BEST
REVIVAL SONGS

FROM

Revival Glory, New Revival Glory, Triumphant Praises, New Songs of the King and Showalter's New Songs No. 2

BY

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H. M. Eagle, W. J. Morris and K. C. Robinson.

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No. 2. In the Footsteps of Jesus.

W. C. MARTIN. Property of A. J. Showalter, 1911. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. O I hear my Sav - iour call - ing, And I know He's call - ing me;
2. Je - sus went a-mong the low - ly, Oft - en walked in shad-ows dim,
3. Since He walked in des - ert high - ways To re-claim His wand'ring sheep,
4. If I fol - low Him in du - ty, Tread these paths that know His feet,

Where His own foot-steps are fall - ing There my own shall ev - er be.
But it was a path-way ho - ly, And I'll trav - el there with Him.
I will trav - el in the by - ways To re- store those He will keep.
Some sweet day with Him in beau - ty I shall walk the gold- en street.

REFRAIN.

I will fol - low in the foot - steps of Je - sus, I will

fol - low in the foot-steps of Je - sus; Fol - low ev - 'ry day,

Rit.

fol - low all the way, Fol - low in the foot-steps of Je - sus.

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No. 4. Salvation is Mine.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY A. J. SHOWALTER.

W. C. Martin. A. J. Showalter.

1. Sal - va - tion is mine, O how sweet is the thought, That Je-sus has
2. Sal - va - tion is mine as the gift of His love, As - sur-ance of
3. Sal - va - tion is mine, and the shad-ows are gone; With Je - sus came
4. Sal - va - tion is mine, as the friend of the King, To Him and Him

giv - en what can-not be bought; Sal - va - tion from sin, And glo - ry with-in,
par-don and peace from a-bove; My heart is so light, My fu - ture so bright,
all the fair beauty of dawn; He casts a - way fear, A - bides ev - er near,
on - ly I ev - er will cling; He grants me to know His grace here be-low,

REFRAIN.

And all that my soul had so ear-nest - ly sought. Sal-va - - tion is
My soul mounts aloft up - on wings as a dove.
Prepares the white robes that I some day shall don.
Sal - va-tion is mine and I can-not but sing. Sal - va - tion, a glo-rious sal-

mine,..... And pow - - er di - vine,..... The gift of His
va - tion is mine, And power, God's won-der-ful pow-er di-vine,

rit.

grace, His won-der - ful grace; I'm saved to the ut - ter-most, Saved by His grace.

No. 5. The King's Business.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E O EXCELL
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.

1. I am a stran-ger here, with - in a for - eign land; My home is far a-way, up - on a gold - en strand; Am-bas - sa - dor to be of
2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev - 'ry-where, Re-pent and turn a-way from sin's se - duc - tive snare; That all who will o-bey, with
3. My home is bright - er far than Shar-on's ro - sy plain, E - ter - nal life and joy thro'-out its vast do - main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how

CHORUS.

realms be - yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the
mor - tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.

mes - sage that I bring, A message angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye

reconciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God."

No. 6. I Am So Happy in Him.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1912. A. J. Showalter.

1. O I am so hap-py in Jesus, my Lord, Since trusting the prom-is - es
2. He so't me when wand'ring afar from the fold; He found me on mountains so
3. His love and His mercy my song now shall be; His grace like a riv - er o'er-
4. Some day I shall see Him in splendor and light, And ev - er be like Him in

found in His word; The bur-den of sin has been rolled from my heart, And
bar - ren and cold; He shel-ters me now 'neath the wings of His love; Safe
flow - eth to me; His Spir - it shall guide me wher-ev - er I go,—'Tis
glo - ry so bright; Till then let me toil in His vine-yard be - low, Till

REFRAIN.

in His blest serv-ice I now have a part.
home He will guide me to man-sions a - bove. O I am so
life ev - er - last-ing this Sav - ior to know. O I am so hap - py, so
then let me la - bor His glo - ry to show.

hap-py in Him, Yes, I am so hap-py in Him, By day and by
hap - py in Him, Yes, I am so hap - py, so hap - py in Him,

night I am filled with delight, For I am so hap-py, so hap-py in Him.

No. 7. He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. So pre-cious is Je - sus, my Sav-ior, my King, His praise all the day long
2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly wait - ed
3. I stand on the moun-tain of bless - ing at last, No cloud in the heav-ens
4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in

with rap - ture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
an en-trance to gain; What shame that so long He en - treat - ed in vain,
a shad - ow to cast; His smile is up - on me, the val - ley is past,
His won - der - ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,

CHORUS. *Faster.*

For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to so

pre-cious to me, so pre-cious to me;

me, . . . For He is so pre-cious to me; . . . 'T is heaven be-

rit. - - -

low My Re-deem - er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me.

No. 8. Get Right With God.

Miriam E. Arnold. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY J. D. PATTON. J. D. Patton.

1. "Get right with God," dear sinner, Come seek Him while you may; In love the Spir - it pleadeth, Then grieve Him not away; So ten-der - ly He whispers: "My Son, give Me thy heart," O will you still re-ject Him? Must He from you depart?

2. "Get right with God," dear sinner, He made the way so plain; O shall the Sav-ior's suff'rings For you be all in vain? While on the cross ex-tend-ed, For me, dear soul, for you, Now Hear Him pray: "Forgive them, They know not what they do."

3. "Get right with God," dear sinner, The mo-ments swiftly fly; Time, like a dream, doth vanish, E - ter - ni - ty draws nigh; O sin-ner, would you spend it With Je - sus up in heav'n? Then come in pray'r be-liev-ing, And have your sins for-giv'n.

REFRAIN.

O { list-en! God so loved you—His on-ly Son He gave To die upon Mount
{ purchase your redemption That rug-ged path He trod, Then, come, accept His

1 Cal-va - ry your soul from death to save; To 2 mercy, Just now, "Get right with God."

No. 10. Share Your Blessings.

James Rowe. PERRY BROS. MUSIC CO., OWNERS. F. Clark Perry.

1. As you journey on-ward thro' the bus - y throng, Drop a cheering sentence,
2. Just a lit - tle sentence from a lov-ing heart May to some sad spir - it
3. If your path is sun - ny make an-oth-er's bright; Lighten some one's burden,

sing a hap - py song; Ma - ny need - y broth - ers dai - ly you will meet,
hope and cheer im-part; Just a word in pass - ing, or a sun - ny smile,
if your own is light, Thus your soul will dai - ly grow in strength and love,

REFRAIN.

Whose sad hearts are yearning for a bless-ing sweet. Share your bless-ings
May make some one hap - py for a lit - tle while.
And will lay up treas-ures in the world a - bove. Share your blessings as you

as you go a-long With the need-y in the bus-y throng; Less - en
go a - long With the needy in the bus - y throng; Less-en sor-row,

sorrow, pain, and care, and woe; Show your love for Je-sus ev-'ry-where you go.
pain, and care, and woe;

No. 14. Workers Together.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. Property of J. D. Patton. 1911. J. D. PATTON.

1. Work-ers to-geth-er with Je - sus our Lord, Work in it - self is a glo - rious re - ward; Glad - ly we fol - low the voice that is heard,
2. Work-ers to-geth-er in fel - low-ship sweet, Close to each oth - er our Mas - ter we meet; Blest be the tie that is last - ing and true—
3. Work-ers to-geth-er till serv - ice be - low Ends in the glo - ry where- un - to we go; Help us, Lord Je - sus, to see eye to eye,

REFRAIN.

Loy - al and true to the call of His word. Workers to-geth-er, to-geth - er with Him; O, for a faith that will nev- er grow dim; Glo - ri - ous
Workers to-geth - er, His bid - ding we do. Till we be- hold Thee in beau- ty on high. Work - ers to-geth - er with Him; Faith that will nev - er grow dim;

vis - ion! Our Lead-er we see: Make us, O Mas - ter, co- workers with Thee.

No. 17. I've Read of a City.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1912. A. J. Showalter.

1. I've read of a cit - y whose streets are of gold, Whose glo-ries and splen - dor can nev - er be told; Its man-sions are ma - ny, its
2. The Lamb is the light of that cit - y so fair, And Je - sus in- vites us its glo - ries to share; A won - der - ful cit - y held
3. With - in that fair cit - y our loved ones will be, The Saviour's own face they will ev - er - more see; O glo - ri - ous vis - ion, O
4. With songs on our lips and re - joic - ing we'll come At last to that cit - y, our heav - en - ly home, And ev - er - more dwell with the

REFRAIN.

songs ev - er new! I want to go there, don't you?
up to our view! I want to go there, don't you? I want to go there, don't
joy ev - er new! I want to go there, don't you?
good and the true! I want to go there, don't you?

you?..... I want to go there, I do;..... My Sav - ior to see, and with loved ones to be, I want to go there, don't you?

don't you? I do;

No. 19. Pilot Me Over the Sea.

Jennie Wilson. PROPERTY OF K. C. ROBINSON. 1911. K. C. Robinson.

1. My frail bark is toss - ing where dark bil - lows roll, And per - il is
2. Bring calm to my soul in the dark-ness of night, And make all fore-
3. The har - bor of safe - ty be - fore my bark lies, From storms it will
4. Till an - chor I cast on e - ter - ni - ty's shore, Dear Sav - iour, keep

threat-en - ing me; Thou Ho - ly One, who can the tem - pest con - trol,
bod - ings to flee; To yon - der fair port, with its ra - di - ant light,
ev - er be free; And shad-ows shall nev - er - more dim the clear skies,
close un - to me; And I will re - joice in Thy love ev - er - more,

REFRAIN.

O pi - lot me o - ver the sea. O pi - lot me o - ver the
O pi - lot me o - ver, yes,
sea, ... O pi - lot me o - ver the sea; . . . Thou heav-en - ly
o - ver the sea, O pi - lot me o - ver the sea, the sea;
Friend, from all dan - ger de - fend, And pi - lot me o - ver the sea.

No. 23. There is One Who Loves and Cares.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1912. **A. J. Showalter.**

1. There is One who loves and cares for you, With a love most ten-der,
2. There is One who knows the pil-grim way, Who will walk be-side you
3. There is One who knows each doubt and fear, One who sees each sor-row
4. There is One, the dear-est Friend of all, Who will love what-ev-er

warm and true, One whose lov-ing fa-vor you have known, He will not
ev-'ry day, And be true and faith-ful to His own, And will not
and each tear, One who hears each sigh and pain-ful moan, He will not
may be-fall, And when earth-ly friendships all are flown, He will not

REFRAIN.

leave you to jour-ney a-lone. He will be near His loved and His own,
Make un-to you His sweet pres-ence known, He will walk be-side you,
man-na will provide you, And will nev-er leave you to journey a-lone.

No. 24. Be a Blessing.

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Johnson Oatman, Jr. A. J. Showalter.

1. Would you be a sun-beam filled with heav - en's light, Shedding forth its beau-ty o - ver scenes of night? In this world of sorrow, sickness, sin and woe,
2. Where the tears are fall - ing and the hearts are sad, Take some gospel message that will make them glad; Strive to give them comfort by some loving deed,
3. Just a cup of wa - ter for the Mas - ter's sake May sweet chords of mu - sic in some bos - om wake; Seek to help some pilgrim toward the golden land,
4. If you fol - low Je - sus all a - long life's way You will help to brighten ev-'ry hour and day; Would you shine in glory brighter than the sun?

REFRAIN.

Try to be a blessing ev -'ry-where you go. Be a blessing on life's wea - ry mile, Be a blessing with a word or smile, Be a
Try to be a blessing in the time of need. on life's weary mile, Be a sunny blessing with a word or smile, Be a constant
Try to be a blessing, both with voice and hand.
Try to be a blessing till your work is done. Be a cheerful blessing

blessing, ev-'rywhere the same, Try to be a blessing in the Master's name.

No. 25. O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When all my la - bors and tri - als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in - fin - ite grace, I am ac-cord - ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a - go; Joy like a riv - er a-

beau - ti - ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore,
heav - en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav - ior, I know,

Rit.

CHORUS.

Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me . . O that will be
O . . . . . that will
glo - ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me; . . . .

rit.

I shall look on His face, That will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for me.

No. 26. Shall the Angels Tell Jesus?

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY J. A. MERRITT.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. **J. A. Merritt.**

1. With hands that are bleeding be-cause of your sin, The Sav-iour is
2. Re - member the time when your mother passed o'er, To live with her
3. Re - member how of-ten when you could not sleep Your conscience would
4. Your loved ones still watch from that beautiful home, The an - gels still

knock-ing, will you let Him in? Long years He has knocked at the
God on that fair Eden's shore; Re-mem - ber you prom-ised that
urge you that prom-ise to keep; If ev - er you think of ful -
wait to see if you will come; If some-time you'd en - ter the

door of your heart, That door you must o - pen or He will de - part.
moth-er you'd come To meet her up there in that beau - ti - ful home.
fill - ing that vow The best time to start for the king - dom is now.
beau - ti - ful gate, Wait not for the mor-row, it may be too late.

REFRAIN.

While the angels are wait-ing to car - ry the news, Say, brother, say,

sis - ter, no lon - ger re-fuse; Will you cease to do e - vil and

Shall the Angels Tell Jesus?

learn to do right, Shall the an-gels tell Je-sus you're com-ing to-night?

No. 27. Tell the Master All.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. PROPERTY OF W. T. TURNER. W. T. Turner.

1. Make a full, complete con - fes-sion When on the Lord you call,
2. Not a - lone the great temptations That may your heart ap - pall,
3 For the One who guards cre-a - tion And notes the sparrow's fall,
4. Tell to God your cares and sorrows, And noth-ing count too small,
5. Till at last you reach that cit - y Where tear-drops never fall,

Do not car - ry half the bur-den, But tell the Mas - ter all.
But the lit - tle cares and troubles, Just tell the Mas - ter all.
Will give heed to your pe - ti-tions, Just tell the Mas - ter all.
For His ear is ev - er o - pen, Just tell the Mas - ter all.
When you pray to Him in se - cret Just tell the Mas - ter all.

REFRAIN.

All, all, whatever your burdens may be, Whether great or small,

Make to Him a full con-fes-sion, Just tell the Mas - ter all.

No. 32. Simply Believing Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT. Property of W. J. Morris. 1911. W. J. MORRIS.

1. This is the way that my heart was made whole, Sim - ply be - liev- ing in
2. On - ly thro' Him shall I con - quer the foe, Sim - ply be - liev- ing in
3. Pow'r for His serv - ice I'll gain day by day, Sim - ply be - liev- ing in
4. Come, sinner, come and be saved by His grace, Sim - ply be - liev- ing in

Je - sus; This is the way I found peace for my soul, Sim - ply be-
Je - sus; Seek - ing His help as still on - ward I go, Sim - ply be-
Je - sus; Led by His spir - it in love's bless - ed way, Sim - ply be-
Je - sus; Come, and re - joice in the light of His face, Sim - ply be-

REFRAIN.

liev - ing in Je - sus. Sim - ply be - liev - ing, the prom - ise re-

ceiv - ing, I came and found life ev - er - more; Sim - ply be - liev-ing,

sal - va - tion re - ceiv - ing, I'll sing to His praise o'er and o'er.

No. 33. When the Pilgrims Reach Home.

(GOOD AS A SOLO.)

James Rowe. PROPERTY OF A. J. SHOWALTER. **A. J. Showalter.**

1. There's a glad time coming that e - ter - nal morning, When the pil-grims reach
2. Wrongs will all be right-ed, part-ed friends u - nit - ed, When the pil-grims reach
3. There will be no sor-row on that gold-en mor-row, When the pil-grims reach
4. We shall tell love's sto-ry on the streets of glo - ry, When the pil-grims reach

home; Skies will smile a - bove us, ev - 'ry soul will love us, When the
home; We shall rest for - ev - er, and be part - ed nev - er, When the
home; We shall all be sing - ing, ev - 'ry heart - bell ring-ing, When the
home; Our e - ter - nal Sav - ior we shall praise for - ev - er, When the

REFRAIN.

pil - grims all reach home. Press a - long, . . . ye wear-y com-rades, . .

Press a - long, still brave - ly press a - long, ye wear - y

. . . Soon our souls . . . . will cease to roam; Lov - ing

com-rades, Soon o'er earth's wild des - ert we shall all cease to roam;

friends will greet us, Christ Himself will meet us, When the pilgrims all reach home.

No. 44. All to Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY A. J. SHOWALTER & CO. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER.

A. J. Showalter. S. J. Perry.

1. Saviour, may we give our hearts to Thee, All to Thee, all to
2. Thou did'st give Thyself that we might be, All to Thee, all to
3. When we've crossed death's dark and stormy sea, All to Thee, all to

All to Thee,

Thee; All we are and all we hope to be, All to
Thee; And by grace di - vine our love shall be, All to
Thee; May our songs of triumph ev - er be, All to
all to Thee;

REFRAIN.

Thee,..... yes, all to Thee. All to Thee, all to
All to Thee, All to Thee,

Thee, Bless-ed Lord, 'tis all to Thee; All to
yes, all to Thee, yes, all to Thee;

Thee, all to Thee, Blessed Lord, 'tis all to Thee.
All to Thee, yes, all to Thee,

No. 45. It Was His Love.

James Rowe. R. E. PERRY, OWNER, 1912. R. E. Perry.

1. There's a song of rapt - ure in my soul And it rings and
2. When I think of what He did for me All my be - ing
3. I will serve Him here till all is o'er, Mak-ing known the

swells for Him a - bove, (for Him a - bove,) For He found me lost and
vi - brates with His praise, (His joy - ous praise,) And I know that faith-ful
won - ders of His love, (His pre - cious love,) Then with all the saved, for-

REFRAIN.

took control: Now I'm safe and hap - py in His love.
I shall be In His serv - ice all my earth-ly days. It was love,
ev - er-more, I will sing my Savior's praise a - bove. It was love, true love,

true love, That re - deemed me from shame! My
re - deem-ing love, That up - lift - ed me from the depths of shame! My

Sav - ior's love, And I'm sing - ing "Glo-ry to His name."
bless - ed Sav - ior's boundless love.

No. 48. Just Like Jesus.

Property of A. J. Showalter. 1911.

W. C. MARTIN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I sweet-ly trust in Je-sus, Nor won-der at His love, His love for me that
2. I know He keeps me dai-ly, Up-holds me with His hand, And helps me when I
3. My Saviour healed the lep-er; The blind received their sight; He gave the gos-pel
4. O, yes, I trust in Je-sus, Nor won-der at His love, 'Tis just like Him to

brought Him from The hap-py realms a-bove, Be-cause I know He could not leave My
have not strength To do His least command, For He could nev-er leave my soul To
to the poor, And made the world more bright; He lift-ed up the low - ly when On
build for me A pal - ace fair a-bove; 'Tis just like Him to save my soul, And

soul to per-ish so,—To bleed and die for such as I Is just like Him, I know.
strug-gle on a-lone, For He has bought me with a price And guards me as His own.
earth so long a - go, For it was just His na-ture thus His Father's grace to show.
then to hold me fast Un - til I en - ter glo - ry to A-bide with Him at last.

REFRAIN.

'Tis just like Je - sus to die on Cal - va-ry, 'Tis just like Je - sus from sin to
make us free; 'Tis just like Je-sus my Friend to ev - er be, 'Tis just like Him to save.

No. 49. The Light of the World is Jesus.

A. J. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY A. J. SHOWALTER.

A. J. Showalter.

1. The light of the world is Je - sus! It shines with a radiance beaming so bright,
2. The light of the world is Je - sus! Ef - ful-gent its rays and lus-trous its shine,
3. The light of the world is Je - sus! Tho' rough be my path and long be the way,

Dis-pell-ing the gloom and darkness of night, The light of the world is Je - sus!
No clouds can obscure its beams so di - vine, The light of the world is Je - sus!
It leads to those mansions "fairer than day," The light of the world is Je - sus!

REFRAIN.

The light of the world, The light of the world is
The light of the world, light of the world,

Je - sus! It shines on the way, Turns
It shines on the way, shines on the way,

night in - to day, The light of the world is Je - sus!
night in - to day, night in - to day,

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No. 53. Send Salvation's Message.

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Birdie Bell. J. D. Patton.

1. Send sal-va-tion's message to the lands a-far, Ma - ny there are watching
2. Send sal-va-tion's message o'er the ocean's wave, Tell the sad and sin - ful
3. Send sal-va-tion's message to each distant clime, Blessed are the tid - ings
4. Send sal-va-tion's message far a-cross the sea, Break the bonds a-sun - der,

for the Morning Star; Lonely hearts are waiting for a Friend divine, Send the
Christ has come to save; They who grope in darkness need the guiding light, May its
full of truth sublime; Freedom for the sin - ner bound in e-vil's chains, King of
set the captive free; Lands that lie in shadows hail the morning bright, Na-tions

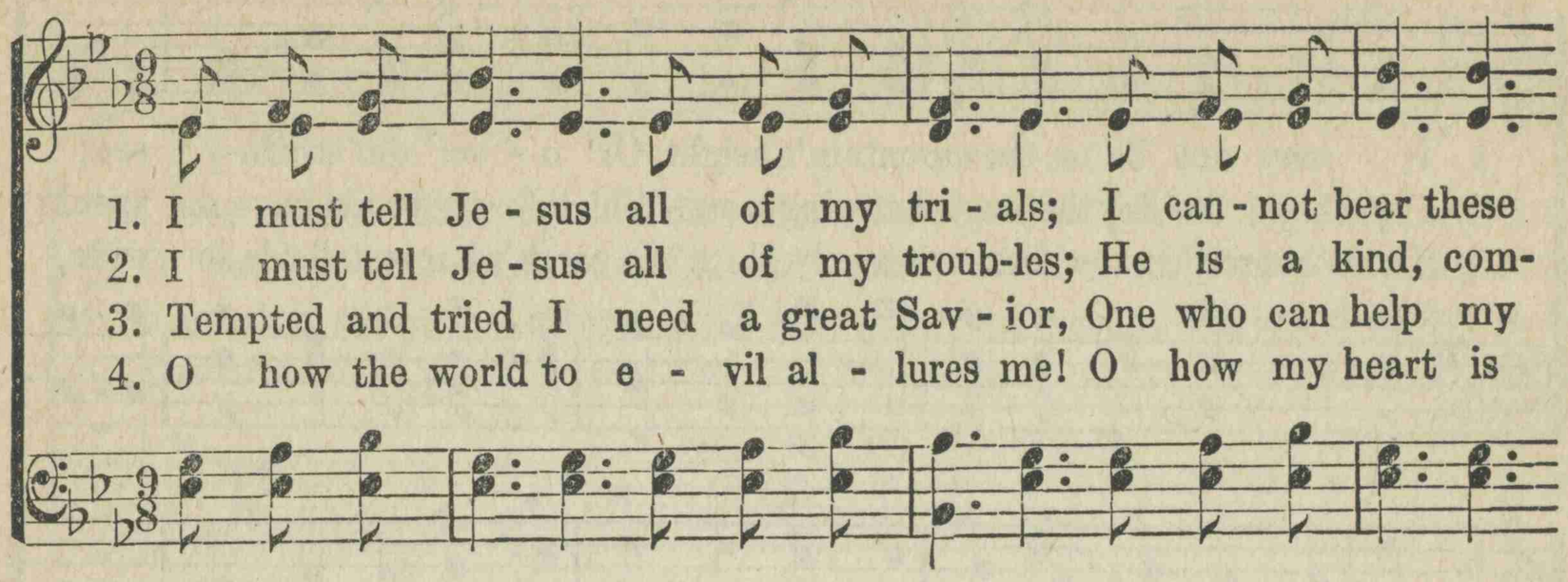
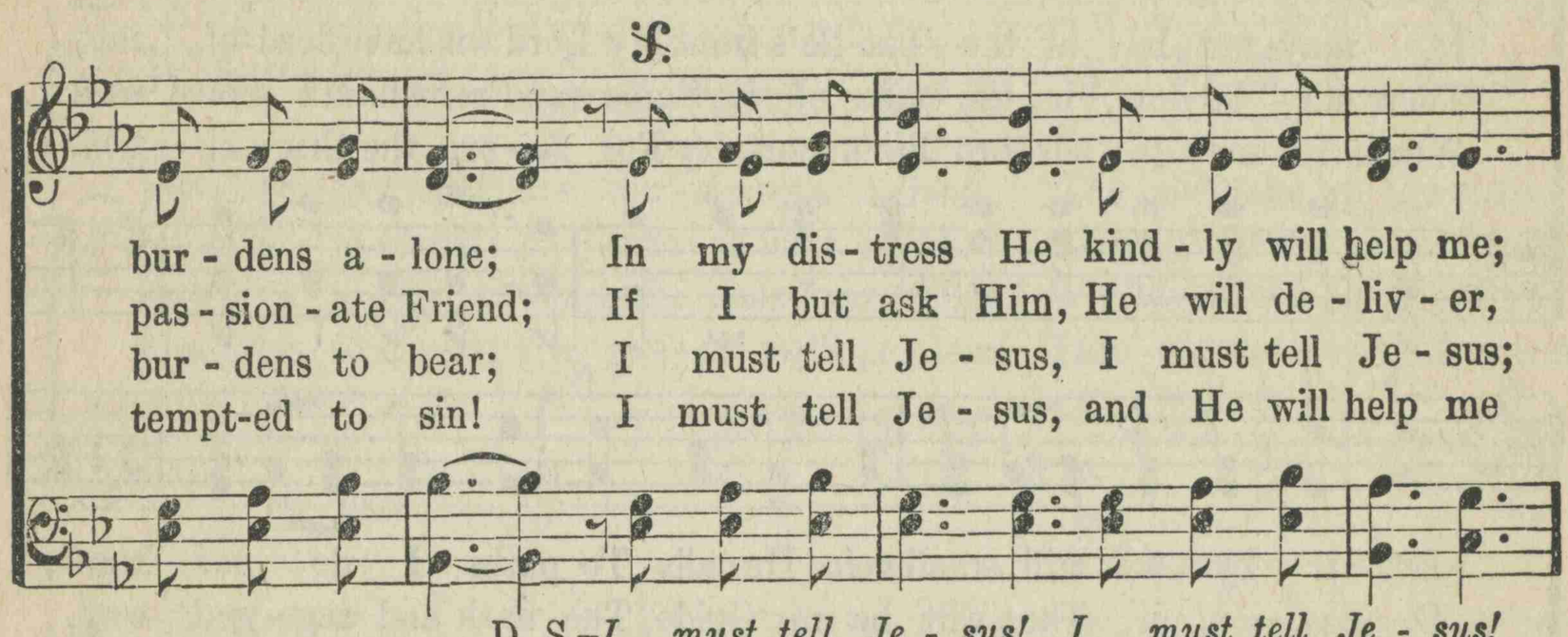
REFRAIN.

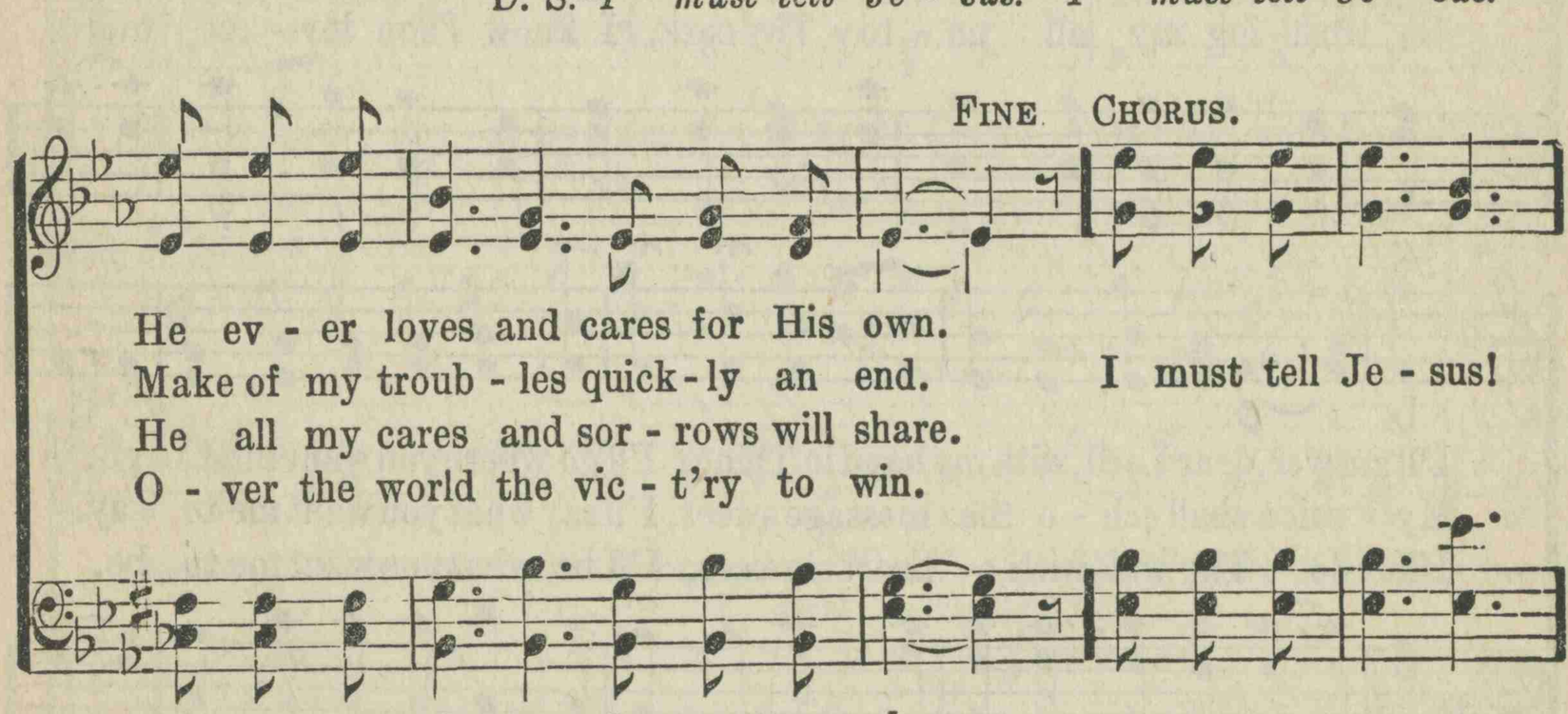
news of gladness where those souls repine.
rays ce - les - tial cheer their dreary night. Message of sal - va - tion! send it
earth and heav-en, Christ in glo - ry reigns.
long in dark-ness seek the gos-pel light.

far and near! Sto-ry of re-demp-tion, full of hope and cheer; Send the welcome

ti - dings o - ver land and wave, Je-sus reigns in glo-ry, He a - lone can save.

No. 60. I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO. **Rev. E. A. Hoffman.**





Library, Southern Baptist
Theological Seminary

No. 66. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

Mary Brown. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL. USED BY PER. **Carrie E. Rounsefell.**

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per - haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,

It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged way,
So, trust - ing my all un - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me!

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

FINE.

D.S.–*I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

No. 74. Loyalty to Christ.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. WORDS AND MUSIC. Flora H. Cassel.

1. From o - ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je - sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,

loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a - long, The hills take up the song,
loy-al-ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watchword true,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Sa-tan's banners float We'll send the bu - gle note,
loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos - pel we'll proclaim Thro'-out the world's do-main,

CHORUS.

Of loy-al-ty, loy - al - ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to

victory!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" .... We'll move at His command,
great Commander; "On!"

We'll soon pos-sess the land, Thro' loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.

No. 78. Calling the Prodigal.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

C. H. G. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal, come with-out de - lay, Hear, O
2. Pa - tient, lov-ing, and ten-der - ly still the Fa-ther pleads, Hear, O
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Fa - ther, and to spare, Hear, O

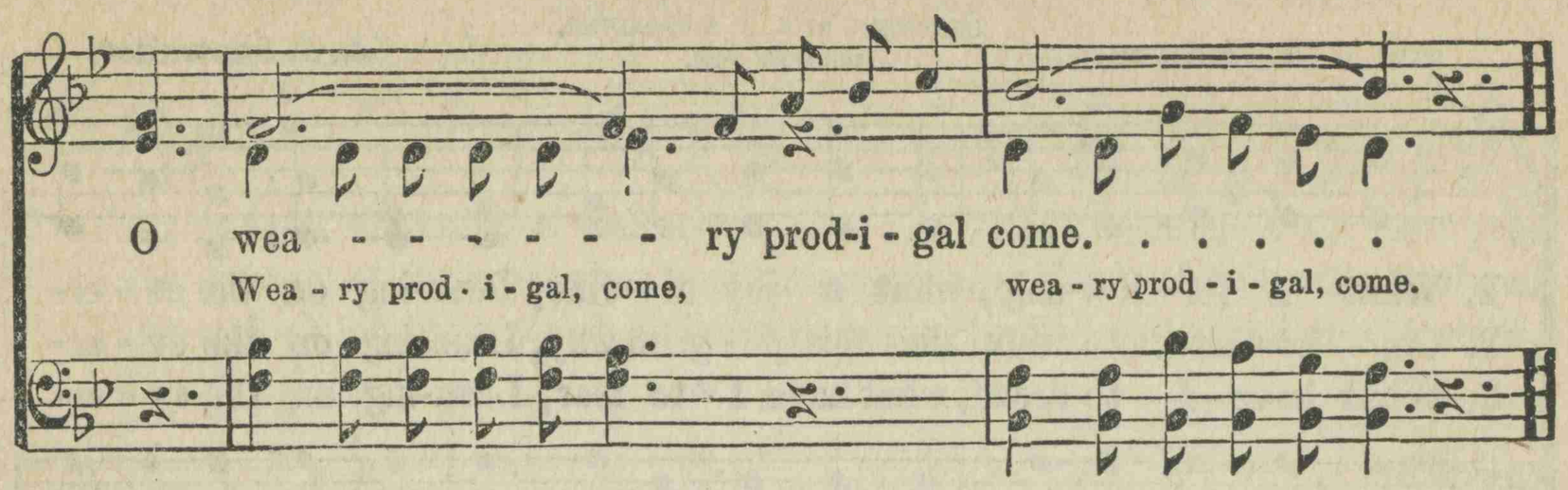
hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee; Tho' you've wandered so
hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee; Oh! re-turn while the
hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee; Lo! the ta - ble is
for thee;

far from His presence, come today, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . .
Spir - it in mer-cy in - ter-cedes, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . .
spread and the feast is waiting there, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . .
calling still.

CHORUS.

Call - - ing now for thee, . . . O wea - - - - - ry prod-i-gal
Calling now for thee, Calling now for thee, Wea-ry prod-i-gal, come,

come; . . . . . Call - - - ing now for thee, ...
wea - ry prod - i - gal, come; Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee,

Calling the Prodigal.

No. 79. More Like Jesus.

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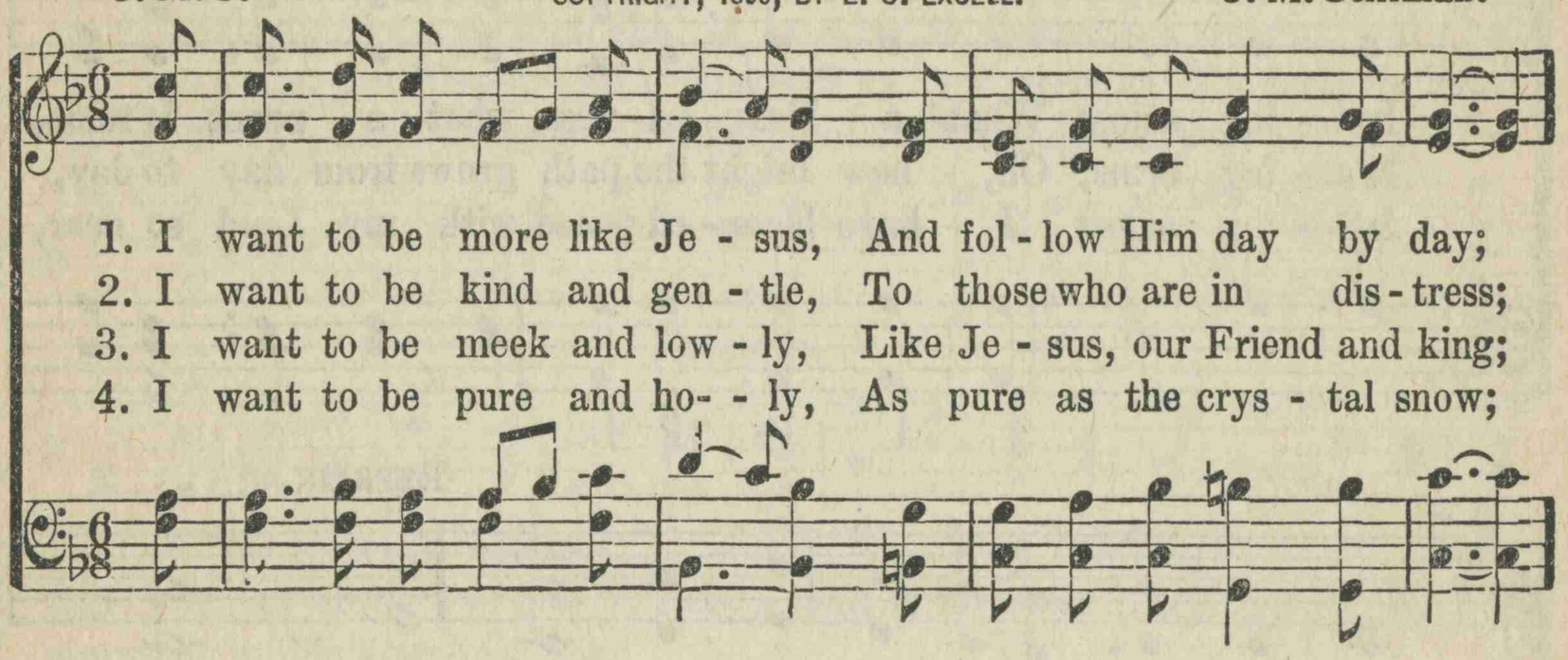
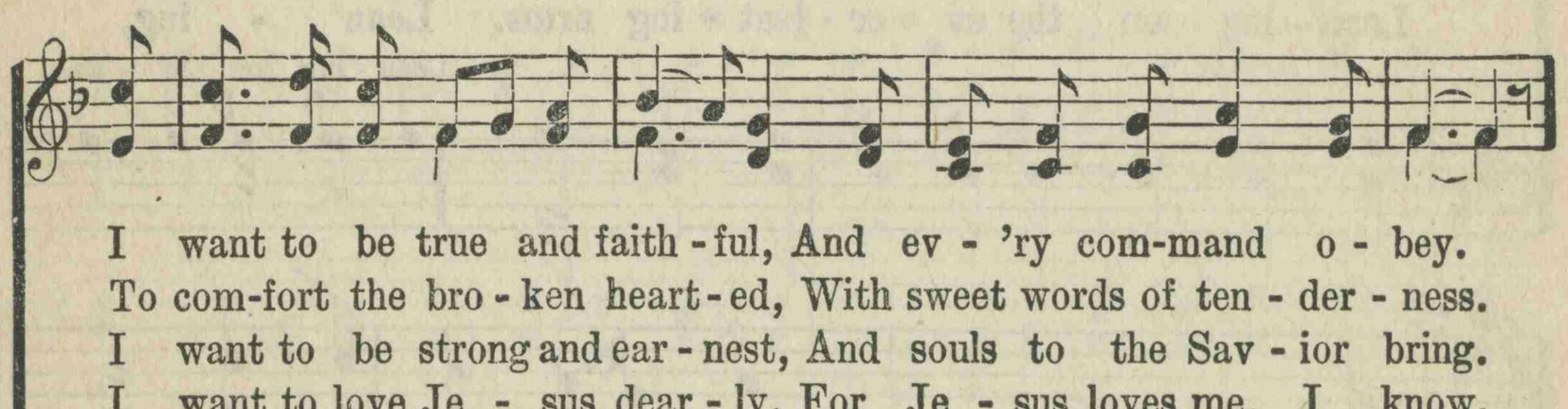
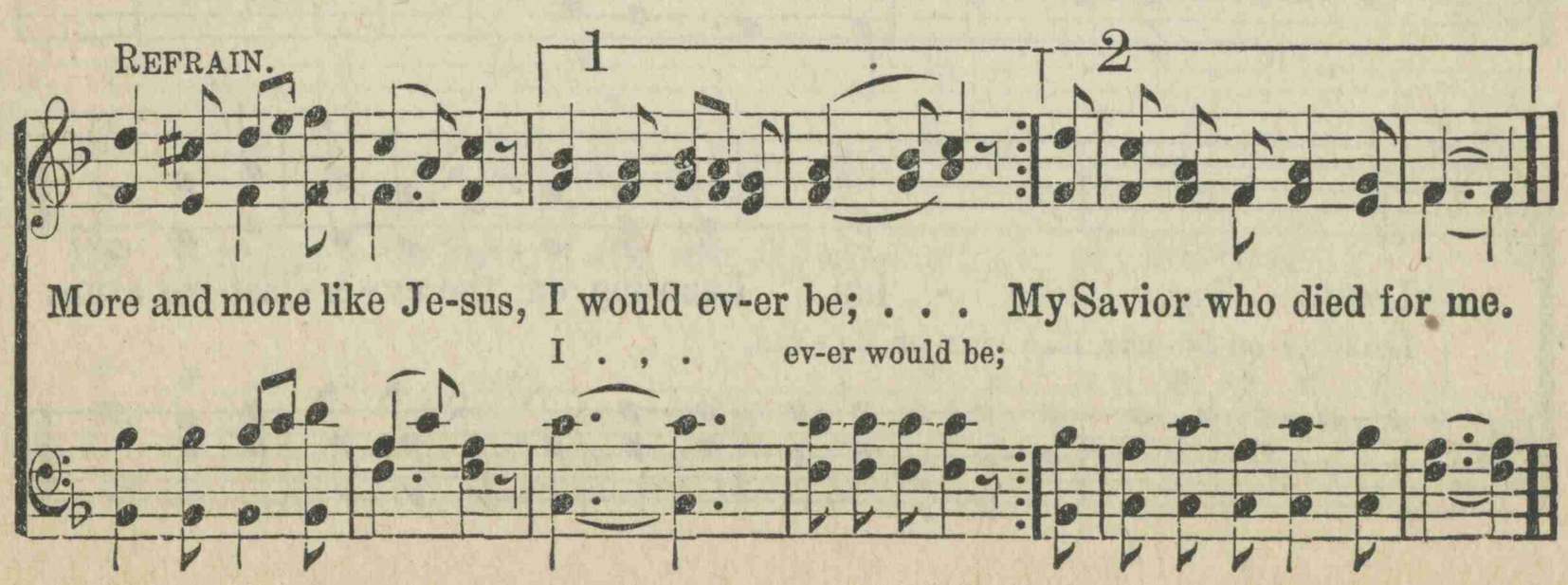
COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL.

J. M. S. J. M. Stillman.



No. 86. Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

COPYRIGHT BY A. J. SHOWALTER.
USED BY PER.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing,
Lean - ing on Je - sus,

lean - - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;
lean - ing on Je - sus,

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
Lean-ing on Je - sus, lean - ing on Je - sus,

No. 88. Take A Look at the Cross.

E. E. Hewitt. J. R. BAXTER, JR., OWNER, 1912. J. R. Baxter, Jr.

1. Take a look at the cross when the burden of sin Press-es hard on your pen-
2. Take a look at the cross when temptation you meet; Think of Him who endured
3. Take a look at the cross when the storms, passing by, Throw the shadows that dark-

i - tent soul; Trust in Him who is a - ble to cleanse you with-in, Ful - ly
for you there; Let His pow'r give you strength as you kneel at His feet; He'll sus-
en your way; Love di - vine will shine thro' ev-'ry cloud in your sky, Till the

REFRAIN.

yield to His bless-ed con-trol.
tain you in an-swer to pray'r. Take a look at the cross, precious cross, where He
morn-ing of life's per-fect day.

died To re-deem you from sor-row and loss; He has conquered the grave;
sin and loss:

He is might-y to save; Take a look, sav-ing look at the cross.
at the cross.

No. 89. Don't You Want to Go?

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY J. D. VAUGHAN. USED BY PER.

J. D. V. James D. Vaughan.

1. Don't you want to go to that hap - py home on high? Where the good shall meet, yes, meet to part no more, And shall live and reign far a-bove the star - ry sky,
2. Think how ma-ny pray'rs have been offered up for you, Of-ten while you slept dear moth-er's tears did flow; Turn and seek sal - va - tion, O to her love be true,
3. Time is swift-ly pass-ing, and soon will close the gate, Then your soul must sink in ev - er - last - ing woe; Give your heart to Je - sus, for soon 'twill be too late,
4. Could you stand in judg-ment, if you should die to-day? All that you have writ-ten you must face, you know; Je - sus now is plead-ing, He'll wash your sins a-way,

REFRAIN.

In that sun - ny clime up - on the gold - en shore.
While your friends are wait-ing, don't you want to go? Don't you want to go?
Moth - er now is wait - ing, don't you want to go?
To that home in glo - ry, don't you want to go?

Don't you want to go? While we plead and pray, make the start to-day; Je - sus bids you come to that hap - py home, Don't you want to go? Don't you want to go?

No. 90. Will My Mother Know Me There?

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. WM. M. GOLDEN, OWNER. USED BY PER.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. Wm. M. Golden.

1. When I reach... my home e - ter-nal, (home eternal,) Reach that cit - y
2. I have changed with changing seasons, (changing sea-sons,) I am bent.... with
3. Oft for me..... my mother wrestled, (mother wrestled,) When she used... to
4. Mother's face... has been a bea-con, (been a beacon,) O'er a sea .... of

bright and fair, (bright and fair,) When I stand... a-mong the an-gels, (with the angels,)
toil and care, (toil and care,) Do you think... she will re-mem-ber, (will remember,)
kneel in pray'r, (kneel in pray'r,) Do you think... she has for-got-ten, (has for-got-ten,)
deep despair, (deep despair,) I shall look.... for her up yon-der, (her up yon-der,)

Fine. Refrain.

Will my moth - - er know me there? Yes, I know..... that
Will my moth-er know me there? Yes, I know that

D. S.—*And I'm sure..... she'll know me there.*
And I'm sure know me there.

she will know me, In those man - - sions bright and
sure - ly know me, In those mansions

fair; Moth-er's love..... can ne'er for-get me,..
bright and fair; Mother's love ne'er for - get me,

D. S.

No. 92.

O Make Me Wise.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY A. J. SHOWALTER.

W. C. Martin. A. J. Showalter.

DUET. Soprano and Tenor.

1. Lord, make me wise that I may speak To wea-ry hearts of Thy great love;
2. Lord, make me wise that I may show Thy balm to ev-'ry breaking heart;
3. Lord, make me wise to ev - er stand Up-on the rock of Cal - va - ry;
4. Lord, make me wise in Thy pure Word, Its saving grace to clearly know;

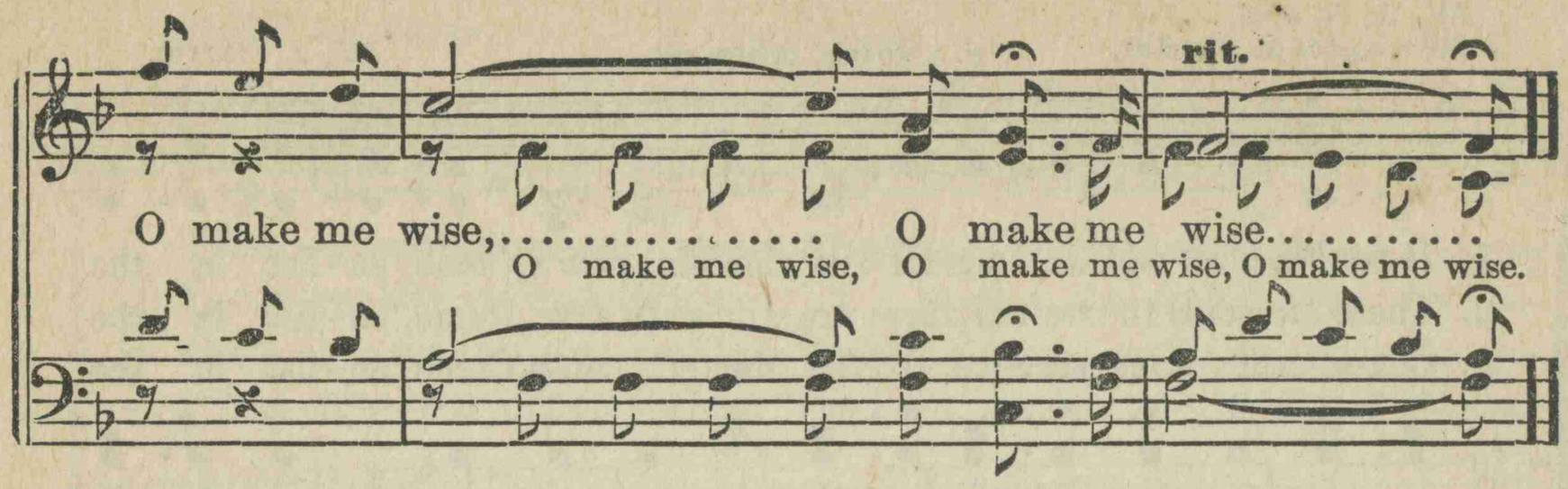
O make me wise that I may seek And lead lost souls to heav'n a - bove.
O make me wise that I may know The gospel sto - ry I im - part.
O make me wise to reach a hand To those who sink in life's dark sea.
And fill me with Thy fullness, Lord, Un-til my heart shall o - ver-flow.

CHORUS.

Thy grace I prize,..... since I would rise.....
Thy grace I prize, since I would rise, since I would rise,

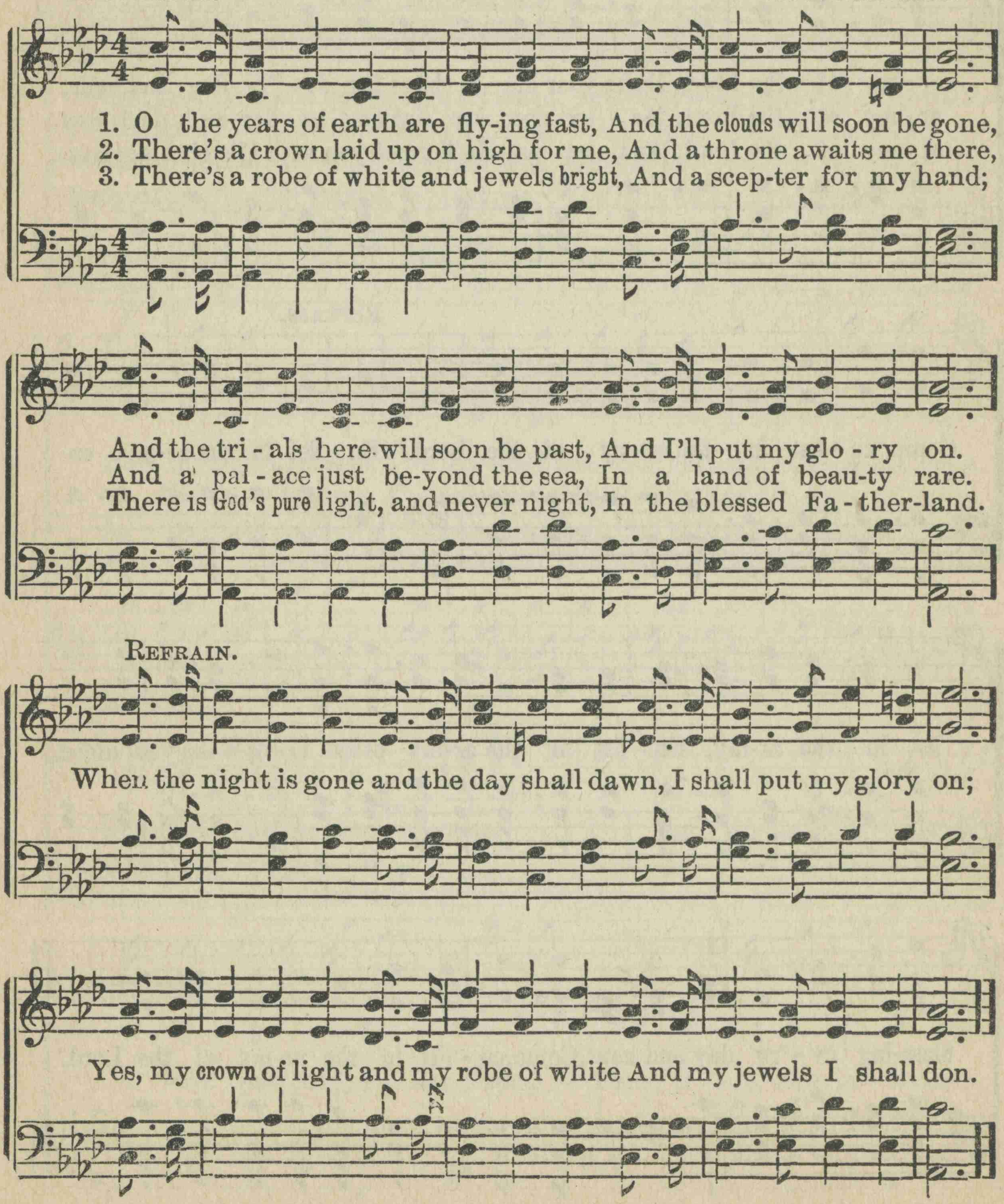
To serv - ice loft - - - - y as the skies;.....
To serv - ice loft - y as the skies, the loft - y skies;

My ea - ger soul..... for wis - dom cries;.....
My ea - ger soul for wis - dom cries, for wis - dom cries;

O Make Me Wise.

No. 93. I Shall Put My Glory On.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY A. J. SHOWALTER.

W. C. Martin. A. J. Showalter.



No. 108. Enlist in the Army of the Lord.

W. J. M. and
Rev. Giles C. Taylor.

W. J. MORRIS, OWNER, 1912.

W. J. Morris.

1. If you've trust-ed Je - sus for His cleansing pow'r, Come, en - list in the
2. There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save, Come, en - list in the
3. Con-se-crate your serv-ice to the Master's cause, Come, en - list in the

ar - my of the Lord; Make your life a bless-ing ev - 'ry day and hour,
ar - my of the Lord; Ma - ny now are sink-ing un - der sin's dark way,
ar - my of the Lord; And at last He'll greet you with His glad applause,

REFRAIN.

Come, en - list in the ar-my of the Lord. En - list in the ar-my, en-

list in the ar-my, En - list in the ar-my of the Lord; Make your life a

bless-ing ev - 'ry day and hour, Come, en - list in the ar-my of the Lord.

No. 109. God Hath Said It.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. B. F. CLARK, OWNER, 1912. B. F. Clark.

1. There's a heav'nly message, sweet, Floating down my soul to greet, I've re-
2. Bound-less love my soul hath won, I ac-cept, the work is done, I've re-
3. Tho' by ma-ny sins de-filed, He hath cleansed me for his child, I've re-
4. "Who-so-ev-er will may come," Sin-ner, can you long-er roam? I've re-

deemed thee, God hath said it, thou art mine; "I have called thee by thy name," Saved thee
deemed thee, God hath said it, thou art mine; 'Tis a joy to yield the claim, Glo-ry
deemed thee, God hath said it, thou art mine; Hell can never touch my soul, For Je-
deemed thee, God hath said it, thou art mine; You have but to do your part, Come to

from thy sin and shame, I've redeemed thee, God hath said it, thou art mine.
to His ho-ly name, I've redeemed thee, God hath said it, thou art mine.
ho-vah hath control— I've redeemed thee, God hath said it, thou art mine.
Him with contrite heart, I've redeemed thee, God hath said it, thou art mine.

REFRAIN.

God hath said it, thou art mine, I am His for-ev-er-more;

Harmony.

I have answered, I am Thine, Thine, O God, for-ev-er-more.

No. 110. Harvest Song!

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Look, the har-vest field is teem-ing With the rich and ripened grain;
2. In the mar-kets and the by-ways, Whil-ing pre-cious hours a - way,
3. Hear ye not the faith-ful sing-ing Of the la - bor and the yield?

Wide it spreads be - fore us, Bright the sky is o'er us; In the
Ma - ny stand com-plain-ing, I - dle still re-main - ing, Loit'ring
Rouse ye, then, O sleep-ers, Join the hap - py reap-ers; To the

sun-light, gold-en gleaming, Heav-ing like the rest-less main, "Reapers are
in the dust-y highways, Hear-ing not the Mas - ter say: "Reapers are
wind your sorrows flinging, Pa-tient - ly the sick - le wield: "Reapers are

CHORUS.

need-ed," re-sounds o'er hill and plain.
need-ed, O who will work to-day?" Rouse ye then and to the fields a-
need-ed, A - wake, and to the field! to the

way, Go la-bor for the Mas-ter while you may, Lo! He is calling,
field a - way, Mas - ter while you may,

Harvest Song.

night is fall - ing, Hast-en to o - bey, For reapers are needed to-day.

No. 111. Beautiful Isle.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Jessie B. Pounds. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. S. Fearis.

1. Some-where the sun is shin - ing, Some-where the song - birds dwell;
2. Some-where the day is lon - ger, Some-where the task is done;
3. Some-where the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate;

Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ing, God lives, and all is well.
Some-where the heart is stron - ger, Some-where the guer - don won.
Some-where the clouds are rift - ed, Some-where the an - gels wait.

CHORUS.

Some - where, Some - where, Beau-ti - ful Isle of Some-where!
Some-where, beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Isle,
Land of the true, where we live a - new,—Beau-ti-ful Isle of Some-where!

No. 112. I'm Saved By the Blood.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY A. J. SHOWALTER.

A. J. S. A. J. Showalter.

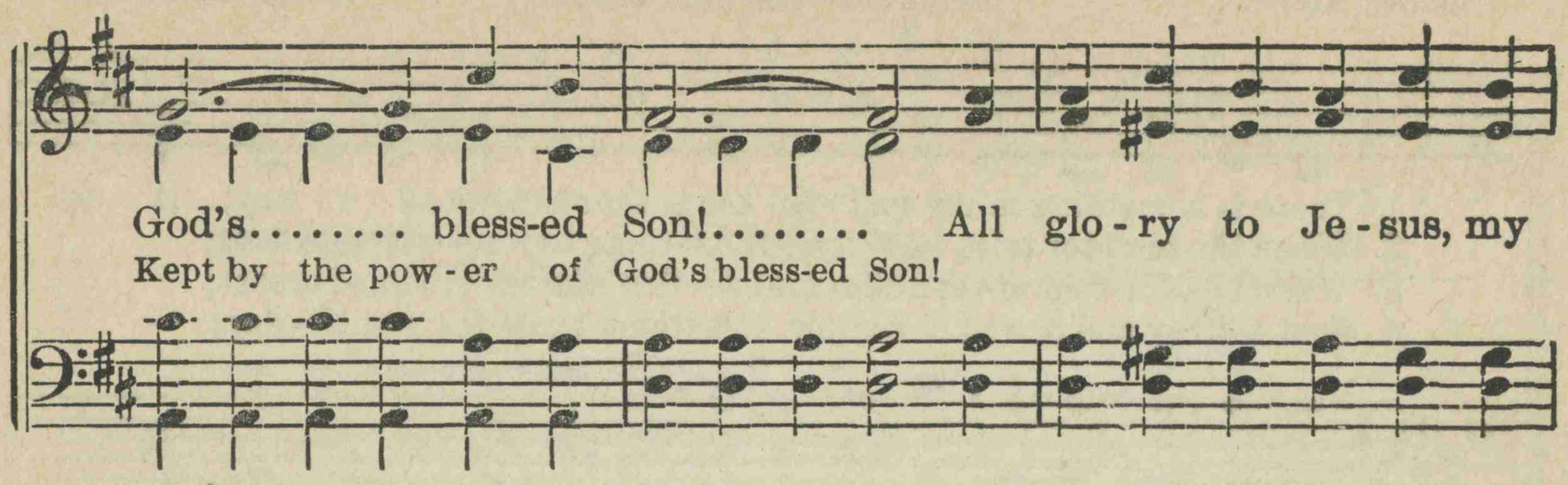
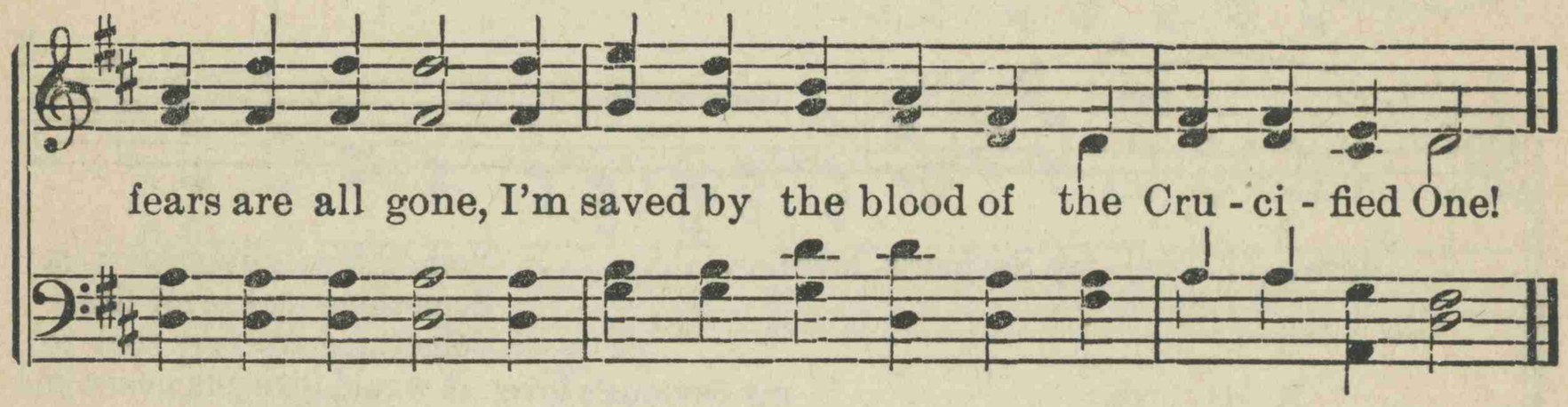
1. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One, And kept by the pow - er of God's bless-ed Son; All glo - ry to Je - sus, life's race I can run,
2. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One, The work of sal- va - tion by Je - sus was done; My sins are all pardoned, my peace is now won,
3. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One, The Saviour will fin - ish the work He's be - gun; I'm saved and I'm kept by the Fa-ther's own Son,

I'm saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
I'm saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
Yes, saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!

REFRAIN.

Saved..... by the blood..... of the Cru - - - ci - fied One!.....
Glo - ry, I'm saved! saved by the blood, Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!

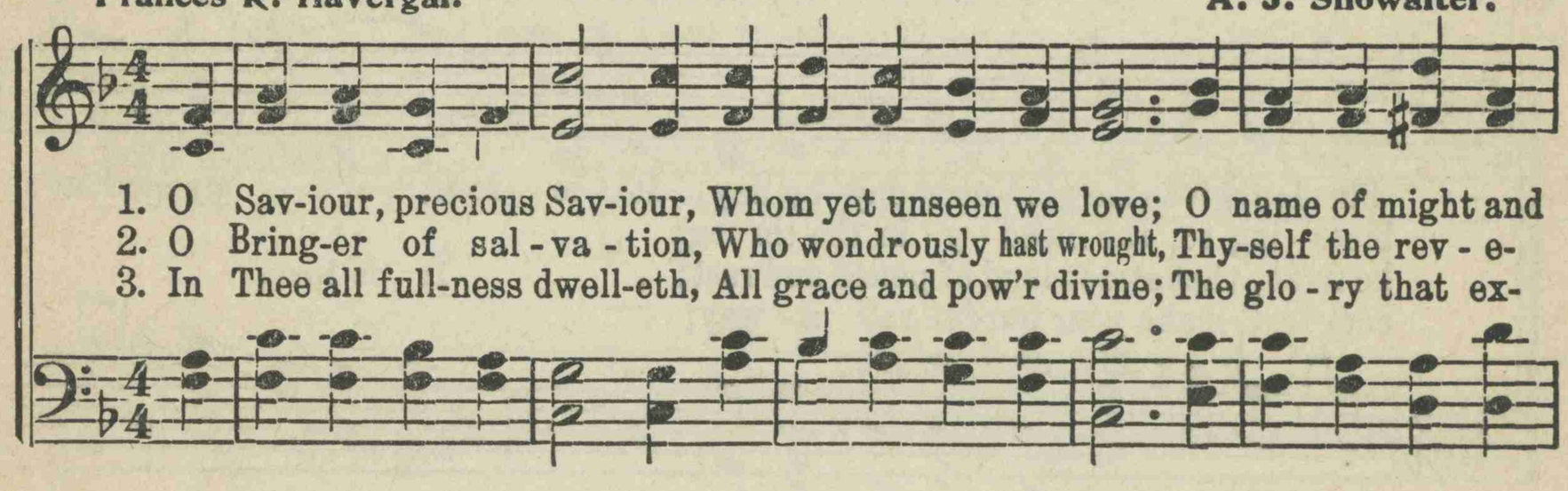
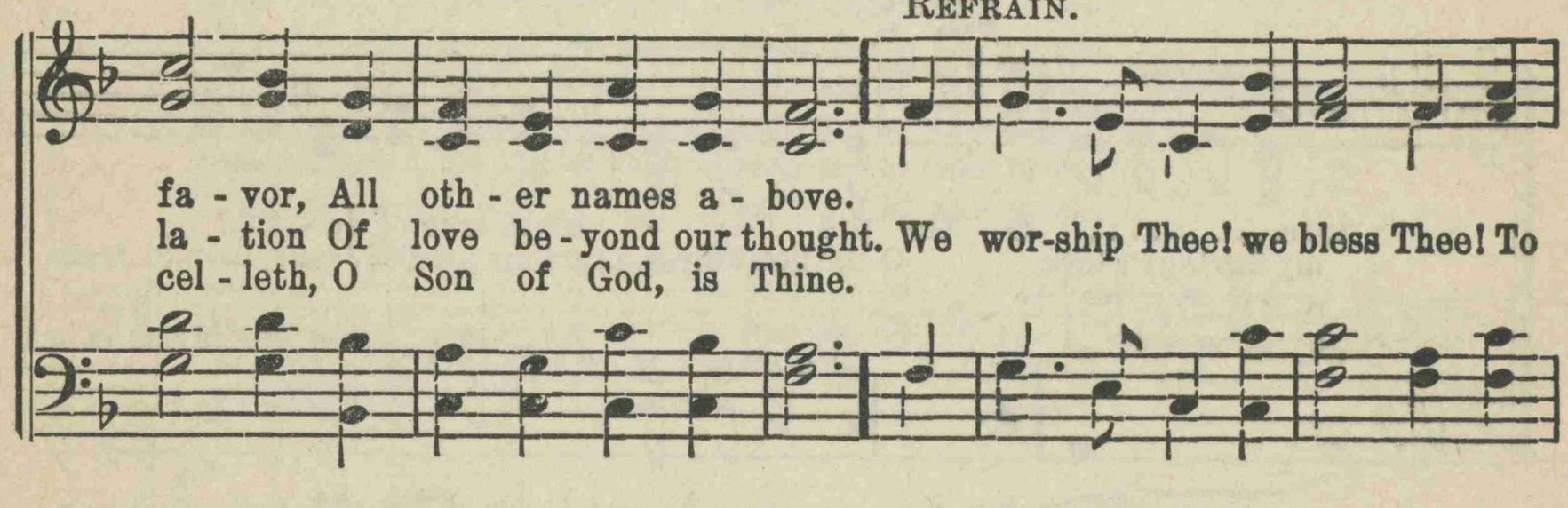
Kept..... by the pow - - - er of Glo - ry, I'm kept! kept by the pow'r,

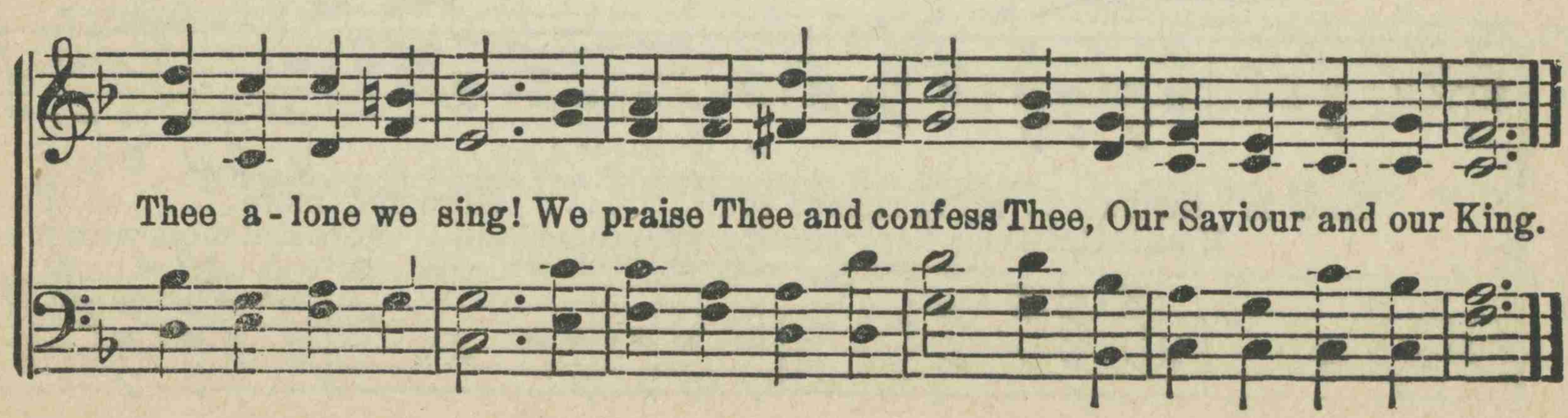
I'm Saved By the Blood.



No. 113. We Worship Thee.

PROPERTY OF A. J. SHOWALTER.

Frances R. Havergal. **A. J. Showalter.**





No. 116. It Is Love.

James Rowe. PROPERTY OF PERRY BROS. MUSIC CO. R. Edwin Perry.

1. There is something in my soul which keeps the shadows all a - way; It is
2. When the tempter tries to win me some-thing keeps me true and strong;
3. When mis-for-tune o-ver-takes me some - thing calms my troubled breast;
4. Soul a-stray and bowed in sorrow, something waits for you to - day;

love..... my Saviour's love!..... Something lightens ev - 'ry
Something makes my life a
Something draws my soul to

It is love, my Saviour's love! It would give you peace and

bur-den, gives me glad-ness day by day, It is love,..... my Saviour's
bless - ing to the need - y in the throng;
heav-en, that sweet land of peace and rest;
com-fort, make your burden roll a - way;

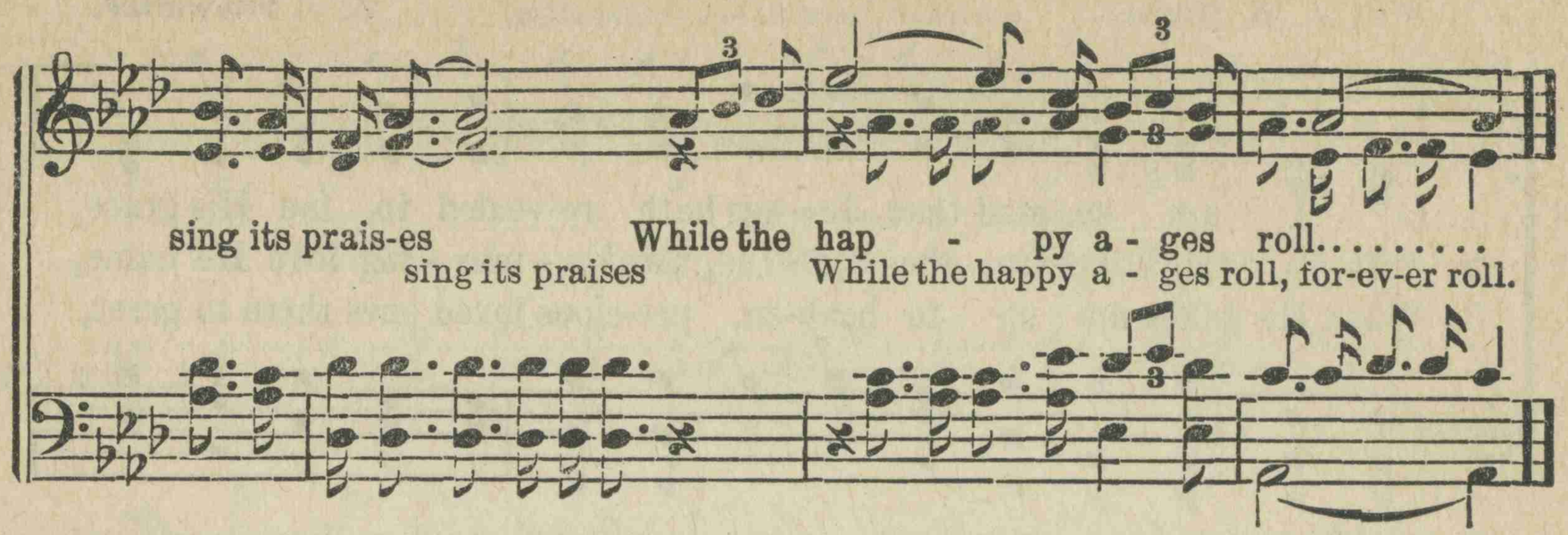
It is love,

REFRAIN.

love..... O the pre - - - cious love of Je - sus,
my Saviour's love. O the boundless, precious love of Jesus, love of Jesus,

How it thrills.... my ransomed soul!..... More and more..... I'll
How it thrills my happy soul, my ransomed soul! More and more with joy

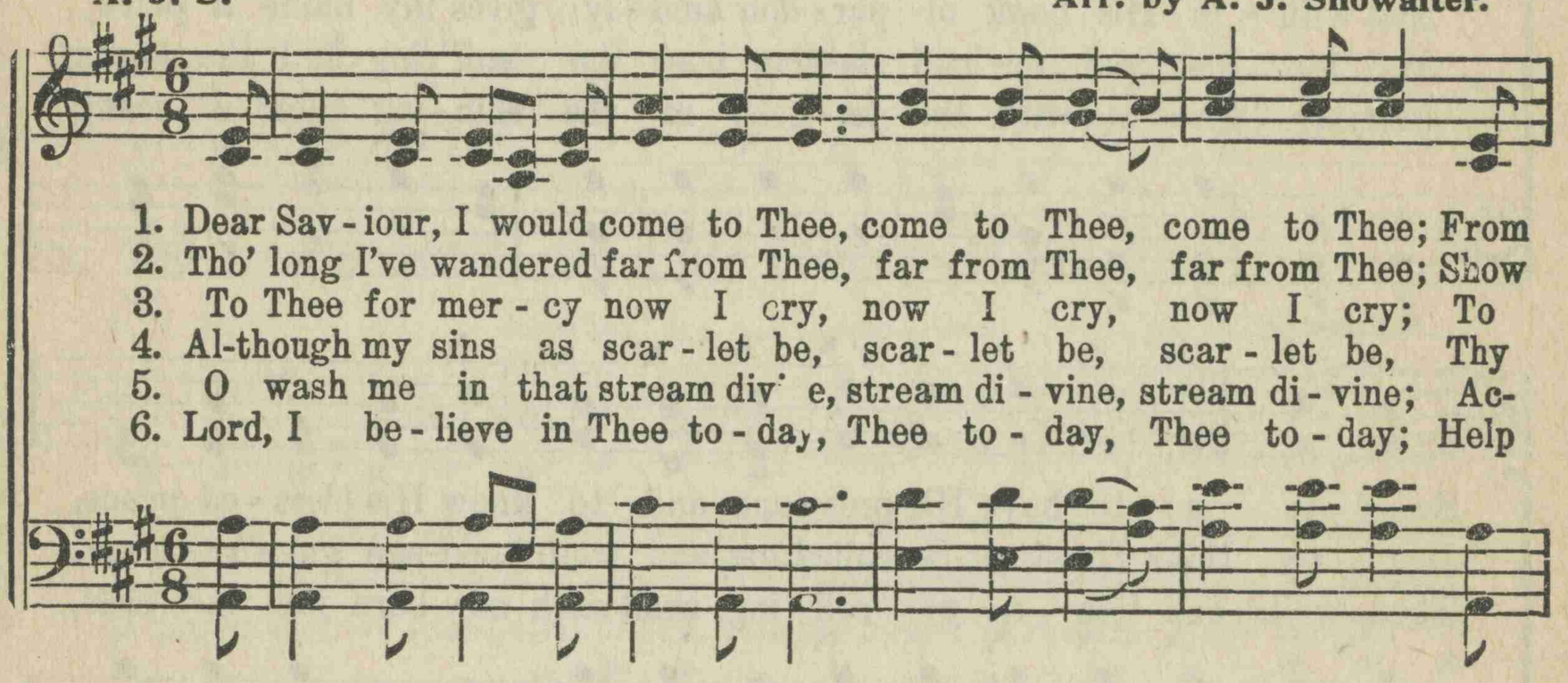
It Is Love.

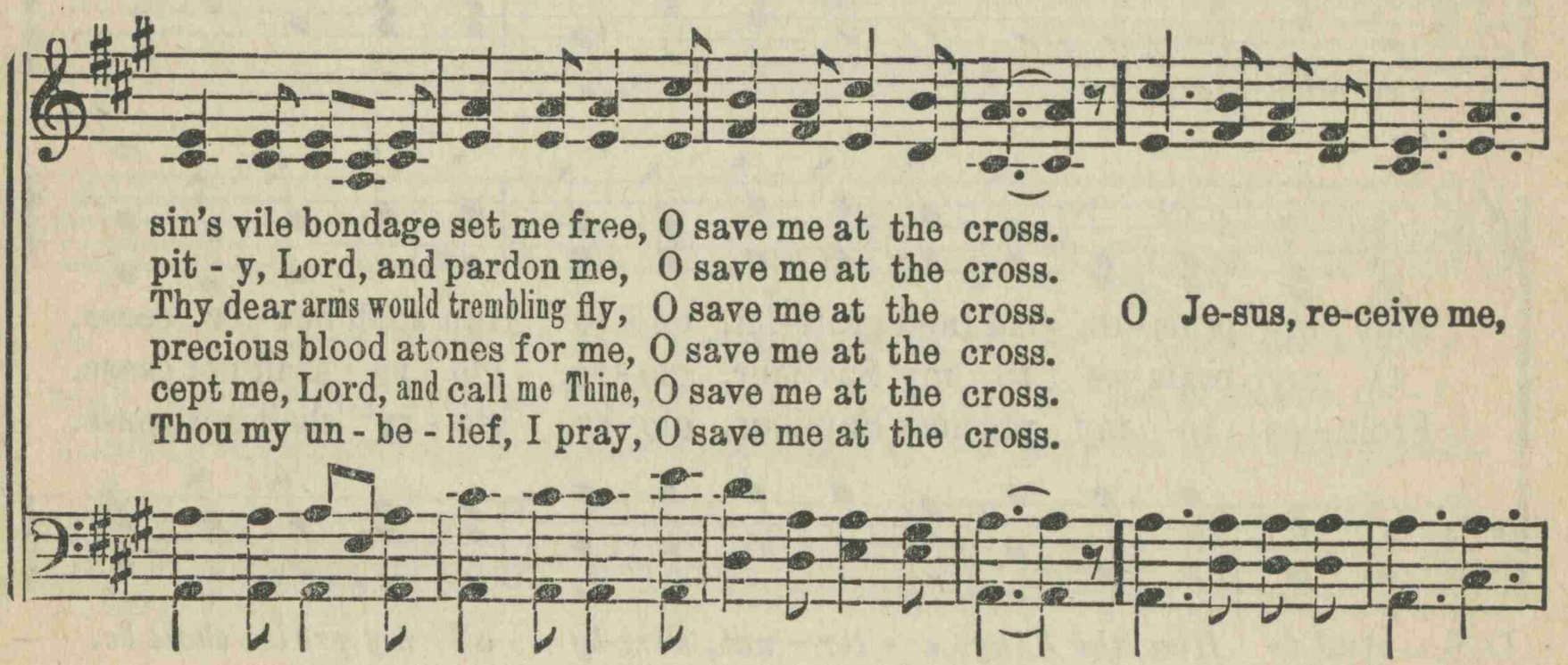


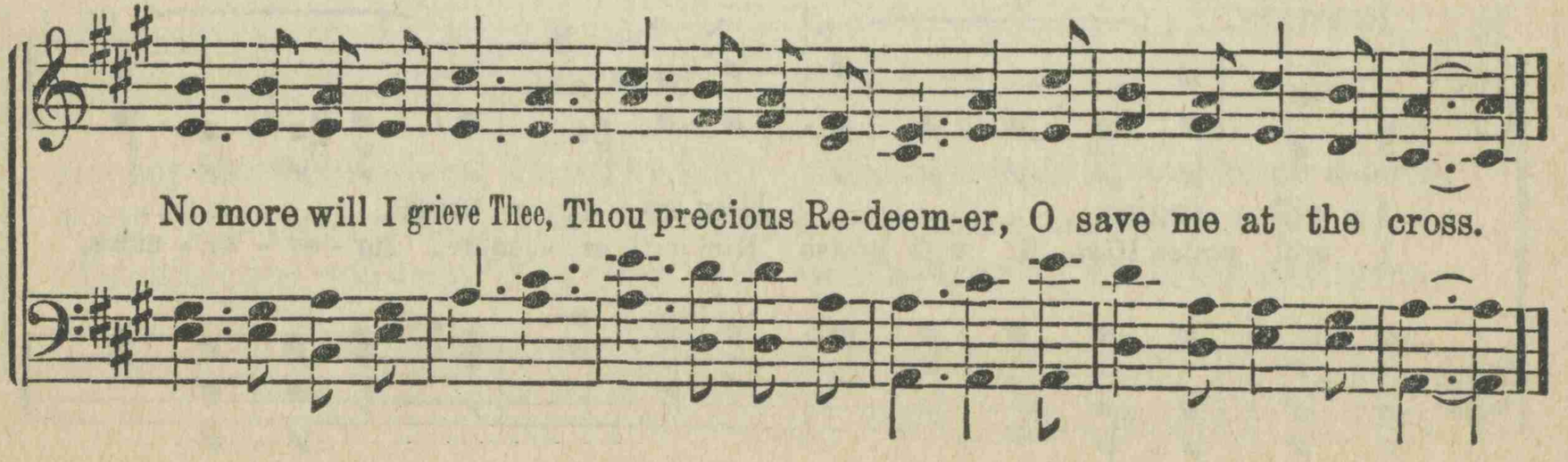
No. 117. Dear Saviour, I Would Come.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY A. J. SHOWALTER.

A. J. S. Arr. by A. J. Showalter.







No. 118. His Praises Shall Not Cease.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. A. J. Showalter.

1. O I am so glad that Je - sus hath re-vealed to me His grace,
2. Just to think that to the res - cue, thro' a - maz - ing love He came,
3. When He takes me up to heav-en, pre-cious loved ones there to greet,

And with - in His book of par - don kind - ly gives my name a place;
And for lost and ru - ined sin-ners bore the suff'ring and the shame;
And He gives me with the an - gels, in the shin - ing choir a seat;

Sweet it is to have His pres-ence and to know His bless - ed peace,
Just to think He sweet-ly called me and from bond-age gave re - lease,
Then, while end - less a - ges roll - ing, shall each new-born joy in-crease,

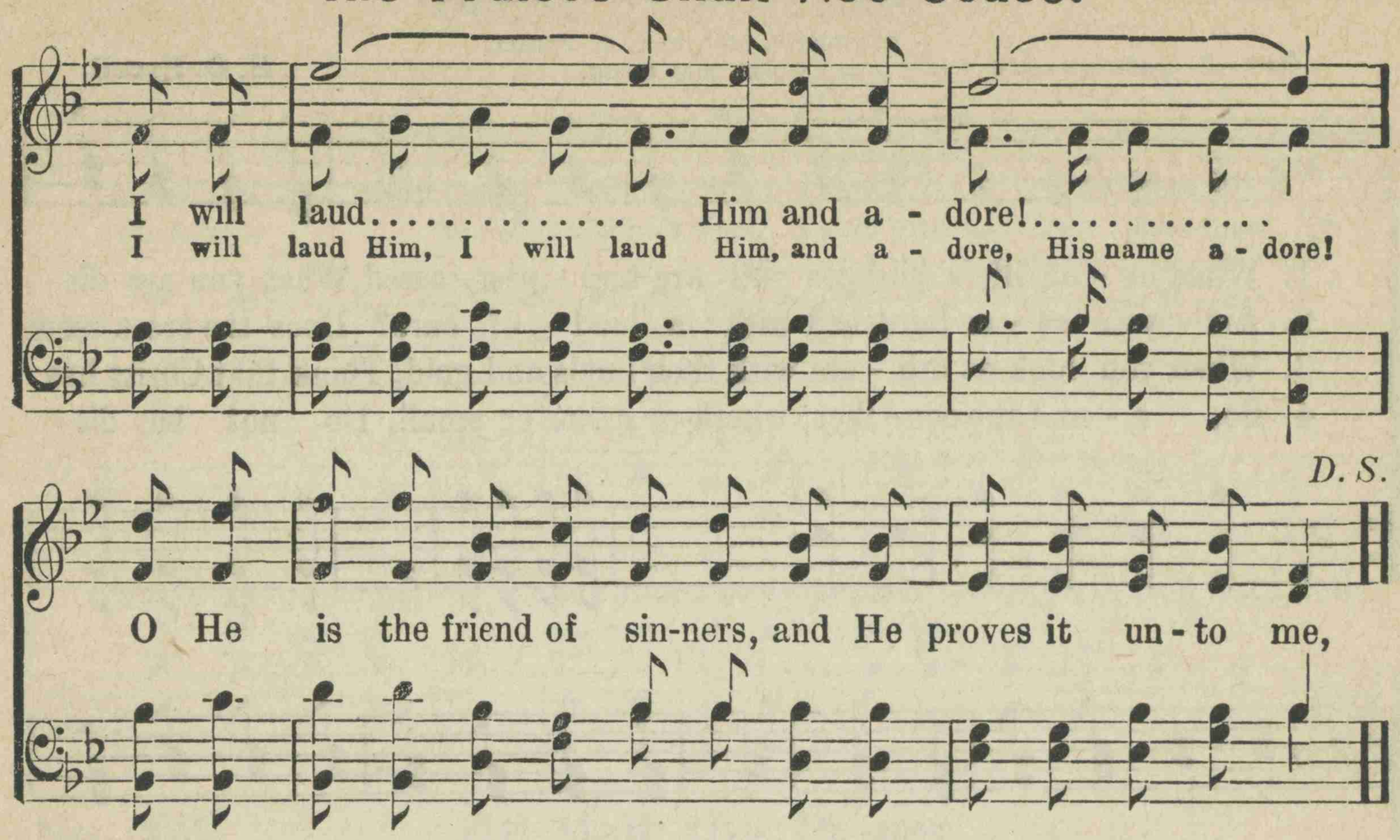
FINE.

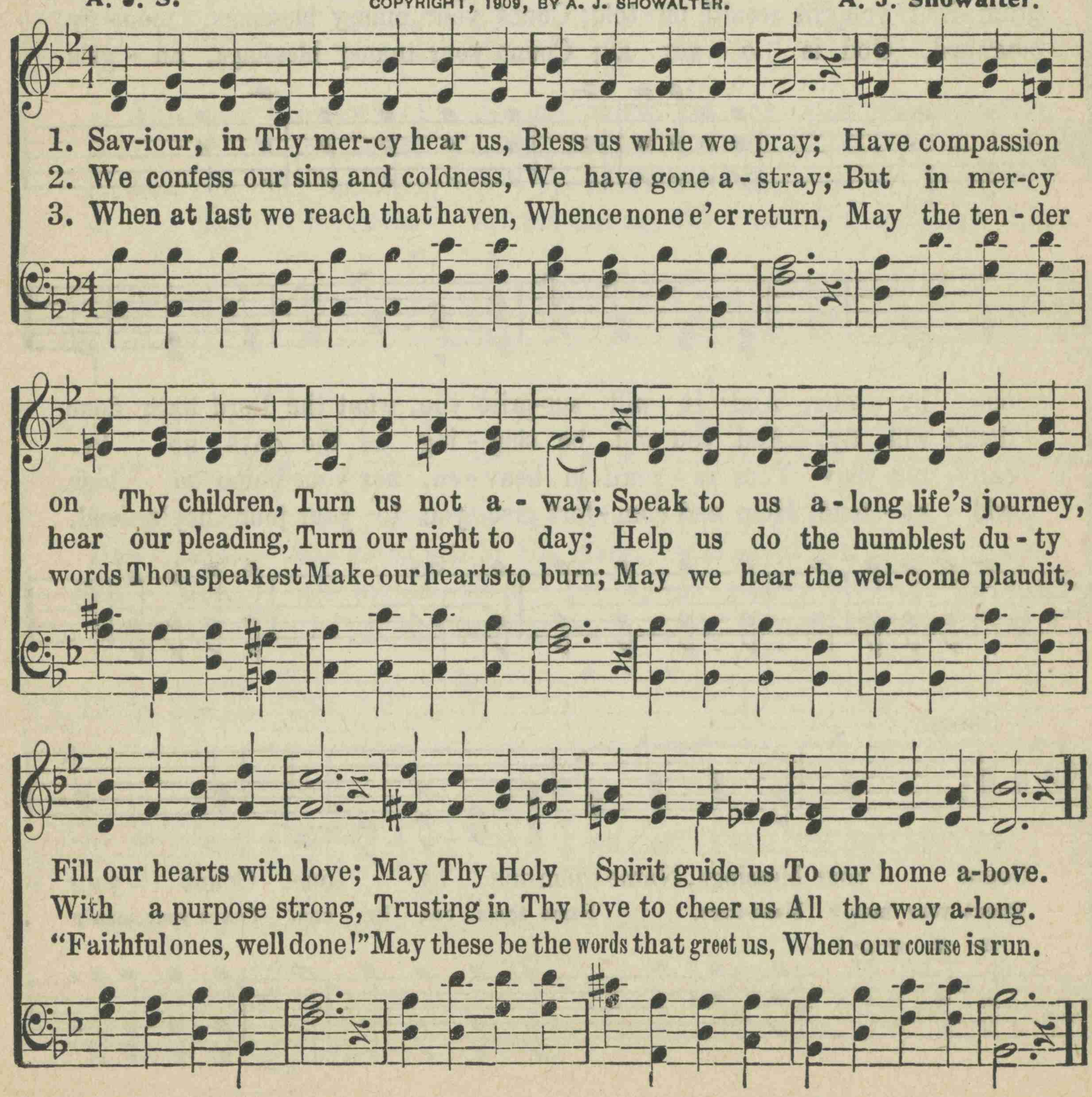
And my prais - es, glad and grate-ful, un - to Him shall nev - er cease.
O my prais - es to my Sav-iour, glo - ry, glo - ry shall not cease.
Prais - es to my precious Sav-iour, glo - ry, glo - ry shall not cease.

D.S.—*And to Him, the King e - ter - nal, sure-ly all my praise shall be.*

REFRAIN.

I will praise..... Him ev - er - more,.....
I will praise Him, I will praise Him ev - er - more, for - ev - er - more,

His Praises Shall Not Cease.

No. 119. Saviour, in Thy Mercy Hear Us.

A. J. S. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. A. J. Showalter.

No. 124. Count Your Blessings.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. E. O. Excell.

1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest-tossed, When you are dis -
2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the con - flict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis -

cour - aged, thinking all is lost, Count your man-y blessings, name them
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y blessings, ev - 'ry
prom - ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y blessings, mon - ey
couraged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y blessings, an - gels

one by one, And it will sur-prise you, what the Lord hath done.
doubt will fly, And you will be sing - ing as the days go by.
can - not buy Your re - ward in heav - en, nor your home on high.
will at - tend, Help and com - fort give you to your jour - ney's end.

CHORUS.

Count your blessings, Name them one by one, Count your
Count your man-y bless-ings, Name them one by one, Count your man-y

Count Your Blessings.

bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your blessings,
bless-ings, See what God hath done, Count your ma - ny bless-ings.

rit.

Name them one by one, Count your ma-ny blessings, See what God hath done.

No. 125. All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. A. J. Showalter.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball,
4. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng, We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, the roy - al di - a - dem,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, who saves you by His grace,
To Him all maj-es - ty a - scribe, all maj - es - ty a - scribe,
We'll join the ev-er - last-ing song, the ev - er - last-ing song,

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

* For the last stanza let the highest soprano voices take these small notes.

No. 128. New Rock of Ages.

Augustus M. Toplady. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. **A. J. Showalter.**

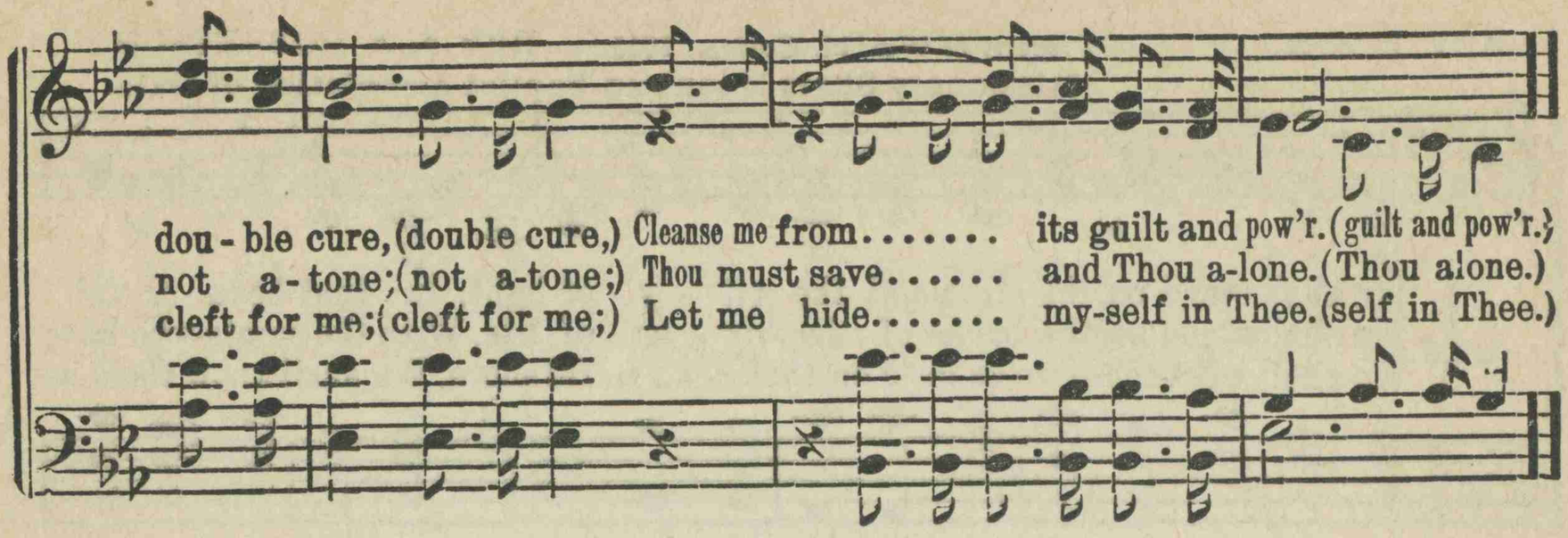
1. Rock of A - - ges, cleft for me, (cleft for me,) Let me hide..... my-self in Thee;(self in Thee;) Let the wa - - - ter
2. Not the la - - bors of my hands (of my hands) Can ful- fill..... Thy law's demands;(law's demands;) Could my zeal..... no
3. While I draw..... this fleet-ing breath,(fleeting breath,) When my eye..... lids close in death,(close in death,) When I soar..... to

and the blood,(and the blood) From Thy riv - - en side which flow'd,(side which flow'd,)
res-pite know,(respite know,) Could my tears..... for-ev-er flow, (ev-er flow,)
worlds unknown,(worlds unknown,) See Thee on..... Thy judgment throne,(judg-ment throne,)

Be of sin..... the dou-ble cure, (dou-ble cure,) Cleanse me
All for sin..... could not a-tone; (not a-tone;) Thou must
Rock of A - - - ges, cleft for me, (cleft for me,) Let me

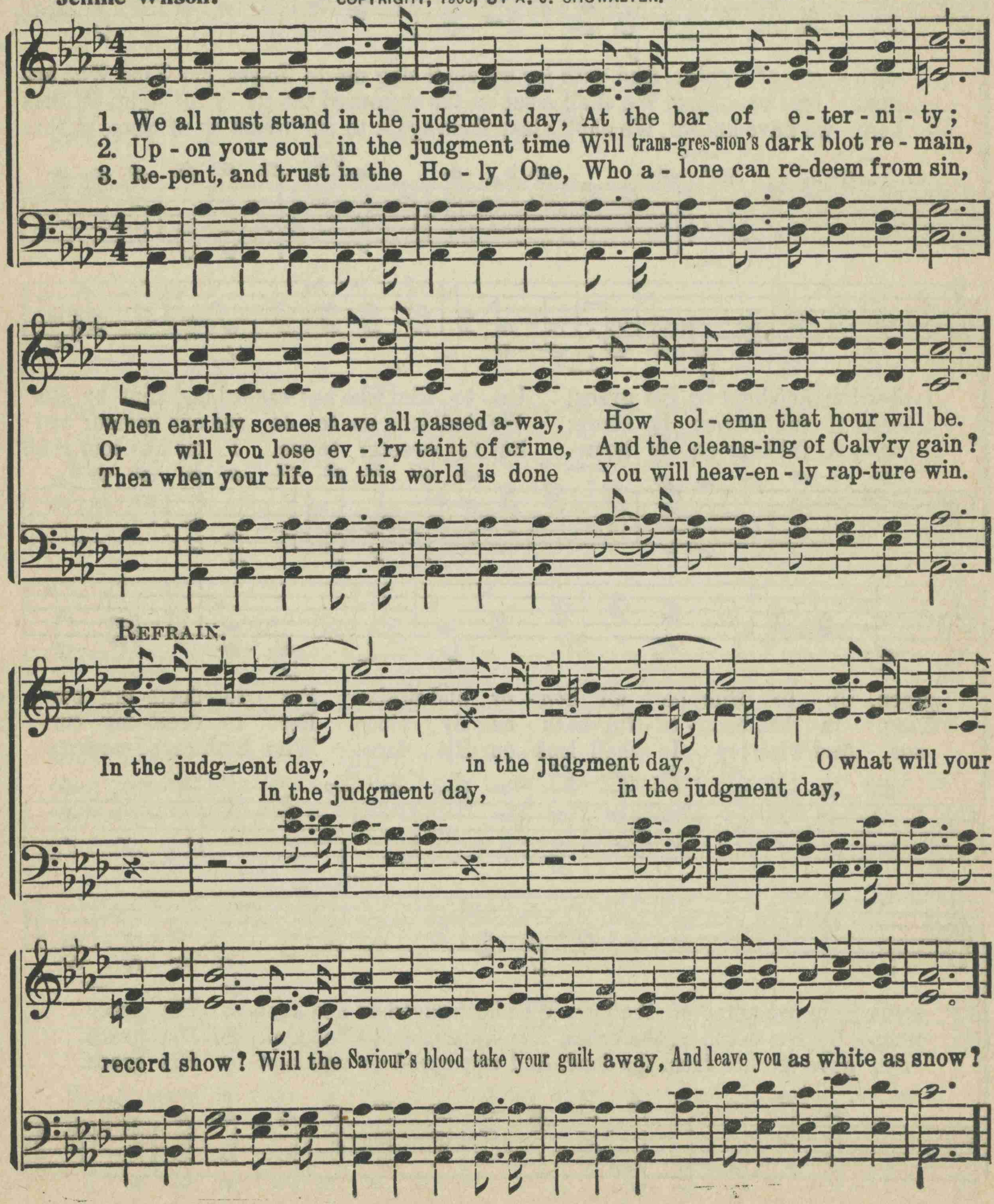
from..... its guilt and pow'r,(guilt and pow'r,) Be of sin..... the
save..... and Thou a-lone, (Thou a-lone,) All for sin..... could
hide..... my-self in Thee;(self in Thee;) Rock of A - - - ges

New Rock of Ages.



No. 129. In the Judgment Day.

Jennie Wilson. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. A. J. Showalter.



No. 131. Saved and Kept by Grace.

REV. L. A. R. Property of Wm. M. Golden. 1911 REV. L. A ROBERTSON.
Missionary Short Mountain Baptist Association of Okla.

1. We shall stand on the streets of the cit - y of light, In that beau - ti- ful
2. We shall stand on the banks of the riv - er of life, With the saints who have
3. We shall meet those we've lov'd on that beau-ti - ful shore, We shall know them as

cit - y of gold; And with joy we shall sing un- to Je-sus, our King, Who has
gone on be - fore, We shall meet on the streets of the cit - y of light, On that
here we have known, We shall clasp them again to our breast as of yore, In that

saved us and kept by His grace, Un - to Him who has washed and kept by His
beau - ti - ful heav-en - ly shore; We shall sing un- to Je - sus our Saviour and
beau - ti - ful heav-en - ly home, But far sweeter to me, I my Sav-iour shall

grace, Un - to Him be all hon - or and praise For re - deem- ing our
King, In that beau - ti - ful heav - en - ly place, For re - deem- ing our
see, And with joy I shall look on His face, Who hath saved me from

souls from the curse of the law, Who hath saved us and kept by His grace.
souls by His death on the cross, Who hath saved us and kept by His grace.
sin, gave me life from the dead, And who saved me and kept by His grace.

No. 133. Ready to Hear.

W. C. M.

DUET.

Property of A. J. Showalter. 1911.

REV. W. C. MARTIN.

1. Je - sus lis - tens with com-pas-sion To the voice that prays re-lief, And His smiles, like sun-shine, fash - ion Rain- bows in the tears of grief; And the heartache soon is o - ver, And He seems the pain to share— Ah! the world would soon re- cov- er, If the world would bow in pray'r.

2. Come a Mag - da - len, con-fess-ing, And He puts the sin a - way; Comes a pub - li - can for bless - ing, And He nev - er an-swers nay; And an- oth - er voice is cry - ing, Cry - ing "Lord, re - mem - ber me!" And a thief is saved while dy-ing By His side on Cal - va - ry. Read-y to hear is

3. Read - y ev - 'ry good to give us, Ev - 'ry grief to take a - way, All trans- gres - sion to for - give us, All our an - guish to al - lay; Nev - er had the soul an - oth - er Friend so true and kind as He— Clos - er cleaves He than a broth- er, Je-sus Christ of Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.

He, Al-ways so near is He, Ev - er-more dear is He, Je - sus, my Lord!

No. 138. In the Gospel Way.

James Rowe, A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER 1912. A. J. Showalter.

1. Christ is dear to me, Al- ways near to me, Safe - ly keep-ing me from
2. How He cares for me, What He bears for me, How He strengthens me to
3. I will cling to Him, Trust Him, sing to Him, Till I meet Him on that

day to day; Nev - er chid-ing me, Al-ways guid - ing me, In the
stand the fray! Grace up-hold - ing me, Love en - fold - ing me, O how
bet - ter day; With the du - ti - ful, Sin - less, beau - ti - ful, At the

REFRAIN.

glo - ry of the gos-pel way. Up - ward, home - ward,
pleasant is the gos-pel way!
end - ing of the gos-pel way. Up - ward with Je - sus, home-ward with Je - sus,

Christ is lead-ing and I shall not stray; March - ing,
March - ing with Je - sus,

sing - ing, In the glo - ry of the gos - pel way.
sing - ing of Je - sus,

No. 150. Going Home.

A. J. S. Property of A. J. Showalter. 1911. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. We are on our way to that land of day, To that fair,..... ce- les-tial
2. With all tri- als past we'll go home at last, To that fair,..... ce- les-tial
3. In the har-bor blest ev- er-more to rest, On that fair,..... ce- les-tial

shore; (ce-les-tial shore;) Loved ones watch and wait at the golden gate, Where we'll
shore; (ce-les-tial shore;) With our work all done and the vic - t'ry won, We shall
shore; (ce-les-tial shore;) We at last shall stand with the blood-bo't band, Where we'll

REFRAIN.

meet (Where we'll meet) to part no more. Go - ing home, go - ing
meet (We shall meet) to part no more. Go-ing home,
meet (Where we'll meet)

home; Soon with an-gels and loved ones we'll be, Un - to
going home; we'll ev - er be,

Christ our King hap-py songs we'll sing Thro'out all..... e - ter - ni - ty. (e-ter-ni-ty.)

No. 154. Keep Up the Fight.

JAMES ROWE. Property of T. B. Mosley. 1911. T. B. MOSLEY.

March style.

1. Comrades, press a-long with Je-sus, in the gos-pel light, Win-ning
2. Keep the gos-pel stand-ard wav-ing in the love-lit sky, On the
3. Soon the bat-tle will be end-ed and the life-crown won, And our

end-less praise and glo-ry in the ho-ly fight; If we let His
match-less love of Je-sus more and more re-ly; He will strengthen
might-y King will greet us with a sweet "well done;" Then, with mar-tyrs,

Ho-ly Spir-it al-ways dwell with-in, We shall sure-ly win the
us and cheer us when the foe is near; With His arm of love a-
saints and sag-es in the world a-bove, We shall sweet-ly praise for-

REFRAIN.

vic-t'ry in the fight with sin. Comrades, on! on!
round us, there is naught to fear.
ev-er His re-deem-ing love. On to bat-tle, on to bat-tle,

On to bat-tle,

fight for the right; Comrades, on! on! keep up the fight;

On to bat-tle, on to bat-tle,

on! on! on! Com-rades, on to bat-tle, on!

Keep Up the Fight.

Fight-ing for glo - ry, tell - ing the sto - ry Of the might - y and e-
might - y

ter - nal King a-bove;..... Comrades, on! on!
King a - bove, King a - bove; On to bat - tle, on to bat - tle,

On to bat - tle,

glad car - ols raise; Comrades, on! on! sing in His praise;
On to bat-tle, on to bat-tle,

on! on! on! Com - rades, on to bat - tle, on!

Angels are singing, "Vict'ry" is ring-ing! For He's winning the world by love!.....

No. 155. Gloria Patri.

A. J. S.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now and [*Omit*.....] ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

No. 164. The Glory of His Love is Mine.

James Rowe. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1912. A. J. Showalter.

1. Since the Friend of sinners found me I have sung a-long the way, For His blessings rich surround me, Ev-'ry moment of the day; I have told Him all my sto-ry And shall nev-er-more re-pine, For I'm pardoned, and the bending o'er me, Caus-ing all my path to shine, For He loves me—all the tell His sto-ry, O'er and o'er, a-long the line, For He saved me and the

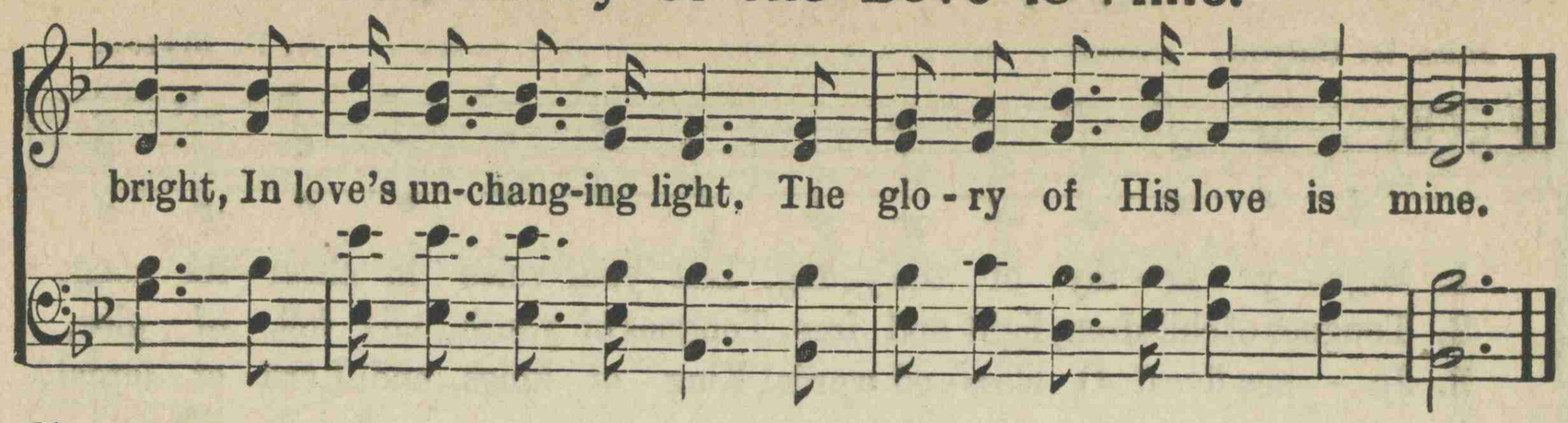
REFRAIN.

glo-ry Of His changeless love is mine.
glo-ry Of His boundless love is mine. There's sun-shine in my soul, I'm happy, free and whole; My heart is filled with love di-vine; My life is calm and

2. Much my soul has missed of pleasure, Much my heart has lost in tears, But the Lord is now my treasure—He will hide the wast-ed years; He is al-ways soul in him re-joic-es, Like a child to Him I cling; I will sing and

3. If I owned unnumbered voic-es All my Savior's praise should sing, For my

The Glory of His Love is Mine.

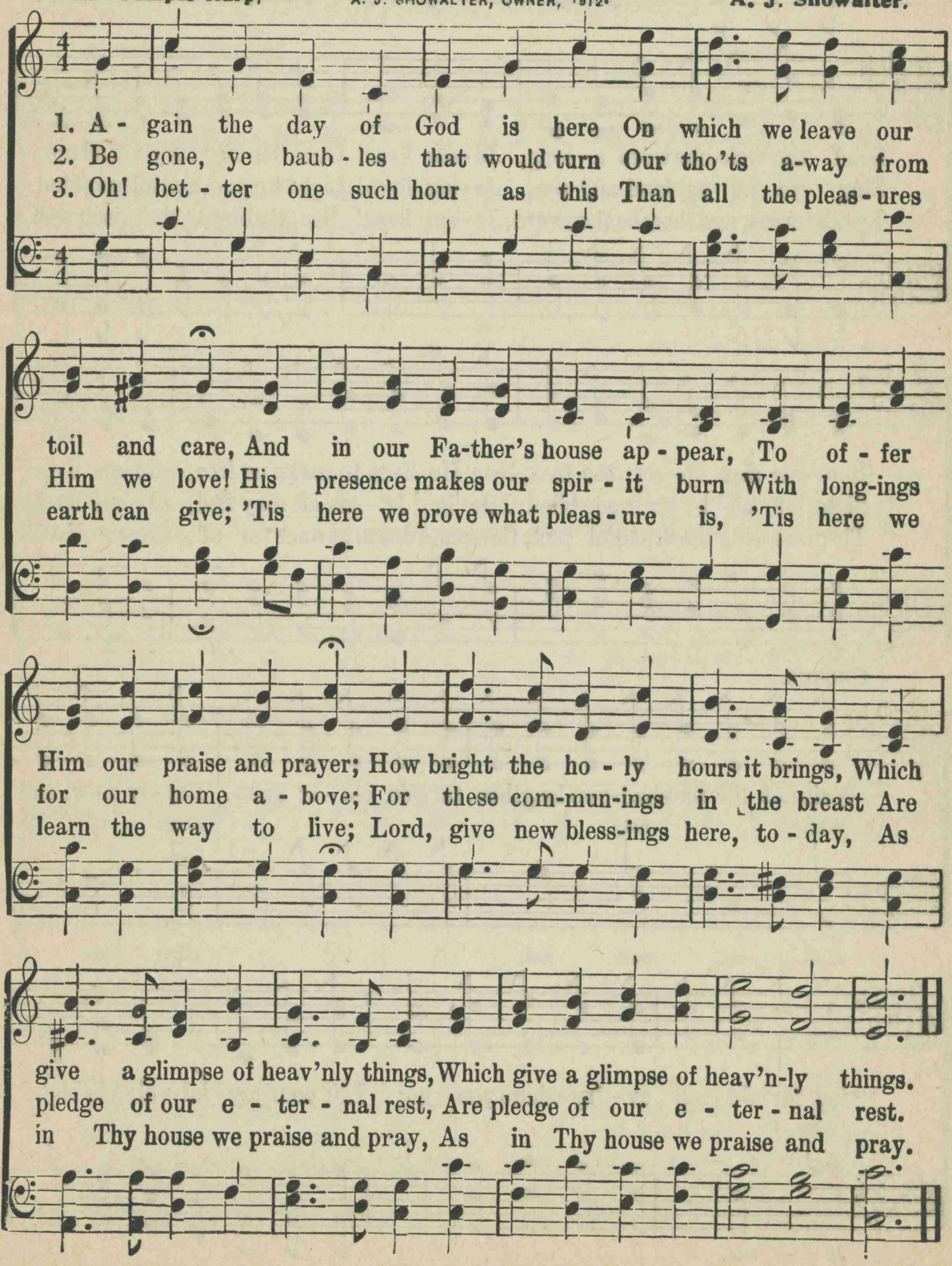


No. 165. Joy In Worship.

Rev. Thos. Nield, in "Temple Harp."

A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1912.

A. J. Showalter.



No. 168. Mighty Army of the Young.

John R. Colgan. COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY A. F. MEYERS. HENRY DATE, OWNER. **A. F. Myers.**

1. Might-y ar-my of the young, Lift your voice in cheer-ful song,
2. Tongues of chil-dren, light and free, Tongues of youth, all full of glee,
3. Je-sus lives! O bless-ed words! King of kings, and Lord of lords!

Send the welcome word a-long, Je-sus lives! Once He died for you and me,
Sing to all on land and sea, Je-sus lives! Light for you, and all mankind,
Lift the cross, and sheathe the sword, Je-sus lives! See, He breaks the prison wall,

Bore our sins up-on the tree; Now He lives to make us free,—Je-sus lives!
Sight for all by sin made blind; Life in Je-sus all may find,—Je-sus lives!
Throws a-side the dreadful pall, Conquers death at once for all,—Je-sus lives!

CHORUS.

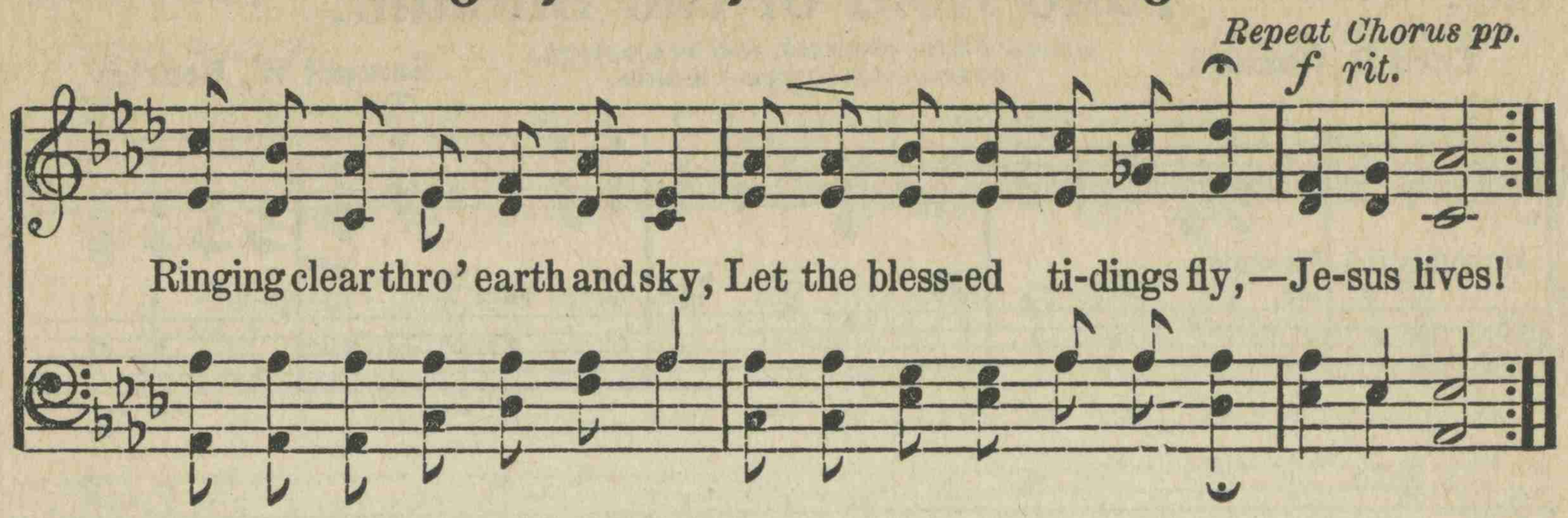
Wait not till the shad-ows lengthen, till you old-er grow, Ral-ly now, and

Wait not, wait not, wait not, Sing for

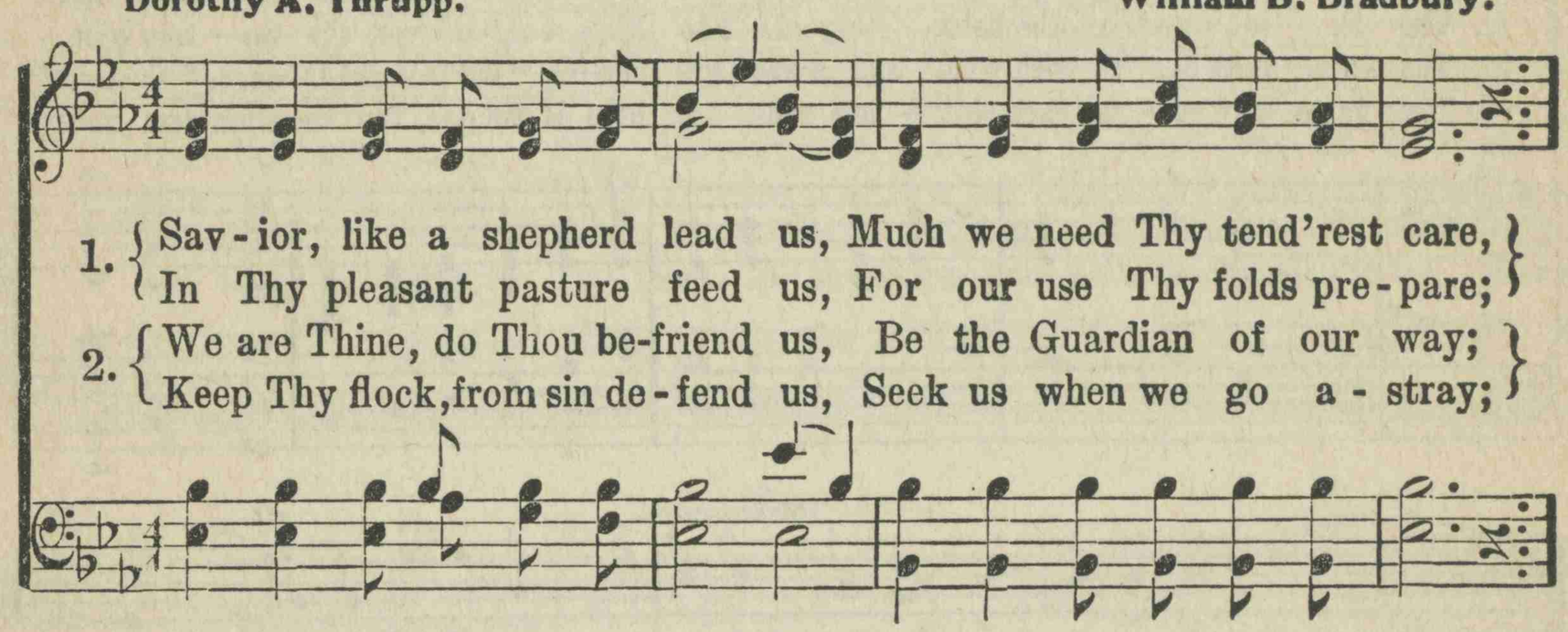
sing for Je-sus ev-'ry-where you go; Lift your joy-ful voi-ces high,

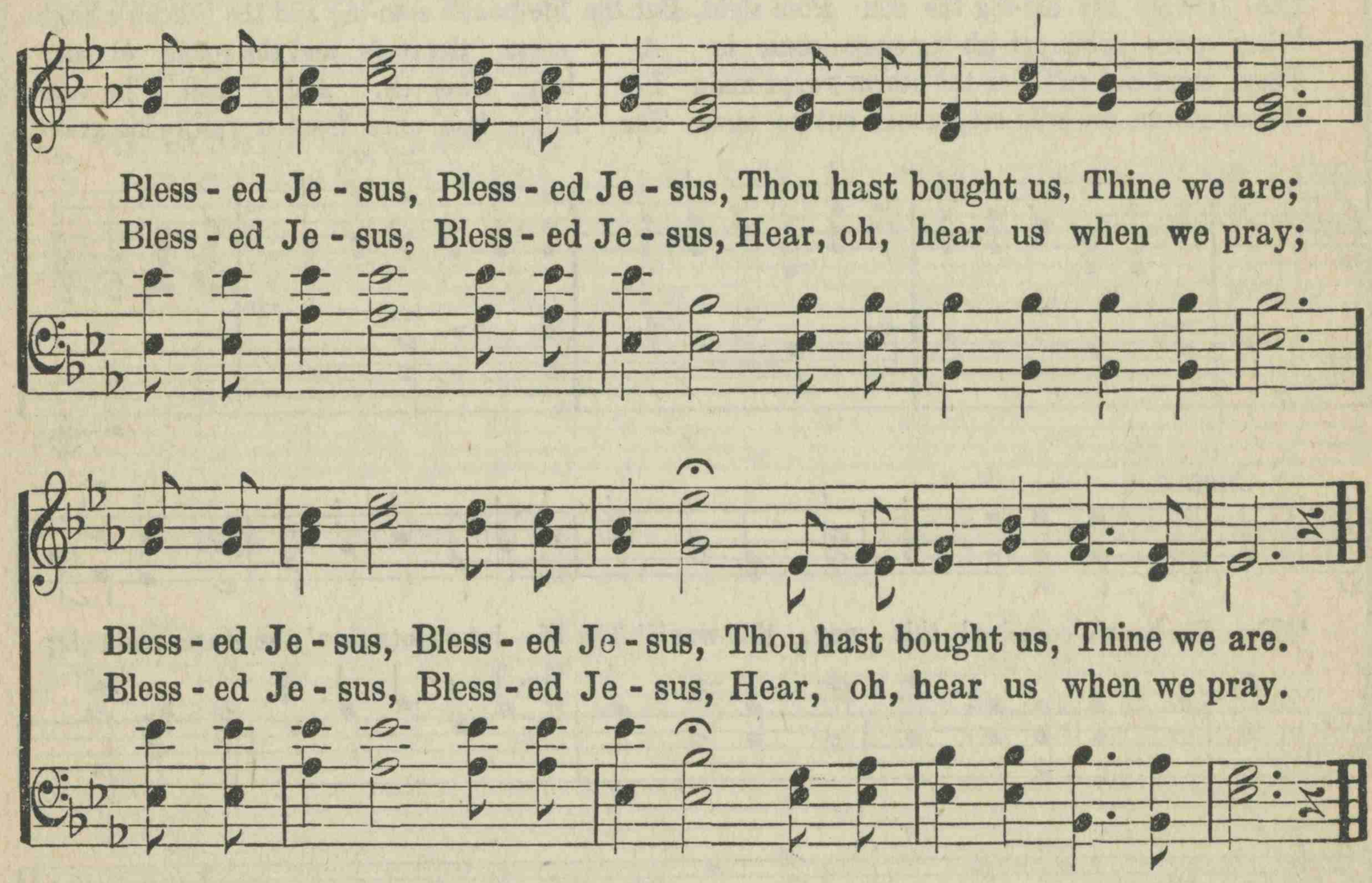
Sing, Je-sus,

Mighty Army of the Young.

Repeat Chorus pp.

No. 169. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. **William B. Bradbury.**





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

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

No. 178. Take Hold of the Lifeline.

Eben E. Rexford.

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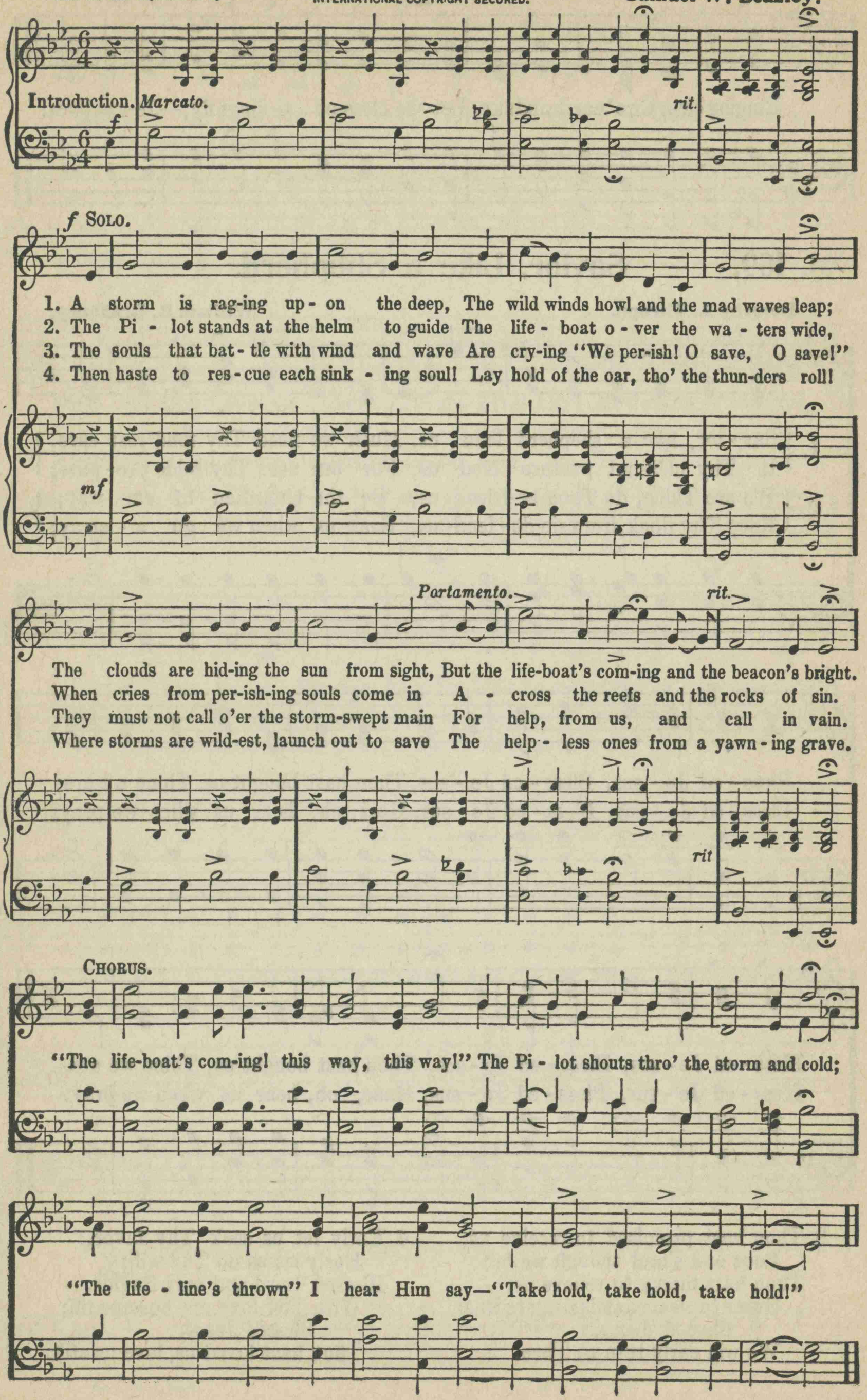
Samuel W. Beazley.



No. 182. In Tune With the Infinite.

JAMES ROWE. Property of John M. Dye. 1911. JOHN M. DYE.

1. The tem - pest has end - ed, my an - chor is cast, My days of re-
2. The pleas-ures of e - vil no lon - ger I crave, Quite sat - is - fied
3. With new-ness of vis - ion, en - rap-tured I gaze On beau - ty a-
4. O ye who from dis - cord and sin would be free, Re - pent and in-

bel - lion are done, The dis-cord with - in me is end - ed at last—In
now is my soul; With Je - sus, who can to the ut - ter-most save, I'm
round and a - bove, While sweetly my soul sings a pae - an of praise To
iq - ui - ty shun; Be - lieve in the Lord, gain sal- va - tion, and be In

REFRAIN.

tune with the In- fi- nite One. In tune with the In - fi- nite One,.....
seeking the beau-ti- ful goal.
Christ for His mer-cy and love.
tune with the In- fi- nite One. In tune with the In - fi - nite One,

My days of re - bel-lion are done; ..... God has changed me with-in,—
re - bel - lion are done;

giv - en par- don for sin; I'm in tune with the In - fi - nite One, ...
In - fi - nite One.

No. 188. We Are On the March.

A. J. Showalter. A. J. SHOWALTER & W. S. TIDWELL, OWNERS, 1912. W. S. Tidwell.

1. We are on the march..... to the Promised Land,.....
2. In this wil - der - ness..... there are road-ways steep,.....
3. So we march a - way..... at the bu-gle's call,.....

Keeping step with Christ..... and His ar-my grand; (and His ar - my grand;)
There are mountains high,..... there are pit-falls deep; (there are pit-falls deep;)
And we'll turn not back,..... tho' our comrades fall; (tho' our comrades fall;)

f.

We'll be guid-ed by..... His commands each day,.....
But our Captain trod..... all the way be - fore,.....
In our fight with sin..... vic-t'ry will be sure,.....

D.S.—*'Tis a glorious war..... which we wage to-day,.....*

Then we'll nev-er go..... from the path a-stray. (from the path a-stray.)
And will lead us home..... when the warfare's o'er. (when the warfare's o'er.)
If we fal-ter not,..... but by faith en-dure. (but by faith en-dure.)

And the vic-tor's crown..... is the soldier's pay. (is the soldier's pay.)

REFRAIN.

Hear the Captain's call, now for vol-un-teers;

Hear the Captain's call,..... now for vol - un - teers;.....

We Are On the March.

D. S.

Come and join the ranks while the ar-my cheers;
Come and join the ranks while the ar - my cheers;

No. 189. Sing About It, Tell About It.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. J. D. PATTON, OWNER, 1912. J. D. Patton.

1. There is a joy - ful sto - ry That all the world must know, And
2. One night the ho - ly an - gels, With sweet, me-lo-dious flow Sang
3. It is re-demp-tion's sto - ry, Our Fa-ther's wondrous plan, For
4. He gave the pre-cious Sav - ior, His "Well be-lov - ed Son," Thro'
5. We've on - ly to ac - cept it, Be - liev - ing on His name; O,

REFRAIN.

you and I should take it Wher-ev - er we may go.
forth this hap-py message, That sets our hearts a - glow. Tell about it,
sending light and gladness, To sin - ful, fal - len man. Tell the world a-bout it,
whose a-ton - ing mer - it, E - ter - nal life is won.
spread the joy-ful ti-dings, With heart and tongue a-flame.

Sing a-bout it, Ev-'ry-where you go; Tell a-
Sing sweet songs a - bout it. you go; Tell the world a-

bout it, Sing a - bout it, All the world must know.
bout it, Sing sweet songs a - bout it, must know.

No. 190. He Promised Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

John Crombie White. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. He prom-ised me, tho' blind and halt and lame, He would not cast
2. He prom-ised me, when friends and comforts flee, That He my friend
3. He prom-ised me, in life's last sol-emn hour, When death seems near
4. He prom-ised me that I with Him should stand, When He shall come

:S:

me out if I but came; He promised me, if I did but believe,
and Com-fort - er would be; He promised me, that what-so-e'er be-tide,
and I with - in its pow'r, That then I should but close my wear-ied eyes
to reign o'er sea and land; He prom-ised me a swee[t] e - ter - nal rest,

D. S.—*For all the coun - sels of the Lord are sure,*

FINE. CHORUS.

He would my bur-dened soul from sin re - lieve.
He would from day to day with me a - bide. He promised me,
On earth, to o - pen them in Par - a - dise.
A place with - in the man - sions of the blest.

His word, it shall from age to age en - dure.

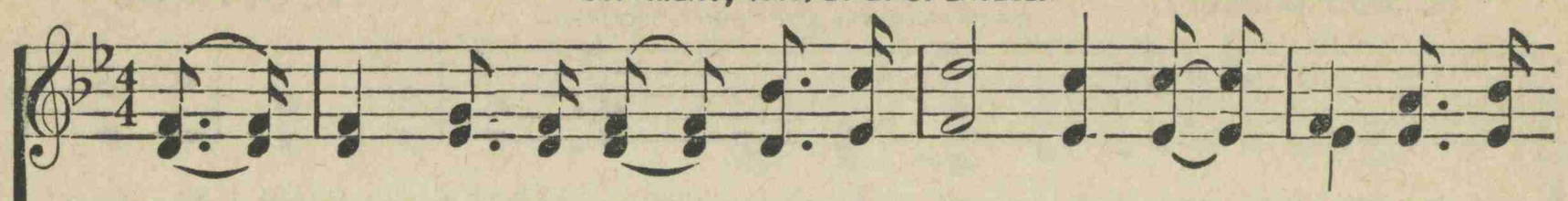
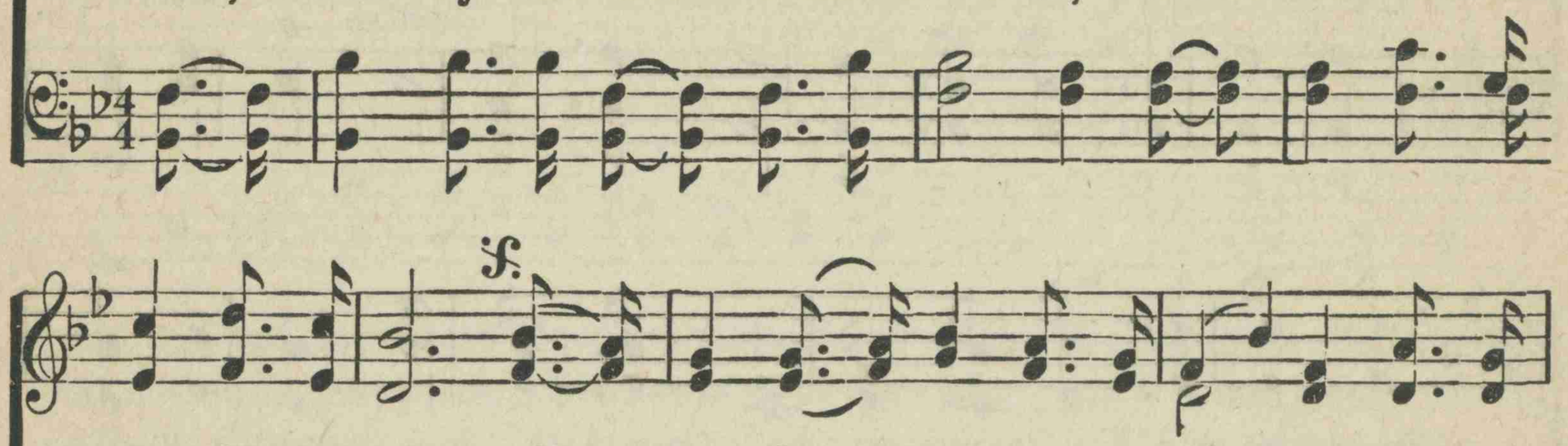
D. S.

and I am sure He will Each lov-ing prom-ise, faith-ful - ly ful - fill;

No. 191. The Church in the Wildwood.

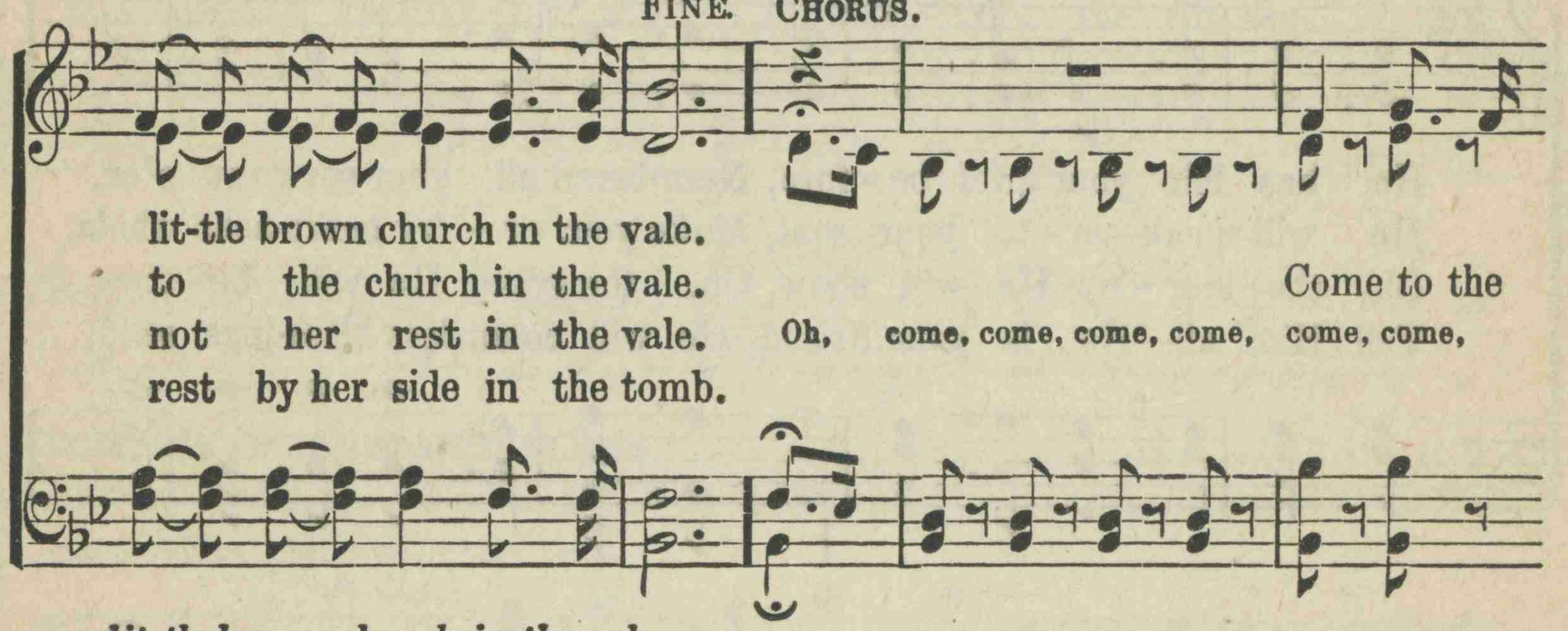
W. S. P.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF WORDS AND MUSIC.
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.

1. There's a church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, No love - li - er
2. How sweet on a clear, Sab - bath morn - ing To list to the
3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the

place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
clear ring-ing bell; It's tones so sweet - ly are call - ing, Oh, come
loved so well; She sleeps, sweetly sleeps, 'neath the willow; Dis - turb
wild flowers bloom, When the fare - well hymn shall be chant - ed, I shall

D. S.—*No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the*

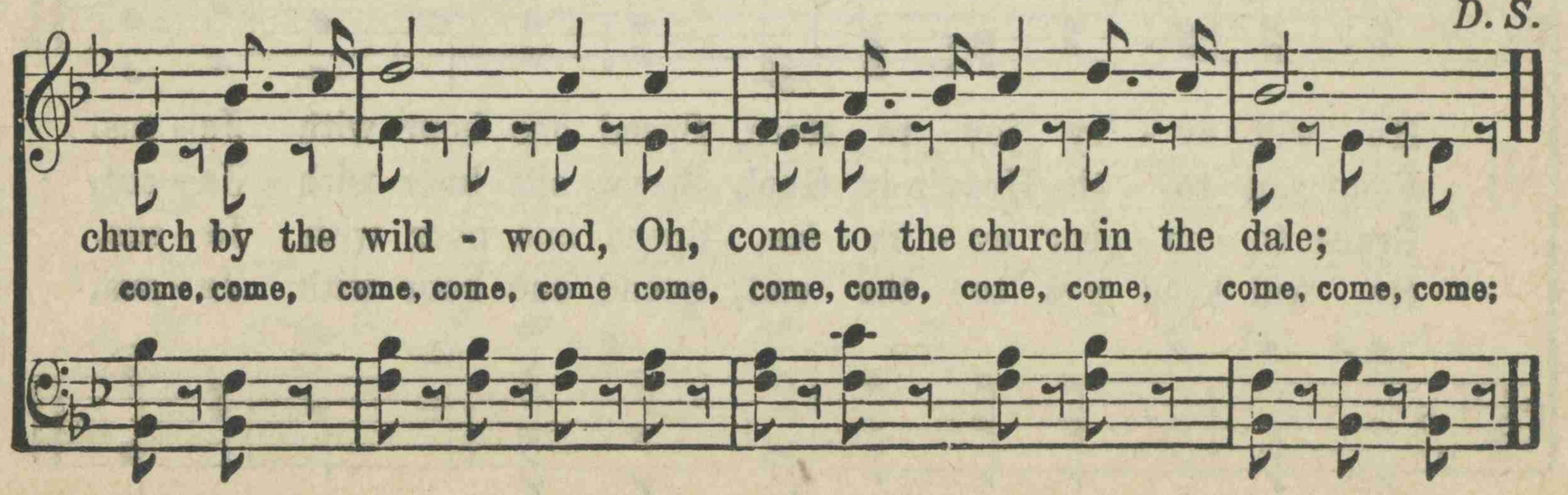
FINE. CHORUS.



lit-tle brown church in the vale.
to the church in the vale.
not her rest in the vale.
rest by her side in the tomb.

Come to the
Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,

lit-tle brown church in the vale.

D. S.

church by the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale;
come, come, come, come, come come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

No. 192. Spend One Hour With Jesus.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.
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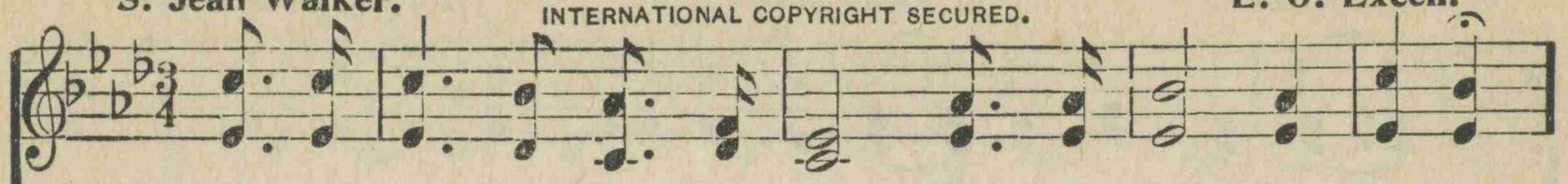
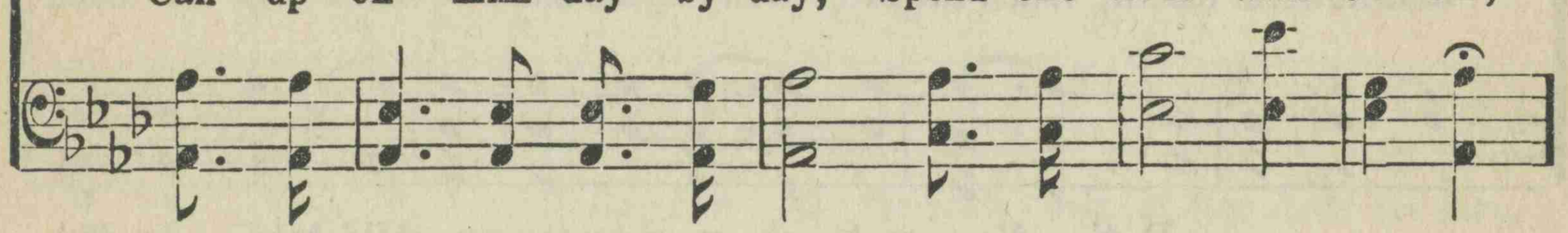
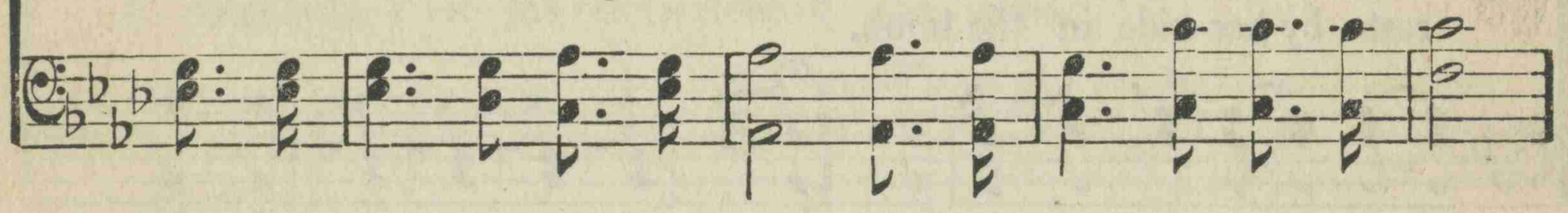
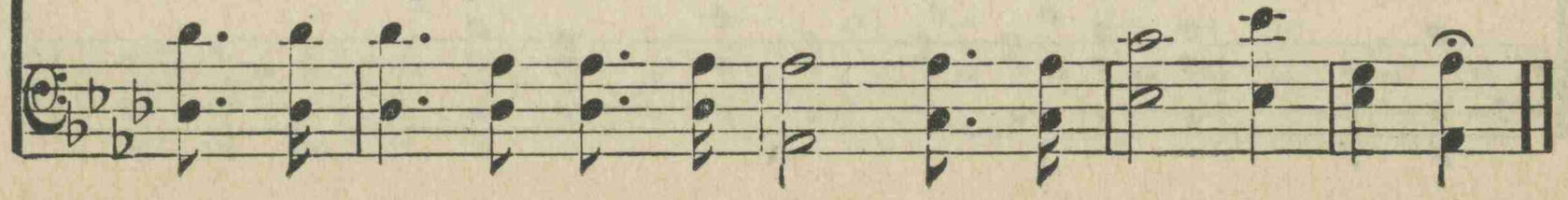
S. Jean Walker. E. O. Excell.

1. Wea - ry soul by sin op-pressed, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
2. Do you fear the gath-'ring gloom, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
3. Ev - 'ry need He will sup - ply, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
4. All a - long life's storm - y way, Spend one hour with Je - sus;

He will give your spir - it rest, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
In the si - lent in - ner room, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
He a - lone can sat - is - fy, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
Call up - on Him day by day, Spend one hour with Je - sus;



He has felt your grief be - fore, Num-bered all your sor-rows o'er,
He will speak un - to your soul, Make your ev - 'ry heart-ache whole,
Oh, the mer - cy He will show, Oh, the grace He will be - stow,
Tell Him all—He is your Friend, He will count-less bless-ings send,

He will ev - 'ry joy re - store, Spend one hour with Je - sus.
Point you to the Heav'n-ly Goal, Spend one hour with Je - sus.
Grace to con - quer ev - 'ry foe, Spend one hour with Je - sus.
He will keep you to the end, Spend one hour with Je - sus.

No. 193. My Friend Divine.

Birdie Bell. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1912. **A. J. Showalter.**

1. I find in Christ a Friend di-vine, A Help-er ev-er near, When rough the path and sad my heart He whispers words of cheer; Tho' dark the road which I must tread, He paints a rain-bow bright A-cross the clouds which hang a-bove He fills my heart with light.

2. I find in Christ a Friend that's true When earthly friends may fail, My Strength and Shield when dangers press, And hosts of sin as-sail; Tho' I am weak, yet He is strong, Pro-tect-ing me from harm, And I lean up-on His arm.

3. I find in Christ a Friend that loves Thro'out the pass-ing days, And while this earth-ly life may last My voice shall sing His praise; Some day I'll see Him face to face, My Sav-ior and my Friend, With-in the Cit-y of the Blest Where joys will never end.

REFRAIN.

A Friend that's true, a Friend divine, Whose love will nev-er end, No oth-er can with Him compare, The Christ who is my Friend.

No. 197. Looking to Thee.

Property of H. M. Eagle, Burke's Garden, Va. 1911.

JAMES ROWE. H. M. EAGLE.

1. Look - ing to Thee from day to day, Trust-ing Thy grace a - long
2. Look - ing to Thee for all I need, Find - ing in Thee a friend
3. Aft - er a - while, in heav'- en bright, Where there is nei - ther sin

the way, Know-ing that Thou wilt safe - ly keep all that is Thine;
in - deed, All of the bur - dens of the day meek - ly I bear;
nor night, I shall be - hold Thee, face to face, Je - sus my own;

Sure of Thy soul - re - deem - ing love, Sure of a crown of life a - bove,
Nei-ther the foe nor storm I fear, Sav - iour di - vine, for Thou art near,
Then, with the dear ones gone be - fore, I shall with rap - ture, more and more,

Sing - ing Thy praise I press a - long, Sav - iour di - vine.
Read - y my cares and troub - les all free - ly to share.
Praise Thee for - ev - er, near Thy bright, beau - ti - ful throne.

Looking to Thee.

REFRAIN.

Look - ing to Thee,..... Trusting Thy grace,.....
Con- stant- ly look - ing to Thee, Trusting Thy

..... I am as hap - py as a true sol - dier can
won - der- ful grace,

be;..... Near - ing my own.....
be, ev - er can be; Near- ing, dear Sav - iour, my own

heav - en - ly place,..... Trust - ing Thy
beau - ti - ful, heav - en - ly place,

love I press a - long, look - ing to Thee.....
yes, look- ing to Thee.

No. 198. Joy Among the Angels.

Jennie Wilson. J. M. EDWARDS, OWNER, 1912. J. M. Edwards.

1. There is joy a-mong the angels, and their praise more sweetly rings When a sin - ner has re-pent - ed and from e - vil turned a-way; As some swift ces - tial her-ald up from earth the message brings, Louder grow the hal - lu-jahs sounding thro' the realms of day.
2. There is joy a-mong the an - gels, clad in robes of spotless white, When they know the blood of Je - sus has ef-faced the stains of sin; That the guilt - y and de-filed one now is right-eous in His sight, And the crown of life ter-nal with the pu - ri-fied may win.
3. There is joy a-mong the an - gels in the bliss-ful home on high, When they know some child of sin and sor-row has been born a-gain; Oh, may you and I a - wak-en mu - sic sweet beyond the sky, As for - give-ness of all er - rors we thro' mer - cy shall ob-tain.

REFRAIN.

Joy, joy, joy a-mong the angels, with the angels, with the angels, As they stand before the throne, the great white throne,

There is joy . . . . . a-mong the an-gels, . . . As they stand . . . . be-fore the throne,

Joy Among the Angels.

When sal-va-tion's light has brok-en on some wea-ry troub-led soul, When sal-

vation's light has broken on some weary troubled soul; Joy, joy, joy a-

There is joy, ... a-

mong the an-gels, with the an-gels, When the Saviour's grace is

mong the an-gels . . . . . When the Sav - - iour's grace is

known, His grace is known, And the pardoned one is glad-ly yield-ing to di-

known,

vine con-trol, And the pardoned one is glad-ly yield-ing to di-vine control.

Devotional Hymns.

No. 204. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

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

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry!
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;

Christ the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic-es, Loud your anthems raise.
We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.

REFRAIN.

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

No. 205. Brightly Gleams our Banner.

Thomas J. Potter. *Second Tune.* **Haydn.**

1. Bright-ly gleams our ban-ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers on-ward To their home on high.
2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas-ter, At Thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts re-joic-ing See Thy children meet;
3. All our days di - rect us In the way we go; Lead us on vic - to - rious O - ver ev - 'ry foe;

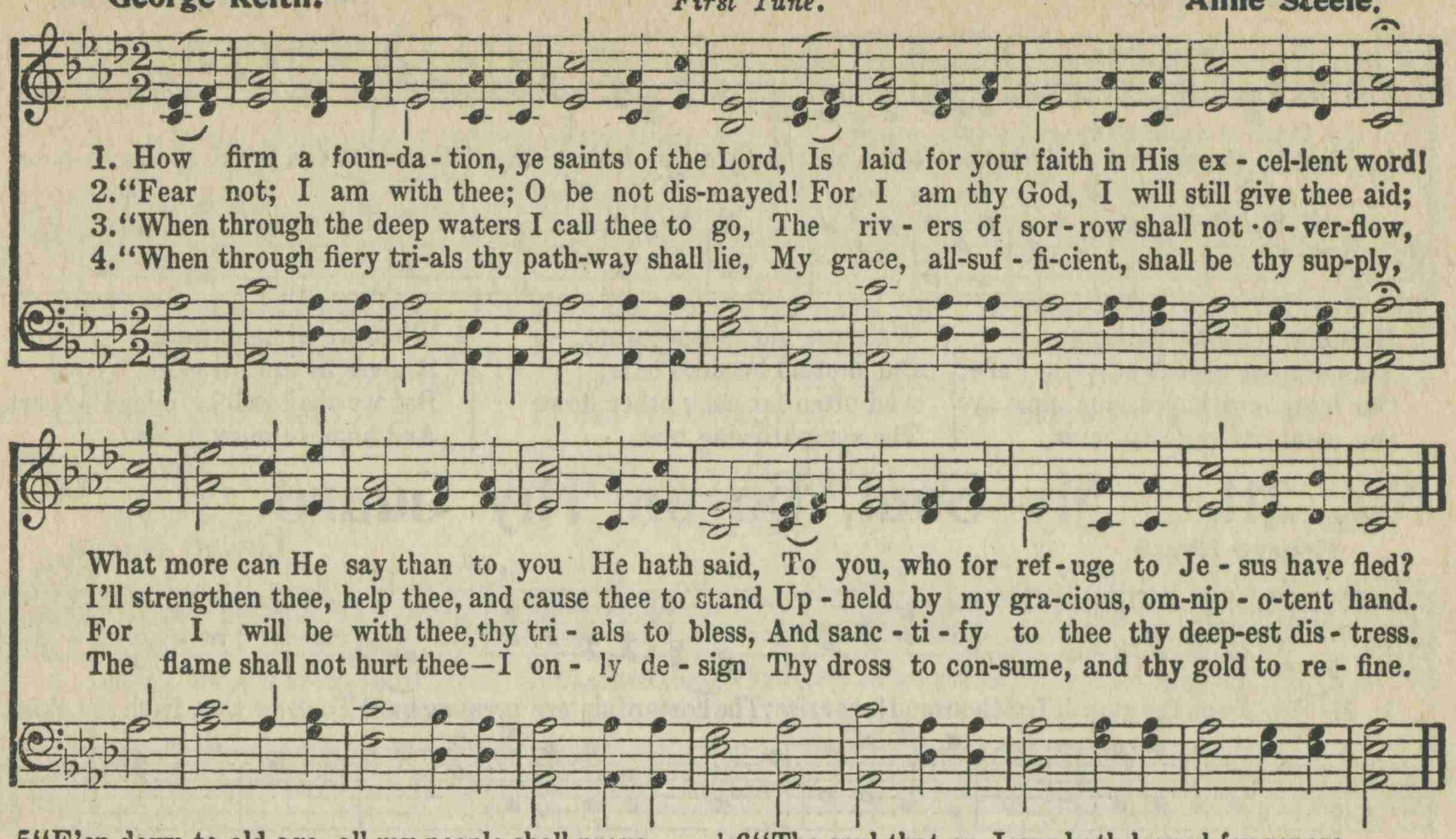
D.C.-*Brightly gleams our ban-ner, Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers on-ward To their home on high.*

D. C.

Journeying o'er the des - ert, Glad-ly thus we pray, And with hearts u - ni - ted, Take our heav'nward way.
Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft-en gone a - stray; Keep us, might-y Sav - ior, In the nar - row way.
Bid thine an-gels shield us When the storm-clouds lower; Pardon Thou and save us In the last dread hour.

No. 206. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *First Tune.* Anne Steele.



5"E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

No. 207. My Shepherd.

First or Second Tune.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.

2 Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou annointest my head;
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above.
I seek by the path which my fore-fathers trod,
Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

No. 208. Delay Not.

First or Second Tune.

1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

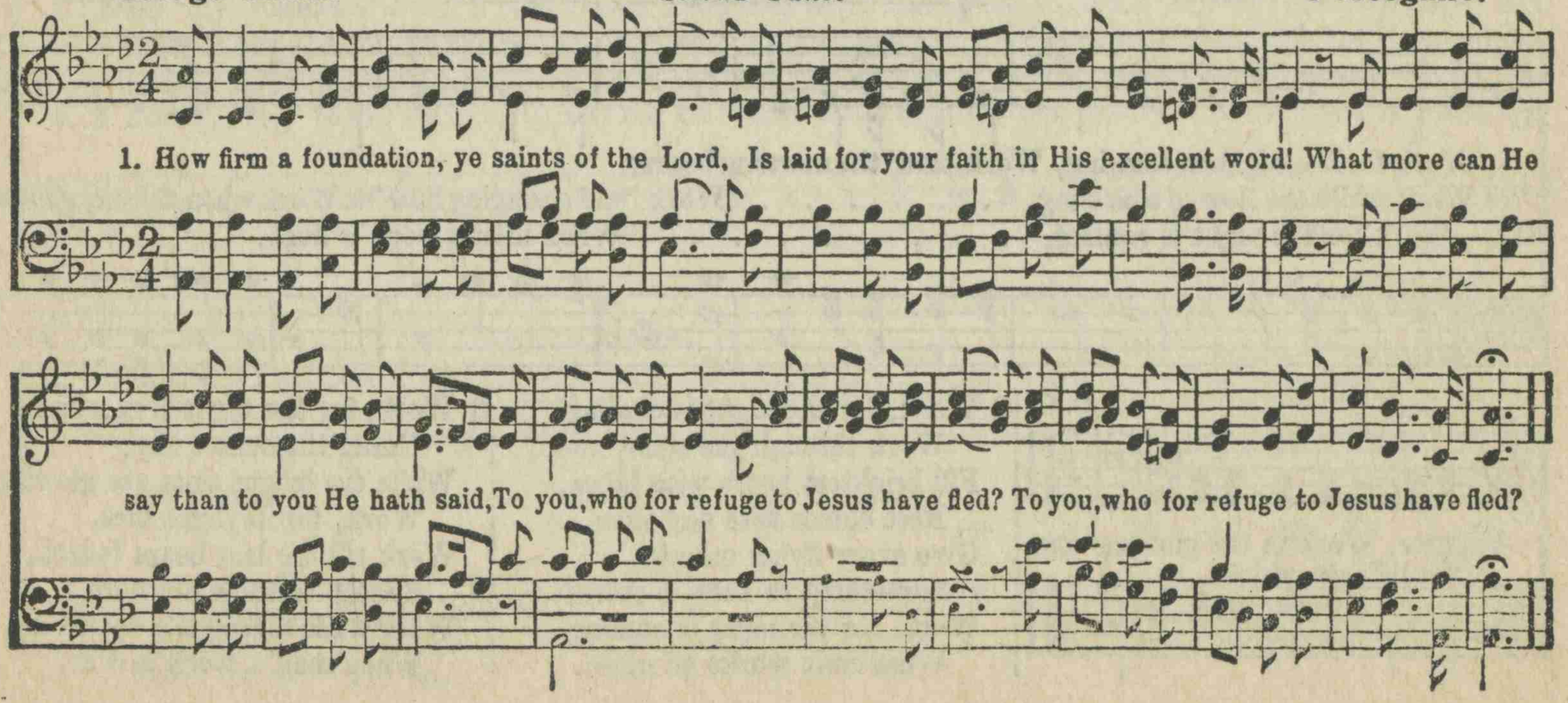
2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee today:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

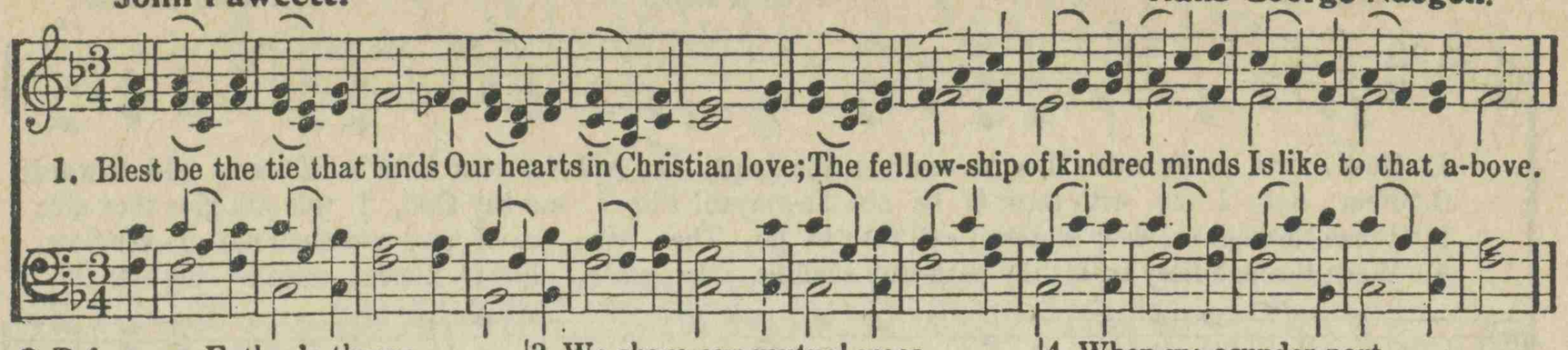
4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

No. 209. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *Second Tune.* Portogallo.



No. 210. Blest Be the Tie.

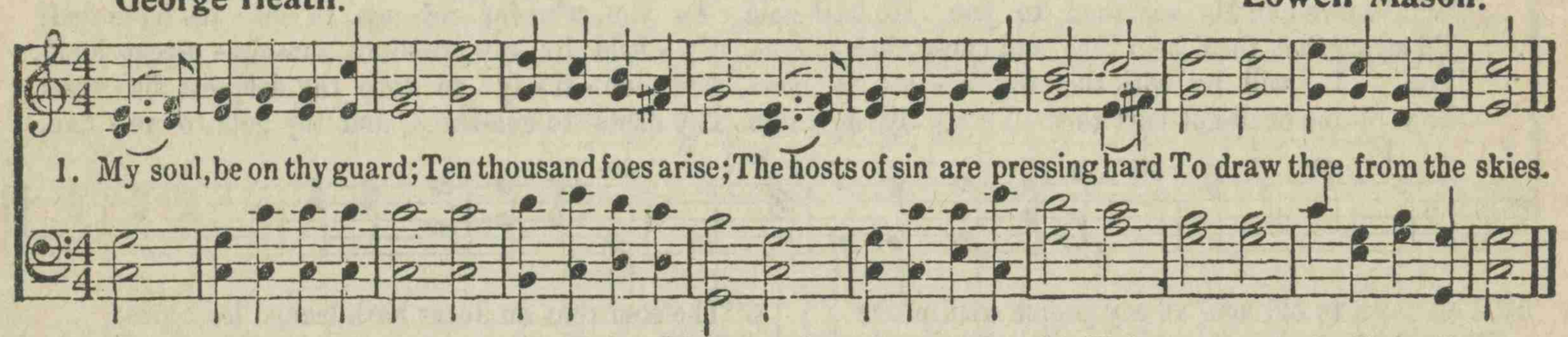
John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.

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. 211. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

George Heath. Lowell Mason.



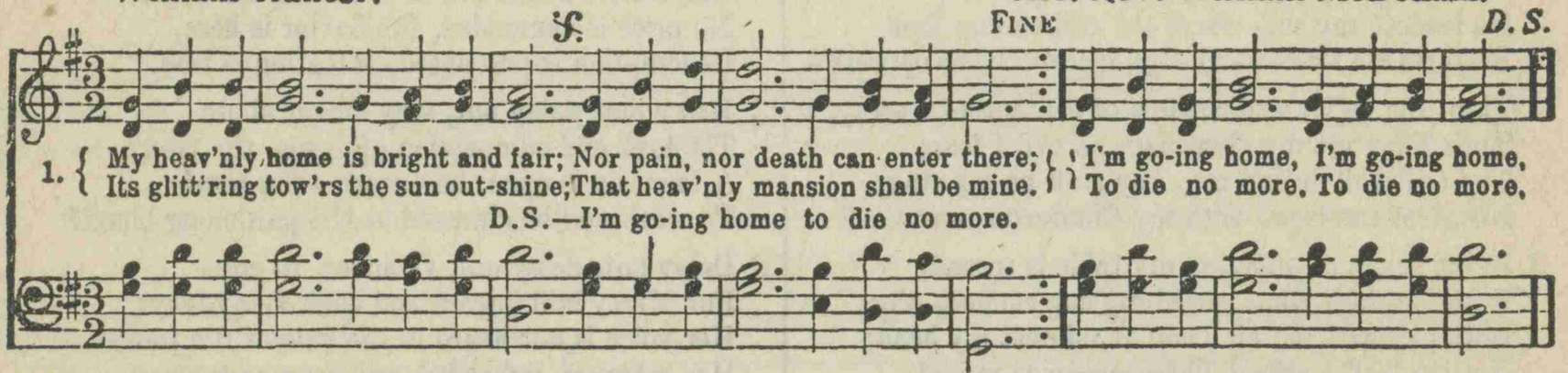
2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

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. 212. The Heavenly Home.

William Hunter. Arr. Rev. William McDonald.



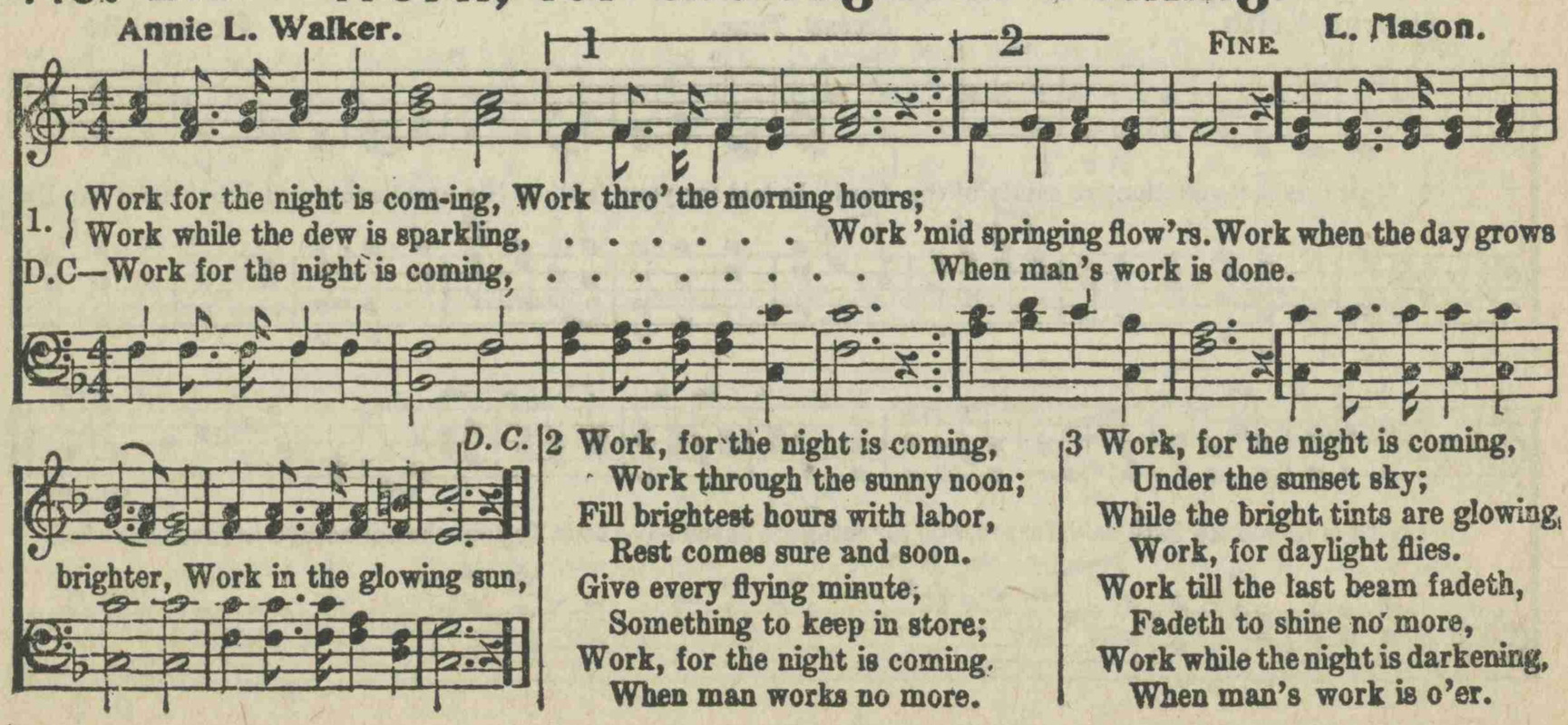
2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be

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. 213. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.

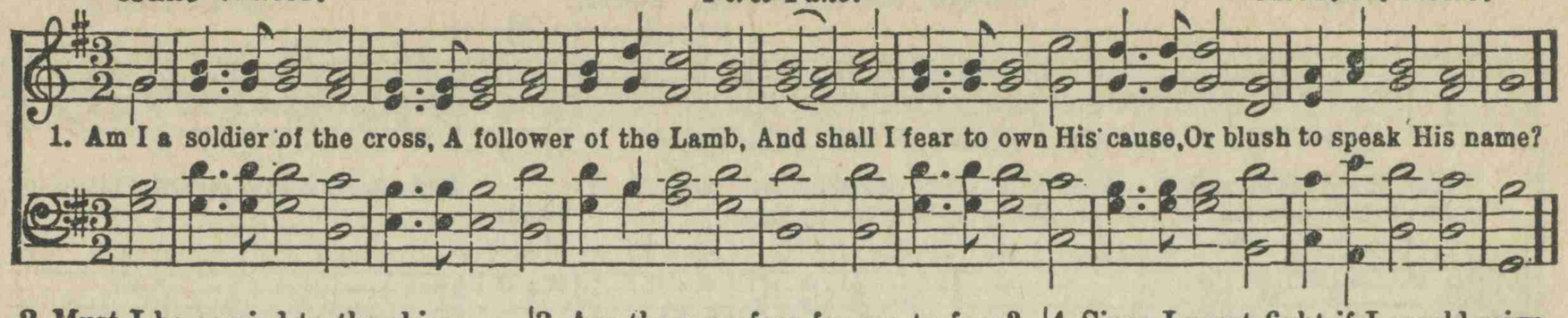


2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming.
When man works no more.

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. 214. Am I a Soldier?

Isaac Watts. *First Tune.* Thos. A. Arne.

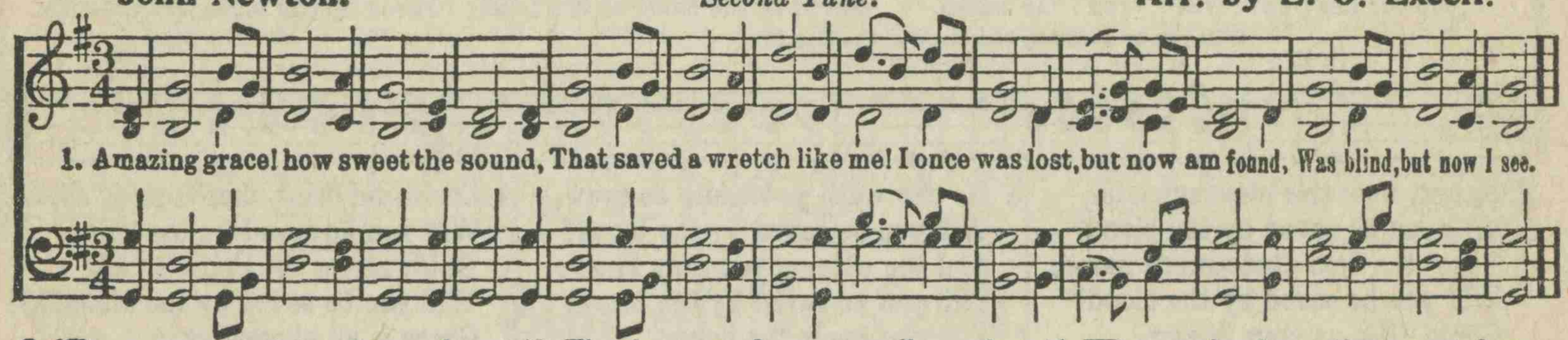


2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease, [prize,
While others fought to win the
And sailed thro' bloody seas?

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

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

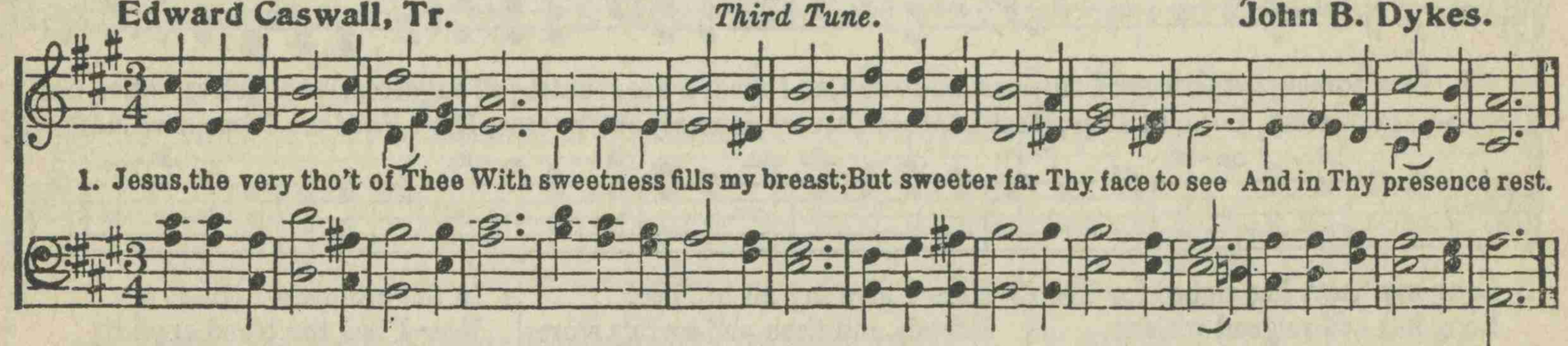
No. 215. Amazing Grace.

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. 216. The Thought of Thee.

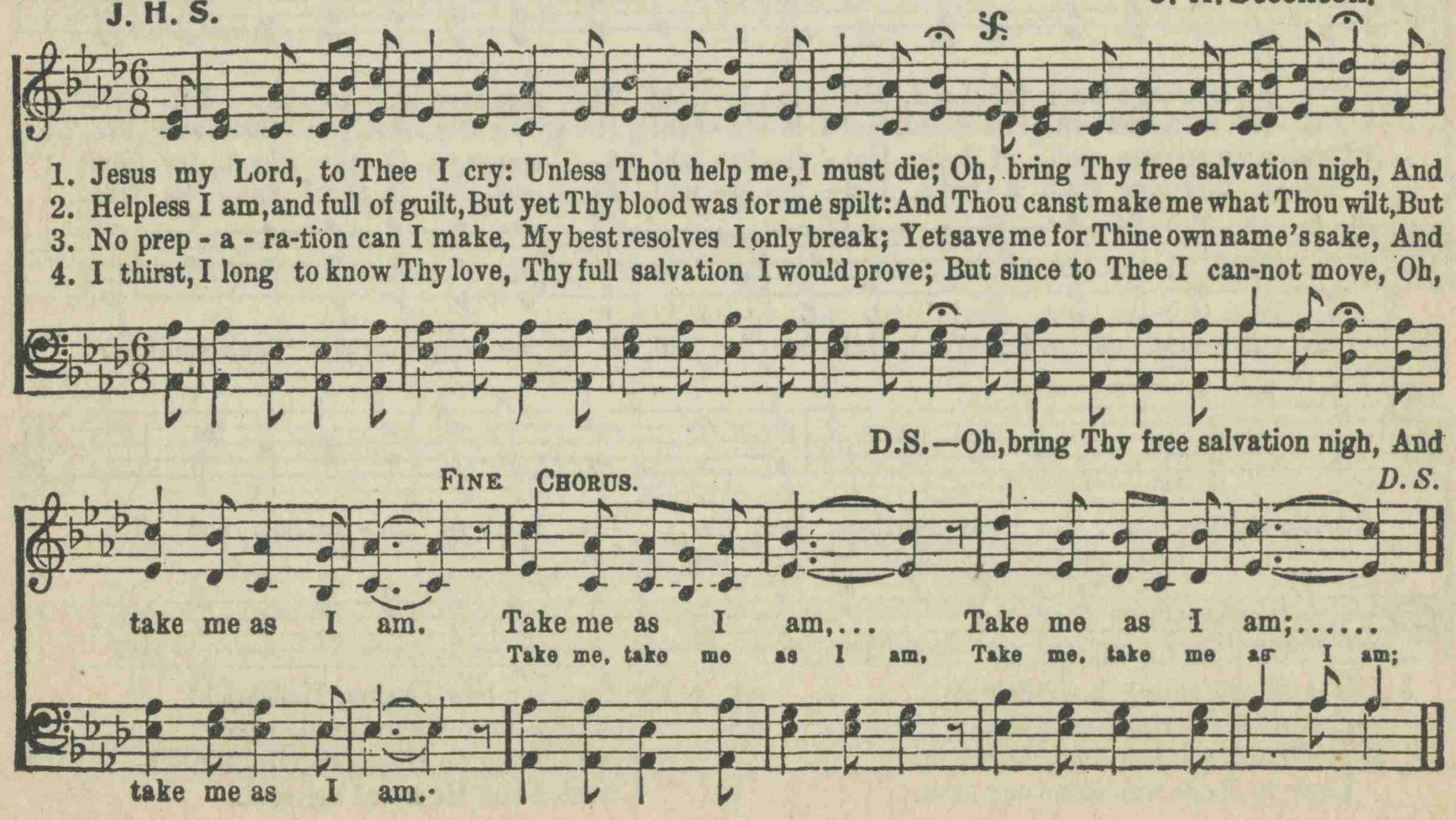
Edward Caswall, Tr. *Third Tune.* John B. Dykes.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can
Nor can the mem'ry find [frame,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest
O Savior of man-kind! [name,

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou
How good to those who seek! [art!

4 But what to those who find? ah! this
No tongue or pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

No. 217 Take Me As I Am.

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



No. 218. Will You be Saved by the Blood?

E. O. E.

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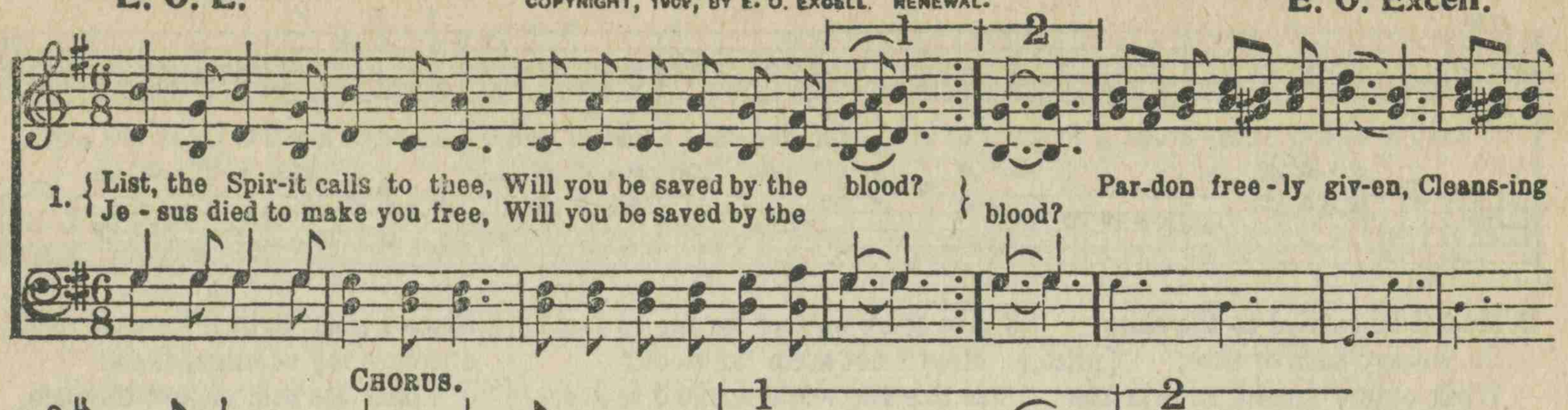
E. O. Excell.



2 Sinner, now this blessing claim,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Claim Him as your Savior,
He can save forever.

3 He can wash you white as snow,
Will you be saved by the blood?
And the witness you may know,
Will you be saved by the blood?
You can know the hour
Of His dying power.

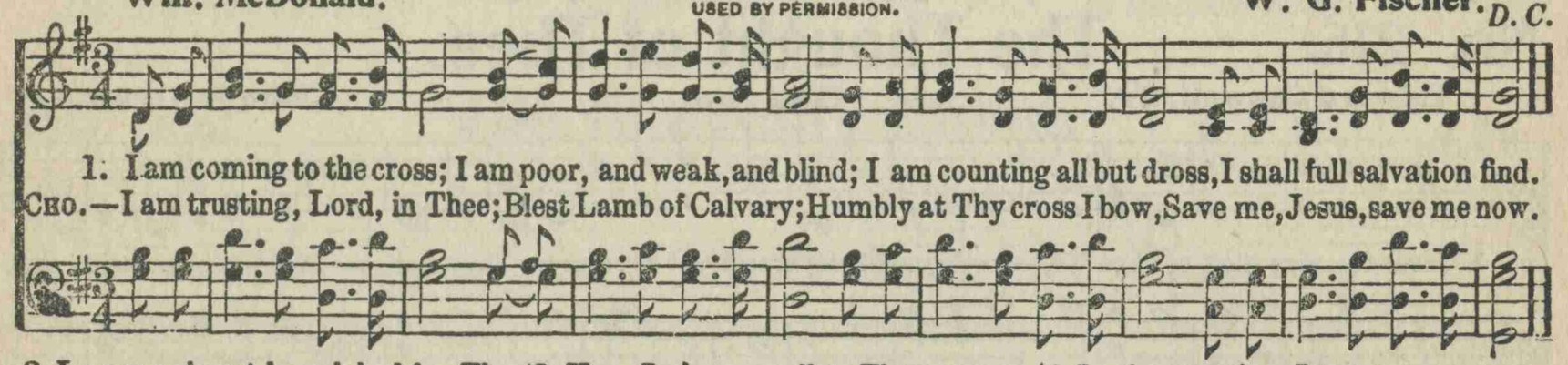
4 Christ did drink that cup for all,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Don't reject the Spirit's call,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Grace is all abounding,
Joy thro' heaven resounding.

No. 219. 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. 220. Look and Live.

W. A. O.

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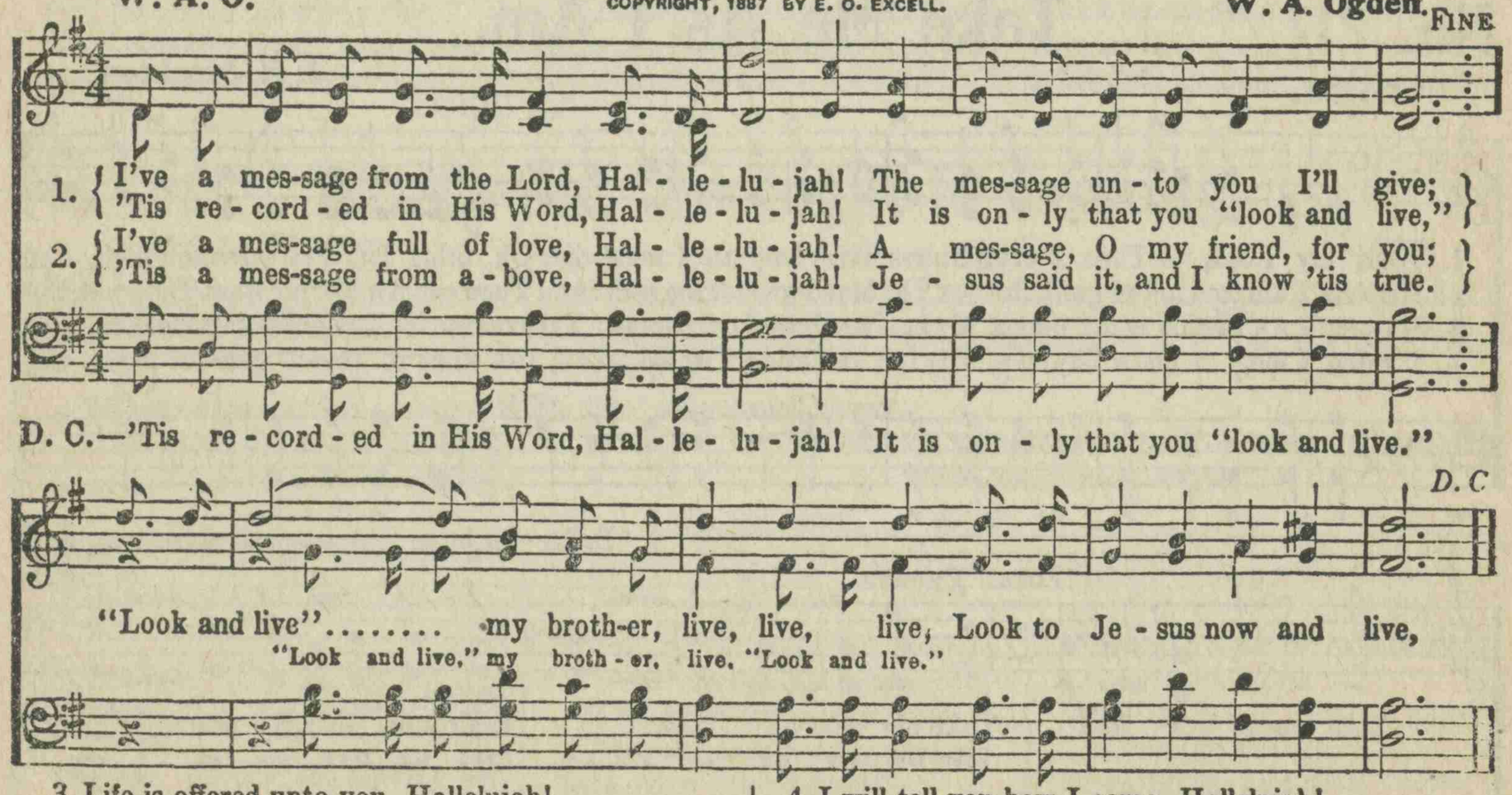
W. A. Ogden. FINE



3 Life is offered unto you, Hallelujah!
Eternal life thy soul shall have;
If you'll only look to Him, Hallelujah!
Look to Jesus who alone can save.

4 I will tell you how I came, Hallelujah!
To Jesus when He made me whole:
'Twas believing on His name, Hallelujah!
I trusted and He saved my soul.

No. 224. 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. 225. 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 take,
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

No. 226. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

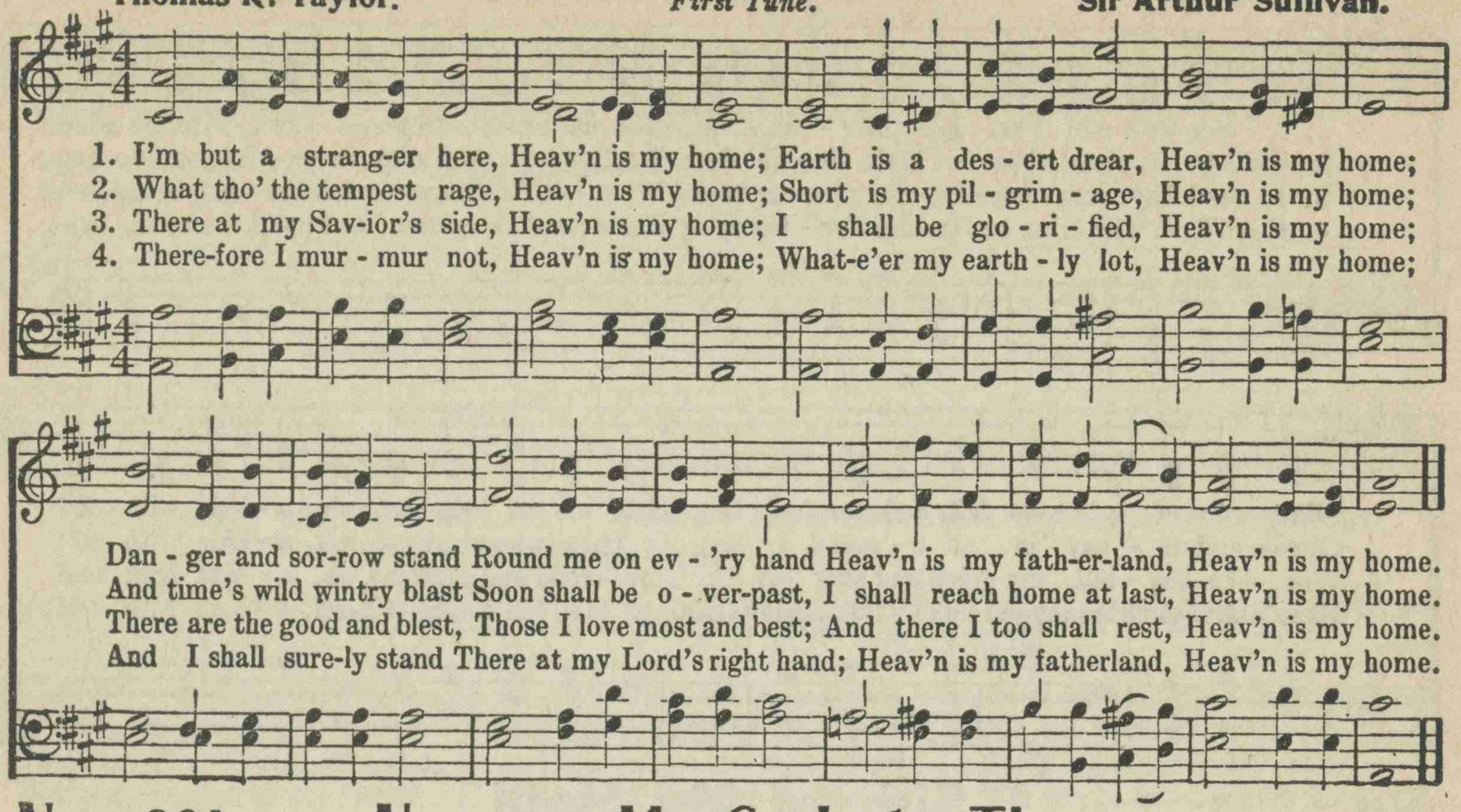
Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior

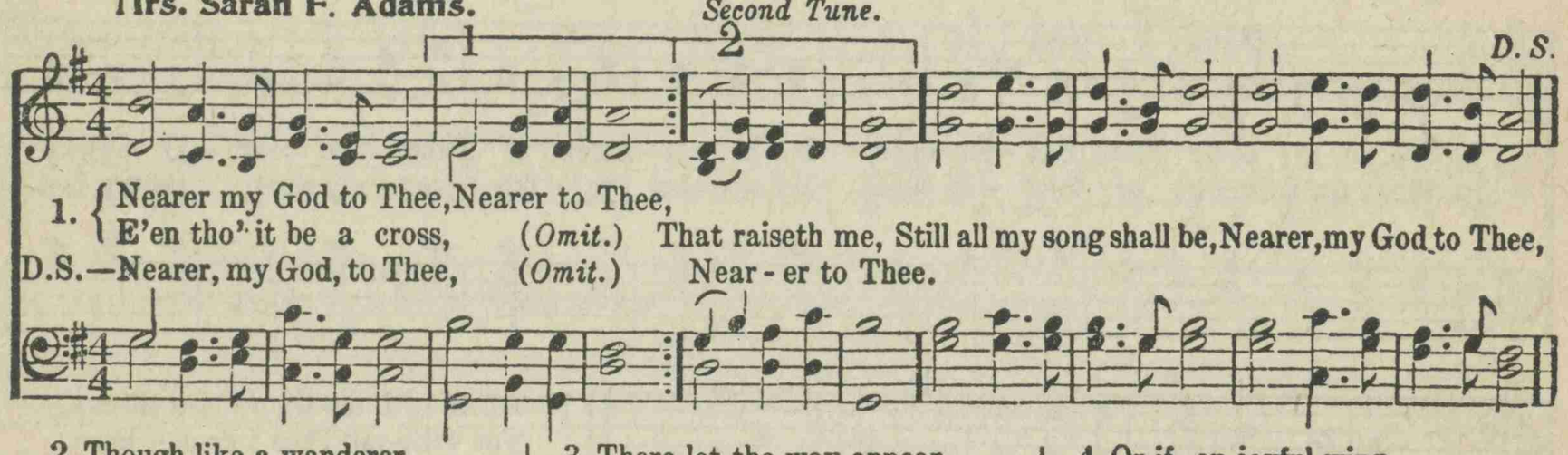
while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sor-rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove,—A ran - somed soul.

No. 230. Heaven is My Home.

Thomas R. Taylor. *First Tune.* **Sir Arthur Sullivan.**



No. 231. 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.

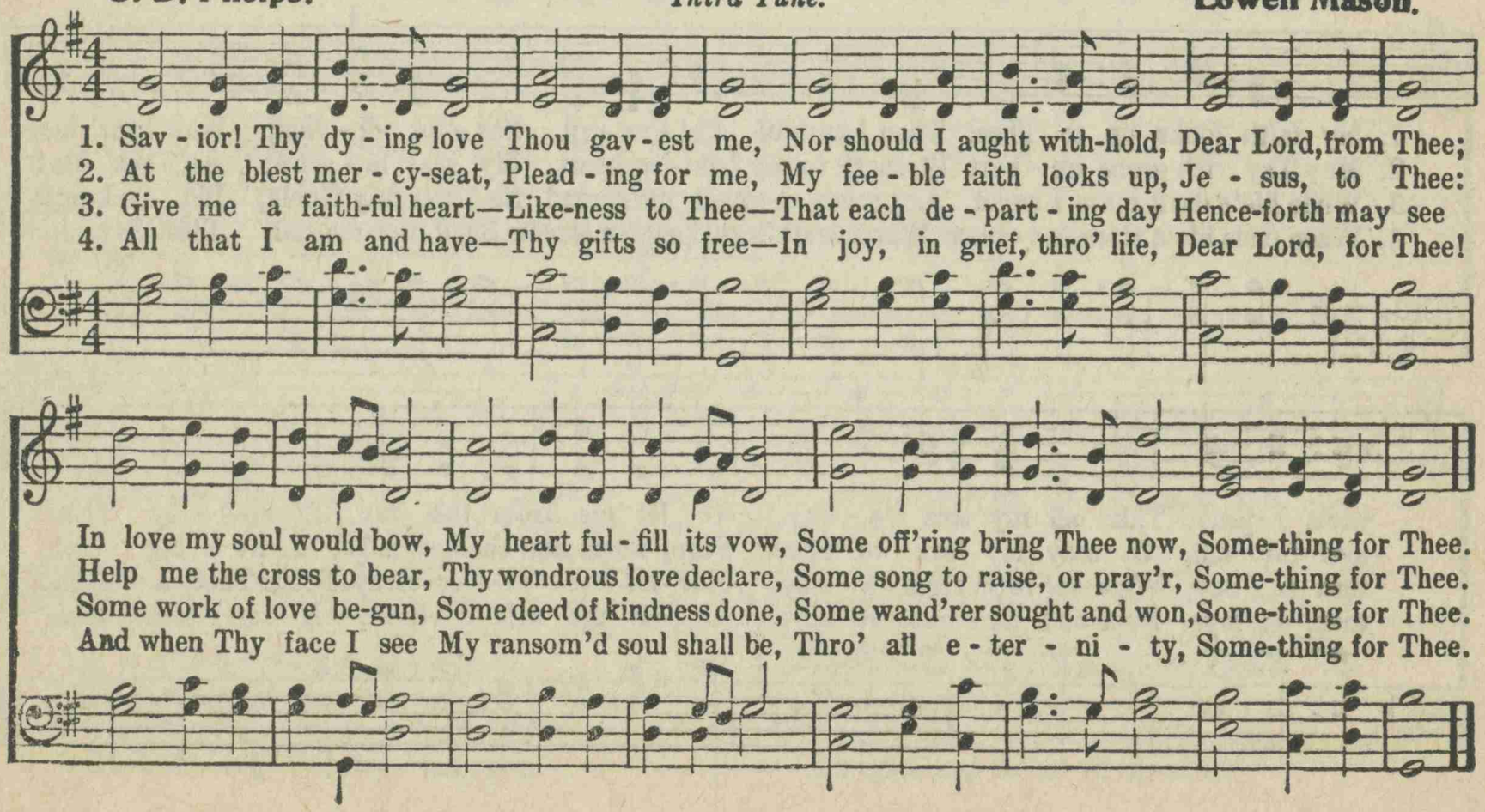
2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

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!

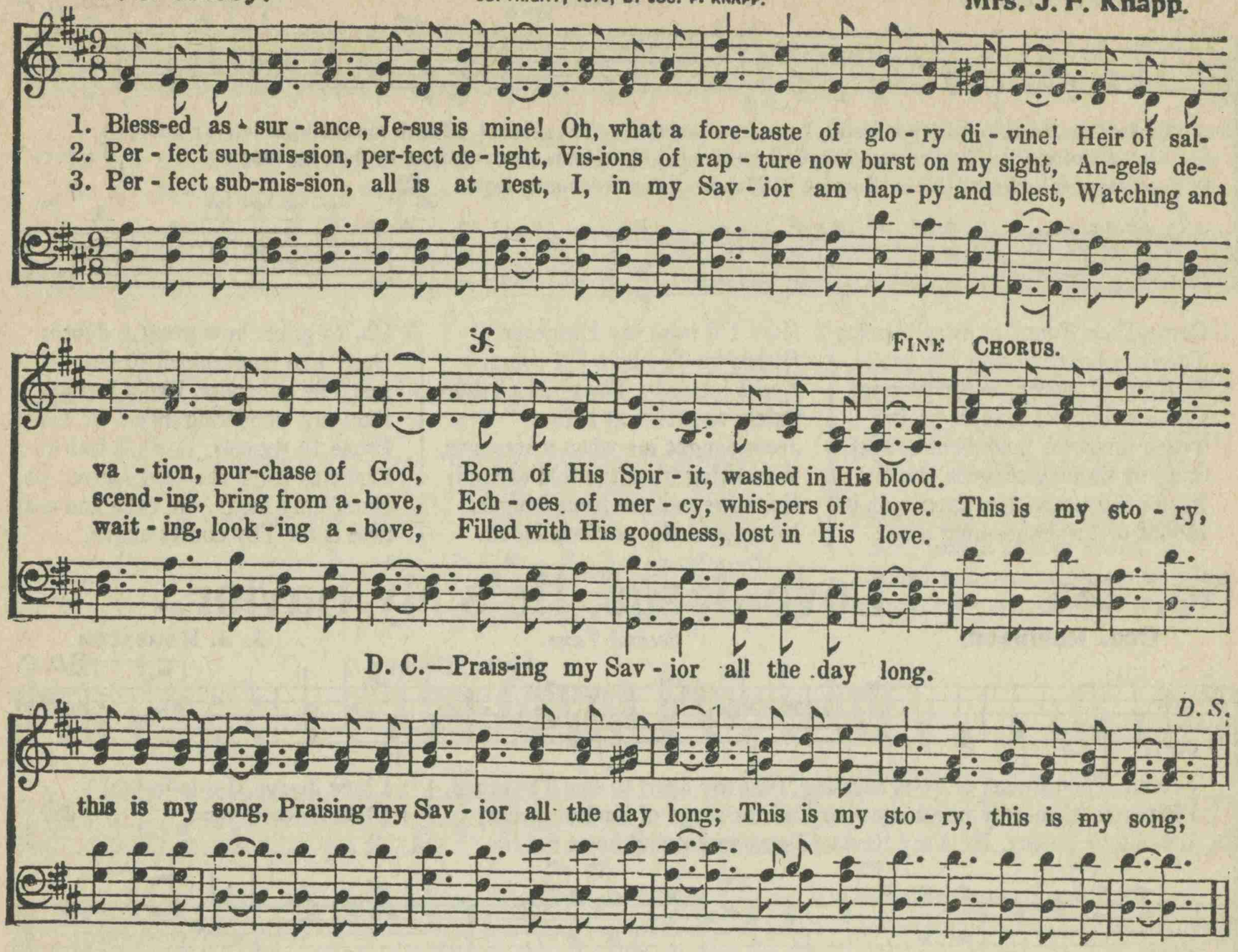
No. 232. Something for Jesus.

S. D. Phelps. *Third Tune.* **Lowell Mason.**



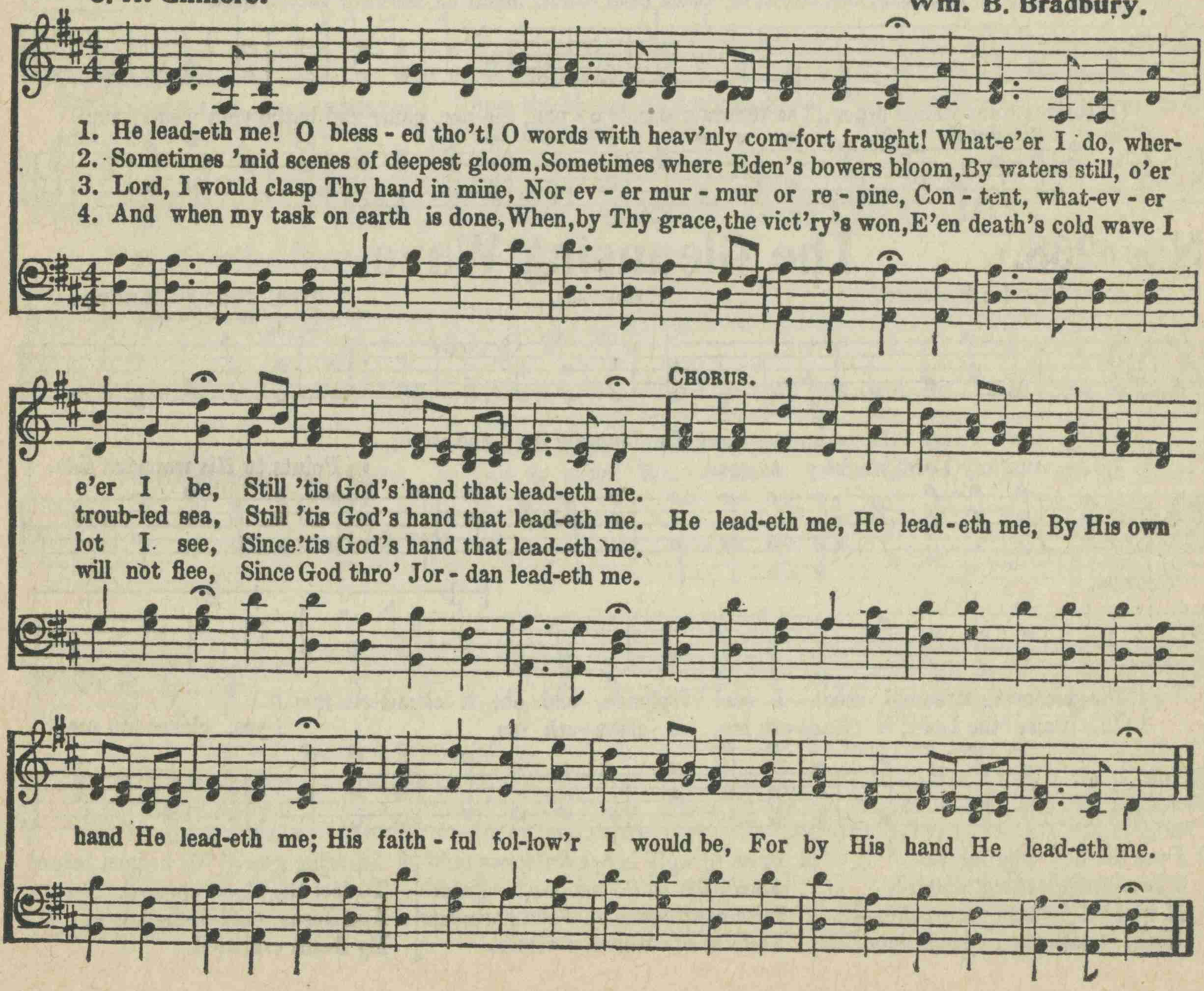
No. 233. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

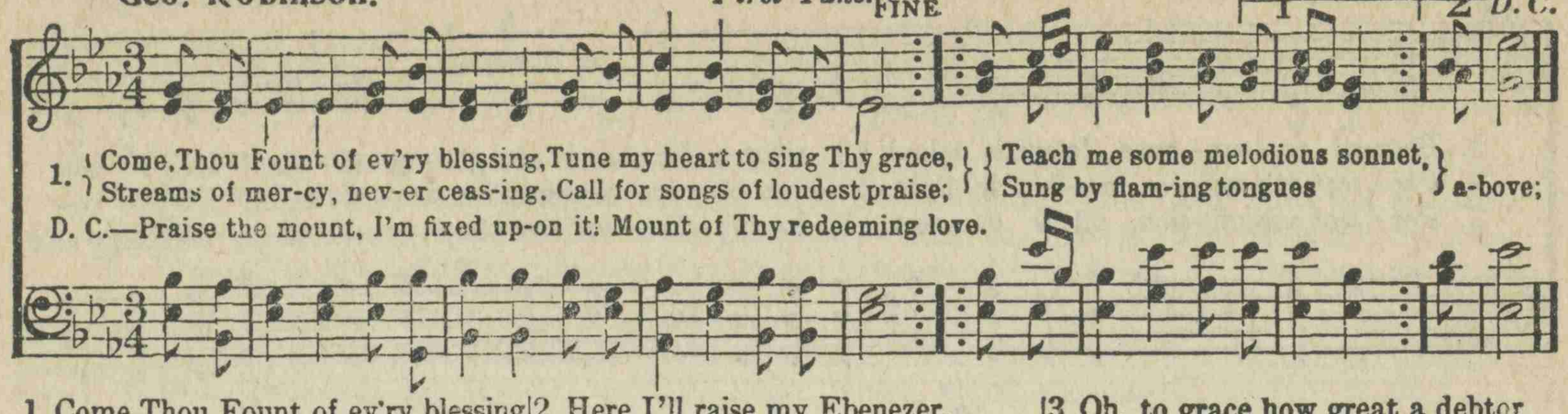


No. 234. He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.



No. 235. Come, Thou Fount.

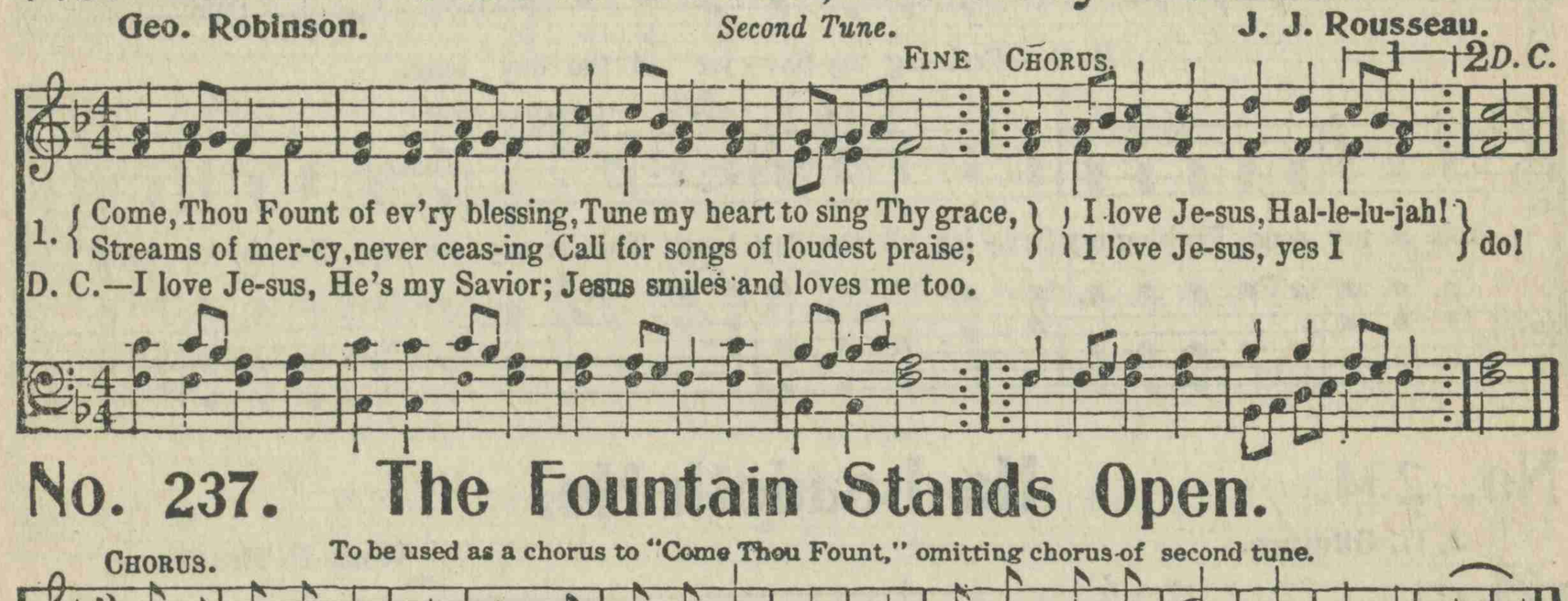
Geo. Robinson. *First Tune.* FINE John Wyeth. 1 2 D. C.

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.

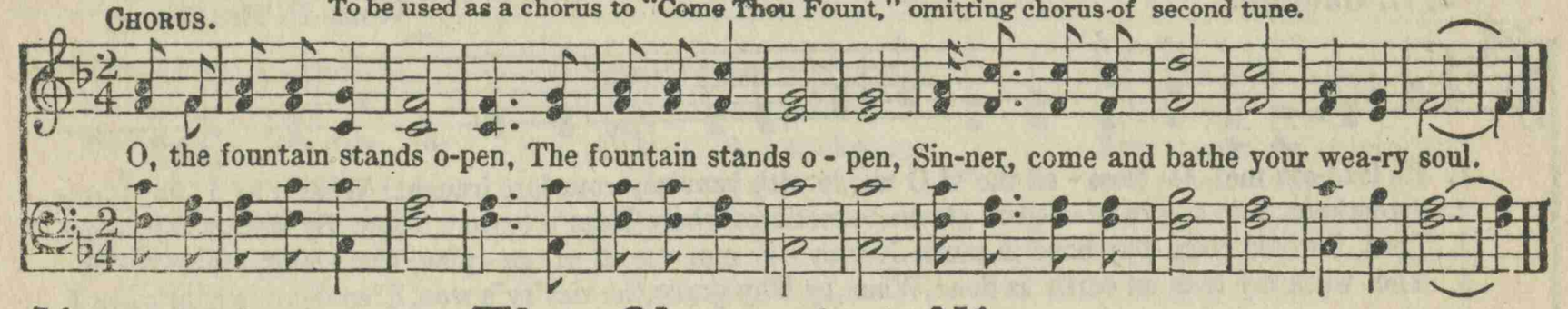
3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love; [it,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 236. I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

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

FINE CHORUS. 1 2 D. C.

No. 237. The Fountain Stands Open.

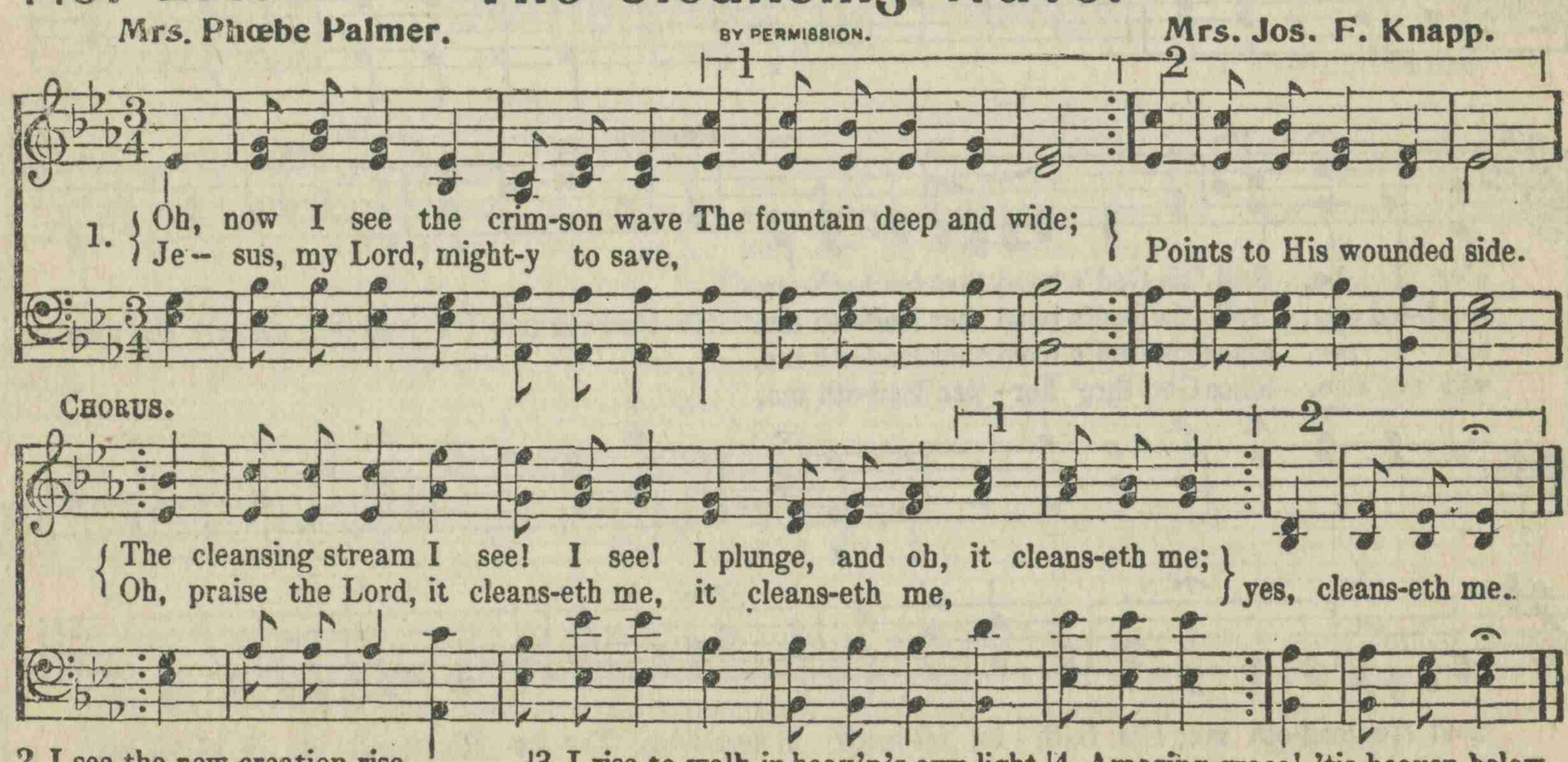
CHORUS. To be used as a chorus to "Come Thou Fount," omitting chorus of second tune.



No. 238. The Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. BY PERMISSION. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1 2



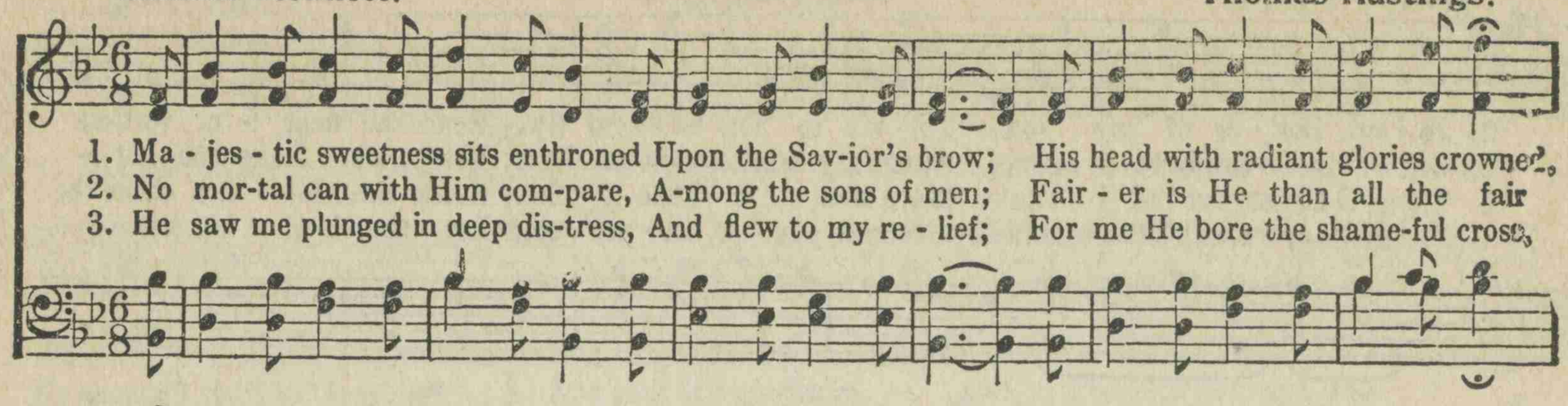
2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood:
It speaks! poluted nature dies—
Sinks 'neath the crimson flood.

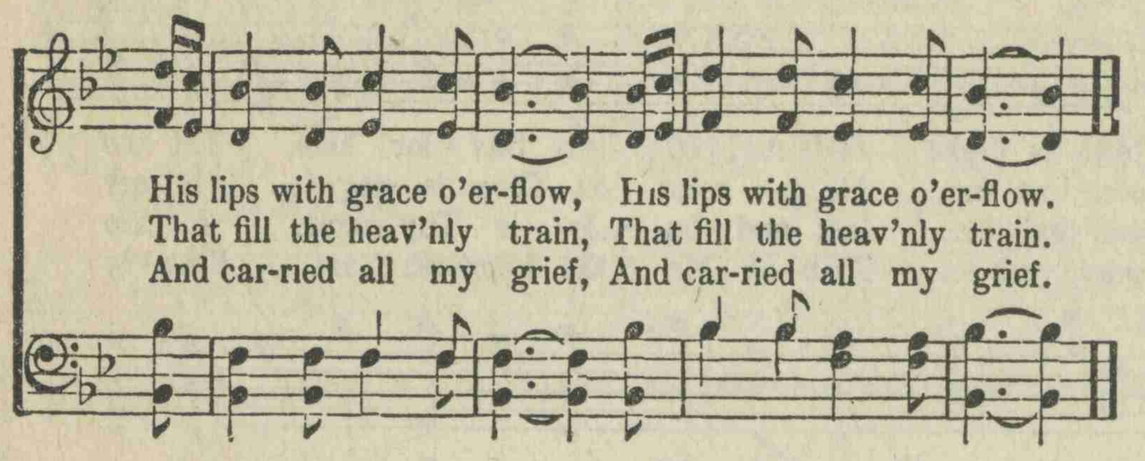
3 I rise to walk in heav'n's own light,
Above the world and sin, [white
With heart made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.

No. 245. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned,

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.



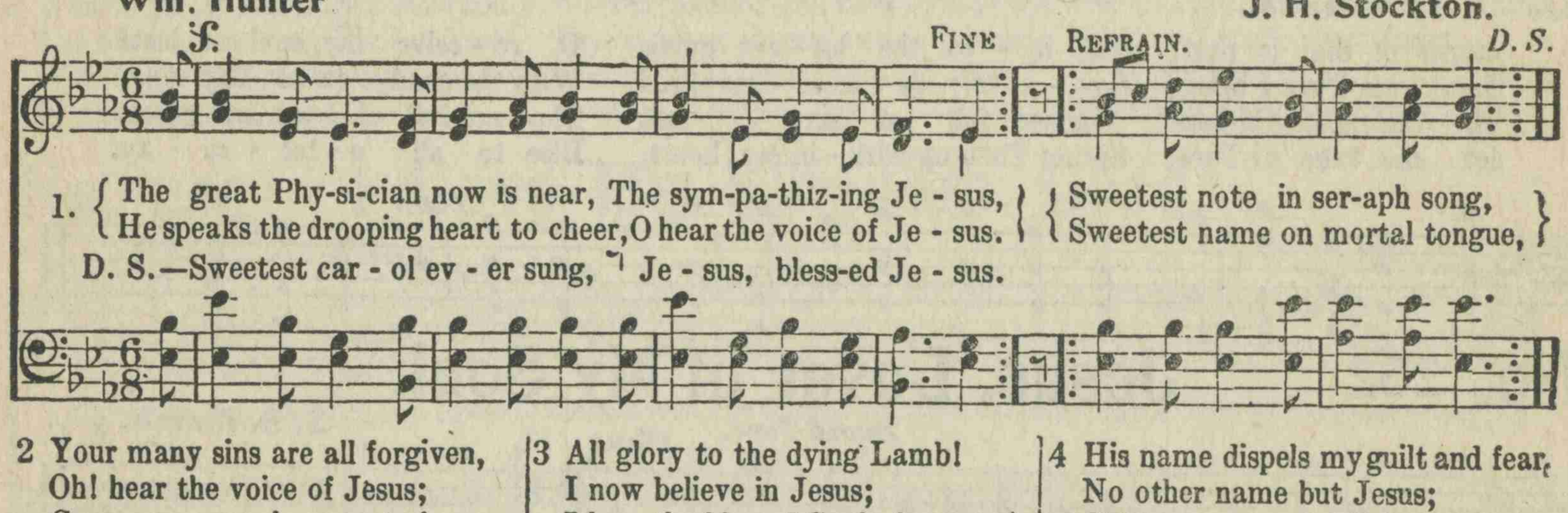


4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He make me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

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. 246. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter J. H. Stockton.

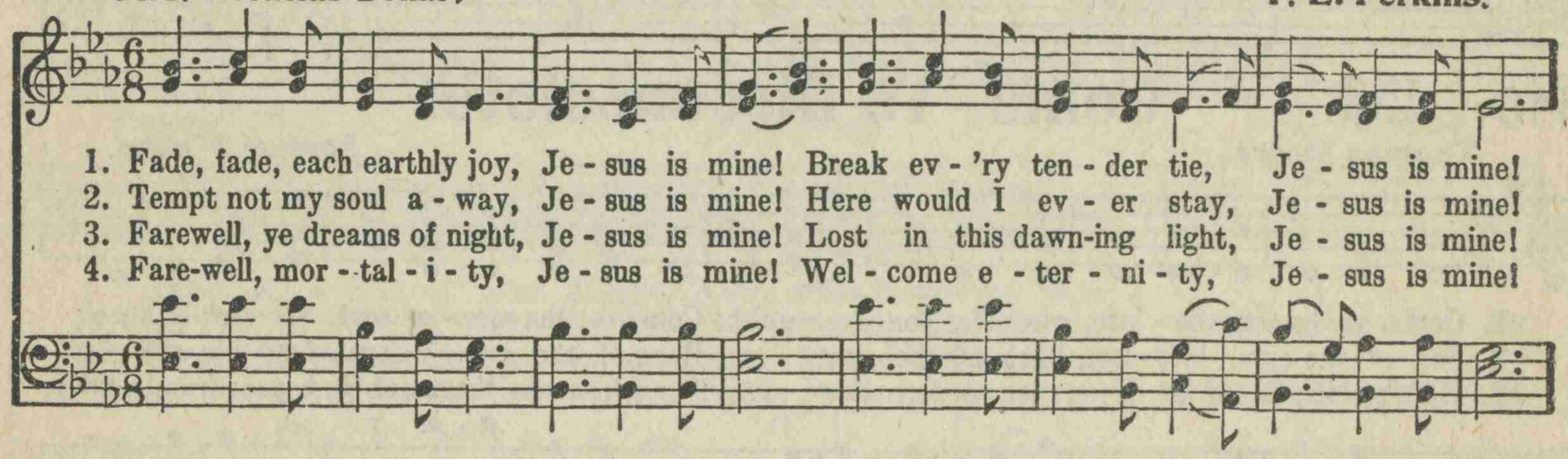
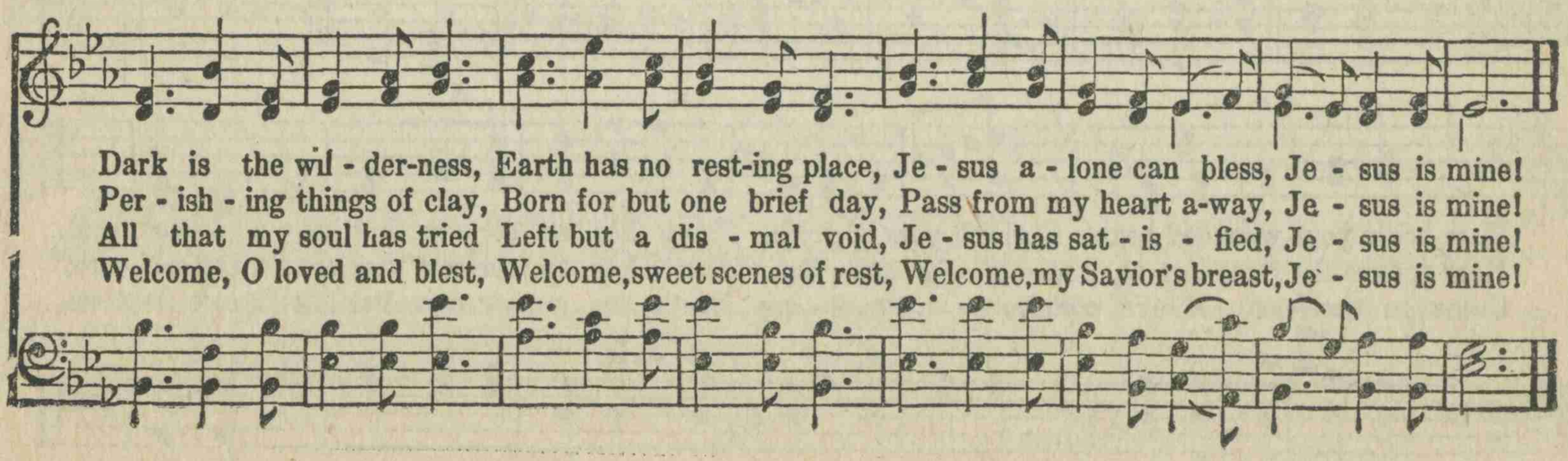


2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

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. 247. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar, T. E. Perkins.

No. 251. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

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

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa-ters
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a-
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a-

roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, Till the
lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am
bound; Make and keep me pure with-in. Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free - ly

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
all un-right-eous-ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou are full of truth and grace.
let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 252 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

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

1. { Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, } { Hide me, O, my Sav-ior hide, }
{ While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Till the storm of life is past; }

D. C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!

No. 253. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

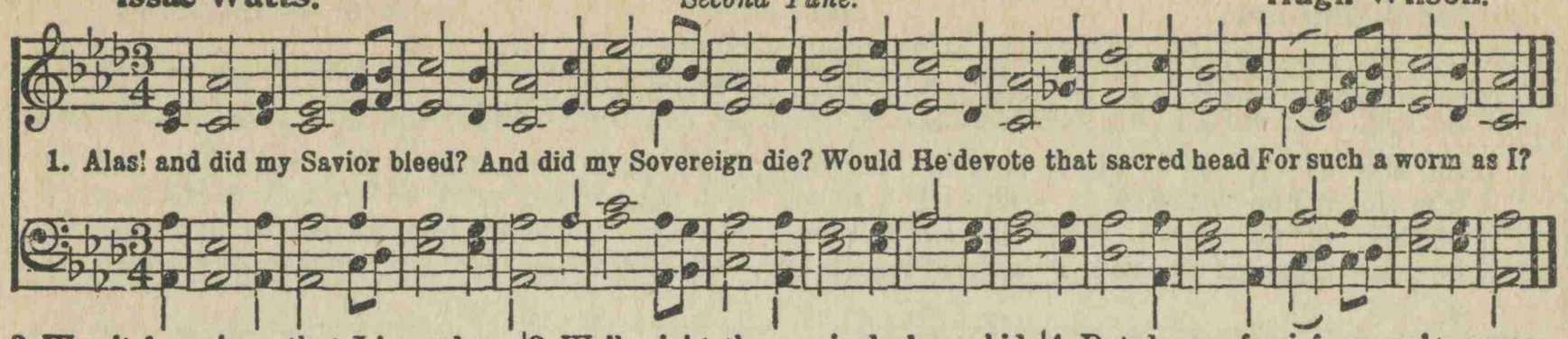
Thomas Moore. Samuel Webbe.

1. Come, ye dis-con - so - late, wher-e'er you lan - guish; Come to the mer - cy seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;
2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure;
3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a-bove;

Here bring your wounded hearts here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.
Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure,"
Come to the feast of love, come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can re-move.

No. 254. Alas! and did My Savior Bleed?

Issac Watts. *Second Tune.* Hugh Wilson.

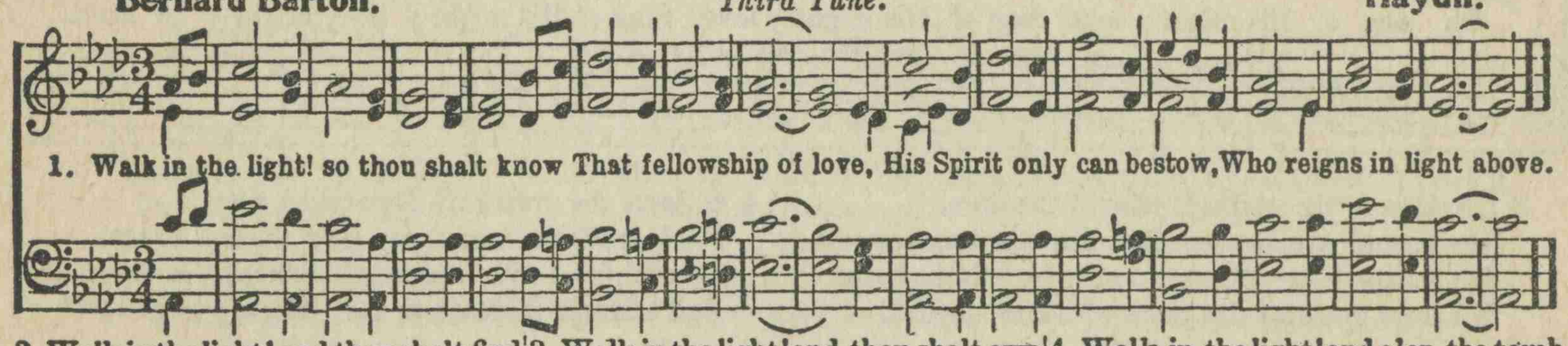


2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

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. 255. Walk in the Light.

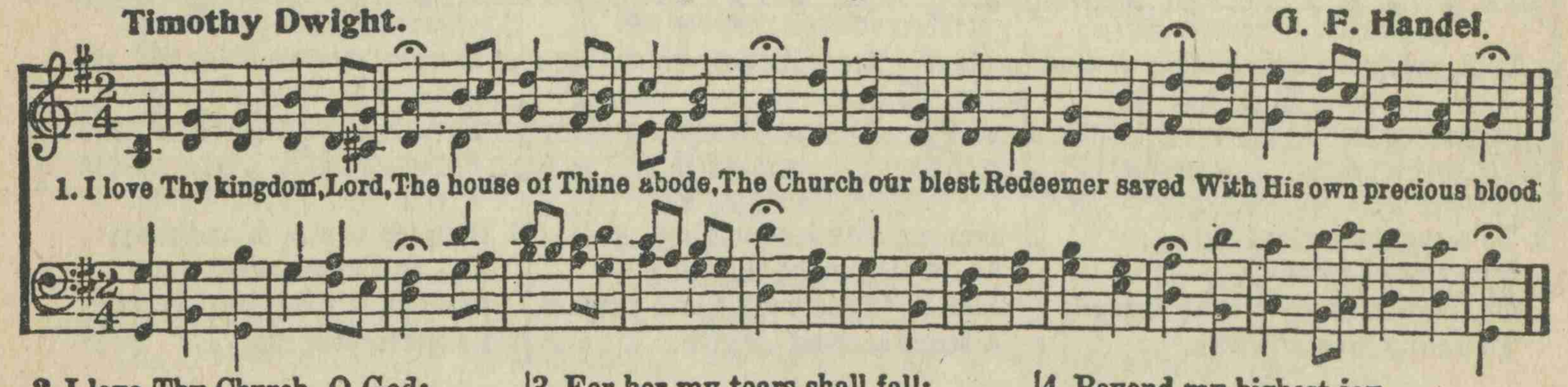
Bernard Barton. *Third Tune.* Haydn.

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. 256. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight. G. F. Handel.



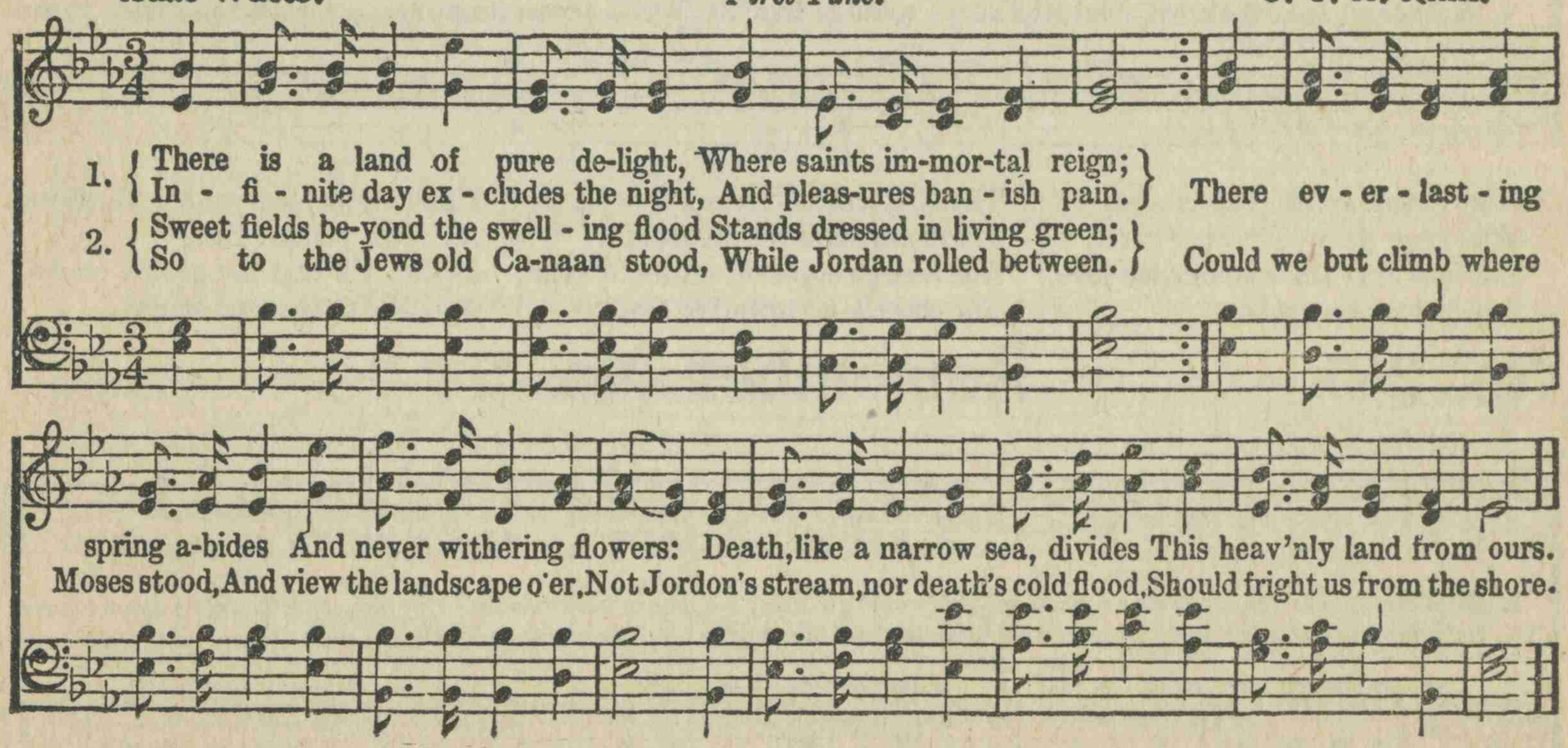
2 I love Thy Church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways, [vows,
Her sweet communion, solemn
Her hymns of love and praise.

No. 257. There Is a Land Of Pure Delight.

Isaac Watts. *First Tune.* J. C. H. Rink.



No. 262. O Sing of His Mighty Love.

Frank Bottome. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Oh, bliss of the pur - i - fied, bliss of the free, I plunge in the crim-son tide o-pen'd for me;
O'er sin and un-clean-ness ex - ult - ing I stand, And point to the print of the nails in His hand.

2. Oh, bliss of the pur - i - fied, Je - sus is mine, No long - er in dread-con-dem-na-tion I pine;
In con - scious sal-va - tion I sing of His grace, Who lift - eth up - on me the light of His face.

CHORUS. *rit.*

Oh, sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love, Might-y to save.

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

4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

No. 263. A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley. Lowell Mason.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo-ri - fy; A nev - er dy-ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

No. 264. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

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

1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev'ry one And there's a cross for me.

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.

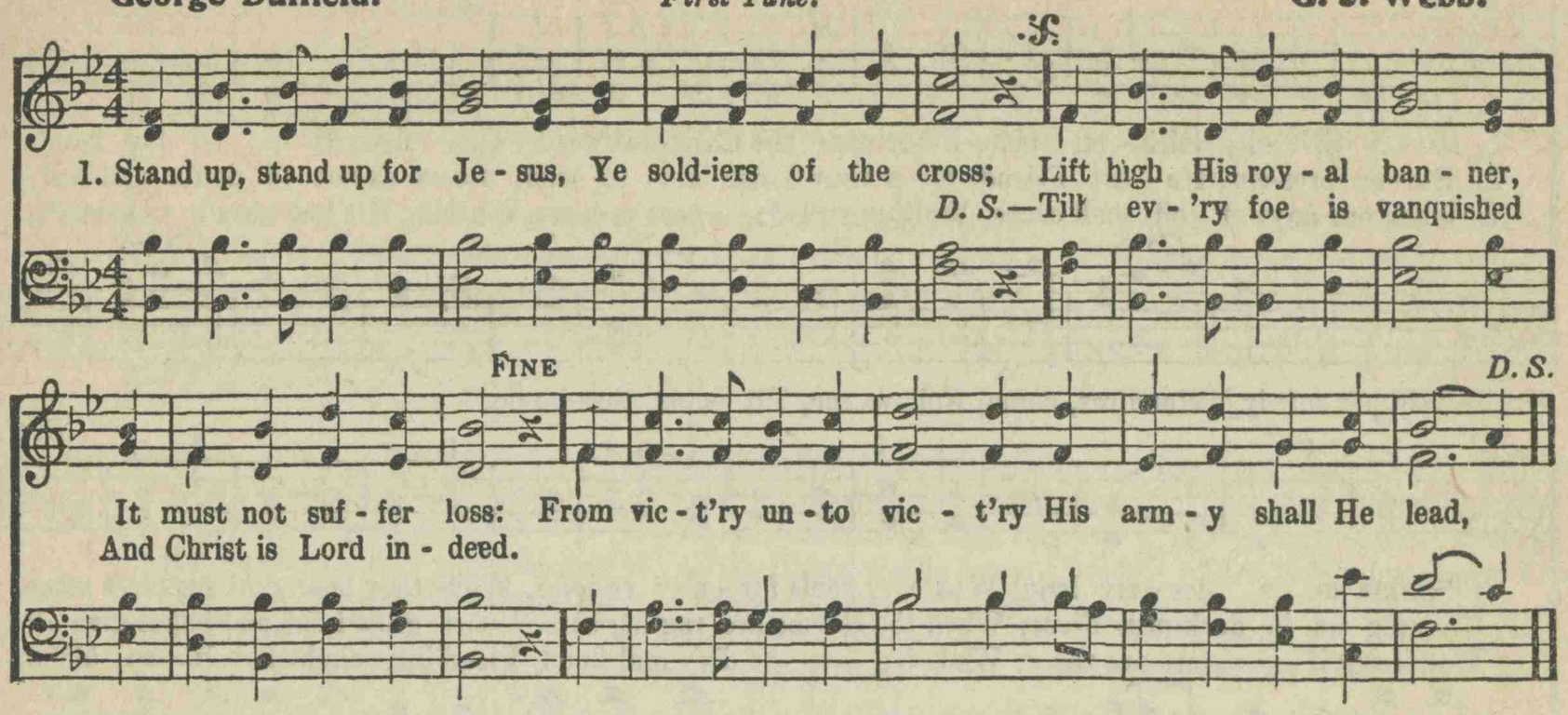
4 Upon the crystal pavement, down.
At Jesus pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown
And His dear name repeat.

No. 265. Remember Me.

1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
Cho. Help me, dear Savior, Thee to own, And ever faithful be; And when Thou sittest on Thy throne, O Lord, remember me.

No. 266. 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. 267. The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

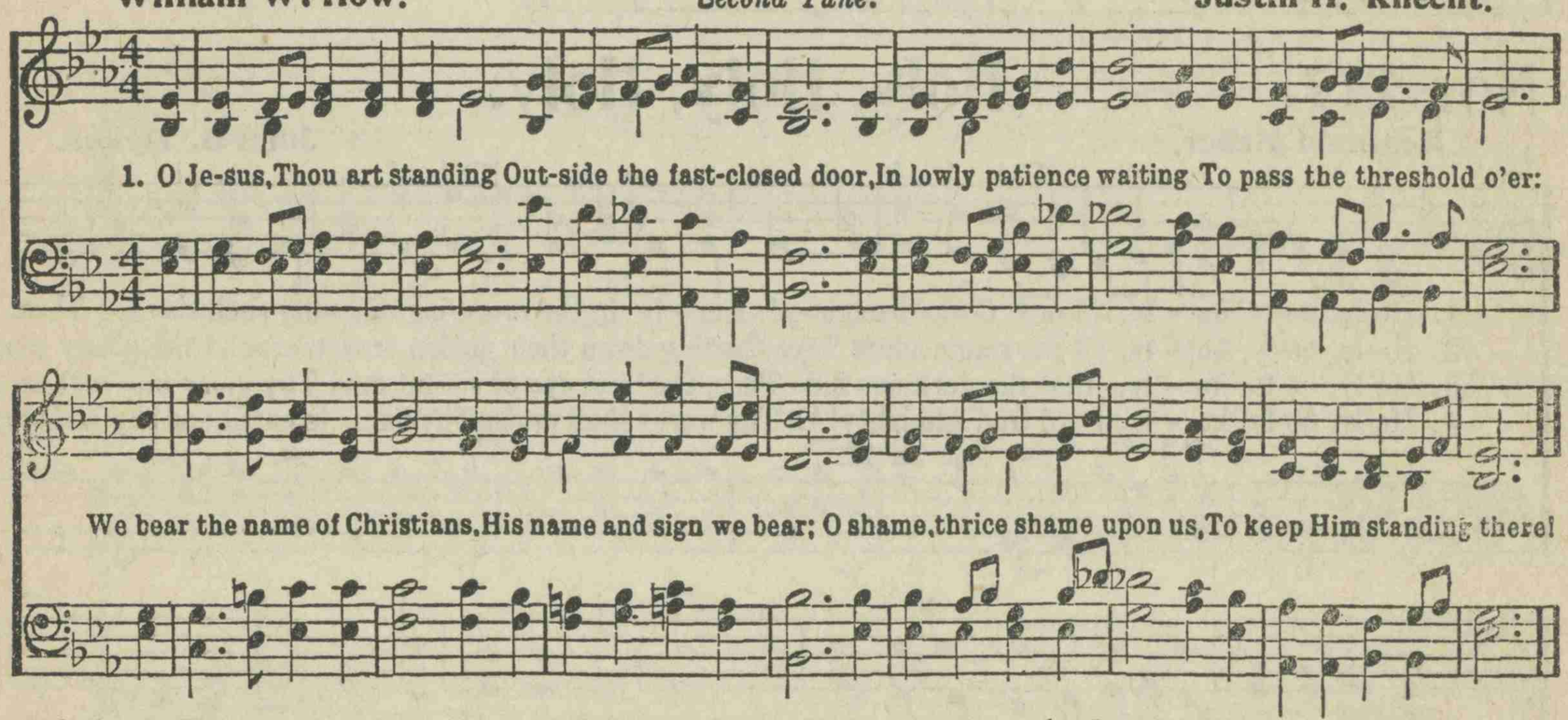
1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

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. 268. 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. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. FINE. M. M. Wells.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev-er near the Chris-tian's side, Gen - tly lead us by the hand,
2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re-lease, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,

D.C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.

Pil-grims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for - e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear; When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wondering if our names are there; Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je - sus blood;

No. 276. 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.

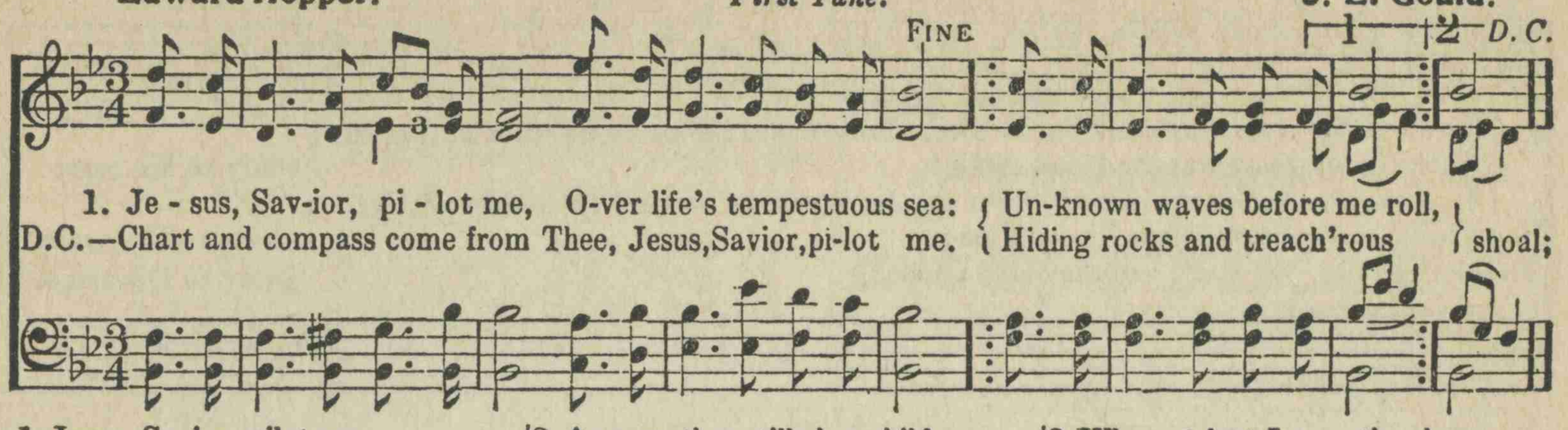
No. 277. Holy, Holy, Holy.

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. 278. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

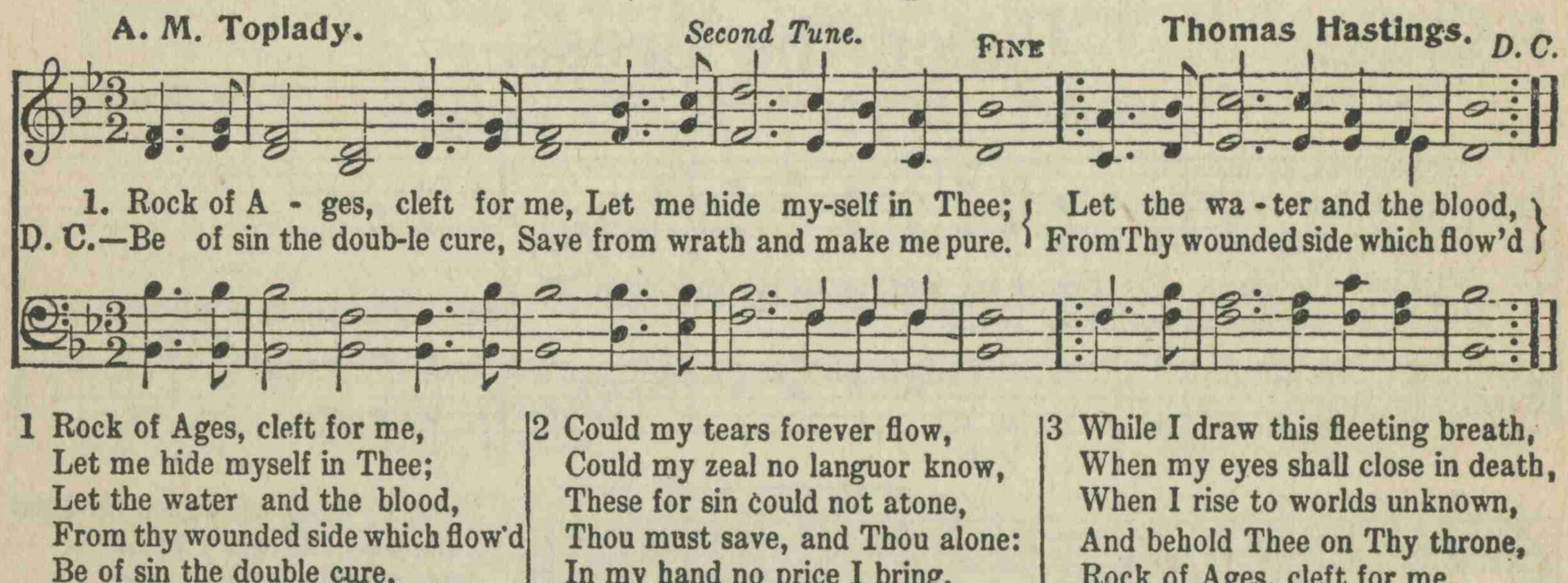
Edward Hopper. *First Tune.* J. E. Gould.

1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, pi - lot me, O-ver life's tempestuous sea: { Un-known waves before me roll,
D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me. { Hiding rocks and treach'rous } shoal;

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

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twix me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 279. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. *Second Tune.* Thomas Hastings.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; { Let the wa - ter and the blood,
D. C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. { From Thy wounded side which flow'd }

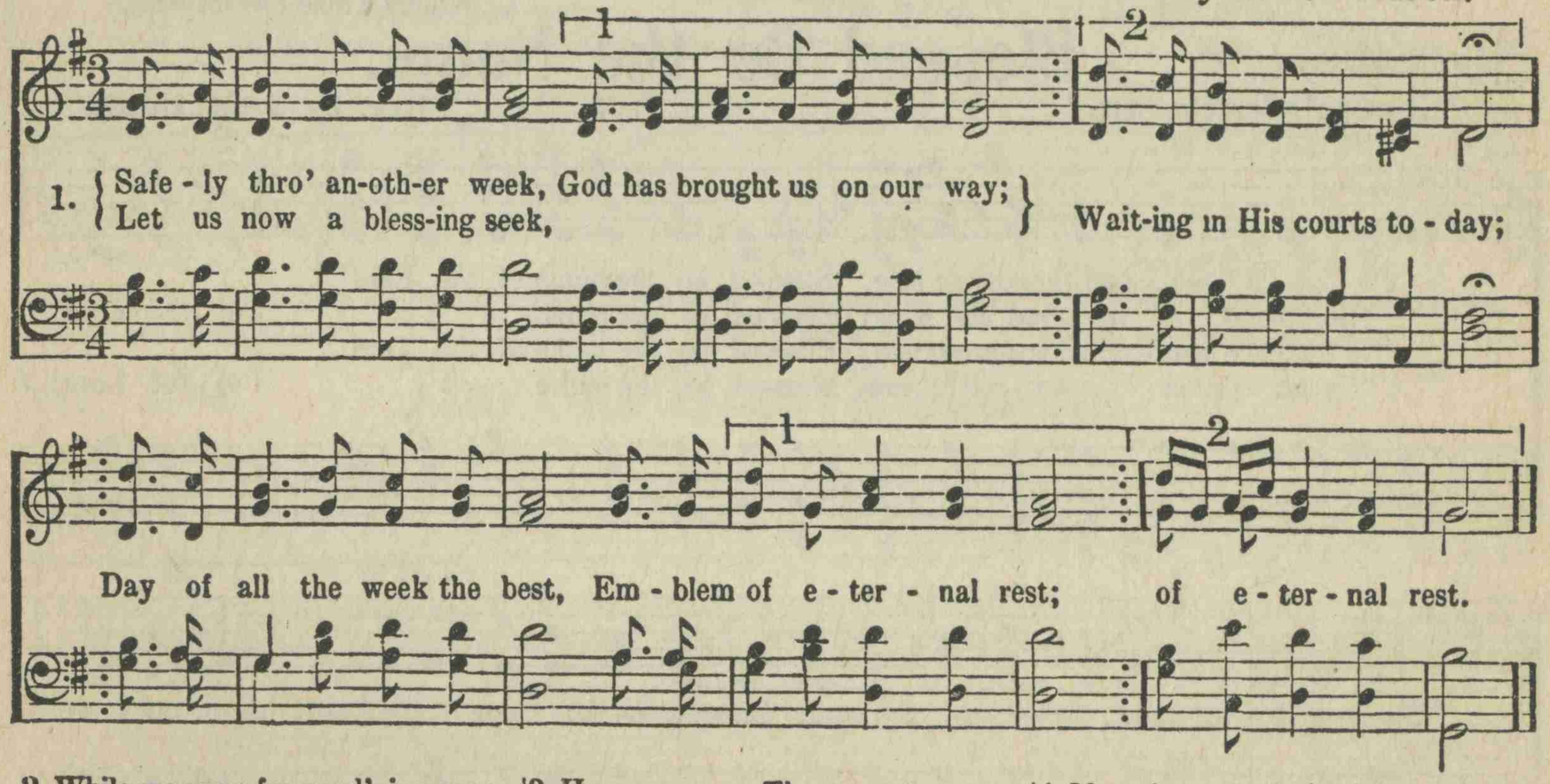
1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

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

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

No. 280. Safely Through Another Week.

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



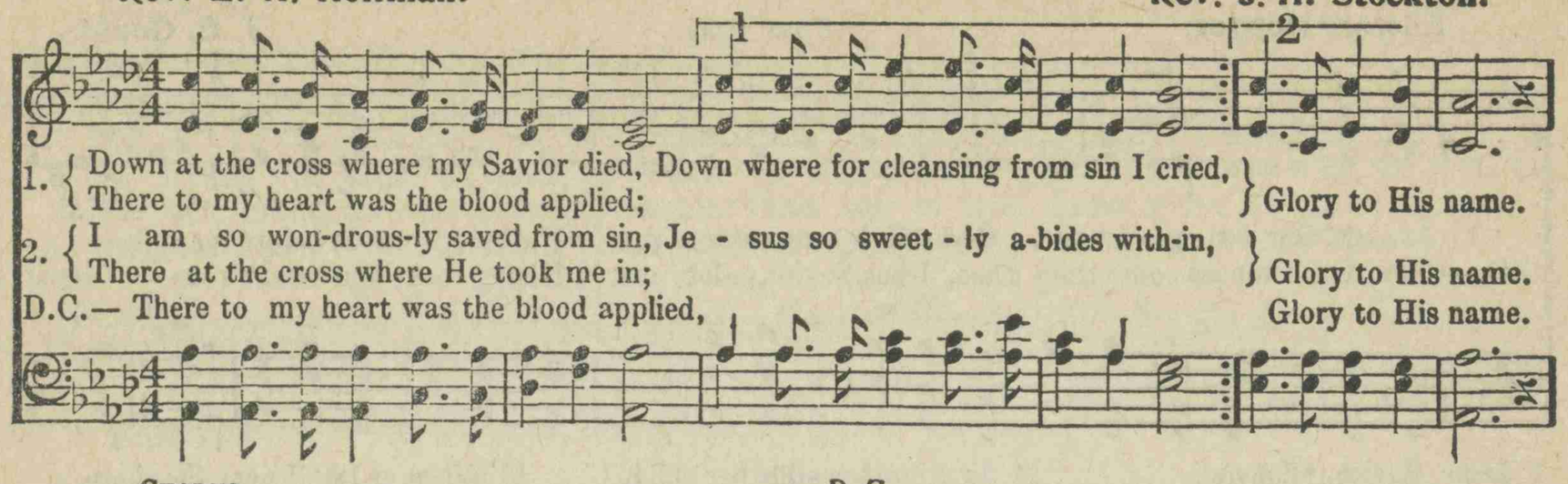
2 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

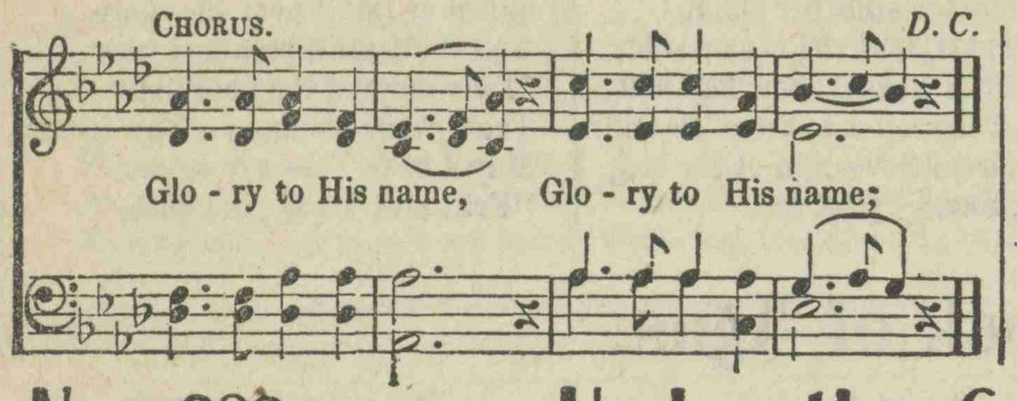
3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy pesence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

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. 281. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.



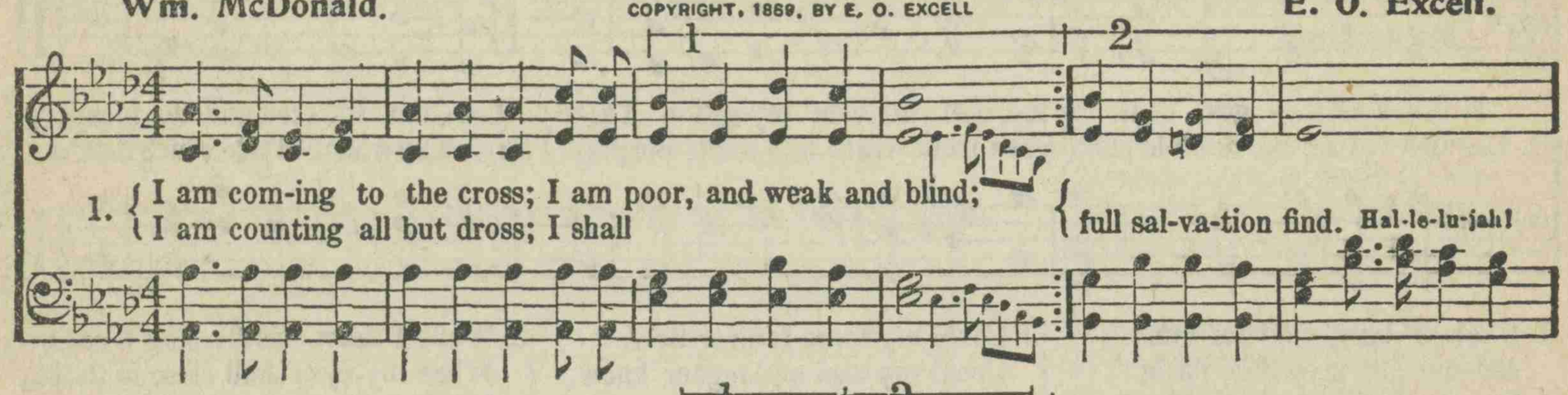


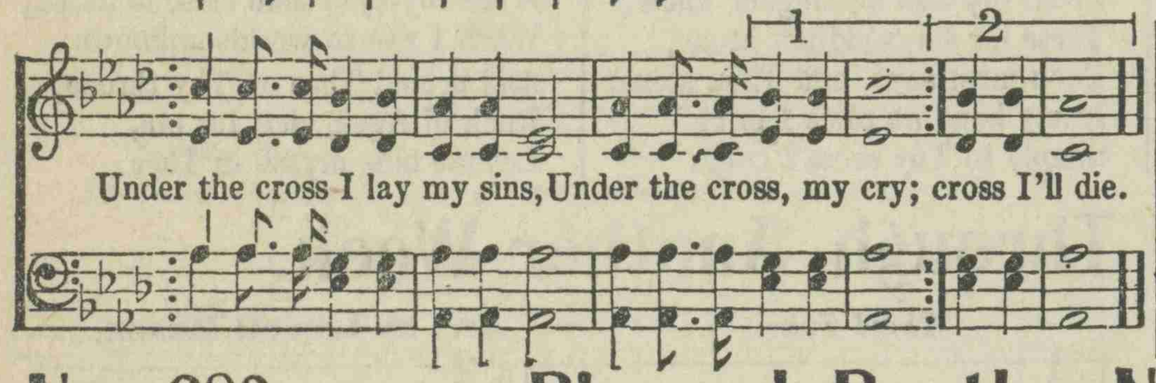
3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

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. 282. Under the Cross.

Wm. McDonald. COPYRIGHT, 1869, BY E. O. EXCELL E. O. Excell.



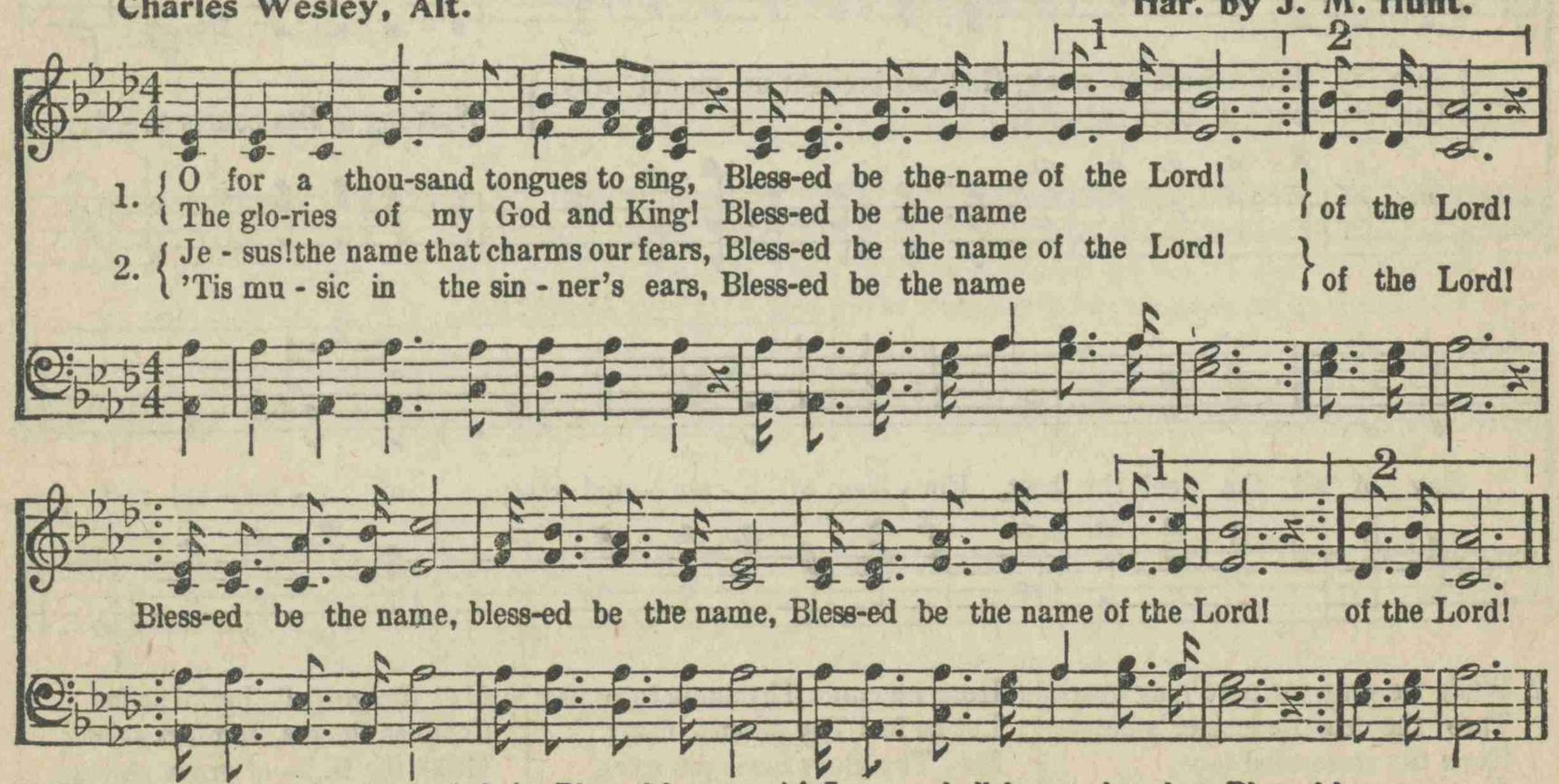


2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil reign'd within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

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

No. 283. Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt. Har. by J. M. Hunt.



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. 284. Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer.

1. { Lord Je - sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; } Break down ev-'ry i - dol, cast out ev-'ry foe;
2. { Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-plete sac-ri - fice; } I give up my-self, and what-ev - er I know;

FINE CHORUS. D. S.

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and
D. S.—I shall be whiter than snow.

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

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 285. Make Me White as Snow.

F. A. S.

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Frank A. Simpkins.

FINE

1. { Lead me, O my Sav-ior, lead me, To the fountain's crystal flow; Wash me, O my Sav-ior, wash me; } O make. Make....me white as snow.
D.S.—Wash me, O my Sav-ior, wash me, Make....me white as snow.

REFRAIN. D. S.

Whit - - - - er than the snow, Whit - - - - er than the snow,
Whit - er than the snow, yes. whit - er than the snow; Whit-er than the snow, yes, whit - er than the snow.

2 Guide me, O my Savior, guide me,
For I know not where to go;
Guide me to the crystal fountain,
Make me white as snow.

3 Teach me, O my Savior, teach me,
More Thy love to others show;
Teach me how to better serve Thee
Make me white as snow.

4 Keep me, O my Savior, keep me,
From temptation here below;
Keep me, O my Savior, keep me,
Keep me white as snow.

No. 286. The Old Time Religion.

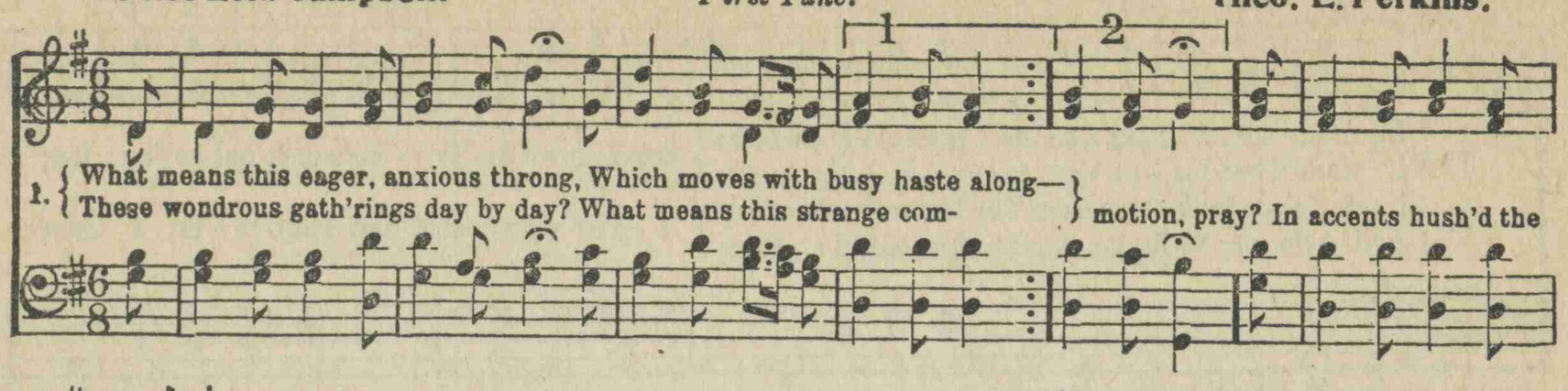
Unknown. E. O. E. Arr.

CHO—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, And it's good enough for me.
1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, And it's good enough for me.

2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It will take us all to heaven.

No. 287. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

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



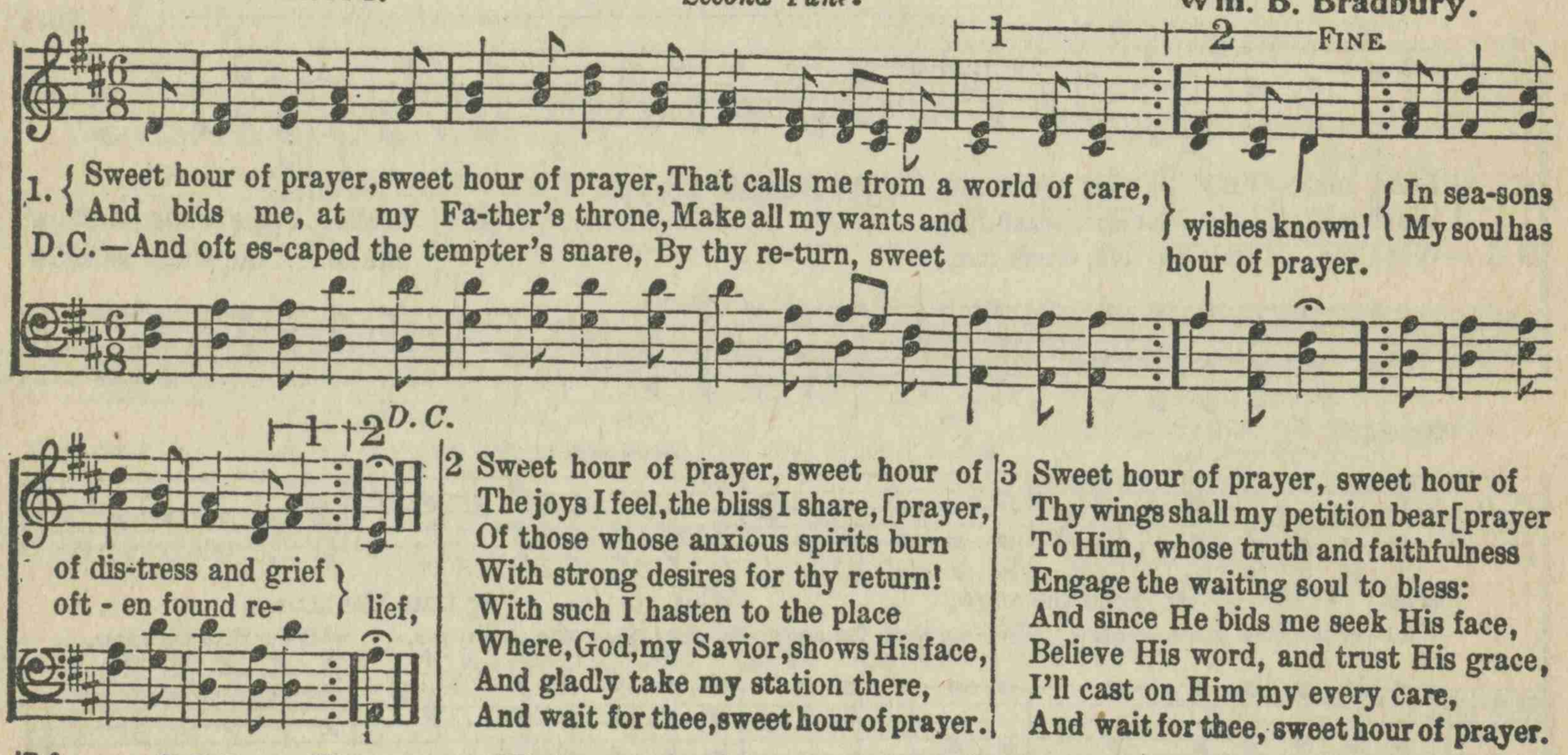
2 Who is this Jesus? why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

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. 288. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

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

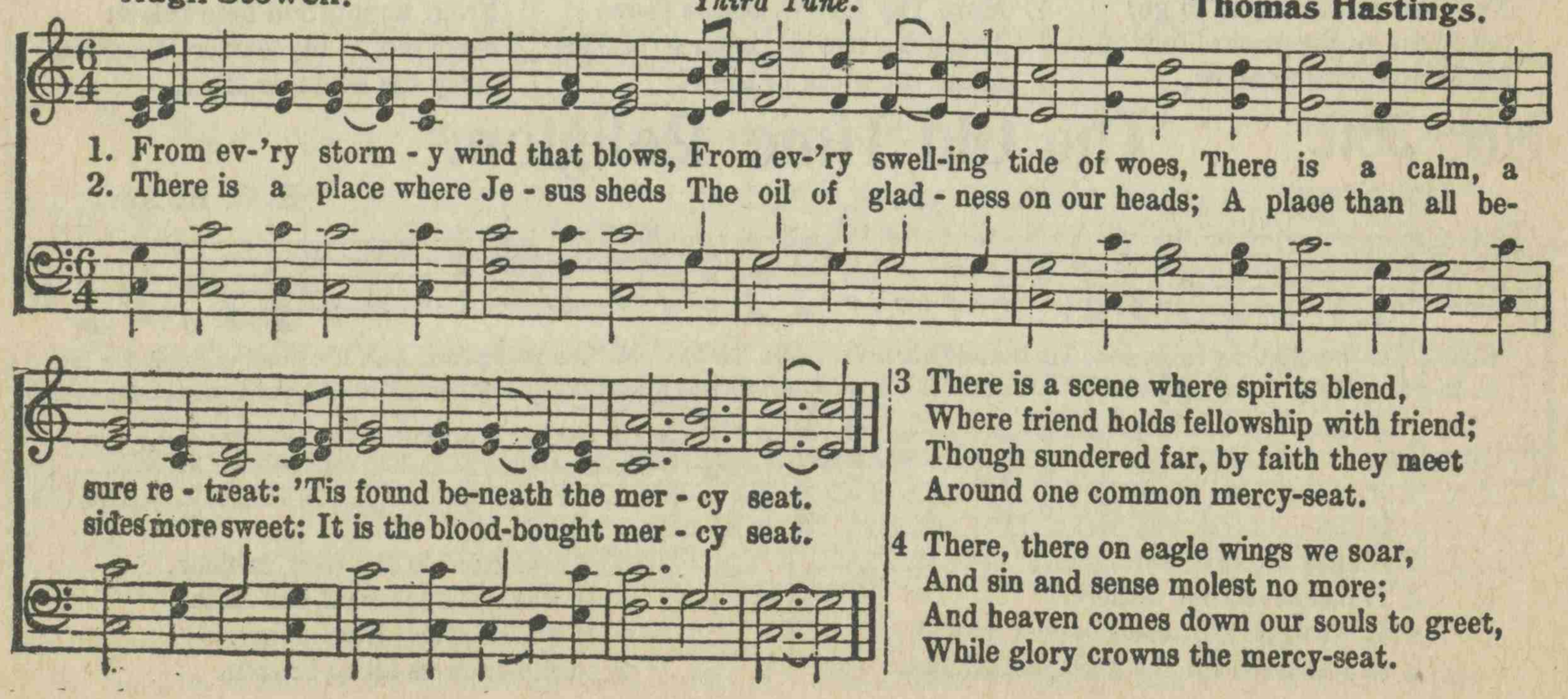


2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
The joys I feel, the bliss I share, [prayer,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

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. 289. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

Hugh Stowell. *Third Tune.* **Thomas Hastings.**

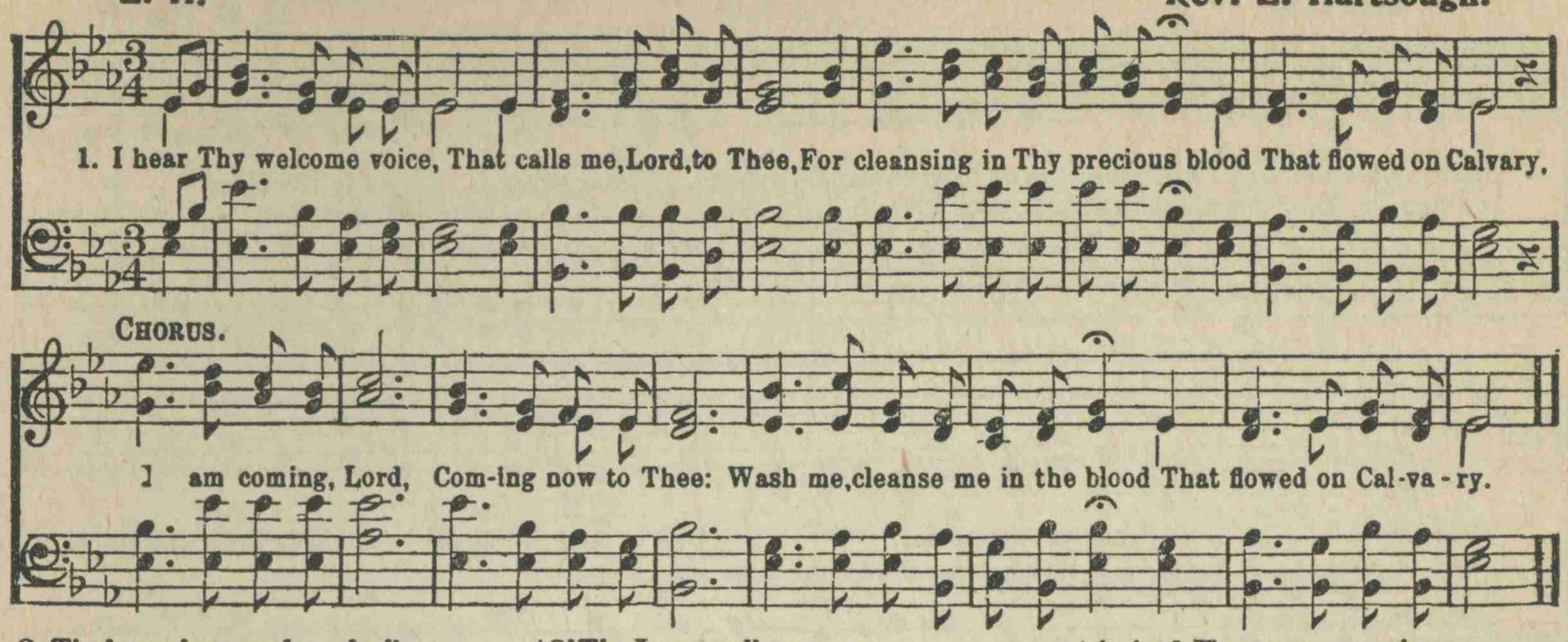


3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

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. 294. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.



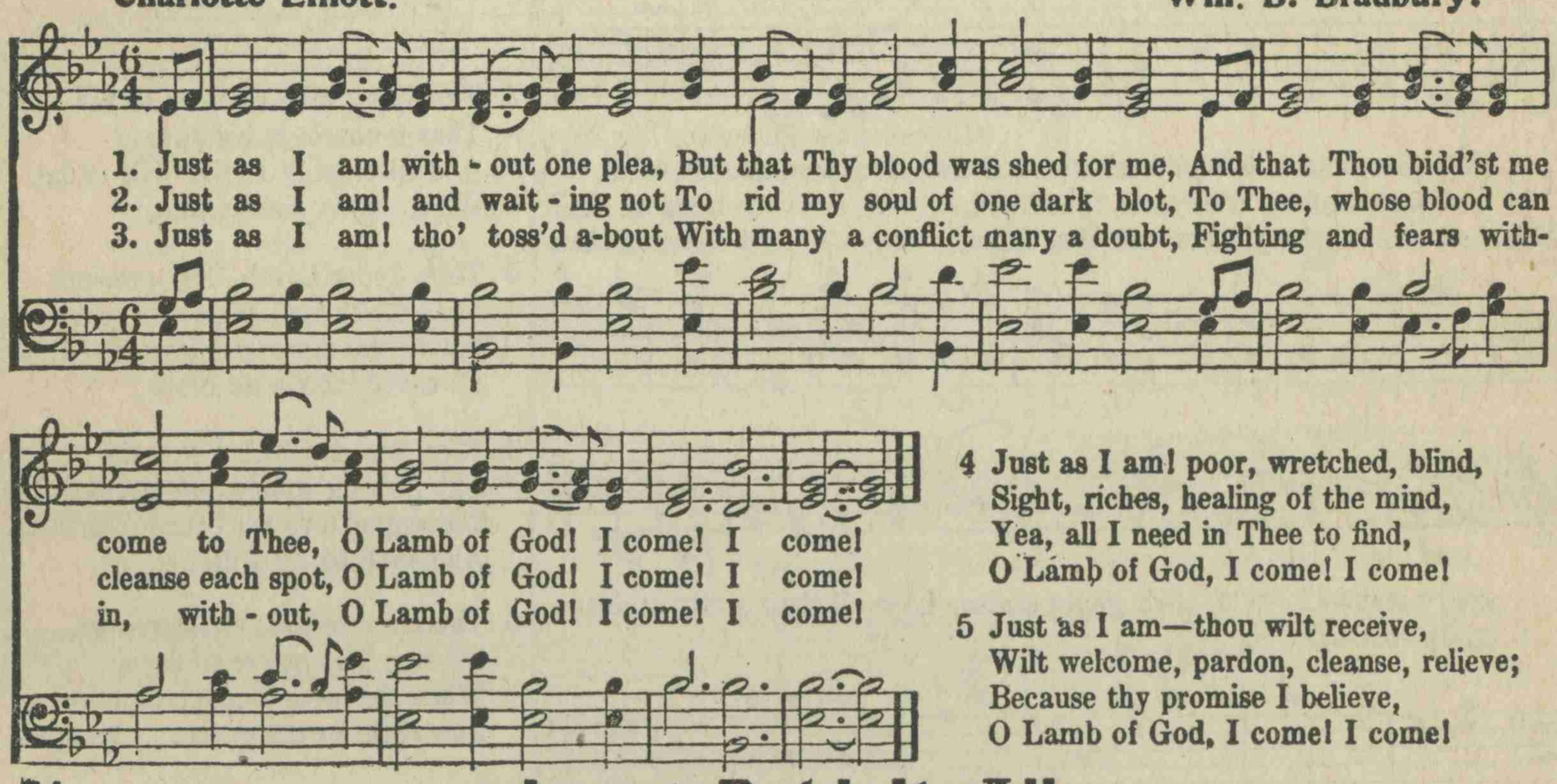
2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

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. 295. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

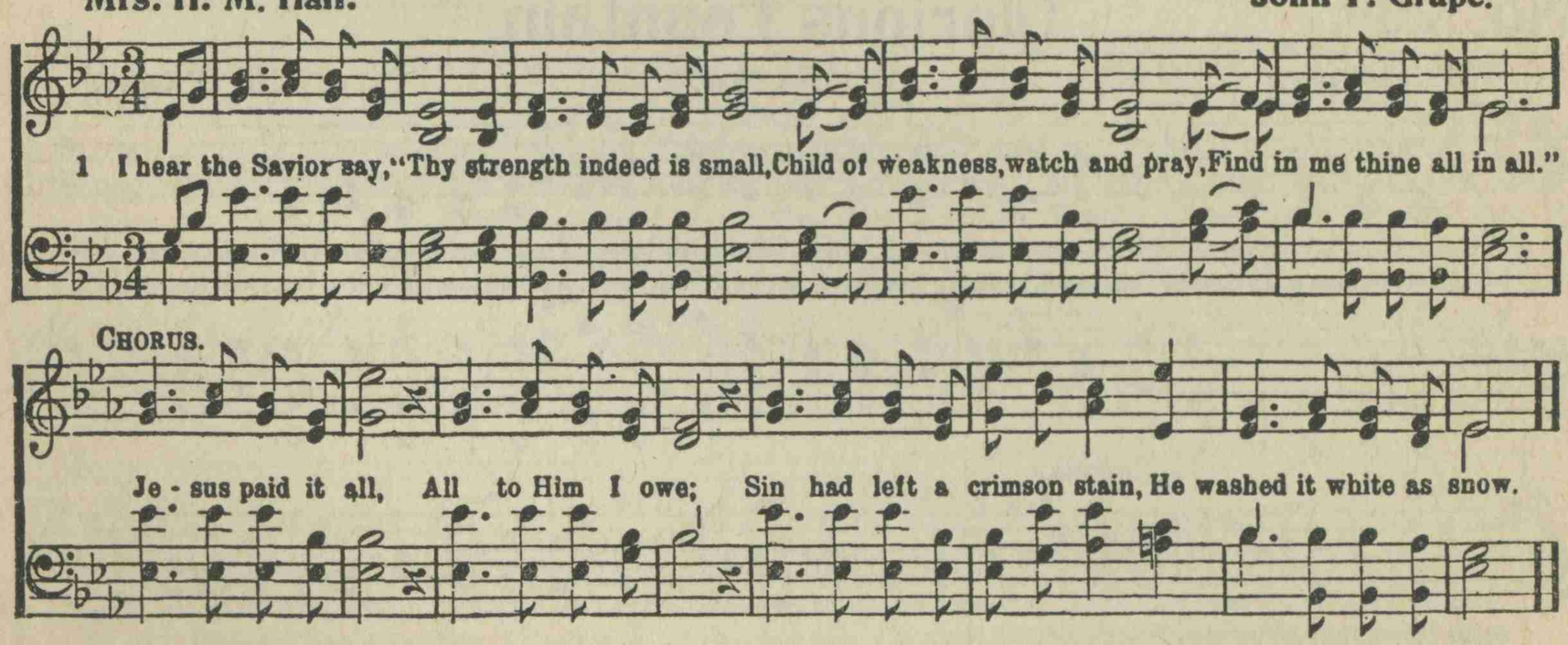


4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

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. 296. 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. 297. Wash Me in the Blood.

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W. Cowper. *First Tune.* E. O. Excell.

CHORUS.

There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

Savior wash..... me in the blood,
Savior, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb.

Sav-ior wash..... me in the blood, Oh, And I shall be whit-er than the snow.
Sav - ior wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Oh,

No. 298... There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their
D.S. And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their

guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;
guilty stains;

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious 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. 299. Glorious Fountain.

W. Cowper. *Third Tune.* T. C. O'Kane.

1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose

CHORUS.

from Immanuel's veins;
all their guilty stains.

Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

No. 303. 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,

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.

CHORUS.

'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 304. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. **Wm. B. Bradbury.**

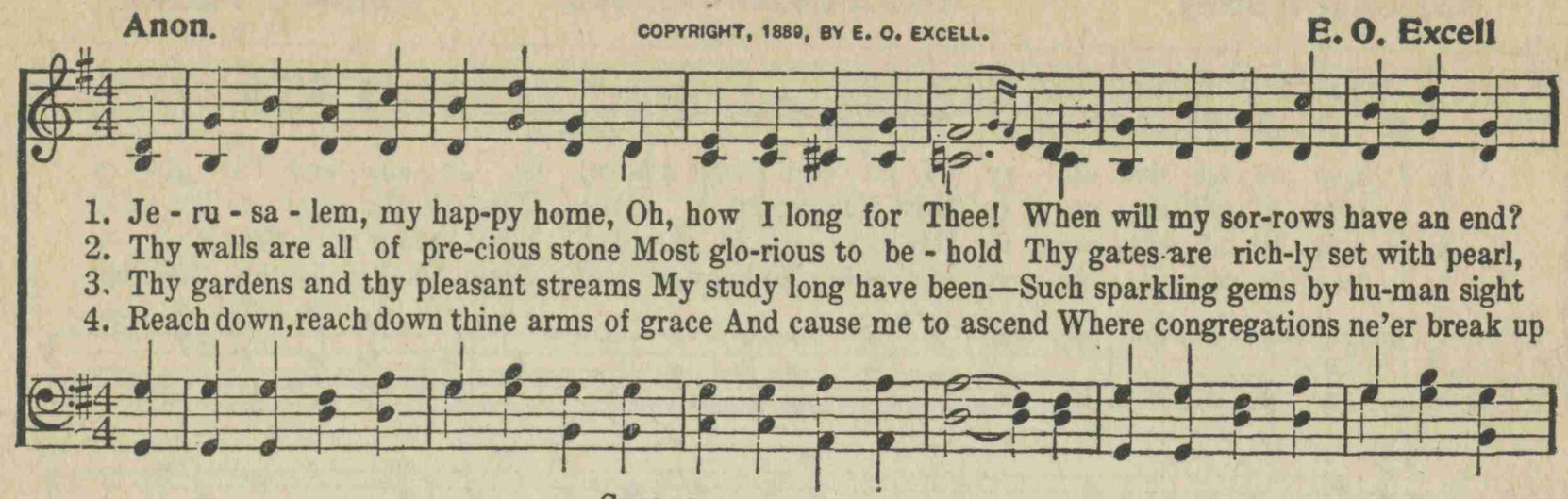
1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
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. 305. My Happy Home.

Anon. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell

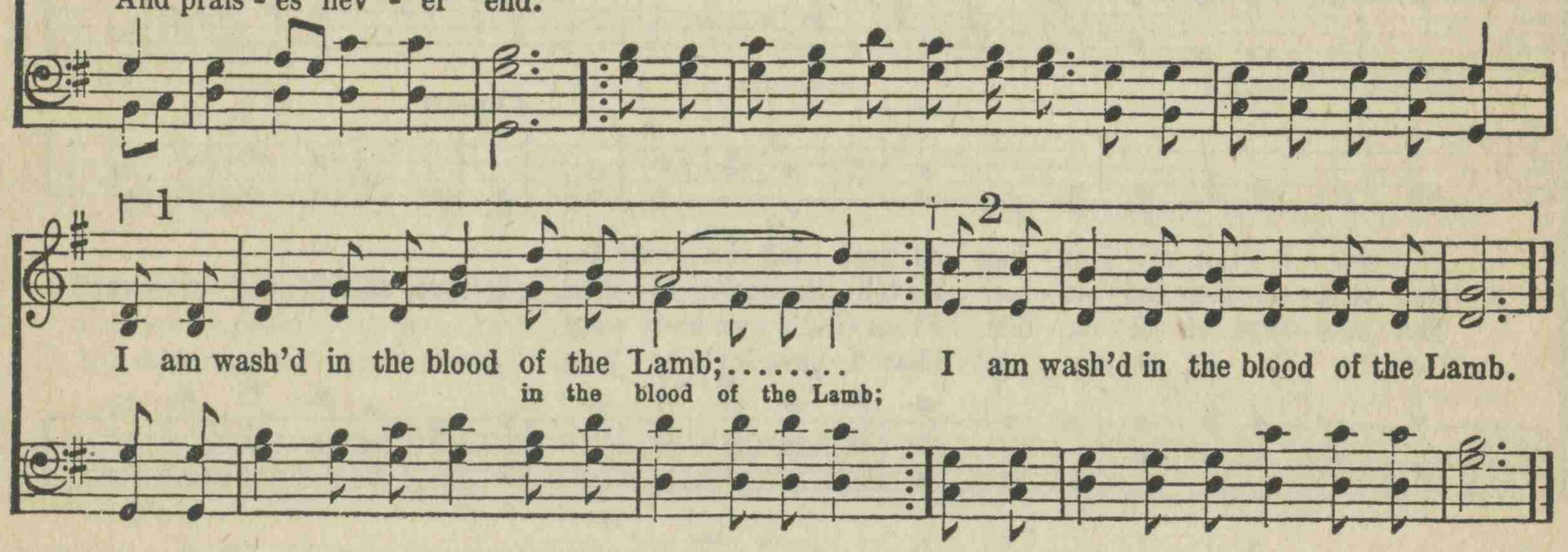
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap-py home, Oh, how I long for Thee! When will my sor-rows have an end?
2. Thy walls are all of pre-cious stone Most glo-rious to be - hold Thy gates are rich-ly set with pearl,
3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams My study long have been—Such sparkling gems by hu-man sight
4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace And cause me to ascend Where congregations ne'er break up



CHORUS.

Thy joys, when shall I see?
Thy streets are paved with gold.
Have nev - er yet been seen.
And prais - es nev - er end.

I will meet you in the cit - y of the New Je - ru - sa - lem,



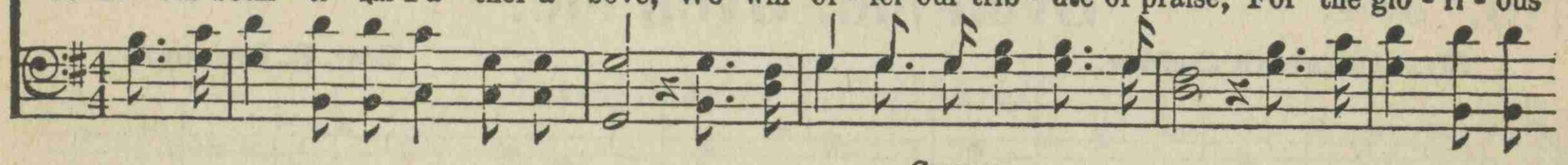
1 I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;.....
in the blood of the Lamb;

2 I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

No. 306. Sweet By-and-By.

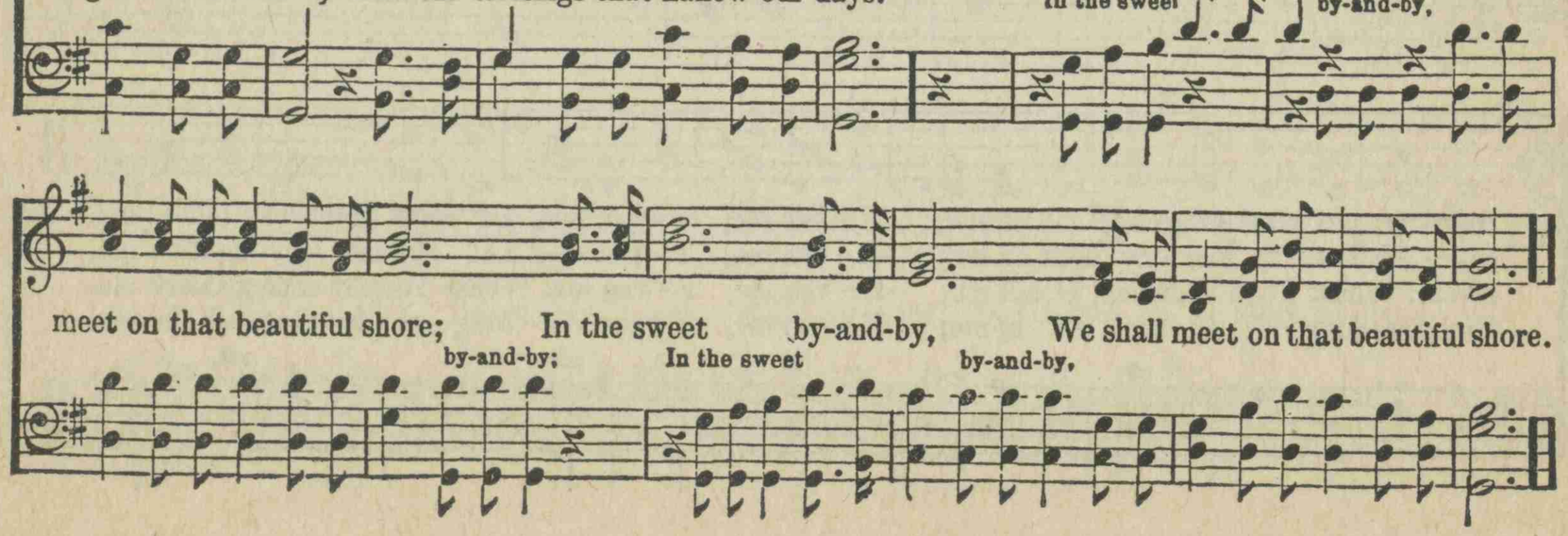
S. Fillmore Bennett. BY PERMISSION. Jos. P. Webster.

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



CHORUS.

o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwelling place there.
sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall
gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days. In the sweet by-and-by,



meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
by-and-by; In the sweet by-and-by,

No. 307. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. — J. H. Stockton.

1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That wash-es white as snow.
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.

{ On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now; / He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now. }

No. 308. 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,

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. 309. 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. 310. When I Can Read My Title Clear.

Isaac Watts. J. C. Lowry.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,..... I bid fare-well to
2. Should earth a-gainst my soul en-gage, And fi - ery darts be hurled,.... Then I can smile at
3. Let cares like a wild del - uge come And storms of sor-row fall,..... May I but safe - ly
4. There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'nly rest,..... And not a wave of

FINE D. S.

ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. And wipe my weeping eyes,.. And wipe my weeping eyes,..
Sa-tan's rage, And face a frowning world. And face a frowning world,..And face a frowning world...
reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all. My God, my heav'n, my all,.. My God, my heav'n, my all...
troub-le roll A-cross my peaceful breast. A - cross my peaceful breast,. A - cross my peaceful breast,..

No. 311. Holy Manna.

Baptist Harmony. Arr. by A. J. S.

FINE. REFRAIN.

1. { Breth-ren, we have met to wor - ship And a - dore the Lord our God. / Will you pray with all your pow-er While we try to preach the Word? } All is vain un-
2. { Breth-ren, see poor sin - ners 'round you Slumb'ring on the brink of woe; / Death is com-ing, hell is mov - ing, Can you bear to let them go? }

D. C.—*Breth - ren, pray that ho - ly man - na May be show-ered all a - round.*

D. C.

less the Spir-it Of the Ho - ly One comes down;

3 Sisters, will you join and help us
While we struggle hard with sin;
Will you tell to trembling mourners
Jesus waits to welcome them?

4 Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other, too,
Let us love and pray for sinners,
Till our God makes all things new.

No. 312. Come to Jesus.

Unknown. Arr. by E. O. E.

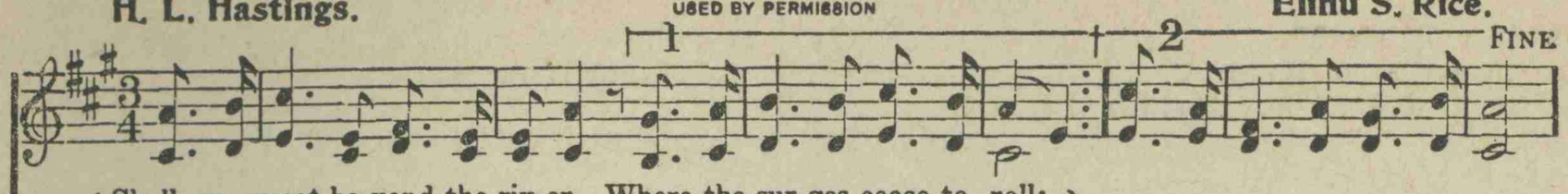
1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now; Just now come to

Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

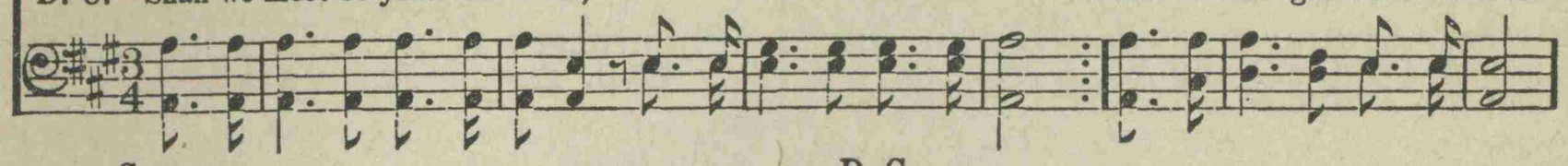
2 He will save you.
3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 Call upon Him.
6 He will hear you.
7 He'll forgive you.
8 He will cleanse you.
9 He'll renew you.
10 Jesus loves you.
11 Only trust Him.

No. 313. Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings. USED BY PERMISSION Elihu S. Rice.



1. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll; / Where in all the bright for-ev-er, } Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
2. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, When our stormy voyage is o'er? / Shall we meet and cast the anchor, } By the bright ce-les-tial shore?

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

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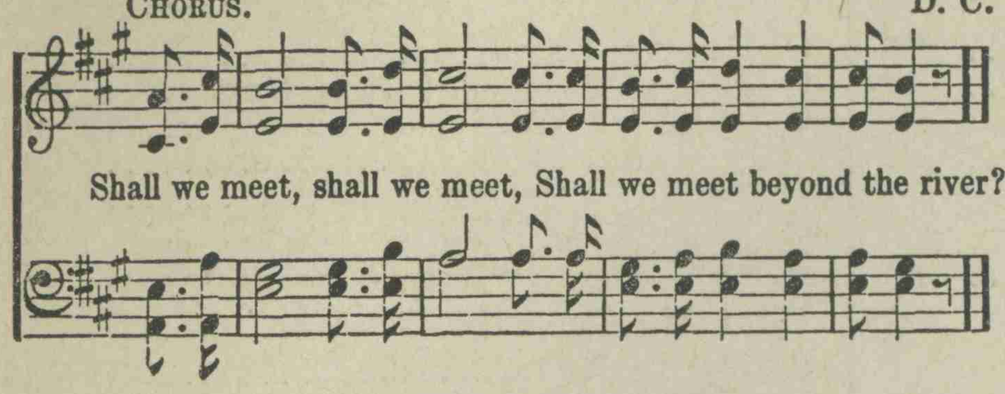
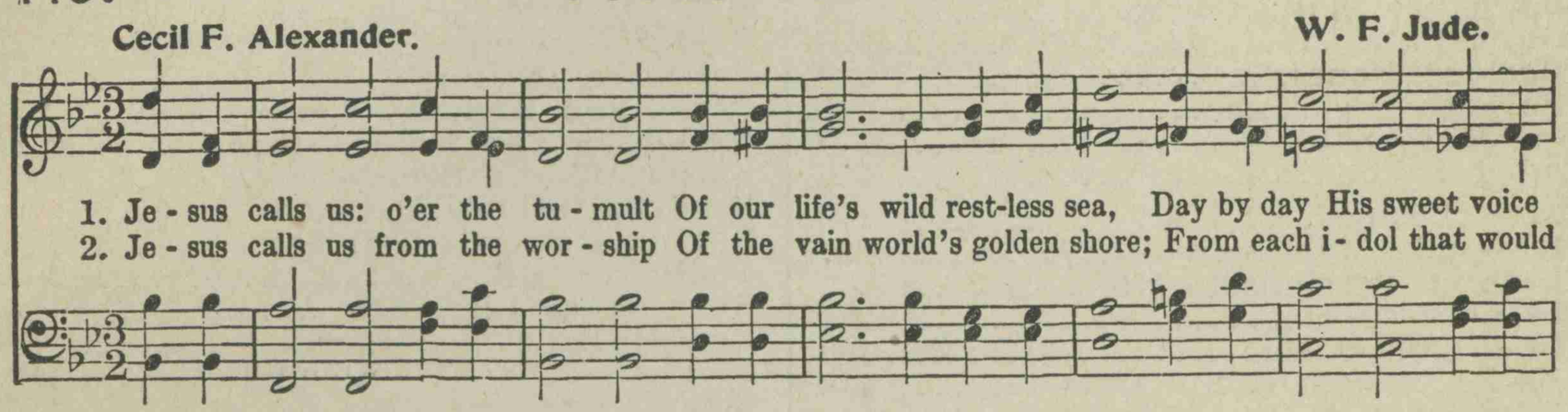

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the river?

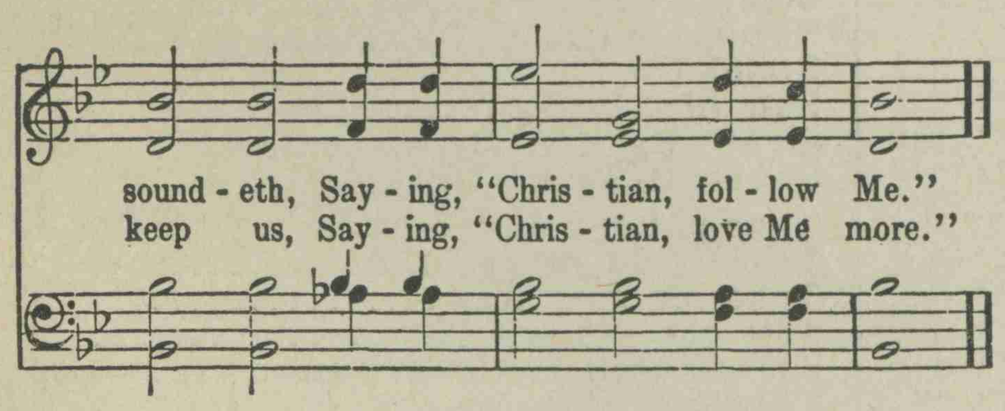
3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the tow'rs of crystal shine;
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

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. 314. Jesus Call Us.

Cecil F. Alexander. W. F. Jude.



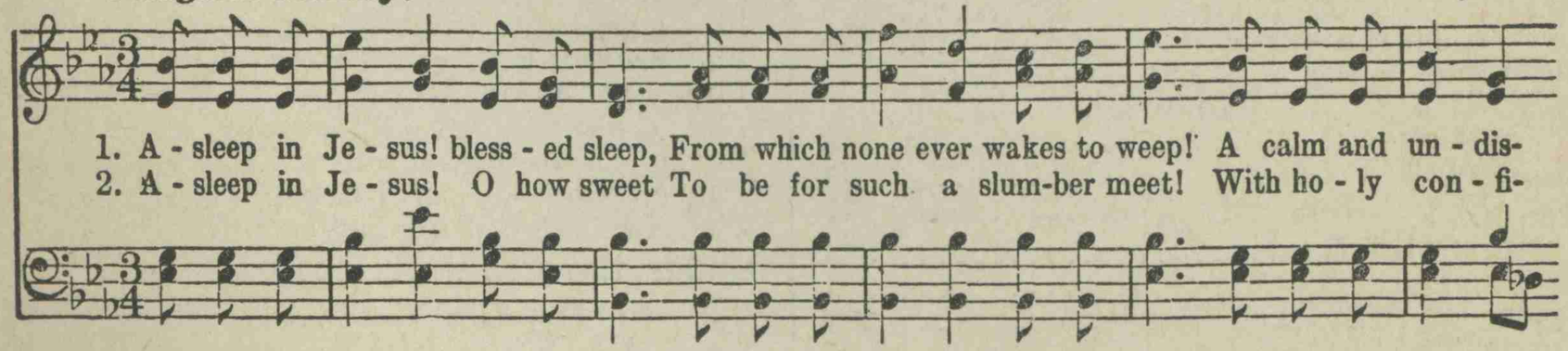
1. Je - sus calls us: o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest-less sea, Day by day His sweet voice
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden shore; From each i - dol that would

sound - eth, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low Me."
keep us, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, love Me more."

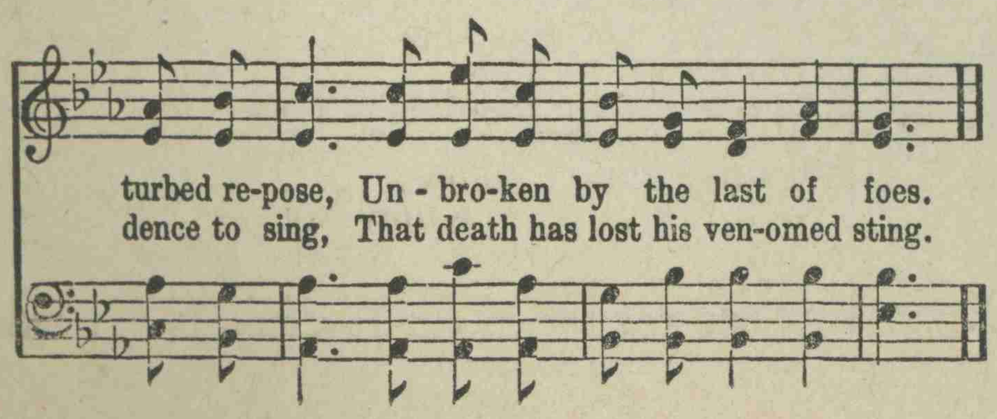
3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 315. Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep! A calm and un - dis-
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet! With ho - ly con - fi-

turbed re-pose, Un - bro-ken by the last of foes.
dence to sing, That death has lost his ven-omed sting.

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

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

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The New Revival Glory

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