230 Robert Horn

The Complete Church Hymnal

Glory is Coming.

Copyright, 1926, in "Crowning Hymns," No. 6.
H. F. Morris, owner.

James Rowe. Pledger B. Jones.

1. Liv-ing in His presence and in true accord, Dai-ly I am working for my
2. Of-ten I am wea-ry and at times de-prest; Longing for the homeland and its
3. At the shining portal He my soul will meet, With a word of welcome and a

blessed Lord; Sure that He will give to me the great reward And that glo-ry is
joy and rest; But each day I'm nearer to that country blest And my glo-ry is
smile so sweet; Then, oh, then with rapture I my Lord shall greet! Yes, my glory is

REFRAIN.

com-ing soon. Glo - ry's coming it won't be long!
Sure-ly it is coming it won't be long,

It is com - ing and it won't be long, its com-ing

I'll be sing-ing the glad new song, I'll be
I shall soon be singing the hap - py, glad new song, Yes, I will be

I'll be sing - ing heaven's glad new song in glo-ry, Al - ways

faithful and brave and strong, Glory's coming, it won't be long.
faithful and brave and strong, not long.

faith-ful, always brave and faithful.

94-066 SP-001616

March 5, 1944

THE COMPLETE CHURCH HYMNAL

Just What the Name Implies

By

A. R. Walton, H. F. Morris and
J. M. Henson

Published in Shaped Notes Only
Bound in Manilla Tag and Muslin Cloth

IN MANILLA TAG COVER
Single Copy 35c, One Hundred $25.00

IN MUSLIN CLOTH COVER
Single Copy 45c, One Hundred $35.00

Published by

THE MORRIS-HENSON COMPANY
120-122 Hunter St., S. E. P. O. Box 1513
ATLANTA, GA. OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

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Preface

This book is intended to be just what its title suggests—*A Complete Church Hymnal.*

Fully realizing the magnitude of undertaking to make such a book, we mailed 5000 circular letters to ministers, gospel singers and Christian workers asking their assistance.

Hundreds responded with selections and suggestions. To them is due much credit for the completeness of this collection.

We have endeavored to select songs that are best known to our Southern people rather than classical standards so often used in Hymn books that are unknown to, and can not be appreciated by the masses of our people.

It is published with a firm conviction that it will supply a long felt need in the churches of our Southland for the truly devotional, old time, southern melodies that have proven their worth in our Christian work and worship for the last hundred years or more.

In addition to these it contains many of the modern favorites, including choruses, anthems etc. for the better choirs. We believe it contains greater assortment of well known favorite songs covering every phase of Christian work and worship than any book extant.

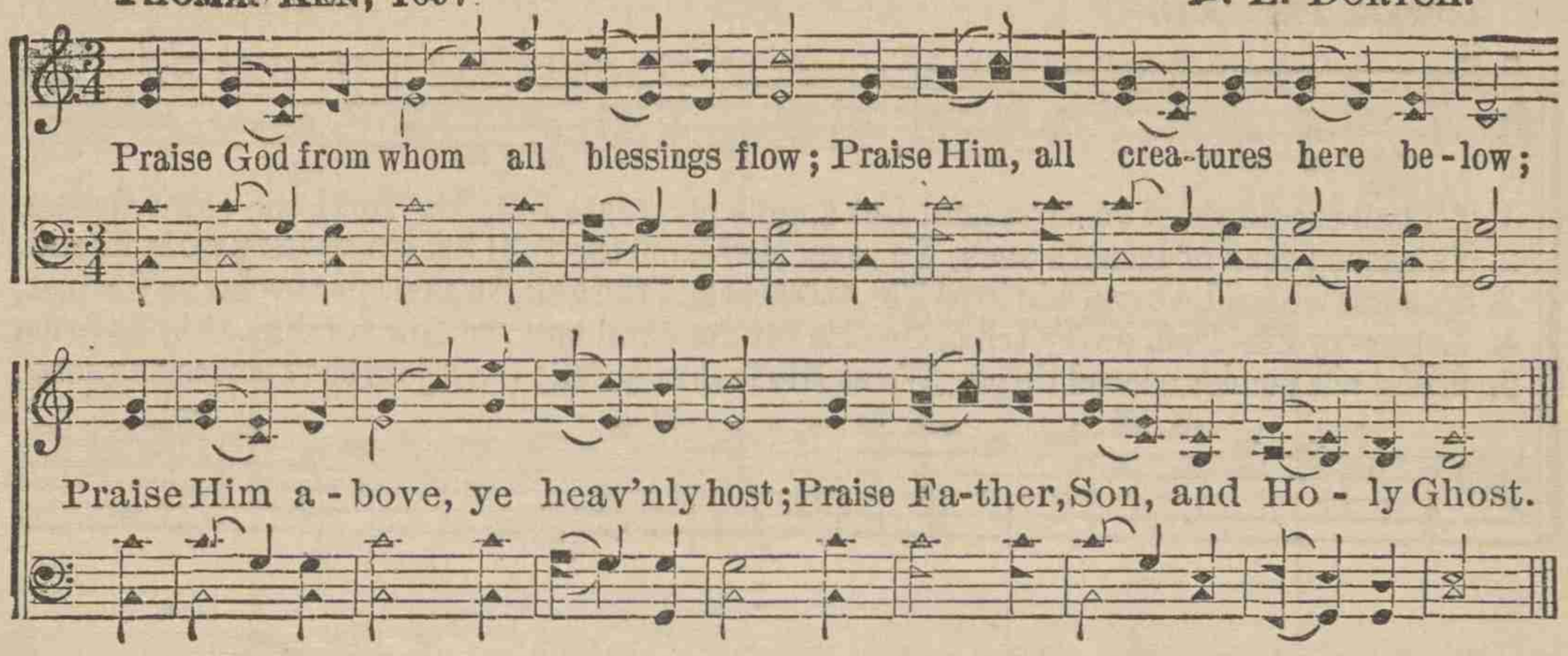
Assuring you that we have done our best to supply a great need, as we see and understand conditions and believing this collection has a Mission all its own —the supplying of that need, we hope and pray it may prove a blessing.

Yours,

THE AUTHORS.

1. DOXOLOGY.

THOMAS KEN, 1697. D. E. DORTCH.



2. OLD HUNDRED.

THOMAS KEN. G. FRANC, 1545.



3. SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.

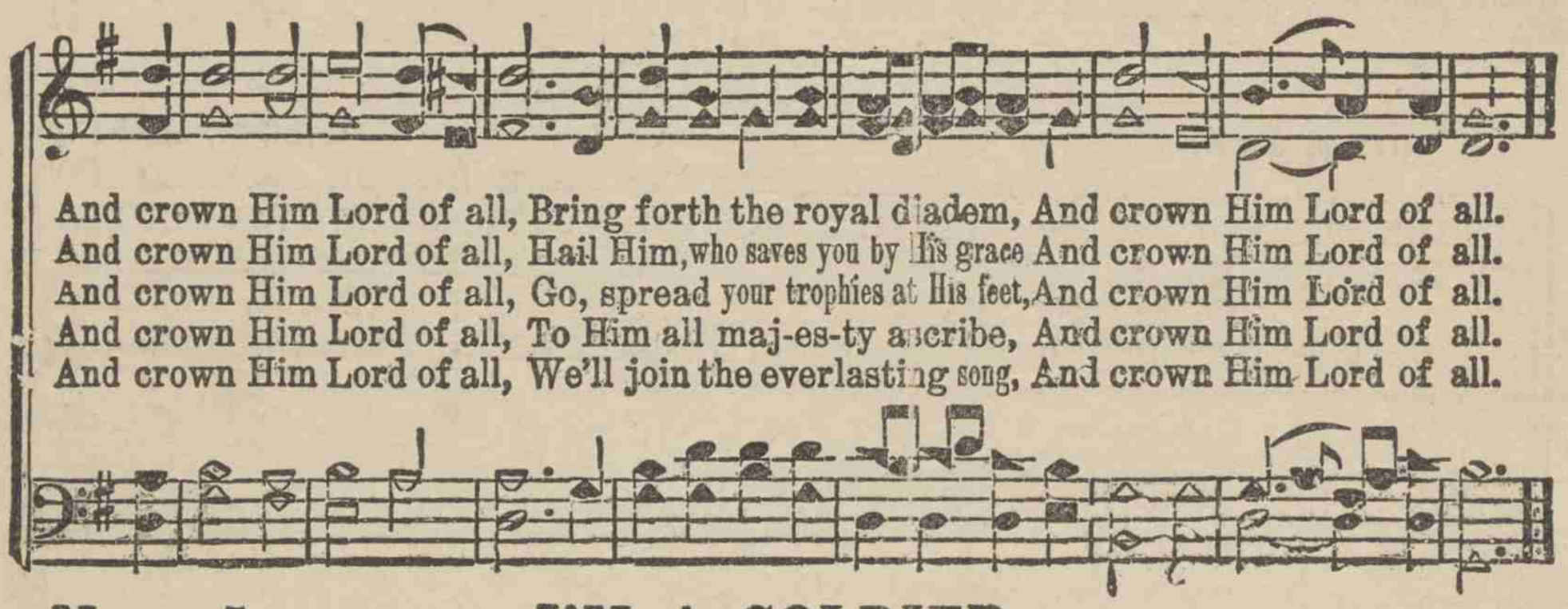


No 4. Coronation.

EDWARD PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.



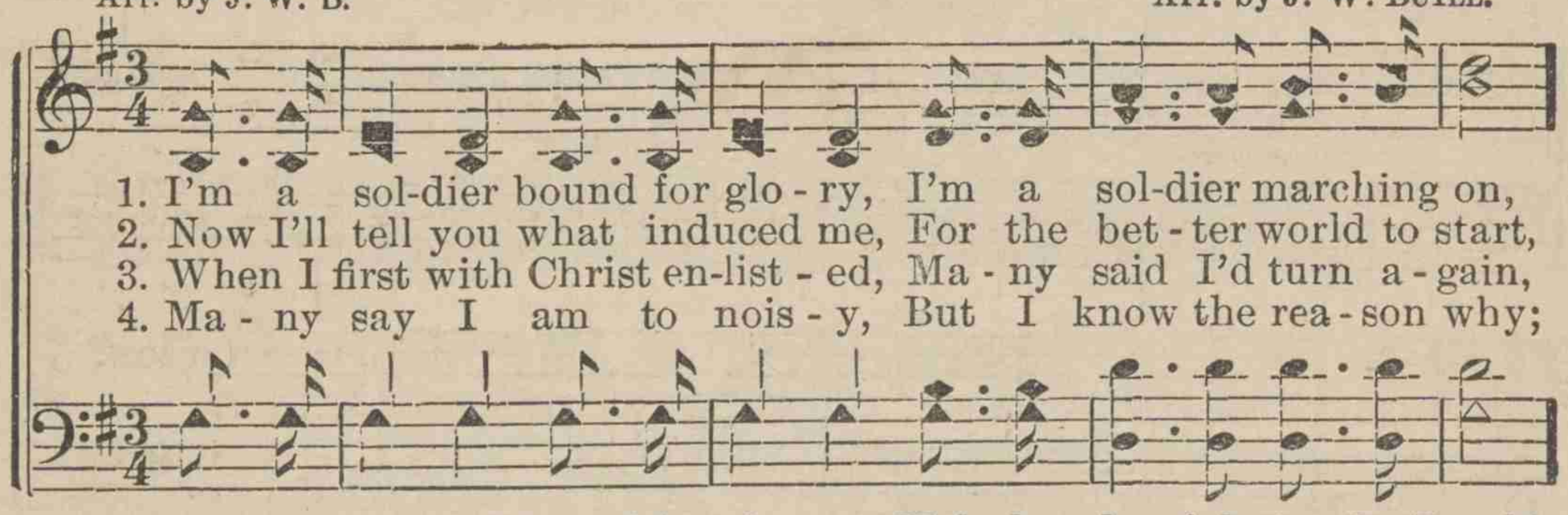
1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall: Bring forth the royal diadem,
2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall! Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall, Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
4. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball, To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe
5. Oh! that with yonder sacred throng, We at His feet may fall; We'll join the everlasting song,



And crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all.
And crown Him Lord of all, Hail Him, who saves you by His grace And crown Him Lord of all.
And crown Him Lord of all, Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
And crown Him Lord of all, To Him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
And crown Him Lord of all, We'll join the everlasting song, And crown Him Lord of all.

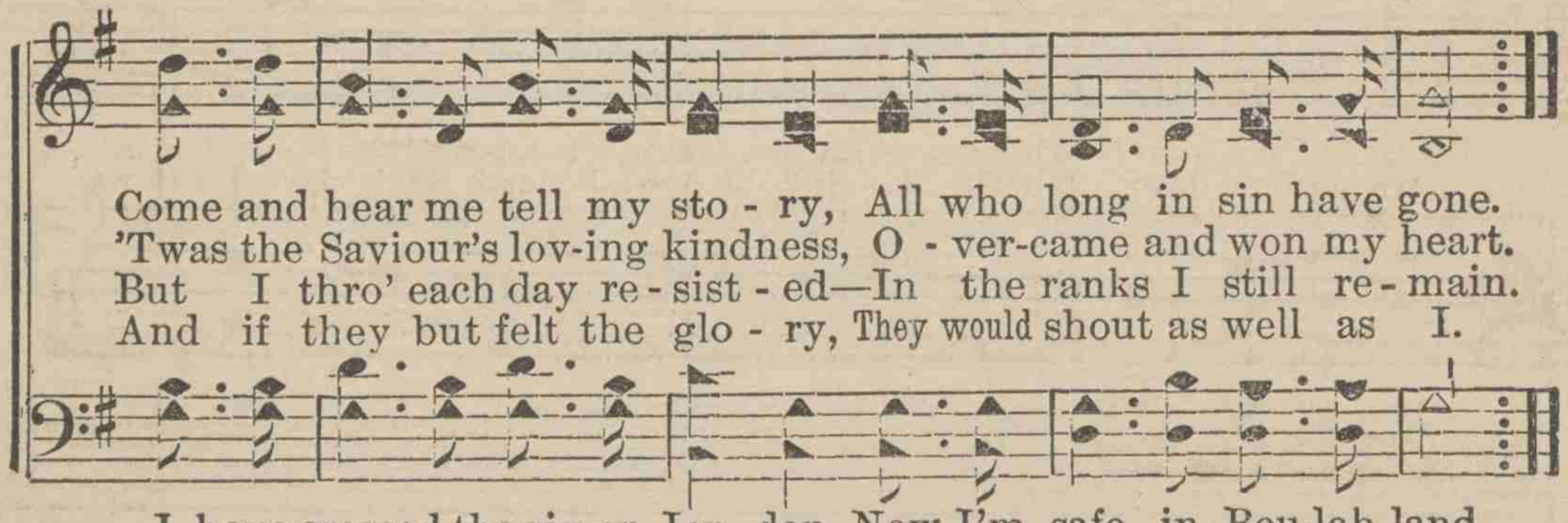
No. 5. I'M A SOLDIER.

Arr. by J. W. B. ARR. by J. W. BUILL.



1. I'm a sol-dier bound for glo - ry, I'm a sol-dier marching on,
2. Now I'll tell you what induced me, For the bet - ter world to start,
3. When I first with Christ en-list - ed, Ma - ny said I'd turn a - gain,
4. Ma - ny say I am to nois - y, But I know the rea - son why;

Cho.—Hal - le - lu - jah! bound for glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!

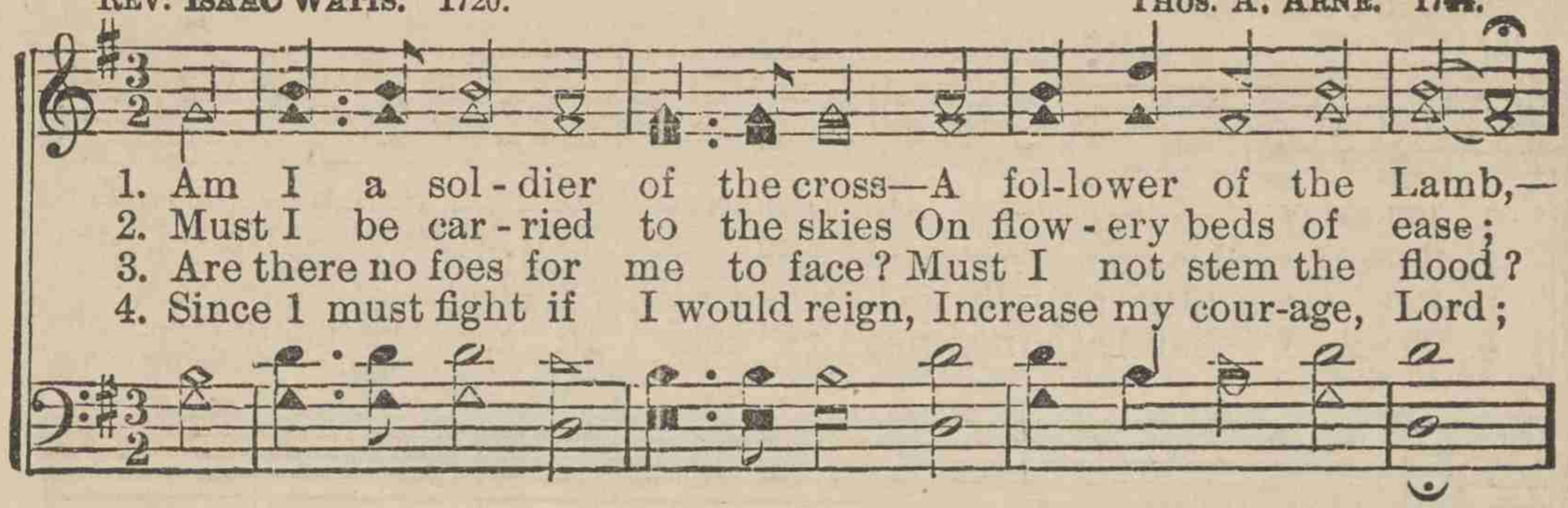


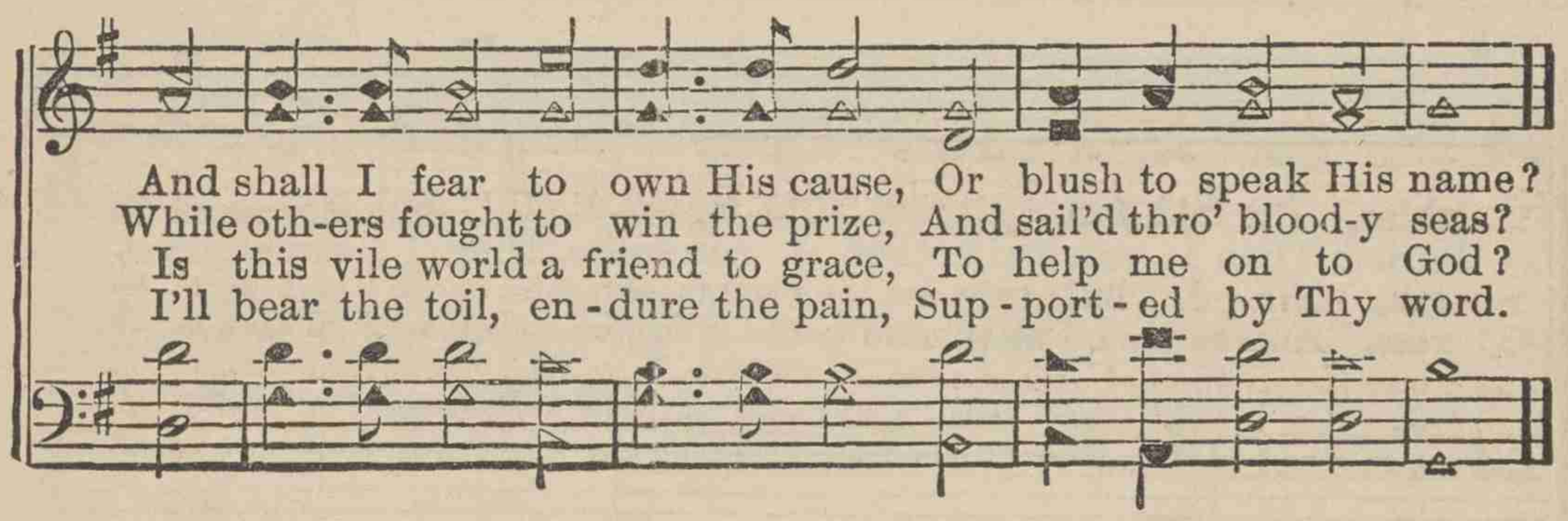
Come and hear me tell my sto - ry, All who long in sin have gone.
'Twas the Saviour's lov-ing kindness, O - ver-came and won my heart.
But I thro' each day re - sist - ed—In the ranks I still re - main.
And if they but felt the glo - ry, They would shout as well as I.

I have crossed the riv-er Jor - dan, Now I'm safe in Beu-lah land.

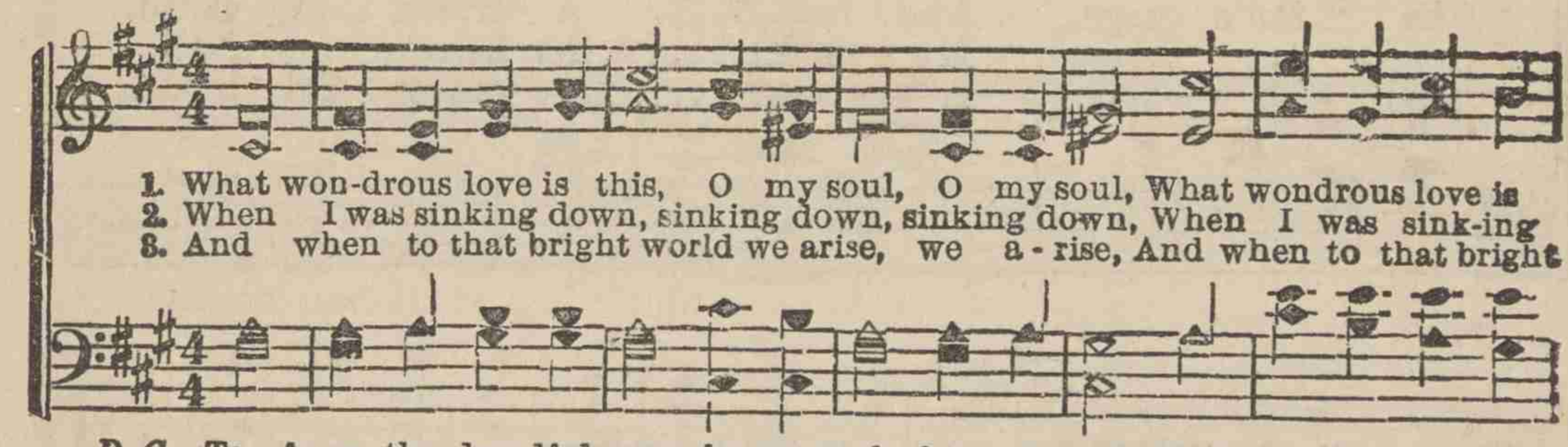
No. 6 ARLINGTON. C. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS. 1720. THOS. A. ARNE. 1744.





7. Wondrous Love.





No. 8. When I Can Read My Title Clear.

ISAAC WATTS. "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord."—ISA. 61: 10. Anon.

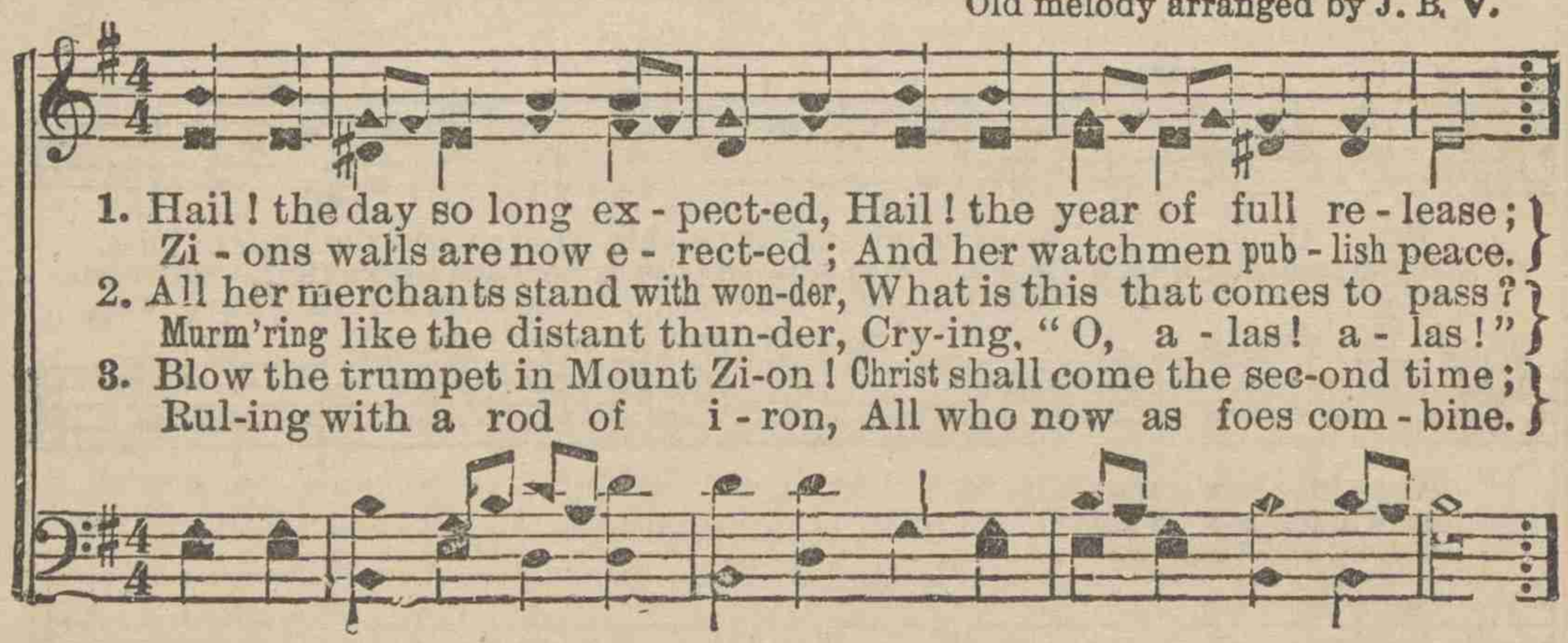
1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies, I'll bid fare-well, I'll bid fare-well, I'll bid fare - well to
2. Should earth a-gainst my soul en - gage, And fier - y darts be hurled, Then I can smile, then I can smile, Then I can smile at
3. Let cares like a wild del - uge come—Let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



ev - 'ry fear, And wipe..... my weep - ing eyes.
Sa tan's rage, And face..... a frown - ing world.
reach my home, My God,..... my heav'n, my all.
troub - le roll A - cross..... my peace - ful breast.

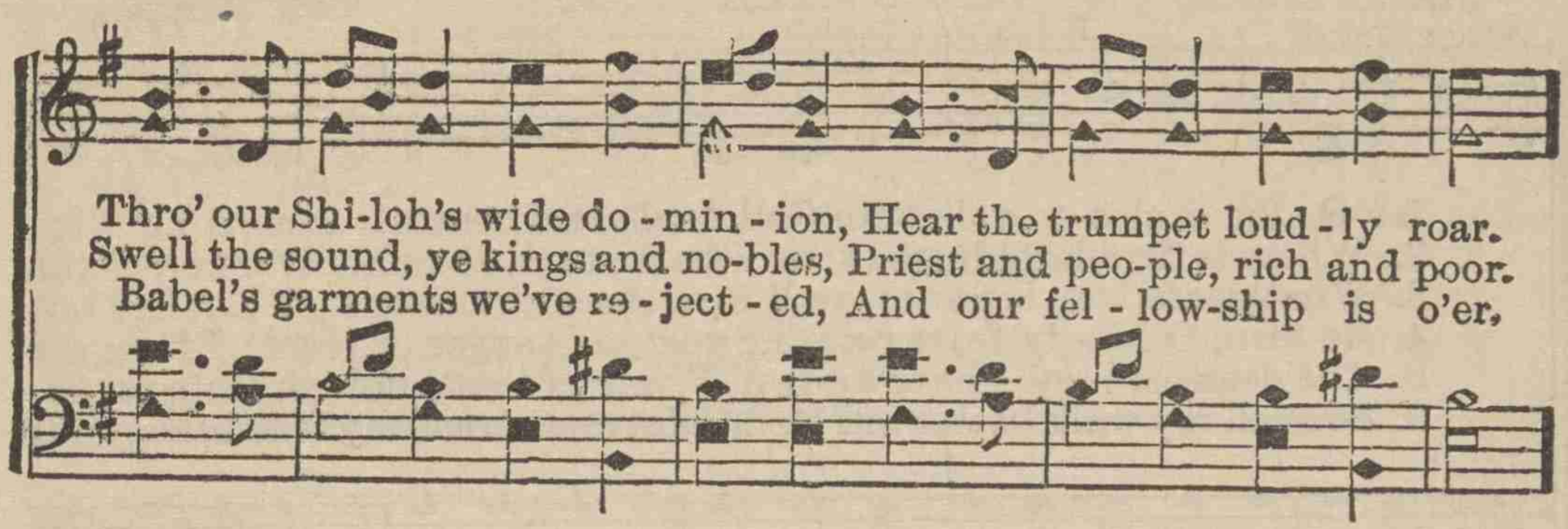
No. 9. BABYLON IS FALLEN. 8s & 7s.

Old melody arranged by J. B. V.



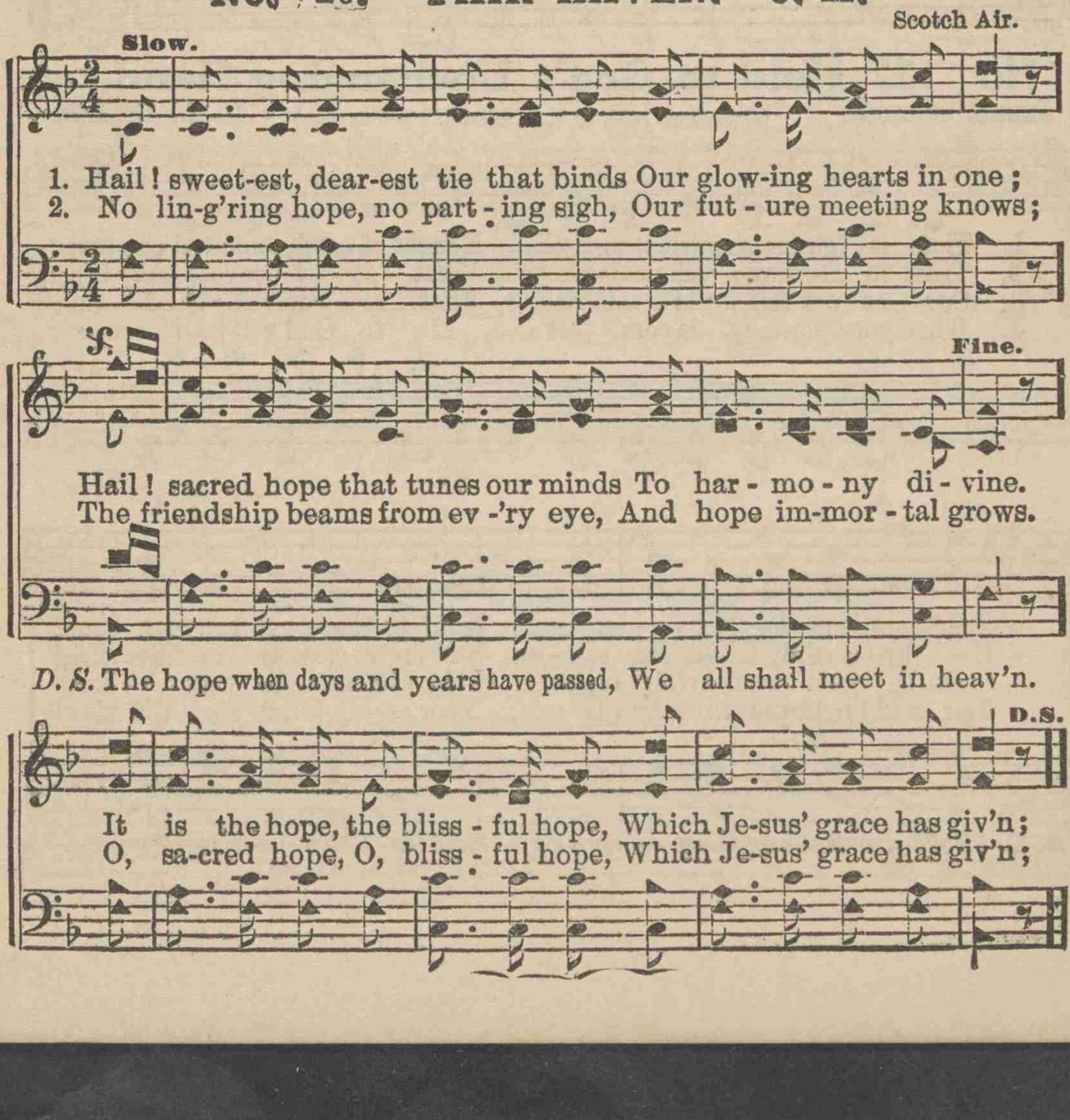
1. Hail! the day so long ex - pect-ed, Hail! the year of full re - lease;
   Zi - ons walls are now e - rect-ed; And her watchmen pub - lish peace.
2. All her merchants stand with won-der, What is this that comes to pass?
   Murm'ring like the distant thun-der, Cry-ing, "O, a - las! a - las!"
3. Blow the trumpet in Mount Zi-on! Christ shall come the sec-ond time;
   Rul-ing with a rod of i - ron, All who now as foes com - bine.

BABYLON IS FALLEN—Concluded.





No. 10. FAIR HAVEN. C. M.



11. O For a Closer Walk With God.

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



1. O for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame; A light to
2. Where is the blessedness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the
3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed! How sweet their memory still! But they have
4. Re-turn, O ho - ly Dove, return, Sweet messenger of rest! I hate the
5. The dear-est i-dol I have known, Whate'er that i-dol be, Help me to
6. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serene my frame; So purer



1. shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb!
2. soul-re-fresh-ing view Of Je-sus and His word, Of Je-sus and His word?
3. left an ach-ing void The world can never fill, The world can never fill.
4. sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast, And drove Thee from my breast.
5. tear it from Thy throne, And worship only Thee, And worship only Thee.
6. light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb, That leads to the Lamb.

No. 12 Hold to God's Unchanging Hand.

JENNIE WILSON. (Copyright, 1905, by F. L. Eiland. Used by per.) F. L. EILAND.



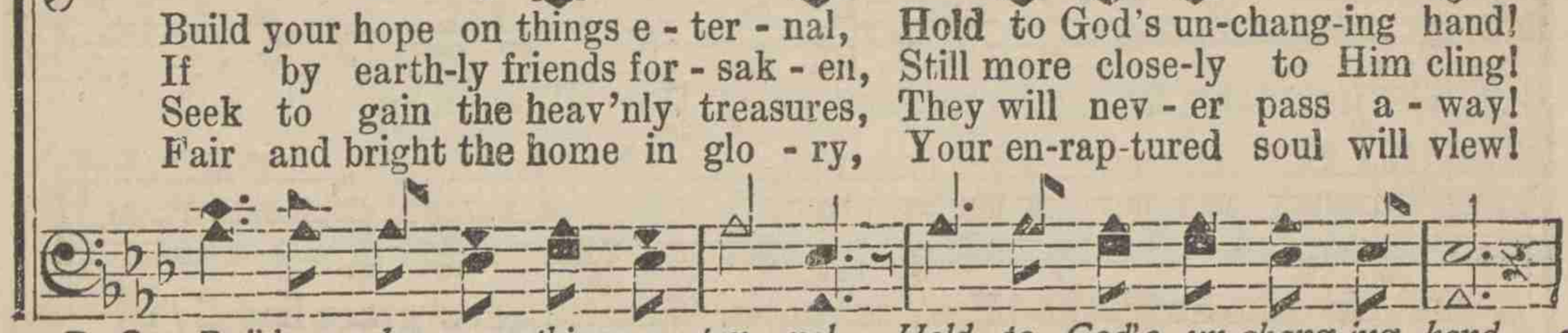
1. Time is filled with swift tran-si-tion, Naught of earth unmoved can stand,
2. Trust in Him who will not leave you, What - so - ev - er years may bring,
3. Cov - et not this world's vain rich-es, That so rap - id - ly de - cay,
4. When your jour-ney is com - plet - ed, If to God you have been true.



Rit. FINE.



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



D. S.—Build your hopes on things e - ter - nal, Hold to God's un-chang-ing hand.

HOLD TO GOD'S UNCHANGING HAND.



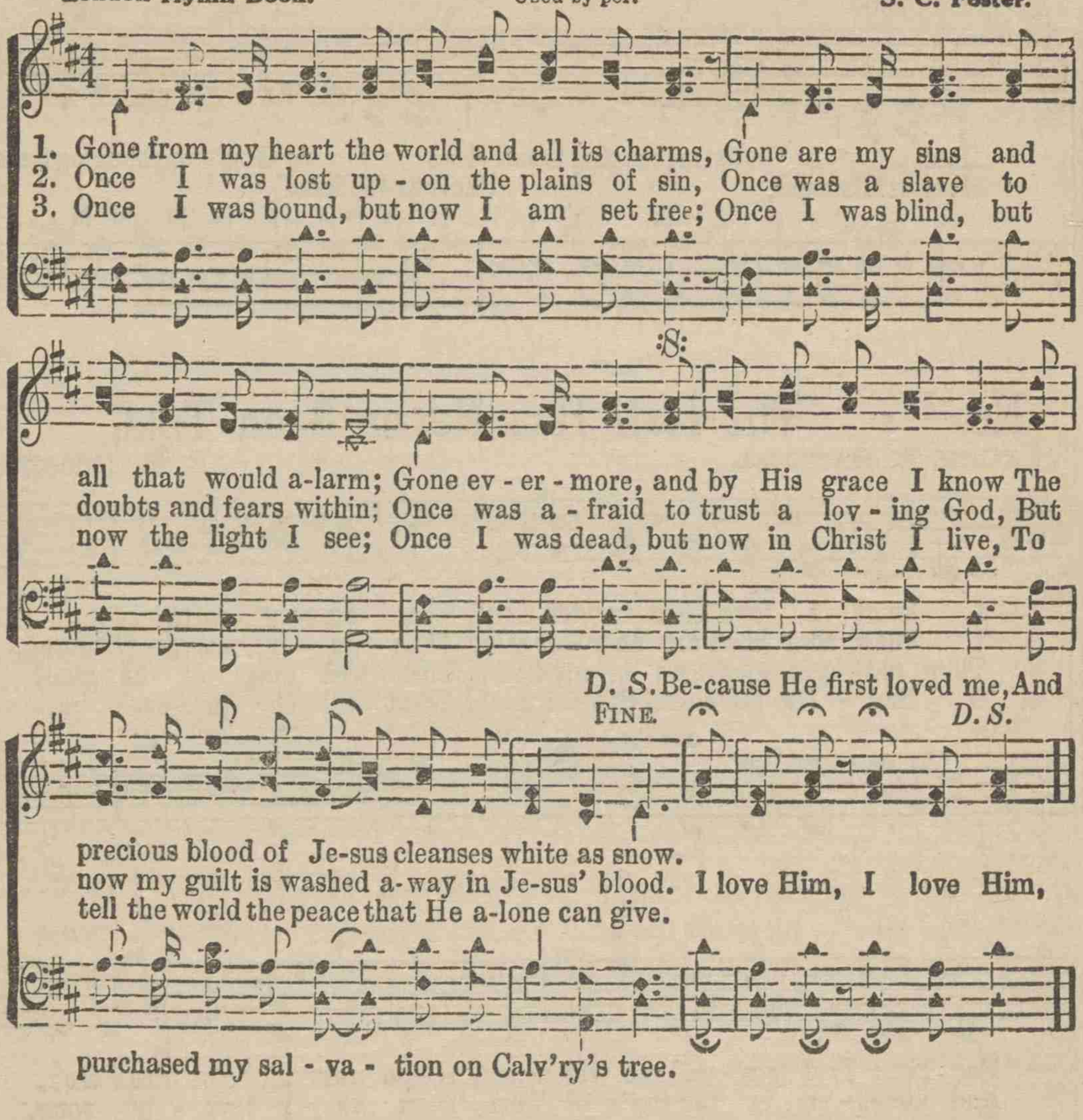
No. 13. The Half Has Never Been Told,

FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL. R. E. HUDSON.



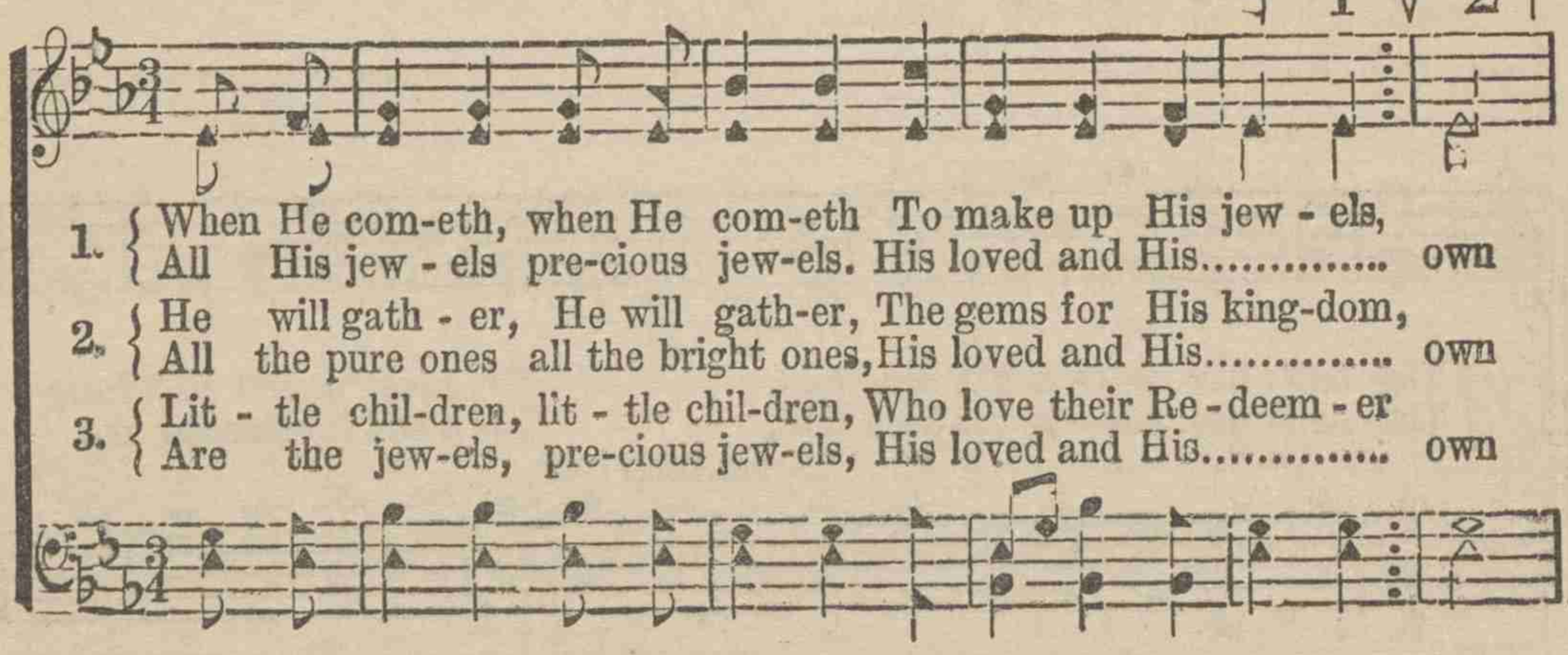
No. 14. I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. Used by per. **S. C. Foster.**



No. 15. Jewels.

Cushing. **Geo. F. Root.**



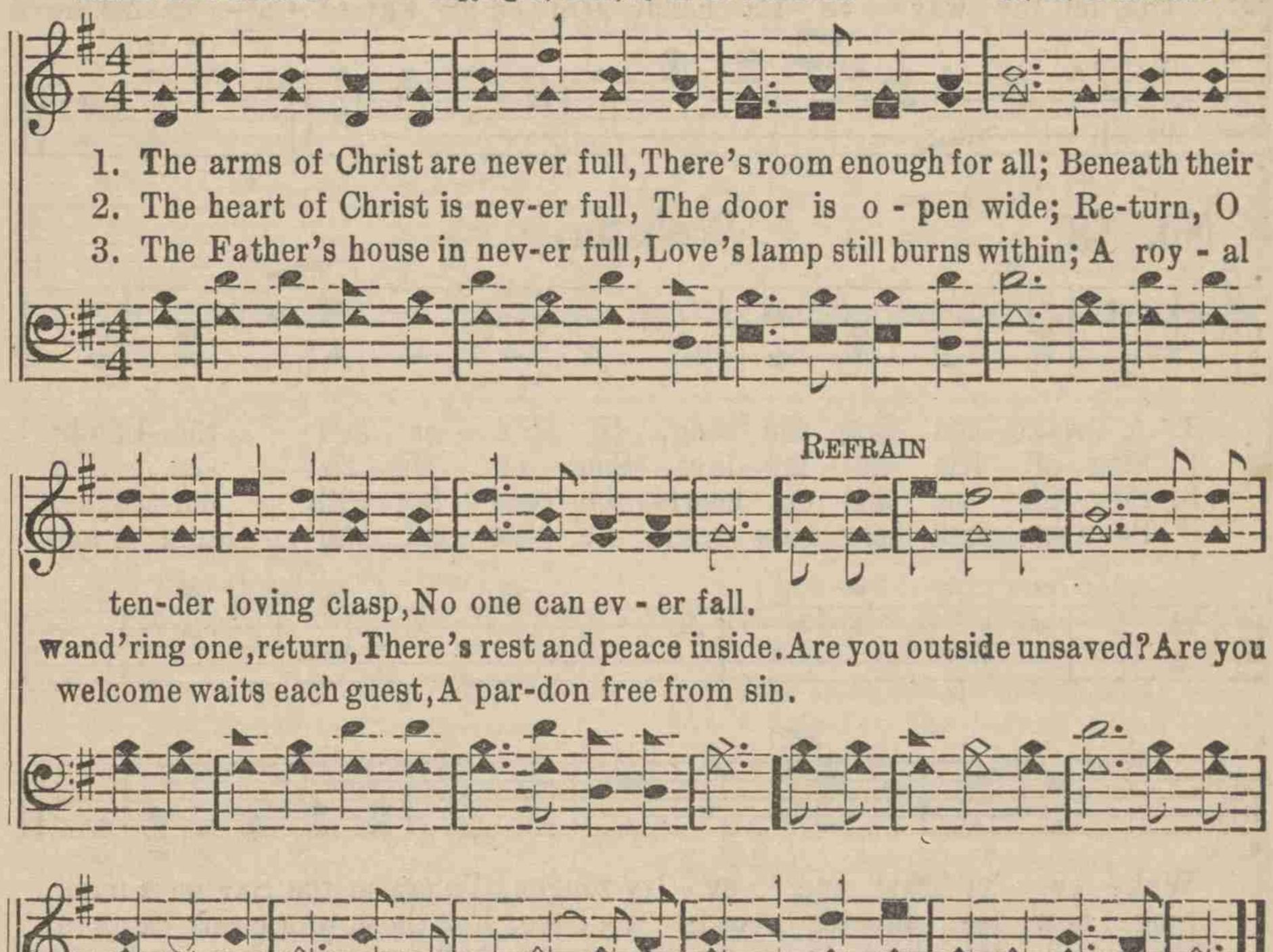
Jewels—Concluded

REFRAIN



No. 16 Are You Outside?

Lizzie DeArmond Copyright, 1909, by R. H. Cornelius **R. H. Cornelius**



No. 17. O When I Shall See Jesus.

John Leland. **William Walker. Alt.**



1, { O when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with Him a - bove.
And from that flow - ing foun - tain Drink ev - er - last-ing love!

2. { But now I am a sol - dier; My Cap tain's gone be-fore,
He's giv - en me my or - ders, And bids me not give o'er;

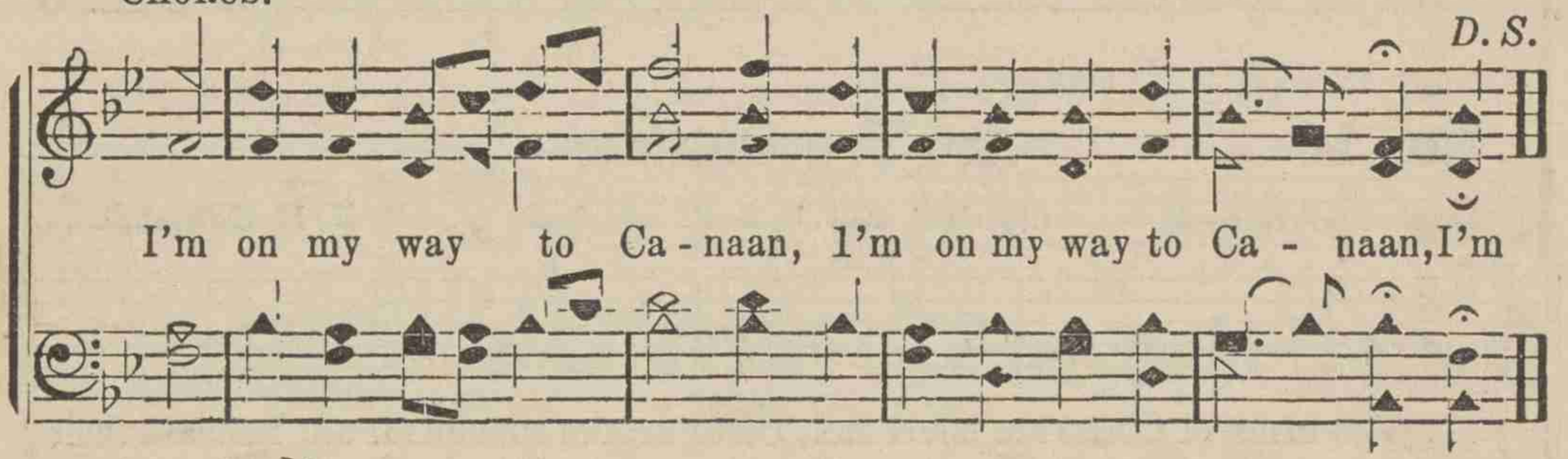
3. { Thro' grace I am de - ter - mined To con - quer, tho' I die;
And then a - way to Je - sus On wings of love I'll fly.

4. { When-e'er you meet with troub - les And tri - als on your way,
O cast your eyes on Je - sus, And don't for - get to pray;



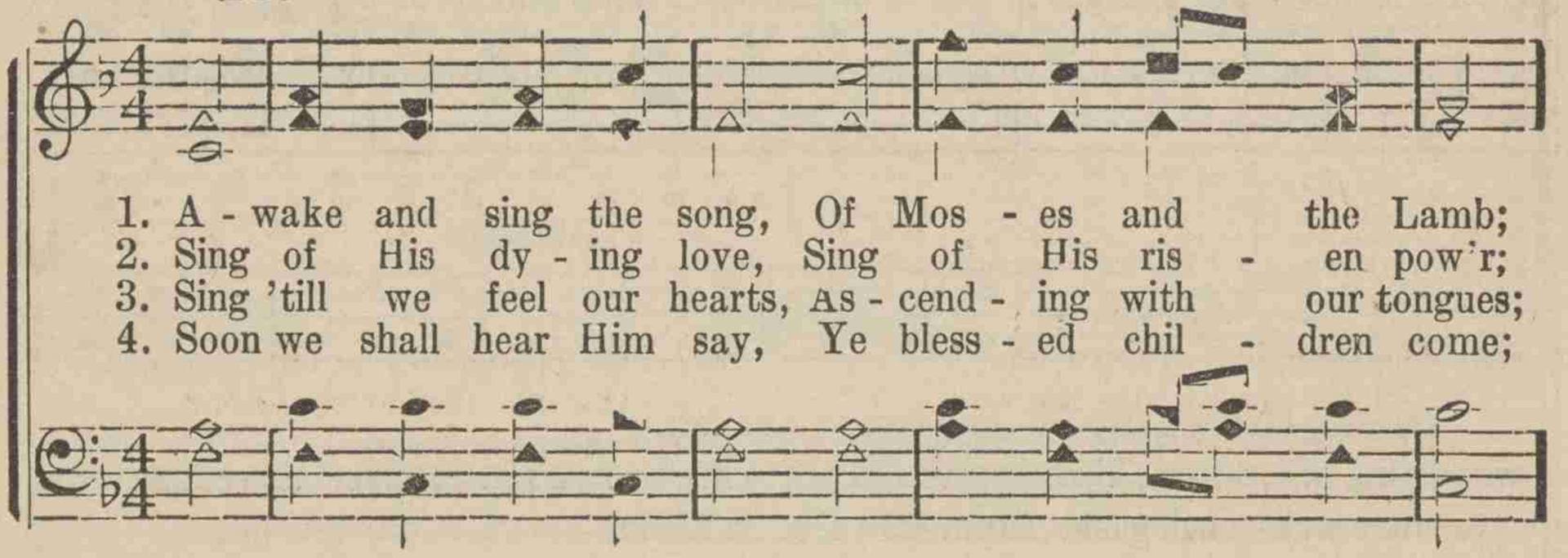
D. S.— on my way to Ca - naan, To the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

CHORUS.

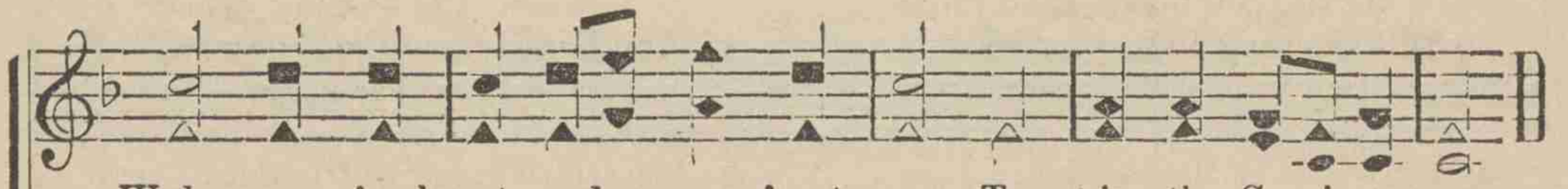


I'm on my way to Ca - naan, I'm on my way to Ca - naan, I'm

No. 18. Webster.



1. A - wake and sing the song, Of Mos - es and the Lamb;
2. Sing of His dy - ing love, Sing of His ris - en pow'r;
3. Sing 'till we feel our hearts, As - cend - ing with our tongues;
4. Soon we shall hear Him say, Ye bless - ed chil - dren come;

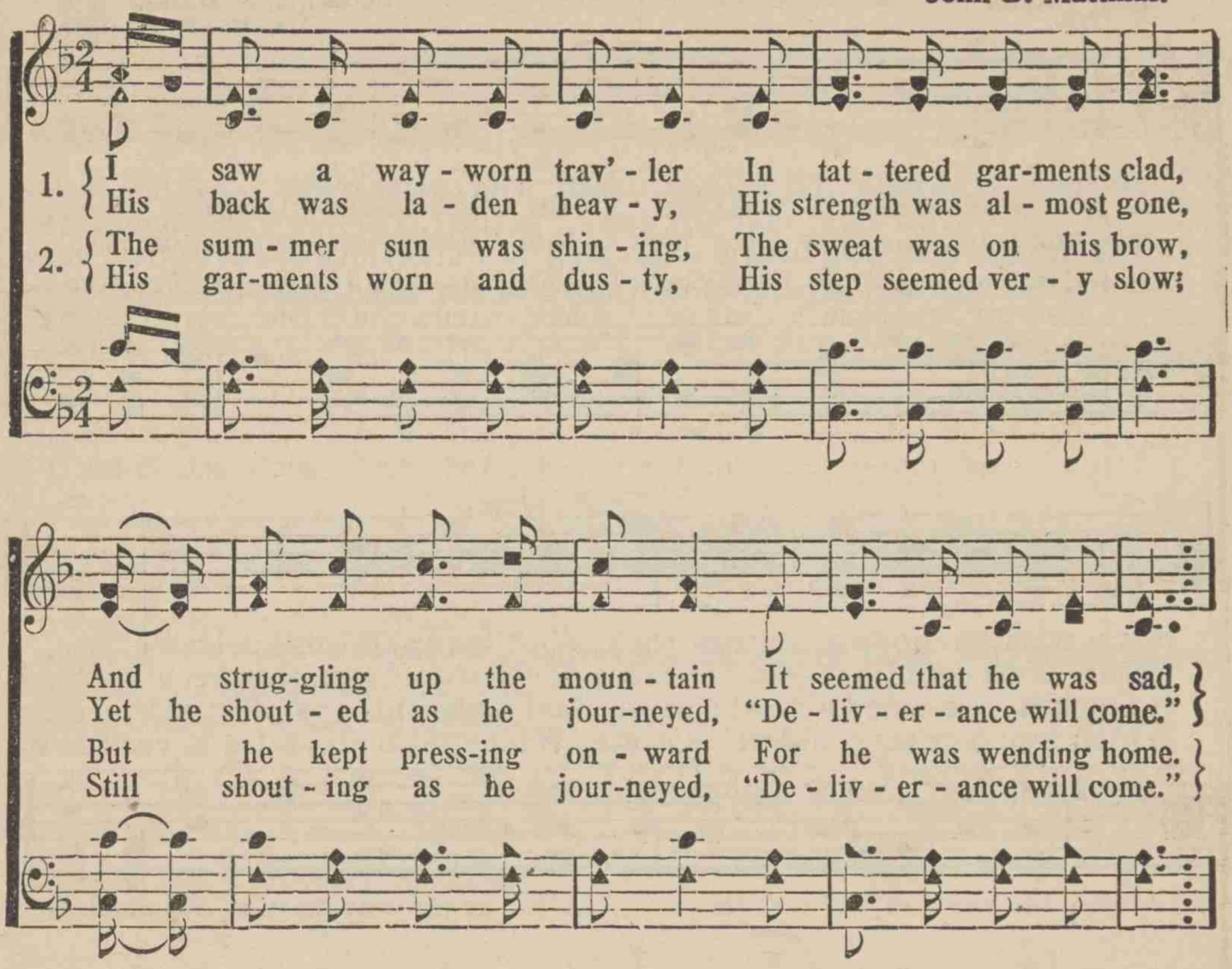


Wake ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue, To praise the Sav-ior's name.
Sing how He in - ter - cedes a - bove, For those whose sins He bore.
Sing 'till the love of sin de - parts, And grace in-spires our hearts.
Soon will He call us hence, a - way, And take His wand'rers home.

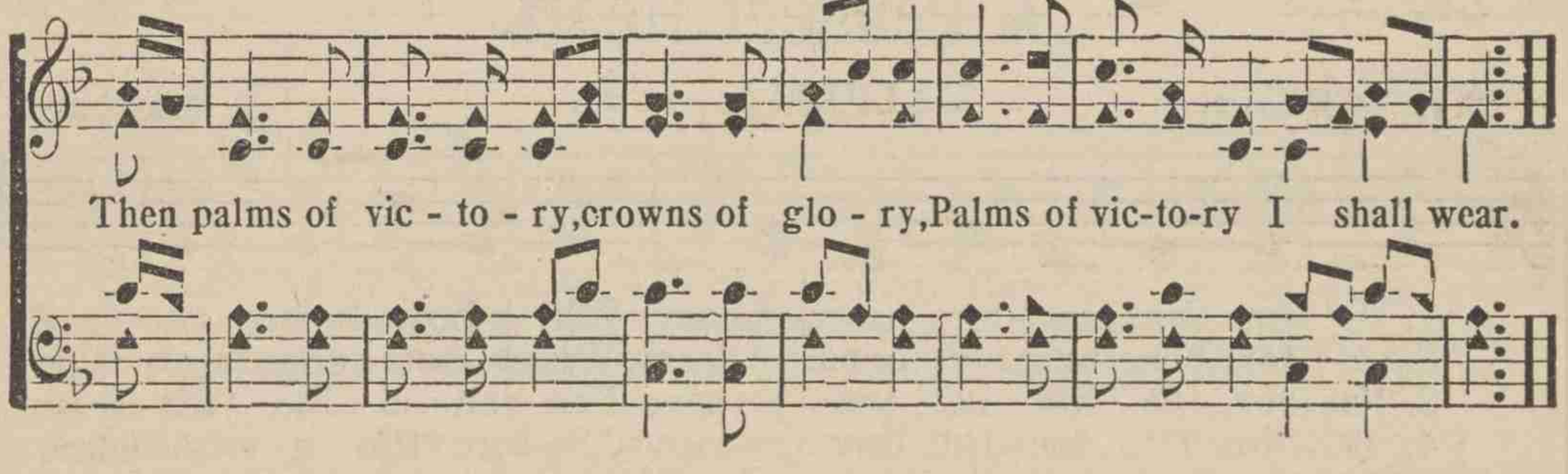


No. 19. Deliverance Will Come.

John B. Matthias.



REFRAIN.



3. The songsters in the arbor
That stood beside the way
Attracted his attention,
Inviting his delay.
His watch-word being "Onward!"
He stopped his ears and ran,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
"Deliverance will come."

4. I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reach the vale below.
He saw the gold-en city,
His everlasting home,
And shouted loud, "Hosanna,
Deliverance will come!"

5. While gazing on that city,
Just o'er that narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God:
They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam;
And joined him in his triumph,—
"Deliverance has come!"

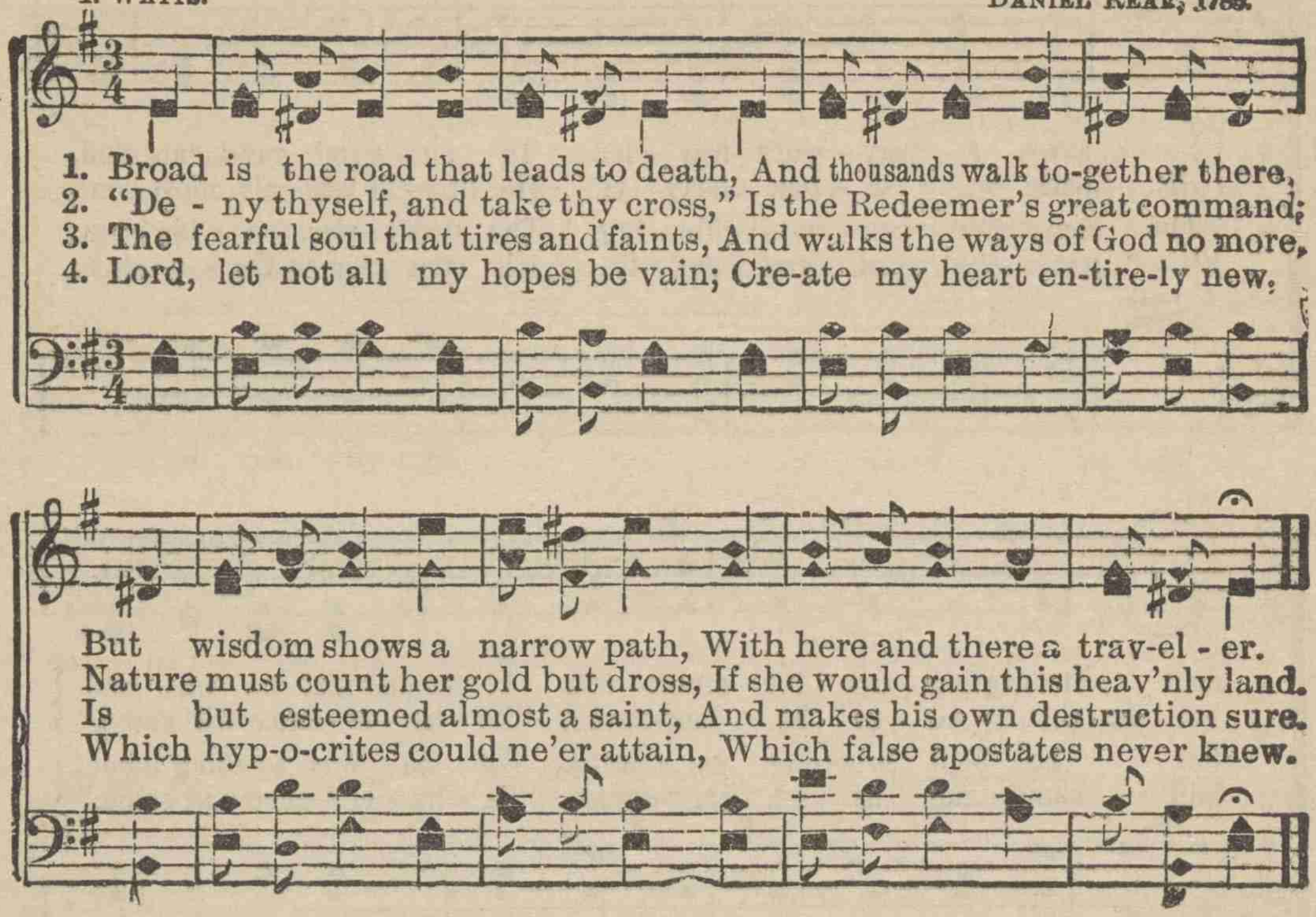
6. I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, "Jesus has redeemed us
"To suffer nevermore."
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, "Hosanna,
Deliverance has came!"

John B. Matthias

No. 20. WINDHAM. L. M.

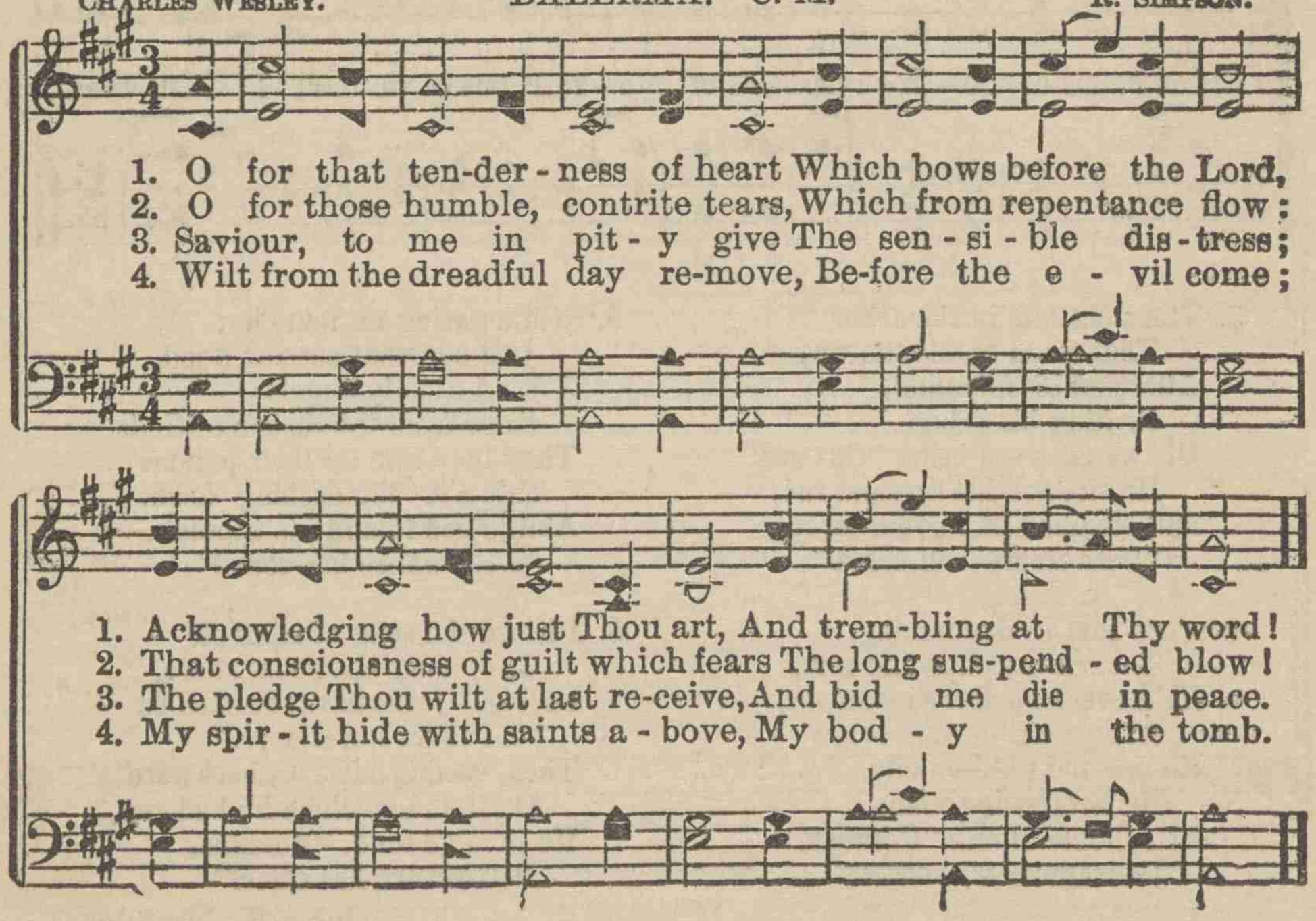
The broad and narrow way.—MATT. 7: 13, 14.

I. WATTS. DANIEL READ, 1785.



21. A Penitent Heart.

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



No. 22. FILL ME NOW.

E. H. STOKES

JNO. R. SWENEY.





Copyright, 1879, by John J. Hood. By per.

23. ASHVILLE. C. M.

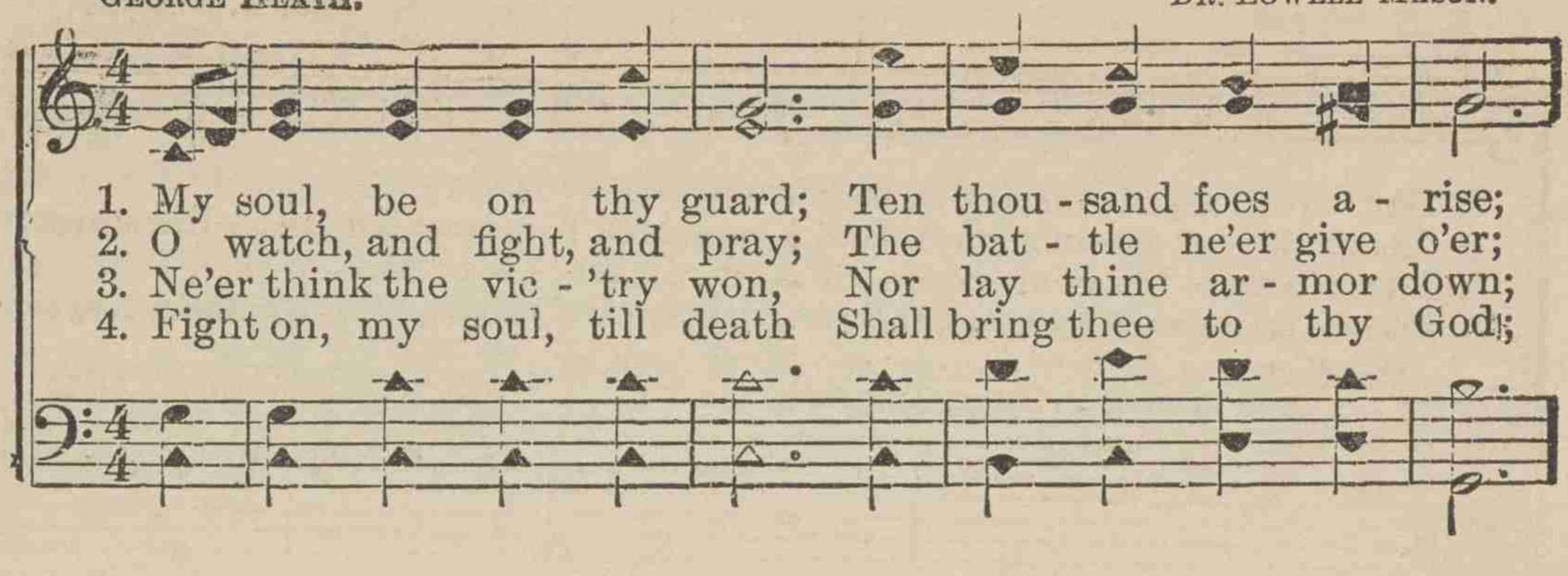
"Meeting for council."—ACTS 15: 6.

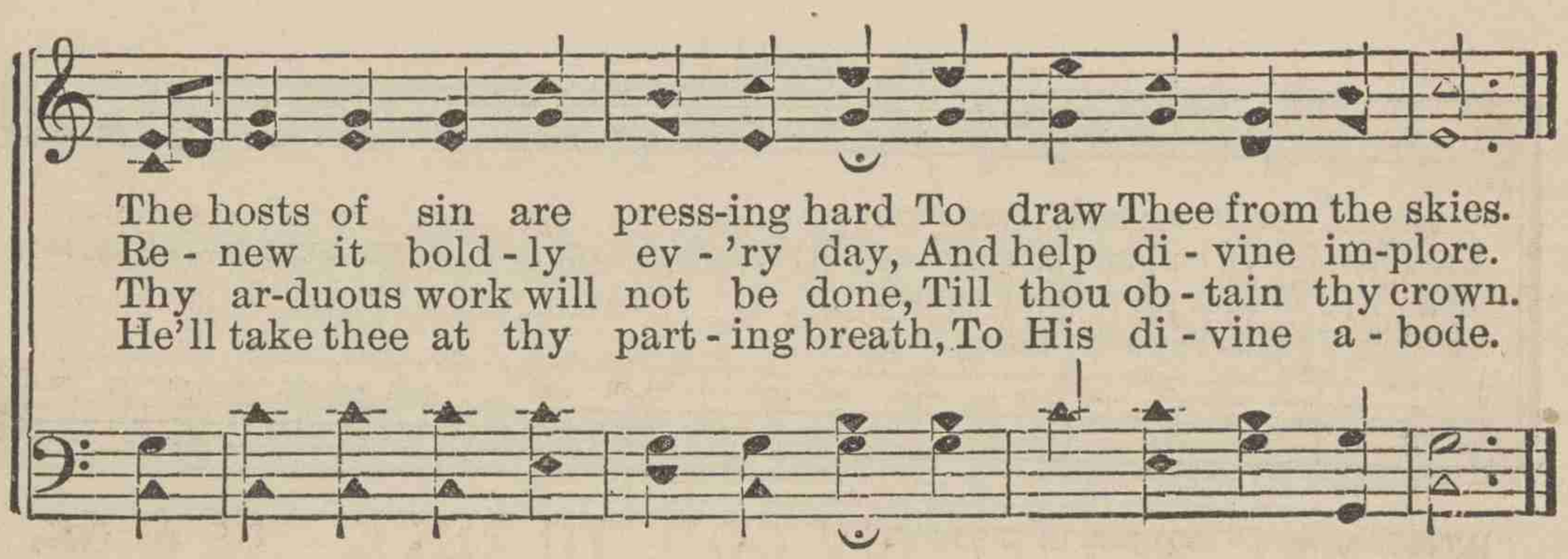
A. B. EVERETT.



No. 24. LABAN. S. M.

GEORGE HEATH. DR. LOWELL MASON.

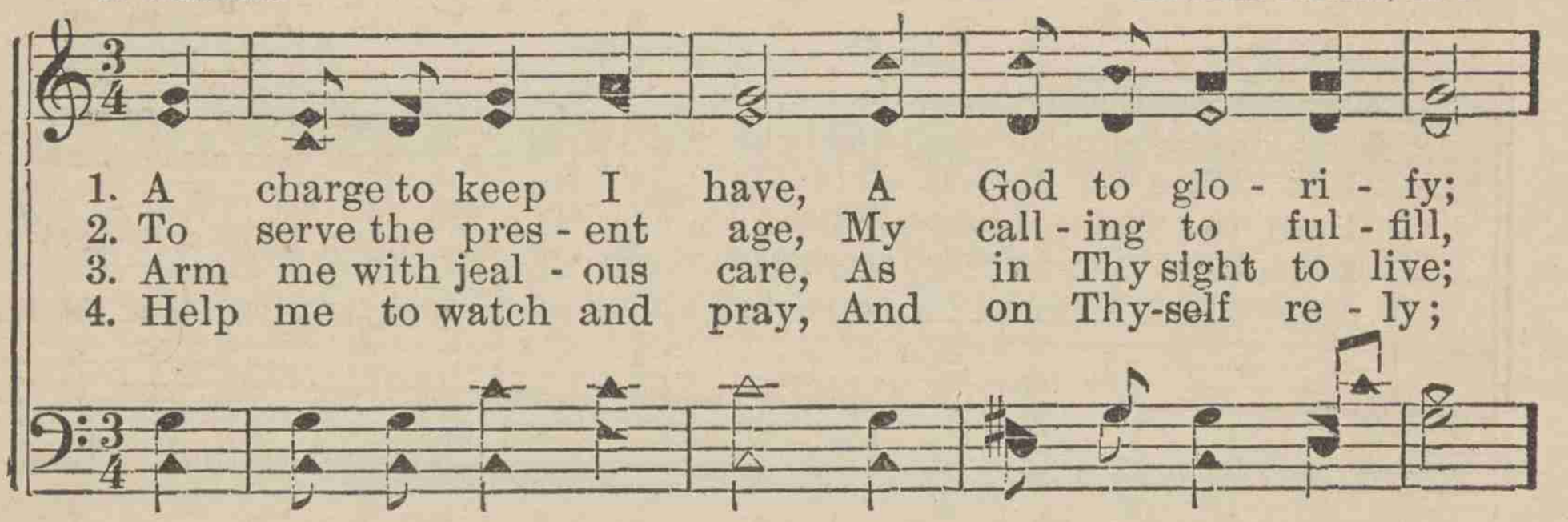


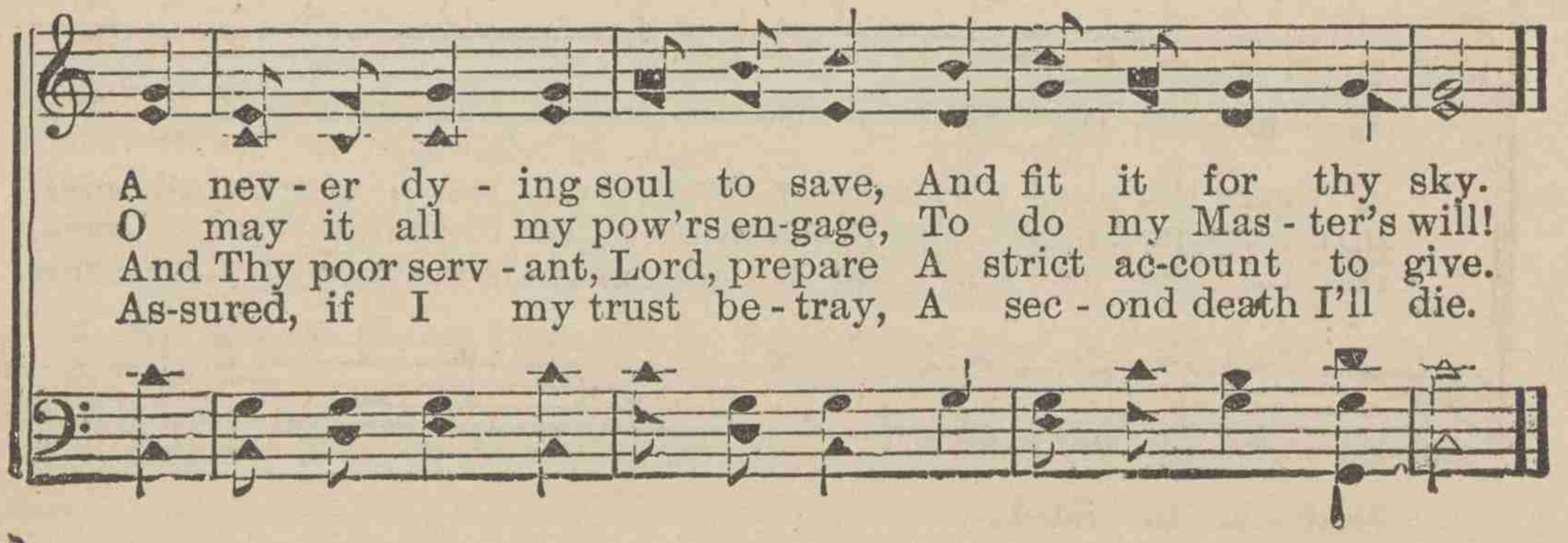


No. 25. BOYLSTON. S. M.

"Occupy till I come."—LUKE 19: 13.

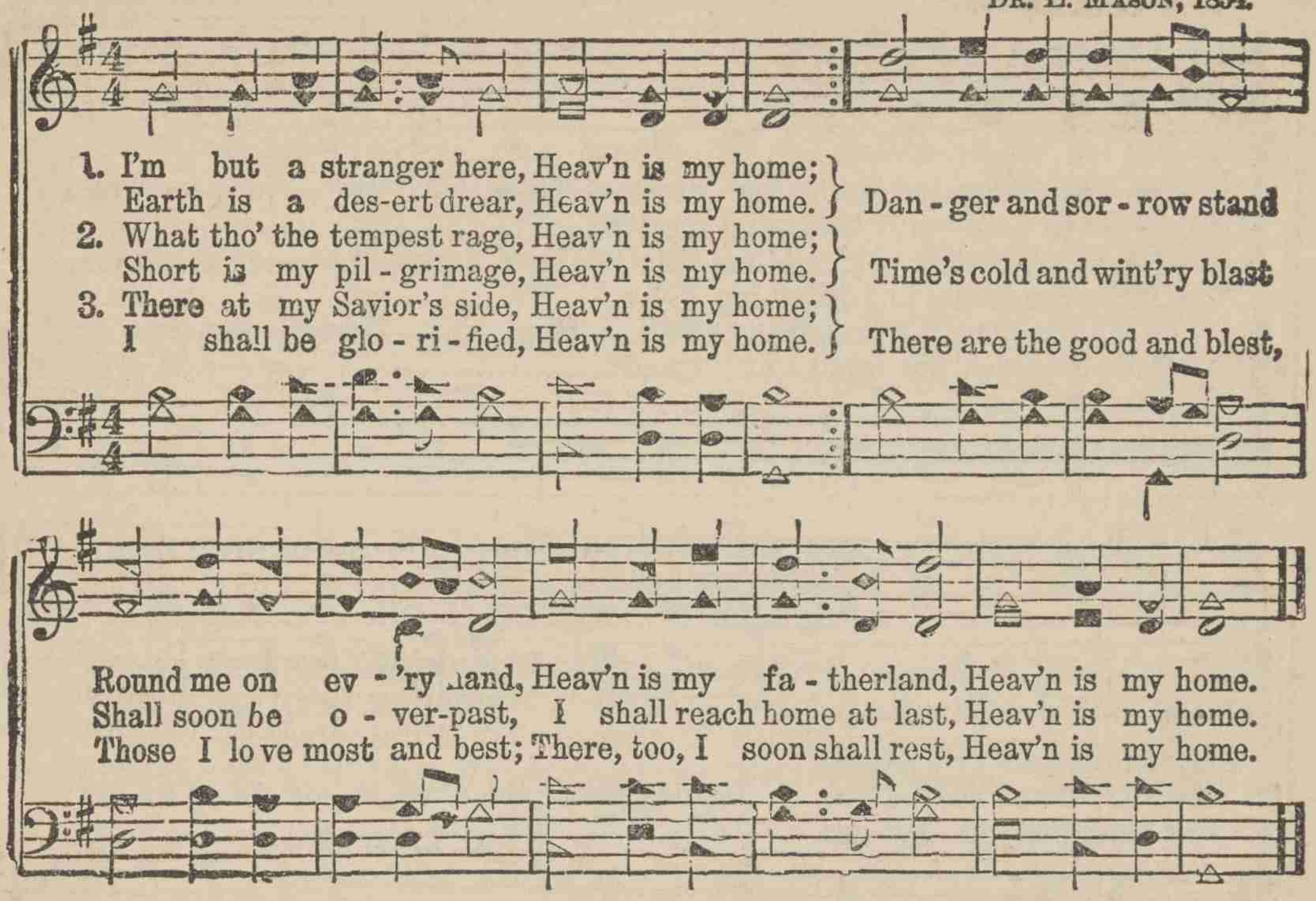
C. WESLEY. LOWELL MASON, 1832.





No. 26. HEAVEN IS MY HOME. 6s & 4s.

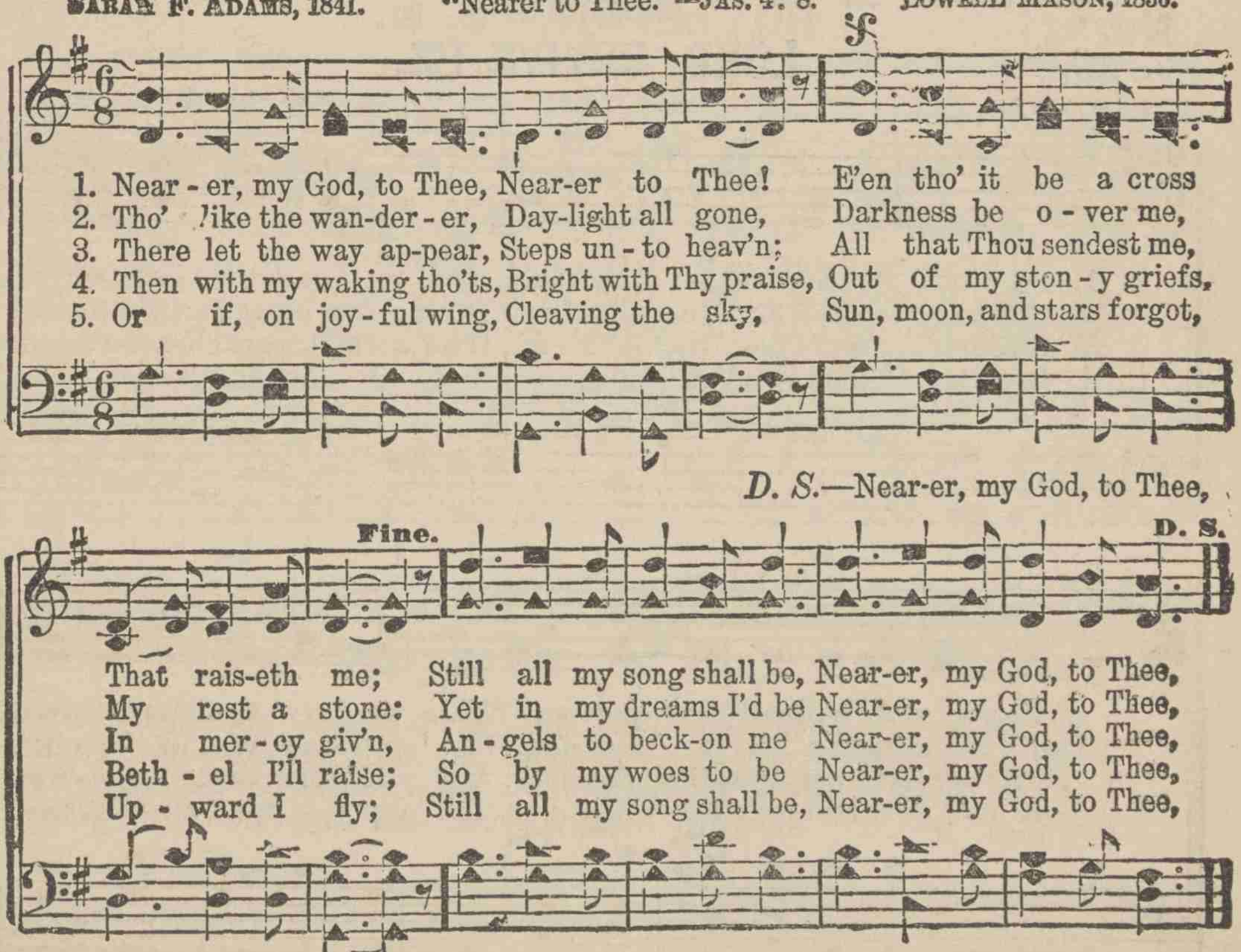
DR. L. MASON, 1834.



No. 27. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. 6s & 4s.

(BETHANY.)

SARAH F. ADAMS, 1841. "Nearer to Thee."—JAS. 4: 8. LOWELL MASON, 1856.



28. Near the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby. Copyright by W. H. Doane. W. H. Doane.



1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun-tain
   Free to all— a heal - ing stream.....
2. Near the cross, a tremb-ling soul, Love and mer - cy found me,
   There the bright and Morn-ing Star .....
3. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,
   Till I reach the gold - en strand..... .....



D. C.-Till my rapt-urod soul shall find. ....

2 FINE. CHORUS. *D. C.*



Flows from Calv'ry's mountain.
Shed its beams around me.
Just be-yond the riv - er.

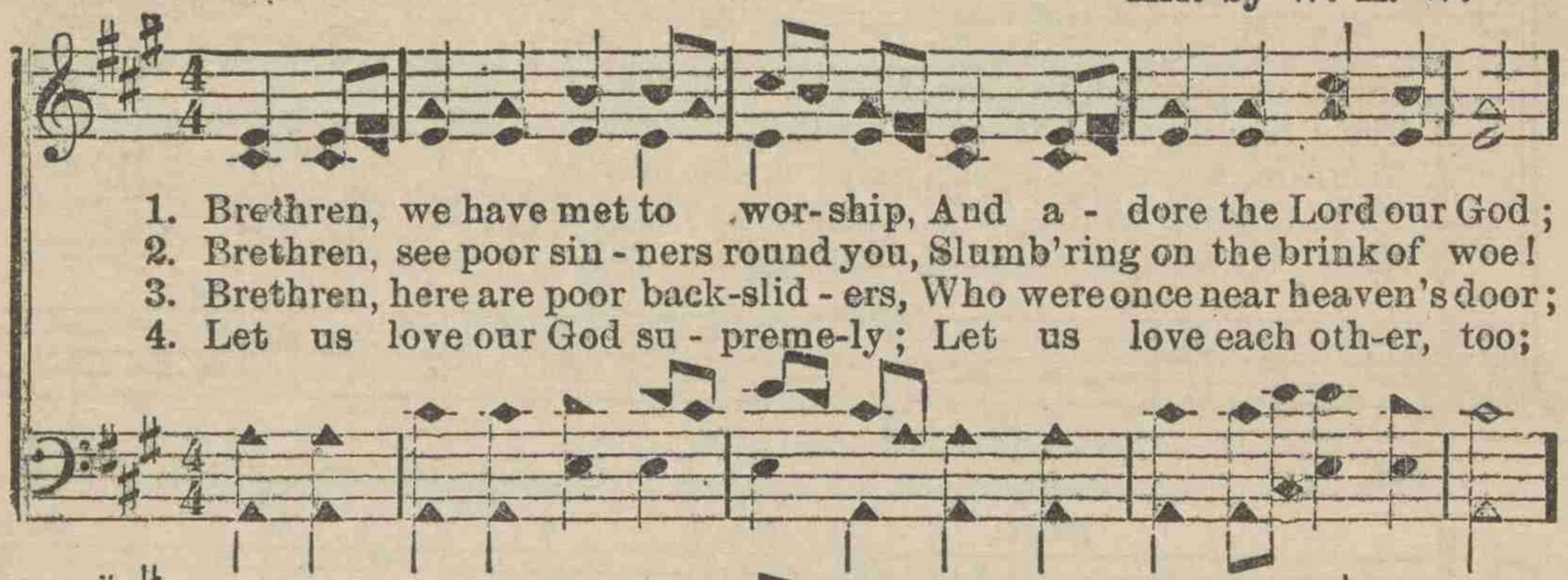
In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo-ry ev - er;



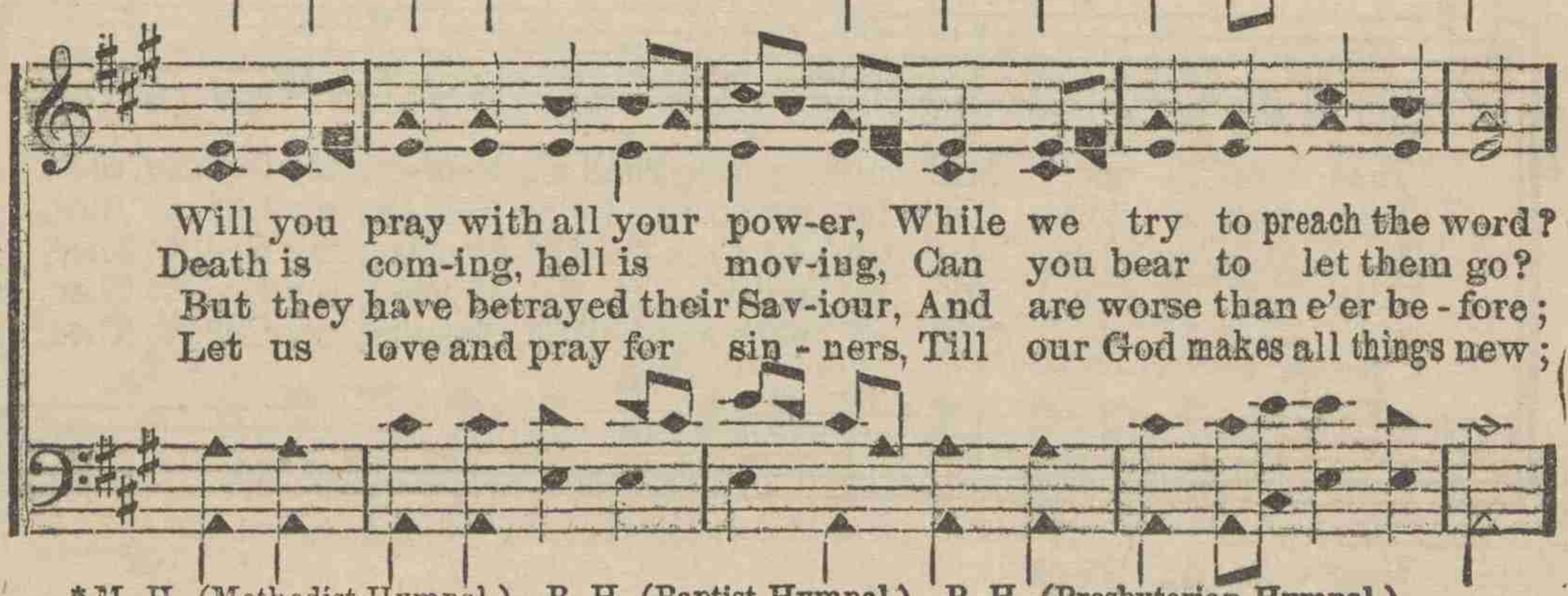
Rest beyond the riv - er.

No. 29. LORD, REVIVE US.

Arr. by W. A. W.



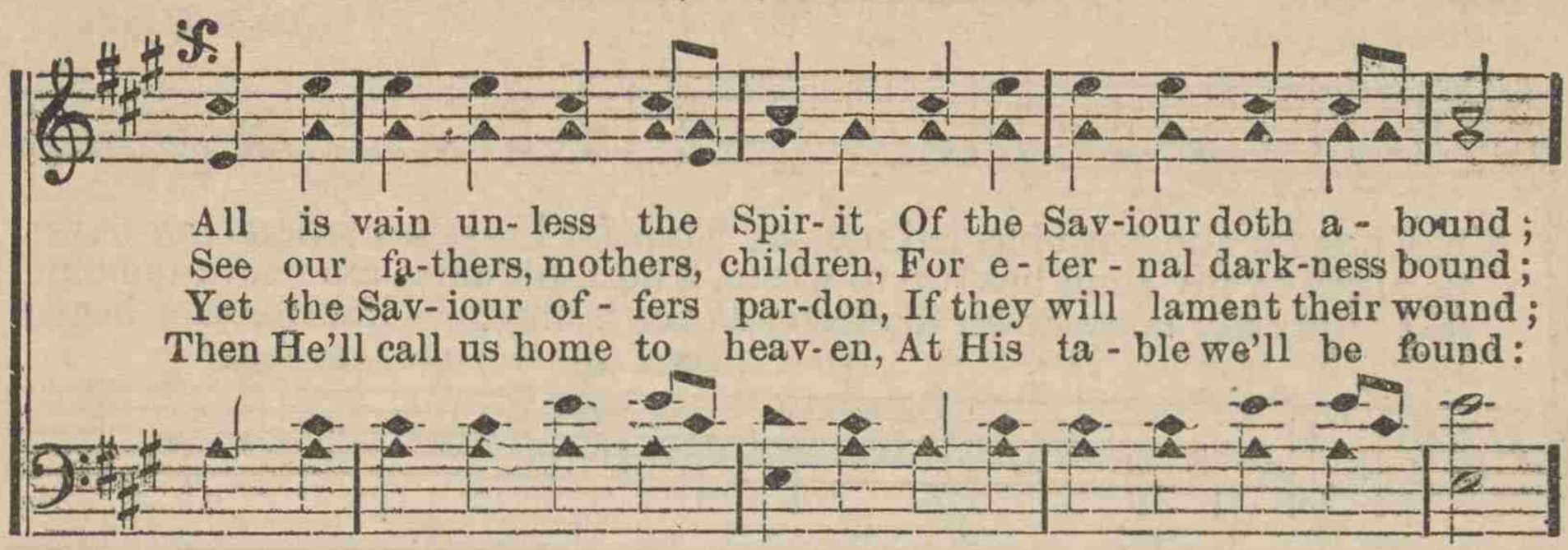
1. Brethren, we have met to wor-ship, And a - dore the Lord our God;
2. Brethren, see poor sin - ners round you, Slumb'ring on the brink of woe!
3. Brethren, here are poor back-slid - ers, Who were once near heaven's door;
4. Let us love our God su - preme-ly; Let us love each oth-er, too;



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

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

LORD, REVIVE US.



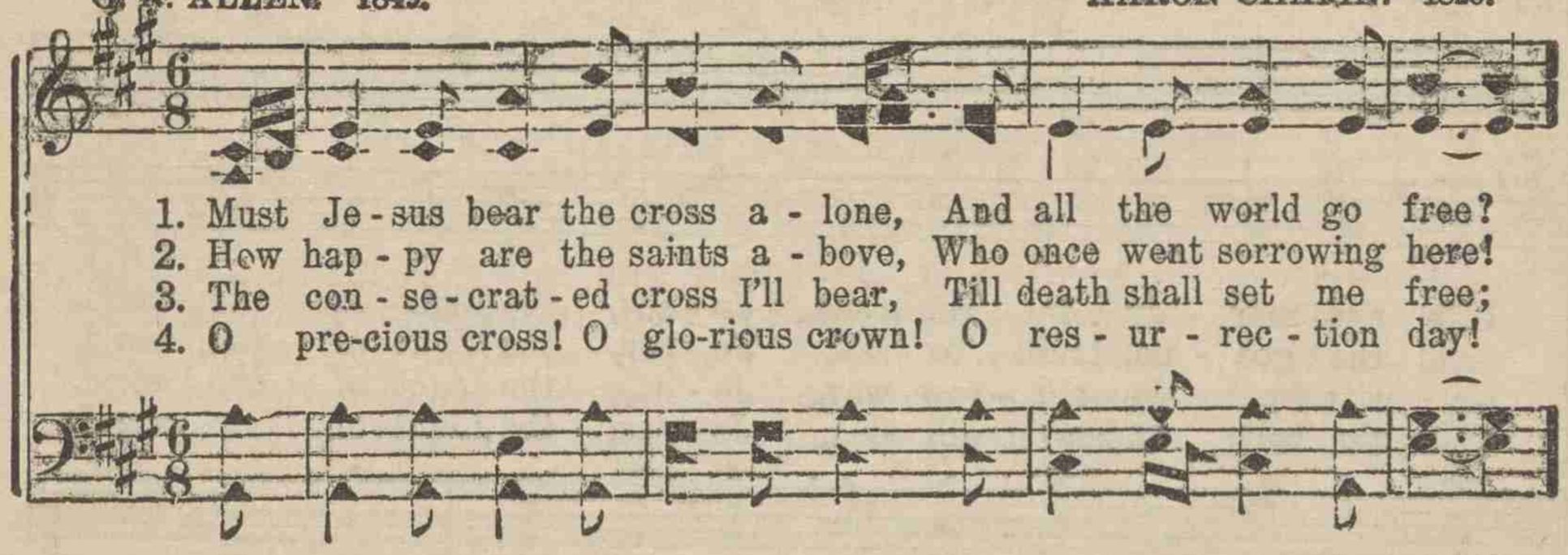
CHO.—Lord, re- vive us, Oh, re - vive us, All our help must come from Thee:

D.S. Chorus.



No 30. Maitland.

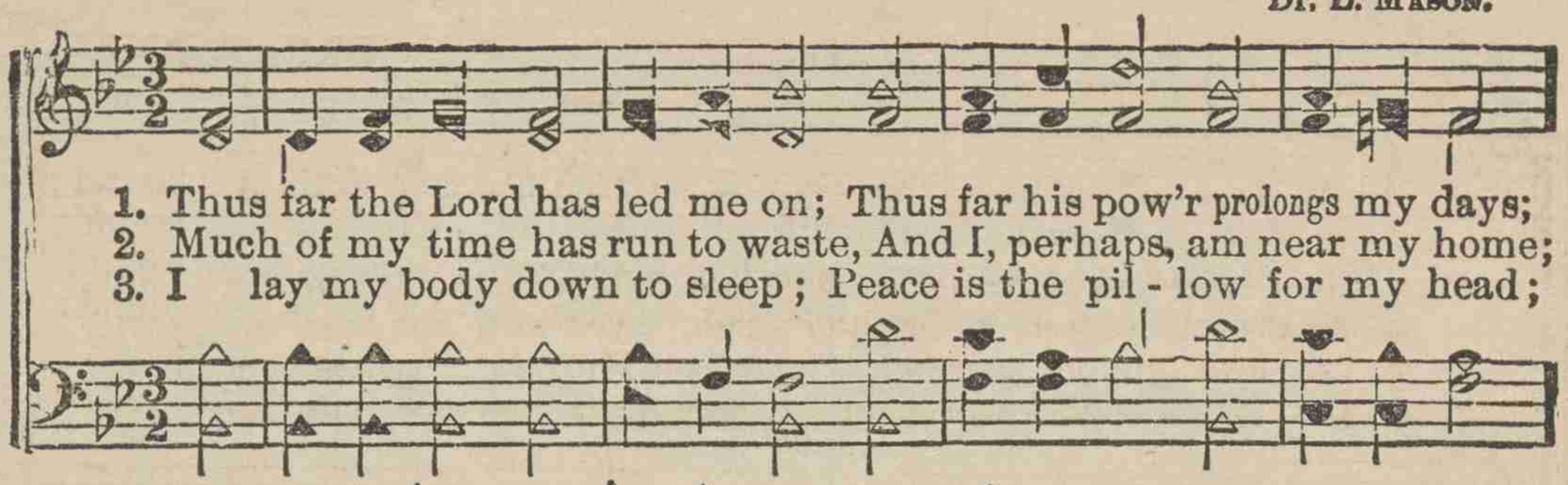
G. N. ALLEN. 1849. AARON CHAPIN. 1820.





No. 31. HEBRON. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.



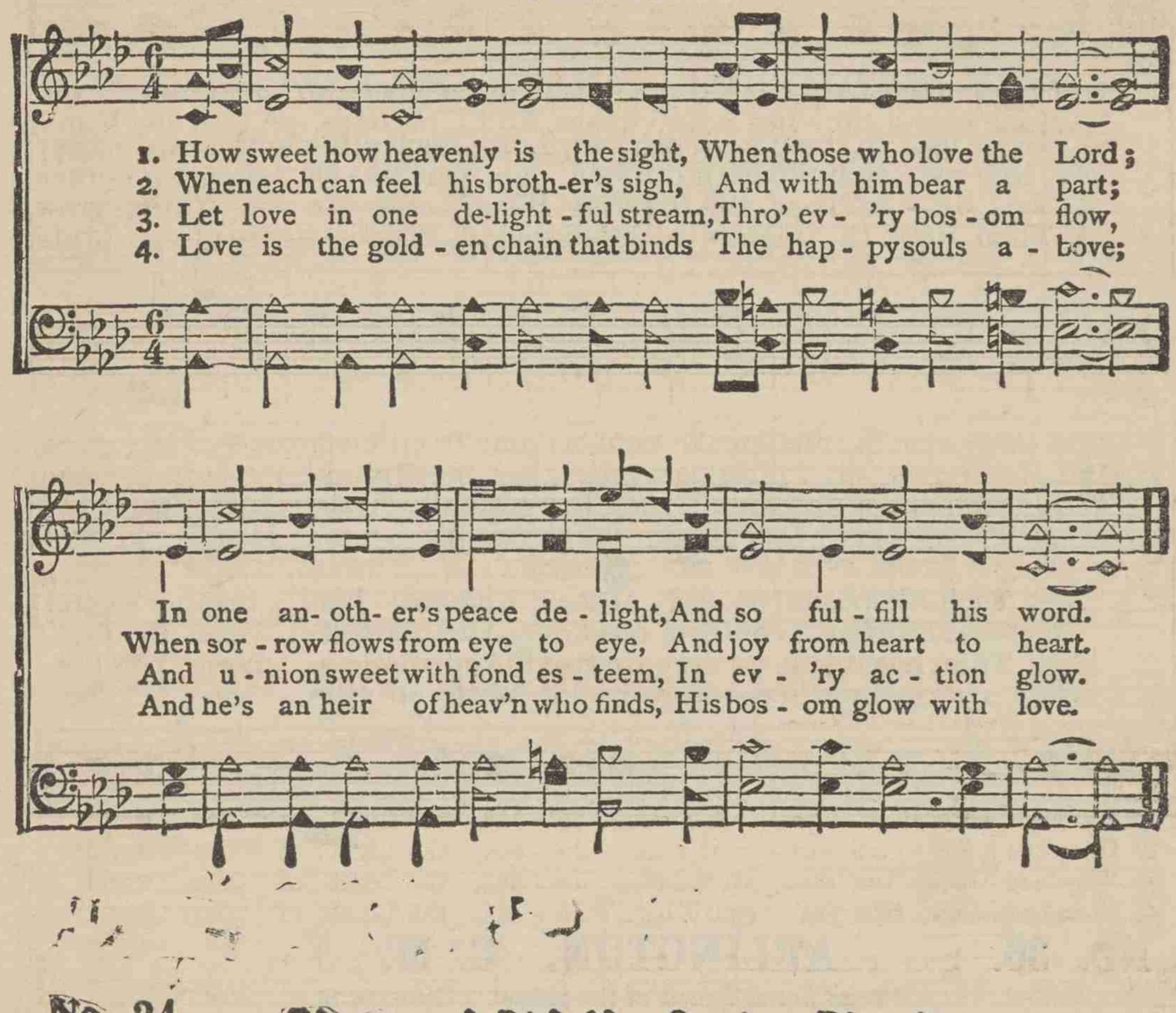


32. JESUS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.



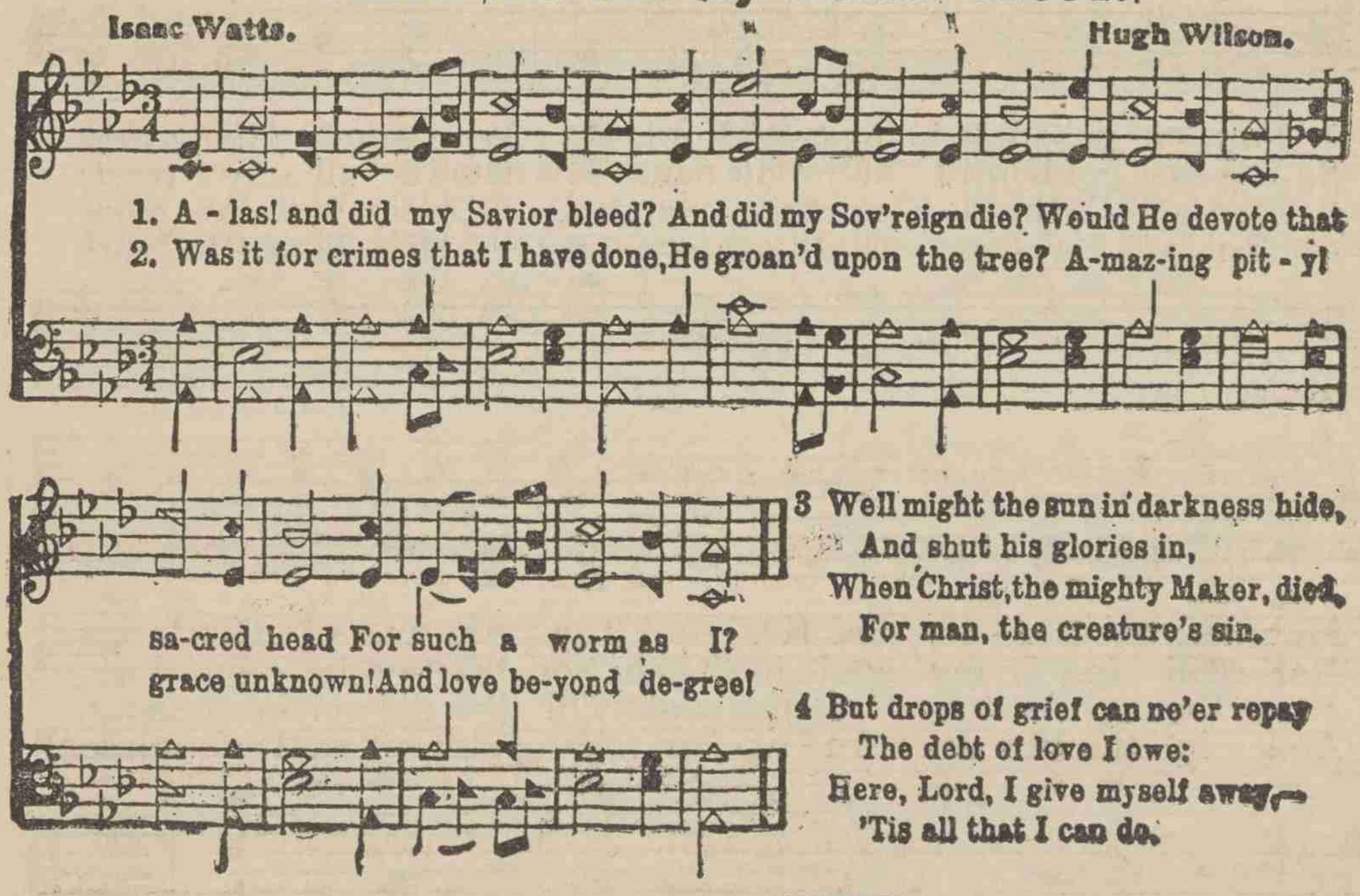
No. 33. How Sweet, How Heavenly.

(Manoah.) GREATOREX.



No. 34. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts. Hugh Wilson.



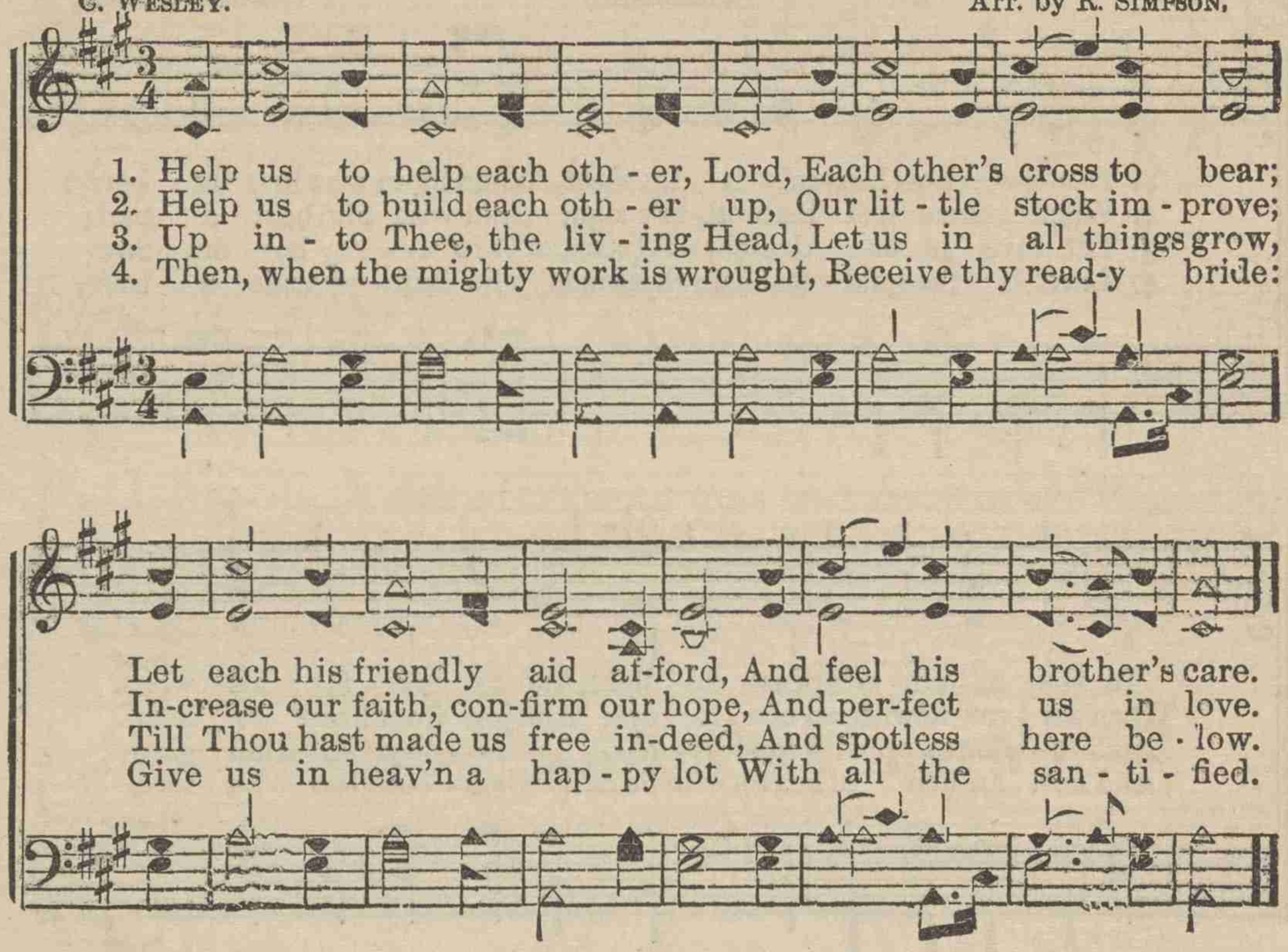
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 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. 35. BALERMA. C. M.

"Bear ye one another's burden."—GAL. 6: 2.

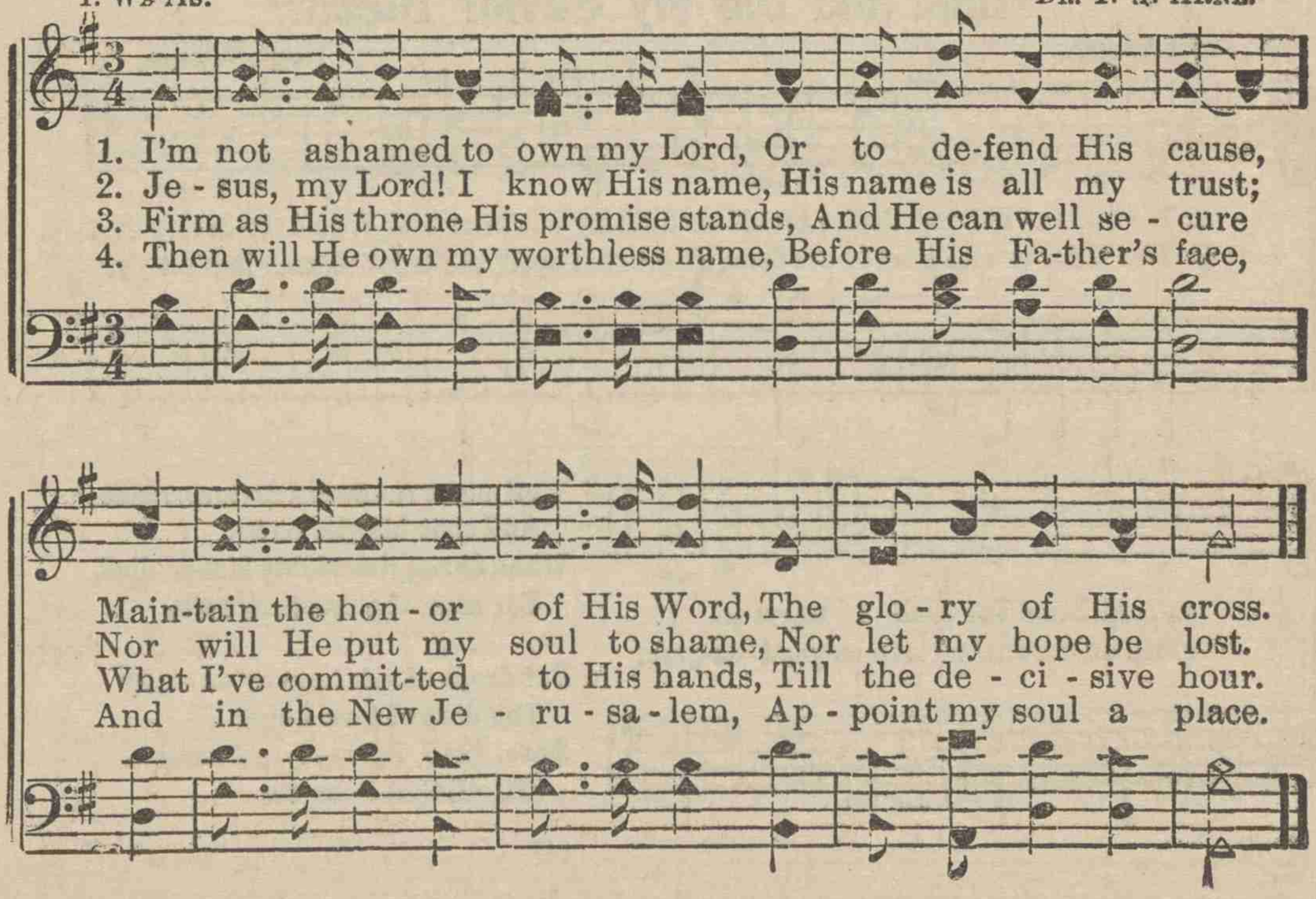
C. WESLEY. Arr. by R. SIMPSON.



No. 36. ARLINGTON. C. M.

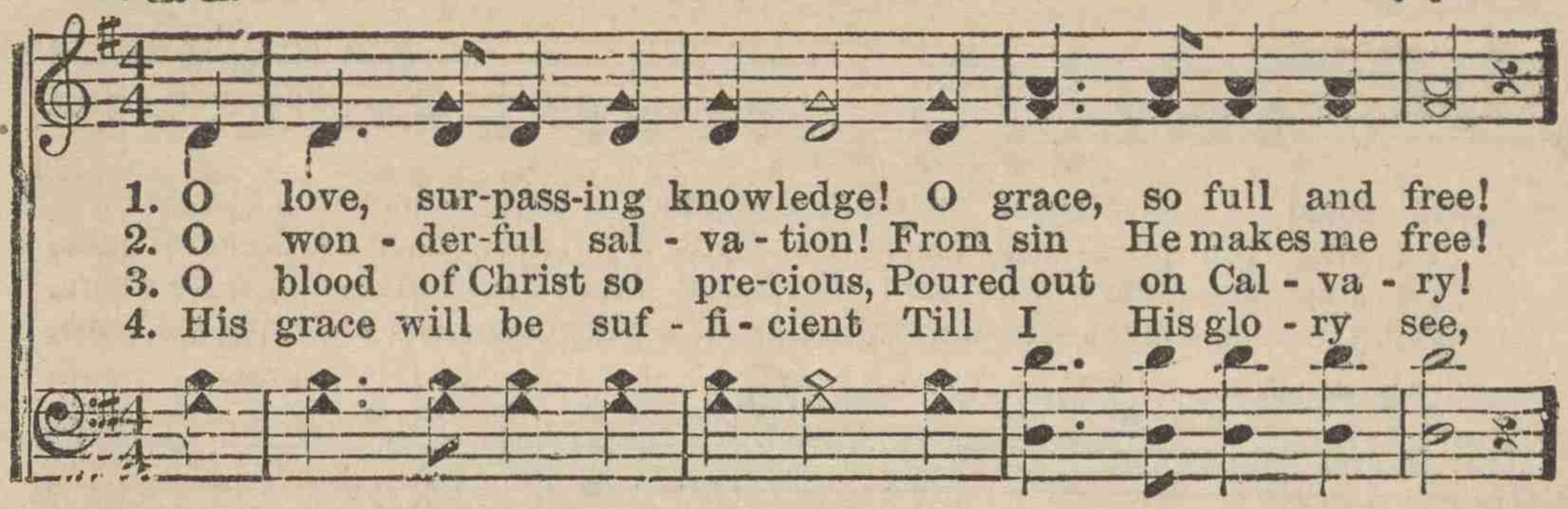
"I am not ashamed of the gospel."—ROM. 1: 16.

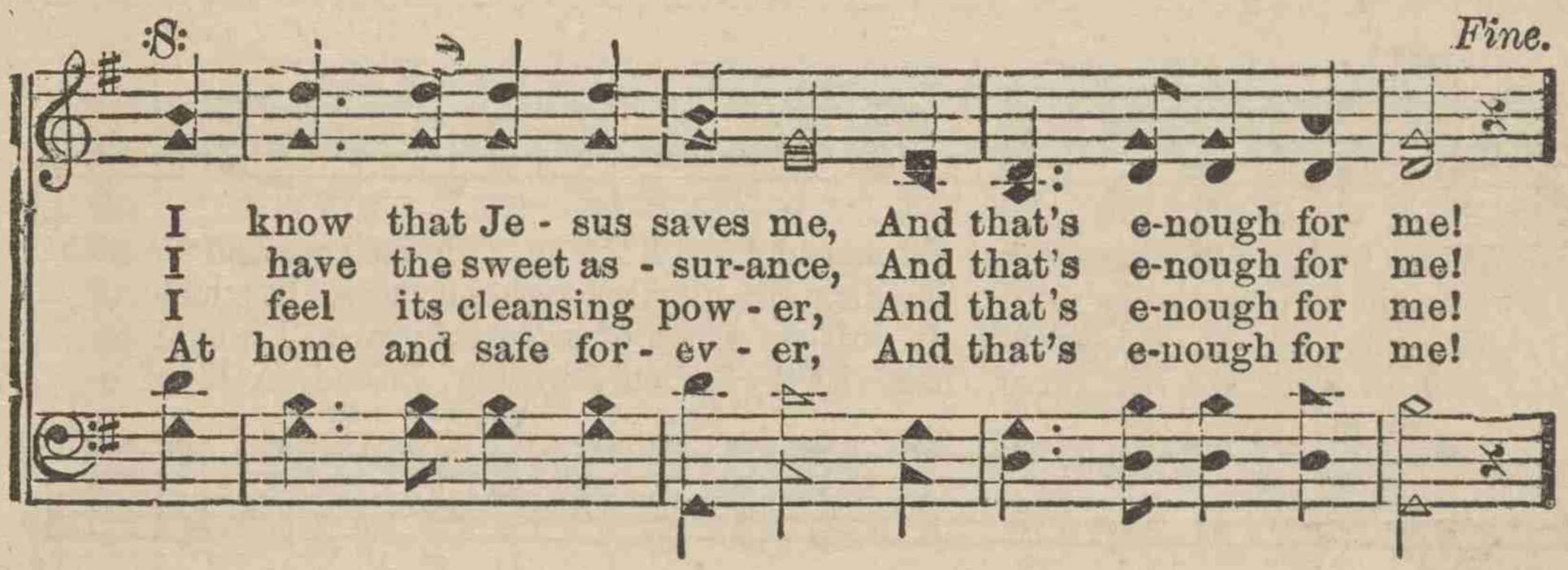
I. WATTS. DR. T. A. ARNE.



37 ENOUGH FOR ME.

E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.







No. 38. EVERYBODY'S WELCOME.

Arr. by JNO. R. BRYANT.



NOTE.—Sing mothers, brothers, sisters neighbors, pilgrims etc., *ad lib.*

No. 39. O COULD I SPEAK.

S. MEDLEY. ARIEL. C. P. M. DR. LOWELL MASON.





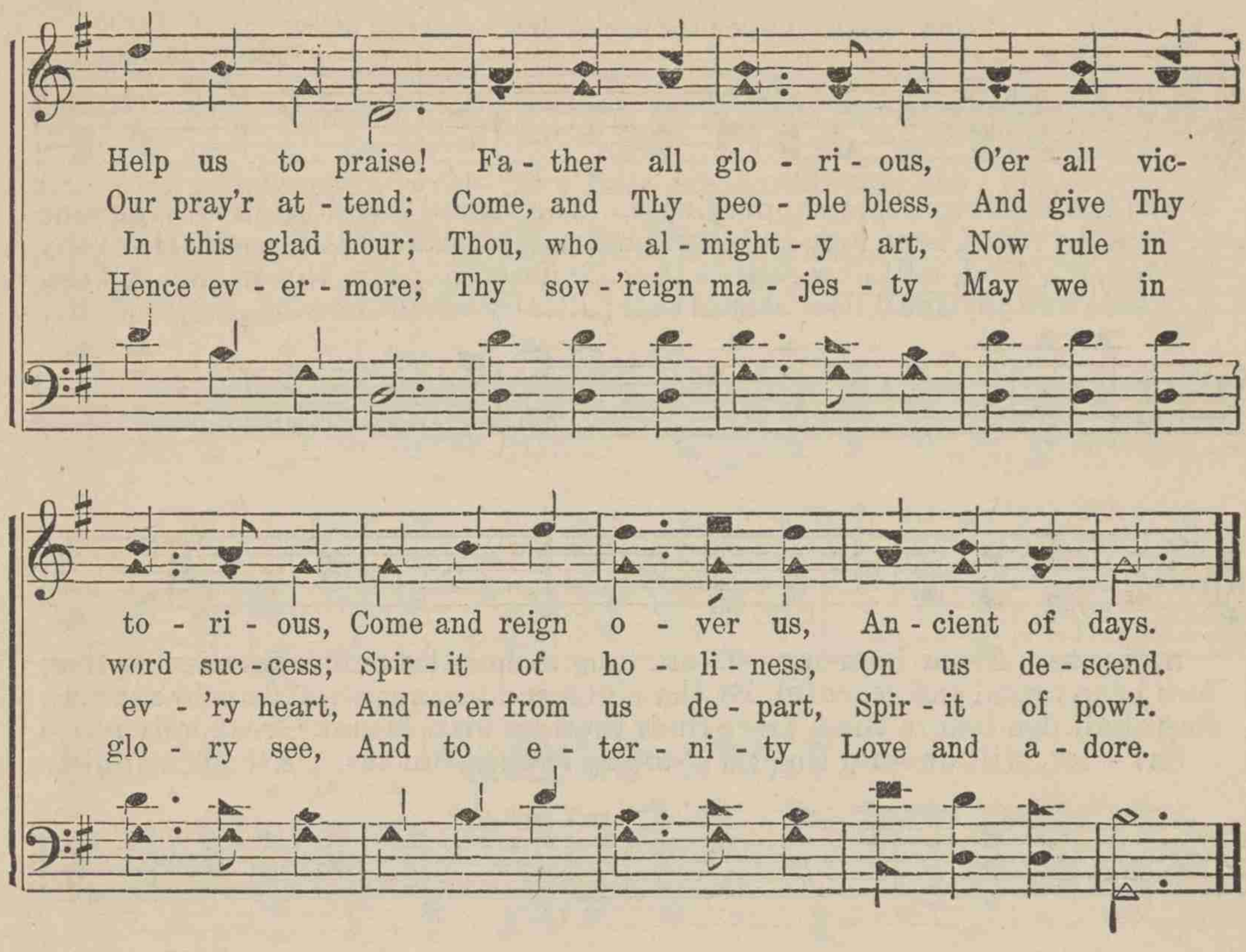


No. 40. COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

CHAS. WESLEY. ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s. FELICE GIARDINI.

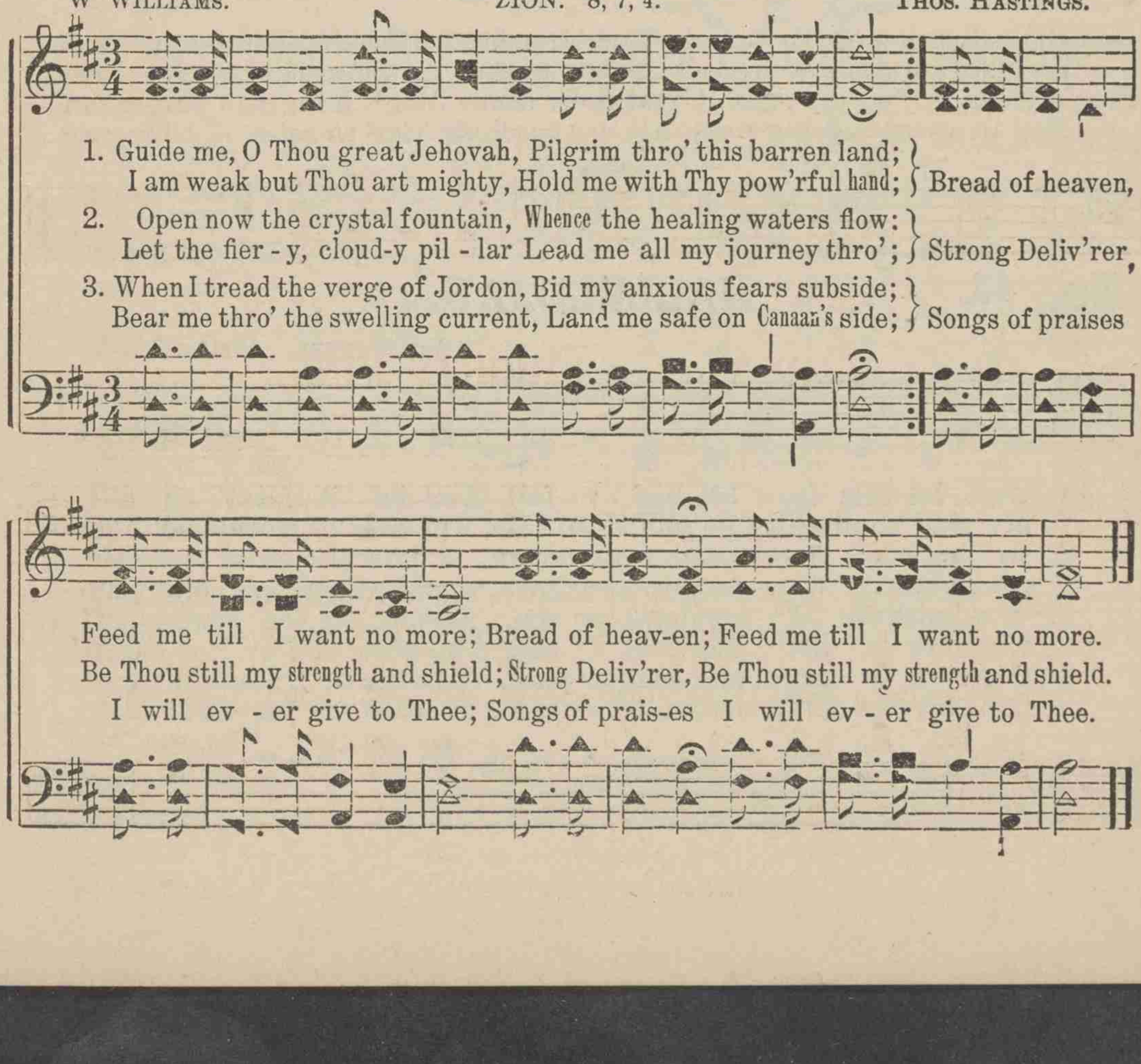


COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING. Concluded.



No. 41. GUIDE ME.

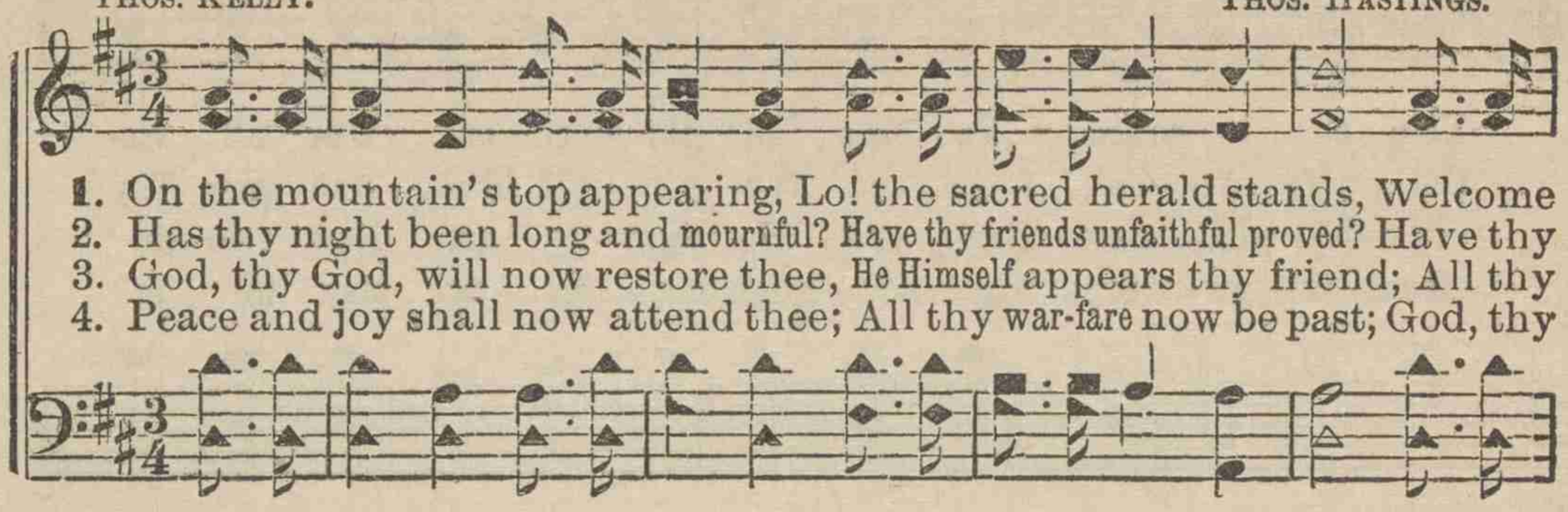
W. WILLIAMS. ZION. 8, 7, 4. THOS. HASTINGS.



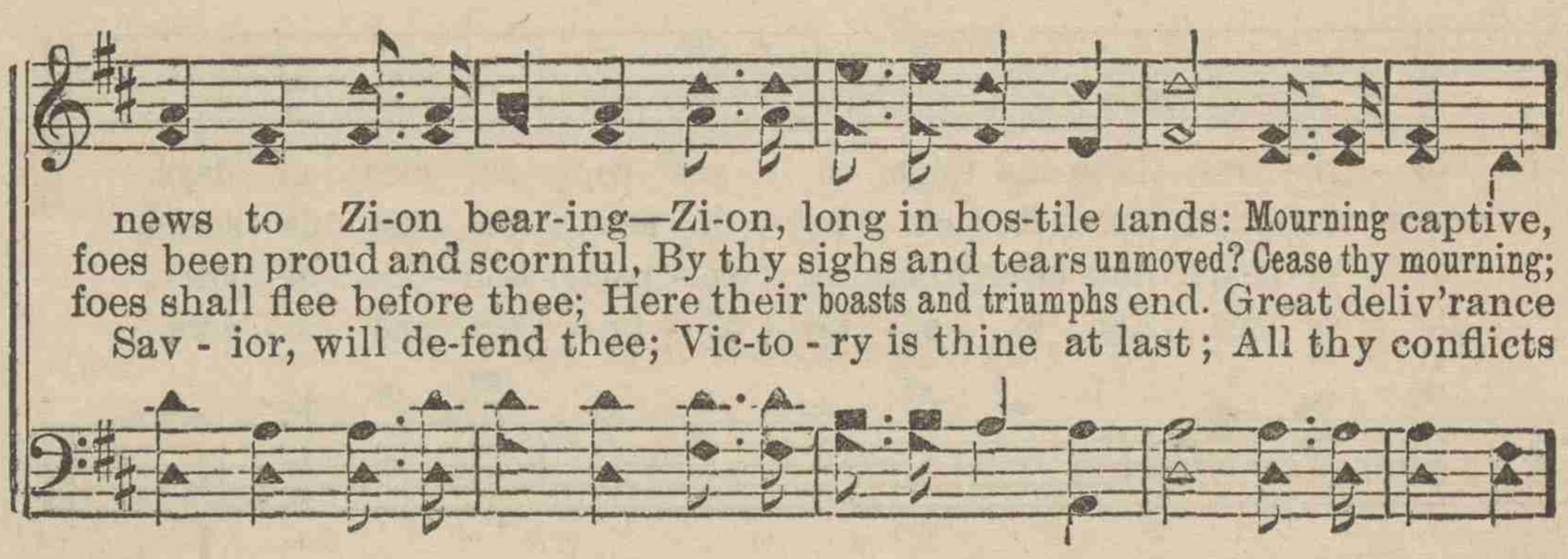
No. 42. ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

"How beautiful upon the mountains."—ISAIAH 52: 7.

THOS. KELLY. THOS. HASTINGS.



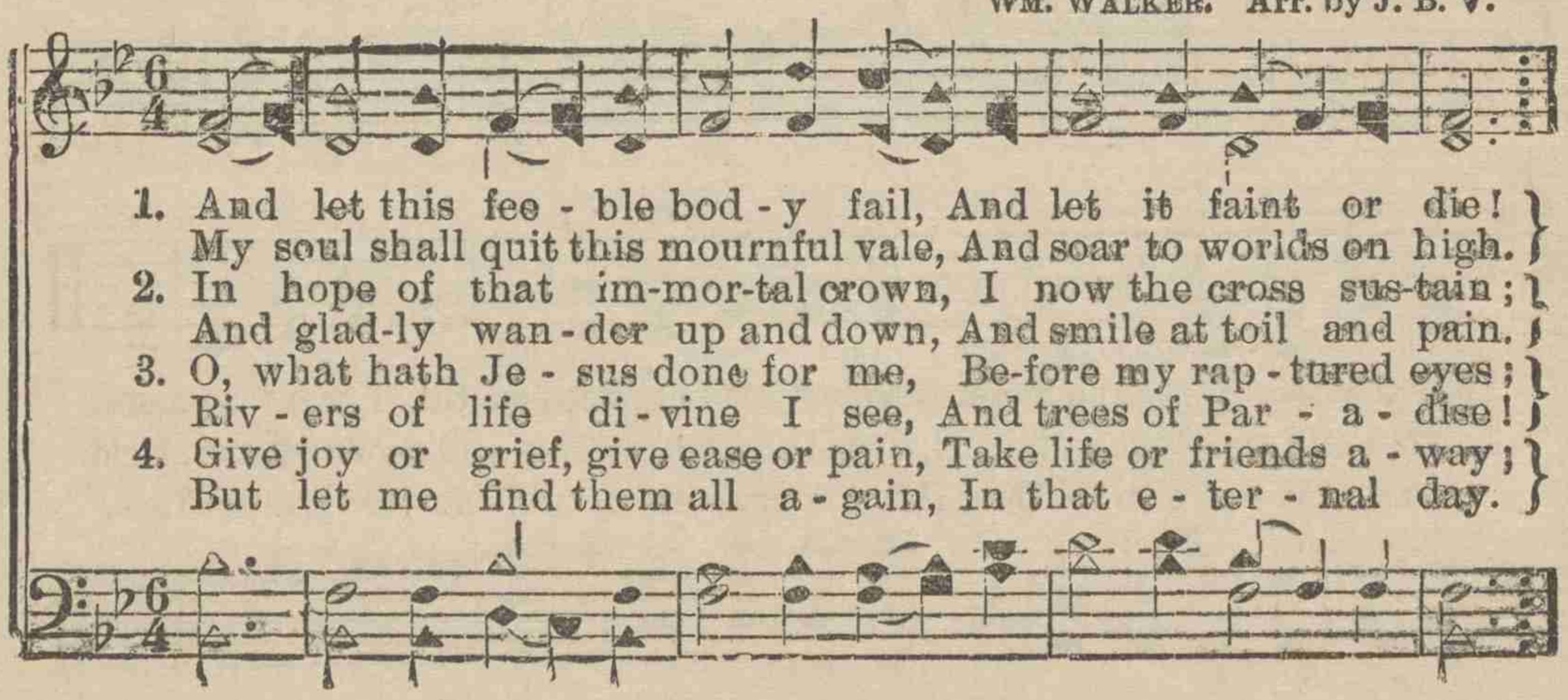
1. On the mountain's top appearing, Lo! the sacred herald stands, Welcome news to Zi-on bear-ing—Zi-on, long in hos-tile lands: Mourning captive,
2. Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy friends unfaithful proved? Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears unmoved? Cease thy mourning;
3. God, thy God, will now restore thee, He Himself appears thy friend; All thy foes shall flee before thee; Here their boasts and triumphs end. Great deliv'rance
4. Peace and joy shall now attend thee; All thy war-fare now be past; God, thy Sav - ior, will de-fend thee; Vic-to - ry is thine at last; All thy conflicts



God Himself will loose thy bands, Mourning captive, God Himself will loose thy bands.
Zion still is well beloved, Cease thy mourning; Zion still is well beloved.
Zion's King will surely send, Great deliv'rance Zion's King will surely send.
End in ev-er-last-ing rest, All thy conflicts End in ev-er-last-ing rest.

No. 43. HALLELUJAH.

WM. WALKER. Arr. by J. B. V.



1. And let this fee - ble bod - y fail, And let it faint or die!
   My soul shall quit this mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high.
2. In hope of that im-mor-tal crown, I now the cross sus-tain;
   And glad-ly wan - der up and down, And smile at toil and pain.
3. O, what hath Je - sus done for me, Be-fore my rap - tured eyes;
   Riv - ers of life di - vine I see, And trees of Par - a - dise!
4. Give joy or grief, give ease or pain, Take life or friends a - way;
   But let me find them all a - gain, In that e - ter - nal day.

HALLELUJAH. Concluded.

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 44. PASSING AWAY.

J. A. WATSON. Arr. by J. B. V.

1. And must I be to judgment brought, And answer in that day,
   For ev - 'ry vain and i - dle thought, And ev -'ry word I say?
2. Yes ev - 'ry se - cret of my heart Shall shortly be made known;
   And I re-ceive my just de - sert, For all that I have done.
3. How care - ful then, ought I to be, With what re - li-gious fear,
   Who such a strict ac-count must give, For my be-hav-ior here!

CHORUS.

We are pass - ing a - way, We are pass - ing a - way;

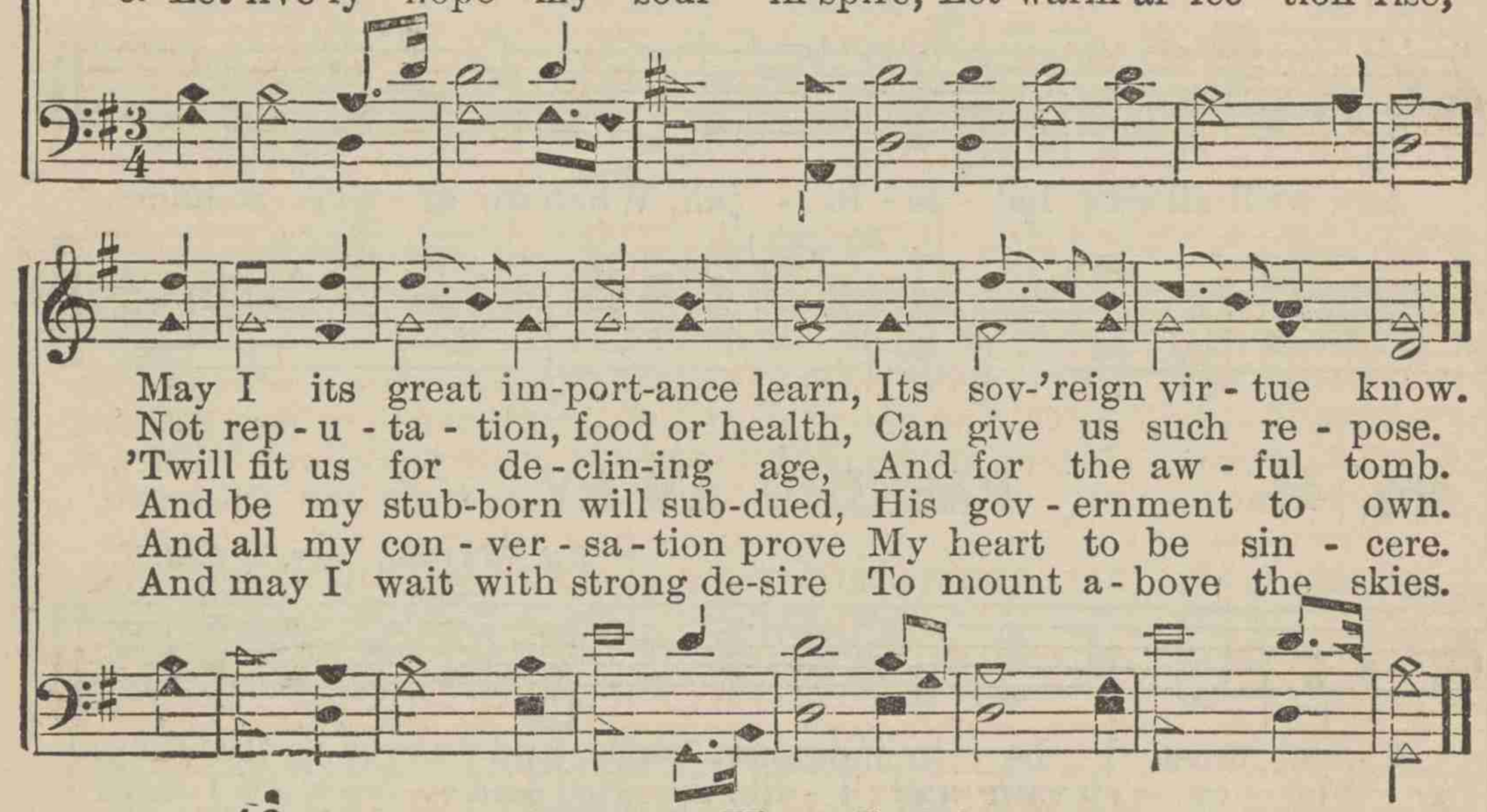
We are pass - ing a - way, To that great judgment day.

No. 45. MEAR. C. M.

JOHN FAWCETT. The Importance of Religion.—PHIL. 3: 8. Welsh Air.



1. Re - lig - ion is the chief con-cern Of mor-tals here be-low;
2. More needful this than glitt'ring wealth, Or aught the world bestows;
3. Re - lig-ion should our thoughts en-gage A-midst our youthful bloom;
4. O may my heart, by grace re-newed, Be my Redeemer's throne;
5. Let deep re - pent-ance, faith and love, Be joined with god-ly fear;
6. Let live-ly hope my soul in-spire; Let warm af- fec - tion rise;



May I its great im-port-ance learn, Its sov-'reign vir - tue know.
Not rep - u - ta - tion, food or health, Can give us such re - pose.
'Twill fit us for de - clin-ing age, And for the aw - ful tomb.
And be my stub-born will sub-dued, His gov - ernment to own.
And all my con - ver - sa - tion prove My heart to be sin - cere.
And may I wait with strong de-sire To mount a - bove the skies.

No. 46. MELODY. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. A. CHAPIN.



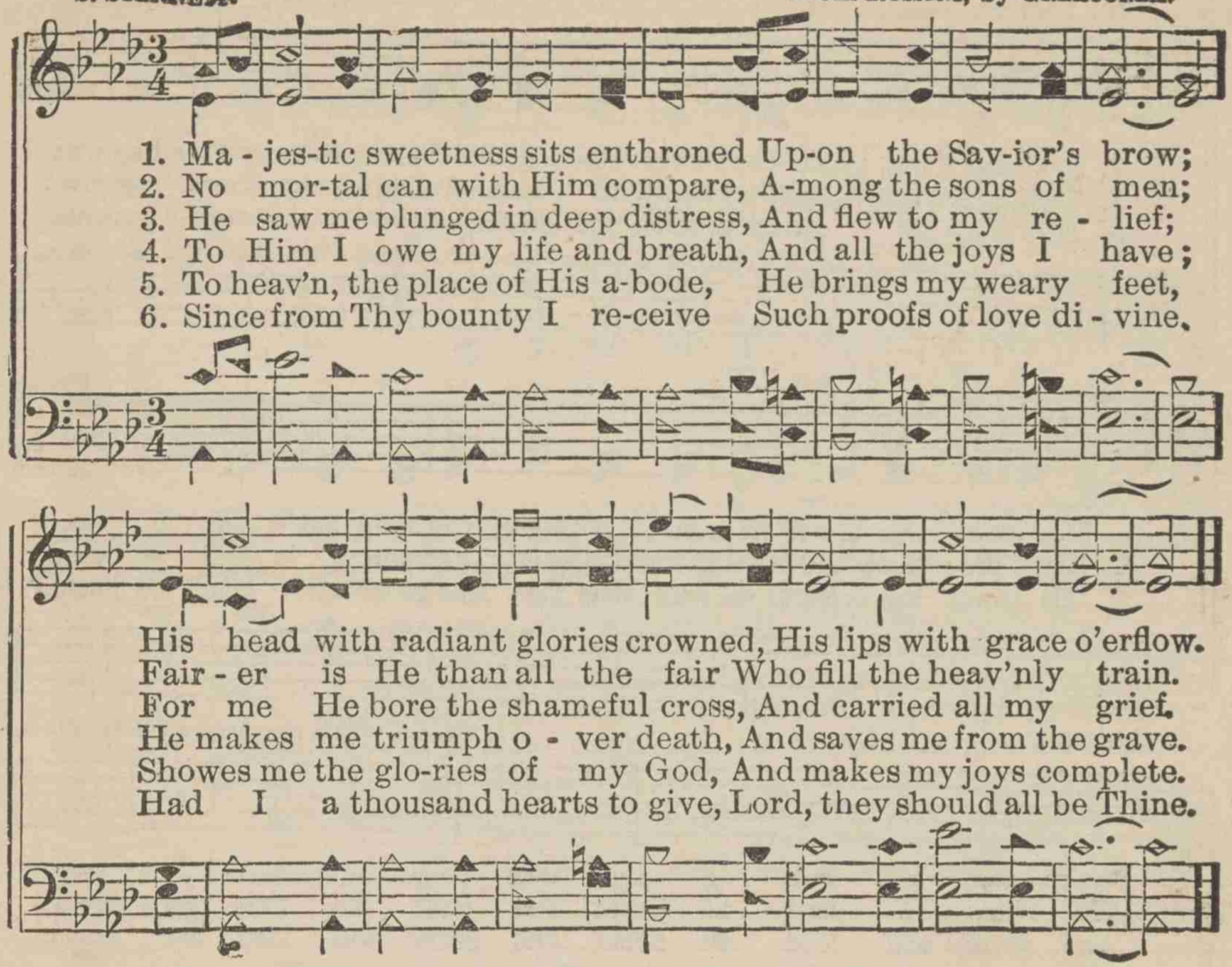
1. Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;
2. Look! how we grovel here be-low, Fond of these earth-ly toys;
3. In vain we tune our formal songs; In vain we strive to rise;
4. Dear Lord, and shall we ever live At this poor dy - ing rate;
5. Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;



Kin-dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
Our souls can neither fly nor go To reach e - ter - nal joys.
Ho - san-nas languish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great?
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

No. 47. MANOAH. C. M.

S. STENNETT. From ROSSINI, by GREATOREX.

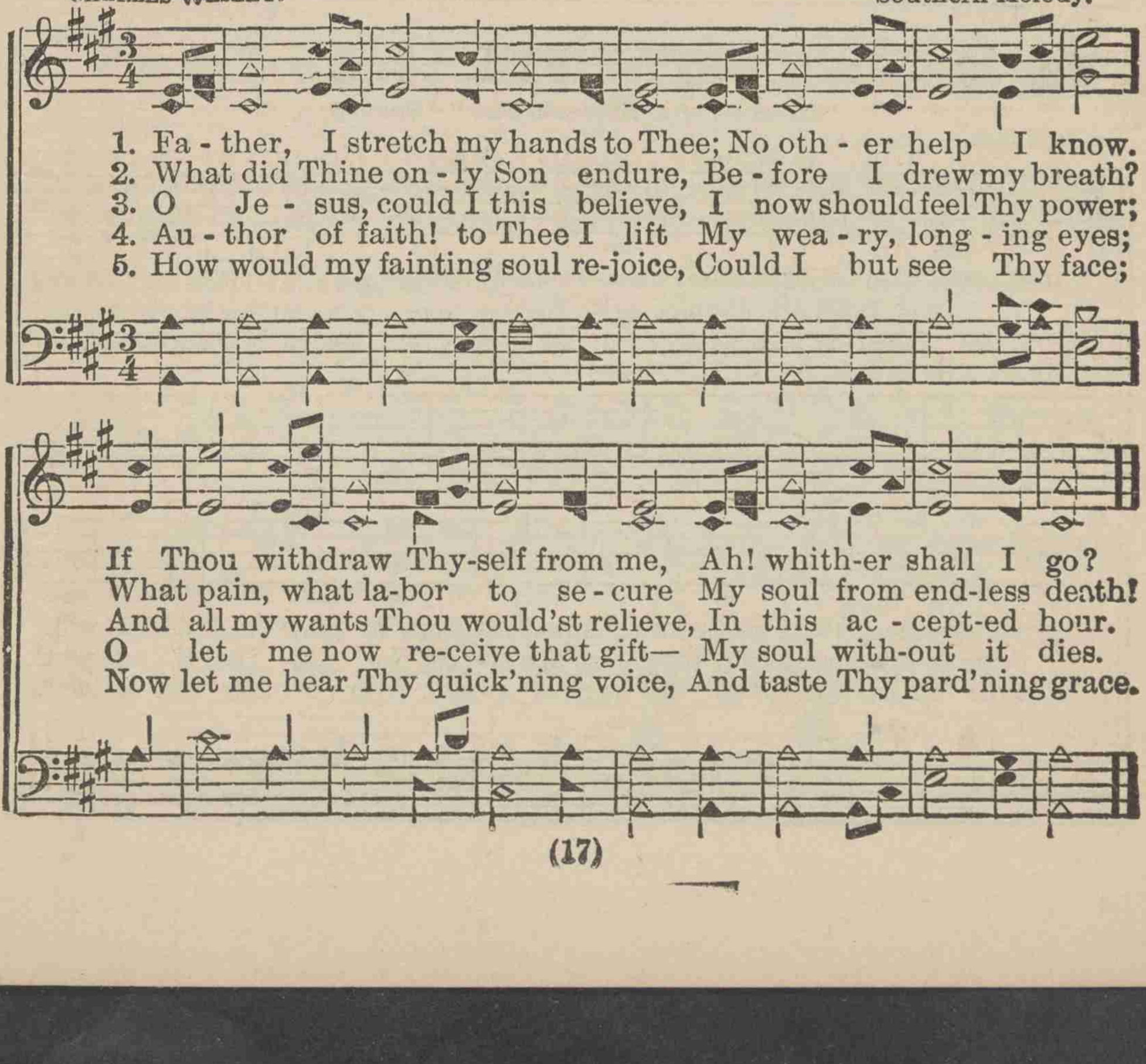


1. Ma - jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Sav-ior's brow;
2. No mor-tal can with Him compare, A-mong the sons of men;
3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my re - lief;
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have;
5. To heav'n, the place of His a-bode, He brings my weary feet,
6. Since from Thy bounty I re-ceive Such proofs of love di - vine.

His head with radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow.
Fair - er is He than all the fair Who fill the heav'nly train.
For me He bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief.
He makes me triumph o - ver death, And saves me from the grave.
Showes me the glo-ries of my God, And makes my joys complete.
Had I a thousand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine.

No. 48. HARMONY GROVE. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. Southern Melody.



1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee; No oth - er help I know.
2. What did Thine on - ly Son endure, Be - fore I drew my breath?
3. O Je - sus, could I this believe, I now should feel Thy power;
4. Au - thor of faith! to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;
5. How would my fainting soul re-joice, Could I but see Thy face;

If Thou withdraw Thy-self from me, Ah! whith-er shall I go?
What pain, what la-bor to se - cure My soul from end-less death!
And all my wants Thou would'st relieve, In this ac - cept-ed hour.
O let me now re-ceive that gift— My soul with-out it dies.
Now let me hear Thy quick'ning voice, And taste Thy pard'ning grace.

No. 49. HARP, C. M.

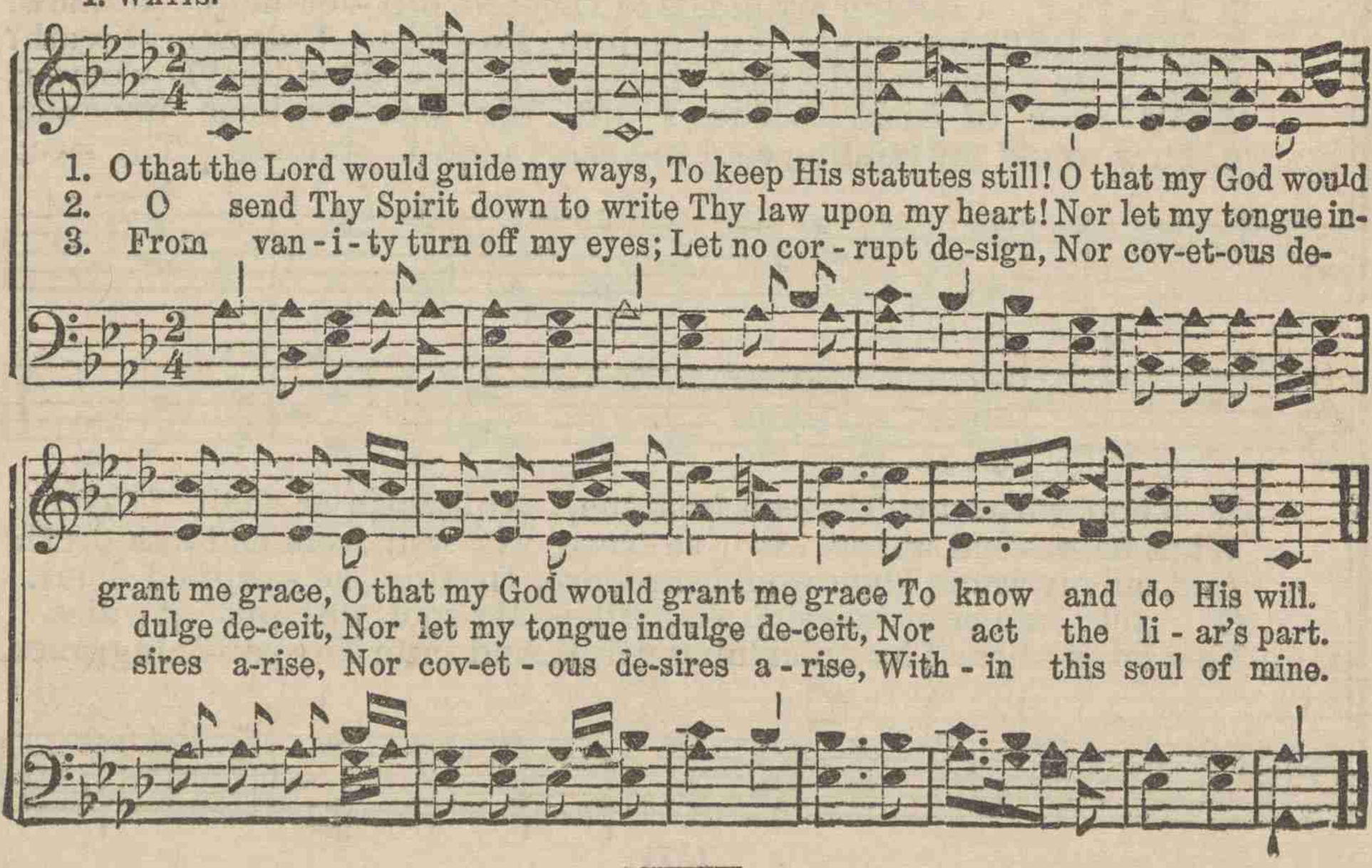
JOHN NEWTON. (Second tune.) Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



No. 50. NINETY-FIFTH, C. M.

"Thirsting after righteousness."—MATT. 5: 6.

I. WATTS.



No 51. DEPARTED LOVED ONES.

Old Revival Song. Arr.

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

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

No 52. I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

Arr. by H. F. M.

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need-y, come and welcome; God's free bounty glo - ri-fy;
3. Let not conscience make you linger, Nor of fitness fondly dream;
4. Come, ye wea-ry, heav - y laden, Bruised and mangled by the fall;

Cho.—I will a - rise and go to Jesus, He will embrace me in His arms

D. C. Chorus.

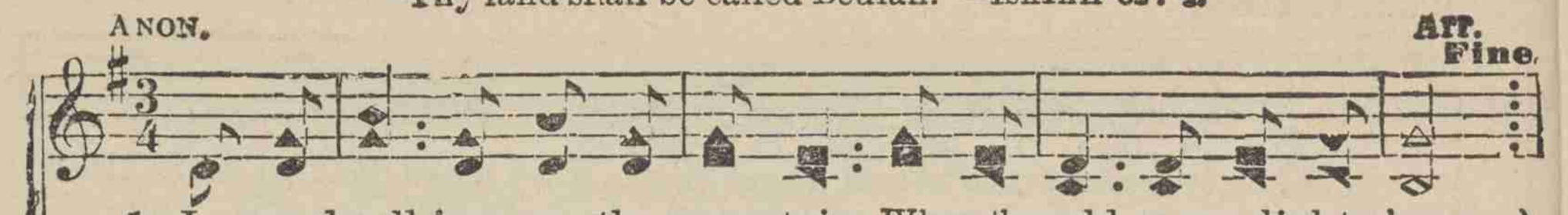
Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
True be - lief and true re-pent-ance, Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.
All the fit - ness He re - quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him.
If you tar-ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev-er come at all.

In the arms of my dear Saviour, O there are ten thousand charms

No. 53. THE LAND OF BEULAH.

"Thy land shall be called Beulah."—ISAIAH 62: 4.

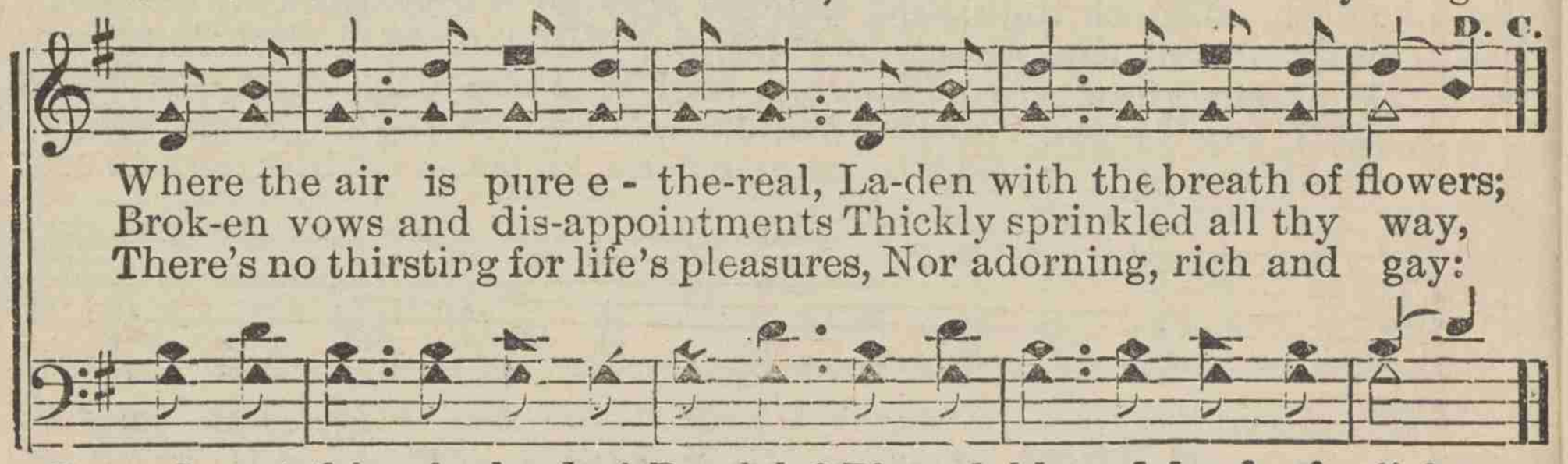
ANON.



1. I am dwell-ing on the mountain, Where the golden sun-light gleams,
   O'er a land whose wondrous beauty, Far exceeds my fondest dreams,
2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wandered wea-ry years;
   Oft-en hindered in my journey By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
3. I am drinking at the fountain, Where I ev - er would a - bide;
   For I've tasted life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;



D. C.—They are blooming by the fountain, 'Neath the amaranthine bowers.
D. C.—But the Spir-it led, un - err - ing To the land I hold to - day.
D. C.—For I've found a rich-er treasure, One that fadeth not a - way.
Where the flowers bloom for-ev - er, And the sun is al - ways bright.

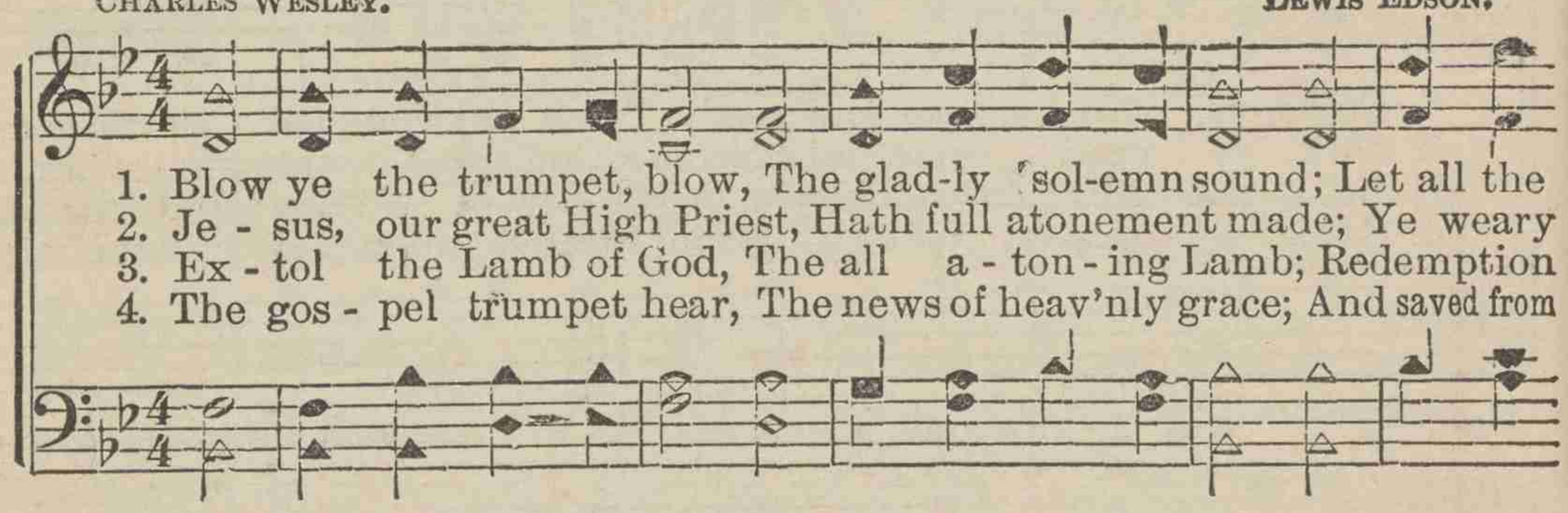


Where the air is pure e - the-real, La-den with the breath of flowers;
Brok-en vows and dis-appointments Thickly sprinkled all thy way,
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures, Nor adorning, rich and gay:

CHO.—Is not this the land of Beu-lah? Blessed, blessed land of light;

No. 54. LENOX. H. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. LEWIS EDSON.



1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The glad-ly sol-emn sound; Let all the
2. Je - sus, our great High Priest, Hath full atonement made; Ye weary
3. Ex - tol the Lamb of God, The all a - ton - ing Lamb; Redemption
4. The gos - pel trumpet hear, The news of heav'nly grace; And saved from



nations know, To earth's remotest bound, The year of ju-bi-lee is come;
spir - its, rest; Ye mournful souls, be glad: The year of ju-bi-lee is come;
thro' His blood Throughout the world proclaim, The year of ju-bi-lee is come;
earth, appear Be-fore your Savior's face: The year of ju-bi-lee is come;

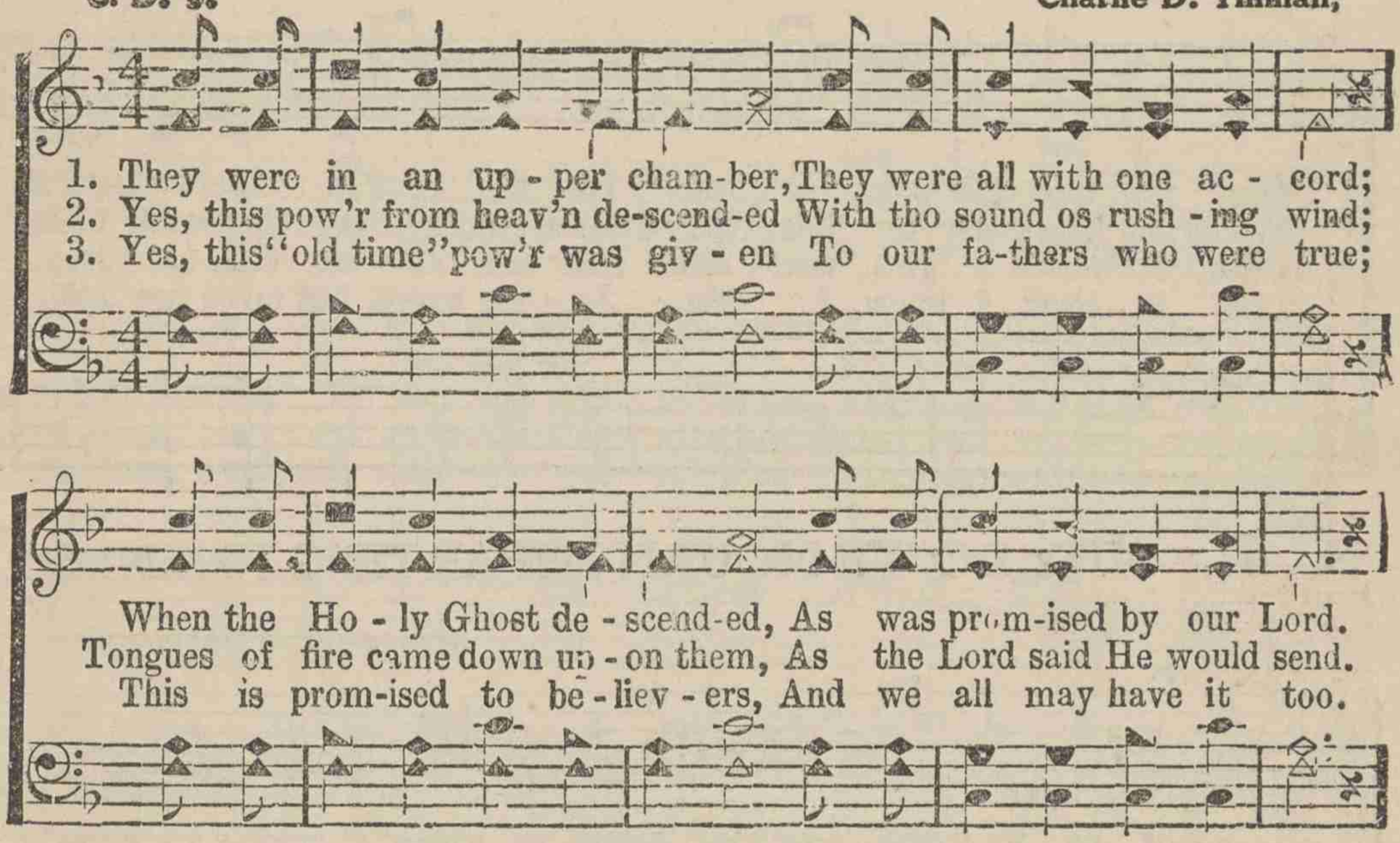
LENOX. Concluded.



No. 55. Old Time Power.

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

C. D. T. Charlie D. Tillman,



CHORUS.



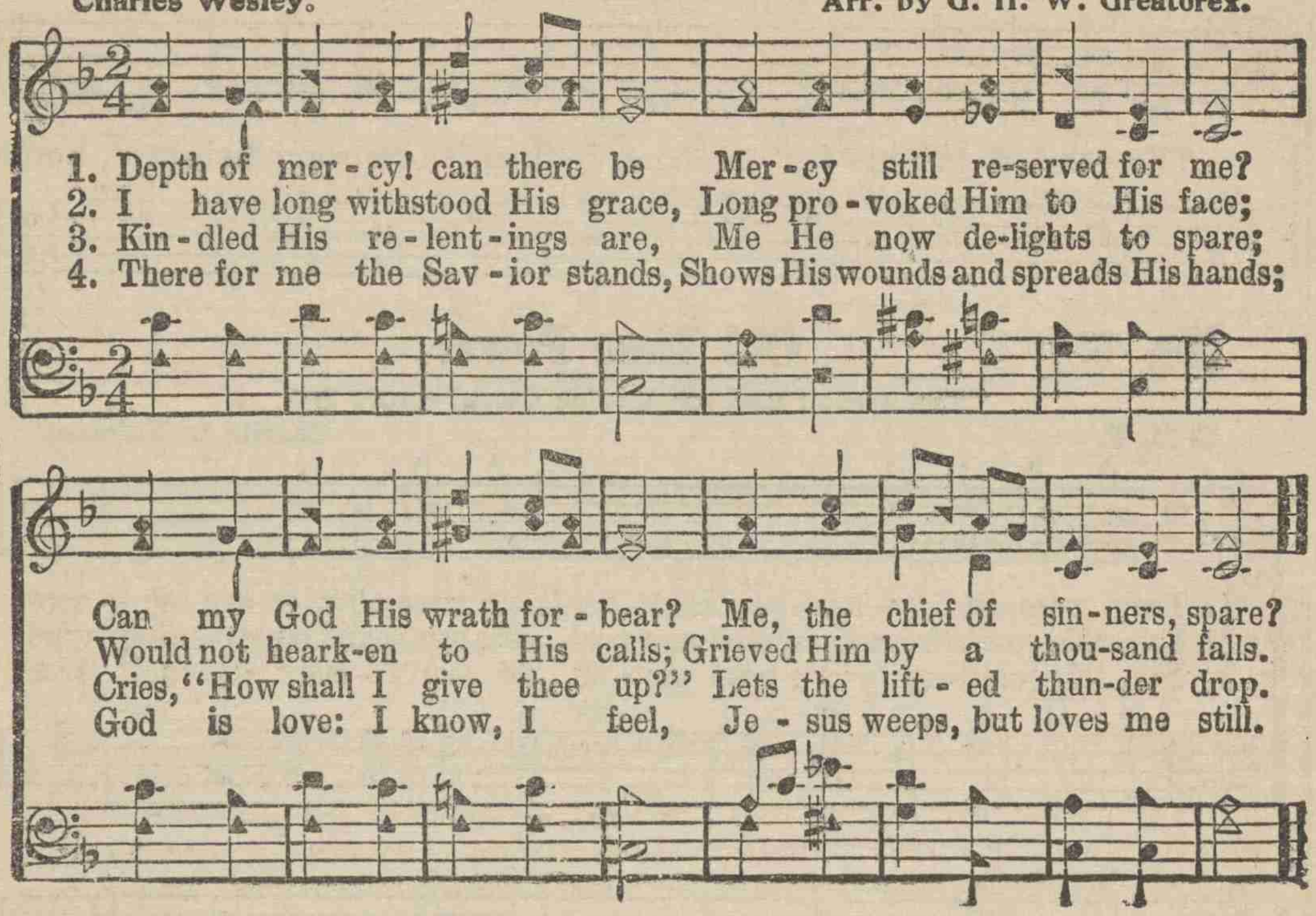


Copyright, 1895, by Ch arlie D. Tillman.

No 56. Seymour. 7.

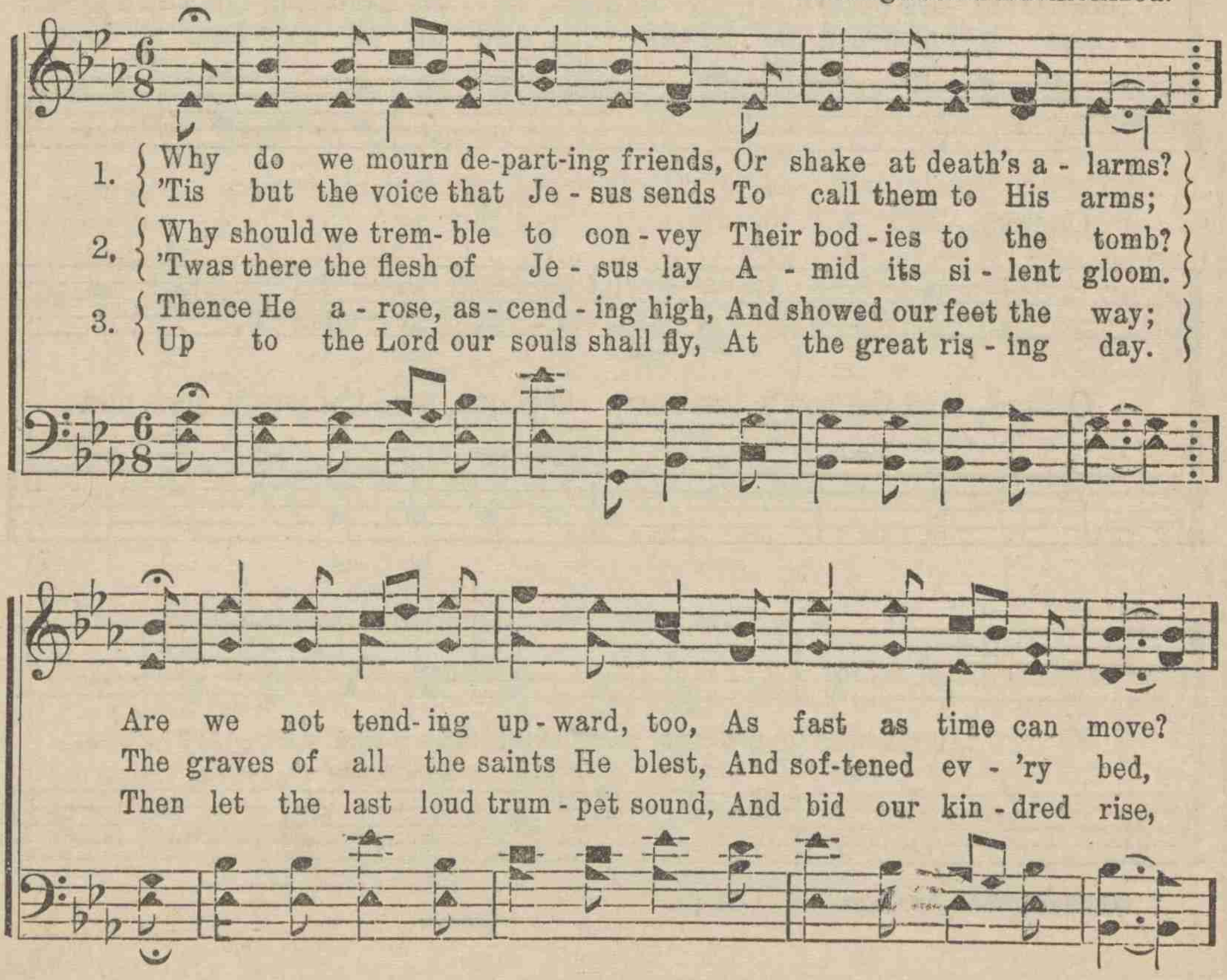
Charles Wesley.

C. M. von Weber.
Arr. by G. H. W. Greatorex.

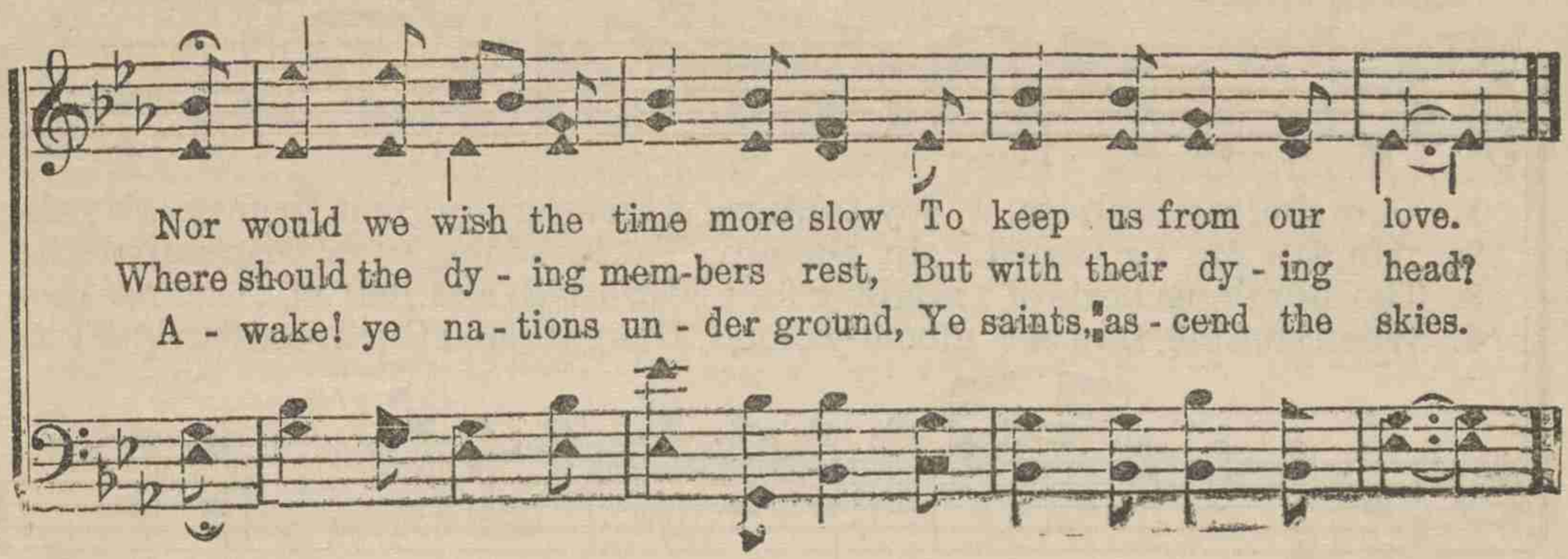


No. 57. WHY DO WE MOURN DEPARTING FRIENDS?

Arranged and Harmonized.

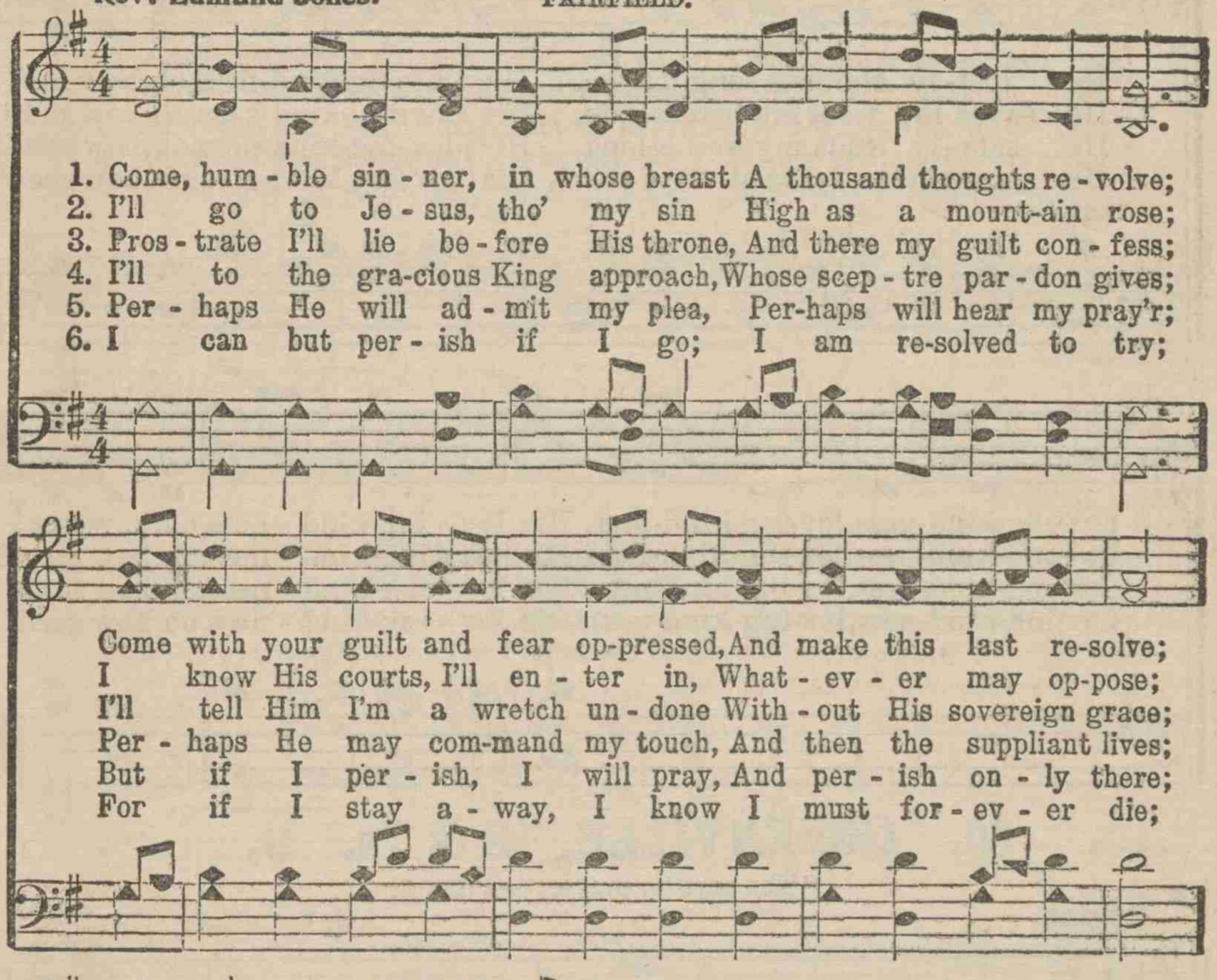


WHY DO WE MOURN—Concluded.



No. 58. Come Humble Sinner.

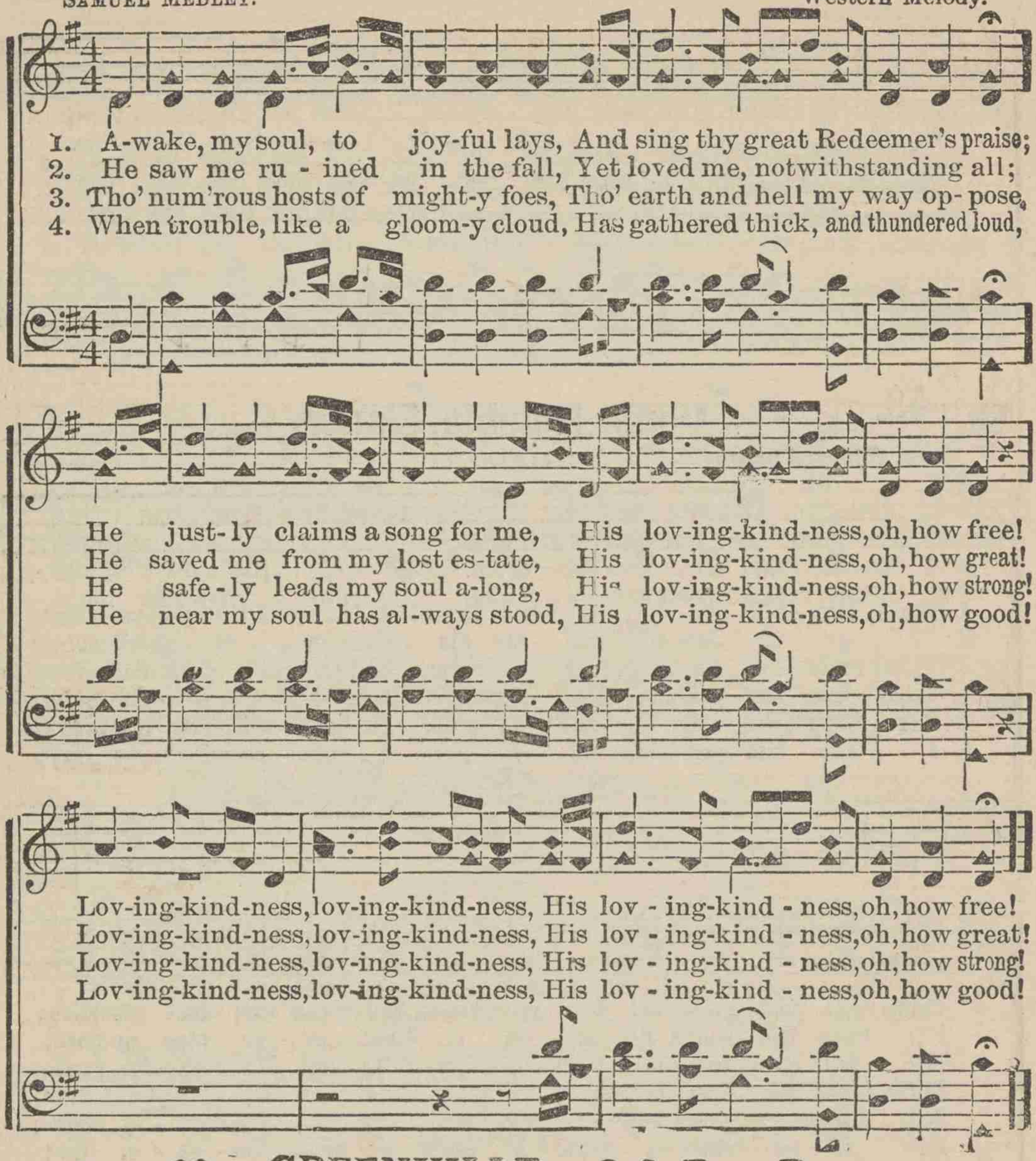
Rev. Edmund Jones. FAIRFIELD.





No. 59. LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

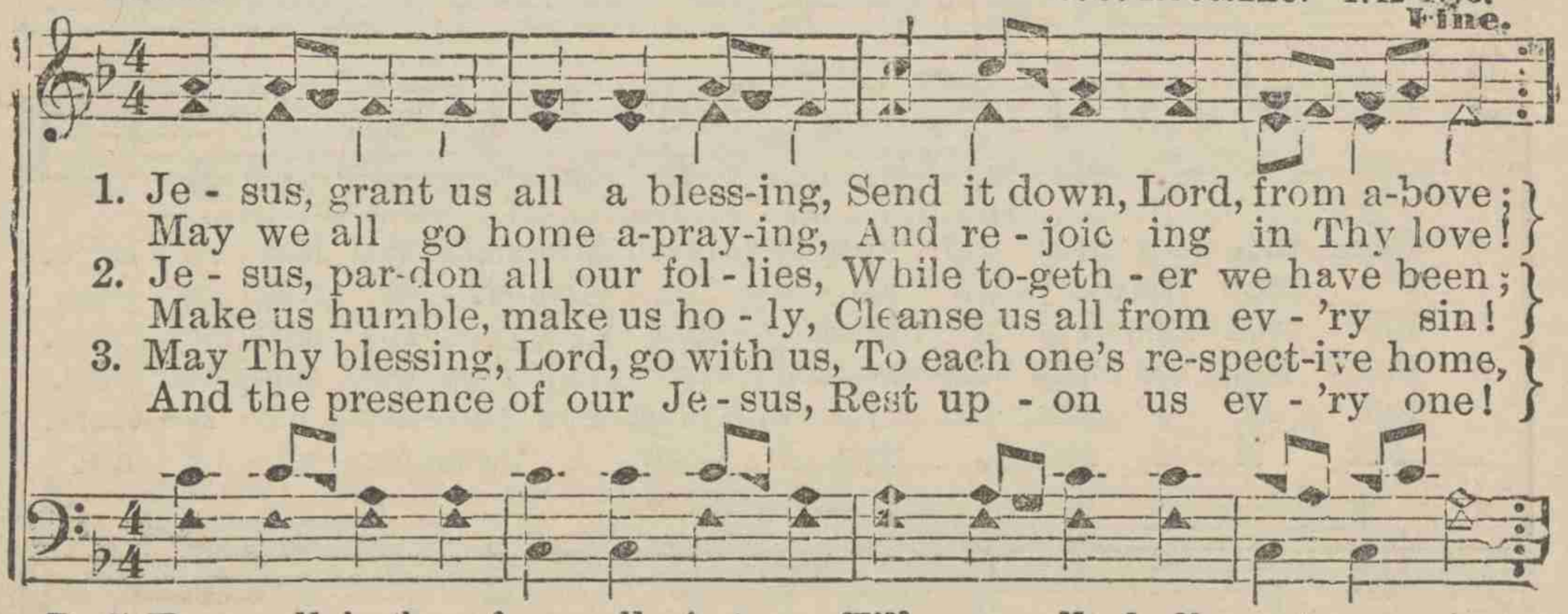
SAMUEL MEDLEY. Western Melody.



No. 60. GREENVILLE. 8 & 7s. D.

"The parting prayer."—PHIL. 4: 4.

ATKINS. J. J. ROUSSEAU. 1712-1778.



GREENVILLE. Concluded.

D. C.

Fare-well, brethren, fare-well, sis - ters, Till we all shall meet a-gain;

No. 61. PISGAH. C. M.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY. 1759.

ARR.

1. And let this fee - ble bod - y fail, And let it faint and die;.....
2. Shall join the dis - em-bodied saints, And find its long-sought rest,.....
3. In hope of that im-mor-tal crown I now the cross sustain,.....
4. I suf-fer on my threescore years, Till my De-liv-'rer come,.....
5. O, what hath Je-sus bought for me? Before my raptured eyes,.....
6. Give joy or grief, give ease or pain, Take life or friends away,.....

f.

Fine.

My soul shall quit this mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high.
That on - ly bliss for which it pants, In the Re-deem-er's breast.
And glad - ly wan - der up and down, And smile at toil and pain.
And wipe a - way His servants tears, And take His ex - ile home.
Riv - ers of life di - vine I see, And trees of Par - a - dise!
But let me find them all a - gain In that e - ter - nal day.

D. S.

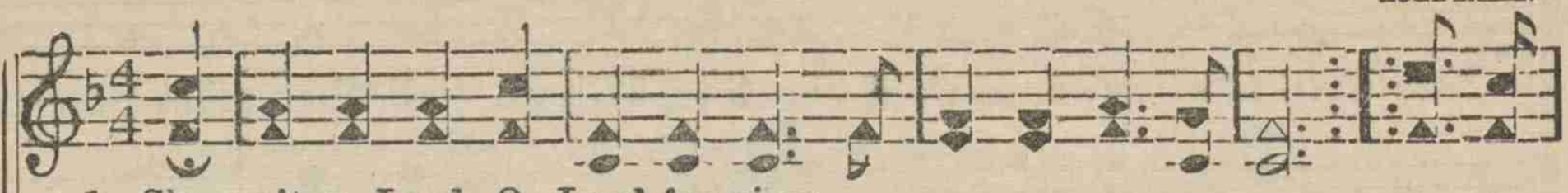
And soar to worlds on high,.... And soar to worlds on high.....
In the Re-deem-er's breast... In the Redeemer's breast.....
And smile at toil and pain.... And smile at toil and pain.....
And take His ex - ile home.... And take His ex-ile home.....
And trees of Par - a - dise!..... And trees of Par - a - dise!.....
In that e - ter - nal day,..... In that e - ter - nal day.....

No. 62 Will the Waters Be Chilly

I. Watts

Arr. by W. J. K.

REFRAIN



1. Show pit-y, Lord, O Lord for-give;
   Let a re - pent-ing reb - el live,
2. Are not Thy mercies large and free? Pre-pare me Lord to die.
   May not a sin - ner trust in Thee? Pre-pare me Lord to die. } Will the
3. My sins are great but don't sur-pass,
   The pow'r and glo-ry of Thy grace,
4. Great God, Thy na-ture hath no bound,
   So let Thy pard'ning love be found,
5. Here on my heart the bur-den lies,
   And past of - fenc - es pain my eyes,



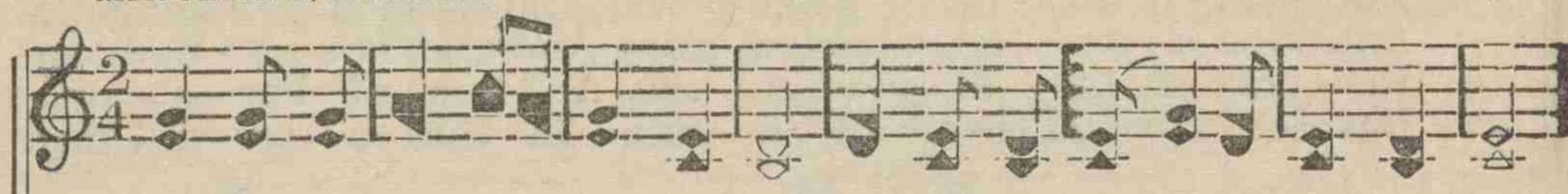


wa-ters be chil - ly? will the wa-ters be chil - ly? When I am called to die.

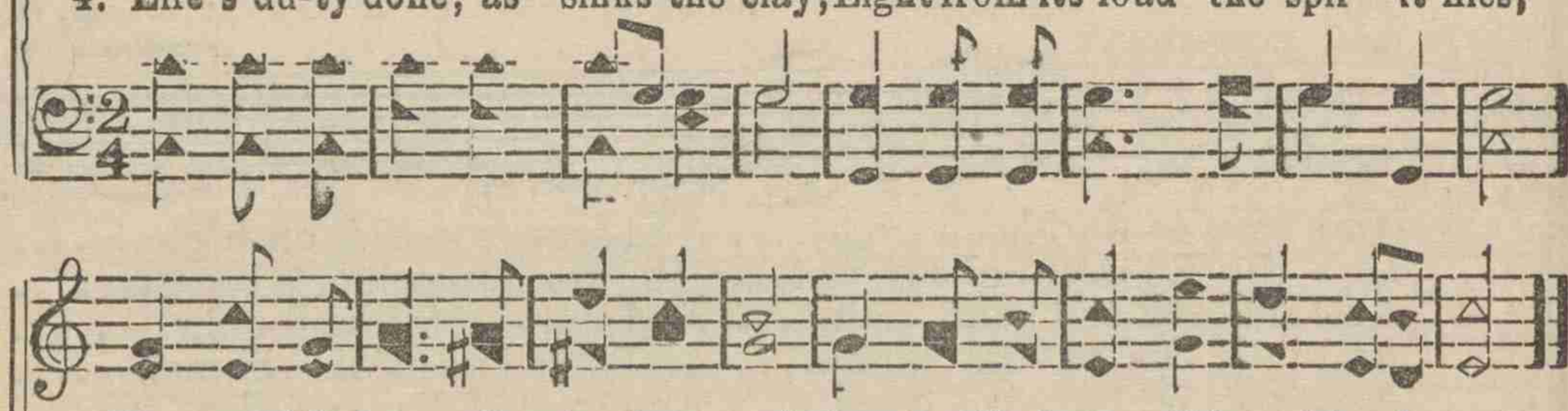
No. 63 Zephyr

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld

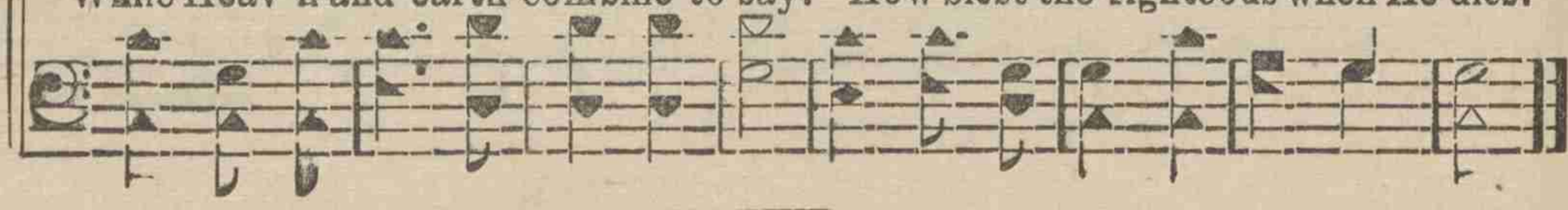
Wm. B. Bradbury



1. How blest the righteous when he dies! When sinks a wea - ry soul to rest;
2. So fades a sum-mer cloud a - way, So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
3. A ho - ly qui - et reigns a - round, A calm which life nor death destroys;
4. Life's du-ty done, as sinks the clay, Light from its load the spir - it flies;



How mild-ly beam the clos-ing eyes! How gently heaves th'ex-piring breast.
So gent-ly shuts the eye of day, So dies a wave a - long the shore.
Noth-ing dis-turbs that peace pro-found, Which His un-fettered soul en-joys.
While Heav'n and earth combine to say: "How blest the righteous when He dies.



No. 64. O Turn Ye, O Turn Ye.

J. H. J. HOPKINS.

1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
2. How vain the delusion, that while you delay, Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
3. And now Christ is ready your souls to receive, O how can you question if you will believe?
4. Come, give us your hand and the Saviour your heart, And trusting in heaven we never shall part;

Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says come, And angels are waiting to welcome you home.
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be, While streams of salvation are flowing so free.
If sin is your burden why will you not come? 'Tis you He bids welcome, He bids you come home.
O how can we leave you? why will you not come? We'll journey together and soon be at home.

No. 65. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

REGINALD HEBER. LOWELL MASON.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From India's cor - al strand, Where A-fric's sun-ny fountains Roll down their golden sand; From many an ancient riv-er, From many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv-er Their land from error's chain.
2. Shall we, whose souls are light- ed With wisdom from on high, Shall we to men benight-ed The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va-tion! O sal-va - tion! The joyful sound pro - claim, Till earth's remotest nation Has learned Messiah's name.
3. Waft, waft ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa- ters, roll, Till, like a sea of glo-ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ransomed na-ture The Lamb for sin-ners slain, Re-deem-er, King, Creator, In bliss returns to reign.

No. 66. Eltham. 7s. D.

"Lovest thou me."—JOHN 21: 16.

W. COWPER. LOWELL MASON.



1. Hark, my soul! it is the Lord, 'Tis thy Sav-ior, hear His word;
   Je-sus speaks, and speaks to thee; "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?
2. "Can a woman's ten-der care Cease to-ward the child she bare?
   Yes, she may for-get-ful be, Yet will I re-mem-ber thee.
3. "Thou shalt see my glo-ry soon, When the work of grace is done:
   Part-ner of my throne shalt be; Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"



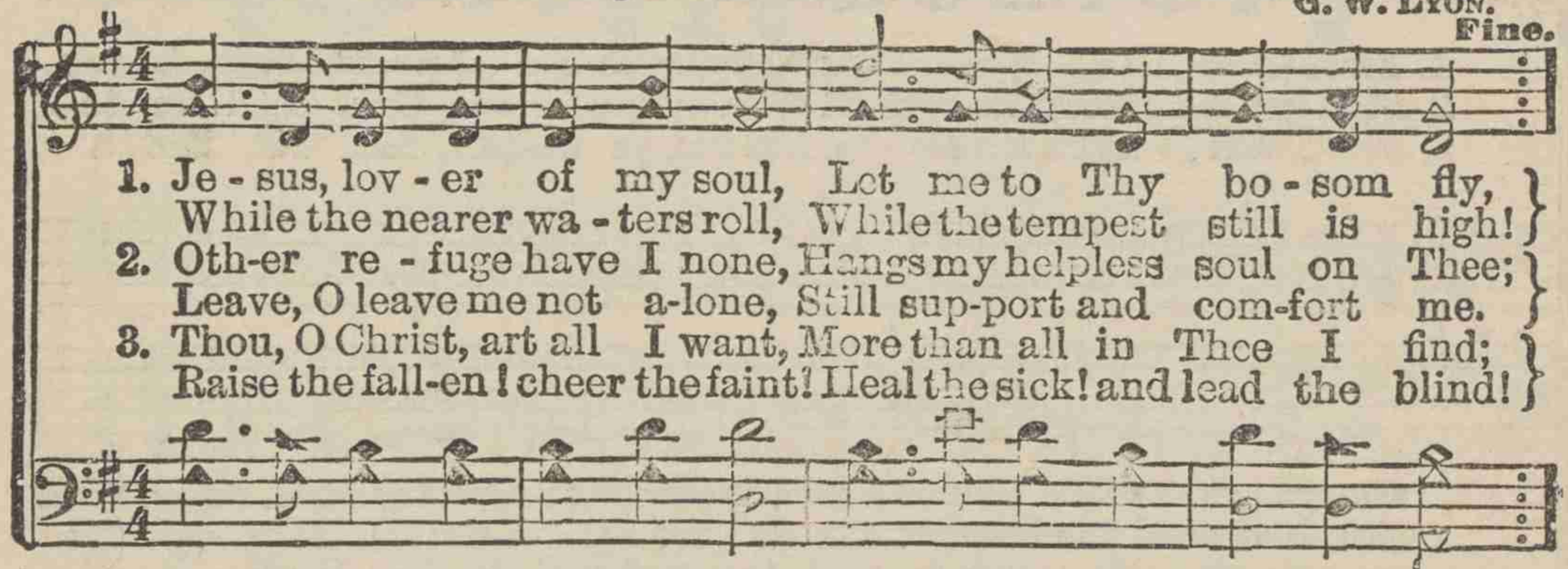
D. C.—Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right, Turned thy darkness into light."
D. C.—Deeper than the depths beneath—Free and faithful—strong as death.
D. C.—Yet I love Thee and a-dore, O for grace to love Thee more.



I delivered thee when bound, And when wounded healed thy wound;
Mine is an un-changing love, High-er than the heights a-bove;
Lord! it is my chief complaint, That my love is weak and faint;

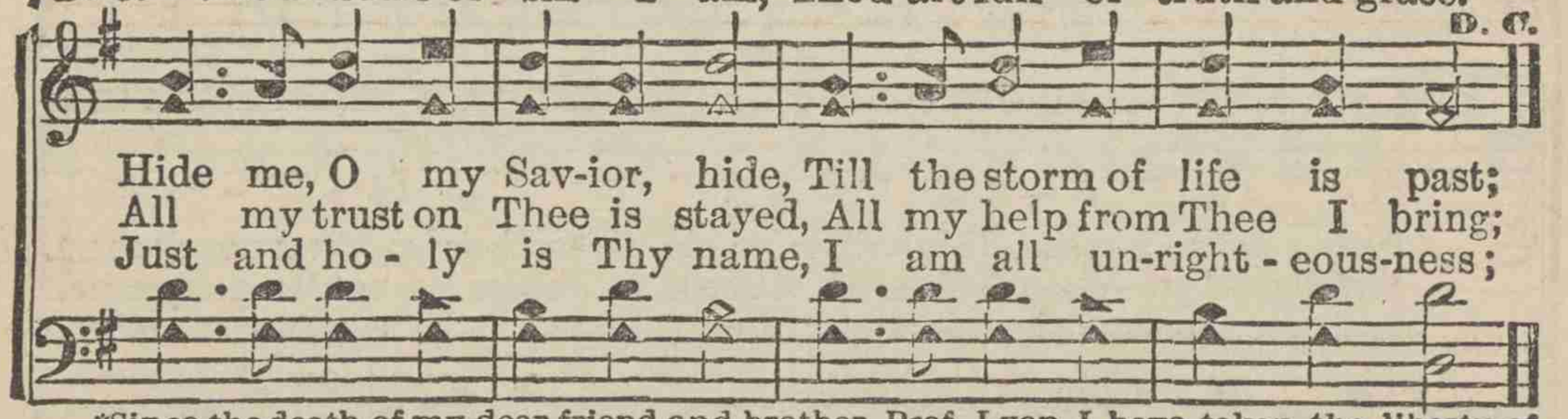
No. 67. Lyon,* 7s. D,

G. W. LYON.



1. Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly,
   While the nearer wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high!
2. Oth-er re-fuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
   Leave, O leave me not a-lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me.
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;
   Raise the fall-en! cheer the faint! Heal the sick! and lead the blind!

D. C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last.
D. C.—Cov-er my de-fence-less head With the shadow of Thy wing.
D. C.—Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

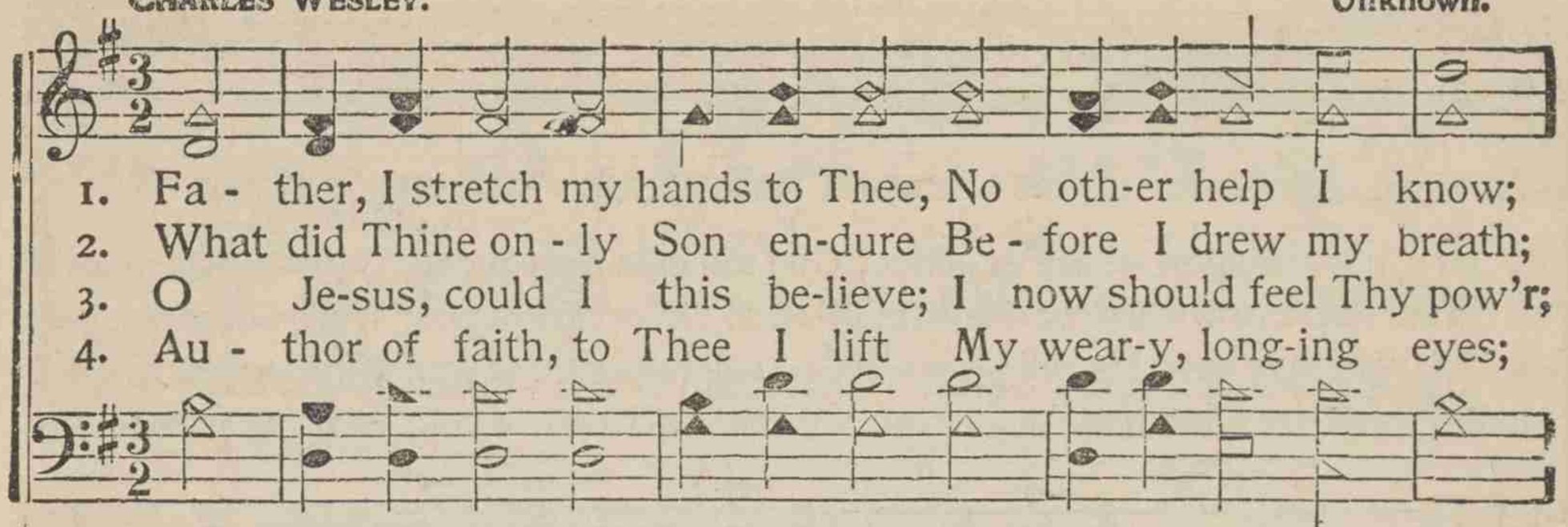


Hide me, O my Sav-ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho-ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness;

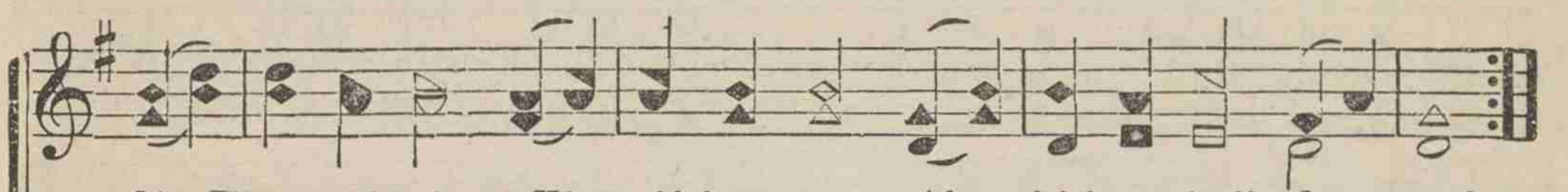
*Since the death of my dear friend and brother, Prof. Lyon, I have taken the liberty of changing the name of this most substantial and beautiful church song.—J. B. V.

No 68. I DO BELIEVE. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. Unknown.

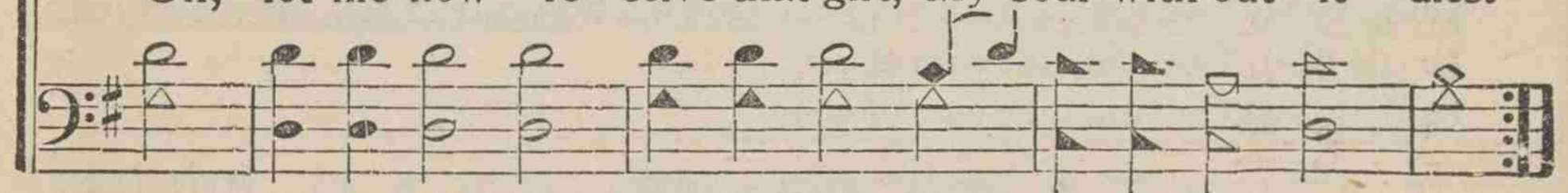


1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth-er help I know;
2. What did Thine on - ly Son en-dure Be - fore I drew my breath;
3. O Je-sus, could I this be-lieve; I now should feel Thy pow'r;
4. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wear-y, long-ing eyes;



CHO.–*I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve That Je-sus died for me,*

If Thou withdraw Thyself from me, Ah, whither shall I go?
What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My soul from end-less death!
And all my wants Thou would'st relieve, In this ac - cept - ed hour.
Oh, let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul with-out it dies.

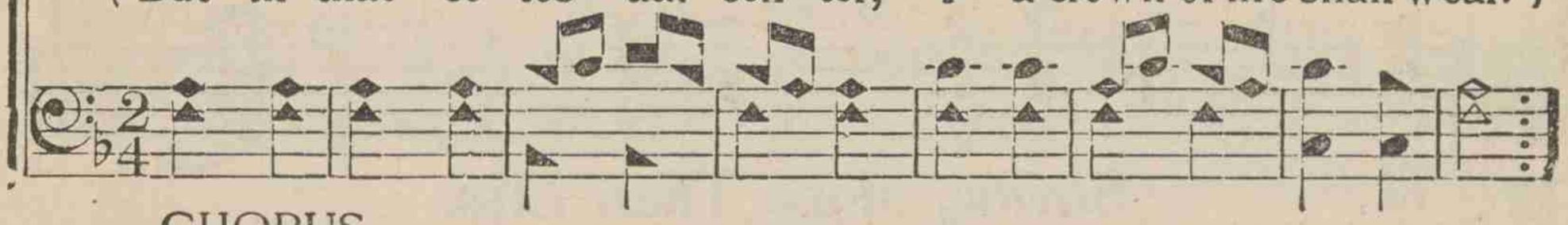


And thro' His blood, His precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

No. 69. IN THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.



1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There re-mains a land of rest;
   There my Sav-ior's gone be - fore me, To ful - fill my soul's request.
2. Pain or sick-ness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
   But in that ce - les - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear.



CHORUS.



I am bound for the kingdom, Will you go to glory with me? Hal-le-lu-jah, praise ye the Lord!



3 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn:
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed!
Hail with joy the rising morn.

4 Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance thro'.

No. 70. God Will Take Care of You.

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

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN A. DAVIS.
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C. D. Martin. W. S. Martin.



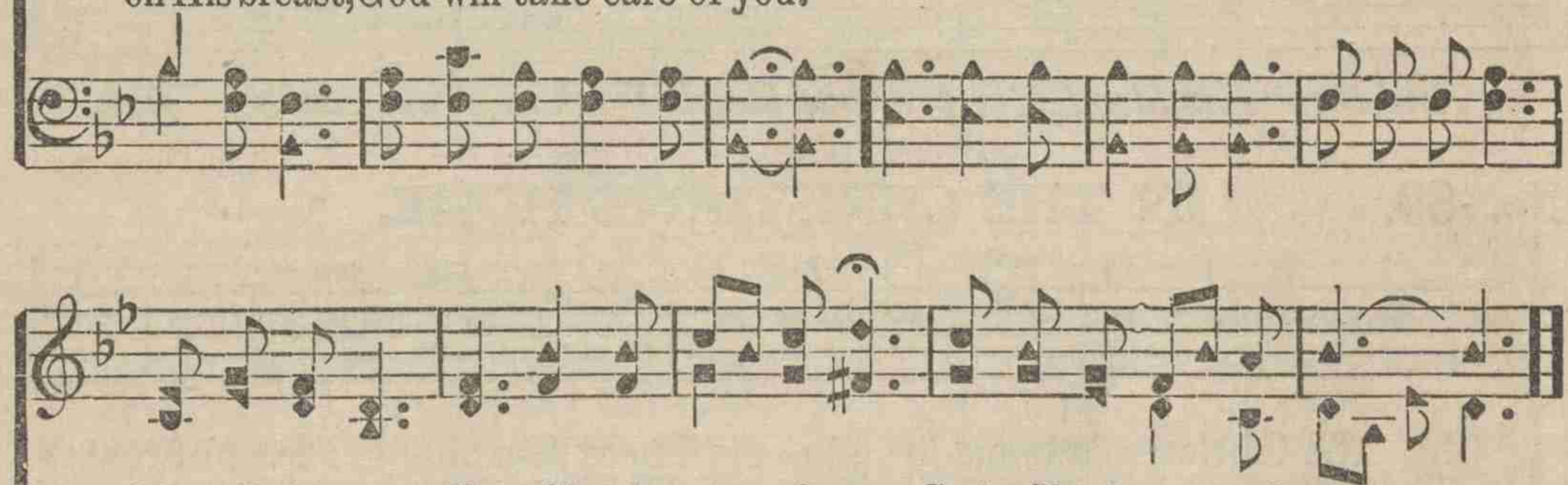
1. Be not dismayed whate'er betide, God will take care of you; Beneath His wings of
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you; When dangers fierce your
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you; Nothing you ask will
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you; Lean, weary one, up-



CHORUS.



love a-bide, God will take care of you.
path as-sail, God will take care of you. God will take care of you, Thro' ev'ry day,
be de-nied, God will take care of you.
on His breast, God will take care of you.



O'er all the way; He will take care of you, God will take care of you.....
take care of you.



No. 71. Savior, More Than Life.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE.
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. H. Doane.



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

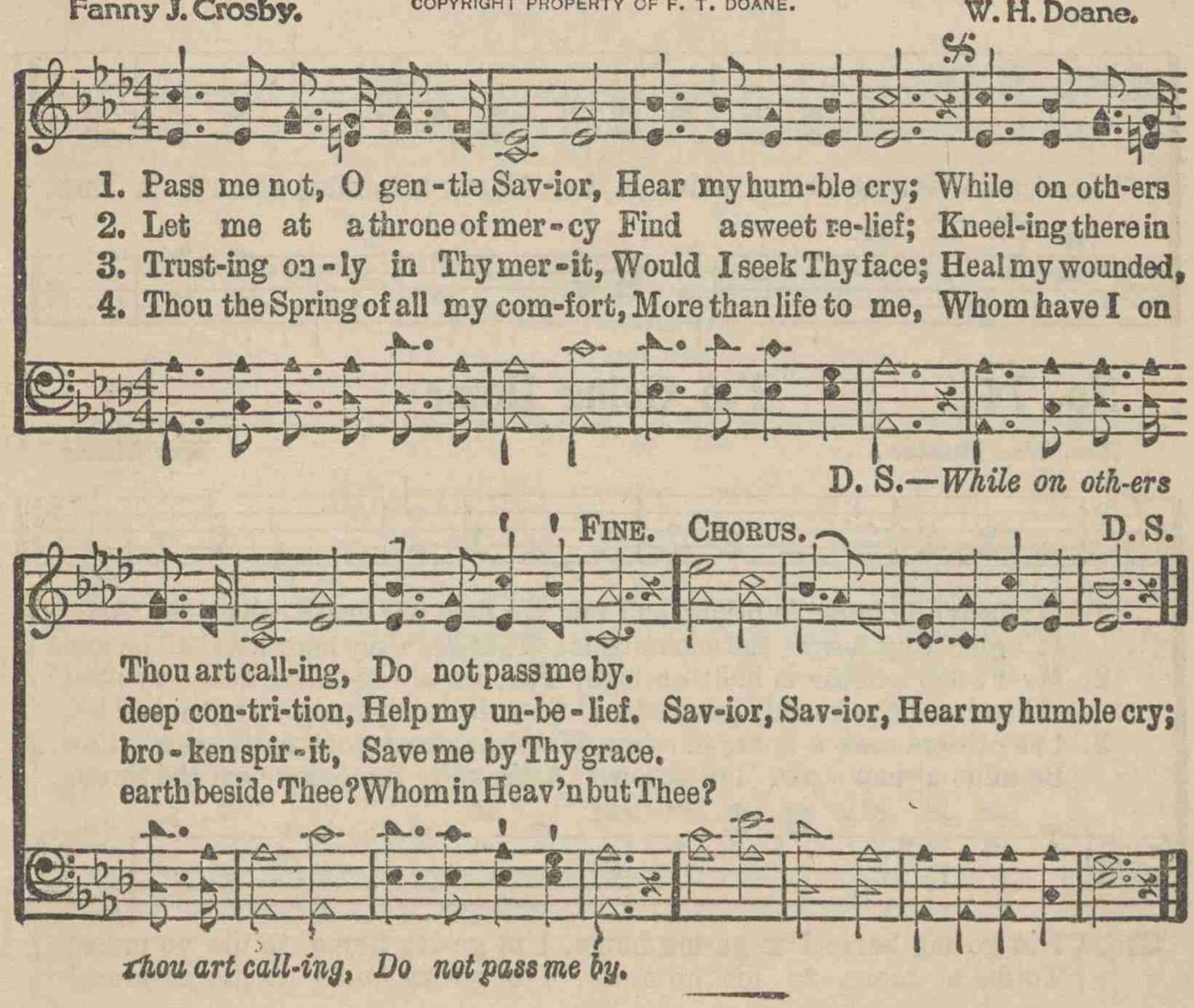


Savior, More than Life.



No. 72. Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF F. T. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

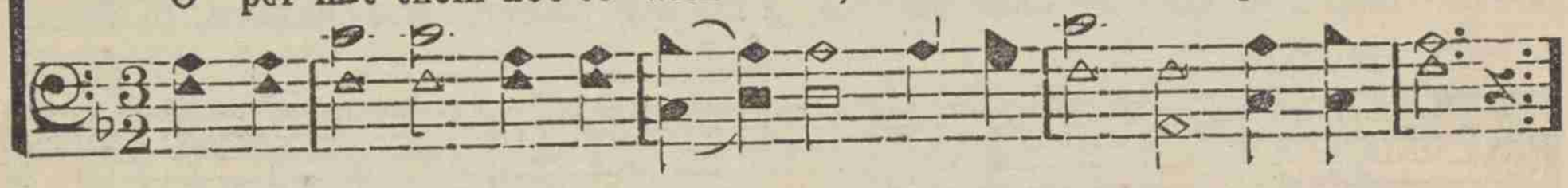


No. 73 Lord, Revive Us

Arr. by J. B. V.



1. Sav-ior vis - it Thy plan - ta - tion; Grant us, Lord a gra-cious rain!
   All will come to des - o - la - tion, Un - less Thou re-turn a - gain.
2. Keep no long - er at a dis - tance, Shine up - on us from on high,
   Lest, for want of Thine as-sist-ance, Ev-'ry plant should droop and die.
3. Sure-ly once Thy garden flourished, Ev -'ry plant looked gay and green;
   Then Thy word our spirits nourished, Hap - py seas-ons we have seen.
4. Dearest Sav-ior, hast-en hith - er, Thou canst make them bloom again;
   O per-mit them not to with - er, Let not all our hopes be vain.



REFRAIN



Lord, re - vive us, Lord, re - vive us, All our help must come from Thee;



Lord, re - vive us, O re - vive us, All our help must come from Thee.



No. 74 I'm Going Home

Rev. Wm. Hunter

Wm Miller



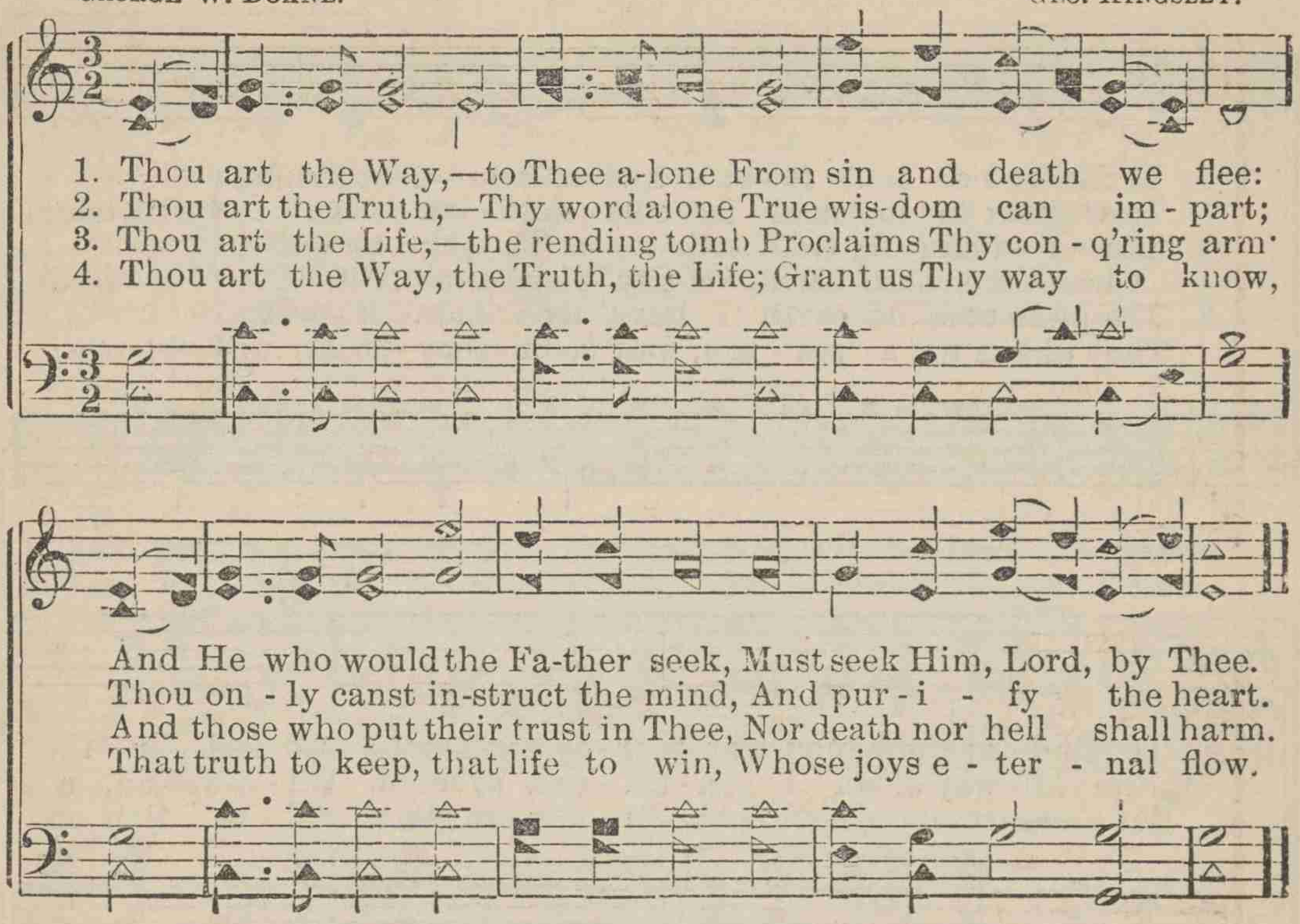
1. My heavn'ly home is bright and fair, No pain nor death can en-ter there;
   It's glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine. That heav'nly mansion shall be mine
2. My Father's house is built on high, Far, far a - bove the star - ry sky;
   When from this earthly prison free, That heav'nly mansion mine shall be.
3. Let oth-ers seek a home be - low, Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
   Be mine a hap - pier lot to own, A heavn'ly man-sion near the throne;



Cho. I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more!
To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more!

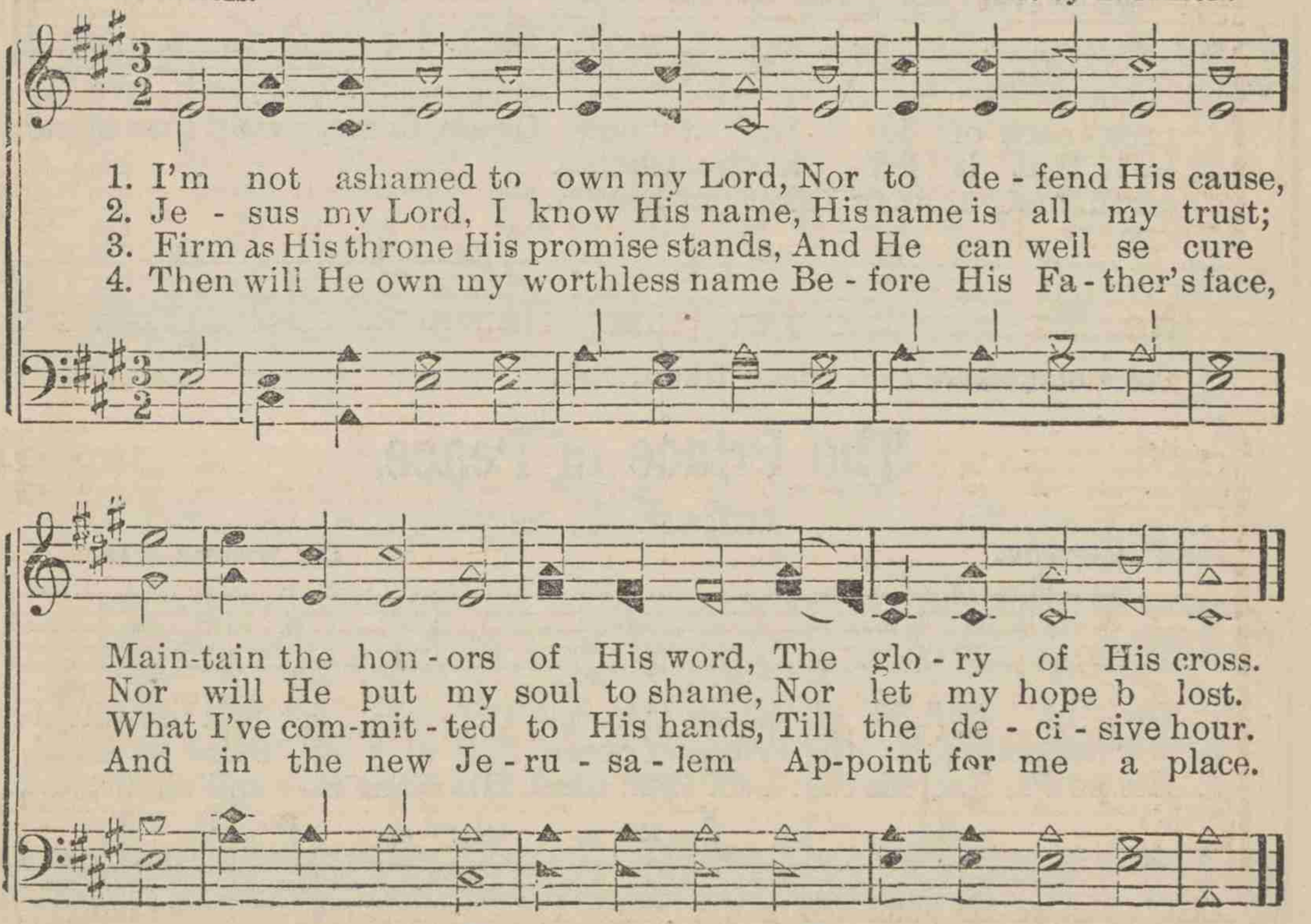
No 75. THOU ART THE WAY. C. M.

GEORGE W. DOANE. GEO. KINGSLEY.



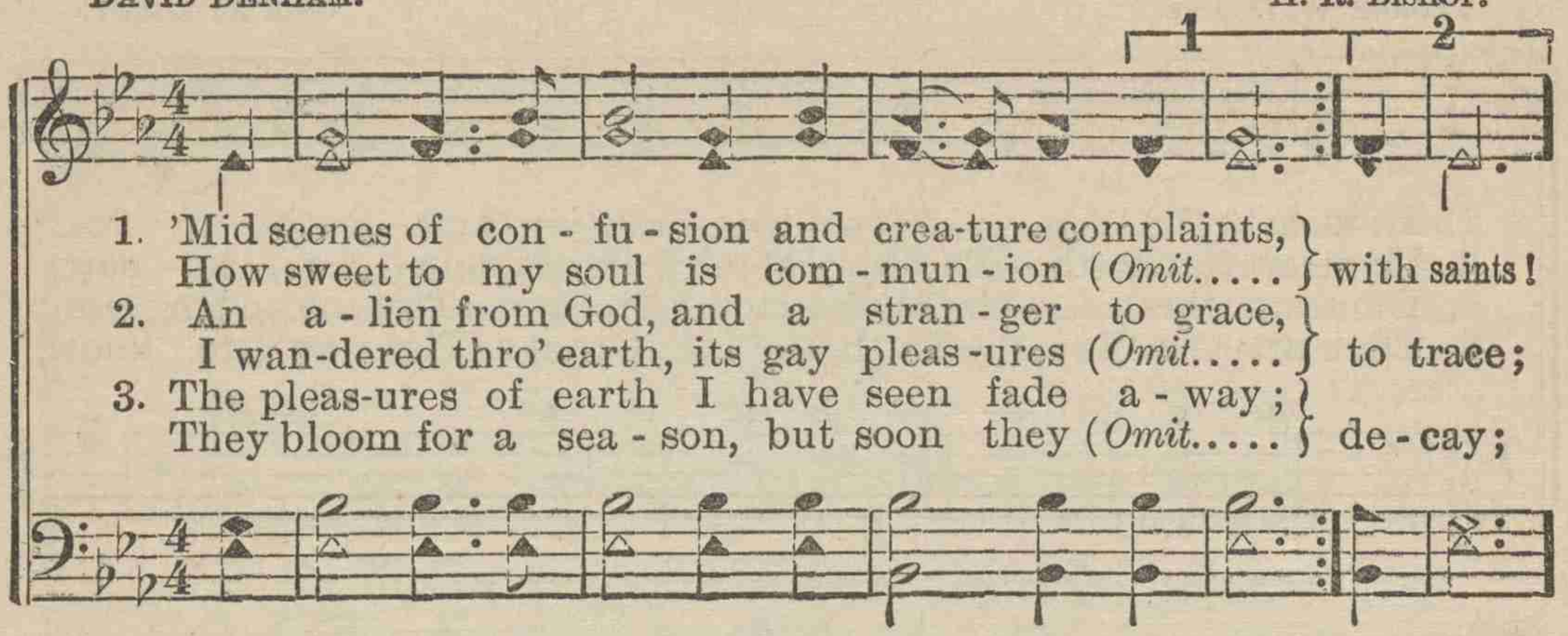
No. 76. AZMON. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. by L. MASON.

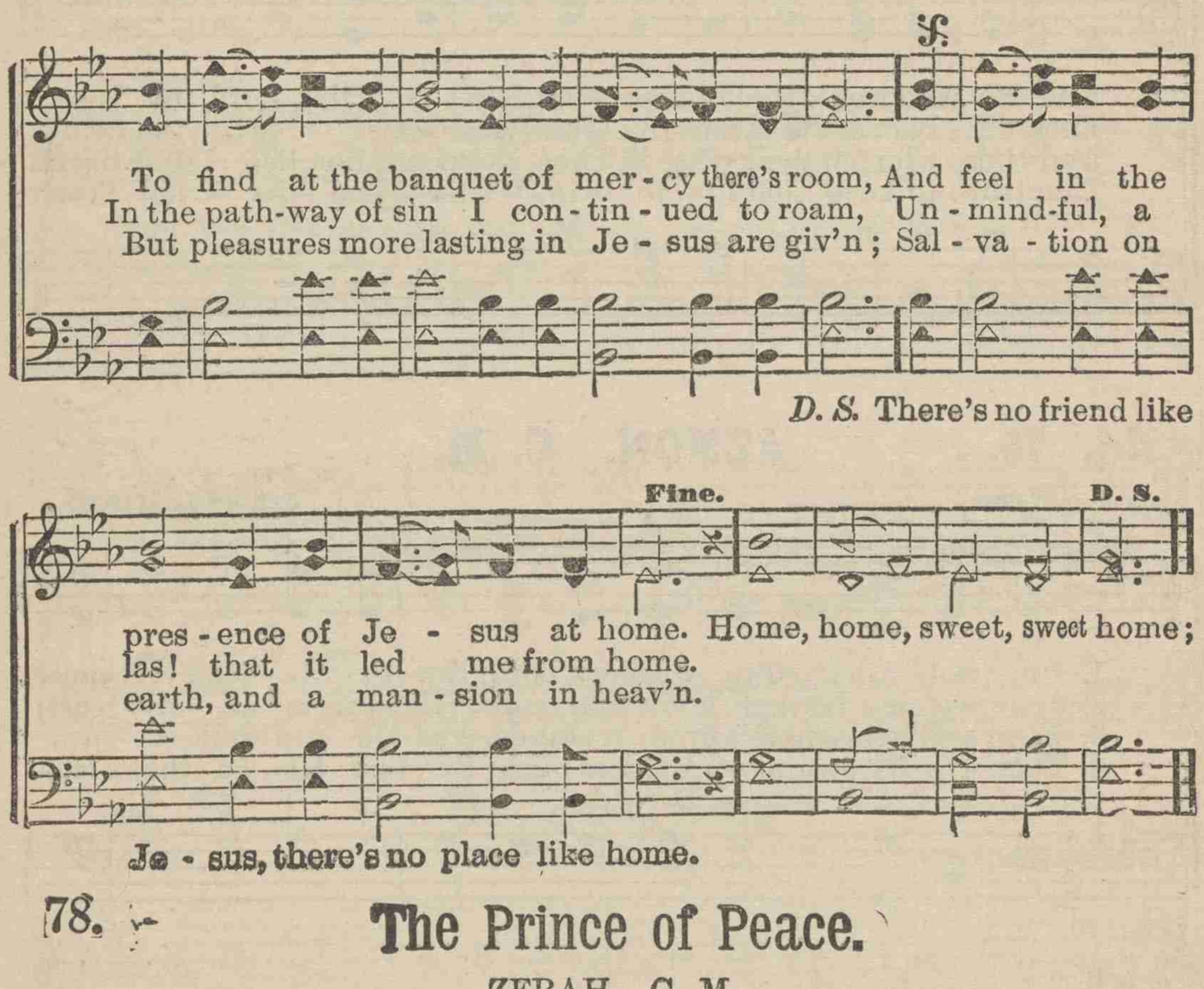


No. 77. HOME, SWEET HOME.

DAVID DENHAM. H. R. BISHOP.



1. 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and crea-ture complaints,
   How sweet to my soul is com - mun - ion (*Omit.....* with saints!
2. An a - lien from God, and a stran - ger to grace,
   I wan-dered thro' earth, its gay pleas - ures (*Omit.....* to trace;
3. The pleas-ures of earth I have seen fade a - way;
   They bloom for a sea - son, but soon they (*Omit.....* de - cay;



To find at the banquet of mer - cy there's room, And feel in the
In the path-way of sin I con - tin - ued to roam, Un - mind-ful, a
But pleasures more lasting in Je - sus are giv'n; Sal - va - tion on

D. S. There's no friend like

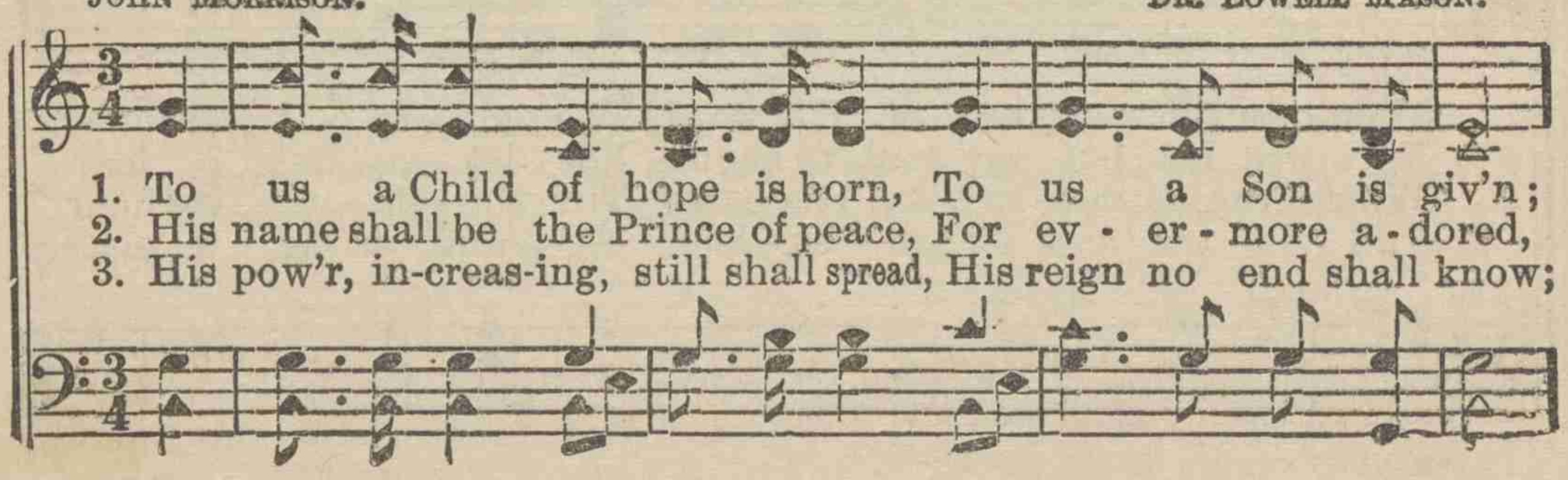
pres - ence of Je - sus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
las! that it led me from home.
earth, and a man - sion in heav'n.

Je - sus, there's no place like home.

78. The Prince of Peace.

ZERAH. C. M.

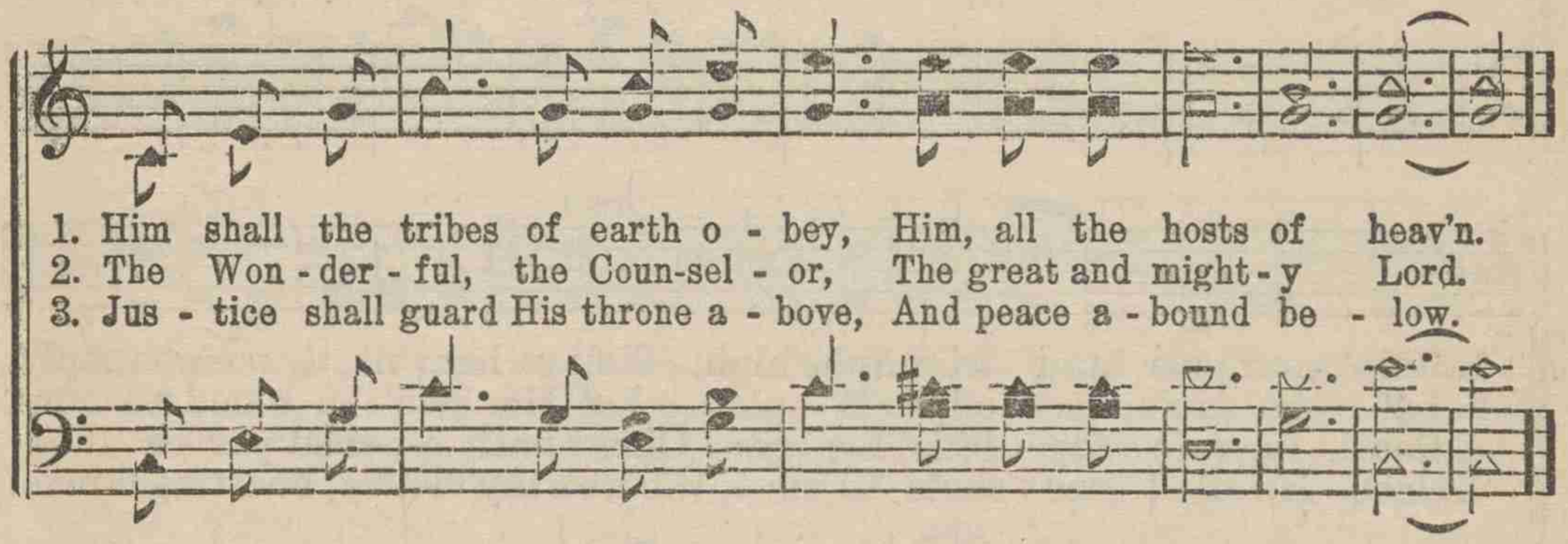
JOHN MORRISON. DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n;
2. His name shall be the Prince of peace, For ev - er - more a - dored,
3. His pow'r, in-creas-ing, still shall spread, His reign no end shall know;

The Prince of Peace. Concluded.

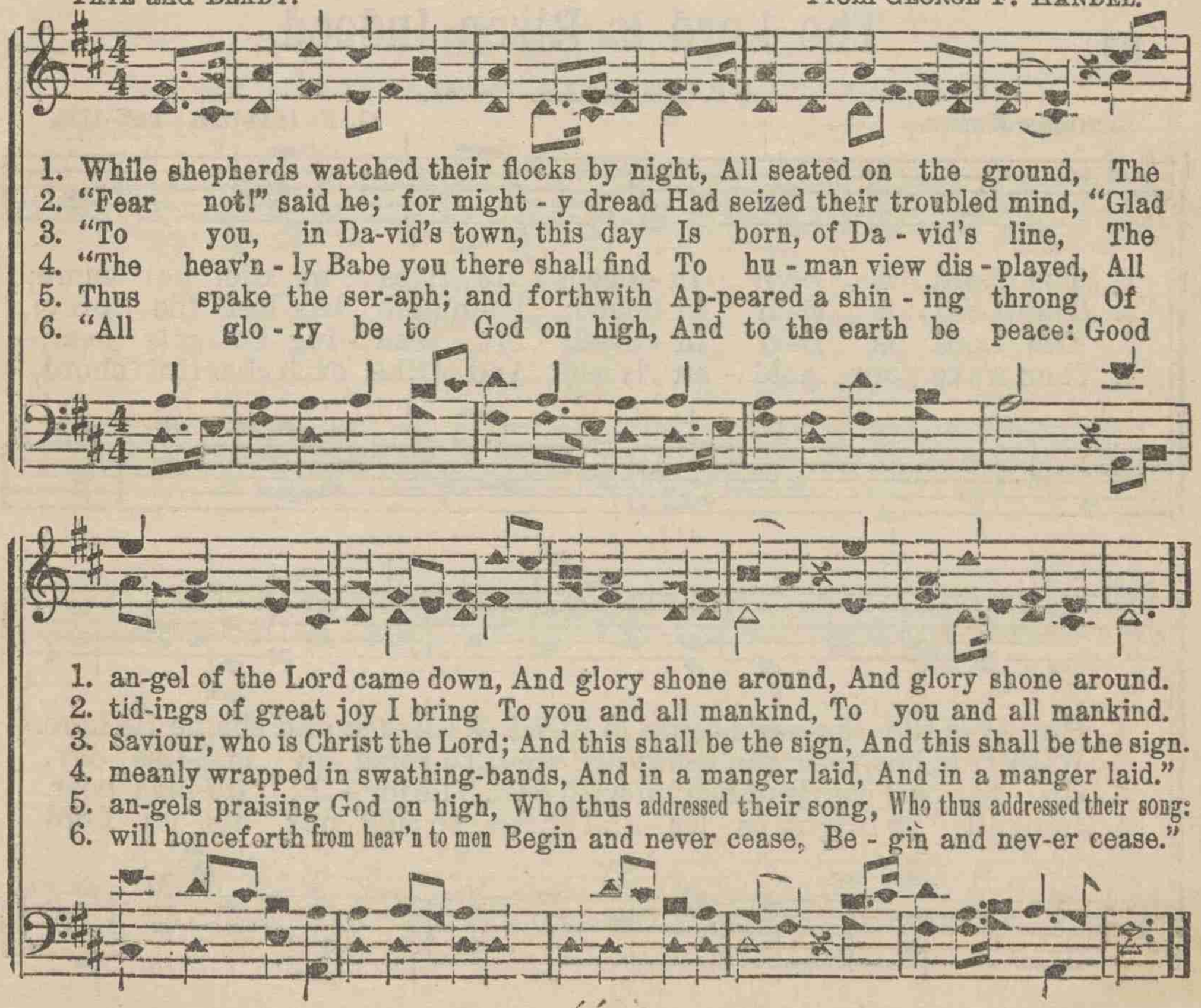




79. While Shepherds Watched.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

TATE and BRADY. FROM GEORGE F. HANDEL.



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

HORTON. 7s.

CHARLES WESLEY. XAVIER SCHNEIDER.



1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say;
2. Love's re-deem-ing work is done; Fought the fight, the bat - tle won:
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
4. Lives a - gain our glorious King; Where, O Death, is now thy sting?

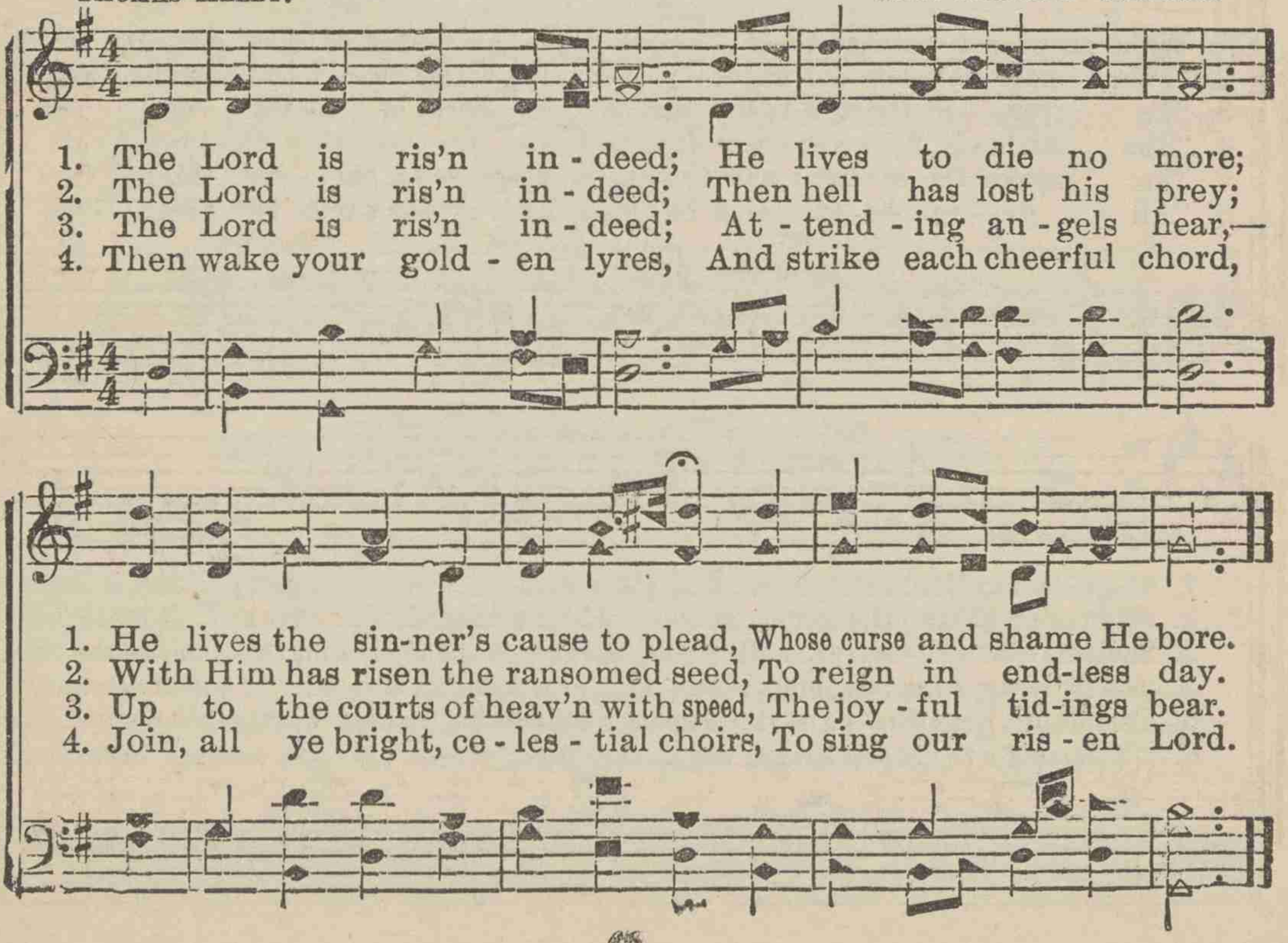


1. Raise your joys and tri-umphs high, Sing, ye heav'ns, thou earth, reply.
2. Lo! the sun's e - clipse is o'er; Lo! He sets in blood no more.
3. Death in vain for - bids his rise; Christ hath o-pened par - a - dise.
4. Once He died our souls to save; Where's thy vict'ry, boasting Grave?

81. The Lord is Risen Indeed.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

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



1. The Lord is ris'n in - deed; He lives to die no more;
2. The Lord is ris'n in - deed; Then hell has lost his prey;
3. The Lord is ris'n in - deed; At - tend - ing an - gels hear,—
4. Then wake your gold - en lyres, And strike each cheerful chord,

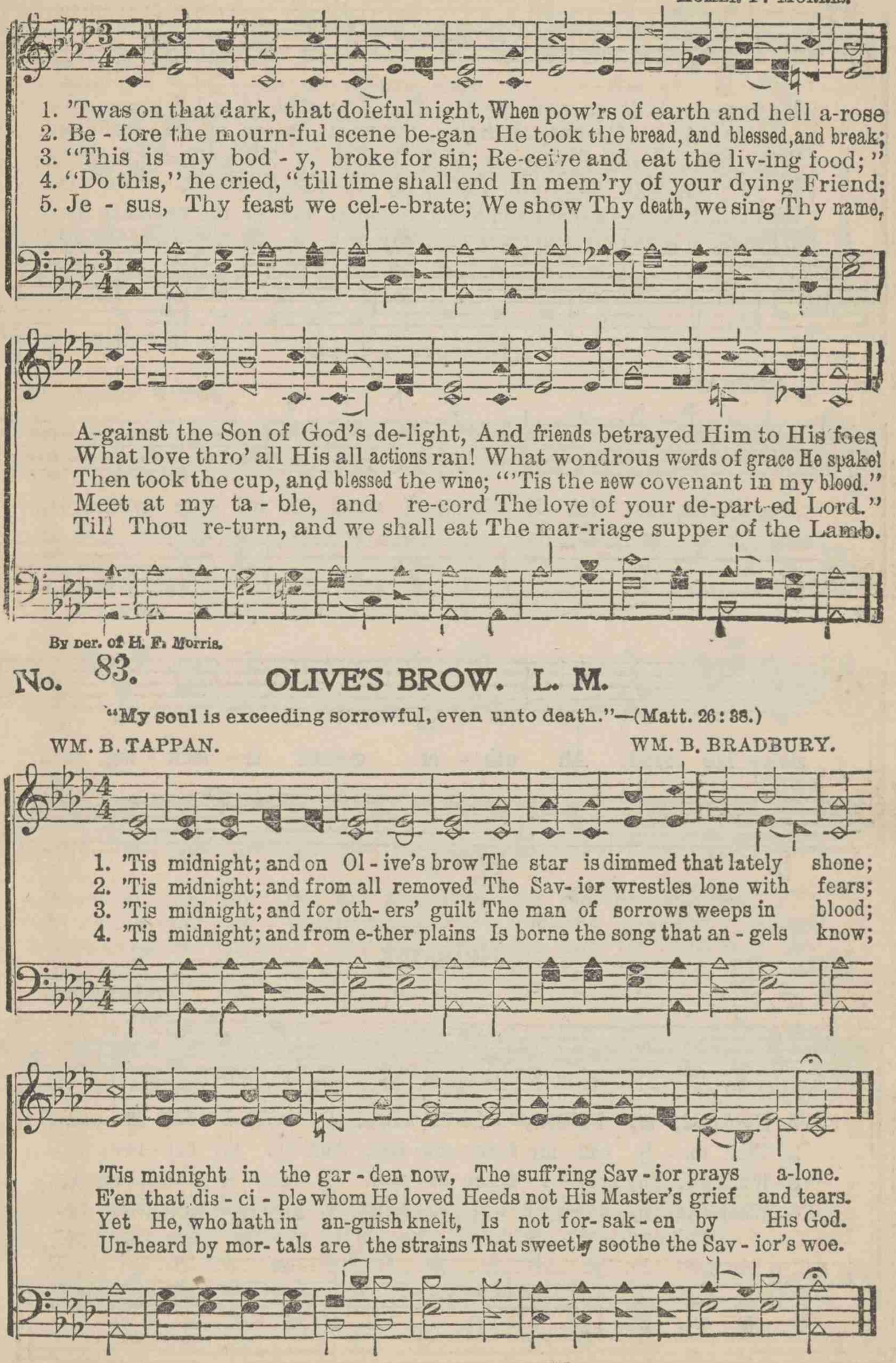
1. He lives the sin-ner's cause to plead, Whose curse and shame He bore.
2. With Him has risen the ransomed seed, To reign in end-less day.
3. Up to the courts of heav'n with speed, The joy - ful tid-ings bear.
4. Join, all ye bright, ce - les - tial choirs, To sing our ris - en Lord.

82.

His Broken Body.

(FOR COMMUNION.)

HOMER F. MORRIS.



By per. of H. F. Morris.

No. 83.

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

"My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death."—(Matt. 26:38.)

WM. B. TAPPAN. WM. B. BRADBURY.

No 84. SOLID ROCK.

EDWARD MOTE. W. B. BRADBURY.



1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
   I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name;
2. When darkness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
   In ev - 'ry high and storm-y gale, My an - chor holds with - in the vail;
3. His oath, His cov - e - nant and blood, Sup-port me in the whelming flood;
   When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay;



REFRAIN



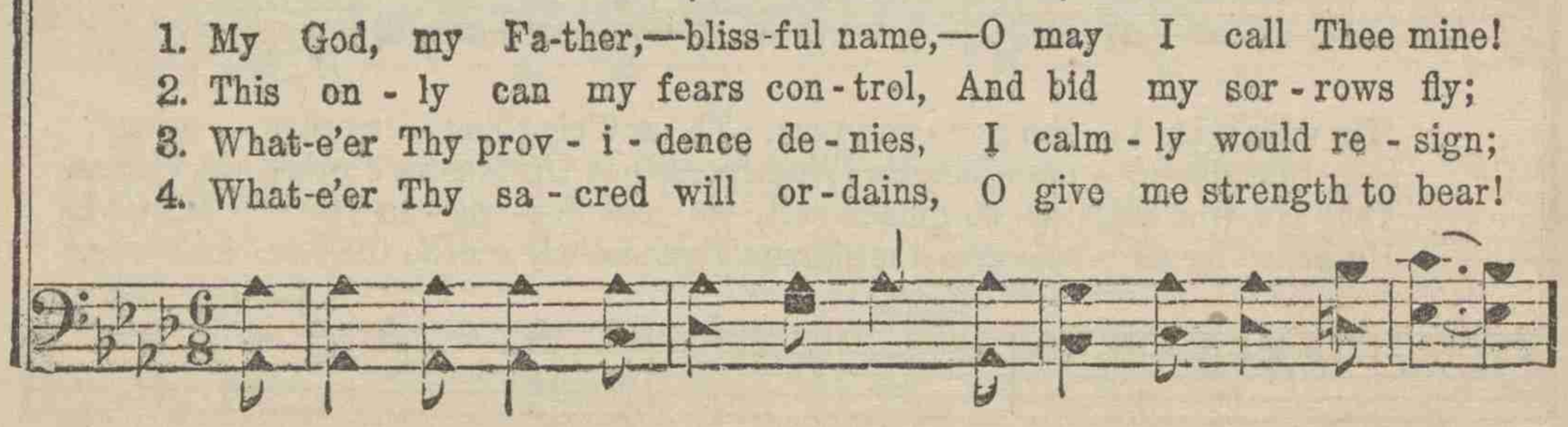


No. 85. Belmont.

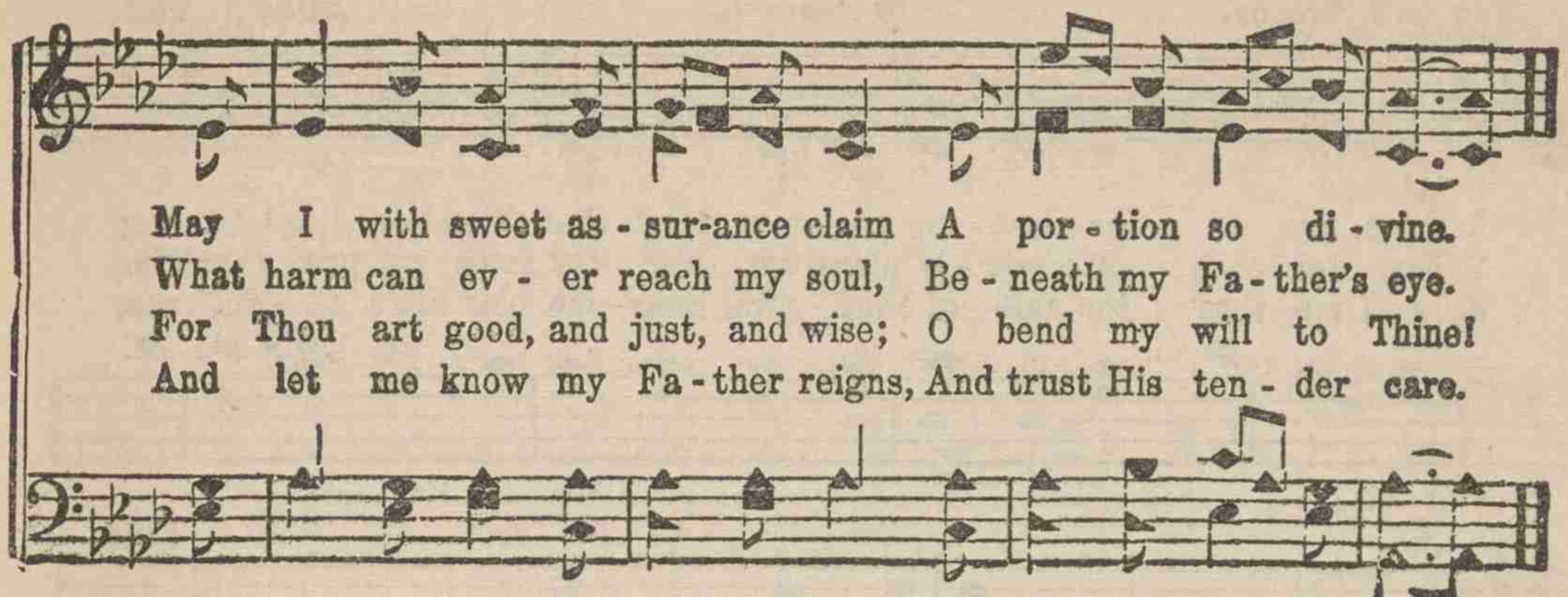
FROM MOZART.



1. My God, my Fa-ther,—bliss-ful name,—O may I call Thee mine!
2. This on - ly can my fears con - trol, And bid my sor - rows fly;
3. What-e'er Thy prov - i - dence de - nies, I calm - ly would re - sign;
4. What-e'er Thy sa - cred will or - dains, O give me strength to bear!

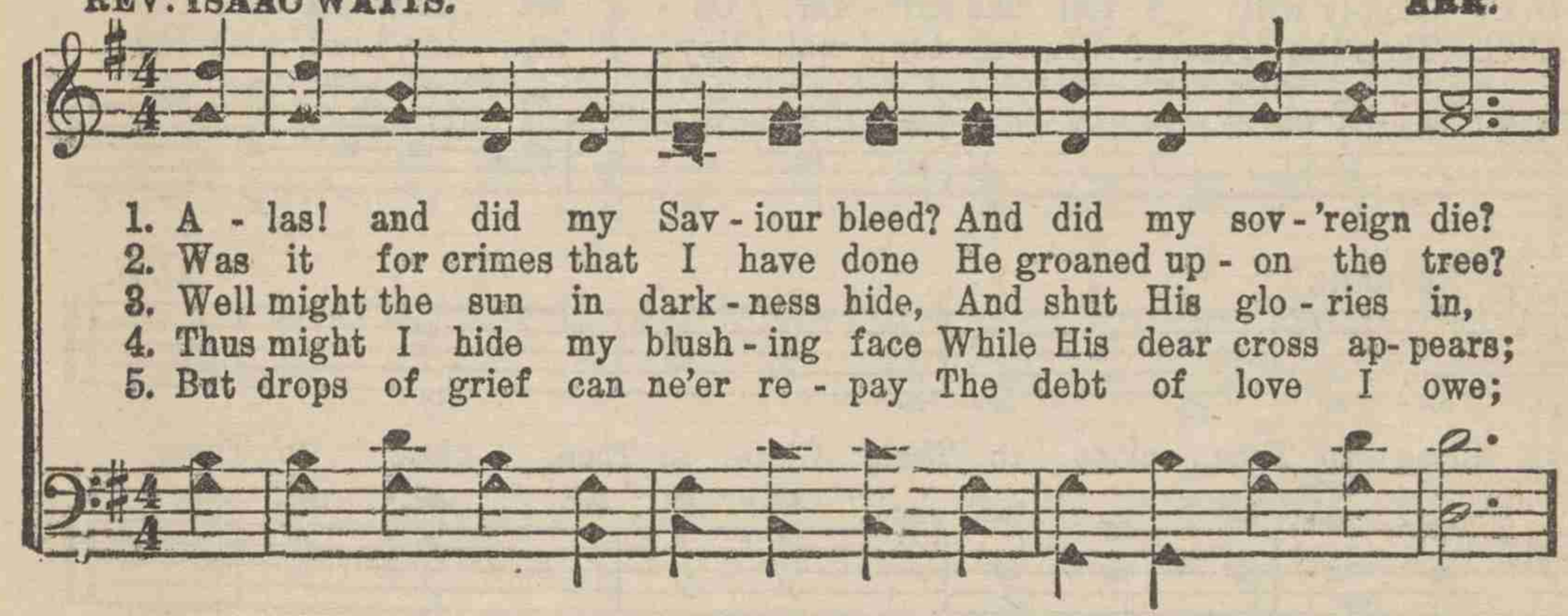


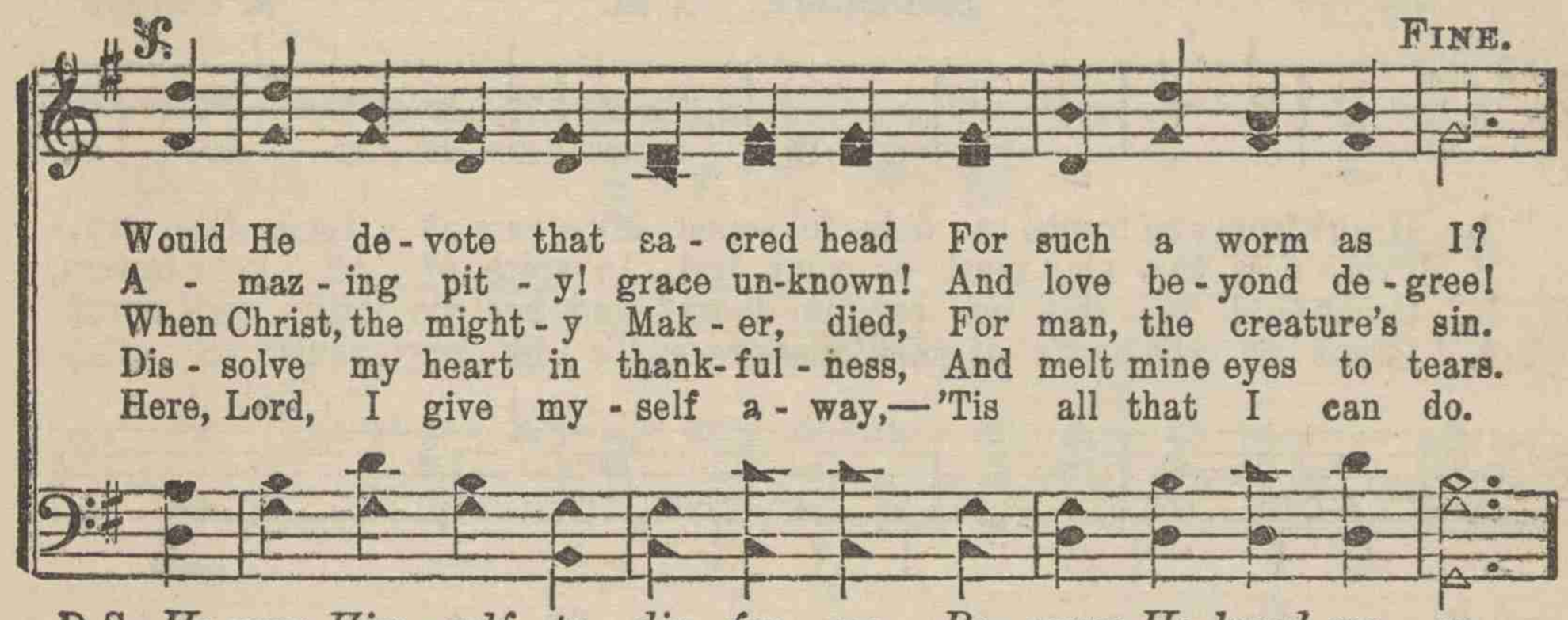
BELMONT—Concluded.



No. 86. He Loves Me.

REV. ISAAC WATTS. ARR.



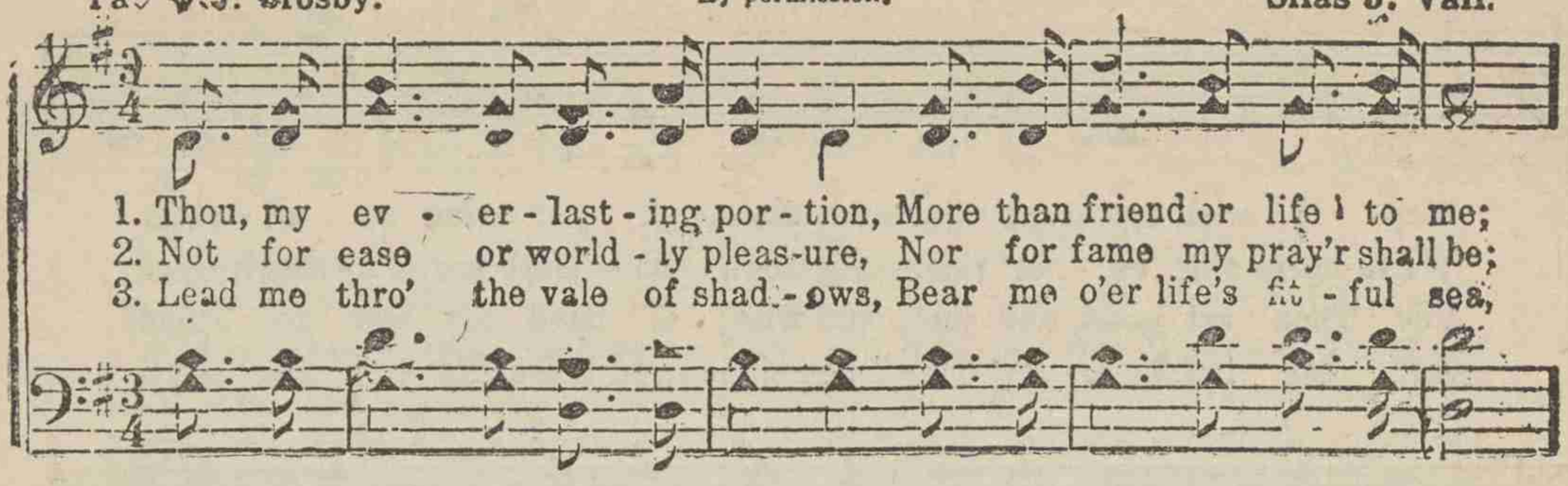


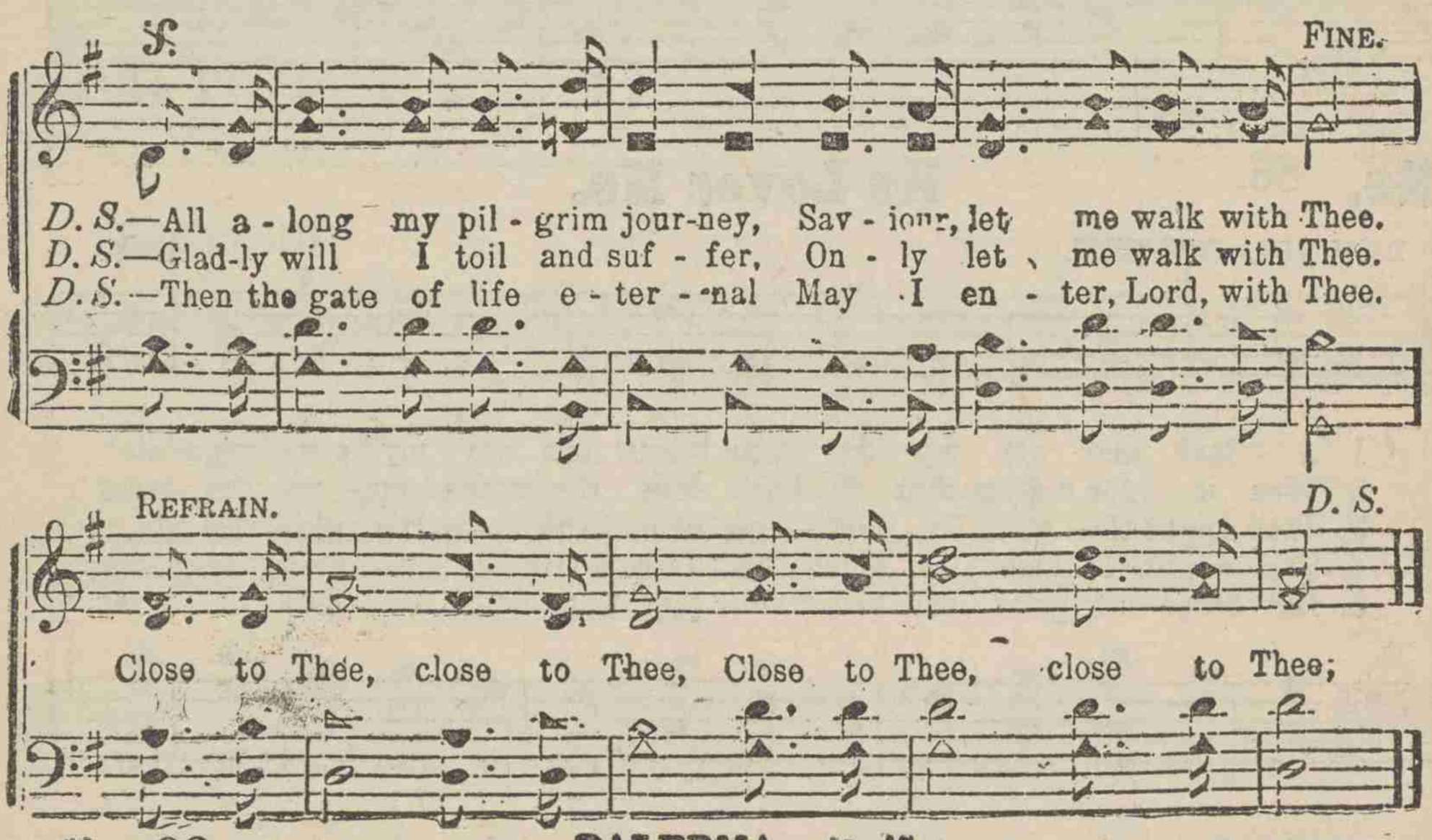


No. 87.

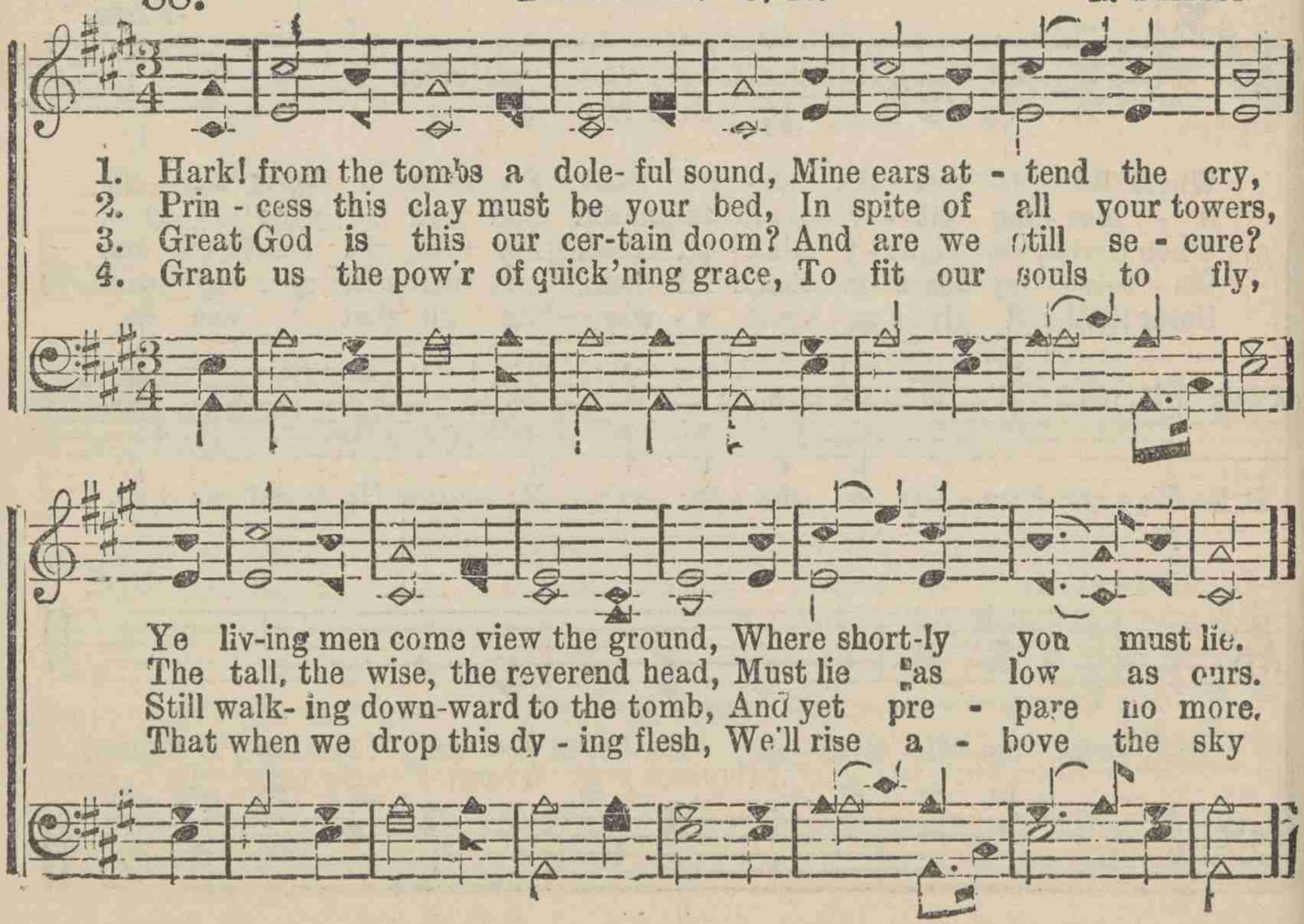
Close to Thee.

Fan W. J. Crosby. By permission. Silas J. Vall.



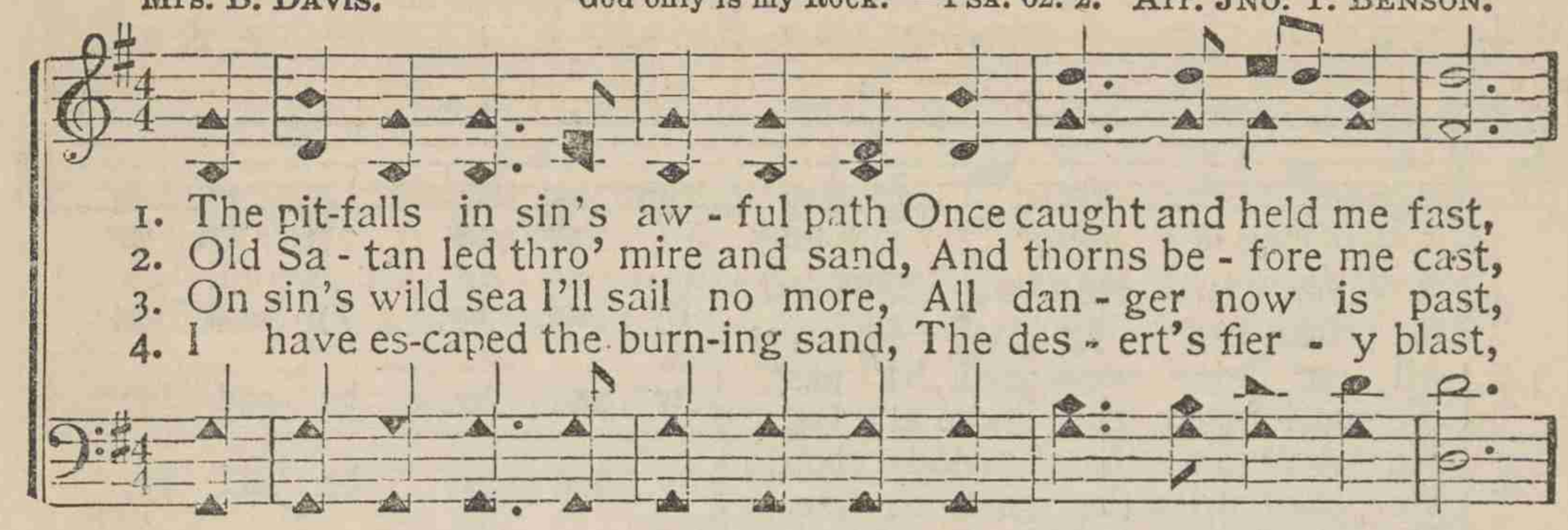


No. 88. **BALERMA. C. M.** R. SIMPSON



89. I'm On the Rock.

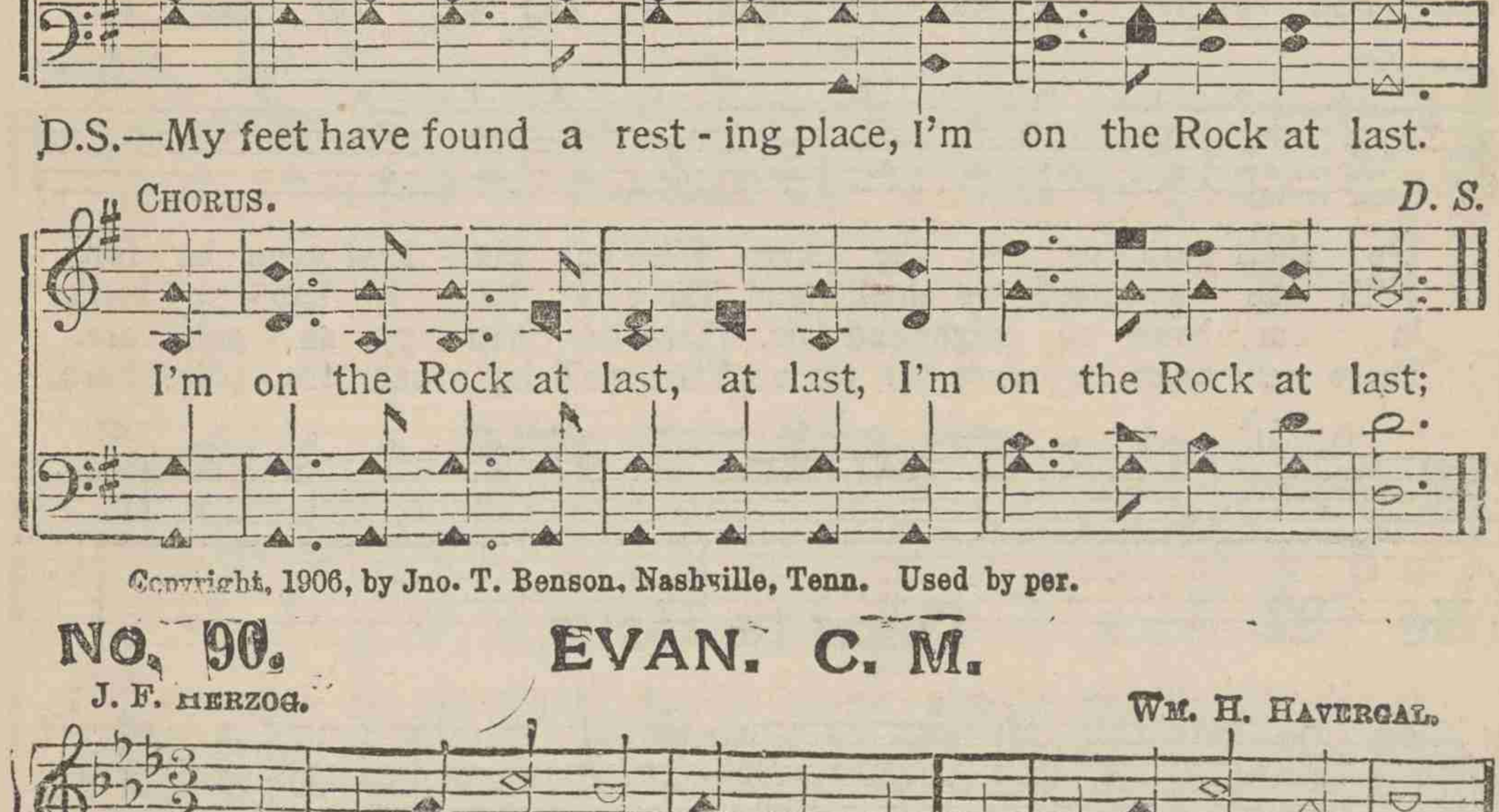
Mrs. B. Davis. "God only is my Rock."—Psa. 62: 2. Arr. Jno. T. Benson.



Copyright, 1906, by Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn. Used by per.

No. 90. EVAN. C. M.

J. F. Herzog. Wm. H. Havergal.



No. 91. By and By.

"Ye shall pass over this Jordon."—Jos. 1: 11.

W. T. D. Copyright, 1865, by W. T. Dale. W. T. Dale.

FINE.

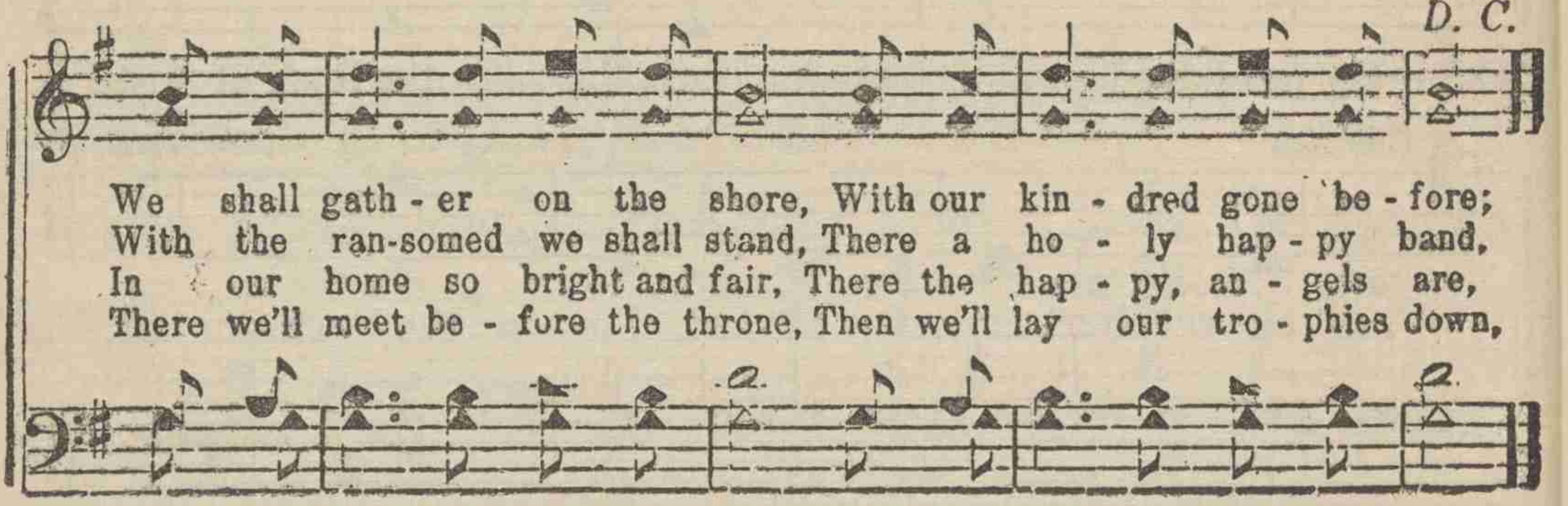


1. { O - ver Jor - dan we shall meet, / In that hap - py land so sweet, } By and by, by and by;
2. { All our sor - rows shall be past, / We shall reach our home at last, } By and by, by and by;
3. { We shall join the heav'n-ly choir, / We shall strike the gold - en lyre, } By and by, by and by;
4. { There we'll join the ran-somed throng / Chanting love's re - deem - ing song, } By and by, by and by;



D.C.—And the Sav - iour's name a - dore, By and by, by and by.
D.C.—Crown'd with glo - ry in that land, By and by, by and by.
D.C.—We shall praise for - ev - er there, By and by, by and by.
D.C.—And re-ceive a shin - ing crown, By and by, by and by.

D. C.



We shall gath - er on the shore, With our kin - dred gone be - fore;
With the ran-somed we shall stand, There a ho - ly hap - py band,
In our home so bright and fair, There the hap - py, an - gels are,
There we'll meet be - fore the throne, Then we'll lay our tro - phies down,

No 92. Come to Jesus,

Arr.



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

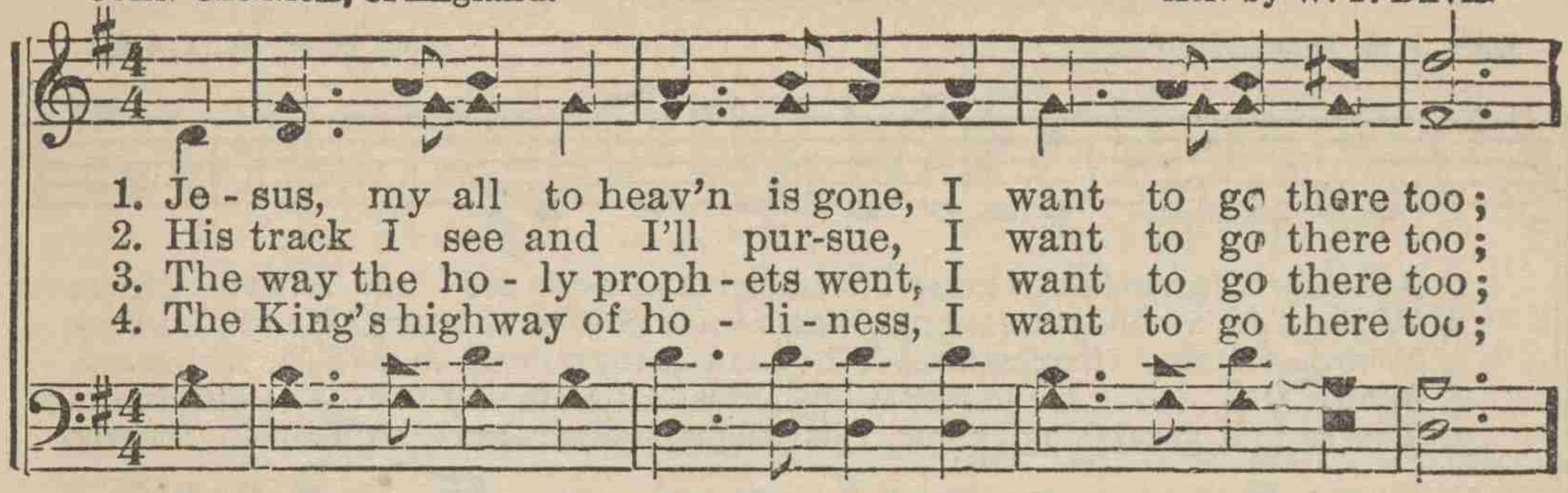


Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.
save you, He will save you just now.

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

No. 93. I WANT TO GO THERE TOO.

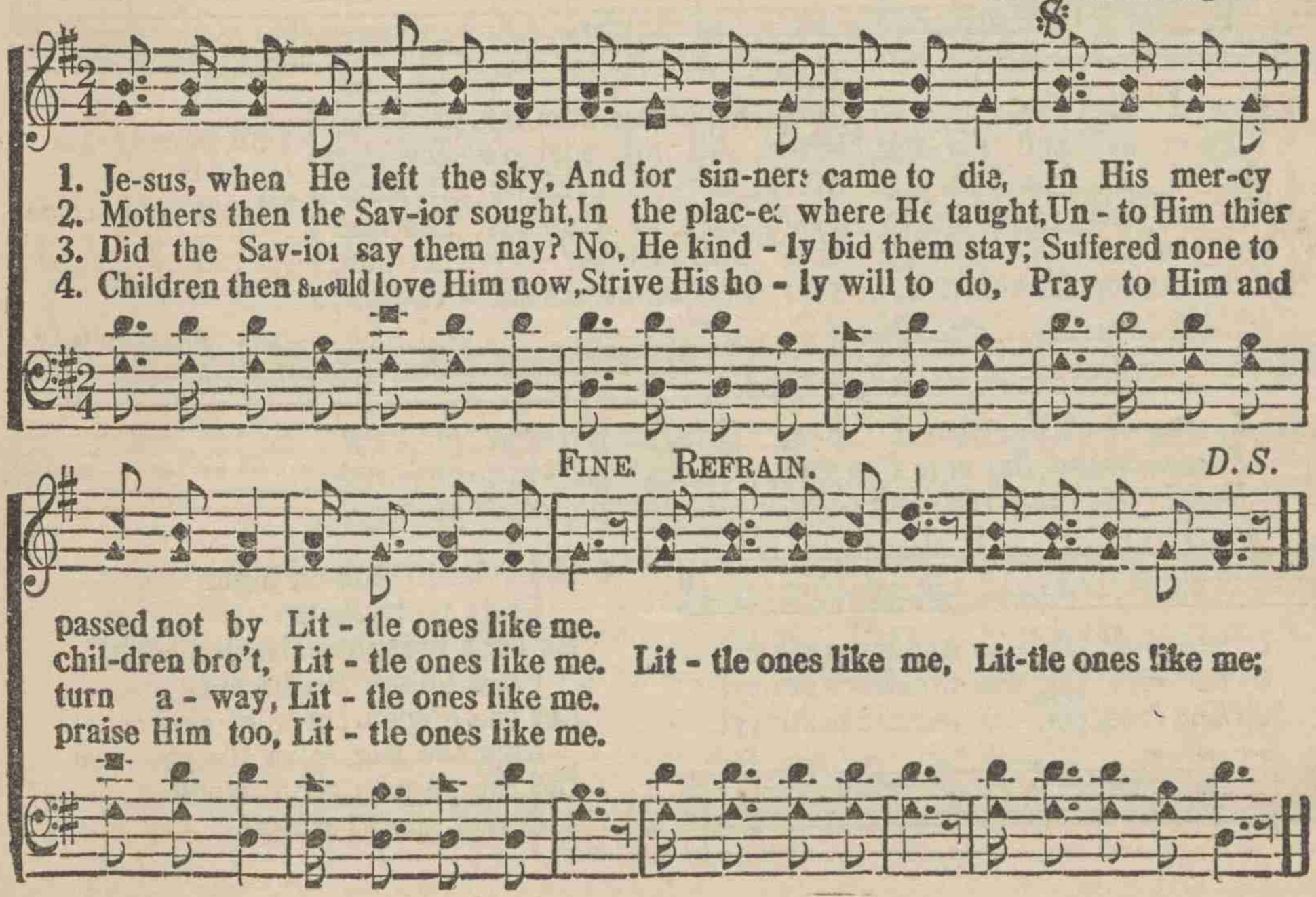
JOHN CENNICK, of England. Arr. by W. T. DAVIS.





94. Little Ones Like Me.

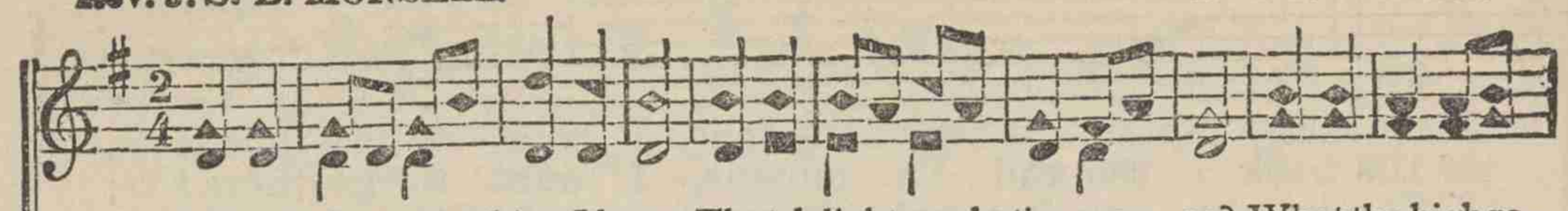
Geo. B. Holsinger.



No. 95. Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

HENDON.

Rev. J. S. B. MONSELL. C. H. A. MALAN.

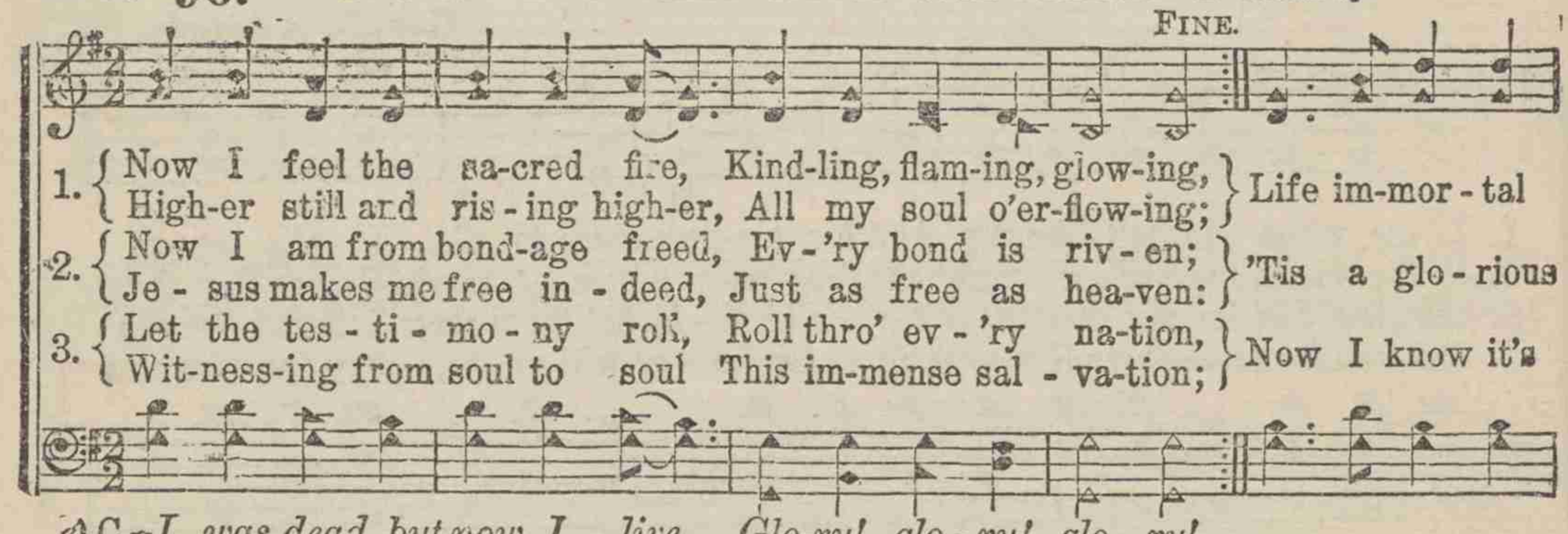


1. Ask me what great thing I know That delights and stirs me so? What the high re-
2. What is faith's foundation strong? What awakes my lips to song? He who bore my
3. Who de-feats my fiercest foes? Who consoles my saddest woes? Who revives my
4. Who is life in life to me? Who the death of death will be? Who will place me
5. This is that great thing I know; This delights and stirs me so; Faith in Him who



ward I win? Whose the name I glo-ry in? Je-sus Christ, the Cru-ci-fied.
sin-ful load, Purchased for me peace with God, Je-sus Christ, the Cru-ci-fied.
faint-ing heart, Heal-ing all its hid-den smart? Je-sus Christ, the Cru-ci-fied.
on His right With the countless hosts of light? Je-sus Christ, the Cru-ci-fied.
died to save, Him who triumphed o'er the grave, Je-sus Christ, the Cru-ci-fied.

No. 96. NOW I FEEL THE SACRED FIRE.



1. { Now I feel the sa-cred fire, Kind-ling, flam-ing, glow-ing, / High-er still and ris-ing high-er, All my soul o'er-flow-ing; } Life im-mor-tal
2. { Now I am from bond-age freed, Ev-'ry bond is riv-en; / Je-sus makes me free in-deed, Just as free as hea-ven: } 'Tis a glo-rious
3. { Let the tes-ti-mo-ny roll, Roll thro' ev-'ry na-tion, / Wit-ness-ing from soul to soul This im-mense sal-va-tion; } Now I know it's

D.C.—I was dead, but now I live, Glo-ry! glo-ry! glo-ry!
I was bound, but now I'm free, Glo-ry! glo-ry! glo-ry!
For I feel it sav-ing me, Glo-ry! glo-ry! glo-ry!



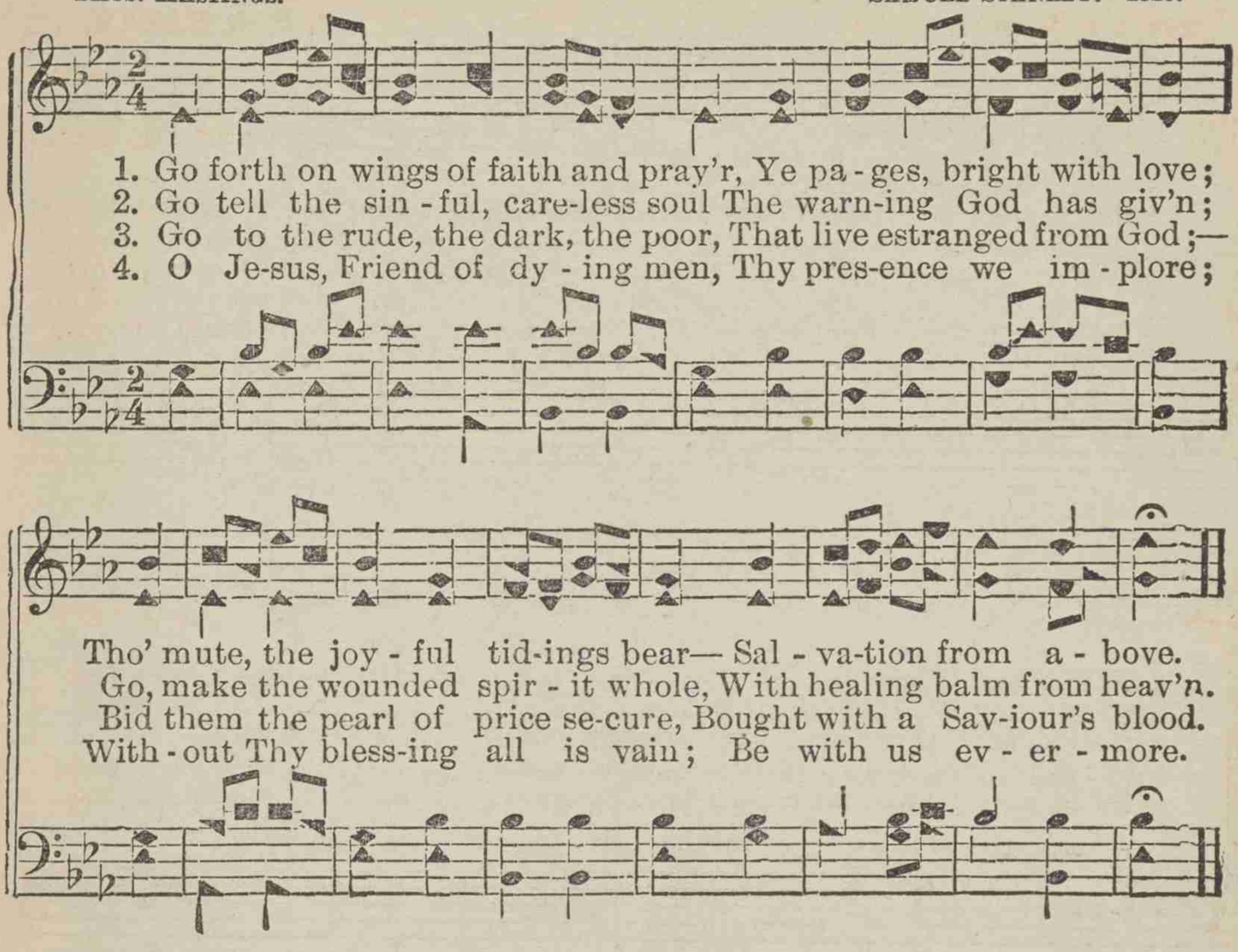
I re-ceive; Oh, the wondrous sto-ry!
li-ber-ty; Oh, the wondrous sto-ry!
full and free; Oh, the wondrous sto-ry!

4 Glory be to God on high,
Glory be to Jesus!
He hath brought salvation nigh,
From all sin He frees us;
Let the golden harps of God
Ring the wondrous story;
Let the pilgrim shout aloud
Glory! glory! glory!

No. 97. WARWICK. C. M.

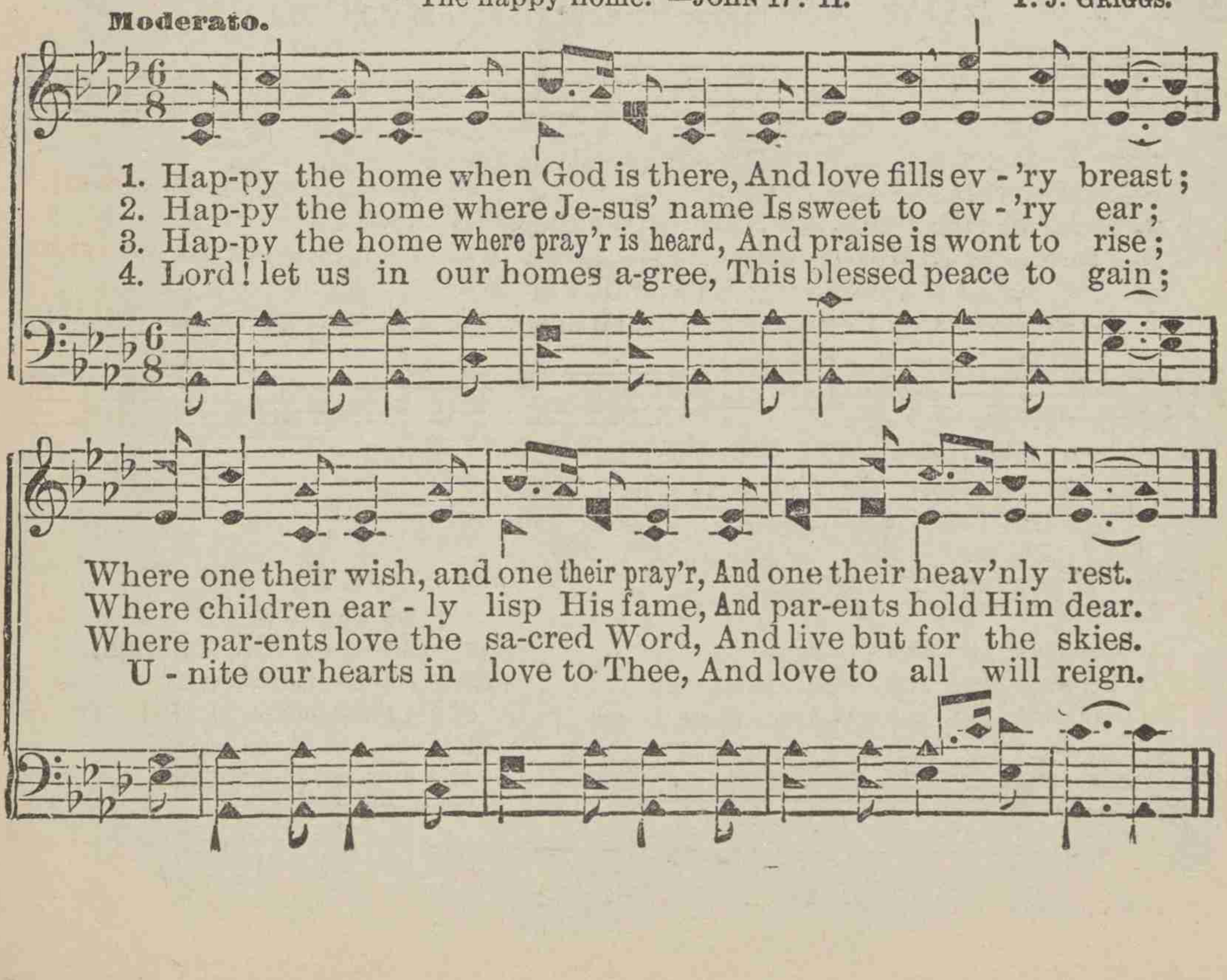
"The healing leaves."—Rev. 22: 2.

Thos. Hastings. Samuel Stanley. 1810.



No. 98. GATES. C. M.

"The happy home."—John 17: 11. T. J. Griggs.

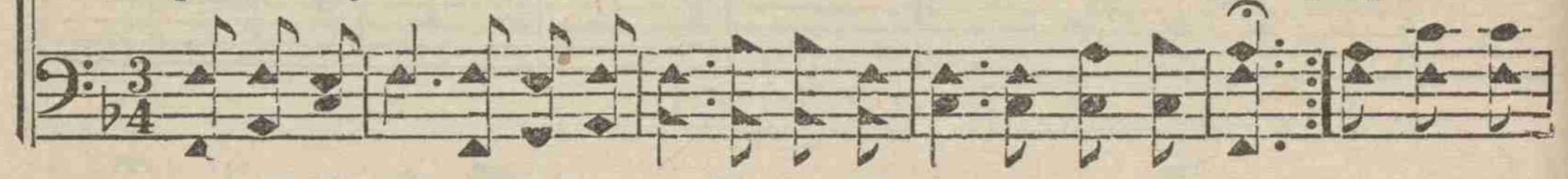


No. 99. He Dies, the Friend of Sinners Dies.

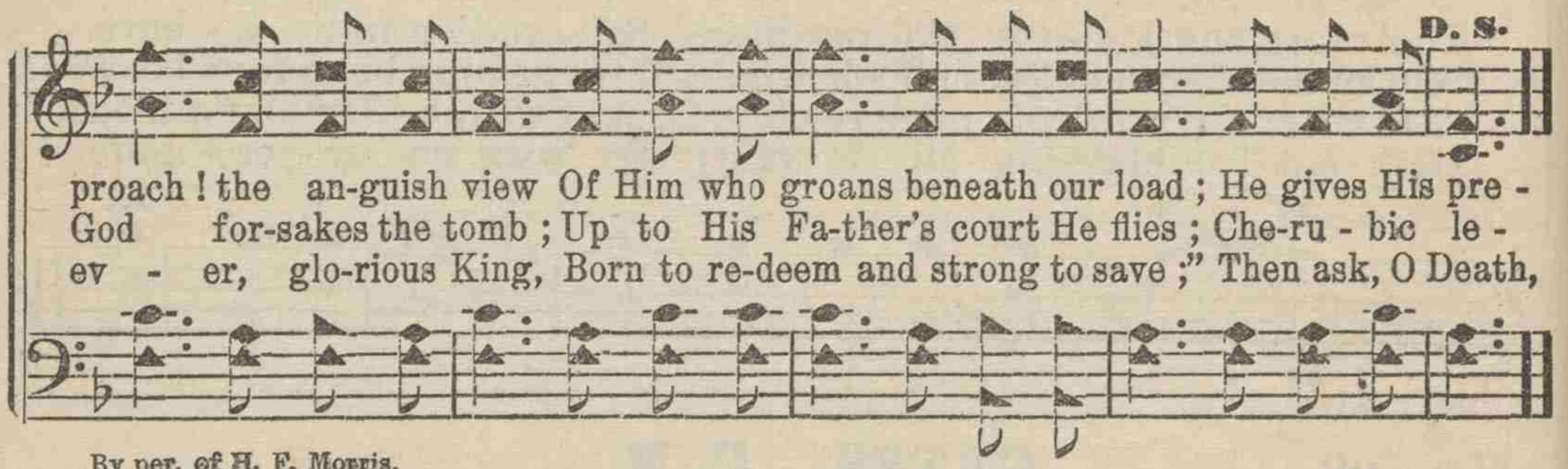
ISAAC WATTS. W. T. MORRIS.



1. { He dies! the Friend of sinners dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep around; / A solemn darkness veils the skies, A sudden trembling shakes the ground. } Ye saints, ap-
2. { Here's love and grief beyond degree; The Lord of glo-ry dies for men; / But, lo! what sudden joys we see! Je-sus, the dead, re-vives a-gain. } The ris-ing
3. { Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell How high our great Deliverer reigns: / Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell, And led the tyrant Death in chains. } Say, "Live for-



D. S.—cious life for you: For you He sheds his precious blood.
gions guard Him home, And shout Him welcome to the skies.
where is thy sting? And where thy victory, boasting Grave?"



proach! the an-guish view Of Him who groans beneath our load; He gives His pre-
God for-sakes the tomb; Up to His Fa-ther's court He flies; Che-ru-bic le-
ev-er, glo-rious King, Born to re-deem and strong to save;" Then ask, O Death,

By per. of H. F. Morris.

No. 100. Communion. C. M.

SAMUEL STENNETT. HOLIER F. MORRIS



1. Here at Thy ta-ble, Lord, we meet, To feed on food di-vine:
2. Here peace and pardon sweet-ly flow: O, what de-light-ful food!
3. Deep was the suf-'ring He en-dured Up-on th'ac-curs-ed tree;
4. Sure there was nev-er was love so free, Dear Sav-iour, so di-vine:



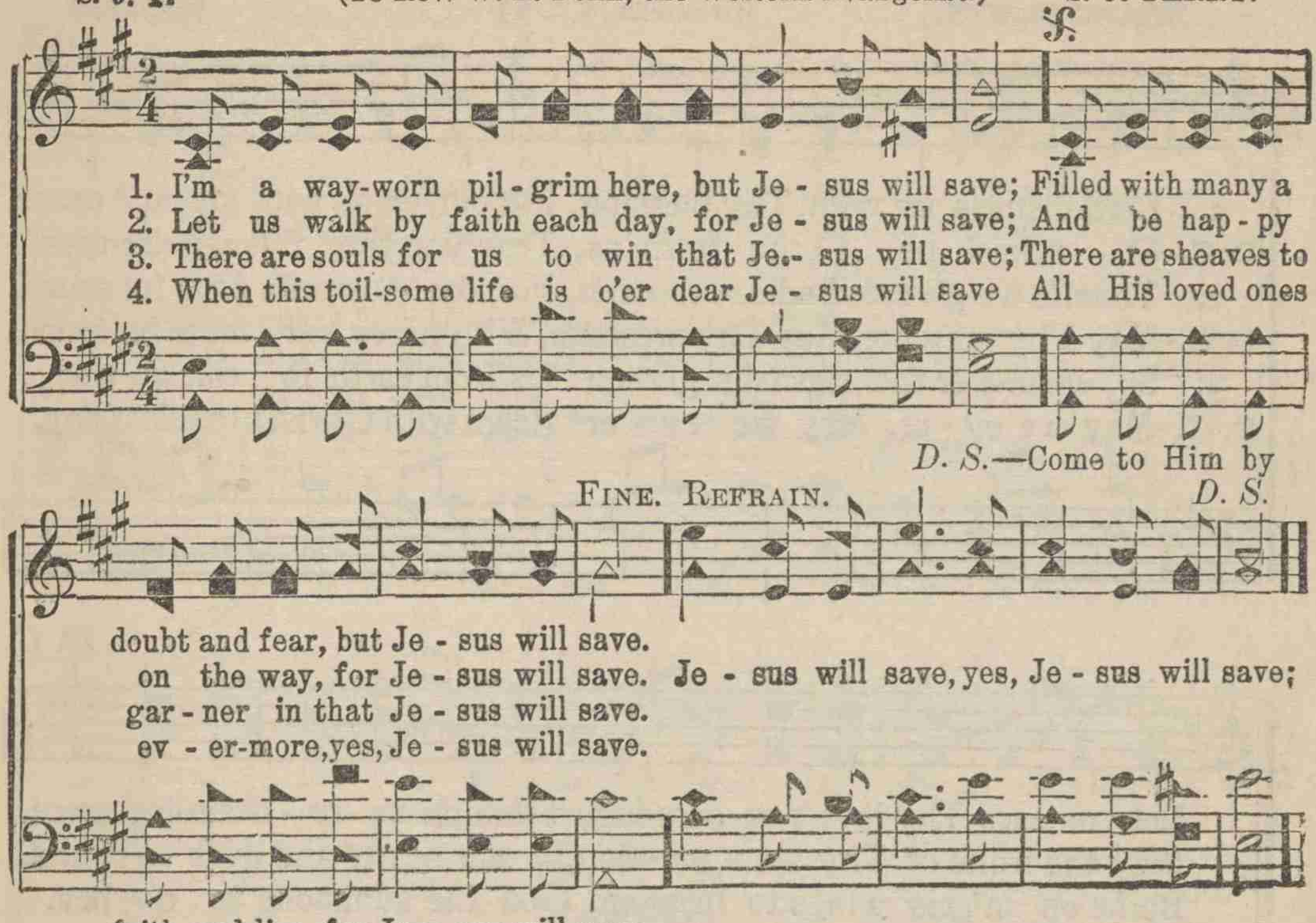
Thy bod-y is the bread we eat, Thy pre-cious blood the wine.
We eat the bread, and drink the wine, But think on no-bler good.
"For me," each welcome guest may say, "'Twas all endured for me.
Well thou mayest claim that heart of me, Which owes so much to Thine.



Used by per. of Homer F. Morris.

No. 101. JESUS WILL SAVE.

S. J. P. (To Rev. W. E. Penn, the Western Evangelist.) S. J. PERRY.

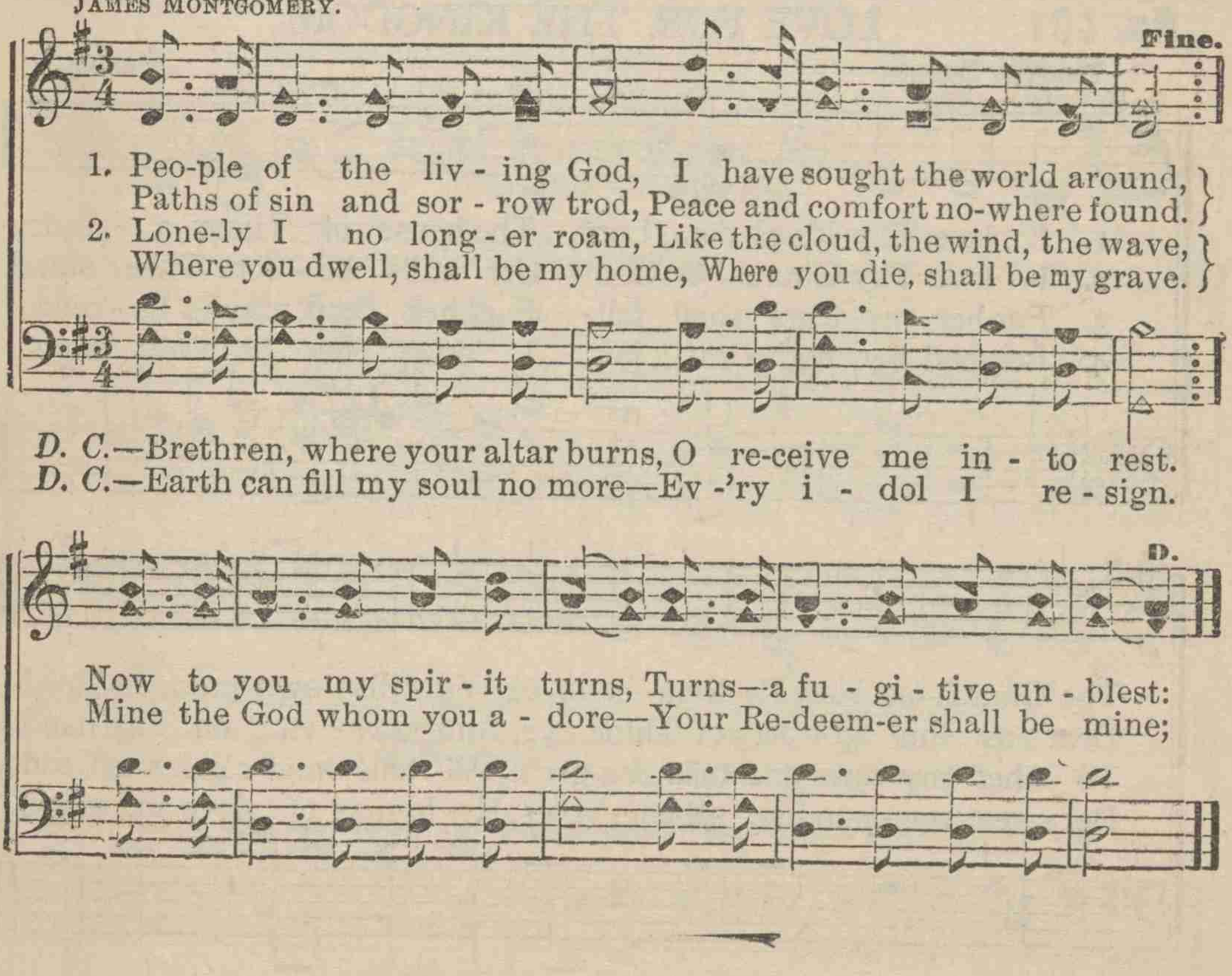


Copyright, 1894, by S. J. Perry. By per.

No. 102. ENNIUS. 7s. D.

"Application for admission into the church."—RUTH 1: 16.

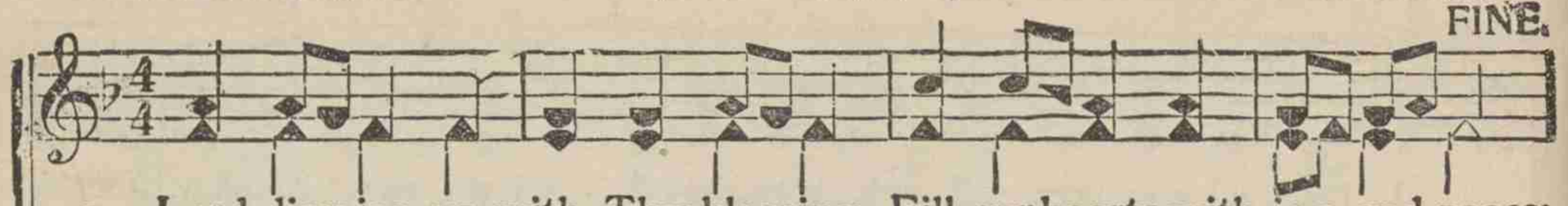
JAMES MONTGOMERY.



103. LORD, DISMISS US.

WALTER SHIRLEY. (Greenville. 8, 7, 4.) ROUSSEAU.

FINE.



1. Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
D. C.–O refresh us O re-fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil-der-ness.
2. Thanks we give, and ad-o - ra - tion, For the gos-pel's joy - ful sound.
D. C.–May Thy presence, May Thy presence, With us ev - er - more be found.
3. So, when-e'er the sig-nal's giv-en Us from earth to call a - way,
D. C.–May we ev - er, May we ev - er Reign with Christ in endless day.



D. C.

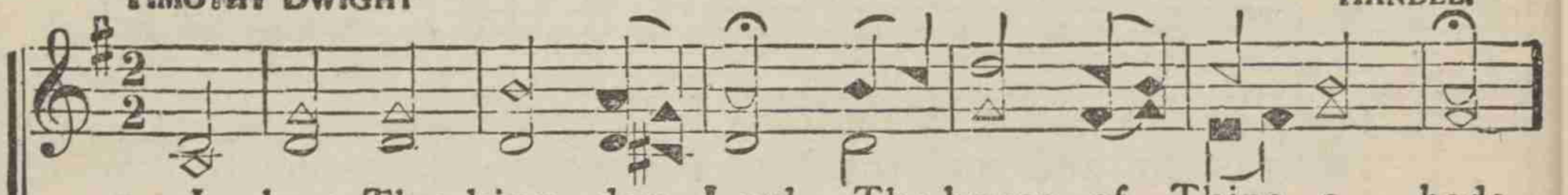


Let us each Thy love pos-sess-ing, Triumph in re - deem-ing grace.
May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion, In our hearts and lives a - bound.
Borne on an-gels' wings to heav-en, God the summons to o - bey.



No. 104 LOVE FOR THE KINGDOM.

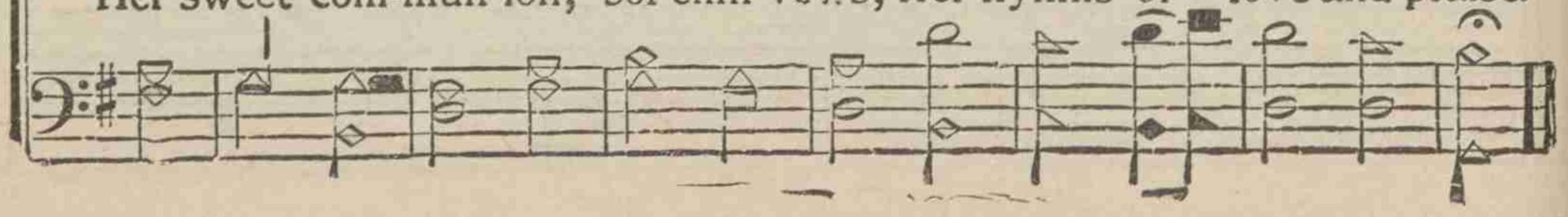
TIMOTHY DWIGHT HANDEL.



1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - cend,
4. Be-yond my high - est joy, I prize her heav'nly ways,



The Church our blest Re-deem - er saved With His own precious blood.
Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.



105. O How I Love Jesus.

"We love Him because He first loved us."—1 JOHN 4: 19.

Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D. 1709. Arr. by R. E. Winsett.



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

CHO. { O how I love Je - sus, O how I love Je - sus,
{ I'll nev - er for - get Him, I'll nev - er for - get Him;

D. C.



Would He de - vote that sa-cred head for such a worm as I?
While all ex - posed to wrath di - vine The glo-rious suff'rer sto
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un-known, And love be - yond de-gre
When Christ the might - y Mak-er, died For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

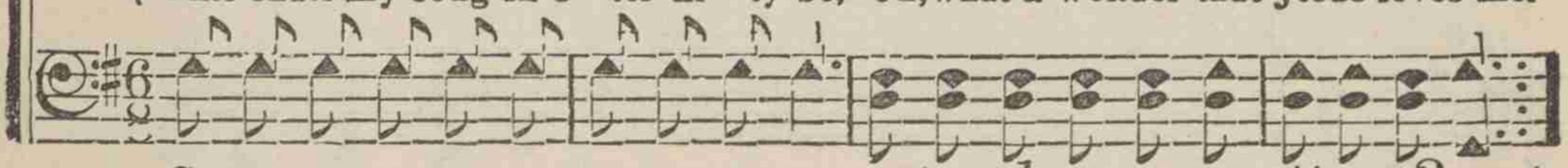
O how I love Je - sus, Be - cuase He first loved me,
I'll nev - er for - get Him O, Lord re - mem - ber me.

No. 106. Jesus Loves Even Me

P. P. B. "God is love."—1 JOHN 4: 8. P. P. Bliss.



1. I am so glad that our Father in heav'n Tells of His love in the Book He has giv'n.
   Wonderful things in the Bi - ble I see; This is the dear-est, that Je-sus loves me.
2. Tho' I for-get Him and wander a-way, Still He doth love me wherever I stray;
   Back to His dear loving arms would I flee, When I remember that Je-sus loves me.
3. Oh, if there's only one song I can sing, When in His beauty I see the great King
   This shall my song in e - ter-ni - ty be, "Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me."



CHORUS.



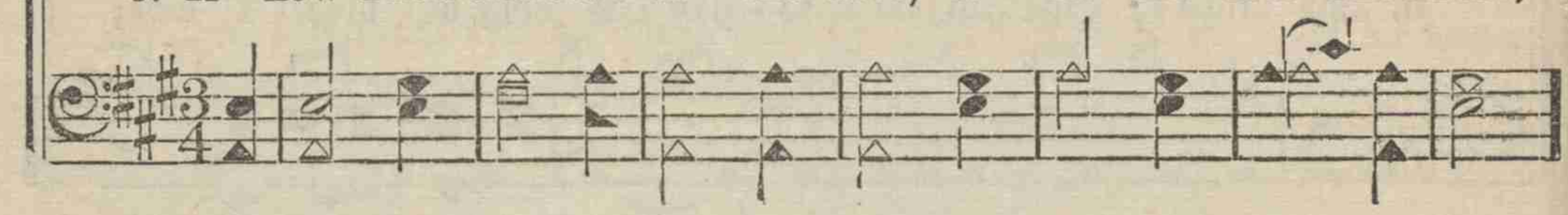
I am so glad that Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Jesus loves me, e - ven me.

No. 107. PREPARE TO MEET GOD.

CHARLES WESLEY. HUGH WILSON.



1. And must I be to judgment brought, And an-swer in that day
2. Yes, ev - ery se - cret of my heart Shall short-ly be made known,
3. How care-ful then ought I to live; With what re - li - gious fear!
4. Thou aw - ful Judge of quick and dead, The watch-ful pow'r be-stow;
5. If now Thou standest at the door, O let me feel Thee near,



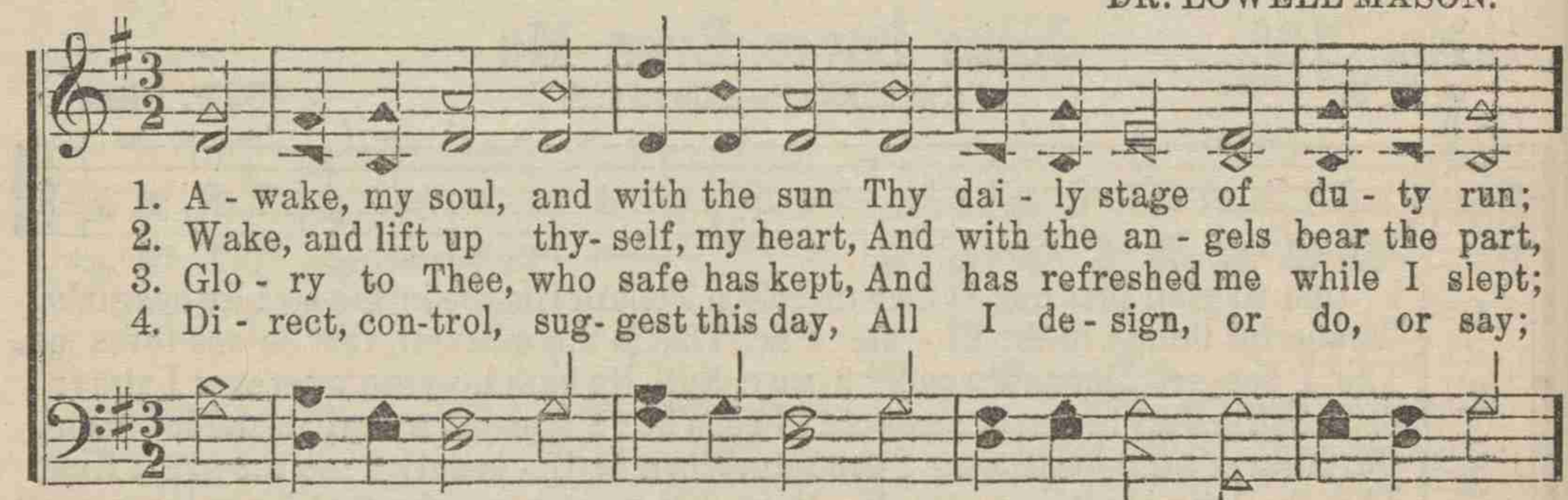


For ev - ery vain and i -dle thought, And ev - ery word I say?
And I re - ceive my just de - sert For all that I have done.
Who such a strict ac - count must give For my be - hav - ior here!
So shall I to my ways take heed, To all I speak or do.
And make my peace with God, be - fore I at Thy bar ap - pear!

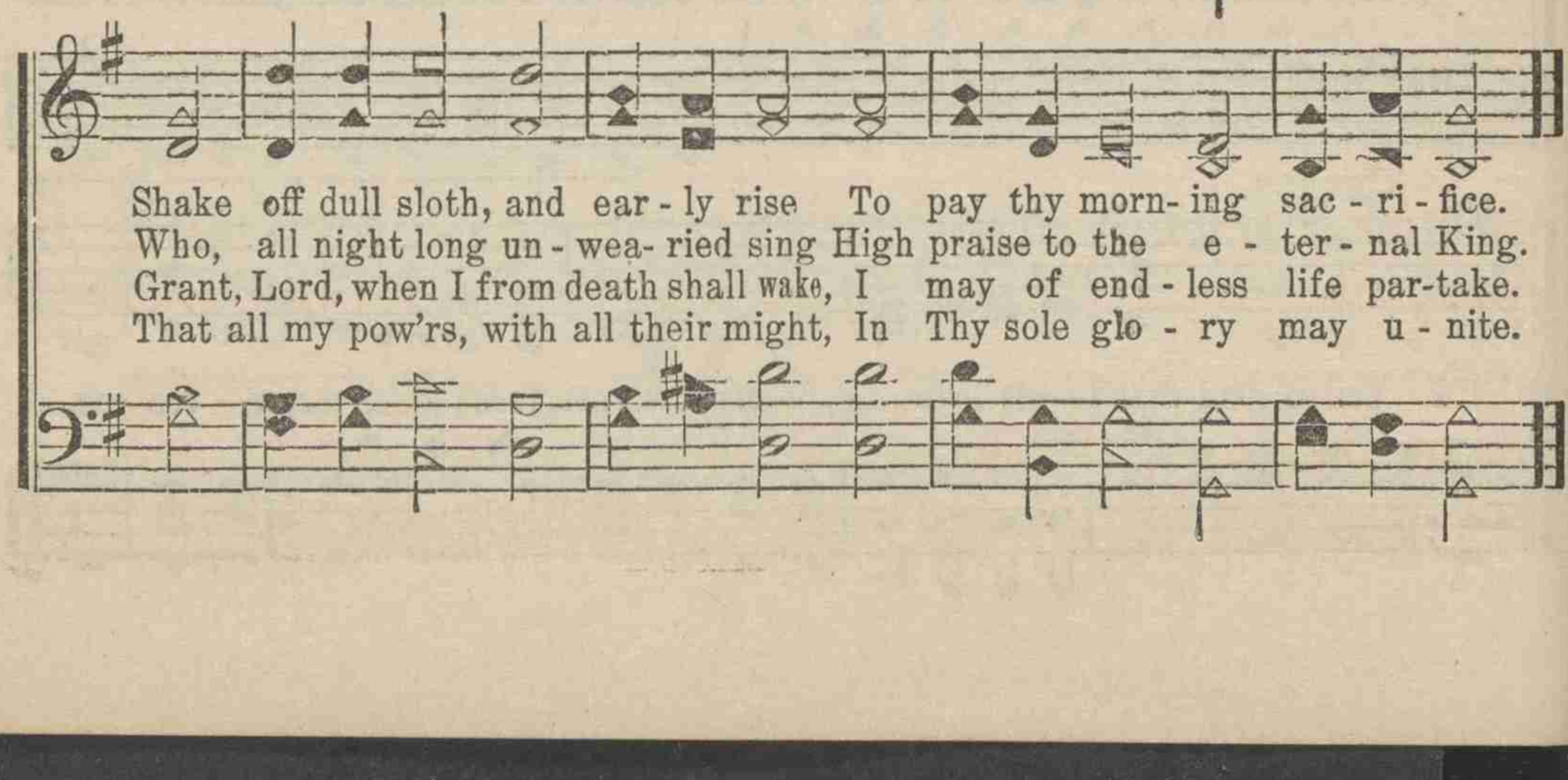


NO. 108. Rockingham. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
2. Wake, and lift up thy- self, my heart, And with the an - gels bear the part,
3. Glo - ry to Thee, who safe has kept, And has refreshed me while I slept;
4. Di - rect, con-trol, sug- gest this day, All I de - sign, or do, or say;



Shake off dull sloth, and ear - ly rise To pay thy morn- ing sac - ri - fice.
Who, all night long un - wea- ried sing High praise to the e - ter - nal King.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of end - less life par-take.
That all my pow'rs, with all their might, In Thy sole glo - ry may u - nite.

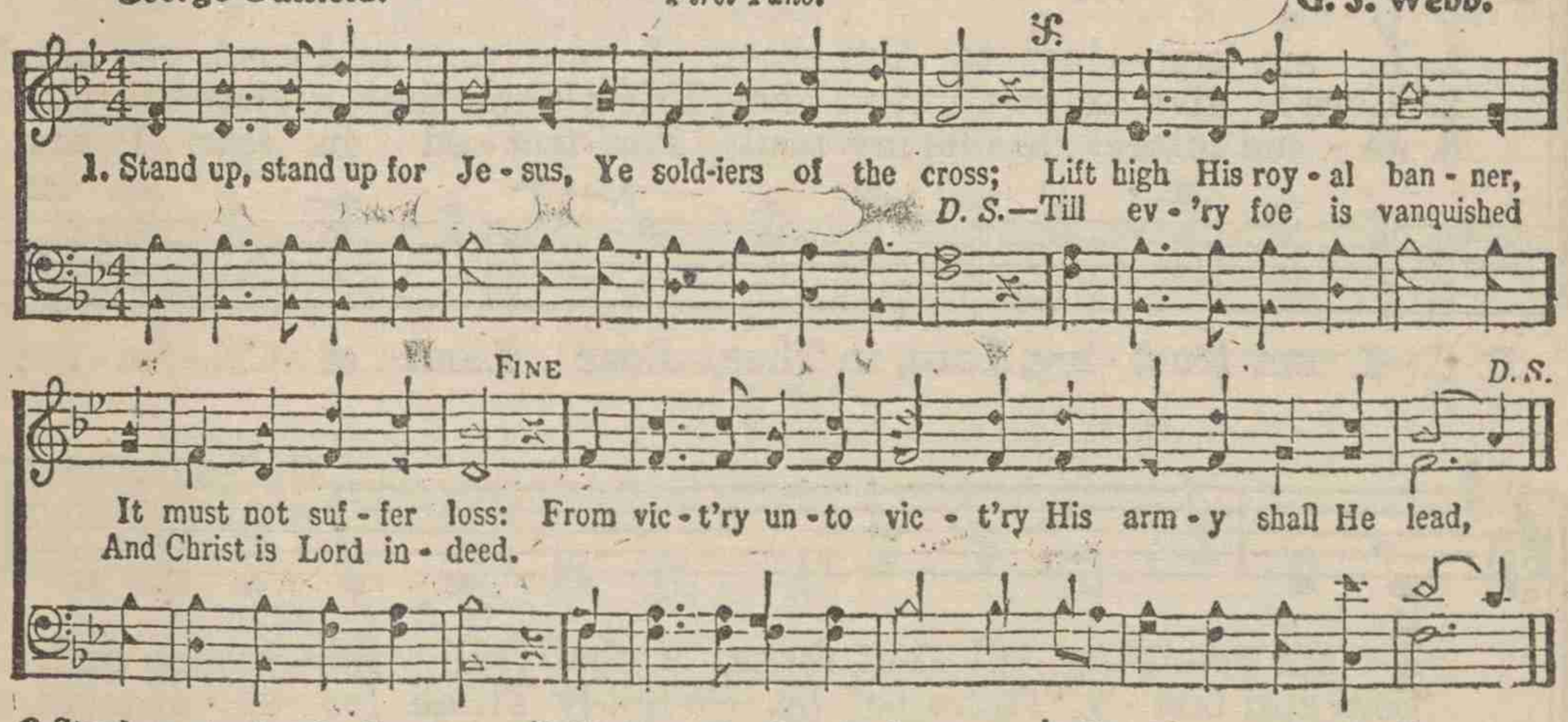
109. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

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



No. 110. Stand Up for Jesus.

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



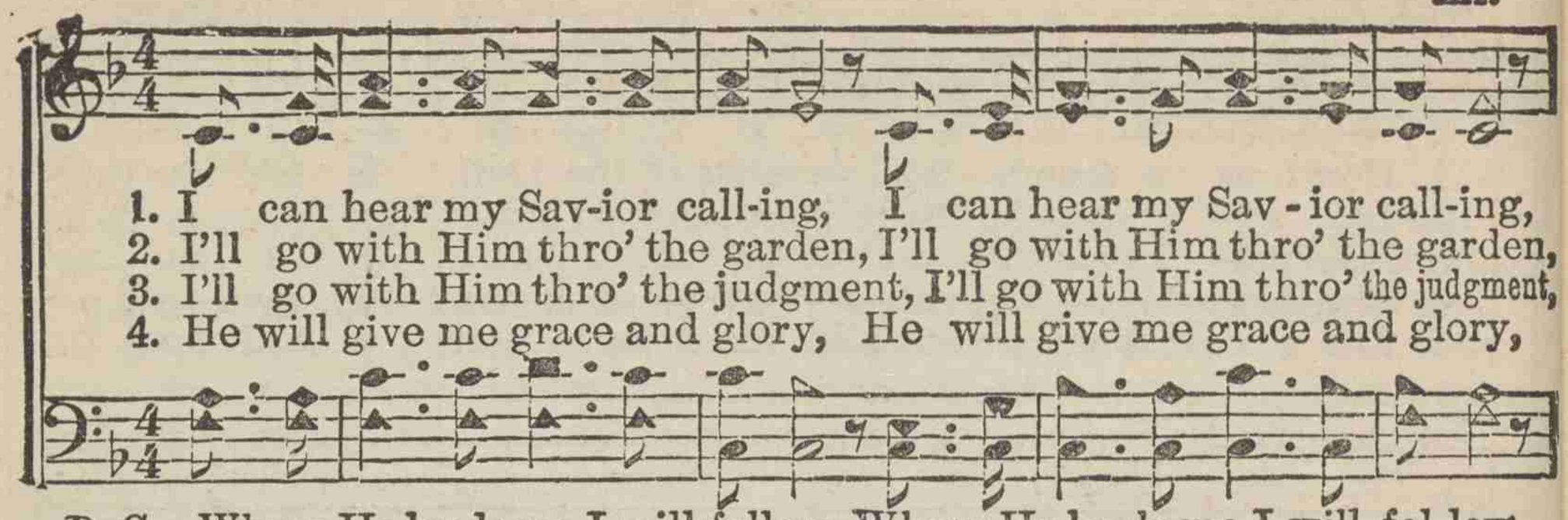
2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

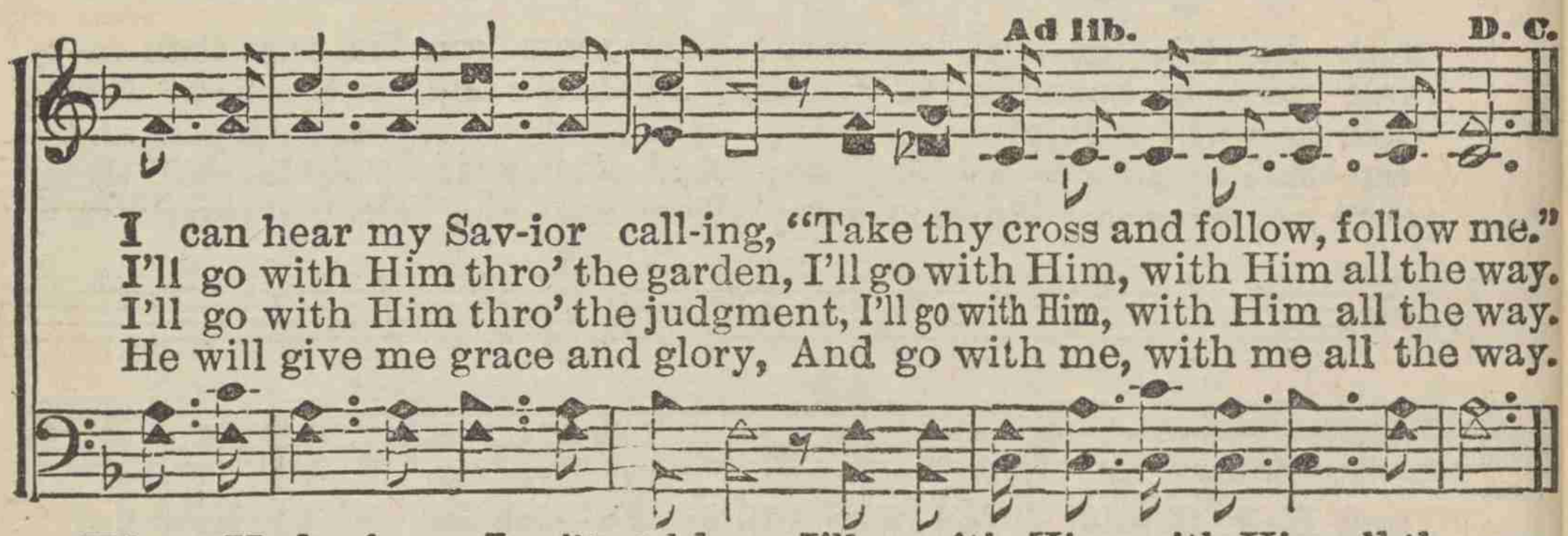
3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own,
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

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 111. WILL FOLLOW JESUS.

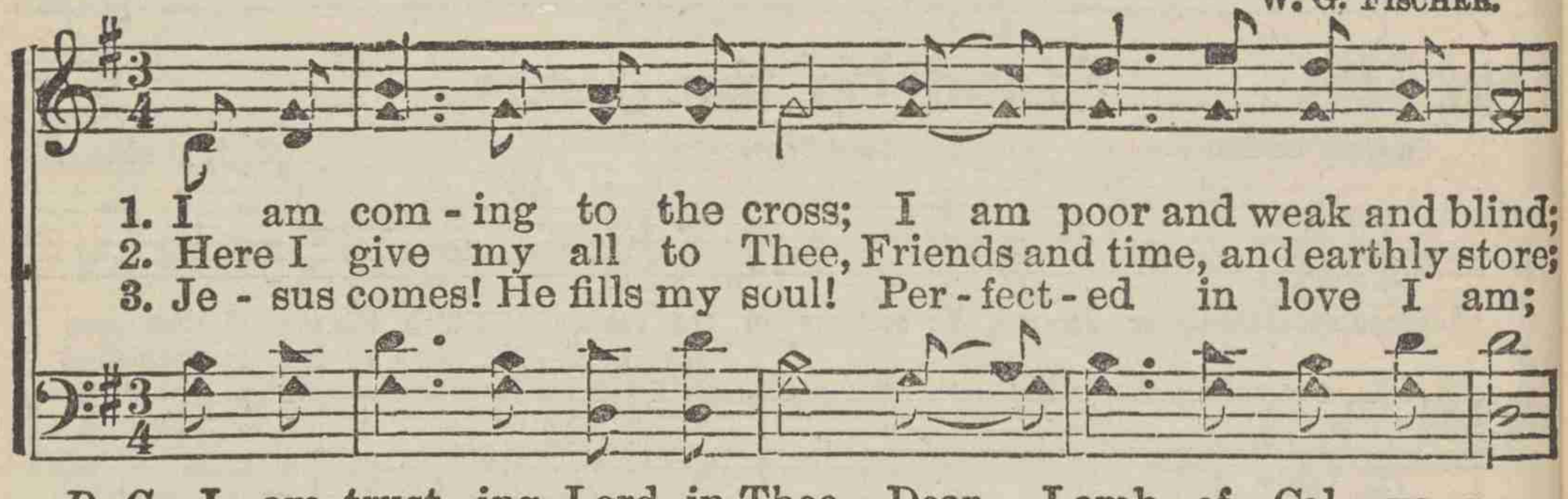
Arr.

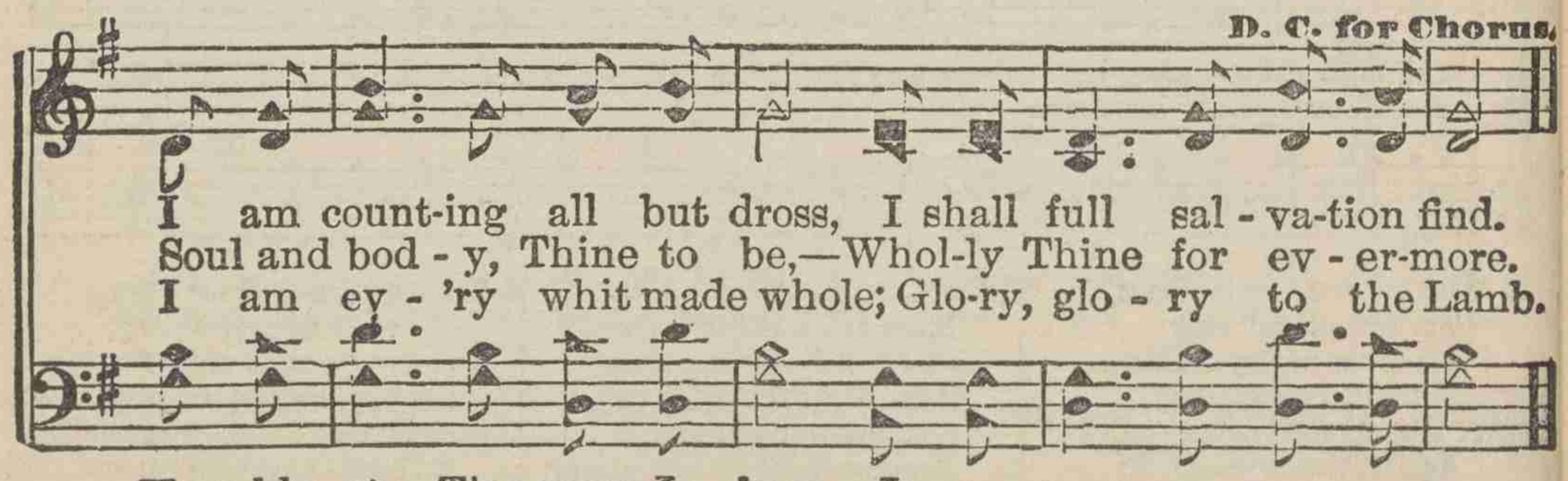




No. 112. I AM COMING.

W. G. Fischer.





No. 113. 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. 114. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

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

1. On Jor - dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye,
   To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.

We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, Just a-cross on the ev - er - green shore, ...
by and by, ev - er - green shore.

Sing the song of Mos - es and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er more.

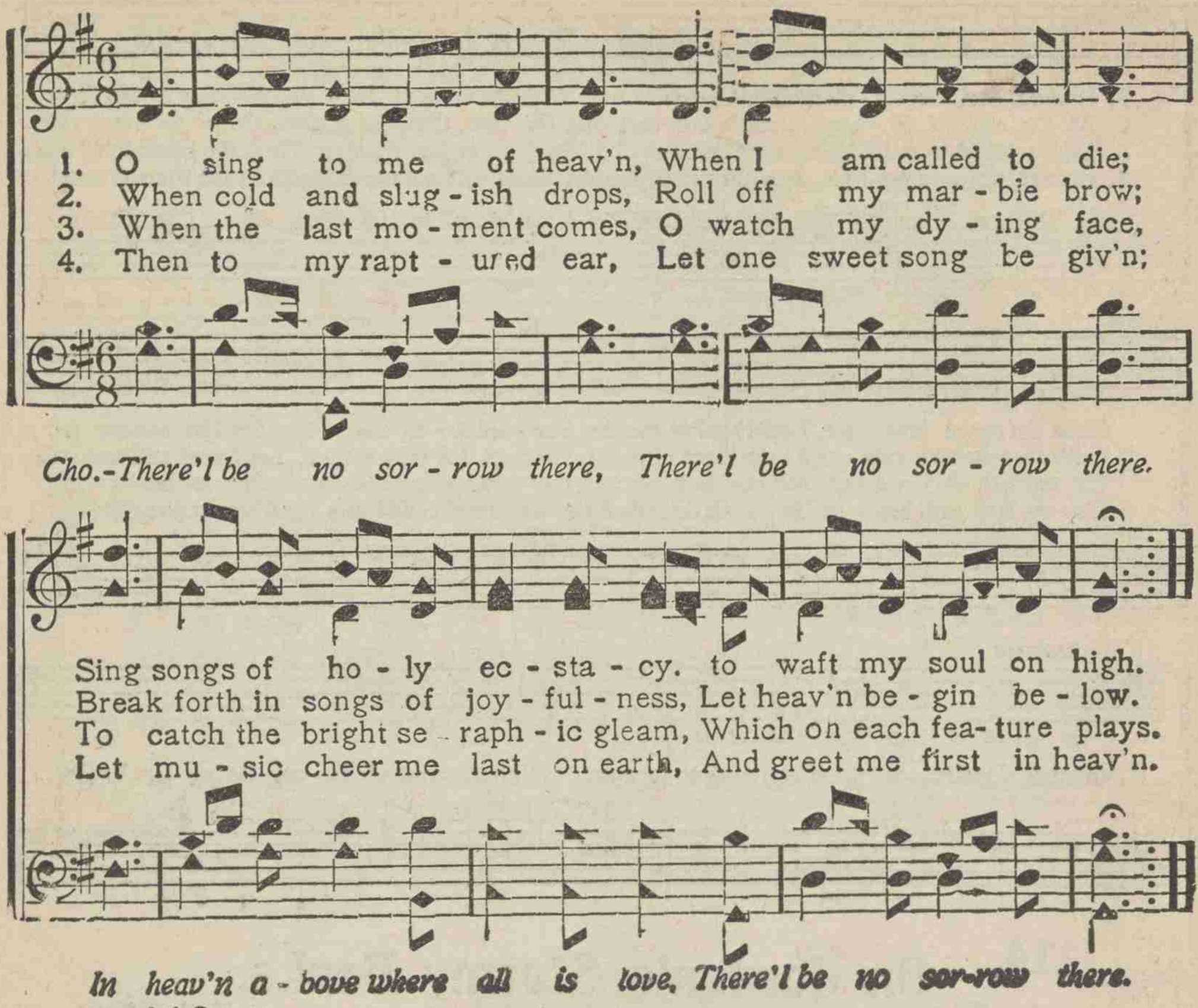
2 O'er all those wide-extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll
Fearless I'd launch away.

No. 115. DUNBAR. S. M.

MRS. MARY S. B. DANA, 1800. REV. C. R. DUNBAR,



No. 116. COME, HOLY SPIRIT.



2 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee
And Thine to us so great?

3 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

No. 117 I Can, I Will, I Do Believe



1. I'm kneel-ing at the mer - cy seat, I'm kneel-ing at the mer-cy seat,
2. Re - fin - ing fire go thro' my heart, Re - fin-ing fire go thro' my heart;
3. O that it now from heav'n might fall, O that it now from heav'n might fall;

CHO.—I can I will, I do be - lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve;



I'm kneel-ing at the mer - cy seat, Where Je - sus an-swers prayer.
Re - fin - ing fire go thro' my heart, Il - lu - mi - nate it now.
O that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins con-sume.

I can, I will, I do be - lieve, That Je - sus saves me now.

No. 118 America

S F. Smith — English

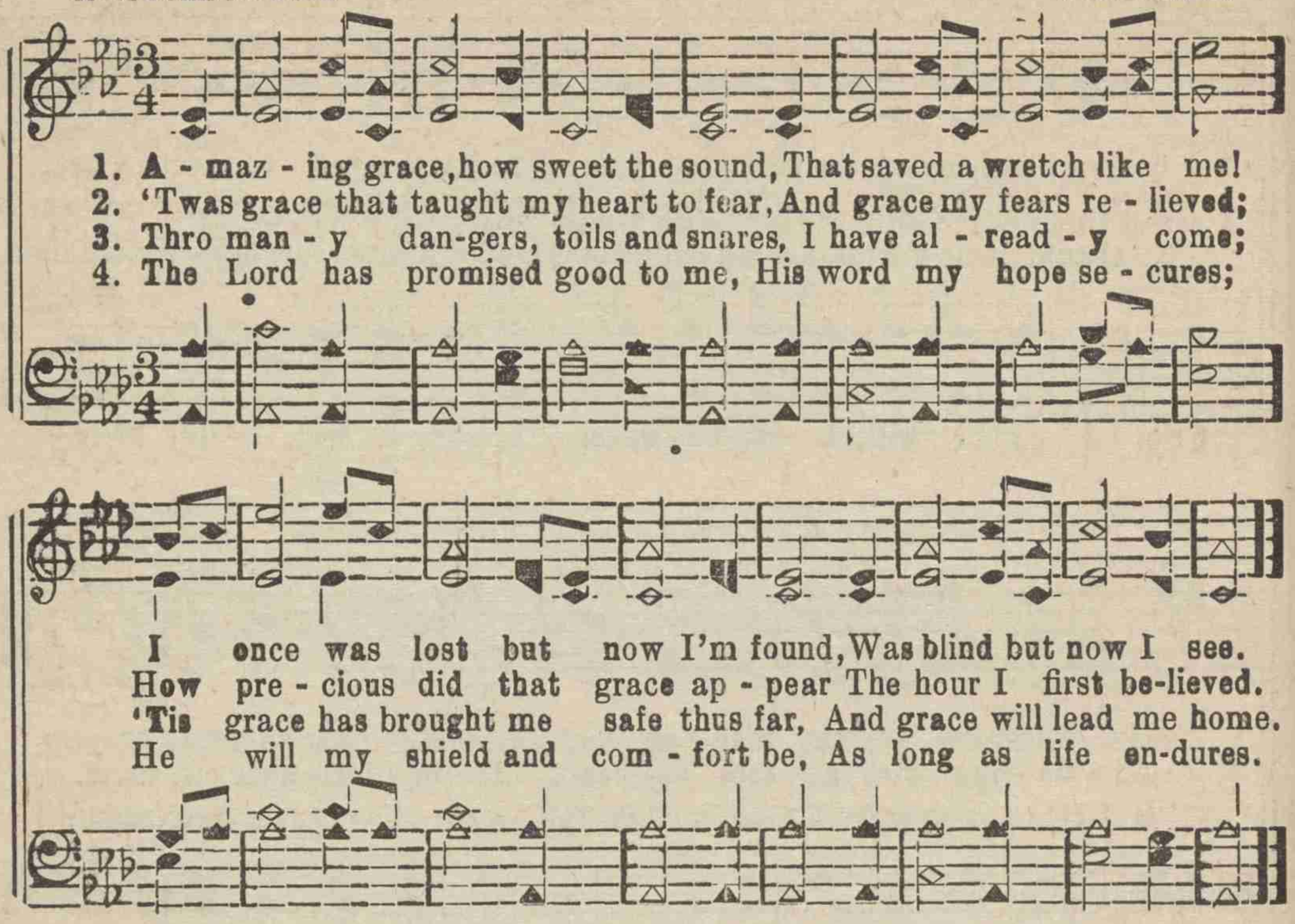


1. My country 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no-ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song, Let mortal
4. Our father's God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty. To Thee we sing; Long may our

fathers died. Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God our King.

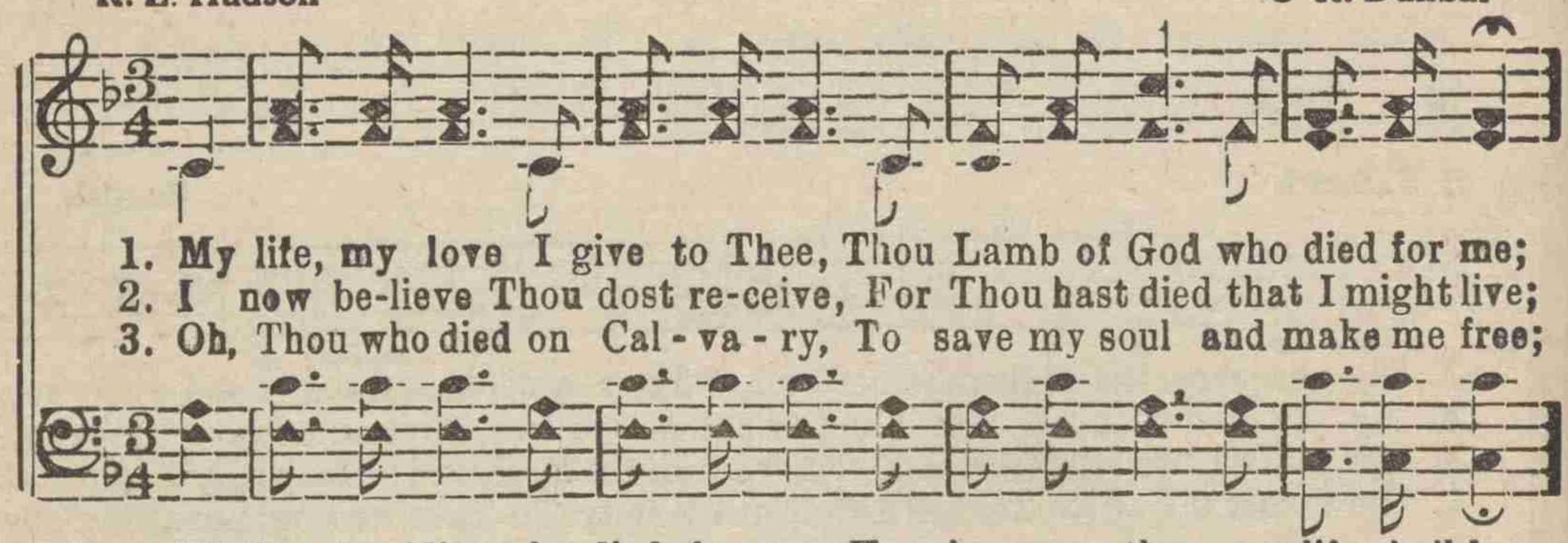
No. 119 Amazing Grace

Rev. John Newton **Wm. Walker**



No. 120 I'll Live For Him

R. E. Hudson **C R. Dunbar**



No. 121. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe. Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is tramp-ling out the
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have builded Him an
3. He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is sift - ing out the
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a glo - ry in His

vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His ter - ri-
al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can read His right-eous sentence by the dim and
hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat; O be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi-
bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make

FINE. CHORUS.

ble swift sword; His truth is marching on.
flar - ing lamps, His day is marching on. } Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah!
lant my feet, Our God is marching on. } Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! (*D.S.2d time.*)
make men free, While God is marching on.

No. 122. No, Not One.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

USED BY PERMISSION OF GEO. C. HUGG, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT

Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow, and with feeling.

1. { There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
   { None else could heal all our souls' dis - eas - es, No, not one! [*Omit . . .*] no, not one!

D. C.—*There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! [Omit . . .] no, not one!*

CHORUS. D. C.

Je - sus knows all a - bout our strug-gles, He will guide till the day is done;

2 No friend like Him is so high and holy, No, etc.
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly, No, etc.

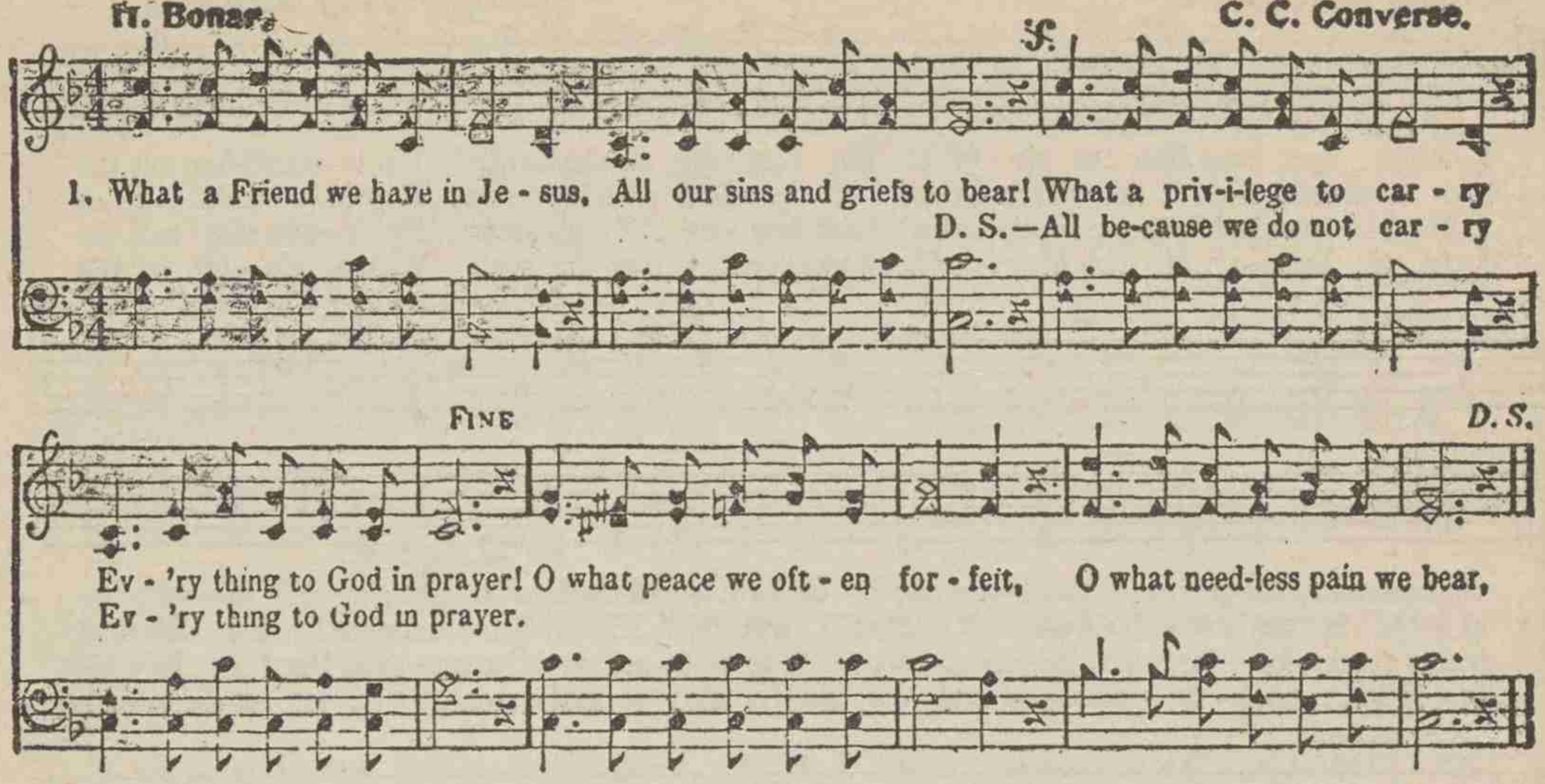
3 There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, etc.
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, etc.

4 Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him? No, etc.
Or sinner find that He would not take Him? No, etc.

5 Was e'er a gift like the Savior given? No, etc.
Will He refuse us a home in heaven? No, etc.

123. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.



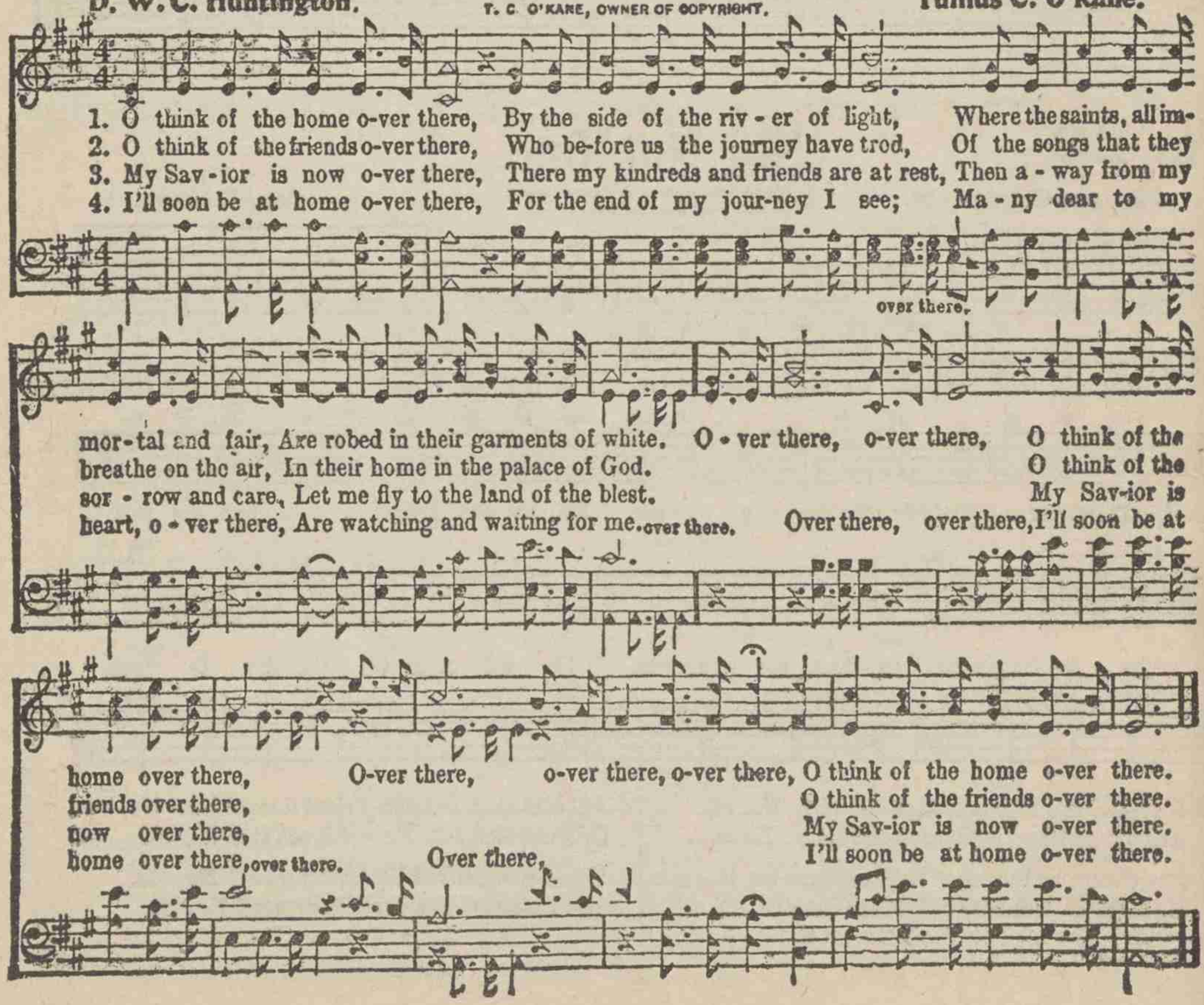
1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

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

No. 124. The Home Over There.

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



No. 125. Rest for the Weary.

William Hunter. J. W. Dadmun.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 126. We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Mills. William Miller.

1. { O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo-ment come
   { When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And (*Omit . . . . . .*) dwell in peace at home?

CHORUS.

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

2 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on His breast
Till He conduct me home.

3 I sought at once my Savior's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide,
And reach my heavenly home.

No 127. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

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



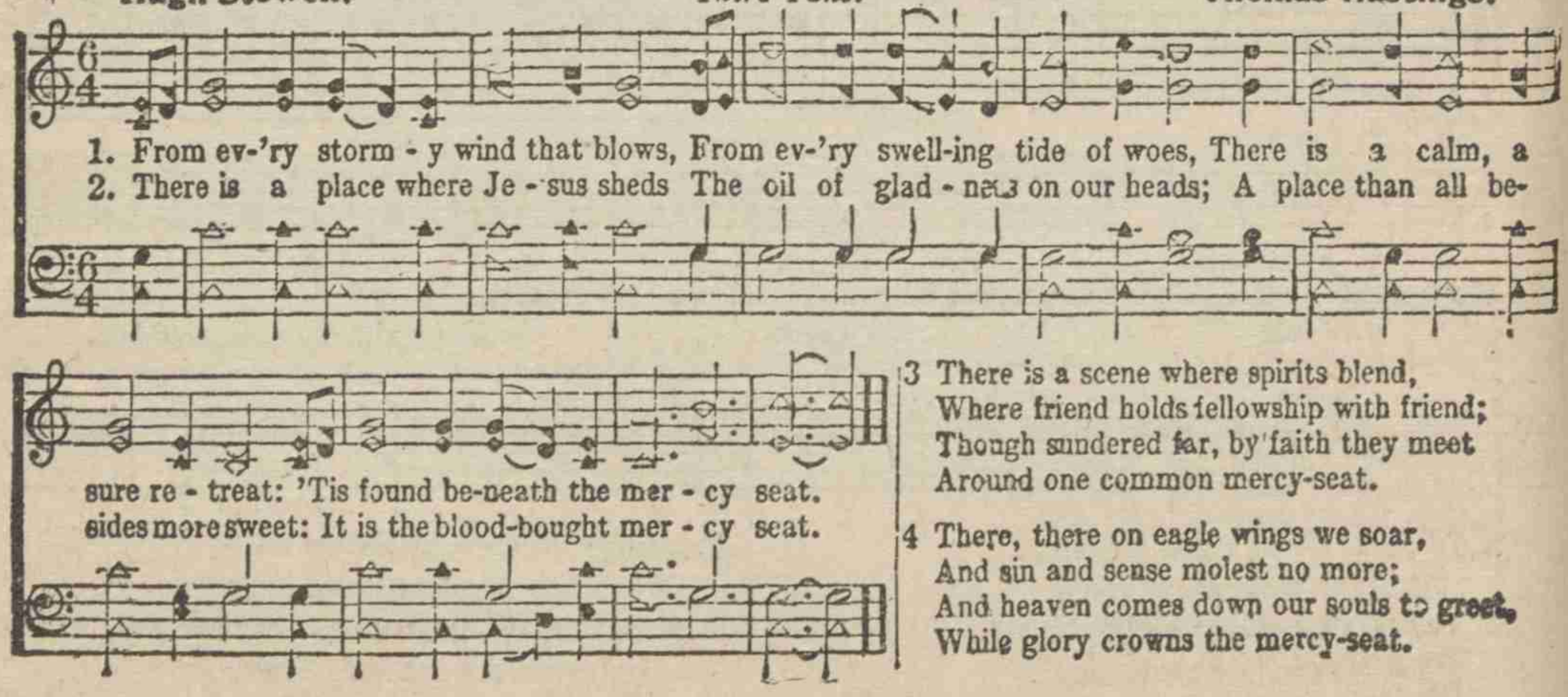
No. 128. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

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



No. 129. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

Hugh Stowell. *Third Tune.* Thomas Hastings.

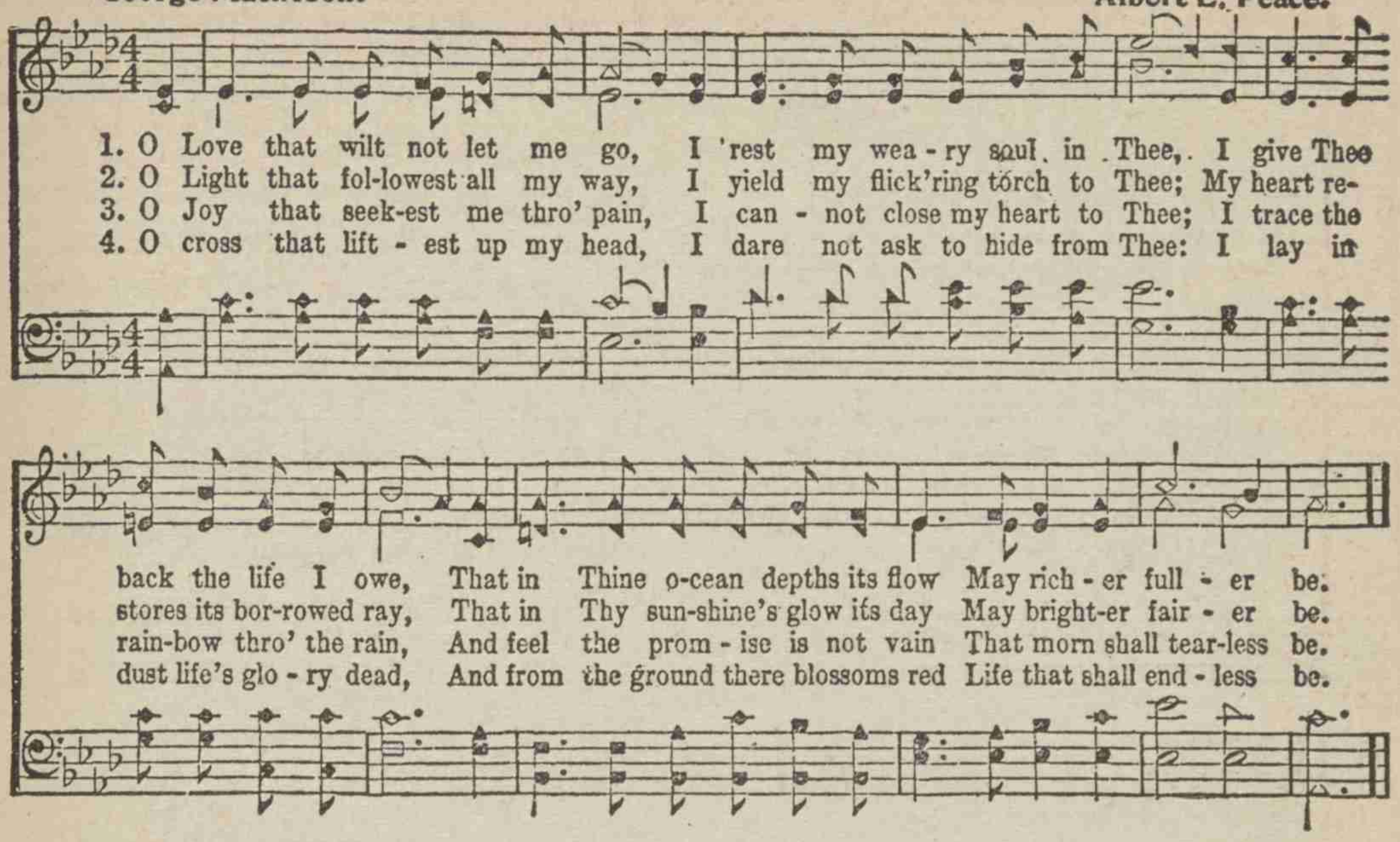


3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

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.

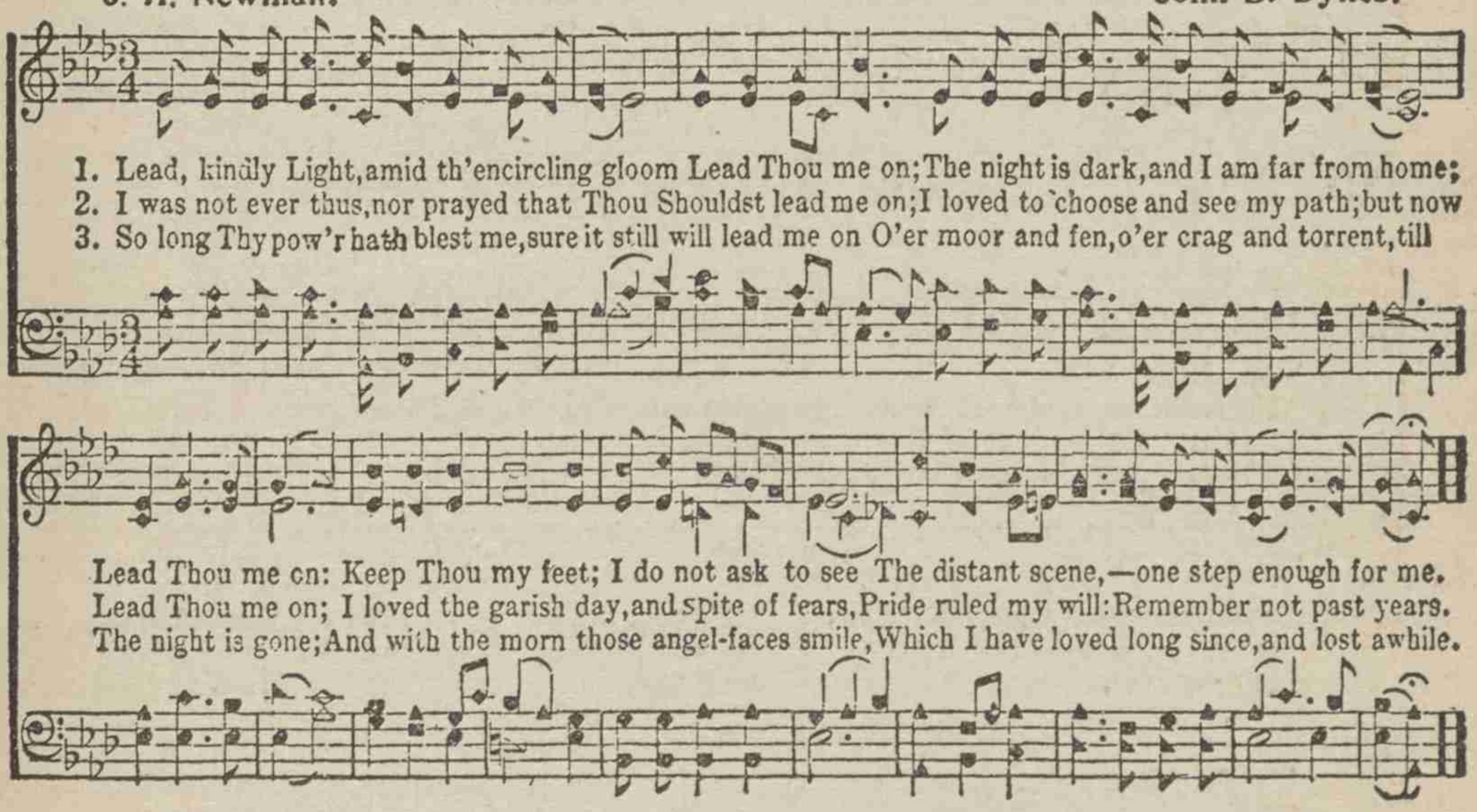
No. 130. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. Albert L. Peace.



No. 131. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. John B. Dykes.



No. 132. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.



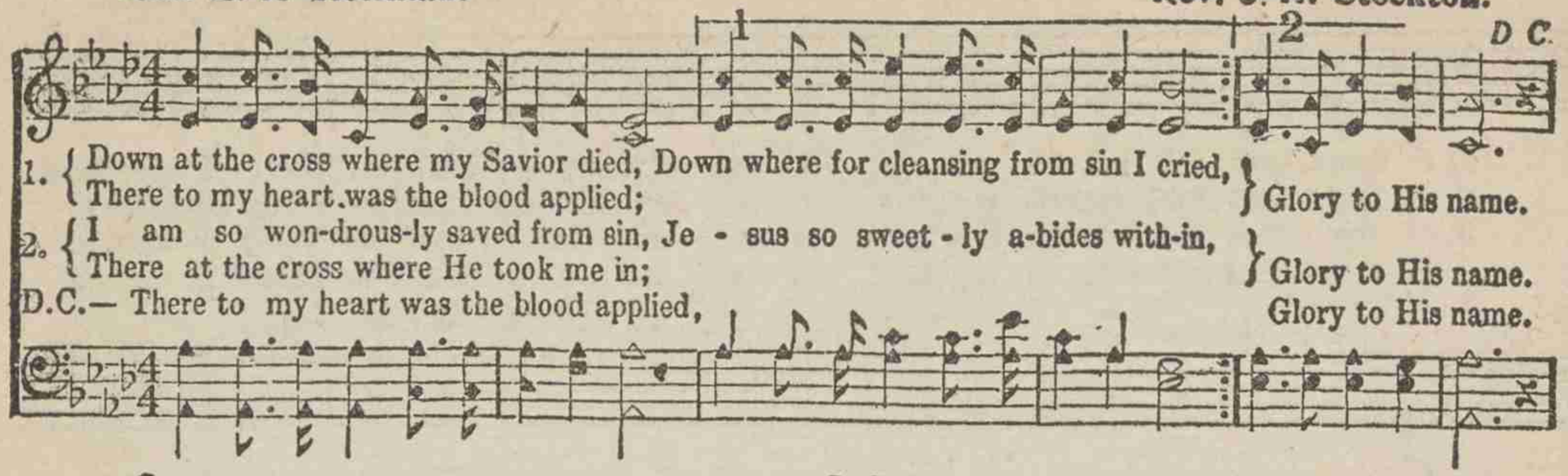
2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers; [one,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares.

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.

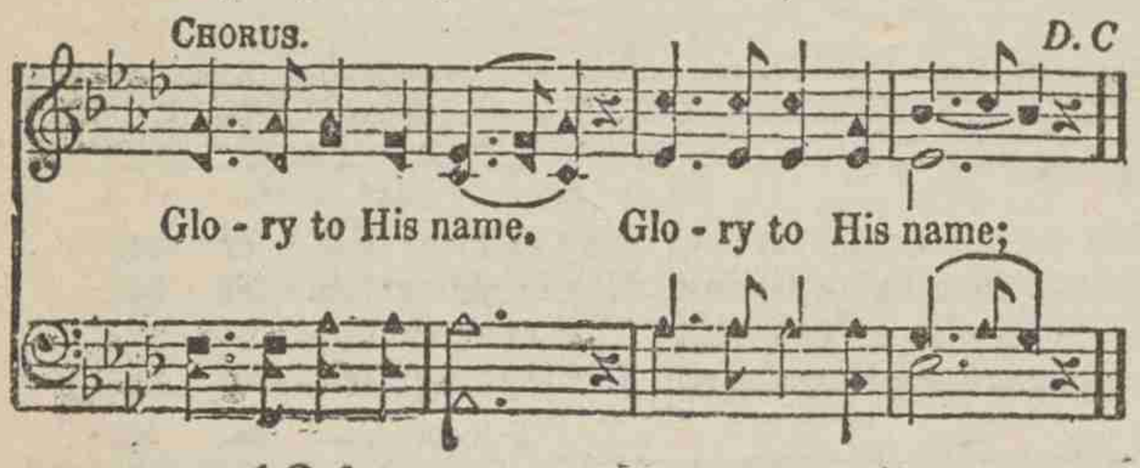
133. Glory to His Name.

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



1. Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
   There to my heart was the blood applied; } Glory to His name.
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-bides with-in,
   There at the cross where He took me in; } Glory to His name.

D.C.— There to my heart was the blood applied, Glory to His name.



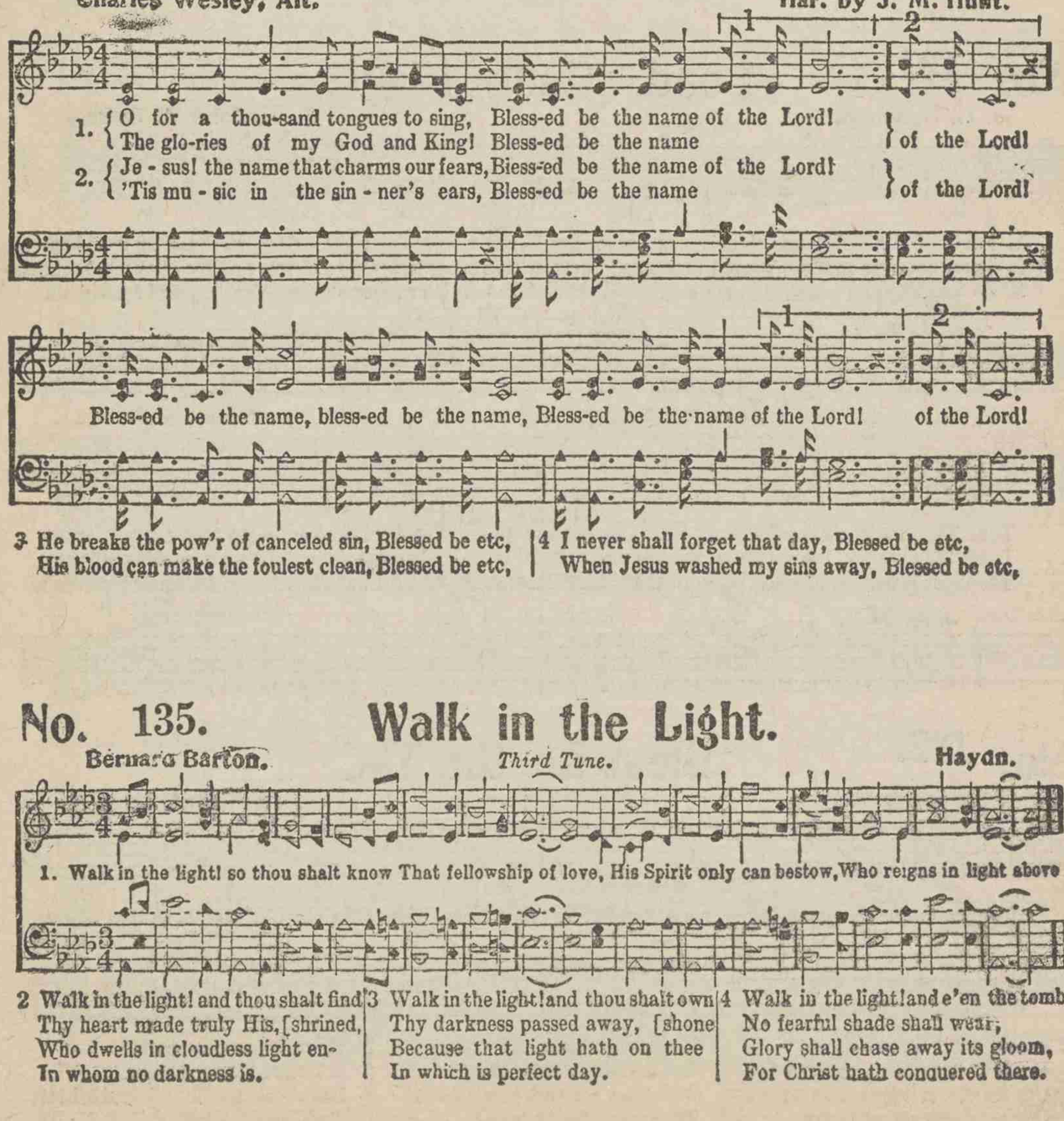
Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;

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 134. Blessed Be the Name.

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



1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
   The glo-ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name } of the Lord!
2. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
   'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name } of the Lord!

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

3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be etc,
His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be etc,

4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be etc,
When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be etc,

No. 135. Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton. *Third Tune.* Haydn.

1. Walk in the light! so thou shalt know That fellowship of love, His Spirit only can bestow, Who reigns in light above

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

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away, [shone
Because that light hath on thee
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

No. 136. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. Wells.

FINE.

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

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

D. C.

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

No. 137. 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. 138. 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. 139. While Jesus Whispers.

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W. E. Witter. H. R. Palmer.

1. While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!
2. Are you too heav-y-la-den? Come, sinner, come! Je-sus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come!
3. O hear His ten-der pleading, Come, sinner, come! Come and re-ceive the bless-ing, Come, sinner, come!

Now is the time to own Him, Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
Je-sus will not deceive you, Come, sinner, come! Je-sus can now re-deem you, Come, sinner, come!
While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sinner, come!

No. 140. 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. 141. 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.

142. Blessed Assurance.

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Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal-
2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight, An-gels de-
3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav - ior am hap-py and blest, Watching and

FINE CHORUS.

va - tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
scend - ing, bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry,
wait - ing look - ing a - bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

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

D. S

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

No. 143. He Leadeth Me.

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

1. He lead-eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, wher-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine, Con - tent, what-ev - er
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won. E'en death's cold wave I

CHORUS.

e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
troub-led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own
lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.

hand He lead-eth me: His faith - ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

No. 144. Jesus Call Us.

Cecil F. Alexander. W. F. Jude.

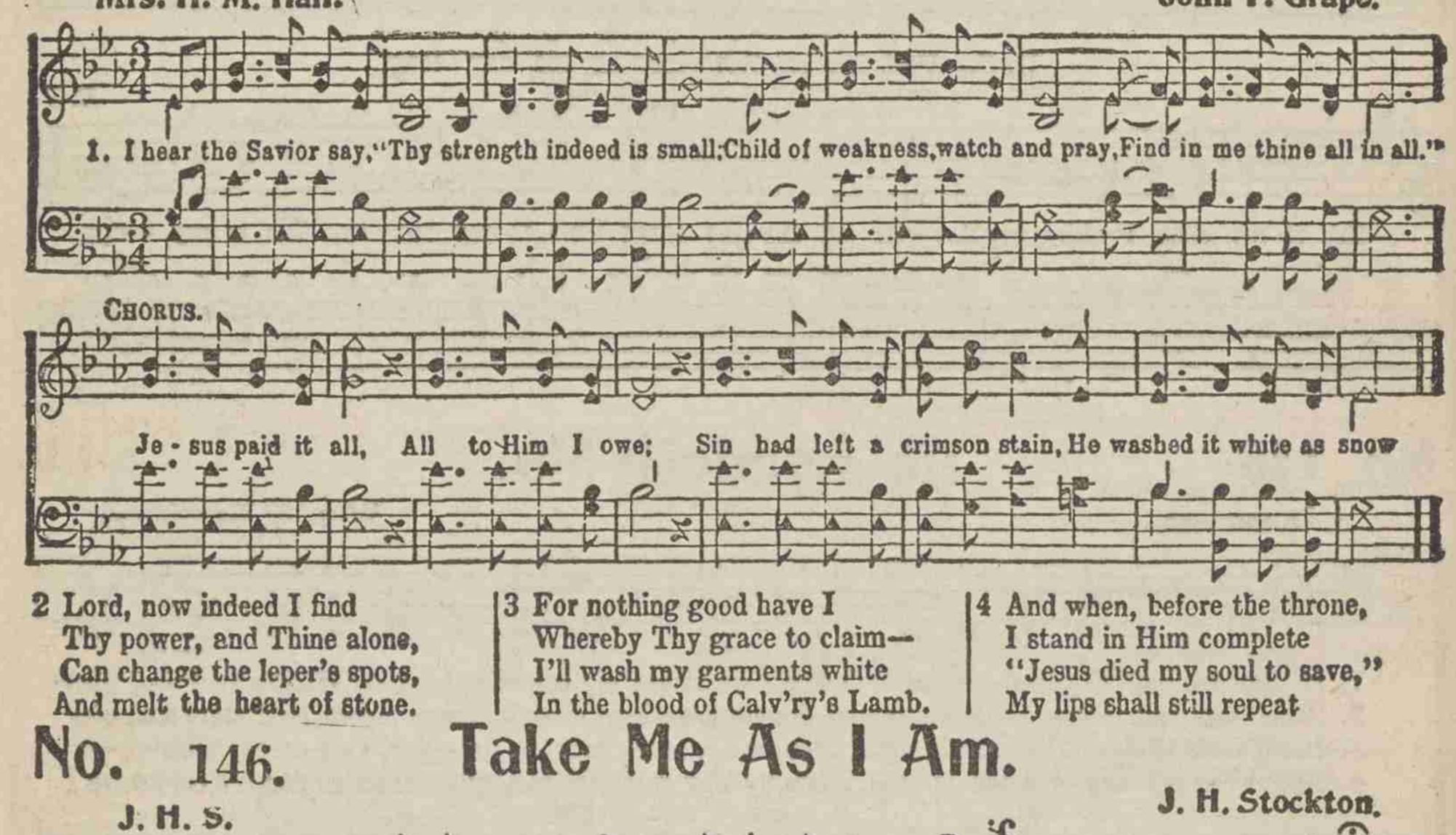


3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

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. 145 Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.



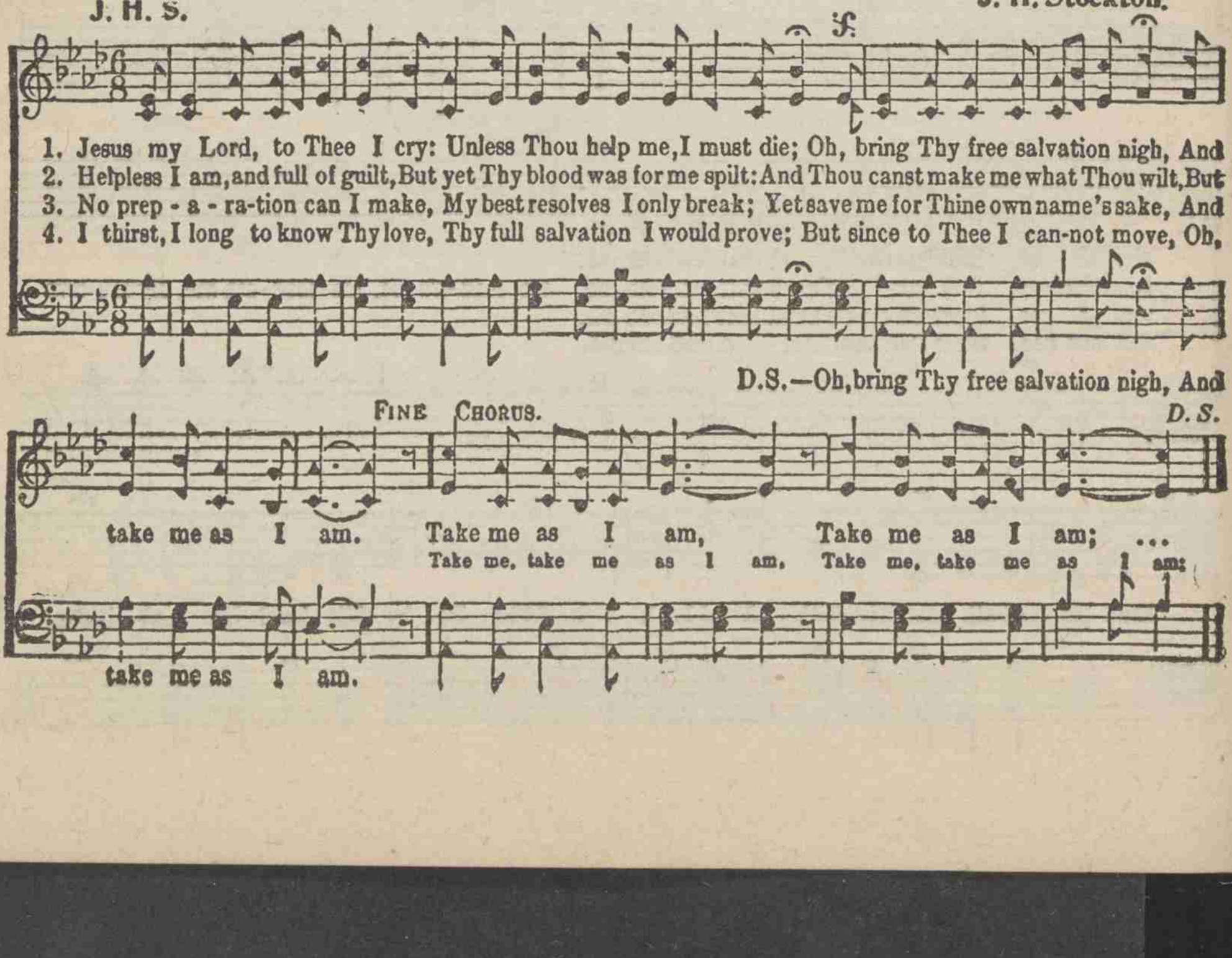
2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

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. 146. Take Me As I Am.

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



147. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.



No. 148. 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.

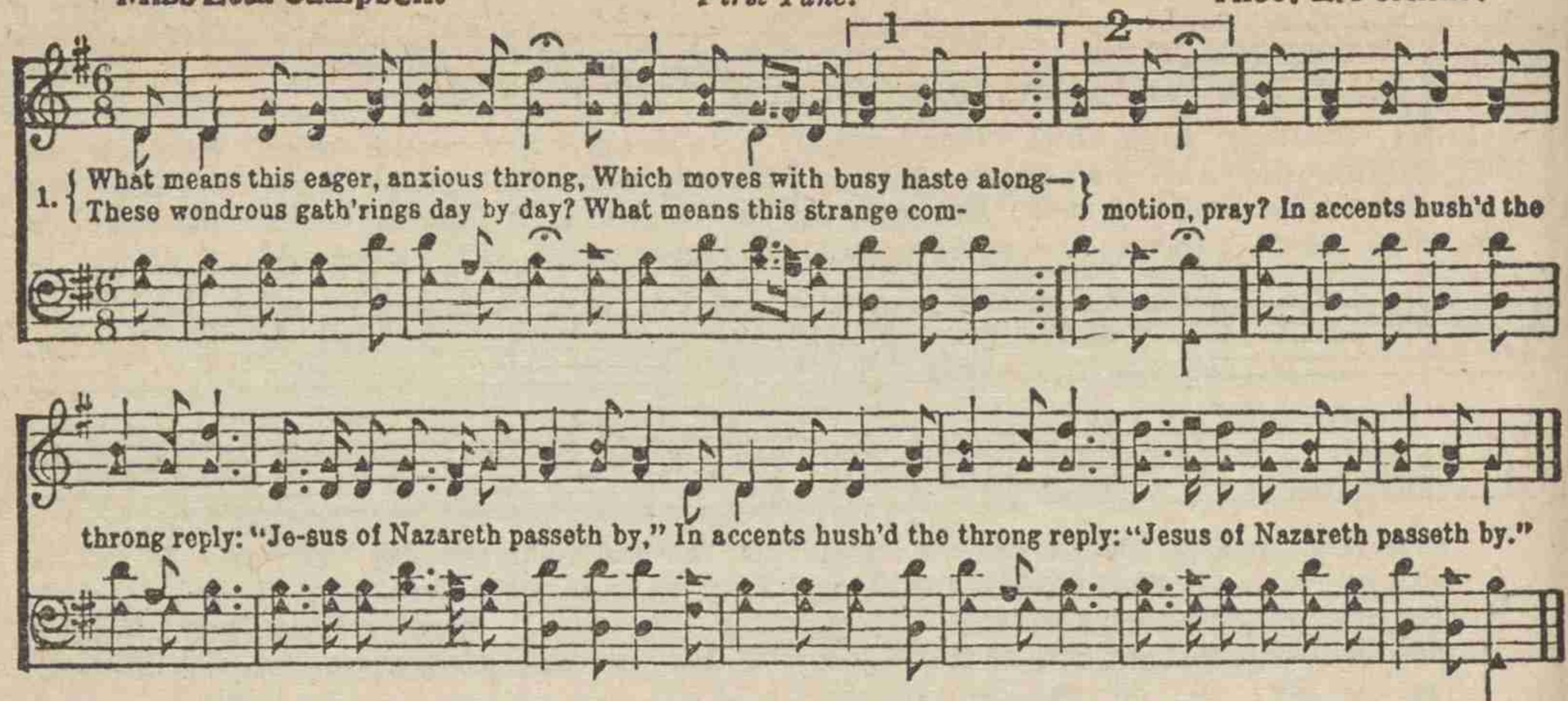
4 In the promises I trust
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

No. 149. Joy to the World.

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

No. 150. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

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



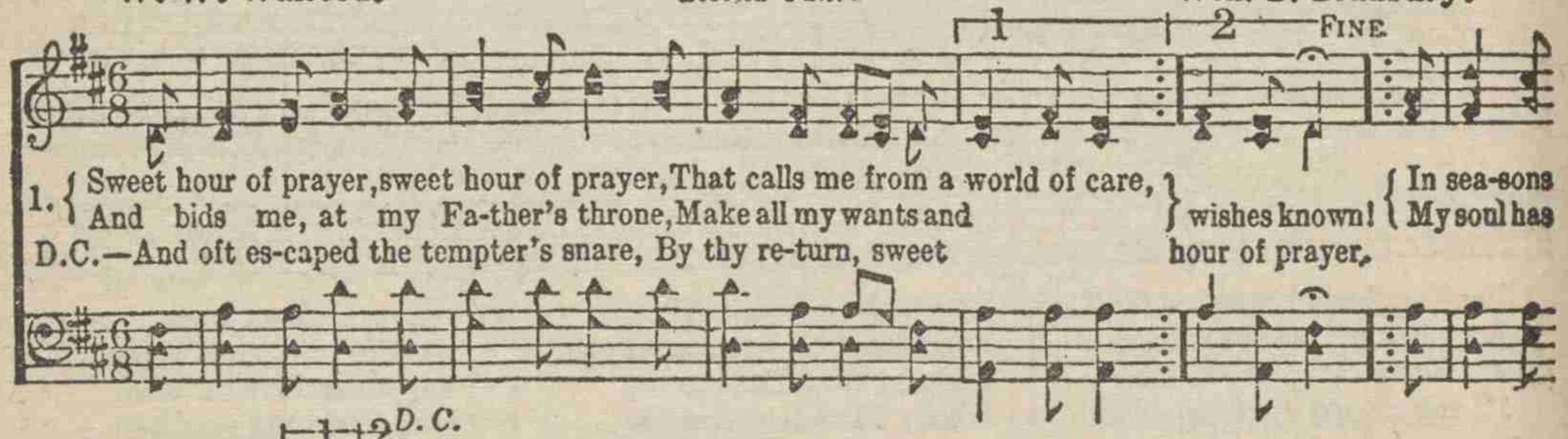
2 Who is this Jesus? why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

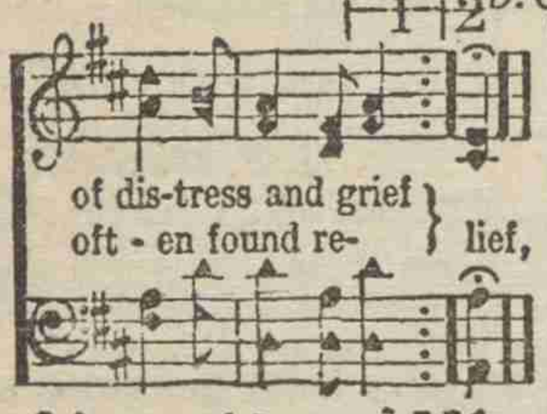
3 Jesus! 'Tis He who once below [woe;
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and
And burden'd ones, where'er He came,
Bro't out their sick and deaf and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

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. 151. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

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



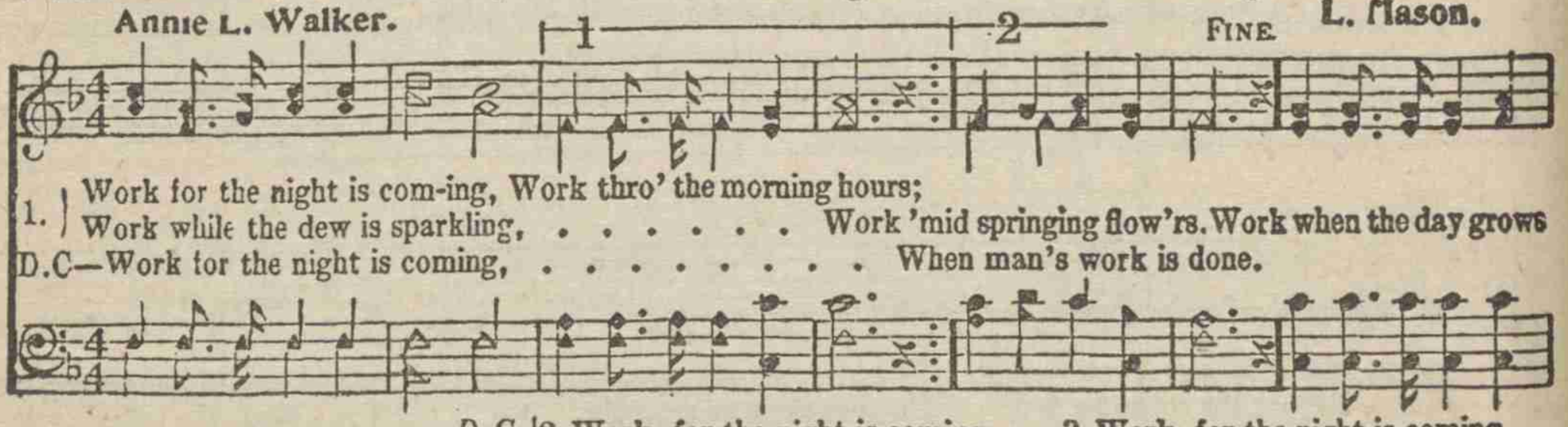


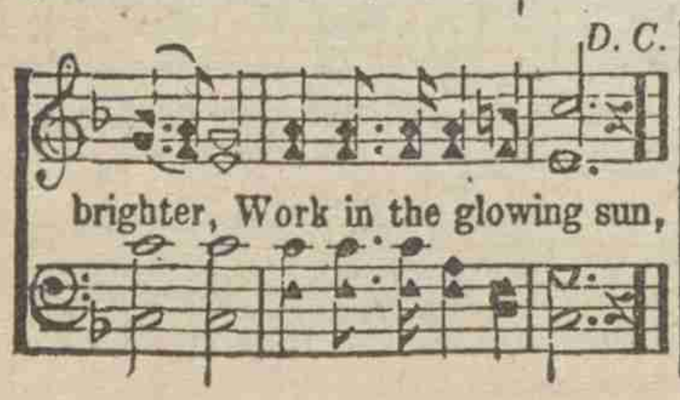
2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
The joys I feel, the bliss I share, [prayer,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

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. 152. 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. 159. I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey. USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER. William G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger - ing and thirst-ing

Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,

CHORUS.

It sat - is - fies my long - ings As noth - ing else would do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own Ho-ly Word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.

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

No. 160. Even Me, Even Me.

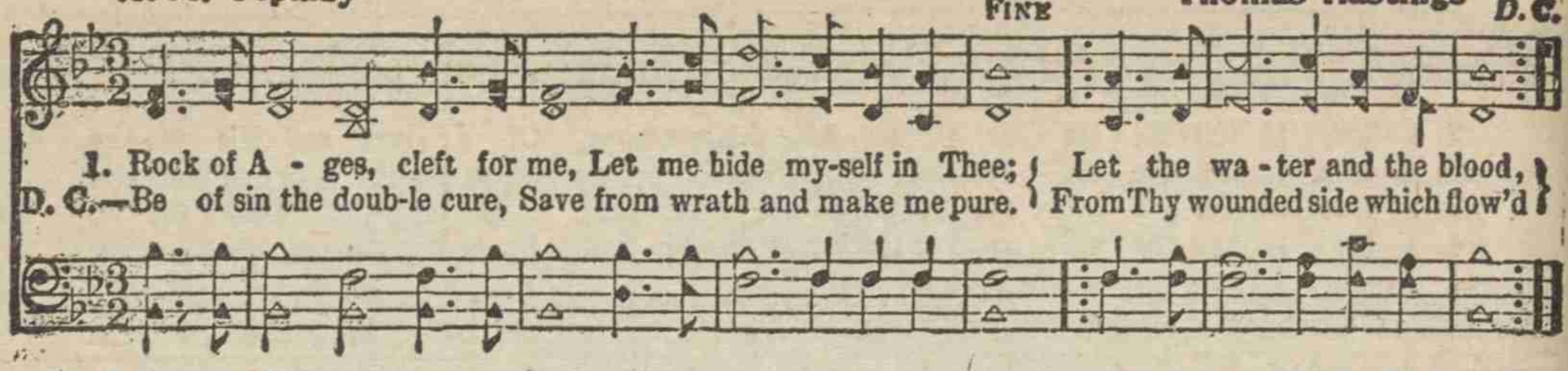
Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.

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.

161. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady — Thomas Hastings



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. 162. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

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



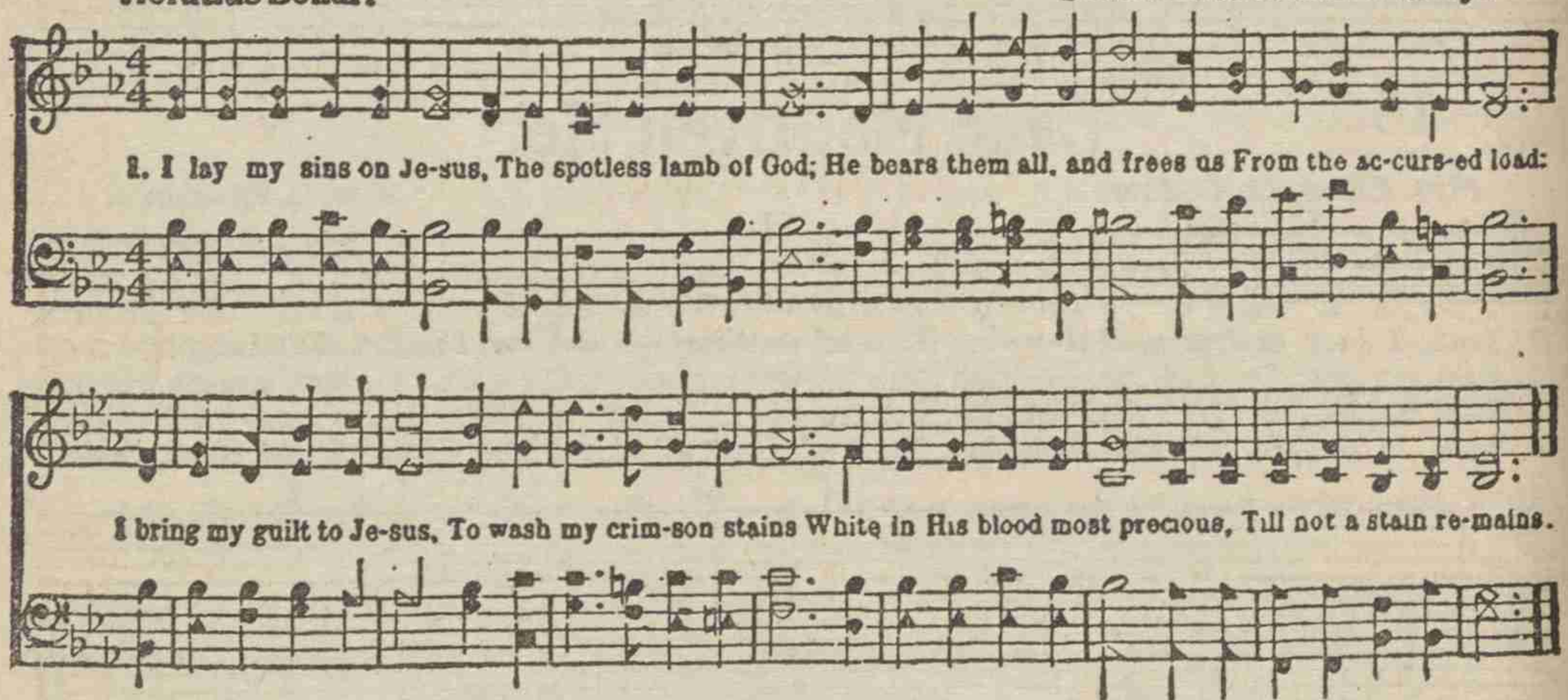
1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

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
'Twixt 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. 163. I Lay My Sins on Jesus.

Horatius Bonar. — Samuel Sebastian Wesley.



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

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline:
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ the Lord,
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
And learn the angels' song.

164. 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.

165. Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. *Third Tune.* John Hatton.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does His suc-ces-sive jour-neys run; His kingdom spread from
2. From north to south the princ-es meet, To pay their hom-age at His feet: While western em - pires

shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at-tend His word.

3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

166. 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,

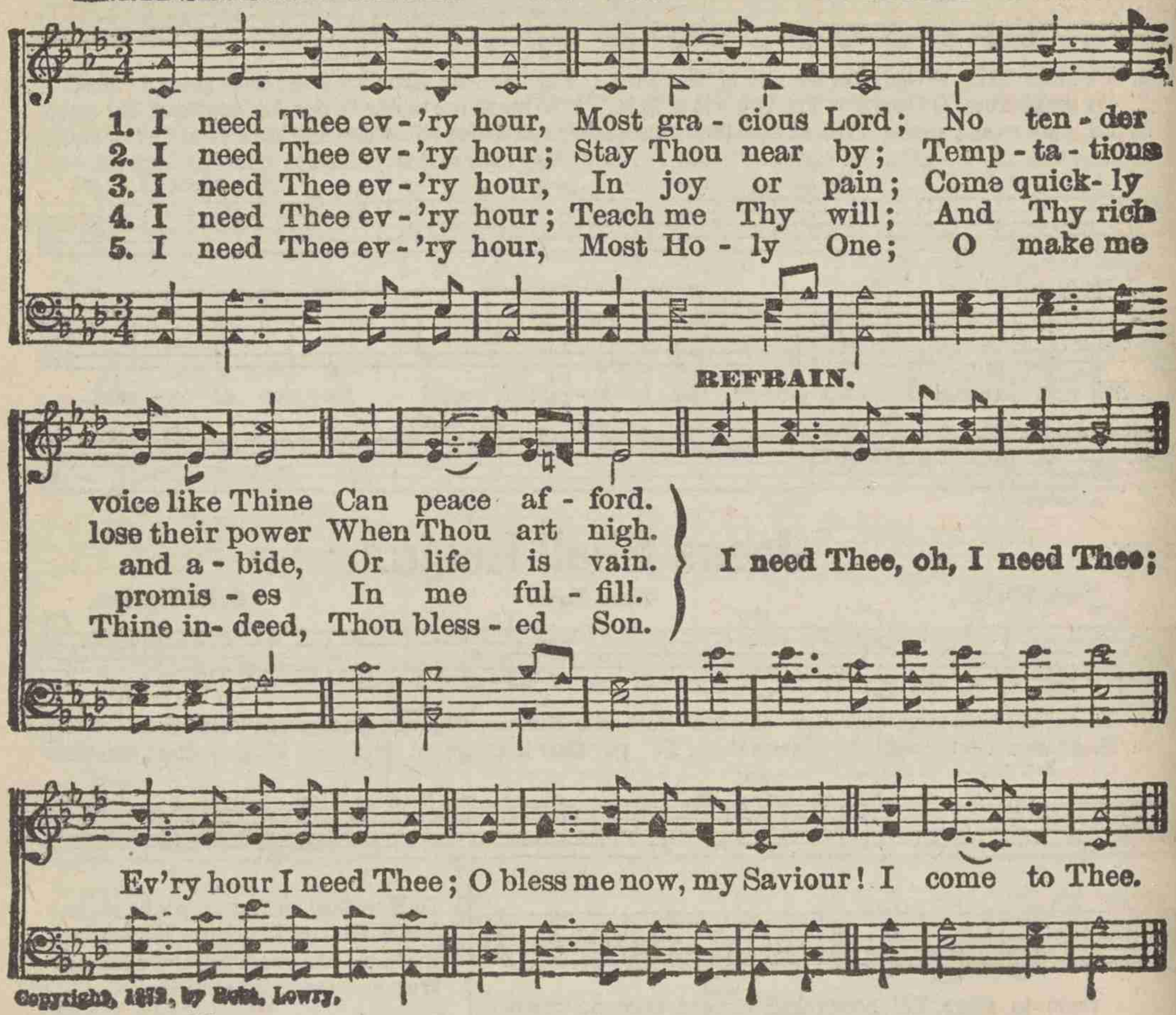
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray
And live re - joic - ing ev-'ry day;

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.

167. I NEED THEE.

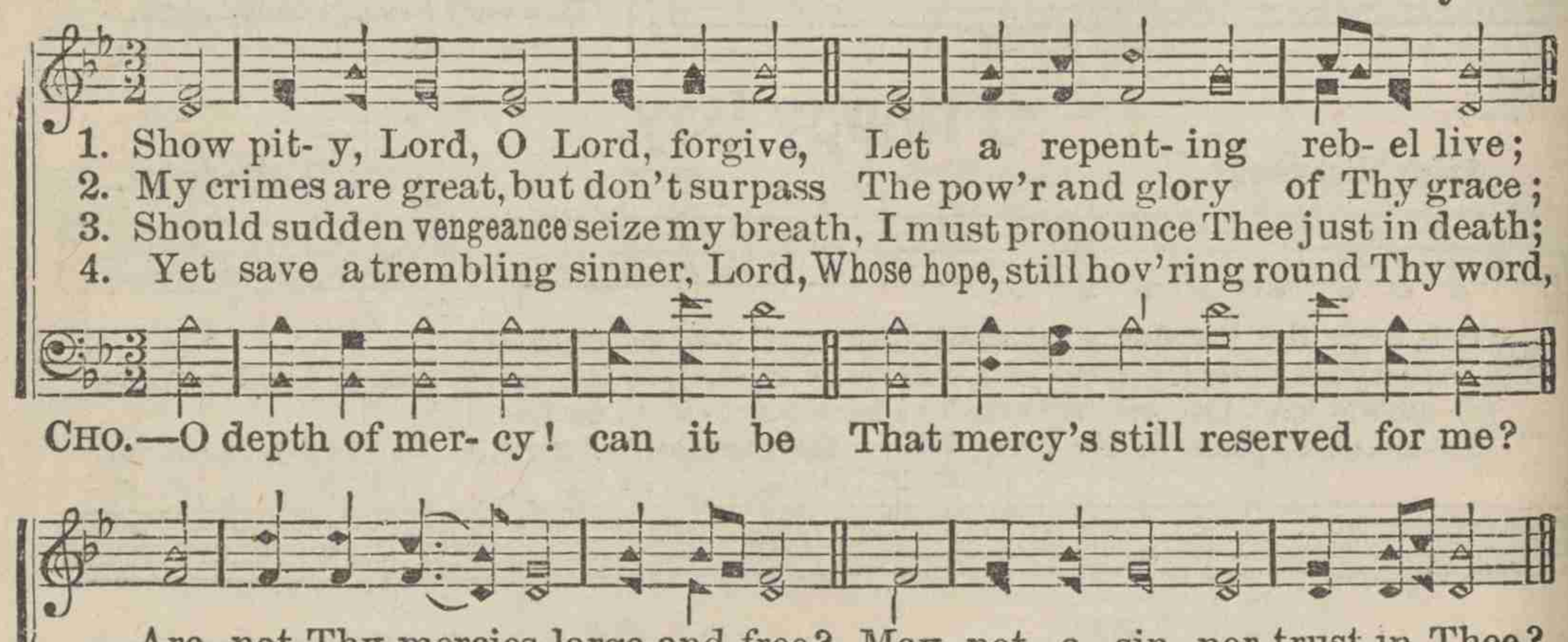
ANNIE SHERWOOD HAWKS. * M. H. 851. B. H. 364. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.



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168. SHOW PITY, LORD.

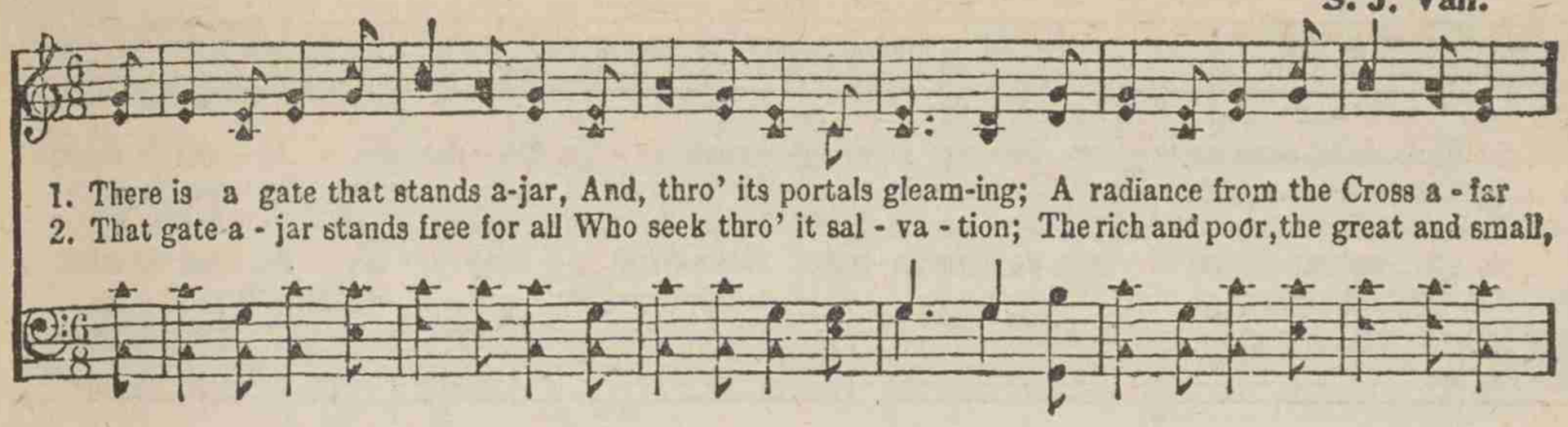
ISAAC WATTS. Old Southern Melody.



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

No. 169. The Gate Ajar.

S. J. Vail.



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

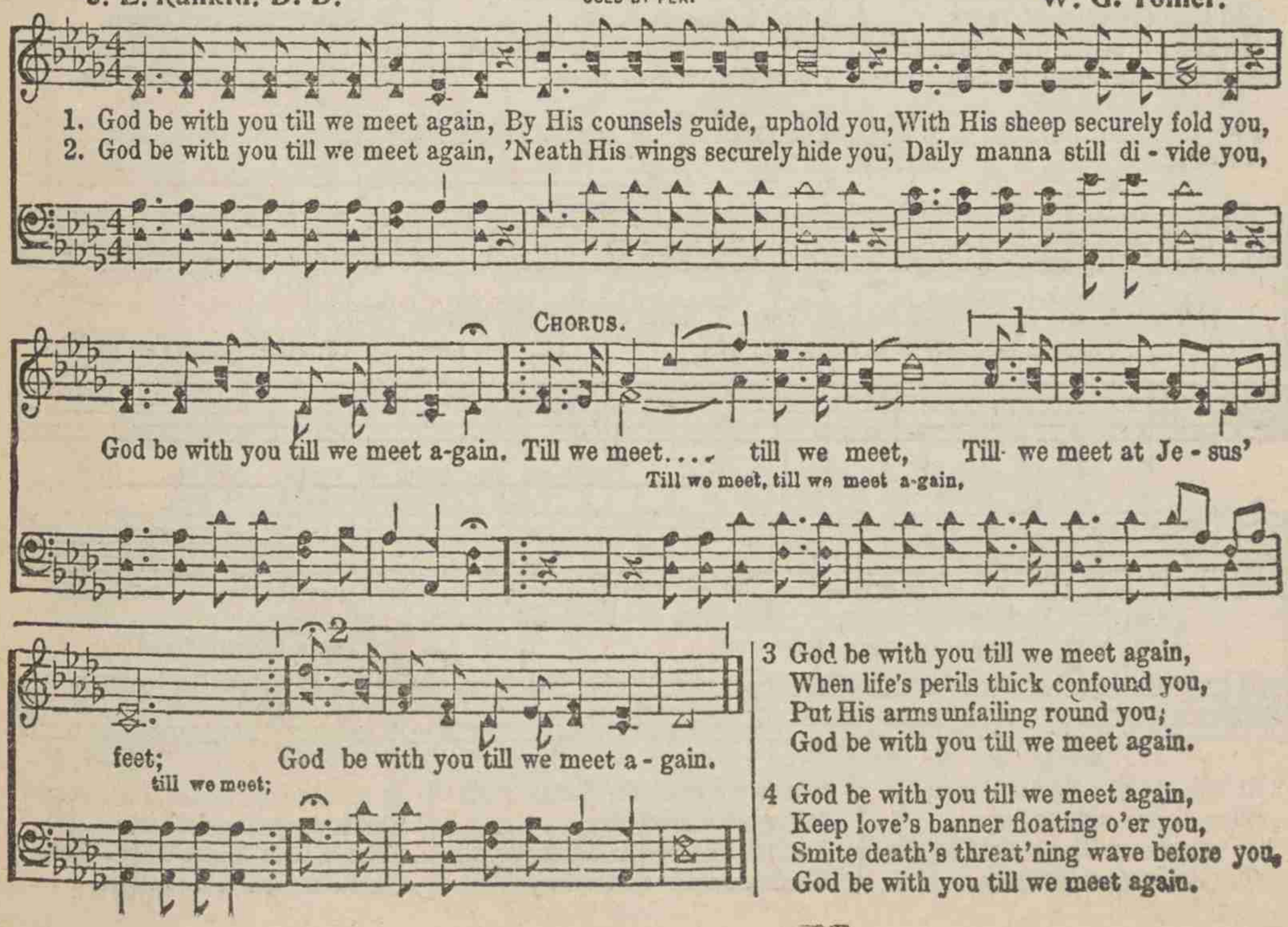
4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.

No. 170. God Be With You.

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J. E. Rankin, D. D.

W. G. Tomer.



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

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

171. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar. **T. E. Perkins.**

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine!
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine!
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine!
4. Fare-well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine!

Dark is the wil - der-ness, Earth has no rest-ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born for but one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way, Je - sus is mine!
All that my soul has tried Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

172. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. **J. H. Stockton.**

f FINE REFRAIN. D. S.

1. { The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je - sus, / He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus. } { Sweetest note in ser-aph song, / Sweetest name on mortal tongue,

D. S.—Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
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.

173. Oh, How I Love Jesus.

1. There { is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It / sounds like mus-ic in mine ear, The } sweet-est name on earth,

{ Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus, / Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be- } cause He first loved me.

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

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

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

No. 174. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. — J. H. Stockton.



No. 175. Love Divine.

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



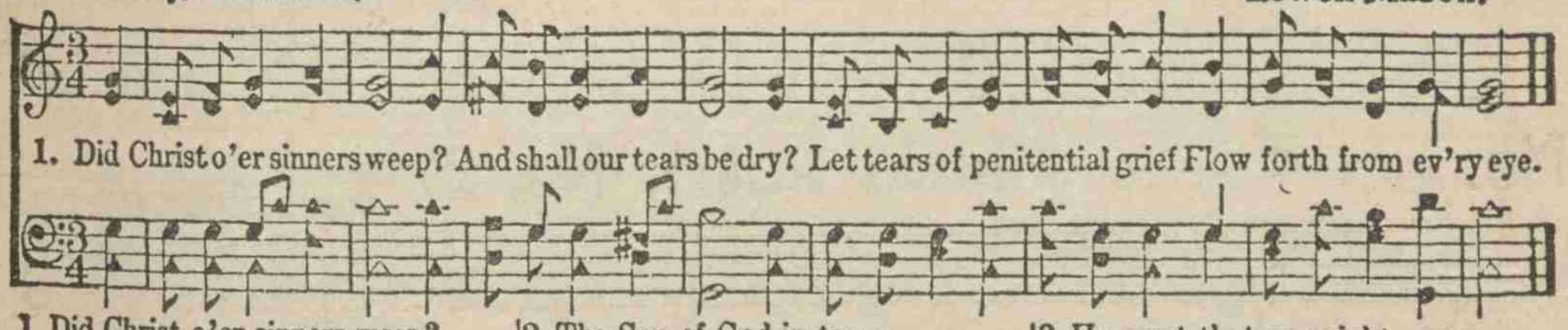
2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

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

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

No. 176. Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

Benj. Beddome. — Lowell Mason.



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

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

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

No. 177. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P

BY PERMISSION OF DR. H. R. PALMER.

H. R. Palmer.

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

1 2 CHORUS.

Some oth - er to win; He'll car ry you thro'
Nor take it in vain, He'll car - ry you thro' Ask the Sav - ior to help you,
Tho' of - ten cast down; He'll car - ry you thro'.

Com-fort,strengthen,and keep you, He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you thro'.

No. 178. God is Love.

Charles Wesley.

J. Stevenson.

REFRAIN. *Faster.*

1. Depth of mer - cy, can there be Mer - cy still re-served for me? God is love, I know, I feel;
Can my God His wrath for-bear, Me, the chief of sin-ners spare? Je-sus weeps, and loves me still;

Smoothly. *Repeat pp*

Je - sus weeps, He weeps and loves me still.

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

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

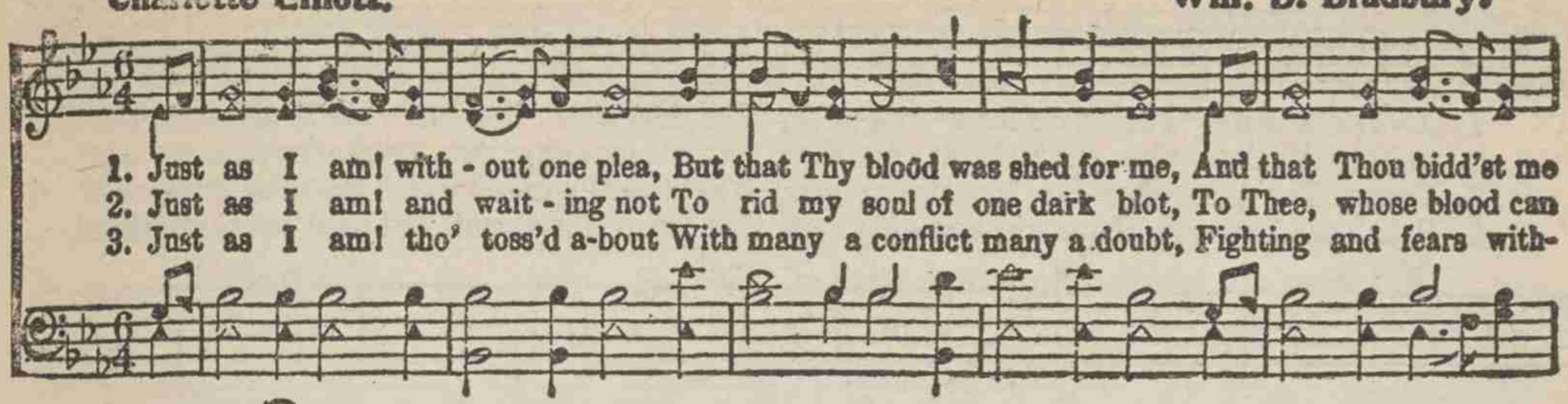
No. Gloria Patri, No. 2.

Gregorian.

Glory be to the Father, and .to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev'- er shall be, world with - out end, A - men.

179. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.



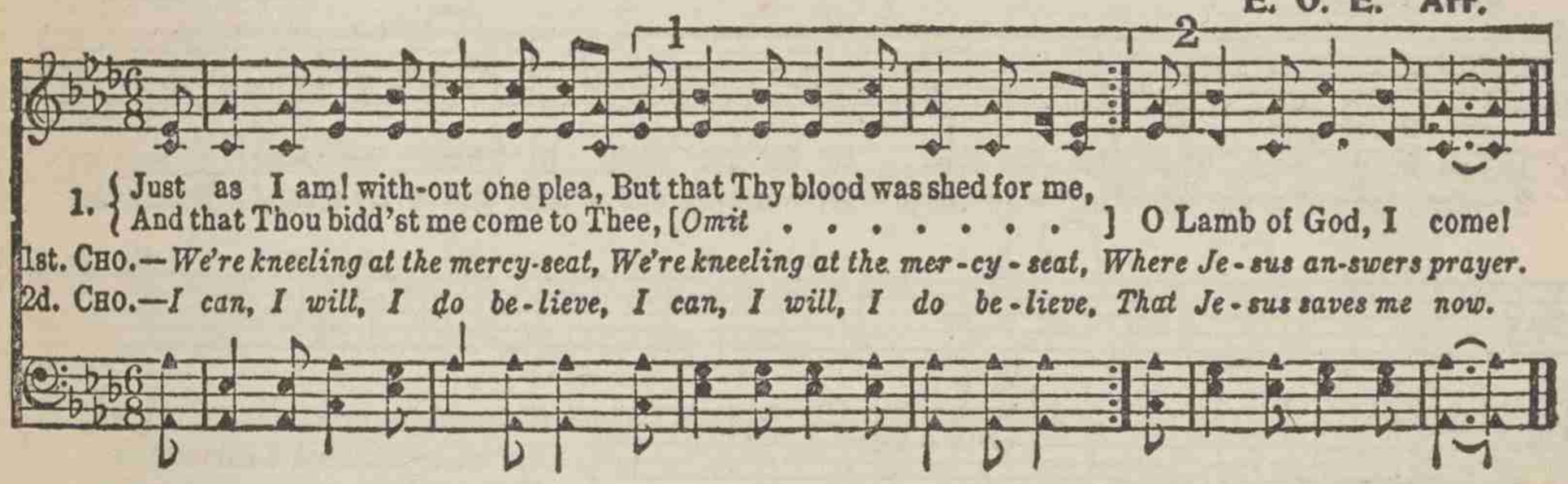


4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

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!

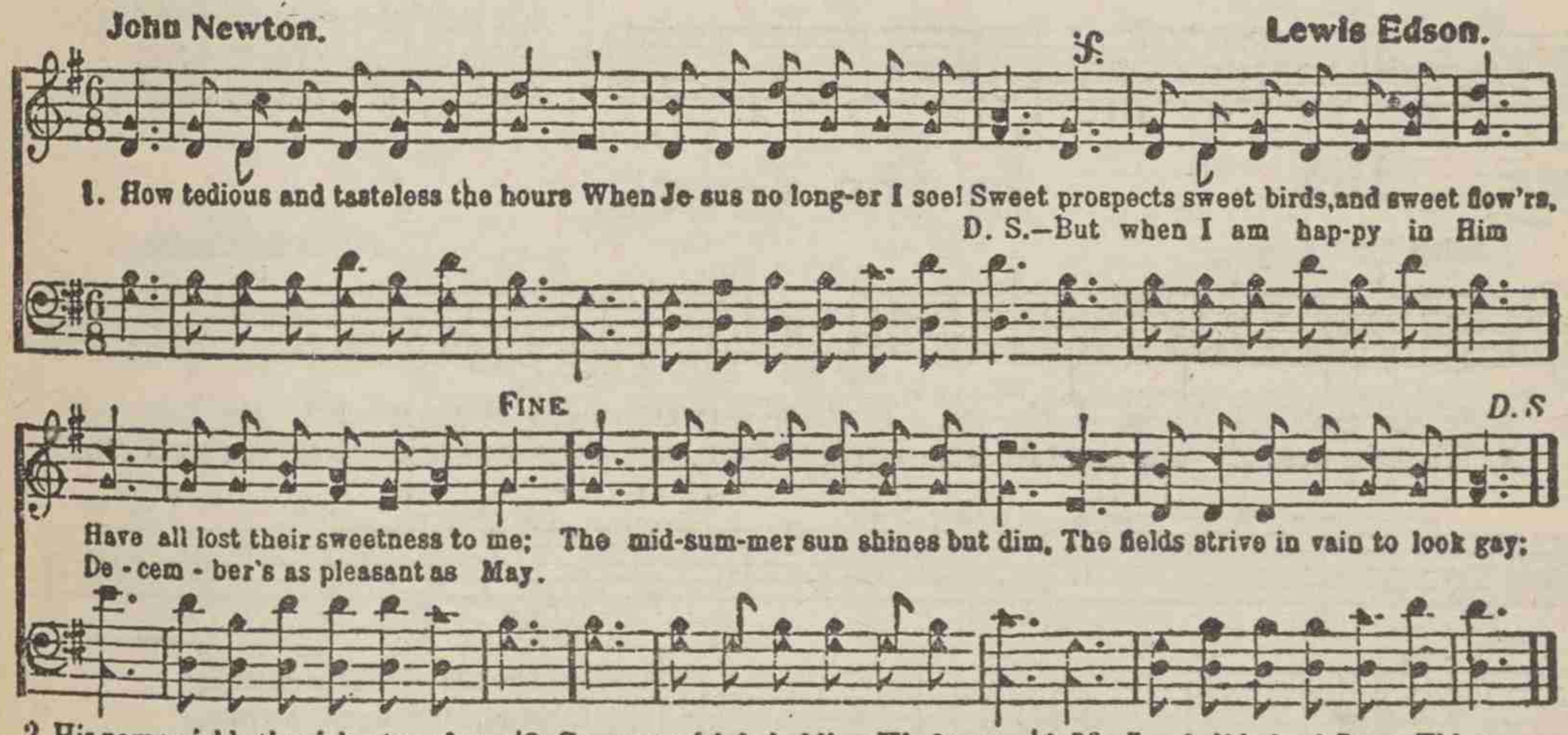
No. 180. We're Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

E. O. E. Arr.



No. 181. How Tedious and Tasteless.

John Newton. Lewis Edson.



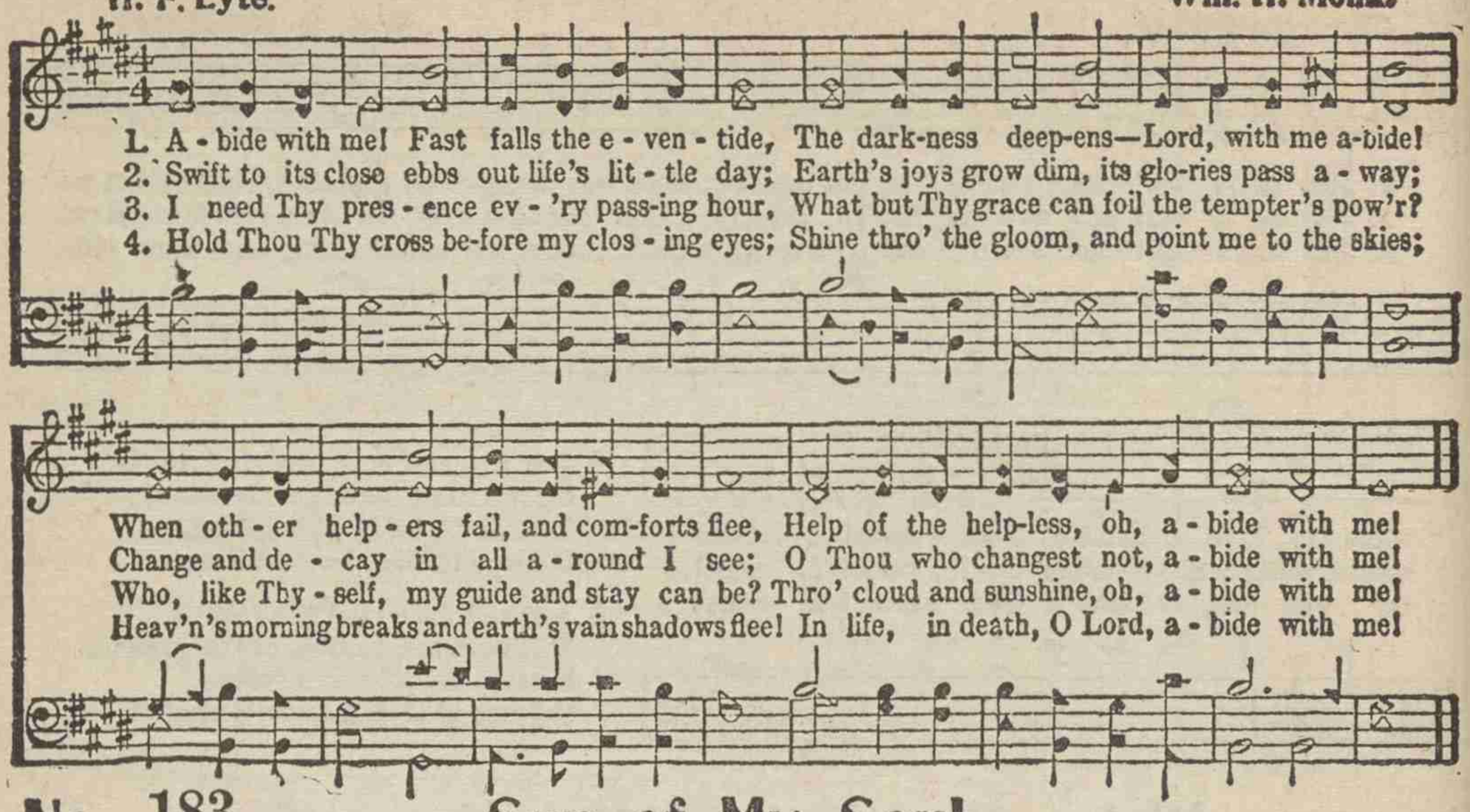
2 His name yields the richest perfume
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.

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

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

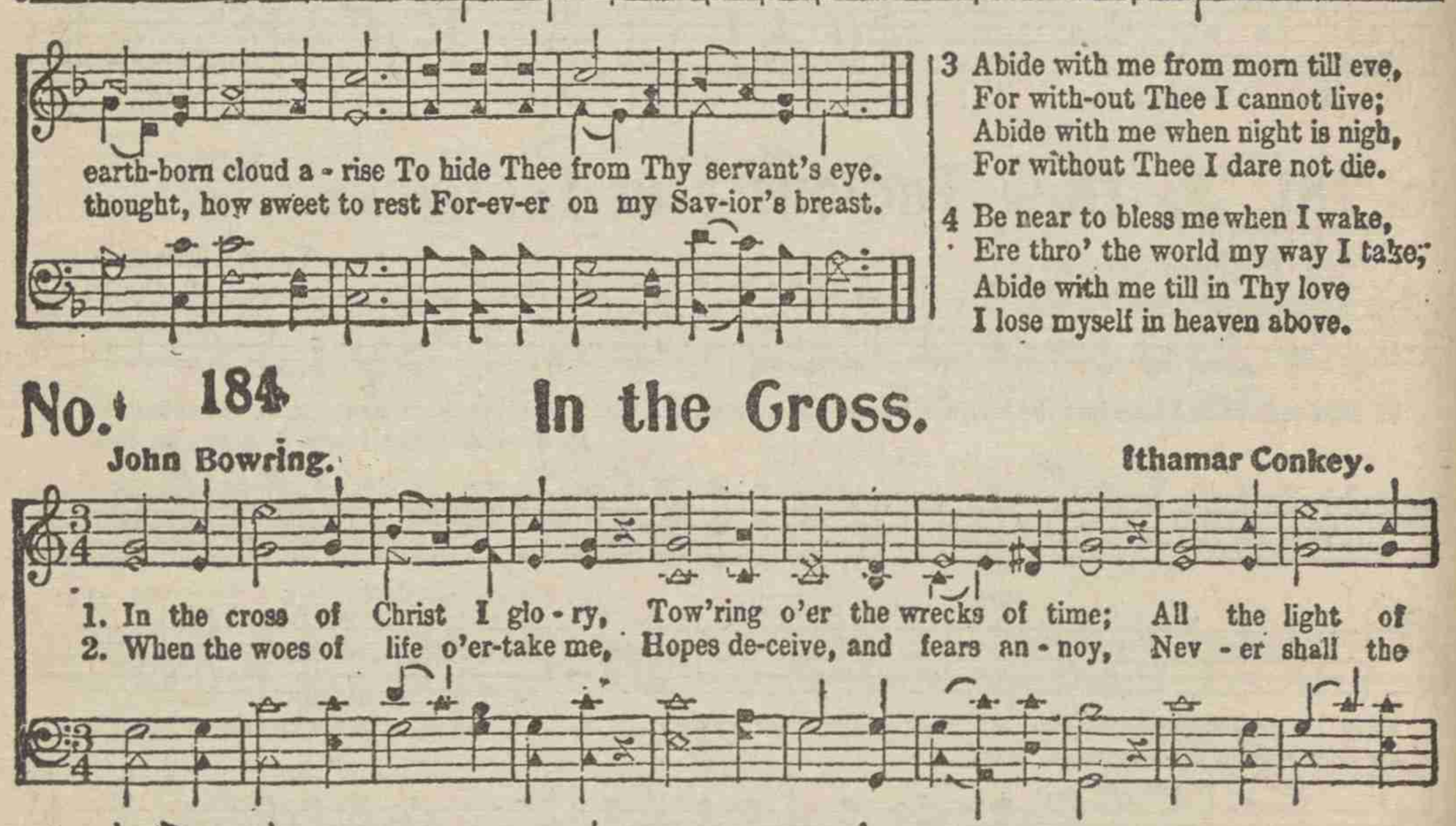
No. 182. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.



No. 183. Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler. Henry Monk.

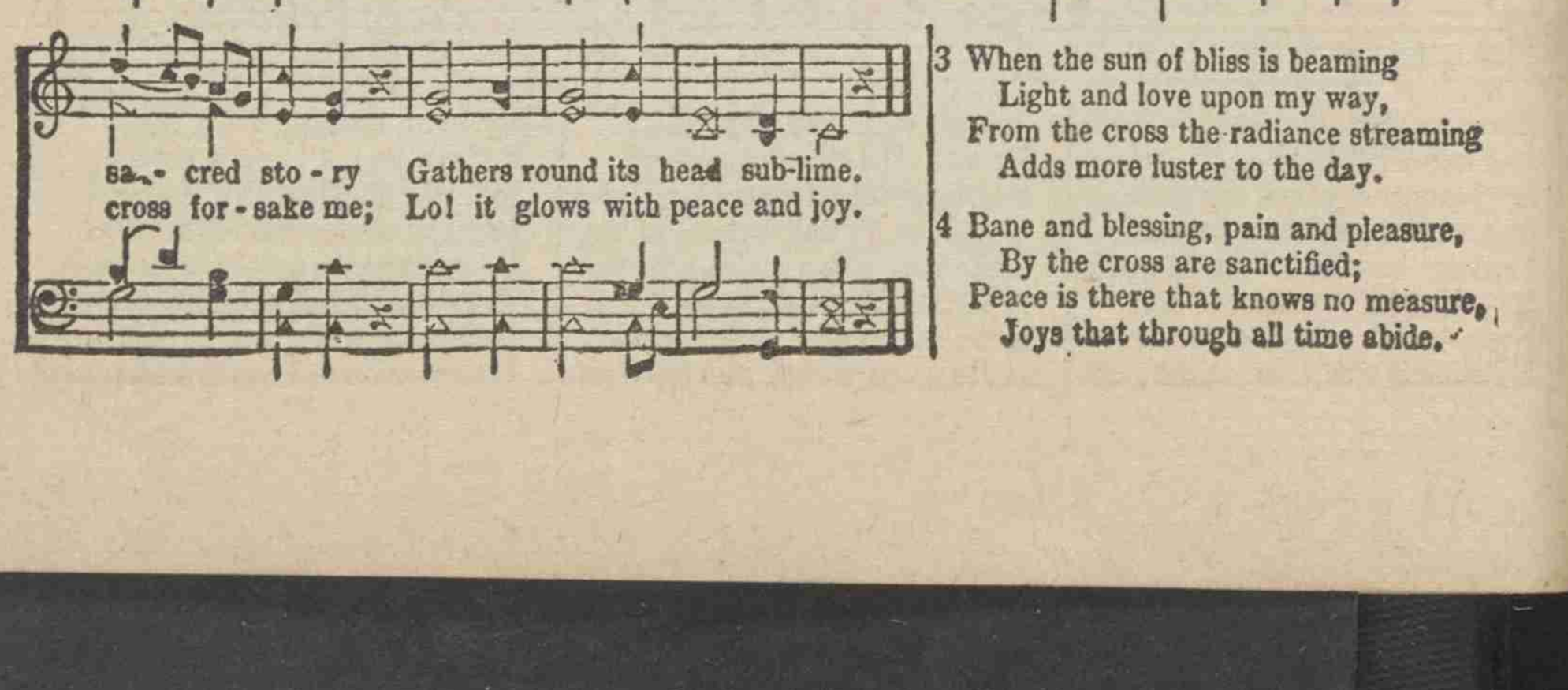


3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For with-out Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

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. 184 In the Gross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.



3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 185. Keep On Praying

F. M. D. — Frank M. Davis

1. Do not fal - ter, broth - er, press brave - ly on, Je - sus will
2. Make your ar - mor, faith and prayer all the way, Trust - ing the
3. Cling - ing to the arm of Je - sus your guide, There is no

REFRAIN

aid you in the work be - gun.
prom-ise of a bet - ter day. Keep on work - ing till the
dan - ger, let what - e'er be - tide.

work is done, Keep on pray - ing till the crown is won.

No. 186. Hear Me, Savior

A. S. K. — Aldine S. Kieffer

1. Hear me Sav-ior while I pray On this ho - ly Sab - bath day;
2. Hold my hand with - in thine own, That I may not walk a - lone.
3. Bless mine eyes that they may see Light and life a - lone in Thee;
4. Bless my soul with Faith and love, Lead - ing to Thy courts a - bove.

Bless me as Thou didst of old Bless the lambs of Is - rael's fold.
Guide my foot - steps lest they stray In - to sin's dark des - ert way.
Bless my heart that it may find Joys of an im - mor - tal kind.
There to praise Thy name on high, While e - ter - nal years go by.

187. Almost Persuaded.

P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al-most per-suad-ed," now to be - lieve, "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed," come, come to - day, "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
3. "Al-most per-suad-ed," har - vest is past, "Al - most per - suad - ed,"

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

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

188. Ortonville.

John Newton.

Dr. Thomas Hastings.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, In a be - liev - er's ear! It soothes his
2. It makes the wounded spir-it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna
3. By Him my pray'rs acceptance gain, Al - tho' with sin de-filed, Sa - tan ac-

sorrows, heals His wounds, And drives a - way his fear, And drives a-way his fear.
to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea-ry rest. And to the wea-ry rest.
cus - es me in vain, And I am owned a child, And I am owned a child.

No. 189. LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF JESUS.

JENNIE WILSON. HOMER C. MORRIS.



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No. 190. My Jesus I Love Thee.

English. *First Tune.* A. J. Gordon.



No. 191. 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.

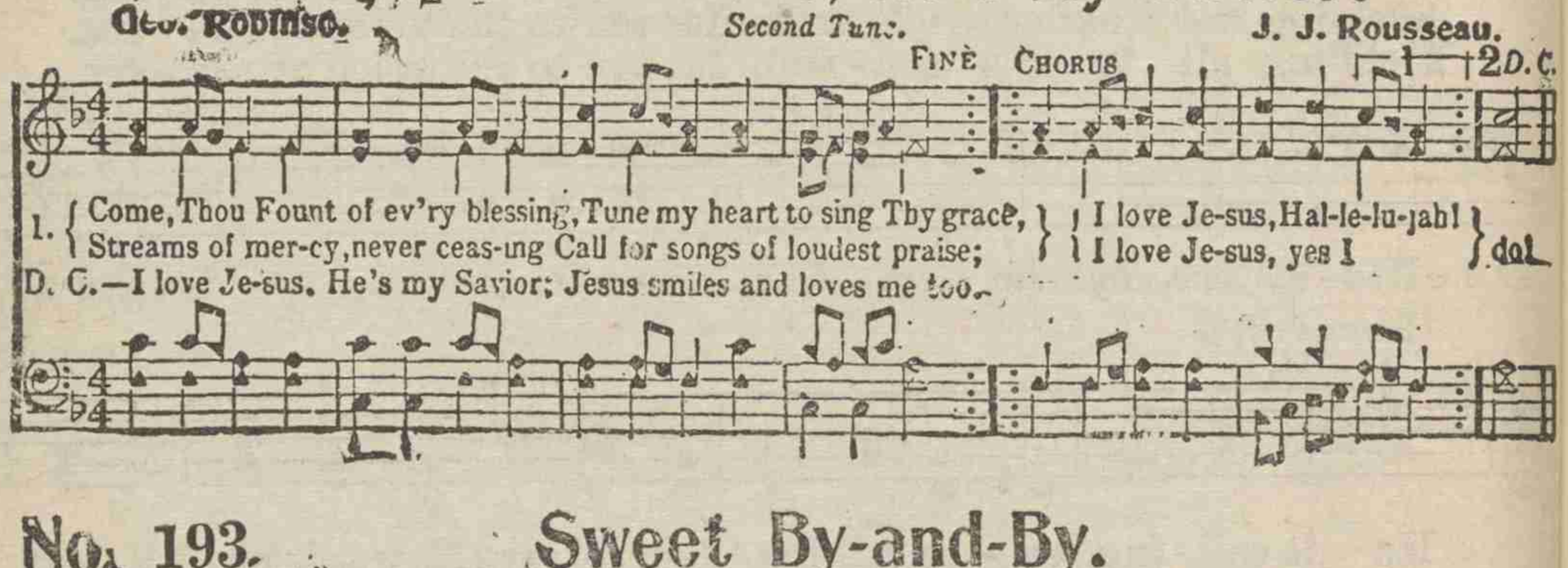
2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

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. 192 I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

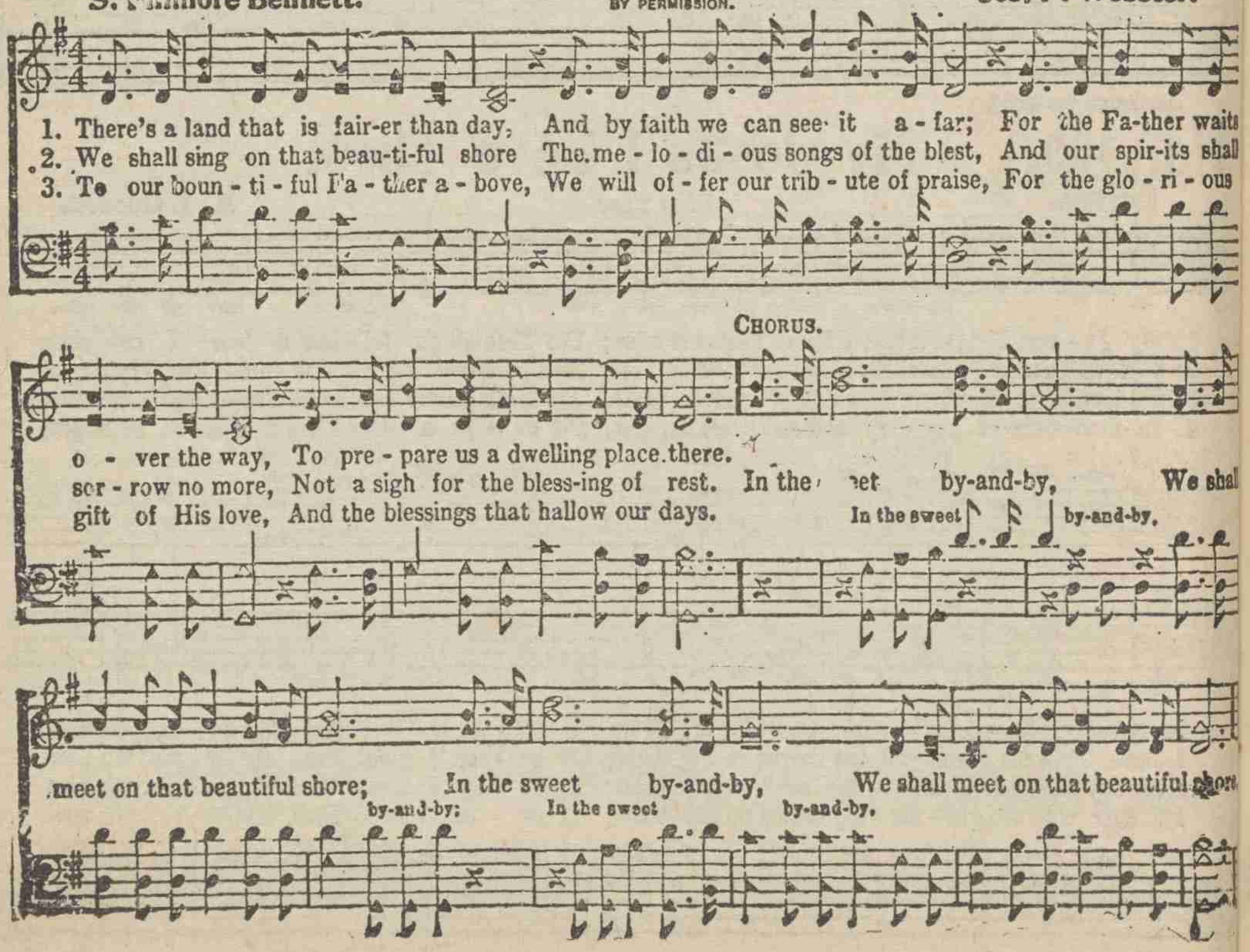
Geo. Robinson. *Second Tune.* J. J. Rousseau.

FINE CHORUS 1 2 D.C.



No. 193. Sweet By-and-By.

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



No. 194 Praise His Name.

Rev. . Hoffman. Used by permission. S. G. Simmons.

1. Praise the Lord of heav'n all - glo-rious, Praise His name! Praise the Lord, o'er
2. Praise Him with your hearts and voi - ces, Praise His name! Sing while heav'n and

Praise His great and ho - ly name!

death vic - to-rious, Praise His name! Praise Him who with love has crowned us, Sought us,
earth re - joi - ces, Praise His name! Sing in joy and ex - ul - ta - tion, Sing ye

Praise His great and ho - ly name!

rit.

lost in sin, and found us; Threw His shel-t'ring arms a-round us, Praise His name!
all with ac - cla - ma-tion, Laud the Rock of our sal - va - tion, Praise His name!

Praise His great and ho - ly name!

195 Holy! Lord God of Sabaoth.

Dr. Lowell Mason.

Maestoso.

Ho - ly! ho - ly! ho - ly! Lord God of Sab - a-oth! Heav'n and earth are full of the

maj - es - ty of Thy glo - ry! Glo - ry be to Thee, Glo - ry be to

Glo - ry be to Thee,

Slow.

Thee, Glo - ry be to Thee, To Thee, O Lord most high!

Glo - ry be to Thee,

No. 197. Lord, Bring Wanderers Home

B. M. R. **Slowly** **B. Mansell Ramsay**

1. Lord, bring some wand'rers home to-night, Some who have gone a - stray;
2. May none Thy mer - cy spurn to - night, The Ho - ly Spir - it grieve;
3. Let none un-blest de - part to - night, Un-saved and un - for - giv'n;

O give them grace to come tonight, Let them no more de-lay.
May prod-i-gals re - turn to-night, May sinners now be-lieve. To-night, Lord, to-
O - ver some yielding heart to-night, Let there be joy in heav'n.

night, Lord, Bring wand'rers home to-night. Bring wand'rers home to-night.

No. 198. Take the Name of Jesus With You

Mrs. Lillian Baxter Copyright, 1899, by W. H. Doane. Renewal **W. H. Doane**

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

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

Take the Name of Jesus With You

REFRAIN

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

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

No. 199. Nothing But the Blood

R. L. Copyright 1904. by Mary Runyon Lowry. Renewal **Robert Lowry**

1. What can wash a - way my sin?
2. For my par - don this I see— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone,—
4. This is all my hope and peace—

What can make me whole a - gain?
For my par - don this my plea— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done,—
This is all my right-eous-ness,—

FINE.

REFRAIN D. S

Oh! pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as snow; No other Fount I know,

No. 200. Free Waters

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade **Dr. A. B Everett**

1. There's a fountain free, 'tis for you and me, Let us haste, O haste to the brink;
2. There's a liv-ing stream with a crystal gleam, From the throne of life now it flows;
3. There's a liv-ing well and its wa-ters swell, And e - ter-nal life they can give;
4. There's a rock that's cleft and no soul is left, That may not its pure waters share;

'Tis a fount of love from the Source a-bove, And He bids us all free-ly drink.
While the waters roll let the wea-ry soul Hear the call that forth free-ly goes,
And we joy - ful sing, ev-er spring, O spring, As we haste to drink and to live.
'Tis for you and me, and its stream I see; Let us has-ten joy - ful - ly there.

REFRAIN

Will you come to the fountain free? Will you come? 'tis for you and me;
Will you come, Will you come,

Thirsty soul (thirsty soul) hear the welcome call; 'Tis a fountain o-pen for all.

No. 201. Religion is a Fortune

W. D. Williams Arr. by J. B. V.

1. O when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with Him a - bove, Shout
2. And from the flow - ing foun-tain, Drink ev - er - last-ing love, Shout
3. When shall I be de - liv - ered From this vain world of sin, Shout
4. And with my bless - ed Je - sus Drink end-less pleas - ures in, Shout

D C.—Re - lig - ion is a fort - une and Heav - eu is my home, Shout

Religion is a Fortune

FINE. REFRAIN

glo - ry hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah. When we all get to Heav-en

D. C.

We will shaut a - loud and sing, Shout glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah.

No. 202 Knocking at the Door

"Behold I stand at the door and knock". Rev. 3: 20

Mrs. M. B. C Slade **Dr. A. B. Everett**

1. Who at the door is stand-ing, Pa - tiənt - ly draw-ing near,
2. Lone - ly with - out He's stay - ing, Lone - ly with - in am I;
3. All through the dark hours drear - y Knock-ing a - gain is He;
4. Door of my heart I has - ten! Thee will I o - pen wide;

:S:

FINE.

En - trance with - in de - mand-ing? Whose is the voice I hear.
While I am still de - lay - ing, Will He not pass me by?
Je - sus art Thou not wea - ry, Wait - ing so long for me.
Though He re - buke and chas-ten, He shall with me a - bide.

D.S.-If thou will heed my call - ing, I will a - bide with thee.

REFRAIN

D. S.

Sweet-ly the tones are fall - ing, "O - pen the door for Me!"

No. 203. What Shall It Profit.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. B. Herbert.

1. Not all earth's gold and sil - ver Can make a sin - ner whole;
2. The heap - ing up of rich - es To man - y seems life's goal;
3. This sol - emn ques-tion an - swer, Is world - ly gain thy goal?
4. Would'st thou be rich? to Je - sus Come now, thy - self de - ny,

What shall it pro - fit thee, O man if thou should'st lose thy soul?
But in the ea - ger rush for wealth, For - got - ten is the soul.
Can fleet-ing rich - es be com-pared To an im - mor - tal soul?
The wealth He free - ly of - fers thee, Thy soul will sat - is - fy.

REFRAIN. *p* *pm*

What shall it pro - fit a man, What shall it pro - fit a man;

f *p* *Rall.*

If he gain the whole world, And lose his own soul?

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No. 204. His Yoke is Easy.

D. S. Warner. Copyright, 1893, by Warner & Warner. B. E. Warren.

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

HIS YOKE IS EASY—Concluded.

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

D.S.-His ser - vice is my sweet-est de-light, His bless-ings ev - er flow.

CHORUS.

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

205. At the Fountain.

1. Of Him who did sal-va-tion bring, I'm at the fountain drinking;
2. Ask but His grace and lo! 'tis giv'n, I'm at the fountain drinking;
3. Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul, I'm at the fountain drinking;
4. Wher-e'er I am, wher-e'er I move, I'm at the fountain drinking;
5. In - sa-tiate to this spring I fly, I'm at the fountain drinking;

I could for - ev - er think and sing, I'm on my jour-ney home.
Ask and He turns your hell to heav'n, I'm on my jour-ney home.
Je - sus, Thy balm will make me whole, I'm on my jour-ney home.
I meet the ob - ject of my love, I'm on my jour-ney home.
I drink and yet am ev - er dry, I'm on my jour-ney home.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry to God, I'm at the fountain drinking, on my journey home.

No. 206. Bring Them In.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. Copyright, 1885, by W. A. Ogden. By per. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des- ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high;

Call - ing the sheep who've gone astray Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Mas-ter speaks to thee, "Go find my sheep wher-e'er they be."

CHORUS.

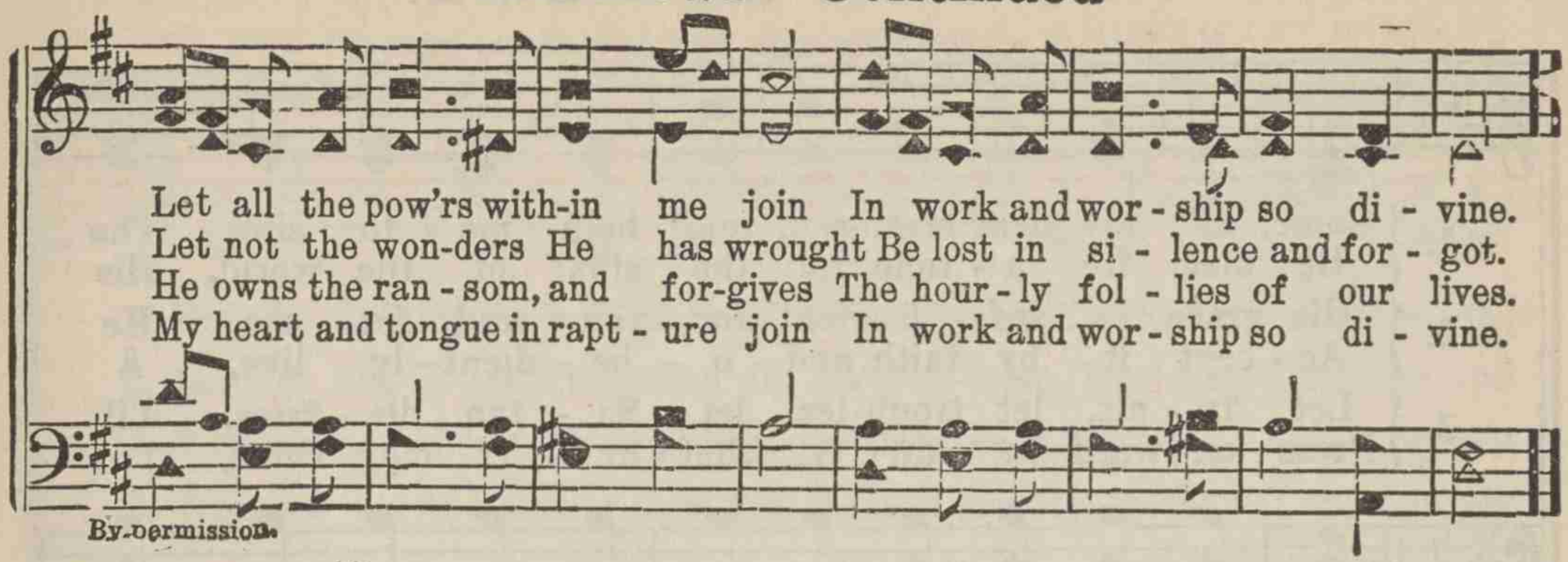
Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Je - sus.

No. 207. Mathews. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS. HOMER F. MORRIS.

1. Bless, O my soul, the liv - ing God; Call home thy thot's that rove a-round;
2. Bless, O my soul, the God of grace; His fa-vors claim thy high - est praise;
3. 'Tis He, my soul, that sent His Son To die for crimes which thou hast done;
4. Let ev -'ry land His pow'r con-fess; Let all the earth a - dore His grace;

Matthews—Continued



By permission.

No. 208. At the Golden Gate of Prayer.

By permission of J. Henry Showalter, owner of copyright.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.







No. 209. HEAVEN'S MY HOME.



210. Our Prayer.

No. 211. Evening Praise.

"Evening and morning, and noon will I pray."—Psalm 55: 17.

Mary A. Lathbury. **Wm. F. Sherwin.**

1. Day is dy - ing in the West, Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and worship while the night Sets her ev'n-ing lamps a-light Thro' all the day.
2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the U-ni-verse, Thy home; Gath-er us who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy em-brace, For Thou art nigh.
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en-fold-ing all; Thro' the glo-ry and the grace, Of the stars that vail Thy face, Our hearts as - cend.
4. When for - ev-er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of angels on our eyes, Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise, And shad - ows end.

REFRAIN.

p

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are prais-ing Thee, O Lord most high.

Cres.

Copyright, 1877, by J. H. Vincent. Used by per.

No. 212. Tell the Old, Old Story

Kate Hankey COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNIE T DOANE **W. H. Doane**

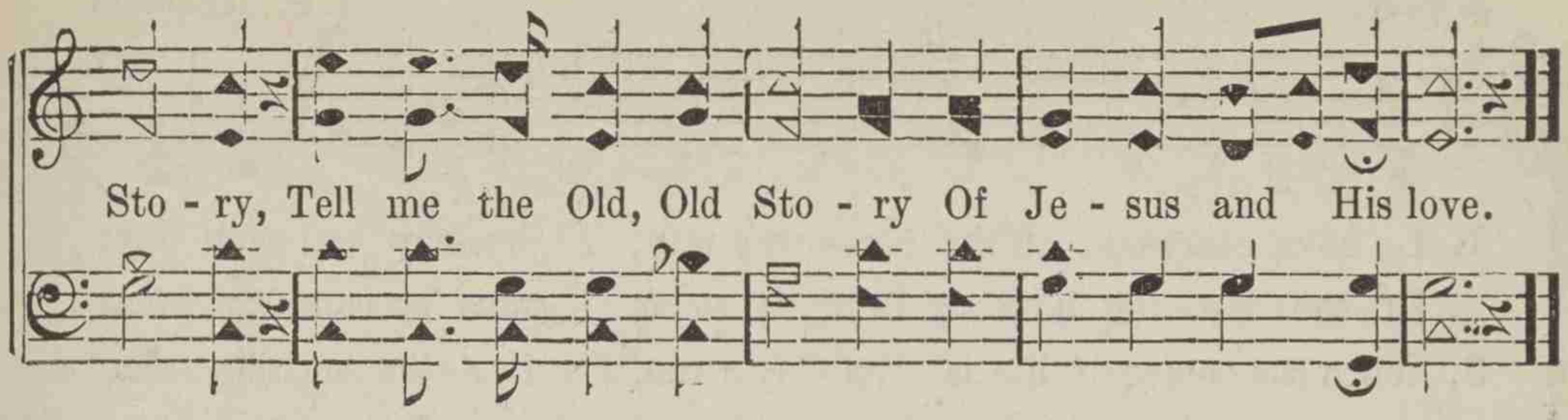
1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un-seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow-ly, That I may take it in— That won-der- ful re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With earnest tones and grave; Re - mem-ber I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry
4. Tell me the same old sto-ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's emp - ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's

sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And
oft - en, For I for - get so soon, The "Ear-ly dew" of morn - ing Has
al - ways, If you would real - ly be, In an - y time of troub - le, A
glo - ry Is dawn - ing on my soul. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry; "Come

REFRAIN

help - less and de - filed.
passed a - way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry. Tell me the Old, Old
com - fort - er to me.
Je - sus makes thee whole."

Tell the Old, Old Story



No. 213. O Come, All Ye Faithful

Tr. by Frederick Oakeley **Anon**

214 The Homeward Way.

J. P. S.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. I have start-ed on the home-way way, I jour-ney on each day;
2. In the try - ing hour my Lord is near, I have no cause to fear
3. When the course of life is ful - ly run, I'll face the set-ting sun;

Tho' my path at times is rough and dim. My faith is fixed on Him.
For He holds my hand, I can - not fall, He is my strength, my all.
He will bear me up to realms of love Where all is peace and love.

CHORUS.

The light is shin - ing bright - er, Temp-ta-tions seem the slight - er

rit.

And the load is grow-ing light-er As I trav - el the homeward way.

Copyright, 1919, by The Southern Baptist Song Book Co. H. F. Morris, owner.

No. 215. In Beulah Land,

Mrs. C. D. Martin. J. C. Gibbs.

1. In - to the gar-den of God I have come, In-to the sweet fields of E - den;
2. O - ver, clean o-ver, the Jor-dan at last, Now I'm a Canaan po-ses - sor;
3. Beau-ti-ful gar-den, de-lec-ta-ble ground, Covenant land of God's people;
4. Flowers, sweet flowers, of faith, hope and love, Grow in the garden of E - den;

Now has my wandering heart found its home, I am in Beu - lah land.
Bon-dage of E-gypt, the wil-der-ness passed, I am in Beu - lah land.
Rich - es of glo - ry and blessings are found, O-ver in Beu - lah land.
Show-ers of bless-ings, sent down from above, Fall up - on Beu - lah land.

REFRAIN.

Walk-ing with Jesus, (I'm) talking with Jesus, (yes) Read-y to do His com-mand;
E-gypt be-hind me, Now you will find me; Dwelling in Beu - lah land.

Copyright 1920 by J. C. Gibbs. in "Special Songs" A. R. Walton, owner.

No. 216. Whispering Hope.

Alice Hawthorne. Arr. from A. H.



1. Soft as the voice of an an - gel, Breath-ing a les - son un - heard,
2. If in the dusk of the twi - light, Dim be the re-gion a - far,
3. Hope as an an-chor so stead - fast, Rends the dark veil for the soul,



Hope with a gen - tle per - sua - sion, Whis-pers her com-fort - ing word.
Will not the deep-en - ing dark - ness Bright-en the glim-mer - ing star?
Whith-er the Mas-ter has en - tered, Rob - bing the grave of its goal.



Wait till the dark-ness is o - ver, Wait till the tem-pest is done,
Then when the night is up - on us, Why should the heart sink a - way?
Come then, O come, glad fru - i - tion, Come to my sad, wea-ry heart,



Hope for the sun-shine to - mor - row, Aft - er the sunshine is gone.
When the dark midnight is o - ver, Watch for the breaking of day.
Come, O Thou blest hope of glo - ry, Nev - er, O nev - er de - part.

CHORUS.



Whis - - per-ing Hope.... O how wel - - come thy voice,.....
Whispering Hope, whispering hope, Welcome thy voice, O how welcome thy voice,
Mak - - ing my heart..... in its sor - - row re - joice.....
Making my heart, making my heart in its sor - row re - joice.....

217. By and By.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. It may be far, it may be near, There is a hope, there is a fear,
2. Im-pa-tient soul, and murmuring heart, Your murmuring cease and bear your part
3. Yes, "by and by" will soon be now, And God shall wipe each tear-stain'd brow;
4. O ver-dant fields! O shin-ing shore! The Lamb of God spreads wide the door;

But in the fut - ure wait - ing I Shall Je - sus see, yes, "by and by."
Of pain and la - bor on life's road, For soon 'twill lead thee to thy God.
The Lamb shall feed them from the throne, To liv - ing fount-ains lead His own.
Ah, gold - en cit - y, sure - ly I Shall see thy glo - ries "by and by."

CHORUS.

By and by, yes, by and by, By and by, yes, by and by,

But in a fu - ture wait - ing I Shall Je - sus see, yes, "by and by."
There's pain and la - bor on life's road, But soon 'twill lead thee to thy God.
The Lamb shall feed them from the throne, To liv - ing fount-ains lead His own.
Ah, gold - en cit - y, sure - ly I Shall see thy glo - ries "by and by."

No. 218. Lord, Send Me.

M. W. S.

Copyright, 1893, by John McPherson. Used by pe.

M. W. SPENCER.

1. There is much to do, there's work on ev - 'ry hand, Hark! the cry for help comes
2. There's the plaintive cry of mourning souls distressed, And the sigh of hearts who
3. There are hung'ring souls who cry aloud for bread, With the bread of life they're
4. There are souls who lin-ger on the brink of woe, Lord, I must not, can not

ring - ing thro' the land; Je - sus calls for reap-ers, I must ac-tive be,
seek but find no rest; These should have my love and tender sym-pa - thy,
long - ing to be fed; Shall they starve and famish while a feast is free?
bear to let them go; Let me go and tell them, brother, turn and flee,

CHORUS.

What wilt Thou, O Mas - ter? Here am I, send me. Here am
Read - y at Thy bid - ding, Here am I, send me.
I must be more faith-ful, Here am I, send me.
Mas - ter, I would save them, Here am I, send me. Here am I, send me,

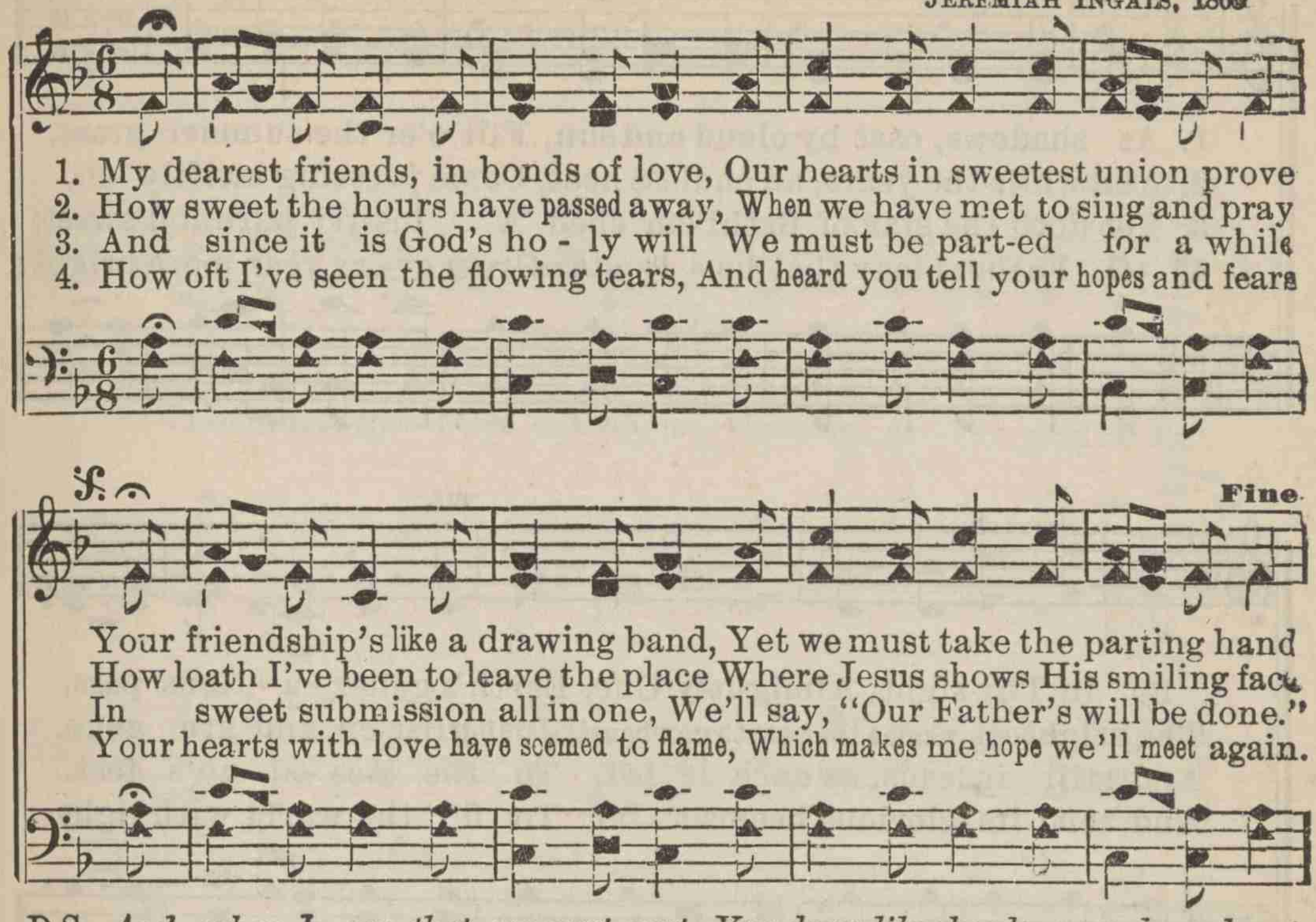
I, Lord, send me, Here am
Lord, send me, Here am I, send me, Lord, send me, Here am I, send me,

I, Read - y at Thy bid - ding, Lord, send me.
Lord, send me,

NO. 219. Parting Hand. L. M. D.

"A farewell hymn."—1 THESS. 4: 9.

JEREMIAH INGALS, 1805



D.S.–*And when I see that we must part, You draw like chords around my heart.*
D.S.–*But du - ty makes me un - der-stand That we must take the parting hand.*
D.S.–*Fight on, you'll win the happy shore, Where parting hands are known no more.*
D.S.–*O taste His grace, in all that land We'll no more take the parting hand.*

No. Calvary. L. M.

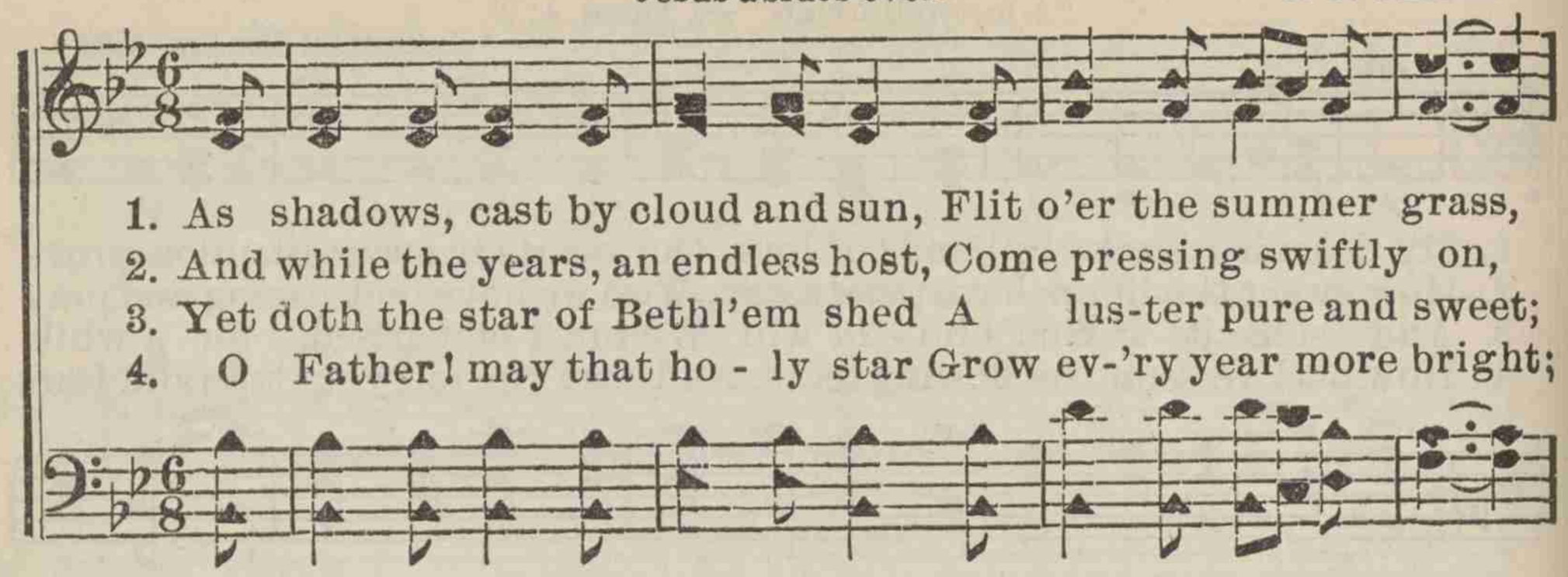
1 He dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground:
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For Him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

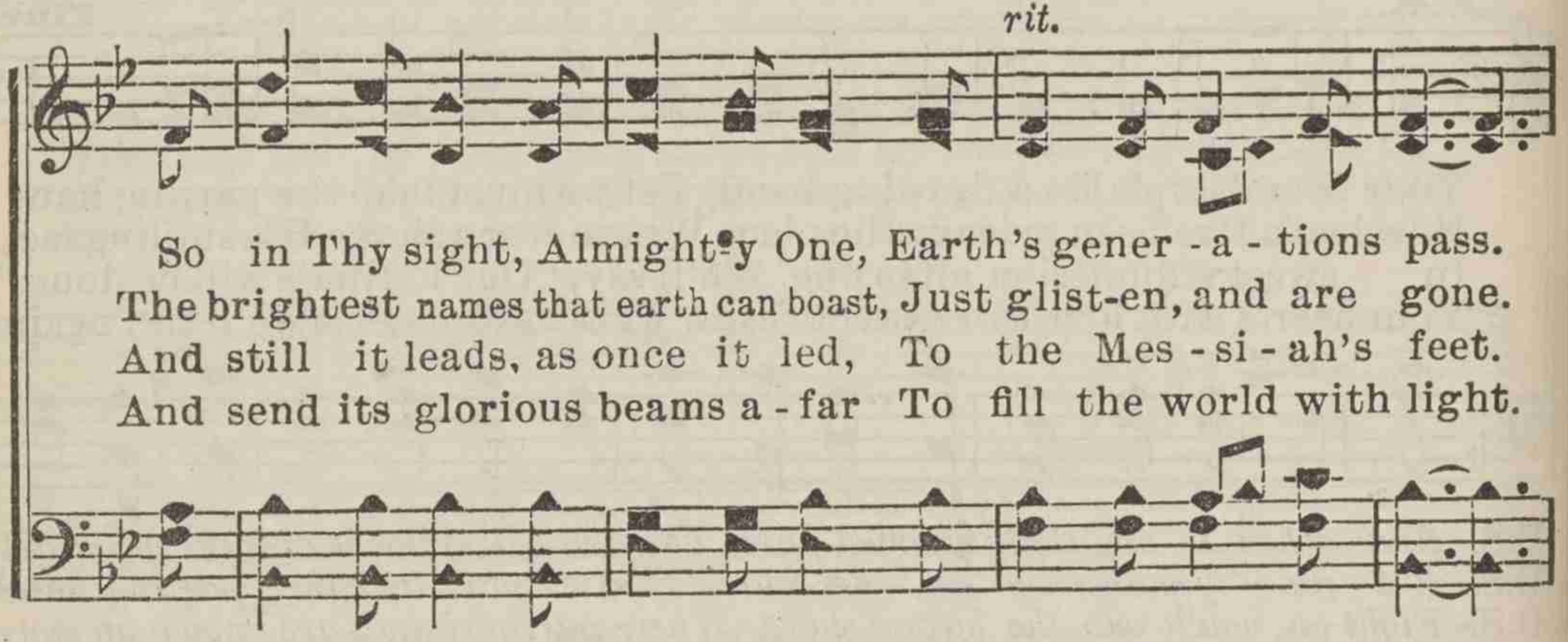
2 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see;
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to His Father's courts He flies;
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies!

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains!
Say, "Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?
And Where's thy vict'ry, boasting Grave?"

No. 220. FLITTING AWAY.

"Jesus abides ever." C. C. CLINE.









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No. 221. GOD OF MERCY AND COMPASSION.

(*Autumn.*)

LOUIS VON ESCH, C., 1810.

1. God of mer - cy and com-pas-sion, In my grief on Thee I call;
2. Fa - ther, look on Thy be - lov - ed, Tri-umph o - ver all my foes;
3. When tempta-tions fierce as-sault me, When my en - e - mies I find,

With my spir - it crushed and bro-ken, May I find in Thee my all;
Turn to heav'n-ly joy my mourn-ing, Turn to glad - ness all my woes;
Sin and guilt and death and Sa - tan, All a-gainst my soul com-bined,

Ma - ny are my foes and might-y; Strength to con - quer I have none;
Live or die, or work or suf - fer, Let my wea - ry soul a - bide,
Hold me up in might- y wa - ters, Keep mine eyes on things a - bove,—

For last stanza.

Noth-ing can up-hold my go - ings But Thy bless - ed self a - lòne,
In all chang-es what-so - ev - er, Sure and steadfast by Thy side.
Righteousness, di-vine a-tone-ment, Peace and ev - er-last-ing love. A-men.

NO. 222. THE LIFE-BOAT.

First three verses Anon. Last verse by F. M. G. Arr. by F. M. G.

1. We're floating down the stream of time, We have not long to stay;
2. Sometimes the de - vil tempts me, And says its all in vain
3. The life - boat soon is com - ing, By the eye of faith I see
4. O now's the time to get on board, While she is pass-ing by;

CHO. *Then cheer, my broth-er, cheer, Our tri - als will soon be o'er,*

The storm-y clouds of dark - ness Will turn to brightest day.
To try to live a Christian life And walk in Je - sus' name.
As she sweeps thro' the wa - ters To res - cue you and me.
But if you stand and wait too long, You shall for - ev - er die;

Our loved ones we shall meet, shall meet, Up - on the gold - en shore.

Then let us all take cour - age, For we're not left a - lone;
But then we hear the Mas - ter say, I'll lend you a helping hand,
And land us safe - ly in the port With friends we love so dear.
The fare is paid for one and all, The Cap - tain bids you come,

We're pilgrims and we're strangers here, We're seeking a city to come,

Chorus D. C.

The life - boat soon is com - ing To gath - er the Jew-els home.
And if you'll on - ly trust me, I'll guide you to that land."
"Get read-y," cries the Cap - tain; "O look she's al - most here."
And get on board the life - boat, She'll car - ry you safe - ly home.

The life - boat soon is com - ing, To gath-er the Jew - els home.

No. 223. Passing Away.

REV. J. W. P. FACKLER. G. W. LYON.

1. We are pass-ing, swift-ly pass - ing, To the dis - tant spir - it land,
2. Oft me-thinks I hear the boat-man, Hear the splash-ing of his oar,
3. But a few more days of sor - row, And a few more sighs and tears,

Old and young a - like are go - ing To the Jor-dan's beat-en strand;
Com-ing on to bear me home-ward, To the bright and golden shore;
Then will come the bright "to-mor-row," Then will end my hopes and fears,

One by one the dear ones van - ish, Pass - ing to the oth - er side,
Oft, by faith, I hear the cho - rus, Catch the saints' tri-umph-al song,
When the an - gel throng will meet me, In the realms of end - less day,

Ma-ny hearts and forms we cher-ish, O'er its surg - ing bil-lows glide.
And my spir-it's earn-est long-ings Would the glorious strains prolong.
And the Sav-iour, too, will greet me, Wip - ing all my tears a - way.

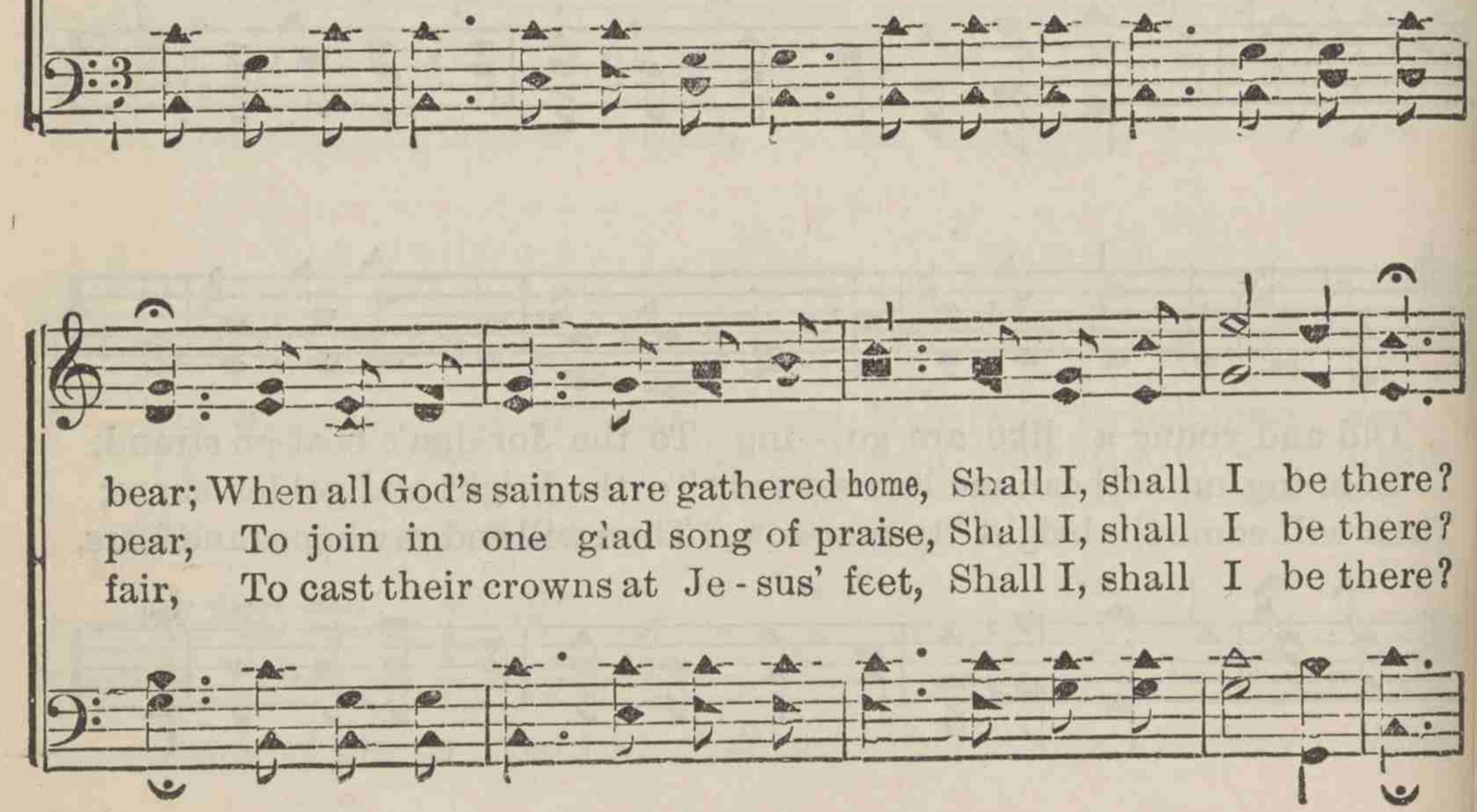
No 224. Shall I be There.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall come."—Isa. 30: 10.

C. O. ASA HULL.



1. When earthly scenes have passed away, And life e - ter - nal fruit shall
2. When drawing near the great white throne, The bright an-gel - ic host ap-
3. When close upon the Lord's right hand They come with garments bright and

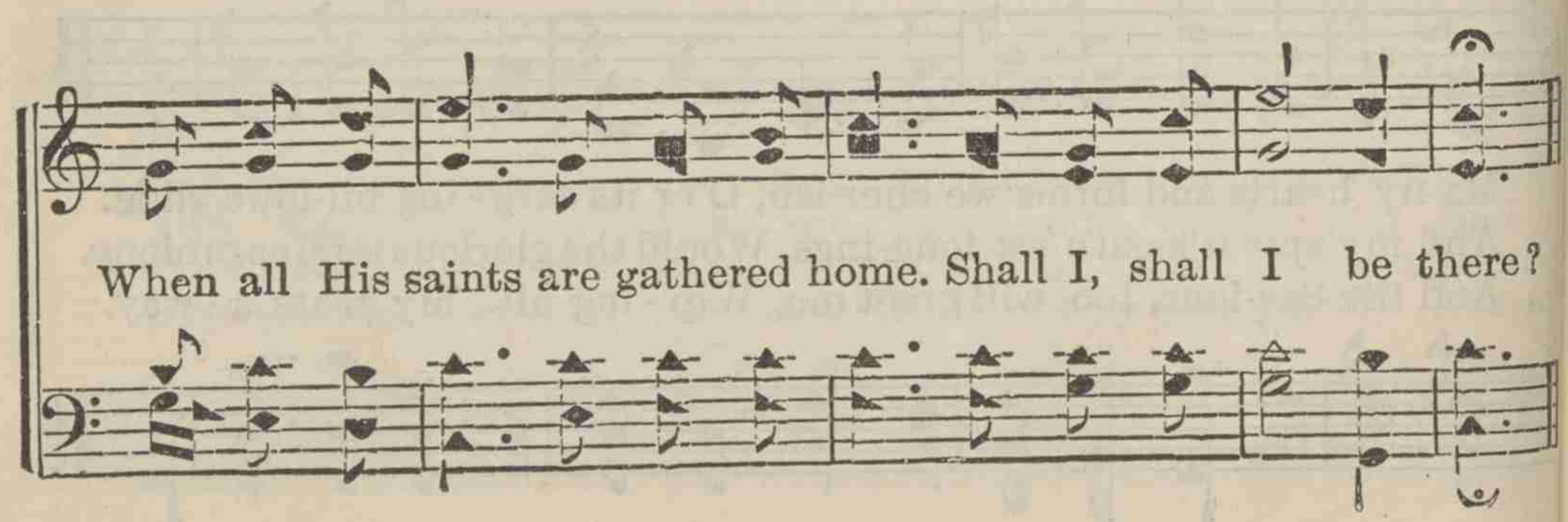


bear; When all God's saints are gathered home, Shall I, shall I be there?
pear, To join in one glad song of praise, Shall I, shall I be there?
fair, To cast their crowns at Je - sus' feet, Shall I, shall I be there?



CHORUS.

Shall I be there?..... Shall I be there?.....
Shall I be there? Shall I be there?



When all His saints are gathered home. Shall I, shall I be there?

No 225. IS IT FAR?

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

1. Is it far to that beau - ti - ful home Where the loved ones
2. Is it far to that beau - ti - ful home Where the an - gels
3. Is it far to that beau - ti - ful home? I am wea - ry

long be - fore have gone? Oh, my broth - er, will you with me go
sing around the throne? 'Tis a tho't that cheers me on my way,
wait-ing here a - lone; I shall soon cross Jor-dan's roll - ing tide,

HORUS.

Where we'll meet our friends to part no more. Is it far to that
That there is a bright e - ter - nal day.
And with Je - sus ev - er safe a - bide. Is it far

beau-ti-ful riv - er? Tell me, is it far? Is it far where we'll
Is it far,

sing and shout for - ev - er, Tell me brother, is it far? is it far?

Used by per. of the Author.

226. DYING FROM HOME, AND LOST.

6 M. B. S. M. BROWN. By per.

1. Companion, draw nigh they say I must die, Early the summons has come from on high,
2. Ah can you not bow and pray with me now? Sad the regret we have never learned how,
3. And can you not sing a song of His love, How He came down from the mansions above
4. A - las! it is so; but thus it must be; No word of comfort or promise for me;
5. O people of God who have His blest word, Will you not heed the command of your Lord,

The way is so dark, and yet I must go, Oh, that such sorrow you never may know?
To come before Him, who only can save, Leading in triumph thro' death and the grave.
To bleed and to die on Cal-va-ry's tree, Bringing sal-va-tion to sin-ner's like me?
To die without God; or hope in His Son, Covered in darkness, bereaved and undone.
And pub-lish to all of Adam's lost race, Pardon, forgiveness, salvation thro' grace?

CHORUS.

On - ly a pray'r, on - ly a tear, O if sis - ter and mother were here;

On - ly a song, 'twill comfort and cheer, On - ly a word from that book so dear.

Copyright, 1892, by S. M. Brown.

To the brethren who have aided me in the establishment of the Tabernacle Church in Kansas City, I most respectfully dedicate this song, the proceeds from the sale of which I contribute to missions in Kansas City.

S. M. BROWN,

Two young men, who had been brought up together in a distant State, came to Kansas City to get a start in the world. They were employed in laboring on the piers of one of the great railroad bridges on the Missouri River. An accident occurred in which several men were injured, among them was one of these young men, who was fatally crushed. He was taken into one of the tents in which the laborers were living, and, being conscious, he was told by the physician that he could live only a few hours. He requested his companions to pray with him and stated that he was not prepared to die. His friend assured him that he did not pray for himself and was not fit to pray for a dying man, Then he asked that a song might be sung, but was again assured, by his friend, that he knew no song appropriate to an occasion like that. Finally, he begged that a Bible might be broughf and a few verses read to him before he died. The tents and cabins were searched, and there was not a copy of the word of God to be found, and so, among his last words the dying man exclaimed, "And is it possible that away from home and without a prayer, a song, or a verse of Scripture I am to be ushered into the presence of God unprepared?"

No. 227. Grace is Free.

S. J. P. S. J. PERRY. By per.

1. Praise ye the Lord, O praise Him ev - 'ry na - tion, Grace is
2. Praise ye the Lord, ye is-lands of the o - cean, Grace is
3. Praise Him all ye peo - ple, praise Him all cre - a - tion, Grace is

free! yes, grace is free! Je - sus hath wro't a won - der-ful sal-
free! yes, grace is free! Come with your hearts o - ver-flow-ing with de-
free! yes, grace is free! Christ, on the cross made a free and full ob-

va - tion, Grace is free! yes, grace is free!
vo - tion, Grace is free! yes, grace is free! Glo - ry, glo - ry,
la - tion, Grace is free! yes, grace is free!

REFRAIN.

glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! Christ has paid the debt for me; Glo-ry, glo- ry,

glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! I'm so glad that sal - va-tion's free.

No. 228. I Want To Love Him More.

W. M. YORK. WILLIE YORK.

1. With Je - sus I would ev - er be, His matchles name a - dore;
2. He died up - on the cru - el tree, Our load of guilt He bore;
3. His chil-dren He will not forsake, When troubles press them sore;
4. O Prince of life, sweet Prince of peace, Who dwelt on earth be - low,

He's done so ver - y much for me, I want to love Him more.
He suf-fered shame for you and me, I want to love Him more.
But in their souls sweet peace awakes, I want to love Him more.
My faith in Him will nev - er cease, I want to love Him more.

CHORUS.

I want to love Him more, I want to love Him more, I want to

love Him more, I do, I do, I do; I want to love Him more,

I want to love Him more, He's done so much for me (for me).

Willie York and J. H. Stanley, owners.

229. Come to Jesus.

C. R. Latta. J. H. Tenney.

1. Come to Je - sus! He will save you, Tho' your sins as crim - son glow;
2. Come to Je - sus! do not tar - ry, En - ter in at mer-cy's gate;
3. Come to Je - sus, dy - ing sin - ner! Oth - er Sav-iour there is none;

If you give your heart to Je - sus. He will make them white as snow.
O de - lay not till the mor-row. Lest thy com - ing be too late.
He will share with you His glo - ry When your pil - grim - age is done.

CHORUS.

Come to Je - - - sus! Come to Je - - - sus! Come to
Come, come to-day! Come, come to-day, Come to

Je - sus! come to - day, Come to Je - - - sus!
Je - sus! come, yes, come, come to-day! Come, come to - day!

REPEAT *pp*

Come to Je - - - sus! Come to Je - sus! come, come to-day!
Come, come to - day!

Used by permission.

No. 230. His Love is Keeping Me.

James Rowe. J. M. Henson.

1. Tho' man - y tri - als of life be - tide me, So glad I am my faith to show;
2. The foe is ev - er my soul as - sail - ing, But nev - er shall my trust o'er-throw;
3. Temp-ta-tions man - y and great I'm meet-ing, But strength for all He doth be - stow;
4. At heav-en's por - tal my Lord will meet me, And will a smile of wel - come show;

For all the way He will be be - side me,
For Christ to help me is nev - er fail - ing.
Oh, ev - 'ry ef - fort of sin de - feat - ing.
Some hap - py morn-ing, His voice will greet me,

REFRAIN.

His love is keep - ing me I know. His love is keep-ing me I know, With Him to heav - en I shall go;..... To Je - sus cling-ing, His glad praise sing-ing, His love is keep - ing me I know.

His love is keep - ing me I know. His love is keep - ing me I know, With Him to heav - en I shall go;

J. M. Henson, owner.

No 231. THE RIGHTEOUS MARCHING HOME.

Arr. by J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. As Zi - on's pilgrims, in ac-cord, The sol-diers of our King,
2. In fel - low-ship of joys and woes, We'll bear the common strife,
3. With faith and pray'r we'll urge the fray, Nor will we fear or fly,
4. Then while the spir-it leads us on, Our march we'll still pur-sue,
5. Tho' worn with battle wounds and scars, Yet true to Christ in love,





In cov'nant bands we'll serve the Lord, And all His prais - es sing.
And on-ward press thro' all our foes, And win e - ter - nal life.
For vic - t'ry waits us on the way, And crowns a-bove the sky.
Un - til the heav'nly goal is won, And we our King shall view.
We'll dwell with God be-yond the stars, At home, in heav'n a - bove.





See the righteous marching on! And the an - gels bid them come,



D. S. To wel-come trav'lers home, To wel-come trav'lers home;



And the Sav-iour stands a - wait - ing To wel-come trav'lers home.

And the Sav-iour stands a - wait - ing To wel-come trav'lers home.

No. 232. Whosoever Means Me.

Lizzie Edwards. From "Songs of Triumph" by per. **Jno. R. Sweney.**

1. Ti-dings, hap - py ti-dings, Hark! hark! the sound! Hear the joy - ful ech - o
2. Ti-dings, hap - py ti-dings, Hark! hark! they say, Do not slight the warn-ing
3. Ti-dings, hap - py ti-dings, Hark! hark! a - gain! Rush-ing o'er the mountain,

Thro' the world resound; Christ the Lord proclaims them, Hear and heed the call:
Come, O come to - day; Christ, our lov - ing Sav - ior, Still re - peats the call—
Sweep-ing o'er the plain; On - ward goes the mes-sage, 'Tis the Sav - ior's call:

CHORUS.

Come, ye starv-ing ones that perish, Room, room for all.
Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y la-den, Room, room for all. Who-so - ev-er ask - eth
Come, for ev - 'ry-thing is read-y, Room, room for all.

Je-sus will re-ceive; Who-so-ev-er thirst-eth, Je-sus will re-lieve, See the liv-ing

wa-ters, Flow-ing full and free; O the bless-ed who - so-ev-er, That means me.

No 233. What A Glory Day.

Ja[illegible] Rowe. Homer F. Morris.

1. When we reach the gold-en shore, With the Lead - er we a-dore, What a
7. When the shin-ing streets we walk, And with friends and dear ones talk, What a
3. When the King we fol - low now, Lays the crown up - on our brow, What a

glo - ry day 'twill be! When be - fore the King we stand, Sing-ing hal - le -
glo - ry day 'twill be! When to us they show their love, In that bless - ed
glo - ry day 'twill be! And when at His feet we fall, Hav-ing crown'd Him

REFRAIN

lu-jah's grand, What a glo - ry day 'twill be!
home a-bove, What a glo - ry day 'twill be! What a glo - ry day 'twill be,
"Lord of all," What a glo - ry day 'twill be!

When His match-less face we see, When our hal - le - lu - jah's grand

Ring and swell in Beu - lah - land, What a glo - ry day 'twill be!

Property of Homer F. Morris.

No. 234. I'm Saved.

G. T. B. Rev. G. T. Byrd.



1. 'Twas Je - sus my Sav - ior who pardoned my sins, I'm saved, saved, saved,
2. Sin's pleas-ure no lon - ger my soul will en-snare.
3. No e - vil com-pan-ions can lead me a - stray,
4. And now I am hap - py in Je - sus my King, I'm saved so sweetly saved;





And now the new life I will sure - ly be - gin, I'm saved, saved, saved.
I know I will en - ter those mansions so fair,
For Je - sus has turned all my nights in - to day,
And thro' the vast a - ges His prais - es I'll sing, I'm saved so sweetly saved.



REFRAIN



Oh, glo - ry to Je - sus my soul is redeemed, I'm saved, saved, saved;
I'm saved so sweet-ly saved;





Oh, glo - ry to Je - sus my soul is redeemed, I'm saved, saved, saved.
I'm saved so sweetly saved.



Property of G. T. Byrd.

No. 235. Make Room for His Love.

James Rowe. J. M. Henson

1. A won - der-ful Friend has come down from on high To make us all hap - py and whole;
2. Tho' man - y a sin - stain is deep in your heart, Break loose from the temp-ter's con - trol,
3. If ev - er you hope to reach heav - en at last, You then must be per - fect - ly whole;

Who - ev - er will trust on His grace may re - ly,
For won - der - ful blessings this Friend will im-part,
So come to this Friend who will can-cel your past,

REFRAIN.

Make room for His love in your soul. Make room for His love in your
Make room for His
soul,..... Start now for the beau - ti - ful goal;..... Be
love in your soul, Start now for the beau - ti - ful goal;
safe with the Lord and gain the re-ward; Make room for His love in your soul.

J. M. Henson, owner.

No. 236. ANGEL BAND. C. M.

REV. J. HASKELL. Arr.

1. My lat - est sun is sink-ing fast, My race is near - ly run,
2. I know I'm near the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kindred dear,
3. I've al-most gained my heav'nly home, My spir - it loud - ly sings;
4. O bear my long-ing heart to Him Who bled and died for me;

My strongest tri - als now are past, My tri-umph is be - gun.
I brush the dew on Jordan's banks, The crossing must be near.
The ho - ly ones, be-hold they come! I hear the noise of wings.
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin, And gives me vic - to - ry.

CHORUS.

O come, an - gel band, Come, and a-round me stand, O bear me a-

way on your snow - y wings, To my im - mor - tal home, O

bear me a - way on your snow-y wings, To my im-mor - tal home.

No. 237. It Was Jesus.

J. M. Henson. McD Weams.

DUET. SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Some one touched my heart with love, It was Je - sus, It was Je - sus;
2. Some one changed my sigh to song, It was Je - sus, It was Je - sus;
3. Some one gave my soul new life, It was Je - sus, It was Je - sus;

DUET. SEMI-CHORUS.

Some one bade me look a-bove, It was Je-sus, bless - ed Je - sus.
Led me right instead of wrong, It was Je-sus, bless - ed Je - sus.
Some one helped me in the strife, It was Je-sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

CHORUS.

It was Je - sus my dear Friend, On whose love I
my dear Friend,
could de - pend; Some one caused my
could de - pend;.....
grief to end, It was Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

McD Weams & J, M, Henson, owners.

No. 238. THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

E. JOHNSON. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. O, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal
2. O, sometimes how long seem the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
3. O, near to the Rock let me keep, If bless-ings or sor-rows pre - vail;

And sorrow, sometimes how they sweep, Like tempests down over the soul.
But toil - ing in life's dust-y way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Or climb-ing the mountain way steep, Or walk-ing the shad - ow - y vale.

CHORUS.

O, then, to the Rock let me fly, (let me fly,) To the Rock that is

high - er than I; O, then, to the Rock let me
is high - er than I;

fly, (let me fly,) To the Rock that is high - er than I.

No. 239. Steer for The Lights of Home.

James Rowe. Homer F. Morris.

1. Soul drift-ing o - ver the o - cean of sin, Steer for the lights
2. Dark-ness is dense on the face of the deep, Steer for the lights
3. Je - sus is wait - ing to par - don your past, Steer for the lights
4. Bil - lows are ris-ing, o'er-whelmed you may be, Steer for the lights

of home; Je - sus is lov - ing - ly call - ing "come in,"
of home; Why cause your friends and your dear ones to weep?
of home; Here you in safe - ty your an - chor may cast,
of home; Come to the har - bor, be hap - py and free,

REFRAIN.

Steer for the lights of home. Steer for the lights of

home, sweet home, Steer for the lights of home, sweet home, Think of the cost if

your soul should be lost! Steer for the lights of home, sweet home.

Property of H. F. Morris,, Atlanta, Ga.

240. # When They Ring the Golden Bells

Dion DeMarbelle

Arr. Copyright, 1924, by R. H. Cornelius **Arr. by R. H. Cornelius**

Soprano and Tenor Duet

1. There's a land be-yond the riv - er, That we call the sweet for-ev - er; And we
2. We shall know no sin nor sor-row In that hav-en of to-mor - row; When our
3. When our days shall know their number, When in death we sweetly slumber; When the

on - ly reach that shore by faith's decree; One by one we'll gain the portals, There to
barque shall sail beyond the sil - ver sea; We shall on-ly know the blessing Of our
King commands the spir - it to be free; Nev-er-more with anguish laden, We shall

dwell with the im-mor-tals, When they ring the gold - en bells for you and me.
Father's sweet ca-ress-ing, When they ring the gold - en bells for you and me.
reach that love - ly aid-en, When they ring the gold - en bells for you and me.

D.S.–yond the shin-ing riv-er, Where they ring the gold - en bells for you and me.

CHORUS

Don't you hear the bells now ringing? Don't you hear the angels singing? 'Tis the

glo - ry hal - le - lu-jah jub - i - lee, In that far off sweet for-ev-er, just be-
jub-i-lee,

No. 241. Lift Him Up.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. B. B. BEALL.

1. How to reach the mass-es, men of ev-'ry birth? For an an-swer
2. Oh, the world is hun-gry for the liv-ing bread, Lift the Sav-iour
3. Don't ex-alt the preacher, don't ex-alt the pew, Preach the gospel
4. Lift him up by liv-ing as a Chris-tian ought, Let the world in

Je-sus gave a key, "And I, if I be lift-ed up from the earth,
up for them to see, Trust Him, and do not doubt the words that He said,
simple, full and free, Prove Him and you will find that promise is true,
you the Saviour see, Then men will gladly fol-low him who once taught,

REFRAIN.

Will draw all men un-to me." Lift Him up, Lift Him
"I'll draw all men un-to me."
"I'll draw all men un-to me."
"I'll draw all men un-to me." Lift the precious Saviour up, Lift the

up,..... Still He speaks from e-ter-ni-ty, "And I, if
precious Saviour up,

I be lift-ed up from the earth, will draw all men un-to me."

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No. 242. Jesus will give you Rest.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor brok-en heart,
2. Will you come, will you come? there is mer - cy for you,
3. Will you come, will you come, you have noth - ing to pay;
4. Will you come, will you come? how he pleads with you now!

Bur - den'd and sin op - press'd? Lay it down at the
Balm for your ach - ing breast; On - ly come as you
Je - sus, who loves you best, By his death on the
Fly to his lov - ing breast, And what - ev - er your

feet of your Sav - ior and Lord, Je - sus will give you rest.
are, and be - lieve on his name, Je - sus will give you rest.
Cross pur-chas'd life for your soul, Je - sus will give you rest.
sin or your sor - row may be, Je - sus will give you rest.

REFRAIN.

Oh, hap-py rest, sweet hap-py rest! Je - sus will give you rest, (happy rest,)

Oh, why won't you come in sim-ple, trusting faith? Je- sus will give you rest.

From "Joy to the World."

No. 243. Sweet Will of God.

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Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

DUET.

1. My stub-born will at last hath yield - ed, I would be Thine and
2. I'm tired of sin, foot-sore and wear - y, The dark-some path hath
3. Thy pre-cious will, O con - q'ring Sav - ior, Doth now em-brace and
4. Shut in with Thee, O Lord, for - ev - er, My way-ward feet no

Thine a - lone; And this the prayer.... my lips are bring - ing,
drear-y grown, But now a light..... has ris'n to cheer me;
com - pass me; All dis - cords hushed, .. my peace a riv - er,
more to roam; What pow'r from Thee.... my soul can sev - er?

rit.

"Lord, let in me Thy will be done."

CHORUS.

I find in Thee my Star, my Sun. Sweet will of God, still
My soul a pris-oned bird set free.
The cen - tre of God's will my home.

fold me clo - ser, Till I am whol - ly lost in Thee; Sweet will of

God, still fold me clo - ser, Till I am whol - ly lost in Thee.

No. 244. As for Me and My House.

Inscribed to Mrs. F. E. Belden.

F. E. B. Copyright, 1909, by F. E. Belden. Used by per. F. E. Belden.

1. Like Ca - leb and Josh - u - a stand, On the bor-ders of the
2. "Well a - ble to en - ter the land," Tell it out to ev - 'ry
3. Walled cit - ies go sev - en times round, Per - se - ver-ance is with

Small note for last stanza.

prom - ised land, O - bey-ing Je - ho-vah's com-mand, say - ing,
doubt - ing band; Faith bring-eth the tri-umph God plann'd, say-ing,
vic - t'ry crown'd; Sin gi - ants of hab - it are bound, say-ing,

REFRAIN.

"As for me and my house, As for me and my house,

"As for me and my house, As for me and my house,
"As for me and my house, As for me and my house,

"As for me and my house, As for me and my house,

As for me and my house, We will serve the Lord."

As for me and my house, We will serve the Lord."
As for me and my house, We will serve the Lord."

As for me and my house, We will serve the Lord."

245. On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand.

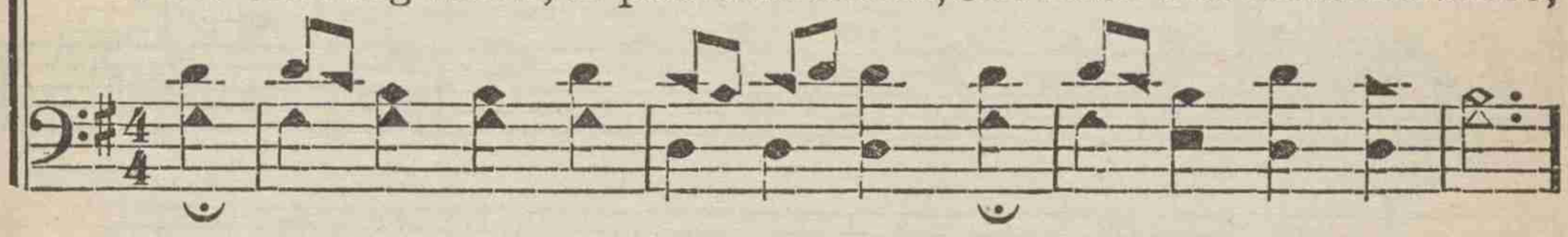
This song doubtless has led many to be saved.—J. W. B.

James W. Broome, owner, Elberton, Ga.

SAMUEL STENNETT. Arr. by JAMES W. BROOME.



1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a · wish - ful eye,
2. All o'er those wide ex - tend-ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day,
3. No chill-ing winds, or pois'nous breath, Can reach that healthful shore;





To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses-sions lie.
There God, the Son, for - ev - er reigns, And scat-ters night a - way.
Sick - ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.





O, the trans-port-ing, rapturous scene That ris - es to my sight!
Filled with de-light, my rap-tured soul Can here no long - er stay;
When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?





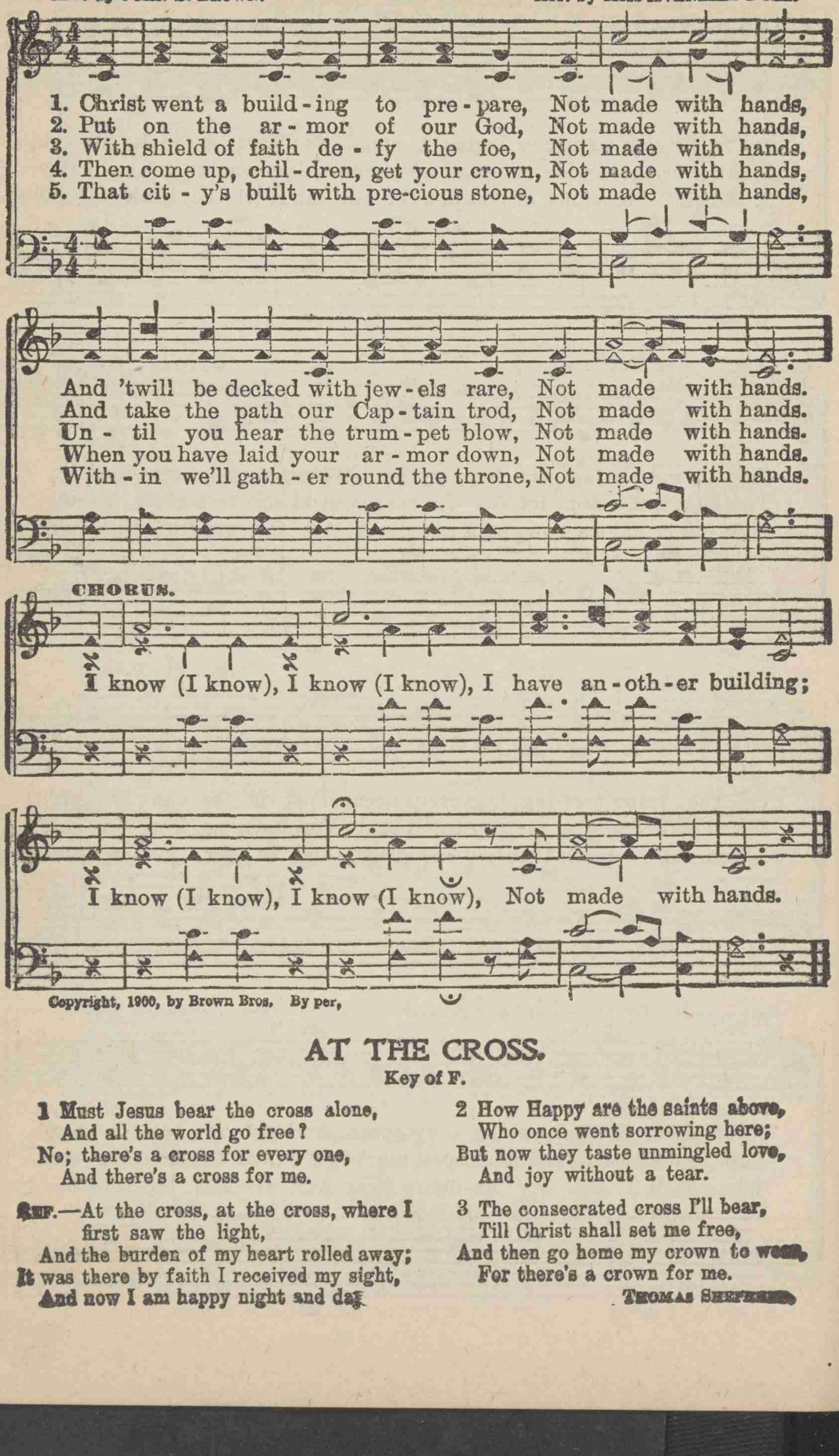
Sweet fields arrayed in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.
Tho' Jordan's waves should round me roll, Fearless I'd launch a - way.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bo - som rest?



246. NOT MADE WITH HANDS.

"Which hath the foundations, whose builder and maker is God."
HEB. 11: 10.

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



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AT THE CROSS.

Key of F.

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

REF.—At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away;
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy night and day.

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 Christ shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

THOMAS SHEPHERD.

No. 247. McANALLY. C. M. D.

ISAAC WATTS. ARR.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - low'r of the Lamb,
2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
3. Thy saints, in all this glorious war, Shall conquer, tho' they die;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
They see the tri-umph from a - far, By faith they bring it nigh.

Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord;
When that il - lus-trious day shall rise, And all Thy ar - mies shine,

While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.
In robes of vic - t'ry thro' the skies, The glo - ry shall be thine.

NO. 248. More Like Thee.

FRANK M. DAVIS. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. More like Thee, O Sav-iour, let me be, More like Thee from
2. More like Thee, O Sav-iour, let me be, Pure with-out and
3. More like Thee, O Sav-iour, let me be, All my pil - grim

day to day; Nev - er let me from Thy foot-steps stray, Keep me
pure with - in; Keep me ev - er from the ways of sin, I the
journ-ey through; Meek and lowly, ev - er kind and true, Like Thy

REFRAIN.

in the nar - row way. More like Thee, More like
crown of life would win.
self in all I do. More like Thee, yes, more like Thee, More like

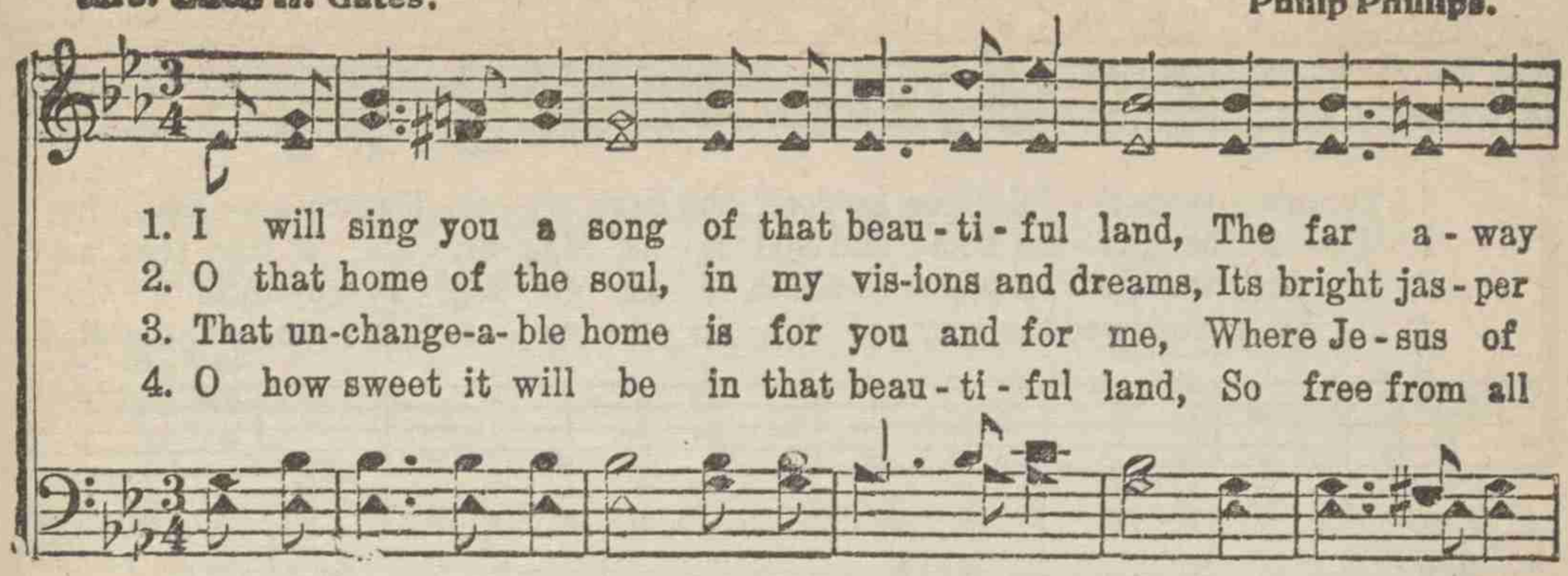
Thee, More and more, O Christ, like Thee; By Thy
Thee, yes, more like Thee,

grace, Oh, let me day by day, Grow more and more like Thee.

Used by per.

249. The Home of the Soul.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates. Philip Phillips.



250. Home On the Banks of the River.

Copyright, 1913, by Austin Taylor. AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. There's a beau-ti - ful home be-yond the dark riv - er, There's a mansion by
2. 'Tis a beau-ti - ful home, and God is its Mak - er, In a land that no
3. O that won-der- ful place to which I am go - ing, It by faith I in
4. I have followed the way of life to the riv - er, I can see the glad

faith I can see; And the Sav-iour is there His faith-ful to wel-come,
mor-tal has trod; Soon the an - gels will come and car - ry me o - ver,
rap-ture be - hold; Its gates are of pearl, its walls are of jas - per,
por-tals a - bove; I am read - y to go and live with my Sav-iour,

CHORUS.

There's a beau - ti - ful home for me.
To that beau - ti - ful home of God. Home.... on the banks of the
And its beau - ti - ful streets are gold.
In the beau - ti - ful home of love. Home, yes, home,

riv-er, Home.... where the ransomed ones gather, Home.... with the
Home, sweet home, Home for me

an - gels for - ev - er, On the beau -ti - ful banks of the riv - er.

No 251. Safe Within The Vail.

Rev. E. Adams. J. M. Evans.

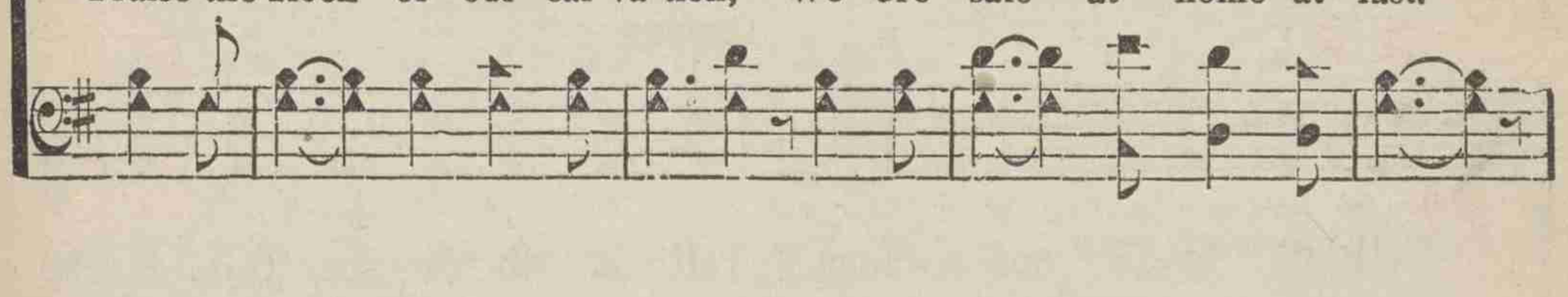


1. "Land a-head!" its fruits are wav-ing O'er the hills of fade - less green;
2. On-ward, bark! the cape I'm rounding, See, the bless - ed wave their hands;
3. There, let go the anchor, rid-ing On this calm and sil - v'ry bay;
4. Now we're safe from all temptation, All the storms of life are past;





And the liv - ing wa-ters lav-ing Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.
Hear the harps of God re-sound-ing From the bright im - mor - tal bands.
Sea-ward fast the tide is glid-ing, Shores in sun - light stretch a - way.
Praise the Rock of our sal-va-tion, We are safe at home at last.



REFRAIN.



Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e - ter - nal shore;



Drop the an - chor! furl the sail! I am safe with - in the vail!

252. Tell It to Jesus Alone.

J. M. Rankin, D. D. Rev. E. S. Lorenz, by per.

1. Are you wea-ry, are you heav-y-heart-ed? Tell it to Je-sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je-sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sorrow? Tell it to Je-sus,
4. Are you troub-led at the tho't of dy-ing? Tell it to Je-sus,

Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev-ing o - ver joys de-part - ed?
Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to man's eyes are hid - den?
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx-ious what shall be to - mor-row?
Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sigh-ing?

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to

Je - sus, He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth - er

such a friend or broth - er; Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

253. FROM THE CROSS TO THE CROWN.

Words and Music by F. L. EILAND.

1. Look away from the cross to the glittering crown, From your cares weary one look a-way; There's a home for the soul, where no sorrow can come,
2. Tho' the burdens of life may be heavy to bear, And your crosses and tri-als se-vere; There's a beau-ti-ful hand that is beckon-ing come,
3. 'Mid the conflicts, the battles, the struggles and strife, Bravely onward your jour-ney pur-sue; Look a-way from the cross to the glit-tering crown,

CHORUS.

And where pleasures will never de-cay.
And no heart-aches and sighings are there. Look away, look a-way, look a-way,
That's a-wait-ing in heav-en for you. Weary one, look away from the cross to the crown,
From the cross to the glit-ter-ing crown, Look a-way, look a-way,
From the cross to the glit-ter-ing crown, Weary one, look away, From the cross to the crown,
From the cross to the glittering crown.

By per. of F. L. Eiland.

254. Gathering Home.

MISS MARIANA B. SLADE. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. Up to the boun-ti - ful Giv - er of life, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
2. Up to the cit - y where falleth no night, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
3. Up to the beau-ti - ful mansions above, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!

1. Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife, The dear ones are gathering home.
2. Up where the Saviour's own face is the light, The dear ones are gathering home.
3. Safe in the arms of His in - fi - nite love, The dear ones are gathering home.

CHORUS.

Gath-er-ing home!..... Gath-er - ing home!..... Nev-er to
gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!

sor - row more, nev - er to roam, Gath - er - ing home!.....
gath - er - ing home!

Gath-er - ing home!..... God's chil-dren are gath-er-ing home.
gath - er - ing home!

255. IT CLEANSETH ME.

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

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

Moderato.

1. There is a stream that flows from Cal - va - ry, A crim - son tide so deep and wide, That who - so - ev - er will but plunge there-in Shall be made free from sin.
2. Its sav - ing vir-tues ev - er are the same, It cleans-eth still and al - ways will; Poor sin - ner who will come to Him in faith Shall know the wondrous grace.
3. No oth - er fountain can for sin a - tone, But Je - sus' blood, oh! prec-ious flood; It ev - er wash - es whit - er than the snow, It cleanseth me, I know.

f CHORUS. Spirited.

Hal - le - lu-jah, 'tis His blood that cleanseth me,
'Tis His grace that makes me free, And, my brother, 'tis for thee, oh! hal-le-lu-jah,
'Tis sal - va-tion, full and free, And it cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me.

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256. I Believe That Story.

Homer F. Morris.

1. Je - sus came from heav-en, sin - ful hearts to win, I be-lieve that
2. We were all condemned, but Je - sus set us free, I be-lieve that
3. He is more than a - ble to de - fend the soul, I be-lieve that
4. He prepared bright mansions for the ransomed throng, I be-lieve that

sto - ry don't you? On the cross He suf-fered to re - deem from sin,
sto - ry don't you? Ev - 'ry bond was bro - ken by His vic - to - ry,
sto - ry don't you? He is more than a - ble, sins a - way to roll,
sto - ry don't you? He will guide the faith - ful to the land of song,

REFRAIN.

I be - lieve that sto - ry don't you? I be-lieve that sto - ry, I
do! Oh, I know that sto - ry is true, Je - sus
I do! yes 'tis true,
free - ly died, all our sins to hide, I be-lieve that sto - ry don't you?

Property of H. F. Morris, Atlanta, Ga.

NO. 257. DANGER IN THE BORDER-LAND.

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

MRS. FRANK E. BRECK. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. You are stand-ing, you are stand-ing in the bor-der-land, The wild, waste coun-try of sin; But a bless-ed hap-py king-dom is be-
2. You are stand-ing, you are stand-ing in the bor-der-land, "Not far from the king-dom of God," And a Saviour longs to bless you, will you
3. You are stand-ing, you are stand-ing in the bor-der-land, No long-er, long-er de-lay, For the darkness will be com-ing swift up-
4. You are stand-ing, you are stand-ing in the bor-der-land, By sin and sor-row oppress'd; Come re-pent-ing and thy Fa-ther will re-

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

CHORUS.

in the border-land, Oh, leave the weary life of sin, For there's
dan-ger in the bor-der-land, Come, a bet-ter life be-gin.
dan-ger, dan-ger

come to Je-sus,

Copyright, by Geo. B. Holsinger.

258. Footsteps Of Jesus.

MARY B. SLADE. A. B. EVERETT.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

No. 259. LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Arr.

1. I've found a friend in Jesus, He's ev-'ry-thing to me, He's the fair-est of ten
2. He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne;In temptation He's my
3. He'll never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here,While I live by faith and

thous - and to my soul; The Li - ly of the Val-ley, in Him a - lone I
strong and might-y tower; I've all for Him for - sak - en, I've all my i - dols
do His bless-ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me, I've noth-ing now to

D. S.—*He's the Li - ly of the Val-ley, the bright and morning*

FINE.

see All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole. In sor-row He's my
torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r. Tho' all the world for-
fear; With the man - na He my hun-gry soul shall fill. Then sweep-ing up to

Star, He's the fair - est of ten thousand to my soul. CHO.—*In sorrow He's my*

D. S.

com-fort, in troub-le He's my stay, He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll;
sake me, and Sa-tan tempts me sore,Thro' Je - sus I shall safely reach the goal;
glo - ry, we see His bless-ed face, Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll;

com-fort, In troub-le He's my stay, He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll.

No. 260. Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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261. Pisgah

ISAAC WATTS. ANON.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, To mansions in the skies,....
2. Should earth against my soul engage, And fier-y darts be hurled,...
3. Let cares like a wild del-uge come, And storms of sorrow fall,.....
4. There shall I bathe my wear-y soul In seas of heav'nly rest,.....

I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes,
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frowning world,
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all,
And not a wave of troub-le roll A - cross my peaceful breast.

And wipe my weeping eyes,....And wipe my weeping eyes,....
And face a frowning world,...And face a frown-ing world,...
My God, my heav'n, my all,.....My God, my heav'n my all,.....
A - cross my peaceful breast,.. A - cross my peaceful breast;

I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frowning world.
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of troub-le roll A-cross my peaceful breast.

NO 262. BETTER FARTHER ON.

Anon. Except first and last verses by F. M. G. Anon.

1. As we trav - el thro' the des-ert, Storms be - set us by the way,
2. Oh, my broth-er, are you wea-ry Of the roughness of the way?
3. Je - sus, Je - sus will go with you, He will lead you to the throne;
4. Far - ther on, oh, how much far-ther, Count the mile-stones one by one;
5. Hark! a voice from E - den steal-ing, Soft - ly in an un - der-tone;
6. At my grave, oh, still be sing-ing, Tho' you weep for one that's gone,

But be-yond the riv - er Jor-dan Lies a field of end-less day.
Does your strength begin to fail you, And your vig-or to de-cay?
He who dyed His garments for you, And the wine-press trod a-lone.
Know no count-ing, on - ly trust-ing, "It is bet-ter far - ther on."
Hark! I hear its gen - tle whis-per, "It is bet-ter far - ther on."
Sing it as we once did sing it, "It is bet-ter far - ther on."

CHORUS.

Far-ther on, still go far-ther, Count the mile-stones one by one,
Je - sus will for-sake you nev - er, "It is bet - ter far - ther on.

No. 263. I Never Can Forget Such Love.

James Rowe. Homer F. Morris.

1. Tho' He reigned on high, Je - sus came to die, Just for sin - ners on the cru - el tree; Died that He might win souls from doubt and sin, That His
2. I was far a - stray in the downward way, Just as deep in sin as one could be; Yet as Je - sus died, all my past to hide, He had
3. E - ven now a - bove Je - sus pleads in love, For the souls who still are far a - stray; Hopes that we will come to His hap - py home, To be
4. Let us heed His voice, and in Him re-joice, Let us grieve this lov-ing friend no more; Let us kneel in pray'r seek-ing par - don there, Let us

REFRAIN.

precious blood might make us free. Oh, I nev - er can for-get such love,
ten - der words of love for me.
His thro'-out the end-less day.
love and wor-ship and a - dore. Wondrous love,

It will ev - er be my theme above; (above;) E-ven as He died for me, He made a ten - der plea, Oh, I nev - er can for - get such love.
wondrous love.

Property of H, F. Morris., Atlanta, Ga.

264. The Unclouded Day.

Rev. J. K. Alwood. By per. J. F. Kinsey.

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

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

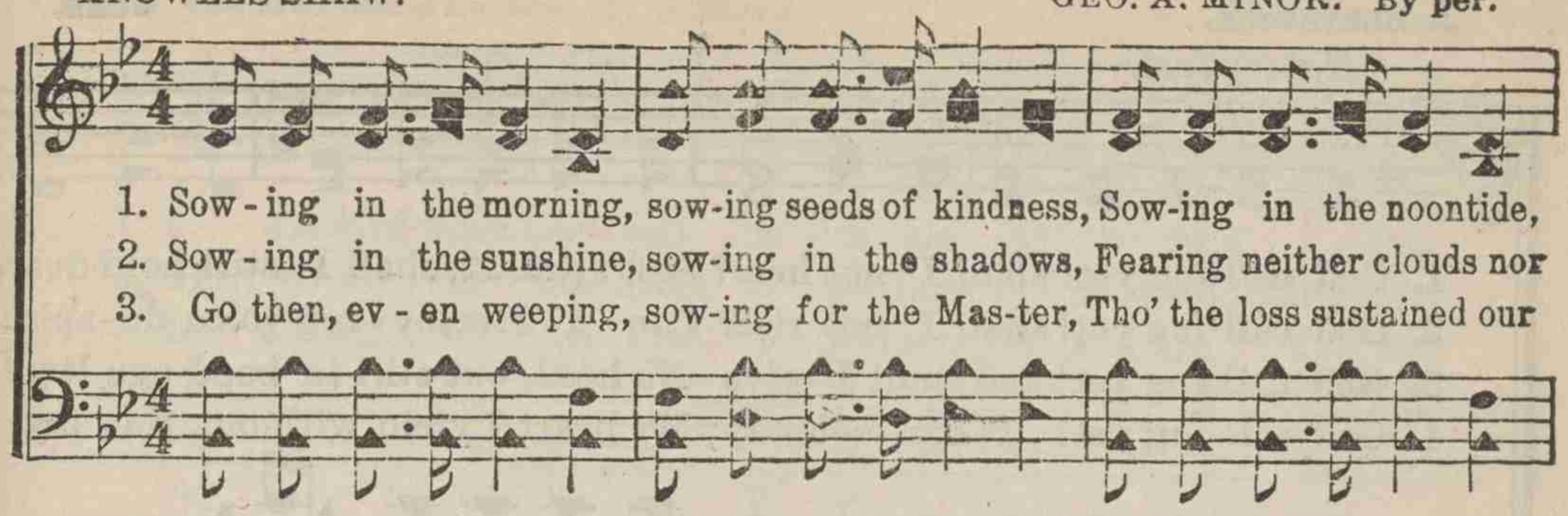
O they tell me of an un - cloud-ed day; O the land of cloud-less day,
Sheds its fragrance thro' the un - cloud-ed day; O the land of cloud-less day,
In the cit - y that is made of gold; O that land mine eyes shall see,
In that love - ly land of un - cloud-ed day; O that land of love-ly smiles,

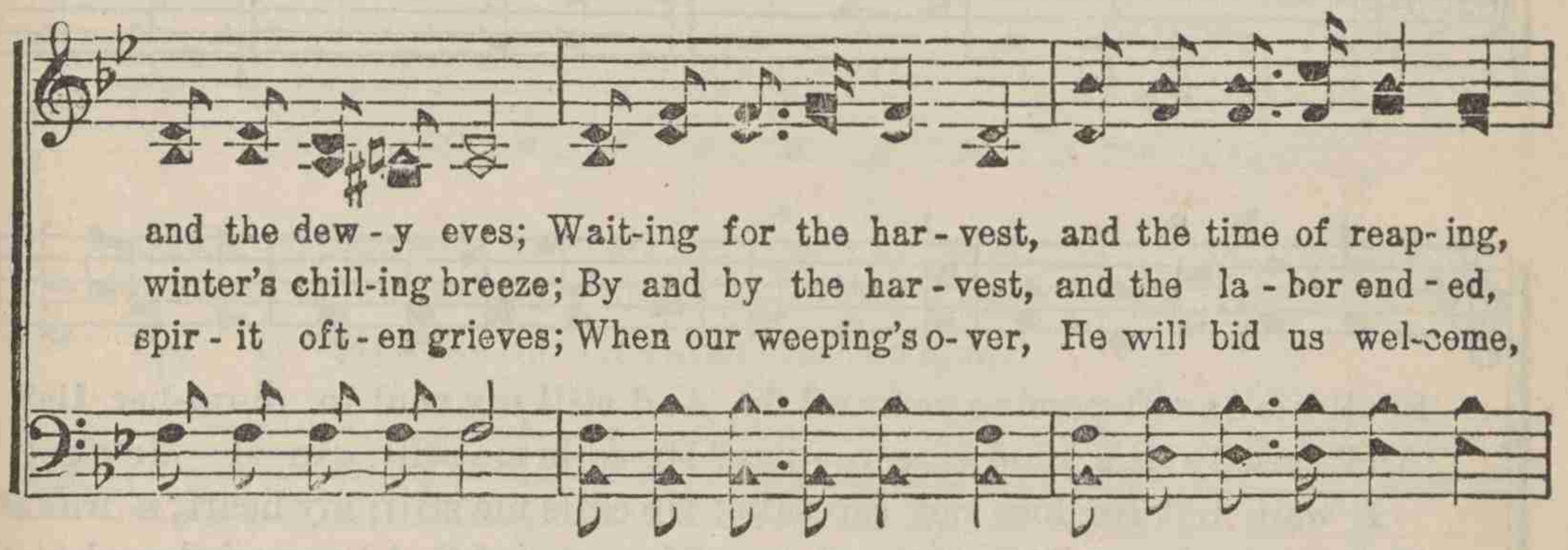
O the land of an un - cloud - ed sky; O they tell me of a
O the land of an un - cloud - ed sky; O they tell me of my
O that land of an un - cloud - ed sky; O they tell me of the
O the smiles of His love - beam - ing eye; O the King in His

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

No. 265. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEO. A. MINOR. By per.









No. 266. GOD CALLING YET.

"I have called and ye have refused."—Prov. 1: 24.

J. BORTHWICK. JOHN.

Not too fast.

1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov-ing voice de-spise,
3. God call-ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bond-age live?
4. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with-out de-lay;

Shall life's swift-passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
And base-ly His kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?
I wait, but He does not for-sake; He calls me still; my heart, a-wake!
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.

CHORUS.

God is call-ing, call-ing yet,
God is calling yet, God is calling yet; Hear His pleading voice, God is calling yet;

God is call-ing, Sinner, hear His pleading voice.
God is calling yet, God is call-ing yet.

This hymn is *free* to be used for the glory of God.

267. I Was Glad.

Children's Anthem.

2nd. and 3rd. verses by Jesse T. Williams. **G. W. Lyon.**

1. I was glad when they said un - to me, (un - to me,) I was
2. There is joy in the house of the Lord, (of the Lord,) There is
3. In the house of the Lord I will sing, (I will sing,) I will

REFRAIN.

glad when they said un - to me, (un - to me.)
won - der - ful peace in His word, (in His word.) We will go
lift up my voice in His name, (in His name.)

we will go, Will go in - to the house of the Lord, My

feet shall stand with - in Thy gates, My feet shall stand with-in Thy gates, with-

in Thy gates, Je - ru - sa - lem, O, Je - ru - sa - lem.

268. I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE.

F. R. HAVERGAL, A. J. BUCHANAN.

1. I gave My life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa-ther's house of light— My glo - ry cir - cled throne
3. I suf fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to Thee, Down from My home a - bove,

That thou might'st ransomed be, And quick - ened from the dead;
I left, for earth - ly night, For wand-'rings sad and lone;
Of bitter - est a - go - ny, To res - cue thee from hell;
Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and My love;

REFRAIN.

I gave . . . . My life . . . for thee. . . . . for thee, . . What
I left, ... it all . . . for thee, ... for thee, . . Hast
I've borne . . . . it all . . . for thee, ... for thee, . . What
I bring . . . . rich gifts . . . to thee, ... to thee, . . What

I gave, I gave My life for thee, I gave, I gave My life for thee. What
I left, I left it all for thee, I left, I left it all for thee, Hast
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What

hast . . . . thou given . . . for Me, . . . for Me? . . .
thou . . . . left aught . . . for Me, . . . for Me? . . .
hast . . . . thou borne . . . for Me, . . . ror Me? . . .
hast . . . . thou brought . . to Me, . . . to Me? . . .

hast thou given for Me, for Me? What hast thou given for Me, for Me?
thou left aught for Me, for Me? Hast thou left aught for Me, for Me?
hast thou borne for Me, for Me? What hast thou borne for Me, for Me?
hast thou brought to Me, to Me? What hast thou brought to Me, to Me?

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No. 269. Christ Arose!

R. L.

Slow.

Robert Lowry.

1. Low in the grave He lay, Je - sus, my Sav - ior! Wait-ing the com - ing day,
2. Vain - ly they watch His bed, Je - sus, my Sav - ior! Vain - ly they seal the dead.
3. Death can-not keep his prey, Je - sus, my Sav - ior! He tore the bars a - way,

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Je - sus my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, With a might - y tri-umph o'er His foes; He a - rose a vic - tor from the dark do-main. And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign, He a - rose!

He a - rose, He a - rose, He a - rose, He a - rose;

He a - rose, He a - rose, He a - rose, He a - rose!

rit.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!

No 270. Safe In the Arms of Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



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



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



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



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



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



D. C. for REFRAIN.



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



No. 271. I'M DETERMINED.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Since my sins have been for-giv'n, And I'm on my way to heav'n,
2. If at times the way seems long, I can sing the hap-py song,
3. Tho' the day be dark and drear, Yet my heart shall know no fear,
4. Soon I'll reach the pearl-y gate, Where the white-winged an-gels wait,

I'm de-ter-mined to go thro'; In this glo-rious heav'nward race,
I'm de-ter-mined to go thro'; Tho' I'm in a world of sin,
I'm de-ter-mined to go thro'; Count-ing all the world but dross,
I'm de-ter-mined to go thro'; By the shin-ing crys-tal sea,

There can be no stop-ping place, I'm de-ter-mined to go thro'.....
I the vic-to-ry can win, I'm de-ter-mined to go thro'.....
All its van-i-ties but loss, I'm de-ter-mined to go thro'.....
I shall shout the vic-to-ry, I'm de-ter-mined to go thro'.....

go thro.'

CHORUS.

I'm de-ter-mined to go thro', I'm determined to go thro'; Tho' the fight be hard and long, And the en-e-my be strong, I'm de-ter-mined to go thro' (go thro').

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

No. 272. Turned Away From the Beautiful

"But he shall say, I know you not, depart from me."—LUKE 13: 25.

D. E. D. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

1. Some one will knock at the saints' bright home, And hear the Lord saying, "You
2. Some one will be near the ransom'd throng, And wish he could join in the
3. Some one will stand with an ach - ing heart, While Je - sus pro-nounc-es the
4. Some one will lin - ger with tear - ful eyes, While Christ and His peo-ple as-
5. Some one will go in - to dark-ness drear, Far off from the Sav-iour and
6. Some one will en - ter the door of hell, And hear the sad wail-ings no

can - not come;" With sad - ness he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state;
hap - py song; With sigh - ing he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state;
word, "de - part;" With groanings he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state;
cend the skies; With weep - ing he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state;
all that's dear; With an - guish he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state;
tongue can tell; With hor - ror he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state;

REFRAIN.

Turned a - way from the beau-ti - ful gate. Turned a - way from the beau-ti - ful

gate, Turned a - way from the beau - ti - ful gate; With sad-ness he'll

mourn o'er his sor - row-ful state, Turned a - way from the beau-ti - ful gate.

No. 273. PROMISED LAND,

SAMUEL STENNET. ARR.

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. All o'er those wide ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. No chill-ing winds or poisonous breath Can reach that healthful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for - ev - er blest?

To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
There God, the Sun for - ev - er reigns, And scatters night a - way.
Sick - ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bo - som rest?

REFRAIN.

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

O, who will come and go with me, I am bound for the promised land.

274. SOME DAY.

"And they sing the song of Moses and the Lamb."—Rev. 15: 3.

E. E. REXFORD. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

DUET. Slow with expression.

1. I hear a song, a song so sweet, I try all vain-ly to re-peat,
2. Some day my journey will be done, Earth will be lost and heaven won;
3. "Some day," I say, content to wait, The op'ning of the jas-per gate,
4. When comes the time for me to go, The homeward path I may not know,

Its mel-o-dy and feel-ing say, I'll sing it if God will some day.
And when the long rough way is trod, I shall behold the face of God.
Come soon or late that day will be The dawn of end-less rest to me.
But in God's hand my own I'll lay, And He will lead me home "some day."

REFRAIN.

Some day, some hap - - py day to be, My voice will
Some hap-py day, a day to be, My
learn its mel - o - dy, And I shall
voice will learn its mel - o - dy,
sing the songs so sweet, Of rest and heav'n at Je - sus' feet.

Cres.

ritard.

275. WHERE THE SOUL NEVER DIES.

W. M. G.

Wm. M. Golden.

1. To Ca-naan's land I'm on my way, Where the soul (of man) nev - er dies;
2. A rose is bloom-ing there for me, Wh re the soul (of man) nev - er dies;
3. A love-light beams a-cross the foam, Wh e the soul (of man) nev - er dies;
4. My life will end in death-less sleep, Where the soul (of man) nev - er dies;
5. I'm on my way to that fair land, Where the soul (of man) nev - er dies;

My dark - est night will turn to day, Where the soul (of man) nev - er dies.
And I will spend e - ter - ni - ty, Where the soul (of man) nev - er dies.
It shines to light the shores of home, Where the soul (of man) nev - er dies.
And ev - er - last - ing joys I'll reap, Where the soul (of man) nev - er dies.
Where there will be no part-ing hand, And the soul (of man) nev - er dies.

REFRAIN.

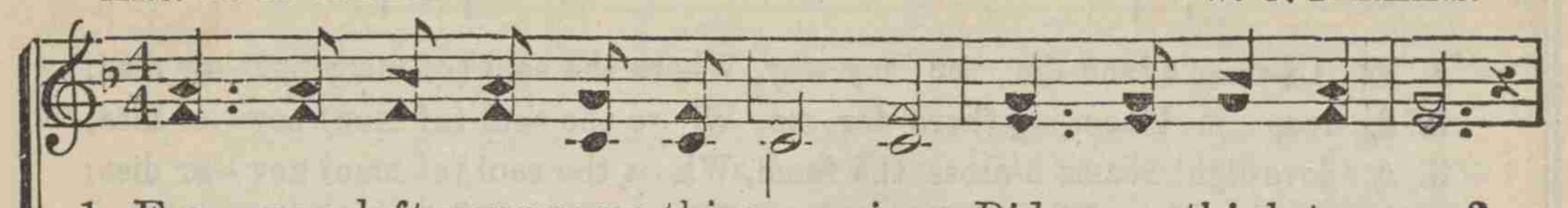
No sad fare - wells, No tear - dimmed eyes;
Dear friends, there'll be no sad fare - wells, There'll be no tear-dimmed eyes;
Where all is love, And the soul nev - er dies.
Where all is peace and joy and love, And the soul of man nev - er dies.

Copyright, 1914, by Wm. M. Golden. By per.

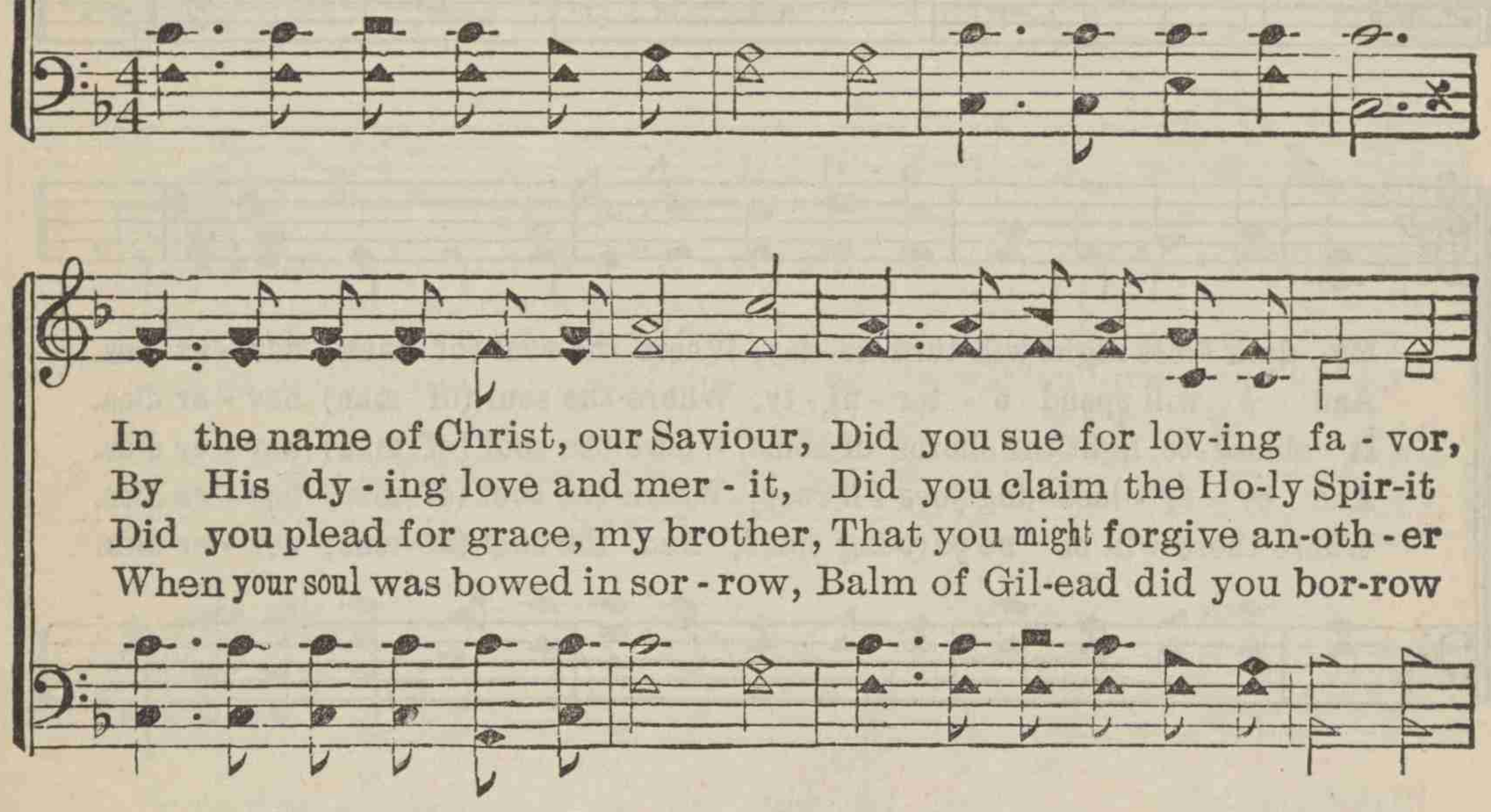
No. 276. Do You Think To Pray?

"Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."—PHIL. 4: 6.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER. W. O. PERKINS.

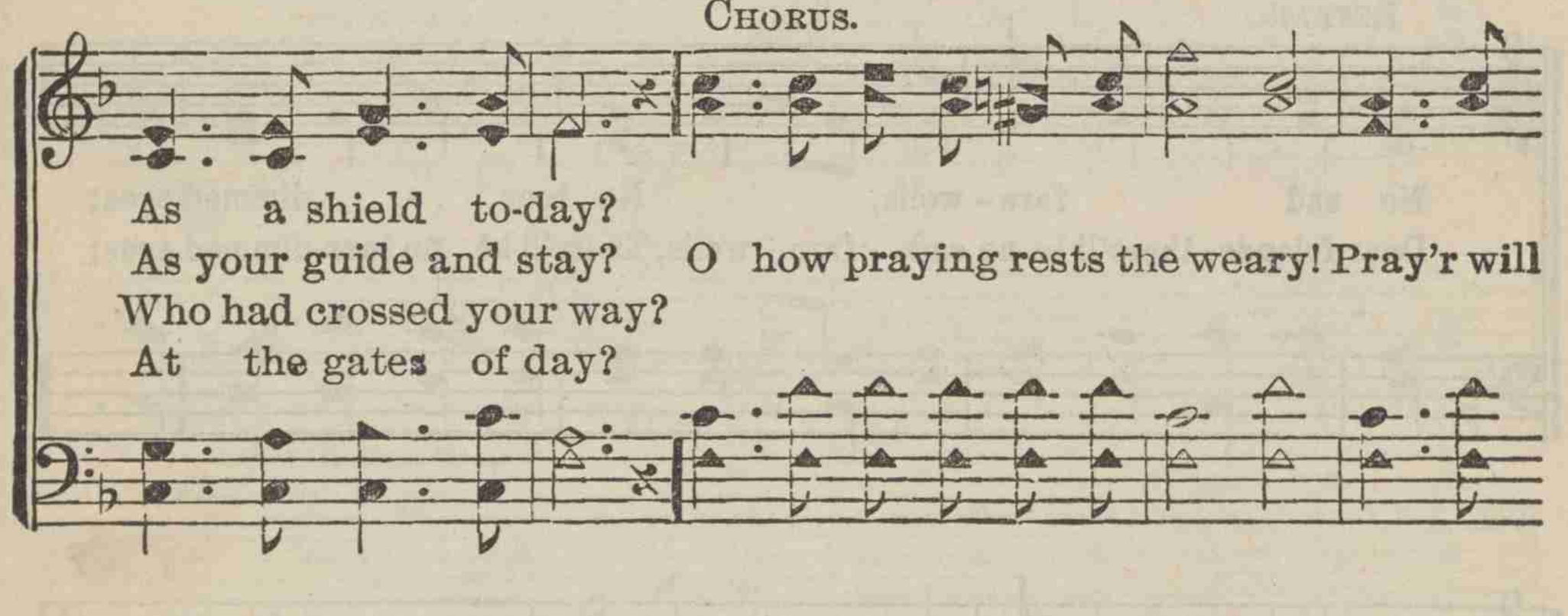


1. Ere you left your room this morn-ing, Did you think to pray?
2. When you met with great temp-ta-tion, Did you think to pray?
3. When your heart was filled with an-ger, Did you think to pray?
4. When sore tri-als came up-on you, Did you think to pray?



In the name of Christ, our Saviour, Did you sue for lov-ing fa-vor,
By His dy-ing love and mer-it, Did you claim the Ho-ly Spir-it
Did you plead for grace, my brother, That you might forgive an-oth-er
When your soul was bowed in sor-row, Balm of Gil-ead did you bor-row

CHORUS.



As a shield to-day?
As your guide and stay? O how praying rests the weary! Pray'r will
Who had crossed your way?
At the gates of day?

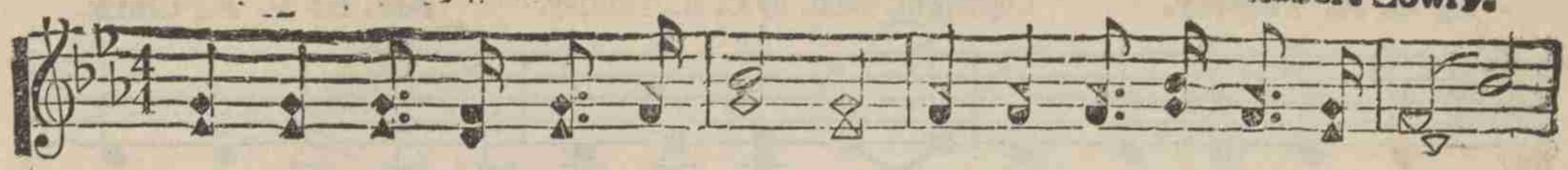


change the night to day; So, when seems life dark and dreary, Don't forget to pray.



277. Shall we Gather at the River.

Robert Lowry.



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





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



CHORUS.



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



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



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No. 278 Nothing Between.

Words and Music
by C. A. Tindley.

Copyright, 1905. by C, A. Tindley.

Arr. by F. A. Clark.

1. Noth-ing be-tween my soul and the Sav-ior, Naught of this world's de-
2. Noth-ing be-tween like world - ly pleas-ure, Hab-its of life, tho'
3. Noth-ing be-tween, like pride or sta-tion, Self or friends shall
4. Noth-ing be-tween, e'en man-y hard tri-als, Tho' the whole world a-

lu - sive dream; I have re-nounced all sin - ful pleas-ure,
harm-less they seem; Must not my heart from Him ev - er sev - er.—
not in - ter - vene, Tho' it may cost me much trib - u - la - tion,
gainst me con-vene; Watching with prayer and much self - de - ni - al, I'll

D. S.—the least of His fa - vor,

FINE. CHORUS.

Je - sus is mine, there's nothing be-tween.
He is my all, there's nothing be-tween. Nothing be-tween my soul and the
I am resolved, there's nothing be-tween.
tri-umph at last, with nothing be-tween.

Keep the way clear! Let noth-ing be-tween.

D. S.

Sav-ior, So that His bless-ed face may be seen, Noth-ing pre-vent-ing

No. 279.

All Alone.

G. T. B. R. E. WINSETT, OWNER G. T. BYRD.

1. On Mount Ol - ive's sa - cred brow Je - sus spent the night in pray'r,
2. There are days I'd like to be With the sanc - ti - fied and blest,
3. There are days to fast and pray For the pil - grim in his way,
4. When a heart is brok - en up With the bit - ter, woe - ful cup,

He's the pat-tern for us all, all a - lone, If we'll on - ly steal a - way,
There are days I like to be all a - lone, These can nev- er grace impart,
There are days to be with Christ all a - lone, We can tell Him all our grief,
Then's the time to go to Christ all a - lone, In our bless-ed Lord di- vine,

In some por-tion of the day, We will find it al-ways pays to be a - lone.
To my weary, sin-toss'd heart, There are days I'd like to be just all a - lone.
He will give us quick re-lief, There are days I'd like to be just all a - lone.
There is peace and joy sublime, When we take our sorrows all to Him a - lone.

CHORUS.

There are days I'd like to be All a - lone with Christ my Lord,

I can tell Him of my troub-les all a - lone; all a - lone.

Copyright, 1904, by G. T. Byrd. By per

280. **Sunshine in the Soul.**

E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright;
2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to the King;
3. There's spring-time in my soul to-day, For, when the Lord is near;
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love;

Than glows in an-y earth-ly skies, For Je-sus is my light.
And Je-sus, lis-ten-ing, can hear The songs I can-not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap-pear.
For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a-bove.

REFRAIN.

O there's sun - - shine, bless-ed sun - - shine,
O there's sun-shine in the soul, bless-ed sun-shine in the soul,
When the peace-ful, hap-py mo-ments roll;
hap-py mo-ments roll;
When Je-sus shows His smil-ing face, There is sun-shine in the soul.

Copyright, 1887, by Jno. R. Sweney, Used by permission of L. E. Sweney, Executrix.

No. 281. I Know That My Redeemer.

Jessie Brown Pounds. **J. H. F.**

1. I know that my Redeemer liv - eth, And on the earth .....
2. I know His promise nev-er fail - eth, The word He speaks, ...
3. I know my mansion He pre - par-eth, That where He is .....

a-gain shall stand;
it can-not die;
there I may be;

I know that eternal life He giveth That grace and
Tho' cru-el death my flesh as-sail - eth, Yet I shall
O wondrous tho't, For me He car-eth, And He at

CHORUS.

pow'r ..... are in His hand.
see ..... Him by and by.
last ..... will come to me.

I know, I know ....
And on the earth ....

that Je-sus liv - eth, } stand;
a-gain shall (*Omit.....*) }

I know, I know, ... that life He
I know, I know

rit.

giv - eth, That grace and pow'r ..... are in His hand.
That grace and pow'r are in His land.

No. 282. WORKING FOR THE CROWN.

Mrs. H. A. Mabry. H. A. R. Horton. By per.

1. Shall I be con-tent with one star in my crown, When heaven's bright
2. When, Lord, must I work? shall I go in the heat, To white and to
3. Yes, all kinds of work I will find in this field, My task then quite
4. And how shall I get these rare gems for my crown? Must I wait till

por - tals I see? The an-swer comes back Strive a clus - ter to win,
wide har-vest fields, Where work is so great and the la-b'rers so few,
plain I can see, And now hav-ing found it I'll la - bor and wait,
heav - en I gain? Yes, yes, but toil here for the Mas-ter's re-nown,

CHORUS.

And the way will be bright er for thee. Work - - ing for the
And the prom-ise a boun - ti - ful yield?
For whol-ly Thine, Lord, would I be.
Day by day for the Lamb that was slain. Work-ing for the crown, for the

crown, Work - - ing for the crown,.....
beau-ti-ful golden crown, Working for the crown, for the beau-ti - ful gold-en crown,

Work - - ing for the crown We shall wear by and by.
Working for the crown, for the beau-ti-ful gold-en crown

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No. 283. Beulah Land.

E. P. Stites. Jno. R. Sweney.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

No. 284 ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

E. A. H. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust-ing in His grace this hour?
2. Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo-ment in the Cru - ci - fied?
3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white? Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the mansions bright,
4. Lay aside the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flowing for the soul un-clean,

CHORUS.

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
O be washed in the blood of the Lamb! Are you washed
blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your
in the blood, of the Lamb?
garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

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No. 285. Passing This Way.

"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—MARK 10: 47.

Arr. by D. W. C. Arr. by D. W. CRIST.

1. Je - sus of Naz'reth to Beth-le-hem came, Heal-ing the blind, the
2. Je - sus of Naz'reth, the same as of old, When a stray sheep a -
3. Je - sus of Naz'reth, on Cal - va-ry's tree, Shed His dear blood and

sick, and the lame; O it was won-der - ful, blest be His name!
way from the fold, Gent - ly and long He hath sought for my soul;
set my soul free; O it was won-der - ful, how could it be?

CHORUS.

Still He is pass - ing by. Pass - ing this way,

pass-ing this way, Je - sus is pass-ing this way; O it was

won-der - ful, blest be His name, Still He is pass - ing by.

286.

THE KINGDOM COMING.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh, by per.

1. From all the dark pla - ces Of earth's hea-then ra - ces, Oh,
2. The sun - light is glanc - ing O'er ar - mies ad-vanc - ing, To
3. With shout - ing and sing - ing, And ju - bi - lant ring - ing, Their

see how the thick shad-ows fly! The voice of sal - va - tion A -
con-quer the kingdoms of sin; Our Lord shall pos-sess them, His
arms of re - bell - ion cast down, At last ev - 'ry na - tion, The

D.S.—The earth shall be full of His

wakes ev - 'ry na - tion, Come o - ver and help us, they cry.
pres - ence shall bless them, His beau - ty shall en - ter them in.
Lord of sal - va - tion Their King and Re-deem - er shall crown!

knowl-edge and glo - ry, As wa - ters that cov - er the sea.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

The kingdom is coming, Oh, tell ye the story, God's banner exalted shall be!

287.

Sunlight.

W. S. WEEDEN.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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288. Lead Me, Savior

F. M. D. Frank M. Davis

With expression

1. Saviour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent-ly lead me all the
2. Thou, the refuge of my soul When life's stormy billows
3. Saviour, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is

1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent - ly

way; I am safe when by Thy side,
roll; I am safe when Thou art nigh,
past, To the land of endless day,

lead me all the way; I am safe when by Thy side,

CHORUS.

I would in Thy love a - bide.
All my hopes on Thee re - ly.
Where all tears are wiped a - way.

Lead me, lead me,

I would in Thy love abide.

Sav- iour, lead me, lest I stray; . . . Gently down the stream of
lest I stray;

Rit. e dim.

time, (stream of time,) Lead me, Sav- iour, all the way. (all the way.)

From "Carols of Joy," by per.

No. 289. I AM THINE, O LORD.

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

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
2. Con - se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead - fast hope,
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour, That be - fore Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God,
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know, Till I cross the nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I may not reach,

CHORUS.

And be clos - er drawn to Thee. Draw me near - er, near - er, near - er, near - er, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near-er, near - er, near - er, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleed-ing side.
And my will be lost in Thine.
I com-mune as friend with friend.
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

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200.

The Eastern Gate.

Dedicated to Rev. P. F. Bresee, Los Angeles, Cal.

I. G. M. Arr. I. G. Martin.

1. I will meet you in the morn-ing, Just in-side the Eastern Gate,
2. If you has-ten off to glo - ry, Lin-ger near the Eastern Gate,
3. Keep your lamps all trimmed and burning, For the Bridegroom watch and wait,
4. O the joys of that glad meeting With the saints who for us wait,

Then be read-y, faith-ful pil - grim, Lest with you it be too late.
For I'm coming in the morn-ing, So you'll not have long to wait.
He'll be with us at the meet-ing, Just in-side the East - ern Gate.
What a blessed, hap-py meet-ing, Just inside the the Eastern Gate.

CHORUS.

I will meet you in the morning, I will meet you in the morning, Just in-side the Eastern Gate o-ver there; I will meet you in the morning, I will meet you in the morning, I will meet you in the morning, I will meet you in the morning o-ver there.

Copyright, 1905, by I. G. Martin. Used by per.

291. Standing On the Promises.

R. K. C.

R. Kelso Carter.

1. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal a-ges let His prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
2. Standing on the prom-is-es that can-not fail, When the howl-ing storms of doubt and fear as-sail; By the liv-ing Word of God, I shall pre-vail,
3. Standing on the prom-is-es, I now can see Per-fect, pres-ent cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the lib-er-ty where Christ makes free,
4. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-ter-nal-ly by love's strong cord; O-ver-com-ing dai-ly with the Spir-it's sword,
5. Standing on the prom-is-es I can-not fall, Lis-t'ning ev-'ry mo-ment to the Spir-it's call; Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,

CHORUS.

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

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292. AT THE CROSS.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isa 45 : 22.

Copyright, 1895, by R. E. Hudson.

I. WATTS. R. E. HUDSON, by per.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
Would He de-vote that sa - cred head, For such a worm as I?

2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groan'd up - on the tree?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!

3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
When Christ, the mighty Mak - er, died For man the creature's sin.

4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face While His dear cross ap - pears,
Dis - solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.

5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do.

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

It was there by faith rolled a-way,

293. I Must Tell Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO.

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these bur-dens a - lone;
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub-les; He is a kind, com- pas-sion-ate Friend;
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my bur-dens to bear;
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is tempted to sin!

In my dis-tress He kind-ly will help me;
If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

D. S.—*I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus!*

FINE. CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
Make of my troub-les quick-ly an end.
He all my cares and sor-rows will share.
O - ver the world the vic-t'ry to win.

I must tell Je - sus!

Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

D. S.

I must tell Je - sus! I can-not bear my bur-dens a - lone;

No. 294. Christ Is All.

Mrs. C. D. Martin.

Arranged by
W. S. Martin.

1. Je - sus Thou art all in all, All I need in Thee I find,
2. Je - sus Thou art all in all, All the heart of God doth crave,
3. Je - sus Thou art all in all, Who have I in heav'n but Thee?

Thou art med - i - cine and food, For the heart and for the mind;
Hav - ing Thee what can I need, Hav - ing Thee all things I have;
Thou art He who Was and Is, And the One who is to be;

Thou art all and all O - me - ga, Thou art first and Thou art last,
Won - der - ful Thy name and Counsellor - Might - y God and "Prince of Peace"
Bless - ed song Thy saints shall sing, When they see Thee face to face,

O, how safe, how sure, how hap - py, When on Thee my - self I cast.
All thro'-out the end - less a - ges, Praise to Thee shall nev - er cease.
By Thy blood Thou hast redeemed us, Thou hast saved us by Thy grace.

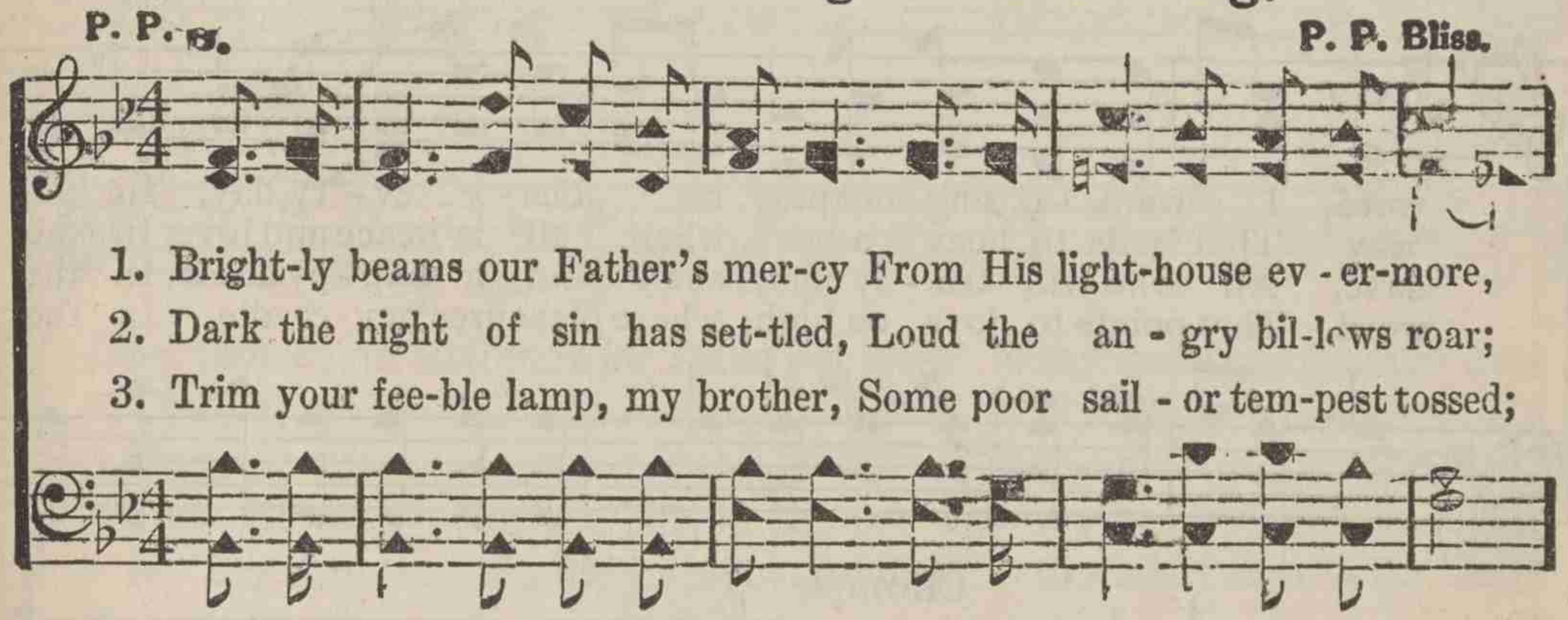
REFRAIN.

Christ is all, Christ is all, Christ my Lord is all in all.
Christ is all and all, Christ is all and all,

Copyright, 1921, in "Devotional Praise," by W. S. Martin.



295. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.



No. 296. I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

Words and Music by I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord, I want to love and trust His ho-ly word, I want to sing and pray, be bus - y ev - 'ry day, In the vineyard of the Lord. I will work, I will pray, In the
2. I want to be a work-er ev - 'ry day, I want to lead the err-ing in the way That leads to heav'n a-bove, where all is peace and love, In the kingdom of the Lord.
3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in Jesus' pow'r to save, All who will tru - ly come, shall find a hap - py home, In the kingdom of the Lord.
4. I want to be a worker, help, me, Lord, To lead the lost and erring to thy word, That points to joys on high, where pleasures nev - er die, In the kingdom of the Lord.

CHORUS.

I will work and pray, I will work and pray,
vine - yard, in the vine - yard of the Lord, (of the Lord,) I will work, I will pray, I will la - bor ev - 'ry day In the vine-yard of the Lord.

No.297 **Is Thy Heart Right with God?**

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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No. 298. Sin Can Never Enter There.

REV. 21: 27.

C. W. Naylor. B. E. Warren.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

judment bar, Sin-ful spot your soul shall mar, *You* can nev-er en - ter there.

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No. 299. Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane,



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





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



CHORUS.



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





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

Copyright, 1899, by W. H. Doane.

300. WONDERFUL STORY OF LOVE.

REV. J. M. DRIVER, by per.

1. Won-der-ful sto - ry of love! Tell it to me a - gain; Won-der-ful
2. Won-der-ful sto - ry of love! Tho' you are far a - way; Won-der-ful
3. Won-der-ful sto - ry of love! Je - sus pro-vides a rest; Won-der-ful

sto - ry of love! Wake the Im-mor - tal strain! An-gels with rapture an-
sto - ry of love! Still He doth call to - day; Call-ing from Cal-va - ry's
sto - ry of love! For all the pure and blest; Rest in those mansions a-

nounce it, Shepherds with wonder re-ceive it: Sin - ner, oh! won't you believe it?
mountain, Down from the crystal bright fountain, E'en from the dawn of cre-a - tion,
bove us, With those who've gone on before us, Sing-ing the rapt-u - rous cho-rus,

CHORUS.

Won-der-ful sto - ry of love! Won - der - ful! Won-
Won-der-ful sto-ry of love! Won-der-ful

der - ful! Won - der - ful! Wonderful sto - ry of love!
sto-ry of love! Wonderful story of love!

No. 301. When We All Get to Heaven

E. E. HEWITT

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MRS. J. G. WILSON

1. Sing the wondrous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer - cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil-grim path-way, Clouds will o - ver - spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faith-ful, Trust-ing, serv - ing ev - 'ry day;
4. On - ward to the prize be - fore us! Soon His beau - ty we'll be - hold;

In the mansions, bright and blessed, He'll prepare for us a place.
But when trav'ling days are o - ver Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo-ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
Soon the pearl-y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.

for ns a place.

CHORUS.

When we all get to heav - en, What a day of re-
When we all What a

joic-ing that will be! When we all see
day of re - joic - ing that will be! Wben we all

Je - sus, We'll sing [and shout the vic - to - ry.
and shout the vic - to - ry.

NO. 302.

THE WONDERFUL DAY.

J. B. V.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. The won - der - ful day of judg-ment is com-ing, And we shall soon hear the call;..... 'Tis com - ing to
2. Poor sin - ner, be - lieve, the judg-ment is com-ing, O where will you stand that day?..... The right - eous will
3. The dead in their graves will come forth to meet it, All na - tions will hear the call..... That speaks in loud

you, and 'tis com-ing to me, That day is com-ing to all.
hear, "Come, ye blessed of mine," The lost be driv-en a - way.
tones time on earth is no more, That day is com-ing to all.

CHORUS.

O that wonderful, wonderful day,..... O that it's coming, coming soon,
wonderful, wonderful day,..... It's coming to you, it's it's coming, coming soon;
coming to me, That day is com-ing to all..... yes, coming, coming to all.

From "Windows of Heaven." By per. of J. B. Vaughan.

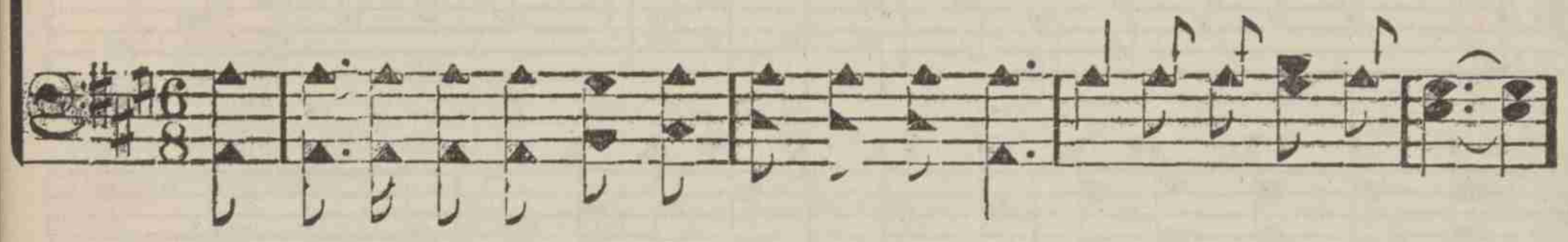
No. 303. Just the Dear Savior You Need.

J. M. Henson, owner.

James Rowe. J. M. Henson.



1. I have a dear Sav-ior a won-der-ful friend, Just the Sav-ior you need;
2. True peace and sal-va-tion He of - fers to-day, Just the Sav-ior you need;
3. Oh, seek not an oth-er, for Christ is the One, Just the Sav-ior you need;
4. Come, ask Him to help you, He sure-ly will hear, Just the Sav-ior yon need;





True comfort and par - don He's read - y to lend, Just the Sav-ior you need.
And all your great bur-den He'll ban-ish a way, Just the Sav-ior you need.
For ev-'ry poor sin-ner so much He has done, Just the Sav-ior you need.
Come, now, let Him save you and fill you with cheer, Just the Sav-ior you need.



REFRAIN.



Just the Sav - ior you need is He, Kind and faith-ful in - deed;..... I

in - deed;



have a Sav-ior most pre-cious to me, Just the Sav - ior you need.



No. 304. The Coming King.

(To my friend and teacher, Prof. A. J. Showalter.)

R. E. W. R. E. WINSETT.

With vigor.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, all ye Zi-on's host, Sound the a-larm o'er ev-'ry
2. Send out the message o-ver land and sea, Let all the earth take up the
3. O then prepare to meet the com-ing King! Washed in His blood with garments

hill and plain, Till all na-tions the warning message shall have heard That
glad re-frain, Soon His glo-ry transcen-dent ev-'ry eye shall see, When
pure and white, For a crown of re-joic-ing He will with Him bring For

REFRAIN.

Je-sus is com-ing a-gain! He's com - - ing a-gain, O
Je-sus to earth comes a-gain.
all who have fought the good fight. com-ing a-gain, com-ing a-gain, O

Zi - - on's glo-rious King! He's com - - ing a-
Zi-on's glorious King, our glorious King, glorious King! Com-ing to reign,

gain, And re-ward for our la-bor He'll bring.
com-ing a-gain,

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No. 305. To the Work.

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

1. To the work! to the work! we are servants of God, Let us fol-low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the balm of His coun - sel our
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun-gry be fed; To the fountain of Life let the wea - ry be fed; In the cross and its ban - ner our
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all, For the kingdom of dark-ness and er - ror shall fall; And the name of Je - ho - vah ex-
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a robe and a crown shall our la - bor re-ward; When the home of the faith - ful our

strength to renew, Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.
glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the ti-dings, "Sal-va - tion is free!"
alt - ed shall be, In the loud swelling cho- rus, "Sal-va - tion is free!"
dwelling shall be, And we shout with the ransom'd "Sal-va - tion is free!"

REFRAIN.

Toiling on, Toiling on, Toiling on, Toiling on,
Toiling on, Toiling on, Toiling on, Toiling on,

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

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No. 306. Wandering Child, Come Home.

J. L. M. J. L. MOORE.

Good as a solo.

1. Hark! Hear the sweet words your Father is say-ing, Oh, wan-der-ing
2. You've gone far a - way in darkness and danger, Oh, wan-der-ing
3. The feast is prepared, the robe is now read-y, Oh, wan-der-ing

child, come home! There's room in my house for all of the straying, Oh,
child, come home! Oh, come back to-day, you'll soon die of hun-ger, Oh,
child, come home! Why feed with the swine? your Father has plenty, And

REFRAIN.

wan-der-ing child, come home! Come home, come home,
wan-der-ing child, come home!
bids you to - day, come home! Come home, my child, come home, come home,

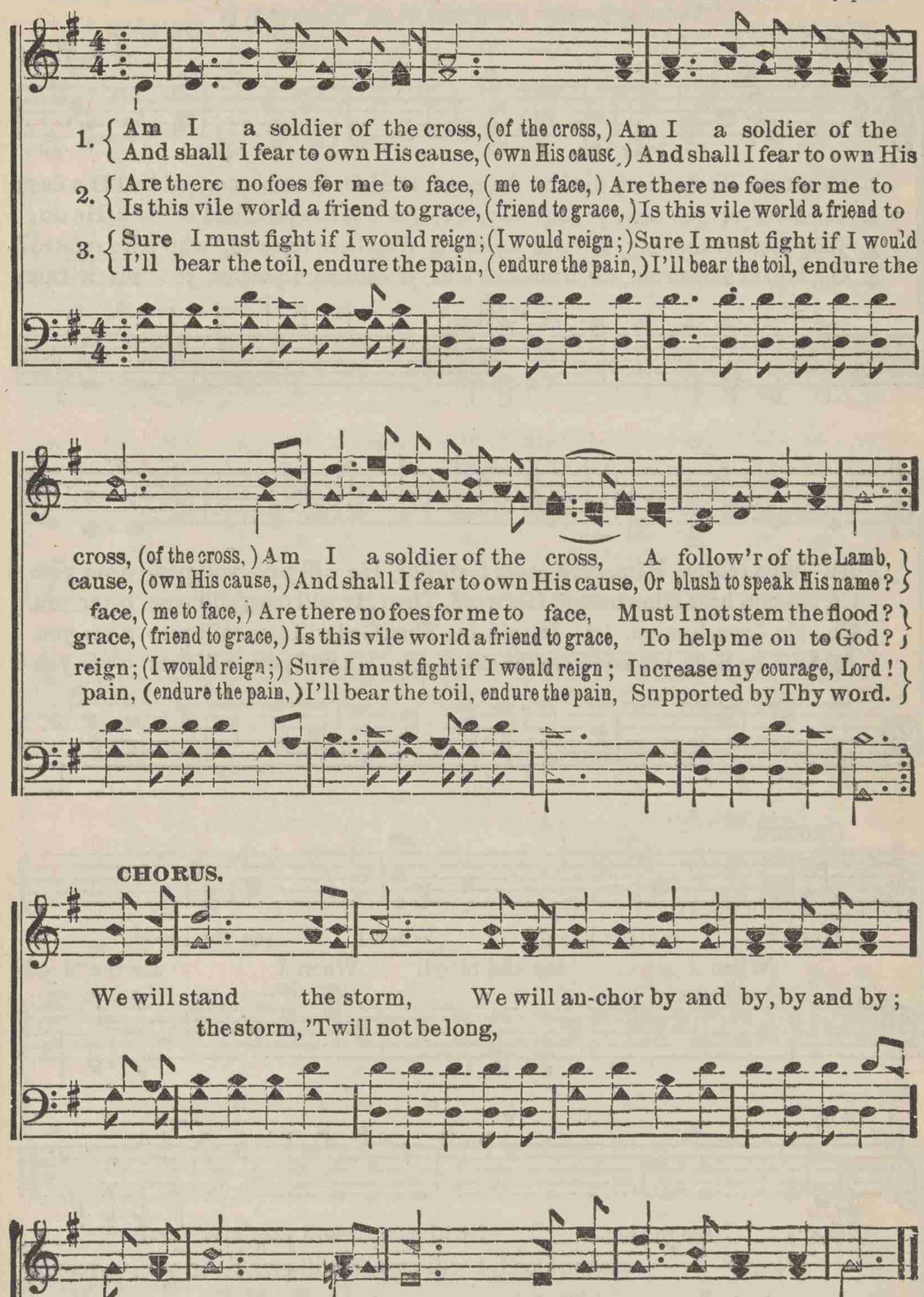
Oh, wand'ring child, come home! Your Fa - ther is wait-ing, yes,

anx - ious-ly wait - ing, Oh, wan - der-ing child, come home!
come home!

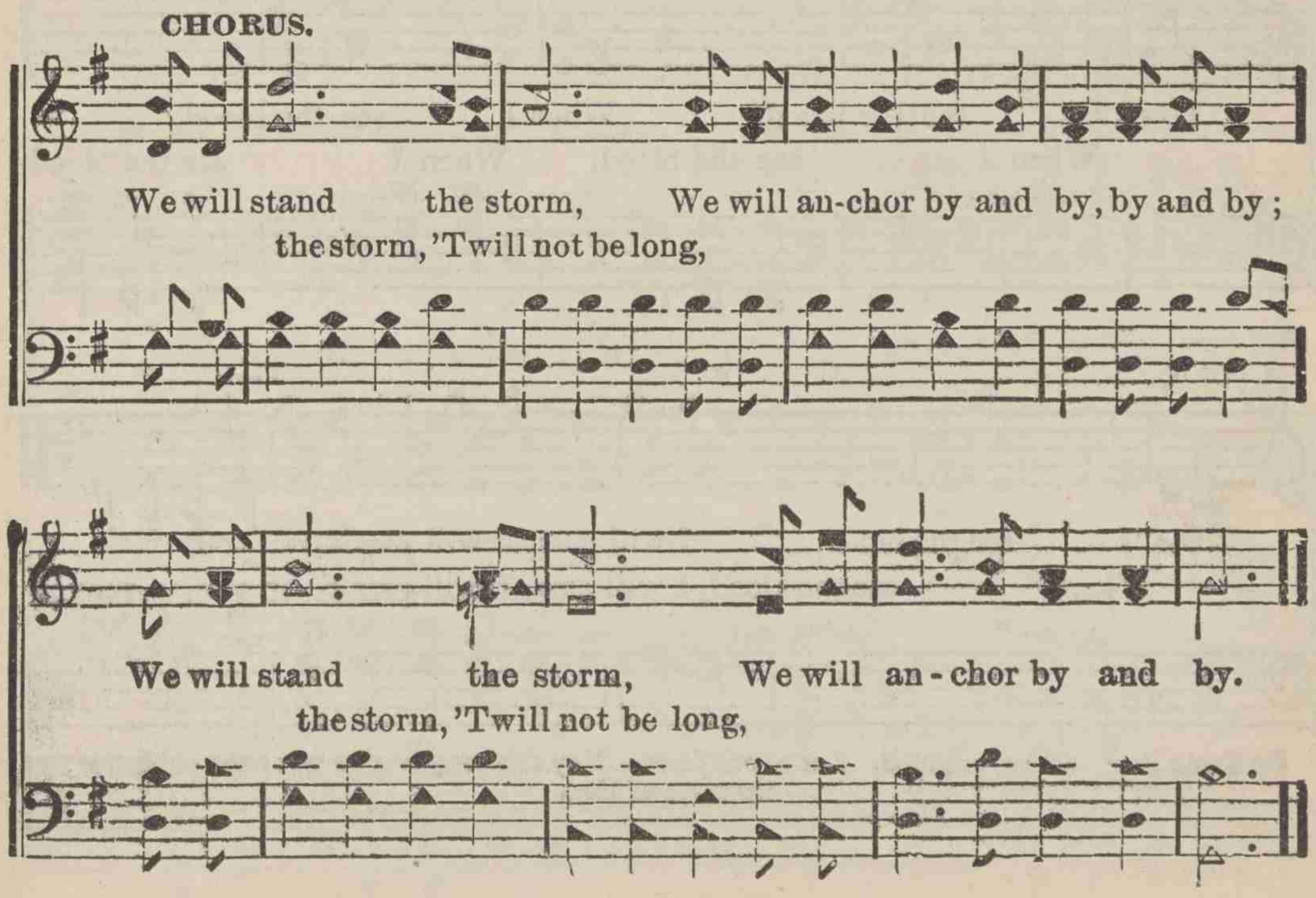
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307. WE WILL STAND THE STORM.

ISAAC WATTS. T. C. O'KANE. By per.



CHORUS.



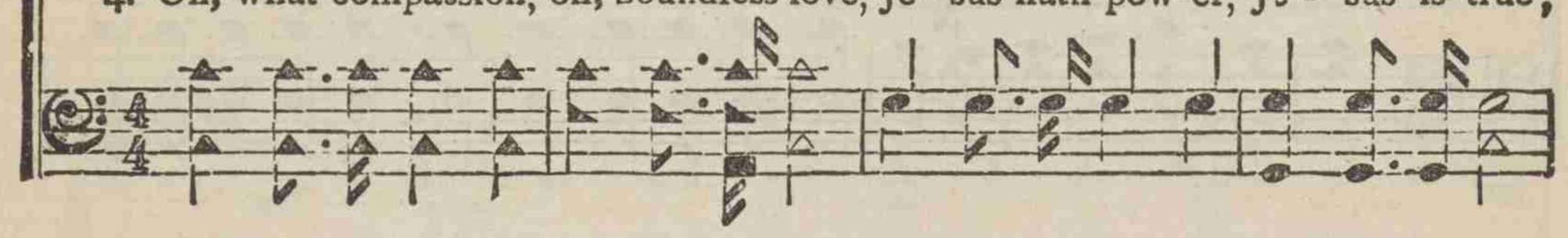
308. When I See the Blood.

"When I see the blood I will pass over you."—Ex. 12: 23.
"Christ our passover is sacrificed for us."—1 Cor 5: 7.

JOHN. J. G. P.



1. Christ our Re-deem-er, died on the cross, Died for the sin - ner, paid all His due;
2. Chief-est of sin - ners, Je - sus can save, As He has promised so will He do;
3. Judg-ment is com-ing, all will be there, Who have rejected, who have refused?
4. Oh, what compassion, oh, boundless love, Je - sus hath pow-er, Je - sus is true;

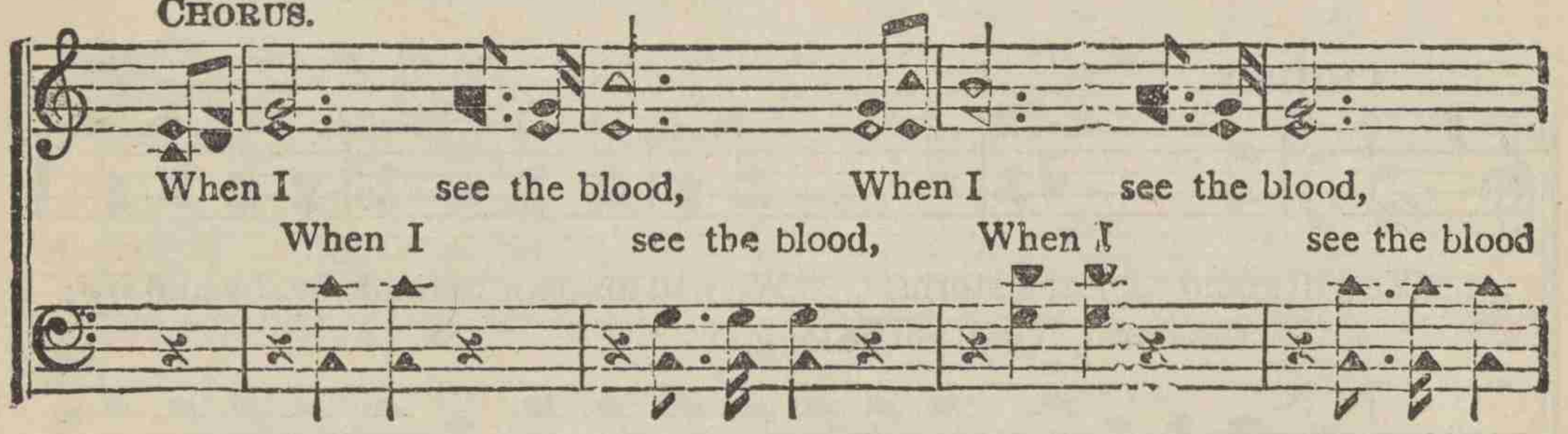




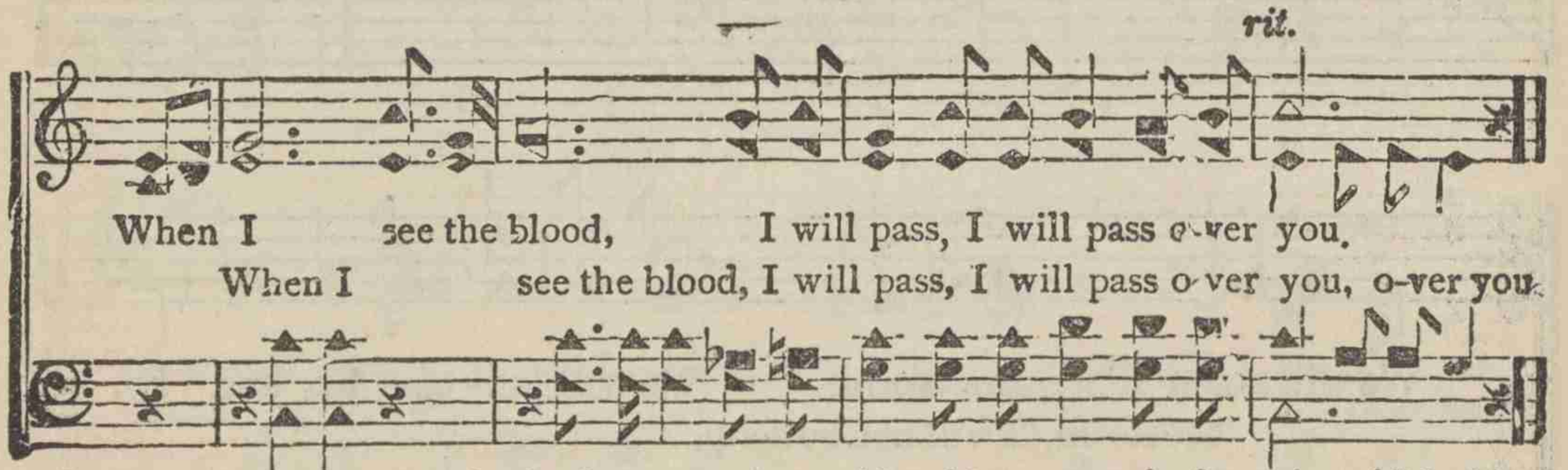
All who receive Him, need never fear, For, He will pass, will pass o-ver you.
Oh, sin-ner, hear Him, trust in His word, Then He will pass, will pass o-ver you.
Oh, sin - ner, hast-en, let Je - sus in, Then God will pass, will pass o-ver you.
All who be-lieve, are safe from the storm, Oh, He will pass, will pass o-ver you



Chorus.



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



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

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

No. 309 Remember.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FINE. CHORUS.

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

member dark Cal-va-ry. (dark Cal-va-ry.)

D. S.

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

No. 310 We've a Story to Tell to the Nations

Colin Sterne **H. Ernest Nichol**

Voices in Unison

1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall turn their
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall lift their
3. We've a mes-sage to give to the na - tions, That the Lord who
4. We're a Sav - ior to show to the na - tions, Who the path of

hearts to the right, A sto - ry of truth and sweet - ness, A
hearts to the Lord; A song that shall con - quer e - vil And
reign - eth a - bove, Hath sent us His Son to save us, And
sor - row has trod, That all of the world's great peo - ple Might

sto - ry of peace and light, A sto - ry of peace and light.
shat - ter the spear and sword, And shat - ter the spear and sword.
show us that God is love, And show us that God is love.
come to the truth of God. Might come to the truth of God.

CHORUS

For the darkness shall turn to dawn-ing, And the dawning to noon-day bright,

And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth, The king-dom of love and light.

No. 311. In the Great Triumphant Morning.

R. E. W. R. E. WINSETT.

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

dead..... in Chist shall rise, We'll be changed to life im-
When the Lord descends in
We'll be crowned with life im-

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

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

And meet Je-sus in the skies, up

REFRAIN.

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

1 2

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

dead shall rise

No. 312. I Will Trade the Old Cross For a Crown

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. R. E. Winsett, Owner J. M. Henson



1. I shall not bear the cross thro' yon cit - y When the bur-dens of life
2. Tho' the cross of-ten-times has been heav-y And oft, for - tune on me
3. Oft, my bark has been tossed on life's bil-lows And each wave tried my ves-
4. Ev-'ry cross that I bear for my Sav-ior Will at last, when He calls



are laid down, When I knock on the por - tals of heav - en I will trade the old
seems to frown But how hap-py I'll be o - ver yon-der When I trade the old
sel to drown But no storm-cloud can harm me for - ev - er When I trade the old
be laid down And my sor-rows will all be for-got-ten When I trade the old



REFRAIN.



cross for a crown. Yes, I'll trade the old cross for a crown When the
for a crown



bur-dens of life are laid down; When the pearl gates for me shall swing
are laid down;



o - pen..... I will trade the old cross for a crown.
shall swing o-pen, for a crown.

No. 313. Joy Unspeakable.

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B. E. W. 1 Pet. 1: 8. B. E. WARREN.

Lively.

1. I have found His grace is all complete, He sup - pli - eth ev - 'ry need;
2. I have found the pleasure I once craved, It is joy and peace with - in;
3. I have found that hope so bright and clear, Liv- ing in the realm of grace;
4. I have found the joy no tongue can tell, How its waves of glo - ry roll!

While I sit and learn at Je - sus' feet, I am free, yes, free in - deed....
What a wondrous blessing! I am saved From the aw-ful gulf of sin....
Oh, the Saviour's presence is so near, I can see His smil-ing face....
It is like a great o'er-flow-ing well, Springing up with-in my soul....

CHORUS.

It is joy un - speak - a - ble and full of glo - ry, Full of

glo - ry, full of glo - ry; It is joy un - speak - a - ble and

full of glo - ry, Oh, the half has nev - er yet been told.

No. 314 No Room.

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James Rowe. J. M. Henson

1. You al - ways have room in your sin - lov - ing heart For pleasures that stain and de - base; But still in your life Christ is tak - ing no part—No
2. You al - ways have room for both en - vy and greed, And dreams of po- si - tion and pow'r; But none for the Sav-ior, the friend that you need,—Not
3. The things that you love all are pass - ing a - way, The risk you are run - ning is great! For, when you have room for the Sav-ior, some day, O

REFRAIN

room for the Giv - er of grace. No room no room,
e - ven for one lit - tle hour.
soul, you may find it too late! No room, for Him.

As you the world go through! Some day you may come to the por - tal of home And find there's no room for you!

315. Take Jesus Along.

James Rowe.

Homer F. Morris.

1 If du - ty should call you a - way from your home, Take Je - sus a - long,
2. On bus-'ness or pleas-ure, it mat - ters not which, Take Je - sus a - long,
3. Where-ev-er you go, e - ven in - to the vale, Take Je - sus a - long,

take Je - sus a - long; When-ev - er, where-ev - er in life you may roam,
take Je - sus a - long; His love will pro - tect you, up - hold and en - rich,
take Je - sus a - long; And then o - ver all you shall sure - ly pre - vail,

REFRAIN.

Take Je - sus your friend a - long, Take Je - sus a - long to

shield you, To give to your heart a song; Where - ev - er you go,

to be safe from the foe, Take Je - sus your friend a - long.

Property of H. E. Morris., Atlanta, Ga.

No. 316 I'll Be There Anyway.

Suggested by a testimony giv-en by sister Eula Kopp, Fairview, Kan.

HERBERT BUFFUM. (Owned by R. E. Winsett, R. E. WINSETT.

1. I hope to live till Je-sus comes Back to this earth a-gain, And catch-es up His chos-en Bride A thousand years ro reign; But should I die be-
2. It may be at the midnight hour, The still hush of the night, While we so sound-ly sleep in peace, There bursts the warning light; It may be in the
3. Some say 'tis all an i - dle dream, Some vain de-lu-sion rare, To look for Je - sus soon to come, They say 'tis Sa-tan's snare, The Bi - ble said these
4. So farewell friends if we should part On earth to meet no more, I'll meet you in the skies some day, When earthly tri'ls are o'er, And should I die be-

fore that time, I know the emp - ty clay Shall be caught up to meet the Lord,
ear - ly morn, Or at the bright mid-day, But tho' at morning noon and night
scof-fers would These ver-y same things say, No matter what the world declares
fore that time, And you're a-live that day, Just look for me for I in-tend

REFRIAN

And I'll be there an-y way.
I'll be there an-y way.
I'll be there an-y way!
To be there an-y way!

O! praise the Lord for this great hope, That cheers me day by day, For if I'm not caught up a-live I'll be there an - y way.

No. 317. THE HOUSE UPON A ROCK.

ORLANDO.

2d and 3d verses by W. H. MORRIS. W. H. MORRIS. By per.



Copyright by W. H. Morris, Butler, Mo.

No. 318. Give of Your Best to the Master.

H. B. G. Mrs. Charles Barnard.

1. Give of your best to the Mas-ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Mas-ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Mas-ter;Naught else is wor - thy His love;

REF.—Give of your best to the Mas-ter; Give of the strength of your youth;

FINE.

Throw your soul's fresh glowing ar - dor In - to the bat - tle for truth.
Give Him first place in your ser-vice, Con-se-crate ev - 'ry part.
He gave Him-self for your ran-som, Gave up His glo - ry a - bove.

Clad in sal-va-tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat - tle for truth.

Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple, Dauntless was He,young and brave;
Give,and to you shall be giv - en. God His be - lov - ed Son gave;
Laid down His life without mur-mur,You from sin's ru - in to save;

rall. D. C.

Give Him your loy - al de - vo - tion,Give Him the best that you have.
Grate - ful - ly seek-ing to serve Him,Give Him the best that you have.
Give Him your heart's ad-o - ra - tion,Give Him the best that you have.

No. 319. I've Had a Glimpse of Jesus,

Mrs. C. D. Martin. **Homer F. Morris.**

1. I would not go back to the old sin - ful life, For I've had a
2. I would not go back to the life of a slave, For I've had a
3. I would not go back to a life with - out God For I've had a
4. I mean to press on in His fel - low - ship sweet, For I've had a

glimpse of Je - sus; And He has redeemed me from bond-age and strife, O,
glimpse of Je - sus; My sins, tho' so man - y, God free - ly for-gave, When
glimpse of Je - sus; The Fa - ther I saw in the face of my Lord When
glimpse of Je - sus; The sheaves I may glean I will lay at His feet In

REFRAIN.

I've had a glimpse of Je - sus.
I've had a glimpse of Je - sus.
I've had a glimpse of Je - sus.
glo - ry when I see Je - sus.

One glimpse of Je - sus the

Lord, One look, O, glo - ry to God! My heart was made
lov - ing Lord, praise God!

clean thro' the pre - cious blood When I had a glimpse of Je - sus.

Copyright, 1921. by H. F. Morris., in "Devotional Praise."

No. 320. IT IS TRULY WONDERFUL.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

It is tru-ly won-der-ful What the Lord has done! It is

tru-ly won-der-ful! It is tru-ly won-der-ful! It is

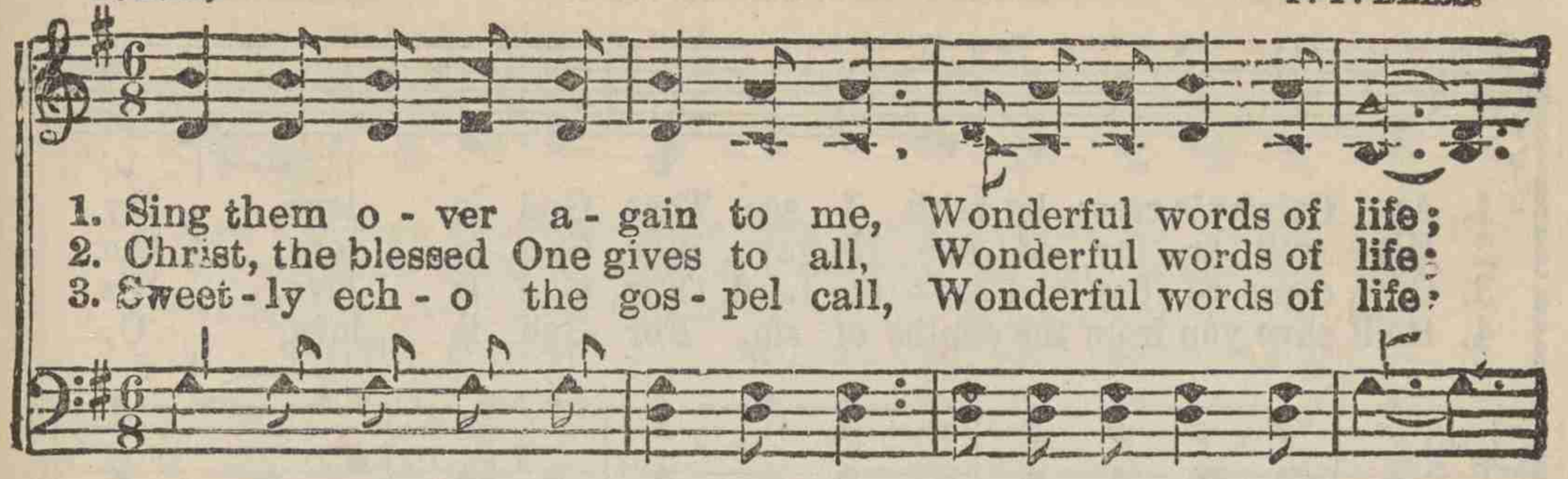
tru-ly won-der-ful What the Lord has done! Glo-ry to His name.

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No. 321. WONDERFUL WORDS OF LIFE.

"The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, they are life."—JOHN 6: 63.

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









322. God Is Love.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. **D. Ward Milam.**

1. At Calv'ry's cross, by faith I see, That God is love, My
2. His well be - lov - ed Son He gave, For God is love, Our
3. O, come to - day and seek the Lord, For God is love, His
4. He'll save you from the depths of sin, For God is love, O,

is love,

Sav - ior shed His blood for me, For God is love.
wand-'ring souls to seek and save, For God is love.
Word will cheer and peace af - ford, For God is love.
come and life e - ter - nal win, For God is love. (is love.)

CHORUS.

For God is love,..... For God is love,..... His
won - der - ful love, won - der - ful love,

on - ly Son He gave for me, Up - on the cross of Cal - va - ry; How

won - der-ful, how mar-vel-ous, To know that God is love.

NO. 323 DEATH IS ONLY A DREAM.

REV. C. W. RAY. Music and Chorus by A. J. BUCHANAN.

Effective as a Solo.

1. Sad - ly we sing and with trem-u-lous breath, As we stand by the mys - tic - al stream, In the val - ley and by the dark riv - er of death, And yet 'tis no more than a dream.
2. Why should we weep when the weary ones rest, In the bos - om of Je - sus su - preme, In the man-sions of glo - ry pre- pared for the blest? For death is no more than a dream.
3. Naught in the riv - er the saints should appall, Tho' it fright-ful - ly dis - mal may seem, In the arms of their Sav - iour no ill can be - fall, They find it no more than a dream.
4. O - ver the tur - bid and on-rush-ing tide, Doth the light of e- ter - ni - ty gleam; And the ran-somed the dark-ness and storm shall out-ride, To wake with glad smiles from their dream.

CHORUS.

On - ly a dream, on - ly a dream Of glo-ry beyond the dark stream, How peaceful the slumber, How happy the waking, For death is on-ly a dream.

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324 For God So Loved the World.

E. E. Hewitt. D. Ward Milam.

1. For God so loved the world He gave His on - ly Son To res-cue guilt-y souls,
2. If God so loved the world Then let our hearts expand That we may seek the lost
3. Since God so loved the world We'll love our neighbor, too, And comfort burdened hearts

His ho - ly will be done, And let us spread a-broad This message from a - bove,
In ev - 'ry distant land; At home and far a-broad We'll ring the gos-pel bell,
With con - so-la-tion true; Our Je-sus lives to save Each child of earth to - day,

CHORUS.

That sinners ev'rywhere May know redeeming love.
The sto-ry of the cross Re-joic-ing now to tell.
Let us to ev-'ry shore The blessed truth convey.

For God so loved the world

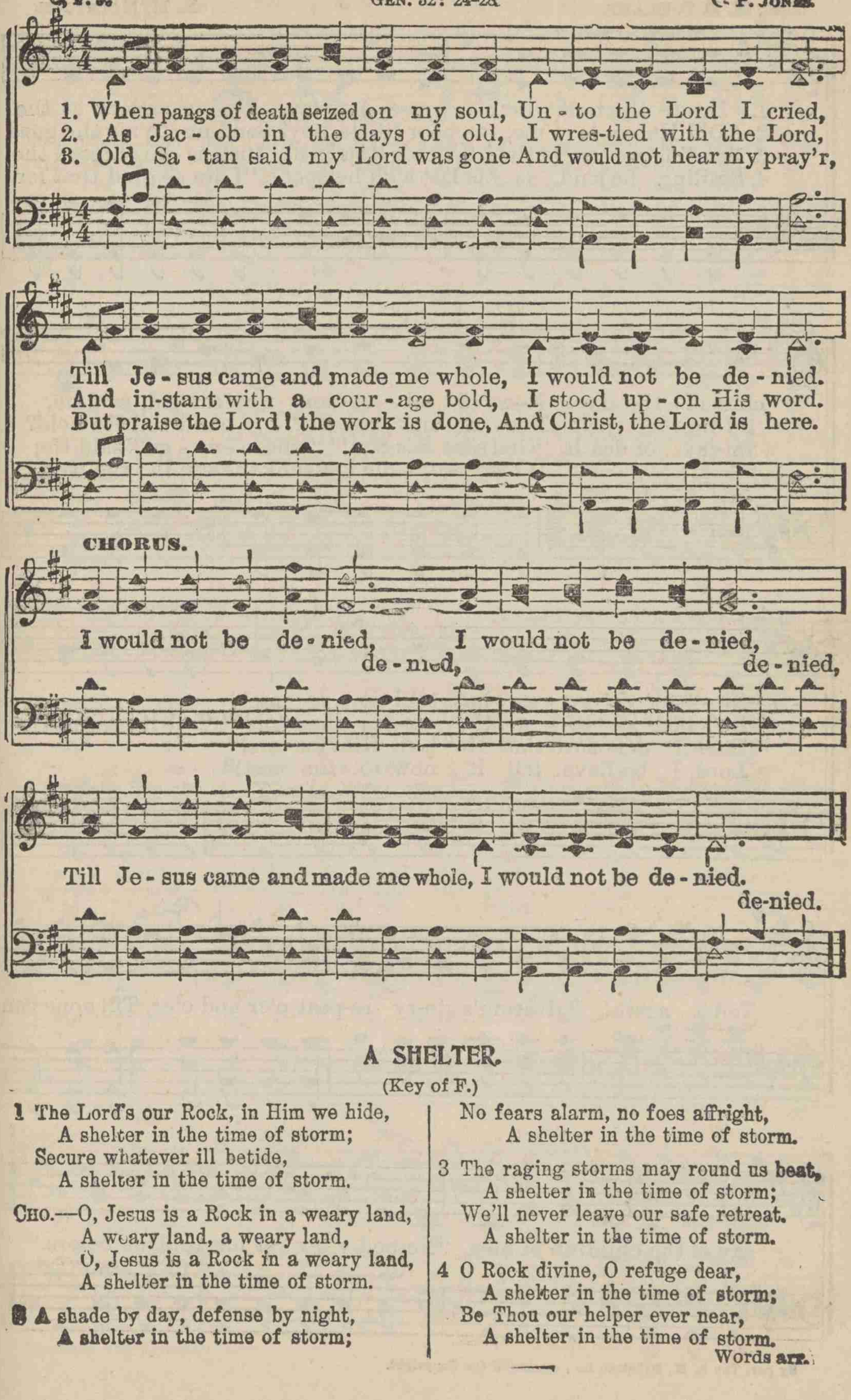
That He gave His on - ly Son That who-so - ev - er be - liev-eth May have e-

ter - nal life, That who-so - ev-er be-liev-eth May have e - ter - nal life.

Copyright, 1910, by Charlie D. Tillman.

No. 325. I WOULD NOT BE DENIED.

C. P. J. GEN. 32: 24-28. C. P. JONES.



A SHELTER.

(Key of F.)

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

CHO.—O, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A weary land, a weary land,
O, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A shelter in the time of storm.

2 A shade by day, defense by night,
A shelter in the time of storm;
No fears alarm, no foes affright,
A shelter in the time of storm.

3 The raging storms may round us beat,
A shelter in the time of storm;
We'll never leave our safe retreat.
A shelter in the time of storm.

4 O Rock divine, O refuge dear,
A shelter in the time of storm;
Be Thou our helper ever near,
A shelter in the time of storm.

Words arr.

326. TELL IT AGAIN.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. In - to the tent where a gyp-sy boy lay, Dy-ing a-lone at the close of the day. News of sal - va-tion we carried, said he,
2. "Did He so love me, a poor lit-tle boy? Send un- to me the good tid-ings of joy? Need I not per-ish? my hand will He hold?
3. Bending, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he entered the val-ley of death, "God sent His Son!" "whoso - ev - er?" said He;
4. Smiling, he said, as his last sigh he spent, "I am so glad that for me He was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west,

REFRAIN.

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

Tell it again! Salvation's sto-ry re-peat o'er and o'er, Till none can say of the children of men, "No-bod-y ev - er has told me before."

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co , owners of the Copyright.

327. WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said,
Rev. I. WATTS. I will give it you."—NUM. 10: 29.
Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

Spirited.

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're march- ing on to Zi - on,
marching up-ward to Zi - on, The beau- ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on Zi - on.

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328. Life's Railway to Heaven.

Respectfully dedicated to the railroad men.

M. E. ABBEY. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

SOLO or DUET. Tempo ad lib.

1. Life is like a mountain rail - road, With an en - gi-neer that's brave;
2. You will roll up grades of tri - al; You will cross the bridge of strife;
3. You will oft - en find ob-struc-tions; Look for storms of wind and rain;
4. As you roll a - cross the tres - tle, Spanning Jor - dan's swell-ing tide,

We must make the run suc - cess-ful, From the cra - dle to the grave;
See that Christ is your con - duc - tor On this light-ning train of life;
On a fill, or curve, or tres-tle, They will al-most ditch your train;
You be - hold the Un - ion De - pot In - to which your train will glide;

Watch the curves, the fills, the tun - nels; Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er quail;
Al - ways mind - ful of ob - struc-tion, Do your du - ty, nev - er fail;
Put your trust a - lone in Je - sus; Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er fail;
There you'll meet the Su - perin-ten-dent, God, the Fa - ther, God, the Son,

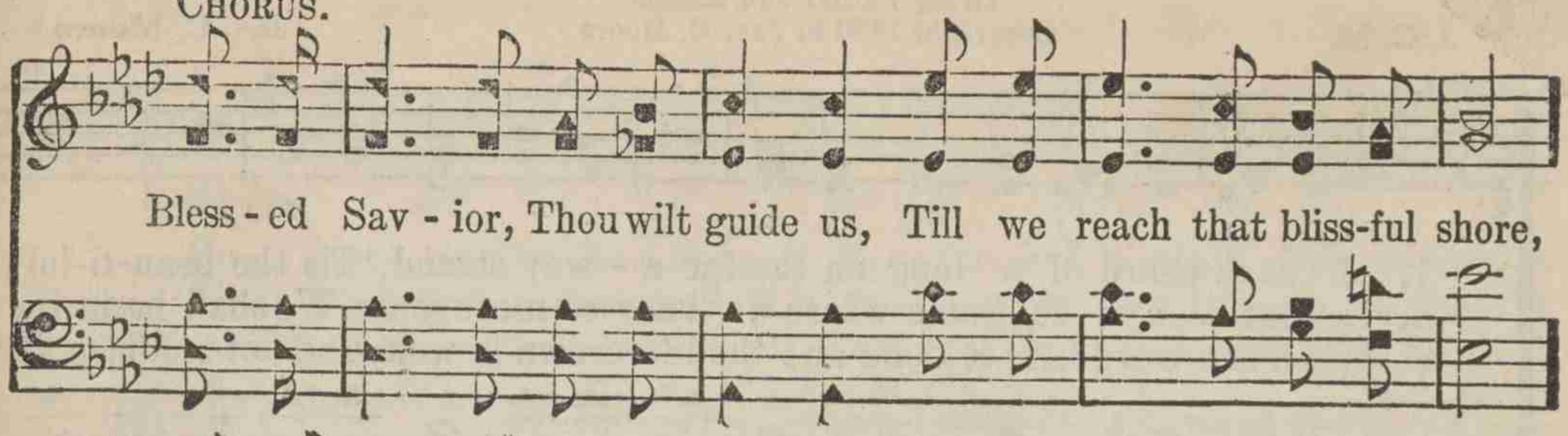
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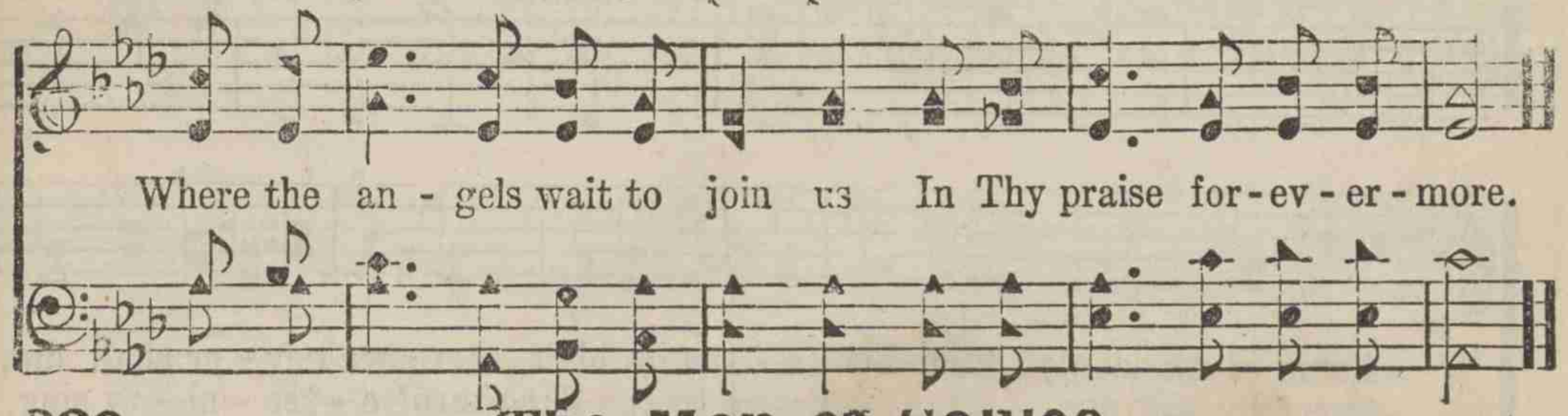
Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
With the heart - y, joy - ous plaud-it, "Wea - ry pil - grim, welcome home."

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Life's Railway to Heaven.

CHORUS.





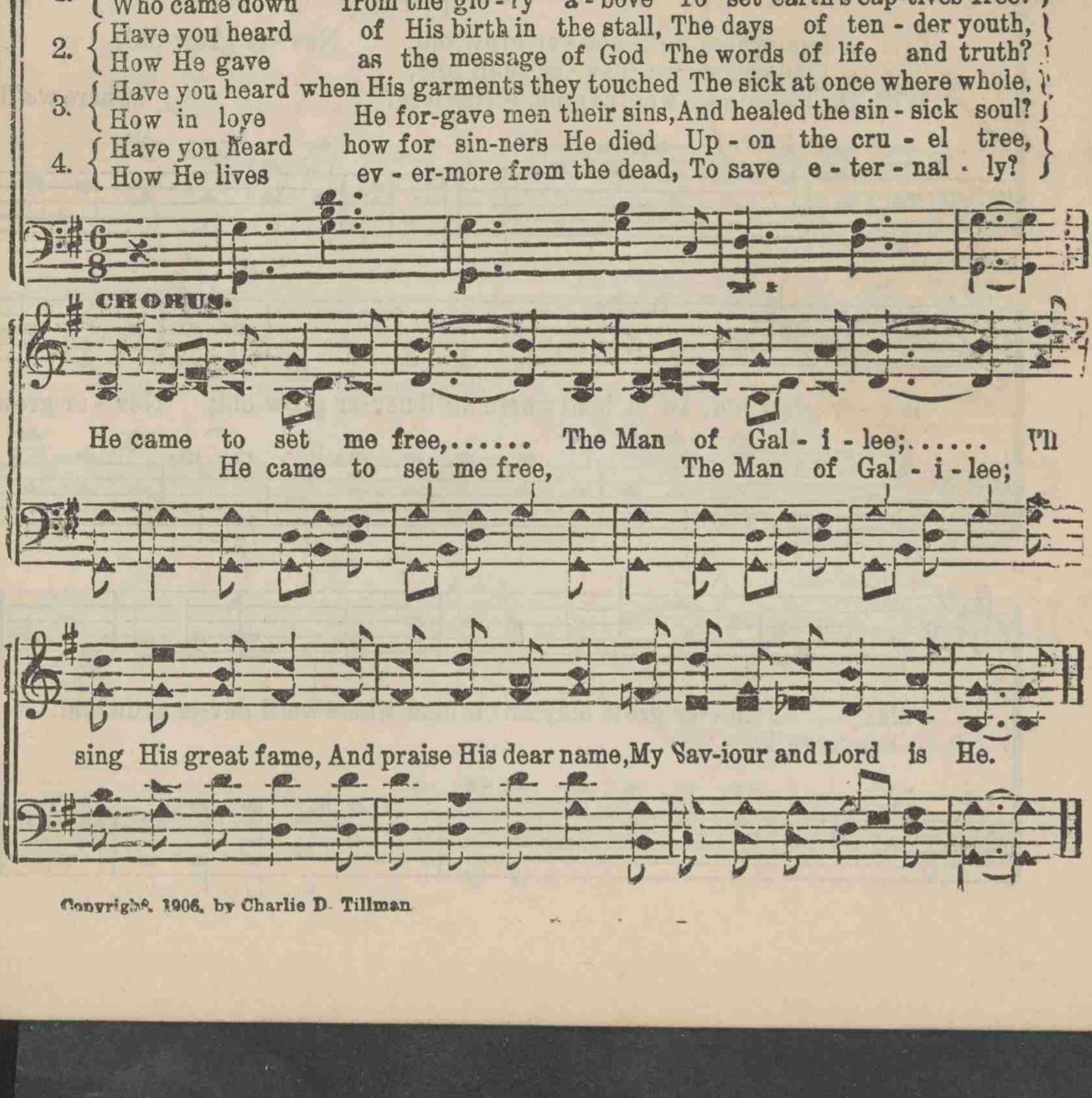
329. The Man of Galilee.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. (DUET AND QUARTET.) W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



(have you heard)

1. { Have you heard of that won-der-ful Man, Who lived in Gal - i - lee,
   Who came down from the glo - ry a - bove To set earth's cap-tives free? }
2. { Have you heard of His birth in the stall, The days of ten - der youth,
   How He gave as the message of God The words of life and truth? }
3. { Have you heard when His garments they touched The sick at once where whole,
   How in love He for-gave men their sins, And healed the sin - sick soul? }
4. { Have you heard how for sin-ners He died Up - on the cru - el tree,
   How He lives ev - er-more from the dead, To save e - ter - nal - ly? }



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No 330 Where We'll Never Grow Old

To my Father and Mother

J. C. M. Copyright 1930 by Jas. C. Moore Jas. C. Moore

1. I have heard of a land on the far a - way strand, 'Tis the beau-ti-ful
2. In that beau-ti - ful home where we'll nev-er-more roam, We shall be in the
3. When our work here is done and the life-crown is won, And our troubles and

home of the soul; Built by Je - sus on high, there we nev - er shall die,
sweet by and by; Hap-py praise to the King thro' e - ter - ni - ty sing,
tri - als are o'er; All our sor-rows will end, and our voic - es will blend,

REFRAIN

'Tis a land where we'll nev - er grow old. Nev - er grow old,
'Tis a land where we nev - er shall die.
With the loved ones who've gone on be-fore. where we'll

nev - er grow old, In a land where we'll nev-er grow old; Nev - er grow

old, where we'll nev-er grow old, In a land where we'll nev-er grow old.

331 **There Will Never Be Night.**

J. E. M. J. EDWIN MCCONNELL.

1. So great is the love of my Sav-ior, So patient so boundless and
2. Twas long that I wandered in dark-ness, So long was I blind-ed by
3. When the hours seem so heav-y and drear-y, When clouds hide the sun from my

free; Twas won-der-ful that He should suf-fer, And die for a
sin; But He o-pened my eyes and I saw Him, He gave me the
face; I think of my Sav-ior in glo-ry, How I'm saved day by

CHORUS.

sin-ner like me.
light to walk in.
day thro' His grace.

Some-time I will gaze on my Sav-ior Some-

time I will dwell in the light:..... Some-time I will meet Him in
in the light;

glo-ry, Some-time, there will nev-er be night.....
will nev-er be night.

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No. 332. Throw Out the Life-Line.

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E. S. U.

Rev. E. S. Ufford. USED BY PER. Ar.. by Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Throw out the Life - Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a
2. Throw out the Life - Line with hand quick and strong, Why do you
3. Throw out the Life - Line to dan - ger-fraught men, Sink - ing in
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they

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

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

CHORUS.

Throw out the LifeLine! throw out the LifeLine! Some one is drift-ing a - way;

Throw out the LifeLine! throw out the Life Line! Some one is sink-ing to - day.

383. Some Day, It Won't Be Long.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Copyright, 1910, by Charlie D Tillman.

No. 334 The Child of A King.

"Heirs of the kingdom."—JAMES 2: 5.

HATTIE R. BUELL. JOHN B. SUMNER. ARR.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

ad lib.

No. 335. Whosoever Will.

Rev. 22:17.

D. S. WARNER. Alt. by R. E. WINSETT. B. E. WARREN. By per.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

NO. 336 O To Be Like Jesus.

Copyright, 1924, in "Special Songs, No. 3." J. M. Henson, owner.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. S. Martin.

1. O to be like our great Re - deem - er, His Ho - ly Im - age
2. O to be like our great Re - deem - er, Com - pas - sion - ate to-
3. O to be like our great Re - deem - er, An - oint - ed with the

here to bear; Like Him in tho't, in word, in ac - tion, This be our
ward the lost; De - vot - ed whol - ly to God's ser - vice No mat - ter
Ho - ly Ghost; To go where - ev - er God may send us, For Christ our

CHORUS.

long - ing and our prayer.
what may be the cost. To be like Je - sus Christ our
Lord to win the lost.

Sav - ior, To whol - ly live for God each hour, A heart made

free from ev - 'ry sin-stain, Filled with God's al - might - y pow'r.

337. He Will Send the Blessing.

Copyright, 1924, in "Special Songs" No, 3,
J. M, Henson, owner.

J. M. Henson. Thos. Benton.

1. Here we of - ten sigh and we won - der why That our joy has
2. He will be a light in the dark - est night, And will drive all
3. If we reach the throne and to God are known, We must mean just

flown a - way; But a bless - ing true God will send to you,
gloom a - way; He will send good cheer when the days are drear,
what we say; Then if we are true and our du - ty do,

REFRAIN.

If in faith to Him you pray.
And will answer when we pray. He will send a bless-ing if we pray,
He will answer when we pray.

Send a true sweet bless-ing ev - 'ry day; He will do His part

by each trust - ing heart, Send - ing bless - ings if we pray.

338. This Is the Reaping Time.

MRS. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Fields with har-vest bend-ing wait our hands to-day, God is reap-ers
2. To a weak-er broth-er reach a help-ing hand, By a smile as-
3. Win some souls for Je-sus while the sun is high; Har-vest time so

send-ing—bear some sheaves a-way; Gold-en har-vest wast-ing, la-bor-
sist him for the right to stand; Be a will-ing work-er, nev-er
pre-cious swift is pass-ing by; Go not emp-ty hand-ed forth your

ers are few, Hear the Mas-ter call-ing: "Christ hath need of you!"
du-ty shun, This re-ward suf-fi-cient, Je-sus' blest "Well done!"
Lord to meet, But with ripe sheaves laden'd lay them at His feet.

CHORUS.

This..... is the reap-ing time, glo - - ri-ous reap-ing time,
This is the glo-ri-ous This is the glo-ri-ous reap-ing time,

Thrust ye in the sick-le keen, and reap the gold-en grain,

reap the gold-en grain,

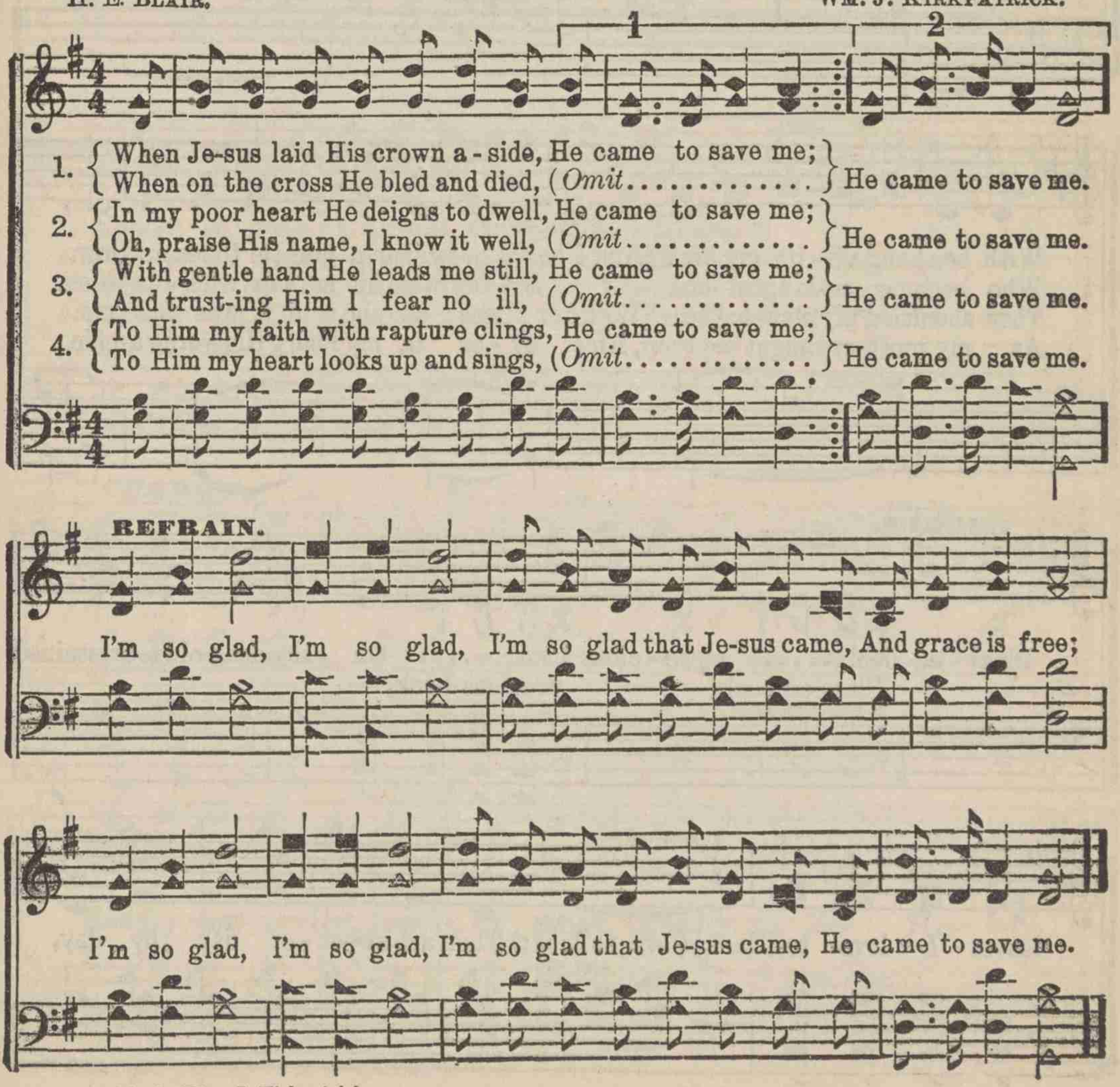
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This is the Reaping Time. Concluded.



339. He Came to Save.

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



Copyright by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

340.

My Mother's Bible.

EVANGELIST M. B. WILLIAMS. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

DUET.

1. There's a dear and pre-cious book, Tho' its worn and fad-ed now, Which re-
2. As she read the sto - ries o'er, Of those mighty men of old, Of
3. Then she read of Je - sus' love, As He blest the children dear, How He
4. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem'ry lin - gers still, And the

calls those happy days of long a - go; When I stood at mother's knee,
Jos - eph and of Dan-iel and their trials; Of lit - tle Da - vid bold,
suffered, bled and died up - on the tree Of His heav-y load of care,
dear old Book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will,

With her hand up - on my brow, And I heard her voice in gen-tle tones and low.
Who became a king at last; Of Sa - tan with his ma - ny wick - ed wiles.
Then she dried my flow-ing tears With her kisses as she said it was for me.
As my moth-er taught me then, And ev - er in my heart His words a-bide.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed book,..... pre - cious book,..... On thy dear old tear-stained
Bless-ed book, precious book,

leaves I love to look; (love to look;) Thou art sweet - er day by day,

Chas. D. Tillman.

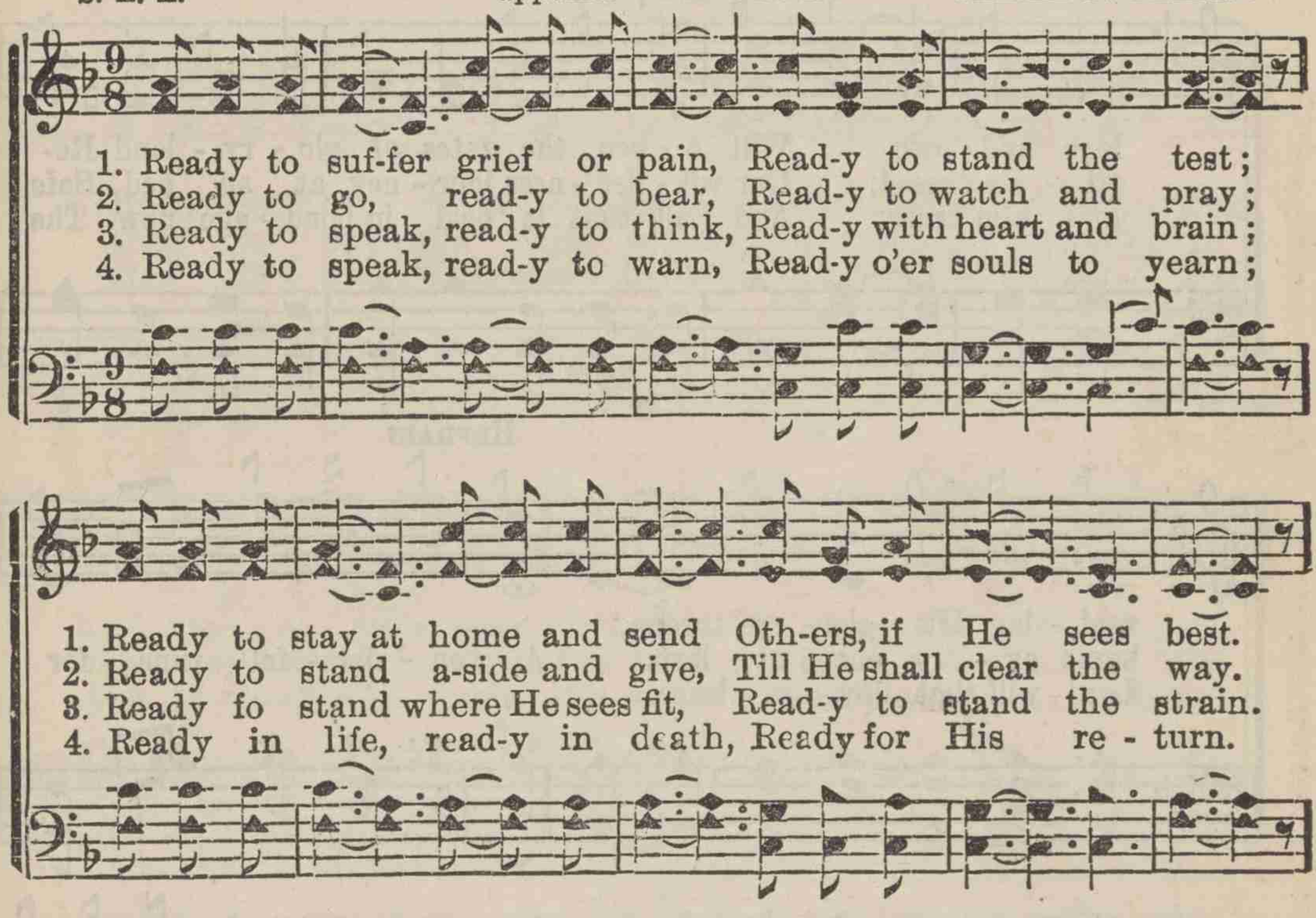
My Mother's Bible. Concluded.



341. Ready.

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

S. E. L. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



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342. A Wonderful Time

Copyright, 1924, in "Crowuing Hymns" No. 4, H. F. Morris.

Mrs. C. D. Martin

R. E. WINSETT, OWNER

Pledger B. Jones

1. A won - der - ful time is just a - head, The Lord whom we love and own Will o - pen the gates of glo - ry - land Re-
2. A won - der - ful time is just a - head, Our con - flicts and tri - als passed; Our wil - der - ness jour - ney at an end, Safe
3. A won - der - ful time is just a - head, The groans of cre- a - tion cease; And all that is held in bond - age now The

REFRAIN

veal - ing His glo - ry throne.
home ev - 'ry one at last. A won - der - ful time for
Lord will that day re - lease.

vou,..... A won - der - ful time for me,..... If we are pre-
for you, for me,

pared to meet Je - sus the King, A won - der - ful time 'twill be.

NO. 343. CHRIST IS CROWDED OUT.

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

Slowly, with expression.

1. In the bus - y marts, in the crowd - ed street, The world goes
2. We're bus - y at home with our friends and cares, And there's no
3. The world, with its song, goes march - ing on, You join the

hur - ry - ing on; It craves for wealth and pomp and show, And
time to pray; It's lodge, or club and world - ly things, In
glad re - frain; With soul and mind and ev - 'ry nerve, You

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

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

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

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No. 344. The Scarlet Line.

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

Jesse P. Tompkins **Jean Howard.**

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

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

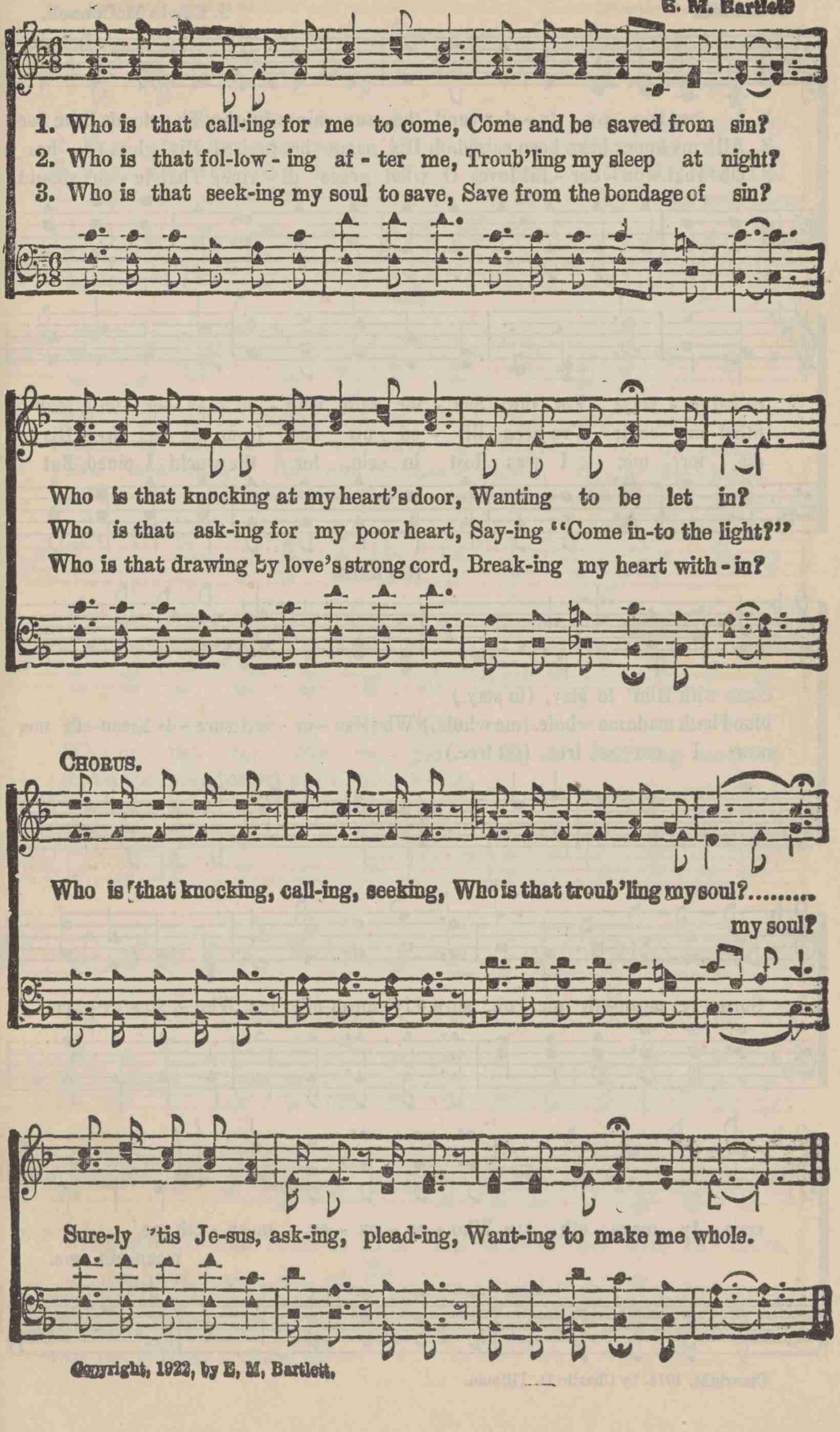
REFRAIN.

Won - der - ful Sar - let Line, Traced by the Mas - ter di - vine;
I shall find my way to the gates of day, Un - der the Scar - let Line.

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345. **Who is That?**

E. M. Bartlett



Copyright, 1922, by E, M, Bartlett.

No. 346. Whosoever Meaneth Me.

J. E. McC. J. Edwin McConnell.

1. I am hap - py to - day and the sun shines bright, The clouds have been
2. All my hopes have been raised, oh His name be praised, His glo - ry has
3. Oh what won - der - ful love, O what grace di - vine, That Je - sus should

rolled a - way; For the Sav - ior said who - so - ev - er will, May
filled my soul; I've been lift - ed up and from sin set free, His
die for me; I was lost in sin, for the world I pined, But

REFRAIN.

come with Him to stay, (to stay.)
blood hath made me whole. (me whole.) Who - so - ev - er, sure - ly mean-eth me,
now I am set free, (set free.)

Sure - ly mean-eth me, oh, sure - ly mean-eth me, Who - so - ev - er,

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

Copyright, 1914, by Charlie D. Tillman.

347. Save One Soul for Jesus.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

Copyright, 1903, by Charlie D. Tillman. IAN.

No. 348 Where the B'ood Can Heal!

"Yea, when thou hast tried all else but to fail, Make you yet, still the one appeal,
With a faith that's strong in the sentence sure 'You must come where the blood can heal.'

F. L. E. F. L. EILAND.

1. Do you seek re-lief for your sin-sick soul? You to Christ, then, must
2. Vain are all your hopes of an-oth-er cure, Be per-suad-ed, you
3. Oth-er proffered aids can but you de-ceive, At your will, un-to
4. Hear you not? 'tis there a de-coy-ing voice, Striving ev-er, to
5. If you would a-rise from your bed of pain, To the coun-sel of

make ap-peal, There's no other one who can make you whole, You must
now, to feel, Help a-lone, thro' Christ, that you can secure, You must
life, they steal! You must look to Christ if you'd hope receive, You must
quench thy zeal, Would you from Him turn, refuge safe to find, You must
Christ then kneel, 'Tis prescribed by Him, and, your only hope, You must

REFRAIN. May repeat softly.

come where the blood can heal! You must come where the blood can heal,
You must come where the blood can heal, There's no oth-er one
who can make you whole, You must come where the blood can heal!

Text stanza may be used with the music.

Copyright. 1905. by F. L. Eiland.

34.

O I Want to See Him

R. H. C.

COPYRIGHT. 1916. BY R. H. CORNELIUS

R. H. Cornelius

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

FINE.

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

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

REFRAIN

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

D. S.

His saving grace;

No. 350. THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

H. E. ENGLE.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful land far beyond the sky, And Je - sus my Sav-
2. I have friends who have gone to that land on high, They are free from all sor-
3. We shall meet in that beauti - ful land on high, And be with the bright

iour is there; He has gone to prepare me a home on high, O I
row and care; And I trust I shall meet them a - bove the sky, O I
and the fair, Where the wa-ters of life sweet-ly mur-mur by, O I

CHORUS.

long, O I long to be there. In that beau - ti - ful
In that beau-ti - ful land, in that
land, Where the an - gels stand, We shall meet, we shall
beau-ti - ful land, Where the an - gels stand, shall meet,
meet, we shall meet, We shall meet in that beau-ti - ful land.
shall meet, shall meet,

351 The Reaping Time is Coming

L. E. Jones. John R. Bryant.

1. There are days of toil in the sow - ing time, There is need to work
2. There are wea - ry hours when the seed is sown, And the weeds spring up
3. There are bit - ter tears o'er this fall - ing grain, There are pray'rs that soon
4. Oh, the reap-ing time, it must sure - ly come, For the Mas - ter's word

and pray; There are fields to scat - ter with pre - cious seed, Ere the
so fast; There are days when bar - ren the field ap - pears; Yet the
may grow; But the meas - ure yet that the soil will yield, Aught but
is giv'n; That the grain from seed that the faith - ful sow, Shall be

REFRAIN.

day-light fades a - way. Oh, the reap - - - ing time is com - ing
har-vest comes at last.
har-vest time can show.
garnered home in heav'n. Oh, the reap-ing time is com - ing

It is com - ing by and by, It is com - ing by and by; Oh, the

reap - - - ing time is com - ing For the har - vest home on high.
Oh, the reap-ing time is com - ing

Copyright, 1919, by A. R. Walton.

352. WHAT SHALL OUR ANSWERS BE?

"What then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him?"—Job 31: 14.

E. R. LATTA. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

1. When we in the judgment stand, In that migh - ty com - pa - ny,
2. When the Lord has gath-ered there, From the land and from the sea,
3. Lord, it is a sol - emn tho't, That we must ac-count to Thee!

And the Judge shall question us, Oh, what shall our answers be? What for
All the fam - i - lies of men, Oh, what shall our answers be? What for
In that great and aw - ful day, What shall our poor answers be? Oh, pre-

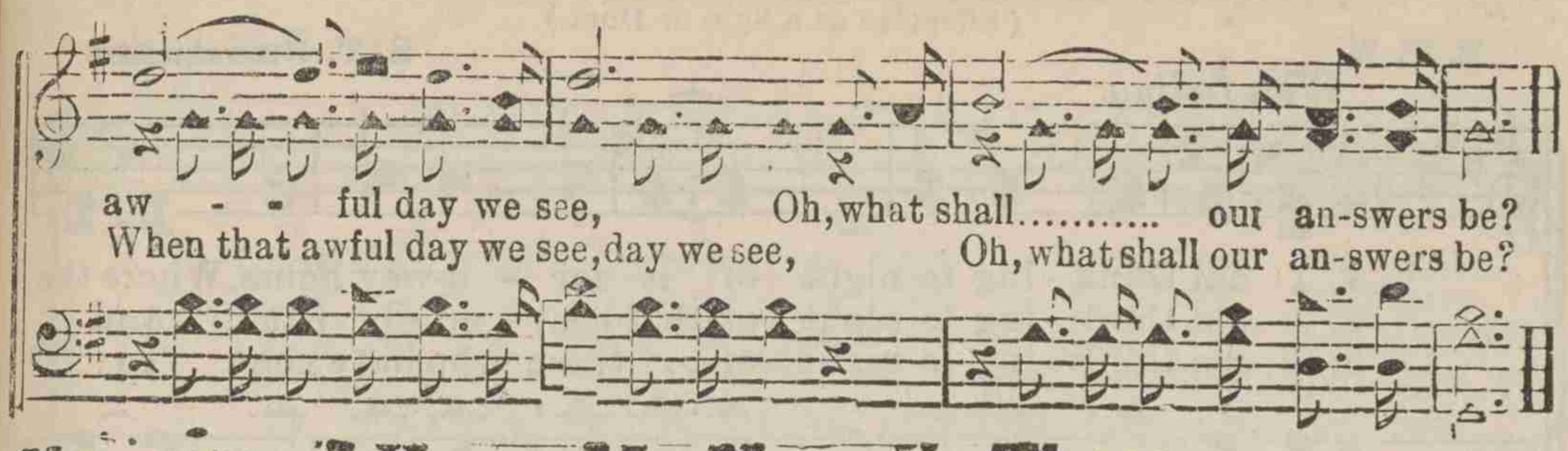
ev - 'ry trifling tho't, And each i - dle word we say? What for ev - 'ry sin-ful act,
all our want of faith, What for all our lack of love? Can we hope a crown to gain,
pare us, Lord, we pray, In Thy pres-ence there to stand! Purge us from each sin-ful blot!

CHORUS.

We may do from day to day? When that aw - - ful day we see,
And a mansion bright a-bove? Oh, what shall our answers be?
Place us, Lord, on Thy right hand! When that aw - ful day we see,
Oh, what shall our an-swers be, our answers be?

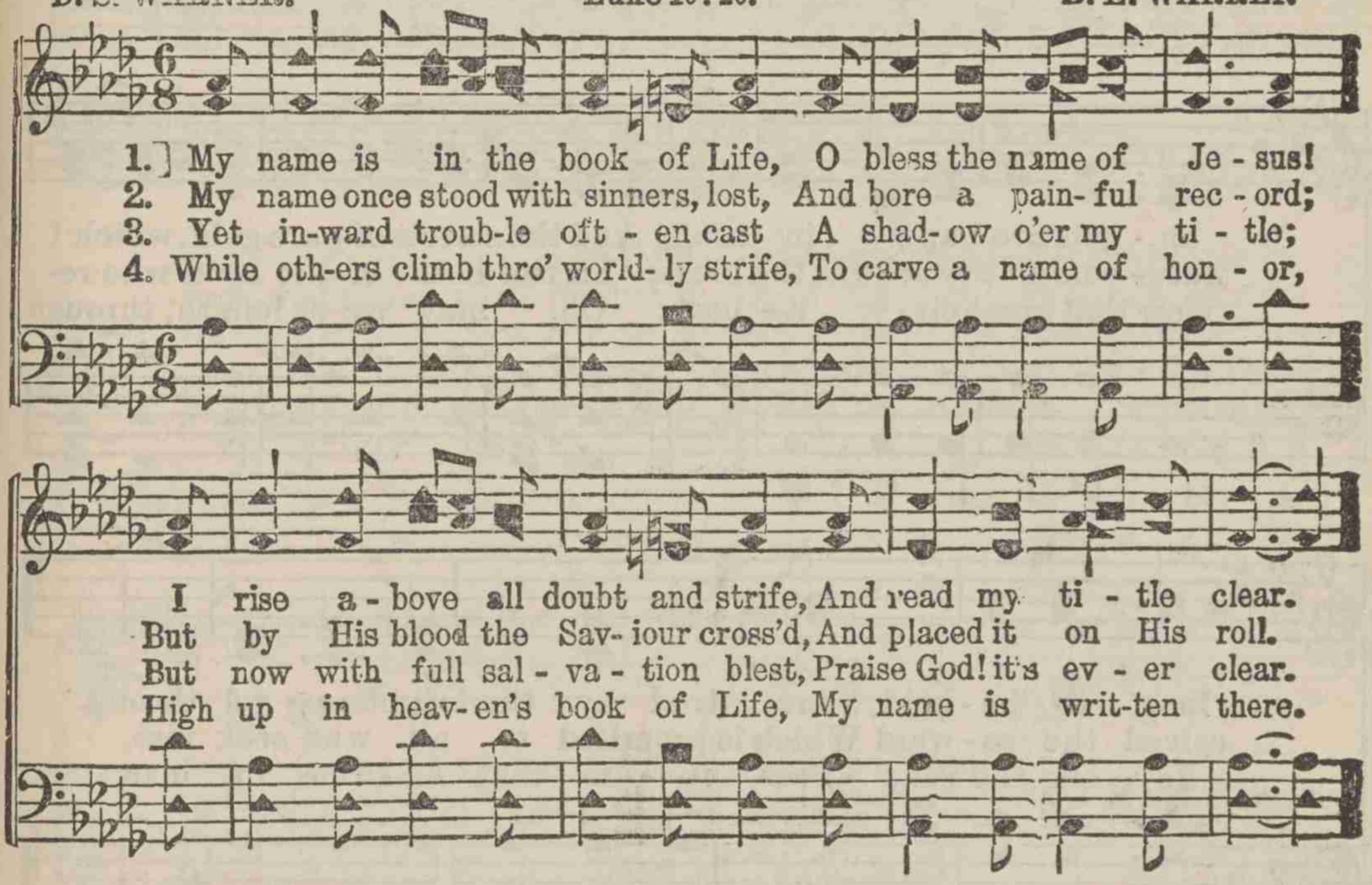
Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

WHAT SHALL OUR ANSWERS BE?

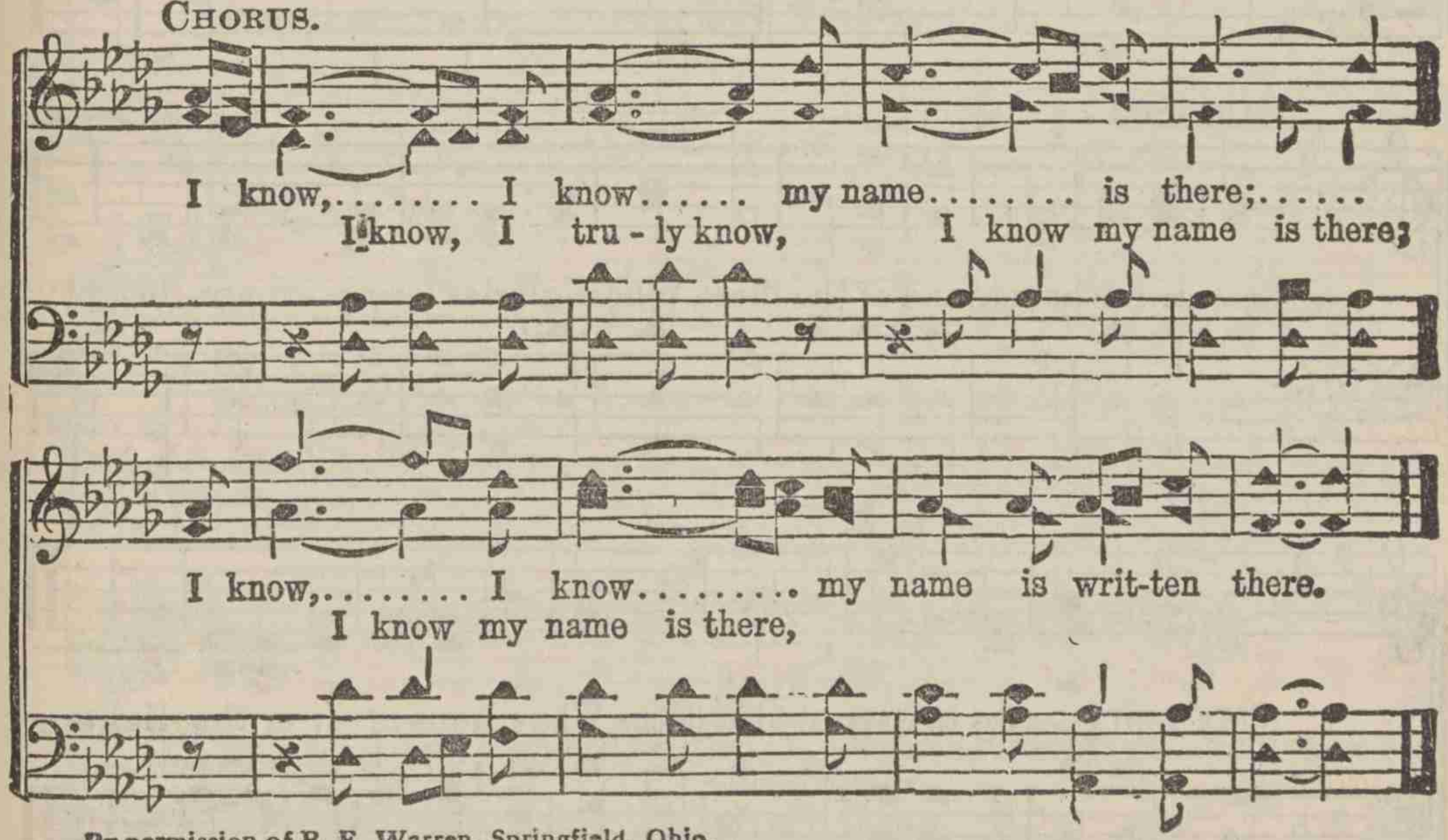


No. 353. I Know My Name is There.

D. C. WARNER. Luke 10:20. B. E. WARREN



CHORUS.



By permission of B. E. Warren, Springfield, Ohio.

Take key of "C" if D-flat is too high. Owned and Controlled by R. E. WINSET.

NO 354. MY FAR-AWAY HOME.

(Effective as a Solo or Duet.)

E. T. H. E. T. HILDEBRAND.

With feeling.

1. I am think - ing to-night of a far - a-way home, Where the an - gels are hap-py in song, And the streets of pure gold, which I long to be - hold, Are trod by the bright an - gel throng.
2. I am think - ing to-night of that heav - en - ly band, And those who are crowned with the blest; 'Tis the host of the Lord who re- ceived the re - ward Which is promised to all who seek rest.
3. I am think - ing to-night of.... those who have gone To view that great cit - y a - bove; Oh, may we at length, through Je - sus the Son, Pass in - to that ha - ven of love.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti-ful home, land of the blest, Whose glories for-ev- er are bright; My soul goes up to the great white throne, Where Jesus is ev-er the light.

Rit.

By per. of The Home Music Co.

No. 355. O Who Shall be Able to Stand?

REV. W. T. DALE. G. W. BROWN.

1. There's a great judgment day that is com-ing we know, 'Tis com-ing to one and all; For the Judge shall descend in His
2. Then the right-eous and wick-ed to-geth-er shall meet, To judg-ment they shall be bro't; And the Judge shall proclaim to the
3. There will be great re-joic-ing of hap-py ones there, Who fol-lowed the Sav-iour here; When they hear Him de-clare "come, ye
4. But there'll be lam-en-ta-tion and mourning that day, When Je-sus shall say "de-part!" And the wick-ed shall flee from His
5. O pre-pare us, dear Lord, for Thy com-ing ere long, The judg-ment of that great day; When the saints shall re-joice in Thy

power divine, And judge both the great and small.

REFRAIN.

righteous "well done," The wicked "I know ye not." When Jesus comes and the
blessed of mine," And en-ter my home so fair.
presence away, What rending of ev-'ry heart.
presence with song, Forever with Thee to stay,

judg-ment is set, O who will be at His right hand, When the trumpet shall sound and the nations have come, O who shall be able to stand?

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356. I FEEL LIKE TRAVELING ON.

WM. HUNTER, D. D.

With feeling.

Arr.

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair, I feel like trav-el - ing on,
2. Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine, I feel like trav-el - ing on,
3. Let oth-ers seek a home be - low, I feel like trav-el - ing on,
4. Be mine a hap- pier lot to own, I feel like trav-el - ing on,
5. The Lord has been so good to me, I feel like trav-el - ing on,

Nor pain, nor death can en-ter there, I feel like trav- el - ing on.
That heav'nly mansion shall be mine, I feel like trav- el - ing on.
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow, I feel like trav- el - ing on.
A heav'nly mansion near the throne, I feel like trav-el - ing on.
Un - til that bless-ed home I see, I feel like trav- el - ing on.

CHORUS.

Yes, I feel like trav-el- ing on, I feel like trav-el - ing
trav-el-ing on,

on; My heav'nly home is bright and fair, I feel like traveling on.
trav-el-ing on;

No. 357. Tho' Your Sins be as Scarlet.

Fanny J. Crosby. **W, H. Doane. By per.**

DUET. *Gently.*



NO. 358

He Prayed.

E. M. Barnes. Copyright, 1923, by J. M. Henson. J. M. Henson.

May be used as a Soprana and Tenor Duet.

1. Je - sus went up - on the monntain that He might commune with God,
2. All a - lone while in the gar - den where He sweat great drops of blood,
3. When up - on the cross of Cal - v'ry in His ag - o - ny and pain,

He prayed He prayed; On the hills of old Ju - de - a which my
Not my will but Thine be done, my Fa - ther
He prayed, He prayed; That the Fa-ther might forg-ive them whom the

REFRAIN.

bless-ed Sav-ior trod, He prayed, He prayed. He prayed, He prayed;
was His pray'r to God,
Son of God had slain, He prayed, He prayed. He prayed, He prayed,

Je-sus prayed un - to the Fa-ther ev - 'ry day, From the man-ger to the cross;

Not a moment's time was lost, Je-sus prayed un - to the Fa-ther all the way.

No. 359. When I Walk Up the Streets of Gold.

Anon.

Homer F. Morris.



1. The bur-dens of life may be man-y, The frowns of the world may be cold;
2. With joy I shall en - ter that cit - y, The face of my Sav-ior behold;
3. What won-der-ful vi - sions of beau-ty, What glo-ri-ous scenes shall un-fold;
4. For a - ges and a - ges I'll praise Him, And nev-er grow wea-ry or old;





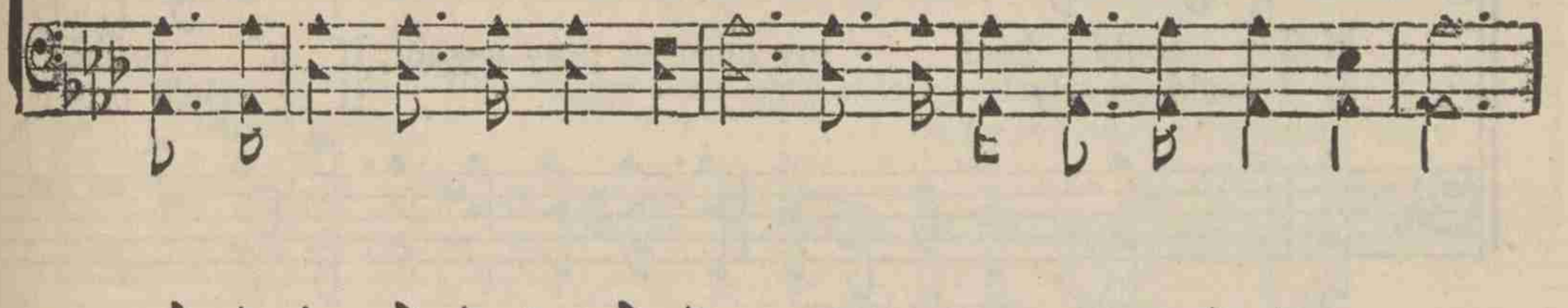
To me it will mat-ter but lit - tle, When I walk up the streets of gold.
And I shall be changed and be like Him, When I walk up the streets of gold.
And what dazzling splendors surround me, When I walk up the streets of gold.
Love-crowned I'll a - bide in His presence, When I walk up the streets of gold.



REFRAIN.



When I walk up the streets of gold, When I walk up the streets of gold;



How my heart will rejoice in that morning, When I walk up the streets of gold.

Copyrigh, 1920, by Homer F, Morris, in "Special Songs."

No. 360. If I Could Hear My Mo t her Pray Again.

James Rowe. J. W. VAUGHAN, OWNER. BY PER. J. W. Vaughan.

Slow, with feeling.

1. How sweet and hap-py seem those days of which I dream, When mem - o - ry re - calls them now and then! And with that rap - ture sweet my wea-ry heart would beat, If I could hear my mo-ther pray a - gain.
2. She used to pray that I on Je - sus would re - ly, And al - ways walk the shin - ing gos - pel way: So trust - ing still His love I seek that home above, Where I shall meet my mo-ther some glad day.
3. With - in the old home-place, her pa-tient, smil-ing face, Was al - ways spreading comfort, hope and cheer; And when she used to sing to her e - ter - nal King. It was the songs the an-gels loved to hear.
4. Her work on earth is done, the life-crown has been won, And she will be at rest with Him a - bove; And some glad morn - ing, she I know will welcome me To that e - ter - nal home of peace and love.

D, S.—so much to me, If I could hear my moth-er pray a - gain.

CHORUS

If I could hear my mo-ther pray a-gain, If I could
If I could on - ly If I could on - ly
If I could on - ly hear

hear her ten-der voice as then! So glad I'd be, 'twould mean
hap - py I should
hap - py I should be

No. 361. My Burdens Rolled Away.

Copyright, by I. G. Martin.

M. A. S. Used by permission Mrs. Minnie A. Steele.

1. I re-mem-ber when my burdens rolled a - way, I had car-ried them for
2. I re-mem-ber when my burdens rolled a - way, That I feared would nev-er
3. I re-mem-ber when my burdens rolled a - way, That had hin-dered me for
4. I am sing-ing since my burdens rolled a - way, There's a song with - in my

years night and day; When I sought the bless-ed Lord, and I took Him at His word,
leave night or day; Je-sus showed to me the loss, so I left them at the cross;
years, night and day; As I sought the throne of grace, just a glimpse of Je - sus' face,
heart night and day; I am liv - ing for the King, and with joy I shout and sing,

CHORUS.

Then at once all my bur-dens rolled a - way. Rolled a - way, rolled a-
I was glad when my bur-dens rolled a - way.
And I knew that my bur-dens could not stay.
Hal-le-lu-jah! all my bur-dens rolled a - way. Rolled a-way

way, I am happy since my burdens rolled a-way; Rolled a-
rolled a-way, since my burdens rolled a-way;

rit.

way, rolled a-way, I am happy since my burdens rolled a - way.
Rolled a-way, rolled a-way,

362. How Beautiful Heaven Must Be.

Mrs. A. S. Ridgewater. A. P. Bland, owner, A. P. Bland.



1. We read of a place that's called heaven; It's made for the pure and the free;
2. In heav - en no drooping nor pin-ing, No wish-ing for else where to be;
3. Pure waters of life there are flowning, And all who will drink may be free;
4. The an-gels so sweet-ly are sing-ing, Up there by the beau-ti-ful sea;





These truth's in God's word He hath giv-en, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.
God's light is for - ev-er there shin - ing, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.
Rare jew - els of splen-dor are glow-ing, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.
Sweet chords from their gold harps are ringing, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.



REERAIN.



How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be,..... Sweet home of the hap-py and free;
must be,





Fair ha - ven of rest for the wea - ry, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.



NO 363 The Sheltering Rock.

W. E. P. — P W. E. Penn.

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

burn - ing sand; In - vit - ing pil - grims as they pass to seek a
treat - ing strain; "Ho, ev - 'ry thirst - ing, sin - sick soul, Come, free - ly
moun - tain side; The Shep-herd climbs o'er moun-tains steep, He's seach - ing
crim - son tide; A sac - ri - fice for sins of men, And free to

REFRAIN.

shade in the wil - der - ness Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye
drink, and thou shalt be whole," Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye
now for His wand'ring sheep, Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye
all who will en - ter in, Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye

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

From "Harvest Bell," by per. W. E. Penn.

364.

Watching You.

J. M. Henson, owner., Atlanta, Ga.

J. M. Henson.

1. All a-long on the road to the souls true a-bode, There's an eye
2. As you make life's great fight, keep the pathway of right.
3. Fix your mind on the goal that sweet home of the soul. There's an eye

watch-ing you; Ev-'ry step that you take this great eye is a-wake,
God will warn not to go in the path of the foe,
watch-ing you; Nev-er turn from the way to the king-dom of day,

REFRAIN.

There's an eye watch-ing you. Watching you, watch-ing
There's an eye watch-ing you. Watching you,

you,
watch-ing you,
Ev-'ry day mind the course you pursue; Watching you,
Watching you,

watch-ing you,
watch ing you,
There's an all-see-ing Eye watch-ing you.

No. 365. I'll Live On.

Written after hearing a sermon by the eloquent S. L. Pruett during the great revival at the M. E. Church, Eulaton, Ala., August, 1914.

T. J. L. THOS. J. LANEY.

1. 'Tis a sweet and glorious tho't that comes to me, I'll live on.....
2. When my bod - y's slumb'ring in the cold, cold clay,
3. When the worlds on fire, and dark-ness veils the sun,
4. In the glo - ry land with Je - sus on the throne, I'll live on,

Yes I'll live on, Je - sns saved my soul from death and now I'm free,
Yes, I'll live on, There to sleep in Je - sus till the judg-ment day,
Yes, I'll live on, Men will cry and to the rocks and moun-tains run,
Yes, I'll live on, For e - ter - nal a - ges sing - ing home sweet home,

REFRAIN.

I'll live on,..... yes, I'll live on, I'll live ou,..... yes, I'll live
I'll live on, on, on,

on, In e - ter - ni - ty I'll live on, I'll live on,.....
on, on and on, on, on

Yes, I'll live on, In e - ter - ni - ty I'll live on.
and on, yes, I'll live on.

Thos. J. Laney and V. C. Sparks, owners.

366

Sometime.

COPYRIGHT. 1925. BY JAS C. MOORE.
MORRIS-HENSON. MOORE. OWNERS.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. **Jas. C. Moore.**

Good as Soprano and Alto Duet.

1. Some-time the shad-ows will be gone, Sometime will come the golden dawn,
2. Some-time I'll meet my friends a-gain, For - ev - er safe from death and pain,
3. Oh, grace di - vine! oh, love un-told! Oh, crowns of life! oh, harps of gold!

Some-time I'll lift mine eyes and see The man-sion's He's pre -
With my dear Sav - ior I shall be In man-sion's He's pre -
My wel - come will be glad and free In man-sions He's pre -

REFRAIN.

pared for me. Oh, gold - en time,..... ..... oh, hap - py
Oh, gold - en time,

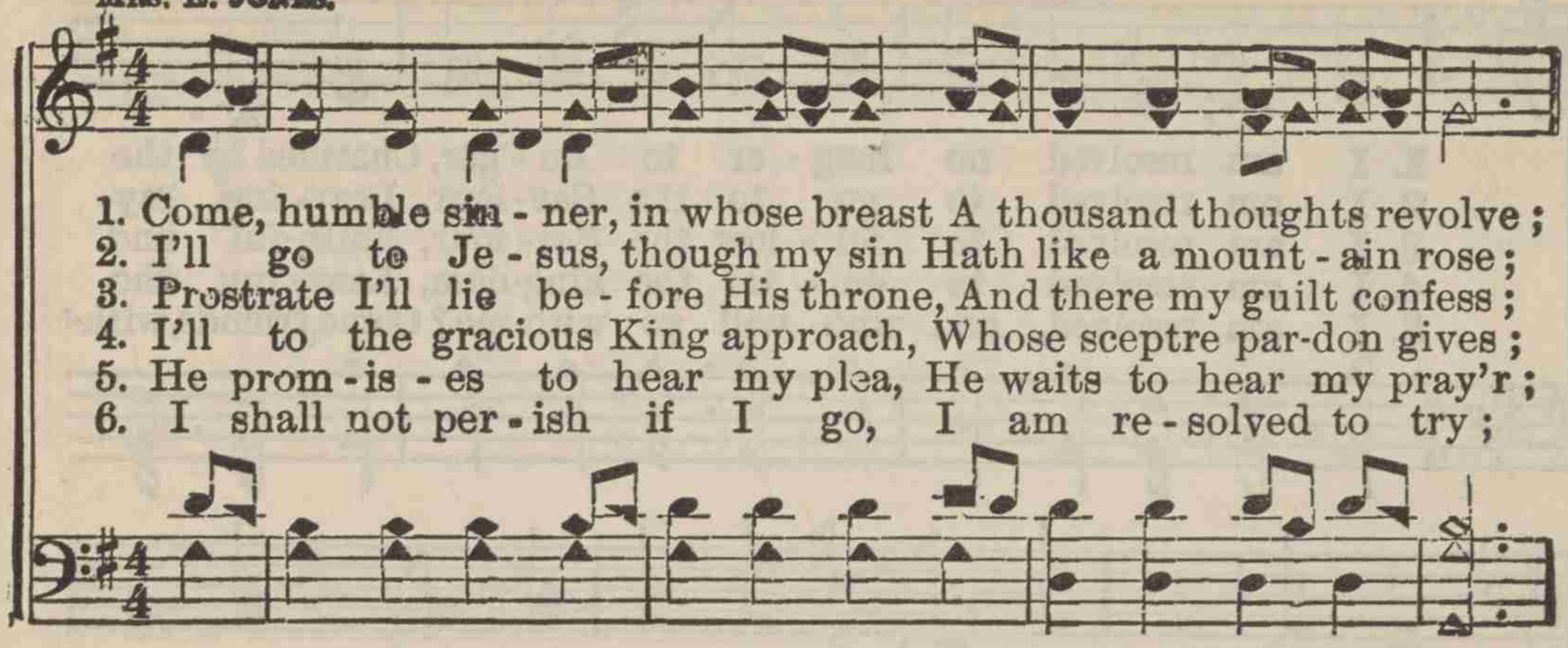
day,..... ..... Oh, pre-cious home not far a - way; What
oh, hap-py day, not far a - way;

wondrous joy when I shall see The man-sion He's pre-pared for me.

No 367. COME, HUMBLE SINNER. C. M.

"If I perish, I perish."—ESTHER 4: 16.

MRS. E. JONES.





No. 368. I Am Resolved.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I am resolved no long - er to lin - ger, Charmed by the world's de - light; Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler,
2. I am resolved to go to the Sav - iour, Leav - ing my sin and strife; He is the true one, He is the just one,
3. I am resolved to fol - low the Sav - iour, Faith-ful and true each day, Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth,
4. I am resolved to en - ter the king-dom, Leav - ing the paths of sin; Friends may op - pose me, foes may be - set me,
5. I am resolved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with - out de - lay, Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it,

CHORUS.

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

I will hast - en to Him,
I will hast - en, hast - en to Him,

Hast - en so glad and free, (Hast - en glad and free,)
Je - sus, great - est, high - est, I will come to Thee.
Je - sus, Je - sus,

Copyright, 1896, by Fillmore Bros.

No. 369. O Why Not To-night?

REV. H. BONAR, D. D. J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1. O do not let the word de - part, And close thine
2. The mor - row's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin - gers still, And wilt thou
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - es none, Who would to

eyes a-gainst the light, Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart,
long de - lud - ed sight, This is the time, O then be wise,
thus His love re-quite, Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will,
Him their souls u - nite, Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done,

CHORUS.

Be saved, O to - night. O why not to -
O why not to - night?
night? O why not to - night? Wilt
Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Why not to-night?
thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?

Re-entered and copyright, 1895, by J, H. Hall. Used by per.

No 370. Lo! a Mighty Army.

H. G. JOHNSON. Ephesians 1 : 11. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Lo! a might - y ar - my now as- sem-bling, Rally-ing to the
2. Marshaled league of ea - ger, youthful sol-diers, Girt with truth they
3. Fierce and long may be the dire - ful con - flict With the host of

cross, a might - y band, Bold to strive a-gainst the pow'rs of e - vil,
bear the Spir-it's sword, Shield of faith and hel - met of sal-va - tion,
un - be-lief and sin; Fal - ter not, but swift go forth to bat - tle;

CHORUS.

Sworn to do or die at God's command.
Read - y, wait-ing for the Captain's word.
Truth and right with God the fight will win.

For - ward, ye soldiers of Je - sus,
For - ward, ye soldiers of Je - sus,
Forward, forward, march, ye sol-diers,

With his banner o'er you, Charge the foe before you; Val - iant - ly fol-low your
Faithful to your calling, Tho' in bat-tle fall-ing, Ye shall with Je-sus vic-
For - ward, for-ward, march, ye sol-diers, Forward, march, ye sol-diers,

1

Captain, Till the fight with sin is o'er;
forward,

2

torious Reign in glory ev-er-more.
forward,

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No. 371. Great is Our King.

"Sing unto the Lord a new song."

PSALM 138. McD WEAMS.



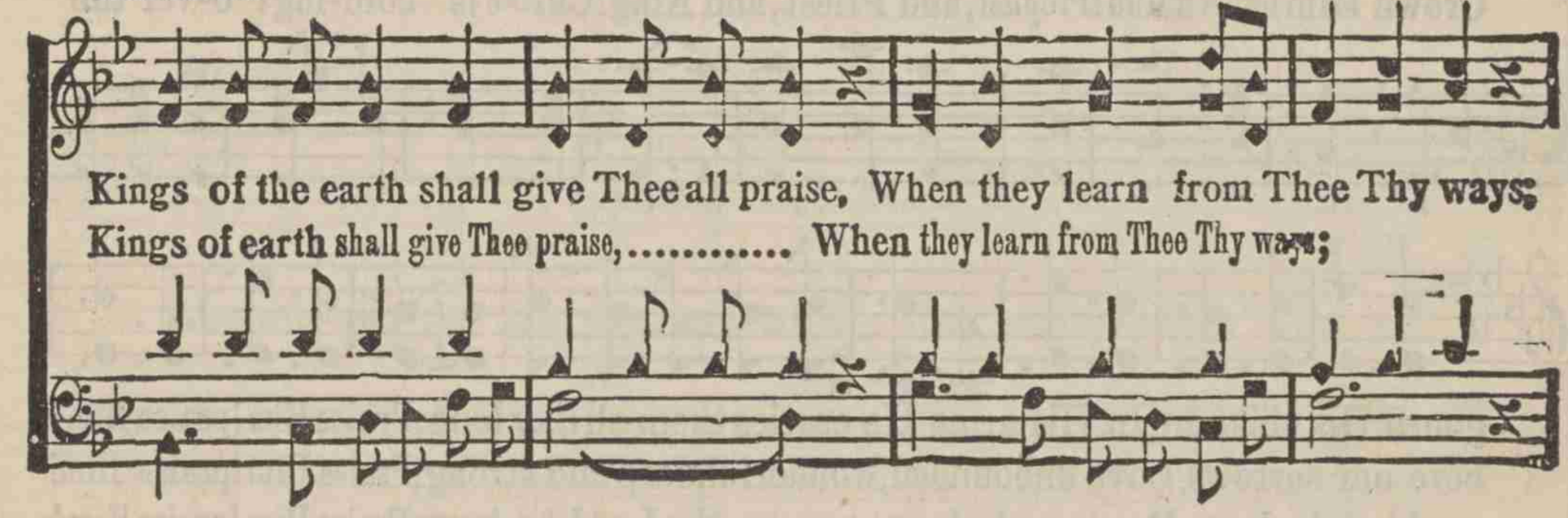
1. With my heart I'll praise Thy name, To the world Thy praise pro-claim;
2. Thou hast mag - ni - fied Thy word, O'er Thy name Thou bless-ed Lord;
3. He tho' high re - spects the low, But the proud far off doth know;
4. Lord, Thy mer - cy nev - er ends, Thro' all a - ges it ex - tends;





Wor - ship in Thy ho - ly place, Praise Thee for Thy truth and grace.
Thou didst an - swer when I cried, And my soul with strength supplied.
Tho' great troub - le round me roll, Thou wilt yet re - vive my soul.
On Thy ser - vant pit - y take, Thine hand-work do not for - sake.

REFRAIN.



Kings of the earth shall give Thee all praise, When they learn from Thee Thy ways;
Kings of earth shall give Thee praise,..... When they learn from Thee Thy ways;



In Je-ho-vah's ways shall sing,..... Great is our Lord and King.
In Jehovah's ways shall sing,.....

McD. Weams, owner. 1912.

No. 372. Praise Him! Praise Him!

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., RENEWAL.

Fanny J. Crosby. USED BY PER. Chester G. Allen.

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Re-deem-er! Sing, O earth—His won-der-ful love pro-claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest arch-angels in glo-ry;
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Re-deem-er! For our sins He suffered and bled and died; He our rock, our hope of e-ter-nal sal-va-tion,
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Re-deem-er! Heav'n-ly por-tals, loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je-sus, Sav-ior, reigneth for-ev-er and ev-er;

Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shepherd, Jesus will
Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus, the cru-ci-fied. Sound His prais-es! Jesus who
Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com-ing! o-ver the

guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long; Praise Him! praise Him!
bore our sorrows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong; Praise Him! praise Him!
world victorious, Pow'r and glory un-to the Lord be-long; Praise Him! praise Him!

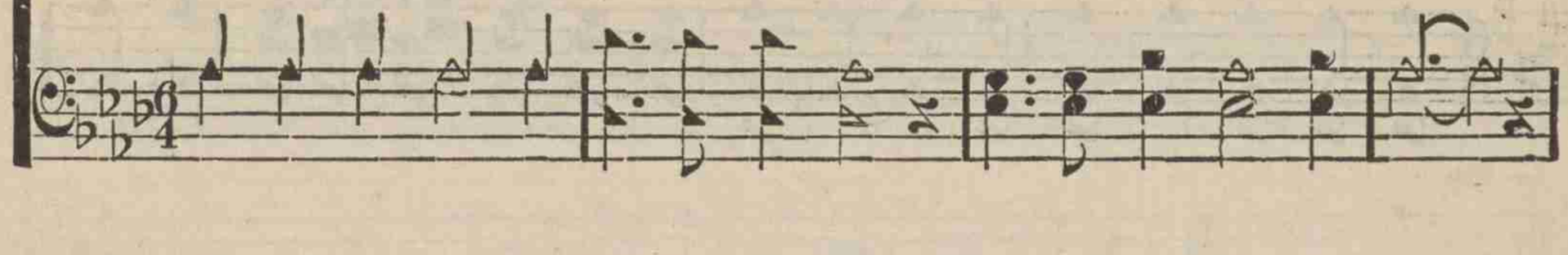
tell of His ex-cel-lent greatness, Praise Him! praise Him! ev-er in joyful song!

No. 373. God Will Provide.

Words and Melody by N. B. Herrell. Arr. by H. F. Morris.



1. No mat - ter what your sta-tion in life, God will pro-vide for you;
2. Tho' bur-dens press as on-ward you go, God will pro-vide for you;
3. Take courage, friend, just pray and pre-vail, God will pro-vide for you;
4. On to the goal! no mat - ter what the test, God will pro-vide for you;





Trust-ing in Him thro' bat - tle and strife, God will pro-vide for you.
Walk-ing with Him one thing you shall know, He will pro-vide for you.
Liv - ing by faith you nev - er can fail, God will pro-vide for you.
Fight-ing all o'er, in heav-en you'll rest, God will pro-vide for you.



REFRAIN.



God will pro-vide for you, my friend; God will pro-vide for you,



In ev - 'ry test, lean on His breast, God will pro-vide for you.

Property of H. F. Morris, Atlanta, Ga.

No. 374. Why do You Wait.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.

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

Your Sav - ior is wait - ing to give you, A place in His
There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er
Oh, why not ac - cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off thy
Your Sav - ior is long - ing to bless you, There's dan-ger and

REFRAIN.

sanc - ti - fied throng.
way but His way. Why not? why not? Why not come to Him
bur - den of sin.
death in de - lay.

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

No. 375. JESUS TENDERLY CALLING.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

J. G. F. MATT. 11: 28. JOHN.

1. Je - sus is call - ing, ten - der - ly call - ing, Sin-ner, thy Sav - ior now
2. Sin-ner, 'tis Je - sus, like the Good Shepherd, Out on the des - ert to
3. Prod-i - gal son, thy Fa - ther is wait - ing, Anxious and long-ing for
4. Chiefest of sin - ners Je - sus will wel-come; Be of good, cheer He will

pleads for Thee; Stand-ing and knock-ing, anx - ious - ly wait - ing,
find His sheep; When He hath found it Heav - en re - joi - ces;
thy re - turn; He will for - give thee, wel - come and bless thee,
say to thee; He will re - move your ev - 'ry trans-gres - sion,

CHORUS.

Long-ing to save thee and set thee free.
Sin - ner, thy Sav - ior can save and keep.
Glad - ly em-brace thee: then why not come?
Blot-ting them out, and will set thee free.

Je - sus is call - ing,

ten-der - ly call-ing, Sin-ner, He pleads, O hear Him to - day; Will you not

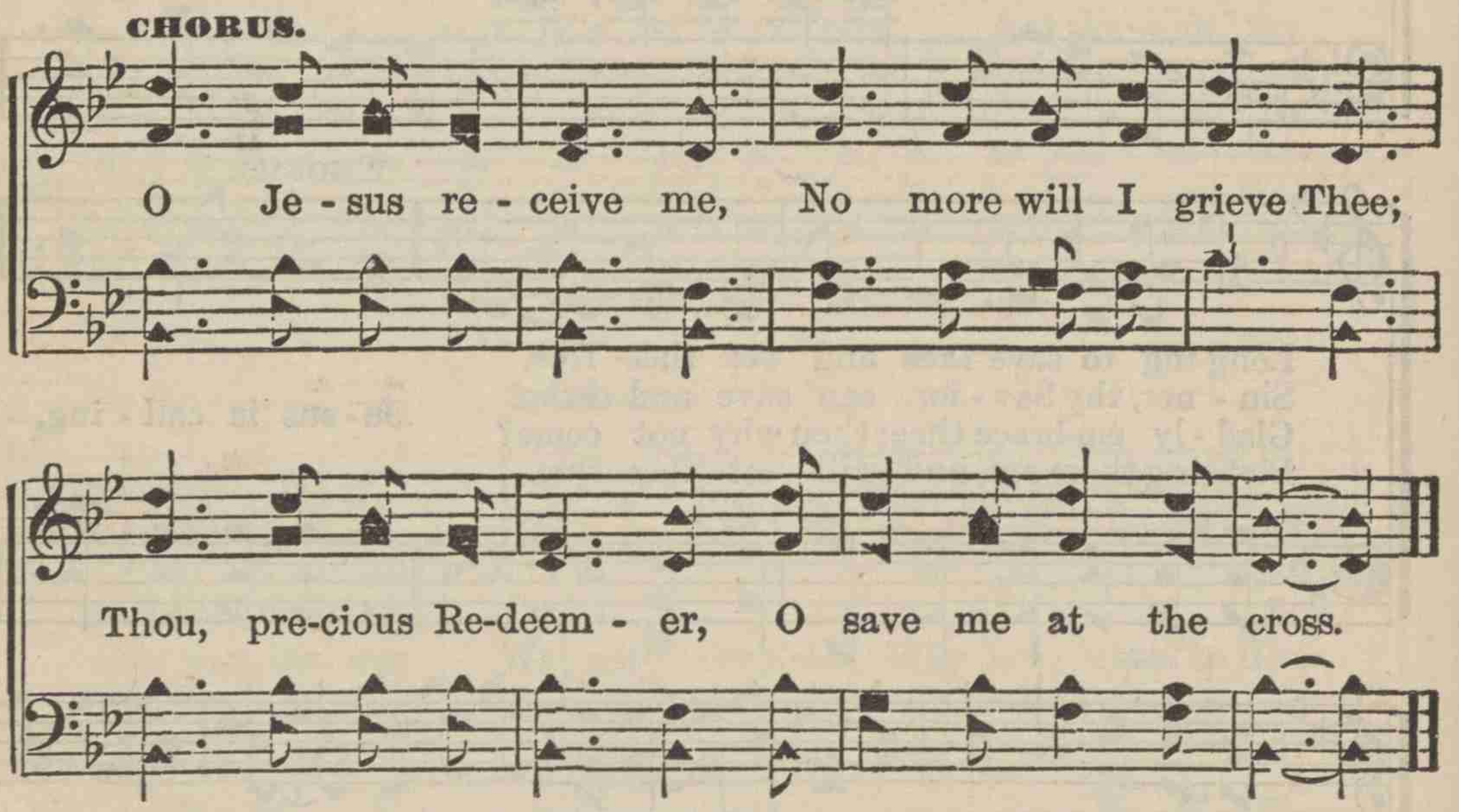
heed His ten-der en-treat-ies? Why not receive Him, His voice o - bey?

No, 376. O SAVE ME AT THE CROSS.

W. T. D. Arr.







2 I've sinned, I know, but Thou hast died, etc.
O save me at the cross,
I flee for refuge to Thy side, etc.
O save me at the cross.

3 If I should perish I will pray, etc.
O save me at the cross,
Dear Savior cast me not away, etc.
O save me at the cross.

4 Thy pardoning grace is full and free, etc.
O save me at the cross,
In mercy, Lord, now think on me, etc.
O save me at the cross.

5 O let Thy blood now be applied, etc.
O save me at the cross,
And bring me near Thy bleeding side, etc.
O save me at the cross.

6 O "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," etc.
O save me at the cross,
And "Let me hide myself in Thee," etc.
O save me at the cross.

7 Here, Lord, I would forever stay, etc.
O save me at the cross.
And never more would go astray, etc.
O save me at the cross.

NO. 377. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

E. PERRONET. DIADEM.

1. All hail the power of Je- sus' name, Let an-gels prostrate fall,
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed 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,

Let an - gels pros-trate fall, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Ye ran-somed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace.
On this ter - res- trial ball, To Him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe,
We at His feet may fall, We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,

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

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

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

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

378. Master, the Tempest is Raging.

USED BY PER. OF H. R. PALMER. OWNER OF COPYRIGHT, H. R. Palmer.

1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag-ing! the bil-lows are toss-ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest;

The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled— O, wak-en and save, I pray;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heav-en's with-in my breast;

Car-est Thou not that we per-ish? How canst Thou lie a-sleep,
Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;
Lin-ger, O, bless-ed Re-deem-er! Leave me a-lone no more;

When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?
And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter O hast-en, and take con-trol.
And with joy I shall make the best har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.

CHORUS.

p *pp*

The winds and the waves shall o-bey Thy will, Peace.... be still!.....
Peace, be still peace, be still!

Master, the Tempest is Raging.

Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons or men, or what

cres.

ev-er it be, No wa-ters can swal-low the ship where lies The

ff *m*

Mas-ter of o-cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweet-ly o-

m *p*

bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall

p *pp*

sweet-ly o-bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

379

Reapers are Needed.

C. H. G. The original imitation of which is attempted in some other books. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Stand-ing in the mark-et plac-es all the sea-son thro', Id-ly say-ing
2. Ev - 'ry sheaf you gath-er will be-come a jew-el bright In the crown you
3. Morn-ing hours are pass-ing and the ev'n-ing fol-lows fast; Soon the time of

"Lord, is there no work that I can do;" O how ma-ny loi-ter, while the
hope to wear in yon-der world of light; Seek the gems im-mor-tal that are
reap-ing will for-ev-er-more be past; Emp-ty hand-ed to the Mas-ter

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

CHORUS.

Lift thine eyes and look up-on the fields that stand
Lift thine eyes and look up - on the fields that stand all read-y

Lift thine eyes to fields that stand all

Ripe and read-y for the will-ing gleaner's hand, Rouse ye, O
Ripe and read-y for the will-ing gleaner's hand, O rouse ye,

Read - y for the glean - er's hand, O

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Reapers are Needed.

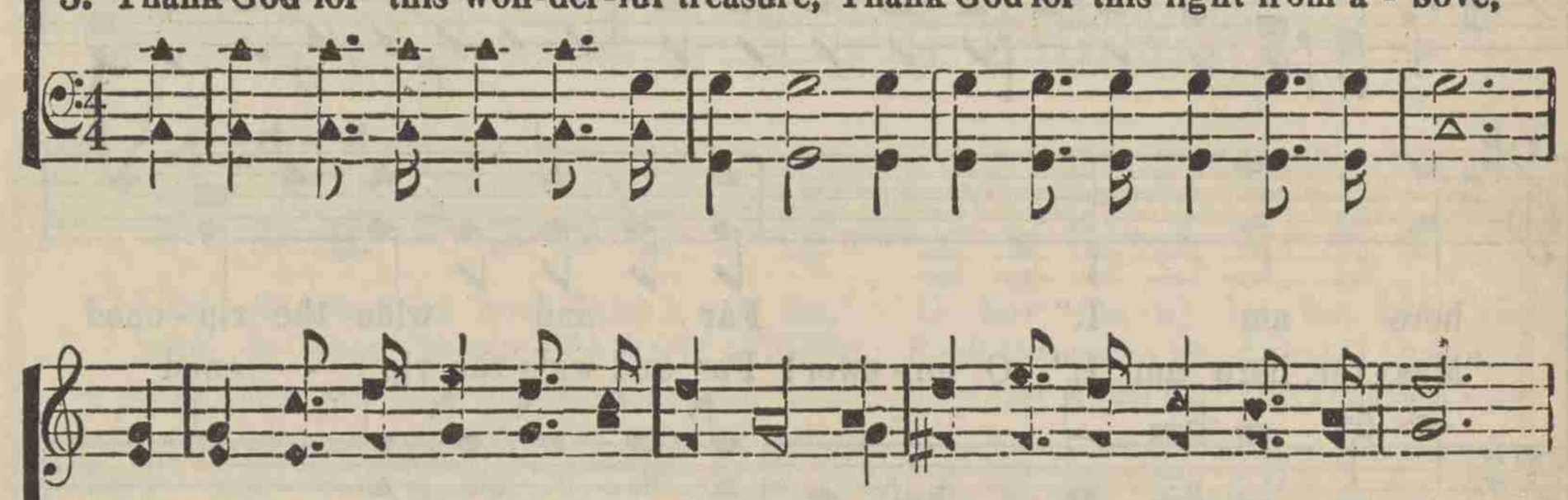


No. 380. Thank God For the Bible.

Irene Durfee. **W. S. Martin.**



1. Thank God for the Book He has giv - en, Its treasures are rich-er than gold,
2. Inbreathed ev - 'ry word, by the Spir - it, Its Au - thor a - lone is the Lord;
3. Thank God for this won-der-ful treasure, Thank God for this light from a - bove;



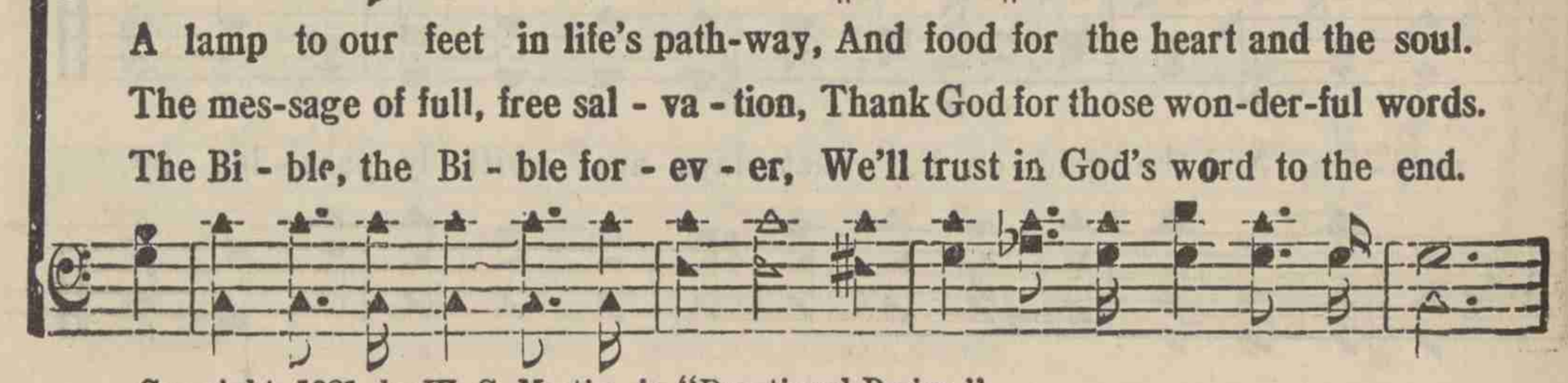
A guide-book which points us to heav-en, Thank God for its glo - ries un - told;
What bless-ing to those who will heed it, And do the commandments of God;
Thank God for His grace without measure, This great rev - e - la - tion of love;



Tis freighted with in - fi - nite bless-ing, In-spired not in part, but the whole,
The sto - ry of man's great Re-deem-er, Whose life and whose death it re - cords,
Thank God for this Sword of the Spir - it, The weapon on which we de-pend,



A lamp to our feet in life's path-way, And food for the heart and the soul.
The mes-sage of full, free sal - va - tion, Thank God for those won-der-ful words.
The Bi - ble, the Bi - ble for - ev - er, We'll trust in God's word to the end.



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Thank God For The Bible.

CHORUS. BY RODNEY. *Unison.*



381. Marching In the Gospel Light.

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J. M. Henson. Homer F. Morris.



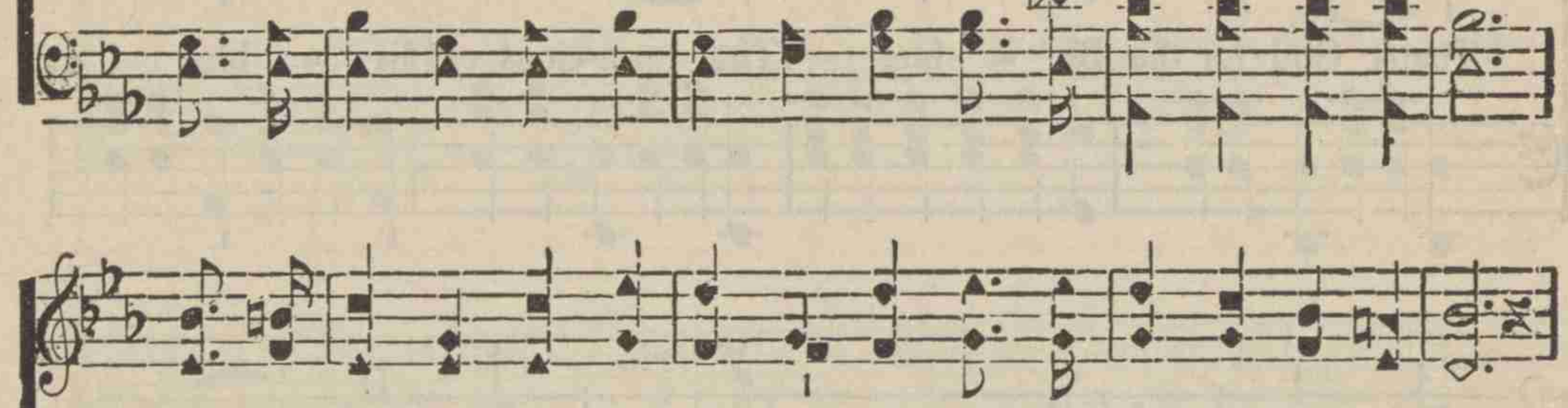
1. In the gos - pel light we march a-long, Stand-ing firm for Christ our King;
2. All the way our faith grows stronger still And with cour-age we go on;
3. It is joy to know that He is near And will keep us by His might;



Dai - ly keep - ing in our hearts a song, While to Him by faith we cling.
Al - ways do - ing well our Mas-ter's will, We are fac-ing heav-en's dawn.
Give us words of com-fort, love and cheer, Till shall come the morn-ing light.



Still re - main - ing true to His command. Brave-ly fac - ing ev - 'ry foe;
We will nev - er fal - ter or de - spair, As we make our way a - long;
True to Him we ev - er mean to stay And from Him shall nev-er roam;



Ev - er trust - ing in His guid-ing hand, Glad - ly on for Him we go.
He will lead us to the cit - y fair, To the land of end-less song.
And when dawns the great e - ter - nal day, We shall rest with Him at home.



Marching In the Gospel Light

REFRAIN.

We are march-ing in the light, And we are

March-ing in the gos - pel light, We're brave-ly stand-ing

stand-ing for the right, As on we go, our faith we show; In the

for the right,

Lead - er that we love; We are march-ing in the

love; O we are march-ing in the gos - pel

light And we are keep - ing rec-ords bright, His praise we'll
light And keep-ing earth - ly rec - ords bright,

sing and ev - er cling To our Friend a - bove.
precious Friend, our Friend a-bove

-cious Friend a-bove.

Victory Is Coming.

MRS. IDA C. REID. JAS. V. REID.

UNISON

1. Oh, Chris-tian, keep on pray - ing, And wait-ing on the Lord;...
2. Oh, broth - er, nev - er fal - ter, Fight on with might and vim;....
3. We'll wave the blood-stained ban - ner, And rout the en - e - my;.....

For vic - to - ry He's prom - ised Within His ho - ly word;....
Leave all up - on the al - tar, Don't let your faith grow dim;.....
To God we'll give the glo - ry For ev - 'ry vic - to - ry;.....

DUET.

And tho' the grass may with - er, The flow- ers' beau-ty fade,.....
If you have on the ar - mor, With garments pure and white,....
We'll bear the cross for Je - sus, Who bore our sins a - way;.....

He'll keep His word for - ev - er, Each prom-ise He has made....
He'll fight the bat - tle for you, And vic - to-ry's in sight....
We know a crown a - waits us, All hail our crowning day.....

Copyright, 1915, by Charlie D. Tillman.

Victory Is Coming.

CHORUS. *Four Parts.*





No. 383. Billows of Grace.

James Rowe. J. M. Henson.

Solo or unison.

1. Bil - lows of grace are swell - ing O - ver the sin - ful earth,
2. Bil - lows of grace are roll - ing On thro' the val - leys drear,
3. Bil - lows of grace are ris - ing High - er from day to day,

Mil - lions of souls are tell - ing Of the Re-deem-er's worth;
Je - sus, each wave con - troll - ing, Proves that He lin-gers near;
Man - y a soul sur - pris - ing, Sweep-ing all sin a - way;

Bet - ter the world is grow - ing, Near - er to God we are,
Sin - ners their sins are los - ing, Com - ing to Him for light,
Ev - er their pow'r in - cras - ing, O - ver the world they go,

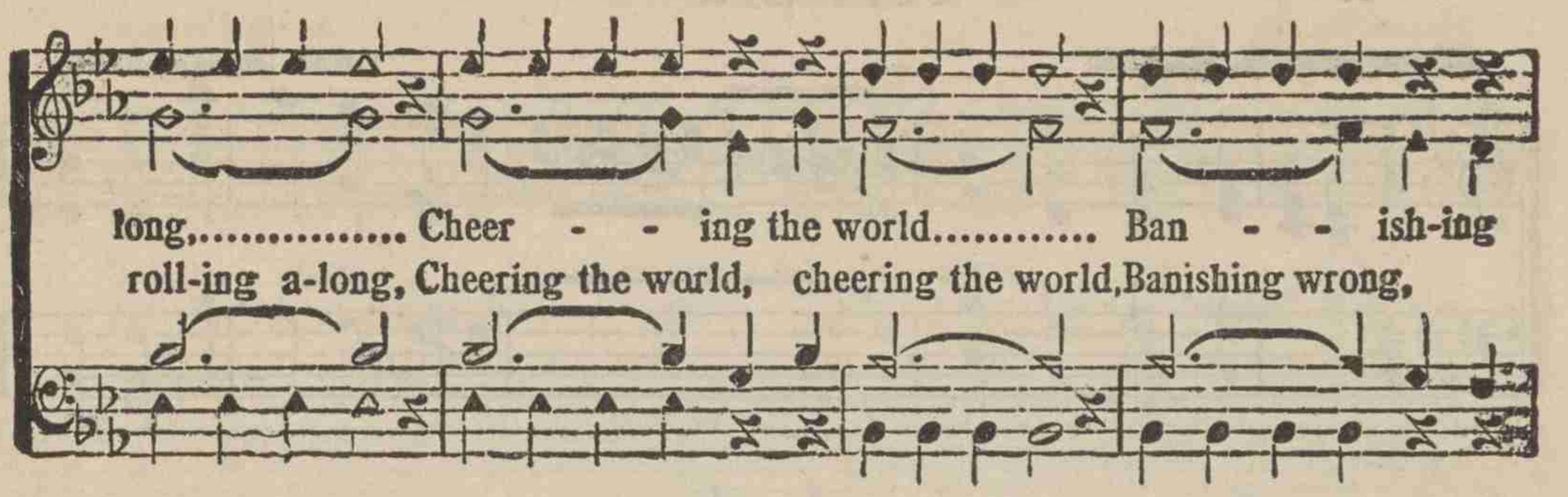
More of His Spir - it show - ing, Send - ing His light a - far.
Him as their Lead - er choos - ing, Leav - ing the prince of night.
Cap - tives of sin re - leas - ing, Mak - ing them white as snow.

CHORUS.

Bil - - lows of grace..... roll - - ing a -
Bil - lows of grace, bil - lows of grace roll - ing a - long

J. M. Henson, owner, Atlanta, Ga.

Billows of Grace.





384.

Forward

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Like a tid - al wave of glo - ry, Reach-ing o - ver land and sea,
2. Sa - tan's forc - es flee in ter - ror At the com - ing of the host;
3. What a song of joy and glad - ness Will re-sound from shore to shore

Sweeps the grand old gos - pel sto - ry Of the cross of Cal - va - ry;
Sin and wrong, de - ceit and er - ror Of their skill no lon - ger boast;
When the night of gloom and sad - ness Shall be light for - ev - er - more;

Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp un-ceas - ing Of the her - alds of the King!
Loud their sub - tle theme is chan - ted As re - luct - ant - ly they yield,
When from ev - 'ry land and na - tion Souls re-deemed shall voic- es raise,

D -ly are in the ranks in-creas-ing, Loud their songs of vic'-try ring.
And Je - ho-vah's flag is plant-ed Far-ther out up - on the field.
To the God of our sal - va- tion, One u - ni - ted song of praise!

Copyright 1920 by Chas. H. Gabriel. Charlie D. Tillman, owner

Forward.

CHORUS.

For - ward to the bat - tle glo - rious! For the
For - ward to the bat - tle glo - rious, Go for - ward! For the

King pos - sess the land! (Be brave, and) Force the fight

For the right, For, is it not the Lord Je -ho-vah's call! O Christian,
For 'tis Je - ho - vah's call!

For - ward! You shall be vic - to - rious, Christ Him - self is in com-
Forward! you shall be vic - to-rious, For-ward! Christ Him-self

mand! In His name Go proclaim lib - er - ty for all.
Re-joic-ing, un-daunted, The day of

385. We Shall Have a New Name.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Beau - - ti - ful sto - ry, Fra - - grant with glo - ry, Prom - ise of God while time..... shall en-dure;..... Guer - don of du- ty, Gold - en with beau - ty, And..... as the heav'ns, e - ter - nal, sure.....
2. If..... we be - lieve it, We..... shall re- ceive it,— Faith..... in His word shall have ..... its re-ward;..... Who..... can di - vine it? Who..... can de - fine it? Mar - vel - ous hope thro' Christ, our Lord.....
3. There..... is no sor - row, In..... that to mor - row, And..... we are told no night..... shall be there;..... Joys..... that for - ev- er Flow..... like a riv - er, With..... all the ran - somed we shall share.....

Copyright, 1910, by Chas. H. Gabriel. Charlie D. Tillman, owner.

We Shall Have a New Name.

CHORUS.

We shall have a new name in that bright

land,..... When, thro' grace, be-

fore the great King we stand,..... There in

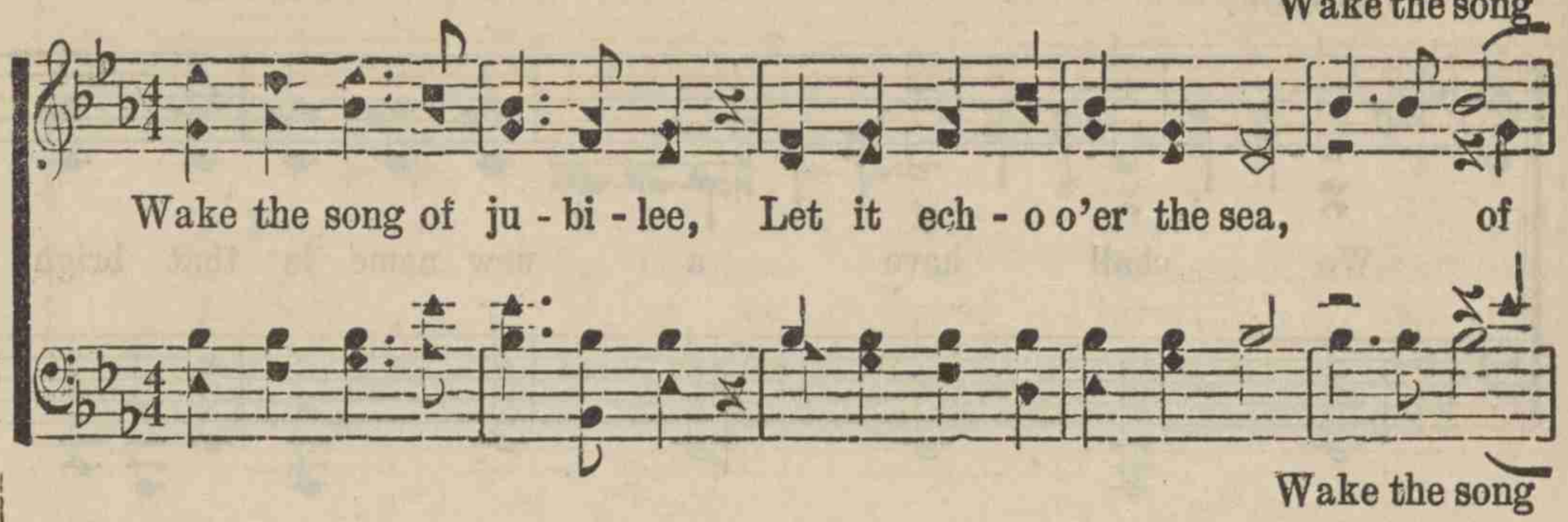
all its beau-ty His face we shall see,..... And

shall reign with Him thro' e - ter - ni - ty.....

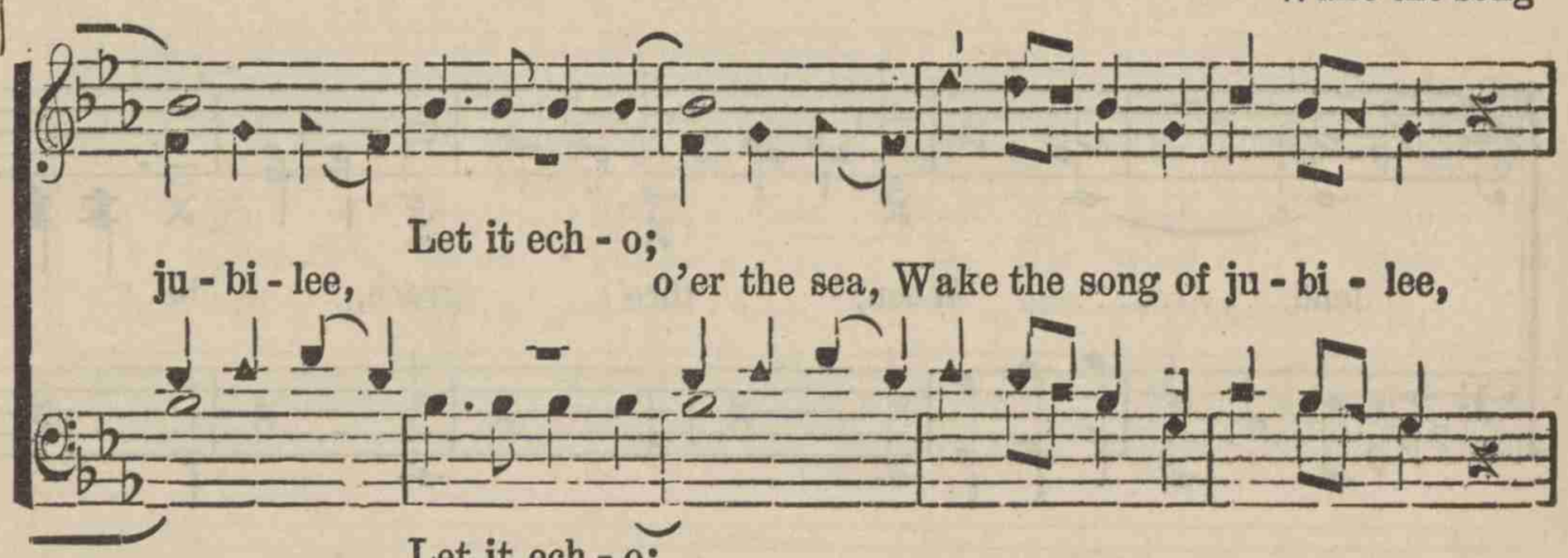
386. Wake the Song.

Chester A. Allen.

Wake the song



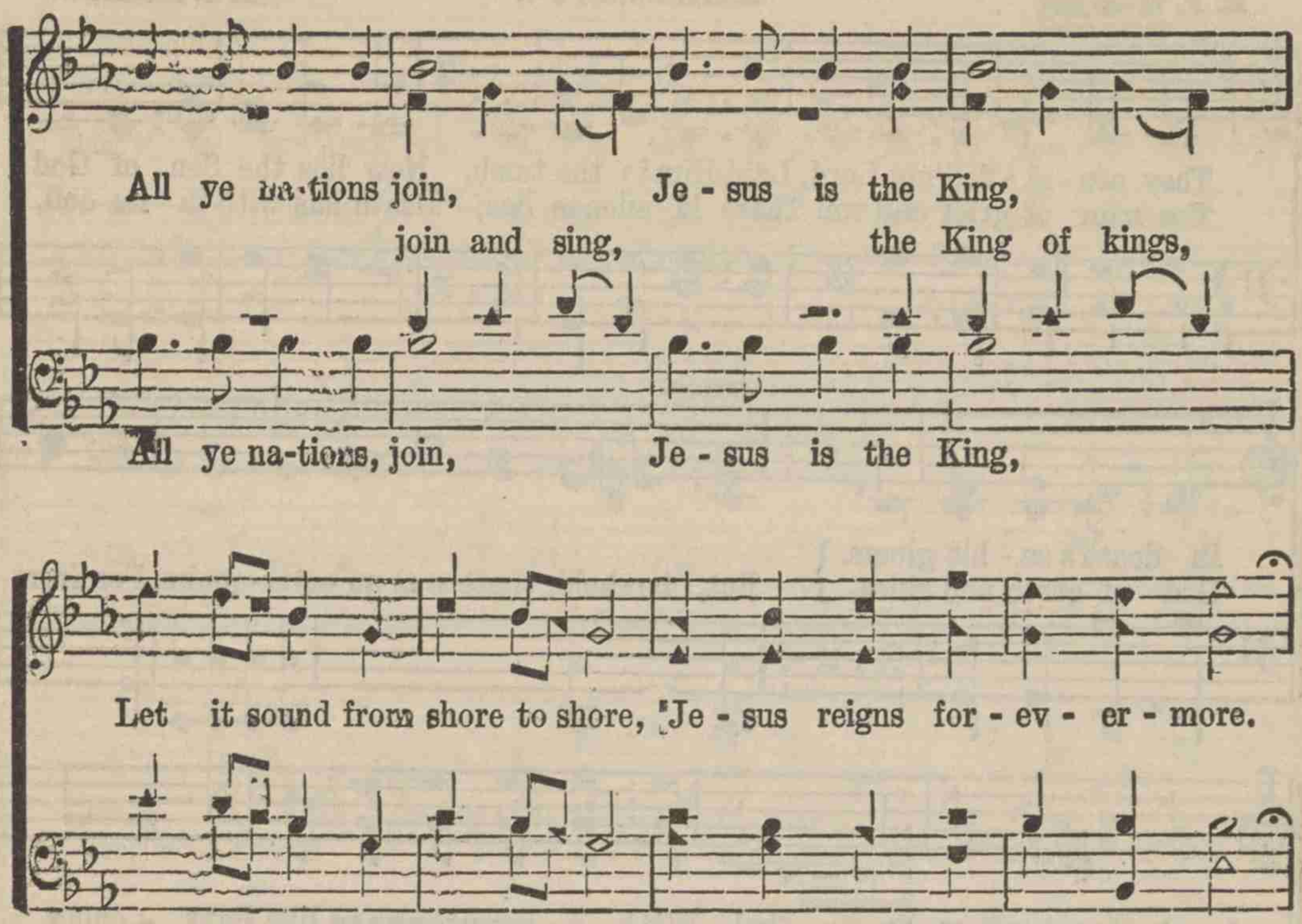
Wake the song

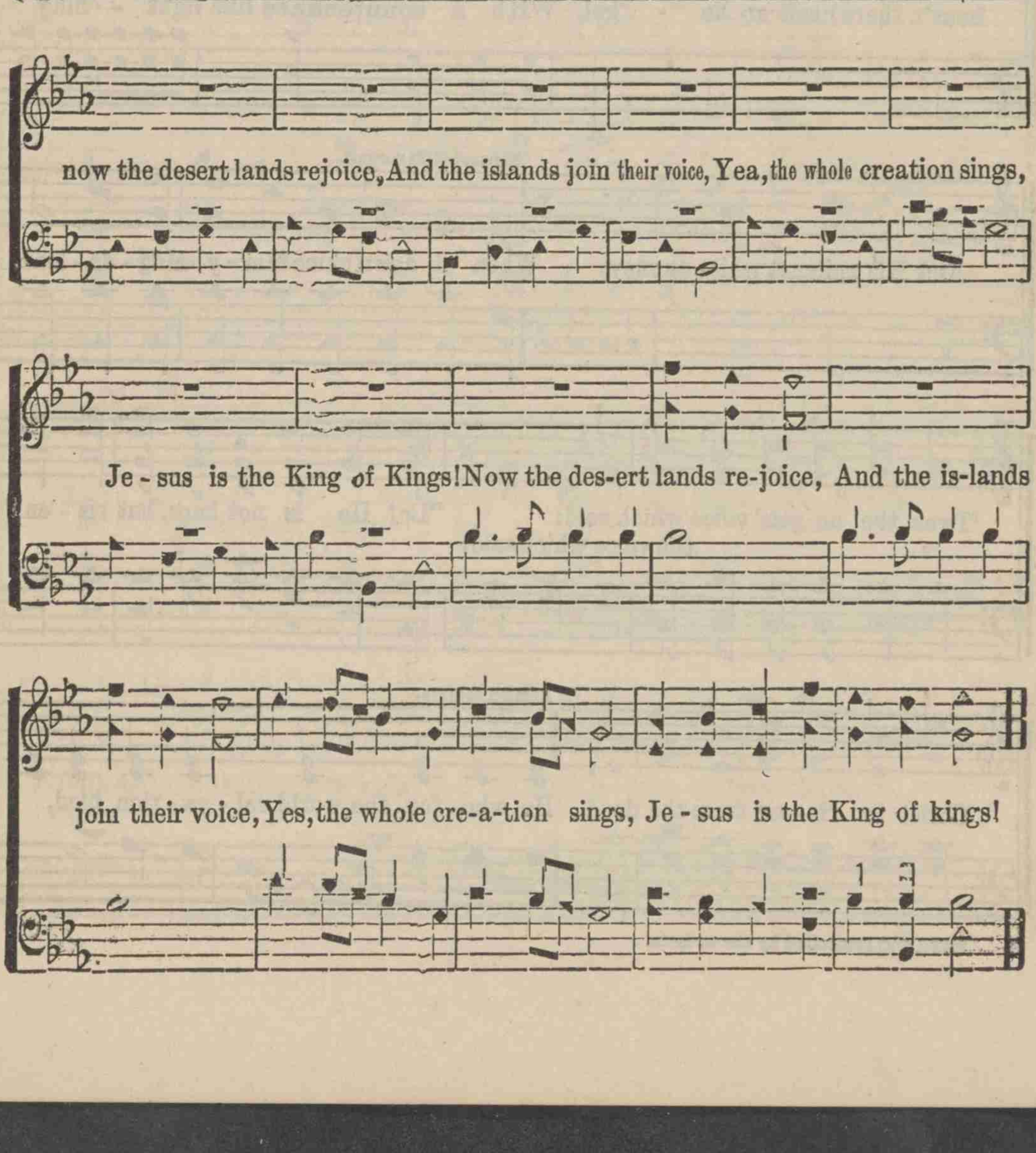




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Wake the Song.





NO. 387. Resurrection.

M. F. Mosley. Quartet. MATTHEW 28: 1-7. T. B. MOSLEY.

They cru - ci - fied my Lord, Laid Him in the tomb, Now lies the Son of God
The man of grief and toil There in silence lies; Death has with-in its coil,

Duet.

In death's sa - ble gloom.
God of earth and skies. } But, be - hold, there was an earth-quake, For from

heav'n there came an an - gel, With a countenance like light - ning

Semi-Chorus.

And His raiment white as snow. When at dawn came Mar - y Mag - da - lene,

'Twas the an-gels' voice which said: "Lo! He is not here, but ris - en!"
the voice which said:

Bass Solo.

Christ is ris - en from the dead. He who for the world sal - va - tion bled,

'wned and controlled by the authers.

Resurrection. Concluded.

Now is ris - en, ris - en from the dead; Glo - ry, hon - or we will

Full Chorus. Accel.

ev - er sing, Praise to our ris - en, ris - en King. Hal - le - lu - jah,
Hal - le - lu - jah,

sing..... with hearts to heav'n and voices raise,.... Ev - er
sing with hearts to heav'n and voic-es, voic-es raise, And ev - er shout

shout, ye ran - somed ones, for you His blood He shed. Sing..... a
ye ransomed ones, for you His blood He shed. Sing a hymn

hymn of glad - ness, sing to God a hymn of praise....
of glad - ness, sing to

Christ,.. the Lord, is ris'n.... in-deed, is ris - en from the dead.
Christ the Lord is ris'n, in-deed, is

No. 388. Come Unto Me!

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Homer F. Morris,

Duet, Alto and Tenor.

1. Come un-to me! come un-to me! Come with thy guilt oppressed, Come all ye wea-ry, weak and faint, Come find a place of rest; Come un-to me, come un-to me, And I thy Com-for-ter will be; O wea-ry soul with bur-dens pressed, Come, I will give you rest.
2. Come un-to me! come un-to me! No lon-ger from me stray, If ye be hun-gry, sick and faint, Come to the feast to-day; Come un-to me, come un-to me, Wa-ter of life I free-ly give, Come, all ye thirst-y, parched with heat, And my rich grace re-ceive.
3. Come un-to me! come un-to me! Why lon-ger thirst-y go? The fountain flow-eth now for thee, Its full-ness come and know; Come un-to me, come un-to me, And I will cure thy ev-'ry ill, Thy life with peace and joy will fill To all e-ter-ni-ty.

REFRAIN.

O come un-to me!
Come un-to me! come un-to me!
O come un-to me!
Come un-to me! come un-to me!
And I will thy com-fort-er

Come Unto Me.

be; O poor, burdened soul, by
thy com - fort-er be; Poor, bur-dened soul, poor, bur-dened soul,

sor - - row op - pressed, Come, I..... will give you
sor - row op-pressed, sor - row op-pressed, Come, I will give you rest, come,

rest, I will give you rest.....
I will give you rest, I will give you rest.

No. 389. Supplication.

Eld. J. H. Longenecker. OWNED BY J. HENRY SHOWALTER. J. Henry Showalter.

1. As - sem-bled, Lord, in Thy great name, We meet in Coun - cil, here;
2. Now may Thy wait-ing peo - ple feel An unc-tion full and free;
3. O bless-ed Lord, come cleanse and purge All leav - en from the heart;
4. Fill us with wis-dom from a - bove, Give strength as is our day;
5. May our de - lib - er - a - tions, Lord, Be pleas - ing in Thy sight;
6. And when our Christian race is run, And earth's fond ties are riv'n,

O may a pen - te - cos - tal flame To ev - 'ry saint ap - pear.
Thy liv - ing pres-ence, Lord, re-veal That makes us one in Thee.
Come, sanc-ti-fy Thy blood-bought Church, New life and strength im-part.
All strife and dis-cord far re-move, Grant peace and love, we pray.
May all Thy saints, with sweet ac-cord, In Christ, their Lord, u - nite.
O Lord, our God, then say, "Well done," And crown us heirs in heav'n.

NO 390. Glory To Israel's God.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



Glory To Israel's God. Concluded.

No. 391. GREAT IS THE LORD.

DR. JOHN W. CALLCOTT.

f

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be prais-ed, and great-ly to be

DUET.

praised, and greatly to be praised, In the cit - y of our

God, In the cit - y of our God. In the mountain of His

CHORUS.

ho - li-ness, In the mountain of His ho-li-ness. Great is the Lord, and

Great.....

great-ly to be praised, Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised,

..... is the Lord,.....

In the cit - y of our God, In the cit - y of our God, In the

GREAT IS THE LORD. Concluded.

mountain of His ho - li - ness, In the mountain of His ho - li - ness.

f CHORUS.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, Great is the Lord, and greatly

to be praised, In the cit - y of our God, In the cit - y of our God,

In the mountain of His ho-li - ness, In the mountain of His ho - li-ness.

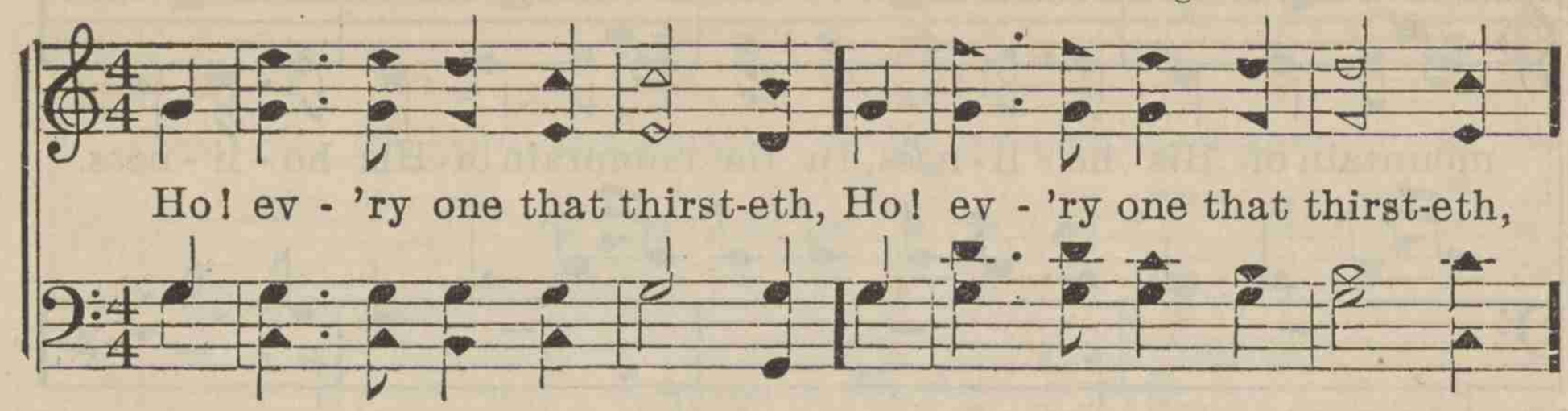
p *f*

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, In the cit - y of our

God, In the mountain of His ho-li-ness, A - men, A - men.

No. 392. HO! EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH.

Arranged from MOZART.












with - out mon - ey and with - out price. Ho!
ev - 'ry one that thirst-eth, Come, O come un - to the
wa - ters of life. Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirst-eth,
Come, O come un - to the wa - ters of life.
To the wa - ters of life, To the wa - ters of life.

No. 393. Sing, And Magnify The Lord.

f Maestoso. From the Oratorio of "DANIEL."

Sing, O sing and mag - ni - fy the Lord, And let us ex - ault His

name to - geth- er, Sing, O sing, and mag - ni - fy the Lord, And

let us ex - ault His name to - geth- er, For He has tri-umph'd

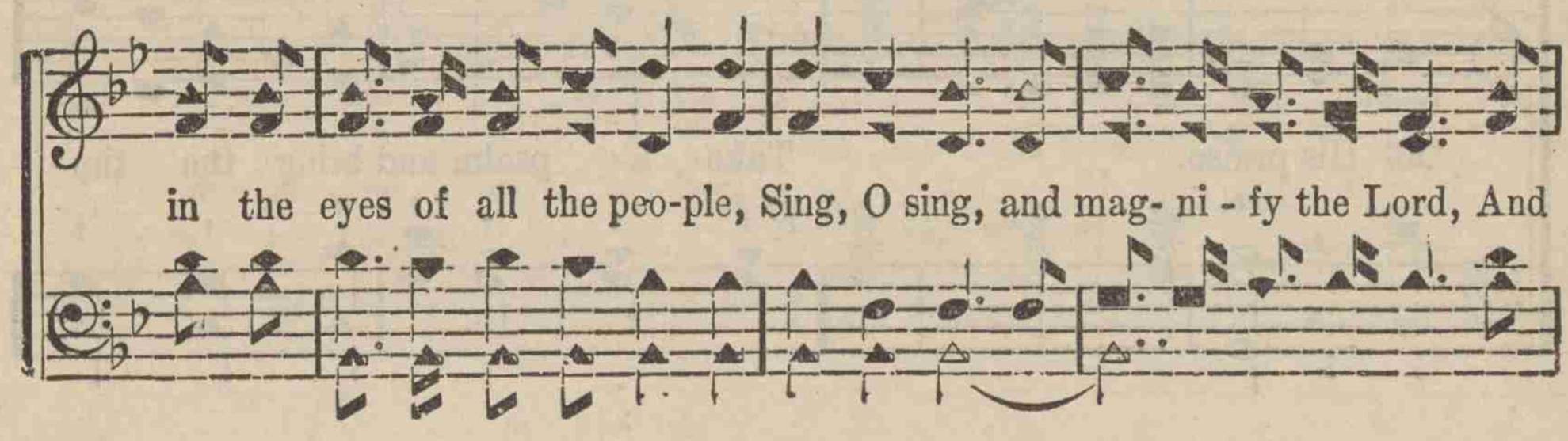
glo - ri - ous- ly, For He has triumph'd glo-rious-ly, Sing, O sing, and

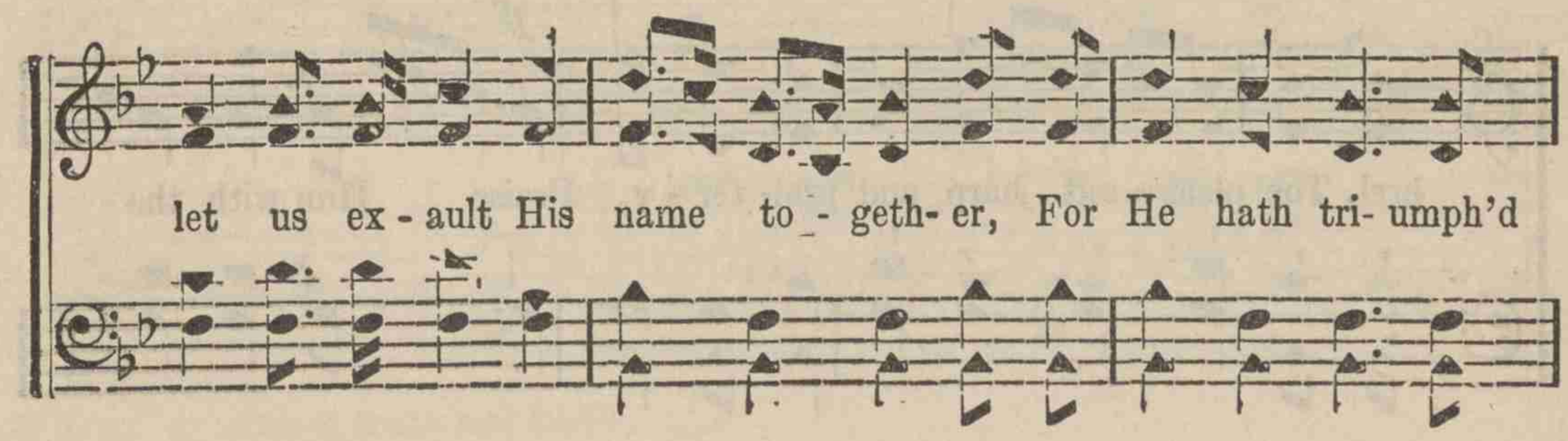
mag - ni - fy the Lord; and let us ex- ault His name to - geth - er, For

Sing, And Magnify. Continued.









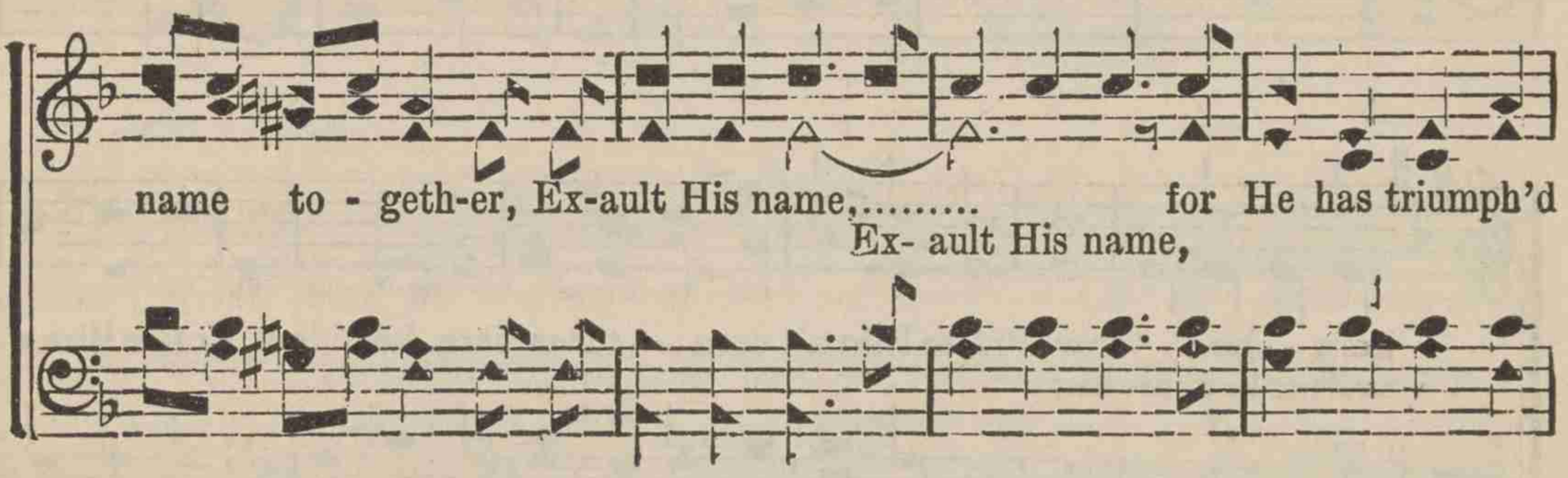


Sing, And Magnify. Continued.



Sing, And Magnify. Concluded.

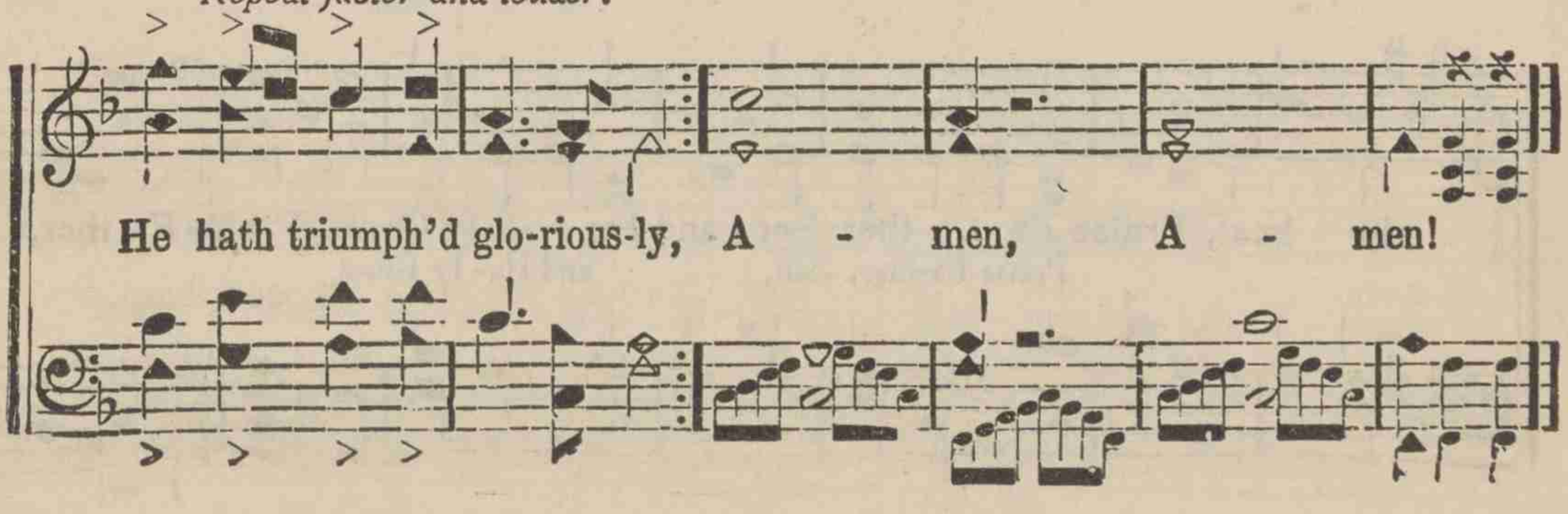








Repeat faster and louder.



No. 394. Praise God.

JOHN FAWCETT

Praise God from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise Him all crea - tures
Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all

here be - low; Praise Him all crea - tures here be - low, Praise Him a-
creatures here be- low;

bove, Praise Him a-bove, Praise Him a-bove, ye heaven-ly
Praise Him a - bove, Praise Him a - bove, Praise Him a-bove ye heaven-ly

host,—Praise Him a-bove, Praise Him a-bove, Praise Him a-bove ye heaven-

ly host, Praise Fa . ther Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Praise Fa-ther,
Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho- ly Ghost,

Praise God. Concluded.



Semi Chorus.



Duet.



Full Chorus.





No. 395. NOW UNTO HIM.

JUDE 1: 34, 35. F. P. MORRIS.

Now un - to Him that is a - ble to keep you from fall - ing,

and to present you fault-less be - fore the pres-ence of His

glo - ry and ex - ceed - ing joy. To the on-ly wise God, our

Accel. et cres.

Sav iour, be glo - ry and maj - es - ty, do - min - ion and

pow-er, both now and for-ev - er, A - men. A - men.

By per. of H. F. Morris.

No. 1. Scripture Readings.

I.—REVIVAL.

Isaiah 35:1-10.

1. The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.

2. It shall blossom abundantly and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord and the excellency of our God.

3. Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees.

4. Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not: behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense; he will come and save you.

5. Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.

6. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.

7. And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes.

8. And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.

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

10. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

II.—CHRIST OUR SIN-BEARER.

Isaiah 53.

1. Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed

2. For He shall grow up before Him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: He hath not form nor comeliness; and when we shall see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him.

3. He is despised and rejected of men; a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief :and we hid as it were our faces from Him; He was despised and we esteemed Him not.

4. Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

5. But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our inquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed.

6. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.

7. He was oppressed, and He was afflicted; yet He opened not His mouth: He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not his mouth.

8. He was taken from prison and from judgment; and who shall declare His generation? for He was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was He stricken.

9. And He made His grave with the wicked, and with the rich in His death; because He had done no violence, neither was any deceit in His mouth.

10. Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise Him; He hath put Him to grief: when Thou shalt make His soul an offering for sin, He shall see His seed, He shall prolong His days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hand.

11. He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied: by His knowledge shall My righteous Servant justify many; for He shall bear their inquities.

12. Therefore will I divide Him a portion with the great, and He shall divide the spoil with the strong;

because He hath poured out His soul unto death: and He was numbered with the transgressors; and He bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

III.—PSALM 1.

1. Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4. The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5. Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6. For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

IV.—THE WORK OF GOD.

1. The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.

2. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

3. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

4. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun.

5. Which is as a bridegroom cometh out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

6. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

7. The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the

8. The statutes of the Lord are simple.
right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

10. More to be desired are they than gold, yea than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

11. Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

12. Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

13. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

V.—SHEPHERD.

Psalm 23.

1. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

VI.—PSALM 51.

1. Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3. For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4. Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5. Behold, I was shaken in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

7. Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8. Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9. Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

10. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

11. Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

12. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit.

13. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

14. Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation; and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

15. O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

16. For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it; thou delightest not in burnt offering.

17. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

VII.—GRATITUDE.

Psalm 103.

1. Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

2. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

3. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4. Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies;

5. Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6. The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7. He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8. The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger; and plenteous in mercy.

9. He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger for ever.

10. He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

VIII.—KEEPING.

Psalm 121.

1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

2. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

3. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber

4. Behold, he that keepeth Israel

shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

6. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

7. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

8. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

IX.—PRAYER.

Luke 11:1-13.

1. And it came to pass, that, as He was praying in a certain place, when He ceased, one of His disciples said unto Him, Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples.

2. And He said unto them, When ye pray, say, Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven, so in earth.

3. Give us day by day our daily bread.

4. And forgive us our sins; for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil.

5. And He said unto them, Which of you shall have a friend, and shall go unto him at midnight, and say unto him, Friend, lend me three loaves;

6. For a friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him?

7. And he from within shall answer and say, Trouble me not: the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed; I cannot rise and give thee.

8. I say unto you, Though he will not rise and give him, because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth.

9. And I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

10. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

11. If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent?

12. Or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion?

13. If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?

X.—REGENERATION.

John 3.

1. There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews:

2. The same came to Jesus by night; and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.

3. Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

4. Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?

5. Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

6. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

7. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again.

8. The wind bloweth where it listeth, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

9. Nicodemus answered and said unto him, How can these things be?

10. Jesus answered and said unto him, Art thou a master of Israel, and knoweth not these things?

11. Verily, verily, I say unto thee,

We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen: and ye receive not our witness.

12. If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe, if I tell you of heavenly things?

13. And no man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven.

14. And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up:

15. That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

16. For God so loveth the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

17. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

XI.—THE WAY.

John 14:1-12.

1. Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

2. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

3. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

4. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

5 Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest;

6. Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life. no man

7. If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also: and from henceforth ye know nim, and have seen him.

8. Philip saith unto him, Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us.

9. Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Shew us the Father?

10. Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works.

11. Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very work's sake.

12. Verily, verily, I say unto you, that I do shall he do also; and He that believeth on me, the works greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.

XII.—ABIDING IN CHRIST.

John 15.

1. I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

2. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.

3. Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.

4. Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.

5. I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing.

6. If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

7. If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

8. Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.

9. As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love.

10. If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love, even as I have kept my Father's commandents, and abide in his love.

11. These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.

XIII.—JUSTIFICATION.

Romans 5:1-11.

1. Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ:
2. By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.
3. And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience;
4. And patience, experience; and experience, hope:
5. And hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.
6. For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly.
7. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die.
8. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.
9. Much more then being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him.
10. For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life.
11. And not only so, but we also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement.

XIV.—NO CONDEMNATION.

Romans 8:1-10.

1. There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.
2. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.
3. For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh:
4. That the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.
5. For they that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh; but they that are after the Spirit the things of the Spirit.
6. For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace.
7. Because the carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.
8. So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God.
9. But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you. Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.
10. And if Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin; but the Spirit is life because of righteousness.

XV.—CHRISTIAN GIVING.

2 Cor. 8:9-15; 9:6-11.

9. For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.
10. And herein I give my advice for this is expedient for you, who have begun before, not only to do, but also to be forward a year ago.
11. Now therefore perform the doing of it; that as there was a readiness to will, so there may be a performance also out of that which ye have.
12. For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.
13. For I mean not that other men be eased, and ye burdened;
14. But by an equality, that now at this time your abundance may be a supply for their want, that their abundance also may be a supply for your want; that there may be

equality:

15. As it is written, He that had gathered much had nothing over; and he that had gathered little had no lack.

* * * *

6. But this I say, he which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.

7. Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.

8. And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work:

9. (As it is written, He hath dispersed abroad: he hath given to the poor: his righteousness remaineth forever.

10. Now he that ministereth seed to the sower both minister bread for your food, and multiply your seed sown, and increase the fruits of your righteousness:)

11. Being enriched in every thing to all bountifulness, which causeth through us thanksgiving to God.

XVI.—PEACE OF GOD.

Philippians 4:4-13.

4. Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say, Rejoice.

5. Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand.

6. Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your request be made known unto God.

7. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

8. Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

9. Those things, which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen in me, do: and the God of peace shall be with you.

10. But I rejoice in the Lord greatly, that now at the last your care of me hath flourished again; wherein ye were also careful, but ye lacked opportunity.

11. Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.

12. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound; every where and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need.

13. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.

14. Notwithstanding ye have well done, that ye did communicate with my affliction.

XVII.—CHRISTIAN LIVING.

Colossians 3:1-17.

1. If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.

2. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth.

3. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.

4. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory.

5. Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth; fornication, uncleanness, inordinate affection, evil concupiscence, and covetousness, which is idolatry:

6. For which things' sake the wrath of God cometh on the children of disobedience:

7. In the which ye also walked some time, when ye lived in them.

8. But now ye also put off all these; anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy, filthy communication out of your mouth.

9. Lie not one to another, seeing that ye have put off the old man

with his deeds;

10. And have put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created him:

11. Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision, nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all, and in all.

12. Put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, longsuffering;

13. Forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any; even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye.

14. And above all these things put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness.

15. And let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body; and be ye thankful.

16. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.

17. And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him.

XVIII.—SECOND COMING.

Thessalonians 4:12-18 and 5:1-8.

13. But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.

14. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

15. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep.

16. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump: and the dead in Christ shall rise first:

17. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

18. Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

* * * *

1. But of the times and the seasons, brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you.

2. For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night.

3. For when they shall say, Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child; and they shall not escape.

4. But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief.

5. Ye are all the children of light, and the children of the day: we are not of the night, nor of darkness.

6. Therefore let us not sleep as do others; but let us watch and be sober.

7. For they that sleep sleep in the night: and they that be drunken are drunken in the night.

8. But let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love: and for an helmet the hope of salvation.

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My Mother's Hands.

"Her children arise up, and call her blessed."—Prov. 21: 28.

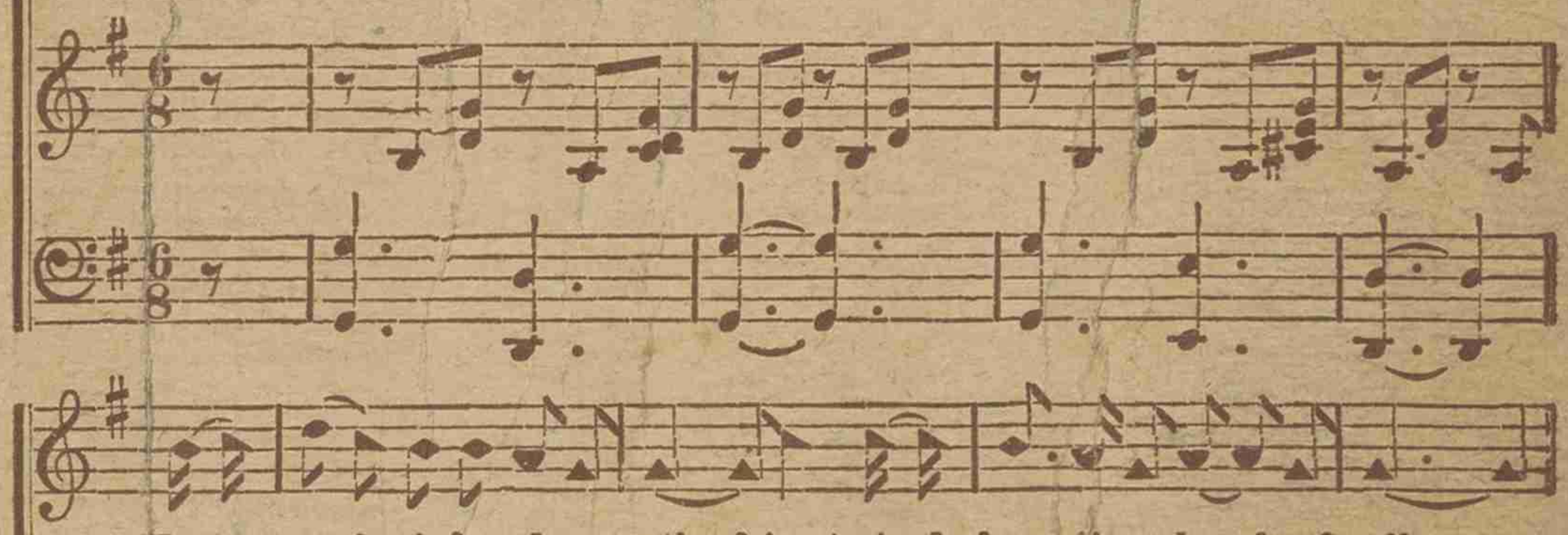
Mrs. M. E. W.

Mrs. M. E. Wilson, by per.
Sister of the late P. P. Bliss.

Solo. *Slow and with great expression.*



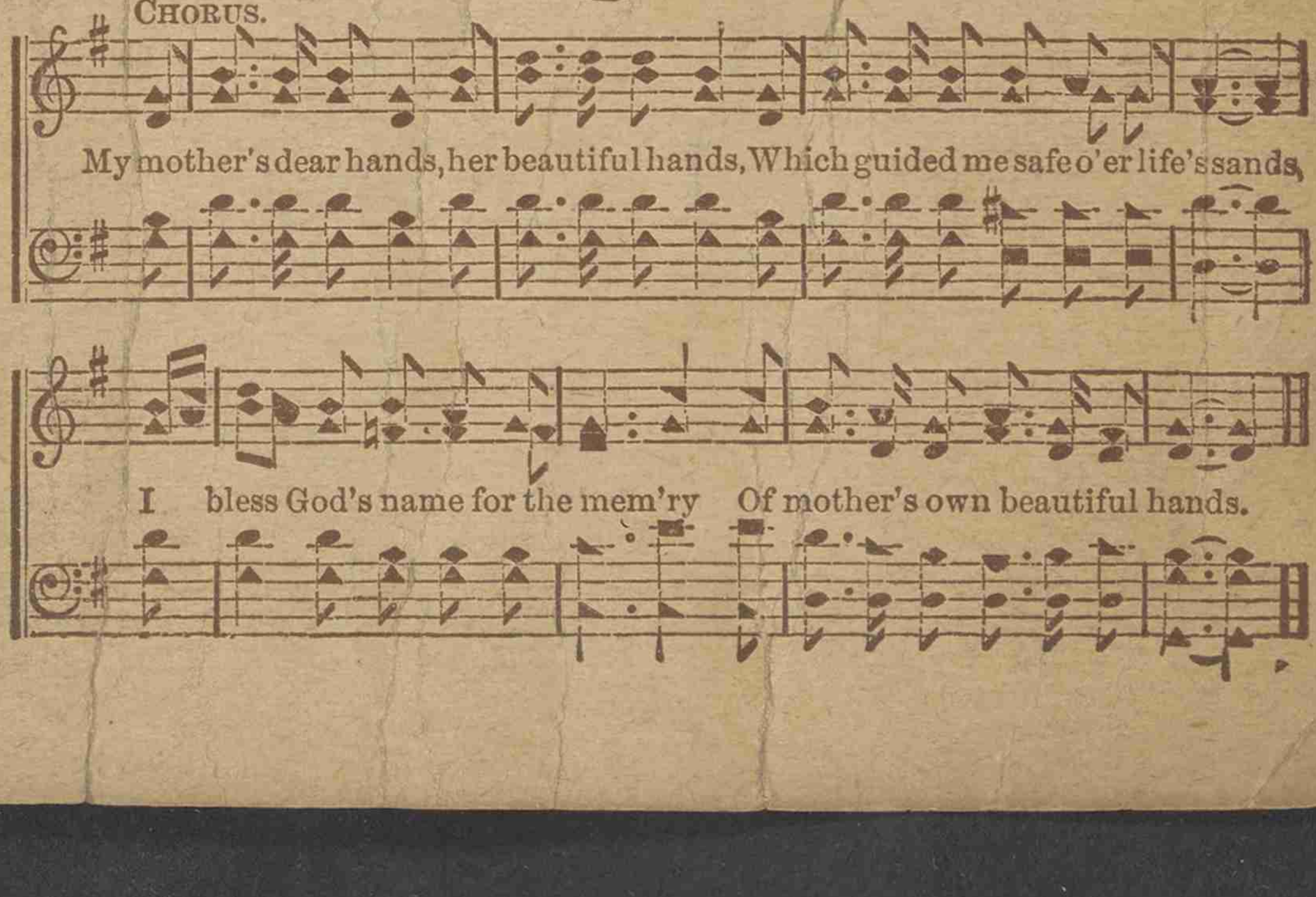
1. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! Tho' they neither were white nor small,
2. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! How they cared for my infant days!
3. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! As they pressed my ach-ing brow,
4. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! Thin and wrinkled with age they grew;
5. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! I stood by her cof-fin one day,
6. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! I shall clasp them again once more,



Yet my mother's hands were the fairest And love-li-est hands of all.
They guided my feet into pleasant paths, And smoothed all the rugged ways.
They cooled the fever and eased the pain; Me-thinks I can feel them now.
But still they toiled on for the child so dear, And her love seemed tender and true.
And I kissed those hands so cold and white, As quiet and peaceful she lay
As my feet touch the bank of the heav'nly land; We shall meet on that shining shore



Chorus.



My mother's dear hands, her beautiful hands, Which guided me safe o'er life's sands,

I bless God's name for the mem'ry Of mother's own beautiful hands.

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