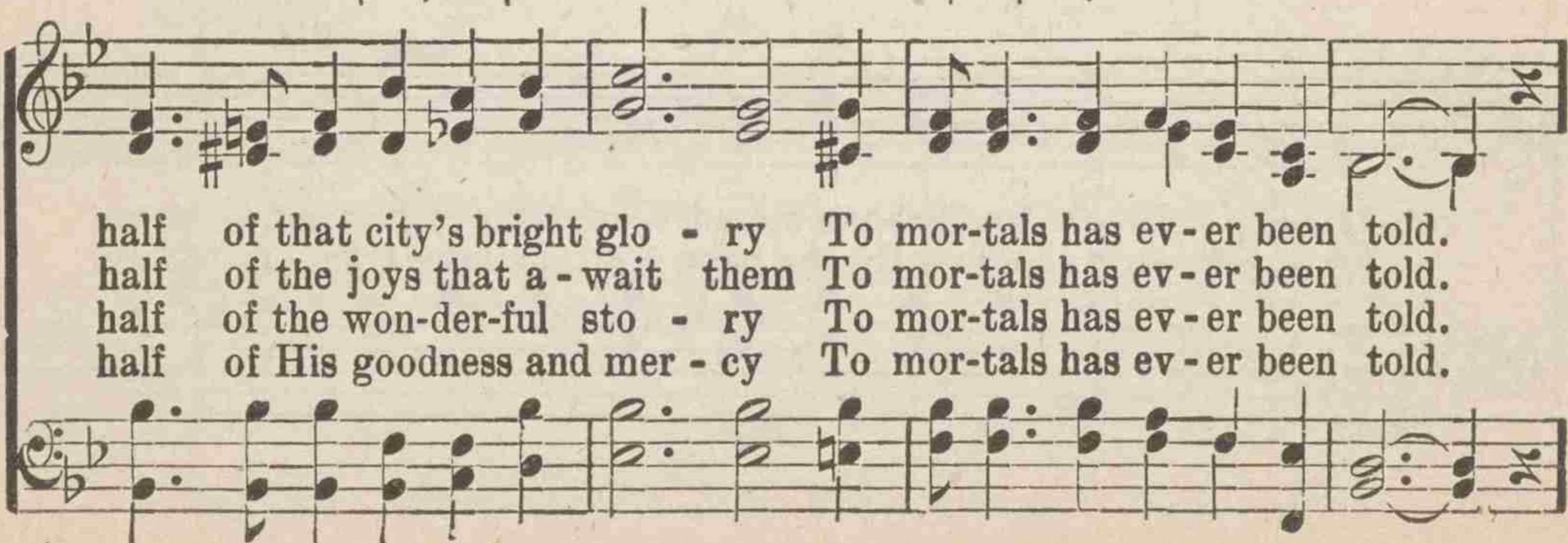
king-dom of God; I have read how its walls are of jas-per,  
 gone to pre-pare; Where the saints who on earth have been faith-ful,  
 glo-ri-fied wear, When our Fa-ther shall bid them "Come en-ter,  
 ask and re-ceive Peace and par-don from ev-'ry trans-gres-sion,



How its streets are all gold-en and broad, In the midst of the  
 Rest for-ev-er with Christ o-ver there; There no sin ev-er  
 And my glo-ry e-ter-nal-ly share;" How the right-eous are  
 If when ask-ing they on-ly be-lieve. I have read how He'll



streets is life's riv-er, Clear as crys-tal and pure to be-hold; But not  
 en-ters, nor sor-row, The in-hab-i-tants nev-er grow old; But not  
 ev-er more bless-ed As they walk thro' the streets of pure gold; But not  
 guide and pro-TECT us, If for safe-ty we en-ter His fold; But not



half of that city's bright glo-ry To mor-tals has ev-er been told.  
 half of the joys that a-wait them To mor-tals has ev-er been told.  
 half of the won-der-ful sto-ry To mor-tals has ev-er been told.  
 half of His goodness and mer-cy To mor-tals has ev-er been told.



# Not Half Has Ever Been Told.

REFRAIN.

Not half has ev-er been told; Not half has ev-er been told; Not  
been told; been told;

half of that cit-y's bright glo - ry To mor-tals has ev - er been told.

*rit.*

75

# God is Faithful.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. God is faithful, ev - er faithful; He will sure-ly keep his word;  
2. God is faithful; he will do it; Not my own weak heart I trust,  
3. God is faithful; this my ref-uge When the storms of tri-al rise;  
4. God is faithful; he will make me More than conqueror in the strife;

To the ut - ter-most ful-fill-ing Ev - 'ry promise I have heard.  
But his Spir-it dwelling in me, Wise and ho - ly, kind and just.  
Help is coming, swiftly coming From the hills beyond the skies.  
Yielding wholly to his guidance, This is blessing, this is life!

D.S.—God is faithful, ev - er faithful, He will keep me night and day.

CHORUS. D.S.

God is faithful, ev - er faithful; I will trust him all the way;



# No. 76.

# COME UNTO ME.

"Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."—  
C. P. J. MATT. 11: 28. CHARLES P. JONES.



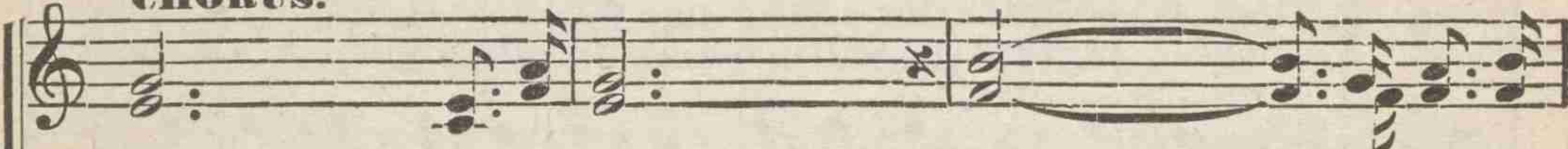
1. Hear the blessed Saviour calling the oppressed, "O ye heavy-laden, come to Me and rest;
2. Are you disappointed, wand'ring here and there, Dragging chains of doubt and loaded down with care?
3. Stumbling on the mountains dark with sin and shame, Stumbling tow'rd the pit of hell's consuming flame,
4. Have you cares of business, cares of pressing debt? Cares of social life or cares of hopes unmet?
6. Have you by temptation often conquered been, Has a sense of weakness brought distress within?



Come, no longer tar-ry, I your load will bear, Bring Me ev'ry burden, bring Me ev'ry care."  
Do un-ho-ly feelings struggle in your breast? Bring your case to Jesus, He will give you rest.  
By the pow'rs of sin deluded and oppressed, Hear the tender Shepherd,—“Come to Me and rest.”  
Are you by remorse or sense of guilt depressed? Come right on to Jesus, He will give you rest.  
Christ will sanctify you, if you'll claim His best, In the Ho-ly Spir-it He will give you rest.



## CHORUS.



Come un - to Me; I..... will give you  
Come un - to Me, Come un - to Me, I will give you rest,



rest; Take..... My yoke up - on you,  
I will give you rest; Take My yoke up - on you, Take My yoke up-on you,



Hear..... Me and be blest;..... I..... am  
Hear Me and be blest, hear Me and be blest, I am meek and low-





## COME UNTO ME. Concluded.

meek and low - - - ly, Come..... and trust My might;  
ly; I am meek and low-ly, Come and trust My might, Come and trust My might;

Rit.

Come, My yoke is eas - - y, And.... My burden's light.  
Come, O come, Come, My yoke is easy, Come, O come, Come, My burden's light.

77

## Hallelujah! Amen.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

Adapted and arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. How oft in ho-ly converse With Christ, my Lord alone, I seem to hear the  
2. They pass'd thro' toils and trials, And tho' the strife was long, They share the victor's  
3. My soul takes up the chorus, And pressing on my way, Communing still with  
4. Thro' grace I soon shall conquer, And reach my home on high; And thro' eternal

CHORUS.

mil-lions That sing around His throne:— Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, Hal-le-  
conquest, And sing the vic-tor's song.  
Je-sus, I sing from day to day.  
a-ges I'll shout be-yond the sky.

*poco ritard.*

lu-jah, A-men. Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men. A-men, A-men.



## The Child of a King

HATTIE E. BUELL.

Arr. by Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.



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



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



## CHORUS.



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



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





## The Sheltering Rock.

W. E. P.

FROM "HARVEST BELLS," BY PER W. E. PENN

W. E. Penn.



1. There is a Rock in a wea-ry land; Its shad-ow falls on the
2. Tnere is a Well in a des-ert plain; Its wa-ters call with en-
3. A great fold stands with its por-tals wide, The sheep a-stray on the
4. There is a cross where the Sav-ior died; His blood flow'd out in a



burn-ing sand, In-vit-ing pil-grims as they pass, To  
 treat-ing strain, "Ho, ev-'ry thirst-ing, sin-sick soul, Come  
 mount-ain side; The Shep-herd climbs o'er mount-ains steep; He's  
 crim-son tide, A sac-ri-fice for sins of men, And



## REFRAIN.



seek a shade in the wil-der-ness. Then why will ye die? O  
 free-ly drink, and thou shalt be whole." Then why will ye die? O  
 search-ing now for His wan-d'ring sheep. Then why will ye die? O  
 free to all who will en-ter in. Then why will ye die? O



why will ye die? When the shelt'ring Rock is so near by, O why will ye die?  
 why will ye die? When the liv-ing Well is so near by, O why will ye die?  
 why will ye die? When the Shepherd's fold is so near by, O why will ye die?  
 why will ye die? When the crim-son cross is so near by, O why will ye die?





## No. 80. The Abiding Place in Jesus.

*This song was born amidst the storms of adversity while upon our knees in the Secret Chamber. May it cause the barren wastes of joyless, fruitless lives to blossom as the rose.*

F. M. L.

F. M. LEHMAN.

*Good for Solo.*



1. Have you reached this a-bid-ing place in Je - sus? Are you graft-ed in the
2. Have you faith that shall nev-er, nev-er fal - ter When your life is threatened
3. Do you love Je - sus best of all each mo - ment? Have you died to all the
4. There's a place in the se - cret of His pres-ence, Where the warring sounds of
5. Here we rest and en - joy His promised ful - ness, Here He keeps us in the



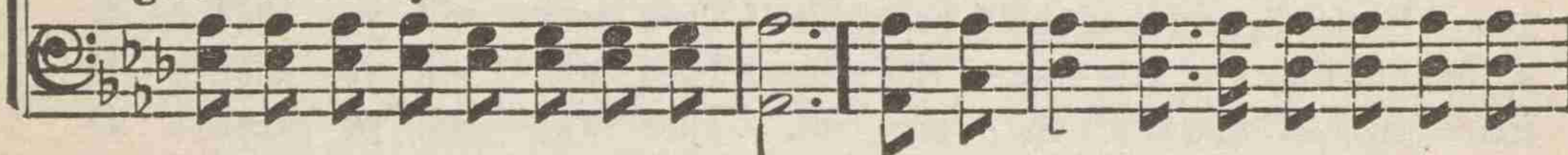
True and Liv-ing Vine? Have you peace that the Devil can-not shat - ter? Is the  
with a thousand cares? Have you grace that will win in ev-'ry con - flict When the  
tri-ling things of time? If you've found this a-bid-ing place in Je - sus, You have  
earth can-not an - noy, Where the soul rests se-cure-ly in His keep-ing, And the  
hol - low of His hand; And tho' storms sweep the soul in all their fu - ry, He will



CHORUS.



Spir - it your com-pan-ion all the time?  
tempt-er comes up-on you un - a-ware?  
con - stant vic-t'ry all a - long the line. Have you reached this a-bid-ing place in  
charms of earth cannot our peace destroy.  
guide us safe-ly to the Har-bor-Land.



Je - sus? Are you grafted in the True and Living Vine? There is rest from ev'ry care



in the se-cret place of prayer, There is vic-t'ry for you all a - long the line.





## Glory to the Lamb.

James Rowe.

Copyright 1917, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.

1. A cap - tive once was I, and in fet - ters lay, Be - cause I owed a  
 2. He saw my aw - ful plight, saw my sin and shame; He knew what it would  
 3. To prove His love still more, Je - sus left the tomb, And now prepares for

debt I could nev - er pay; But thru the grace of Christ I am free to - day;  
 cost, yet He free - ly came To res - cue me from death, glo - ri - fy His name!  
 me an e - ter - nal home To which, some hap - py day, He will bid me come;

## CHORUS.

And now my soul will sing His praise.  
 And so my soul will sing His praise. All glo - ry to the Lamb who was  
 And there my soul will sing His praise.

slain for me, By whose pre - cious blood I have lib - er - ty, Thru ev - er -

last - ing days this my song shall be: All praise and glo - ry to the Lamb.




## Builded on the Rock.

Luke 6: 47; 48.



Mrs. C. R.

F. A. Graves, owner, 1916.


Mrs. C. Rice.



1. I build - ed on the Rock, on the Rock of God, Build - ed on the  
 2. Why should I fear when the winds sweep by? Build - ed on the  
 3. Hush, rag - ing bil - lows, at His com - mand, Build - ed on the  
 4. Praise God for our foun - da - tion sure! Build - ed on the


Rock, Christ Je - sus; I dug down deep and build - ed on the Rock,  
 Rock, Christ Je - sus; Or shak - en be when the waves roll high?  
 Rock, Christ Je - sus; Oh, peace be still 'neath His lov - ing hand!  
 Rock, Christ Je - sus; No storms can harm our house se - cure,




## CHORUS.



Build - ed on the Rock of God. I hold not the Rock, but the

Rock holds me, The Rock holds me, the Rock holds me, I rest on the




Rock, and the Rock holds me, Rest - ing on the Rock of God.





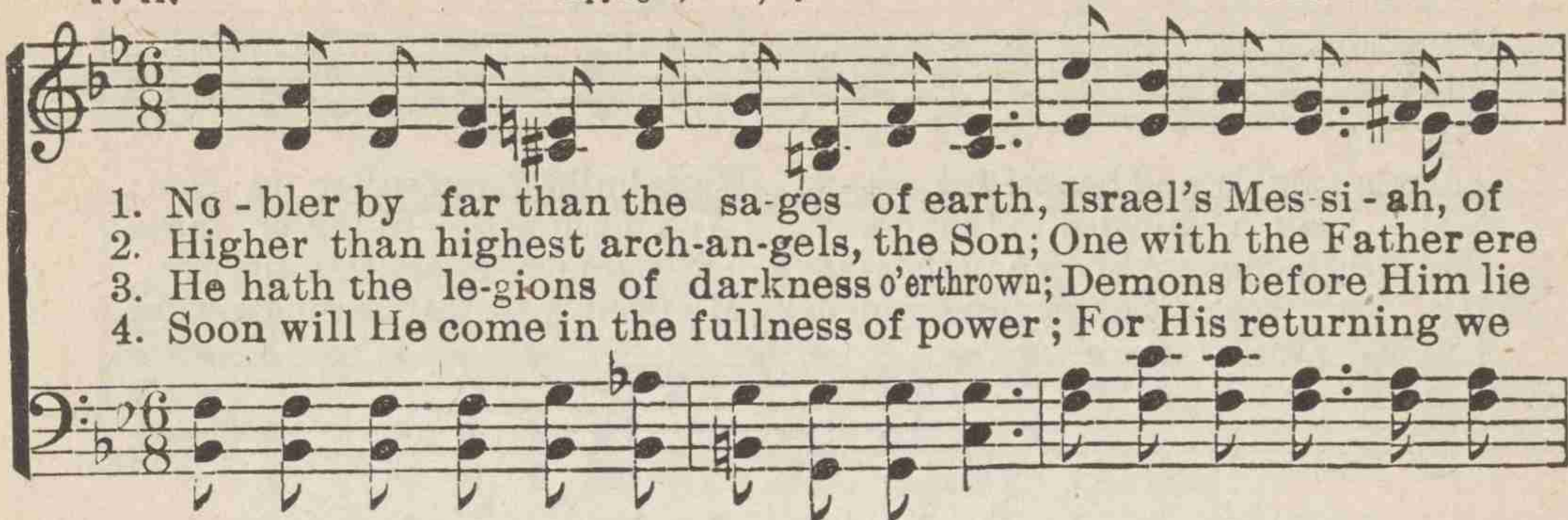
## Far Above All.

EPH. 1: 21.

T. H.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

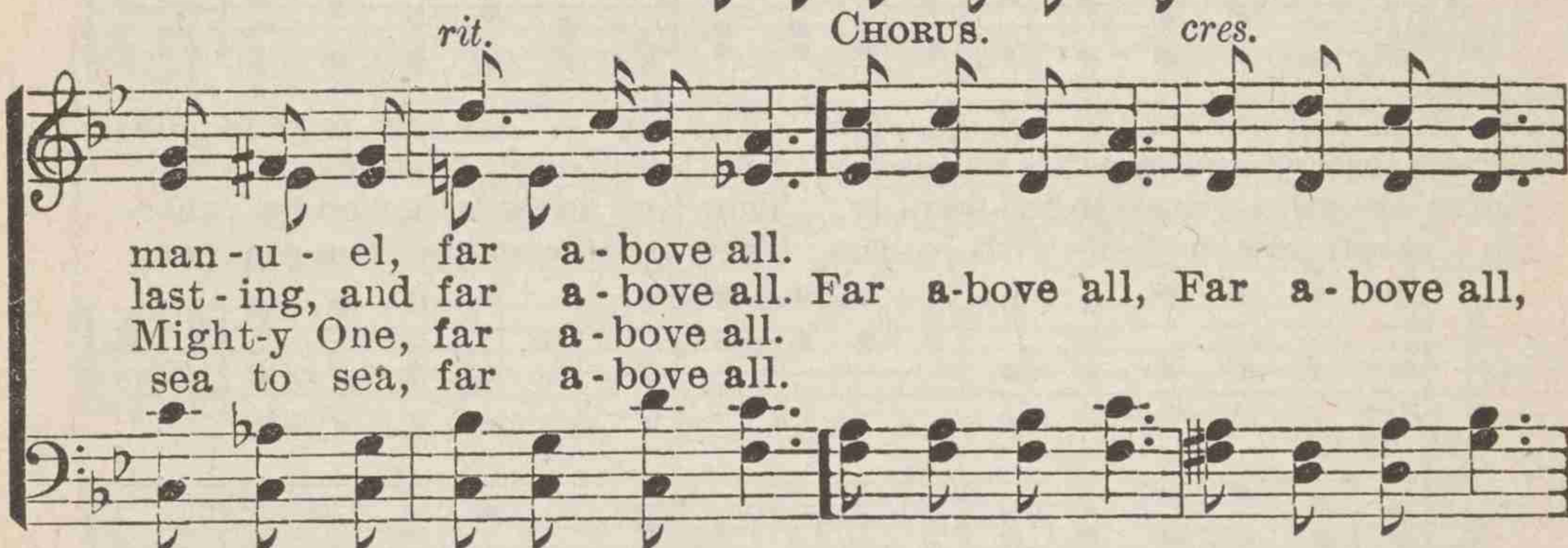
Thoro Harris.



1. No - bler by far than the sa - ges of earth, Israel's Mes - si - ah, of  
 2. Higher than highest arch - an - gels, the Son; One with the Father ere  
 3. He hath the le - gions of darkness o'erthrown; Demons before Him lie  
 4. Soon will He come in the fullness of power; For His returning we



low - li - est birth; Angels adore Him, before Him they fall, Je - sus, Im -  
 a - ges be - gun; Cherub and seraph a - dor - ing - ly call, Word ev - er -  
 prostrate and dumb; Let ev'ry creature, the great and the small, Worship the  
 watch ev'ry hour; Prince of the nations redeemed from the fall, Reigning from



*rit.* **CHORUS.** *cres.*  
 man - u - el, far a - bove all.  
 last - ing, and far a - bove all. Far a - bove all, Far a - bove all,  
 Might - y One, far a - bove all.  
 sea to sea, far a - bove all.



*rit.* *a tempo.*  
 God hath ex - alt - ed Him Far a - bove all; Wor - ship the King, at His



*rit.* **TUTTI.**  
 feet humbly fall; Je - sus our Sav - ior is far a - bove all.



## The City That's Coming Down.

A. F. I.

ARTHUR F. INGLES.

*Moderato.*

1. There's a ho-ly and beau-ti-ful cit-y, Whose builder and rul-er is God;
2. No sin is allowed in that cit-y, And nothing de-fil-ing or mean;
3. No heartaches are known in that city, No tears ev-er moisten the eye;
4. My lov'd ones are gather-ing yon-der, My friends are fast passing a-way;



John saw it descending from heaven, When Patmos, in ex-ile he trod;  
 No pain and no sickness can en-ter, No crape on the door-knob is seen;  
 There's no dis-appointment in heav-en, No en-vy and strife in the sky;  
 And soon I shall join their bright number, And dwell in e-ter-ni-ty's day;



Its high, massive wall is of jas-per, The cit-y it-self is pure gold;  
 Earth's sorrows and cares are forgot-en, No tempter is there to an-roy;  
 The saints are all sanc-ti-fied whol-ly, They live in sweet harmo-ny there;  
 They're safe now in glo-ry with Je-sus, Their tri-als and bat-tles are past;

*rit. ad lib.*

And when my frail tent here is fold-ed, Mine eyes shall its glo-ry be-hold.  
 No parting words ev-er are spok-en, There's nothing to hurt and de-destroy.  
 My heart is now set on that cit-y, And some day its blessings I'll share.  
 They o-ver-came sin and the dev-il, They've reach'd that fair cit-y at last.

CHORUS. *Slow.*

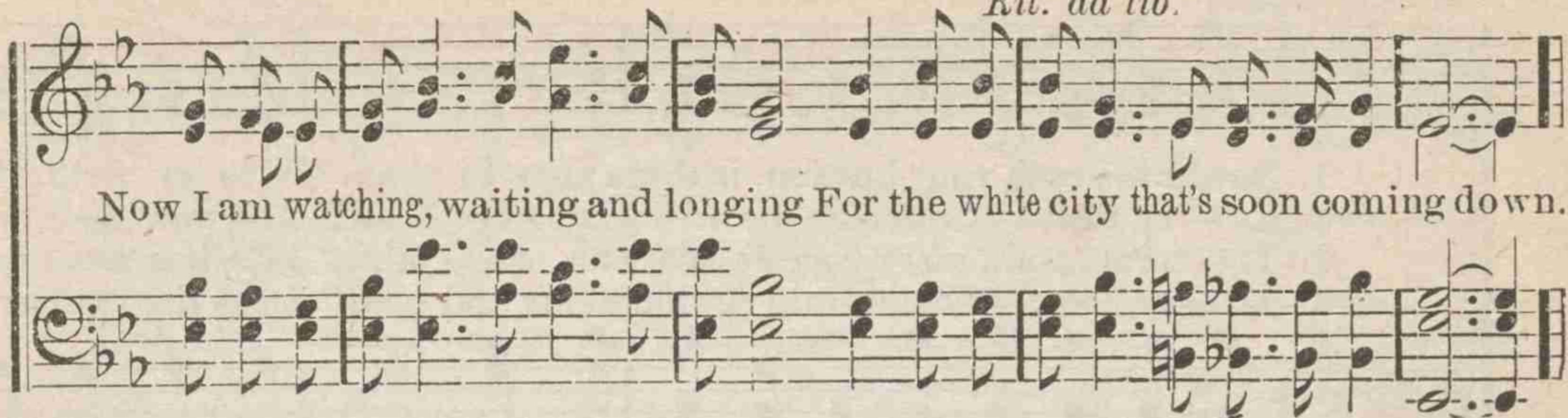
In that bright city, pearly-white cit-y, I have a mansion, and harp, and a crown;





# The City That's Soon Coming Down.

*Rit. ad lib.*



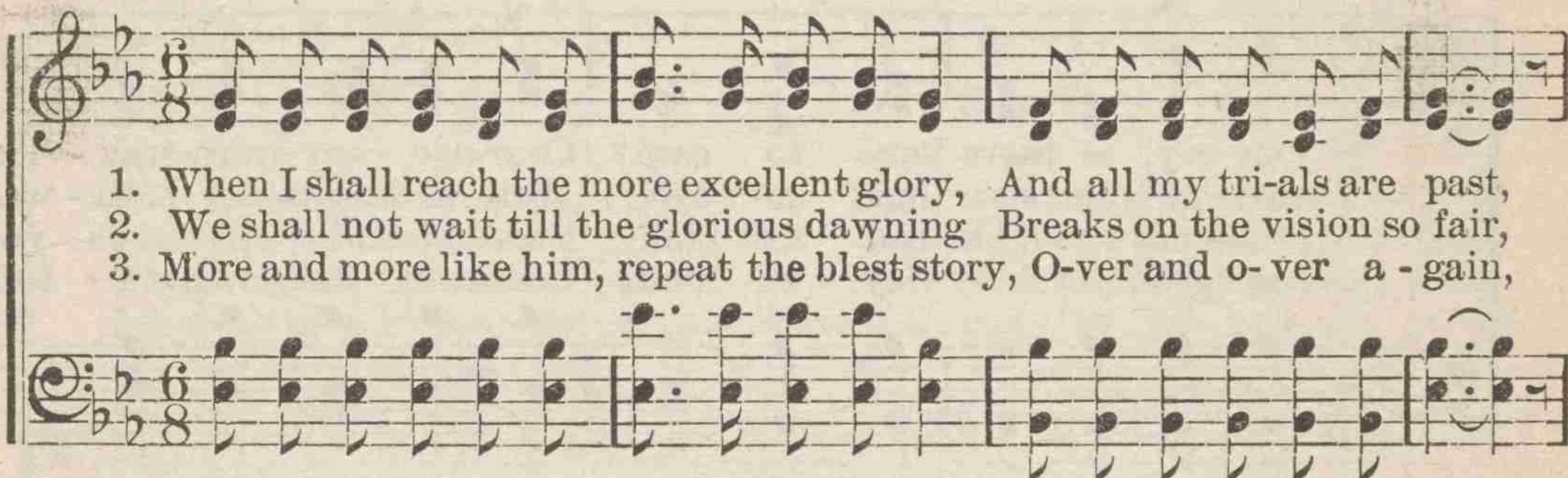
Now I am watching, waiting and longing For the white city that's soon coming down.

85

## I Shall Be Like Him.

W. A. S.

REV. A. SPENCER, D. D.

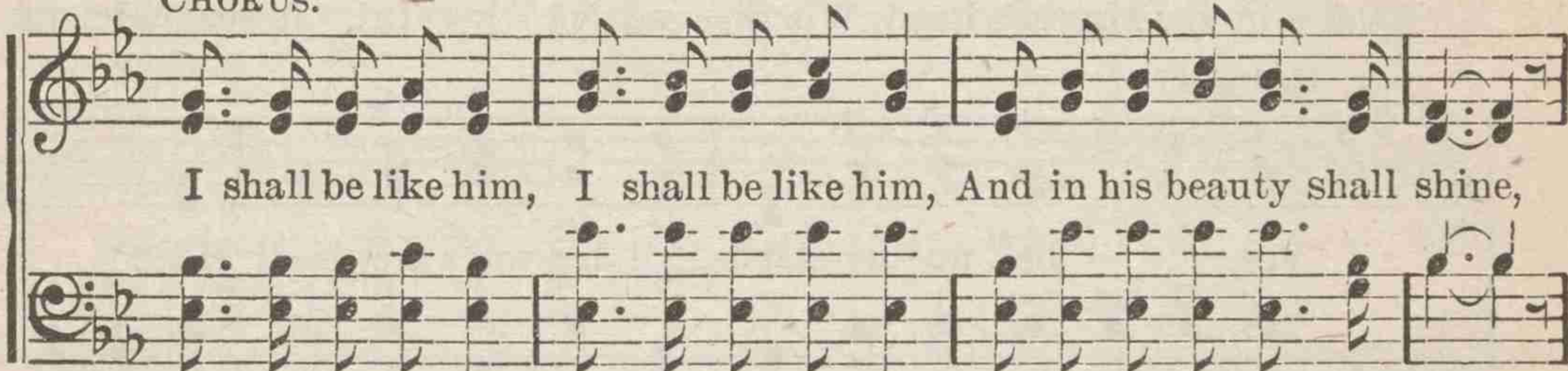


1. When I shall reach the more excellent glory, And all my tri-als are past,
2. We shall not wait till the glorious dawning Breaks on the vision so fair,
3. More and more like him, repeat the blest story, O-ver and o-ver a - gain,

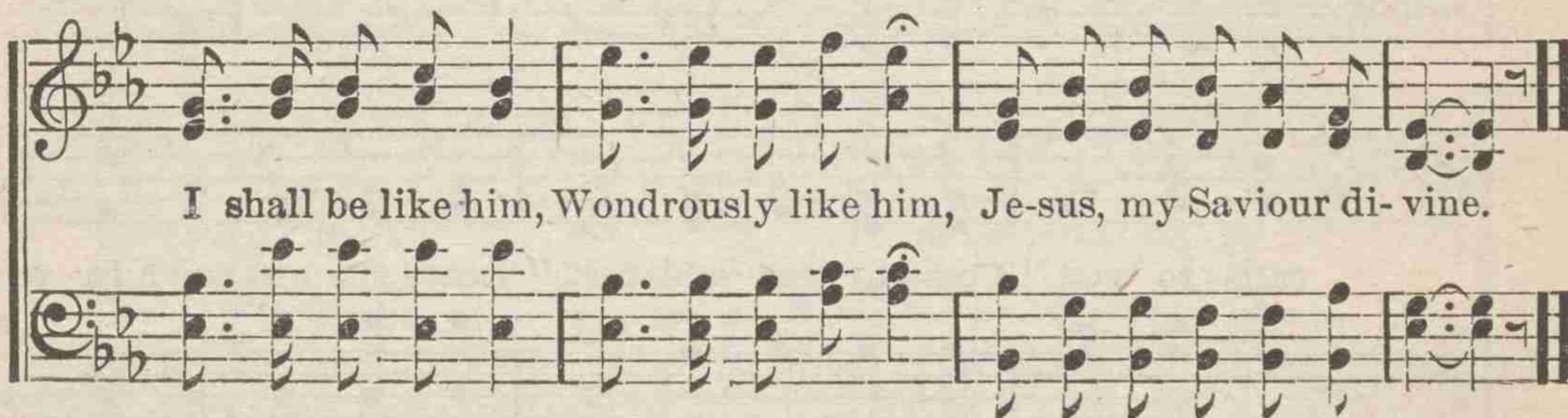


I shall be like him, O won-der-ful sto-ry! I shall be like him at last.  
 Now we may welcome the heavenly morning, Now we his image may bear.  
 Changed by his spirit from glory to glo-ry, I shall be sat-is-fied then.

### CHORUS.



I shall be like him, I shall be like him, And in his beauty shall shine,



I shall be like him, Wondrously like him, Je-sus, my Saviour di-vine.



BIRDIE BELL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Bow'd beneath your burden, is there none to share? Wea-ry with the  
 2. Ev - 'ry heav - y bur - den he will glad - ly share, Are you sad and  
 3. Tho' temptation meet you, Je - sus can sus - tain, Life has vex - ing  
 4. Wea - ry heart, he calls you, "Come to me and rest," Does the path grow

jour - ney, is there none to care? Cour - age, way - worn trav - 'ler,  
 wea - ry? Je - sus has a care; Well he knows the path - way  
 problems which he can ex - plain; Serve him where he sends you  
 rug - ged? yet his way is best; Leave the unknown fu - ture

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

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

## CHORUS.

Yes, he un - der - stands, All his ways are best. Hear, he  
 O yes, O hear,

calls to you, "Come to me and rest." Leave the unknown fu - ture



## We're Marching to Zion.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY. USED BY PER.

Isaac Watts.

Robert Lowry.



1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join  
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But  
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thous - and sa - cred sweets, Be -  
 4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're



in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,  
 chil - dren of the heav - 'nly King, But chil - dren of the heav - 'nly King,  
 fore we reach the heav - 'nly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav - 'nly fields,  
 marching thro' Im - man - uel's ground, We're marching thro' Im - man - uel's ground,



And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.  
 May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.  
 Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.  
 To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.  
 And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

CHORUS.



We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're  
 We're march - ing on to Zi - on,



march - ing up - wards to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.  
 Zi - on, Zi - on,



## The Lily of the Valley.

J. R. MURRAY.

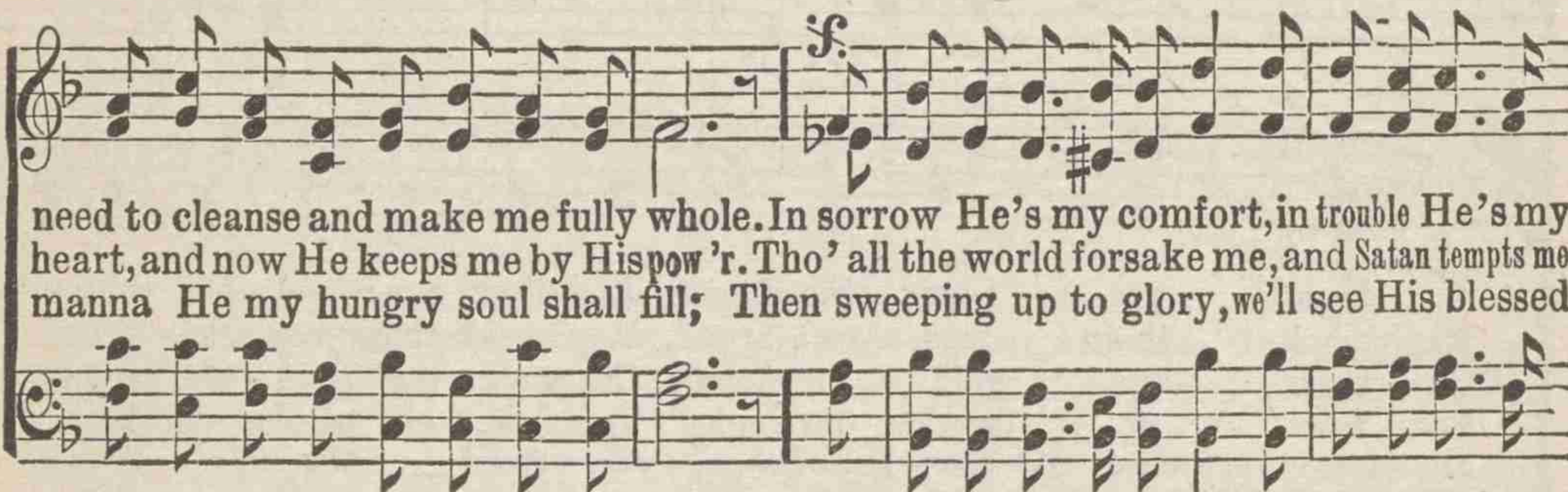
Arr. by THORO HARRIS.



1. I've found a friend in Je-sus, He's ev-'ry-thing to me, He's the fairest of ten  
 2. He all my griefs has tak-en, and all my sorrows borne; In temp-ta-tion He's my  
 3. He'll nev-er, nev-er leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I live by faith and

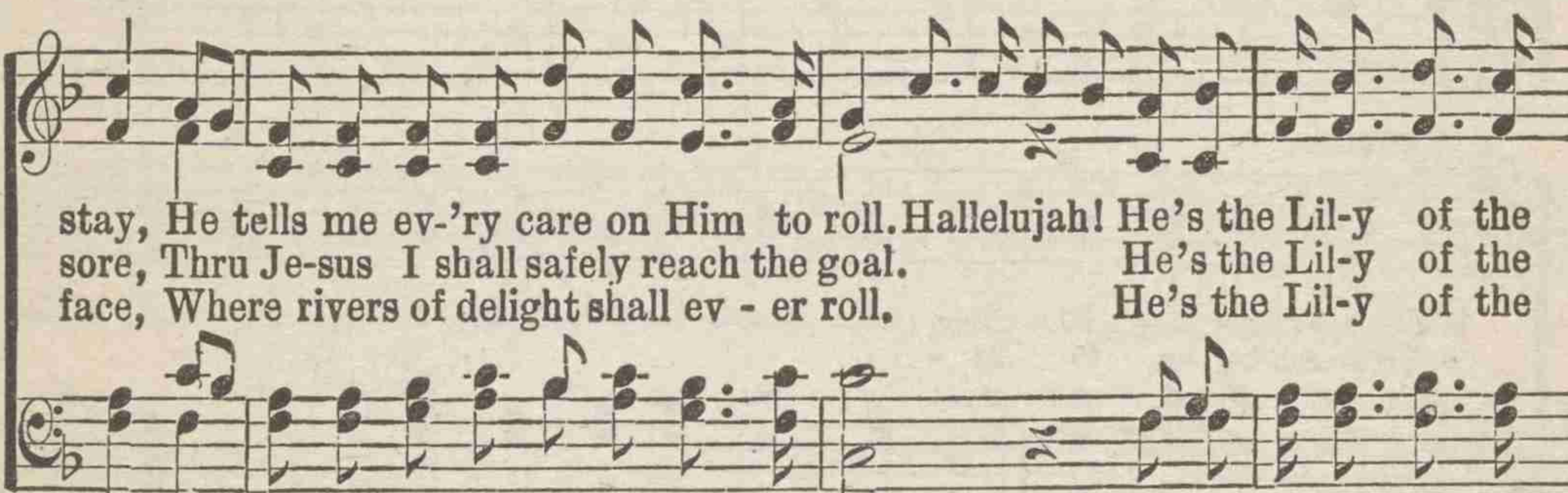


thousand to my soul; The Lil-y of the Val-ley in Him a-lone I see, All I  
 strong and mighty tow'r; I've all for Him forsaken, I've all my idols torn From my  
 do His bless-ed will; A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear; With His



need to cleanse and make me fully whole. In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my  
 heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r. Tho' all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me  
 manna He my hungry soul shall fill; Then sweeping up to glory, we'll see His blessed

CHORUS.—In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my



stay, He tells me ev-'ry care on Him to roll. Hallelujah! He's the Lil-y of the  
 sore, Thru Je-sus I shall safely reach the goal. He's the Lil-y of the  
 face, Where rivers of delight shall ev - er roll. He's the Lil-y of the

stay; He tells me ev-'ry care on Him to roll. (Hallelujah!) He's the Lil-y of the

D. S.



Valley, the bright and morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

Valley, the bright and morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.



## The Breaking of the Day.

G. W. SEDERQUIST, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

**B. W. S.**

**G. W. SEDERQUIST.**



1. 'Tis al-most time for the Lord to come, I hear the peo - ple say; The  
2. The signs foretold in the sun and moon, In earth and sea and sky, A-  
3. It must be time for the wait-ing church To cast her pride a - way, With  
4. There must be those in the field of sin, Far from the fold a - stray, Who  
5. Go quickly out in the streets and lanes, And in the broad high-way, And



stars of heav'n are grow-ing dim: It must be the breaking of the day.  
loud pro - claim to mor - tal men, That the coming of the Master draweth nigh  
gird - ed loins and burn-ing lamps To look for the breaking of the day.  
once were happy in Je - sus' love, And look-ing for the breaking of the day.  
call the maimed, the halt and blind, To be read-y for the breaking of the day.



**CHORUS.**



O, it must be the break - ing of the day, O, it



must be the break-ing of the day; The night is al-most gone, The



day is com-ing on: O it must be the break-ing of the day.






## An Old Account Settled.

F. M. G.

F. M. GRAHAM.



1. There was a time on earth When in the book of heav'n An old account was  
 2. The old account was large, And growing ev'-ry day, For I was always  
 3. When at the judgment bar I stand be-fore my King, And He the book will  
 4. O sin-ner, seek the Lord, Re-pent of all your sin, For thus He has com-




standing For sins yet un-for-giv'n; My name was at the top, And ma - ny  
 sinning, And nev - er tried to pay; But when I looked ahead And saw such  
 o - pen, He can-not find a thing; Then will my heart be glad, While tears of  
 manded, If you would en-ter in; And then if you should live A hun-dred




things be-low, I went un - to the keep-er, And set - tled long a - go.  
 pain and woe, I said that I would set - tle, And set - tled long a - go.  
 joy will flow Be - cause I had it set - tled, And set - tled long a - go.  
 years be-low, E'en here you'll not re-gret it, You set - tled long a - go.



## CHORUS.



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




set-tled long a - go; And the record's clear to-day, For He



Hal - le - lu - jah!



## An Old Account Settled.

washed my sins a-way, When the old ac-count was settled long a - go.

91.

## Step Out on the Promise.

MAGGIE POTTER. Arr. by E. F. M.

E. F. MILLER.

1. O mourn - er in Zi - on, how bless - ed art thou, For Je - sus is  
2. O ye that are hun - gry and thirst - y, re - joice! For ye shall be  
3. Who sighs for a heart from in - iq - ui - ty free? O, poor troubled  
4. Step out on this prom - ise, and Christ thou shalt win, "The blood of His

wait - ing to com - fort thee now, Fear not to re - ly on the  
filled; do you hear that sweet voice In - vit - ing you now to the  
soul! there's a prom - ise for thee, There's rest, wea - ry one, in the  
Son cleans-eth us from all sin," It cleans-eth me now, hal - le -

word of thy God; Step out on the prom-ise,— get un-der the blood.  
ban - quet of God; Step out on the prom-ise,— get un-der the blood.  
bo - som of God; Step out on the prom-ise,— get un-der the blood.  
lu - jah to God; I rest on His prom-ise,— I'm un-der the blood.

From "The Shout of Victory." By per.

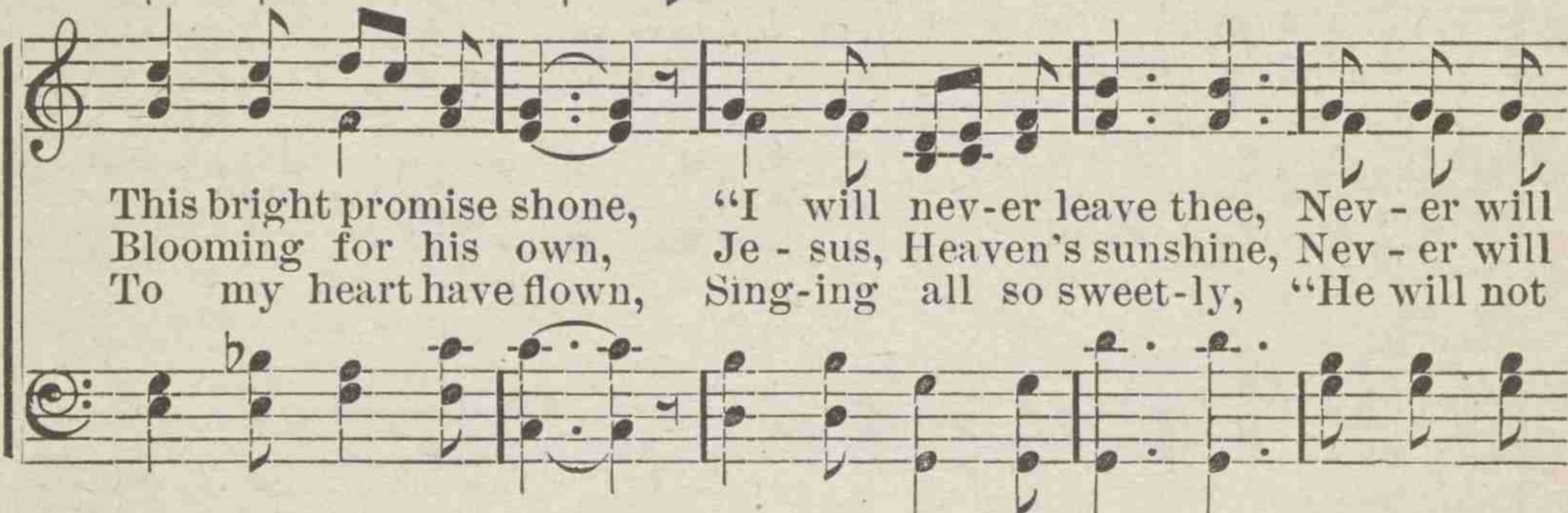




1. "Fear not, I am with thee;" Blessed golden ray, Like a star of  
 2. Ros-es fade around me, Lil-ies bloom and die, Earthly sunbeams  
 3. Steps un-seen be-fore me, Hid-den dangers near; Near-er still my

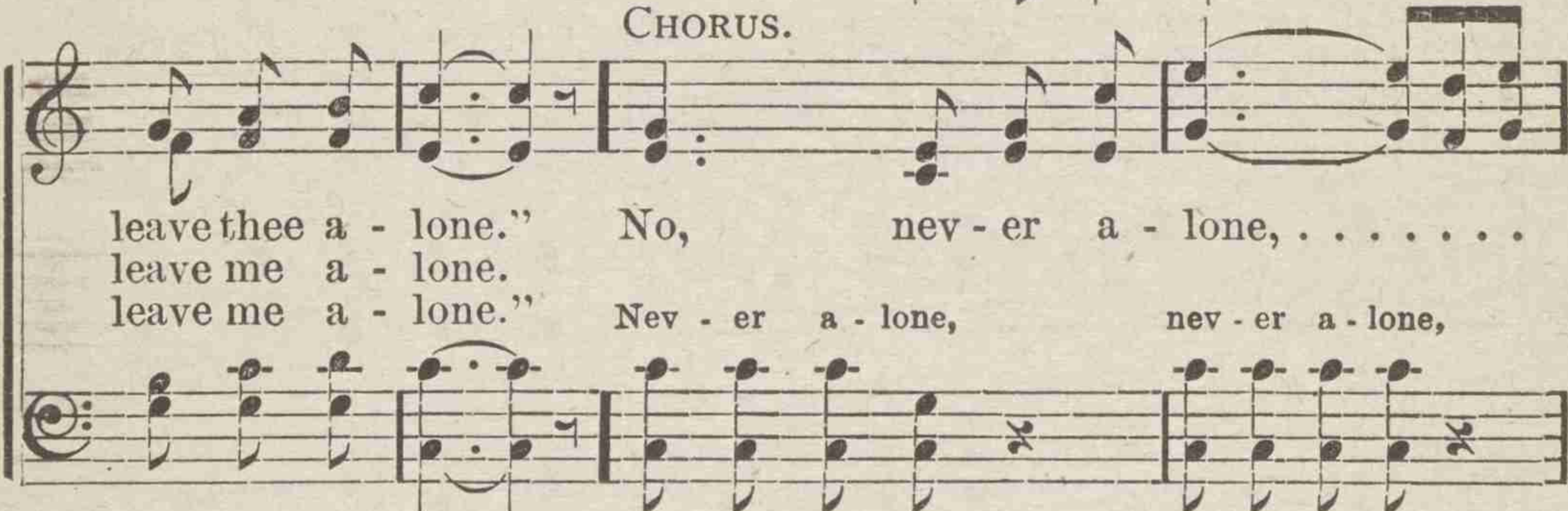


glo-ry, Light-ing up my way! Thro' the clouds of mid-night,  
 van-ish—Ra-diant still the sky! Je-sus, Rose of Shar-on,  
 Sav-iour, Whisp'ring, "Be of cheer," Joys, like birds of spring-time,



This bright promise shone, "I will nev-er leave thee, Nev-er will  
 Blooming for his own, Je-sus, Heaven's sunshine, Nev-er will  
 To my heart have flown, Sing-ing all so sweet-ly, "He will not

## CHORUS.



leave thee a-lone." No, nev-er a-lone, . . . . .  
 leave me a-lone.  
 leave me a-lone." Nev-er a-lone, nev-er a-lone,



No, nev-er a-lone; He prom-ised nev-er to leave me,



# Never Alone. Concluded.

1  
Nev-er to leave me a - lone.

2  
Nev-er to leave me a - lone.

93

## Jesus Has Lifted the Load.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The trust-ing heart to Je - sus clings, Nor an - y ill for - bodes,  
2. The pass-ing days bring ma - ny cares, "Fear not," I hear him say,  
3. He tells me of my Fa - ther's love, And nev - er-slumb'ring eye;  
4. When to the throne of grace I flee, I find the prom - ise true,

But at the cross of Cal - v'ry, sings, Praise God for lift - ed loads!  
And when my fears are turned to prayers, The burdens slip a - way.  
My ev - er - last-ing King a - bove Will all my needs sup - ply.  
The mighty arms up - hold-ing me Will bear my bur - dens too.

CHORUS.

Sing-ing I go a-long life's road, Praising the Lord, praising the Lord,

*rit ad lib.*  
Sing-ing I go a-long life's road, For Jesus has lift-ed my load.



# Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. What a fel-lowship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing 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, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.  
 Lean-ing on Je-sus, lean-ing on Je-sus,



By per.



## The Cross is Not Greater.

Com. BALLINGTON BOOTH:

Arr. by W. J. K.

*Maybe sung as a Solo and Chorus.*

1. The Cross that He gave may be heavy, But it ne'er out-weighs His grace,  
 2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His Crown for me,  
 3. The light of His love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,  
 4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walking in His sight,

The storm that I fear'd may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.  
 The cup that I drink not more bit - ter Than He drank in Geth-sem-a-ne.  
 The toil of my work groweth lighter, As I stoop to raise the low.  
 My all to the blood I am bringing, It a - lone can keep me right.

## CHORUS.

The cross is - not great-er than His grace, The storm cannot

hide His bless-ed face; I am sat-is - fied to know That with

Je - sus here be - low, I can con - quer ev - 'ry foe.



## No. 96.

## Where Shall I Be?

ANON.

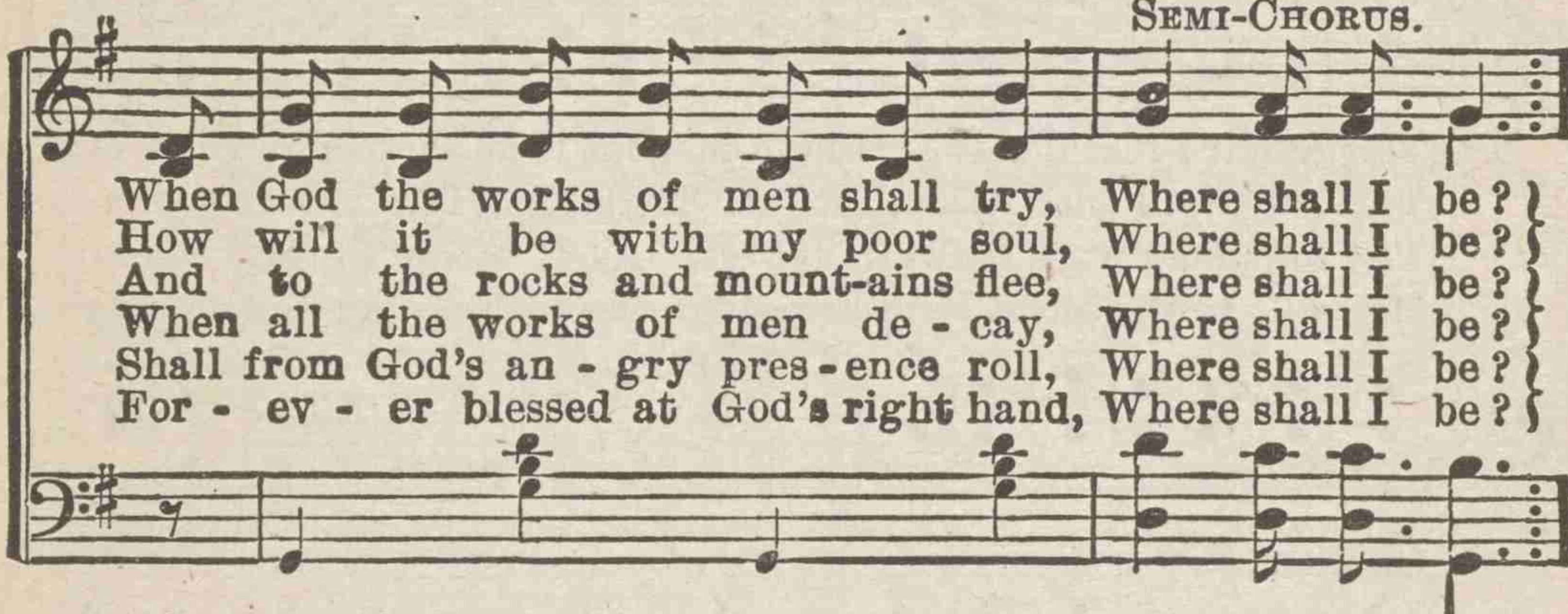
Arr. R. E. WINSETT.

SEMI-CHORUS.

*Andante.*


1. { When judg-ment day is draw-ing nigh, Where shall I be?  
 { When east and west the fire shall roll, Where shall I be?  
 2. { When wick-ed men His wrath shall see, Where shall I be?  
 { When hills and mountains flee a-way, Where shall I be?  
 3. { When heav'n and earth as some great scroll, Where shall I be?  
 { When all the saints redeemed shall stand, Where shall I be?

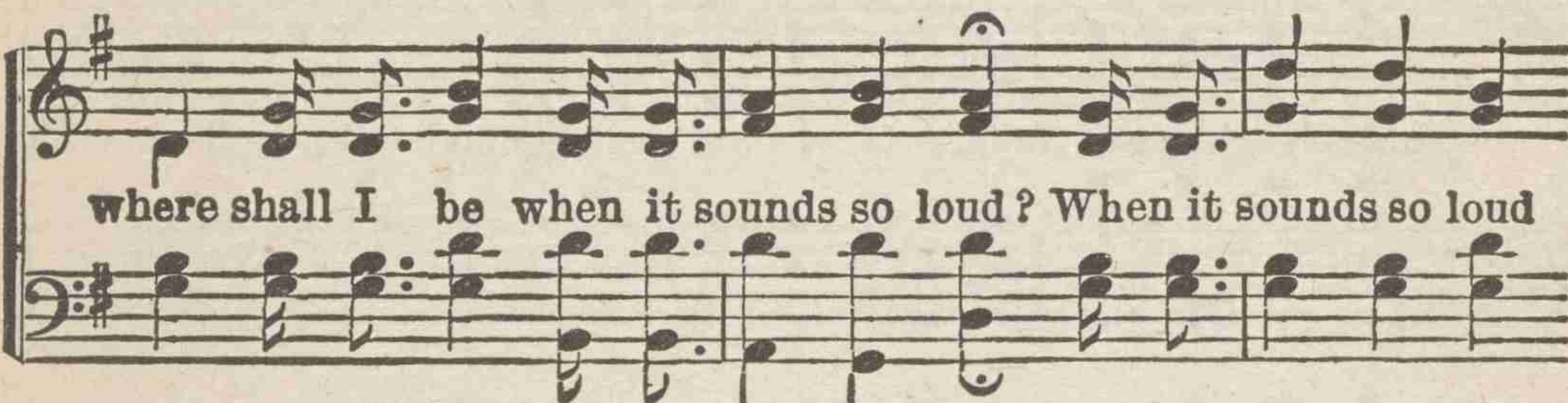
SEMI-CHORUS.



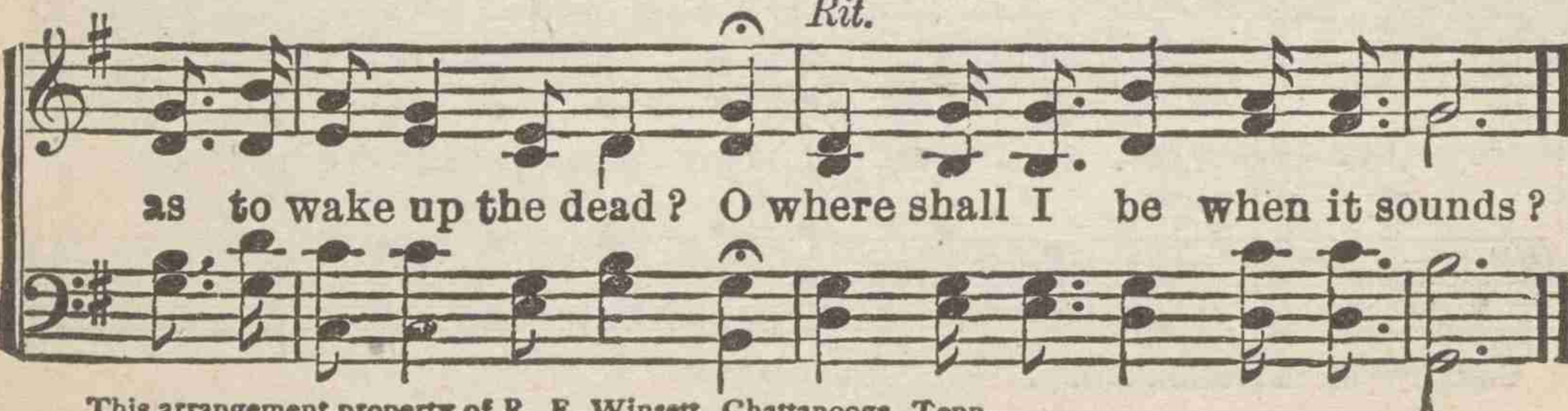
When God the works of men shall try, Where shall I be?  
 How will it be with my poor soul, Where shall I be?  
 And to the rocks and mount-ains flee, Where shall I be?  
 When all the works of men de-cay, Where shall I be?  
 Shall from God's an-gry pres-ence roll, Where shall I be?  
 For-ev-er blessed at God's right hand, Where shall I be?

CHORUS. *Andante con espressivo.*


O where shall I be when the last trump-et sounds? O



where shall I be when it sounds so loud? When it sounds so loud

*Rit.*


as to wake up the dead? O where shall I be when it sounds?



## By His Stripes We Are Healed.

T. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS.

Thoro Harris.



1. O the wondrous pow'r of the Savior's love Un - to sin - ners is now re-
2. There in Pi-late's hall see the Guiltless One: How the hearts of His foes were
3. His a - ton-ing blood still a - vails to - day: For the king-dom be saved and
4. Turn, O turn from sin, let the Sav - ior in, Bow the heart, in con-tri - tion



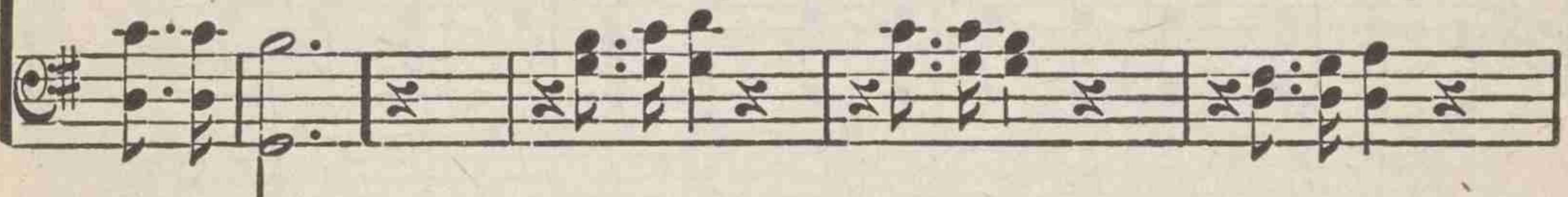
vealed; Ev - 'ry ling'ring pain Je - sus can remove: Praise the Lord, by His stripes  
stealed 'Gainst the Gift of God, His be - lov-ed Son! Praise the Lord, by His stripes  
sealed; In the opened fount wash thy sins a-way-Praise the Lord, by His stripes  
yield To the Spir-it's pow'r this ac-cept-ed hour: Praise the Lord, by His stripes



## CHORUS.



we are healed. By His stripes we are healed, By His stripes we are  
By His stripes we are healed, By His stripes



healed; On His guiltless head All our sins were laid, By His stripes we are healed.  
we are healed;





FANNY J. CROSBY.

R. LOWRY.



1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; Cheers each wind-ing path I tread;
3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; O, the ful-ness of his love!



Can I doubt his ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my guide?  
 Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread;  
 Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove;



Heav'n-ly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in him to dwell!  
 Tho' my wea-ry steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,  
 When with all the saints im-mor-tal, I shall dwell in realms of day.



For I know what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well;  
 Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo. a spring of joy I see;  
 This my song thro' end-less a-ges— Je-sus led me all the way;





## All the Way my Savior Leads Me.

For I know what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well.  
 Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo, a spring of joy I see.  
 This my song thro' end-less a- ges— Je-sus led me all the way.

99

## Why do You Wait?

G. F. R.

USED BY PERMISSION.

GEO. F. ROOT.

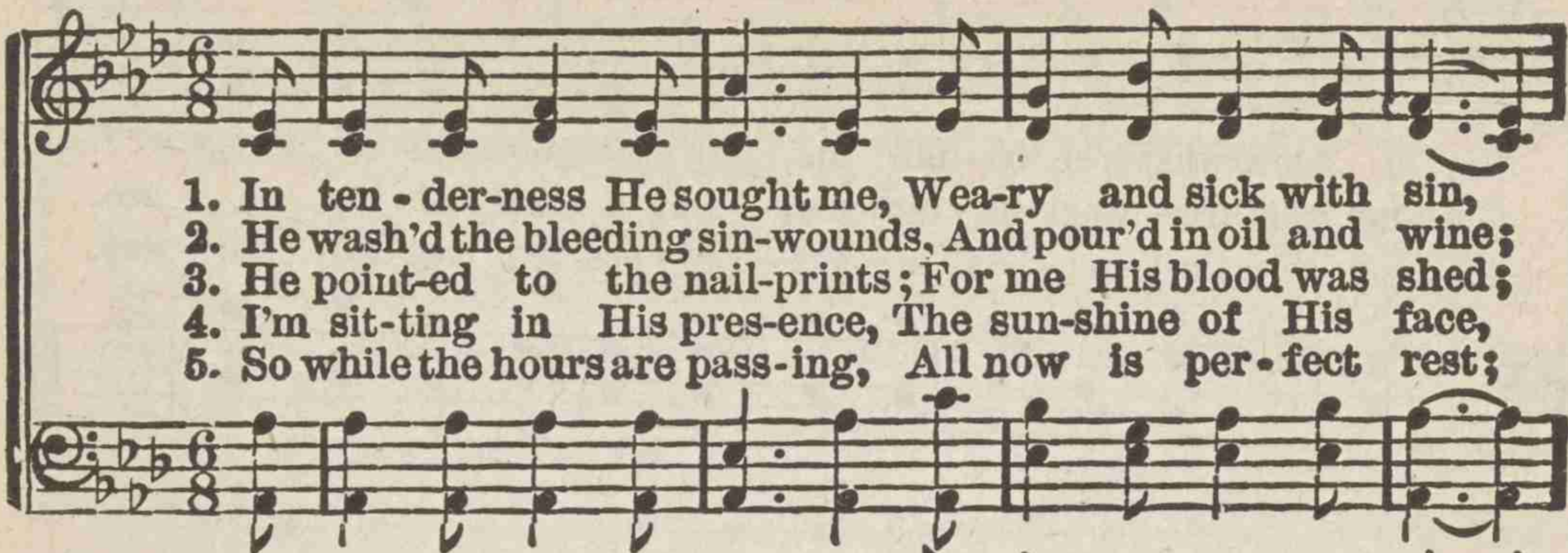
1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? O why do you tar-ry so long?  
 2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de-lay?  
 3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er His Spir-it now striv-ing with-in?  
 4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? The har-vest is pass-ing a-way;

Your Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.  
 There's no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no other way but His way.  
 O why not accept His sal-va-tion, And throw off thy burden of sin?  
 Your Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de-lay!

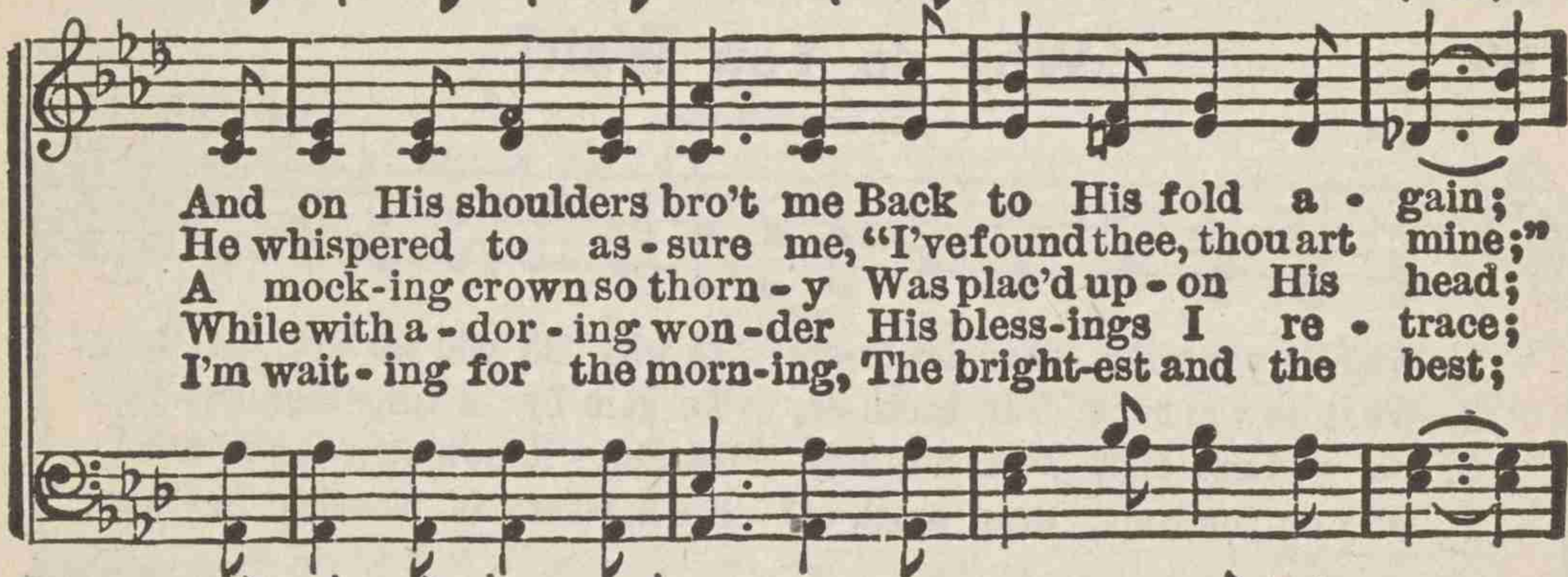
CHORUS.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

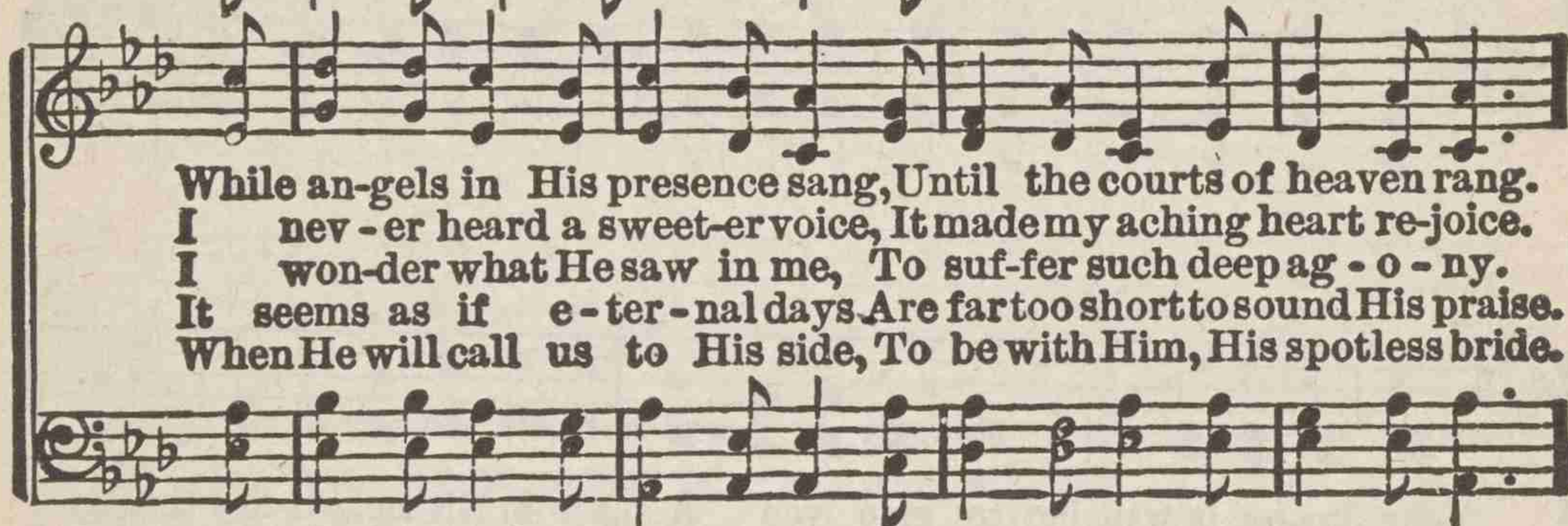




1. In ten - der-ness He sought me, Wea-ry and sick with sin,  
 2. He wash'd the bleeding sin-wounds, And pour'd in oil and wine;  
 3. He point-ed to the nail-prints; For me His blood was shed;  
 4. I'm sit-ting in His pres-ence, The sun-shine of His face,  
 5. So while the hours are pass-ing, All now is per-fect rest;



And on His shoulders bro't me Back to His fold a - gain;  
 He whispered to as-sure me, "I've found thee, thou art mine;"  
 A mock-ing crown so thorn - y Was plac'd up - on His head;  
 While with a - dor - ing won - der His bless-ings I re - trace;  
 I'm wait - ing for the morn-ing, The bright-est and the best;



While an-gels in His presence sang, Until the courts of heaven rang.  
 I nev - er heard a sweet-er voice, It made my aching heart re-joice.  
 I won-der what He saw in me, To suf-fer such deep ag - o - ny.  
 It seems as if e - ter - nal days Are far too short to sound His praise.  
 When He will call us to His side, To be with Him, His spotless bride.

CHORUS. *With feeling.*


O the love that sought me! O the blood that bought me!



*ritard.*  
 O the grace that brought me To the Sav-iour's fold!




## Death Hath No Terrors.


C. P. J.

"O death, where is thy sting?"—1 Cor. 15: 55.

C. P. JONES.



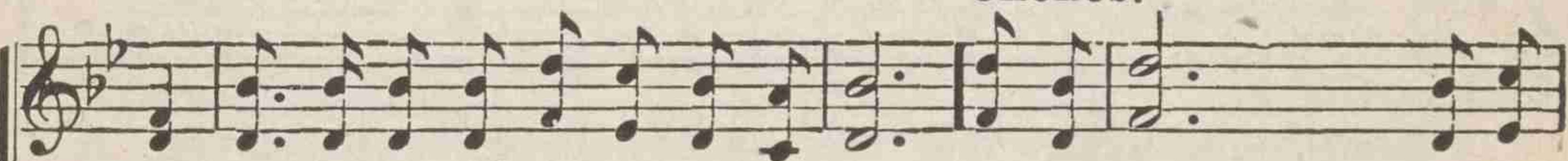
1. Death hath no terrors for the blood-bought one, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah  
 2. Our souls die dai - ly to the world and sin, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah  
 3. We seek a cit - y far be - yond this vale, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah  
 4. We'll then press forward to the heav'nly land, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah  
 5. We'll rise some day just as our Sav-iour rose, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah





to the Lamb! The boast - ed vic - t'ry of the grave is gone,  
 to the Lamb! By the Spir - it's pow - er as He dwells with - in,  
 to the Lamb! Where joys ce - les - tial nev - er, nev - er fail,  
 to the Lamb! Nor mind the troub - les met on ev - 'ry hand,  
 to the Lamb! Till then shall death be but a calm re - pose,




## CHORUS.




O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb! Je - sus rose (Jesus rose) from the




dead, Rose triumph - ant as He said, Snatch'd the vict'ry from the grave,  
 from the dead, Rose triumphant as He said,

Rose a - gain our souls to save, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!

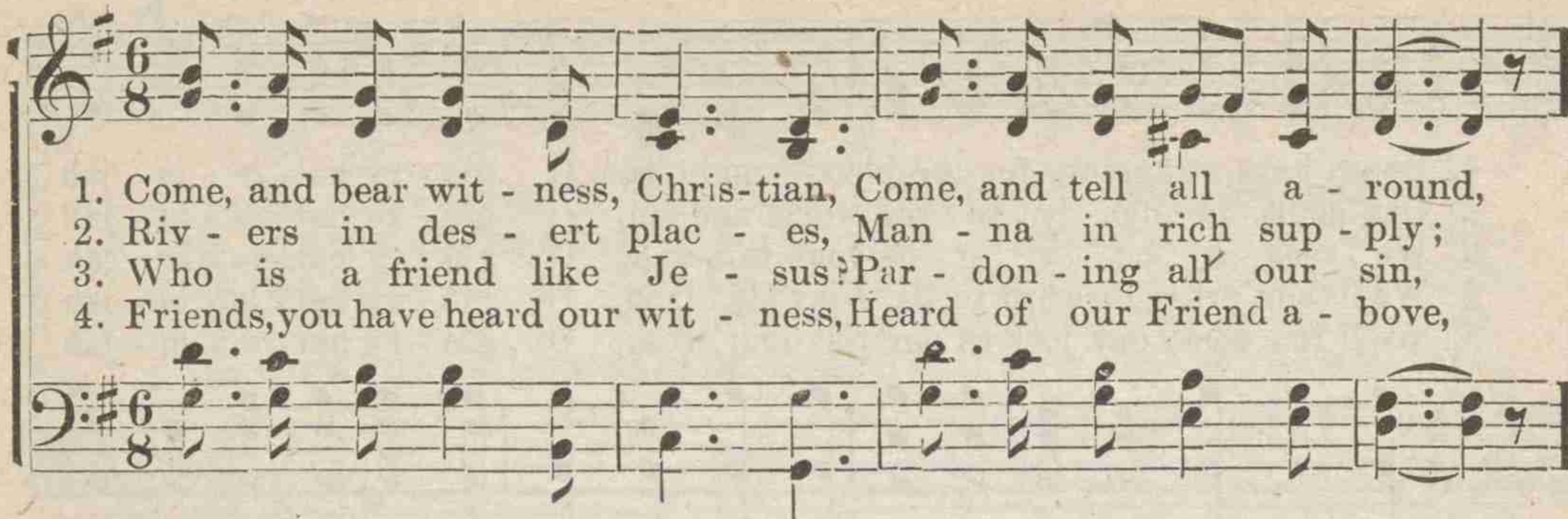




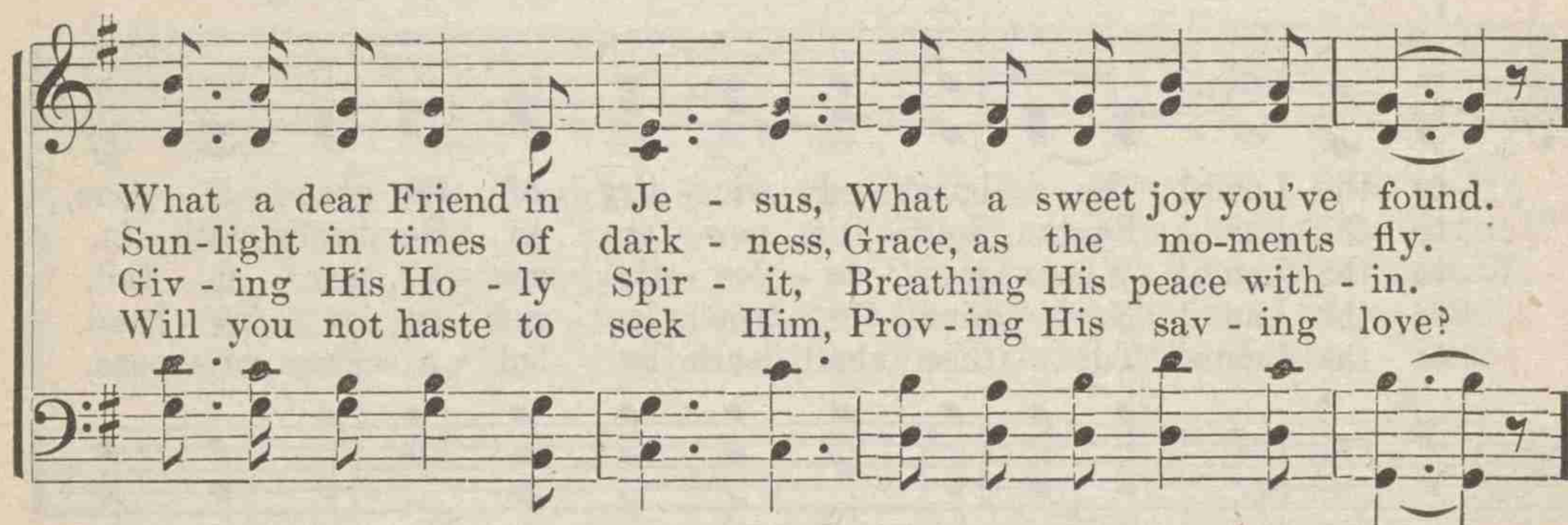
## Is n't it True, Believer?

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

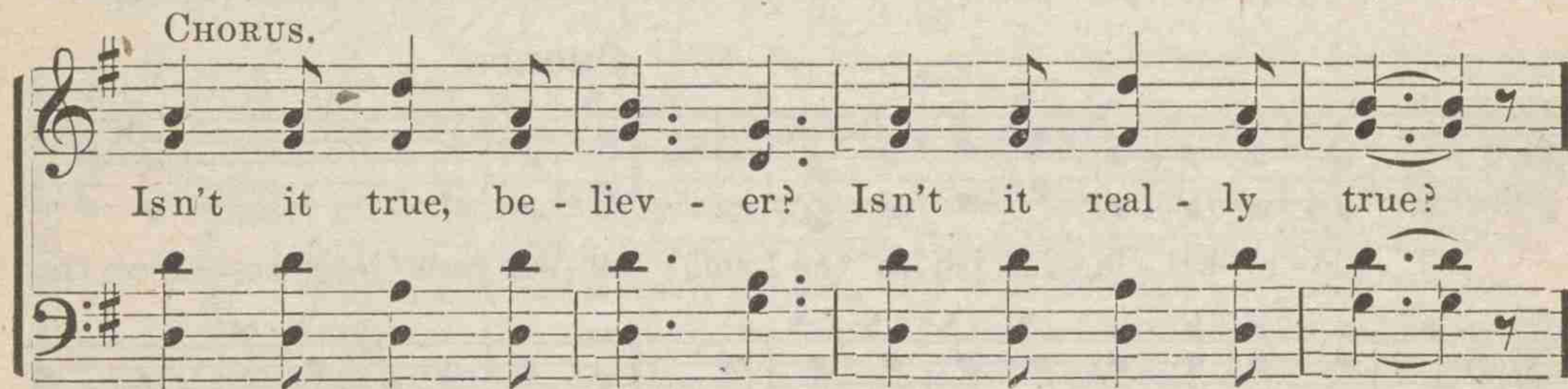


1. Come, and bear wit - ness, Chris - tian, Come, and tell all a - round,  
 2. Riv - ers in des - ert plac - es, Man - na in rich sup - ply;  
 3. Who is a friend like Je - sus? Par - don - ing all our sin,  
 4. Friends, you have heard our wit - ness, Heard of our Friend a - bove,



What a dear Friend in Je - sus, What a sweet joy you've found.  
 Sun-light in times of dark - ness, Grace, as the mo - ments fly.  
 Giv - ing His Ho - ly Spir - it, Breathing His peace with - in.  
 Will you not haste to seek Him, Prov - ing His sav - ing love?

CHORUS.



Isn't it true, be - liev - er? Isn't it real - ly true?



In the hour of temp - ta - tion, Has n't He helped you through?



In your sor - rows and tri - als, When the night seemed long,



# Is n't it True, Believer? Concluded.

Has n't the Sav-iour been near you? Fill - ing your heart with song?

103

## Healing at the Fountain.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There is heal-ing at the fount - ain, Come, be-hold the crim-son tide,
2. There is heal-ing at the fount - ain, Come and find it, wea - ry soul,
3. There is heal-ing at the fount - ain, Look to Je - sus now and live,
4. There is heal-ing at the fount - ain, Precious fountain filled with blood

Flow - ing down from Calvary's mountain, Where the Prince of Glo - ry died.  
 There your sins may all be cov - ered; Je - sus waits to make you whole.  
 At the cross lay down your bur - den; All your wand' rings he'll for-give.  
 Come, O come, the Sav-iour calls you; Come and plunge beneath its flood.

### CHORUS.

O the fount-ain! blessed, healing fount-ain! I am glad 'tis flowing free,

O the fountain! precious, cleansing fountain! Praise the Lord, it cleanseth me.



E. R. Latta.

BY PERMISSION.

H. S. Perkins.



1. Bless - ed be the Fount-ain of blood, To a world of sin - ners re - vealed;
2. Thorn-y was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod-y o'er-came:
3. Fa - ther, I have wandered from Thee, Oft-en has my heart gone a - stray;



Bless - ed be the dear Son of God; On - ly by His stripes are we healed.  
Grievous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suf-fered thus not in vain.  
Crim-son do my sins seem to me: Wa - ter can-not wash them a - way.



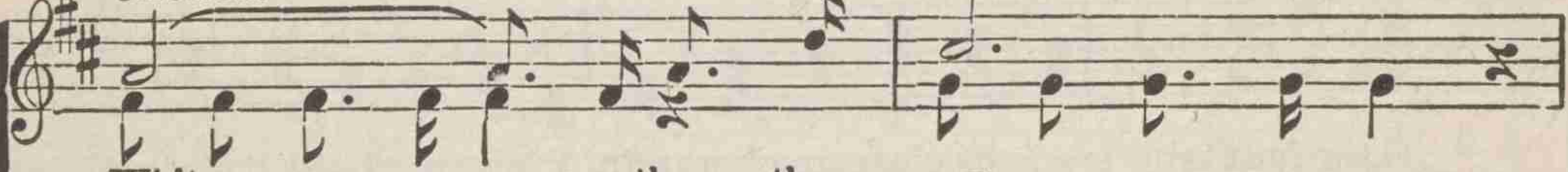
Tho' I've wander'd far from His fold, Bring-ing to my heart pain and woe,  
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be - low;  
Je - sus, to that Fountain of Thine, Lean-ing on Thy prom-ise, I go;



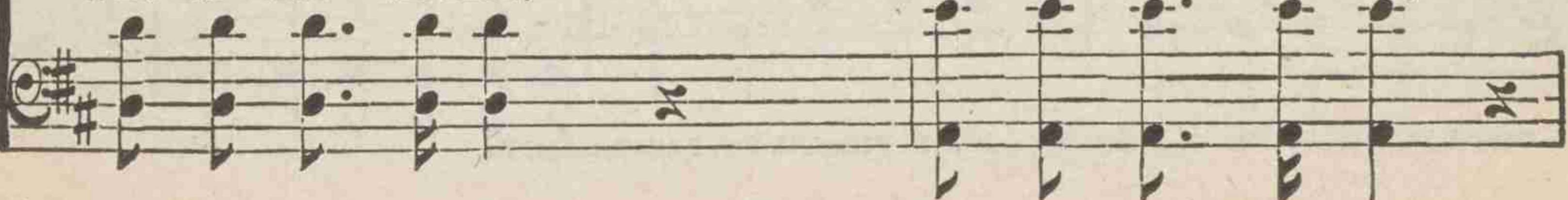
Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow.  
Wash me in the blood that He shed, And I shall be whit - er than snow.  
Cleanse me by Thy wash-ing di-vine, And I shall be whit - er than snow.



## CHORUS.



Whit - er than the snow,  
Whit - er than the snow, whit - er than the snow,





## Blessed Be the Fountain.

Whit - er than the snow; Wash me in the blood of the  
Whit-er than the snow, whit-er than the snow. the snow;

Lamb,..... And I shall be whit - er than snow.  
Lamb, of the Lamb, than snow.

## 105 He was Nailed to the Cross for Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY F. A. GRAVES.

F. A. G.  
Tenor and Alto Duet.

USED BY PERMISSION.

F. A. GRAVES.

1. What a won-der-ful, won-der-ful Sav-iour, Who would die on the cross for me!  
2. Thus He left His heav-en-ly glo-ry, To ac-com-plish His Fa-ther's plan;  
3. He was wounded for our transgressions, And He car-ried our sor-rows too;  
4. So He gave His life for oth-ers, In re-deem-ing this world from sin;

Free-ly shed-ding His pre-cious life blood, That the sin-ner might be made free.  
He was born of the vir-gin Ma-ry, Took up-on Him the form of man.  
He's the Heal-er of ev-'ry sick-ness, This He came to the world to do.  
And He's gone to pre-pare a man-sion, That at last we may en-ter in.

### CHORUS.

He was nail'd to the cross for me. He was nail'd to the cross for me;  
He was nail'd to the cross, He was nail'd to the cross,

On the cross cru-ci-fied, for me He died; He was nail'd to the cross for me.



## Marching On.

Capt. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY R. E. HUDSON.

Capt. Johnson.



1. March-ing on in the light of God, March-ing on, I am march-ing on;
2. March-ing on thro' the hosts of sin, March-ing on, I am march-ing on;
3. March-ing on while the skeptics sneer, March-ing on, I am march-ing on;
4. March-ing on with the flag un-furled, March-ing on, I am march-ing on;



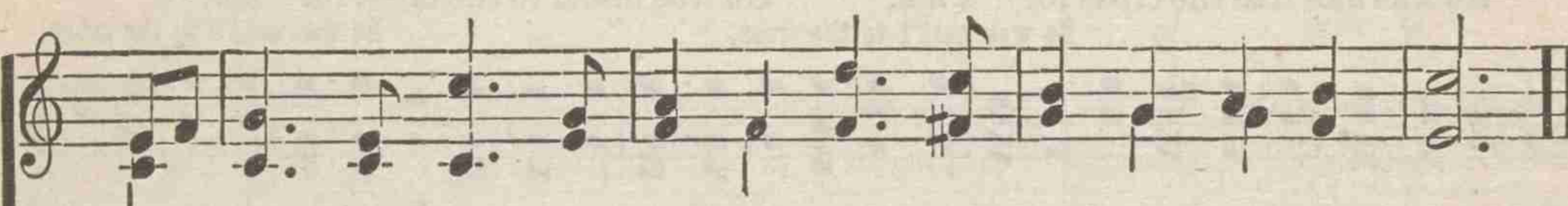
Up the path that the Mas-ter trod, March-ing, march-ing on.  
 Vict'ry's mine, while I've Christ within, March-ing, march-ing on.  
 Per-fect love cast-eth out all fear, March-ing, march-ing on.  
 Preaching Christ to the dy-ing world, March-ing, march-ing on.



## CHORUS.



A robe of white, a crown of gold, A harp, a home, a man-sion fair,



A vic-tor's palm, a joy un-told, Are mine when I get there.



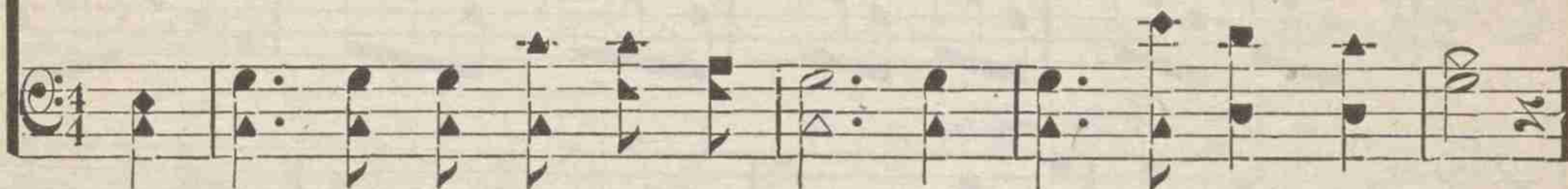


FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

R. E. HUDSON. By per.



1. I know I love thee bet-ter, Lord, Than an - y earth - ly joy;
2. I know that thou art near - er still Than an - y earth - ly throng,
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then may I well be glad!
4. O, Sav - ior, pre-cious Sav-ior, mine! What will thy pres-ence be



For thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth-ing can de - stroy.  
 And sweet - er is the thought of thee Than an - y love - ly song.  
 With-out the se - cret of thy love I could not but be sad.  
 If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with thee?



## CHORUS.



The half has nev-er yet been told, Of love so full and free;  
 yet been told,



The half has nev-er yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me.  
 yet been told, cleanseth me.





## Over and Over.

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ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1898. BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

B. B.

BALLINGTON BOOTH.

*Allegretto.*

1. O - ver and o - ver I stood up - on the shore,  
2. O - ver and o - ver I've heard my Sav - iour's voice,  
3. O - ver and o - ver I'll sing this glo - rious song,

O - ver and o - ver I said I would doubt no more; But  
O - ver and o - ver He said, "make me your choice; Now  
O - ver and o - ver Be - fore the gath - 'ring throng; How

as the sea came roll - ing in, In boundless waves that cleanse from sin, I  
face the waves and tread the sea, Look up in faith and fol - low me; "I  
o'er my heart the sea prevailed, And how his love has nev - er failed, For

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

doubt - ed their sav - ing power.  
answered, "I'll prove their power."  
ev - er I'll trust his power. } O - - ver and  
O - ver and o - ver,

o - ver, Like a might - y sea, ..... comes the  
o - ver and o - ver, might - y sea, There



## Over and Over.—Concluded.

love of Je - sus Roll - ing o - ver me.....  
 the love of Je - sus Roll - ing, roll - ing o - ver me.

No. 109.

## Love Everlasting.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Love, that o - pens heav'n to me, At my Sav-iour's cross I see;  
 2. I will tell it to his praise, He is with me "all the days;"  
 3. Ho - ly Spir - it, by thy pow'r Keep me trust-ing ev - 'ry hour,  
 4. In his im - age may I grow, In his foot-prints on - ward go,

Roy - al mer - cy he be-stows Where the pre-cious fount-ain flows.  
 On his might-y arm I lean, Thro' life's ev - er - changing scene.  
 Come with-in me, and a-bide, Gift of Je - sus glo - ri - fied.  
 Till the shad-cws all are past, Till the morn-ing breaks at last.

### CHORUS.

Love,..... love,..... Love that o - pens heav'n to me!  
 Love, such love! won - drous love!

Love,..... love,..... Ev - er - last - ing, full and free!  
 Love, such love! bleed - ing love!



## Blessed Quietness.

MRS. MAMIE PAYNE FERGUSON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Joys are flow-ing like a riv - er, Since the Com-for-ter has come ;
2. Bring-ing life, and health, and gladness All a-round, this glorious Guest,
3. Like the rain that falls from heaven, Like the sunlight from the sky,
4. See, a fruit-ful field is growing, Bless-ed fruits of righteous-ness ;
5. What a won-der - ful sal - va-tion, Where we always see his face ;



He a-bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trusting heart his home.  
 Ban-ished un - be - lief, and sad-ness, Changed our weariness to rest.  
 So the Ho - ly Ghost is giv - en, Com-ing on us from on high.  
 And the streams of life are flowing In the lone-ly wil - der - ness.  
 What a peace-ful hab - i - ta-tion, What a qui - et rest - ing place.



## CHORUS.



Blessed qui - et-ness, ho - ly qui - et-ness, What assurance in my



soul, On the storm-y sea, speaking peace to me, How the billows cease to roll.





## Sweet Rest.

C. F. O.

Melody furnished by Rev. J. TRUMBAUR.



1. For the peo - ple of God a rest doth re-main, Press on, pre-cious
2. O how long I'd been praying to find this sweet rest, To cease from my
3. O at last I have found it, this blessed sweet rest, 'Tis Christ in his
4. Now the Sav-iour is waiting, O what will you give? And what will you



souls, till the rest you ob-tain; 'Tis the rest Je - sus promised, so  
la-bor and lean on his breast, I am wea - ry, dear Je - sus, how  
fulness, the Bless - er, possessed, And no more wea - ry wait-ing for  
suf-fer, this rest to re-ceive? Will you give up for - ev - er, count



hap - py and blest, The joy of his pres - ence: a per-fect sweet rest.  
soon may it be? Low down in the val - ley I'm wait-ing for thee.  
Je - sus to come, For Christ dwelleth in me; my heart is his home.  
all things but loss, To gain this great treasure, and die at the cross.



D.S.—My soul from its la - bor has found its sweet rest.

## CHORUS.



O sweet rest! O sweet rest! 'tis the rest of the soul, so



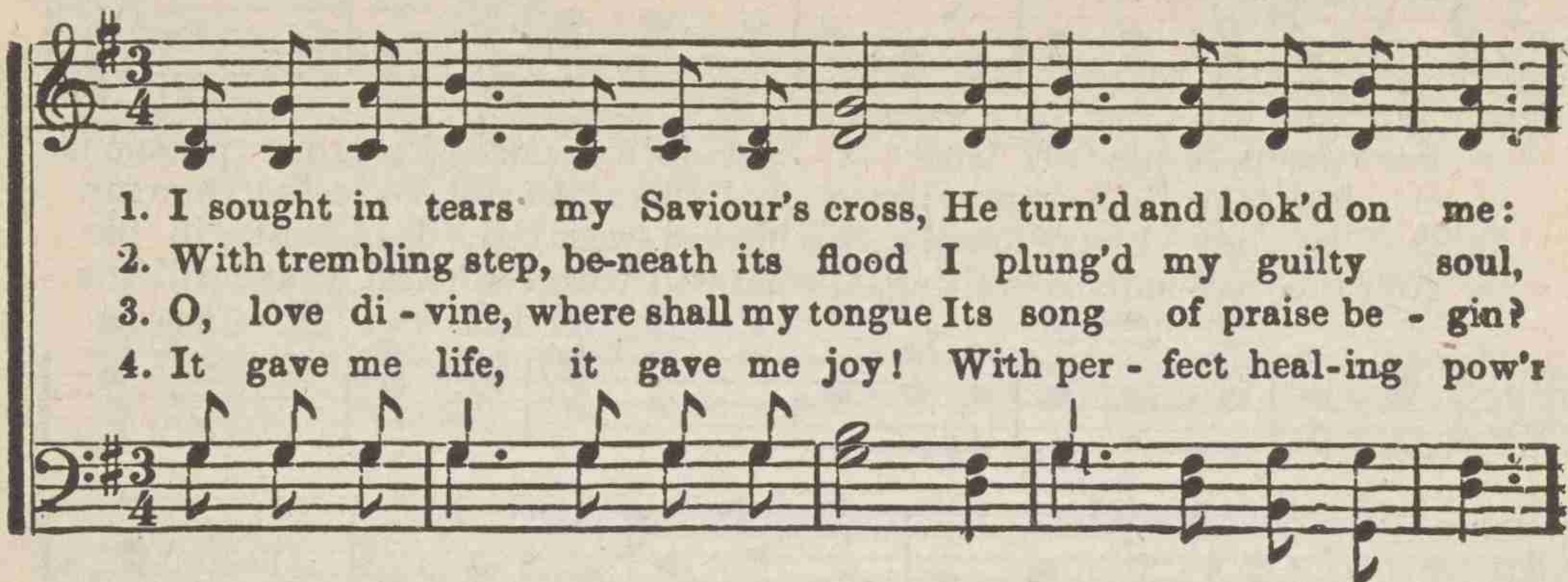
hap - py and blest; By faith in his promise I lean on his breast,





Words by FANNY J. CROSBY.

Music by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

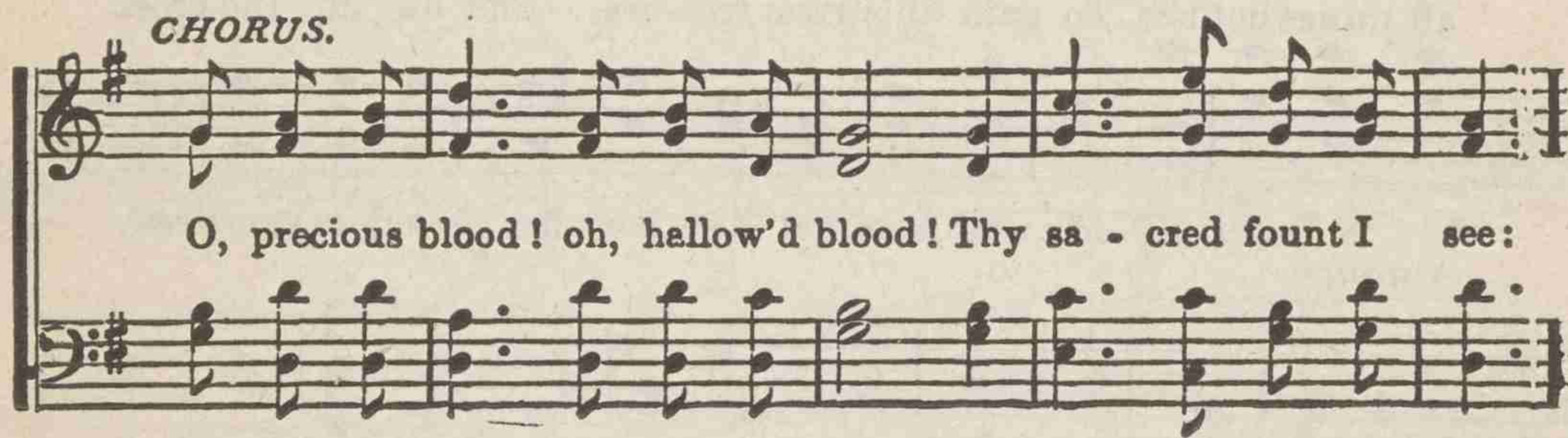


1. I sought in tears my Saviour's cross, He turn'd and look'd on me:  
 2. With trembling step, be-neath its flood I plung'd my guilty soul,  
 3. O, love di-vine, where shall my tongue Its song of praise be-gin?  
 4. It gave me life, it gave me joy! With per-fect heal-ing pow'r

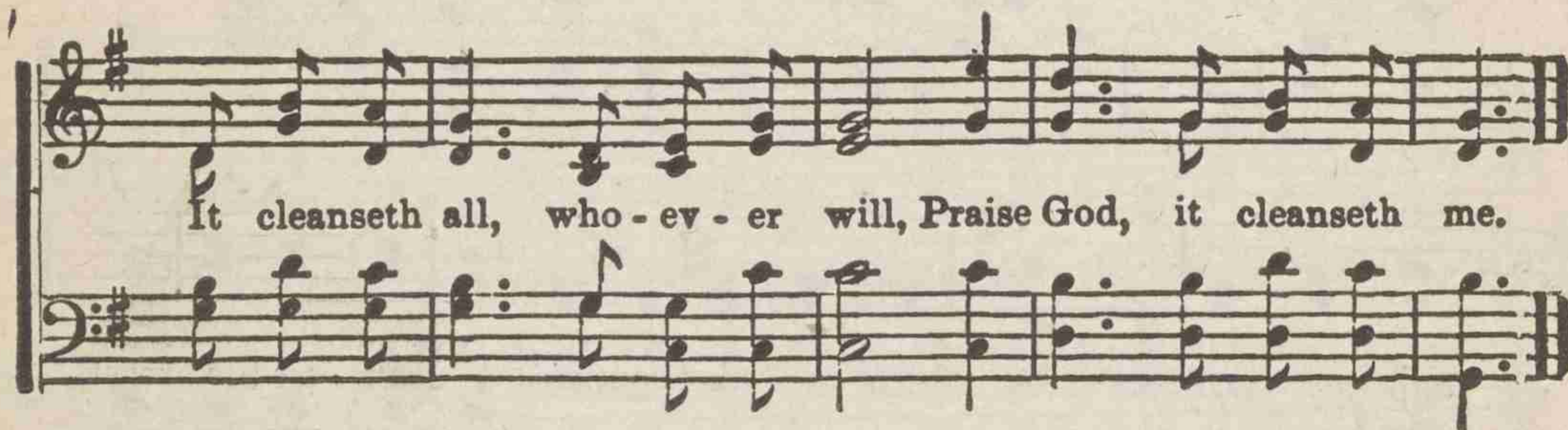


"Be-hold," he said, "the crimson fount Where flows my blood for thee!"  
 That now re-deem'd, can shout a-loud—His blood has made me whole!  
 The precious blood of Christ, my Lord, Has cov-er'd all my sin.  
 It sav'd through faith my broken heart, And saves me ev-'ry hour.

CHORUS.



O, precious blood! oh, hallow'd blood! Thy sa-cred fount I see:



It cleanseth all, who-ev-er will, Praise God, it cleanseth me.



## It Cleanseth Me.

REV. F. L. SNYDER.

1 John 1: 9.

A. F. MYERS.



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



deep and wide; It wash - es whit - er than the pur - est snow, It cleanseth  
 al - ways will; Poor sin - ners, who will seek the Sav - ior's face, Shall know his  
 pre - cious flood! And who - so - ev - er will may plunge there-in, And be made



## CHORUS.



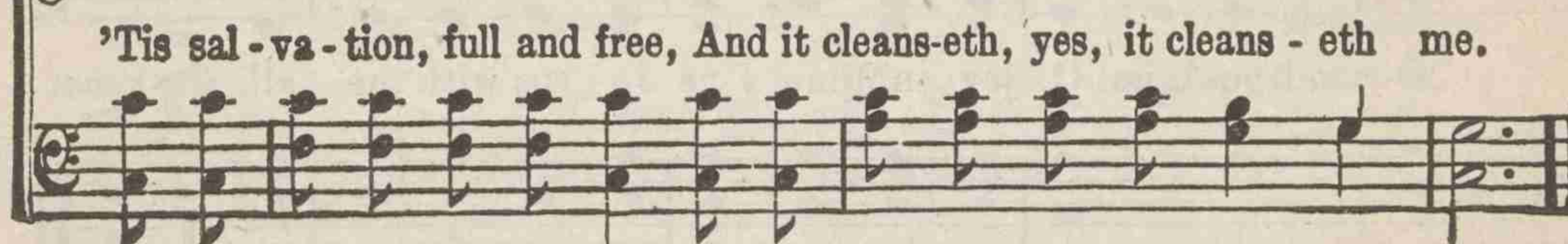
me, I know.  
 wondrous grace. Hal - le - lu - jah! 'tis his blood that cleans-eth me, 'Tis his  
 free from sin.



grace that makes me free, And, my brother, 'tis for thee; O hal - le - lu - jah!



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





MARY D. JAMES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. O bless-ed fel-low-ship di-vine! O joy supreme-ly sweet! Com-
2. I'm walk-ing close to Je-sus' side; So close that I can hear The
3. I'm lean-ing on his lov-ing breast, A-long life's wea-ry way; My
4. I know his shelt'ring wings of love Are al-ways o'er me spread; And



pan-ion-ship with Je-sus here Makes life with bliss re-plete: In  
 soft-est whis-pers of his love, In fel-low-ship so dear, And  
 path il-lum-ined by his smiles, Grows brighter day by day: No  
 tho' the storms may fierce-ly rage, All calm and free from dread, My



un-ion with the pur-est one, I find my heav'n on earth be-gun.  
 feel his great Al-might-y hand Pro-jects me in this hos-tile land.  
 foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my Al-might-y Friend so near.  
 peace-ful spir-it ev-er sings "I'll trust the cov-ert of thy wings."



## CHORUS.



O wondrous bliss! O joy sublime! I've Je-sus with me all the time!



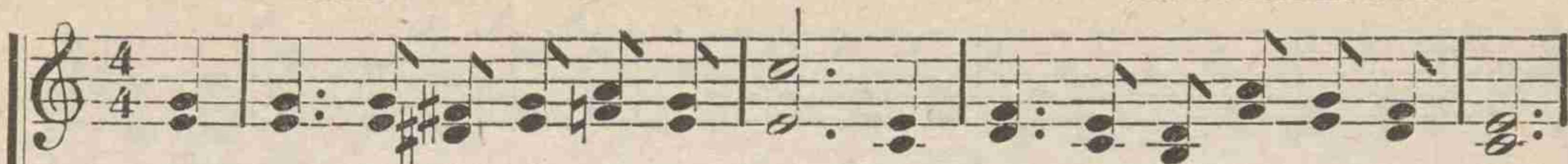
O wondrous bliss! O joy sublime! I've Je-sus with me all the time!





W. H. BELLAMY.

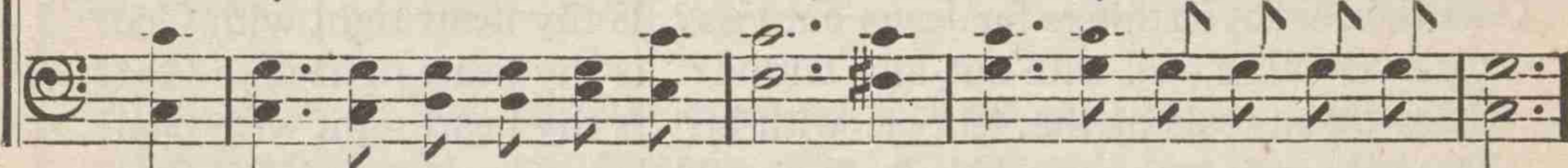
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. The home where changes never come, Nor pain nor sor-row, toil nor care;
2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load, By heav'n allow'd thine earthly lot,
3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on his brow;
4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one prayer for-got;



Yes! 'tis a bright and blessed home; Who would not fain be rest-ing there?  
 Thou yearnst to reach that blest a-bode, Wait, meek - ly wait, and murmur not.  
 If grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.  
 The day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meek - ly wait, and murmur not.



## CHORUS.



O, wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O,



wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O, wait,



O, wait, O, wait, and mur - mur not.



meek - ly wait, O, mur - mur not.



E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



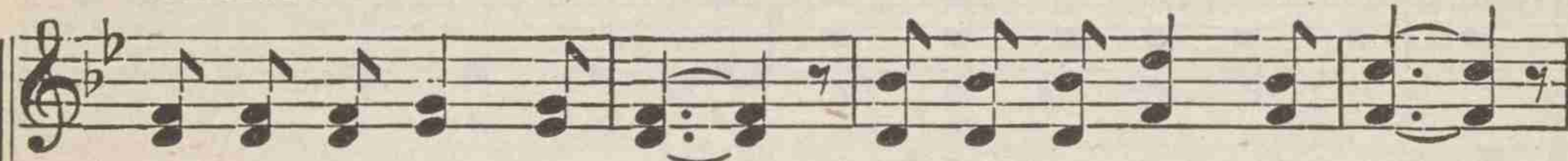
1. Have thy affections been nail'd to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs under Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?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



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



## CHORUS.



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



Cleans'd and made holy, humble and lowly, Right in the sight of God?

of God.





## I Will Guide Thee.

N. N.

BY PERMISSION.

P. P. Bliss.



1. Pre-cious prom - ise God hath giv - en To the wea - ry pass - er by,
2. When temp - ta - tions al - most win thee, And thy trust - ed watch - ers fly,
3. When thy se - cret hopes have per - ished, In the grave of years gone by,
4. When the shades of night are fall - ing, And the hour has come to die,



On the way from earth to heav - en, "I will guide thee with mine eye."  
 Let this prom - ise ring with - in thee, "I will guide thee with mine eye."  
 Let this prom - ise still be cher - ished, "I will guide thee with mine eye."  
 Hear thy trust - y Pi - lot call - ing, "I will guide thee with mine eye."



## REFRAIN.



I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with mine eye;



On the way from earth to heav - en I will guide thee with mine eye.





H. G. Spafford.

USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. Bliss.



1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows like
2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as -
3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't! My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be roll'd



sea bil - lows roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to  
sur - ance con - trol, That Christ has re - gard - ed my help - less es -  
part, but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no  
back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound and the Lord shall de -



say, It is well, it is well with my soul.  
tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well . . . .  
more: Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!  
scend: "E - ven so"— it is well with my soul! It is



. . . with my soul, . . . . It is well, it is well with my soul.  
well with my soul,





## Draw Me Nearer.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

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

told Thy love to me; But I long to rise in the  
 pow'r of grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a  
 fore Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with  
 cross the nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I

## REFRAIN.

arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.  
 stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - er,  
 Thee my God, I com-mune as friend with friend. near - er, near-er,  
 may not reach, Till I rest in peace with Thee.

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

near - er, near - er, near-er bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side.

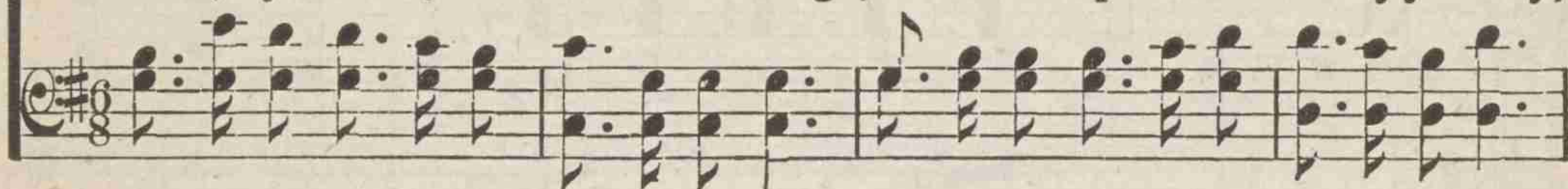


## Seeking for Me.

E. E. HASTY.



1. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, to Bethlehem came, Born in a manger to sorrow and shame;
2. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, on Calvary's tree, Paid the great debt and my soul He set free;
3. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, the same as of old, While I did wander a-far from the fold;
4. Je-sus, my Sav-ior, shall come from on high, Sweet is the promise as weary years fly;



Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be His name, Seek-ing for me, for me.  
 Oh, it was won-der-ful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.  
 Gen-tly and long He hath plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me.  
 Oh, I shall see Him de-scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me.



Seek-ing for me, seek-ing for me, Seek-ing for me, seek-ing for me;  
 Dy-ing for me, dy-ing for me, Dy-ing for me, dy-ing for me;  
 Call-ing for me, call-ing for me, Call-ing for me, call-ing for me;  
 Com-ing for me, com-ing for me, Com-ing for me, com-ing for me;



Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be His name, Seek-ing for me, for me.  
 Oh, it was won-der-ful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.  
 Gently and long He hath plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me.  
 Oh, I shall see Him de-scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me.



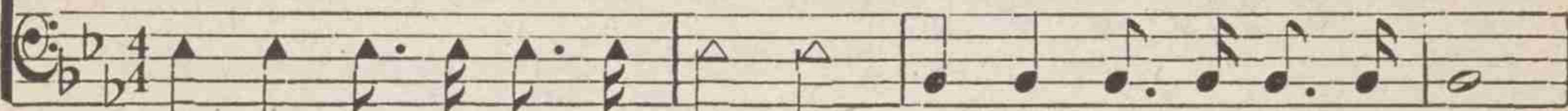


## Shall We Gather at the River?

Rev. R. LOWRY.



1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright an - gel feet have trod,
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
4. At the smil - ing of the riv - er, Mir - ror of the Sav - ior's face,
5. Soon we'll reach the sil - ver riv - er, Soon our pil - grim - age will cease,



With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er, Flow - ing by the throne of God?  
 We will walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.  
 Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.  
 Saints whom death will nev - er sev - er Lift their songs of sav - ing grace.  
 Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.



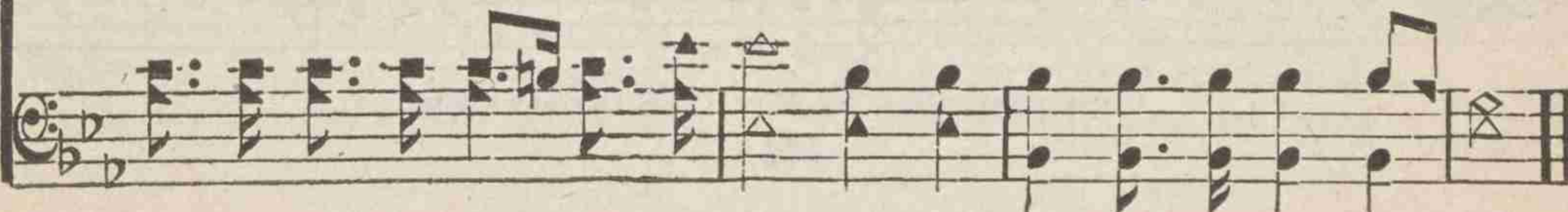
## CHORUS.



Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er;



Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.







1. When the shadows fall around us, And the sun sinks in the west; When life's
2. Here we have our night of tri-al, When we find that all the way We must
3. Here we have our night of sorrow, When we see our lov'd ones die; We for-
4. So I'll work a lit-tle longer, And will pray while here I roam, That the



storm-y waves surround us, And we're borne up-on their crest; Then I  
 prac-tice self-de-ni-al Till the breaking of the day. But they  
 get that on the mor-row We will meet them in the sky. Yes, we  
 Lord would make me stronger, And prepare me for that home; Then no



love to read the sto-ry Of that land so bright and fair, And to  
 tell me that in heav-en There will nev-er come a care; In that  
 ver-y soon shall meet them, Where the day is always fair, In that  
 mat-ter what be-falls me, I will cast on him my care; For I



learn that up in glory There'll be no night there. No dark days will ever  
 homethat God has given, There'll be no night there.  
 land of light we'll greet them, There'll be no night there.  
 know that where he calls me There'll be no night there.





## No Night There. Concluded.

come, When we reach that golden strand, For the sun will nev-er set In that

bright and happy land; There the cit - y walls are jas - per, And its

*ad lib.*

gates are jewels rare, And its light is Christ, my Saviour, There'll be no night there.

123

## Sanctification. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.

1. For-ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleed-ing side;  
2. My dy - ing Sav - iour and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin,

This all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Sav-iour died.  
Sprinkle me ev - er with the blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.

<p>3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own; Wash me, and mine thou art; Wash me, but not my feet alone,— My hands, my head, my heart.</p>	<p>4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply, Till faith to sight improve: Till hope in full fruition die, And all my soul be love.</p>
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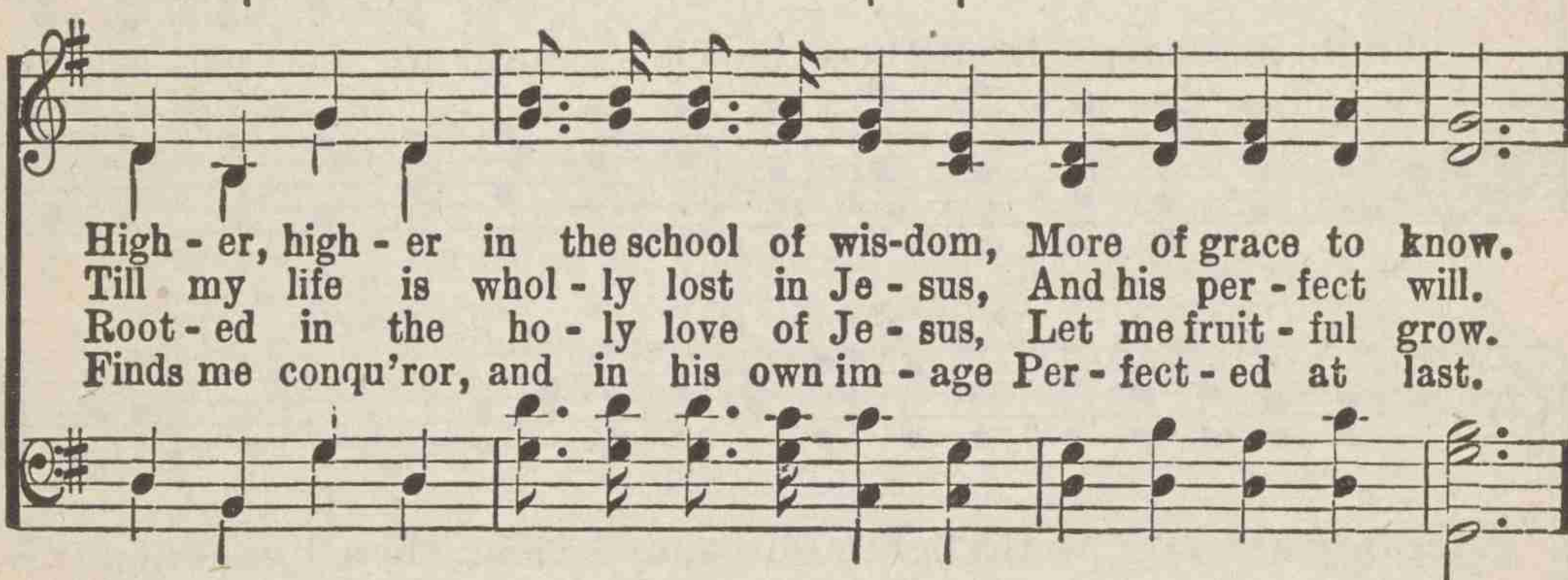


C. P. J.

C. P. JONES.



1. Deep-er, deep - er in the love of Je - sus Dai - ly let me go;  
 2. Deep-er, deep - er! bless - ed Ho - ly Spir - it, Take me deep - er still,  
 3. Deep-er, deep - er! tho' it cost hard tri - als, Deep - er let me go!  
 4. Deep-er, high - er, ev - 'ry day in Je - sus, Till all con - flict past,



High - er, high - er in the school of wis - dom, More of grace to know.  
 Till my life is whol - ly lost in Je - sus, And his per - fect will.  
 Root - ed in the ho - ly love of Je - sus, Let me fruit - ful grow.  
 Finds me conqu'ror, and in his own im - age Per - fect - ed at last.

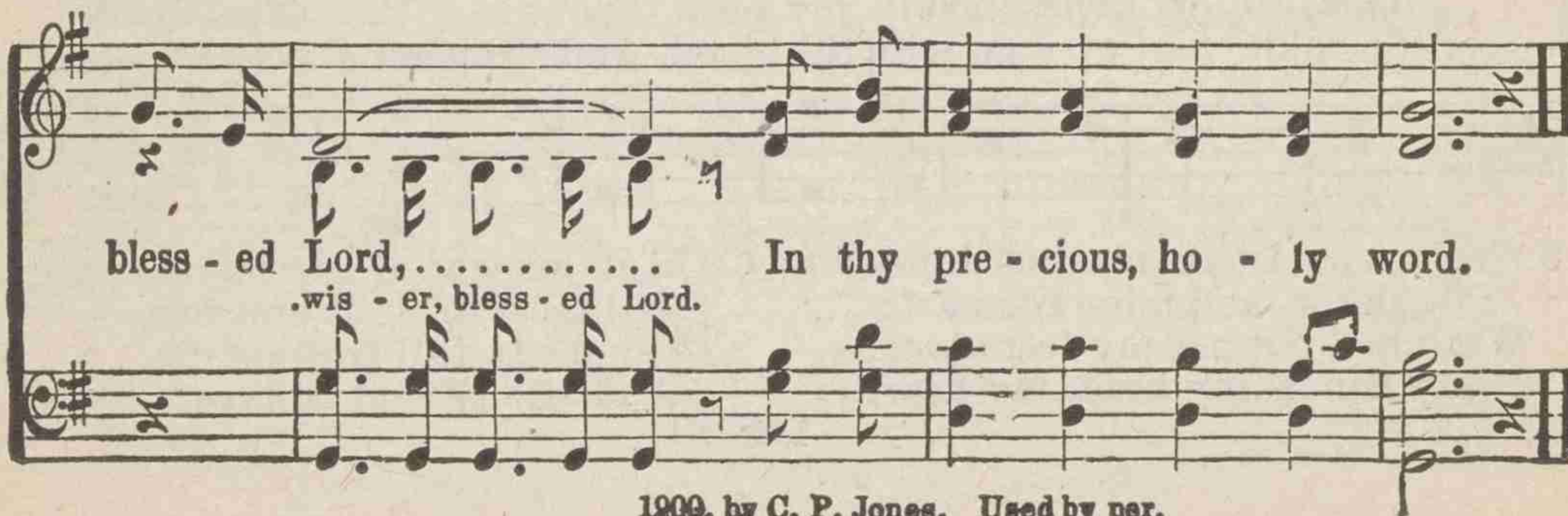
CHORUS.



O deep - er yet, I pray, ..... And  
 O deep - er yet, I pray, deep - er yet, I pray, And



high - er ev - 'ry day, ..... And wis - er,  
 high - er ev - 'ry day, high - er ev - 'ry day, And wis - er, bless - ed Lord,

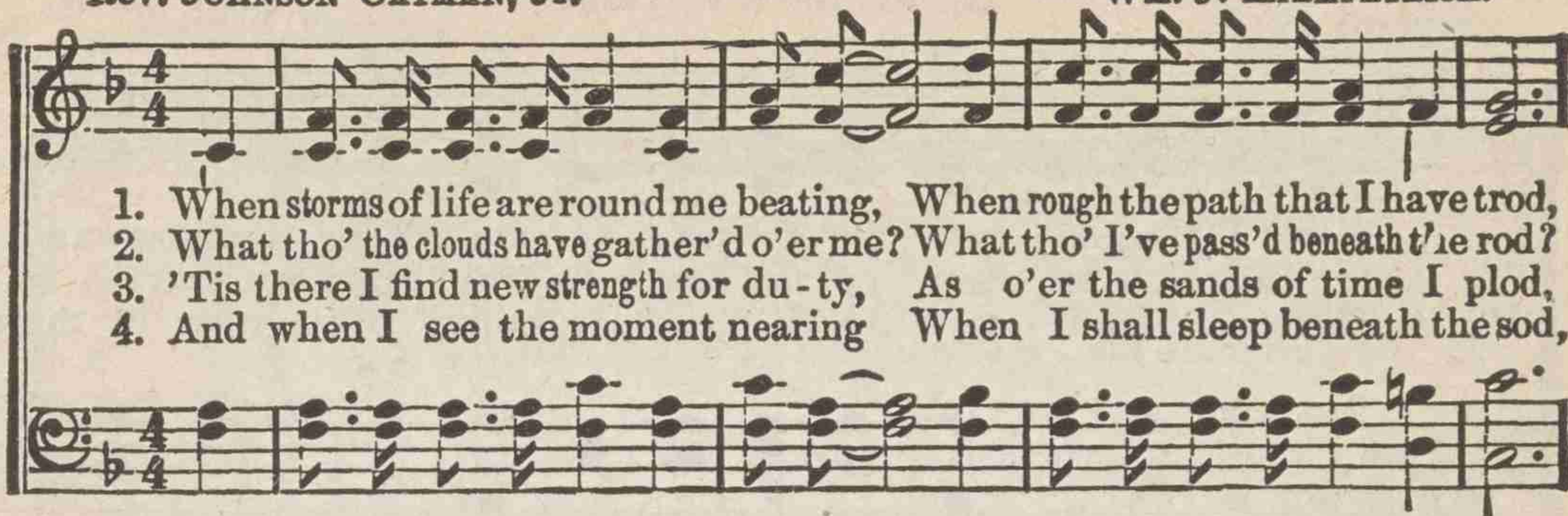


bless - ed Lord, ..... In thy pre - cious, ho - ly word.  
 wis - er, bless - ed Lord.



Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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



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

CHORUS.




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



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

*ritard.*



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



## Go Where His Blood Can Heal.

T. H.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.



1. How I long for rest for my wea - ry soul! Where, O where can I  
 2. I am sick of sin, of my God a - fraid; But my heart is as  
 3. "Mine in-firm-i - ty in His flesh He bore;" O the mer - cy these



now ap - peal? There is on - ly One who can make me whole, I will  
 hard as steel; "On His sa - cred head all my sins were laid:" I will  
 words re - veal! And a thorn-y crown my Re-deem-er wore: I will



## CHORUS.



go where His blood can heal, I will go where His blood can heal, (the soul,)



I will go where His blood can heal; There's no oth - er way  
 make me whole;



To be saved to - day: I will go where His blood can heal.






## Hidden Peace.

Copyrighted, 1899, by L. O. Brown, Indianapolis.

JOHN S. BROWN.

L. O. BROWN.



1. I can not tell thee whence it came, This peace within my breast;  
 2. Be-neath the toil and care of life, This hidden stream flows on;  
 3. I can not tell the half of love, Unfeigned, supreme, di-vine,  
 4. I can not tell thee why He chose To suf-fer and to die;




But this I know, there fills my soul A strange and tranquil rest.  
 My wear-y soul no longer thirsts, Nor am I sad and lone.  
 That caused my darkest in-most self With beams of hope to shine.  
 But if I suf-fer here with Him, I'll reign with Him for aye.

## CHORUS.



There's a deep set-tled peace in my soul, in my soul,



There's a deep set-tled peace in my soul; Though the  
 in my soul;



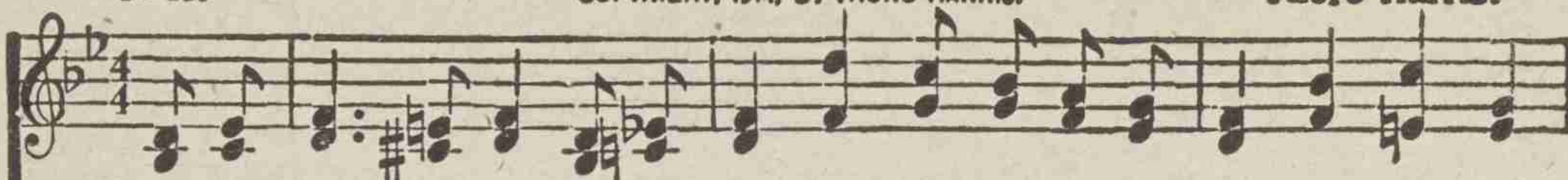
bil-lows of sin near me roll, He a - bides, Christ a-bides.



T. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS.

Thoro Harris.



1. There are fac - es dear that I hold in mem-'ry, Tho' I lost them long a-
2. There were voic - es sweet o-ver Bethl'hem sing-ing When the Savior Christ was
3. There are friend-ly hands un-to me ex - tend - ed When I seem to miss my
4. There are wondrous scenes ly-ing all a-round me, Golden gleams o'er land and



go; (so long a-go;) But the face of One "al-to-geth-er love-ly" Is the  
 born; (our Lord was born;) And the golden harps of the an-gels ring-ing Ush-ered  
 way; (to miss my way;) But the pierc-ed hand of the Man of Cal-v'ry Lead-eth  
 sea; (o'er land and sea;) But when Jesus comes in the clouds of heav-en, O what



## CHORUS.



fair-est face I know.

in that ho - ly morn. His face will outshine them all,

His face will

on to realms of day.

al - le - lu - ia!

glo - ry that will be.



outshine them all; Glory to the Lamb, al-le-lu - ia! His face will outshine them all.





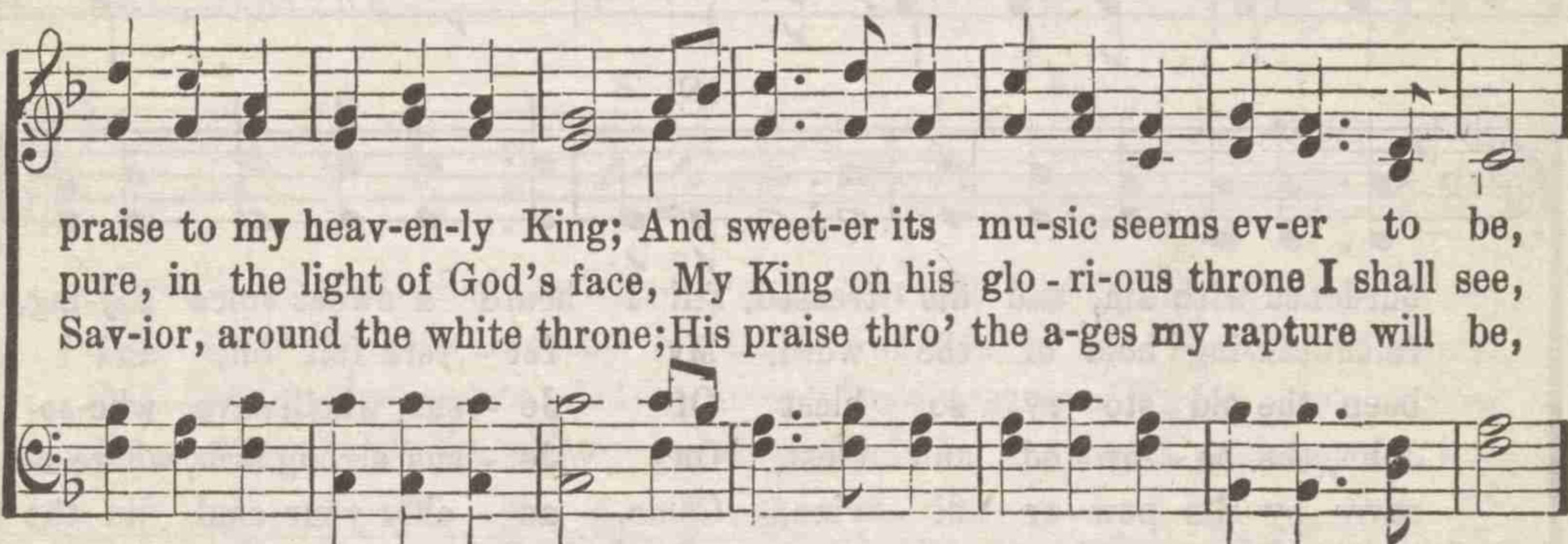
## A Captive Set Free.

JAMES ROWE.

THORO HARRIS.



1. There's a song in my heart which my soul loves to sing, A son-net of  
 2. By and by, when I stand, thro' his won-der - ful grace, Un-spot - ted and  
 3. With the songs of the an - gels will min-gle my own, Ex - tol-ing my

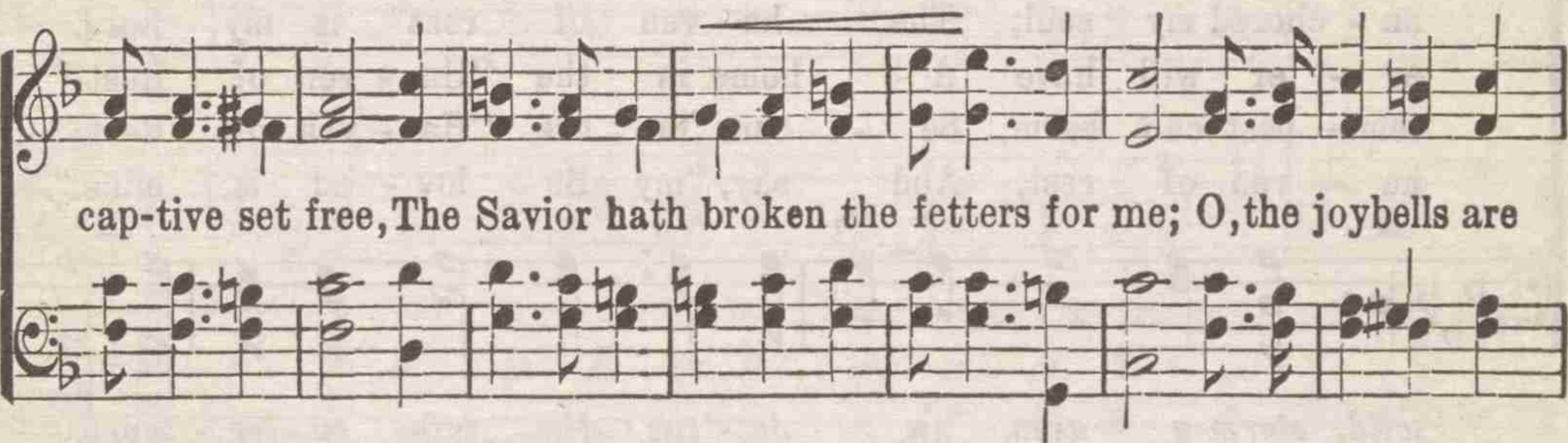


praise to my heav-en-ly King; And sweet-er its mu-sic seems ev-er to be,  
 pure, in the light of God's face, My King on his glo - ri-ous throne I shall see,  
 Sav-ior, around the white throne; His praise thro' the a-ges my rapture will be,

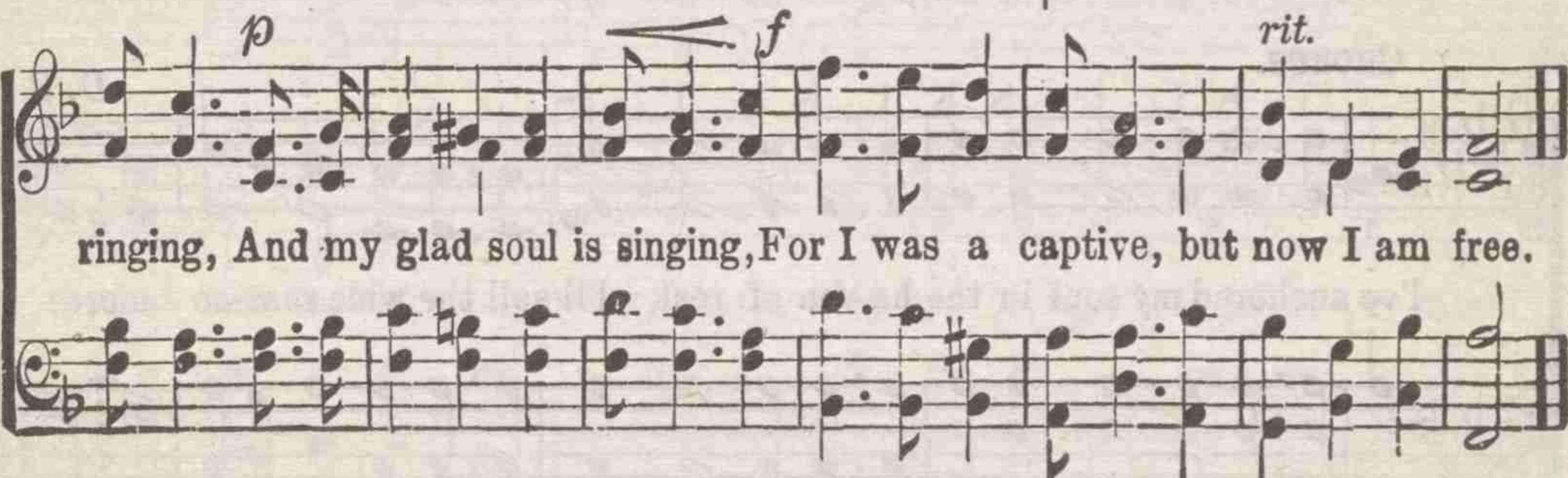
CHORUS.



For I was a cap-tive, till Christ set me free. A cap-tive set free, a



cap-tive set free, The Savior hath broken the fetters for me; O, the joybells are



*p* *f* *rit.*  
 ringing, And my glad soul is singing, For I was a captive, but now I am free.




## The Haven of Rest

H. L. GILMOUR.


GEO. D. MOORE.




1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So  
 2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And  
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has  
 4. How pre - cious the tho't that we all may re - cline, Like  
 5. O come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient - ly waits To


burdened with sin, and dis - tressed, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing,  
 faith tak - ing hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I  
 been the old sto - ry so blest Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so -  
 John, the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no  
 save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the



D. S.—The tem - pest may sweep o'er the




make me your choice; And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"  
 an - chored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.  
 ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"  
 tem - pest can harm, Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"  
 ha - ven of rest, And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."




wild, storm-y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS.



I've anchored my soul in the ha - ven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;







1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
2. My Sav - ior 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,



Here shines undimmed one bliss - ful day, For all my night has passed a - way.  
 He gen - tly leads me by His hand, For this is heav - en's bor - der - land.  
 And flow'rs, that nev - er - fad - ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.  
 As an - gels with the white - robed throng Join in the sweet re - demp - tion song.



## CHORUS.



O Beu - lah Land, sweet Beu - lah Land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,



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




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







F. E. R.



F. E. RIMANOCZY.

*With great expression.*




1. One day without the taste of death, The good Enoch was sainted,
2. One day a golden chariot grand, It's way to earth was wending,
3. When the sleeping vir-gins heard the cry, "Behold the bridegroom's carriage,"
4. In most of Paul's e-pis - tles he Has ver - y plain-ly told us


It was because he walked with God And got so well acquainted;  
 'Twas drawn by wondrous steeds of fire, With angel hosts attending;  
 They all arose and trimmed their lamps To go in-to the marriage;  
 That soon this old terrestrial sphere, Wont have the pow'r to hold us;

The sto - ry is fa - mil - iar, You have heard it oft re-lat-ed,  
 On Jordan's bank E - li-jah stood, He was God's own pos-ses-sion,  
 But the fool-ish said, "We have no oil, Our lamps are go-ing out,"  
 The Lord Himself with might shall come, Whom God is now detaining,

God willed and so it came to pass, That Enoch was translated.  
 And so they stopped and took him in, And he joined the grand procession.  
 And while they went to buy the wise Were caught up with a shout.  
 The dead in Christ shall be raised first, Then those alive remaining.





# The Bridal Procession. Concluded.

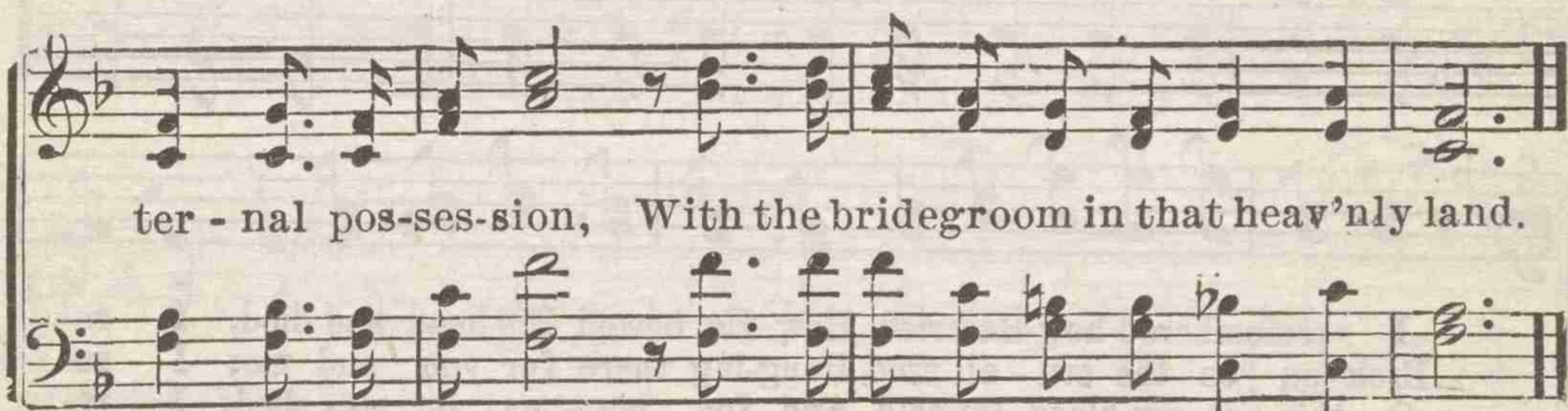
CHORUS. Joyfully.



I be-long to the brid - al pro-ces - sion, I am



go-ing to the marriage of the Lamb, I have an e-



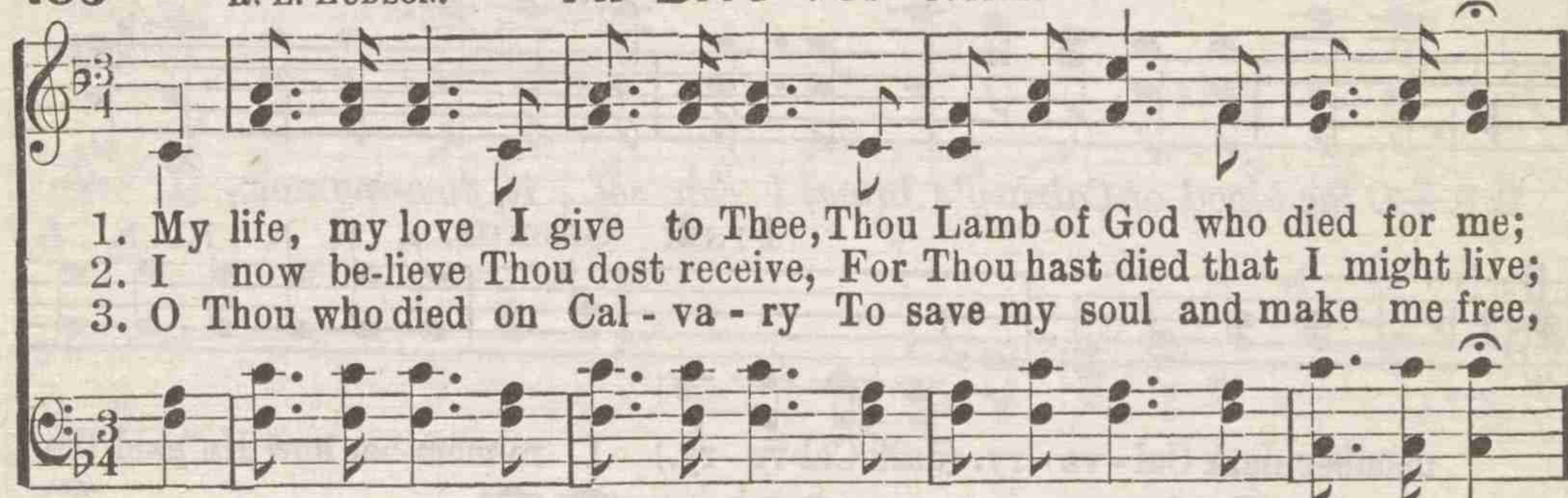
ter - nal pos-ses-sion, With the bridegroom in that heav'nly land.

133

R. E. HUDSON.

## I'll Live for Him.

C. R. DUNBAR.



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

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

D. C. for Chorus



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

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



## No. 134..

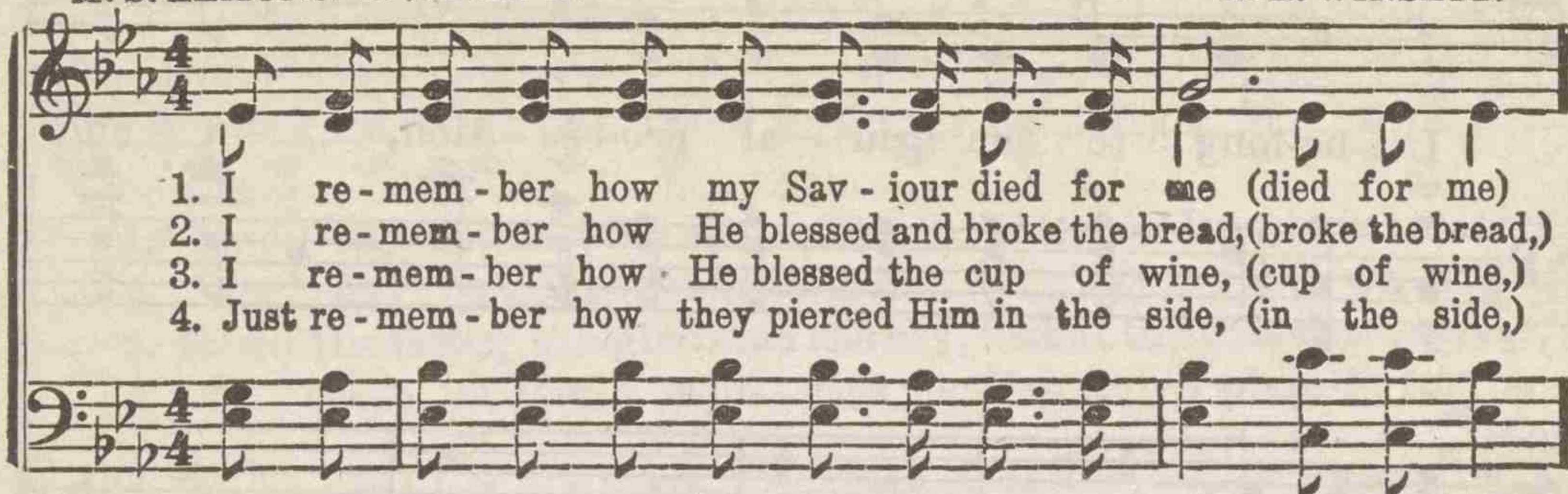
## Remember.

"As oft as ye do this, do it in remembrance of me."

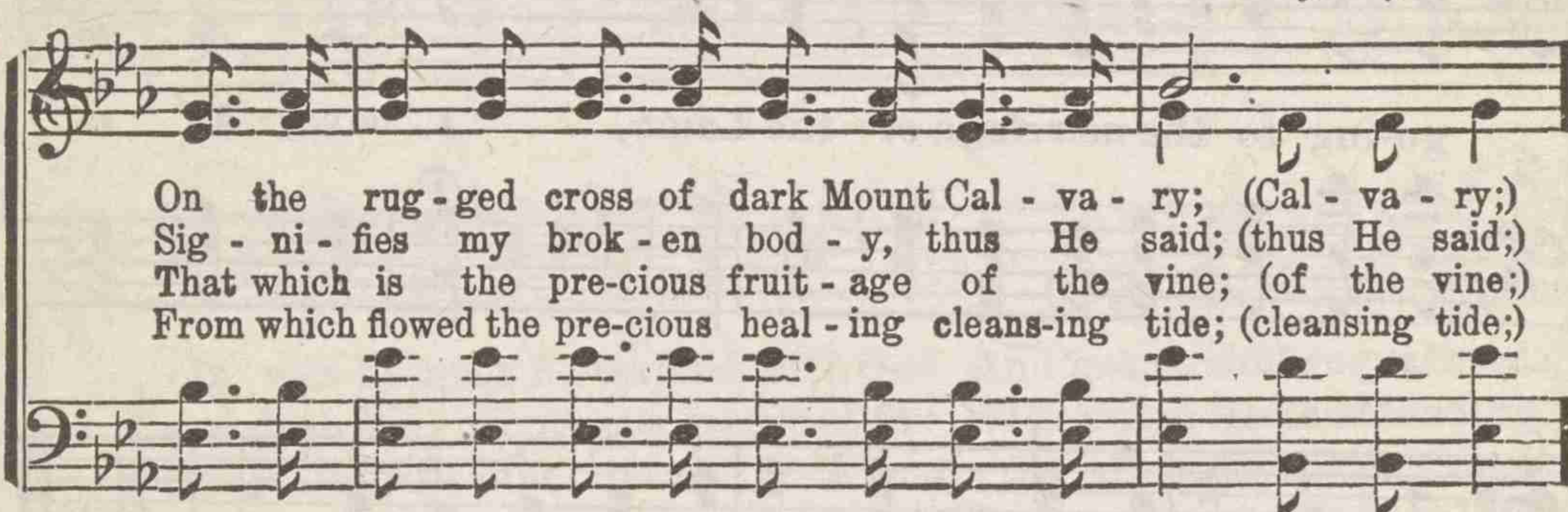
Owned by R. E. Winsett, E. Chattanooga, Tenn., and M. S. Lemons.

M. S. LEMONS. 4 v. R. E. W.

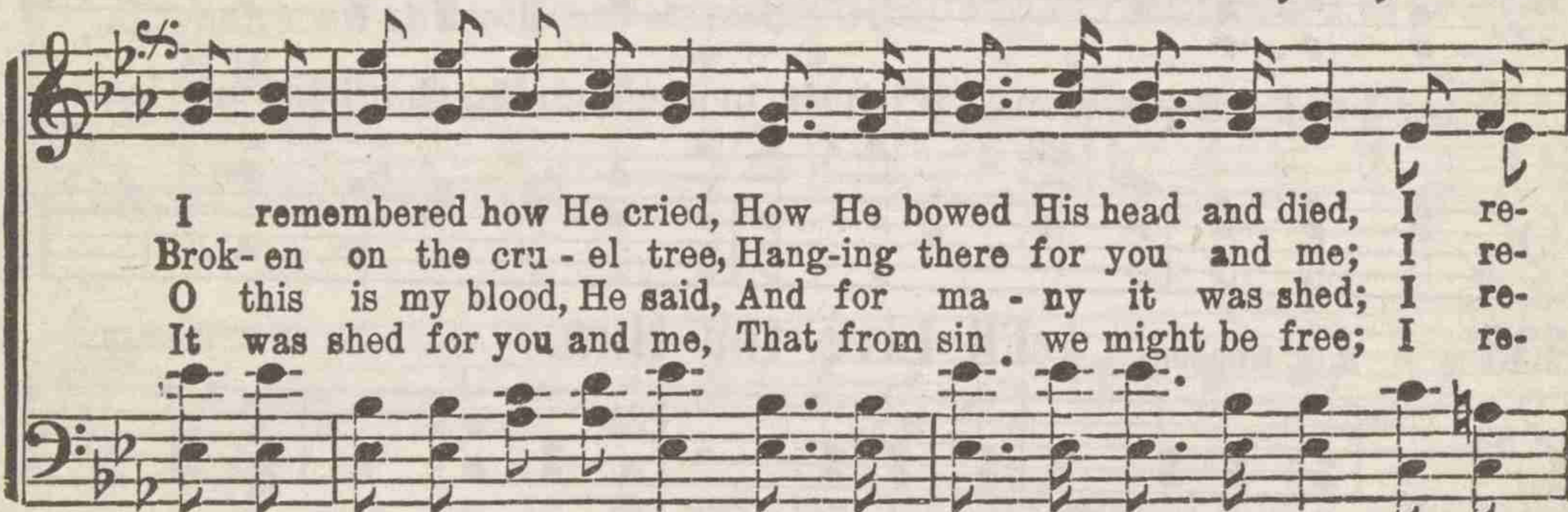
R. E. WINSETT.



1. I re-mem-ber how my Sav-iour died for me (died for me)  
 2. I re-mem-ber how He blessed and broke the bread, (broke the bread,)  
 3. I re-mem-ber how He blessed the cup of wine, (cup of wine,)  
 4. Just re-mem-ber how they pierced Him in the side, (in the side,)



On the rug-ged cross of dark Mount Cal - va - ry; (Cal - va - ry;)  
 Sig - ni - fies my brok-en bod - y, thus He said; (thus He said;)  
 That which is the pre-cious fruit - age of the vine; (of the vine;)  
 From which flowed the pre-cious heal - ing cleans-ing tide; (cleansing tide;)

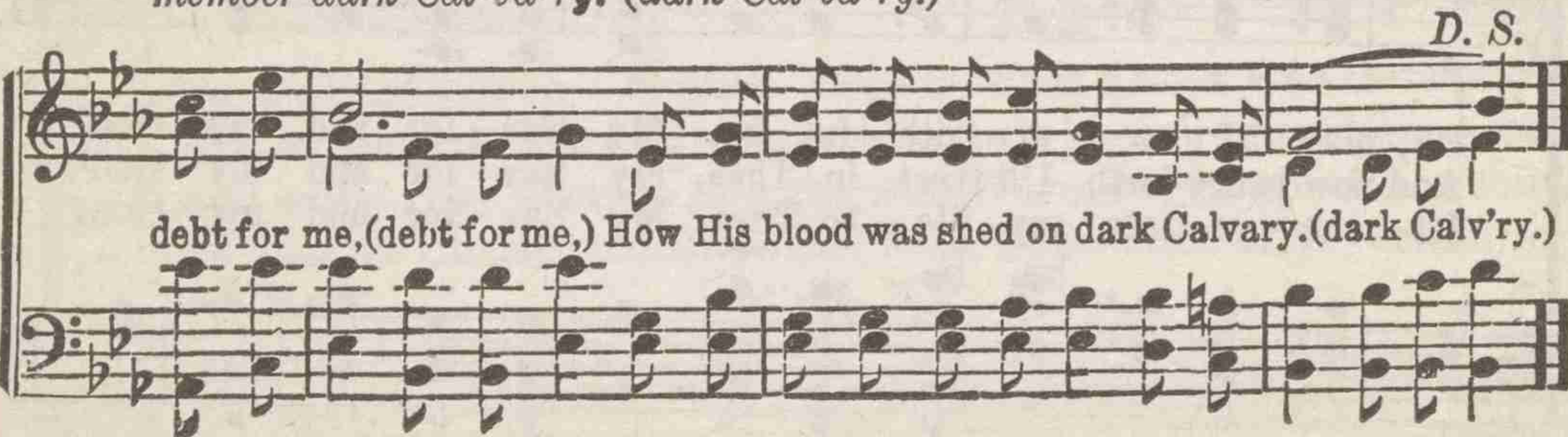


I remembered how He cried, How He bowed His head and died, I re-  
 Brok-en on the cru-el tree, Hang-ing there for you and me; I re-  
 O this is my blood, He said, And for ma - ny it was shed; I re-  
 It was shed for you and me, That from sin we might be free; I re-

D.S.—O the blood of Calvary's brow, I can see it flow-ing now, I re-  
 FINE. CHORUS.



member dark Cal - va - ry. (dark Cal - va - ry.) I re-mem-ber how He paid the  
 member dark Cal - va - ry. (dark Cal - va - ry.)



debt for me, (debt for me,) How His blood was shed on dark Calvary. (dark Calv'ry.)  
 D. S.



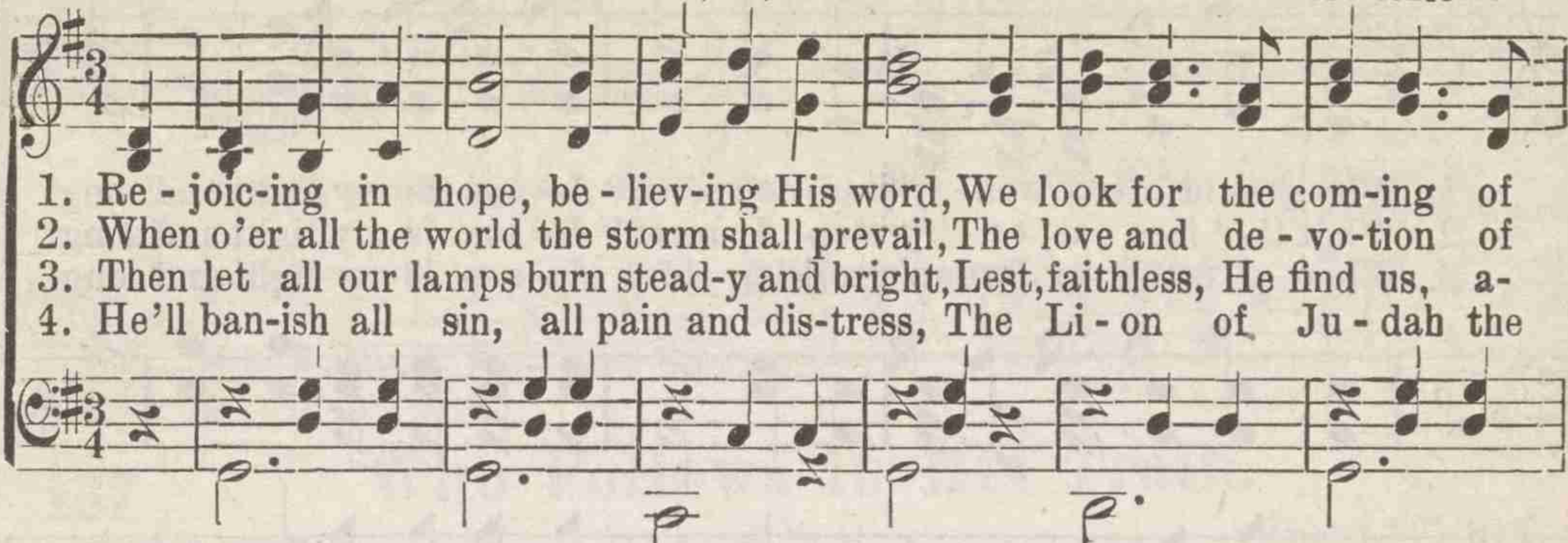
## Hold Fast Till I Come.

T. H.

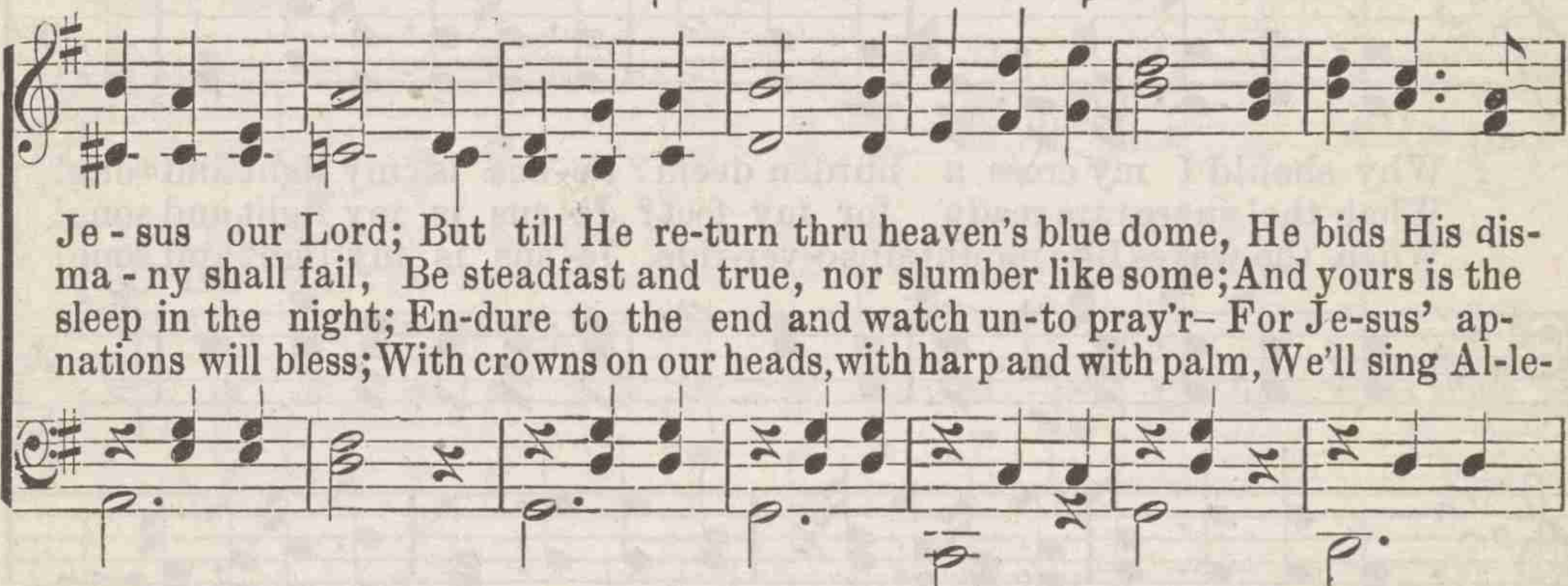
Rev. 2: 25.

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Thoro Harris.

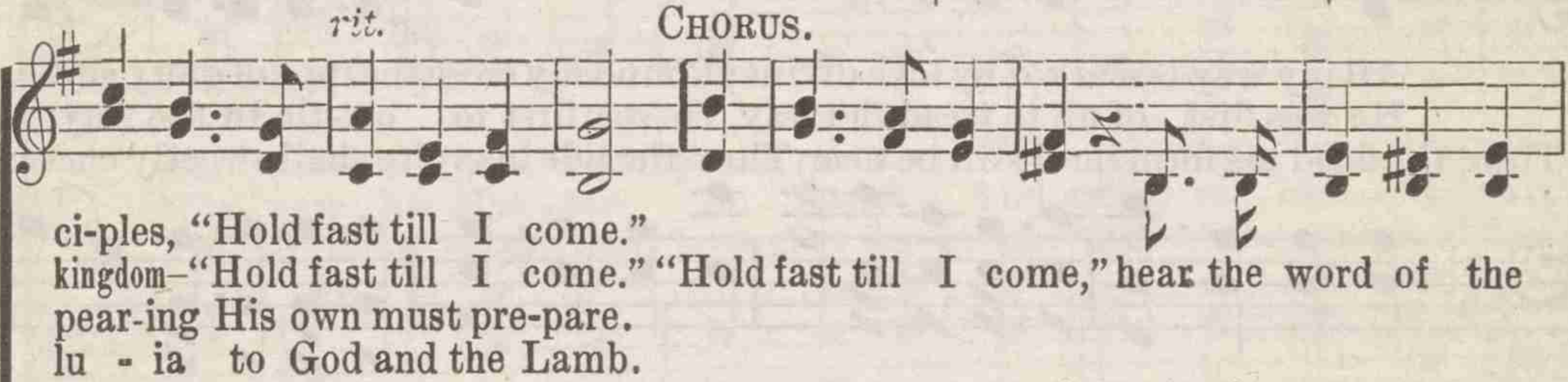


1. Re - joic-ing in hope, be - liev-ing His word, We look for the com-ing of  
 2. When o'er all the world the storm shall prevail, The love and de - vo-tion of  
 3. Then let all our lamps burn stead-y and bright, Lest, faithless, He find us, a-  
 4. He'll ban-ish all sin, all pain and dis-tress, The Li-on of Ju-dah the

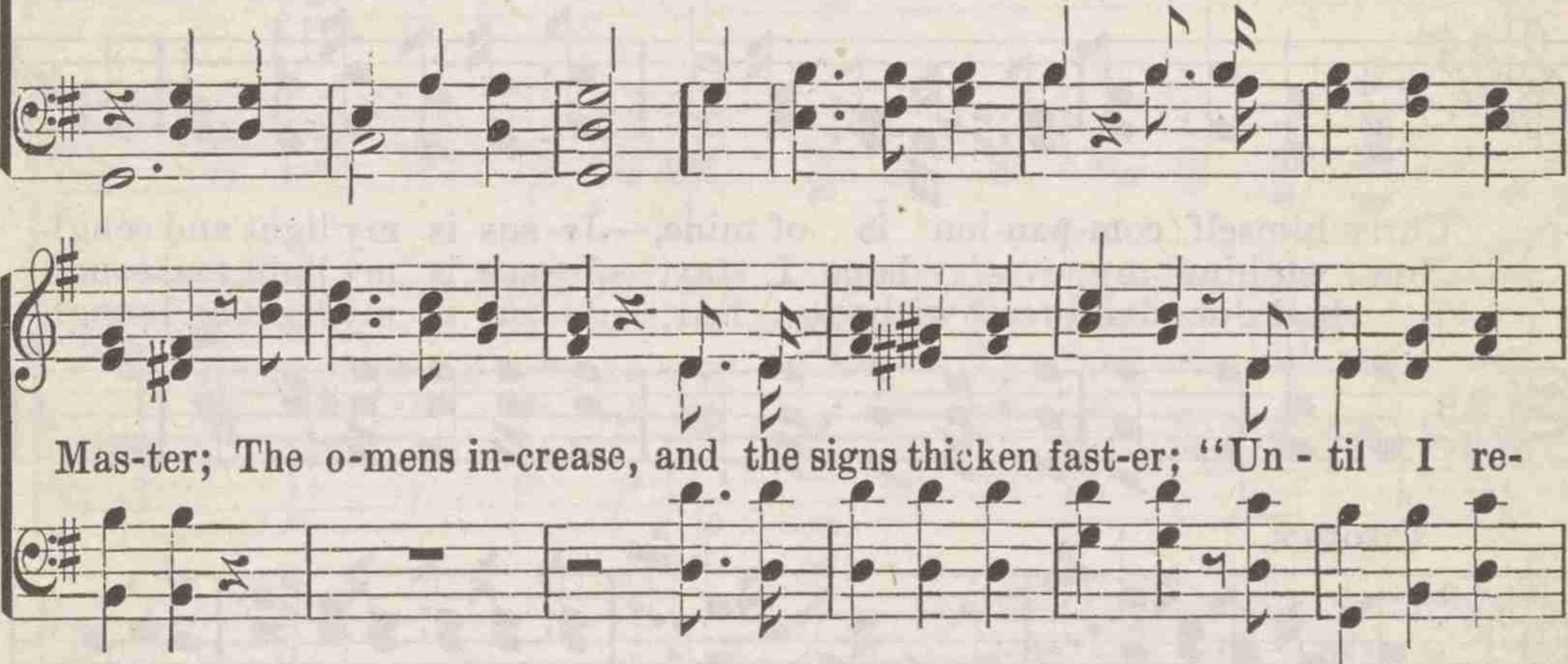


Je - sus our Lord; But till He re-turn thru heaven's blue dome, He bids His dis-  
 ma - ny shall fail, Be steadfast and true, nor slumber like some; And yours is the  
 sleep in the night; En-dure to the end and watch un-to pray'r- For Je-sus' ap-  
 nations will bless; With crowns on our heads, with harp and with palm, We'll sing Al-le-

*rit.* CHORUS.

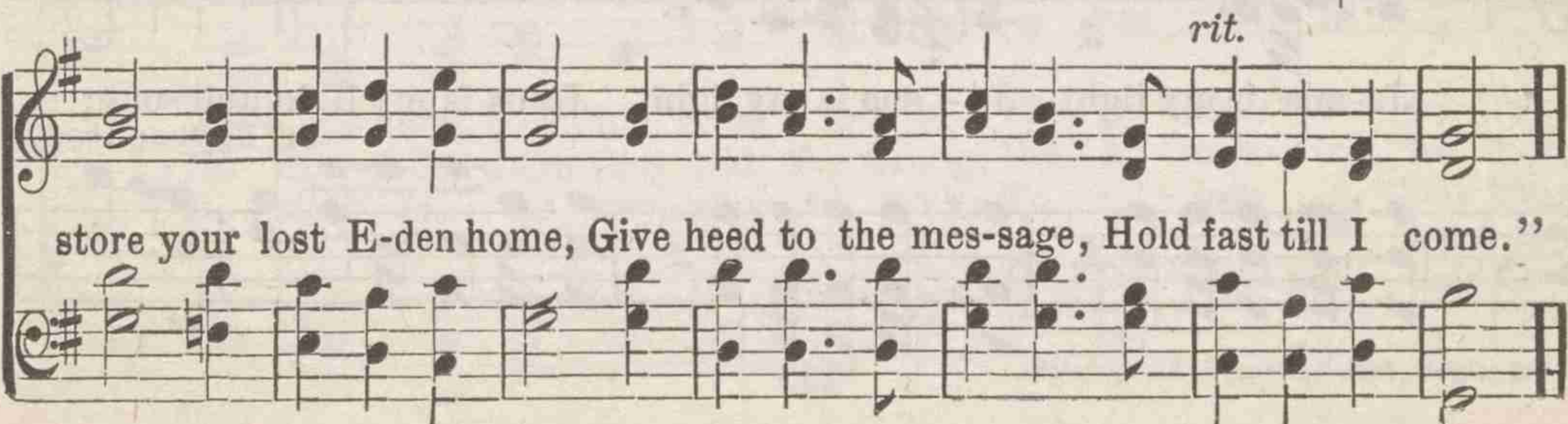


ci-ples, "Hold fast till I come."  
 kingdom- "Hold fast till I come." "Hold fast till I come," hear the word of the  
 pear-ing His own must pre-pare.  
 lu - ia to God and the Lamb.



Mas-ter; The o-mens in-crease, and the signs thicken fast-er; "Un - til I re-

*rit.*



store your lost E-den home, Give heed to the mes-sage, Hold fast till I come."



# No. 136.

# My Light and Song.

EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Why should life a wea-ry jour-ney seem? Je-sus is my light and song!
2. What tho' foes at ev-'ry step I meet? Je-sus is my light and song!
3. When I come to Jordan's roll-ing tide, Je-sus is my light and song!



Why should I my cross a burden deem? Je-sus is my light and song!  
 What tho' snares are ready for my feet? Je-sus is my light and song!  
 When the waves like mountainso-ver-ride, Je-sus is my light and song!



All my way is mark'd by love divine; Round my cross the rays of glory shine;  
 He was first of all to tread the way, He was first to bat-tle in the fray;  
 Thro' the flood his form shall still be near, Thro' the tide his voice shall sweetly cheer;



Christ himself com-pan-ion is of mine,—Je-sus is my light and song!  
 Now on him my ev-'ry hope I stay,—Je-sus is my light and song!  
 I shall Jor-dan breast without a fear,—Je-sus is my light and song!



## CHORUS.



Je-sus is my light, Je - sus is my light, Jesus is my light and song;  
 my light and song;





## My Light and Song.—Concluded.

Je-sus is my light, Jesus is my light, Jesus is my light and song,  
my light and song.

137

## Who Follows in His Train.

REGINALD FIEBER.

C. M. D.

HENRY S. CUTLER.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;  
2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave,  
3. A glo-rious band, the cho-sen few On whom the Spir-it came;

His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far; Who fol-lows in his train?  
Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on him to save:  
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame:

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umph-ant o-ver pain,  
Like him, with par-don on his tongue, In midst of mor-tal pain,  
They climbed the steep as-cent of heav'n Thro' per-il, toil, and pain;

Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in his train.  
He prayed for them that did the wrong; Who fol-lows in his train?  
O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train.



W. T. P.

Wm. T. Pettengill.

1. Je - sus is com - ing! go, her - ald the ti - dings Far o - ver the  
 2. Lift up your heads and re - joice, O ye right - eous, Your per - fect re -  
 3. Come, dear Lord Je - sus, Thy prom - ise ful - fill - ing; "Come quick - ly!" our

land and the sea; Je - sus is com - ing to gath - er the ransomed, Re -  
 demption is nigh; Swift - ly the darkness of mid - night ap - proach - es, "He  
 souls cry to Thee: Long has the world been enthralled by the tempter, The

deemed by His death on the tree. An - gels at - tend - ing, the  
 com - eth," shall sound from the sky. Long has the bat - tle been  
 curse is on land and on sea. Yet Thou shalt tri - umph, the

heav - ens descending—All lan - guage our joy will trans - cend, When we shall  
 waged against e - vil By suf - fer - ing saints here be - low. Je - sus is  
 na - tions sub - du - ing, The truth of the Word can - not fail; God's wondrous

see Him, the King in His beau - ty, Our Bridegroom, Re - deem - er, and Friend.  
 com - ing to ban - ish our sor - row, And lead us where tears nev - er flow.  
 glo - ry, like o - cean's deep billows, To earth's farthest bounds shall pre - vail.




# He Cometh!

## CHORUS.



Je - sus is com - ing, our Sav - ior and Lov - er di-  
Yes, Je - sus is com-ing, is com-ing,



vine;..... Soon.... in His glo - - ry the  
E - ven so, quick-ly come! Yes, soon in His glo - ry re-splend - ent the



ran-somed of a - ges will shine;..... A - ges on  
Thru a - ges on

Hal - le - lu - jah to God!



a - ges we'll reign with our King on His throne;... Won-der-ful  
a - ges e - ter - nal on His throne, O won-der - ful



sto-ry! We'll share in His glo-ry, Redeemed by His mer - cy a - lone.



139

## Precious Blood.

Wm. McDonald.

Harmony by Thoro Harris.

J. H. Stockton.

1. The cross! the blood-stain'd cross! The hal - lowed cross I see!  
 2. A thou - sand fount - ains spring Up from the throne of God;  
 3. That blood my ran - som paid, While I in bond - age stood;  
 4. This theme will best em - ploy My harp be - fore my God,

Re - mind - ing me of pre - cious blood That once was shed for me.  
 But none to me such blessings bring, As Je - sus' pre - cious blood.  
 On Je - sus all my sins were laid, He saved me with His blood.  
 And make all heav'n resound with joy, For Je - sus' cleans - ing blood.

## CHORUS.

O the blood! the pre - cious blood That Je - sus shed for me, (for me.)

Up - on the cross, in crim - son flood, Just now by faith I see.

140

## My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

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;



## My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

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.

140

## I Love Him.

London Hymn Book.

Stephen C. Foster.

1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm; Gone are my sins and  
 2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to  
 3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but

all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er-more, and by His grace I know The  
 doubts and fears with-in; Once was a-fraid to trust a lov-ing God; But  
 now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

### CHORUS.

precious blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.  
 now my guilt is washed away in Je - sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,  
 tell the world the peace that He alone can give.

Because He first loved me, And purchased my salvation on Mount Cal - va - ry.



# No. 142. My Saviour Face to Face.

W. C. AGAR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I am glad I found the Saviour, for he makes my heart rejoice, And I
2. Yes, I know he ev - er loves me, dai - ly guides my erring feet, And I'm
3. When life's sun is slowly set - ting, twilight shadows veil the sky, And I'm
4. When I tread the crys - tal pavement of the new Je - ru - sa - lem, Where my



feel with-in my soul his sav - ing grace; But I want to talk with Je - sus,  
rest - ing in his ten - der, fond em - brace; But I want to know him better,  
near the ending of life's wea - ry race; In my heart will be this longing,  
Saviour has prepared for me a place; Where the angel choirs are singing



hear his lov - ing, gen - tle voice, I want to see my Saviour face to face.  
and my dear Redeem - er meet, I want to see my Saviour face to face.  
none but Christ can sat - is - fy, I want to see my Saviour face to face.  
praise and glo - ry to the Lamb, O then I'll see my Saviour face to face.



## CHORUS.



O I want to see my Saviour face to face, Who hath lov'd me and re -  
*Last v.* O then I'll see my Saviour face to face,  
see my Saviour face to face,



deem - ed by his grace; In his kingdom, crown'd with glory, on his  
and redeem'd me by his grace;






# My Saviour Face to Face.—Concluded.



ev - er-lasting throne, I want to see my Saviour face to face.....  
see my Saviour face to face,




143

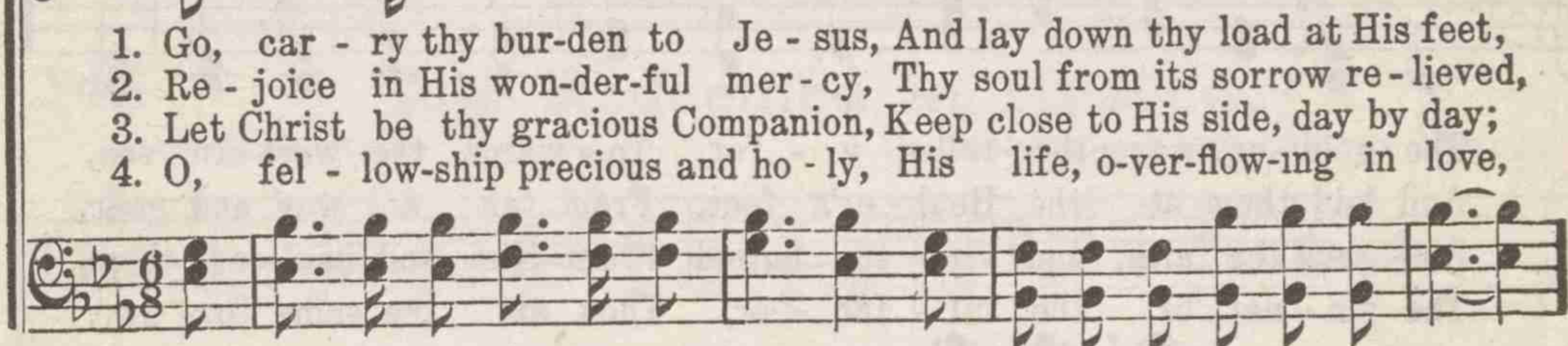

## O, Steal Away Softly to Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

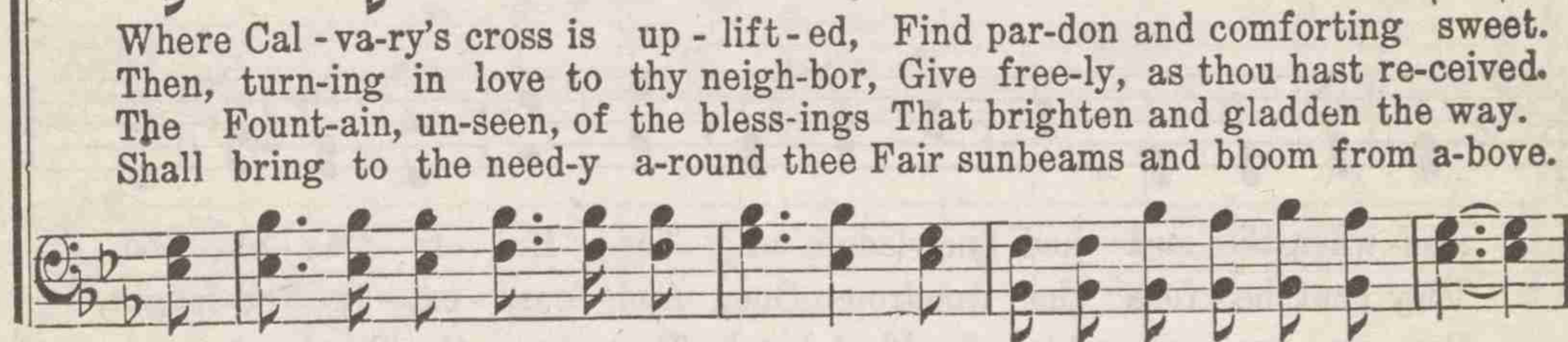
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.




1. Go, car - ry thy bur - den to Je - sus, And lay down thy load at His feet,
2. Re - joice in His won - der - ful mer - cy, Thy soul from its sorrow re - lieved,
3. Let Christ be thy gracious Companion, Keep close to His side, day by day;
4. O, fel - low-ship precious and ho - ly, His life, o-ver-flow-ing in love,

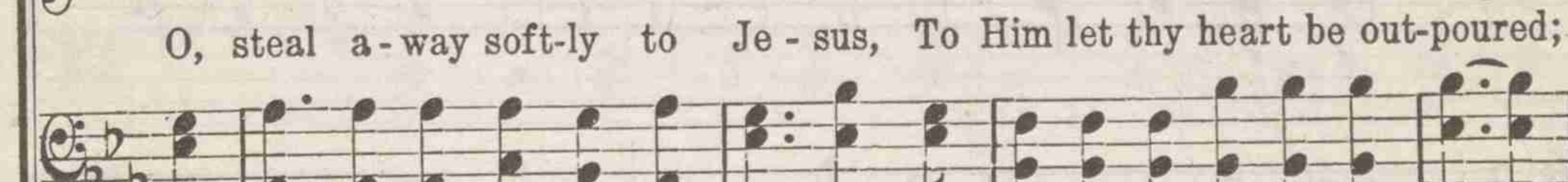

Where Cal - va-ry's cross is up - lift - ed, Find par-don and comforting sweet.  
Then, turn-ing in love to thy neigh-bor, Give free-ly, as thou hast re-ceived.  
The Fount-ain, un-seen, of the bless-ings That brighten and gladden the way.  
Shall bring to the need-y a-round thee Fair sunbeams and bloom from a-bove.




### CHORUS.



O, steal a-way soft-ly to Je - sus, To Him let thy heart be out-poured;

Thy Fa-ther, who seeth in se - cret, Shall give thee a gracious re - ward.



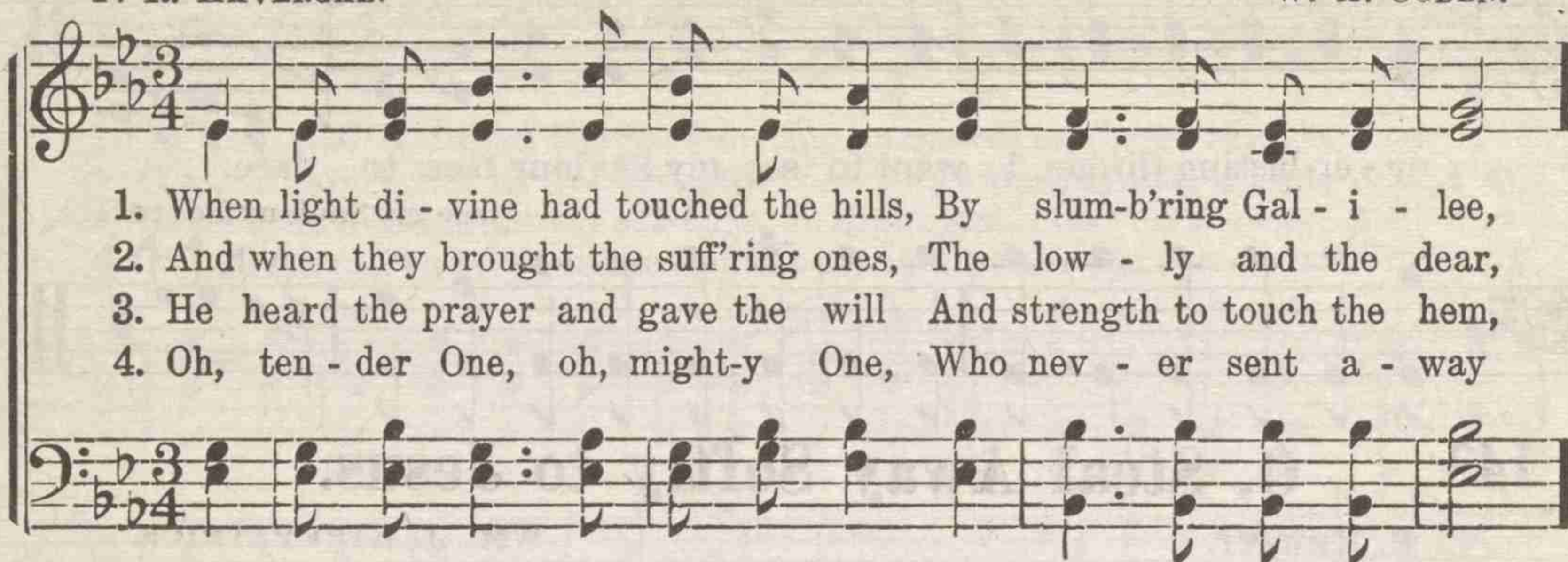


## Sing of the Mighty One.

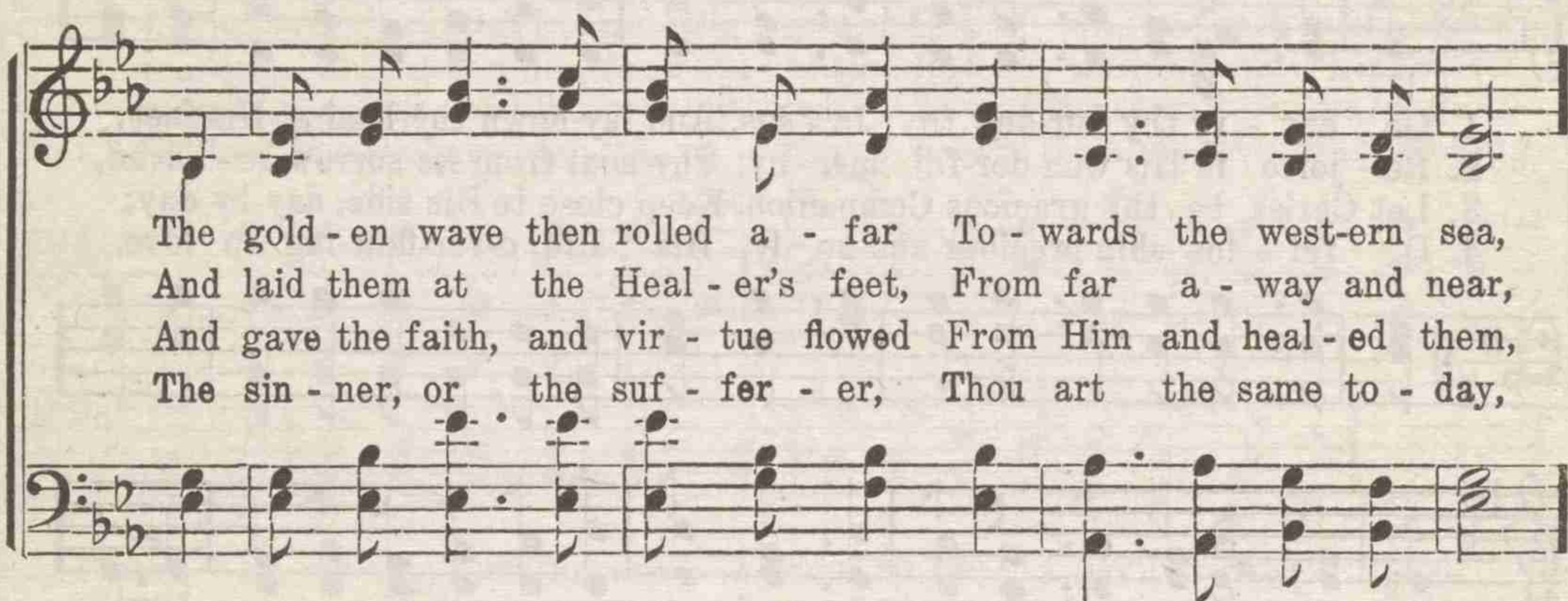
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F. R. HAVERGAL.

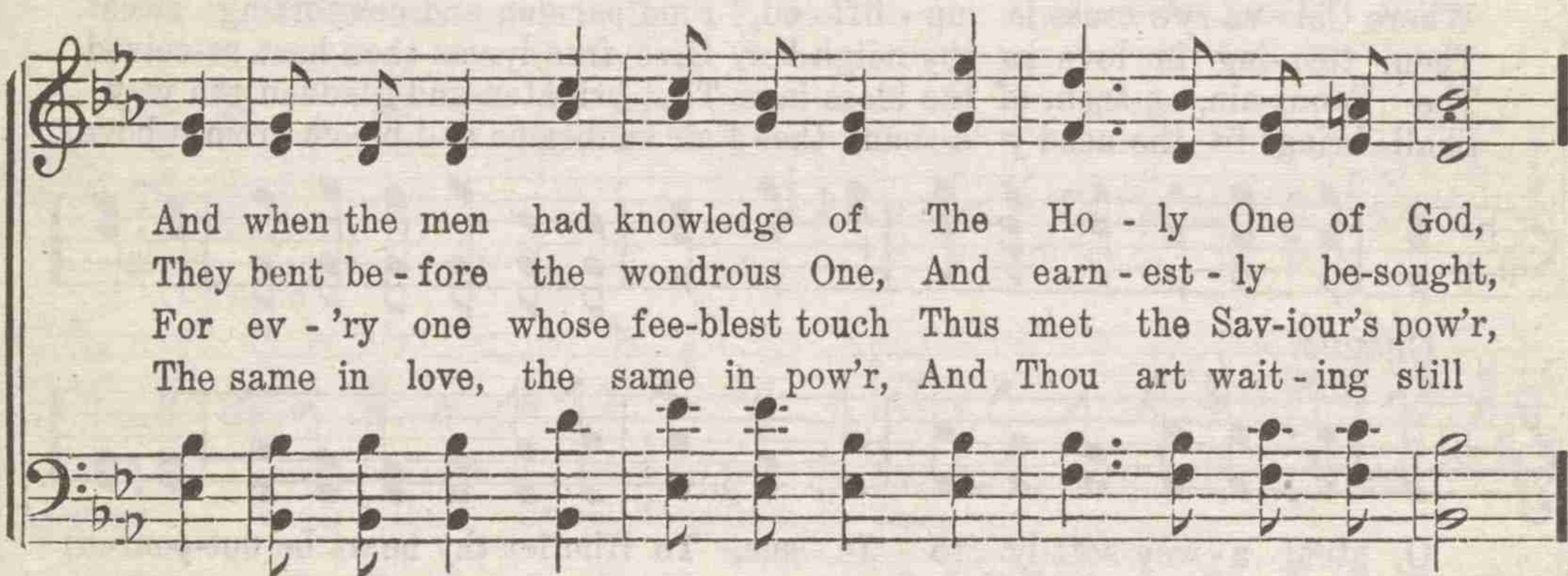
W. A. OGDEN.



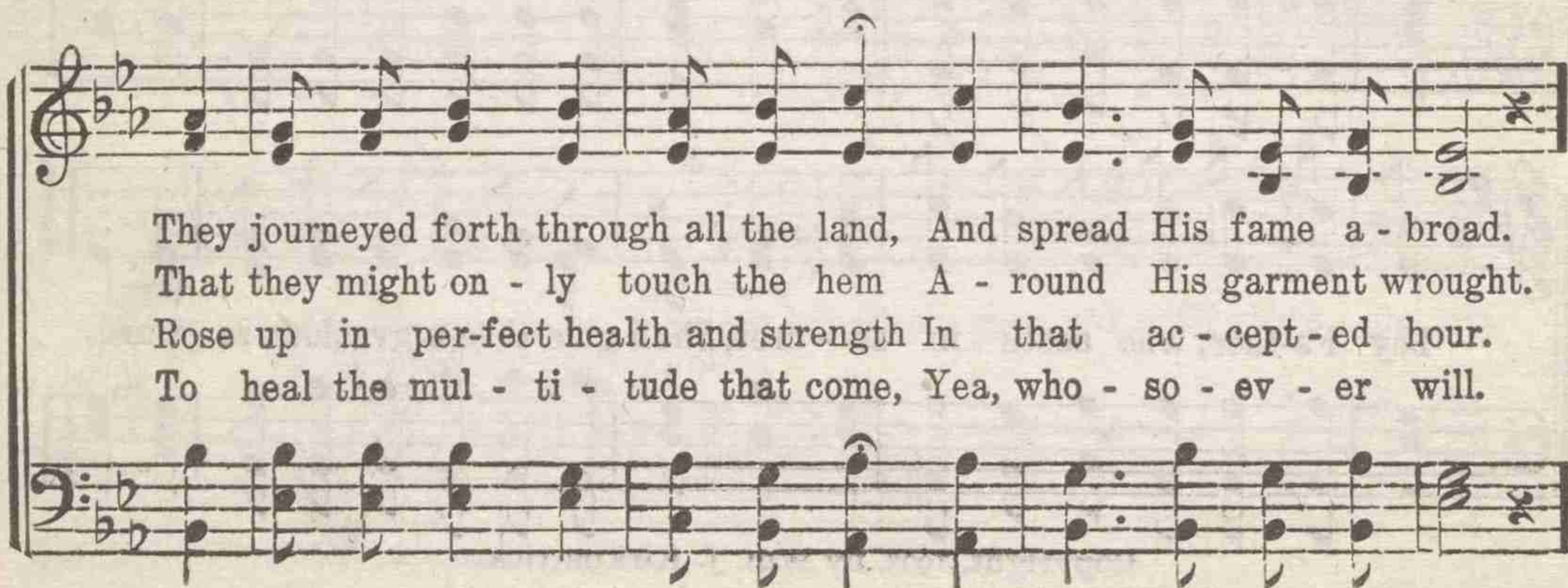
1. When light di - vine had touched the hills, By slum-b'ring Gal - i - lee,  
 2. And when they brought the suff'ring ones, The low - ly and the dear,  
 3. He heard the prayer and gave the will And strength to touch the hem,  
 4. Oh, ten - der One, oh, might-y One, Who nev - er sent a - way



The gold - en wave then rolled a - far To - wards the west-ern sea,  
 And laid them at the Heal - er's feet, From far a - way and near,  
 And gave the faith, and vir - tue flowed From Him and heal - ed them,  
 The sin - ner, or the suf - fer - er, Thou art the same to - day,



And when the men had knowledge of The Ho - ly One of God,  
 They bent be - fore the wondrous One, And earn - est - ly be-sought,  
 For ev - 'ry one whose fee-blest touch Thus met the Sav-iour's pow'r,  
 The same in love, the same in pow'r, And Thou art wait - ing still



They journeyed forth through all the land, And spread His fame a - broad.  
 That they might on - ly touch the hem A - round His garment wrought.  
 Rose up in per-fect health and strength In that ac - cept - ed hour.  
 To heal the mul - ti - tude that come, Yea, who - so - ev - er will.



# Sing of the Mighty One. Concluded.

CHORUS. *Spirited.*

0 sing of the lov - ing One! 0 sing of the lov - ing One!

0 sing of the might - y One, He's just the same to - day!

145

## The Redeemed in Heaven.

MARY L. DUNCAN.

FREDERICK MARC ANTOINE VENUA.

1. Lo! round the throne a glo - rious band, The saints in count - less
2. Thro' trib - u - la - tion great they came; They bore the cross, de-
3. They see the Sav - iour face to face; They sing the tri - umph
4. O may we tread the sa - cred road That ho - ly saints and

myr - iads stand; Of ev - 'ry tongue, redeemed to God, Ar-rayed in  
spised the shame; But now from all their la - bors rest, In God's e -  
of His grace; And day and night, with ceaseless praise, To Him their  
mar - tyrs trod; Wage to the end the glo - rious strife, And win, like

garments washed in blood, Ar-rayed in gar - ments washed in blood.  
ter - nal glo - ry blest, In God's e - ter - nal glo - ry blest.  
loud ho - san - nas raise, To Him their loud ho - san - nas raise.  
them, a crown of life, And win, like them, a crown of life!





1. God's an - ger now is turned a-way, My sins are un-der the blood!
2. How sweet the Lord's a - lone to be! My sins are un-der the blood!
3. In ev - 'ry step His hand doth lead, My sins are un-der the blood!
4. When sorrow's waves around me roll, My sins are un-der the blood!
5. He'll keep me faith-ful to the end, My sins are un-der the blood!



My dark - ness He has changed to day, My sins are un-der the blood!  
 What joy to know He cleans - es me! My sins are un-der the blood!  
 And He sup-plies my ev - 'ry need, My sins are un-der the blood!  
 In per - fect peace He keeps my soul, My sins are un-der the blood!  
 And when in death He'll be my Friend, My sins are un-der the blood!



## CHORUS.



My sins,..... my sins,..... My sins are un-der the blood!....  
 My sins, my sins are under the blood, My guilt is gone and my soul is free;

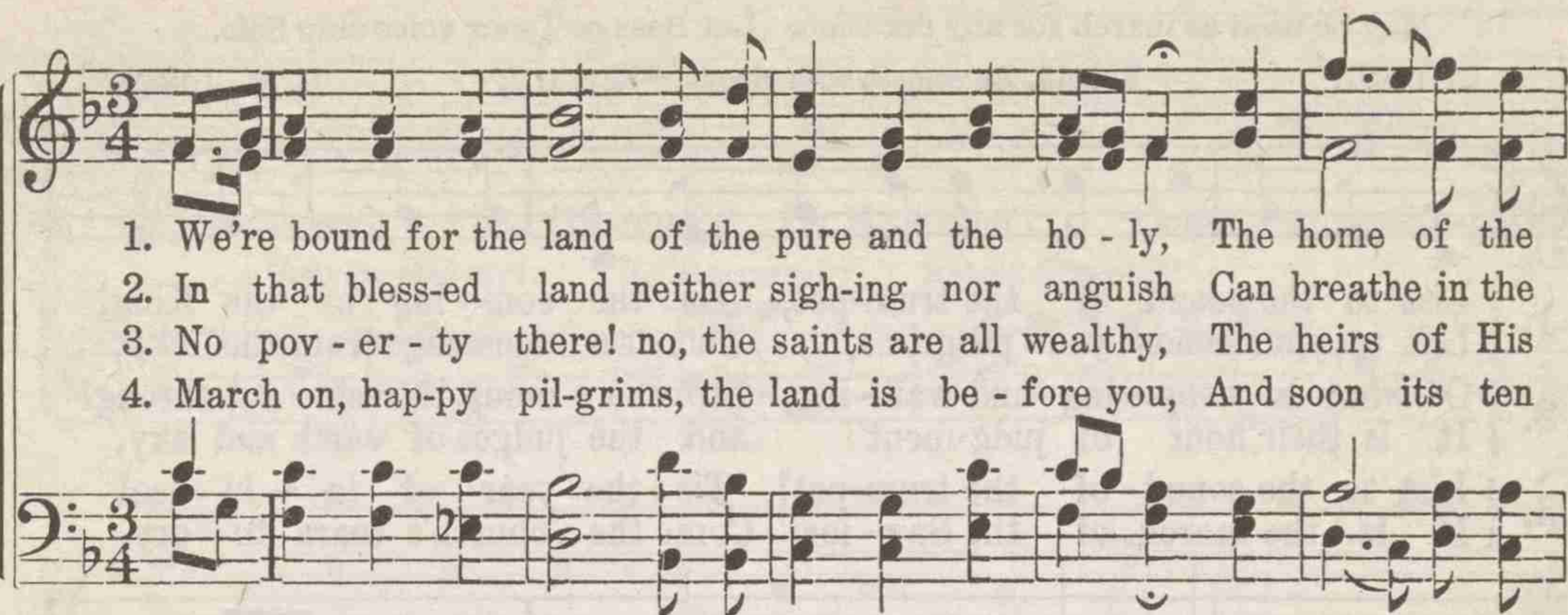


My peace,..... my peace,.... My peace is made with God.  
 My peace, my peace is made with God, For the Lord has par-doned me.





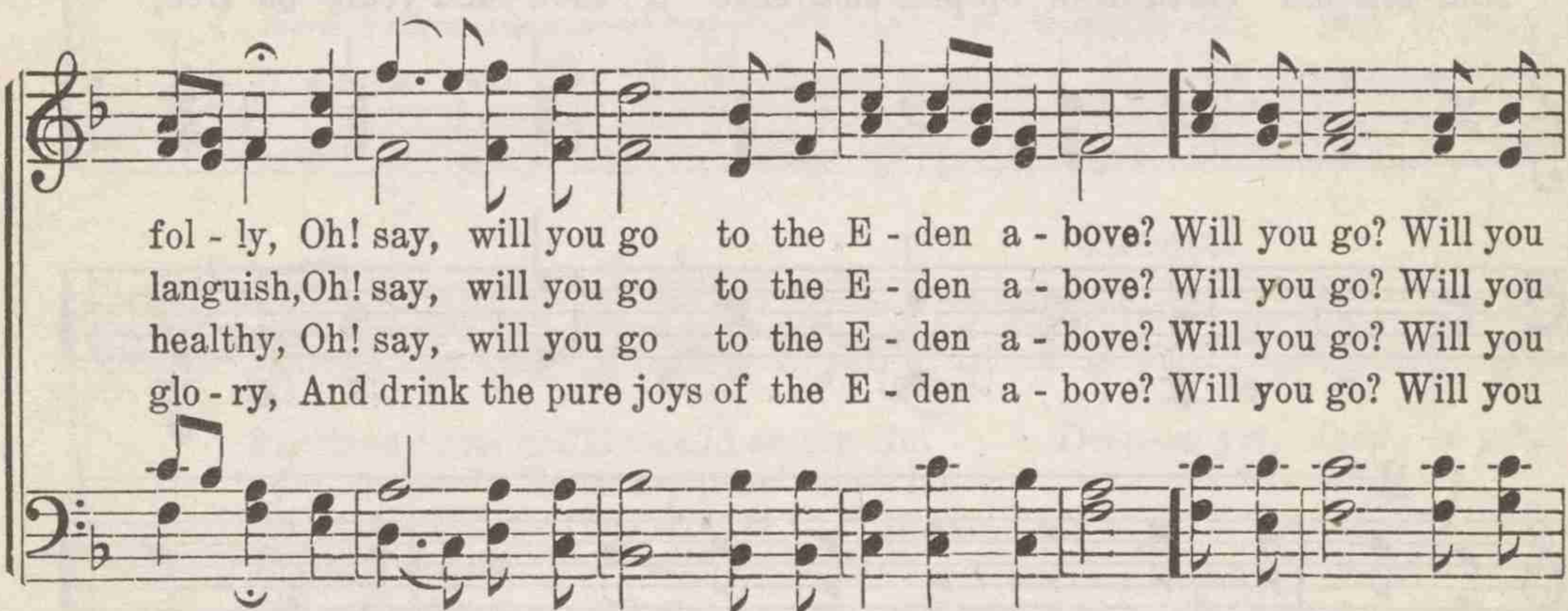
## The Eden Above.



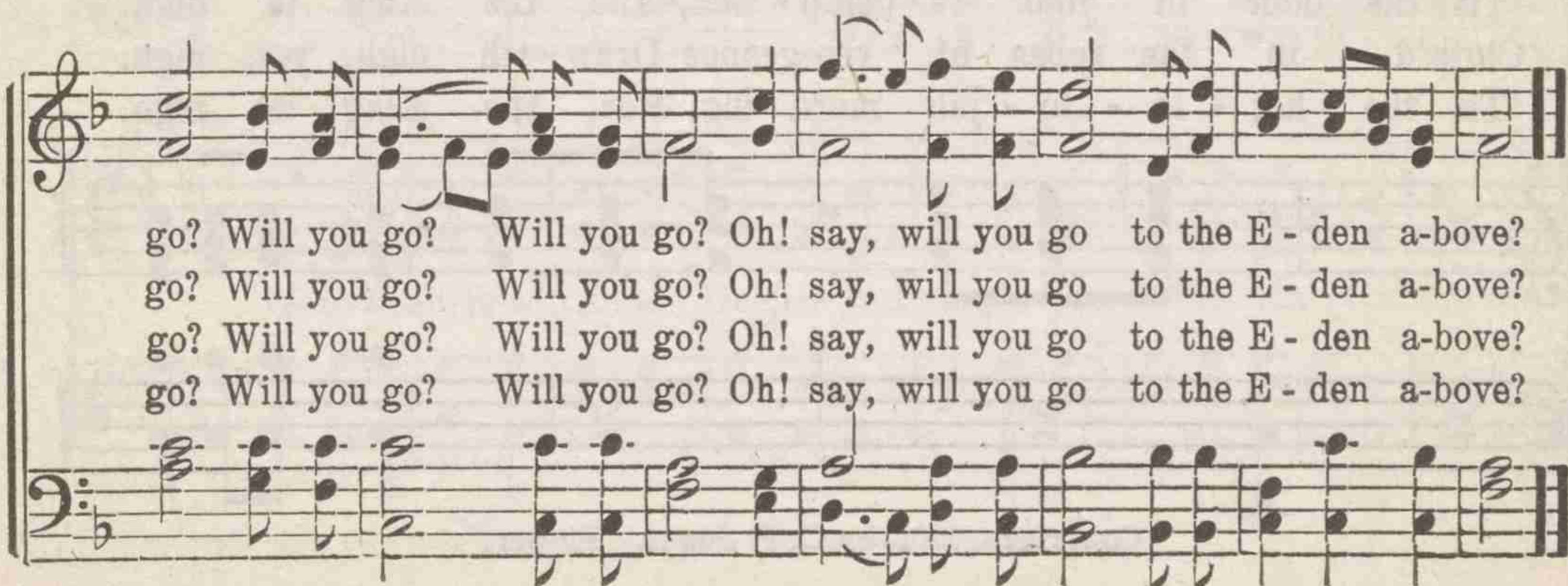
1. We're bound for the land of the pure and the ho - ly, The home of the  
 2. In that bless-ed land neither sigh-ing nor anguish Can breathe in the  
 3. No pov - er - ty there! no, the saints are all wealthy, The heirs of His  
 4. March on, hap-py pil-grims, the land is be - fore you, And soon its ten



hap - py, the king-dom of love, Ye wand'ers from God in the broad road of  
 fields where the glori - fied rove; Ye heart-burdened ones, who in mis - e - ry  
 glo - ry whose na-ture is love; No sickness can reach them, that country is  
 thousand de-lights we shall prove; Yes, soon we shall march o'er the hills of bright



fol - ly, Oh! say, will you go to the E - den a - bove? Will you go? Will you  
 languish, Oh! say, will you go to the E - den a - bove? Will you go? Will you  
 healthy, Oh! say, will you go to the E - den a - bove? Will you go? Will you  
 glo - ry, And drink the pure joys of the E - den a - bove? Will you go? Will you



go? Will you go? Will you go? Oh! say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?  
 go? Will you go? Will you go? Oh! say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?  
 go? Will you go? Will you go? Oh! say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?  
 go? Will you go? Will you go? Oh! say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?



## The March of Zion's King.

May be used as march for any occasion. Let Bass or Tenor voice sing Solo.

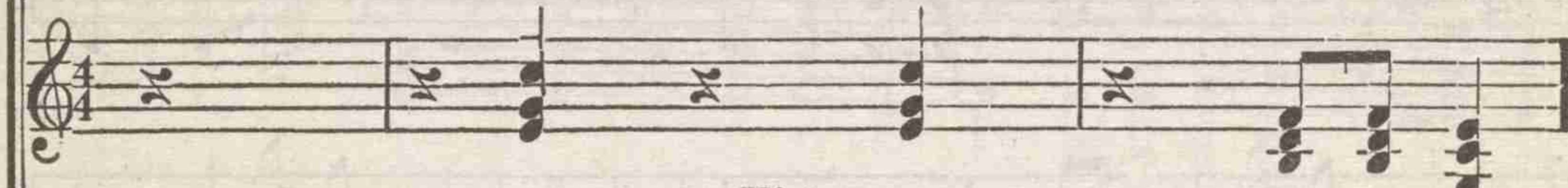
C. P. J.

Behold, He cometh with clouds.—Rev. 1: 7.

C. P. JONES.

*Allegretto.*

1. { List to the sound of the trum-pet, 'Tis the com-ing of the King!  
Lift up your heads ye pil-grims, There's a mes-sage from the sky;
2. { O what a weep-ing and wail-ing, From a-mong the sin-ful throng!  
It is their hour of judg-ment and the judge of earth and sky,
3. { List to the sound of the trum-pet! 'Tis the year of ju-bi-leel!  
It is the march of the Sav-ior, Come the church's tears to dry,

*Virtuoso.*

List how the saints are shout-ing, and the ver-y heav-ens ring.  
They have no part for-ev-er in the saints' re-demp-tion song.  
And this old earth from op-pres-sion shall a thou-sand years be free;



'Tis the hour of your re-demp-tion, And the King is nigh.  
Cloth'd in the robes of ven-geance Draw-eth nigh, yes, nigh.  
'Tis the hal-le-lu-jah morn-ing, For the King is nigh.





# The March of Zion's King.



Lo, He comes! Lo, He comes! Lo, He comes! Coming to earth a-gain!  
Hear the glad cry! Lo, He comes! Behold Him nigh!




Shout ye ran-somed! hail the com-ing of the King! (of the King!)

149


## 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, Following him each day; What I ask  
4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray



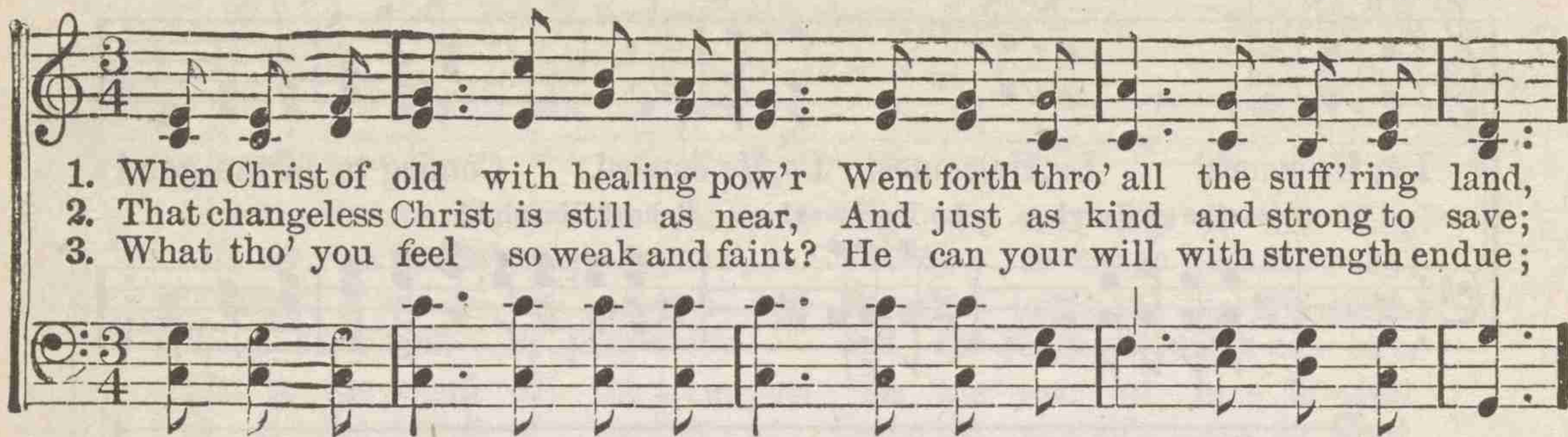
CHORUS.

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

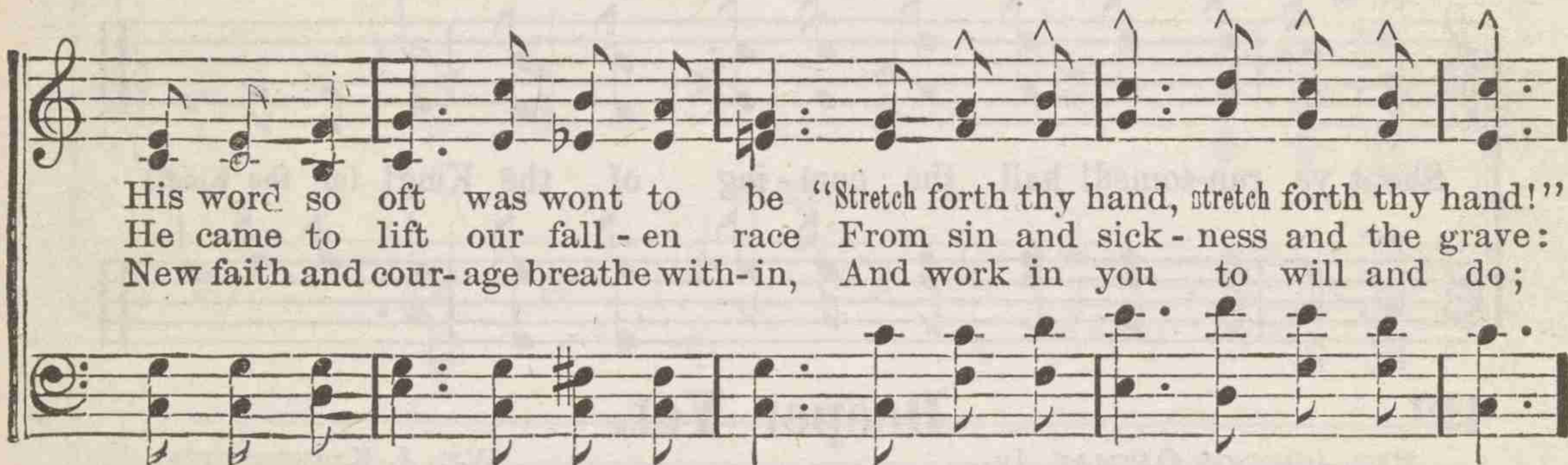


In-to the crimson flood; Deeper yet, deeper yet, Under the precious blood.

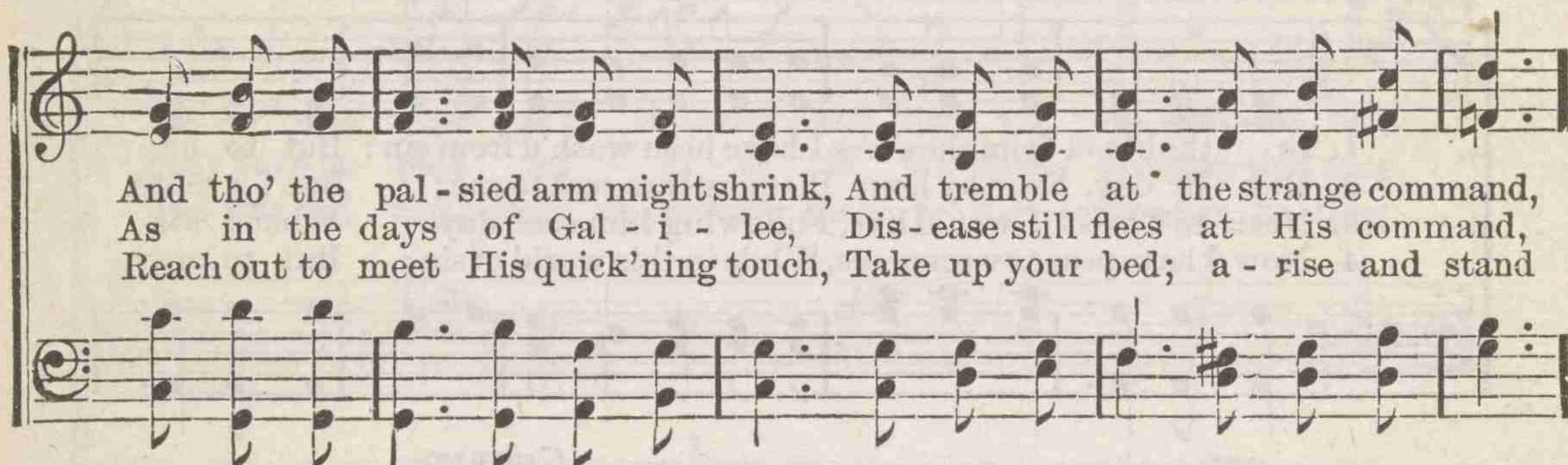




1. When Christ of old with healing pow'r Went forth thro' all the suff'ring land,  
 2. That changeless Christ is still as near, And just as kind and strong to save;  
 3. What tho' you feel so weak and faint? He can your will with strength endue;



His word so oft was wont to be "Stretch forth thy hand, stretch forth thy hand!"  
 He came to lift our fall-en race From sin and sick-ness and the grave:  
 New faith and cour-age breathe with-in, And work in you to will and do;



And tho' the pal-sied arm might shrink, And tremble at the strange command,  
 As in the days of Gal-i-lee, Dis-ease still flees at His command,  
 Reach out to meet His quick'ning touch, Take up your bed; a-rise and stand



The heal-ing touch was on-ly felt, While stretching forth the withered hand.  
 But ere His touch your frame can feel, You too must still stretch forth your hand.  
 And pressing thro' to meet your Lord, Stretch forth thy hand, stretch forth thy hand.

## CHORUS.



O suf-f'ring one,..... stretch forth thy hand,.....  
 O suf-f'ring one, stretch forth thy hand,



## Stretch Forth thy Hand.—Concluded.

Up - on His prom - - - ise take your stand,..... At His com-  
Up - on His prom-ise, O take your stand,

mand.....stretch forth thy hand, And Christ shall make you whole.....  
O take the stand, stretch forth thy hand, make you whole.

### 151 Christ Is All

1. I entered once a home of care,  
For age and penury were there,  
Yet peace and joy withal;  
I asked the lonely mother whence  
Her helpless widowhood's defense;  
She told me "Christ was all."

#### CHORUS:

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

2. I stood beside a dying bed,  
Where lay a child with aching  
head,  
Waiting for Jesus' call;  
I marked his smile, 'twas sweet  
as May,  
And as his spirit passed away,  
He whispered, "Christ is all."
3. I saw the martyr at the stake;  
The flames could not his courage  
shake,  
Nor death his soul appall;  
I asked him whence his strength  
was giv'n,  
He looked triumphantly to heav'n,  
And answered "Christ is all."
4. I saw the gospel herald go  
To Afric's sand and Greenland's  
snow,  
To save from Satan's thrall;  
Nor home nor life he counted dear,  
'Midst want and perils owned no  
fear,  
He felt that "Christ is all."

5. Then come to Christ, "oh, come  
today!"  
The Father, Son and Spirit say,  
The Bride repeats the call;  
For He will cleanse your guilty  
stains,  
His love will soothe your weary  
pains,  
For "Christ is all in all."

### 152 A Shelter in the Time of Storm

1. The Lord's our Rock in Him we  
hide,  
A shelter in the time of storm;  
Secure whatever ill betide,  
A shelter in the time of storm.

#### CHORUS:

- Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary  
land  
A weary land, a weary land;  
Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary  
land,  
A shelter in the time of storm.
2. A shade by day, defense by night,  
A shelter in the time of storm;  
No fears alarm, no foes a-fright,  
A shelter in the time of storm.
  3. The raging storms may round us  
beat,  
A shelter in the time of storm;  
We'll never leave our safe retreat,  
A shelter in the time of storm.
  4. O Rock divine, O Refuge dear,  
A shelter in the time of storm;  
Be Thou our helper ever near,  
A shelter in the time of storm.



E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*Moderato.*

1. Lord, keep my soul from day to day, Un-der the blood, un-der the blood;
2. The sinner's ref-uge here a-lone, Un-der the blood, un-der the blood;
3. Lord, with thyself my spir - it fill, Un-der the blood, un-der the blood;
4. Sweet peace abides with-in the heart, Un-der the blood, un-der the blood;
5. The Ho - ly Spir-it, hour by hour, Un-der the blood, un-der the blood;



Take doubt and fear and sin a-way, Un - der the precious blood.  
 Here Je-sus makes sal-va-tion known, Un - der the precious blood.  
 And work in me to do thy will, Un - der the precious blood.  
 And gifts di-vine their joy im-part, Un - der the precious blood.  
 Ex - erts his sanc - ti - fy - ing power, Un - der the precious blood.



## CHORUS.



Under the blood, the precious blood, Un-der the cleansing, healing flood;



Keep me, Saviour, from day to day, Un - der the precious blood.







1. Oh, the joy of sins for-giv'n, Oh, the bliss the blood-wash'd know,
2. Now with Je - sus cru - ci - fied, At His feet I'm rest - ing low;
3. Oh, this pre - cious per-fect love! How it keeps the heart a - glow
4. Oh, to lean on Je - sus' breast, While the tem - pests come and go!
5. Cleans'd from ev - 'ry sin and stain, Whit - er than the driv - en snow,



Oh, the peace a - kin the heav'n, Where the heal-ing wa - ters flow.  
 Let me ev - er-more a - bide Where the heal-ing wa - ters flow.  
 Stream-ing from the fount a - bove, Where the heal-ing wa - ters flow.  
 Here is bless - ed peace and rest, Where the heal-ing wa - ters flow.  
 Now I sing my sweet re - frain, Where the heal-ing wa - ters flow.



## CHORUS.



Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow, Where the  
 Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow, Where the heal-ing wa - ters flow, Where the



joys . . . ce - les - tial glow; Oh, there's peace . . . and  
 joys celestial glow, Where the joys celestial glow; Oh, there's peace and rest and love,



rest and love, Where the heal - ing wa-ters flow.  
 Oh, there's peace and rest and love, Where the healing waters flow, Where the healing waters flow!





# No. 155.

# The Gate Ajar.

S. J. Vall.



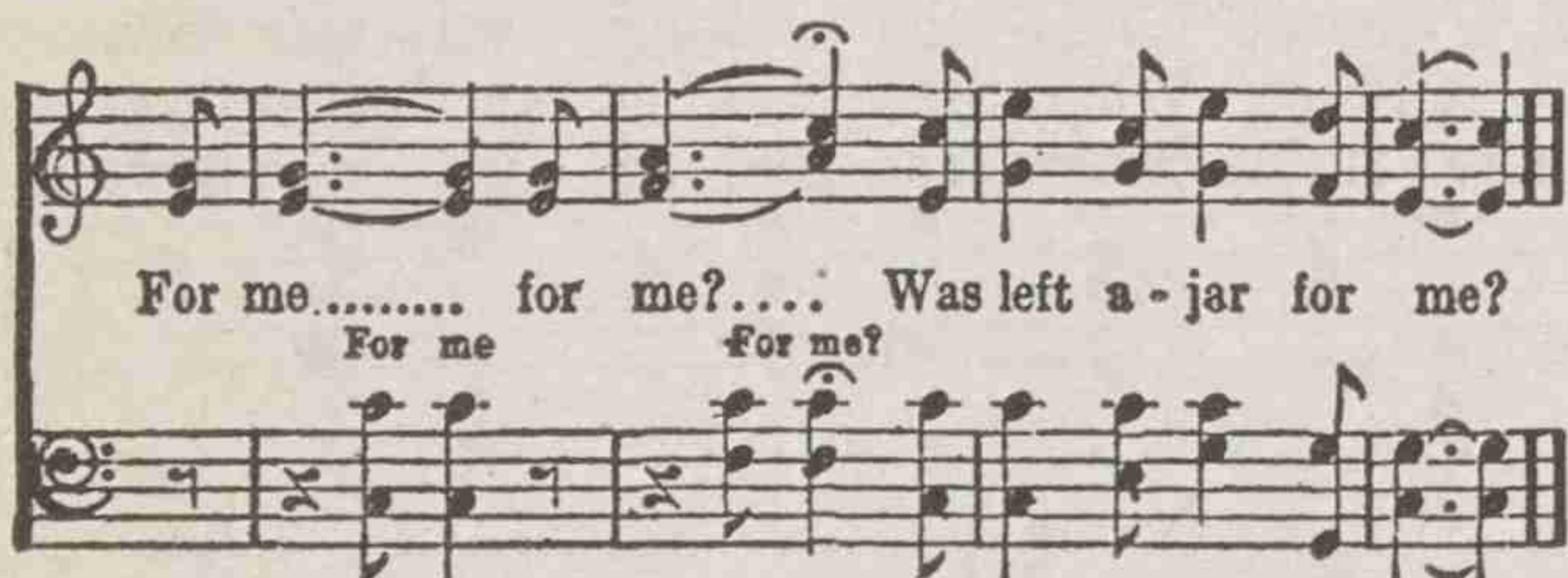
1. There is a gate that stands a-jar, And, thro' its portals gleam-ing; A radiance from the Cross a - far
2. That gate a - jar stands free for all Who seek thro' it sal - va - tion; The rich and poor, the great and small,



## REFRAIN.



The Sav-ior's love re - veal - ing. O depths of mer-cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?  
Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.



For me..... for me?.... Was left a - jar for me?  
For me For me?

- 3 Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown,  
While mercy's gate is open,  
Accept the cross, and win the crown,  
Love's everlasting token.
- 4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay  
The cross that here is given,  
And bear the crown of life away,  
And love Him more in Eden.

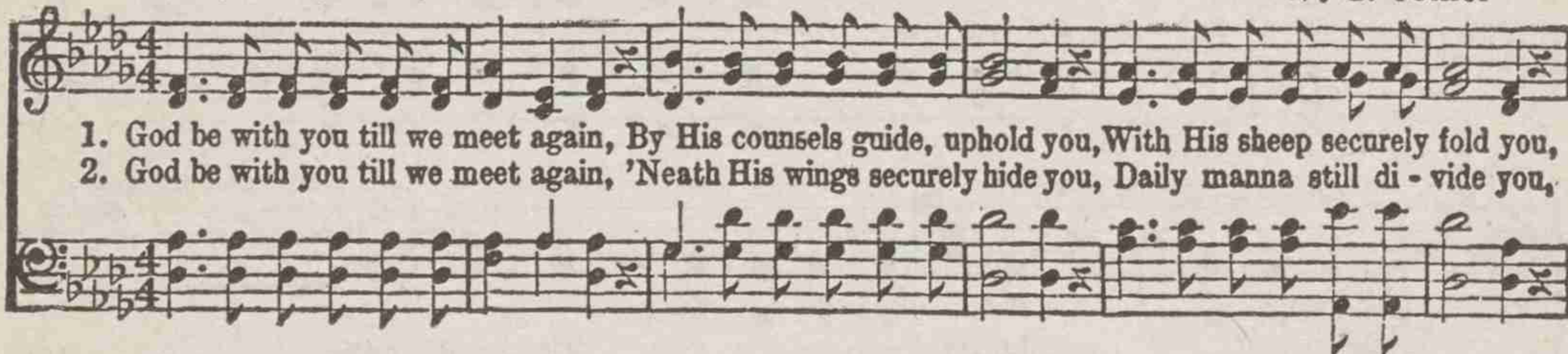
# 156

# God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

COPYRIGHT, BY J. E. RANKIN, D. D.  
USED BY PER.

W. G. Tomer



1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep securely fold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings securely hide you, Daily manna still di - vide you,



God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet.... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus'  
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,



feet; God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
till we meet;

- 3 God be with you till we meet again,  
When life's perils thick confound you,  
Put His arms unfailing round you,  
God be with you till we meet again.
- 4 God be with you till we meet again,  
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,  
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,  
God be with you till we meet again.



## Remembered Blessings.

Words and Melody by  
GEO. L. BROWN.Arranged by  
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I sang, one day, a sad sweetsong, 'Twas at the twi-light hour;....  
 2. So filled was I, I sang no more, My heart o'erflowed with bliss;....  
 3. Thus, oft my Saviour comes to me, When all is lone and still;....  
 4. I praise the Lord, the fire still burns With Pen - te - cos - tal flame;...

A flame of love came gen - tly down—I felt its melt-ing pow'r.  
 With tear - ful eye and throbbing breast I knelt in thank-ful-ness.  
 Each bless-ing makes me long the more To do His ho - ly will.  
 The al - tar of my soul's a - glow, All glo - ry to His name.

## CHORUS.

O the bless-ing and the pow-er that the Lord gave me then, I

nev-er shall for-get, I nev-er shall for-get; E - ven now 'tis stealing

o - ver me a - gain and a - gain, It lin-gers with me yet.





1. Oh, how sweet the glo - rious mes - sage, Sim - ple faith may claim;  
 2. He who was the friend of sin - ners, Seeks thee, lost one, now;  
 3. Oft on earth He healed the suf - f'rer, By His might - y hand;  
 4. As of old He walked to Em - maus, With them to a - bide;



Yes - ter - day, to - day, for - ev - er, Je - sus is the same.  
 Sin - ner, come, and at His foot - stool, Pen - i - tent - ly bow.  
 Still our sick - ness - es and sor - rows, Go at His com - mand.  
 So through all life's way He walk - eth, Ev - er near our side.



Still He loves to save the sin - ful, Heal the sick and lame;  
 He who said, "I'll not con - demn thee, Go and sin no more;"  
 He who gave His heal - ing vir - tue, To a wo - man's touch;  
 Soon a - gain we shall be - hold Him, Has - ten, Lord, the day!



Cheer the mourn - er, still the tem - pest; Glo - ry to His name!  
 Speaks to thee that word of par - don, As in days of yore.  
 To the faith that claims His ful - ness, Still will give as much.  
 But 'twill still be "this same Je - sus," As He went a - way.



## CHORUS.



Yes - ter - day, to - day, for - ev - er, Je - sus is the same,



All may change, but Je - sus nev - er! Glo - ry to His name





## Yesterday, To-day, Forever.—Concluded.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key with one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the Treble staff, and the bass line is in the Bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;

All may change, but Je - sus nev - er! Glo - ry to His name.

### 159 The Home Over There

1. Oh, think of the home over there,  
By the side of the river of light,  
Where the saints, all immortal and  
fair,  
Are robed in their garments of  
white.

#### REFRAIN:

- Over there, over there,  
Oh, think of the home over there.
2. Oh, think of the friends over there,  
Who before us the journey have  
trod,  
Of the songs that they breathe on  
the air,  
In their home in the palace of  
God.
  3. My Savior is now over there,  
There my kindred and friends  
are at rest;  
Then away from my sorrow and  
care,  
Let me fly to the land of the  
blest.
  4. I'll soon be at home over there,  
For the end of my journey I see;  
Many dear to my heart, over there,  
Are watching and waiting for  
me.

### 160 Sitting at the Feet of Jesus

1. Sitting at the feet of Jesus,  
Oh, what words I hear Him say!  
Happy place, so near, so precious,  
May it find me there each day.  
Sitting at the feet of Jesus,  
I would look upon the past;  
For His love has been so gracious,  
It has won my heart at last.

2. Sitting at the feet of Jesus,  
Where can mortal be more blest?  
There I lay my sins and sorrows,  
And, when weary, find sweet rest;  
Sitting at the feet of Jesus,  
There I love to weep and pray,  
While I from His fullness gather  
Grace and comfort ev'ry day.
3. Bless me, Oh, my Savior, bless me,  
As I sit low at Thy feet,  
Oh, look down in love upon me,  
Let me see Thy face so sweet;  
Give me, Lord, the mind of Jesus,  
Make me holy as He is:  
May I prove I've been with Jesus,  
Who is all my righteousness.

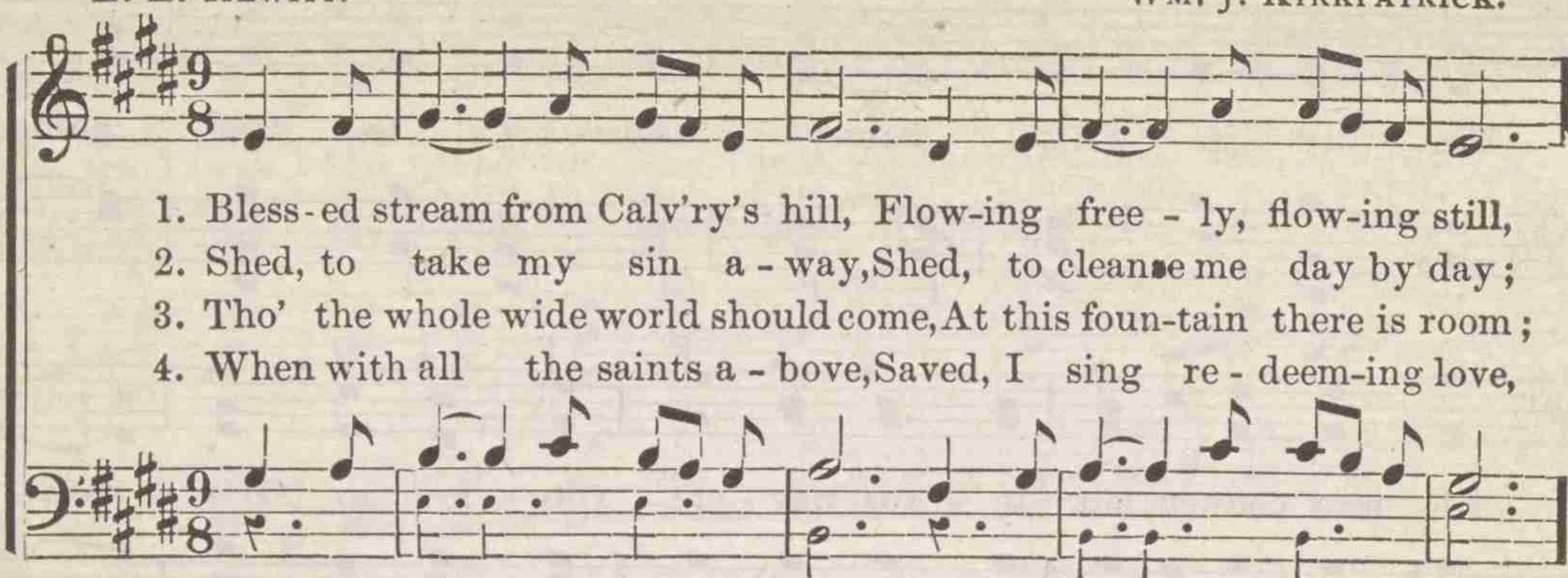
### 161 Pass Me Not

1. Pass me not, O gentle Savior,  
Hear my humble cry;  
While on others thou art smiling,  
Do not pass me by.
- #### CHORUS:
- Savior, Savior,  
Hear my humble cry,  
While on others Thou art calling,  
Do not pass me by.
2. Let me at a throne of mercy  
Find a sweet relief;  
Kneeling there in deep contrition,  
Help my unbelief:
  3. Trusting only in Thy merit,  
Would I seek Thy face;  
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,  
Save me by Thy grace.
  4. Thou the Spring of all my comfort,  
More than life to me,  
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?  
Whom in Heav'n but Thee?

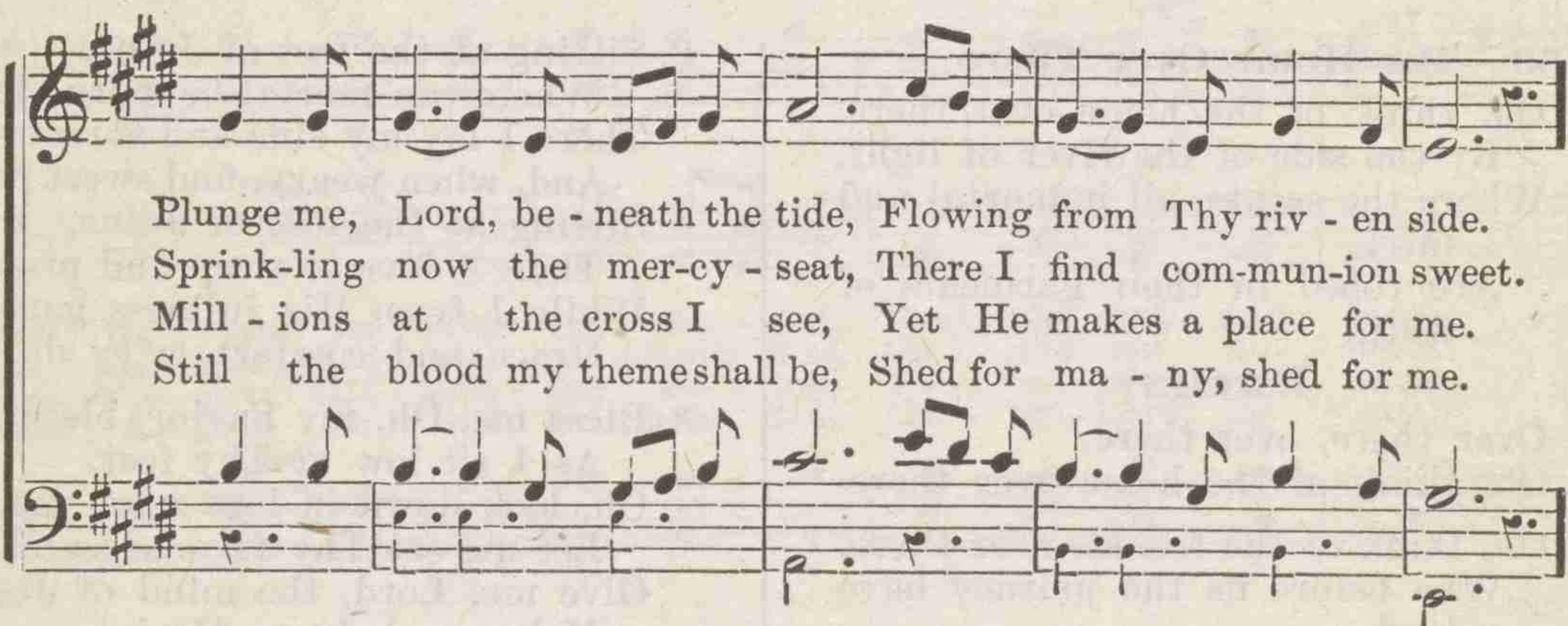


E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Bless-ed stream from Calv'ry's hill, Flow-ing free - ly, flow-ing still,  
 2. Shed, to take my sin a - way, Shed, to cleanse me day by day;  
 3. Tho' the whole wide world should come, At this foun-tain there is room;  
 4. When with all the saints a - bove, Saved, I sing re - deem-ing love,



Plunge me, Lord, be - neath the tide, Flowing from Thy riv - en side.  
 Sprink-ling now the mer-cy - seat, There I find com-mun-ion sweet.  
 Mill - ions at the cross I see, Yet He makes a place for me.  
 Still the blood my themeshall be, Shed for ma - ny, shed for me.

CHORUS.



Pre-cious blood of Cal - va - ry, Shed for man - y, shed for me.



This my all a - vail-ing plea, Je - sus shed His blood for me.



T. H.

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Thoro Harris.



1. Glo - ry, glo-ry! let us mag - ni - fy the Christ, Who hath bo't us by a
2. Glo - ry, glo-ry! He came down to earth from heav'n; To re-deem us ev - 'ry
3. Glo - ry, glo-ry! He is com - ing soon a - gain; Hal - le - lu - jah! O'er the



won-drous sac-ri - fice, Who hath called us since e - ter - ni - ty be - gan,  
 gift in Him was giv'n; "Peace, good will to men," the an - gels sang that morn  
 na-tions He shall reign; I shall hear my Fa-ther's wel-come and "well done,"



## FINE CHORUS.



To ful - fill in us His great redemption plan.  
 When the Prince of peace in Beth-le-hem was born. Ap-proved for-ev - er, when we  
 I shall look in - to the face of His dear Son.



*D. S.—who our full re-demp-tion won.*



stand before the King! Approved for-ev-er, while the bells of glo - ry ring!



D. S.



Ap-proved for-ev - er, thru His be-lov-ed Son; All glo - ry be to Je - sus,



Ap - proved for - ev - er - more,




## Whisperings of Jesus.



"I will betroth thee unto me for ever." HOSEA ii. 19.

D. K. W.

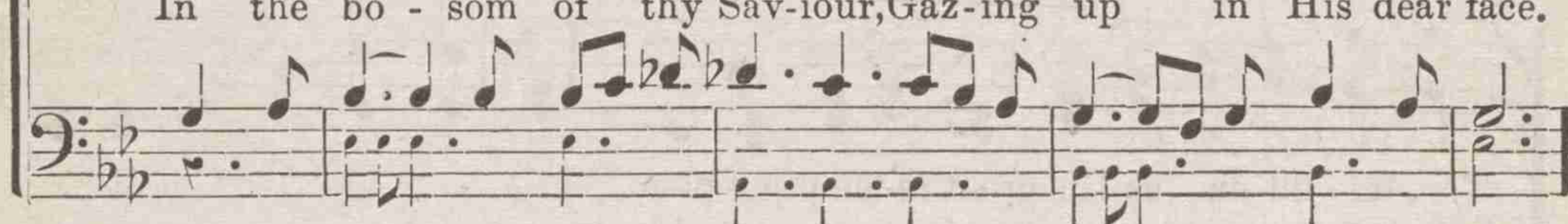
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*With expression.*



1. Not a sound invades the still-ness, Not a form in-vades the scene,  
 2. And with-in those heav'nly places, Calmly hushed in sweet re-pose,  
 3. Wrapt in deep, a - dor-ing si-lence, Je - sus, Lord, I dare not move,  
 4. Rest, then, O my soul, con-tent-ed, Thou hast reach'd thy happy place,



Save the voice of my Be-lov-ed, And the per - son of my King.  
 There I drink with joy ab-sorb-ing, All the love Thou wouldst disclose.  
 Lest I lose the smallest saying Meant to catch the ear of love.  
 In the bo - som of thy Sav-iour, Gaz-ing up in His dear face.




## CHORUS.



Precious, gen - tle, ho - ly Je - sus! Blessed Bridegroom of my heart,  
 Precious, Blessed,

In Thy se - cret in-ner chamber Thou wilt whis - per what Thou art.  
 In Thy Thou wilt





## No. 165.


## Joy Unspeakable.

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B. E. W.

1 Pet. 1: 8.


B. E. WARREN.

*Lively.*



1. I have found His grace is all complete, He sup - pli - eth ev - 'ry need;  
 2. I have found the pleasure I once craved, It is joy and peace with - in;  
 3. I have found that hope so bright and clear, Liv - ing in the realm of grace;  
 4. I have found the joy no tongue can tell, How its waves of glo - ry roll!


While I sit and learn at Je - sus' feet, I am free, yes, free in - deed....  
 What a wondrous blessing! I am saved From the aw - ful gulf of sin....  
 Oh, the Saviour's presence is so near, I can see His smil - ing face....  
 It is like a great o'er - flow - ing well, Springing up with - in my soul....




## CHORUS.




It is joy un - speak - a - ble and full of glo - ry, Full of



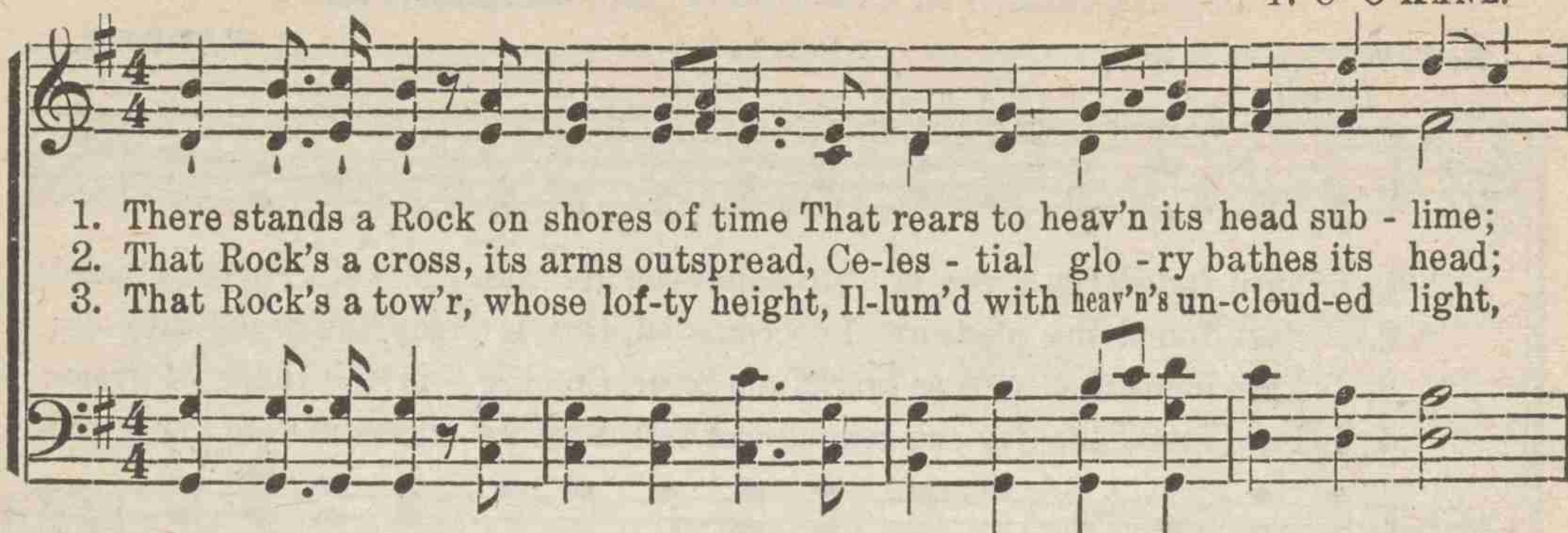
glo - ry, full of glo - ry; It is joy un - speak - a - ble and



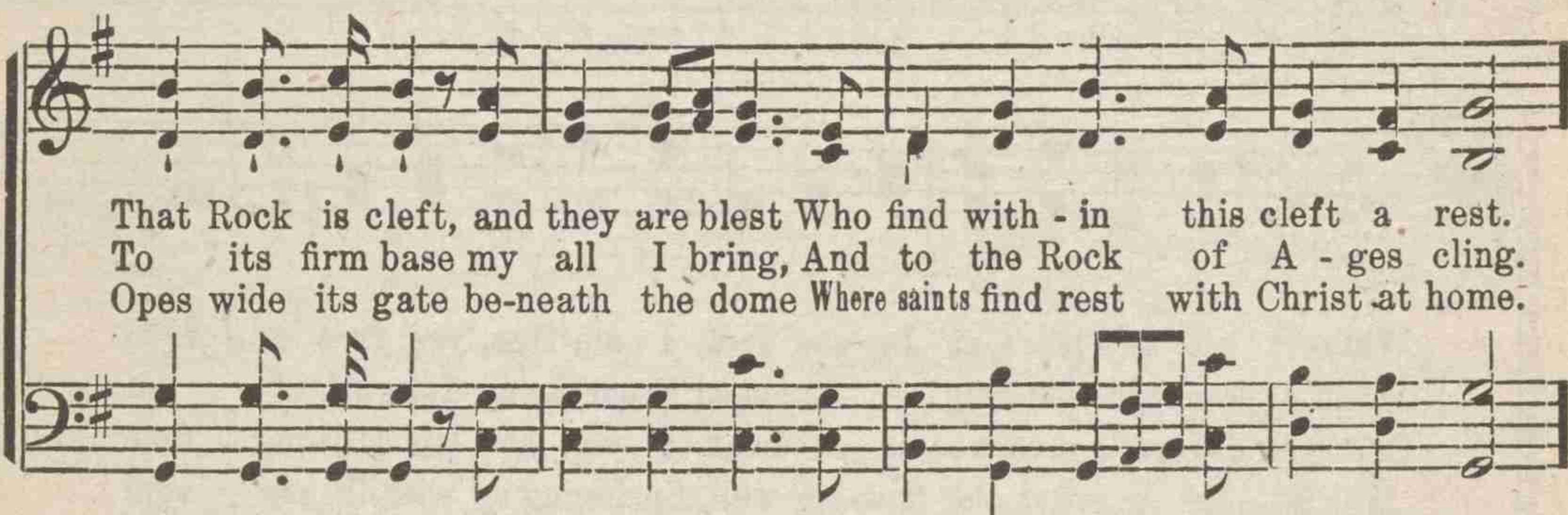
full of glo - ry, Oh, the half has nev - er yet been told.





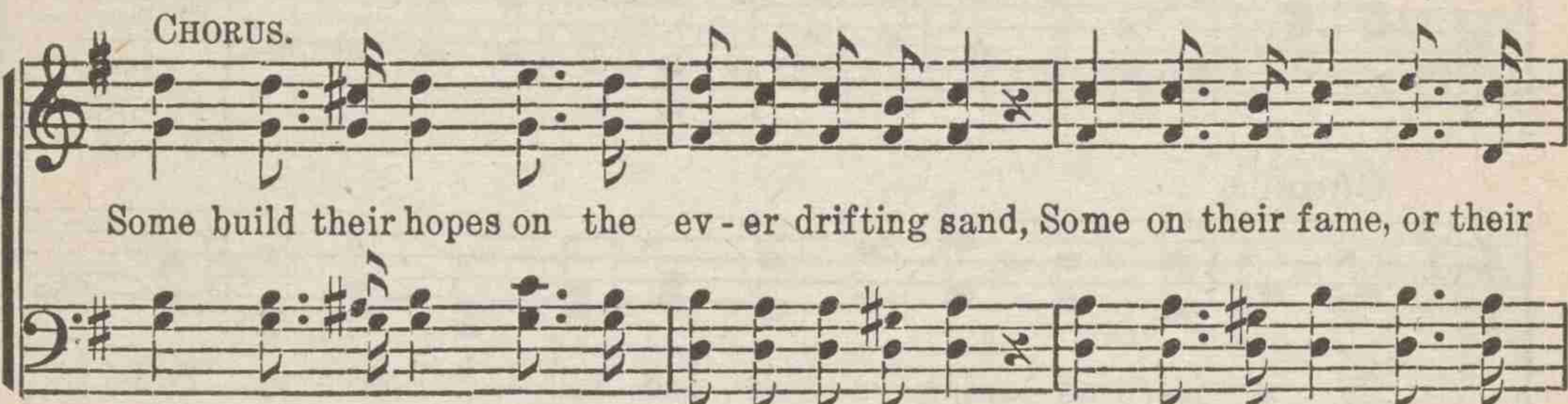


1. There stands a Rock on shores of time That rears to heav'n its head sub - lime;  
 2. That Rock's a cross, its arms outspread, Ce - les - tial glo - ry bathes its head;  
 3. That Rock's a tow'r, whose lof-ty height, Il-lum'd with heav'n's un-cloud-ed light,



That Rock is cleft, and they are blest Who find with - in this cleft a rest.  
 To its firm base my all I bring, And to the Rock of A - ges cling.  
 Opes wide its gate be-neath the dome Where saints find rest with Christ at home.

CHORUS.



Some build their hopes on the ev - er drifting sand, Some on their fame, or their



treas - ure, or their land; Mine's on a Rock that for-



ev - er will stand, Je - sus, the "Rock of A - ges."




## When the Night is Passed Away.


Copyright, 1909, by A. F. Ingler.

Words and Melody by ESTELLE BRYANT.

Arr. by A. F. I.




1. When the light of heav-en's day is ap-pear-ing, And the cit-y  
 2. When the Morn-ing Star doth shine in its glo-ry, And these long-ing  
 3. When the tri-als of the way turn to shin-ing And the cross-es






of our King we shall see; How the earth-ly shad-ows then will be  
 eyes shall see heav-en's King; There'll be deep-er rich-es then in the  
 show the love they con-ceal'd; We'll re-joice He found us worth the re-




CHORUS.



clear-ing, When from pain and death we're free.  
 sto-ry That the saints of earth shall sing. We will join the hal-le-  
 fin-ing, When His glo-ry is re-veal'd.

lu-jahs of the ransomed throng, At the dawn-ing of the morn-ing, And the




an-gel hosts will listen to redemption's song, When the night is pass'd a-way.





## Sweeter as the Years Roll By.

Copyright, 1913, by Hall-Mack Co. International copyright secured.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When up - on bend-ed knee, Je - sus whispered to me, Sweet-er voice I had  
 2. Ev - 'ry day is a joy sin can nev - er de-stroy, Ev - 'ry mo-ment in  
 3. Days may come, they must go, as a tor - rent they flow, Rushing on to e -

nev - er heard; But the years as they roll bring a joy to my soul, As I  
 peace I dwell; But I'm long - ing to stand face to face, hand in hand, With the  
 ter - ni - ty; But the time as it flies, brings me near - er the prize That a -

## CHORUS.

lin - ger up-on His word. For He is sweeter as the years roll by,  
 One whom I love so well.  
 waits when my King I'll see. as the years roll by,

To be worthy of His love I'll try; So I'll love Him more and more,  
 I will try;

As I near the oth - er shore, For He is sweet-er as the years roll by.  
 roll by.





1. Who, who are these be-side the chil-ly wave, Just on the bor-ders
2. These, these are they who in af-flic-tion's woes, Ev-er have found in
3. Safe, safe up-on the ev-er-shin-ing shore, Sin, pain, and death, and
4. May we, O Lord, be now en-tire-ly Thine, Dai-ly from sin be



of the si-lent grave, Shout-ing Je-sus' pow'r to save, Washed in the  
 Je-sus calm re-pose, Such as from a pure heart flows, Washed in the  
 sor-row all are o'er, Hap-py now and ev-er-more, Washed in the  
 kept by pow'r di-vine; Then in heav'n the saints we'll join, Washed in the



## CHORUS.



blood of the Lamb? "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the new Je-ru-sa-lem,



"Washed in the blood of the Lamb,"..... "Sweep-ing thro' the



gates to the New Je-ru-sa-lem, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."





## Look, Ye Saints!

"KINGSTOWN."

THOMAS KELLY (1806).

Cornish Melody.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo - rious; See the "Man of  
 2. Crown the Sav - iour! An - gels, crown Him! Rich the tro - phies  
 3. Sin - ners in der - i - sion crowned Him, Mock - ing thus the  
 4. Hark those bursts of ac - cla - ma - tion! Hark those loud tri-

Sor - rows" now, From the fight re - turn vic - to - rious!  
 Je - sus brings; In the seat of pow'r en - throne Him;  
 Sav - iour's claim; Saints and an - gels crowd a - round Him;  
 umph - ant chords! Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion,

Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow! Crown Him! crown Him!  
 While the vault of heav - en rings! Crown Him! crown Him!  
 Own His ti - tle, praise His name. Crown Him! crown Him!  
 Oh, what joy the sight af - fords! Crown Him! crown Him!


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



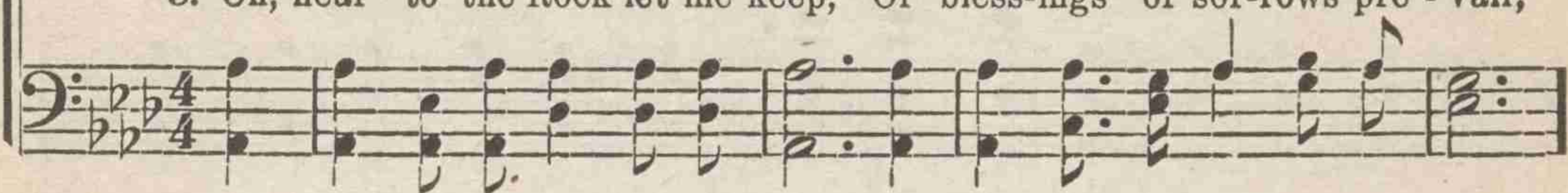
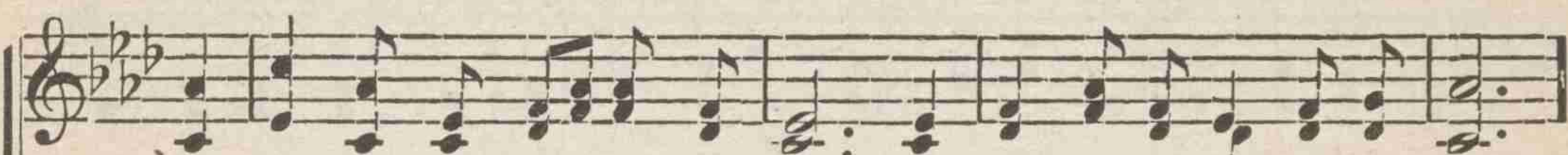
## The Rock That is Higher Than I.

Words by E. JOHNSON.


Music by WM. G. FISCHER.



1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,  
 2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how wea-ry my feet;  
 3. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep, Or bless-ings or sor-rows pre - vail;


And sor-rows, how oft - en they sweep Like tempests down o-ver the soul.  
 But toil-ing in life's dust-y way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!  
 Or climb-ing the mountain-way steep, Or walk - ing the shad-ow-y vale.





CHORUS.




Oh, then to the Rock let me fly, To the  
 let me fly,

Rock that is high - er than I; Oh, then, to the Rock  
 is high - er than I;

let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I.  
 let me fly,







## Trust a Little Longer.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.


J. H. TENNEY, Alt.




1. Up the nar - row heav'n - ly road Climb a lit - tle long - er,  
 2. With a fierce and bit - ter foe, Press the strug - gle long - er,  
 3. 'Mid the dark - ness of earth's night, Walk a lit - tle long - er,




As you on - ward bear your load, Christ will make you stronger; Tho' your courage  
 To the con - flict you must go, By His grace made stronger; Vic - to - ry was  
 In the ab - sence of the light, Let your faith grow stronger; When the day dawn


wane and fail, When the skies look drear - y, Tho' the flesh be weak and frail,  
 won by Christ, When on Cal - v'ry dy - ing; Go and con - quer ev - 'ry sin,  
 shall ap - pear, Thro' the shadows peer - ing, You shall find that He is near,




CHORUS.



Work, and nev - er wea - ry.  
 On His pow'r re - ly - ing. In the love of Christ a - bide, Let your faith grow  
 Com - fort - ing and cheering.

strong - er, Cast a - way all doubt and fear, Trust a lit - tle long - er.





## The New Song.

"They sung as it were a new song before the throne."—REV. 14: 3.

A. T. PIERSON, D. D.

P. P. BLISS.

*Allegretto.*



1. With harps and with vi - als there stand a great throng,
2. All these once were sin - ners, de - filed in His sight;
3. He mak - eth the reb - el a priest and a king,
4. How help - less and hope - less we sin - ners had been,
5. A - loud in His prais - es our voic - es shall ring,



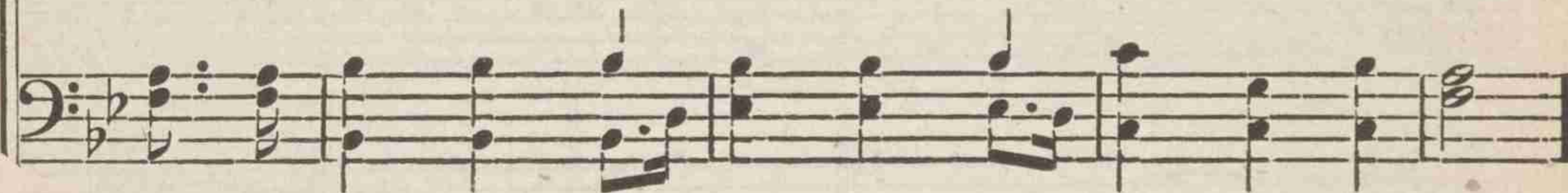
In the pres - ence of Je - sus, and sing this new song.  
 Now ar - ray'd in pure gar - ments, in praise they u - nite.  
 He hath bought us and taught us this new song to sing.  
 If He nev - er had loved us till cleansed from our sin!  
 So that oth - ers, be - liev - ing, this new song shall sing.



CHORUS.



Un - to Him Who hath loved us and washed us from sin,



Un - to Him be the glo - ry for ev - er. A - men!





## My Redeemer.

P. P. BLISS.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. I will sing of my Re - deem - er, And His  
 2. I will tell the won-drous sto - ry, How my  
 3. I will praise my dear Re - deem - er, His tri-  
 4. I will sing of my Re - deem - er, And His



won - drous love to me;..... On the  
 lost..... es - tate to save,..... In His  
 umph - ant pow'r I'll tell,..... How the  
 heav'n - ly love to me;..... He from



cru - el cross He suf - fered, From the  
 bound - less love and mer - cy, He the  
 vic - to - ry He giv - eth, O - ver  
 death to life hath brought me, Son of



curse..... to set me free.....  
 ran - som free - ly gave.....  
 sin,..... and death, and hell.....  
 God,..... with Him to be.....



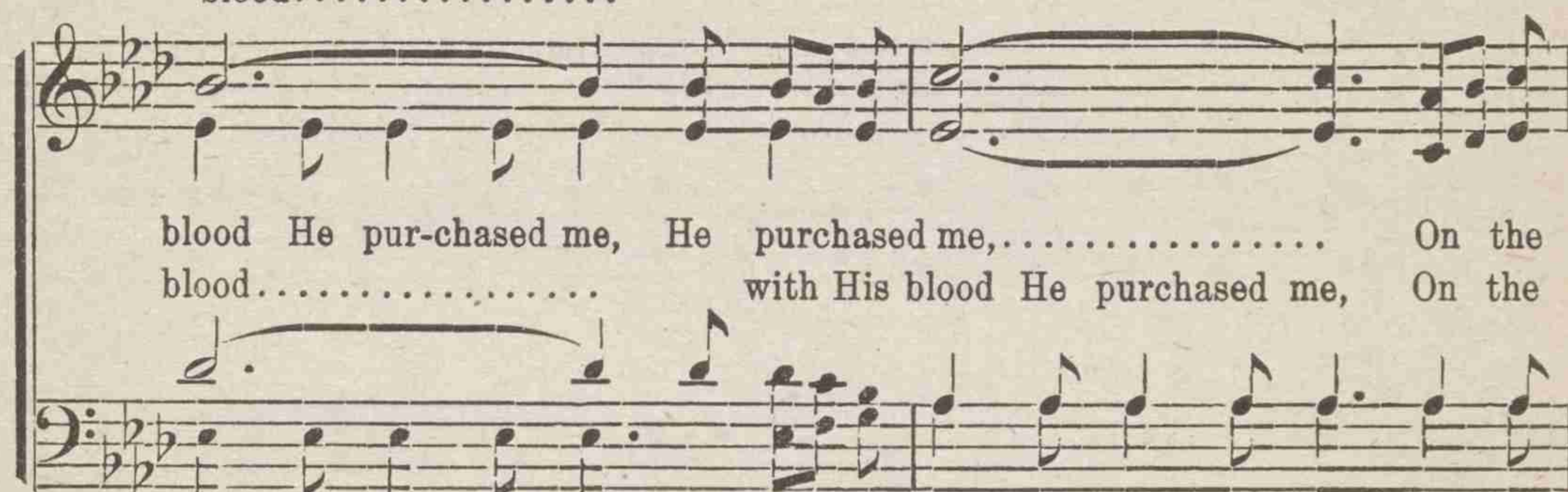
# My Redeemer. Concluded.

## CHORUS.

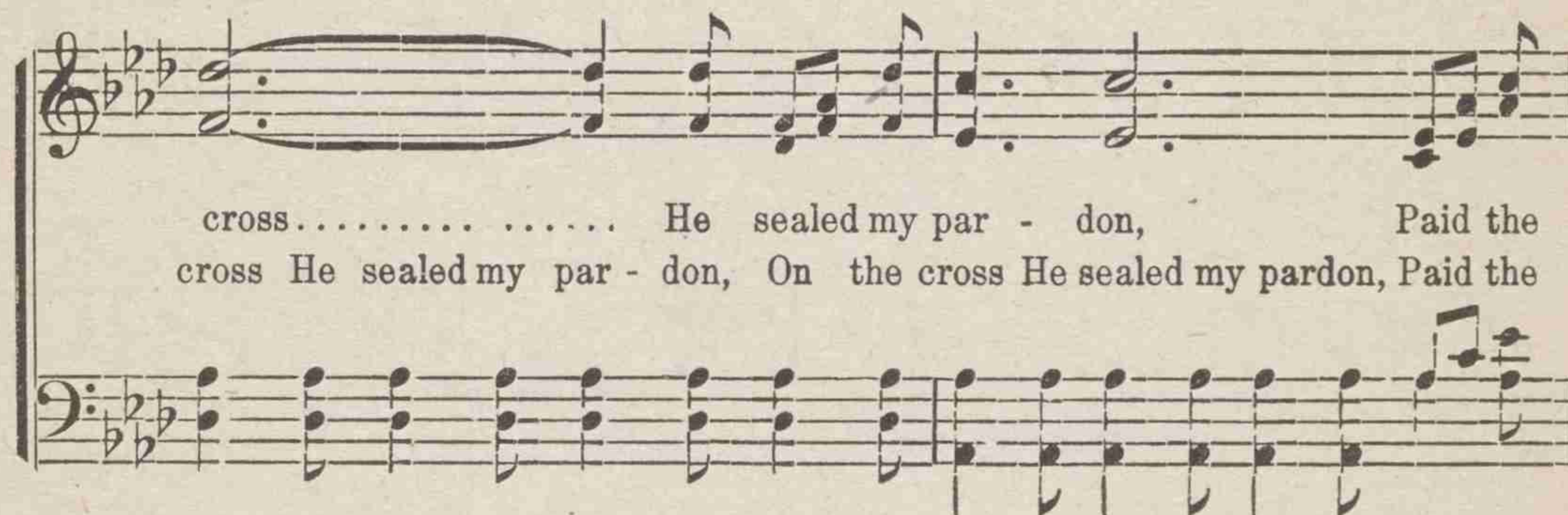


Sing, oh sing,..... of my Re-deem - er, With His  
Sing, oh sing of my Redeemer, Sing, oh sing of my Redeem-er, With His

blood.....



blood He pur-chased me, He purchased me,..... On the  
blood..... with His blood He purchased me, On the



cross..... He sealed my par - don, Paid the  
cross He sealed my par - don, On the cross He sealed my pardon, Paid the

*Repeat pp after last verse.*




debt,..... And made me free,.....  
debt and made me free, and made me free.




## He's Everything to Me.

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HAMP SEWELL.




1. In sin I once had wan-dered all wea-ry, sad and lone, Till Je-sus  
 2. In sin no more I'll wan-der, He's Pi-lot, Friend and Guide, He brings me  
 3. No long-er will I stray from His ten-der, lov-ing care, Like Him to




thro' His mer-cy a-dopt-ed me His own; E'er since I learned to  
 joy and sing-ing, His Spir-it doth a-bide; A bless-ed, lov-ing  
 be my pur-pose, my aim, my con-stant pray'r; And when He bids me

trust Him, His grace doth make me free, And now I feel His par-don,  
 Sav-iour, the Lamb of Cal-va-ry, He purchased my re-demp-tion,  
 wel-come thro'-out e-ter-ni-ty, I'll praise His name for-ev-er,



## CHORUS.



He's ev-'ry-thing to me. He's ev-'ry-thing to me.... From sin He  
 He's all to me,




sets me free.... His peace and love my por-tion thro' all e-ter-ni-  
 He sets me free; e-





## He's Everything to Me. Concluded.

ty!..... He's ev - 'ry-thing' to me..... More than I dream could  
ter - ni - ty! He's all to me,

be;.... O praise His name for - ev - er, He's ev - 'ry-thing to me.  
could be;

## 176 Forever Here My Rest Shall Be.

CHARLES WESLEY.

AVON. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.

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

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




## Joy in My Soul.



Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Sweeney. By per. of Mrs. L. E. Sweeney.

J. B. M.

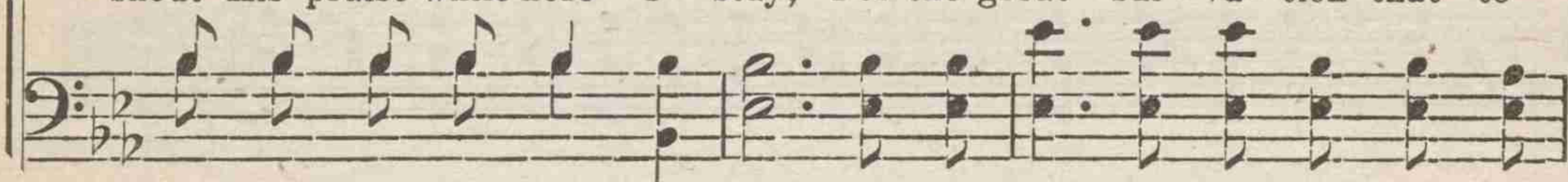
J. B. MacKAY.



1. In the blood of Je - sus that was shed for me, My trans-  
 2. When I came be - liev - ing, Je - sus took me in, And for-  
 3. I was filled with rap - ture as my heart be - lieved, As my  
 4. I will sing of Je - sus and His pow'r to save, I will


gres - sions have been wash'd a - way; Oh, my heart o'er-flow - eth with His  
 gave the debt I ne'er could pay; His re-deem - ing blood has can-celed  
 all up - on the al - tar lay; Oh, the won-drous bless - ing that I  
 shout His praise while here I stay; For the great sal - va - tion that to





love so free, And there's joy in my soul to - day.....  
 all my sin, And there's joy in my soul to - day.....  
 there re - ceived, Lives a joy in my soul to - day.....  
 me He gave, Is the joy of my soul to - day.....



## CHORUS.



There is joy in my soul, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus'




blood makes me whole, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! His love and pow'r





# Joy in My Soul. Concluded.

di - vine has touch'd this heart of mine, And there's joy, yes, joy in my soul.

178

## In That City.

C. J. B.

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CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. O'er death's sea, in yon blest cit - y, There's a home for ev - 'ry one;  
2. Here we've no a - bid - ing cit - y, Man-sions here will soon de - cay;  
3. I have loved ones in that cit - y, Those who left me years a - go;  
4. 'Tward that pure and ho - ly cit - y Oft my long-ing eyes are cast;

Pur-chas'd with a price most cost - ly, 'Twas the blood of God's dear Son.  
But that cit - y God built firm - ly, It can nev - er pass a - way.  
They with joy are wait - ing for me, Where no fare - well tears e'er flow.  
Je - sus whis - pers sweet - ly to me, Heav'n is yours when earth is past.

### CHORUS.

In that cit - y—bright cit - y, Soon with loved ones I shall be;

And with Je - sus live for - ev - er, In that cit - y beyond death's sea.



## Nor Silver Nor Gold.

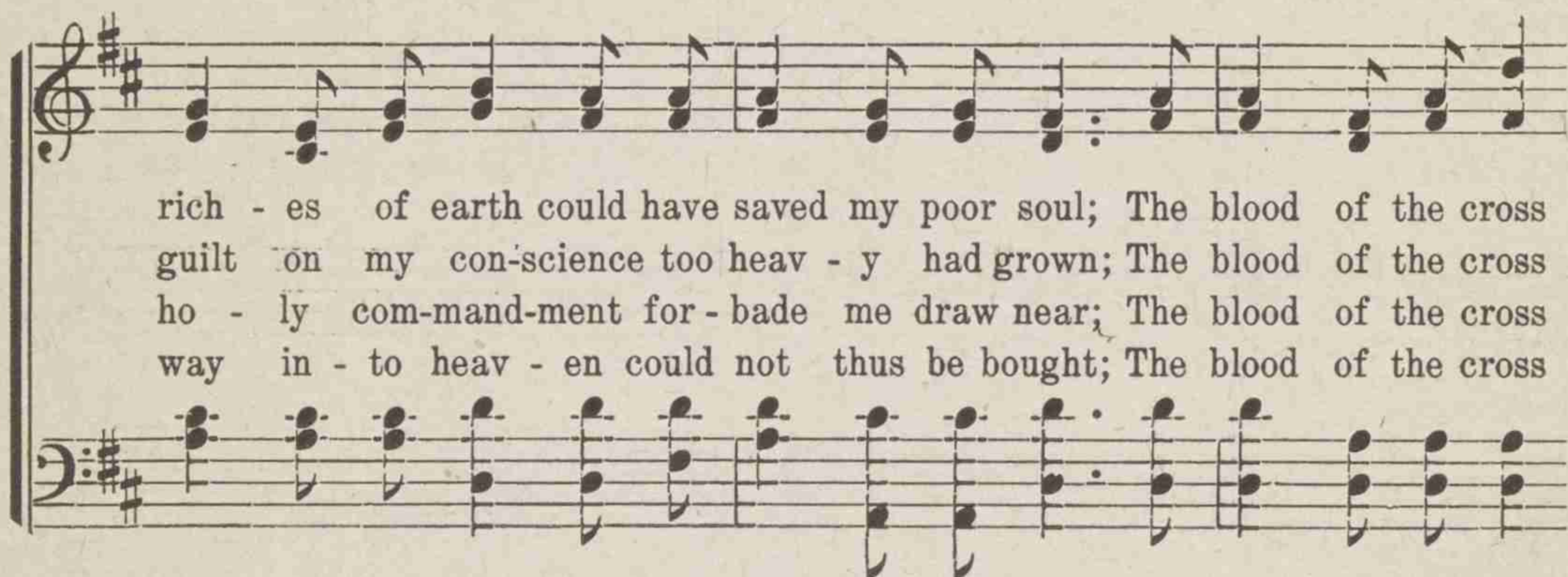
JAMES M. GRAY.

Copyright, 1900, by Daniel B. Towner.

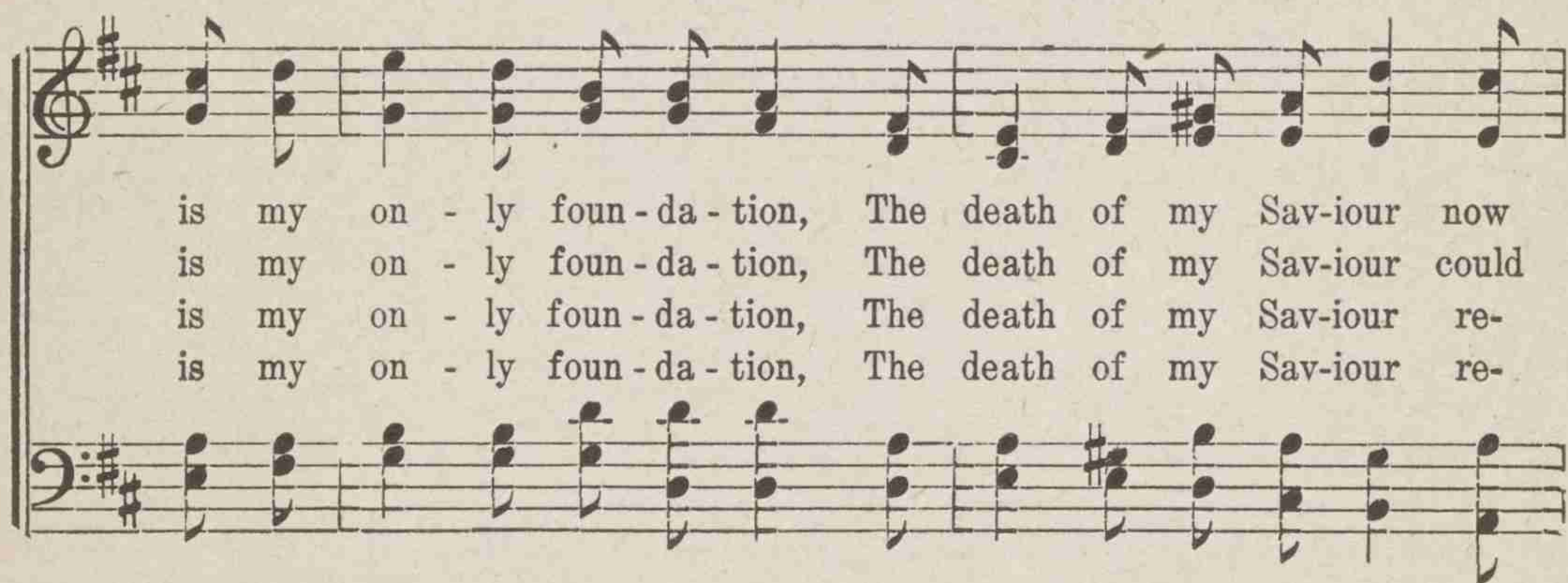
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re - demp-tion, No  
 2. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re - demp-tion, The  
 3. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re - demp-tion, The  
 4. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re - demp-tion, The



rich - es of earth could have saved my poor soul; The blood of the cross  
 guilt on my con-science too heav - y had grown; The blood of the cross  
 ho - ly com-mand-ment for-bade me draw near; The blood of the cross  
 way in - to heav - en could not thus be bought; The blood of the cross



is my on - ly foun-da-tion, The death of my Sav-iour now  
 is my on - ly foun-da-tion, The death of my Sav-iour could  
 is my on - ly foun-da-tion, The death of my Sav-iour re-  
 is my on - ly foun-da-tion, The death of my Sav-iour re-

## CHORUS.



mak - eth me whole. I am re - deemed,..... but not with  
 on - ly a - tone.  
 mov - eth my fear.  
 demption hath wrought. I am re-deemed, I am re-



## Nor Silver Nor Gold. Concluded.

sil - - ver, I am bought,..... but not with  
deemed, but not with sil - ver, I am bought, I am

gold; Bought with a price—... .. the blood of  
bought, but not with gold; Bought with a price— the

Je - sus, Pre-cious price of love un - told!  
pre - cious blood of Je - sus,

180

## Ashamed of Jesus.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man a-shamed of Thee?  
2. Ashamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let evening blush to own a star;  
3. Ashamed of Je - sus! just as soon Let mid-night be a-shamed of noon;  
4. Ashamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n de-pend!

Ashamed of Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days?  
He sheds the beam of light di - vine O'er this be-night-ed soul of mine.  
'Twas midnight with my soul till He, Bright Morning Star, bade darkness flee.  
No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.



## Standing On the Rock.

Copyright, 1898, by Mrs. Kent White. By per.

MRS. K. W.

Matt. 7:24, 25.

MRS. KENT WHITE.



1. Stand when the storms of doubt as - sail, Stand when your loved ones of
2. When the word He writes up - on your heart, And you from the world are
3. When the tides of sin roll at your feet, And vain pomp and pride on
4. 'Tis the pre-cious blood that saves from sin, On - ly by the blood thro' the



earth all fail, Stand when your friends in Christ are few, Stand on the  
 ful - ly set a - part, Tho' fier - y darts are hurled at you, Stand on the  
 ev - 'ry side you meet, False prophets rise, and teachers, too, Stand on the  
 gate we'll en - ter in, Then trust His word as 'tis giv'n you, Stand on the



## CHORUS.



Rock and ev - er be true. Stand - ing, stand-ing on the Rock,  
 Standing on the Rock, I'm



Standing on the Rock that ne'er shall move, Oh, I'm stand - ing  
 standing on the Rock, I am



standing on the Rock, Stand-ing on the Rock that ne'er shall move.





## The Hallelujah Side.

Copyright, 1898, by John J. Hood. By per.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Once a sin - ner far from Je - sus, I was per - ish - ing with cold, But the  
 2. Tho' the world may sweep around me with her dazzle and her dreams, Yet I  
 3. Not for all earth's golden millions would I leave this precious place; Tho' the  
 4. Here the sun is al - ways shin - ing, here the sky is al - ways bright; 'Tis no  
 5. And up - on the streets of glo - ry, when we reach the oth - er shore, And have

blessed Saviour heard me when I cried; Then He threw His robe a - round me, and He  
 en - vy not her van - i - ties and pride, For my soul looks up to heav - en, where the  
 tempter to persuade me oft has tried, For I'm safe in God's pa - vil - ion, hap - py  
 place for gloomy Christians to a - bide, For my soul is filled with mu - sic and my  
 safely crossed the Jordan's roll - ing tide, You will find me shouting "Glo - ry" just out -

led me to His fold, And I'm liv - ing on the hal - le - lu - jah side.  
 gold - en sun - light gleams, And I'm liv - ing on the hal - le - lu - jah side.  
 in His love and grace, And I'm liv - ing on the hal - le - lu - jah side.  
 heart with great delight, And I'm liv - ing on the hal - le - lu - jah side.  
 side my man - sion door, Where I'm liv - ing on the hal - le - lu - jah side.

D. S.—windows of my soul, And I'm liv - ing on the hal - le - lu - jah side.

CHORUS.

Oh, glo - ry be to Je - sus, Let the hal - le - lu - jahs roll; Help me

D. S.

ring the Saviour's praises far and wide, For I've opened up tow'rd heaven all the



## On the Streets of Gold.

Copyright, 1903, by A. F. Ingler. By per.

MRS. ANNIE WITTENMYER.

ARTHUR F. INGLER.

1. The bur-dens of life may be ma - ny, The frowns of the world may be cold;  
 2. What won-der-ful vis-ions of beauty, What glorious scenes shall un - fold;  
 3. The tri - als of earth will have ended, And I shall be safe in His fold;

To me it will mat-ter but lit-tle, When I stand on the streets of gold.  
 What bright, dazzling splendors surround me, When I stand on the streets of gold.  
 Shut in with my Lord and His angels, When I stand on the streets of gold.

With joy I shal-len - ter the cit - y, The face of my Sav-iour be-hold;  
 I'll see the white throne of His glo - ry, The names of the saints there enrolled,  
 For a - ges on a - ges I'll praise him, And nev-er grow wea-ry nor old;

And I shall be changed and be like Him, When I stand on the streets of gold.  
 The mansions that Christ is pre-par-ing, When I stand on the streets of gold.  
 Love-crown'd I'll a-bide in His presence, When I stand on the streets of gold.

## REFRAIN.

When I stand on the streets of gold, Je - sus' face I shall then be - hold,



## On the Streets of Gold. Concluded.

And I shall be changed and be like Him, When I stand on the streets of gold.

184

## At Calvary.

WM. R. NEWELL.

Copyright, 1895, by Daniel B. Towner. Used by per.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Years I spent in van-i-ty and pride, Car-ing not my Lord was  
 2. By God's Word at last my sin I learned; Then I trembled at the  
 3. Now I've giv'n to Je-sus ev-'ry-thing, Now I glad-ly own Him  
 4. O the love that drew sal-va-tion's plan! O the grace that bro't it

cru-ci-fied, Know-ing not it was for me He died On Cal-va-ry.  
 law I'd spurned, Till my guilt-y soul, im-plor-ing turned To Cal-va-ry.  
 as my King, Now my rap-tured soul can on-ly sing Of Cal-va-ry.  
 down to man! O the might-y gulf that God did span At Cal-va-ry

### CHORUS.

Mer-cy there was great, and grace was free; Par-don there was mul-ti-

plied to me; There my burdened soul found lib-er-ty, At Cal-va-ry.



185

## Jesus, the Light of the World.

J. V. C.

Arr.

1. All ye saints of light pro-claim, Je - sus, the light of the world,  
 2. Hear the Sav - ior's ear - nest call, Je - sus, the light of the world;  
 3. Why not seek Him then to - day, Je - sus, the light of the world;  
 4. Come, con-fess Him as your King, Je - sus, the light of the world;

Life and mer - cy in His name, Je - sus, the light of the world.  
 Send the gos - pel truth to all, Je - sus, the light of the world.  
 Go with truth the nar - row way, Je - sus, the light of the world.  
 Then the bells of heav'n will ring, Je - sus, the light of the world.

## CHORUS.

We'll walk in the light, beau-ti-ful light, Come where the dewdrops of mercy are bright:

Shine all a - round us by day and by night, Je - sus, the light of the world.

186

## Now in a Song of Grateful Praise.

"He hath done all things well." Mark vii: 37.

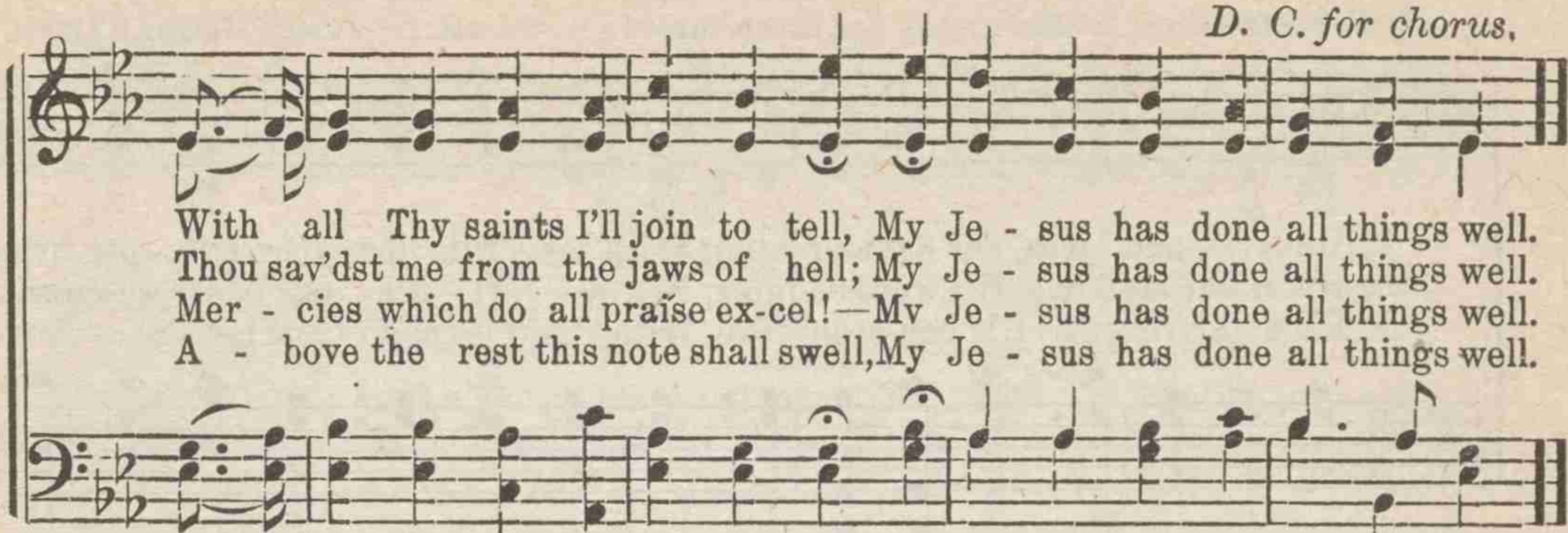
1. Now in a song of grate-ful praise, To Thee, O Lord my voice I'll raise;  
 2. How sov-reign, won-der-ful and free, Has been Thy love to sin - ful me!  
 3. Since e'er my soul has known His love, What mercies He has made me prove!  
 4. And when to that bright world I rise, And join the an-thems of the skies,

D. C.—And a - bove the rest this note shall swell This note shall swell, this note shall swell,



# Now in a Song of Grateful Praise. Concluded.

*D. C. for chorus.*



With all Thy saints I'll join to tell, My Je - sus has done all things well.  
 Thou sav'dst me from the jaws of hell; My Je - sus has done all things well.  
 Mer - cies which do all praise ex-cel!—My Je - sus has done all things well.  
 A - bove the rest this note shall swell, My Je - sus has done all things well.

And a - bove the rest this note shall swell, My Je - sus has done all things well.

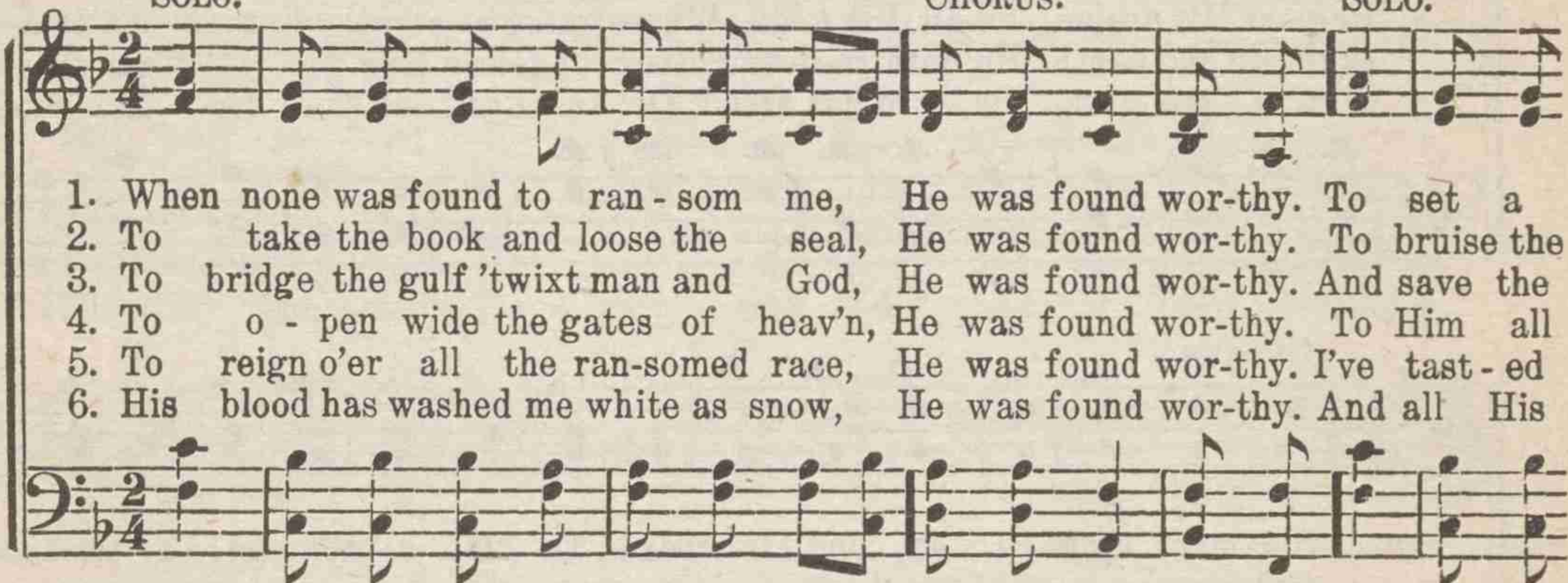
187

## He Was Found Worthy.

SOLO.

CHORUS.

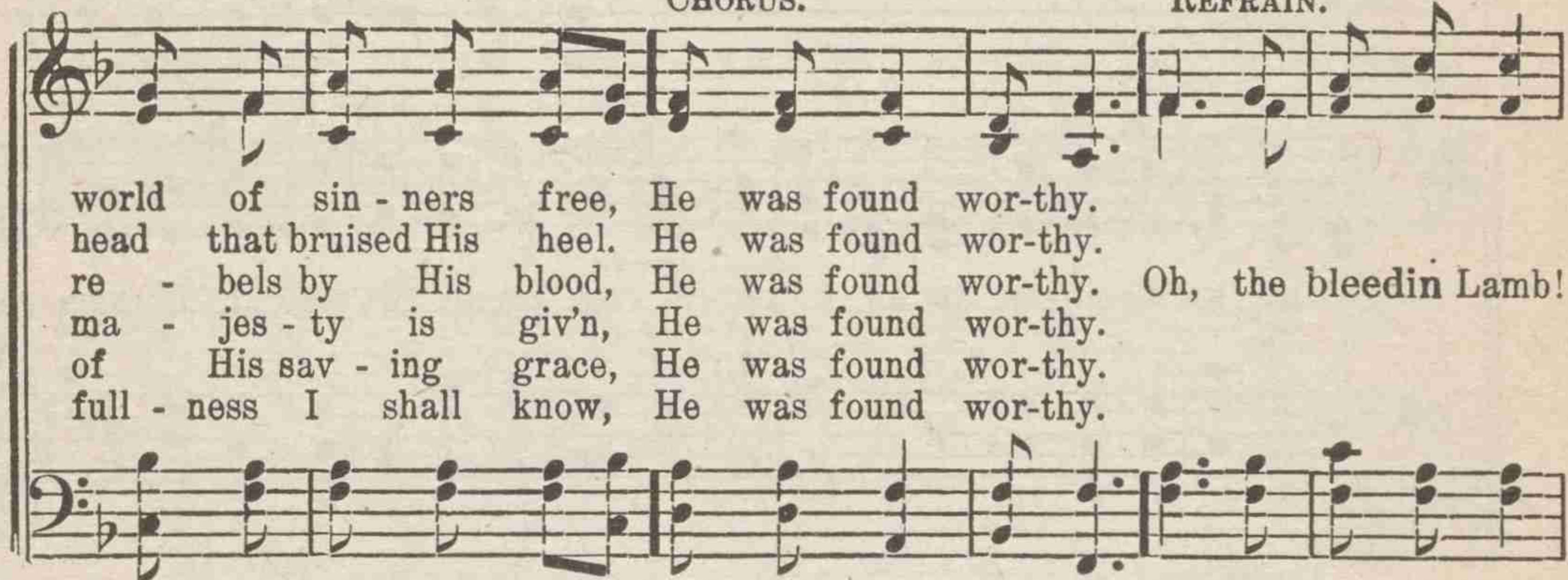
SOLO.



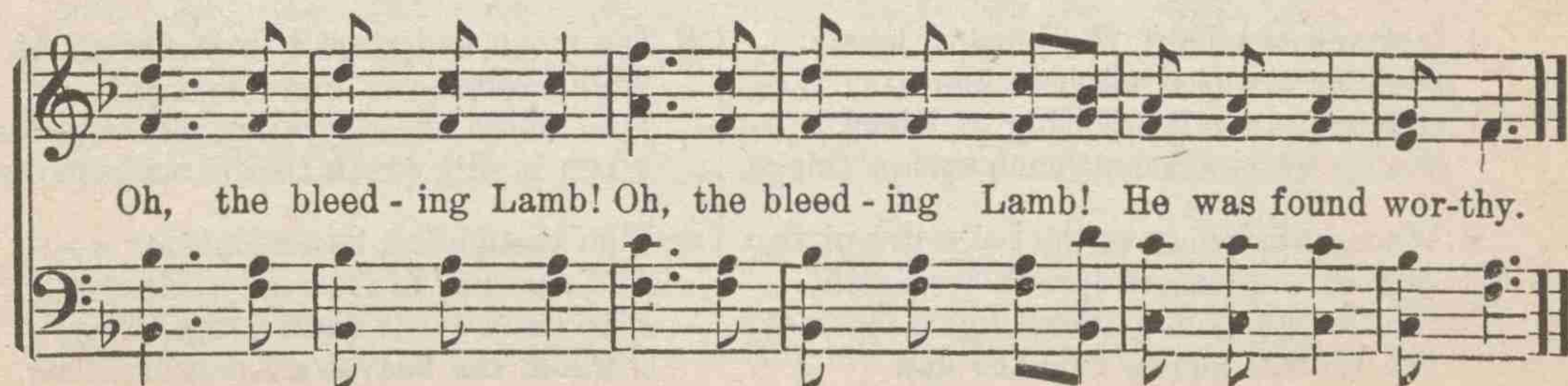
1. When none was found to ran - som me, He was found wor - thy. To set a  
 2. To take the book and loose the seal, He was found wor - thy. To bruise the  
 3. To bridge the gulf 'twixt man and God, He was found wor - thy. And save the  
 4. To o - pen wide the gates of heav'n, He was found wor - thy. To Him all  
 5. To reign o'er all the ran-somed race, He was found wor - thy. I've tast - ed  
 6. His blood has washed me white as snow, He was found wor - thy. And all His

CHORUS.

REFRAIN.



world of sin - ners free, He was found wor - thy.  
 head that bruised His heel. He was found wor - thy.  
 re - bels by His blood, He was found wor - thy. Oh, the bleedin Lamb!  
 ma - jes - ty is giv'n, He was found wor - thy.  
 of His sav - ing grace, He was found wor - thy.  
 full - ness I shall know, He was found wor - thy.



Oh, the bleed - ing Lamb! Oh, the bleed - ing Lamb! He was found wor - thy.



## Our Saviour King.

Copyright, 1891, by James McGranahan. All rights reserved.

J. H. JOHNSTON. "His mercy endureth forever,"—Ps. 136:1. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. He lives and loves, our Saviour King; With joy - ful lips your trib - ute bring;  
 2. His Hand is strong, His word endures, His sac - ri - fice our peace se - cures;  
 3. Each day reveals His con - stant love, With "mercies new" from heav'n a - bove;

Re - peat His praise, ex - alt His name, Whose grace and truth are aye the same.  
 From sin and death He doth re - deem; His changeless love be all our theme.  
 Thro' a - ges past His word has stood; Oh, taste and see that He is good.

CHORUS.

His mer - cy flows, an endless stream, To all e - ter - ni - ty the same;

To all e - ter - ni - ty, to all e - ter - ni - ty, To all e - ter - ni - ty the same.

## His Mercy Flows.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 O thank the Lord, the Lord of love,<br/>         O thank the God all gods above;<br/>         O thank the mighty King of Kings,<br/>         Whose arm hath done such wondrous things.</p>           | <p>3 The moon and stars to rule the night,<br/>         With radiance of a milder light;<br/>         Who smote the Egyptians' stubborn pride,<br/>         When in His wrath their first-born died.</p> |
| <p>2 Whose wisdom gave the heav'ns their birth,<br/>         And on the waters spread the earth;<br/>         Who taught yon glorious lights their way,<br/>         The radiant sun to rule the day.</p> | <p>4 Who thought on us amidst our woes,<br/>         And rescued us from all our foes;<br/>         Who daily feeds each living thing;<br/>         O thank the heaven's Almighty King.</p>              |



## Pilgrim Song.

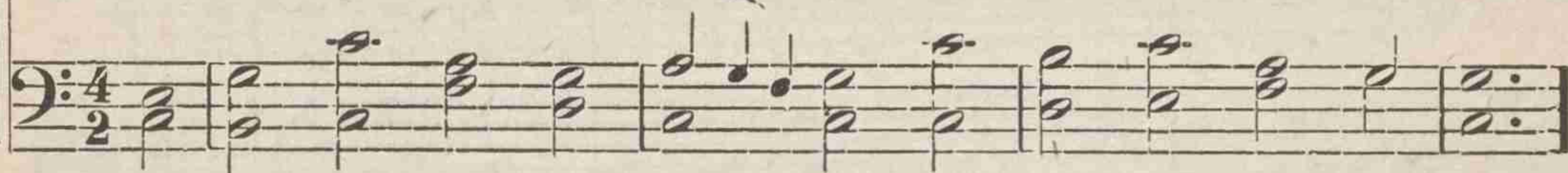
PSALM 136: 16.

Tr. by FRANCES BEVAN.

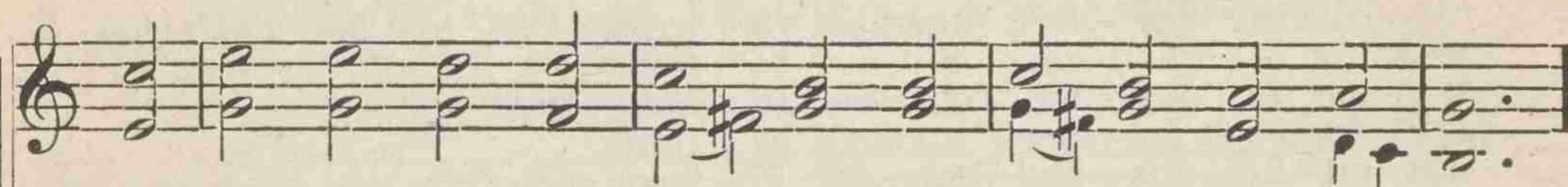
MELCHIOR TESCHNER, 1918.

*Briskly.*

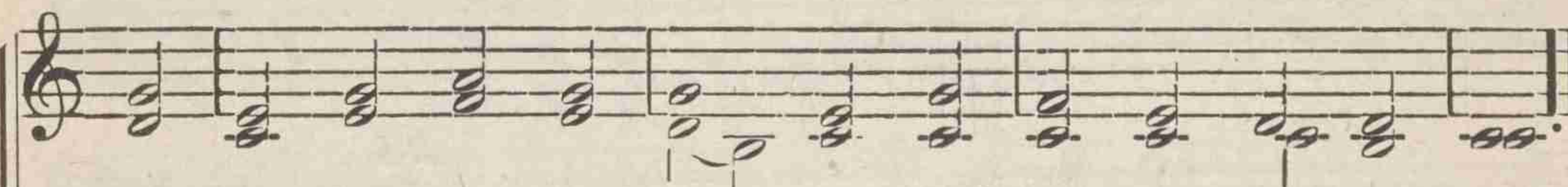
1. Come, brothers, on and for - ward! With us the Fa - ther goes,
2. Lo, through the path - less mid - night The fie - ry pil - lar leads,
3. Come, brothers, on and for - ward! Each mo - ment near - er home,
4. Oh! dare and suf - fer all things! Yet but a stretch of road,
5. We fol - low in His foot - steps; What if our feet be torn?



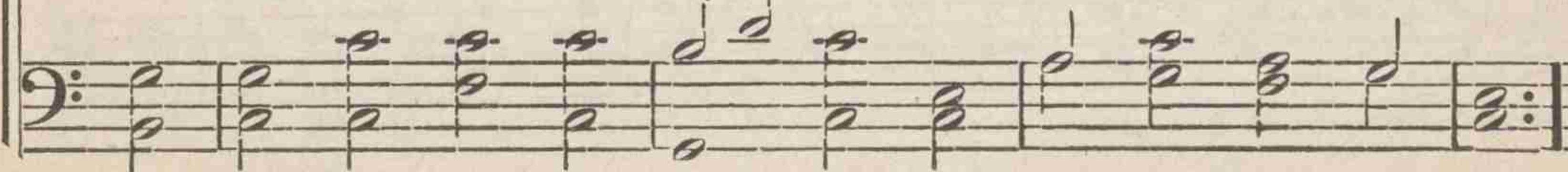
He leads us and He guards us, Thro' thou - sands of our foes;  
 And on - ward goes the shep - herd, Be - fore the flock He feeds;  
 The pil - grim days speed on - ward, And soon the last will come.  
 Then won - drous words of wel - come, And then the face of God.  
 Where He has marked the path - way All hail the brier and thorn!



The sweet - ness and the glo - ry, The sun - light of His eyes,  
 Un - ques - tion - ing, an - fear - ing, The lambs may fol - low on,  
 All hail! O gold - en cit - y? How near the shin - ing tow'rs!  
 The world, how small and emp - ty, Our eyes have looked on Him;  
 Scarce seen, scarce heard, un - reck - on'd, Des - pis'd, de - fam'd, un - known,



Make all the des - ert plac - es To bloom as Par - a - dise.  
 In con - fi - dence and qui - et, Their eyes on Him a - lone.  
 Fair gleams our Fa - ther's pal - ace; That ra - diant home is ours.  
 The might - y sun has ris - en, The ta - per burn - eth dim.  
 Or heard but by our sing - ing, On, bro - thers! ev - er on!





T. O. CHISHOLM.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O! to be like thee, bless-ed Re-deem-er, This is my con-stant  
 2. O! to be like thee, full of com-pas-sion, Lov-ing, for-giv-ing,  
 3. O! to be like thee, low-ly in spir-it, Ho-ly and harm-less,  
 4. O! to be like thee, Lord, I am com-ing, Now to re-ceive th'a-  
 5. O! to be like thee, while I am plead-ing, Pour out thy Spir-it,

long-ing and prayer; Glad-ly I'll for-feit all of earth's treasures,  
 ten-der and kind, Help-ing the help-less, cheer-ing the faint-ing,  
 pa-tient and brave; Meek-ly en-dur-ing cru-el re-proach-es,  
 noint-ing di-vine, All that I am and have I am bring-ing,  
 fill with thy love, Make me a tem-ple meet for thy dwell-ing,

CHORUS.  
 Je-sus, thy per-fect like-ness to wear. O! to be like thee,  
 Seek-ing the wand'-ring sin-ner to find.  
 Will-ing to suf-fer, oth-ers to save.  
 Lord, from this mo-ment all shall be thine.  
 Fit me for life and heav-en a-bove.

O! to be like thee, Blessed Re-deem-er, pure as thou art; Come in thy

*Rit.* . . . .  
 sweetness, come in thy full-ness; Stamp thine own image deep on my heart.

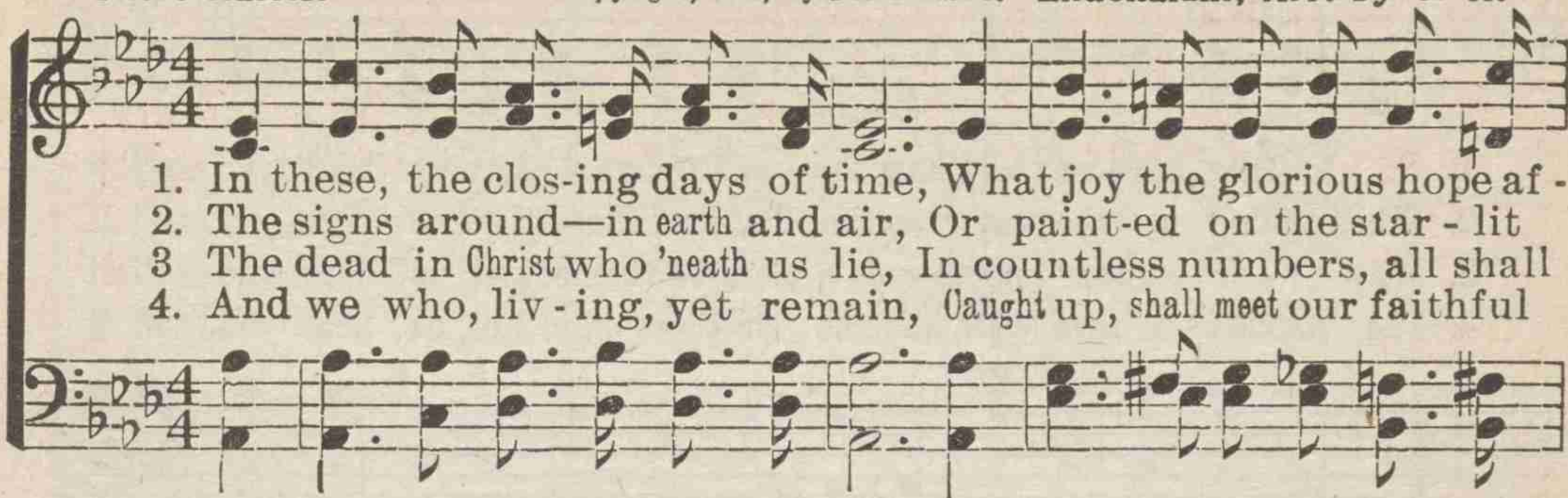


## He's Coming Soon.

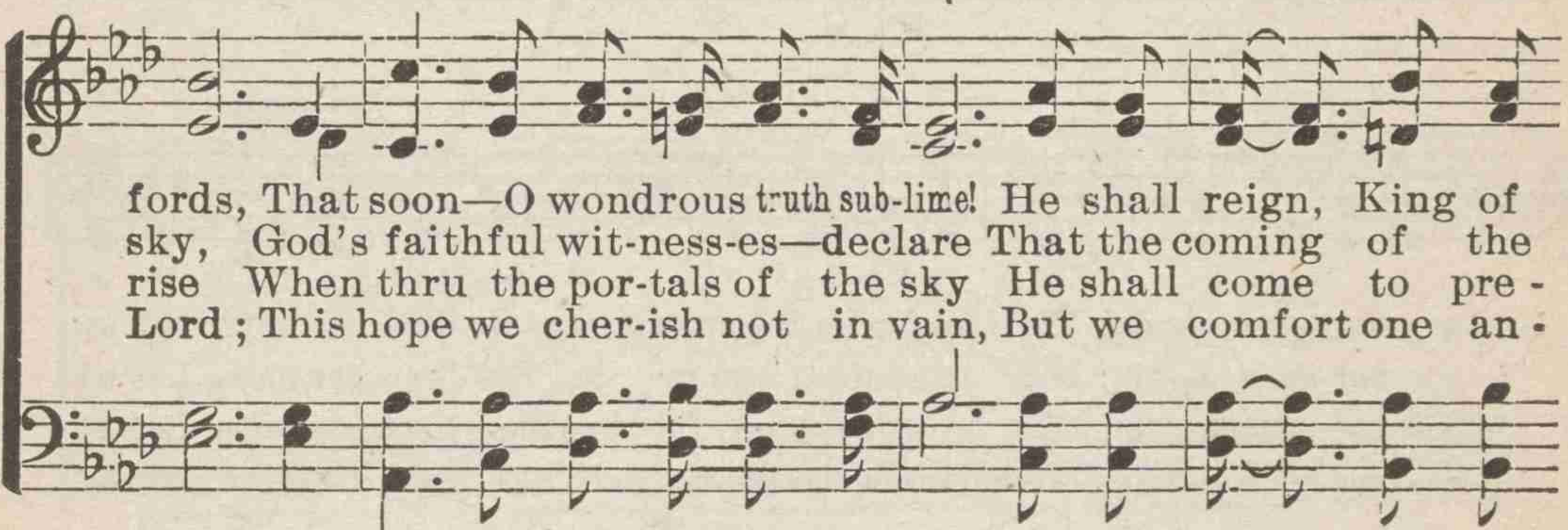
Hawaiian Melody.

Thoro Harris.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. Liluokalani, Arr. by T. H.



1. In these, the clos-ing days of time, What joy the glorious hope af -  
 2. The signs around—in earth and air, Or paint-ed on the star - lit  
 3 The dead in Christ who 'neath us lie, In countless numbers, all shall  
 4. And we who, liv - ing, yet remain, Caught up, shall meet our faithful

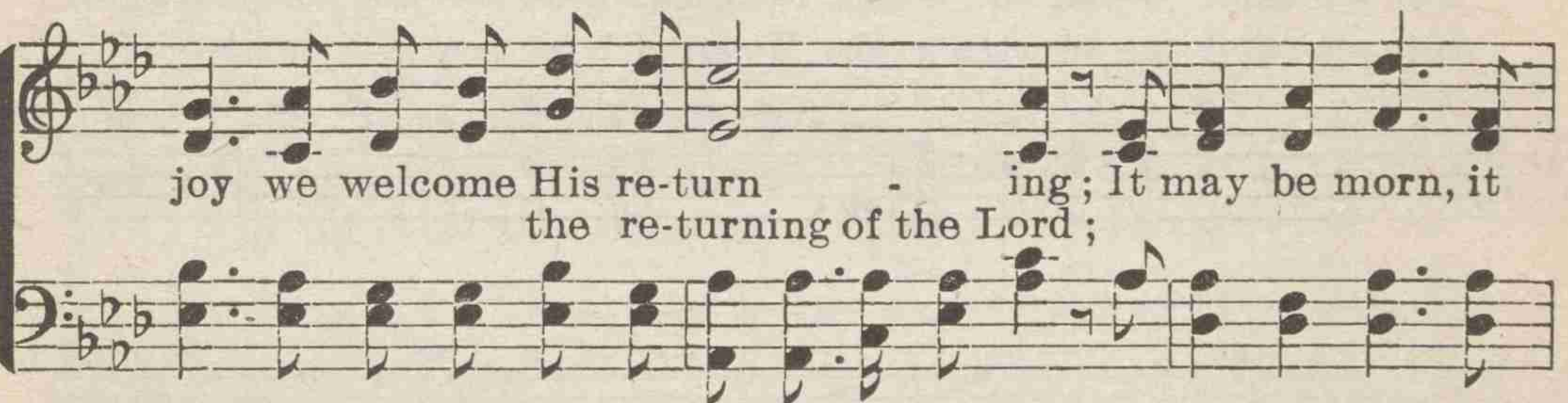


fords, That soon—O wondrous truth sub-lime! He shall reign, King of  
 sky, God's faithful wit-ness-es—declare That the coming of the  
 rise When thru the por-tals of the sky He shall come to pre -  
 Lord; This hope we cher-ish not in vain, But we comfort one an -

## REFRAIN.



kings and Lord of lords.  
 Sav - ior draweth nigh. He's com-ing soon, He's coming soon; With  
 pare our Par - a - dise.  
 oth - er by this word.



joy we welcome His re-turn - ing; It may be morn, it  
 the re-turning of the Lord;



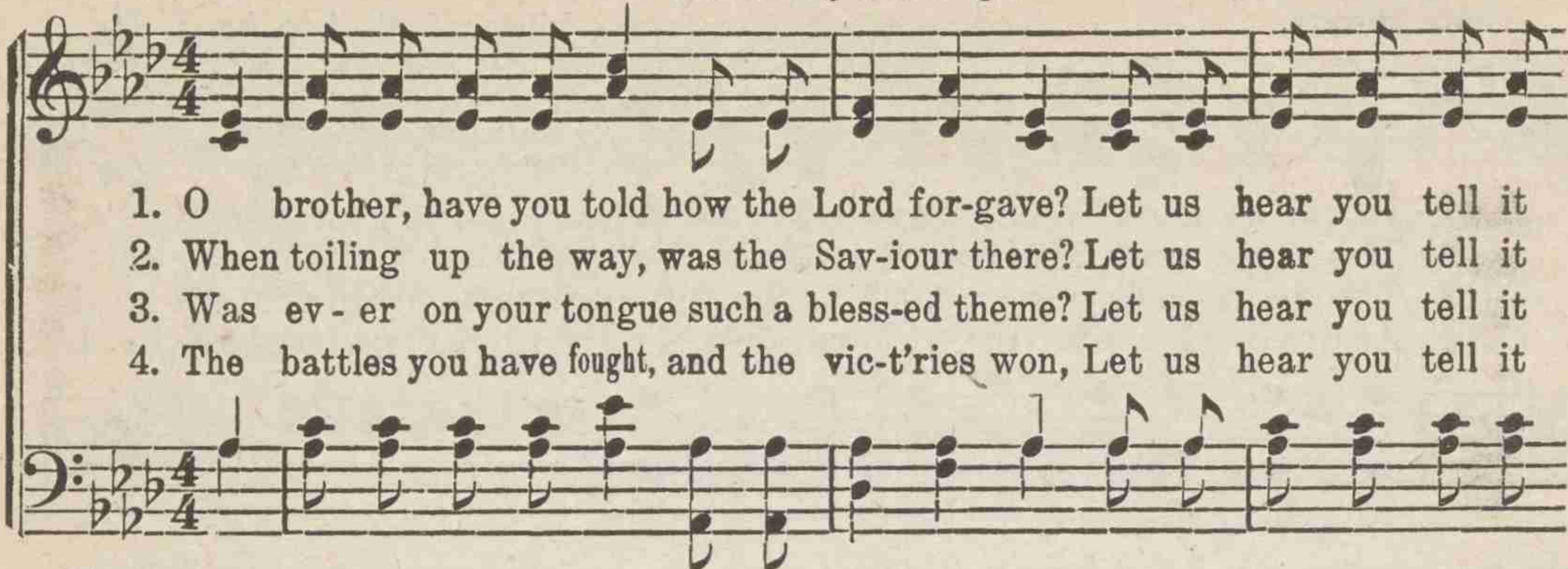
may be night or noon—We know He's com - ing soon.  
 our King is com-ing ver-y soon.



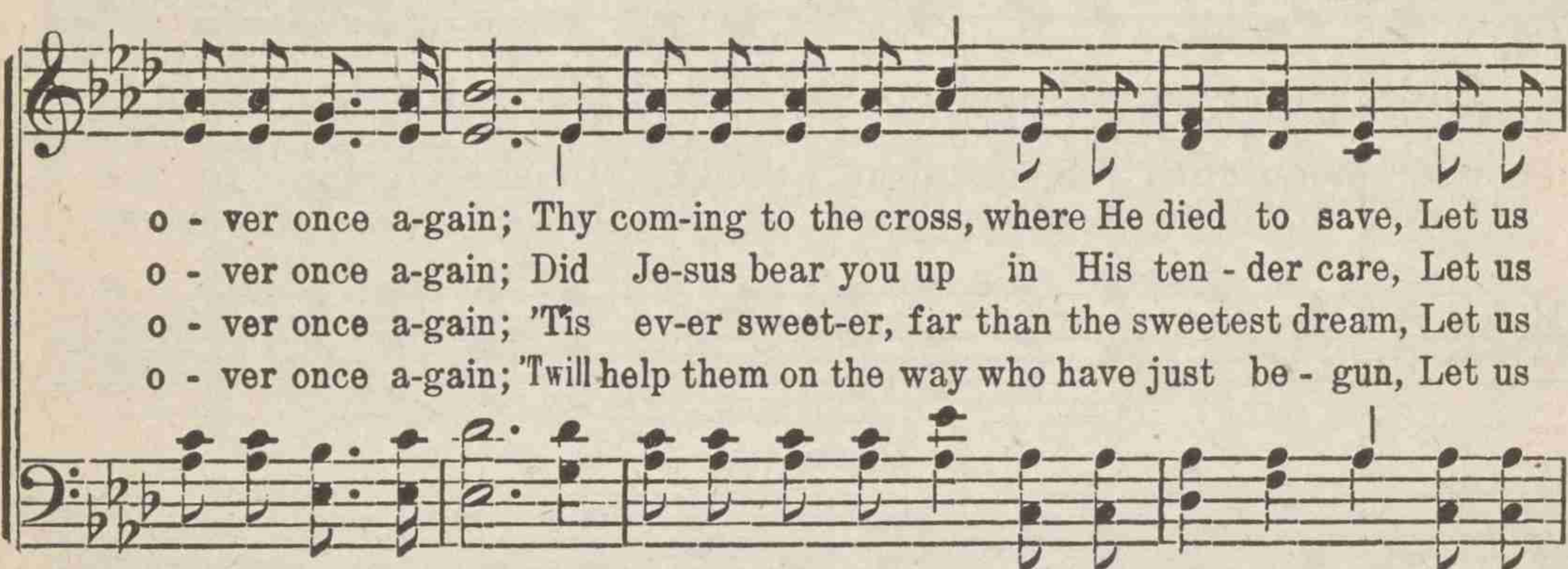
J. M. W.

For Testimony Meetings.

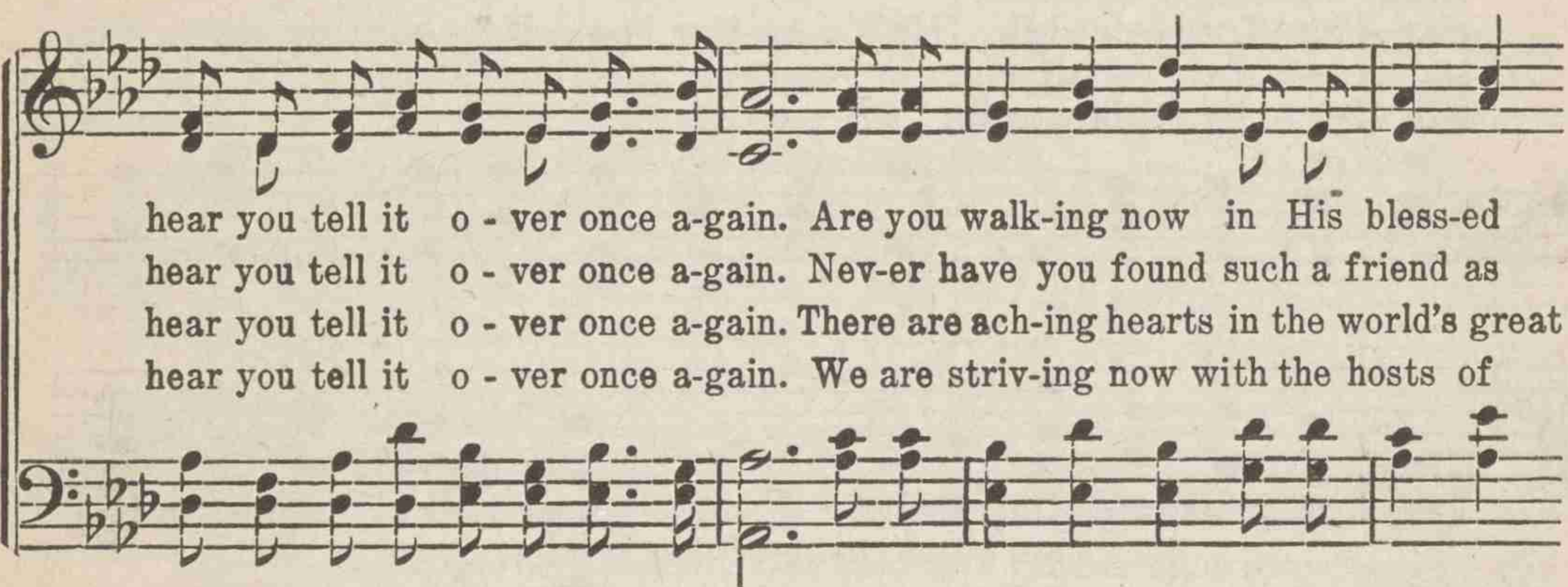
J. M. WHITE, arr.



1. O brother, have you told how the Lord for-gave? Let us hear you tell it  
 2. When toiling up the way, was the Sav-iour there? Let us hear you tell it  
 3. Was ev - er on your tongue such a bless-ed theme? Let us hear you tell it  
 4. The battles you have fought, and the vic-t'ries won, Let us hear you tell it



o - ver once a-gain; Thy com-ing to the cross, where He died to save, Let us  
 o - ver once a-gain; Did Je-sus bear you up in His ten - der care, Let us  
 o - ver once a-gain; 'Tis ev-er sweet-er, far than the sweetest dream, Let us  
 o - ver once a-gain; 'Twill help them on the way who have just be - gun, Let us



hear you tell it o - ver once a-gain. Are you walk-ing now in His bless-ed  
 hear you tell it o - ver once a-gain. Nev-er have you found such a friend as  
 hear you tell it o - ver once a-gain. There are ach-ing hearts in the world's great  
 hear you tell it o - ver once a-gain. We are striv-ing now with the hosts of



light? Are you cleansed from ev - 'ry guilt-y stain? Is He your joy by day and your  
 He, Who can help you 'midst the toil and pain; O all the world should hear what He's  
 throng, Who have sought for rest, and all in vain; Hold Je-sus up to them by your  
 sin, Soon with Christ our Sav-iour we shall reign; Ye ransomed of the Lord, try a



## Let Us Hear You Tell It. Concluded.



song by night? Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.  
done for thee: Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.  
word and song; Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.  
soul to win; Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.

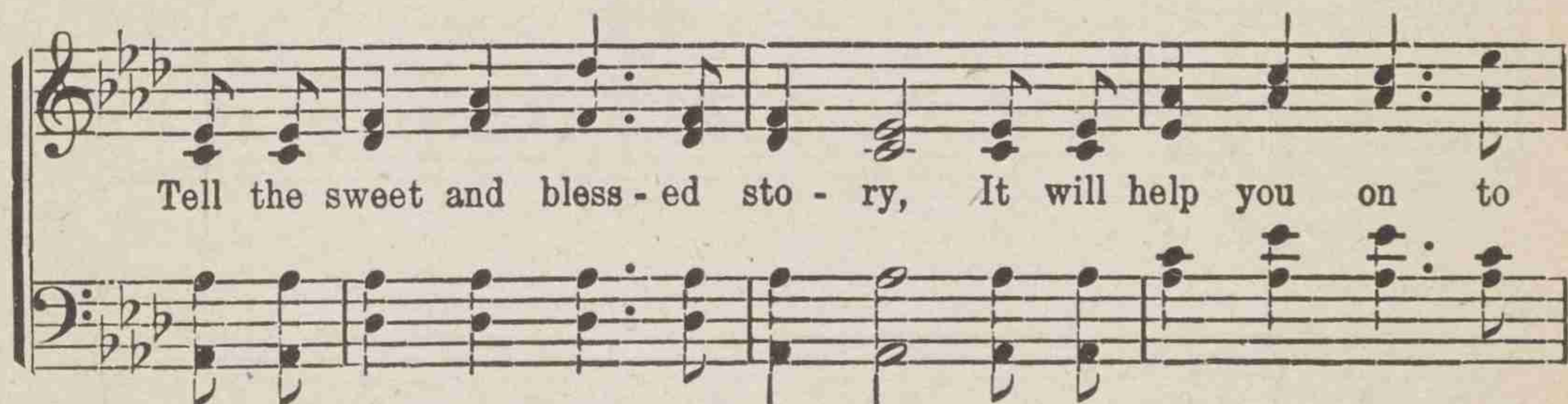
### CHORUS.



Let us hear you tell it o - ver,  
Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain,



Tell it o - - - ver once a - gain,  
Tell it o - ver, tell it o - ver once a - gain,



Tell the sweet and bless - ed sto - ry, It will help you on to



glo - ry, Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.



## My Heart Is Resting.

Arr. by J. Mc. W. BONNAR

1. My heart is rest - ing, O my God, I will give thanks and sing:  
 2. I thirst for springs of heav'n-ly life, And here all day they rise;  
 3. Glo - ry to Thee for strength with-held, For want and weak-ness known,  
 4. My heart is rest - ing, O my God! My heart is in Thy care;

My heart is at the se - cret source Of ev - 'ry pre - cious thing.  
 I seek the treas - ure of Thy love; And close at hand it lies,  
 And the fear that sends me to Thy - self For what is most mine own,  
 I hear the voice of joy and health Re-sound - ing ev - 'ry - where,

Now the frail ves - sel Thou hast made No hand but Thine shall fill;  
 And a new song is in my mouth, To long-lov'd mu - sic set—  
 I have a her - it - age of joy That yet I must not see:  
 "Thou art my Por-tion, saith my soul," Ten thousand voic - es say,

For the wa - ters of this world have fail'd, And I am thirst - y still.  
 Glo - ry to Thee for all Thy grace I have not tast - ed yet.  
 But the hand that bled to make it mine Is keep - ing it for me.  
 And the mu - sic of their glad A - men Will nev - er die a - way.



TR. FRANCES BEVAN.

Arr. A. W. B.



1. God in heav - en hath a treas - ure, Rich - es none may count or tell;
2. God in tongues of fire de - scend - ing, Chos - en ves - sels thus to fill
3. Thus though worn, and tried and tempted, Glo - rious call - ing, saint, is thine;
4. Oh, to be but emp - tier, low - lier, Meek un - no - tic'd—and un - known,



Hath a deep e - ter - nal pleas - ure, Christ, the Son, He lov - eth well.  
 With the treas - ure nev - er end - ing, Ev - er spent un - fail - ing still.  
 Let the Lord but find thee emp - tied, Liv - ing branch in Christ the Vine!  
 And to God a ves - sel ho - lier, Filled with Christ, and Christ a - lone!



God hath here on earth a treasure, None but He its price may know—  
 God's own hand the ves - sel fill - ing From the glo - ry far a - bove,  
 Ves - sels of the world's de - spis - ing, Ves - sels weak, and poor, and base,  
 Naught of earth to cloud the glo - ry, Naught of self the light to dim,



Deep, un - fa - thom - a - ble pleas - ure, Christ revealed in saints be - low.  
 Long - ing hearts for ev - er still - ing With the rich - es of His love.  
 Bear - ing wealth God's heart is priz - ing, Glo - ry from Christ's blessed face.  
 Tell - ing forth His won - drous sto - ry Emp - tied to be fill'd with Him.





# Devotional Hymns

196

## All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

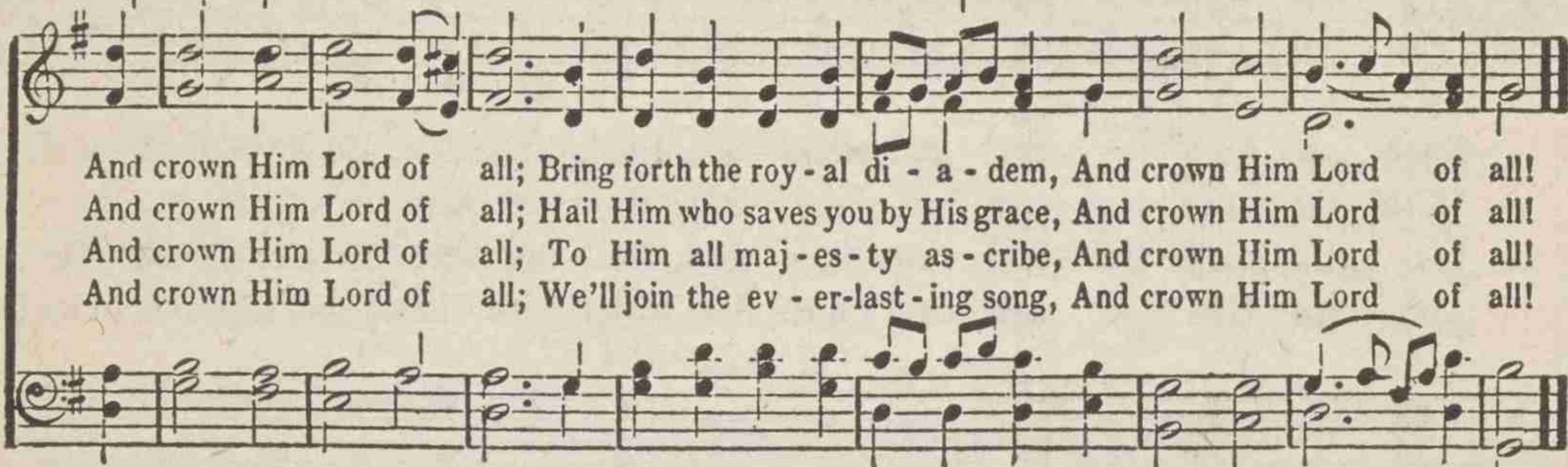
Edward Perronet.

(CORONATION.)

Oliver Holden.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,  
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite,  
 4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,



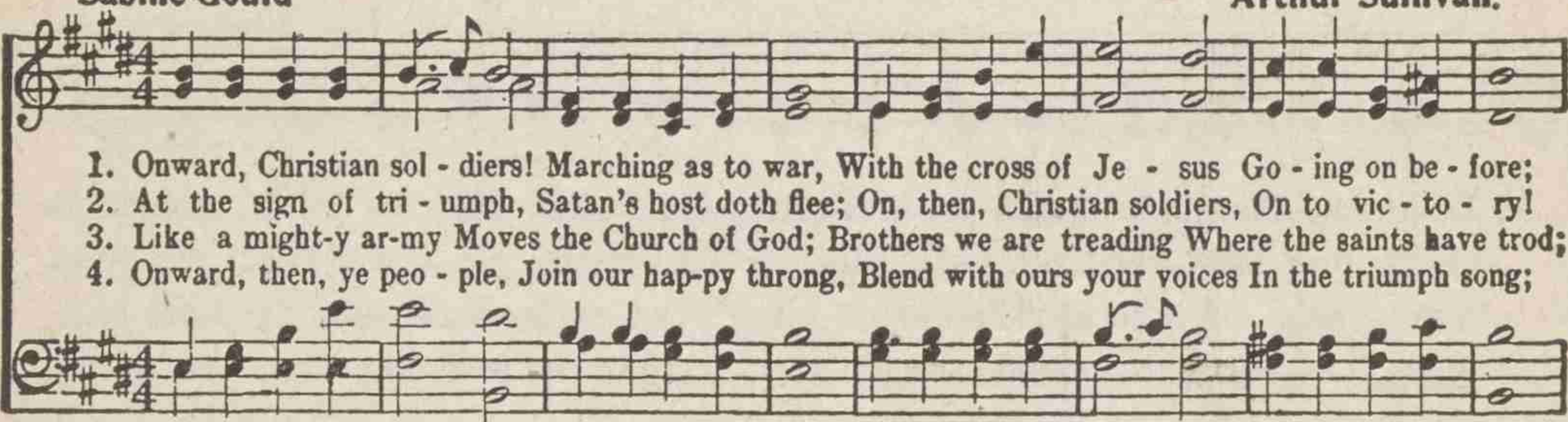
And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!  
 And crown Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!  
 And crown Him Lord of all; To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all!  
 And crown Him Lord of all; We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!

197

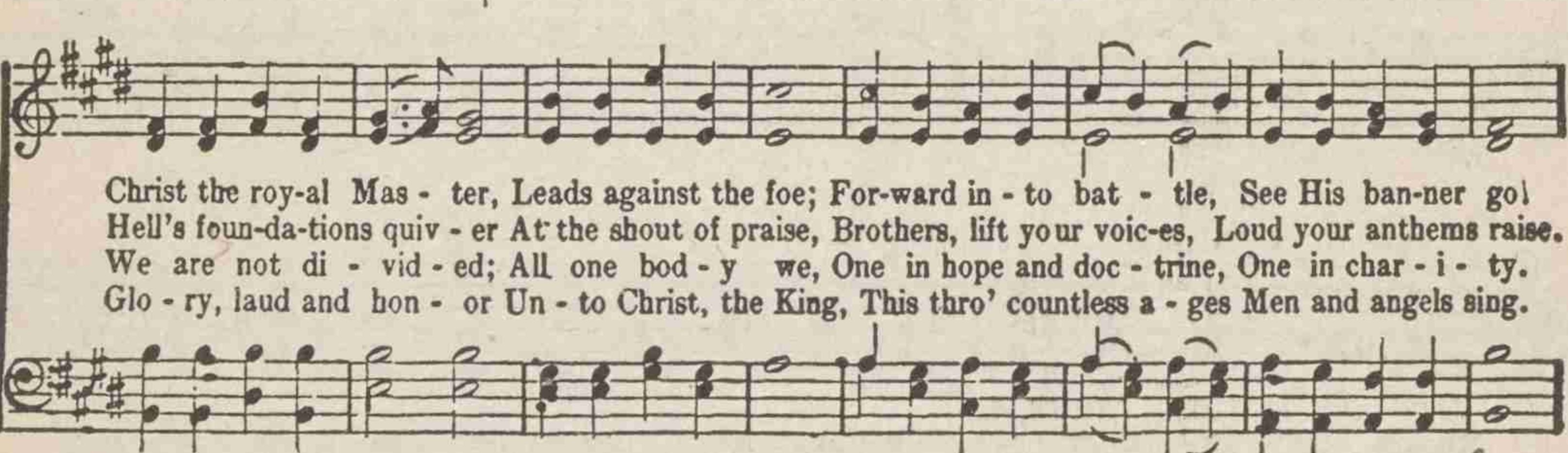
## Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould

Arthur Sullivan.

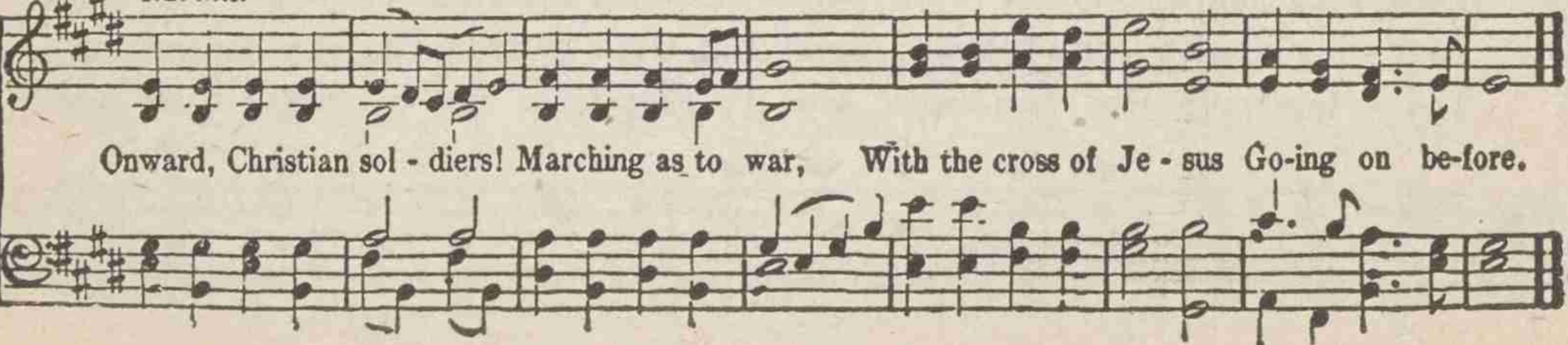


1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;  
 2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry!  
 3. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;  
 4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;



Christ the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ner go!  
 Hell's foun - da - tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise.  
 We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.  
 Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.

REFRAIN.



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



ISAAC WATTS.

Adapted by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. { There is a land of pure delight, Wheresaintsim-mor - tal reign ; }  
 { In - fi - nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban - ish pain. }  
 2. { There ev - er-last - ing spring a-bides, And nev-er-with'ring flowers ; }  
 { Death, like a nar - row sea, di-vides This heavenly land from ours. }

## CHORUS.

I'll be there, I'll be there, When the first trumpet sounds I'll be there,  
 I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there,

I'll be there, I'll be there, When the first trumpet sounds I'll be there.  
 I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there,

1887, Copyright of Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by permission.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
 Stand dressed in living green ;  
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
 While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er,  
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold  
 Should fright us from the shore. [flood]

## There You'll Sing Hallelujah.

CHO.—There you'll sing hal - le - lu - jah, And I'll sing hal - le - lu - jah,  
 And we'll all sing hal - le - lu - jah, In that bright world a - bove.

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
 And cast a wishful eye  
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
 Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,  
 That rises to my sight !  
 Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
 And rivers of delight.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,  
 And be forever blest ?  
 When shall I see my Father's face,  
 And in his bosom rest ?

4 Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul  
 Would here no longer stay :  
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
 Fearless I'd launch away.



## 200 Come, Ye that Love the Lord.

I. WATTS.

Arranged.



1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;
3. There we shall see His face, And nev - er, nev - er sin;



CHO. *I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free;*



Join in a song with sweet accord, While ye surround the throne.  
But ser-vants of the heav'n-ly King May speak their joys a-broad.  
There, from the riv - ers of His grace, Drink endless pleasures in.



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

## 201

## Praise to Thee, thou Great Creator.

JOHN FAWCETT.

(WILMOT. 8, 7.)

Arr. by L. MASON.



1. Praise to thee, thou great Cre - a - tor! Praise to thee from ev-'ry tongue;
2. Fa - ther, source of all com-pas-sion, Pure, unbounded grace is thine;
3. For ten-thousand bless-ings giv - en, For the hope of fu - ture joy;



Join, my soul, with ev - 'ry creature, Join the u - ni - ver - sal song.  
Hail the God of our sal - va - tion, Praise him for his love di - vine.  
Sound His praise thro' earth and heaven, Sound Je-ho-vah's praise on high.





# No. 202.

# Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson.

Wm. G. Fischer.



1. { Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; } Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe;  
 { I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; }  
 2. { Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, } I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I know;  
 { And help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; }



Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and  
 D. S. — I shall be whiter than snow.



3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,  
 I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,  
 By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,  
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;  
 Come now, and within me a new heart create;  
 To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no;  
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

# No. 203.

# Is My Name Written There?

Frank M. Davis.

M. A. K.



1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven, I would enter the fold; In the  
 { book of Thy kingdom, With its pages so fair, [Omit . . . . .] }



Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Is my name writ - ten there? Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?



D. S. — In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea,  
 But Thy blood, O my Savior, Is sufficient for me;  
 For Thy promise is written In bright letters that glow,  
 "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city, With mansions of light,  
 With its glorified beings, In pure garments of white;  
 Where no evil thing cometh To despoil what is fair;  
 Where the angels are watching, Is my name written there?

# No. 204.

# The Old Time Religion.

Unknown.

E. O. E. Arr.



CHO — 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, And it's good enough for me.

1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, And it's good enough for me.



- 2 Makes me love everybody.  
 3 It has saved our fathers.  
 4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.  
 5 It was good for the Hebrew children.

- 6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.  
 7 It was good for Paul and Silas.  
 8 It will do when I am dying.



## What Did He Do?

Dr. J. M. GRAY.

USED BY PERMISSION OF O. F. PUGH.

W. OWEN.

1. { O list - en to our won-drous sto - ry, Count-ed once a - mong the lost; }  
 { Yet, One came down from heaven's glo - ry Sav - ing us at aw - ful cost! }  
 2. { No an - gel could His place have tak - en, High-est of the high tho' he; }  
 { The loved One on the cross for - sak - en Was one of the God-head three! }  
 3. { Will you sur - rend-er to this Sav-iour? To His scept-re hum - bly bow? }  
 { You, too shall come to know His fav - or, He will save you, save you now. }

## CHORUS

Who saved us from e - ter-nal loss? What did He do?  
 Who but God's Son up - on the cross? He  
 Where is He now? In heav-en in-ter - ced - ing!  
 died for you! Be - lieve it thou, In heav-en in-ter - ced - ing!

## Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield.

First Tune.

G. J. Webb.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sold-iers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al ban - ner,  
 D. S. — Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished

FINE

It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,  
 And Christ is Lord in - deed.

D. S.

2. Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
 The trumpet call obey;  
 Forth to the mighty conflict,  
 In this His glorious day,  
 "Ye that are men, now serve Him,"  
 Against unnumbered foes;  
 Your courage rise with danger,  
 And strength to strength oppose.

3. Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
 Stand in His strength alone;  
 The arm of flesh will fail you;  
 Ye dare not trust your own,  
 Put on the gospel armor,  
 Each piece put on with prayer;  
 Where duty calls, or danger,  
 Be never wanting there.

4. Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
 The strife will not be long;  
 This day the noise of battle,  
 The next the victor's song;  
 To Him that overcometh,  
 A crown of life shall be;  
 He with the King of glory  
 Shall reign eternally.



# No. 207 I Love To Tell The Story.

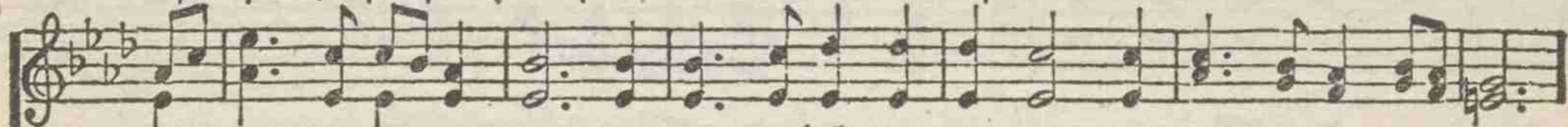
Katherine Hankey.

USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER.

William G. Fischer.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing



Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Be - cause I know 'tis true;  
Of all our gold - en - dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;  
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard  
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,



CHORUS.



It sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else would do.  
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,  
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.  
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.



'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.



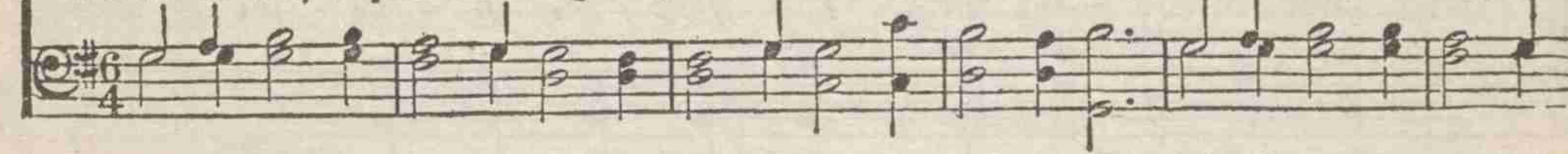
# No. 208. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst-y land re -
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
4. Love of God, so pure and change - less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and




fresh - ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.  
rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.  
fa - vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.  
boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.






P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.



1. { Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;  
 { Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life.  
 2. { Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all Won - der - ful words of Life;  
 { Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life.  
 3. { Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;  
 { Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life.




Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty; Beau - ti - ful words,  
 All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en. Beau - ti - ful words,  
 Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er. Beau - ti - ful words,





won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life; Life.





CHARLES WESLEY.

LENOX, H. M.



LEWIS EDSON.




1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow The glad - ly solemn sound! Let all the na - tions know,  
 2. Je - sus, our great High Priest, Hath full a - tone - ment made: Ye wea - ry spir - its, rest;  
 3. Ex - tol the Lamb of God, The all - a - ton - ing Lamb; Re - demp - tion in His blood  
 4. Ye slaves of sin and hell, 'Your lib - er - ty re - ceive, And safe in Je - sus dwell,

To earth's re - mot - est bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is come!  
 Ye mourn - ful souls, be glad: The year of ju - bi - lee is come!  
 Thro' - out the world pro - claim: The year of ju - bi - lee is come!  
 And blest in Je - sus live: The year of ju - bi - lee is come!

The year of ju - bi - lee is come! Re - turn, ye ransom'd sin - ners, home.





# No. 211

# What a Friend.

H. Bonar.

C. C. Converse.



1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a priv-i-lege to car - ry  
D. S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry



Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer! O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,  
Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.



1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear!  
What a privilege to carry  
Every thing to God in prayer!  
O what peace we often forfeit,  
O what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry,  
Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful,  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?—  
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer,  
In His arms He'll take and shield  
Thou wilt find a solace there. [thee,

# 212

# We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Mills.

William Miller.



1. { O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo-ment come  
When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And (Omit . . . . .) dwell in peace at home?



CHORUS.



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



2 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;  
He bade me cease to roam,  
And lean for succor on His breast  
Till He conduct me home.

3 I sought at once my Savior's side,  
No more my steps shall roam;  
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide,  
And reach my heavenly home.



## No. 213. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith.

First Tune.



1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex-cel-lent word!
2. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dis-mayed! For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
3. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall not o-ver-flow,
4. "When through fiery tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply,



What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.  
For I will be with thee, thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.  
The flame shall not hurt thee—I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.



5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

## No. 214. My Shepherd.

First or Second Tune.

- 1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;  
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;  
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,  
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.
- 2 Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,  
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;  
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;  
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;  
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;  
With perfume and oil Thou annointest my head;  
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

## No. 215. Delay Not.

First or Second Tune.

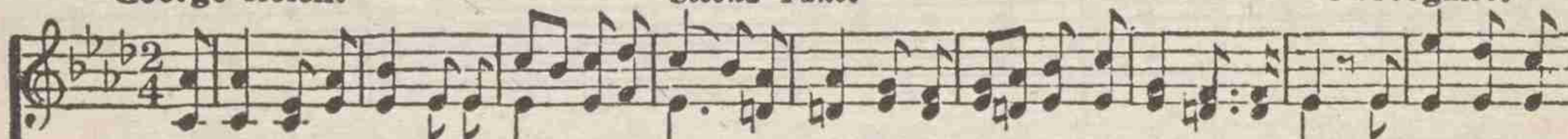
- 1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,  
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;  
No price is demanded, the Savior is here,  
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.
- 2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse  
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?  
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse  
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?
- 3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,  
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee today:  
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;  
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

## No. 216. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith.

Second Tune.

Portogallo.



1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word! What more can He



say than to you He hath said, To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled? To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?





# No. 217. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams.

First Tune.

Thomas Hastings.

1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land; }  
 { I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Keep me with Thy pow'r-ful hand; } Bread of heaven, Feed me till I  
 2. { O - pen now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the healing wa-ters flow; }  
 { Let the fiery, cloud-y pil - lar, Lead me all my journey through: } Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my

want no more: Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.  
 strength and shield; Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside;  
 Bear me thro' the swelling current,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
 Songs of praises  
 I will ever give to Thee.

## No. 218. Good News.

First or Second Tune.

- 1 On the mountain's top appearing,  
 Lo! the sacred herald stands,  
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,  
 Zion, long in hostile lands:  
 Mourning captive!  
 God himself shall loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?  
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?  
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?  
 Cease thy mourning;  
 Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;  
 He himself appears thy Friend;  
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;  
 Here their boasts and triumphs end:  
 Great deliverance  
 Zion's King will surely send.

## No. 219. Hallelujah!

First or Second Tune.

- 1 O Thou God of my salvation,  
 My Redeemer from all sin;  
 Moved by Thy divine compassion,  
 Who hast died my heart to win,  
 I will praise Thee;  
 Where shall I Thy praise begin?
- 2 Though unseen, I love the Savior;  
 He hath brought salvation near;  
 Manifests His pardoning favor;  
 And when Jesus doth appear,  
 Soul and body  
 Shall His glorious image bear.
- 3 While the angel choirs are crying,  
 "Glory to the great I AM,"  
 I with them will still be vying—  
 "Glory! glory to the Lamb!"  
 O how precious  
 Is the sound of Jesus' name!

## No. 220. Hark! Ten Thousand.

Thomas Kelly.

Second Tune.

FINE

Lowell Mason.

1. { Hark! ten-thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above; } See, He sits on yonder throne,  
 { Je - sus reigns, and heav'n rejoices, Je - sus reigns, the God of love, } See, He sits on yon-der throne,  
 D.C.—Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah, A - men.

D. C.  
 Jesus rules the world alone;  
 Je-sus rules the world a-lone;

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens,  
 All above, and gives it worth;  
 Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,  
 Cheers and charms Thy saints on  
 earth;  
 When we think of love like Thine,  
 Lord, we own it love divine:

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



# No. 221.

# Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W.

FINE

M. M. Wells.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side, Gen - tly lead us by the hand,  
 2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,  
 3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re - lease, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,

D.C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.

Pil - grims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,  
 Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear; When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,  
 Wondering if our names are there; Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus blood;

# No. 222.

# Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

A. Reed.

Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light divine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;  
 2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,  
 Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,  
 Long hath sin without control,  
 Held dominion o'er my soul.  
 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,  
 Cheer this saddened heart of mine;  
 Bid my many woes depart,  
 Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.  
 4 Holy Spirit, all divine,  
 Dwell within this heart of mine;  
 Cast down ev'ry idol throne,  
 Reign supreme—and reign alone.

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.

# No. 223.

# Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber.

John B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;  
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;  
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glory may not see;  
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!  
 Cher - u - bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.  
 On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow - er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.  
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty.



224

## The Wondrous Cross.

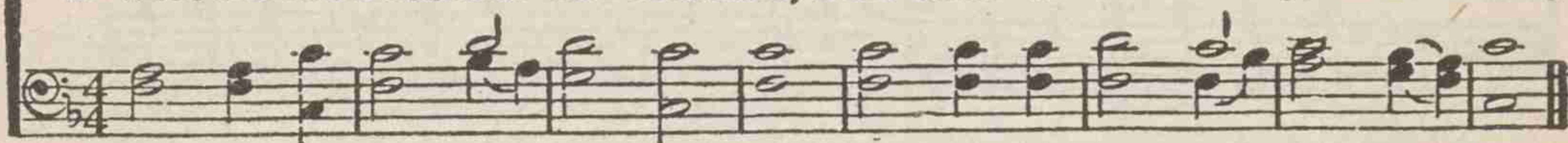
ISAAC WATTS.

(HAMBURG L. M.)

GREGORIAN.



1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down;
3. Since I, who was un-done and lost, Have par - don thro' His name and word:
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a trib - ute far too small;



My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.  
 Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?  
 For-bid it, then, that I should boast, Save in the cross of Christ, my Lord.  
 Love se a - maz - ing, so di - vine, Demands my life, my soul, my all.



225

## The Cross of Christ.

JOHN BOWRING.

(RATHBUN. 8s. 7s.)

ITHAMAR CONKEY.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the



sa - cred story Gathers round its head sublime.  
 cross forsake me; Lolit glows with peace and joy.



- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
 Light and love upon my way,  
 From the cross the radiance streaming  
 Adds new luster to the day.

- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
 By the cross are sanctified;  
 Peace is there that knows no measure,  
 Joys that through all time abide.

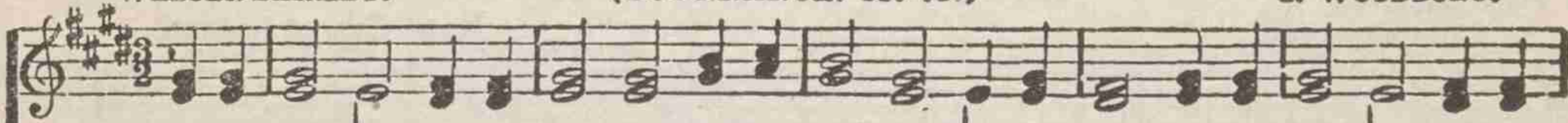
226

## Sweet the Moments.

WALTER SHIRLEY.

(DOERNANCE. 8s. 7s.)

I. WOODBURY.



1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross we spend; Life and health and peace pos -
2. Tru - ly bless - ed is this station, Low before His cross to lie, While we see divine com -



sessing From the sinner's dying Friend.  
 passion Beaming in His gracious eye.



- 3 Here we feel our sins forgiven,  
 While upon the Lamb we gaze;  
 And our thoughts are all of heaven,  
 And our lips o'erflow with praise.

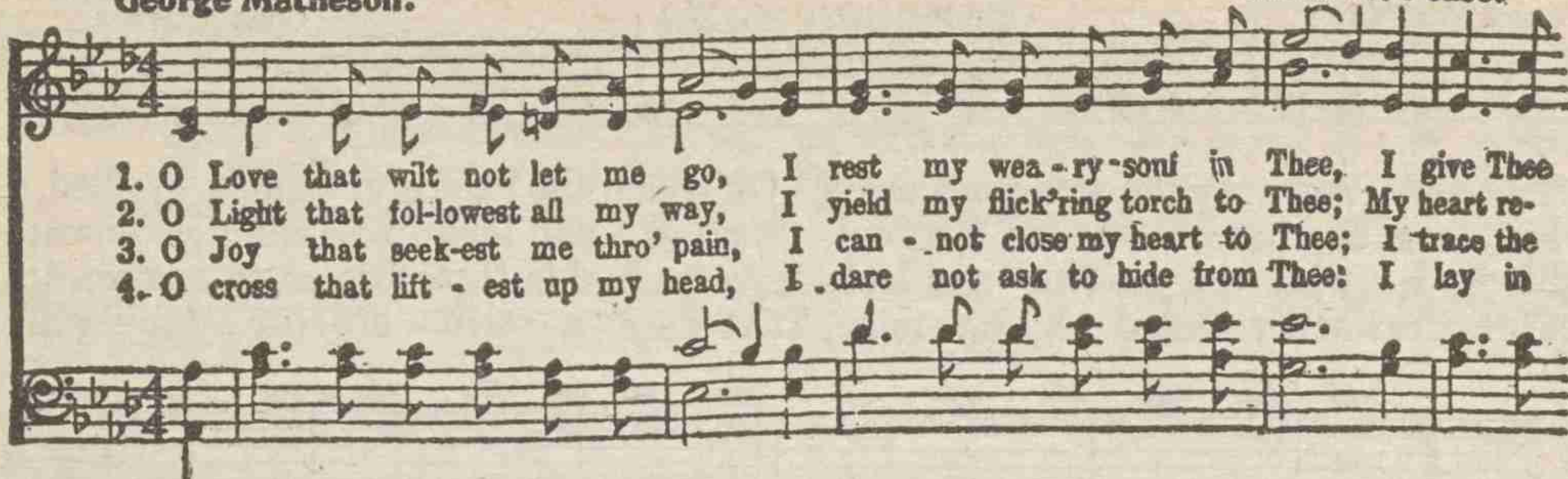
- 4 While in grateful contemplation,  
 Lord, our eyes are fixed on Thee.  
 May we taste Thy full salvation,  
 And, unvailed, Thy glories see.



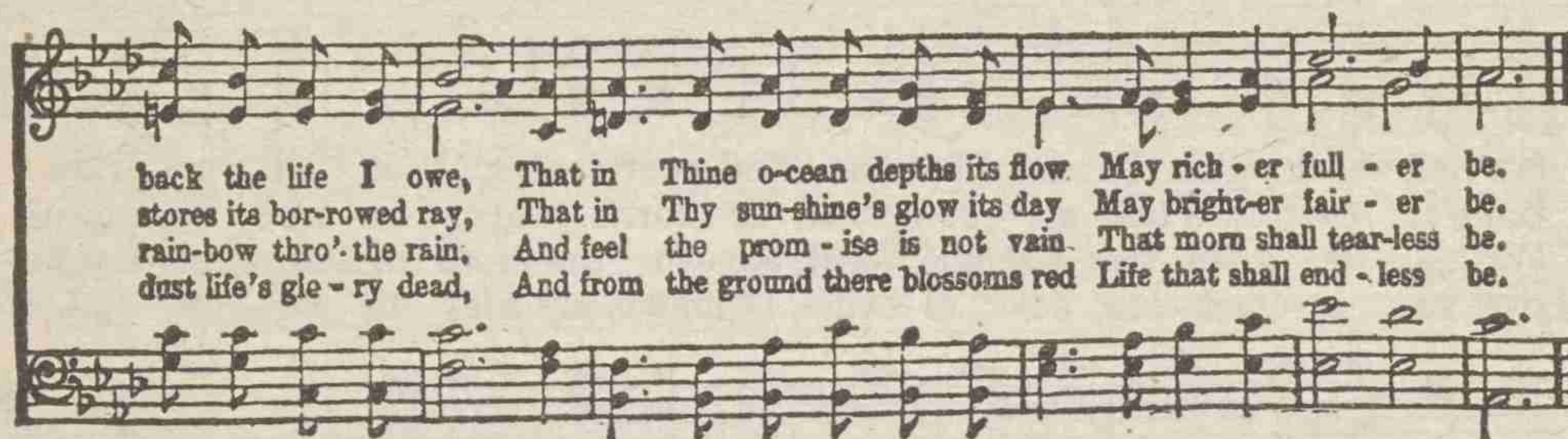
# No. 227. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson.

Albert L. Peace.



1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea-ry-soul in Thee, I give Thee  
 2. O Light that fol-lowest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-  
 3. O Joy that seek-est me thro' pain, I can - not close my heart to Thee; I trace the  
 4. O cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to hide from Thee: I lay in

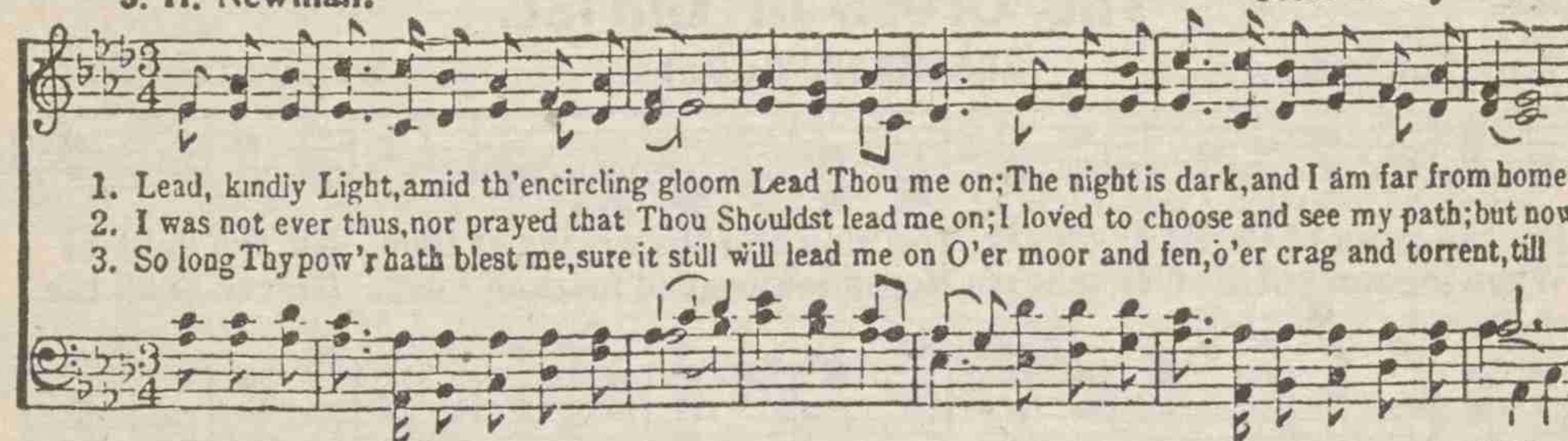


back the life I owe, That in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich - er full - er be.  
 stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy sun-shine's glow its day May bright-er fair - er be.  
 rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the prom - ise is not vain. That morn shall tear-less be.  
 dust life's gle - ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be.

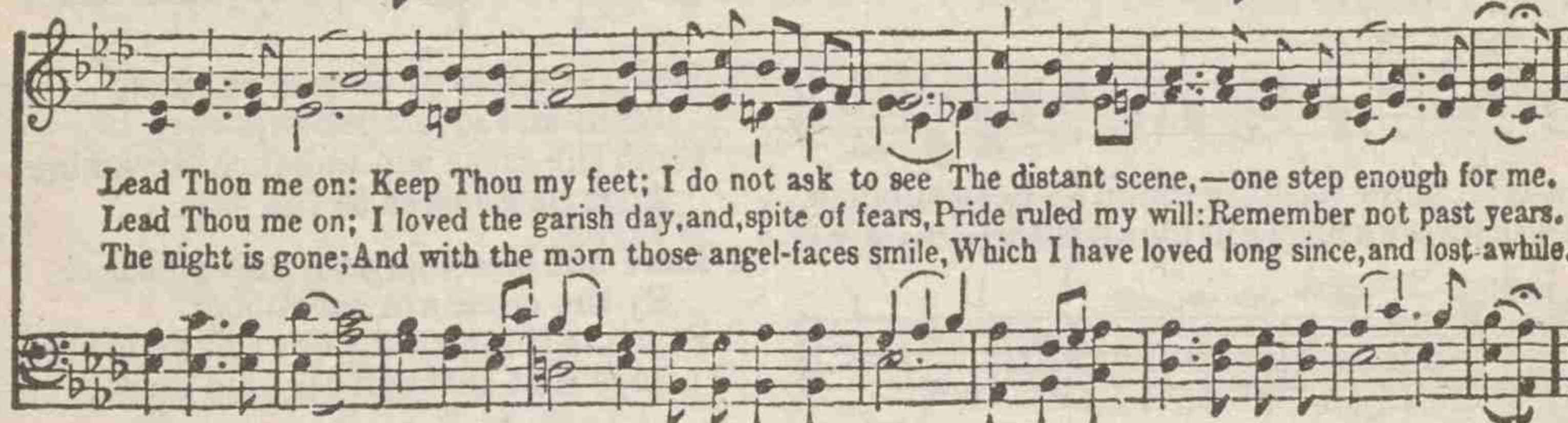
# No. 228. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman.

John B. Dykes.



1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;  
 2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till



Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene, — one step enough for me.  
 Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.  
 The night is gone; And with the morn those angel-faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

# No. 229. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett.

Hans George Naegeli.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellow-ship of kindred minds Is like to that a-bove.

2 Before our Father's throne We pour our ardent prayers; [one, Our fears, our hopes, our aims are Our comforts and our cares.	3 We share our mutual woes, Our mutual burdens bear; And often for each other flows The sympathizing tear.	4 When we asunder part, It gives us inward pain; But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet again.
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# No. 230.

# Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte.

Wm. H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide!  
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;  
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?  
 4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!  
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!  
 Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!  
 Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

# No. 231.

# Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler.

Henry Monk.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no  
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last

earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.  
 thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
 For with-out Thee I cannot live;  
 Abide with me when night is nigh,  
 For without Thee I dare not die.

# No. 232 Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

Miss Etta Campbell.

First Tune.

Theo. E. Perkins.

1. { What means this eager, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along— }  
 { These wondrous gath'nings day by day? What means this strange com- } motion, pray? In accents hush'd the

throng reply: "Je-sus of Nazareth passeth by," In accents hush'd the throng reply: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

2 Who is this Jesus? why should He  
 The city move so mightily?  
 A passing stranger, has He skill  
 To move the multitude at will?  
 Again the stirring notes reply:  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 Jesus! 'Tis He who once below [was;  
 Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and  
 And burden'd ones, where'er He came,  
 Bro't out their sick and deaf and lame.  
 The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! from place to place  
 His holy footprints we can trace,  
 He pauseth at our threshold—nay,  
 He enters—condescends to stay.  
 Shall we not gladly raise the cry—  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."



# No. 233.

# Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford.

Second Tune.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. { Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care, } In sea-sons  
 { And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and } wishes known! { My soul has  
 D.C.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.

of dis-tress and grief }  
 oft - en found re- } lief,

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of  
 The joys I feel, the bliss I share, [prayer,  
 Of those whose anxious spirits burn  
 With strong desires for thy return!  
 With such I hasten to the place  
 Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,  
 And gladly take my station there,  
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

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

# No. 234.

# Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts.

Third Tune.

John Hatton.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does His suc-ces-sive jour-neys run; His kingdom spread from  
 2. From north to south the princ-es meet, To pay their hom-age at His feet: While western em-pires

shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.  
 own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at-tend His word.

3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,  
 And endless praises crown His head;  
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
 With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue  
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song,  
 And infant voices shall proclaim  
 Their early blessings on His name.

# No. 235.

# O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge.

E. F. Rimbault.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! } Hap-py day, hap-py day,  
 { Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. }  
 2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! } Hap-py day, hap-py day,  
 { Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. }

When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray }  
 { And live re - joic - ing ev'-ry day; }

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

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;  
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest  
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart,  
 With Him of every good possessed;

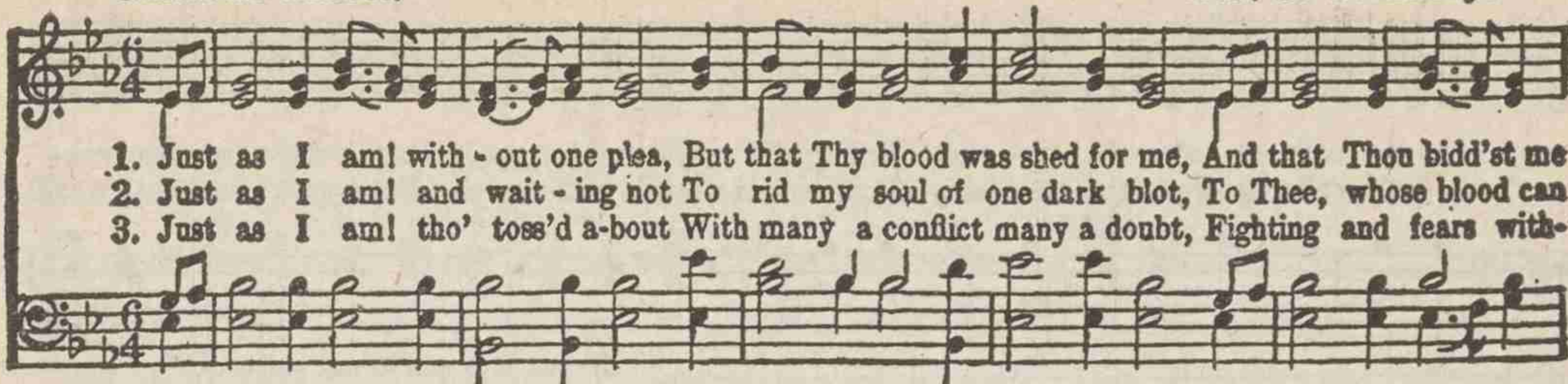


# No. 236.

# Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

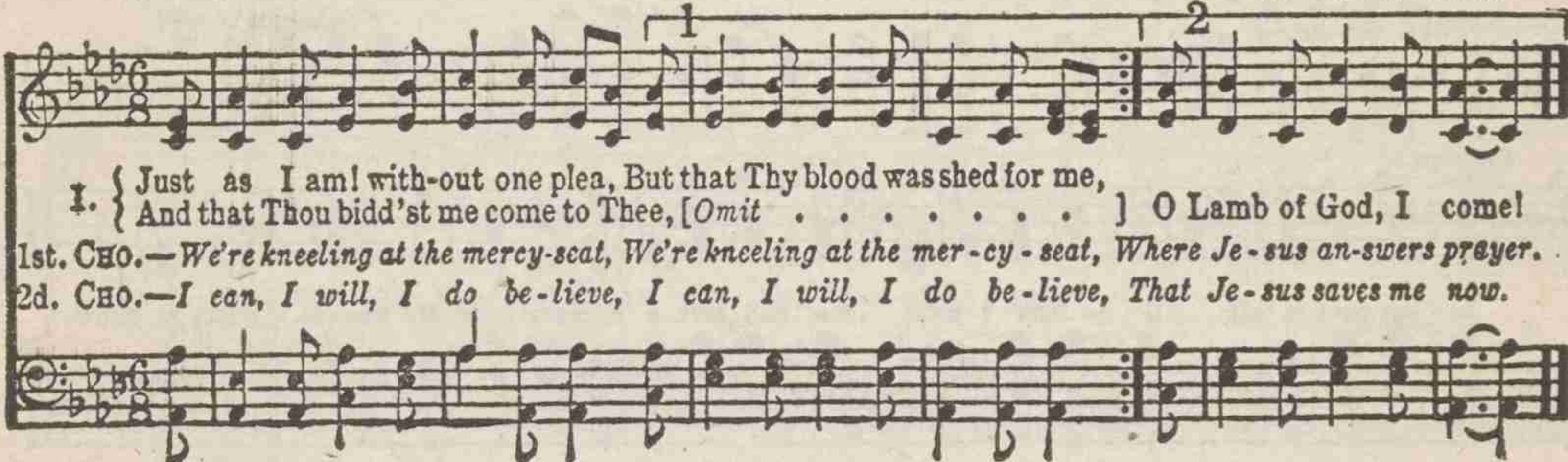


4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

# No. 237. We're Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

E. O. E. Arr.



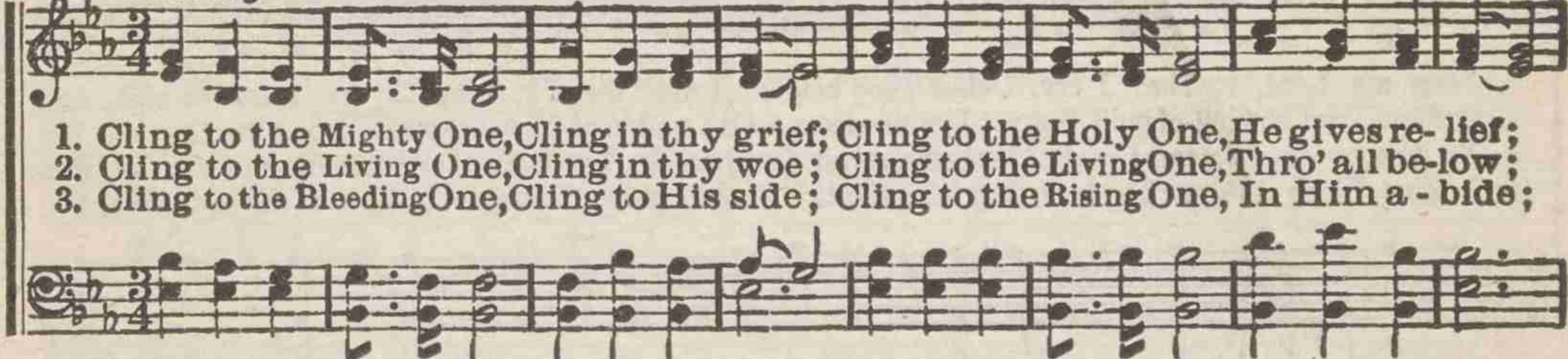
# No. 238.

# Cling to the Mighty One.

"Always abounding."—I Cor. 15: 58.

H. N. LINCOLN. By per.

Slowly.





# No. 239.

# Jesus Call Us.

Cecil F. Alexander.

W. F. Jude.



1. Je - sus calls us: o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest-less sea, Day by day His sweet voice  
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden store; From each i - dol that would



sound - eth, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low Me."  
keep us, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, love Me more."



- 3 In our joys and in our sorrows,  
Days of toil and hours of ease;  
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,  
That we love Him more than these.

- 4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,  
Savior, make us hear Thy call,  
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,  
Serve and love Thee best of all.

# No. 240.

# Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall.

John T. Grape



- 1 I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."



CHORUS.



Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.



- 2 Lord, now indeed I find  
Thy power, and Thine alone,  
Can change the leper's spots,  
And melt the heart of stone.

- 3 For nothing good have I  
Whereby Thy grace to claim—  
I'll wash my garments white  
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

- 4 And when, before the throne,  
I stand in Him complete  
"Jesus died my soul to save,"  
My lips shall still repeat.

# No. 241.

# Take Me As I Am.

J. H. S.

J. H. Stockton.



1. Jesus my Lord, to Thee I cry: Unless Thou help me, I must die; Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And  
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood was for me spilt: And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But  
3. No pre - a - ra - tion can I make, My best resolves I only break; Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And  
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full salvation I would prove; But since to Thee I can-not move, Oh,



D.S.—Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And



take me as I am.

Take me as I am,...

Take me as I am;....

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





# No. 242 Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar,

T. E. Perkins.

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine!  
 2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine!  
 3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawn - ing light, Je - sus is mine!  
 4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine!

Dark is the wil - der - ness, Earth has no rest - ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!  
 Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born for but one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!  
 All that my soul has tried Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!  
 Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

243

# The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter

J. H. Stockton.

**FINE REFRAIN. D. S.**  
 1. { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus, } { Sweetest note in ser - aph song, }  
 { He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus. } { Sweetest name on mortal tongue, }  
 D. S. — Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

- |  |   |  |
|--|---|--|
| 2 Your many sins are all forgiven,<br>Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;<br>Go on your way in peace to heaven,<br>And wear a crown with Jesus. | 3 All glory to the dying Lamb!<br>I now believe in Jesus;<br>I love the blessed Savior's name,<br>I love the name of Jesus. | 4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,<br>No other name but Jesus;<br>Oh! how my soul delights to hear<br>The charming name of Jesus. |
|--|---|--|

244

# Oh, How I Love Jesus.

1. There { is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It, }  
 { sounds like mus - ic in mine ear, The } sweet - est name on earth,  
 { Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus, }  
 { Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be - } cause He first loved me.

- |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|
| 2 It tells me of a Savior's love,<br>Who died to set me free;<br>It tells me of His precious blood;<br>The sinner's perfect plea. | 3 It tells me what my Father hath<br>In store for every day,<br>And tho' I tread a darksome path,<br>Yields sunshine all the way. | 4 It tells of One whose loving heart<br>Can feel my deepest woe,<br>Who in each sorrow bears a part,<br>That none can bear below. |
|---|---|---|



# No. 245. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. { Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried, } Glory to His name.  
There to my heart was the blood applied;  
2. { I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-bides with-in, } Glory to His name.  
There at the cross where He took me in;  
D.C. - There to my heart was the blood applied, Glory to His name.

CHORUS. Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name; D. C.

- 3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,  
I am so glad I have entered in;  
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;  
Glory to His name.
- 4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;  
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;  
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;  
Glory to His name.

# No. 246. Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt.

Har. by J. M. Hunt.

1. { O for a thou-sand tongues to sing, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! } of the Lord!  
The glo-ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name  
2. { Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! } of the Lord!  
'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name

Bless-ed be the name, bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! of the Lord!

- 3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be etc, His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be etc,  
4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be etc, When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be etc,

# No. 247. Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton.

Third Tune.

Haydn.

1. Walk in the light! so thou shalt know That fellowship of love, His Spirit only can bestow, Who reigns in light above.

- 2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made truly His, [shrined, Who dwells in cloudless light en- In whom no darkness is.
- 3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness passed away, [shone Because that light hath on thee In which is perfect day.
- 4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fearful shade shall wear; Glory shall chase away its gloom, For Christ hath conquered there.



# No. 248

# Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady.

Second Tune.

FINE

Thomas Hastings. D. C.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; } Let the wa - ter and the blood, }  
D. C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. } From Thy wounded side which flow'd }

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy wounded side which flow'd  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save from wrath and make me pure.

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

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

## 249

## Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper.

First Tune.

FINE

J. E. Gould.

1-2 D. C.

1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, pi - lot me, O-ver life's tempestuous sea: } Un-known waves before me roll, }  
D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me. } Hiding rocks and treach'rous } shoal;

1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,  
Over life's tempestuous sea:  
Unknown waves before me roll,  
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;  
Chart and compass come from Thee  
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,  
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;  
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will  
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"  
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,  
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,  
And the fearful breakers roar  
'Twix me and the peaceful rest,  
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,  
May I hear Thee say to me,  
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

## 250

## I Lay My Sins on Jesus.

Horatius Bonar.

Samuel Sebastian Wesley

1. I lay my sins on Je-sus, The spotless lamb of God; He bears them all, and frees us From the ac-curs-ed load:  
I bring my guilt to Je-sus, To wash my crim-son stains White in His blood most precious, Till not a stain re-mains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;  
All fullness dwells in Him;  
He healeth my diseases,  
He doth my soul redeem:  
I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
My burdens and my cares;  
He from them all releases,  
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,  
This weary soul of mine;  
His right hand me embraces,  
I on His breast recline:  
I love the name of Jesus,  
Immanuel, Christ the Lord,  
Like fragrance on the breezes  
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,  
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;  
I long to be like Jesus,  
The Father's holy child:  
I long to be with Jesus  
Amid the heavenly throng,  
To sing with saints His praises,  
And learn the angels' song.

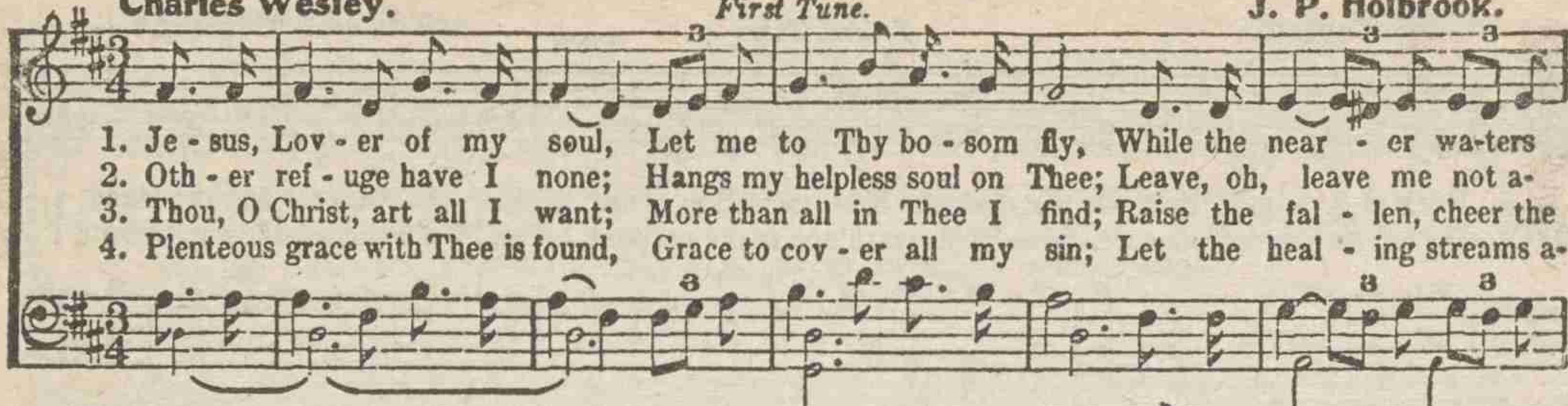


# No. 251 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

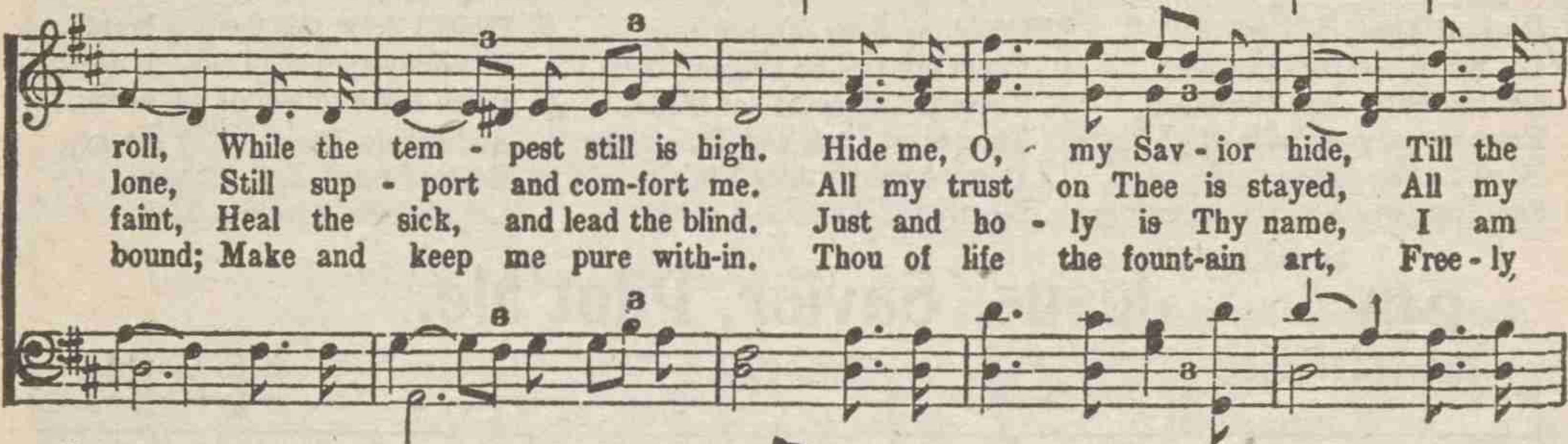
Charles Wesley.

First Tune.

J. P. Holbrook.



1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa - ters  
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a -  
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the  
 4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a -



roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, Till the  
 lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my  
 faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am  
 bound; Make and keep me pure with-in. Thou of life the fount - ain art, Free - ly



storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!  
 help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.  
 all un - right - eous - ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou are full of truth and grace.  
 let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

## Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Second Tune.

FINE

S. B. Marsh. D. C.



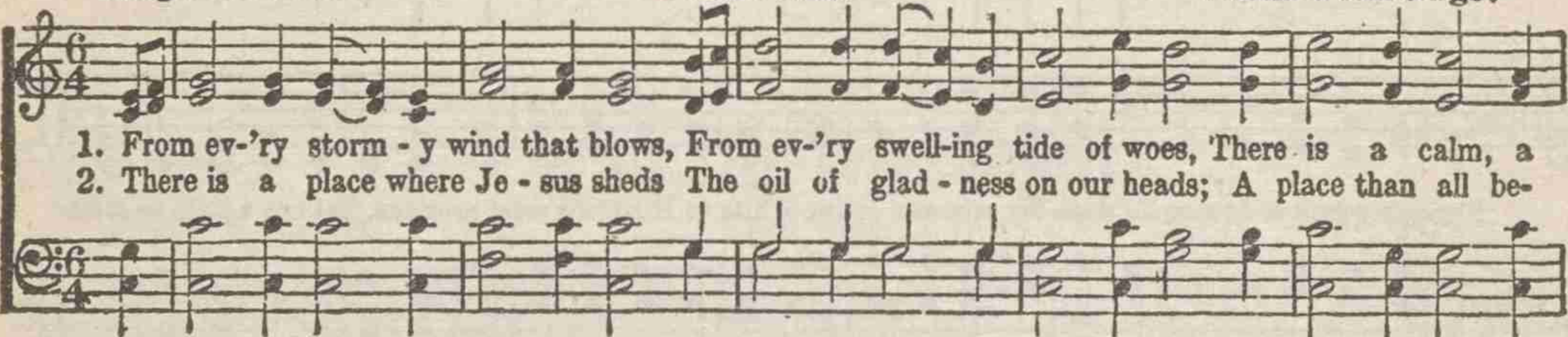
1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, } { Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, }  
 { While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Till the storm of life is past; }  
 D. C. - Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!

# 252 From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

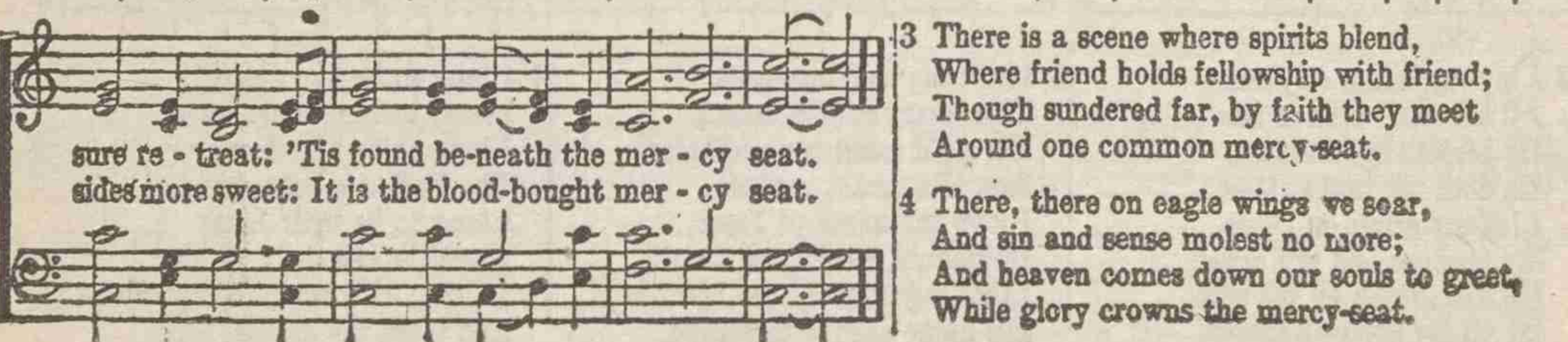
Hugh Stowell.

Third Tune.

Thomas Hastings.



1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a  
 2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads; A place than all be -



sure re - treat: 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy seat.  
 sides more sweet: It is the blood - bought mer - cy seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
 Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
 Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,  
 And sin and sense molest no more;  
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
 While glory crowns the mercy-seat.



## No. 253. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton.

Third Tune.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. { Safe - ly thro' an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way; } Wait-ing in His courts to - day;  
 Let us now a bless-ing seek,

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest; of e - ter - nal rest.

Here we come Thy name to praise;  
 Let us feel Thy pesence near;  
 May Thy glory meet our eyes,  
 While we in Thy house appear;  
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste  
 Of our everlasting feast.

## No. 254. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury.

William F. Sherwin.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Be-side the sea,  
 2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;  
 3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy dis - ci - ples lived In Gal - i - lee;

Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O Liv - ing Word!  
 Then shall all bon-dage cease, All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All.  
 Then, all my strug-gles o'er, Then, vic-t'ry won, I shall be-hold Thee, Lord, The Liv - ing One.

## No. 255. Alas! and Did my Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts.

Hugh Wilson.

1. Alas! and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sovereign die? Would He devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?

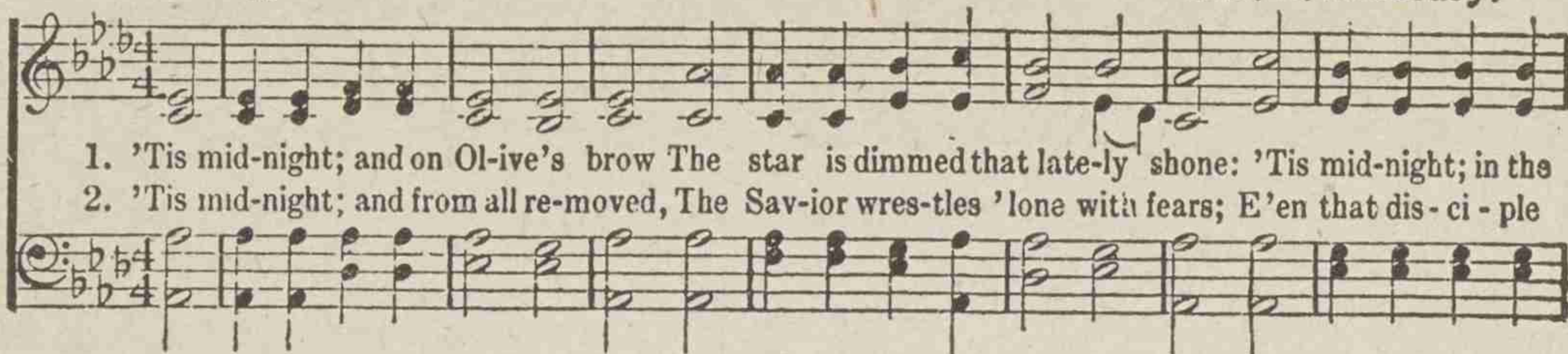
2 Was it for crimes that I have done, 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide 4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
 He groaned upon the tree? And shut His glories in, [died, The debt of love I owe:  
 Amazing pity! grace unknown! When Christ, the mighty Maker, Here, Lord, I give myself away, -  
 And love beyond degree! For man, the creature's sin. 'Tis all that I can do.



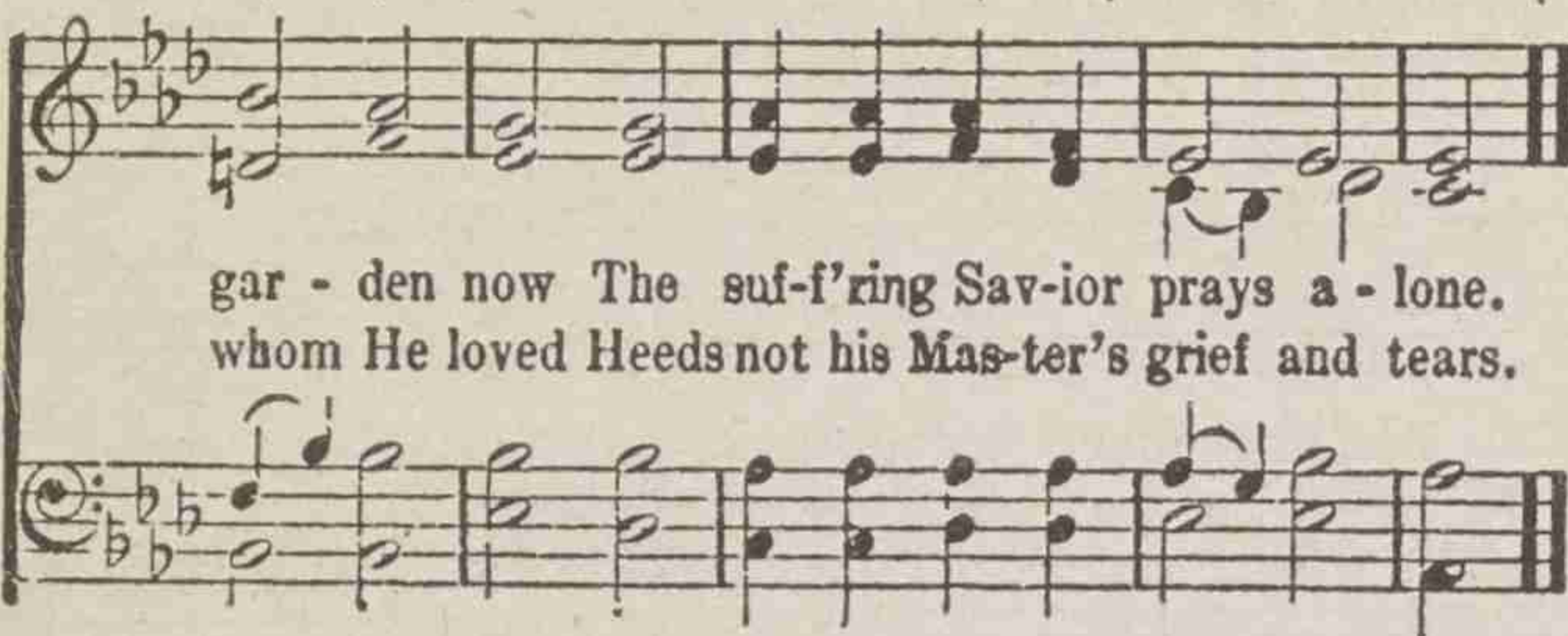
# No. 256 'Tis Midnight, and on Olive's Brow.

W. B. Tappan.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. 'Tis mid-night; and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone: 'Tis mid-night; in the  
2. 'Tis mid-night; and from all re-moved, The Sav-ior wres-tles 'lone with fears; E'en that dis-ci-ple



gar - den now The suf-f'ring Sav-ior prays a - lone.  
whom He loved Heeds not his Mas-ter's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt  
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;  
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt  
Is not forsaken by His God.

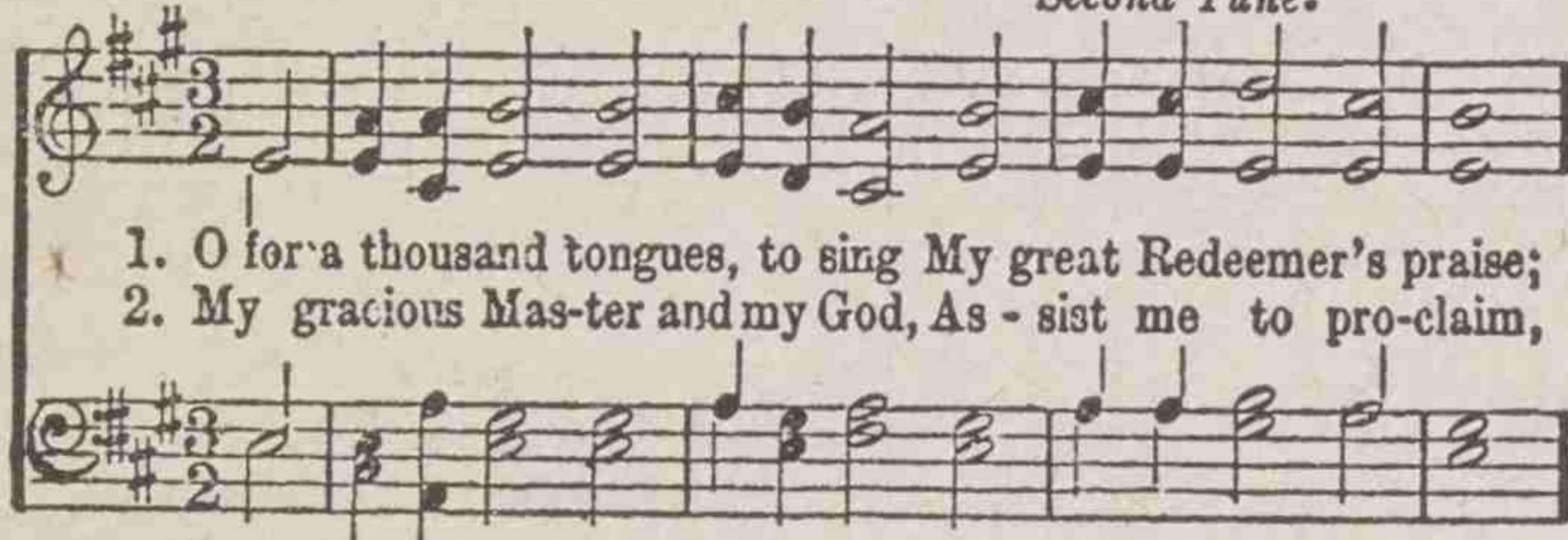
4 'Tis midnight; and from ether plains  
Is borne the song that angels know;  
Unheard by mortals are the strains  
That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.

257

## O For a Thousand Tongues.

Second Tune.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.



1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeemer's praise;  
2. My gracious Mas-ter and my God, As - sist me to pro-claim,



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.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our  
fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled  
He sets the prisoner free; [sin,  
His blood can make the foulest  
clean,  
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and listening to His  
voice,  
New life the dead receive;  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice  
The humble poor believe.

258

## Come Holy Spirit.

I. Watts.

Wm. Tansur.



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n - ly Dove, With all thy quick'n - ing 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. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n - ly Dove, With all thy quick'n - ing pow'rs;



Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.  
Our souls, how heav - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.  
Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.  
Come, shed a - broad a Sav - ior's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.



259

## I My Cross Have Taken.

HENRY F. LYTE.

(ELLESLIDE. 8s. 7s. D.)

W. A. MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol - low Thee;  
 2. Let the world de - spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - iour, too;  
 3. Hast'ning on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith and winged by prayer;

*Fine.*  
 All things else I have for - sa - ken; Thou hence - forth my all shalt be:  
 Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me; Thou art faith - ful, Thou art true;  
 Heav'n's e - ter - nal day's be - fore me, God's own hand is guid - ing there.

D. S.—Yet how rich is my con - di - tion,—God and heav'n are still my own.  
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.  
 Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

*D. S.*  
 Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;  
 And, while Thou dost smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,  
 Soon shall close my earth - ly mis - sion, Swift shall pass these pil - grim days,

260

## I Gave My Life for Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

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P. P. BLISS.

1. I gave My life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou might'st ransomed be,  
 2. My Father's house of light, My glo - ry cir - cled throne I left for earth - ly night,  
 3. I suf - fer'd much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell, Of bit - t' rest ag - o - ny,  
 4. And I have bro't to thee, Down from My home a - bove, Sal - va - tion full and free,

And quicken'd from the dead; I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for Me?  
 For wand'rings sad and lone; I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?  
 To res - cue thee from hell I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?  
 My par - don and My love; I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou bro't to Me?

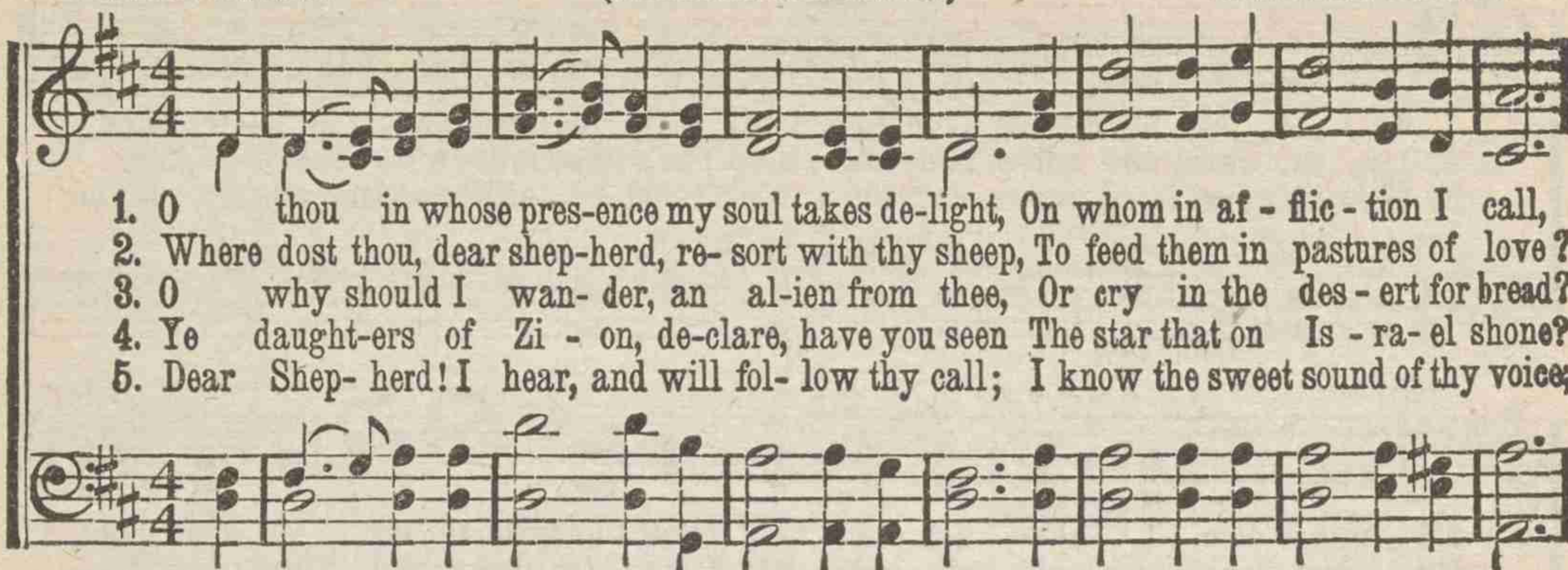


## O Thou, in Whose Presence.

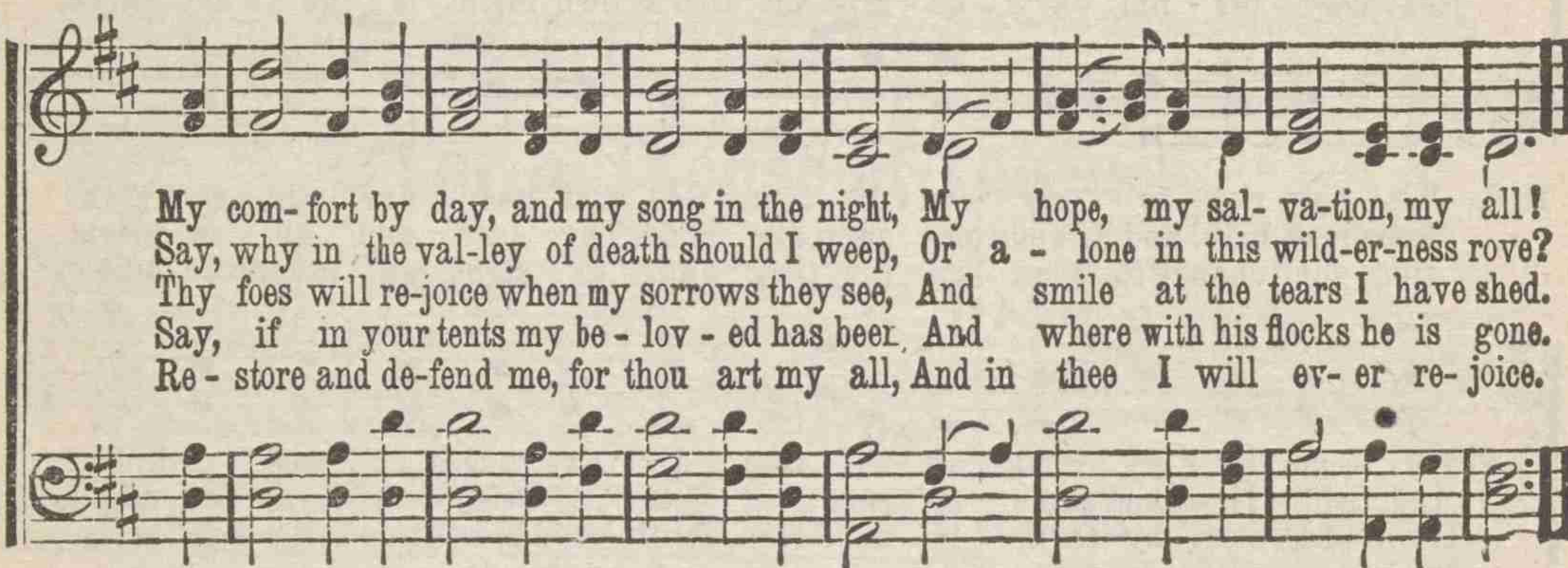
JOSEPH SWAIN.

(MEDITATION 11s 8s.)

FREEMAN LEWIS.



1. O thou in whose pres-ence my soul takes de-light, On whom in af-flic-tion I call,  
 2. Where dost thou, dear shep-herd, re-sort with thy sheep, To feed them in pastures of love?  
 3. O why should I wan-der, an al-ien from thee, Or cry in the des-ert for bread?  
 4. Ye daught-ers of Zi-on, de-clare, have you seen The star that on Is-ra-el shone?  
 5. Dear Shep-herd! I hear, and will fol-low thy call; I know the sweet sound of thy voice;



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

## When Morning Gilds the Skies.

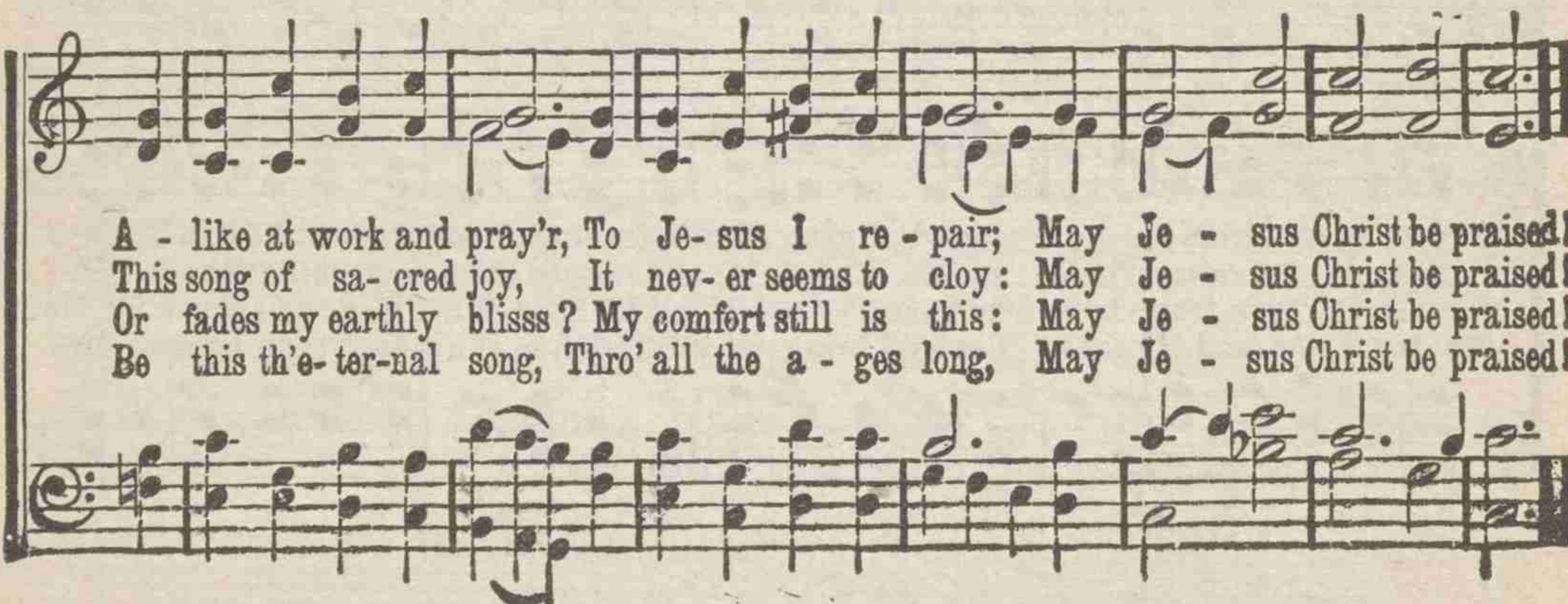
EDWARD CASWALL, Tr.

(LAUDES DOMINI 6s.)

JOSEPH BARNEY.



1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries, May Je-sus Christ be praised!  
 2. To thee, O God a-bove, I cry with glowing love, May Je-sus Christ be praised!  
 3. Does sad-ness fill my mind? A sol-ace here I find; May Je-sus Christ be praised!  
 4. Be this, while life is mine, My can-ti-cle di-vine, May Je-sus Christ be praised!



A-like at work and pray'r, To Je-sus I re-pair; May Je-sus Christ be praised!  
 This song of sa-cred joy, It nev-er seems to cloy: May Je-sus Christ be praised!  
 Or fades my earthly bliss? My comfort still is this: May Je-sus Christ be praised!  
 Be this th'e-ter-nal song, Thro' all the a-ges long, May Je-sus Christ be praised!



# No. 263.

# Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOB. F. KNAPP.

Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal-  
 2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight, An-gels de-  
 3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav - ior am hap-py and blest, Watching and

va - tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.  
 scend-ing, bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry,  
 wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

D. C.—Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long.

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

# No. 264.

# He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Ollmore.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. He lead-eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, wher-  
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er  
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine, Con - tent, what-ev - er  
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I

e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.  
 troub-led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own  
 lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.  
 will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.

hand He lead-eth me; His faith - ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.



# No. 265

Geo. Robinson.

# Gome, Thou Fount.

First Tune. FINE

John Wyeth.

1 2 D. C.



1. Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, } Teach me some melodious sonnet, }  
 Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing. Call for songs of loudest praise; } Sung by flam-ing tongues } a-bove;  
 D. C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.



- 1' Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,  
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
 Call for songs of loudest praise;  
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
 Sung by flaming tongues above;  
 Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it!  
 Mount of Thy redeeming love.
- 2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,  
 Hither by Thy help I'll come;  
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home:  
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
 Wandering from the fold of God;  
 He, to rescue me from danger,  
 Interposed His precious blood.
- 3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor  
 Daily I'm constrained to be!  
 Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,  
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee;  
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
 Prone to leave the God I love; [it,  
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal  
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

# 266

Geo. Robinson.

# I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

Second Tune.

J. J. Rousseau.

FINE CHORUS

1 2 D. C.



1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, } I love Je-sus, Hal-le-lu-jah! }  
 Streams of mer-cy, never ceas-ing Call for songs of loudest praise; } I love Je-sus, yes I } dol  
 D. C.—I love Je-sus, He's my Savior; Jesus smiles and loves me too.



# 267

Priscilla J. Owens.

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# Jesus Saves.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. We have heard a joy-ful sound, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Spread the glad-ness all a-  
 2. Waft it on the roll-ing tide, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Tell to sin-ners far and  
 3. Sing a-bove the bat-tle's strife, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; By His death and end-less  
 4. Give the winds a might-y voice, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Let the na-tions now re-



round, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Bear the news to ev-ry land, Climb the  
 wide, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Sing, ye is-lands of the sea, Ech-o  
 life, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Sing it soft-ly thro' the gloom, When the  
 joice, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Shout sal-va-tion full and free, High-est



steeps and cross the waves; On-ward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.  
 back, ye o-o-cean caves, Earth shall keep her ju-bi-lee, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.  
 heart for mer-cy craves, Sing in tri-umph o'er the tomb, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.  
 hills and deep-est caves; This our song of vic-to-ry, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.





# No. 268 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

1. { Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee,  
E'en tho' it be a cross, (Omit.) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God to Thee,  
D.S. - Nearer, my God, to Thee, (Omit.) Near - er to Thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee;  
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that Thou sendest me,  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee;  
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

# 269 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned,

Samuel Stennett.

Thomas Hastings.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Sav-ior's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned,  
2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair  
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shame-ful cross,

His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.  
That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.  
And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,  
And all the joys I have:  
He make me triumph over death,  
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive  
Such proofs of love divine,  
Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
Lord, they should all be thine.

# 270

# The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote.

BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. { My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness; } On Christ the Sol-id  
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.

Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

2 When darkness veils His lovely face;  
I rest on His unchanging grace;  
In every high and stormy gale,  
My anchor holds within the veil.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood  
Support me in the whelming flood;  
When all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound  
O may I then in Him be found,  
Drest in His righteousness alone,  
Faultless to stand before the throne.

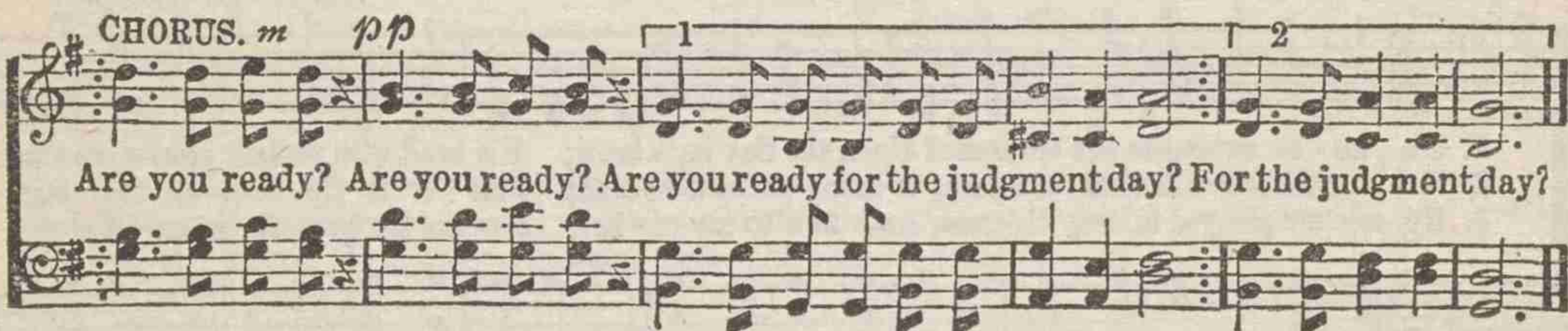


## No. 271.

## There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

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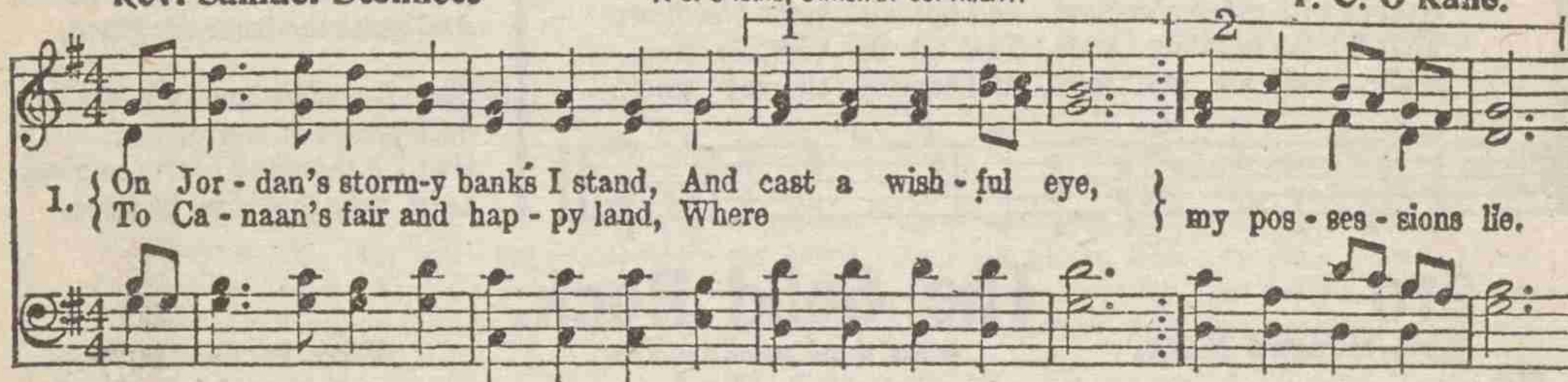


## No. 272. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Rev. Samuel Stennett

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

T. C. O'Kane.



- 2 O'er all those wide-extended plains, Shines one eternal day;  
 There God the Son forever reigns,  
 And scatters night away.
- 3 When shall I reach that happy place,  
 And be forever blest?  
 When shall I see my Father's face,  
 And in His bosom rest?
- 4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
 Would here no longer stay;  
 Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,  
 Fearless I'd launch away.

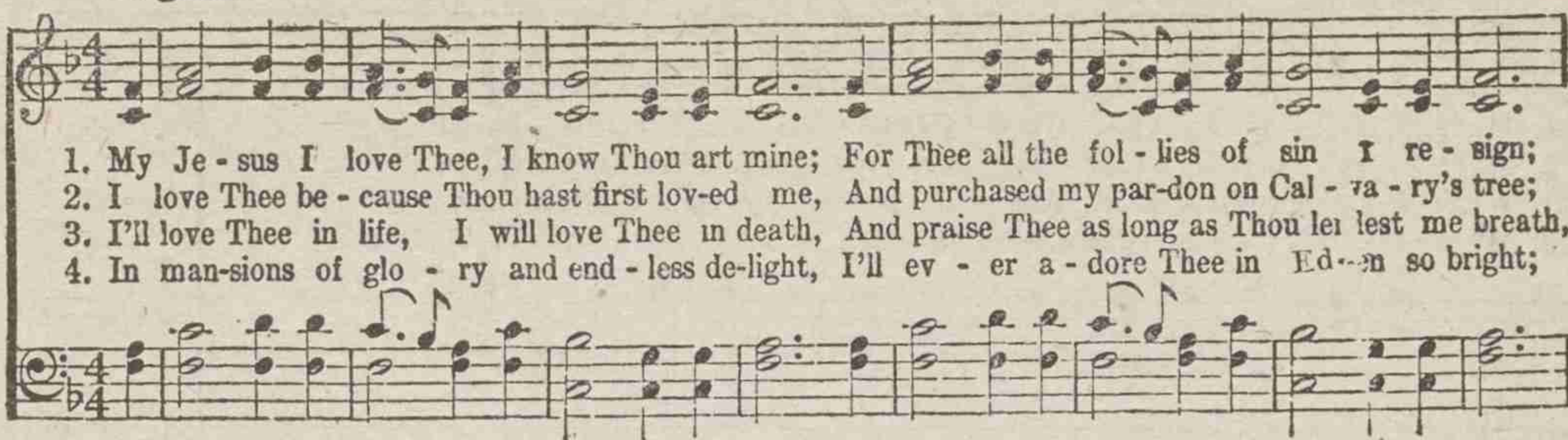


No. 273

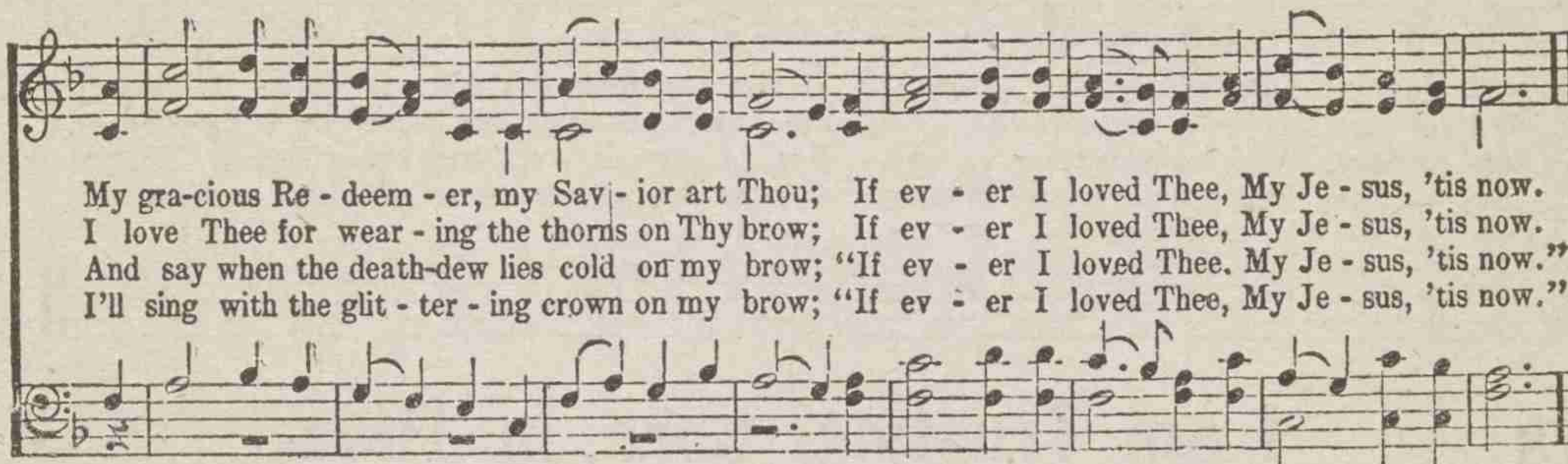
## My Jesus I Love Thee.

English.

A. J. Gordon.



1. My Je - sus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;  
 2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;  
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lei - est me breath,  
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in Ed - en so bright;



My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."  
 I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."

## 274 O Turn Ye.

- 1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,  
 When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?  
 Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come,"  
 And angels are waiting to welcome you home.
- 2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,  
 O how can you question, if you will believe?  
 If sin is your burden, why will you not come?  
 'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.

Why will you be starving, and feeding on air?  
 There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;  
 If still you are doubting, make trial and see,  
 And prove that His mercy is boundless and free.

## No. 275 Look to Jesus.

- 1 O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore,  
 Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more;  
 The light of His countenance shineth so bright,  
 That here, as in Heaven, there need be no night.
- 2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear,  
 I tremble no more when I see Jesus near,  
 I know that His presence my safe-guard will be,  
 For, "Why are ye troubled?" He saith unto me.

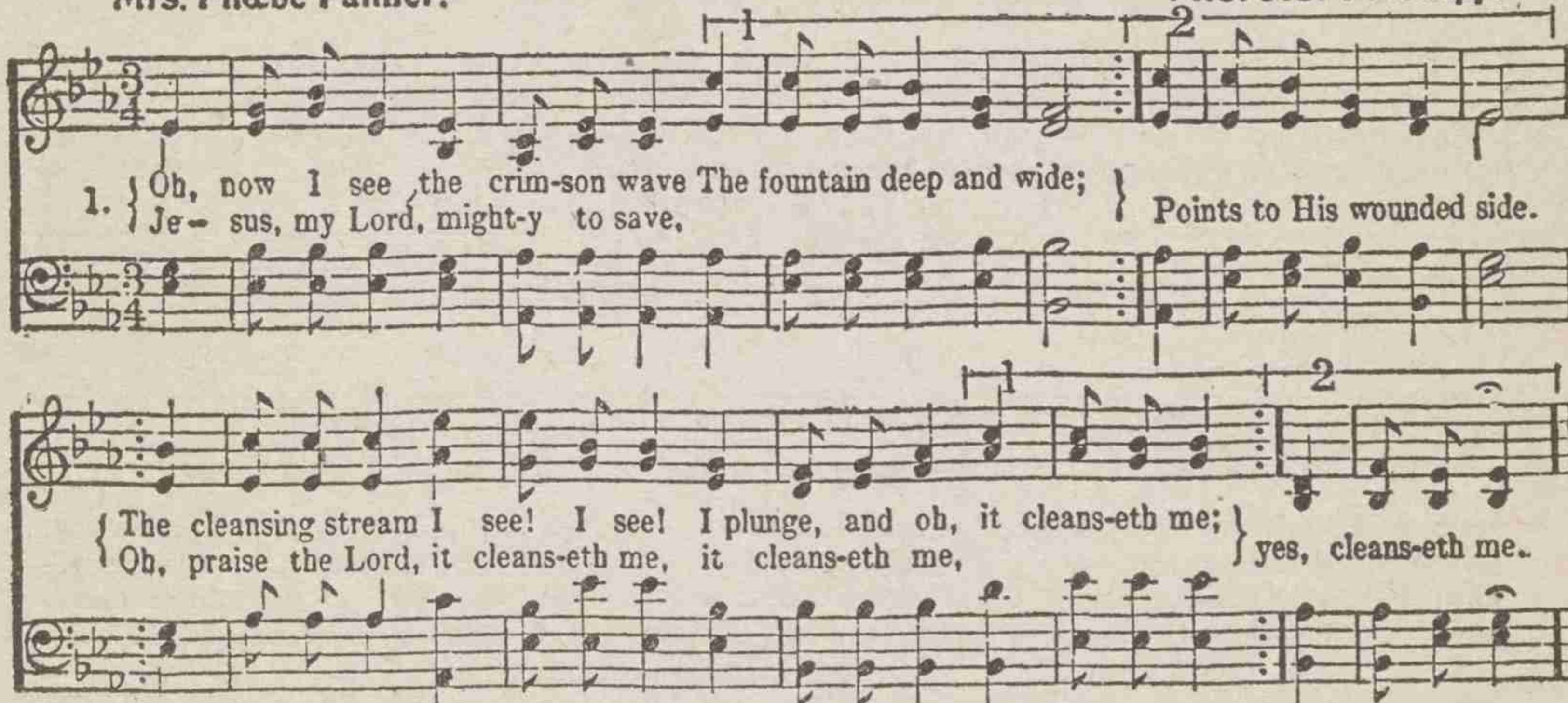
Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace  
 Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face  
 Shall know how His love went before me each day,  
 And wonder that ever my eyes turned away

## 276

## The Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. Phoebe Palmer.

Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.



1. { Oh, now I see the crim - son wave The fountain deep and wide;  
 Je - sus, my Lord, might - y to save, } Points to His wounded side.

{ The cleansing stream I see! I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleans-eth me;  
 Oh, praise the Lord, it cleans-eth me, it cleans-eth me, } yes, cleans-eth me.

- 2 I see the new creation rise,  
 I hear the speaking blood:  
 Jesus my Lord, mighty to save,  
 Points to His wounded side.

- 3 I rise to walk in heav'n's own light,  
 Above the world and sin, [white  
 With heart made pure and garments  
 And Christ enthroned within.

- 4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below  
 To feel the blood applied;  
 And Jesus, only Jesus know,  
 My Jesus crucified.



# No. 277 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer.

Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me  
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast  
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness  
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior

while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!  
 died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!  
 turn to day, Wipe sor-rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.  
 then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re-move; O bear me safe a - bove, — A ran - somed soul.

# 278 I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald.

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W. O. Flscher, D. C.

1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross, I shall full salvation find.  
 CHO. — I am trusting, Lord, in Thee; Blest Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee; 3 Here I give my all to Thee, 4 In the promises I trust  
 Long has evil reigned within; Friends, and time, and earthly store; Now I feel the blood applied;  
 Jesus sweetly speaks to me, — Soul and body Thine to be, I am prostrate in the dust,  
 "I will cleanse you from all sin!" Wholly Thine forevermore. I with Christ am crucified.

# 279 Joy to the World.

J. Watts.

Second Tune.

G. F. Handel.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him  
 2. Joy to the world! the Sav-ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and  
 3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings  
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The glo - ries of His right-eous-

room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.  
 plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.  
 flow Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.  
 ness, And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love, And wonders, won-ders of His love.

Sing. . . . .

And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing.



No. 280

# While Jesus Whispers.

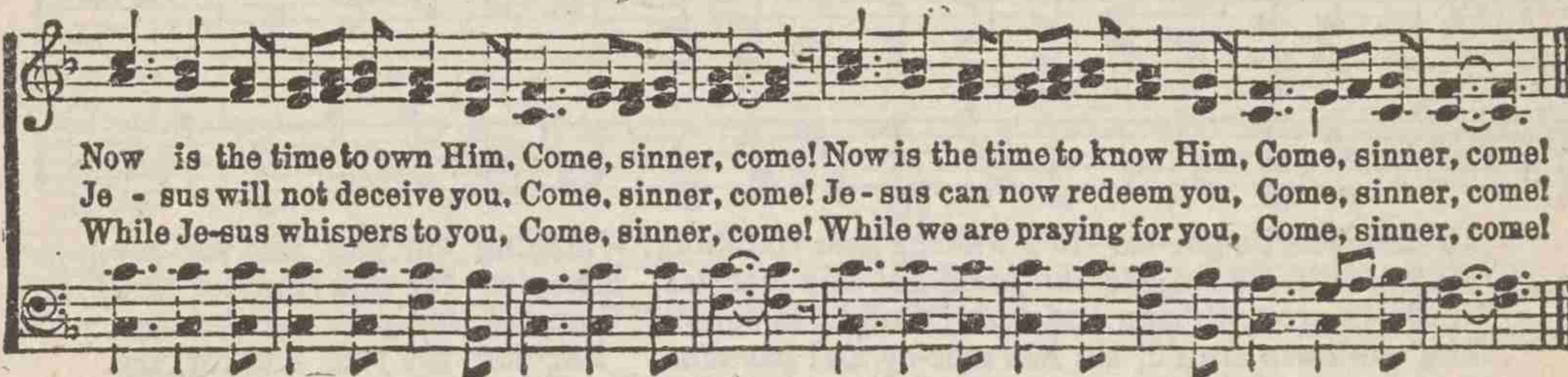
W. E. WITTER.

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H. B. PALMER.



1. While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!  
2. Are you too heav-y - la-den? Come, sinner, come! Jesus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come!  
3. O hear His tender pleading, Come, sinner, come! Come and receive the blessing, Come, sinner, come!



Now is the time to own Him, Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!  
Je - sus will not deceive you, Come, sinner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come!  
While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

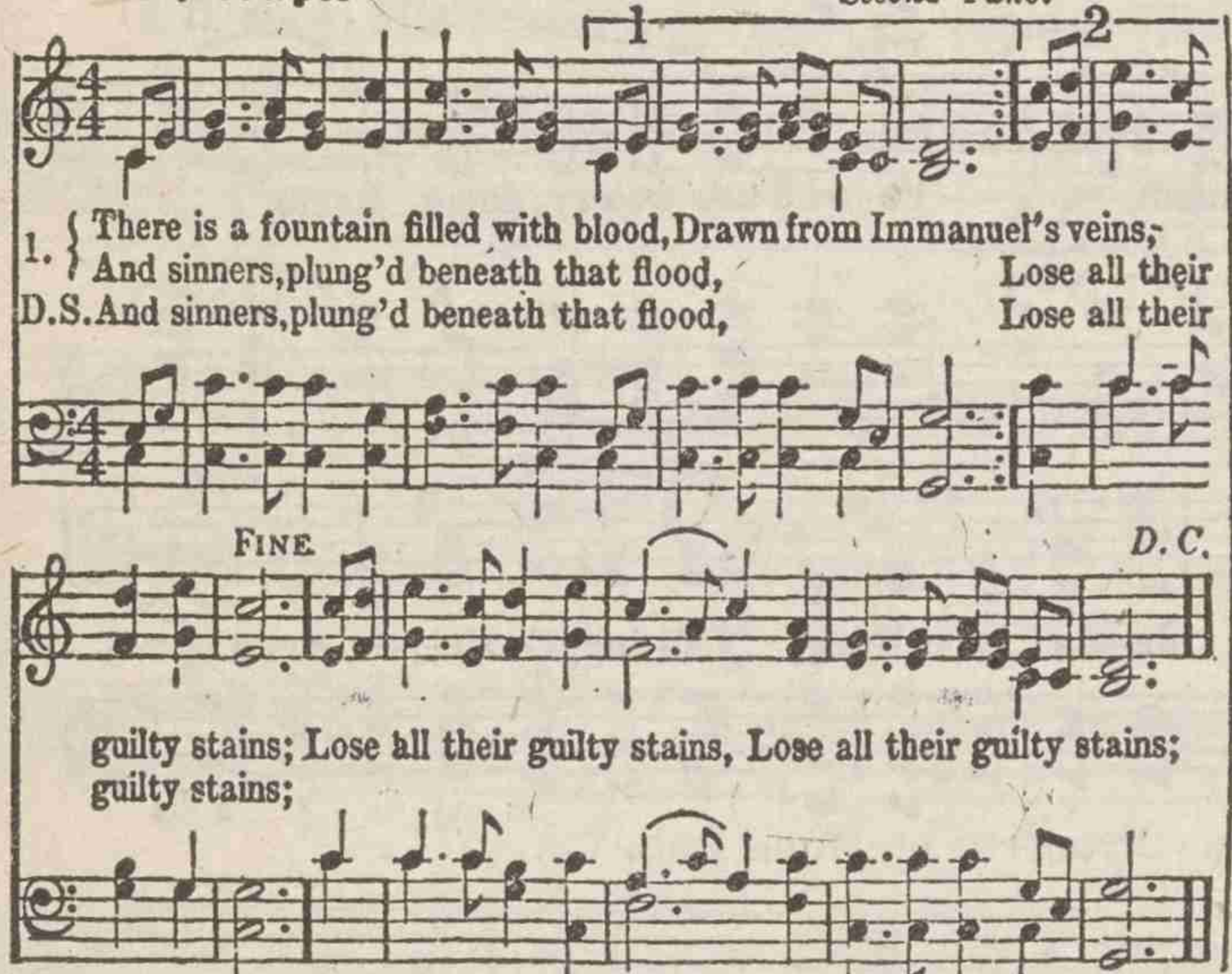
281

## There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper

Second Tune.

Lowell Mason.



1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their  
D.S. And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their  
guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;  
guilty stains;

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, tho' vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious  
Shall never lose its power, [blood  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the  
Thy flowing wounds supply [stream  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

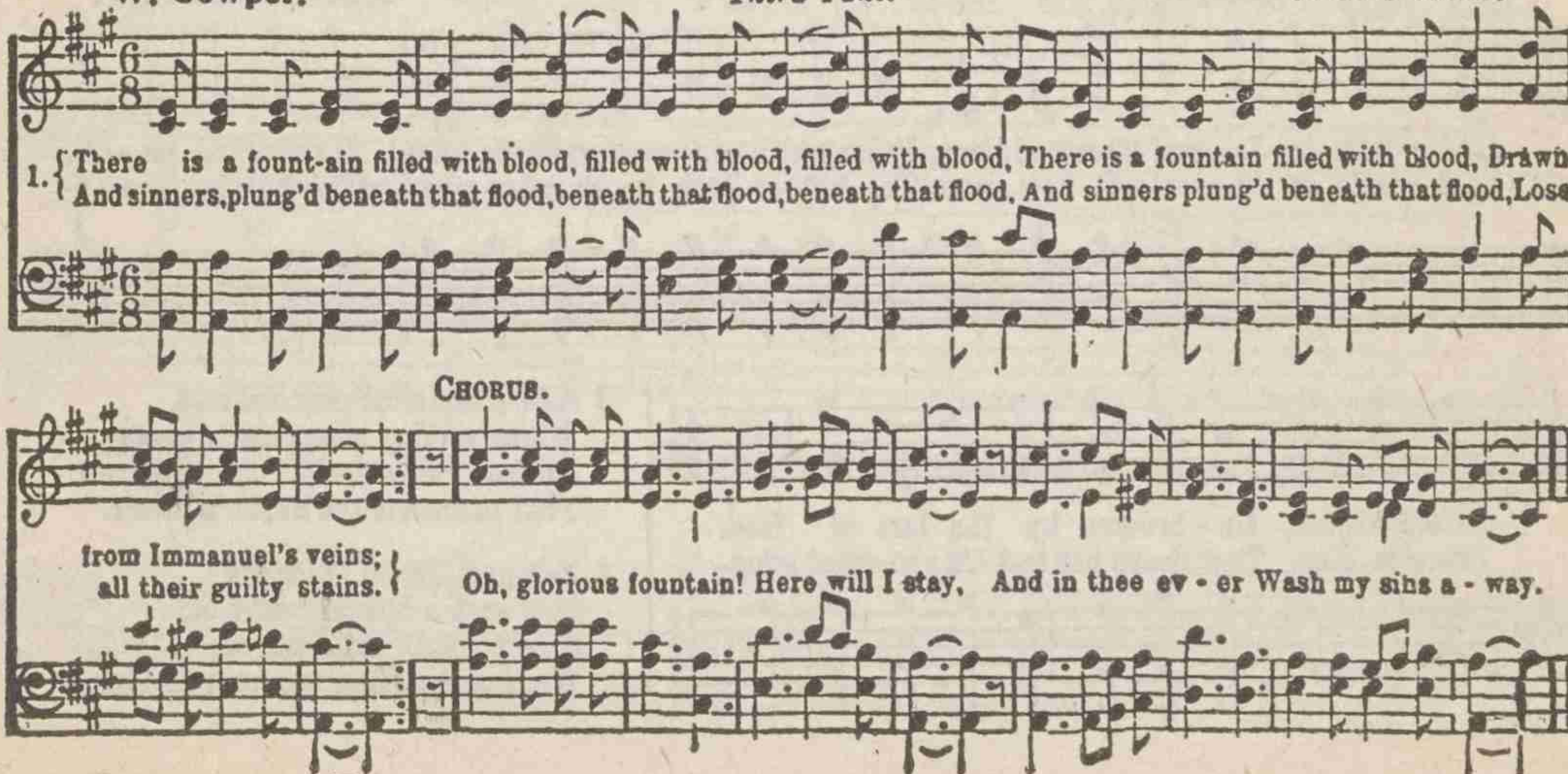
282

## Glorious Fountain.

W. Cowper.

Third Tune.

T. C. O'Kane.



1. { There is a fount-ain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn  
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose  
CHORUS.  
from Immanuel's veins;  
all their guilty stains. Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.



W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

*pp*

1. Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;  
 2. Why should we tarry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for you and for me?  
 3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are pass-ing, Pass-ing from you and from me;  
 4. Think of the won-der-ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

At the heart's por-tal He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.  
 Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?  
 Shadows are gath'ring, and death's night is coming, Com-ing for you and for me.  
 Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS.

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

*p* *rit.* *pp*

Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

Copyright. Property of Hope Pub. Co.

Margaret Mackay.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep! A calm and un - dis-  
 2. A - sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet! With ho - ly, con - fi-

turbed re-pose, Un - bro-ken by the last of foes.  
 dence to sing, That death has lost his ven-omed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,  
 Whose waking is supremely blest!  
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour  
 That manifests the Savior's pow'r.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me  
 May such a blissful refuge be!  
 Securely shall my ashes lie,  
 Waiting the summons from on high.



# No. 285 I Know God's Promise is True.

Mrs. C. H. M.

John 3:16.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



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



That who-so - ev - er would be - lieve, E - ter - nal life should have.  
Un - til this bless - ed prom - ise fell Like mu - sic on my ear.  
I took Him at His gra - cious word, From sin He set me free.  
I'll sing His praise for - ev - er - more, Who has redeemed my soul.



## CHORUS.



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



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



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





## When Jesus Appears.

'When the Chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that  
fadeth not away.'—1 PETER 5: 4.

T. H.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.



1. When with the angels Christ Jesus shall come, When He shall gather His ransomed ones home,
2. When in His kingdom the Sav-ior shall own All His redeemed ones joint-heirs to His throne,
3. When all our partings with loved ones are past, When we shall greet one another at last,
4. When we shall see on that beau-ti - ful shore Jesus our Savior, the Christ we a-dore—
5. Welcome, glad morning! hail, glo-ri-ous day! Je-sus is com-ing in gorgeous ar-ray;
6. Then we shall know Him as here we are known, Then we shall reap the glad harvest we've sown,



1. We shall forsake this dark valley of tears, Clad in new beauty when Je-sus ap-pears.
2. We shall a-rise while the firmament clears, "Caught up together," when Jesus ap-pears.
3. O what a shout will resound thru the spheres! Glad hal-le-lu-jahs, when Je-sus ap-pears.
4. O how this promise the weary one cheers! "With Him for-ev-er," when Je-sus ap-pears.
5. Lo, in His chariot the Bless-ed One nears! Christ our Beloved, in glo - ry ap-pears.
6. Then shall we sing thru e-ter-ni-ty's years: Wonderful prospect! when Je-sus ap-pears.



## CHORUS.



Af - - - ter our tri - - als, All our sorrows and tears,.....  
After our cares (and) temptations and tears,



Af-ter our tri - als,



We..... shall be like Him When Je - - - sus ap - pears.....  
We shall awake, clad in His likeness, When the Chief Shepherd in glo-ry ap-pears.





# No. 287

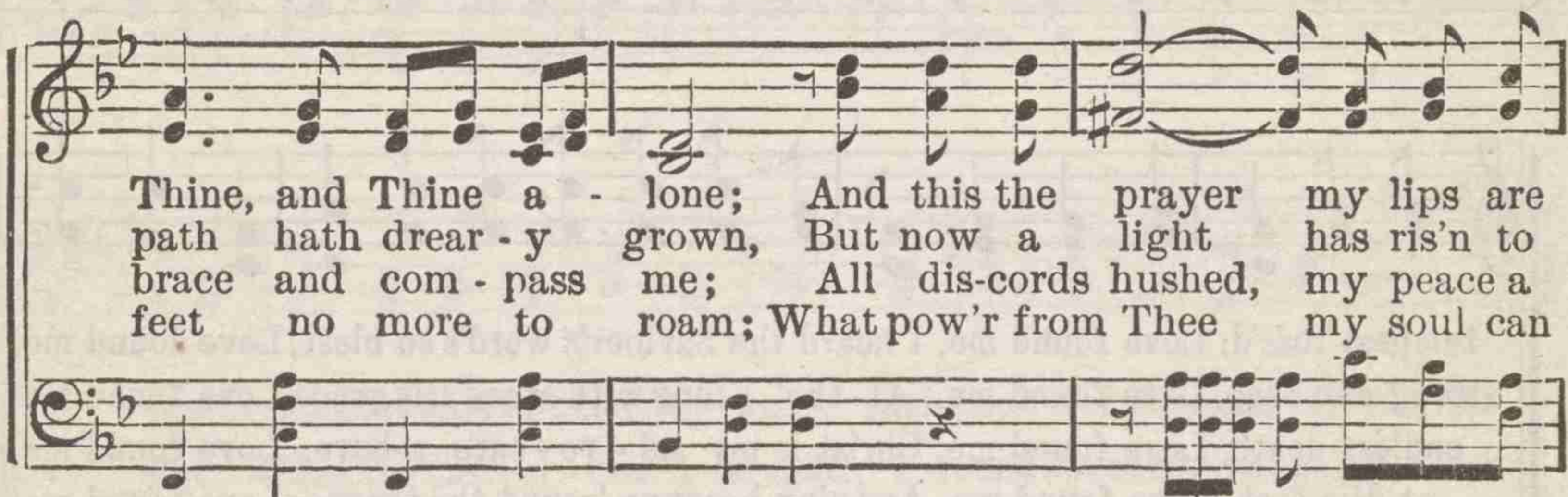
# Sweet Will of God.

Mrs. C. H. M.  
DUET.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



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

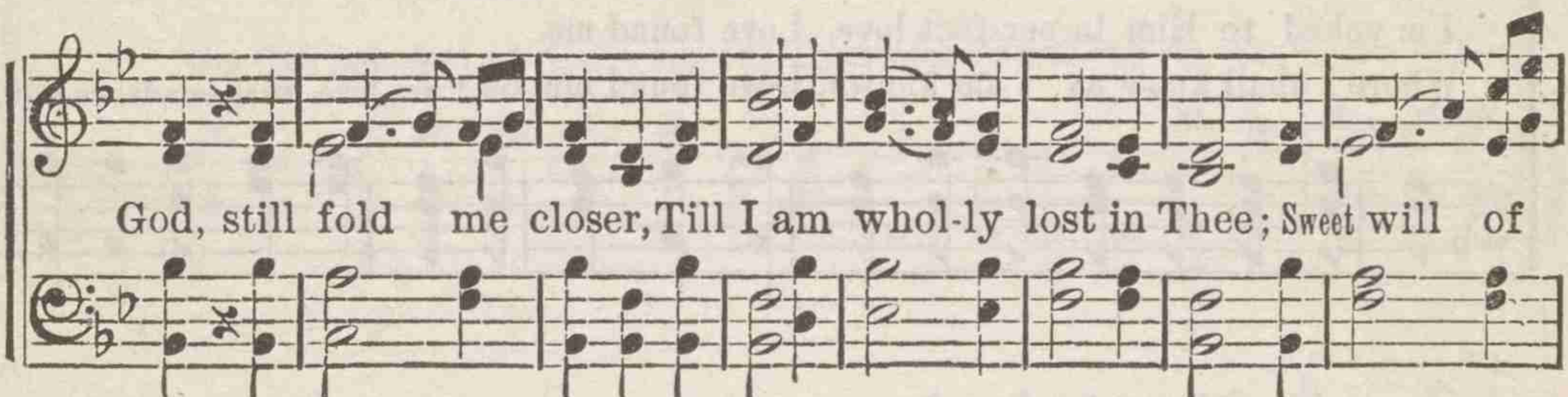


Thine, and Thine a-lone; And this the prayer my lips are  
path hath drear-y grown, But now a light has ris'n to  
brace and com-pass me; All dis-cords hushed, my peace a  
feet no more to roam; What pow'r from Thee my soul can

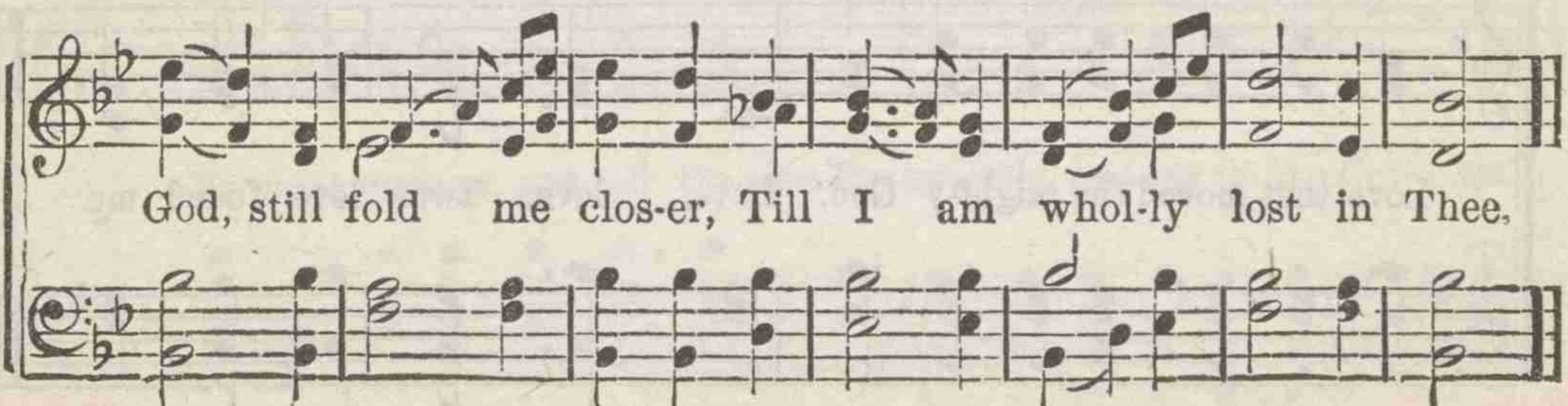
*rit.* CHORUS.



bringing, "Lord, let in me Thy will be done."  
cheer me; I find in Thee my Star, my Sun.  
riv-er, My soul a prisoned bird set free. } Sweet will of  
sev-er? The cen-ter of God's will my home.



God, still fold me closer, Till I am whol-ly lost in Thee; Sweet will of



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



## Love Found Me.

H. L. GILMOUR.

Copyright, 1890, by H. L. Gilmour.

Arr. by H. L. G.



1. When out in sin and dark-ness lost, Love found me, My faint-ing soul was
2. The Spir - it roused me from my sleep, Love found me, Conviction seized me
3. I'll praise Him while He give's me breath, Love found me, For sav-ing from an
4. And when I reach the gold-paved street, Love found me, I'll sit a - dör - ing



tempest toss'd, Love found me, I heard the Saviour's word's so blest, Love found me,  
 strong and deep, Love found me, Al-tho' I long with-stood His grace, Love found me,  
 endless death, Love found me, Christ is my ad - vo - cate a - bove, Love found me,  
 at His feet, Love found me, And sing hosanna 'round the throne, Love found me,



## CHORUS.



Come, weary, heav-y la-den, rest, Love found me.  
 He wooed me to His kind embrace, Love found me. Oh, 'twas love, love,  
 I'm yoked to Him in per-fect love, Love found me.  
 Where I shall know as I am known, Love found me. Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,



Love that moved the might-y God, Love, love, 'twas love found me.





## I'm Resting in the Crucified.

"Ye shall find rest unto your souls."—Matt. 11: 29.

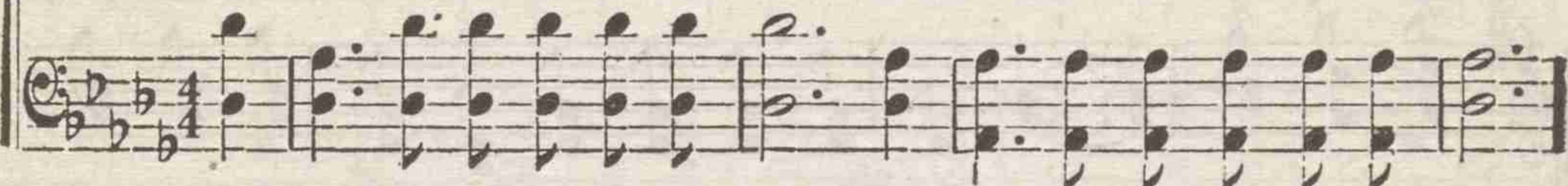
F. A. B.

Copyright, 1884, by F. A. Blackmer.

F. A. BLACKMER.



1. The Cru - ci - fied of Cal - va - ry Has tak - en all my load of sin;
2. Wea - ry and sad I wander'd, long Oppress'd with burdens hard to bear;
3. Oh, what a resting-place is this, And ref - uge for the wea-ry soul,
4. Se - cure from ev-'ry foe am I, While rest-ing in the Cru-ci - fied:



Has cleans'd my heart from ev-'ry stain, And bro't the glo-rious fulness in.  
 But when the Cru - ci - fied I sought, I found sweet rest and sol-ace there.  
 Where sin's wild o - cean can-not drown, Tho' near its threat'ning billows roll!  
 Here is a calm and safe re-treat, And here I ev - er would a - bide.



## CHORUS.



The Cru - ci - fied of - Cal - va - ry, I'm sweet-ly rest-ing in the Cru - ci-fied:



He saves me now, and all the time I'm sweet-ly rest-ing in the Cru-ci-fied.






## No Condemnation.

Mrs. F. G. BURROUGHS.


WM. J. KIRKPATRICK



1. There's no con-dem-na-tion to them in Christ Je-sus, That walk in the  
 2. There's no con-dem-na-tion and no sep-e-ra-tion From Je-sus our  
 3. There's no con-dem-na-tion, O bless-ed as-sur-ance, To sin-ners now  
 4. There's no con-dem-na-tion, ring out the sweet sto-ry To all who are


Spir-it a lone; Their chains have been brok-en, Their free-dom is  
 Lov-er di vine; No death and no sor-row, No tho't for to-  
 saved by His grace. The law has no ter-ror, Truth triumphs o'er  
 long-ing for rest, That life in Christ Je-sus From sin and death



## CHORUS.



spo-ken, And now Je-sus calls them His own.  
 mor-row, When all that is Je-sus' is mine. I'll praise Him, I'll  
 er-ror, Since Je-sus has stood in our place.  
 frees us, And urge them the prom-ise to test.




praise Him Who saves me and calls me His own; There's no con-dem-




na-tion to them in Christ Je-sus That live by the Spir-it a lone





# 291 True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

F. R. H.

F. R. Havergal.



1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faith-ful and loy - al, King of our lives by Thy
2. True-hearted, whole-hearted, full - est al - le - giance Yielding henceforth to our
3. True-hearted, whole-hearted, Sa-viour all glo - rious! Take Thy great pow - er and



1. grace we will be! Un - der the stan - dard ex - alt - ed and roy - al,
2. glo - ri - ous King; Va - liant en - dea - vour and lov - ing o - be - dience,
3. reign there a - lone; Ov - er our wills and af - fec - tions vic - to - rious,



CHORUS. *ff*



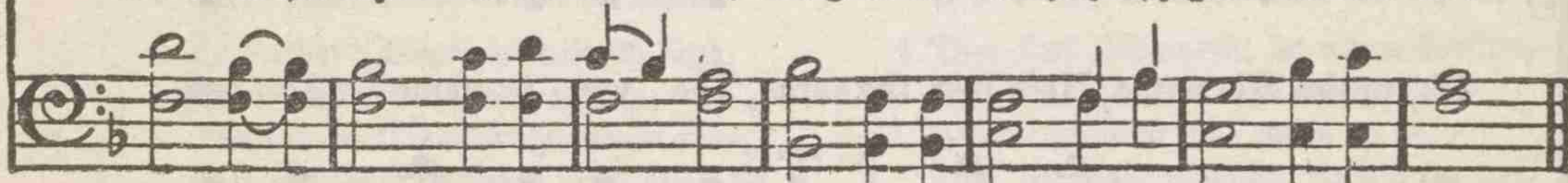
1. Strong in Thy strength we will bat - tle for Thee.
  2. Free - ly and , joy - ous - ly now would we bring.
  3. Free - ly sur - ren - der'd and whol - ly Thine own.
- } Peal out the watch - word!



si - lence it nev - er! Song of our spi - rits re - joic - ing and free; Peal out the



watch-word! loy - al for ev - er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be!





## The Very Same Jesus.

L. H. Edmunds.

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USED BY PER.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. Come, sin - ners to the Liv - ing One, He's just the same Je - sus
2. Come, feast up - on the "liv - ing bread," He's just the same Je - sus
3. Come, tell Him all your griefs and fears, He's just the same Je - sus
4. Come un - to Him for clear - er light, He's just the same Je - sus
5. Calm 'midst the waves of troub - le be, He's just the same Je - sus
6. Some day our rapt - ured eyes shall see He's just the same Je - sus;



As when He raised the wid - ow's son, The ver - y same Je - sus.  
 As when the mul - ti - tudes He fed, The ver - y same Je - sus.  
 As when He shed those lov - ing tears, The ver - y same Je - sus.  
 As when He gave the blind their sight, The ver - y same Je - sus.  
 As when He hush'd the rag - ing sea, The ver - y same Je - sus.  
 Oh, bless - ed day for you and me! The ver - y same Je - sus.



## CHORUS.



The ver - y same Je - sus, The won - der work - ing Je - sus;



Oh, praise His name, He's just the same, The ver - y same Je - sus.





Anon.

Arr. by E. O. E.

1. { I saw a hap-py pilgrim, In shining garments clad, And trav'ling up the mountain, It  
His back did bear no burden— He'd laid it at the cross— The blood of Christ, his Savior, Had

2. { The summer sun was shining, But he had found a shield— A cov-ert in the des-ert— Up-  
His soul was filled with glory As he kept pressing on; He heard no oth-er mu-sic But

## REFRAIN.

seemed that he was glad; }  
cleans'd him from all dross. }  
on life's bat-tle-field; } Then palms of victory, crowns of glory, Palms of victory we shall wear.  
what was heaven-born. }

3 No pleasure in sin's arbor  
Could catch his eye or ear,  
The precious name of Jesus  
Was all he loved to hear.  
Thus he kept pressing onward,  
Delighted with the way,  
And shouting, Glory! Glory!  
To Jesus all the day.

4 I saw him in the morning,  
On Canaan's sunny plain  
Gathering for his Master  
The rich and golden grain;  
He bound them up in bundles  
Until the angels come,  
To gather in the harvest  
In Heaven, his happy home.

5 I saw him in midsummer,  
Still happy on his way,  
He'd reached the land of Beulah,  
Where birds sing night and day;  
He found a store of honey,  
And wine upon the leas,  
And fruit in rich abundance  
Upon life's living trees.

6 I saw him in the evening,  
Life's sun was bending low,  
He'd reached the Golden City,—  
His robes still white as snow;  
He joined the bridal cortege,  
And drank of the new wine,  
And now among the angels  
Eternally doth shine.

Wm. Hunter.

Arr. by E. O. E.

1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can en-ter there; }  
Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heav'n-ly man-sion shall be mine. }

CHO.—I'm going home, I'm going home,  
I'm going home to die no more!  
To die no more; I'm going home,  
I'm going home to die no more!

2 My Father's house is built on high,  
Far, far above the starry sky;  
When from this earthly prison free,  
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 Let others seek a home below,  
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,  
Be mine a happier lot to own  
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

4 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,  
And sun and moon refuse to shine,  
All nature sink and cease to be,—  
That heavenly mansion stands for me.



## In the Twinkling of an Eye.

FANNY J CROSBY.

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WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. When the trump of the great arch - an - gel Its might - y tones shall sound,  
 2. When He comes in the clouds de - scend - ing, And they who loved Him here,  
 3. O the seed that was sown in weak - ness Shall then be raised in pow'r,



And, the end of the world pro - claim - ing, Shall pierce the depths pro - found,  
 From their graves shall a - wake and praise Him With joy and not with fear.  
 And the songs of the blood - bought mill - ions Shall hail that bliss - ful hour;



When the Son of man shall come in His glo - ry, With all the saints on high,  
 When the bod - y and the soul are u - nit - ed, And clothed no more to die,  
 When we gath - er safe - ly home in the morn - ing, And night's dark shadows fly,



What a shout - ing in the skies from the mul - ti - tudes that rise,  
 What a shout - ing there will be when each oth - er's face we see,  
 What a shout - ing on the shore when we meet to part no more,



## CHORUS.



Changed in the twinkling of an eye. Changed in the twinkling of an eye,.....  
 Changed. changed in the twinkling of an eye,





## In the Twinkling of an Eye—Concluded.




Changed in the twinkling of an eye;..... The trump-et shall sound,  
 Changed, changed in the twinkling of an ye;  
 the dead shall be raised, Changed in the twinkling of an eye.....  
 in the twinkling of an eye.

296.

## I'm a Pilgrim.

Mary S. B. Dana.

Arr. by Samuel W. Beazley.



1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar-ry, I can  
 2. Of that eit-y to which I jour-ney, My Re-deem-er, my Re-  
 3. There the sun-beams are ev-er shin-ing, O my long-ing heart, my  
 tar-ry but a night; ..... Do not de-tain me, for I am  
 I can tar-ry but a night;  
 deem-er is the Light; ..... There is no sor-row, nor an-y  
 my Re-deem-er is the Light;  
 long-ing heart is there; ..... Here in this coun-try, so dark and  
 my long-ing heart is there;  
 go-ing To where the foun-tains are ev-er flow-ing.  
 sigh-ing, Nor an-y tears there, nor an-y dy-ing. I'm a pil-grim,  
 drear-y, I long have wan-dered, for-lorn and wear-y.  
 and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.



T. H.

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Thoro Harris.



1. Hark! a Suff'rer's voice from dark Geth-sem-a-ne,
2. Soon there came the shout of a tu-mul-tuous band;
3. Je - sus is the on - ly One can sat-is - fy;



"Fa-ther, let this bit-ter cup de-part from me; "O!  
 How the din re-sound-ed thru that starlit land! There,  
 He will all your va-ried needs at once sup-ply; Come!

Sweating drops of  
 Christ, the blessed  
 He will all the



blood-my soul, how could it be?  
 Lamb of God, they led a - way,  
 bur-dens of the wea - ry bear,

Cry - ing from the depths of His soul-  
 For they were a - thirst the In - no-  
 He will all the heart-ache and the



ag - o - ny.  
 cent to slay.  
 sorrow share.

Sin - ner, list-en to that sad and pierc-ing cry!  
 Loud and loud-er yet a - rose the hate-ful cry,  
 You may have a - bid - ing joy and peace with-in,





# A Voice from Gethsemane.



How can you the gracious Master still de - ny?      Dare you yet the vi - als  
 "Slay this Man! away with Him, and cru-ci-fy!"      Then our Sav-ior bore the  
 And the sweet assurance of for - giv - en sin;      For His blood a - vails to

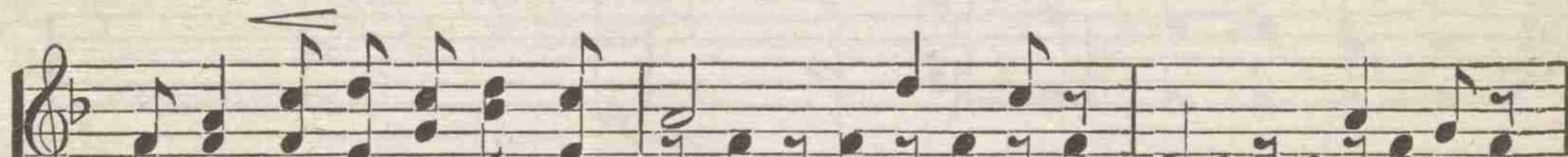


of God's wrath de-fy?      For the soul that sinneth, it must die. (He calls you!)  
 cross, for man to die,      Up the rug-ged steep of Cal - va - ry.  
 cleanse from ev'ry stain,      Glo - ry to the Lamb for-ev - er-more!

CHORUS. *p-f*



O sin - ner, Poor sin - ner! Still He is call - ing,  
 Come, come, come, come, Come, come, come, come,  
 Come, poor sin - ner, Wea - ry sin - ner;



Accents of love are fall-ing, "I bought you, I sought you;  
 "Come, come, come, come, Come, come, come, come,  
 "Once I bought you, Long I sought you,



Give me your heart to - day."      heart to - day."  
 O give me your heart to-day."



# No. 298

# The Hiding Place.

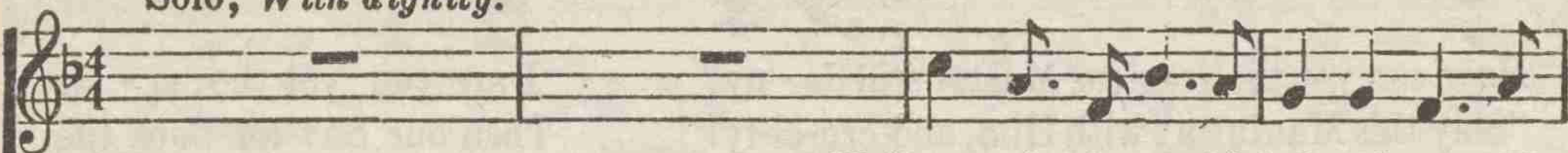
The following lines were written by Major Andre just before his execution as a British spy during the war of the Revolution, and found after his death.

Major Andre.

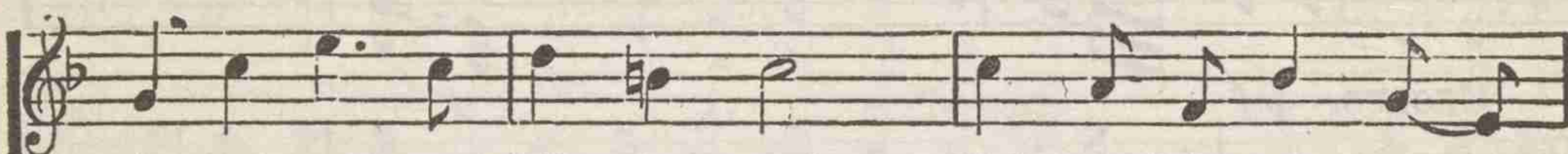
COPYRIGHT, 1915. BY C. MARY ROSS

Mary Ross.

Solo, With dignity.

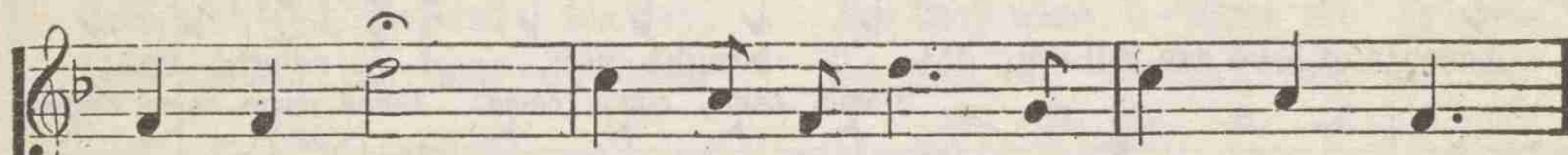


Hail, sov'reign love, which first began The  
A-against the God who built the sky I  
And thus th'e-ter-nal counsel ran, "Al-  
Ere long a heav'n-ly voice I heard And  
On Him Almighty vengeance fell, Which  
Should sev'n-fold storms of thun-der roll, and



scheme to res-cue fall-en man!  
fought with hands up-lift-ed high,  
might-y love, ar-rest that man!"  
mer-cy's an-gel soon ap-peared;  
must have sunk a world to hell;  
shake this globe from pole to pole,

Hail, match-less, free e-  
De-spised the men-tion  
I felt the ar-rows  
He led me in a  
He bore it for a  
No thun-der-bolt shall



ter-nal grace,  
of His grace,  
of dis-tress,  
plac-id pace,  
sin-ful race,  
daunt my face,

Which gave my soul a Hid-ing Place.  
Too proud to seek a Hid-ing Place.  
And found I had no Hid-ing Place.  
To Je-sus as a Hid-ing Place.  
And thus be-came their Hid-ing Place.  
For Je-sus is my Hid-ing Place.





# The Hiding Place.

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

*pp* *f* *rall*

A Hid-ing Place, a Hid-ing Place; Je-sus is the Hid-ing Place.

299

# Walk in the Light.

ASA HULL.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Walk in the light the Lord hath given To guide thy steps a - right;
2. Walk in the light of gos-pel truth That shines from God's own Word;
3. Walk in the light; tho' shadows dark, Like spectres, cross thy way;
4. Walk in the light, and thou shalt know The love of God to thee;

His Ho - ly Spir - it, sent from heav'n, Can cheer the dark - est night.  
A light to guide in ear - ly youth The faith - ful of the Lord.  
Darkness will flee be - fore the light Of God's e - ter - nal day.  
The fel - lowship, so sweet be - low, In heav'n will sweet - er be.

CHORUS.

Walk ..... in the light, ..... Walk ..... in the light, .....  
Walk in the light, in the beautiful light of God, Walk in the light, in the beautiful light of

..... Walk ..... in the light, ..... Walk in the light, the light of God  
God, Walk in the light, in the beautiful light of God,




# No. 300



# Satisfied.

MISS CLARA TEARE.


R. E. HUDSON.




1. All my life long I had pant-ed For a draught from some cool spring,  
 2. Feed-ing on the husks a-round r , Till my strength was al-most gone,  
 3. Poor I was, and sought for rich - s, Something that would sat - is - fy,  
 4. Well of wa-ter, ev - er springing, Bread of life, so rich and free,


That I hoped would quench the burn-ing Of the thirst I felt with-in.  
 Long'd my soul for something bet-ter, On - ly still to hun-ger on.  
 But the dust I gath-ered roud me On - ly mocked my soul's sad cry.  
 Un - told wealth that nev - er fail-eth, My Re - deem - er is to me.



## CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah! I have found Him—Whom my soul so long has craved!




Je - sus sat - is - fies my long-ings; Thro' His blood I now am saved.

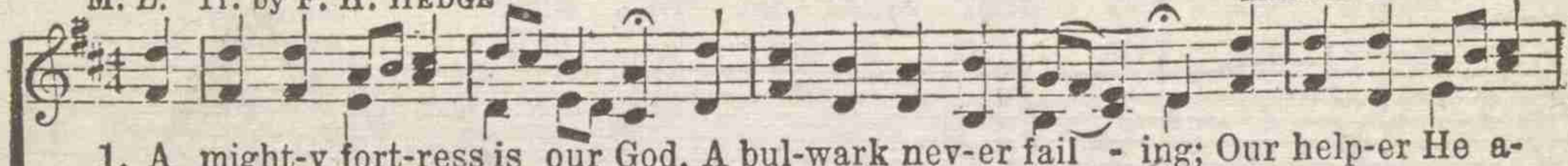


# No. 301

# A Mighty Fortress.

M. L. Tr. by F. H. HEDGE

MARTIN LUTHER.



1. A might-y fort-ress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail - ing; Our help-er He a-  
 2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be losing; Were not the right Man  
 3. And tho' this world, with devils fill'd, Should threaten to un-do us, We will not fear, for





mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing. For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work his  
on our side, The Man of God's own choosing. Doth ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is  
God hath will'd His truth to triumph thro' us. Let goods and kindred go, This mortal life al-

woe; His craft and pow'r are great, And arm'd with cruel hate, On earth is not his e-qual.  
he! Lord Sab-aoth is His name, From age to age the same; And He must win the bat-tle.  
so; The bod-y they may kill; God's truth a-bid-eth still, His kingdom is for - ev - er.

No 302

# There is Life for a Look.

Amelia M. Hull.

USED BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., NEW YORK.  
OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT, USED BY PER.

Rev. E. G. Taylor,

1. There is life for a look at the Cru-ci-fied One, There is
2. Oh, why was He there as the Bear-er of sin, If on
3. It is not thy tears of re-pent-ance and pray'rs, But the
4. Then doubt not thy wel-come, since God has de-clared There re-
5. Then take with re-joic-ing from Je-sus at once The

life at this moment for thee; Then look, sin-ner, look un-to Him and be saved,  
Je-sus thy guilt was not laid? Oh why from His side flow'd the sin-cleansing blood,  
*Blood*, that atones for the soul; On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once  
maineth no more to be done; That once in the end of the world He appeared,  
life ev - er-last-ing He gives; And know with as-sur-ance thou never canst die

## REFRAIN.

Un-to Him who was nail'd to the tree.  
If His dy-ing thy debt has not paid? } Look! look! look and live! There is  
Thy weight of in-i-qui-ties roll.  
And com-ple-ted the work He be-gun.  
Since Je-sus thy righteousness, lives. }

life for a look at the Crucified One, There is life at this moment for thee.



## Hide You in the Blood.

As sung by the St. Louis Assembly.



1. Come from the loathe-some way of sin; Hide you in the blood of Je - sus;
2. Come to the shelter'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;



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.



## CHORUS.



O hide you in the blood, For the storms are raging high,  
 O hide in the blood, For the storms rag-ing high,



O hide you in the blood, Till the dan - gers pass you by.  
 O hide








J. E. Rankin, D. D.

COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY E. S. LORENZ.  
USED BY PER.


E. S. Lorenz.



1. Are you wea-ry, are you heav-y-heart-ed? Tell it to Je-sus,  
 2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un-bid-den? Tell it to Je-sus,  
 3. Do you fear the gath-'ring clouds of sor-row? Tell it to Je-sus,  
 4. Are you troubled at the thought of dy-ing? Tell it to Je-sus,


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




## CHORUS.



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

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




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





B. FREEMAN LAWRENCE.

SEELEY D. KINNE.



1. When the world shall be on fire, And the heav-en pass a-way,
2. Up the banks of that clear riv-er, Where the an-gels shout and sing,
3. I have al-most seen that cit-y The fair shin-ing of her walls,



In the glo-ry of that morn-ing, At the dawn-ing of that day,  
See, they march in grand pro-ces-sion, To the pal-ace of the King;  
I have al-most caught the flash-ing Of the glo-ry in her halls,



I shall see the four-square cit-y With her streets of crys-tal gold,  
Strike the harp and sound the cym-bol, Let the vic-tor cho-rus roll,  
Where the ransomed tell the sto-ry Of their o-ver-com-ings here,



Where the o-ver-com-ers gath-er, And their Mas-ter's face be-hold.  
These be they who fought and conquered, By the blood of Christ made whole.  
And my heart will bound in rapt-ure When her beaut-y shall ap-pear.



## CHORUS.

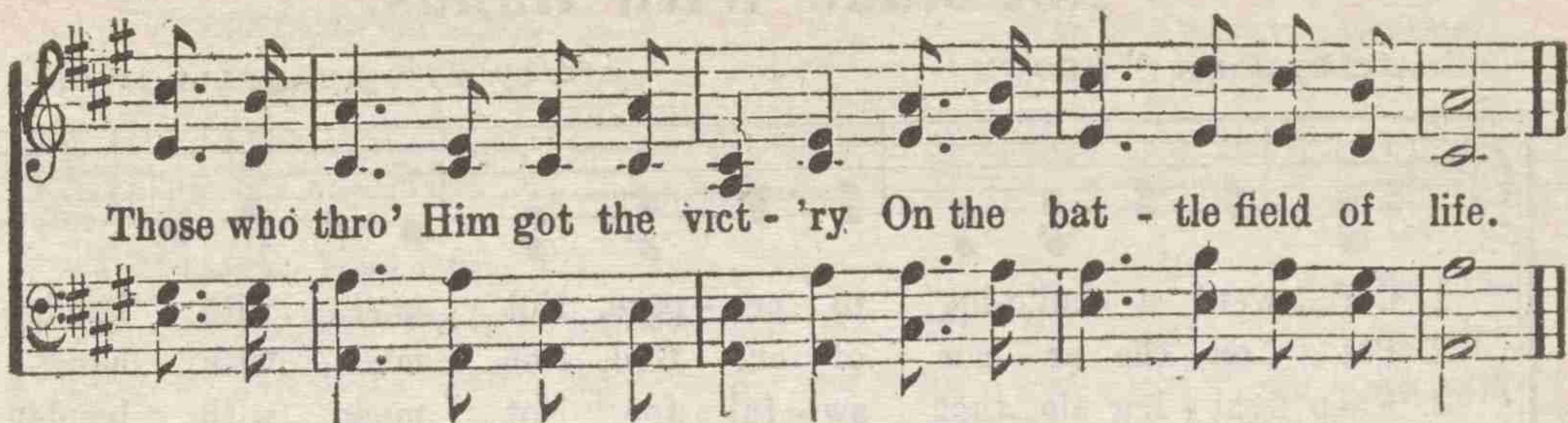


In that hap-py home of Je-sus, Dwell the win-ners in the strife;





## The Overcomer's City.



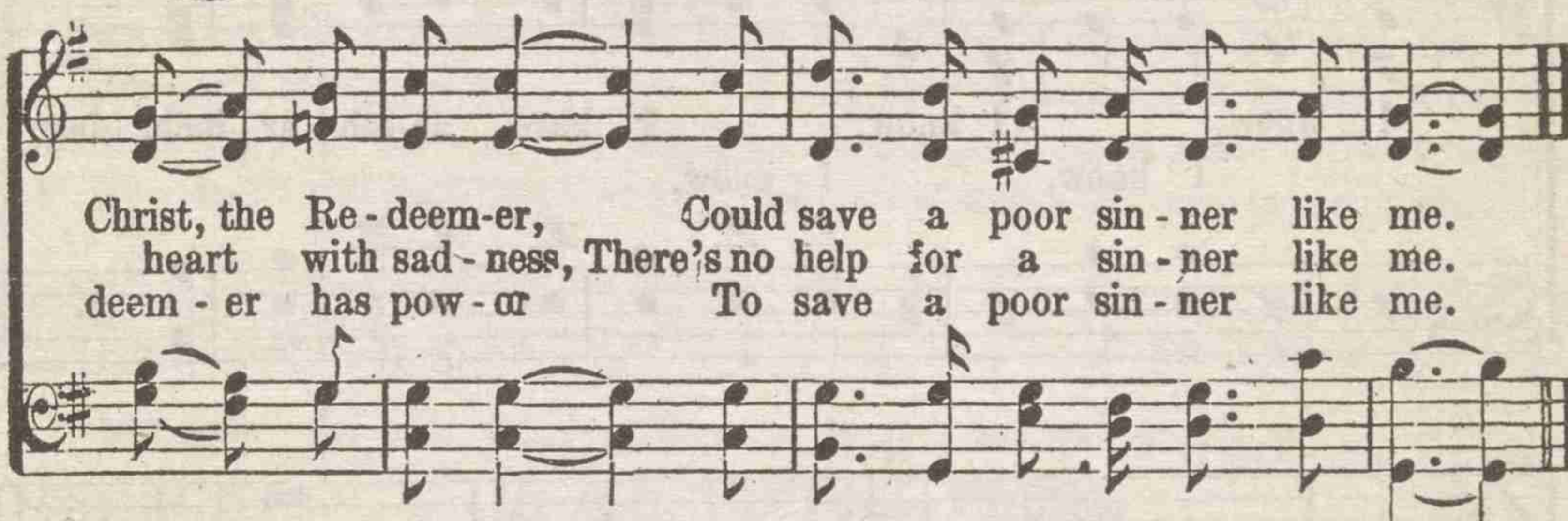
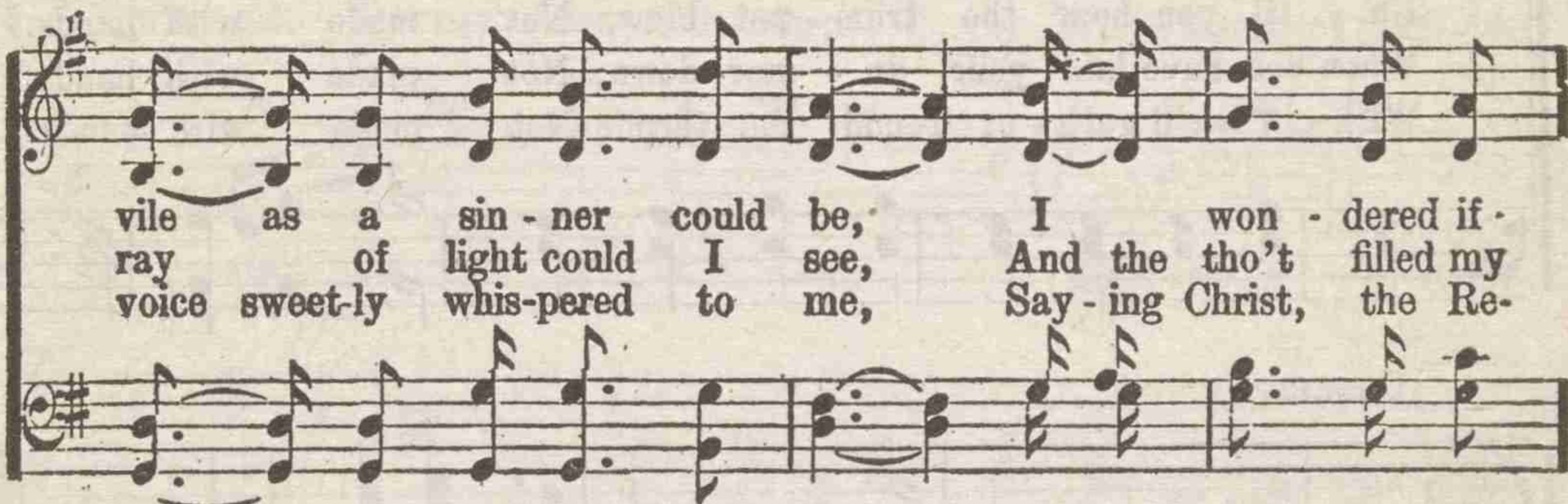
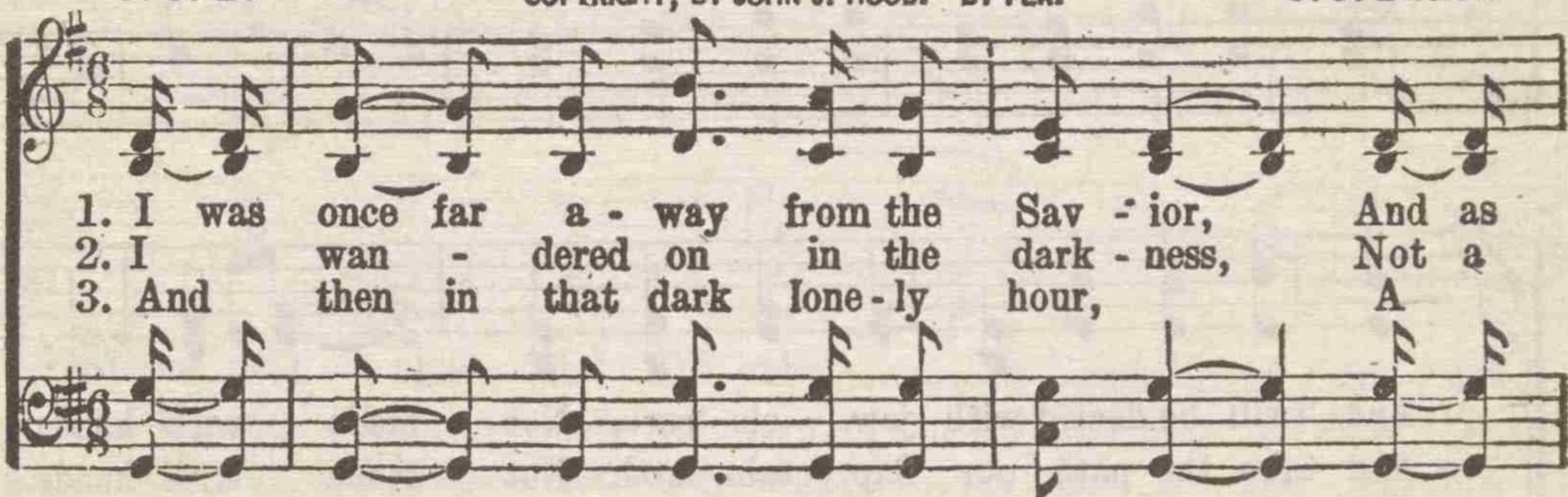
306

### A Sinner Like Me.

C. J. B.

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C. J. Butler.



4 I listened, and lo! 'twas the Savior  
That was speaking so kindly to me;  
I cried, I'm the chief of sinners,  
Oh, save a poor sinner like me.

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus,  
And oh, what a joy came to me:  
My heart was filled with His praises,  
For saving a sinner like me.

6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,  
For the light is now shining on me,  
And now unto others I'm telling,  
How He saved a poor sinner like me


7 And when life's journey is over,  
And I the dear Savior shall see:  
I'll praise Him forever and ever,  
For saving a sinner like me.





## Not Made With Hands.

Arr. by JOHN S. BROWN.


Arr. by MISS AVANELLE DYER.




1. Christ went a build-ing to pre - pare, Not made with hands;  
 2. Put on the ar - mor of our God, Not made with hands;  
 3. Keep fight - ing sin, that aw - ful foe, Not made with hands;  
 4. Then come up chil-dren get your crown, Not made with hands;  
 5. That cit - y's built with pre - cious stone, Not made with hands;


And 'twill be deck'd with jew - els rare, Not made with hands.  
 And take the path our Cap - tain trod, Not made with hands.  
 Un - til you hear the trum - pet blow, Not made with hands.  
 When you have laid your ar - mor down, Not made with hands.  
 With - in we'll gath - er 'round the throne Not made with hands.



## CHORUS.



I know, I know, I have an-oth - er build - ing;  
 I know, I know,




I know, I know, 'Tis not made with hands.  
 I know, I know,





## Glory to Jesus.

J. WAKEFIELD MACGILL.

Har. by CAROLINE WICHERN.  
and ELLA MACGILL.

1. Je - sus has loved me—won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus has  
 2. Je - sus has saved me—won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus has  
 3. Je - sus will lead me—won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus will  
 4. Je - sus will crown me—won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus will

CHO.—Glo - ry to Je - sus—won - der - ful Sav - ior, Glo - ry to

loved me, I can - not tell why;..... Came He to res - cue.  
 saved me, I can - not tell how;..... All that I know is  
 lead me, I can - not tell where;..... But I will fol - low  
 crown me, I can - not tell when;..... White throne of splen - dor

Je - sus, the One I a - dore; Glo - ry to Je - sus—

D. C. Chorus.

sin - ners all worth - less, My heart He conquer'd for Him I would die.  
 He was my ran - som, Dy - ing on Calv'ry with thorns on His brow.  
 thro' joy or sor - row, Sun - shine or tem - pest, sweet peace or de - spair.  
 I hail with glad - ness, Crown'd 'mid the plau - dits of an - gels and men.

won - der - ful Sav - ior! Glo - ry to Je - sus, and praise ev - er - more.

## No 309

## Peace, Perfect Peace.

Bishop EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH. (PAX TECUM. 10s.)

G. T. CALDBECK.

1. Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin? The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.  
 2. Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties press'd? To do the will of Je - sus, this is rest.  
 3. Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round? On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away? In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.  
 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown? Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.



KATE HANKEY.

W. H. DOANE.



1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly That I may take it in—That won - der -
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With earn - est tones and grave; Re - mem - ber
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry When you have cause to fear That this world's



and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As  
ful re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin. Tell me the sto - ry oft - en, For  
I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save; Tell me that sto - ry al - ways, If  
emp - ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's glory Is



to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And help - less and de - filed.  
I for - get so soon; The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing, Has passed a - way at noon.  
you would real - ly be, In an - y time of troub - le, A com - for - ter to me.  
dawn - ing on my soul, Tell me the old, old, sto - ry: "Christ Jesus makes thee whole."



## CHORUS.



Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry,



Tell me the old, old, sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.






## I've Been Washed in the Blood.



W. T. Dale.

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D. E. Dortch.



1. I have been to Je-sus who has cleans'd my soul, I've been wash'd in the  
 2. I am dai-ly trust-ing Je-sus at my side, I've been wash'd in the  
 3. I am work-ing in the vine-yard of the Lord, I've been wash'd in the  
 4. I am list'-ning now to hear the Bridegroom's voice, I've been wash'd in the  
 5. I am watch-ing for the com-ing of my Lord, I've been wash'd in the





blood of the Lamb; By the blood of Je-sus I have been made whole,  
 blood of the Lamb; I am sweet-ly rest-ing in the Cru-ci-fied,  
 blood of the Lamb; I am trust-ing in the prom-ise of His word,  
 blood of the Lamb; How His com-ing will each faithful heart re-joice,  
 blood of the Lamb; He will come ac-cord-ing to His faith-ful word,




D. S.—And my robe is spot-less, it is white as snow,

FINE. CHORUS.




I've been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb. I've been washed, I've been  
 in the blood,




*I've been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.*

D. S.



washed, I've been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb,  
 in the blood, of the Lamb,





## It is Mine.

USED BY PER. OF HENRY DATE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

WM. EDIE MARKS.



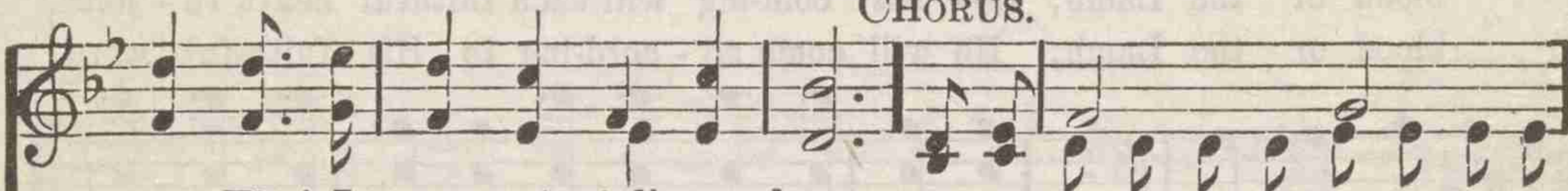
1. God's a - bid-ing peace is in my soul to - day, Yes, I feel it
2. He has wrought in me a sweet and per-fect rest, In my raptured
3. He has giv - en me a nev - er - fail-ing joy, Oh, I have it
4. Oh, the love of God is com-fort - ing my soul, For His love is



now, yes, I feel it now; He has tak - en all my doubts and fears a-  
heart I can feel it now; He each pass-ing moment keeps me sav'd and  
now! oh, I have it now! To His praise I will my ransom'd pow'rs em-  
mine, yes, His love is mine! Waves of joy and glad-ness o'er my spir - it



## CHORUS.



way, Tho' I can-not tell you how.  
blest, Floods with light my heart and brow. } It is mine, mine,  
ploy, And re - new my grate-ful vow. } It is mine, this price-less treas-ure, ev-er  
roll, Thrill-ing me with life di - vine.



blessed be His name! He has giv-en peace, perfect peace to me; It is



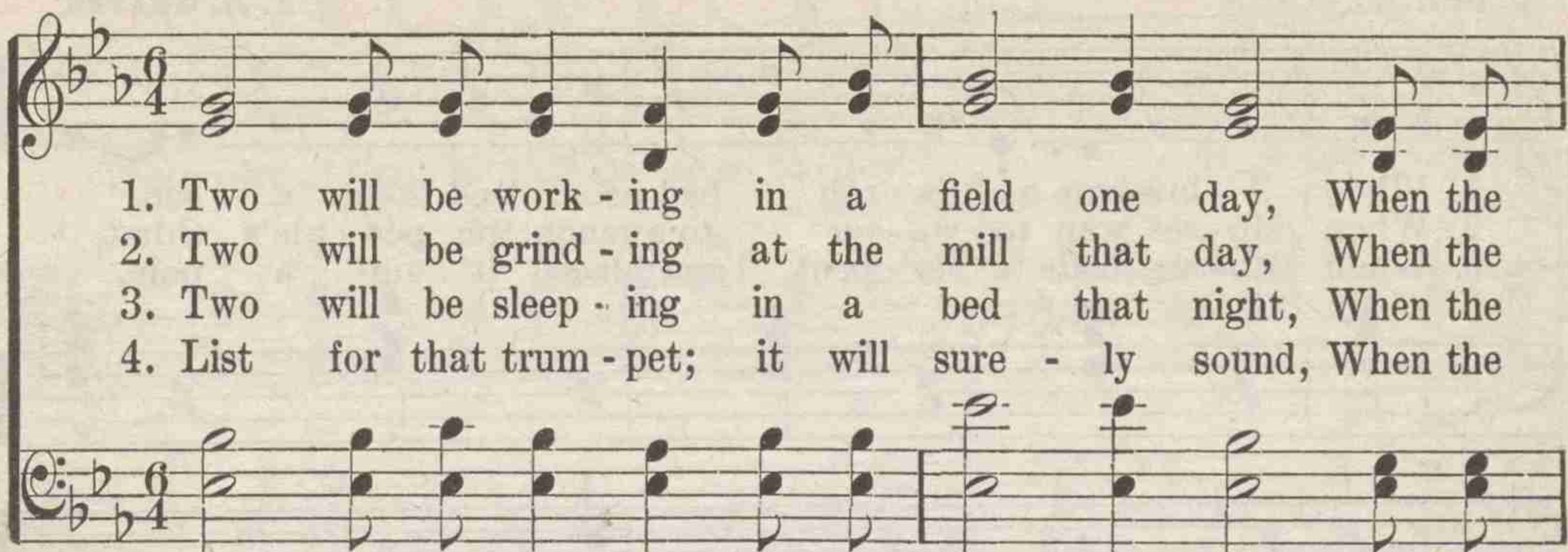
mine, mine, blessed be His name! Mine for all e-ter-ni - ty!  
mine, this priceless treasure, ev-er





A. D. G.

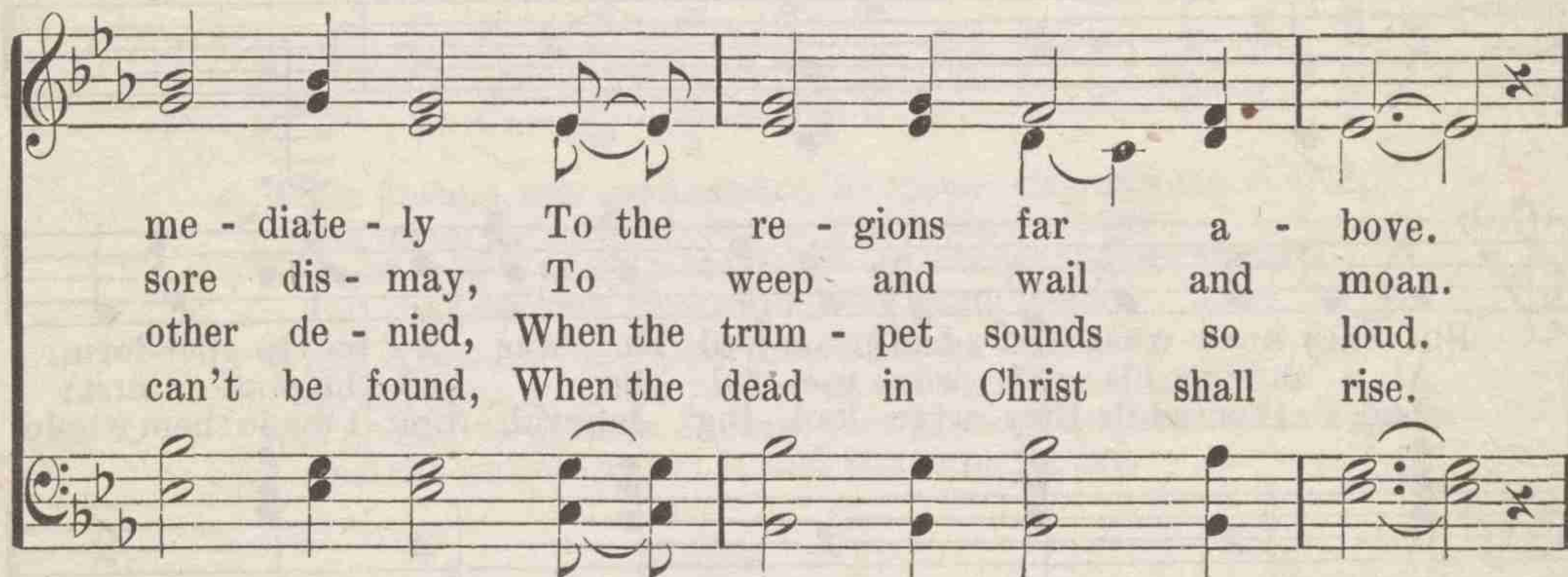
A. D. GUTH.



1. Two will be work - ing in a field one day, When the  
 2. Two will be grind - ing at the mill that day, When the  
 3. Two will be sleep - ing in a bed that night, When the  
 4. List for that trum - pet; it will sure - ly sound, When the

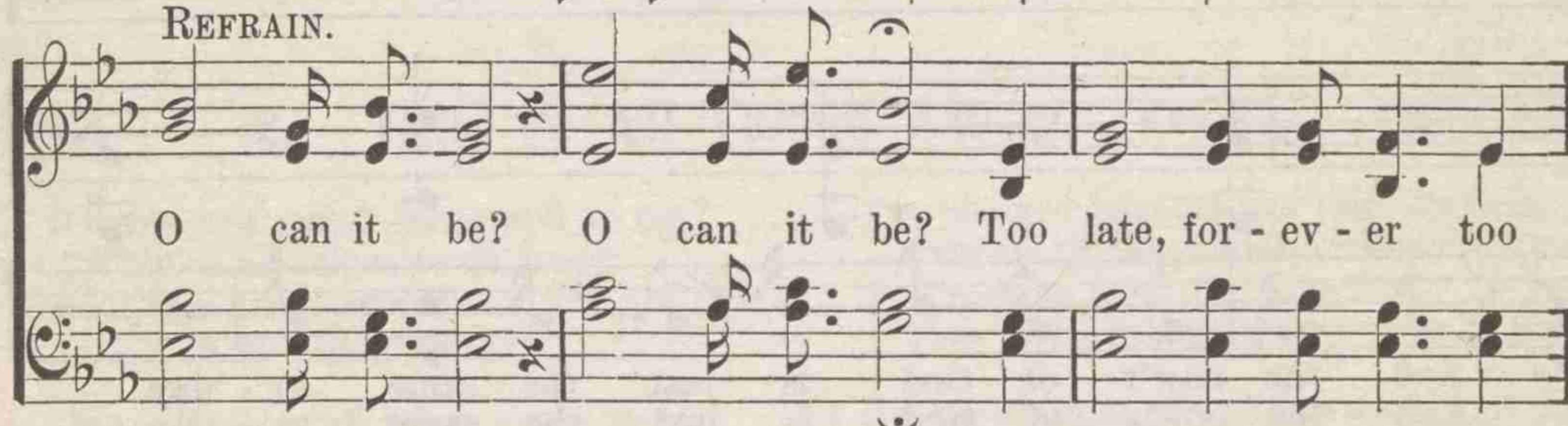


Son of God re - turns; But one will as - cend im -  
 Son of God re - turns; But one will be left in  
 Son of God re - turns; But one will be ta - ken, the  
 Son of God re - turns; They'll search for the miss - ing who



me - diate - ly To the re - gions far a - bove.  
 sore dis - may, To weep and wail and moan.  
 other de - nied, When the trum - pet sounds so loud.  
 can't be found, When the dead in Christ shall rise.

## REFRAIN.



O can it be? O can it be? Too late, for - ev - er too



late, too late! Sad fate! for - ev - er too late!



## The Power of God.

"For the gifts and calling of God are without repentance." Rom. 11: 29.  
F. A. G. F. A. GRAVES.

1. When A - bra-ham and Sa - rah had prom - ised them a son,  
2. When Mo - ses wan ted wa - ter to - quench the peo - ple's thirst,  
3. When Mo - ses made a ser - pent and placed it on a pole,

They were sur - prised and knew not what to say,  
He knew that God would then pro - vide a way,  
The bit - ten ones were told to look that way,

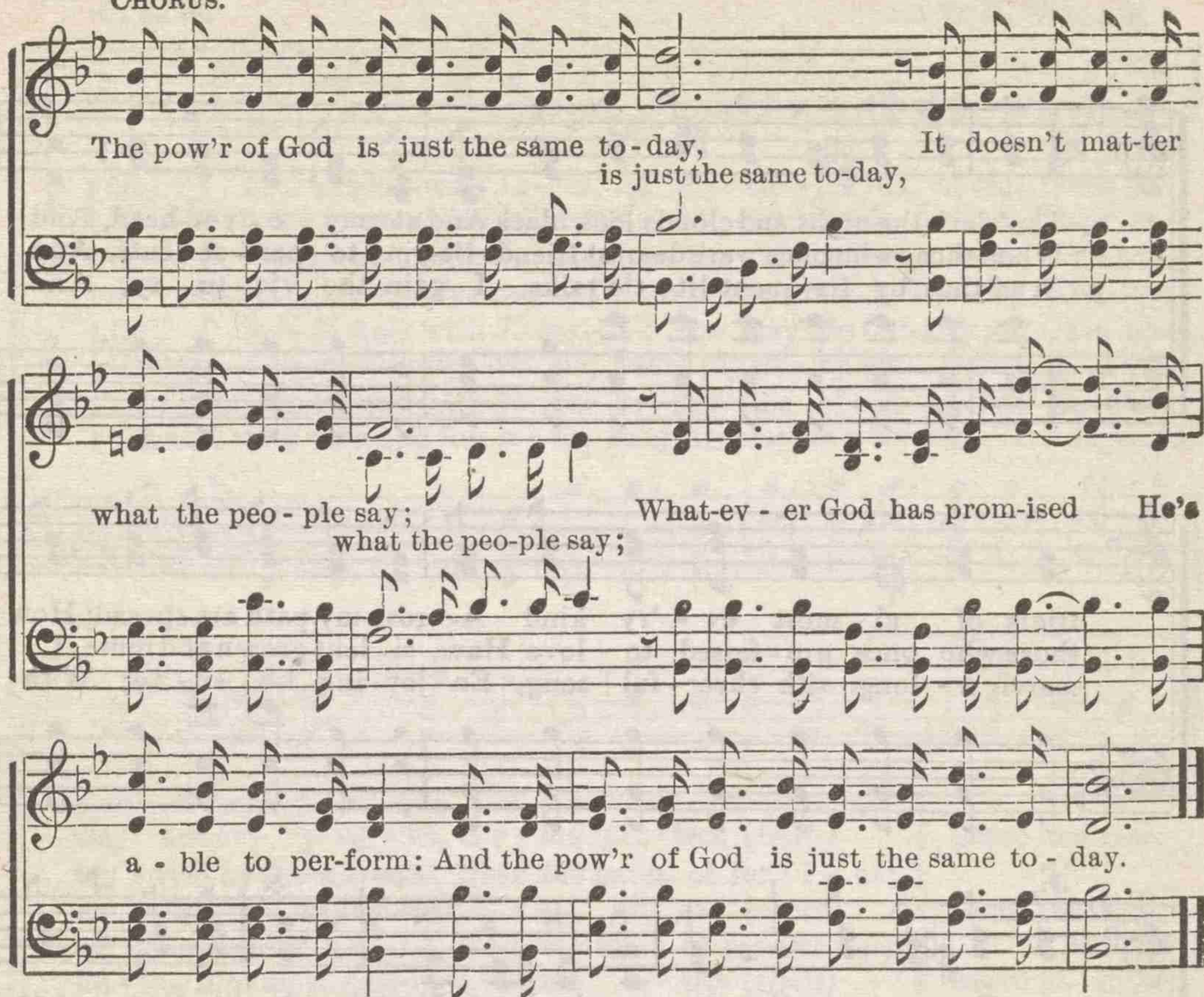
But they knew what God had prom - ised He was a - ble to per - form:  
Al - though his rod was use - ful he had the pow - er first:  
And then while they were look - ing Je - hovah - roph - i made them whole:

And the pow'r of God is just the same to - day.  
And the pow'r of God is just the same to - day.  
And the pow'r of God is just the same to - day.



## The Power of God—Concluded.

CHORUS.



The pow'r of God is just the same to-day, It doesn't matter  
is just the same to-day,

what the peo-ple say; What-ev-er God has prom-ised He's  
what the peo-ple say;

a-ble to per-form: And the pow'r of God is just the same to-day.

- 4 When Joshua was commander, he spoke—the sun stood still,  
The moon its onward course was made to stay;  
Thus he won a mighty battle for he did his Father's will:  
And the power of God is just the same to-day.
- 5 When Naaman, the leper, before Elisha stood.  
He thought he knew just what the seer would say,  
But he had to wash in Jordan, though he thought it wasn't good:  
And the power of God is just the same to-day.

315

## They're All Taken Away. (Key E<sup>b</sup>.)

- 1 Did you hear what Jesus said to me?  
They're all taken away, away,  
Your sins are pardon'd and you are free,  
They're all taken away.

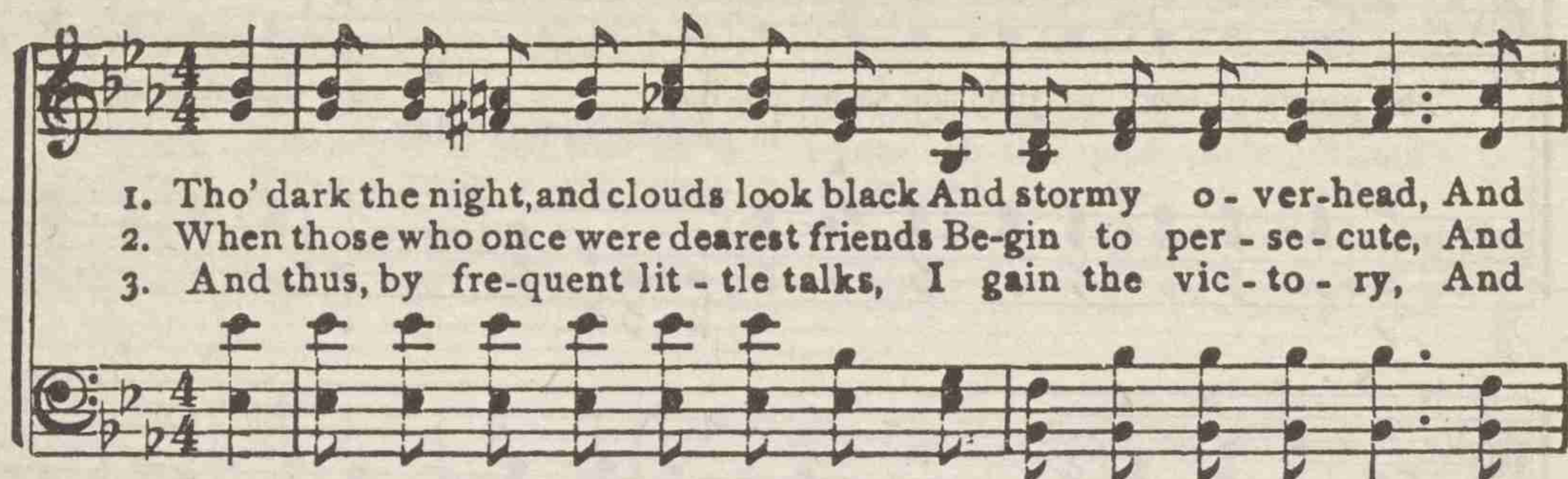
CHO.—They're all taken away to-day,  
They're all taken away to stay,  
They're all taken away, away,  
My sins are all taken away.

- 2 I never heard such words before,  
They're all taken away, away;  
Go your way and sin no more,  
They're all taken away.

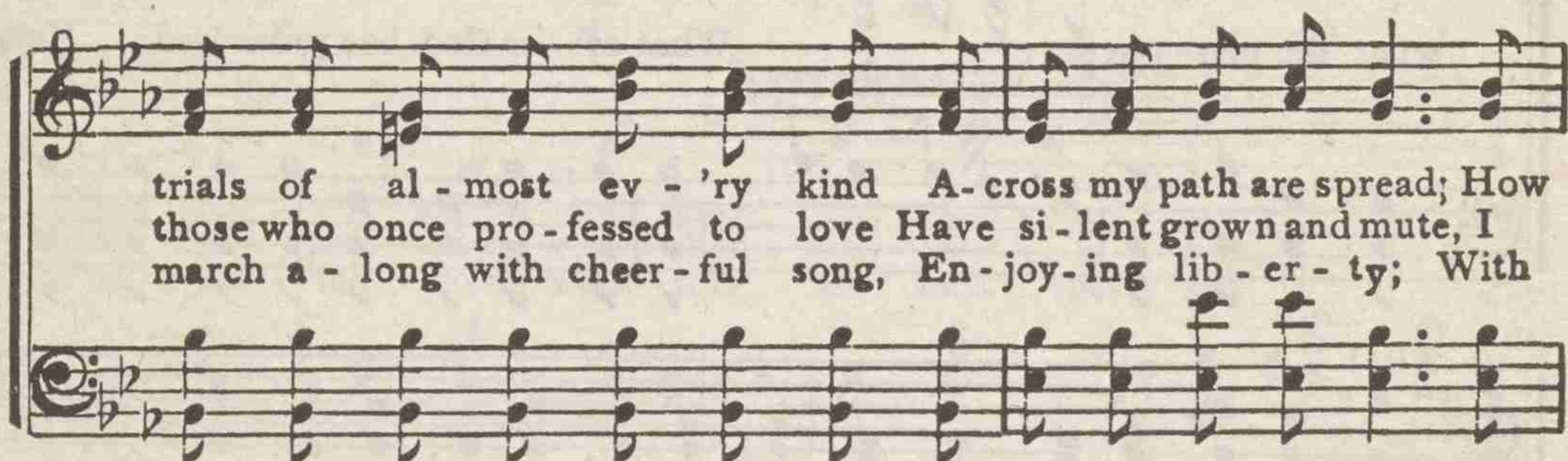
- 3 I've plunged beneath the crimson tide,  
They're all taken away, away;  
And now by faith I'm sanctified,  
They're all taken away.
- 4 Oh, the cleansing blood has wash'd my soul  
They're all taken away, away;  
And Jesus' healing has made me whole,  
They're all taken away.
- 5 Now the Spirit witnesses to me,  
They're all taken away, away;  
And keeps me standing in liberty,  
They're all taken away.



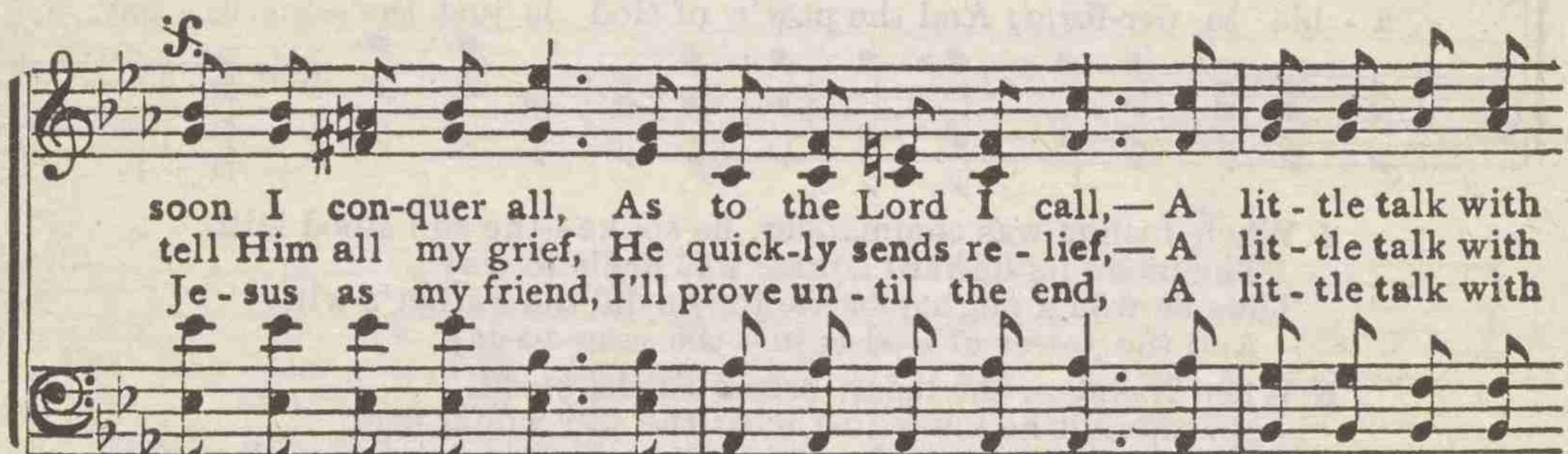
## A Little Talk.



1. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black And stormy o - ver-head, And  
 2. When those who once were dearest friends Be-gin to per - se - cute, And  
 3. And thus, by fre-quent lit - tle talks, I gain the vic - to - ry, And




trials of al - most ev - 'ry kind A-cross my path are spread; How  
 those who once pro-fessed to love Have si-lent grown and mute, I  
 march a - long with cheer-ful song, En-joy-ing lib - er - ty; With



soon I con-quer all, As to the Lord I call,— A lit - tle talk with  
 tell Him all my grief, He quick-ly sends re - lief,— A lit - tle talk with  
 Je - sus as my friend, I'll prove un - til the end, A lit - tle talk with

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

## FINE. CHORUS.



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



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



C. F. W.

C. F. WEIGELE.



1. { Oh, I love to walk with Je-sus, As dis-cip-les did of old, When he  
How he came to bring de-liv'-rance To the cap-tives in distress, Take a-
2. { Oh, I love to walk with Je-sus, Like the man of long a-go, Who had  
Je-sus heard his cry for mer-cy, Gave to him his sight that day, And im-
3. { Oh, I love to walk with Je-sus—All the way to Cal-v'ry go, Gaze up-  
There he tells me how he loves me, Takes my ev-'ry sin a-way; So I'll
4. { Oh, sometimes I'll walk with Je-sus In the land of end-less day, When my  
Then I'll walk with him for-ev-er, Sing his prais-es o'er and o'er; Laugh and



gathered them a-bout him And the bless-ed ti-dings told, }  
 way our ev-'ry bur-den, Giv-ing per-fect (Omit) } peace and rest.  
 tar-ried by the way-side, Near the gates of Jer-i-co; }  
 me-diate-ly he fol-lowed Je-sus all a- (Omit) } long the way.  
 on that scene of suff'ring, While my tears of sor-row flow; }  
 fol-low him most glad-ly, Lead me a-ny- (Omit) } where he may.  
 jour-ney here is o-ver, And I reach my home to stay; }  
 shout, and ev-er tell him That I love him (Omit) } more and more.



## CHORUS.



I will fol-low where he lead-eth, I will past-ure where he feed-eth,



I will fol-low all the way, Lord, I will fol-low Je-sus ev-'ry day.



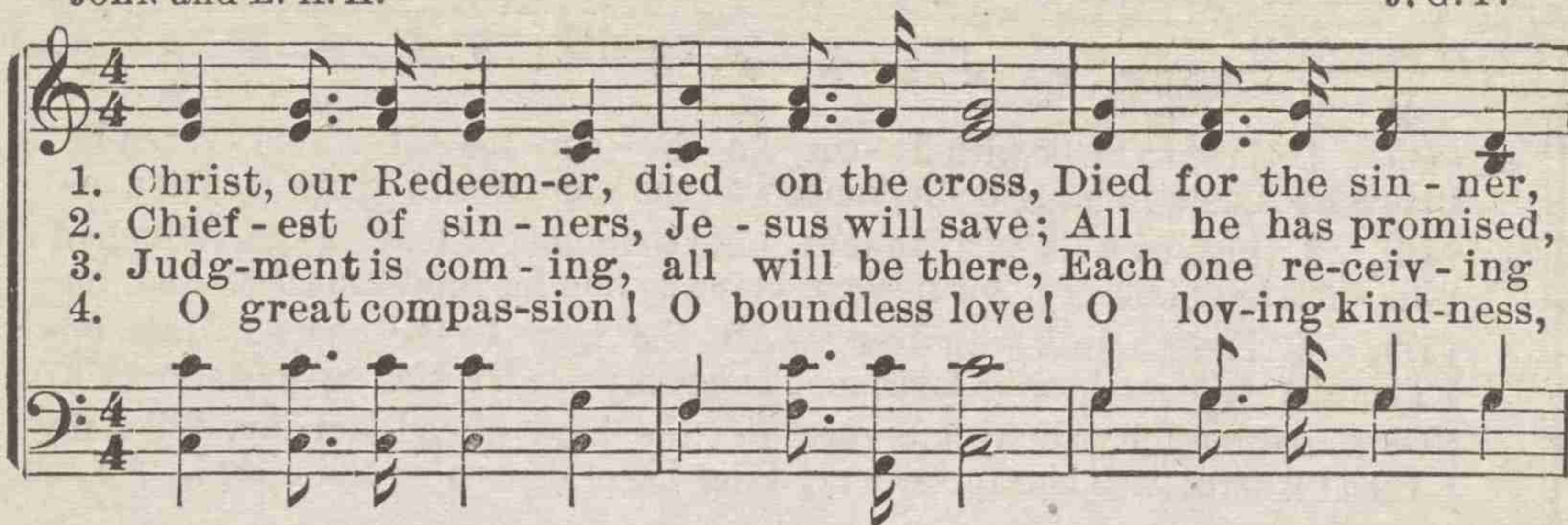


## When I See the Blood.

"When I see the blood I will pass over thee."—Ex. 12:13. "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us."—1 Cor. 5:7.

JOHN and E. A. H.

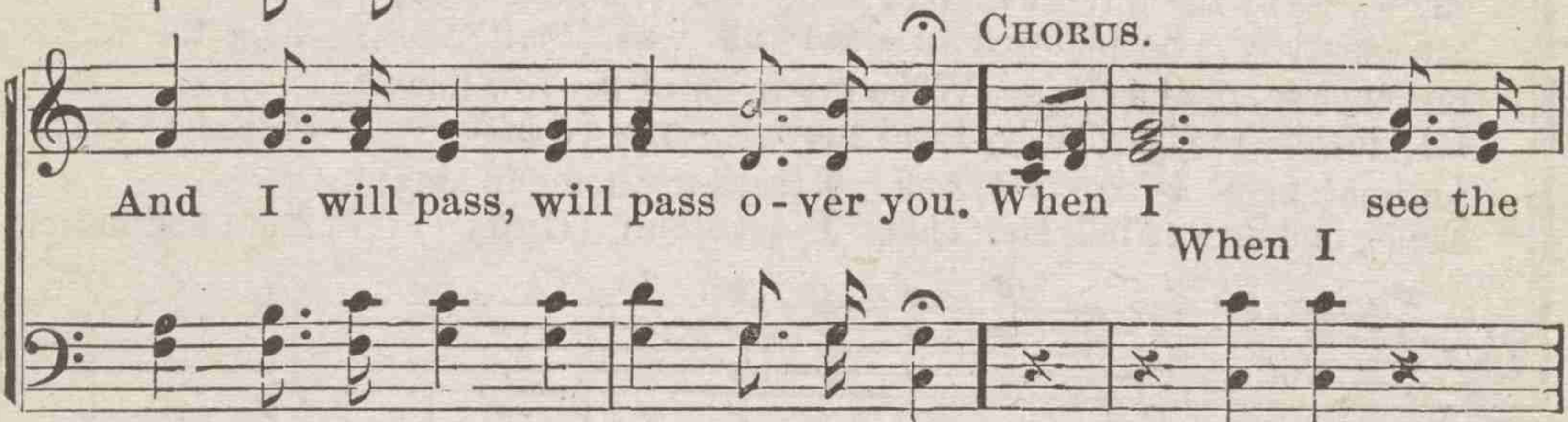
J. G. F.



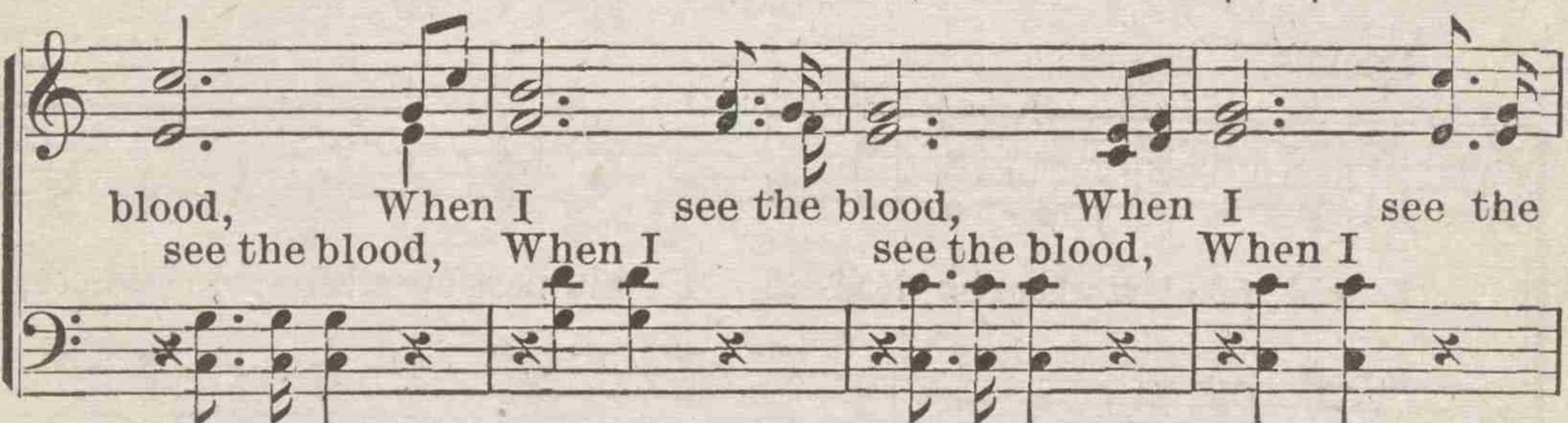
1. Christ, our Redeem-er, died on the cross, Died for the sin - ner,  
 2. Chief-est of sin - ners, Je - sus will save; All he has promised,  
 3. Judg-ment is com - ing, all will be there, Each one re-ceiv - ing  
 4. O great compas-sion! O boundless love! O lov-ing kind-ness,



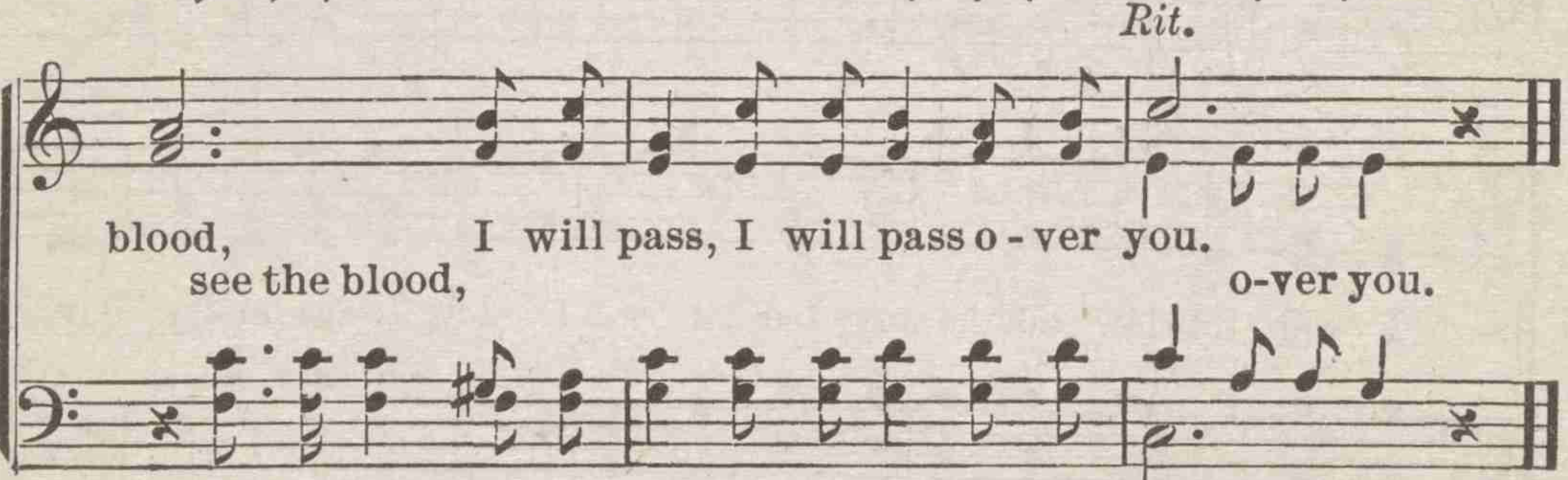
paid all his due; Sprinkle your soul with the blood of the lamb,  
 that will he do; Wash in the foun - tain o - pened for sin,  
 just - ly his due; Hide in the sav - ing, sin-cleansing blood,  
 faith - ful and true! Find peace and shel - ter un - der the blood,



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



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



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



## Keep Under the Blood.

T. H.

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Thoro Harris.



1. Keep un - der the blood of Je - sus Once shed on Cal - va - ry—
2. Keep un - der the blood of Je - sus, And on its pow'r re - ly;
3. Keep un - der the blood of Je - sus When tempt-ed to de-spair;
4. Keep un - der the blood of Je - sus While press-ing to the goal;
5. Keep un - der the blood of Je - sus The sins of life's dark past;



The riv - er of full sal - va - tion, The fount-ain of pu - ri - ty.  
 The an - gel of wrath, be - hold - ing The to - ken, will pass thee by.  
 Plead on - ly the blood that speak-eth, And thou shalt pre-vail in prayer.  
 Each step of the way 'twill cov - er And shield thy de-fence-less soul.  
 Then, free from all con-dem - na - tion, His face thou shalt see at last.



## CHORUS.



Keep un - der the blood of Je - sus, Keep un - der the blood of Je - sus;



That fountain so free Is flow-ing for thee: Keep un - der the pre-cious blood.





## Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P.

DR. H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.  
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H. R. Palmer.



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



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



Dark pas-sions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll carry you through.  
 Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll carry you through.  
 Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll carry you through.



## CHORUS.



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



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





B. E. W.

BARNEY E. WARREN.



1. Hal-le-lu-jah, what a thought! Jesus full sal-va-tion bro't, Vic-to-ry,
2. I am trusting in the Lord, I am standing on His word, Vic-to-ry,
3. Shout your freedom ev'ry-where, His eternal peace declare, Vic-to-ry,
4. We will sing it on that shore, When this fleeting life is o'er, Vic-to-ry,



vic-to-ry! Let the pow'r of sin as-sail, Heaven's grace can never fail,  
 vic-to-ry! I have peace and joy within, Since my life is free from sin,  
 vic-to-ry! Let us sing it here be-low, In the face of ev-'ry foe,  
 vic-to-ry! Sing it here ye ransom'd throng, Start the everlasting song;



## CHORUS.



Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry,.... yes, vic-to-ry!  
 Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry, yes, vic-to-ry.



Hal-le-lu-jah! I am free Je-sus gives me vic-to-ry, Glo-ry, glo-ry,  
 Glo-ry, glo-ry,



hal-le-lu-jah! He is all..... in all to me.....  
 hal-le-lu-jah! He is all, He is all in all to me, all to me.



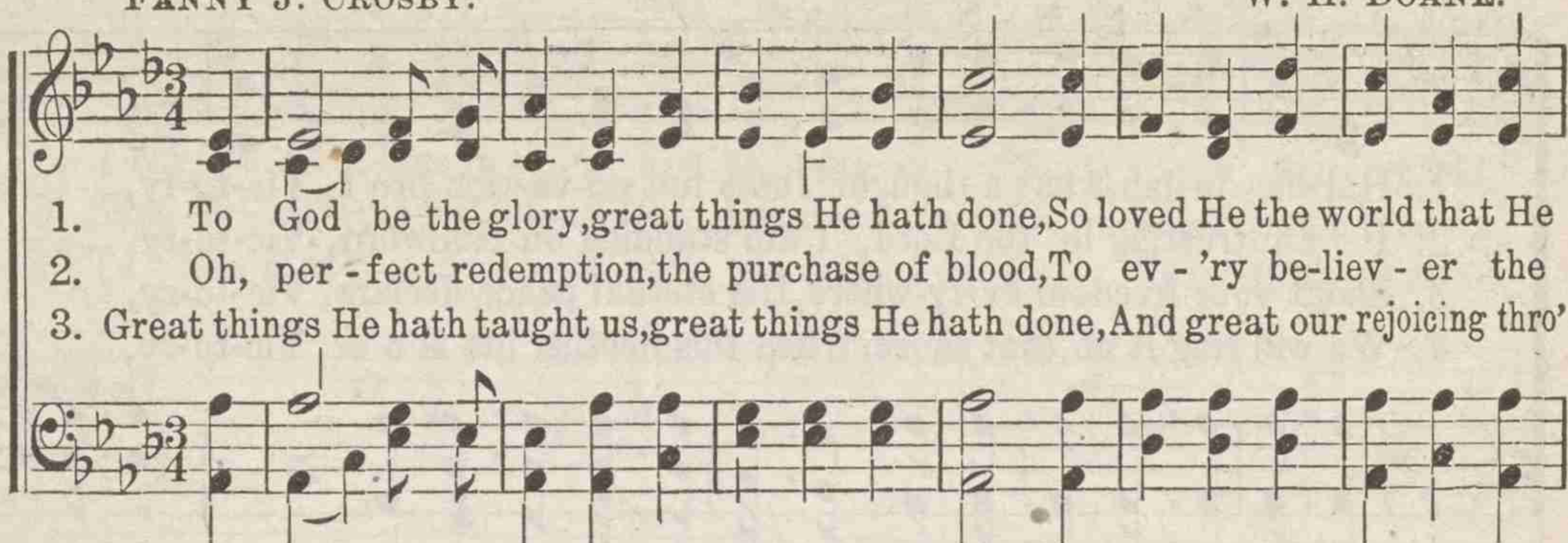


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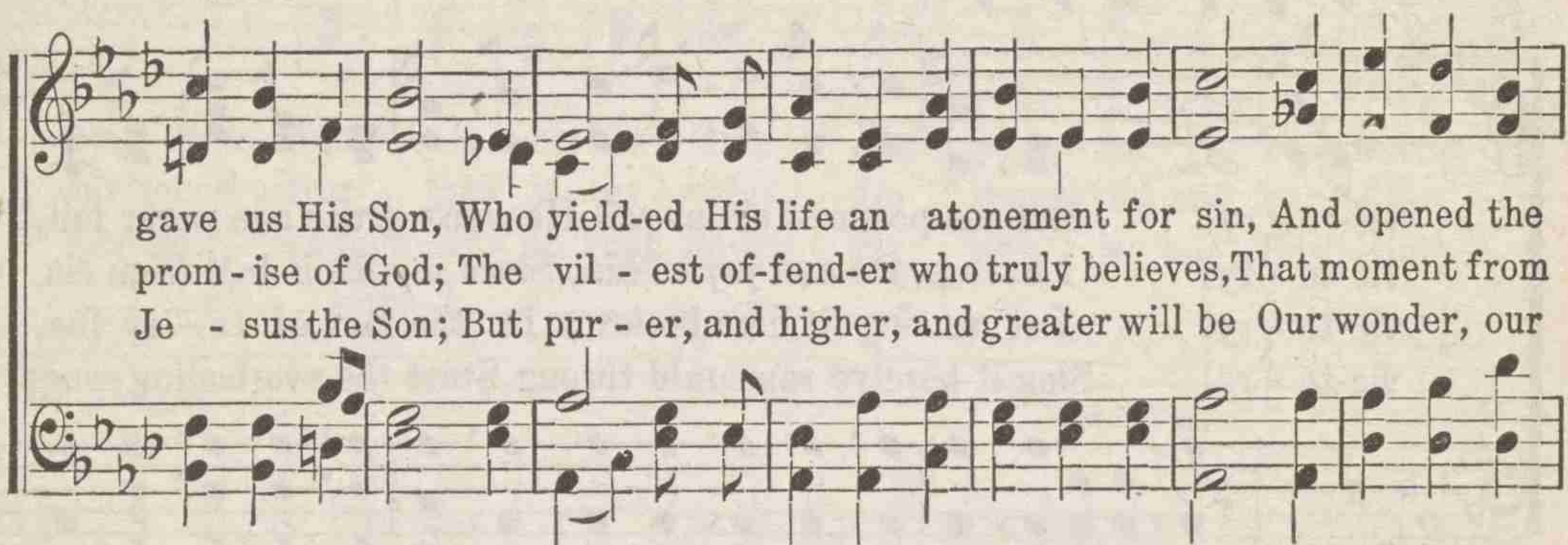
## Praise the Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



1. To God be the glory, great things He hath done, So loved He the world that He  
 2. Oh, per - fect redemption, the purchase of blood, To ev - 'ry be - liev - er the  
 3. Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done, And great our rejoicing thro'

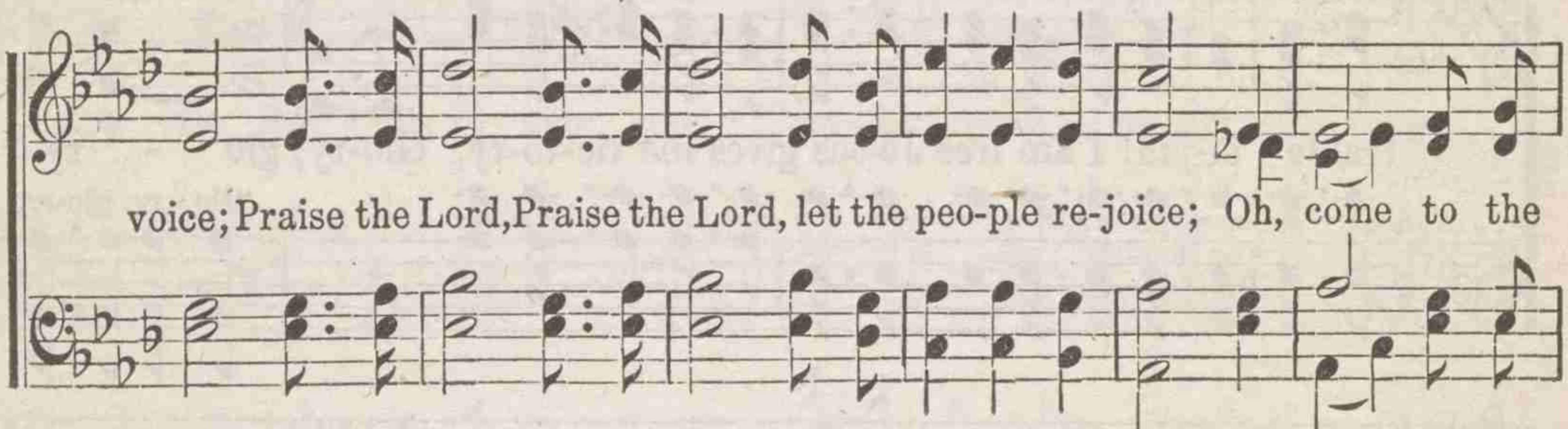


gave us His Son, Who yield-ed His life an atonement for sin, And opened the  
 prom - ise of God; The vil - est of - fend - er who truly believes, That moment from  
 Je - sus the Son; But pur - er, and higher, and greater will be Our wonder, our

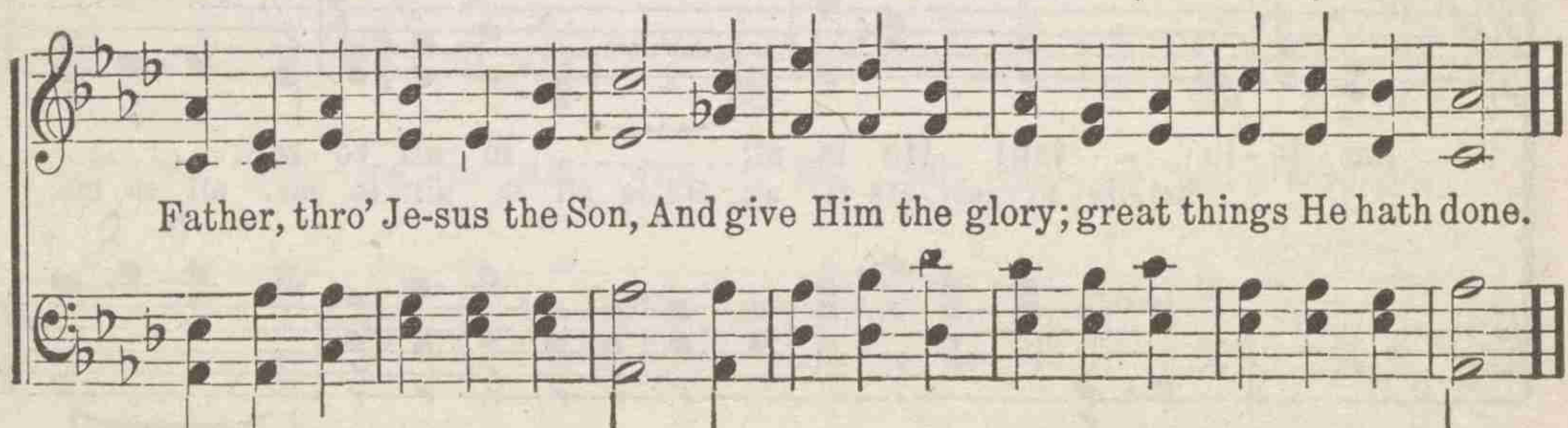
## REFRAIN.



Life Gate that all may go in.  
 Je - sus a par - don receives. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the earth hear His  
 transport when Je - sus we see.



voice; Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, let the peo - ple re - joice; Oh, come to the



Father, thro' Je - sus the Son, And give Him the glory; great things He hath done.

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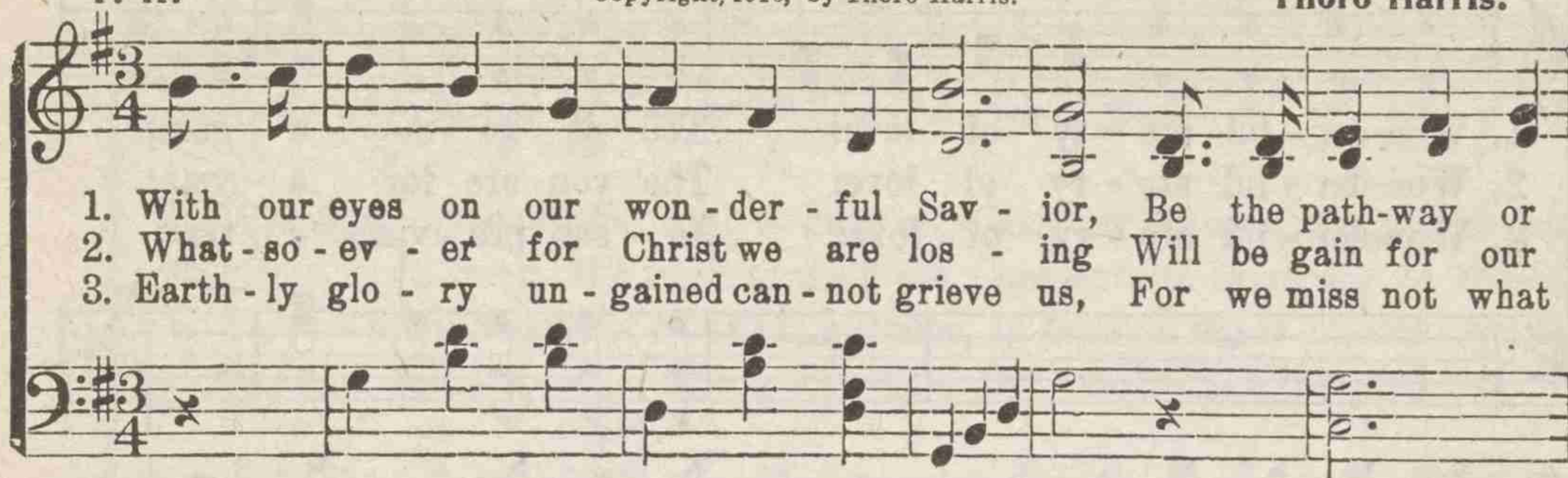


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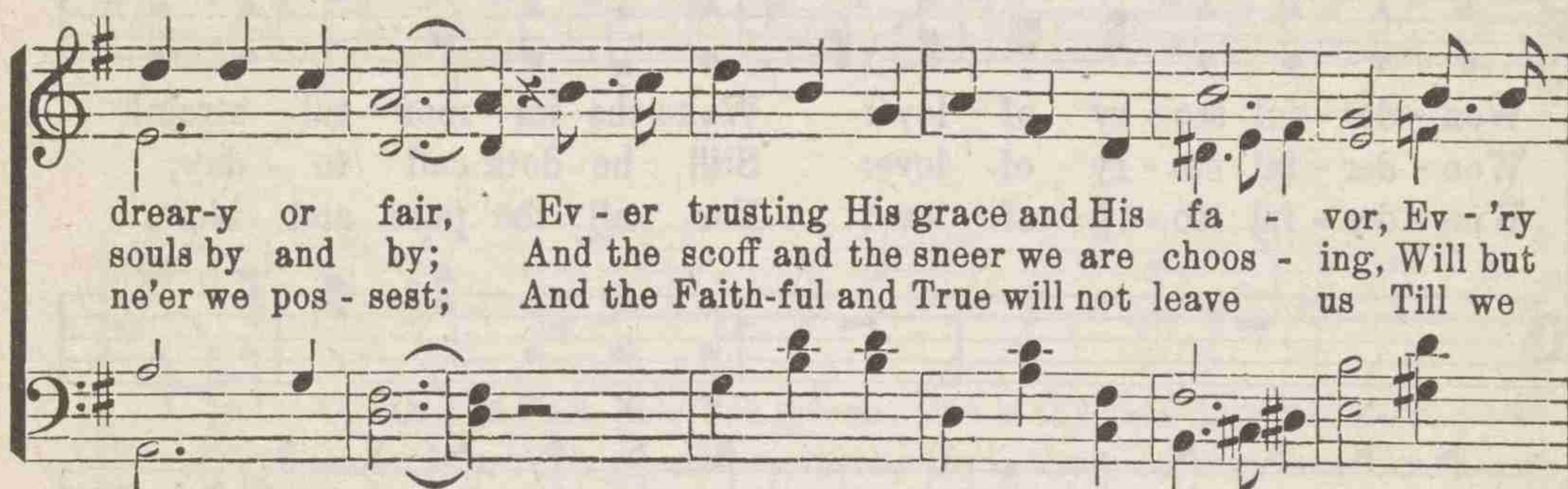
T. H.

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Thoro Harris.

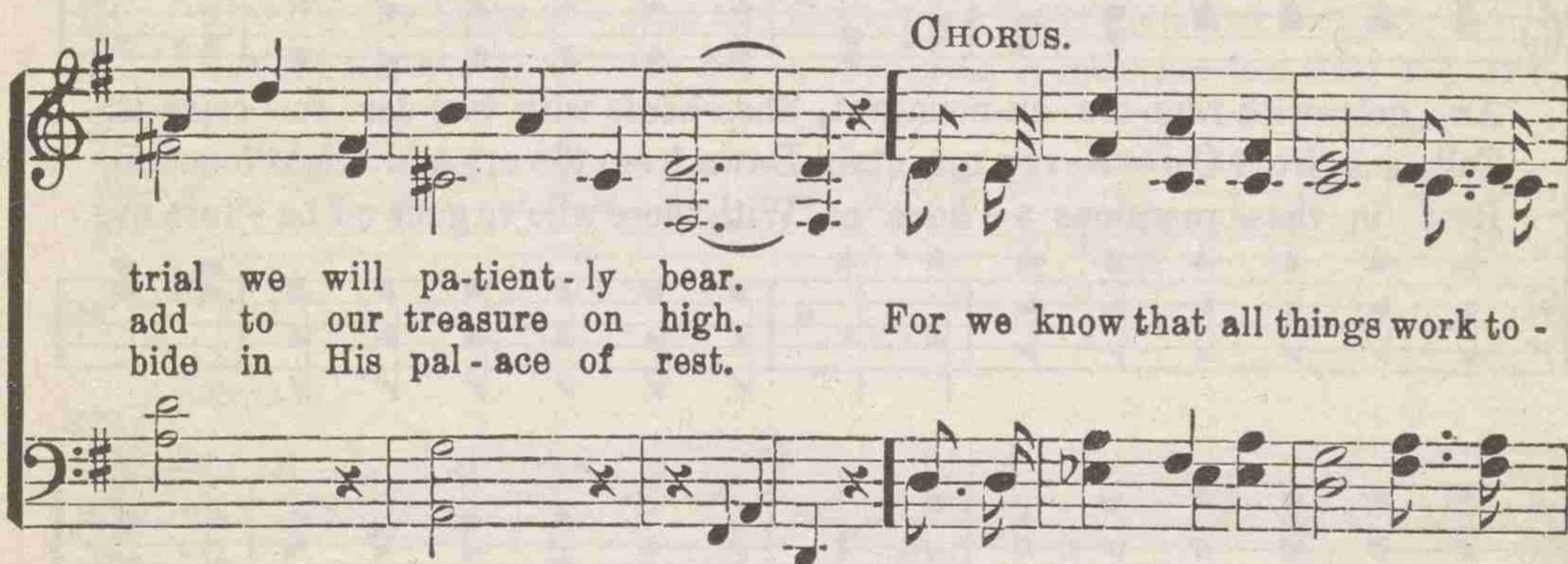


1. With our eyes on our won - der - ful Sav - ior, Be the path-way or  
 2. What - so - ev - er for Christ we are los - ing Will be gain for our  
 3. Earth - ly glo - ry un - gained can - not grieve us, For we miss not what



drear-y or fair, Ev - er trusting His grace and His fa - vor, Ev - 'ry  
 souls by and by; And the scoff and the sneer we are choos - ing, Will but  
 ne'er we pos - sest; And the Faith-ful and True will not leave us Till we

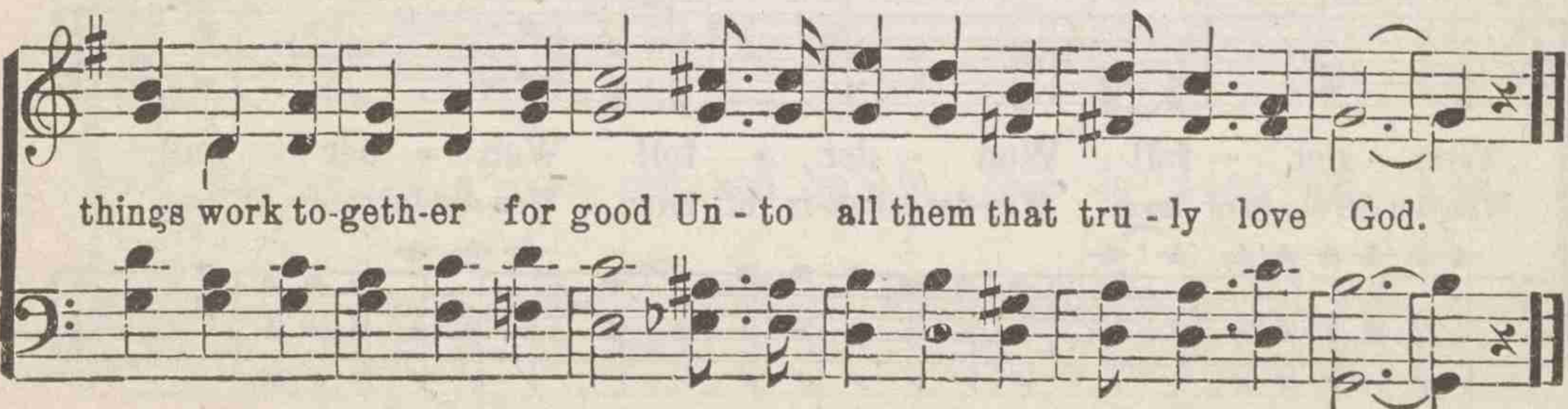
CHORUS.



trial we will pa-tient-ly bear.  
 add to our treasure on high. For we know that all things work to -  
 bide in His pal - ace of rest.



geth-er for good Un - to all them that tru - ly love God; Yes, we know that all



things work to-geth-er for good Un - to all them that tru - ly love God.



J. M. D.

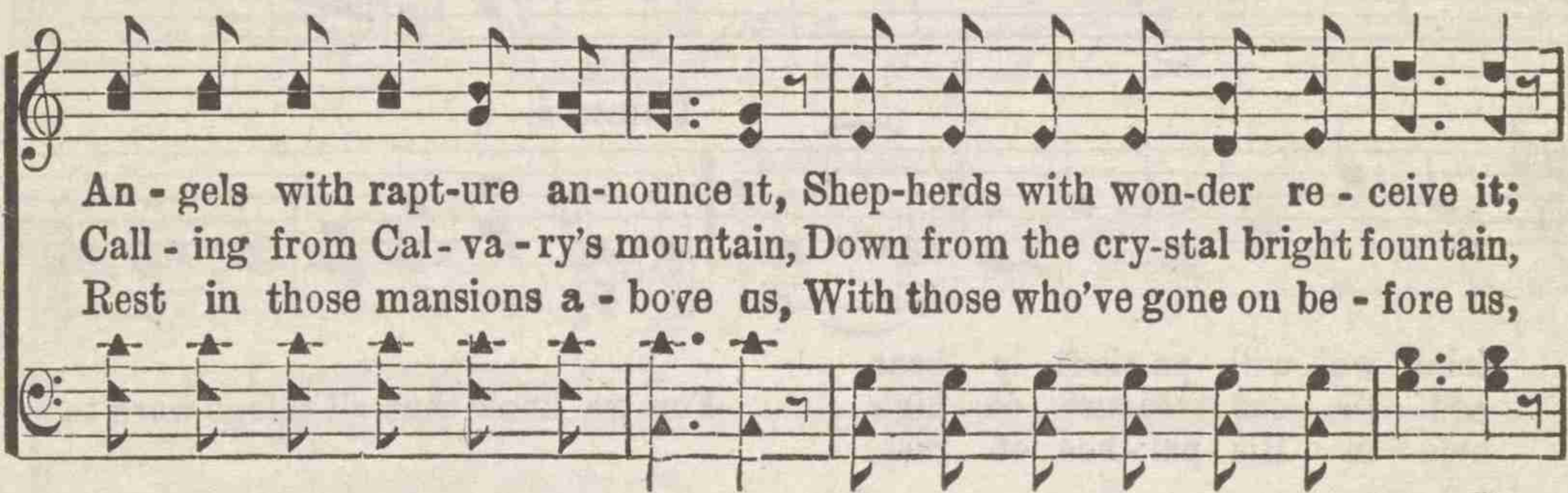
Rev. J. M. DRIVER, by per.



1. Won-der - ful sto - ry of love: Tell it to me a - gain;  
 2. Won-der - ful sto - ry of love: Tho' you are far a - way;  
 3. Won-der - ful sto - ry of love: Je - sus pro - vides a rest;



Won - der - ful sto - ry of love: Wake the im - mor - tal strain!  
 Won - der - ful sto - ry of love: Still he doth call to - day;  
 Won - der - ful sto - ry of love: For all the pure and blest,



An - gels with rapt-ure an-nounce it, Shep-herds with won-der re - ceive it;  
 Call - ing from Cal - va - ry's mountain, Down from the cry - stal bright fountain,  
 Rest in those mansions a - bove us, With those who've gone on be - fore us,



Sin - ner, oh! won't you be - lieve it? Won - der-ful sto - ry of love.  
 E'en from the dawn of cre - a - tion, Won - der-ful sto - ry of love.  
 Sing - ing the rapt - ur - ous cho - rus, Won - der-ful sto - ry of love.

D. S.—Won - der-ful sto - ry of love!



CHORUS. D. S.  
 Won - der - full Won - der - full Won - der - full  
 Won-der-ful sto-ry of love: Won-der-ful sto-ry of love: Won-der-ful sto-ry of love:



T. H.

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Thoro Harris.



1. Wor-ship, my soul, the King of heav-en, Cast far a-way thy slavish fears;
2. Firm as a rock His truth re-main-eth, Constant, un-chang-ing to the end;
3. Thron'd in the heights of cloudless splendor, In Him no shade of dark-ness is;
4. Bless-ing and hon-or, ad-o-ra-tion, Be un-to Him thru end-less days;



In - to His hand all pow'r is giv-en, He is thy God thru countless years.  
 Thy sinking heart His grace sustaineth; He is thy God, and thou His friend!  
 He is the Light se - rene and tender; He is thy God-and thou art His!  
 Let all His works, in all cre - a - tion, Join in one cease-less song of praise.



## REFRAIN.



Clothed in e - ter - nal light and glo - ry, Reign-ing supreme in worlds a-bove,



King of the a - ges, just and ho - ly, God is e - ter - nal love.



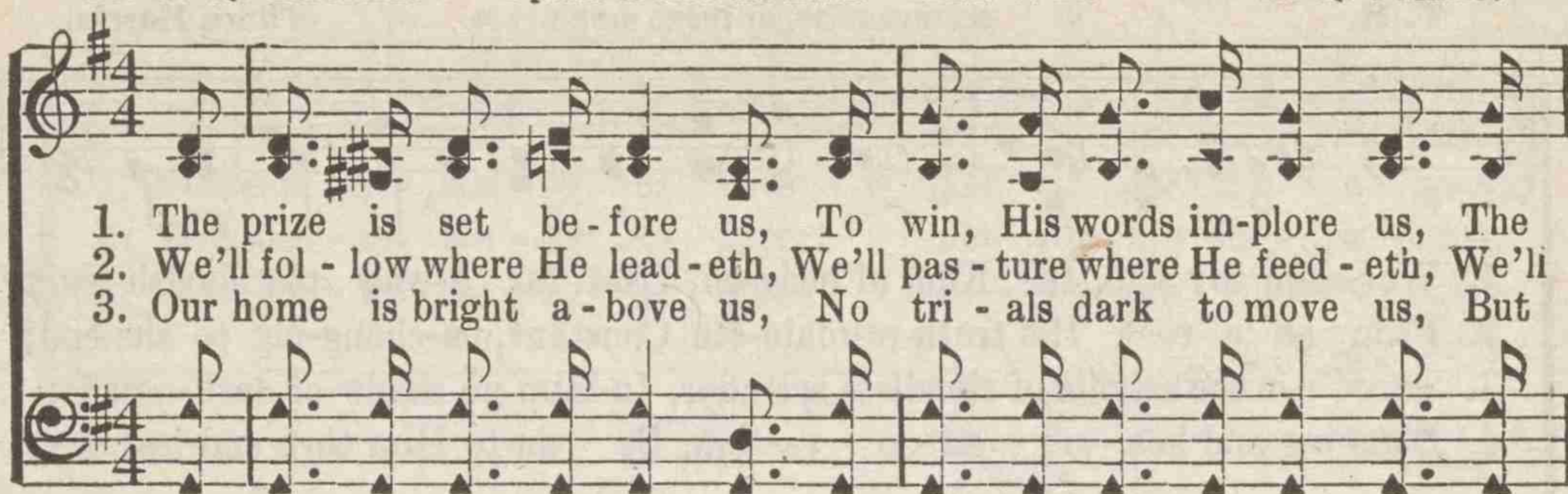


## Triumph By and By.


Dr. C. R. Blackall.

"I press toward the mark."—Phil. 3: 14.

H. R. Palmer.



1. The prize is set be-fore us, To win, His words im-plore us, The  
 2. We'll fol-low where He lead-eth, We'll pas-ture where He feed-eth, We'll  
 3. Our home is bright a-bove us, No tri-als dark to move us, But



eye of God is o'er us, From on high;  
 yield to Him who pleadeth From on high;  
 Je-sus, dear, to love us, There on high;  
 His lov-ing tones are call-ing,  
 Then naught from Him shall sever,  
 We'll give Him best en-deav-or,  
 (1) from on high;



While sin is dark, ap-pall-ing; 'Tis Je-sus gen-tly call-ing, He is nigh.  
 Our hope shall brighten ev-er, And faith shall fail us nev-er, He is nigh.  
 And praise His name for-ev-er, His precious ones can never, nev-er die.  
 (1) He is nigh.

## CHORUS.



By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with  
 Je-sus reign in glo-ry, By and by, by and by; By and by we shall meet Him,



# Triumph By and By.



By and by we shall greet Him, And with Jesus reign in glo - ry, By and by,

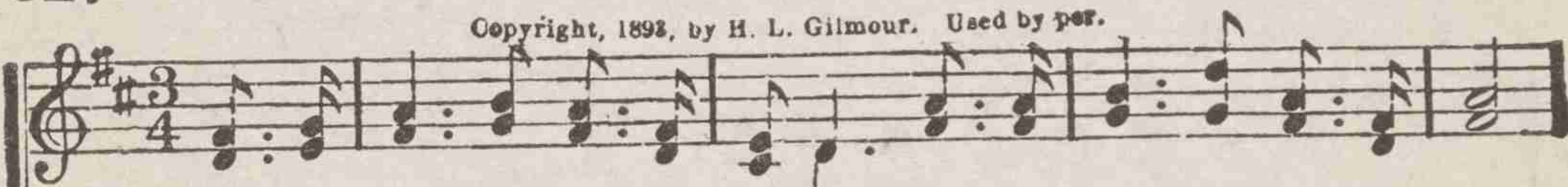


327 E. HEWITT

## Not One Forgotten.

H. L. GILMOUR.

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1. There's a word of ten - der beau - ty In the say - ings of our Lord,
2. Though I'm least of all His children, So un - wor - thy of His love,
3. O the wounded hands of Je - sus All the springs of life con - trol,



How it stirs the heart to mu - sic, Wak - ing grat - itude's sweet chord;  
Yet, for me, there's kind remembrance In the Fa - ther - heart a - bove;  
Is there an y ill can harm me While His blood is on my soul?



For it tells me that "Our Father," From His throne of roy - al might,  
He will ev - er save and keep me, He will guide me on the way:  
Let me, like the lit - tle sparrow, Trust Him where I can - not see,



Cho.—In my Fa - ther's bless - ed keep - ing I am hap - py, safe, and free,

*D.S. Chorus.*



Bends to note a fall - ing sparrow, For 'tis pre - cious in His sight.  
For my Sav - iour gent - ly whispers, "Are ye not much more than they?"  
In the sun - shine and the shad - ow, Sing - ing "He will care for me."



While His eye is on the sparrow I will not for - got - ten be,



# No. 328 The Son Hath Made Me Free.

MIRIAM E. OATMAN.


W. A. STEWART.



1. I was once..... in E-gypt's bond-age, (E-gypt's bondage,) But de-  
 2. I was once..... slave to Sa-tan, (slave to Sa-tan,) And he  
 4. All my fear,..... all con-dem-na-tion, (con-dem-na-tion,) All that




liv - 'rance came to me, (came to me,) And I'm liv - ing now in  
 worked.. his will in me. (yes, in me,) But I'm bound.... by sin no  
 stood.... 'twixt God and me, (God and me,) Praise His name!.. are left be-



Ca-naan, (now in Ca-naan,) For the Son.... hath made me free.  
 lon-ger, (bound no lon-ger,) made me free.  
 hind me, (left be-hind me,)

REFRAIN.



I am dwell-ing now in Ca-naan, now in Ca-naan,  
 I am dwell - ing now in Ca - naan, Je-sus'



Je-sus' blood a-vails for me, yes, for me, I am free from con-dem-  
 blood.... a-vails for me; I am free;.... from con-dem-



## The Son Hath Made Me Free. Concluded.

na-tion, condem-na-tion, For the Son hath made me free. (hath made me free.)  
na-tion, For the Son..... hath made me free.

5 Worldly pleasures can not charm me,  
No delight in them I see,  
Fashion, folly, pride have left me,  
For the Son hath made me free.

6 Evil temper's wicked passions,  
In my heart no more I see,  
All my selfishness has banished,  
For the Son hath made me free.

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329

## I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.

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RENEWAL, USED BY PER.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voice like
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho-ly One; O make me Thine in-

### CHORUS.

Thine Can peace af-ford.  
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev-'ry hour I  
bide, Or life is vain.  
deed, Thou bless-ed Son!

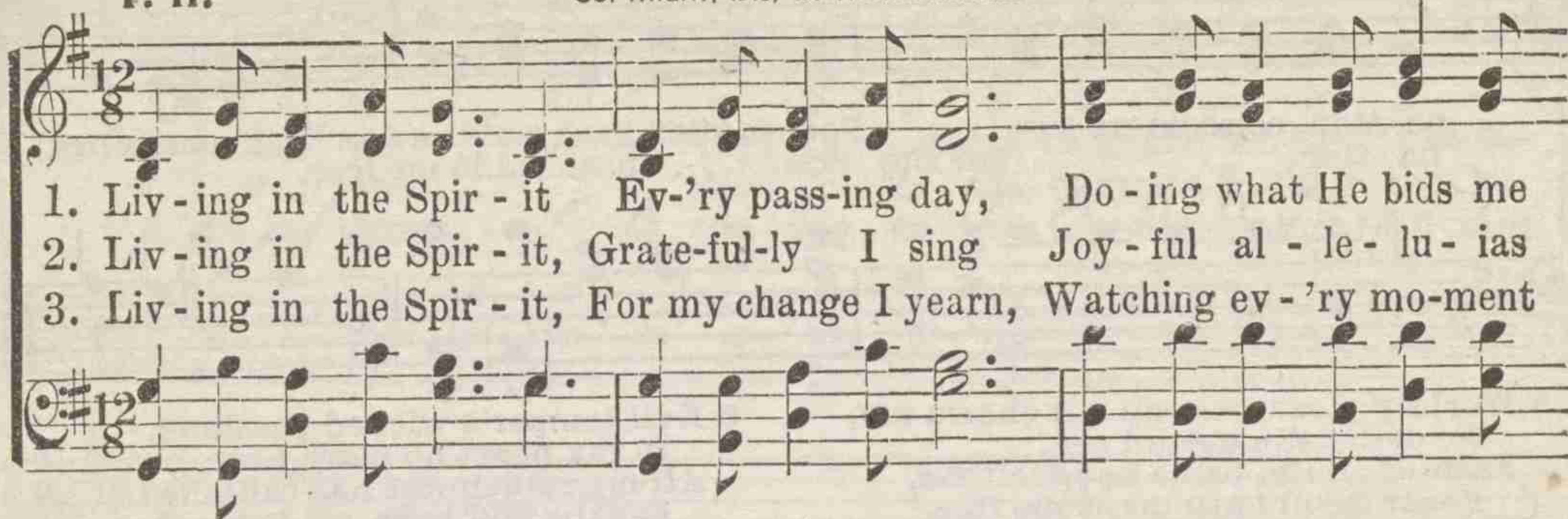
need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav-ior, I come to Thee!



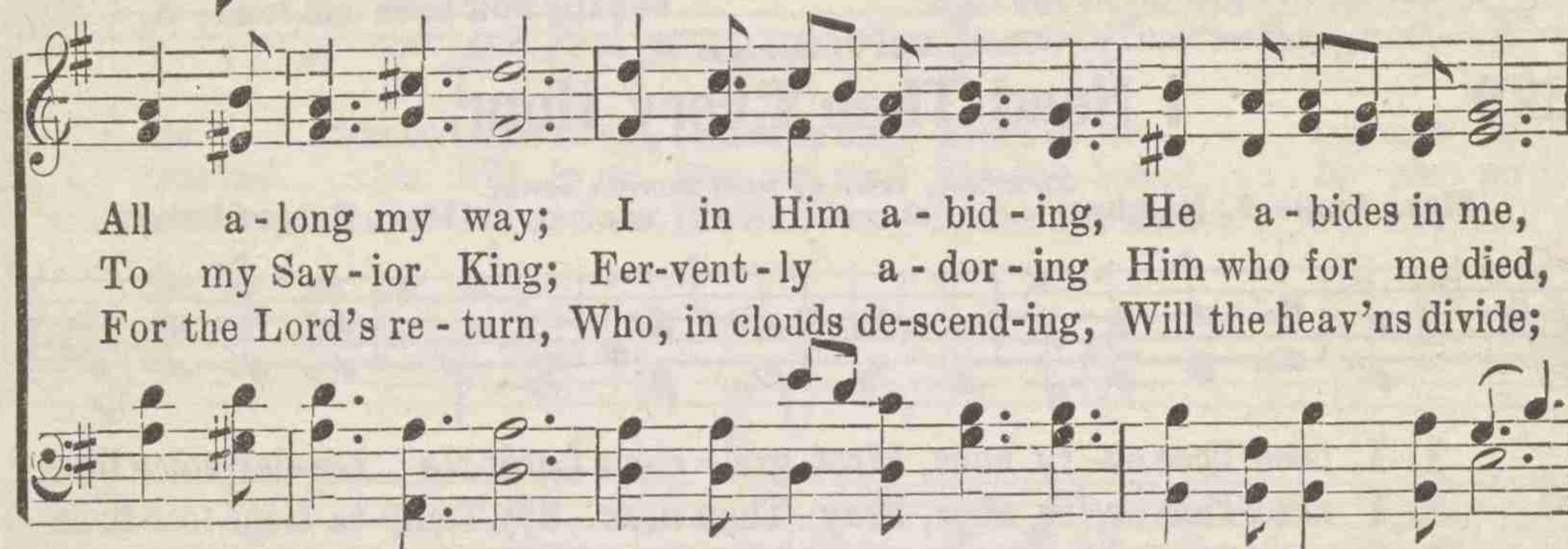
T. H.

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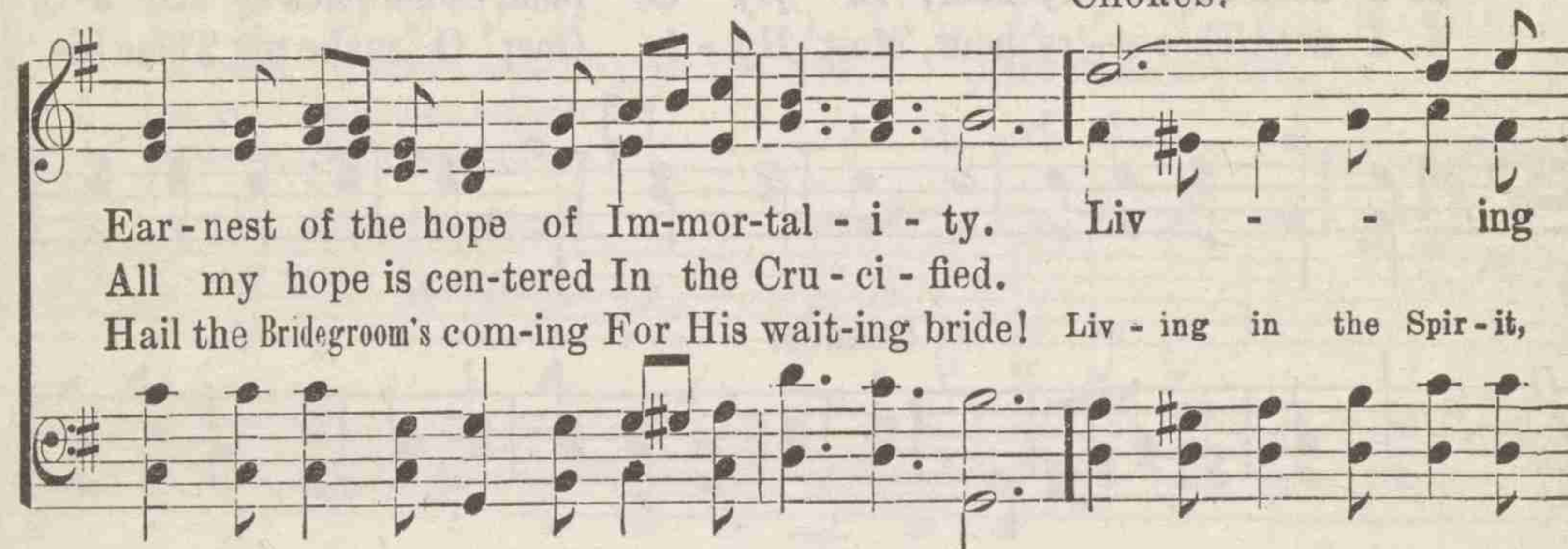


1. Liv-ing in the Spir-it Ev-'ry pass-ing day, Do-ing what He bids me  
2. Liv-ing in the Spir-it, Grate-ful-ly I sing Joy-ful al-le-lu-ias  
3. Liv-ing in the Spir-it, For my change I yearn, Watching ev-'ry mo-ment



All a-long my way; I in Him a-bid-ing, He a-bides in me,  
To my Sav-ior King; Fer-vent-ly a-dor-ing Him who for me died,  
For the Lord's re-turn, Who, in clouds de-scend-ing, Will the heav'ns divide;

## CHORUS.



Ear-nest of the hope of Im-mor-tal-i-ty. Liv-ing  
All my hope is cen-tered In the Cru-ci-fied.  
Hail the Bridegroom's com-ing For His wait-ing bride! Liv-ing in the Spir-it,



in the Spir-it, O..... what  
I am liv-ing in the Spir-it all di-vine: What joy and peace are



joy is mine!..... Glo-ry, al-le-  
mine, what joy and peace are mine! O praise Him! Glo-ry be to God on high, O



## Living in the Spirit.

lu - ia! Sealed... with God's own sign.....  
 glo - ry, al - le - lu - ia! I am sealed, yes, sealed with God's own sign for - ev - er - more.

331

## Heaven in My Soul.

T. H.

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Thoro Harris.

1. What tho the storm a - round me rage And waves of sor - row roll?  
 2. If those I love false-heart - ed prove, I'm not of hope be - reft;  
 3. God's Spir - it guides my wan-d'ring feet, He's with me all the time;  
 4. 'Tis thus I live in Par - a - dise Be - fore I reach the goal;

In prayer and praise I still en-gage—There's heav'n with-in my soul.  
 I still con - fide in Fa-ther's love, To me one Friend is left!  
 I bow be - fore the mer - cy - seat, And deep - est peace is mine.  
 The love of Je - sus here sup - plies A heav'n with - in my soul.

CHORUS.

Sweet peace is mine by night, by day; A joy that none can take a-way;

And so my rapt-ured heart can say, There's heav'n with-in my soul.



## I Know Not Why.

E. E. HEWITT.

A. B. MORTON.



1. I know not why the storms a-rise To o-ver-spread life's sunny skies,
2. I know not why the mists ap-pear Till radiant hills are dark and drear;
3. I know not why ill schemes pre-vail, Why love's sweet plans oft seem to fail;
4. I know not why, but in that land Where all is light, we'll un-der-stand;

*ritard.*

Why all too soon, the flow'rs of May, Should lose their bloom and fade away.  
 The cruel thorns spring up and grow, While pleasant plants the winds lay low.  
 Why songs are hush'd, and tear-drops fall, But this I know, he rul-eth all.  
 Un - til that day, I'll humbly sing, "All's well with me, the Lord is King."



## CHORUS.



I know not why, but Je-sus knows, His hand restored the wither'd rose,

*ritard e dim.*

And turns my loss to endless gain, Here-after he will make it plain.



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## We Will Laud Thee.

T. H.

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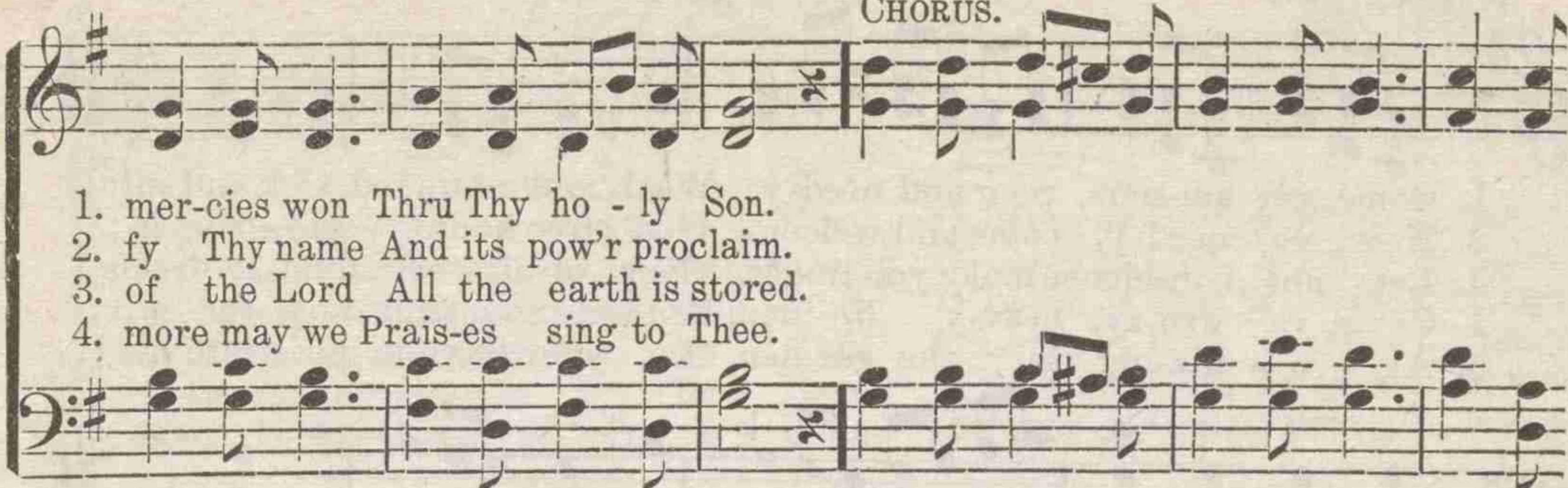
1. Hon - or, praise and ma-jes-ty Be for - ev - er, Lord, to Thee, For the countless
2. We are child-ren of the dust: In Thy love a - lone we trust; We would glo-ri -
3. Let all creatures here that dwell, Forth Thy loving kindness tell; With the goodness
4. Blessing Thee for all Thy grace Till we see Thee face to face; Then for-ev - er -





## We Will Laud Thee.

CHORUS.



1. mer-cies won Thru Thy ho - ly Son.  
 2. fy Thy name And its pow'r proclaim.  
 3. of the Lord All the earth is stored.  
 4. more may we Prais-es sing to Thee.

334 .

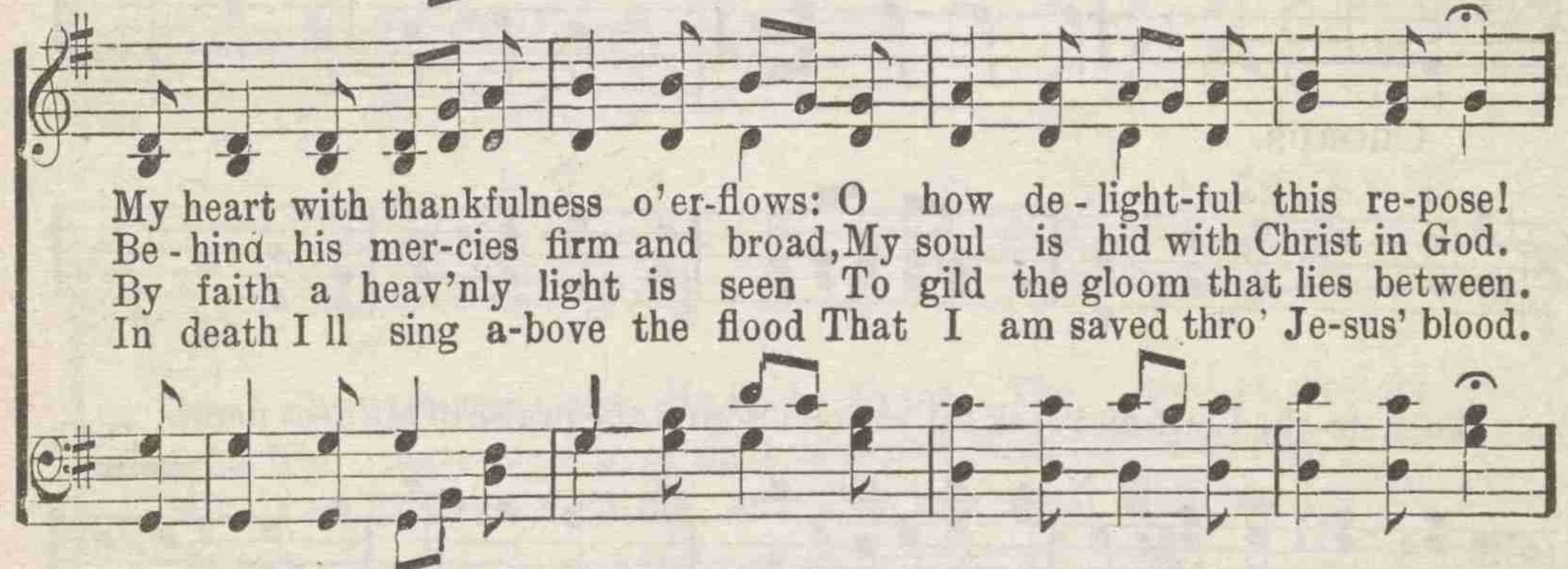
## I Am the Lord's.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

J. W. BISCHOFF.



1. In Je - sus I have found sweet rest, With heav'nly peace my soul is blest;  
 2. Be-neath the shad-ow of his wings, My soul in ver - y tri-umph sings;  
 3. Tho' clouds of sor-row of - ten come To in - ter - cept my view of home,  
 4. In life henceforth, thro' grace divine, My lamp well trimm'd shall burn and shine;



My heart with thankfulness o'er-flows: O how de-light-ful this re-pose!  
 Be-hind his mer-cies firm and broad, My soul is hid with Christ in God.  
 By faith a heav'nly light is seen To gild the gloom that lies between.  
 In death I'll sing a-bove the flood That I am saved thro' Je-sus' blood.

CHORUS.



I'm bound to Christ by love's sweet cords, Living or dy - ing I am the Lord's;



I'm bound to Christ by love's sweet cords, O yes, I am the Lord's.

By permission.



335

## Come, Ye Sinners.

JOSEPH HART.

J. INGALLS. Har. by THORO HARRIS.



1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need-y, come and welcome, God's free bounty glo - ri - fy;
3. Let not conscience make you linger, Nor of fit - ness fond-ly dream;
4. Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y la - den, Bruised and mangled by the fall;
5. Ag - o - niz-ing in the gar-den, Lo, your Saviour prostrate lies;



D.C.—Glo - ry, hon - or, ad - o - ra - tion, Christ, the Lord, will come to reign.



Je - sus read-y stands to save you, And his heart with love runs o'er.  
 True be - lief and true re - pentance—Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.  
 All the fit-ness he re - quir-eth Is to feel your need of him.  
 If you tar-ry till you're better, You will never come at all.  
 On the bloody tree be - hold him, Hear him cry be - fore he dies.



CHORUS.



Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - vation; Sound the praise of his dear name; D.C.



336

## Vienna. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

THORO HARRIS.



1. Just as I am,—with - out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am,—tho' tossed a - bout. With ma - ny a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, heal - ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am,—thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt welcome, par-don, cleanse, relieve;
6. Just as I am,—thy love unknown Has brok-en ev - 'ry barrier down;





# Vienna L. M.



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



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337

## His Yoke is Easy.

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R. E. Hudson.



1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, I shall not want, He mak-eth me down to
2. My soul cri-eth out: "Re-store me a-gain, And give me the strength to
3. Yea, tho' I should walk the val-ley of death, Yet what should I fear from



lie In past-ures green, He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.  
 take The nar-row path of right-eous-ness, E'en for Thine own name's sake."  
 ill? For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff sup-port me still.



### CHORUS



His yoke is eas-y, His bur-den is light, I've found it so, I've found it



so; He lead-eth me by day and by night, Where liv-ing wa-ters flow.





## Follow All the Way.

GEO. W. COLLINS.

Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I have heard my Sav-iour call-ing, I have heard my Sav-iour calling,  
 2. Tho' he leads me thro' the val-ley, Tho' he leads me thro' the val-ley,  
 3. Tho' he leads me thro' the gar-den, Tho' he leads me thro' the gar-den,



CHO.—Where he leads me I will fol-low, Where he leads me I will fol-low,



- I have heard my Saviour calling, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol - low me."  
 Tho' he leads me thro' the val-ley, I'll go with him, with him all the way.  
 Tho' he leads me thro' the gar-den, I'll go with him, with him all the way.



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

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 4   : Tho' the path be dark and dreary, :  <br>I'll go with him, with him all the way.   | 7   : I will follow on to know him :  <br>He's my Saviour, Saviour, Brother,<br>Friend. |
| 5   : Tho' he leads me to the conflict, :  <br>I'll go with him, with him all the way.   | 8   : He will give me grace and glory, :  <br>He will keep me, keep me all the way.     |
| 6   : Tho' he leads through fiery trials, :  <br>I'll go with him, with him all the way. | 9   : O 'tis sweet to follow Jesus :  <br>And be with him, with him all the way.        |

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## His Hand.

Ada Blenkhorn.

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Thoro Harris.



1. Sometimes in days of darkness More than in hours of light We feel the pressure  
 2. His prom-ise is, to guide us By His un - err-ing hand; We trust Him tho we  
 3. The storms that so affright us Their an-gry tu-mult cease When on the ruf and  
 4. How sweet His voice and tender To hearts by grief opprest, "My presence shall go



CHORUS.




1. of H's hand, And know that all is right.  
 2. can-not see, And on His promise stand. The wound - ed hands of Je - sus The  
 3. troubled waver He breathes the word of peace.  
 4. all the way, And lead thee in - to rest."





# His Hand.

*Rit.*



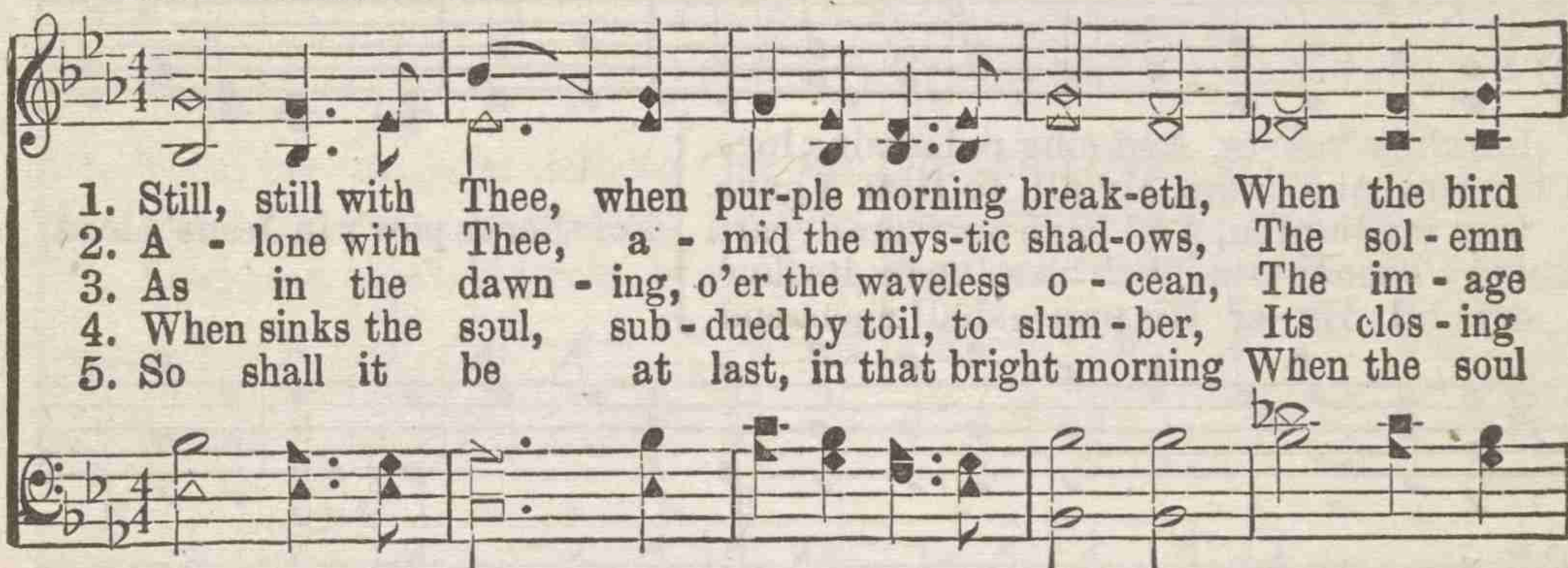
path for us will trace, And lead our footsteps safely on To His a-bid-ing place.

340

# Still, Still With Thee.

Harriett Beecher Stowe.


Felix Mendelssohn.



1. Still, still with Thee, when pur-ple morning break-eth, When the bird  
 2. A - lone with Thee, a - mid the mys-tic shad-ows, The sol-emn  
 3. As in the dawn - ing, o'er the waveless o - cean, The im - age  
 4. When sinks the soul, sub - dued by toil, to slum - ber, Its clos - ing  
 5. So shall it be at last, in that bright morning When the soul



wak - eth and the shad-ows flee; Fair-er than morn-ing, love - li - er than  
 hush of nat-ure new - ly born; A-lone with Thee in breath-less ad - o -  
 of the morn-ing star doth rest, So in this stillness, Thou be-hold-est  
 eye looks up to Thee in prayer; Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'er-  
 wak - eth and life's shad.ows flee; O, in that hour, more fair than day-light



day - light, Dawns the sweet con - scious-ness, I am with Thee.  
 ra - tion. In the calm dew and fresh - ness of the morn.  
 on - ly Thine im - age in the wa - ters of my breast.  
 shad - ing, But sweet-er still to wake and find Thee there.  
 dawn - ing, Shall rise the glo - rious thought, I am with Thee!



## There's Power in Jesus' Blood.

HOPE TRYAWAY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



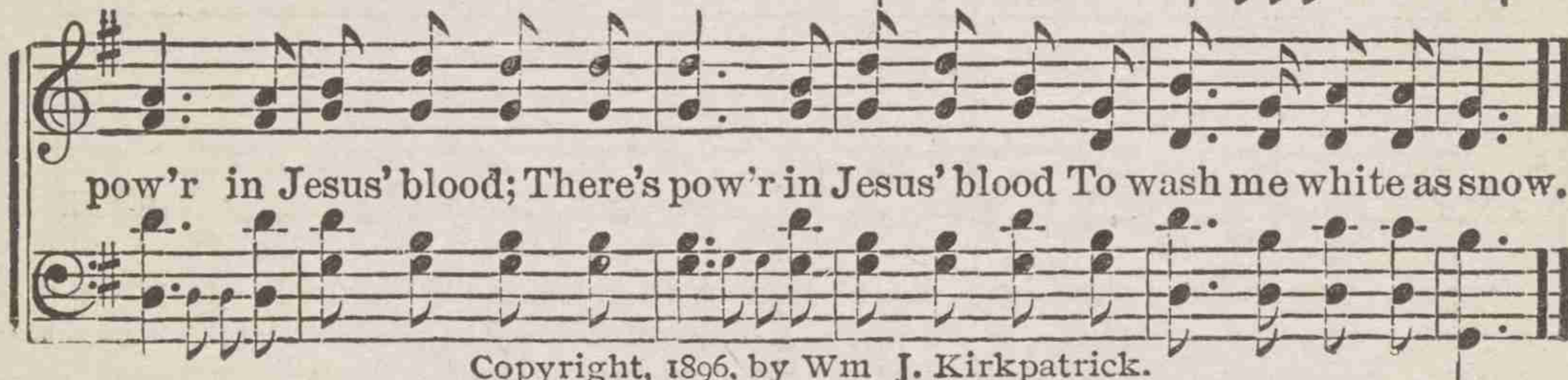
1. My hap-py soul re-joic-es, The sky is bright a-bove; I'll join the  
 2. I heard the bless-ed sto-ry Of Him who died to save; The love of  
 3. His gra-cious words of par-don Were mu-sic to my heart; He took a-  
 4. I plunge be-neath this fountain, That cleanseth white as snow; It pours from  
 5. O crown Him King for-ev-er! My Sav-iour and my Friend; By Zi-on's

CHORUS.



heav'nly voic-es, And sing redeeming love.  
 Christ swept o'er me, My all to Him I gave.  
 way my burden, And bade my fears depart.  
 Calv'ry's mountain, With blessing in its flow.  
 crys-tal riv-er His praise shall never end.

For there's pow'r in Jesus' blood,



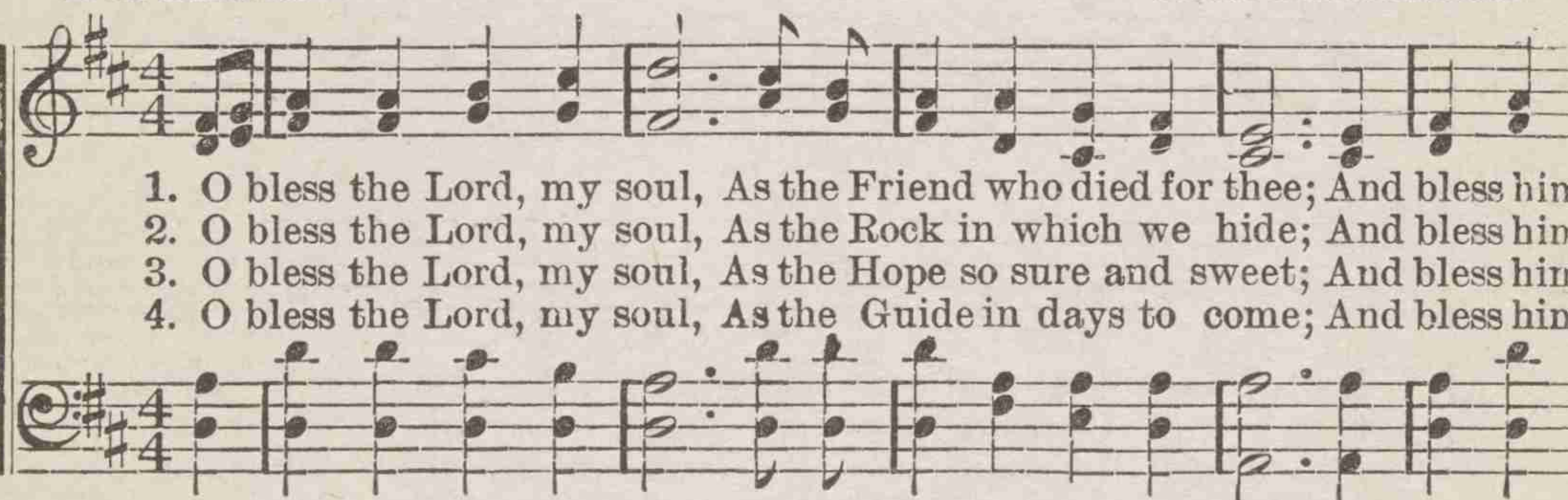
pow'r in Jesus' blood; There's pow'r in Jesus' blood To wash me white as snow.

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## Bless the Lord, My Soul.

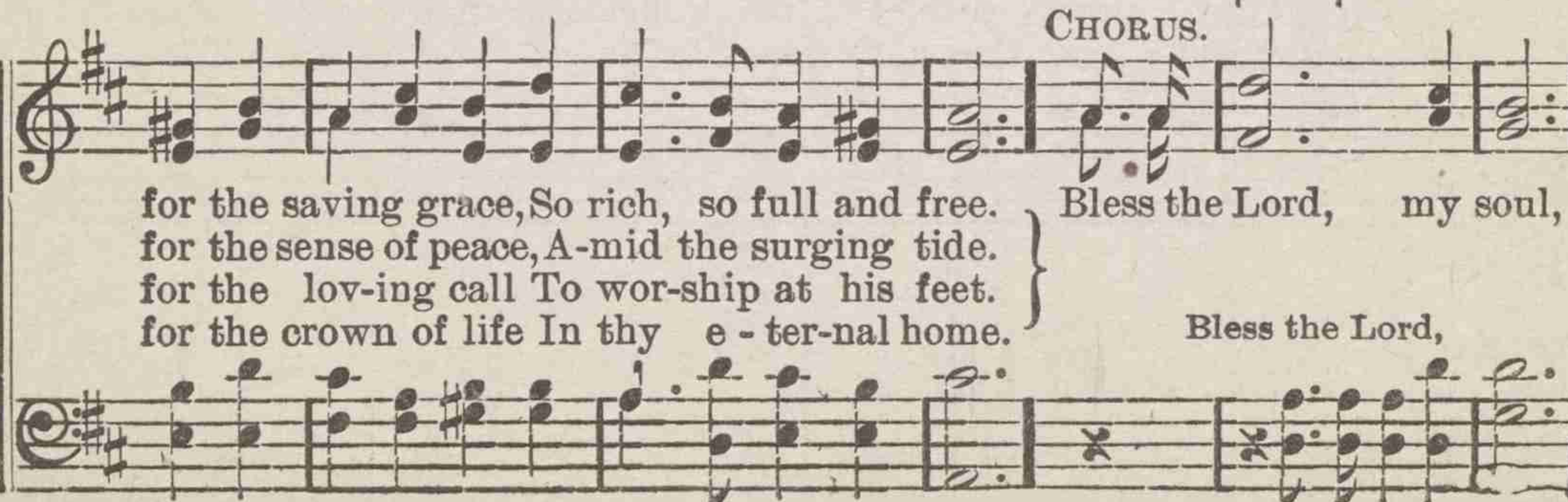
E. A. BARNES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Friend who died for thee; And bless him  
 2. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Rock in which we hide; And bless him  
 3. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Hope so sure and sweet; And bless him  
 4. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Guide in days to come; And bless him

CHORUS.



for the saving grace, So rich, so full and free.  
 for the sense of peace, A-mid the surging tide.  
 for the lov-ing call To wor-ship at his feet.  
 for the crown of life In thy e-ter-nal home.

Bless the Lord, my soul,  
 Bless the Lord,



## Bless the Lord, My Soul.

Bless the Lord, my soul; And all that is within me, Bless his ho - ly name.  
Bless the Lord,

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343

## Close to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

SILAS J. VAIL.

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

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

### REFRAIN.

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

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



## I'm to the Highlands Bound.

C. P. J.

C. P. JONES.



1. Mine eyes are on the mount-ain top, I'm run - ning for my life;
2. The an - gel voice has come to me, And cautioned me to go;
3. The day I left they called me mad, They laughed at my a - larm;
4. Some start-ed with me and looked back, But forward yet I press;



I've left old Sod - om to the flames, With all its sin and strife.  
 And now, o - be - dient to His word, I leave this land of woe.  
 But I have heard the Sav - ior's voice, I'm run - ning from the storm.  
 I'm bound to reach the mountain top, In ho - li - ness and peace.



CHORUS.



I'm to the high-lands bound, I'm seek - ing high-er ground;  
 high - lands bound,



I can't re-main in all the plain, I'm to the high-lands bound.  
 highlands bound.



Copyright, 1910, by Charlie D. Tillman.

## Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw.

George A. Minor.



1. { Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eves; }  
 { Wait-ing for the harvest, and the time of reaping, We shall } come re-joic-ing





FINE CHORUS.

bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,  
D.S.—Second time.

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

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

346

## We'll Understand It Better By and By.

Arr. R. E. WINSETT.

1. { Here we're oft-en tossed and driv'n on the rest-less sea of time, Roll-ing  
In that land of per-fect day, when the mist is rolled a-way, We will  
2. { We are oft-en des-ti-tute of the things that life demands, Want of  
But we're trusting in the Lord, and ac-cord-ing to His word, We will  
3. { Tri-als hard on ev-'ry hand, and we can not un-der-stand All the  
But He'll guide us with His eye, and we'll fol-low till we die, We will  
4. { Here temp-ta-tion's hid-den snare oft-en takes us un-a-ware, And our  
And we won-der why the test when we try to do our best, But will

clouds and howling tem-pest oft suc-ceed a bright sunshine,  
un-derstand it [Omit.....] better by and by.  
shel-ter and of food, with thirsty hills and bar-ren land,  
un-derstand it [Omit.....] better by and by.  
ways that God will lead us to that blessed promised land,  
un-derstand it [Omit.....] better by and by.  
hearts are made to bleed by some thoughtless word or deed,  
un-derstand it [Omit.....] better by and by.  
D. S.—un-derstand it (Omit.....) better by and by.

### REFRAIN.

By and by, O when the morn-ing comes, All the saints of

God are gathered home, We'll tell the sto-ry how we o-ver-come, And we'll

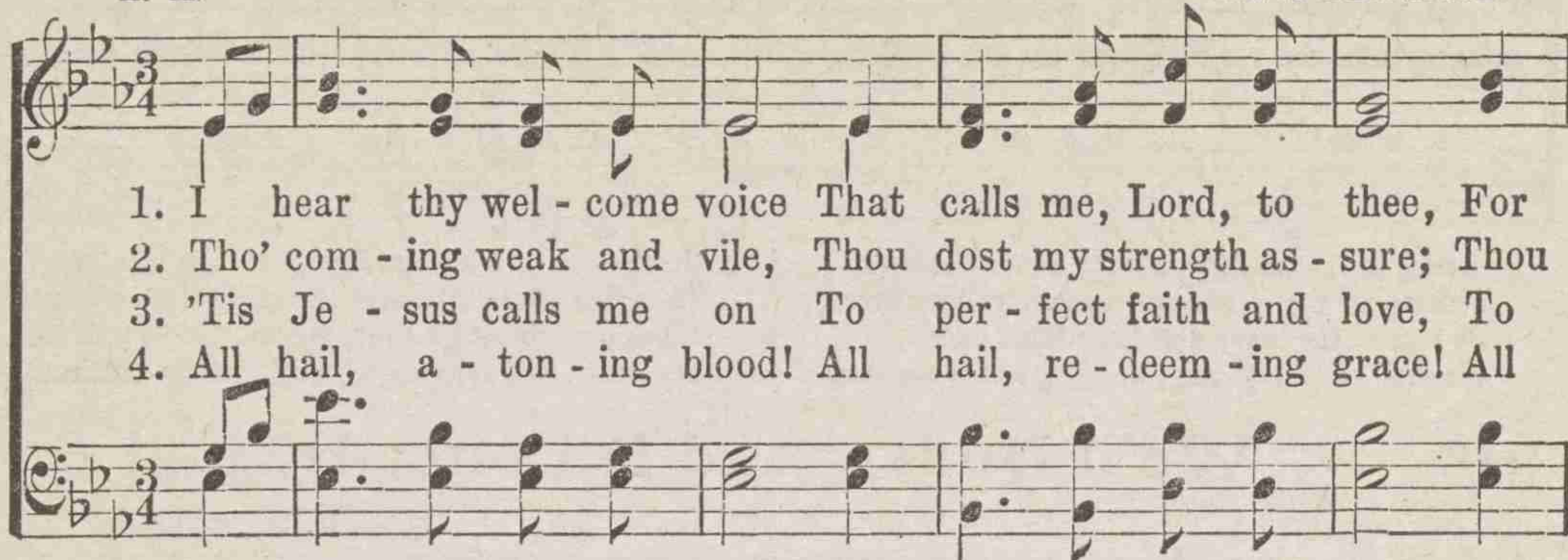


347

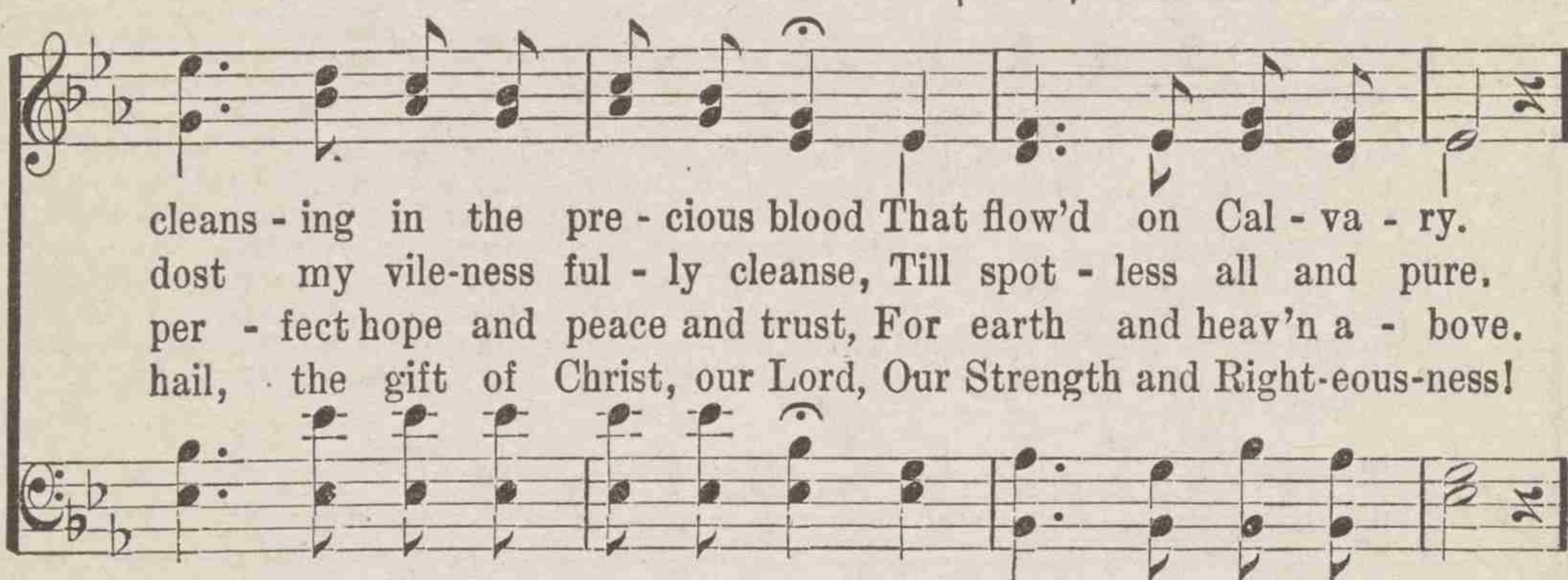
## I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H.

LEWIS HARTSOUGH.



1. I hear thy wel - come voice That calls me, Lord, to thee, For  
 2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as - sure; Thou  
 3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To  
 4. All hail, a - ton - ing blood! All hail, re - deem - ing grace! All

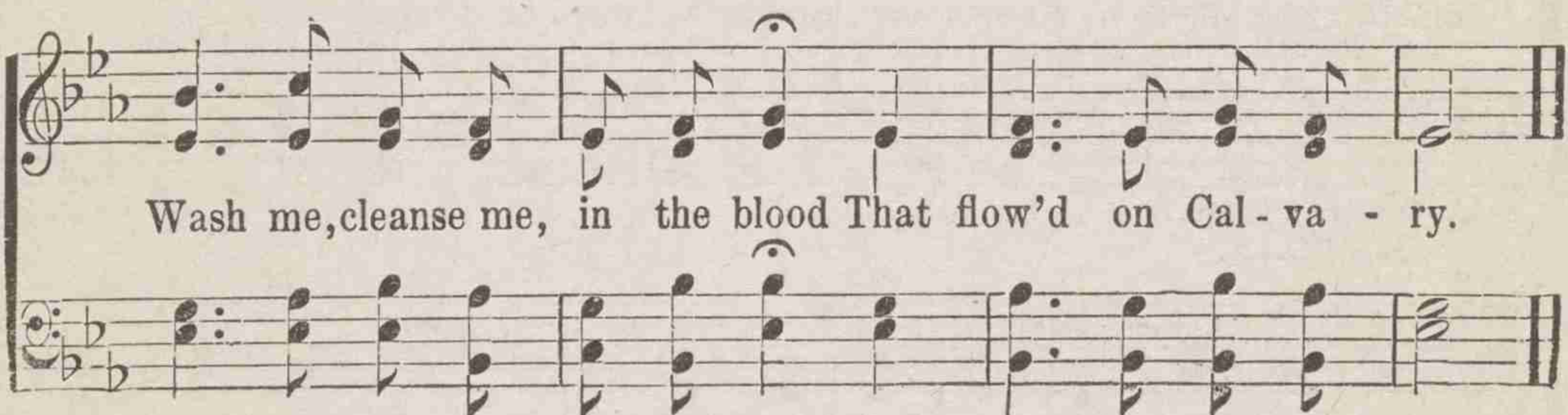


cleans - ing in the pre - cious blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.  
 dost my vile - ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure,  
 per - fect hope and peace and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.  
 hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord, Our Strength and Right - eous - ness!

## CHORUS.



I am com - ing, Lord! Com - ing now to thee!



Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.

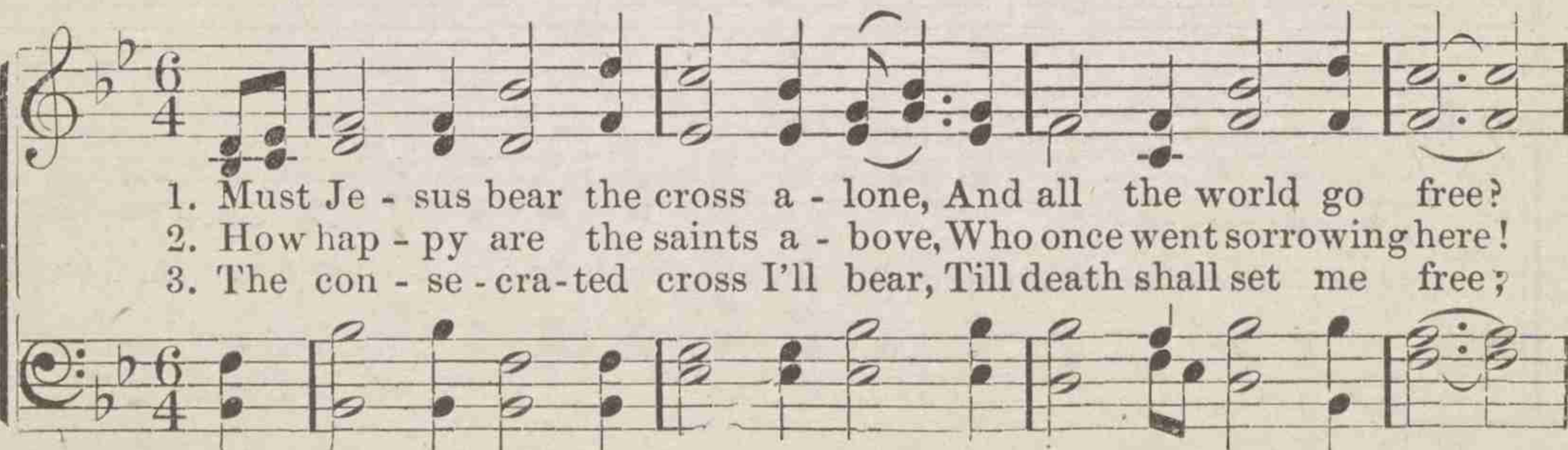
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348

## Must Jesus Bear the Cross.

THOMAS SHEPHERD. Alt.

Tune, MAITLAND. C. M.



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





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

349

# Come Back to the Saviour To-night.

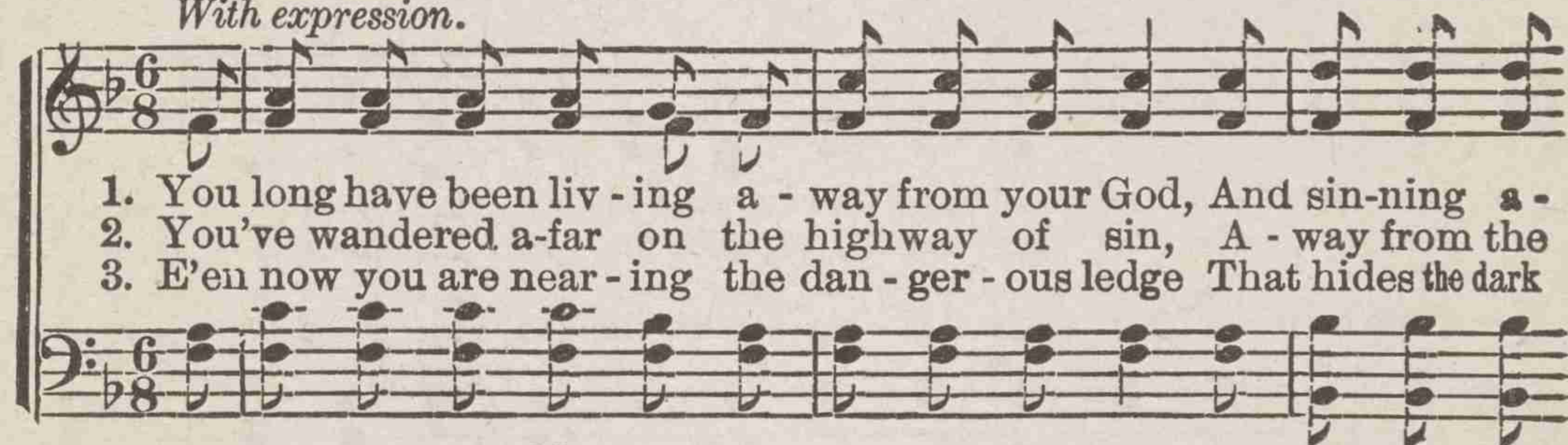
Owned by R. E. Winsett,

"To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."—HEB. 3: 7-8.

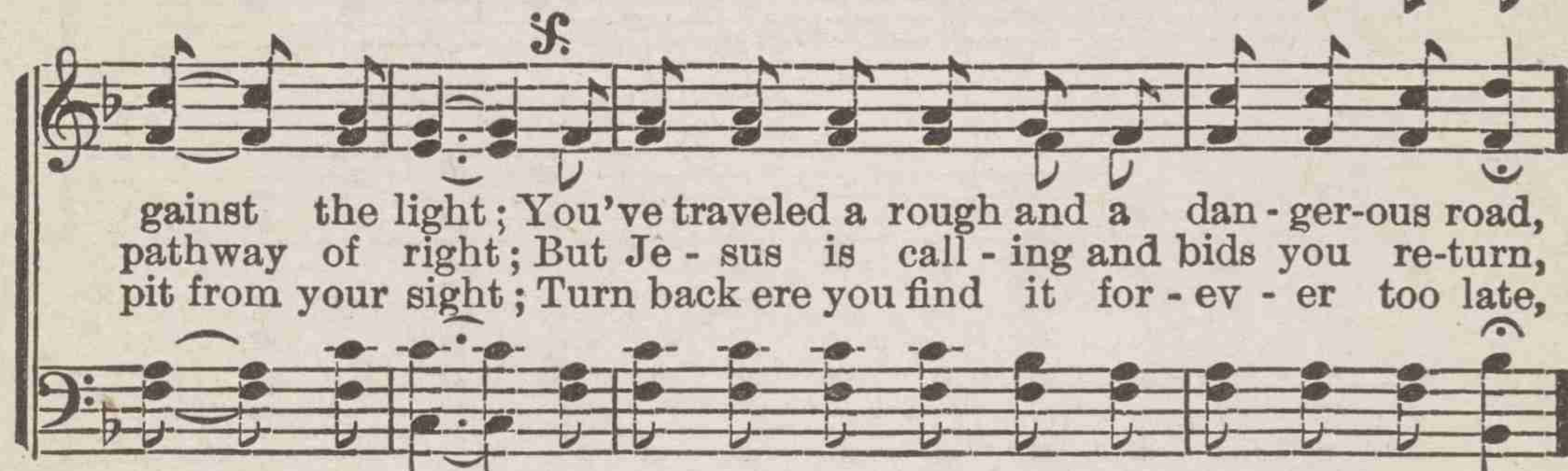
C. E. P.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

*With expression.*

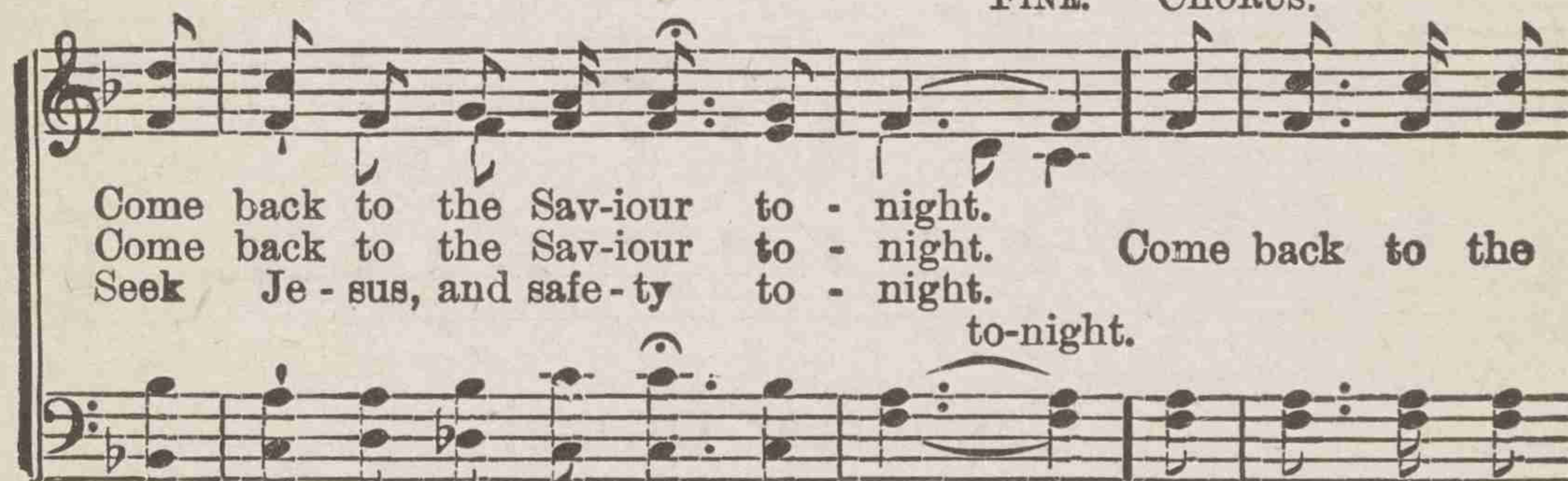


1. You long have been liv - ing a - way from your God, And sin-ning a -
2. You've wandered a-far on the highway of sin, A - way from the
3. E'en now you are near - ing the dan - ger - ous ledge That hides the dark



gainst the light; You've traveled a rough and a dan - ger - ous road,  
pathway of right; But Je - sus is call - ing and bids you re - turn,  
pit from your sight; Turn back ere you find it for - ev - er too late,

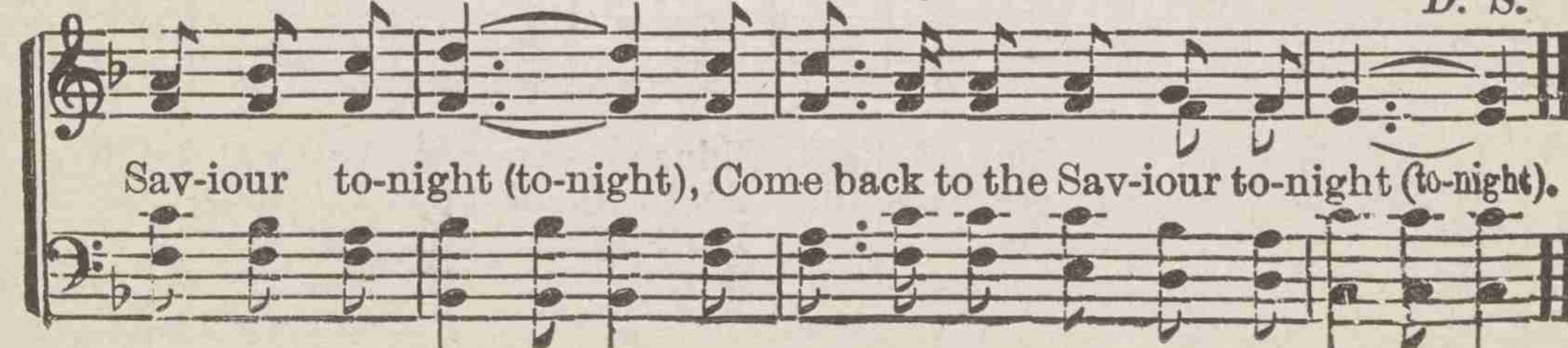
D. S.—You've traveled a rough and a dan - ger - ous road,  
FINE. CHORUS.



Come back to the Sav-iour to - night.  
Come back to the Sav-iour to - night. Come back to the  
Seek Je - sus, and safe - ty to - night.  
to-night.

Come back to the Sav - iour to - night.

D. S.



Sav-iour to-night (to-night), Come back to the Sav-iour to-night (to-night).



## I'M ON THE ROCK.

Mrs. B. DAVIS.

Arr. by JOHN T. BENSON.

1. The pit - falls in sin's aw - ful path Once caught and held me fast,  
 2. Old Sa - tan led thro' mire and sand, And thorns be - fore me cast,  
 3. On sin's wild sea I'll sail no more, All dan - ger now is past,  
 4. I have es - caped the burn - ing sand, The des - ert's fier - y blast,

But Je - sus came and saved from wrath, I'm on the Rock at last.  
 But, by the Sav - iour's might-y pow'r, I'm on the Rock at last.  
 The rag - ing tem - pests all are o'er, I'm on the Rock at last.  
 I'm bound for heav - en's shin - ing strand, I'm on the Rock at last.

## CHORUS.

I'm on the Rock at last, at last, I'm on the Rock at last;  
 My feet have found a rest - ing place, I'm on the Rock at last.

Copyright, 1906, by John T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

## Comforter Divine!

GEO. RAWSON.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Lamp of light, Shine up - on our pathway bright  
 2. Like the dew, Thy peace dis - til, And with all Thy ful - ness fill,  
 3. In us "Ab - ba Fa - ther" cry; Earn - est of our rest on high,  
 4. Search for us the depths of God, Bear us up the star - ry road





With Thy bless-ed in-ward sight; Com-fort - er di-vine!  
 Things of Christ un-fold-ing still, Com-fort - er di-vine!  
 Seal of im-mor-tal-i-ty, Com-fort - er di-vine!  
 To the hight of Thine a-bode, Com-fort - er di-vine!

352

# The Saviour with Me.


LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.



1. I must have the Sav-iour with me, For I dare not walk a-lone,  
 2. I must have the Sav-iour with me, For my faith, at best, is weak;  
 3. I must have the Sav-iour with me, In the on-ward march of life,  
 4. I must have the Sav-iour with me, And His eyes the way must guide,

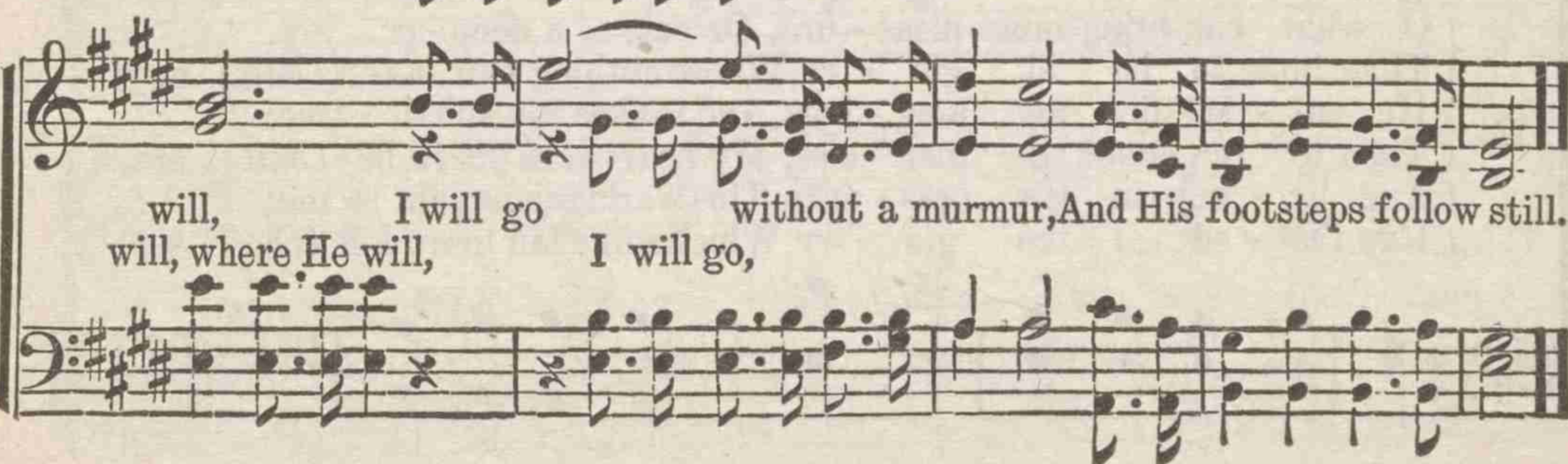


I must feel His pres-ence near me, And His arm a-round me thrown.  
 He can whis-per words of com-fort That no oth-er voice can speak.  
 Thro' the tem-pest and the sun-shine, Thro' the bat-tle and the strife.  
 Till I reach the vale of Jor-dan, Till I cross the roll-ing tide.

CHORUS.



Then my soul..... shall fear no ill, Let Him lead ..... me where He  
 Then my soul shall fear no ill, fear no ill, Let Him lead me where He



will, I will go without a murmur, And His footsteps follow still.  
 will, where He will, I will go,



A. D. G.



1. My Sav - ior is my on - ly hope, My Je - sus whom I love;
2. I see that man - sion from a - far, That home so bright and fair,
3. In that bright land the sun ne'er shines, The moon can - not be seen;
4. And when my soul shall take its flight, O think to whence it's gone:—



I long to see His bless - ed face, And stand with saints re - deemed thro'  
Where saints shall dwell in glo - ry bright, And praise their Sav - ior day and  
Je - ho - vah God Him - self gives light, And looms that cit - y glo - rious,  
There where the o - ver - com - ers are, There where the crown of life is



grace, In man - sions far a - bove, In man - sions far a - bove.  
night, For par - don thro' the blood, For par - don thro' the blood.  
bright, The new Je - ru - sa - lem, The new Je - ru - sa - lem.  
won, To be for aye at rest, To be for aye at rest.



A. D. G.



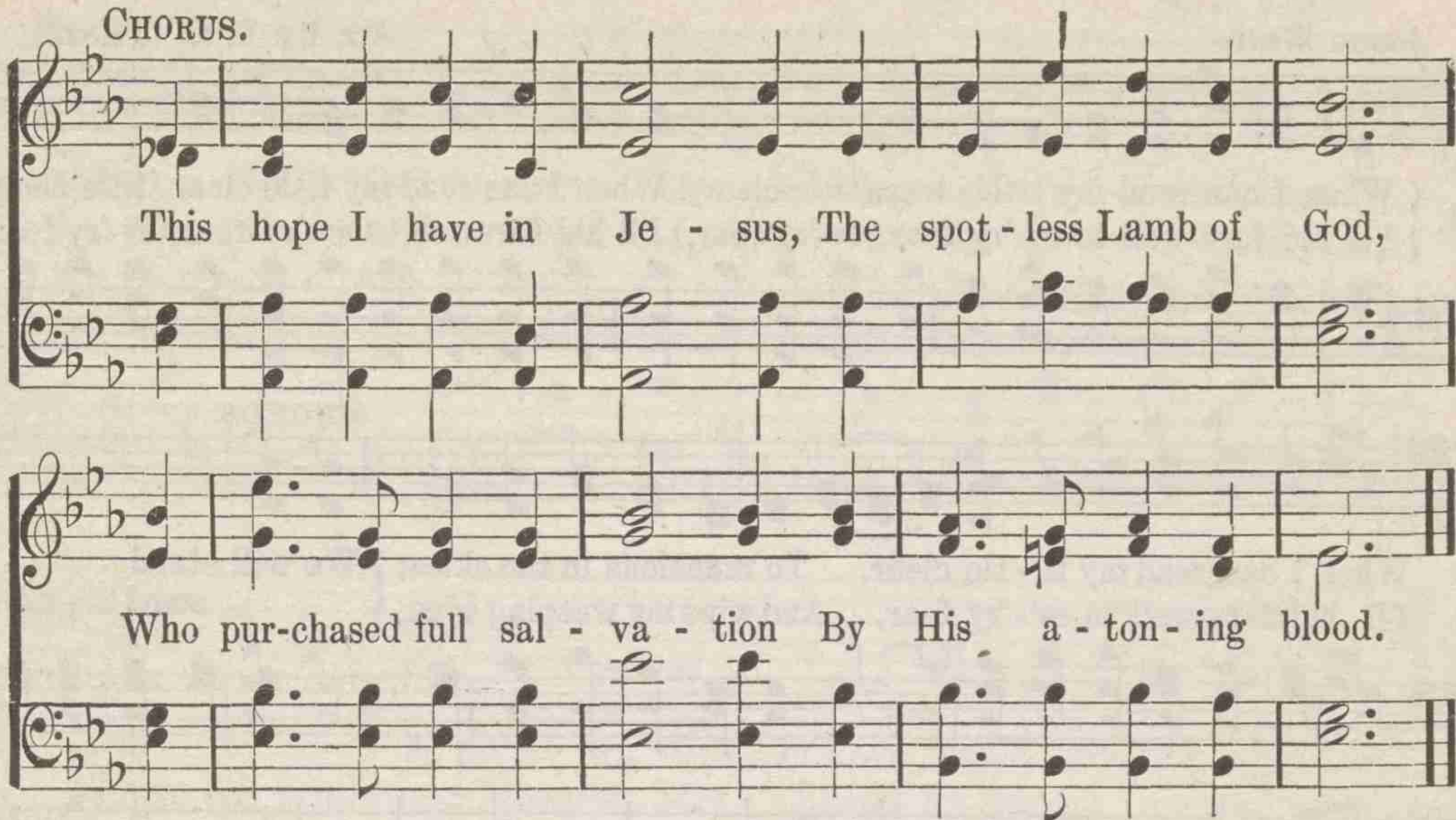
1. { O what can bring more pleas - ure, Or cause a deep - er joy,  
Than hope to be in glo - ry, Where nothing can an - (Omit) noy! }
2. { He sat - is - fies my long - ings, And makes my spir - it free;  
Then to re - count His mer - cies, My heart doth yearn in (Omit) me.
3. { And liv - ing in His pres - ence, This world seems vain to me;  
I've tast - ed of the glo - ry Which some fair morn I'll (Omit) see.





## The Hope of Glory.

CHORUS.



This hope I have in Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God,  
Who pur-chased full sal - va - tion By His a - ton - ing blood.

355

## He is my Savior.

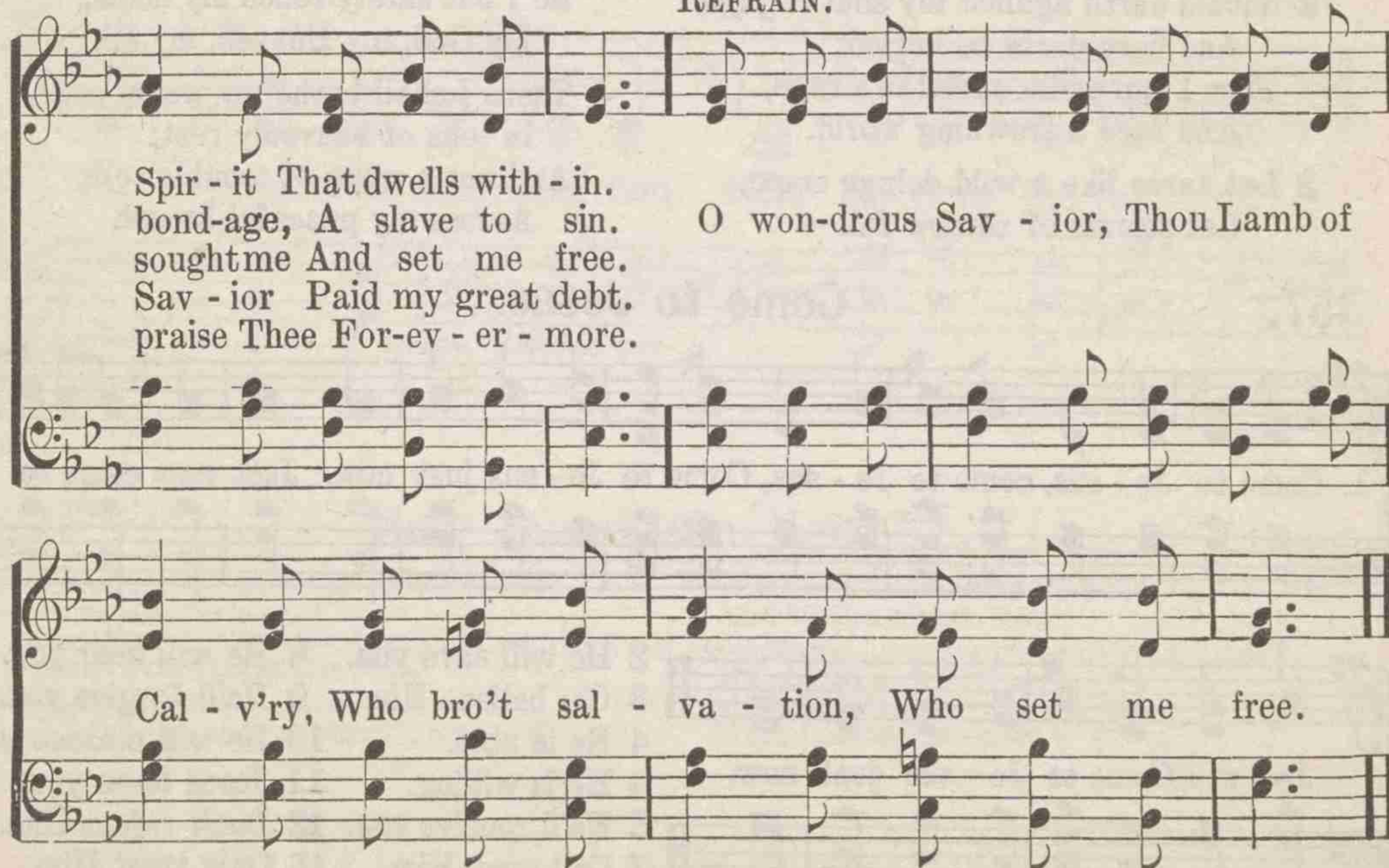
A. D. G.

Volkswess.



1. Je - sus who loves me, Bro't me re - demp - tion, Gave me the  
2. I was in bond - age, In deg - ra - da - tion; I was in  
3. The bonds are bro - ken Thro' Christ my Sav - ior, For Je - sus  
4. Je - sus my Sav - ior Him - self did of - fer; Je - sus my  
5. I will a - dore Thee, Thou Love e - ter - nal; Yes, I will

REFRAIN.



Spir - it That dwells with - in.  
bond-age, A slave to sin. O won-drous Sav - ior, Thou Lamb of  
sought me And set me free.  
Sav - ior Paid my great debt.  
praise Thee For-ev - er - more.

Cal - v'ry, Who bro't sal - va - tion, Who set me free.



356.

## We Will Stand the Storm.

Isaac Watts

Arr. by T. C. O'Kane.

1. { When I can read my title clear, (title clear,) When I can read my title clear, (title clear,) }  
 { I'll bid fare-well to ev-'ry fear, (ev-'ry fear,) I'll bid farewell to ev-'ry fear, (ev-'ry fear,) }

CHORUS.  
 When I can read my ti - tle clear, To mansions in the skies; } We will stand  
 I'll bid fare-well to ev-'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. } stand the storm.

the storm, We will an - chor by and by, by and by;  
 It will not be ver - y long, We will an-chor by and by, We will an-chor by and by;

We will stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by.  
 We will stand, stand the storm, It will not be ver-y long, We will an-chor by and by, by and by.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
 And fiery darts be hurled;  
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
 And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
 Let storms of sorrow fall—

So I but safely reach my home,  
 My God, my Heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul,  
 In seas of heavenly rest;  
 And not a wave of trouble roll  
 Across my peaceful breast.

357.

## Come to Jesus.

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

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

2 He will save you.	8 He will hear you.
3 Oh, believe Him.	9 He'll forgive you.
4 He is able.	10 He will cleanse you.
5 He is willing.	11 Jesus loves you.
6 He'll receive you.	12 Don't reject Him.
7 Call upon Him.	13 Only trust Him.

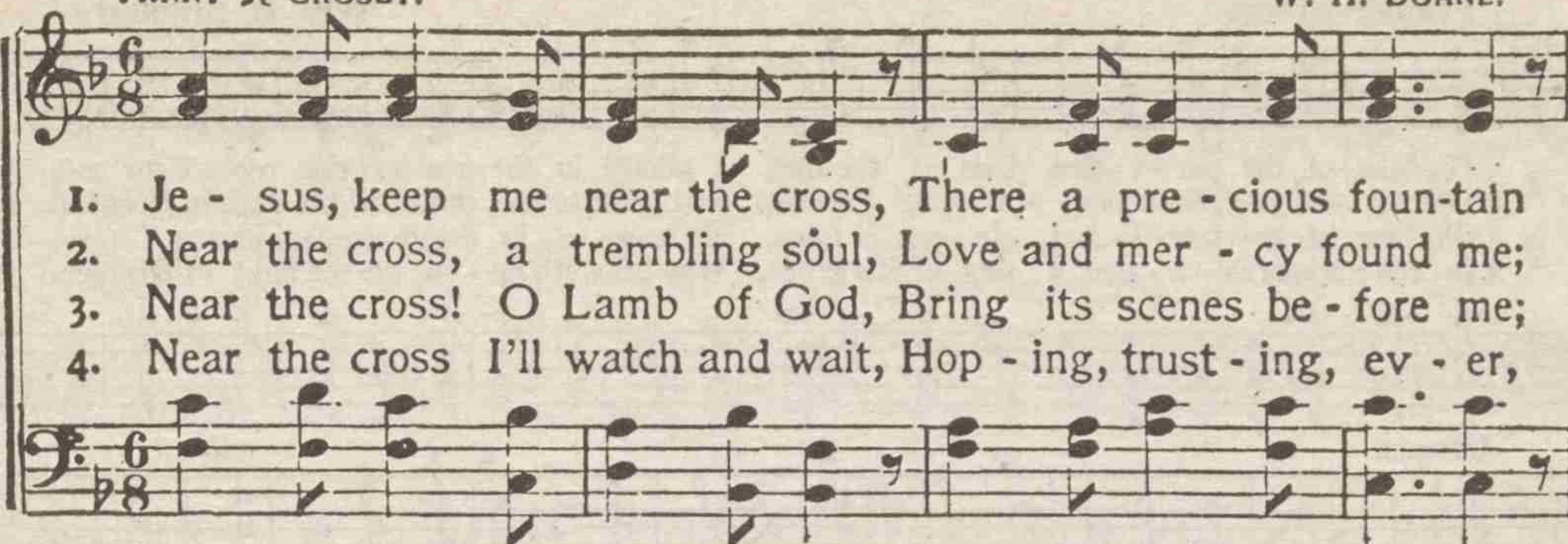


358.

## Near the Cross.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun-tain  
 2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;  
 3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;  
 4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing, ev - er,



Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal-v'ry's mountain.  
 There the bright and Morning Star Sheds its beams a-round me.  
 Help me walk from day to day, With its shad-ows o'er me.  
 Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

## CHORUS.



In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;



Till my rap-tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

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359.

## How Sweet the Name!

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
 In a believer's ear!  
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
 And drives away his fear.  
 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
 And calms the troubled breast;  
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
 And to the weary, rest.  
 3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build!  
 My shield and hiding-place!  
 My never-failing treas'ry, filled  
 With boundless stores of grace!

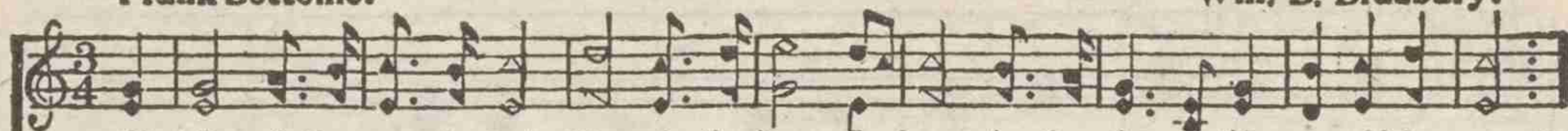
NEWTON.



## O Sing of His Mighty Love.

Frank Bottome.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. { Oh, bliss of the pur-i-fied, bliss of the free, I plunge in the crim-son tide o-pen'd for me; }  
 { O'er sin and un-clean-ness ex-ult-ing I stand, And point to the print of the nails in His hand. }  
 2. { Oh, bliss of the pur-i-fied, Je-sus is mine, No long-er in dread-con-dem-na-tion I pine; }  
 { In con-sci-ous sal-va-tion I sing of His grace, Who lift-eth up-on me the light of His face. }

CHORUS. rit.



Oh, sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love, Might-y to save.



3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!  
 No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;  
 No sorrow bowed head but may sweetly find rest,  
 No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,  
 My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;  
 My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,  
 And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

361

## Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.



1. Near-er, still near-er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav-ior, so  
 2. Near-er, still near-er, noth-ing I bring, Naught as an of-f'ring to  
 3. Near-er, still near-er, Lord, to be thine, Sin, with its fol-lies, I  
 4. Near-er, still near-er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo-ry my




pre-cious Thou art: Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel-ter me  
 Je-sus my King; On-ly my sin-ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the  
 glad-ly re-sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but  
 an-chor is cast; Thro' end-less a-ges, ev-er to be, Near-er, my




safe in that "Ha-ven of Rest," Shelter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."  
 cleansing Thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.  
 Je-sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied, Give me but Je-sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied.  
 Sav-ior, still near-er to Thee, Near-er, my Savior, still near-er to Thee.







1. Watchman tell me does the morn-ing Of fair Zi-on's glo-ry dawn; }  
 Have the signs that mark his com-ing Yet up-on my path-way shone. }  
 D. C.—Spurn the un-be-lief that bound thee, Morn-ing dawns, a-rise, a-rise.



Pil-grim, yes, a-rise, look 'round thee, Light is break-ing in the skies;



2 See the glorious light ascending  
 Of the grand Sabbathic year;  
 Hark! the voices loud proclaiming  
 The Messiah's kingdom near.  
 Watchman! yes; I see just yonder,  
 Canaan's glorious heights arise;  
 Salem, too, appears in grandeur,  
 Towering 'neath her sunlit skies.

3 Pilgrim, in that golden city,  
 Seated in the jasper throne,  
 Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,  
 Reigns in peace from zone to zone.  
 There, on verdant hills and mountains,  
 Where the golden sunbeams play,  
 Purling streams and crystal fountains,  
 Sparkle in th' eternal day.

4 Pilgrim, see! the light is beaming,  
 Brighter still upon thy way;  
 Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming,  
 Omens of thy coming day.  
 When the last loud trumpet sounding,  
 Shall awake from earth and sea,  
 All the saints of God now sleeping,  
 Clad in immortality.

5 Watchman, lo! the land we're nearing,  
 With its vernal fruits and flowers;  
 On just yonder; O how cheering!  
 Bloom forever Eden bowers.  
 Hark! the choral strains are ringing,  
 Wafted on the balmy air;  
 See the millions! hear their singing!  
 Soon the pilgrims will be there.

363

## Land of Beulah.

1 I am dwelling on the mountain  
 Where the golden sunlight gleams  
 O'er a land whose wondrous beauty,  
 Far exceeds my fondest dreams;  
 Where the air is pure, ethereal,  
 Laden with the breath of flowers

They are blooming by the fountain,  
 'Neath the amaranthine bowers.

CHO.—O yes, this is the land of Beulah,  
 Blessed, blessed land of light,  
 Where the flowers bloom forever,  
 And the sun is always bright.

2 I can see far down the mountain,  
 Where I wandered weary years,  
 Often hindered in my journey,  
 By the ghosts of doubts and fears,  
 Broken vows and disappointments  
 Thickly sprinkled all the way;  
 But the Spirit led unerring,  
 To the land I hold today.

3 I am drinking at the fountain,  
 Where I ever would abide;  
 For I've tasted life's pure river,  
 And my soul is satisfied,  
 There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,  
 Nor adorning rich and gay;  
 For I've found a richer treasure,  
 One that fadeth not away.

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

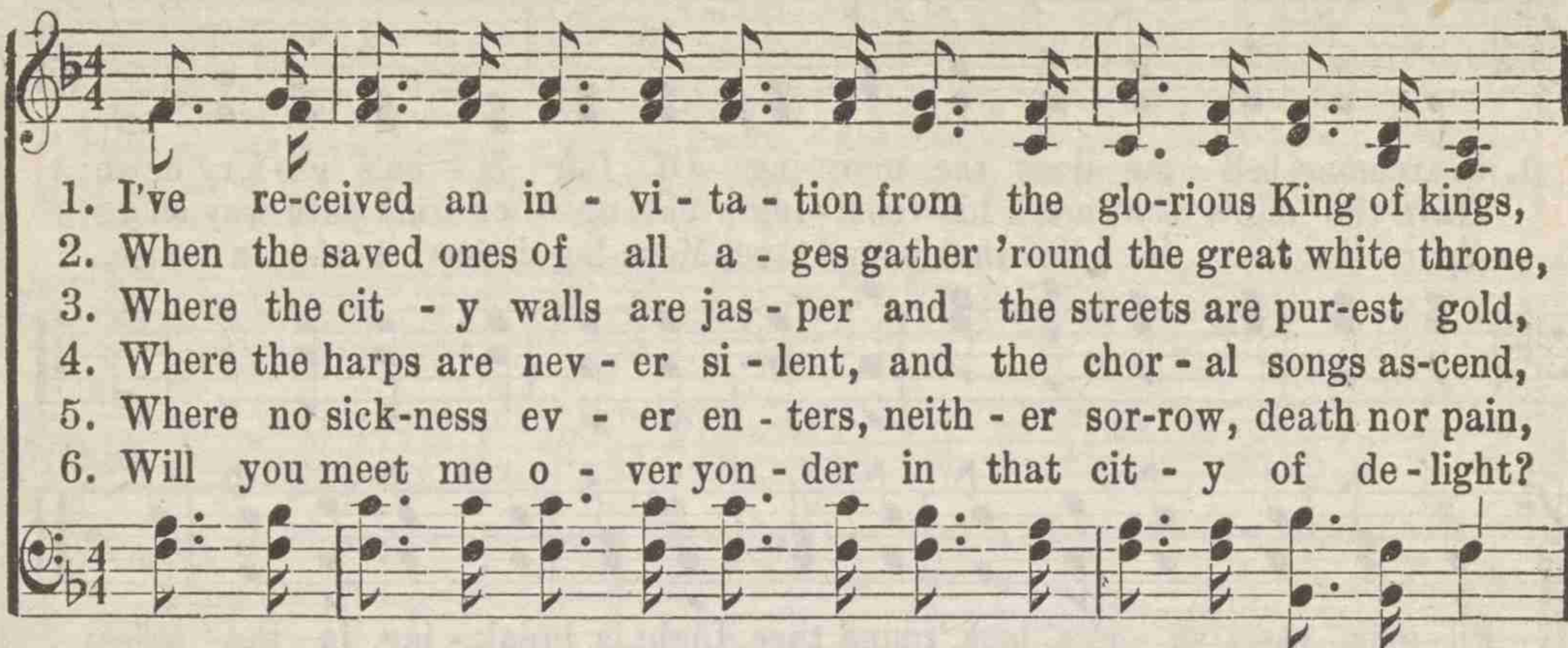
5 O! the Cross has wondrous glory,  
 Oft I've proved this to be true;  
 When I'm in the way so narrow,  
 I can see a pathway through;  
 And how sweetly Jesus whispers,  
 "Take the cross, thou need'st not fear,  
 I have trod this way before thee,"  
 And the glory lingers near.



## I've Received an Invitation.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



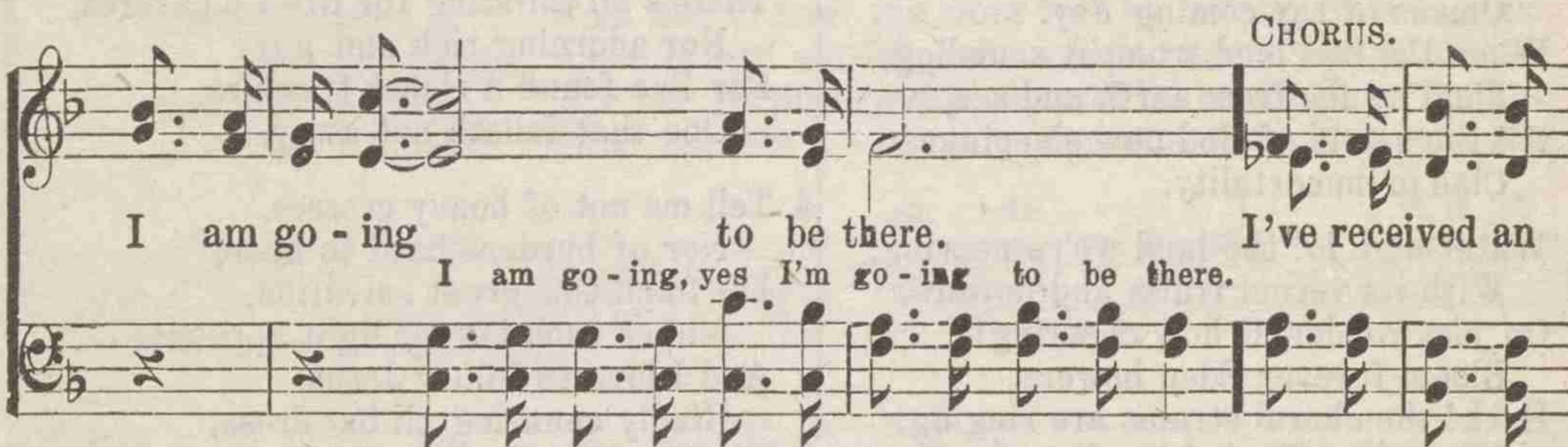
1. I've re-ceived an in - vi - ta - tion from the glo-rious King of kings,  
 2. When the saved ones of all a - ges gather 'round the great white throne,  
 3. Where the cit - y walls are jas - per and the streets are pur-est gold,  
 4. Where the harps are nev - er si - lent, and the chor - al songs as-cend,  
 5. Where no sick-ness ev - er en - ters, neith - er sor-row, death nor pain,  
 6. Will you meet me o - ver yon - der in that cit - y of de-light?



I am go - ing to be there;  
 I am go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing to be there;



To be pres - ent at the ban-quet when the Lord His ransom'd brings,  
 Where in all the bright for - ev - er we shall know as we are known,  
 Where the King in all His beau - ty eye to eye we shall be - hold,  
 Where thro'-out the countless a - ges joy and bliss shall nev - er end,  
 And where our de-part - ed loved ones we shall meet and know a - gain,  
 Where a man-sion is a - wait - ing and a robe of spot-less white,



CHORUS.  
 I am go - ing to be there. I've received an  
 I am go - ing, yes I'm go - ing to be there.



in - vi - ta - tion, glo - ry, glo - ry to His name! To the great marriage





sup - per of the Lamb; And the Lord command has giv - en for the



summons to pre-pare, I am go - ing to be there.  
I am go-ing, yes, I'm go - ing to be there.

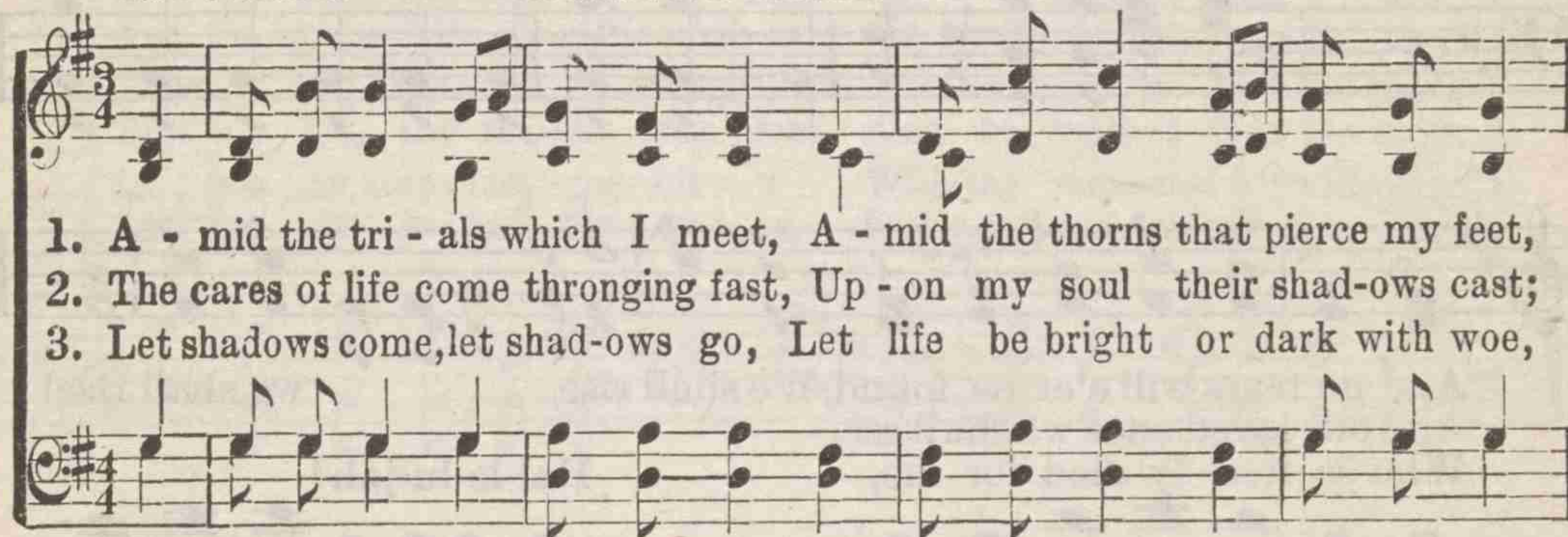
365

# Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

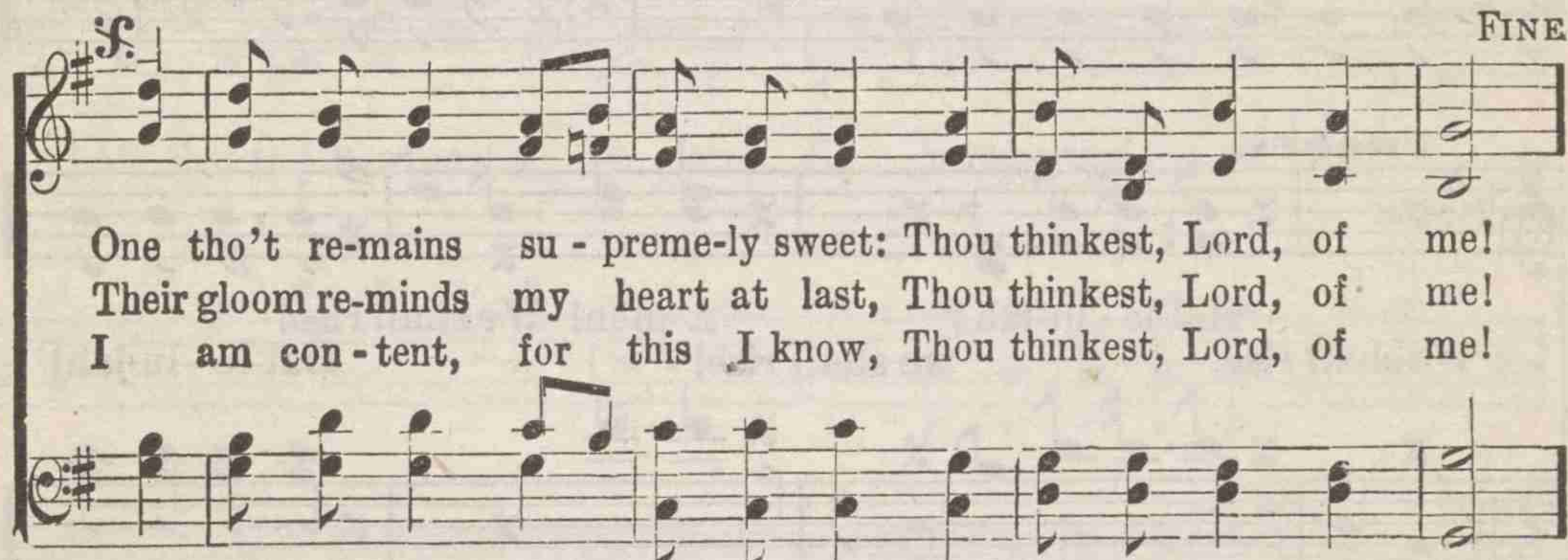
E. D. Mund.

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E. S. Lorenz.



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



One tho't re-mains su - preme-ly sweet: Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!  
Their gloom re-minds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!  
I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

D.S.—What need I fear when Thou art near, And think-est, Lord, of me?

CHORUS.

D. S.



Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me,  
of me, of me, of me,



366

## HALLELUJAH WE SHALL RISE.

"But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen."—1 COR. 15: 12.

Words and Music by J. E. THOMAS.

Not too fast.

1. In the res - ur-rec-tion morning, When the trump of God shall sound,  
 2. In the res - ur-rec-tion morning, What a meet-ing it will be,  
 3. In the res - ur-rec-tion morning, Bless-ed tho't it is to me,

We shall rise, we shall rise! Then the saints will come rejoicing  
 Hal-le-lu-jah! When our fathers and our mothers  
 I shall see my bless-ed Sav-ior,

And no tears will e'er be found, We shall rise, we shall rise!  
 And our loved ones we shall see,  
 Who so free-ly died for me, Hal-le-lu-jah!

**CHORUS.**  
 Hal-le - lu-jah! A-men! We shall rise!  
 We shall rise, we shall rise! Hal-le - lu-jah!

In the res - ur-rec-tion morning, When death's prison bars are broken,

Used by Permission J. E. Thomas and Quartet Music Co., Ft. Worth Tex.



# Hallelujah, We Shall Rise.



We shall rise,  
rise, Hal - le - lu - jah! We shall rise.  
In that morn - ing we shall rise.

367

## All That Thrills My Soul.

Thoro Harris.

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Russell DeKoven.

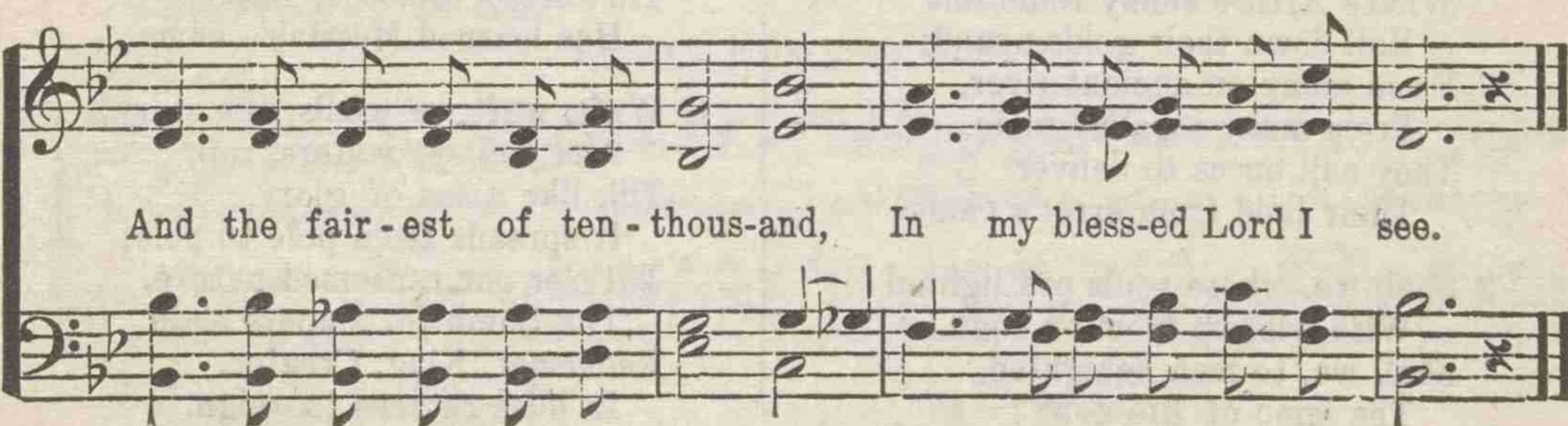


1. { All that thrills my soul is Je - sus, Ev - 'ry day and ev - 'ry hour; }  
 { Je - sus and His free sal - va - tion, Je - sus and His mighty pow'r. }
2. { His is love be-yond all know-ledge, His is grace be-yond de - gree, }  
 { Mer - cy high - er than the heav - en, Deep - er than the deepest sea. }
3. { Ev - 'ry need His hand sup - pli - eth, Ev - 'ry good in Him I see; }  
 { And the strength He gives His weak ones Is suf - fi - cient un - to me. }
4. { What a won - der - ful re - demp - tion! Nev - er can a mor - tal know, }  
 { How my sin, tho' red like crim - son, Can be whit - er than the snow. }
5. { In yon ev - er - last - ing cit - y With the ransomed I will sing, }  
 { And for - ev - er and for - ev - er, Praise and glo - ri - fy the King. }

### REFRAIN.



All that thrills my soul is Je - sus; He is more that life to me;  
to me;



And the fair - est of ten - thous - and, In my bless - ed Lord I see.



# No. 368 Humble Thyself to Walk.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. Copyright, 1909, by W. J. Rogers.

W. J. ROGERS.

1. If thou wouldst have the dear Saviour from heaven Walk by thy side from the  
 2. Just as the Lord in the world's ear-ly a - ges Walked and communed with the  
 3. Just as the stream finds a bed that is low - ly, So Je - sus walks with the

morn till the e - ven, There is a rule that each day you must fol - low,  
 'prophets and sag - es, He will come now if you meet the con - di - tions,  
 pure and the ho - ly; Cast out thy pride, and in heart-felt con-tri - tion,

**D.S.** - walk with the proud or the scorn-ful,  
**FINE. REFRAIN.**

Hum-ble thy-self to walk with God. Humble thy-self and the Lord will

draw near thee, Hum-ble thy-self and His presence shall cheer thee; He will not

369

## Missionary Hymn. (Key F.)

- 1 From Greenland's icy mountains,  
 From India's coral strand;  
 Where Afric's sunny fountains  
 Roll down their golden sand;  
 From many an ancient river,  
 From many a palmy plain,  
 They call on us to deliver  
 Their land from error's chain.
- 2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
 With wisdom from on high,  
 Shall we, to men benighted,  
 The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! O salvation!  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till earth's remotest nation  
 Has learned Messiah's name.

- 3 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;  
 And you, ye waters, roll,  
 Till, like a sea of glory,  
 It spreads from pole to pole;  
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
 The Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 In bliss returns to reign.



1. { How sweet are the tidings that greet the pilgrim's ear, As he wanders in exile from home! }  
 { Soon, soon will the Sav-iour in glo-ry ap-pear, (omit.) . . . . . }

2d. Chorus.  
 And soon will the king-dom come. He's com-ing, coming, com-ing soon I know, Coming

back to this earth a-gain; And the weary pilgrims will to glory go, When the Saviour comes to reign.

- 2 The mossy old graves where the pilgrims sleep  
 Shall be open as wide as before,  
 And the millions that sleep in the mighty deep  
 Shall live on this earth once more.
- 3 There we'll meet ne'er to part in our happy Eden home,  
 Sweet songs of redemption we'll sing:

- From the North, from the South, all the ransomed shall come,  
 And worship our heavenly King.
- 4 Hallelujah, Amen! Hallelujah again!  
 Soon, if faithful, we all shall be there;  
 O, be watchful, be hopeful, be joyful till then,  
 And a crown of bright glory we'll wear.

1. What ves-sel are you sail-ing in? De-clare to us the same. Our ves-sel is the church of God,  
 D. S.—Our ves-sel is the church of God,

Fine. D S.  
 And Christ our captain's name, And Christ our captain's name,  
 And Christ our captain's name.

- 2 And are you not afraid some storm  
 Your bark will overwhelm?  
 No, bless the Lord, we need not fear;  
 Our Father's at the helm.

- 3 Our compass is the sacred word;  
 Our anchor, blooming hope;  
 The love of God our maintop sail,  
 And faith our cable rope.
- 4 The sun is up, the clouds are gone,  
 The heavens above are clear;  
 The city bright, appears in sight;  
 We're getting round the pier.
- 5 And when we all are landed safe  
 On that celestial plain,  
 Our song shall be, "O praise the Lamb  
 For rebel sinners slain."

1. There are angels hovering round, There are angels hovering round, There are an-gels, an-gels hovering round.

- 2 They will carry tidings home,  
 They will carry tidings home,  
 They will carry, carry tidings home.

- 3 To the new Jerusalem,  
 To the new Jerusalem,  
 To the new, the new Jerusalem.



Thoro Harris.  
Molto lento.

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Arr. by T. H.



1. O soul in deep af - flic - tion, Crushed by thy load of guilt,
2. His pre-cious life was giv - en To save thee from de-spair;
3. His love is strong and ten - der, He longs thy life to win;
4. Come and re-ceive the bless - ing, Low in con - tri - tion bow;
5. Make now a full sur - ren - der, Trust, for His will is best;



One comes with ben - e - dic - tion, For thee His blood was spilt.  
His side for thee was riv - en: Find per-fect cleans-ing there.  
O come in meek sur - ren - der, For - sak - ing ev - 'ry sin.  
Thy Sav-iour's name con - fess - ing, Find full sal - va - tion now.  
His hand so strong and ten - der, Will lead thee in - to rest.



REFRAIN.



Je - sus, Je - sus, Bears all thy guilt a - way;



Je - sus, Je - sus, Bears all thy guilt a - way.





# Index

Abide with me .....	230	Every bridge is burne	25	I am the Lord's .....	334
A Captive set free....	129	Fade, fade, each earth	242	I am trusting, Lord, i	278
Alas! and did my S	255	Far above all .....	83	I gave my life for th	260
A little talk .....	316	Follow all the way....	338	I hear Thy welcome v	347
All hail the power of	196	Forever here my rest s	176	I know God's promise	285
All that thrills my so	367	From every stormy w	252	I know not why ....	332
All the way my Savio	98	Glorious fountain .....	282	I'll be there .....	198
Asleep in Jesus.....	284	Glory and dominion ..	70	I'll live for Him .....	133
Alone with God .....	125	Glory to God, halleluj	26	I lay my sins on Jes	250
A mighty fortress....	301	Glory to His name....	245	I love Him .....	141
And when the battle i	11	Glory to Jesus .....	29	I love Jesus, He's my	266
Angels hovering roun	372	Glory to Jesus .....	308	I love to tell the stor	207
An old account settled	90	Glory to the Lamb....	81	I love to walk with Je	317
Approved forever .....	163	God be with you ....	156	I'm a pilgrim .....	296
Ashamed of Jesus ...	180	God forbid that I sho	68	I'm happy with Jesus	22
A shelter in the time	152	God in heaven hath a t	195	I'm on the rock .....	350
A sinner like me.....	306	God is able to deliver t	8	I'm resting in the cruc	289
A voice from Gethsem	297	God is faithful .....	75	I'm to the highlands b	344
At Calvary .....	184	God will take care of y	7	I my cross have taken	259
Benediction .....	373	Good news .....	218	I need Thee every ho	329
Best of all .....	10	Go where His blood ca	126	In the great triumpha	16
Beulah land .....	131	Great in the Lord.....	18	In these days of sin a	69
Blessed assurance ....	263	Guide me, O Thou gre	217	In the twinkling of a	295
Blessed be the fountai	104	Hallelujah .....	219	In that city .....	178
Blessed be the name..	246	Hallelujah, Amen .....	77	I shall be like Him..	85
Blessed quietness ....	110	Hallelujah! we shall ris	366	Isn't it true, believer.	102
Bless the Lord my so	342	Hark! Ten thousand..	220	Is my name written t	203
Blest be the tie.....	229	Healing at the fountain	103	Is there room for me	45
Break Thou the bread	254	Heaven in my soul ...	331	Is thy heart right wi	116
Builted on the rock..	82	He cometh .....	138	It cleanses me .....	113
Built on the rock ....	35	He hideth my soul....	41	It is mine .....	312
By His stripes we are	97	He is my Savior .....	355	It is well with my so	118
Bringing in the sheav	345	He leadeth me .....	264	I've been washed in t	311
Calvary's stream is flo	40	He was found worthy	187	I've received an invit	364
Christ is all .....	151	He was nailed to the c	105	I want to love Him b	23
Christ returneth .....	30	He's coming again....	370	I will guide thee....	117
Cling to the mighty O	238	He's coming soon .....	192	I will trust and never	19
Close to Thee .....	343	He's everything to me.	175	I would not be denie	33
Come and dine .....	6	He's with me all the ti	51	Jesus calls us .....	239
Come back to the Savi	349	Hidden peace .....	127	Jesus comes .....	12
Comforter divine .....	351	Hide you in the blood.	303	Jesus has lifted the lo	93
Come, Holy Spirit ....	258	His blood has made m	112	Jesus, love of my sou	251
Companionship with J	114	His face will outshine t	128	Jesus of Nazareth pas	232
Complete in Him ....	53	His grace aboundeth m	60	Jesus only .....	1
Come, Thou fount ...	265	His hand .....	339	Jesus paid it all .....	240
Come to Jesus .....	357	His mercy flows .....	189	Jesus saves .....	267
Come unto me .....	76	His yoke is easy .....	337	Jesus, Savior, pilot m	249
Come, ye sinners.....	335	Hold fast till I come..	135	Jesus shall reign ....	234
Come, ye that love the	200	Hold to God's unchang	21	Jesus, the light of the	185
Death hath no terrors	101	Holy Ghost, with love	222	Jesus understands ...	86
Deeper, deeper .....	124	Holy, Holy, Holy .....	223	Jesus will give you re	52
Deeper yet .....	149	Holy Spirit, faithful gu	221	Joy in my soul .....	177
Delay not .....	215	Home of the soul.....	58	Joy to the world ...	279
Draw me nearer .....	119	Honey in the rock....	62	Joy unspeakable .....	165
Dwelling in Beulah la	20	How firm a foundation	213	Just as I am .....	236
Evening light .....	5	How firm a foundation	216	Keeping power .....	42
Even me, even me ....	208	How sweet the name ..	359	Kept in peace .....	72
Eternal light and glor	325	Humble thyself to wa	368	Keep under the blood.	319
				Land of Beulah .....	363
				Launch out .....	17
				Lead, kindly light ...	228



# Index

Leaning on the everla	94	Redeemed	9	There's a great day	271
Let us hear you tell it	193	Redeemed by the bloo	67	There's a happy time	55
Living in the Spirit..	330	Remember	134	There's power in Jes	341
Look to Jesus	275	Remembered blessings	157	The Savior with me..	352
Look, ye saints	170	Resting at the cross..	2	The secret of the Lo	65
Lord, I believe	13	Rock of ages	248	The sheltering rock	79
Lord, I'm coming hom	48	Stand up for Jesus...	206	The solid Rock	270
Love everlasting	109	Safely through anothe	253	The Son hath made m	328
Love found me	288	Sanctification, C. M...	123	The sure foundation	166
Mansions far above	353	Satisfied	300	The unclouded day...	50
Marching on	106	Saved to the uttermos	3	The very same Jesus.	292
Majestic sweetness si	269	Seeking for me	120	The wondrous cross..	224
Meet me there	24	Shall we gather at the	121	The year of jubilee	210
Missionary hymn	369	Ship Zion	371	They come	49
Must Jesus bear the c	348	Sin can never enter th	63	They're all taken awa	315
My faith looks up to	277	Sing of the mighty one	144	Thou thinkest, Lord,	365
My heart is resting..	194	Sitting at the feet of	160	'Tis midnight and on	256
My heavenly home	294	Softly and tenderly	283	'Tis so sweet to trust	43
My Jesus, I love The	273	Standing on the rock	181	To them that love God	323
My light and song	136	Stepping in the light.	4	Triumph by and by	326
My Redeemer	174	Still, still with Thee.	340	True-hearted, whole-h	291
My Savior face to fac	142	Stretch forth thy han	150	Trust a little longer.	172
My Shepherd	214	Sun of my soul.....	231	Trust and obey	27
My sins are under the	146	Sweeping through the	169	Under the blood	153
My soul, be on thy g	140	Sweeter as the years r	168	Victory	321
Nearer, my God, to T	268	Sweet hour of prayer.	233	Vienna, L. M.	336
Nearer, still nearer...	361	Sweet the moments	226	Wait and murmur not	115
Nearer the cross	358	Sweet will of God....	287	Walk in the light	247
Never alone	14	Step out on the promi	91	Walk in the light	299
Never alone	92	Take me as I am	241	Washed in the blood.	34
No condemnation	290	Tell it to Jesus	304	Watchmen, tell me, do	362
No night there	122	Tell me the old, old st	310	We have an anchor	66
Nor silver nor gold..	179	The abiding place in J	80	We'll understand it be	346
Not half has ever bee	74	The breaking of the da	89	We'll work till Jesus	212
Not made with hands	307	The bridal procession.	132	We're kneeling at the	237
Not one forgotten	327	The child of a king...	78	We're marching to Zi	87
Now in a song of gra	186	The city that's coming	84	We shall walk the re	39
O, could I speak	64	The cleansing wave...	276	We will laud Thee....	333
O, for a thousand ton	257	The comforter has com	37	We will stand the sto	356
O, happy day	235	The cross is not great	95	What a friend	211
Oh, how I love Jesus	244	The cross of Christ...	225	What did He do	205
O Jesus, Jesus, glori	73	The Eden above	147	What He has done fo	54
O love that wilt not le	227	The gate ajar	155	When I get to the end	15
On Jordan's stormy b	272	The gate is ajar	71	When I see the blood	318
On the cross of Calv	57	The great Physician..	243	When Jesus appears..	286
On the streets of gold	183	The half has never bee	107	When morning gilds t	262
Onward, Christian sol	197	The hallelujah side...	182	When our Lord shall c	32
O, sing of His mighty	360	The happy pilgrim	293	When the bride-groom	59
O, steal away softly t	143	The haven of rest	130	When the curtains are	38
O, sweet rest	111	The healing waters	154	When the night is pa	167
O, the love that soug	100	The hiding place	298	When the Son of God	313
O, Thou in whose pr	261	The home over there..	159	Where shall I be	96
O! to be like Thee...	191	The hope of glory	354	While Jesus whispers	280
O, turn ye	274	The joy of the Lord..	46	Whisperings of Jesus	164
Our Savior King	188	The kingdom is almos	47	Whiter than snow	202
Over and over	108	The Lily of the Valley	88	Who believes	56
Pass me not	161	The march of Zion's Ki	148	Who follows in His t	137
Peace, perfect peace...	309	The new song	173	Whosoever will	28
Pilgrim song	190	The old fountain	44	Why do you wait	99
Praise the Lord	322	The old-time religion.	204	Will Jesus find us wa	36
Praise to Thee, Thou	201	The overcomer's city.	305	Wonderful story of lo	324
Precious blood	139	The power of God	314	Wonderful words of lif	209
Precious blood of Cal	162	The redeemed in heav	145	Yesterday, to-day, for	158
Precious name	61	There is a fountain..	281	Yield not to temptatio	320
Press a little farther.	31	There is life for a loo	302		
		The rock that is high	171		
		There you'll sing hal	199		



