THE OTHER "QUALITY" SONG BOOK

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THE OTHER "QUALITY" SONG BOOK

PRAISE

A NEW SONG BOOK

(Small Volume—Big Scope)

OZARK EDITION

...BY...

H. N. LINCOLN L. E. EDMONDS

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INDEX

"PRAISE"

	No.
Abide with me	230
Alas, and did my Savior	259
All hail the	209-210-211
Amazing grace	261
America	203
Angels hovering round	214
Art thou longing?	157
As He leadeth me	109
Asleep in Jesus	282
Balm in Gilead	201
Beautiful	122
Beautiful morning	103
Benediction choral	163
Beyond	117
Blessed assurance	263
Blessed be the name	268
Blest be the tie	229
Break Thou the bread	254
Bringing in the sheaves	199
Christ alone	142
Cling to the Mighty One	304
Come, Thou Almighty	292
Come, Thou Fount	275
Come to Jesus	176
Come to the Cross	118
Come, ye disconsolate	281
Day is dying	256
Did Christ o'er sinners	198
Does Jesus care?	127
Evangelize the world	171
Even me	208
Ever will I pray	115
Exalt our God	174
Fade, fade, each earthly	185
From every stormy wind	193
From Greenland's icy	226
Gloria Patri	269
Glorious Fountain	190
Glory to His name	271
God be with you	195
God is love	247
God we will obey	172
Good news	218
Guide me, O Thou great	217
Hallelujah	219
Hark! ten thousand	220
He leadeth me	264
Heaven	301
His way with thee	147
Holy Ghost, with love	222
Holy, holy, holy	223
Holy One	169
Holy Spirit	131
Holy Spirit, faithful	221
Home	300, 302
Homeland of love	153
How firm a foundation	178
How tedious and	238
I am coming, Lord	243
I am trusting	288
I know He's mine	121
I lay my sins	286
I love Jesus, He's my	276
I love to tell the story	207
I need Thee every hour	183
I've joined the Christian	135
I will thank Him	139
In charge of His business	104
In God's Love confiding	291
In His armor	162
In heavenly love abiding	225
In the cross	232
In the palace of the King	132
Is my name written	246
It shineth more and more	102
Jesus believes in you	134
Jesus calls us	239
Jesus is calling	290
Jesus, lover of my	191, 192
Jesus of Nazareth	248
Jesus paid it all	240
Jesus saves	265
Jesus Savior	285
Jesus the King is enough	156
Joy to the world	289
Just as I am	236
Just for to-day	155
Keep your place	154
Lead, kindly Light	228
Let it shine	173
Let us praise Him	130
Little tots' song	149
Lord, I'm coming home	216
Love divine	197
Lyons	295
Majestic sweetness	279
Measureless love	124
Model prayer	181
Morning song	133
Must Jesus bear the cross	298
My faith looks	287
My heart, my life, my all	105
My soul, be on thy guard	255
My soul is anchored	152
Nearer my God	278
No hope in Jesus	165
No one but Jesus	145
Not half has ever been	108
Now the day is over	258
O could I speak	242
O day of rest and	224
O happy day	235
O Jesus, Thou art stand	274
O Love that will not	227
O sing of His mighty	215
O 'tis wonderful	125
O worship the King	293
Oh, how I love Jesus	187
Oh, why not to-night!	303
On Jordan's stormy	213
One sweetly solemn	245
Only trust Him	196
Onward, Christian sold	212
Onward to the battle	138
Out of Christ	111
Pass me not	161
Peace! perfect peace	167
Praise God from whom	179
Praise the Lord	141
Rally in His service	148
Rejoice in the Lord	114
Remember me	299
Rest for the weary	296
Rest over Jordan	175
Revive us again	233
Rock of ages	284
Safely through another	253
Sailor's home song	262
Savior, like a shepherd	200
Scatter kind words	143
Shall we meet	283
Silent night	182
Sinner, come to Jesus	206
So near to the kingdom	107
Softly and tenderly	267
Softly now the light	257
Soul praise	177
Somebody loves you	146
Spread the news	170
Sun of my soul	231
Sunlight in my soul	158
Stand up for Jesus	272
Sweet by-and-by	277
Sweet hour of prayer	249
Take me as I am	241
Take the name of Jesus	123
The beautiful eventide	119
The Christian's inherit	116
The cloud and fire	126
The gate ajar	194
The great Physician	186
The half was never told	113
The heavenly home	244
The home over there	252
The homeward journey	128
The lights along the shore	101
The Master will reward	110
The morning light	273
The old-time religion	204
The one great theme	160
The solid rock	280
The song of wonderful	140
The soul's Gethsemane	129
The story of redeeming	136
The sure foundation	144
The word of the Lord	159
There is a fountain	189
There shall be showers	205
There's a great day	270
Thoughts of Calvary	180
'Tis midnight	234
True-hearted, whole	164
Trust and obey	120
Thy will be done	137
Walk in the light	260
Walk the streets	106
We are marching home	112
We'll be there	150
We'll work till Jesus	297
We're kneeling at the	237
We sing of a glorious	168
What a Friend we have	251
When shall we meet	184
While Jesus whispers	188
Whiter than show	202
Wonderful words of life	151
Words we treasure	166
Work for the night	250
Ye servants of God	294
Yield not to temptation	266

No. 101. The Lights Along the Shore.

Josephine Pollard. H. N. LINCOLN'S PROPERTY, 1914. **H. N. Lincoln.**

1. There are lights by the shore in the har - bor, Where my barque so im - per-
2. There are lights by the shore as we jour - ney, As we float down the riv-
3. O they tell of a hope that will cheer us; In the midst of our sor-
4. Ev - er strive that your light may be shin - ing, Christian work - er be ear-

iled I steer; And they ev - er grow bright-er and bright - er, As that
er of time; All the days of our pil-grim - age bright - en, With a
rows and cares; When the lamps from our ves - sel burns dim - ly, We will
nest and true; For a soul all a-drift on the o-cean, 'Neath the

CHORUS.

glo - ri-ous ha-ven I near.
ra - di-ance tru-ly sub-lime. O the light a-long the shore,
look for the glimmer of theirs. O the light a - long the shore,
waves may be lost, but for you.

That will nev - er grow dim, Are the souls that are aflame With the
That will nev - er grow dim, grow dim,

love of Je - sus' name And they guide us, yes, they guide us un - to Him.
And they guide us un - to Him.

No. 102. It Shineth More and More.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY H. N. LINCOLN.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. There's no night can cause its shad-ow to en - tire-ly hide the way, If we're
2. O, how ma - ny hap - py Christians dai - ly in the way we meet If we're
3. What tho' dan-gers are a-round us? yet the Lord protects His own, If we're
4. Thro' faith's clear and o - pen vis - ion we can see the jas-per walls If we're

walk-ing in the light, if we're walk-ing in the light, For up - on the
walk-ing in the light, if we're walk-ing in the light, And we find the
walk-ing in the light, if we're walk-ing in the light, Walking hand in
walk-ing in the light, if we're walk-ing in the light, There we'll dwell in
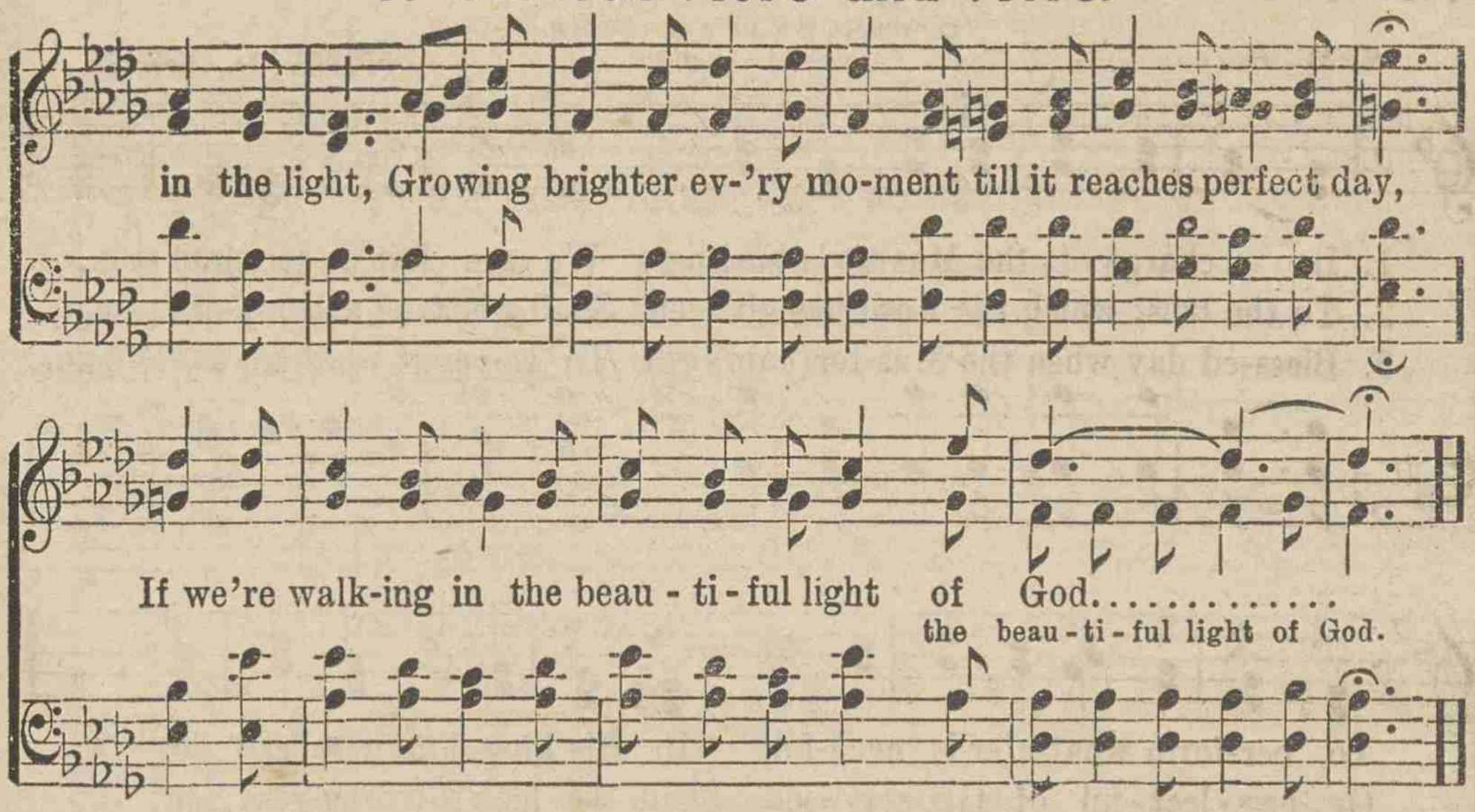
Pil - grim pathway shines the light of per-fect day If we're walk-ing in the
way de - light - ful for our fel-low-ship is sweet If we're walk-ing in the
hand with Je - sus, for we nev - er walk a - lone If we're walk-ing in the
light for - ev - er when the bless-ed Mas-ter calls If we're walk-ing in the

CHORUS.

light, in the beau - ti - ful light of God. O, it shin - eth more and

more, yes, it shineth more and more If we're walking in the light, if we're walking

It Shineth More and More.



No. 103. Beautiful Morning.

Lucy J. Rider. USED BY PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR, 1914. **H. N. Lincoln.**

No. 104. In Charge of His Business.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY H. N. LINCOLN.

S. W. B. WORDS AND MUSIC. Samuel W. Beazley

1. In charge of the Mas-ter's busi-ness We are left as servants true,
2. To the trust which the Lord has giv - en Shall we true and loy-al be,
3. Bless-ed day when the Mas-ter com - eth To re-count what we have done,

To per-form what-e'er is need-ful In His king-dom here to do;
Or neg - lect - ful of His serv - ice Shall we lack of prog-ress see?
If He finds we have been faith-ful To the work on earth be - gun;

He has left us com-plete di - rec-tions, That we all may un - der-stand
Bet - ter that we shall give our tal - ents And all else we have to give
Let us then be more con - se - crat - ed To His busi-ness here be - low,

How His work must be pro-mot - ed In this His low - er land.
To the Mas - ter's ur - gent busi - ness And in His serv - ice live.
That we may some fruit - age bear Him When we shall home-ward go.

CHORUS.

To His busi-ness here at - tend - ing, We will ev - er faith-ful be,
faith-ful be.

In Charge of His Business.

Bus - y in the Mas-ter's king-dom, do - ing a - ny - thing;
a - ny-thing, yes, a - ny-thing;

Hap - py to be count-ed wor-thy to per-form some task for Him,
some task for Him.

We will glad - ly go a - bout the busi-ness of our King.
of our bless-ed Sav - ior King.

No. 105. My Heart, My Life, My All.

Frances Havergal. USED BY PERMISSION, 1914. H. N. Lincoin.

1. I bring my *sins* to Thee, The sins I can not count, That all may cleans-ed be In
2. I bring my *grief* to Thee, The grief I can not tell; No words shall needed be, Thou
3. My *joys* to Thee I bring, The joys Thy love has giv'n, That each may be a wing To
4. My *life* I bring to Thee, I would not be my own; O Sav-ior, let me be Thine

Thy once opened fount; I bring them Sav-ior, all to Thee; The burden is too great for me.
knowest all so well; I bring the sorrow laid on me, O suff'ring Savior, all to Thee.
lift me near-er heav'n, I bring them Sav-ior, all to Thee; Who hast procured them all for me.
ev - er, Thine a-lone, My heart, my life, my all I bring To Thee, my Savior and my King.

No. 106. Walk the Streets.

A. L. W. A. L. WRIGHT.

1. There's a cit - y of light Ev - er fair, ev - er bright, And its glo - ry we
2. Tho' the light may be dim, If your trust is in Him, Who doth note e'en the
3. In the course of your life, Full of bat-tle and strife, Take the Saviour with

all may be - hold; If we trust in the Lord, And be-lieve in His word,
frail sparrow's fall; Tho' the way may be long, Overwhelming with wrong,
you as a friend; And wherev - er you roam, He will bring you safe home,

REFRAIN.

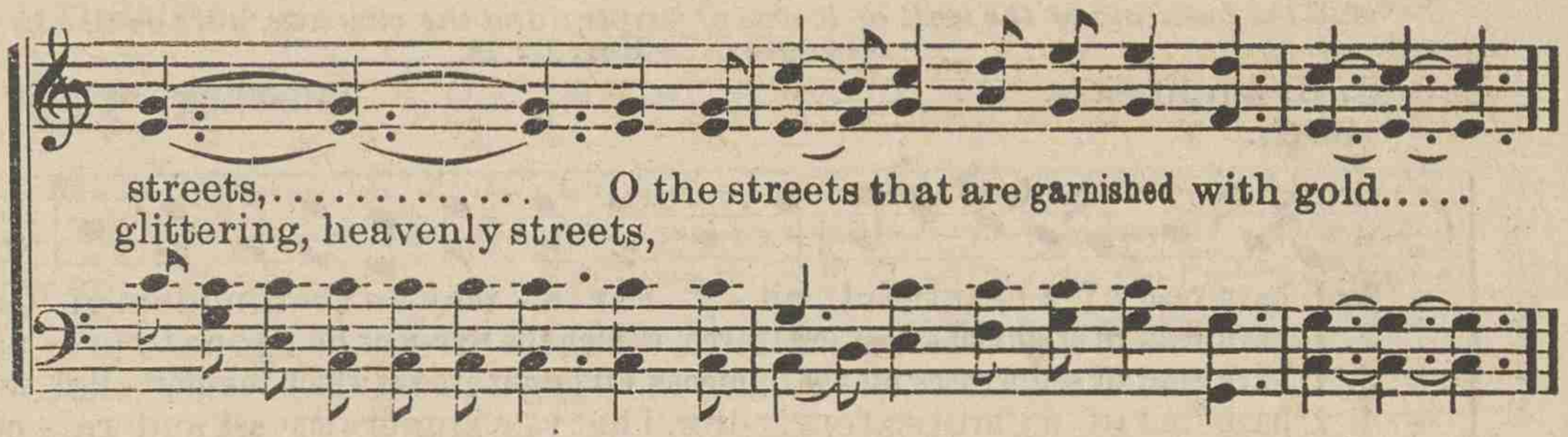
We shall walk in the streets of pure gold. Walk the streets,... ..... the
You may come safely home at His call.
To the cit-y where toiling shall end. Walk the streets, the beautiful streets, the

gold-en streets,..... As the grandeur of the cit - y we be-
gold-en, glittering, heavenly streets,

hold,..... Walk the streets,..... the gold - en
hold, we be - hold, Walk the slreets, the beautiful streets, the gold-en

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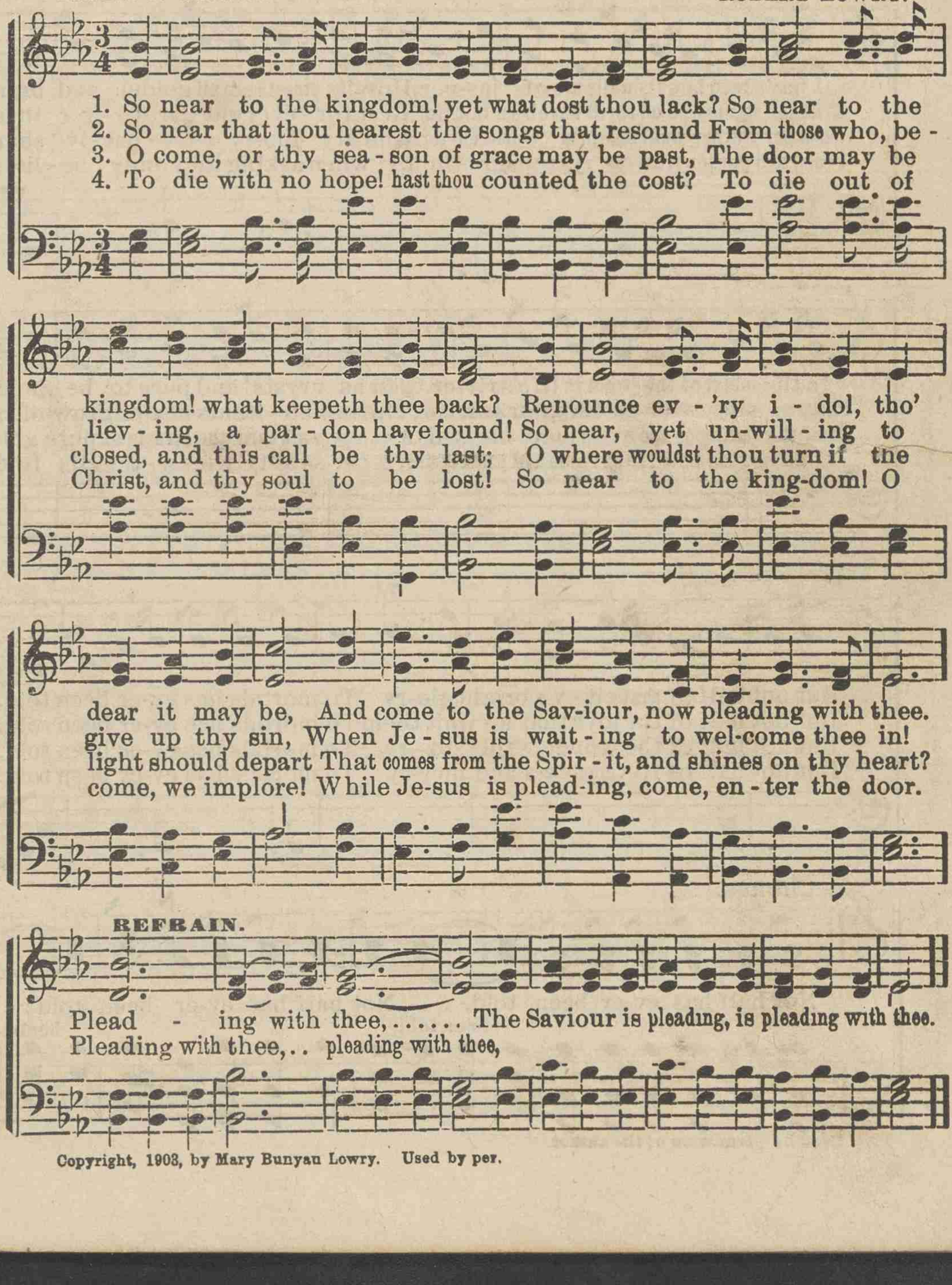
Walk the Streets.



No. 107. So Near to the Kingdom.

"Not far from the kingdom of God."—MARK 12: 34.

FANNY J. CROSBY. ROBERT LOWRY.



Copyright, 1903, by Mary Bunyan Lowry. Used by per.

108. NOT HALF HAS EVER BEEN TOLD.

"And the building of the wall of it was of jasper: and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass."—Rev. 21: 18.

J. B. ATCHINSON. O. F. PRISBERY, by per.

SOLO.

1. I have read of a beauti-ful cit-y, Far a-way in the kingdom of God;
2. I have read of bright mansions in Heaven, Which the Sav-iour has gone to pre-pare;
3. I have read of white robes for the righteous, Of bright crowns which the glori-fied wear,
4. I have read of a Christ so forgiv-ing, That vile sinners may ask and re-ceive

I have read how its walls are of jas-per, How its streets are all golden and broad.
And the saints who on earth have been faithful, Rest for-ever with Christ o-ver there;
When our Father shall bid them "Come en-ter, And My glo-ry e-ter-nal-ly share;"
Peace and pardon from ev-'ry transgression, If when asking they on-ly be-lieve.

In the midst of the street is life's riv-er, Clear as crystal and pure to be-hold;
There no sin ev-er en-ters, nor sorrow, The in-hab-itants nev-er grow old;
How the righteous are ev-ermore blessed As they walk thro' the streets of pure gold;
I have read how He 'll guide and protect us, If for safe-ty we en-ter His fold;

But not half of that cit-y's bright glo-ry To mortals has ev-er been told.
But not half of the joys that a-wait them To mortals has ev-er been told.
But not half of the wonder-ful sto-ry To mortals has ev-er been told.
But not half of His good-ness and mer-cy To mortals has ev-er been told.
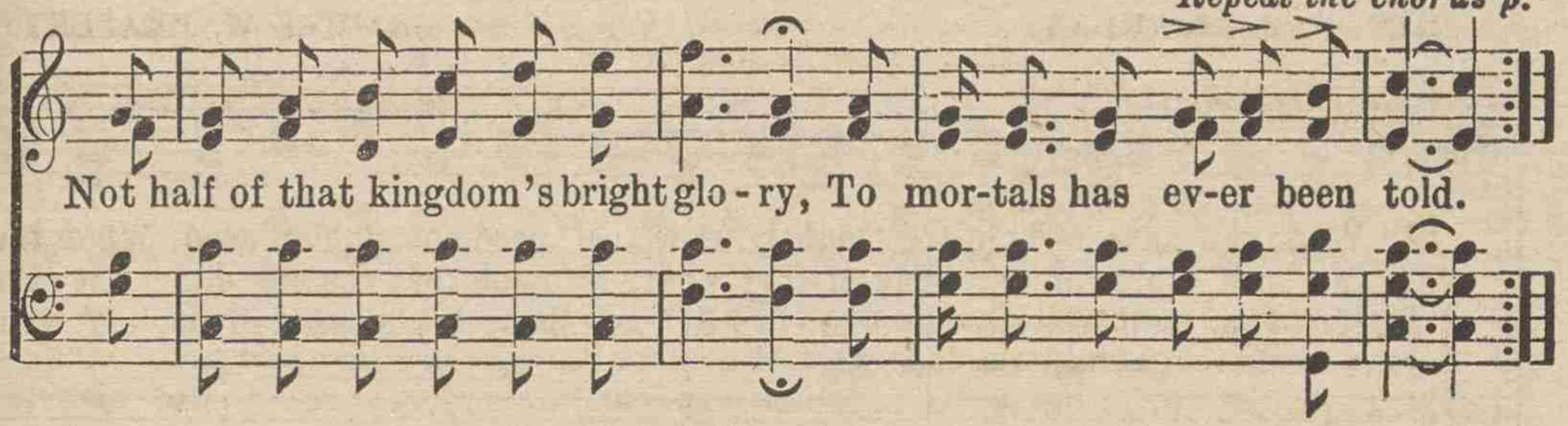
CHORUS.

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

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Not Half Has Ever Been Told.

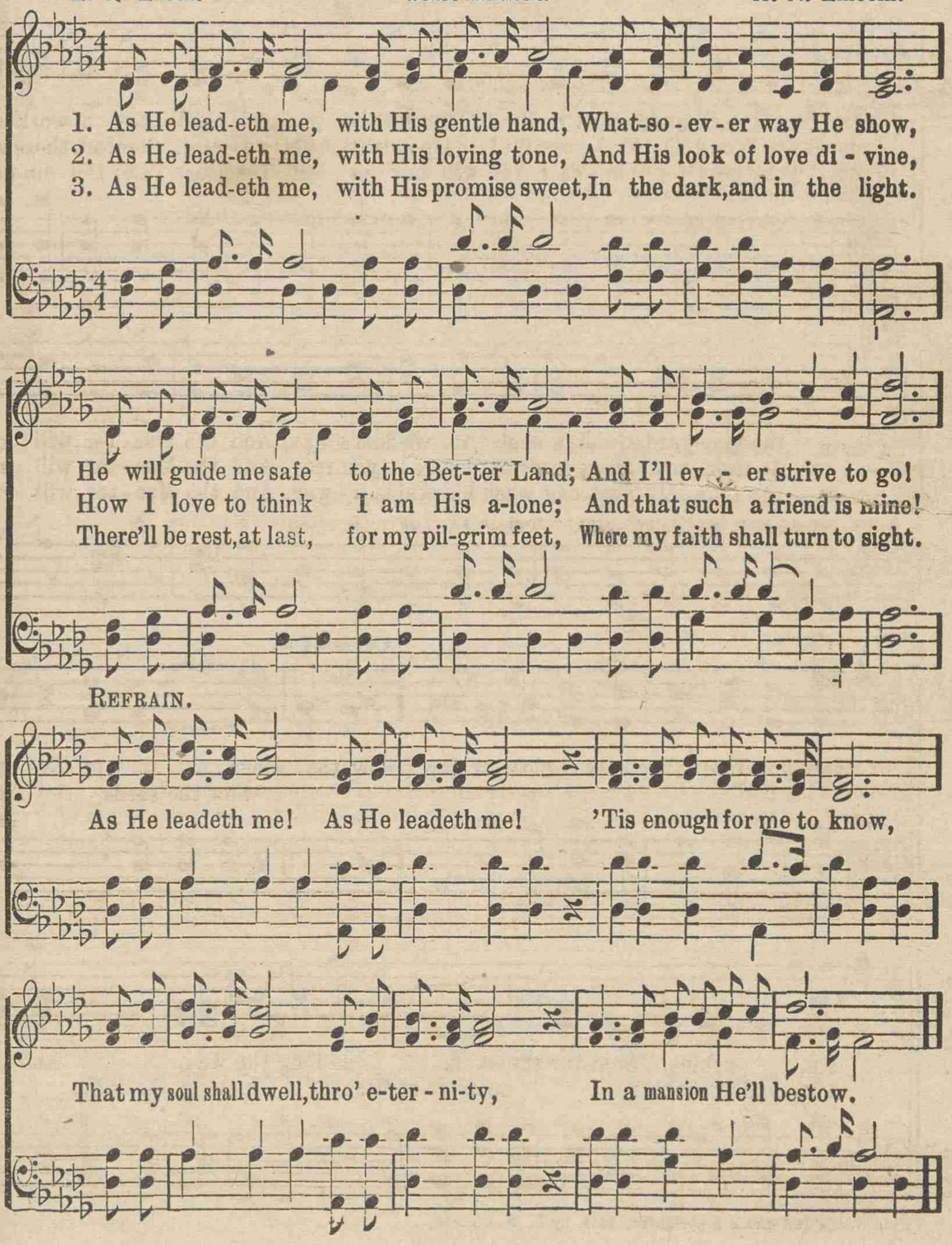
Repeat the chorus p.



No. 109. As He Leadeth Me.

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E. R. Latta. WORDS AND MUSIC. H. N. Lincoln.



No. 110. The Master Will Reward.

REV. N. A. McAULAY. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. When the sun is shin-ing brightly, Sow the precious, golden seed; When the clouds are dark and heav - y, Bear in mind the peo-ple's need. Be a work-er
2. In the field of hu - man ef-fort, There is much that you can do; Lit - tle deeds, if done in kind-ness, Will despondent souls re - new. Comfort those who
3. If you tell the sav-ing sto - ry; If you bear the blessed cross; If you do your best for Je - sus; You will nev - er suf - fer loss. Lead the sin-ner
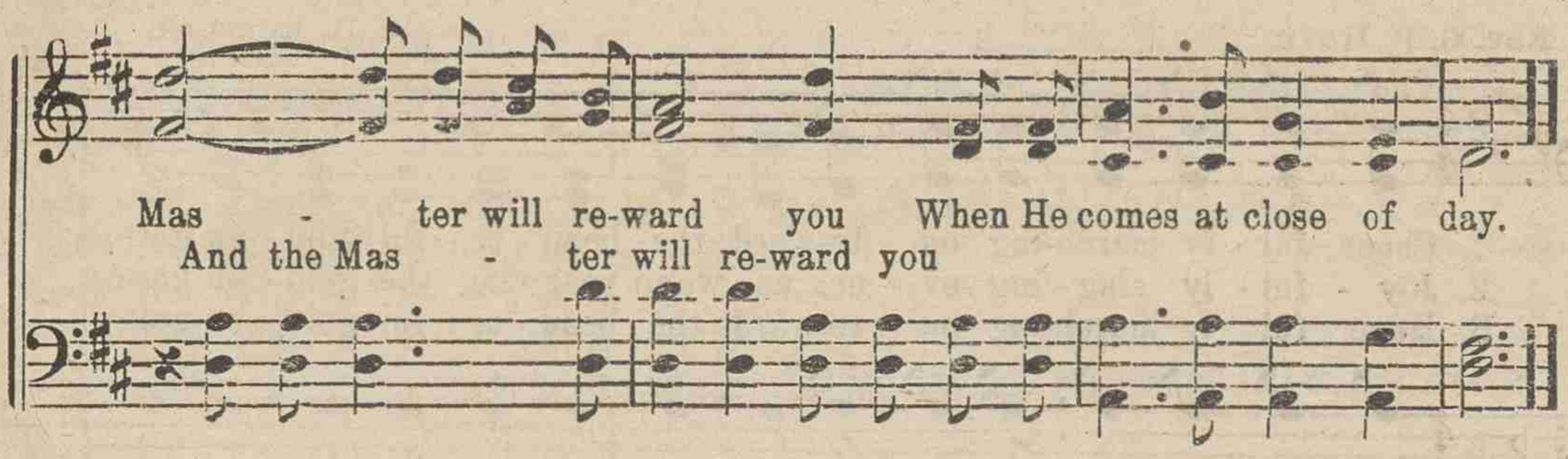
in the vine-yard, Guiding souls in wisdom's way, And the Mas - ter will re-
are in sor - row, Share their burdens as you may, And the Mas - ter will re-
to the foun-tain That can wash his stains a - way, And the Mas - ter will re-

CHORUS.

ward you When He comes at close of day. Sow the seeds..... of love and sun - shine, Scat-ter smiles..... a - long the way, And the
Sow the seeds of love and sunshine, Scat-ter smiles a - long the way,
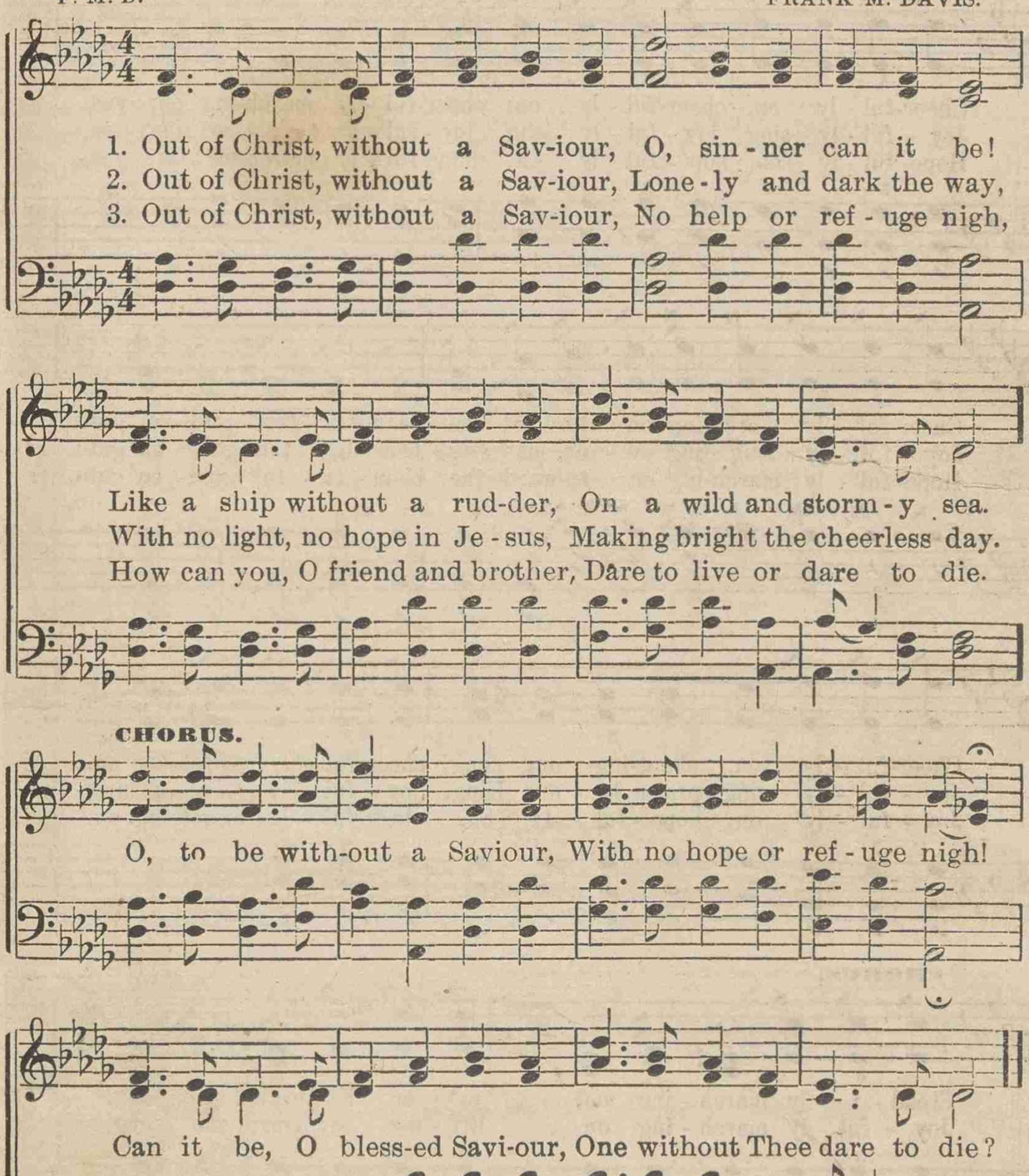
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The Master Will Reward.



No. 111. Out Of Christ.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.



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No. 112 WE ARE MARCHING HOME.

REV. G. P. HOTT. W. H. RUEBUSH.

1. Cheer - ful - ly march-ing on to-ward the beau - ti - ful gold - en gate,
2. Joy - ful - ly sing - ing ev - er, as we're near - ing the gold - en gate,
3. Hope - ful - ly march-ing on to-ward the beau - ti - ful gold - en gate,

Cheer-ful - ly on, cheer-ful - ly on; cheer-ful - ly march-ing on; yes,
Joy - ful - ly sing, joy - ful - ly sing, joy - ful - ly ev - er sing; yes,
Hope- ful - ly on, hope - ful - ly on; hope-ful - ly march-ing on; yes,

Cheer-ful - ly march-ing on to-ward the beau - ti - ful gold - en gate,
Joy - ful - ly sing - ing ev - er, as we're near - ing the gold - en gate,
Hope- ful - ly march-ing on to-ward the beau - ti - ful gold - en gate,
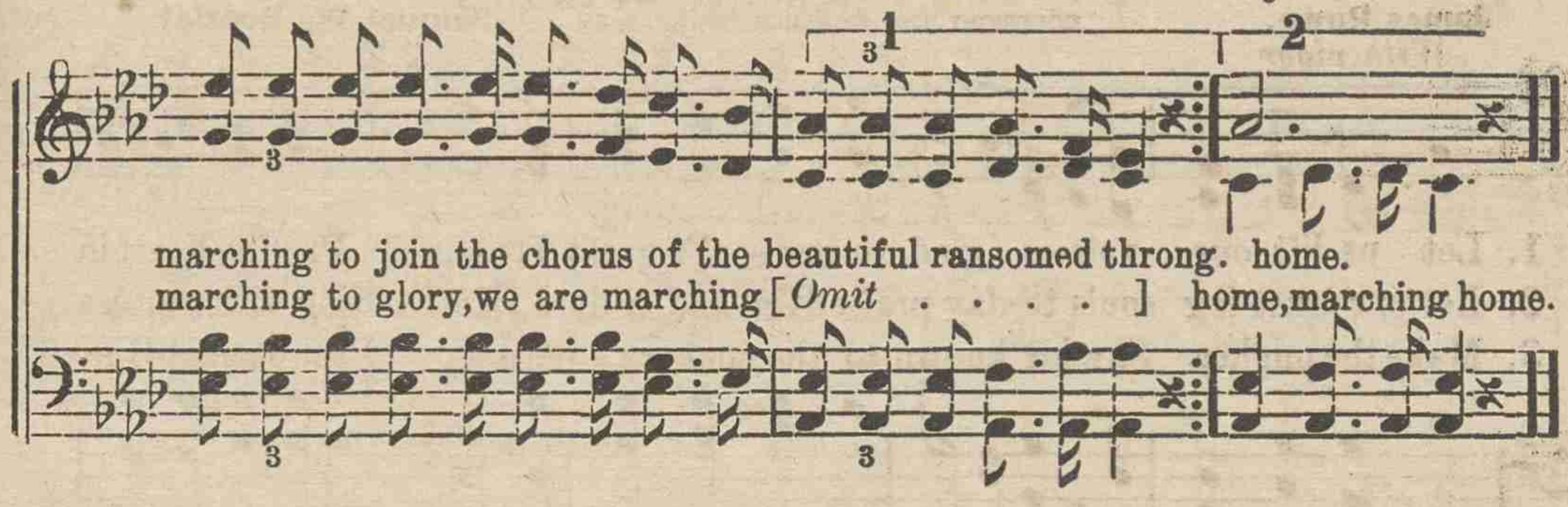
Cheer-ful - ly on, chant-ing our song, cheer-ful - ly march-ing on.
Joy - ful - ly sing, praise to our King, joy - ful - ly ev - er sing.
Joy - ful - ly on, hope - ful - ly on, cheer-ful - ly march-ing on.

CHORUS.

Stead - i - ly march - ing on, ev - er His praise pro - long,
Joy - ful - ly march - ing on, lift - ing our hearts in song,

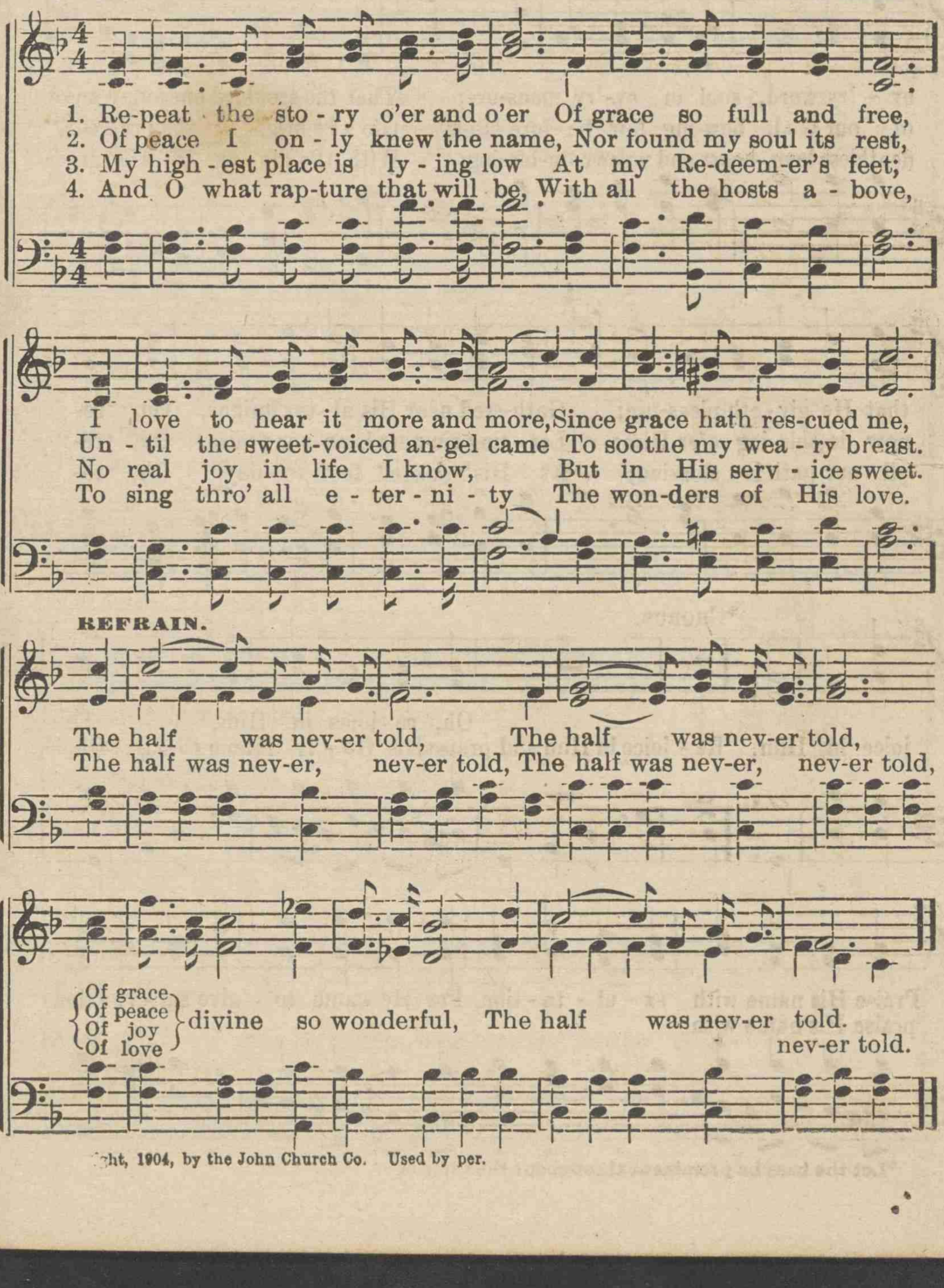
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We Are Marching Home.



No. 113. The Half Was Never Told.

P. P. E — P. P. BLISS.



ght, 1904, by the John Church Co. Used by per.

No. 114. Rejoice in the Lord.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

With vigor

1. Let us lift our voic-es glad to our soul's great Treasure, Putting heart in
2. Let our trust-ing souls to-day praise Him and a-dore Him, Sing with rapture
3. Make the mighty Sav-ior known to the souls re - pin-ing, Praise again His

ev - 'ry word, soul in ev-'ry meas-ure; That the troubled ones may know
of our God, bow-ing low be-fore Him; Glo - ry bright-er than the sun,
deathless love, heart and voice com-bin-ing; With the glo - ry of His grace

that He giv-eth pleas-ure; Gath-ered near His al-tar bright, Oh, re-
now is shin-ing o'er Him; Let-ting sin-ners hear our praise, Oh, re-
all our path is shin-ing; At His sa-cred feet to-day, Oh, re-

*CHORUS.

Oh, re-joice in Him,
joice in Him. Re-joice in Him and praise His Ho-ly Name to-day, Oh,

Praise His name with ex-ul-ta-tion, For He came to give sal-va-tion
praise His name with

*Let the bass be prominent throughout the Chorus.

Rejoice in the Lord.

free to ev-'ry creature, Oh, re-joice; Spread the sto-ry glad,
Re- joice in Him and spread a-far the sto-ry, Sing

Sing ho-san-na, sing ho-san-na, Glo-ry, glo-ry! Oh, re-joice in God.
hal-le-lu-jah,

No. 115. Ever Will I Pray.

A. Cummings. J. H. Tenney, by per.

1. Fa-ther, in the morning, Un-to Thee I pray; Let Thy lov-ing
2. At the bus-y noon-tide, Press'd with work and care, Then I'll wait with
3. When the evening shadows Chase a-way the light, Fa-ther, then I'll
4. Thus in life's glad morning, In its bright noon-day, In its shadowy

kindness Keep me through this day. I will pray, I will pray,
Je-sus Till He hears my prayer.
pray Thee; Bless Thy child to-night.
even-ing, Ev-er will I pray. I will pray, I will pray,

REFRAIN.

Ev-er will I pray, Morning noon and evening, Un-to Thee I'll pray.
Ever will Unto Thee

No. 116. The Christian's Inheritance.

"He hath prepared for them a city."—HEB. 11: 16.

MRS. HANNAH M. RICHARDS. REV. W. G. COOPER.

An exquisite solo when sung ad lib.

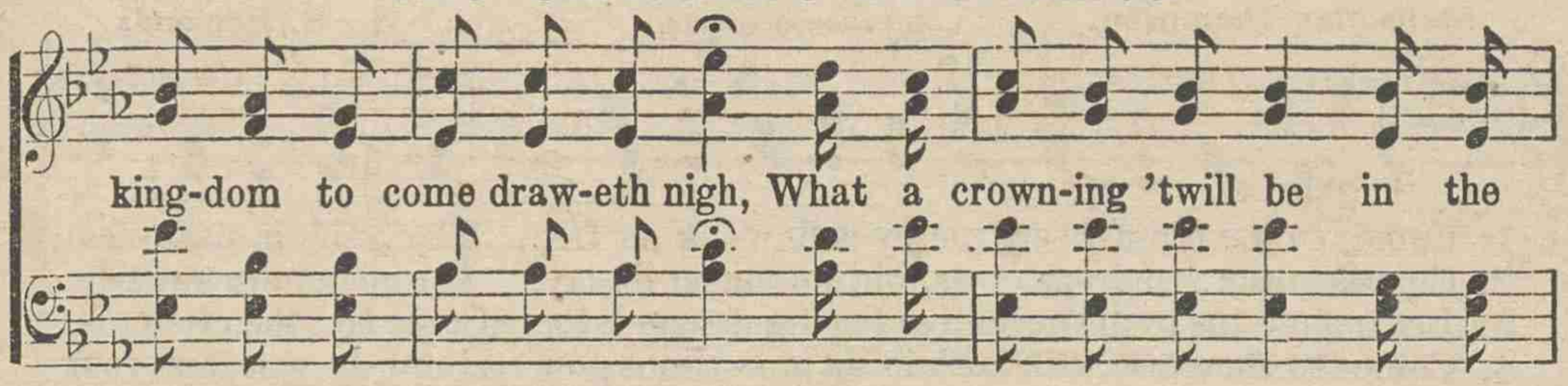
1. Let the world have its dia-monds, its sil - ver and gold, I am rich - er by far with the ti - tle I hold; I am heir to a king-dom, a crown and a throne, That shall stand when earth's kingdoms are all o- ver-thrown.
2. Let the world have its pot- tage, my birth-right I'll keep, For its pleasures or toys I'll not grov - el or creep; I'm a child of a King, I'll not bar - ter a crown For the tri - fles of earth, for its wealth or re - nown.
3. Let the world have its hon - ors, am - bi-tions and fame, In the Lamb's Book of Life has been writ - ten my name; When the world is on fire still my name shall en - dure, And my king-dom and pal - ace will then be se - cure.
4. Let the world dive for pearls 'neath the ocean's blue deep, All its treasures and diamonds and pearls it may keep; I've a man- sion pre-pared in the cit - y of gold, Where the gates are of pearl, and its wealth is un - told.
5. I am near- ing the cit - y, its spires I can see, And its pearl-y gates soon will be o - pened to me; With the shout of a vic - tor I soon shall be crown'd, While the arches of heav'n with ho-san- nas re-sound.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, my soul mounts up - ward and sings, Hal - le - lu - jah to Je - sus, the King of all kings! Hal - le - lu - jah, the

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The Christian's Inheritance.

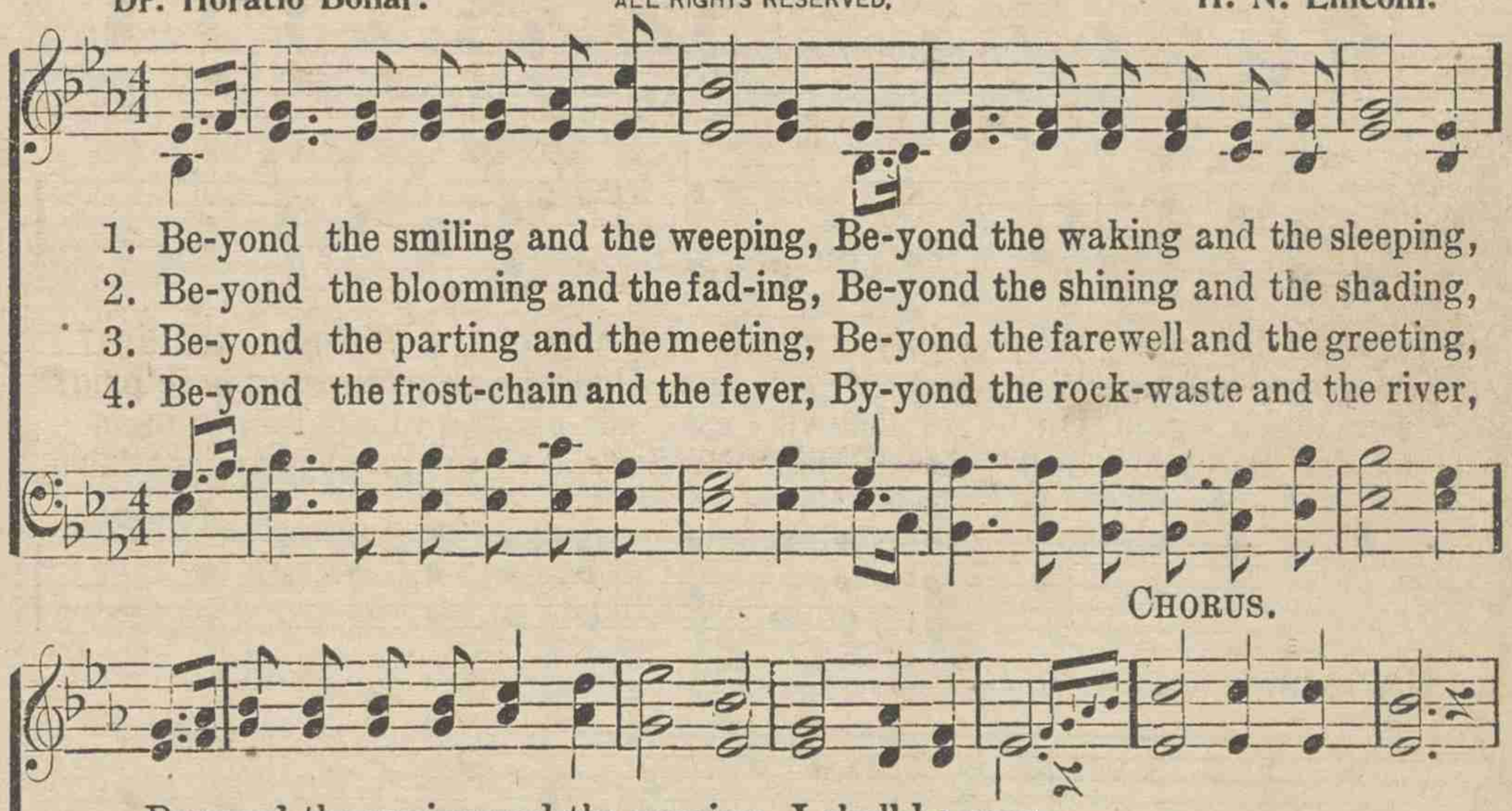


No. 117. Beyond.

"What he hath prepared for him that waiteth for him."—Isa. 64: 4.

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Dr. Horatio Bonar. H. N. Lincoln.



No. 118. Come to the Cross.

Stella May Thompson. L. E. EDMONDS, OWNER. L. E. Edmonds.

1. Come to the cross where mercy is flow-ing so free, Tho' still in dark-ness,
2. Come to the wondrous cross, oh! no longer de-lay, Mo-ments are swift-ly
3. Leave now the path you're treading for danger is there, Come to the cross of
4. Come to the cross with faith in its glo - ri-ous pow'r, Humb-ly con-fess your

trust and the light you will see; Je - sus is wait - ing all of your
pass - ing, re - pent while 'tis day; Earth and its charms may lure you, but
Cal-v'ry, sal - va - tion to share; Hear ye the in - vi - ta - tion, 'tis
guilt and ac - cept Him this hour; Soon will this op - por - tun - i - ty

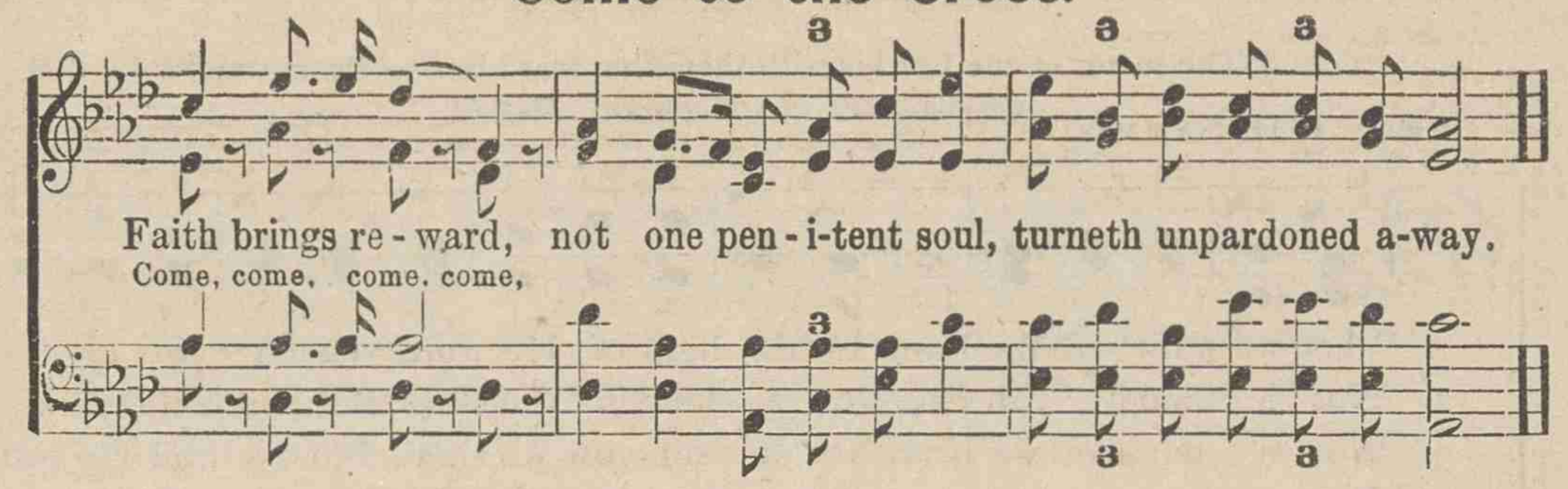
sins to for - give, Why will you choose the life of a sin-ner to live?
soon they will fade, Will you re-ject the One who your ran-som hath paid?
sounding a - gain, Un - to the vil - est sin-ner from mountain to main.
ev - er be gone, And in de-spair you'll stand at the great judgment dawn.

REFRAIN.

Come to the cross, wandering one, Seek - ing the Lord, If you
Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,

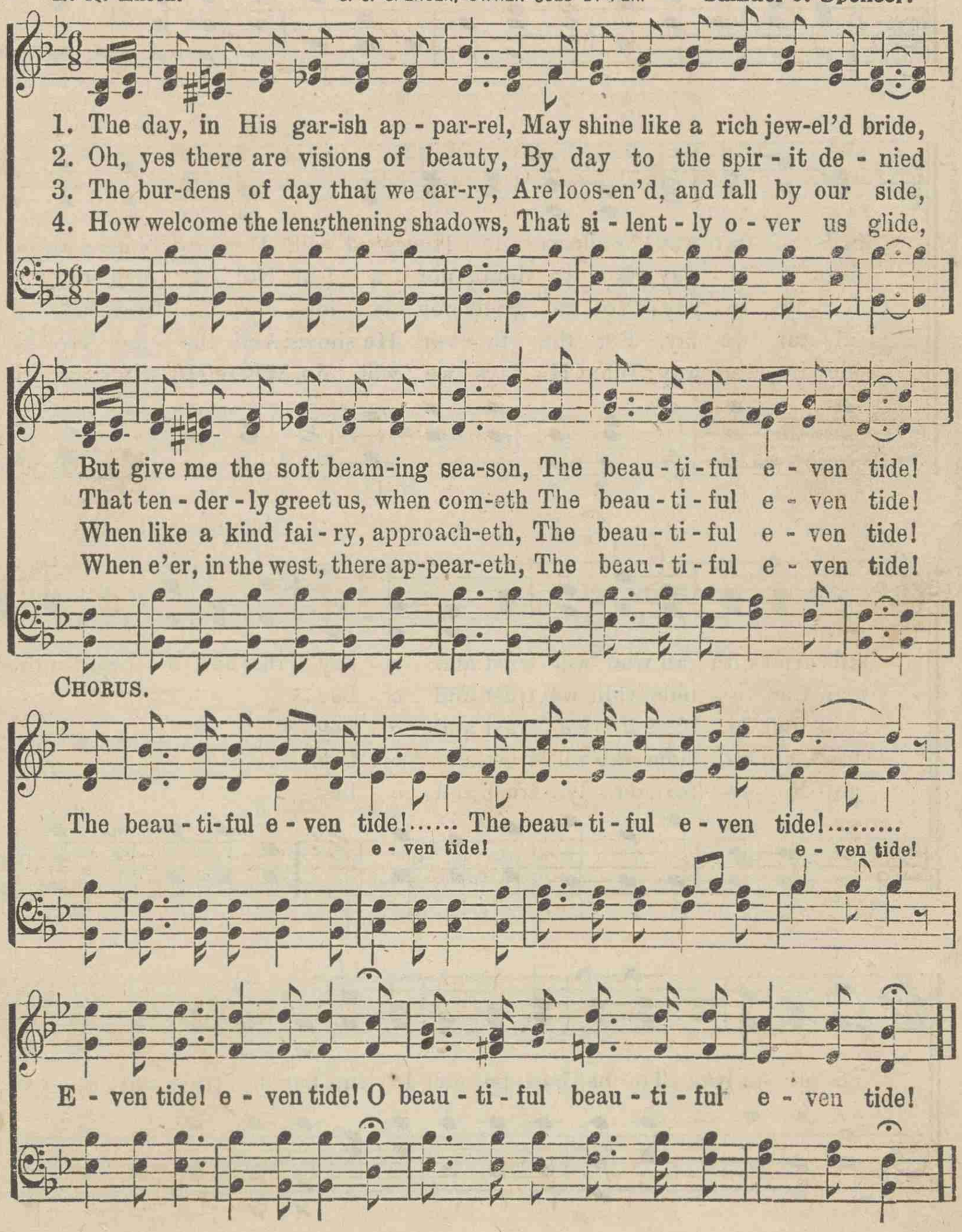
on-ly believe, He will forgive you to-day; Faith in His word, ho - ly and true,
Come, come, come, come,

Come to the Cross.



No. 119. The Beautiful Eventide.

E. R. Latta. S. J. SPENCER, OWNER USED BY PER. **Samuel J. Spencer.**
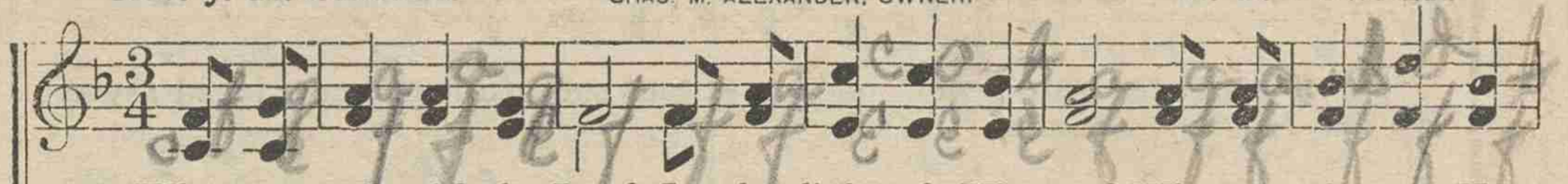


No. 120. TRUST AND OBEY.

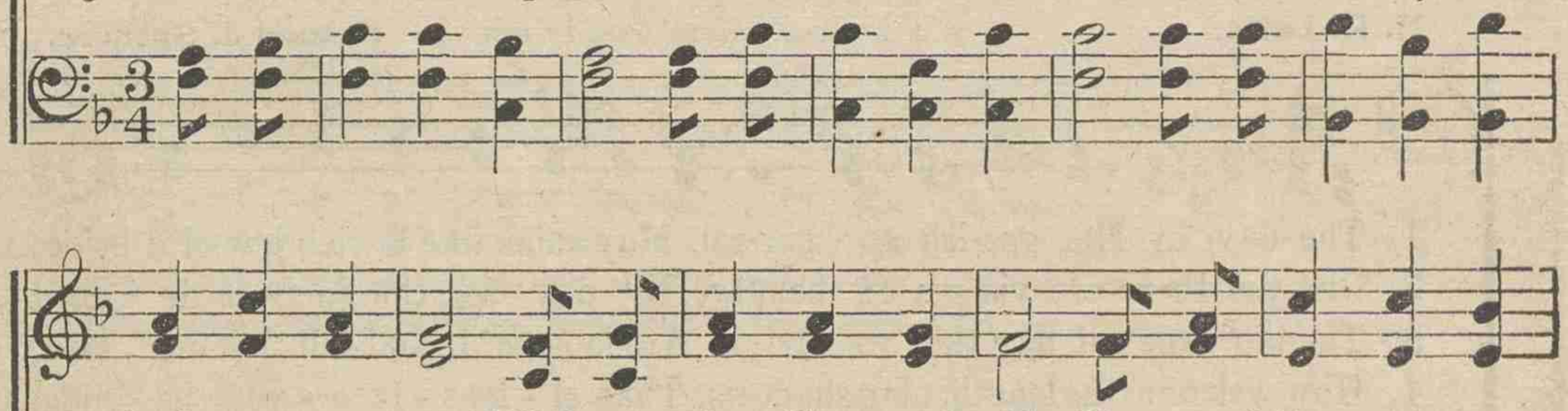
"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." — Ps. 25: 14.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY D. B. TOWNER RENEWAL.
CHAS. M. ALEXANDER, OWNER.
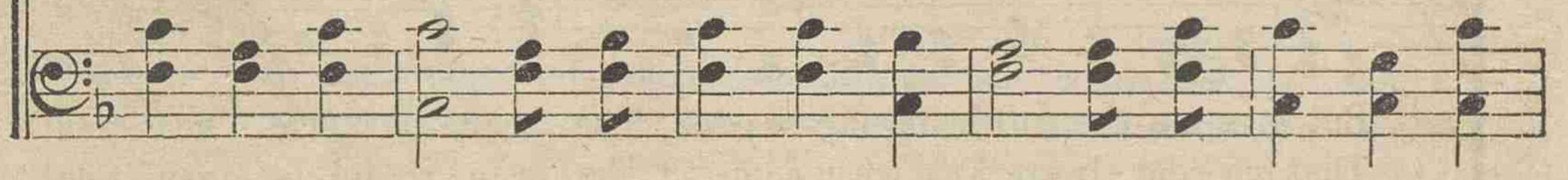
Rev. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.
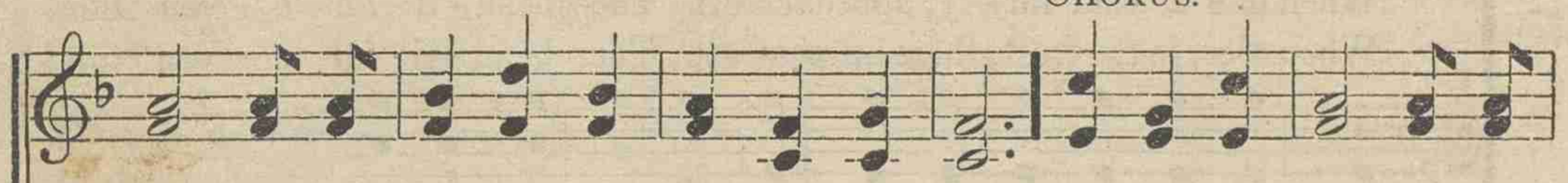


1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word, What a glo - ry He
2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev - er can prove The delights of His love, Un - til all on the
5.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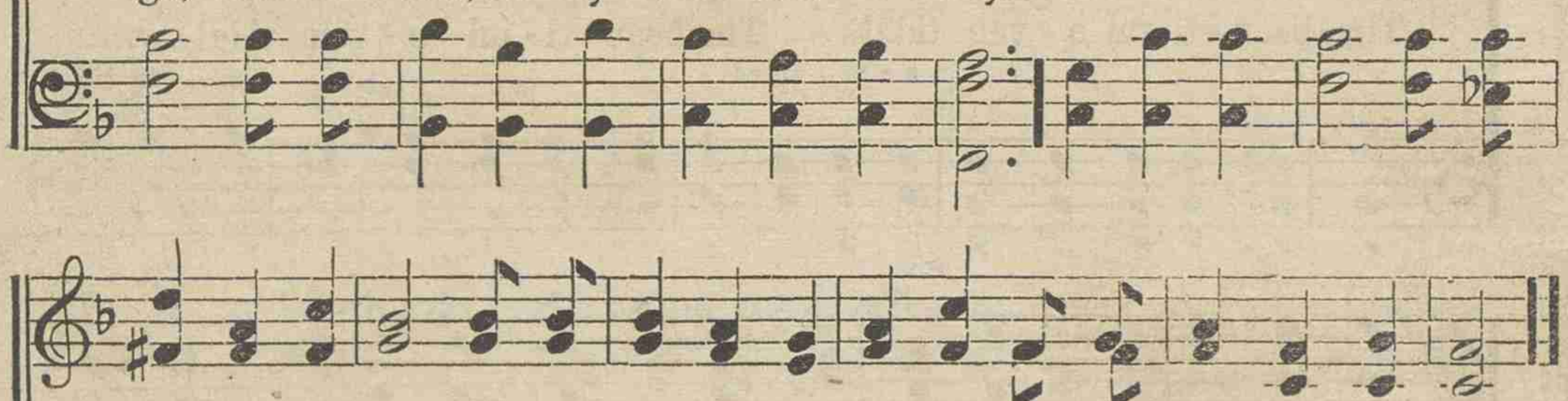


sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a - bides with us
drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a
al - tar we lay, For the fa - vor He shows, And the joy He be -
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He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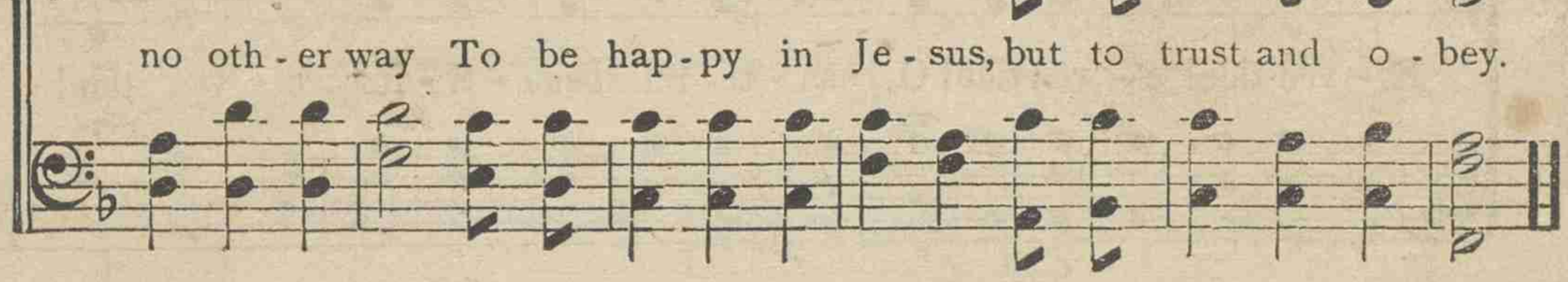


CHORUS.



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. 121. I Know He's Mine.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. CORYRIGHT, 1900, BY HALL-MACK CO. **B. Frank Butts.**

1. There's One a-bove all earth-ly friends Whose love all earthly love transcends,
2. He's mine be-cause He died for me, He saved my soul, He set me free;
3. He's mine be-cause He's in my heart, And nev-er, nev - er will we part;
4. Some day up - on the streets of gold Mine eyes His glo - ry shall be - hold,

It is my Lord and Christ di-vine, My Lord, be-cause I know He's mine.
With joy I wor - ship at His shrine And cry, "Praise God, I know He's mine.
Just as the branch is to the vine I'm joined to Christ; I know He's mine.
Then, while His arms around me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know He's mine.

CHORUS.

I know He's mine, ... this friend so dear, ... He lives with

me, ... He's ev-er near; .... Ten thousand charms .....

a-round Him shine, ... And, best of all, I know He's mine.

122 Beautiful.

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

1. Beau-ti-ful robes of white, Beautiful land of light, Beautiful home so bright,
2. Beau-ti-ful thought to me, We shall for-ev-er be Thine in e - ter - ni - ty,
3. Beau-ti-ful things on high, O-ver in yon-der sky; Thus I shall leave this shore,

Where there shall come no night; Beautiful crown I'll wear, Shining with stars o'er there, Yonder in
When from this world we're free; Free from its toil and care, Heavenly joys to share, Let me cross
Counting my treasures o'er; Where we shall never die, Carry me by and by, Nev-er to

CHORUS.
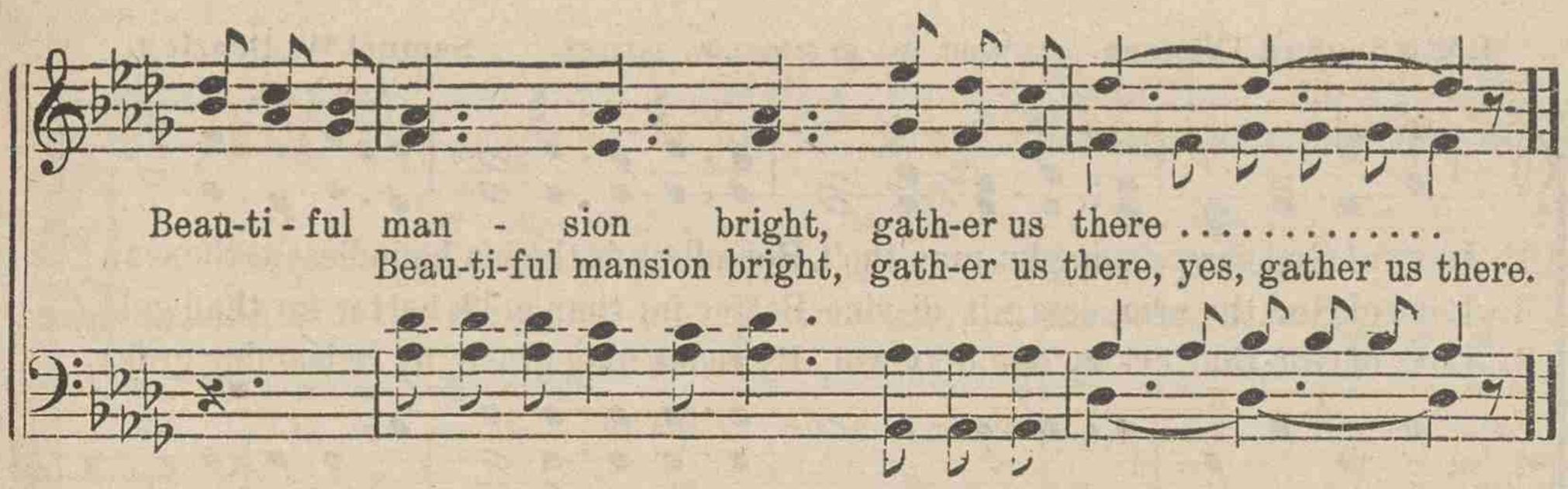
mansions fair, Gather us there. Beautiful robes,..... Beautiful land,...
e - ver there, This is my pray'r.
sor-row more, Heav-en-ly store. Beau-ti-ful robes of white, Beautiful

..... Beau-ti-ful home,..... Beau-ti-ful band,.....
land of light, Beau-ti-ful home so bright, Beau-ti-ful land no night,

Beau - ti - ful crown,..... Shin-ing so fair,.....
Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful crown, Shining, yes, shining so fair,

J. A. Lee, owner of copyright.

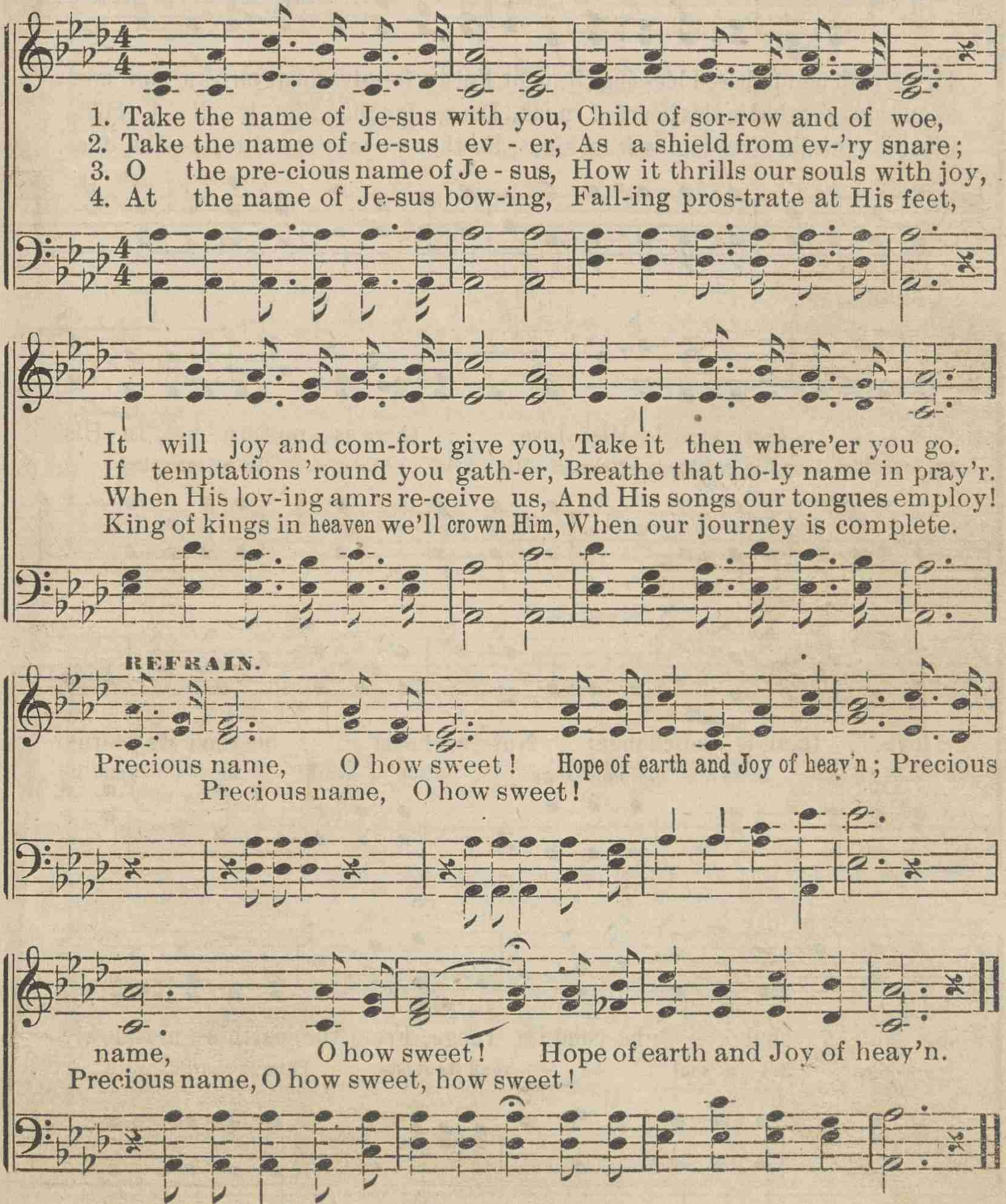
Beautiful.



No. 123. Take the Name of Jesus With You.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 PET. 2: 7.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. W. H. DOANE.



Used by permission of W. H. Doane, owner of copyright.

No. 124. Measureless Love.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Love of God, sur-pass-ing hu-man tho't, Boundless as the sea, boundless as the sea,
2. Love of God, the price-less gift di-vine, Better far than gold, better far than gold,
3. Love of God, that ev-'ry one may win, By redeeming grace, by redeeming grace,

Ev-er with unnumbered blessings fraught, Ful-ly, free-ly spent on you and me.
Wondrous gift that in this heart of mine, Dearer far than life it-self I hold.
Cleansing, healing, free-ing us from sin, So that we may stand before His face.

CHORUS.

In His love..... there is no turn-ing, In His

Love, love, love, love, His great love, In His love there is no turn-ing

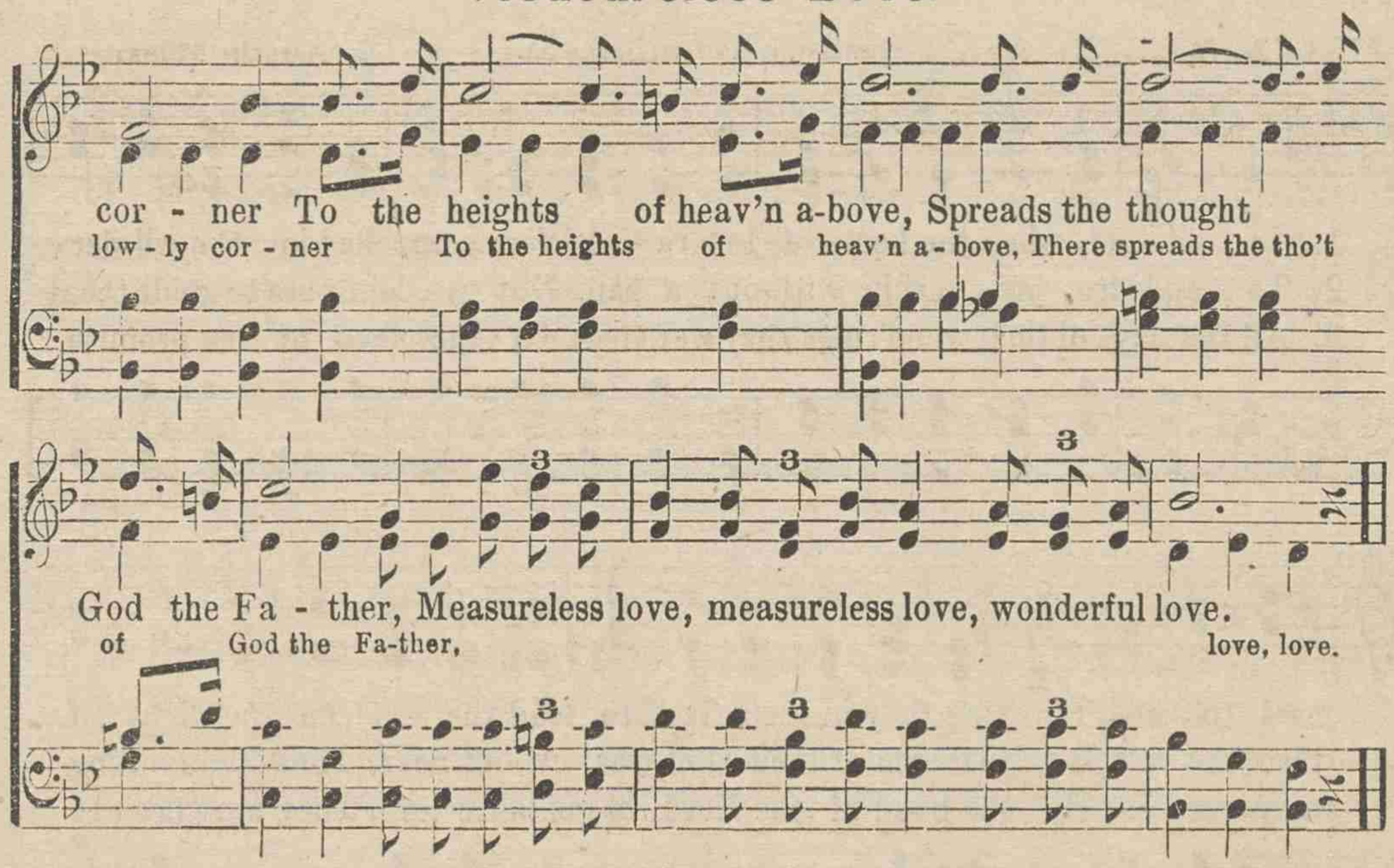
love... there is no change; Not a heart be-yond its yearn-

In His love there is no change; Not a heart be - yond its

ing, Not a soul be-yond its range, From the earth's most lowly

yearn-ing, Not a soul be - yond its range, From the earth's most

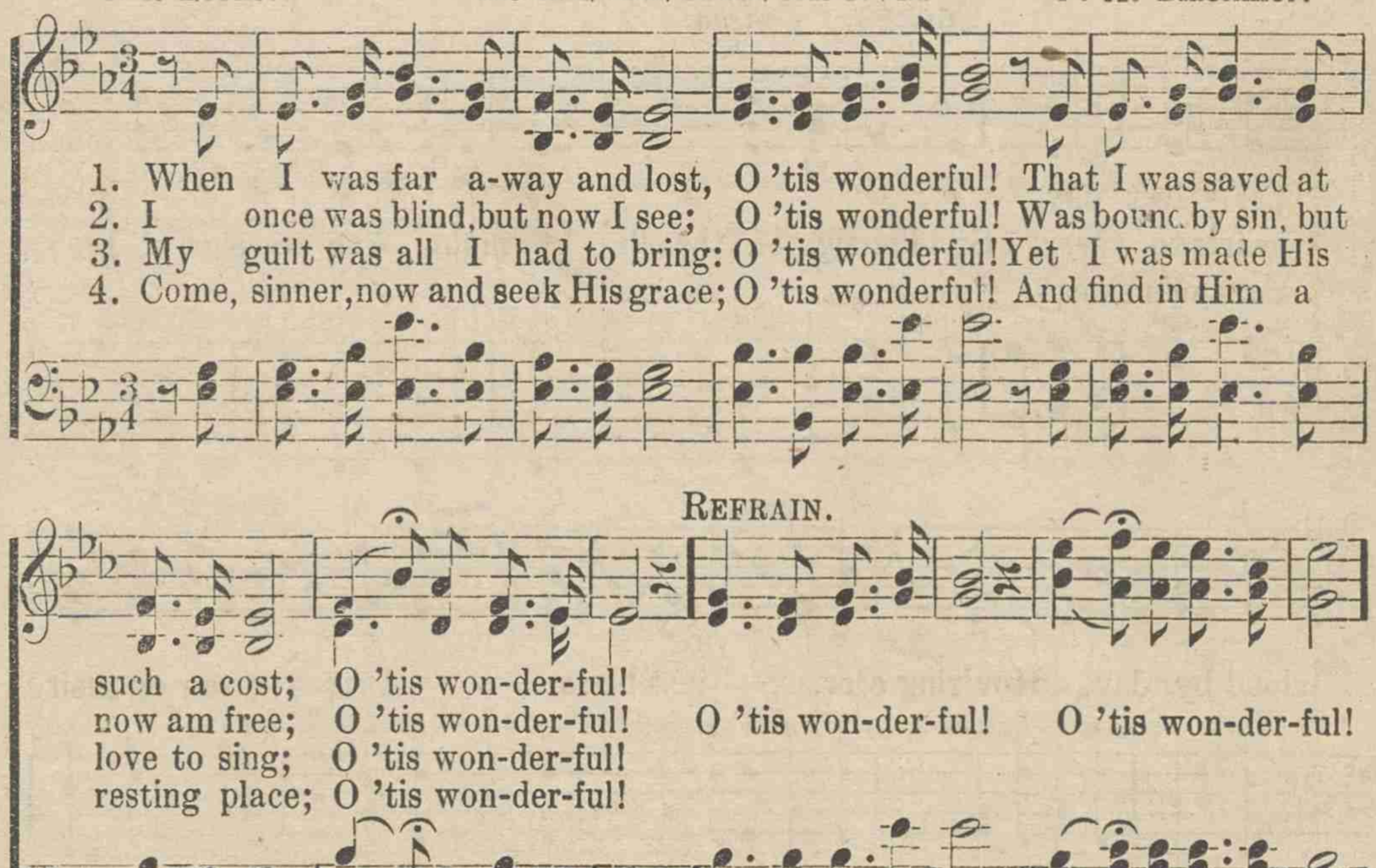
Measureless Love.



No. 125. O 'Tis Wonderful!

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY F. A. BLACKMER.
MRS. W. E. PENN, OWNER, USED BY PER.

I. I. Leslie. F. A. Blackmer.



No. 126. The Cloud and Fire.

C. A. M. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY HALL-MACK CO. C. Austin Miles.

1. As of old, when the hosts of Is - ra - el Were compelled in the wil-der-
2. To and fro, as a ship with-out a sail, Not a com-pass to guide them
3. All the days of their wand'rings they were fed; To the land of the promise

ness to dwell, Trust-ing they in their God to lead the way To the light of
thro' the vale, But the sign of their God was ev - er near, Thus their fainting
they were led; By the hand of the Lord, in guidance sure, They were bro't to

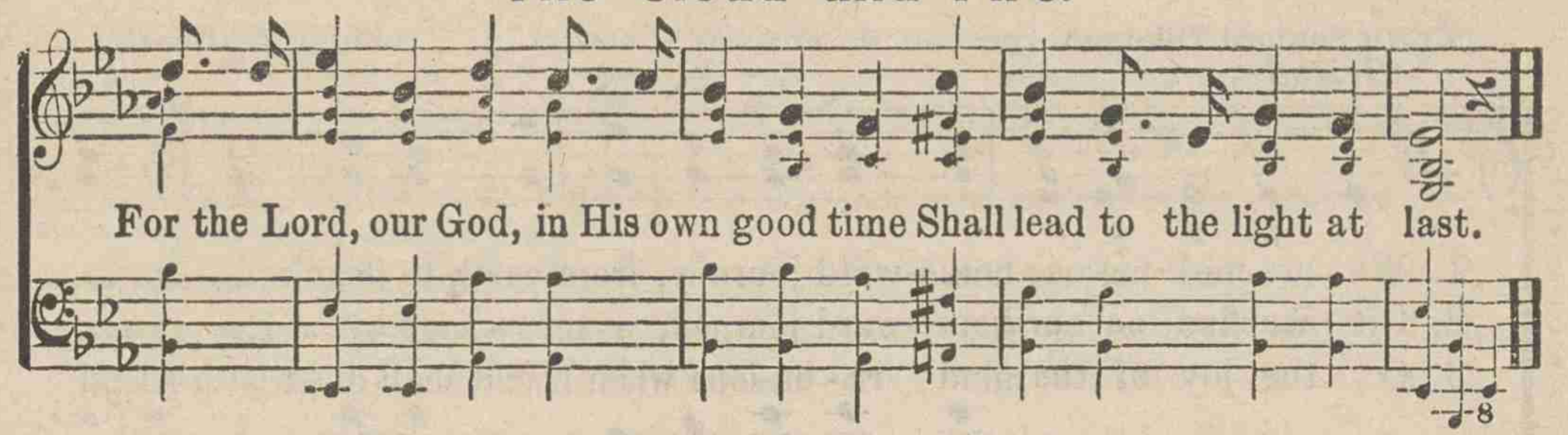
CHORUS. *Unison.*

per - fect day.
hearts to cheer. So the sign of the fire by night, And the sign of the
Canaan's shore.

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

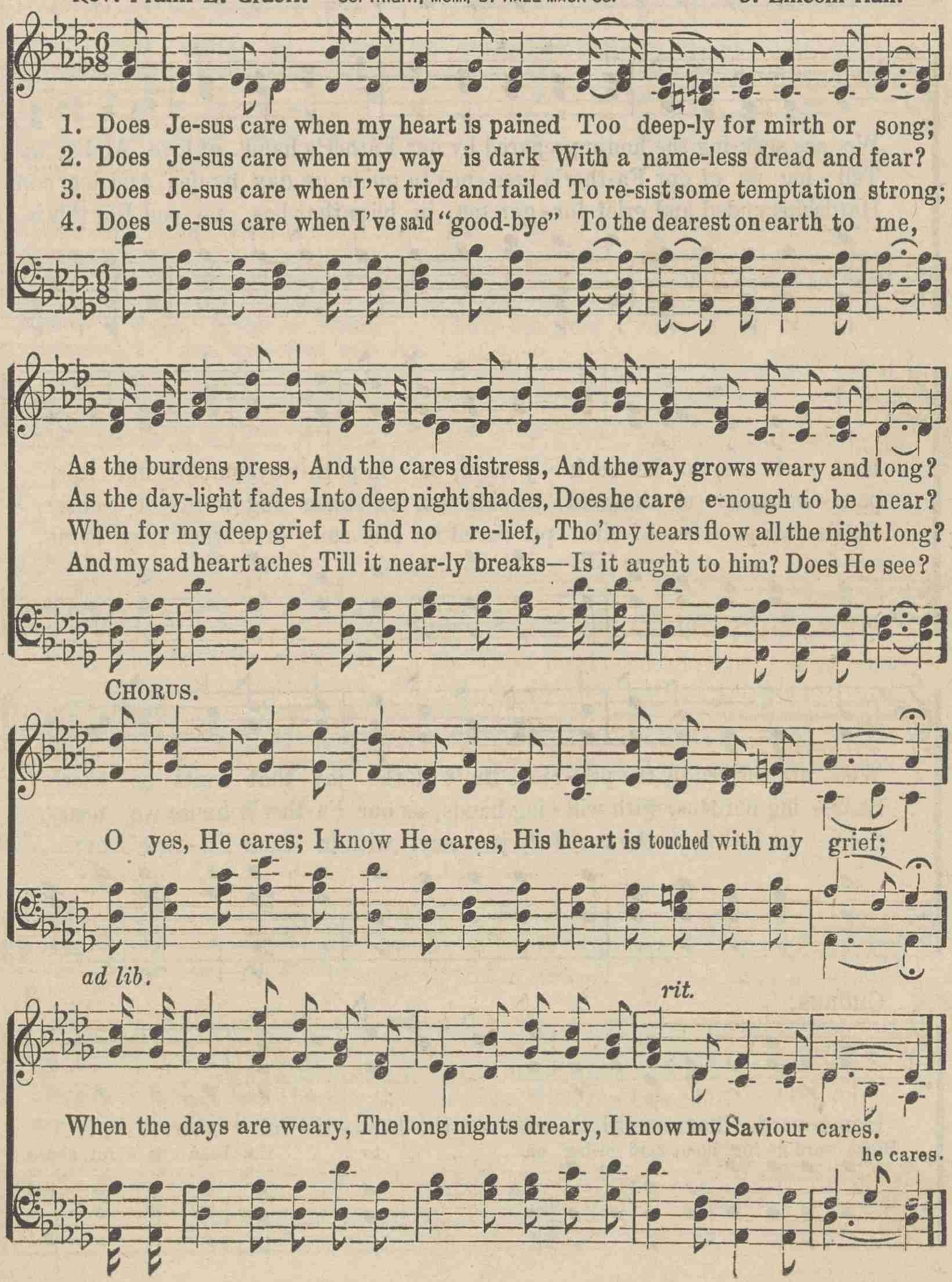
way, Shall a guide and a lead-er be, Till the wil - der-ness be past,

The Cloud and Fire.



No. 127. Does Jesus Care?

Rev. Frank E. Graeff. COPYRIGHT, MCMI, BY HALL-MACK CO. **J. Lincoln Hall.**



No. 128. The Homeward Journey.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

Brightly.

1. We are mak-ing our home-ward journey, from earth to heav'n a - bove,
2. Oft we find, on our home-ward journey, a mes - sage by the way,
3. O the joy of the glad re - un-ions when friend shall meet with friend,

We are seek-ing the house prepared by our Father's hand of love, And as we
Tell - ing us of our Fa-ther's pres-ence to guide us day by day, And dear com-
Hardships ended and grief for - got-ten, in bliss that has no end, For this is

trav - el on, o - ver rock - y ways, or in path-ways smooth and fair,
pan - ions trav - el the road be-side us, ex-chang - ing words of cheer,
God's own promise of life pre-pared for His chil - dren when they come,

We are thrilled by the pre - cious tho't of the joy that waits us there.
Shar - ing burdens, with will - ing hands, as our Fa-ther's house we near.
Safe at last from the earth - ly jour-ney, with-in their Fa - ther's home.

CHORUS.

Home-ward, home-ward, on to the beau - ti - ful shore,.....
Home-ward go-ing, homeward go-ing on to the beau - ti - ful shore,

The Homeward Journey.

Home-ward, home-ward, where loved ones part nevermore, And a welcome of
Home-ward go-ing, homeward going.

glad-ness waits us there at the bright shin-ing door;.....
joy and gladness, gladness waits us there at the bright shin-ing door;

Home-ward, home-ward, To the gold-en shore.....
Home-ward, go-ing, home-ward go-ing, gold-en shore.

No. 129. The Soul's Gethsemane.

Mrs. Lou S. Bedford. H. N. Lincoln.

1. Each soul hath its geth-sem-a-ne, Where low it bends in prayer, And whether
2. This low-ly path leads on to God, A gar-den lone and still, Each soul must
3. 'Mid shad-ows deep, and near the cross, Where Je-sus suf-fered so, And all who
4. Thy shades are deep, Geth-sem-a-ne; Thy paths lead none astray, For whoso
5. Geth-sem-a-ne e'er hal-lowed, Where Christ lone vigil kept, Thy somber

rit.

com-ing soon or late 'Twill come sometime, somewhere, 'Twill come sometime, somewhere.
strive as did our Lord, E'er yield-ing its own will, E'er yield-ing its own will.
en-ter joy beyond, Must pass this vale of woe, Must pass this vale of woe.
bows in thee shall find The Life, the Truth, the Way, The Life, the Truth, the Way.
depths are like the dead, Where all but Je-sus slept, Where all but Je-sus slept.

No. 130. Let Us Praise Him,

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
H. N. LINCOLN, OWNER.

E. E. Hewitt. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Let us drop a word for Je - sus, as a liv-ing seed, That shall spring and grow and blos-som for an - oth - er's need; Let us greet life's sun-ny morning with a song of praise, Let His blessing be our comfort on the sor-row in Thy ten-der love, And look for-ward to a man-sion in the cloud - y days.
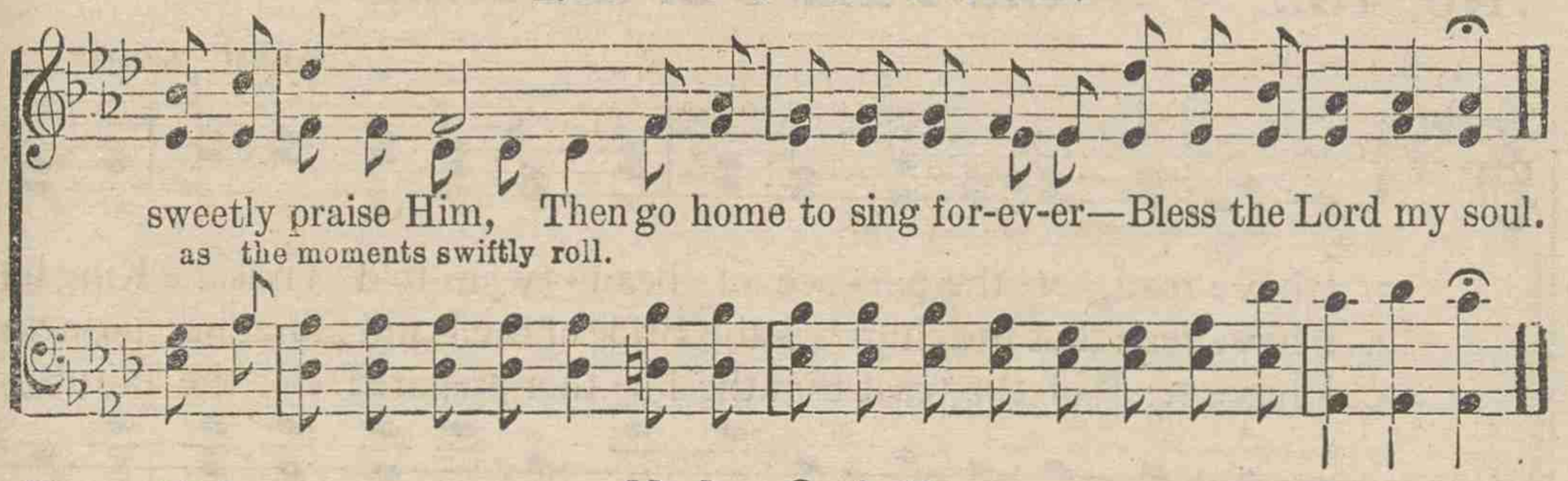
2. Can we not speak well of Je - sus, as His work we do, Since to ev - 'ry gold - en prom - ise we have proved Him true? Has He not been al-ways faith-ful in the try - ing hour? Yes, His help has been as boundless as His sav - ing pow'r.

3. Sav-ior, help us all to praise Thee; Help us tell to-day That the pre-cious blood of Cal-v'ry takes our sins a - way; That we find a balm for land a - bove.

CHORUS.

Let us praise Him, gladly praise Him, Let us praise Him, gladly praise Him, as the days go by, join the hal-le-lu-jahs of the world on high; Let us praise Him, Let us praise Him, sweetly praise Him,

Let Us Praise Him.



No. 131. Holy Spirit.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
H. N. LINCOLN, OWNER.

Maggie E. Gregory. Dr. S. B. Jackson.

No. 132. In the Palace of the King.

A. B. C. A. BYRON CONDO.

1. I have read of the pal - ace of beau - ty un-told, That the King has
2. I have read that the church is the Bride of the Lamb, That her garments
3. I have read of the feast that the Fa - ther prepared, For the faithful

build-ed for His Bride, I have read how 'tis garnished with purest of gold,
are the purest white, That her beau-ty surpass-es the queens of the land;
in their work of love; As the Bride with her jewels, her robe and her crown,

CHORUS.
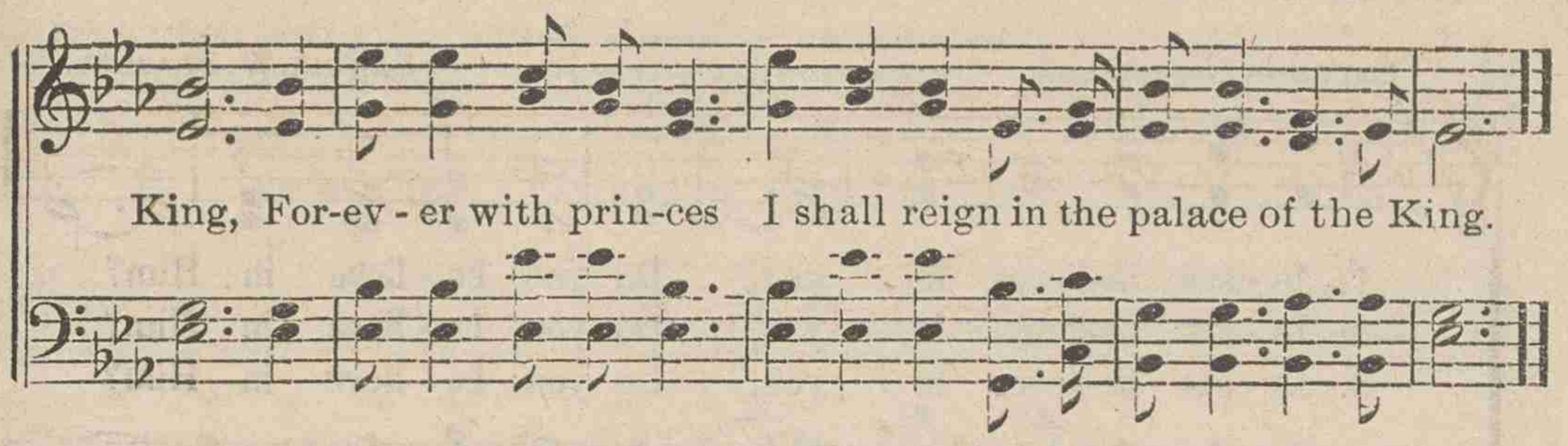
And that there the redeemed shall reside.
What a triumph at that marriage rite. A royal robe shall be mine to wear,
We'll sit down in the kingdom a-bove.

And with the ransomed host I shall sing, What riches and honor I shall share,

In the palace of the King, In the palace of the King, In the palace of the

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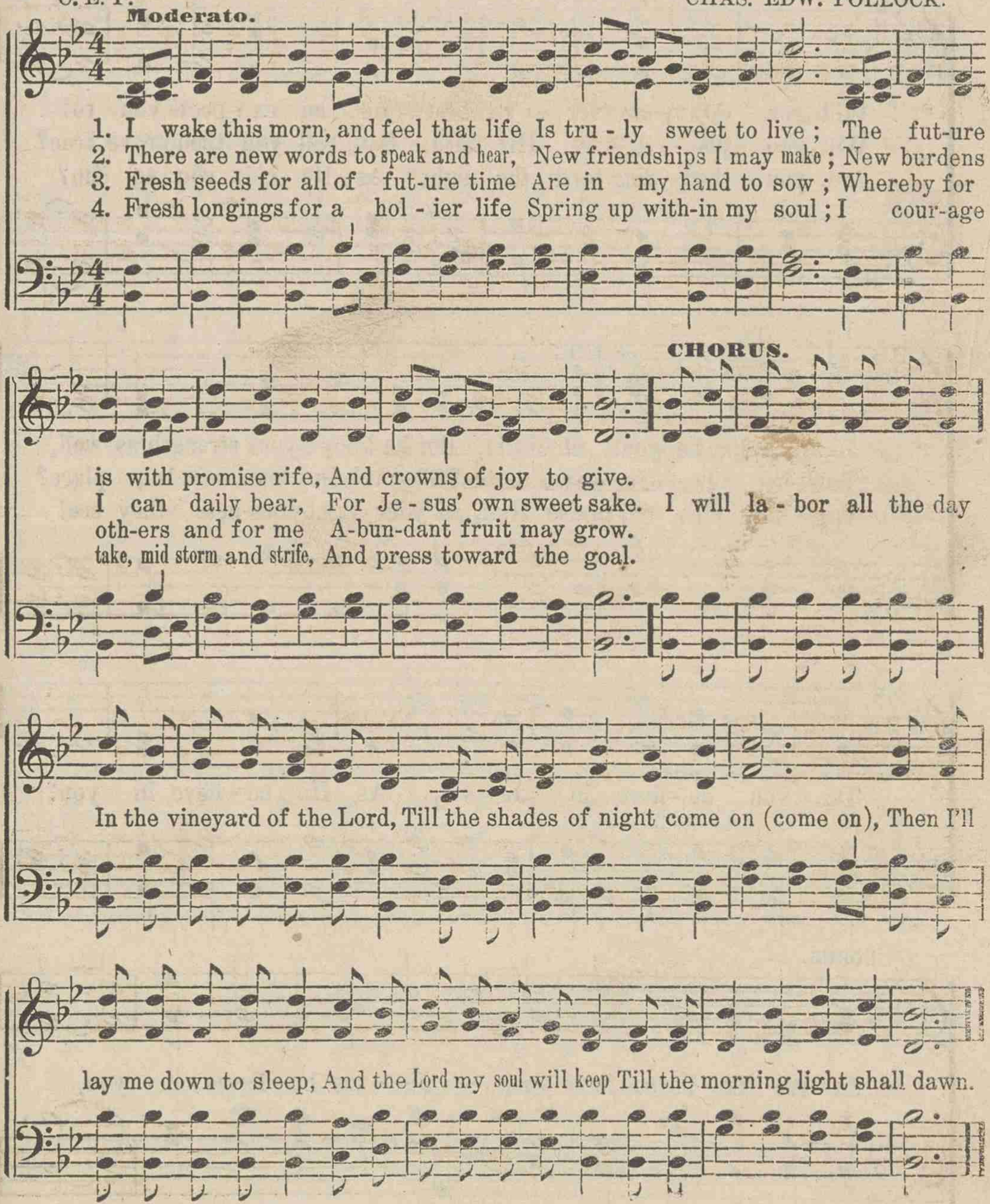
In the Palace of the King.



No. 133. Morning Song.

"My voice shalt thou hear in the morning."—Ps. 5: 3.

C. E. P. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



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No. 134. Jesus Believes in You.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.
WORDS AND MUSIC. USED BY PER.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Je - sus be-lieves in you, Do you be - lieve in Him?
2. Je - sus be-lieves in you, Do you be - lieve in Him?
3. Je - sus be-lieves in you, Do you be - lieve in Him?

Will you do your ver - y best As he ex - pects you to?
Will you jus - ti - fy His faith, Say, will you then prove true?
Are you shed - ding forth the light As He bids you to do?

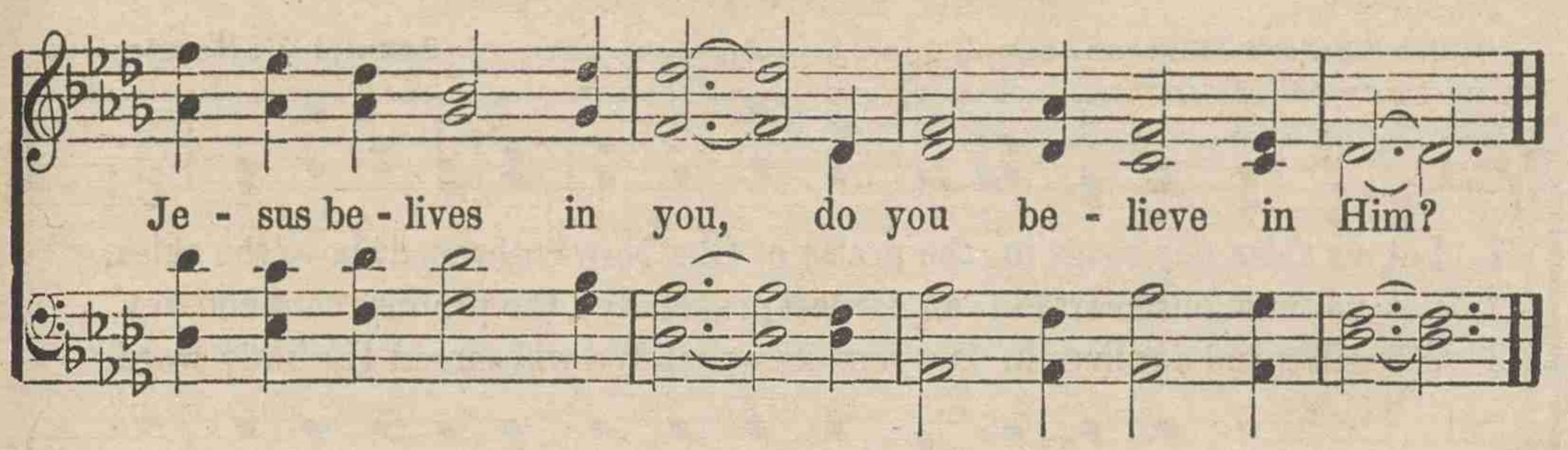
Je - sus knows your ef - forts, But he knows your strength as well,
Trust-ing in His wis - dom, Will you help where there's a place?
Win - ning men to praise Him, As your right-eous-ness they see!

Do you be - lieve in Je - sus, As He be - lieve in you?

CHORUS.

Je - sus be - lieves in you, Je - sus be - lieves in you,

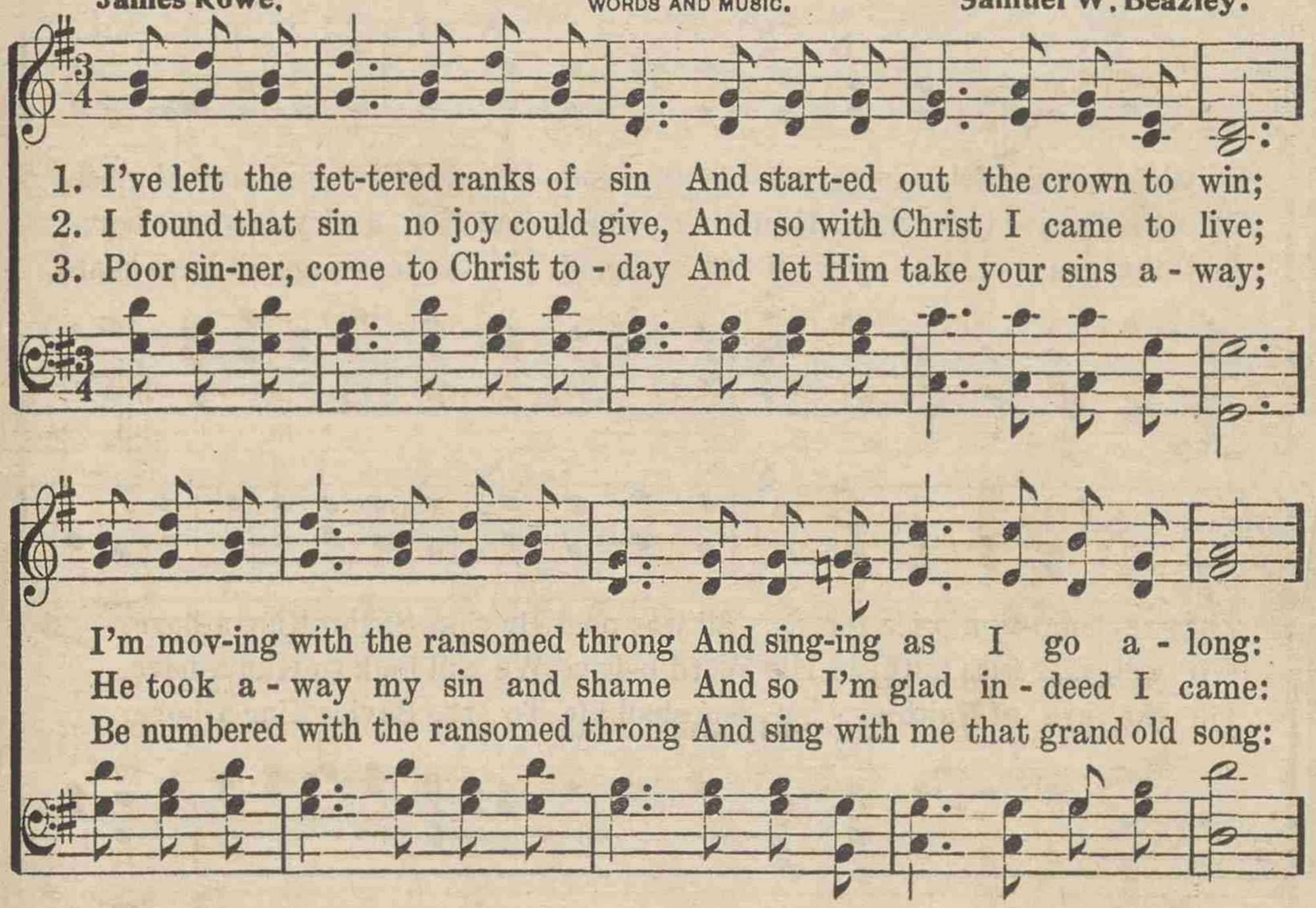
Jesus Believes in You.



No. 135. I've Joined the Christian Throng.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY S. W. BEAZLEY, USED BY PER.

James Rowe. WORDS AND MUSIC. Samuel W. Beazley.



No, 136. The Story of Redeeming Love.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Let us raise our songs in the praise of One Now enthroned above the skies,
2. Let us bow our hearts in an earnest prayer, And the promise thus con-vey,
3. We will spend our lives in His serv-ice sweet, We will spread His ho-ly word,

By whose pow'r divine, mighty deeds were done When He dwelt in mortal guise;
That we'll strive to work for Him ev-'ry-where, And His ev-'ry law o - bey,
And the gos - pel sto - ry we'll oft re-peat, Till the mes-sage all have heard,
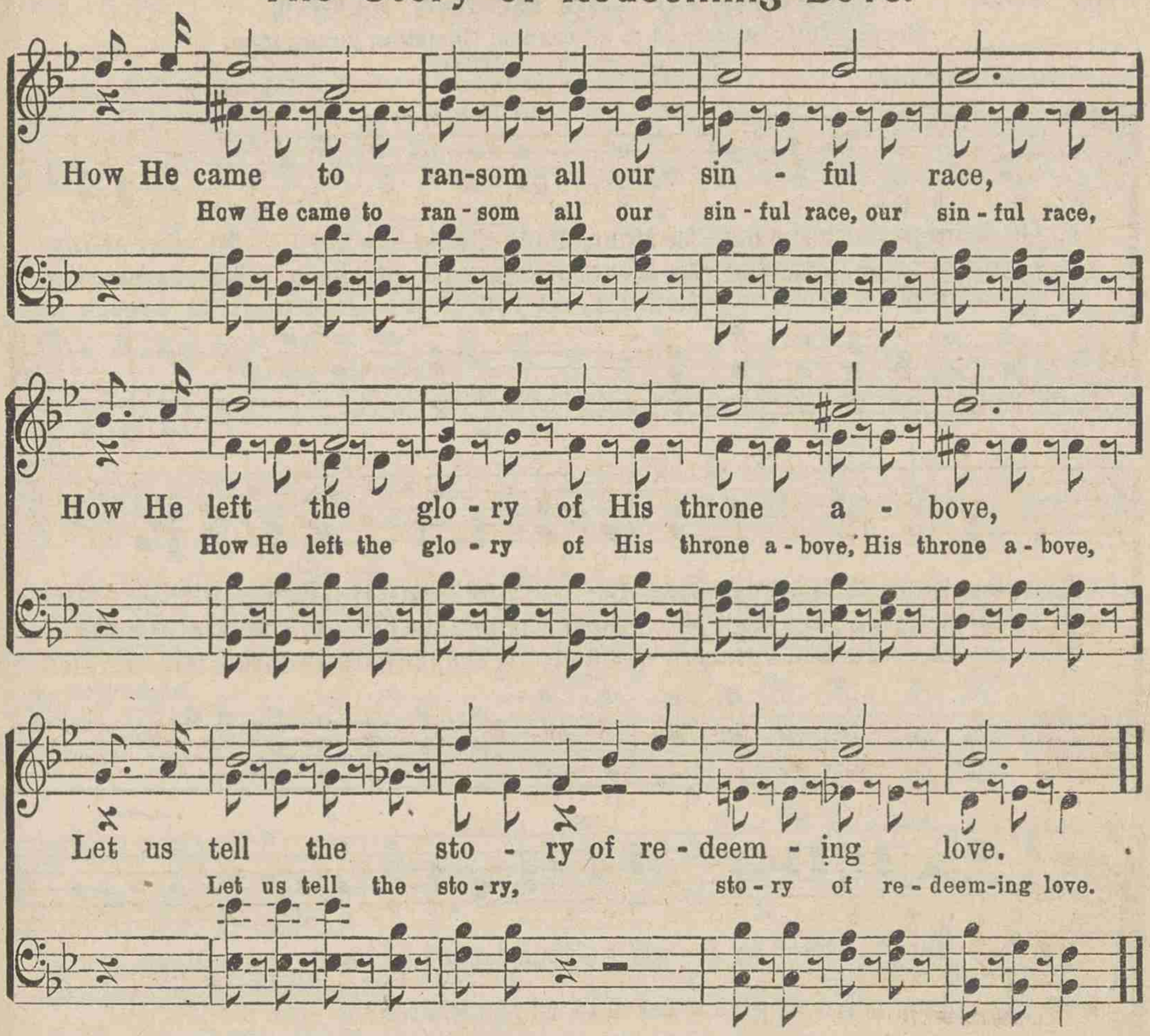
The re-demp-tion price for us all was paid By that Savior King a-bove,
We will walk with faith, in His Word believe, We will look to Him a-bove,
Till the eye of faith ev - 'ry one shall lift To the Savior King a-bove,

And the sac - ri - fice for the world was made By our Lord's redeeming love.
We will trust His will, and with joy re - ceive His di - vine, redeeming love.
And with con-trite heart shall ac-cept the gift Of our Lord's redeeming love.

CHORUS.

Let us teli the sto - ry of His match - less grace,
Let us tell the sto - ry of His match-less grace, His match-less grace,

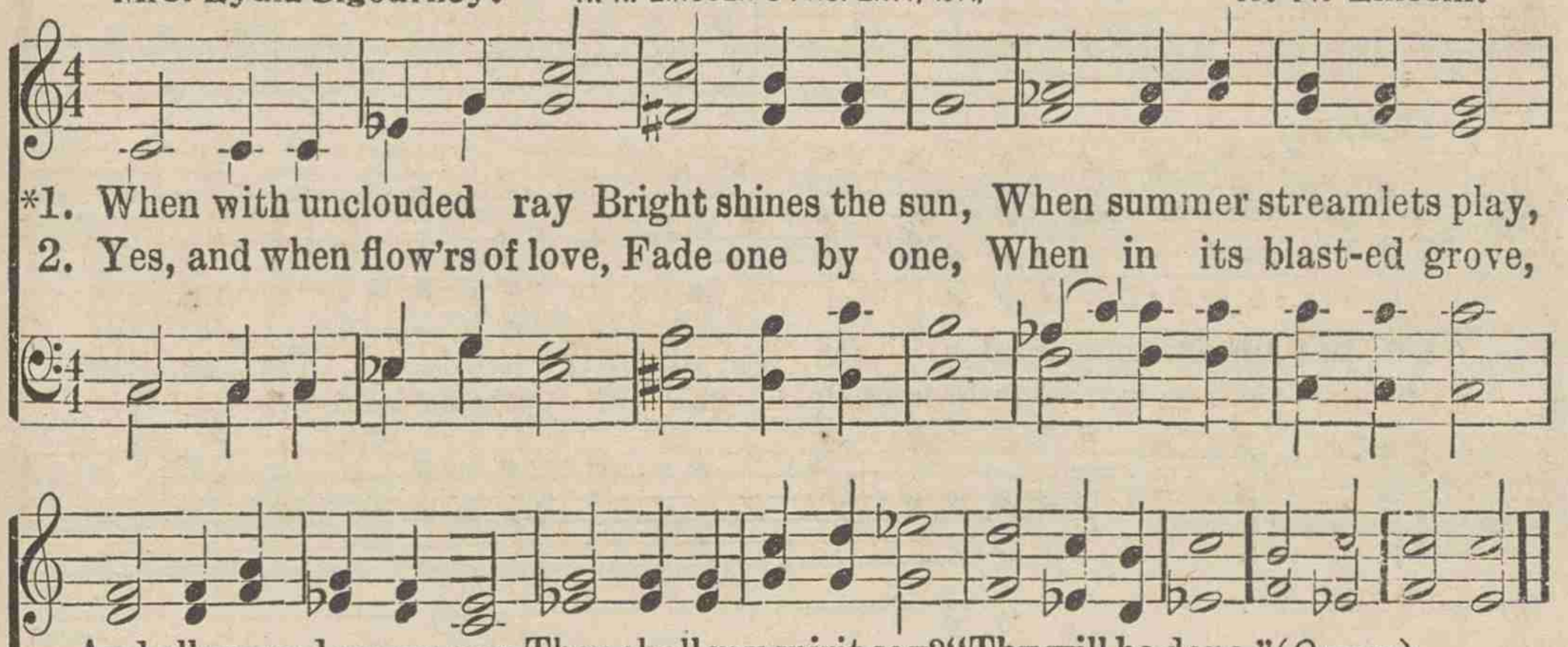
The Story of Redeeming Love.



No. 137. Thy Will Be Done.

"Thy will be done."—Matt. 6: 10.

Mrs. Lydia Sigourney. H. N. LINCOLN'S PROPERTY, 1914. H. N. Lincoln.



*Render the first stanza bright and clear, not using the E flat and A flat throughout. After first stanza and hearing the chords indicated by small notes then render the second stanza deep and somber and slow, using E flat and A flat, key of C Minor, singing the "Amen" Coda, closing on the C major chord, (Tierce Di Picardie.)

No. 138. Onward to the Battle Front.

Respectfully dedicated to all earnest Christian young men.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY S. J. SPENCER.
CONTROLLED BY THE AUTHOR.

G. L. Lindsay. **Samuel J. Spencer.**

1. On-ward press to the bat - tle front, Face the en - e - my; In the ar-my
2. On-ward press to the bat - tle front, Al-ways be in line; Ev - er trust-ing
3. On-ward press to the bat - tle front, At your post be found, Always ready for

Christ our King, Val-iant sol-diers be; Always stand for the Cause of "Right!" All the
God for help, Glo - ry shall be thine, Face the bat-tle, be brave and strong, Nor from
serv - ice be In God's grace a - bound; When the battle and strife shall end, Victor

war-fare thro' Ev-er on Je - sus a - lone depend, be brave and true.....
be loy-al soldiers brave and true.

du - ty flee, Never give o-ver un - til you win the vic - to - ry.....
yes, win the glorious vic-to - ry.

you shall be, Singing and praising His name thro' all e-ter - ni - ty.....
e - ter - ni-ty, e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

On, yes, on to the front,.. On, yes, on to the front,.. On to the
On, on, on to the front, On, on, on to the front,

front till the glorious heavenly morn shall dawn;
front, let your watchward be, yes, (*Omit.*) On, on, on.....
glorious heav'nly morn shall dawn; Onward to the front press on.

No. 139. I Will Thank Him Every Day.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. OWNED BY J. G. HENDERSON. J. G. Henderson.

1. Glad-ly will I of-fer prais-es To my ris-en Lord and King; He it
2. Ev-'ry lit-tle way-side flow-er Is an ob-ject of His care, And the
3. Far and wide, O send the sto-ry Of sal-va-tion full and sweet, Ev-'ry

is who gives me shelter, 'Neath the shad-ow of His wing; He it is who
gen-tle breez-es whis-per, "God is pres-ent ev-'ry-where;" O 'tis joy to
tribe and ev-'ry na-tion Yet shall wor-ship at His feet; O I want to

D. S.—*Glo-ry, blessing,*

guides and cheers me All a-long life's rugged way; For His good-ness and His
serve and trust Him, Let me nev-er turn a-stray; For His good-ness and His
work for Je-sus, While on earth He lets me stay; For His good-ness and His

might and hon-or Be un-to our gracious Lord; Un-to Him let all His

FINE. REFRAIN.

mer-cy, I will thank Him ev-'ry day. I will thank..... Him o'er and
I will thank Him o'er and o'er, I will

creatures Joy-ful-ly His praise ac-cord.

D. S.

o'er, I will praise..... Him more and more;
thank Him o'er and o'er, I will praise Him more and more, I will praise Him more and more;

No. 140. The Song of Wonderful Love.

Eben E. Rexford. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HILDEBRAND-BURNETT CO. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Won-der - ful, wonder- ful, Je - sus bore Calv'ry's cross for me! Said to the
2. Won-der - ful, wonder- ful, Why should He, God's belov- ed Son, Care for a
3. Won-der - ful, wonder- ful, Sing with me, Je-sus died for all! He from the

sin- ner, go sin no more, From your sins set free! O - ver and o - ver the
sin- ner, like you and me, He the sin- less one? O - ver and o - ver one
shackles of sins set free, Those who heed His call. O - ver and o - ver the

song I sing Of re-deem-ing love, Love of the Sav-iour who rules as King,
song I sing As thro' life I go, Ev- er the tho't thro' my soul will ring,
song I'll sing Till I see His face, Then how the an-them of joy will ring,

CHORUS.

In the realms a - bove. Won - - der-ful, won - - der- ful, is the
Je - sus loved me so.
Saved, O saved by grace. Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, is

Sav-iour's love, Won - - der-ful, won - - der- ful, sent from
the Saviour's love, Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, sent

Copyright, 1913, by Hildebrand-Burnett Co.

The Song of Wonderful Love.

heav'n a - bove, Plead - ing love, par - d'ning love, that with time be-
from heav'n a-bove. Pleading love, pard'ning love, that with
gan; Seek - ing love, sav - ing love, God's best gift to man.
time be-gan, Seeking love, sav-ing love,

No. 141. Praise the Lord.

J. Kempthorne. Lowell Mason.

1. Praise the Lord; ye heav'ns a- dore Him; Praise Him, an- gels in the height,
2. Praise the Lord, for He hath spok-en; Worlds His might-y voice o - beyed;
3. Praise the Lord, for He is glo-rious; Nev - er shall His prom - ise fail;
4. Praise the God of our sal - va - tion: Hosts on high, His pow'r pro-claim;

Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Laws which never shall be broken,
God hath made His saints victorious;
Heav'n and earth, and all creation,

Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
For their guidance He hath made.
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Land and magnify His name.

REFRAIN.

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

No. 142. Christ Alone.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. COPYRIGHT, 1914. BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Christ a - lone redemption's price has paid, On-ly He the blood-bo't purchase made,
2. Christ a - lone can save, when sins en-tice, He has made the needed sac-ri-fice,
3. Christ a - lone can sat - is - fy the heart, On-ly He true blessing can im-part,

On - ly He can win for us the prize, O-pen wide the mansions in the skies.
At His word temp - ta-tion's pow'r is vain, His dear hand all e - vil can re - strain.
Other names may charm us for a day, Christ alone can hold e - ter-nal sway.

CHORUS.

Christ a - lone can free our hearts from sin, And

Christ, yes, Christ a - lone can free our hearts from sin, our hearts from sin, And
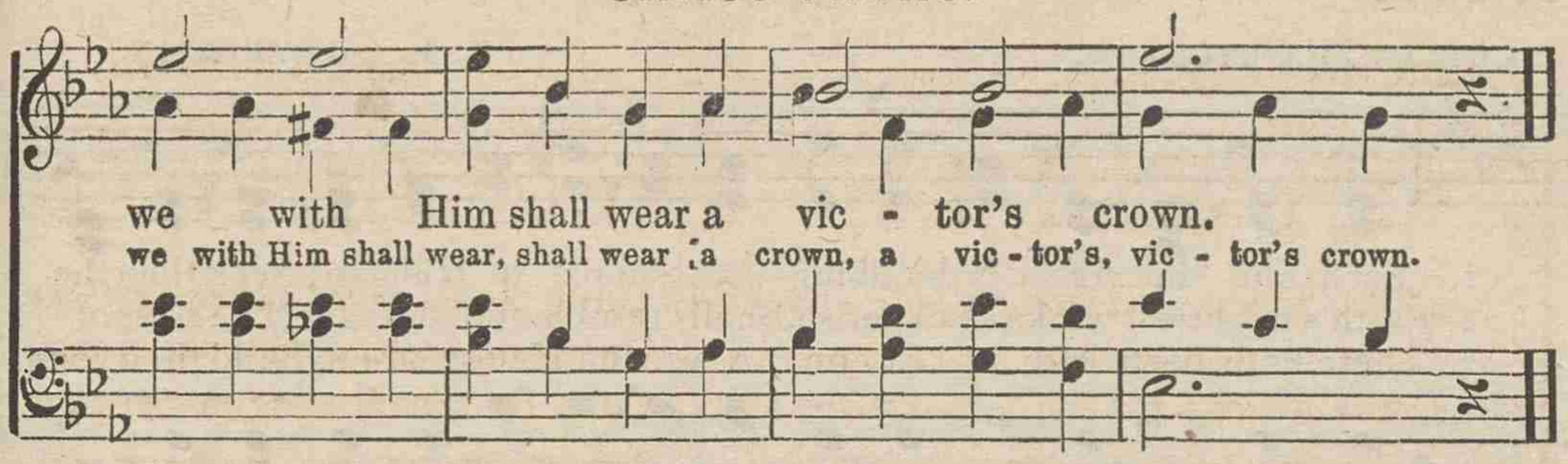
let the glo - ry of His love shine in, As

let the glo - ry, glo - ry of His love, His ten - der love shine in, As

Christ up - on the cross His life laid down, So

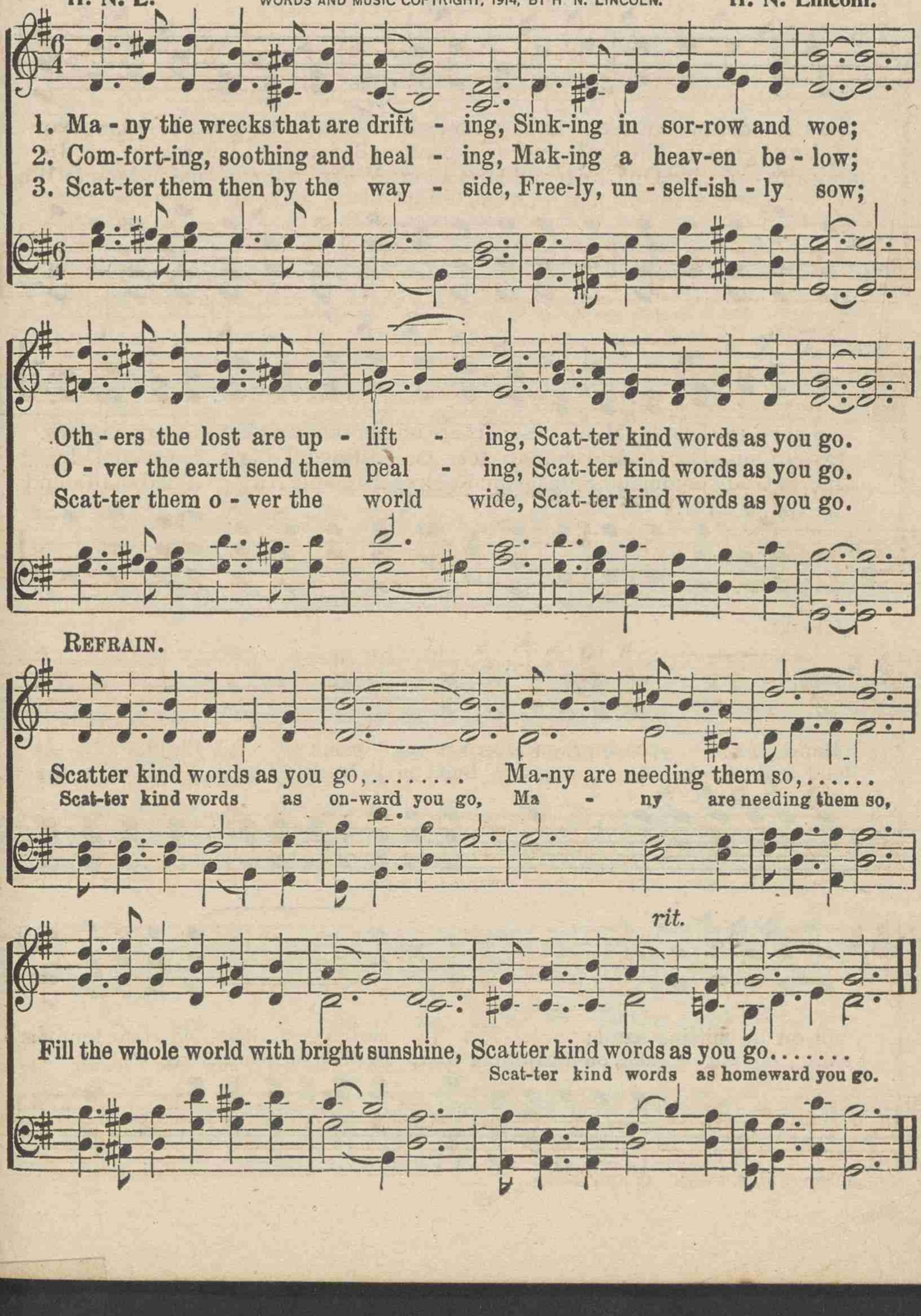
Christ up - on the cross His life laid down, His life laid down, laid down, So

Christ Alone.



No. 143. Scatter Kind Words As You Go.

H. N. L. WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY H. N. LINCOLN. H. N. Lincoln.



No. 144. The Sure Foundation.

LUELLA MCCUTCHEON. C. L. CHAMBERLIN.

1. Each one in life is build-ing A tem-ple of His own; Seek then the sure foundation, Choose well the corner stone. Trust not in fame or riches, Nor
2. Earth's mightiest works shall perish, Shall crumble and de-cay; The piles of brick and gran-ite The years shall sweep away; But souls live on for-ev-er In
3. There hath been laid in Zi-on A sure foundation stone; Build then your hopes up-on it, On Christ and Him a-lone. When to the fi-nal judgment We

on good works rely; Men's best acts are im-per-fect In God's un-err-ing eye.
joy or mis-er-y, And char-ac-ter is destined To last e-ter-nal-ly.
come at God's command, Safe on the Rock each temple All glo-ri-fied shall stand.

CHORUS.

Build . . . . . on the Rock of A - ges, Build
Build on the Rock of A - - ges, Build on the Rock of A-ges, Build not on the
not on the shifting sand; . . . . . So . . . . . when the tempest
shift - ing sand, on the shifting sand; So when the tempest rag - es,

Copyright, 1900, by H. N. Lincoln. All rights reserved.

The Sure Foundation.

ra - ges, Safe - ly Thy work shall stand.
So when the temp-est ra-ges shall sure-ly stand.

No. 145. No One But Jesus.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Who can cleanse my heart from all its stain? Who can give me peace that
2. Who can lead me on the King's highway? Who can help me do the
3. Who will fill my life with heaven's pow'r? Who will give me light when

ev - er will re - main? Fill me with sal - va - tion's glad re-frain?
will of God each day? Who will an - swer when I hum - bly pray?
dark the storm-clouds low'r? Who will bright - en up the dark-est hour?

CHORUS.

No one but Je - sus. Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, On - ly Je - sus now I sing;
No one but Je - sus. Je-sus, on - ly

Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, He's my Saviour, Lord and King.
Je - sus, on - ly

Words and music copyrighted, 1912, by H. N. Lincoln.

No. 146 Somebody Loves You: 'Tis Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY S. W. BEAZLEY. USED BY PER.

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

1. Though you are help - less and lone - ly and poor, Some - bod - y
2. Though you are wea - ry and tri - als come fast, Some - bod - y
3. Though you have grieved him and sad - dened his heart, Some - bod - y
4. Though you are friend - less and dark seems the way, Some - bod - y

loves you: 'tis Je - sus; Tho' bit - ter sor - rows you have to en - dure,
loves you: 'tis Je - sus; His strength will com-fort you un - to the last,
loves you: 'tis Je - sus; You in his ten - der - ness still have a part,
loves you: 'tis Je - sus; There is one friend who for - ev - er will stay,

CHORUS.

Some - bod - y loves you: 'tis Je - sus. Some - bod - y loves you where-

ev - er you are, Though from life's battles you've many a scar, Though in strange

by - ways you've wandered a - far, Some - bod - y loves you: 'tis Je - sus.

No. 147. His Way With Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J.
USED BY PER.

C. S. N. Rev. Cyrus S. Nusbaum.

1. Would you live for Je - sus and be always pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have Him make you free, and fol - low at His call? Would you know the
3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove Him

Him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your bur - den,
peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that
true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor

CHORUS.

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

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

rit.

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

No. 148. Rally in His Service.

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

1. Ral - ly comrades, ral - ly in a joyful band, Come, ye workers true;
2. Ral - ly for His serv - ice joy - ful vol-un-teers, In this glorious day,
3. Ral - ly comrades, ral - ly, gather round your King, Heed His wise command,

Hark! a cry is ring-ing thro' the whole wide land, God is calling you;
Press-ing on triumphant spite of doubts and fears, Singing all the way;
Heart and soul for - ev - er to His serv-ice bring, Lend a helping hand;

Fol-low where He leads you, in His keeping sure, He will hold you fast,
"On-ward" be our mot-to, well His pow'r we know, Shout with one accord,
Wait-ing not for oth - ers, glad - ly fall in line, Hear the trumpet sound,

Trust-ing in His goodness, to the end en-dure, Vict'ry comes at last.
Clad in heav'n-ly ar-mor brave-ly face the foe, Bat-tle for the Lord.
Do your best to hon - or Him, the Christ divine, On His side be found.

CHORUS.

Ral - ly, ral - ly, ral - ly, ... Fol-low on, the Mas-ter's hand is
ral - ly, ral - ly.

Rally in His Service.

guid - ing, Ral - ly, ral - ly, ral - ly, ... In His serv - ice

guid-ing, ral - ly, ral-ly,

loy - al - ly a - bid - ing; Ral - ly, ral - ly, ral - ly, ...

a - bid-ing; ral - ly, ral-ly,

Go wher-ev - er His command may lead you, Nev - er back-ward

lead you,

turn - ing, Ev - er e - vil spurn - ing, Fol - low Him.

Fol-low, fol - low, fol - low Him.

Him.

No. 149. Little Tots' Song.

H. N. L. BY PER. H. N. Lincoln.

1. Hear our little sunbeam band, Singing for Jesus, Heart to heart and hand in hand, Working for Jesus.
2. Artful little hands have we, While Jesus leads them, Willing little feet you see, While Jesus speeds them.
3. Simple little words we say, His name confessing, But the little pray'rs we pray, bring down the blessing.
4. So we move with joy along, Looking to Jesus, By His grace we shall be strong, Growing for Jesus.

No. 150 WE'LL BE THERE.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. When the Lord in glo - ry com-eth with his hosts in bright ar - ray,
2. We shall see our bless-ed Sav-iour and shall know him in the skies
3. We shall see the countless righteous gath'ring for their great reward,

And we wak - en at his summons in that new and gladsome light,
As he comes to take his children thro' the gates of shin-ing gold,
We shall see the palms of vic - t'ry that the saints in gladness bring,

O, the won-der, O, the rap-ture as we greet the heav'nly day,
We shall hear the shouts of joy that from unnumbered thousands rise,
We shall hear the might-y cho- rus to the Ho - ly One Adored,

CHORUS.

When the dawn e - ter- nal breaks upon our sight. We'll be there,
As his beau- ty and his glo - ry they be- hold.
As in robes of white they stand before their King. We'll be there,

we'll be there, On the res - ur - rec-tion morning we'll be
we'll be there,

Copyright, 1900, by Fillmore Bros.

We'll Be There.

there, We'll be there, we'll be there,

We'll be there, we'll be there, we'll be there,

On the res - ur - rec - tion morn-ing, we'll be there.

we'll be there.

No. 151. Wonderful Words of Life.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY JOHN CHURCH & CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

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

1. { Sing them ev - er a - gain to me, Won-der - ful words of Life;
   { Let me more of their beau-ty see, Won-der - ful words of (*Omit*)
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 (*Omit*)
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 (*Omit*)

Life; Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty.
Life; All so free-ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav-en.
Life; Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.

Beau-ti-ful words, won-der-ful words, Won-der-ful words of Life; Life.

No. 152. My Soul is Anchored.

COPYRIGHT, 1914. BY H. N. LINCOLN.

James Rowe. WORDS AND MUSIC. H. N. Lincoln.

1. The storm may rage,..... the waves may swell,..... My soul is
2. I ride the waves,..... se-cure from harm..... My soul is
3. Tho' dark the night,..... I've naught to fear,..... My soul is

anchored in Je - sus; He is my hope..... and all is well,.....
anchored in Je - sus; I shall not drift,..... tho' long the storm,.....
anchored in Je - sus; The calm, sweet morn will soon ap - pear,.....

REFRAIN.

My soul is an-chored in Je - sus. My soul is an-chored, My soul is

an - chored
frm - ly an-chored My soul is an-chored in Je - sus, My soul is

an - chored
an-chored, My soul is safe - ly anchored, My soul is anchored in Je - sus.

No. 153. Homeland of Love.

L. E. E. L. E. EDMONDS, OWNER, 1914. L. E. Edmonds.

1. There's a Home beyond the skies, Beau-ti-ful land of par - a-dise, Beau ti-ful
2. There with Je - sus as our King, We shall His prais-es ev - er sing, Beau-ti-ful
3. Sin-ners choose the narrow way, Je - sus will help you ev-'ry day, Beau-ti-ful

Home Homeland of love; There we'll dwell forevermore, O-ver on
And with loved ones dwell for aye In that bright
Heav-en-ly home, Homeland of joy and love; Thro' the darkness of the night He will your

that Ce-les-tial shore, Beau-ti-ful Home, ... Home-land of love.
land of bliss-ful day,
path make clear and bright, Heav-en - ly home,

REFRAIN.

Homeland of love, Heav-en a - bove,
Home-land of joy and rapt-ur - ous love, bright Heav-en a - bove,

There we shall meet, our Savior to greet, Homeland of love; Homeland of love.
of love; of love.

No. 154. Keep Your Place.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

Not too fast.

1. Don't let the tempter de-feat you, Don't let him fill you with fear; Lean on the
2. Spread the glad message a-round you, Com-fort the lone and the sad; Love them a-
3. Christ is a won-der-ful Sav - ior, Fighting your battles with you, Stand like a

Lord, trust-ing His word, You have a Help - er near; Wave the old standard of
long, give them a song, Sing till their souls are glad; Foes all the while will op-
wall, faith-ful thro' all, Glo-ry will crown the true; Nothing can harm you, O

glo - ry, Ev - er be strong for the right; Stand in your place, stand in your
pose you, But all their ef-forts will fail; Stand in your place, stand in your
sol - dier, If you are firm in His love; Stand in your place, stand in your

CHORUS.

place, Fighting with all your might.
place, You shall at length pre - vail. Keep your place, oh, keep your place, For
place, Till you are crowned a - bove.

strength on the Lord re - ly; Keep your place, Oh, keep your place, The victory

re-ly;

Keep Your Place.

day is nigh; Fight and fight with all your might, The Lord will uphold by
draw-ing nigh; you

grace; Nev-er give in to doubt or sin, Fear-less - ly keep your place.
by His grace;

No. 155. Just For To-day.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY.
USED BY PER. OF DR. H. R. PALMER, OWNER.

E. R. Wilberforce. H. R. Palmer.

1. Lord, for to-mor-row and its needs I do not pray; Keep me, my God, from
2. Let me no wrong or i - dle word Unthinking say: Set Thou a seal up-
3. And if to-day, this life of mine Should ebb a-way, Give me Thy Sac-ra-

cres.

stain of sin, Just for to-day. Help me to la-bor ear-nest-ly, And du-ly
on my lips, Thro' all to-day. Let me in season, Lord, be grave, In sea-son
ment Divine, Fa - ther, to-day. So for to-mor-row and its needs I do not

ff *rit.*

pray; Let me be kind in word and deed, Fa-ther, to-day.
gay; Let me be faith-ful to Thy grace, Dear Lord, to-day.
pray; Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, Thro' each to-day. A-men.

No. 156. Jesus the King is Enough for Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY H. N. LINCOLN.

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

1. Life is mine when Je - sus is my Sav-iour, Life be-yond the tomb,
2. Light is mine when Je - sus is my Sav-iour, Light to guide me on,
3. Strength is mine when Je - sus is my Sav-iour, Strength for ev-'ry day,

free from blight and gloom; And life like Je - sus, pure and free from ev - 'ry
till the crown is won; And light to show me God's sweet will each pass-ing
and for all the way, And I all things can do thro' Christ, my great Re-

rit.

e - vil, Life that with the heav'n - ly grac - es e'er shall bloom.
mo - ment, Light far clear - er than the light of yon - der sun.
deem - er, God will give me help when in His name I pray.

CHORUS.

O, it is glo-ry with Je - sus, glo - ry, ev-'ry day; And 'twill be glo-ry e-

ter - nal when His face I see; He is the Blesser and blessing, All things have

Jesus the King is Enough for Me.

I, Christ pos-sess-ing, Glo-ry I sing, for Je-sus my King is enough for me;

"In Christ," my glori-ous standing, ev - er more shall be, "As He is," vic-tor for-

ev - er, "so on earth are we." He took my place, sweet old story, I have His

rit.

place in the glo-ry, Glo-ry I sing, for Je-sus my King is enough for me.

No. 157. Art Thou Longing?

Mrs. S. C. Morgan. BY PER. **H. N. Lincoln.**

1. Art thou longing? Jesus calls thee To His wounded side; "Come to Me," saith He, "and ever Safe a-bide.
2. If thou let Him He will save thee, Make thee all His own; Guide thee, keep thee, take thee. dying, To His home.
3. Wilt thou still refuse His offer? Wilt thou say Him nay? Wilt thou let Him, grieved, ejected, Go a-way?

No. 158. Sunlight in My Soul.

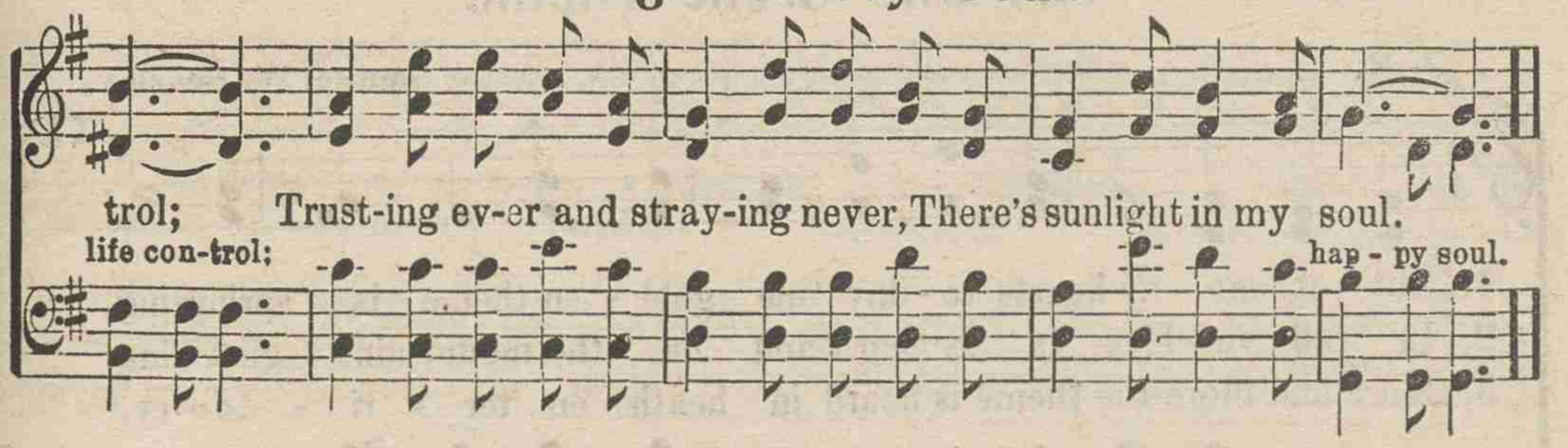
James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Fol-low-ing Je-sus to Glo - ry, Sing - ing all the way, Singing the wonderful sto-ry To the souls a - stray; Sing-ing of love ev-er-last - ing, Grace that makes a - ny one whole, Keep-ing all the while His sun-light in my soul.
2. Close to the King of the a - ges, In His ho - ly light, Keeping my soul's record pa-ges Always fair and bright; Blessing the hand that is guid-ing, Fac - ing the glo - ri-ous goal, Keep-ing all the while His sun-light in my soul.
3. Go-ing re-joic-ing to heav-en, There His will to do; Him all my heart having giv-en He will keep me true; Soon I shall rest in His presence, And with the an-gels ex - tol, Keep-ing all the while His sun-light in my soul.

CHORUS.

Sun - light in my soul, Sunlight each hour of the day; Light of love e - ter - nal
Sunlight, sunlight, in my soul, my earth-ly day;
Brightens all my way; Hap - py all the while, Let-ting the Sav - ior con-
homeward way; Happy, happy, my

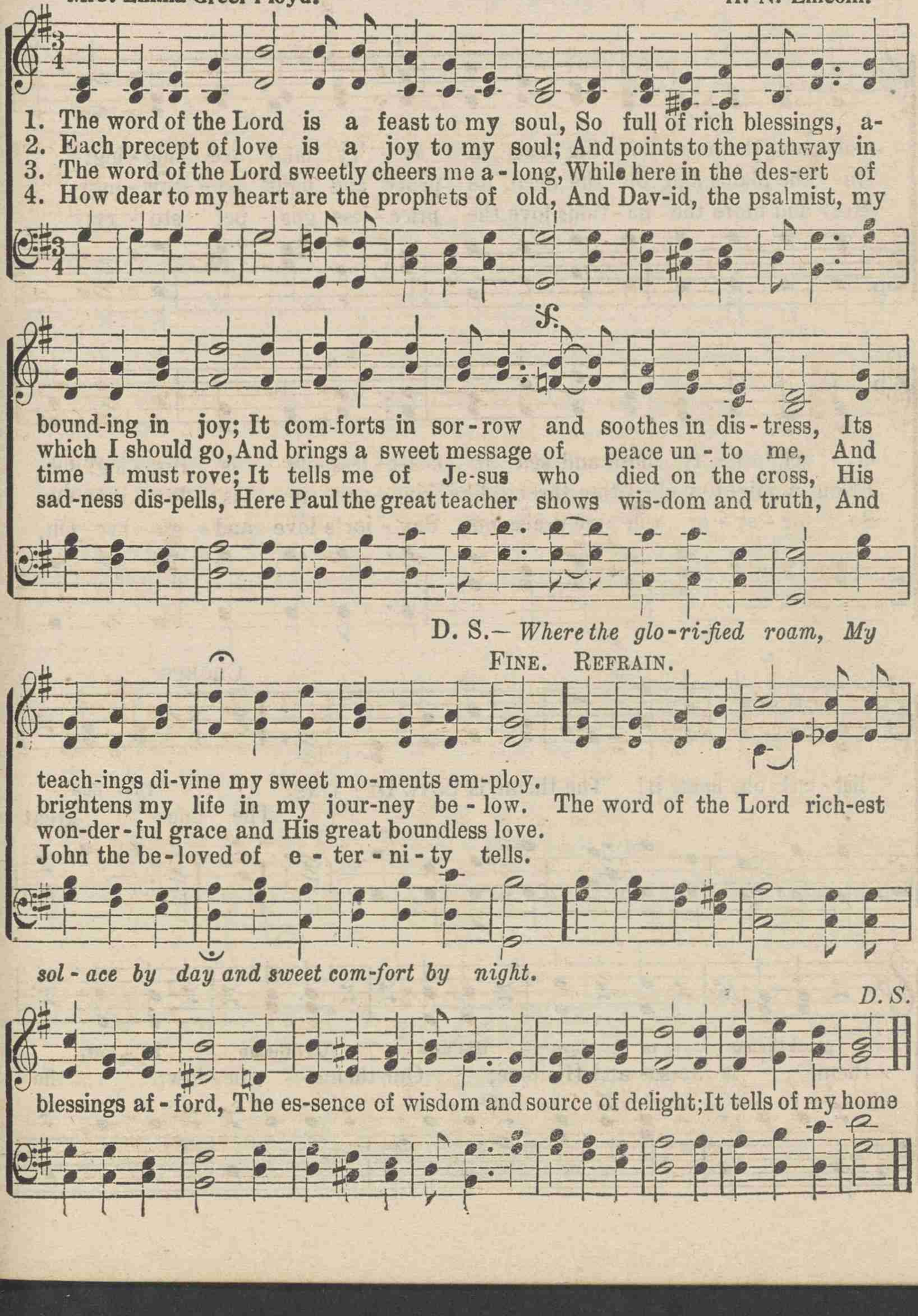
Sunlight in My Soul.



No. 159. The Word of the Lord.

WORDS AND MUSIC H. N LINCOLN PROPERTY, 1914.

Mrs. Emma Greer Floyd. **H. N. Lincoln.**



No. 160. The One Great Theme.

J. R.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY H. N. LINCOLN. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Out of ma - ny hearts to - day one gold - en theme is spring-ing,
2. In all val - leys it is heard and on the mount-ains glow - ing,
3. More and more the theme is heard in heath - en ter - ri - to - ry,

One great theme re-joic - ing souls in ev - 'ry land are sing - ing;
On the plains and on the deep, its peace and light be - stow - ing;
More and more the na - tions love the price - less gos - pel sto - ry;

O - ver ev - 'ry shore and sea it cease - less - ly is ring - ing; Oh,
From a might - y chris-tian throng, like riv - ers, it is flow - ing; Oh,
So for - ev - er will we praise our Sav - ior's love and glo - ry; Oh,
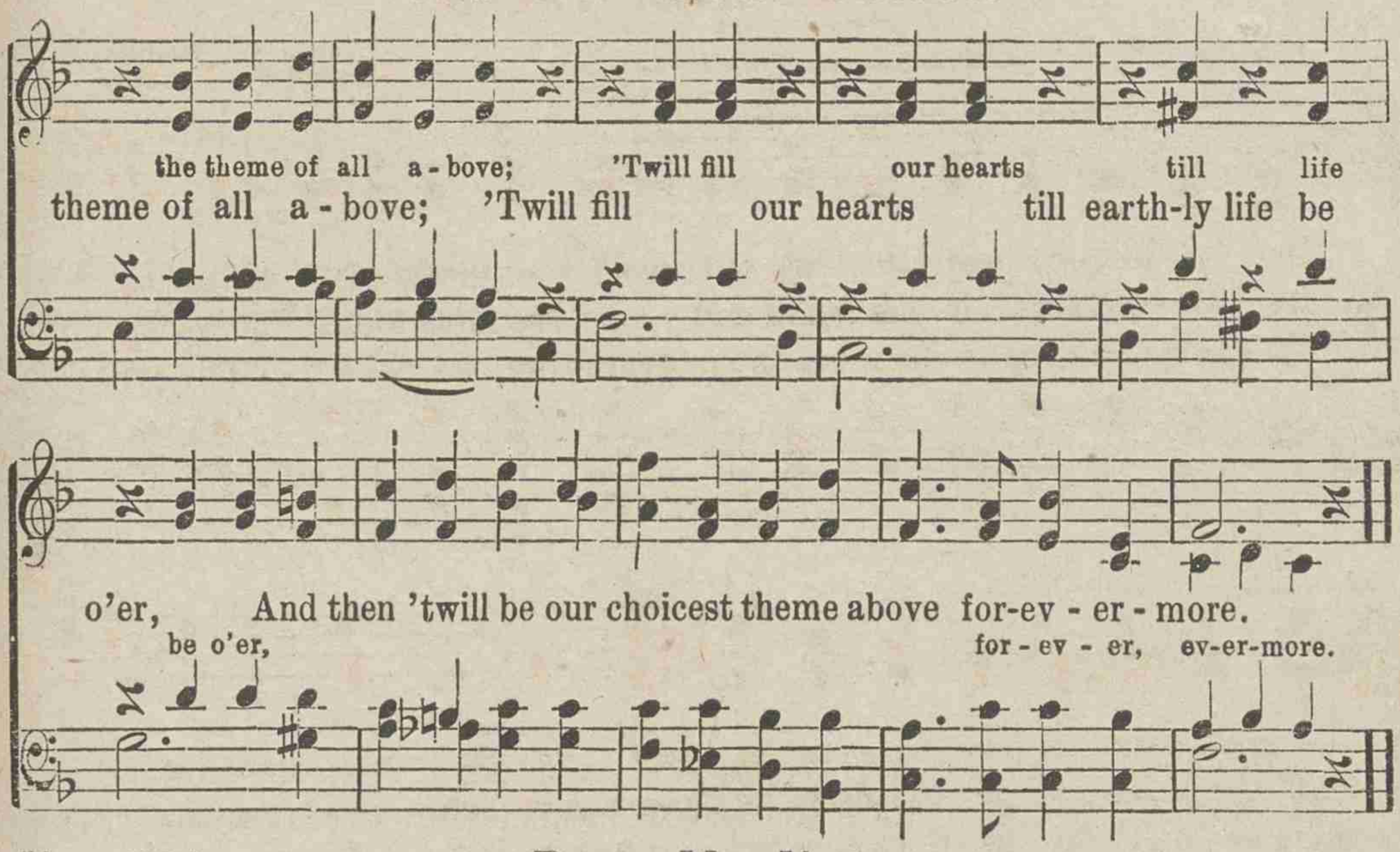
CHORUS.

list - en! oh, hear it! The theme is LOVE DI - VINE. The one great theme is love— His love

The one great theme is Je-sus and His love; Our theme be - low,

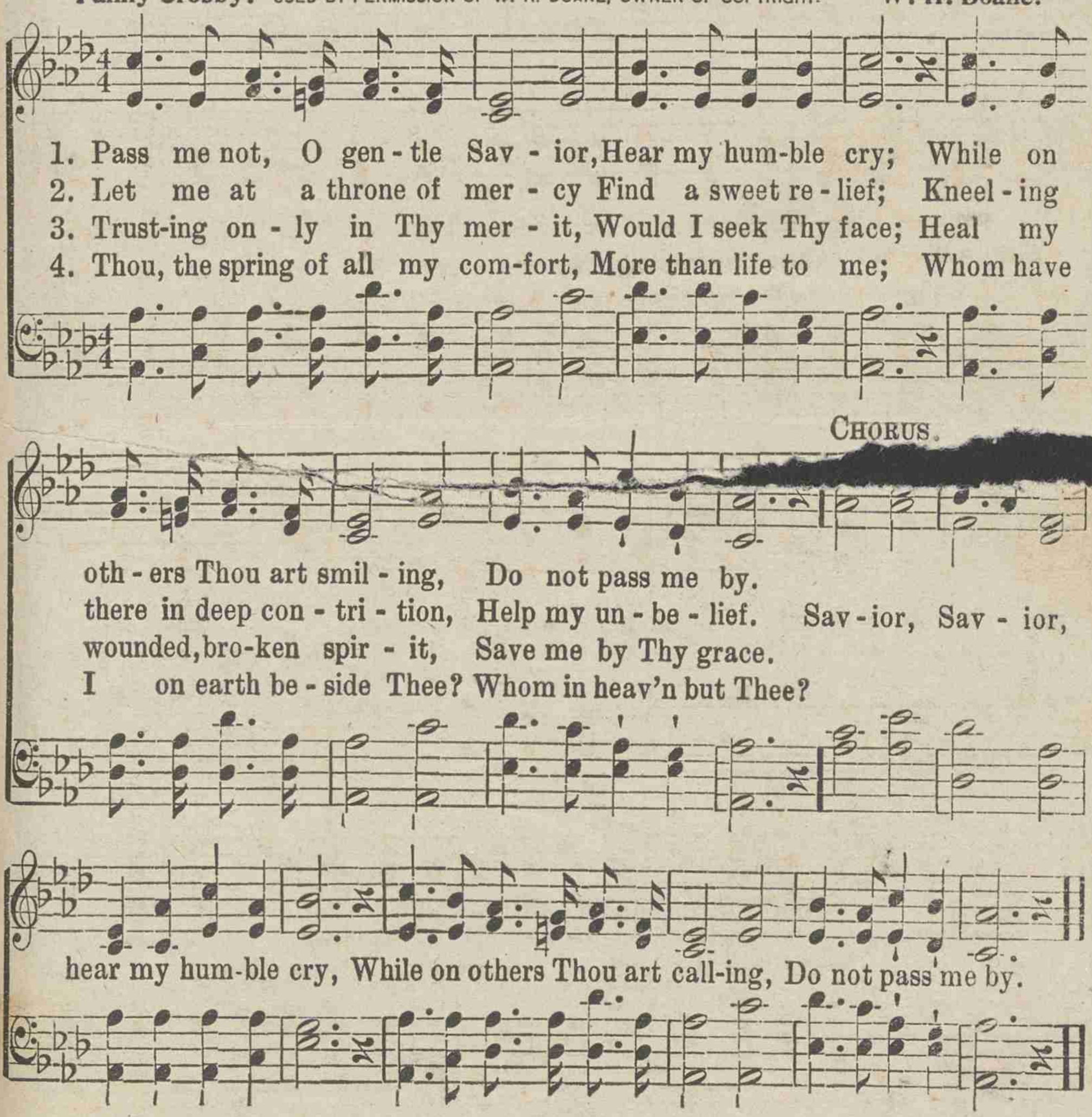
Our theme be - low, the

The One Great Theme.



No. 161. Pass Me Not.

Fanny Crosby. USED BY PERMISSION OF W. H. DOANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. **W. H. Doane.**



No. 162. In His Armor.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY H. N. LINCOLN.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. WORDS AND MUSIC. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. In the ar-mor of the Lord of Hosts, We are gird-ed now against the foe,
2. By the pow'r of Him whose word is law, By the grace of Him whose law is love,
3. Thus e-quipped for ev-'ry foe we meet, And pro-tect-ed from the world's dark strife,

poco rit.

And our roy-al ban-ner proudly flies, As it leads wher-ev-er we may go;
We will raise the ban-ner of the Cross, We will turn all hearts to Him a-bove;
We will fol-low where our Captain leads, We will proud-ly serve Him all thro' life,

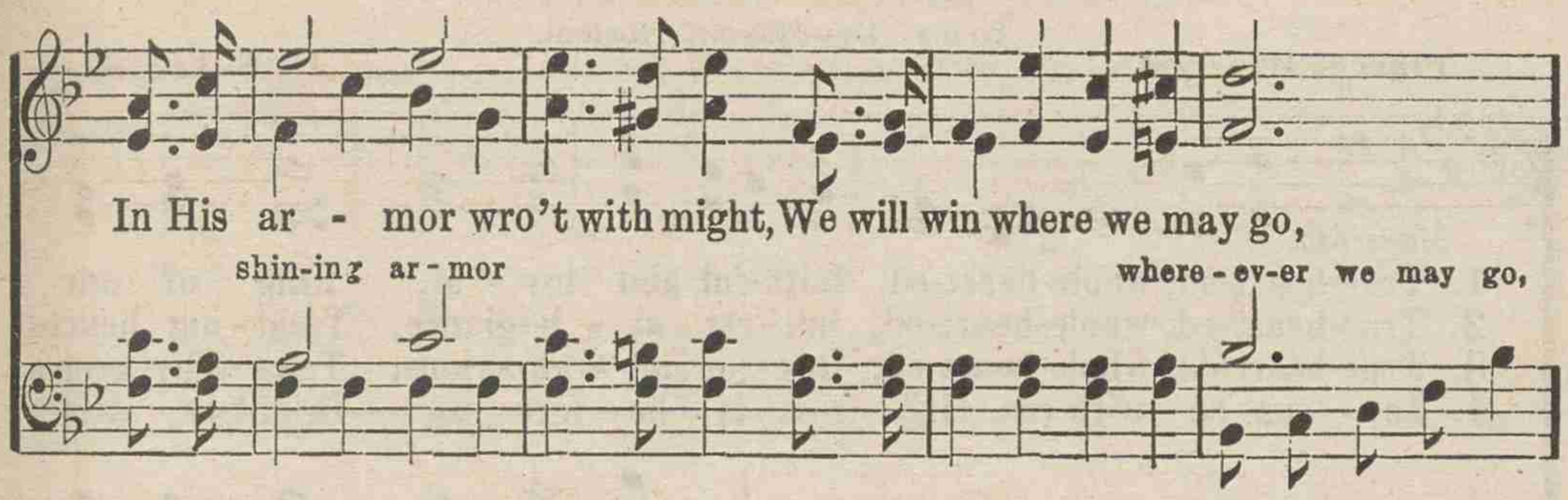
We have strength that naught can o-ver-throw, We have rich-est boun-ty all unpriced,
Thro' all time His wis-dom shall pre-vail As in days of old His will sufficed,
For the guer-don that we strive to win Is a-bove earth's richest treasures priced,

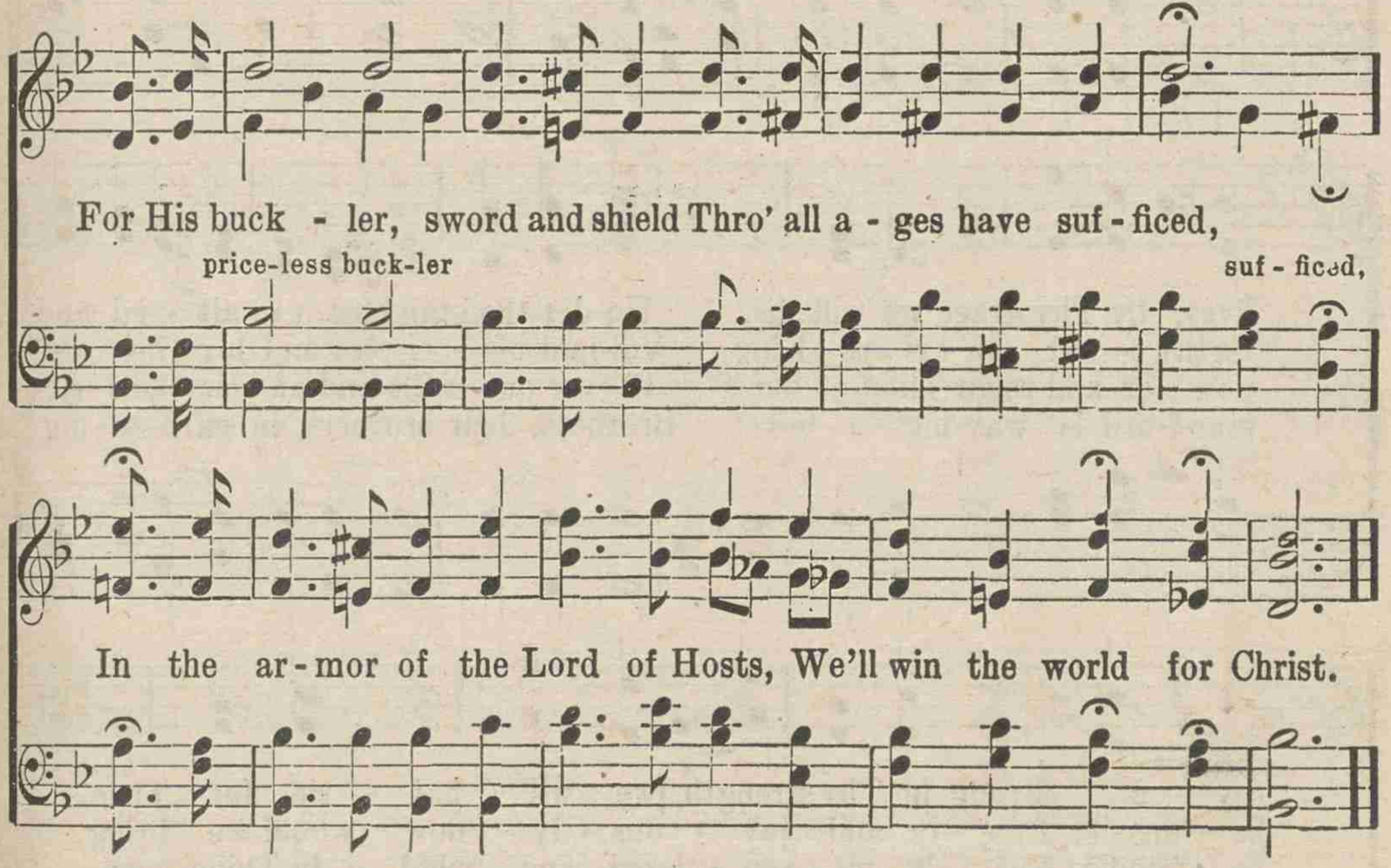
In the ar-mor of the Lord of Hosts, We'll win the world for Christ.

CHORUS.

In His ar-mor strong and bright We will con-quer ev-'ry foe,
In His shin-ing ar-mor ev-'ry foe,

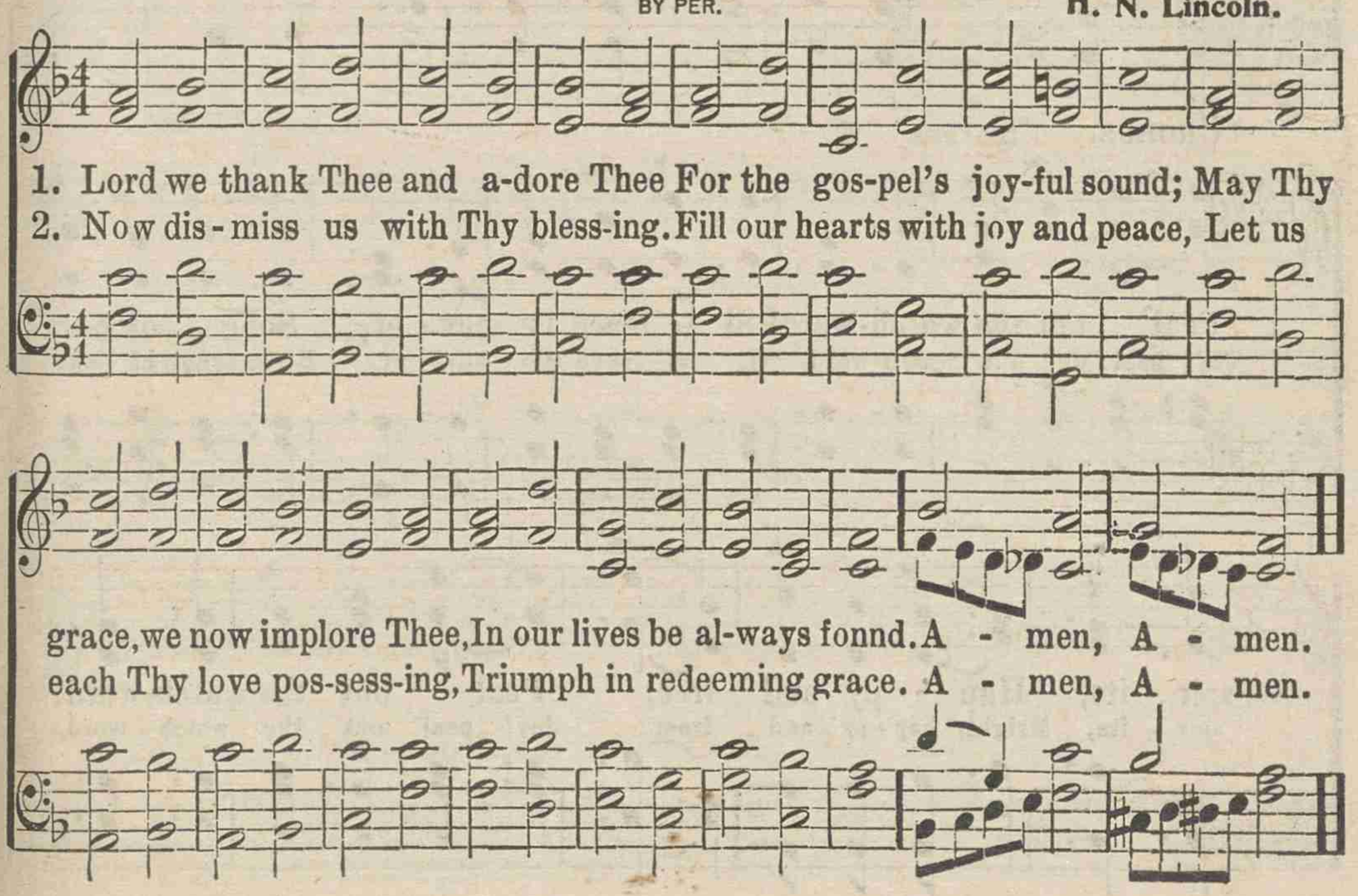
In His Armor.





No. 163. Benediction Choral.

BY PER. H. N. Lincoln.



No. 164. True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

To my "Dry-Bayou" Normal.

Frances Havergal. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY H. N. LINCOLN. H. N. Lincoln.

Maestoso.

1. True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, faith-ful and loy - al, King of our
2. True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, full - est al - le-giance, Yield - ing hence-
3. True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, Sav - ior all - glo - rious, Take Thy great
4. Je - sus be with us, His rest is be - fore us, Bright-ly His

lives, by Thy grace we will be, Un-der the standard, ex - alt - ed and
forth to our glo - ri-ous King, Val-iant dis - ci-ples and lov - ing o-
pow - er and reign Thou a - lone, O - ver our wills and af - fec-tions vic-
stand-ard is wav-ing a - bove; Brothers, dear brothers, in gath-er - ing
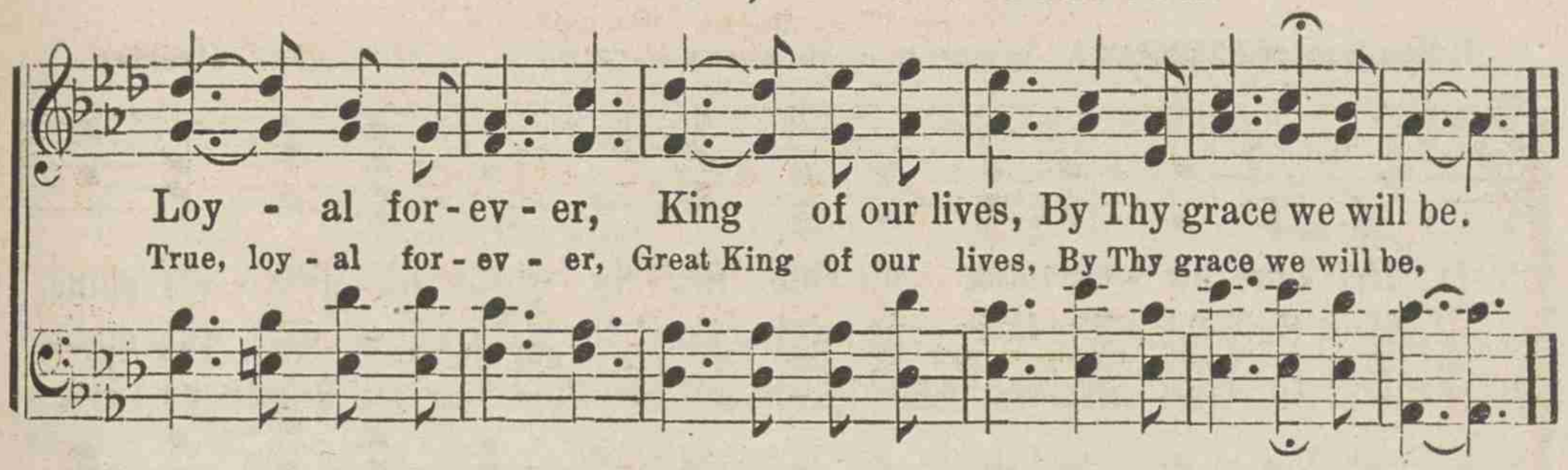
roy - al, Strong in Thy strength, we will bat - tle for Thee.
be - dience; Free - ly and joy - ous - ly now would we bring.
to - rious; Ful - ly sur - ren - dered and whol - ly Thine own.
cho - rus, Ring out the watch - word of cour - age and love.

CHORUS. *Vigoroso.*

Peal out the watch-word! Si - lence it nev - er, Song of our
Joy! peal out the watch-word, O, si - lence it nev - er, Blest song of our

spir - its, Hap - py and free; Peal out the watch-word,
spir - its, Bright, hap - py and free; Joy! peal out the watch - word,

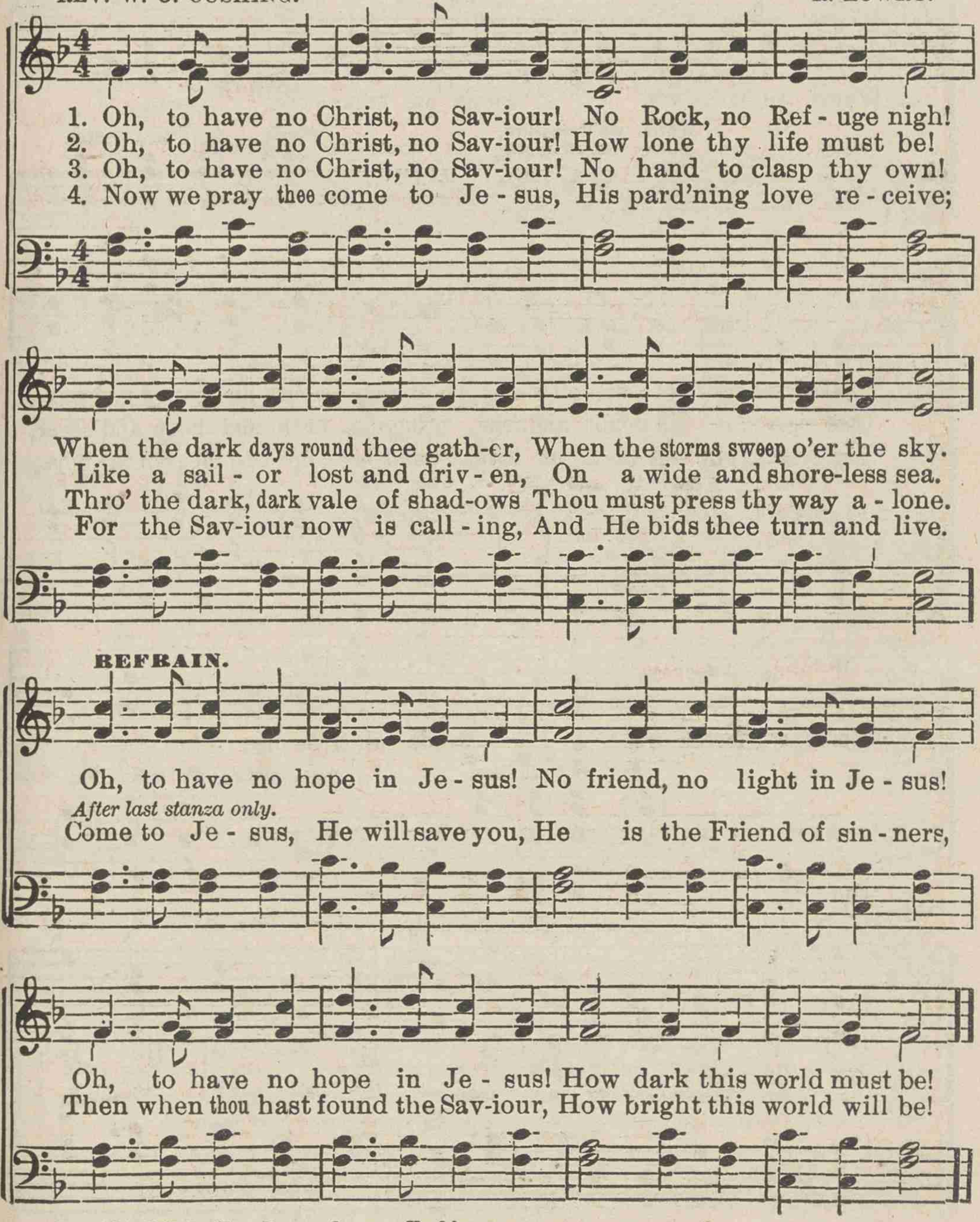
True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.



No. 165. No Hope In Jesus.

"Having no hope, and without God in the world."—EPH. 2: 12.

REV. W. O. CUSHING. R. LOWRY.



Copyright, 1905, by Mary Bunyan Lowry. Used by per.

No. 166. Words We Treasure.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. COPYRIGHT, 1914. BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. In our ho - ly book di-vine ma-ny words like jew - els shine,
2. How they shine like bea-cons bright, thro' the dark-ness of the night,
3. Un-to Him be thanks and praise, for these bless - ed gold - en rays,

Words we treas-ure, words we treas - ure,

Words we treas-ure, words we treas - ure,

Ev - 'ry hour of ev - 'ry day, how they smooth life's rug-ged way,
Cast-ing out all doubt and fear, bring-ing faith and hope and cheer,
For the prom - is - es of love, point-ing up to Heav'n a-bove,

Words we treas - ure, words we treas-ure.
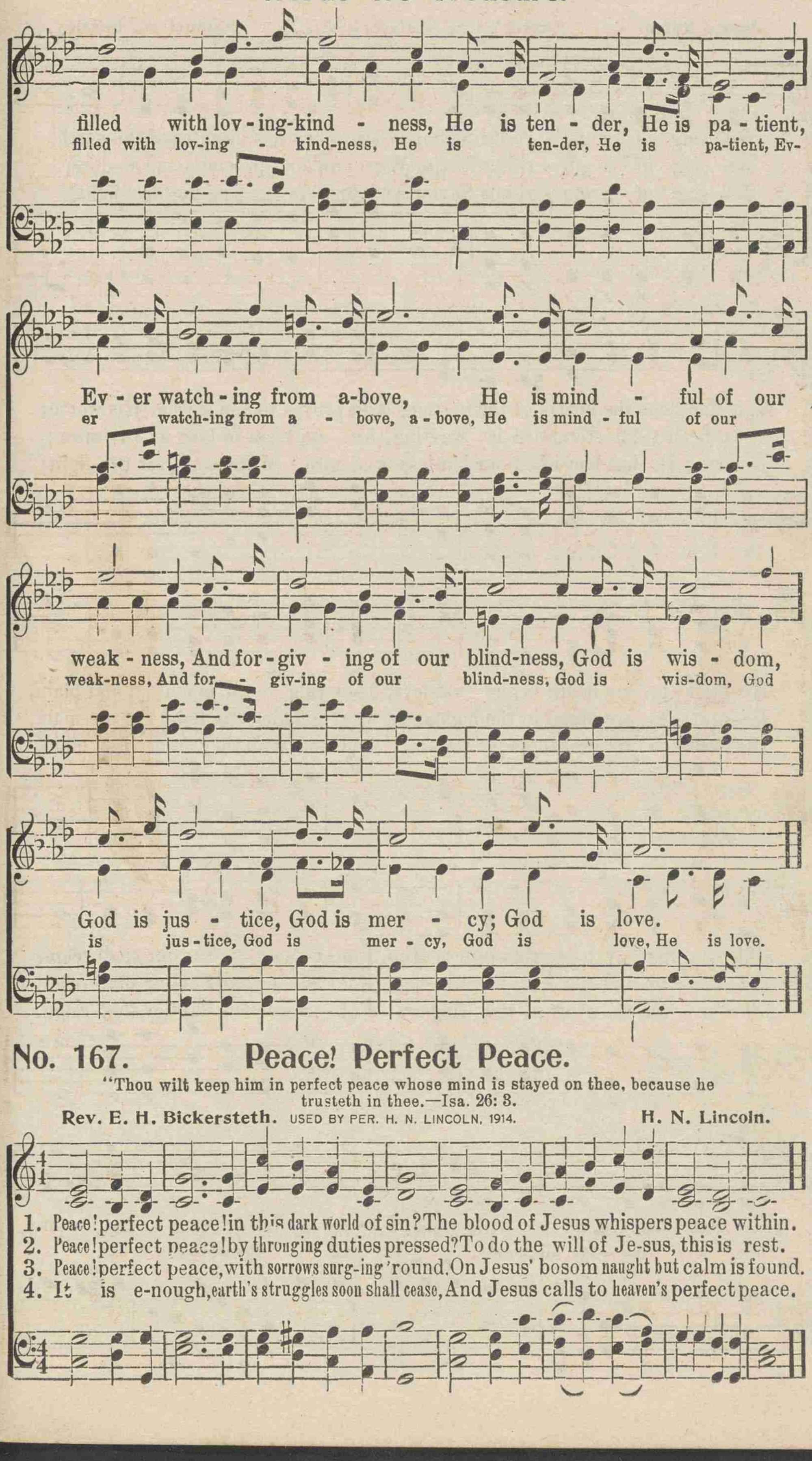
Words we treas - ure, words we treas - ure.

CHORUS.

God is wis - dom, God is jus - tice, He is

God is wis - dom, God is jus - tice, He is

Words We Treasure.



No. 167. Peace! Perfect Peace.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee.—Isa. 26: 3.

Rev. E. H. Bickersteth. USED BY PER. H. N. LINCOLN, 1914. **H. N. Lincoln.**

1. Peace! perfect peace! in this dark world of sin? The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.
2. Peace! perfect peace! by thronging duties pressed? To do the will of Je-sus, this is rest.
3. Peace! perfect peace, with sorrows surg-ing 'round. On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.
4. It is e-nough, earth's struggles soon shall cease, And Jesus calls to heaven's perfect peace.

No. 168. We Sing of a Glorious Savior.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. We sing of a glo - ri-ous Savior Whose glory has brightened the earth,
2. We sing of a glo - ri-ous Savior Whom millions proclaim and a - dore,
3. We sing of a glo - ri-ous Savior And find in our sing-ing de - light,

Who glad-dens the hearts of the na-tions And proves to the sin-ner His worth;
Whose beau-ti-ful stand-ard is wav-ing, An em-blem of love ev - er-more;
Be - cause He has ban-ished our burdens And gird - ed our souls for the fight;

His prais - es are heard in the val-leys, They ring o-ver mountain and plain,
His prais - es are heard in the highlands, They gladden the breeze of the main,
His prais - es are cease-less-ly ring-ing, And thus shall they ev-er re - main,

And, tho' ma - ny foes still op-pose Him, For - ev - er our Sav-ior shall reign.
And, hon - or and glo - ry in-creas-ing, For - ev - er our Sav-ior shall reign.
For o - ver the souls of the sing-ers For - ev - er our Sav-ior shall reign.

CHORUS.

Come, join our songs, all peo-ple, peo-ple, Ex - tol the Lord to - day, to-day,
Come, join our songs. all peo-ple, Ex - tol the Redeemer to-day,

We Sing of a Glorious Savior.

Sing loud and sweet ho - san-nas, ho-san-nas, Let praise your voic - es

Sing loud and sweet ho-san - nas, Let praise your voic-es

sway, voic-es sway; In true ac - cord ex - tol Him, ex-tol Him, Till

sway; In true ac-cord ex - tol Him, Till

an - gels re-peat, re - peat the re-frain, For o - ver all the

an - - gels re-peat the re-frain, For o - - ver all the

na-tions, na-tions Our King shall for - ev - er reign.

na - tions Our King shall for - ev - er reign, for - ev - er reign.

No. 169. Holy One, Holy One.

BY PER. H. N. Lincoln.

1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Holy One, Sin and want we come confessing, Holy One.
2. Tho' the night be dark and dreary, Holy One, Yet Thine eye doth never weary, Holy One.
3. Tho' our death this night o'ertake us, Holy One, May the morn in heav'n awake us, Holy One.

No. 170. Spread the News.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY H N. LINCOLN.

Mrs. Katharine A. Grimes. WORDS AND MUSIC. Samuel W. Beazley.

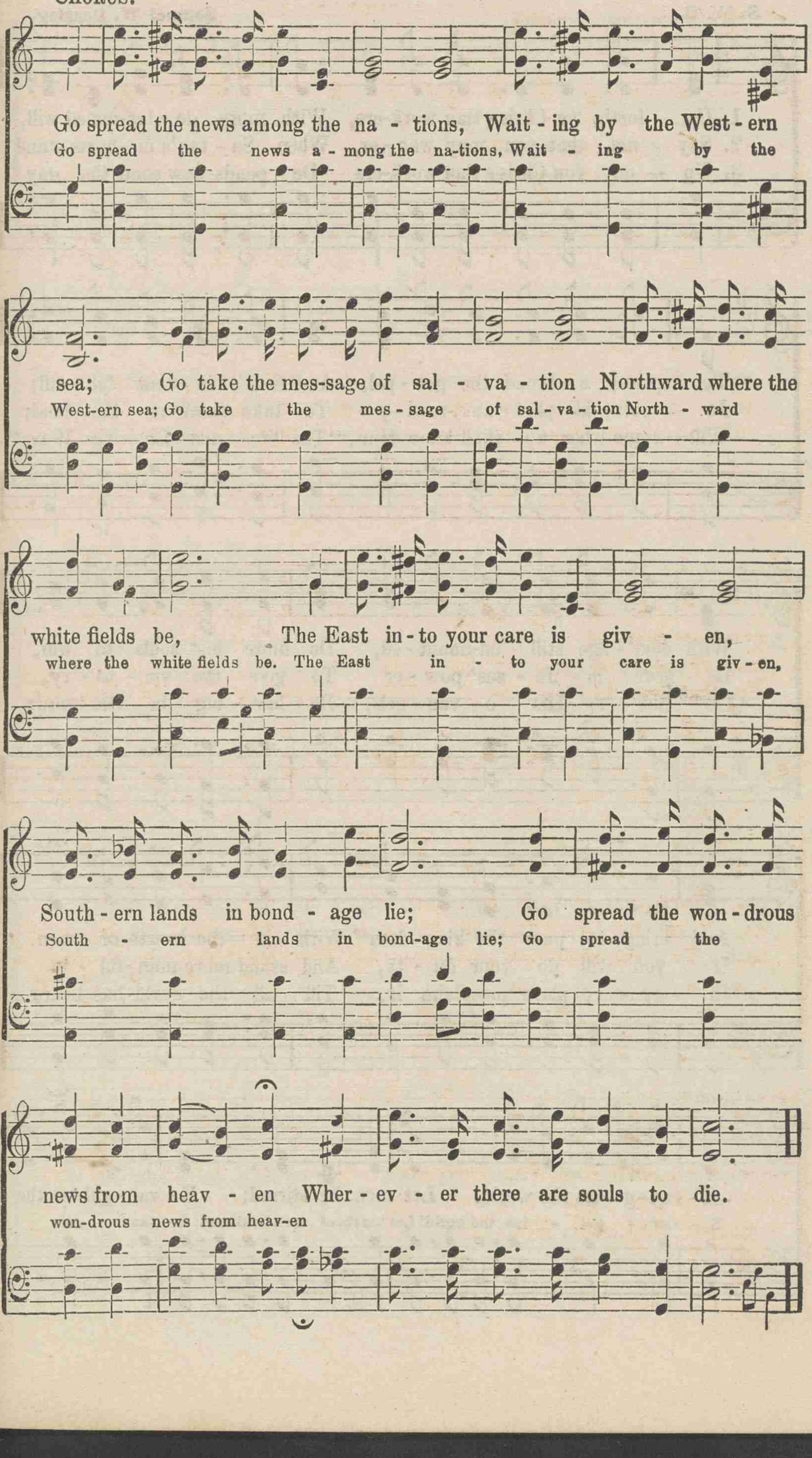
1. Christ a won-drous work has giv - en you, And this work no oth - er one can do; 'Tis to spread the news that "Je- sus saves" From the mount-ain peaks to o-cean waves, 'Tis to take His love to ev - 'ry shad - ows close by heav-en's gate, See on ev - 'ry side is work to hope that lives be - yond the grave, Take the heav'n-ly light He bids you heart, Souls that now in dark-ness sit a - part, Till in all the world, North, South, East, West, There shall be no soul by Him un - blest.

2. There are homes that need His light with - in, There are prayers to raise for those in sin; There are suf - f'ring hearts that dumb-ly wait, In the do, Faith - ful work that calls for serv - ice true, Quick - ly spread the glad news near and far, Mak - ing Je - sus' love your guid - ing Star.

3. Christ a won-drous work has giv - en you, And this work no fal-t'ring heart can do; Take the bless - ed news, that "He will save," Take the bear, To the shad-owed lands where lost ones are, Till in North, nor South, nor East, nor West, There a - bides no soul by Him un - blest.

Spread the News.

CHORUS.



No. 171. Evangelize the World.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX.

S. W. B. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Go forth, ye Chris - tian work-ers, With more de - ter-mined will,
To spread a - broad the gos - pel, And God's in - tent ful - fill;
With cour - age still un-daunt - ed, Do more lost souls to win,
Go out as His e - van - gels, Be - liev - ing in His word;
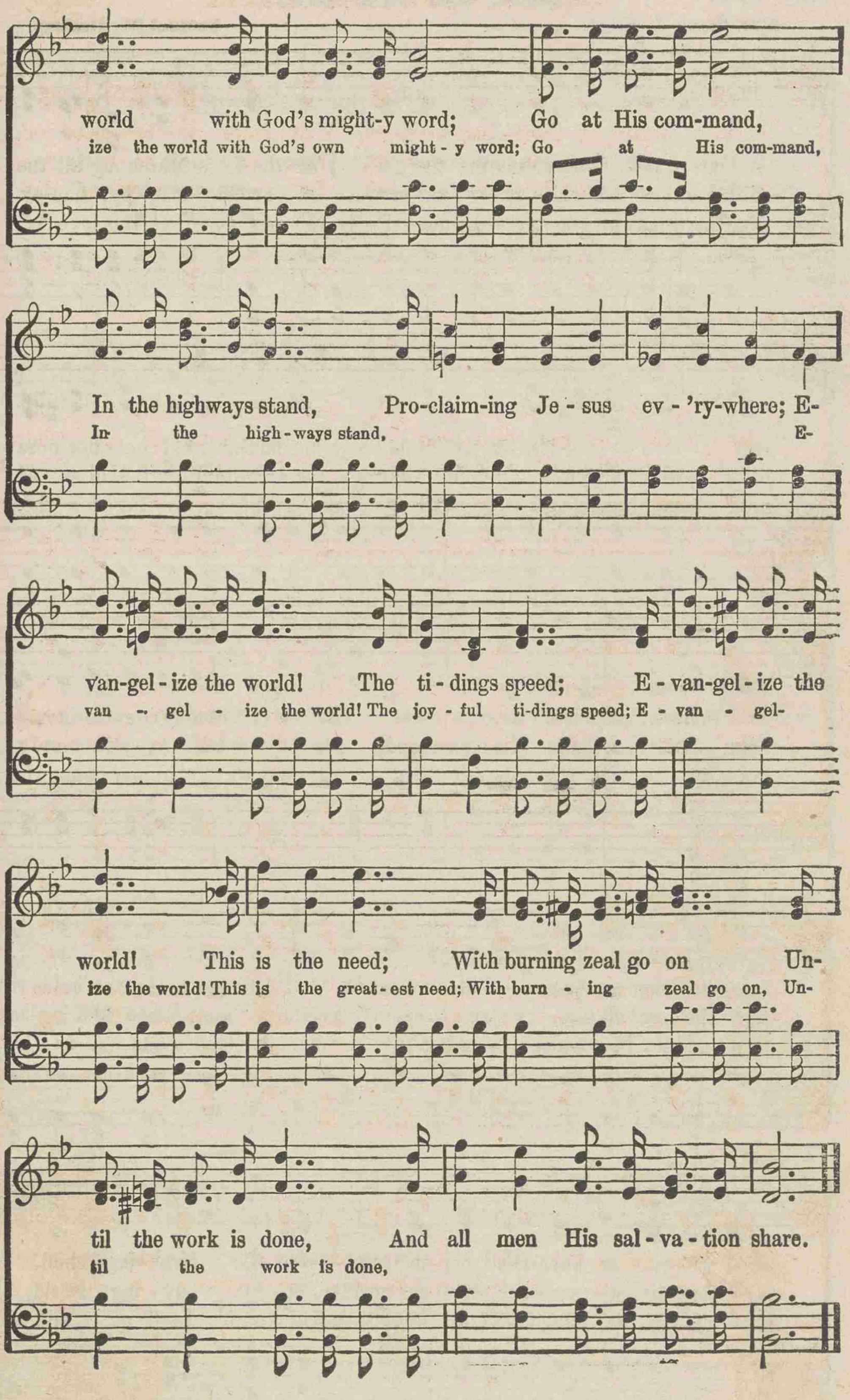
2. Say not that you may wav - er, When Sa - tan's co - horts stand
In sol - id phal - anx, read - y To take from us the land;
Be - lieve in Je - sus' pow - er To give the vic - to - ry,
And "bring to pass the king - dom" With - in the hearts of men.

3. Up - on you Chris - tian work-ers De - pends how soon the day
Will come when all shall know Him, "The True and Liv - ing Way;"
If you will do your du - ty, And stand more man - ful - ly.
In ev - 'ry place pro-claim it, Till all the world has heard.

CHORUS.

E - van - gel-ize the world! Let men be stirred; E - van - gel-ize the
E - van - gel - ize the world! Let hearts of men be stirred; E - van - gel-

Evangelize the World.



No. 172. God Will We Obey.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. We are trav-'lers walk-ing in the glo - ry of the Lord, March-ing all the way un - to end-less day; Fling-ing high our ban-ner, tell our pur-pose to the world; God will we o - bey!
2. Hith-er now we ral - ly for the serv-ice of our God! Hap-py, hap-py band— we to-geth-er stand, Liv - ing for the king-dom of the bless - ed King of kings, Heed we His com-mand; What-ev-er foes may come to-morrow,
3. Nei-ther men or an-gels can-not ful - ly tell His love; Yet this love is mine—bound-less and di-vine; Shall we come re-pent-ing, liv - ing for the life a-bove, Helped by pow'r di - vine; O let us tell the wondrous sto-ry, O may we all that love be showing,

foes to bring us sor-row—Still our trust in God shall stay; He who holds the how the Lord of glo - ry Came to earth from Glo-ry land; Came to bring sal-peace and joy be-stow-ing, Shin-ing as a light for God! Glo - ri - fy - ing

world will ev - er save His trust - ing child—Save His trust - ing child.
va - tion to a sin - ful, dy - ing world—Sin - ful, dy - ing world.
Je - sus who is King and Lord of all— King and Lord of all!

God Will We Obey.

CHORUS.

Our God reign - eth in the heav - ens, Praise the

Our God reign - eth, Praise. O praise, yes,

Lord!.... O praise our God, praise, praise His lov-ing-kind - ness,

praise the Lord! Praise, O praise Him,

Praise the Lord, Our God!

Praise, O praise Him, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! Our God heark-ens,

Praise the Lord,

heark - ens to His chil - dren who a - dore Him,

who a - dore Him, who a - dore Him,

ff rit.

Praise,.. O praise the Lord,.. O praise Him now and ev - er - more.

Praise, Oh, praise, Praise, Oh, praise,

No. 173. Let it Shine.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY H N. LINCOLN.

Mrs. Lou S. Bedford. To my Macomb Normal. **H. N. Lincoln.**

1. The lighthouse stands beside the sea, It needs no deep toned bell, A - mid the storm in dark-est night Of dan - gers dire to tell, Nor doth it need a sig - nal gun, To sound the note "Be-ware," If on - ly its bright bea-con light
2. The cit - y set up - on a hill Can - not be hid from sight, But stands out clear and well de-fined Each day in glad-some light; And when the shades of even-ing fall Its lights shine out so fair; The stran-ger needs not to be told,
3. And so the christian's light should shine, As some bright beacon star, That sends thro'- out the dark-est hour, Its ra-diance from a - far; If al-ways shin-ing true and bright, We learn by word di - vine, He need not show the world his light,

rit.

molto rit.
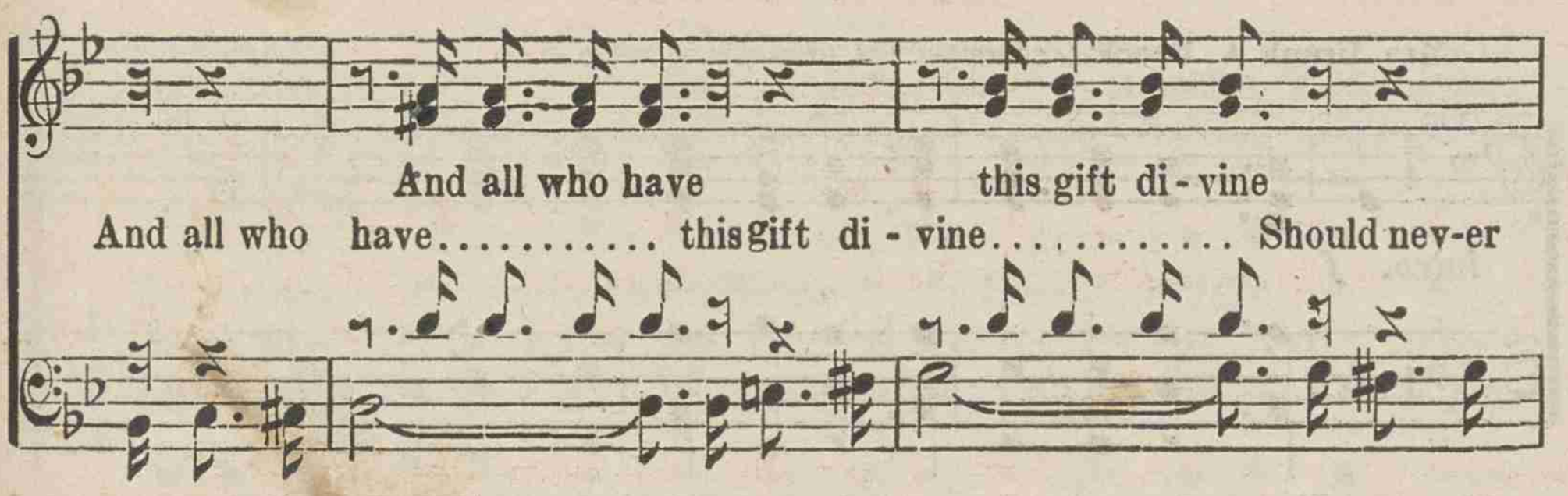
CHORUS.
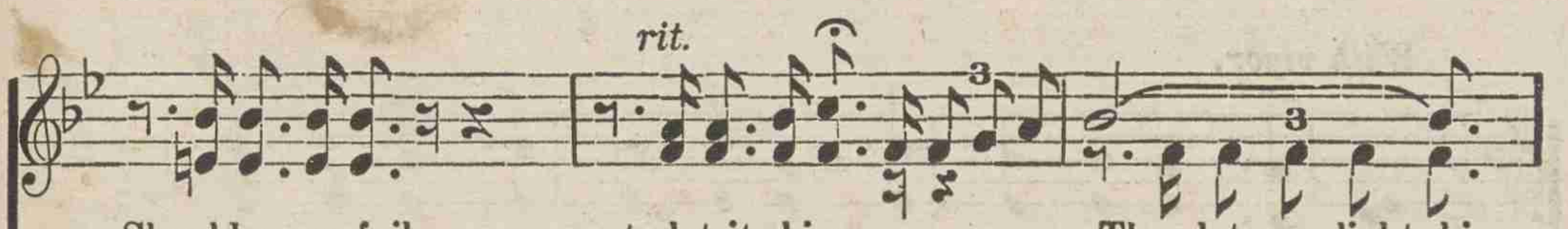
Is al - ways shin - ing there.
"Be - hold the cit - y there." The great-est gift..... is heaven's
But simp - ly let it shine.
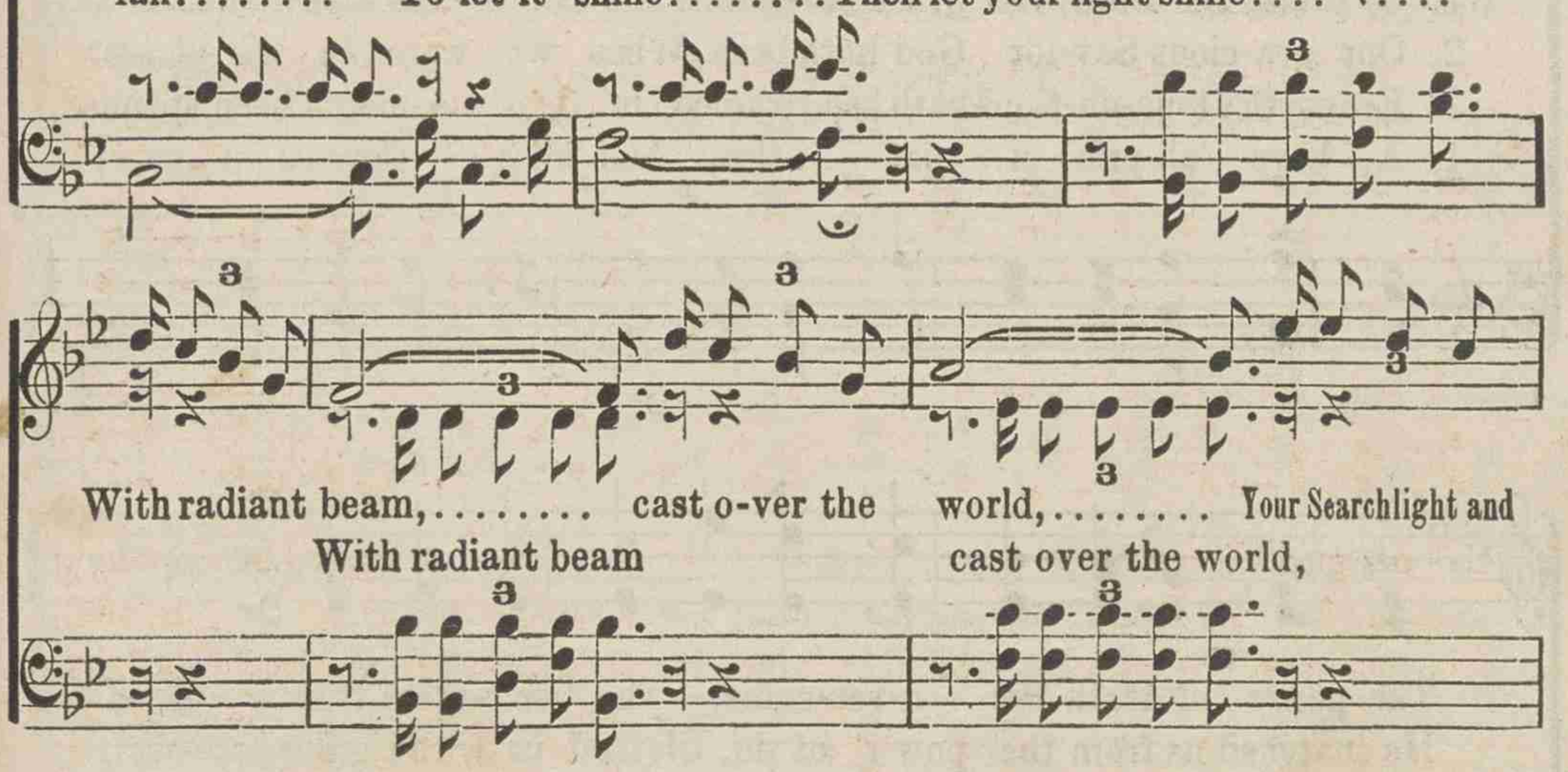
The greatest gift
is heaven's light
light..... Sent us to guide..... our steps a - right;.....

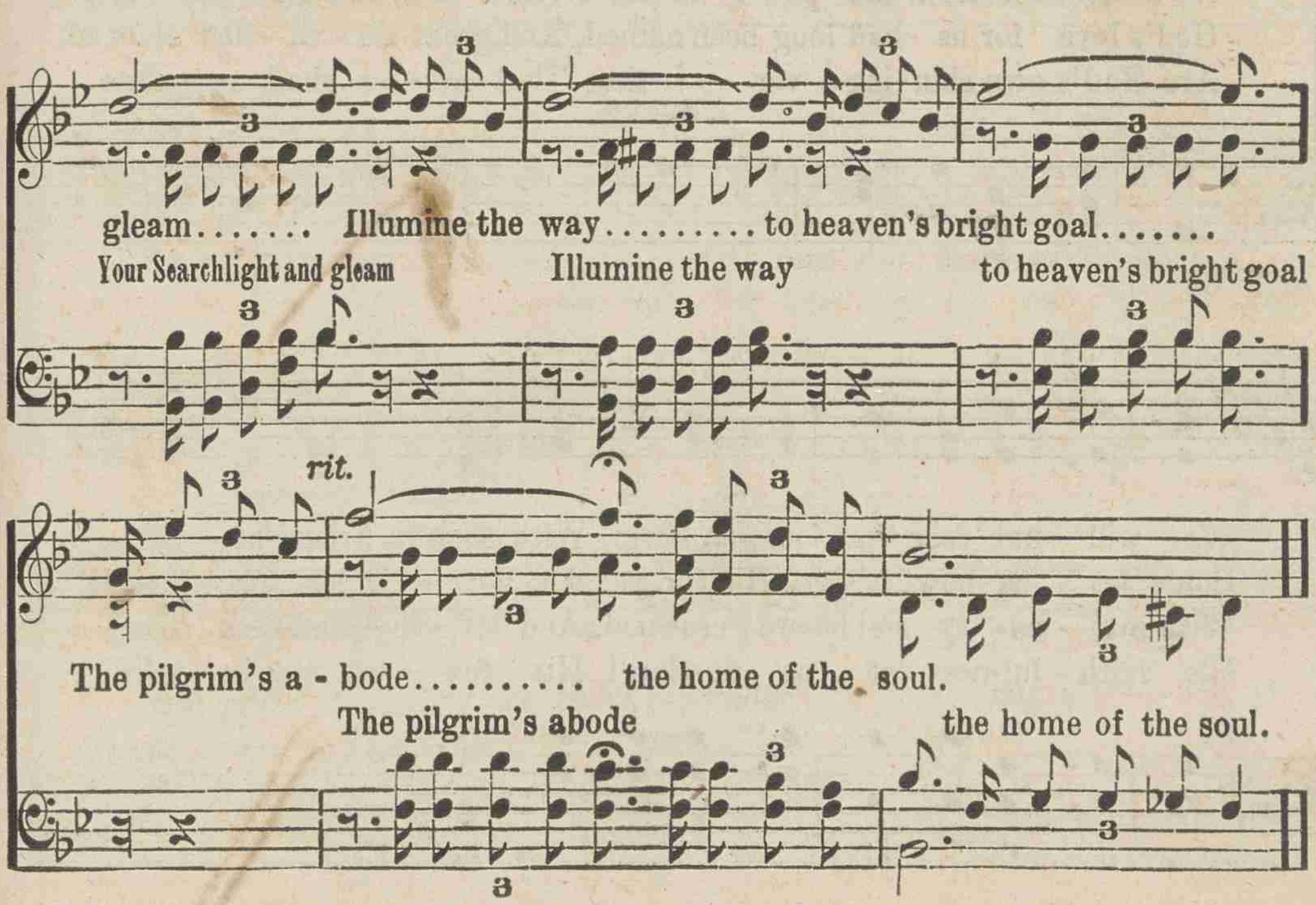
Sent us to guide
Sent us to guide
our steps a-right;
our steps a - right;.....

Let it Shine.


And all who have this gift di - vine
And all who have..... this gift di - vine..... Should nev-er
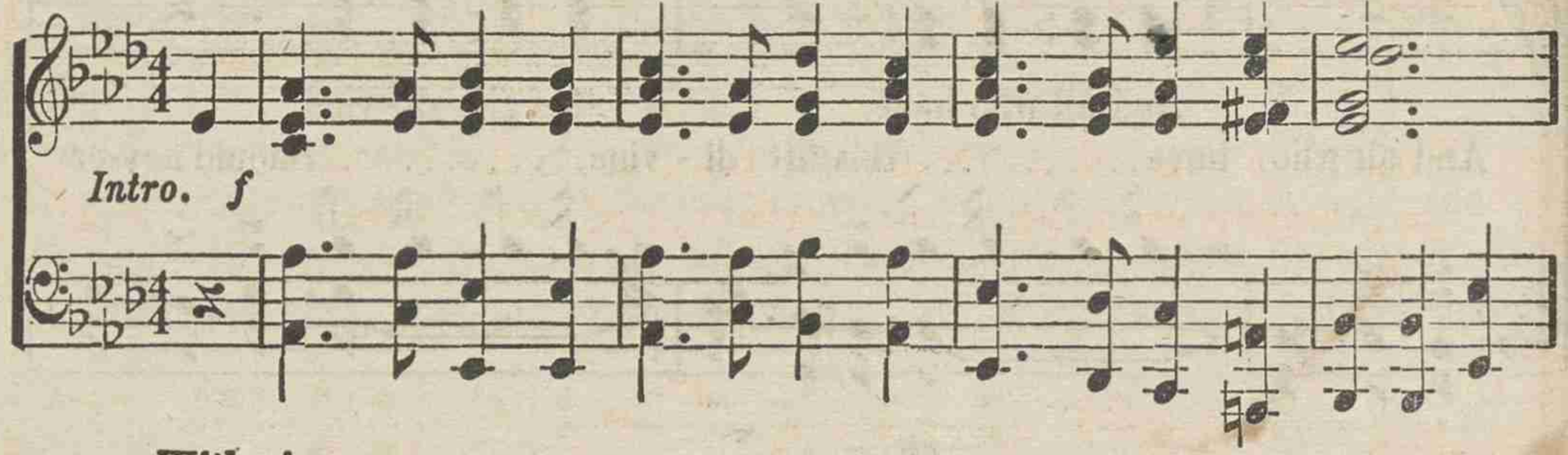

rit.
Should never fail to let it shine; Then let your light shine
fail..... To let it shine..... Then let your light shine.... .....
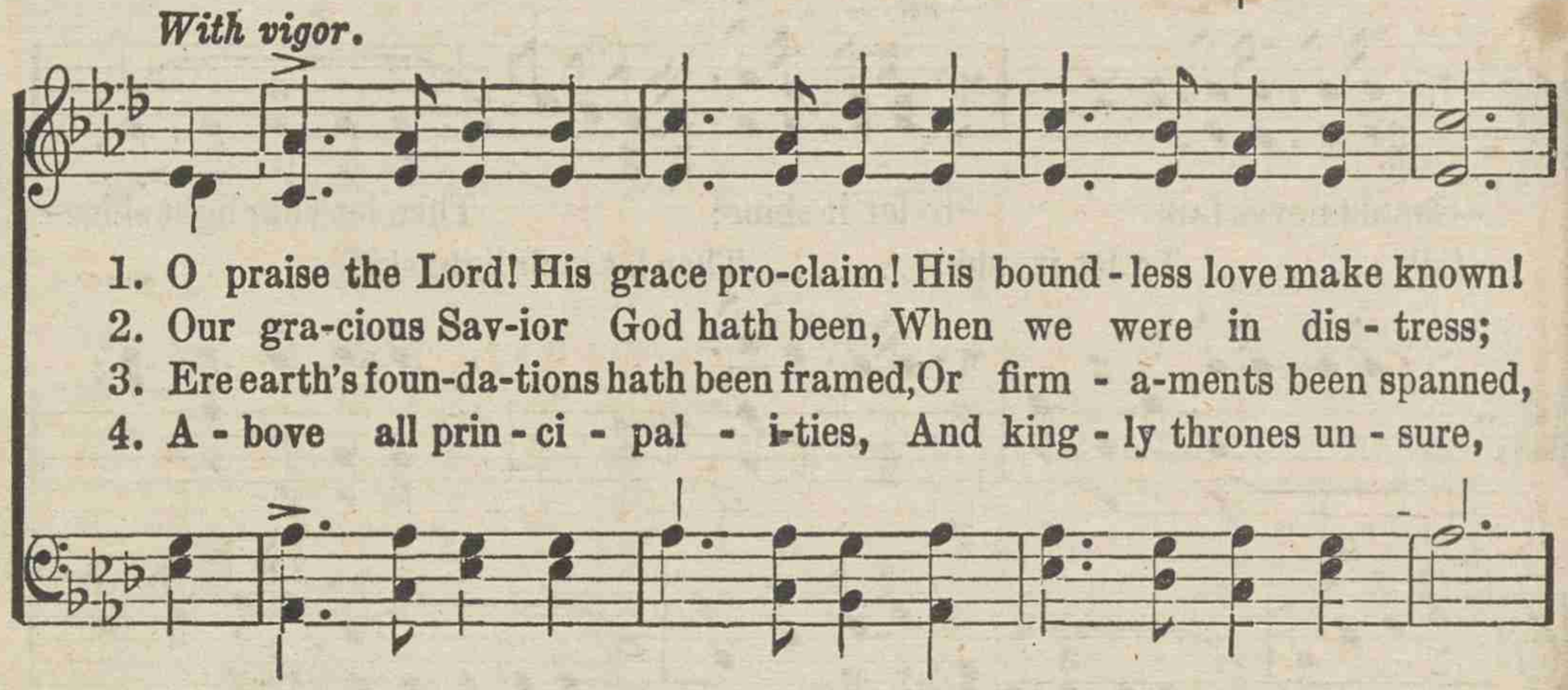

With radiant beam,..... cast o-ver the world,..... Your Searchlight and
With radiant beam cast over the world,
gleam..... Illumine the way..... to heaven's bright goal.....
Your Searchlight and gleam Illumine the way to heaven's bright goal

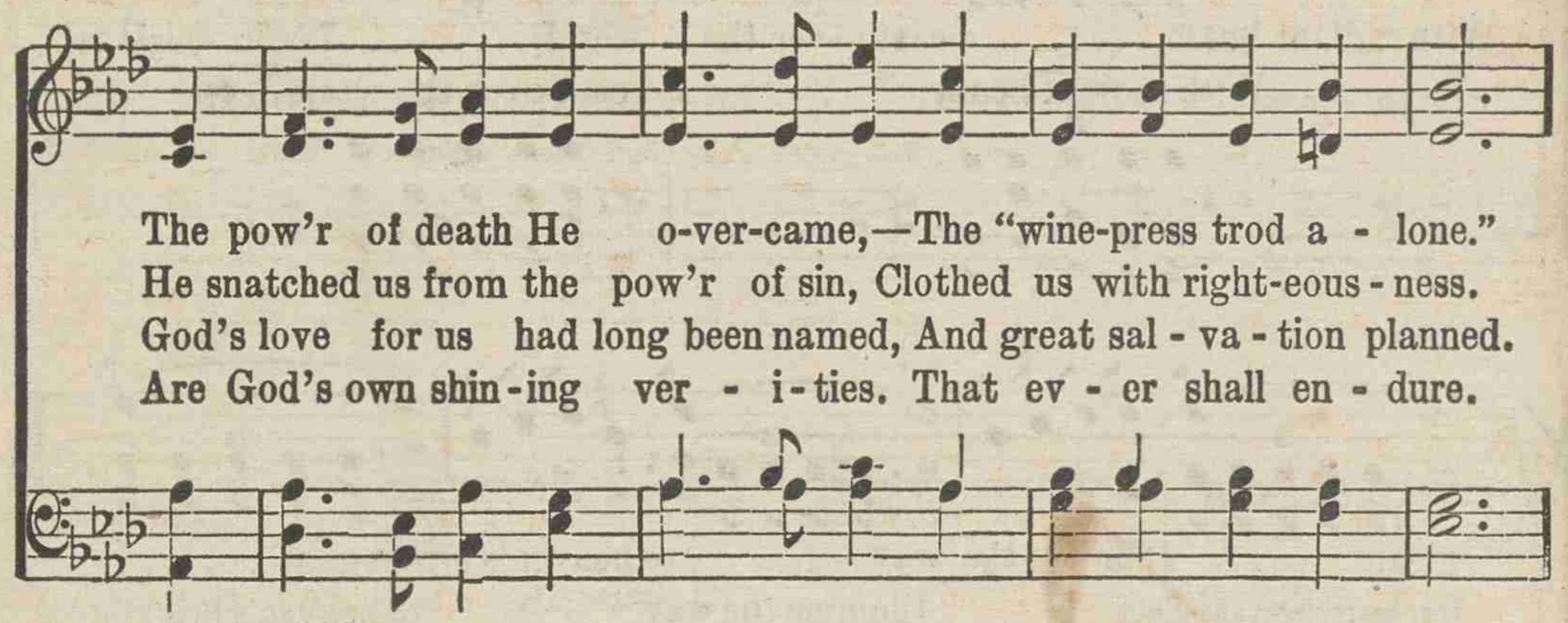

rit.
The pilgrim's a - bode..... the home of the soul.
The pilgrim's abode the home of the soul.

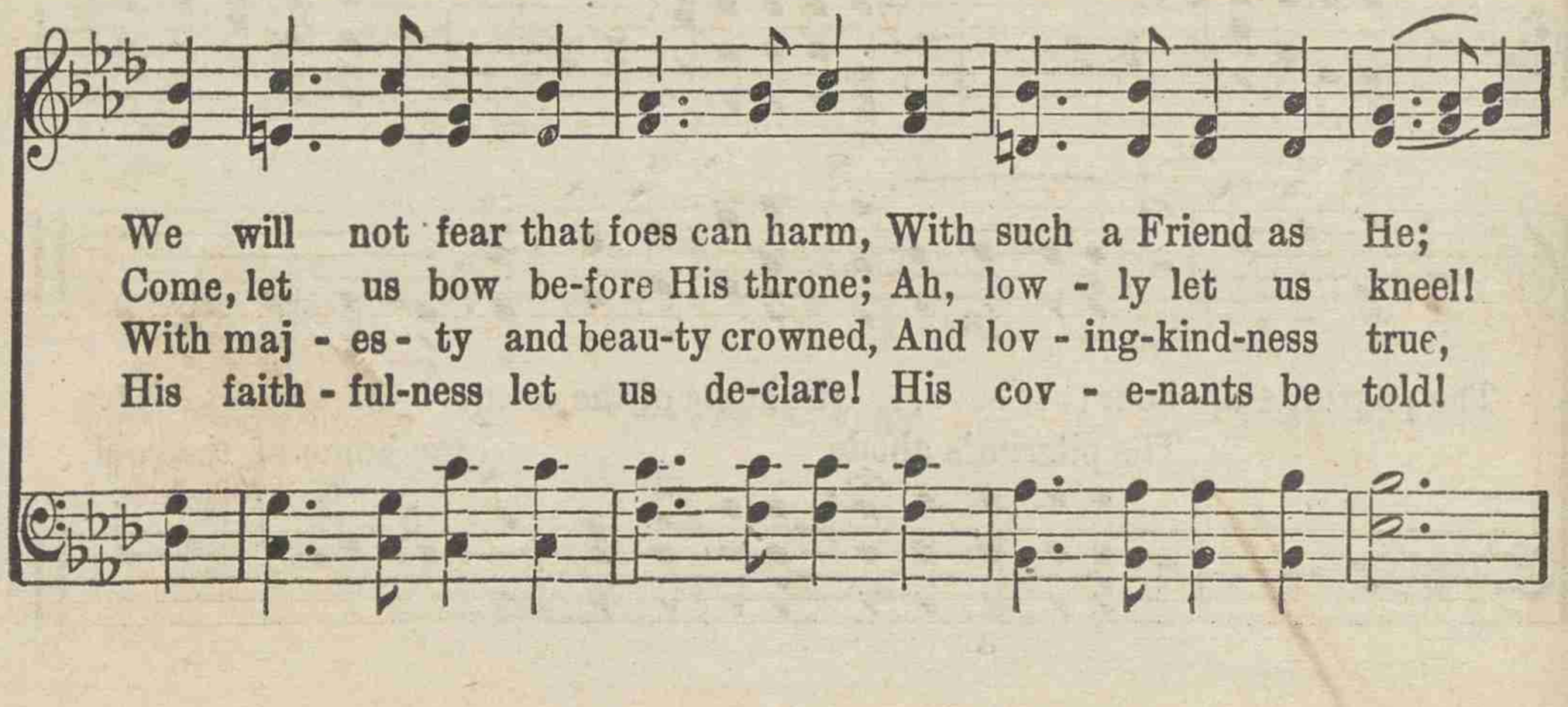
No. 174. Exalt Our God.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Carroll King.**
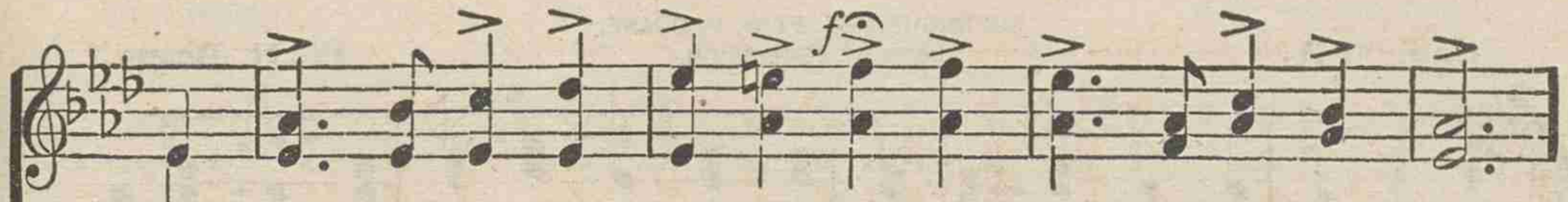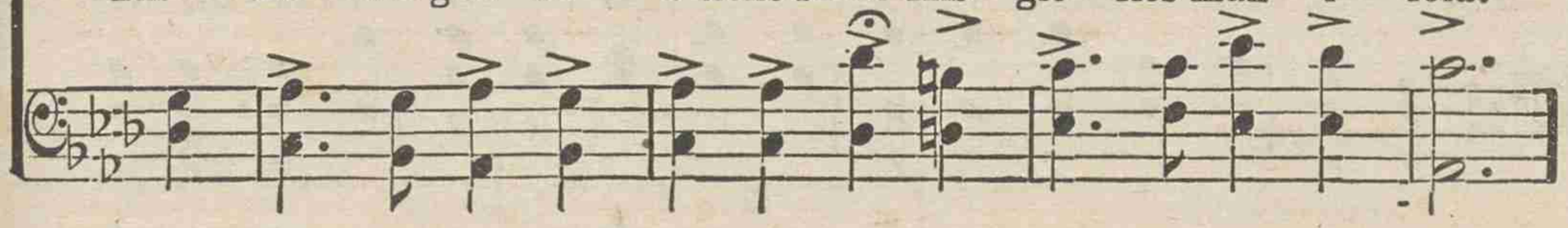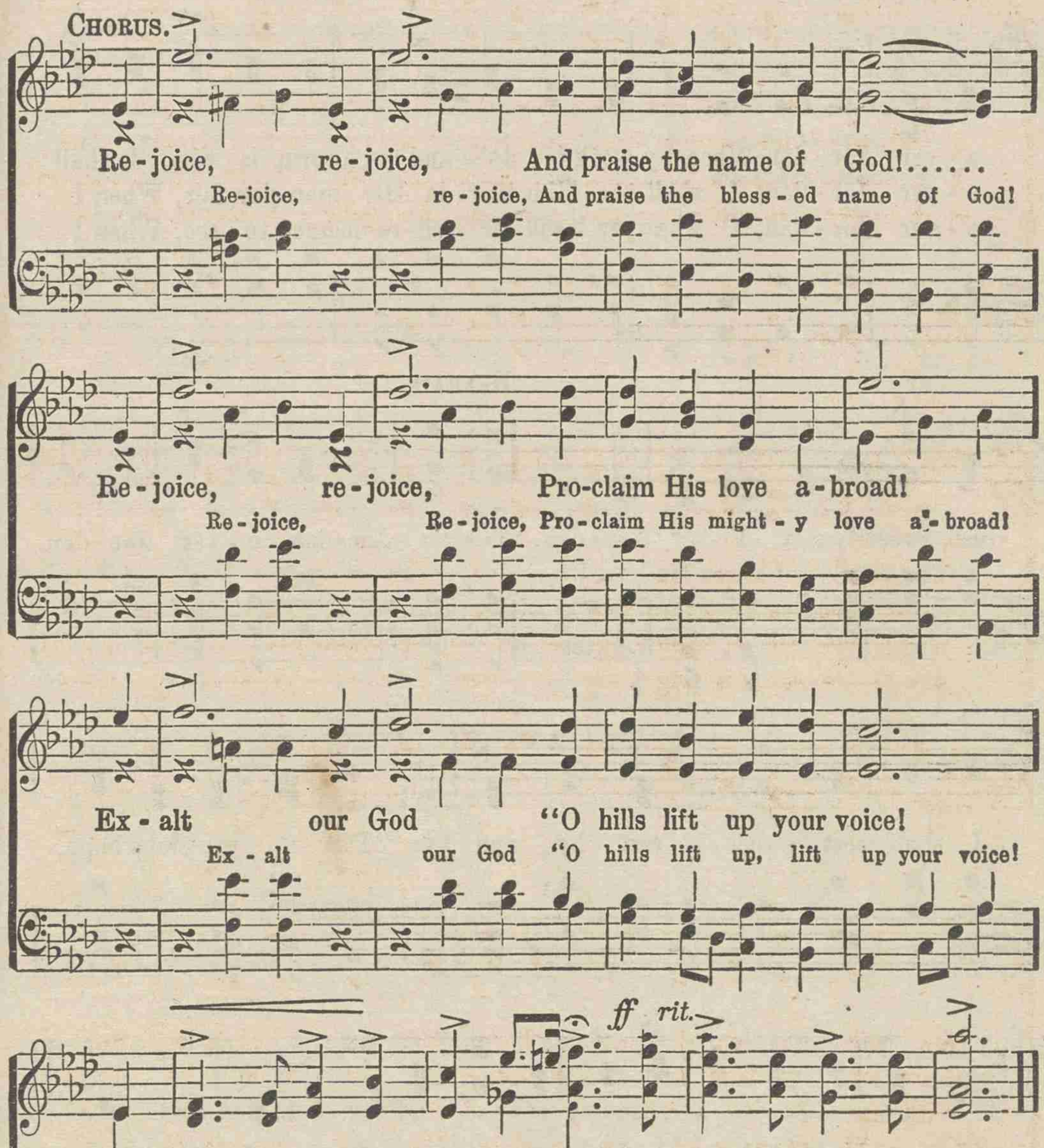








Exalt Our God.







No. 175. Rest Over Jordan.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY W. H. DOANE,
USED BY PERMISSION.

F. J. V. A. W. H. Doane.

1. 'Tis a bless-ed hope, and it cheers my soul, I shall rest by and by
2. 'Tis a bless-ed hope which my Sav-iour gives, I shall rest by and by
3. With a stead-fast faith I will la - bor on, I shall rest, sweetly rest

o - ver Jor - dan; When my work is done and my crown is won, I shall
o - ver Jor - dan; I shall see Him there in His man-sion fair, When I
o - ver Jor - dan; O what joy 'twill be the re-deemed to see, When I

REFRAIN.

rest, sweet-ly rest o - ver Jor - dan. O - ver Jor - dan, o - ver Jor - dan,

I shall rest, sweet - ly rest by and by; 'Tis a pre-cious hope,

'tis a bless-ed hope, I shall rest, sweet-ly rest o - ver Jor - dan.

No. 176. Come to Jesus.

Unknown. Arr. by H. N. L.

1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je-sus, Come to Je - sus, just now, Just now,
2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you, just now, Just now,

Come to Je-sus, come to Je - sus, just now.
He will save you, He will save you, just now.

3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 Call upon Him.
6 He will hear you.
7 He'll forgive you.
8 He will cleanse you.
9 Jesus loves you.
10 Only trust Him.

No. 177. Soul Praise.

Edgar P. Stites. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY H. N. LINCOLN H. N. Lincoln

1. Sim- ply trust - ing ev - 'ry day Trust-ing thro' the storm-y way;
2. Brightly doth His Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;
3. Sing-ing, if my way is clear; Pray-ing, if the path is drear;
4. Trusting Him while life shall last; Trusting Him till earth is past

E - ven when my faith is small, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
While He leads I can-not fall, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
If in dan-ger, for Him call; Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
Till with - in the jas-per wall, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.

D.S.-Trusting Him, what-e'er be - fall, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.

Trust-ing as the mo-ments fly, Trust-ing as the days go by;

No. 178. How Firm a Foundation.

GEO. KIETH. Arr. by L.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for thy
2. In ev - 'ry con - di - tion, in sick - ness, in health, In pov - er - ty's
3. E'en down to old age all my peo - ple shall prove My sov-'reign, e-
4. The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not, I

faith in His ex - cel - lent word; What more can He say than to
vale, or a - bound-ing in wealth, At home and a - broad, on the
ter - nal, un-chang - a - ble love; And when hoar - y hairs shall their
can - not de - sert to its foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-

you He hath said, Ye who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
land, on the sea— As days may de-mand, shall thy strength ev - er be.
tem - ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bo - som be borne.
deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for - sake.

No. 179. Praise God From Whom All Blessings.
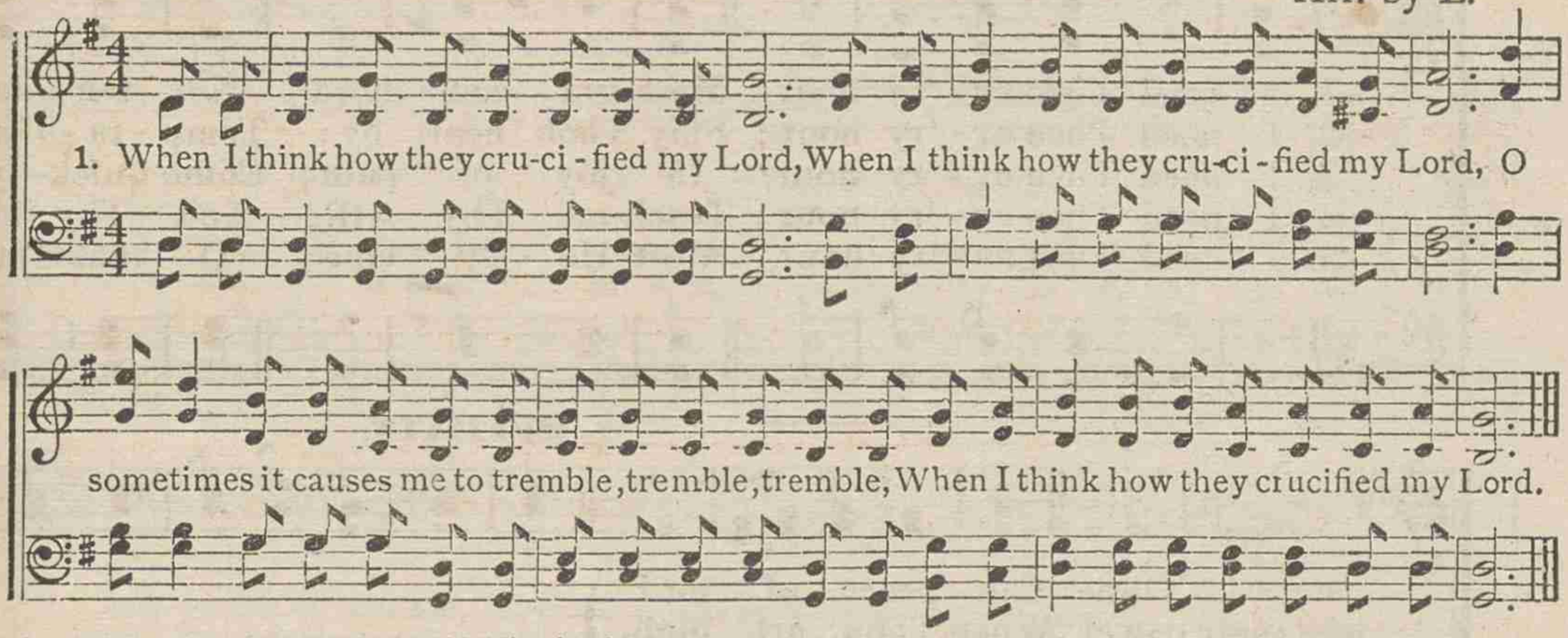
(OLD HUNDRED. Long Meter Doxology.)

Praise God from whom all bless-ings flow, Praise Him all crea-tures here be - low,

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

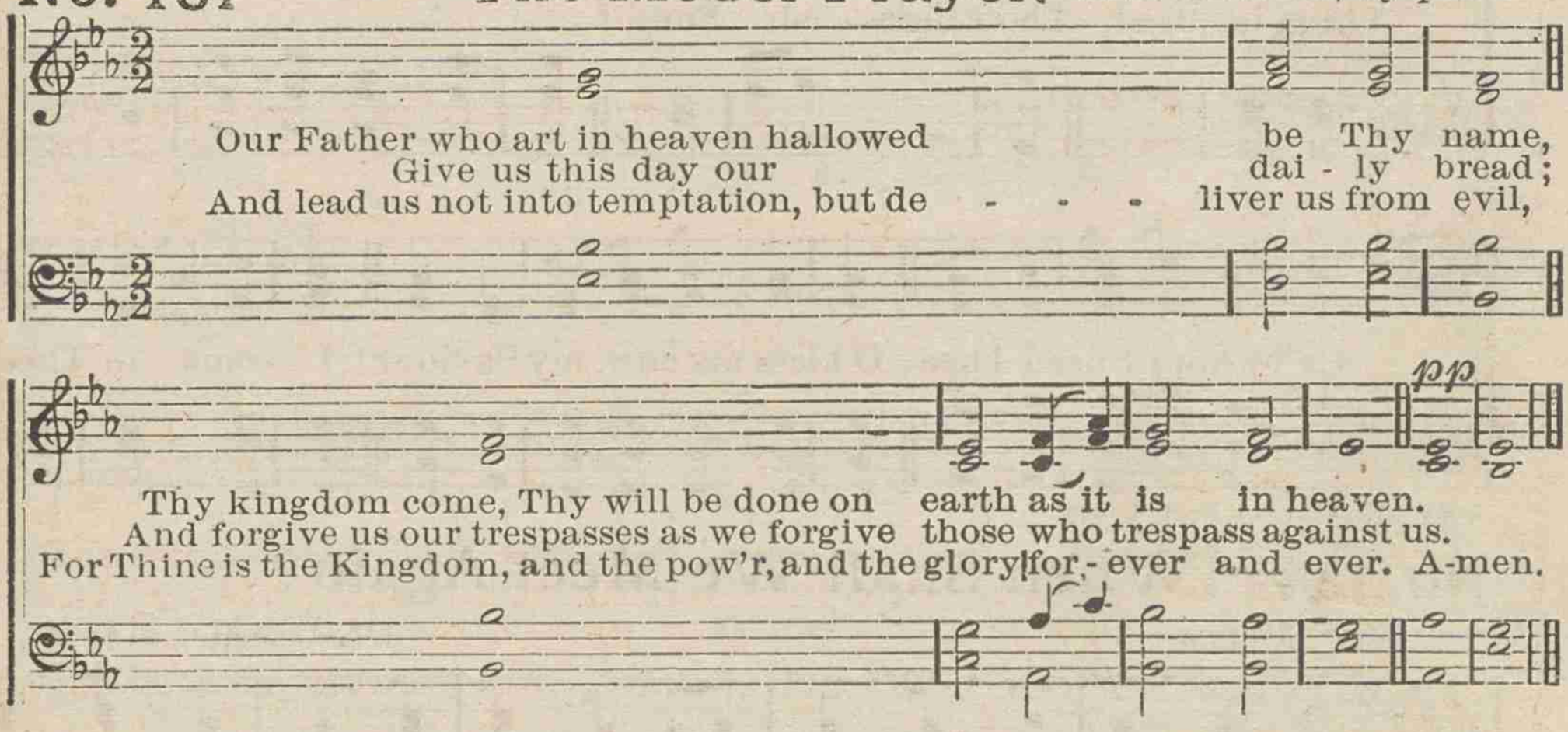
No. 180 Thoughts of Calvary.

Arr. by L.
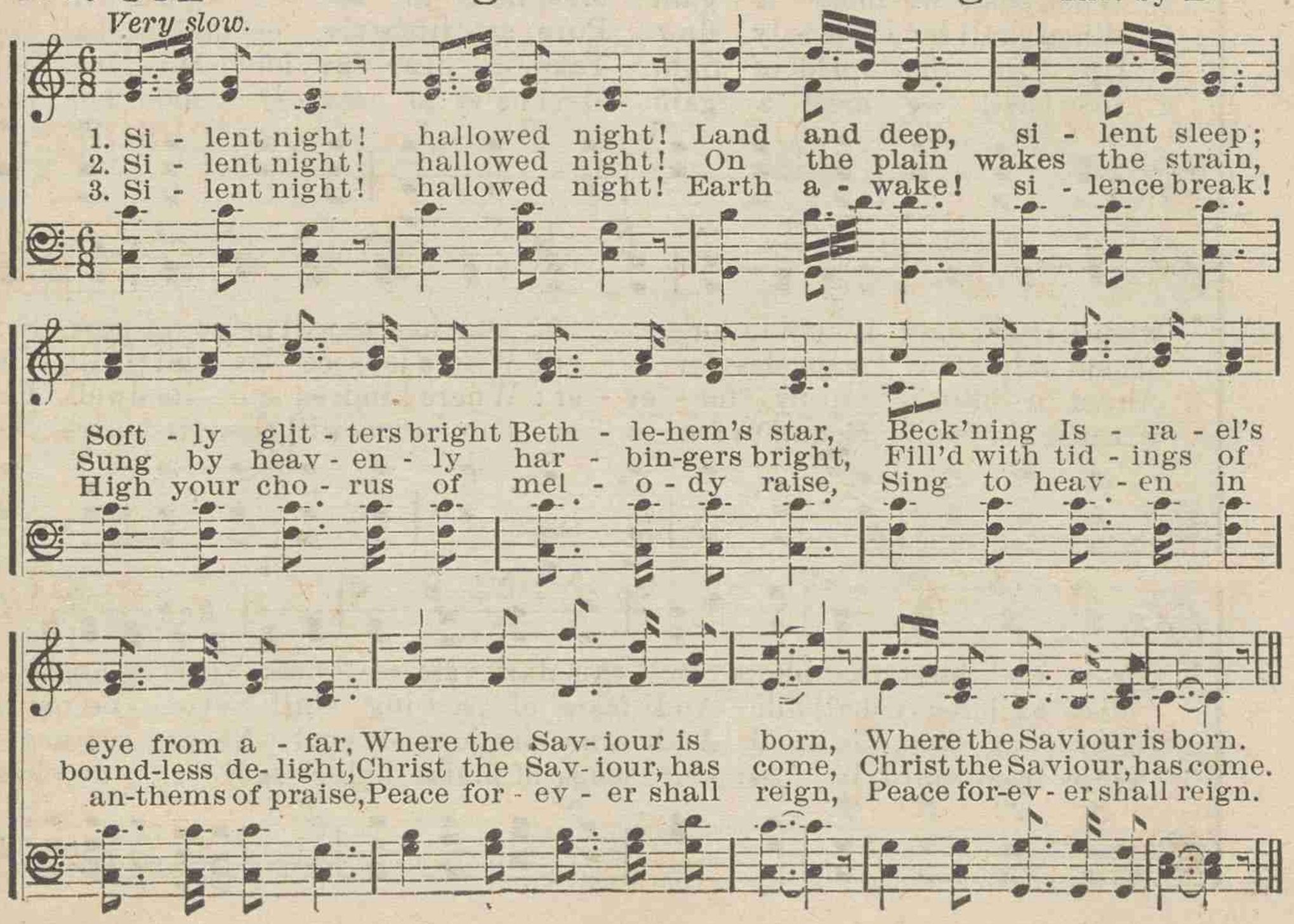


2 When I think how they laid Him in the tomb :‖ 3 When I think of His rising from the grave :‖

No. 181 The Model Prayer. H. S. Perkins, by per.



No. 182 Silent Night! Hallowed Night! Arr. by L.



No. 183 I Need Thee Every Hour.

ANNIE SHERWOOD HAWKS. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour; Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta - tions
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick- ly
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour; Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich
5. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me

REFRAIN.

voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
lose their power When Thou art nigh.
and a - bide, Or life is vain.
promis - es In me ful - fill.
Thine in- deed, Thou bless - ed Son.

I need Thee, oh, I need Thee;

Ev'ry hour I need Thee; O bless me now, my Saviour! I come to Thee.

Copyright, 1872, by Robt. Lowry.

No. 184 When Shall We Meet Again?

ISAAC WATTS. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

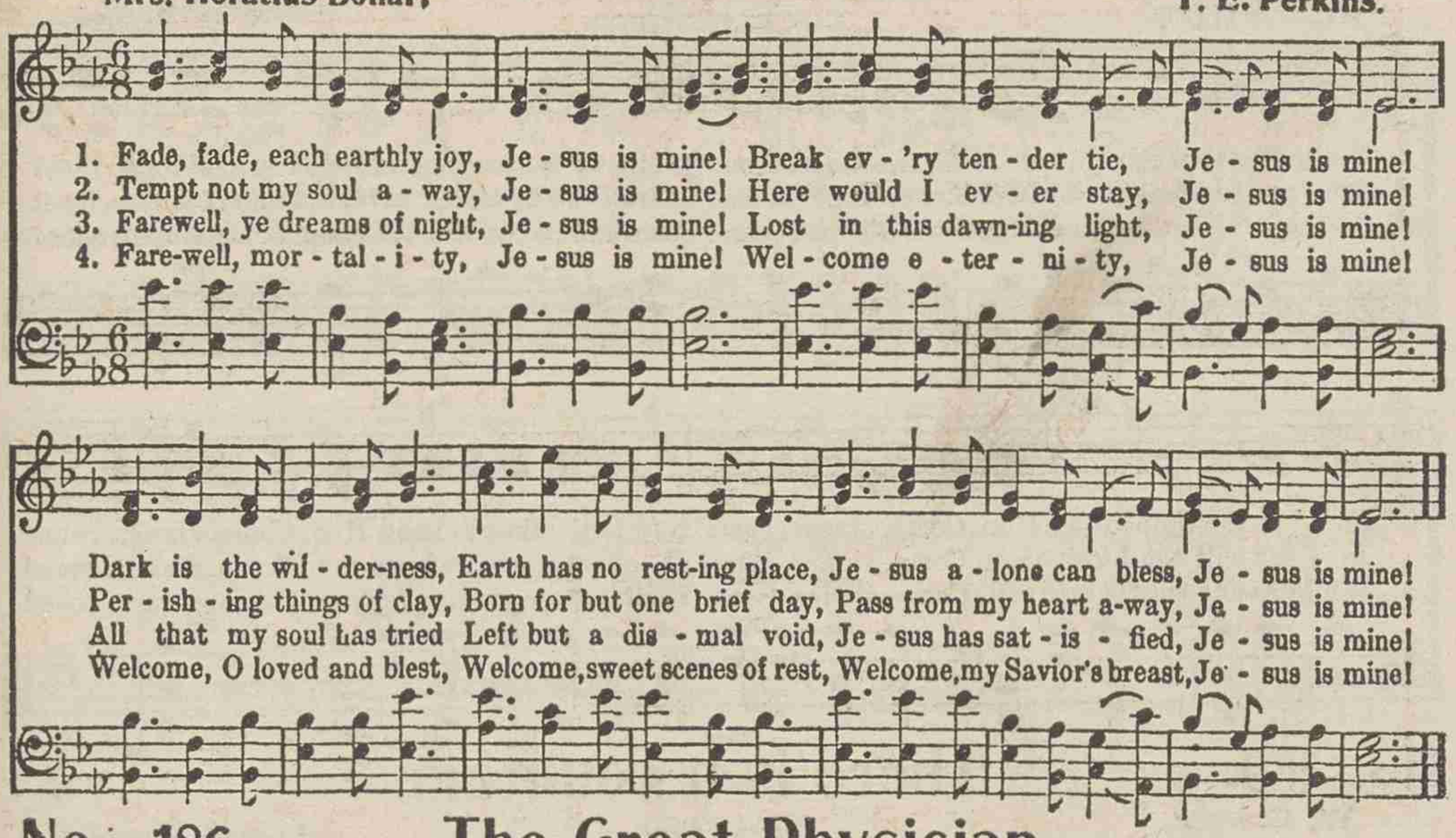
1. When shall we meet a - gain? Meet ne'er to sev - er? When will peace
2. When shall love free - ly flow Pure as life's riv - er? When shall sweet
3. Up to that world of light Take us, dear Sav- iour; May we all
4. Soon shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er: Soon will peace

wreathe her chain Round us for - ev - er? Our hearts will ne'er re- pose Safe
friend-ship glow Changeless for- ev - er? Where joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where
there u - nite, Hap py for - ev - er: Where kindred spir - its dwell, There
wreathe her chain Round us for - ev - er: Our hearts will then re - pose Se -

from each blast that blows In this dark vale of woes, Never,—no, never!
bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of part-ing chill Never,—no, never!
may our mus - ic swell, And time our joys dis - pel Never,—no, never!
cure from world- ly foes; Our songs of praise shall close Never,—no, never!
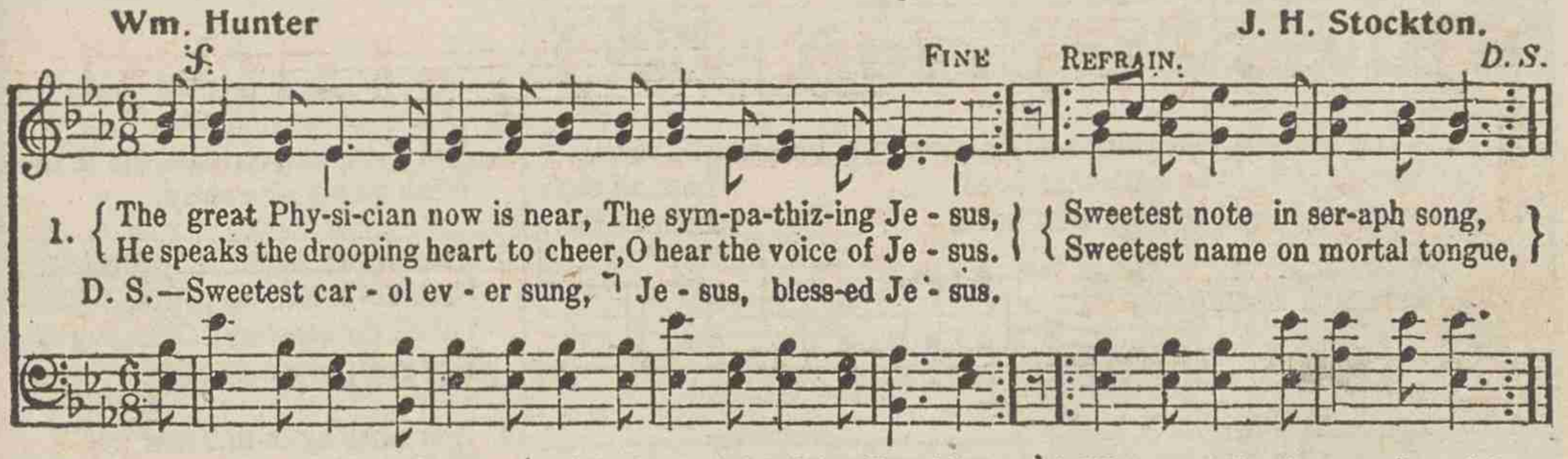
No. 185. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar. T. E. Perkins.



No. 186. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter J. H. Stockton.

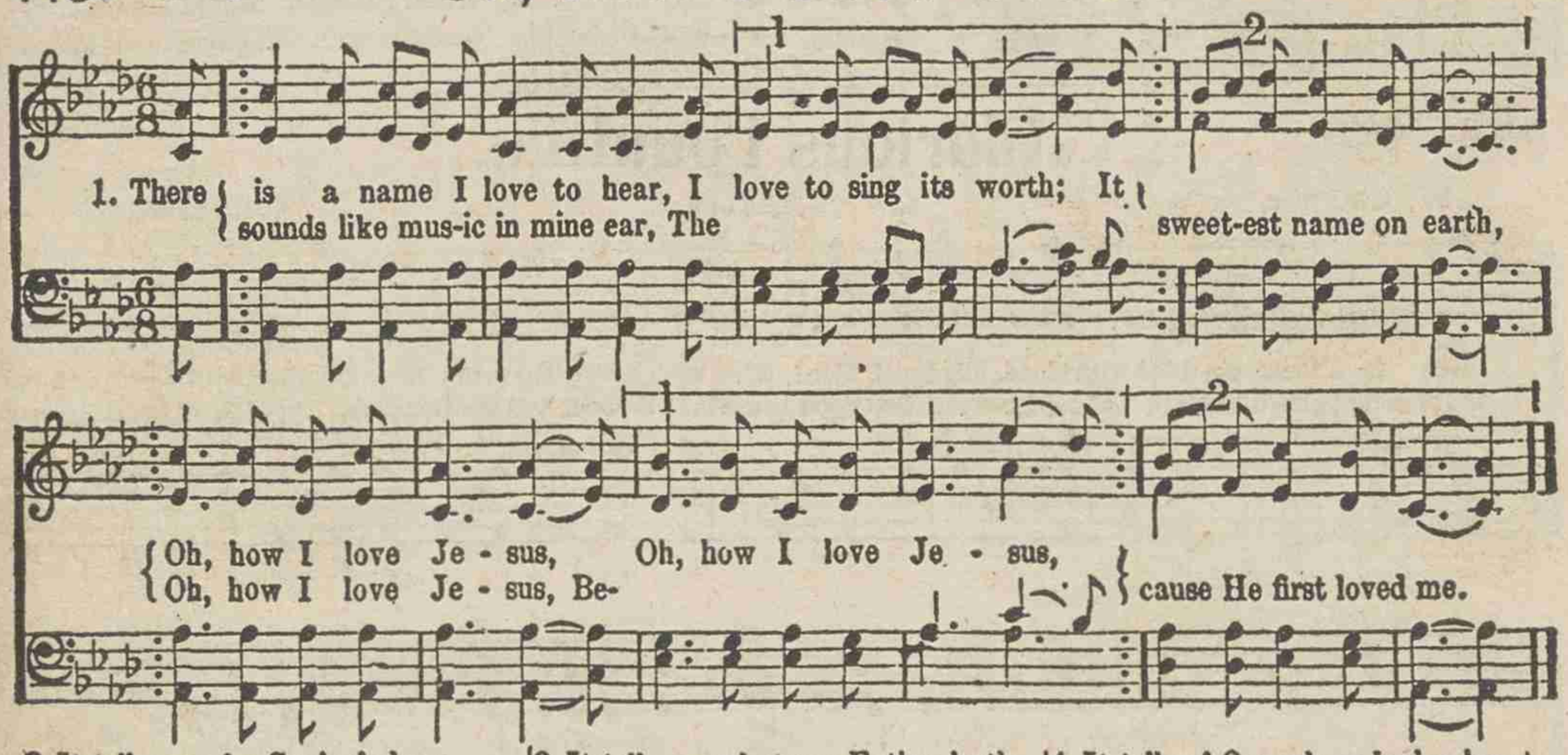


2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

No. 187. Oh, How I Love Jesus.



2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood;
The sinner's perfect plea.

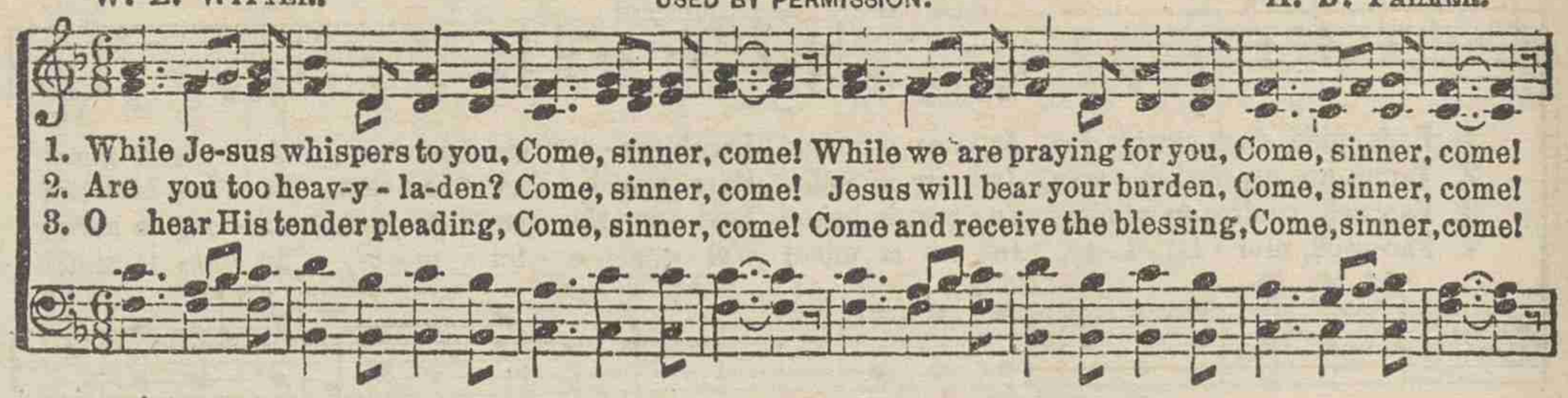
3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And tho' I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

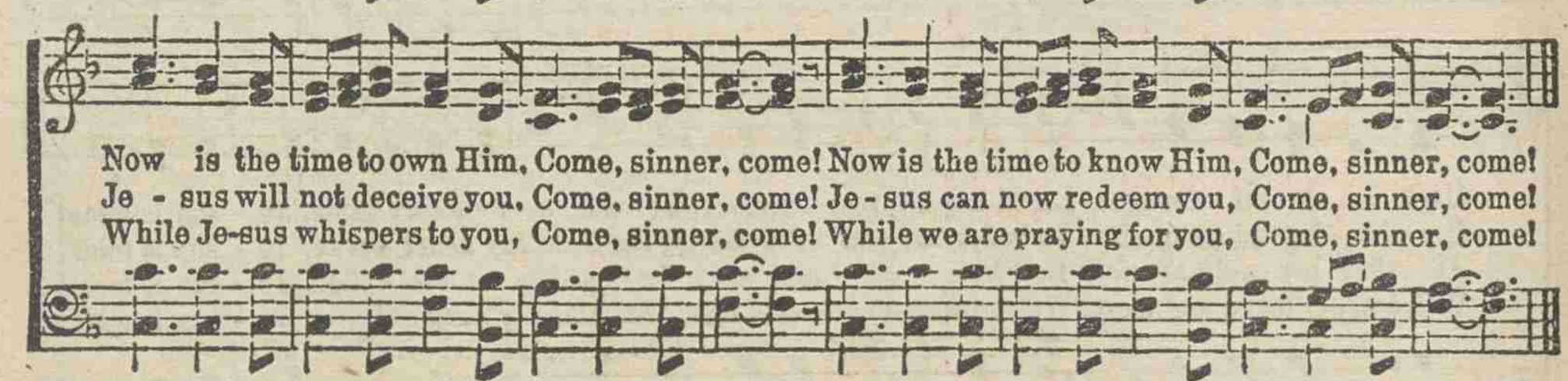
4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

No. 188. While Jesus Whispers.

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W. E. WITTER. H. B. PALMER.



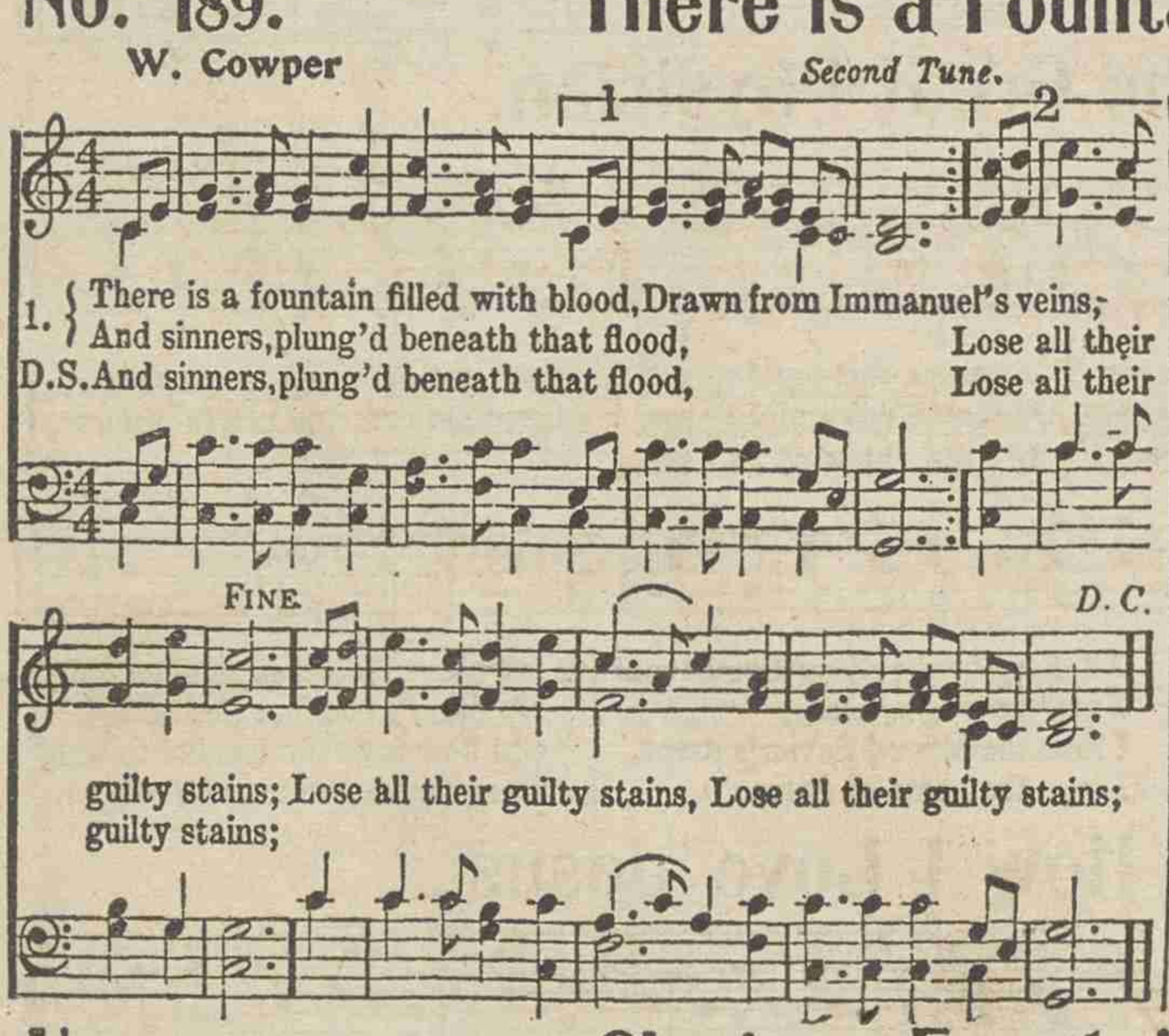


No. 189. There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper

Second Tune.

Lowell Mason.



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 blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

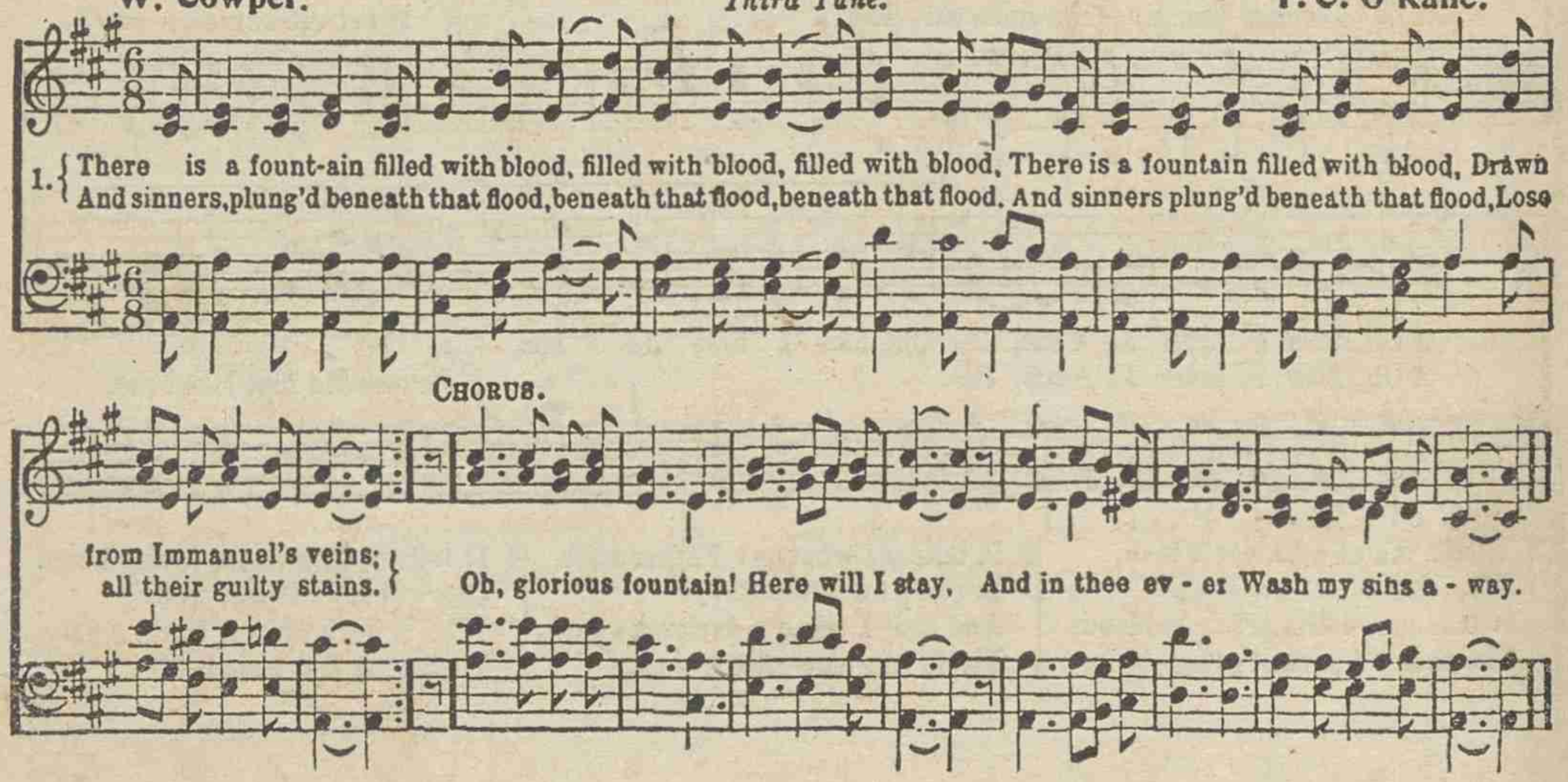
5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 190. Glorious Fountain.

W. Cowper.

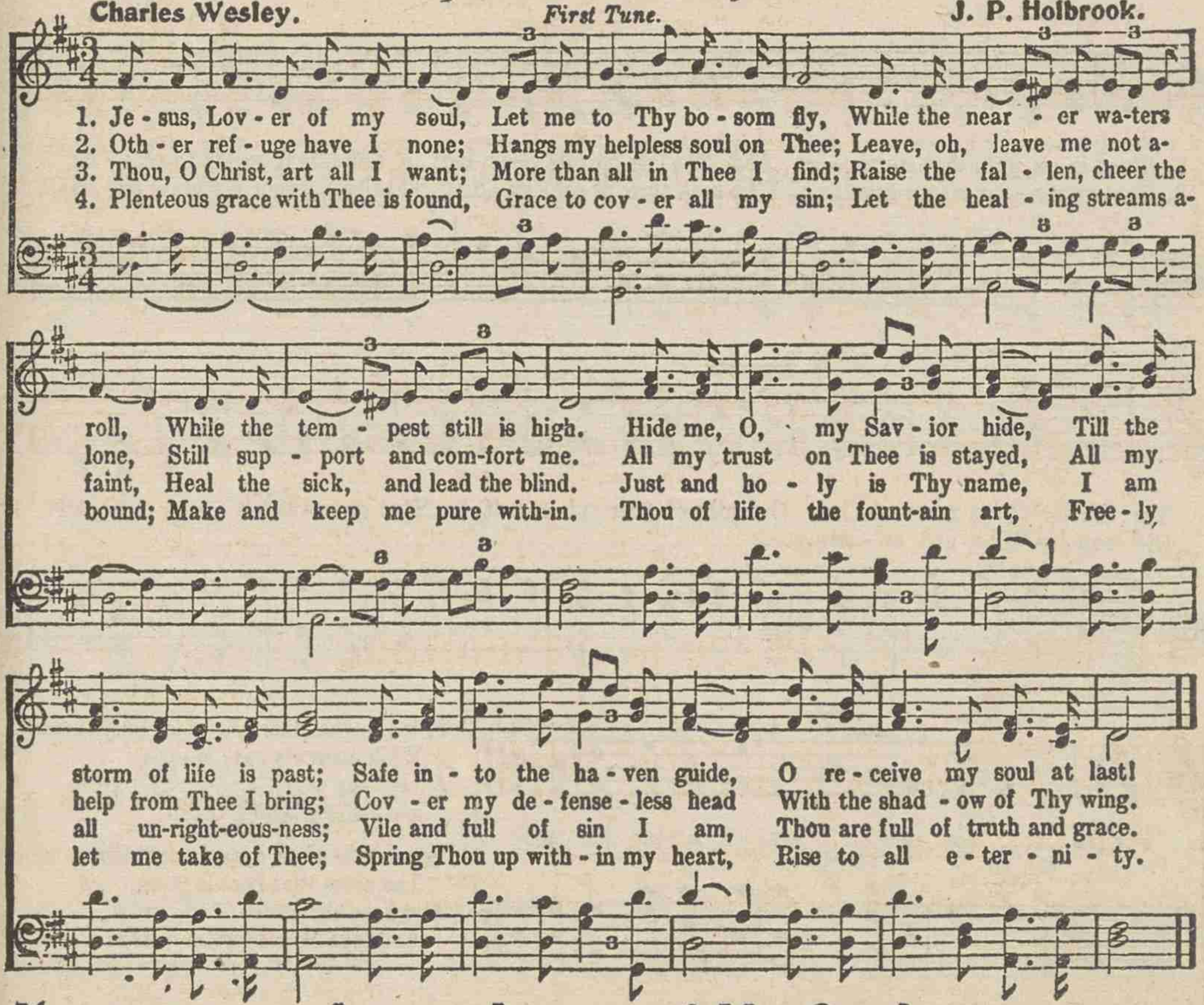
Third Tune.

T. C. O'Kane.
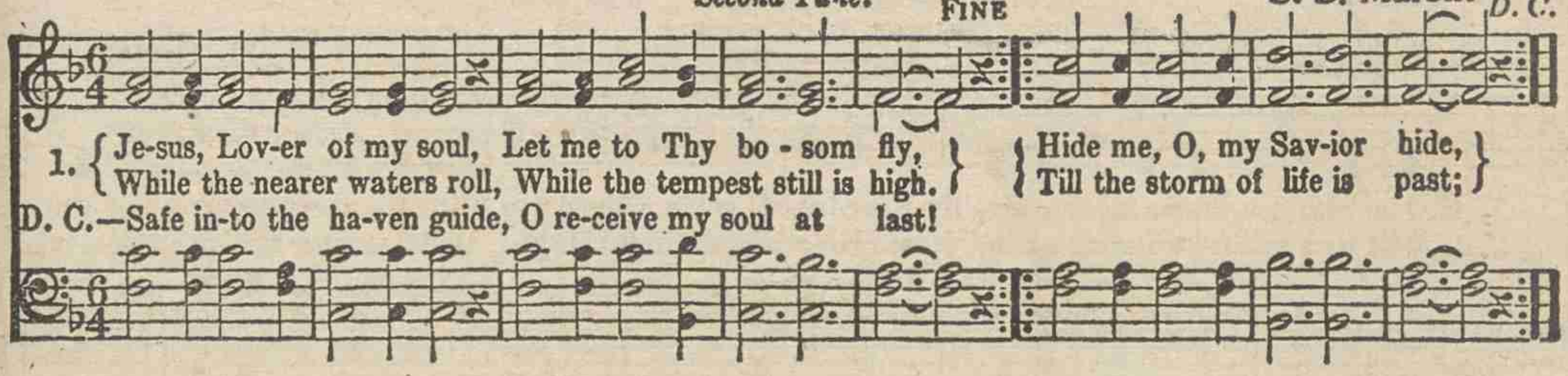


No. 191. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* J. P. Holbrook.



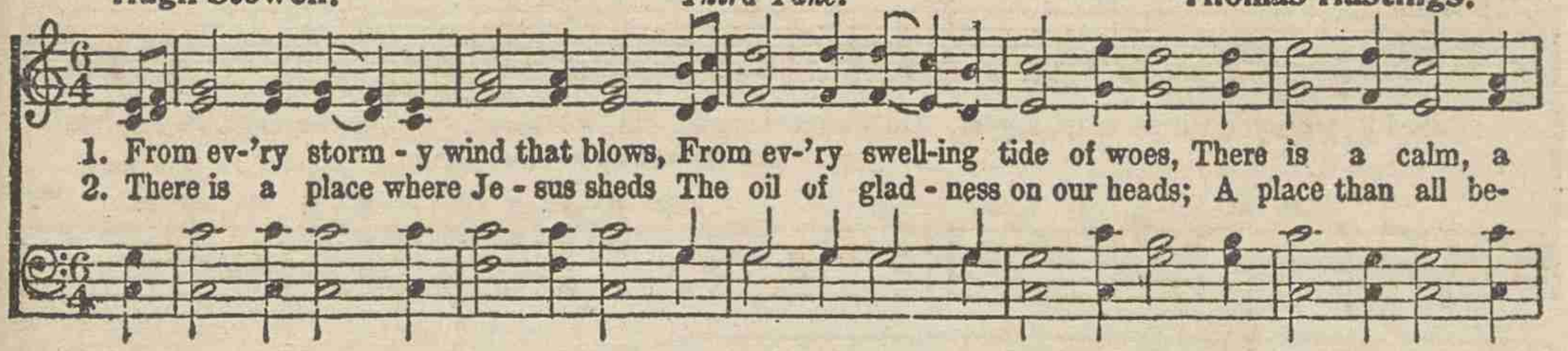
No. 192. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Second Tune. FINE S. B. Marsh. D. C.



No. 193. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

Hugh Stowell. *Third Tune.* Thomas Hastings.

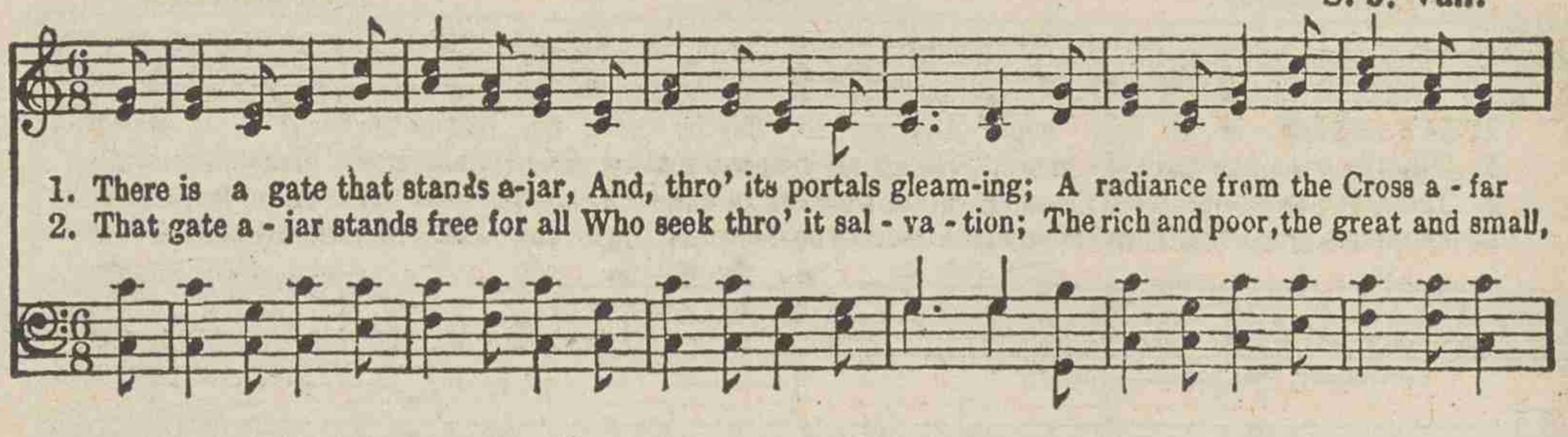


3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

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. 194. The Gate Ajar.

S. J. Vail.



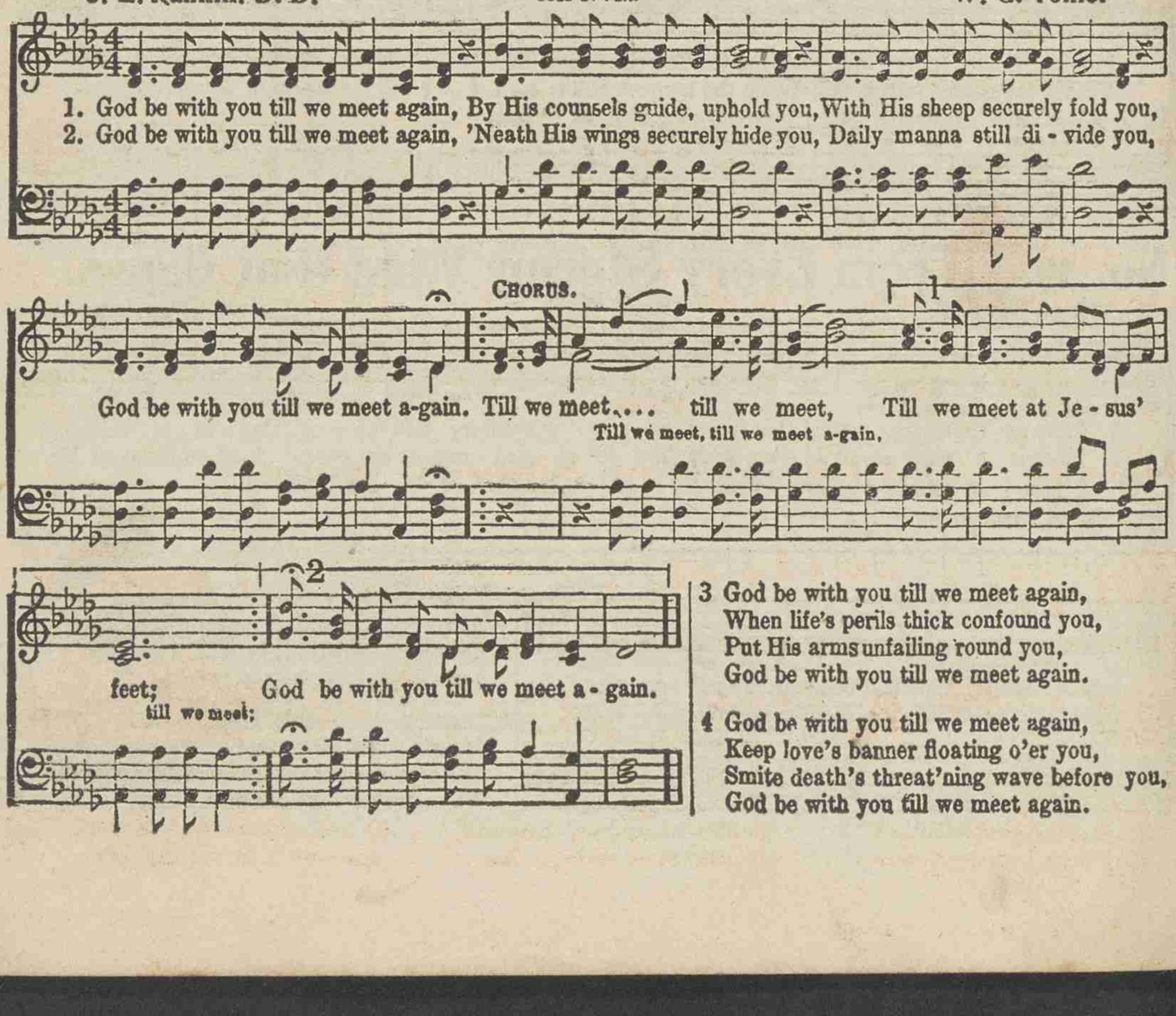
3 Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open,
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.

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 heaven.

No. 195. God Be With You.

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J. E. Rankin. D. D. W. G. Tomer
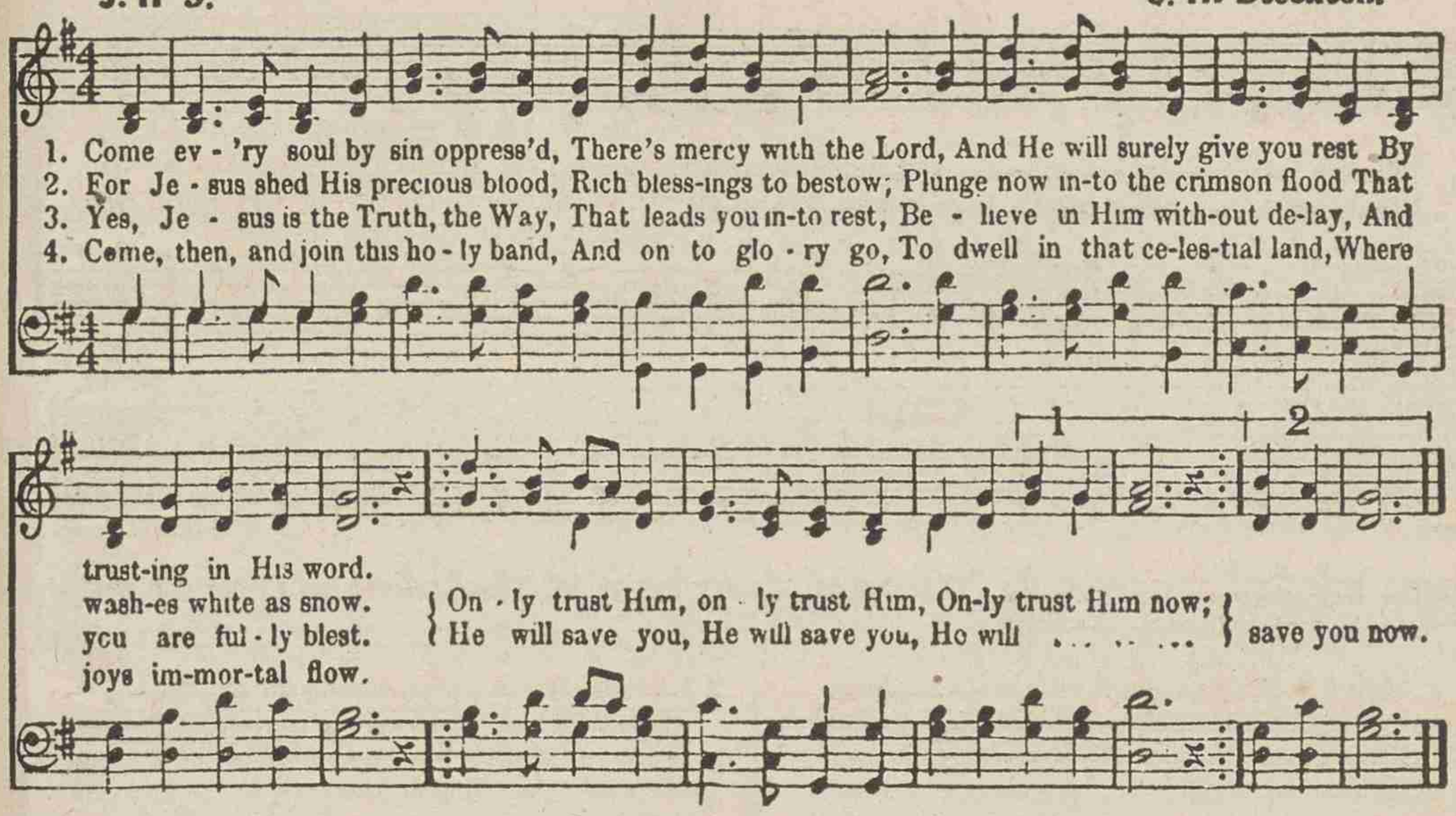


3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

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.

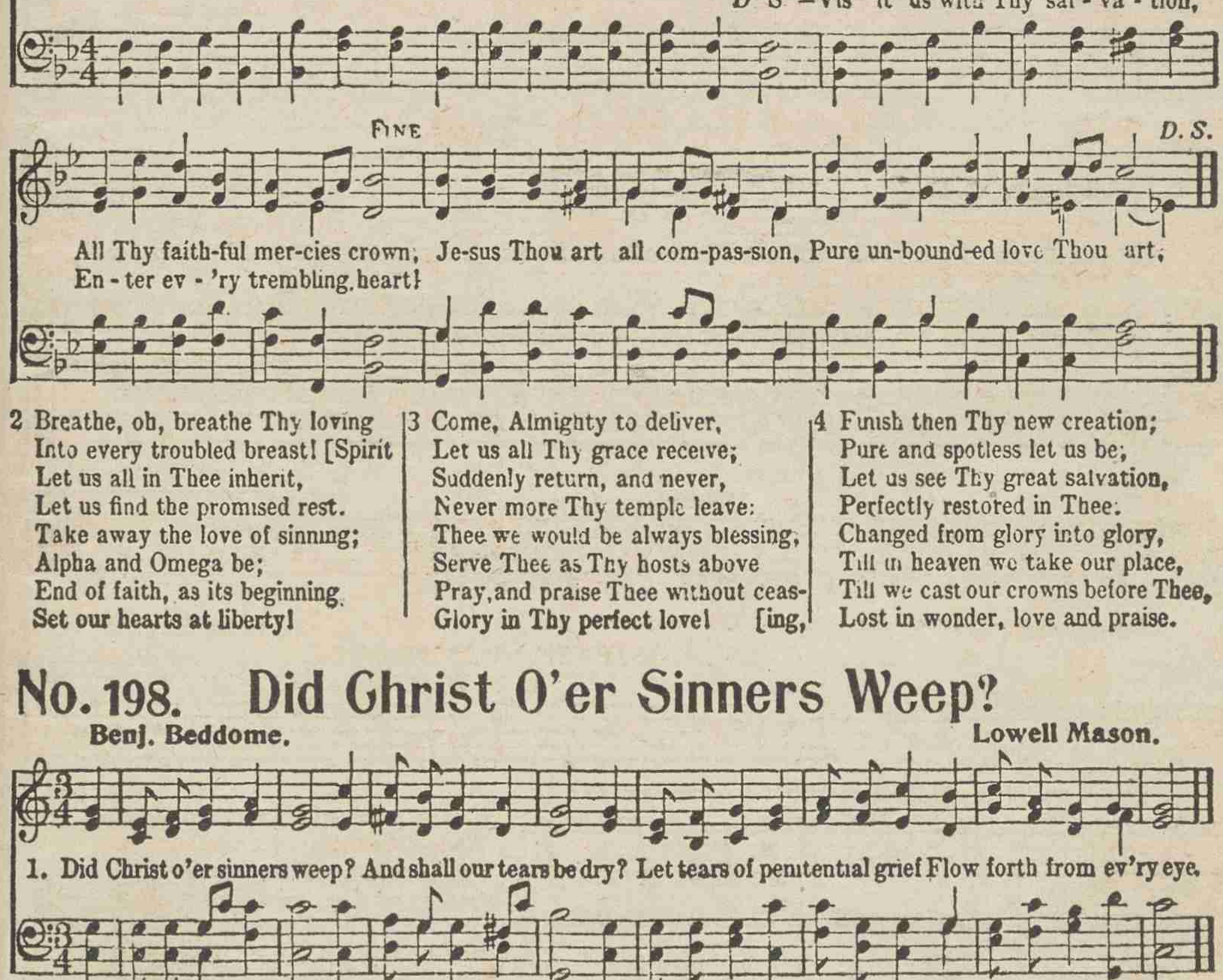
No. 196. Only Trust Him.

J. H S. — J. H. Stockton.



No. 197 Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. — *First Tune.* — John Zundel.



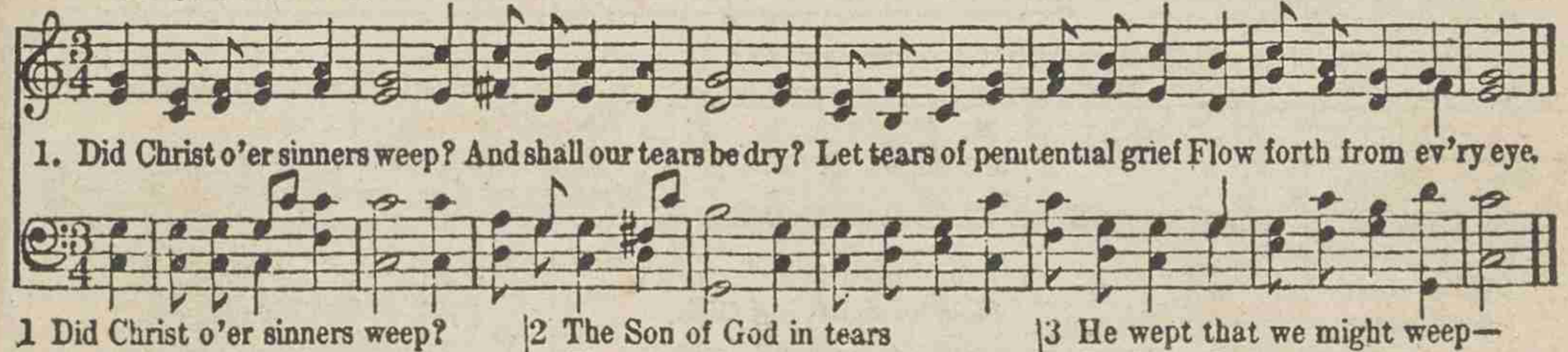
2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love!

4 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

No. 198. Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

Benj. Beddome. — Lowell Mason.



1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our tears be dry?
Let tears of penitential grief
Flow forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep—
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

No. 199. Bringing in the Sheaves.
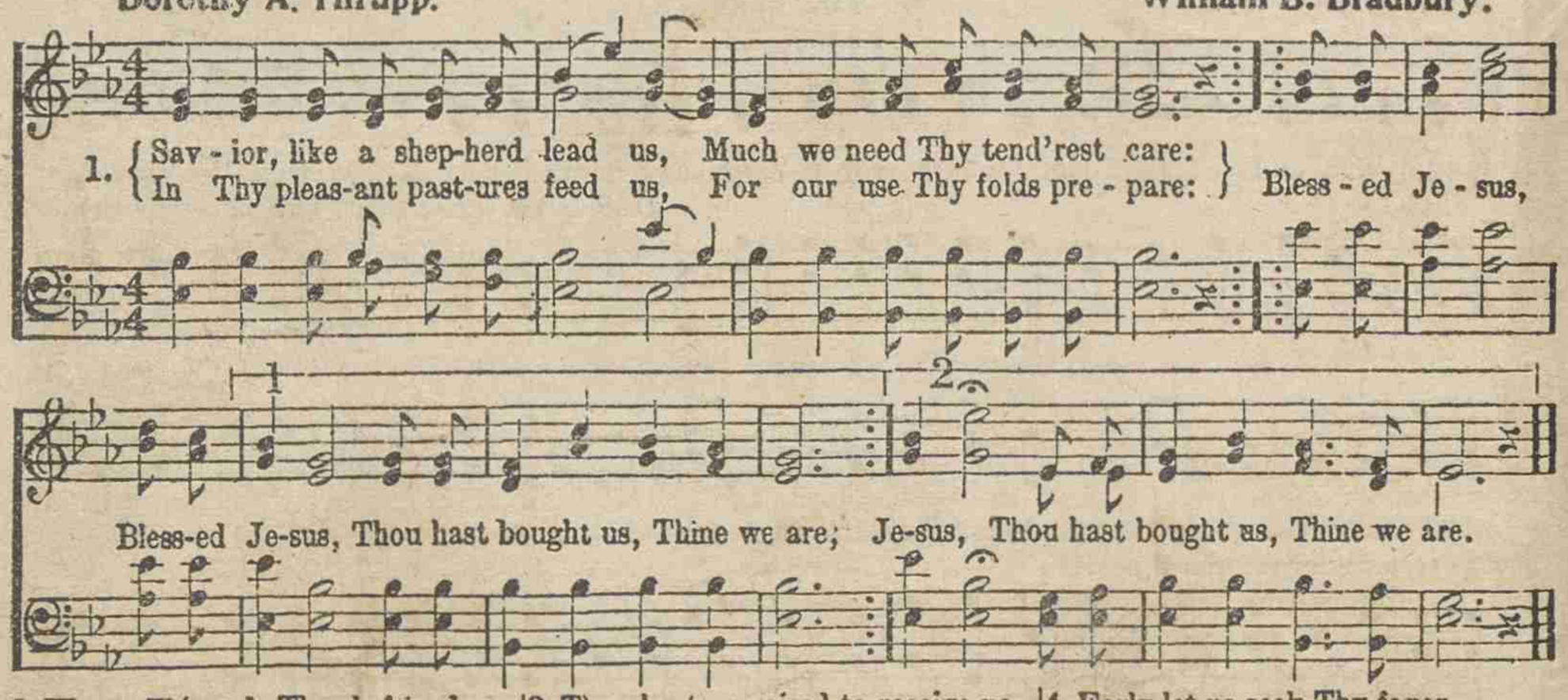
Knowles Shaw. George A. Minor.

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

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

No. 200. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. William B. Bradbury.



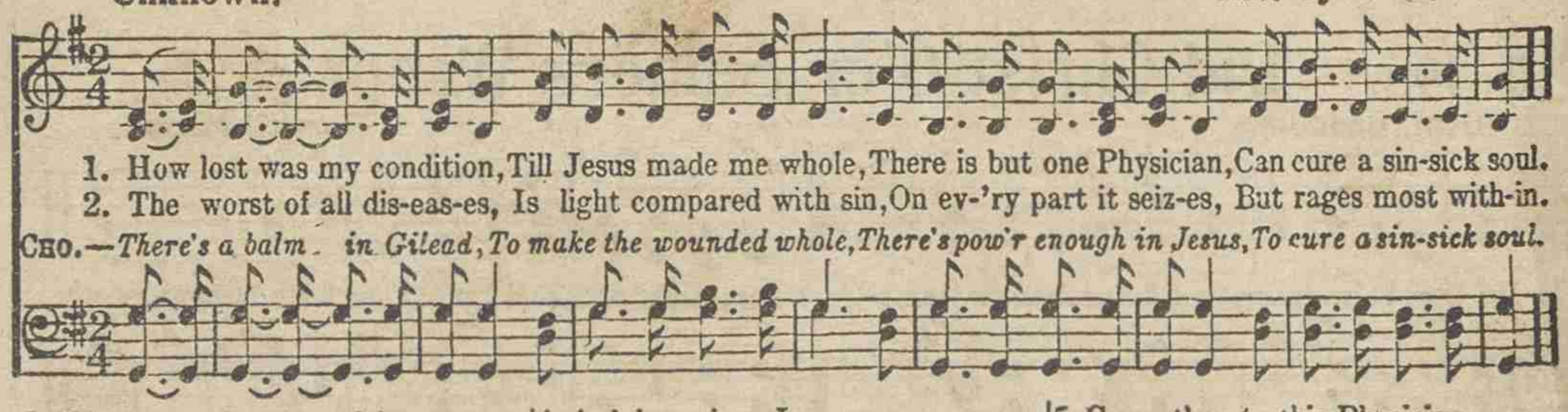
2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us.
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be,
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 201. Balm In Gilead.

Unknown. Arr. by E. O. E.



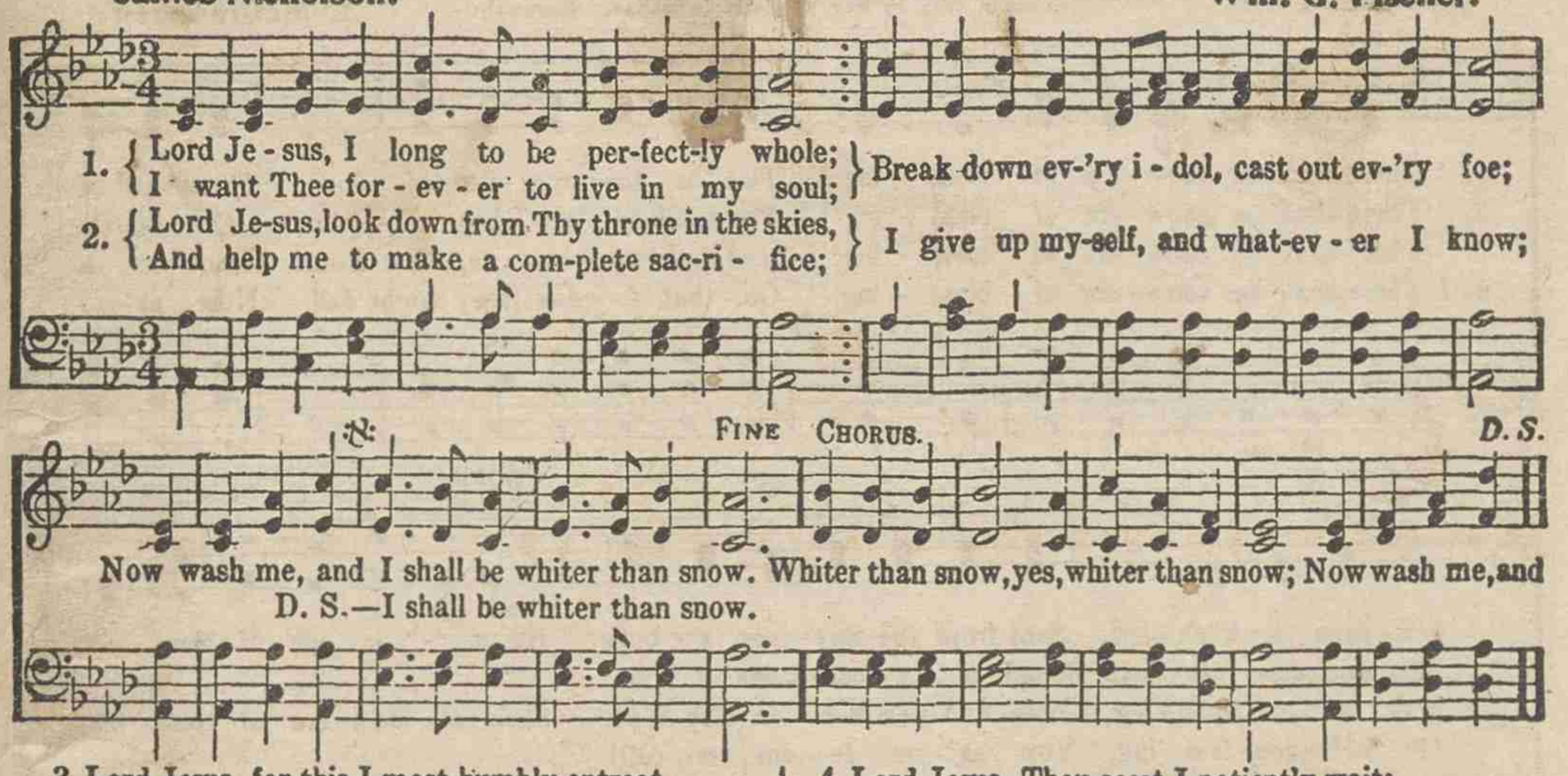
3 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness all combined,
And none but a believer,
The least relief can find.

4 A dying, risen Jesus
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us
And saves the soul from death.

5 Come then to this Physician
His help He'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only look and live.

No. 202. Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer.
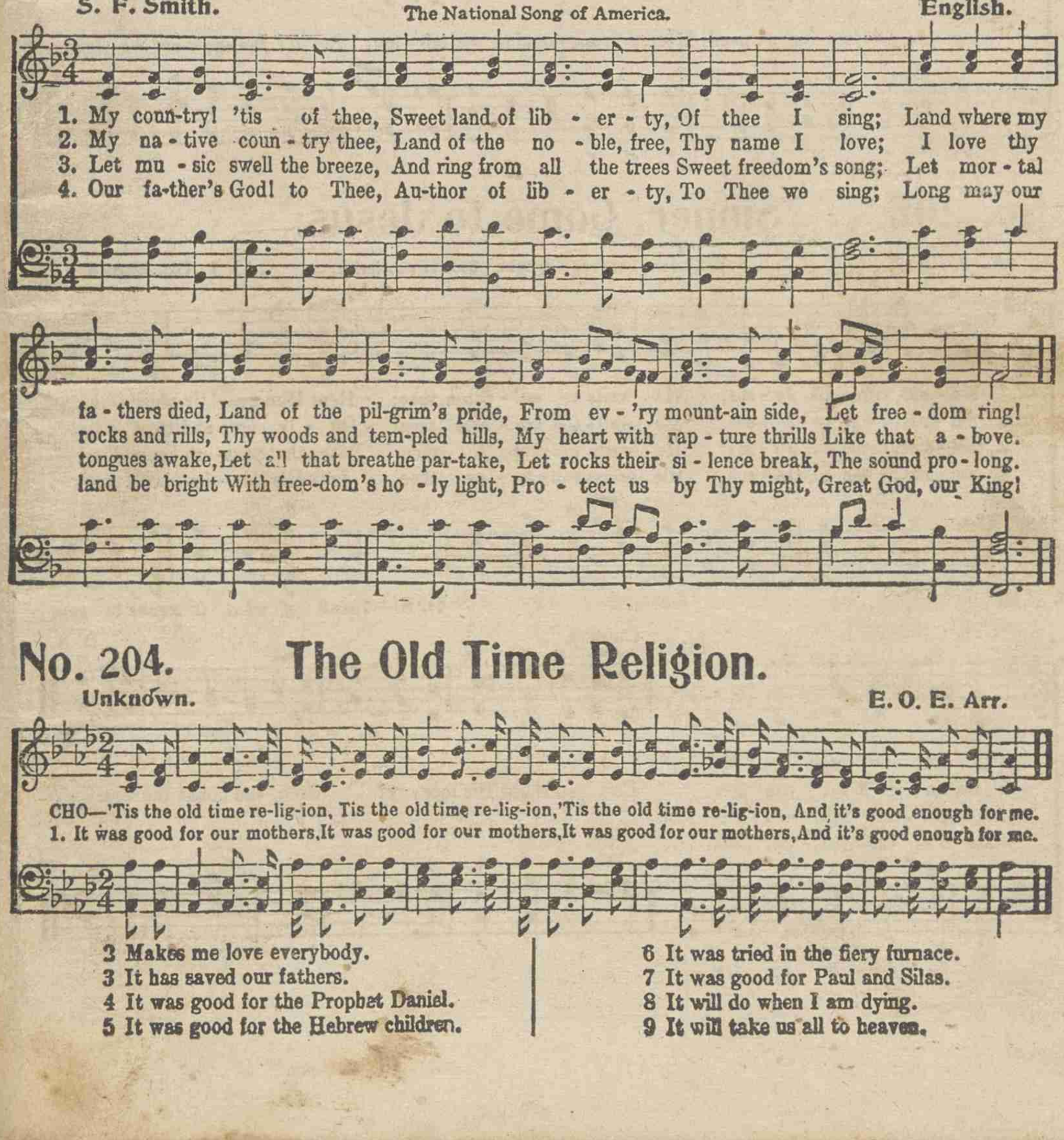


3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

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. America.

S. F. Smith. English.

The National Song of America.



No. 204. The Old Time Religion.

Unknown. E. O. E. Arr.

3 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.
9 It will take us all to heaven.

No. 205. "There Shall Be Showers of Blessing."

El Nathan, Copyright, 1912, by Mrs. Addie McGranahan. Renewal. J. McGranahan.

1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing;" This is the prom-ise of love; There shall be
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"— Pre-cious re-viv-ing a-gain; O-ver the
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Send them up-on us, O Lord! Grant to us
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Oh, that to-day they might fall, Now as to

CHORUS.

sea-sons re-fresh-ing. Sent from the Sav-iour a-bove. Show - - ers of bless-ing,
hills and the val-leys, Sound of a-bun-dance of rain.
now a re-fresh-ing, Come, and now hon-or Thy Word Show-ers, show-ers of bless-ing,
God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call!

Show-ers of bless-ing we need; Mer-cy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the show-ers we plead.

No. 206. Sinner, Come to Jesus.

A. J. B. H. N. Lincoln, owner of copyright. Used by permission. A. J. Buchanan.

1. Sin-ner, come to Je-sus, He waits to wel-come thee; Hear Him gen-tly plead-ing,
2. Sin-ner, come to Je-sus, He waits to ran-som thee; On-ly come and trust Him,
3. Sin-ner, come to Je-sus, He waits to give to thee Peace that pass-eth know-ledge,
4. Sin-ner, come to Je-sus, His grace will car-ry thee, In His lov-ing bos-om,

D. S.—*Think of what it means to you,*

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

"O lost one, come to Me."
From sin He'll set you free. Can you slight His mer-cy? Stop, and count the cost!
A par-don full, and free.
Safe o'er the jas-per sea.

To be for-ev-er lost.

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.

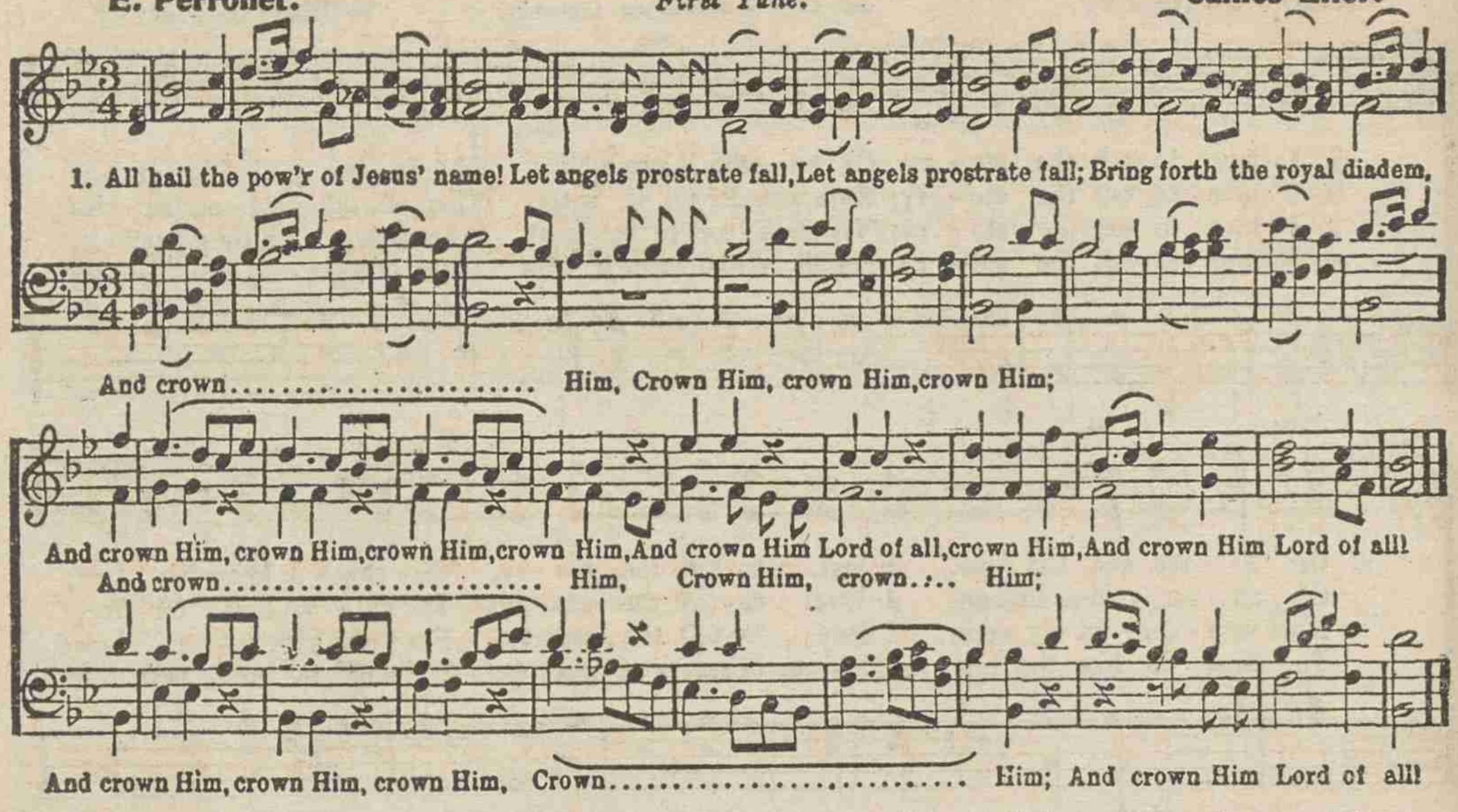
Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.

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.

No, 209. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name,

E. Perronet. *First Tune.* **James Ellor.**
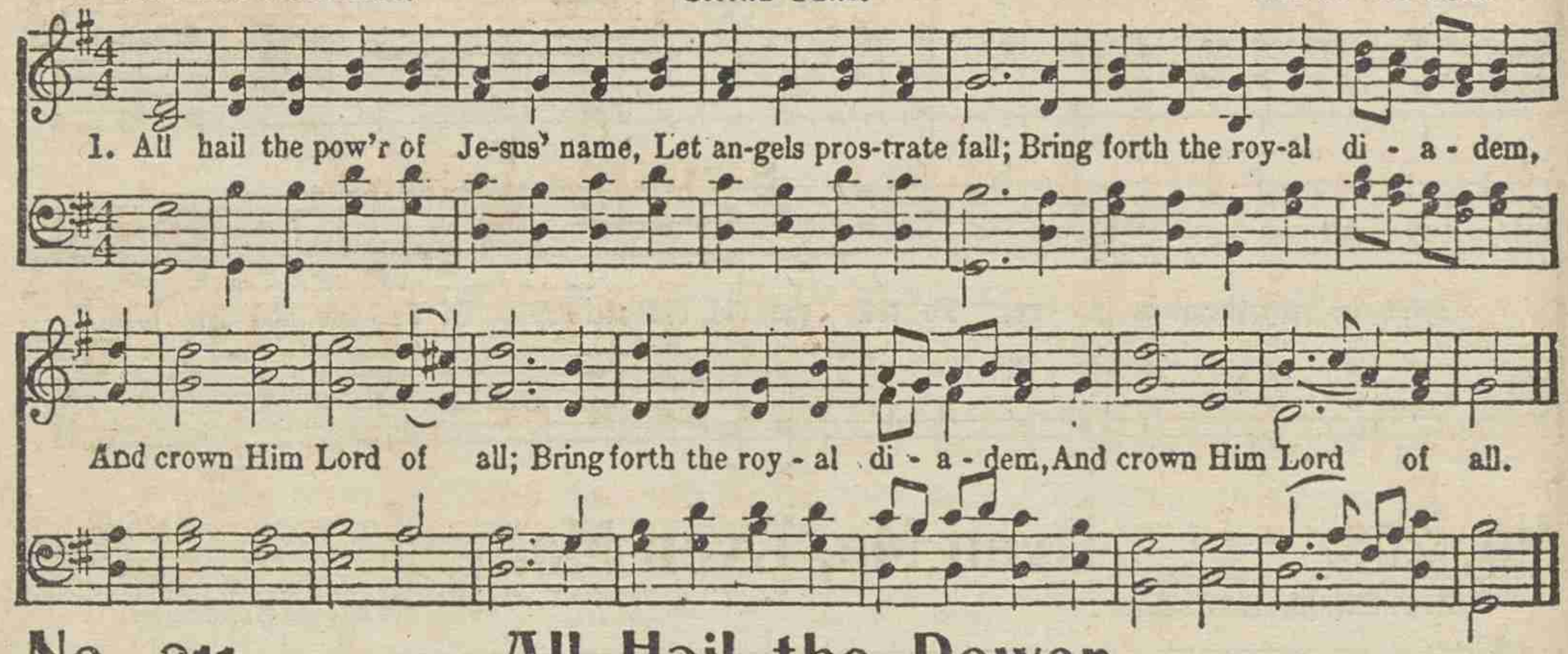


2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

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

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

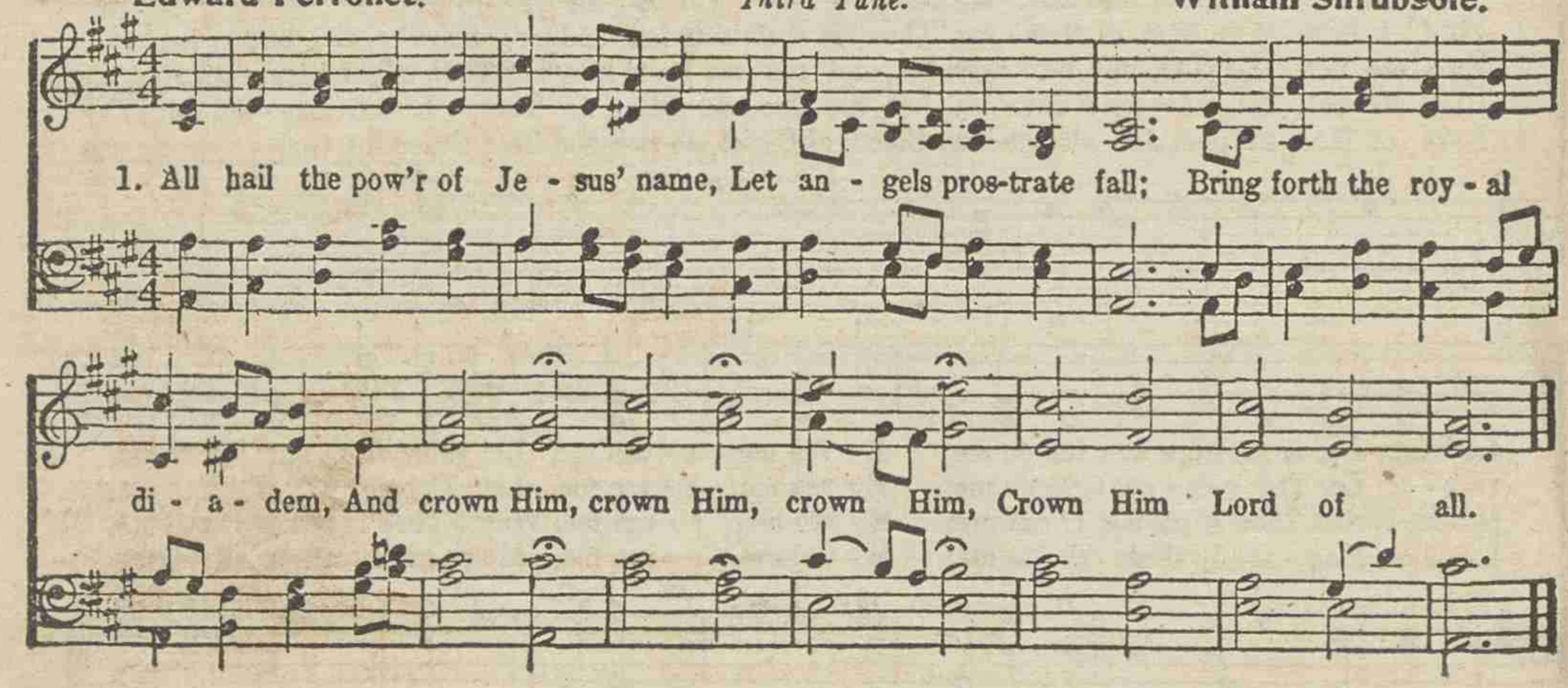
No. 210. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. *Second Tune.* **Oliver Holden.**



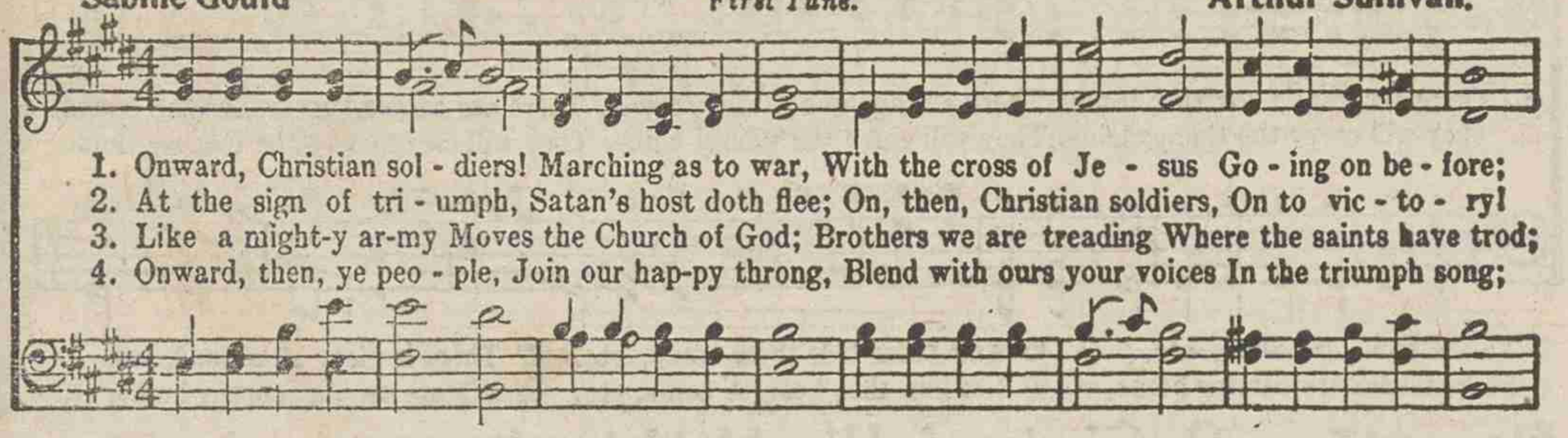
No. 211. All Hail the Power.

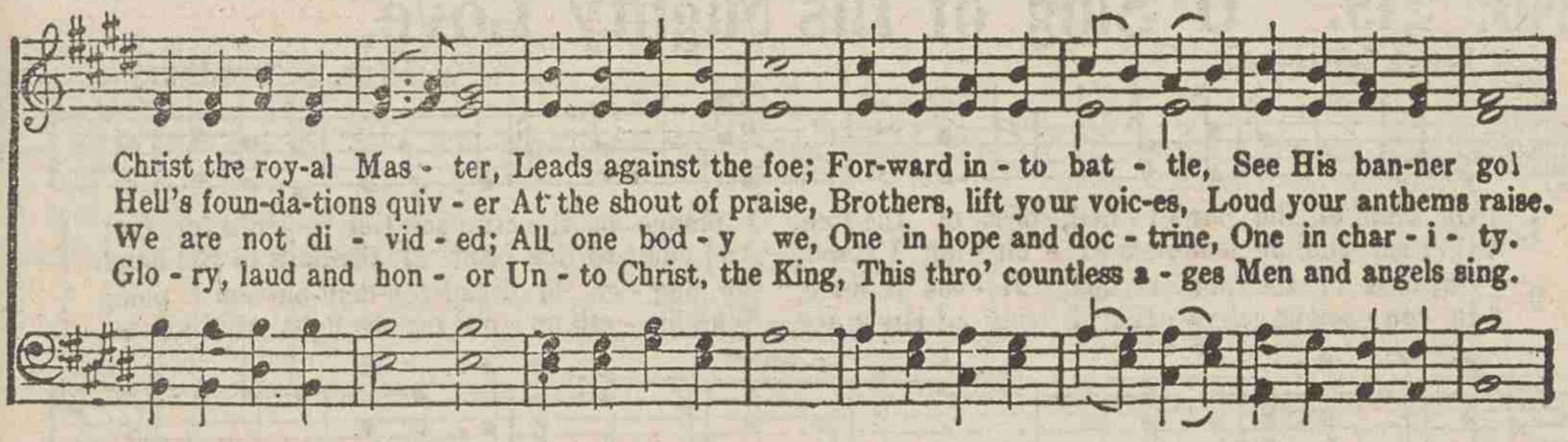
Edward Perronet. *Third Tune.* **William Shrubsole.**

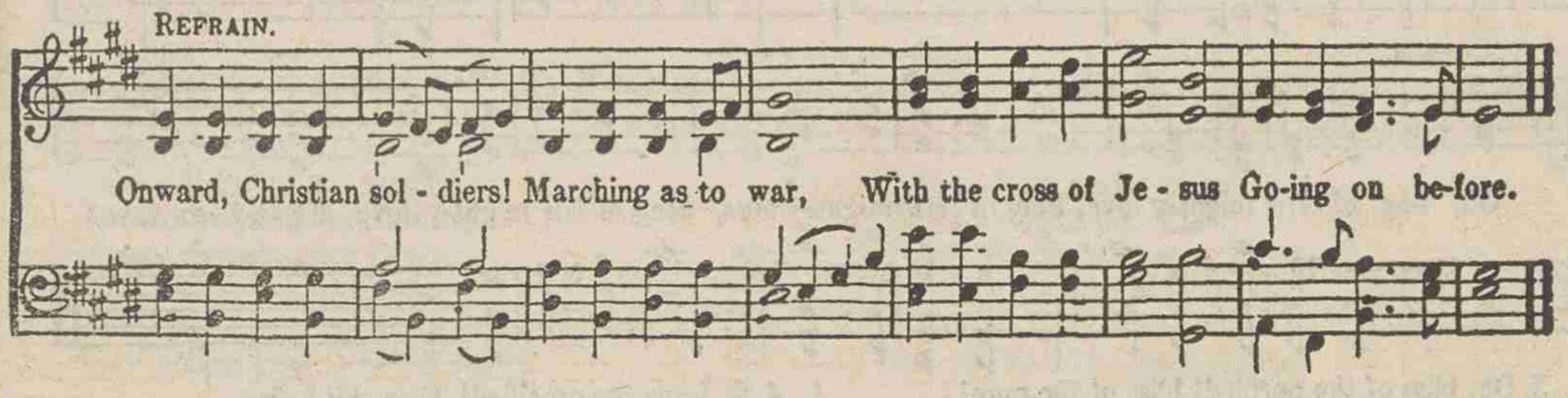


No. 212. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould — *First Tune.* — Arthur Sullivan.

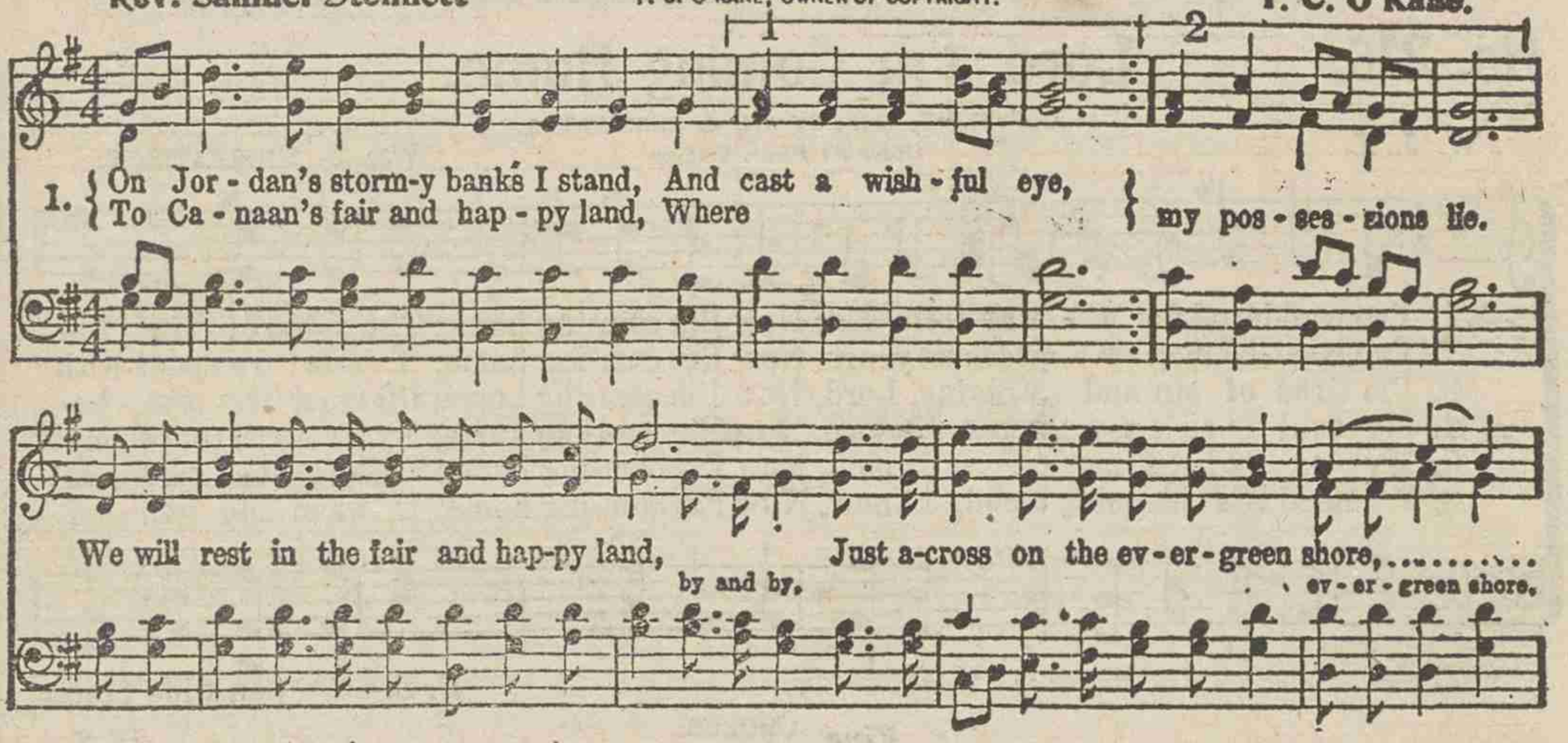


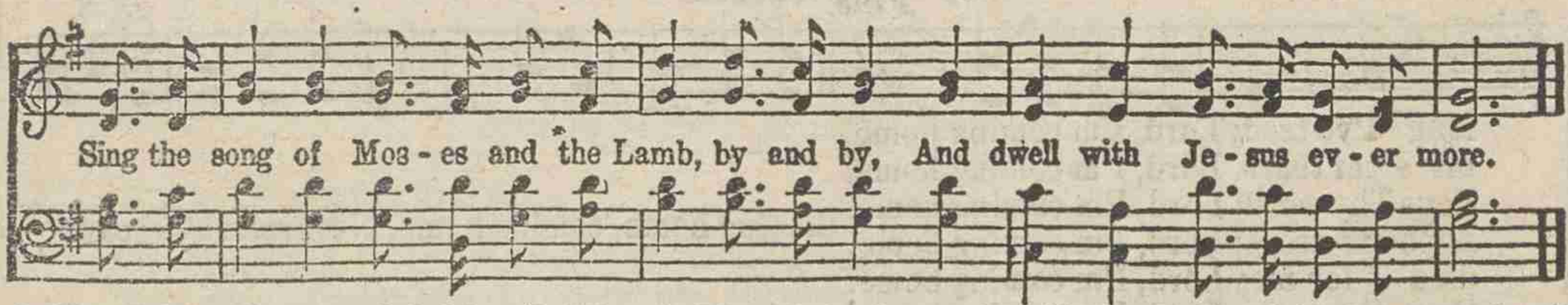




No. 213. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Rev. Samuel Stennett — T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. — T. C. O'Kane.
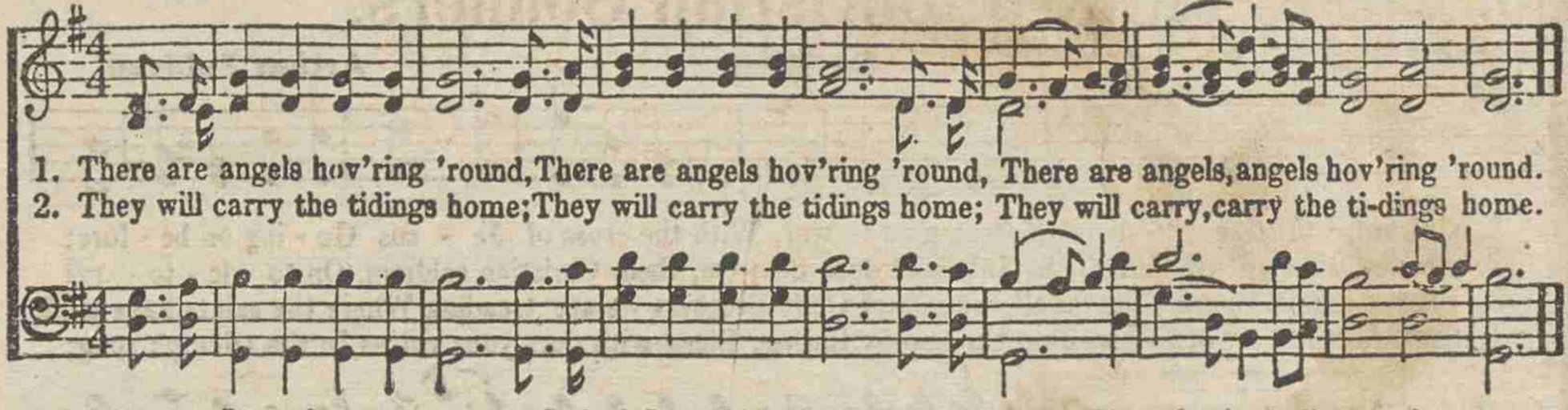




2 O'er all those wide-extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

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. 214. Angels Hovering 'Round.

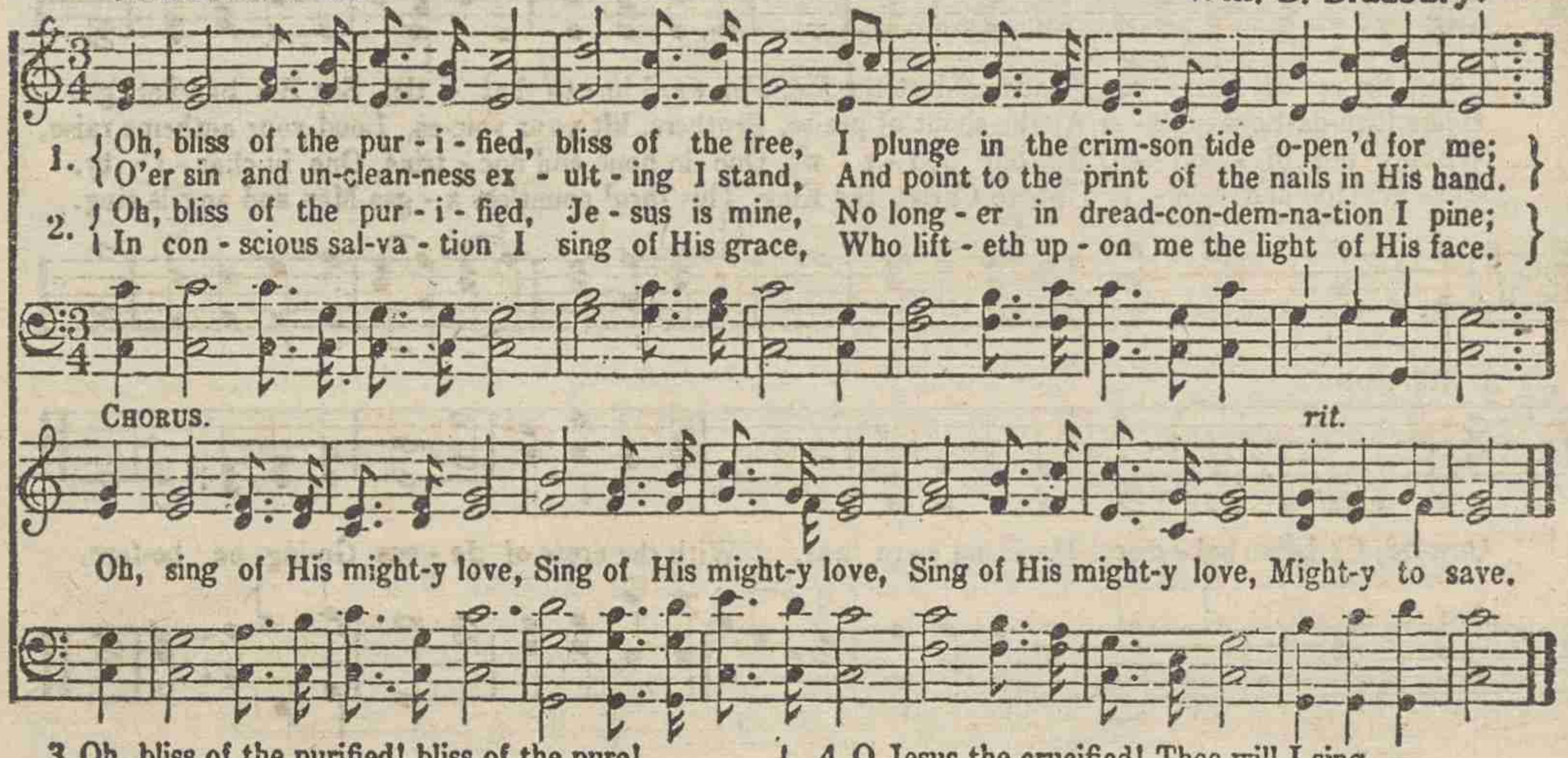
Anon. Unknown.



3 To the new Jerusalem, etc.
4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.
5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.
6 Let him that heareth come, etc.
7 There is glory all around, etc.
8 We are on our journey home, etc.

No. 215. O Sing of His Mighty Love.

Frank Bottome. Wm. B. Bradbury.



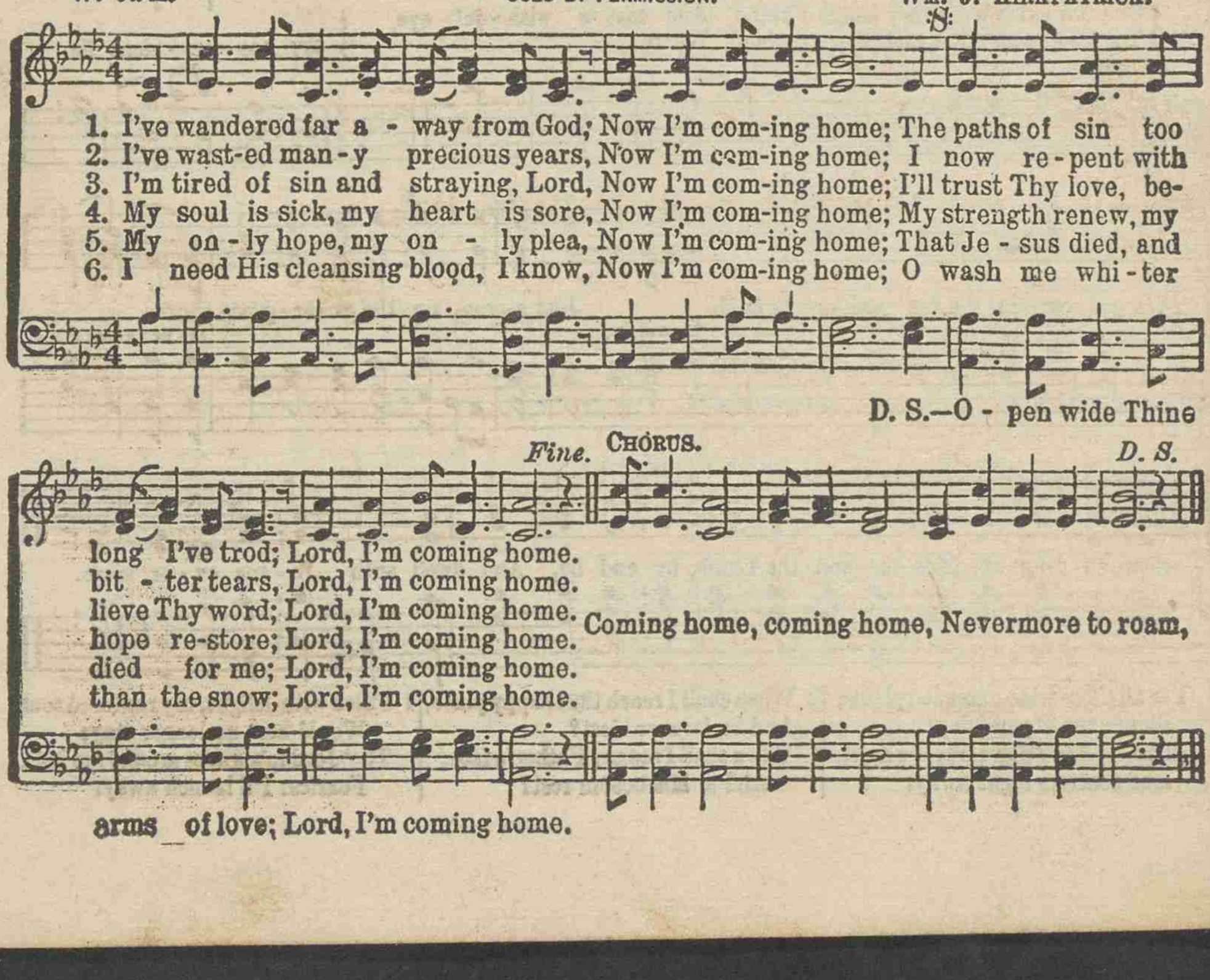
3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

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."

No. 216. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

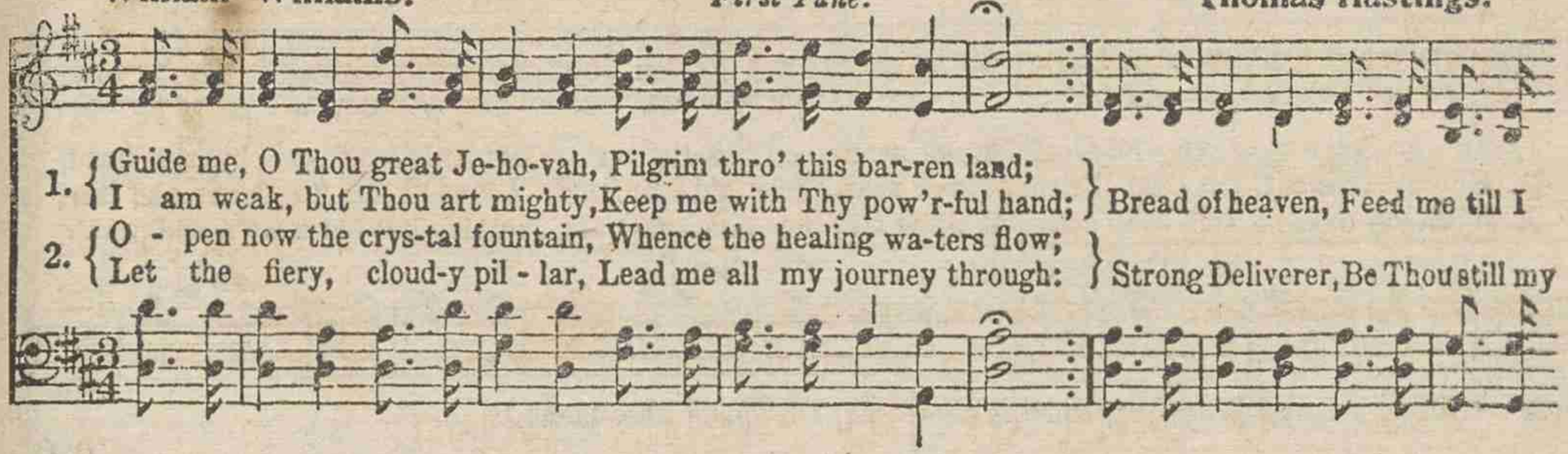
COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PERMISSION.
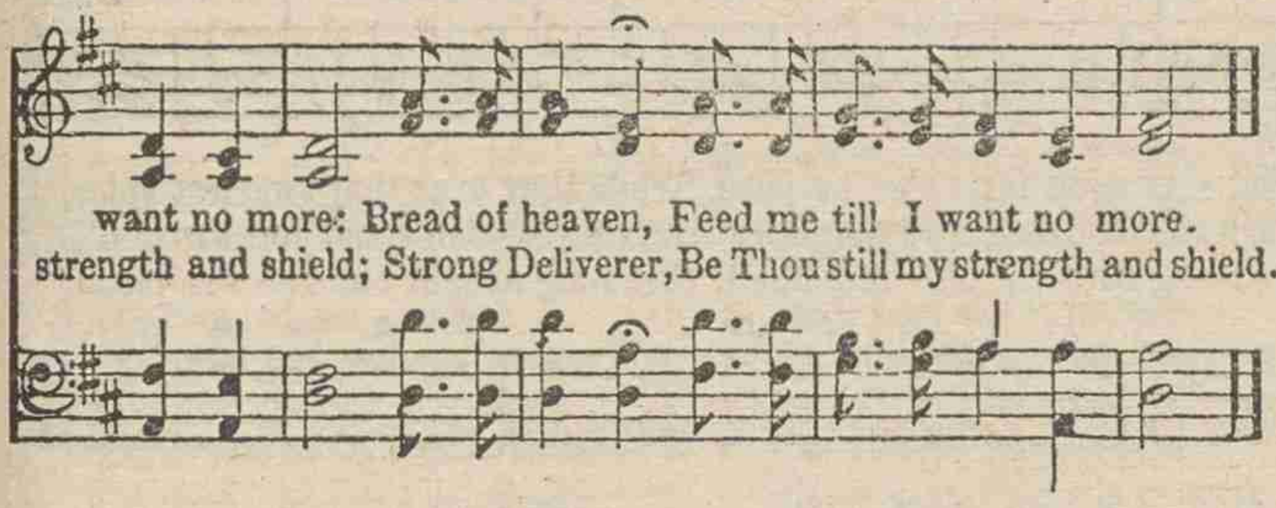
W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



No. 217. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams. *First Tune.* Thomas Hastings.





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.
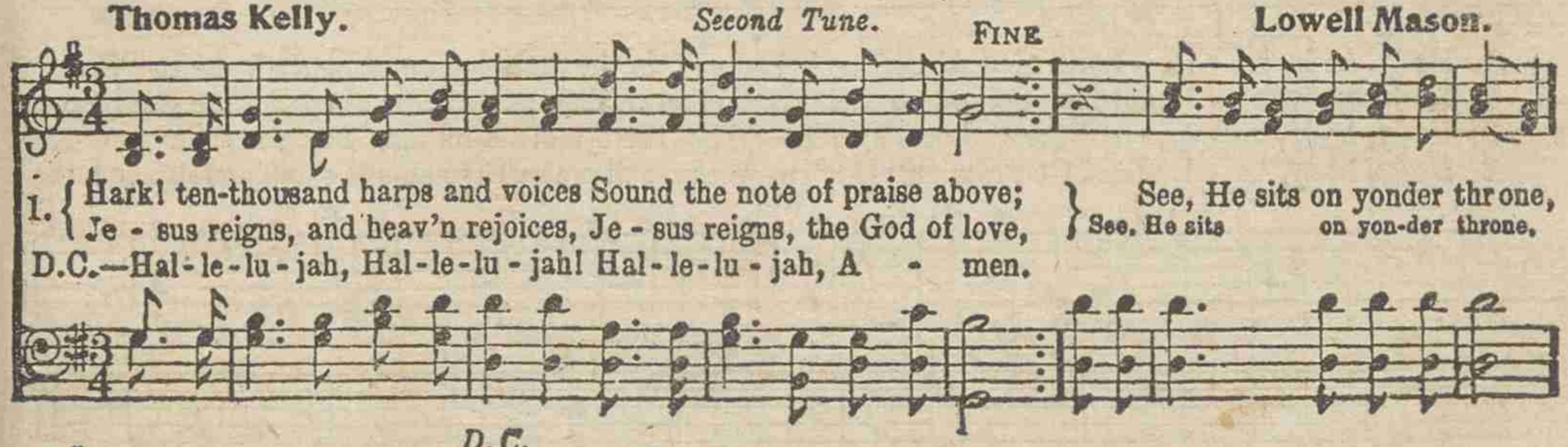
1 O Thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by Thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise Thee;
Where shall I Thy praise begin?
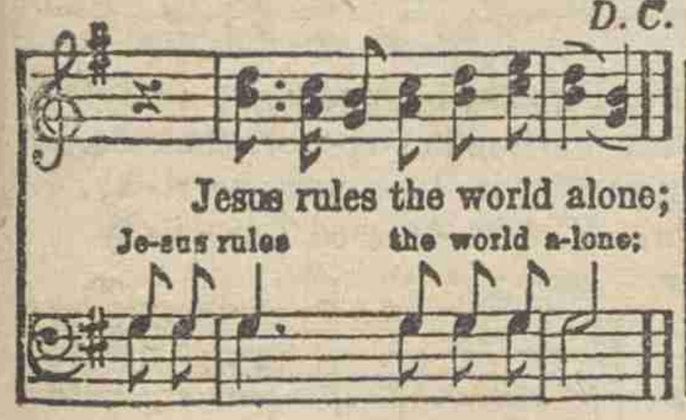
2 Though unseen, I love the Savior;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests His pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall His glorious image bear.

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.





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. M. M. Wells.

FINE.

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;
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.

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.

No. 223. Holy, Holy, Holy.

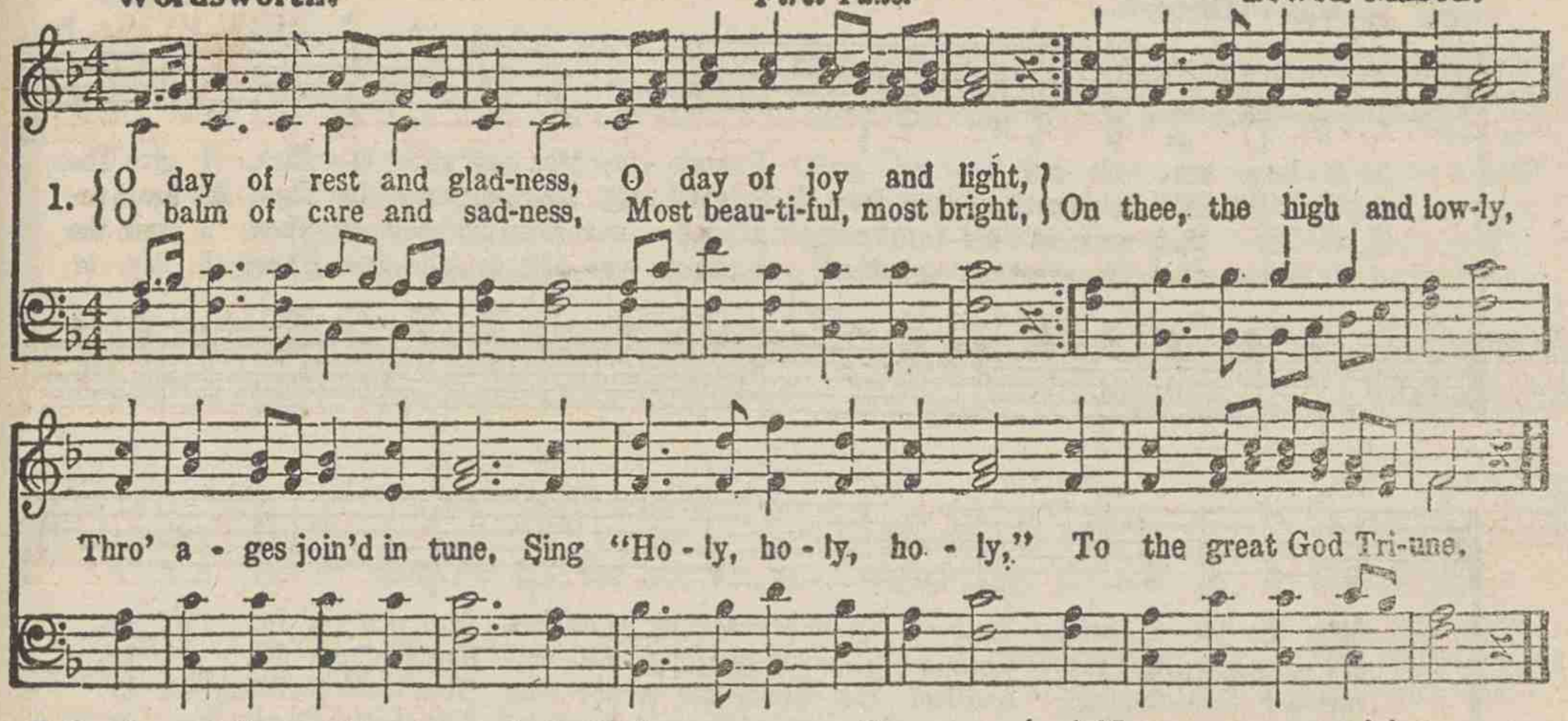
Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.

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.

No. 224. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Wordsworth. *First Tune.* Lowell Mason.



2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

No. 225. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

First or Second Tune.
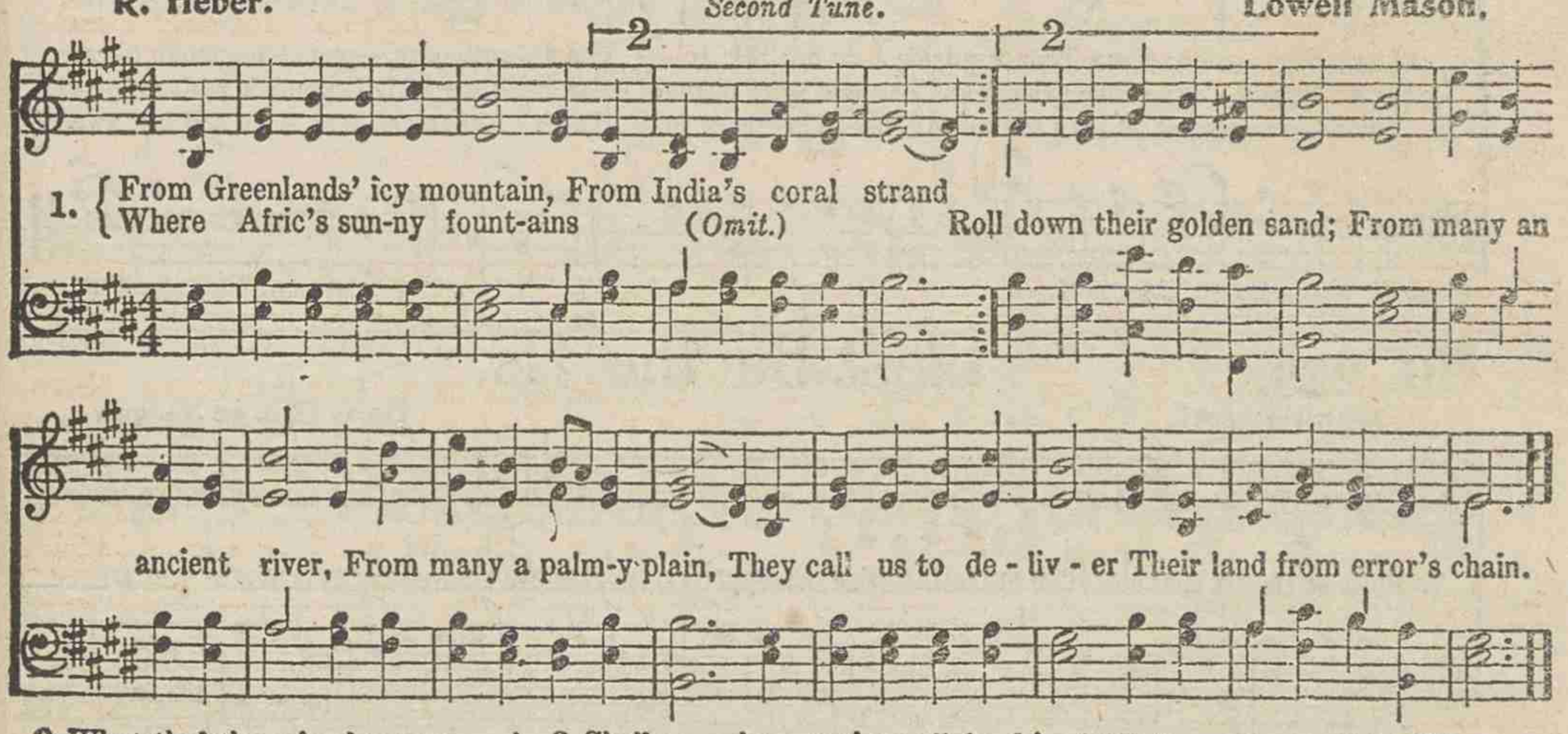
1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Savior has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

No. 226. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber. *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.



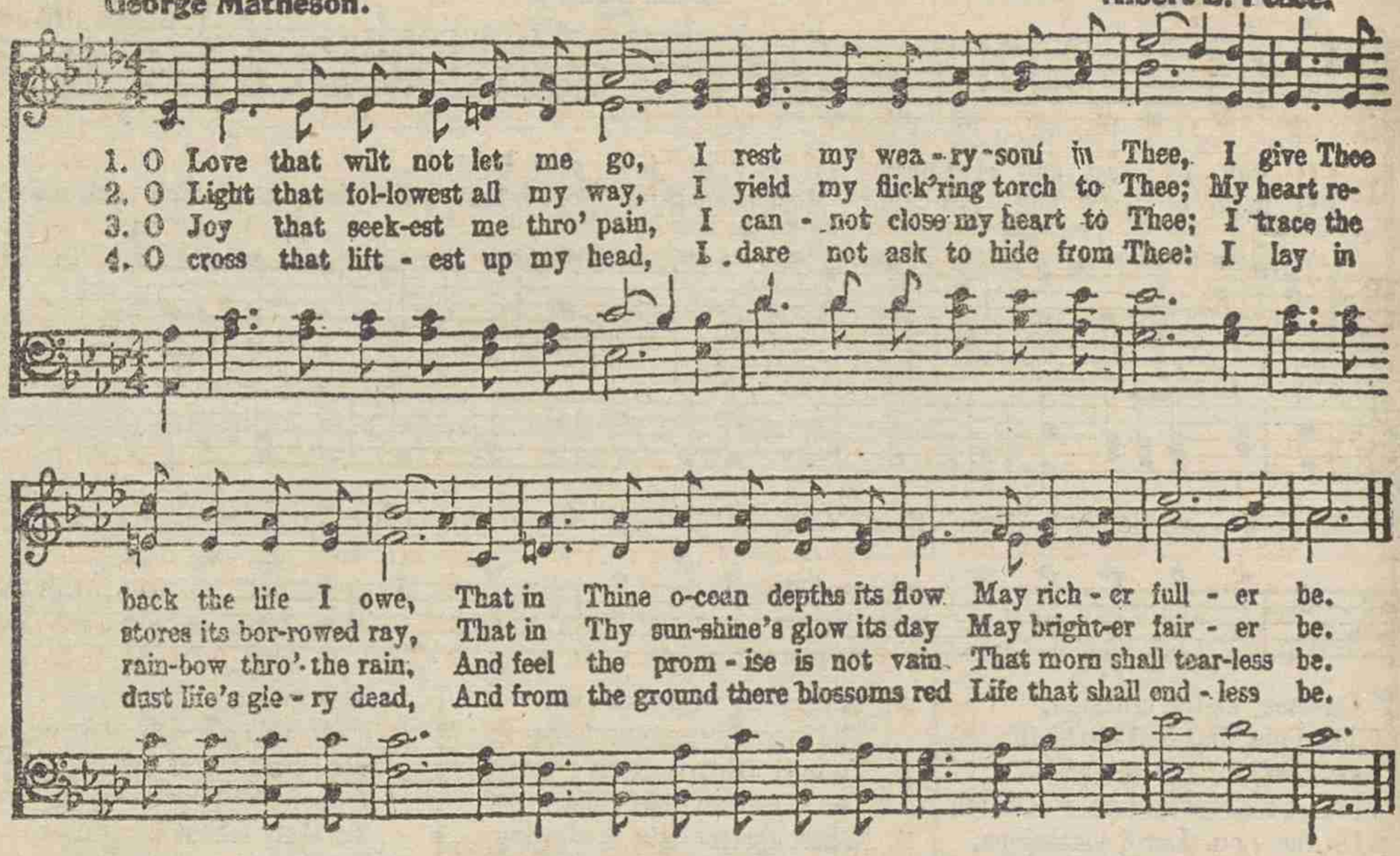
2 What tho' the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Tho' every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

3 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.

4 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.

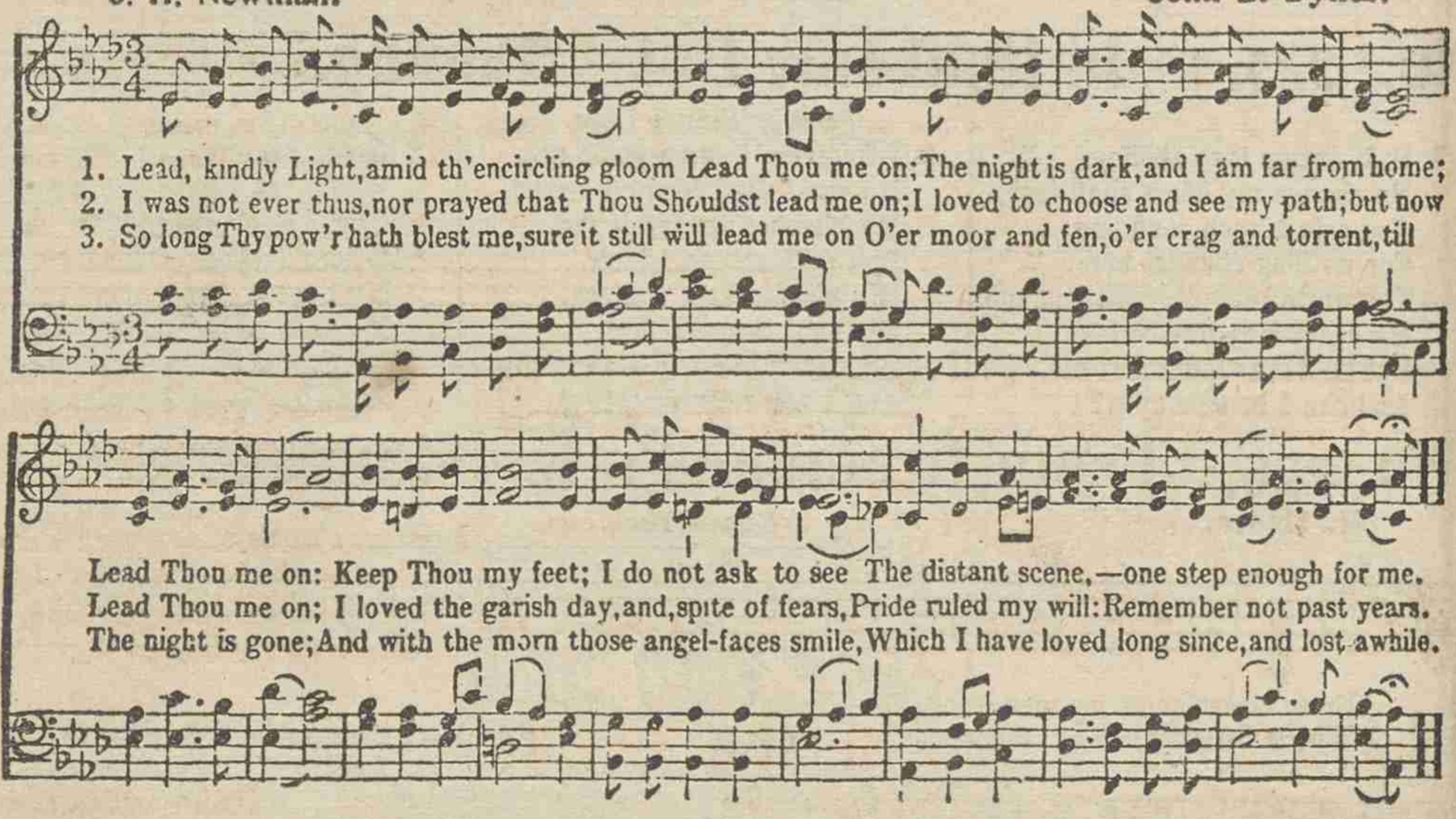
No. 227. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. Albert L. Peace.
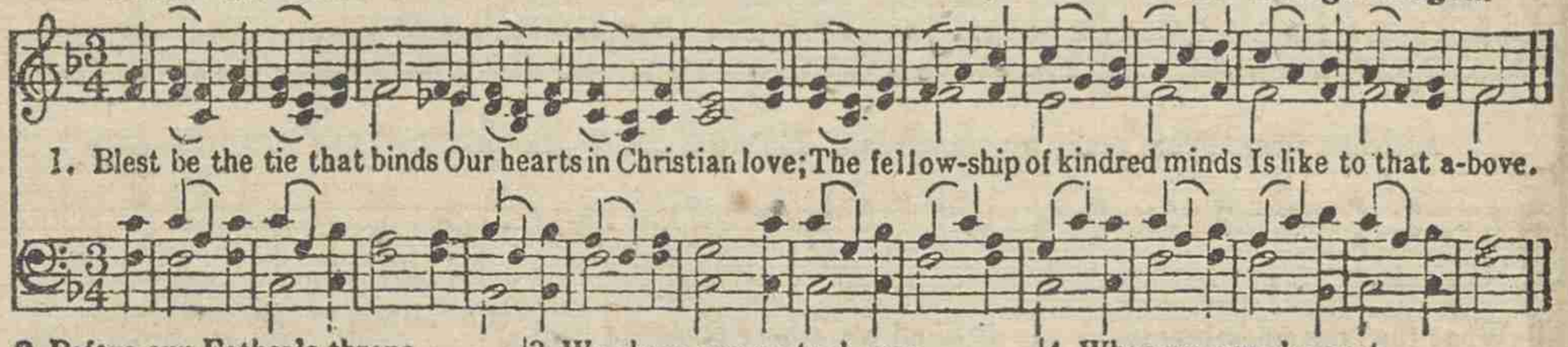


No. 228. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. John B. Dykes.



No. 229. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.



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.

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.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere thro' the world my way I ta'
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

No. 232. In the Cross.

John Bowring. 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 de-ceive, and fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the

ca - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.
cross for - sake me; Lo! it 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 more 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

No. 233. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a-bove.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 234. '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 gar - den now The suf-f'ring Sav-ior prays a - lone.
2. 'Tis mid-night; and from all re-moved, The Sav-ior wres-tles 'lone with fears; E'en that dis - ci - ple 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.

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! / Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,
2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! / Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,

FINE. D. S.

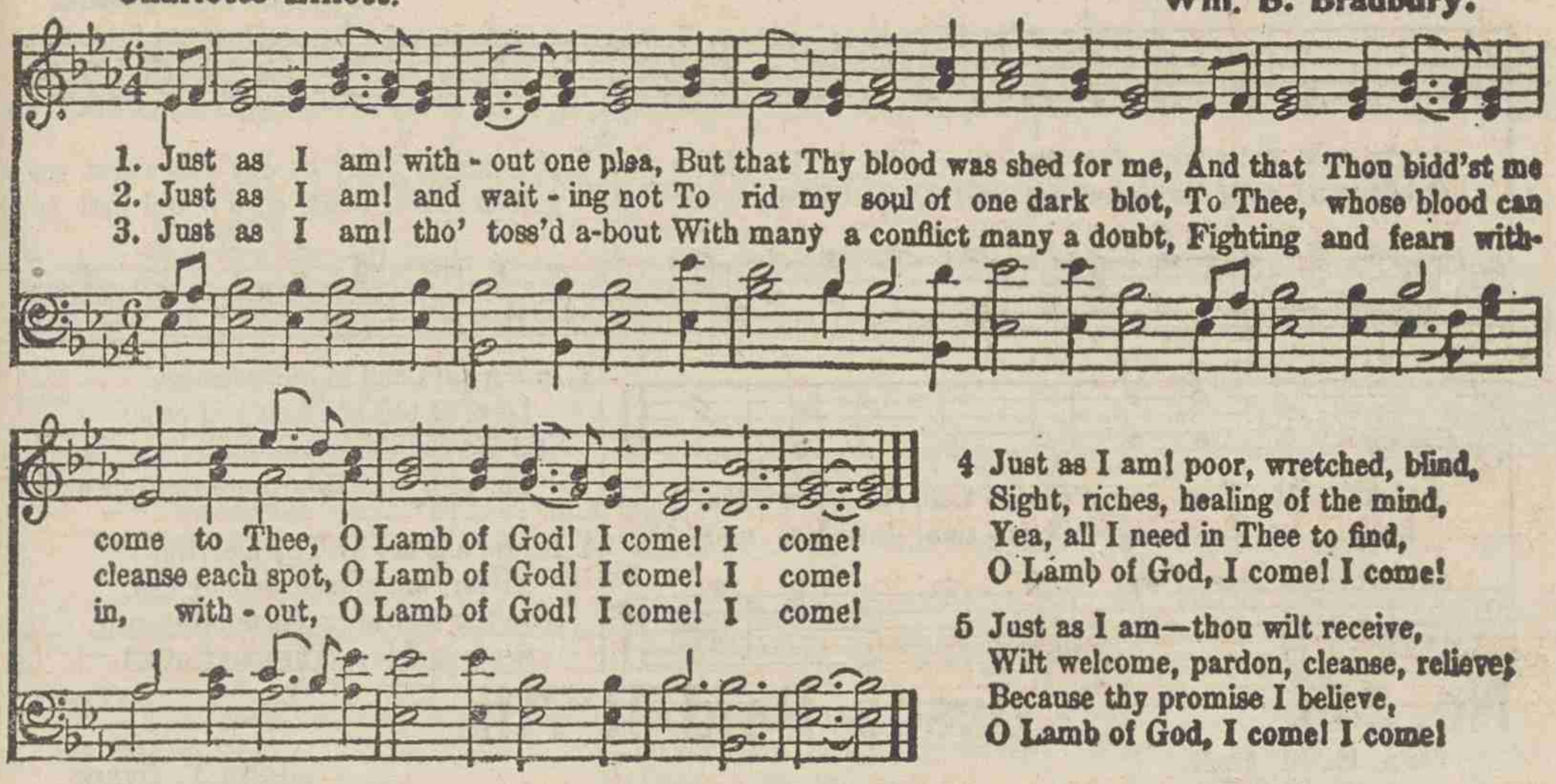
When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray / And live re - joic - ing ev-'ry day; }

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.

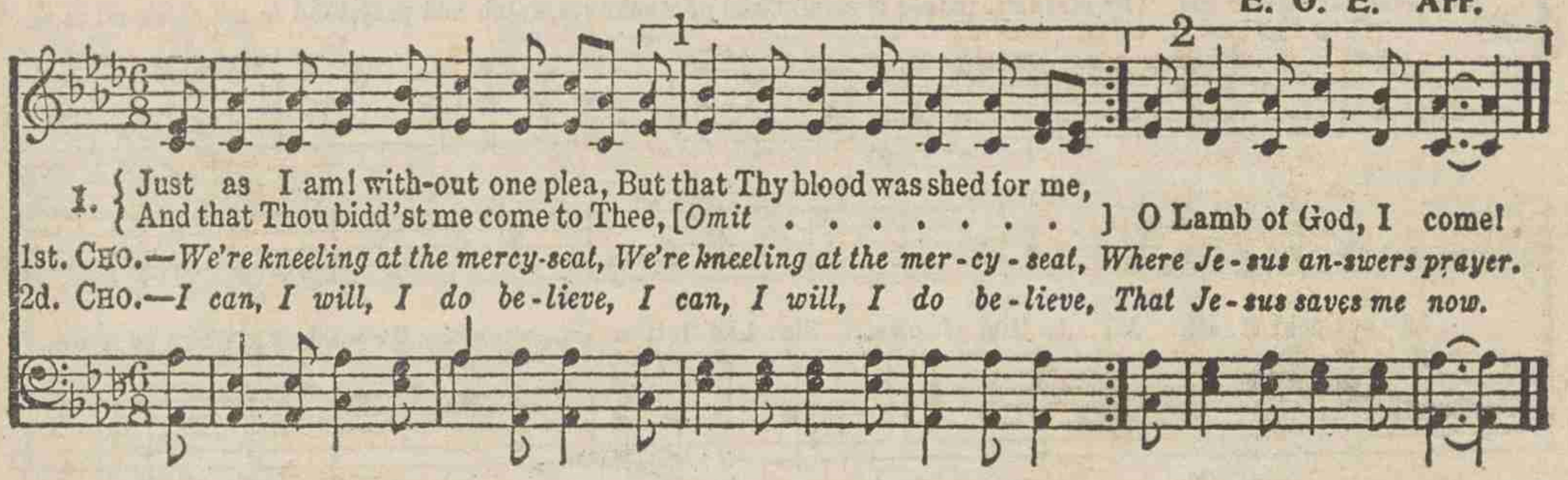


4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

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!

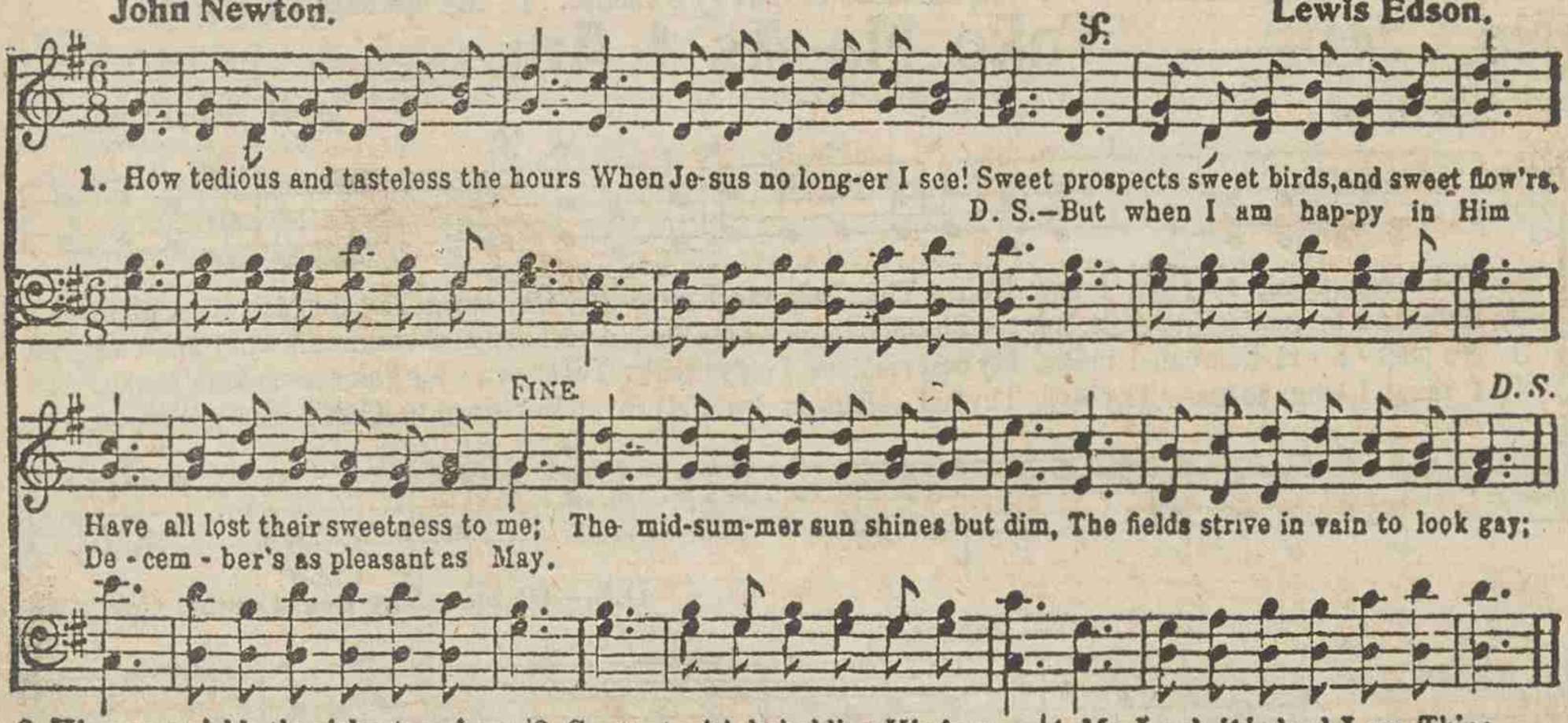
No. 237. We're Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

E. O. E. Arr.



No. 238. How Tedious and Tasteless.

John Newton. Lewis Edson.
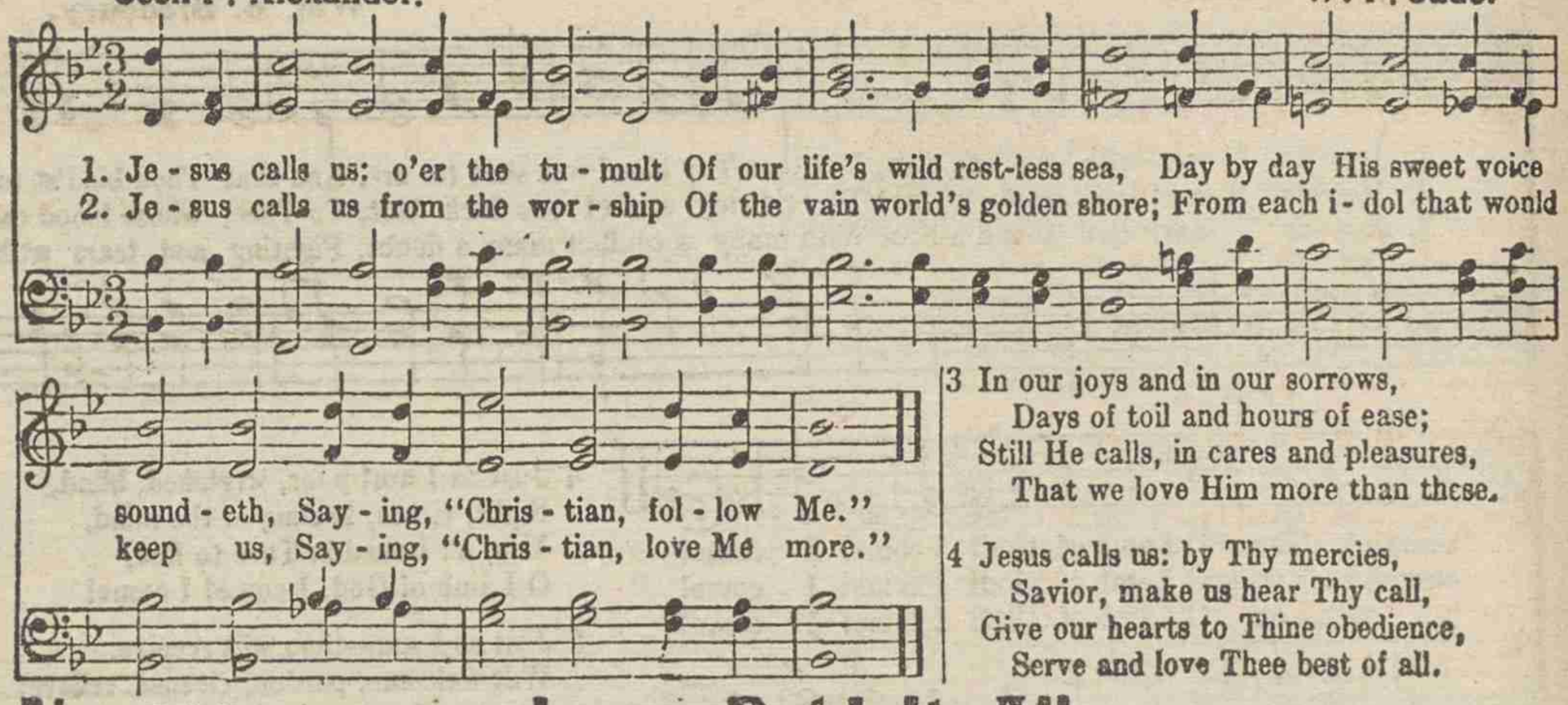


2 His name yields the richest perfume
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place [mind:
Would make any change in my
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to Thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

No. 239. Jesus Call Us.

Cecil F. Alexander. W. F. Jude.

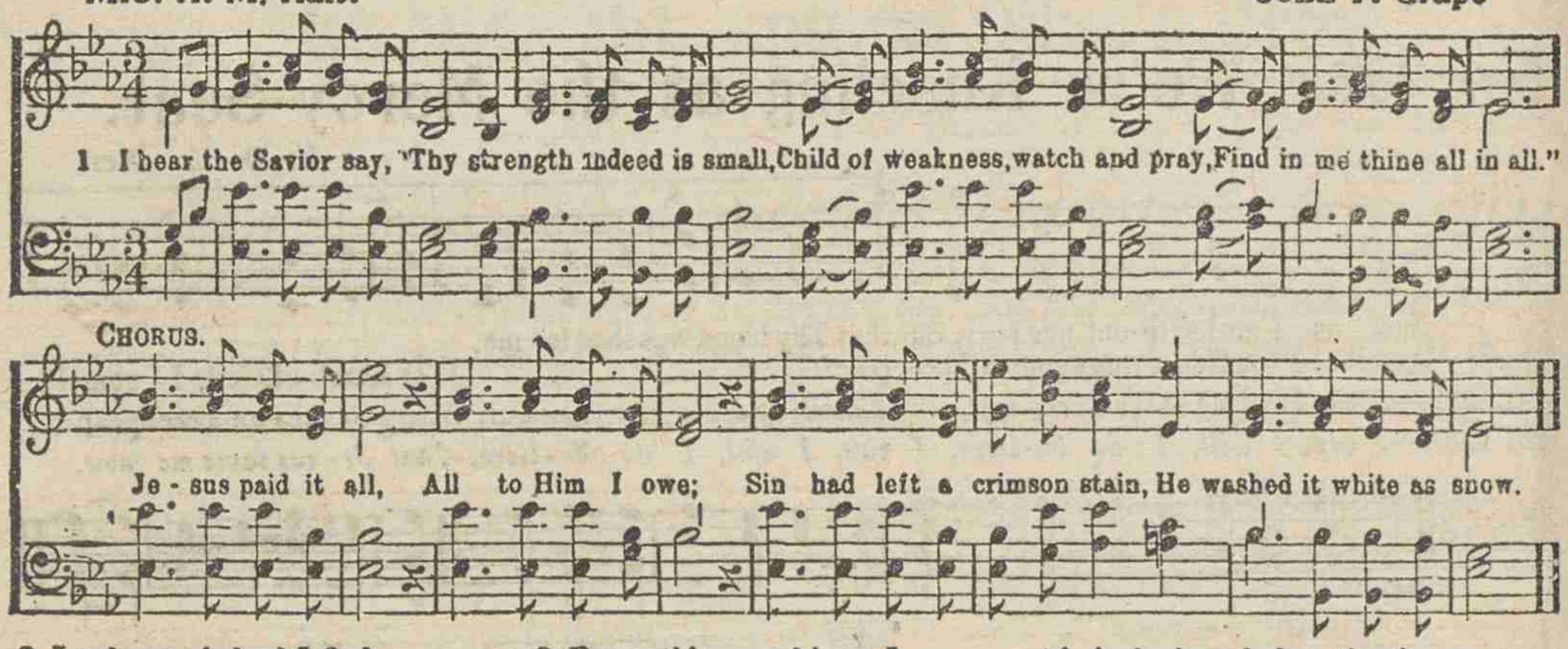


3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

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



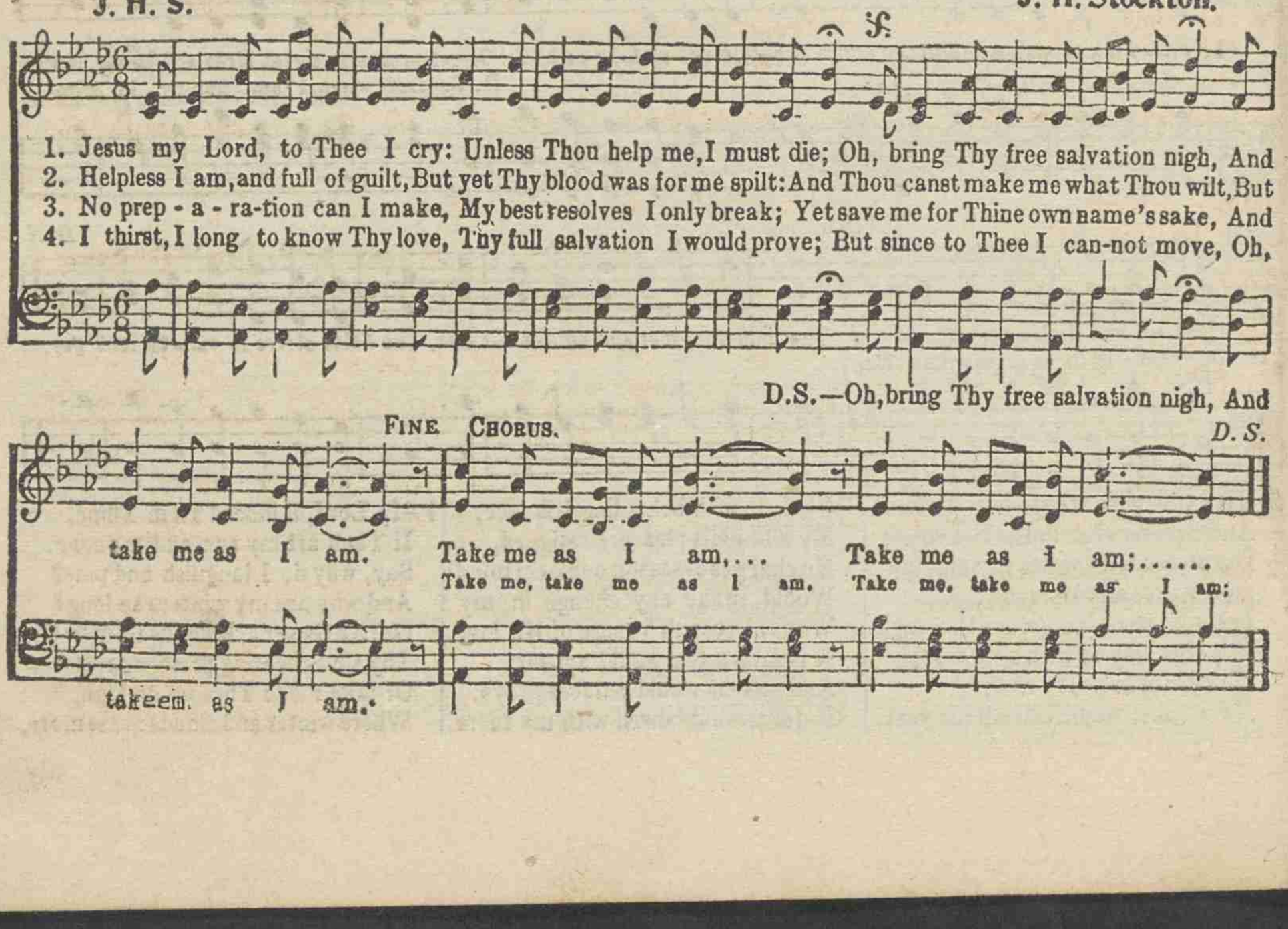
2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

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.

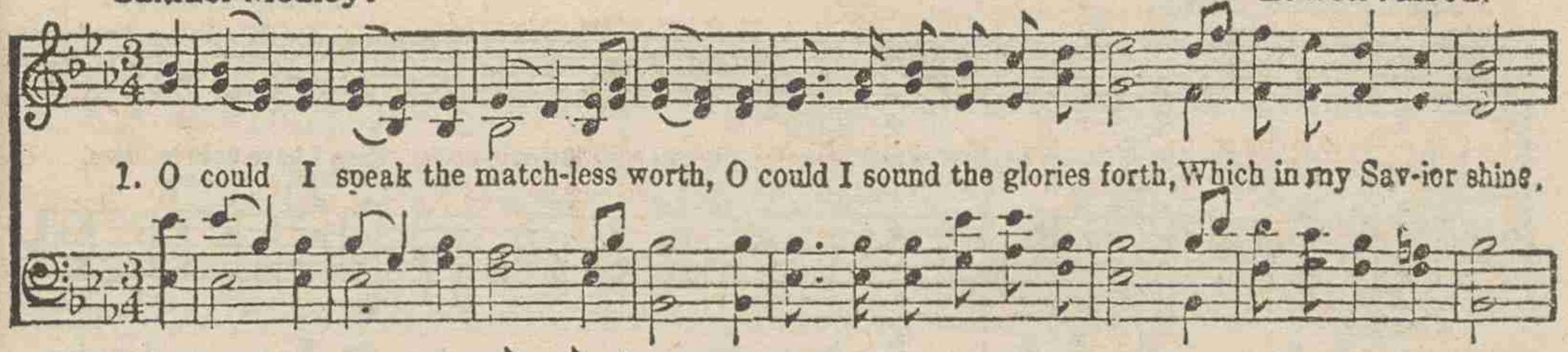
No. 241. Take Me As I Am.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.



No. 242 O Gould I Speak.

Samuel Medley. Lowell Mason.



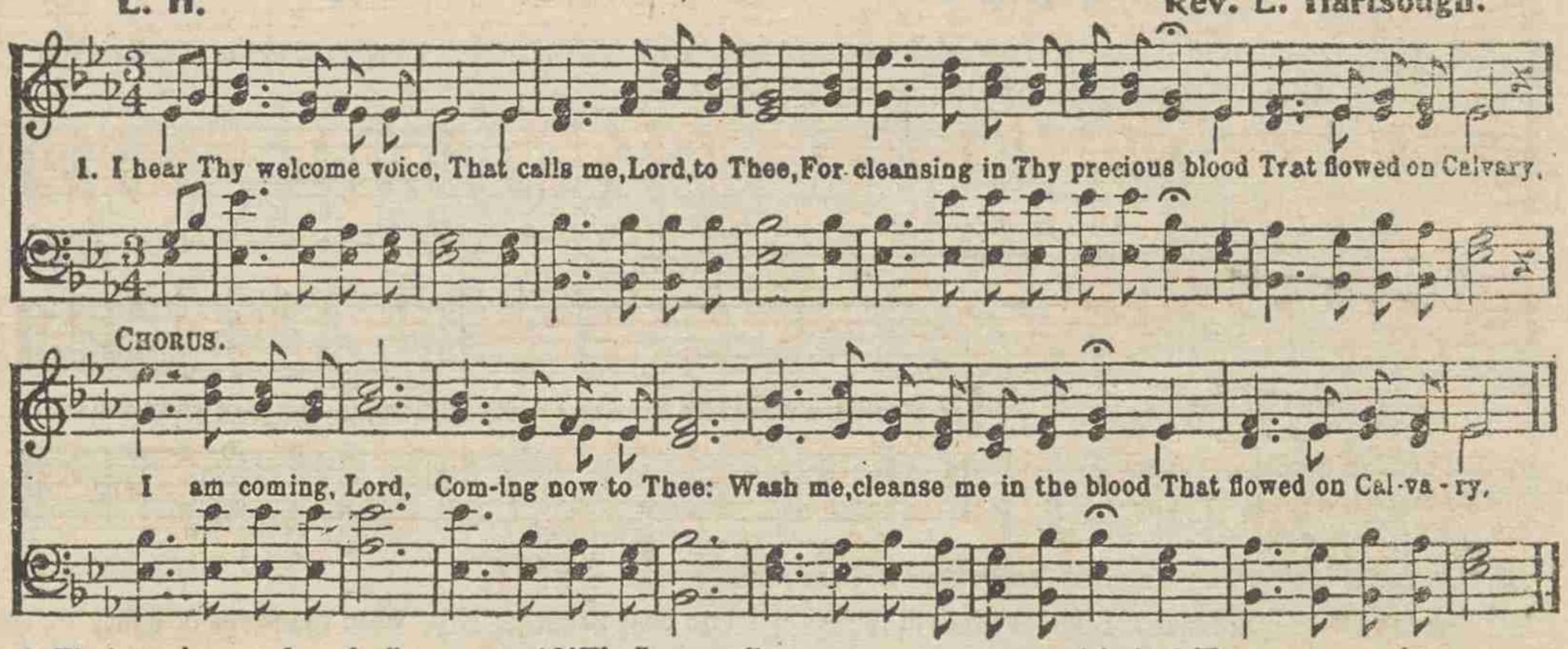
2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

No. 243. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. M. Rev. L. Hartsough.



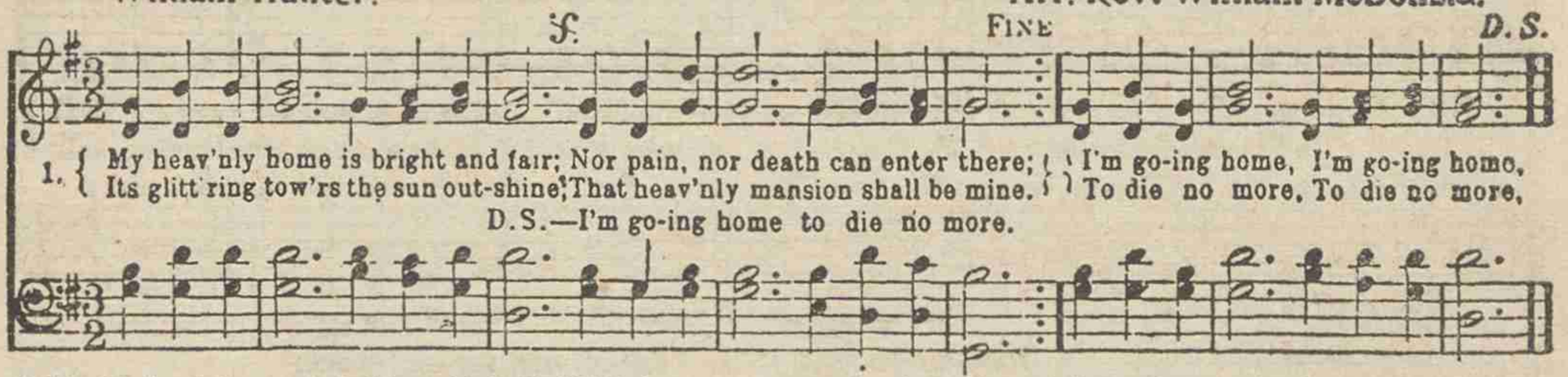
2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heav'n above.

4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.

No. 244. The Heavenly Home.

William Hunter. Arr. Rev. William McDonald.



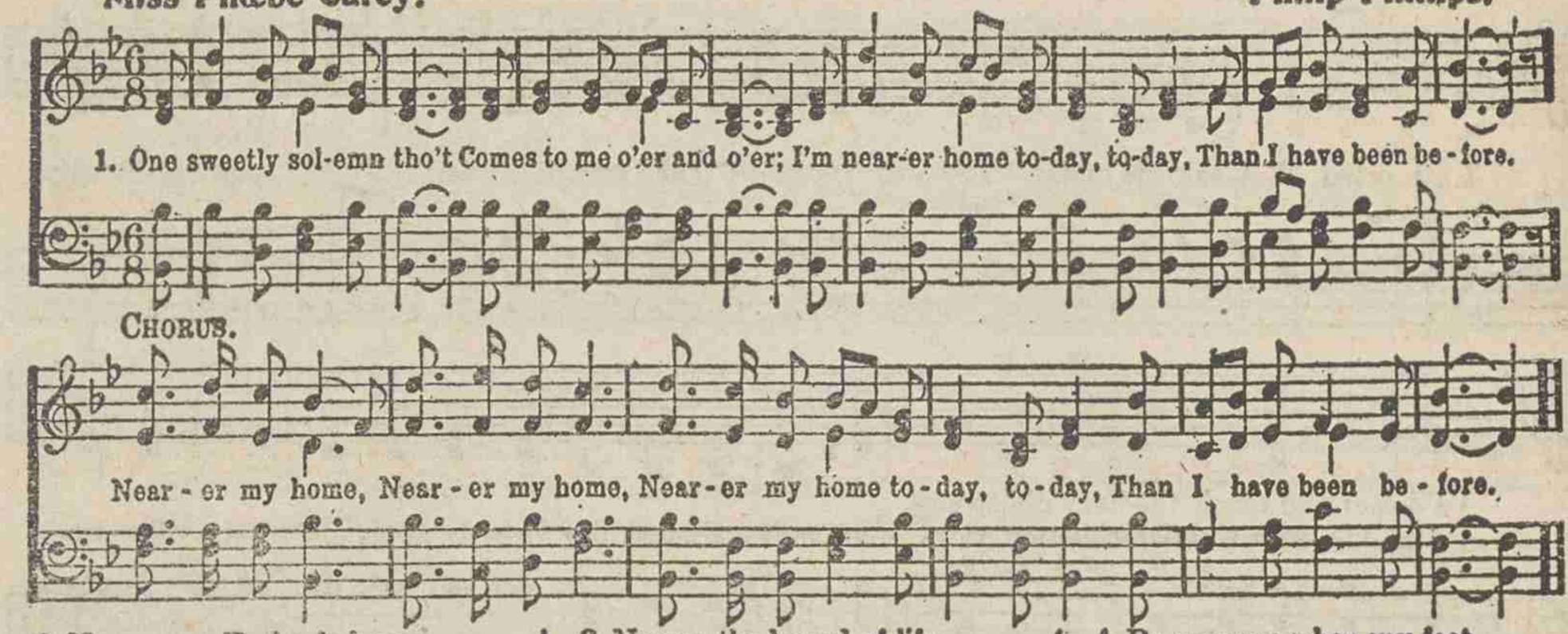
2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be

3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below, [flow;
Which flames devour, or waves o'er
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

No. 245. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

Miss Phœbe Carey. Philip Phillips.



2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne to-day,
Nearer the crystal sea.

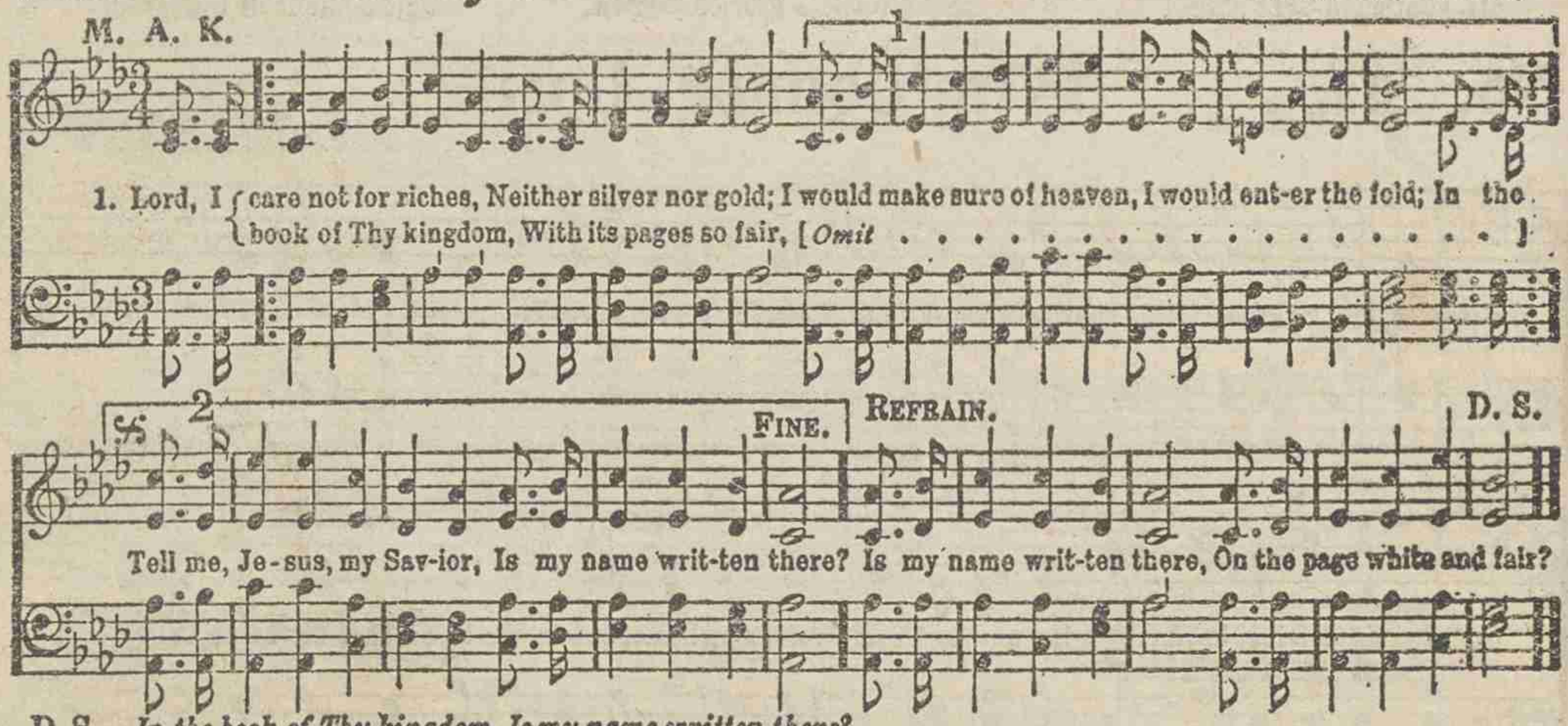
3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the cross to-day,
And nearer to the crown.

4 Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For I am nearer home to-day,
Perhaps, than now I think.

No. 246. Is My Name Written There?

Frank M. Davis.

M. A. K.



D. S.—*In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?*

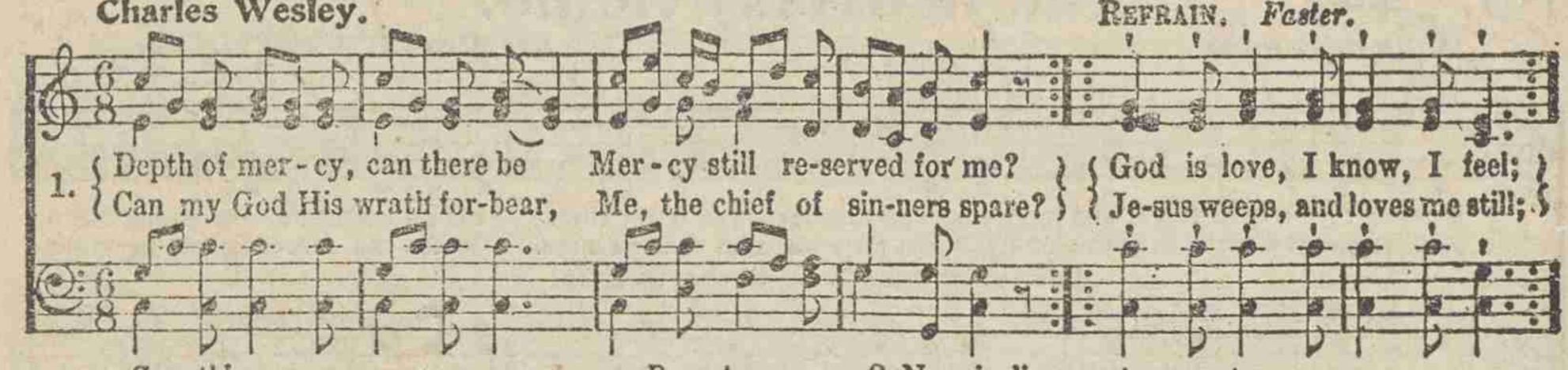
2 Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, O my Savior, Is sufficient for me;
For Thy promise is written In bright letters that glow,
"Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."
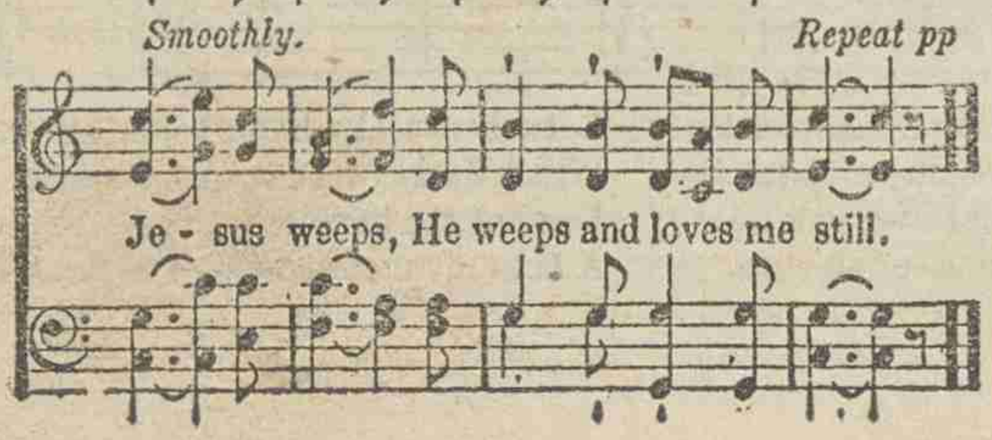
3 Oh! that beautiful city, With mansions of light,
With its glorified beings, In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching, Is my name written there?

No. 247. God is Love.

Charles Wesley. J. Stevenson.

REFRAIN. *Foster.*



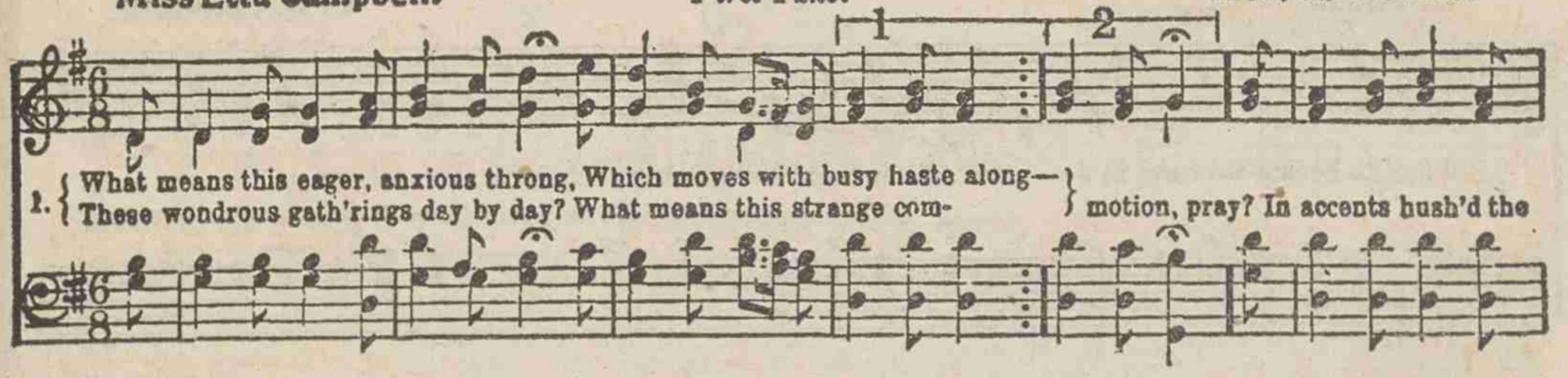


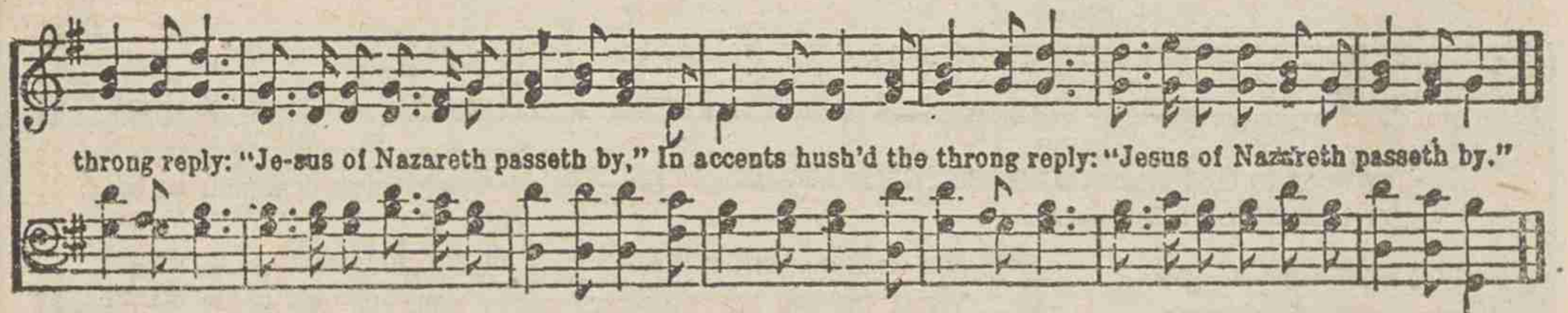
2 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sin lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

3 There for me the Savior stands;
Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;
God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

No. 248. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

Miss Etta Campbell. *First Tune.* Theo. E. Perkins.





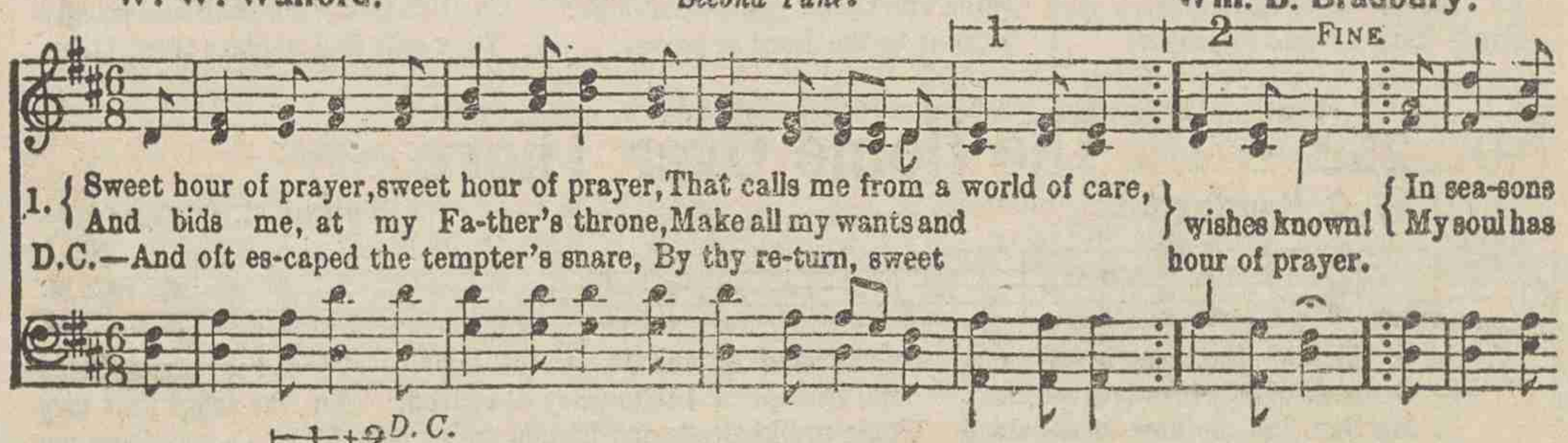
2 Who is this Jesus? why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."
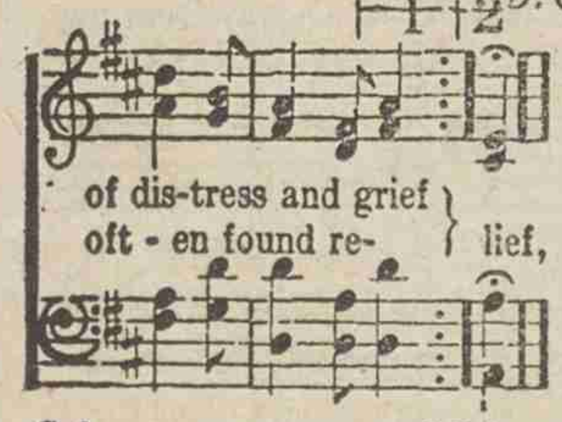
3 Jesus! 'Tis He who once below [woe;
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and
And burden'd ones, where'er He came,
Bro't out their sick and deaf and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

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. 249. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. *Second Tune.* Wm. B. Bradbury.



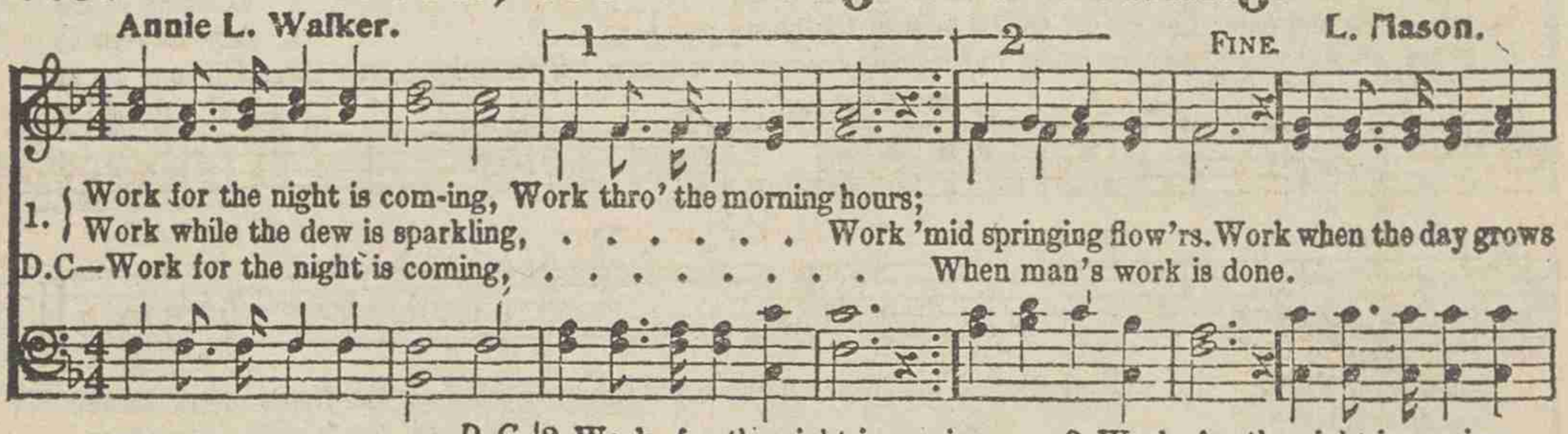


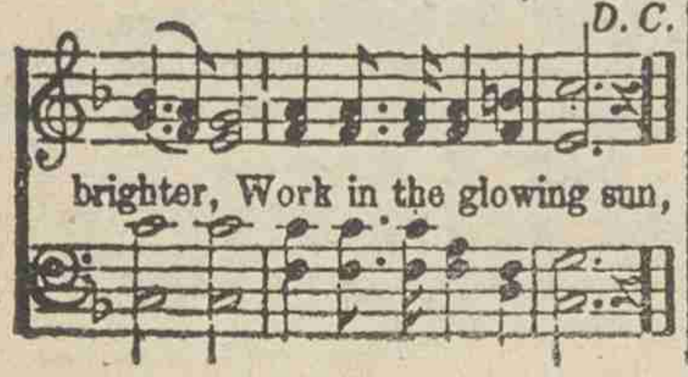
2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
The joys I feel, the bliss I share, [prayer,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

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. 250. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.



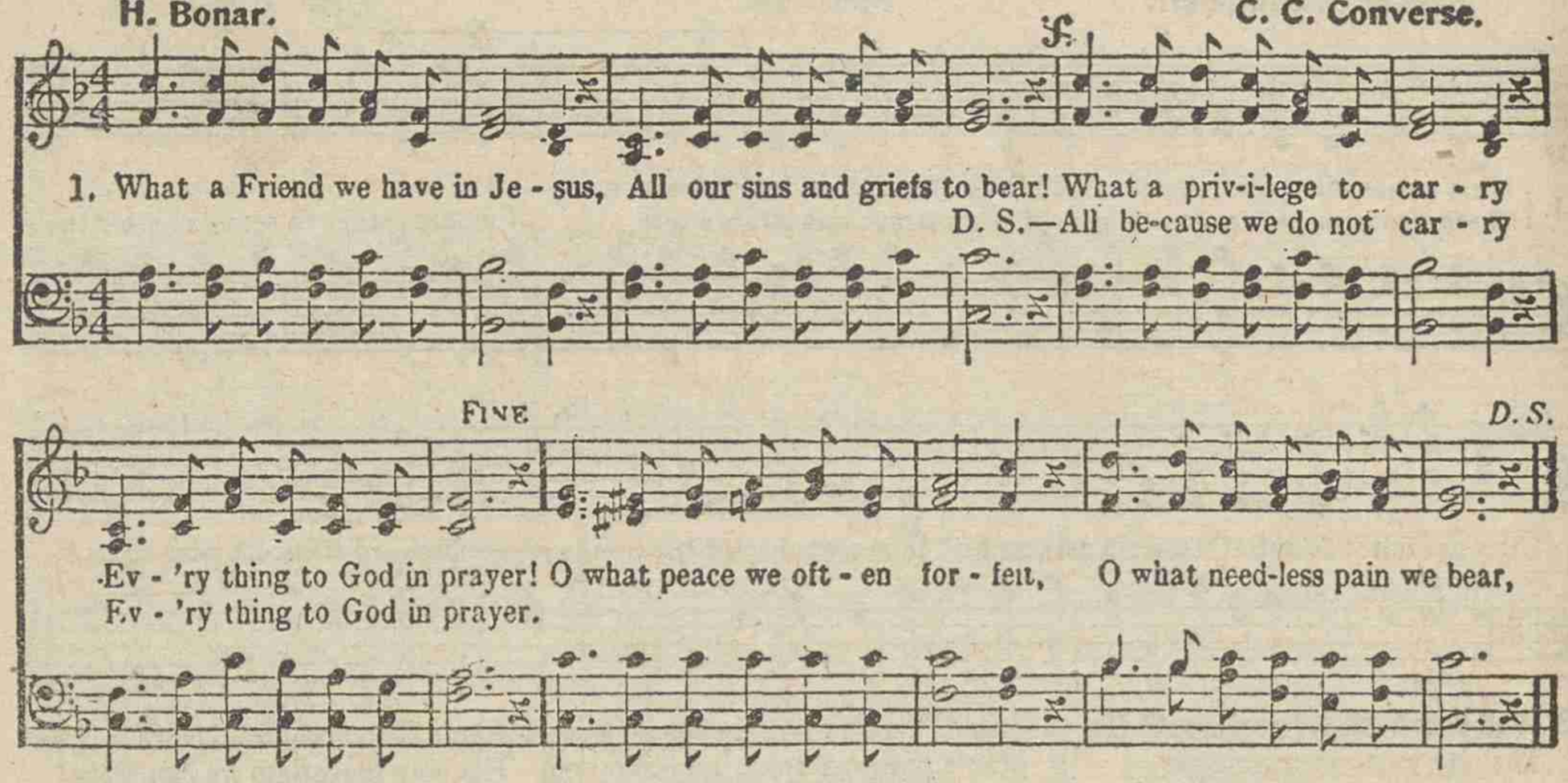


2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming.
When man works no more.

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

No. 251. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.



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.
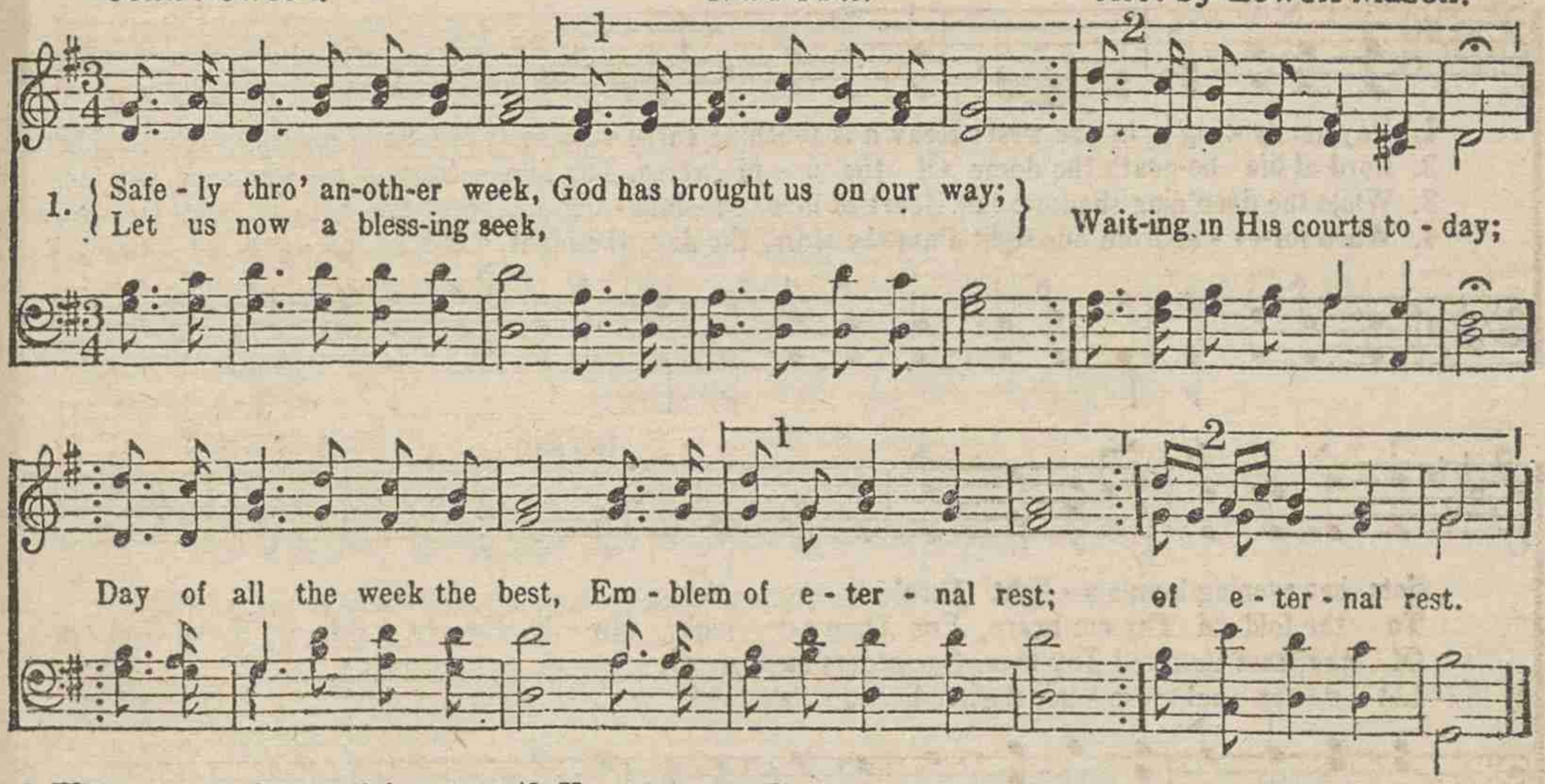
3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there. [thee,

No. 252 The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington. T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Tullius C. O'Kane.

No. 253. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. *Third Tune.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.



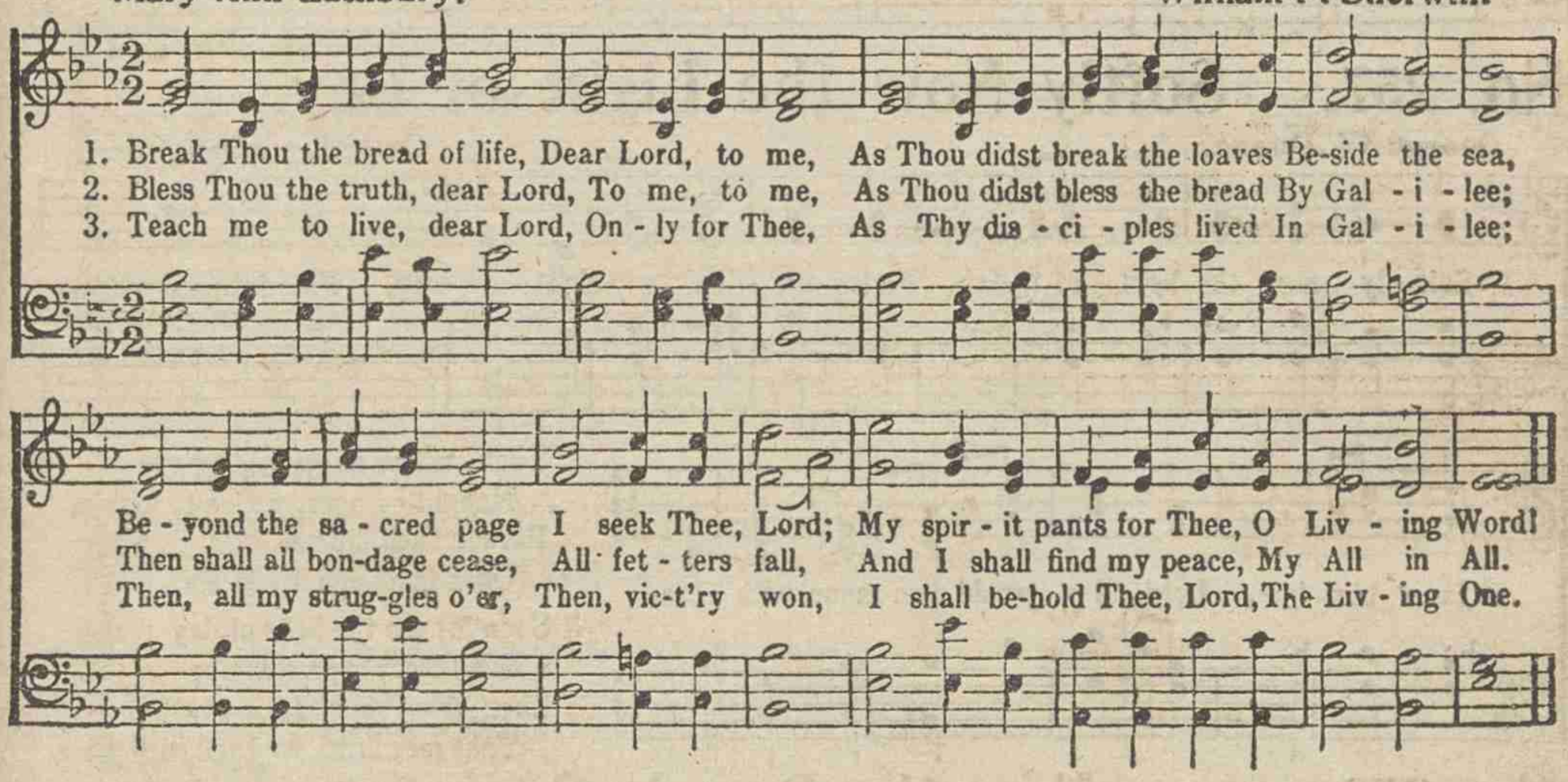
2 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 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.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

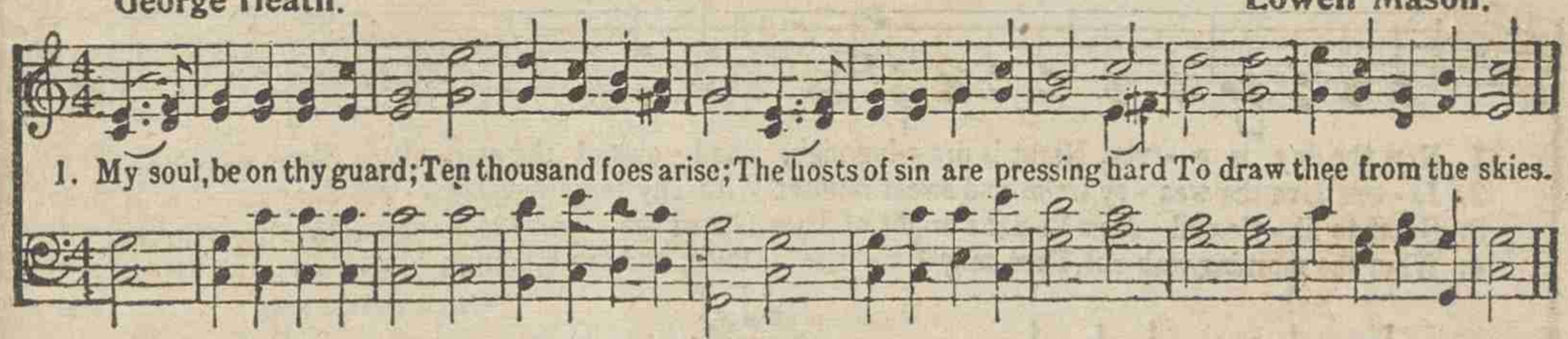
No. 254. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.



No. 255. My Soul Be on Thy Guard.

George Heath. Lowell Mason.



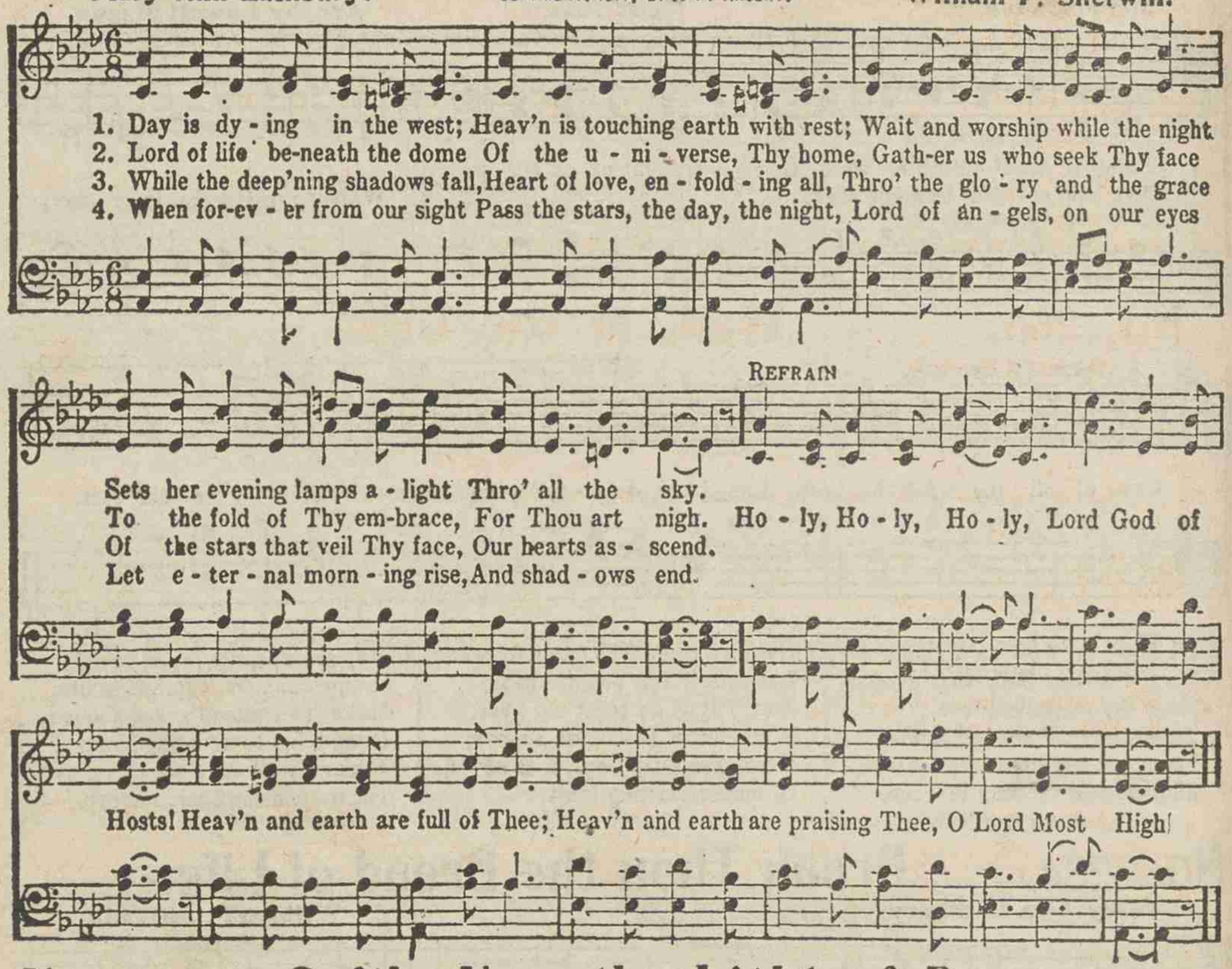
O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting
To His divine abode. [breath.

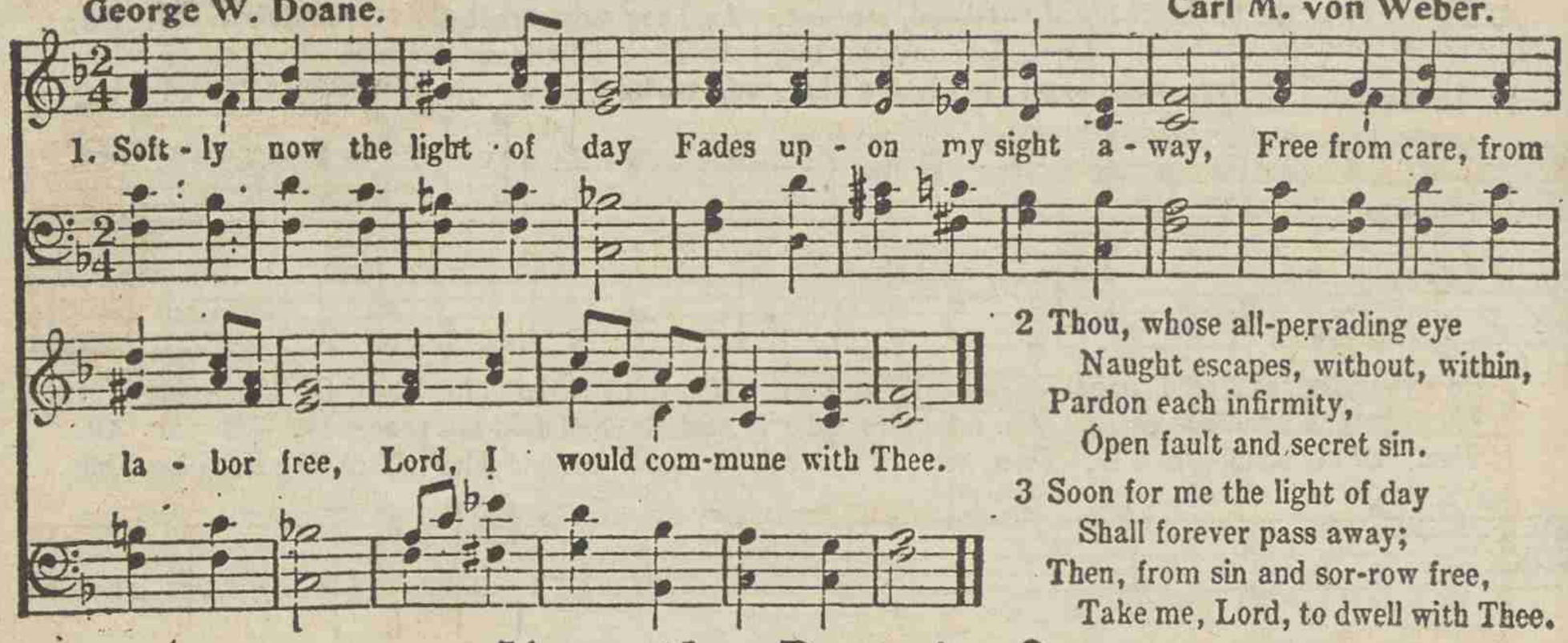
No. 256. Day is Dying in the West.

Mary Ann Lathbury. COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. H. VINCENT. William F. Sherwin.



No. 257. Softly Now the Light of Day.

George W. Doane. Carl M. von Weber.

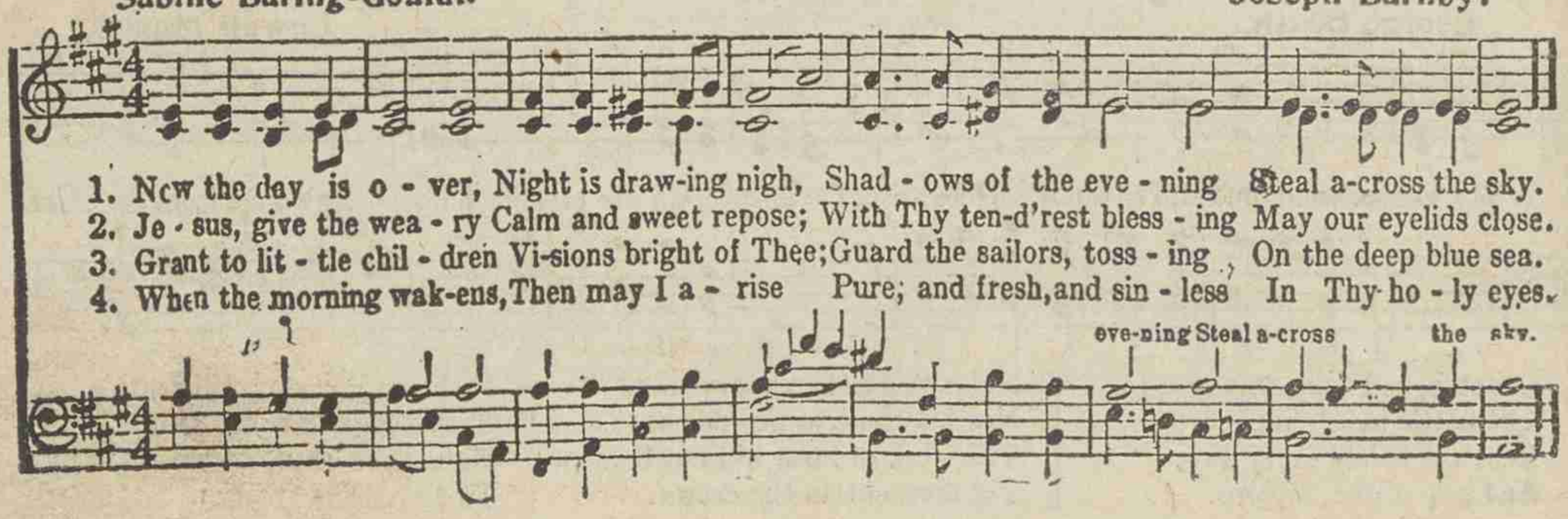


2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.

3 Soon for me the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sor-row free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

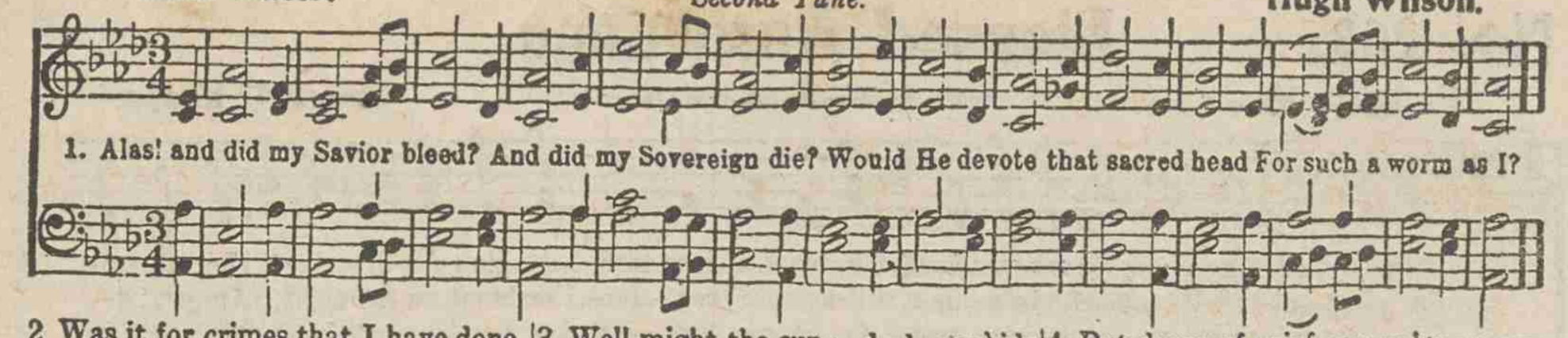
No. 258. Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould.. Joseph Barnby.



No. 259. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Issac Watts. *Second Tune.* Hugh Wilson.
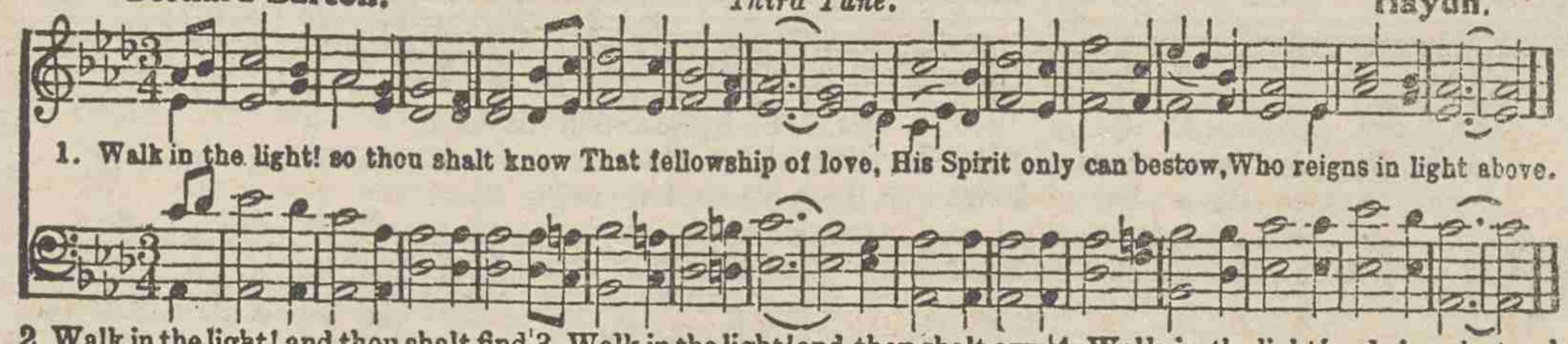


2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

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

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

No. 260. Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton. *Third Tune.* Haydn.



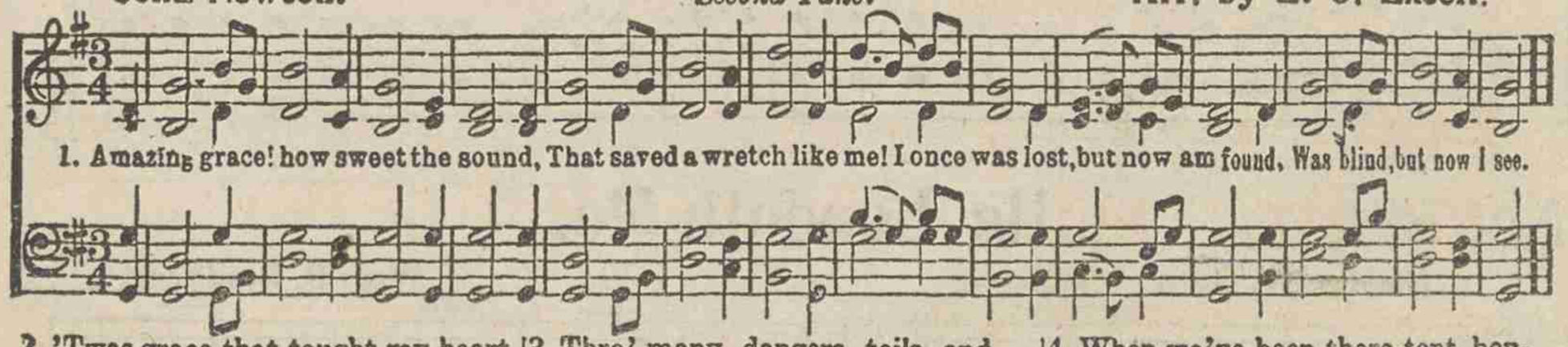
2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His, [shrined,
Who dwells in cloudless light en-
In whom no darkness is.

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. 261. Amazing Grace.

John Newton. *Second Tune.* Arr. by E. O. Excell.



2 'Twas grace that taught my heart
And grace my fears relieved; [to fear
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils and
I have already come; [snares,
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus
And grace will lead me home. [far,

4 When we've been there tent hou-
Bright shining as the sun, [sand years
We've no less days to sing God's
Than when we first begun. [praise

No. 262. The Sailor's Home Song.

Allegretto. BY PERMISSION. J. M. Pelton.

1 Tho' far from native land I roam,
Rocked by the rolling sea,
Yet still I love my native home,
The brave land of the free;
Tho' winds are fair and skies are
And calm the restless sea, [bright,
Yet, still by day and thro' the night,
I think of home and thee.

2 When stars pale out the eastern sky,
And dew-drops melt away,
When o'er the hills the sun mounts
Bright ruler of the day; [high,
When shadows long shine in the west,
And stretch across the lea,
When beast and bird have sunk to
Then think, oh, think of me. [rest,

3 When moonlight silvers o'er the plain
And all is hush'd in peace,
When silence reigns in all the main,
And still is every breeze,
When clouds rise dark and lightnings
And show the threatening lea, [flash
And o'er the surges thunders crash,
Then think, oh, think of me.

No. 263. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. 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.

FINE CHORUS.

D. C.—Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long.

D. S.

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. Gilmore. 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

CHORUS.

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. Jesus Saves.

COPYRIGHT, 1910. BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
IN RENEWAL.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Spread the tidings all a-round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves; Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Tell to sin-ners far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves; Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
3. Sing a - bove the bat-tle's strife, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; By His death and endless life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves, Sing in tri-umph o'er the tomb, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
4. Give the winds a might-y voice, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Let the nations now re-joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep-est caves; This our song of vic - to - ry, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.

No. 266. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. P. P. BY PERMISSION OF DR. H. R. PALMER. H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you
   Fight man-ful - ly on - ward, Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
2. Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in rev'rence,
   Be tho't-ful and earn-est, Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
3. To him that o'er com - eth, God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con-quer,
   He who is our Sav-iour, Our strength will re-new, Look ev - er to Je - sus,

CHORUS.

Some oth - er to win; He'll car - ry you thro'.
Nor take it in vain; He'll car - ry you thro'. Ask the Sav-iour to help you,
Tho' of - ten cast down; He'll car - ry you thro,'
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is will-ing to aid you, He will car - ry you thro'.

No. 267. Softly and Tenderly.

BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., E. LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

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,
Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

No. 268. 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!
   { The glo-ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
2. { Je-sus! the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
   { 'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!

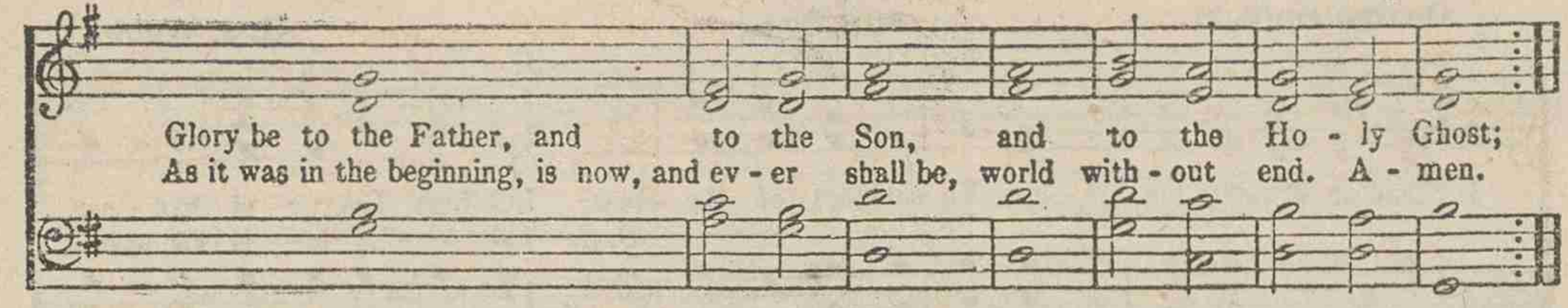
Bless-ed be the name, bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! of the Lord!

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. 269. Gloria Patri, No. 2.

Gregorian.

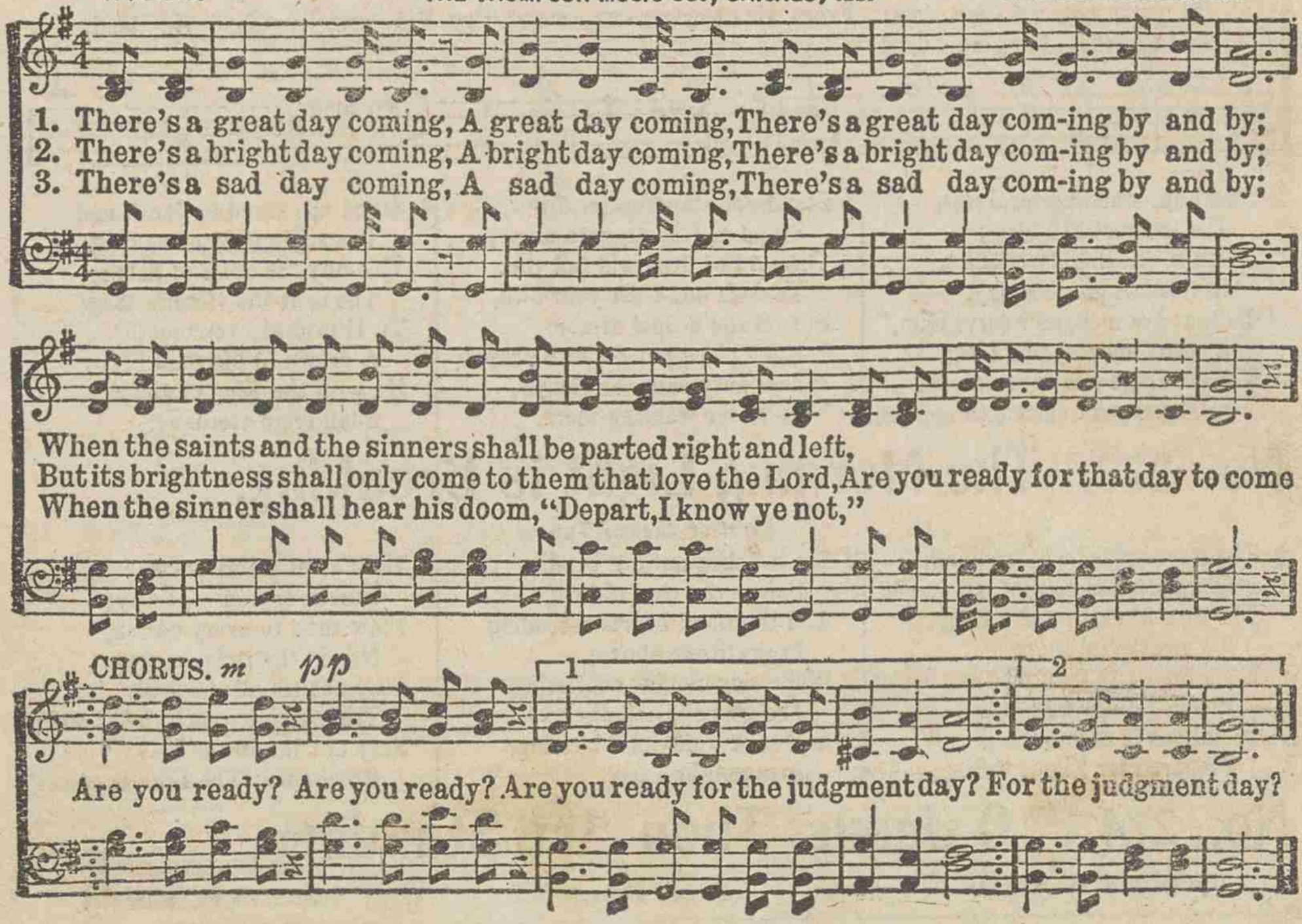


No. 270. There's a Great Day Coming.

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

W. L. T.

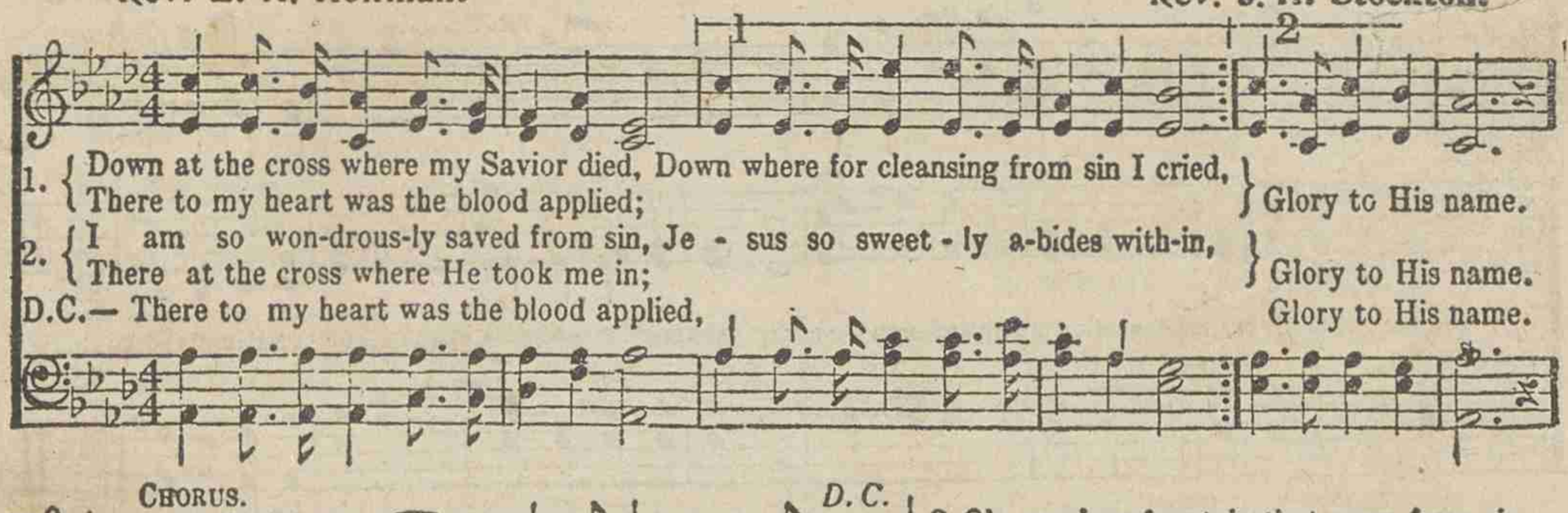
Will L. Thompson.



No. 271. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.

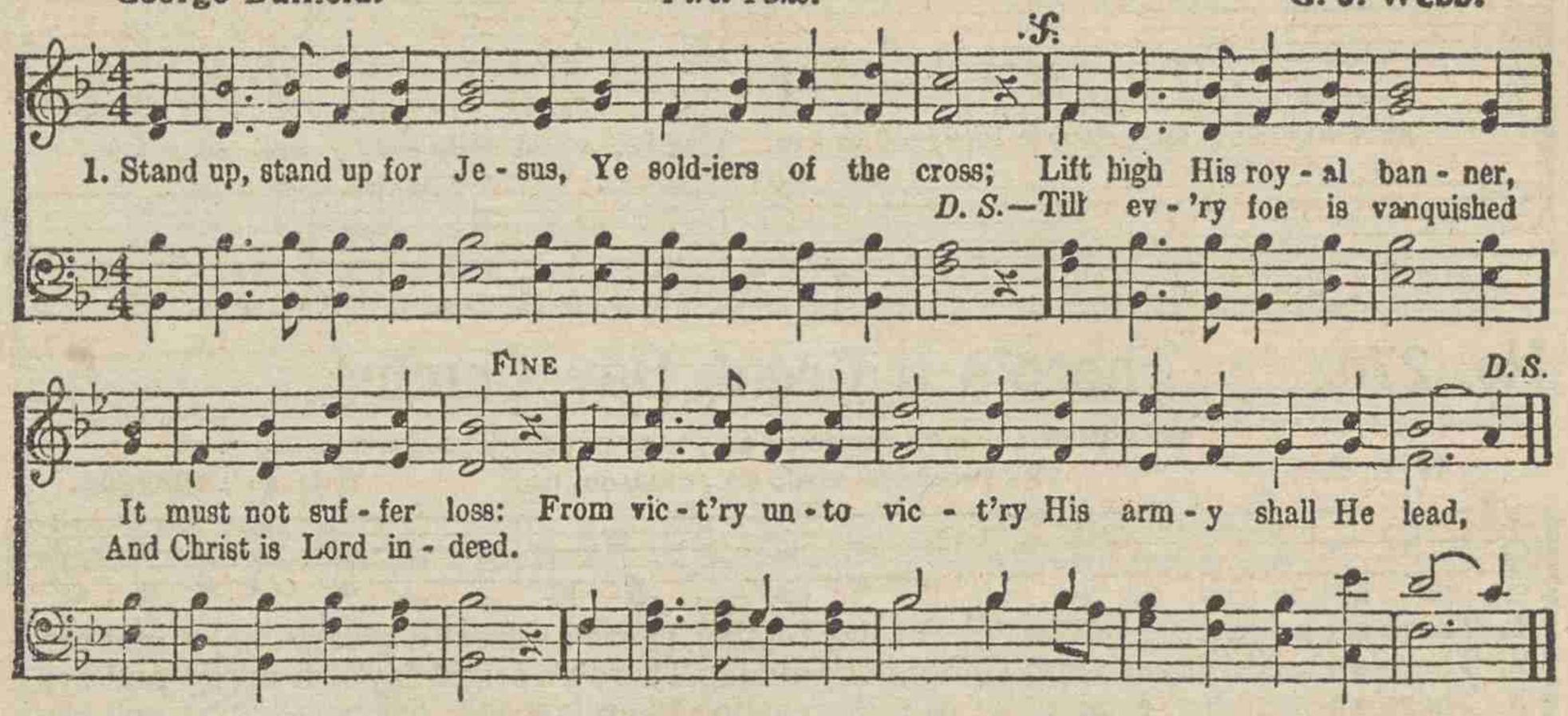


3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

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. 272. Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield. *First Tune.* G. J. Webb.



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. 273. The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

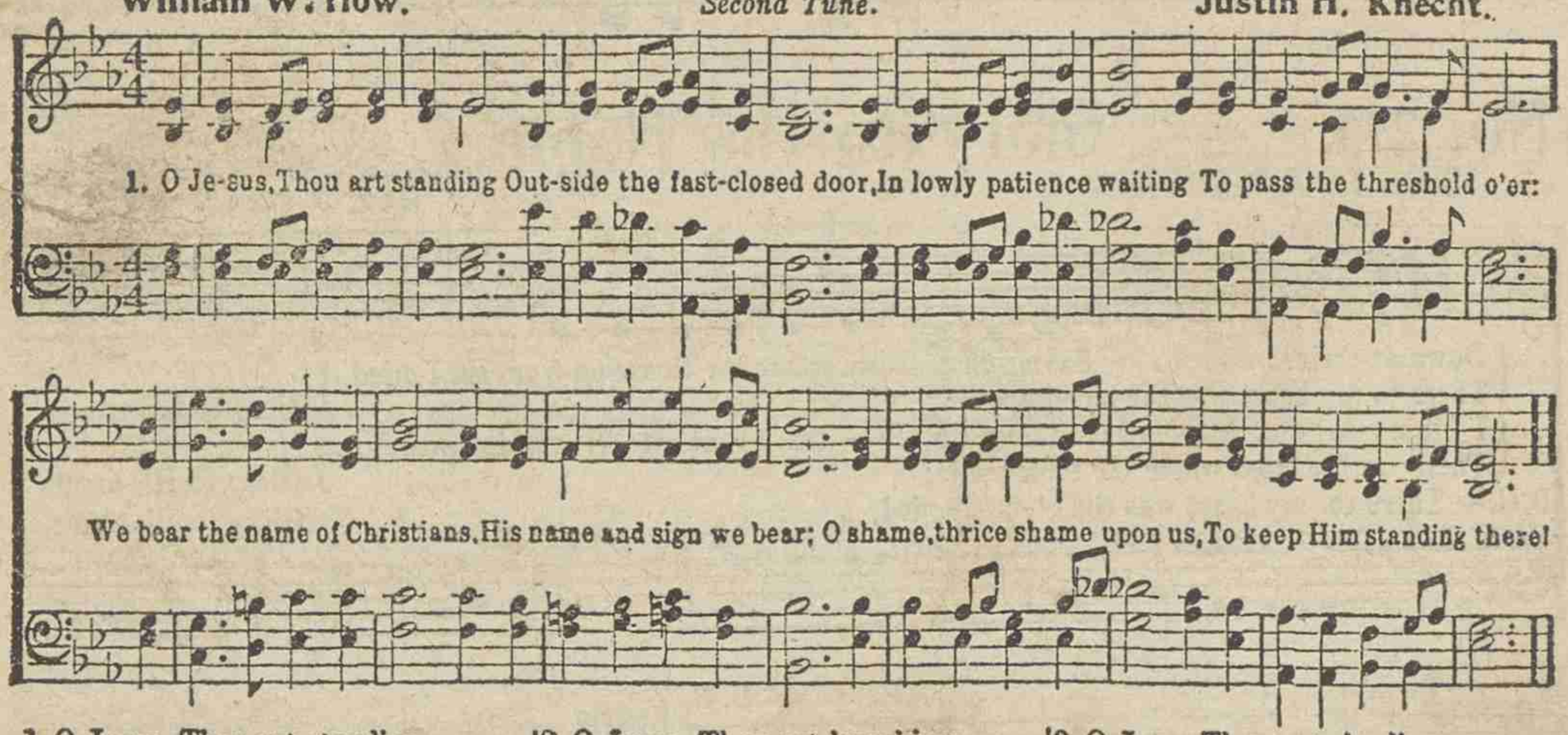
1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant, reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

No. 274. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How. *Second Tune.* Justin H. Knecht.
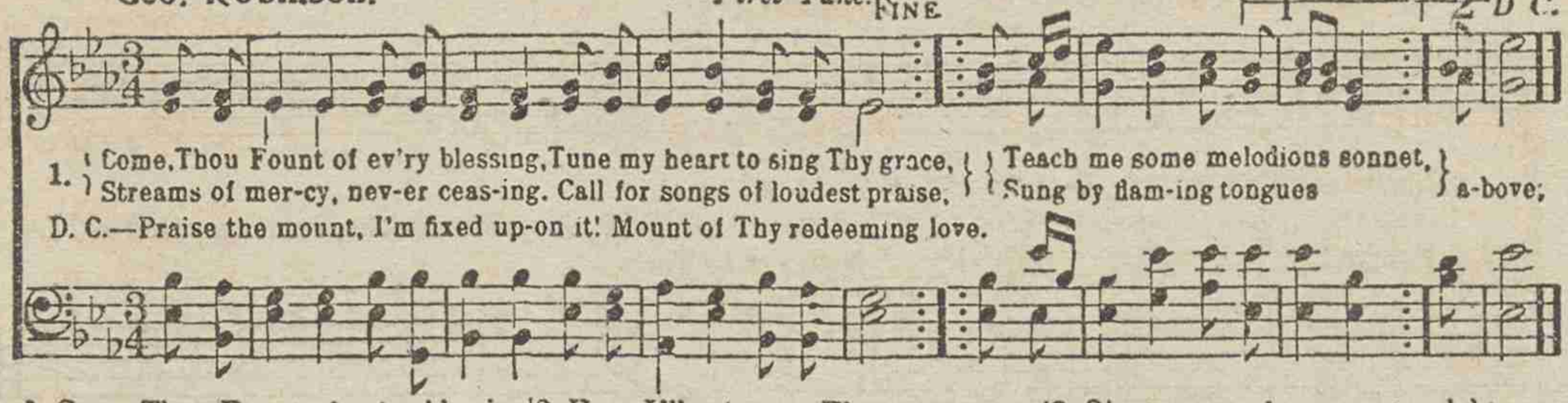


1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowlege,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!

No. 275. Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. *First Tune.* FINE John Wyth. 1 2 D. C.



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.
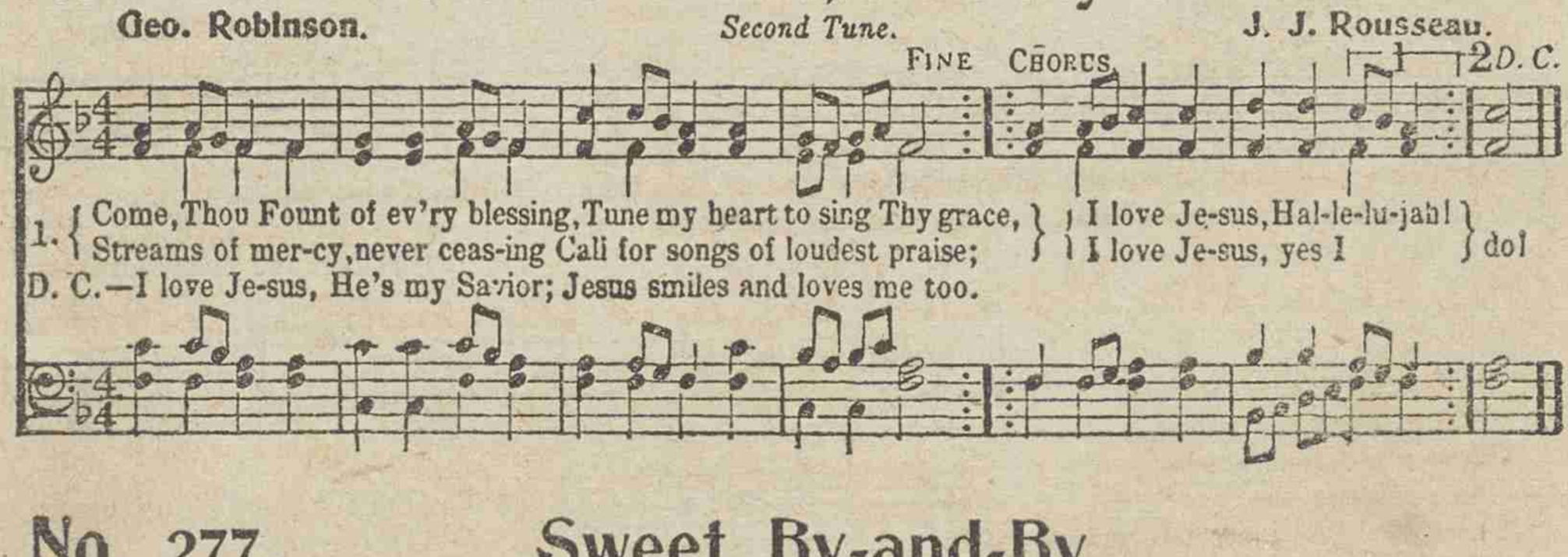
2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

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.

No. 276. I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

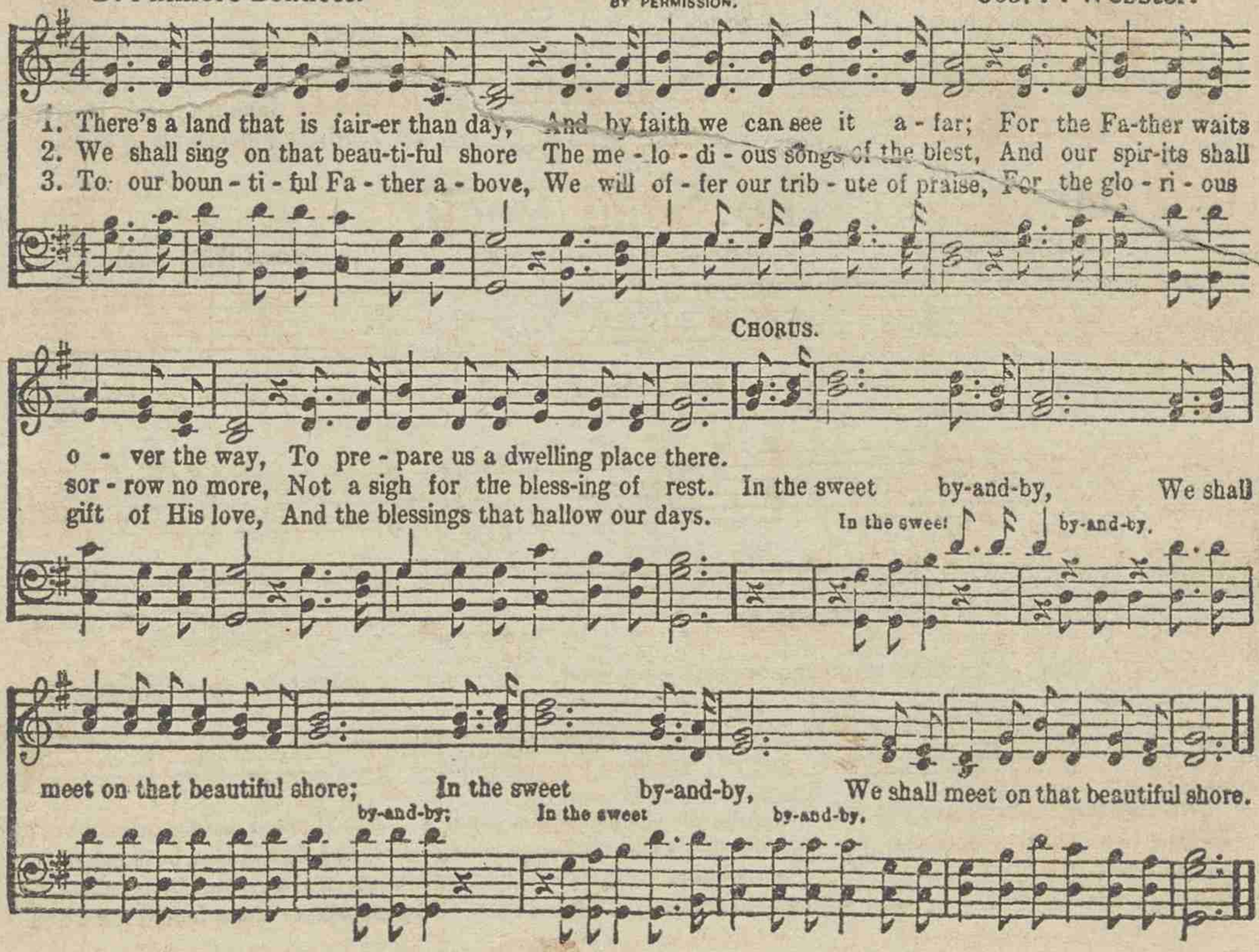
Geo. Robinson. *Second Tune.* J. J. Rousseau.

FINE CHORUS. 1 2 D. C.
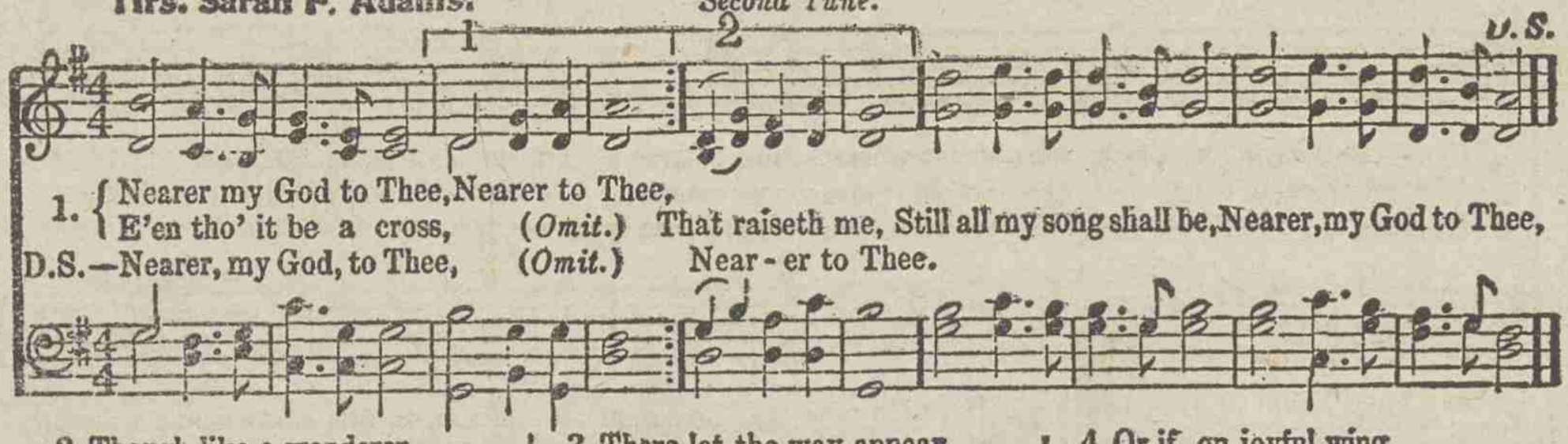


No. 277. Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett. BY PERMISSION. Jos. P. Webster.



No. 278. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams. *Second Tune.*



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.

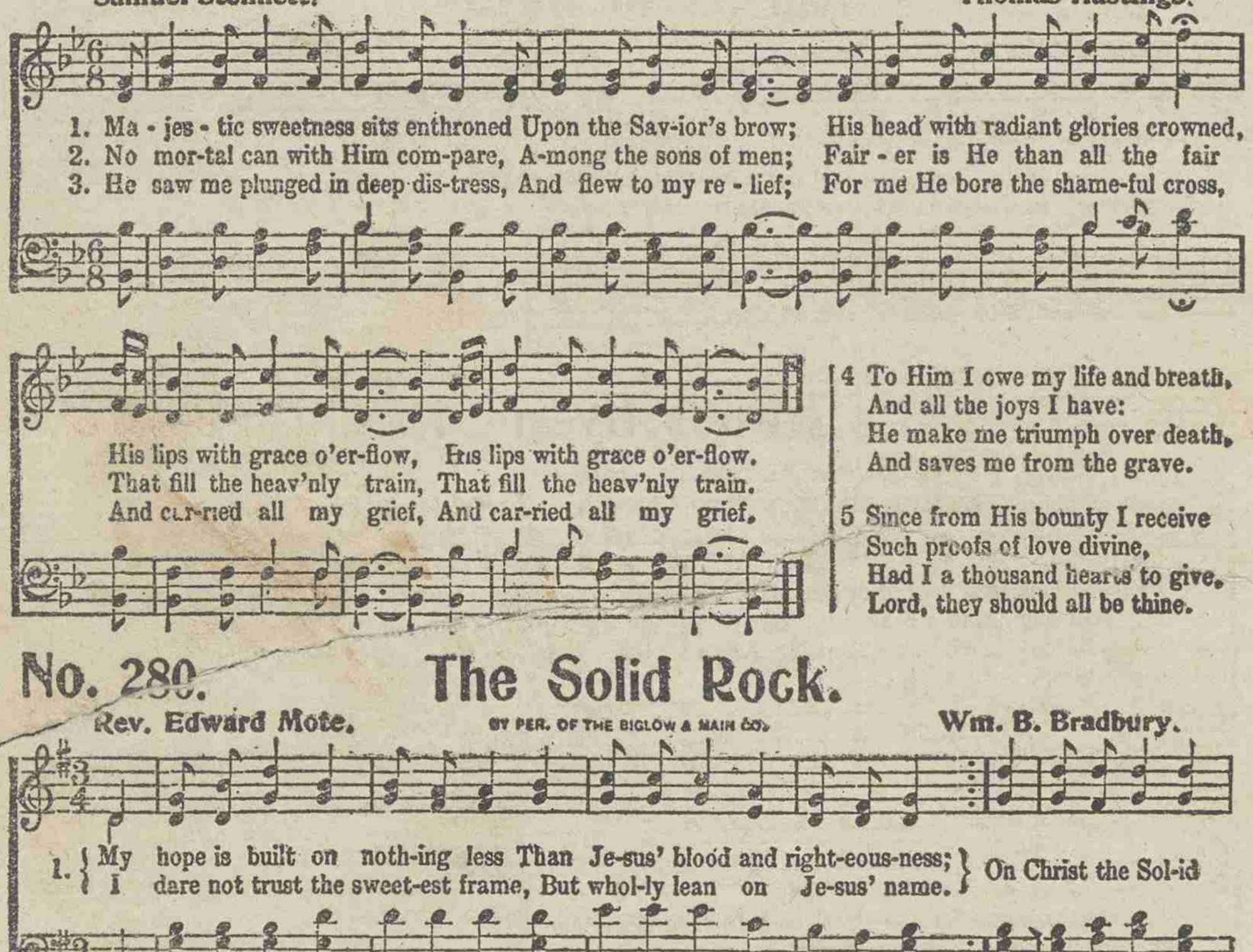
2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

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!

No. 279. 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,

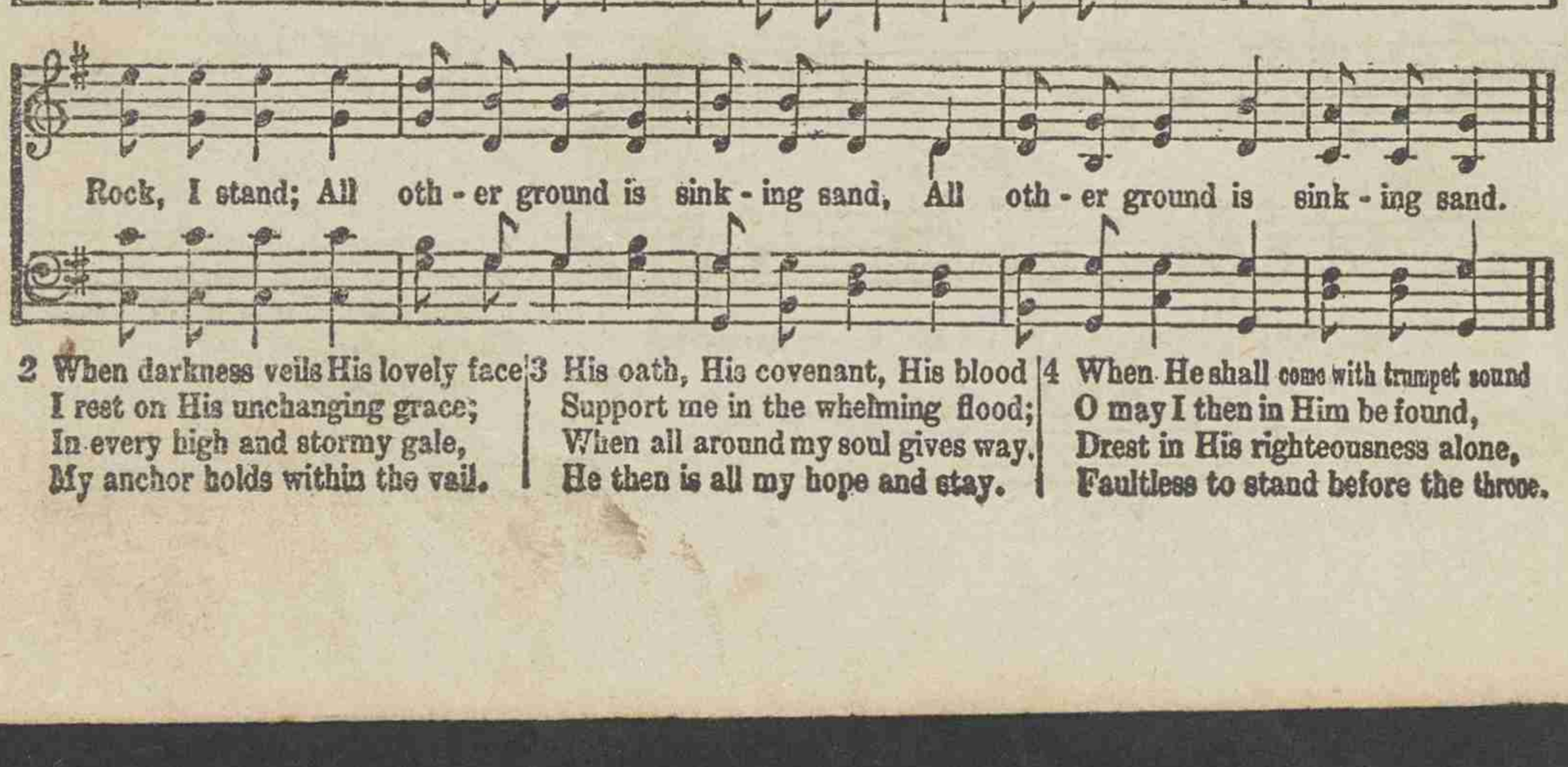
His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.

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.

No. 280. 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;
   I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name. } On Christ the Sol-id

Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.
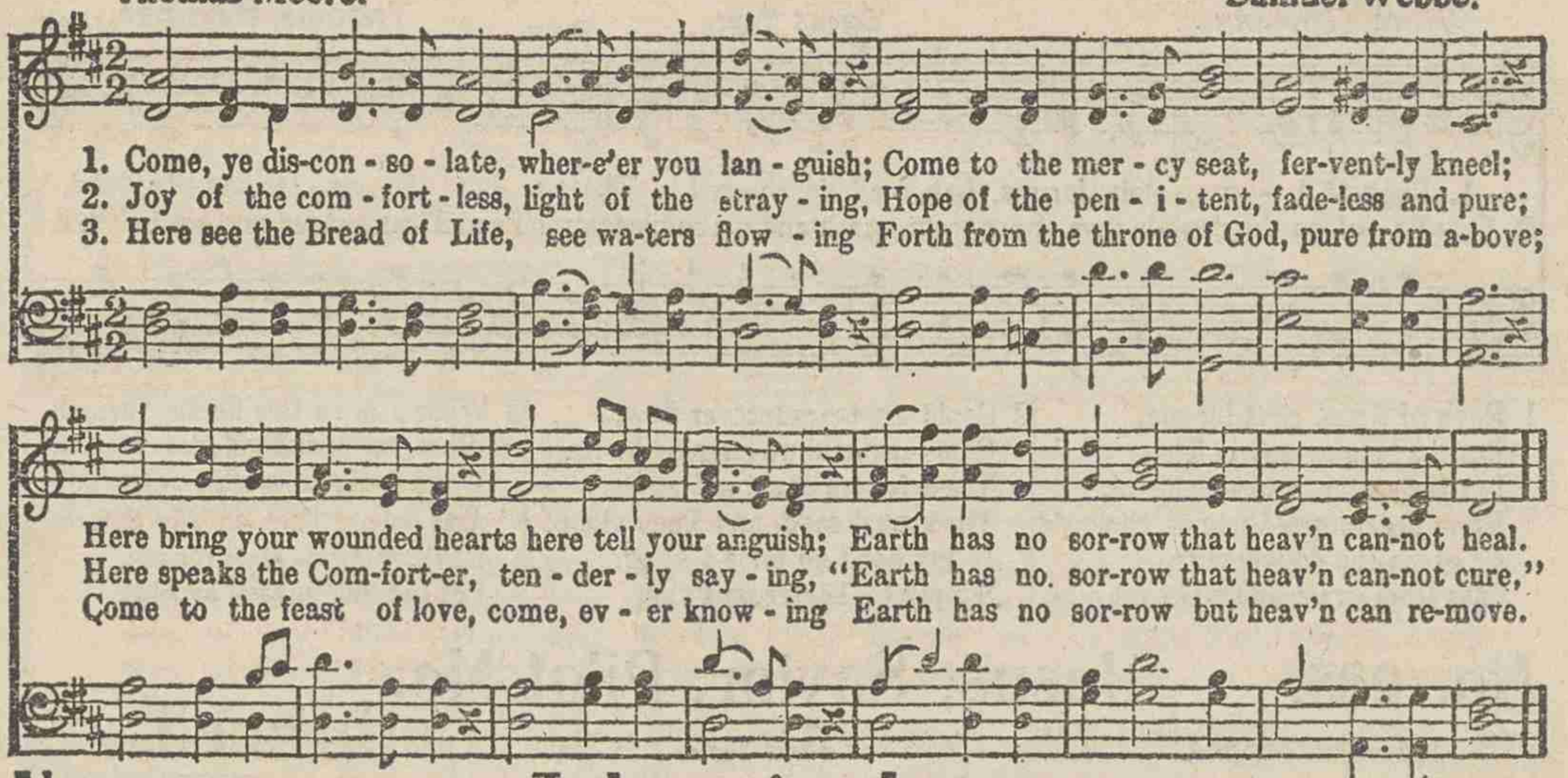
2 When darkness veils His lovely face
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

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.

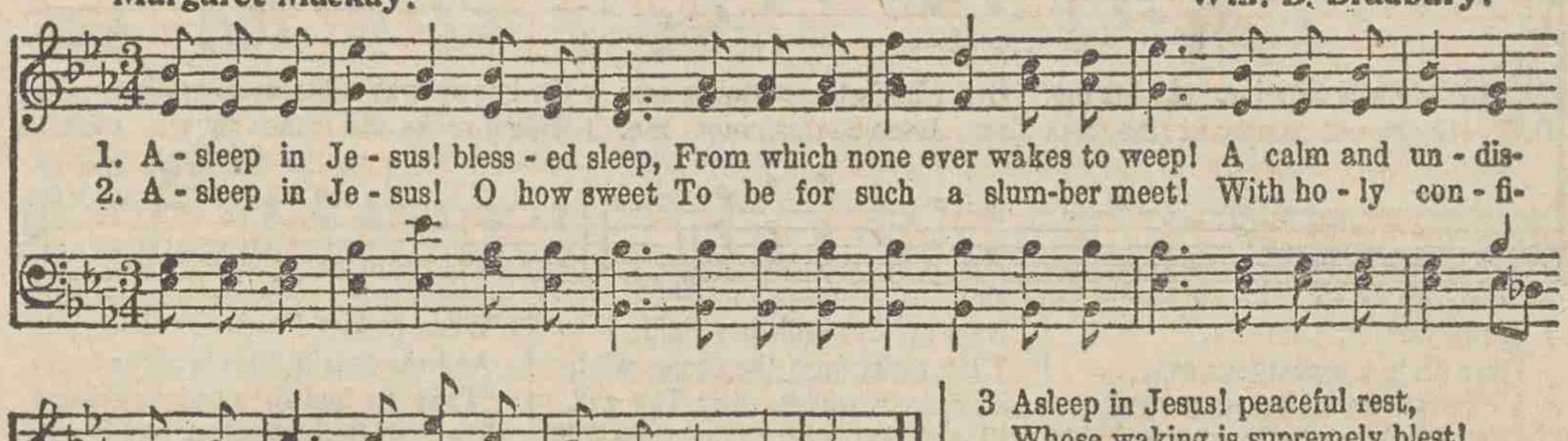
No. 281. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore. Samuel Webbe.



No. 282. Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. Wm. B. Bradbury.



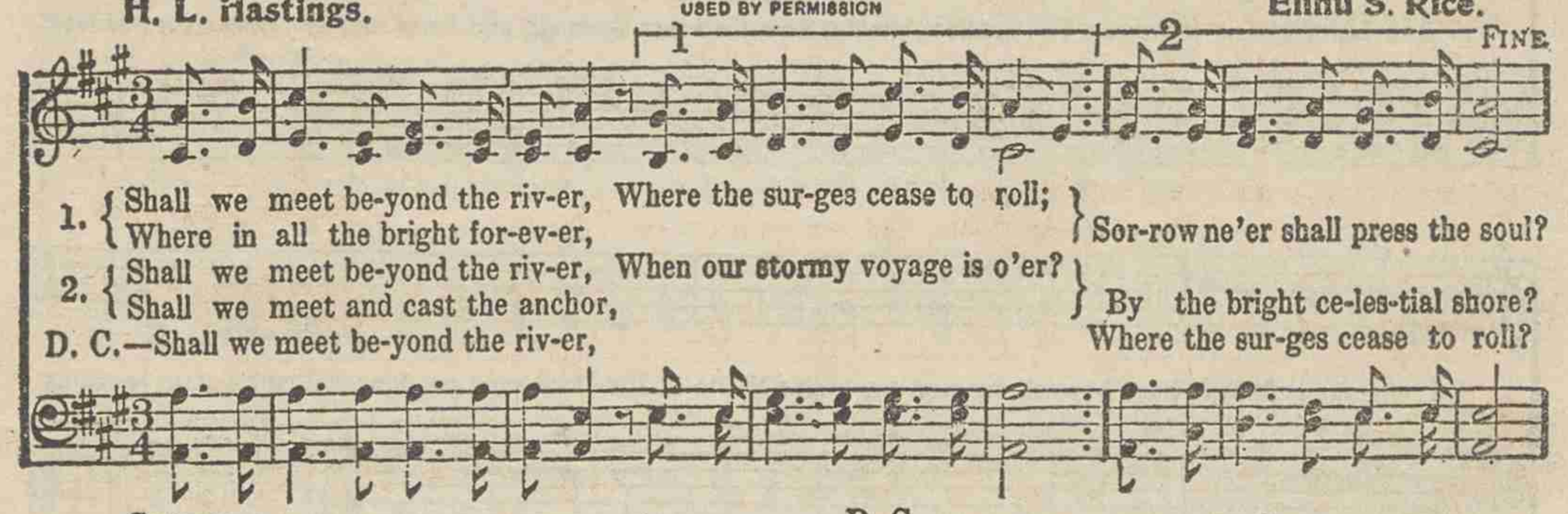
3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's pow'r.

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. 283. Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings. Elihu S. Rice.

USED BY PERMISSION
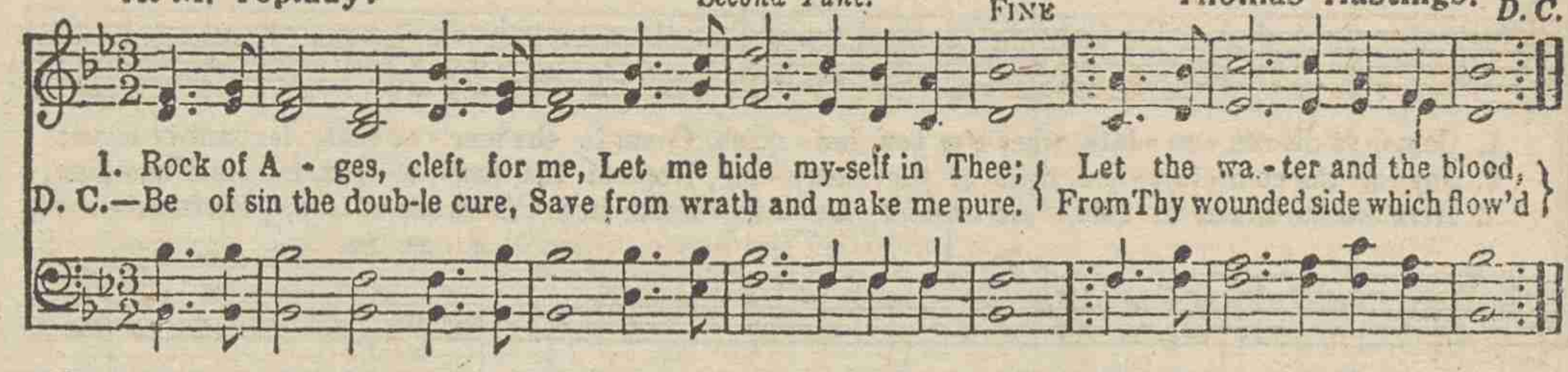


3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the tow'rs of crystal shine;
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

No. 284. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. *Second Tune.* FINE Thomas Hastings. D. C.
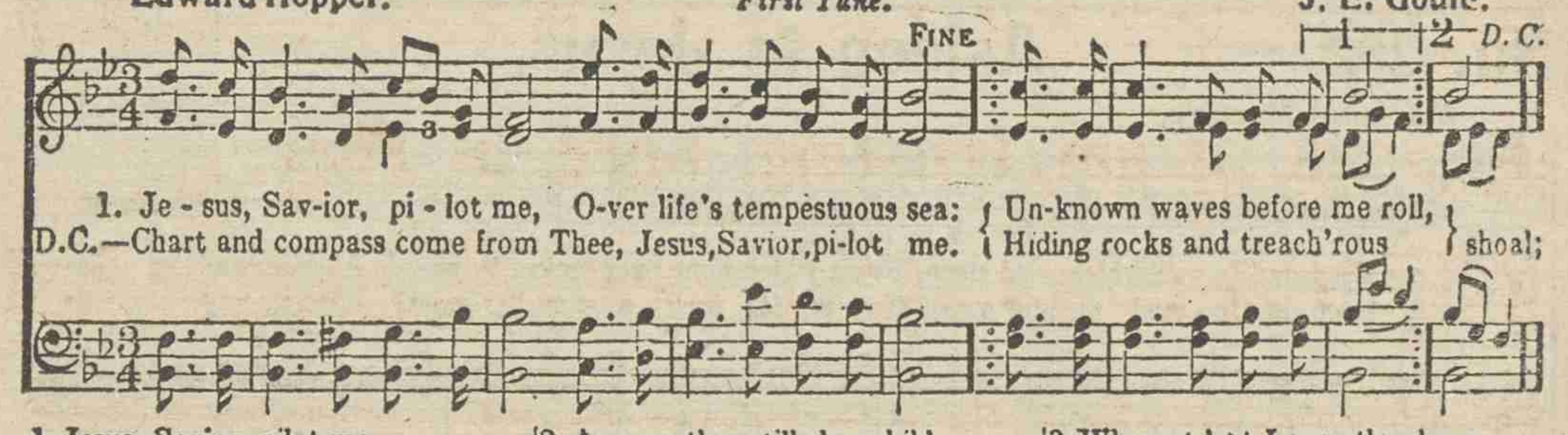


1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

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.

No. 285. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. *First Tune.* FINE J. E. Gould. D. C.



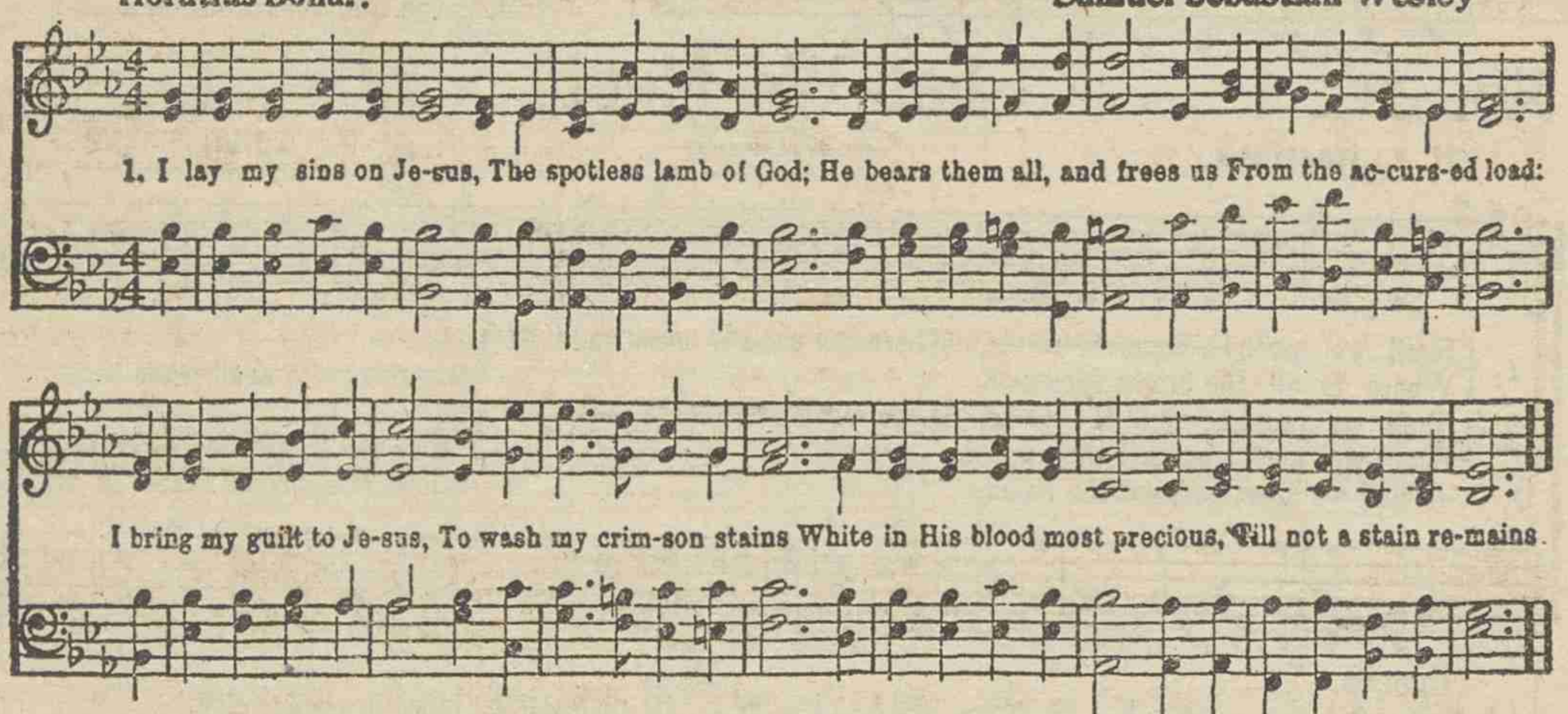
1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

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."

No. 286. I Lay My Sins on Jesus.

Horatius Bonar. Samuel Sebastian Wesley



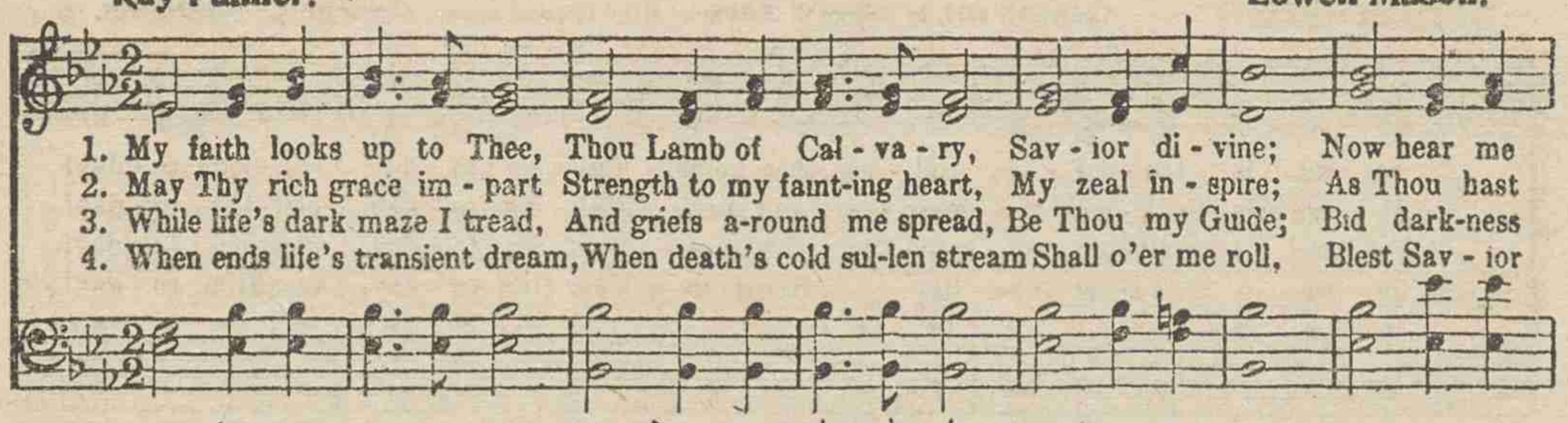
2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

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.

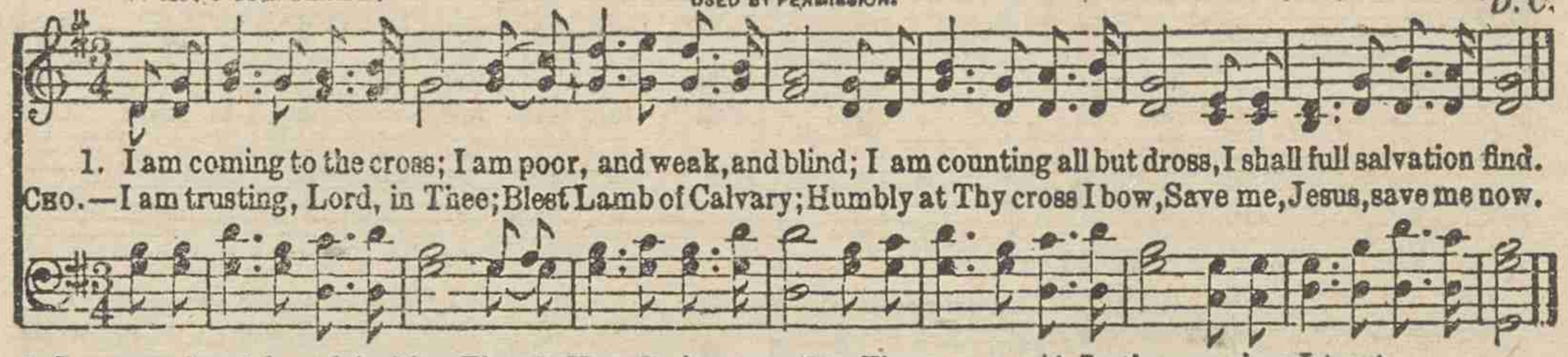
No. 287. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.



No. 288. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald. USED BY PERMISSION. W. G. Fischer. D. C.



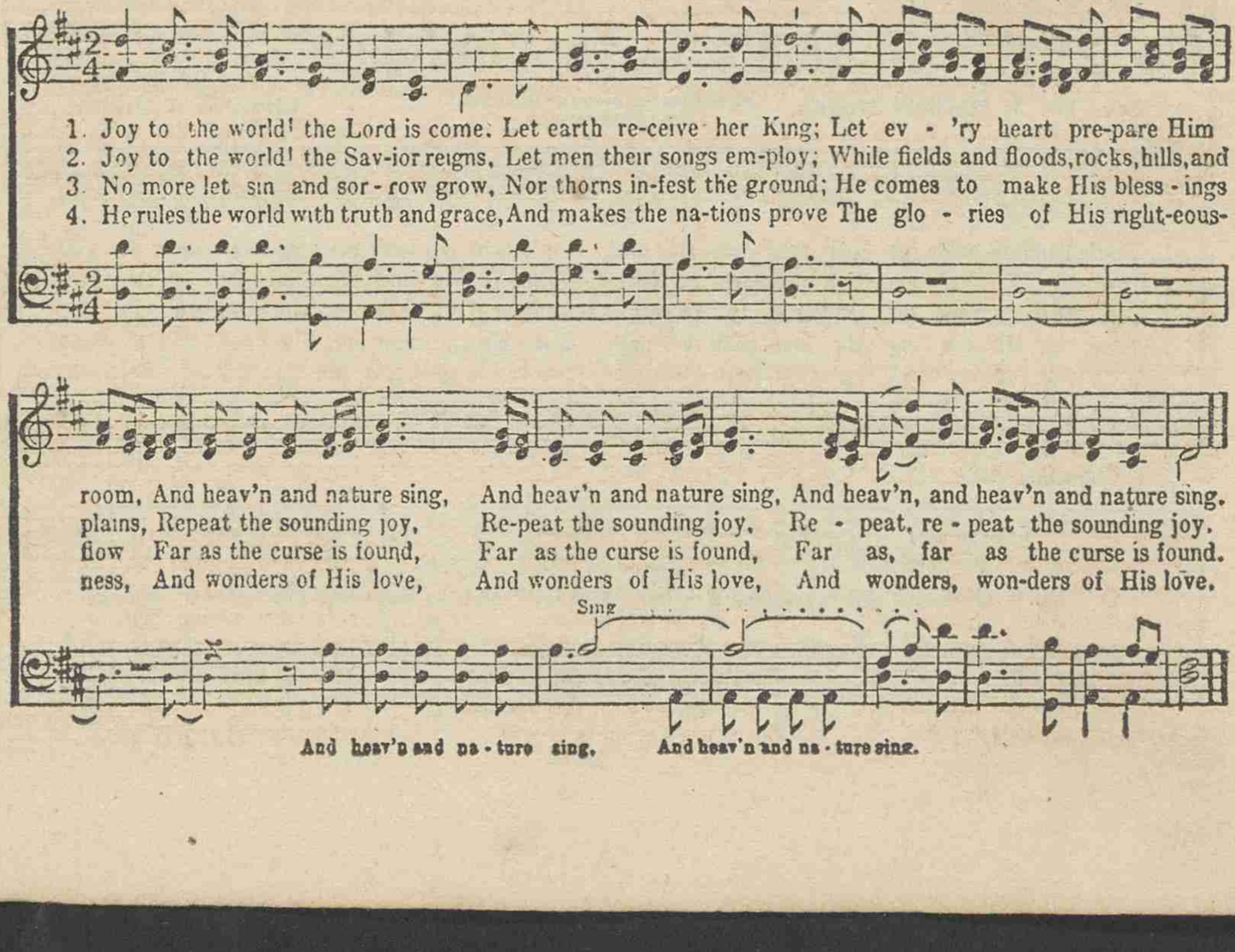
2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

4 In the promises I trust
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

No 289. Joy to the World.

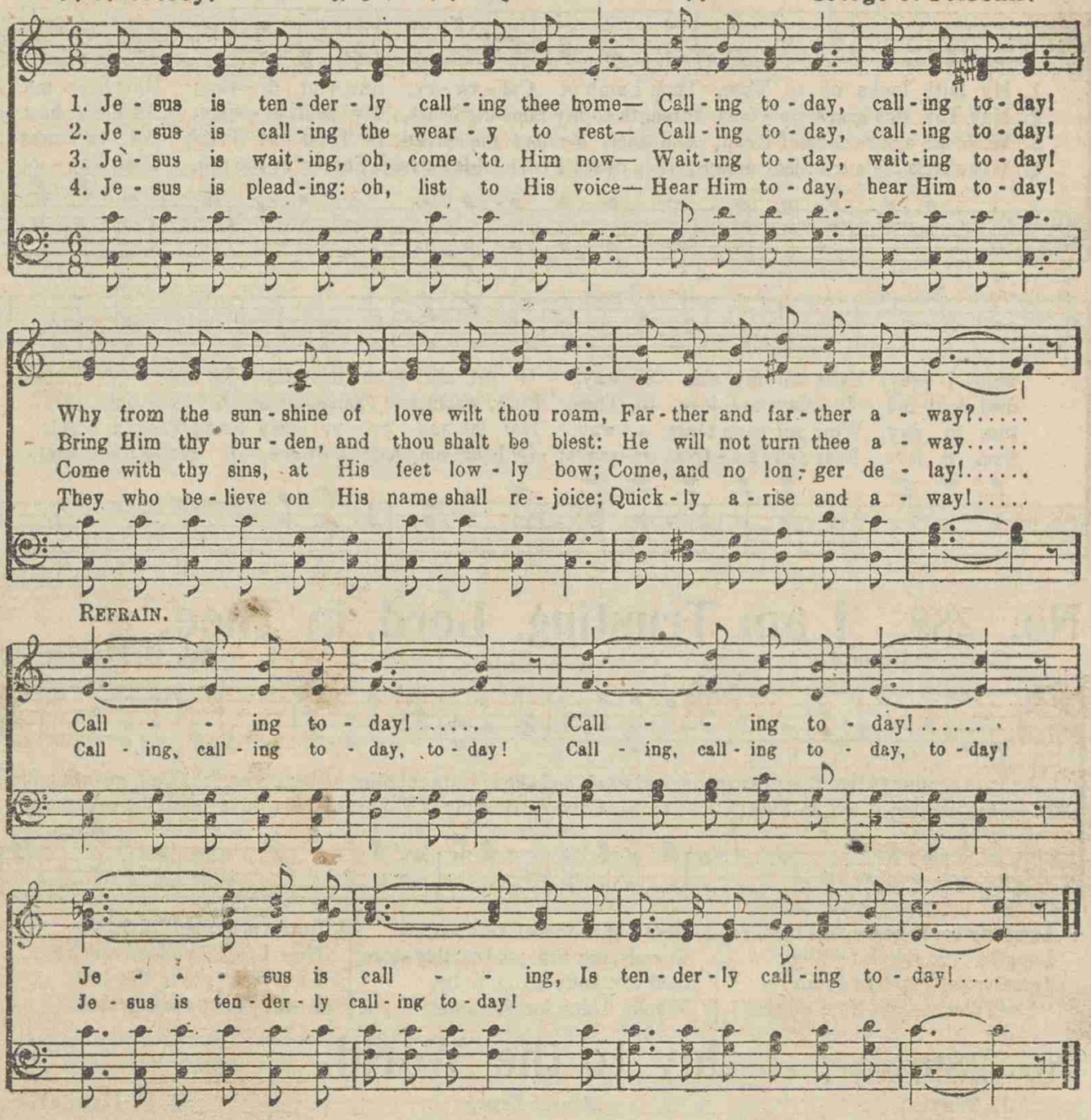
I. Watts. *Second Tune.* G. F. Handel.



No. 290 Jesus is Calling!
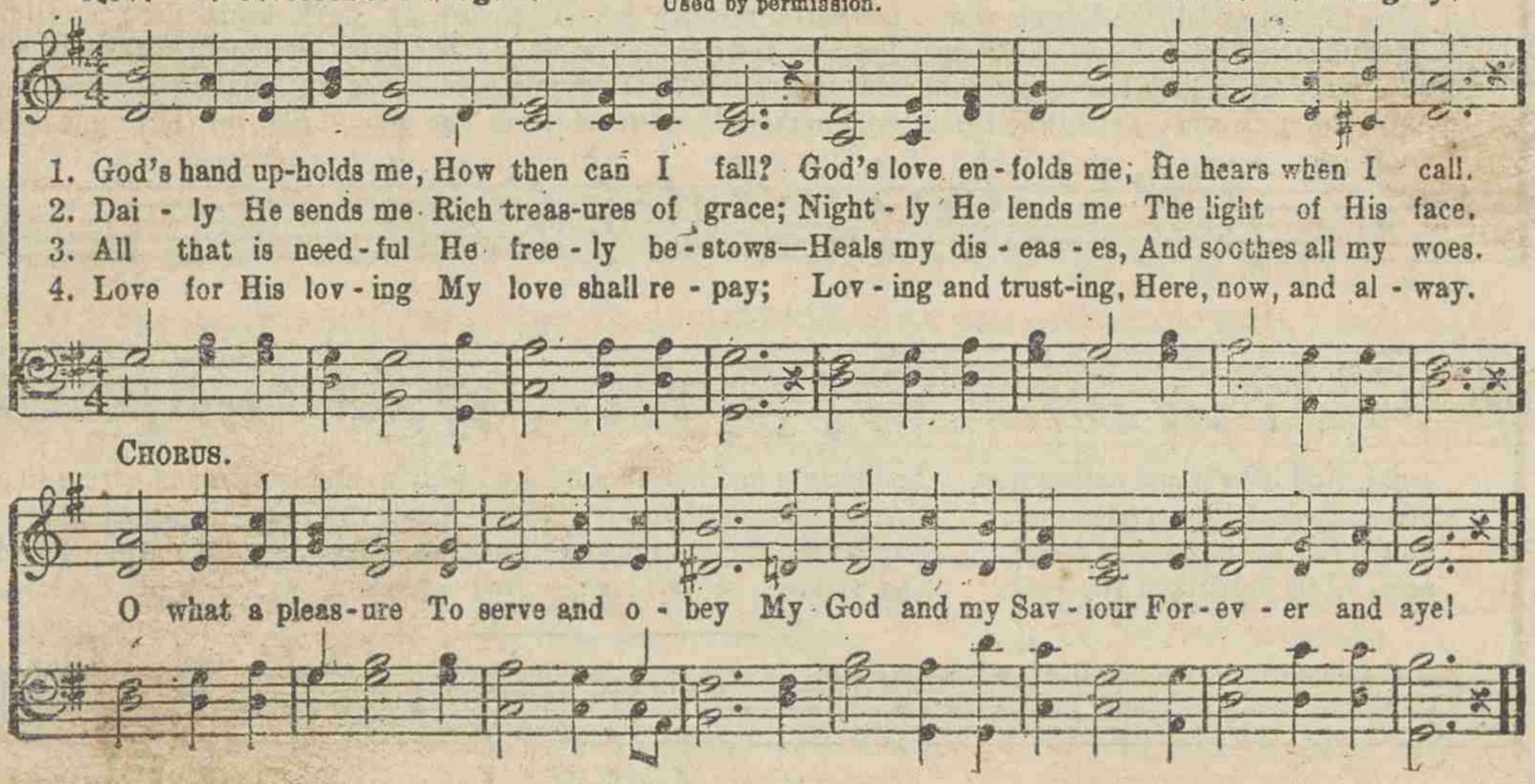
"Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."—Matt xi. 28.

F. J. Crosby. Copyright, 1911, by George C. Stebbins. Used by permission. George C. Stebbins.
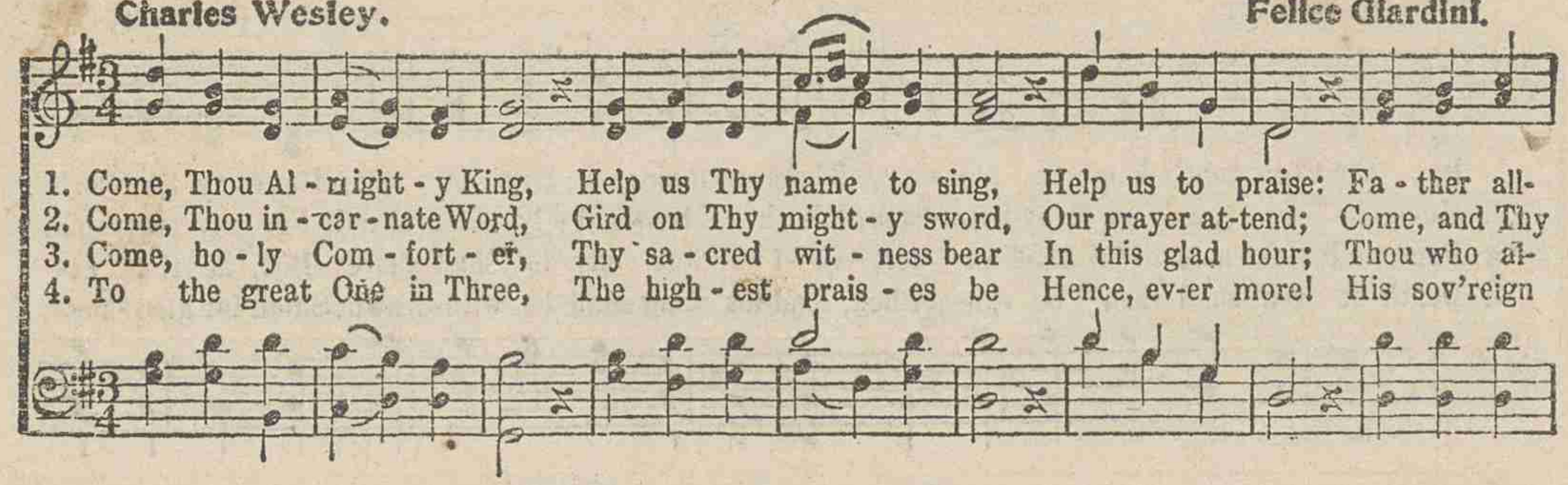


No. 291. In God's Love Confiding.

Rev. W. J. Herbert Hogan. H. N. Lincoln, owner of copyright. Used by permission. Chas. K. Langley.



No. 292. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.



No. 293. O Worship.

Tune Lyons.

1 O worship the King all glorious above,
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

No. 294. Ye Servants.

Tune Lyons.

1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious: He rules over all.

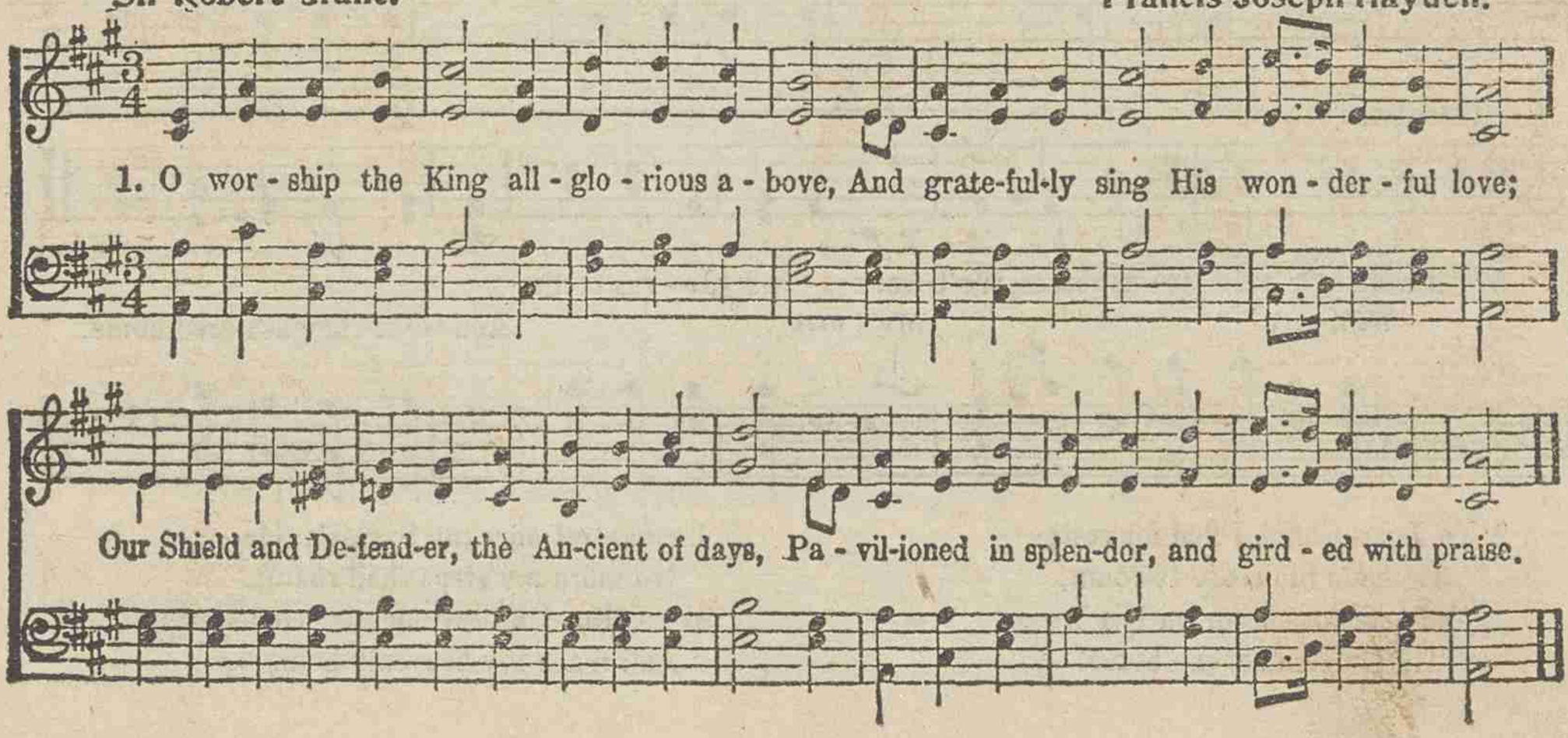
2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh: His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son,
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right—
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

No. 295. Lyons. 10s, 11s,

Sir Robert Grant. Francis Joseph Hayden.



No. 296. Rest for the Weary.

William Hunter. J. W. Dadmun.

1. In the Chris-tian's home in glo - ry, There re-mains a land of rest; There my Sav-ior's
2. He is fit - ting up my man - sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand, For my stay shall
3. Pain and sick - ness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share; But, in that ce-
4. Death it - self shall then be van-quished, And his sting shall be with-drawn; Shout for glad - ness,

CHORUS.

gone be - fore me, To ful - fill my soul's re - quest.
not be tran - sient, In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
les - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear.
oh, ye ran - somed! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.

There is rest for the wear - y,
On the oth - er side of Jor - dan,

There is rest for the wear - y, There is rest for the wear - y, There is rest for you;
In the sweet fields of E - den, Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, There is rest for you.

No. 297. 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.

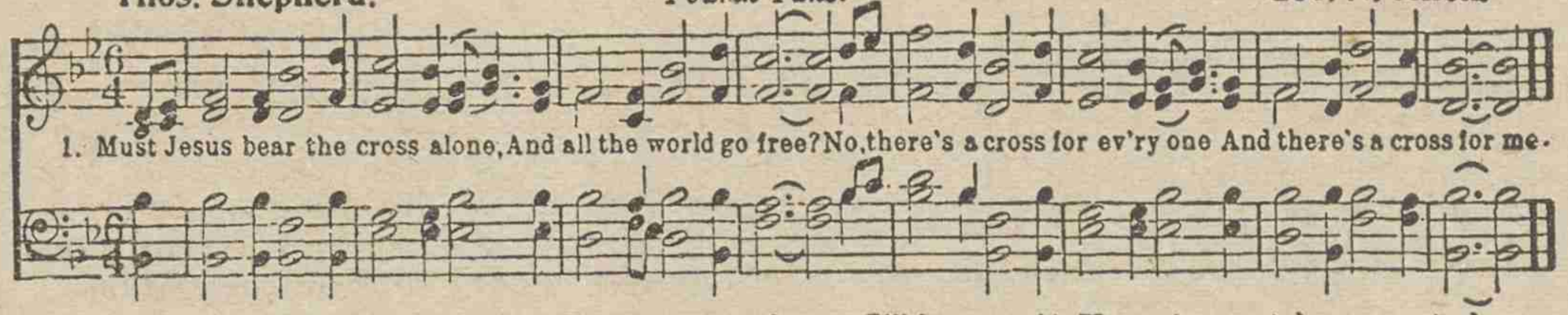
We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes;
We'll work We'll work And we'll be gath-ered home.

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. 298. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. *Fourth Tune.* Geo. N. Allen.

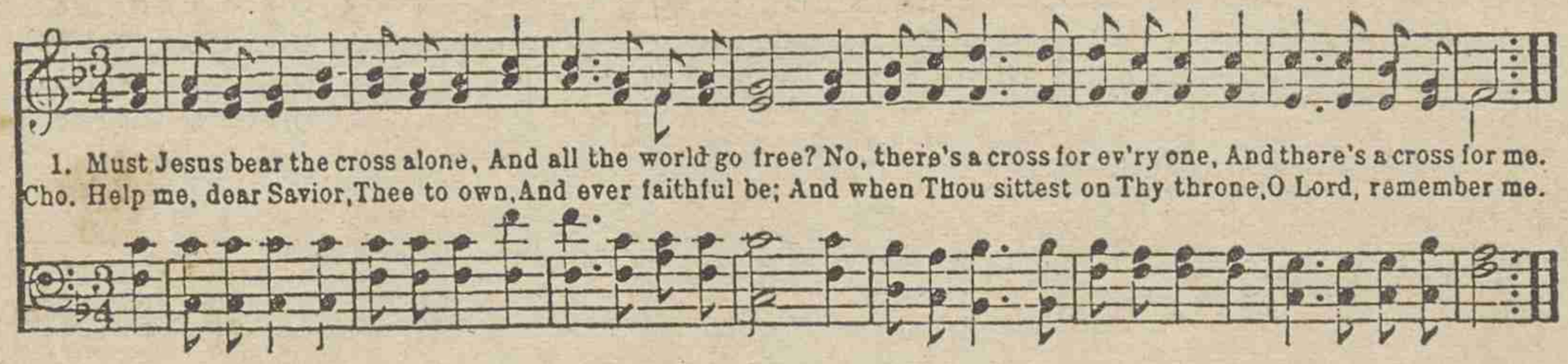


2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down,
At Jesus pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown
And His dear name repeat.

No. 299. Remember Me.



No. 300. Home.

Tune below.

1 'Mid pleasure and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
CHO.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

2 I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child;
As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.

3 An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call;
Oh, give me that peace of mind dearer than all.

No. 301. Heaven.

Tune below.

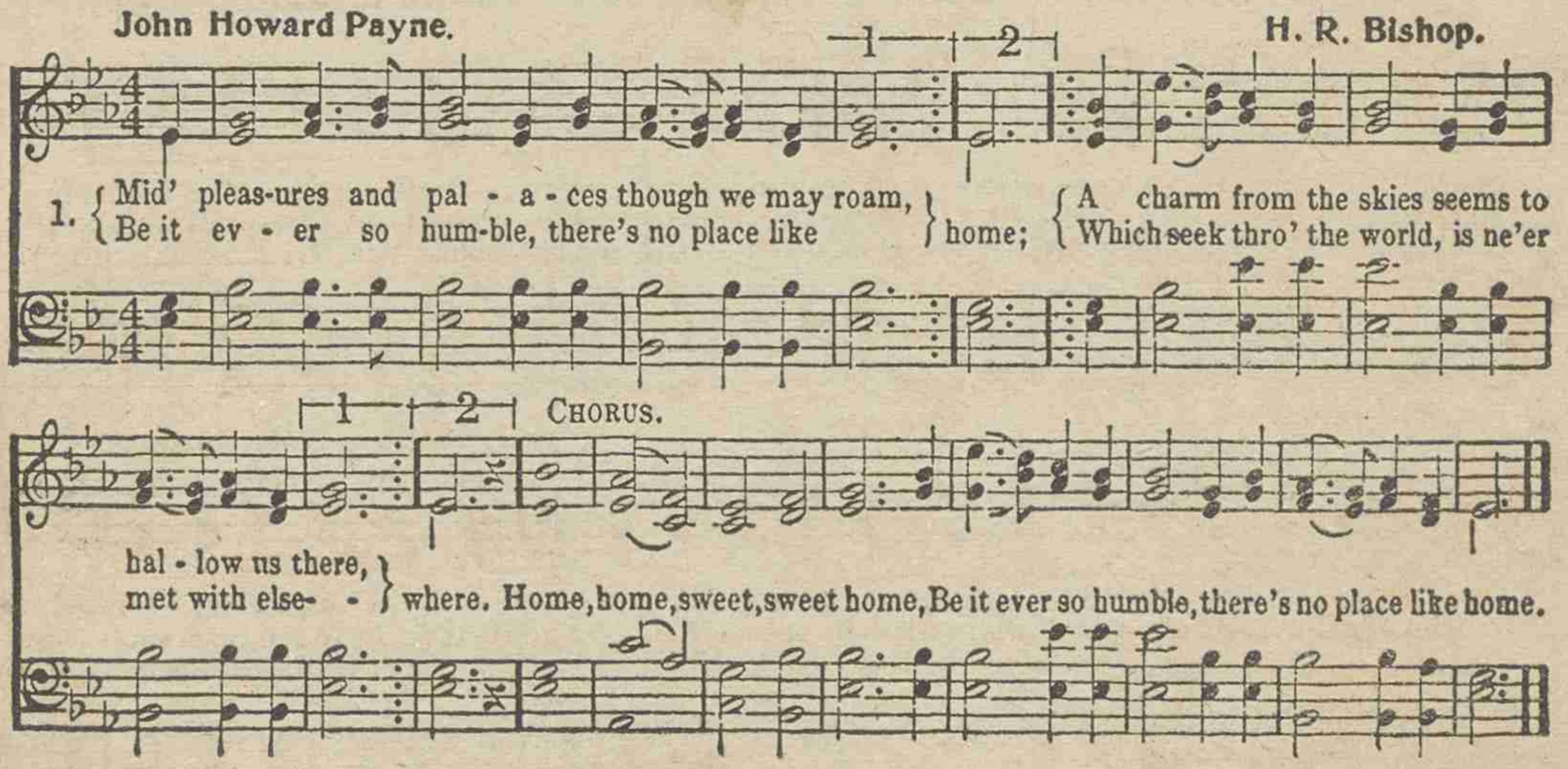
1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creatures complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints!
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.
CHO.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Prepare me, dear Savior, for heaven my home.

2 An alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wandered thro' earth, its gay pleasures to trace;
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.

3 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away;
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth and a mansion in heaven.

No. 302. Home, Sweet Home.

John Howard Payne. H. R. Bishop.



No. 303. OH, WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1. Oh, do not let the word de- part, And close thine eyes against the light; Poor sin - ner, hard- en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.
2. To - morrow's sun may nev- er rise, To bless thy long de- lud - ed sight; This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin- gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re - quite? Renounce at once, thy stubborn will, Be saved, oh, to-night.
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - ed none Who would to Him their souls u - nite; Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to-night.

CHORUS.

Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-night? Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
Oh, why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? Wilt thou be sav'd, wilt thou be sav'd? Then why not, oh, why not to-night?

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No. 304. Cling to the Mighty One.

"Always abounding."—I COR. 15: 58. H. N. LINCOLN. By per.

Slowly.

1. Cling to the Mighty One, Cling in thy grief; Cling to the Holy One, He gives re- lief;
2. Cling to the Living One, Cling in thy woe; Cling to the Living One, Thro' all be-low;
3. Cling to the Bleeding One, Cling to His side; Cling to the Rising One, In Him a - bide;

Cling to the Gracious One, Cling in thy pain; Cling to the Faithful One, He will sustain.
Cling to the Pard'ning One, He speaketh peace; Cling to the Healing One, Anguish shall cease.
Cling to the Com-ing One, Hope shall a - rise; Cling to the Reigning One, Joy lights thine eyes.

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