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WAVES OF GLORY No. 2

USE ONLY STACKS
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WAVES OF GLORY

Number Two

EDITED BY

W. J. KIRKPATRICK

D. L. WALLACE, C. J. KINNE

Printed in U. S. A.

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MAKE a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands: sing forth the honour of his name: make his praise glorious.

Psalm 66:1, 2

SING aloud unto God our strength: make a joyful noise unto the God of Jacob. Take a psalm and bring hither the timbrel, the pleasant harp with the psaltery.

Psalm 81:1, 2

KINGS of the earth, and all people; princes, and all Judges of the earth: both young men, and maidens; old men, and children: let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

Psalm 148: 11-13

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Waves Of Glory

C. J. KINNE. Copyright, 1921, by Nazarene Publishing House. WM. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O the mer-cy of God like an o-cean is broad As a boundless and
2. As re-vealed in His word, the free grace of my Lord Is a foun-tain of
3. O the pure love of God, it is now shed a-broad To the ut-ter-most

fath-om-less sea; And its waves ev-er roll o'er my rap-tur-ous soul;
wa-ter and blood; And the streams o'er me flow as re-joic-ing I go;
depths of my soul; I am free, I am free, for His blood cleans-es me,

CHORUS.

Praise God for His mer-cy so free.
I'm saved by its life-giv-ing flood.
And glo-ry-waves o-ver me roll.
} Waves of glo-ry now

o-ver me roll, Streams of sal-va-tion are flood-ing my soul, Cleans-ing and

Rit.

keep-ing me ev-'ry whit whole; Glo-ry to God! hal-le-lu-jah!

No. 2. I Will Sing the Wondrous Story.

Words and music copyrighted 1887, by Ira D. Sankey. Renewal 1914, by P. P. Bilhorn.

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY. Nazarene Publishing House, owner. PETER P. BILHORN.
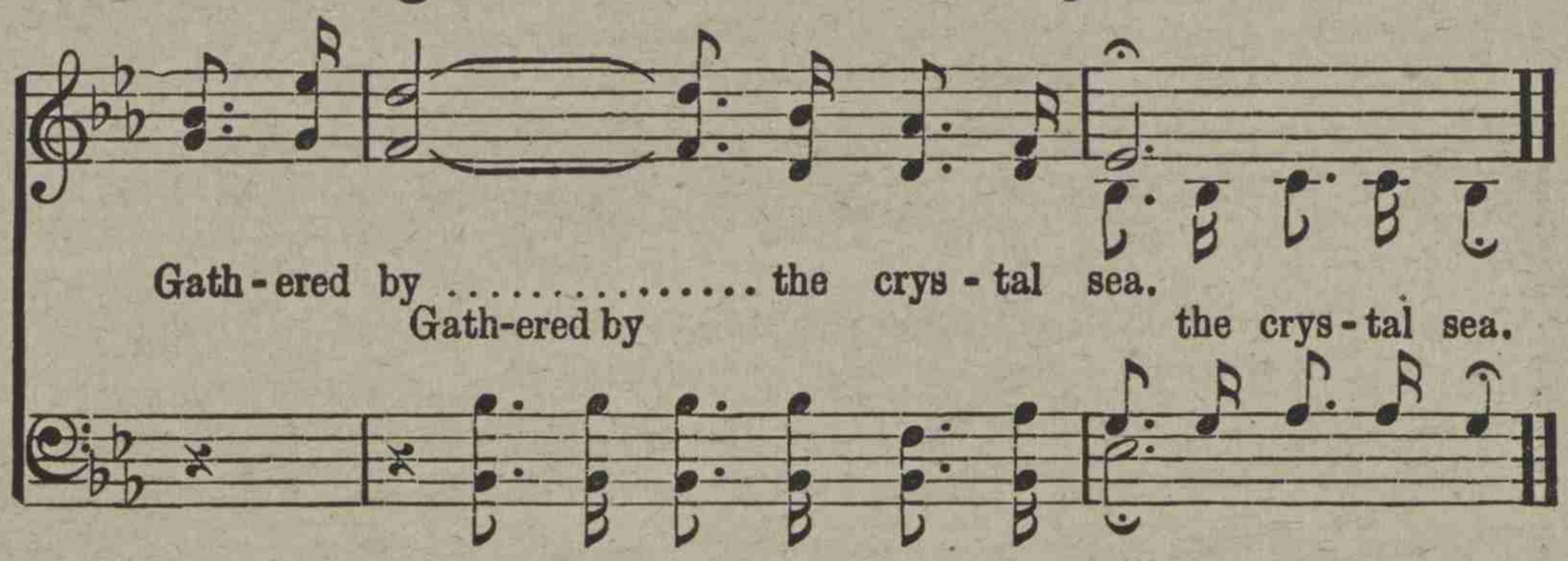
1. I will sing the wondrous sto - ry Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a-stray;
3. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4. Days of dark-ness still come o'er me, Sor-row's paths I oft - en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;

How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross on Cal - va - ry.
Threw His lov-ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to His way.
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But He freed me from them all.
But the Sav - ior still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led.
Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.

CHORUS.
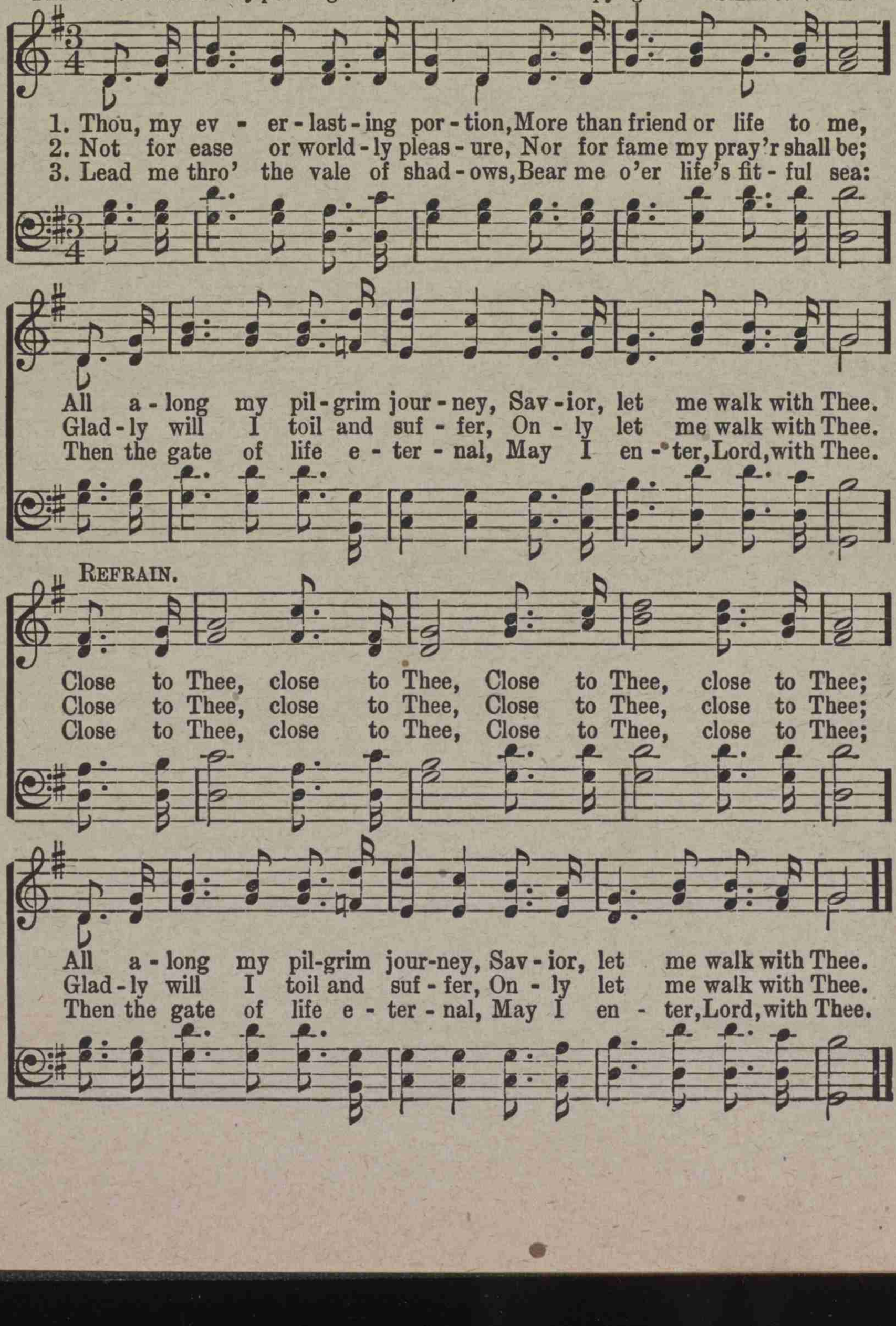
Yes, I'll sing..... the won-drous sto - - - ry
Yes, I'll sing the won-drous sto - ry
Of the Christ..... who died for me,.....
Of the Christ who died for me,
Sing it with..... the saints in glo - - - ry,
Sing it with the saints in glo - ry,

I Will Sing the Wondrous Story. Concluded.



No. 3. Close to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. By per. Biglow & Main, Owners of Copyright. SILAS J. VAIL.



No. 4. The Blood Will Never Lose Its Power.

Copyright, 1940, by Mrs. Stillman Martin.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. Nazarene Publishing House, owner. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. The blood that Je-sus once shed for me, As my Re-deem-er, up-on the tree, The blood that setteth the pris-'ner free, Will nev - er lose its pow'r.
2. It gives us ac-cess to God on high, From "far-off places" it brings us nigh To pre-cious blessings that nev - er die; It will nev - er lose its pow'r.
3. It is a shel-ter for rich and poor; It is to heav-en the o - pen door; The sin-ner's mer - it for ev - er-more; It will nev - er lose its pow'r.
4. And when with all the blood-washed throng We sing in glo - ry re-demp-tion's song, We'll pass the glo - ri-ous truth a - long, It has nev - er lost its pow'r.

CHORUS.

It will nev - er lose its pow'r,.... It will nev-er lose its pow'r;....
ho - ly pow'r, ho - ly pow'r;

The blood that cleans-es from all sin Will nev - er lose its pow'r.

No. 5. He Lives.

J. H. SAMMIS. Copyright, 1911, by James G. Garth. JAMES G. GARTH.

1. On Cal - va - ry my Sav - ior died Where for my sins He bled;
2. Death cap - tive held Him but an hour, My ev - er liv - ing head!
3. He bore with - in the ho - ly place, The pre-cious drops He shed;
4. Now high a - bove the high - est heav'n, He's seat-ed in my stead;
5. And soon with all His saints He'll bring The glo - ry as He said;

He rose, and I am jus - ti - fied; He lives, Who once was dead.
He rose in glo - ry and in pow'r; He lives, Who once was dead.
And sprink-led there the Throne of Grace; He lives, Who once was dead.
And grace for all my need is giv'n; He lives, Who once was dead.
Loud shall the hal - le - lu-jahs ring—He lives, Who once was dead.

CHORUS.

He rose a vic - tor o'er the grave; He lives ex - alt - ed now to save;

He lives to plead my cause on high; He lives to guide me with His eye;

ad lib.

He lives to bring me to the sky And I shall see Him bye and bye.

No. 6. The End Is Not Yet.

E. D. ELLIOTT. Copyright, 1935, by Wm. Edie Marks. Renewal. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. I have tried to count His bless-ings, and I fail to un - der-stand
2. Like an arm - y I be-hold them pass be-fore me in re - view,
3. Sure - ly good-ness, love and mer - cy have been mine a - long life's way,

Why the Lord should so rich-ly re-ward; Could I count the stars of heav-en,
O what joy doth the sight now af-ford! Tho' they may be long in passing,
And my weak heart to strength is restored; And my cup of joy and gladness

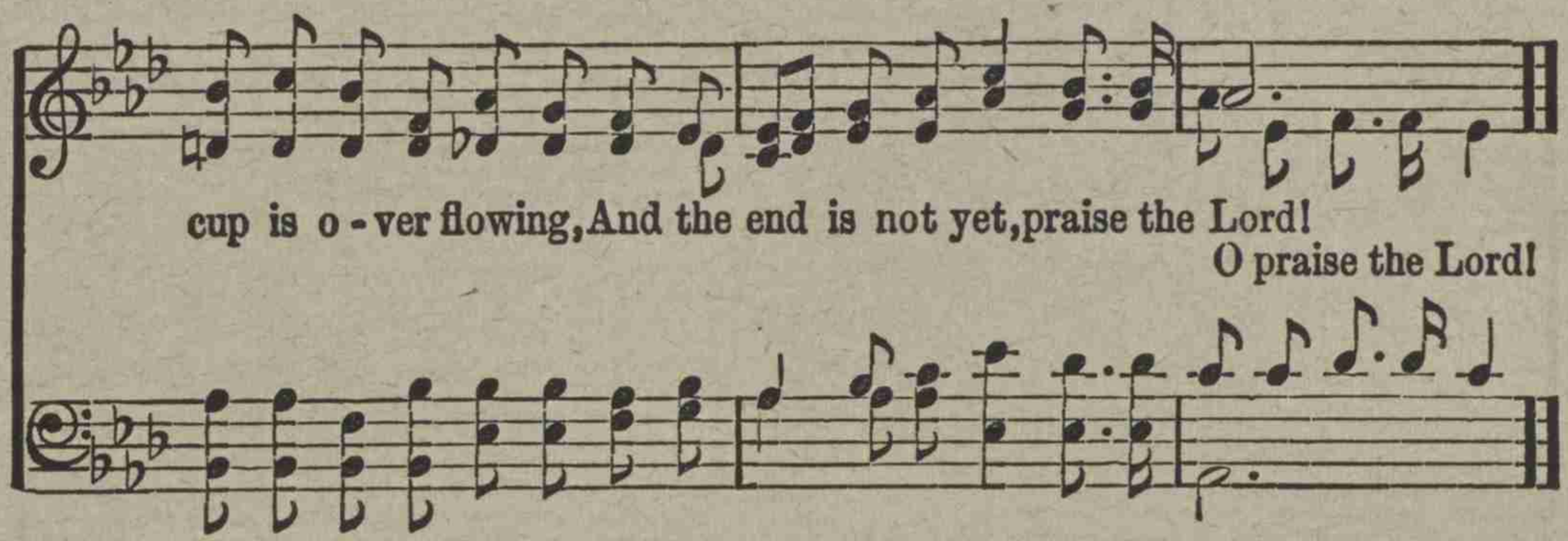
add to them earth's grains of sand, Still His blessings are more, praise the Lord!
still they come, bat-tal-lions new, And the end is not yet, praise the Lord!
keeps o'er-flowing, day by day, And the end is not yet, praise the Lord!

CHORUS.

And the end is not yet, praise the Lord, And the end is not yet, praise the Lord,

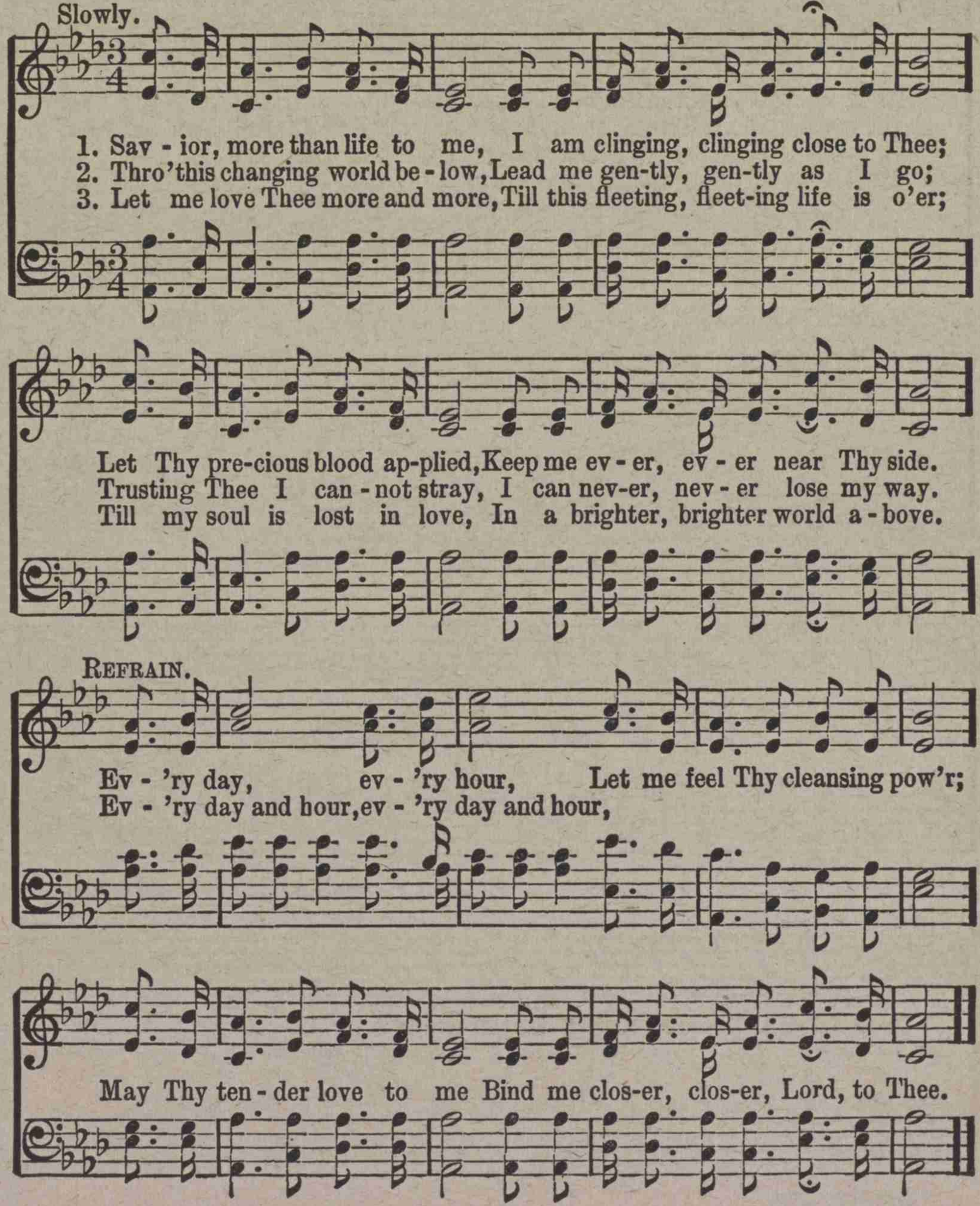
praise the Lord; Bless-ings new He's still be-stow-ing, And my O praise the Lord;

The End Is Not Yet. Concluded.



No. 7. Every Day and Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "Cleanse me from my sin."-Ps. 51: 2. W. H. DOANE.



No. 8 Sail On!

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
NEW ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

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

Solo and Chorus. M. 80 = ♩

1. Up - on a wide and storm-y sea, Thou'rt sail-ing to e - ter - ni - ty,
2. Art far from shore, and weary-worn—The sky o'er-cast, thy can-vass torn?
3. Do com-rades trem-ble and re-fuse To fur-ther dare the taunt-ing hues?
4. Do snarl-ing waves thy craft as-sail? Art pow'r-less, drift-ing with the gale?

ad lib.

And thy great Ad-m'ral or - ders thee:—"Sail on! sail on! sail on!"
Hark ye! A voice to thee is borne:—"Sail on! sail on! sail on!"
No oth - er course is thine to choose, Sail on! sail on! sail on!
Take heart! God's word shall nev-er fail! Sail on! sail on! sail on!

CHORUS. M. 88 = ♩

Sail on! sail on! the storms will soon be past, The dark - ness

will not al - ways last; Sail on! sail on! sail on!..... God

sail on! sail on!

lives! and He commands: "Sail on! sail on!".....

on! sail on! sail on! sail on! sail on!

* May close here.

No. 9. Christ Arose!

Copyright, 1916, by Mary Runyon Lowry. Renewal. Used by per.

R. L. 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 cannot 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, (he a-rose,) With a might - y tri-umph o'er his foes; (he a-rose!) 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!) Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!

rit.

No. 10. Jesus Saves.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard the joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Tell to sin - ners far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Let the na - tions now re-joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves,
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves,

On - ward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

No. 11. He's Coming Some Day.

Copyright, 1937, by Nazarene Publishing House. Renewal.

E. A. KILBOURNE. A. F. INGLER.

1. O Je - sus, my Je - sus, is com - ing some day, The heav - ens will
2. Thrice bless-ed are ye who are bid - den to feast, When Je - sus shall
3. If this hope you've treasured, like Him thou shalt be, All pure and all
4. O friends, are you read - y this mo-ment to stand, With bold-ness be-

o - pen, O why bid Him stay? His bride hath made ready, her garments are white,
name you a king and a priest; At that feast a-new with His bride He'll re-veal,
ho - ly, yes, e - ven as He; An heir to a king-dom, a crown and a throne,
fore Him a sanc-ti-fied band? The blood is your plea, are you hap-py and free,

CHORUS

Ar-rayed in fine lin - en so pure and so bright.
The new wine of heav-en, the mar-riage to seal.
With rich-es in glo - ry for - ev - er thine own.
Made white in the fountain 'neath Cal-va-ry's tree?

O glo-ry! He's coming, yes,
com-ing some day, To gather His loved ones and take them away; He's coming, He's
com-ing, He's com-ing some day, My Sav-ior is com-ing for me.....
He's com-ing for me.

No. 12. The Old Fountain.

EMMA M. JOHNSTON. Copyright, 1896, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Effective as a Solo.

1. By Sa - ma-ria's way-side well, Once a bless-ed mes-sage fell On a wo-man's thirst-y soul, Long a - go; And to eyes that long were sealed
2. And a lit - tle cap-tive maid, By a lep - er un-dismayed, Told to him a sim - ple sto-ry Long a - go; That the stream where he might lave
3. As the eu - nuch tried to read, Phil-ip taught him of His need, And bap- tized Him in the stream, Long a - go; As the out-ward seal and sign
4. O thou foun-tain, deep and wide, Flowing from the wounded side That was pierced for our redemption, Long a - go; In thy ev - er-cleans-ing wave

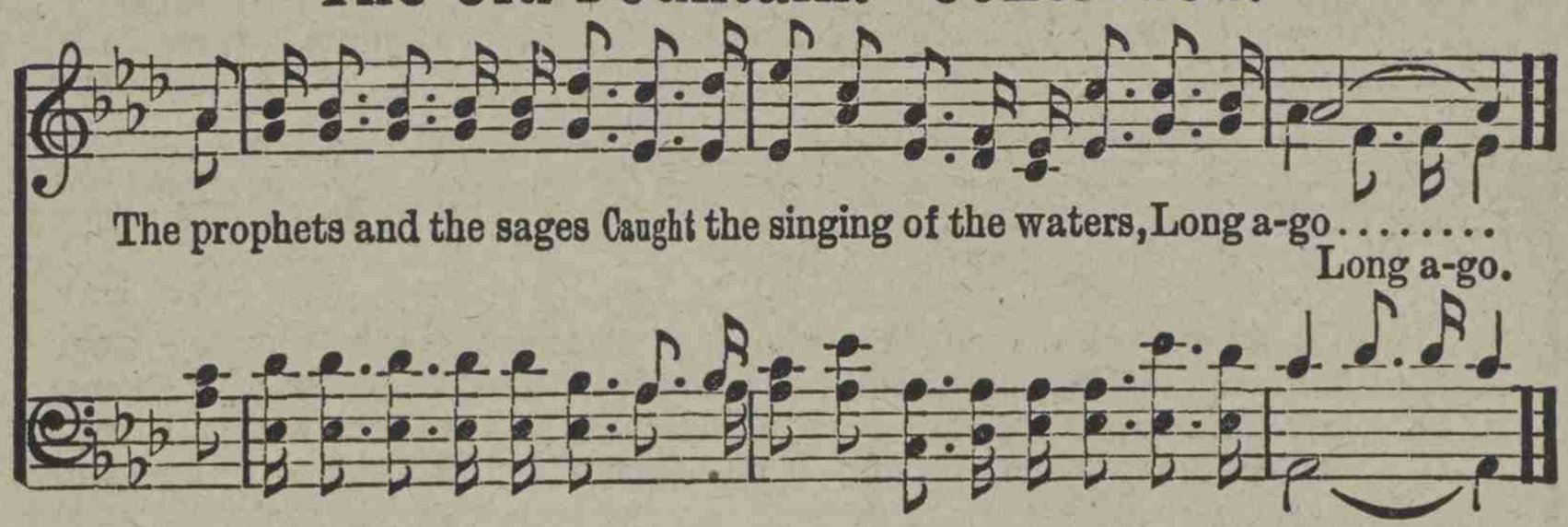
Was the glorious light revealed, Thro' a fountain that was opened Long a - go.
Had a-lone the pow'r to save, Thro' his trust in that old fountain Long a - go.
Of an in-ward word di-vine, That was wrought thro' that old fountain Long a - go.
There is found all pow'r to save, 'Tis the pow'r that healed the nations Long a - go.

CHORUS.

There's a foun-tain that was o-pened Long a - go;..... For the heal - ing of the na-tions is its flow;.....A - long the line of a - ges,

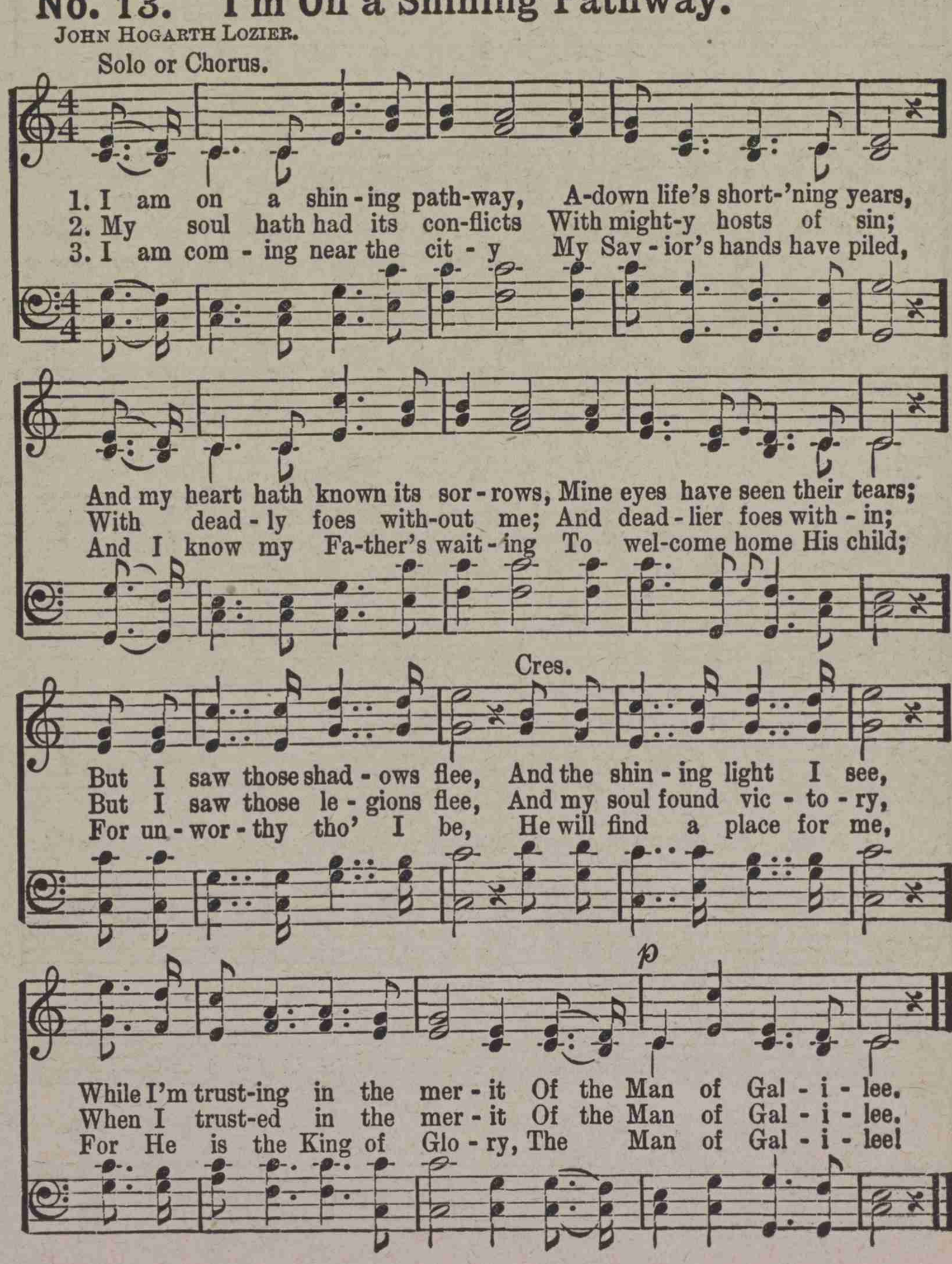
Long a - go;

The Old Fountain. Concluded.



No. 13. I'm On a Shining Pathway.
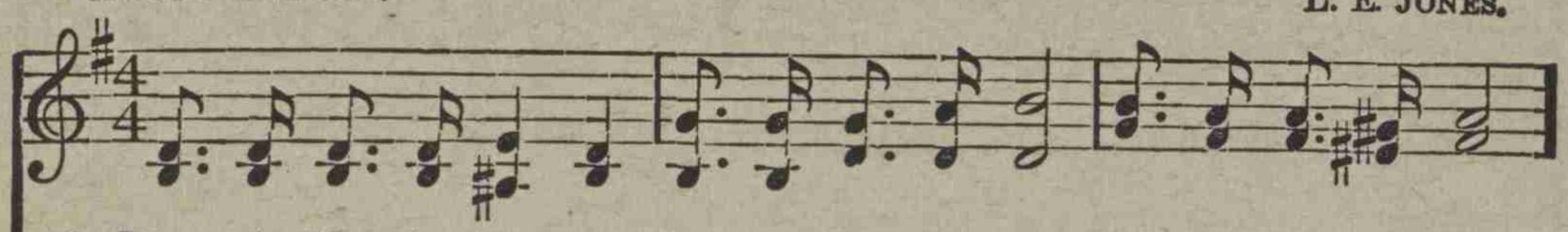
JOHN HOGARTH LOZIER.



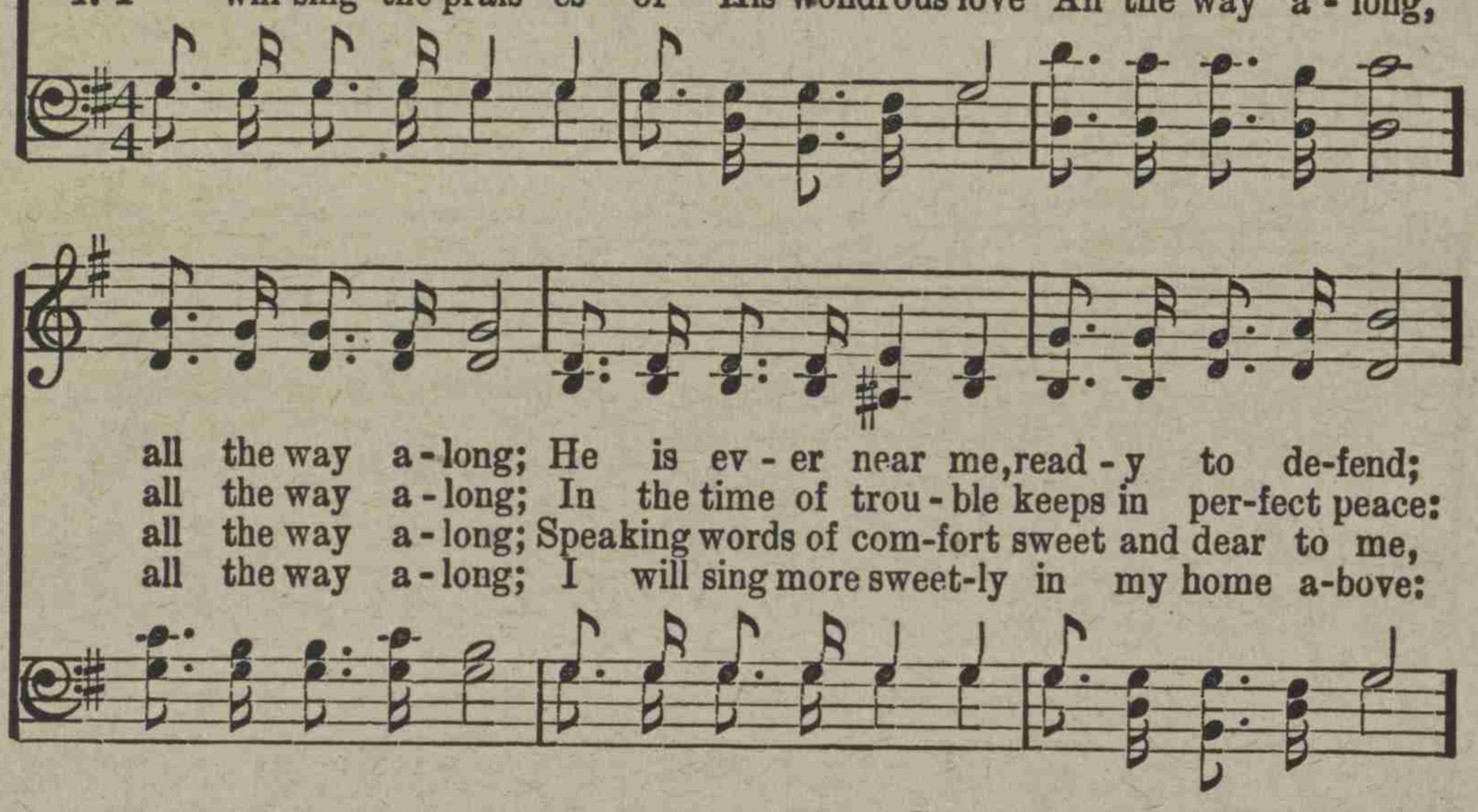
No. 14. All the Way Along.

Copyright, 1932, by L. E. Jones. Renewal—Nazarene Pub. House, owner.

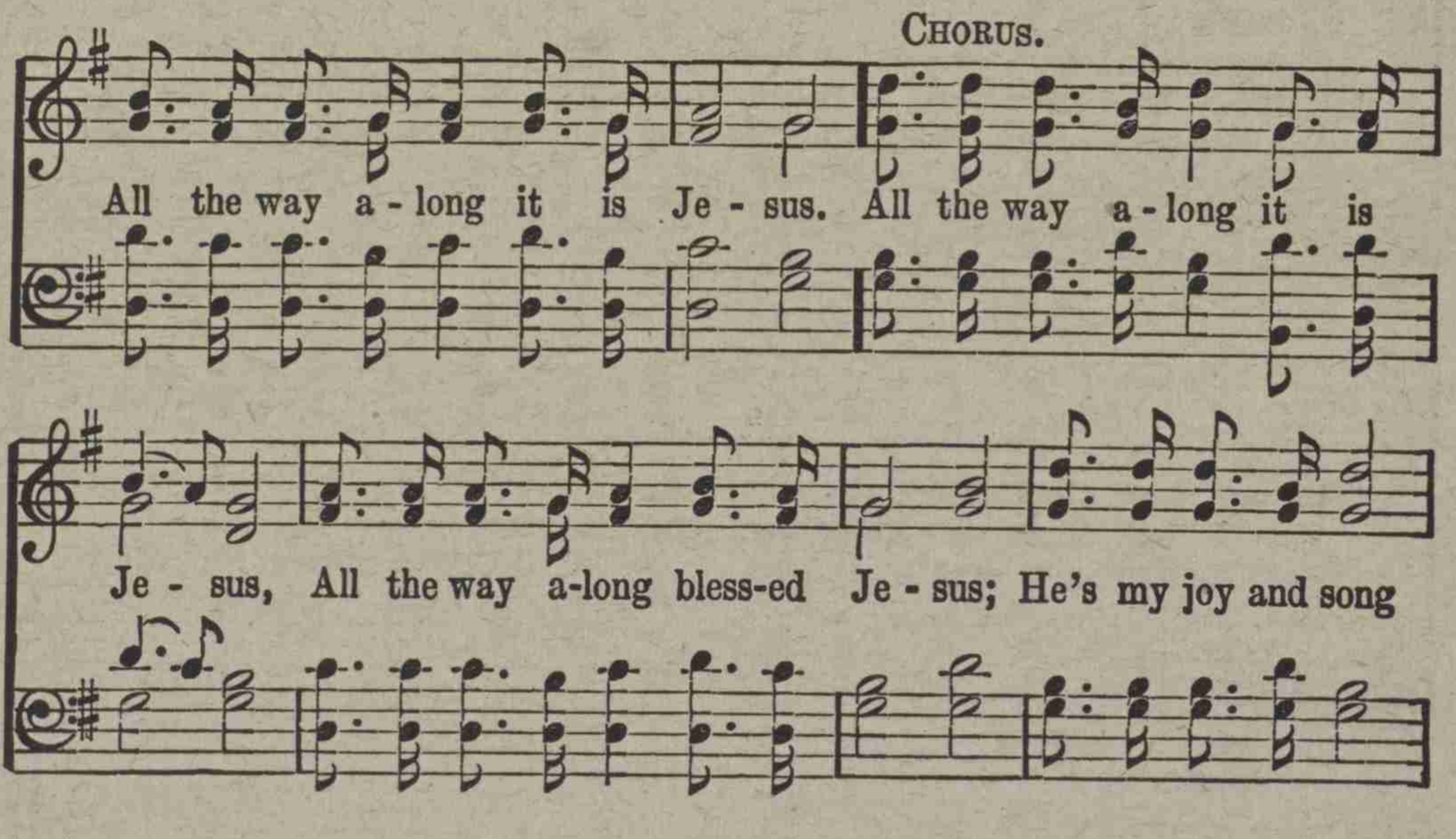
ADA BLENKHORN. L. E. JONES.



1. There is One who loves me, One who is my friend All the way a - long,
2. He doth still the tem-pest, bid its tu-mult cease, All the way a - long,
3. In my Lord and Sav - ior I will joy - ful be All the way a - long,
4. I will sing the prais - es of His wondrous love All the way a - long,



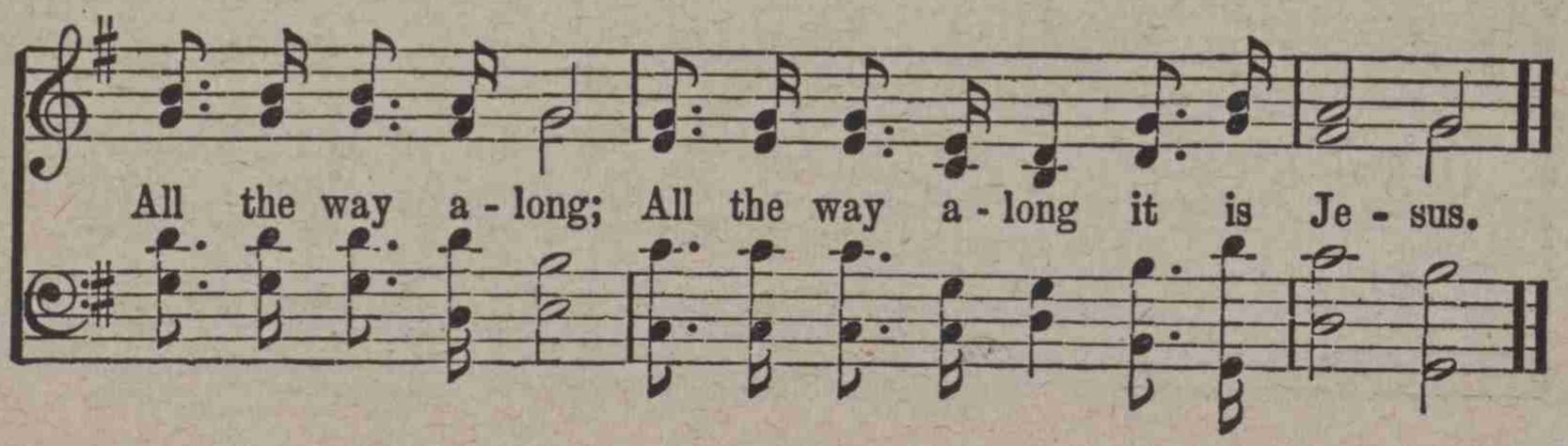
all the way a - long; He is ev - er near me, read - y to de-fend;
all the way a - long; In the time of trou - ble keeps in per-fect peace:
all the way a - long; Speaking words of com-fort sweet and dear to me,
all the way a - long; I will sing more sweet-ly in my home a-bove:



CHORUS.

All the way a - long it is Je - sus. All the way a - long it is

Je - sus, All the way a-long bless-ed Je - sus; He's my joy and song



All the way a - long; All the way a - long it is Je - sus.

No. 15. The King's Highway.

Copyright, 1919, by Charles M. Alexander.
International Copyright Secured.

L. C. V. L. C. Voke.

1. Trav-'ling on - ward to a cit - y bright and fair Tears and
2. There are man - y who are per - ish - ing to - day, Tread - ing
3. "Go ye in - to all the world," the Sav - ior said, Tell of

sor - rows nev-er en - ter there; Je - sus said He would a place pre-pare
not the straight and narrow way; We must go to them with-out de - lay
Christ, the joy-ful message spread; Je - sus suf-fered in the sin - ner's stead,

CHORUS.

For those in the King's High-way.
And tell of the King's High-way.
Pre - par - ing the King's High-way.
} Walking with Je - sus, by His side I'll stay, Walking with Je-sus in the nar-row way; Trav-el - ing a-long to - geth-er day by day, Walk-ing in the King's High-way.

No. 16. Still Sweeter Every Day.

Copyright, 1927, by C. Austin Miles. Renewal. Hall-Mack Co., owner.

W. C. MARTIN. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. To Je - sus ev-'ry day I find my heart is closer drawn; He's fairer than the glo - ry of the gold and pur-ple dawn; He's all my fan - cy pic-tured in its
2. His glo - ry broke upon me when I saw Him from a-far; He's fairer than the lil - y, brighter than the morning star; He fills and sat - is - fies my long-ing
3. My heart is sometimes heavy, but He comes with sweet relief; He folds me to His bos-om when I droop with blighting grief, I love the Christ who all my bur-dens
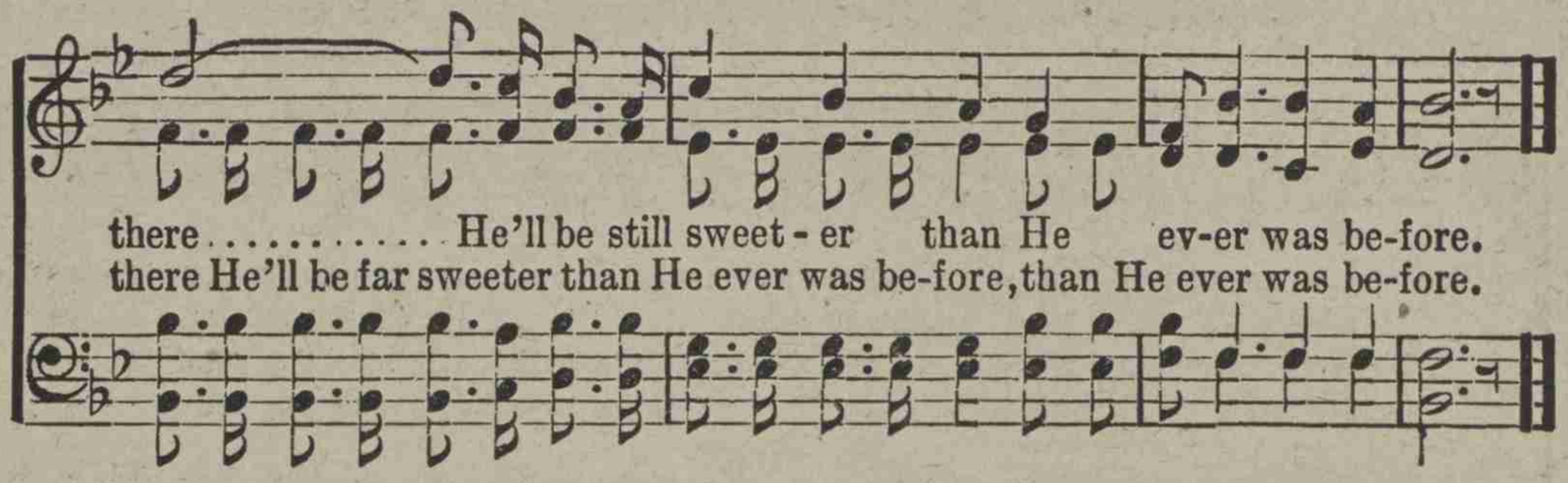
fairest dreams and more; Each day He grows still sweeter than He was the day before.
spir - it o'er and o'er; Each day He grows still sweeter than He was the day before.
in His bod - y bore; Each day He grows still sweeter than He was the day before.

CHORUS.

The half.....can - not be fan - cied, this side.....the gold - en shore;
The half can - not be fan - cied on this side the gold - en shore, The half can - not be fan - cied on this side the gold - en shore;
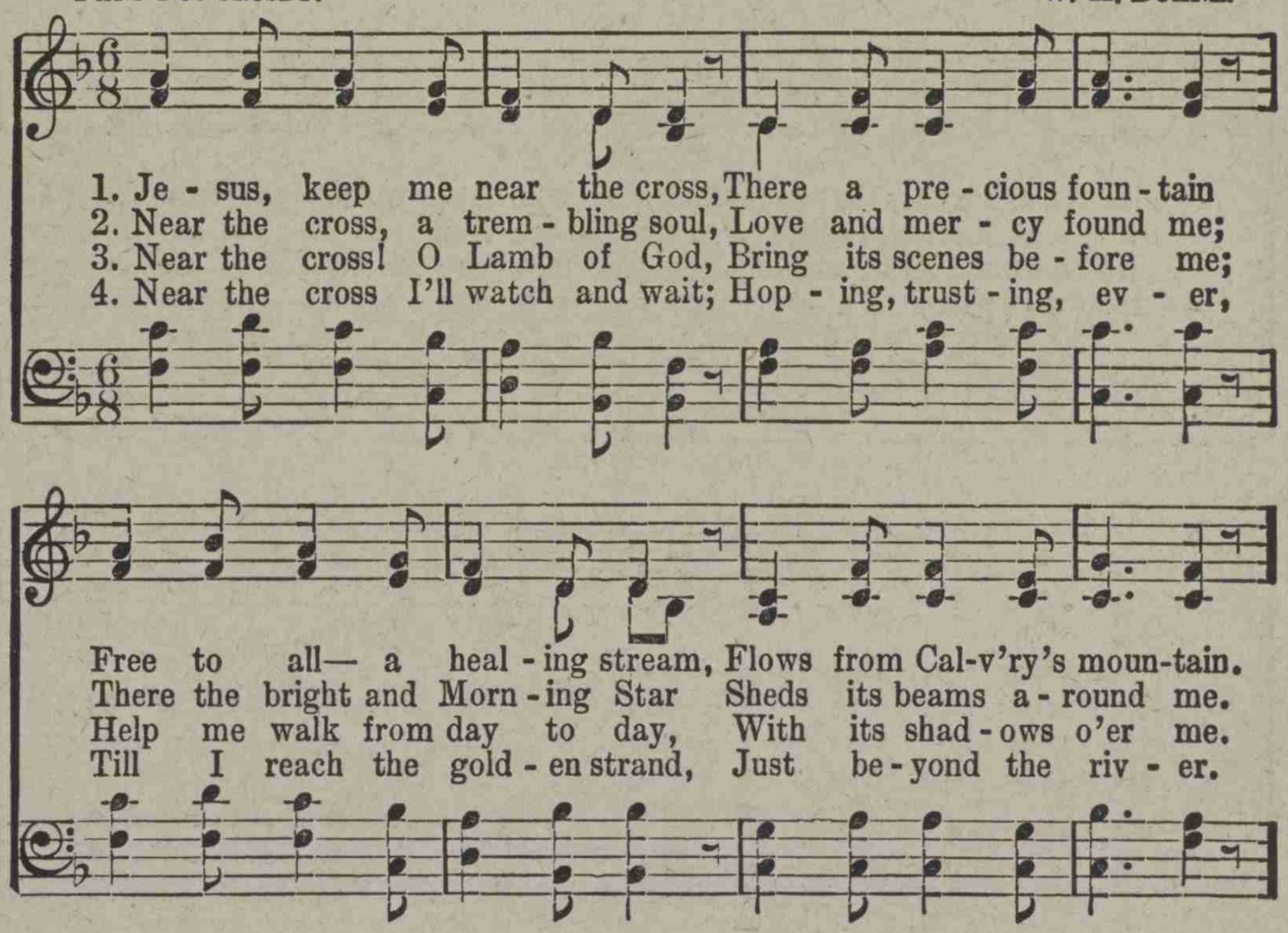
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Still Sweeter Every Day. Concluded.
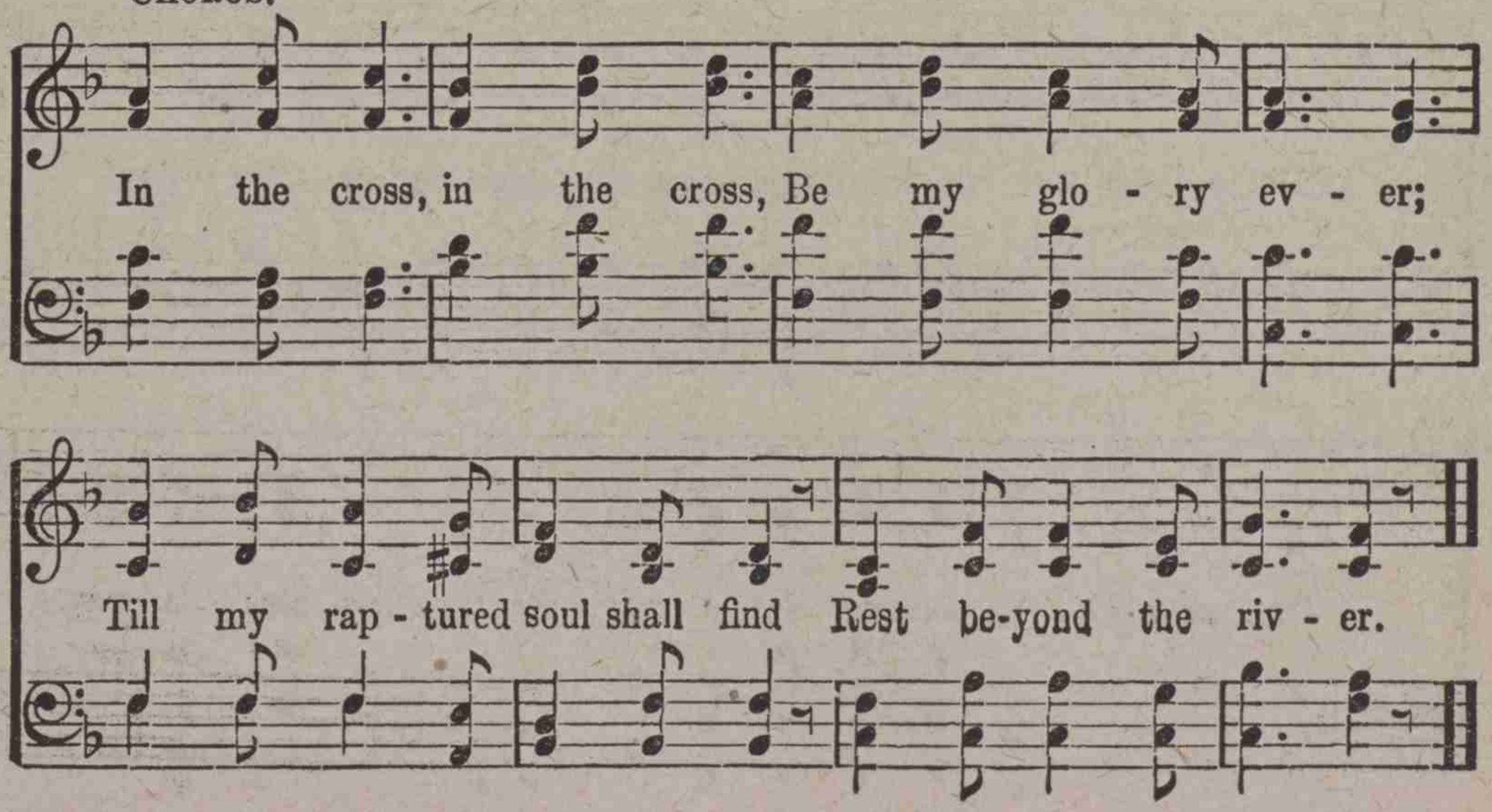


No. 17. Near the Cross.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



CHORUS.



No. 18. He Took My Sins Away.

Copyright, 1931, by Nazarene Publishing House. Renewal.

MRS. M. J. H. MRS. M. J. HARRIS.

1. I came to Je - sus, wea-ry, worn and sad, He took my sins a - way,
2. The load of sin was more than I could bear, He took them all a - way,
3. No con - dem - na - tion have I in my heart, He took my sins a - way,
4. If you will come to Je-sus Christ to-day, He'll take your sins a - way,

He took my sins a - way; And now His love has made my heart so glad,
He took them all a - way; And now on Him I roll my ev - 'ry care,
He took my sins a - way; His per - fect peace He did to me im-part,
He'll take your sins a - way; And keep you hap - py in His love each day,

CHORUS.

He took my sins a - way.
He took my sins a - way.
He took my sins a - way.
He'll take your sins a - way.

He took my sins a - way,

He took my sins a - way, And keeps me sing - ing ev - 'ry day!

I'm so glad He took my sins a - way, He took my sins a - way.

No. 19. Is It the Crowning Day?

Copyright, 1938, by Chas. H. Marsh. Renewal. Rodeheaver Hall-Mack Co., owner.

GEORGE WALKER WHITCOMB. CHARLES H. MARSH.

1. Je - sus may come to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I would see my Friend; Dan - gers and trou-bles would end If
2. I may go home to - day, Glad day! Glad day! Seemeth I hear their song; Hail to the ra - di - ant throng! If
3. Why should I anx - ious be? Glad day! Glad day! Lights ap-pear on the shore, Storms will af-fright nev - er - more, For
4. Faithful I'll be to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I will free - ly tell Why I should love Him so well, For

CHORUS.

Je-sus should come to-day.
I should go home to-day.
He is "at hand" to-day.
He is my all to-day.

Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crowning day? I'll live for to-day, nor anx - ious be, Je - sus, my Lord, I soon shall see; Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown - ing day?

Rit.

No. 20. Saved, Saved!

J. P. S. J. SCHOLFIELD.

1. I've found a friend.... who is all to me,..... His
2. He saves me from..... ev - 'ry sin and harm..... Se -
3. When poor and need - y and all a - lone,..... In

love is ev - er true;..... I love to tell.... how He
cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean-ing strong.. on His
love He said to me,..... "Come un - to me.... and I'll

lift - ed me,.... And what His grace can do for you.....
might - y arm;.... I know He'll guide me all the way.....
lead you home,... To live with me e - ter - nal - ly.".....

CHORUS.

Saved..... by His pow'r di-vine, Saved..... to new life sub-lime!
Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,

cres. *rit.*

Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, for I'm Saved, saved, saved!

Copyright, 1911, by Robert A. Coleman.

No. 21

Count Me

W. C. Poole. Haldor Lillenas.

1. When you count the ones who love the Lord, Count me, count me;
2. When you count up those who're saved by grace, Count me, count me;
3. When you count up those who do the right, Count me, count me;
4. When you count up those who forward press, Count me, count me;

Count me, count me;

When you count up those who trust His word, Count me, count me.
Who have found in Christ a hid- ing-place, Count me, count me.
Who are walk-ing in the gos - pel light, Count me, count me.
Who shall gain the crown of right-eous-ness, Count me, count me.

Count me, count me.

Chorus.

Count me with the chil- dren of the heaven - ly King, Count me with the ser-vants who would ser-vice bring, Count me with the ransomed who His prais - es sing, Count me, count me.

Count me, count me.

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Charles M. Alexander.
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No. 22. Changed in the Twinkling of an Eye.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Copyright, 1898, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When the trump of the great arch-an - gel Its might-y tones shall sound, And, the end of the world proclaiming, Shall pierce the depths profound, When the Son of man shall come in his glo - ry With all the saints on high, What a shouting in the skies from the mul- titudes that rise, Chang'd in the twinkling of an eye.

2. When he comes in the clouds descending, And they who lov'd him here, From their graves shall awake and praise him With joy and not with fear, When the body and the soul are u - ni - ted, And cloth'd no more to die, What a shouting there will be when each oth-er's face we see, Chang'd in the twinkling of an eye.

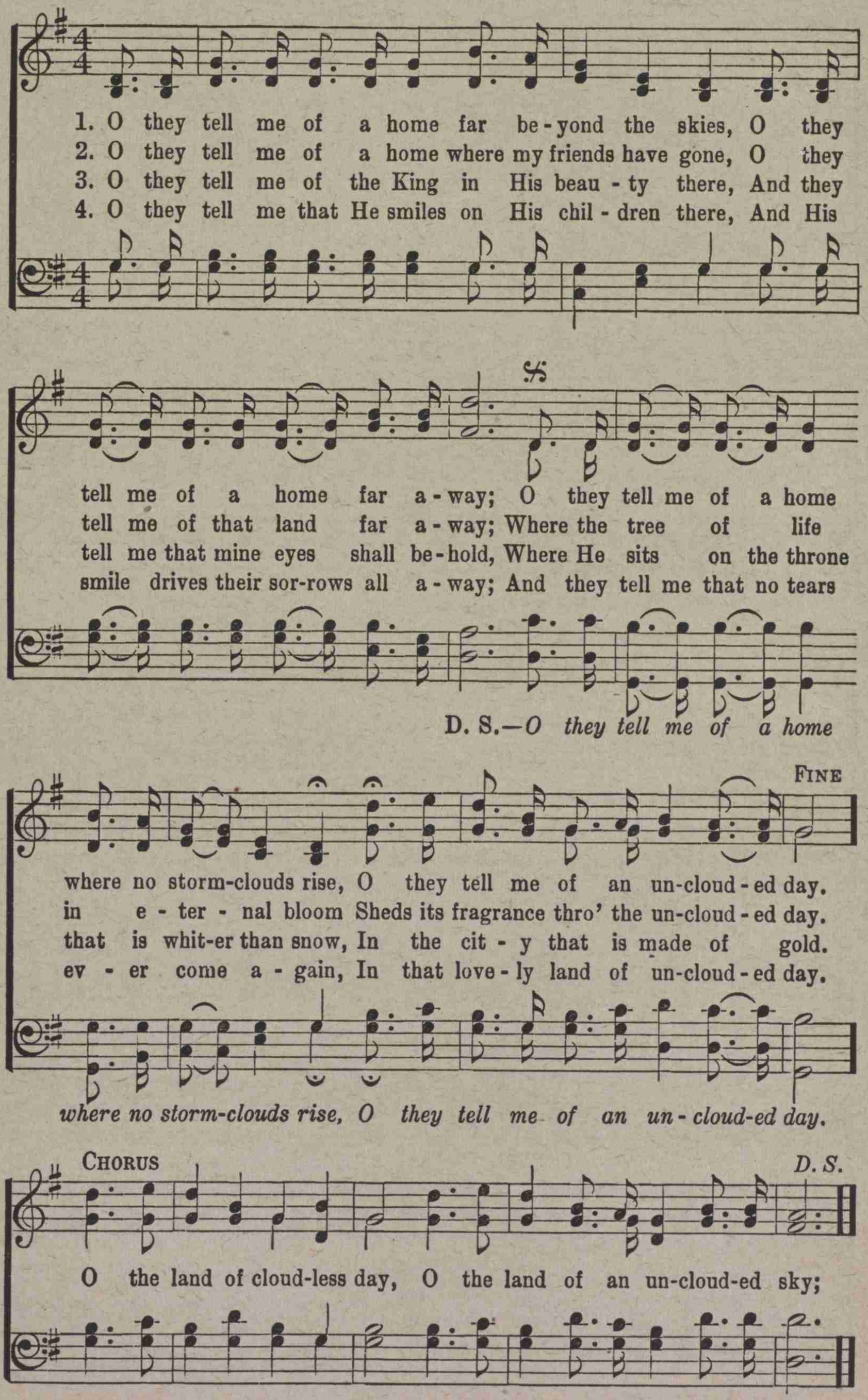
3. O the seed that was sown in weakness Shall then be rais'd in pow'r, And the songs of the blood-bought millions Shall hail that blissful hour, When we gather safely home in the morning, And night's dark shadows fly, What a shouting on the shore when we meet to part no more, Chang'd in the twinkling of an eye.

CHORUS.

Chang'd in the twinkling of an eye,..... Chang'd in the twinkling of an eye;.....
Chang'd, chang'd in the twinkling of an eye, Chang'd, chang'd in the twinkling of an eye;
The trumpet shall sound, the dead shall be rais'd, Chang'd in the twinkling of an eye.....
in the twinkling of an eye.

No. 23. The Unclouded Day.

WORDS AND MELODY BY REV. J. K. ALWOOD.



No. 24. The Crowning Day.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Our Lord is now re - ject - ed; And by the world disowned, By the
2. The heav'ns shall glow with splendor, But bright-er far than they The
3. Our pain shall then be o - ver, We sin and sigh no more, Be -
4. Let all that look for, hast - en The com-ing joy - ful day, By

ma - ny still ne-glect-ed, And by the *few* enthroned, But soon He'll come in
saints shall shine in glo-ry, As Christ shall them ar-ray; The beau - ty of the
hind us all of sor-row, And naught but joy be-fore, A joy in our Re -
ear - nest con - se-cra-tion, To walk the nar-row way; By gath'ring in the

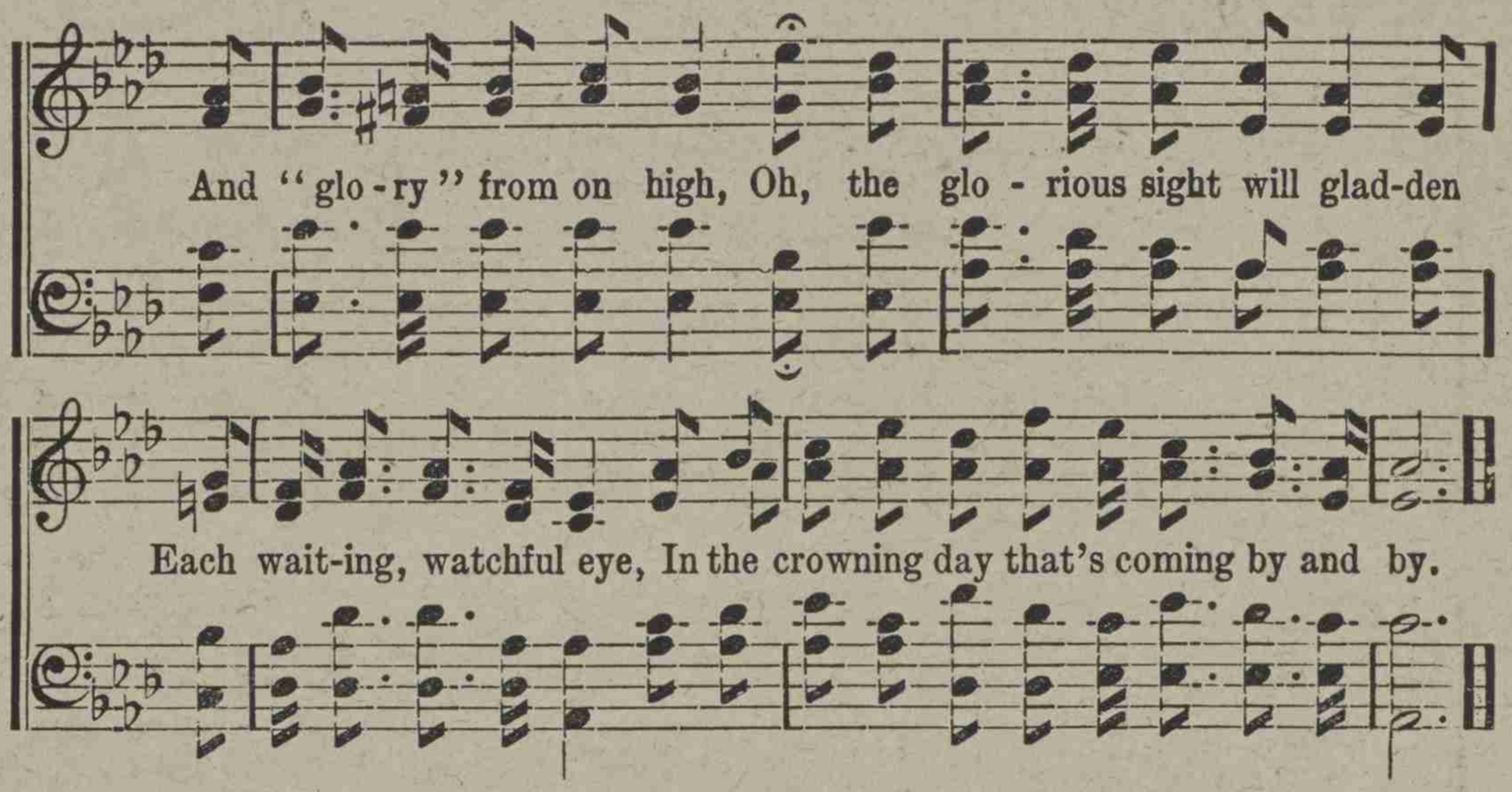
glo - ry, The hour is draw - ing nigh, For the crown-ing day is
Sav - iour Shall daz - zle ev - 'ry eye, In the crown-ing day that's
deem-er, As we to Him are nigh, In the crown-ing day that's
lost ones For whom our Lord did die, For the crown-ing day that's

CHORUS.

com - ing by and by. Oh, the crown - ing day is com - ing,

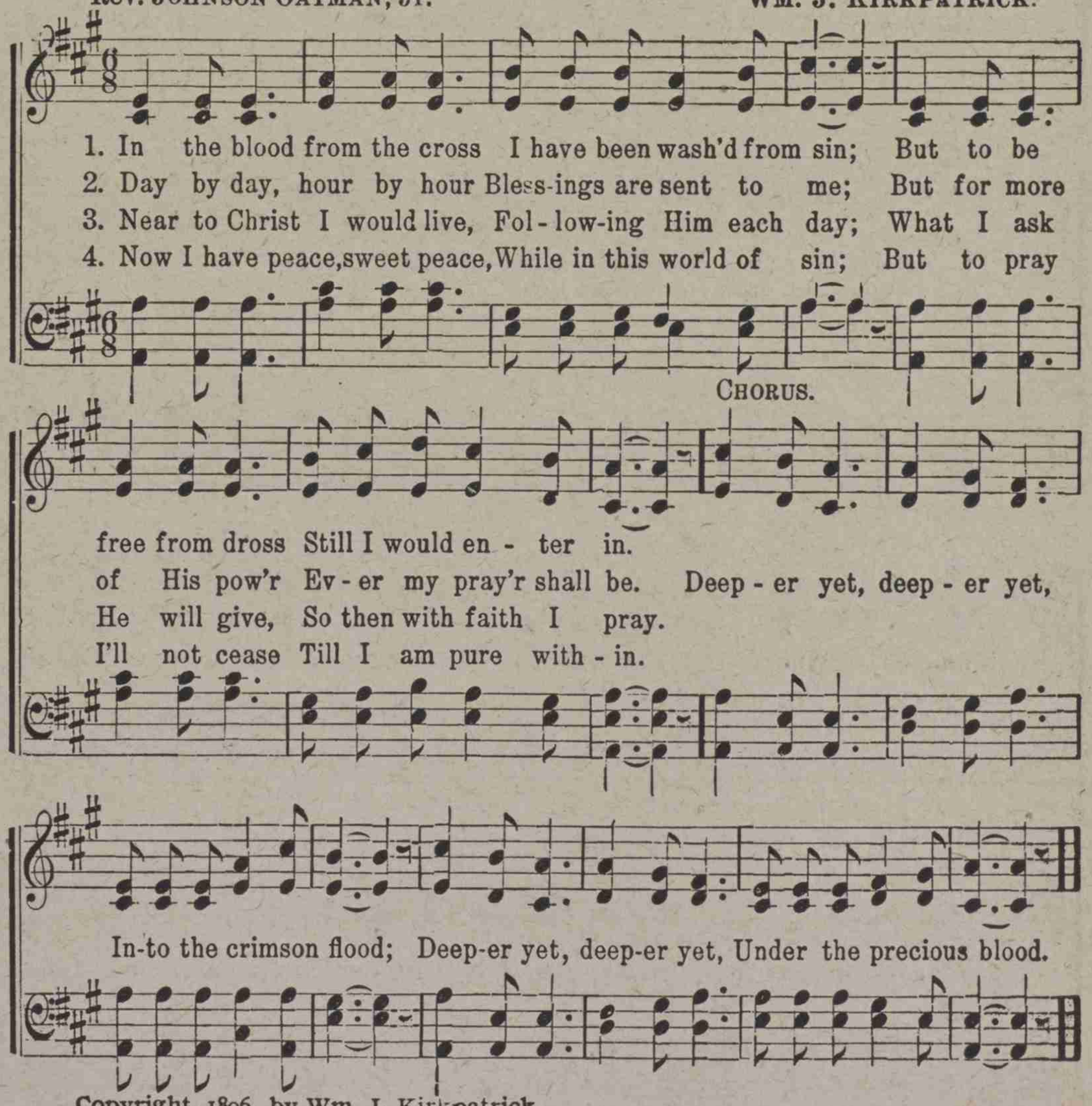
Is com - ing by and by, When our Lord shall come in "pow-er,"

The Crowning Day--Concluded



No. 25 Deeper Yet.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Copyright, 1896, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 26 Keep the Fire on the Home Altar Burning

H. W. FLICKINGER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Just a word from the Bi - ble with pray'r, At the dawn of the
2. How it sweet-ens the joys of the home life, When the al - tar of
3. Where the song and the pray'rs sweetly min - gle 'Round the cir - cle of
4. Oh, how sweet is the charm of that household, Where the word of the

day and its close; It will guide thro' the day's bus - y strug-gles,
wor - ship is reared; Where the old and the young kneel to- geth - er,
praise ev - 'ry day, Such a home the dear Lord loves to dwell in,
Lord, all o - bey; Like the per-fume of ros - es, per- vas - ive,

CHORUS.

It will fit one for night's calm re - pose.
And the name of the Lord is re- vered.
For He knows He is wel - come to stay.
Its rich fra-grance ex-tends far a - way.

} Keep the fire on the

home al - tar burn-ing, Let the in-cense of praise dai - ly rise To the

throne of the Fa - ther in heav- en, For the blessings He dai- ly sup-plies.

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No. 27. Trust and Obey.

Copyright, 1915, Renewal. Hope Publishing Co., owner.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word, What a glo-ry He sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a - bides with us still,
2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear,
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a cross,
4. But we nev - er can prove The de-lights of His love Un - til all on the al - tar we lay, For the fa-vor He shows, And the joy He be-stows
5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go,

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 28 Anywhere With Jesus

JESSIE H. BROWN and Mrs. C. M. ALEXANDER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. A-ny-where with Je- sus I can safe - ly go; A - ny-where He leads me in this world be - low; A- ny-where without Him dear-est joys would fade;
2. A-ny-where with Je- sus I need fear no ill, Tho' temp-ta-tions gather round my path-way still; He Him-self was tempted that He might help me;
3. A-ny-where with Je- sus I am not a - lone; Other friends may fail me, He is still my own; Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver drea - ry ways,
4. A-ny-where with Je- sus o - ver land and sea, Tell- ing souls in darkness of sal - va - tion free; Read - y as He summons me to go or stay,
5. A-ny-where with Je- sus I can go to sleep, When the dark'ning shadows round a-bout me creep; Knowing I shall wak-en, nev- er - more to roam,

CHORUS.

A - ny-where! A - ny-where! Fear I can - not know;
A - ny- where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

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Copyright, 1910, by Charles M Alexander

No. 29. Lead Me Higher.

Copyright, 1935, by C. F. Weigele.

C. W. WAGGONER. Nazarene Publishing House, owner. C. F. WEIGELE.

1. Je - sus lead me up the moun-tain, Where the whitest robes are seen,
2. High-er up, where light in - creas - es, Rich a - bove all earth- ly good,
3. Lead me high - er, noth-ing dread- ing, In the race to nev - er stop;
4. Save me bet - ter, make me sur - er, Put me where the fire re - fines,

Where the saints can see the foun-tain, Where the pure are keeping clean.
Where the life of sin - ning ceas - es, Where the Spirit comes in floods—
In thy footsteps keep me tread-ing, Give me grace to reach the top.
Where the breath of hope is pur - er, Where the brightest glory shines.

CHORUS.

Lead me high - - - - er up the moun - tain, Give me
Lead me high - er

fel - - - low-ship with thee; In thy light.....
Give me fel - low - ship with thee; In thy light

sweet fel - low - ship with thee;

I see the foun-tain, And the blood is cleansing me.
it cleanses me.

No. 30. The Comforter has Come!

Rev. F. Bottome, D. D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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

:S:

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

D. S.–*Holy Ghost from heav'n, The Fa-ther's prom-ise giv'n; Oh, spread the ti-dings*

FINE.

tongue pro-claim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
hills the day ad - vanc - es fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
cells the song of tri-umph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!
hell, should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

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

CHORUS. D. S.
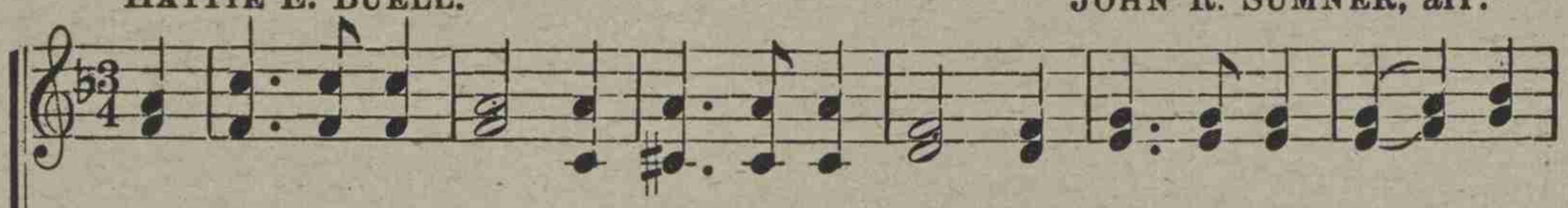
The Com - fort-er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

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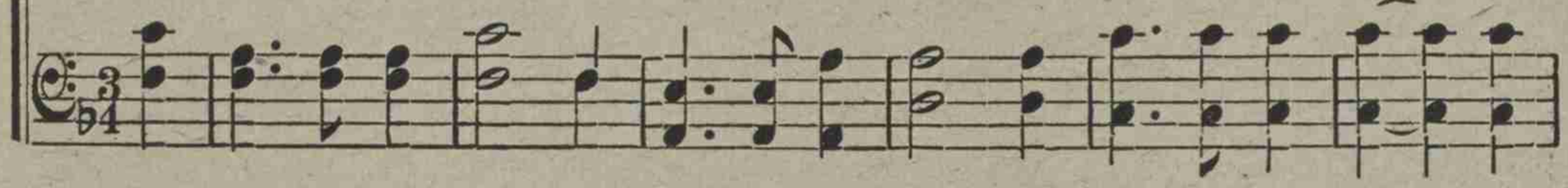
No. 31. A Child of the King

"Heirs of the kingdom."—James 2: 5.
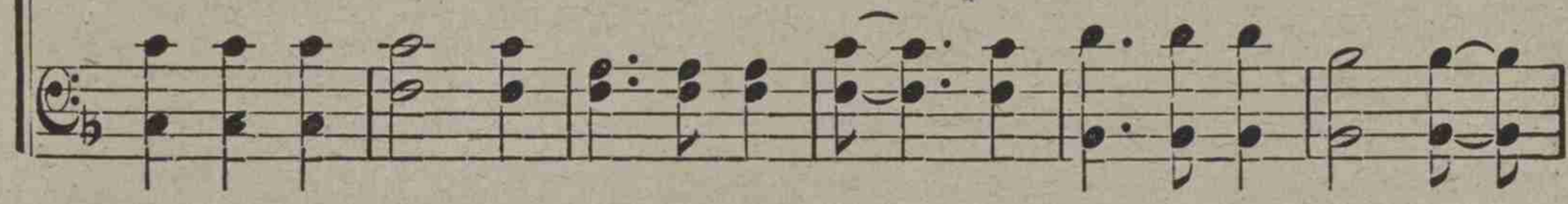
HATTIE E. BUELL. JOHN R. SUMNER, arr.
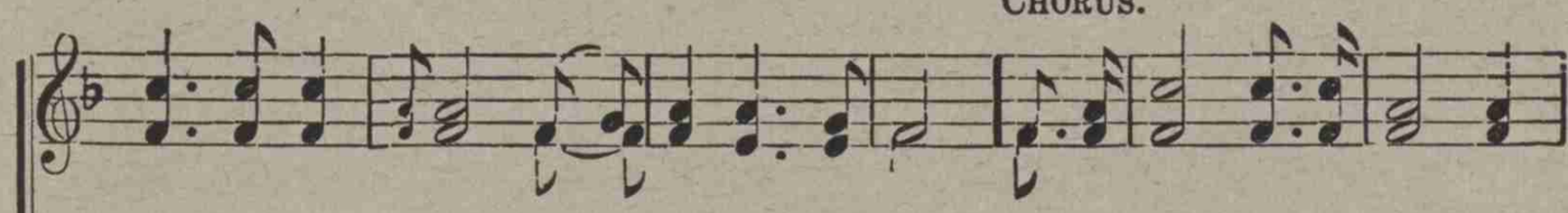


1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold-eth the wealth of the
2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav - ior of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out - cast stranger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care? They're building a pal-ace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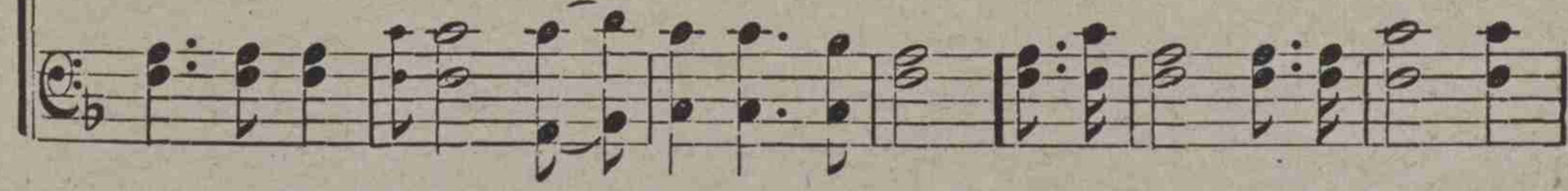


world in His hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His
poor - est of them; But now He is reigning for ev - er on high, And will
a - lien by birth! But I've been a - dopt-ed, my name's written down,—An
me o - ver there! Tho' ex - iled from home, yet still I may sing: All
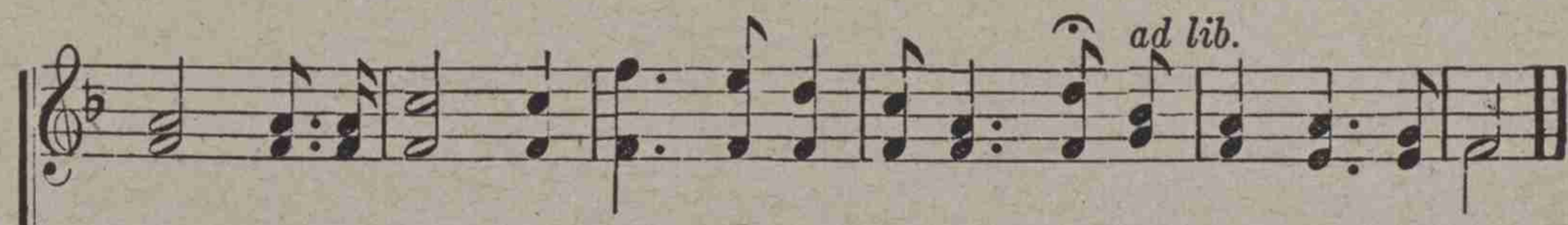


CHORUS.
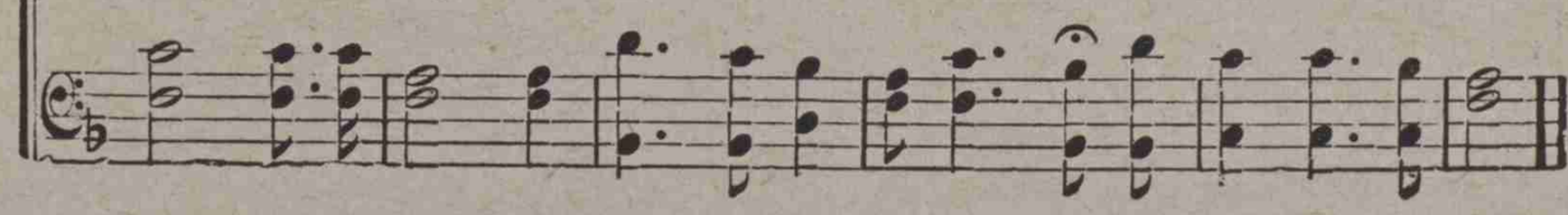


cof - fers are full,—He has riches un-told.
give me a home in heav'n by and by. I'm a child of the King! A
heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown!
glo - ry to God, I'm a child of the King!





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



No. 32 My Sheep Know My Voice

First stanza, chorus and melody by H. BUFFUM. **Arr. by I. G. MARTIN.**

1. My sheep know my voice, And the path that I take, They fol-low where-
2. My sheep know my voice, And the pas-tures of green, Where I lead them so
3. My sheep know my voice, And the val - ley of death Thro' which I shall

ev - er I go; My sheep know my voice And come at my call, But a
oft - en to feed; My sheep know my voice And the cool sparkling stream Where be-
lead them some day; But no dan-ger nor harm Can touch one of them, For

CHORUS.
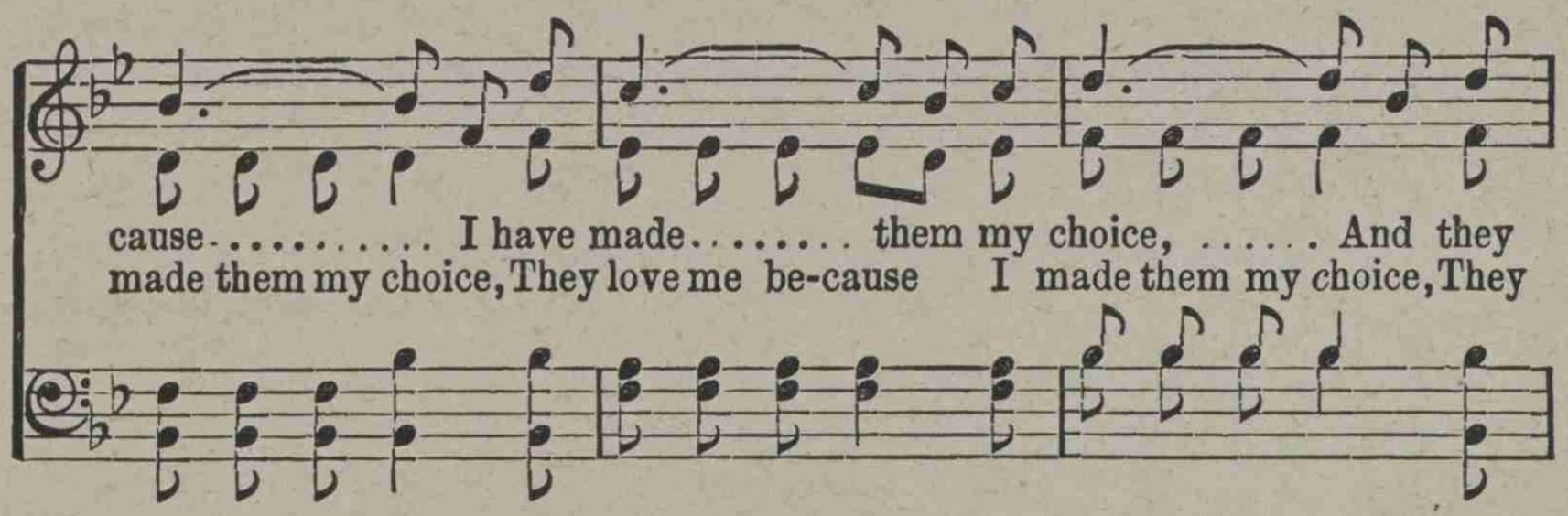
stranger's voice do they not know.
side its still wa - ters I lead. My sheep .... know my voice,.... And
I will be with them al - way. My sheep know my voice, day by day, My
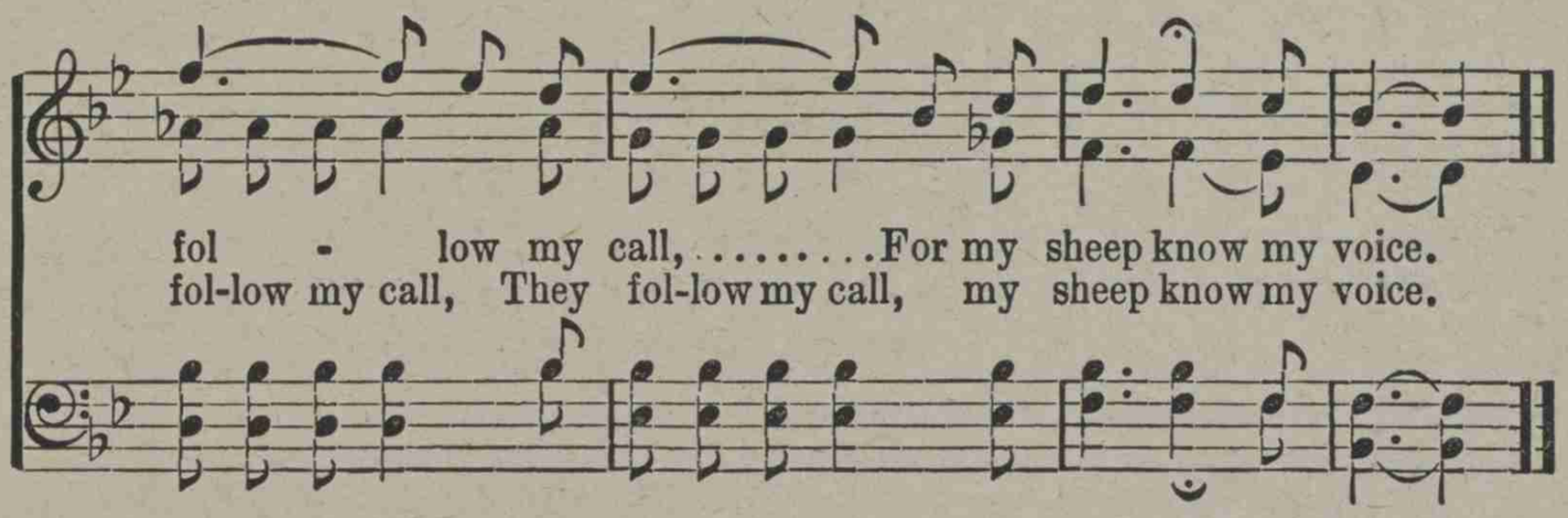
day ..... by day,..... They a - bide ..... in the fold .....
sheep know my voice day by day, They a - bide in the fold, They go not a-stray,

And go ..... not a - stray,..... They love .....me be-
A - bide in the fold, They go not a - stray, They love me be - cause I

Copyright, 1905, by I. G. Martin.
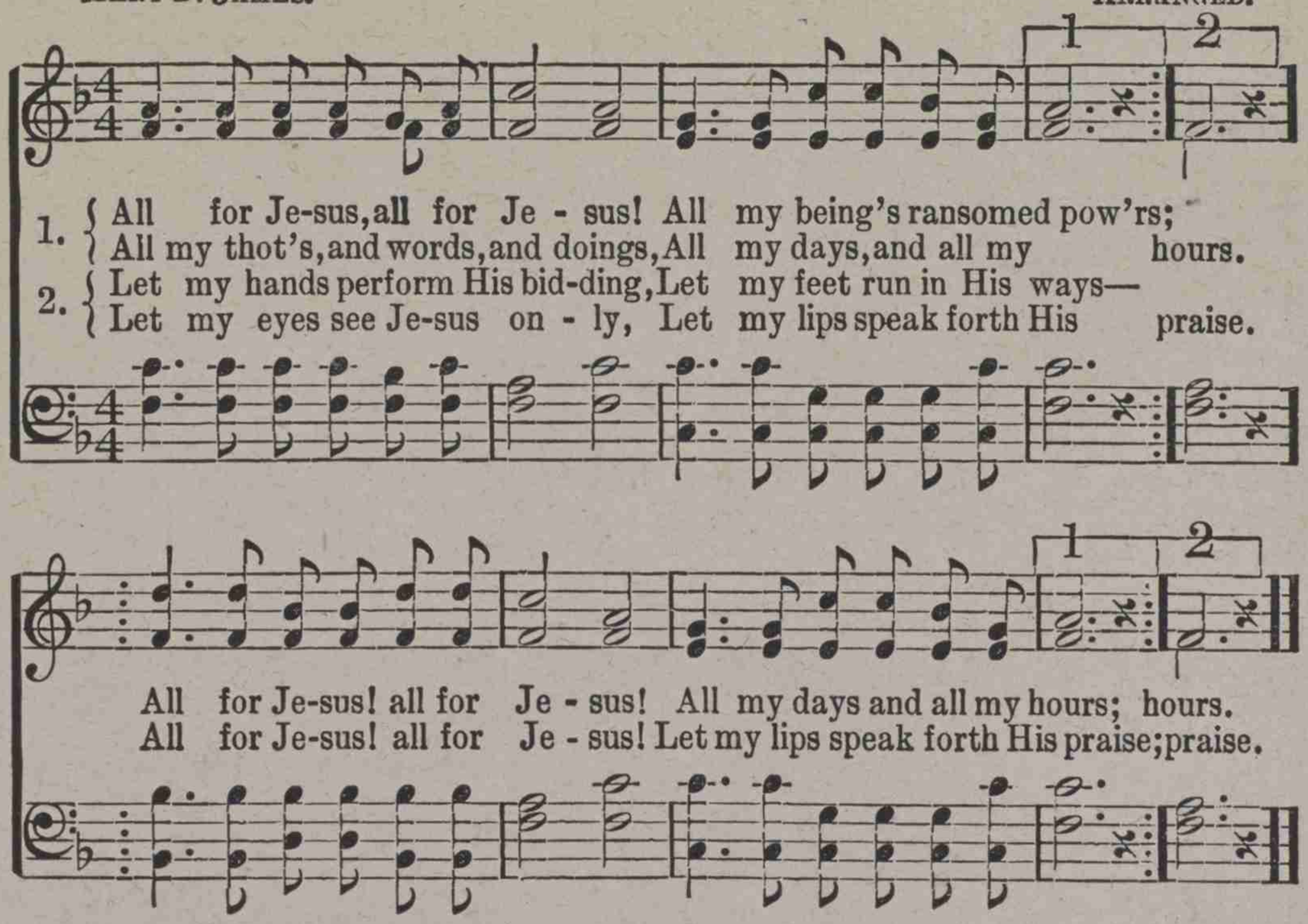
My Sheep Know My Voice. Concluded.





No. 33. All for Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES. ARRANGED.



3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the Crucified;

4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Lets me rest beneath His wings.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath His wings:

No. 34. Have You Heard the Wondrous Story?

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H. W. FLICKINGER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

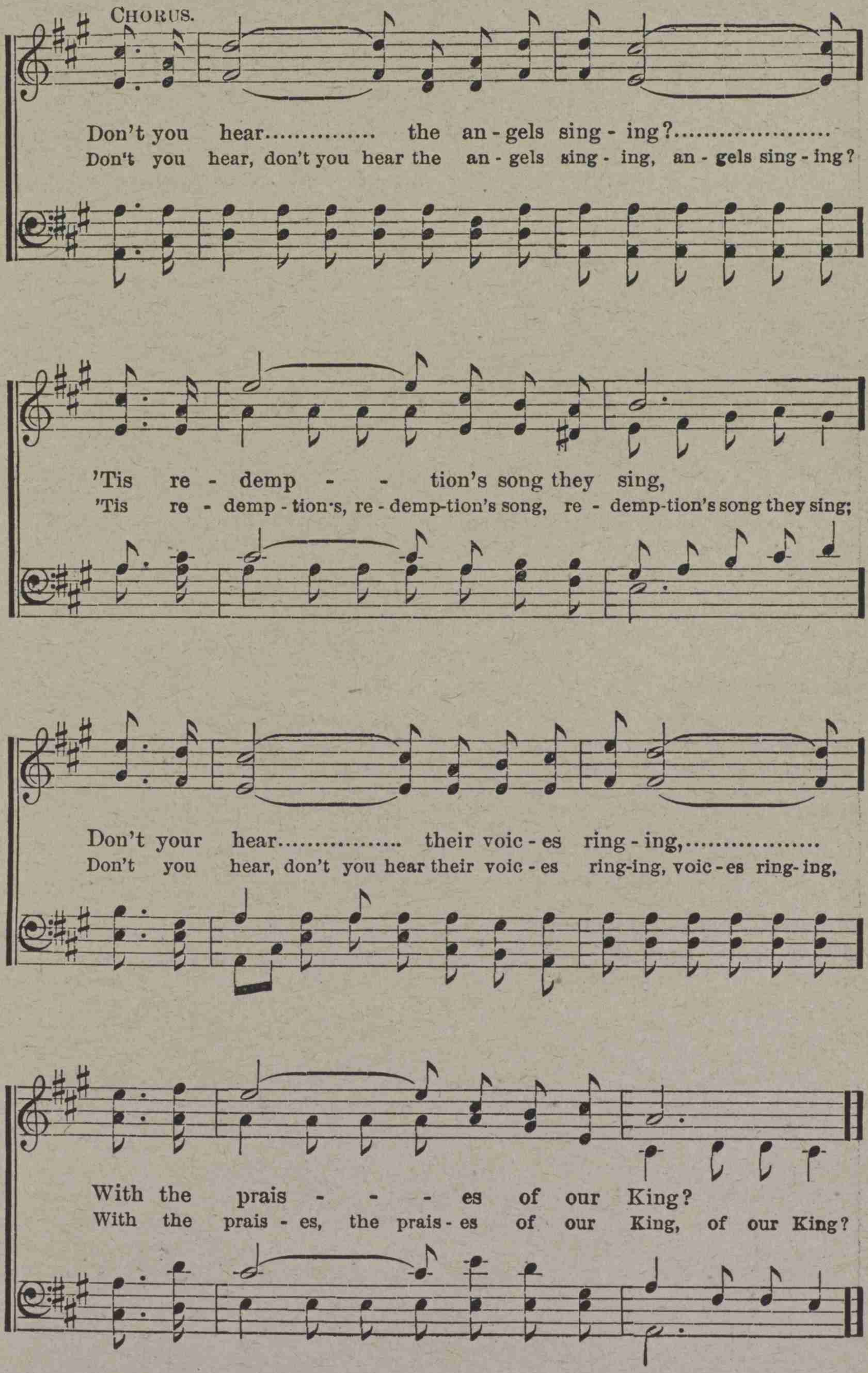
1. Have you heard the wondrous sto- ry?—'Tis the strangest ev - er told—
2. From His birth in man-ger low - ly 'Twas a dai - ly sac - ri - fice—
3. O - ver death He won the vic- t'ry, And the grave wherein He slept;
4. Now enthroned, He reigns for - ev - er, In the realms of per - fect peace,

Of the Lord who dwelt in glo - ry, In the shin- ing courts of gold:
To the cru - el cross on Calv'ry, Where He paid sin's aw - ful price.
He a-rose— pro-found-est mys-t'ry, While the guards their vig - il kept.
Where the ransomed hosts shall nev-er From their grate ful prais - es cease.

How He left the gold-en cit - y, And came down the star - lit-way,
Mor - tal mind can nev - er measure— On - ly heav'n can know the cost—
He a - rose! the King of Glo - ry, And ful - filled His promised word,
Bow to Him in ad - o - ra- tion, Ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry knee!

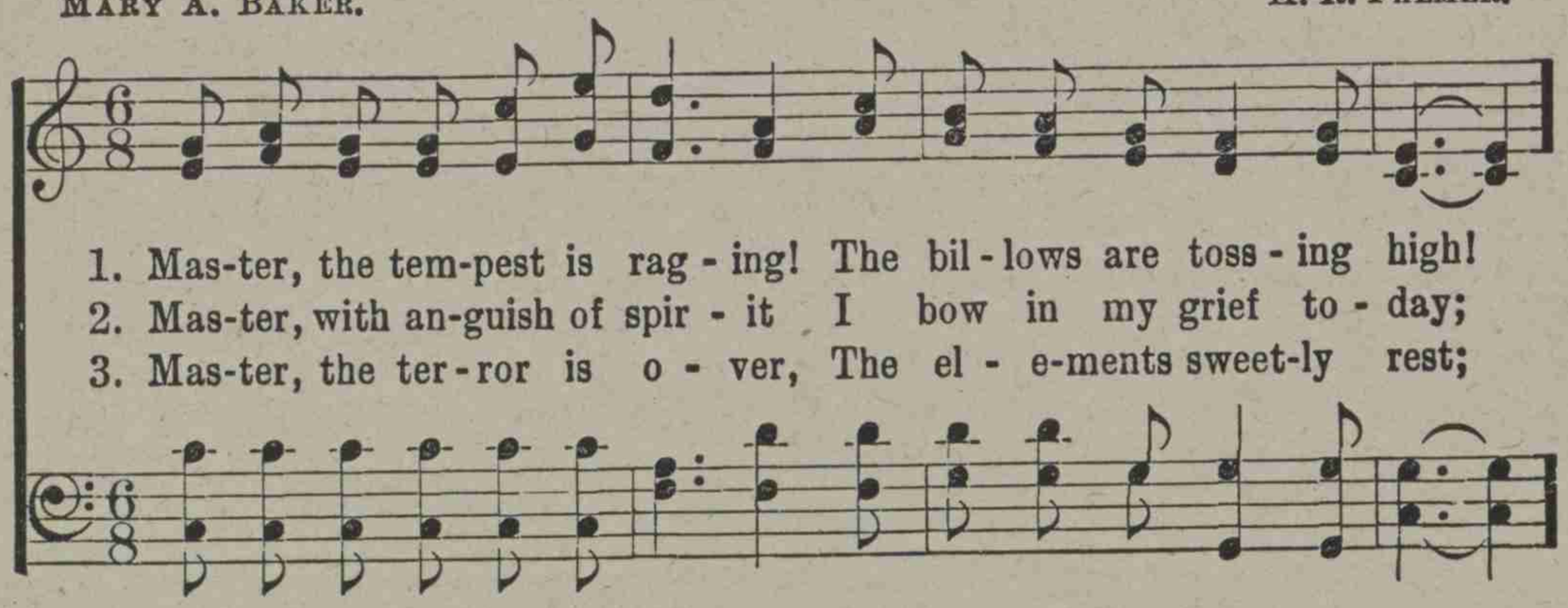
Just to show His love and pit - y, And our debt of sin to pay.
'Twas the Fa-ther's priceless treasure That He gave to save the lost.
He a - rose! oh, wondrous sto - ry, Sweet-est ev - er sin - ner heard.
Tell the lost of ev - 'ry na- tion, Je - sus saves! and on - ly He!

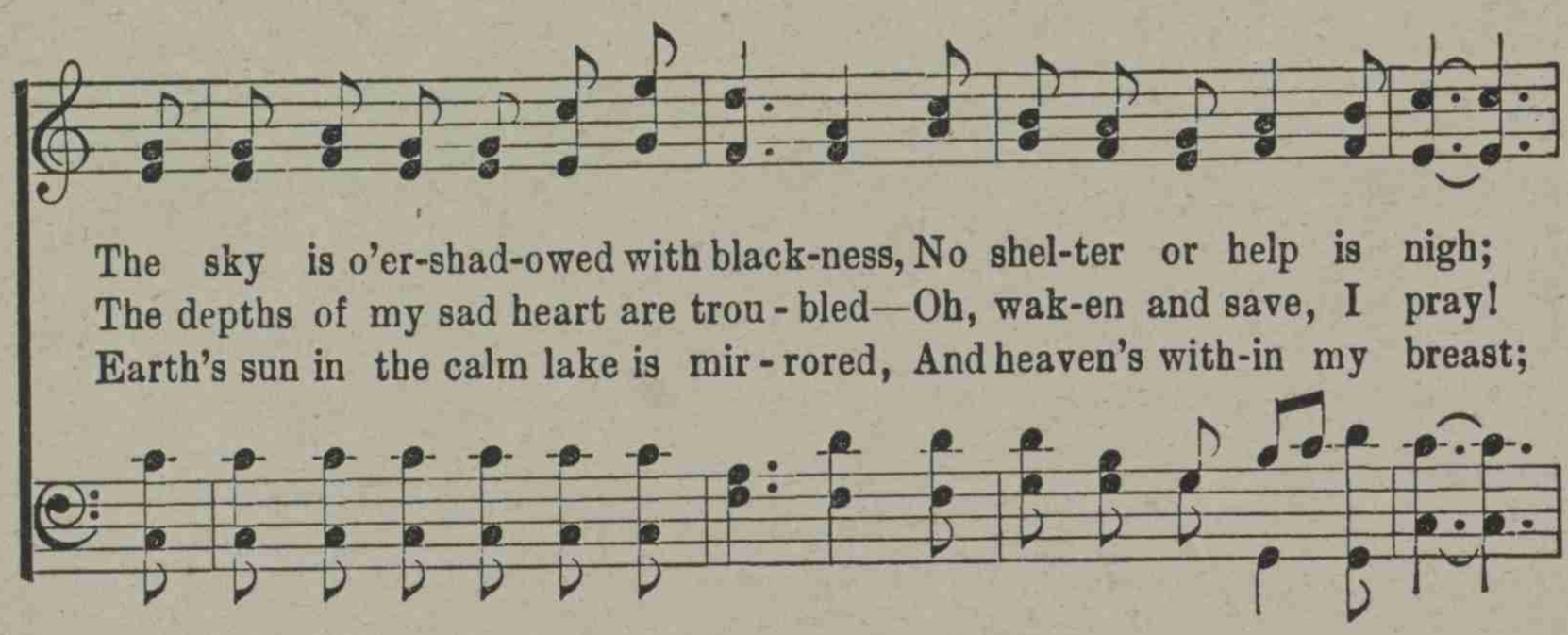
Have You Heard the Wondrous Story?--Concluded

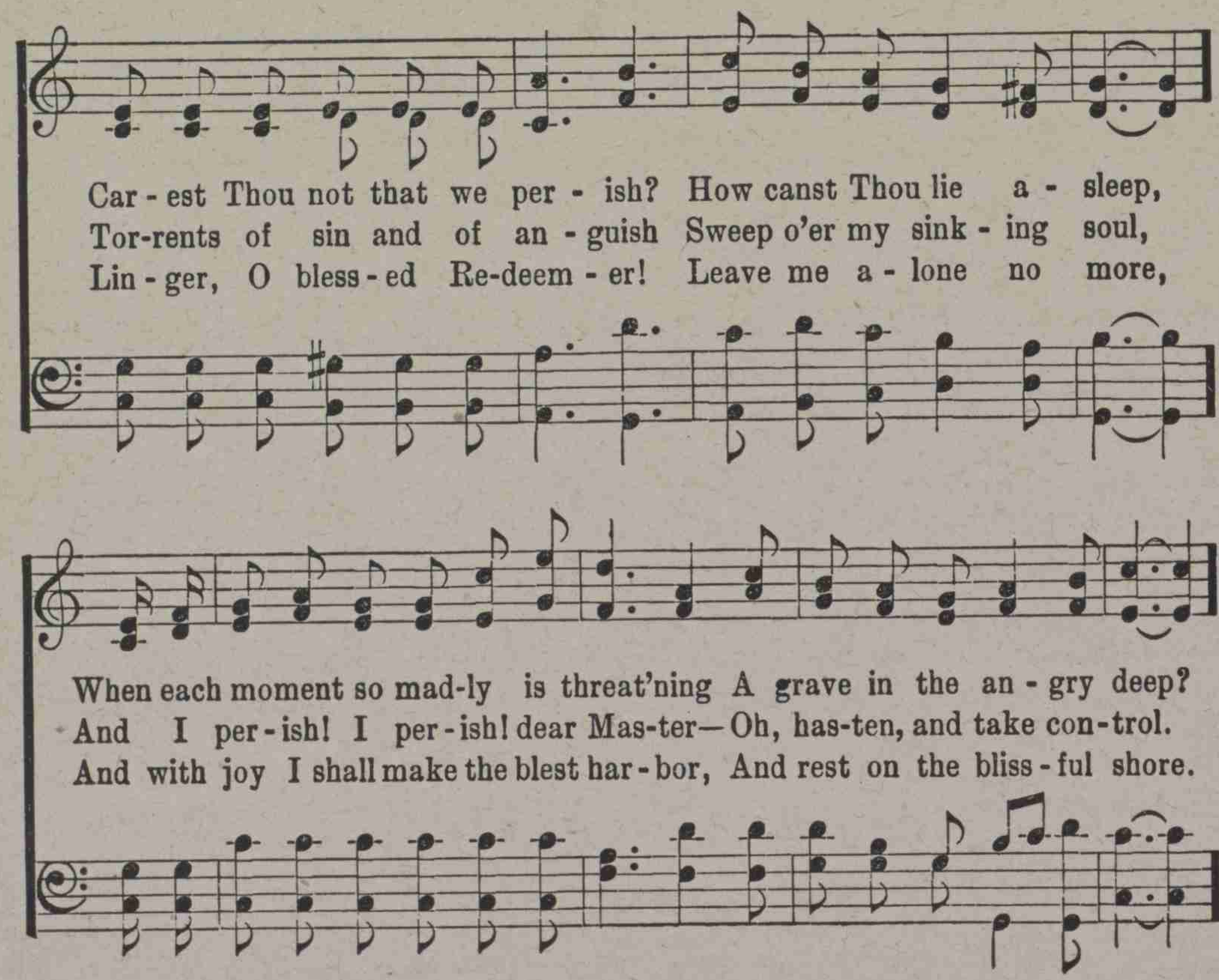


No. 35. Master the Tempest Is Raging.
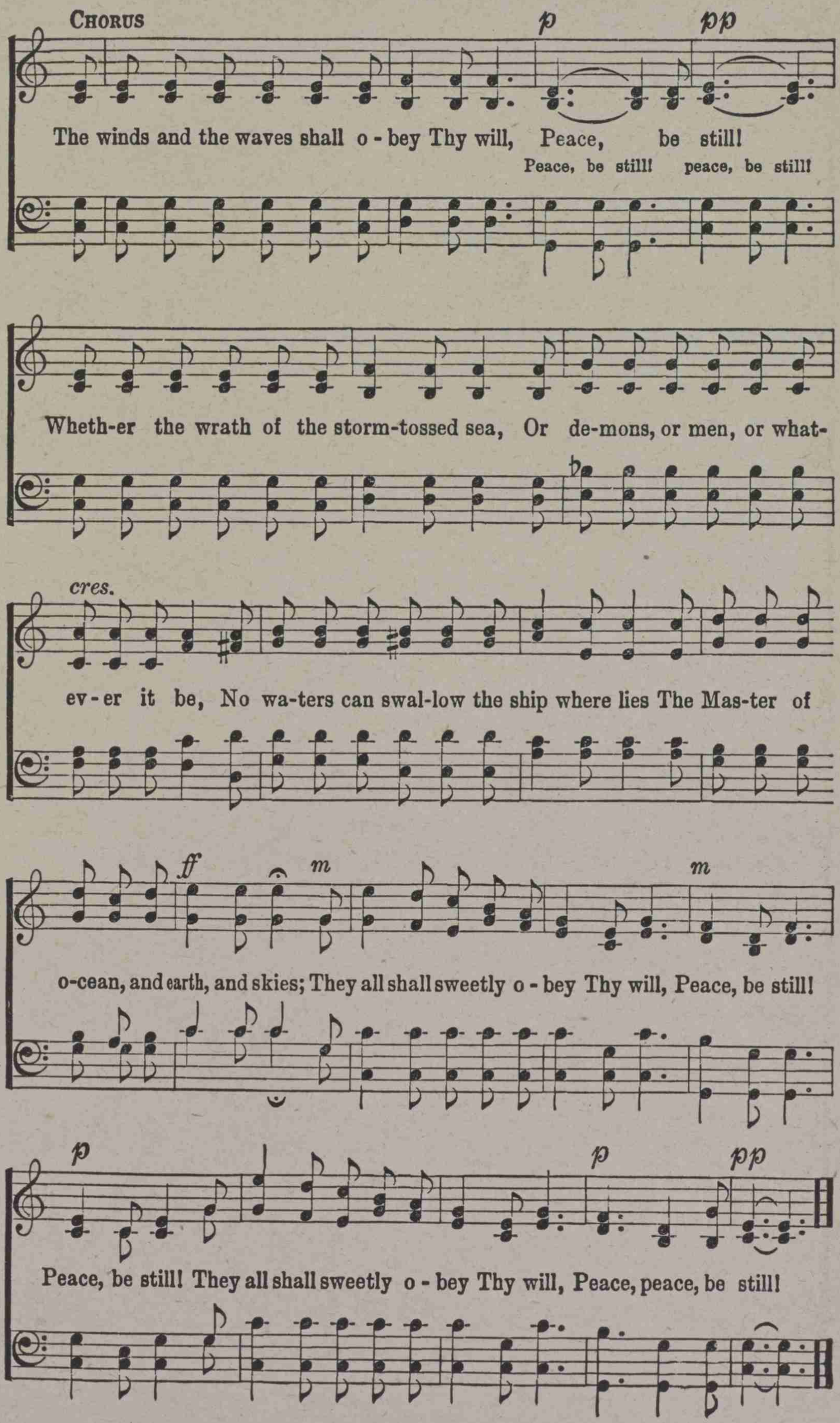
MARY A. BAKER. H. R. PALMER.
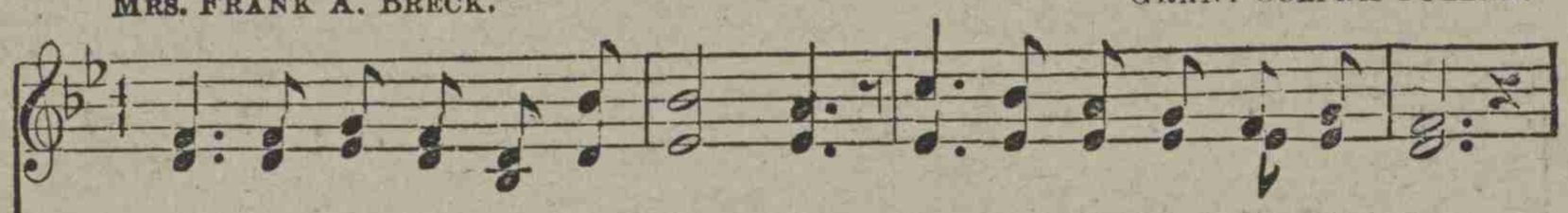






Master the Tempest is Raging. Concluded.



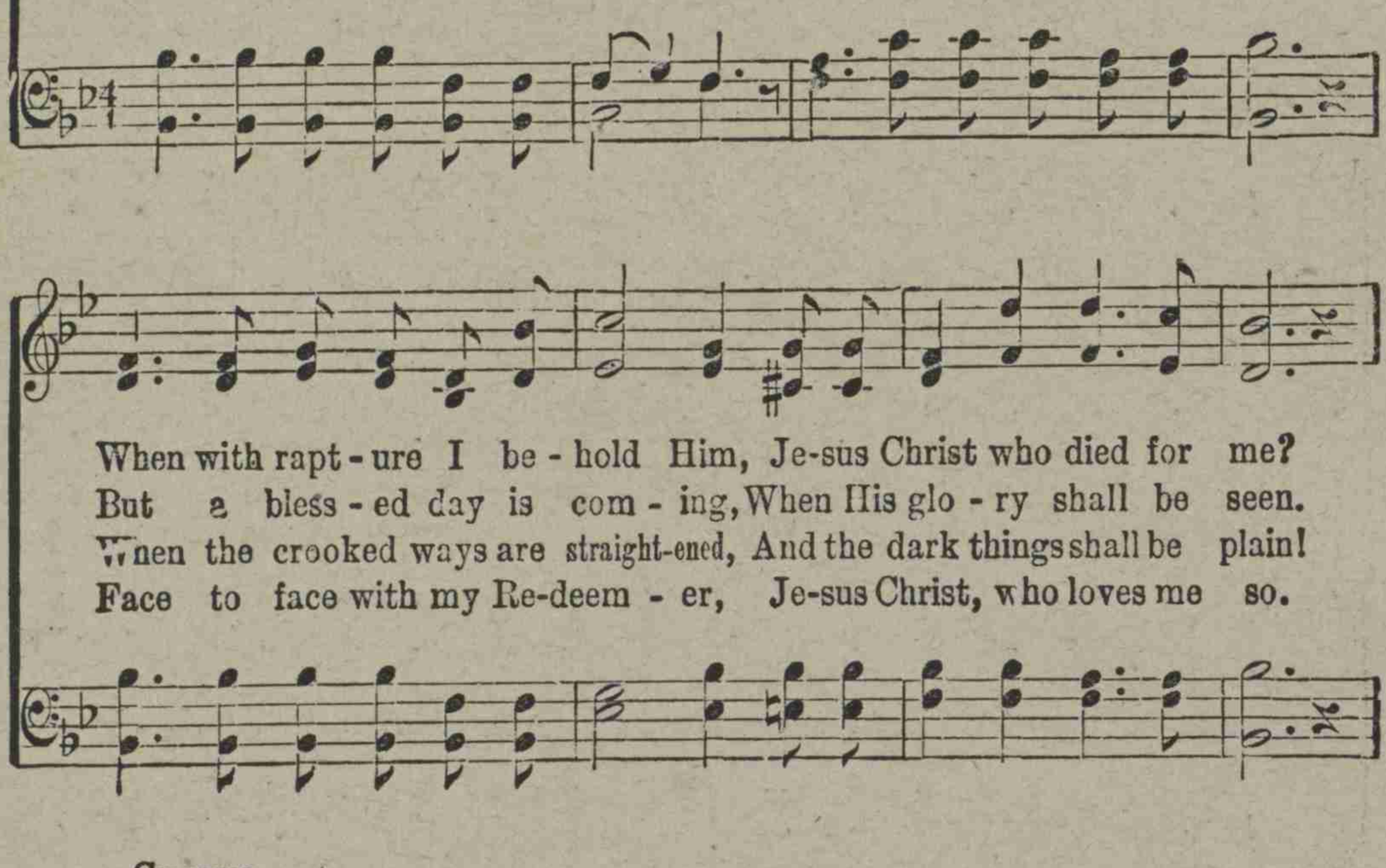
No. 36. Face to Face.

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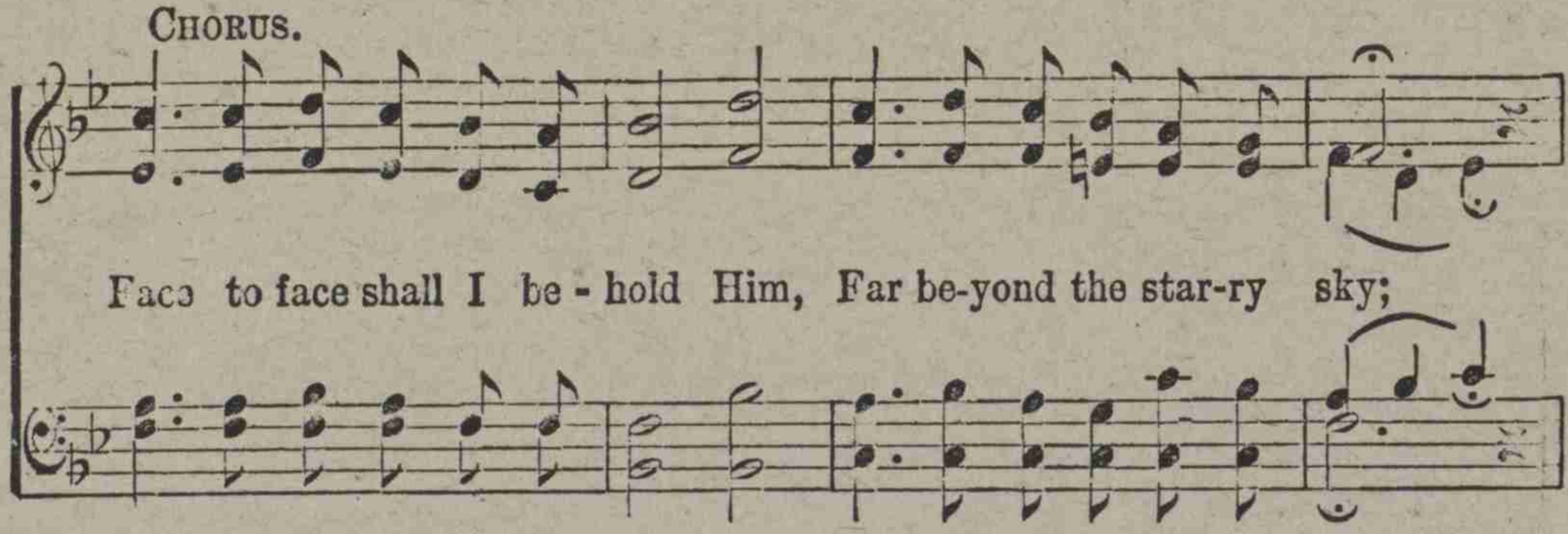
MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.



1. Face to face with Christ my Sav - ior, Face to face how can it be;
2. On - ly faint-ly now I see Him, With the dark-ling veil be-tween;
3. What re - joic-ing in His pres-ence, When are ban-ished grief and pain!
4. Face to face—O bliss-ful mo - ment! Face to face to see and know;
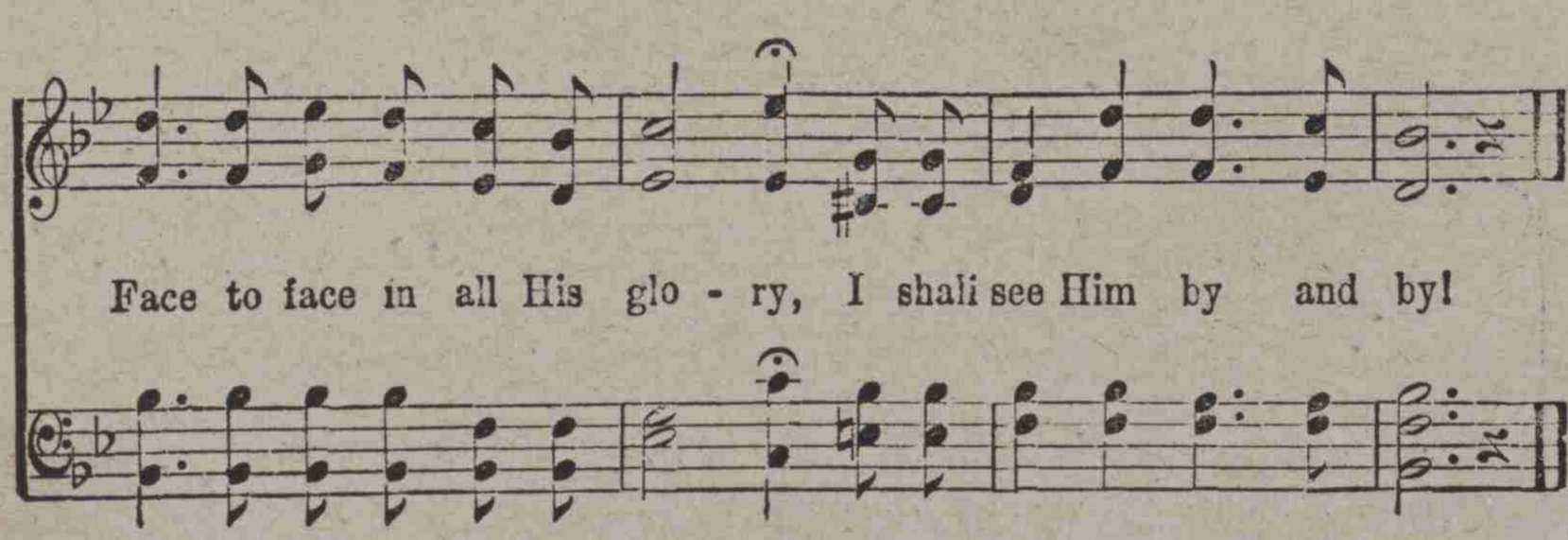


When with rapt - ure I be - hold Him, Je-sus Christ who died for me?
But a bless - ed day is com - ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.
When the crooked ways are straight-ened, And the dark things shall be plain!
Face to face with my Re-deem - er, Je-sus Christ, who loves me so.



CHORUS.

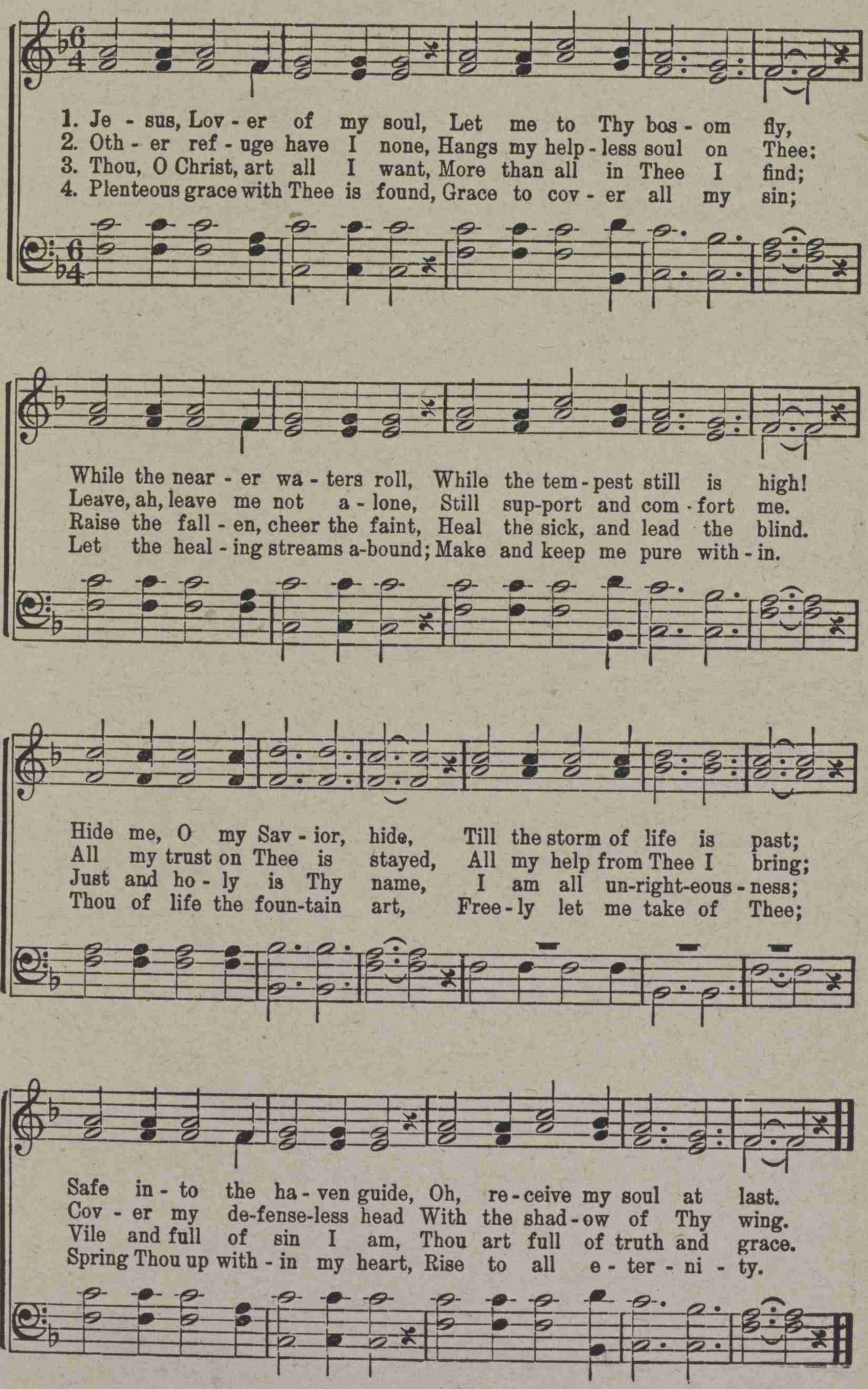
Face to face shall I be - hold Him, Far be-yond the star-ry sky;



Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!

No. 37. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. S. B. MARSH.



No. 38. Under His Wings.

JAMES NICHOLSON. ASA HULL.

1. In God I have found a re-treat, Where I can se-cure - ly a - bide;
2. I dread not the ter - ror by night, No ar-row can harm me by day;
3. The pes - ti - lence walk-ing a - bout, When dark-ness has set-tled a - broad;
4. The wast - ing de-struc - tion at noon, No fear-ful for-bod-ing can bring;
5. A thousand may fall at my side, And ten thousand at my right hand;

No ref - uge nor rest so com-plete, And here I in-tend to re - side.
His shad-ow has cov-ered me quite, My fears He has driv-en a - way.
Can nev - er com-pel me to doubt The pres-ence and pow-er of God.
With Je - sus my soul doth com-mune, His per - fect sal-va - tion I sing.
A - bove me His wings are spread wide, Be - neath them in safe-ty I stand.

CHORUS.

Oh, what com - fort it brings, As my soul sweet - ly sings;

I am safe from all dan - ger While un - der His wings.

By per.

No. 39. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

SABINE BARING-GOULD. ONWARD. 6, 5.

1. On - ward Chris-tian sold - iers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might - y arm - y Moves the church of God; Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the church of
4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ the roy - al Mas - ter,
tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er,
voic - es In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or,

Leads a-gainst the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
All one bod - y we; One in hope and doc - trine, One in char-i - ty.
'Gainst that church prevail; We have Christ's own prom-ise, And that cannot fail.
Un - to Christ the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.

CHORUS.

On - ward, Chris-tian sold - iers, March-ing as to war,

With the cross of Je - sus, go - ing on be - fore.

No. 40 Our Lord's Return to Earth Again.

J. M. K. JAS. M. KIRK.

1. I am watch-ing for the com - ing of the glad mil - len - nial day,
2. Je - sus' com - ing back will be the an - swer to earth's sorrowing cry,
3. Yes, the ran-som'd of the Lord shall come to Zi - on then with joy,
4. Then the sin and sor - row, pain and death of this dark world shall cease,

When our bless - ed Lord shall come and catch His wait - ing Bride a - way;
For the knowl-edge of the Lord shall fill the earth and sea and sky;
And in all His ho - ly mount-ain noth - ing hurts or shall de - stroy;
In a glo - rious reign with Je - sus of a thousand years of peace;

Oh! my heart is filled with rapt - ure as I la - bor, watch and pray,
God shall take a - way all sick - ness and the suff'rer's tears will dry,
Per-fect peace shall reign in ev - 'ry heart, and love with - out al - loy,
All the earth is groan - ing, cry - ing for that day of sweet re - lease,

CHORUS.

For our Lord is com-ing back to earth a - gain.
When our bless-ed Je-sus shall come back a - gain. Oh! our Lord is com-ing
Af - ter Je-sus shall come back to earth a - gain.
For our Je - sus to come back to earth a - gain.

Copyright, 1894, by Myland and Kirk, By per.

Our Lord's Return to Earth.

back to earth a - gain, Yes, our Lord is com-ing back to
is com - ing back to earth a - gain, is

earth a - gain, Sa-tan will be bound a thousand years, we'll
com - ing back to earth a - gain,

have no tempter then, Af - ter Je - sus shall come back to earth a - gain.

No. 41 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

F. W. FABER. LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy Like the wide ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more grac - es for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad - er, Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim - ple, We should take Him at His word;

There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav - ior; There is heal - ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

No. 42. I Know God's Promise is True.

Copyright, 1927, by Nazarene Publishing House. Renewal.

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

1. For God so loved this sin - ful world, His Son he free - ly gave,
2. I was a way-ward, wand'ring child, A slave to sin and fear,
3. The "who-so - ev - er" of the Lord, I trust - ed was for me;
4. E - ter - nal life be - gun be - low Now fills my heart and soul;

That who - so - ev - er would be - lieve, E - ter - nal life shall have.
Un - til this bless - ed prom - ise fell Like mu - sic on my ear.
I took him at his gra-cious word, From sin he set me free.
I'll sing his praise for - ev - er - more, Whose blood has made me whole.

CHORUS.

'Tis true, O yes, 'tis true,..... God's won - der - ful
'Tis true, O yes, the prom-ise is true,
prom - ise is true,..... For I've trust - ed, and test - ed, and
'tis true,
tried it, And I know God's prom - ise is true.....
'tis true.

No. 43. Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

Copyright, 1914, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

R. H. McDANIEL. Homer A. Rodeheaver, owner. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. What a won-der-ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je-sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go-ing a-stray, Since Je-sus came
3. I'm pos-sessed of a hope that is stead-fast and sure, Since Je-sus came
4. There's a light in the val-ley of death now for me, Since Je-sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that cit-y I know Since Je-sus came

in-to my heart! I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
in-to my heart! And my sins which were man-y are all washed a-way
in-to my heart! And no dark clouds of doubt now my path-way ob-scure,
in-to my heart! And the gates of the cit-y be-yond I can see,
in-to my heart! And I'm hap-py, so hap-py as on-ward I go,

CHORUS

Since Je-sus came in-to my heart! Since Je-sus came in-to my
Since Je-sus came in, came

heart, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart, Floods of
in-to my heart, Since Je-sus came in, came in-to my heart,

joy o'er my soul like the sea bil-lows roll, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart.

No. 44. Tell It to Jesus Alone.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. Rev. E. S. LORENZ, by per.

No. 45. Standing on Promise Ground.

Copyright, 1937, by Nazarene Publishing House. Renewal.

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

1. On promise ground I have plant-ed my feet, Firm my foun da-tion and
2. Com-fort and bless-ing a - bide in my soul, Doubtings are o - ver and
3. Treasures of earth all shall rust and de - cay, Oth - er foun-da-tions shall
4. Look-ing back o - ver the wea - ri - some way, Up to the land I am

safe my re - treat; Here toil is pleas-ure and serv - ice is sweet,
Christ has con - trol; On Him to - day ev - 'ry bur - den I roll,
crum - ble a - way; God's word a - bides, we ex - ult - ing - ly say,
hold - ing to - day; Keep me, dear Sav iour, for - ev - er, I pray,

CHORUS.

Stand-ing on prom - ise ground. Stand - ing, on prom - ise ground,
Standing, I'm staning on promise grouud,

I am so glad I this rest - ing place found; God's word is sure, and
God's word is sure,

I am se - cure, Stand-ing on prom - ise ground.....
I am se - cure, prom - ise ground.

No. 46. Let All the People Praise Thee.

Copyright, 1934, by Nazarene Publishing House. Renewal.

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

1. O mag - ni-fy the Lord with me Ye peo - ple of His choice,
2. O praise Him for His ho - li-ness, His wis - dom and His grace;
3. Had I a thou-sand tongues to sing The half could ne'er be told

Let all to whom He lend - eth breath Now in His name re - joice;
Sing prais - es for the pre - cious blood Which ran-somed all our race;
Of love so rich, so full and free, Of bless-ings man - i - fold;

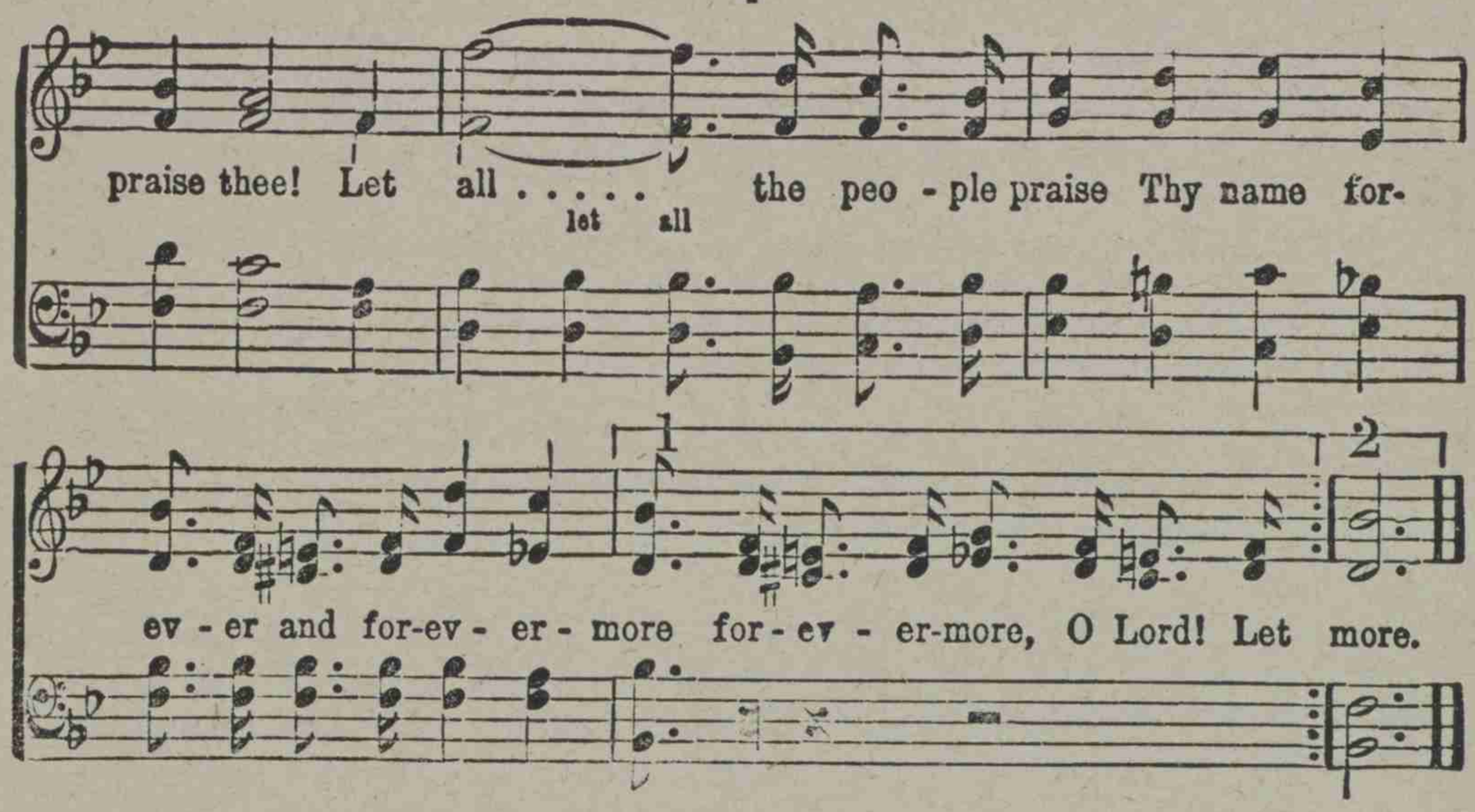
For love's blest rev - e - la - tion, For rest from con - dem - na - tion,
In ten - der - ness He sought us, From depths of sin He brought us,
Of grace that fail - eth nev - er, Peace flow-ing as a riv - er,

For ut - ter - most sal - va - tion To Him give thanks.
To Him to Him give thanks,
The way of life then taught us, To Him give thanks.
To Him to Him give thanks,
From God the glo - rious giv - er, To Him give thanks.
to Him give thanks,

CHORUS.
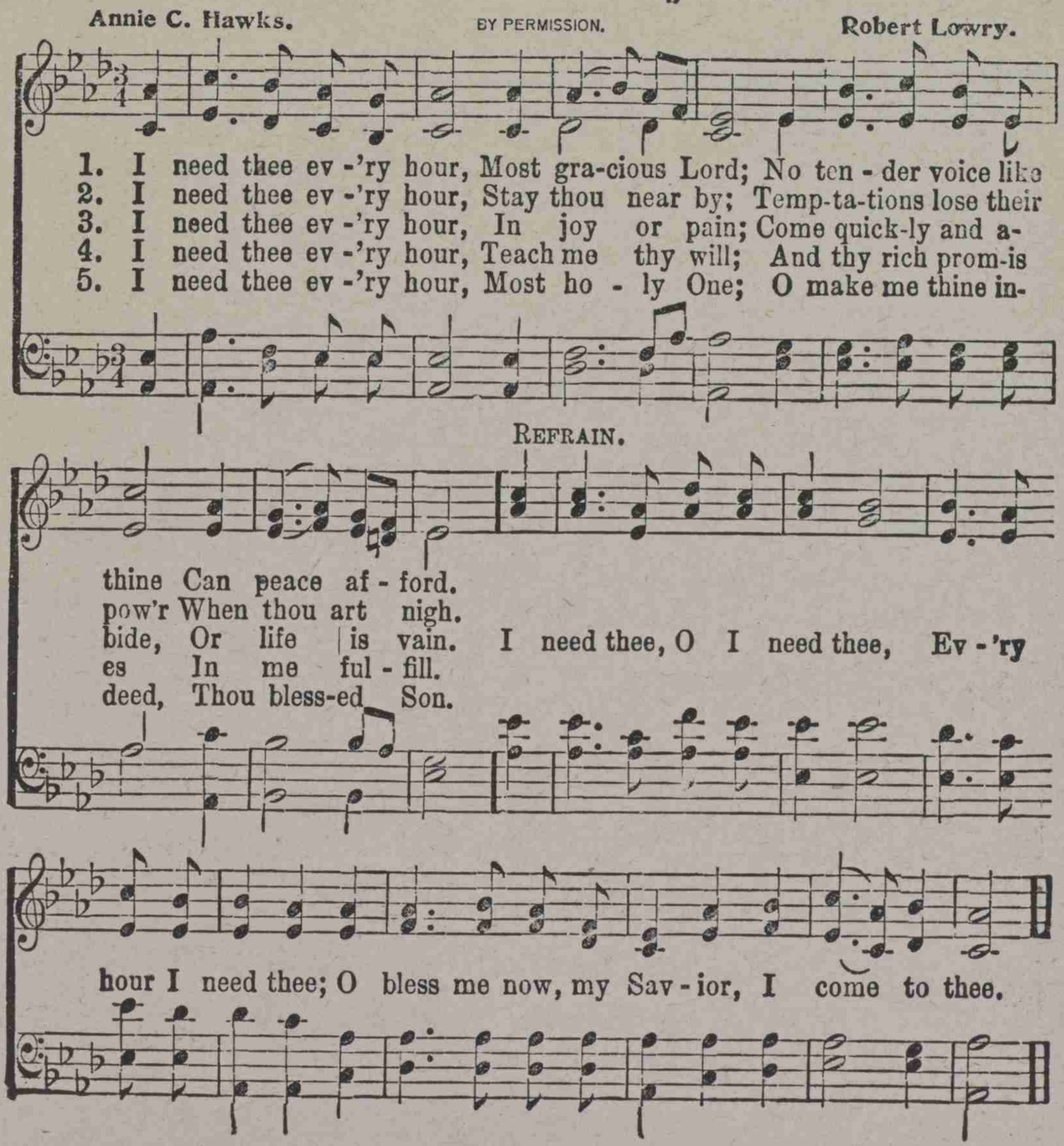
Let all . . . . the peo - ple praise Thee Let all . . . the peo - ple
let all let all

Let All the People Praise Thee--Concluded



No. 47 I Need Thee Every Hour

Annie C. Hawks. BY PERMISSION. Robert Lowry.



No. 48. A Blessing in Prayer.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. There is rest, sweet rest, at the Master's feet, There is fa - vor now at the
2. There is grace to help in our time of need, For our Friend above is a
3. When our songs are glad with the joy of life, When our hearts are sad with its
4. There is per-fect peace tho' the wild waves roll; There are gifts of love for the

mer - cy seat, For a - ton - ing blood has been sprinkled there; There is
Friend in - deed, We may cast on him ev - 'ry grief and care; There is
ills and strife, When the powers of sin would the soul ensnare, There is
seek - ing soul, Till we praise the Lord in his home so fair; There is

Chorus.

al - ways a blessing, a blessing in pray'r. There's a blessing in pray'r, in be-
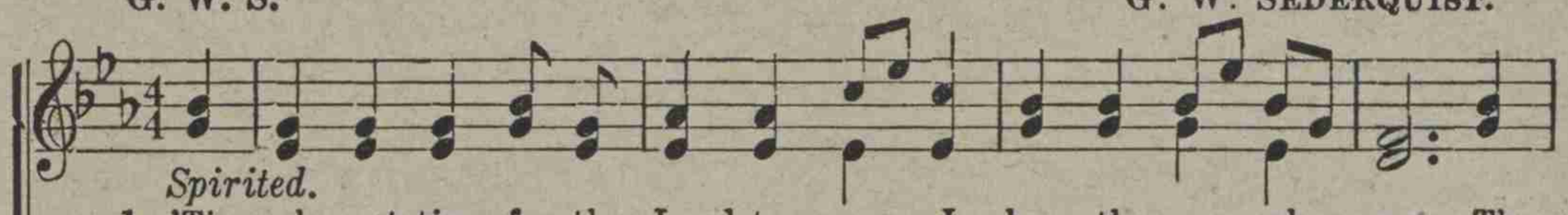
lieving pray'r; When our Saviour's name to the throne we bear, Then a Father's

love will re-ceive us there; There is al-ways a blessing, a blessing in pray'r.

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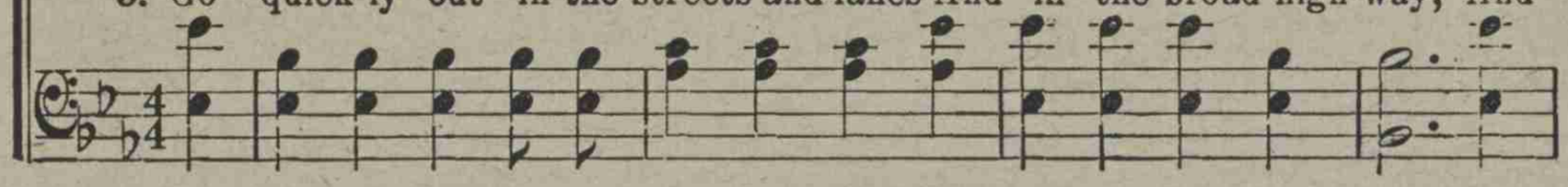
No. 49. The Breaking of the Day.
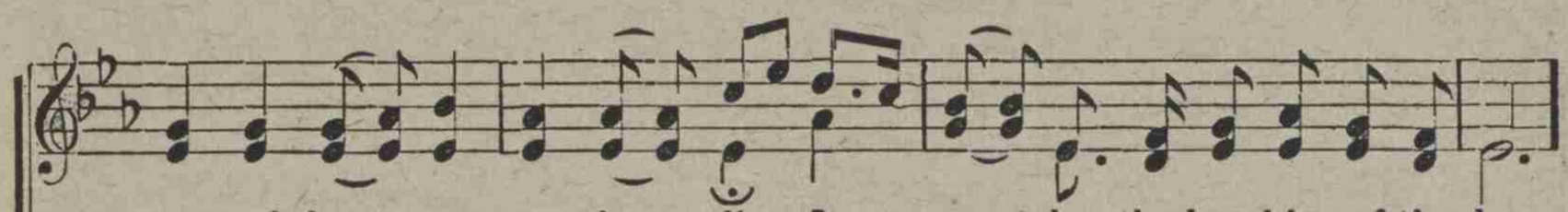
G. W. S. G. W. SEDERQUIST.
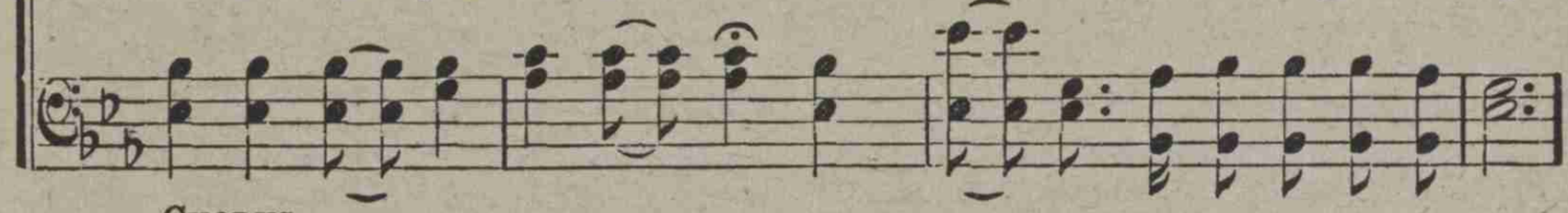


Spirited.

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

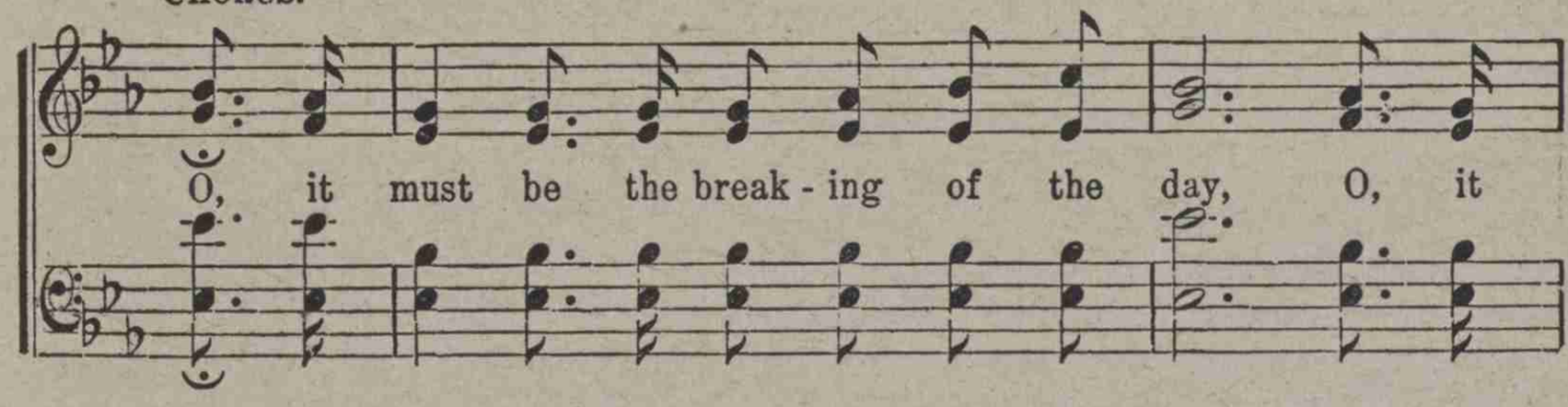




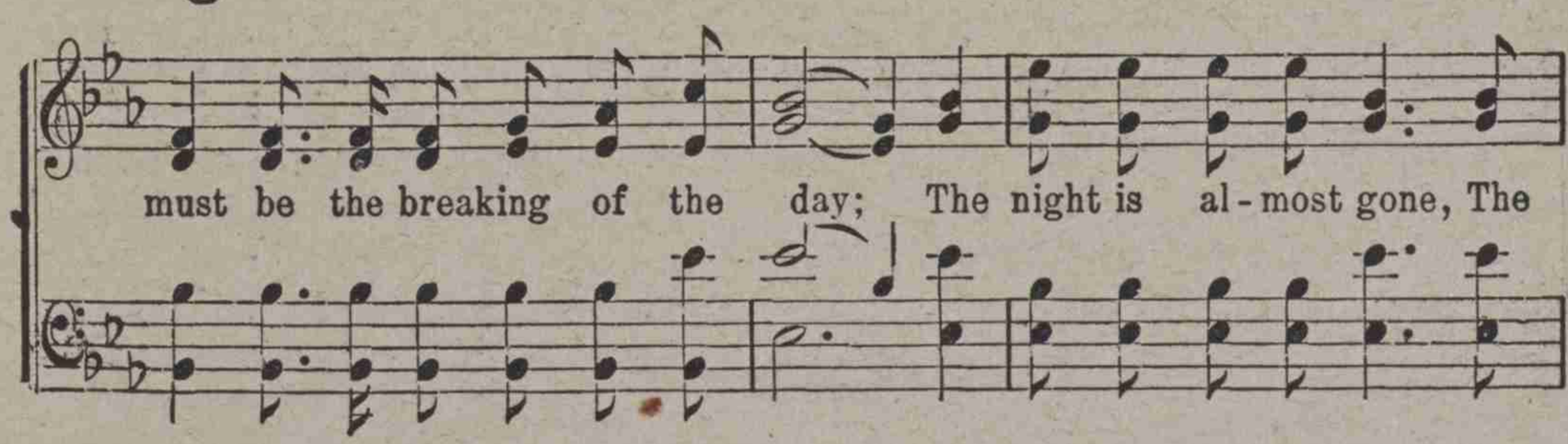
stars of heaven are growing dim, It must be the breaking of the day.
loud pro-claim to the race of men, That the coming of the Master draweth nigh.
gird - ed loins and burn-ing lamps, To look for the breaking of the day.
once were happy in Je - sus' love, And looking for the breaking of the day.
call the maimed, the halt and blind, To be ready for the breaking of the day.



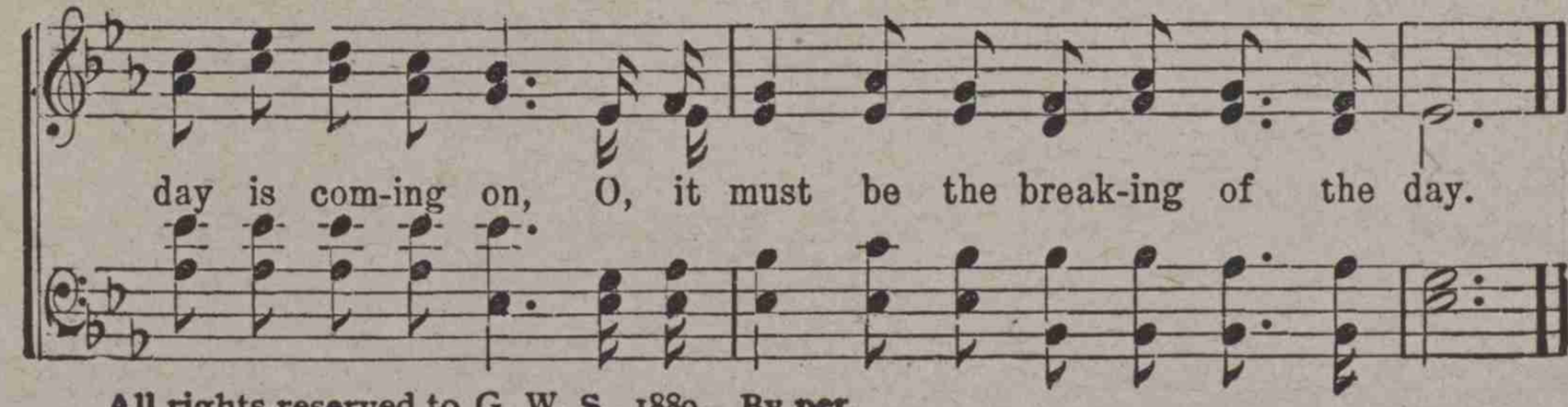
CHORUS.



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



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



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No. 50. I Want to See Jesus, Don't You?

Copyright, 1915, by Homer A. Rodeheaver.
International copyright secured.

ADA BLENKHORN. KEM G. BOTTORF.

1. There is One loved me so that for me He died, He's my dear, pre-cious
2. When I'm wea-ry and faint He is al-ways near, With His joy He my
3. Ho - ly an-gels keep watch o'er me thro' the night, And each morning He
4. He is fair - er than lil - y or rose to me, And His bless-ings fall
5. There's a place for my soul that He doth prepare, And its beau-ty by

Sav - ior so true; On the cross for my sins He was cru - ci - fied:
strength doth re - new; And He com-forts my heart, speaking words of cheer:
guards me a - new; In the smile of His love doth my soul de - light:
soft as the dew; O my heart, how it longs His dear face to see:
faith I can view; First of all, when I en - ter that man-sion fair,

CHORUS.

I want to see Je-sus, don't you?.... I want to see Je-sus, don't you?....
don't you? don't you?

My Sav - ior so faith-ful and true;..... When I reach the strand
so faith-ful and true,

of that love-bright land, O I want to see Je - sus, don't you?
rit.
don't you?

No. 51. Brighten the Corner Where You Are.

Copyright, 1941, by Rodeheaver Hall-Mack Co. Renewal.

INA DULEY OGDON. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Do not wait un - til some deed of great-ness you may do, Do not wait to shed your light a - far, To the man-y du - ties ev - er near you
2. Just a - bove are cloud-ed skies that you may help to clear, Let not nar - row self your way de-bar, Tho' in - to one heart a - lone may fall your
3. Here for all your ta - lents you may sure - ly find a need, Here re- flect the bright and morning star, E-ven from your humble hand the bread of

REFRAIN.

now be true, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.
song of cheer, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are. Brigh-ten the cor - ner
life may feed, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.

where you are! Brighten the corner where you are! Some one far from
Shine for Jesus where you are!

har-bor you may guide a-cross the bar, Brighten the cor-ner where you are.

No. 52. The Healing Waters.

Copyright, 1937, by L. L. Pickett. Renewal.

H. H. HEIMAR. Nazarene Publishing House, owner. L. L PICKETT.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 53. The Bloodwashed Pilgrim.

Anon.

1. I saw a blood-washed pil - grim, A sin - ner saved by grace,
2. I saw him in the fur - nace; He doubt - ed not, nor feared,
3. 'Mid storms, and clouds, and tri - als, In pris - on, at the stake,
4. I saw him o - ver - com - ing, Thro' all the swell - ing strife,

Up - on the King's great high - way With peace - ful, shin - ing face;
And in the flames be - side him The Son of God ap - peared;
He leaped for joy, re - joic - ing, 'Twas all for Je - sus' sake;
Un - til he crossed the thresh-old Of God's E - ter - nal Life;

Temp-ta - tions sore be - set him, But noth - ing could af - fright;
Tho' sev - en times 'twas heat - ed With all the tempt-er's might,
That God should count him worth - y, Was such su - preme de - light,
The Crown, the Throne, the Scep - tre, The Name, the Stone so White,

He said, "The yoke is eas - y, The bur - den, it is light."
He said, "The yoke is eas - y, The bur - den, it is light."
He cried, "The yoke is eas - y, The bur - den is so light."
Were his, who found, in Je - sus, The yoke and bur - den light.

CHORUS.

Then palms of vic - to-ry, crowns of glo - ry, Palms of vic - to-ry I shall wear.

No. 54 I Must Tell Jesus

E. A. H. REV. ELISHA 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-iour, 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 tempt-ed 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

CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for his own.
Make of my troub-les quickly 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!

I must tell Je - sus! I can-not bear my burdens a - lone; I must tell

Rit.

Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a - lone.

Copyright, 1893, by The Hoffman Music Co. Used by per.

No. 55. The Lord Into His Garden Comes.

1. The Lord in - to His gar - den comes, The spic - es yield their rich per-
2. O that this dry and bar - ren ground In springs of wa - ter may a -
3. The glo-rious time is roll - ing on, The gra-cious work is now be -
4. Come, brethren dear, who know the Lord, And taste the sweet-ness of His

fumes, The lil - ies grow and thrive, The lil - ies grow and thrive; Re -
bound, A fruit - ful soil be - come, A fruit - ful soil be-come. The
gun, My soul a wit - ness is, My soul a wit - ness is. I
word, In Je - sus' ways go on, In Je - sus' ways go on. Our

fresh-ing show'rs of grace di - vine, From Je - sus flow to ev - 'ry vine,
des - ert blos-soms as the rose, While Je - sus con-quers all His foes,
taste and see the par - don free For all man-kind as well as me,
trou - bles and our tri - als here, Will on - ly make us rich - er there,

Which make the dead re - vive, Which make the dead re - vive.
And makes His peo - ple one, And makes His peo - ple one.
Who come to Christ may live, Who come to Christ may live.
When we ar - rive at home, When we ar - rive at home.

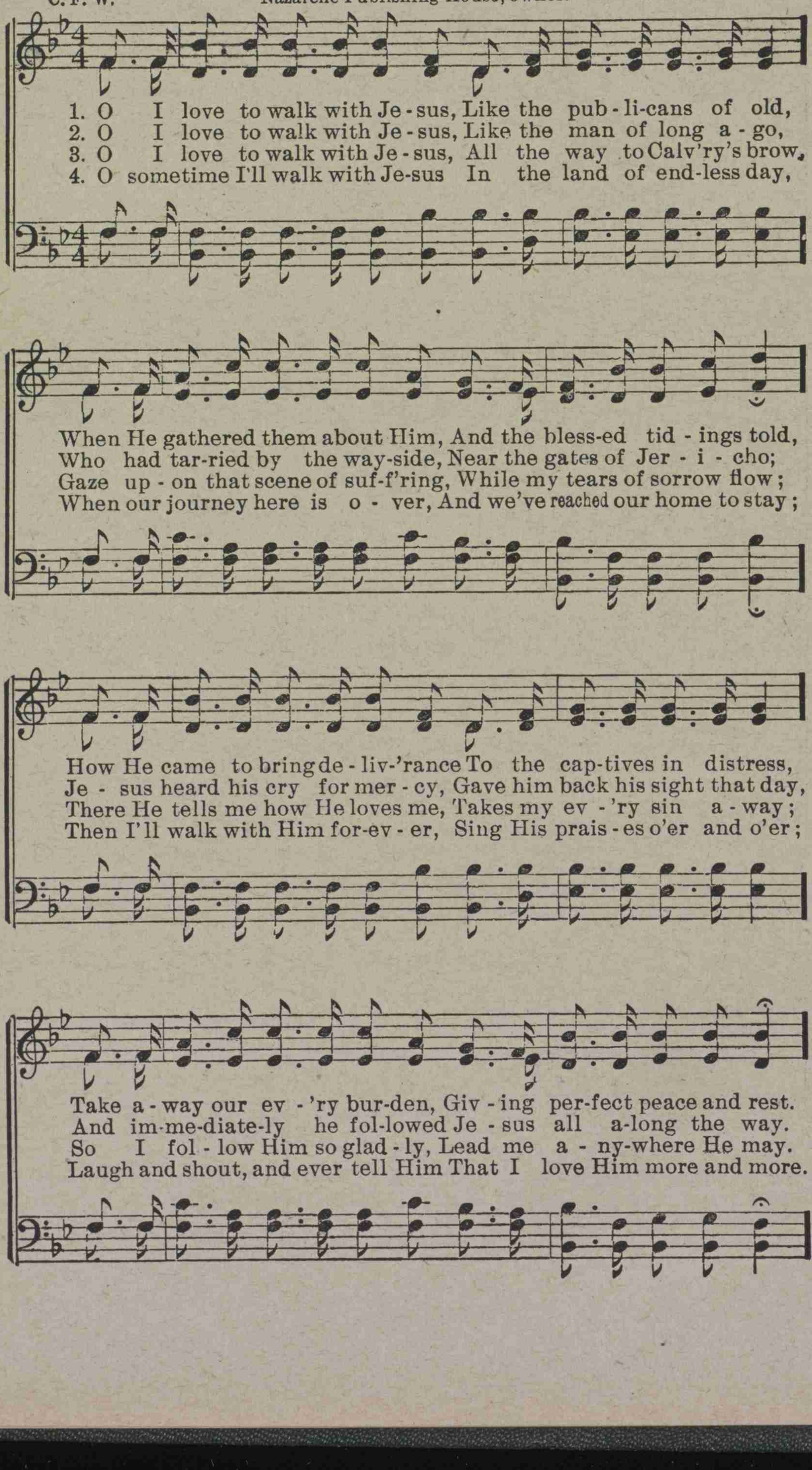
5 'Tis there we'll reign, and shout and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
‖:When all the saints get home,:‖
Come on, come on, my brethren dear;
Soon we shall meet together there,
‖:For Jesus bids us come.:‖

6 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
‖:And claim my mansion there;:‖
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
‖:Where we shall part no more.:‖

No. 56. I Love to Walk With Jesus.

Copyright, 1930, by C. F. Weigele. Renewal.

C. F. W. Nazarene Publishing House, owner. C. F. WEIGELE.



I Love to Walk With Jesus. Concluded.

CHORUS.

I will fol - low where He leadeth, I will pas-ture where He feed-eth,

I will fol-low all the way, Lord, I will fol-low Je-sus ev-'ry day.

No. 57. Pass Me Not.

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

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel-ing
3. Trust-ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me, Whom have

CHORUS.

oth-ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief. Sav - iour, Sav - iour,
wounded, broken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

Hear my hum-ble cry, While on others Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

No. 58. The Fight is On.

Mrs. C. H. M. Copyright, 1932, by Haldor Lillenas. Renewal. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trumpet sound is ringing out, The cry "To arms" is
2. The fight is on, a-rouse ye soldiers brave and true; Je-ho-vah leads, and
3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry, The bow of prom-ise

heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is marching on to vic-to-ry, The
vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go buck-le on the ar-mor God has given you, And
spans the eastern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-'ry land shall honored be, The

CHORUS. *Unison.*

triumph of the right will soon appear.
in his strength un-to the end endure.
morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

The fight is on, O Chris-tian

sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-ray,.....With ar-mor

gleam-ing, and col-ors streaming, The right and wrong engage to-day;

The Fight Is On.---Concluded.

Harmony.

The fight is on, but be not wea - ry, Be strong and in his might hold

fast; If God be for us, his banner o'er us, We'll sing the victor's song at last.

vic-t'ry! vic-t'ry!

No. 59. Faith of Our Fathers.

FREDERICK W. FABER. Adapted by J. G. WALTON.
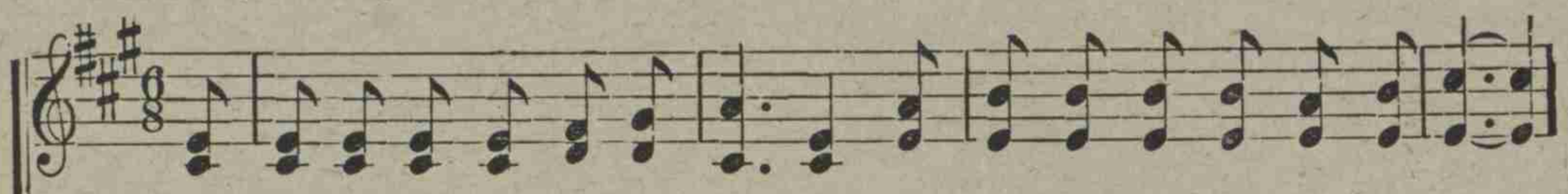
1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still, In spite of dun-geon, fire, and sword;
2. Our fathers, chained in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife;

O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word:
How sweet would be their chil-dren's fate, If they, like them, could die for Thee!
And preach Thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir - tuous life:
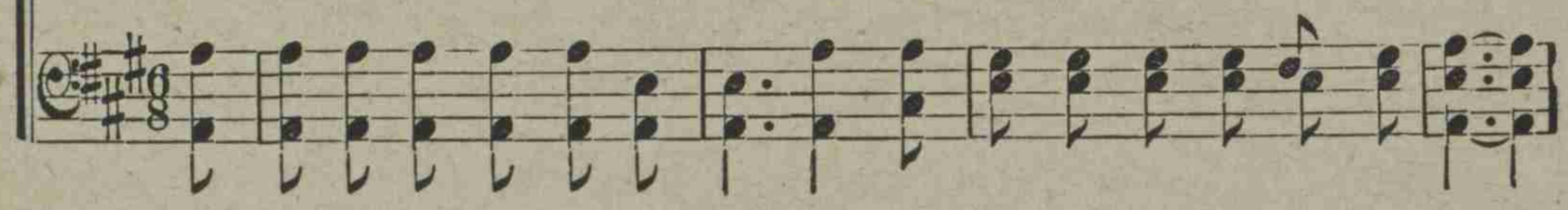
Faith of our fa-thers! Ho - ly faith! We will be true to Thee till death!
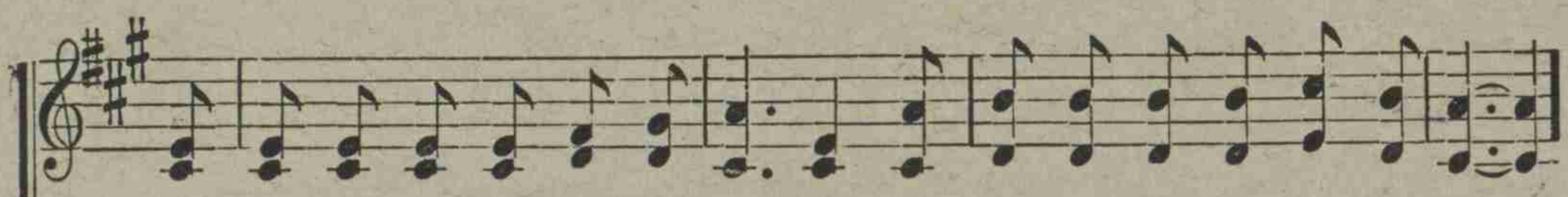
No. 60. Redeemed.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
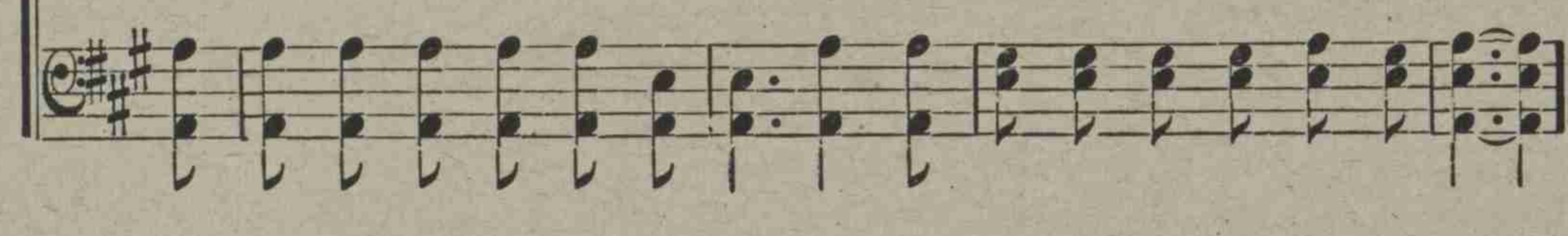


1. Redeem'd how I love to proclaim it, Redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeem'd and so hap-py in Je-sus, No language my rapt-ure can tell;
3. I think of my bless-ed Re-deem-er, I think of Him all the day long;
4. I know I shall see in His beau-ty, The King in whose law I de - light;
5. I know there's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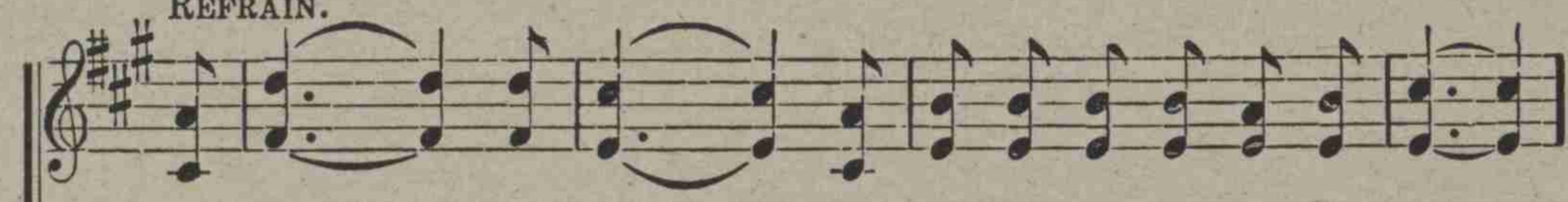




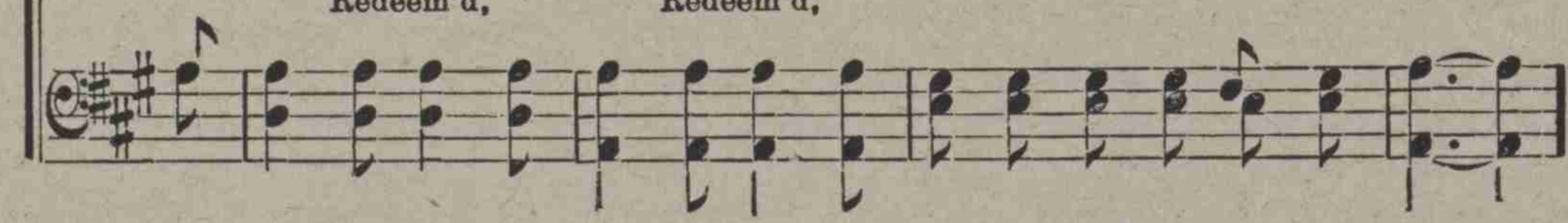
Redeem'd thro' his in - fi - nite mer - cy, His child and for - ev - er I am.
I know that the light of His pres-ence With me doth con-tin - ual - ly dwell.
I sing, for I can-not be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.
Who lov - ing - ly guardeth my foot-steps, And giv-eth me songs in the night.
And soon with the spirits made per-fect, At home with the Lord I shall be.
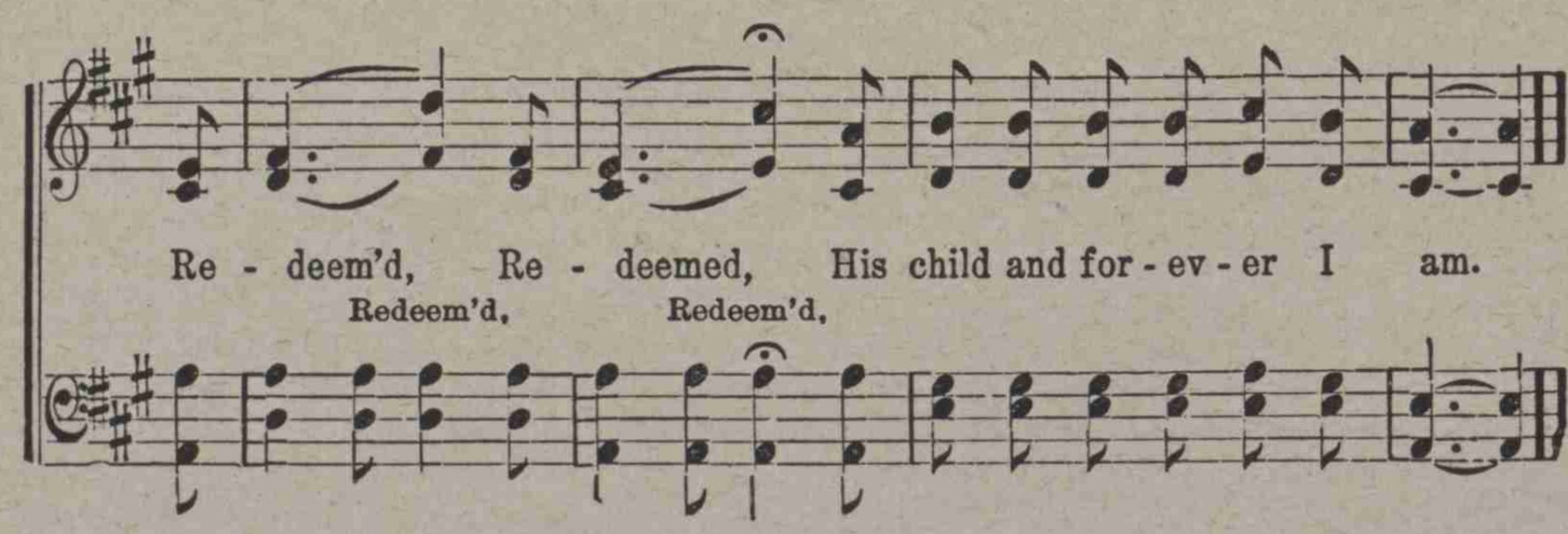


REFRAIN.



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





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

No. 61. We Shall See.

Copyright, 1933, by Rodeheaver Co. Renewal.

J. M. HARRIS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We shall see and flow to - geth-er, saith the Lord, And our vis - ion
2. We will all be one in Je - sus in that day, When the Spir - it
3. We shall see the precious Sav - ior ev - 'ry day, We shall know His
4. When we reach the glo-rious end - ing o - ver there, And be - hold the

shall be glo-rious thro' His word, When the Sav - ior comes within, Cleans-ing
in His full-ness comes to stay, We will glo - ry in the cross, Count-ing
pow'r to keep us all the way, And the goal we have in view, Will be
wondrous beaut-y rich and rare, When we walk the streets of gold, And our

all the heart from sin, And sal - va-tion joys be - gin, We shall see
all things else but loss, When our hearts are free from dross, We shall see.
ours if we are true, And we walk the jour-ney thro', We shall see.
Sav-ior there be - hold, We'll be filled with joys un - told, We shall see.

CHORUS.

We shall see and walk in the light, We shall see and the path will be bright,

We shall see the face of the Lord, And re-joice in His glo-rious word.

No. 62. Just Because He Loved Me So.

J. E. F. Copyright, 1903, by Purity Pub. Co. J. A. Lee, owner. J. E. FRENCH.

1. Come and hear me tell the sto - ry Paul and Si - las loved so well,
2. I am glad my dear Re-deem-er walked be - side the Gal - i - lee;
3. I will sing His boundless mer - cy, all the beau-ty of His ways;

How Je - sus left His home a - bove, and came on earth to dwell;
His life was pure and ho - ly, and His grace was full and free;
If at times I do not see Him, I will trust and give Him praise;
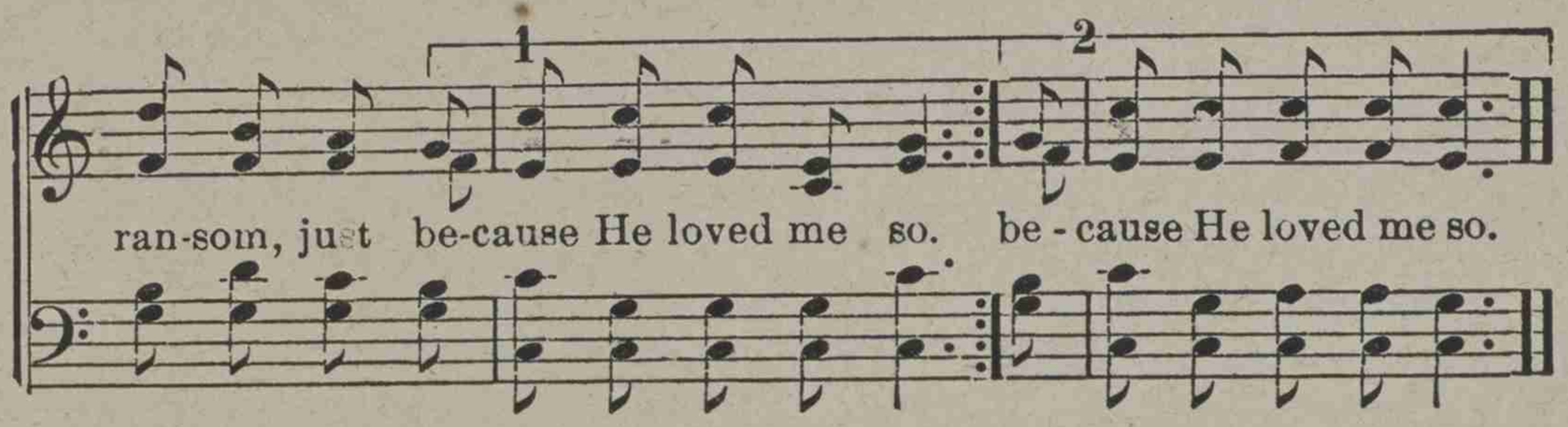
If you ask me why He suf-fered, I can on - ly say, "I know,
As He calls for me to fol - low, I will walk with Him be - low,
And no mat-ter where He leads me, it is best for me, I know,

He gave His life a ran-som, just be-cause He loved me so."
He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, just be-cause He loved me so.
I will lean up - on His prom-ise, just be-cause He loved me so.

CHORUS.

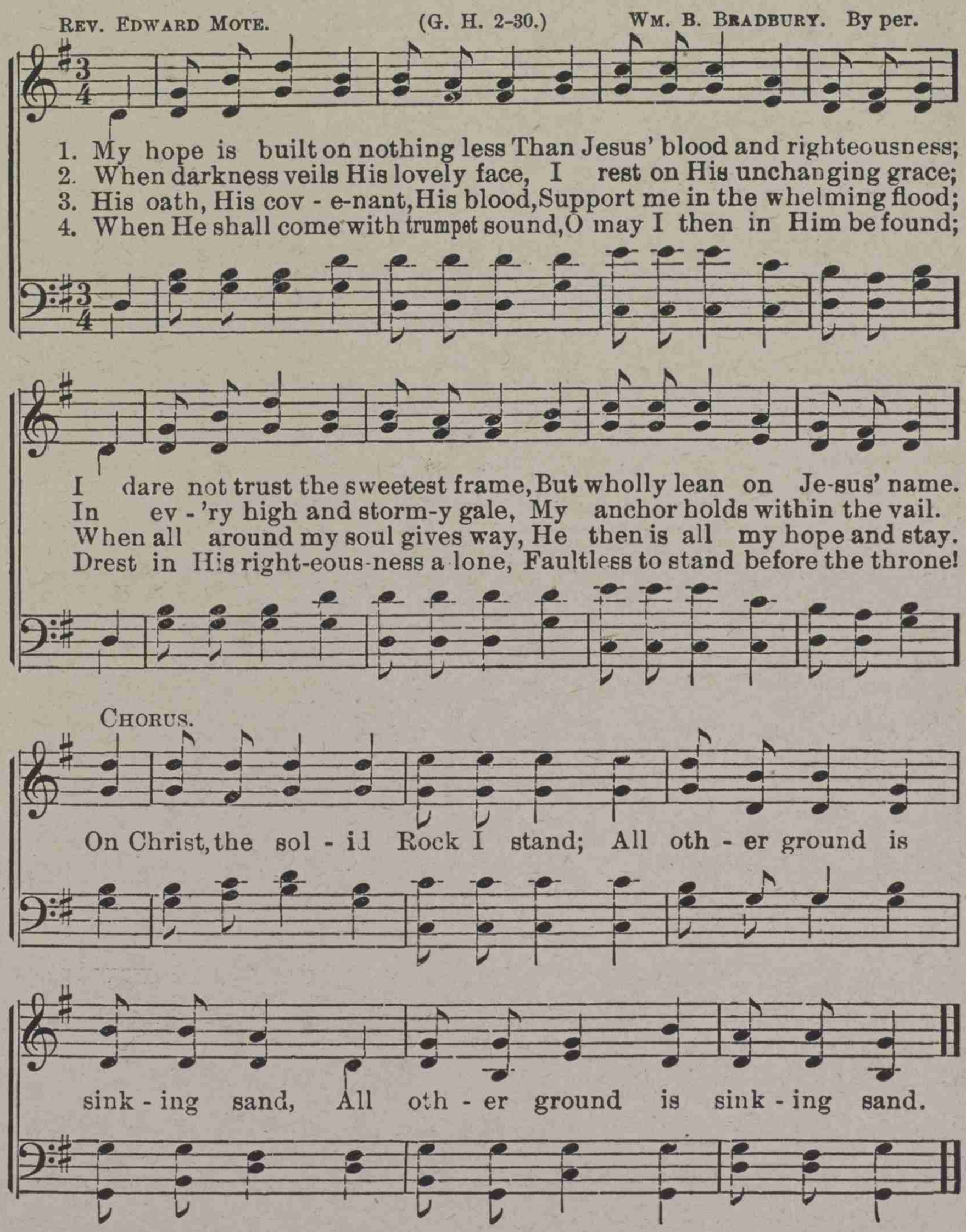
He loved me so, He loved me so,
He loved, He loved me so, He loved, He loved me so, He ga e His life a

Just Because He Loved Me So. Concluded.



No. 63. The Solid Rock.

REV. EDWARD MOTE. (G. H. 2-30.) WM. B. BRADBURY. By per.



No. 64. Sweet By-and-By.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT. JOS. P. WEBSTER.

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

see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-
songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
tri - bute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

CHORUS.

pare us a dwell - ing place there. In the sweet by - and
sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
bless - ings that hal - low our days.

In the sweet

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

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

No. 65. Love Found Me.

H. L. GILMOUR. Copyright, 1890, by H. L. GILMOUR. ARR. BY H. L. G.

1. When out in sin and dark-ness lost, Love found me, My faint-ing soul was
2. The Spir-it roused me from my sleep, Love found me, Con-vic-tion seized me
3. I'll praise Him while He gives me breath, Love found me, For sav-ing from an
4. And when I reach the gold-paved street, Love found me, I'll sit a-dor-ing

tempest toss'd, Love found me, I heard the Savior's word's so blest Love found me,
strong and deep, Love found me, Al-tho' I long with-stood His grace, Love found me,
end-less death, Love found me, Christ is my ad-vo-cate a-bove, Love found me,
at His feet, Love found me, And sing hosanna 'round the throne, Love found me,

CHORUS.

Come, wea-ry heav-y la-den, rest, Love found me. Oh, 'twas love, love,
He wooed me to His kind embrace, Love found me.
I'm yoked to Him in perfect love, Love found me.
Where I shall know as I am known, Love found me. Oh, 'twas love 'twas wondrous love,

Love that moved the might-y God, Love, love, 'twas love found me.

No. 66. I Have Found It.

F. G. BURROUGHS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Since I came at Je - sus' bid-ding, And received the promised rest,
2. On His love my rest is found-ed, And no storms that Rock can shake,
3. Oh, this rest the Saviour gives me Is the pearl of great-est worth,

I have found His ways most pleasant, And His paths se-rene and blest;
Tho' the winds may blow about it, And the waves a-gainst it break;
In its pre-cious-ness and com-fort Far sur-pass - ing gems of earth!

Tri - als have been changed to conquests, Sighs are lost in songs of praise,
Not a doubt can mar this trys-ting, Not a fear dis-turb my calm,
Moth and rust can - not cor-rupt it, Naught shall rob this treasure mine,
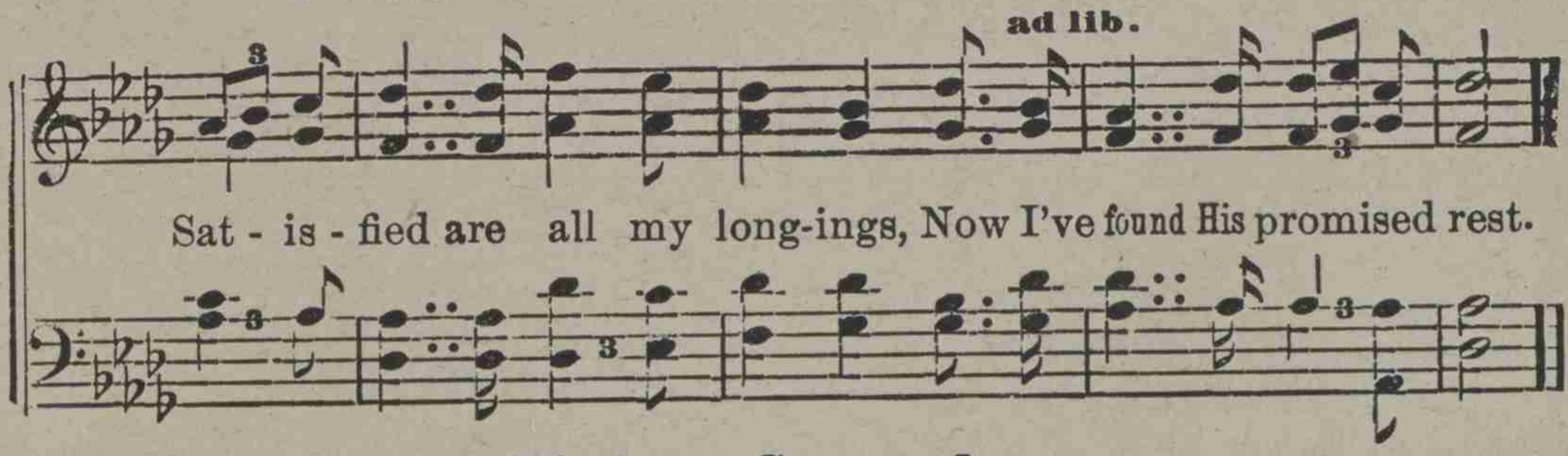
And all tur - moil, care and conflict Are transformed by hope's bright rays.
Nor a weap - on formed against me Do my peace-ful spir - it harm.
For the rest is His who gave it, And is kept by grace di - vine.

CHORUS.

I have found it, I have found it, That for which I've been in quest,

Copyright, 1891, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

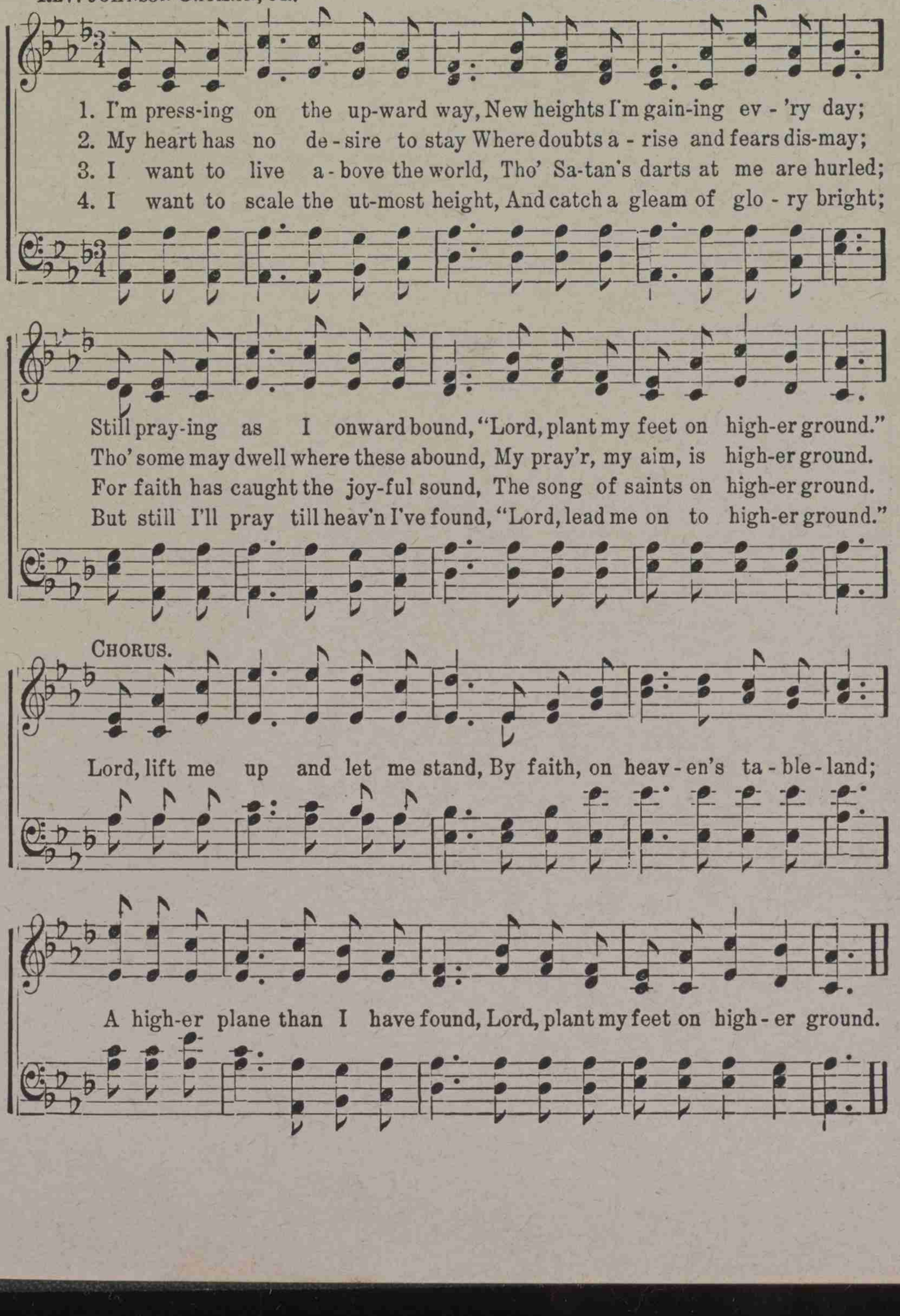
I Have Found It. Concluded.



No. 67. Higher Ground.

Copyright, 1926, by Rodeheaver Co. Renewal.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



No. 68. Alone With God.

Copyright, 1904, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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

1. When storms of life are round me beating, When rough the path that I have trod,
2. What tho' the clouds have gathered o'er me? What tho' I've passed beneath the rod?
3. 'Tis there I find new strength for duty As o'er the sands of time I plod;
4. And when I see the mo-ment near-ing When I shall sleep beneath the sod,

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

CHORUS.
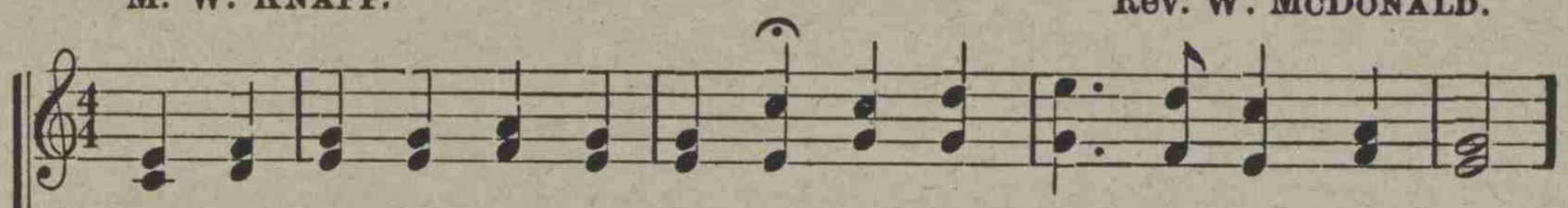
A - lone with God, the world for - bid - den, A - lone with God,
A-lone with God,
God, O blest re - treat! A - lone with God,
Alone with God,
Alone with God,

rit.

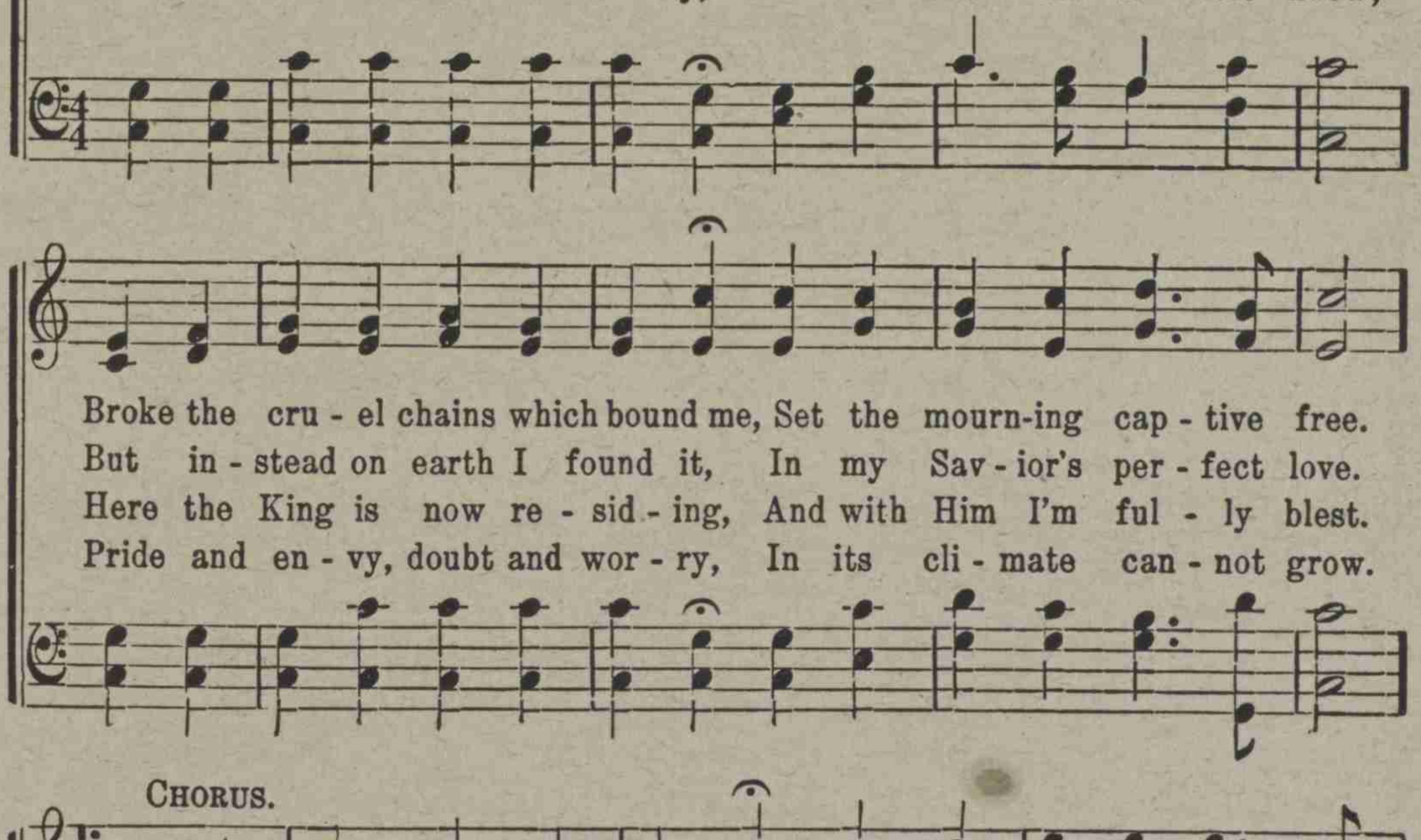
and in Him hid - den, To hold with Him com-munion sweet.
To hold with Him

No. 69. Sweet Rest in Canaan.

M. W. KNAPP. Rev. W. McDONALD.
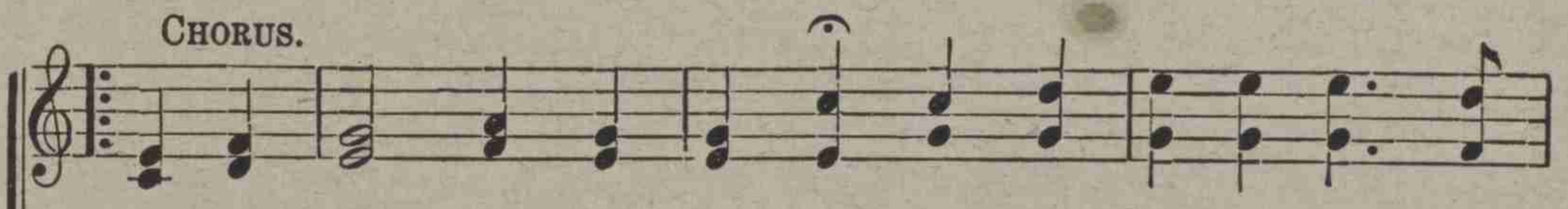


1 Once I served in E-gypt's bondage, But my Sav-ior on the tree,
2. Once I tho't this land of Ca-naan Was a type of heav'n a-bove,
3. Now in Je-sus' love a-bid-ing I have reach'd the land of rest;
4. Fear and fret and sin-ful hur-ry, Beu-lah dwell-ers do not know;

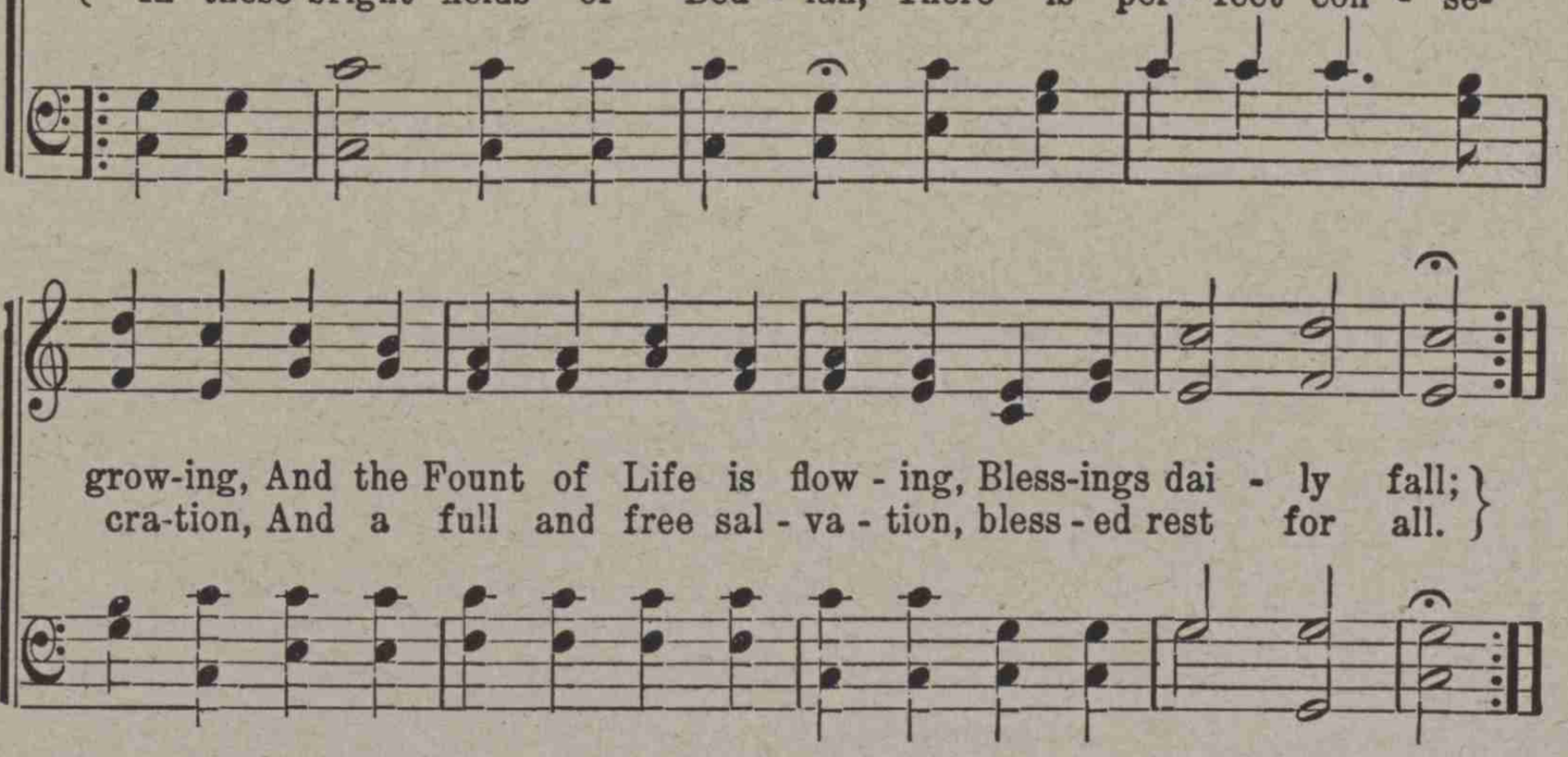


Broke the cru-el chains which bound me, Set the mourn-ing cap-tive free.
But in-stead on earth I found it, In my Sav-ior's per-fect love.
Here the King is now re-sid-ing, And with Him I'm ful-ly blest.
Pride and en-vy, doubt and wor-ry, In its cli-mate can-not grow.

CHORUS.



{ There is sweet rest in Ca-naan, Where the Es-chol grapes are
{ In these bright fields of Beu-lah, There is per-fect con-se-



grow-ing, And the Fount of Life is flow-ing, Bless-ings dai-ly fall;
cra-tion, And a full and free sal-va-tion, bless-ed rest for all.

4 All the Spirit's fruit and flowers,
In this lovely Canaan clime,
'Neath its sunshine and its showers,
Grow in beauty all the time.

6 Shout your triumphs, heirs of glory,
Tell the tidings as you go,
Publish wide the wondrous story,
You have found a "heaven below."

No. 70. A Blessing in God's House.

Rev. ABNER BOWLING. CLEMIE GAY.

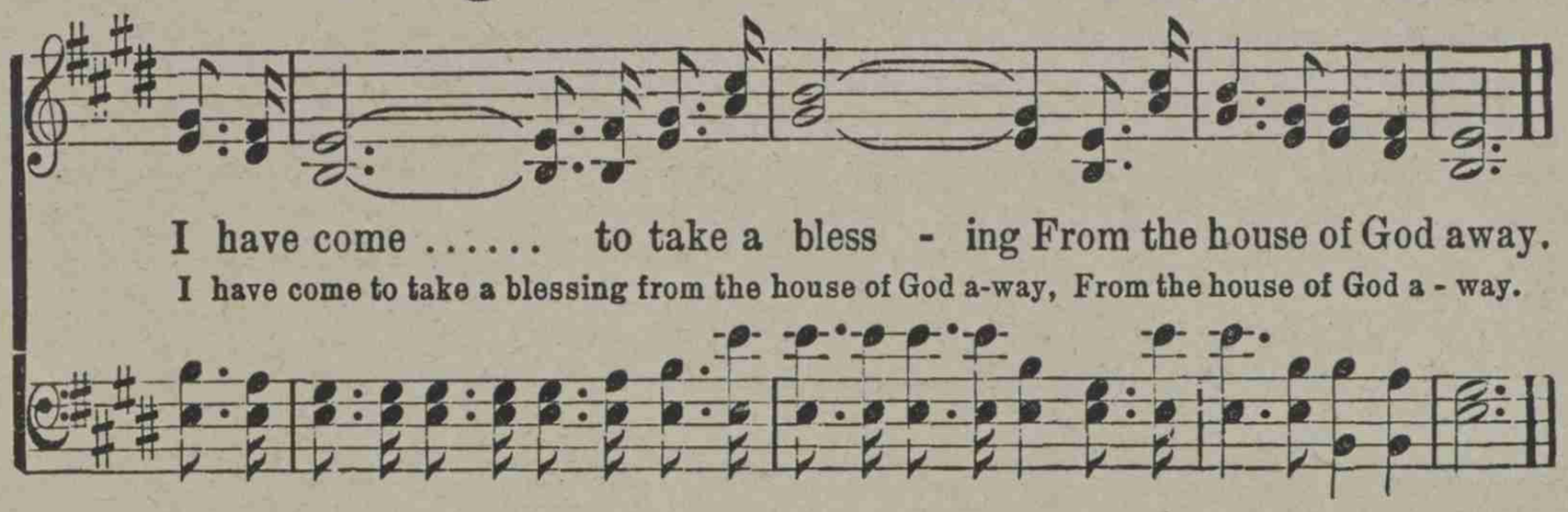
1. I have come to seek a bless-ing in the house of God to-day; I have come to be a bless-ing while in the house I stay; I have come to bow in rev'rence while with lips and heart I pray; I have come to take a
2. I have come to hear the message, and with waiting heart, receive; Come to weigh the words as spoken, and, with joy and trust be-lieve; Come to meet the Ho - ly Spir - it, and for his pow-er to plead; Come to take of God's rich
3. In com - ing with such motives, I am sure I will be blest; For, to all who thus approach him, God gives the ver - y best; He in - vites me to be seat - ed at his ta - ble as his guest, And ful - fills his precious

CHORUS.

bless-ing from the house of God a-way.
boun-ty for the ma-ny things I need. I have come..... to seek a
promise, "to your souls ye shall find rest." I have come to seek a blessing in the
bless - ing In the house ..... of God to - day;.....
house of God to-day, I have come to seek a bless-ing in the house of God to-day;

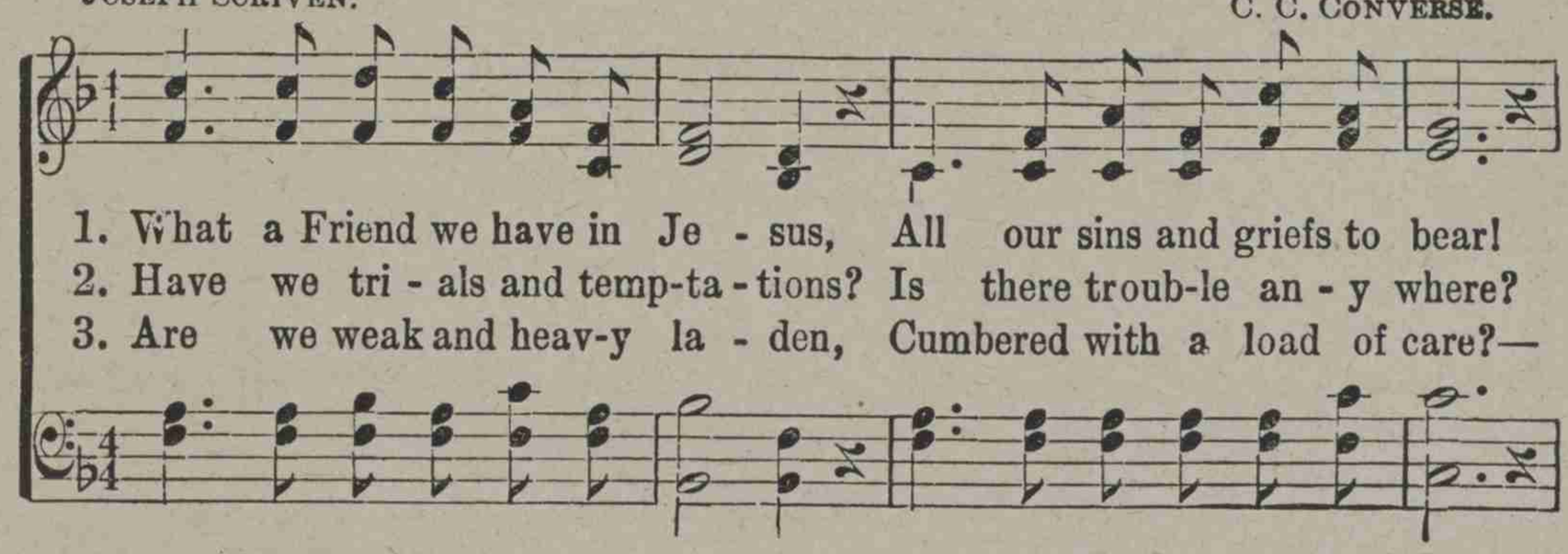
Copyright. 1909. by I. G. Martin.

A Blessing in God's House. Concluded.



No. 71. What a Friend.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. C. C. CONVERSE.



No. 72. Glory to God, Hallelujah!

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! We can sing it loud as
Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! We are ris-ing on its
Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! Where the King in all His
Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! There we'll sing the praise of
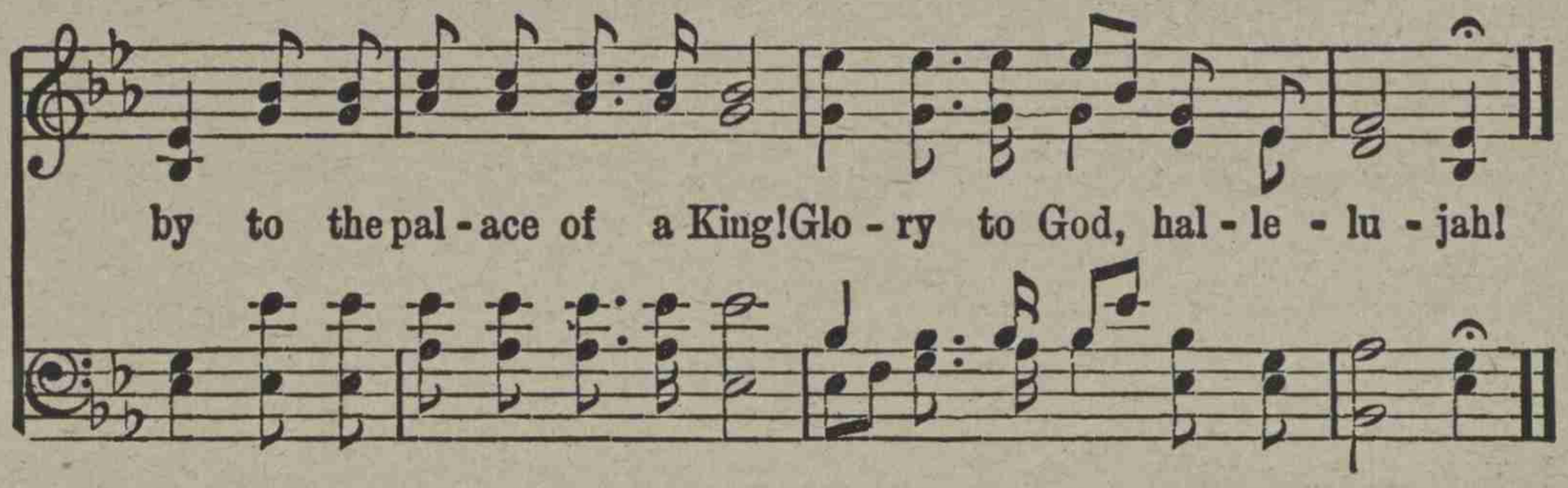
ev - er, with our faith more strong: Glo-ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!
pin - ions to the hills a - bove: Glo-ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!
splen-dor we shall soon be - hold: Glo-ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!
Je-sus with the blood wash'd throng: Glo-ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!

CHORUS.

O, the chil-dren of the Lord have a right to shout and sing, For the
way is growing bright and our souls are on the wing; We are go-ing by and

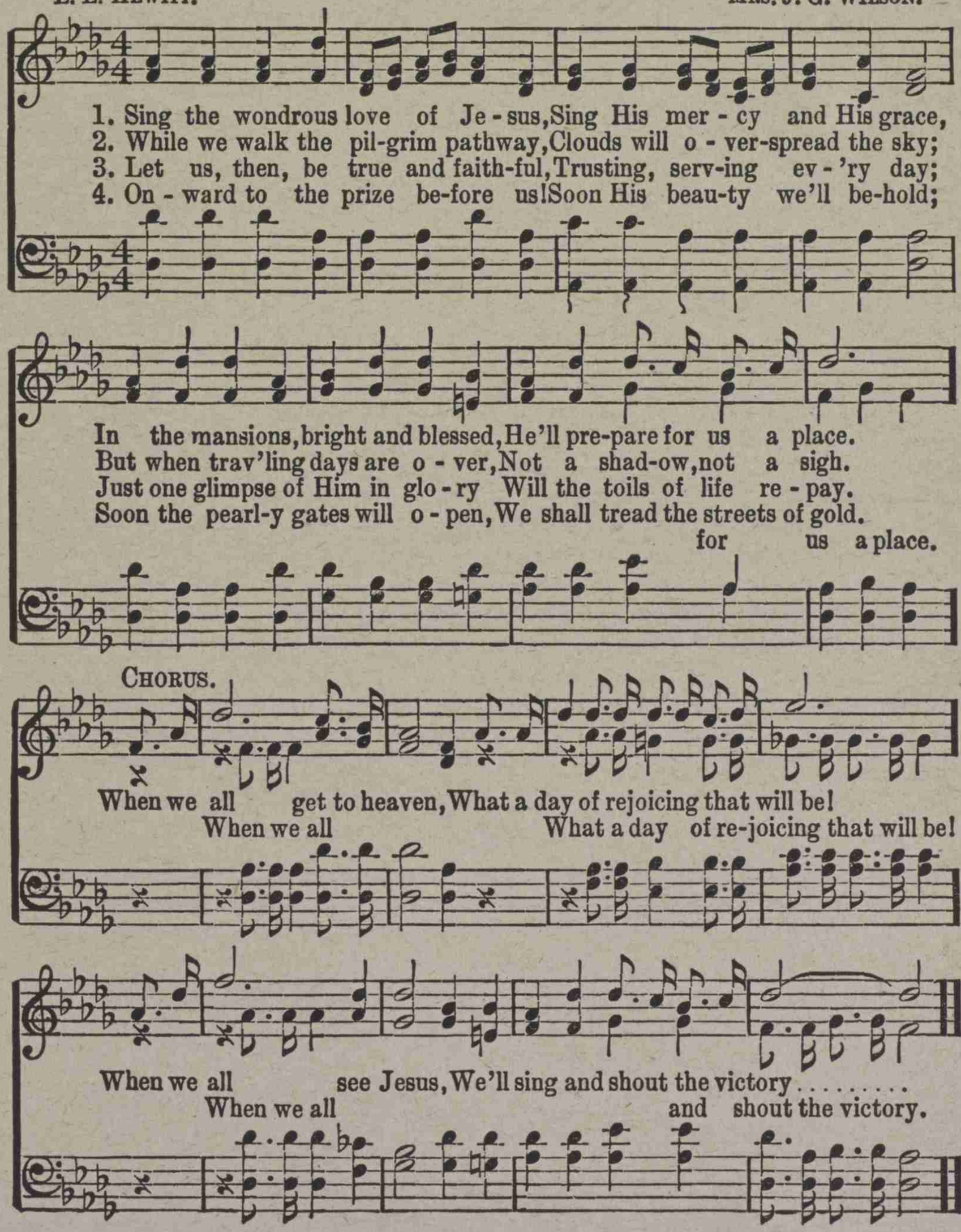
Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

Glory to God, Hallelujah!



No. 73. When We All Get to Heaven.

E. E. HEWITT. MRS. J. G. WILSON.



No. 74. The Old-time Religion.

Copyright, 1936, by Nazarene Publishing House. Renewal.

MRS. M. J. H. MRS. M J. HARRIS.

1. I be-lieve in the old-time re - lig-ion, For it saves from all sin here be - low, Gives me peace passing all un-der-standing, While the
2. I be-lieve in a heart-felt re - lig-ion, That brings joy to the soul ev - 'ry day, The as - sur-ance of sins all for - giv - en, Thro' the
3. I be-lieve in a ho - ly re - lig-ion, For the saints of all a - ges have told, How it saved them from sin and its bondage, When they
4. I be-lieve in the old-time re - lig-ion, For we know we are right with our God, And there's joy in our hearts as we're walking In the

CHORUS.

riv-ers of pleasure doth flow. O give me the old-time religion,
blood they are all washed away.
heard the sweet story of old.
paths which our fathers have trod. the old - time religion,

O give me the joy I can know; I be-lieve in the old-
I can know;

time re - lig-ion, As our fath-ers received long a - go.
the old - time re-lig-ion,

No. 75. His Grace Aboundeth More.

Copyright, 1927, by Mrs. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Renewal.
Nazarene Publishing House, owner.

KATE ULMER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O what a won-der-ful Sav-ior In Je-sus my Lord I have found,
2. When a poor sin-ner He found me, No good-ness to of-fer had I;
3. Noth-ing of mer-it pos-sess-ing, All help-less be-fore Him I lay,
4. In Him my gra-cious Re-deem-er, My pro-phet, my Priest and my King;
5. How can I keep from re-joic-ing? I'll sing of the joy in my soul;

Tho' I had sins with-out num-ber, His grace un-to me did a-bound.
Oft-en His law I had brok-en, And mer-it-ed naught but to die.
But in the pre-cious blood flow-ing He wash'd all my sin-stains a-way.
Mer-cy I find and for-give-ness, My all to His keep-ing I bring.
Prais-ing the love of my Sav-ior, While years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 76. There is a Fountain.

Copyright, 1913, by Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

ARR. BY MRS. JNO. T. BENSON.

DUET.

1. There is a foun - - tain filled with blood Drawn
2. The dy-ing thief..... re-joiced to see That
3. E'er since by faith..... I saw the stream Thy
4. Then in a no - - - bler, sweet-er song I'll

1. There is a foun-tain, filled with blood,

from Immanuel's veins,..... And sinners, plunged..... be-
foun - tain in his day,..... And there may I..... tho'
flow - ing wounds supply,..... Re-deem-ing love ..... has
sing.... Thy pow'r to save,..... When this poor, lisp - ing,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners, plunged

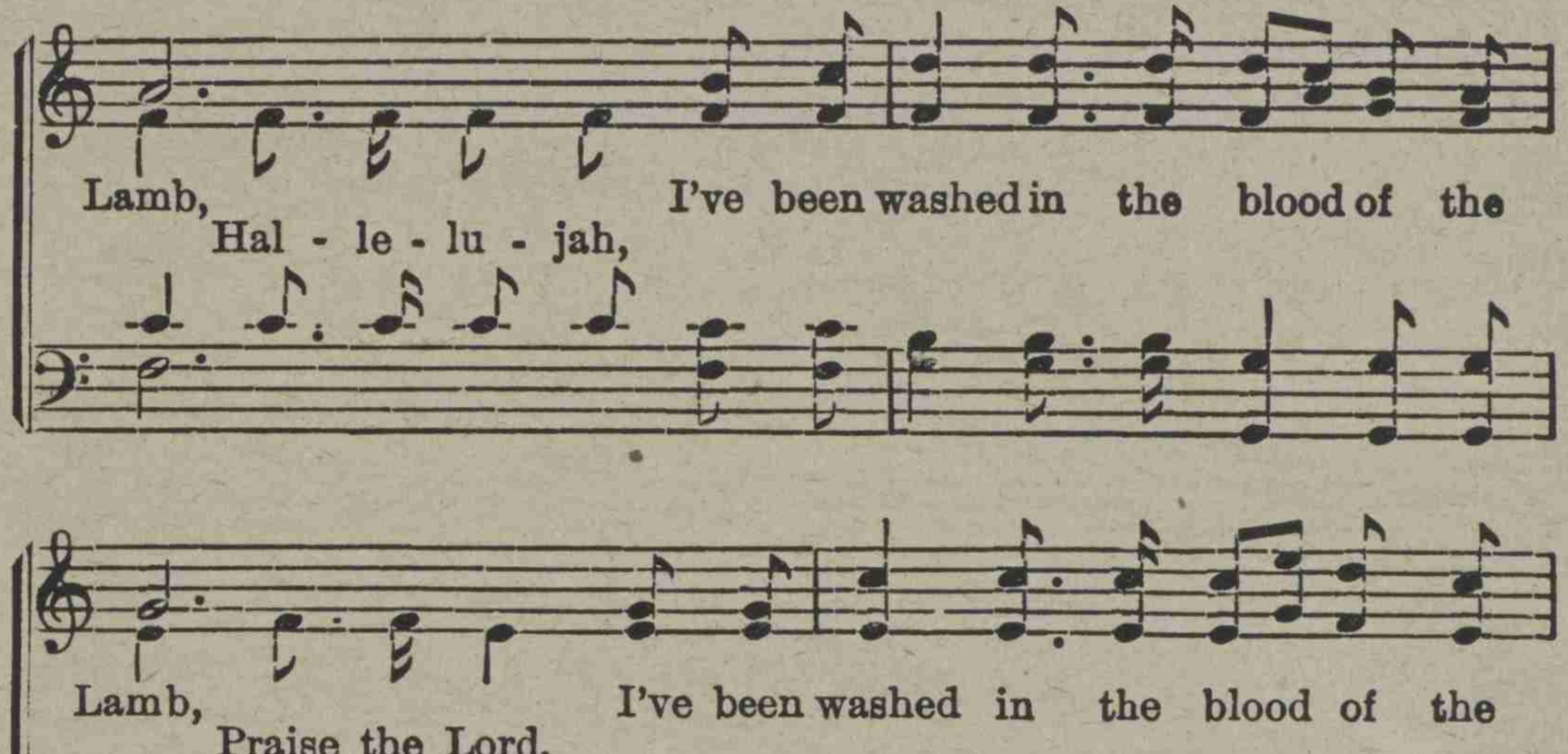
neath that flood, Loose all..... their guilt-y stains.
vile as he, Wash all..... my sins a - way.
been my theme, And shall.... be till I die.
stamm'ring tongue Lies si - - lent in the grave.
be-neath that flood,

CHORUS.

I've been redeemed (and so have I), I've been redeemed (and so have I), I've been redeemed (and so have

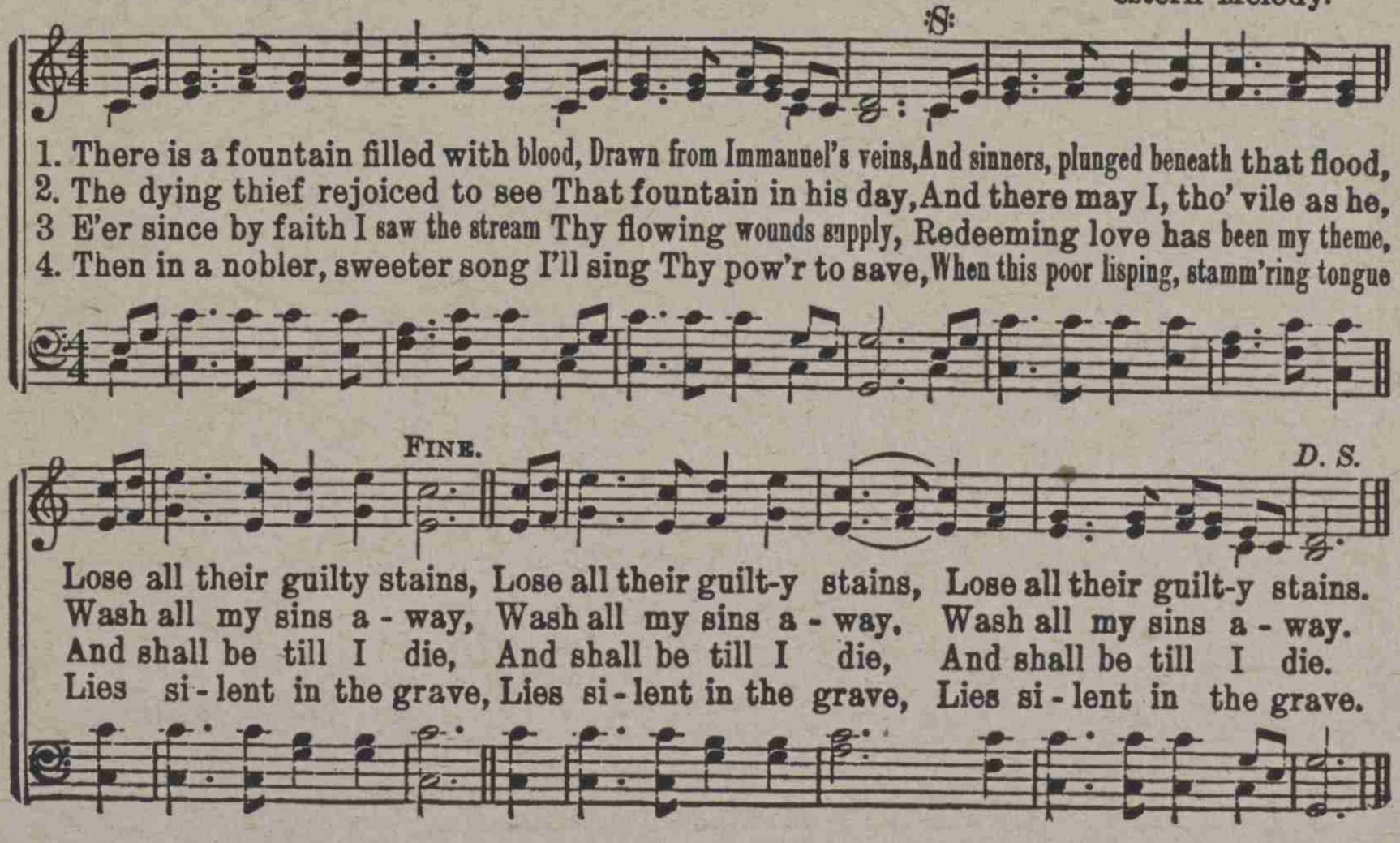
I), I've been redeemed (and so have I), I've been washed in the blood of the

There Is a Fountain. Concluded.



No. 77 There Is a Fountain.

WILLIAM COWPER. estern Melody.



No. 78. The Homeward Way.

Copyright, 1936, by Mrs. Hamp Sewell. Renewal.

JULIA H. JOHNSTONE. Nazarene Publishing House, owner. HAMP SEWELL.

1. My pil-grim staff I take with joy, I'm on the homeward way; The pilgrim
2. Un-count-ed hosts thro' a-ges past, Have trod the homeward way; I, too, shall
3. A-bove each cloud and shadowed place, Along the homeward way; I see the
4. Tho' earth-ly joys and hopes allure, Outside the homeward way; With Christ a-

songs my lips em-ploy, I'm on the home-ward way; It mat-ters not what
reach the goal at last, I'm on the home-ward way; My Lord is mine, I
shin - ing of His face, Who points the homeward way; In sun - lit paths I
lone I walk se-cure A - long the homeward way; Tho' oft - en rough the

ills op - pose, My Guide I must o-bey, The path He knows, the path He chose,
know His name, I fol - low, as did they, To - day the same, His grace I claim,
sometimes go, My Shepherd says I may, I wait to know what He will show,
road leads home, To heaven's eternal day, Why should I roam, when He cries "come,"

CHORUS.

1–3. I'm on the home-ward way. } The home - ward way, I'm
4. And home-ward leads the way? } I'm on the homeward, homeward way,

on my home-ward way, No more I fear the long-est night nor
homeward way,

The Homeward Way. Concluded.

dread the darkest day; The home - ward way, I'm on my homeward
I'm on the homeward, homeward way,

way, No ills betide, when Christ is guide on the homeward way.
homeward way,

No. 79. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

PHOEBE CAREY. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. One sweet-ly sol - emn tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm near-er
2. Near-er my Fa-ther's house, Where man-y man-sions be; Near - er the
3. Near-er the bound of life, Where burdens are laid down; Near - er to
4. Be near me when my feet Are slip-ping o'er the brink; For I am

CHORUS.

home to-day, to - day, Than I have been be-fore.
great white throne today, Near-er the crys - tal sea. Near - er my home,
leave the cross to - day And near - er to the crown.
near - er home to - day, Per-haps, than now I think.

near-er my home, Nearer my home today, to-day, Than I have been be-fore.

No. 80 Out of Egypt into Canaan

I. G. M. I. G. MARTIN.

1. When I fled from E-gypt's bond-age, And crossed the rag-ing sea, I
2. With old E-gypt far be-hind me, The Ca-naan land a-head, I
3. I am in the land of Ca-naan, This land of corn and wine, The

heard a-bout a coun-try That was re-served for me; Some said they'd
start-ed on my jour-ney, By God so strange-ly led; He brought me
at-mos-phere is pleas-ant, The fruit is large and fine; The streams with

seen its mount-ains, It's cool and sparkling streams, It's hills and vales and
to the Jor-dan, With Ca-naan now in view, He o-pened up the
milk and hon-ey, Are made to o-ver-flow, Here all the fra-grant

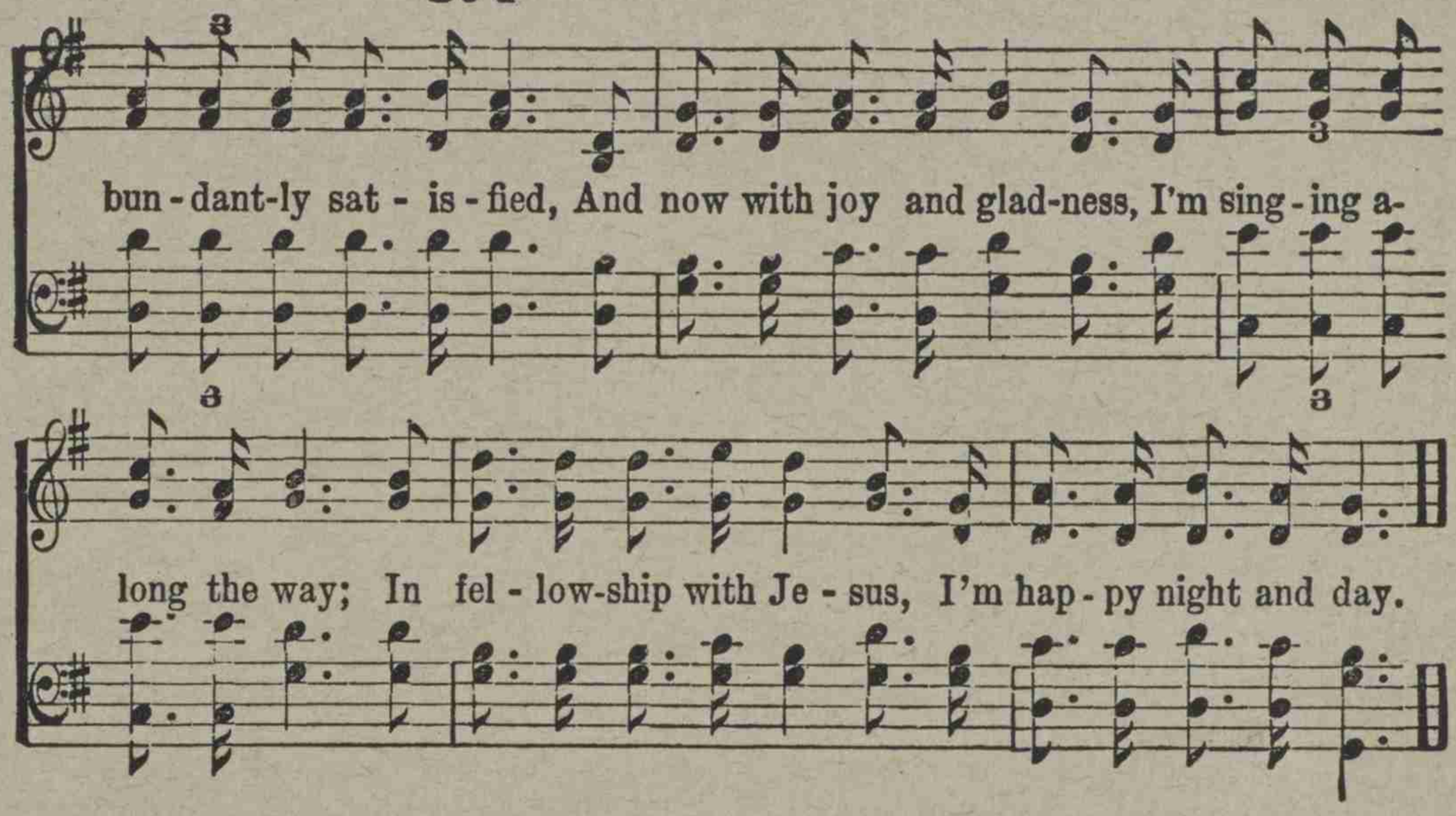
CHORUS.

fount-ains, O'er which the sun-light gleams.
wa-ters, And led me safe-ly through. I'm o-ver the Jor-dan
flow-ers, In great a-bun-dance grow.

tide, The wa-ters did there di-vide; I'm in the land of Ca-naan, A-

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Out of Egypt into Canaan--Concluded



No. 81 Almost Persuaded

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

By permission.

No. 82. My Savior First of All.

Copyright, 1919 Renewal. Hope Pub. Co., owner.

FANNY J CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life work is end - ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul- thrill- ing rap-ture when I view His bless-ed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spot-less white, He will

bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
lus - ter of His kind - ly beam-ing eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part-ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of Eden they will
lead me where no tears will ev - er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall

reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to wel - come me.
mer- cy, love and grace, That pre-pare for me a man - sion in the sky.
sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.
min - gle with de - light; But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeem'd by His side I shall stand;
I shall know him,
I shall know . . . . Him, I shall know Him, By the print of the nails in His hand.
I shall know Him,

No. 83. Sunshine In the Soul.

Copyright, 1915. Renewal. Hope Pub. Co., owner.

E. 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 my King,
3. There's springtime 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 sky, For Je-sus is my light.
And Je-sus list-en-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 sunshine in the soul.

No. 84. Dwelling in Beulah Land.

Copyright, 1939, by C. Austin Miles. Renewal.

C. A. M. Rodeheaver Hall-Mack Co., owner. C. AUSTIN MILES.

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

sins of earth be - set on ev - 'ry hand; Doubt and fear and things of earth in
bat - tle long the en - e - my with-stand; Safe am I with - in the cas - tle
shel-ter'd here, pro-tect-ed by God's hand; Here the sun is al-ways shin-ing,
bless-ed voice, I see the way He plann'd; Dwell-ing in the Spir - it, here I
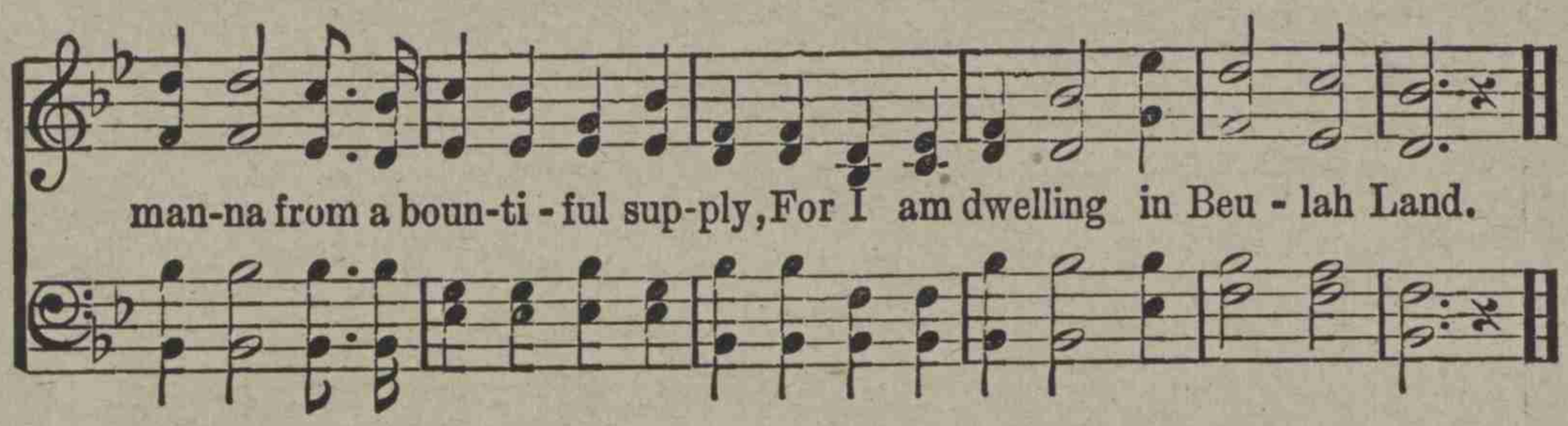
vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beu - lah Land.
of God's word re-treat-ing, Noth - ing there can reach me—'tis Beu - lah Land.
here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for - ev - er in Beu - lah Land.
learn of full sal - va - tion, Glad - ly will I tar - ry in Beu - lah Land.

CHORUS.

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

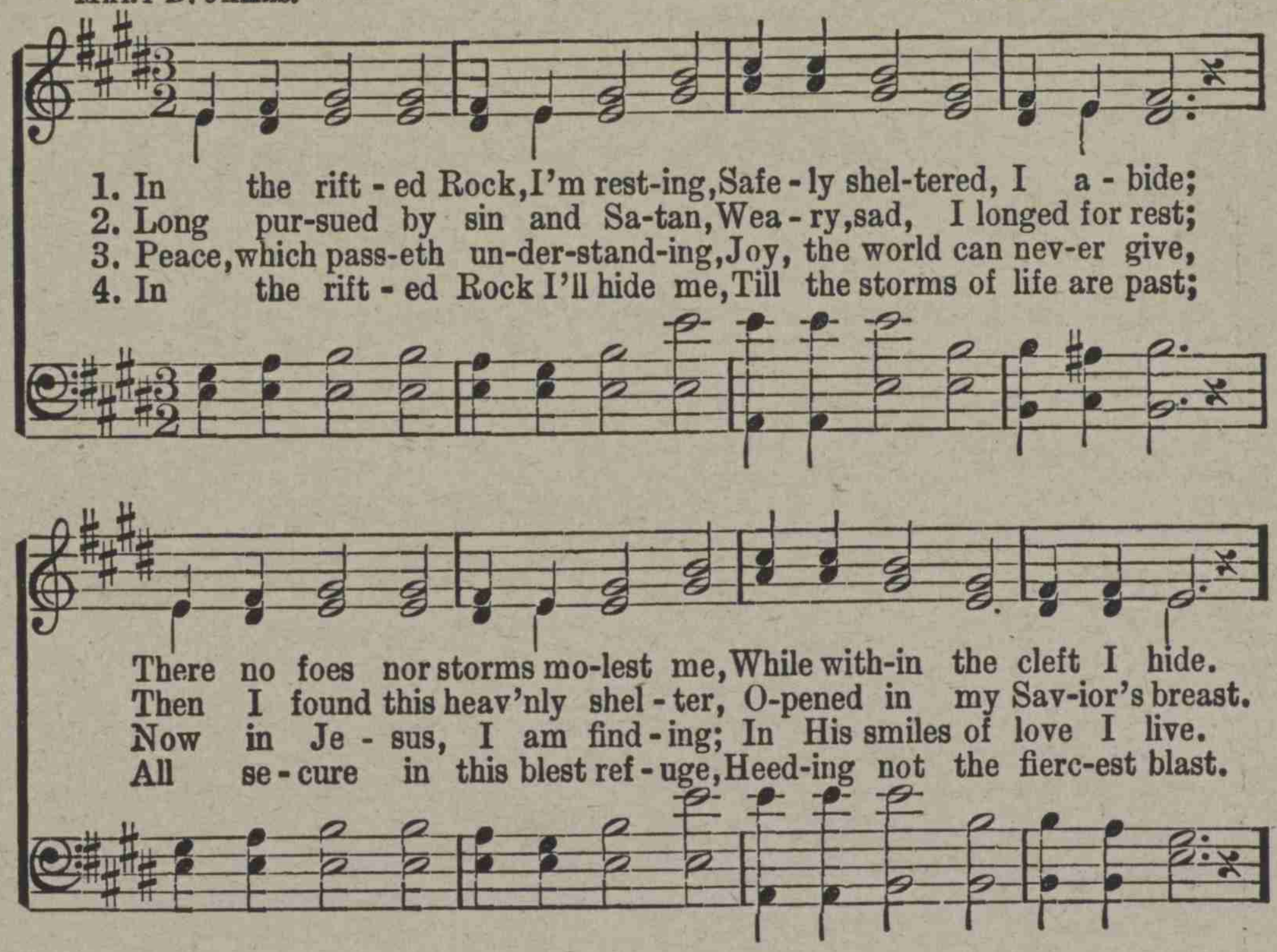
drink-ing at the fountain that nev-er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feasting on the

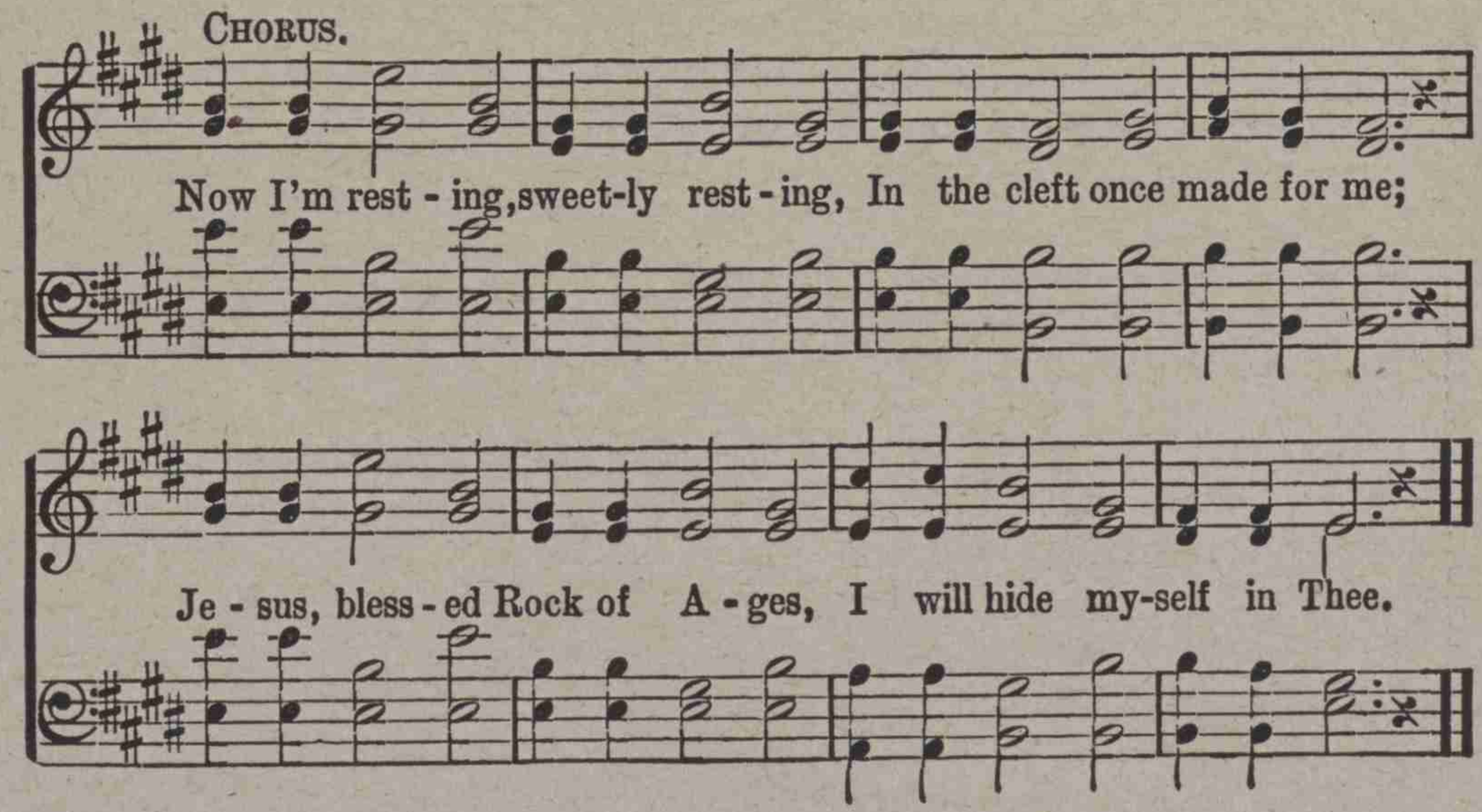
Dwelling in Beulah Land. Concluded.



No. 85. Sweetly Resting.
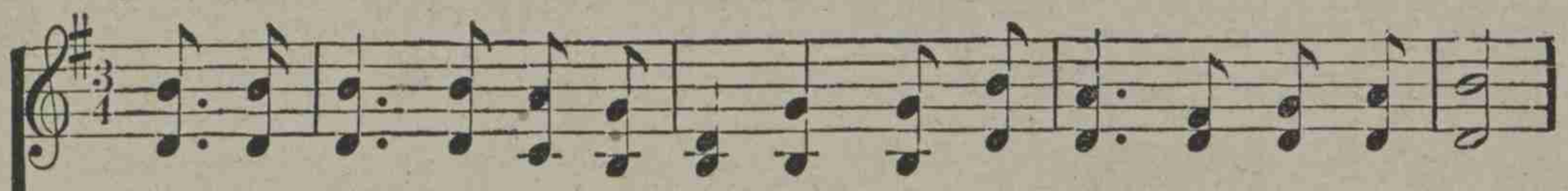
MARY D. JAMES. W. WARREN BENTLEY.
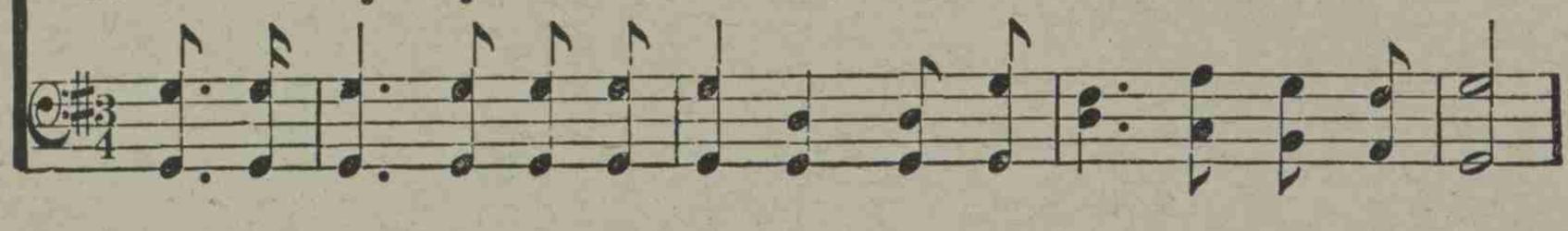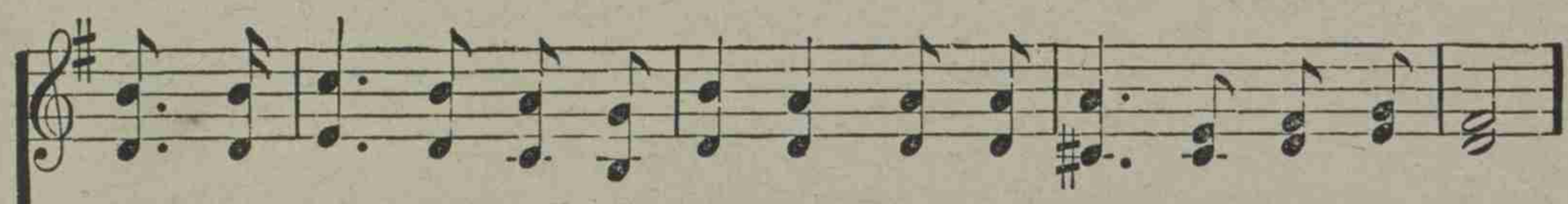




No. 86 All the Way My Savior Leads Me

FANNY J. CROSBY. R. LOWRY.
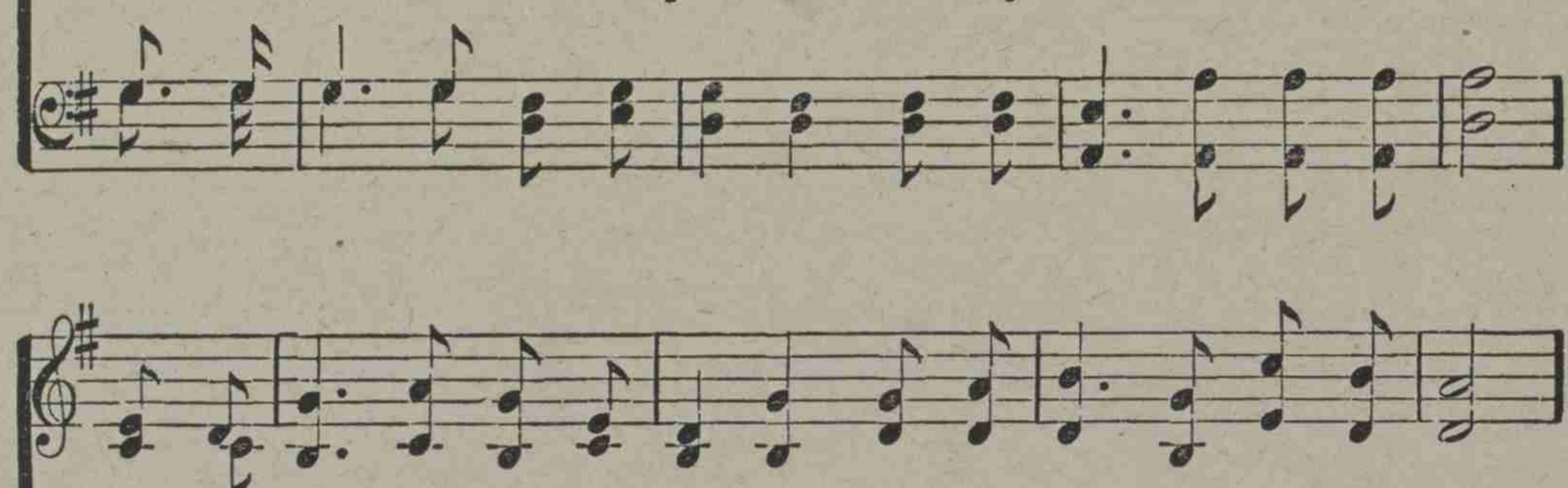


1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be - side?
2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; Cheers each wind-ing path I tread;
3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; O, the ful - ness of his love!
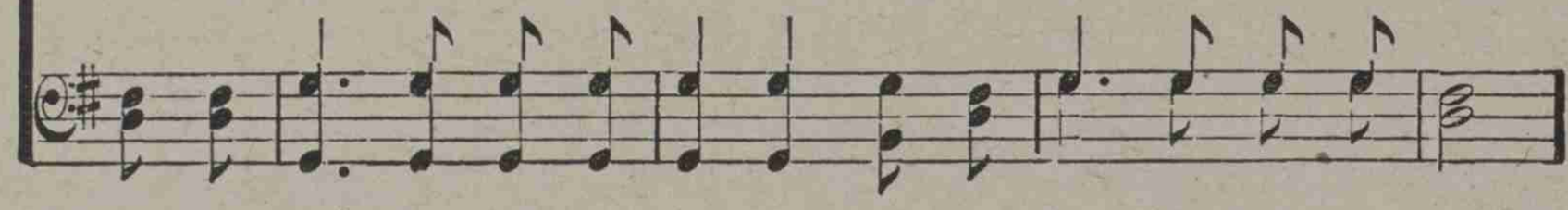




Can I doubt his ten - der mer - cy, Who thro' life has been my guide?
Gives me grace for ev - 'ry tri - al, Feeds me with the liv - ing bread;
Per - fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa - ther's house a - bove;
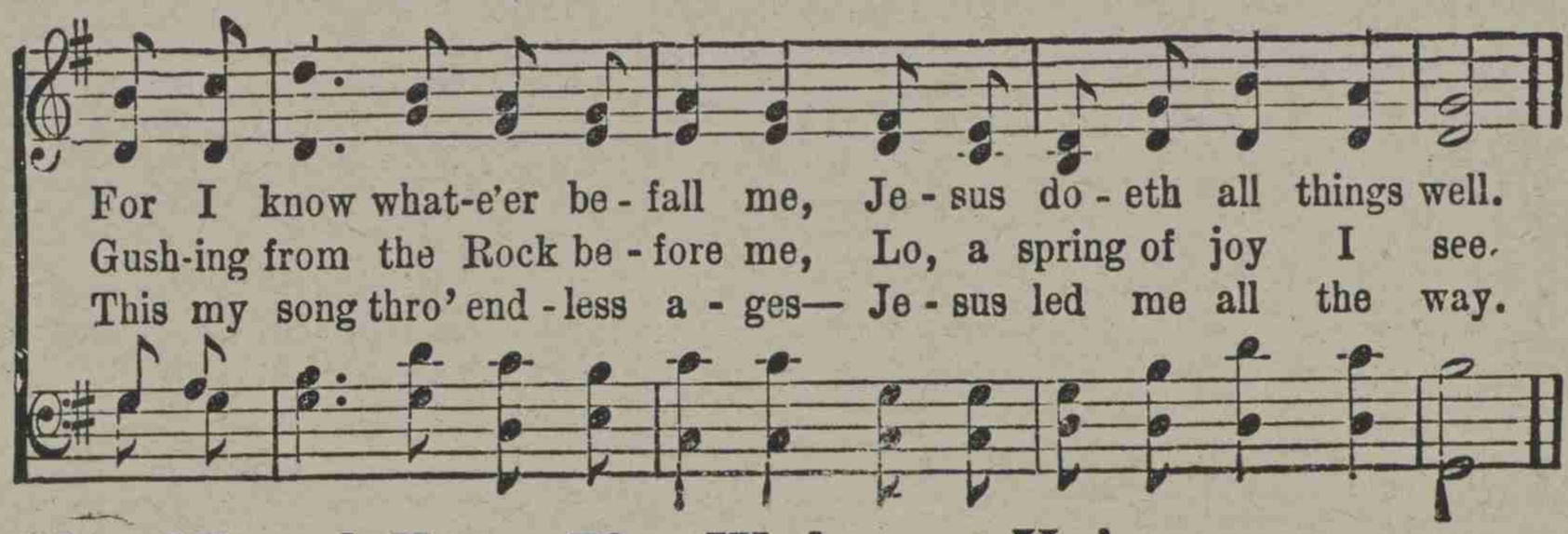


Heav'n-ly peace, di - vin - est com-fort, Here by faith in him to dwell!
Tho' my wea - ry steps may fal - ter, And my soul a - thirst may be,
When my spir - it clothed, im - mor - tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,



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

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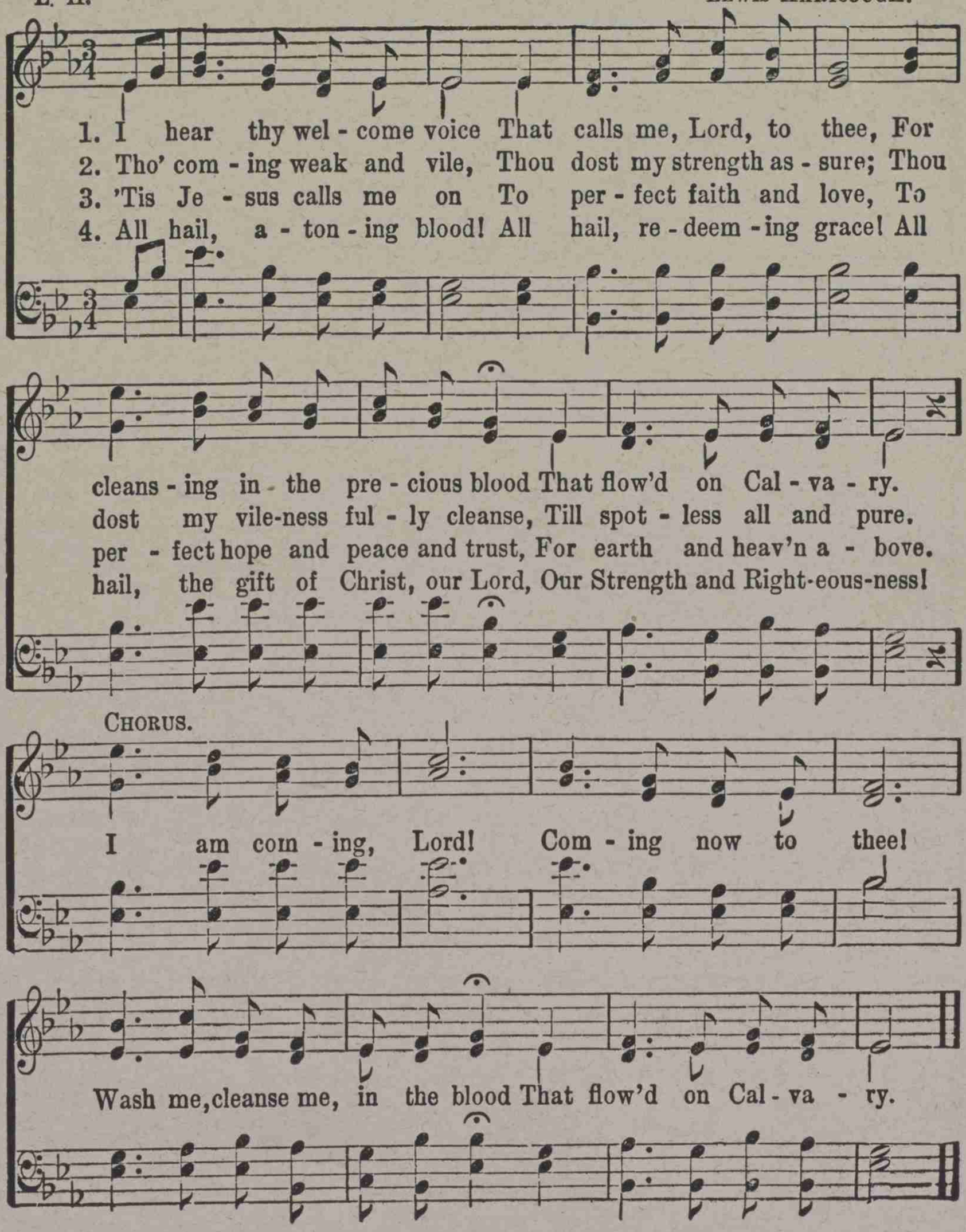
All the Way My Savior Leads Me. Concluded.



No. 87. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

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L. H. LEWIS HARTSOUGH.



No. 88. The Pearly White City.

Copyright, 1930, by Nazarene Publishing House. Renewal.

A. F. I. ARTHUR F. INGLER.

Moderato.

1. There's a ho - ly and beau-ti-ful cit - y, Whose builder and rul-er is God;
2. No sin is al-low'd in that cit - y, And nothing de - fil-ing nor mean;
3. No heartaches are known in that cit - y, No tears ev-er mois-ten the eye;
4. My lov'd ones are gath-er-ing yon-der, My friends are fast passing a-way,

John saw it de-cend-ing from heav-en, When Patmos in ex - ile he, trod;
No pain and no sickness can en-ter, No crape in that cit - y is seen;
There's no dis-ap-point-ment in heav-en, No en - vy and strife in the sky;
And soon I may join their bright number, And dwell in e - ter - ni - ty's day;

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

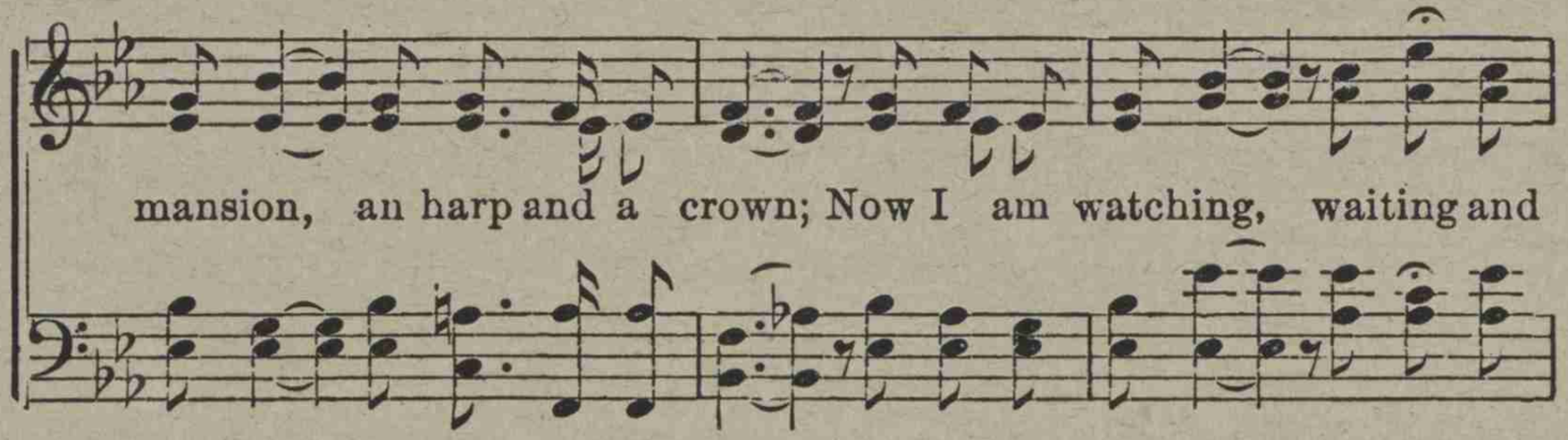
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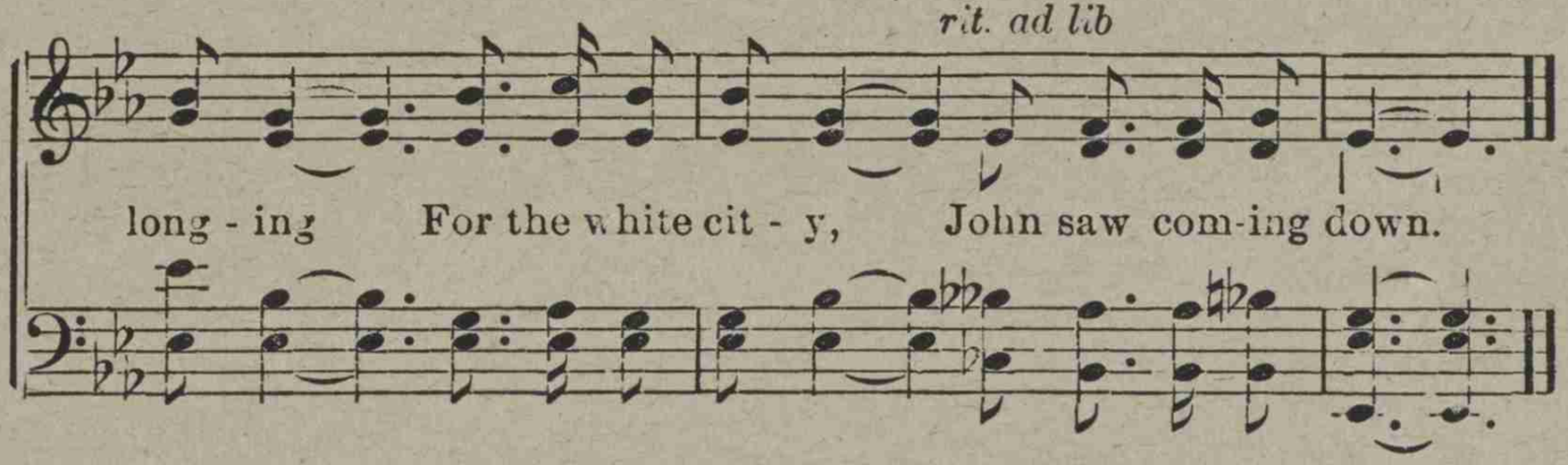
And when my frail tent here is fold-ed, Mine eyes shall its glo-ry be-hold.
No part-ing words ev - er are spoken, There's nothing to hurt and de-stroy.
My heart is now set on that cit-y, And some day its blessings I'll share.
They o - ver-came sin and the tempter, They've reached that fair city at last.

CHORUS. *Slow.*

In that bright cit - y, pearl - y white cit - y, I have a

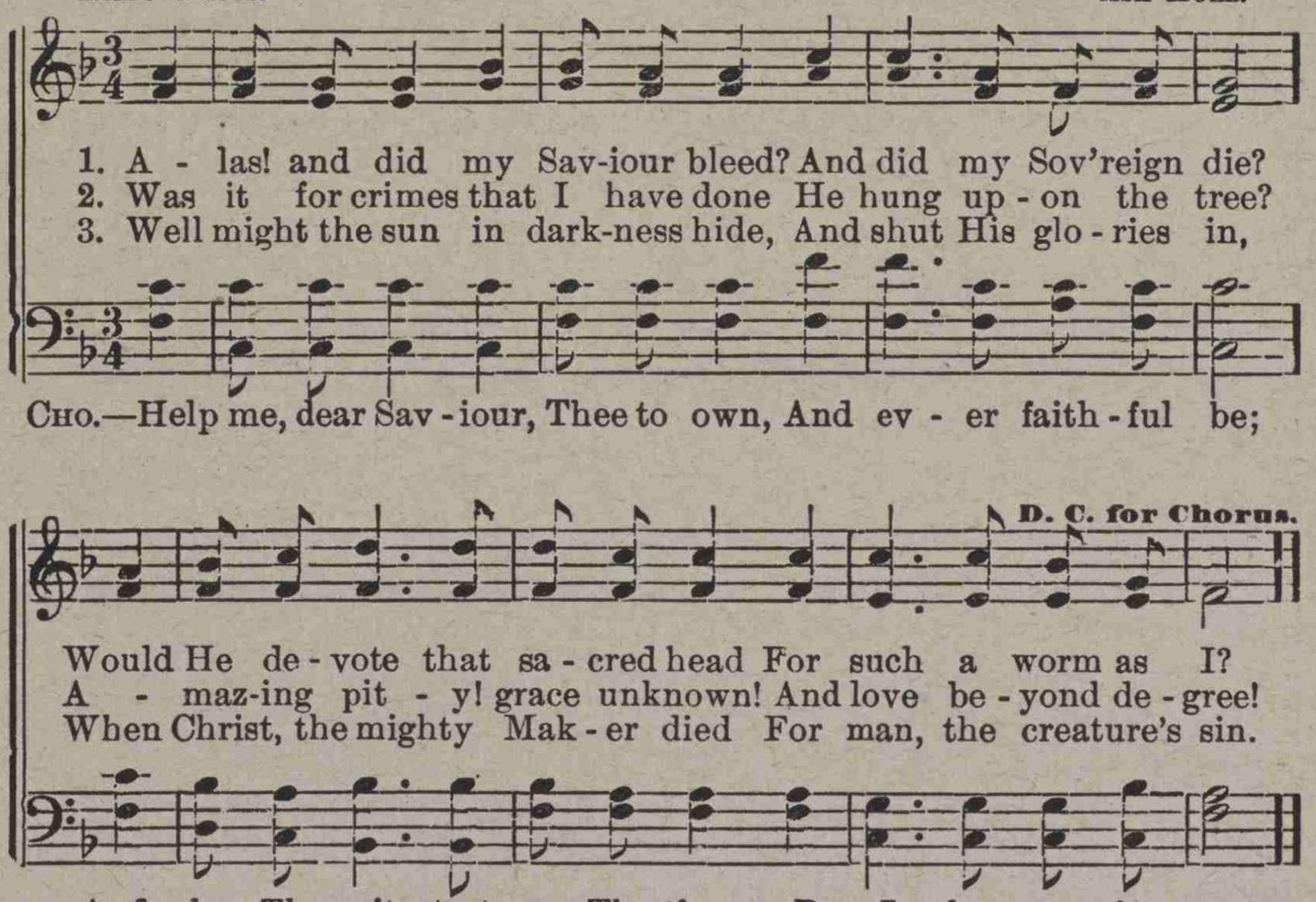
The Pearly White City. Concluded.





No. 89. Remember Me.

ISAAC WATTS. ASA HULL.



4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes in tears.

5 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. 90. Companionship With Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES. WM, J. KIRKPATRICK,

1. Oh, bless - ed fel - low - ship di - vine! Oh, joy su-preme-ly sweet!
2. I'm walk - ing close to Je - sus' side; So close that I can hear
3. I'm lean - ing on His lov - ing breast, A - long life's wea - ry way;
4. I know His sheltring wings of love Are al - ways o'er me spread,

Com - pan - ion - ship with Je - sus here Makes life with bliss re - plete;
The soft - est whis-pers of His love In fel - low- ship so dear,
My path il - lu - mined by His smiles, Grows bright - er day by day;
And tho' the storms may fierce - ly rage, All calm and free from dread,

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

REFRAIN.

Oh, won-drous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je - sus with me all the time!

Oh, won-drous bliss! oh, joy sub - lime! I've Je - sus with me all the time!

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No. 91. He Has Come.

MRS J. H. KNOWLES. Zech ix, 9. MRS. J. F. KNAPP. BY PER.

1. He has come! He has come! My Redeem - er has come, He has tak - en my
2. He has come! He has come! my Love and my Lord, Ev - 'ry tho't of my
3. He has come! He has come! O hap - pi - est heart, He has giv - en His
4. He has come to a-bide, And ho - ly must be The place where my

heart as His own cho-sen home; At last I have giv - en the welcome He sought,
be - ing is swayed by His word; He has come, and He rules in the realm of my soul,
word that He will not de-part; No trou - ble can en - ter, no e - vil can come
Lord deigns to banquet with me; And this is my pray'r, Lord, since Thou art come,

CHORUS.

He has come, and His coming all glad-ness has bro't.
And His scep - tre is love, O bless - ed con-trol! Joy! joy is mine, my
To the heart where the God of peace has His home.
Make meet for Thy presence my heart as Thy home.

Sav - ior di - vine Comes to a - bide with me, with me, Comes to a - bide,
with me.

ev - er to a - bide, My own lov - ing Sav-ior a - bid - eth with me.
rit.

No. 92. In the New Jerusalem.

C. B. W. C. B. WIDMEYER.

1. When the toils of life are o-ver And we lay our armor down, And we
2. Tho' the way is sometimes lonely, He will hold me with His hand, Thro' the
3. When the last good-by is spoken And the tear stains wiped away, And our
4. When we join the ransomed army In the summerland above, And the

bid fare-well to earth with all its cares, We shall meet and greet our
test-ings and the tri-als I must go; But I'll trust and glad-ly
eyes shall catch a glimpse of glo-ry fair, Then with bound-ing hearts we'll
face of our dear Sav-iour we be-hold, We will sing and shout for-

loved ones And our Christ we then shall crown In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.
fol-low, For sometime I'll understand, In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.
meet Him Who hath washed our sins away, In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.
ev-er And we'll grow in per-fect love, In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.
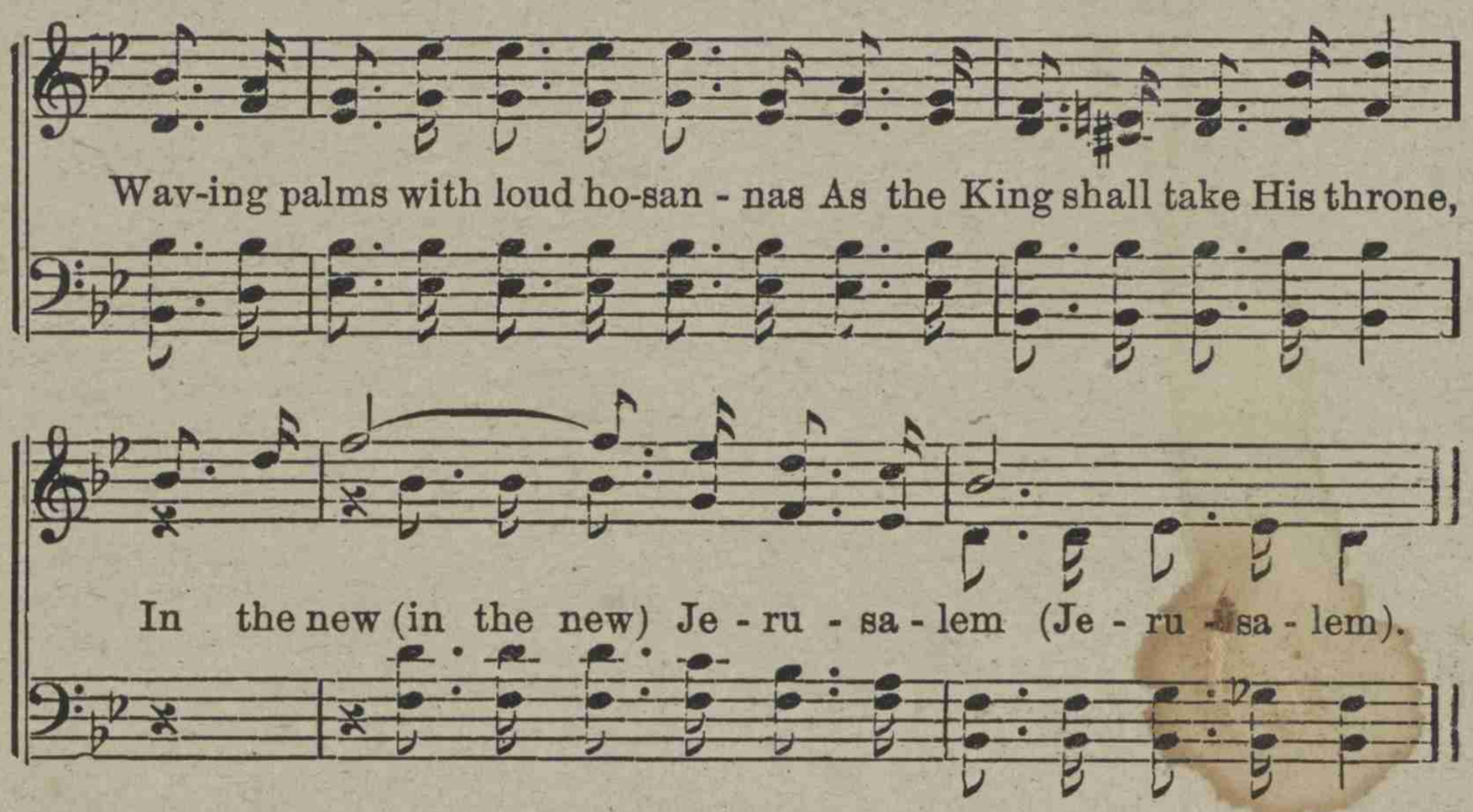
CHORUS.

There'll be singing, there'll be shouting When the saints come marching home,

In Je-ru-sa-lem, In Je-ru-sa-lem;
In the new Je-ru-sa-lem, In the new Je-ru-sa-lem;

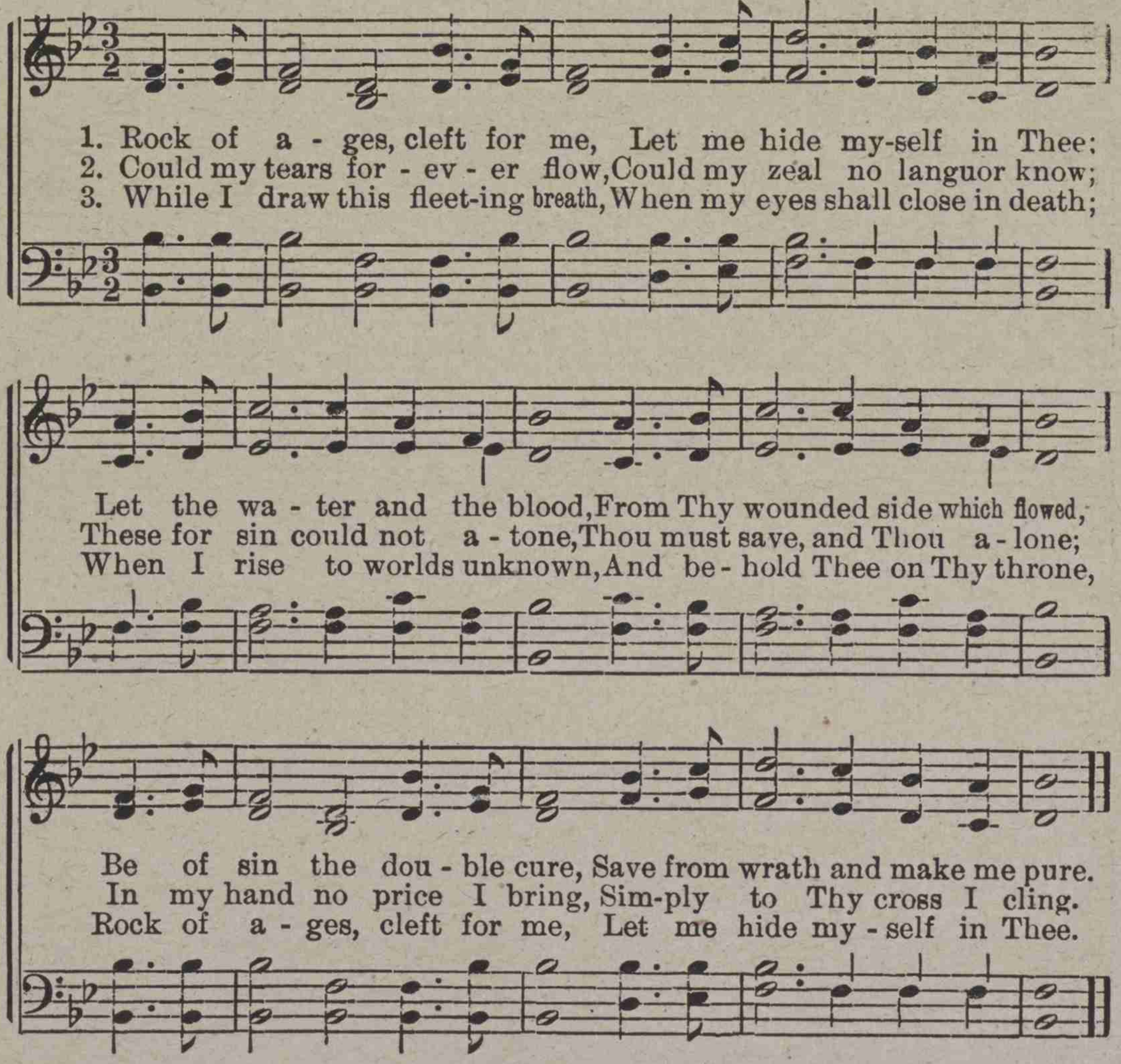
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In the New Jerusalem. Concluded.



No. 93. Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. THOS. HASTINGS.



No. 94 I Hope to Meet You All in Glory

EMMA PITT AND FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When the storms of life are o'er;
2. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, By the tree of life so fair;
3. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, Round the Sav-iour's throne above;
4. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When my work on earth is o'er;

I hope to tell the dear old sto - ry On the bles-sed shin-ing shore.
I hope to praise our dear Redeem-er For the grace that brought me there.
I hope to join the ransomed ar - my Sing-ing now redeem-ing love.
I hope to clasp your hands re-joic-ing On the bright e - ter - nal shore.
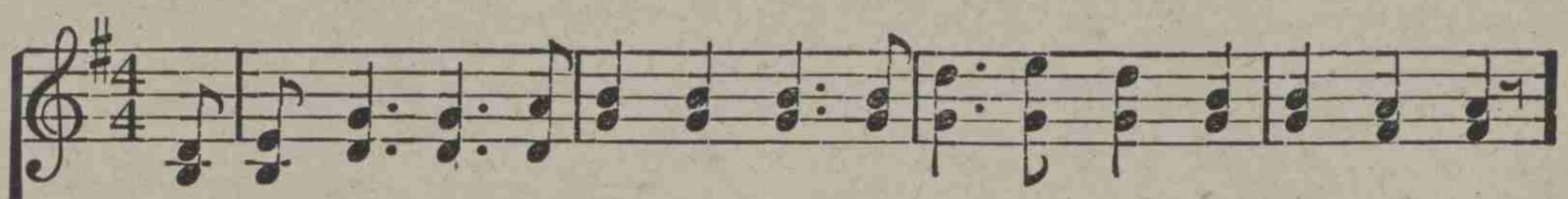
CHORUS.

On the shin - ing shore, On the gold - en strand, In our
Fa-ther's home, In the hap - py land: I hope to meet you there, I
hope to meet you there, A crown of vict - 'ry wear in glo - ry.
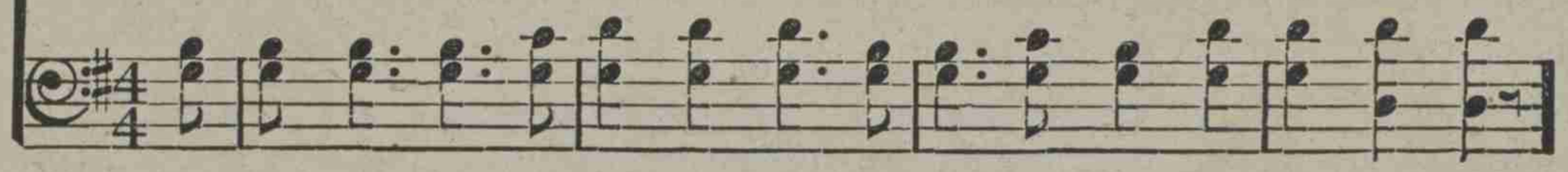
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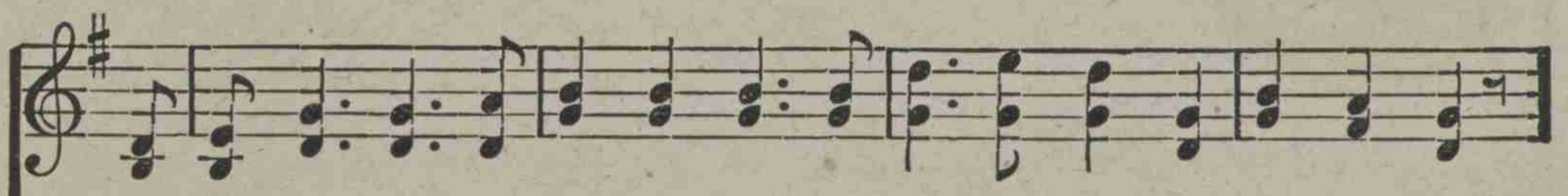
No. 95. The Glory Song.

MRS. JULIA A. WILLIAMS. I. G. MARTIN.
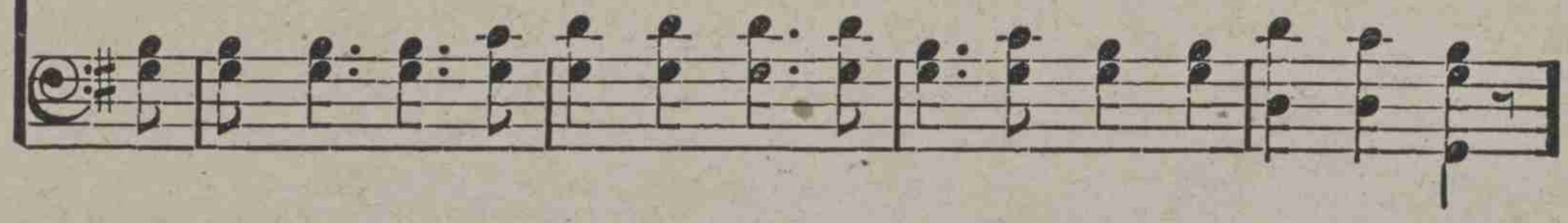


1. I nev - er shall for-get the day When Je-sus wash'd my sins a - way;
2. I'm prais-ing Him for keeping pow'r, For vic - to - ry since that glad hour;
3. I've sweet commun - ion day by day, With Je - sus in this ho - ly way;
4. Tho' tears of pain and sor-row fall, Tho' Sa - tan striv-eth to ap - pall;
5. Since I have found the "double cure," The things that did my soul al - lure,
6. This fee - ble tongue can ne'er express What He hath wrought, my life to bless;

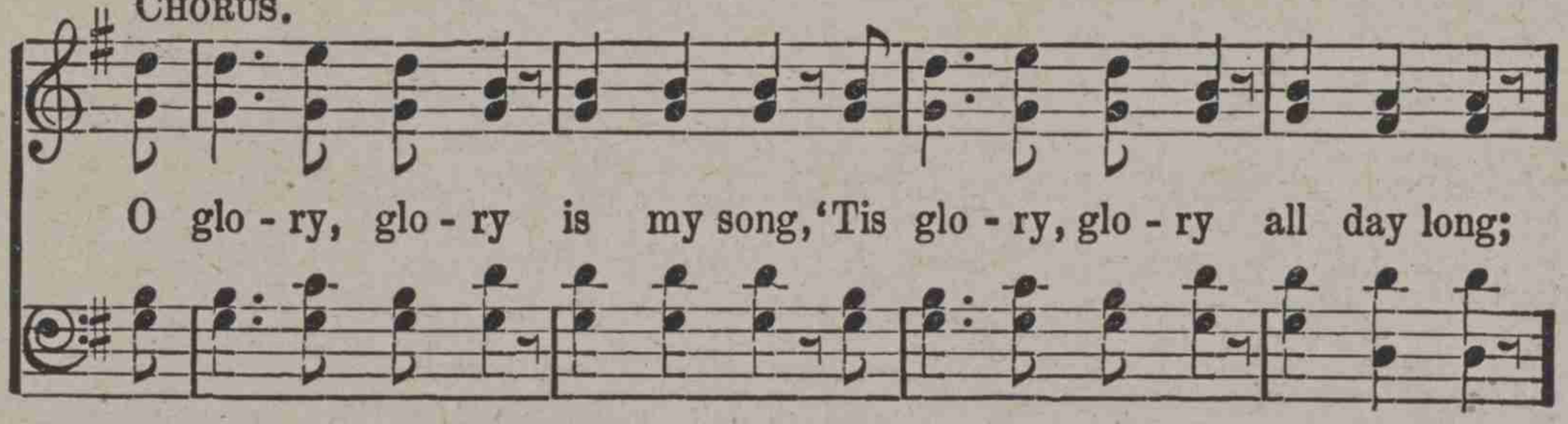




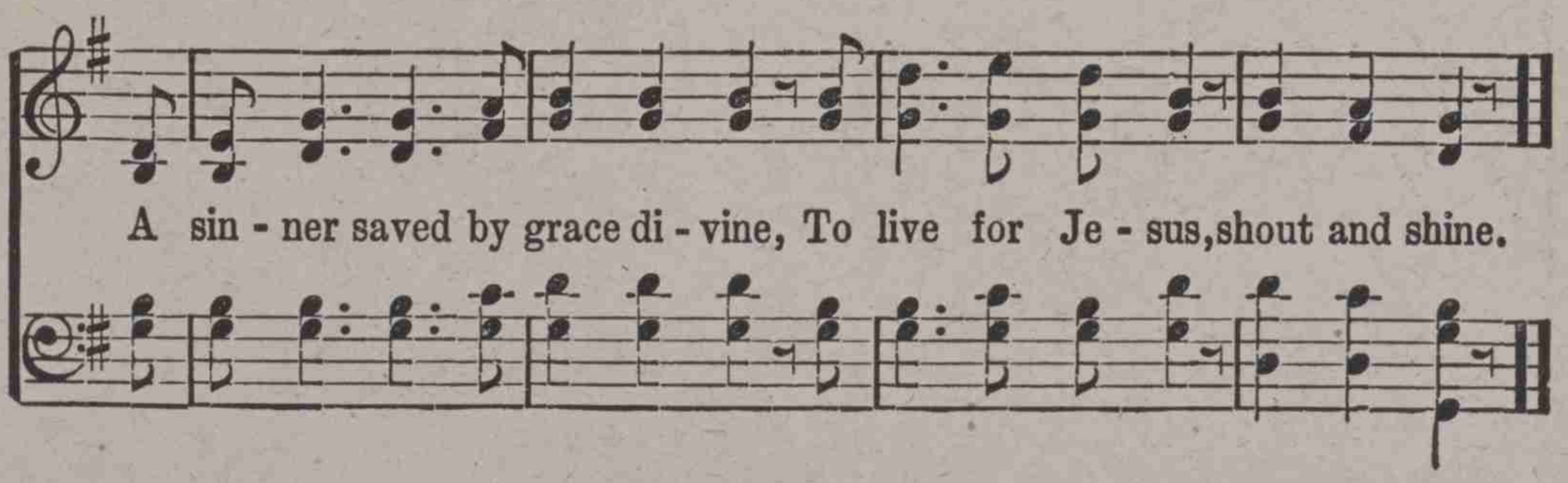
Nor yet the hour when He came in, And cleans'd my heart from in-bred sin.
When I received the Ho - ly Ghost, 'Tis in the Lord a - lone I boast.
There's not a shad-ow twixt my soul And Him who keeps me clean and whole.
An un - der - cur-rent in my soul, Of peace and joy doth cease-less roll.
Have lost their charms, I'm sat-is - fied, With Christ a-lone, the Cru - ci - fied.
But then, up there, empowered I'll be To tell what Christ has done for me.



CHORUS.



O glo - ry, glo - ry is my song, 'Tis glo - ry, glo - ry all day long;



A sin - ner saved by grace di - vine, To live for Je - sus, shout and shine.

No. 96. O Sweet Rest.

C. F. O. Melody furnished by Rev. J. TRUMBAUR.

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

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

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

FINE.

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

CHORUS.

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

D. S.
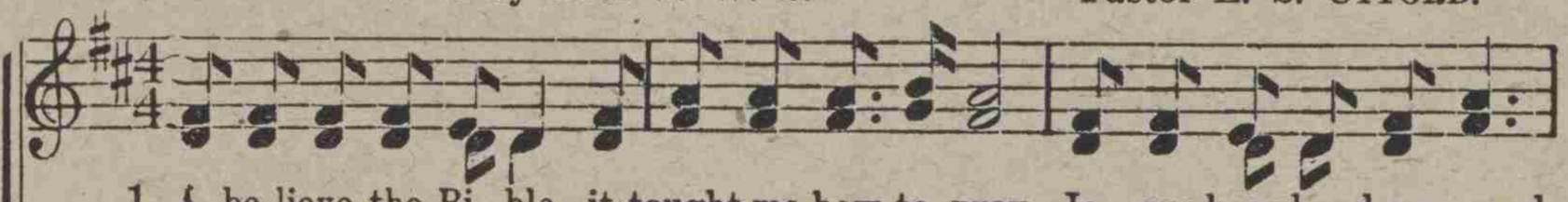
hap - py and blest; By faith in His promise I lean on His breast,

Copyright, 1899, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

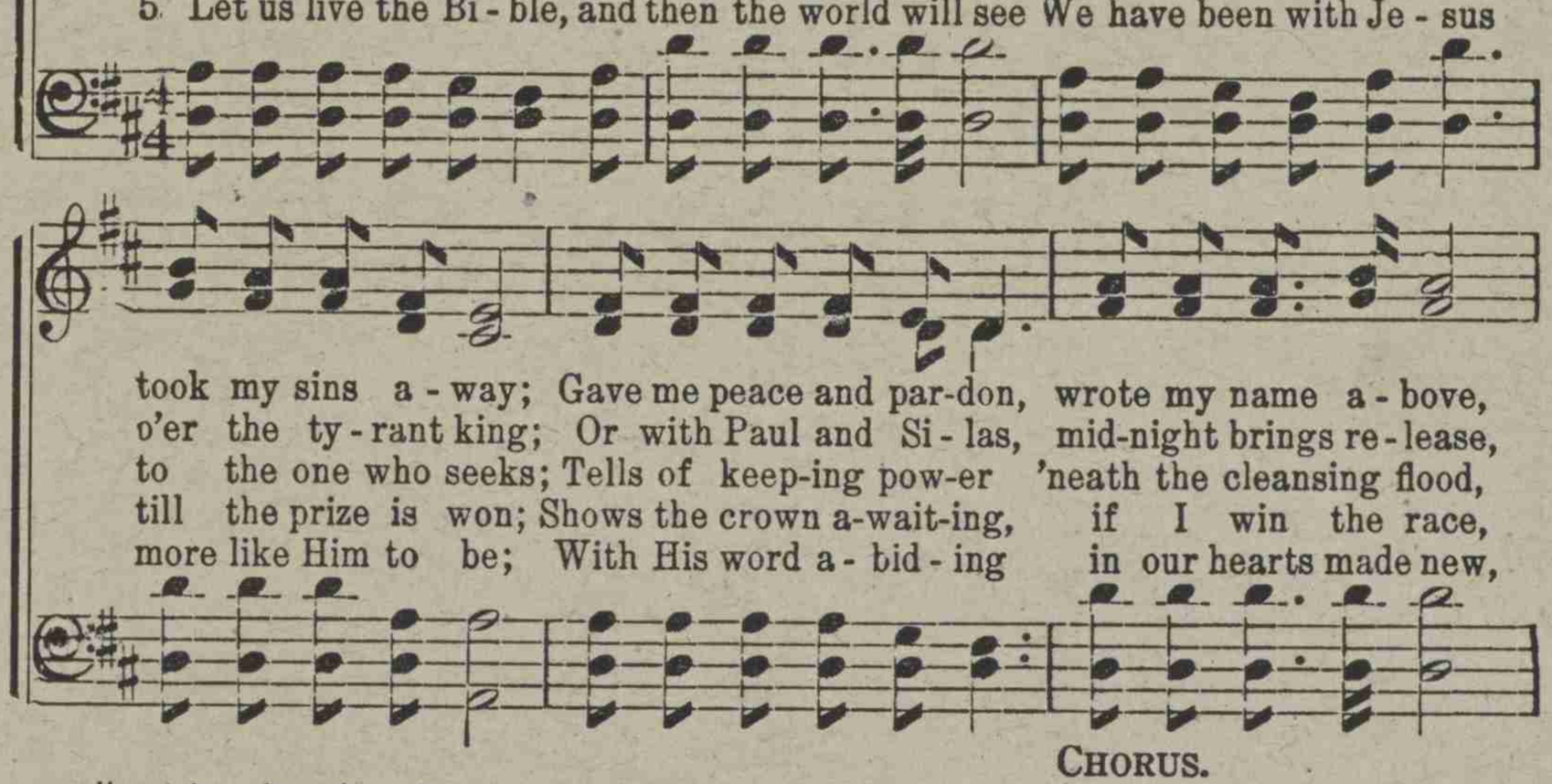
No. 97. I Believe the Bible.

To Rev. G. W. Schurman. Pastor of Pentecostal Church, Lynn, Mass.

E. S U. 3rd. verse by Rev. G. W. S. Pastor E. S. UFFORD.

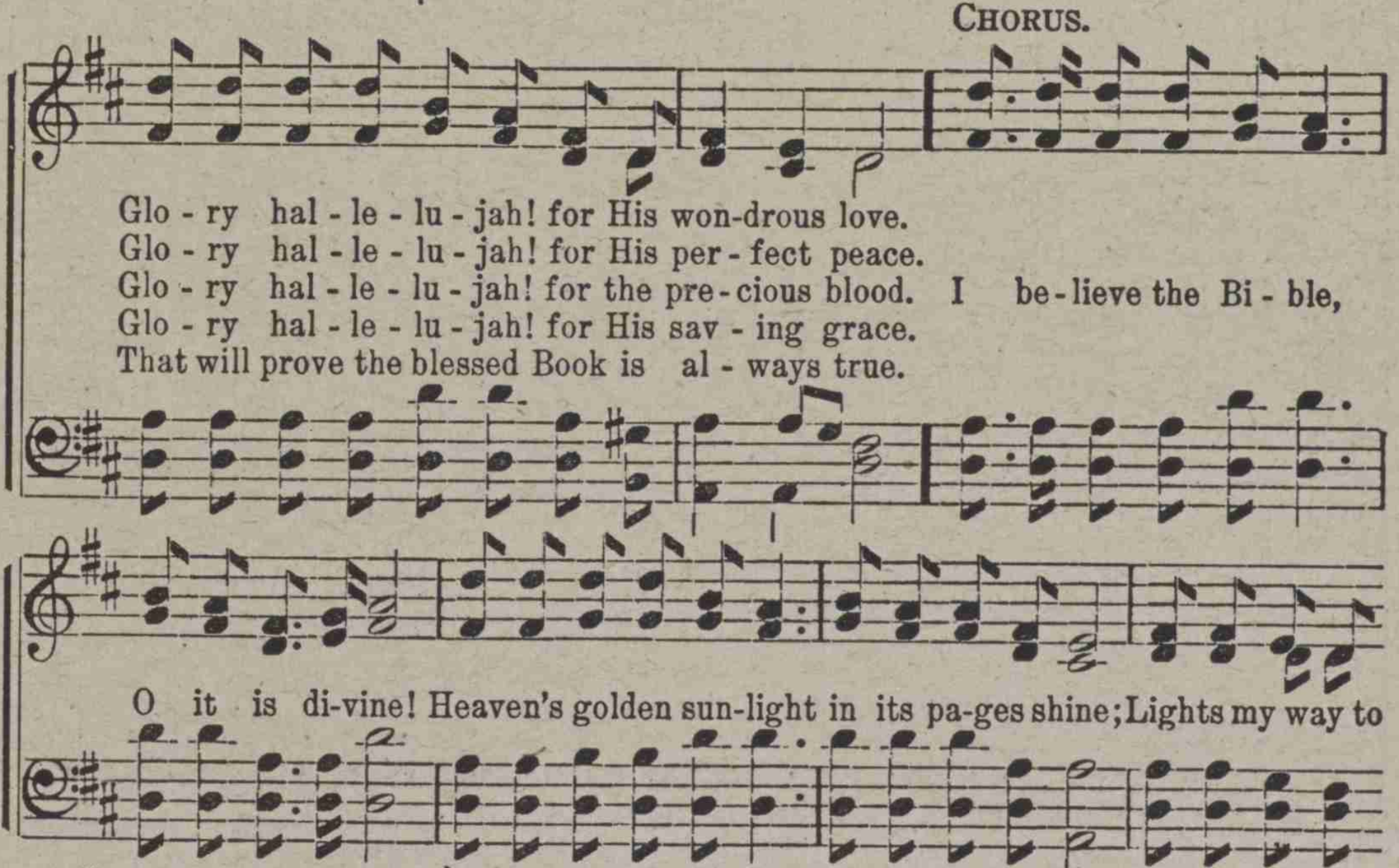


1. I be-lieve the Bi - ble, it taught me how to pray, Je - sus heard and answered,
2. I be-lieve the Bi - ble, it teach-es me to sing Mo - ses' song of vic - t'ry
3. I be-lieve the Bi - ble, of ho - li - ness it speaks, Gracious gift of Je - sus
4. I be-lieve the Bi - ble, it teach-es me to run In this roy-al high - way
5. Let us live the Bi - ble, and then the world will see We have been with Je - sus

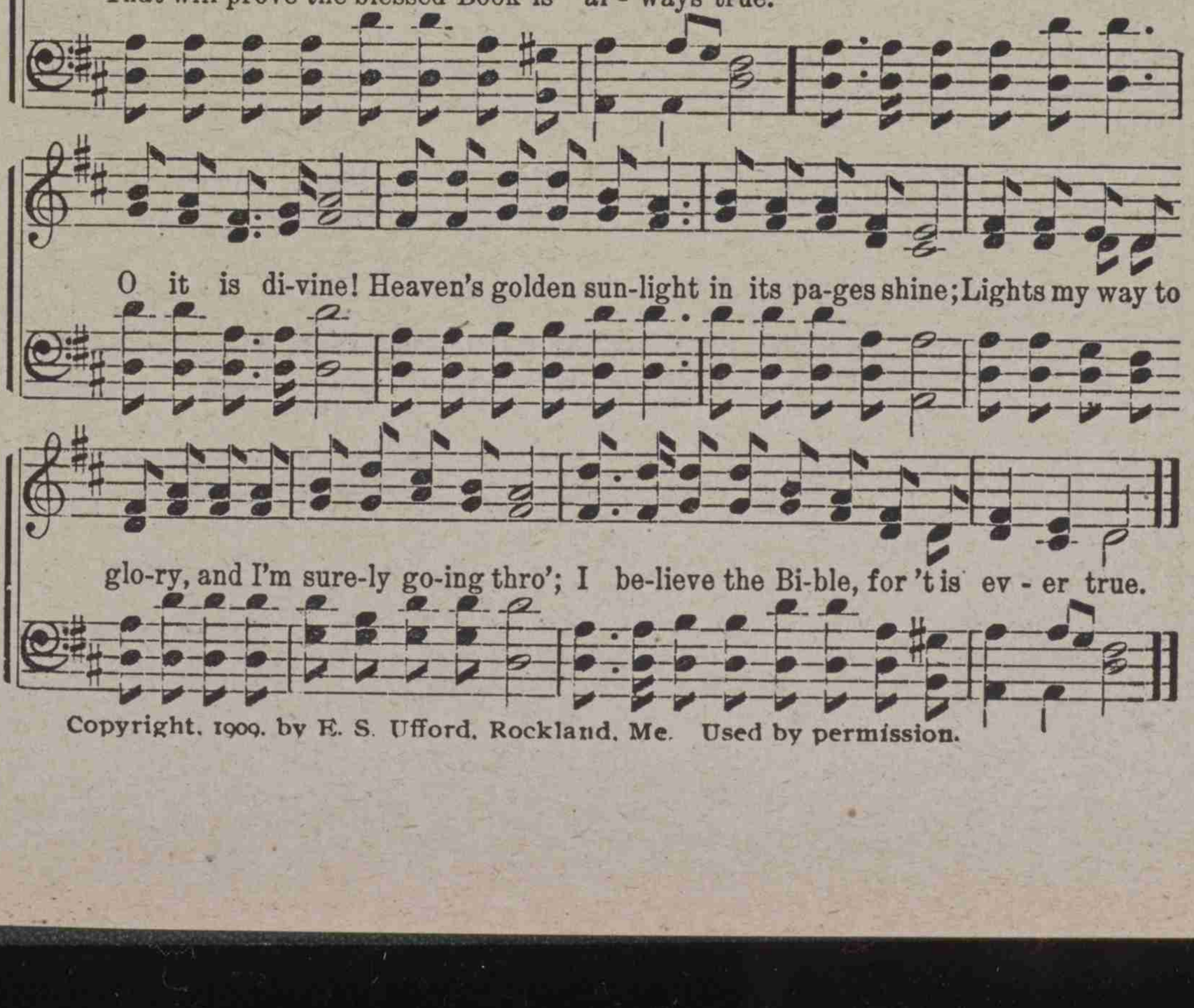


took my sins a - way; Gave me peace and par-don, wrote my name a - bove,
o'er the ty - rant king; Or with Paul and Si - las, mid-night brings re - lease,
to the one who seeks; Tells of keep-ing pow-er 'neath the cleansing flood,
till the prize is won; Shows the crown a-wait-ing, if I win the race,
more like Him to be; With His word a - bid - ing in our hearts made new,

CHORUS.



Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! for His won-drous love.
Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! for His per - fect peace.
Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! for the pre - cious blood. I be - lieve the Bi - ble,
Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! for His sav - ing grace.
That will prove the blessed Book is al - ways true.



O it is di-vine! Heaven's golden sun-light in its pa-ges shine; Lights my way to

glo-ry, and I'm sure-ly go-ing thro'; I be-lieve the Bi-ble, for 't is ev - er true.

Copyright, 1909, by E. S. Ufford, Rockland, Me. Used by permission.

No. 98. I've Anchored in Jesus.

Copyright, 1928, by L. E. Jones. Renewal.
Nazarene Publishing House, owner.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. Up - on life's bound-less o - cean where might - y bil - lows roll,
2. He keeps my soul from e - vil, and gives me bless - ed peace,
3. He is my Friend and Sav - ior, in Him my an - chor's cast,

I've fixed my hope in Je - sus, blest an - chor of the soul.
His voice hath stilled the wa - ters and bid their tu - mult cease.
He drives a - way my sor - rows and shields me from the blast.

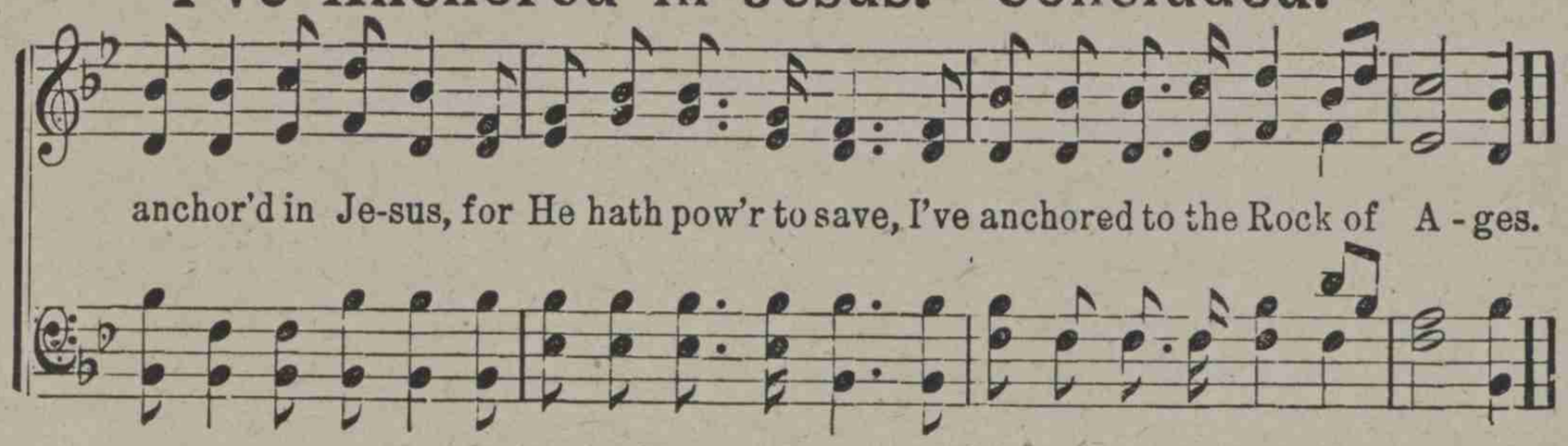
When tri - als fierce as-sail me, as storms are gath-'ring o'er, I rest up-
My pi - lot and de - liv - 'rer, to Him I all con - fide, For al-ways
By faith I'm look-ing up - ward, be-yond life's troubled sea, There I be-

on His mer - cy and trust Him more.
when I need Him He's at my side. I've anchored in Je - sus, The
hold a ha - ven pre-pared for me.

CHORUS.

storms of life I'll brave, I've anchored in Je - sus, I fear no wind and wave, I've
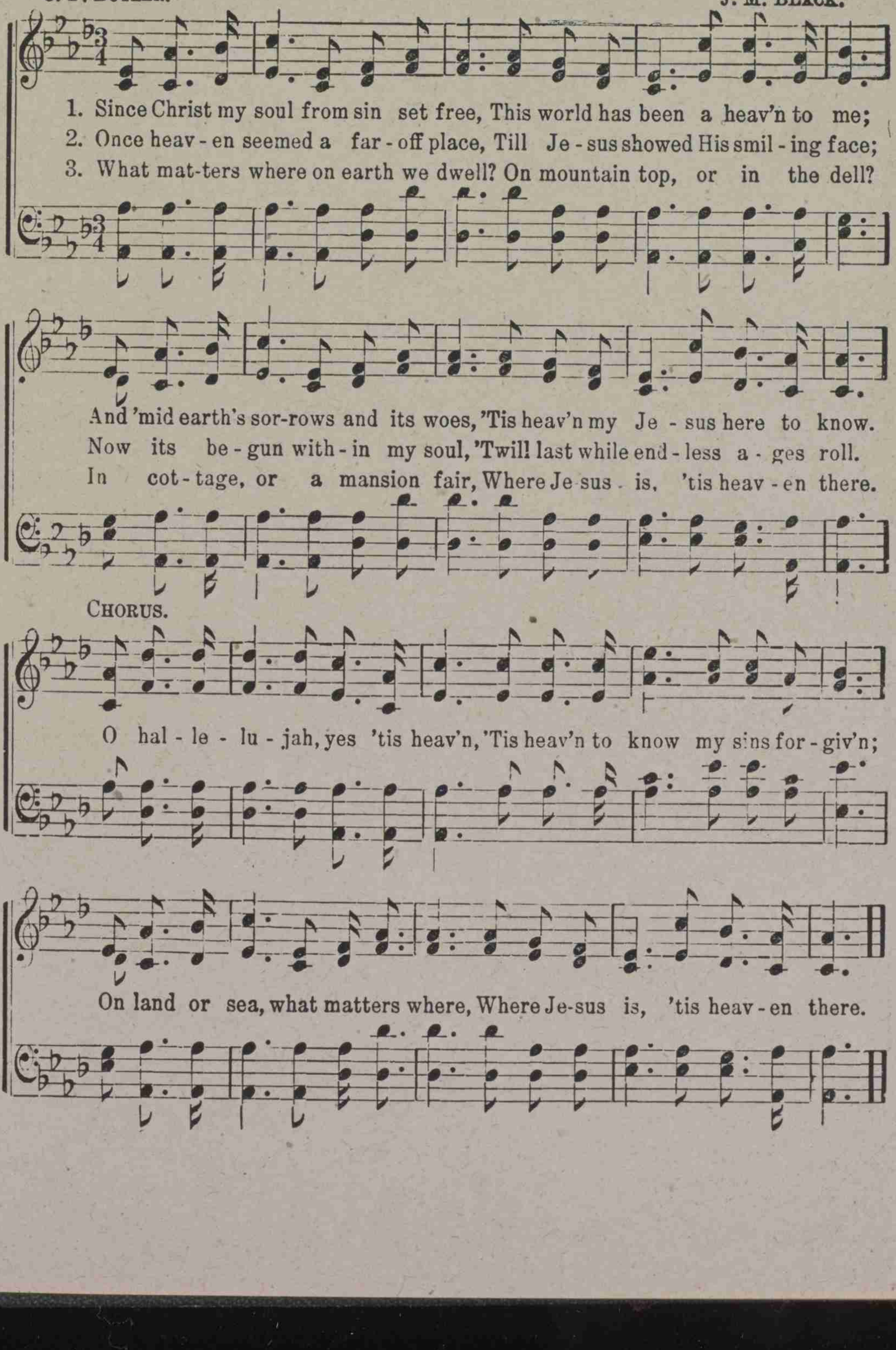
I've Anchored in Jesus. Concluded.



No. 99. Where Jesus is, 'Tis Heaven.

Copyright, 1926. Renewal. Hope Publishing Co., owner.
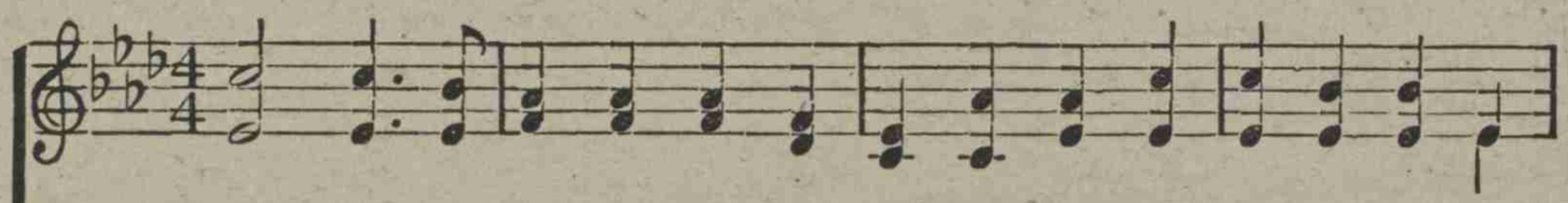
C. F. BUTLER. J. M. BLACK.



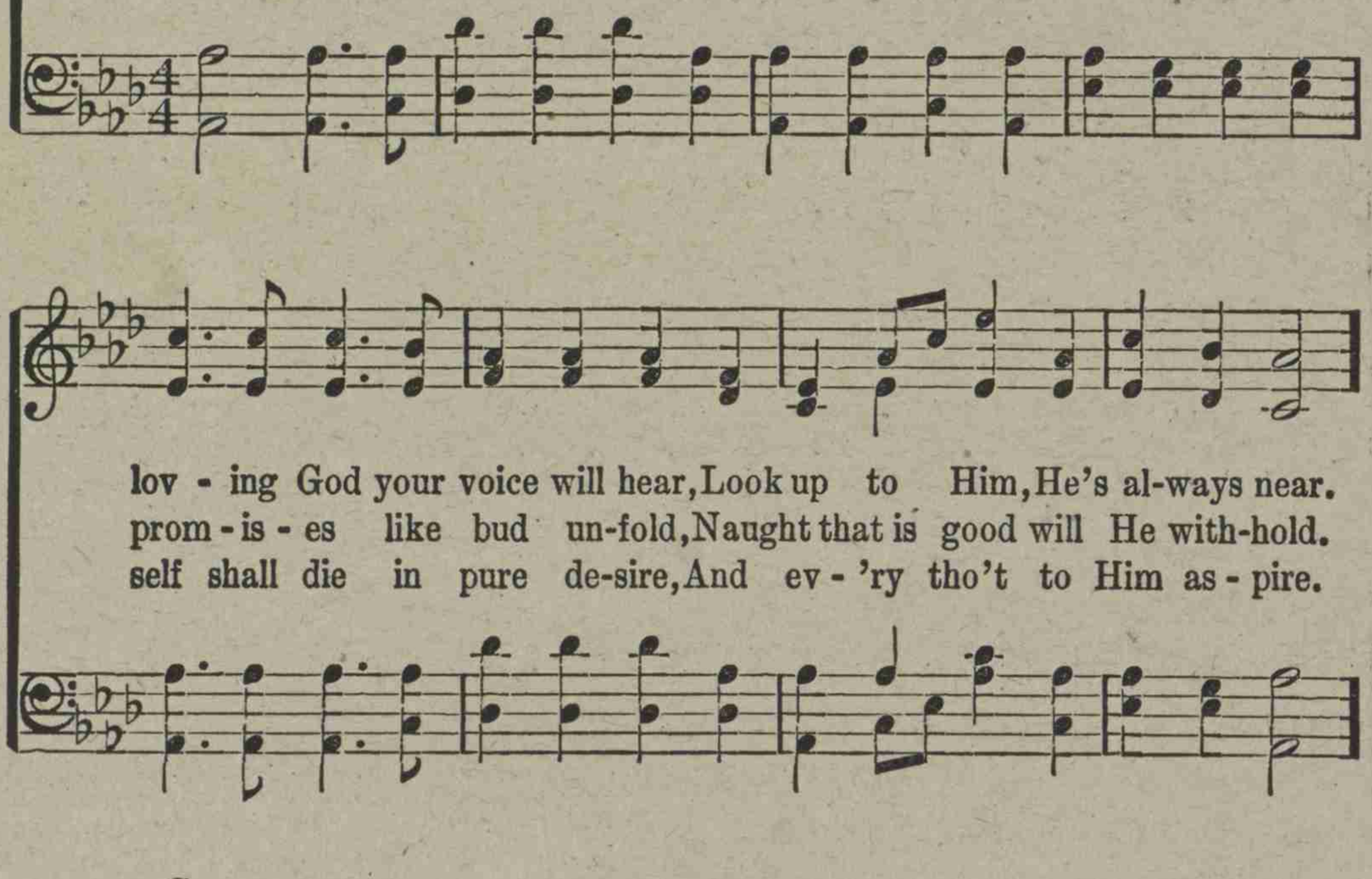
No. 100. Pray, Pray.

Copyright, 1940, by Rodeheaver Hall-Mack Co. Renewal.

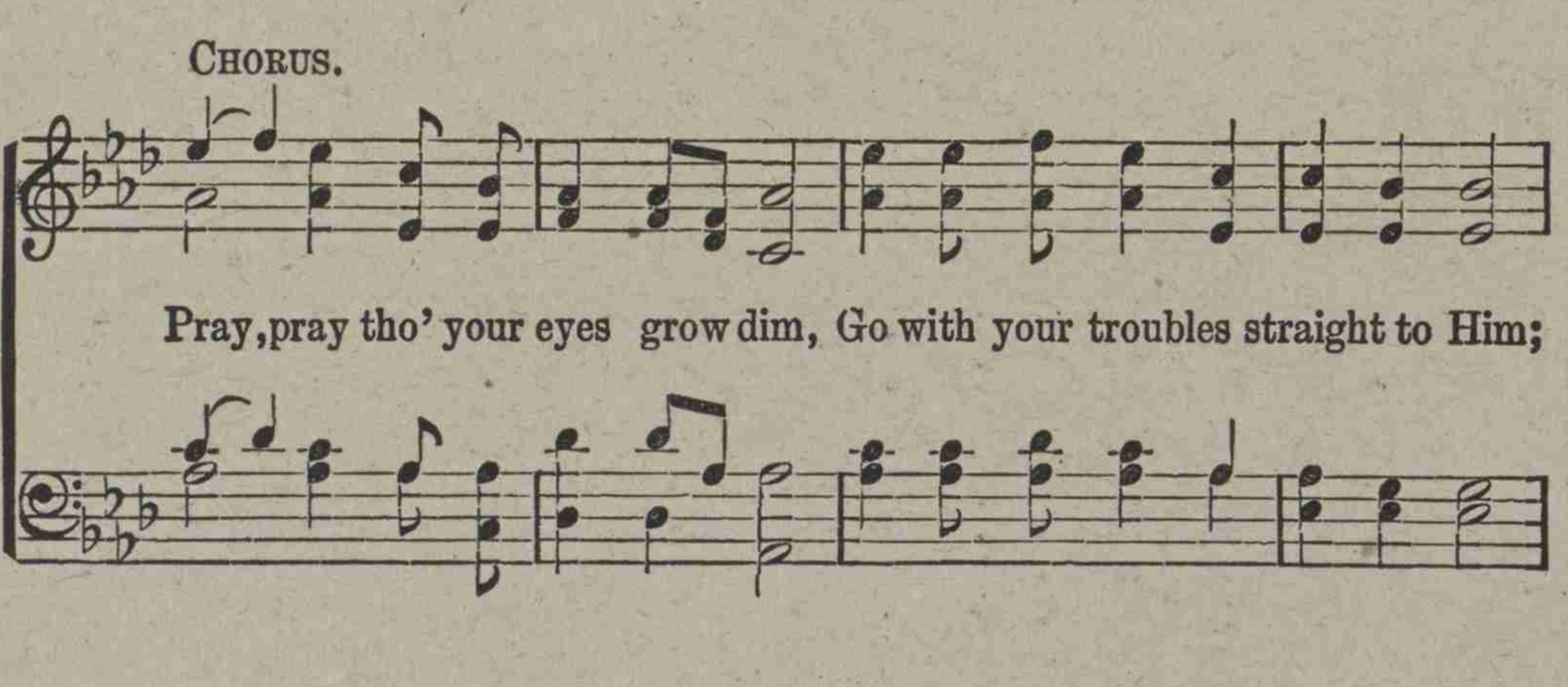
LIZZIE DEARMOND. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Pray, pray when things go wrong, And gloomy fears a-round you throng; The
2. Pray, pray be calm and still, what-ev-er comes must be His will; His
3. Pray, pray till faith grows strong, And in your heart rings heaven's song; Till
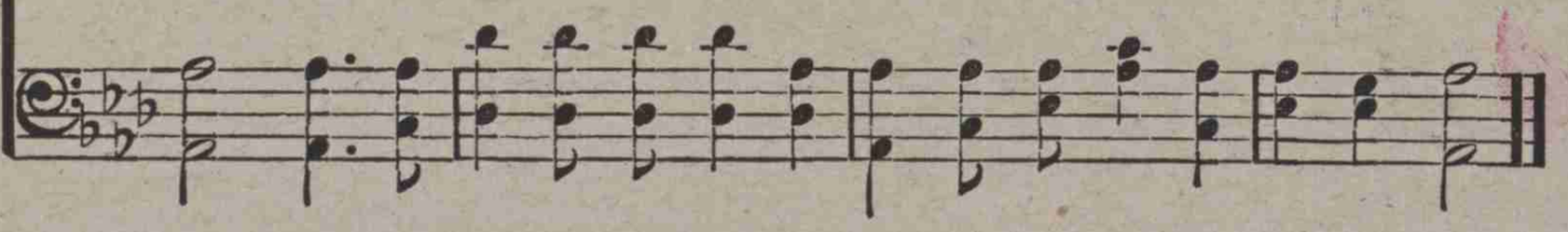


lov-ing God your voice will hear, Look up to Him, He's al-ways near.
prom-is-es like bud un-fold, Naught that is good will He with-hold.
self shall die in pure de-sire, And ev-'ry tho't to Him as-pire.



CHORUS.

Pray, pray tho' your eyes grow dim, Go with your troubles straight to Him;

Pray, pray for God understands; Have faith, leaving all in His dear hands.



No. 101. Stepping in the Light.

Copyright, 1918, by Mrs. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

L. H. EDMUNDS. Hope Pub. Co., owner. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-iour, Try - ing to fol - low our
2. Pressing more closely to him who is lead - ing, When we are tempted to
3. Walking in footsteps of gen-tle for-bearance, Footsteps of faithfulness,
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-iour, Upward, still upward we'll

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

CHORUS.

Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring.
Happy, how happy, our prais-es each day.
Happy, how happy, our journey a- bove.
Happy, how happy, our place at his side.
} How beautiful to walk in the

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

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

No. 102. Never Give Up.

Copyright, 1931, Renewal. Hope Pub. Co., owner.

FANNY J. CROSBY. I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. Nev - er be sad or de-spond- ing If thou hast faith to be - lieve;
2. What if thy burdens op-press thee; What tho' thy life may be drear;
3. Nev - er be sad or de-spond- ing, There is a mor-row for thee;

Grace, for the du - ties be- fore thee, Ask of thy God and re - ceive.
Look on the side that is bright- est; Pray, and thy path will be clear.
Soon thou shalt dwell in its bright-ness, There with the Lord thou shalt be.

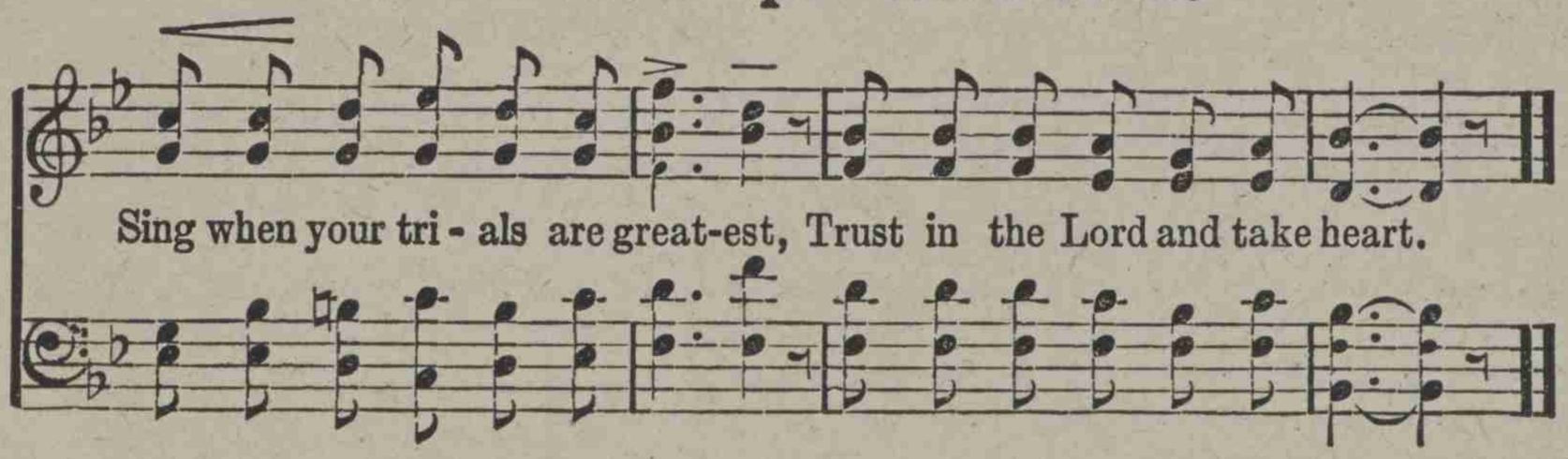
CHORUS.

Nev - - er give up,..... Nev - - er give up,.....
Never give up, never give up, never give up, never give up,

Nev - er give up to thy sor-rows, Je- sus will bid them de- part;

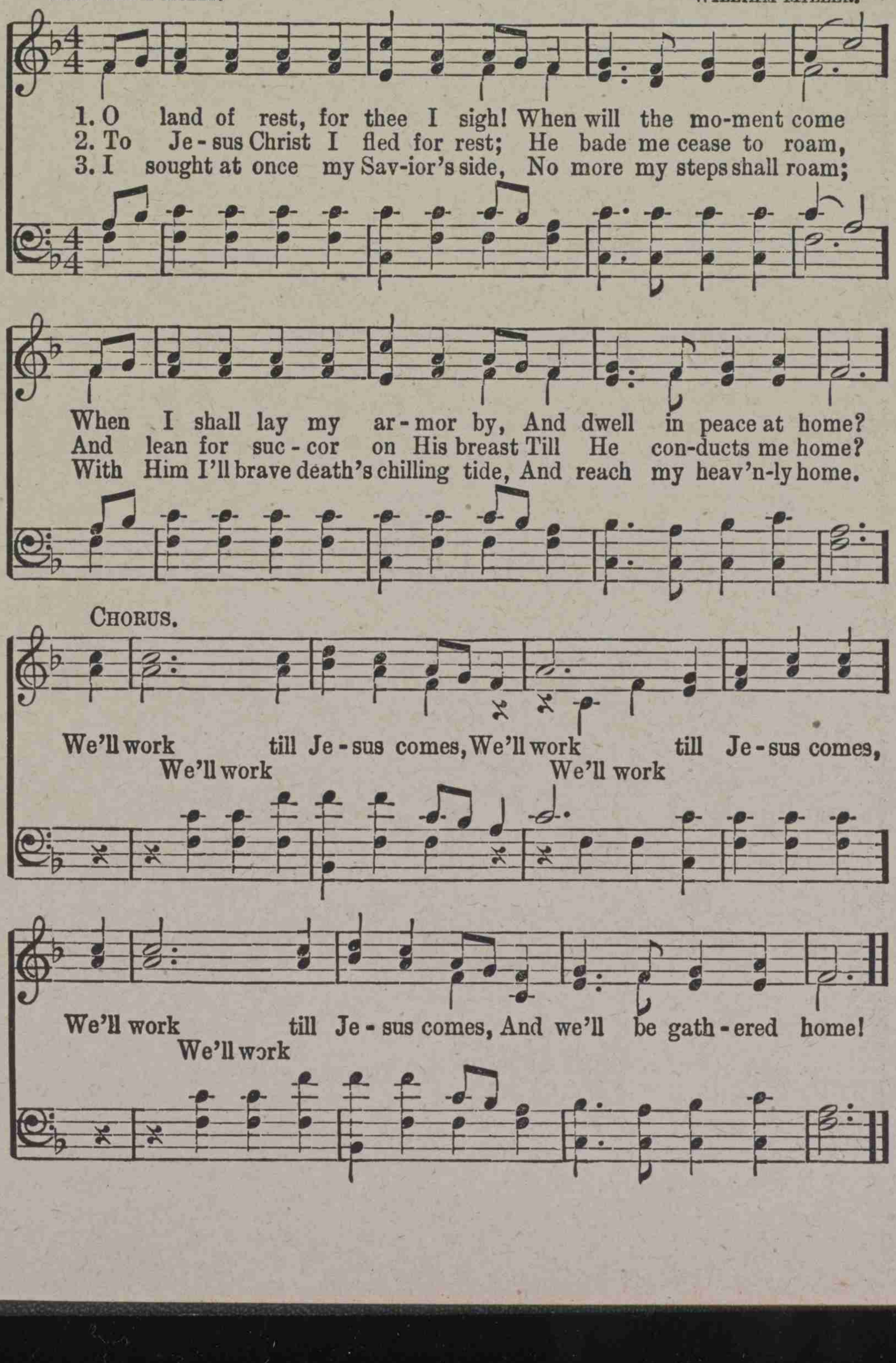
Trust.... in the Lord,.... Trust..... in the Lord,....
Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord,

Never Give Up. Concluded.



No. 103. We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

ELIZABETH MILLS. WILLIAM MILLER.



No. 104. The Haven of Rest.

H. L. GILMOUR. GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So bur-dened with sin, and dis-tressed, Till I heard a sweet voice say-ing, "Make Me your choice;"
2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em-brace, And faith tak - ing hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I an-chored my soul;
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old sto - ry, so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who-so - ev - er will have
4. How pre-cious the tho't that we all may re - cline, Like John, the be- lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no tempest can harm,
5. O come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient-ly waits To save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the ha - ven of rest,
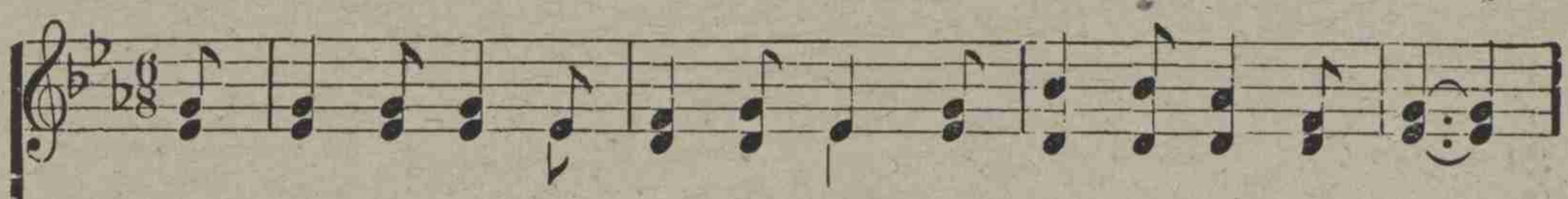
CHORUS

And I en-tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
The ha-ven of rest is my Lord.
A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
And say, "My Be - lov - ed is mine."
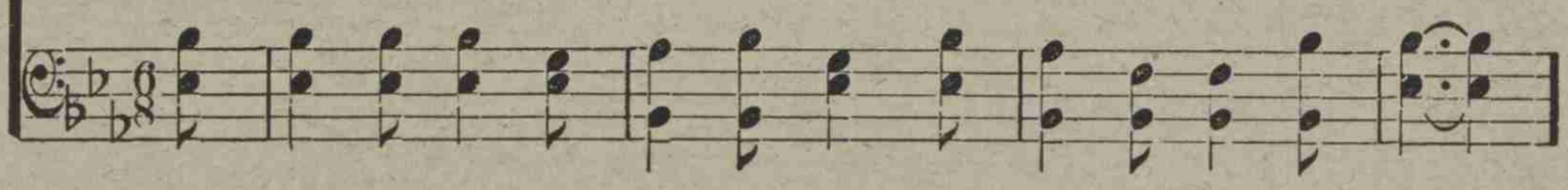
I've an-chored my soul in the ha - ven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more; The tem-pest may sweep o'er the wild, storm-y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.
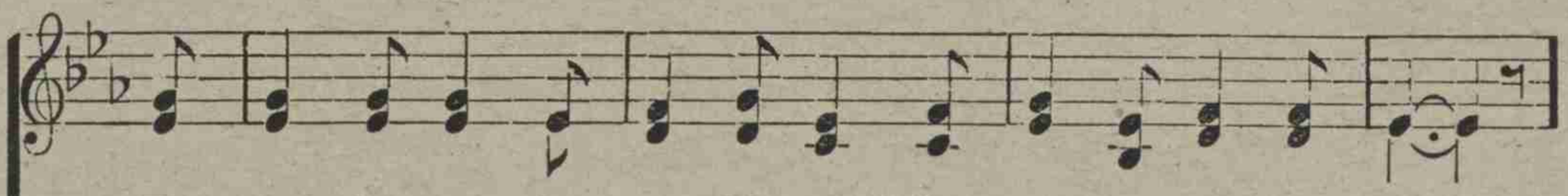
No. 105 Jesus Will Bless the Little Ones

JOHN. J. G. F.
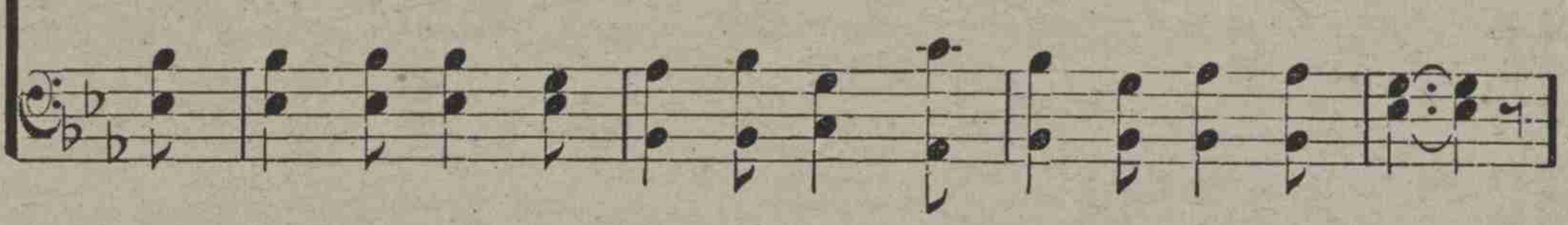


1. The lit - tle chil-dren Christ re-ceived, O praise his pre - cious name!
2. A kind - ly warn-ing Je - sus gave To who - so would of - fend
3. Christ Je - sus is the children's Friend, And we should love them, too,
4. The Lord will kind - ly wel-come all The chil - dren to His love,
5. Go, gath - er in these lit - tle one Be - fore they learn to sin;
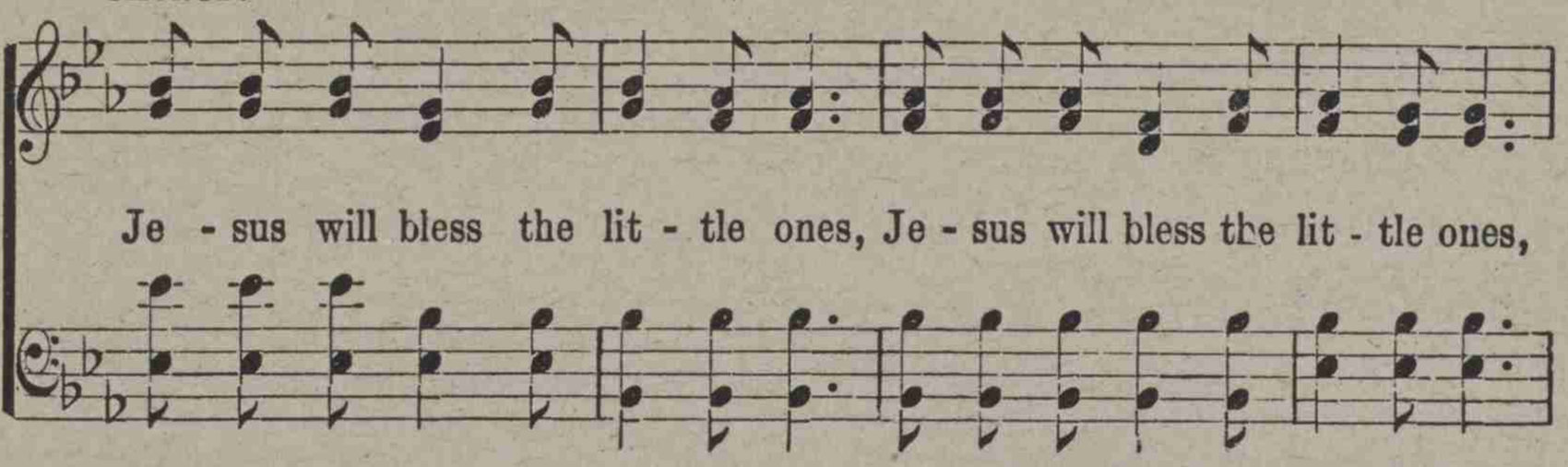




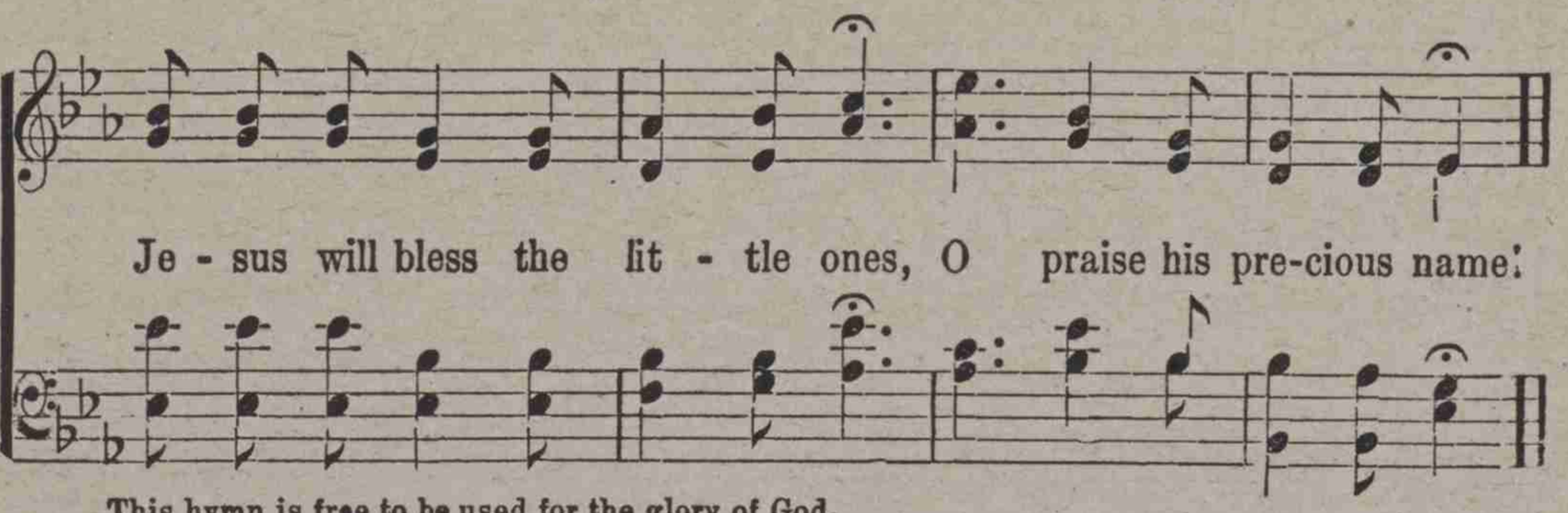
He took them up in - to his arms, And bless'd each one that came.
One of these pre-cious lit - tle ones; For Je - sus is their friend.
And all the love we can be - stow For Je - sus we should do.
And send up - on them day by day His bless-ing from a - bove.
The harvest's great, the la - b'rers few; O, who will bring them in.



CHORUS.



Je - sus will bless the lit - tle ones, Je - sus will bless the lit - tle ones,



Je - sus will bless the lit - tle ones, O praise his pre-cious name!

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

No. 106. Holding on to Jesus.

Copyright, 1942, by Rodeheaver Hall-Mack Co. Renewal.

REV. FRANK E. GRAEFF. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I am hold-ing on to Je - sus tho' my faith may not be strong, Tho' o'
2. I am hold-ing on to Je - sus tho' the way at times is rough, And I
3. I am hold-ing on to Je - sus tho' the tempests dash and roar, And the
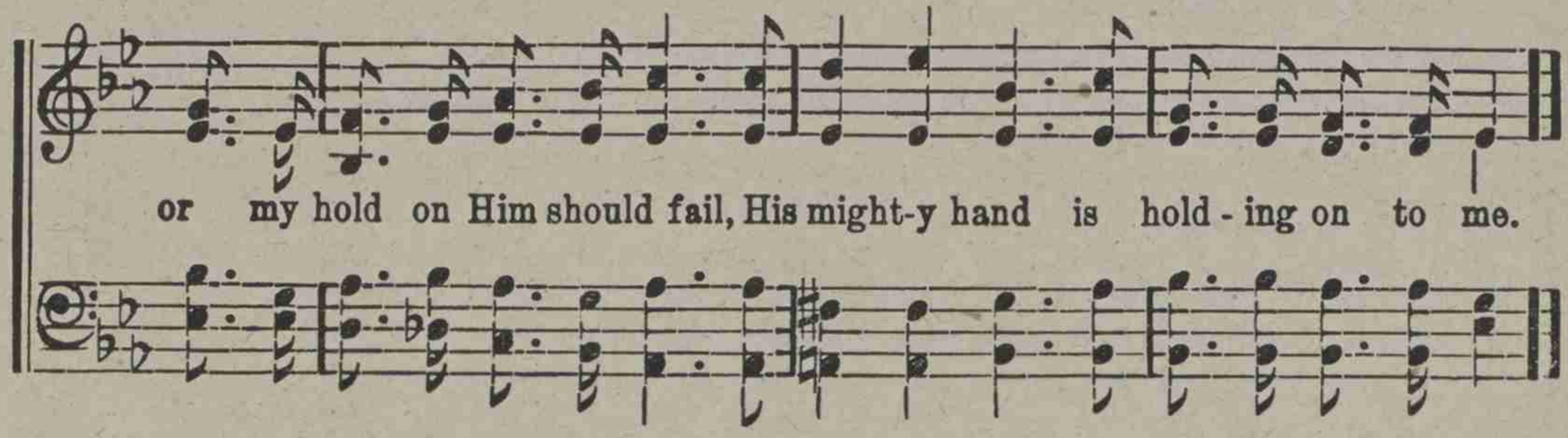
all His own the weak-est I may be; Still my hold I will not loos-en,
stumble where the path I may not see; But I follow where He leads me
har-bor lights I can but dim - ly see; But the Morn-ing Star is shin-ing,

but I'll sing my trust-ful song, For His mighty hand is hold-ing on to me.
and I know I cannot stray, While His mighty hand is hold-ing on to me.
and my anchor's hold is fast, For His mighty hand is hold-ing on to me.

CHORUS.

I'm hold-ing on to Je - sus when temp-ta-tions fierce assail, I'm hold - ing
on to Je-sus when the way I can - not see; And lest my footsteps fal - ter,

Holding On to Jesus. Concluded.



No. 107 I Love Him

C. F. O. S. C. Foster. Arr. by A. S. M.

Poco adagio.

1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm, Now thro' the blood I'm
2. Once I was far a- way, deep down in sin, Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free, Once I was blind, but

sav'd from sin's a-larm; Down at the cross my heart is bend-ing low, The
pas-sions fierce within; Once was a - fraid to meet an an- gry God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in God I live, And

Chorus.

mp *pp*
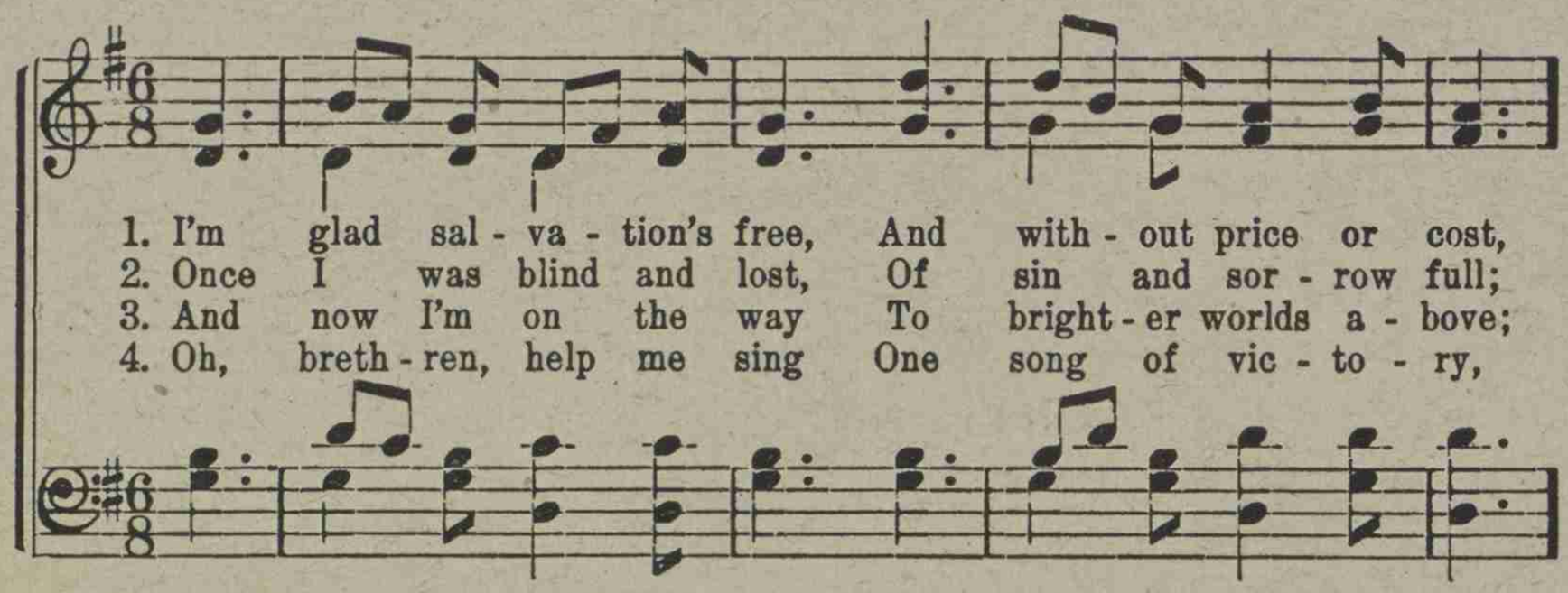
precious blood of Jesus washes white as snow.
now I'm cleans'd from ev'ry stain thro' Jesus' blood.
tell the world around the peace that he doth give.

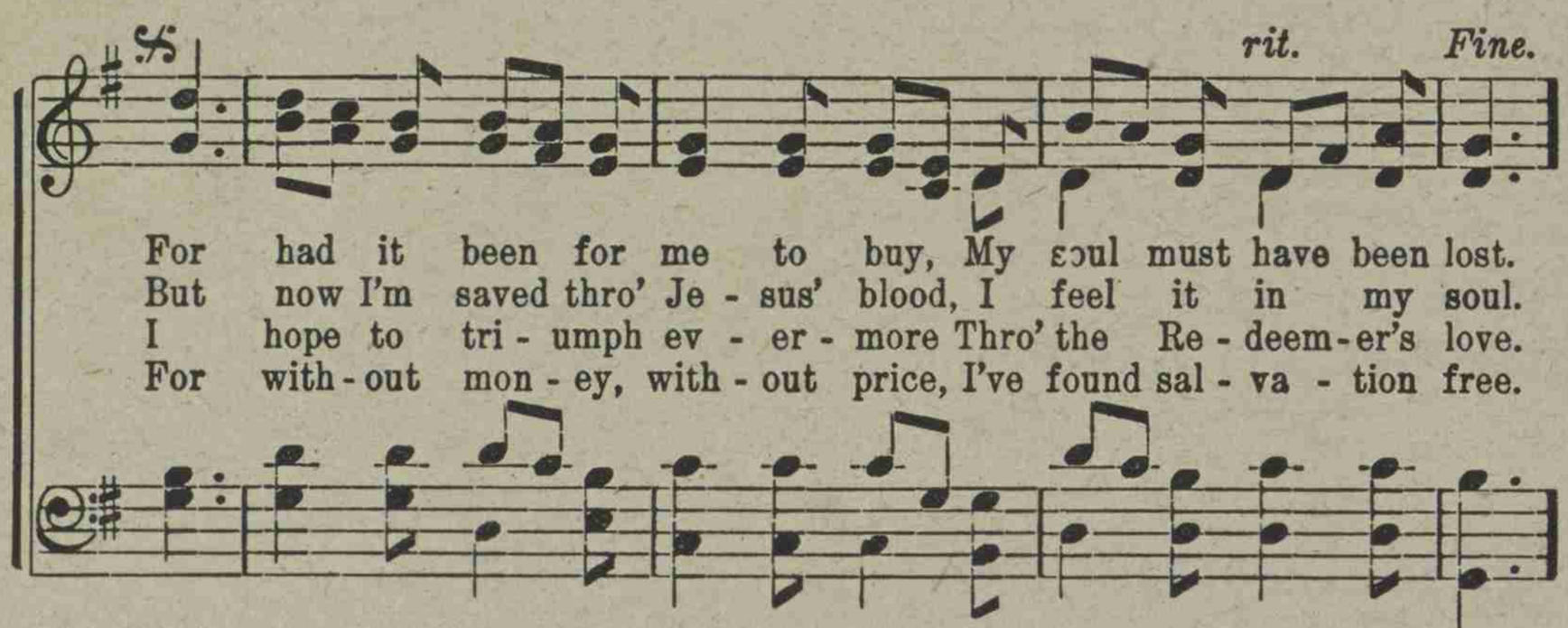
I love him, I love him,

Because he first lov'd me, And purchas'd my salvation On Mount Calva-ry.
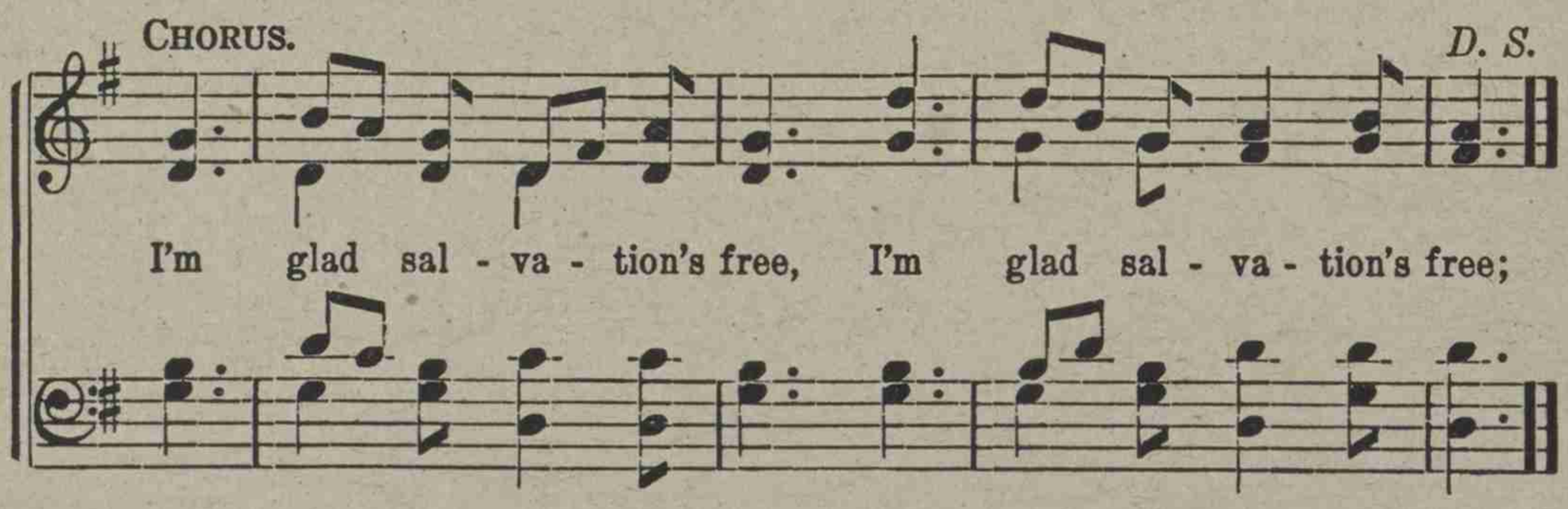
Copyright, 1907, by The Praise Publishing Co., Phila., Pa.

No. 108. I'm Glad Salvation's Free.





D. S.—*Sal - va - tion's free for you and me, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free.*



No. 109. There'll Be No Sorrow There.

1 I love to think of heaven,
Where white-robed angels are,
Where many a friend is gathered safe
From fear, and toil, and care.

CHO.—There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there,
In heaven above where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there.

2 I love to think of heaven,
Where my Redeemer reigns,
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise
In endless, joyous strains.

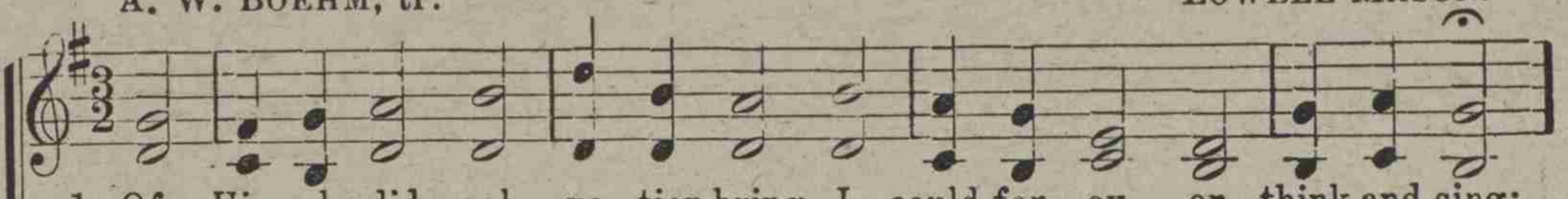
3 I love to think of heaven,
The saints' eternal home, [fade,
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er
And all their joys are one.

4 I love to think of heaven,
The greetings there we'll meet,
The harps—the songs forever ours—
The walks—the golden streets.

5 I love to think of heaven,
That promised land so fair,
Oh, how my raptured spirit longs
To be forever there.

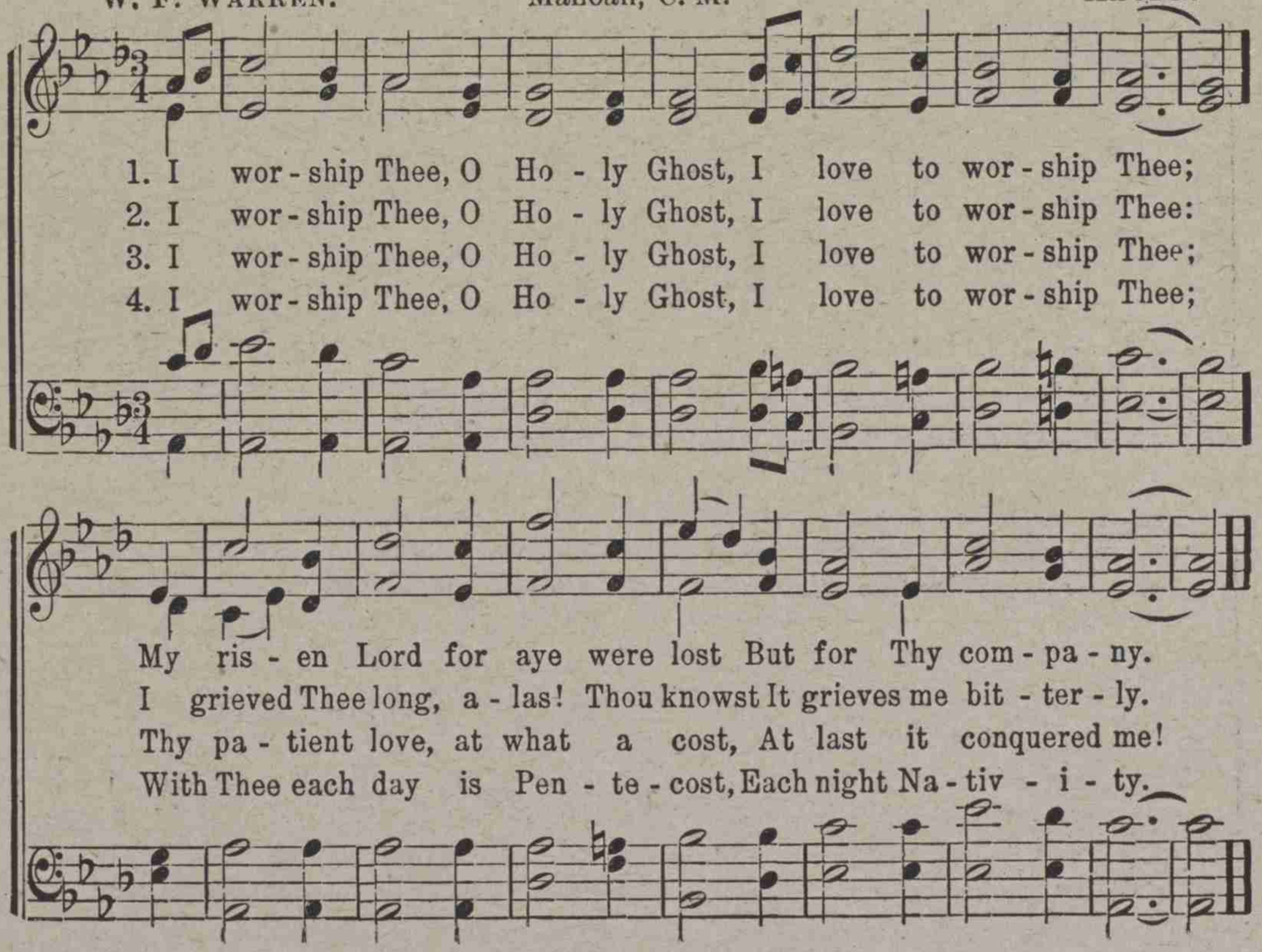
No. 110 Of Him Who Did Salvation Bring.

A. W. BOEHM, tr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 111 I Worship Thee, O Holy Ghost.

W. F. WARREN. Manoah, C. M. HAYDN.



No. 112. The Old Book and the Old Faith.

Copyright, 1914, by W. E. M. Hackleman.
The Standard Publishing Co., owner.

G. H. C. GEO. H. CARR.

1. 'Mid the storms of doubt and un - be - lief, we fear, Stands a Book e-
2. 'Tis the Book that tells us of the Fa - ther's love, When He sent His
3. 'Tis the Book that tells us of the will of God, And the Sav-ior's
4. 'Tis the Book that tells us of E - ter - nal Life, Aft - er faith - ful
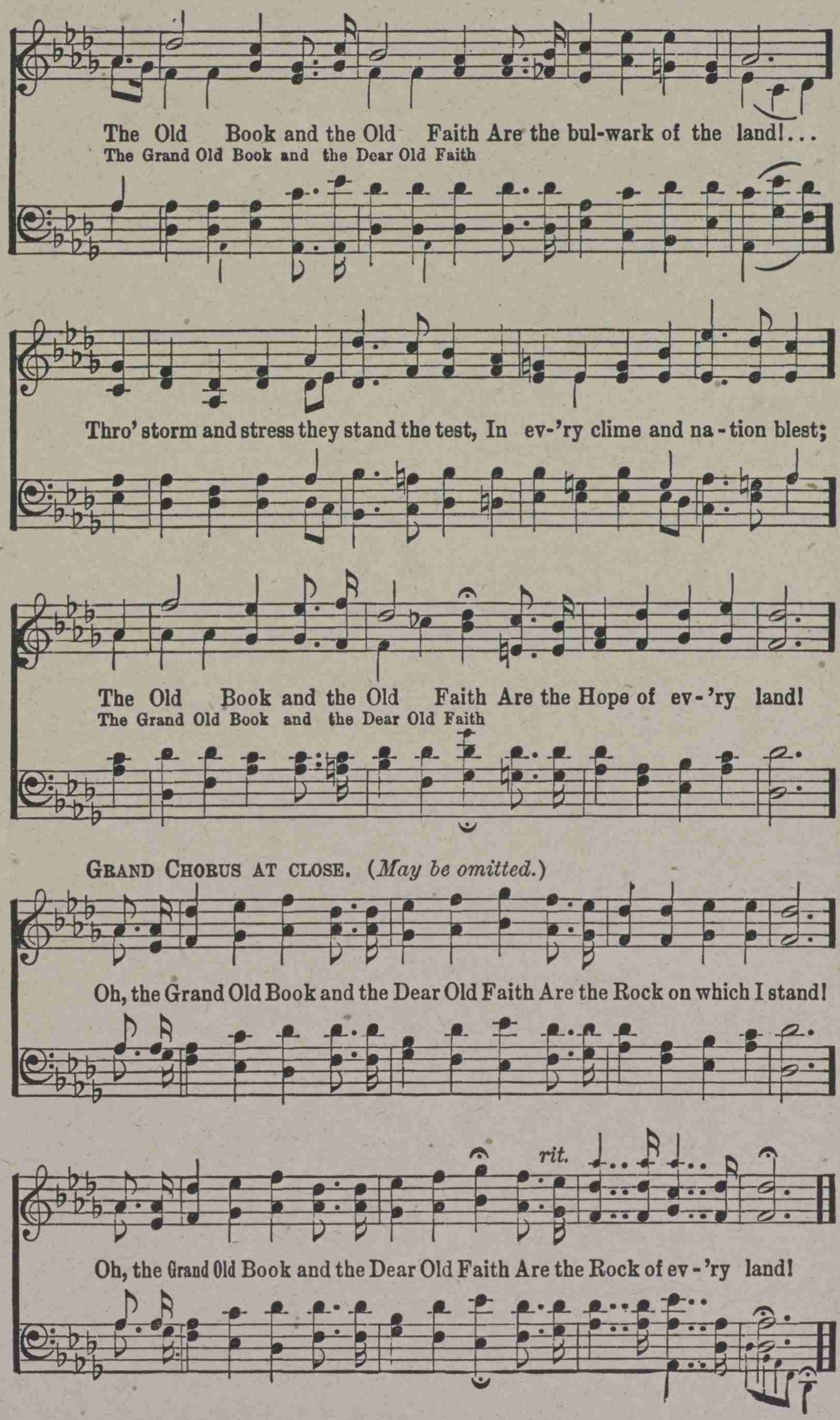
ter - nal that the world holds dear; Thro' the rest - less a - ges it re-
Son to us from heav'n a - bove, Who by rich - est prom-ise cre - ates
teachings while the earth He trod; How He soothed earth's sor-rows, and re-
serv - ice in a world of strife; And this glo - rious tri-umph o - ver

mains the same, 'Tis the Book of God, and the Bi - ble is its name!
Hope with - in, For 'tis thro' His blood we are saved from ev-'ry sin!
lieved its woe, Thro' whom strength is giv - en to con-quer ev - 'ry foe!
death's dark fears Is the world's best gift in an age of count-less tears!

CHORUS

The Old Book and the Old Faith Are the Rock on which I stand!
The Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith on which I stand!

The Old Book and the Old Faith. Concluded.



No. 113. Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah!

Copyright, 1921, Renewal. Hope Pub. Co., owner.

PSALM 16.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hal-le - lu - jah, praise Je - ho - vah! From the heav-ens praise His name;
2. Let them praises give Je - ho - vah, They were made at His com-mand;
3. All your fruit-ful trees and ce - dars, All ye hills and mountains high,

Praise Je - ho-vah in the high - est, All His an - gels praise pro-claim.
Them for - ev - er He es - tab - lished, His de-cree shall ev - er stand.
Creeping things and beast and cat - tle, Birds that in the heav-ens fly.
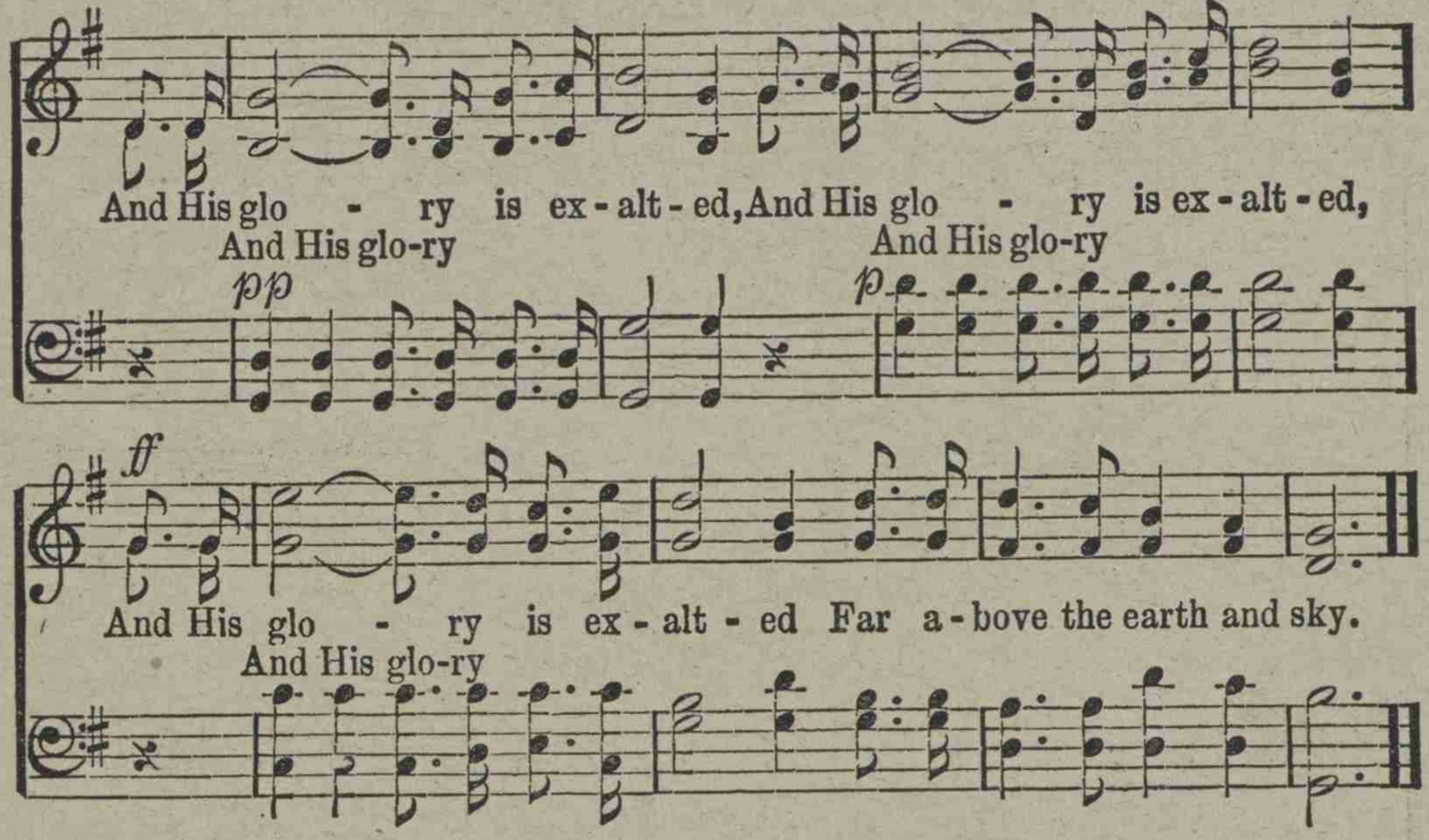
All His host to-geth - er praise Him, Sun, and moon, and stars on high;
From the earth, O praise Je - ho - vah, All ye floods, ye dra-gons all;
Kings of earth and all ye peo - ple, Princ-es great, earth's judges all;

Praise Him, O ye heav'n of heav - ens, And ye floods a - bove the sky.
Fire, and hail, and snow, and va - pors, Storm-y winds that hear Him call.
Praise His name, young men and maid-ens, A - ged men, and chil-dren small.

CHORUS.
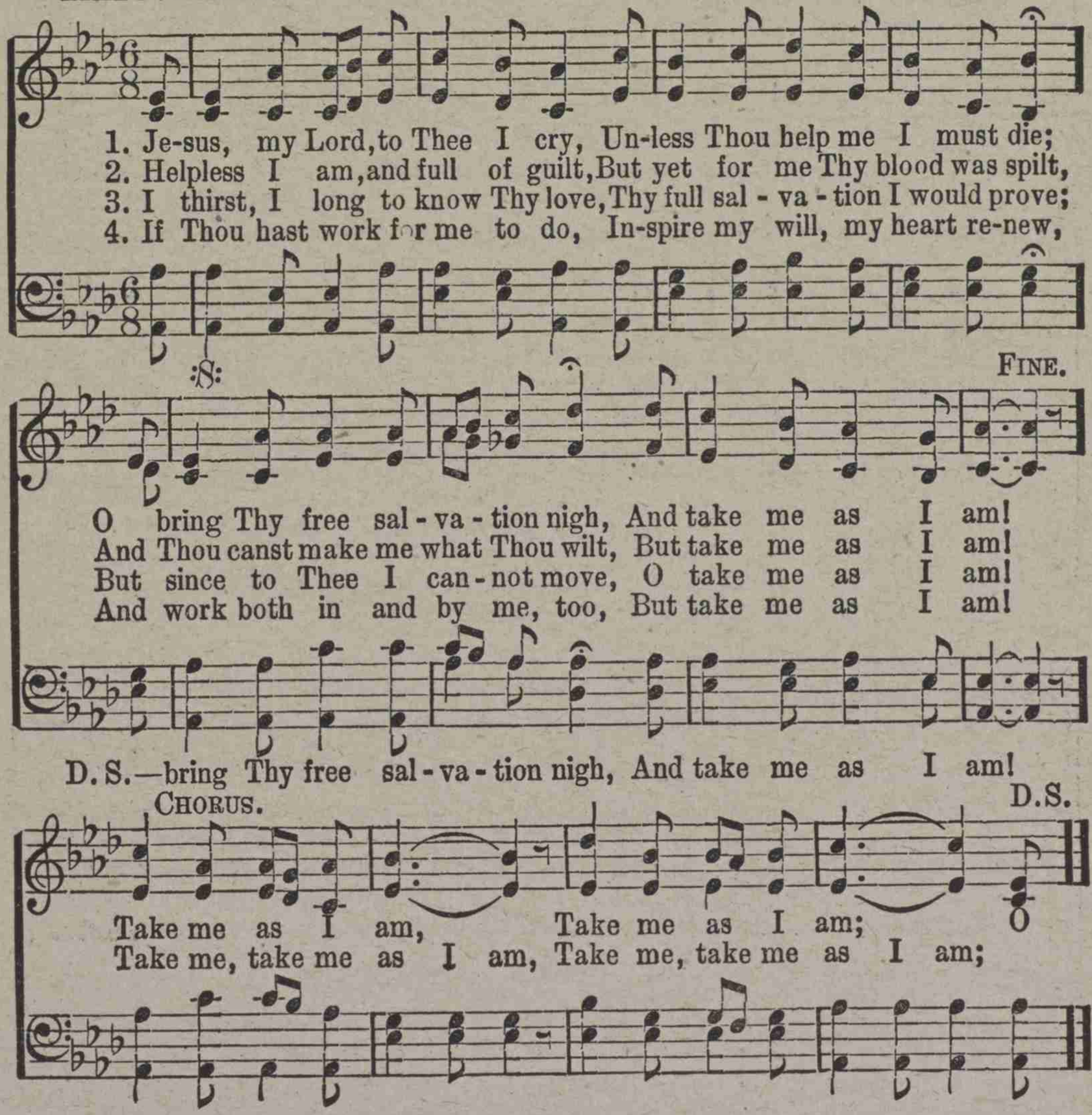
Let them prais - es give Je - ho - vah, For His name a - lone is high,
Let them praises

Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah! Concluded.



No. 114. Take Me As I Am.

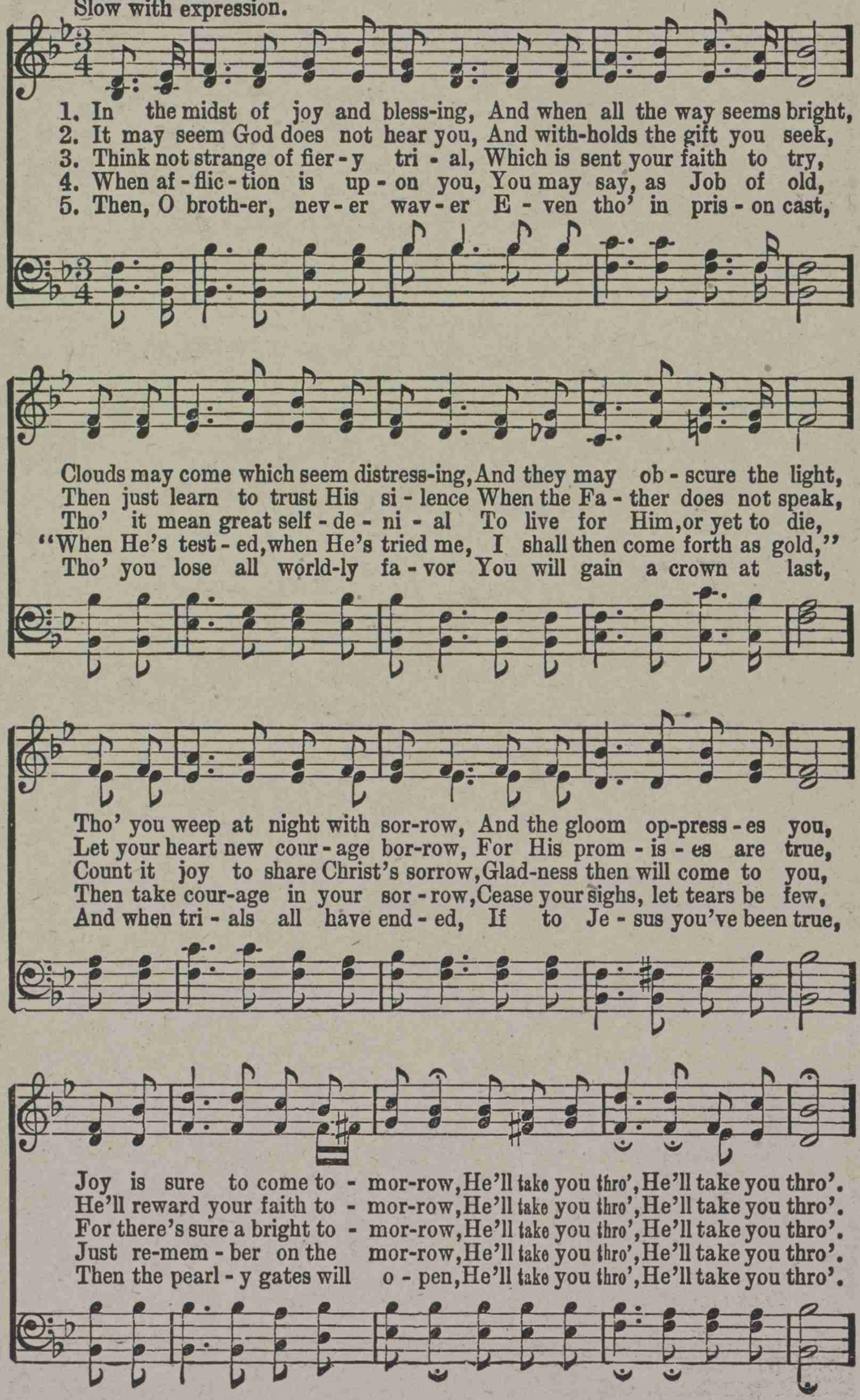
ELIZA H. HAMILTON. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.



No. 115. He'll Take You Through.

J. V. R. Copyright, 1911, by James V. Reid. JAMES V. REID.

Slow with expression.



He'll Take You Through. Concluded.

He'll take you thro', How-ev - er you're tried;
He'll take you thro', How-e'er you're tried;

His ten - der care is nev-er de - nied,
His ten - der care is ne'er de - nied,

Then al-ways trust His prom-ise so true,
Then al-ways trust His prom-ise true,

rit.

He'll take you thro', He'll take you thro'.
He'll take you thro', He'll take you thro'.

No. 116. A New Name in Glory.

Copyright, 1938, by C. Austin Miles. Renewal.

C. A. M. Rodeheaver Hall-Mack Co., owner. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I was once a sin - ner, but I came Par-don to receive from my Lord:
2. I was humbly kneeling at the cross, Fearing naught but God's angry frown,
3. In the Book 'tis written, "Saved by grace;" Oh, the joy that came to my soul!

This was freely giv-en, and I found That He always kept His word.
When the heavens opened and I saw That my name was written down.
Now I am for - giv- en, and I know By the blood I am made whole.

kept His word.

CHORUS.

There's a new name written down in glory, And it's mine, oh, yes, it's mine!

And it's mine, yes, it's mine!

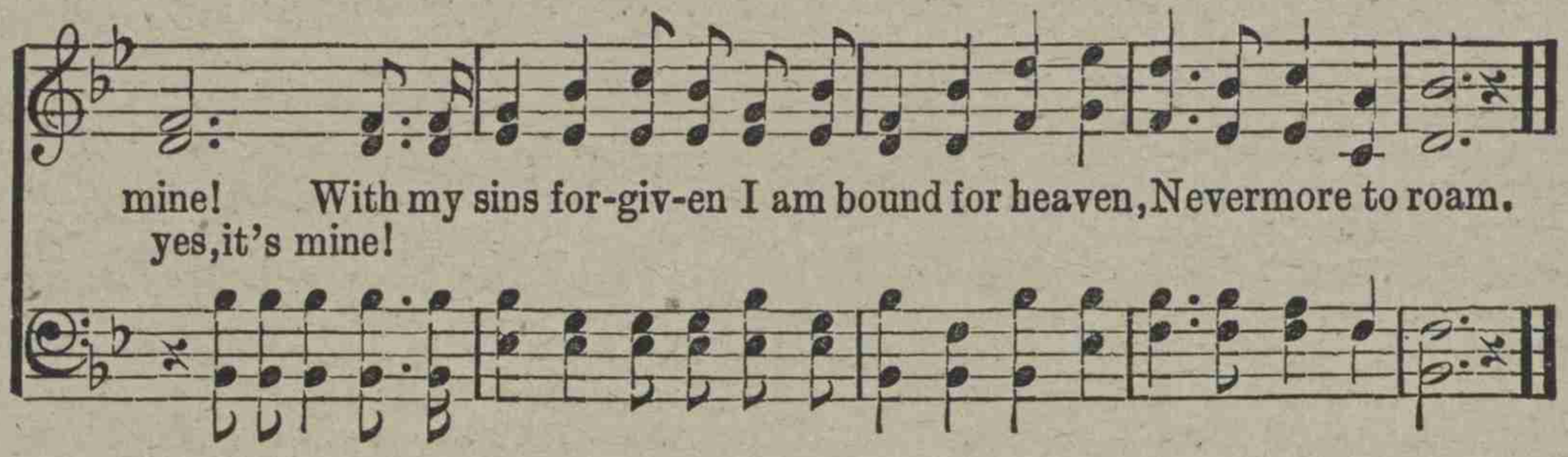
And the white-robed angels sing the sto-ry, "A sin - ner has come home;"

has come home;

For there's a new name written down in glo-ry, And it's mine, oh, yes, it's

And it's mine,

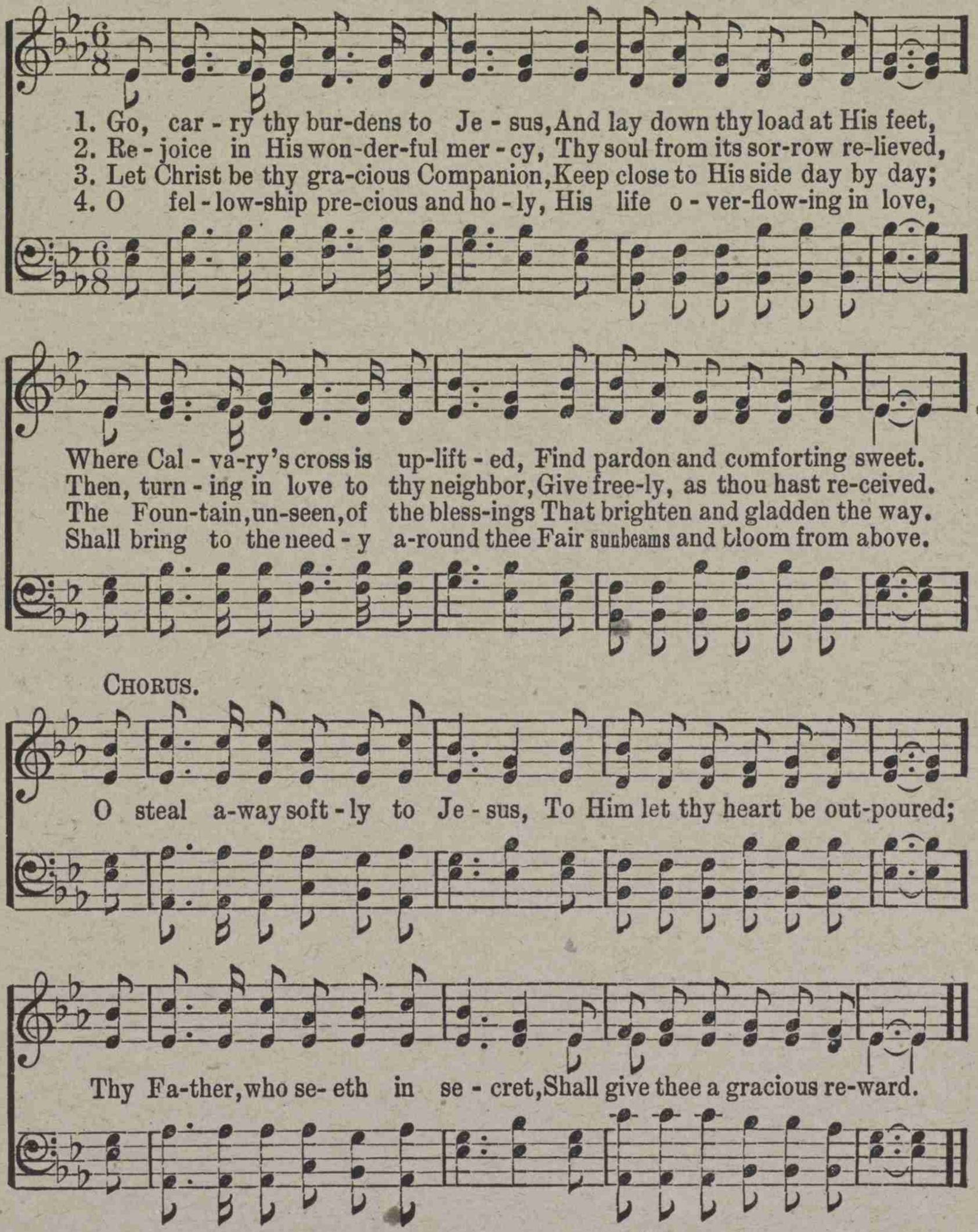
A New Name in Glory. Concluded.



No. 117. O Steal Away Softly to Jesus.

Copyright, 1931, Renewal. Hope Publishing Co., owner.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



No. 118. Covered By the Blood.

Copyright, 1932, Renewal. Nazarene Publishing House, owner.

NELLIE EDWARDS. RAN. C. STOREY.

Not too fast.

1. Once in sin's darkest night, I was wand'ring a-lone, A stran-ger to mer-cy I
2. From my er-rors and faults, Je-sus saves me so free, Amazed that He lift-ed my
3. I can ne'er un-der-stand, Why He sought even me, Why His life blood on Calv'ry
4. Now He comes to my heart And re-moves ev'ry care, For He bears all my cumb'ring

stood; But the Saviour came nigh, When He heard my faint cry, And He put my sins
load; O the love and the grace, I re-ceived in its place, When He put my sins
flowed; But suf - fi - cient for me, Since He died on the tree, He hath put my sins
load; In a path-way re-plete With His love are my feet, Since He put my sins

REFRAIN.

un-der the blood. They are cov-ered by the blood, They are cov-ered by the blood,

My sins are all cov-ered by the blood, Mine in - iq - ui - ties so vast,
precious blood,

Have been blotted out at last, My sins are all cov-ered by the blood.
precious blood.

No. 119. God Leads Us Along.

Copyright, 1931, by G. A. Young. Renewal.
Nazarene Publishing House, owner.

G. A. Y. G. A. YOUNG.

1. In shad - y, green pas - tures, so rich and so sweet, God leads His dear chil-dren a - long; Where the water's cool flow bathes the
2. Sometimes on the mount where the sun shines so bright, God leads His dear chil-dren a - long; Some-times in the val - ley in the
3. Tho' sor - rows be - fall us, and Sa - tan op - pose, God leads His dear chil-dren a - long; Through grace we can con-quer, de-
4. A - way from the mire, and a - way from the clay, God leads His dear chil-dren a - long; A - way up in glo - ry, e-

wea - ry one's feet, God leads His dear chil - dren a - long.
dark - est of night, God leads His dear chil - dren a - long.
feat all our foes, God leads His dear chil - dren a - long.
ter - ni - ty's day, God leads His dear chil - dren a - long.

CHORUS.

Some thro' the waters some thro' the flo-d, Some thro' the fire, but all thro' the blood;
Some thro great sorrow, but God gives a song, In the night season and all the day long.

rit.

No. 120 My Burdens Rolled Away

M. A. S. 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 - member when my burdens rolled a - way, That had hindered 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
leave night or day; Je-sus showed to me the loss, so I left them at the
years night and day; As I sought the throne of grace, just a glimpse of Je-sus'
heart night and day; I am liv - ing for my King, and with joy I shout and

Chorus.

word Then at once all my bur-dens rolled a - way.
cross, I was glad when my bur-dens rolled a - way. Rolled a-way, rolled a-
face, And I knew that my bur-dens could not stay.
sing Hal - le-lu-jah! all my bur-dens rolled a - way.

Rolled a-way.

way, I am hap-py since my burdens rolled a-way; Rolled a-
rolled a-way, since my bur-dens rolled a - way;

way, rolled a-way, I am hap-py since my burdens rolled a - way.
Rolled a - way, rolled a-way,

Copyright, 1908, by I. G. Martin

No. 121. Just A Little Sunshine.

E. E. Hewitt. Copyright, 1925. Renewal. Hope Pub. Co., owner. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Just a lit - tle sun-shine ev -'ry-where we go, O - ver darkened path-ways,
2. Like the bless-ed Mas-ter, in this life, are we Sent to com-fort oth - ers,
3. Just a lit - tle sun-shine makes the ros-es grow, In the bar - ren plac - es

rays of bless-ing throw; Gold-en rays of glad-ness from a lov - ing heart
pub - lish lib - er - ty; Will-ing hands out-reach-ing, strengthening the weak,
flow'rs be-gin to show; Lift the clouds of sor - row, cheer the hour of gloom,

Chorus.

Help the world to brighten; let us do our part.
In the name of Je - sus, con - so-la-tion speak. Sunshine, sunshine, just a lit-tle
Fruits of grace will ri - pen for im-mor-tal bloom.

sun-shine, Bearing heavenly gladness thro' this world be-low; Sunshine, sunshine,

just a lit - tle sunshine, Tell-ing love's sweet sto - ry ev -'ry-where we go.

No. 122. Sing Unto God.

Copyright, 1937, Renewal. Hope Publishing Co,, owner.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

CHO.–1. Sing un - to God, our hope and our de - liv - 'rer; He is the Lord,—the
2. Sing un - to God, for He a - lone is wor - thy; Sing un - to God, for
3. Sing un - to God, ye ransomed ones in glo - ry, Ye who have reached the

might-y theme pro-long: Pour out your hearts in mu - sic's sweet-est num-bers,
He a - lone is King; Come, O ye lands, and, trust-ing His sal - va - tion,
shin-ing realms of peace, Ye who are safe with - in the bless - ed king-dom,

FINE.

Pour out your hearts in mel-o - dy and song. Seek ye the gates, the
Sing un-to God, in grateful cho-rus sing. Great is the Lord, and
Safe in that land where praise shall never cease. Sing un-to God, ye

Seek ye the gates, seek ye the gates,

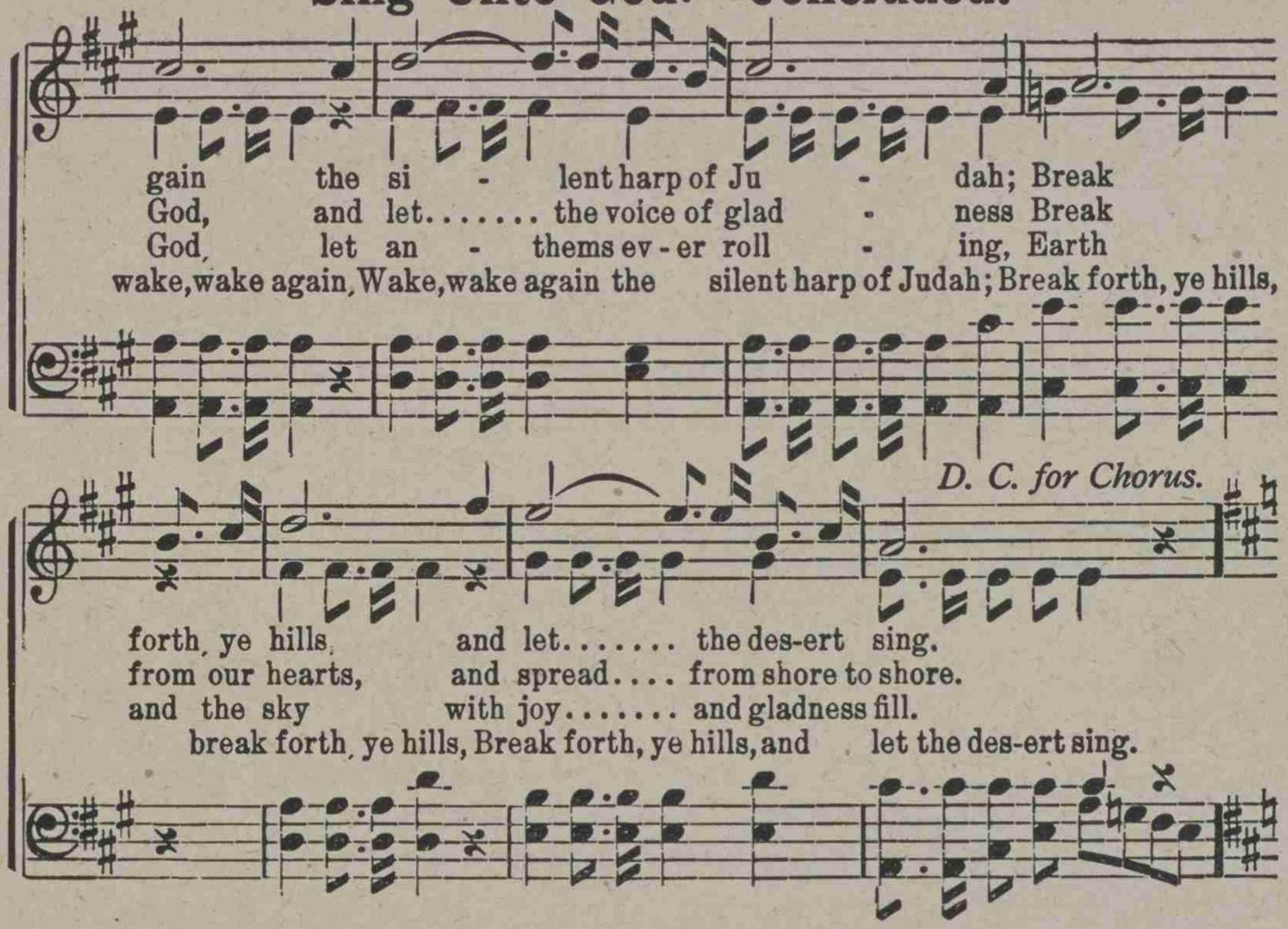
love - ly gates of Zi - on, Now let His courts with
won - der-ful His mer - cy, Strong is His love, a-
an - gels that be-hold Him, Sing as ye fly to

Seek ye the gates, the lovely gates of Zion, Now let His courts, now let His courts,

ho - ly rap-ture ring; Wake, wake a-
bid - ing ev - er - more; Sing un - to
do..... your Sov'reign's will, Sing un - to

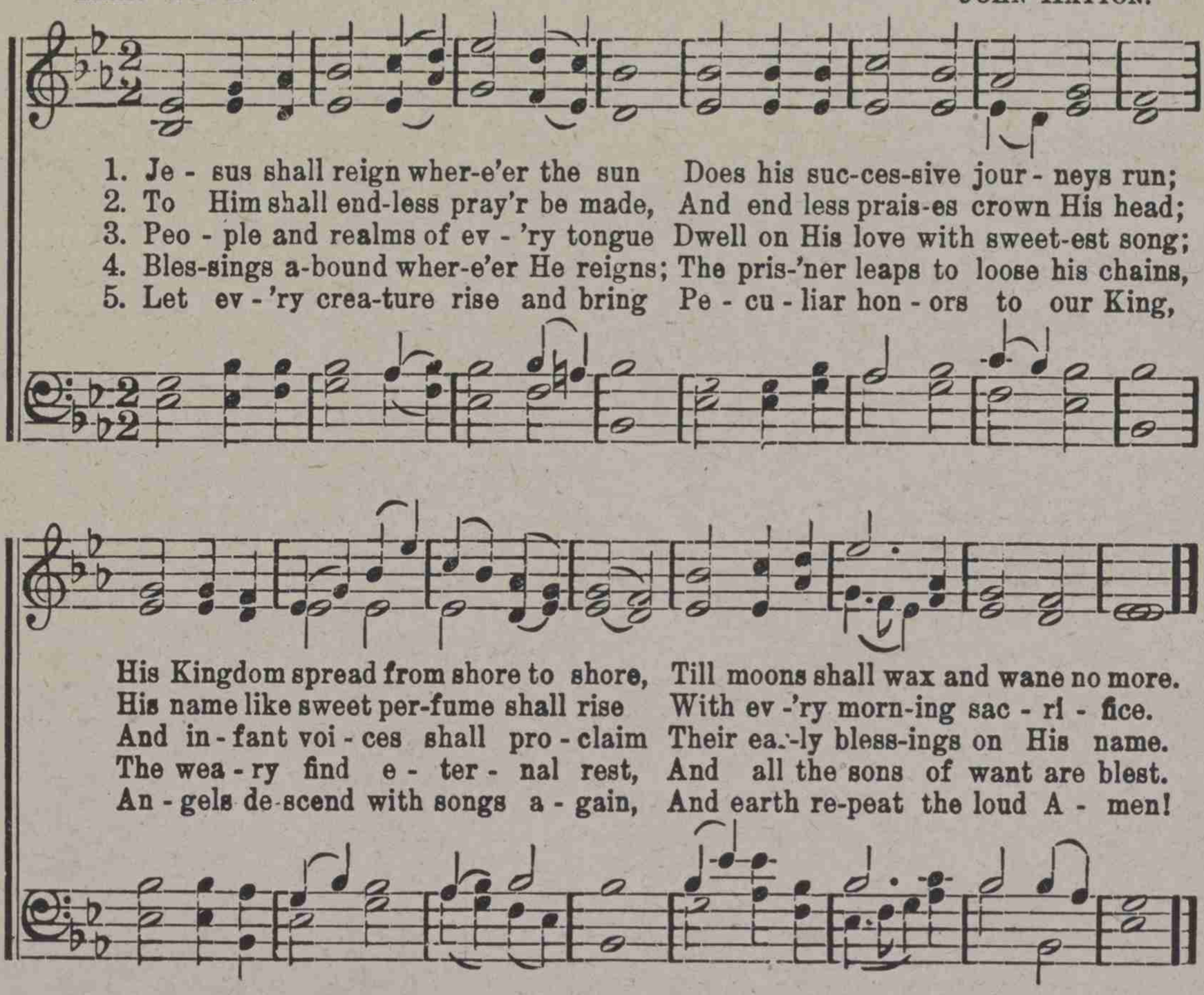
Now let His courts with ho-ly rapture ring; Wake, wake a-gain,

Sing Unto God. Concluded.



No. 123. Jesus Shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN HATTON.



No. 124. At the Battle's Front.

Copyright. 1934, by Mrs. W. R. Lunk. Rodeheaver Hall-Mack Co., owner.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.
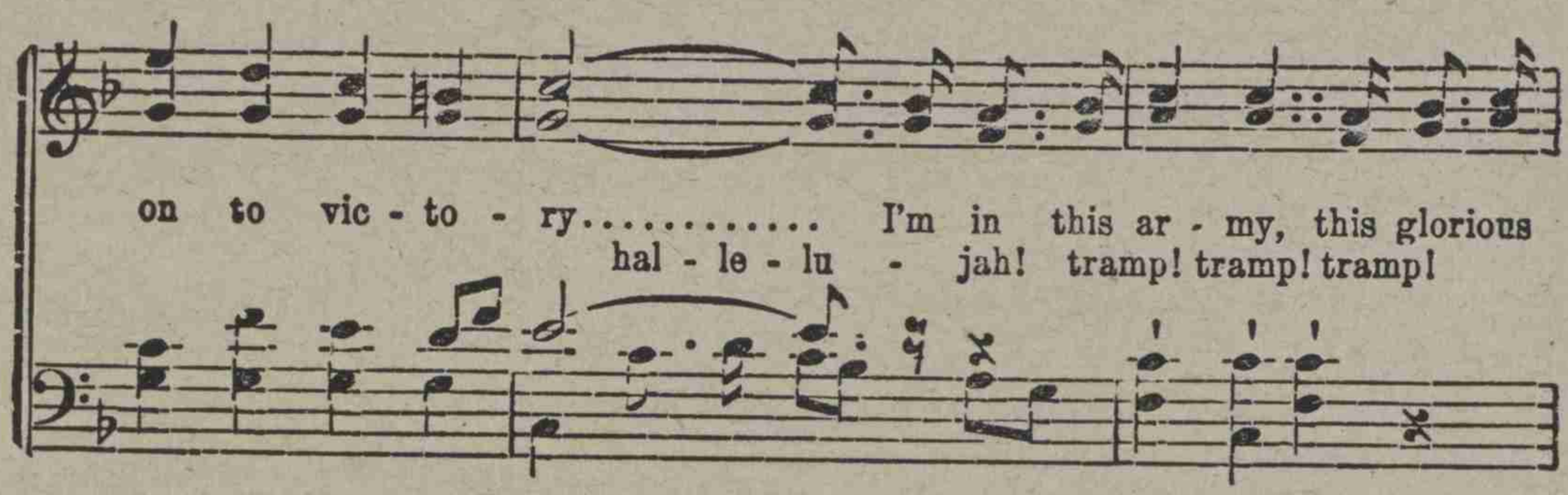
1. I've en - list - ed for life in the ar - my of the Lord, Tho' the fight may be long and the struggle fierce and hard; With the ar - mor of God
2. With the ban - ner of love and of ho - li - ness un-furled, Full sal - va - tion pro-claim to a sin - ful, dy - ing world, Tho' the darts thick and fast
3. Is your name, friend, en-rolled with the loy - al ones and true? Will you dare now to stand with the Sav-iour's faithful few? Will you join with me now

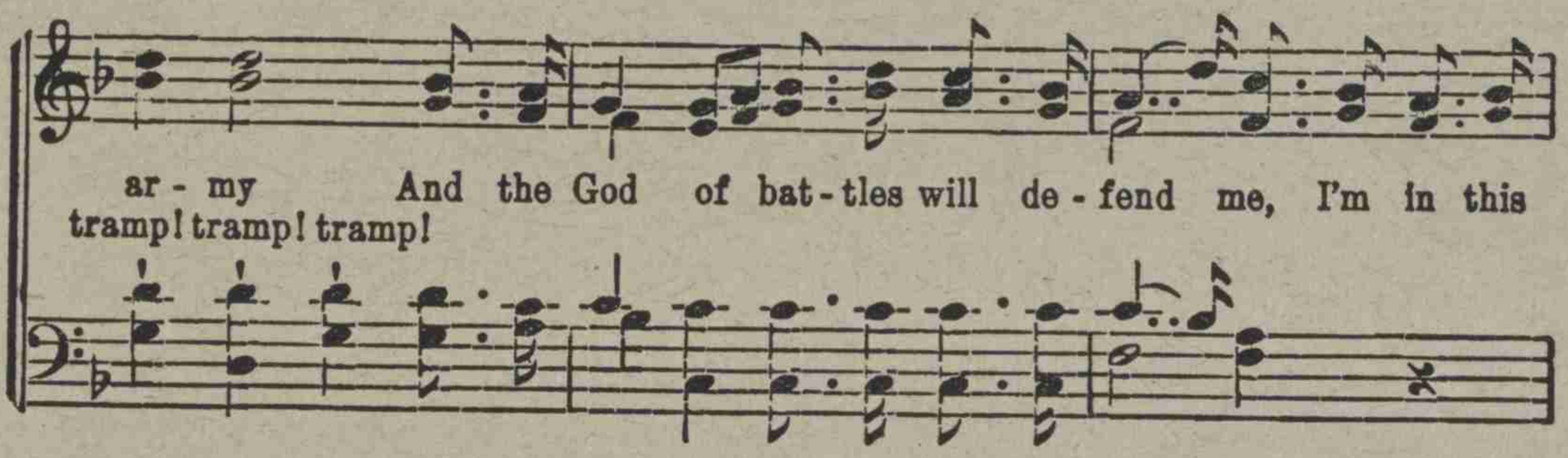
and the Spir-it's trust-y sword, At the front of the bat - tle you will find me.
from the en - e - my be hurled, At the front of the bat - tle you will find me.
and the cov - e-nant re - new? At the front of the bat - tle you will find me.

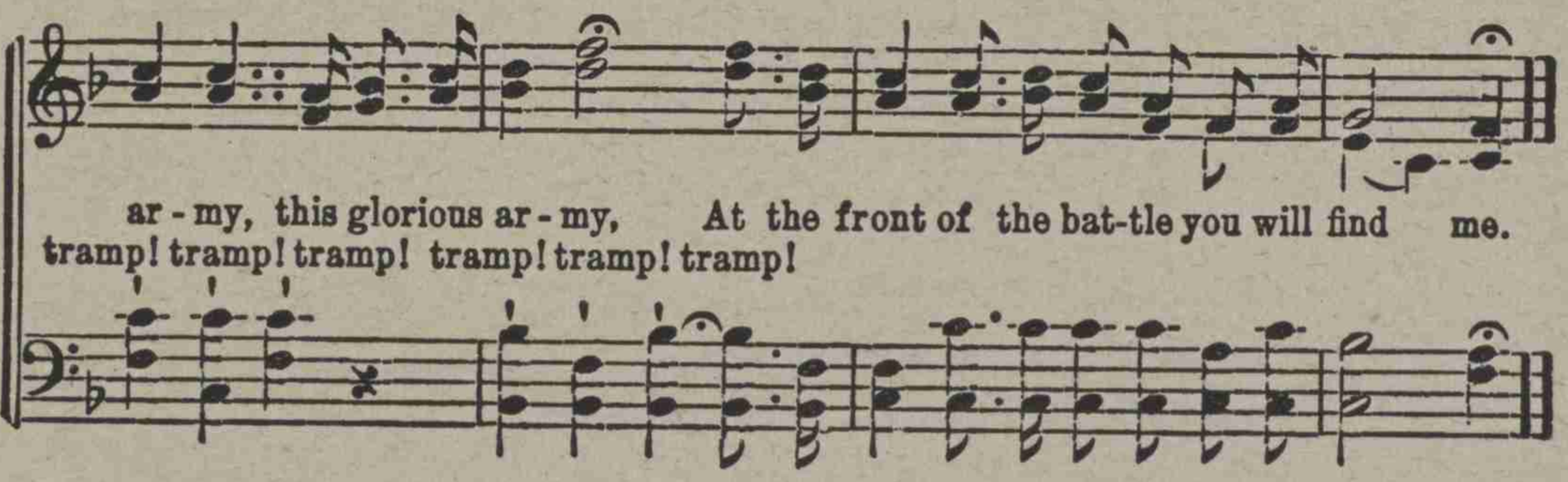
CHORUS.

Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the ar - my, The triumph shouting, the foe we're rout - ing; Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the ar - my, March-ing
Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

At the Battle's Front. Concluded.

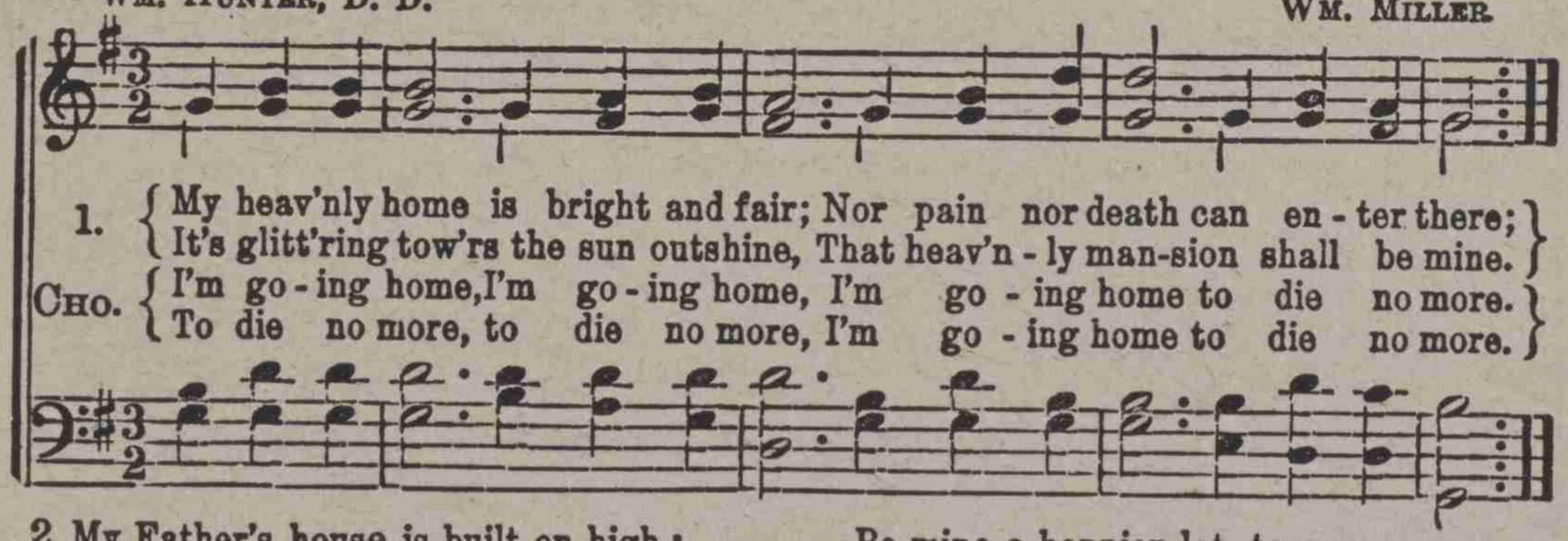






No. 125 I'm Going Home.

WM. HUNTER, D. D. WM. MILLER.



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

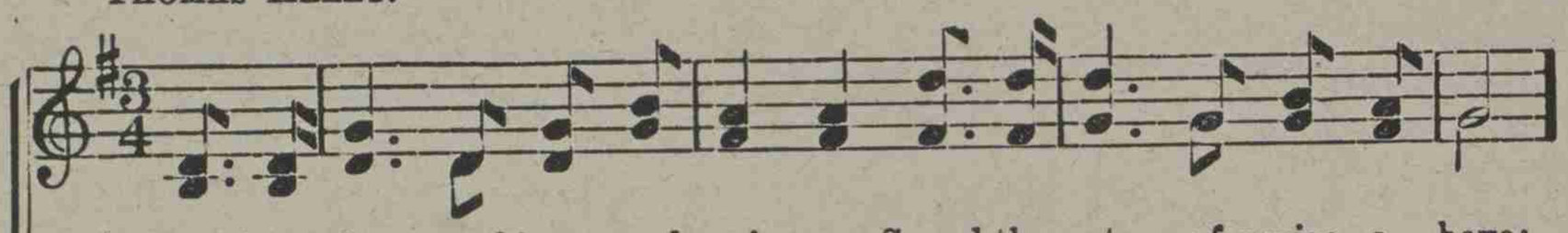
3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine a happier lot, to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

4 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.
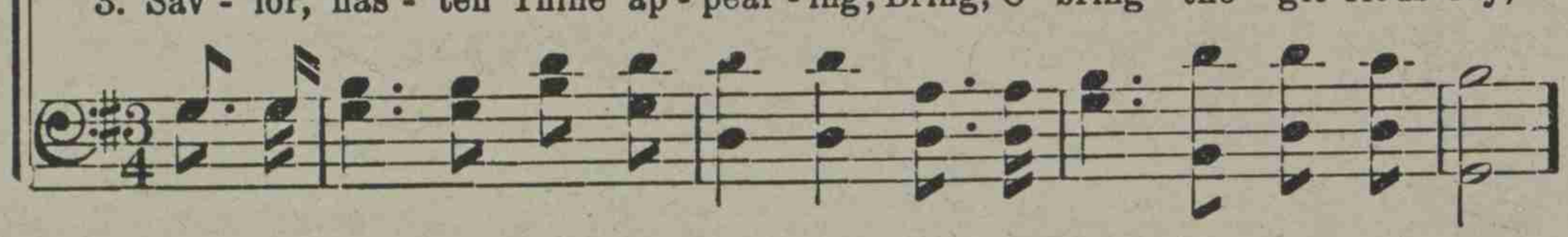
No. 126. Hark! Ten Thousand Harps and Voices.

(HARWELL. 8, 7, D.)
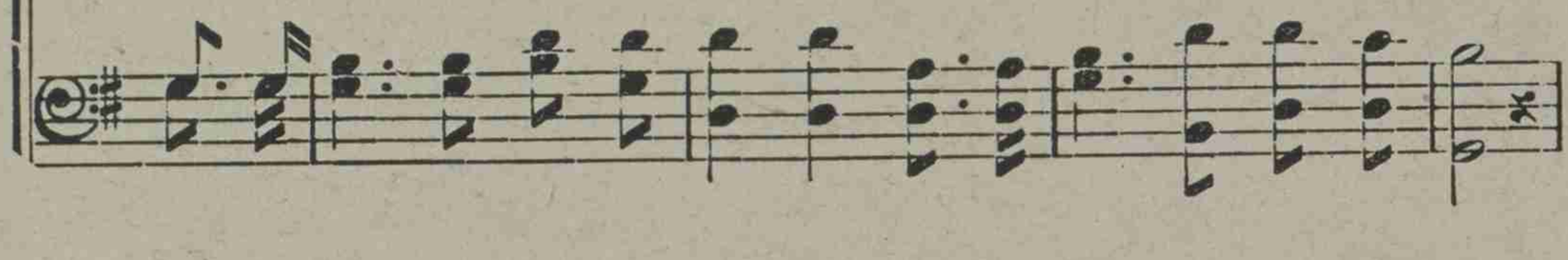
THOMAS KELLY. LOWELL MASON.
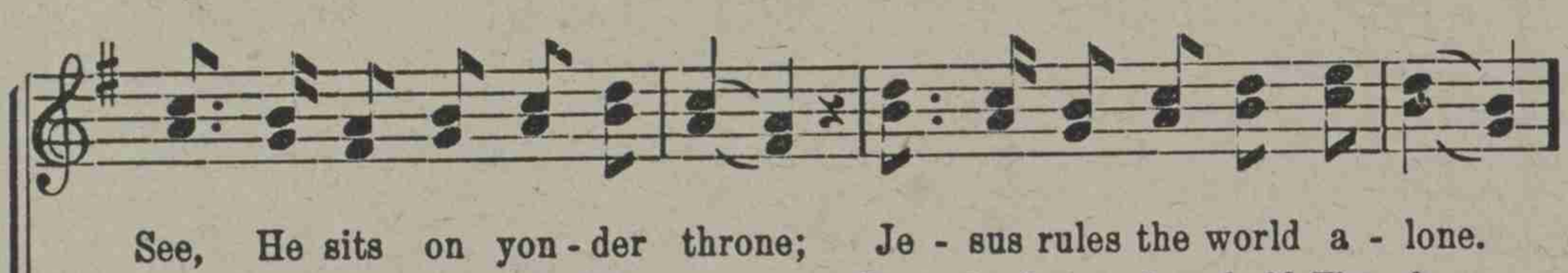


1. Hark! ten thou - sand harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise a - bove;
2. King of glo - ry, reign for - ev - er! Thine an ev - er - last - ing crown;
3. Sav - ior, has - ten Thine ap - pear - ing; Bring, O bring the glo-rious day,



Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joi - ces; Je - sus reigns, the God of love:
Noth-ing from Thy love shall sev - er Those whom Thou hast made Thine own:
When, the aw - ful sum-mons hear - ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way:



See, He sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
Hap - py ob - jects of Thy grace, Des - tined to be - hold Thy face
Then, with gold - en harps, we'll sing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"



Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Des-tined to be - hold Thy face.
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"

No. 127. O for a Heart Whiter Than Snow.

Copyright, 1919, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Renewal.

E. E. HEWITT. Nazarene Publishing House, owner. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O for a heart that is whit - er than snow! Kept, ev - er kept 'neath the life - giv - ing flow; Cleansed from all pas - sion, self-seek - ing, and pride,
2. O for a heart that is whit - er than snow! Calm in the peace that He loves to be - stow; Dai - ly re-freshed by the heav - en - ly dews,
3. O for a heart that is whit - er than snow! With the pure flame of the Spir - it a - glow; Filled with a love that is true and sin - cere
4. O for a heart that is whit - er than snow! Then in His grace and His know-ledge to grow; Grow - ing like Him who my pat - tern shall be,

CHORUS.

Washed in the foun - tain of Cal - va - ry's tide.
Read - y for serv - ice when-e'er He shall choose. O for a heart
Love that is a - ble to ban - ish all fear.
Till in His beaut - y my King I shall see.

whit - er than snow! Sa - vior di - vine, to whom else can I go?

Thou who didst die, lov - ing me so, Give me a heart that is whiter than snow.

No. 128. Sanctifying Power.

Copyright, 1936, by Nazarene Publishing House. Renewal.

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

1. There is sanc - ti - fy - ing pow'r like a sweet re-fresh-ing show'r
2. I'm so glad it reach-es me, all un-wor-thy tho' I be,
3. This God's will for you and me, that we sanc-ti - fied should be,
4. Songs of prais-es let us sing to our bless-ed Lord and King,

Wait-ing for each con-se-crat - ed heart; Pow'r to cleanse us from all sin,
O - ver-coming grace made freely mine; Since the Com-fort-er a - bides,
Dwell-ing in this land of plenteousness; Fling your doubts and fears aside,
For this great sal - va-tion, rich and free; Ev-'ry need-ed grace supplied,

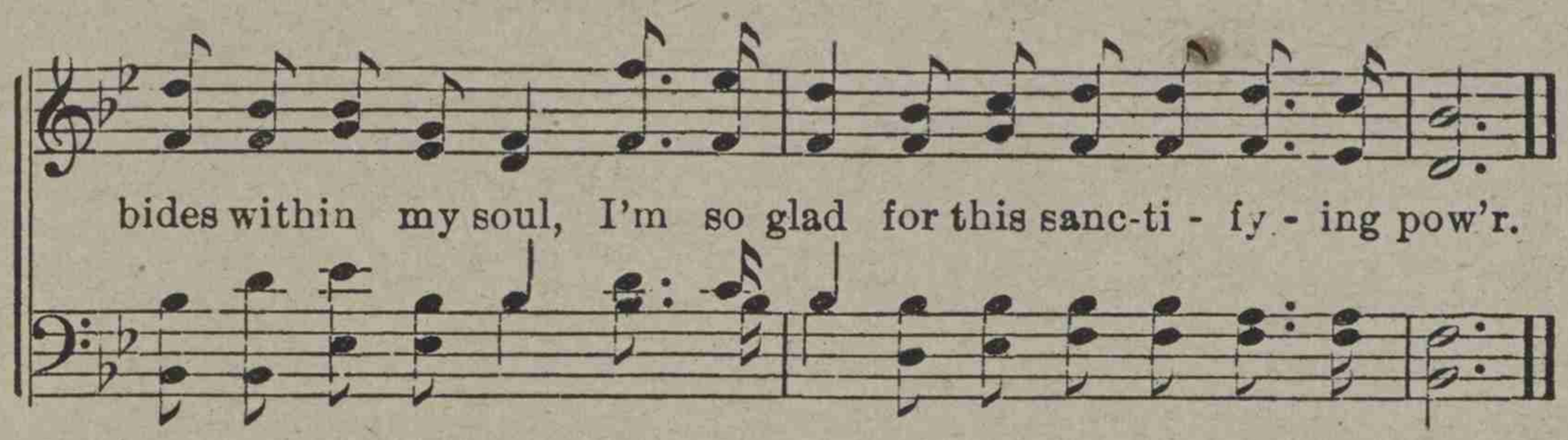
pow'r to keep us pure within, Pow'r for service which He will im-part.
and with - in my heart resides, I am walking in the light di - vine.
bold-ly cross the Jordan's tide, And your her-i-tage in Christ possess.
ev - 'ry long-ing sat - is-fied, Saved for time and for e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

I'm so glad,..... I'm so glad,..... For this sav-ing,
I'm so glad, Hal - le - lu-jah, I'm so glad,

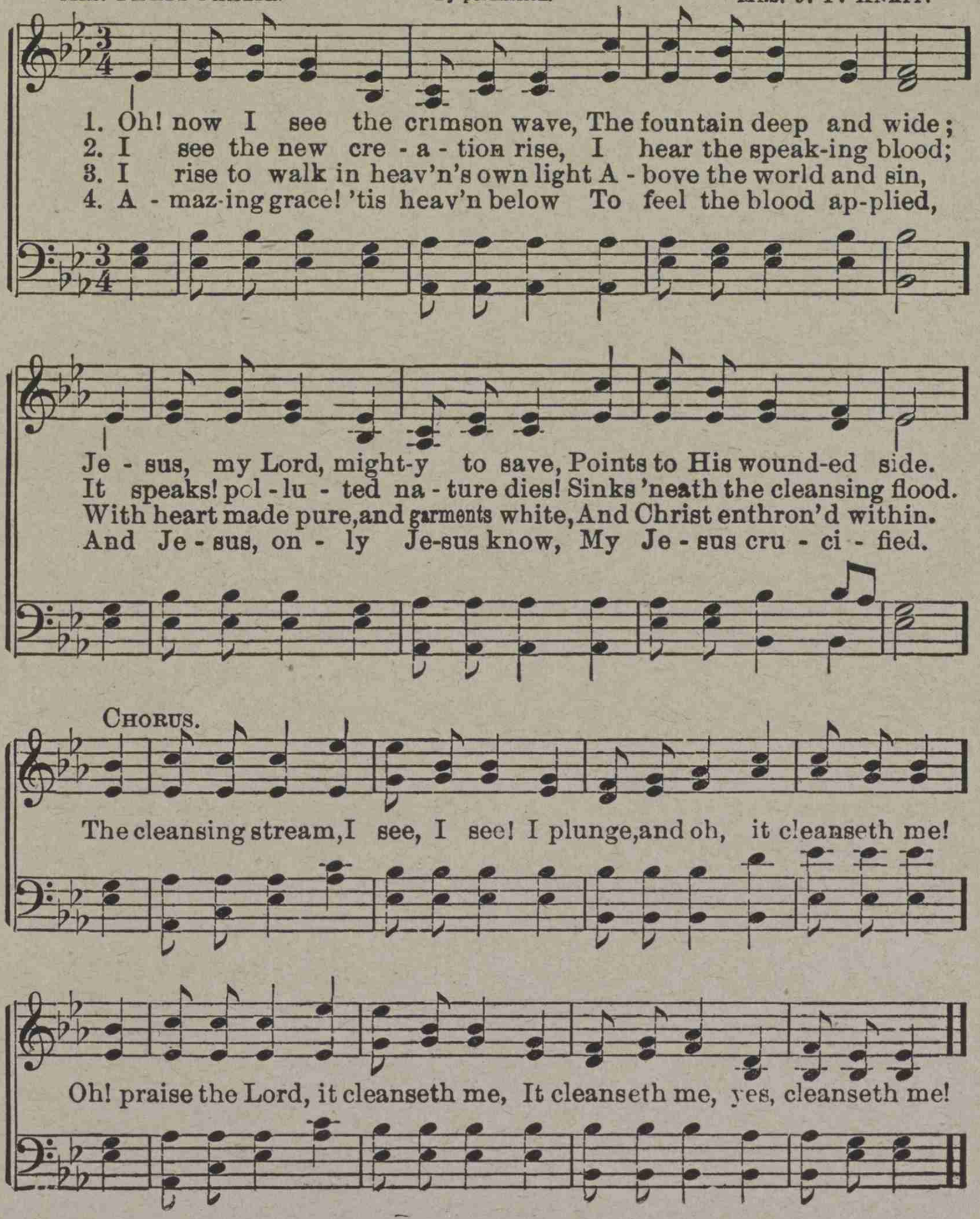
sanc - ti - fy - ing pow'r; Waves of glo - ry o'er me roll, peace a

Sanctifying Power. Concluded.



No. 129. The Cleansing Wave.

MRS. PHŒBE PAMLER. By permission. MRS. J. F. KNAPP.



No. 130. When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

Copyright, 1921, Renewal. Hope Pub. Co., owner.

J. M. B. J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morn - ing, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun,

And the morning breaks, e - ter-nal, bright and fair; When the sav'd of earth shall
And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec-tion share; When His cho - sen ones shall
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then, when all of life is

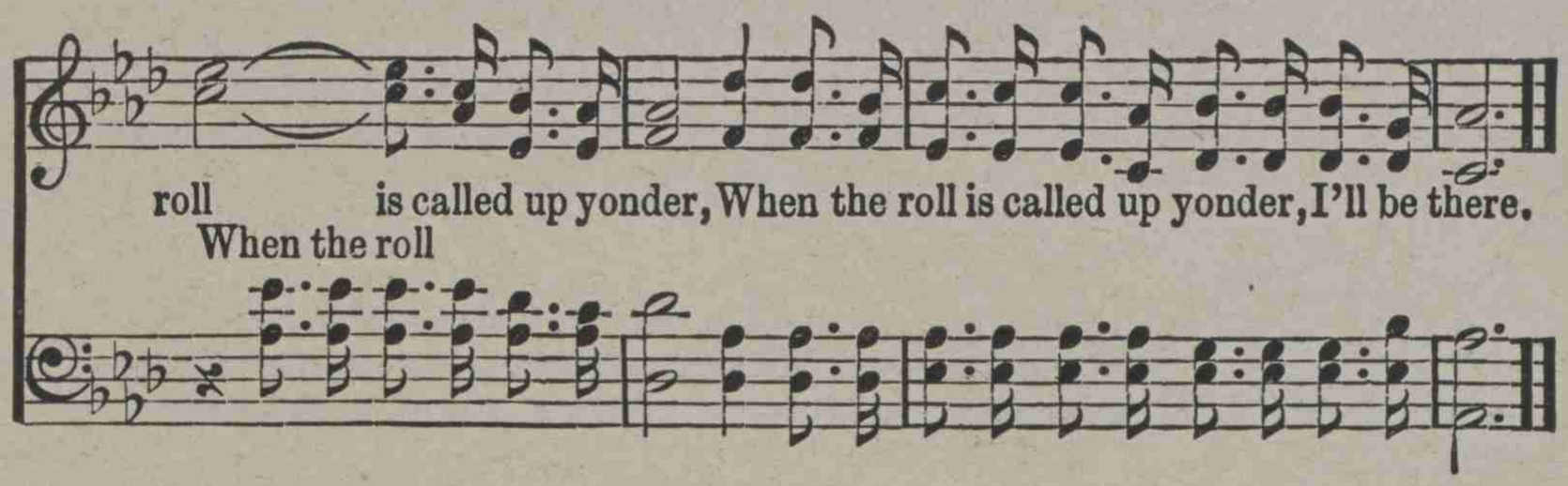
gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up
gath - er to their home be - yond the skies, And the roll is called up
o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up

CHORUS.

yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll . . . is called up yon - - der,
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

When the roll . . . . is called up yon - - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,

When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.



No. 131. Satisfied.

MISS CLARA TEARE. R. E. HUDSON.

No. 132. Never Alone.

Copyright, 1926, Renewal. Hope Pub. Co., owner.

E. E. HEWITT. C. F. O. ARR. BY W. J. K.

1. "Fear not, I am with thee;" Bless-ed gold-en ray, Like a
2. Ros-es fade a-round me, Lil-ies bloom and die, Earth-ly
3. Steps un-seen be-fore me, Hid-den dan-gers near; Near-er

star of glo-ry Light-ing up my way! Thro' the clouds of
sun-beams van-ish— Ra-diant still the sky! Je-sus, Rose of
still my Sav-ior, Whisp'ring, "Be of cheer!" Joys, like birds at
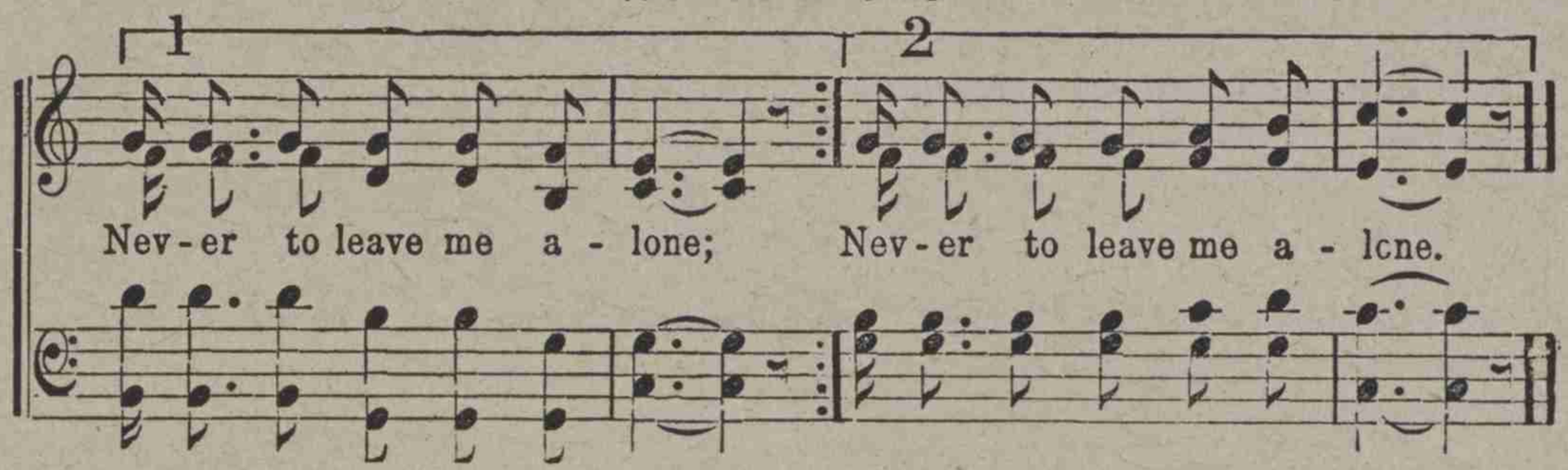
mid-night, This bright prom-ise shone, "I will nev-er leave thee,
Shar-on, Bloom-ing for His own, Je-sus, heav-en's sun-shine,
spring-time, To my heart have flown, Sing-ing all so sweet-ly,

CHORUS

Nev-er will leave thee a-lone." No nev-er a-lone,.....
Nev-er will leave me a-lone.
"He will not leave me a-lone." Nev-er a-lone, nev-er a-lone,

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

Never Alone
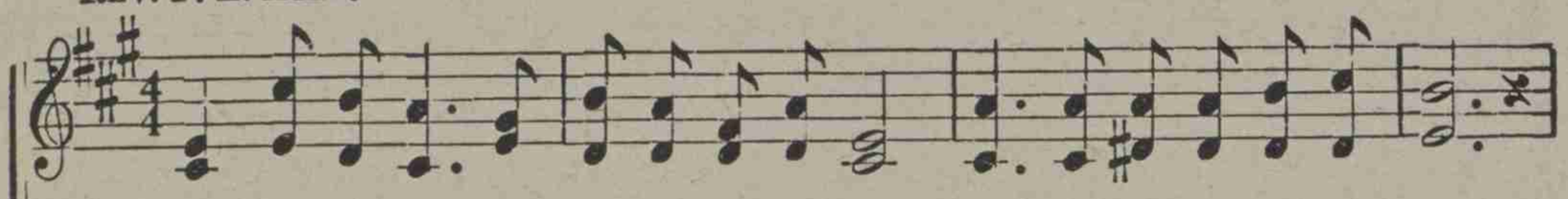


No. 133. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. WELLS.
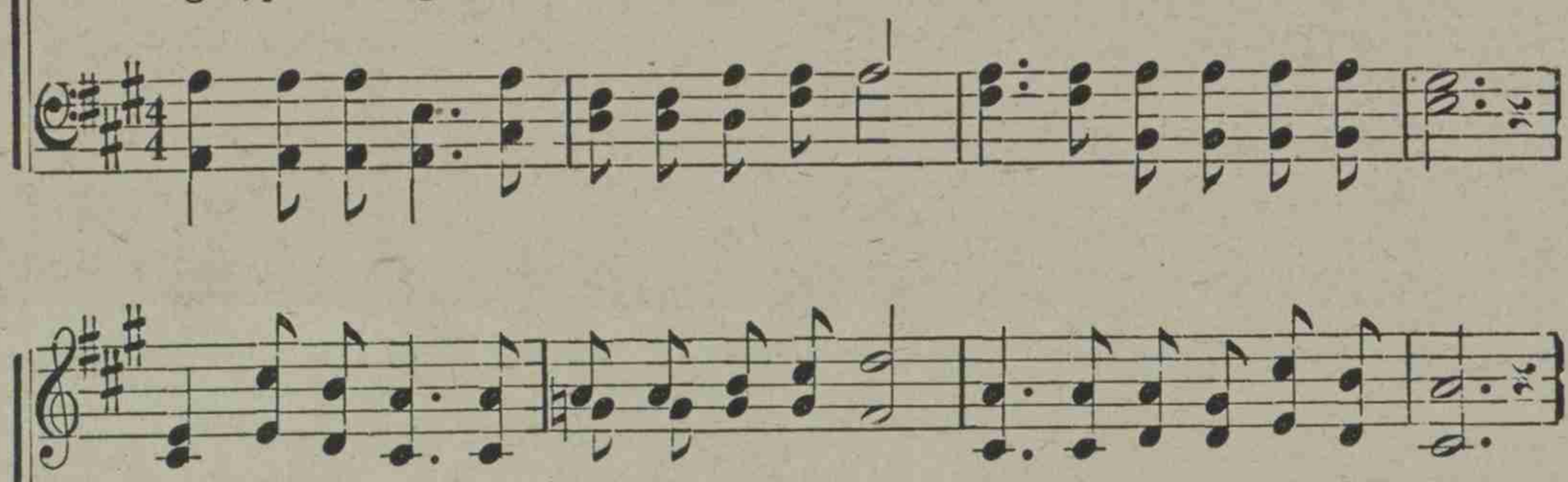
No. 134. Since the Holy Ghost Abides.

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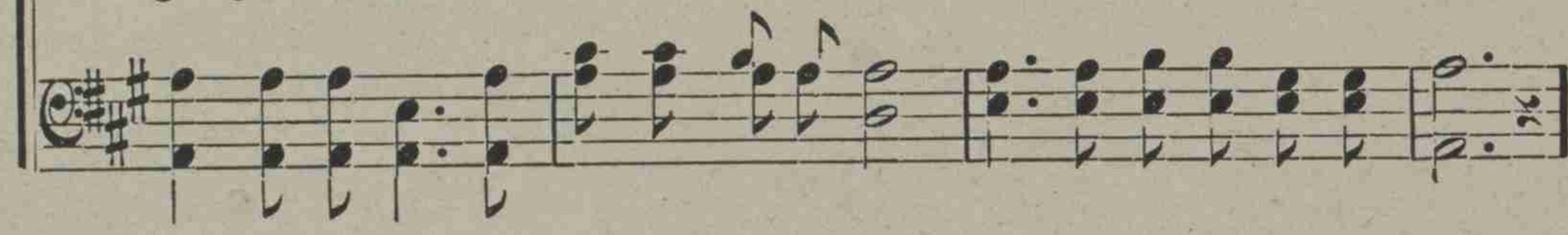
REV. F. E. HILL. MRS. F. E. HILL.
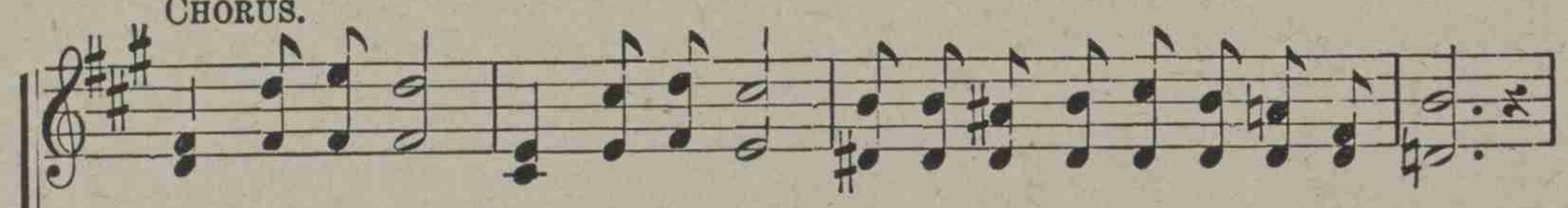


1. Peace, blessed peace is fill-ing now my soul, Since He par-don'd all my sin;
2. Rest, perfect rest now all my nature stills, Since His promis'd grace is mine;
3. Fire, ho-ly fire is burn-ing in my heart, And the glo - ry rolls in tides;
4. Light, perfect light shines on this ho-ly way; Twice He touch'd my blinded eyes;
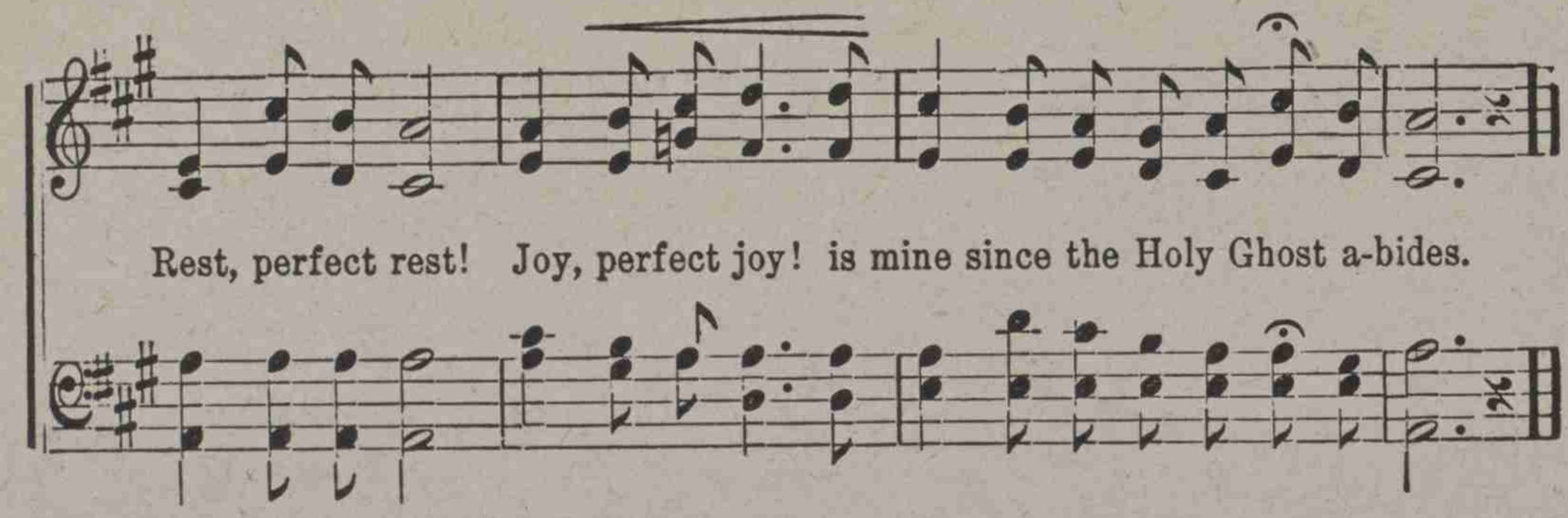


Love, perfect love in bil-lows o'er me roll, Since He cleans'd my heart with-in.
Joy, perfect joy my hap-py spirit thrills, Since the day I said, "I'm Thine."
Pow'r, ho - ly pow'r is fill-ing ev-'ry part, Since the Ho-ly Ghost a - bides.
Sight, perfect sight my vis-ion has to-day, Healed by blood that sanc-ti-fies.



CHORUS.
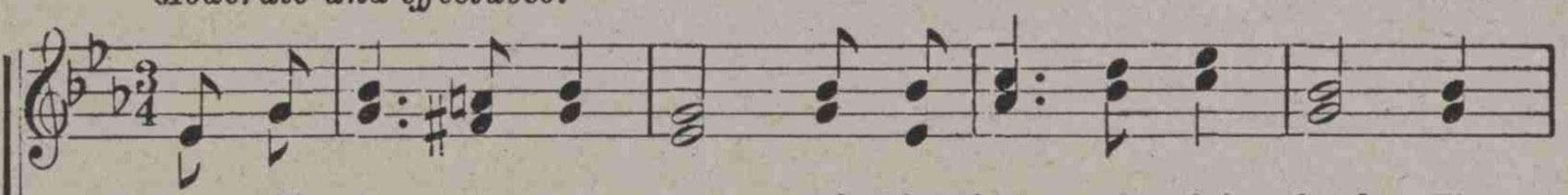


Peace, perfect peace! Love perfect love! Sweeping o'er my soul in heav'n-ly tides!



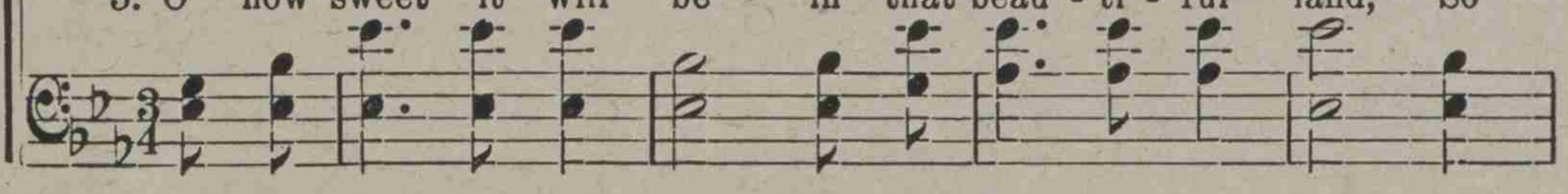
Rest, perfect rest! Joy, perfect joy! is mine since the Holy Ghost a-bides.

No. 135. Home of the Soul.
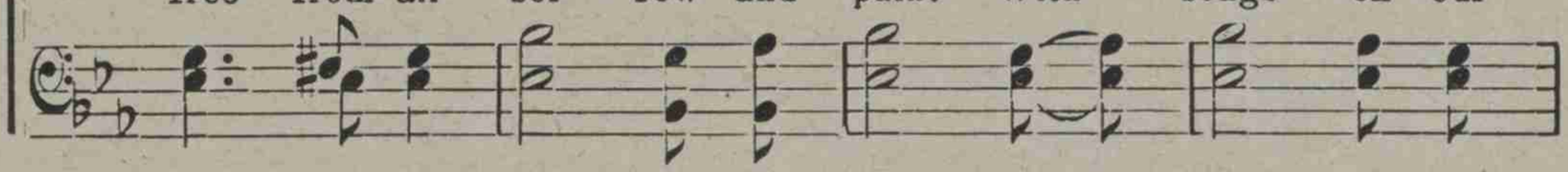
Moderato and effectuoso. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

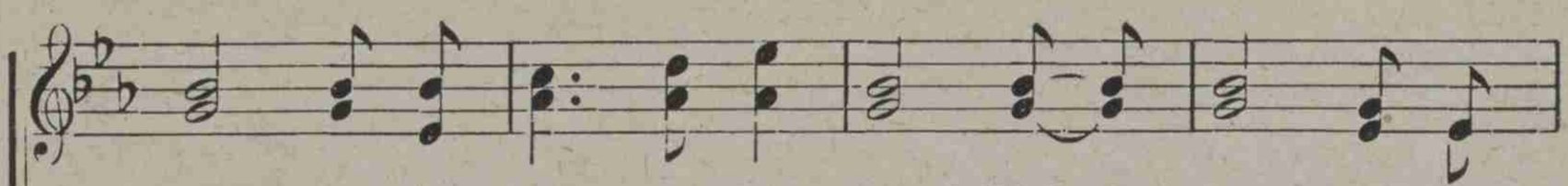


1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The
2. O, that home of the soul, in my vis - ions and dreams, Its
3. There the great trees of life in their beau - ty do grow, And the
4. That un - change - a - ble home is for you and for me, Where
5. O how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land, So
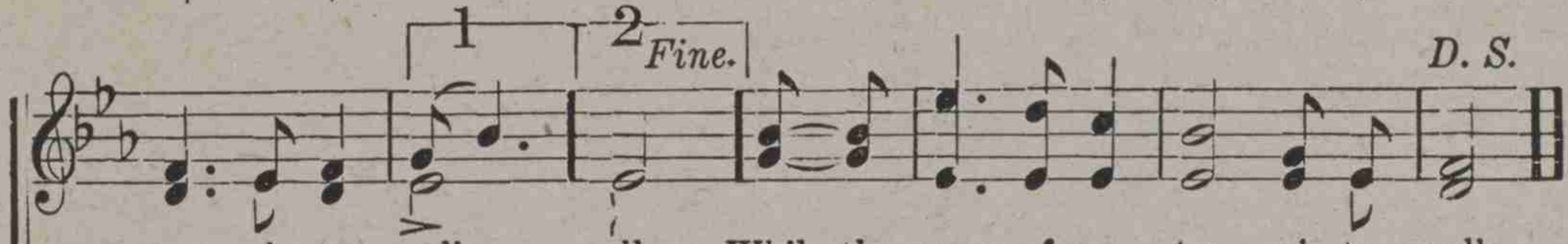


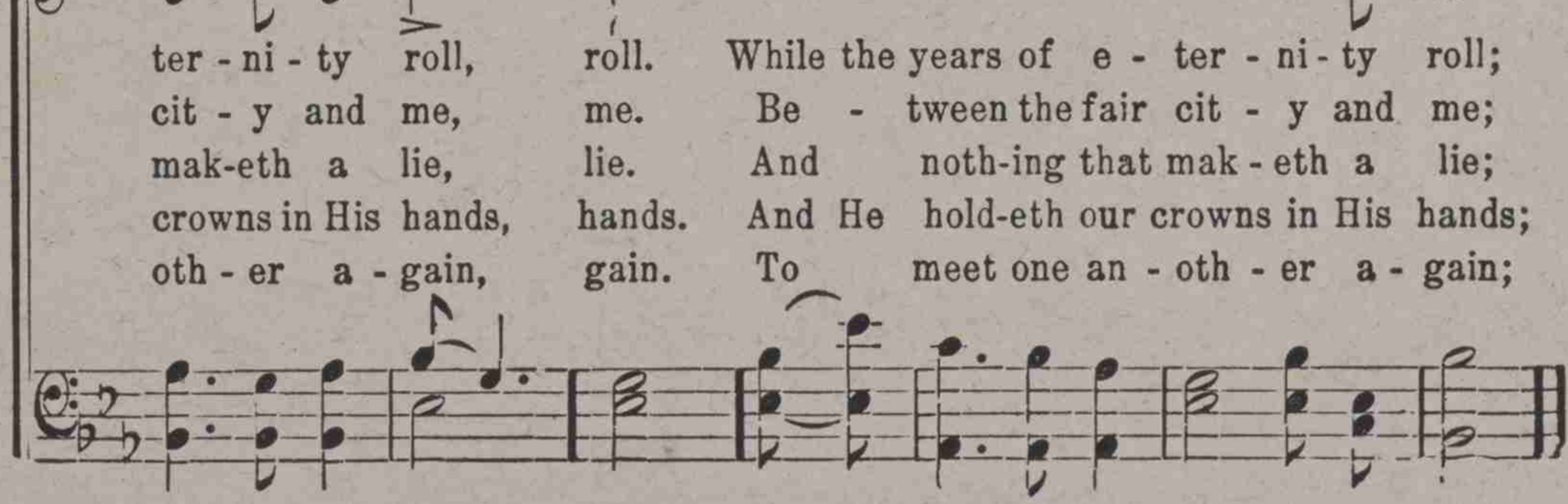
far a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er
bright jas - per walls I can see, Till I fan - cy but
riv - er of life flow - eth by, For no death ev - er
Je - sus of Naz - a - reth stands; The King of all
free from all sor - row and pain! With songs on our





beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e-
thin - ly the vale in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair
en - ters that cit - y, you know, And noth - ing that
king - doms for - ev - er is He, And He hold - eth our
lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-





ter - ni - ty roll, roll. While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll;
cit - y and me, me. Be - tween the fair cit - y and me;
mak-eth a lie, lie. And noth-ing that mak - eth a lie;
crowns in His hands, hands. And He hold-eth our crowns in His hands;
oth - er a - gain, gain. To meet one an - oth - er a - gain;

No. 136. It Is for Us All To-Day.

L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Have you ev - er felt the pow - er Of the Pen - te - cos - tal fire
2. Je - sus of - fers this blest cleansing Un - to all His chil-dren dear,
3. Some have tho't they could not live it While they dwell on earth be - low,
4. You may now re-ceive the Spir - it As a sanc - ti - fy - ing flame,

Burn-ing up all car - nal na-ture, Cleans-ing out all base de - sire,
Ful - ly, free - ly pu - ri - fy - ing, Ban - ish - ing all doubt and fear,
But in this they were mis-tak - en, for the Bi - ble tells us so,
If with all your heart you seek him, Hav - ing faith in Je - sus' name;

Go - ing thro' and thro' your Spir - it, Cleans-ing all its stain a - way;
It will help you, O my broth-er, When you sing and when you pray;
And the Spir - it now is with us, He can keep us all the way;
On the cross he bought this blessing, He will nev - er say thee Nay;
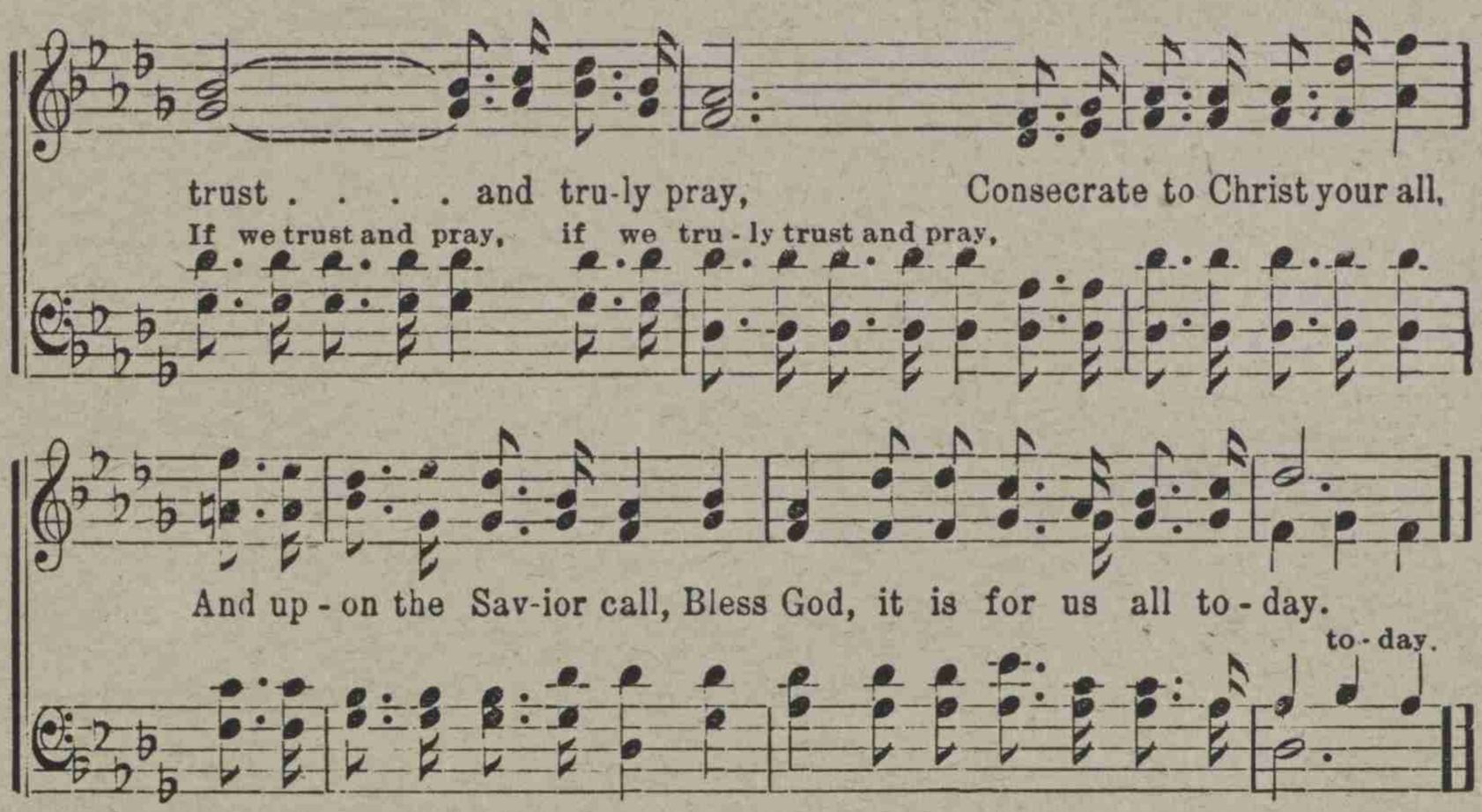
O I'm glad, so glad to tell you It is for us all to - day.
He is wait - ing now to give it, It is for us all to - day.
Then by faith why not re-ceive it? It is for us all to - day.
He is wait - ing now to give it, Why not claim it, friend, to - day.

CHORUS.

It is for . . . . . us all to - day, ... If we
It is for us all, for us all to - day,

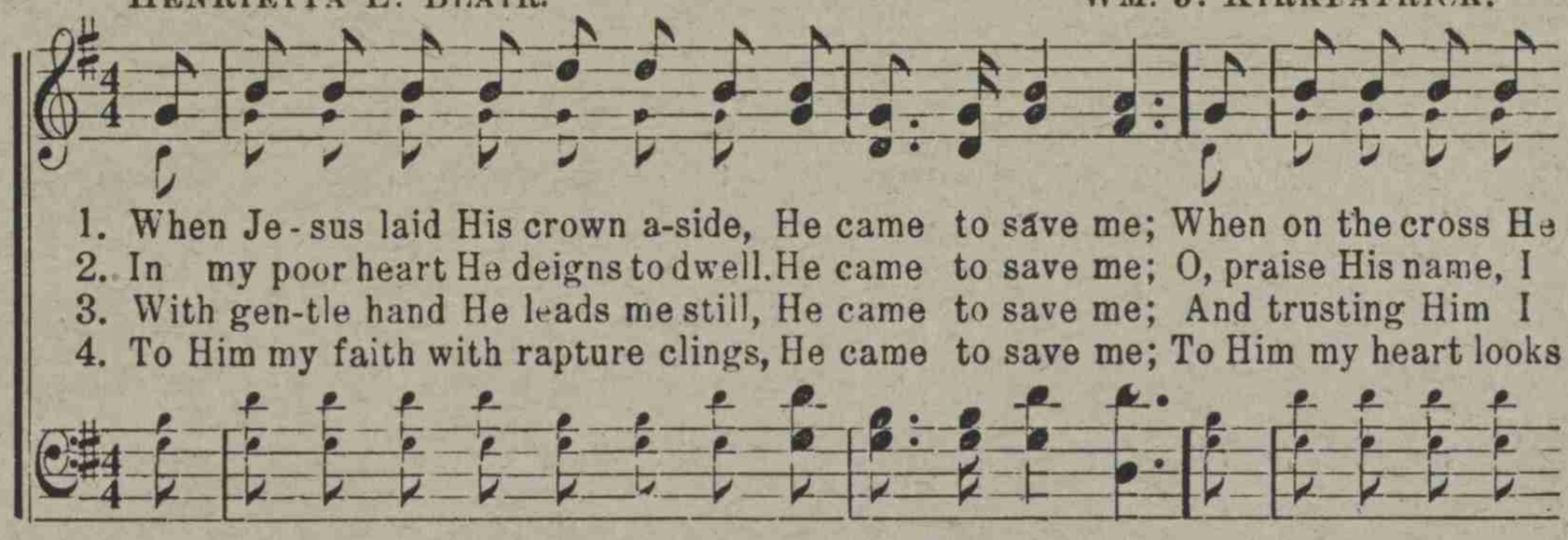
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It Is For Us All To-day.
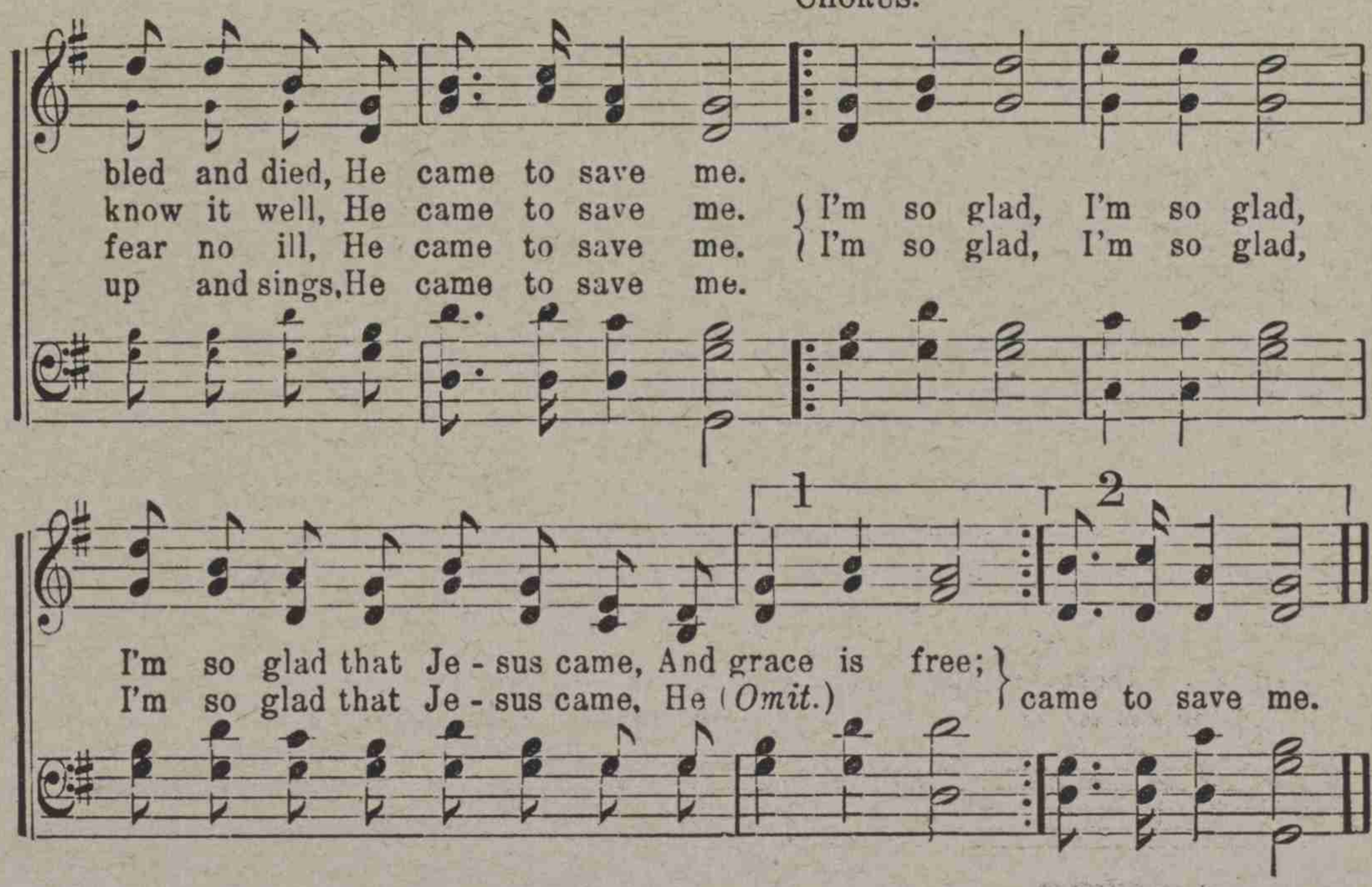


No. 137. He Came to Save Me.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



CHORUS.



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No. 138. The Penitent's Plea.

H. H. Arr. by W. J. K. Com. HERBERT BOOTH.

1. Savior, hear me, while before Thy feet I the rec-ord of my sins re - peat,
2. Yet, why should I fear, hast Thou not died That no seeking soul should be de-nied,
3. All the riv-ers of Thy grace I claim, O - ver ev-'ry promise write my name;

Stain'd with guilt, myself ab - hor - ring, Fill'd with grief, my soul out-pour - ing;
To that heart its sins con-fess - ing, Can'st Thou fail to give a bless - ing?
As I am I come, be - liev - ing, As Thou art Thou dost, re - ceiv - ing,

Canst Thou still in mercy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled spir-it free?
By the love and pit-y Thou hast shown, By the blood that did for me a - tone,
Bid me rise a free and pardoned slave, Master o'er my sin, the world, the grave;

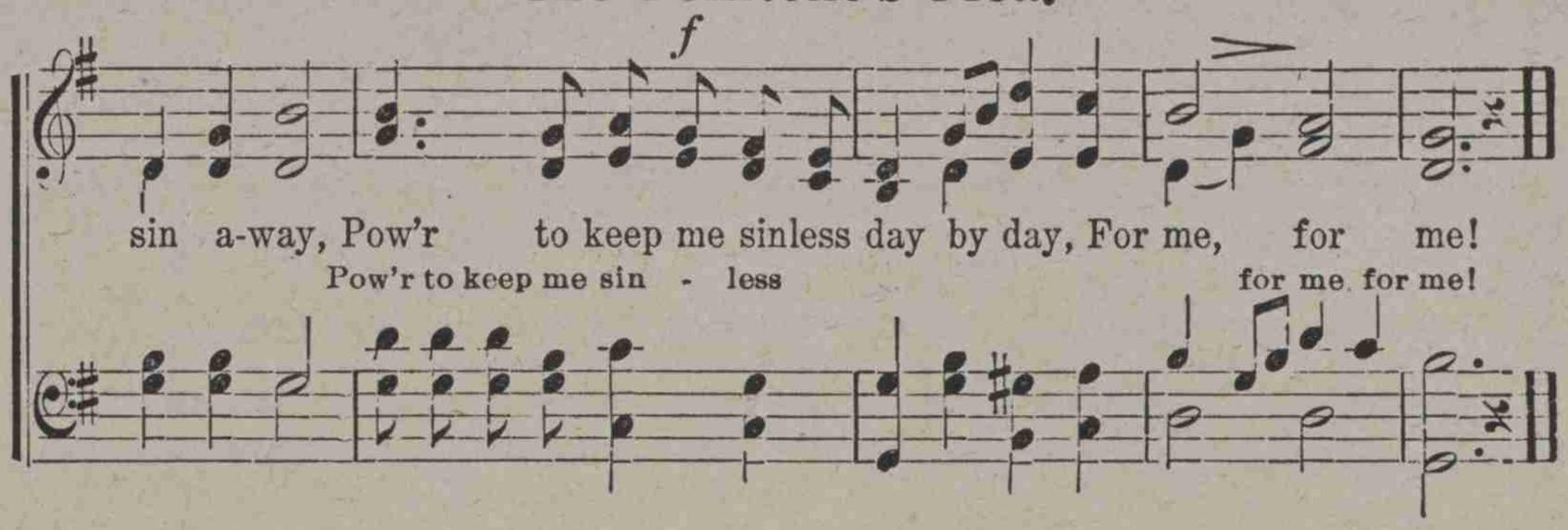
Raise my sink - ing heart, and bid me be Thy child once more!
Bold - ly will I kneel be - fore Thy throne, A plead - ing soul.
Charg-ing me to preach Thy pow'r to save, To sin - bound souls.

CHORUS.

Grace there is my ev-'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev-'ry
Grace there is my ev - 'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev - 'ry

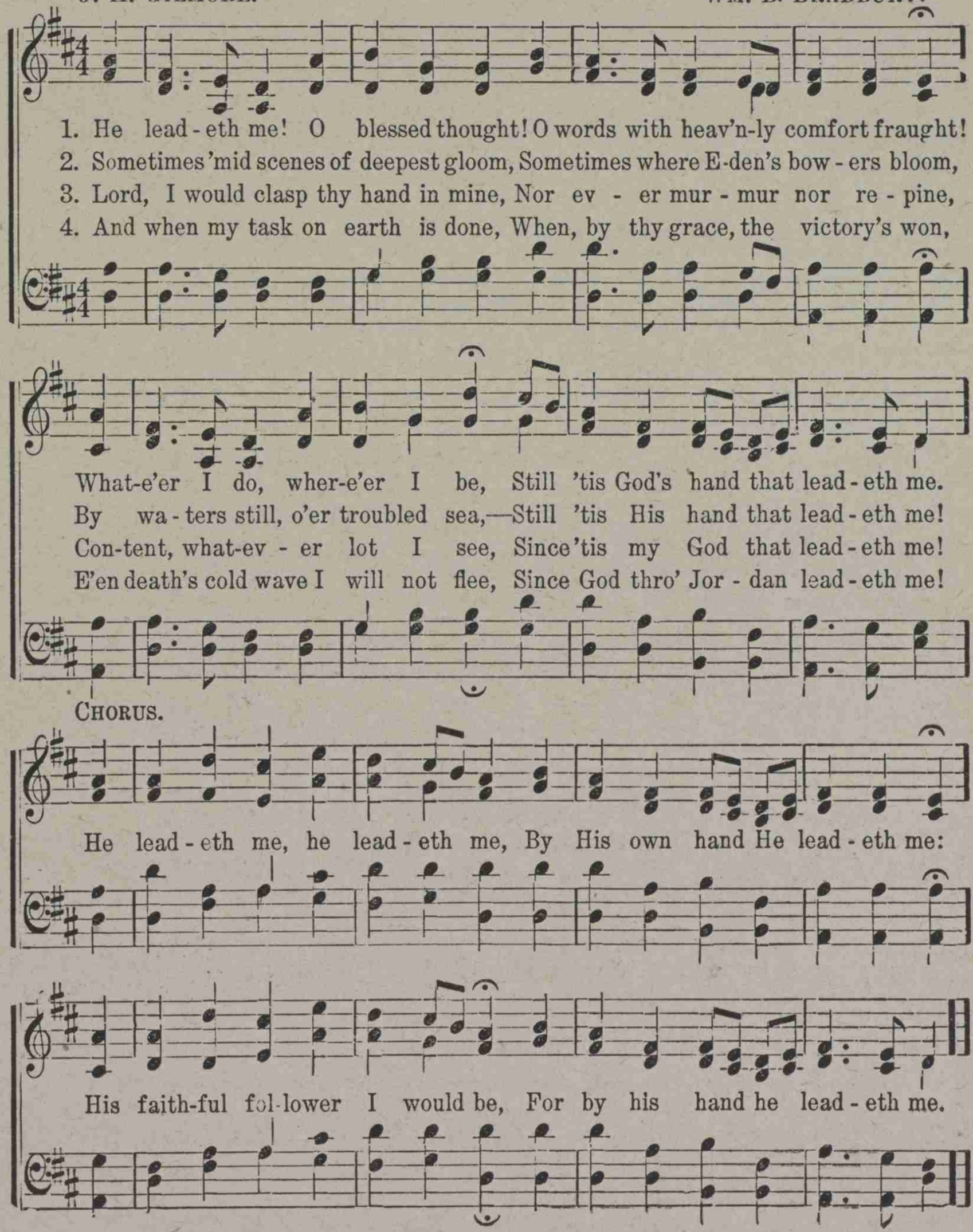
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The Penitent's Plea.



No. 139. He Leadeth Me.

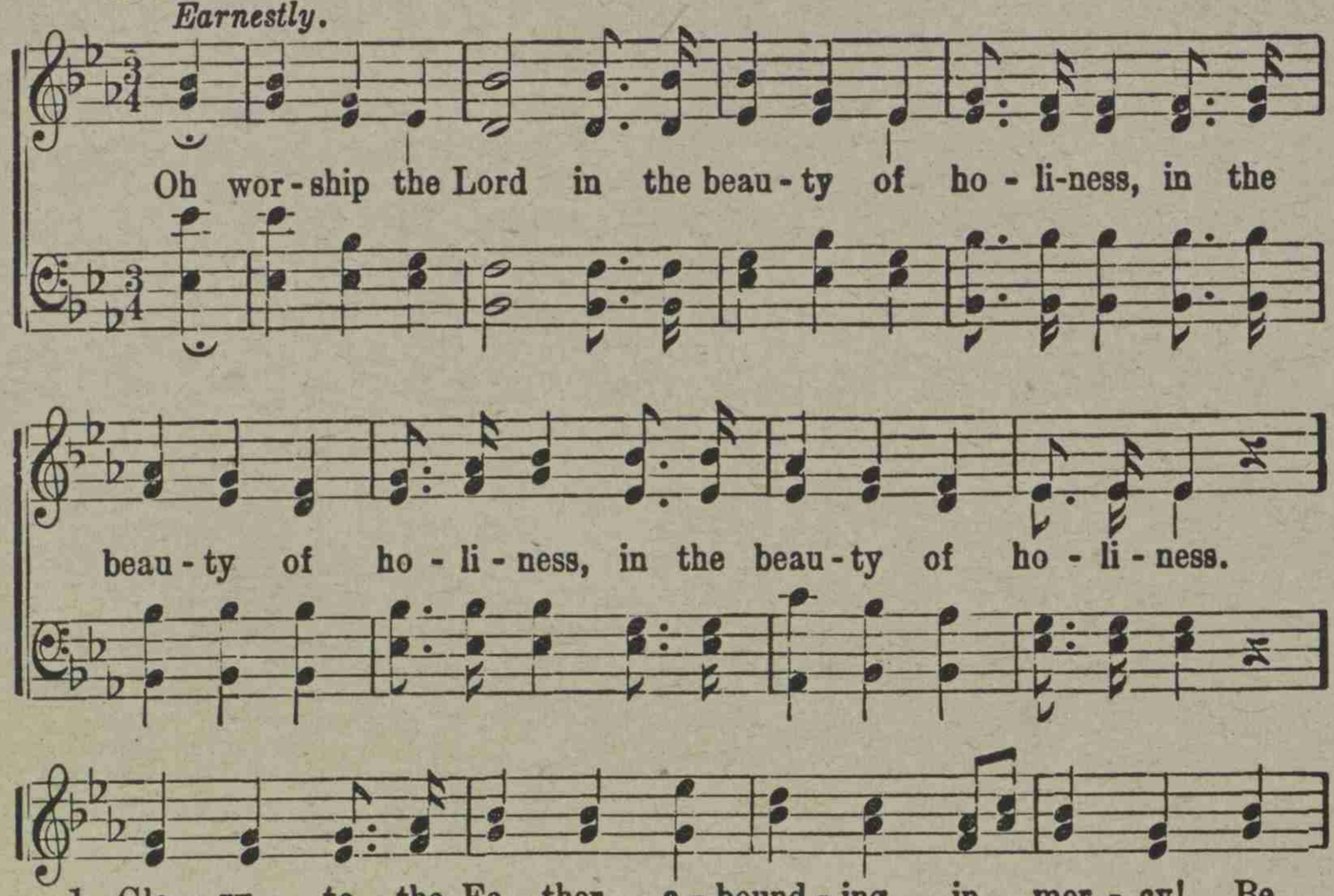
J. H. GILMORE. WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 140 O Worship the Lord

"Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."—1 Chron. 16: 29.

ROBERT LOWRY.



Copyright 1914 by Mary Runyon Lowry, Renewal. Used by per

No. 141. I'm in the Promised Land.

JOSHUA GILL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I fled from Egypt's bondage, I heard that help was near I; cast my
2. I sang a song of tri-umph, I shout - ed o'er and o'er, And then pur-
3. The spies bro't back their message, Some wept, some said "we can;" The land was
4. Then, aft - er wea - ry marches, And many a long-ing sigh, I found the
5. And now my song of glad-ness I'm sing - ing day by day, For fel - low-

care on Je - sus, And He dispersed my fear; I passed between the bil-lows,
sued my jour-ney For Ca-naan's hap-py shore; I came to Si-nai's mountain,
all 'twas promised, But who will lead the van? At last my heart des-pair-ing,
riv - er - cross-ing, And saw the land was nigh; The Lord look'd down in mer-cy,
ship with Je - sus Makes calm and bright my way; I fear not for the mor-row,

Wall'd up on ev - 'ry hand, I trust - ed to my Cap-tain, And sought the
I trod the des - ert sand, I drank at Ho-reb's fountain, Seek - ing the
Of entering with this band, I cried a - loud to Je - sus, To show the
By faith I touch'd His hand, I fol-lowed close be - side Him, And found the
For His al - might-y hand I know shall lead and keep me In this the

CHORUS.

prom-ised land. I am o - ver, yes, o - ver; On Ca - naan's shore I
stand; I am o - ver, yes, o - ver In the prom-ised land.

Copyright, 1886, by Joshua Gill

No. 142. There'll Be No Shadows.

Copyright, 1931, Renewal. Nazarene Publishing House, owner.

EDGAR LEWIS. L. E. JONES.

1. Tho' dark the path my feet may tread, it is but joy to know There'll
2. Life's bright-est day may have its clouds, but still our heart should sing, There'll
3. We're marching home-ward to a land where wea-ry feet may rest; There'll

be no shad-ows on the oth-er side; We should not fear the wild-est
be no shad-ows on the oth-er side; 'Twill not be long till cares are
be no shad-ows on the oth-er side; No pain nor sor-row e'er can

storm, but sing as on we go, There'll be no shad-ows on the oth-er side.
o'er and we are with the King; There'll be no shad-ows on the oth-er side.
touch the re-gions of the blest; There'll be no shad-ows on the oth-er side.

CHORUS

There'll be no shad-ows, no shad-ows, Je-sus is the
There'll be no shad-ows, no shad-ows, Pain and death can

there'll be no shad-ows,

1

sun-shine of that land so fair;
(*Omit*.....) nev-er en-ter there.....

2

nev-er en-ter there.

No. 143. Is it not Wonderful?

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Won-drous it seem - eth to me, Je - sus so gra-cious should be,
2. Heart of mine nev - er could know Je - sus such peace could be-stow,
3. Once I was full of all sin, Now, thro' the blood, I am clean;
4. Long I re - sist - ed His grace, In my heart gave Him no place,
5. He doth my new heart con - trol, Cleansing and keep-ing me whole,

Mer - cy re-veal-ing, com-fort-ing, healing, Bless-ing a sin - ner like me.
Till the dear Saviour showed me His favor, Cleansed my heart whiter than snow.
Will - ing to save me, par-don He gave me, And I am hap - py with - in.
But Jesus sought me till He had brought me, Pen - i - tent, seek-ing His face.
Ban-ish-ing sad-ness, with joy and glad-ness Fill - ing and thrill-ing my soul.

CHORUS.

Is it not won - der - ful, Is it not won - der - ful Je - sus so
Yes, it is won - der - ful, strange and so won - der - ful (*Omit.*)

gra-cious should be?..... That He should save e-ven me!.....
lov - ing and gra-cious should be? That He should pardon and save e-ven me!

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No. 144. A Glorious Church.

Repectfully dedicated to Rev. Joseph H. Smith.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Do you hear them com - ing, broth - er,—Throng - ing up the steeps of light, Clad in glor-ious shin - ing gar - ments,—Blood-washed,
2. Do you hear the stir - ring an - thems Fill - ing all the earth and sky, 'Tis a grand, vic - to - rious arm - y, Lift its
3. Nev - er fear the clouds of sor - row, Nev - er fear the storms of sin,— We shall tri-umph on the mor - row, E - ven
4. Wave the ban - ner, shout His prais - es, For our vic - to- ry is nigh! We shall join our conq-'ring Sav - ior, We shall

CHORUS.

gar-ments pure and white? ban - ner up on high! 'Tis a glo - rious church with-out spot or wrinkle, Washed in the blood of the Lamb; 'Tis a glo - rious church, with-out spot or wrin - kle, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Copyright, 1892, by R. E. Hudson. By per.

No. 145. Saved to the Uttermost.

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Saved to the ut - ter-most: I am the Lord's; Je - sus my
2. Saved to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus is near; Keep-ing me
3. Saved to the ut - ter-most: this I can say, "Once all was
4. Saved to the ut - ter-most: cheer - ful - ly sing Loud hal - le -

Sav - ior sal - va - tion af - fords; Gives me His Spir - it a
safe - ly, He cast - eth out fear; Trust-ing His prom - is - es
dark - ness, but now it is day;" Beau - ti - ful vi - sions of
lu - jahs to Je - sus my King! Ransomed and par - doned, re -

wit - ness with - in, Whisp'ring of par - don, and sav - ing from sin.
how I am blest; Lean - ing up - on Him, how sweet is my rest.
glo - ry I see; Je - sus in bright-ness re-vealed un - to me.
deemed by His blood, Cleansed from un - right-eous-ness, glo - ry to God!

REFRAIN.

Saved, saved, saved to the ut - ter-most: Saved, saved by pow - er di - vine;

Saved, saved, I'm saved to the ut-ter-most: Je - sus the Sav-ior is mine!

No. 146. He'll Walk With Me All the Way.

Copyright, 1941, Renewal. Rodeheaver Hall-Mack Co., owner.

L. J. WILLIAMS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I know that my Sav - iour will nev - er for - sake, I know that my faith in Him nev - er will shake; My jour - ney a path - way of
2. He'll lead me in paths that are pleas-ant and green, And show me new glo - ries so long since un - seen; His hand will I hold all se -
3. My eyes will new beau-ty and glo - ry per - ceive, As dai - ly His bless - ing life's tan - gles un - weave, I'll hold to His hand and no

glad - ness He'll make, He'll walk with me all the way.....
cure and se - rene, He'll walk with me all the way.....
more let Him leave; He'll walk with me all the way.....

CHORUS.

He'll walk with me all the way,..... He'll walk with me all the way,.....
He'll walk with me all the way, He'll walk with me all the way,
He'll help me o'er sin the vic - t'ry to win, And walk with me all the way.

No. 147. He's Coming Again.

Arr. for this work.

1. How sweet are the ti - dings that greet the pil - grim's ear, As he
2. The mos - sy old graves where the pil - grim's sleep, Shall be
3. There we'll meet all our loved ones in E - den our home, Sweet
4. Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! a - gain, In a

wan-ders in ex - ile from home; Soon, soon will the Sav - ior in
o - pened as wide as be - fore; And the mil - lions that sleep in the
songs of re - demp - tion we'll sing; From the north, from the south all the
lit - tle while we shall be there; Oh, be faith - ful, be hope - ful, be

CHORUS.

glo - ry ap-pear, And soon will His king - dom come.
might - y deep, Shall live on this earth once more. He's coming,
ransom'd shall come, And wor - ship our heav'n - ly King.
joy - ful till then, And a crown of bright glo - ry wear.

com - ing, com-ing soon I know, Com - ing back to this earth to reign;

And the wea - ry pil - grim will to glo - ry go, When Je - sus comes a - gain.

No. 148. Wilt Thou Be Made Whole?

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. Hear the foot-steps of Je - sus, He is now pass-ing by, Bear-ing
2. 'Tis the voice of that Sav - ior Whose mer - ci - ful call, Free - ly
3. Are you halt - ing and strug-gling, O'er - pow'rd by your sin, While the
4. Bless - ed Sav - ior, as - sist us To rest on Thy word; Let the

balm for the wound-ed, Heal-ing all who ap - ply; As He spake to the
of - fers sal - va - tion To one and to all; He is now beckn'ing
wa - ters are troubled, Can you not en - ter in? Lo, the Sav-ior stands
soul heal - ing pow - er On us now be out-poured; Wash a - way ev - 'ry

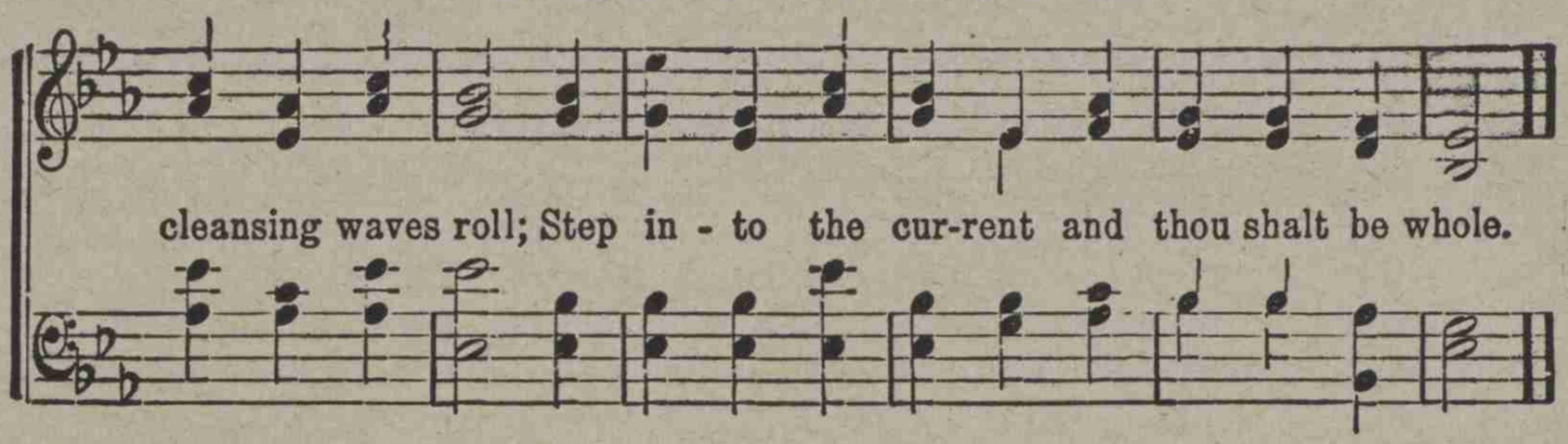
suff - 'rer Who lay at the pool, He is say - ing this mo-ment, "Wilt
to Him Each sin - taint - ed soul, And lov - ing - ly ask - ing, "Wilt
wait - ing To strengthen your soul, He is ear-nest - ly plead-ing, "Wilt
sin - spot, Take per-fect con-trol, Say to each trust-ing spir - it, "Wilt

REFRAIN.

thou be made whole?" Wilt thou be made whole? Wilt thou be made whole? O, come, weary

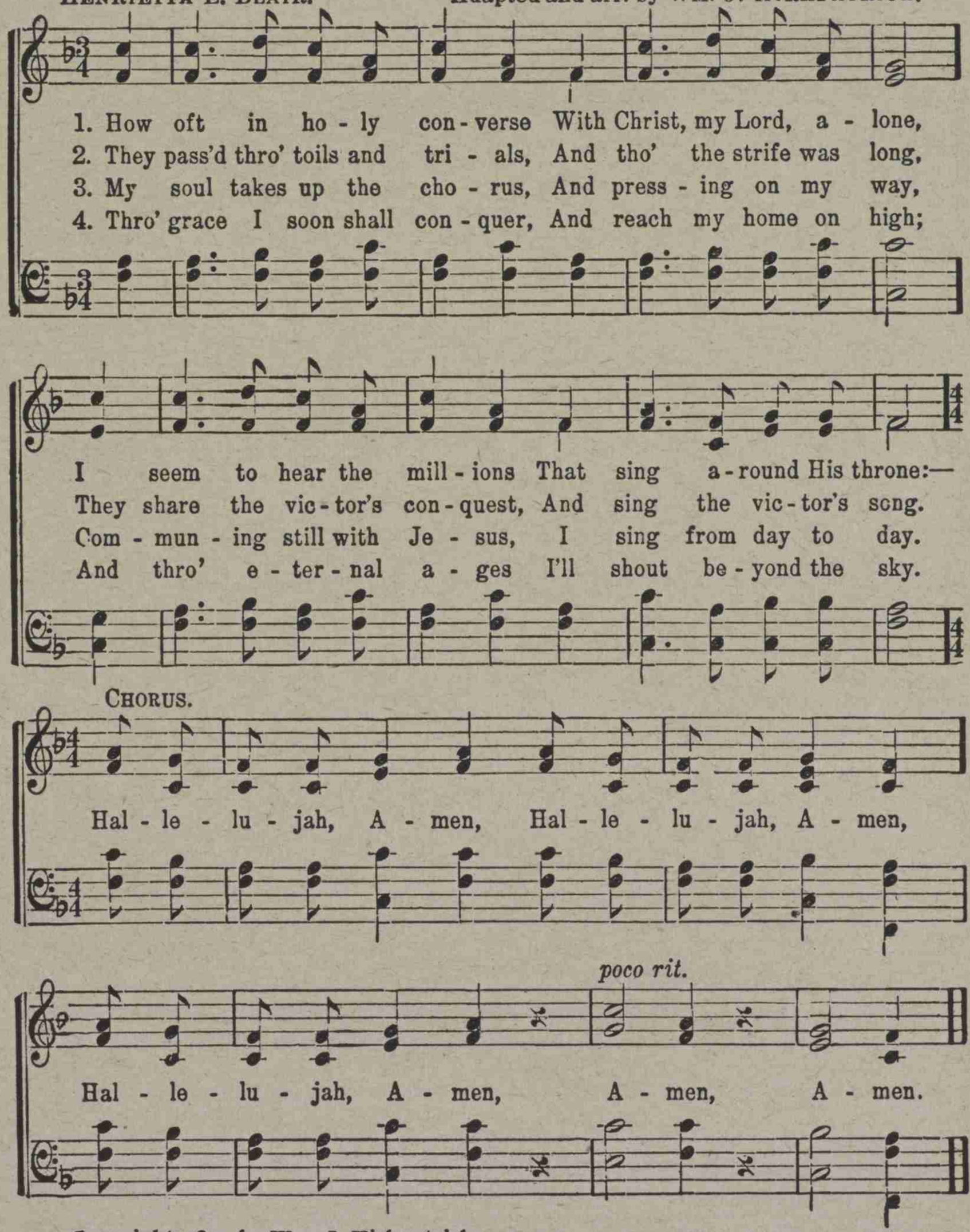
suf-f'rer, Oh, come, sin-sick soul; See, the life-stream is flow - ing, See, the

Wilt Thou Be Made Whole?



No. 149. Hallelujah! Amen.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. Adapted and arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Copyright, 1895, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 150. Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. HEWITT. Copyright, 1925, Renewal. Hope Pub. Co., owner. JNO. R. SWENNY.

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti - ful land I shall reach when the sun go-eth down; When thro' wonder-ful grace by my Sav-ior I stand,
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me watch as a win - ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo - ri - ous day,
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit - y of gold,

CHORUS.

Will there be an - y stars in my crown?
When His praise like the sea - bil - low rolls. Will there be an - y stars, an - y
Should there be an - y stars in my crown.

stars in my crown When at ev'ning the sun go-eth down? When I
go-eth down?

wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be any stars in my crown?
any stars in my crown?

No. 151. 'Tis Burning In My Soul.

Copyright, 1924, Renewal. Nazarene Pub. House, owner.

DELIA T. WHITE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. God sent His might - y pow'r To this poor sin - ful heart, To keep me
2. Be - fore the cross I bow, Up - on the al - tar lay A will - ing
3. No good that I have done, His prom - ise I em - brace; Ac - cept - ed

ev - 'ry hour, And need - ful grace im - part; And since His Spir-it came To
of-f'ring now, My all from day to day; My Sav - ior paid the price, My
in the Son, He saves me by His grace; All glo - ry be to God! Let

take supreme con-trol, The love-en - kin-dled flame Is burn-ing in my soul.
name He sweet-ly calls; Up - on the sac - ri - fice The fire from heav-en falls.
hal - le - lu - jahs roll! His love is shed a-broad, The fire is in my soul.

CHORUS.

'Tis burn-ing in my soul, 'Tis burn-ing in my soul, The fire of heav'nly
Ho - ly Spir - it came, All glo - ry to His name! The fire of heav'nly

1. love is burn - ing in my soul. The
2. love is burn - ing [*Omit.* . . . . .] in my soul.

burn - ing in my soul, The burn - ing in my soul.

No. 152. 'Tis Good to Live in Canaan.

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

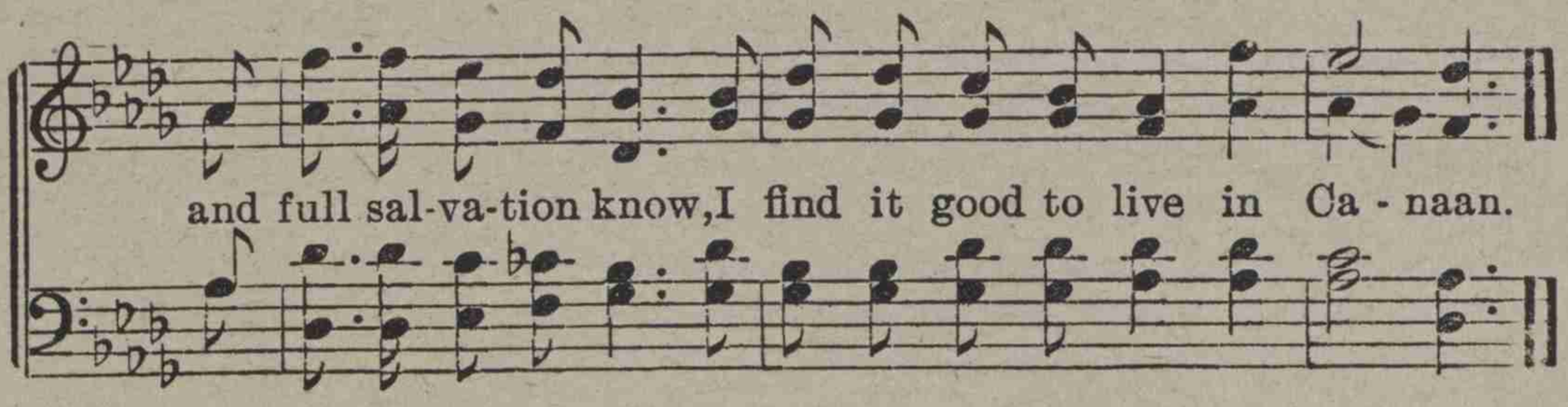
1. I heard God's voice commanding, "go up the land pos-sess," And trust-ing in His grace I fol-lowed on; From Egypt's cru-el bondage
2. The land I'm now ex-plor-ing and get-ting far - ther in, And tenting t'ward the highlands ev'ry day; Still farther from the lowlands
3. This land of peace and plen-ty is yours by faith to claim, There's per-fect love and rest from in-bred sin, Its mountain heights possessing

and from the wil-der-ness, From Kadesh in-to Ca-naan I have gone.
of un - be-lief and sin, From glo-ry un - to glo - ry all the way.
thro' faith in Jesus' name, Cross o-ver and the vic-t'ry life be - gin.

CHORUS.

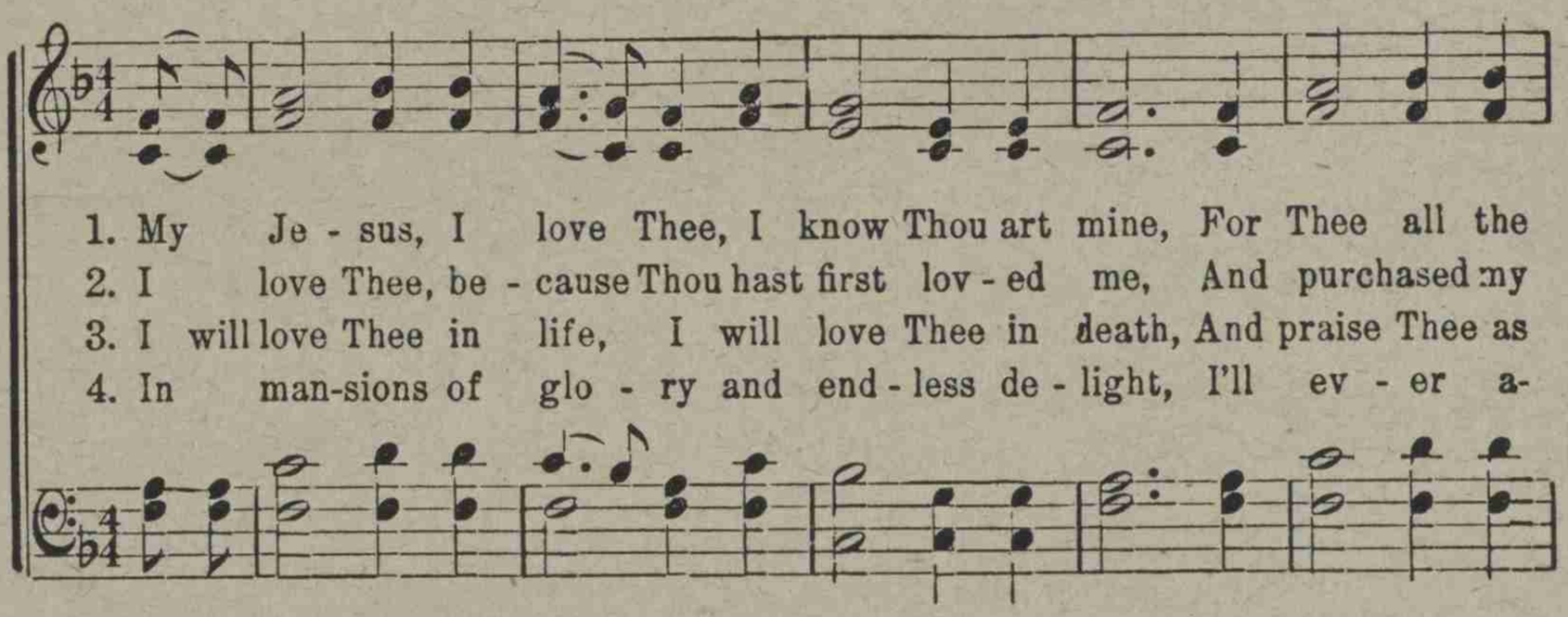
'Tis good to live in Canaan where grapes of Eschol grow; 'Tis good to live in Canaan where milk and honey flow; 'Tis good to live in Canaan

'Tis Good to Live in Canaan. Concluded.



No. 153 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. GORDON.



No. 154. The Eastern Gate.

Copyright, 1933, by I. G. Martin. Renewal. Used by per.

I. G. M. ARR. I. G. MARTIN.

1. I will meet you in the morn-ing, Just in-side the East-ern Gate,
2. If you has-ten off to glo-ry, Lin-ger near the East-ern Gate,
3. Keep your lamps all trimmed and burn-ing, For the Bridegroom watch and wait,
4. O the joys of that glad meet-ing With the saints who for us wait,

Then be read-y, faith-ful pil-grim, Lest with you it be too late.
For I'm com-ing in the morn-ing, So you'll not have long to wait.
He'll be with us at the meet-ing, Just in-side the East-ern Gate.
What a bless-ed, hap-py meet-ing, Just in-side the East-ern Gate.

CHORUS

I will meet you, I will meet you Just in-side the Eastern Gate o-ver there; I will meet you,
in the morn-ing, in the morn-ing, in the morn-ing, I will
meet you, I will meet you in the morn-ing o-ver there.
in the morn-ing,

No. 155. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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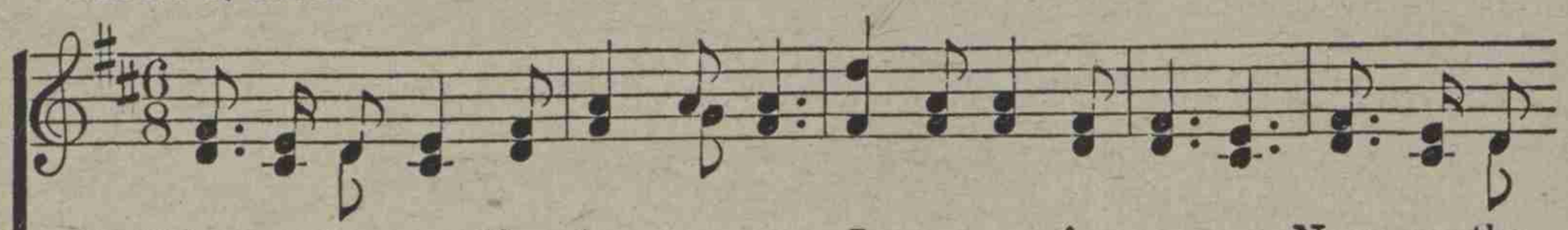
Lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a - larms;
Lean - ing on Je - sus,

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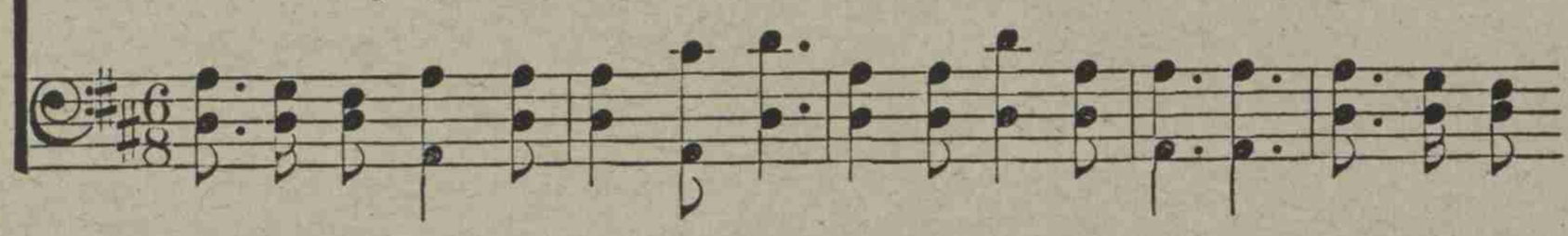
By per.

No. 156. Nearer the Cross.
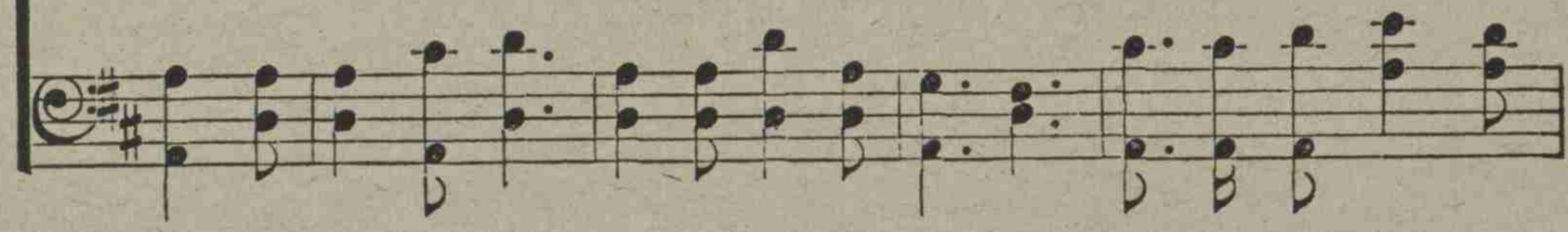
FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. J. F. KNAPP.
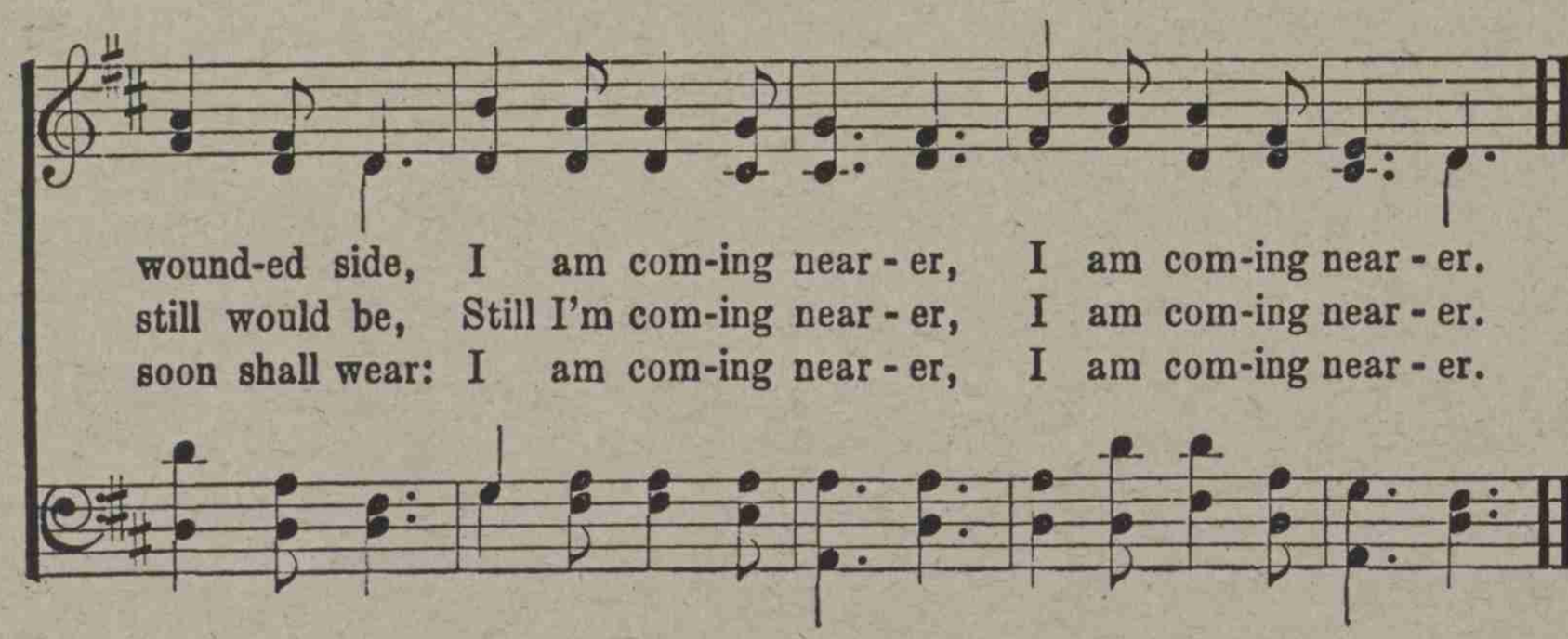


1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er, Near-er the
2. Near-er the Christian's mer-cy-seat, I am com-ing near-er, Feast-ing my
3. Near-er in prayer my hope as-pires, I am com-ing near-er; Deep-er the



cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where
soul on man-na sweet, I am com-ing near-er; Strong-er in faith, more
love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of



Je-sus died, Near-er the foun-tain's crim-son tide, Near-er my Sav-ior's
clear I see Je-sus who gave Him-self for me; Near-er to Him I
toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I



wound-ed side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.
still would be, Still I'm com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.
soon shall wear: I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.

No. 157. Victory Through Grace.

Copyright, 1918, Renewal. Hope Pub. Co., owner.

SALLIE MARTIN. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Con-quer-ing now and still to con - quer, Rid-eth a King in His might;
2. Con-quer-ing now and still to con - quer, Who is this won-der - ful King?
3. Con-quer-ing now and still to con - quer, Je-sus, Thou Rul - er of all;

Lead - ing the host of all the faith - ful In - to the midst of the fight;
Whence are the arm-ies which He lead - eth, While of His glo - ry they sing?
Thrones and their sceptres all shall per-ish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall;

See them with cour-age ad - vanc - ing, Clad in their brill-iant ar - ray,
He is our Lord and Re - deem - er, Sav-iour and Mon - arch di - vine.
Yet shall the ar - mies Thou lead - est, Faith-ful and true to the last,

FINE.

Shout-ing the name of their Lead - er, Hear them ex - ult - ing - ly say:
They are the stars that for - ev - er Bright in His king - dom will shine.
Find, in Thy man - sions e - ter - nal, Rest, when their war-fare is past.

D. S.—*Yet to the true and the faith-ful, Vic-t'ry is prom-ised thro' grace.*
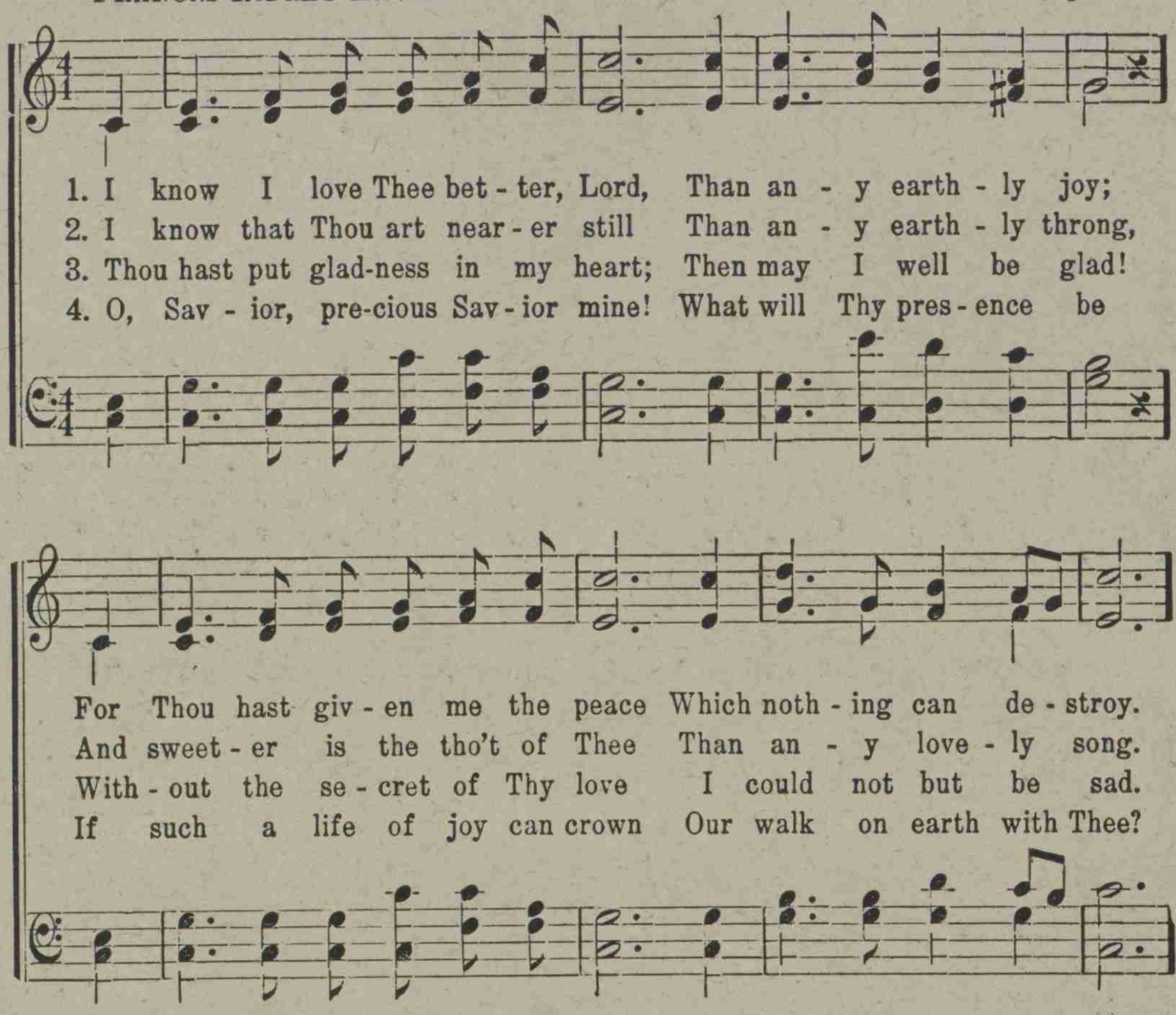
D. S.

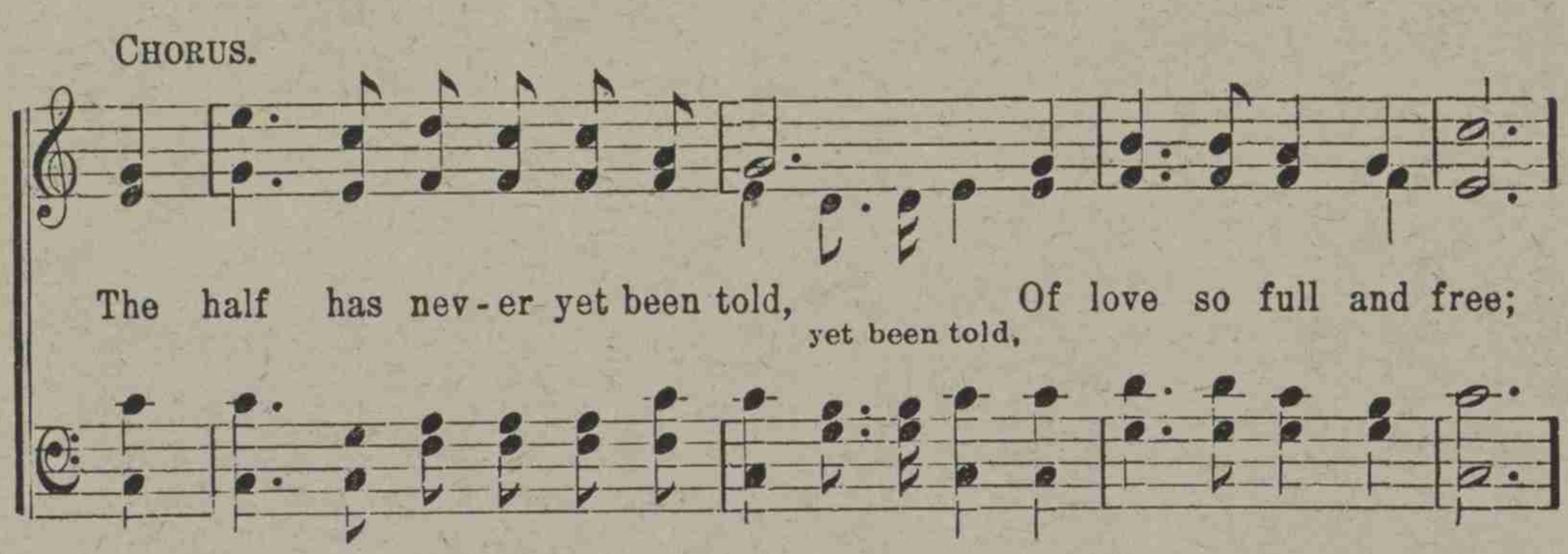
CHORUS.

Not to the strong is the bat - tle, Not to the swift is the race;

No. 158. The Half has Never been Told.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. R. E. HUDSON. By per.
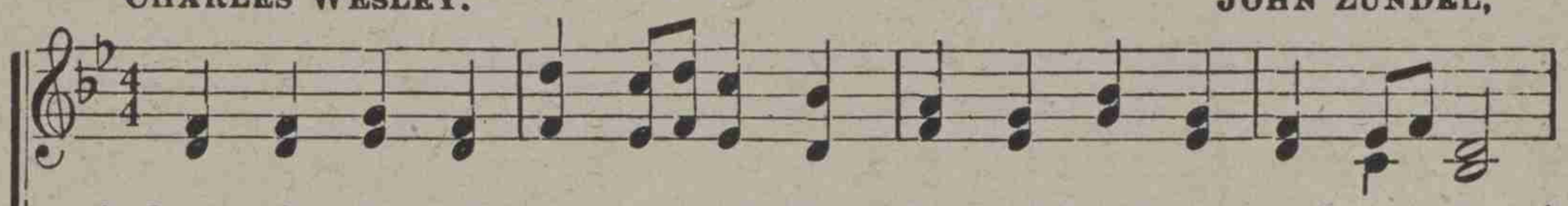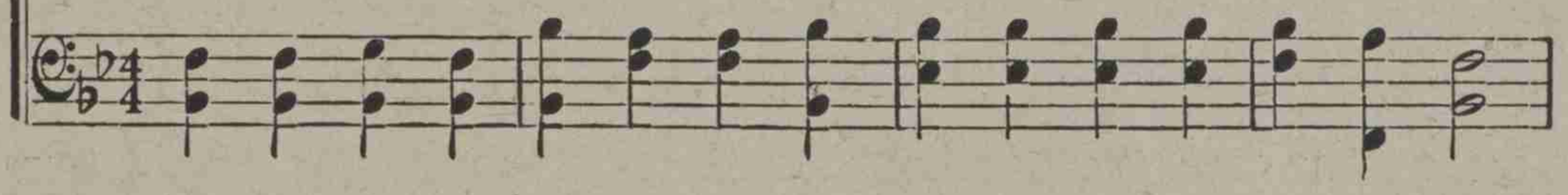




From "Gems of Gospel Songs."
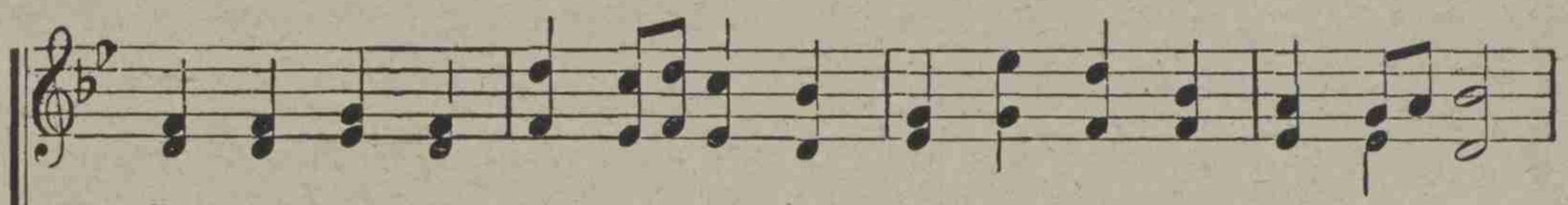
No. 159 Love Divine.

CHARLES WESLEY. JOHN ZUNDEL,
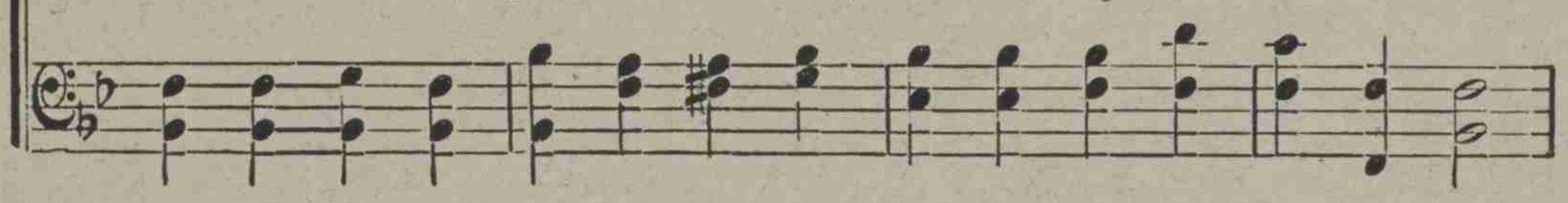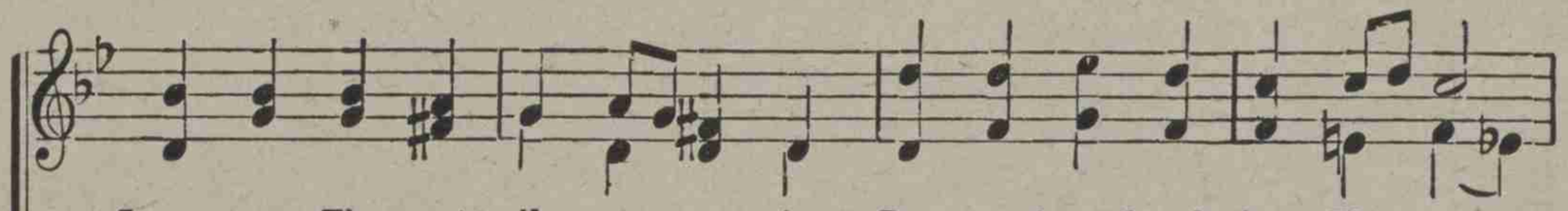


1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub - led breast!
3. Come, al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot - less let us be;
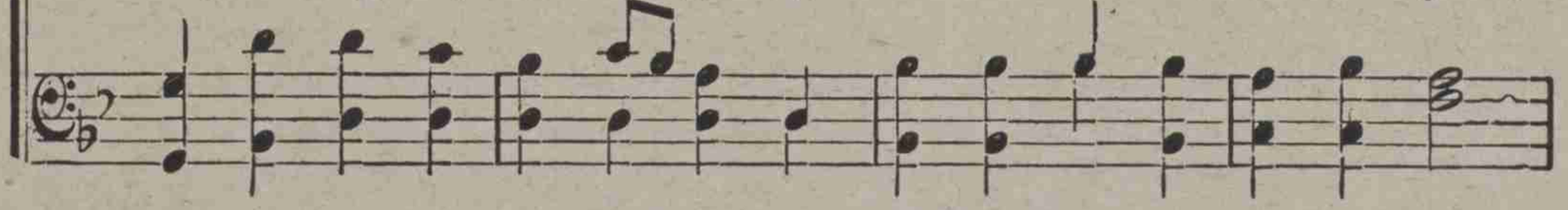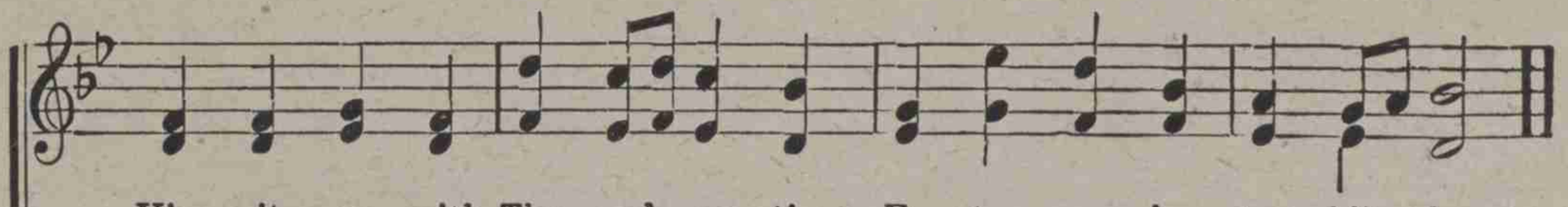




Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith-ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find that sec - ond rest.
Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er - more Thy tem - ples leave:
Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly re - stored in Thee.
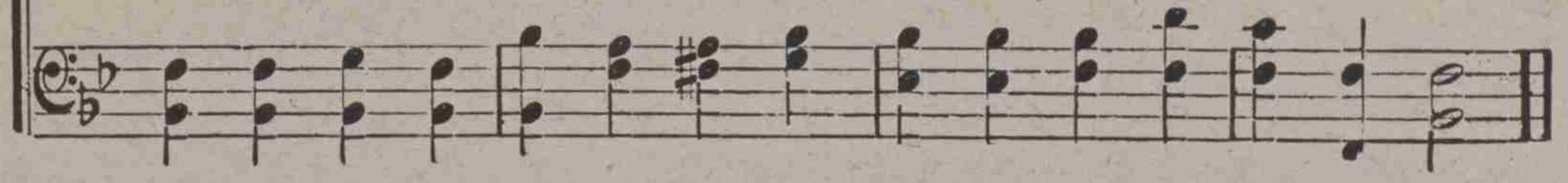




Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas - sion, Pure un-bound - ed love Thou art;
Take a - way our bent to sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Thee we would be al - ways blessing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,





Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trem-bling heart.
End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Pray, and praise Thee with-out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.



No. 160. Moment By Moment.

LETTIE MCKEE MONCTON.

1. Dy - ing with Je - sus, His death reckon'd mine; Liv - ing with Je - sus, a new life di - vine; Look - ing to Je - sus, till glo - ry doth shine;
2. Nev - er a tri - al that He is not there; Nev - er a bur - den that He doth not bear; Nev - er a sor - row that He doth not share;
3. Nev - er a heart-ache, and nev - er a groan, Nev - er a tear-drop and nev - er a moan; Nev - er a dan - ger, but there on His throne,
4. Nev - er a weak-ness that He doth not feel; Nev - er a sick-ness that He can-not heal; Mo - ment by mo - ment, in woe or in weal,

CHORUS.

Moment by mo-ment, O Lord, I am Thine.
Moment by mo-ment, I'm un-der His care,
Moment by mo-ment, He thinks of His own.
Je - sus my Sav-iour, abides with me still.

Moment by mo - ment, I'm kept in His love; . . . Moment by mo - ment, I've life from a - bove: . .
Mo-ment by mo-ment I'm kept in His love;
Moment by mo - ment I've life from above:

Looking to Je - sus till glory doth shine, Moment by moment, O Lord, I am Thine.
Looking to Je - sus till glory doth shine,

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No. 161. Beulah Land.

By per. of Mrs. Jno. R. Sweney, owner.

REV. EDGAR PAGE STITES. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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

Here shines undimn'd one blissful day, For all my night has pass'd away.
He gen - tly leads me by His hand, For this is heav-en's border-land.
And flow'rs that never-fading grow Where streams of life for-ev-er flow.
As angels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet redemption song.

CHORUS.

O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land, As on thy highest mount I stand,

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

And view the shining glo-ry shore—My heav'n, my home for evermore!

No. 162. My Soul is Filled With Glory.

Copyright, 1933. by J. M. Harris. Renewal. Nazarene Pub. House, owner.

J. M. H. J. M. HARRIS.

1. Je - sus found me when afar I wandered, Bro't me pardon from the
2. Thro' His word He taught me full salvation, How His blood could cleanse and
3. Tri - als ma - ny will be-set my path-way, And temp-ta-tions I shall

throne a - bove; Gave me peace that passeth under-stand-ing, Joy un-
sanc - ti - fy; Th n by faith I plunged into the fountain; Now I'm
sure - ly meet; But my Saviour promised grace to help me, Till I

CHORUS.

speak-a-ble and full of love. Praise the Lord! my soul is filled with glory!
looking for that home on high. Praise the Lord! my soul is filled with glory!
lay my trophies at His feet. Praise the Lord! my soul is filled with glory!

Praise the Lord! I love to tell the sto - ry, Of His grace that
Praise the Lord! I love to tell the sto - ry, Of His grace that
Praise the Lord! I love to tell the sto - ry, Of His grace that

jus - ti - fies me free - ly, And I'm shouting glo-ry! till I get home.
sanc-ti - fies me whol-ly, And I'm shouting glo-ry! till I get home.
keeps and gives me vict'ry, And I'm shouting glo-ry! till I get home.

No. 163. It Just Suits Me.

Copyright, 1918, Renewal. Hope Pub. Co., owner.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. What a won - der - ful sal - va - tion! For its length and breadth and height
2. Oh, this bless - ed "who - so - ev - er," Call - ing ev - 'ry one who will,
3. Pre - cious prom - is - es of Je - sus, Sweep-ing ev - 'ry hu - man need!
4. What a per - fect, pres-ent Sav - ior! What a true and lov - ing friend!

Far ex - cel the grand-est knowledge Of the ser - a-phim in light;
To the sparkling, liv - ing wa - ters, Flow - ing ful - ly, free - ly still;
For the grace of our Re - deem - er Must our high - est tho't ex-ceed;
Can we ev - er praise Him right - ly? Tell how grace and glo - ry blend?

I can nev - er, nev - er fath - om Half its ho - ly mys - ter - y,
No, I know not why He loves me, But His blood is all my plea;
To the might - y, roy - al store-house Let me use the gold - en key,
Now the Prince of Peace is reign - ing, O - ver - rul - ing all I see;

CHORUS.

But I know it is for sin-ners, And it just suits me.
I can trust His "who - so - ev - er," For it just suits me. It just suits
Find the spe - cial, ten-der promise That will just suit me.
So, what - ev - er lot He or-ders, May it just suit me.

me, It just suits me, This won - der-ful sal - va - tion, It just suits me.

No. 164 What a Gathering

J. H. K. FROM "SONG TREASURY," BY PER. J. H. Kurzenknabe.

1. At the sound-ing of the trum-pet, when the saints are gathered home,
2. When the an - gel of the Lord pro-claims that time shall be no more,
3. At the great and fi - nal judg-ment, when the hid - den comes to light,
4. When the gold - en harps are sound-ing, and the an - gel bands pro-claim

We will greet each oth - er by the cry - stal sea, (crystal sea;)
We shall gath - er, and the saved and ransomed see, (glad-ly see,)
When the Lord in all His glo - ry we shall see, (we shall see,)
In tri - umph - ant strains the glo - rious ju - bi - lee, (ju - bi - lee,)

When the Lord Him-self from heav-en to His glo - ry bids them come,
Then to meet a - gain to - geth - er, on the bright, ce - les - tial shore,
At the bid - ding of our Sav-ior, "Come, ye bless-ed, to my right,"
Then to meet and join to sing the song of Mo - ses and the Lamb,

FINE. CHORUS.
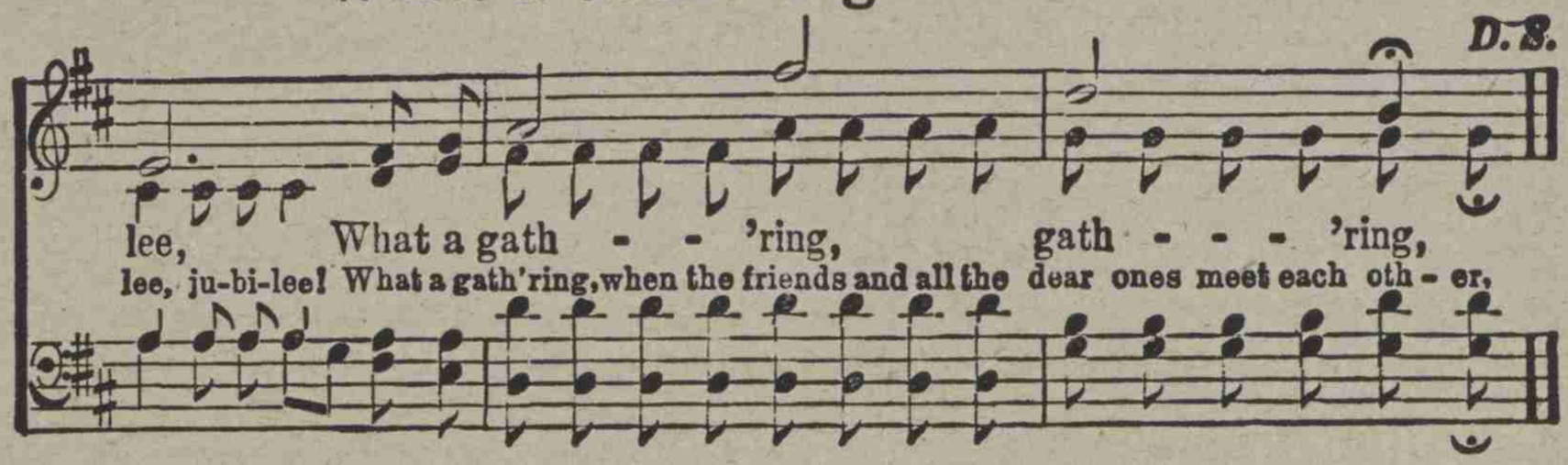
D.S.-What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be! What a gath - - - -

What a gath - 'ring of the

'ring, gath - - - 'ring, At the sounding of the glorious ju-bi-

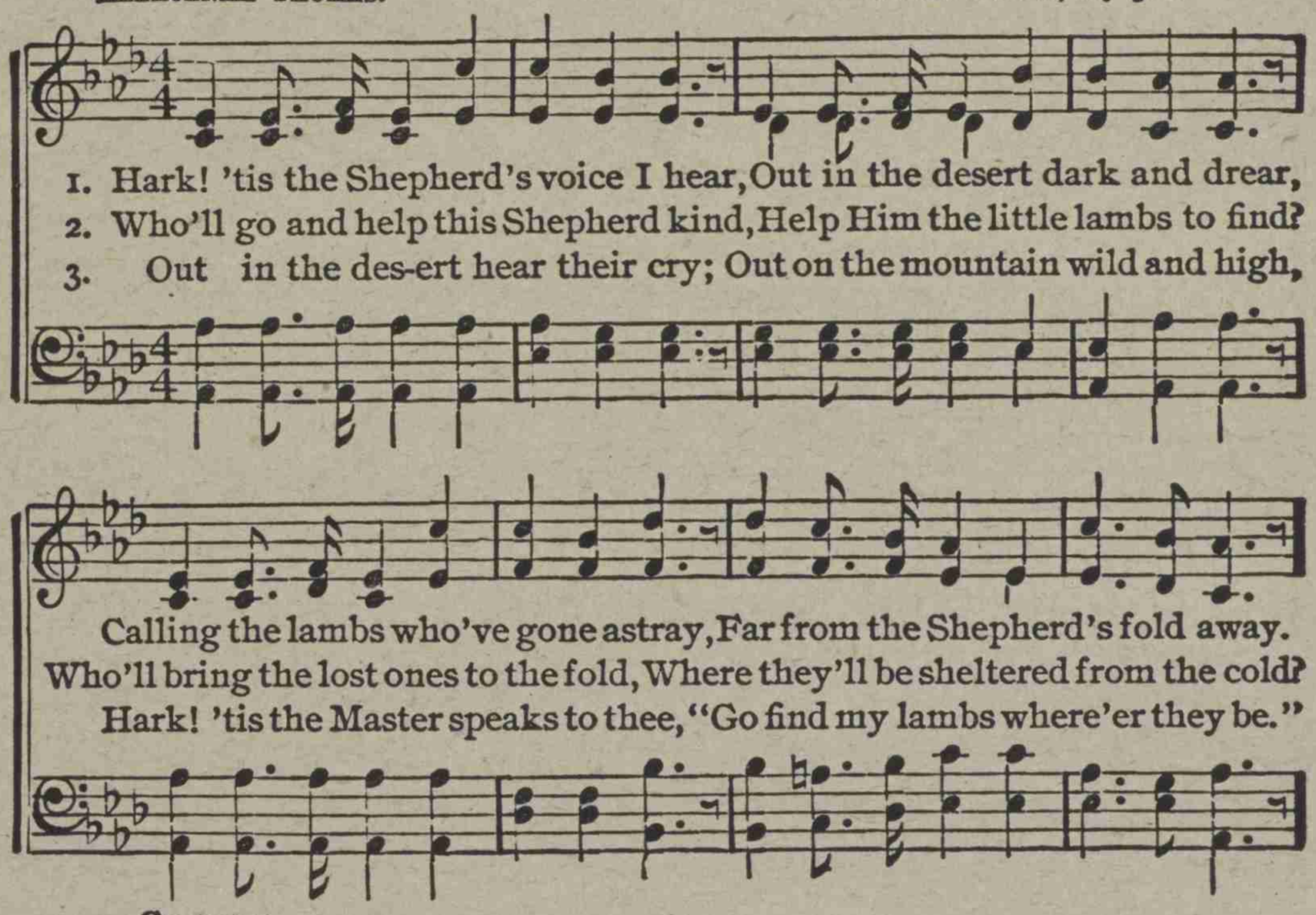
loved ones, when we'll meet with one an - oth - er,

What a Gathering--Concluded



No. 165 Bring Them In.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN, by per.



No. 166. I've Pitched my Tent in Beulah.

Copyright, 1936, Renewal. Nazarene Publishing House, owner.

M. J. H. MRS. M. J. HARRIS.

1. I long a - go left E-gypt, for the prom-ised land, I trust-ed in my
2. I fol-lowed close be-side Him and the land soon found, I did not halt or
3. I start - ed for the highlands where the fruits abound, I pitched my tent near
4. My heart is so en-rap-tured as I press a - long, Each day I find new

Sav - iour and to His guid-ing hand, He led me out to vic - t'ry thro' the
trem-ble, for Ca - naan I was bound, My Guide I ful - ly trust-ed and He
He-bron, there grapes of eshcol found, With milk and hon-ey flow-ing, and new
blessings which fill my heart with song, I'm ev - er marching on-ward to that

great red sea, I sang a song of tri-umph, and shout-ed I am free.
led me in, I shout-ed hal - le - lu - jah, my heart is free from sin.
wine so free, I have no love for E - gypt, it has no charms for me.
land on high, Some day I'll reach my mansion that's build-ed in the sky.

CHORUS.

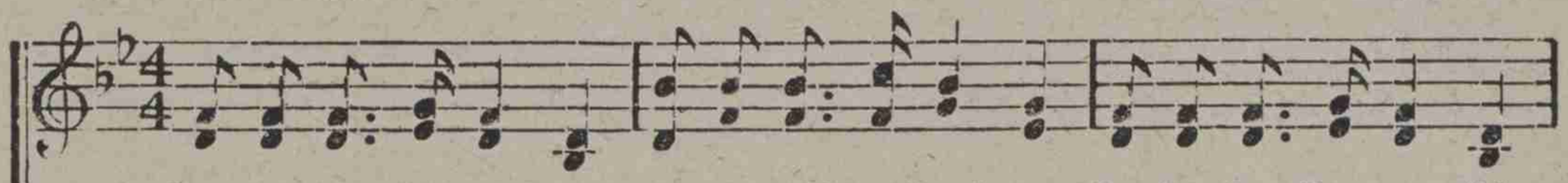
You need not look for me, down in Egypt's sand, For I have pitched my

1 2

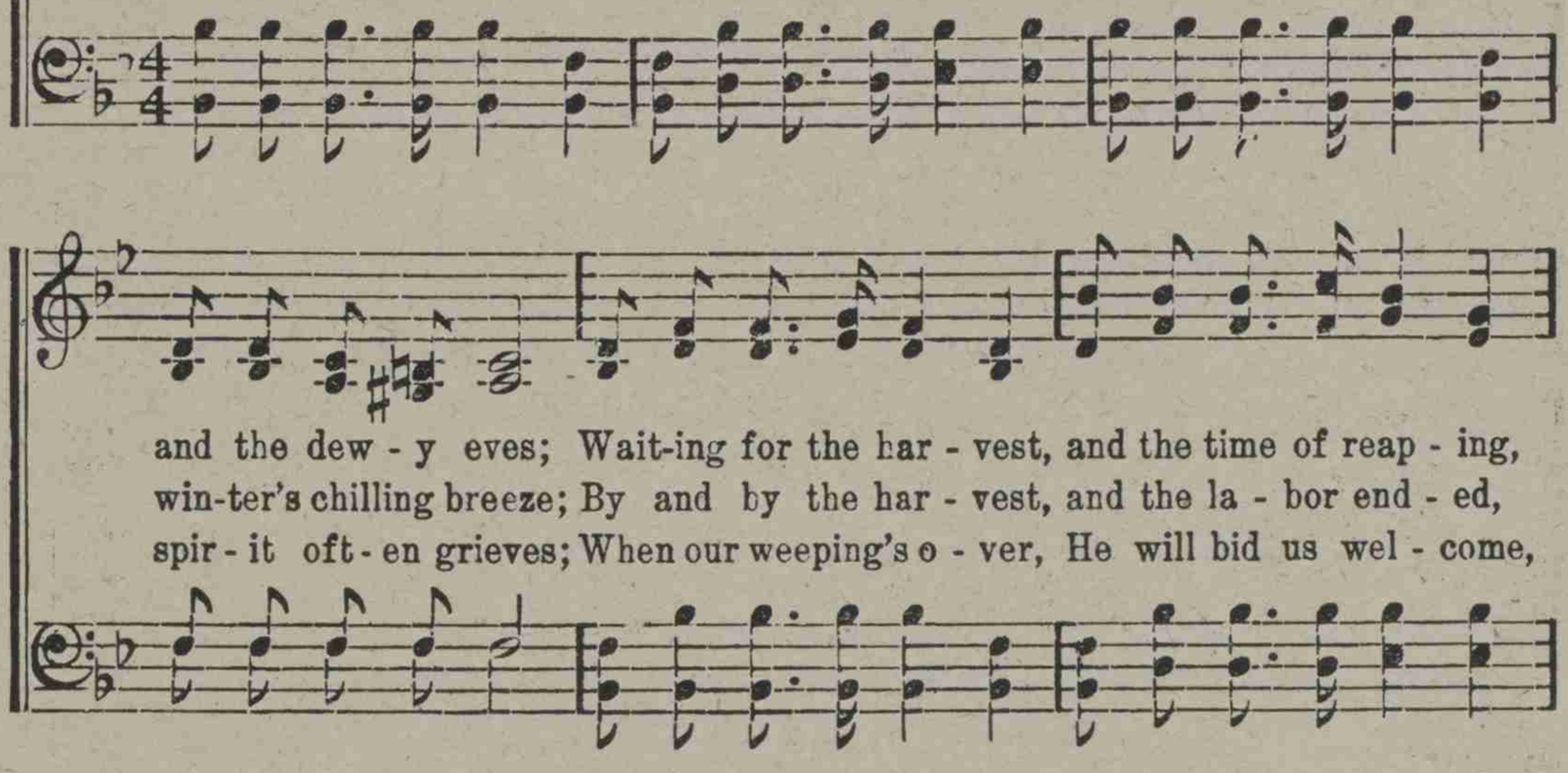
tent far up in Beu - lah land; You tent far up in Beu - lah land.

No. 167 Bringing In the Sheaves.

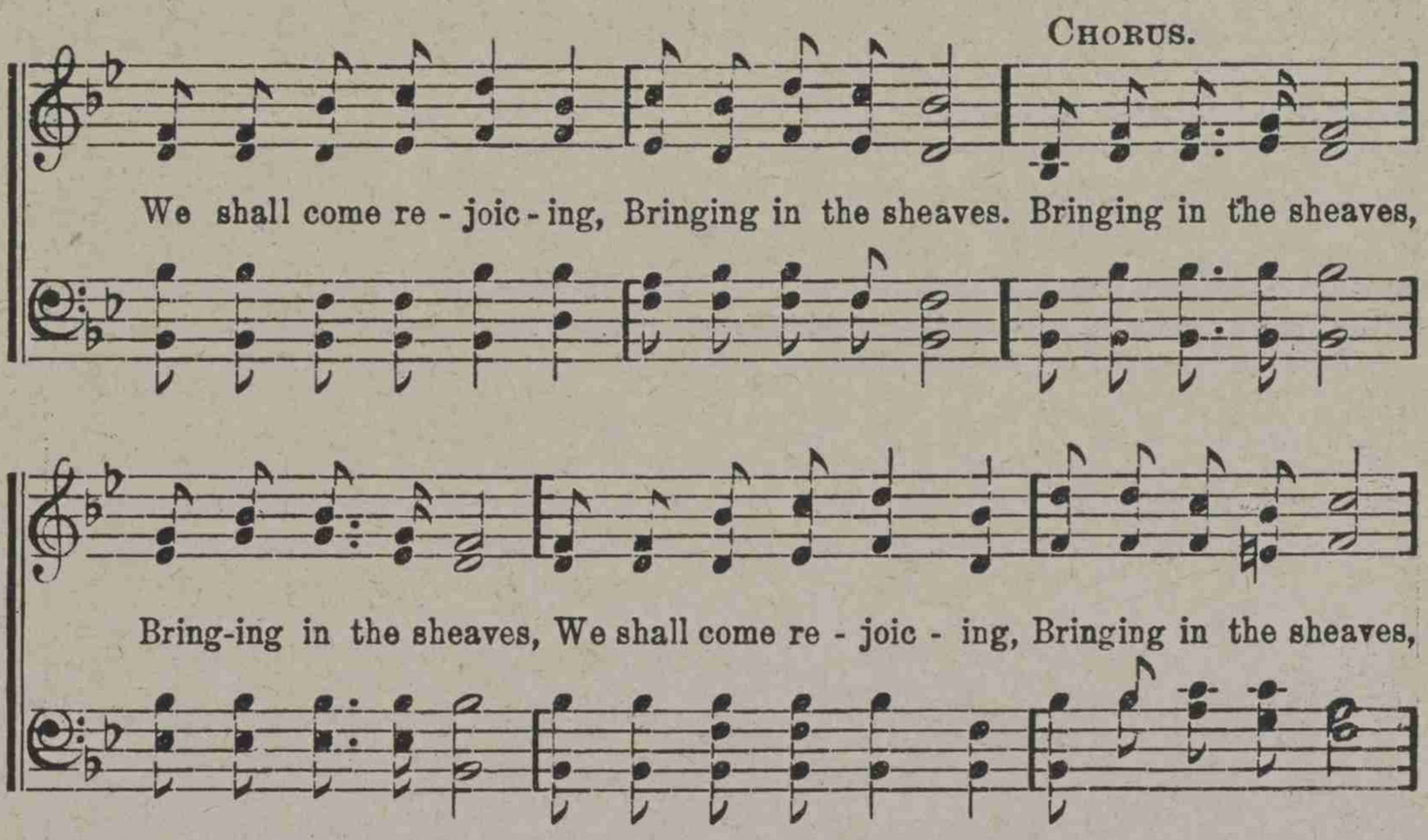
KNOWLES SHAW. GEO. A. MINOR. By per.



1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sowing seeds of kind-ness, Sowing in the noon-tide,
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sowing in the shad-ows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, e - ven weep-ing, sowing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the loss sustained our



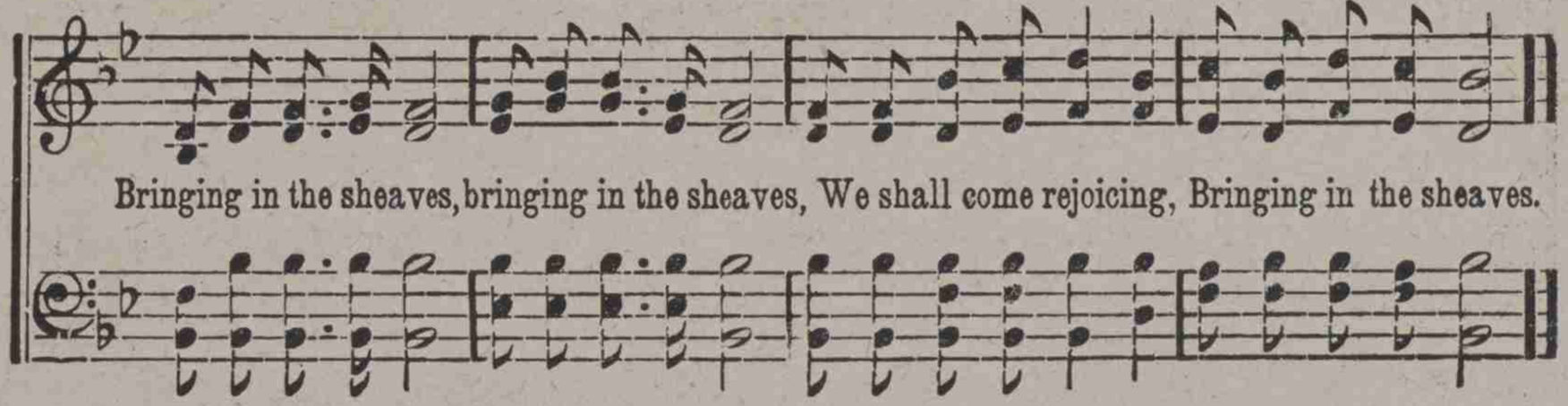
and the dew - y eves; Wait-ing for the har - vest, and the time of reap - ing,
win-ter's chilling breeze; By and by the har - vest, and the la - bor end - ed,
spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weeping's o - ver, He will bid us wel - come,



CHORUS.

We shall come re - joic - ing, Bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,

Bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re - joic - ing, Bringing in the sheaves,



Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves.

No. 168. Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

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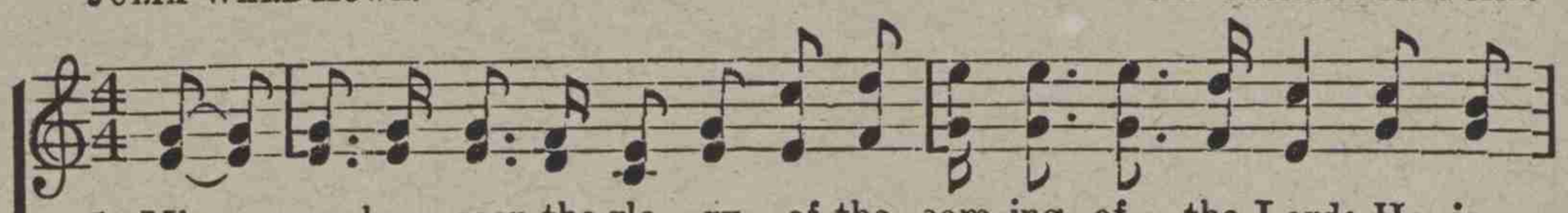
CHORUS.

Spir - it, wash'd in His blood.
mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
good - ness, lost in His love.
song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my
sto - ry this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long.
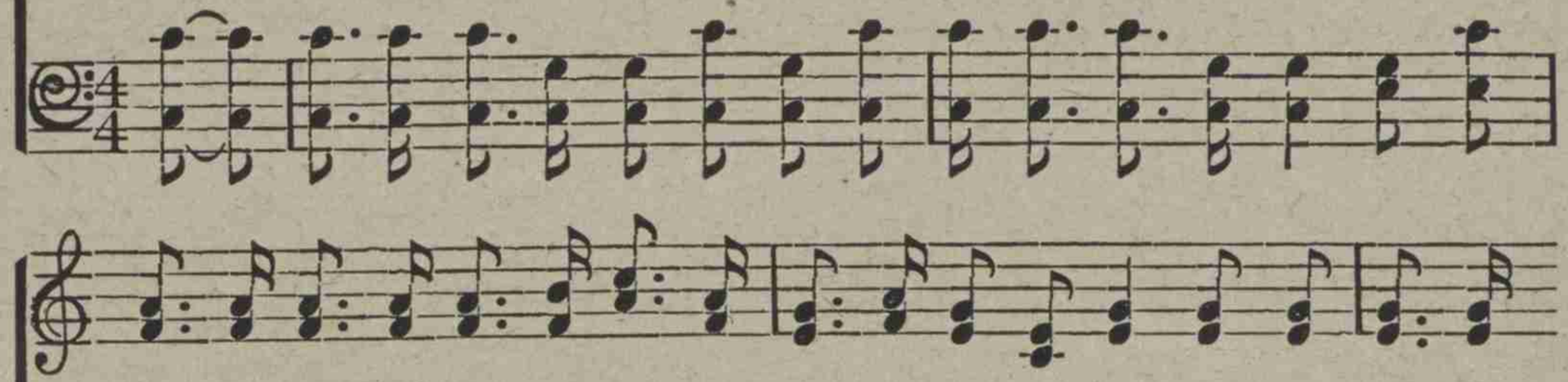
Copyright, 1873. by J. F. Knapp.

No. 169. Battle Hymn of the Republic.
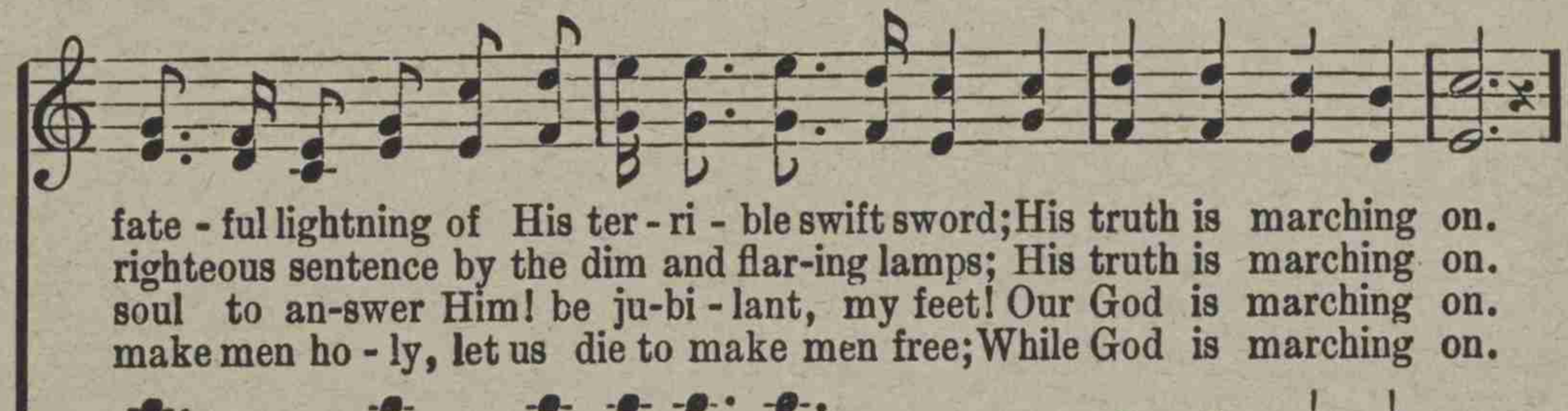
JULIA WARD HOWE. OLD CAMPMEETING AIR.
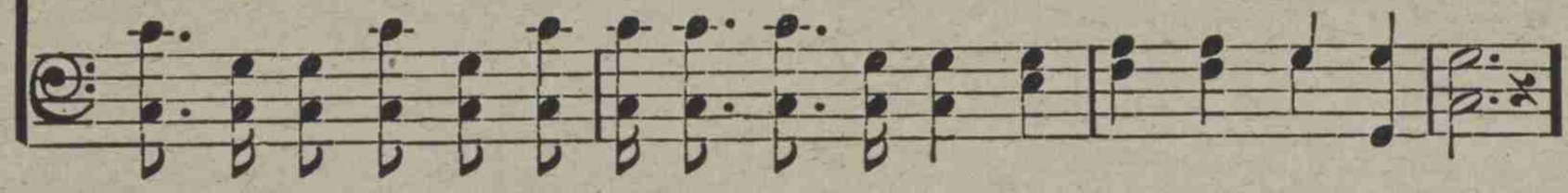


1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hun-dred circling camps;They have
3. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall nev-er call re-treat; He is
4. In the beau- ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea; With a
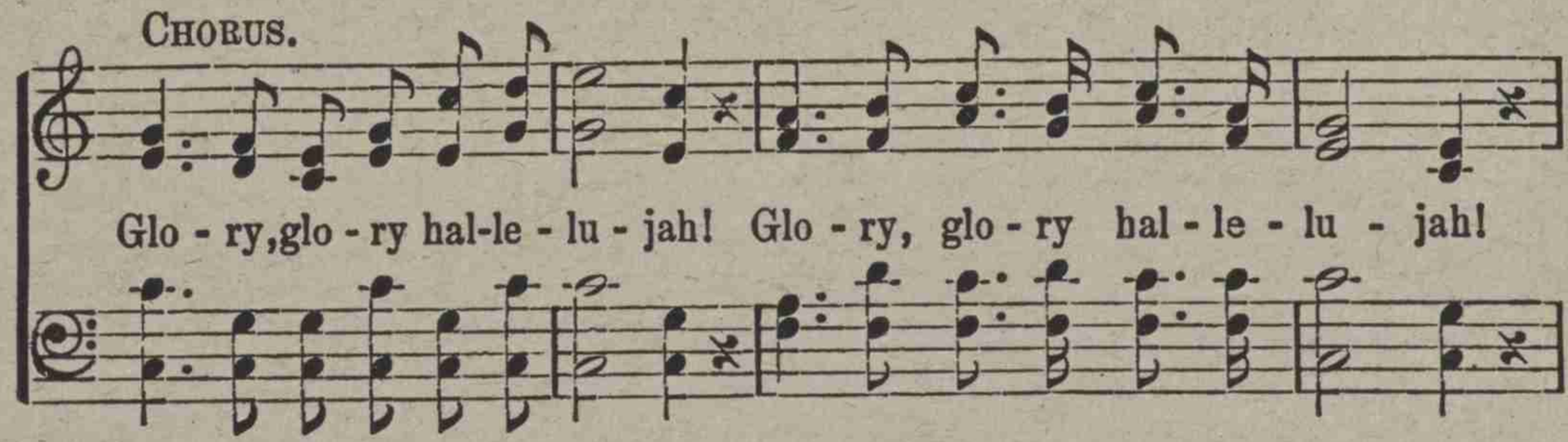


trampling out the vintage,where the grapes of wrath are stored;He hath loos'd the
build - ed Him an al - tar in the ev-'ning dews and damps; I can read His
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judgment seat; Oh, be swift my
glo - ry in His bo - som that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to



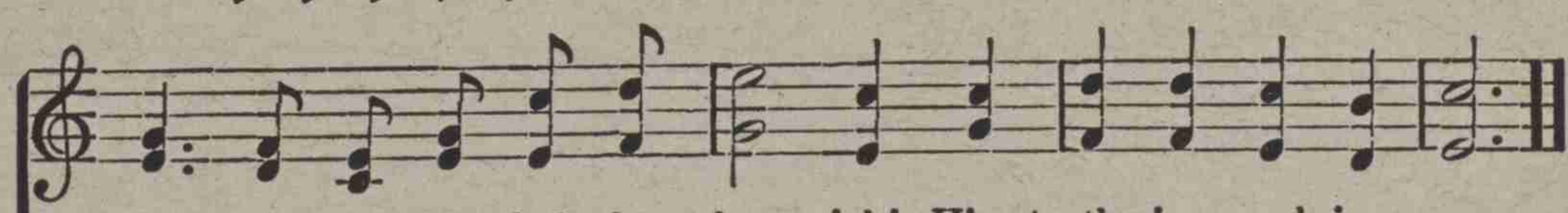
fate - ful lightning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword;His truth is marching on.
righteous sentence by the dim and flar-ing lamps; His truth is marching on.
soul to an-swer Him! be ju-bi - lant, my feet! Our God is marching on.
make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free;While God is marching on.
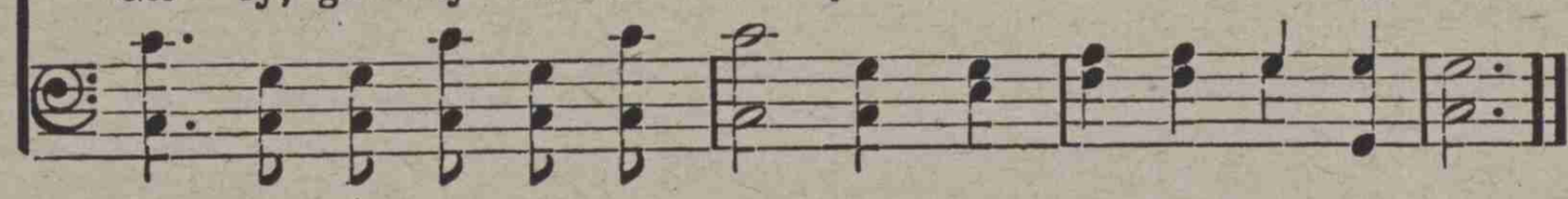


CHORUS.



Glo - ry,glo - ry hal-le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march-ing on.



No. 170 The Kingdom Coming.

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

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

thick shad-ows fly! The voice of sal - va - tion, A - wakes ev - 'ry na - tion,
king-dom's of sin; Our Lord shall possess them, His presence shall bless them,
bel - lion cast down; At last ev - 'ry na - tion, The Lord of sal - va - tion,

REFRAIN.

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

tell ye the sto - ry, God's ban-ner ex- alt- ed shall be! The earth shall be

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

Copyright by Robert M. McIntosh.

No. 171 A Light at the River

D. K. W. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There's a deep, si - lent riv - er flow-ing just be - fore, And its wa - ters are dark and wide; But faith sees a light, yes, a bea- con light,
2. O'er its dark, foam-ing wa - ters from the un - seen shore, An - gel bands in their beau-ty glide; And they bear us a - way to the realms of day,
3. Ma - ny dear ones now gather'd safe be - fore the throne, Dipp'd their wings in the mys- tic tide, Pass'd o-ver the deep, where they do not weep,
4. To the deep, si - lent riv - er we must one day come, And pass o'er its wa- ters wide; But hap-py we'll be if by faith we see

CHORUS.

Just down at the riv - er side.
To the light on the oth - er side.
In- to life on the oth - er side.
A light at the riv - er side.

} There's a light at the riv - er, a light at the riv - er, A light at the riv - er I can see; My Lord will stand and hold in his hand A light at the riv - er for me.

Copyright. 1893. 1895. by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 172. God be with you.

"Grace be to you, and peace from God our Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ."—
2 Cor. 1: 2.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D. G. W TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By His counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath his wings securely hide you;
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you;

With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Dai - ly manna still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Put His arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

CHORUS.

Till we meet . . . . Till we meet, Till we meet, till we meet a - gain.
meet at Je - sus feet; Till we meet, . . till we meet; Till we meet, till we meet,
meet, God be with us till we meet a - gain.
meet a - gain.

No. 173. Wonderful Peace.

W. D. CORNELL, ALT. W. G. COOPER.

1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to - night Rolls a mel - o - dy sweet-er than psalm; In ce - les - tial-like strains it un-
2. What a treas - ure I have in this won-der - ful peace, Bur - ied deep in the heart of my soul, So se - cure that no pow - er can
3. I am rest - ing to-night in this won-der - ful peace, Rest - ing sweet-ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by
4. And me-thinks when I rise to that cit - y of peace, Where the Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
5. Ah soul! are you here with - out com-fort and rest, March-ing down the rough pathway of time? Make Je - sus your Friend ere the

ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll!
night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood - ing my soul!
ran-somed will sing In that heav - en - ly king-dom will be:
shad - ows grow dark; O ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime!

CHORUS.

Peace, peace, wonderful peace, Coming down from the Father a-bove! Sweep o - ver my spir-it for-ev - er, I pray, In fa-thomless billows of love!

No. 174. No Condemnation.

Copyright, 1927, Renewal. Hope Pub. Co., owner.

MRS. F. G. BURROUGHS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There's no con-dem-na-tion to them in Christ Je-sus, That walk in the Spir-it a-lone;
2. There's no con-dem-na-tion and no sep-e-ra-tion From Je-sus our Lov-er di-vine;
3. There's no con-dem-na-tion, O bless-ed as-sur-ance, To sin-ners now saved by His grace;
4. There's no con-dem-na-tion, ring out the sweet sto-ry To all who are long-ing for rest,

Their chains have been brok-en, Their free-dom is spo-ken, And now Je-sus calls them His own.
No death and no sor-row, No tho't for to-mor-row, When all that is Je-sus' is mine. I'll praise Him, I'll
The law has no ter-ror, Truth tri-umphs o'er er-ror, Since Je-sus has stood in our place.
That life in Christ Je-sus From sin and death frees us, And urge them the prom-ise to test.

CHORUS.

praise Him Who saves me and calls me His own; There's no con-dem-na-tion to them in Christ Je-sus That live by the Spir-it a-lone.

No. 175 Is Not this the Land of Beulah?

ANON. Rev. J. W. DADMUN.

1. I am dwell - ing on the mount-ain, Where the gold - en sun-light gleams
2. I can see far down the mount-ain, Where I wan-dered wea - ry years,
3. I am drink - ing at the fount-ain, Where I ev - er would a - bide;
4. Tell me not of heav-y cross - es, Nor the bur - dens hard to bear,
5. Oh, the cross has won-drous glo - ry! Oft I've proved this to be true;

O'er a land whose won-drous beaut-y Far ex-ceeds my fond-est dreams;
Oft - en hin - dered in my jour-ney, By the ghosts of doubts and fears;
For I've tast - ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;
For I've found this great sal - va-tion Makes each bur - den light ap - pear;
When I'm in the way so nar-row, I can see a path-way thro';

𝄋

Where the air is pure, e - the - real, La - den with the breath of flowers,
Brok - en vows and dis - ap-point-ments Thick-ly sprin-kled all the way,
There's no thirst - ing for life's pleas-ures, Nor a - dorn - ing rich and gay,
And I love to fol - low Je - sus, Glad - ly count - ing all but dross,
And how sweet - ly Je - sus whis-pers: Take the cross, thou need'st not fear,

D.S.—Is not this the Land of Beu - lah? Bless-ed, bless-ed land of light;

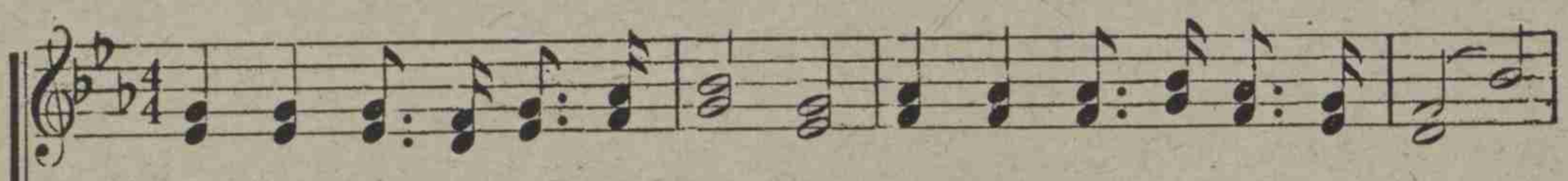
D. S. CHORUS.

They are bloom - ing by the foun-tain, 'Neath the am - a - ran-thine bow'rs.
But the spir - it led, un - err - ing, To the land I hold to - day.
For I've found a rich - er treas-ure, One that fad - eth not a - way.
World-ly hon - ors all for - sak-ing, For the glo - ry of the cross.
For I've tried the way be-fore thee, And the glo - ry lin - gers near.

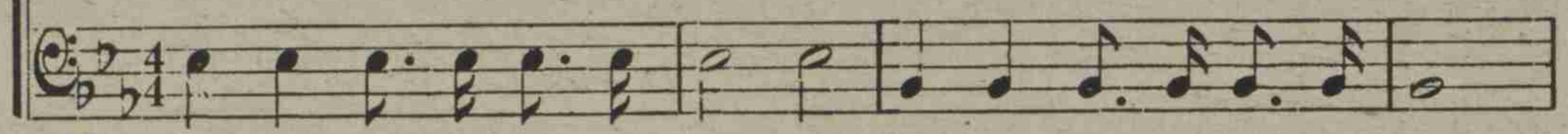
Where the flow - ers bloom for - ev - er, And the sun is al - ways bright.
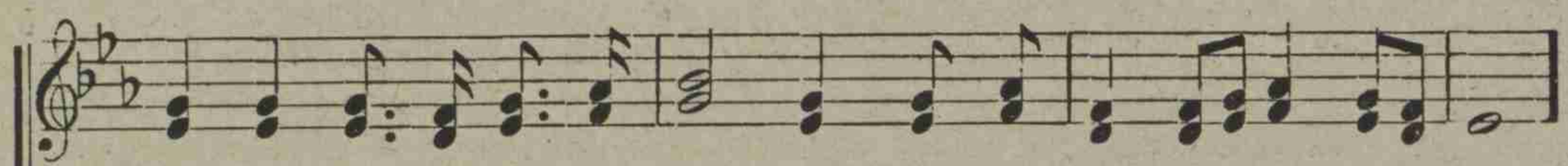
No. 176. Shall We Gather at the River?

Rev. R. LOWRY.
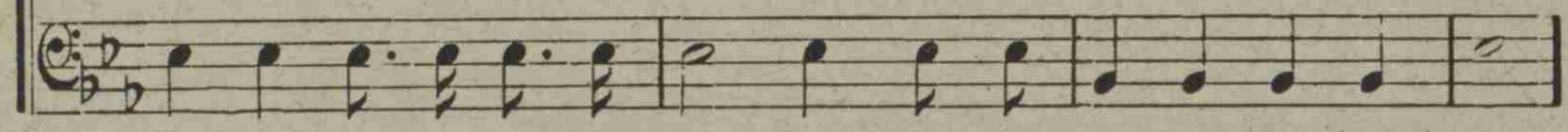


1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright an-gel feet have trod,
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
4. At the smil - ing of the riv - er, Mir - ror of the Sav-ior's face,
5. Soon we'll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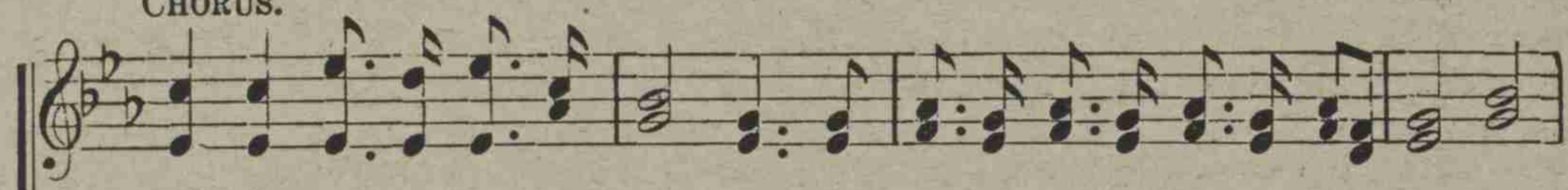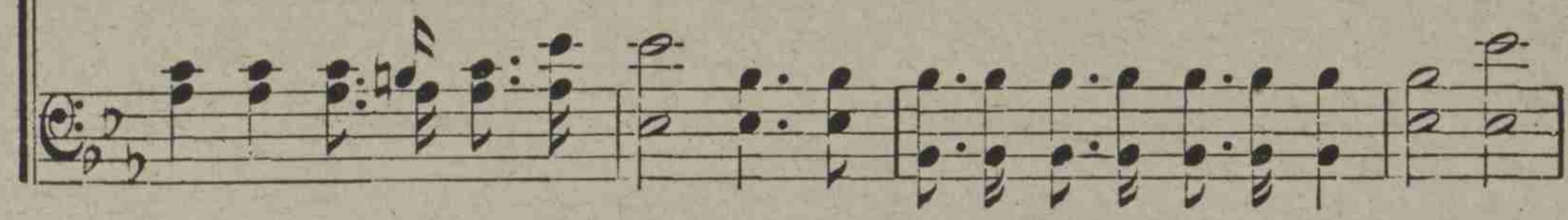




With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er, Flow - ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor-ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
Saints whom death will nev-er sev - er Lift their songs of sav - ing grace.
Soon our hap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



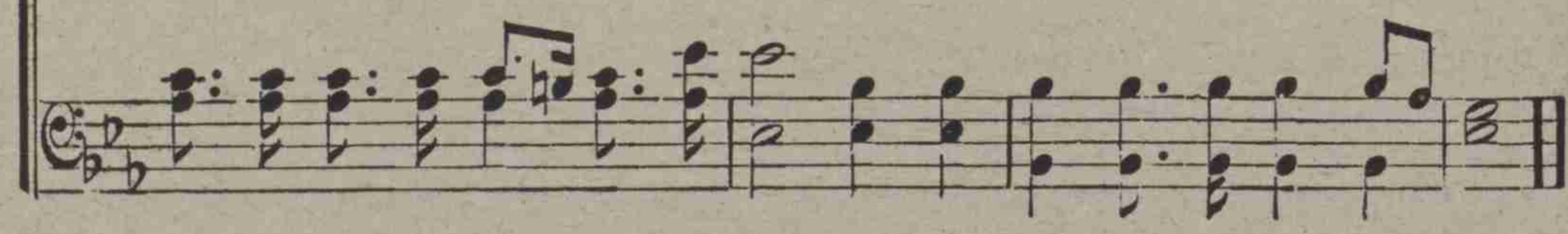
CHORUS.



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



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



No. 177 Shout the Victory

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

1. Shout a - loud, ye chil-dren of the kingdom, Lift your eyes un-to the
2. Shout, for lo, with grace and strength unbounded Comes he Satan's bond-men
3. Shout for joy, he march-es on vic-to-rious, Shakes the earth 'neath his on -
4. Shout, for hell's foundations now are crumbling, Shout, the mighty walls are

heav'nly hills, Shout, for help is sure- ly, swift-ly com- ing From the
to re- lease; They who trust shall nev er be con-found-ed, Hail him
com - ing tread; Wide pro-claim his com-ing kingdom glorious, Which from
fall - ing down, Shout, for soon we'll hear his chariots' rumbling, Shout, for

CHORUS.

One whose glo-ry heav - en fills.
now the might-y Prince of peace.
shore to shore shall on-ward spread.
soon our Lord as King we'll crown.

} Shout the vic - to - ry! shout the vic-to-ry!

Let your songs of triumph rend the vaulted sky; Shout the vic - to- ry! the

Harmony.

blood-bo't vic - to - ry! We shall reign with him in glo - ry bye and bye.

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No. 178. The New Song.

FLORA L. BEST. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

1. There are songs of joy that I loved to sing, When my heart was as blithe as a
2. There are songs of home that are dear as life, And I list to them oft 'mid the
3. Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad, When the gra-cious Mas-ter hath
4. I shall catch the gleam of its jas - per wall When I come to the gloom of the

bird.... in spring, But the song I have learned is so full of cheer, That the
din.... of strife; But I know of a home that is won-drous fair, And I
made.. me glad? When He points where the ma - ny man-sions be, And He
e - ven - fall, For I know that the shad-ows, drear-y and dim, Have a

CHORUS. *Vivace.*

dawn shines out in the darkness drear.
sing the psalm they are sing-ing there.
sweet - ly says, "There is one for thee?"
path of light that will lead to Him.

O the new, new song

O the new, new song
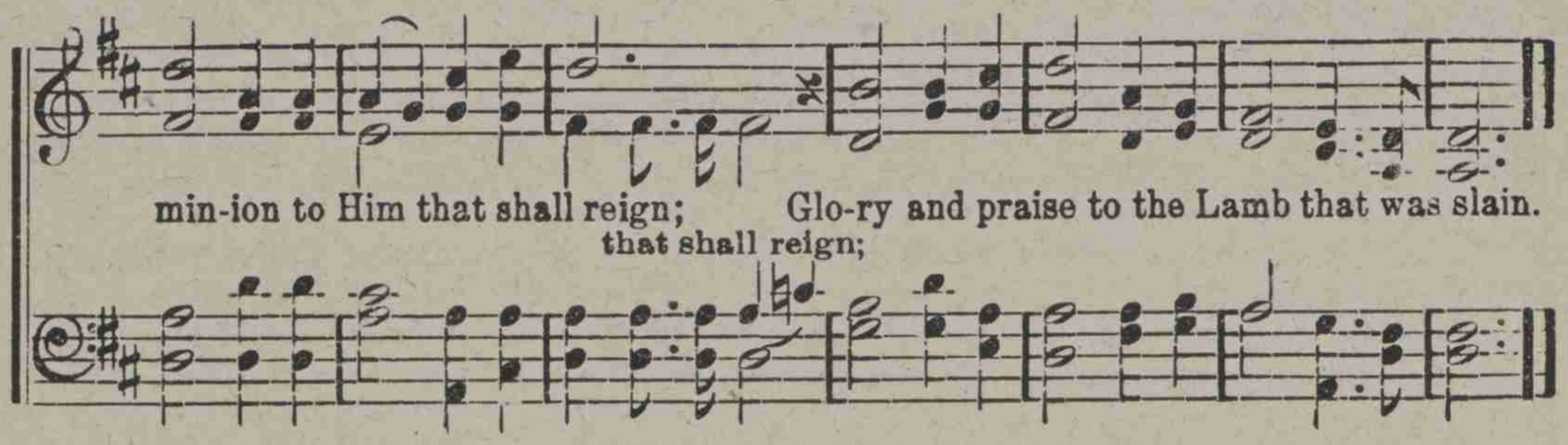
O the new, new song! I can sing it

O the new, new song! I can sing it

now with the ran - - somed throng: Pow - er and do -
now, just now with the ransomed, the ransomed throng.

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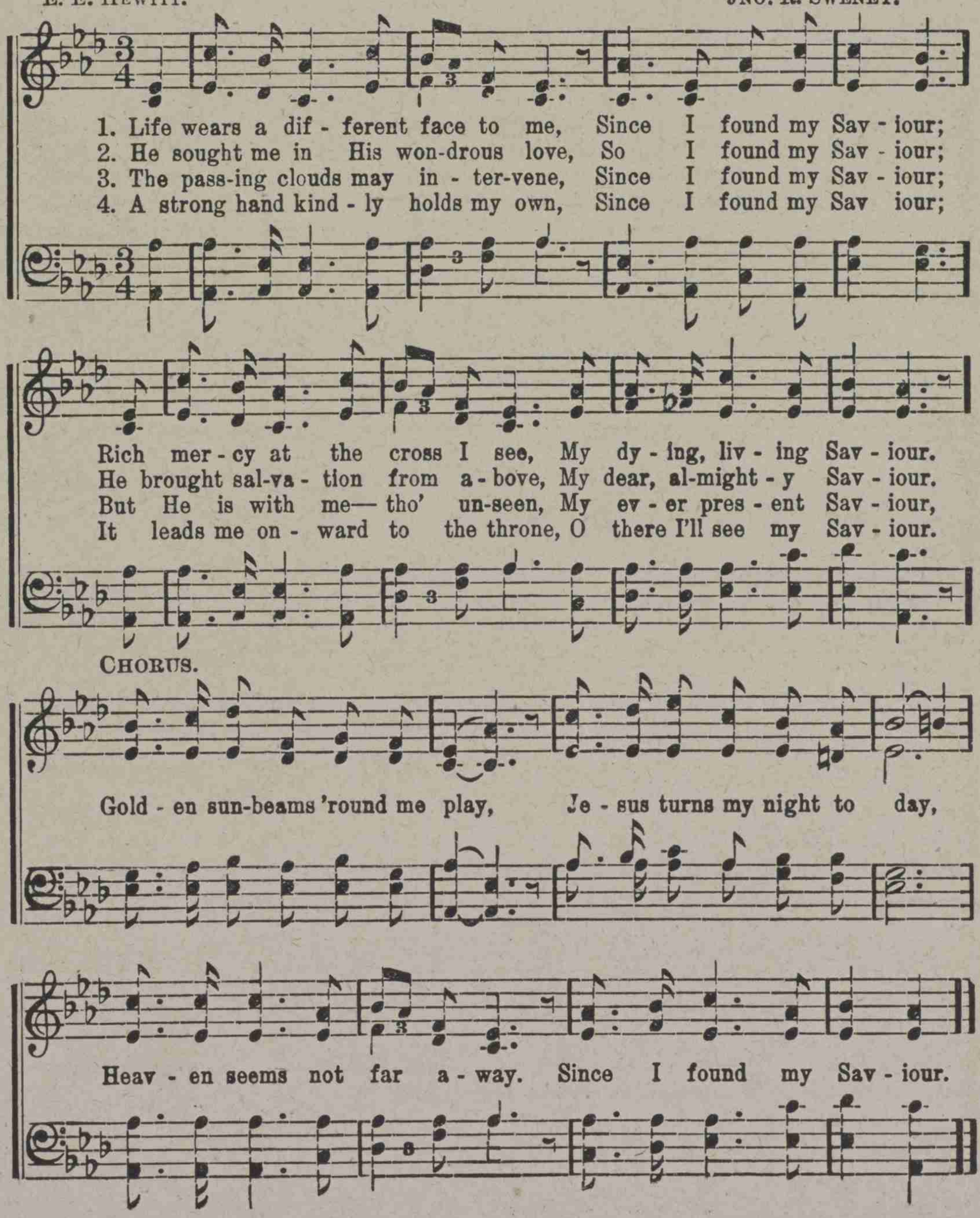
The New Song. Concluded.



No. 179. Since I Found My Savior.

Copyright, 1920, Renewal. Hope Pub. Co., owner.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.



No. 180. I Know He's Mine.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. B. FRANK BUTTS.

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

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

CHORUS.

I know He's mine,..... this friend so dear,..... He lives with
I know He's mine, this friend so dear,
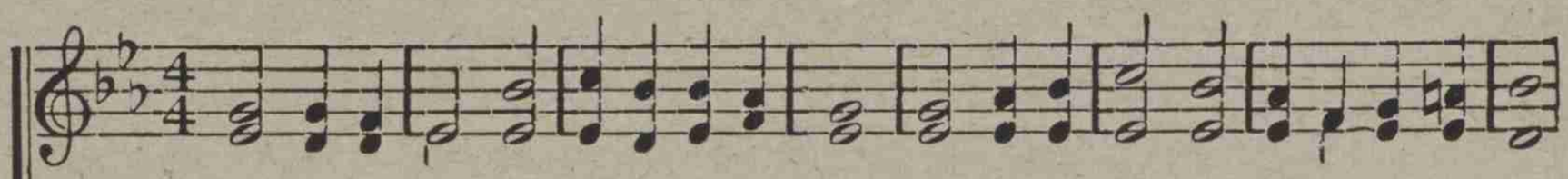
me,..... He's ev - er near;..... Ten thous - and
He lives with me, He's ev - er near;

charms..... around Him shine,..... And, best of all, I know He's mine.
Ten thousand charms around Him shine,

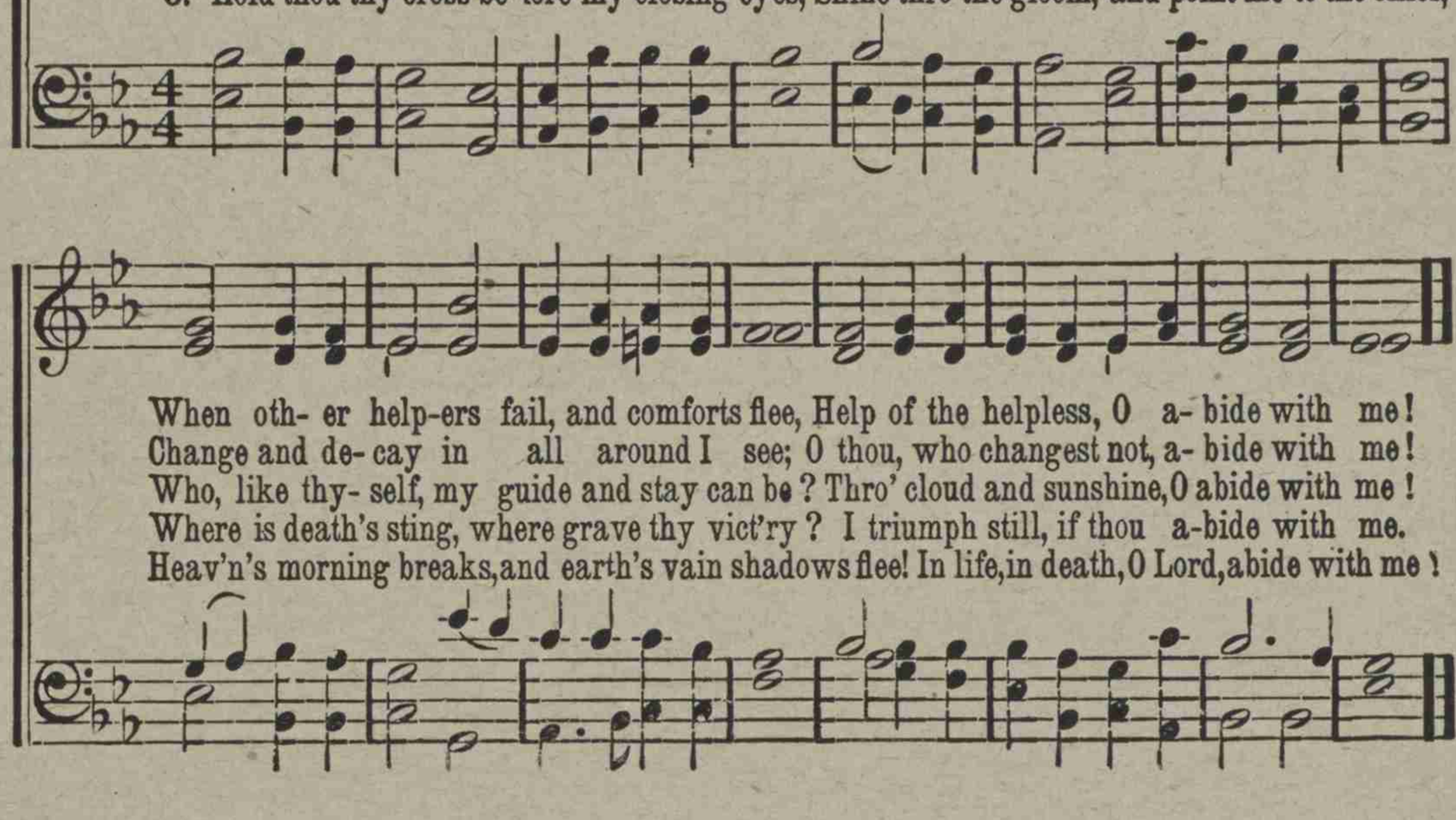
Copyright, 1900, by Hall-Mack Co. Used by per.

No. 181 Abide With Me
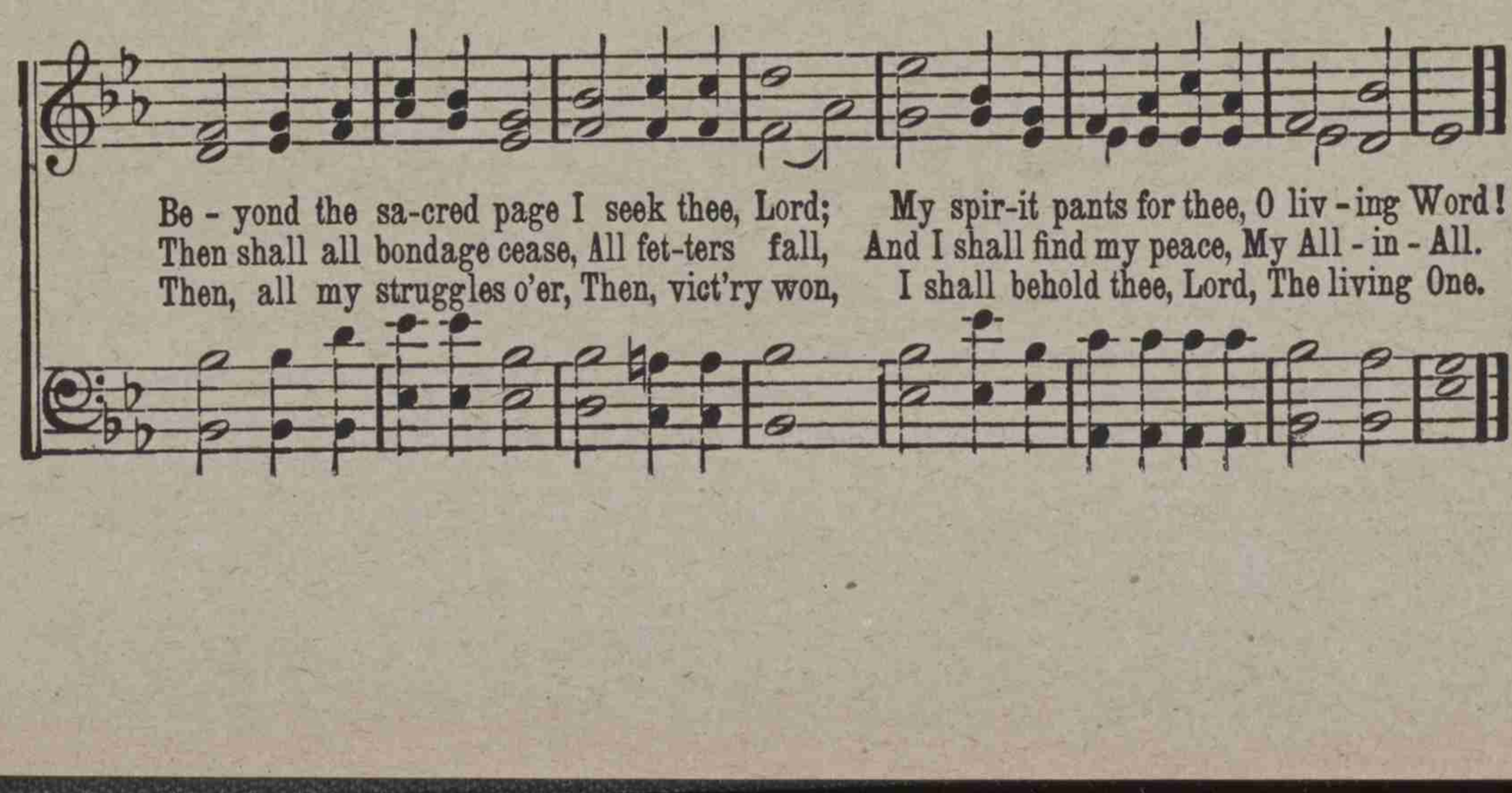
HENRY F. LYTE. (EVENTIDE 10s.) WILLIAM H. MONK.



1. A- bide with me! Fast falls the e-ven- tide, The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a-way;
3. I need thy presence ev'ry passing hour; What but thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
5. Hold thou thy cross be-fore my closing eyes; Shine thro'the gloom, and point me to the skies;



When oth- er help-ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a- bide with me!
Change and de- cay in all around I see; O thou, who changest not, a- bide with me!
Who, like thy- self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!
Where is death's sting, where grave thy vict'ry? I triumph still, if thou a-bide with me.
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!



No. 182 Break Thou, the Bread of Life

MARY A. LATHBURY. (SHERWIN 10s.) WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.

1. Break thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea;
2. Bless thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On-ly for thee, As thy dis - ci-ples lived In Gal - i - lee;

Be - yond the sa-cred page I seek thee, Lord; My spir-it pants for thee, O liv - ing Word!
Then shall all bondage cease, All fet-ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All - in - All.
Then, all my struggles o'er, Then, vict'ry won, I shall behold thee, Lord, The living One.



No. 183. Have Thy Way, Lord.

Copyright, 1938, by Geo, Bennard. Renewal.

G. B. REV. GEO. BENNARD.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 184. The Old Rugged Cross.

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Rodeheaver Hall-Mack Co., owner.

G. B. REV. GEO. BENNARD.

1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug - ged cross, The em-blem of suf-f'ring and shame,
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a won-drous at - trac-tion for me;
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so divine, A won - drous beau - ty I see.
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev - er be true, Its shame and re - proach glad-ly bear;

And I love that old cross where the Dearest and Best
For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry a - bove,
For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf-fered and died,
Then He'll call me some day to my home far a - way,

CHORUS.

For a world of lost sin-ners was slain.
To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry.
To par - don and sanc - ti - fy me.
Where His glo - ry for - ev - er I'll share.

So I'll cher - ish the old rug-ged cross, the cross,..... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the old rugged cross, old rug - ged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown.
cross, the old rug-ged cross,

No. 185 Heavenly Sunlight

REV. H. J. ZELLEY. G. H. COOK.

1. Walking in sun-light, all of my jour-ney; O-ver the mountains,
2. Shadows a-round me, shadows a-bove me, Nev-er con-ceal my
3. In the bright sun-light, ev-er re-joic-ing, Press-ing my way to

through the deep vale; Je-sus has said I'll nev-er for-sake thee,
Sav-iour and Guide; He is the light, in him is no dark-ness,
man-sions a-bove; Sing-ing his prais-es, glad-ly I'm walk-ing,

CHORUS.

Prom-ise di-vine that nev-er can fail.
Ev-er I'm walk-ing close to his side.
Walk-ing in sun-light, sun-light of love.
} Heav-en-ly sun-light,

heav-en-ly sun-light; Flooding my soul with glo-ry di-vine: Hal-le-

lu-jah, I am re-joic-ing, Singing his prais-es, Je-sus is mine.

Copyright, 1899, by H. L. Gilmour Wenonah, N J

No. 186. One More Day's Work for Jesus.

ANNA WARNER. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me;
2. One more day's work for Je - sus; How glo - rious is my King!
3. One more day's work for Je - sus; How sweet the work has been,
4. One more day's work for Je - sus— O yes, a wea - ry day;
5. O bless - ed work for Je - sus! O rest at Je - sus' feet!

But heav'n is near - er, And Christ is dear - er, Than yes - ter-day, to
'Tis joy, not du - ty, To speak His beau - ty: My soul mounts on the
To tell the sto - ry, To show the glo - ry Where Christ's flock en-ter
But heav'n shines clearer, And rest comes near-er, At each step of the
There toil seems pleasure, In full - est meas-ure, And pain for Him is

me; His love and light Fill all my soul to - night.
wing At the mere thought How Christ my life has bought.
in! How it did shine In this poor heart of mine!
way; And Christ is all— Be - fore His face I fall.
sweet; Lord, if I may, I'll serve an - oth - er day.

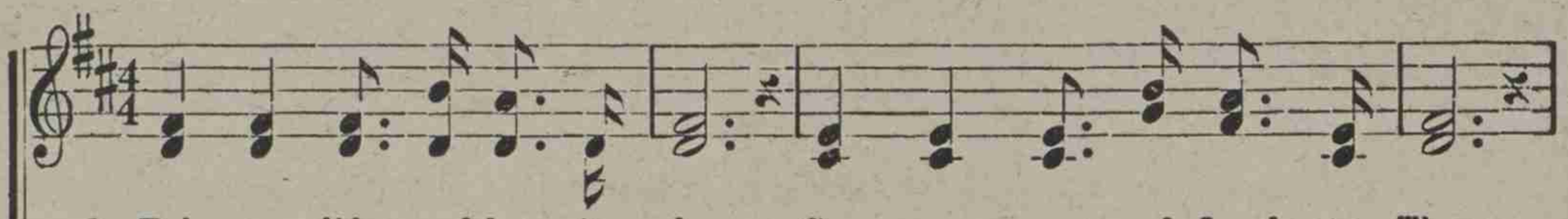
CHORUS.

One more day's work for Je - sus, One more day's work for Je - sus,
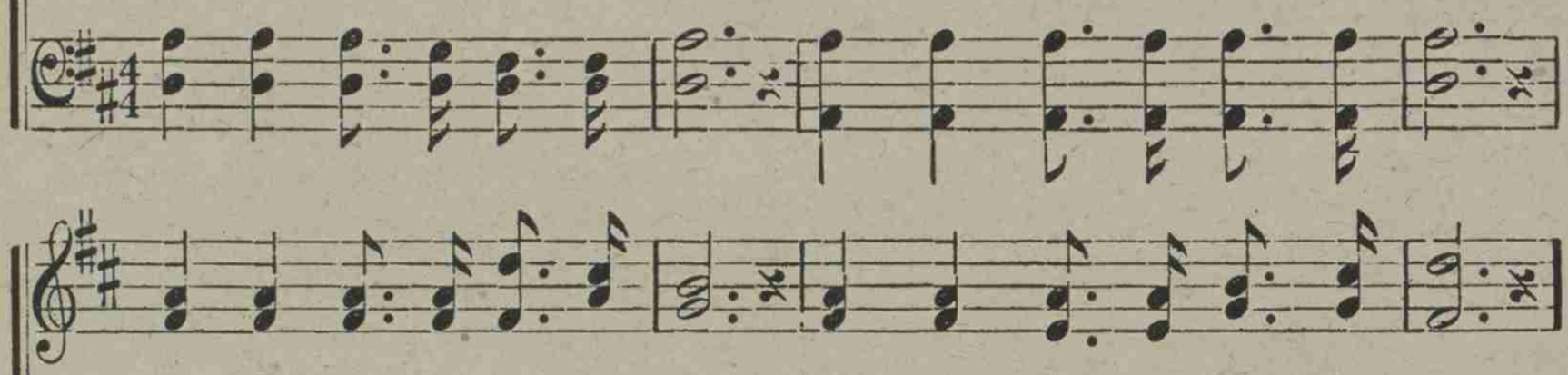
One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me.

No. 187. Entire Consecration.

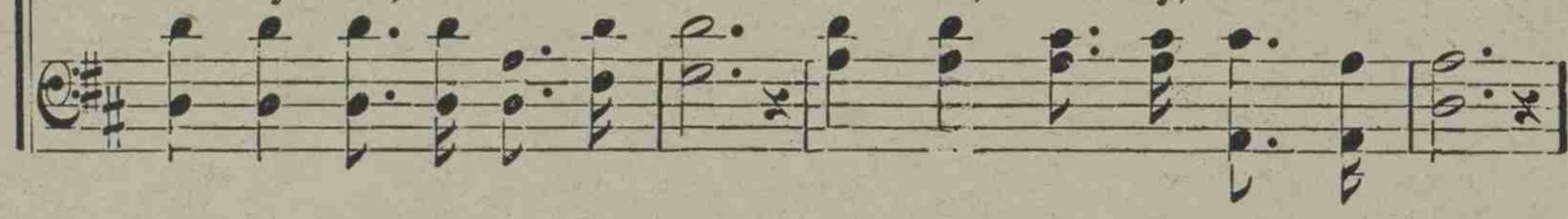
FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. Chorus by W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



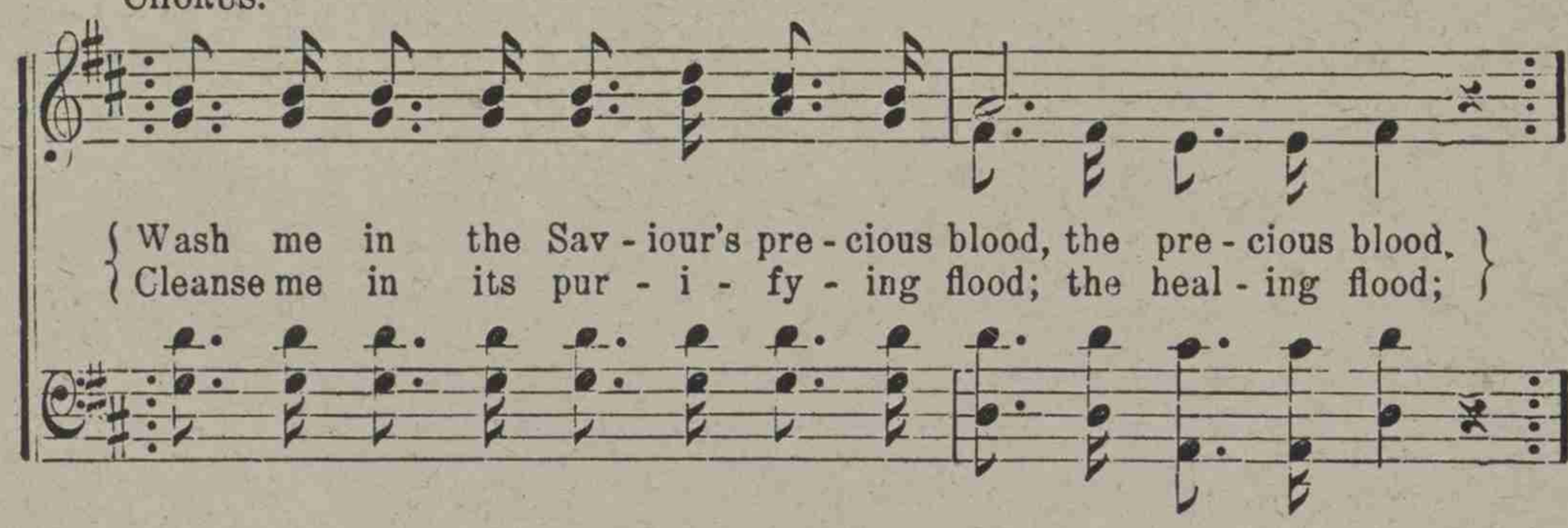
1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sag - es for Thee;
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise;
5. Take my will, and make it Thine: It shall be no long - er mine;
6. Take my love,—my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure - store!
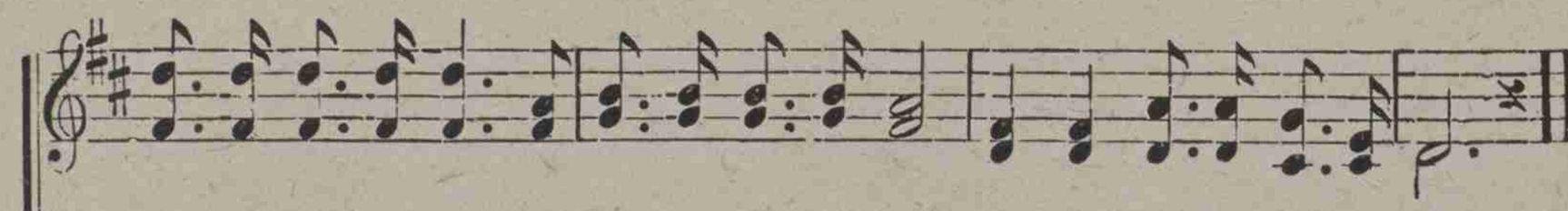


Take my hands and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly for my King.
Take my sil - ver and my gold,— Not a mite would I with - hold.
Take my in - tel-lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
Take my heart,—it is Thine own,— It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.



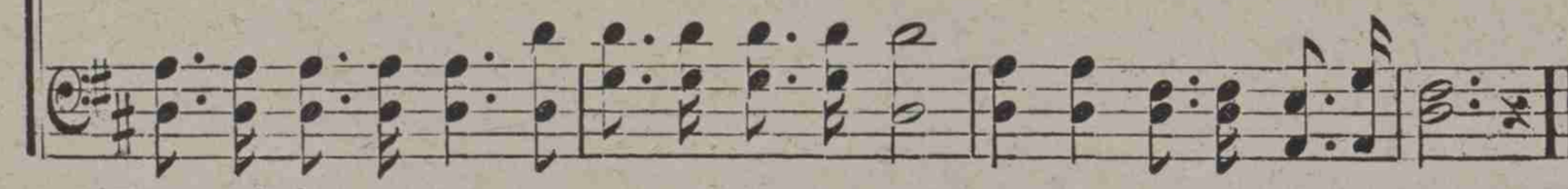
CHORUS.



{ Wash me in the Sav - iour's pre - cious blood, the pre - cious blood.
{ Cleanse me in its pur - i - fy - ing flood; the heal - ing flood;



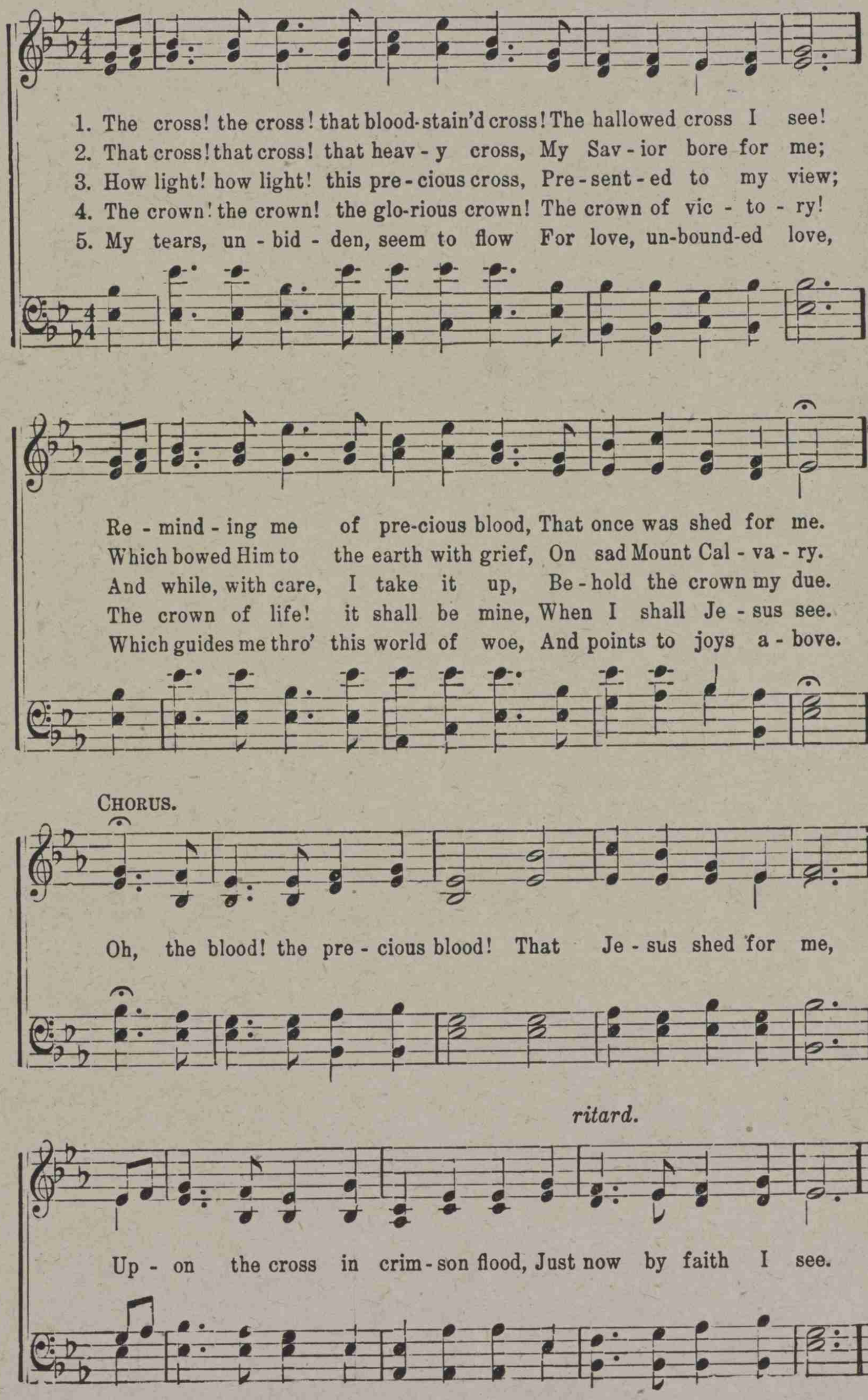
Lord, I give to Thee, my life and all, to be Thine, henceforth, e-ter-nal-ly.



By permission.

No. 188. The Hallowed Cross.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.



No. 189. Oh, to be Like Thee.

Copyright, 1925, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Renewal.

T. O. CHISHOLM. Haldor Lillenas, owner. Used by per. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, to be like Thee! bless-ed Re - deem - er, This is my con - stant
2. Oh, to be like Thee! full of com - pas - sion, Lov - ing, for - giv• - ing,
3. Oh, to be like Thee! low - ly in spir - it, Ho - ly, and harm - less,
4. Oh, to be like Thee! Lord, I am com - ing, Now to re - ceive th'a-
5. Oh, to be like Thee! while I am plead - ing, Pour out Thy Spir - it,

long - ing and pray'r; Glad-ly I'll for - feit all of earth's treas-ures,
ten - der and kind, Help-ing the help - less, cheer-ing the faint - ing,
pa - tient and brave; Meek-ly en - dur - ing cru - el re-proach - es,
noint-ing di - vine; All that I am and have I am bring - ing,
fill with Thy love, Make me a tem - ple meet for Thy dwell - ing,

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Thy per - fect like-ness to wear.
Seek-ing the wand'ring sin - ner to find.
Will-ing to suf - fer, oth - ers to save. Oh, to be like Thee!
Lord, from this mo - ment all shall be Thine.
Fit me for life and heav - en a - bove.

Oh, to be like Thee, Blessed Re-deem - er, pure as Thou art; Come in Thy

rit.

sweet-ness, come in Thy full-ness; Stamp Thine own im-age deep on my heart.

No. 190. Whiter Than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON. W. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for-
2. Lord Je - sus look down from Thine home in the skies; And help me to
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat, I wait, bless-ed
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou see - est I pa - tient - ly wait, Come now, and with-

ev - er to live in my soul, Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast
make a com-plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what-
Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleans - ing, I
in me a clean heart cre - ate, To those who have sought Thee, Thou

out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.
ev - er I know; Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.
see Thy blood flow, Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.
nev - er said'st "no," Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit - er than snow, yes, Whit - er than snow, Now
wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

Used by permission of Wm. G. Fischer, owner of copyright.

No. 191. What If It Were Today?

Copyright, 1940, by Hope Publishing Co. Renewal.

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

1. Je - sus is com-ing to earth a-gain, What if it were to - day?
2. Sa - tan's dominion will then be o'er, O that it were to - day!
3. Faithful and true would He find us here If He should come to-day?

Com-ing in pow-er and love to reign, What if it were to - day?
Sor - row and sigh-ing shall be no more, O that it were to - day!
Watching in glad-ness and not in fear, If He should come to-day?

Com - ing to claim His cho - sen bride, All the re-deemed and
Then shall the dead in Christ a - rise, Caught up to meet Him
Signs of His com - ing mul - ti - ply, Morn-ing light breaks in

pu - ri - fied, O - ver this whole earth scat - tered wide,
in the skies, When shall these glo - ries meet our eyes?
east - ern sky, Watch, for the time is draw - ing nigh,

rit.

a tempo.

CHORUS.

What if it were to - day? Glo - ry! glo - ry!

What If It Were To-day? Concluded.

joy to my heart 'twill bring; Glo - ry, glo - ry! When we shall
joy to my heart 'twill bring, When

crown Him king; Glo - ry, glo - ry! Haste to pre-pare the
we shall crown Him king, Haste to pre-

Rit.

way; Glo - ry, glo - ry! Je - sus will come some day.
pare the way;

No. 192. A Charge To Keep I Have.

CHARLES WESLEY. BOYLSTON, S. M. LOWELL MASON.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill,
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in thy sight to live;
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,

A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
O may it all my pow'rs en-gage To do my Mas - ter's will.
And, O Thy serv - ant, Lord pre-pare A strict ac-count to give.
As-sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

No. 193. I Surrender All.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

Duet.

1. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, All to Him I free - ly give;
   I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres-ence dai - ly live.

2. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Hum - bly at His feet I bow,
   World-ly pleas-ures all for-sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now.

3. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Make me, Sav - ior, whol - ly Thine;
   Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine.

CHORUS.

I sur-ren - der all, I sur-ren - der all,
I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all,

All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - ior, I sur - ren - der all.

Copyright, 1896, by Weeden and Van De Venter. P. P. Bilhorn, Owner.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to Thee,
Fill me with Thy love and power,
Let Thy blessing fall on me.

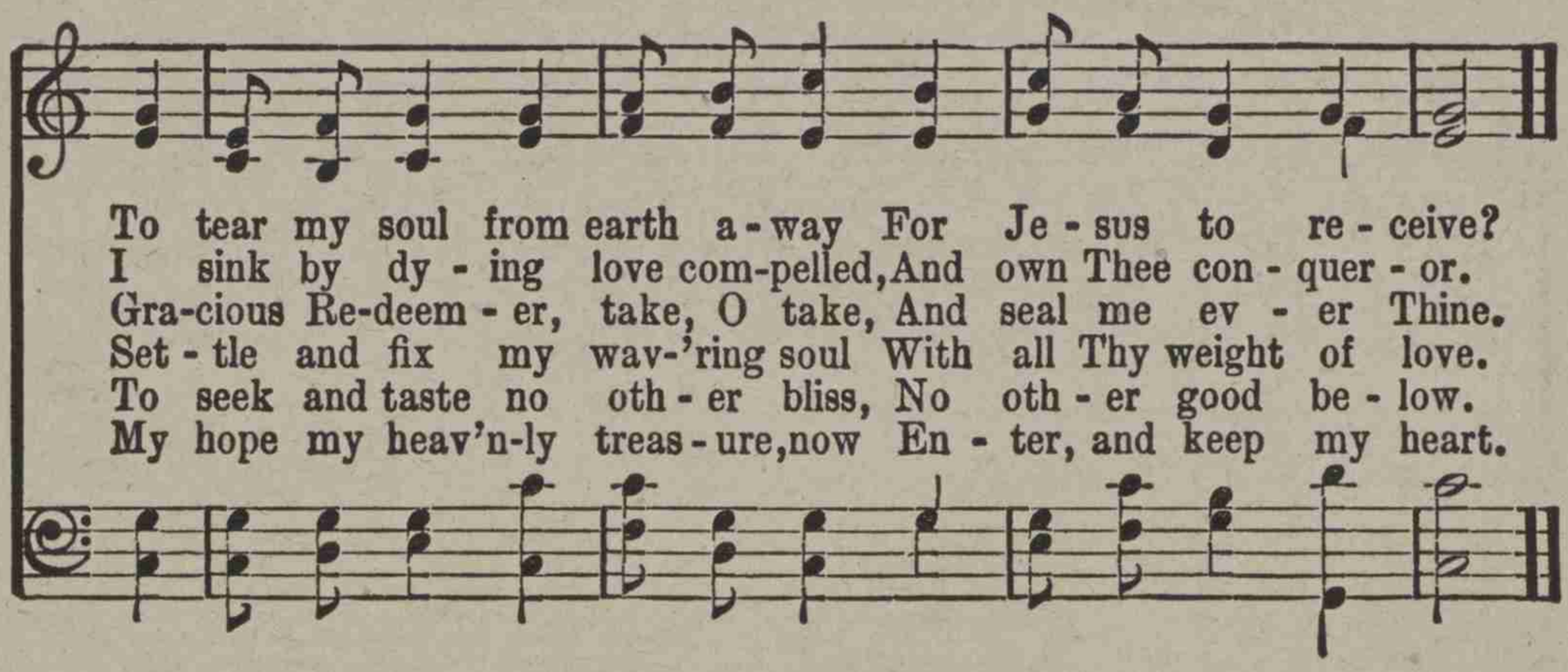
5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame;
O the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to His name!

No. 194. And Can I Yet Delay?

CHAS. WESLEY. (Boylston, S. M.) LOWELL MASON.

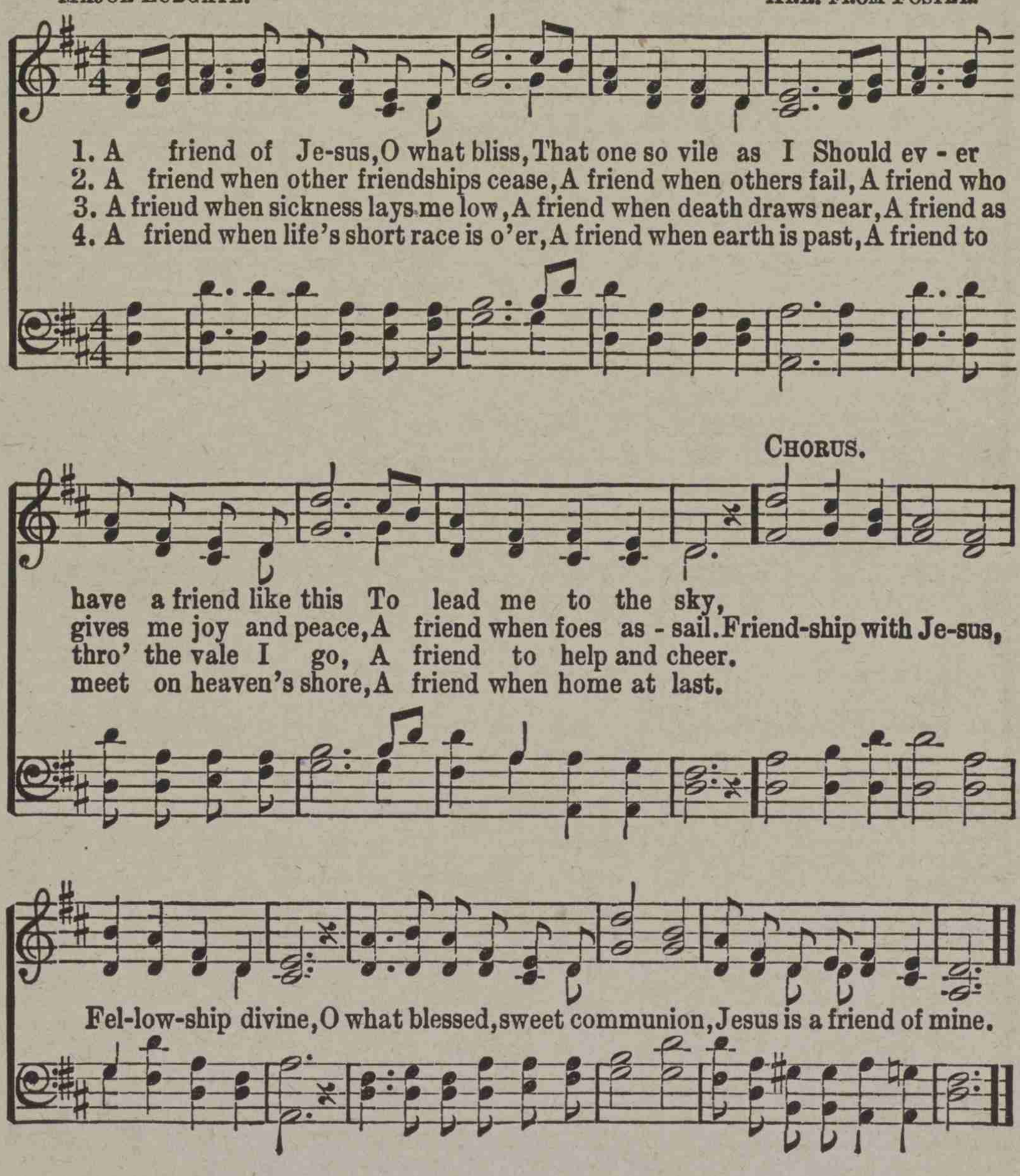
1. And can I yet de - lay My lit - tle all to give?
2. Nay, but I yield, I yield; I can hold out no more:
3. Though late, I all for - sake; My friends, my all, re - sign:
4. Come, and pos - sess me whole, Nor hence a - gain re - move;
5. My one de - sire be this, Thy on - ly love to know;
6. My life, my por - tion Thou; Thou all - suf - fi - cient art:

And Can I Yet Delay?



No. 195. Friendship With Jesus.

MAJOR LUDGATE. ARR. FROM FOSTER.



No. 196. Sweeter as the Years Go By.

Copyright, 1940, by Mrs. W. R. Lunk. Renewal.

MRS. C. H. M. Nazarene Publishing House, owner. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Of Je-sus' love that sought me, When I was lost in sin; Of won-drous
2. He trod in old Ju - de - a Life's path-way long a - go; The peo - ple
3. 'Twas wondrous love which led Him For us to suf - fer loss—To bear with-

grace that bro't me Back to His fold a - gain; Of heights and depths of
thronged a-bout Him, His sav - ing grace to know; He healed the bro - ken-
out a mur - mur, The an-guish of the cross; With saints re-deemed in

mer - cy, Far deep - er than the sea, And high - er than the heavens, My
heart - ed, And caused the blind to see; And still His great heart yearneth In
glo - ry, Let us our voic-es raise, Till heav'n and earth re - ech - o With
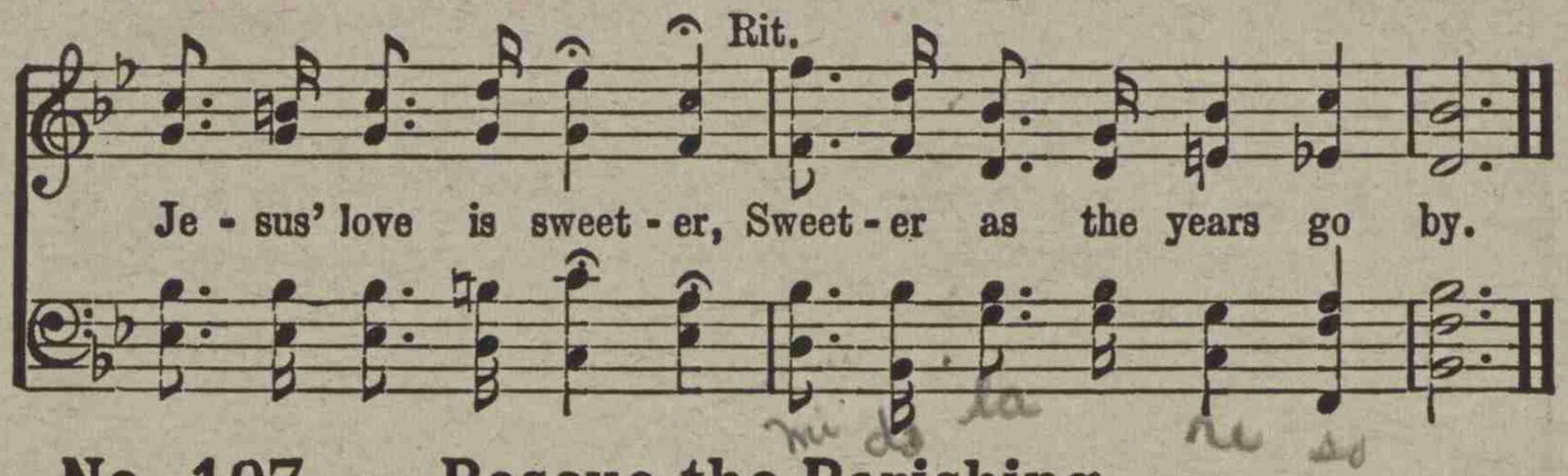
CHORUS.

theme shall ev - er be. Sweet-er as the years go by,
love for e - ven me.
our Re-deem-er's praise. Sweet - er as the years go by, 'Tis

Sweet-er as the years go by; Rich - er, full - er, deep - er,
Sweet - er as the years go by;

do do, do ti la so do fa mi mi re re do.
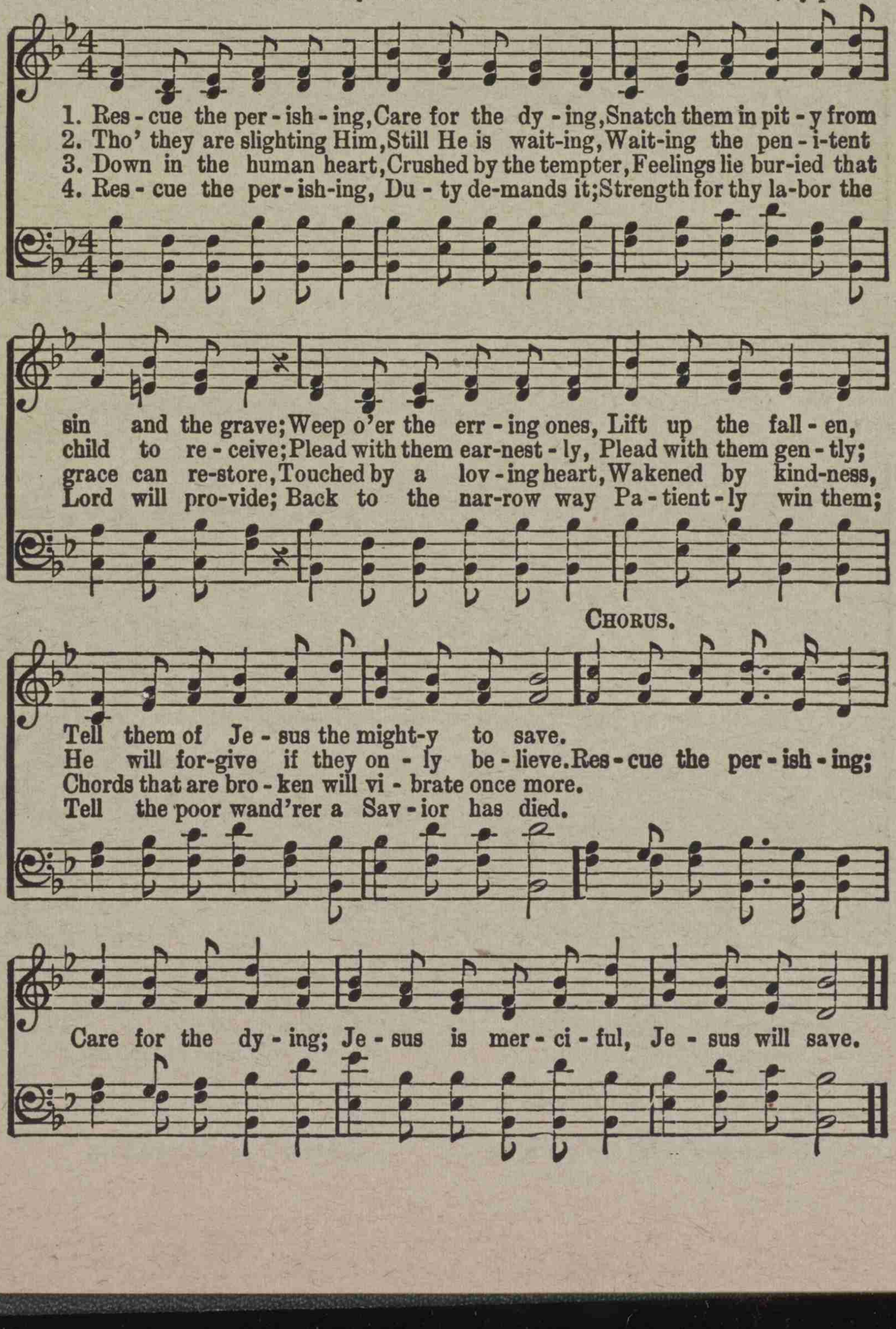
Sweeter as the Years Go By. Concluded.



No. 197. Rescue the Perishing.

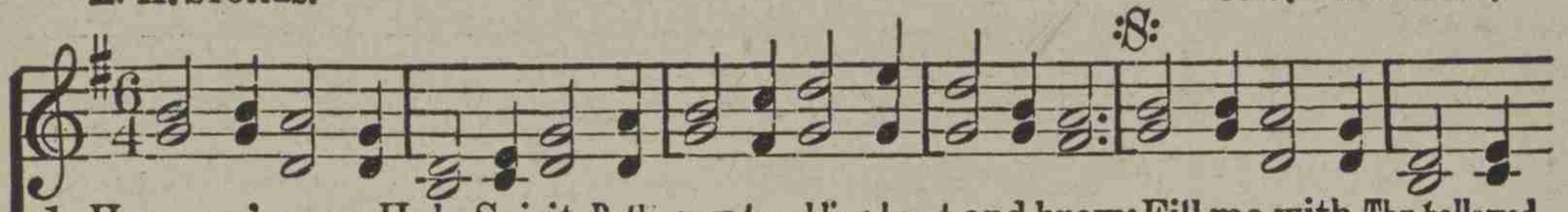
"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—LUKE 14: 23.

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

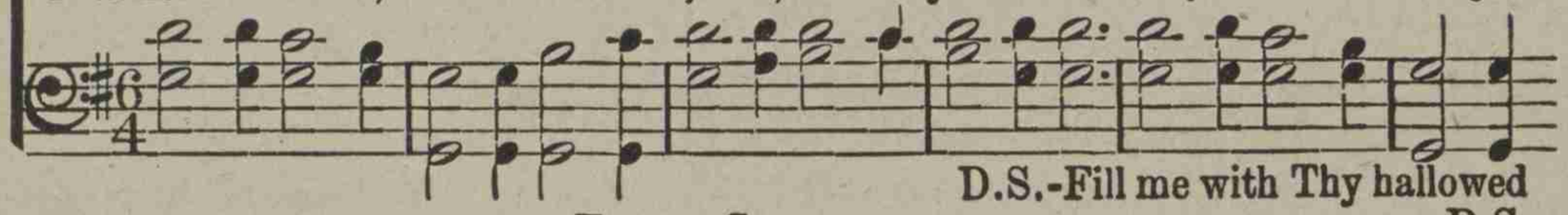


No. 198. Fill Me Now.

E. H. STOKES. JNO. R. SWENEY.

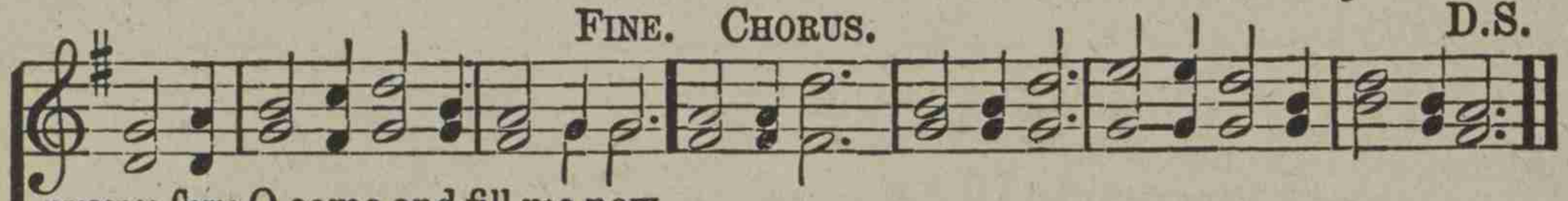


1. Hov-er o'er me, Holy Spirit, Bathe my trembling heart and brow; Fill me with Thy hallowed
2. Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit, Tho' I cannot tell Thee how; But I need Thee, greatly
3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At Thy sacred feet I bow; Blest, divine, eter-nal
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me; Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow, Thou art comforting and

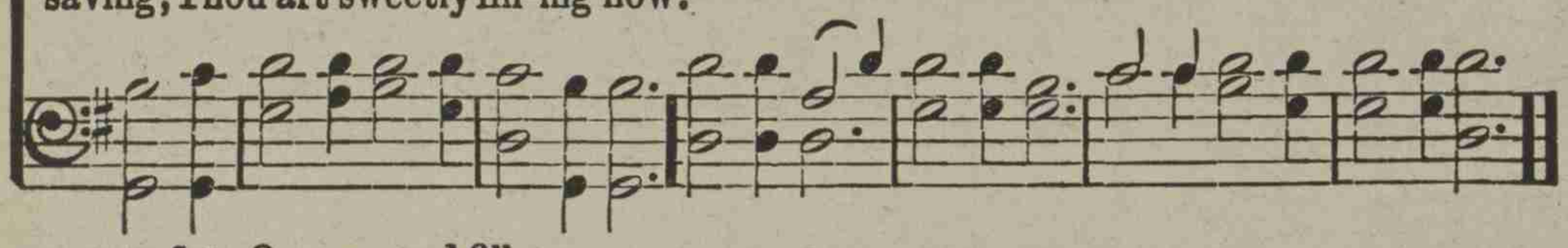


D.S.-Fill me with Thy hallowed

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.



presence, Come, O come and fill me now.
need Thee, Come, O come and fill me now. Fill me now, fill me now, Jesus, come and fill me now.
Spirit, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
saving, Thou art sweetly fill-ing now.
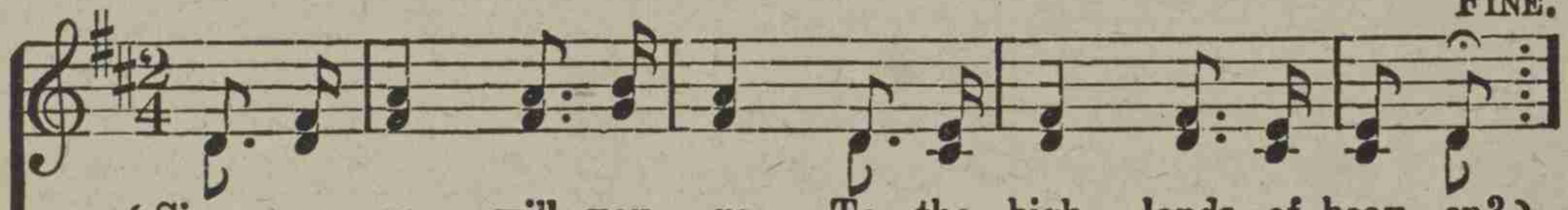


presence, Come, O come and fill me now.

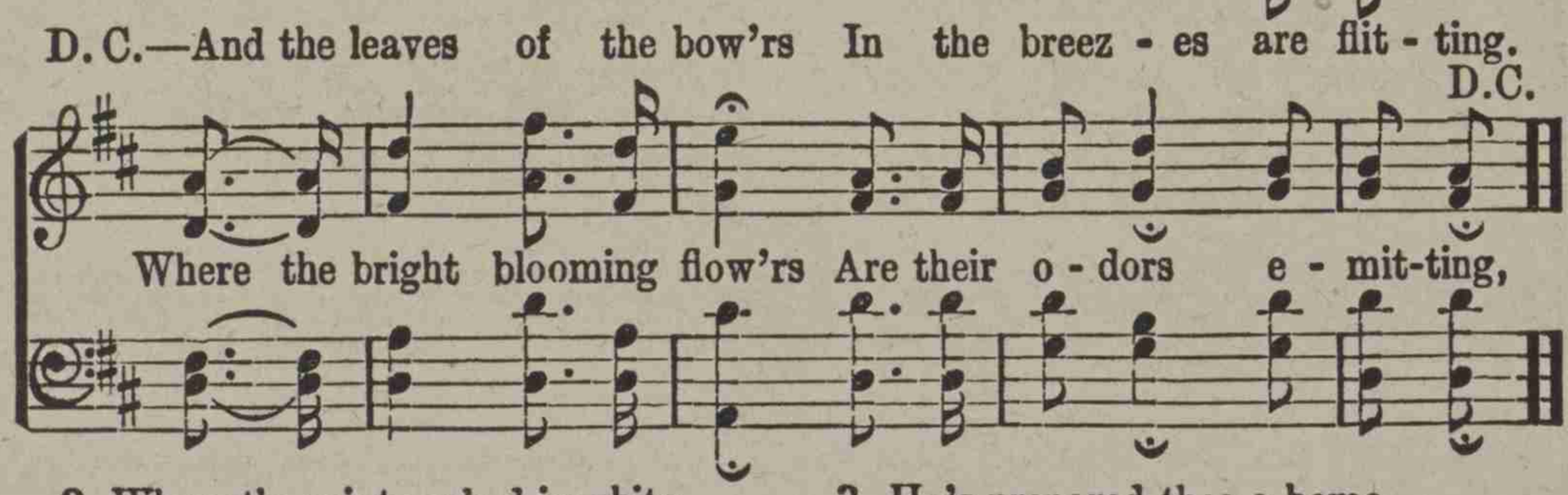
No. 199. The Sinner Invited.

Words and music arr. by REV. W. MCDONALD.

FINE.



1. { Sin - ner go, will you go To the high - lands of heav - en?
   { Where the storms nev - er blow, And the long sum-mer's giv - en:



D. C.—And the leaves of the bow'rs In the breez - es are flit - ting.

D.C.
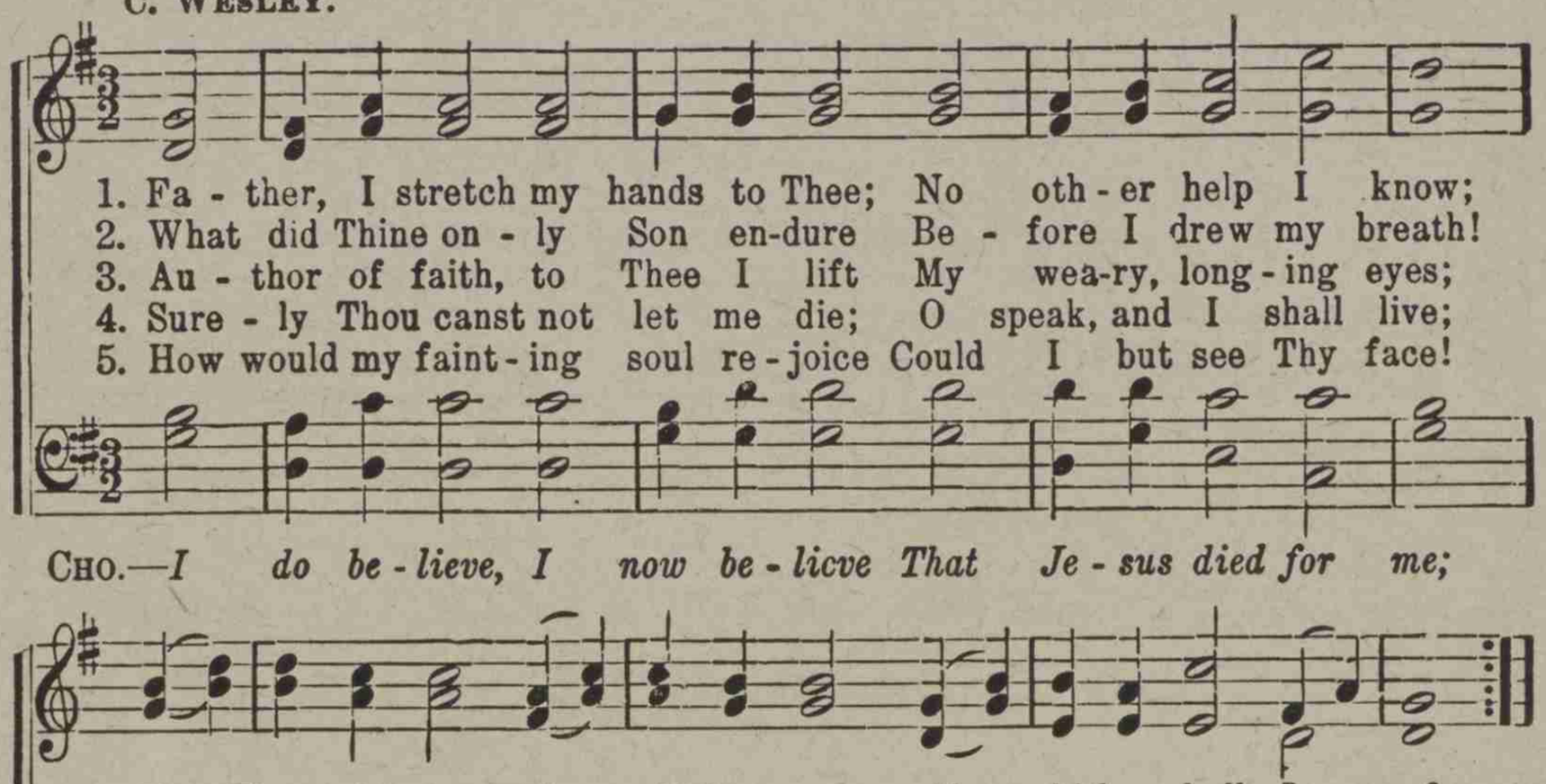
Where the bright blooming flow'rs Are their o - dors e - mit-ting,

2. Where the saints robed in white,
   Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
Shining beauteous and bright,
   They inhabit the mountain.
Where no sin nor dismay,
   Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
   Nor be feared for the morrow.

3. He's prepared thee a home—
   Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come,
   Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
O come, sinner, come,
   For the tide is receding,
And the Savior will soon
   And forever cease pleading.

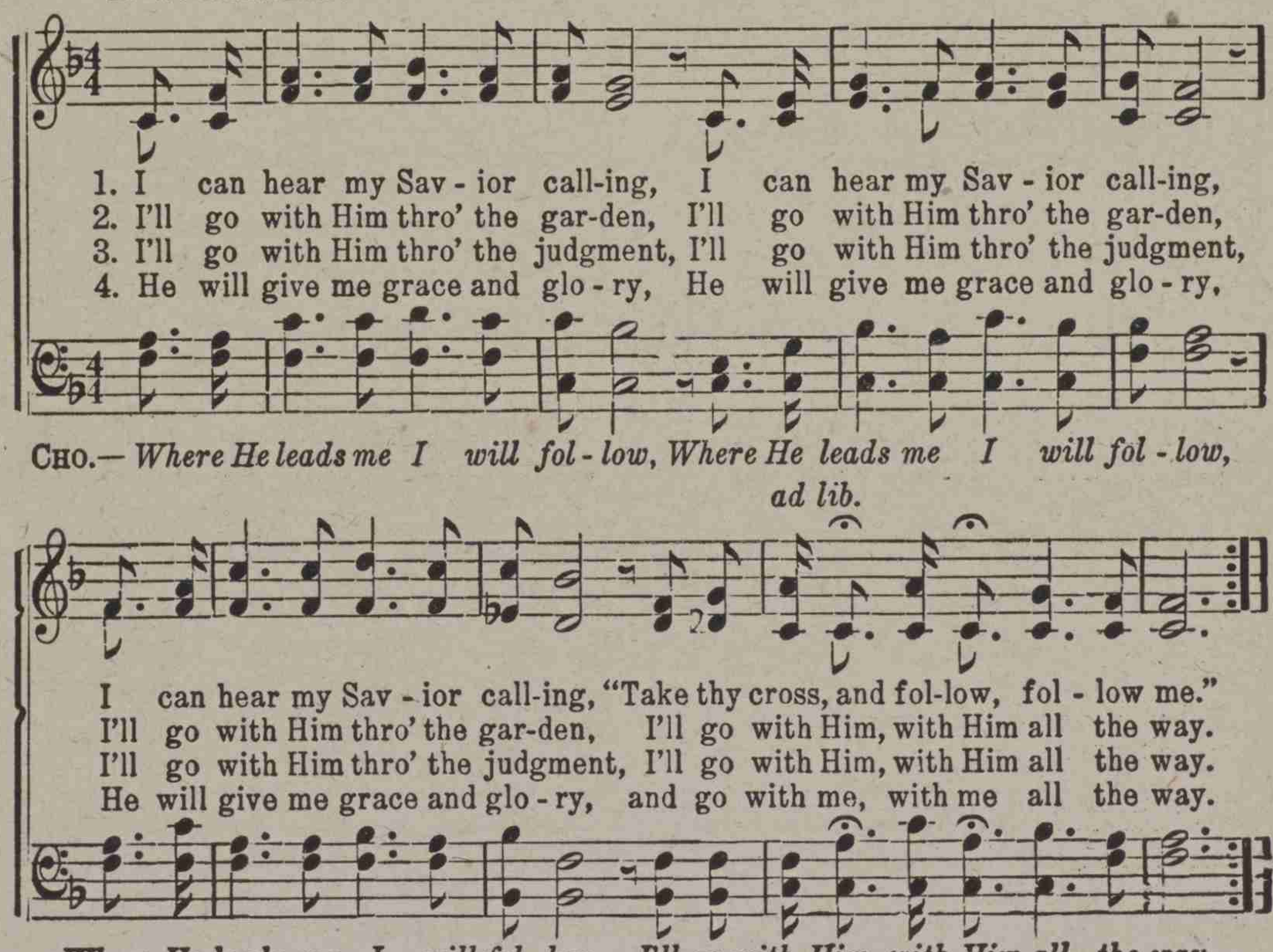
No. 200. I Do Believe.

C. WESLEY.



No. 201. Where He Leads Me.

E. W. BLENDLY. Arr.



No. 202. Nothing But the Blood of Jesus.

R. L. R. LOWRY.

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

O prec - ious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
No oth - er Fount I know, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.

Copyright 1904 by Mary Runyon Lowry, Renewal. Used by per.

2 For my pardon this I see—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
For my cleansing, this my plea,—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

3 Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

No. 203. I'm Believing and Receiving.

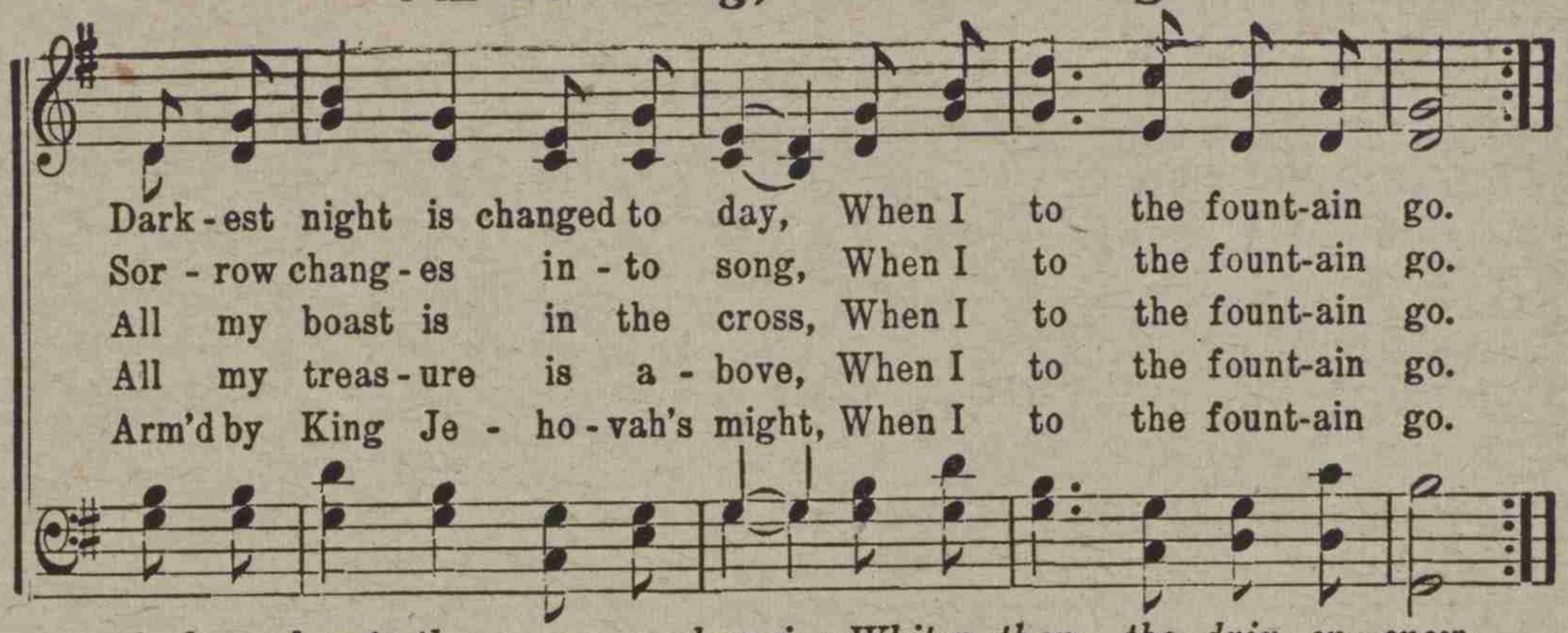
Arr. by W. J. K.

1. Sins of years are washed a - way, Blackest stains be - come as snow,
2. Doubts and fears are borne a - long On the cur - rent's cease-less flow;
3. Ease and wealth be - come as dross, Worthless, earth's de - light and show;
4. Self - ish-ness is lost in love, Love for Him whose love you know;
5. Fight-ing is a great de - light, Nev - er will I fear a foe,

CHO. *I'm be - liev - ing and re - ceiv-ing, While I to the fount-ain go;*

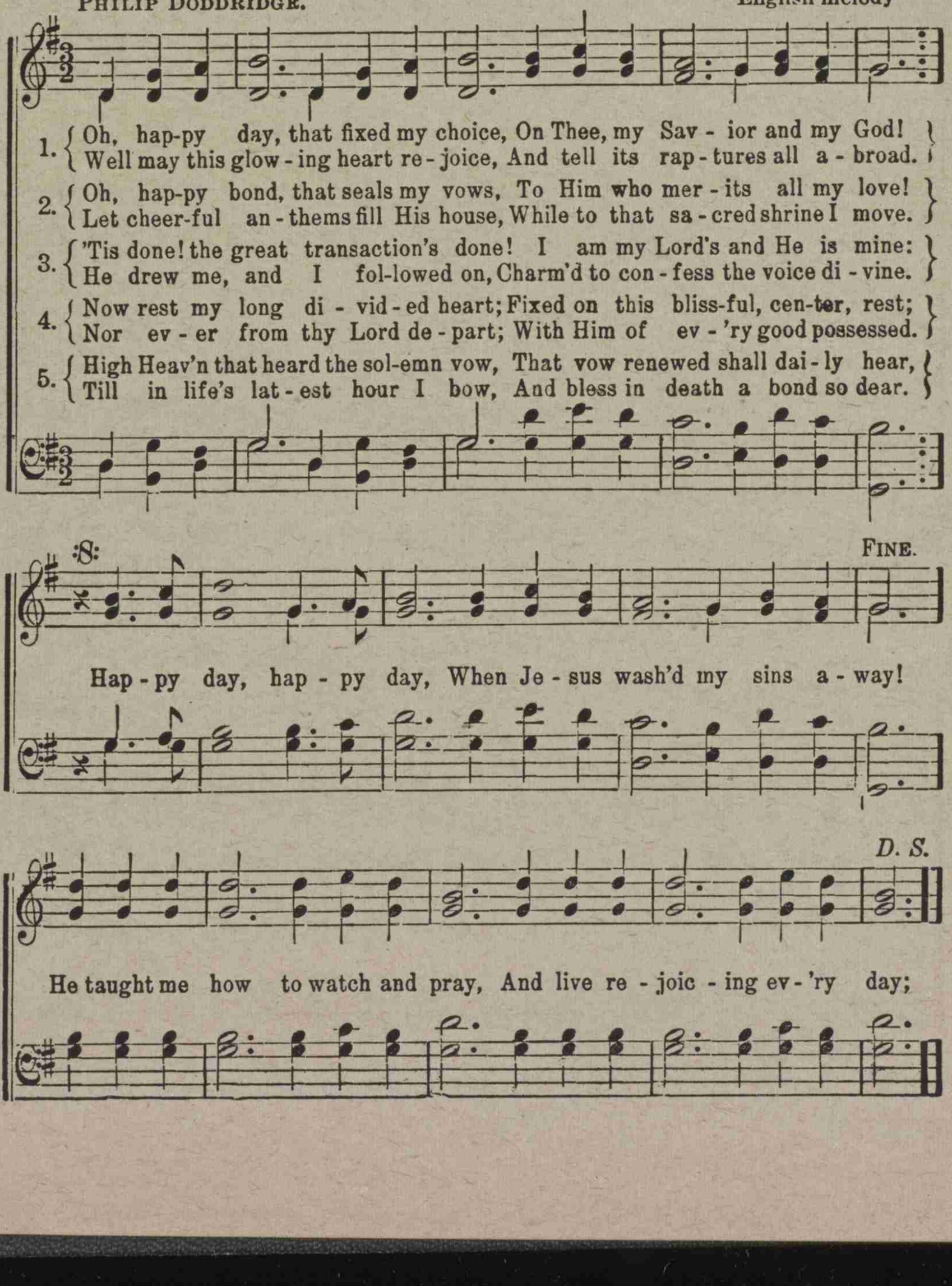
Copyright, 1890, by McDonald, Gill & Co.

I'm Believing, and Receiving.



No. 204. Oh, Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. English melody



No. 205 Step Out on the Promise.

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

1. O mourn - er in Zi - on, how bless - ed art thou, For Je - sus is wait - ing to com - fort thee now, Fear not to re - ly on the
2. O ye that are hun - gry and thirst - y, re - joice! For ye shall be filled; do you hear that sweet voice In - vit - ing you now to the
3. Who sighs for a heart from in - iq - ui - ty free? O, poor troubled soul! there's a prom - ise for thee, There's rest, wea - ry one, in the
4. Step out on this prom - ise, and Christ thou shalt win, "The blood of His Son cleans-eth us from all sin," It cleans - eth me now, hal - le-

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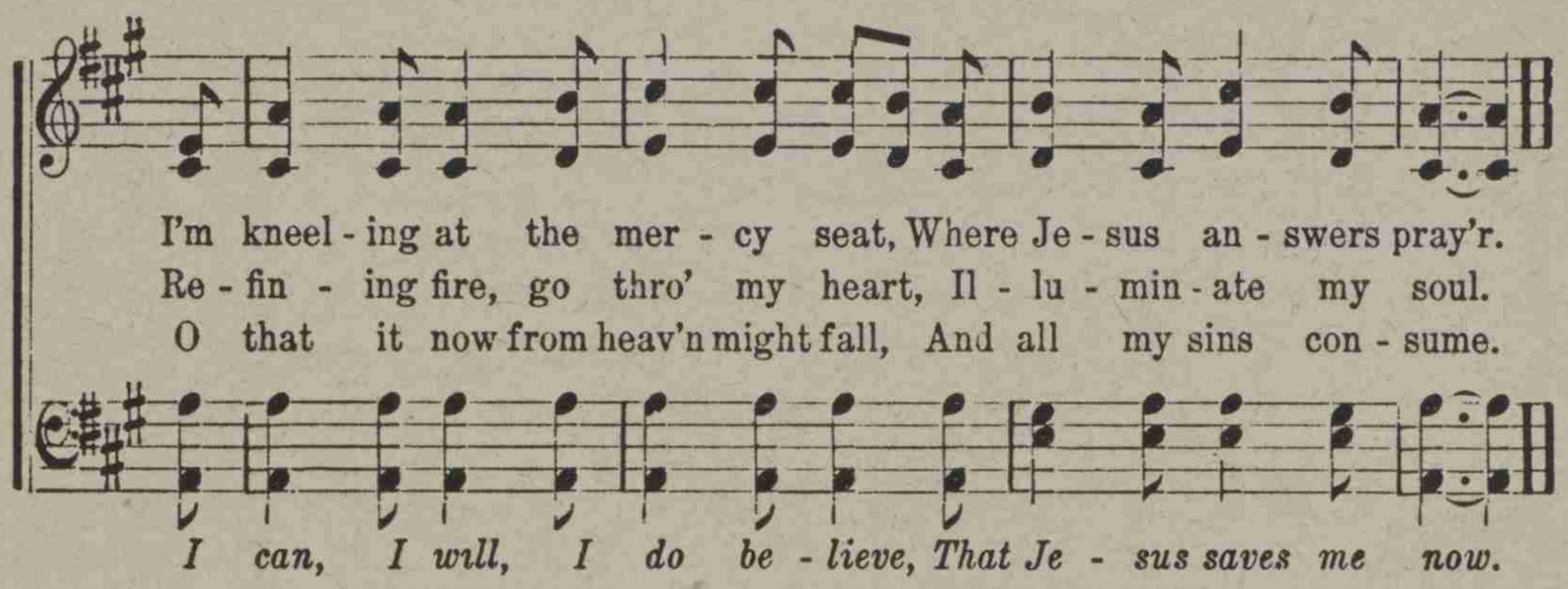
From "The Shout of Victory." By per.

No. 206. 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,

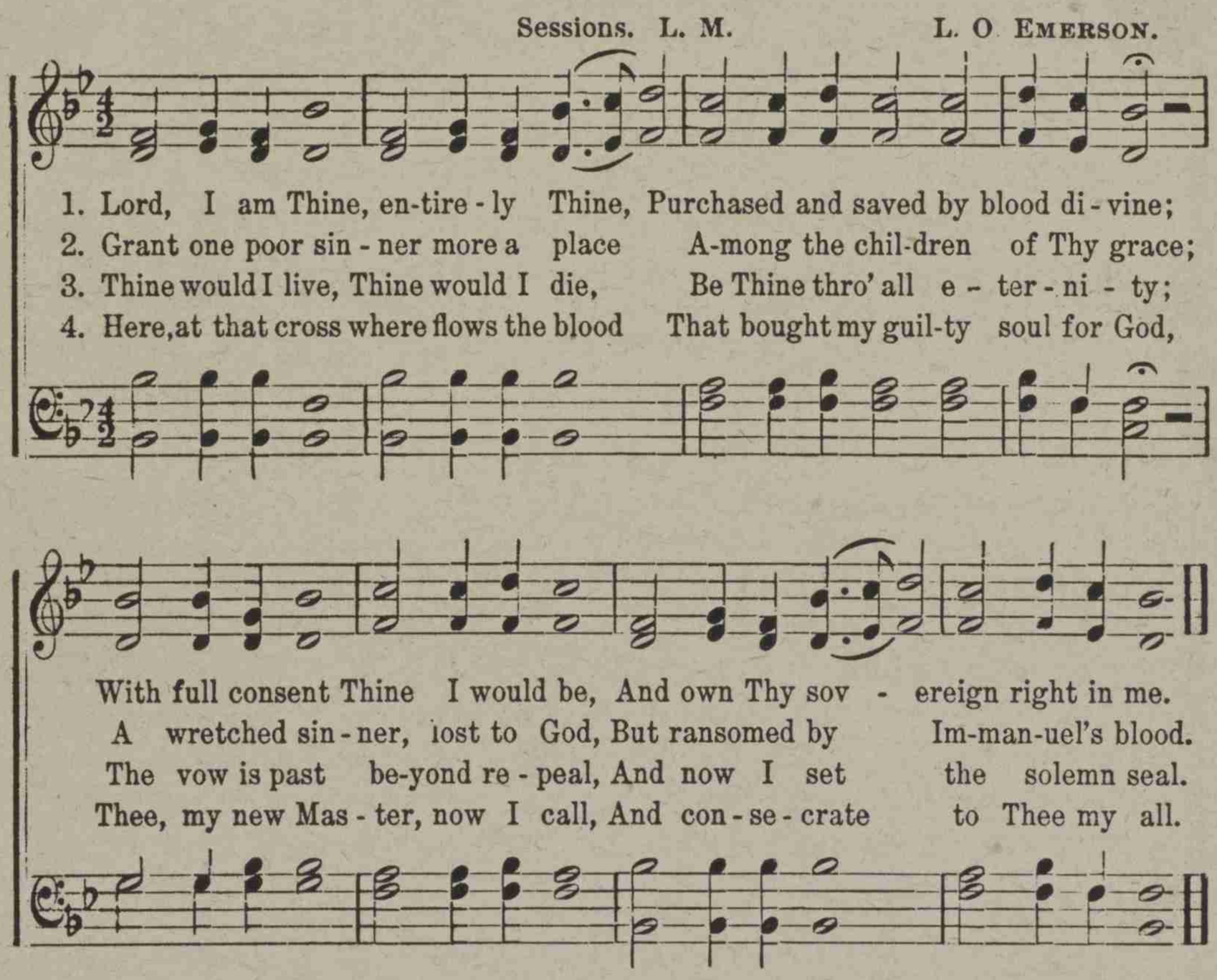
CHO.—*I can, I will, I do be - lieve, I can, I will, I do be - lieve.*

I Can, I Will, I Do Believe.



No. 207. Lord, I am Thine, Entirely Thine.

Sessions. L. M. L. O Emerson.



No. 208. I Thirst, Thou Wounded Lamb of God.

1 I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

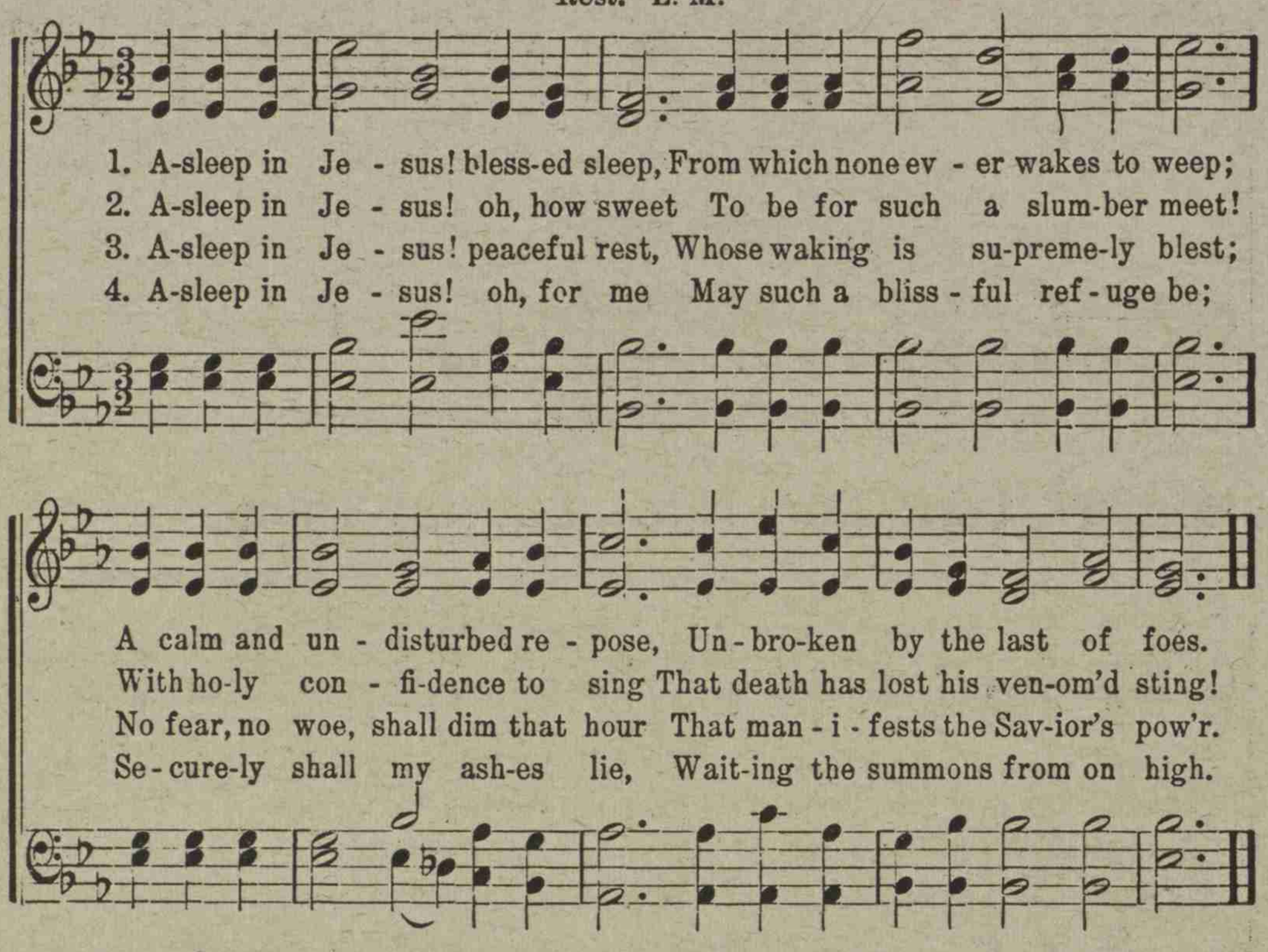
2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but Thee:
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.

4 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside;
"My Lord, my Love, is crucified."

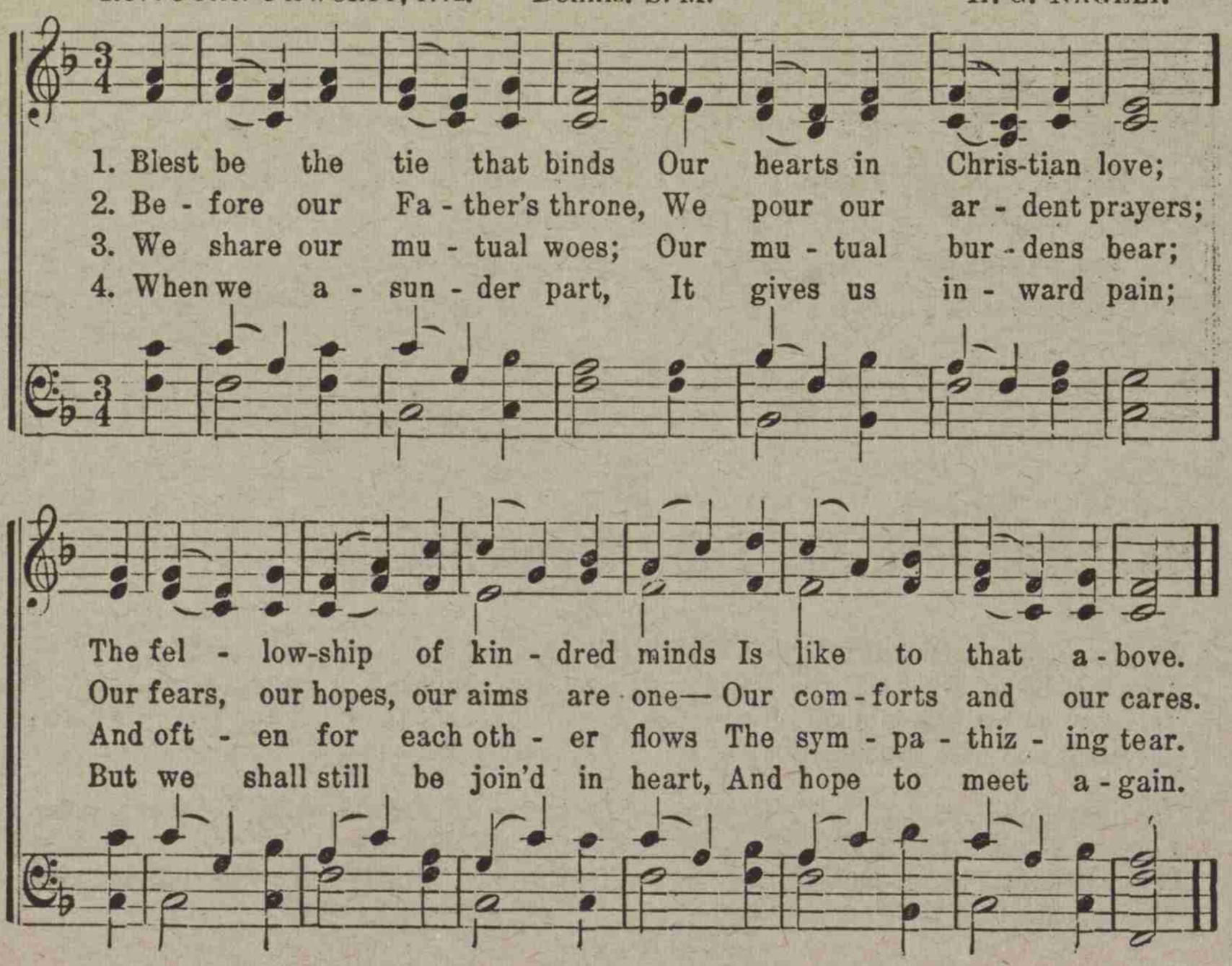
No. 209 Asleep in Jesus.

Rest. L. M.



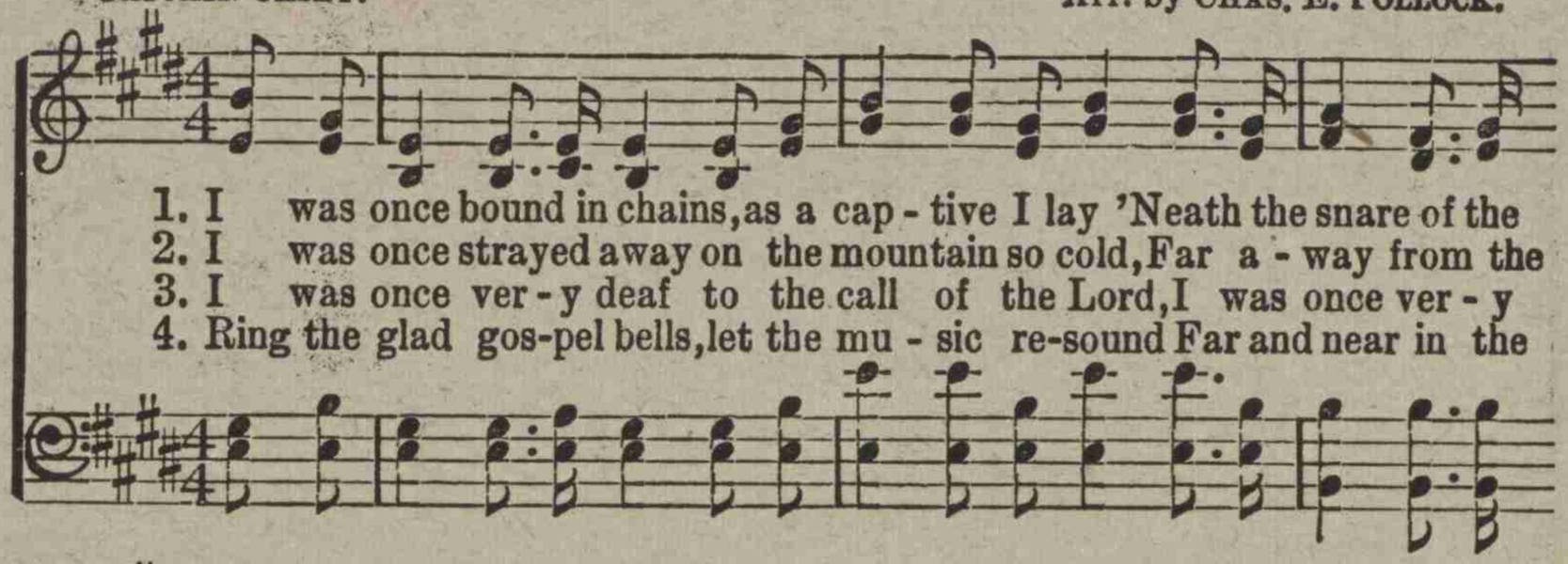
No. 210 Blest be the Tie that Binds.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT, 1772. Dennis. S. M. H. G. NAGELI.



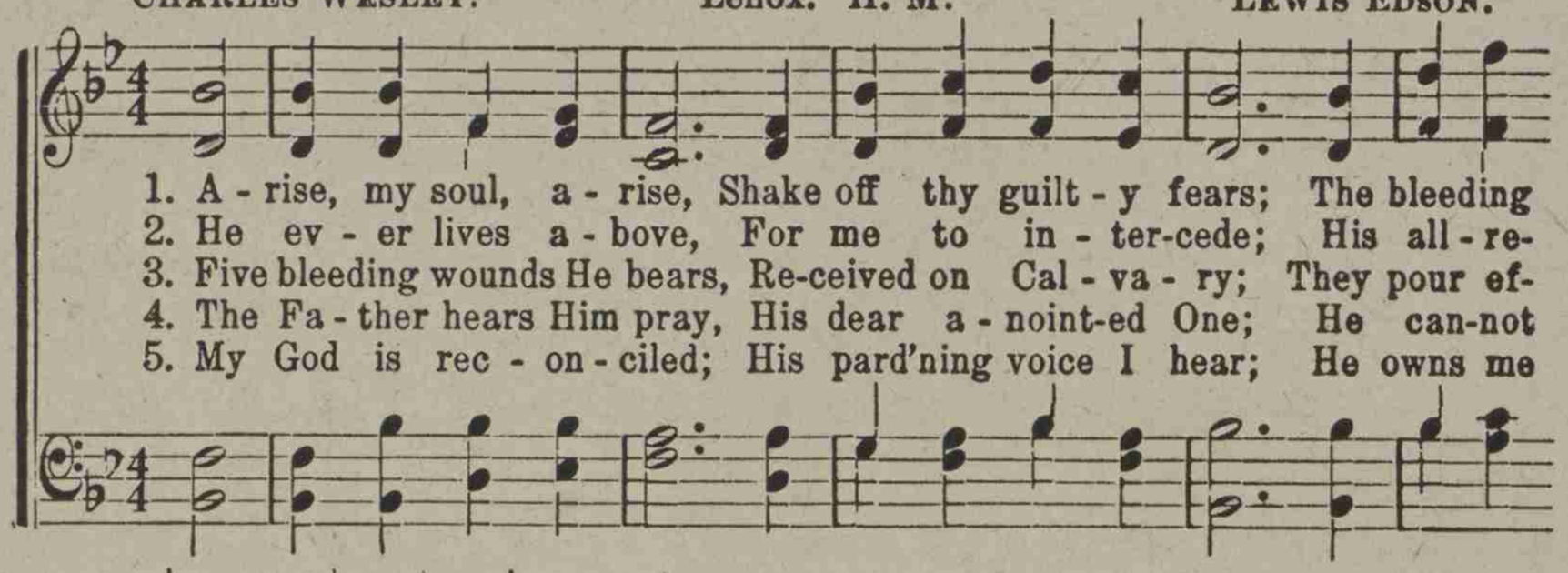
No. 211. Ring the Bells of Freedom.

CAPTAIN CASEY. Arr. by CHAS. E. POLLOCK.



No. 212 Arise, My Soul, Arise.

CHARLES WESLEY. Lenox. H. M. LEWIS EDSON.



No. 213 Blow Ye the Trumpet.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly-solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live;
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

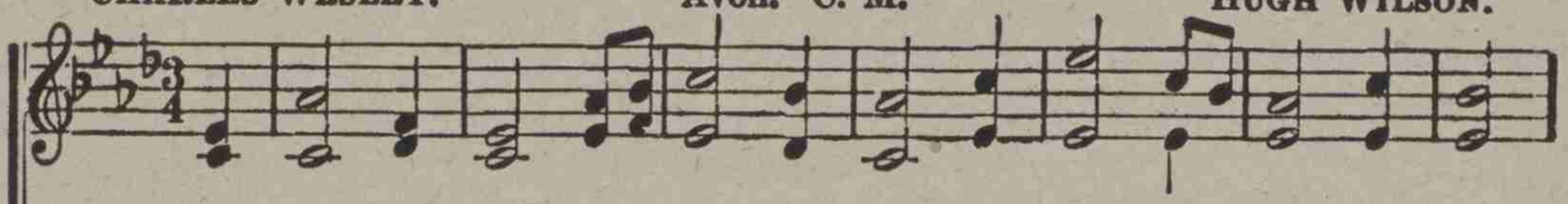
5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love;
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear,
Before your Savior's face;
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
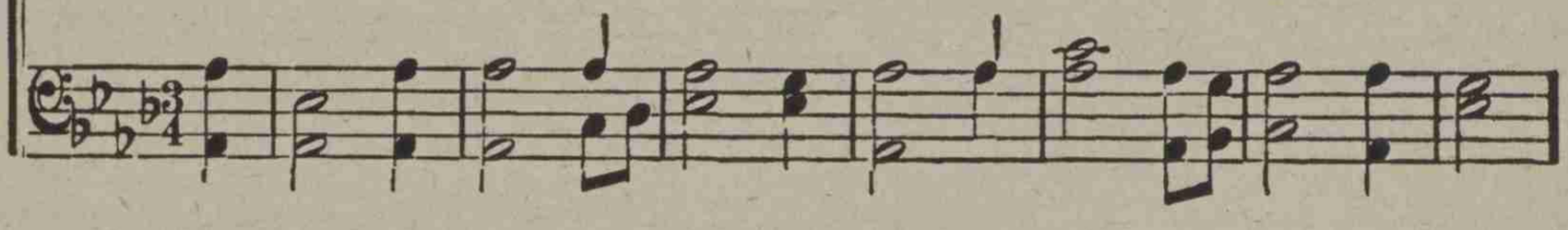
Charles Wesley

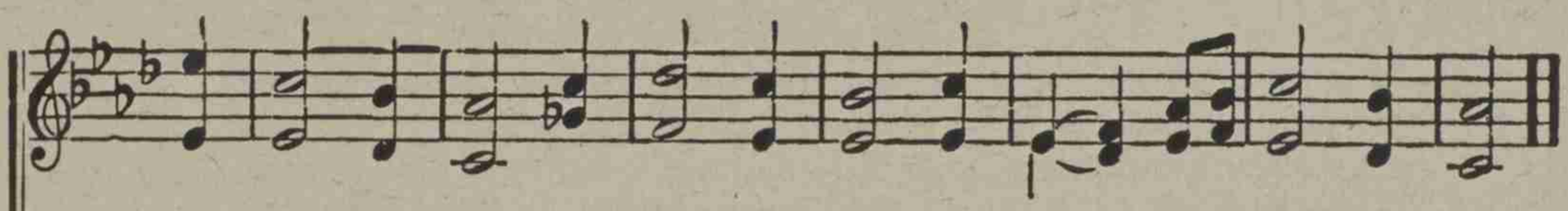
No. 214. Forever Here my Rest Shall Be.

CHARLES WESLEY. AVON. C. M. HUGH WILSON.

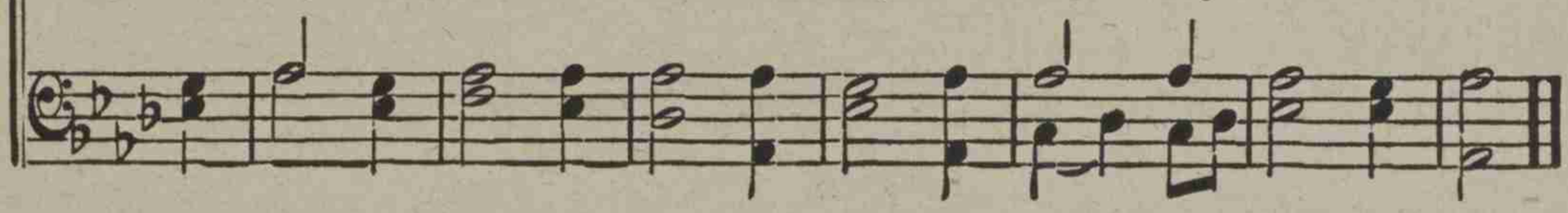


1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed-ing side;
2. My dy - ing Sav - ior, and my God, Fount-ain for guilt and sin,
3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own; Wash me, and mine Thou art;
4. The atone-ment of thy blood ap - ply, Till faith to sight im - prove;





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



No. 215. I Know That My Redeemer

1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of His love He gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find Him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be;
What can withstand His will?
The counsel of His grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.

5 When God is mine, and I am His,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

Charles Wesley.

No. 216. The Gift of Righteousness.

1 I ask the gift of righteousness,
The sin-subduing power;
Power to believe, and go in peace.
And never grieve Thee more.

2 I ask the blood-bought pardon sealed,
The liberty from sin,
The grace infused, the love revealed,
The kingdom fixed within.

3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray;
Thou seest my heart's desire;
Made ready in thy powerful day,
Thy fullness I require.

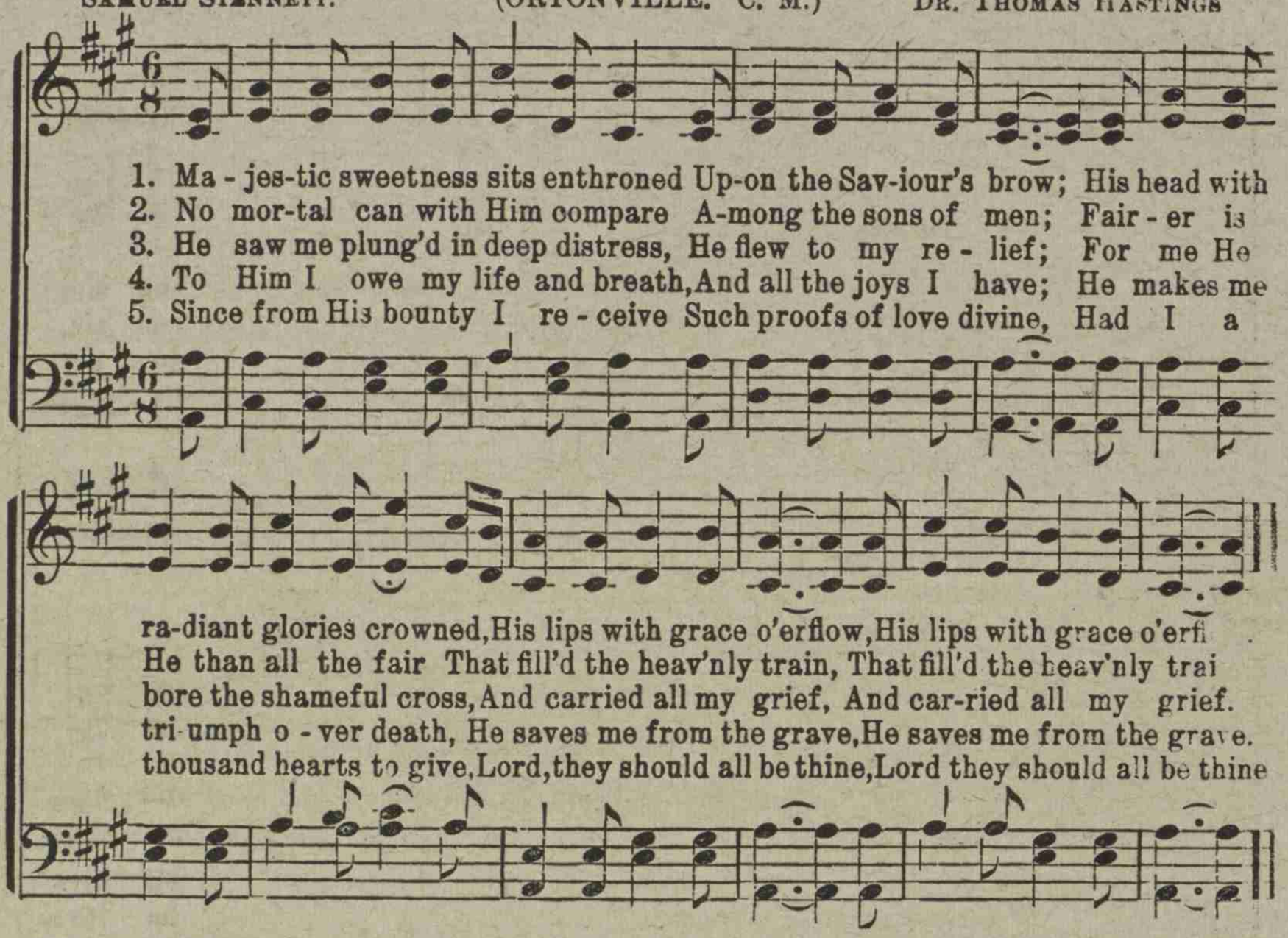
4 My restless soul cries out, oppressed,
Impatient to be freed;
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am saved indeed.

5 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,
So arm me with thy power,
That I to sin may never cleave,
May never feel it more.

Charles Wesley.

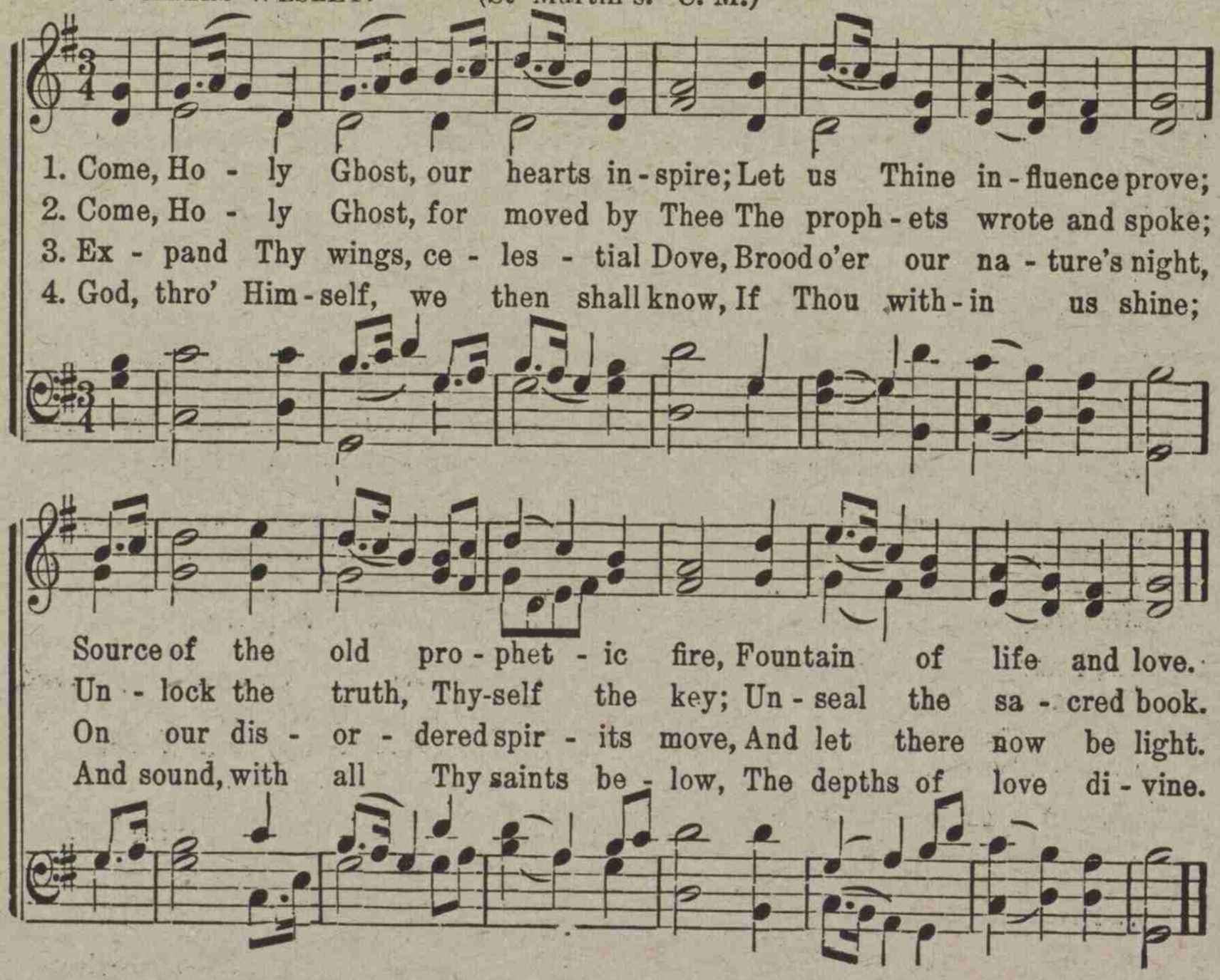
No. 217. Majestic Sweetness.

SAMUEL STENNETT. (ORTONVILLE. C. M.) DR. THOMAS HASTINGS



No. 218. Come, Holy Ghost.

CHARLES WESLEY. (St Martin's. C. M.)



No. 219. Give Me Thy Heart.

Copyright, 1926, Renewal. Hope Pub. Co., owner.

E. E. HEWITT. ANNIE F. BOURNE.

1. "Give me thy heart," says the Father a - bove, No gift so precious to
2. "Give me thy heart," says the Saviour of men, Call-ing in mer - cy a
3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spirit di - vine, "All that thou hast, to my

him as our love, Soft - ly he whis- pers wher- ev - er thou art,
gain and a - gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e - vil de - part,
keep- ing re - sign; Grace more a - bound- ing is mine to im - part,

CHORUS.

"Grate- ful-ly trust me, and give me thy heart."
Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart."
Make full sur - ren- der and give me thy heart."
} "Give me thy heart,

Give me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper, wher- ev-er thou art; From this dark
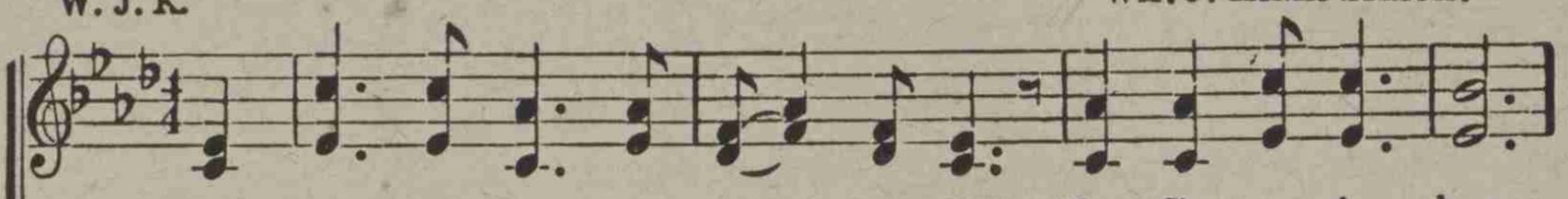
world, he would draw thee a-part, Speaking so ten- der- ly, "Give me thy heart."

No. 220. Lord, I'm Coming Home.
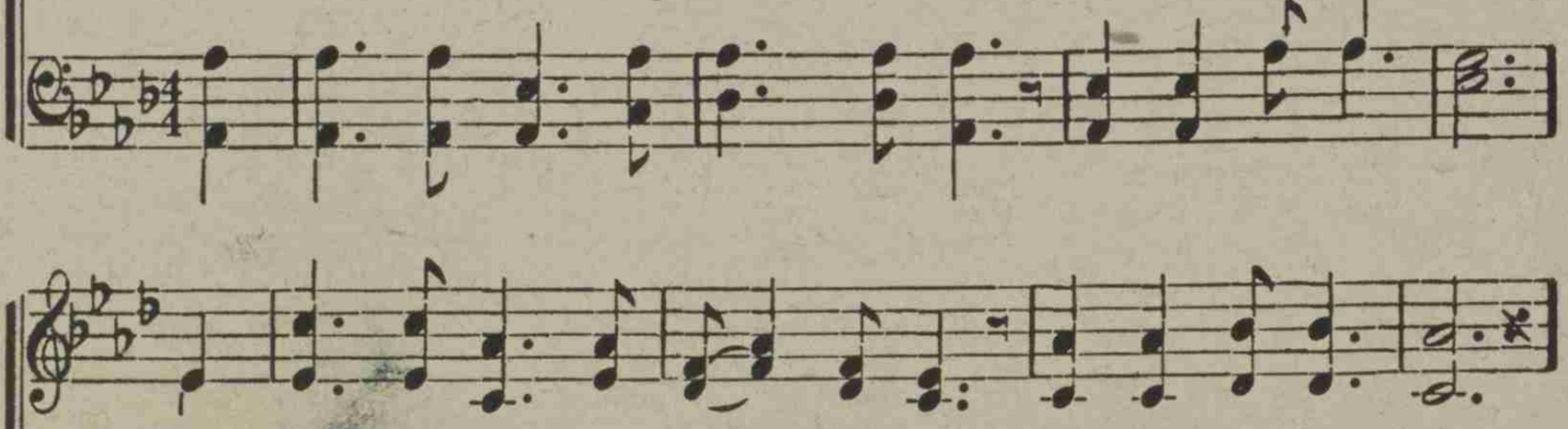
Copyright, 1920, Renewal. Hope Pub. Co., owner.

W. J. K.

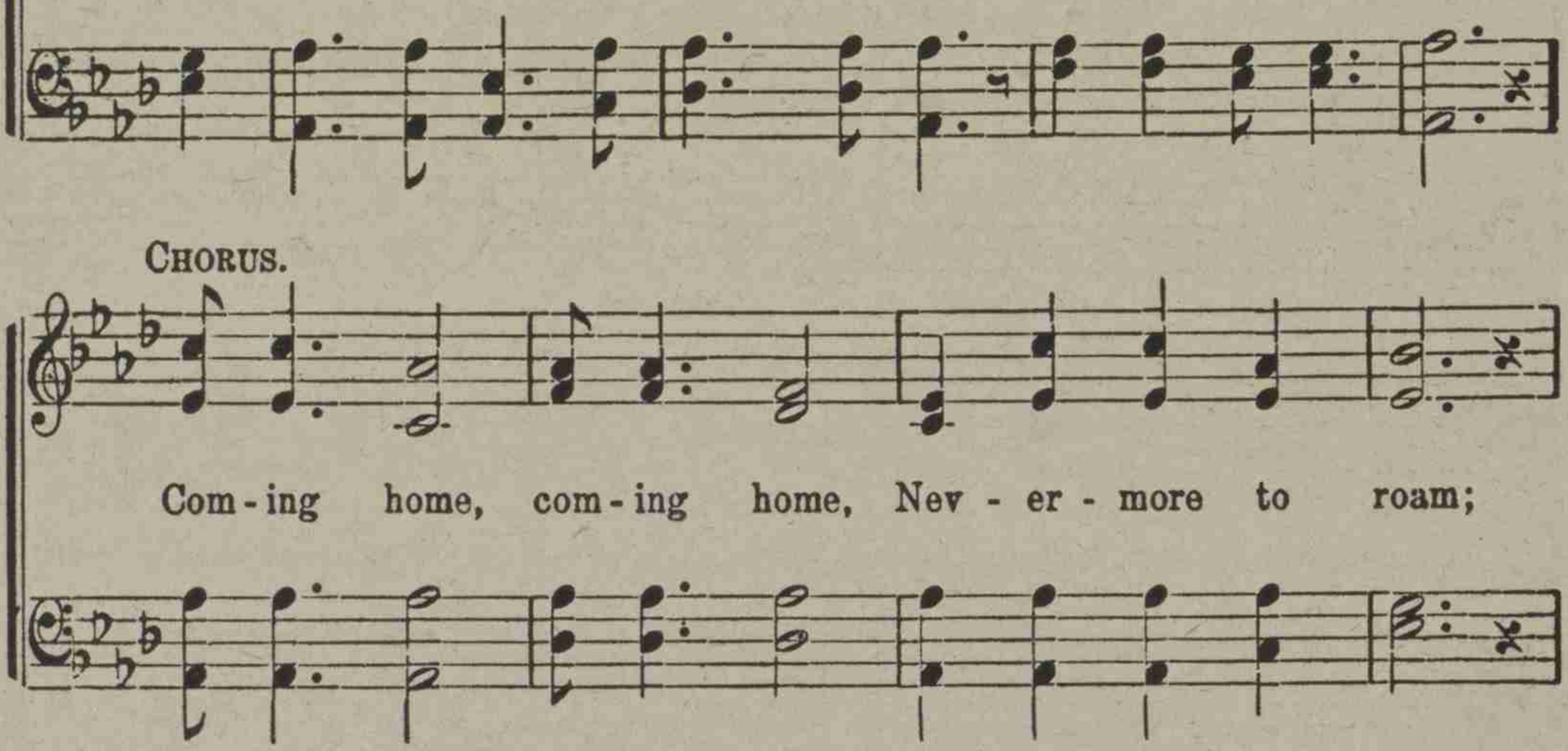
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I've wan - dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home;
6. I need His cleans - ing blood I know, Now I'm com-ing home;
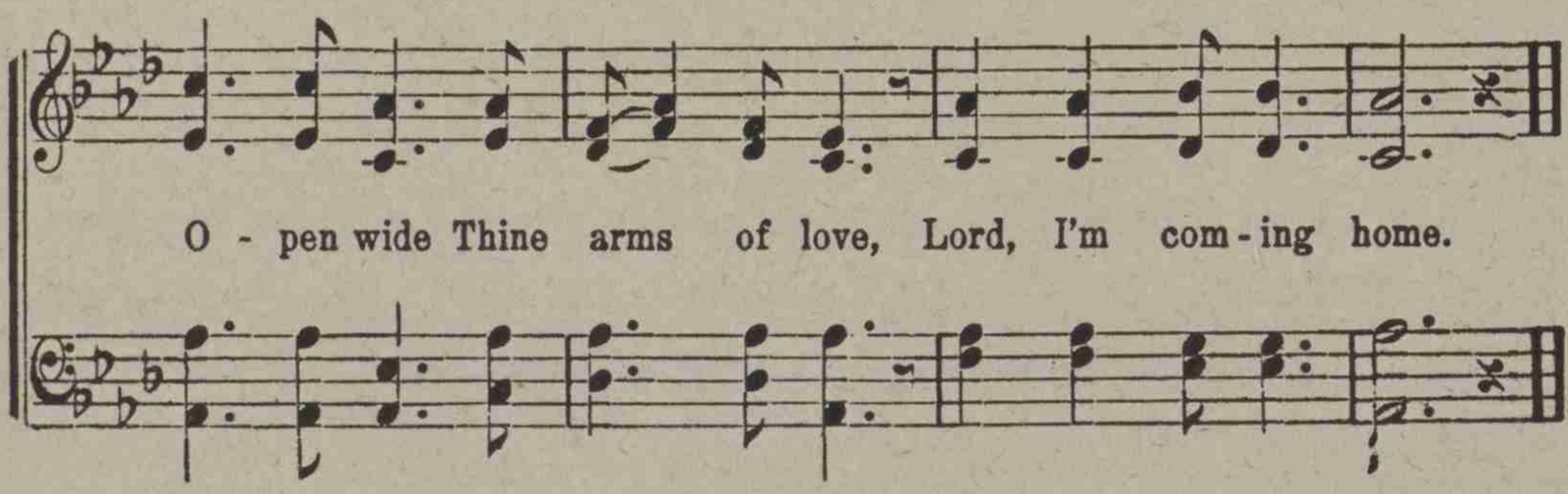


The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re - new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
O wash me whit - er than the snow, Lord, I'm com-ing home.



CHORUS.

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



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

No. 221 There Is Life For A Look.

From Gospel Hymns Nos. 1 to 6 Combined. Used by per.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth "—ISAIAH 45: 22.

AMELIA M HULL. REV. E. G. TAYLOR.

1. There is life for a look at the cru - ci - fied One, There is life at this mo-ment for thee; Then look, sin - ner, look un - to Him and be saved, Un - to Him who was nailed to the tree.
2. O why was He there as the bear-er of sin, If on Je - sus thy guilt was not laid? O why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood, If His dy - ing thy debt has not paid?
3. It is not thy tears of repentance and pray'rs, But the *Blood* that a-tones for the soul; On Him, then, who shed it, thou may-est at once Thy weight of in - iq - ui - ties roll.
4. Then take with re - joic - ing from Je - sus at once The life ev - er - last-ing He gives; And know with as - sur ance thou nev - er canst die Since Je - sus, thy right-eous-ness, lives

REFRAIN.

Look! look! look and live! There is life for a look at the cru - ci - fied One, There is life at this mo - ment for thee.

No. 222. The Bolted Door.

REV. JOHN PARKER. Renewal, 1929. Hope Pub. Co., owner. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

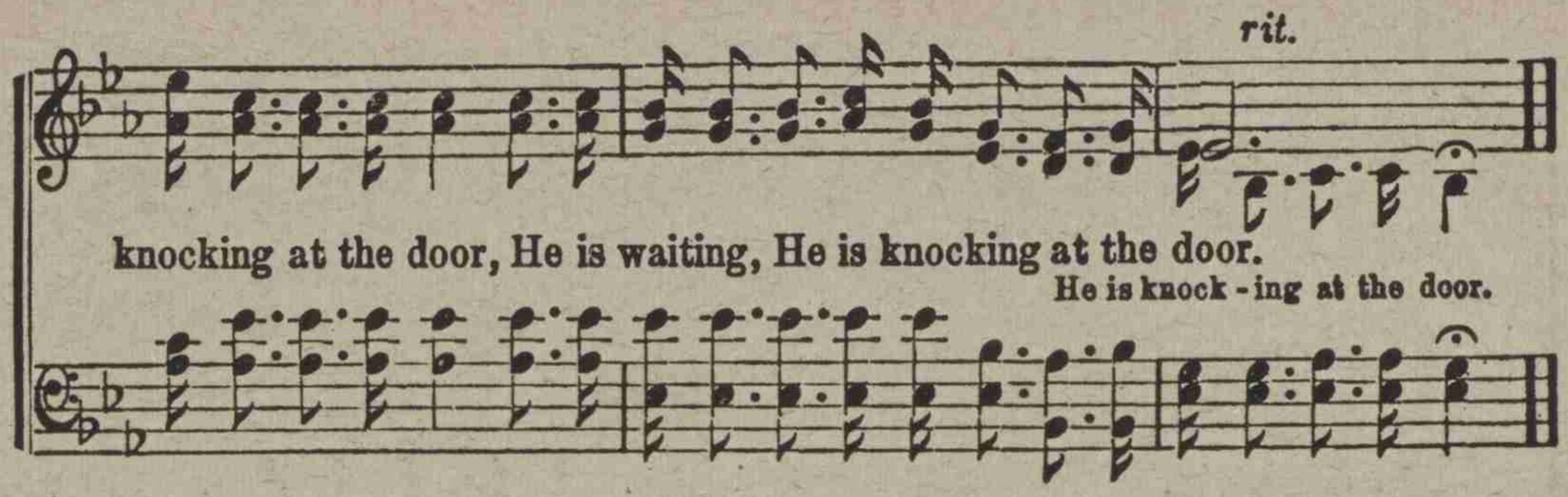
1. Do you know the blessed Sav - ior's at the door? That He lin - gers there to bless you more and more? Will you not in - vite Him in, And His
2. Do not keep Him longer wait - ing at the door, Hear Him knock - ing call - ing loud - er than be - fore, Bid Him welcome now within, Turn a -
3. Will you close your heart against Him at the door? Will He not be all you need for - ev - er-more? He will take a - way your pride, Be your
4. Oh, to think that Je - sus waits outside the door, He may leave you to re - turn, no, nev - er-more, Leave you hopeless and a-lone, With a

fel - low - ship be - gin, He is wait-ing, knocking, calling at the door.
way from ev - 'ry sih, He will en - ter and the feast be ev - er - more.
nev - er fail - ing guide, To the mansions where the bless - ed ones a - dore.
hearts as hard as stone, Haste to hear Him now and o - pen wide the door.

CHORUS.
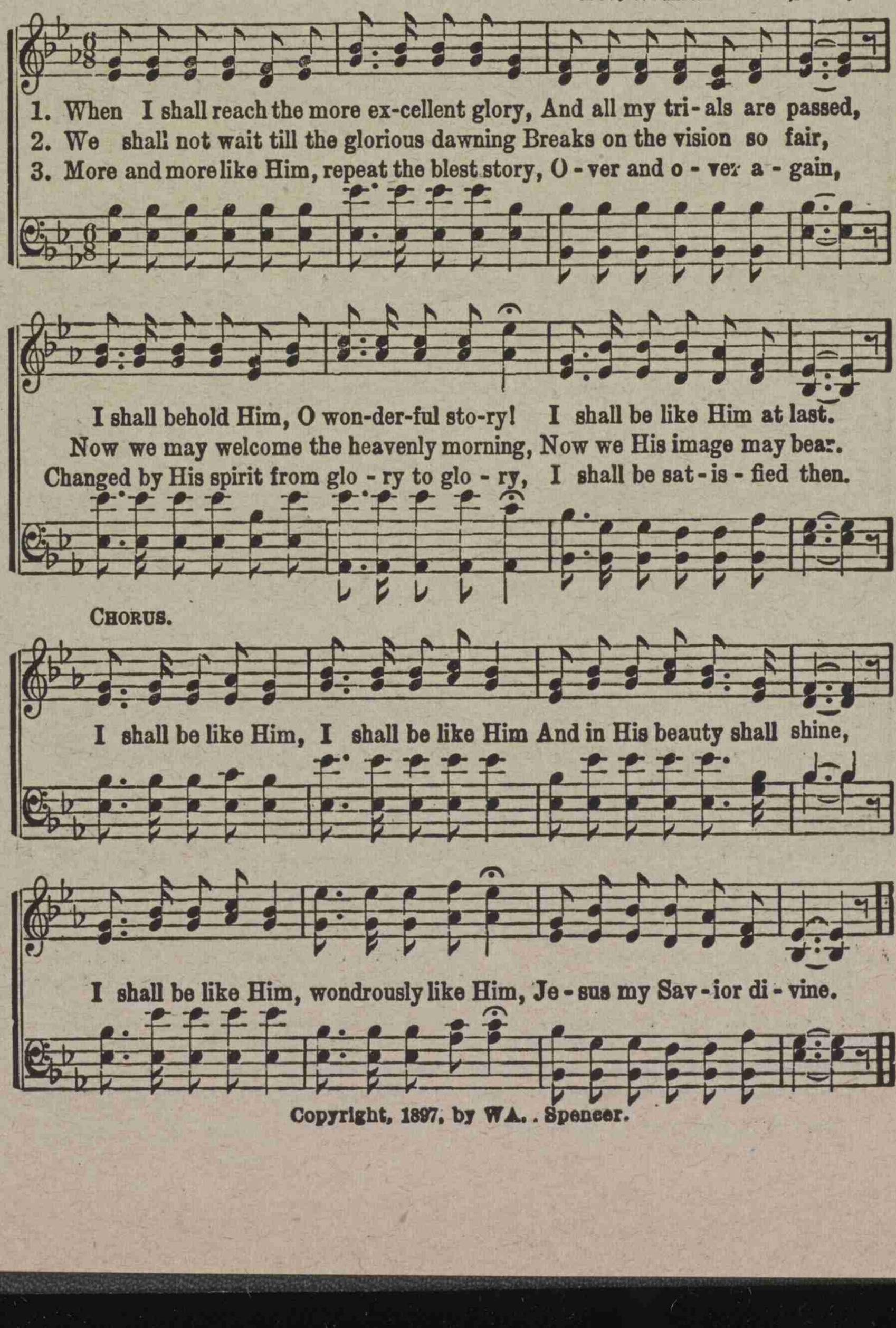
He is wait - - - ing, He is knock-ing at the door, He is wait - - ing, He is knocking at the door, He is wait - - ing, He is
Wait - ing, He is wait - ing, knock - ing at the door, Wait - ing, He is wait - ing, Knock-ing at the door, Wait - ing, He is wait - ing,

The Bolted Door.



No. 223. I Shall Be Like Him.

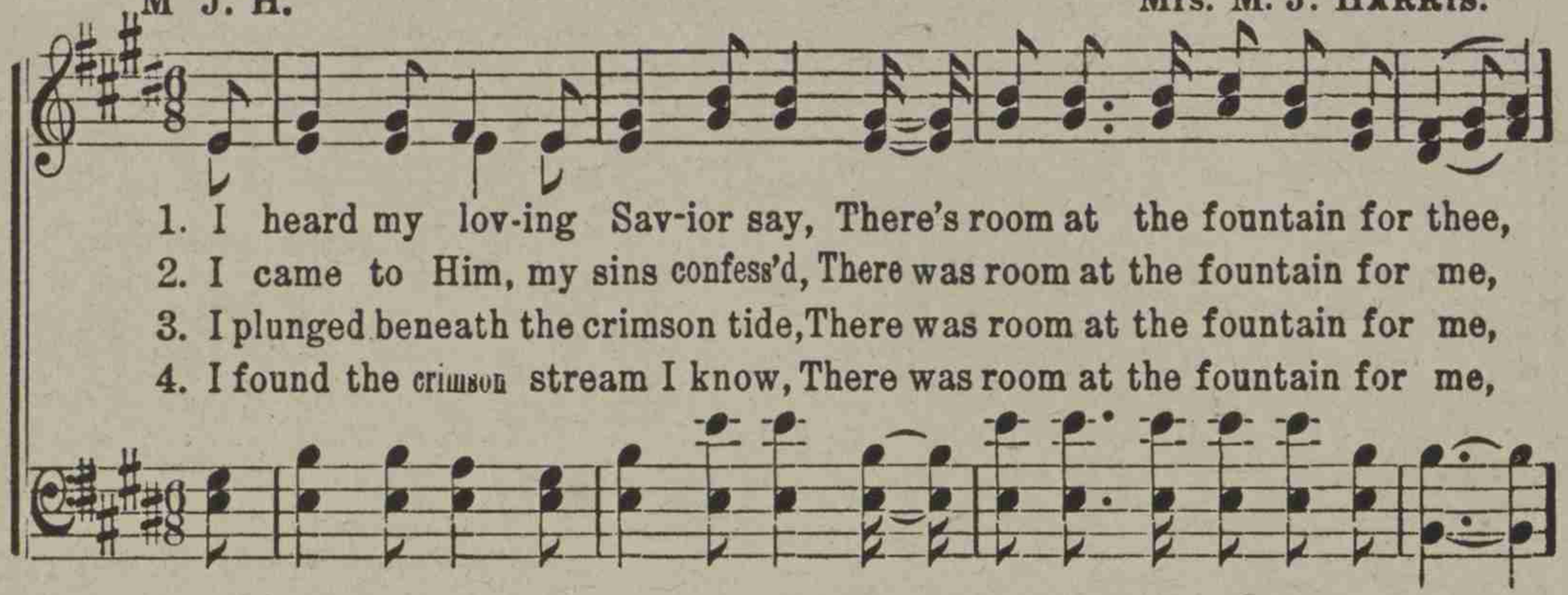
Rev. W. A. SPENCER, D. D.
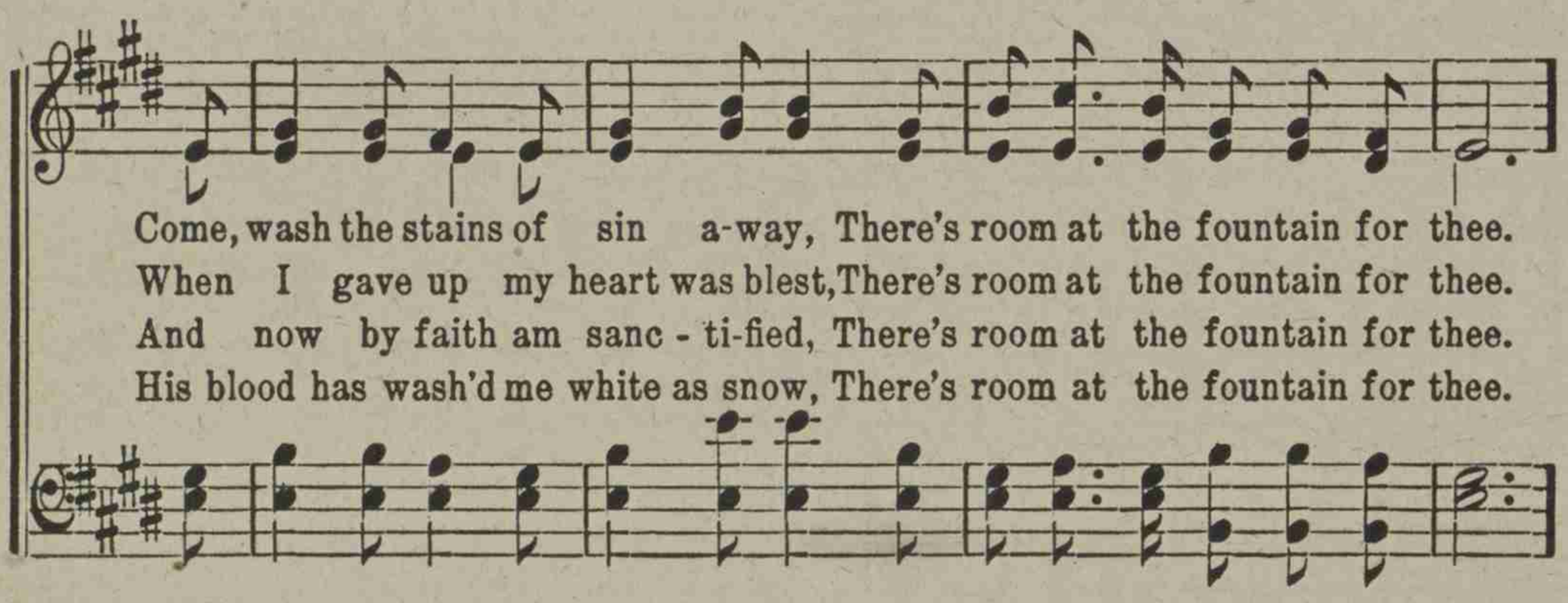


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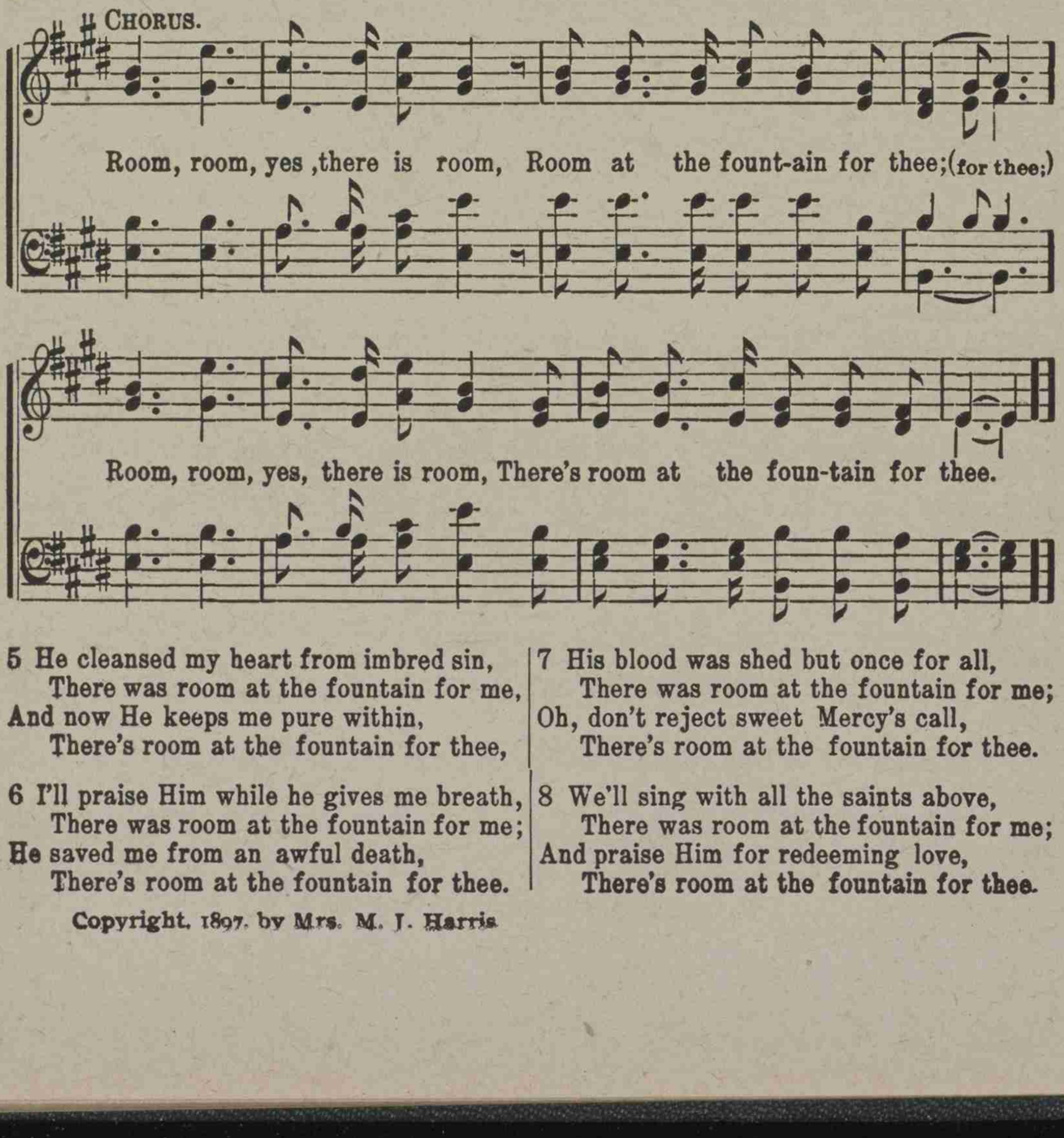
No. 224 Room at the Fountain.

M J. H. Mrs. M. J. HARRIS.





CHORUS.



5 He cleansed my heart from imbred sin,
There was room at the fountain for me,
And now He keeps me pure within,
There's room at the fountain for thee,

6 I'll praise Him while he gives me breath,
There was room at the fountain for me;
He saved me from an awful death,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

7 His blood was shed but once for all,
There was room at the fountain for me;
Oh, don't reject sweet Mercy's call,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

8 We'll sing with all the saints above,
There was room at the fountain for me;
And praise Him for redeeming love,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

Copyright, 1897, by Mrs. M. J. Harris

No. 225 I'm Pleading for You

"Making mention of you in my prayers." *Eph. 1 : 16.*

ADA R. HABERSHON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I'm plead - ing for you at the throne of grace, I whis - per your name in the ho - ly place; I know that my Fa-ther is list-'ning there,
2. Each pray'r is re - cord - ed and stored on high, For God tak - eth note of the fee - blest cry, And what we have asked He is sure to do,
3. My pray'rs will be linked to your moth - er's pray'rs, She poured out, with tears, all her griefs and cares, 'Tis long, long a - go since you heard her pray,
4. We'll see when the an - swer at last has come, The joy on your face and the joy at home, And when of Christ's love you can glad-ly tell,

CHORUS.

E'en now I am lift - ing my heart in pray'r.
For I'm not the first who has prayed for you.
Her pray'rs may be answered with mine to-day.
For need-y ones you will soon pray as well.
} I am plead-ing for you, for you,..... I am plead-ing, plead-ing for you; I am plead-ing for you, for you;
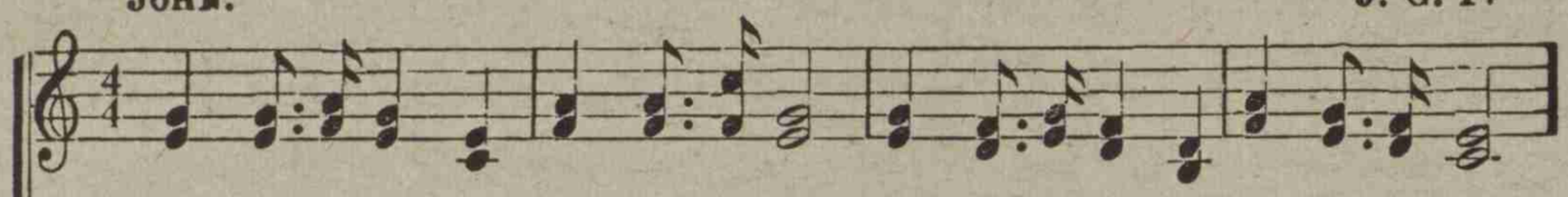
pray-ing still, and I al-ways will, Till the an-swer has come to you. has come to you.

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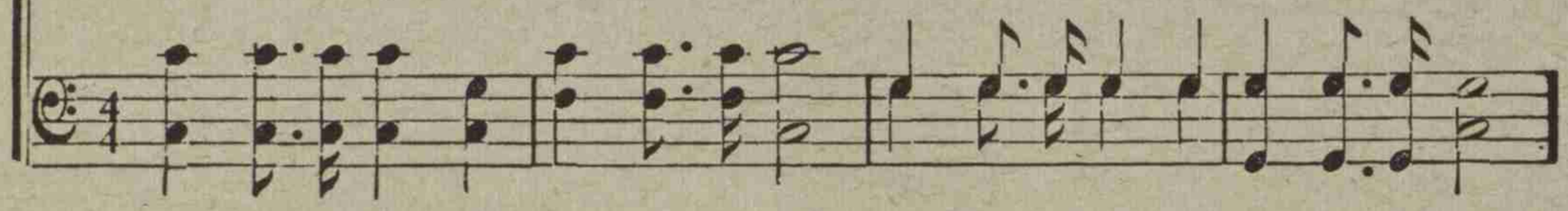
No. 226. When I See the Blood.

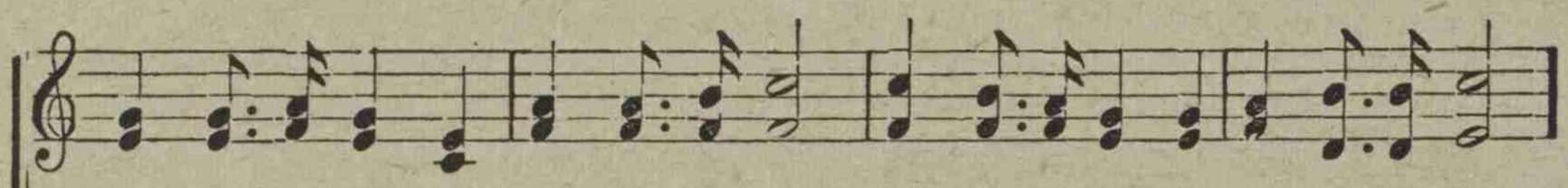
"When I see the blood I will pass over you." Ex. 12: 13.
"Christ our passover is sacrificed for us." 1 Chor. 5: 7.

JOHN. J. G. F.
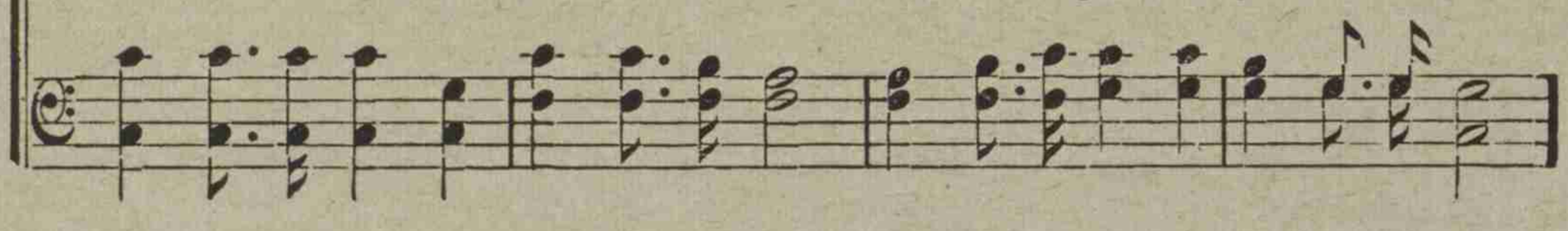


1. Christ,our Re-deem-er, died on the cross, Died for the sin-ner, paid all his due;
2. Chief - est of sin-ners, Je - sus can save, As He has promised,so will He do;
3. Judg-ment is com-ing, all will be there, Who have reject-ed, who have refused?
4. Oh, what compassion, oh,boundless love, Je - sus hath pow-er, Je - sus is true;

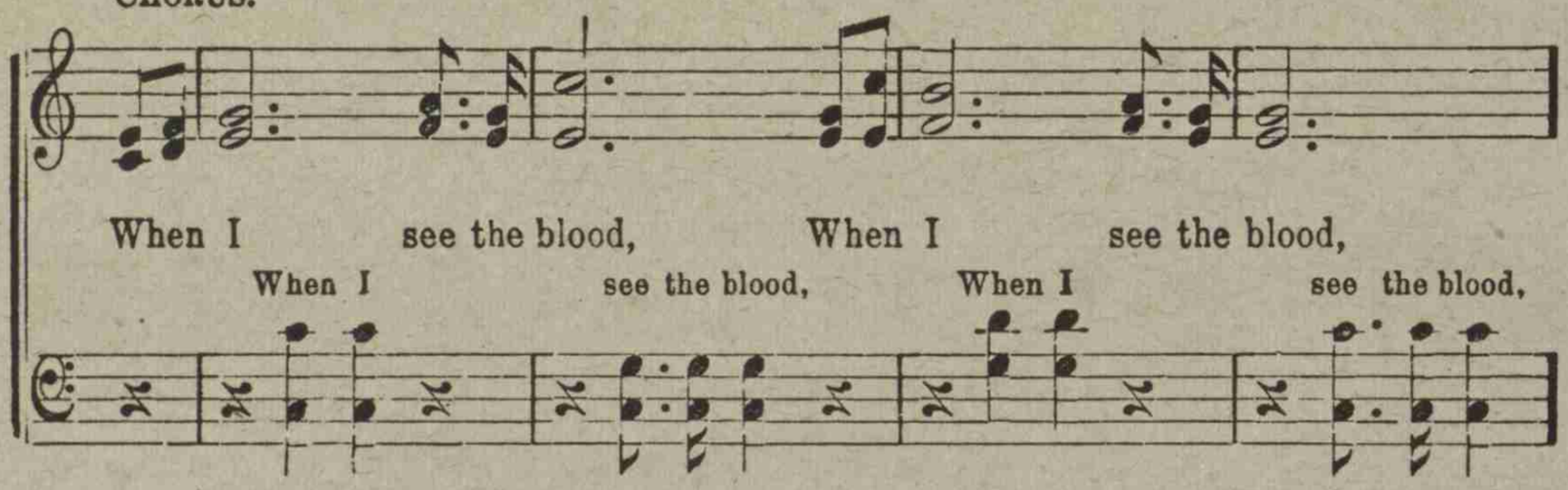




All who receive Him, need nev-er fear, Yes, He will pass,will pass o - ver you.
Oh, sin-ner, hear Him, trust in His word,Then He will pass,will pass o - ver you.
Oh, sin-ner, hast - en, let Je-sus in, Then God will pass,will pass o - ver you.
All who believe, are safe from the storm, Oh, He will pass,will pass o - ver you.



CHORUS.



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. 227. Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. *p* *m*

1. Soft - ly and tender-ly Je-sus is calling, Calling for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the wonderful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me.
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned he has mercy and par-don, Pardon for you and for me.

m CHORUS. *cres.*

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home;....
Come home, come home,

p *pp* *rit.* *p*

Earnestly, tender-ly, Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

No. 228. Don't Turn Him Away.

Copyright, 1939, by Geo. Bennard.

REV. G. B. CHORUS, Arr. Renewal. By permission. REV. GEO. BENNARD.

1. Don't turn the dear Savior a - way, He calls thee in mer-cy to - day,
2. Don't turn the dear Savior a - way, There's danger and death in de - lay,
3. Don't turn the dear Savior a - way, Ac-cept proffered grace while you may:
4. Don't turn the dear Savior a - way, Oh! think of that great judgment day,

Oh, hear the sweet voice, And make Je - sus your choice; Don't turn the dear
Ah, soon you must die And to all say "good-bye," Don't turn the dear
Soon time will be past, And the Die will be cast, Don't turn the dear
How aw - ful your fate When the Judge says "too late," Don't turn the dear

CHORUS.

Sav-ior a - way. Don't turn Him a - way, don't turn Him a - way,

Lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly Je - sus calls, Tho' you've gone a - stray,

Oh, how you'll want Him to say "well done," On that e - ter - nal day,

Don't Turn Him Away. Concluded.

Rit.

Don't turn the Sav-ior a-way from your heart, Don't turn Him a - way.

No. 229. Say, Are You Ready?

A. S. KIEFFER. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Should the death angel knock at thy chamber, In the still watch of to-night,
2. Man - y sad spir - its now are de-part-ing In- to the world of de - spair;
3. Man - y redeemed ones now are as-cend-ing In- to the mansions of light;

Say, will your spir-it pass in - to torment; Or to the land of de - light?
Ev-'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer; Sinner, O sinner, be - ware!
Je - sus is pleading high up in glo-ry, Seek-ing to save you to - night.

CHORUS.

Say, are you ready? Oh, are you ready, If the death angel should call?
should call?

Say, are you ready? Oh! are you ready? Mercy stands waiting for all.

No. 230. Is Thy Heart Right With God?

E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have thy af-fec-tions been nailed 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 powr's un-der Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walk-ing in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?

Dost thou count all things for Je-sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O-ver all e-vil with-out and with-in? 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 mo-ment a-bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
Is thy soul wear-ing the gar-ment of white? Is thy heart right with God?

CHORUS.

Is thy heart right with God, Wash'd in the crim-son flood, Cleansed and made
ho-ly, hum-ble and low-ly, Right in the sight of God?
of God?

No. 231. For You I am Praying.

S. O'MALEY CLUFF. By permission ot Hope Pub. Co., owner. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I have a Sav - ior, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing
2. I have a Fa - ther: to me He has giv - en A hope for e-
3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splen - dent in white-ness, A - wait - ing in
4. When He has found you, tell oth - ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing

Sav - ior tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in ten - der-ness
ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in
glo - ry my won - der-ing view; Oh, when I re-ceive it all shin - ing in
Sav - ior is your Sav-ior too; Then pray that your Savior may bring them to

CHORUS

o'er me, And oh, that my Sav - ior were your Sav-ior too.
heav - en, But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too! **For you I am**
brightness, Dear friends, could I see you re-ceiv - ing one too!
glo - ry, And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

p *f* *pp rall.*

pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, I'm pray-ing for you.

No. 232. Come to the Feast.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. By permission of Standard Publishing Co. W. A. OGDEN.

1. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, for the ta - ble now is spread; Ye fam - ish - ing, ye wea-ry, come, And thou shalt be rich-ly fed.
2. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, for the door is o - pen wide; A place of hon - or is re-served For you at the Mas-ter's side.
3. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, while He waits to wel-come thee; De - lay not while this day is thine, To-mor-row may nev-er be.
4. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Leave ev - 'ry care and world-ly strife; Come, feast up-on the love of God, And drink ev-er-last-ing life.

CHORUS

Hear..... the in - vi - ta - - - tion, Come, "who - - - so - ev - er
Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, "Who-so-ev - er will," Hear the in - vi - ta - tion,
will;"..... Praise God..... for full sal-
"Who - so - ev - er will;" Praise God for full sal - va - - tion For
va - - - - tion For "who - so - ev - er will."
"who - so - ev - er will."

No. 233 Jesus Will Give You Rest.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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

Mrs. John R. Sweney, owner. Used by per

No. 234. The Day of Salvation.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. H. P. DANKS.

1. "Be-hold, now is the day of sal - va - tion," The hour when God's par-
2. "Be-hold, now is the day of sal - va - tion," Just now God doth lov -
3. "Be-hold, now is the day of sal - va - tion," To-night may be bolt -

don is near; When cleans-ing from sin will be giv - en, And
ing - ly call; O slight not His ten - der en - treat - y, But
ed the door; And pass - ing this day's in - vi - ta - tion, Your

CHORUS.

God in His mer - cy will hear.
make Him your "all and in all."
soul may be lost ev - er - more,

"Be-hold, now is the day of sal -

va - tion," To- mor -row with dan- ger is rife; "Be-hold, now is the

day of sal - va - tion," "Just now" holds the prom - ise of life.

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No. 235. O that My Savior was Your Savior Too!

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. I have a Sav-ior whose won-der-ful love Bro't Him to suf-fer from heav-en a-bove, He is com-pas-sion-ate, ten-der and true;
2. I have a Mas-ter whose bur-den is light, Read-y to help me in all that is right, Noth-ing too hard will He ask me to do,
3. I have a life full of com-fort and joy, Do-ing God's will is my sweet-est em-ploy, Old things are past, ev-'ry-thing now is new;
4. I have a home in the king-dom a-bove, Where I shall dwell with the Lord whom I love, Join-ing my voice in the song that is "new;"

CHORUS.

O that my Sav-ior was your Sav-ior too!
O that my Mas-ter was your Mas-ter too! No one but Je-sus can
O that this bless-ing was your bless-ing too!
Is there a man-sion in heav-en for you?

save you from sin; O-pen your heart's door and let Him come in, He is com-

pas-sion-ate, ten-der and true; O that my Sav-ior was your Sav-ior too!

No. 236 Jesus Will Help You.

"Grace to help in time of need."—HEB. 4: 16.

WM. STEVENSON. R. LOWRY.

1. The Sav - ior is call - ing you, sin - ner— Urg-ing you now to draw nigh;
2. Thro' Him there is life in be - liev - ing; Sin-ner, oh, why will you die?
3. There's danger in lon - ger de - lay - ing, Swift-ly the mo-ments pass by;

He asks you by faith to re-ceive Him, Je - sus will help if you try.
Ac-cept Him by faith as your Sav - ior, Je - sus will help if you try.
If now you will come there is mer - cy, Je - sus will help if you try.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus will help you, Je - sus will help you, Help you with grace from on high;

The weakest and poorest the Sav - ior is call-ing, Je-sus will help if you try.

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No. 237. Jesus is Calling.

J. M. H.

Copyright, 1906, by J. M. Harris. J. M. HARRIS. CHO. ARR.

1. The Sav - ior now is stand-ing at the door, He seeks to en - ter in, And if you'll heed His lov - ing call to - day, He'll
2. Tho' long He's stood and tar - ried there in vain, In love He waits to - day; O hear His pre-cious gen - tle voice that calls, And
3. Just now ad - mit this glo - rious heav'n-ly Guest, Why lon - ger cling to sin? E - ter - nal life and joy He waits to give, To
4. O do not grieve Him lon - ger by de - lay, The door swing o - pen wide, In - vite Him now to quick-ly en - ter in, For-

CHORUS.

save you from all sin.
turn Him not a - way.
those who let Him in.
ev - er to a - bide.

Je - sus is call - ing, is call - ing, is call - ing,

Je - sus is call - ing, O - pen your heart's door wide and let Him in.

No. 238. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M. Copyright, 1926, by Hope Pub. Co. Renewal. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
2. If 'tis for pur-i-ty now that you sigh, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;

If you de-sire a new life to be-gin, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
Find what a Friend he will be unto you, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
If you would enter the mansions of rest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.

CHORUS.

Just now, your doubtings give o'er; Just now, re-ject him no more;
5th v. Just now, my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re-ject-ing no more;

Just now, throw o-pen the door; Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
Just now, I o-pen the door; And Je-sus comes in-to my heart.

No. 239 Why Do You Wait?

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G. F. R. "Rise, he calleth thee."—MARK 10: 49. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, O why do you
2. What do you hope, dear broth - er, To gain by a
3. Do you not feel, dear broth - er, His Spir - it now
4. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, The har-vest is

tar - ry so long? Your Sav - iour is wait - ing to
fur - ther de - lay? There's no one to save you but
striv - ing with - in? O why not ac - cept His sal -
pass - ing a - way? Your Sav - iour is long - ing to

give you A place in His sanc - ti - fied throng.
Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
va - tion, And throw off thy bur - den of sin?
bless you, There's dan - ger and death in de - lay.
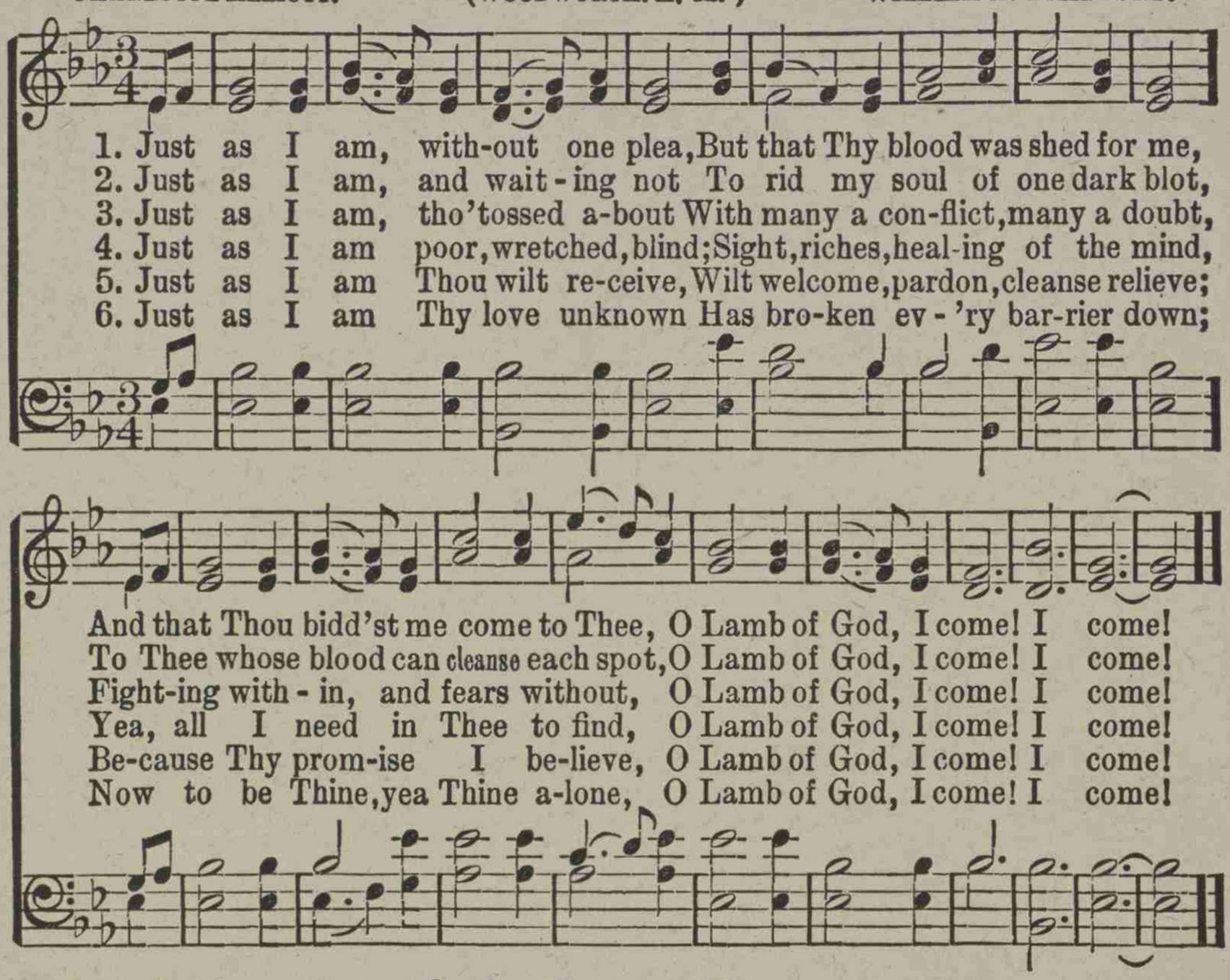
CHORUS.

Why not, why not, Why not come to him now?

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

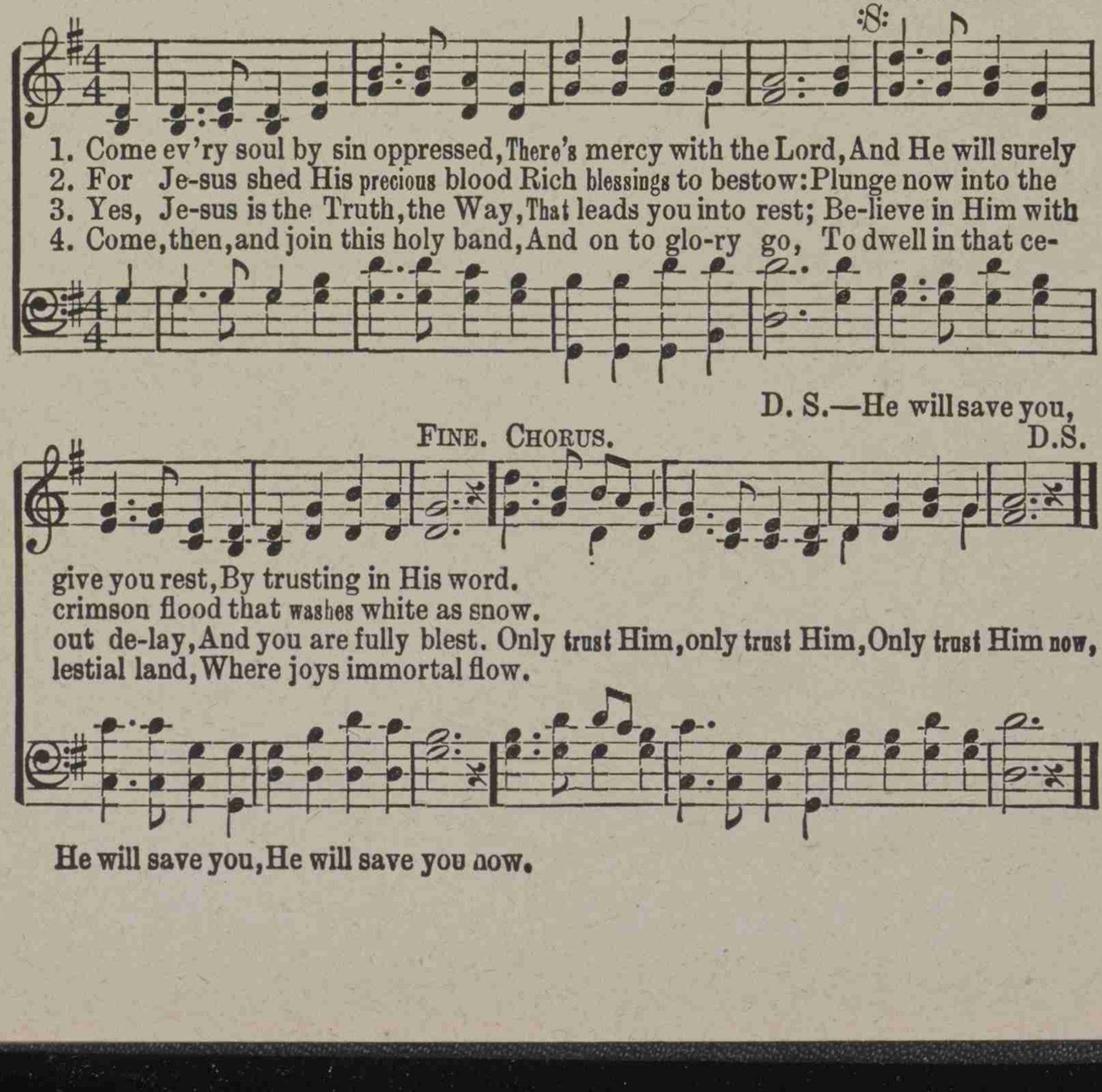
No. 240. Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (WOODWORTH. L. M.) WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



No. 241. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.



No. 242 There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T. W, L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com-ing, a great day com-ing, There's a great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
2, There's a bright day com-ing, a bright day com-ing, There's a bright day com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
3. There's a sad day com-ing, a sad day com-ing, There's a sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-part, I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

CHORUS.

Are you read-y? are you read-y? Are you read-y for the judgment day?
Are you read-y? are you read-y? For the judg-ment day?

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No. 243 Oh, Why Not To-night?

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1. Oh, do not let the wor d de - part, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To - mor-row's sun may nev - er rise, To bless thy long de - lud - ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re - quite?
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u - nite;

Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to - night.
This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to - night.
Re-nounce at once thy stub - born will, Be saved, oh, to - night.
Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to - night.

CHORUS.

Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-night?
Oh, why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not to-night? why not to-night?

Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved? wilt thou be saved? Then why not, oh, why not to - night?

No. 244 At the Fountain.

1. Of Him who did sal - va-tion bring, I'm at the foun-tain drink-ing; I
2. Ask but His grace, and lo! 't is giv'n, I'm at the foun-tain drink-ing; Ask,

At the Fountain. Concluded.

CHORUS.

could for - ev - er think and sing, I'm on my jour-ney home.
and He turns your hell to heav'n, I'm on my jour-ney home. Glo - ry to

God, I'm at the fountain drinking, Glo-ry to God, I'm on my journey home.
Last v.—My soul is sat - is - fied.

3 Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
I'm at the fountain drinking;
Jesus, Thy balm will make it whole,
I'm on my journey home.

4 Insatiate to this spring I fly,
I'm at the fountain drinking;
I drink, and yet am ever dry,
I'm on my journey home.

No. 245 Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.

JOSEPH HART. Anon.

Fine.

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.

2. Now, ye need - y, come and wel-come, God's free boun-ty glo - ri - fy;
True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.

D. C.—*Glo-ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.*

CHORUS. *D. C.*
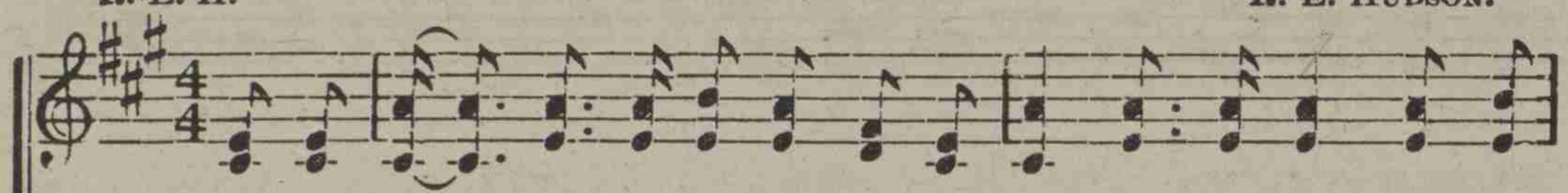
Turn to the Lord and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him.

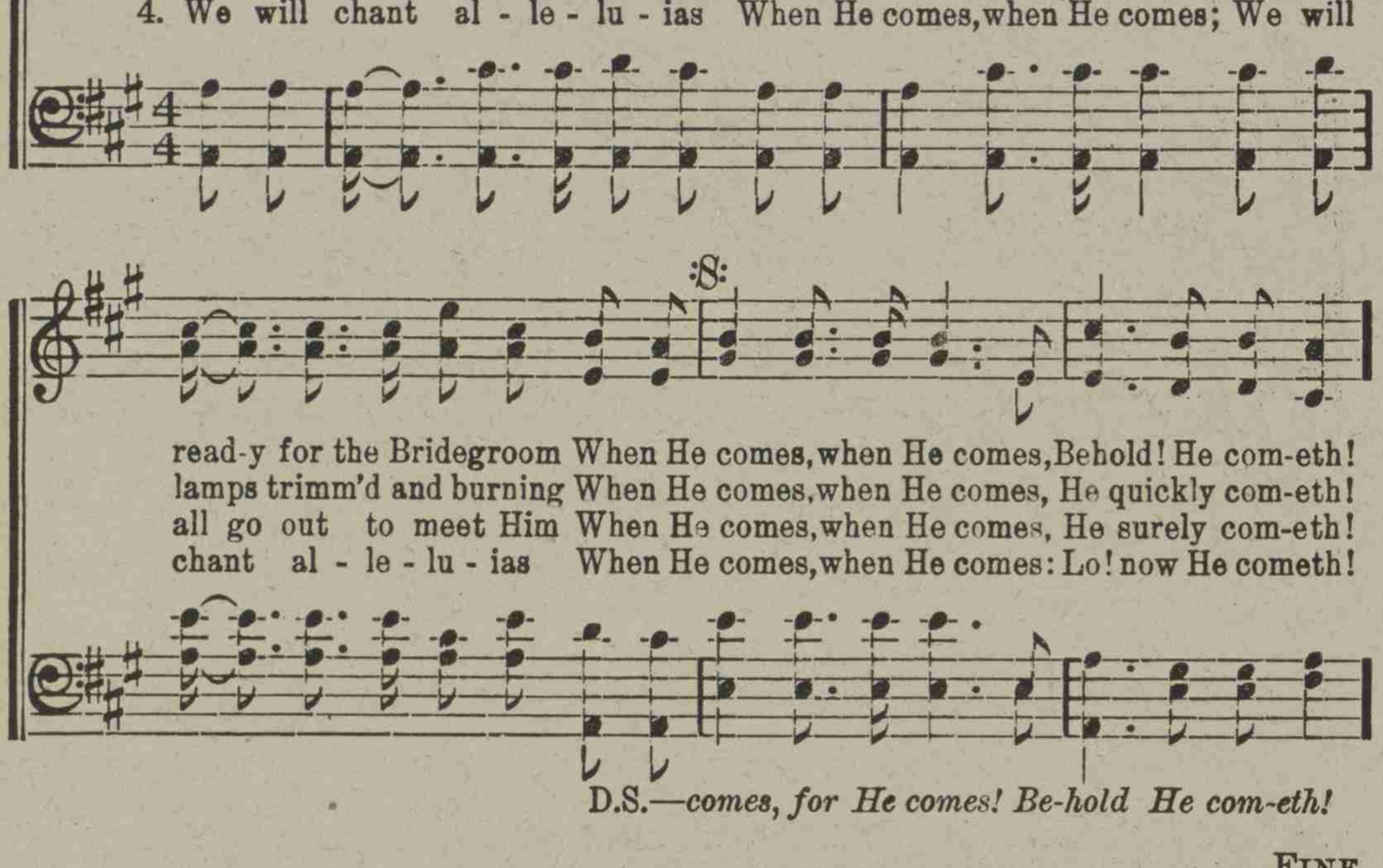
4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

No. 246. Behold the Bridegroom.

R. E. H. R. E. Hudson.
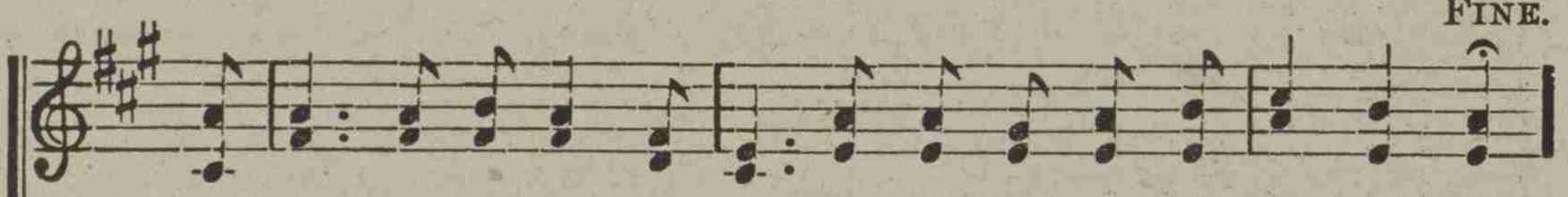


1. Are you read-y for the Bridegroom, When He comes, when He comes? Are you
2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When He comes, when He comes; Have your
3. We will all go out to meet Him When He comes, when He comes; We will
4. We will chant al - le - lu - ias When He comes, when He comes; We will



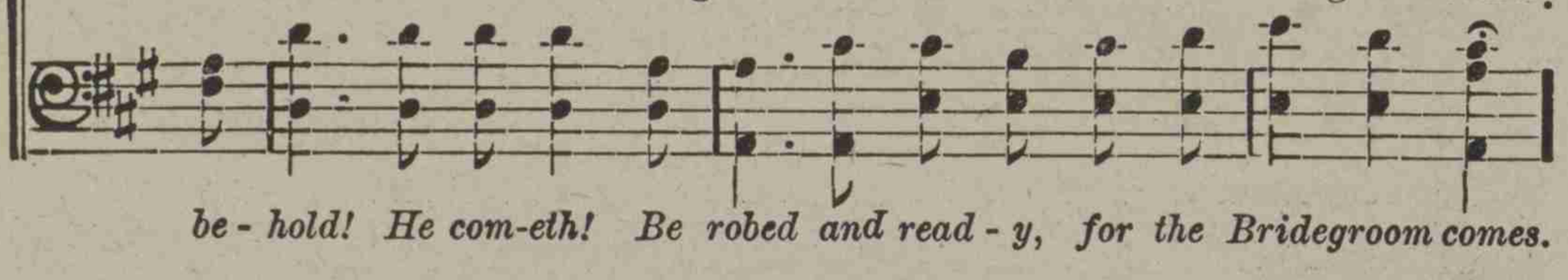
read-y for the Bridegroom When He comes, when He comes, Behold! He com-eth!
lamps trimm'd and burning When He comes, when He comes, He quickly com-eth!
all go out to meet Him When He comes, when He comes, He surely com-eth!
chant al - le - lu - ias When He comes, when He comes: Lo! now He cometh!

D.S.—*comes, for He comes! Be-hold He com-eth!*

FINE.

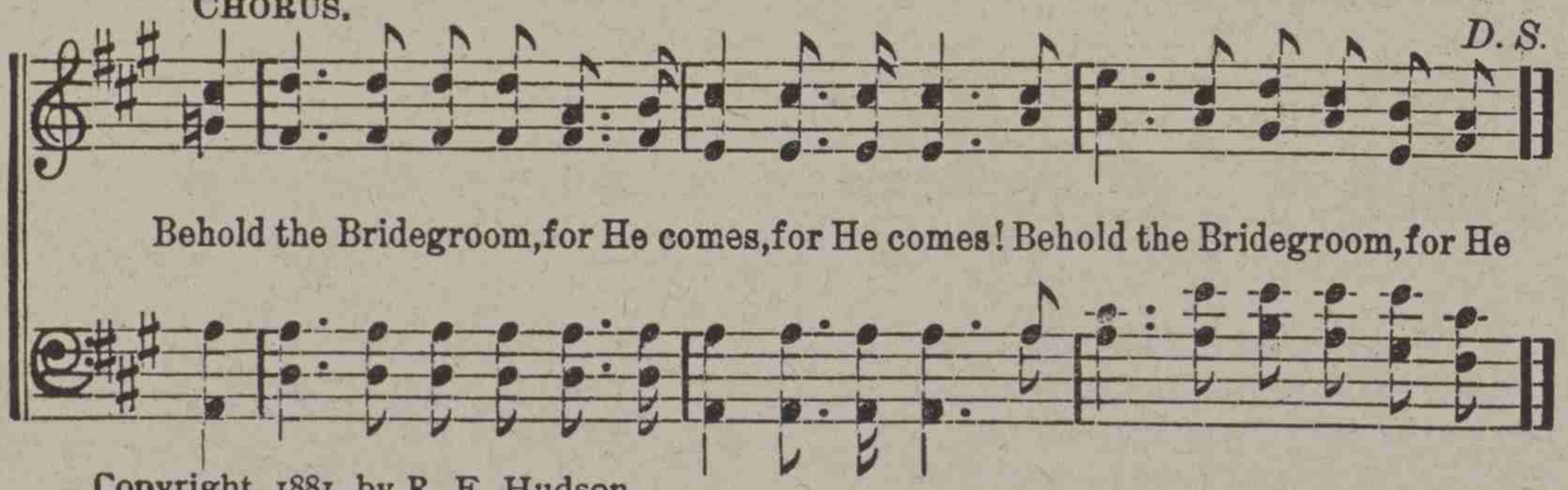


be - hold! He com-eth! Be robed and read - y for the Bridegroom comes.
He quick - ly com-eth, O soul, be read - y when the Bridegroom comes.
He sure - ly com-eth! We'll go to meet Him when the Bridegroom comes.
lo! now He com-eth! Sing al - le - lu - ia! for the Bridegroom comes.



be - hold! He com-eth! Be robed and read - y, for the Bridegroom comes.

CHORUS.



Behold the Bridegroom, for He comes, for He comes! Behold the Bridegroom, for He

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No. 247. His Way With Thee.
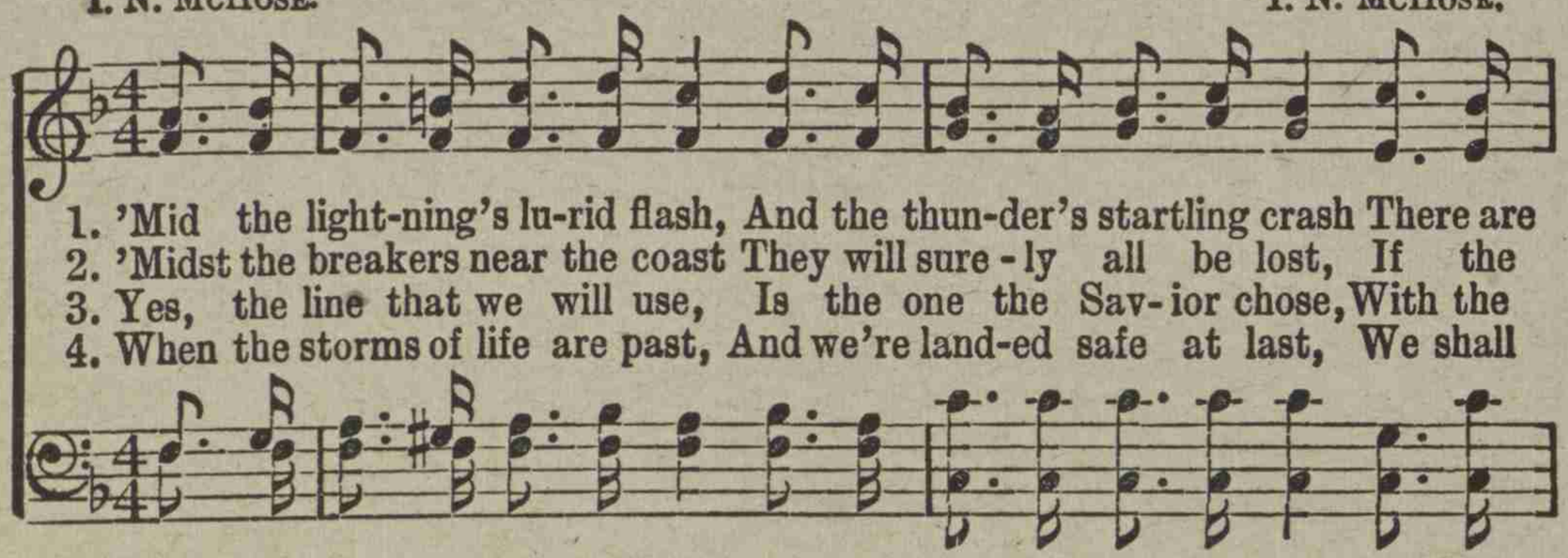
C. S. N. REV. CYRUS S. NUSBAUM.

1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be al-ways pure and good? Would you walk with Him with - in the nar-row road? Would you have Him bear your burden, car-ry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
2. Would you have Him make you free, and follow at His call? Would you know the peace that comes by giv-ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that you need nev - er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.
3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove Him true in prov - i - den-tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor al - ways at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.

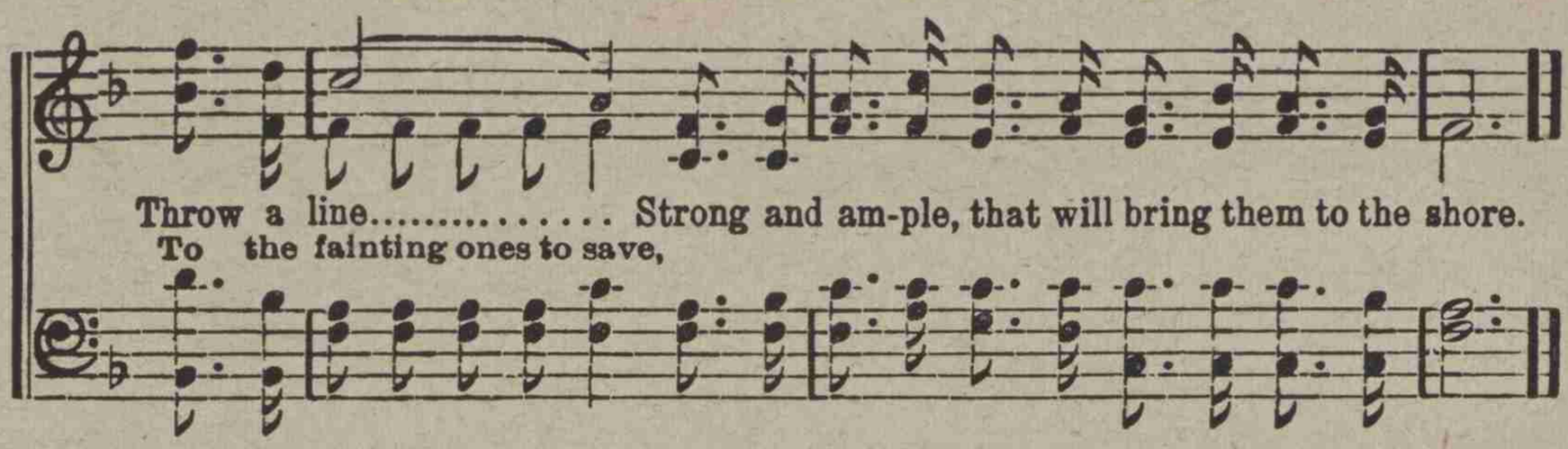
CHORUS

No. 248. Throw a Line.

I. N. McHose. I. N. McHose.
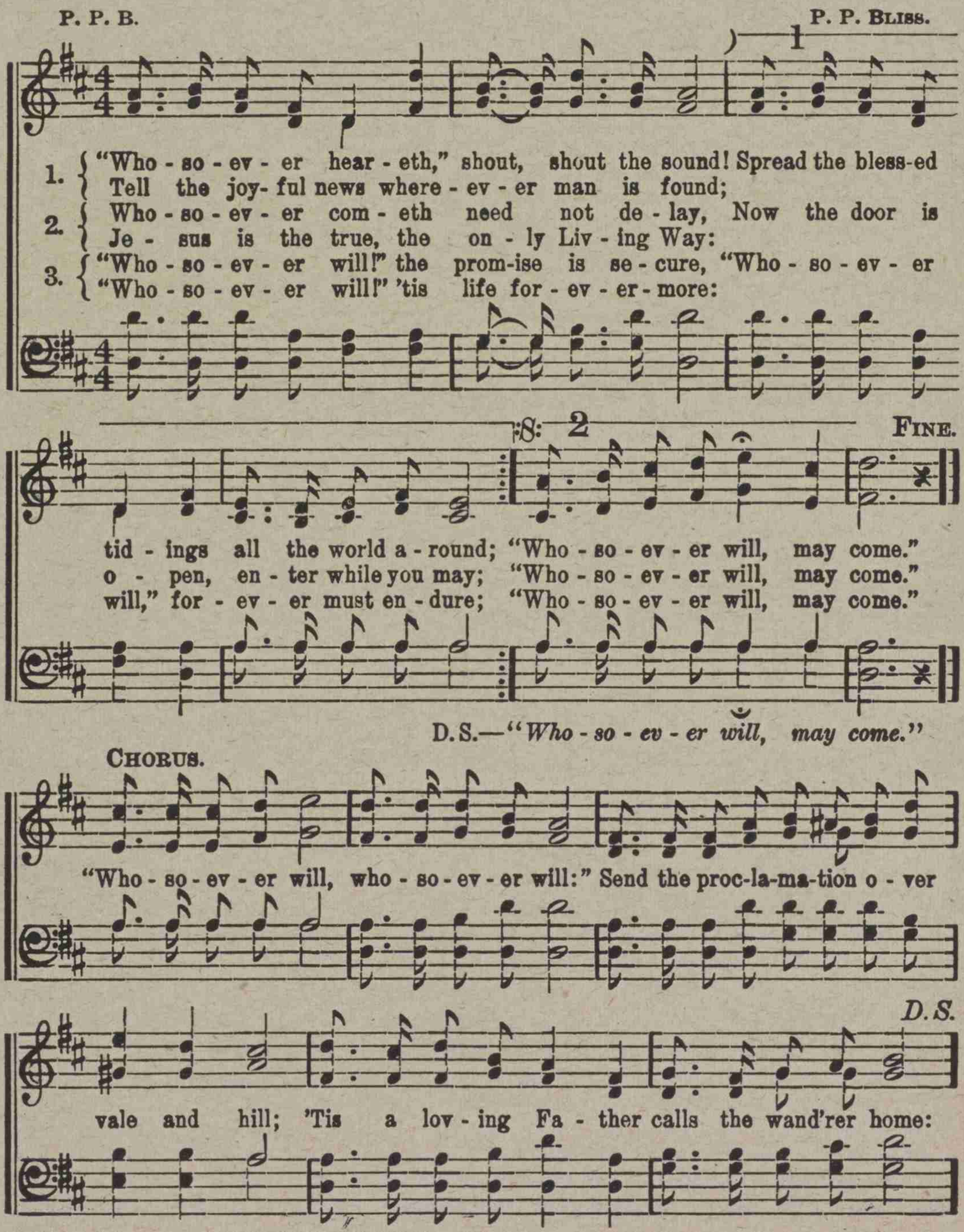


Throw a Line. Concluded.



No. 249. "Whosoever Will."

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



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No. 250 Are You Coming Home Tonight?

Arranged. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Are you com-ing Home, ye wand'rers, Whom Je-sus died to win,
2. Are you com-ing Home, ye lost ones? Be-hold your Lord doth wait:
3. Are you com-ing Home, ye guilt - y, Who bear the load of sin;
4. Are you com-ing Home, ye wea - ry, Who long for rest and peace;

All foot - sore, lame and wea - ry, Your gar-ments stain'd with sin;
Come, then, no lon - ger lin - ger, Come ere it be too late;
Out - side you've long been stand-ing, Come now and ven - ture in;
Your bur - den has been heav - y, And long you've sought re - lease;

Will you seek the blood of Je - sus To wash your gar-ments white;
Will you come and let Him save you, O trust his love and might;
Will you heed the Saviour's prom- ise, And dare to trust him quite;
Will you now ac - cept of Je - sus, In him your heart de-light;
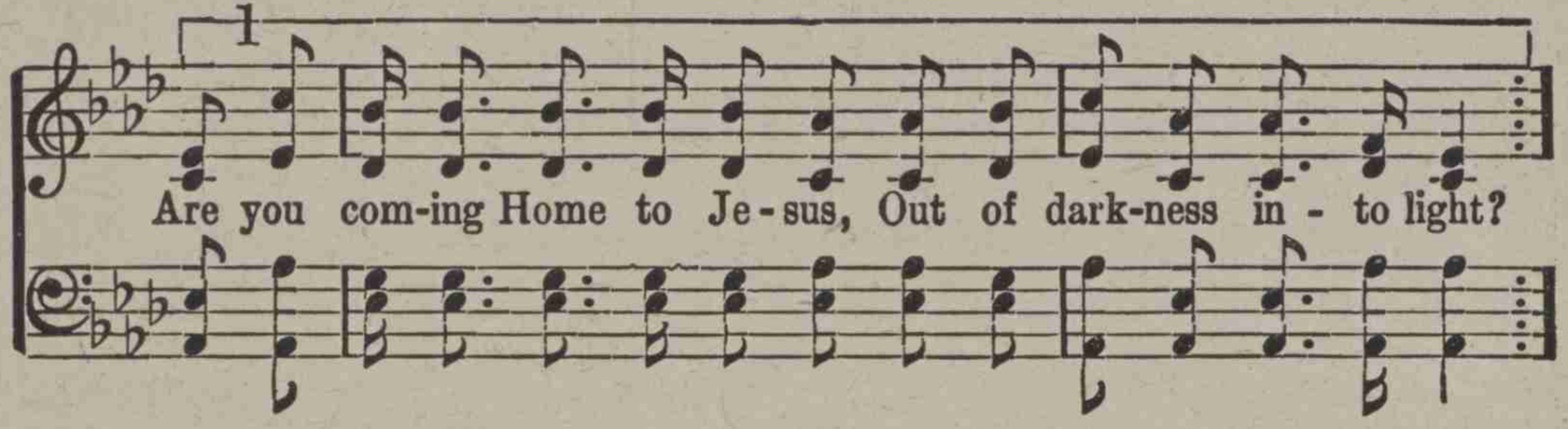
Will you trust his precious prom-ise, Are you com- ing Home to- night?
Will you come while he is call- ing, Are you com- ing Home to- night?
"Come un - to me," saith Je - sus, Are you com- ing Home to- night?
Will you ful - ly yield up to him, Are you com- ing Home to- night?

CHORUS.

Are you com- ing Home to- night, Are you com- ing Home to-night,

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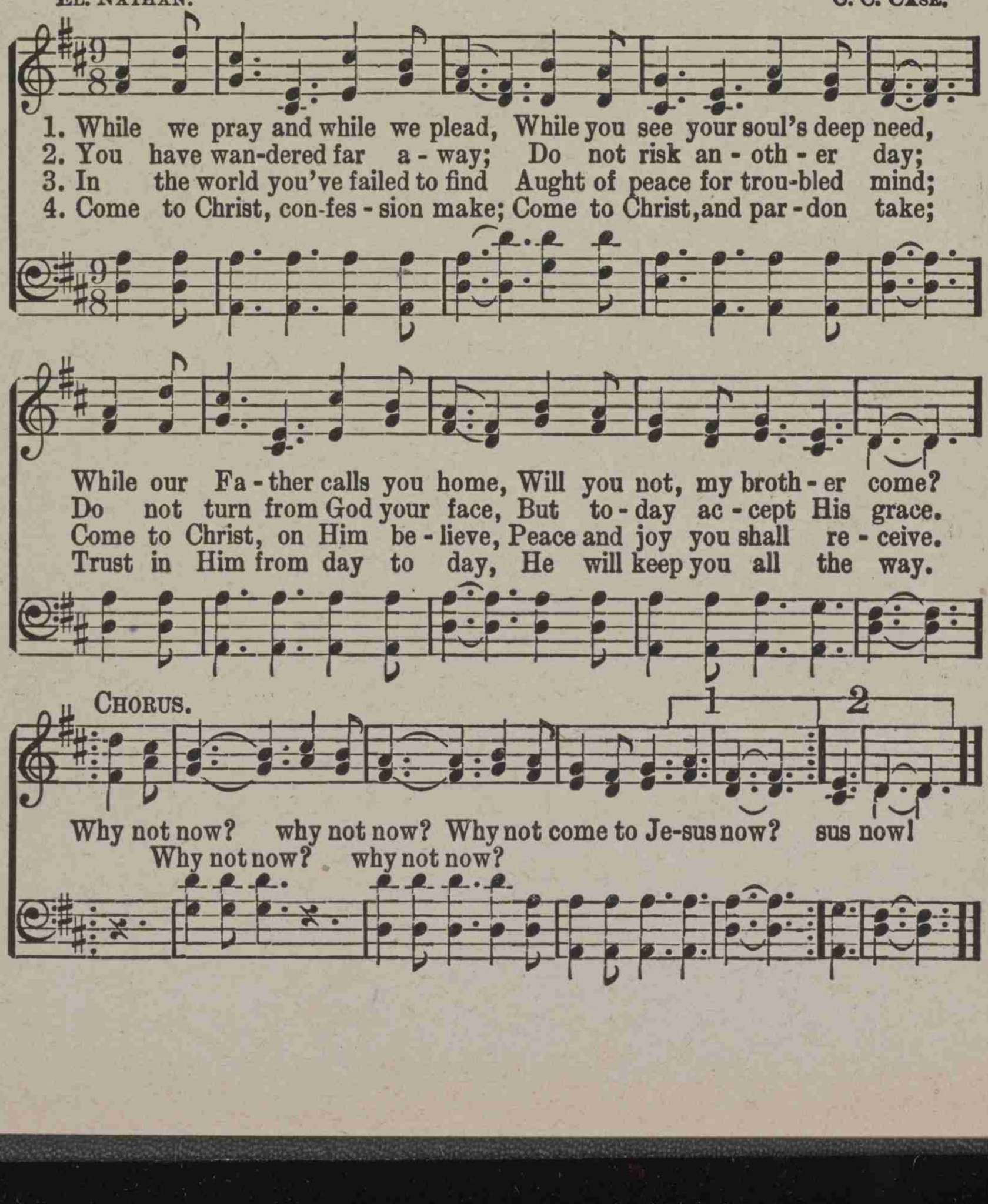
Are You Coming Home Tonight? Concluded.



No. 251. Why Not Now?

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EL. NATHAN. C. C. CASE.



No. 252 Are You Washed in the Blood?

E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have you been to Je - sus 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? Are you
2. Are you walk-ing dai - ly by the Sav - ior's side? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo-ment in the Cru - ci - fied? Are you
3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the man-sions bright, And be
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flow - ing for the soul un-clean, O be

CHORUS.

washed in the blood of the Lamb?
washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the blood,
washed in the blood of the Lamb?
washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the blood,

In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments of the Lamb?

spot-less? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

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No. 253. Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSBY. Copyright, 1876, by W. H. DOANE. W. H. DOANE.

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His serv-ants, Wheth-er it be noon or night, Faith - ful to Him, will He find us watch-ing,
2. If, at the dawn of the ear - ly morn-ing, He shall call us one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best? If in our hearts there is naught con-demns us,
4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watch-ing, In His glo - ry they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid-night,

rit.

With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
Will He an - swer thee—Well done?
We shall have a glo - rious rest.
Will He find us watch - ing there?

CHORUS

O can we say we are read - y, broth - er, Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He find you and me still watch-ing, Wait-ing, wait-ing when the Lord shall come?

No. 254 Are You Ready for the Judgment Day?

LAVERNE GREY. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Have you found redemption thro' the Son of God; Are you read- y for the judgment day? Are you sheltered un-derneath the precious blood, Are you
2. You have long re-fused your blessed Lord to own, Are you read- y for the judgment day? What will be your fate before the great white throne, Are you
3. How shall you es- cape the bur- den of your guilt, Are you read- y for the judgment day? If you scorn the blood that for your sin was spilt, Are you
4. Will you trust the Saviour to for-give your sin, Are you read- y for the judgment day? He can save, no matter what your life has been, Are you

CHORUS.

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

Are you read-y for the judgment day? . . When you stand before the throne
judgment day?
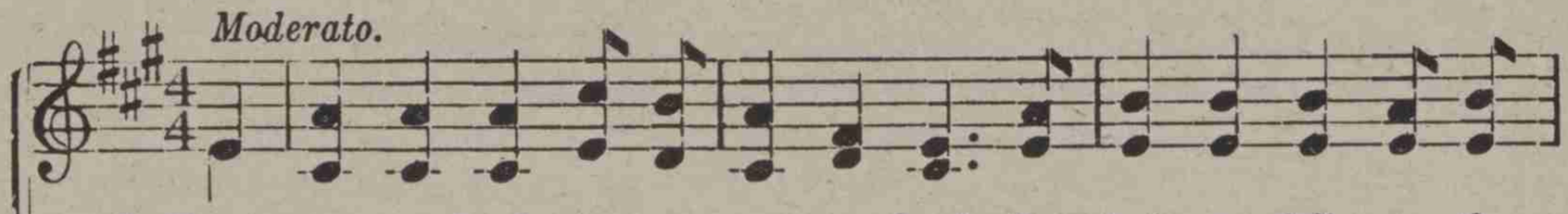
Will His blood for you a-tone, Are you read - y for the judgment day?

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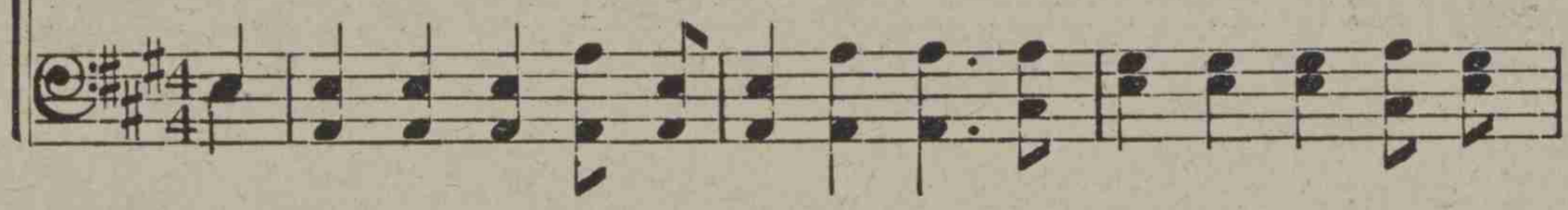
No. 255 The Sheltering Rock.
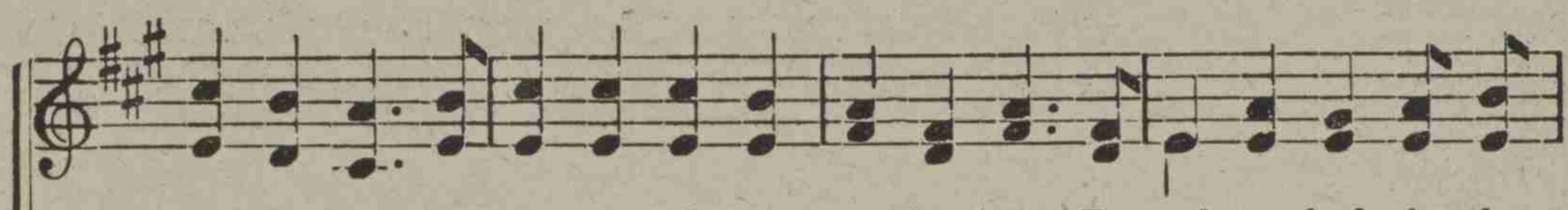
W. E. P. W. E. PENN.

Moderato.
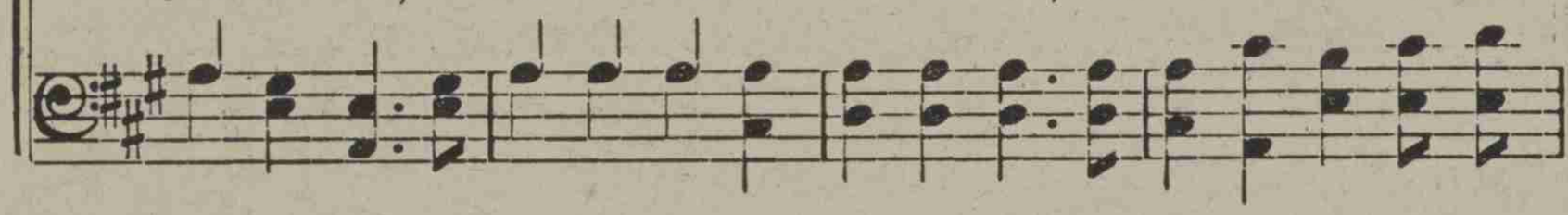


1. There is a Rock in a wear - y land, Its shad - ow falls on the
2. There is a well in a des - ert plain, Its wa - ters call with en-
3. A great fold stands with its por - tals wide, The sheep a - stray on the
4. There is a cross where the Sav - ior died, His blood flowed out in a

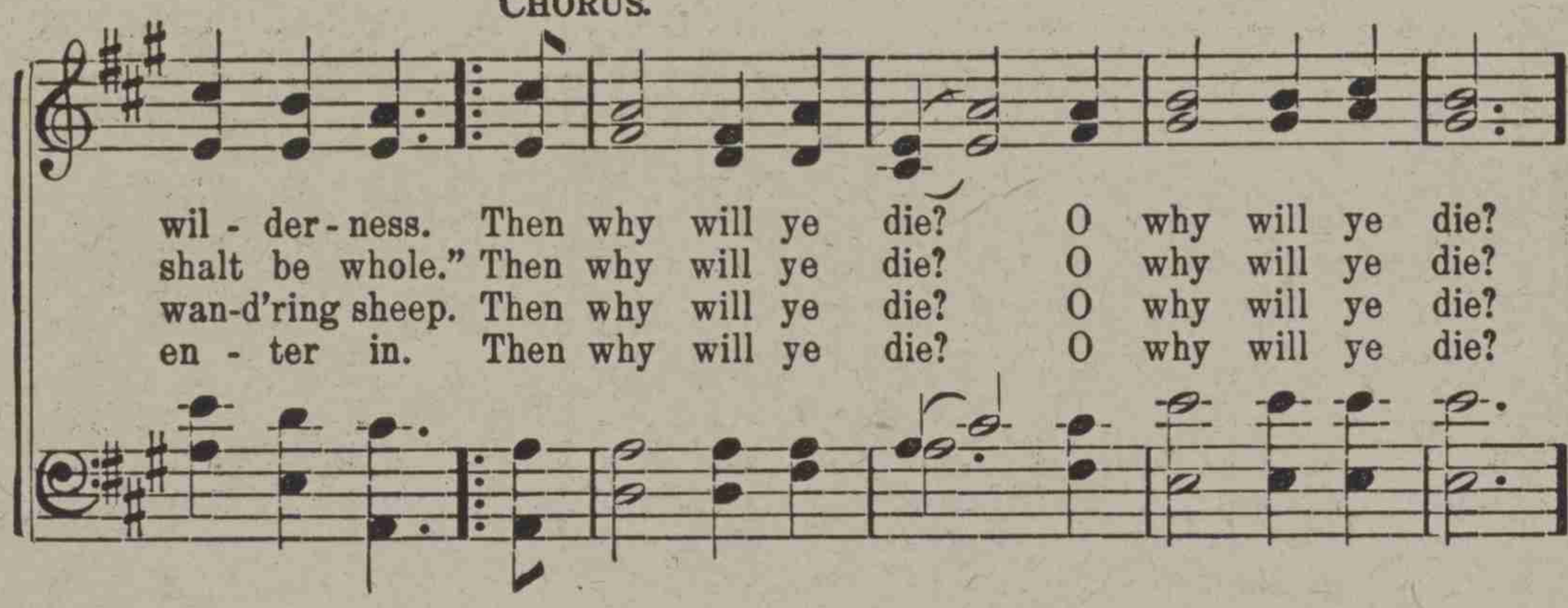




burn - ing sand, In - vit - ing pil - grims as they pass, To seek a shade in the
treat-ing strain, "Ho, ev-'ry thirst-y, sin - sick soul, Come, freely drink and thou
mountain side, The Shepherd climbs o'er mountains steep, He's searching now for His
crim - son tide, A sac - ri - fice for sin - ful men, And free to all who will



CHORUS.



wil - der - ness. Then why will ye die? O why will ye die?
shalt be whole." Then why will ye die? O why will ye die?
wan-d'ring sheep. Then why will ye die? O why will ye die?
en - ter in. Then why will ye die? O why will ye die?

rit

When the shel-t'ring Rock is so near by, O why will ye die?
When the liv - ing well is so near by, O why will ye die?
When the Shep-herd's fold is so near by, O why will ye die?
When the crim - son cross is so near by, O why will ye die?

From "Harvest Bells." Used by permission of Mrs. W. E. Penn, owner of copyright.

No. 256. Tell It Out!

Copyright, 1937, Renewal. Hope Pub. Co., owner.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Tell it out a-mong the na-tions that the Lord is King, Tell it
2. Tell it out a-mong the na-tions that the Sav-ior reigns, Tell it
3. Tell it out a-mong the hea-then, Je-sus reigns a-bove, Tell it

out! tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the peo-ple, bid them
out! tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the heathen, bid them
out! tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the na-tions that His

Tell it out! tell it out!

shout and sing, Tell it out! tell it out! Tell it out with ad-o-
break their chains, Tell it out! tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the
name is love, Tell it out! tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the

Tell it out!

ra-tion, that He shall in-crease, Tell it out! tell it out!
weep-ing ones that Je-sus lives, Tell it out! tell it out!
high-ways and the lanes, at home, Tell it out! tell it out!

Tell it out! tell it out!

Tell It Out! Concluded.

That the might - y King of glo - ry is the King of Peace, Tell it
Tell it out a - mong the wear - y ones what rest He gives, Tell it
Let it ring a - cross the mountains and the o - cean's foam, Tell it

out! tell it out! Tell it out with ju - bi - la-tion, tho' the
out! tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the sin-ners that He
out! tell it out! Like the sound of man - y wa-ters let our
Tell it out! tell it out!

waves may roar, Tell it out! tell it out! That He sit-teth on the
came to save, Tell it out! tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the
glad shout be, Tell it out! tell it out! Till it ech - o and re-
Tell it out! tell it out!

tell it out!

wa-ter-floods, our King for - ev - er-more, Tell it out!.....
dy - ing that He triumphed o'er the grave, Tell it out!.....
ech - o from the is - lands of the sea, Tell it out!.....
Tell it out! tell it out!

No. 257 The Macedonian Cry

MRS. CECIL F. ALEXANDER. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Souls in heath-en dark-ness ly - ing, Where no light has broken through, Souls that
2. Christians, hearken: none has taught them Of His love so deep and dear; Of the
3. Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings Wide to earth's re-mot-est strand; Let no
4. Lo! the hills for har-vest whit - en, All a - long each distant shore; Sea-ward

Je - sus bought by dy - ing, Whom His Soul in tra - vail knew, Thousand voi - ces
precious price that bought them; Of the nail, the thorn, the spear; Ye who know Him,
broth-er's bit - ter chid-ings Rise a-gainst us when we stand In the judg-ment,
far the is-lands bright-en; Light of na-tions, lead us o'er! When we seek them,

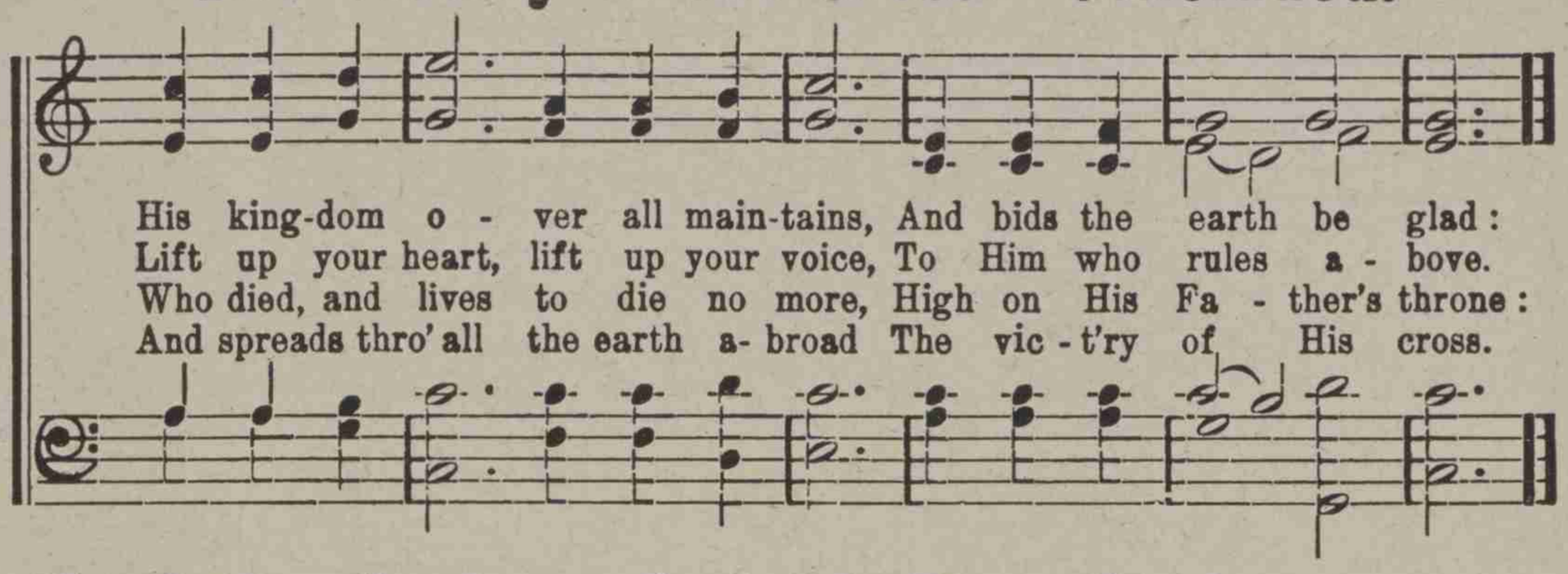
Call us, o'er the wa-ters blue, Thousand voices Call us, o'er the wa - ters blue.
Guide them from their darkness drear, Ye who know Him, Guide them from their darkness drear.
From some far, for-gotten land, In the judgment, From some far, for-gotten land.
Let Thy Spir - it go be - fore, When we seek them, Let Thy Spir - it go be - fore.

No. 258. The Victory of the Cross.

CHARLES WESLEY. GEORGE F. ROOT.

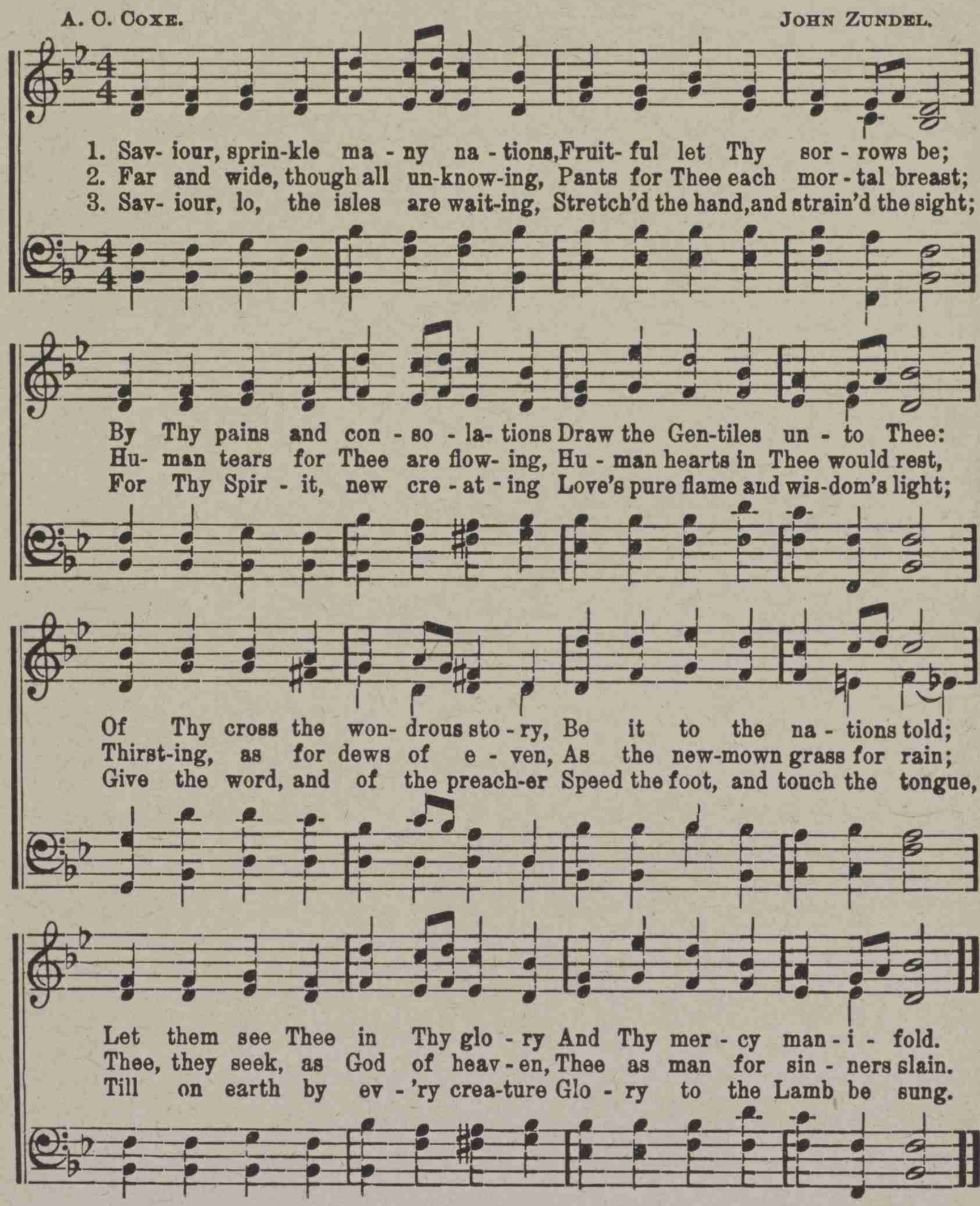
1. Je - sus, the Con - qu'ror, reigns, In glo - rious strength ar - rayed;
2. Ye sons of men, re - joice In Je - sus' might - y love;
3. Ex - tol His king - ly pow'r; Kiss the ex - alt - ed Son,
4. Our Ad - vo - cate with God, He un - der - takes our cause,

The Victory of the Cross. Concluded.



No. 259. Saviour, Sprinkle Many Nations.

A. C. Coxe. JOHN ZUNDEL.



No. 260. Send Forth the Gospel.

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UNKNOWN. Nazarene Publishing House, owner. C. F. WEIGELE.

1. Far, far a-way, in heathen darkness dwelling, Millions of souls for-ev- er
2. See, o'er the world, wide open doors invit - ing, Soldier of Christ, arise! and
3. "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is calling; "Why will ye die?" re-echo
4. God speed the day when those of ev'ry nation, "Glory to God" tri-umph-ant -

may be lost; Who, who will go, sal- vation's story tell-ing—Looking to
en - ter in! Christians, awake! your forces all u- nit- ing, Send forth the
in His name; Je-sus hath died to save from death appalling, Life and sal -
ly shall sing; Ransom'd, redeem'd, rejoicing in sal-va-tion, Shout "Hal-le -

CHORUS.

Je-sus, counting not the cost.
gospel break the chains of sin.
vation therefore go proclaim.
lujah, for the Lord is King!"

} Send forth the gospel! tell to ev-'ry na-tion;

Send forth the gos - pel! good news of sal - va- tion; Who, who will go and

give them in- for- ma-tion? Tell them of Je - sus and His pow'r to save.

No. 261. Speak, My Lord.

G. B. Copyright, 1939, by Geo. Bennard. Renewal. Used by per. GEORGE BENNARD.

1. Hear the Lord of harvest sweetly calling, "Who will go and work for Me today?
2. When the coal of fire touch'd the prophet, Making him as pure as pure can be,
3. Millions now in sin and shame are dying; List - en to their sad and bitter cry;
4. Soon the time for reaping will be o-ver; Soon we'll gather for the harvest-home;

Who will bring to Me the lost and dy - ing? Who will point them to the narrow way?"
When the voice of God, said "Who'll go for us?" Then he answered, "Here I am, send me."
Hast - en, broth-er, hast-en to the res- cue; Quick-ly answer, "Master, here am I."
May the Lord of harvest smile up- on us, May we hear His blessed "Child, well done."

rit.

CHORUS.

Speak, my Lord, speak, my Lord, Speak, and I'll be quick to answer Thee;
Speak, my Lord, speak, my Lord, to answer Thee;

rit.

Speak, my Lord, speak, my Lord, Speak, and I will answer, "Lord, send me."
Speak, my Lord, "Lord, send me."

No. 262. I Will Go.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT. Arr. by JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. To the na - tions our Mas - ter hath bid - den us go, There to pub - lish the ti - dings of peace, Tell of Je - sus the Sav - iour to
2. Will you heed Him, my broth - er, and speed with the call, Till the lost ones shall en - ter His fold; Lo! sal - va - tion is of - fered so
3. Far a - way o'er the o - cean are lambs of His flock Who are wait - ing to hear His sweet voice; At the door our Re - deem - er doth
4. Let us hast - en to car - ry the mes - sage di - vine, In all of its ful - ness and might, Till our Christ in His king-dom and
5. Some are go - ing in per - son a - cross the blue waves, Leav - ing kin - dred and loved ones so dear; Will you give of your treas - ure the

D. S.—*Ne'er a dan - ger or wor - ry my*

FINE.

mor - tals be - low, And pro - claim to the cap - tives re - lease.
free - ly to all Nor is pur-chased with sil - ver or gold.
pa - tient - ly knock, He would en - ter and make them re - joice.
glo - ry shall shine, And shall ban - ish all dark - ness with light.
heath - en to save From their sin - ning, their an - guish, and fear?

spir - it shall know, If my Sav - iour with - in me shall stay.

CHORUS. D. S.

I will go wher-e'er He bids me to go, To the na-tions or isles far a - way;

Copyright, 1902, by L. L. Pickett

No. 263. Missionary Bells.

E. E. Hewitt. Copyright, 1917, Renewal. Hope Pub. Co., owner. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Keep them ringing, keep them ringing, mission- a - ry bells, Pealing out the news of Je-sus' love; While our gifts we bring to Je-sus, happy music swells,
2. Keep them ringing, keep them ringing, let the children's hands Pull the cords of love and faith and praise, Till the children now in darkness, hear of God's commands,
3. Keep them ringing, keep them ringing, ev-'ry one may share In the lov-ing serv- ice of our King; Bring an off 'ring, willing off 'ring, wrap it up in pray'r;

Chorus.

Telling of our blessed Friend a - bove.
Learn to follow in the Saviour's ways.
Help the missiona - ry bells to ring.
} Bells! bells! mission - a - ry bells,

Keep them ringing, keep them ringing, each a story tells; Sounding loud and free o-ver land and sea, Keep them ringing, keep them ringing, missionary bells.

No. 264 Seeking the Lost.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kindly en-treat-ing Wanderers on the mountain a-stray,
2. Seek-ing the lost, and pointing to Je-sus Souls that are weak and hearts that are sore,
3. Thus I would go on missions of mer-cy, Following Christ from day unto day,

"Come un-to Me," His message re-peat-ing, Words of the Master speaking to-day.
Leading them forth in ways of salvation, Showing the path to life ev- er - more.
Cheering the faint, and raising the fallen, Pointing the lost to Je-sus, the Way.

CHORUS.

Go - ing a - far up - on the moun-tain,
Go - ing a - far..... up - on the moun - tain..... Bring-ing the

Bringing the wand'rer back again, back again In-to the fold
wan - - d'rer back a - gain..... In - to the fold..... of my Re -

of my Re-deem-er, Je-sus the Lamb for sinners slain, for sinners slain.
deem - er,.... Je-sus the Lamb,..... for sin-ners slain.....

No. 265. Send the Light.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light!.....
2. We have heard the Ma - ce - do - nian call to - day,
3. Let us pray that grace may ev - 'ry-where a - bound,
4. Let us not grow wea - ry in the work of love, "Send the light!

Send the light!" There are souls to res - cue, there are souls to save,
And a gold - en of - f'ring at the cross we lay,
And a Christ-like spir - it ev - ry-where be found,
Send the light!" Let us gath - er jew - els for a crown a - bove,

Send the light!..... Send the light!.....
Send the light! Send the light!

CHORUS.

{ Send the light,..... the bless - ed gos - pel light, Let it
{ Send the light,..... and let its ra - diant beams Light the
Send the light, the bless - ed gos - pel light,

shine..... from shore to shore!.....
world..... for - ev - er - more.....
Let it shine from shore to shore! for - ev - er - more.

Copyrignt. 1918. by Chas. H. Gabriel.

No. 266. He Was Not Willing.

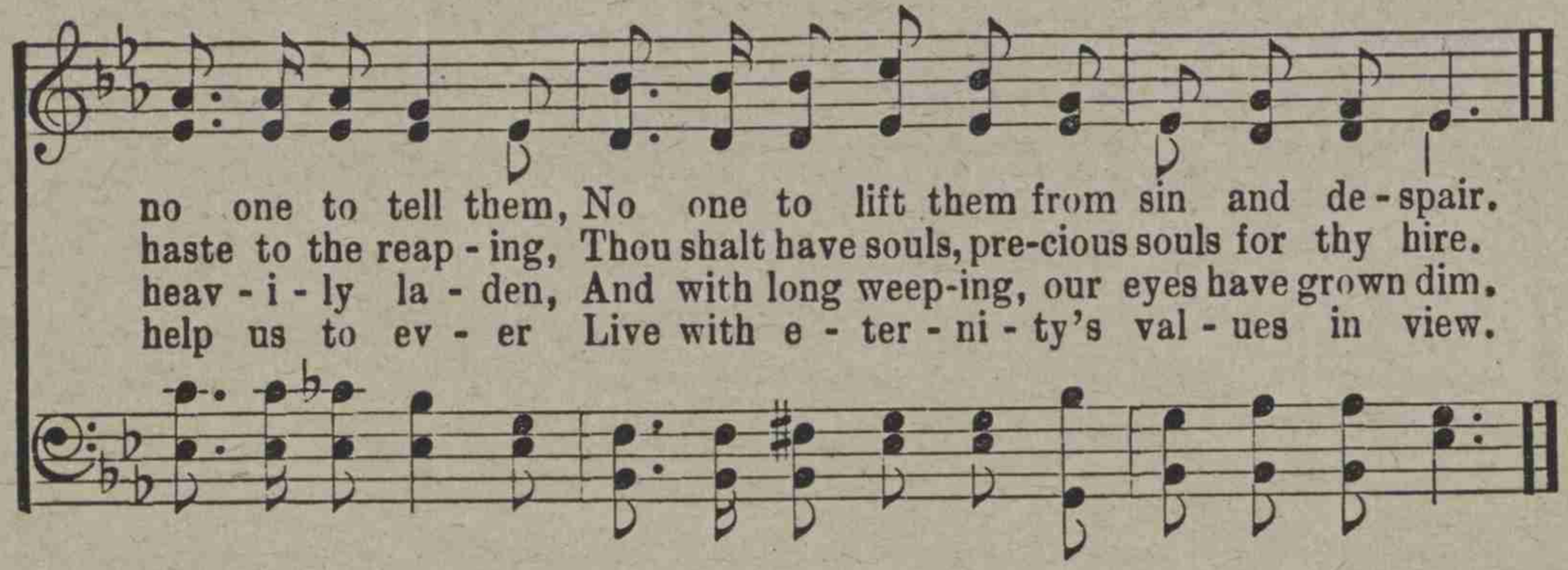
L. R. M. Copyright, 1879, by Lucy Rider Meyer. L. R. M.

1. He was not will-ing that an - y should per-ish; Je - sus, enthroned in the glo - ry a-bove, Looked on us ten-der-ly, pit - ied our sor-rows, Poured out His
2. He was not will-ing that an - y should per-ish; Clothed in our flesh with its sor-row and pain, Came He to seek the lost, comfort the mourner, Heal the heart
3. Plen-ty for pleas-ure, but lit - tle for Je - sus; Time for the world with its troubles and toys, No time for Je-sus' work, feed-ing the hun-gry, Lift - ing lost
4. He was not will-ing that an - y should per-ish; Am I His fol - low - er, and can I live Lon-ger at ease with a soul go-ing downward, Lost for the

life for us—won-der-ful love! Per-ish-ing, per-ish-ing! Thronging our pathway
bro-ken by sor-row and shame. Per-ish-ing, per-ish-ing! Har-vest is pass-ing,
souls to e - ter - ni-ty's joys. Per-ish-ing, per-ish-ing! Hark, how they call us,
lack of the help I might give? Per-ish-ing, per-ish-ing! Thou wast not will-ing,

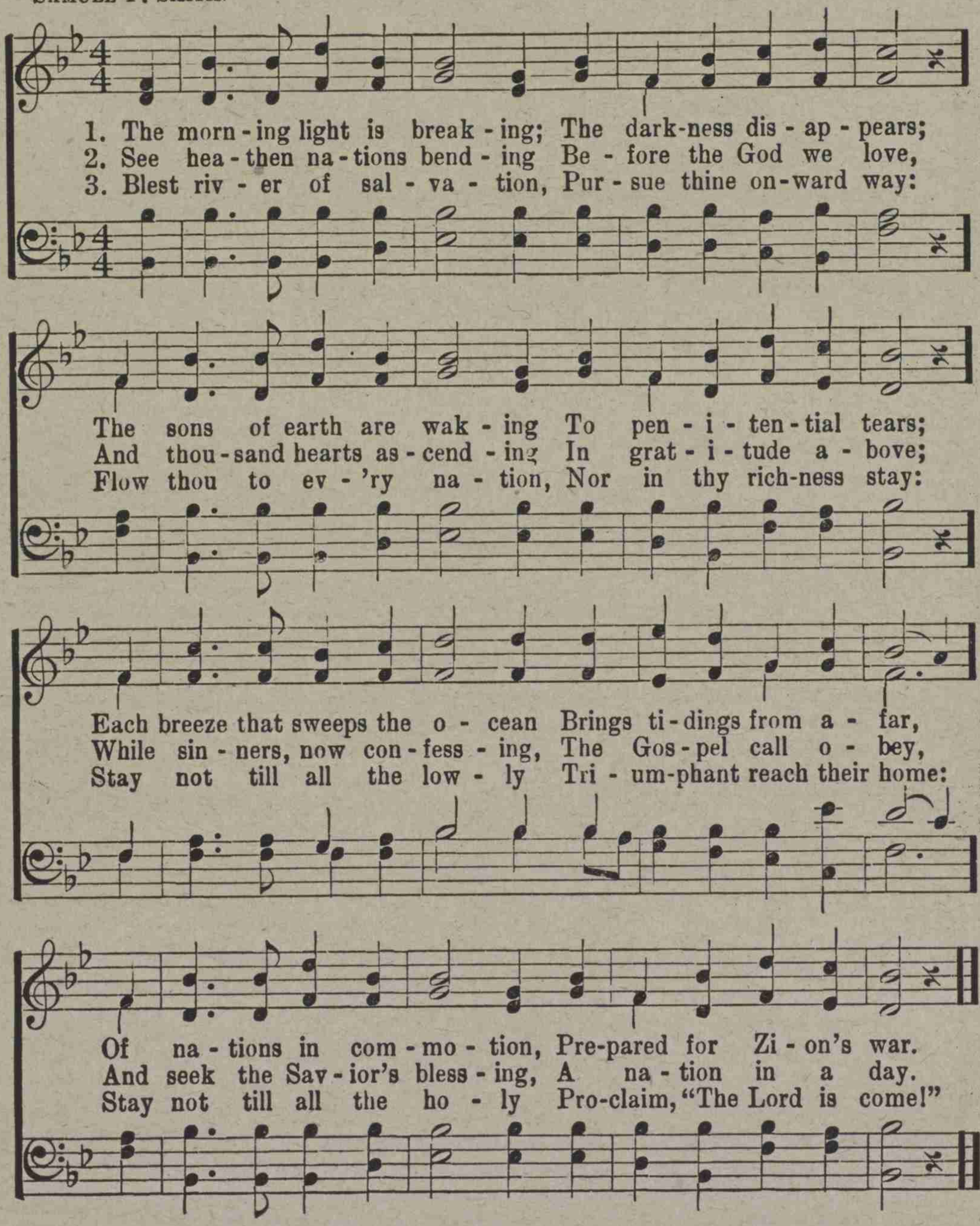
Hearts break with bur-dens too heav - y to bear; Je - sus would save, but there's
Reap - ers are few and the night draw-eth near; Je - sus is call - ing thee,
Bring us your Sav - ior, oh, tell us of Him! We are so wea - ry, so
Mas - ter, for - give, and in - spire us a - new; Ban-ish our world-li - ness,

He Was Not Willing. Concluded.



No. 267. The Morning Light is Breaking.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. GEORGE JAMES WEBB.



No. 268 O Zion, Haste

MARY A. THOMSON. (TIDINGS. P. M.) JAMES WALCH.

No. 269. We'll Girdle the Globe.

V. A. DAKE. IDA M. DAKE.

1. Be-hold the hands.....stretched out for aid,..... Darkened by
2. In heath-en lands..... they watch and wait,..... And sigh for
3. Oh, flash the tid - - - - ings! shout the sound,..... In dark-est
4. The watchfires kin - - - - - dle far and near,..... In ev - 'ry

1. Behold the hands stretched out for aid,

sin..... and sore dis - mayed;..... Oh, will you
help..... which comes so late, ... And grope in
lands..... the world a - round,..... Till all the
land..... let them ap - pear,..... Till burn - ing

Darkened by sin and sore dismayed,

to..... their res-cue go,.....Lost wand'rers down to end - less woe?
sin..... and nature's night,..... For-ev--er vain - ly seek-ing light.
earth.....from pole to pole,..... Shall full sal-va-tion ech - oes roll.
lines ..... of gos-pel fire, ... Shall gird the world and mount up higher.

Oh, will you to their rescue go,

rit.

CHORUS.

We'll gir - dle the globe with sal-va - tion, With ho - li-ness un - to the Lord;

And light shall il - lum-ine each na - tion, The light from the lamp of His word.

No. 270. If Jesus Goes With Me.

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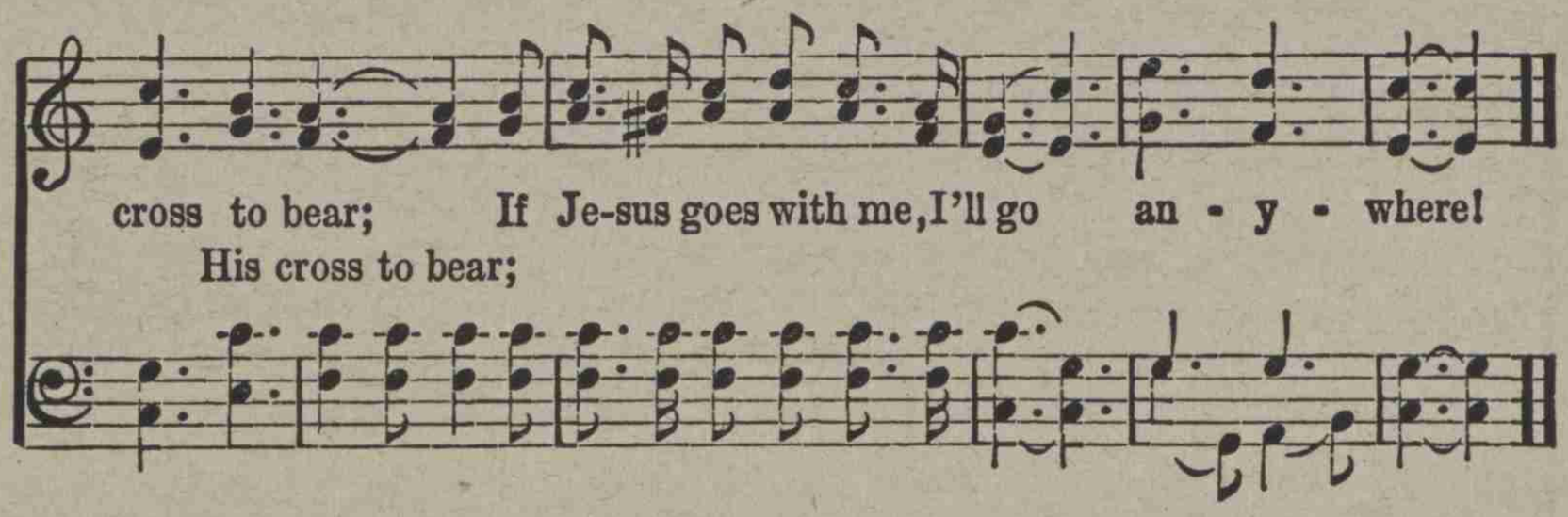
C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. It may be in the val - ley, where countless dangers hide; It may be in the sun-shine that I, in peace, a - bide; But this one thing I know if it be dark or fair, If Je - sus is with me, I'll go an - y-where!
2. It may be I must car-ry the bless-ed word of life A-cross the burning des - erts to those in sin - ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to bear my col-ors there, If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go an - y-where!
3. But if it be my por-tion to bear my cross at home, While others bear their bur - dens be-yond the bil-low's foam, I'll prove my faith in Him con- fess His judgment fair, And if He stays with me, I'll stay an - y-where!
4. It is not mine to ques-tion the judgment of my Lord, It is but mine to fol - low the lead-ings of His Word; But if to go or stay, or whether here or there, I'll be, with my Sav-ior, con-tent an - y-where!

CHORUS.

If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go..... An - y-where! 'Tis heaven to me, Wher- I'll go e'er I may be, If He is there! I count it a priv - i-lege here.... His His cross, His

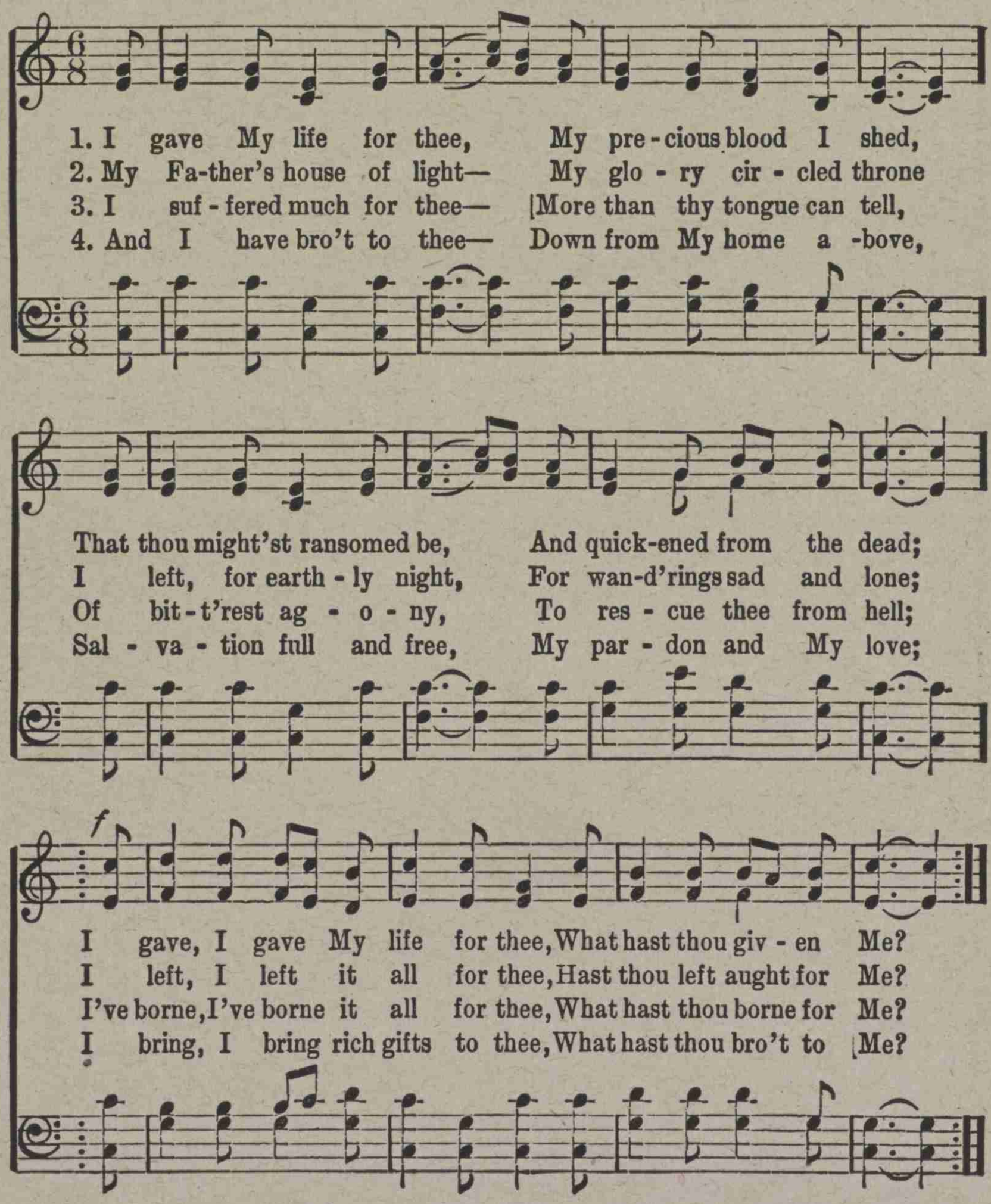
If Jesus Goes With Me. Concluded.



No. 271. I Gave My Life for Thee.

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FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL. P. P. BLISS.



No. 272. Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

DANIEL MARCH. LOUIS VON ESCH.

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?
2. If you can - not cross the o - cean, And the hea-then lands ex-plore,
3. If you can - not be the watch-man, Stand-ing high on Zi - on's wall,
4. While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you;

Fields are white, the har-vest wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves a-way?"
You can find the hea-then near - er, You can help them at your door;
Point - ing out the path to heav - en, Of - f'ring life and peace to all;
Let none hear you i - dly say - ing, "There is noth - ing I can do!"

Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers free;
If you can - not speak like an - gels, If you can - not preach like Paul,
With your prayers and with your boun-ties You can do what Heav'n demands:
Glad - ly take the task He gives you, Let His work your pleas-ure be;

Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me"?
You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say He died for all.
You can be like faith - ful Aa - ron, Hold-ing up the proph-et's hands.
An - swer quick-ly when He call - eth, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."

No. 273 Go Tell the World of His Love

ABBIE MILLS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Heirs to the kingdom of Jesus the Lord, Go tell the world of his love;
2. Think how he labor'd that we might have rest, Go tell the world of his love;
3. Plead to the lost ones to come while they may, Go tell the world of his love;

Publish the blessings that flow from his word, Go tell the world of his love;
Think how he suffer'd that we might be bless'd, Go tell the world of his love:
Je - sus is wait-ing, he'll save them to-day, Go tell the world of his love:

Love that has purchas'd redemption from sin, Love that makes happy the spirit within,
Saved by his mer-cy, up-held by his care, Tell of the goodness we constantly share;
Love that is nearest when earth joys are past, Lighting our pathway by clouds overcast;

:S: FINE.

Love that will help us our conquest to win, Go tell the world of his love.
Fill'd with his fulness, no longer forbear, Go tell the world of his love.
Love that will bring us to glo - ry at last, Go tell the world of his love.

D.S.—Heirs to the kingdom of Je-sus the Lord, Go tell the world of his love.

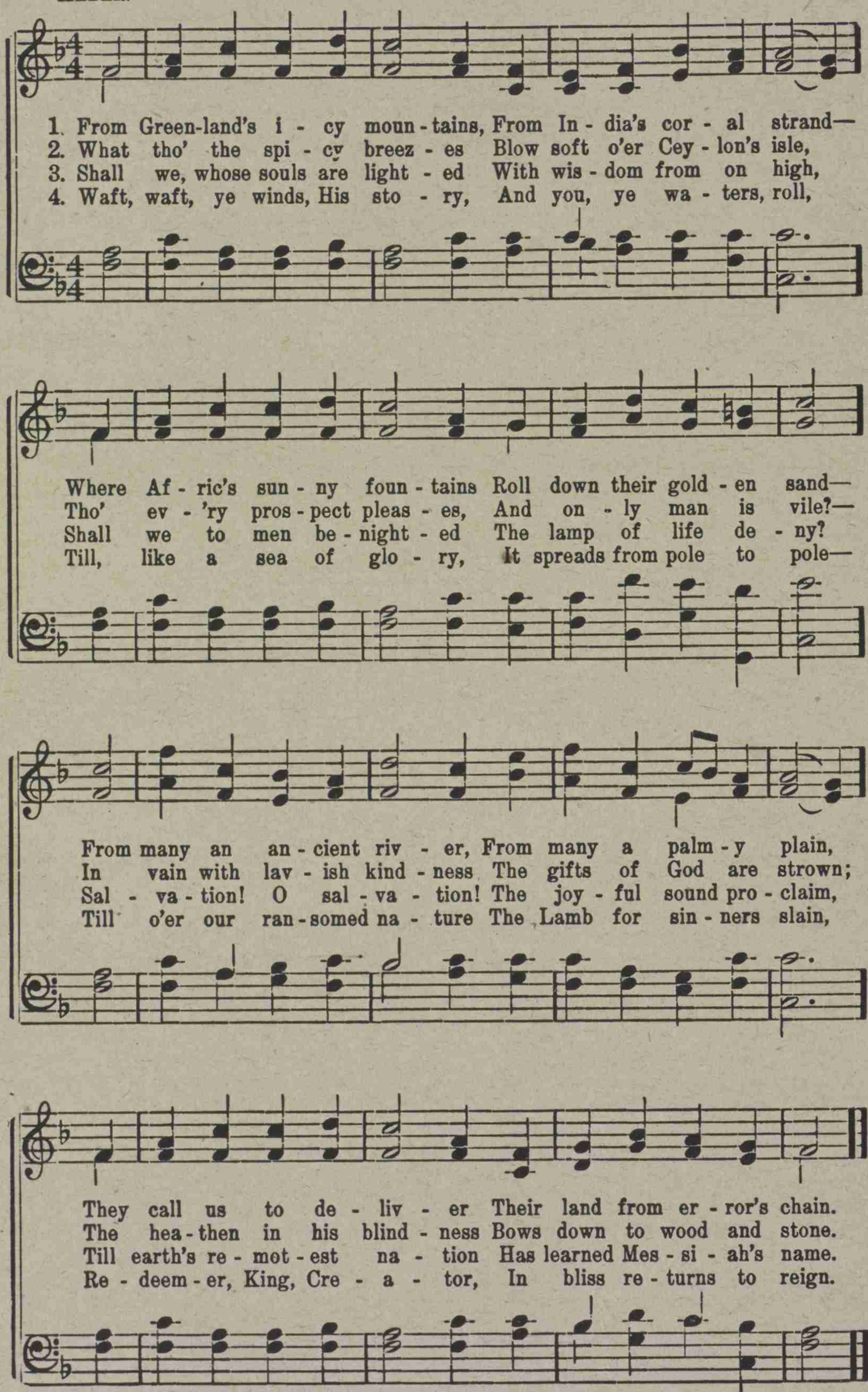
CHORUS. *D.S.*

Go tell the world, Go tell the world, Go tell the world of his love; (of his love;)

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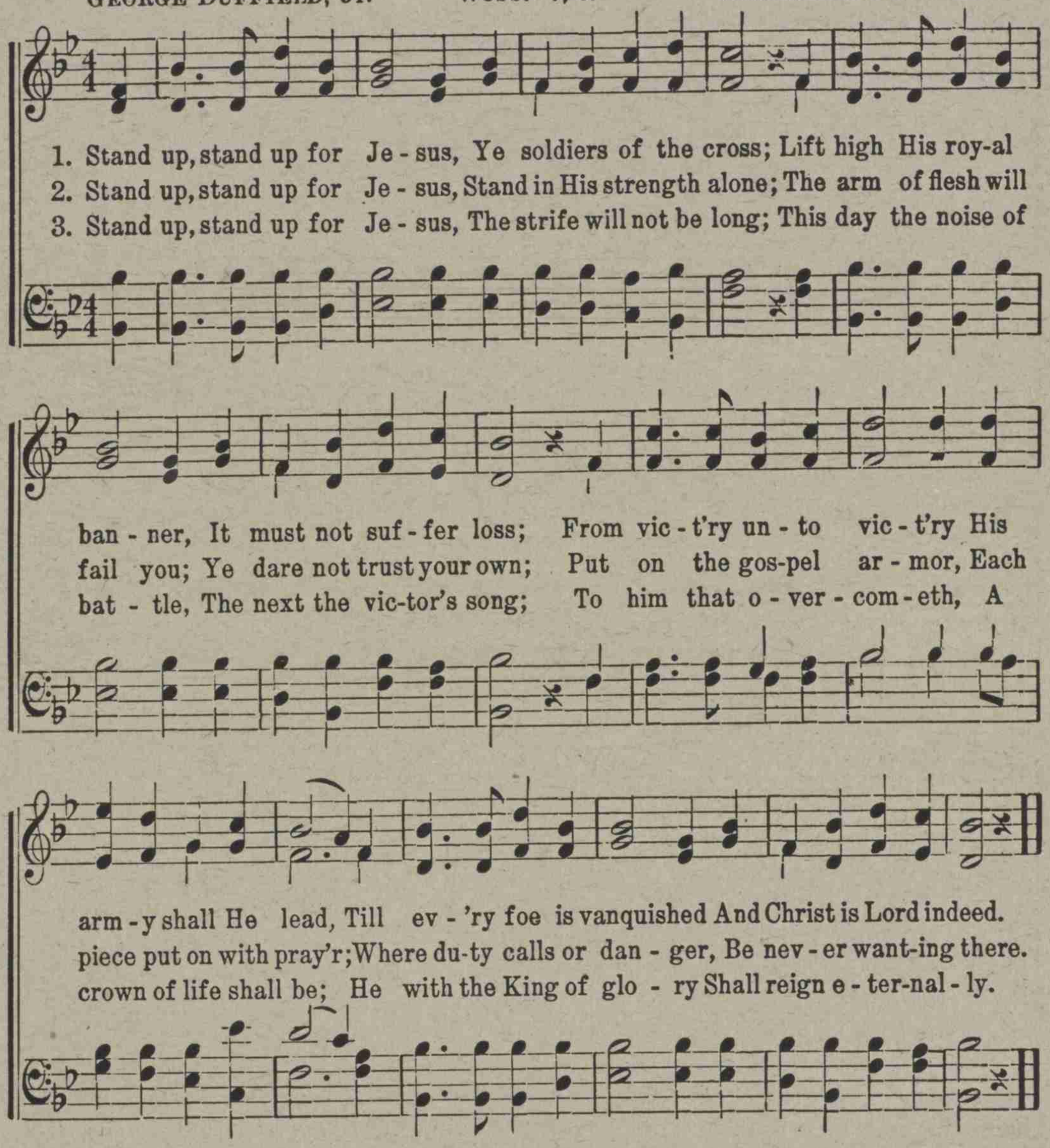
No. 274 Missionary Hymn.

HEBER. LOWELL MASON.



No. 275. Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD, Jr. Webb. 7, 6. GEORGE JAMES WEBB.



No. 276. Hail to the Lord's Anointed.

1 Hail, to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth;
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 To Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
His name to us is Love.

James Montgomery.

No. 277. I'll Go where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

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

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

But, if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug-ged the way,
So trust- ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And know-ing Thou lov - est me,
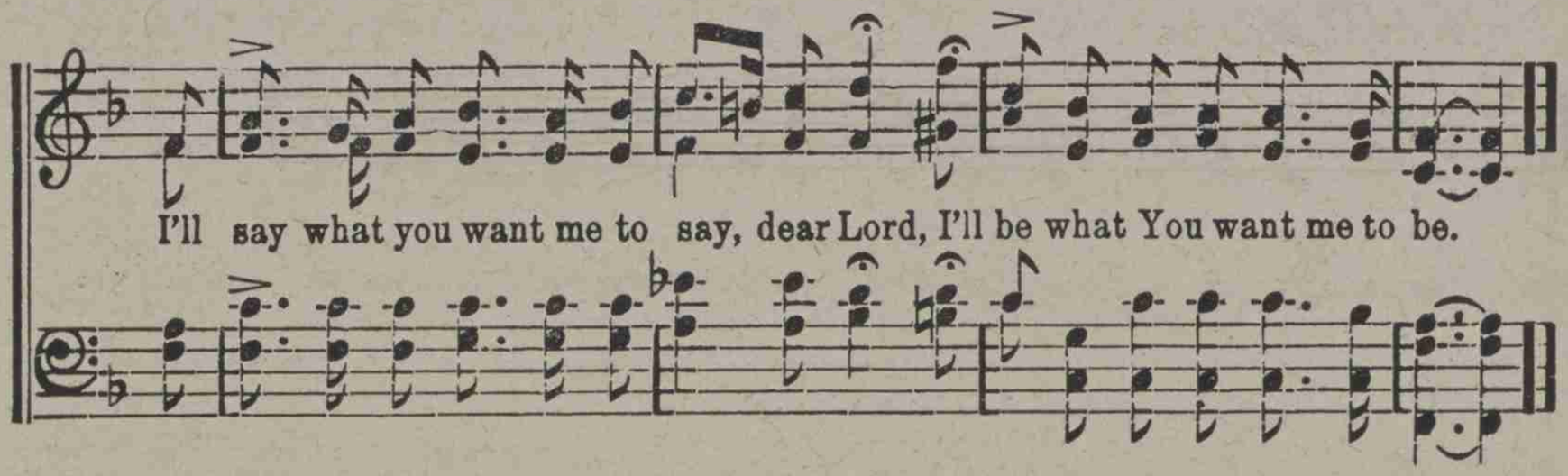
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech- o Thy message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.

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

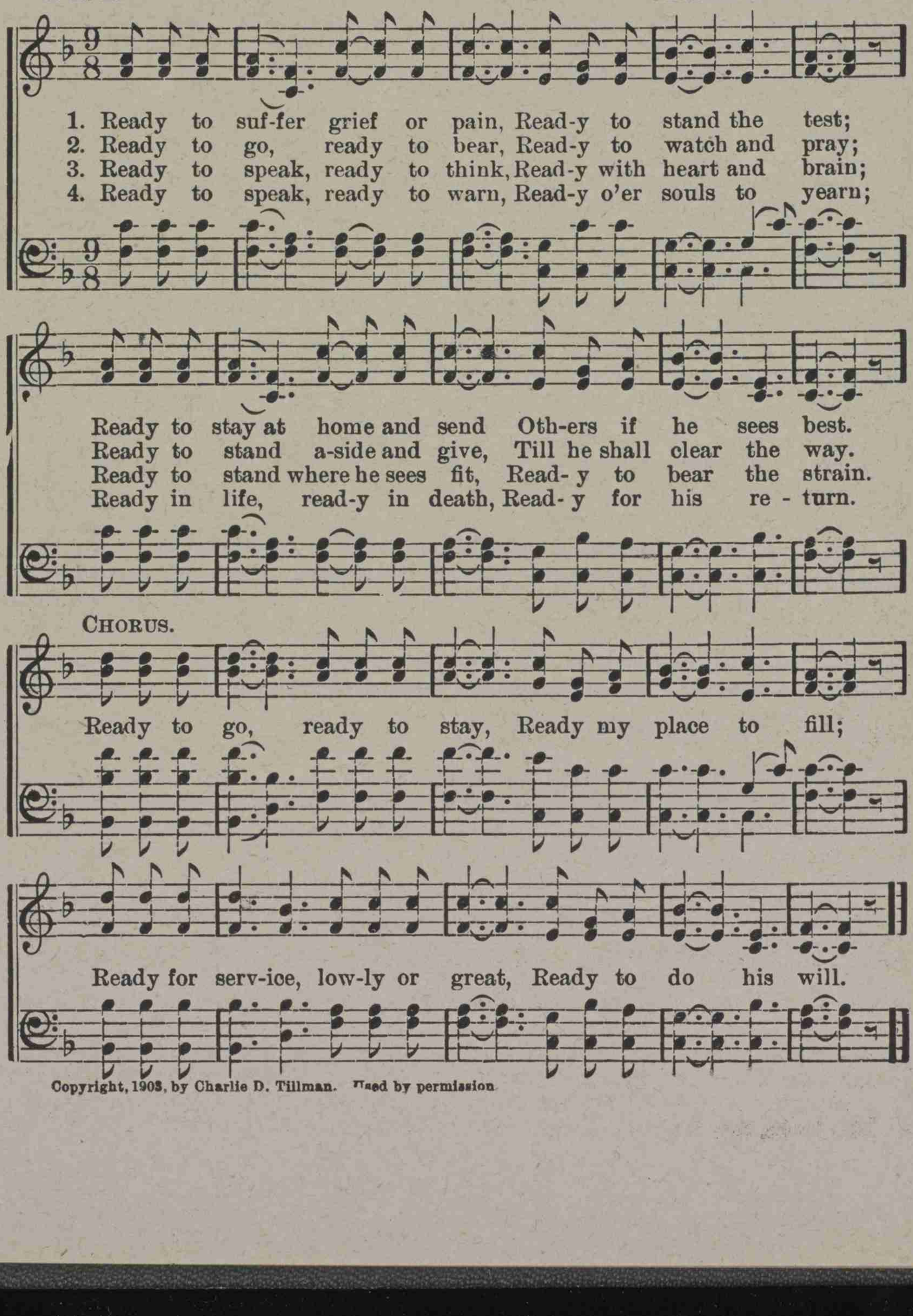
Copyright, 1894, by C. E. Rounsefell. Used by per.

I'll Go where You Want Me to Go. Concluded.



No. 278 Ready

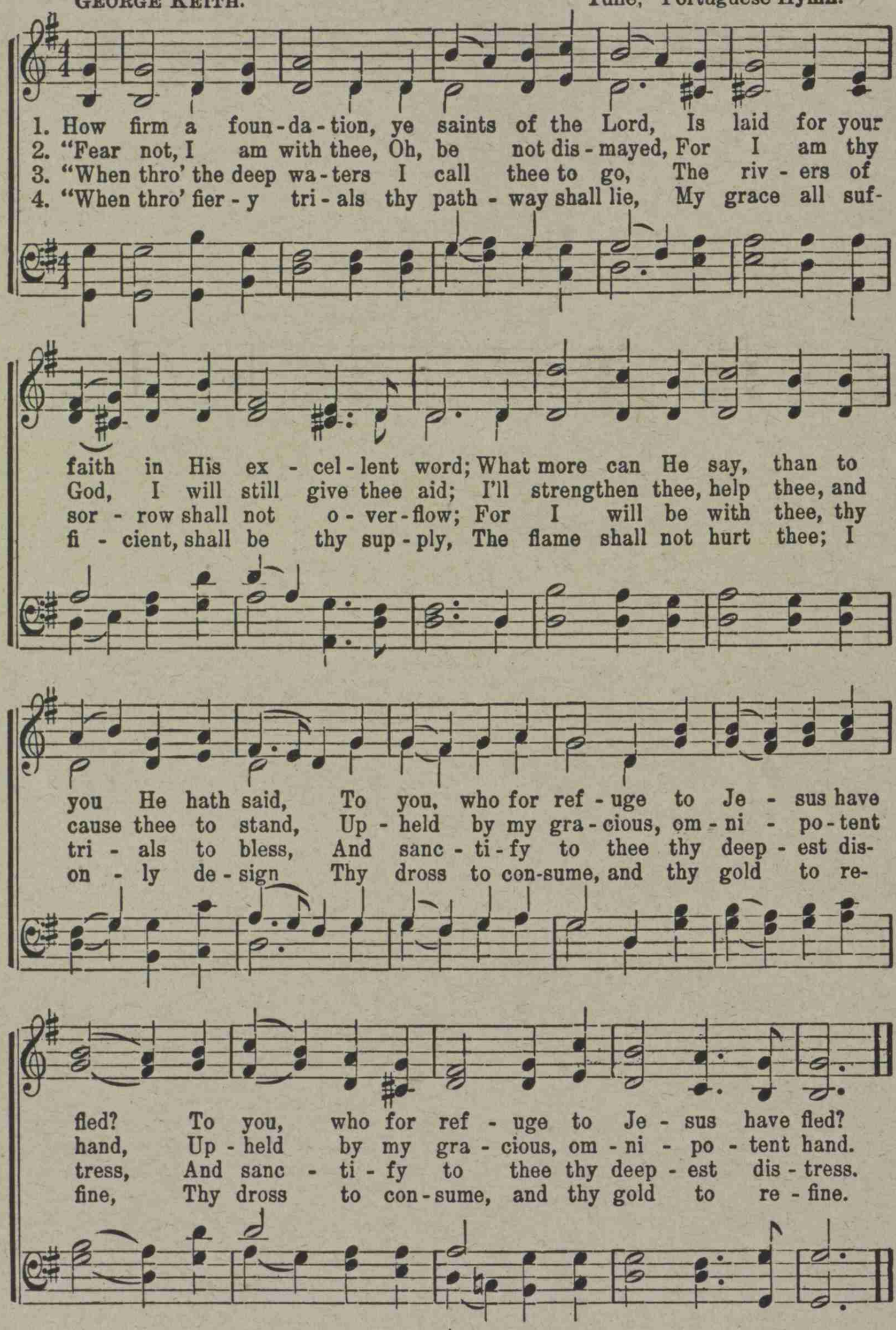
S. E. L. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



Copyright, 1903, by Charlie D. Tillman. Used by permission

No. 279 The Firm Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH. Tune, "Portuguese Hymn."

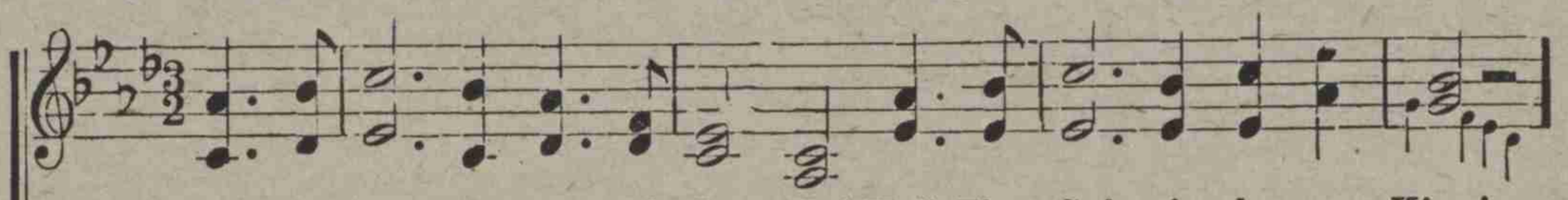


5 E'en down to old age all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn, [be borne.
Like lambs, they shall still in my bosom

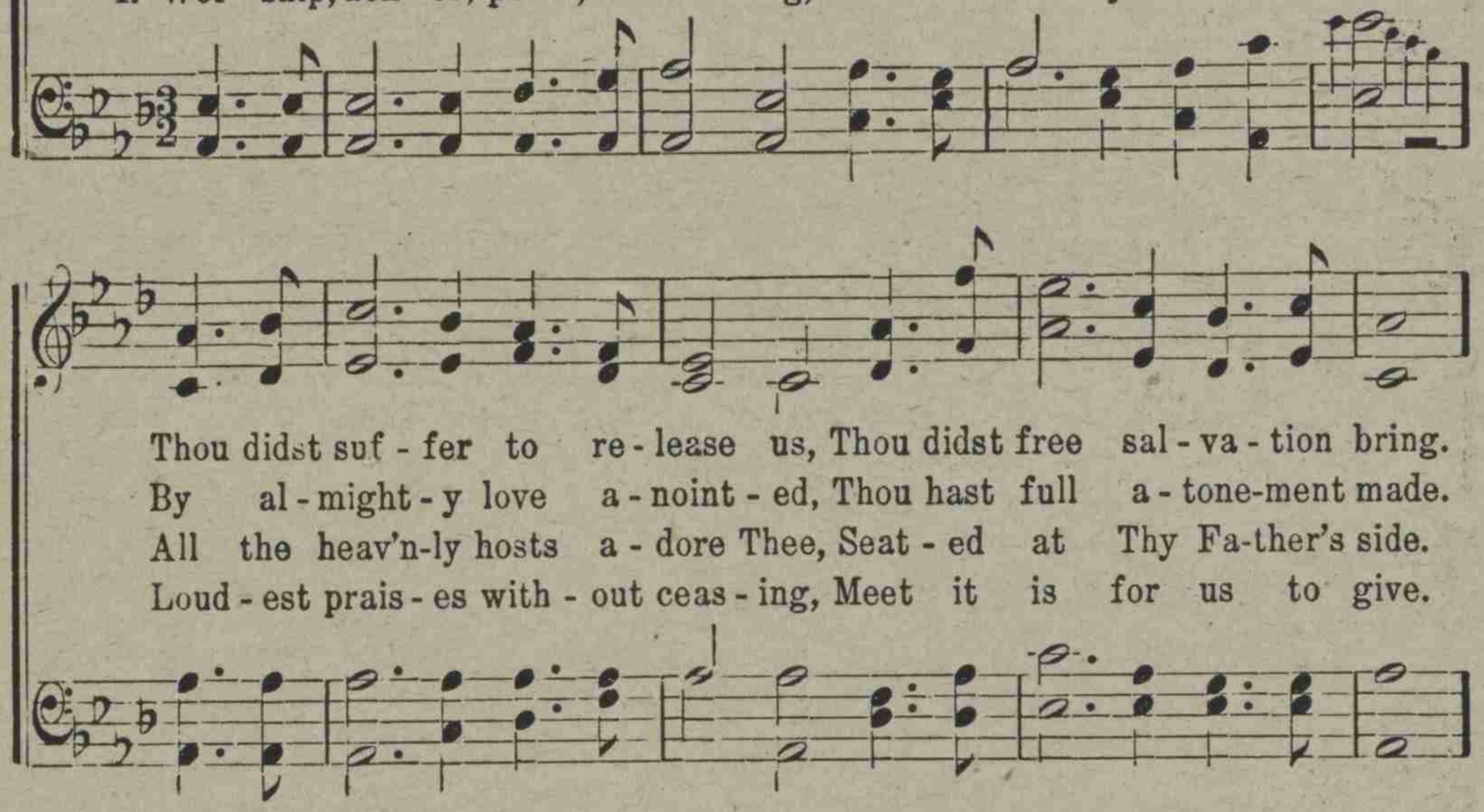
6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes:
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

No. 280. Hail, Thou Once Despised Jesus!

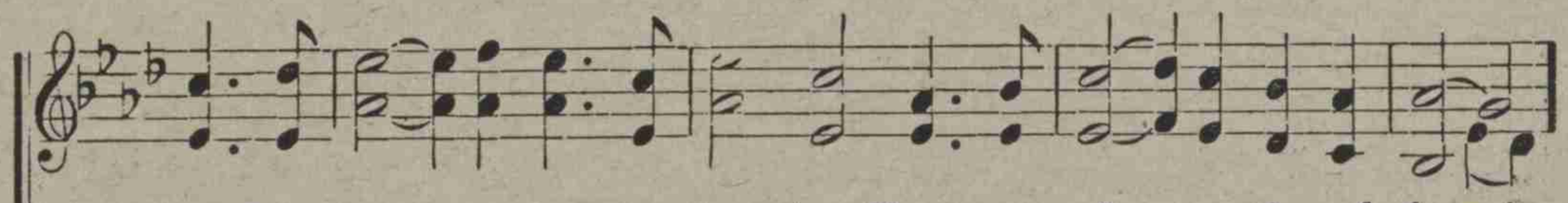
JOHN BAKEWELL. Autumn. 8, 7. Spanish Melody, from Marechio.



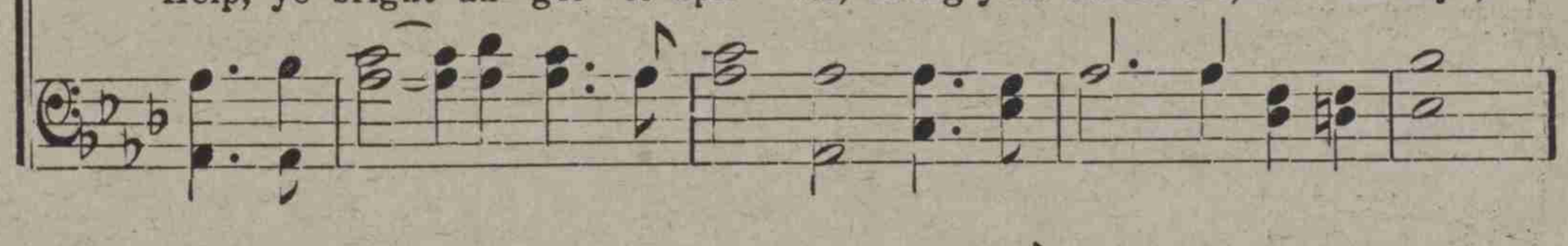
1. Hail, Thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus! Hail, Thou Gal - i - le - an King!
2. Pasch - al Lamb, by God ap-point - ed, All our sins on Thee were laid;
3. Je - sus, hail! en-throned in glo - ry, There for - ev - er to a - bide;
4. Wor - ship, hon - or, pow'r, and bless-ing, Thou art worth - y to re - ceive;



Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us, Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring.
By al - might - y love a - noint - ed, Thou hast full a - tone-ment made.
All the heav'n-ly hosts a - dore Thee, Seat - ed at Thy Fa-ther's side.
Loud - est prais - es with - out ceas - ing, Meet it is for us to give.



Hail Thou ag - on - iz - ing Sav - ior, Bear - er of our sin and shame!
All Thy peo - ple are for - giv - en, Thro' the vir - tue of Thy blood;
There for sin - ners Thou art plead-ing, There Thou dost our place pre-pare;
Help, ye bright an - gel - ic spir - its, Bring your sweet-est, nob-lest lays;



By Thy mer - its we find fav - or; Life is giv - en thro' Thy name.
O - pened is the gate of heav - en; Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
Ev - er for us in - ter - ced - ing, Till in glo - ry we ap - pear.
Help to sing our Sav - ior's mer - its; Help to chant Im - man-uel's praise!

No. 281. Deeper, Deeper.

C. P. J. Copyright, 1900, by C. P. Jones. Used by per. C. P. JONES.

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

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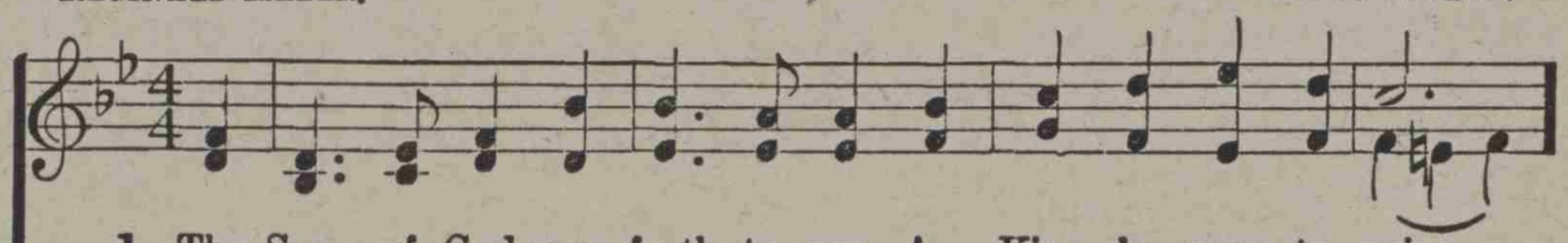
CHORUS

O deep - - - er yet, I pray,..... And high - - - er ev - 'ry day,..... And wis - - - er, bless - ed Lord,..... In Thy pre - cious, ho - ly Word.
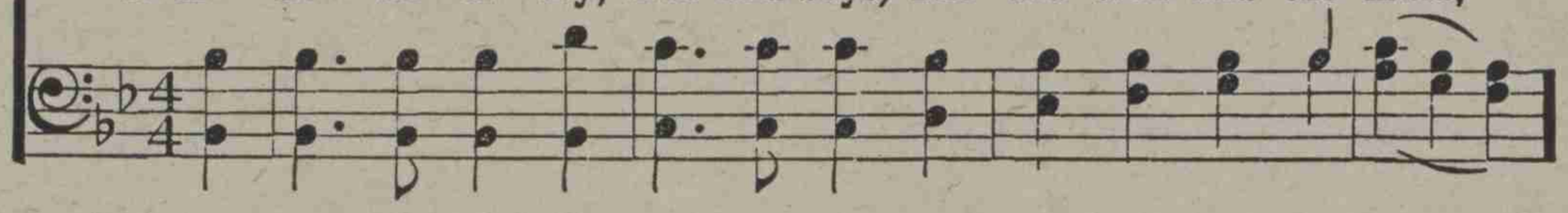
O deep - er yet, I pray, deep - er yet, I pray, And high - er ev - 'ry day, high - er ev - 'ry day, And wis - er, bless-ed Lord, wis - er, bless - ed Lord,

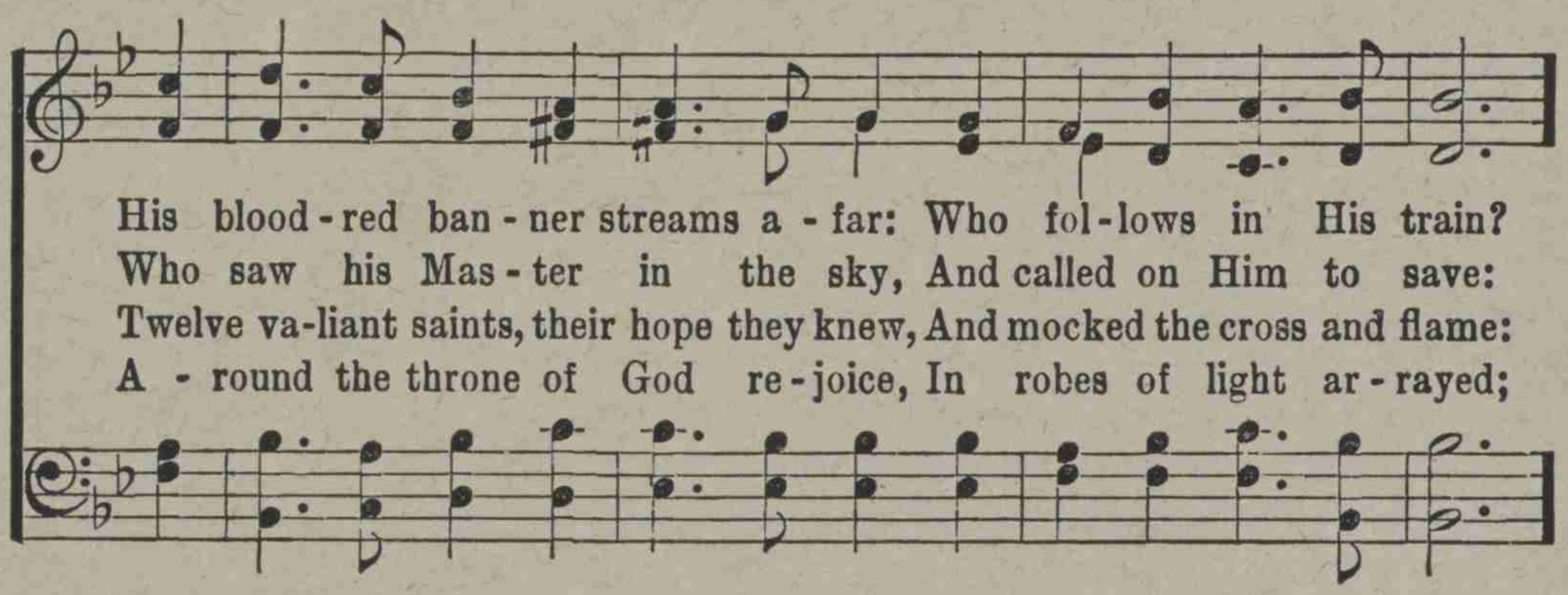
No. 282. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

REGINALD HEBER. H. S. CUTLER.
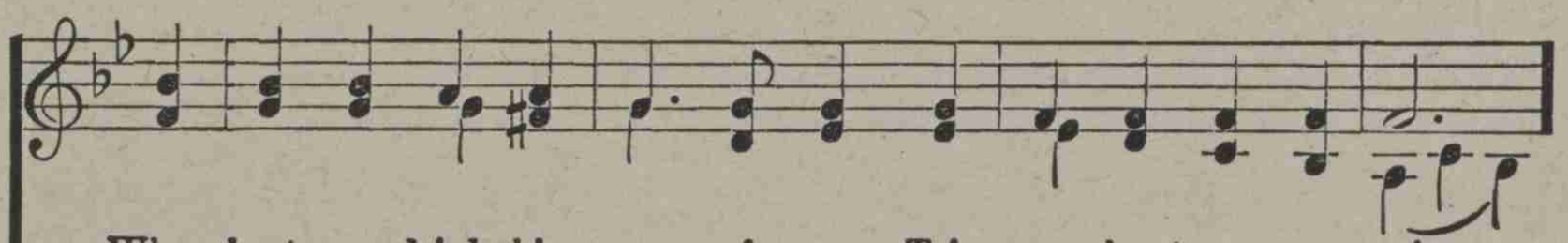


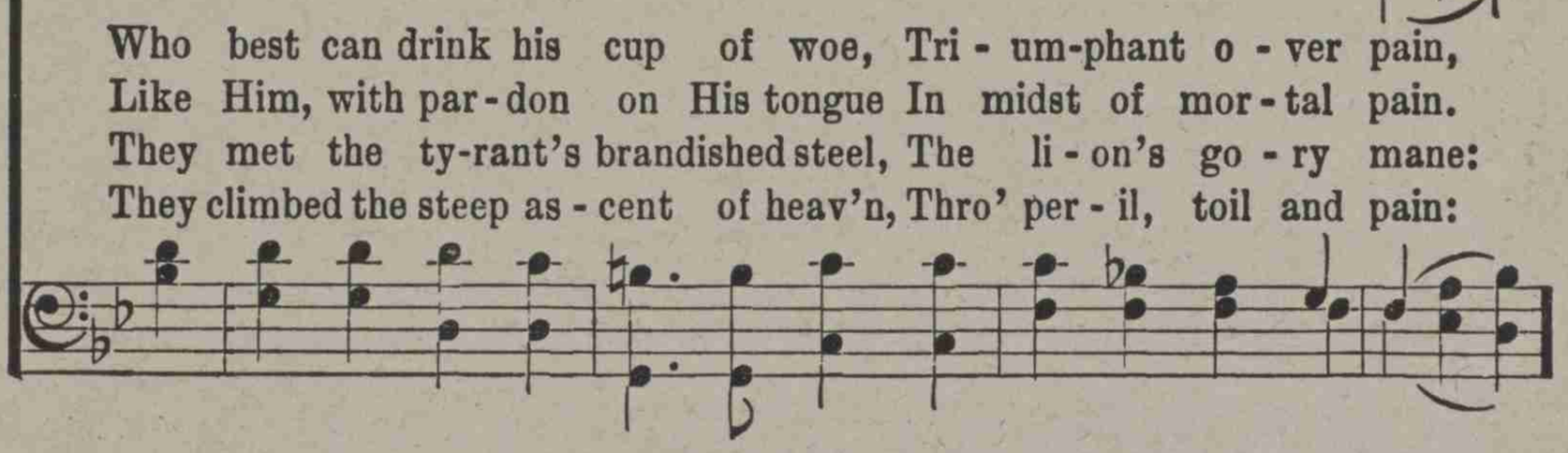
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A King-ly crown to gain;
2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,
3. A glo-rious band, the cho-sen few On whom the Spir-it came,
4. A no-ble ar-my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid,
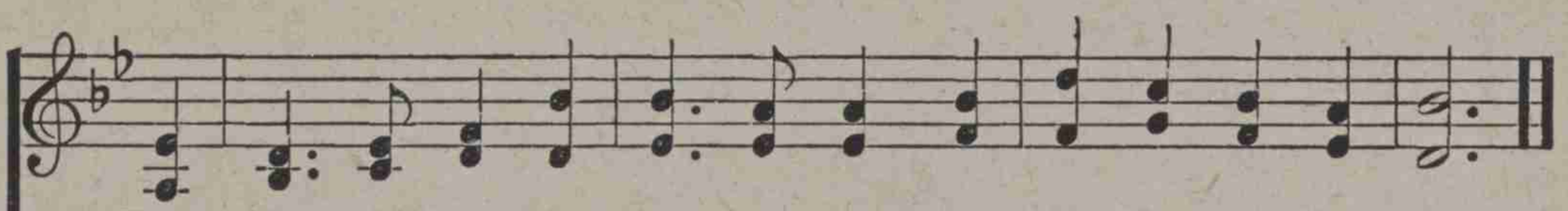




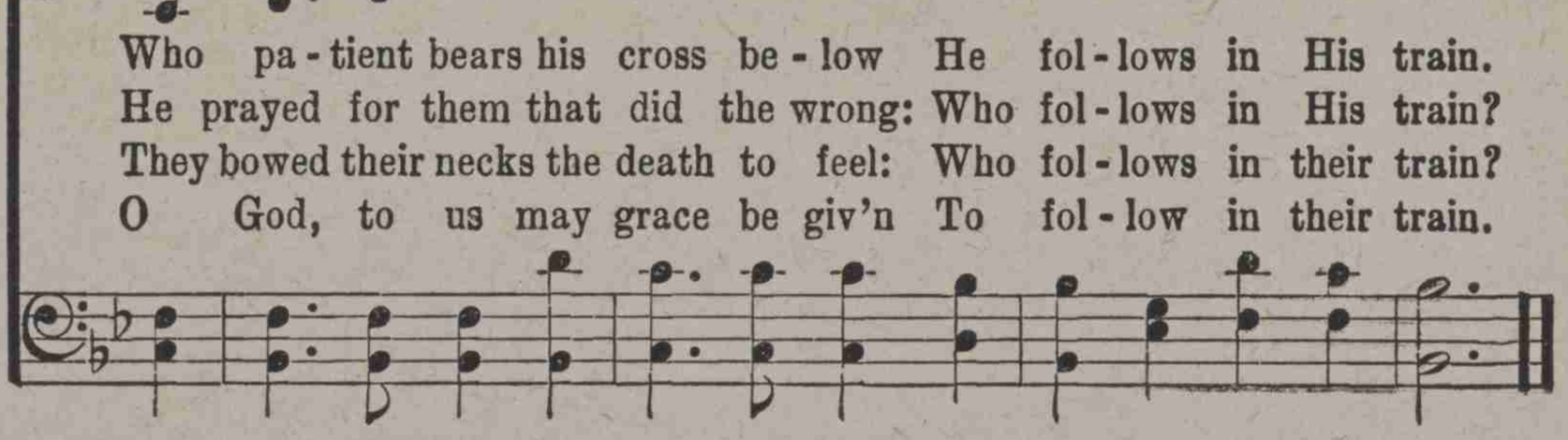
His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
Twelve va-liant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame:
A-round the throne of God re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed;





Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-phant o-ver pain,
Like Him, with par-don on His tongue In midst of mor-tal pain.
They met the ty-rant's brandished steel, The li-on's go-ry mane:
They climbed the steep as-cent of heav'n, Thro' per-il, toil and pain:
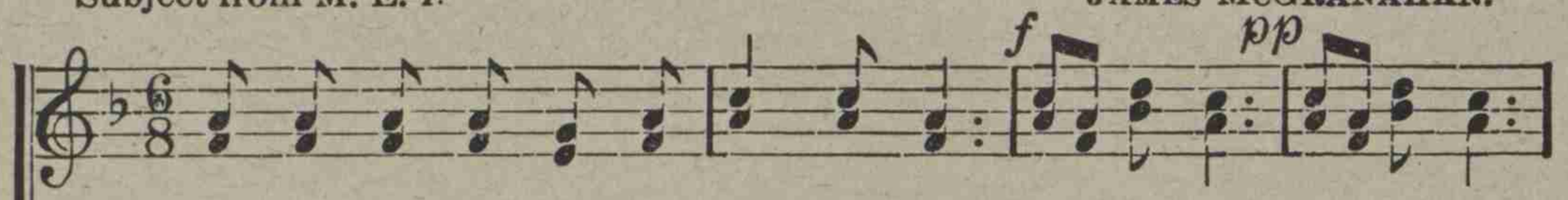




Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low He fol-lows in His train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in His train?
They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol-lows in their train?
O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train.

No. 283 Shall You? Shall I?

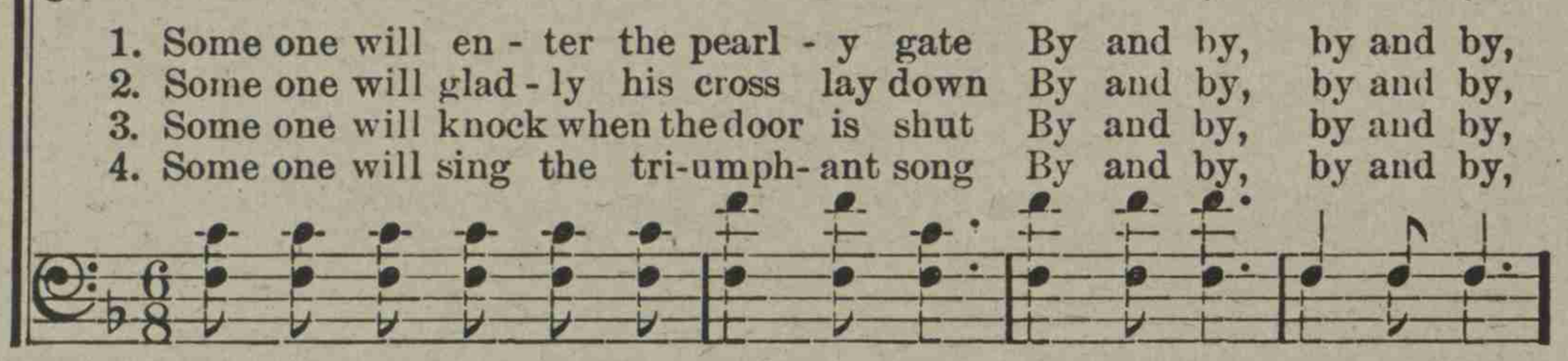
G. M. J.
Subject from M. E. I.

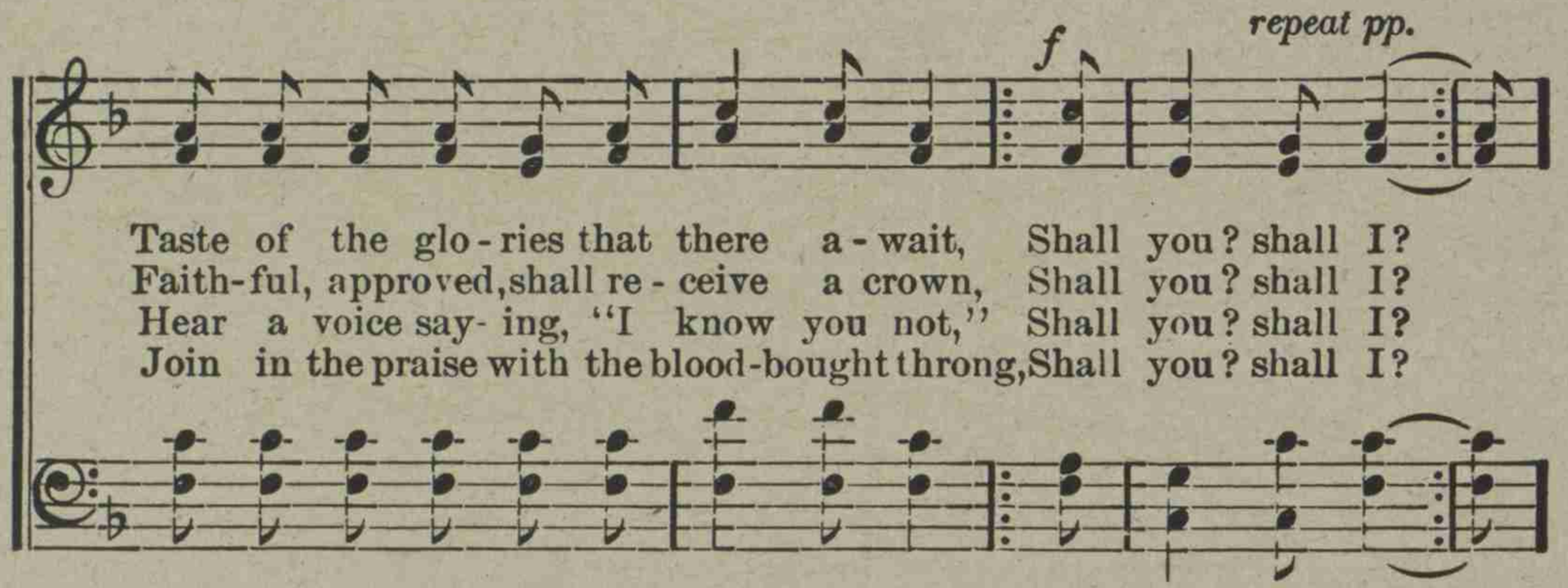
LUKE xiii : 24.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.
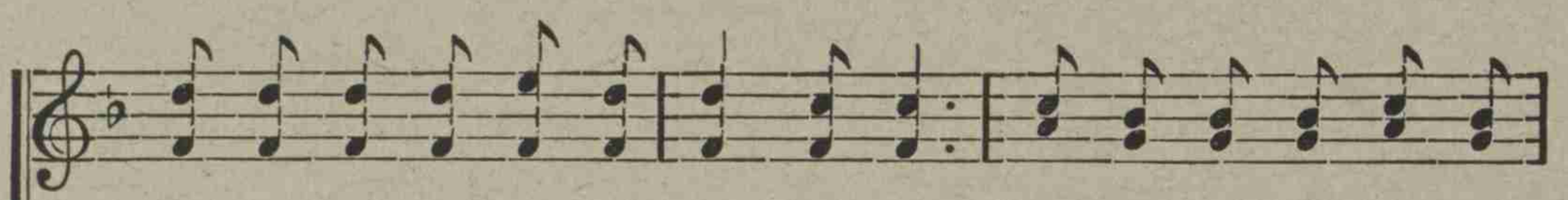


1. Some one will en - ter the pearl - y gate By and by, by and by,
2. Some one will glad - ly his cross lay down By and by, by and by,
3. Some one will knock when the door is shut By and by, by and by,
4. Some one will sing the tri-umph- ant song By and by, by and by,
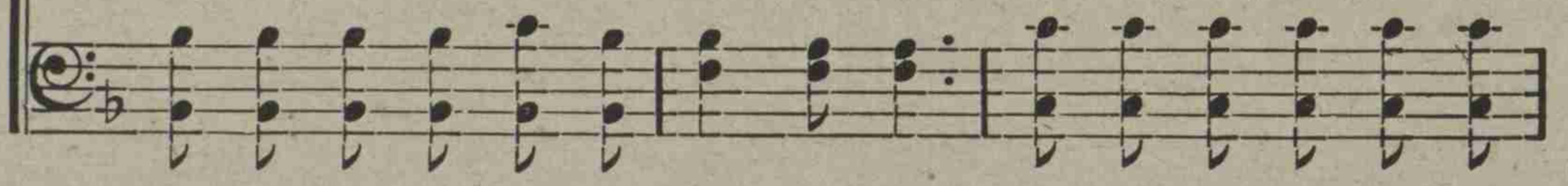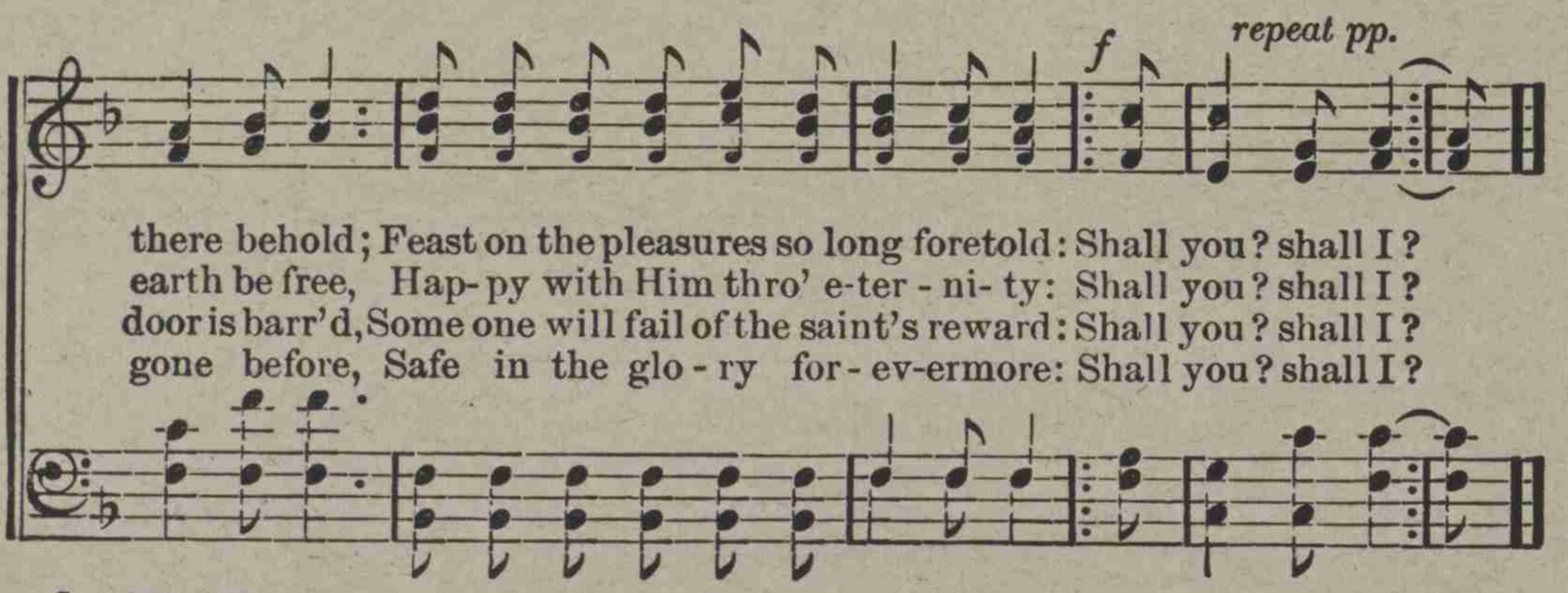




Taste of the glo - ries that there a - wait, Shall you? shall I?
Faith-ful, approved, shall re - ceive a crown, Shall you? shall I?
Hear a voice say- ing, "I know you not," Shall you? shall I?
Join in the praise with the blood-bought throng, Shall you? shall I?



Some one will trav - el the streets of gold, Beau - ti - ful vis- ions will
Some one the glo - ri - ous King will see, Ev - er from sor- row of
Some one will call and shall not be heard, Vain - ly will strive when the
Some one will greet on the gold - en shore Loved ones of earth who have





there behold; Feast on the pleasures so long foretold: Shall you? shall I?
earth be free, Hap- py with Him thro' e-ter - ni- ty: Shall you? shall I?
door is barr'd, Some one will fail of the saint's reward: Shall you? shall I?
gone before, Safe in the glo - ry for - ev-ermore: Shall you? shall I?

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Charles M. Alexander, owner.
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No. 284 On the Cross of Calvary.

1. On the Cross of Cal-va - ry, Je - sus died for you and me; There He
2. Oh, what wondrous, wondrous love, Bro't me down at Je-sus' feet; Oh, such
3. Take me, Je - sus, I am Thine, Whol-ly Thine, for - ev - er - more; Bless-ed
4. Clouds and dark-ness veil'd the skies, When the Lord was cru - ci - fied; "It is

shed His precious blood, That from sin we might be free. Oh, the cleansing stream does
won - drous, dy-ing love, Asks a sac - ri - fice complete. Here I give my-self to
Je - sus, Thou art mine, Dwell within, for - ev-ermore. Cleanse, oh, cleanse my heart from
fin - ish'd!" was His cry, When He bowed His head and died. It is fin - ished, it is

flow, And it wash-es white as snow: It was for me that Je - sus died On the
Thee, Soul and bod - y Thine to be: It was for me Thy blood was shed On the
sin, Make and keep me pure with-in: It was for this Thy blood was shed On the
finish'd, All the world may now go free: It was for me that Je - sus died On the

CHORUS.

Cross of Cal - va - ry. Of Cal-va - ry, ... Of Cal - va - ry, ...
Of Cal - va - ry. Of Cal - va - ry.

It was for me that Je - sus died On the Cross of Cal - va - ry.

No. 285. Under the Blood.

Copyright, 1927, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Renewal.

E. E. HEWITT. Haldor Lillenas, owner. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato.

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

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

CHORUS.

Un-der the blood, the pre-cious blood, Un - der the cleansing, heal-ing flood;
Keep me, Sav - ior, from day to day, Un - der the pre - cious blood.

No. 286 We're Marching to Zion.

Rev. I. WATTS. Rev. R. LOWRY.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

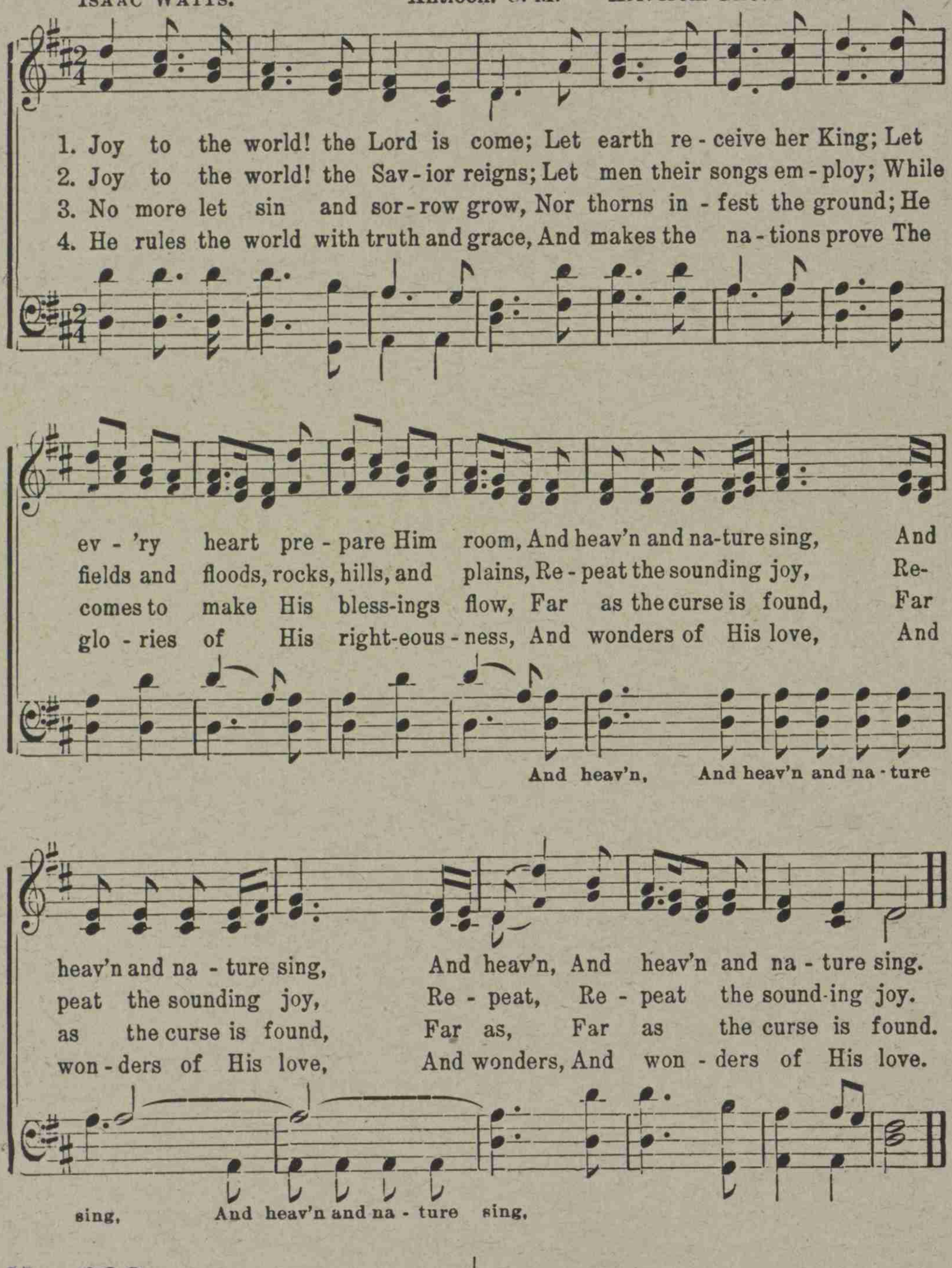
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're marching on to zi - on,

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

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No. 287. Joy to the World.

ISAAC WATTS. Antioch. C. M. Arr. from GEO. F. HANDEL.



No. 288. Hark, the Glad Sound!

1 Hark, the glad sound! the Savior comes!
The Savior promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasure of His grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

No. 289. There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J. Copyright, 1927, Renewal by Hope Publishing Co. L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin, There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your pas - sion and pride, There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit - er, much whit - er than snow, There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King, There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win,
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,
pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly, His prais - es to sing,

CHORUS.

There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
there is pow'r,

Won-der work-ing pow'r in the blood of the Lamb, There is
in the blood, of the Lamb,

pow'r, pow'r, Wonder working pow'r, In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
there is pow'r,

No. 290. I Have the Glory in My Soul.

Copyright, 1922, Renewal.

REV. GEO. A. MCLAUGHLIN. Hope Pub. Co., owner. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O bless-ed tide that cleanses sin, thy mighty bil - lows o'er me roll;
2. My aching heart has known thy skill, From every wound I'm now made whole;
3. Freedom from sins and doubts and fears—I long have sought to reach this goal:
4. The world and all its trifling joys, No more my spir - it shall con-sole;

I feel the power and joy with - in, I have the glo - ry in my soul.
With pefect love, I dread no ill, I have the glo - ry in my soul.
Thy bless-ed love has dried my tears, I have the glo - ry in my soul.
Thy comfort comes to me; tho' weak, I have the glo - ry in my soul.

CHORUS.

I have the glo - ry in my soul, I

I have the glo - ry in my soul, the glo - ry in my soul, I

have the glo - ry in my soul, I feel the

have the glo - ry in my soul, the glo - ry in my soul,

poco ritaad.

power and joy with- in, I have the glo-ry in my soul.

have the glo - ry in my soul.

No. 291. Jesus Comes.

MRS. PHOEBE PALMER — WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Watch ye saints with eye-lids waking, Lo, the pow'rs of heav'n are shak-ing;
2. Lo! the prom - ise of your Sav-ior: Par-don'd sin and pur-chas'd fa-vor,
3. King-doms at their base are crumbling, Hark, His chariot wheels are rumbling;
4. Nations wane,tho' proud and stately, Christ His King-dom hasteneth greatly;
5. Lamb of God!—Thou meek and lowly, Ju - dah's Li - on!—high and ho - ly;
6. Sinners, come, while Christ is pleading, Now for you He's in - ter - ced-ing;

Keep your Lamps all trimmed and burning, Rea-dy for your Lord's re-turn-ing.
Blood-wash'd robes and crowns of glo-ry; Haste to tell re-demp-tions sto-ry.
Tell, O, tell of grace a-bound-ing, Whilst the seventh trump is sounding.
Earth her lat - est pangs is sum-ming, Shout,ye saints, your Lord is coming.
Lo! the bride comes forth to meet Thee, All in blood-wash'd robes to greet Thee.
Haste, ere grace and time di-min-ished Shall pro-claim the mys-t'ry fin-ished.

REFRAIN

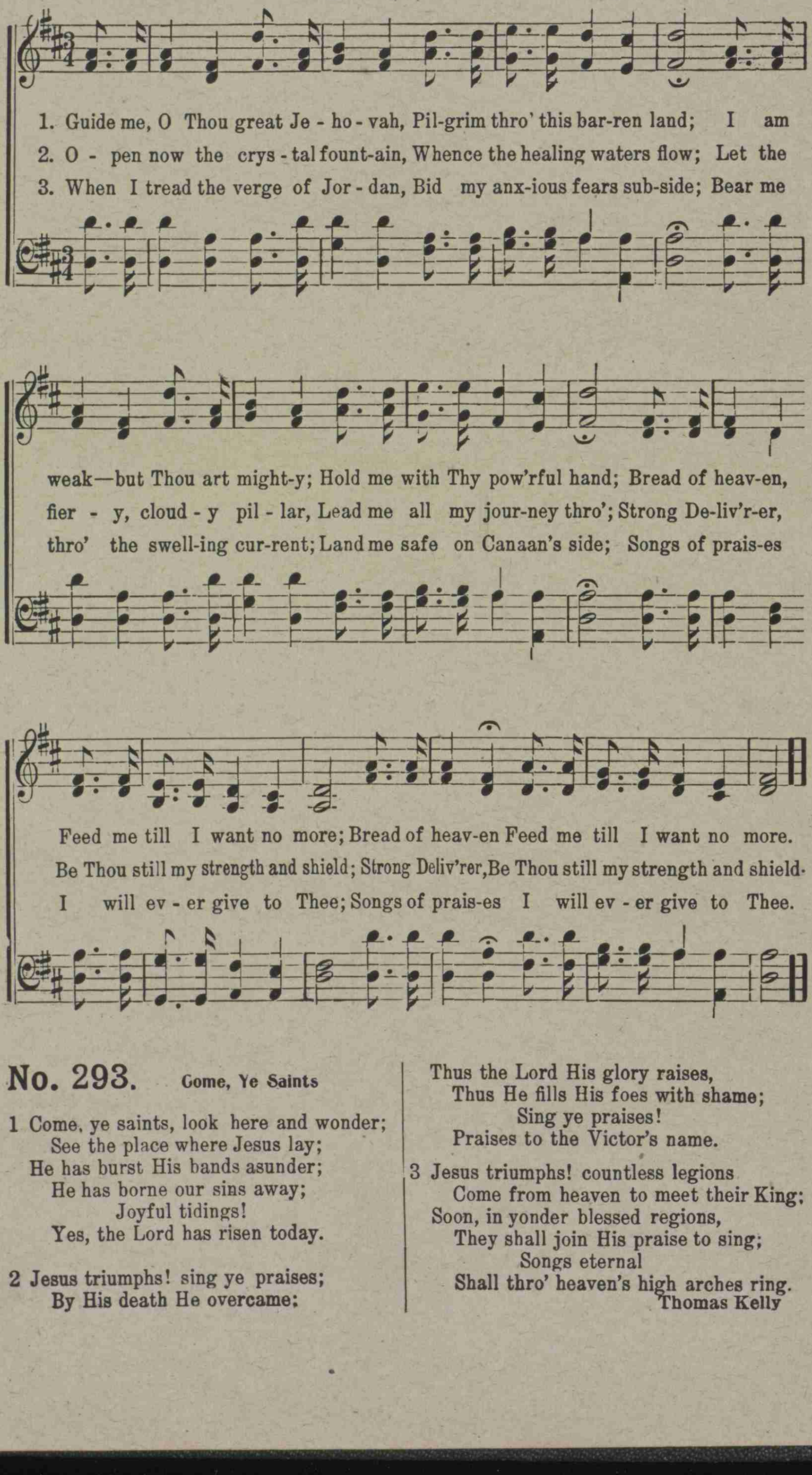
Lo! He comes, lo! Je - sus comes; Lo! He comes, He comes all glorious!

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

Copyright 1917, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Renewal. Hope Publishing Co., owner.

No. 292. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

Zion. 8, 7, 4. THOMAS HASTINGS.



No. 293. Come, Ye Saints

1 Come, ye saints, look here and wonder;
See the place where Jesus lay;
He has burst His bands asunder;
He has borne our sins away;
Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord has risen today.

2 Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises;
By His death He overcame:
Thus the Lord His glory raises,
Thus He fills His foes with shame;
Sing ye praises!
Praises to the Victor's name.

3 Jesus triumphs! countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King;
Soon, in yonder blessed regions,
They shall join His praise to sing;
Songs eternal
Shall thro' heaven's high arches ring.

Thomas Kelly

No. 294 Oh, Think of the Home Over There

D. W. C. HUNTINGTON. T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. Oh, think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
2. Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour-ney have
3. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I

light, Where the saints all im - mor - tal and fair, Are
trod; Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
see; O-ver there. Ma - ny dear to my heart o - ver there, Are

REFRAIN.

robed in there garments of white. O - ver there, o - ver
home in the pal - ace of God. O - ver there, o - ver
watch-ing and wait-ing for me. o - ver there. O - ver there, o - ver
o-ver there.

there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there;
there, Oh, think of the friends o - ver there;
there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there;
o - ver there. o - ver there.

there, o - ver there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there.
there, o - ver there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the friends o-ver there.
there, o - ver there, o - ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there.
o-ver there.

No. 295 Tell Me the Old, Old Story

KATE HANKEY W. H. DOANE.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of unseen 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 - demption, 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 that 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 help - less and de - filed.
oft - en, For I for - get so soon; The "ear- ly dew" of morning, Has passed a- way at noon.
al- ways, If you would really be, In a - ny time of trou- ble, A com - fort-er to me.
glo - ry Is dawning on my soul, Tell me the old, old story: "Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

CHORUS.

Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

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No. 296. The Friend of Sinners Dies!

ISAAC WATTS. Fillmore. L. M. D. JEREMIAH INGALLS.

1. He dies! the Friend of sin - ners dies! Lo! Sa-lem's daugh-ters weep a-round;
2. Here's love and grief be - yond de-gree; The Lord of glo - ry dies for man!
3. Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell How high your great De-liv - 'rer reigns;

A sol - emn dark-ness veils the skies, A sud - den trembling shakes the ground;
But lo! what sud - den joys we see; Je - sus, the dead, re-vives a - gain.
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell, And led the mons - ter death in chains;

Come, saints, and drop a tear or two, For Him who groaned beneath your load;
The ris - ing God for-sakes the tomb, In vain the tomb for-bids His rise;
Say, "Live for - ev - er, won-drous King! Born to re - deem and strong to save;"

He shed a thousand drops for you, A thou-sand drops of rich - er blood.
Cher - ub - ic le-gions guard Him home, And shout Him wel - come to the skies.
Then ask the monster, Where's Thy sting? And, where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

No. 297. Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY. ITALIAN HYMN. 6s. 4s. FELICE GIARDINE.

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword;
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,
4. To the great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be,

Help us to praise: Fa - ther! all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic-
Our pray'r at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour: Thou, who al - might - y art, Now rule in
Hence ev - er - more! His sov-'reign maj - es - ty May we in

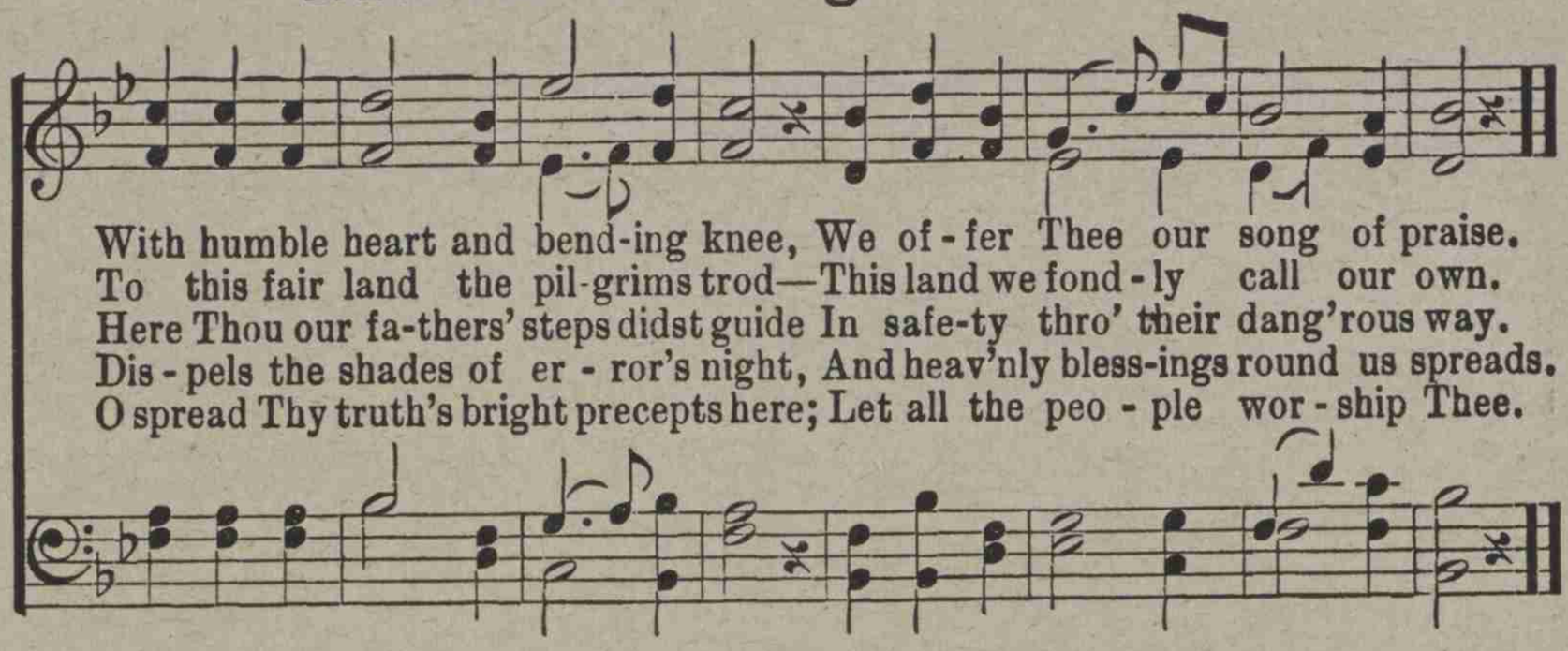
to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, an - cient of Days!
Word suc - cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

No. 298. National Blessings.

UNKNOWN. GERMAN MELODY.
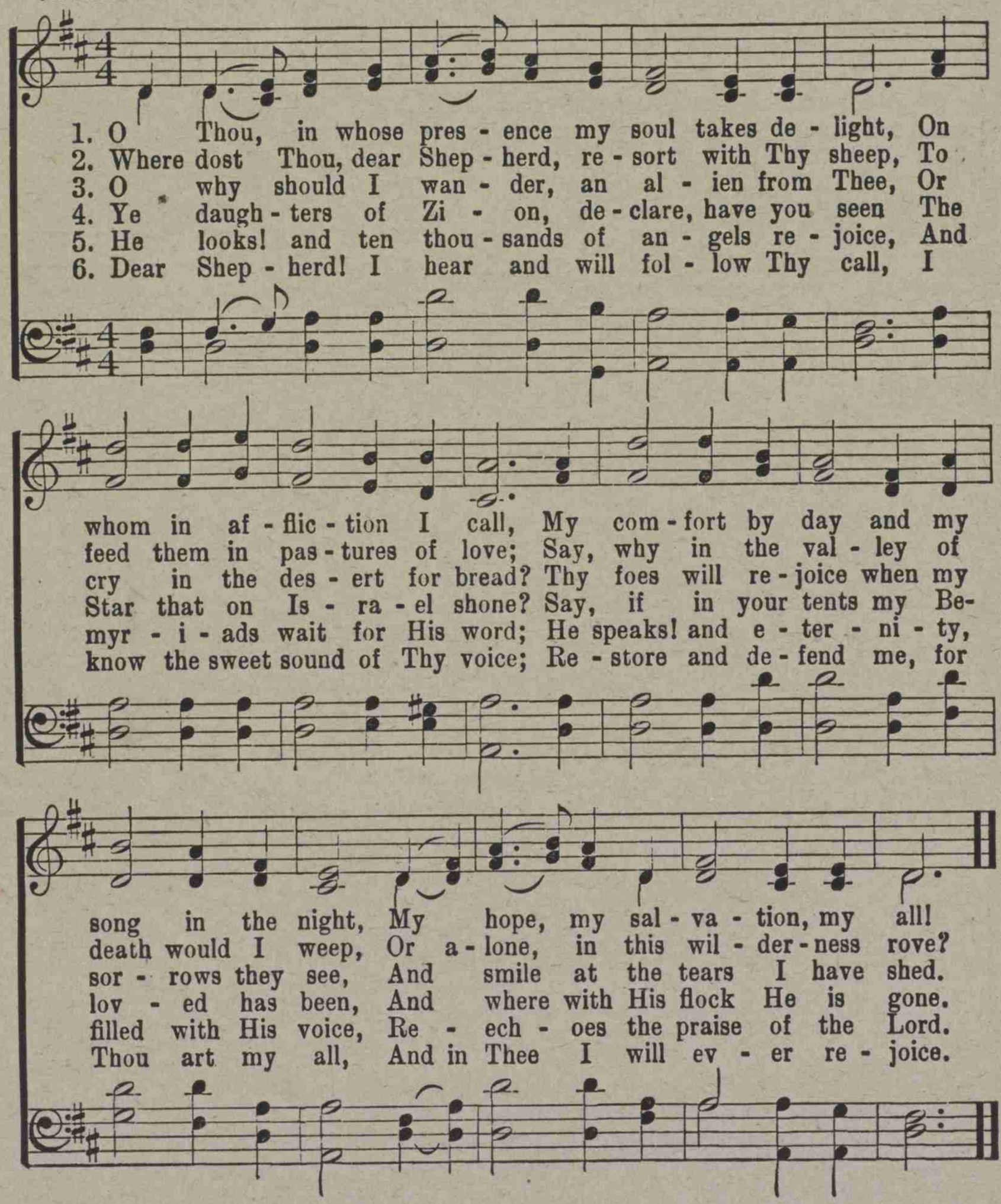
1. Great God of na - tions, now to Thee Our hymn of grat-i - tude we raise;
2. Thy name we bless, Al-might-y God, For all the kindness Thou hast shown;
3. Here freedom spreads her banner wide, And casts her soft and hal-lowed ray;
4. We praise Thee that the Gos-pel's light Thro' all our land its ra-diance sheds;
5. Great God, preserve us in Thy fear; In dan-ger still our guard-ian be;

National Blessings. Concluded.



No. 299. Meditation.

JOSEPH SWAIN. FREEMAN LEWIS.



No. 300. Like Zion's Holy Mount.

C. M. S. Copyright, 1902, by Chas. H. Woodman. C. M. SEAMANS.

1. All they who put their trust in God Can nev - er be re-moved,
2. As round a - bout Je - ru - sa - lem The rug - ged mountains lie,
3. Tho' fierce the storm in fu - ry beat, And aw - ful thun-ders roar,
4. Thus o - ver-shad-owed by His love, Where harm can ne'er be - tide,

They stand se-cure like Zi - on's mount, By man - y a - ges proved.
So round a-bout His ho - ly saints Our God is ev - er nigh.
The chil - dren of the might-y God Are safe for - ev - er - more.
With - in this ref - uge safe and sure I ev - er would a - bide.
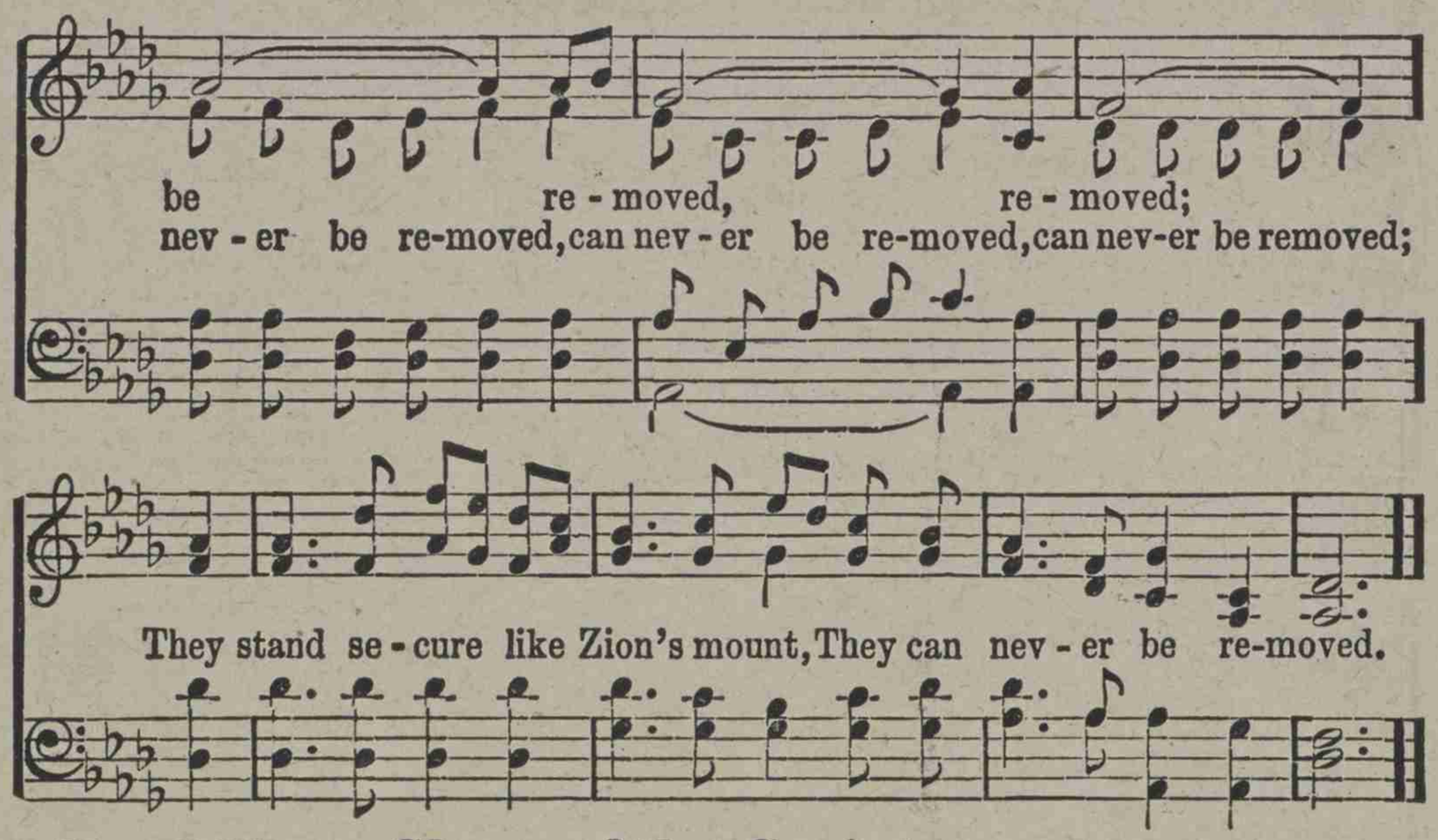
CHORUS.

Like the mount ..... of God, ... Like the
Like the mount, like the mount, the ho - ly mount of God, Like the

mount ..... of God, ... They stand secure like Zi-on's
ho - ly mount of God, the ho - ly mount of God,

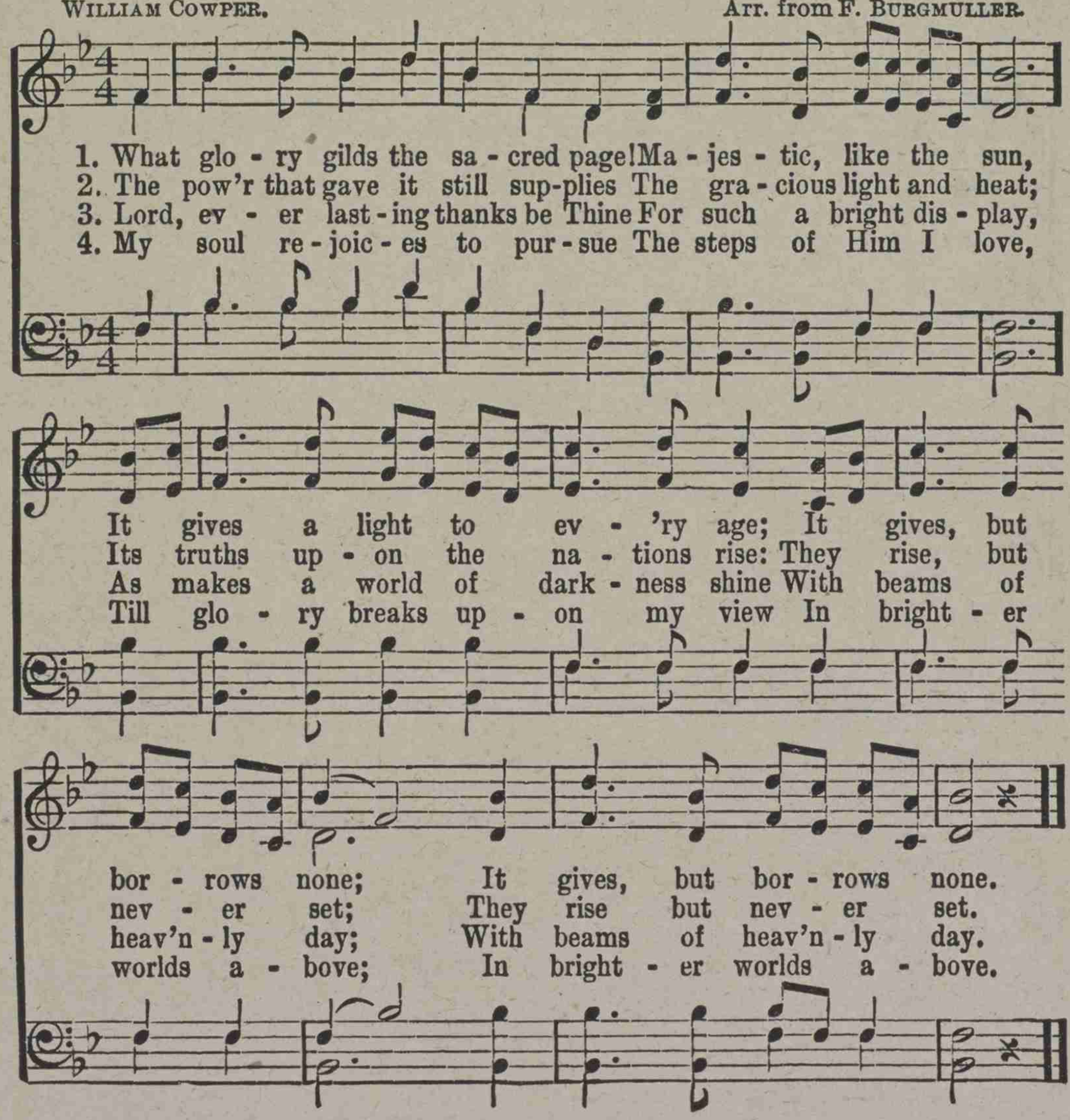
mount, by man - y a - ges proved, They can nev - - - - er
They can nev - er be re-moved, can

Like Zion's Holy Mount. Concluded.



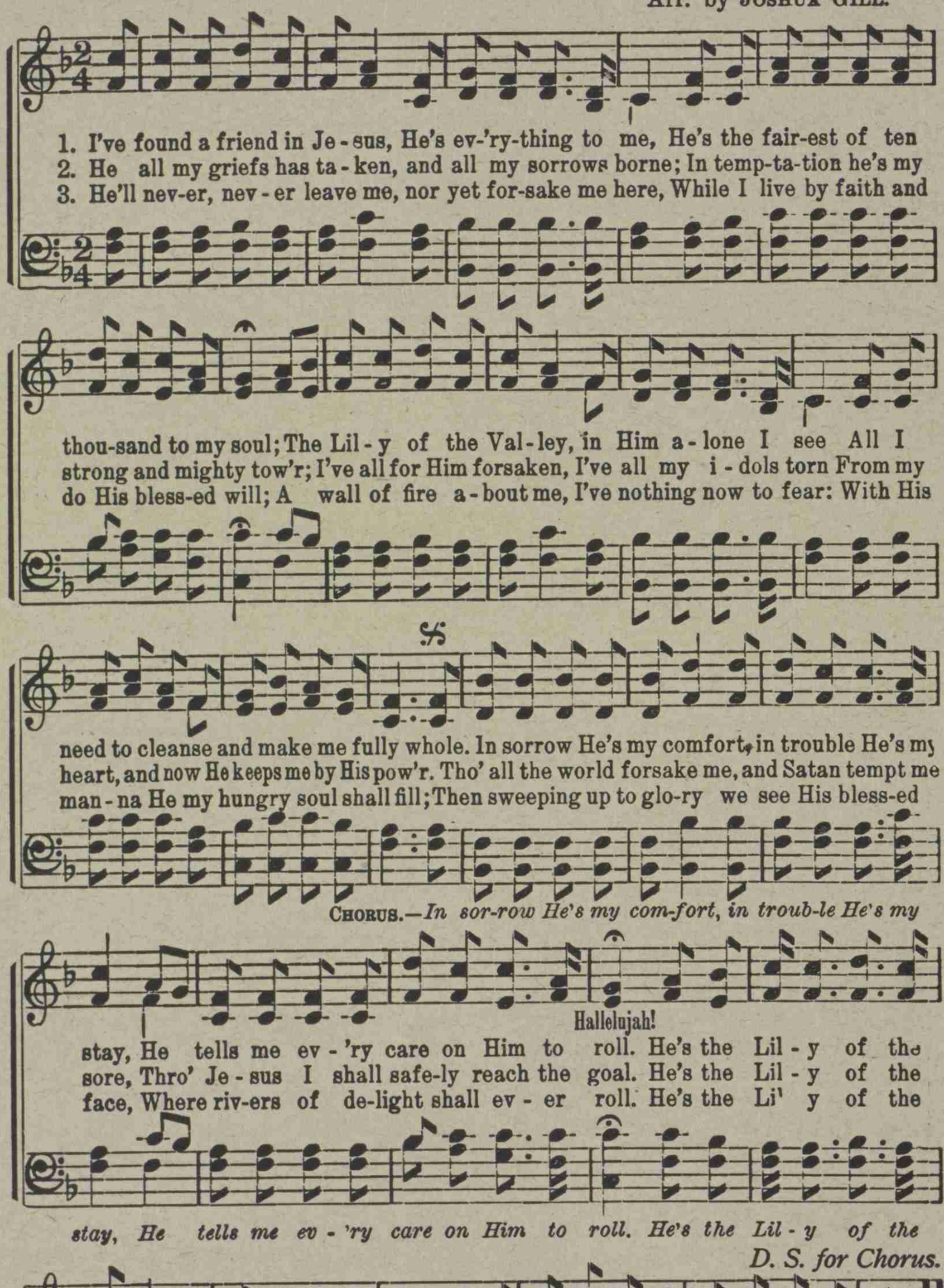
No. 301. Glory of the Scriptures.

WILLIAM COWPER. ARR. from F. BURGMULLER.



No. 302 The Lily of the Valley.

Arr. by JOSHUA GILL.



Copyright, 1884, by McDonald & Gill

No. 303 Sweeping Through the Gates.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Who, who are these be - side the chill - y wave, Just on the bor - ders
2. These, these are they who in af - flic-tion's woes, Ev - er have found in
3. Safe, safe up - on the ev - er - shin - ing shore, Sin, pain, and death, and
4. May we, O Lord, be now en - tire - ly Thine, Dai - ly, from sin, be

of the si - lent grave, Shout-ing Je - sus' pow'r to save, Washed in the
Je - sus calm re - pose, Such as from a pure heart flows, Washed in the
sor - row are all o'er, Hap - py now and ev - er - more, Washed in the
kept by pow'r di - vine, Then in heav'n the saints we'll join, Washed in the

CHORUS.

blood of the Lamb?
blood of the Lamb.
blood of the Lamb.
blood of the Lamb.

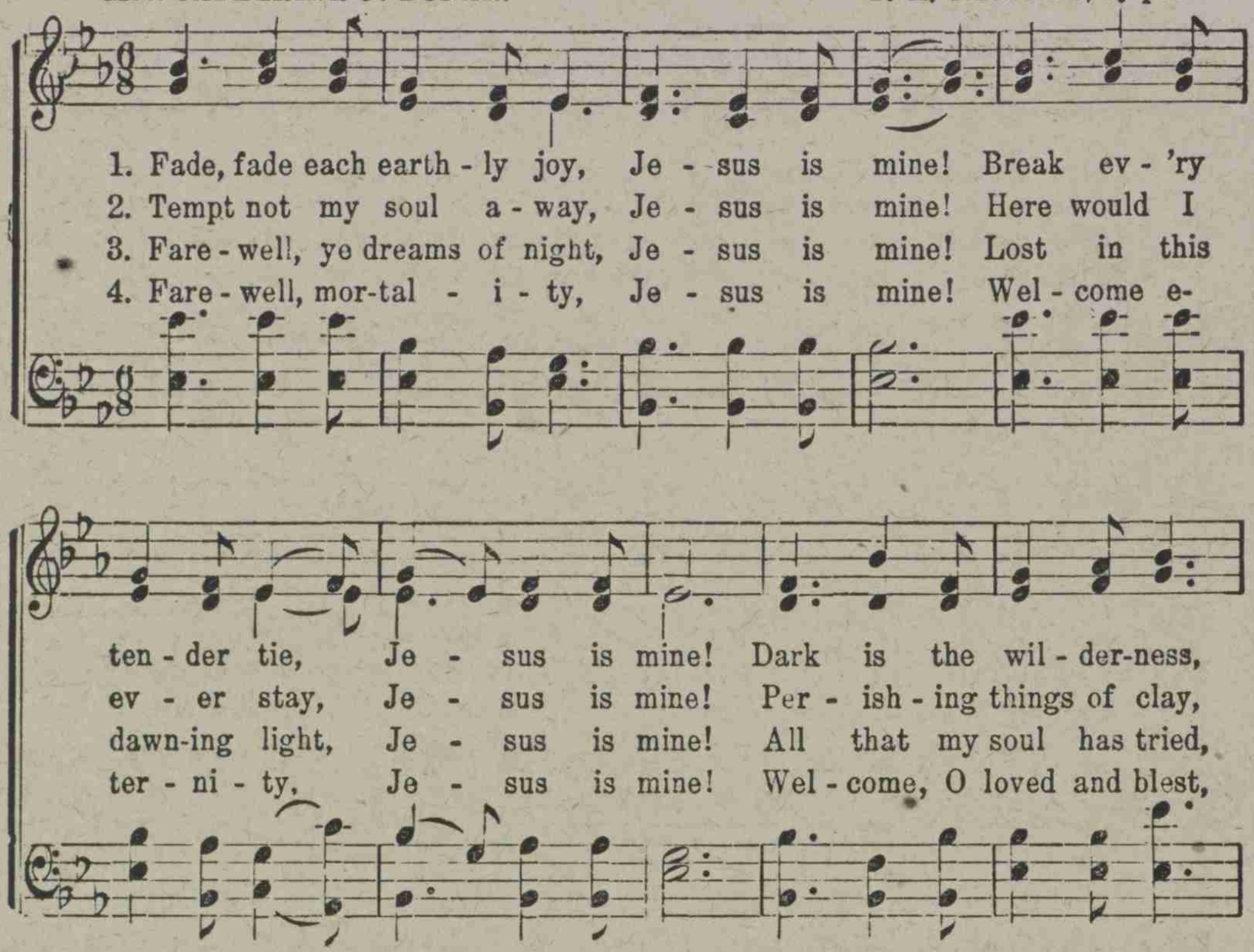
"Sweeping thro' the gates" to the New Je - ru - sa - lem,

"Washed in the blood of the Lamb,"..... "Sweep-ing thro' the

gates" to the New Je - ru - sa-lem, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

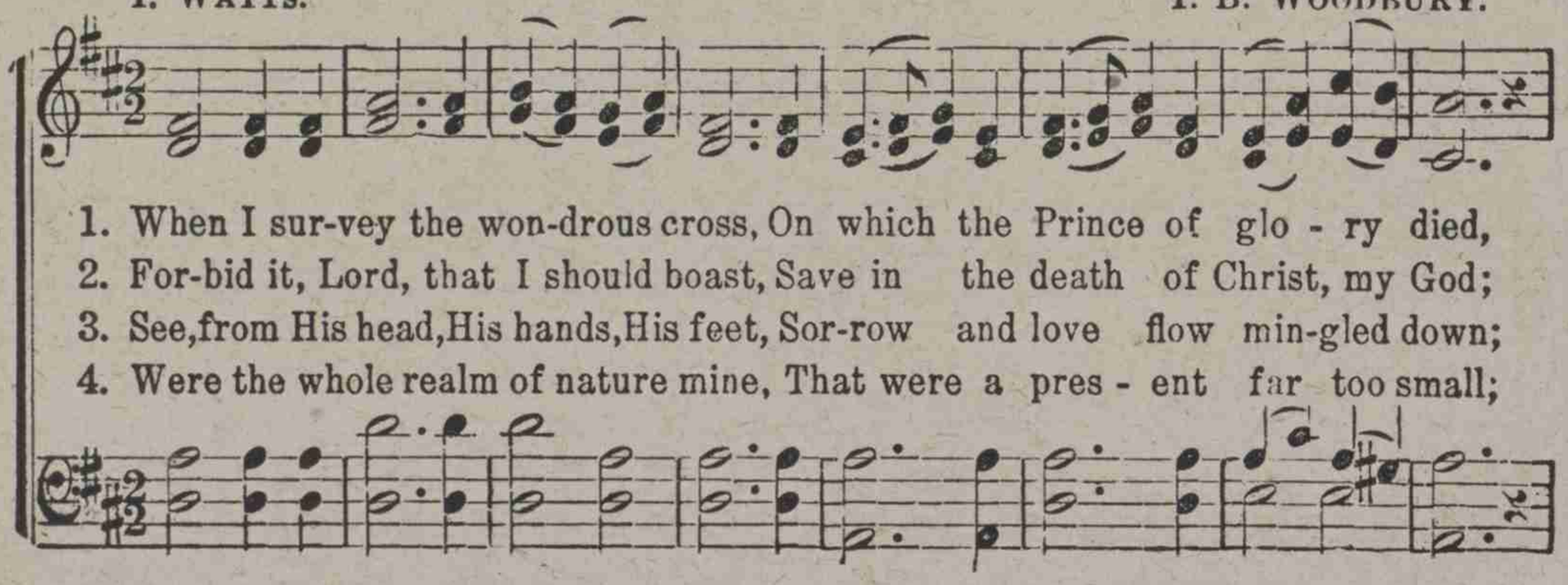
No.304. Jesus is Mine.

MRS. CATHERINE J. BONAR. T. E. PERKINS, by per.

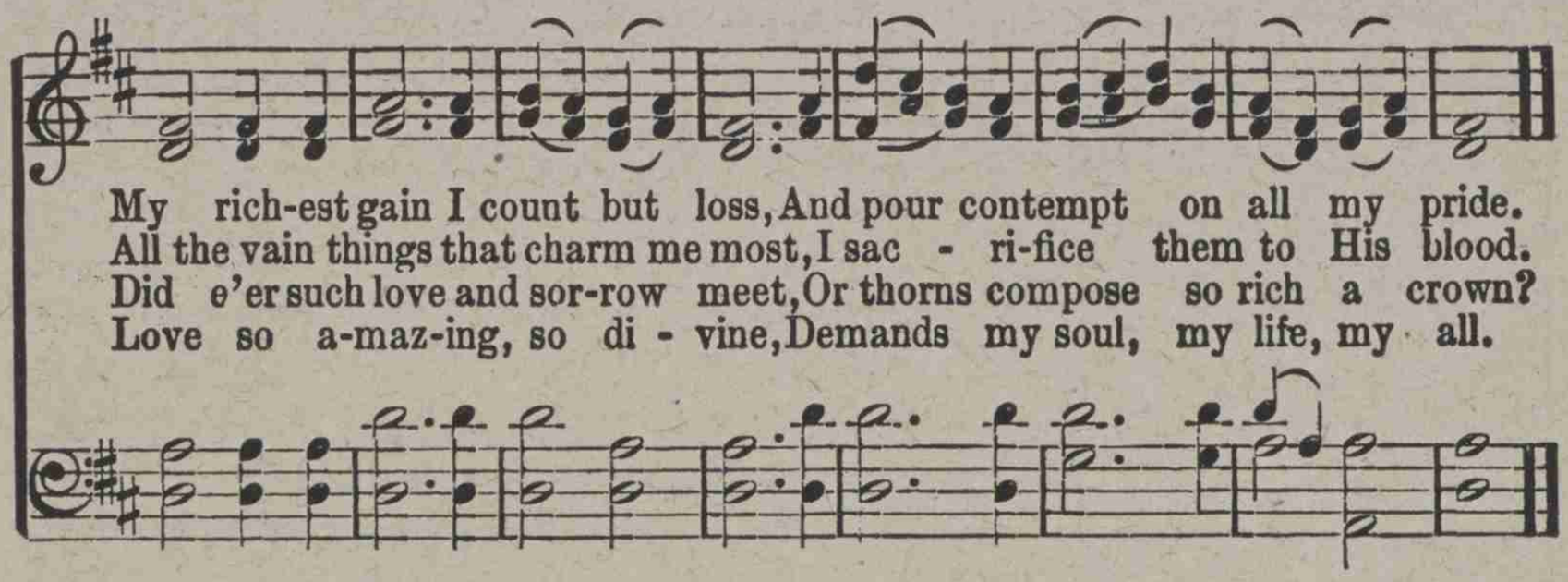


No.305. When I Survey.

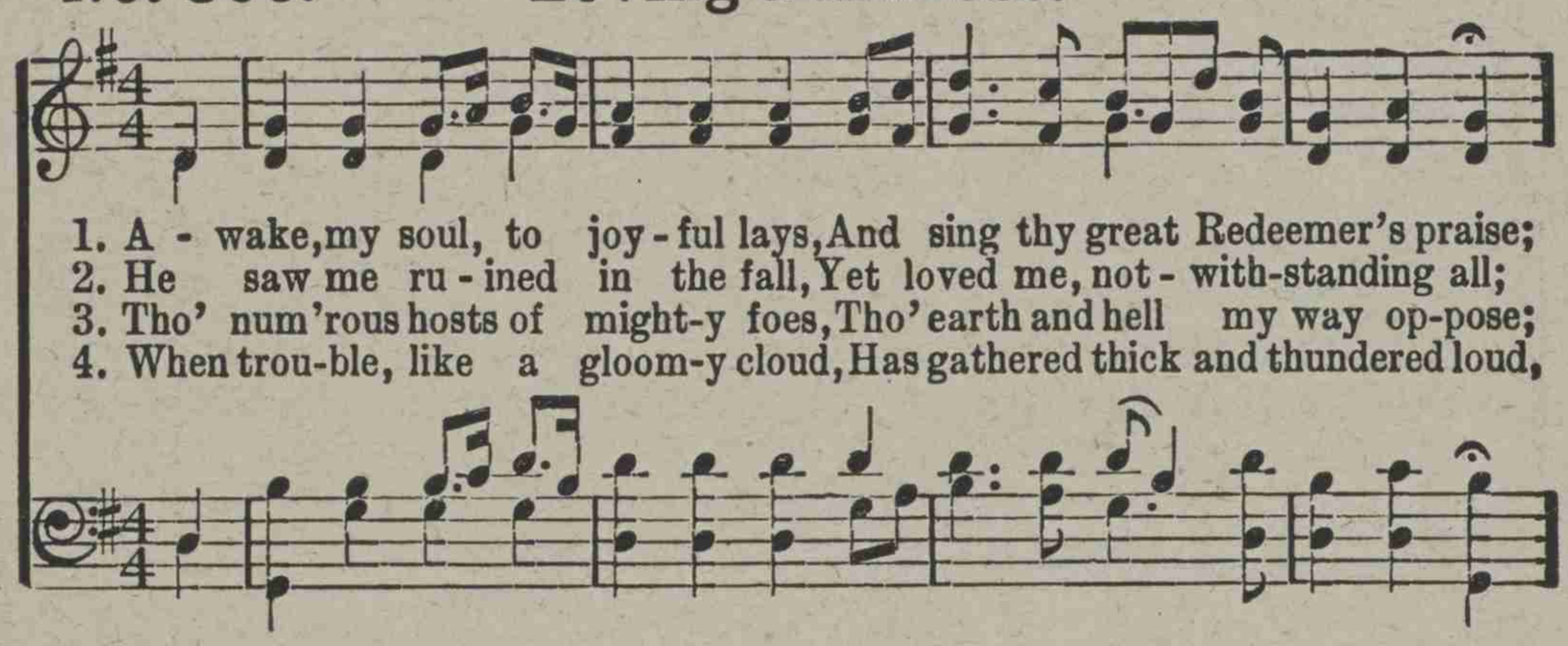
I. WATTS. I. B. WOODBURY.
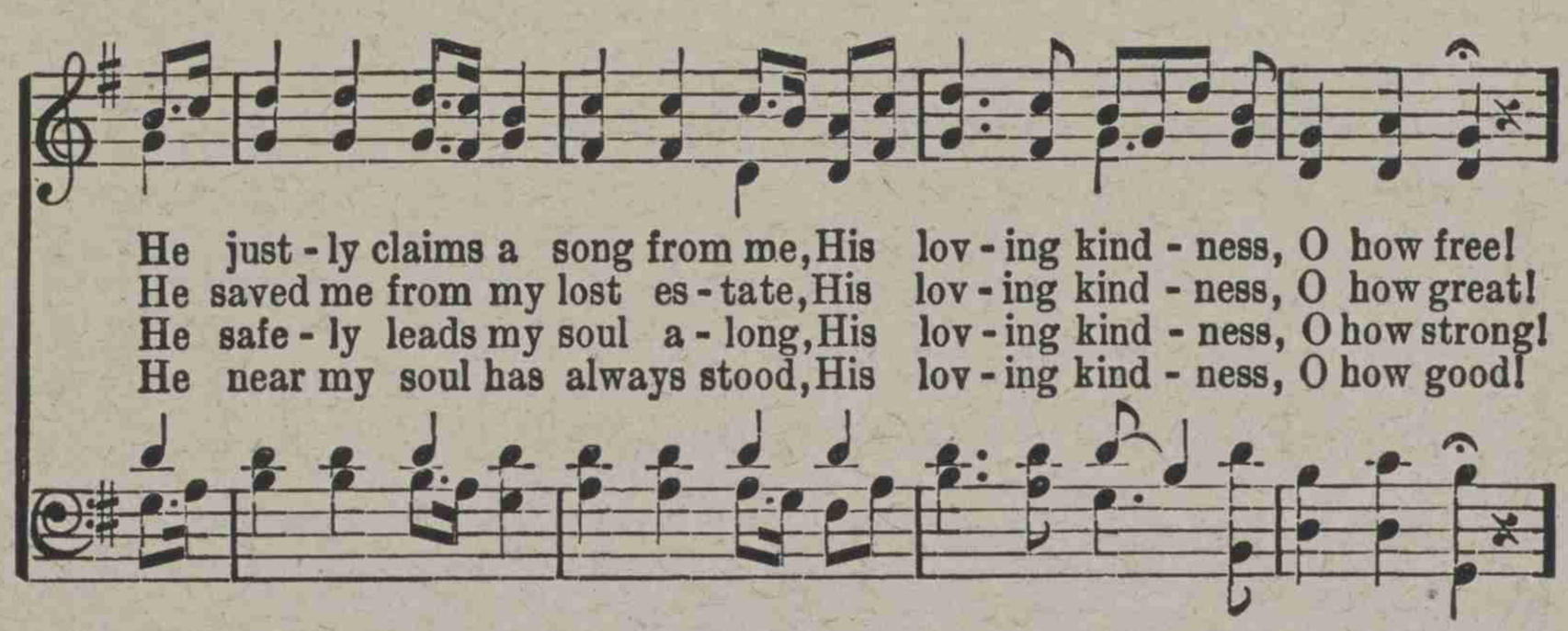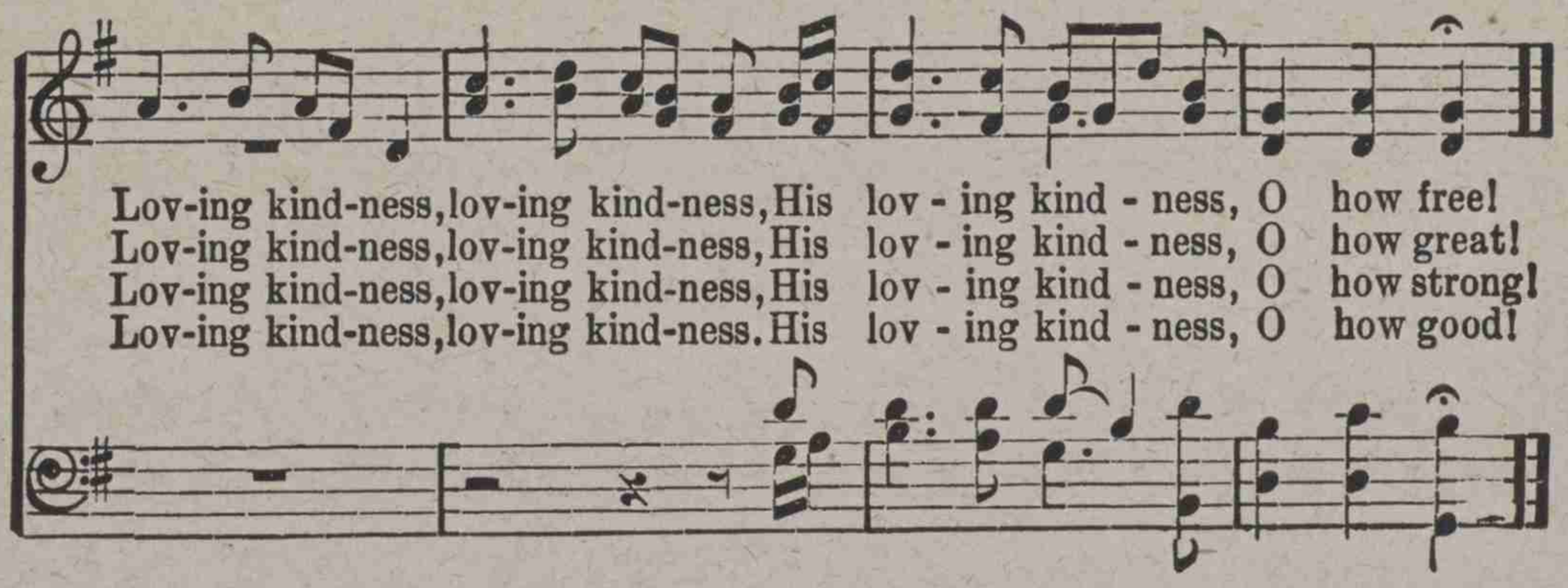


When I Survey. Concluded.



No. 306. Loving Kindness.

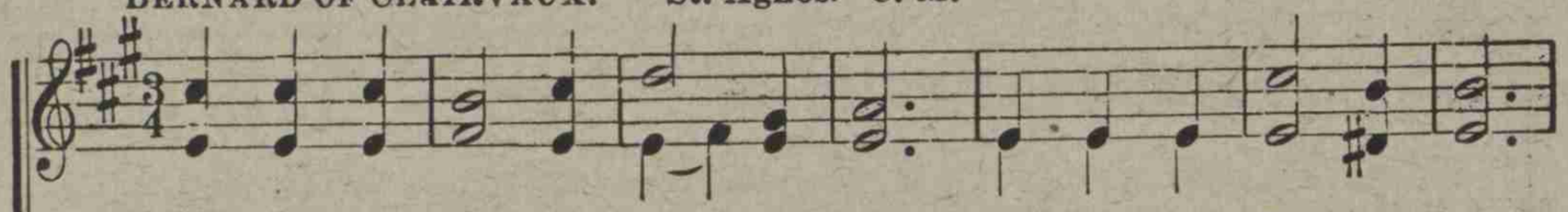




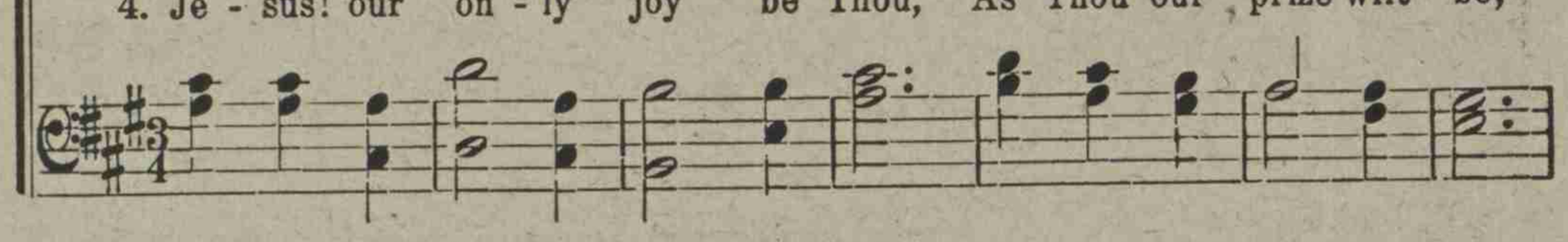


No. 307. Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.
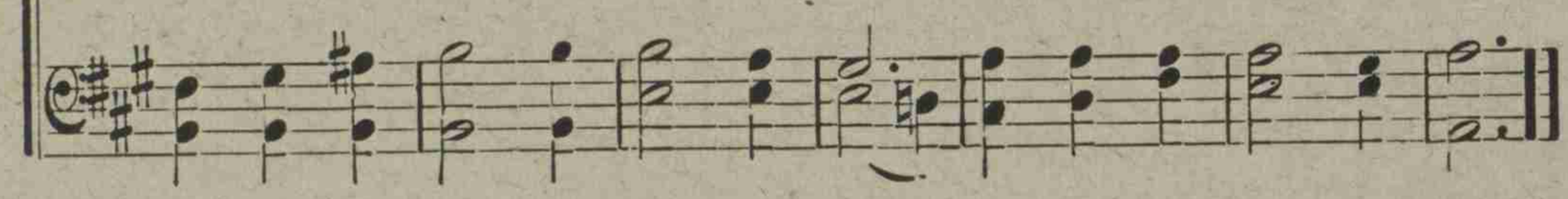
BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. St. Agnes. C. M.



1. Je - sus; the ver - y thought of Thee With sweetness fills my breast;
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem-'ry find
3. Oh, hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart! Oh, joy of all the meek!
4. Je - sus! our on - ly joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt be;

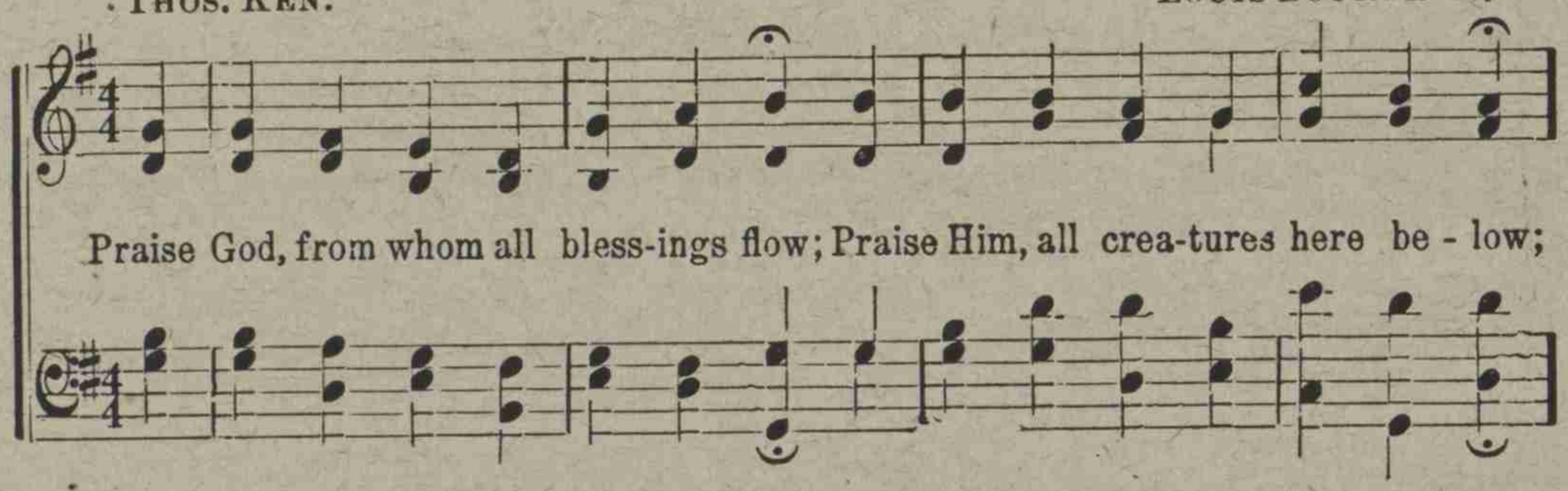


But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.
A sweet-er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav - ior of man-kind!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek.
Je - sus! be Thou our glo - ry now, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty.
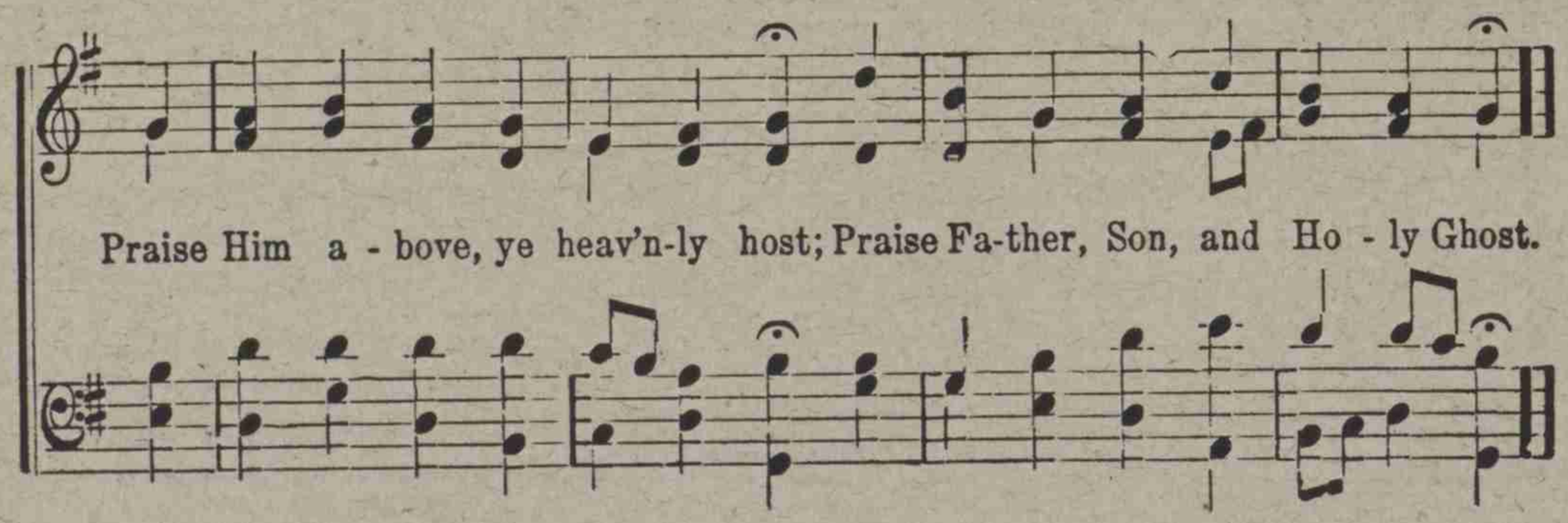


No. 308. Doxology.

THOS. KEN. LOUIS BOURGEOIS.



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



Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 309. When Mother Prayed.

Copyright, 1934, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Renewal.

C. F. O. Hope Pub. Co., owner. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When mother pray'd! O precious hour When God would come in mighty pow'r!
2. When mother pray'd! ah, then I knew With-in my soul that God was true;
3. And tho' the years may come and go, This heart of mine can nev-er know
4. Tho' oth-er scenes may be for-got, While life shall last this one can-not;

:S: FINE.

O mem'ry sweet! O hal-lowed place Where God did shine in mother's face.
I could no long-er doubt His love, But yield-ed all, born from a-bove.
A sweet-er time than that blest hour When Je-sus came in sav-ing pow'r.
When mother pray'd! O peace di-vine! My Moth-er's God to-day is mine.

D.S.-Her heart and mind on Christ were stay'd And God was there when mother pray'd.

CHORUS. D. S.

When mother pray'd, she found sweet rest! When mother pray'd her soul was blest!

No. 310. Art Thou Weary?

JOHN M. NEALE. HENRY W. BAKER.

1. Art thou weary, art thou languid, Art thou sore distrest? "Come to me," saith
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide? "In His feet and
3. If I find Him, if I fol-low, What His guerdon here? "Many a sorrow,

One, "and com-ing, Be at rest!"
hands are wound-prints, And His side."
many a la-bor, Many a tear."

4 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

5 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

No. 311. I Am Thine, O Lord.

Copyright, 1903, by W. H. Doane. Used by permission.

FANNY J. CROSBY — W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace divine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the nar-row sea;

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r and wi :h Thee my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

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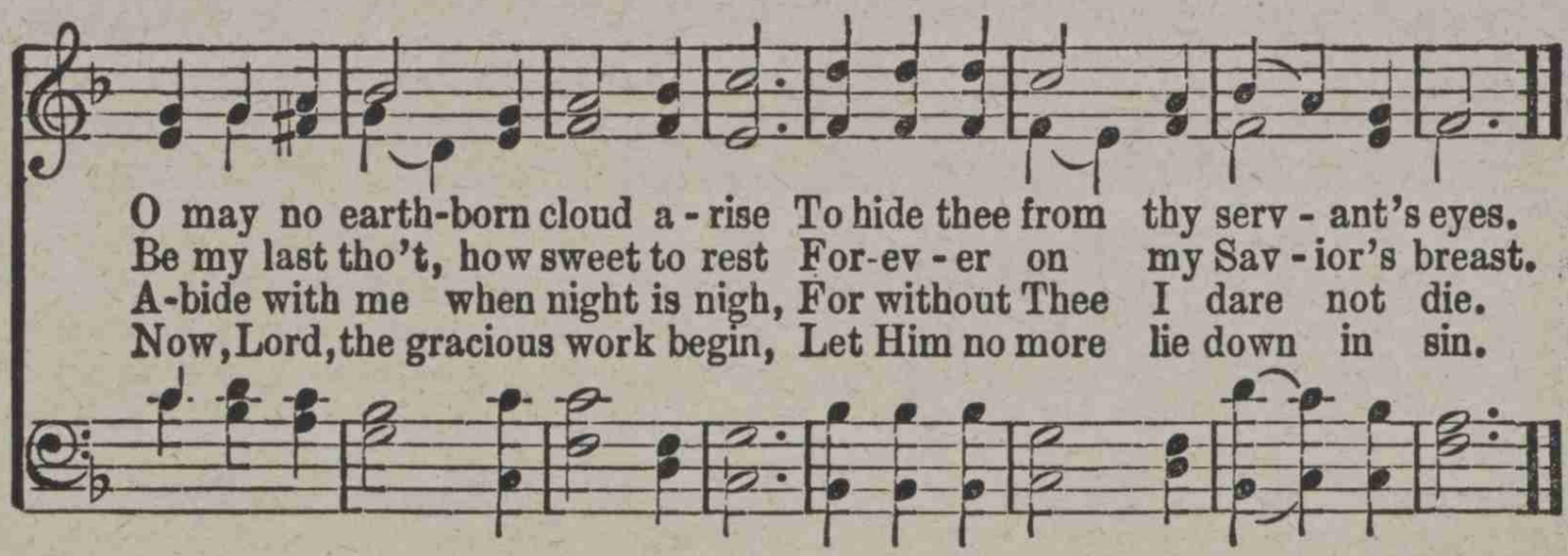
Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
near-er, near-er,
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

No. 312. Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE. (HURSLEY L. M.) PETER RITTER.
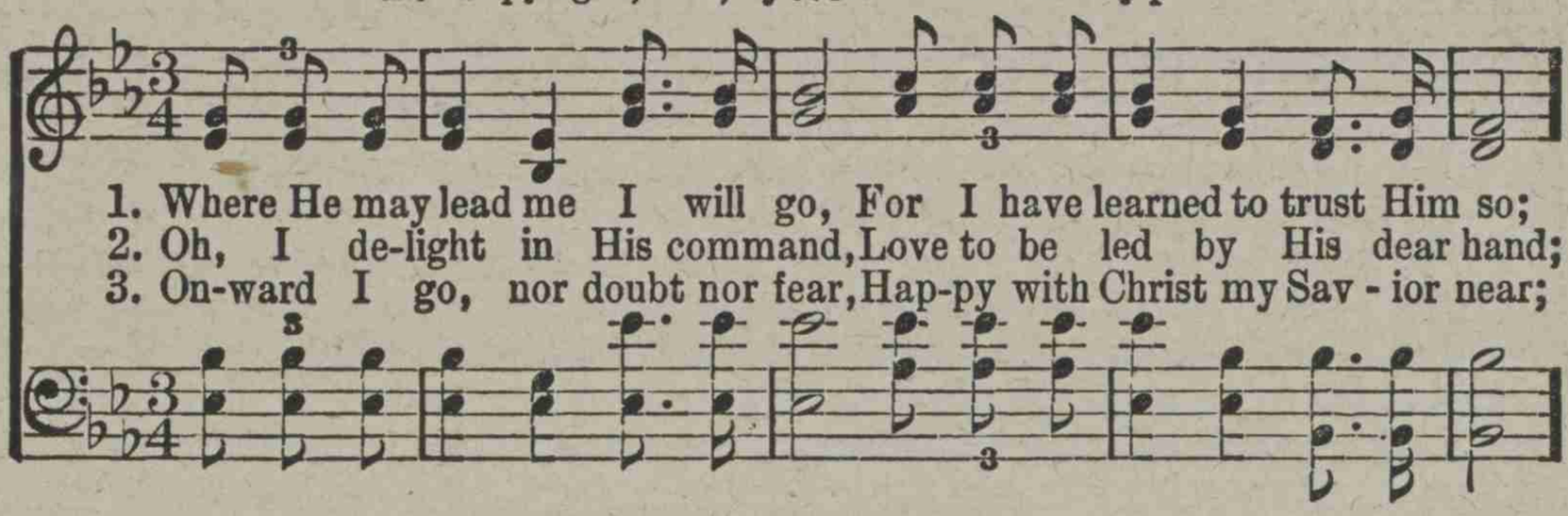
1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near:
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live;
4. If some poor wand'ring child of Thine Have spurn'd, to-day, the voice di - vine,

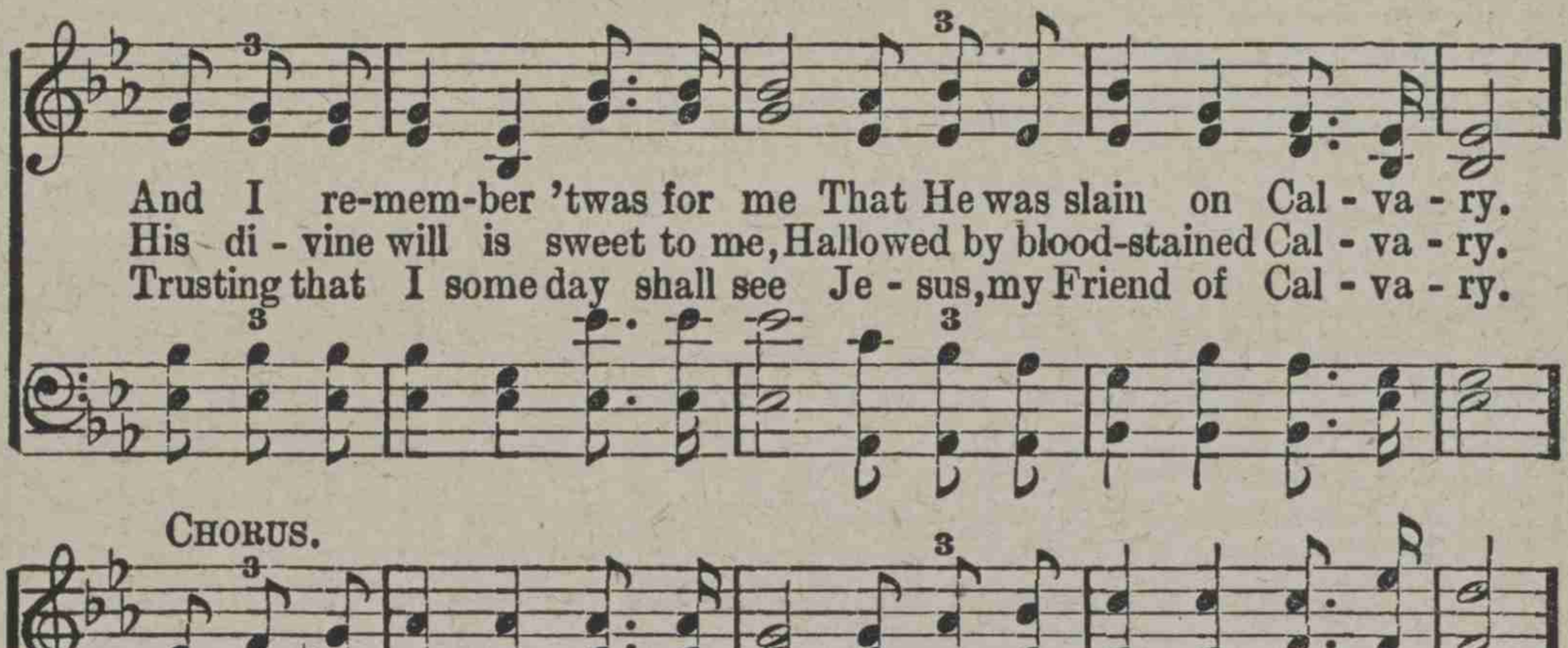
Sun of My Soul. Concluded.

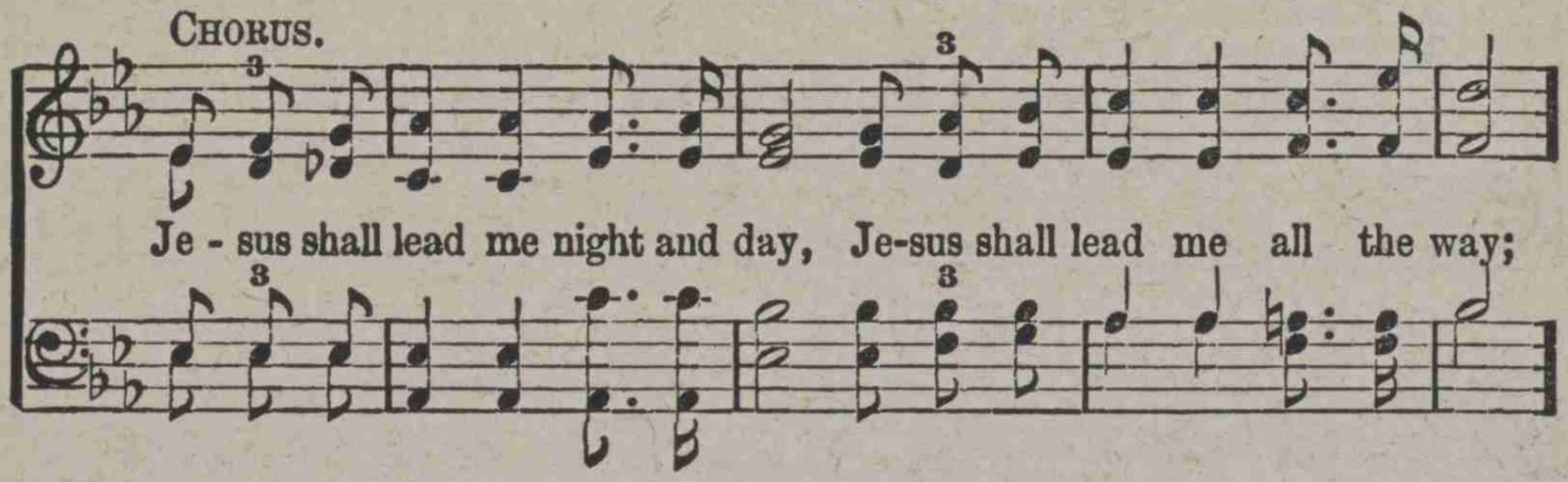


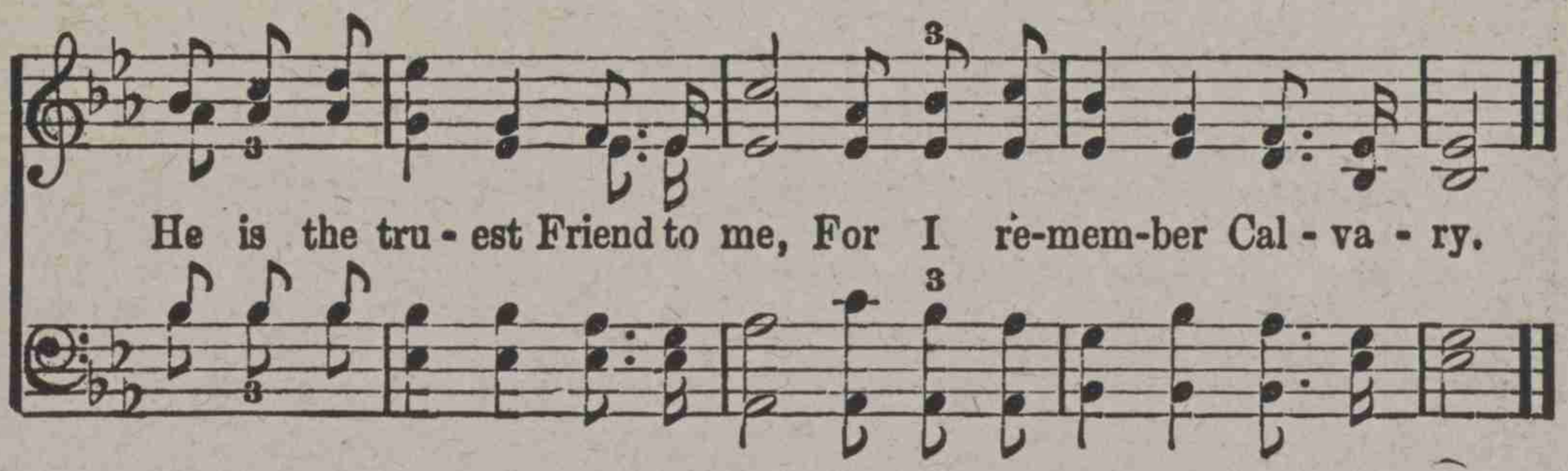
No. 313. I Remember Calvary.

REV. W. C. MARTIN. Copyright, 1900, by J. M. Black. Used by per. J. M. BLACK.



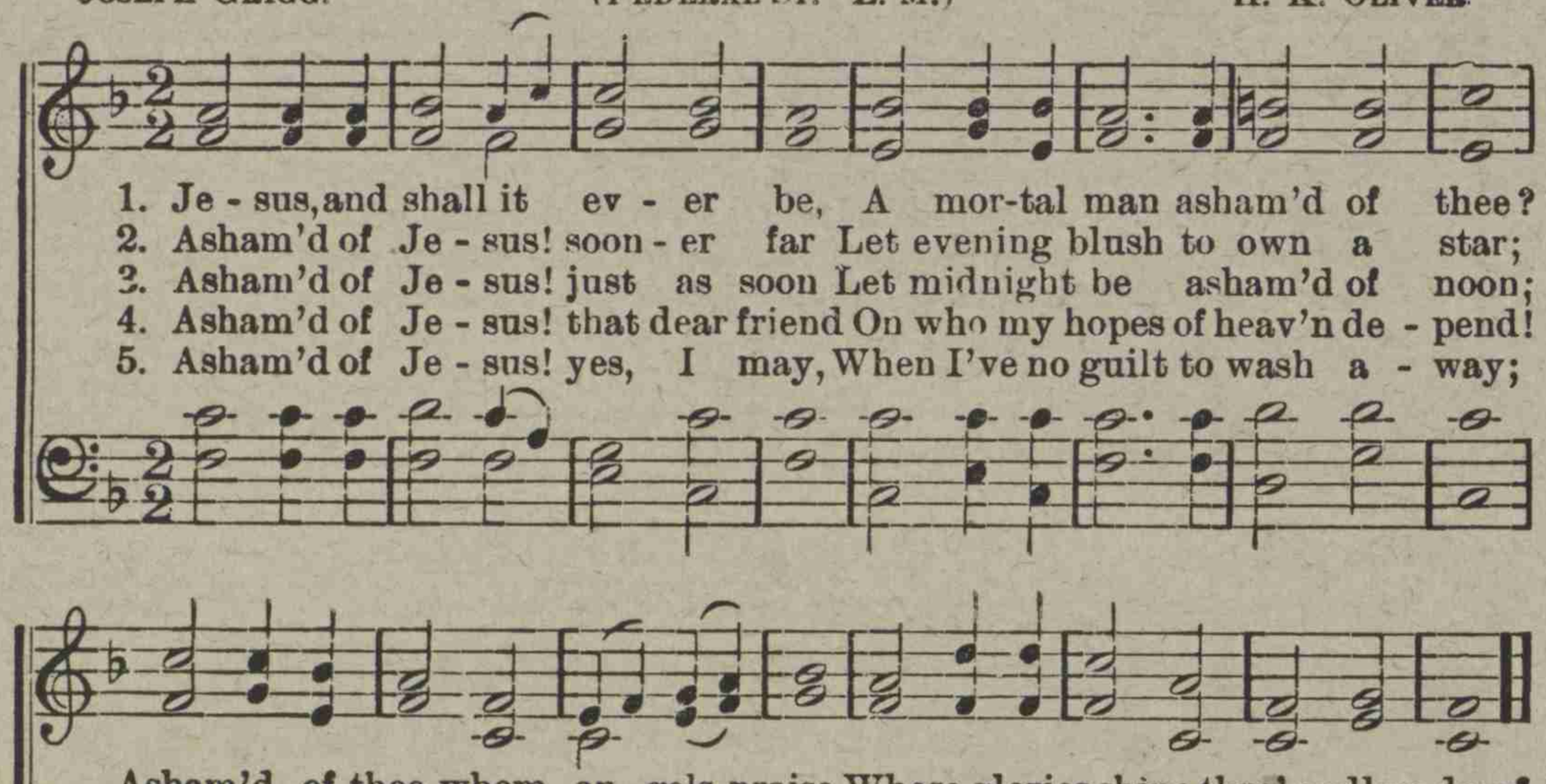






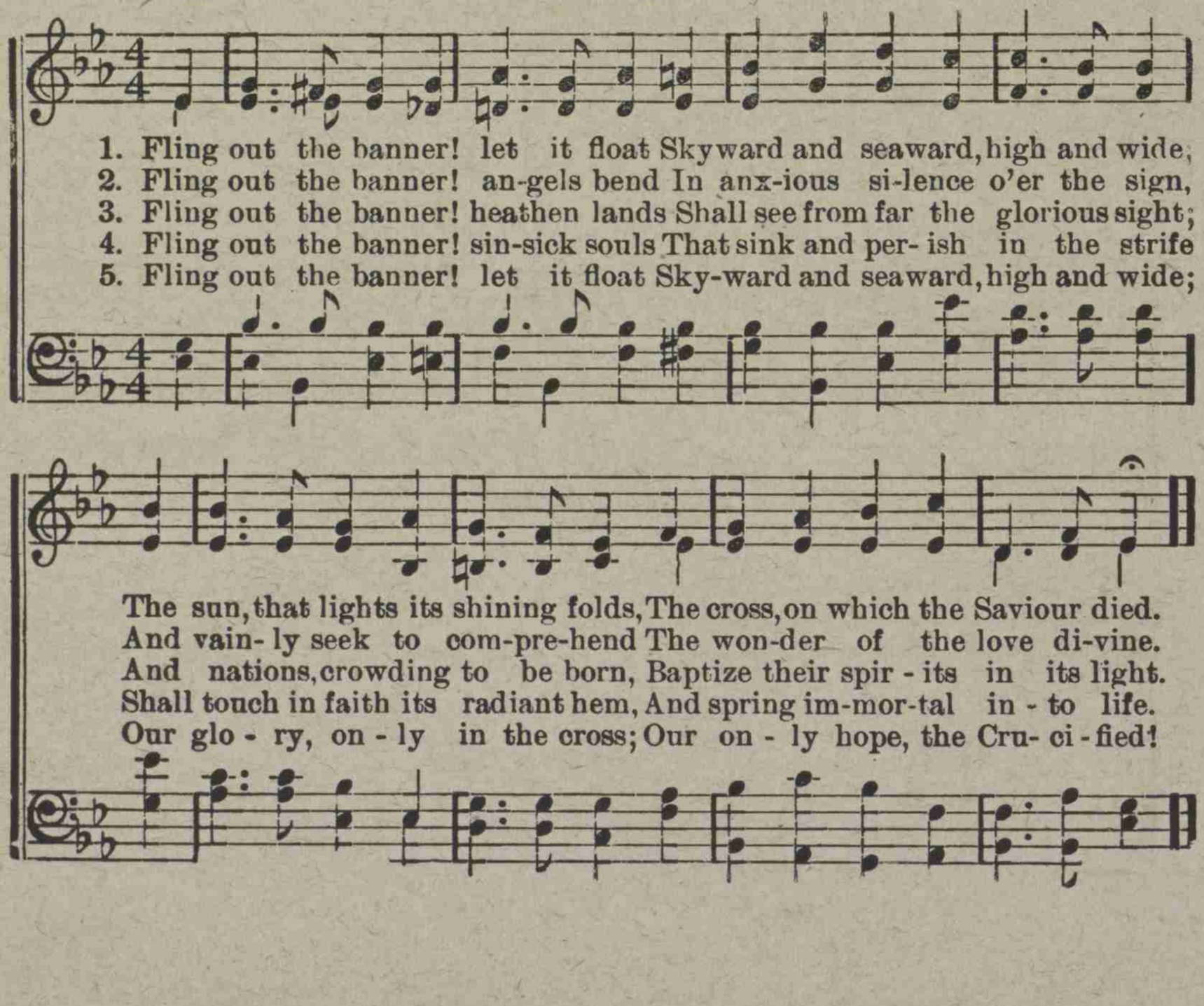
No. 314 Jesus, and Shall It Ever Be

JOSEPH GRIGG. (FEDERAL ST. L. M.) H. K. OLIVER.



No. 315 Fling Out the Banner

G. W. DOANE. (WALTHAM. L. M.) J. B. CALKIN.



No. 316 He Brought Me Out

REV. H. J. ZELLEY.
CHO. BY H. L. G.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. My heart was distress'd 'neath Je-ho-vah's dread frown, And low in the pit where my sins dragg'd me down; I cried to the Lord from the deep mi-ry clay, Who ten-der-ly brought me out to gold-en day.
2. He placed me up-on the strong Rock by his side, My steps were es tab-lished and here I'll a-bide; No dan-ger of fall-ing while here I re-main, But stand by his grace un-til the crown I gain.
3. He gave me a song, 'twas a new song of praise, By day and by night its sweet notes I will raise; My heart's o-ver-flow-ing, I'm hap-py and free. I'll praise my Re-deem-er, who has res-cued me.
4. I'll sing of his won-der-ful mer-cy to me, I'll praise him till all men his good-ness shall see; I'll sing of sal-va-tion at home and a-broad, Till man-y shall hear the truth and trust in God.

CHORUS.

He brought me out of the mi-ry clay, He set my feet on the Rock to stay; He puts a song in my soul to-day, A song of praise, hal-le-lu-jah!

Copyright, 1898, by H. L. Gilmour. Wenonah, N. J.

No. 317. Even Me.

MRS. ELIZABETH CODNER. WM. B, BRADBURY.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ings Thou art scat-t'ring full and free;
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther, Sin - ful tho' my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav-ior, Let me live and cling to Thee;
4. Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich and free;

Show'rs, the thirst - y land re - fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me;
Thou migh'st leave me, but the rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me;
I am long-ing for Thy fa - vor; Whil'st Thou'rt calling, O call me;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless; Mag - ni - fy them all in me;
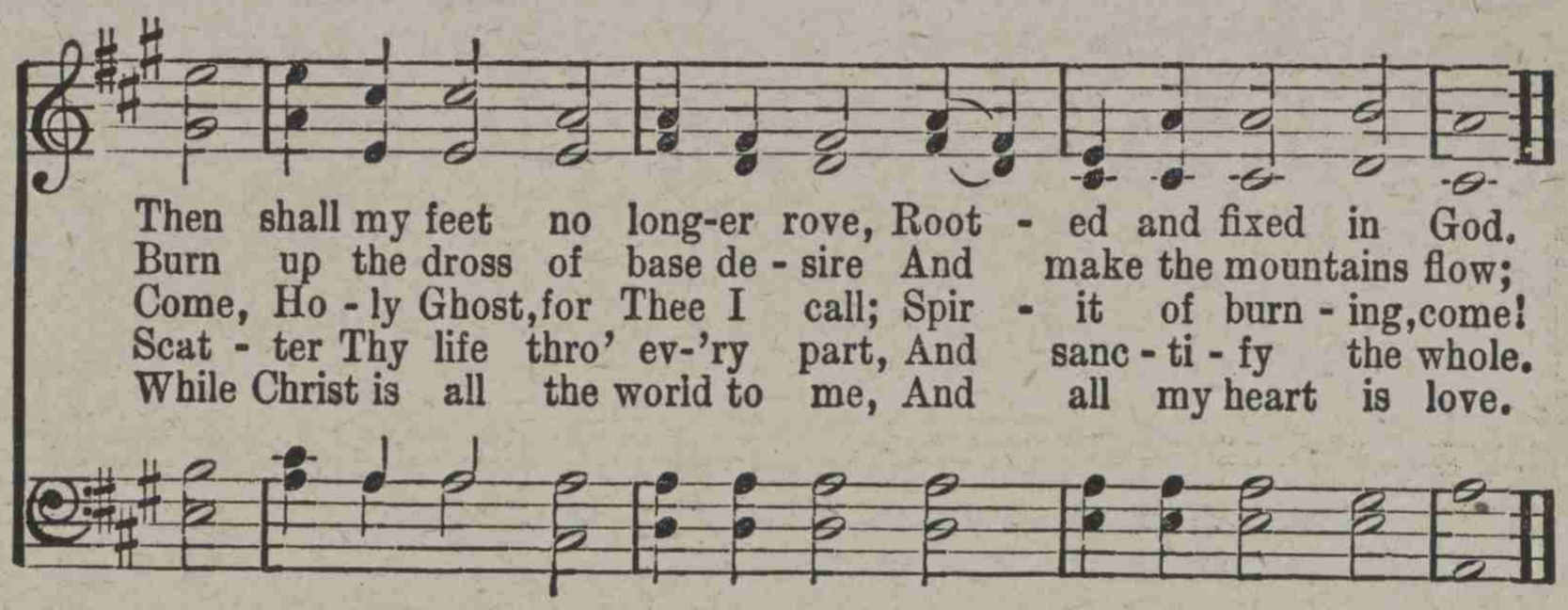
E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Whil'st Thou'rt calling, O call me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

No. 318. The Refining Fire.

CHARLES WESLEY. C. G. GLASER, ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.

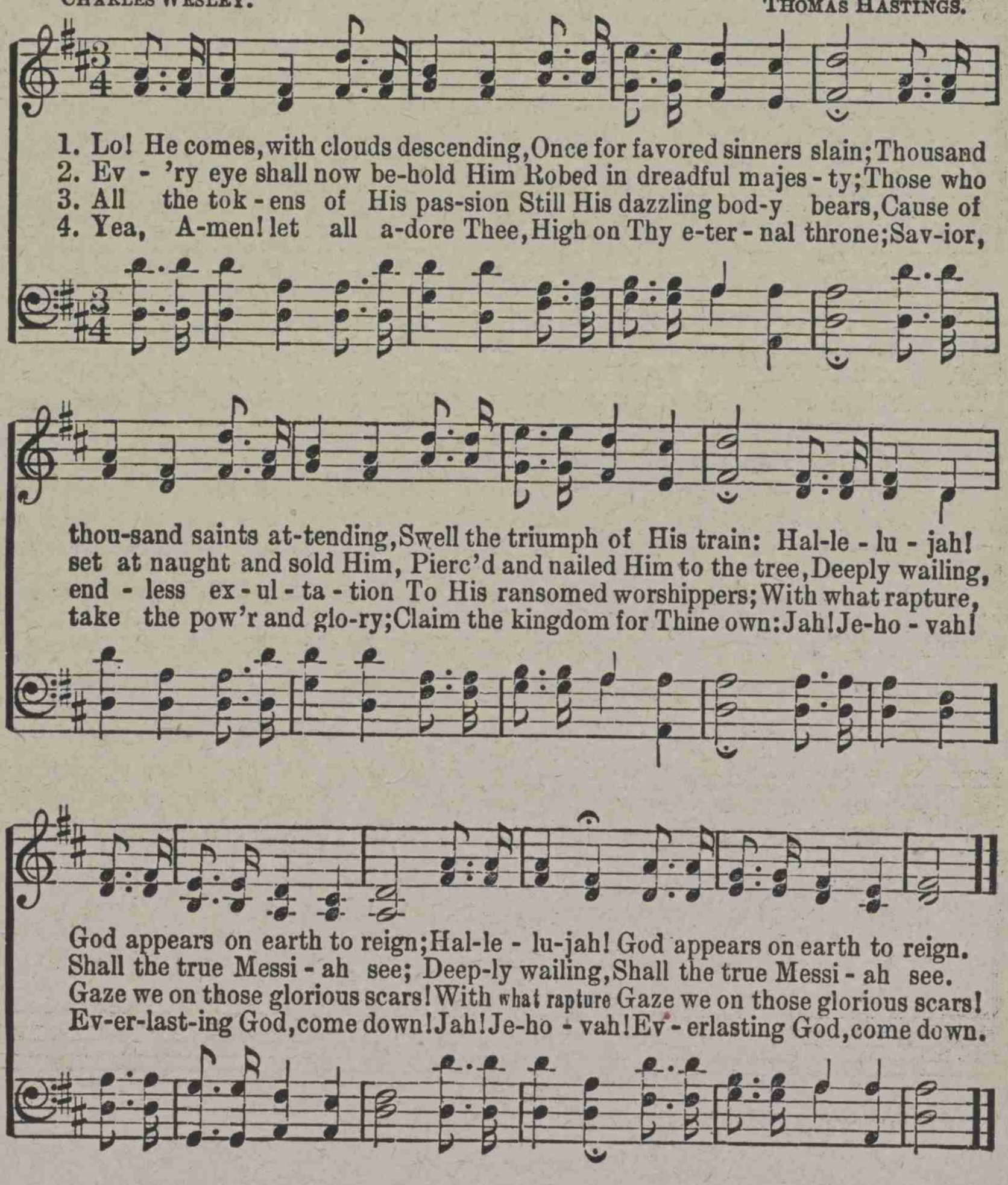
1. Je - sus, Thine all - vic - to-rious love Shed in my heart a - broad:
2. O that in me the sa-cred fire Might now be - gin to glow,
3. O that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins con-sume!
4. Re - fin - ing fire, go thro' my heart; Il - lu - mi - nate my soul;
5. My stead - fast soul, from fall - ing free, Shall then no long - er move,

The Refining Fire. Concluded.



No. 319. The Second Advent.

CHARLES WESLEY. THOMAS HASTINGS.



No. 320 Jesus Is All the World to Me

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

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

He is my strength from day to day, With-out him I would fall.
I go to him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
O, how could I this Friend de - ny, When he's so true to me?
I trust him now, I'll trust him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end.

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

f *pp*

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

Copyright, 1904, by Will L. Thompson, Hope Publishing Co., owner.

No. 321 It Cleanseth Me.

Rev. F. L. SNYDER. 1 John 1: 9. A. F. MYERS.

1. There is a stream that flows from Cal - va - ry, A crim - son tide so deep and wide; It wash - es whi-ter than the pu - rest snow, It cleans - eth me, I know.
2. Its sav - ing vir - tues ev - er are the same, It cleans-eth still, and al - ways will; Poor sin - ners, who will seek the Sav - ior's face, Shall know His wondrous grace.
3. No oth - er foun-tain can for sin a - tone But Je - sus' blood, O pre - cious flood! And who - so - ev - er will may plunge there-in, And be made free from sin.

CHORUS.

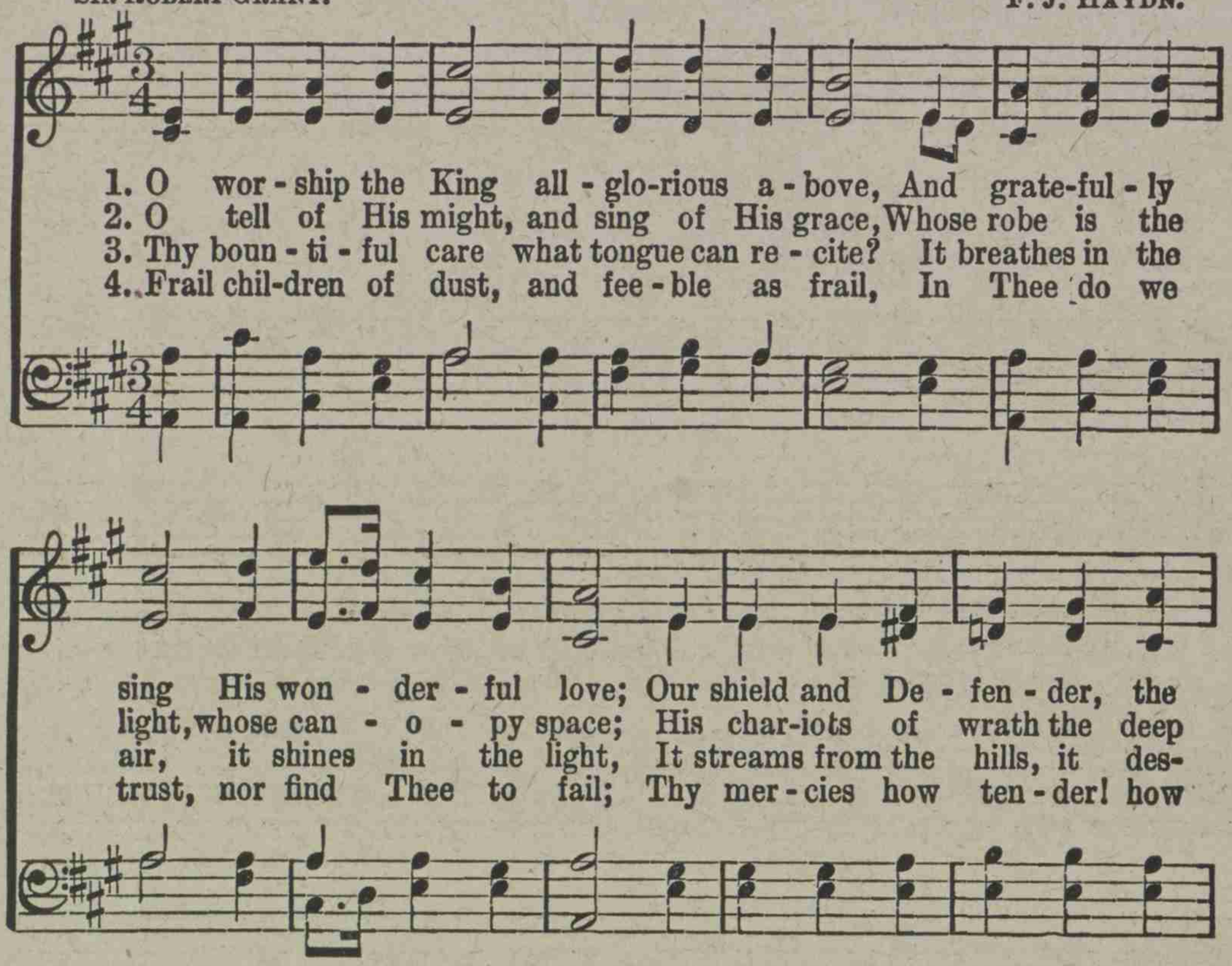
Hal - le - lu - jah! 'tis His blood that cleanseth me, 'T is His grace that makes me free, And, my broth-er, 't is for thee; O hal - le - lu - jah! 'T is sal - va - tion, full and free, And it cleans-eth, yes, it cleans - eth me.

f

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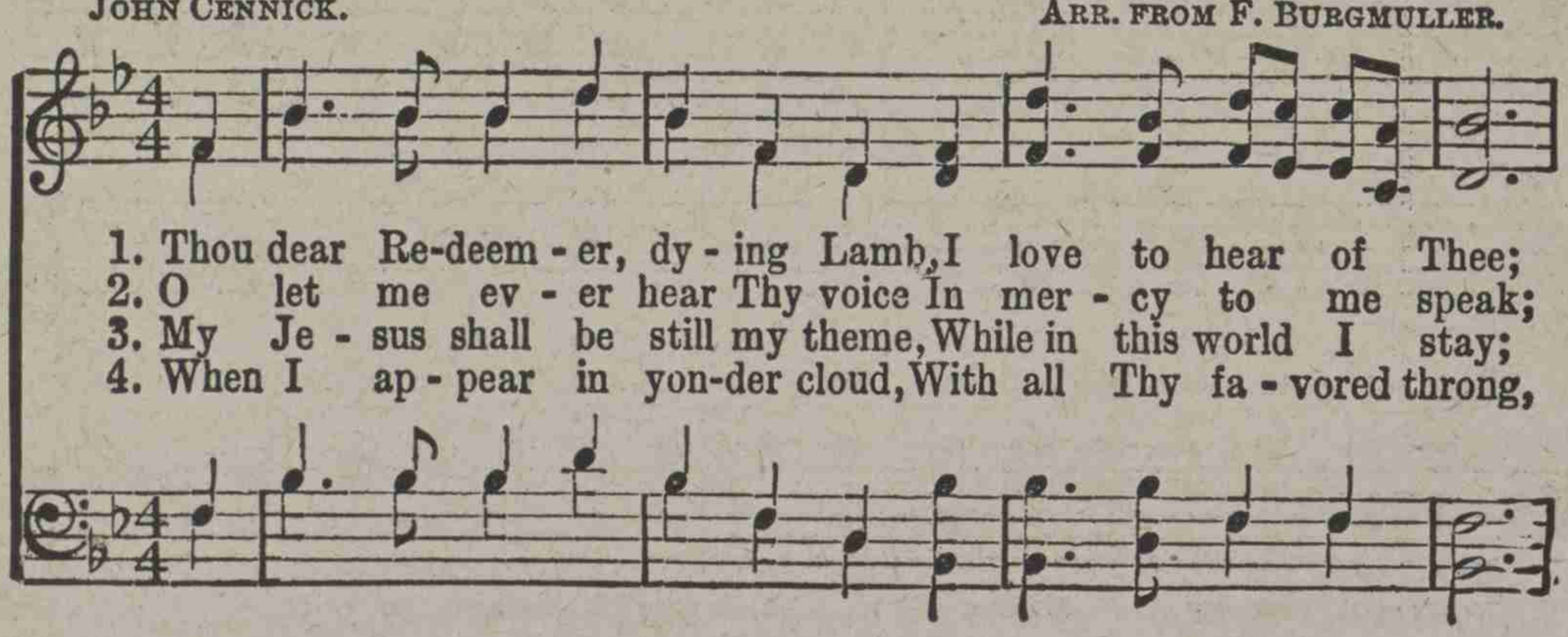
No. 322. Worship the King.

SIR ROBERT GRANT. F. J. HAYDN.
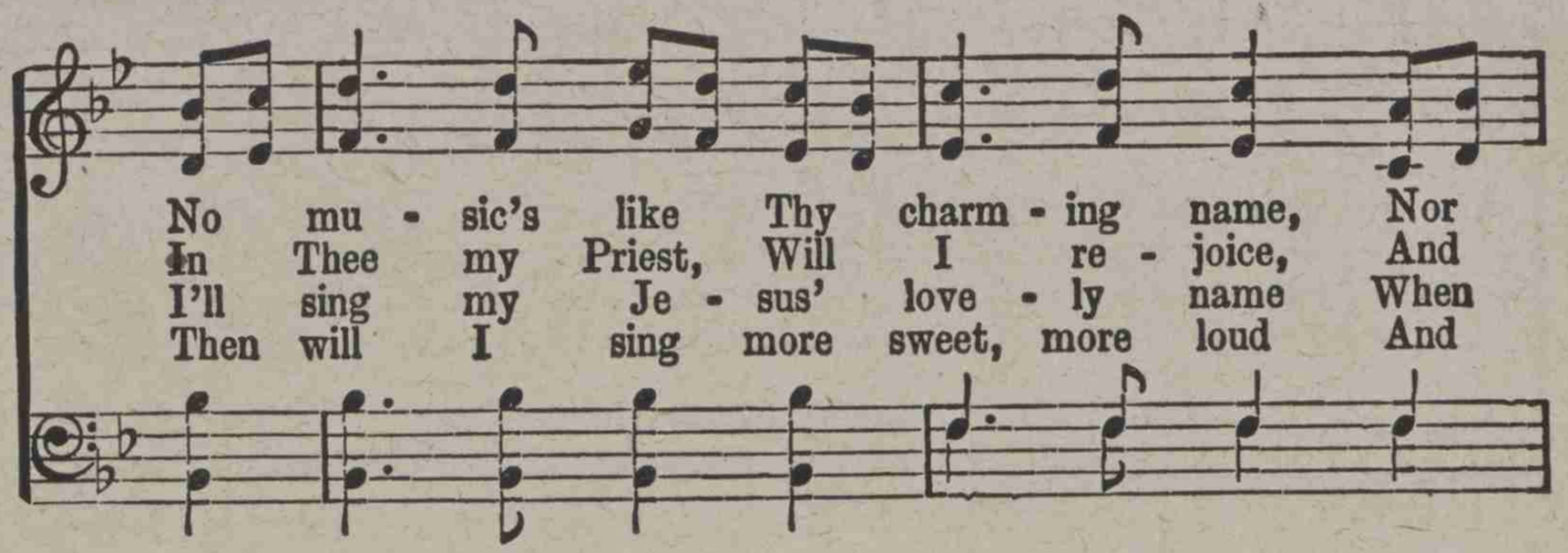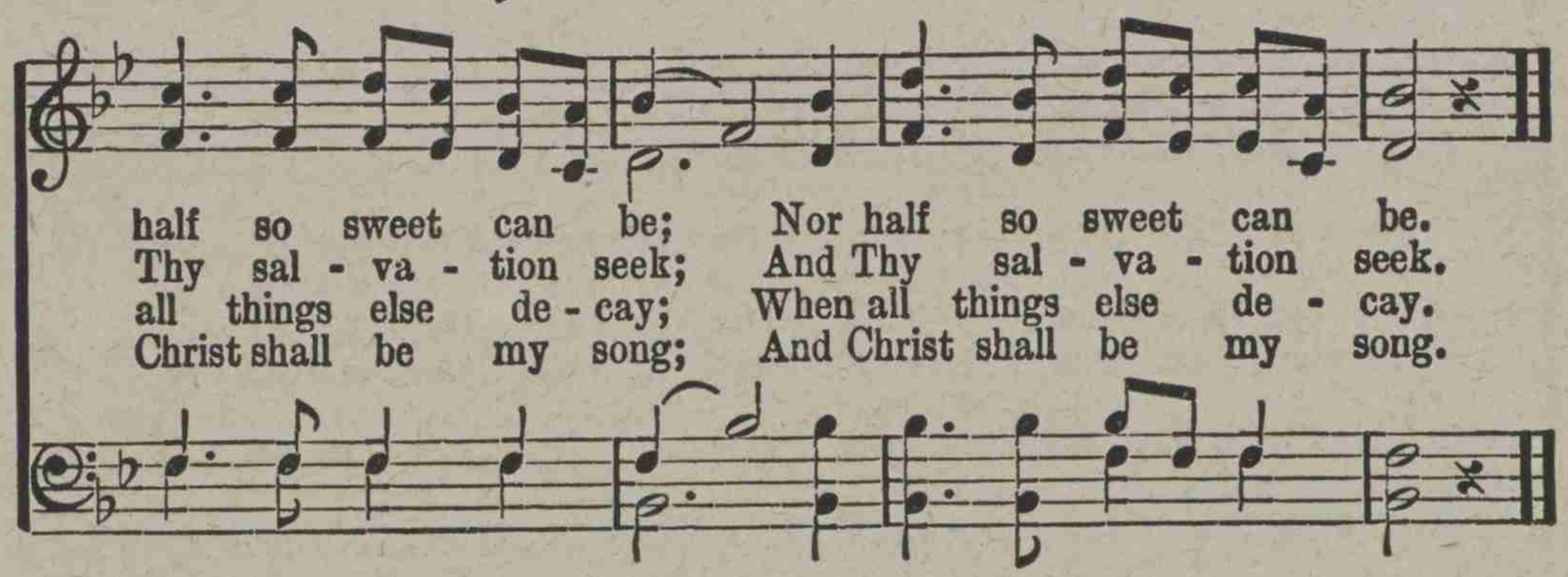


No. 323. Thou Dear Redeemer.

JOHN CENNICK. ARR. FROM F. BURGMULLER.



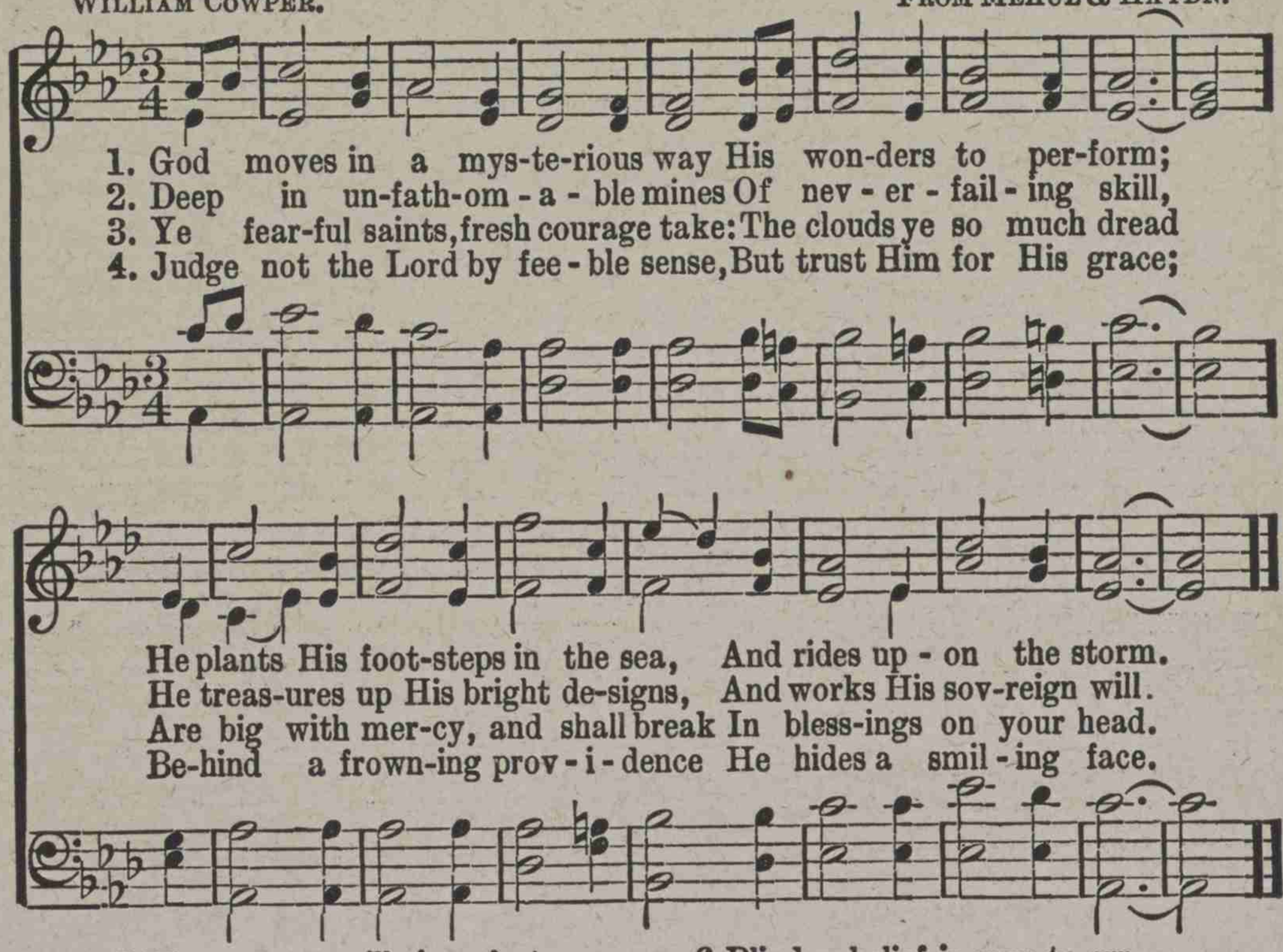
Thou Dear Redeemer. Concluded.





No. 324. Divine Providence.

WILLIAM COWPER. FROM MEHUL & HAYDN.
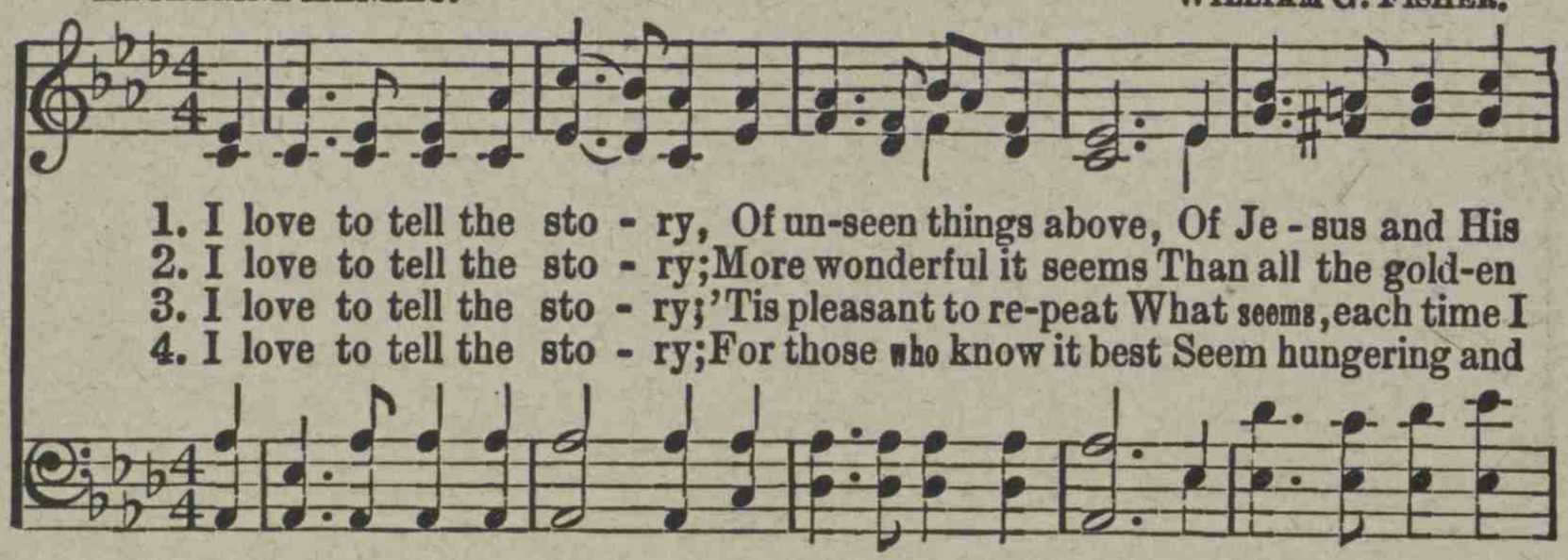


5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

No. 325. I Love to Tell the Story.

KATHERINE HANKEY. WILLIAM G. FISHER.



No. 326 We Have an Anchor.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Will your an-chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un - fold their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the ca-bles strain, Will your an - chor drift or firm re - main?
2. It is safe-ly moor'd, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well se-cur'd by the Sav - ior's hand, And the ca-bles pass'd from His heart to mine, Can de- fy the blast, 'thro strength di - vine. We have an anchor that keeps the soul
3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of fear, When the breakers have told the reef is near, Tho' the tem-pest rave and the wild winds blow, Not an angry wave shall our bark o'er-flow.
4. It will sure - ly hold in the floods of death, When the waters cold chill our lat - est breath, On the ris - ing tide it can nev - er fail, While our hopes a - bide with-in the veil.
5. When our eyes behold thro' the gath'ring night The cit - y of gold, our har - bor bright, We shall an - chor fast, by the heav'nly shore, With the storms all past for - ev - er - more.

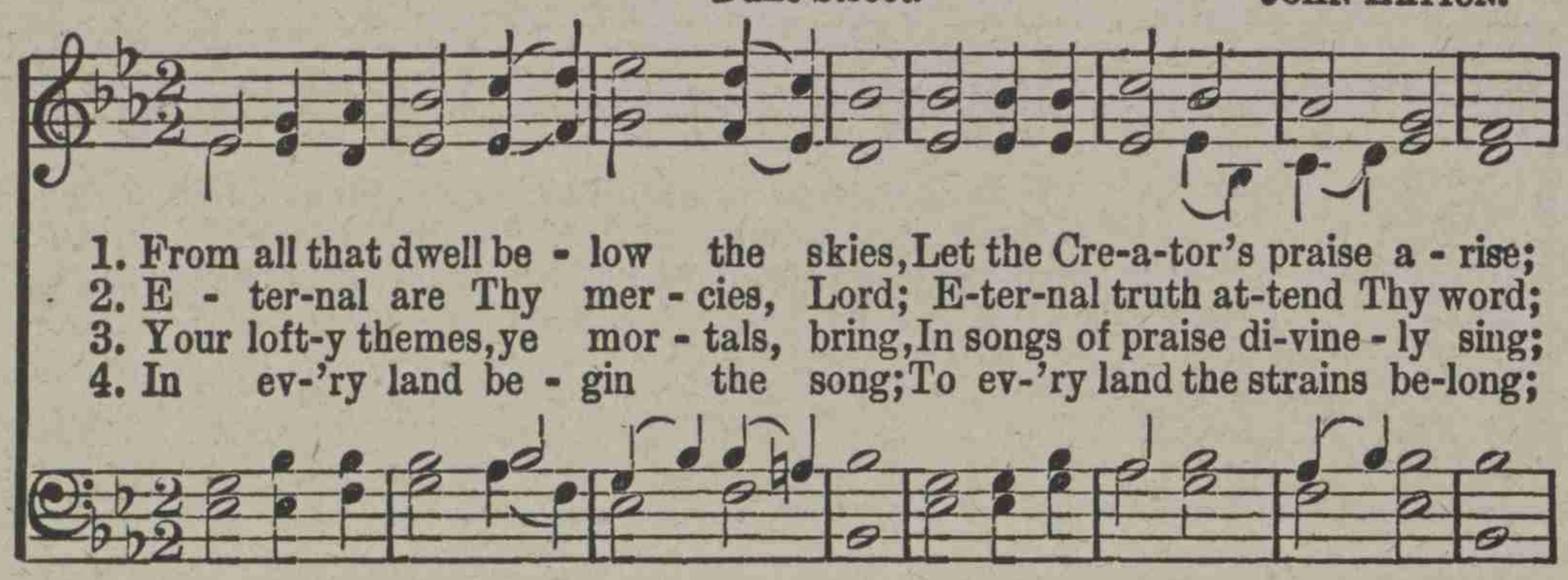
REFRAIN.

Stead-fast and sure while the bil - lows roll, Fastened to the Rock which can - not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Sav - ior's love.

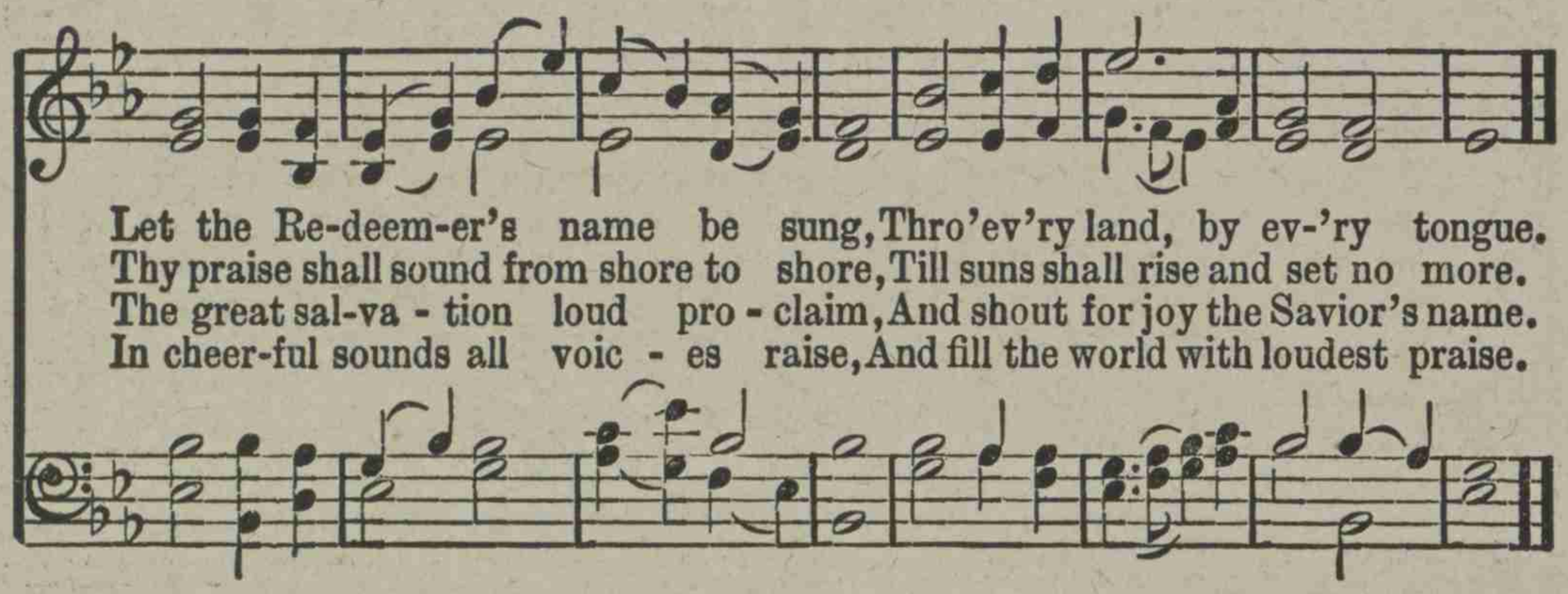
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No. 327. From all That Dwell.

Duke Street. JOHN HATTON.



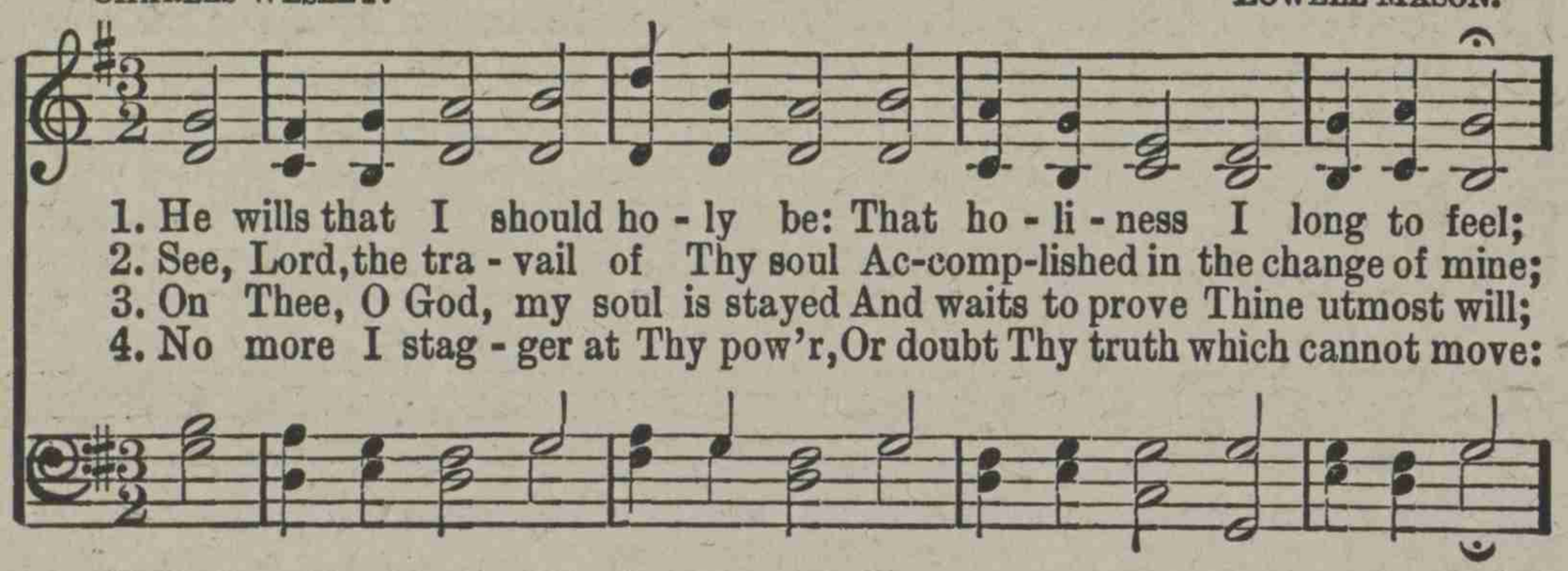
1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre-a-tor's praise a - rise;
2. E - ter-nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord; E-ter-nal truth at-tend Thy word;
3. Your loft-y themes, ye mor - tals, bring, In songs of praise di-vine - ly sing;
4. In ev-'ry land be - gin the song; To ev-'ry land the strains be-long;



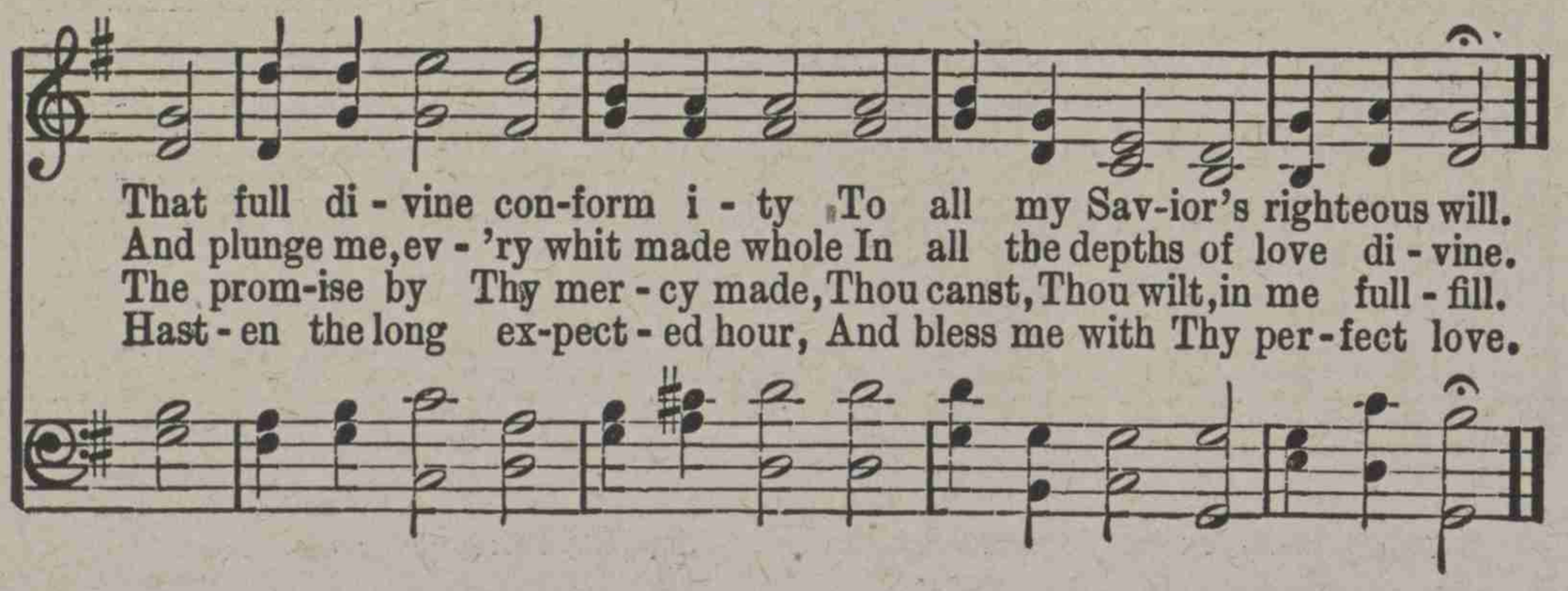
Let the Re-deem-er's name be sung, Thro' ev'ry land, by ev-'ry tongue.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.
The great sal-va - tion loud pro - claim, And shout for joy the Savior's name.
In cheer-ful sounds all voic - es raise, And fill the world with loudest praise.

No. 328. The Will of God.

CHARLES WESLEY. LOWELL MASON.



1. He wills that I should ho - ly be: That ho - li - ness I long to feel;
2. See, Lord, the tra - vail of Thy soul Ac-comp-lished in the change of mine;
3. On Thee, O God, my soul is stayed And waits to prove Thine utmost will;
4. No more I stag - ger at Thy pow'r, Or doubt Thy truth which cannot move:



That full di - vine con-form i - ty To all my Sav-ior's righteous will.
And plunge me, ev - 'ry whit made whole In all the depths of love di - vine.
The prom-ise by Thy mer - cy made, Thou canst, Thou wilt, in me full - fill.
Hast - en the long ex-pect - ed hour, And bless me with Thy per - fect love.

No. 329. There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing:" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing"—Precious re - viv - ing a - gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing:" Send them up-on us, O Lord!
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing:" Oh, that to - day they might fall,
5. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing," If we but trust and o - bey;

There shall be sea-sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav-iour a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a- bundance of rain.
Grant to us now a re-fresh - ing; Come, and now hon-our Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con-fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!
There shall be sea-sons re-fresh - ing, If we let God have His way.

CHORUS.

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

No. 330. My Anchor Holds.

W. C. MARTIN. Copyright, 1930, Renewal Hope Pub Co., owner D. B. TOWNER.

1. Tho' the an - gry surg- es roll On my tem-pest-driv - en soul,
2. Might-y tides a- bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with- in the deep;
3. Troubles almost whelm the soul, Griefs like bil - lows o'er me roll;

I am peace- ful, for I know, Wild- ly tho' the winds may blow,
An- gry clouds o'er-shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;
Tempters seek to lure a- stray, Storms ob- scure the light of day;
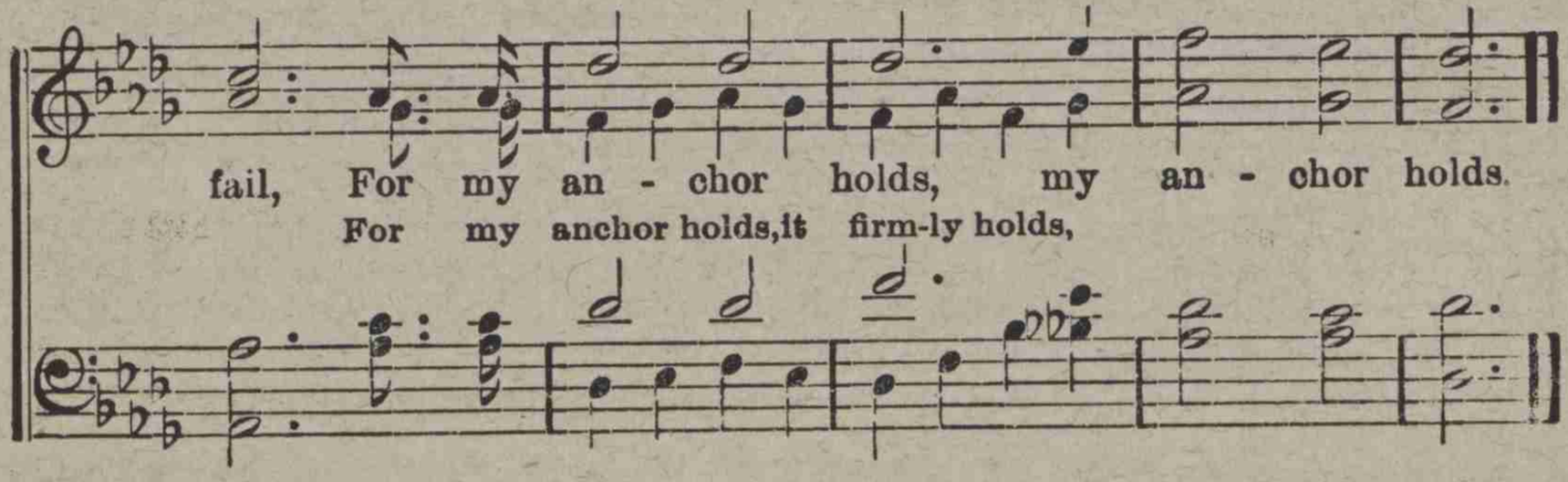
I've an an - chor safe and sure, That can ev - er- more en- dure.
Still I stand the tem-pest's shock, For my an - chor grips the rock.
I can face them and be bold, I've an an - chor that shall hold.

CHORUS.

And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild-est, then, O
And it holds..... my anchor holds; Blow your wild - - - est,

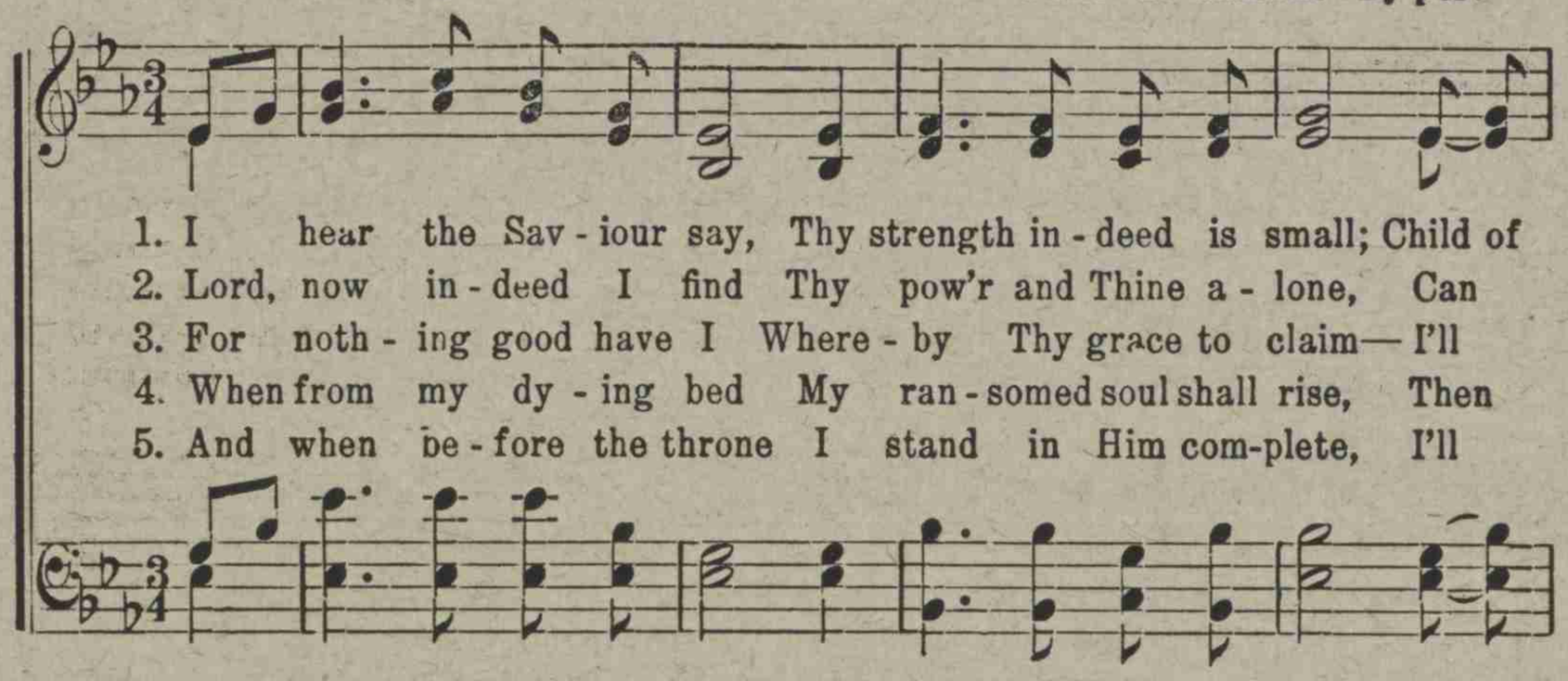
gale, On my bark so small and frail; I shall nev- er, nev - er
then, O gale,
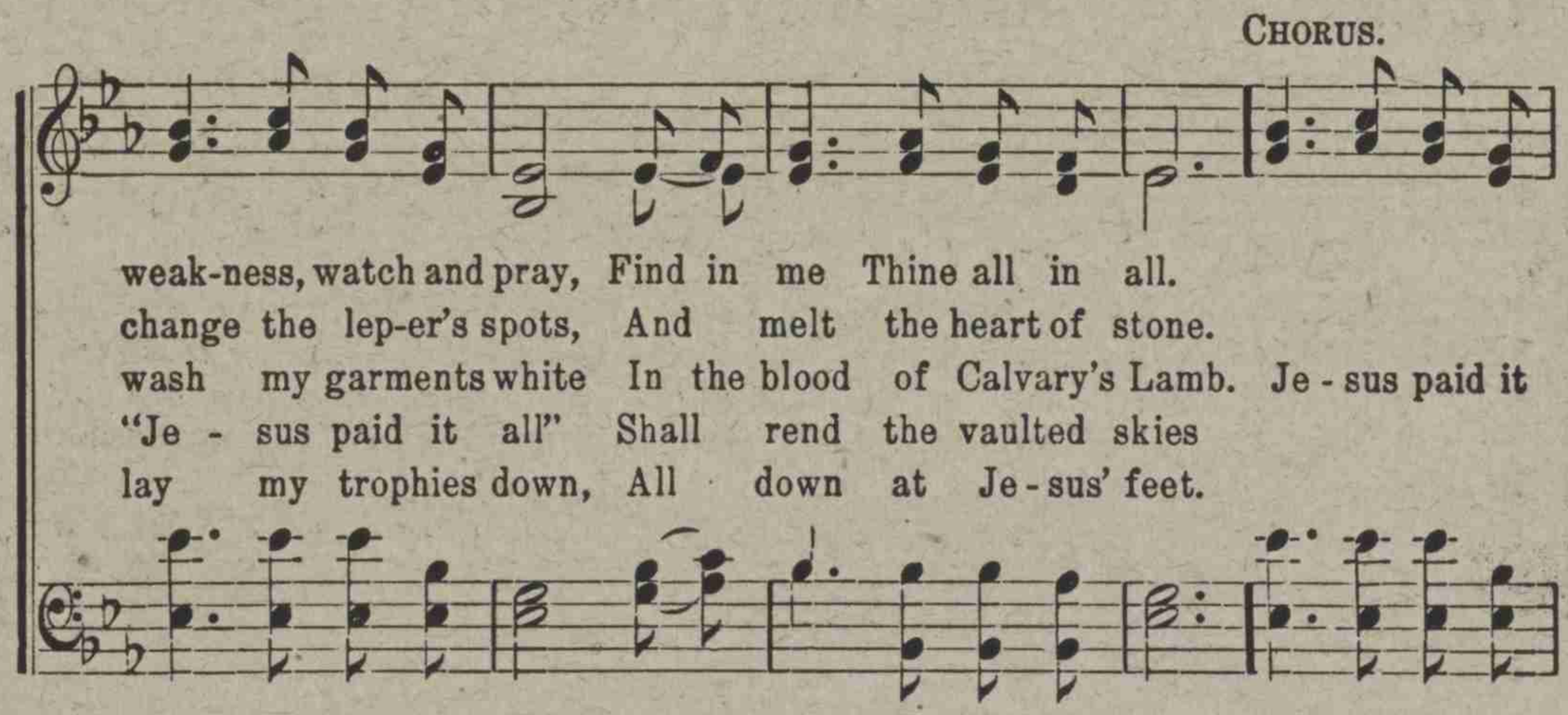
My Anchor Holds--Concluded

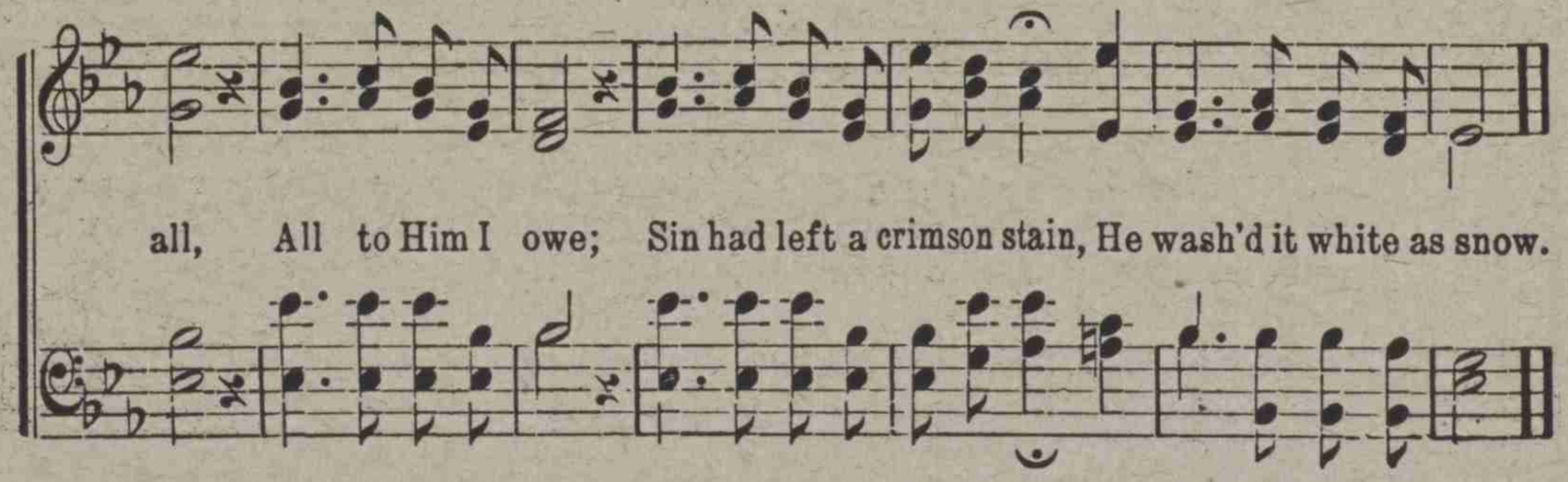


No. 331 Jesus Paid It All

Mrs E. M. Hall. John T. Grape. By per.

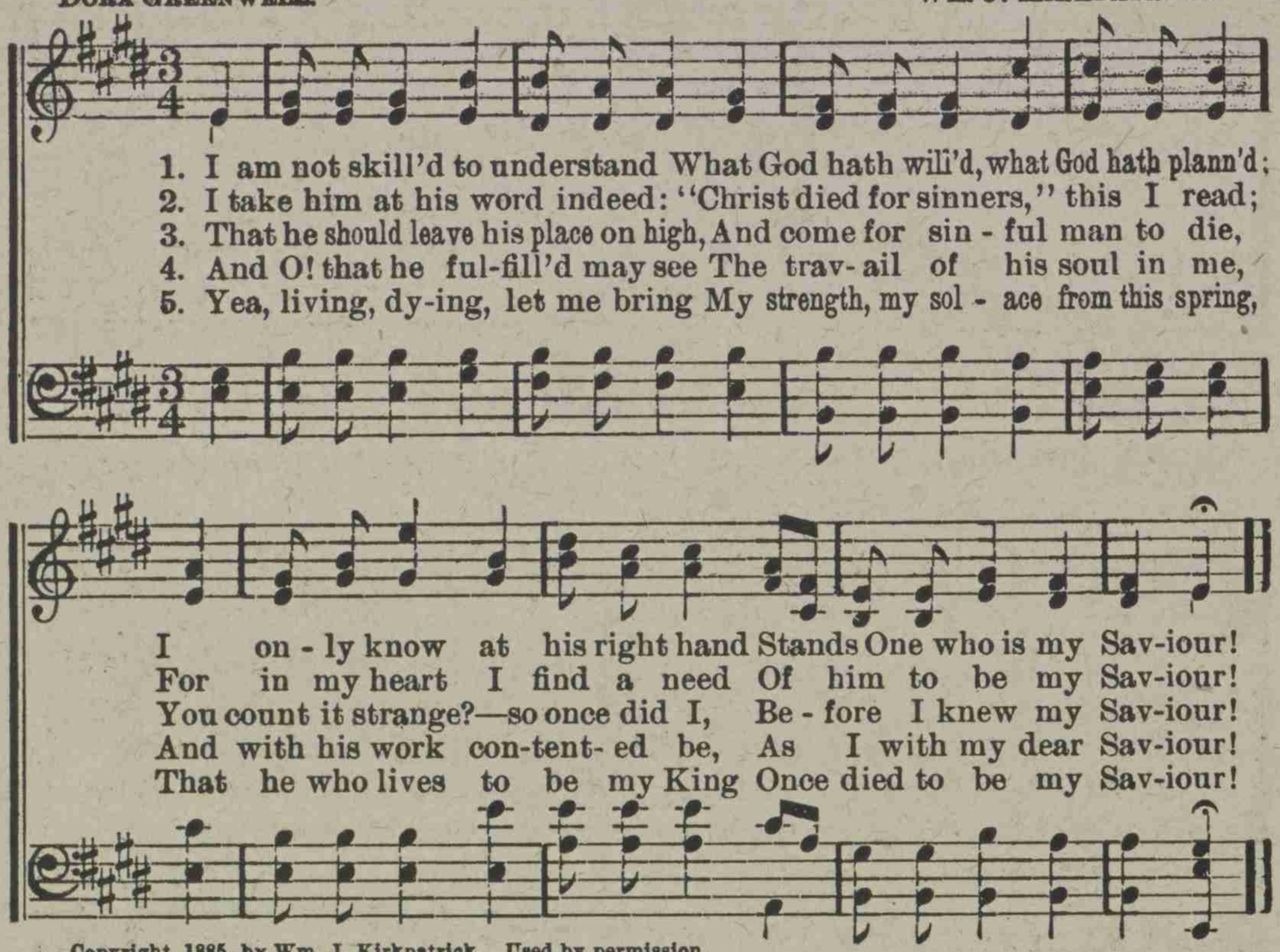






No. 332 My Saviour!

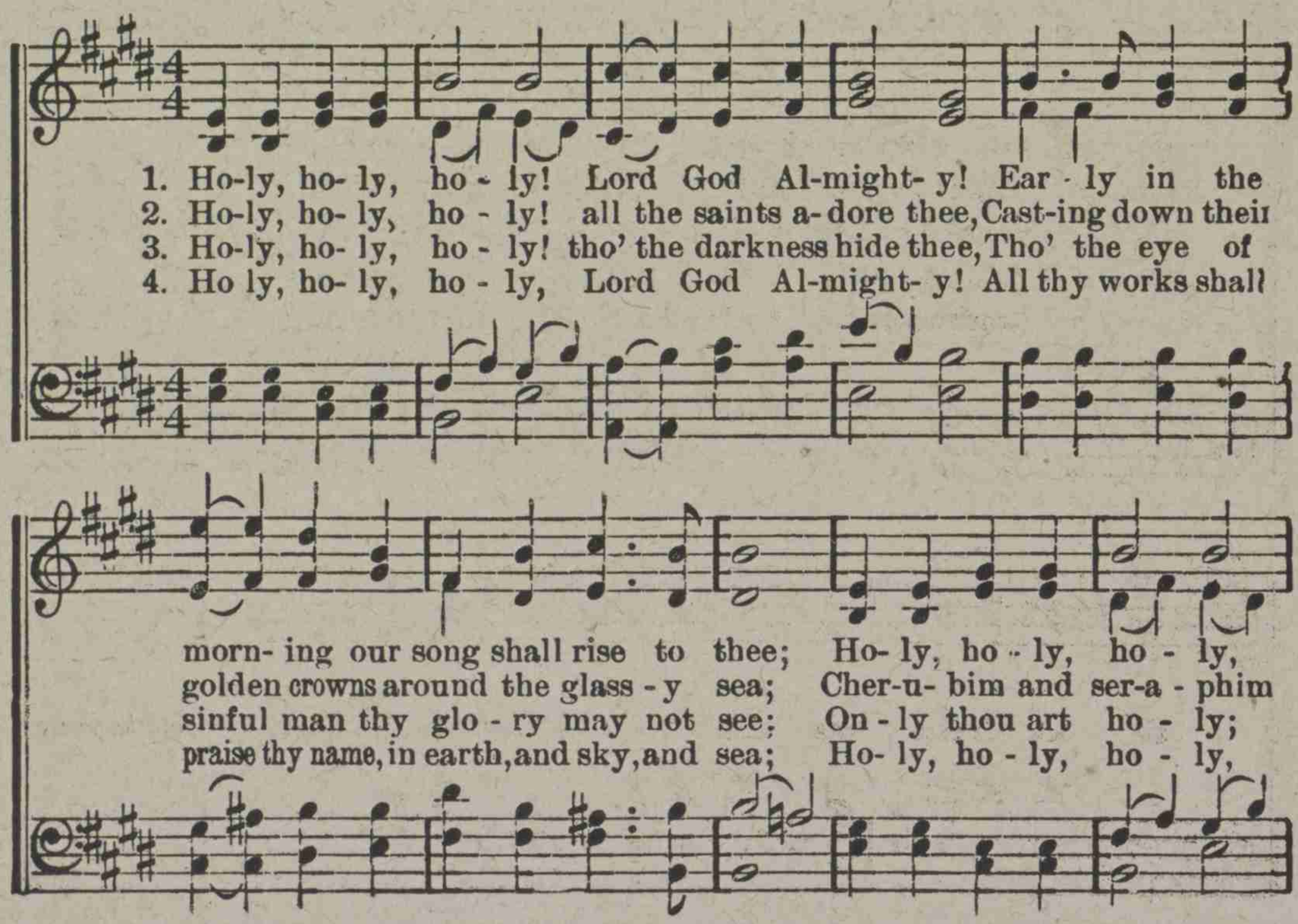
DORA GREENWELL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



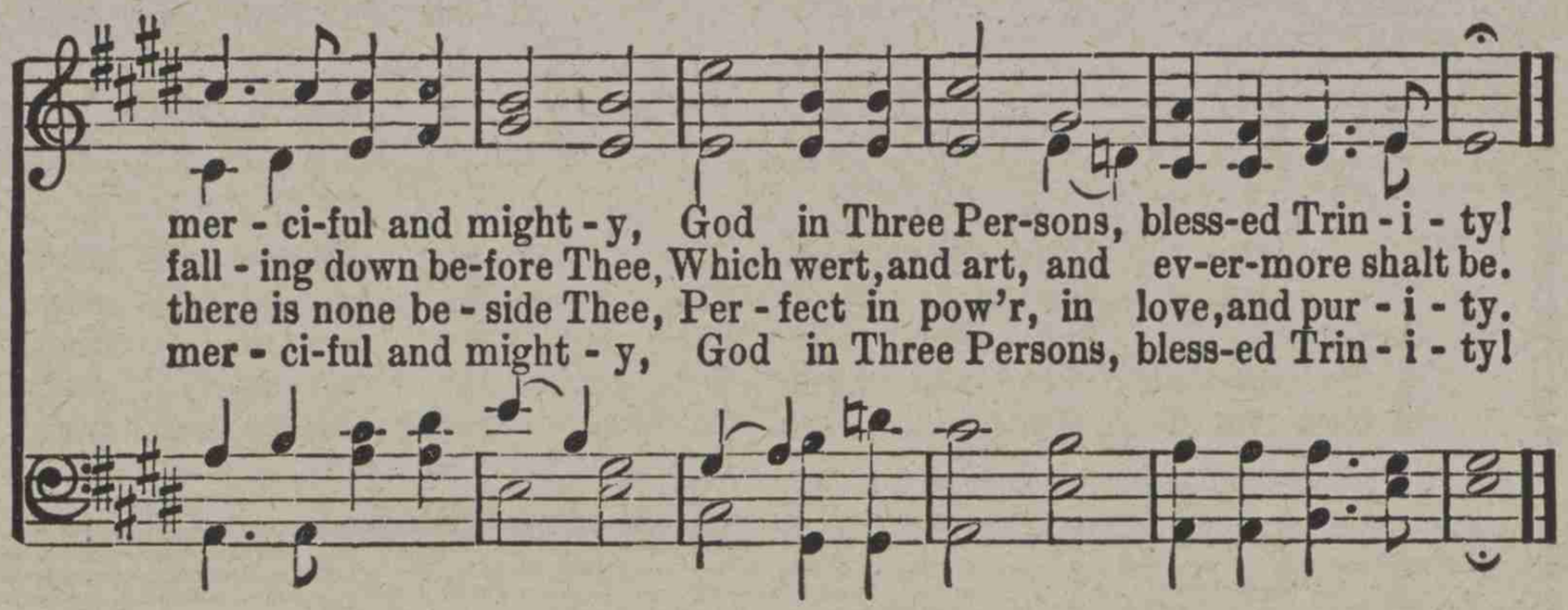
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No. 333 Holy, Holy, Holy!

REGINALD HEBER. JOHN B. DYKES.

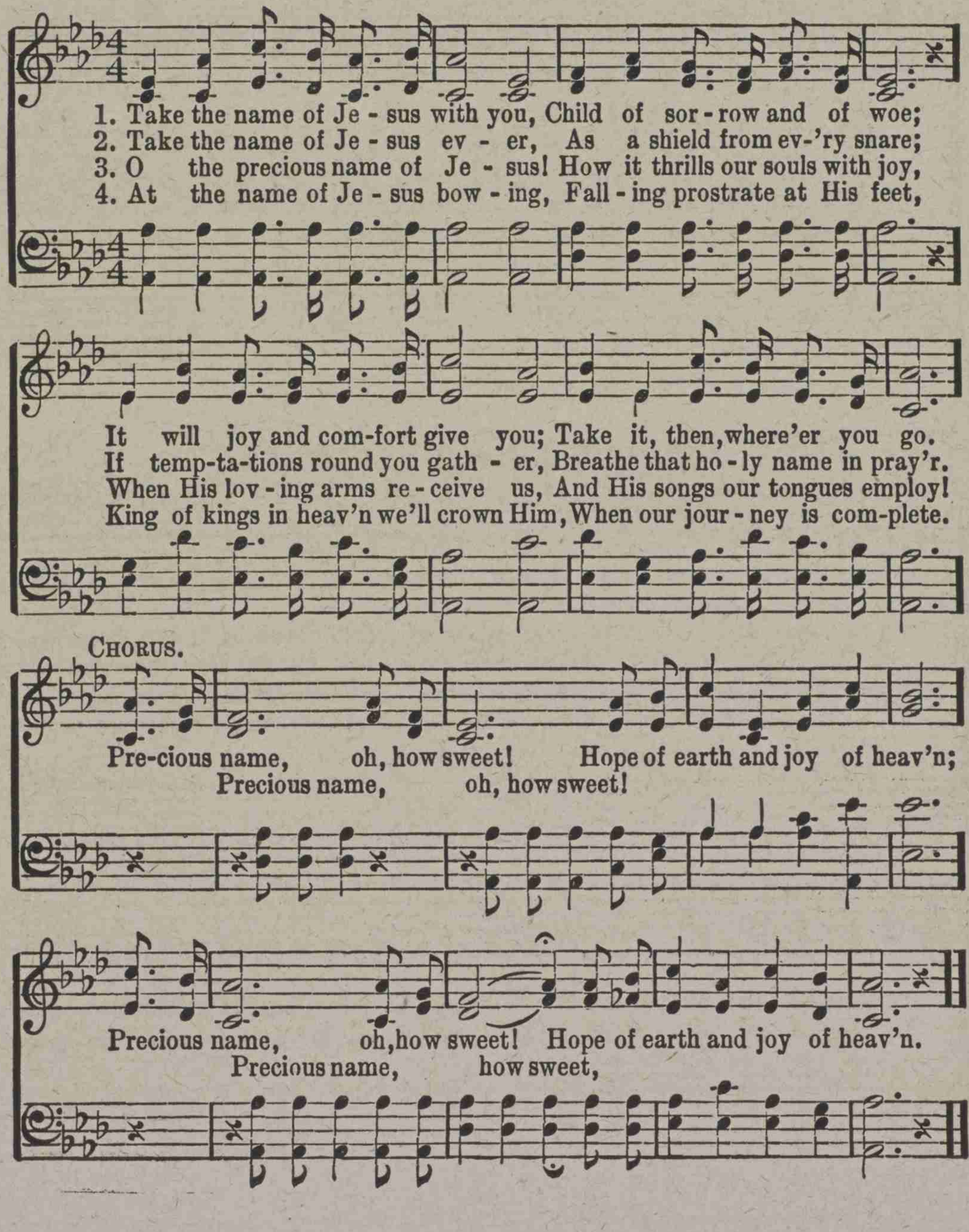


Holy, Holy, Holy! Concluded.



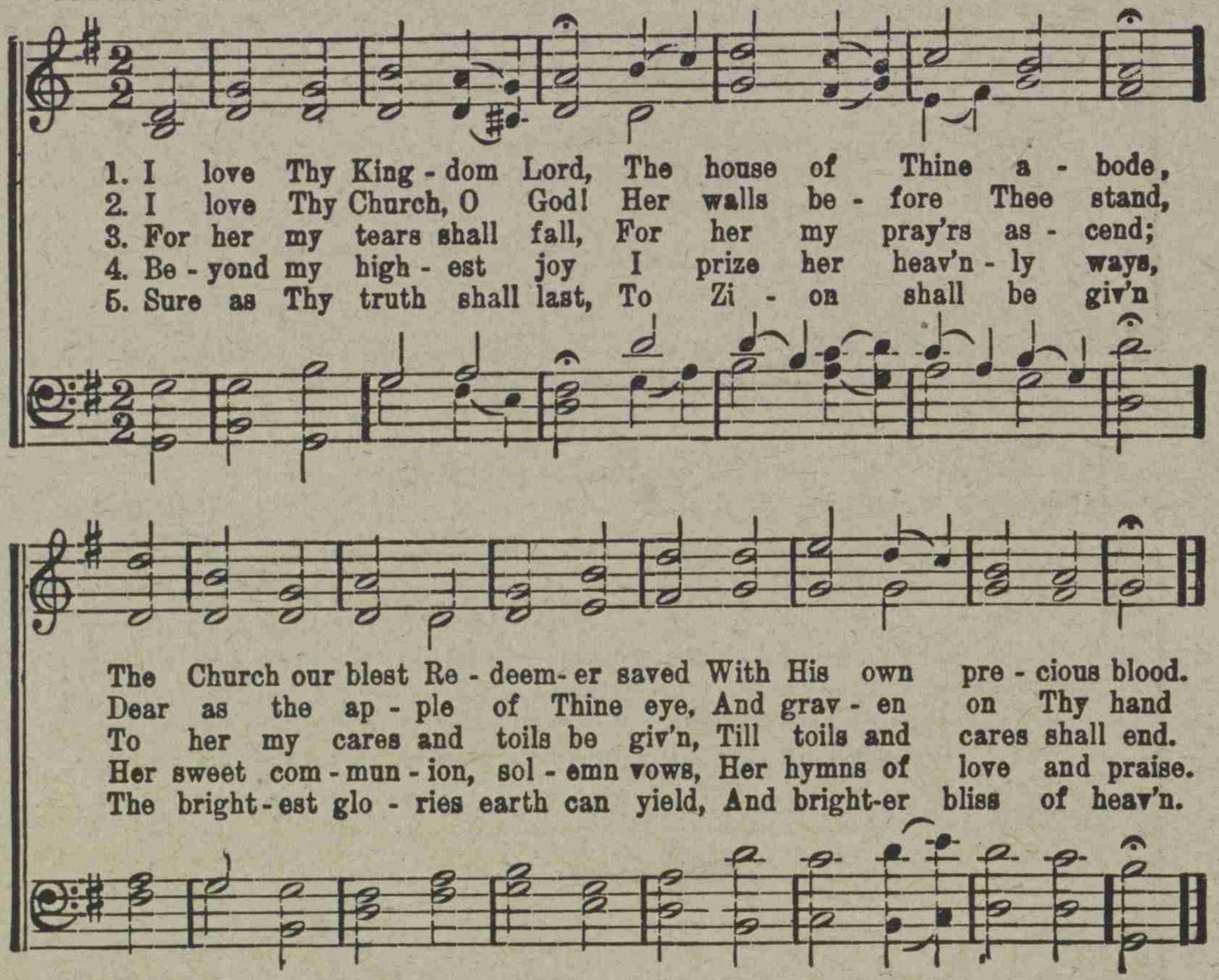
No. 334. Precious Name.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. W. H. DOANE.



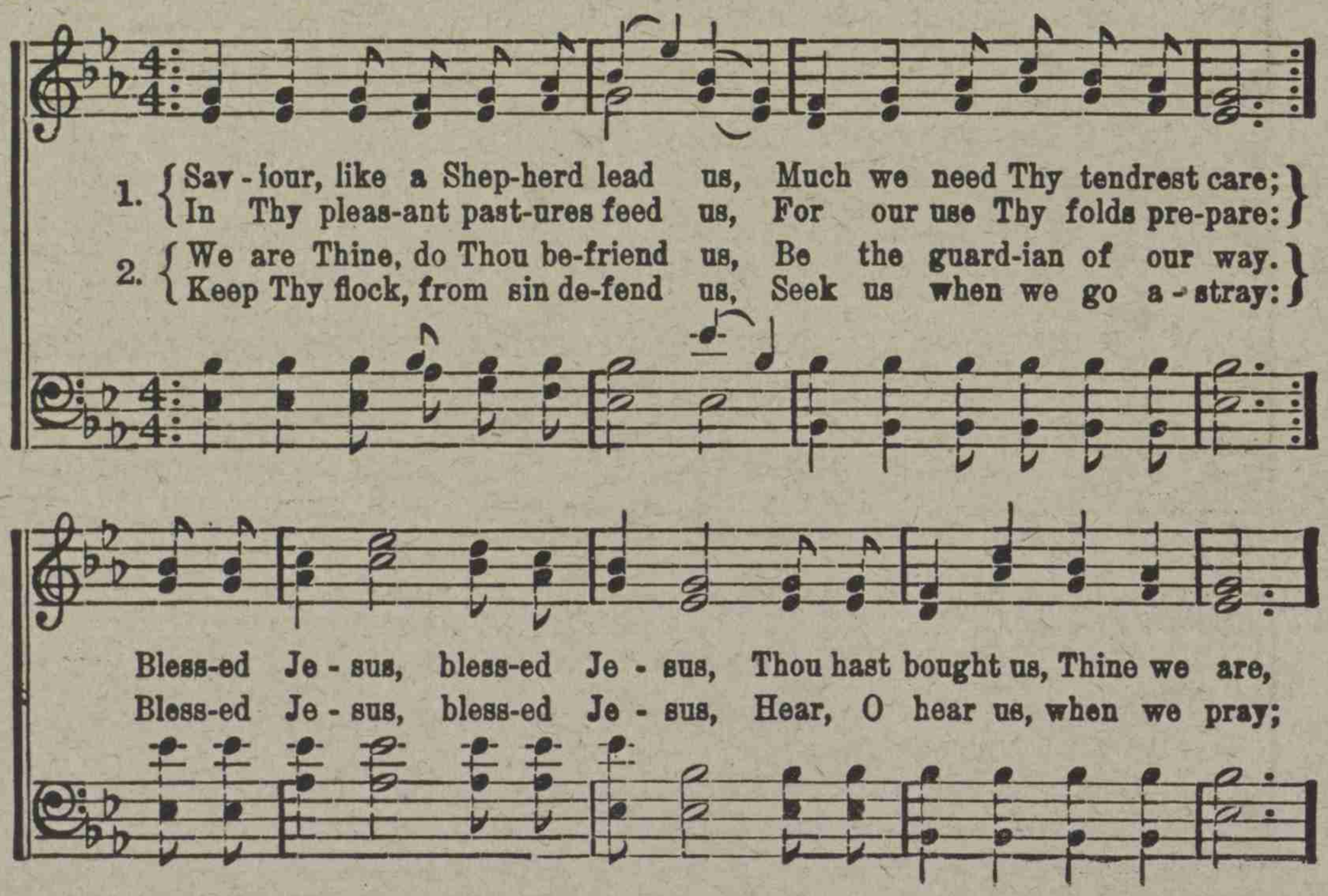
No. 335. Love of Zion.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

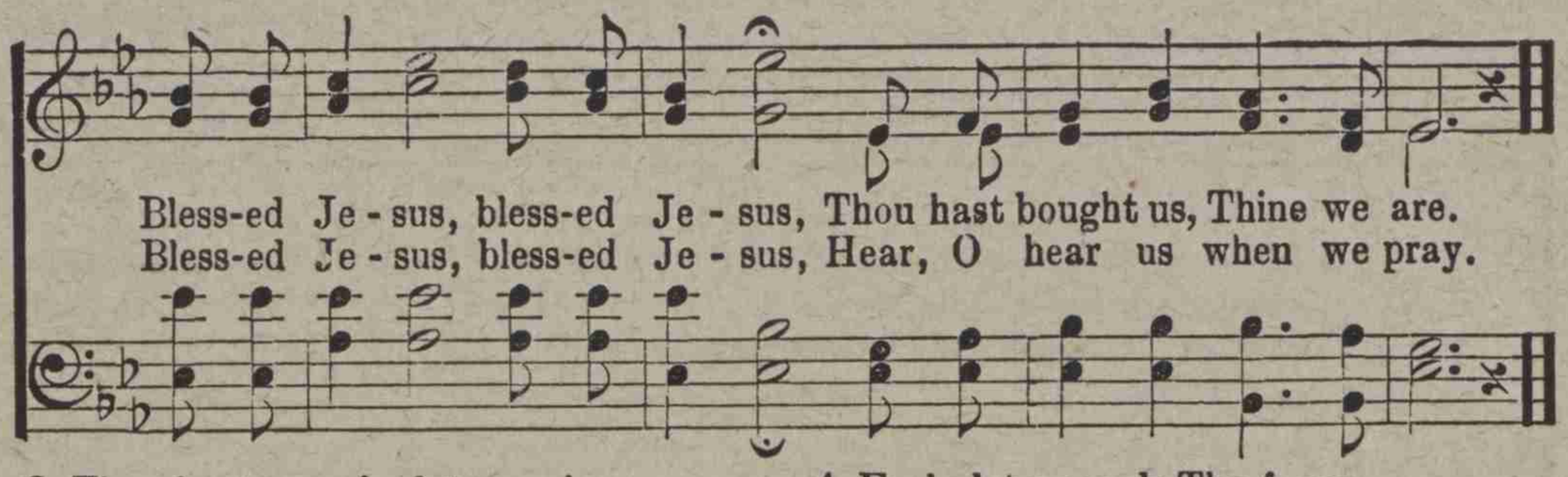


No. 336. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WM. D. BRADBURY.



Savior, Like a Shepherd. Concluded.
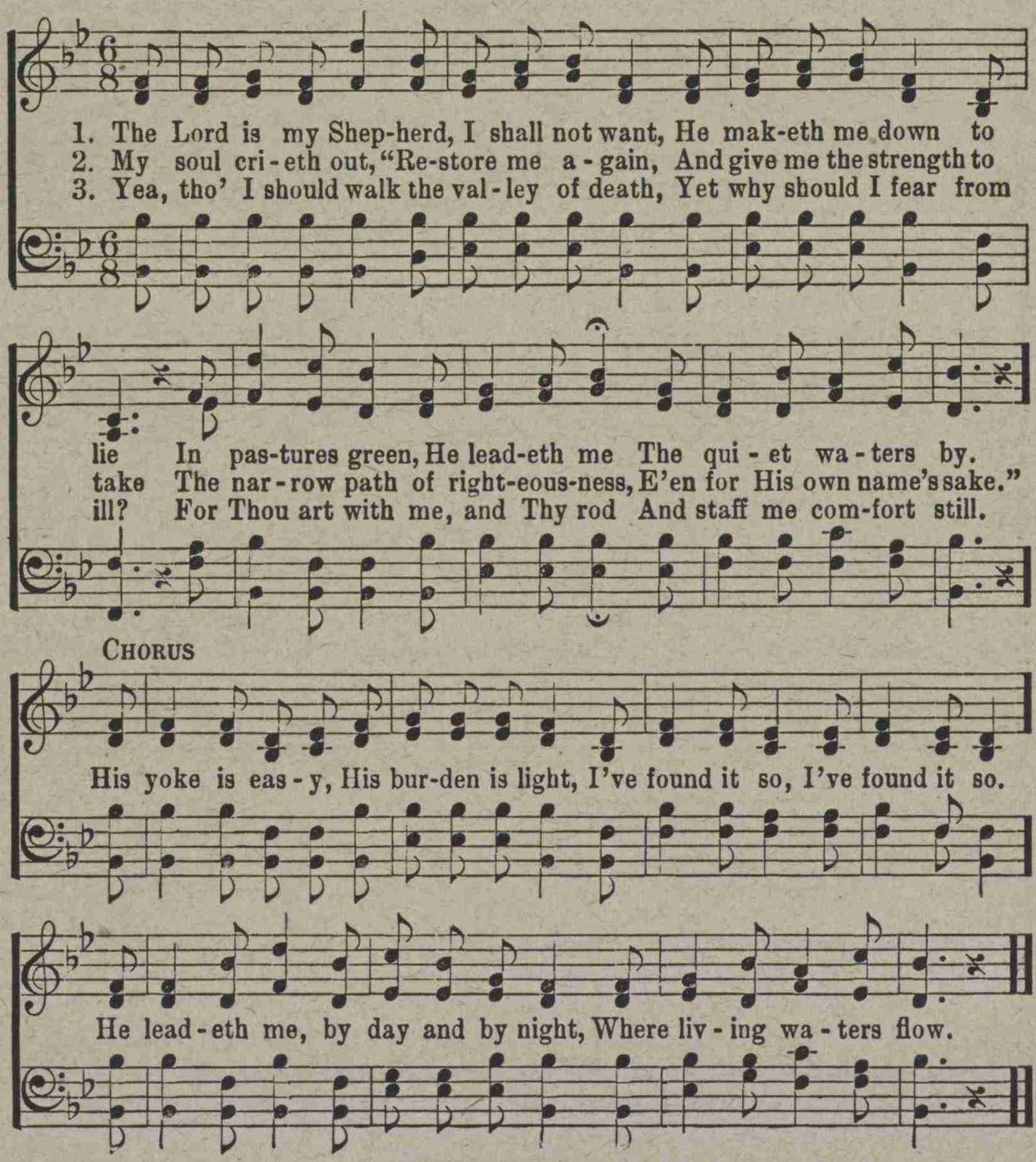


3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

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

No. 337. His Yoke is Easy.

PSALM: 23. Copyright, 1885, by R. E. Hudson. Used by permission. R. E. HUDSON.



No. 338. Kept By His Power.

E. E. Hewitt. Melvin J. Hill.

1. Out in the con - flict, press'd by temp - ta - tion, Fight-ing with e - vil,
2. Close to my Sav - iour, sweet - ly a - bid - ing, Wheth-er He sends me
3. Gra cious pro-tect - ion! won - der - ful bless- ing, Christ is my Ref - uge,
4. Look-ing to Je - sus, trust - ing, o - bey - ing, Blooms in my path- way

per - il - ous hour; Je - sus will keep me, He's my sal - va-tion, "Faith is the
sun-shine or show'r, In His own prom-ise, humbly con-fid - ing, Here is my
Cov - ert and Tow'r, Weakness and fail-ure meek-ly con-fess-ing, Sav'd by His
joy's brightest flowr; Ransom'd from bondage, rescued from straying, His all the

Chorus.
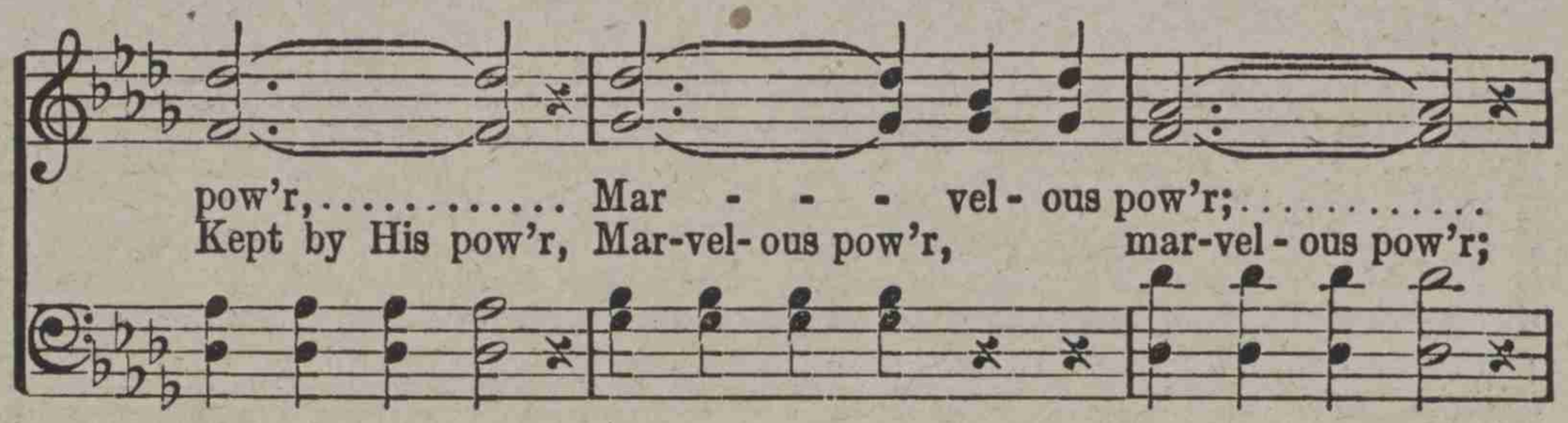
vic - t'ry," kept by His pow'r. Kept..... by His pow'r, ...
safe - ty, kept by His pow'r!
mer - cy, kept by His pow'r!
glo - ry, kept by His pow'r! Kept by His pow'r, kept by His pow'r,
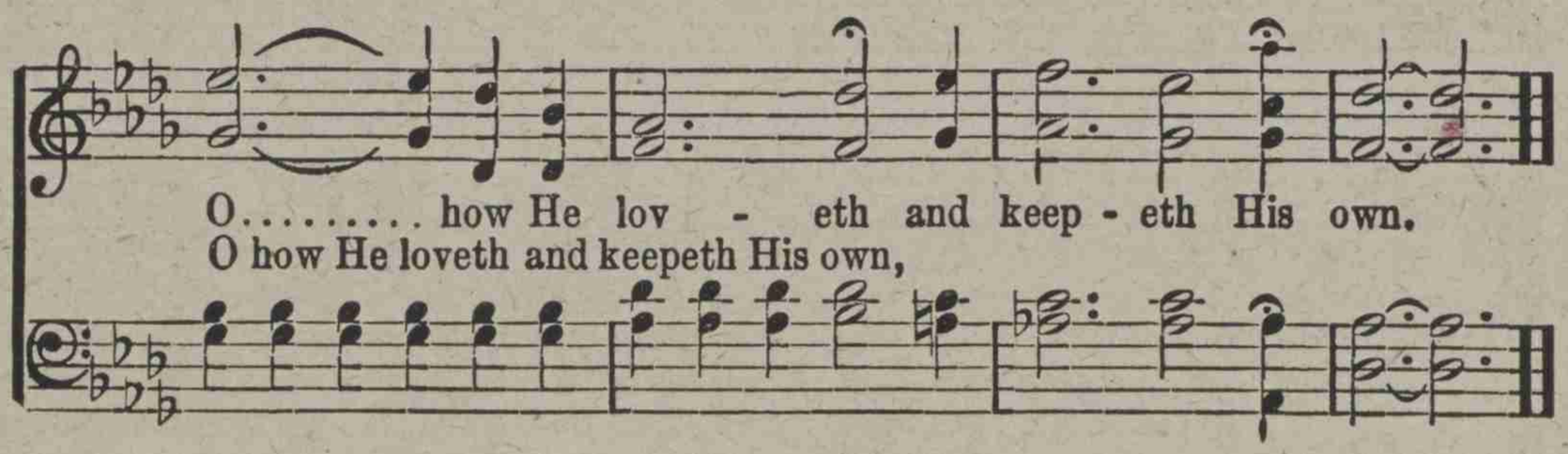
Mar - - vel-lous pow'r,..... Trust - - ing in Je - sus,....
Marvellous pow'r, marvellous pow'r, Trusting in Je-sus, in Je - sus a-lone,

Je - - sus a - lone;..... Kept..... by His
Trusting in Je - sus a - lone, I am trusting Him, Kept by His pow'r,

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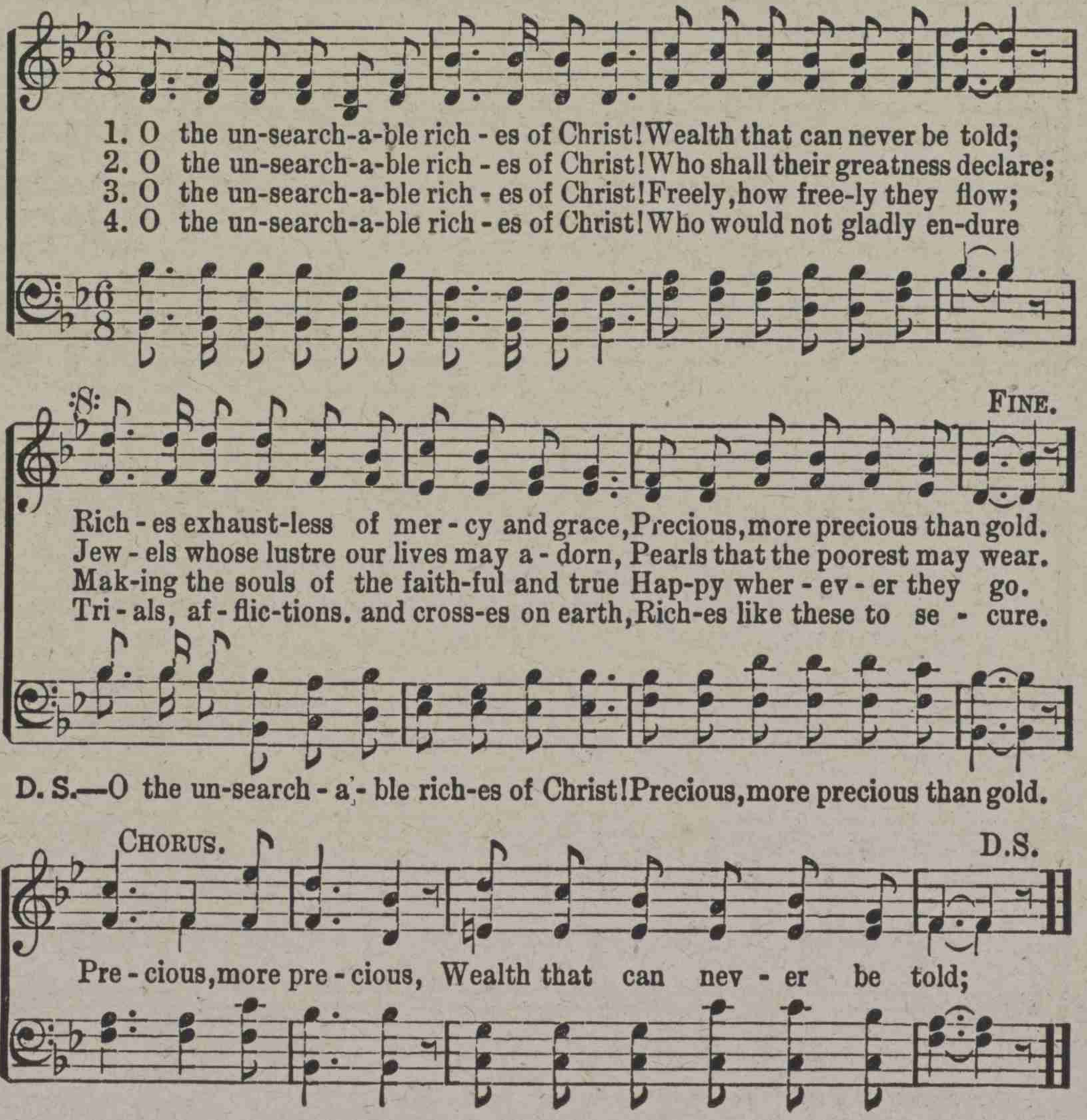
Kept By His Power. Concluded.





No. 339 Unsearchable Riches.

F. J. C. J. R. SWENEY.



No. 340. Make Me More Like Thee.

H. B.

1. I know that Je - sus saves me, I feel it in my soul, I need no one to tell me, His blood has made me whole; I know where-
2. I know I've felt the fire of the bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost, I've felt the cleansing pow - er, In Christ a - lone I boast; The fire that
3. I know that He is reign - ing su - preme - ly in my heart, I do not doubt His pres - ence And trust He'll ne'er de - part; But there will

as once I was blind, Praise God I now can see, But still my heart keeps
fell at Pen - te - cost Has cleansed and set me free, But still my heart keeps
be a time some day, When His dear face I'll see, And, oh, what peace and
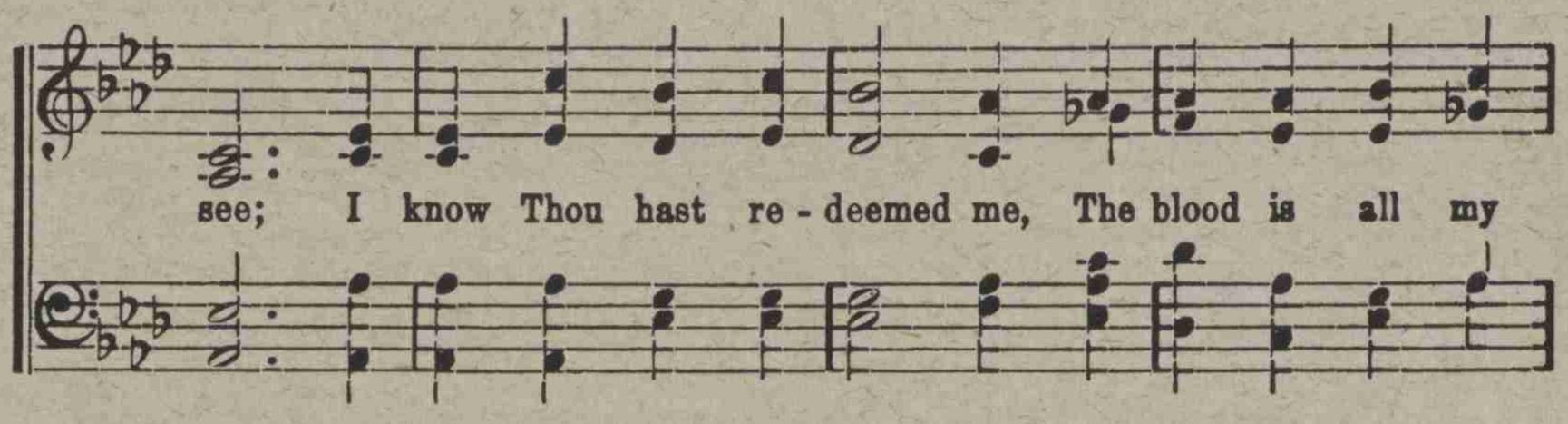
CHORUS.
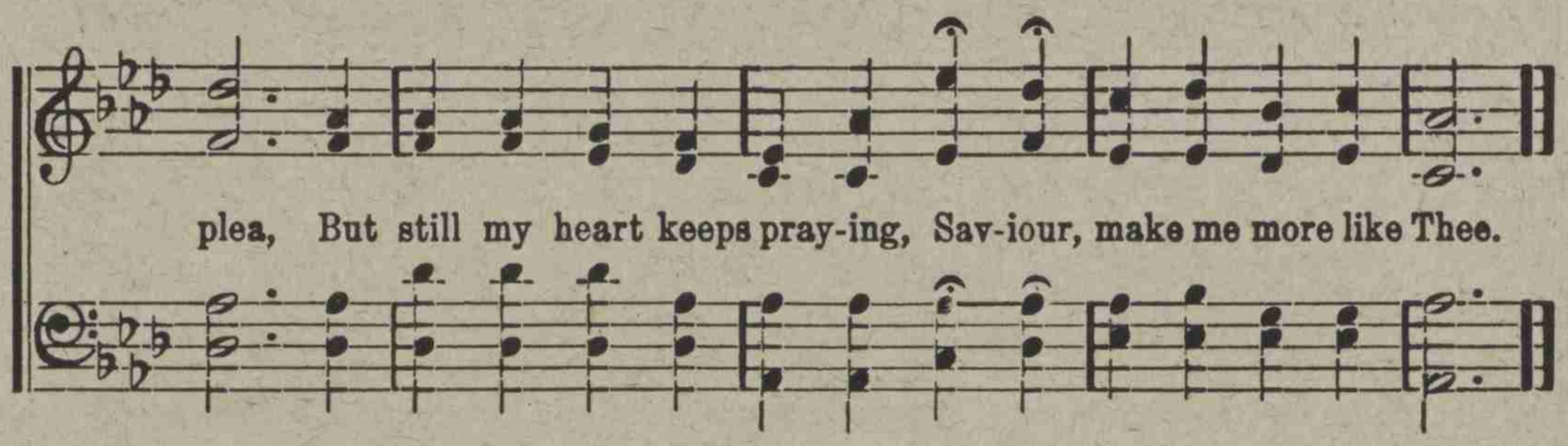
pray-ing, Je - sus make me more like Thee.
say - ing, Sav-iour make me more like Thee.
joy to know, like Him I then shall be.
} Make me more like Thee, Sav-iour,

Make me more like Thee, That oth - ers in my con-duct, Thine image they may

Copyright, 1904. by I. G. Martin.

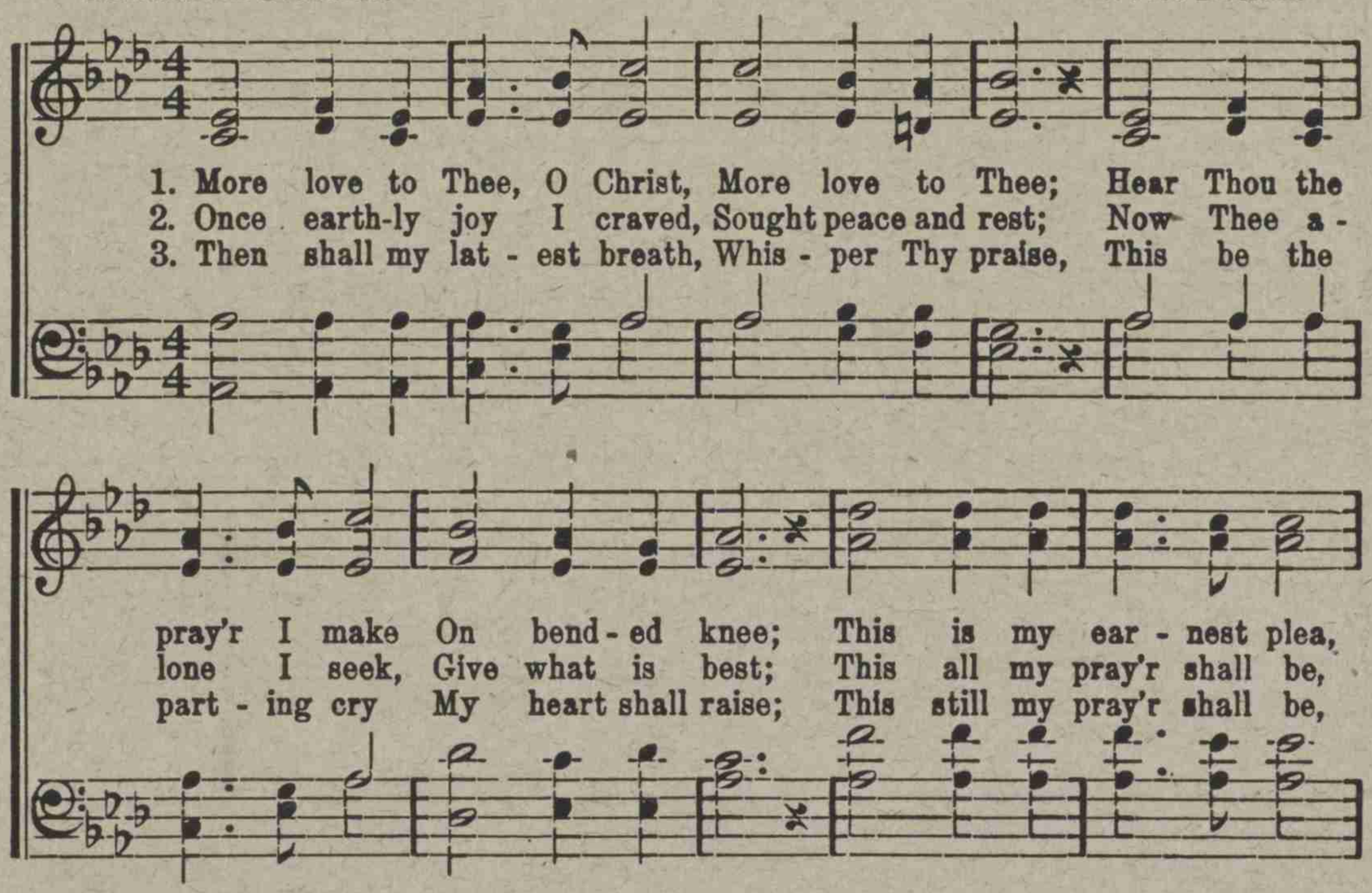
Make Me More Like Thee. Concluded.
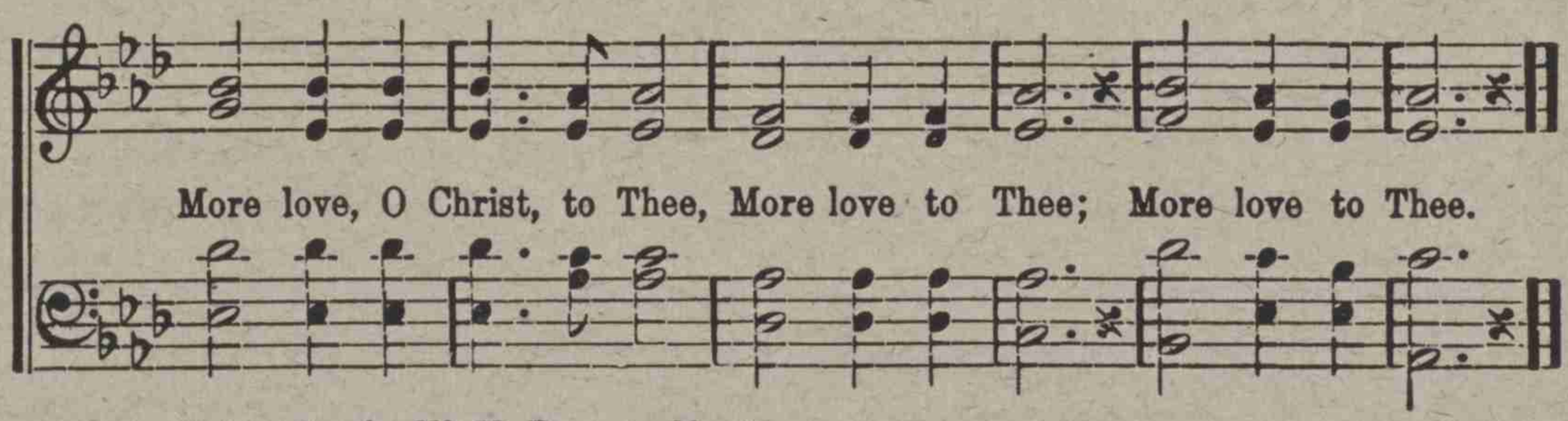




No. 341. More Love to Thee.

ELIZABETH PRENTIS. W. H. DOANE.
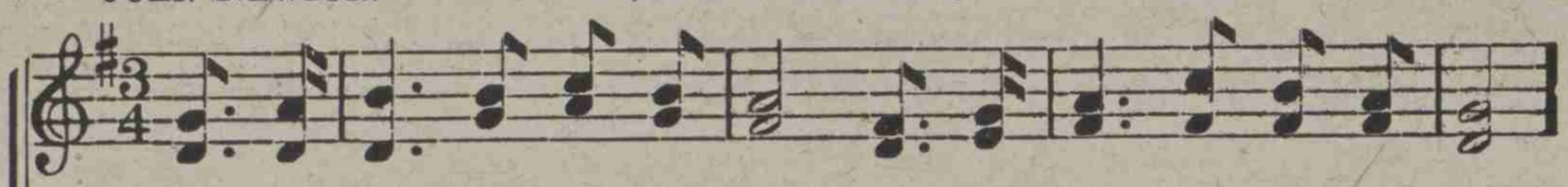




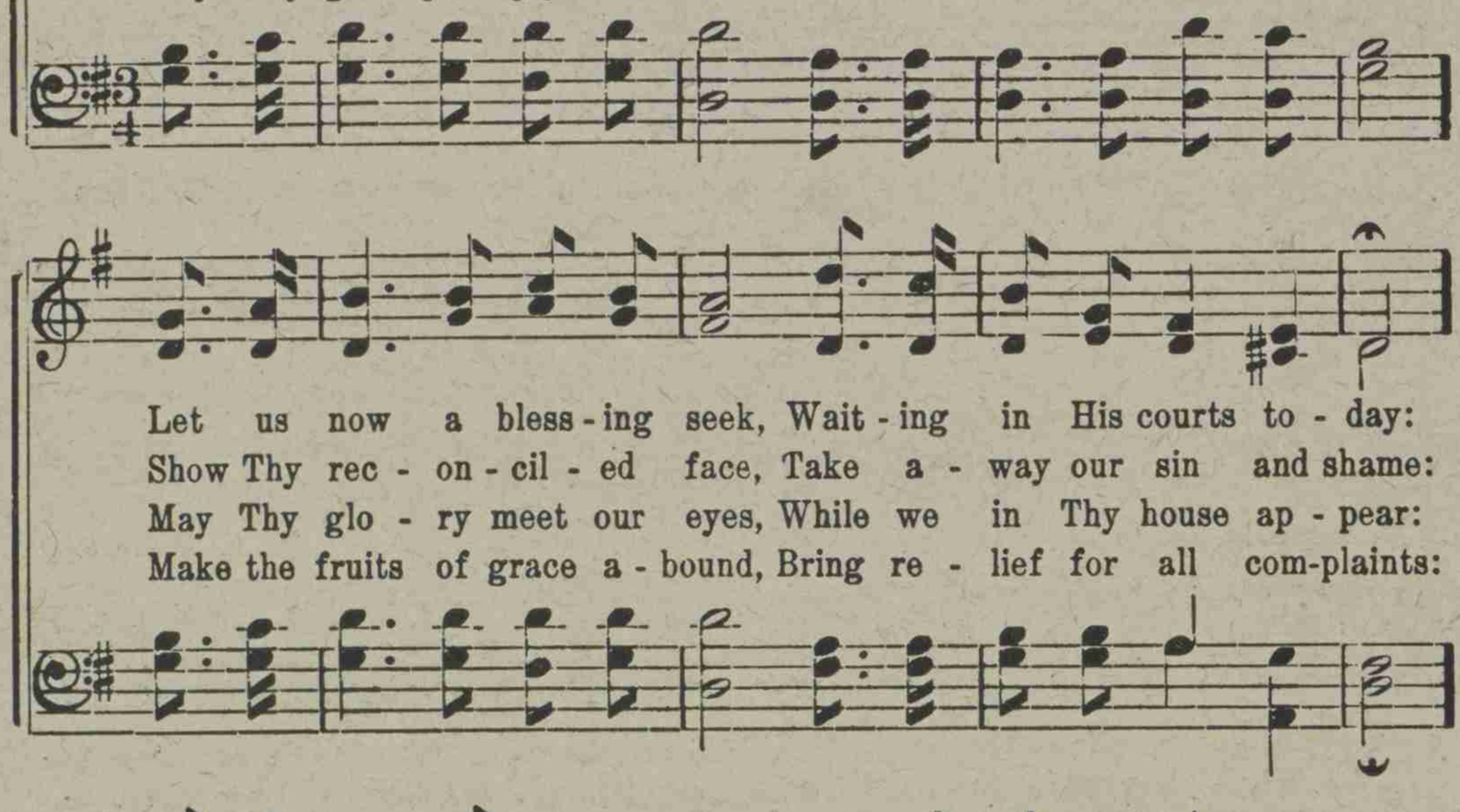
Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane. Used by per

No. 342 Safely Through Another Week.

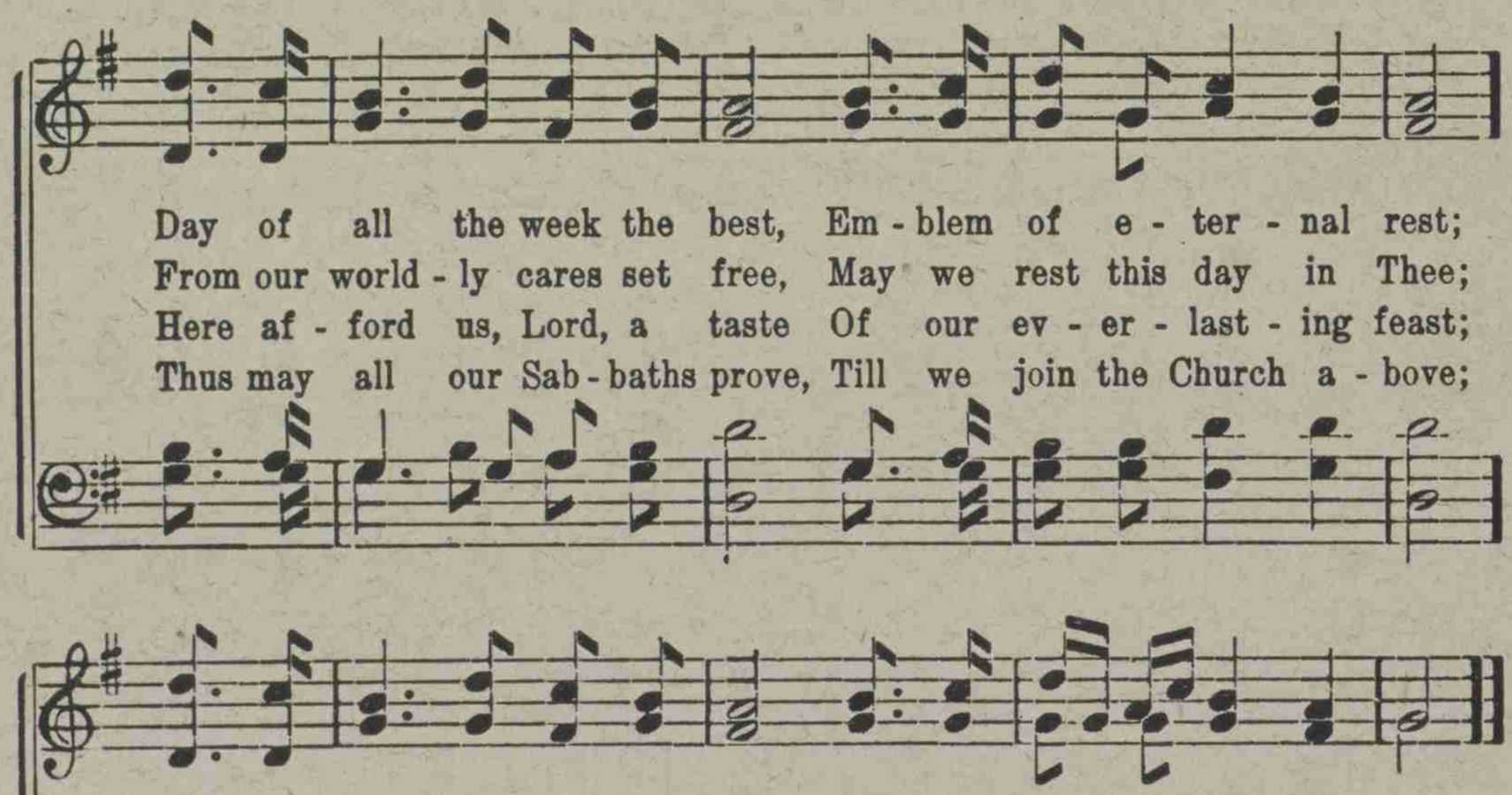
JOHN NEWTON. (SABBATH MORN.) LOWELL MASON.



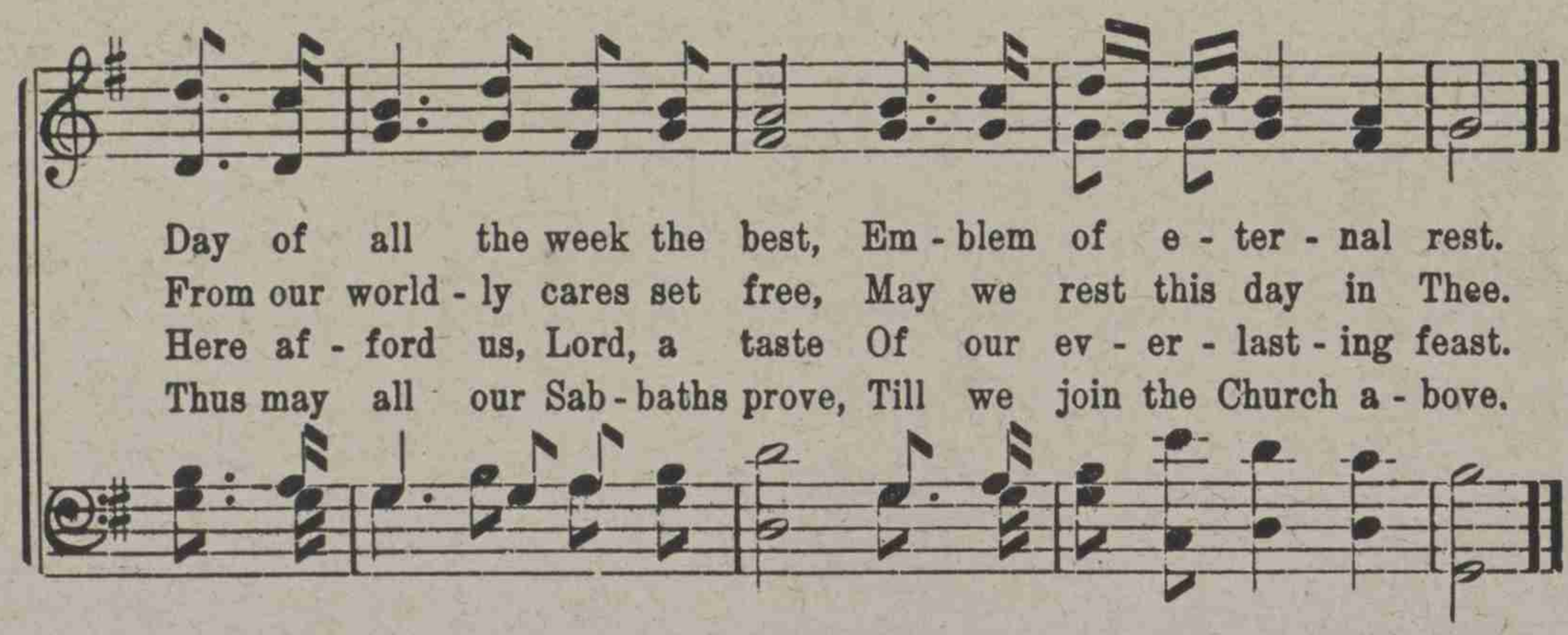
1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way;
2. While we pray for pard'ning grace, Through the dear Re - deem-er's name,
3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy pres-ence near:
4. May Thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com - fort saints;



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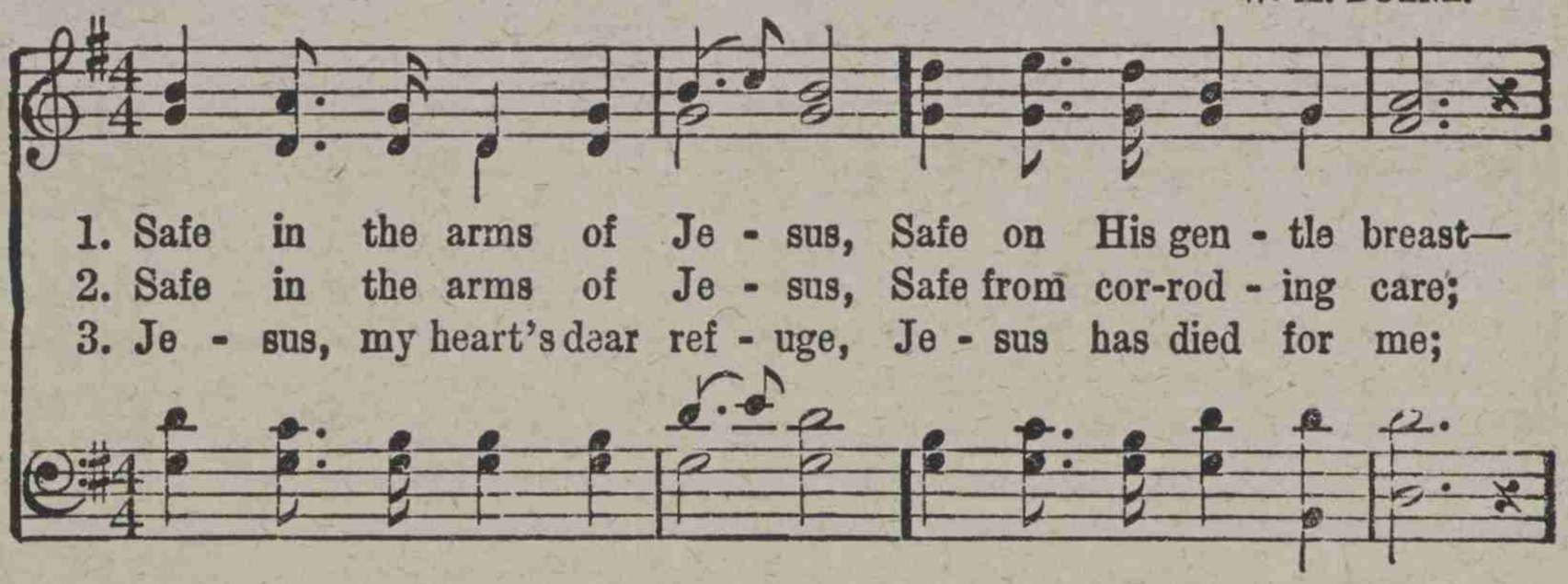


Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest;
From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee;
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast;
Thus may all our Sab - baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove;

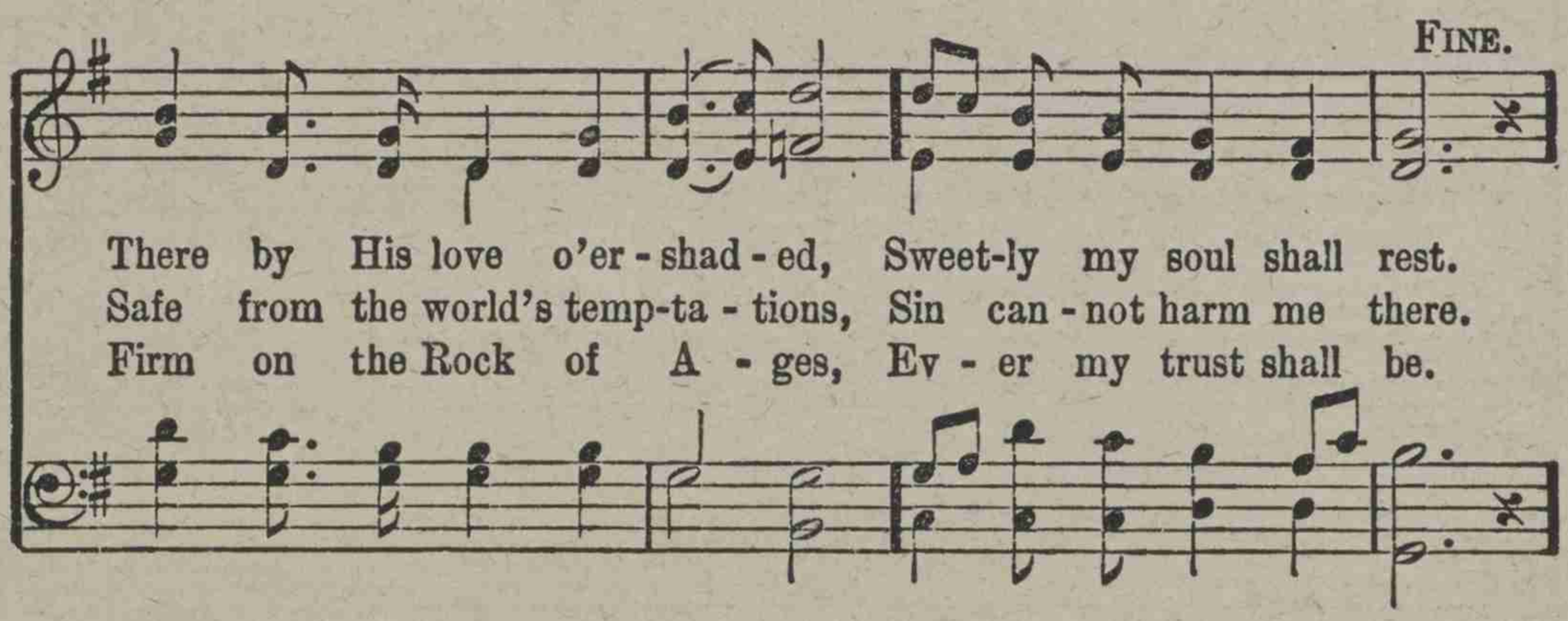


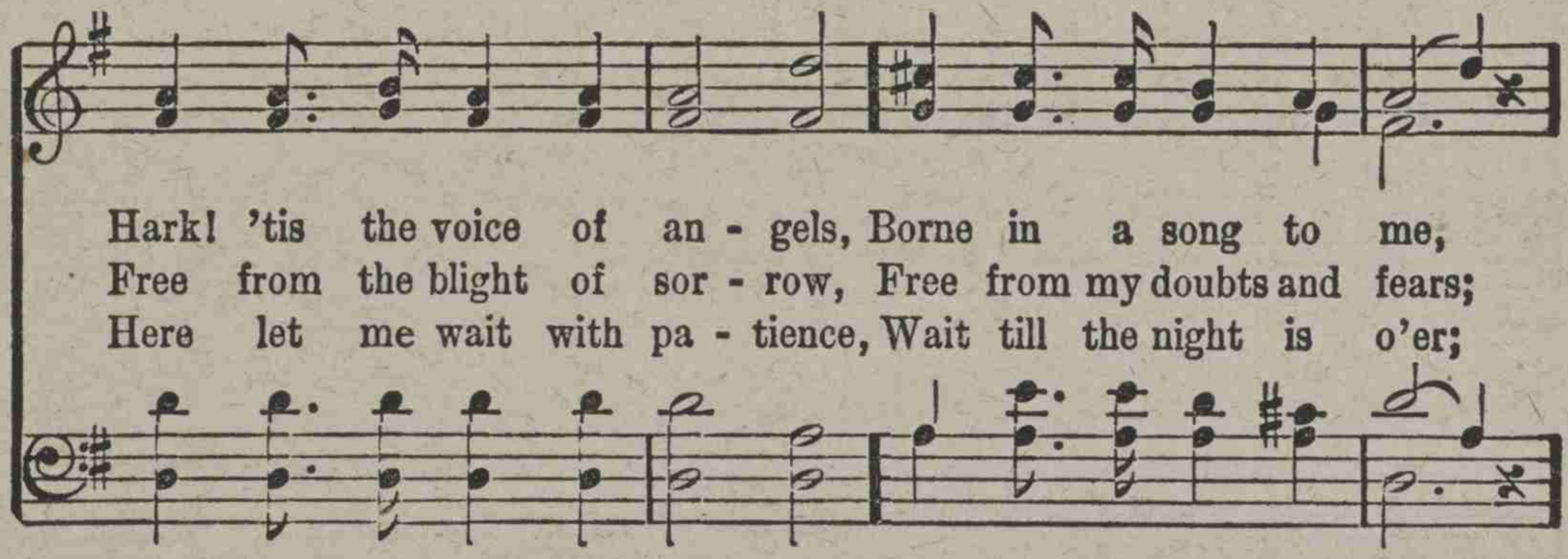
Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
Thus may all our Sab - baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove.

No. 343. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

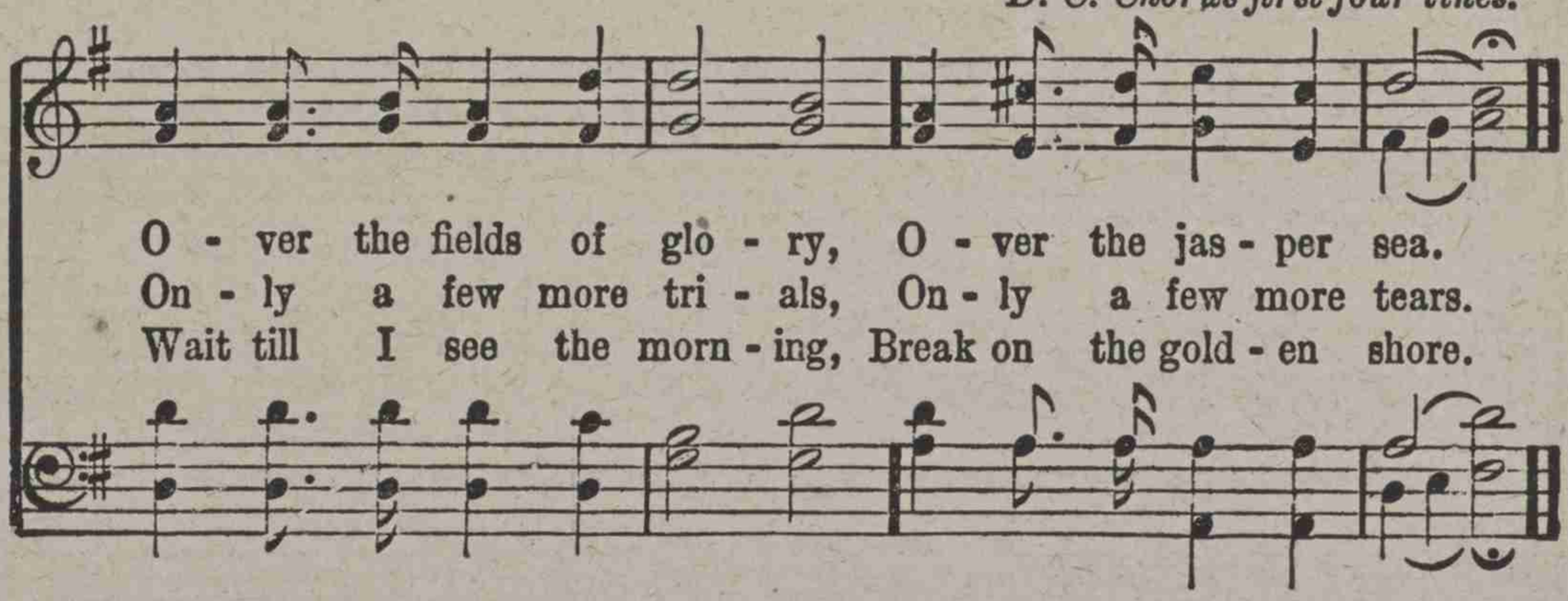
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.





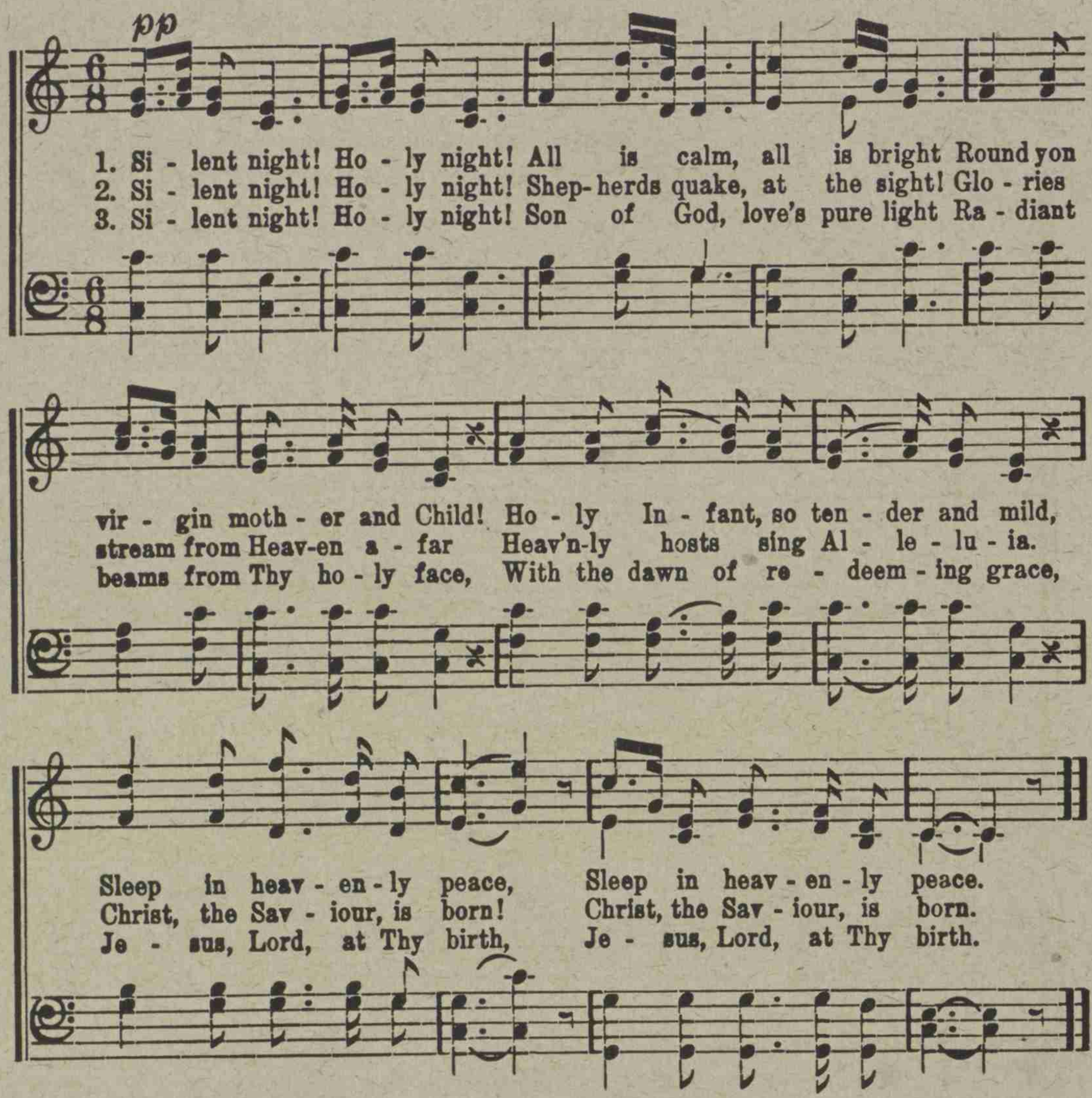


D. C. Chorus first four lines.



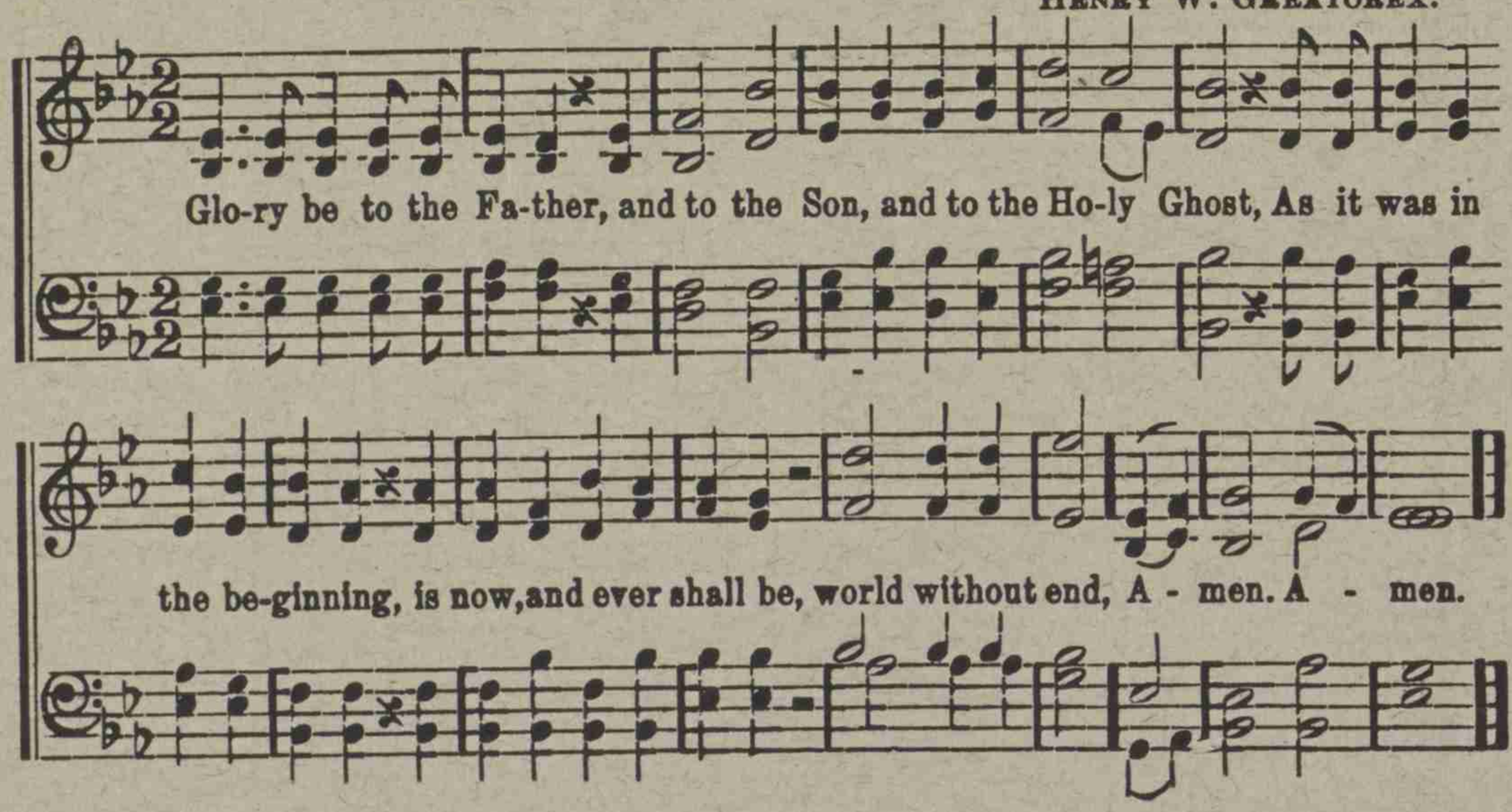
No. 344. Silent Night.

MICHAEL HAYDN.



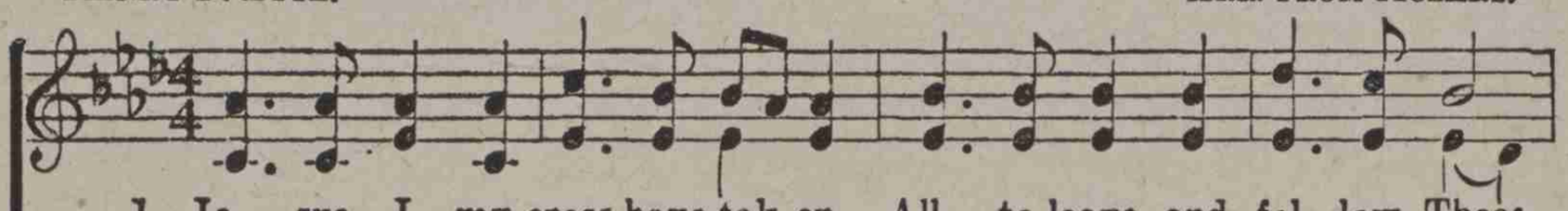
No. 345. Gloria Patri.

HENRY W. GREATOREX.
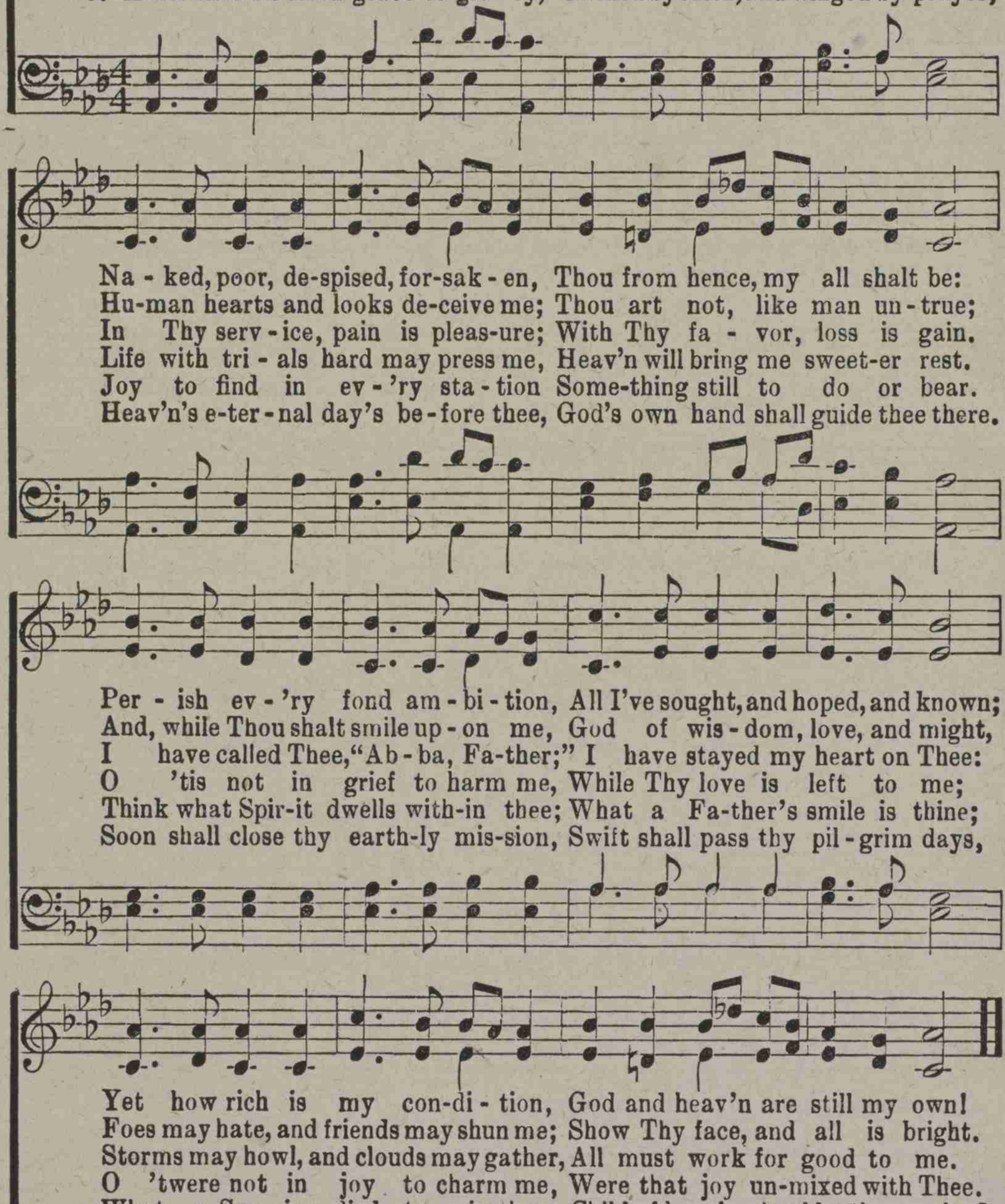


No. 346. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

HENRY F. LYTE. ARR. FROM MOZART.



1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - ior, too;
3. Go, then, earth-ly fame and treas-ure! Come, dis-as - ter, scorn, and pain!
4. Man may trou - ble and dis-tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
5. Know, my soul, thy full sal - va - tion; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care:
6. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;



Na - ked, poor, de-spised, for-sak - en, Thou from hence, my all shalt be:
Hu-man hearts and looks de-ceive me; Thou art not, like man un - true;
In Thy serv - ice, pain is pleas-ure; With Thy fa - vor, loss is gain.
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet-er rest.
Joy to find in ev - 'ry sta - tion Some-thing still to do or bear.
Heav'n's e-ter - nal day's be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
And, while Thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
I have called Thee, "Ab - ba, Fa-ther;" I have stayed my heart on Thee:
O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;
Think what Spir-it dwells with-in thee; What a Fa-ther's smile is thine;
Soon shall close thy earth-ly mis-sion, Swift shall pass thy pil - grim days,

Yet how rich is my con-di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me.
O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un-mixed with Thee.
What a Sav - ior died to win thee: Child of heav'n, shouldst thou repine?
Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion; Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

No. 347 We'll Understand It Better

C. A. T. C. A. TINDLEY. Arr. by F. A. CLARK.

1. We are oft - en toss'd and driv'n on the rest - less sea of time,
2. We are oft - en des - ti - tute of the things that life de-mands,
3. Tri - als dark on ev - 'ry hand, and we can - not un - der-stand,
4. Temp - ta - tions, hid- den snares, oft - en take us un - a- wares,

Som- bre skies and howling tempests oft suc - ceed a bright sun-shine,
Want of food and want of shel-ter—thirst-y hills and bar - ren lands,
All the ways that God would lead us to that bless- ed Prom-ised Land;
And our hearts are made to bleed for many a thoughtless word or deed,

In that land of per-fect day, when the mists have roll'd a-way, We will
We are trust-ing in the Lord, and ac - cord-ing to his word, We will
But he guides us with his eye and we'll fol-low 'till we die, For we'll
And we won-der why the test when we try to do our best, But we'll

D.S.—how we've o- ver-come; For we'll

FINE. CHORUS.

un-der-stand it bet-ter by and by. (by and by.) By and by when the morning

un-der-stand it bet-ter by and by.
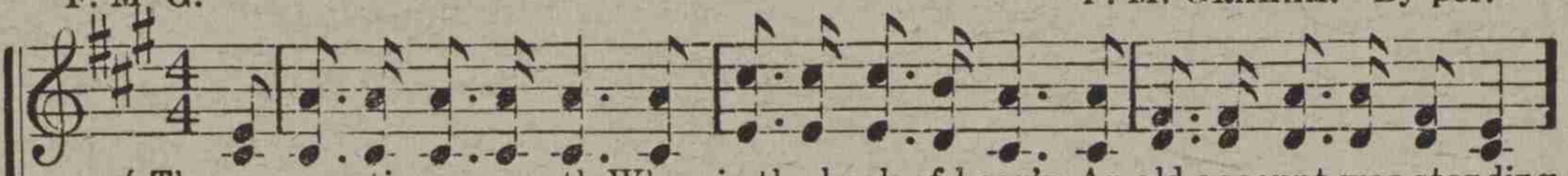
D.S.

comes, When the saints of God are gather'd home, We'll tell the sto - ry

Copyright, 1905, by C. A. Tindley. Used by per

No. 348 The Old Account Settled

F. M. G. F. M. GRAHAM. By per.



1. There was a time on earth, When in the book of heav'n An old account was standing
   My name was at the top, And ma-ny things below, I went un - to the keeper,
2. The old account was large, And growing ev-'ry day, For I was always sinning,
   But when I looked ahead, And saw such pain and woe, I said that I would settle,
3. When at the judgment bar, I stand before my King, And He the book will open,
   Then will my heart be glad, While tears of joy will flow Because I had it set-tled,
4. When in that happy home, My Saviour's home above, I'll sing redemption's story,
   I'll not forget that book, With pages white as snow, Because I came and settled,
5. O sin-ner seek the Lord, Re - pent of all your sin, For thus He hath commanded,
   And then if you should live, A hundred years be-low, Up there you'll not regret it,

No. 349 A Song of Rejoicing

E. E. HEWITT. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Unison.

1. Praise the Lord with a song of re - joic- ing, While all na - ture her
2. Praise the Lord with a car - ol of glad-ness, For his grace is our
3. Praise the Lord for the hopes that we treas-ure, For the love that no

glad-ness is voic- ing; Ev-'ry flow'r of the field, ev- 'ry bird of the
com- fort in sad- ness, And his hand leads us on in a serv - ice of
mor- tal can measure; Let us tell the good news as we jour- ney a-

air, Tells the sto - ry of God's lov- ing care; He who clothes all the
joy, When for him ev - 'ry pow'r we em- ploy; Let our ban- ners be
long, With a word, with a smile, or a song; Let the sun-beams a-

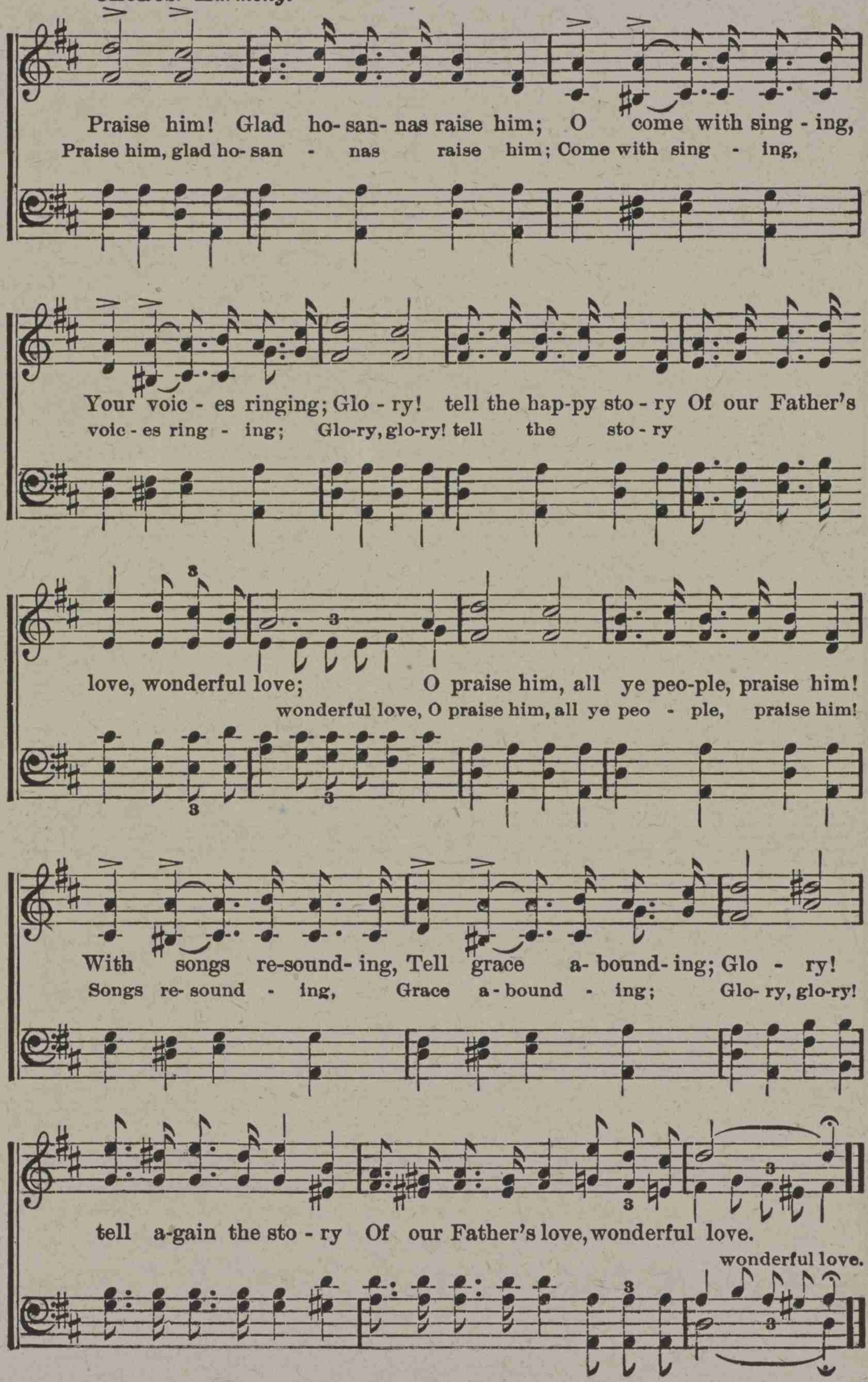
meadows with beauty, Guides his children in pathways of du - ty; O we
joy - ful-ly streaming, While the light of his mer- cy is beaming; Let us
round us be glow- ing, Help and cheer to our neighbor be-stowing; Let us

praise his dear name for his wonderful love, And the blessings he sends from above.
trust him to save, and to keep, day by day, As we march in the bright shining way.
walk in the steps that our Master once trod, Leading up to the palace of God.

Copyright, 1909, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

A Song of Rejoicing--Concluded

CHORUS. *Harmony.*



No. 350. The Sweet Beulah Land.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY. Copyright, 1891, by H. L. Gilmour. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. I am walk - ing to - day in the sweet Beu - lah land, I have
2. I am now go - ing on to ex - plore Beu - lah land, 'Tis the
3. I have found a sweet peace that the world can - not know, As I
4. Oh, the sweet-ness of love that en - rapt - ures my soul, For com-

crossed to the glo - ry side, I am washed in the blood and my
gift of my Lord to me; I am tast - ing its joys, I am
walk by my Sav - ior's side, I am kept by His pow'r, I am
mun - ion with Christ I know! I am hap - py in Him, and to-

CHORUS.
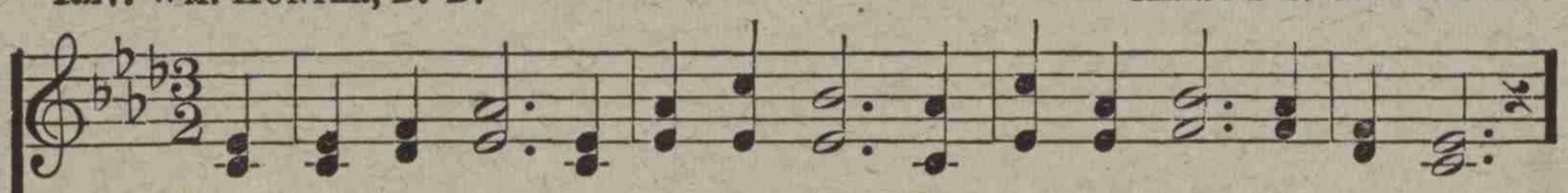
soul is made white, And I know I am sanc - ti - fied.
walk-ing in light, And the face of my Sav - ior see. Glo - ry,
led by His hand, And I'll ev - er with Him a - bide.
day thro' my soul Liv-ing streams of sal - va - tion flow. Glo - ry to God, oh,

Glo - ry to God, My heart now is cleansed from sin, I've a-ban-doned my
from sin,

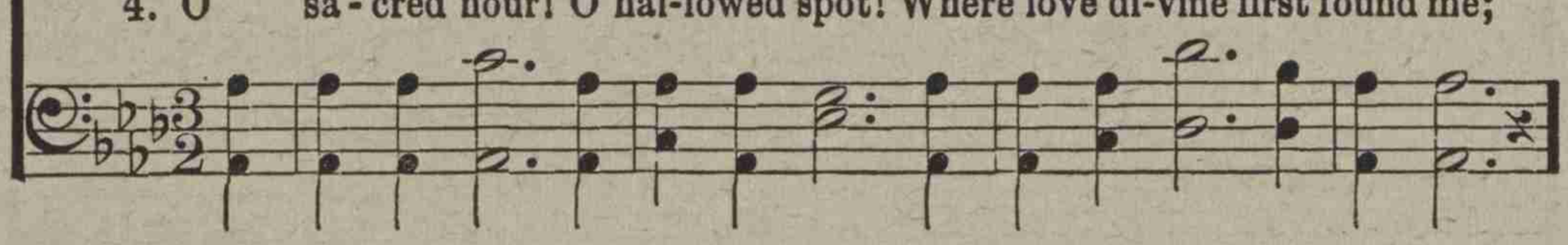
self to the Ho - ly Ghost, And His full - ness a-bides with - in.

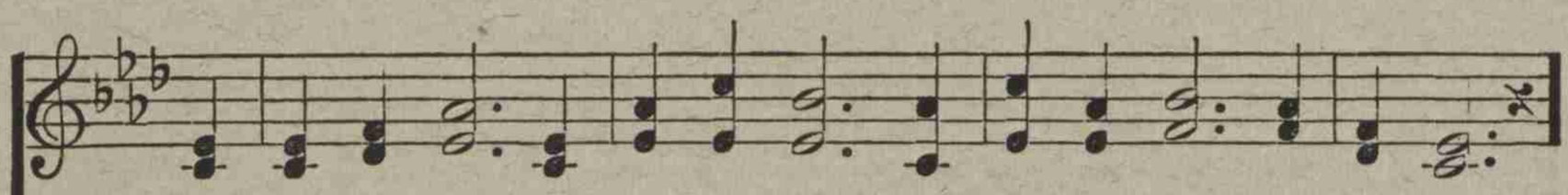
No. 351. The Hallowed Spot.

REV. WM. HUNTER, D. D. ARR. BY T. C. O'KANE.
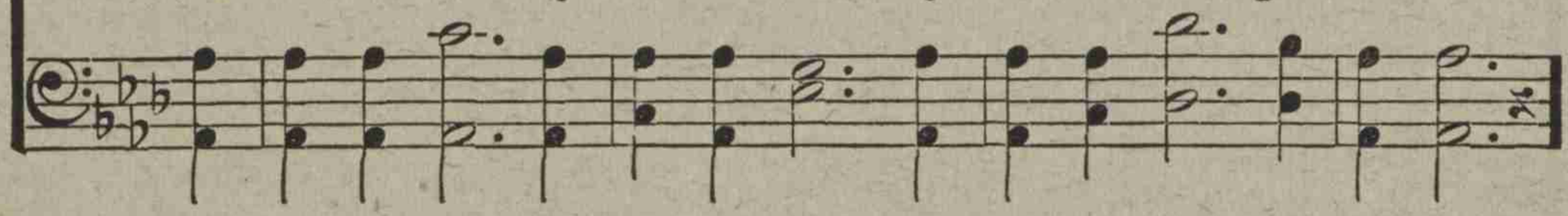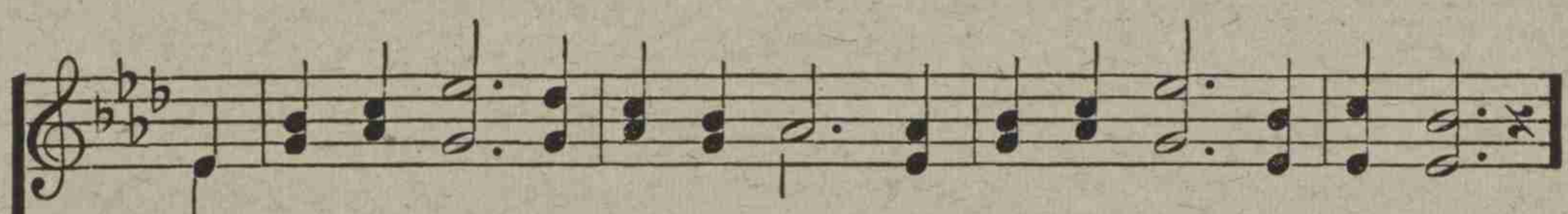


1. There is a spot to me more dear Than na - tive vale or moun-tain,
2. Hard was my toil to reach the shore, Long tossed up-on the o - cean;
3. Sink - ing and pant-ing as for breath I knew not help was near me;
4. O sa - cred hour! O hal-lowed spot! Where love di-vine first found me;
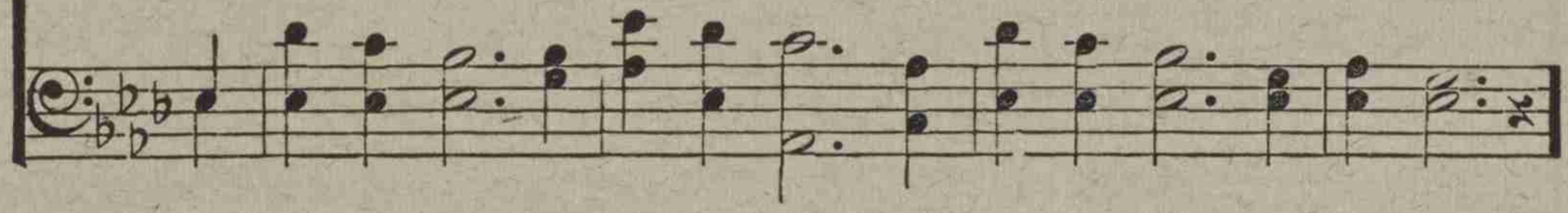




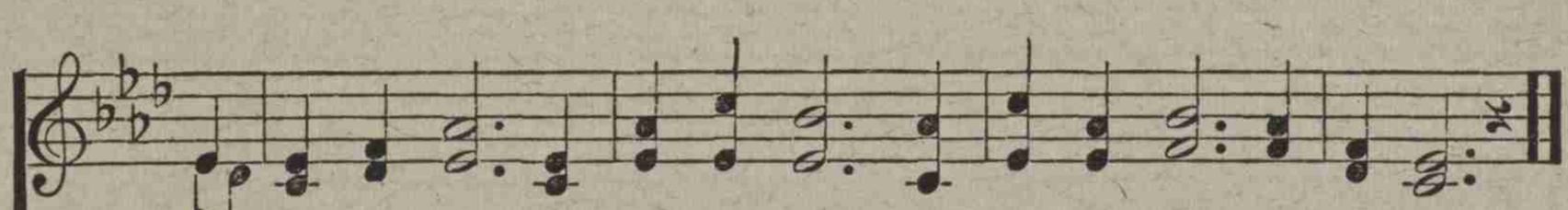
A spot for which af - fec-tion's tear Springs grateful from its foun-tain.
A - bove me was the thun-der's roar, Be-neath, the waves' com-mo-tion.
I cried, "Oh, save me, Lord, from death, Im-mor - tal Je - sus, hear me."
Wher-ev - er falls my dis-tant lot My heart shall lin - ger round thee.



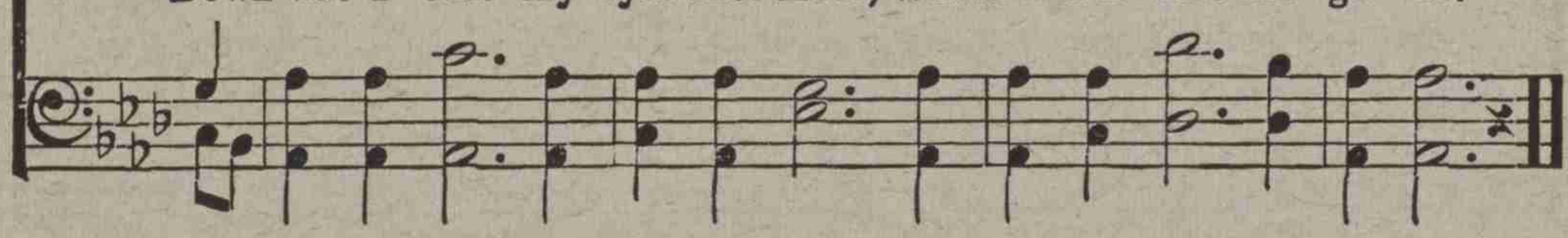


'Tis not where kin-dred souls a-bound, Tho' that is al - most heav-en,
Dark-ly the pall of night was thrown A-round me faint with ter - ror;
Then quick as tho't I felt Him mine, My Sav - ior stood be - fore me;
And when from earth I rise, to soar Up to my home in heav - en,
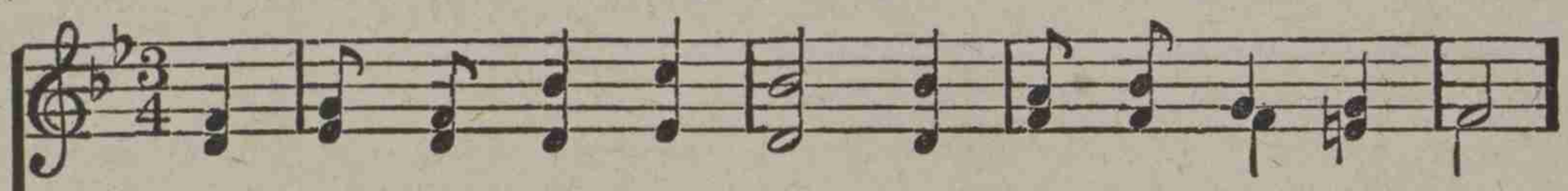




But where I first my Sav-ior found, And felt my sins for - giv - en.
In that dark hour how did my groan As - cend for years of er - ror.
I saw His brightness round me shine, And shout-ed, "Glo - ry, glo - ry."
Down will I cast my eyes once more, Where I was first for - giv - en.

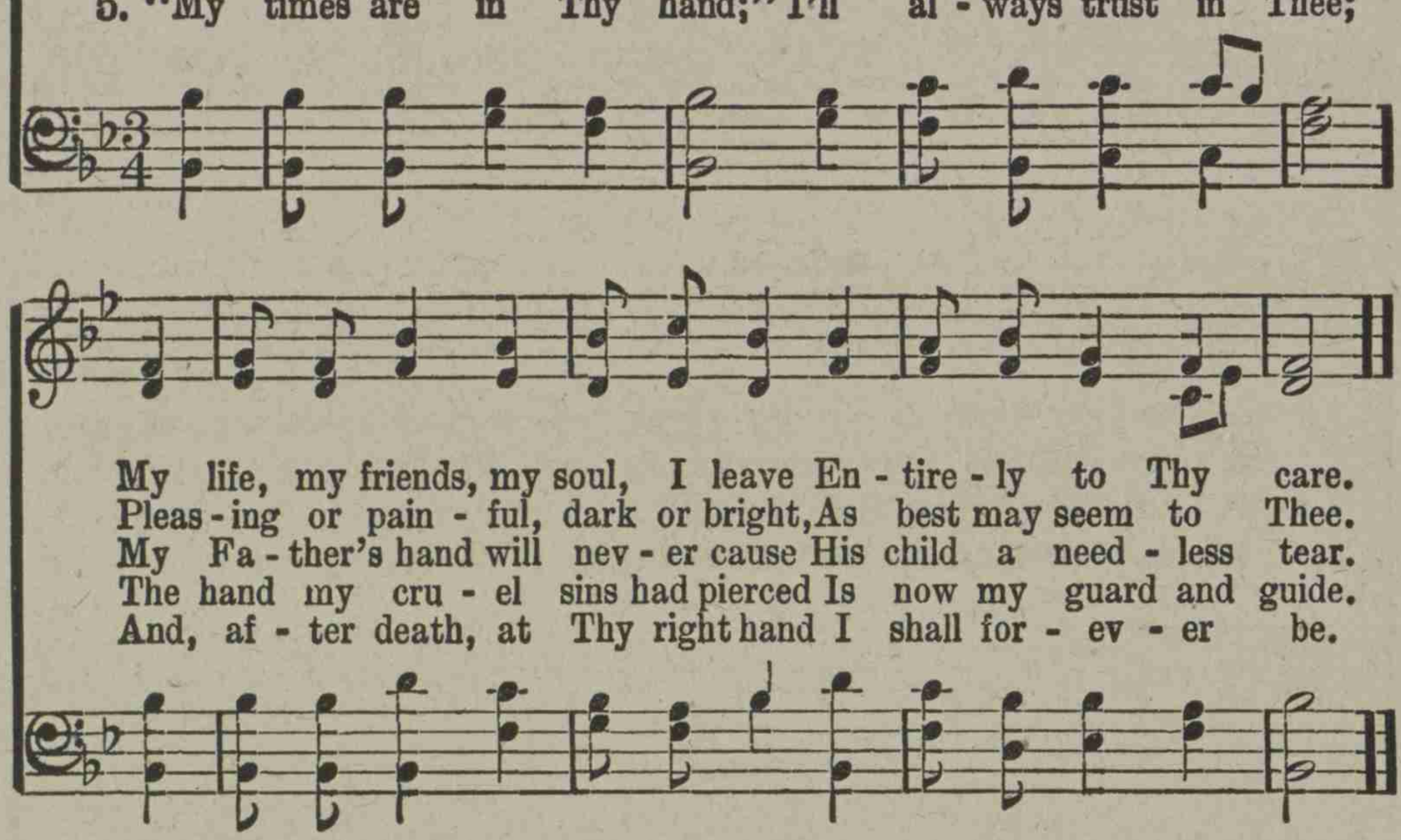


No. 352. My Times Are in Thy Hand.

WILLIAM F. LLOYD. Georgian Chant, arr. by LOWELL MASON.



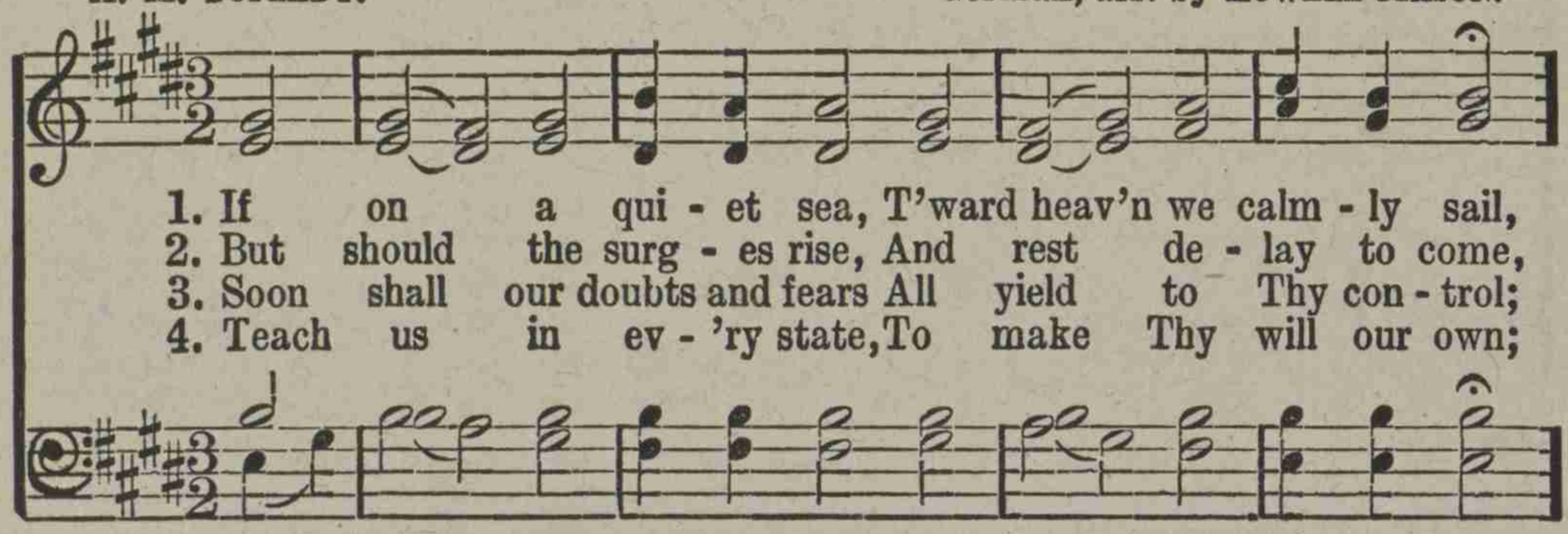
1. "My times are in Thy hand:" My God I wish them there;
2. "My times are in Thy hand," What-ev-er they may be;
3. "My times are in Thy hand:" Why should I doubt or fear?
4. "My times are in Thy hand," Je-sus, the cru-ci-fied!
5. "My times are in Thy hand;" I'll al-ways trust in Thee;



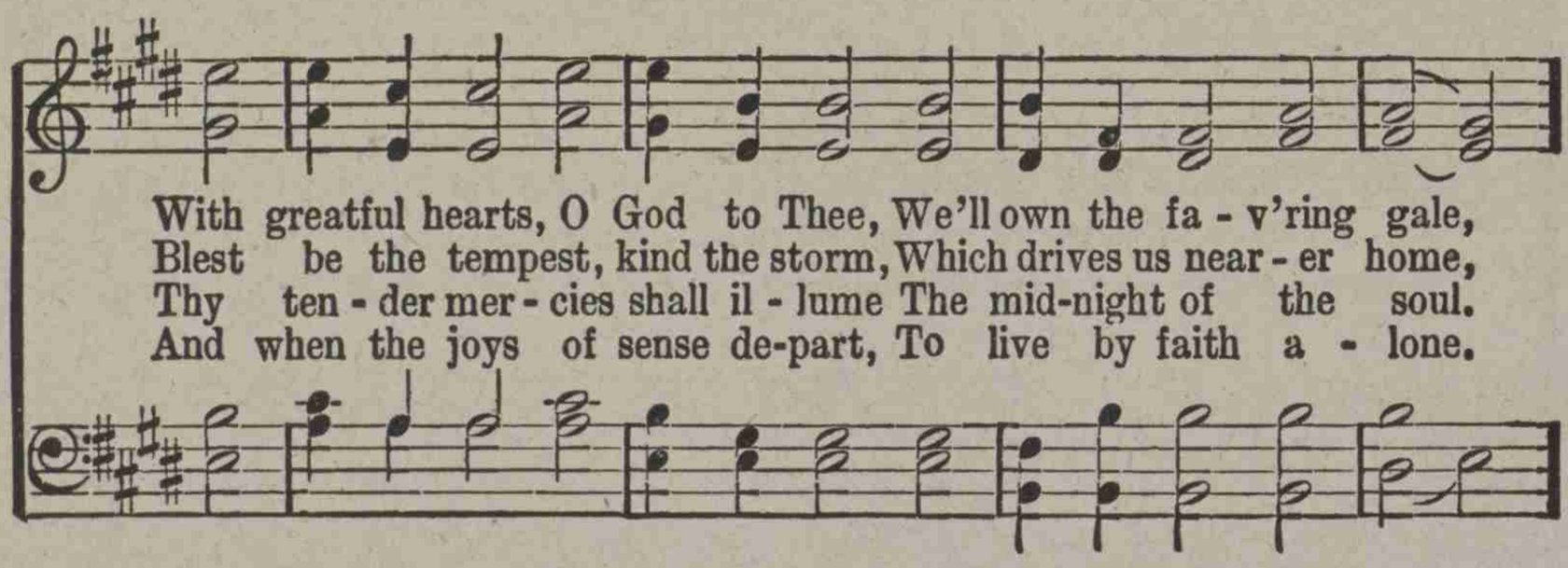
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave En-tire-ly to Thy care.
Pleas-ing or pain-ful, dark or bright, As best may seem to Thee.
My Fa-ther's hand will nev-er cause His child a need-less tear.
The hand my cru-el sins had pierced Is now my guard and guide.
And, af-ter death, at Thy right hand I shall for-ev-er be.

No. 353. If On a Quiet Sea.

A. M. TOPLADY. German, arr. by LOWELL MASON.

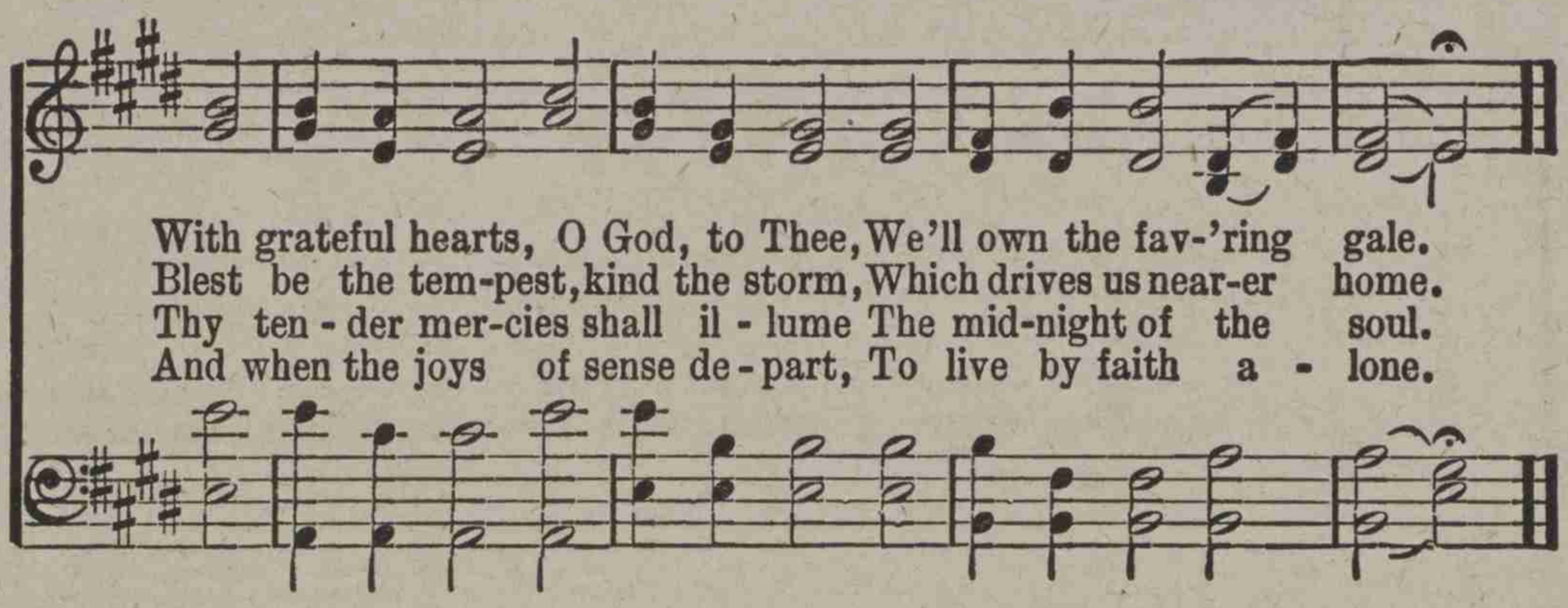


1. If on a qui-et sea, T'ward heav'n we calm-ly sail,
2. But should the surg-es rise, And rest de-lay to come,
3. Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield to Thy con-trol;
4. Teach us in ev-'ry state, To make Thy will our own;



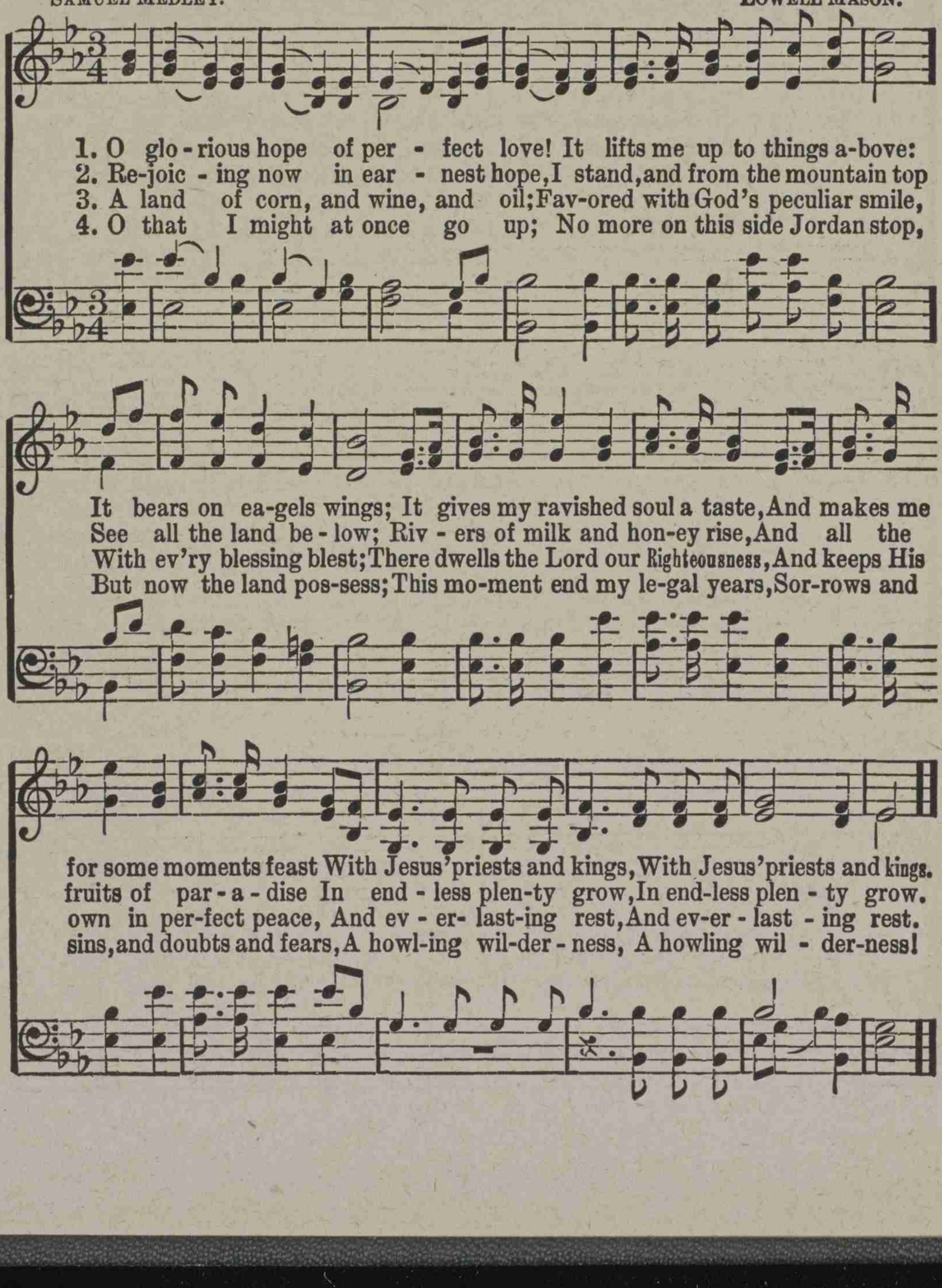
With greatful hearts, O God to Thee, We'll own the fa-v'ring gale,
Blest be the tempest, kind the storm, Which drives us near-er home,
Thy ten-der mer-cies shall il-lume The mid-night of the soul.
And when the joys of sense de-part, To live by faith a-lone.

If On a Quiet Sea. Concluded.



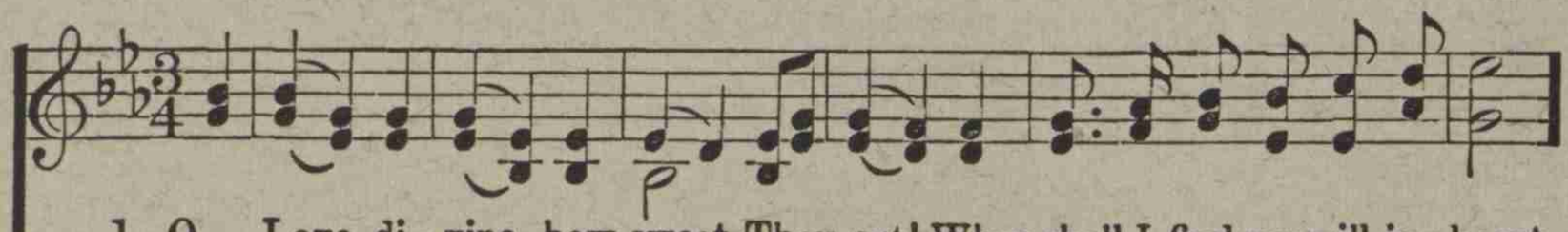
No. 354. The Glorious Hope.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. LOWELL MASON.
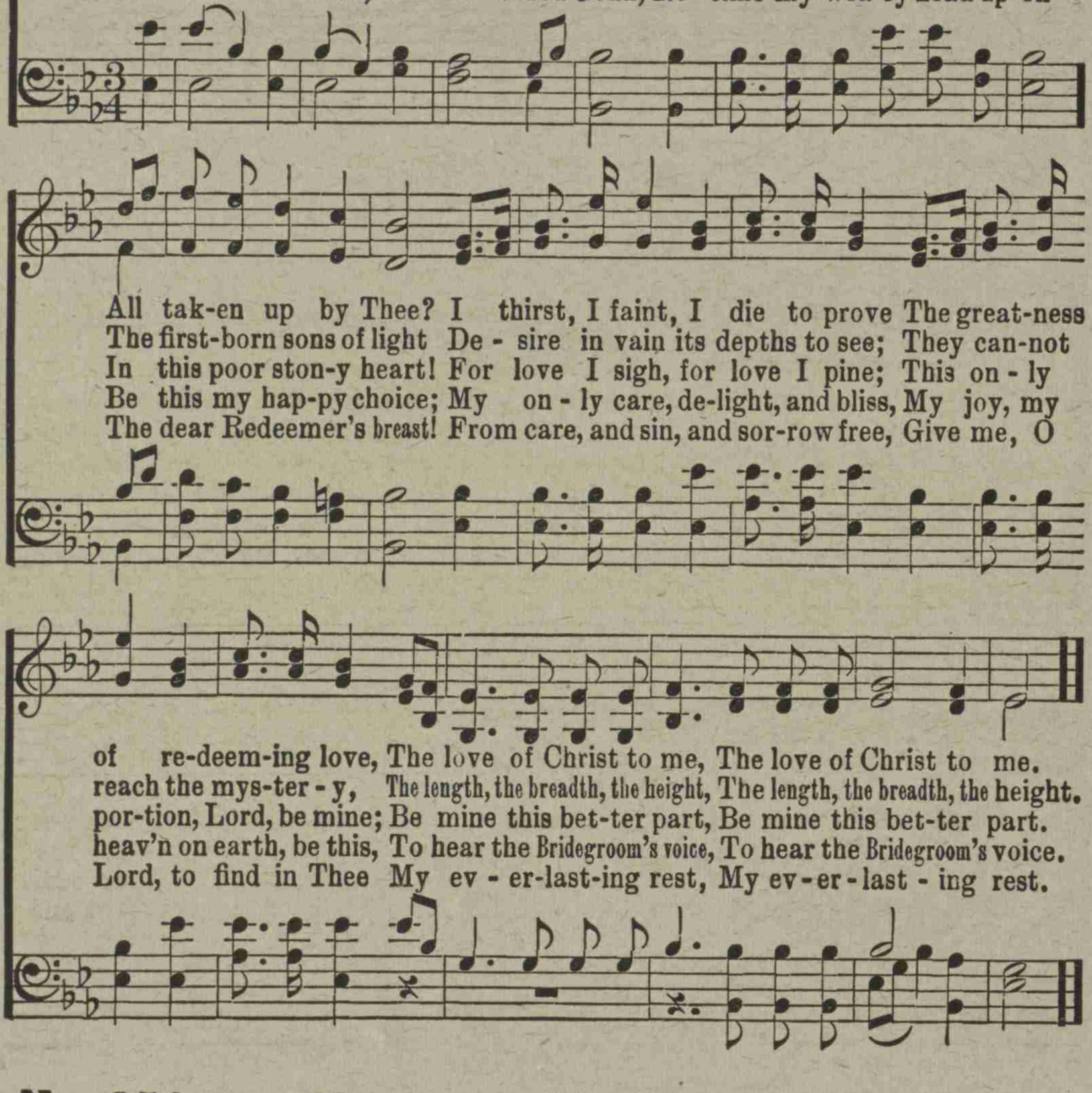


No. 355. O Love Divine.

CHARLES WESLEY. LOWELL MASON.



1. O Love di - vine, how sweet Thou art! When shall I find my will-ing heart
2. Strong-er His love than death or hell; Its rich - es are un-search-a-ble;
3. God on - ly knows the love of God; O that it now were shed a-broad
4. O that I could for - ev - er sit With Ma-ry at the Master's feet!
5. O that I could, with fa - vored John, Re - cline my wea-ry head up-on

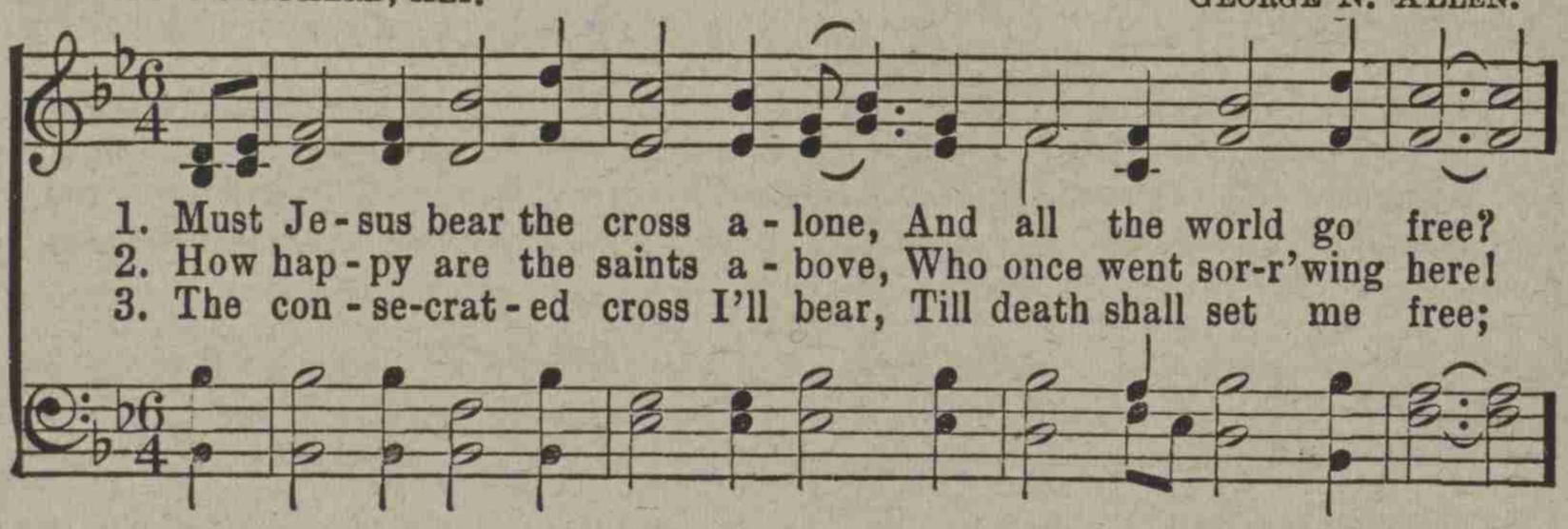


All tak-en up by Thee? I thirst, I faint, I die to prove The great-ness
The first-born sons of light De - sire in vain its depths to see; They can-not
In this poor ston-y heart! For love I sigh, for love I pine; This on - ly
Be this my hap-py choice; My on - ly care, de-light, and bliss, My joy, my
The dear Redeemer's breast! From care, and sin, and sor-row free, Give me, O

of re-deem-ing love, The love of Christ to me, The love of Christ to me.
reach the mys-ter - y, The length, the breadth, the height, The length, the breadth, the height.
por-tion, Lord, be mine; Be mine this bet-ter part, Be mine this bet-ter part.
heav'n on earth, be this, To hear the Bridegroom's voice, To hear the Bridegroom's voice.
Lord, to find in Thee My ev - er-last-ing rest, My ev-er-last - ing rest.
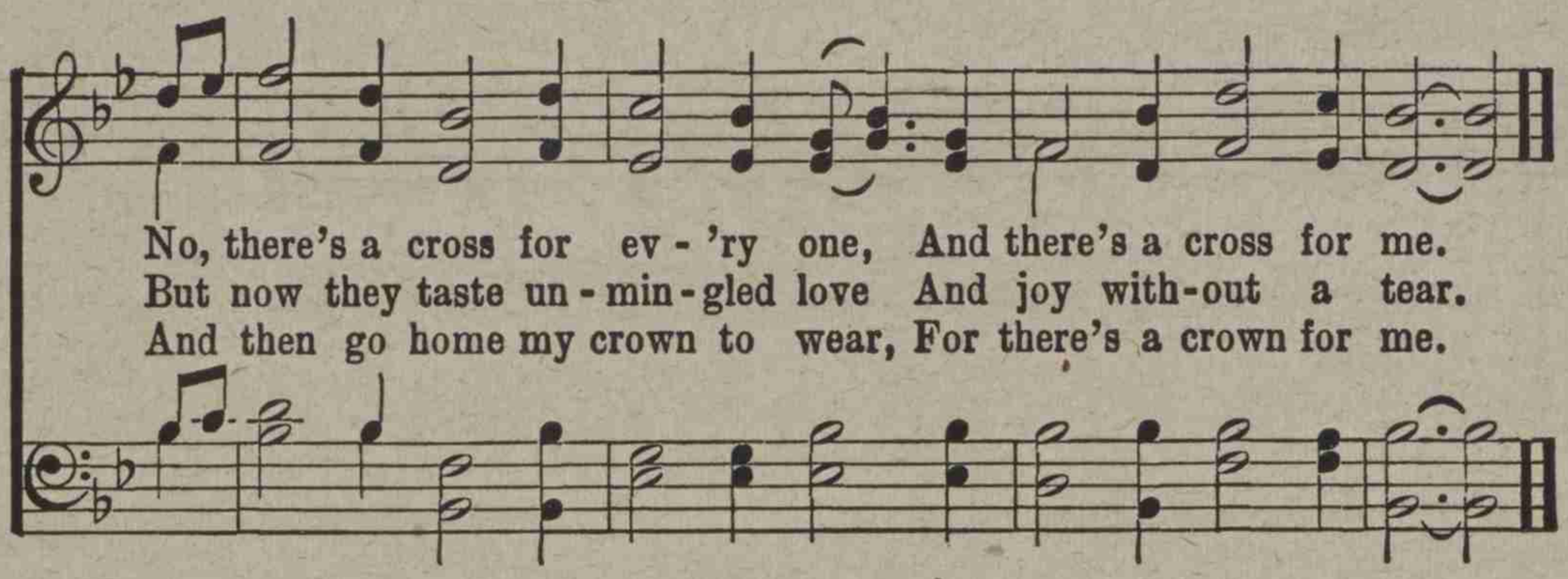
No. 356. No Cross, No Crown.

THOMAS SHEPHERD, ALT. GEORGE N. ALLEN.



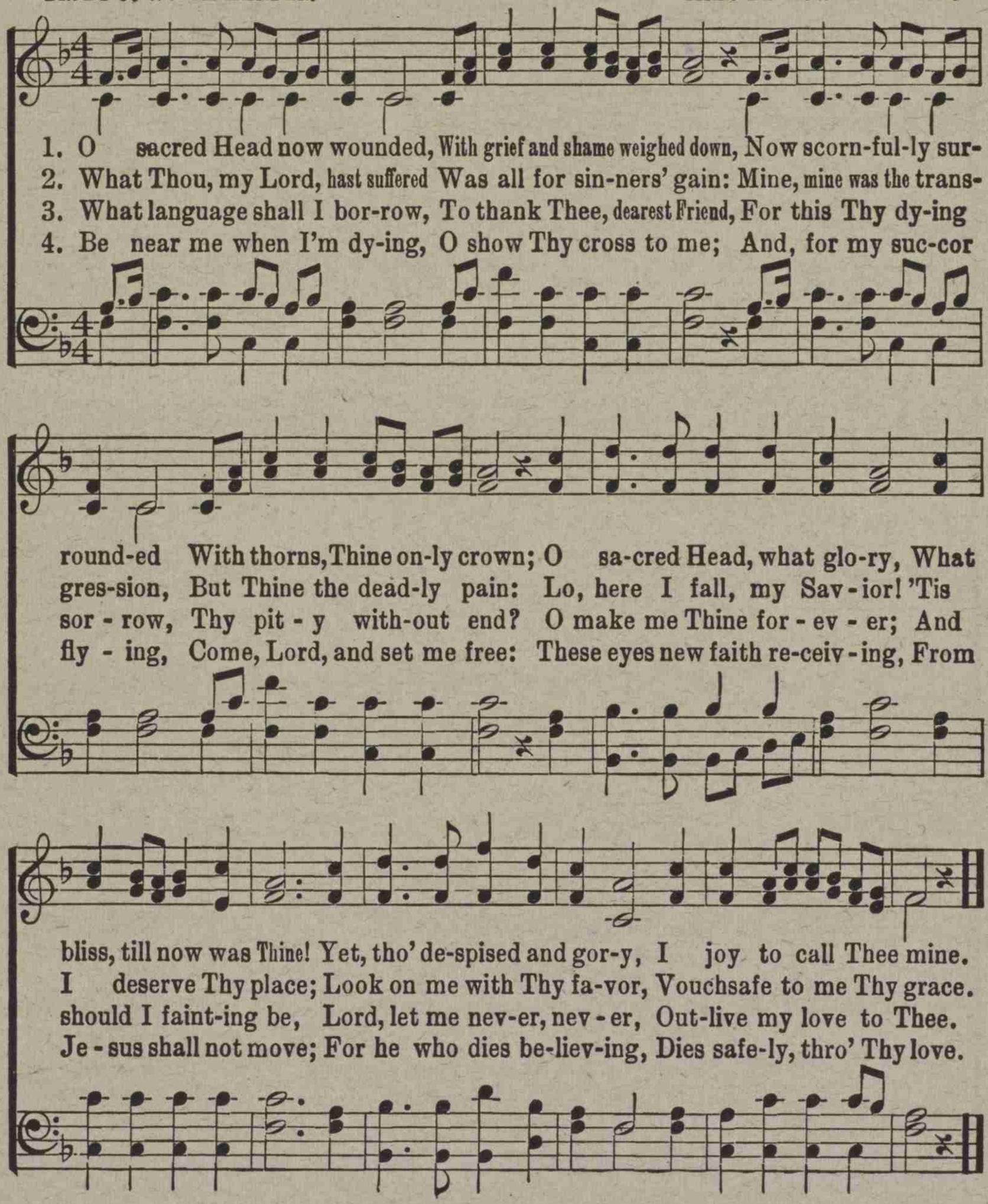
1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sor-r'wing here!
3. The con - se-crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;

No Cross, No Crown. Concluded.



No. 357. O Sacred Head, Now Wounded.

TR. BY J. W. ALEXANDER. ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.



No. 358. Praise Ye the Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Praise ye the Lord, the hope of our sal - va - tion; Praise ye the Lord, our
2. Praise ye the Lord, whose throne is ev - er - last - ing; Praise ye the Lord, whose

CHO.—*Praise ye the Lord, for good it is to praise Him; O let the earth His*

soul's a - bid - ing trust; Great are His works, and won - der - ful His coun-sels;
gifts are ev - er new; Praise ye the Lord, whose ten - der mer-cy fall - eth

ma - jes - ty pro-claim, Shout, shout for joy, and bow the knee be-fore Him,

FINE.

Praise ye the Lord, the only wise and just. Praise ye the Lord, our strength and our Re-
Pure as the rain, and gentle as the dew. Praise ye the Lord, O glo - ry hal - le-

Sing to the harp and mag-ni-fy His name.

deem - er, Praise ye the Lord, His might-y love re - call; Tell how He came from
lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord, whose Kingdom has no end; Praise ye the Lord, who

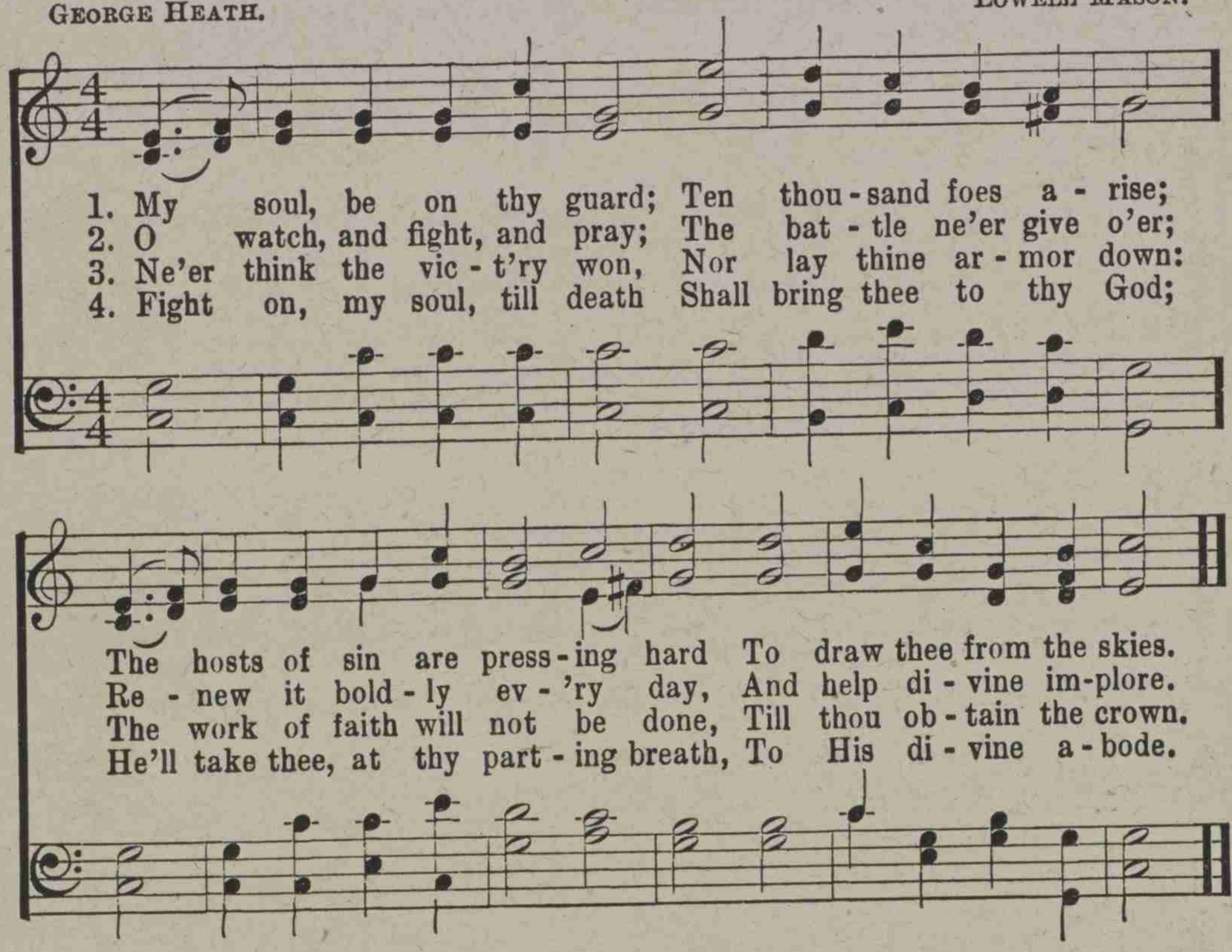
D. C. for Chorus.

bond - age to de - liv - er, Tell how He came to pur - chase life for all.
watch-eth o'er the faith-ful, Praise ye the Lord, our nev - er-chang-ing Friend.

Copyright, 1909, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

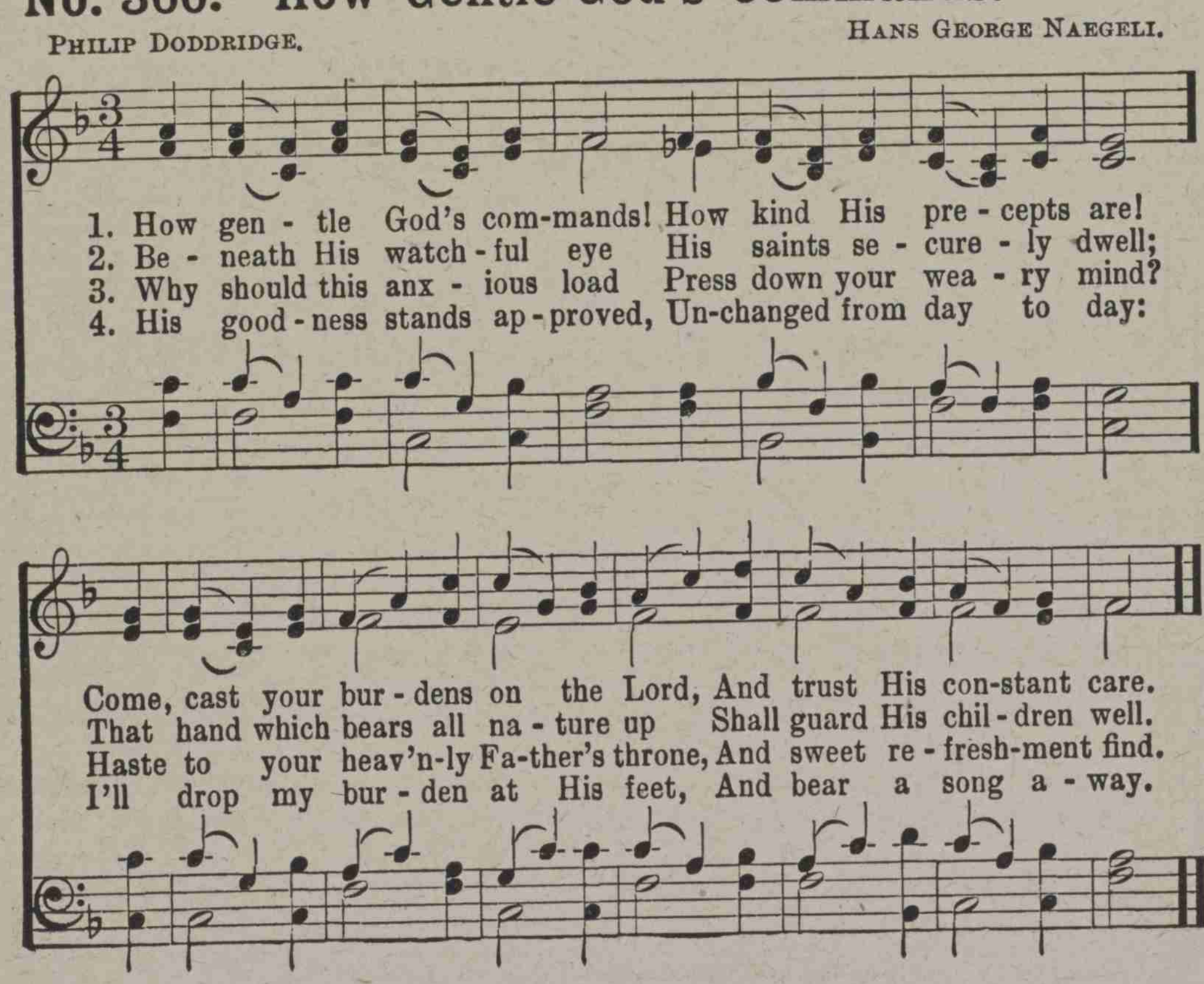
No. 359. My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

GEORGE HEATH. LOWELL MASON.



No. 360. How Gentle God's Commands.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. HANS GEORGE NAEGELI.



No. 361. Will They Ring For Me?

Copyright, 1938. Renewal. Hope Publishing Co., owner.

E. S. UFFORD. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When the King of glo - ry comes to earth to reign, And the an - gel harp-ers strike the glad re - frain; When the pearl - y por - tals shall un - fold - ed be,—
2. When the saints im-mor- tal shall go march-ing in, When the great Re-ward-er holds the crowns they win; And the an - gel stand-eth on the land and sea,—
3. When the tree of life which shades the riv-er fair, Bear - ing fruit ce - les- tial for the faith - ful there; When the ransomed gath-er Je - sus' face to see,—

CHORUS.

Will the bells of heav-en ring for me?..... Will the bells of heav - en ring for me?..... Will the bells of heav - en ring for me?..... When I reach the strand Of that

will they ring for me? Will the bells will they ring for me? Will the bells will they ring for me? When I reach the strand Of that

Will They Ring For Me? Concluded.

hap - py land, will the bells..... of heav-en ring for me?
hap - py land, will the bells of heaven ring for me, will they ring for me?
Will the bells of heav - en ring for me?

No. 362. I Am Saved.

Mrs. S. L. Oberholzer. Jno. R. Sweney. By per.

1. I am saved! the Lord hath saved me! Help me shout the glo-rious news!
2. Loud I sing my ex - ul - ta - tion, Hop- ing it will reach the skies;
3. Free sal - va - tion! glad sal - va - tion! Let us shout from pole to pole,
3. When at last the days are gath-ered In - to Thy great judg ment one,

I have tast - ed God's sal - va - tion And 'tis sweet as hon - eyed dews.
Keep, dear Lord, my soul for - ev - er Uu - der Thy pro- tect- ing eyes.
Un - til each dis - eas - ed na - tion Feels that God hath made it whole.
May I find my name deep writ- ten In the rec - ords of Thy Son.

Chorus.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! I re - joice sal - va - tion came;
Glo-ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! I am saved in Je - sus' name.

No. 363. Great is the Lord.

Copyright, 1940. Renewal. Hope Pub. Co., owner.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Great is the Lord, the Prince of life and glo - ry, Great is the Lord, and won - der - ful His name; Shout, shout a-gain the soul - re - deem-ing sto - ry,
2. Great was the love that from His throne of splen-dor Brought Him to earth for sin - ful man to die; O for a gift a - maz - ing and so ten - der,
3. Great is the Lord, the hope of our sal - va - tion, Strong is the tow'r where- on the faith - ful stand; O clap your hands with ho - ly ex - ul - ta - tion,
4. Wake, ev - 'ry heart; let ev - 'ry voice a - dore Him; Now let the world with hal - le - lu - jahs ring; Scep-tres and crowns in dust shall fall be - fore Him,

CHORUS.

Mer - cy for all thro' Him pro-claim.
Glo - ry to God, to God on high.
Come with a song at His com- mand.
Je - sus a - lone shall reign our King.
} Great is the Lord, great is the Lord,

Hail Him, hail Him, sound His name a - far; He is the light that shin - eth in the dark - ness, He is the Bright and Morn - ing Star.

No. 364 Make Me a Channel of Blessing

M. H. M.

MARY HUBBERT MUNFORD.

1. In this wide world there are hearts that are sad, Christ has a mes-sage of
2. Help me to car - ry this mes-sage of cheer, Tell-ing lost sinners that
3. Ma - ny heart-broken ones dwelling a - lone Nev-er thy won-der - ful
4. So may my life ev - 'ry mo-ment be spent, May naught within me thy

love that makes glad, Lord, may I quick-ly this mes- sage con - vey:
Je - sus is near, Seek- ing to save them from sin's drear - y way;
com - fort have known; Quick to their side may I hast - en a - way;
Spir - it pre - vent; This be my pray'r while on earth I shall stay,

CHORUS.

"Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to- day." Make me a channel of
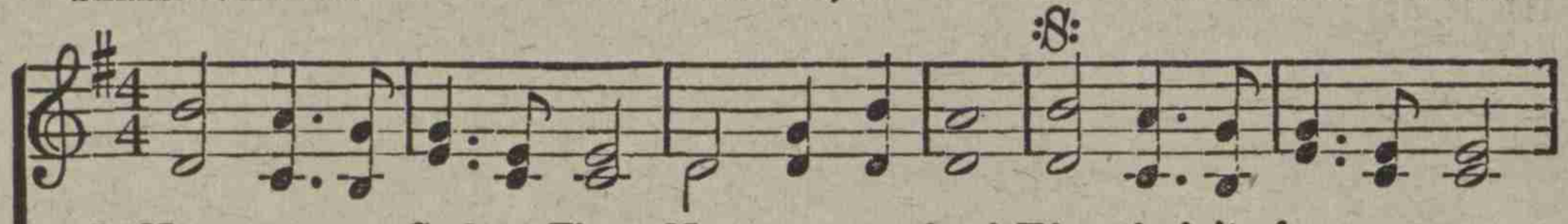
blessing to- day, Help me to shed forth some light by the way; Use me to

find some poor wand'rer astray; "Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day."

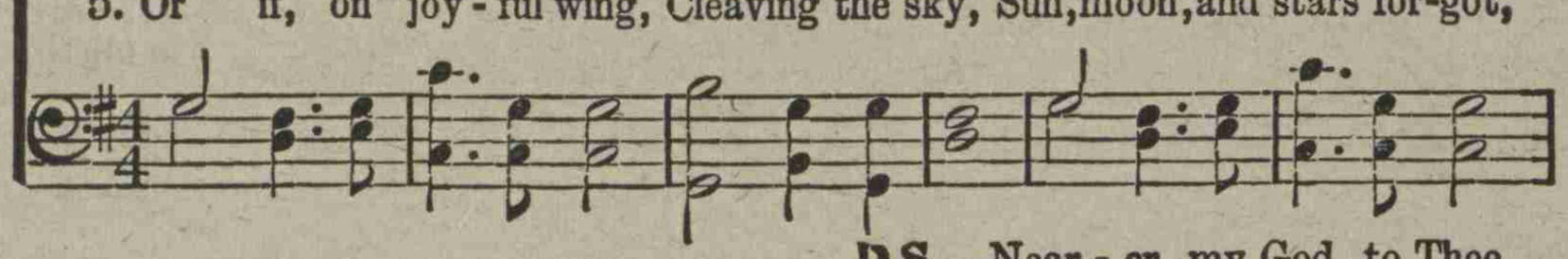
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No. 365. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. BETHANY. 6s, 4s. DR. LOWELL MASON.
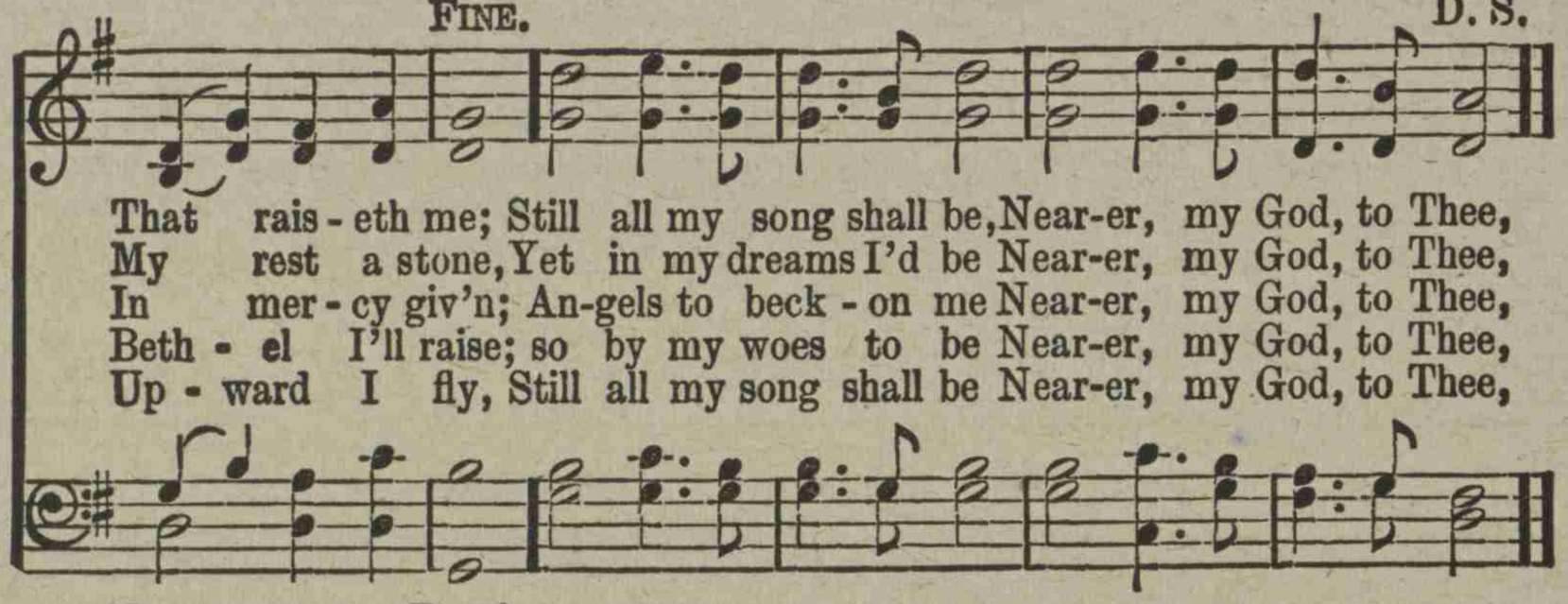


1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan-der - er, The sun goes down, Dark-ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way-ap-pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou send-est me,
4. Then, with my wak-ing thot's Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto-ny griefs
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for-got,



D.S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee,

FINE. D. S.
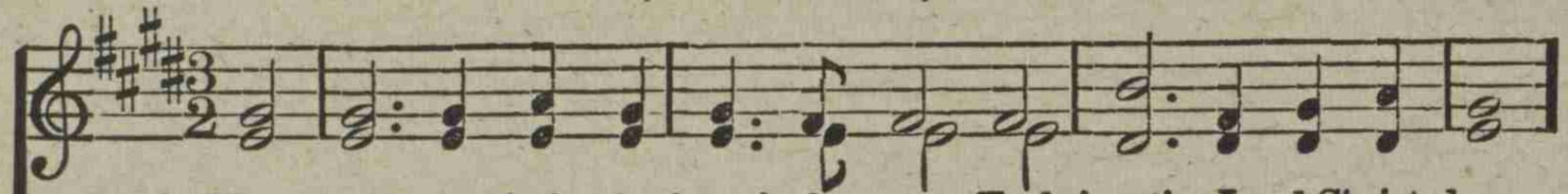


That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
In mer - cy giv'n; An-gels to beck - on me Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Beth - el I'll raise; so by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
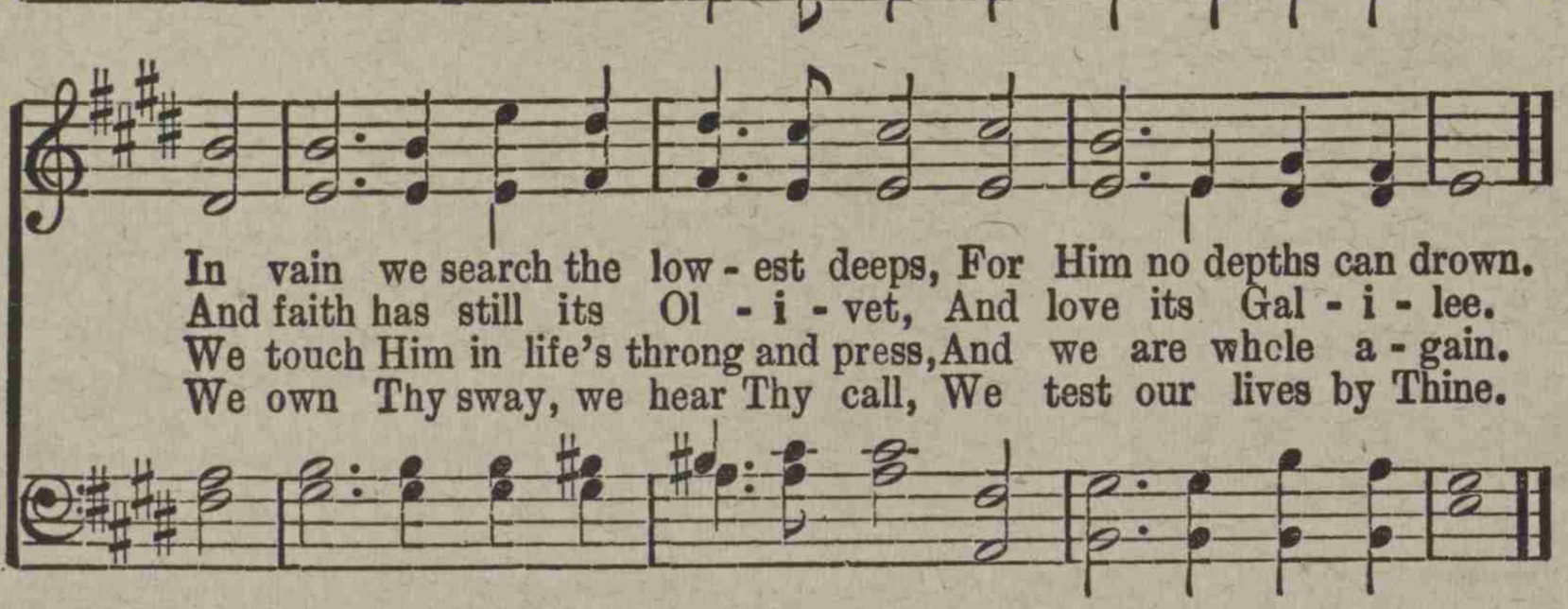
Near - er to Thee!

No. 366. The Heavenly Steeps.

J. G. WHITTIER. (SERENITY. C. M.) W. V. WALLACE.
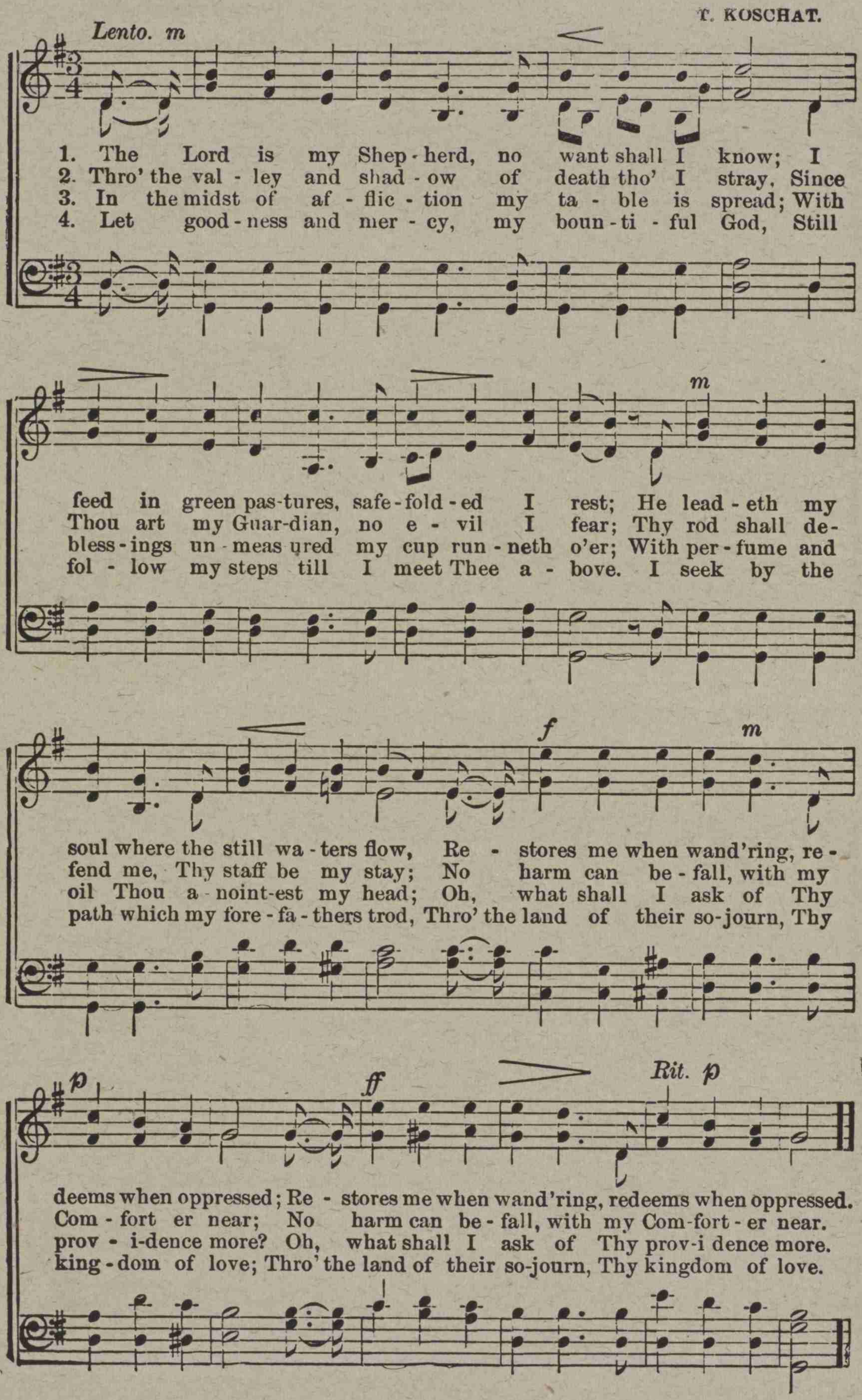


1. We may not climb the heav'n-ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
2. But warm, sweet, ten - der, e - ven yet A pres - ent help is He;
3. The heal - ing of the seam-less dress Is by our beds of pain;
4. O Lord and Mas - ter of us all, What - e'er our name or sign,



In vain we search the low - est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
And faith has still its Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal - i - lee.
We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine.
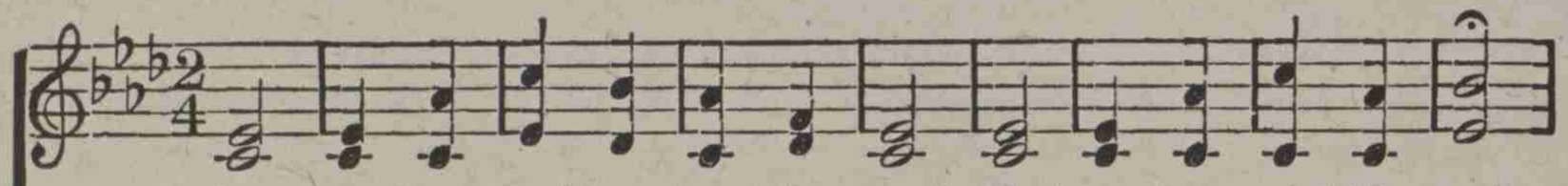
No. 367 The Lord Is My Shepherd

T. KOSCHAT.
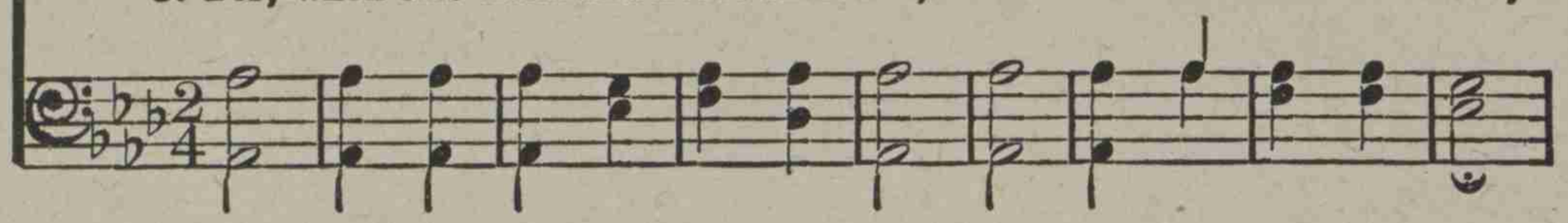


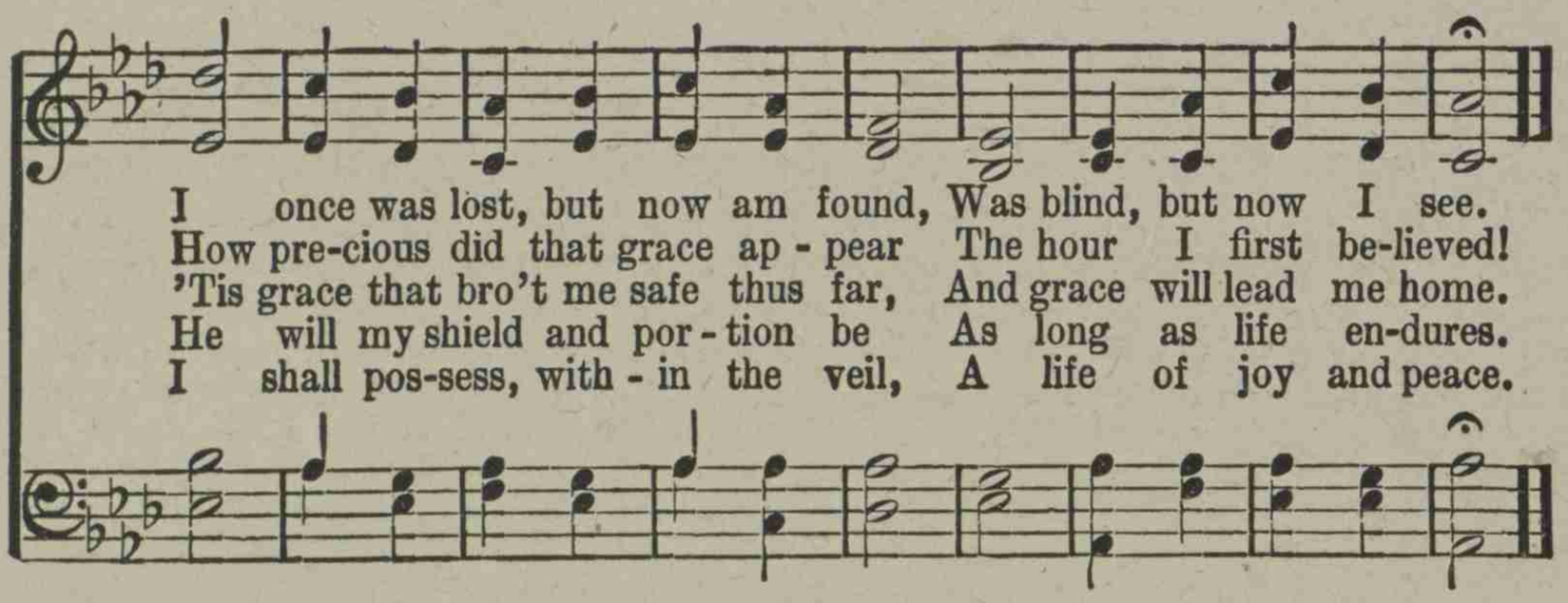
No. 368. Amazing Grace.

JOHN NEWTON. REV. WM. HENRY HAVERGAL.



1. A - maz-ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved;
3. Thro' man - y dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. The Lord has prom-ised good to me, His word my hope se-cures;
5. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease,
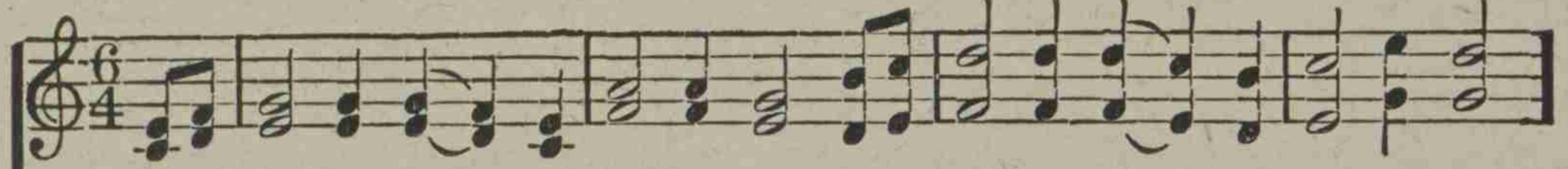




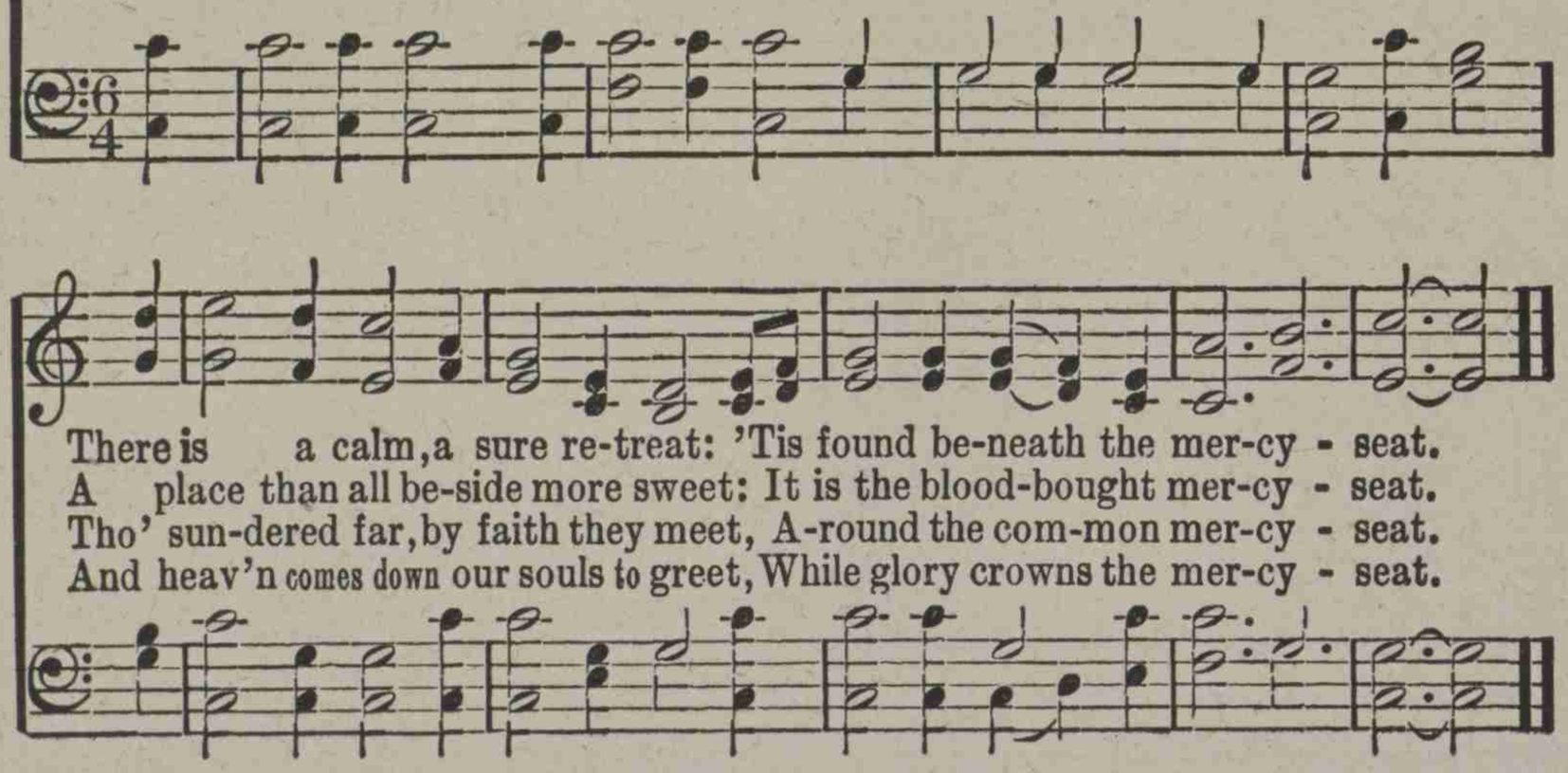
I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
How pre-cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be-lieved!
'Tis grace that bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life en-dures.
I shall pos-sess, with - in the veil, A life of joy and peace.

No. 369. The Mercy-Seat.

HUGH STOWELL. THOMAS HASTINGS.
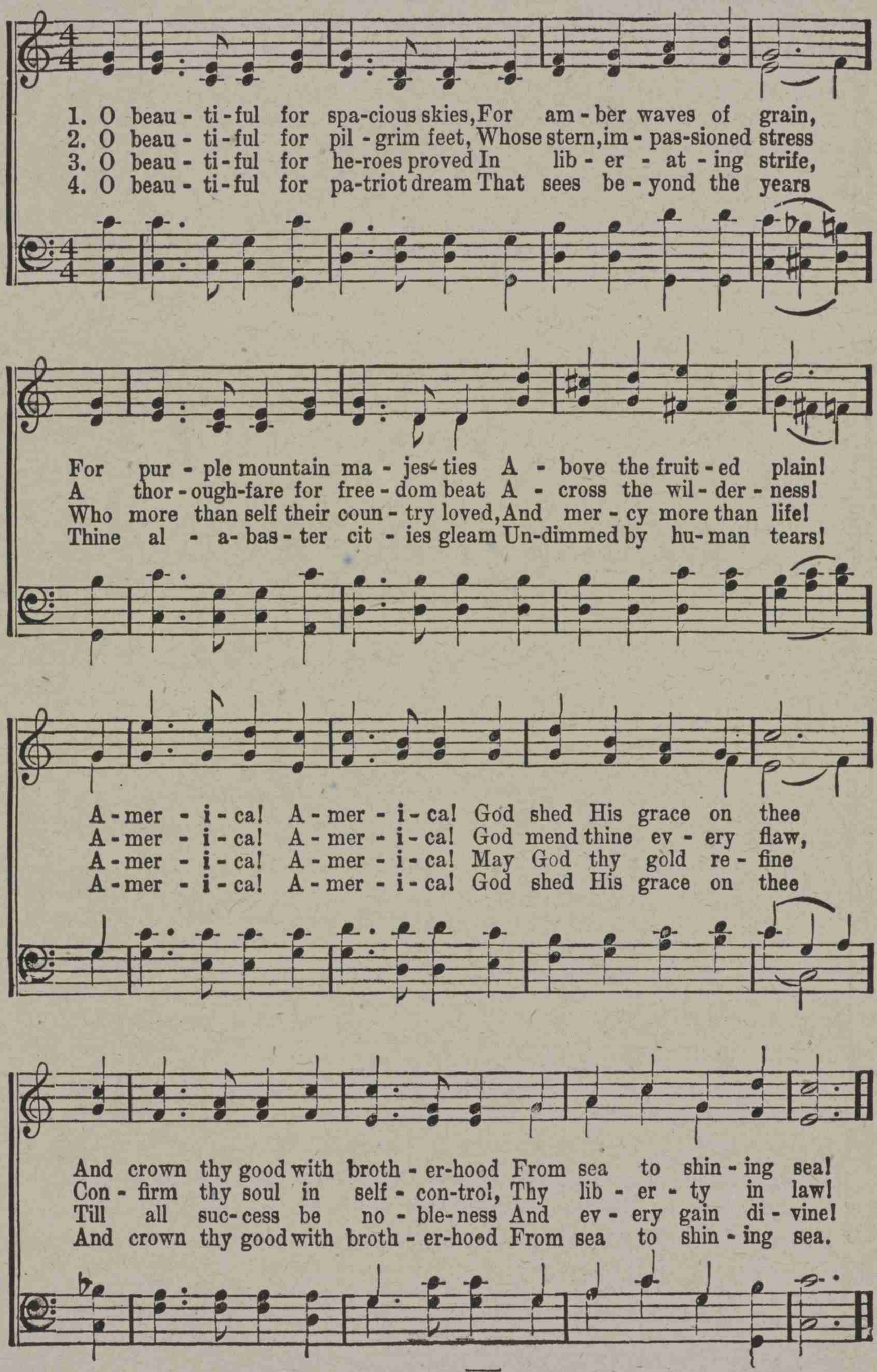


1. From ev-'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spir-its blend, Where friend hold fellowship with friend:
4. There, there on ea - gle wings we soar, And sin and sense mo-lest no more;



There is a calm, a sure re-treat: 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy - seat.
A place than all be-side more sweet: It is the blood-bought mer-cy - seat.
Tho' sun-dered far, by faith they meet, A-round the com-mon mer-cy - seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, While glory crowns the mer-cy - seat.

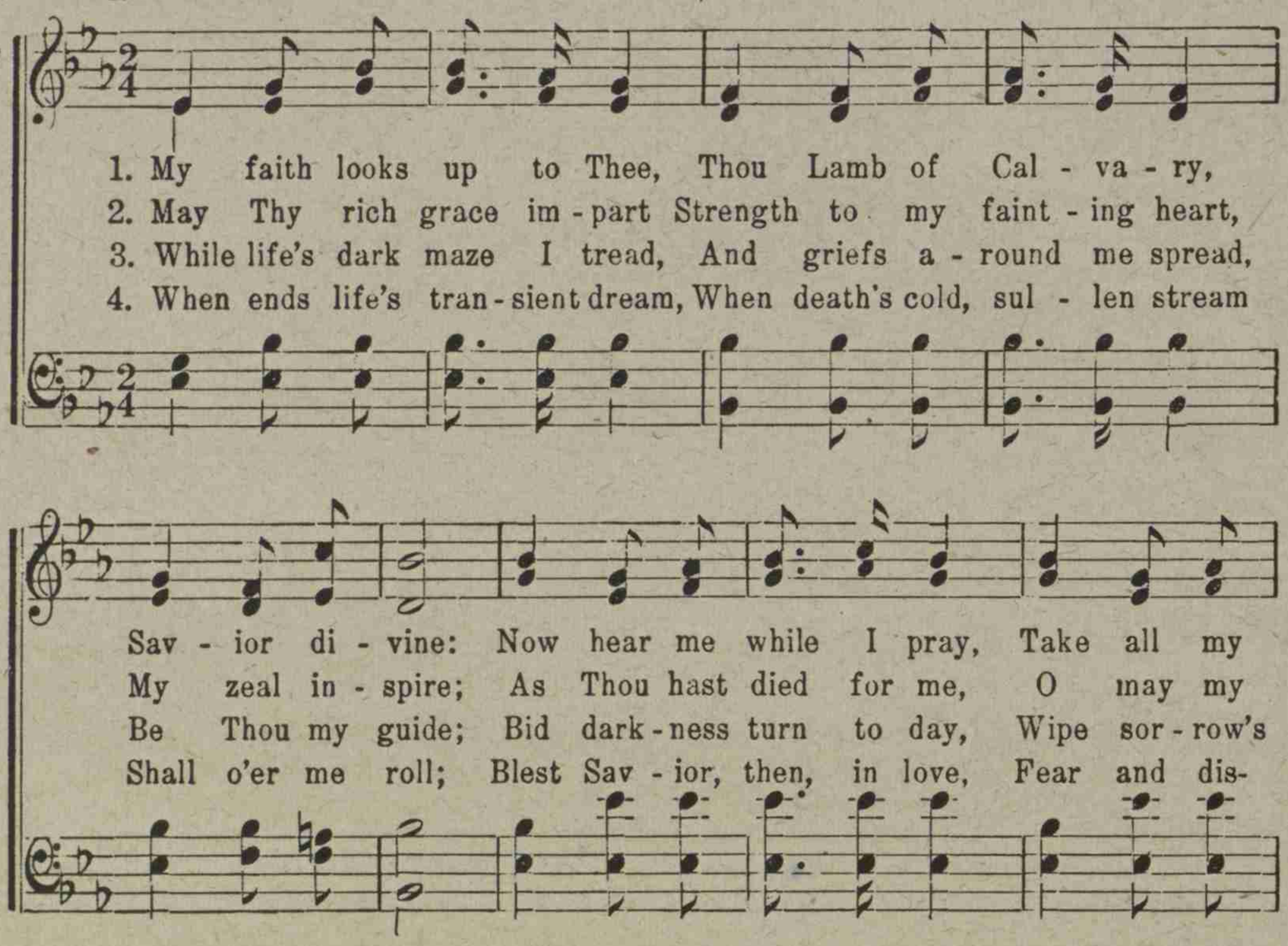
No. 370 America the Beautiful

KATHARINE LEE BATES. SAMUEL A. WARD.



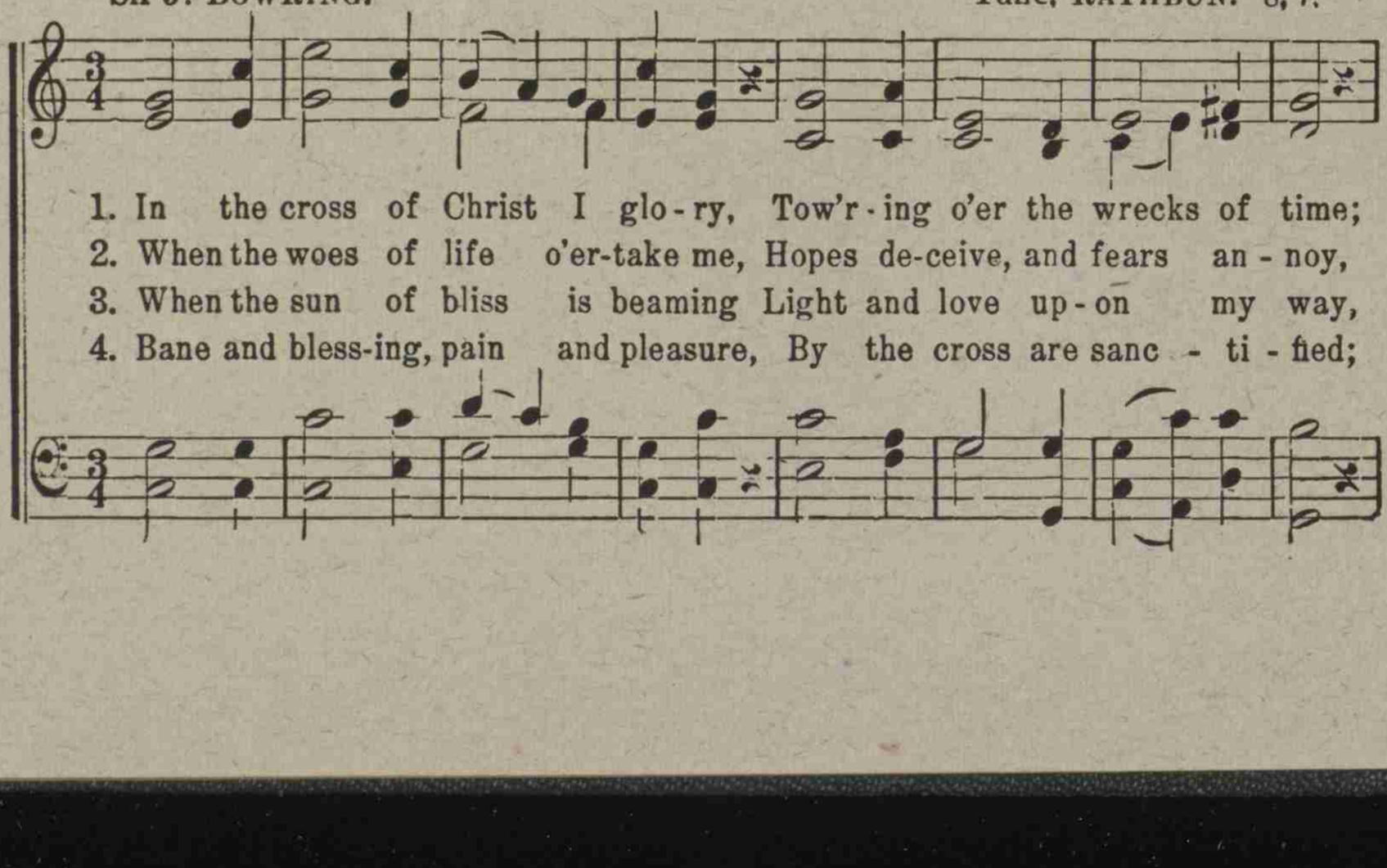
No. 371 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

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

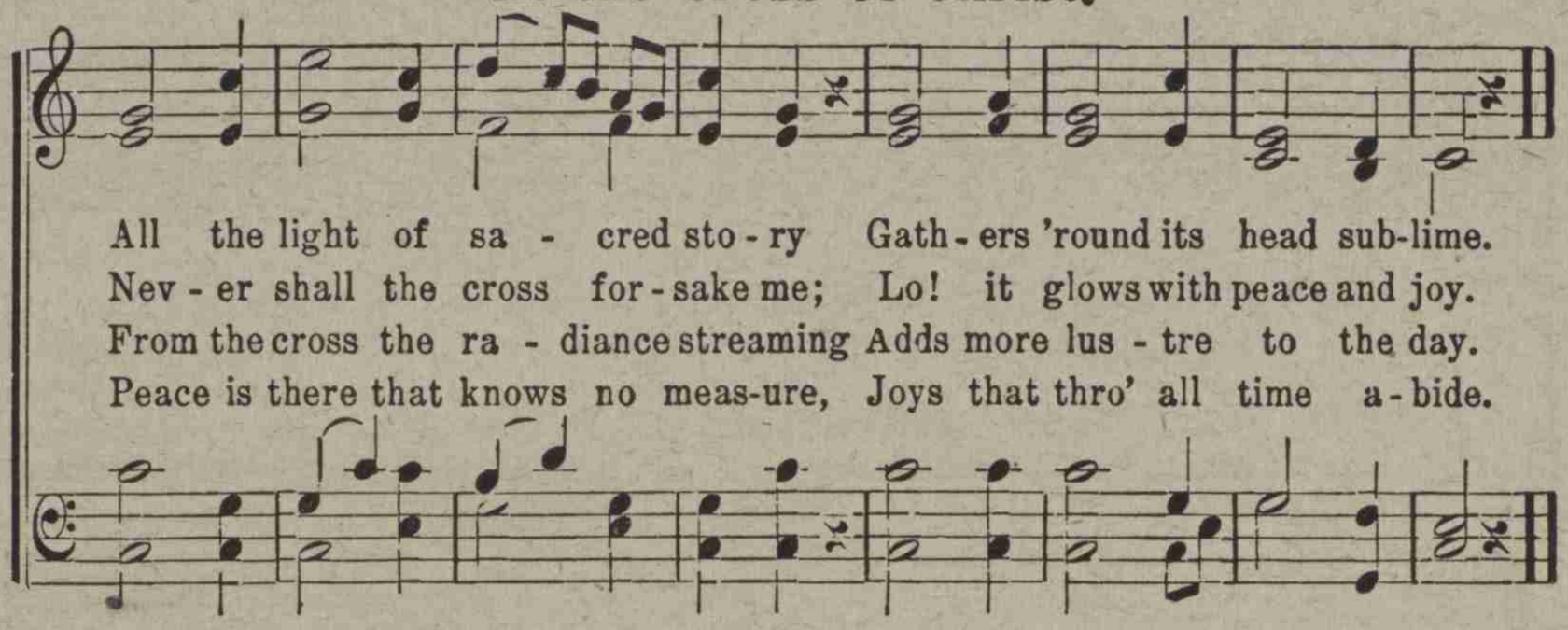


No. 372 In the Cross of Christ.

Sir J. BOWRING. Tune, RATHBUN. 8, 7.



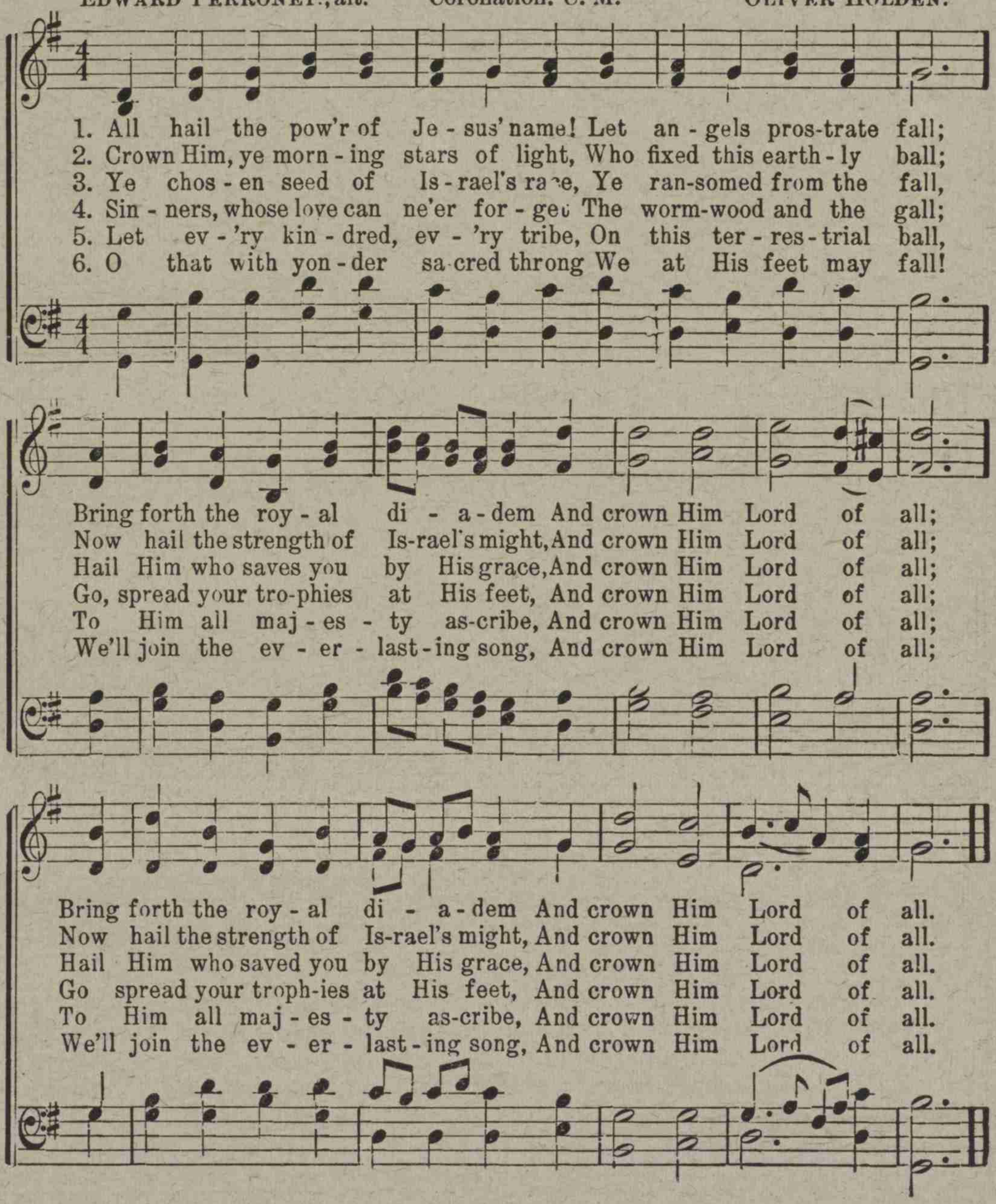
In the Cross of Christ.



All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers 'round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds more lus - tre to the day.
Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

No. 373 All Hail the Power!

EDWARD PERRONET., alt. Coronation. C. M. OLIVER HOLDEN.



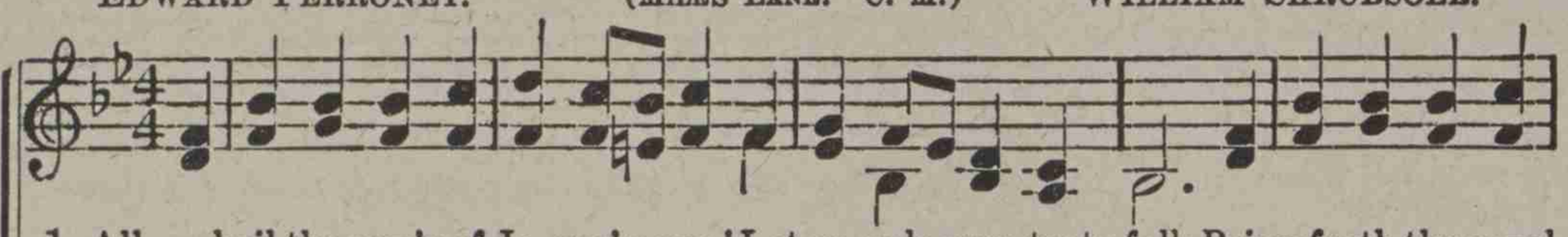
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Crown Him, ye morn - ing stars of light, Who fixed this earth - ly ball;
3. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's ra-ce, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
4. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm-wood and the gall;
5. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
6. O that with yon - der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem And crown Him Lord of all;
Now hail the strength of Is-rael's might, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
Go, spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

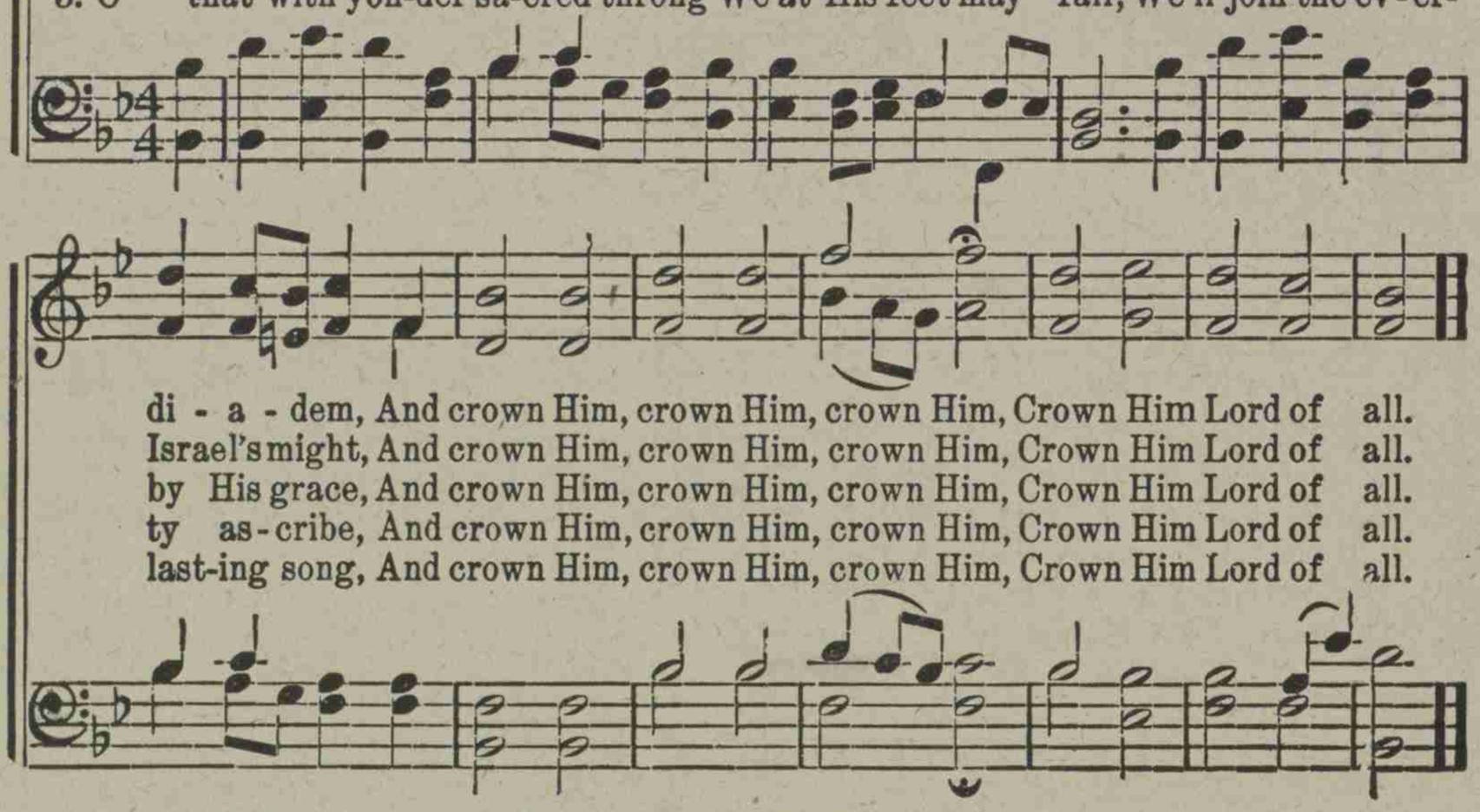
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem And crown Him Lord of all.
Now hail the strength of Is-rael's might, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saved you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
Go spread your troph-ies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 374 All Hail the Power.

EDWARD PERRONET. (MILES LANE. C. M.) WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.



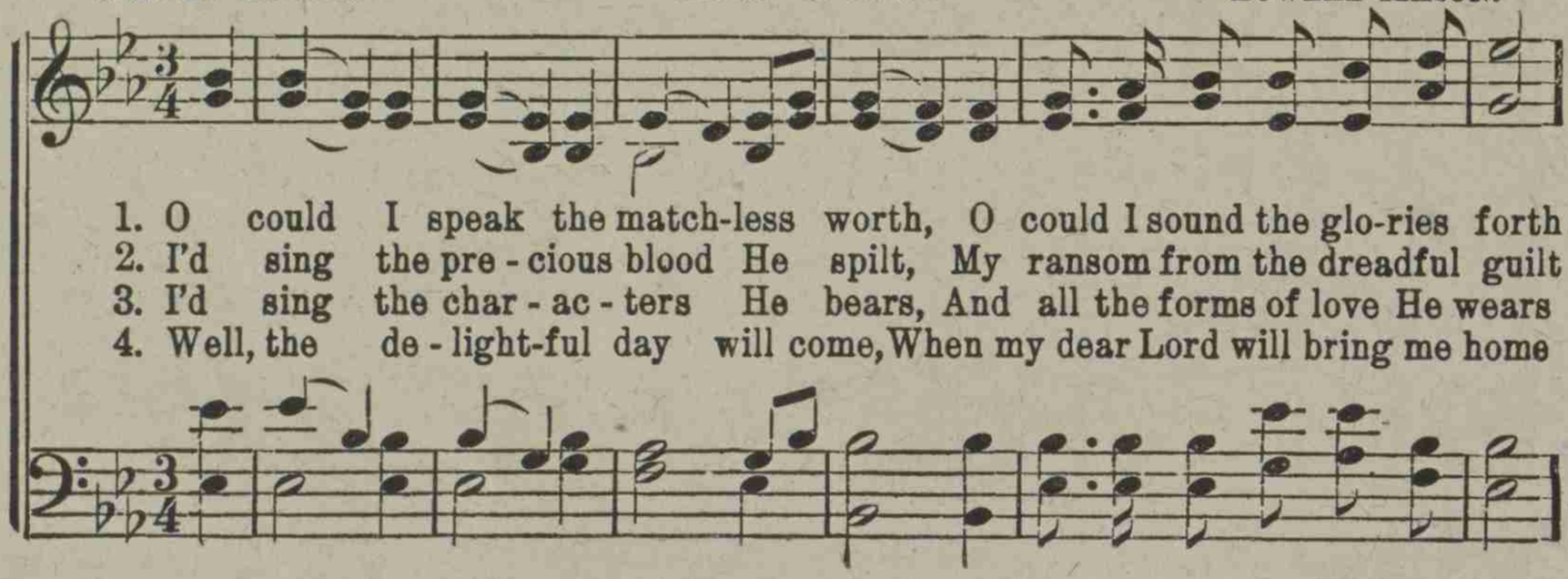
1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the royal
2. Crown Him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this earthly ball; Now hail the strength of
3. Ye cho-sen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you
4. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball, To Him all maj-es-
5. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall; We'll join the ev-er-



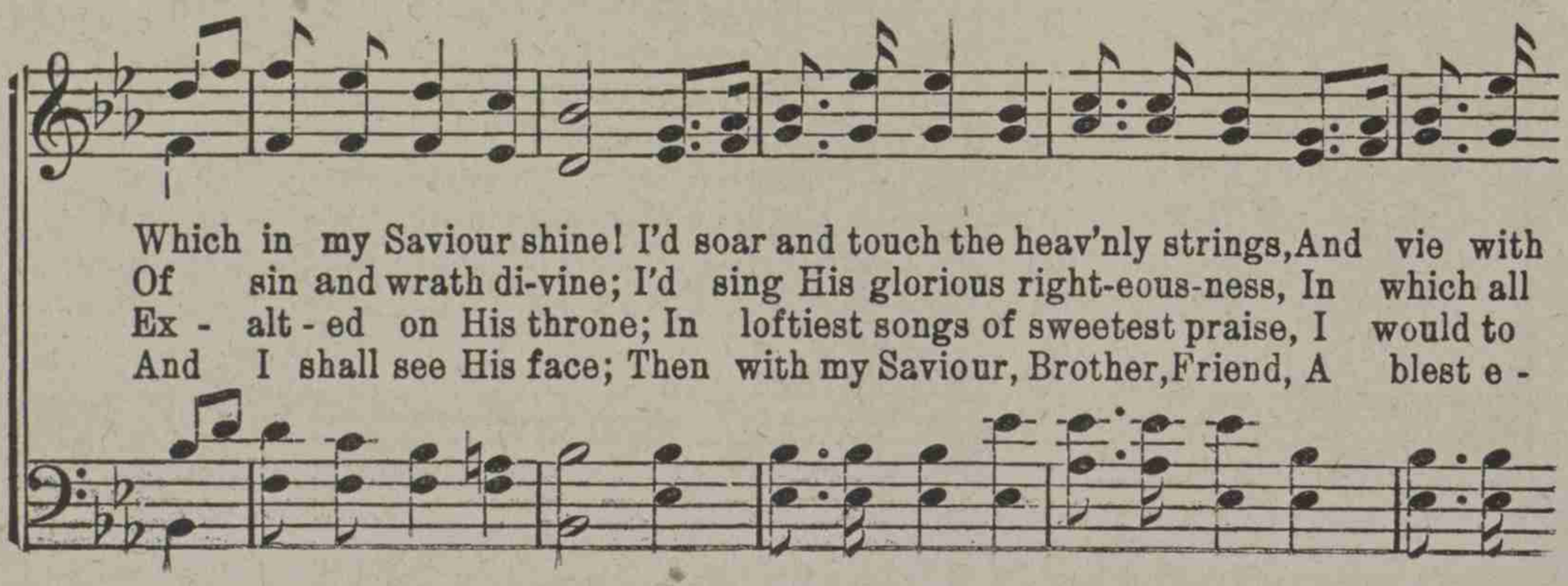
di-a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
Israel's might, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
by His grace, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
ty as-cribe, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
last-ing song, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.

No. 375 O Could I Speak.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. Ariel. C. P. M. LOWELL MASON.

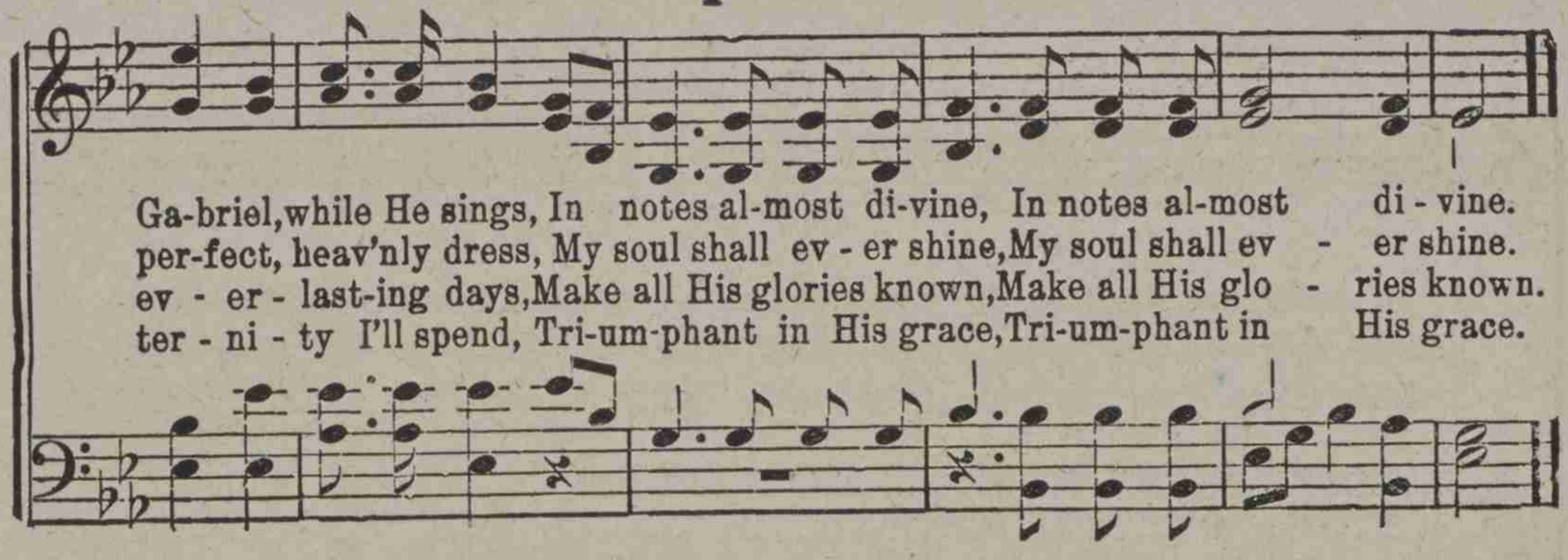


1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glo-ries forth
2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood He spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt
3. I'd sing the char-ac-ters He bears, And all the forms of love He wears
4. Well, the de-light-ful day will come, When my dear Lord will bring me home



Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with
Of sin and wrath di-vine; I'd sing His glorious right-eous-ness, In which all
Ex-alt-ed on His throne; In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would to
And I shall see His face; Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, A blest e-

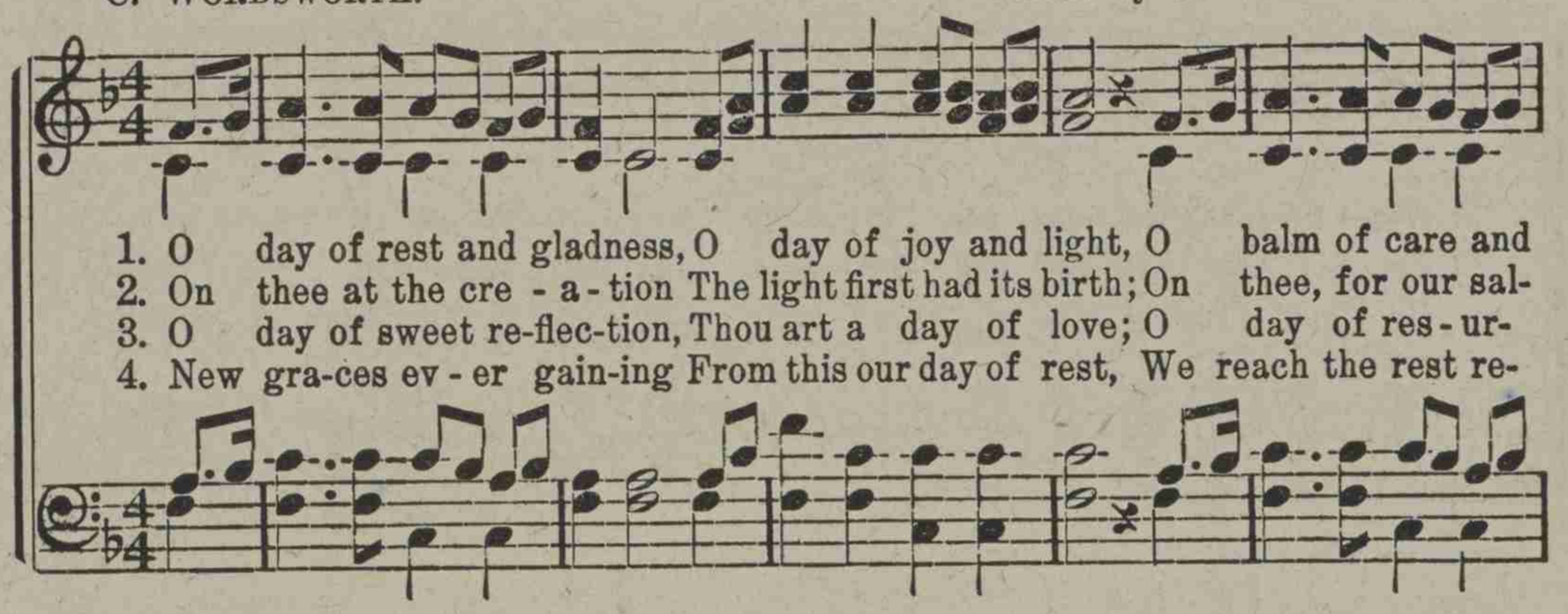
O Could I Speak--Concluded

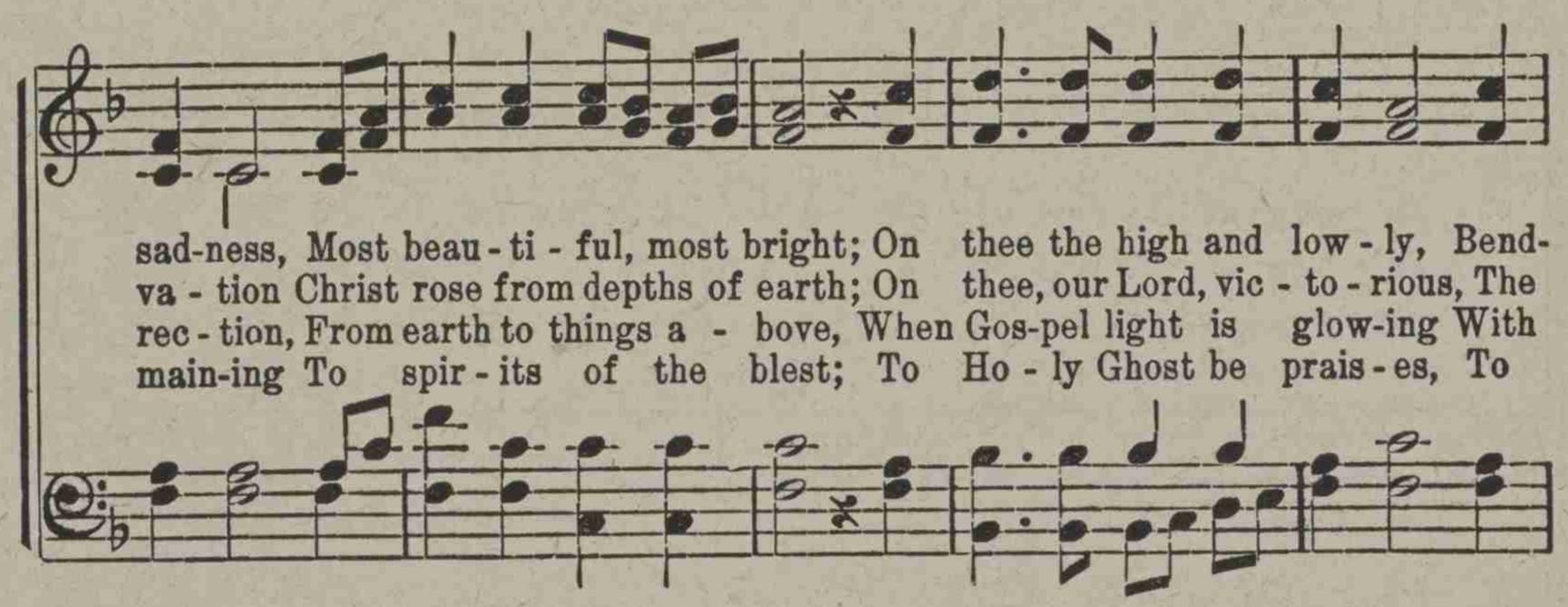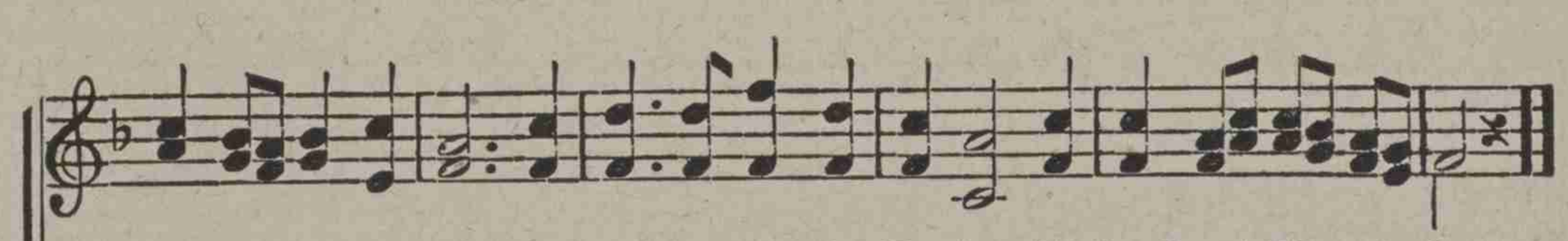


No. 376 O Day of Rest and Gladness.

(MENDEBRAS. 7. 6. D.)

C. WORDSWORTH. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.







No. 377 Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.

Words by J. H. Arranged.

1. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, O what words I hear Him say!
2. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Where can mor - tal be more blest?
3. Bless me, O my Sav - ior, bless me, As I sit low at Thy feet;

Hap - py place! so near, so pre - cious! May it find me there each day.
There I lay my sins and sor - rows, And, when wear-y, find sweet rest.
Oh, look down in love up - on me, Let me see Thy face so sweet.

Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, I would look up - on the past;
Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, There I love to weep and pray,
Give me, Lord, the mind of Je - sus, Make me ho - ly as He is;

For His love has been so gra - cious, It has won my heart at last.
While I from His ful - ness gath - er Grace and com-fort ev - 'ry day.
May I prove I've been with Je - sus, Who is all my right-eous-ness.

No. 378 Where He Leads I'll Follow

W. A. O. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W A. OGDEN. W. A. Ogden.

1. Sweet are the prom - is - es, Kind is the word; Dear - er far than
2. Sweet is the ten - der love Je - sus hath shown, Sweet-er far than
3. List to His lov - ing words, "Come un - to me!" Wear - y, heav - y -

an - y mes-sage man ev - er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ,
an - y love that mor - tals have known; Kind to the err - ing one,
lad - en, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in His prom - is - es,

Sin - less, I see; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.
Faith-ful is He; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.
Faith-ful and sure; Lean up - on the Sav - ior, and thy soul is se-cure.

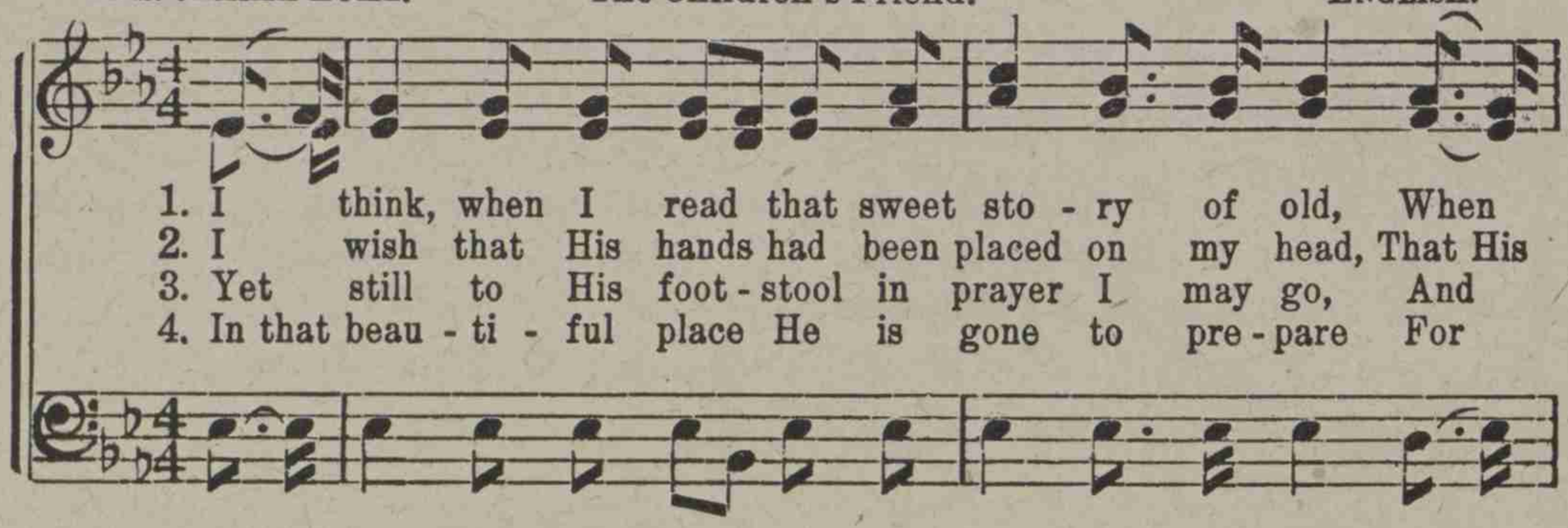
CHORUS.

Where . . . . He leads I'll fol - - - - low,
Where He leads I'll fol - low, Where He leads I'll fol - low,

1. Fol - - low all the way; Follow Jesus ev - 'ry day.
2. Fol - low all the way, yes, fol - low all the way;

No. 379. I Think, When I Read.

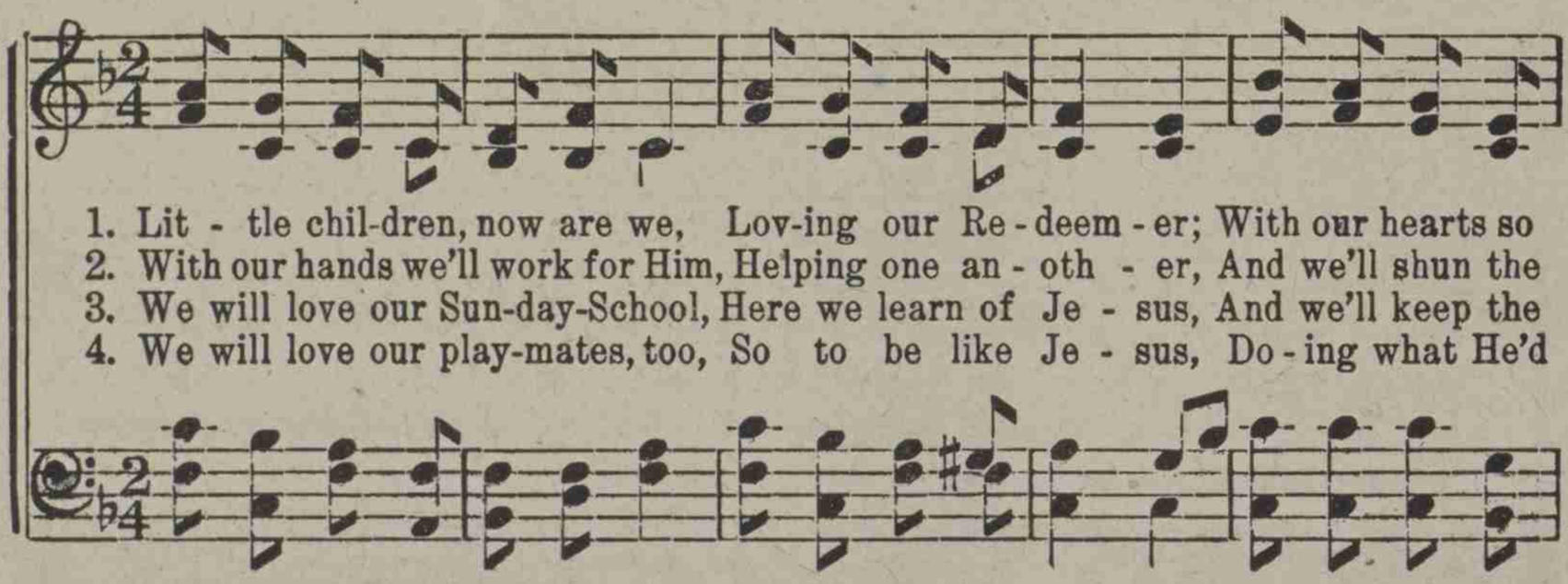
MRS. JEMIMA LUKE. "The Children's Friend." ENGLISH.



No. 380. Praise Him Forever.

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J. P. COLEMAN. HALDOR LILLENAS.



Praising Him Forever. Concluded.

CHORUS.

glad and free, Praising Him fcr - ev - er.
paths of sin, Marching on to - geth - er.
gold-en rule, Do - ing un - to oth - ers.
have us do, Just be-cause He loves us.

We're praising Him, we're praising Him,

How we love our Savior! Thro' His blood we're cleansed from sin, Praising Him forever.

No. 381 "Jesus Bids Us Shine."

Mrs. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus bids us shine with a pure clear light, Like a lit - tle
2. Je - sus bids us shine, first of all for Him; Well He sees and
3. Je - sus bids us shine, then, for all a - round Man - y kinds of
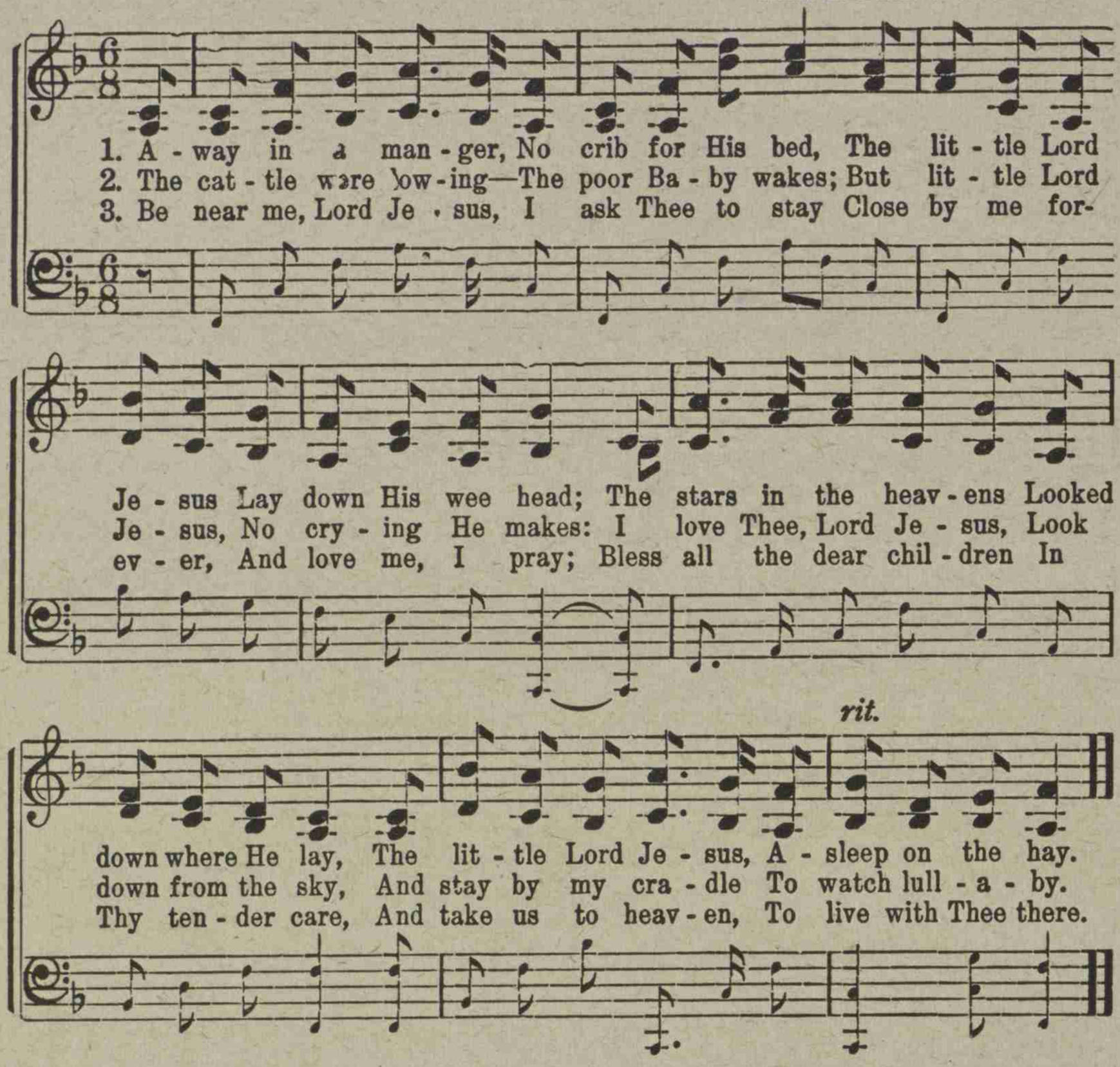
can - dle burn - ing in the night: In this world of dark - ness
knows it if our lights are dim; He looks down from heav - en to
dark - ness in this world are found; Sin, and want, and sor - row: so

we must shine, You in your lit - tle cor - ner, And I in mine.
see us shine, You in your lit - tle cor - ner, And I in mine.
we may shine, You in your lit - tle cor - ner, And I in mine.

Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By permission.

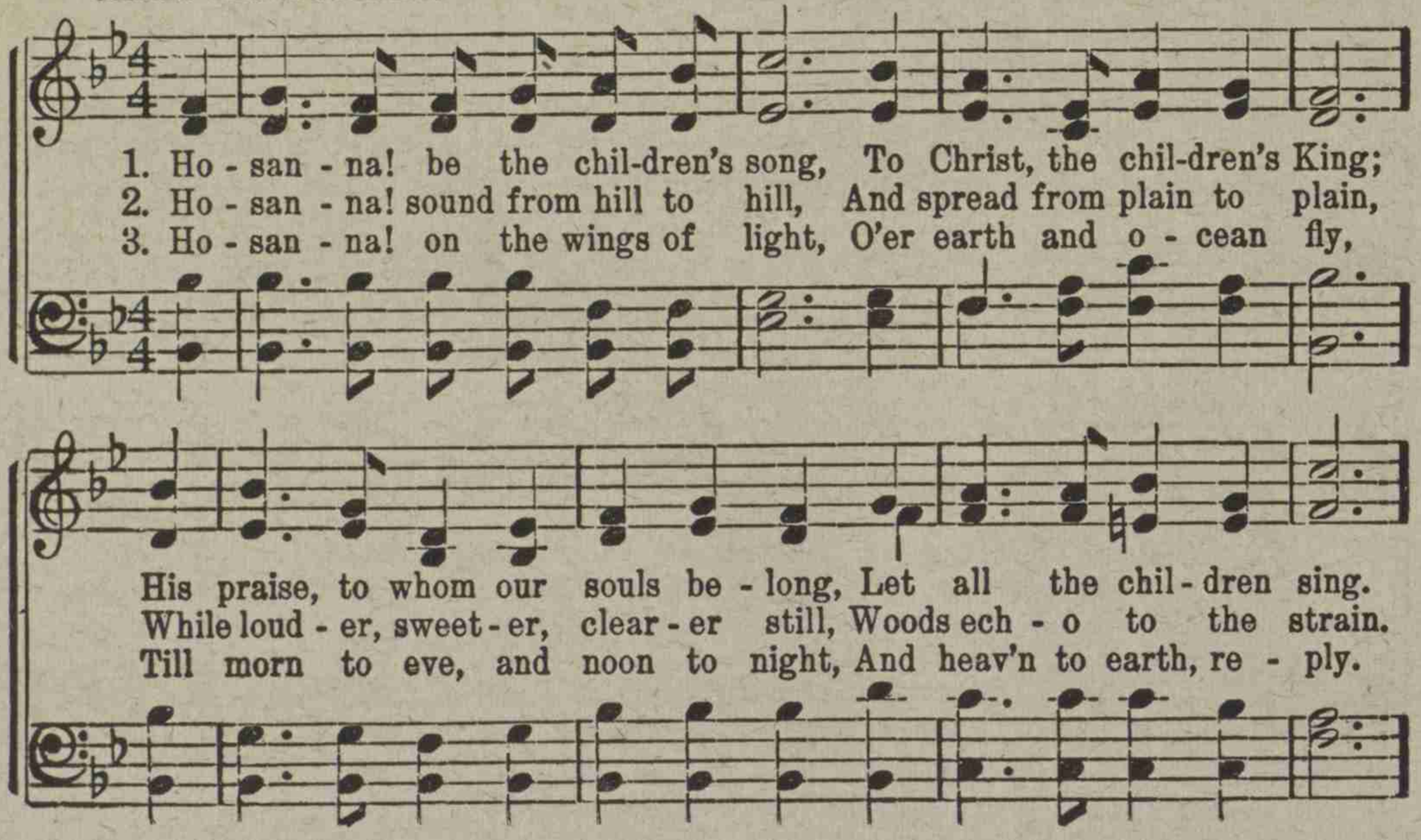
No. 382 Luther's Cradle Hymn.

Mrs. Lettie Moncton.



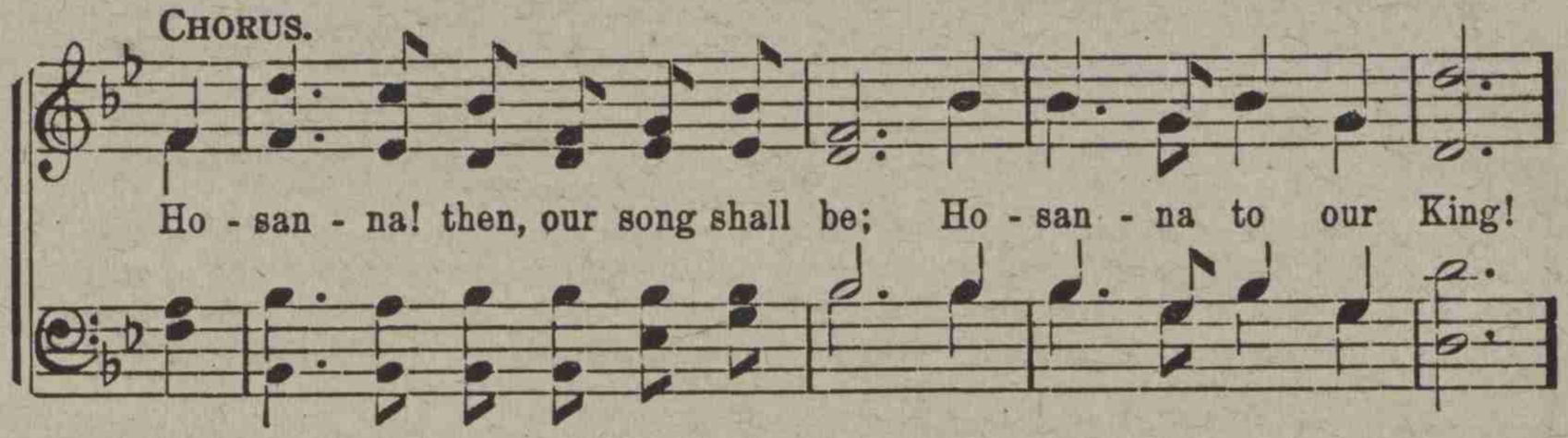
No. 383 The Children's Jubilee.
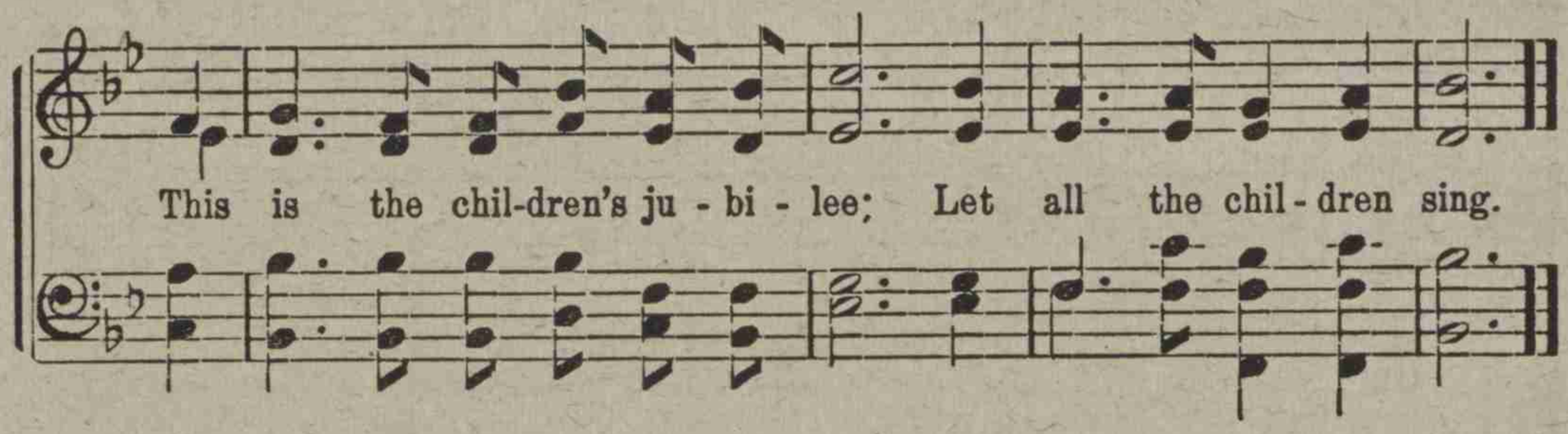
James Montgomery. Nellie A. Liscomb.



The Children's Jubilee. Concluded.

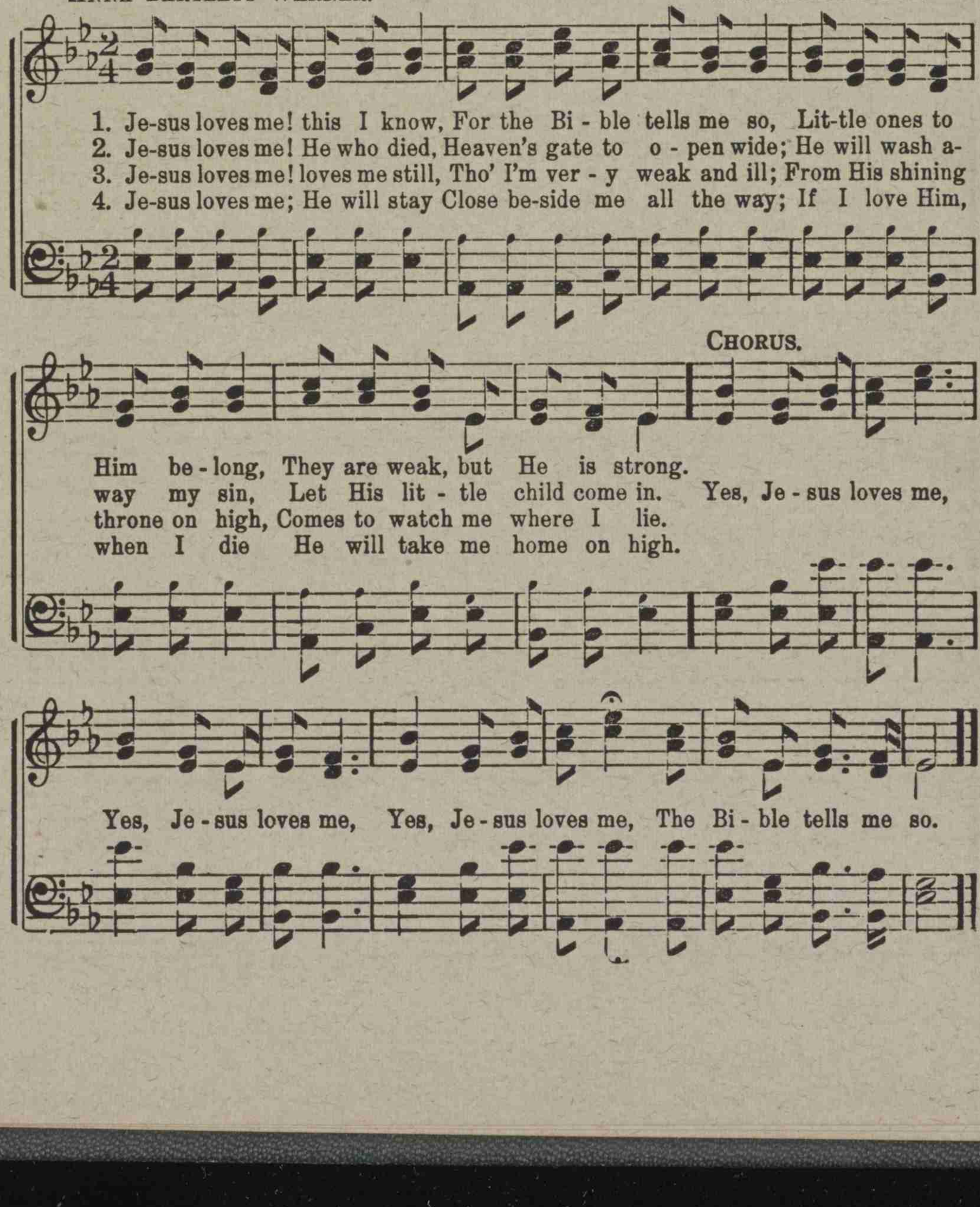
CHORUS.
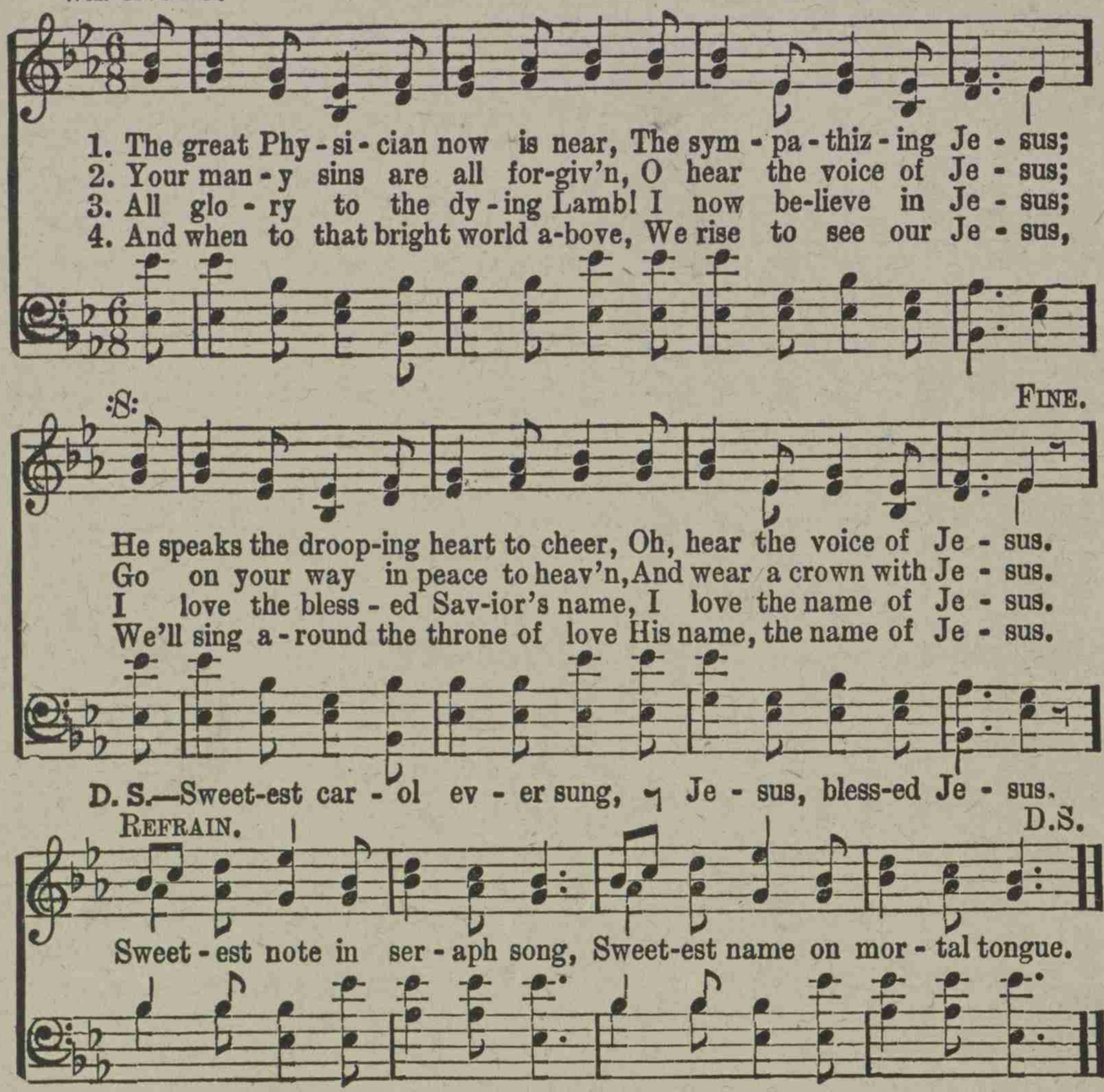




No. 384 Jesus Loves Me.

ANNA BARTLETT WARNER. WM. B. BRADBURY.



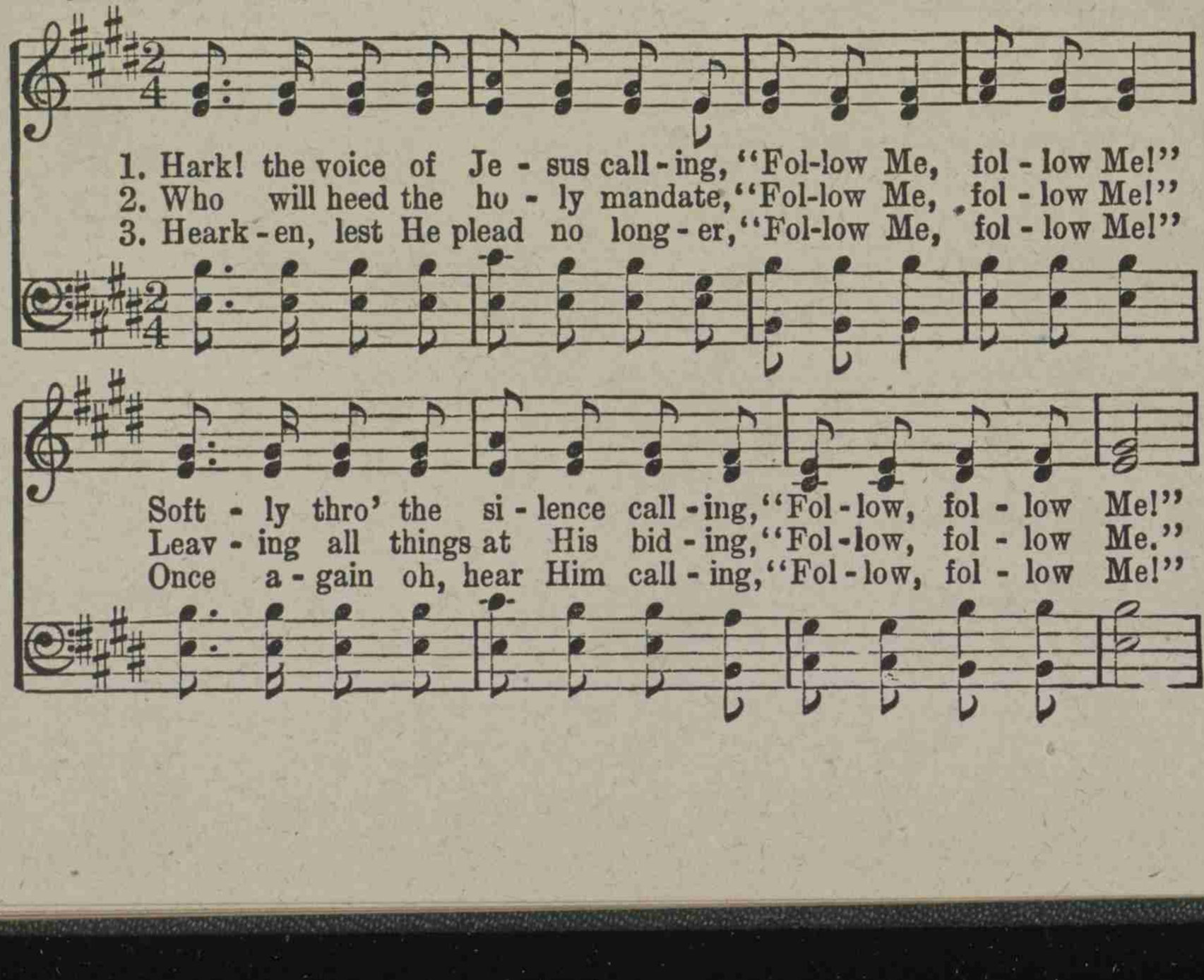
No. 385. The Great Physician.

WM. HUNTER. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

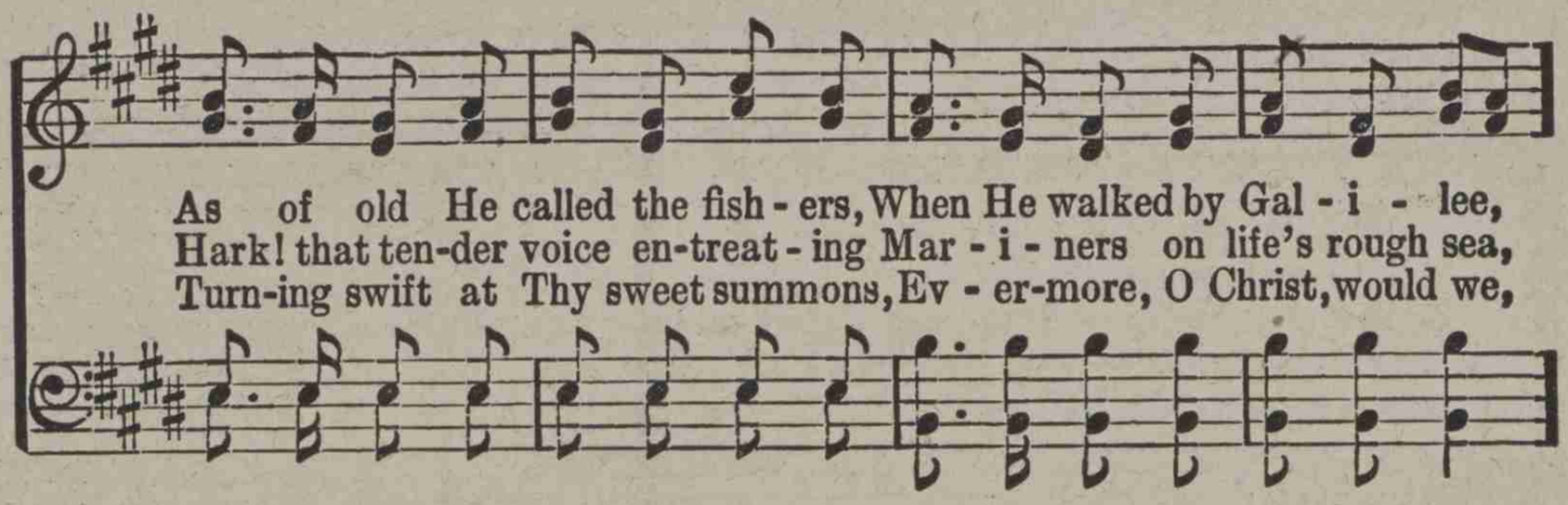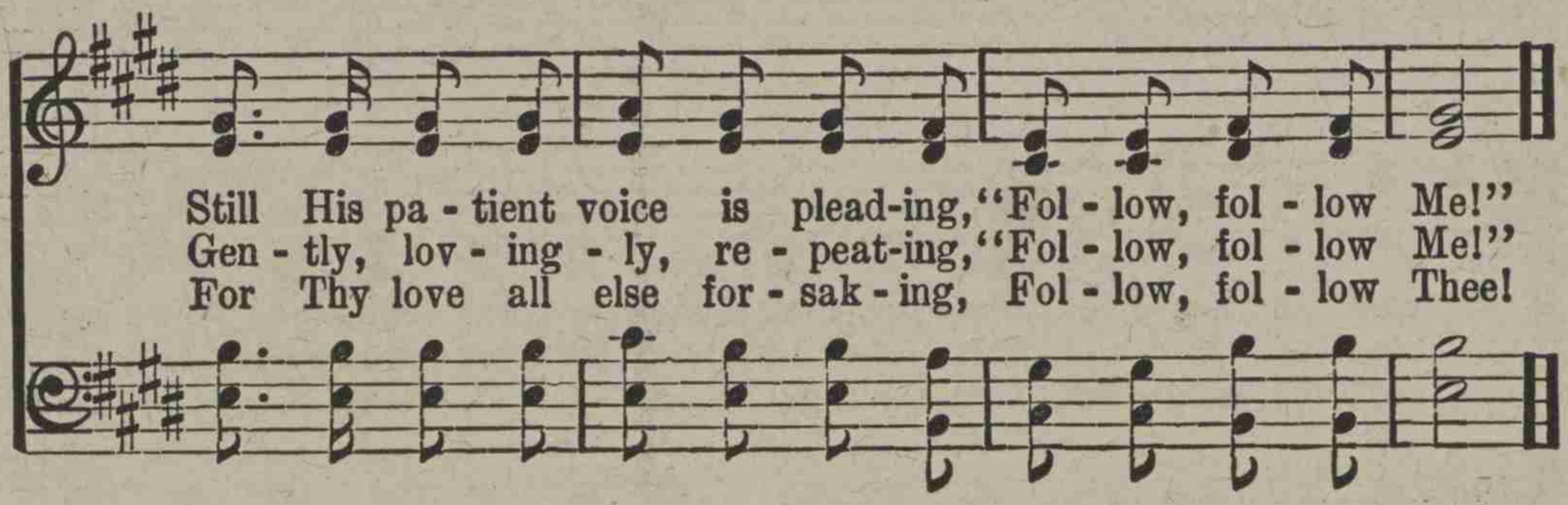


No. 386. Follow Me.

MARY B. SLEIGHT. H. R. PALMER.



Follow Me. Concluded.
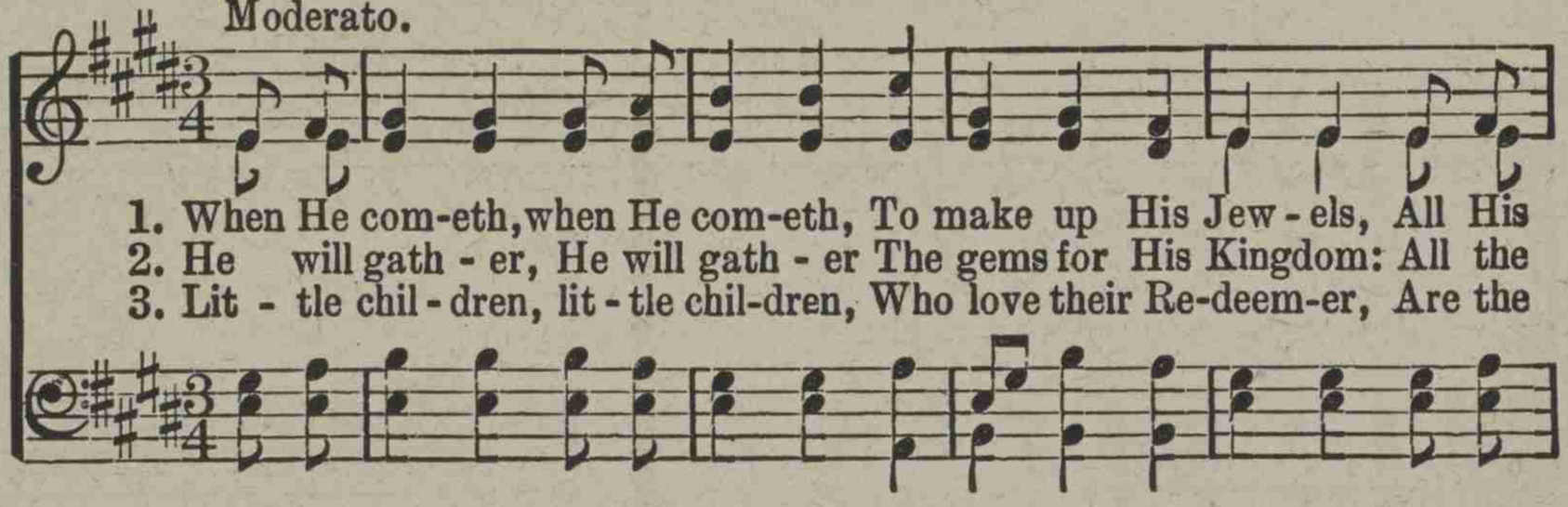




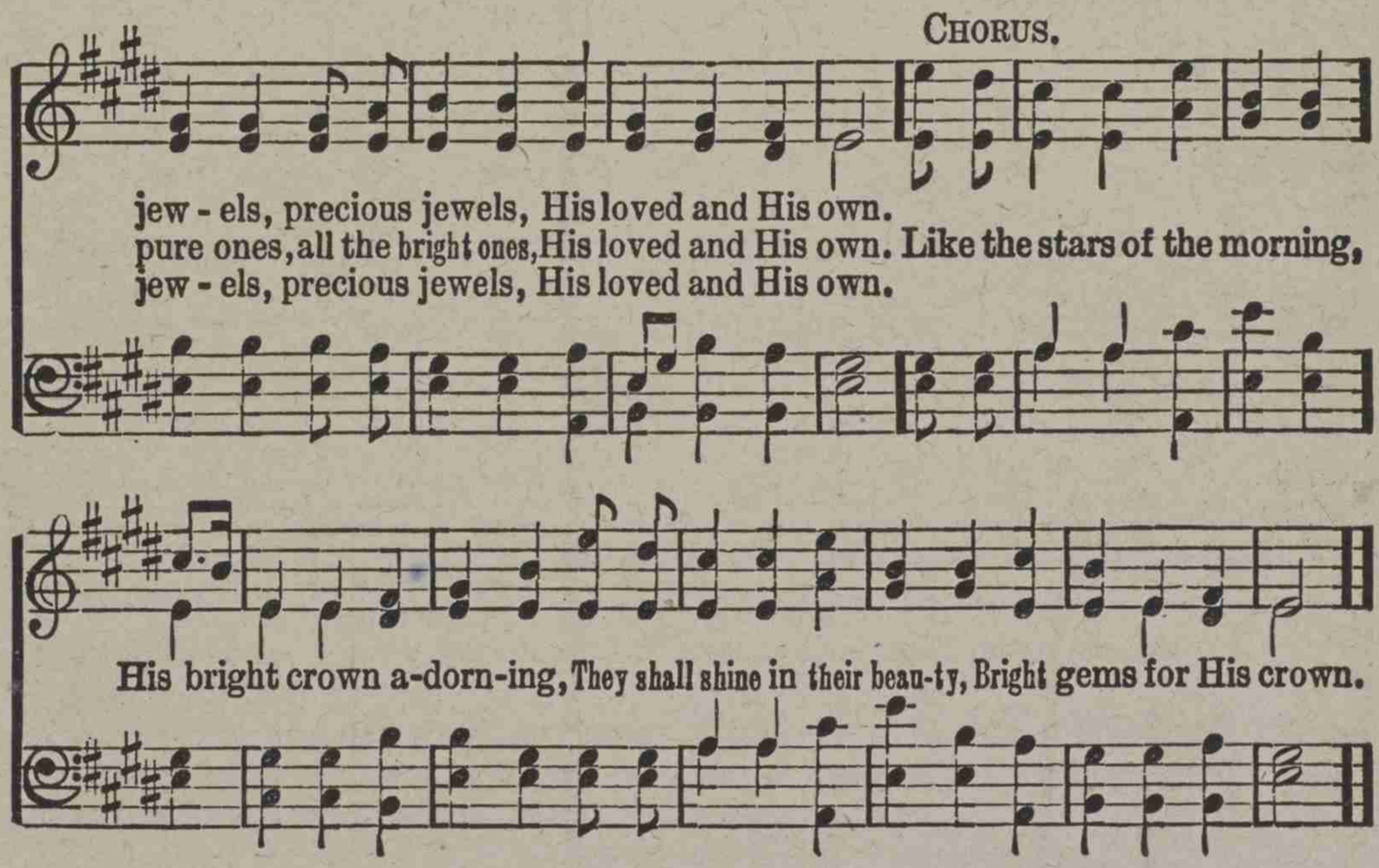
No. 387. Jewels.

REV. W. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT.

Moderato.



CHORUS.



No. 388 Jesus Loves Even Me.

"God is love."—1 John 4: 8.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.

1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the
2. Tho' I for - get Him and wan - der a - way, Still He doth love me wher-
3. Oh, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His beau - ty I

Book He has giv'n; Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see;
ev - er I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing arms would I flee,
see the great King, This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be,

CHORUS.

This is the dear-est—that Je - sus loves me.
When I re - mem - ber that Je - sus loves me. I am so glad that
"Oh, what a won - der that Je - sus loves me!"

Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me,

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

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No. 389 Marching to Glory.

H. C. WORK.

1. Come with hearts and voic-es now and sing a gos-pel song, Sing it with a spir - it that will move the mighty throng; Sing it till the world shall hear the
2. Gird the gos - pel ar-mor on and du - ty's call o - bey; See the host of Sa - tan read - y marshaled for the fray; Go - ing forth to meet them we will
3. For - ward then to bat-tle 'neath the ban-ner of the cross; Counting worldly hon - ors at their best as on - ly dross; Je - sus is our Cap-tain and we

D. S.—*Now we'll shout sal-va-tion o - ver*

FINE. CHORUS.

ech-oes loud and long, While we are march-ing to glo - ry.
watch and fight and pray, While we are march-ing to glo - ry. Then hail! all
ne'er can suf - fer loss, While we are march-ing to glo - ry.

mountain, land, and sea, While we are march-ing to glo - ry.
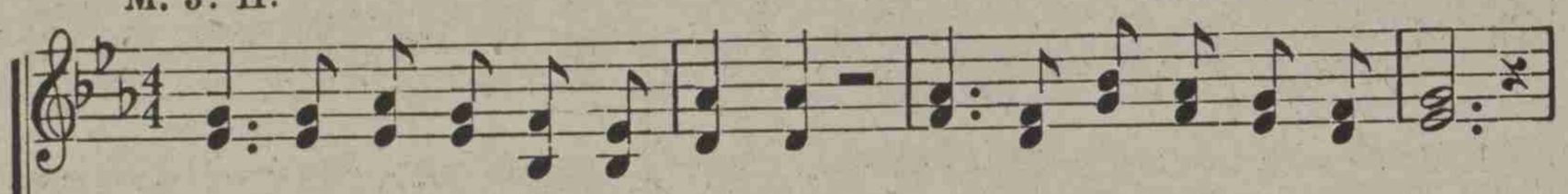
D. S.

hail! the com-ing ju - bi - lee! Redeemed from sin, our Je-sus makes us free;
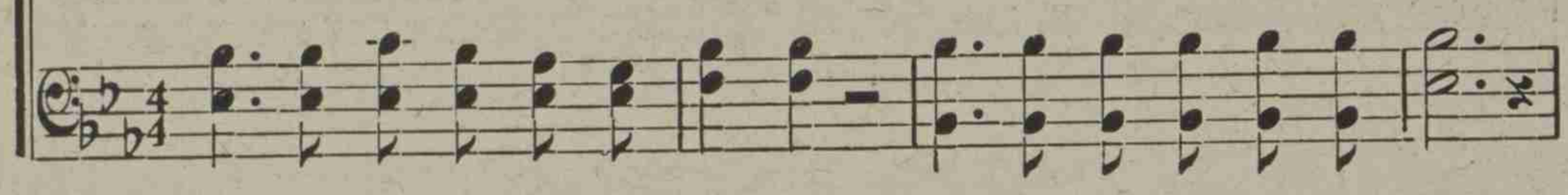
No. 390 I Will Praise Him.
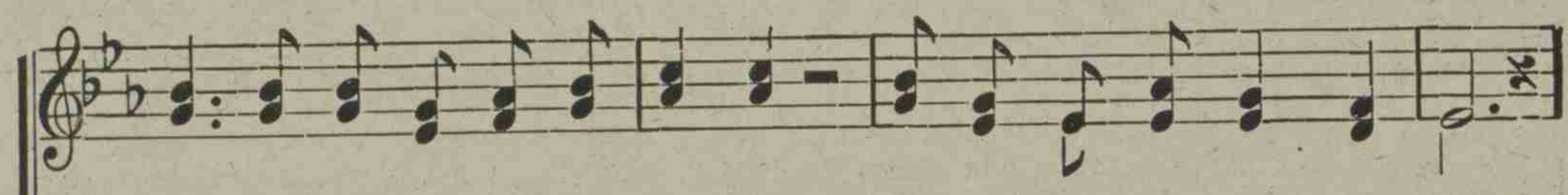
Dedicated to my Friend Miss Gertrude Bartholomew.

M. J. H. Mrs. M. J. Harris.
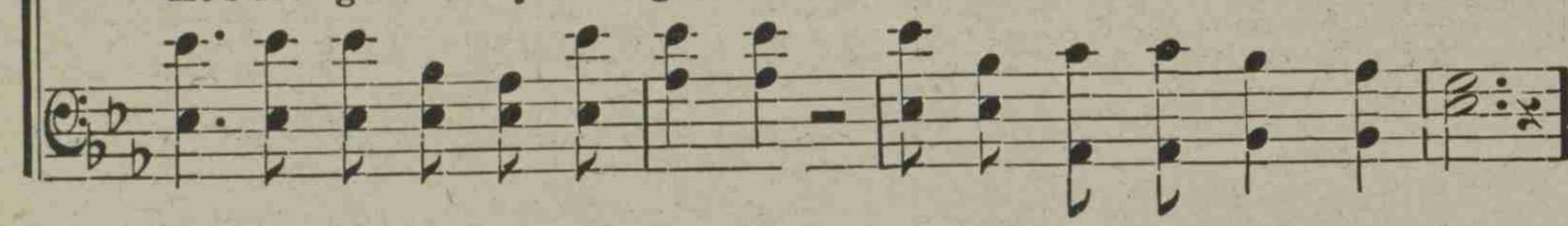


1. When I saw the cleansing fount-ain O - pen wide for all my sin,
2. Tho' the way seem'd straight and nar-row, All I claimed was swept a-way;
3. Then God's fire up - on the al - tar Of my heart was set a - flame;
4. Bless - ed be the name of Je - sus! I'm so glad He took me in;
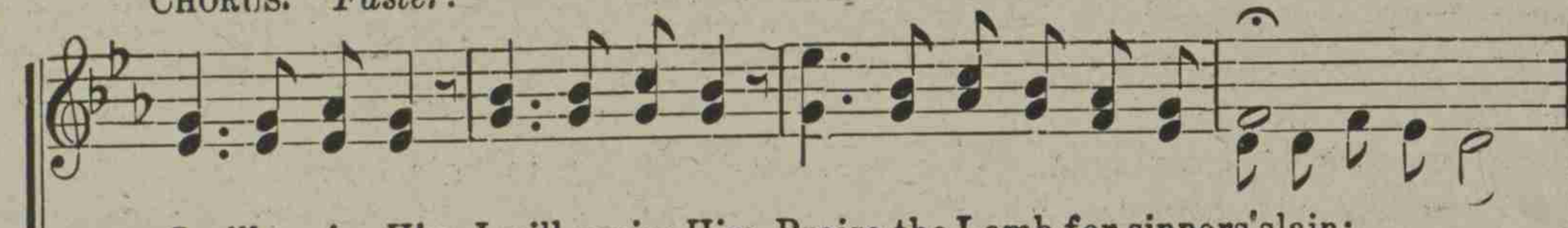




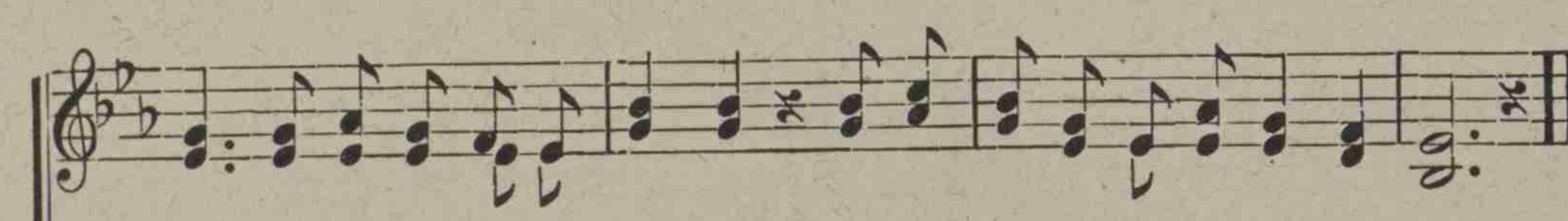
I o-beyed the Spir-it's woo - ing When He said, Wilt thou be clean?
My am-bi-tions, plans, and wish - es, At my feet in ash - es lay.
I shall nev - er cease to praise Him, Glo - ry! glo - ry to His name!
He's for - giv - en my trans-gres-sions, He has cleans'd my heart from sin.
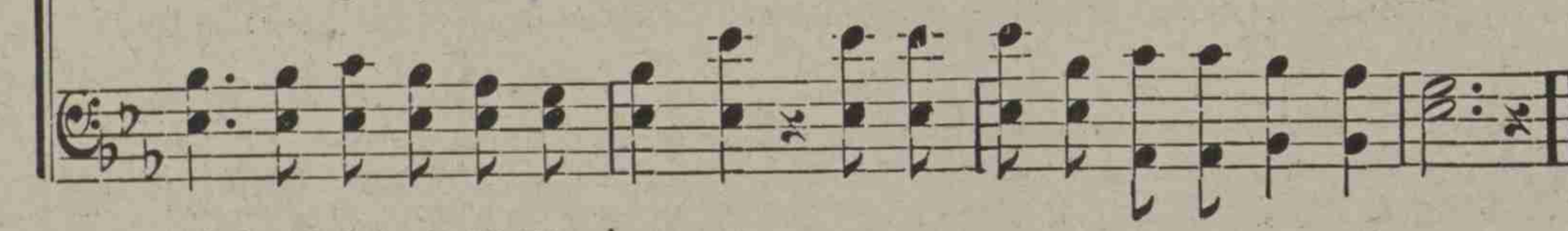


Chorus. *Faster.*



I will praise Him, I will praise Him, Praise the Lamb for sinners slain;
for sinners slain;



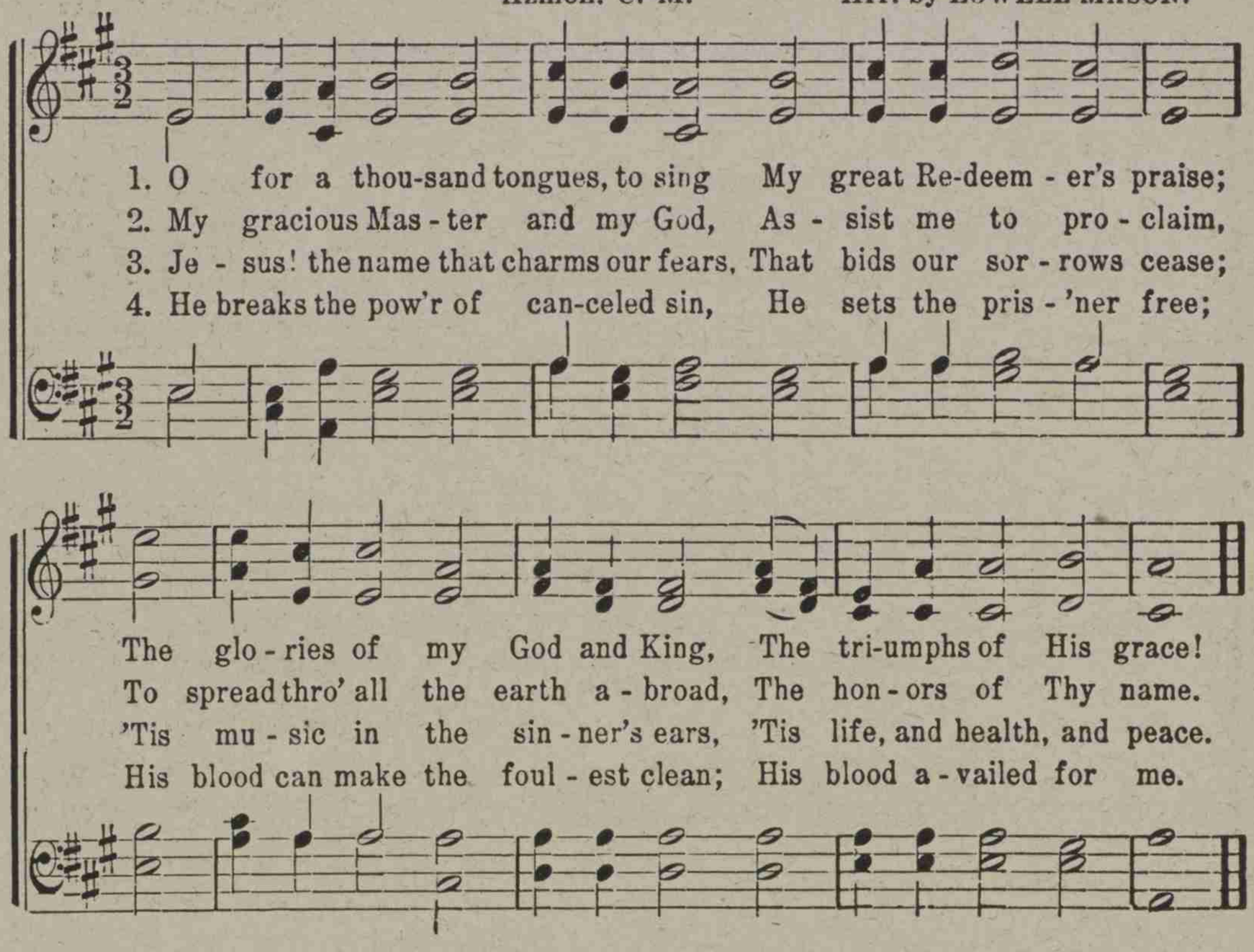
Give Him glo-ry all ye peo - ple, For His blood can wash a-way each stain.



Copyright, 1898, by J. M. Harris.

No. 391 O for a Thousand Tongues.

Azmon. C. M. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



No. 392 How Sweet the Name of Jesus

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Savior, Friend,
My Prophet Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

No. 393 O For a Heart to Praise.

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
Wy great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part,
From Him that dwells within!

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Charles Wesley.

No. 394 O For a Faith.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

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

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile.

No. 395. The Last Mile of the Way.

Copyright, 1936, by Wm. Edie Marks. Renewal. Used by permission.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. If I walk in the path-way of du - ty, If I work till the close of the day;
2. If for Christ I pro-claim the glad sto - ry, If I seek for His sheep gone a - stray,
3. Here the dear - est of ties we must sev - er, Tears of sor - row are seen ev - 'ry day;
4. And if here I have ear - nest - ly striv - en, And have tried all His will to o - bey,

I shall see the great King in His beau - ty,
I am sure He will show me His glo - ry,
But no sick - ness, no sigh - ing for - ev - er
'Twill en-hance all the rap - ture of heav - en,

CHORUS

When I've gone the last mile of the way. When I've gone the last mile of the way,..... I will rest at the close of the day,..... And I know there are joys that a - wait me, When I've gone the last mile of the way.

No. 396. Leaving All to Follow Jesus.

Copyright, 1926, Renewal. Rodeheaver Hall-Mack Co., owner.

IDA M. BUDD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Leav-ing all to fol - low Je-sus, Turn-ing from the world a - way,
2. Naught reserving, on the al - tar all I lay, and wait the hour
3. Tak-ing up the cross for Je-sus, Glad for Him to suf - fer shame,
4. Praise His precious name for-ev-er That His blood hath made me free;

Step-ping out up - on the prom-ise, All I have is His to - day.
When the fire from heav'n desending Shall at-test His glo-rious pow'r.
All my gain I count but loss - es, For the glo - ry of His name.
Now my soul shall joy to tell it, Thro' the long e - ter - ni - ty.

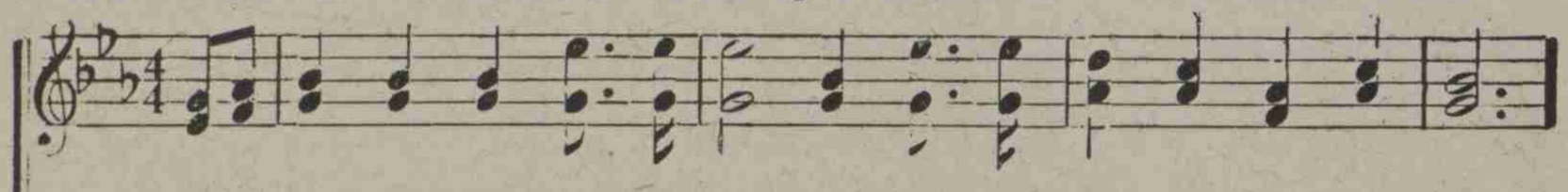
CHORUS.

Leav-ing all to fol - low Je - sus, Turn - ing
Leav-ing all to fol - low, fol - low Je - sus,
from the world a - way,..... Step-ping out up-
Turn-ing, turn-ing from the world a - way, Step-ping out up-
on His prom - ise, All I have is His to - day.
on His bless - ed prom-ise,
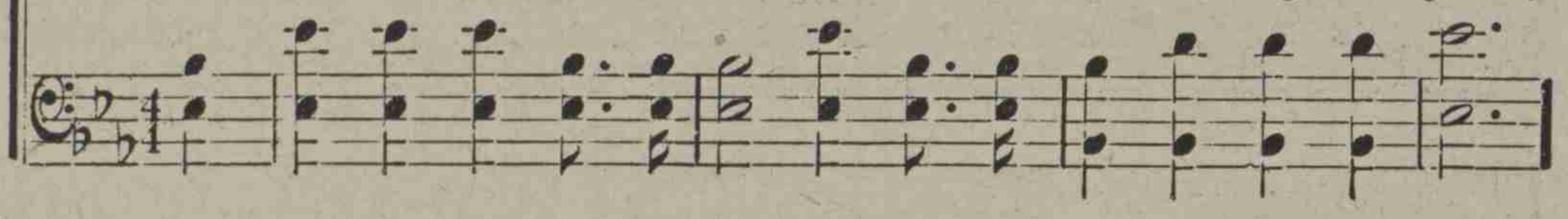
No. 397. On the Victory Side.

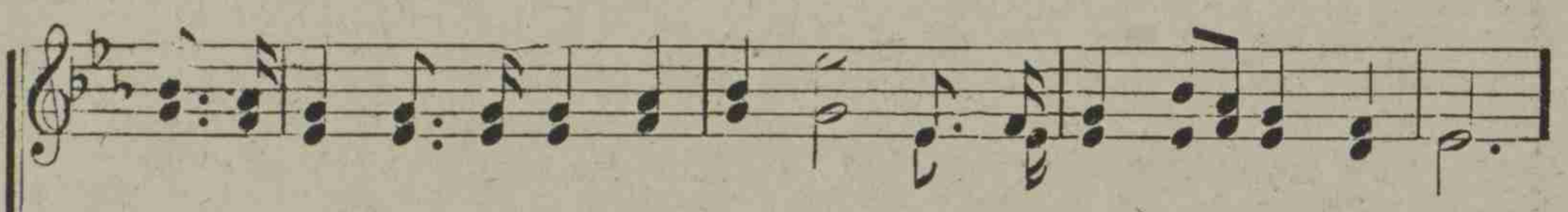
Copyright, 1922, by Mrs. L. E. Sweeney. Renewal.

JAMES L. BLACK. Nazarene Publishing House, owner. JNO. R. SWENEY.

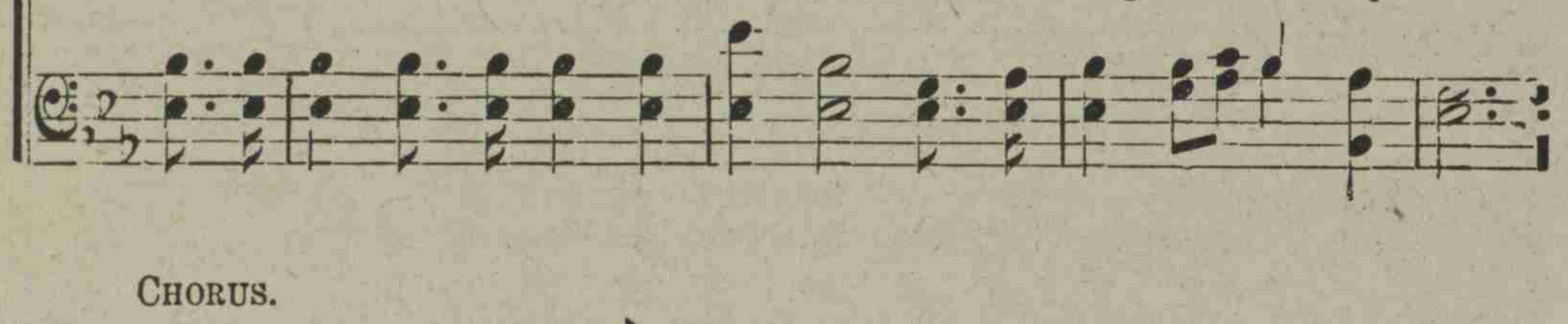


1. Our souls cry out, Hal - le - lu - jah! And our faith en - rapt-ured sings,
2. Our souls cry out, Hal - le - lu - jah! For the Lord Him-self comes near,
3. Our souls cry out, Hal - le - lu - jah! For the tempt - er flies a - pace,
4. Our souls cry out, Hal - le - lu - jah! And our hearts beat high with praise,
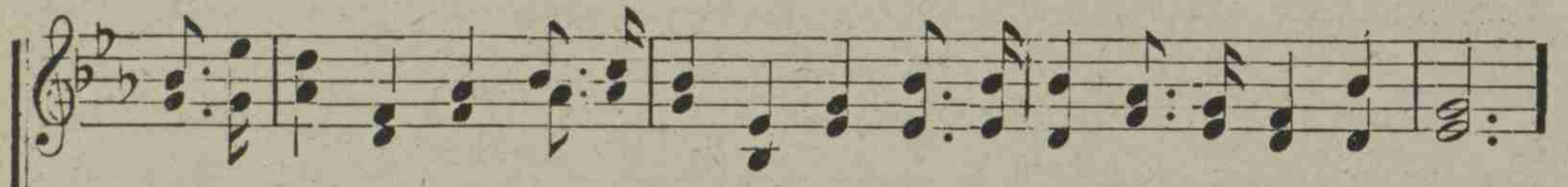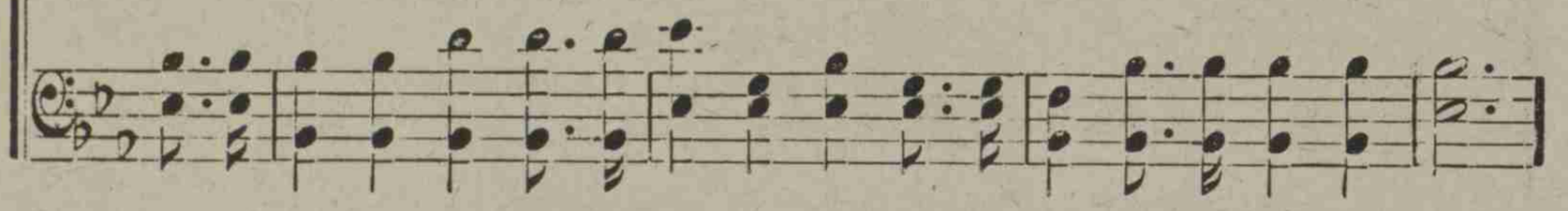




While we throw to the breeze the standard Of the might-y King of kings.
And the shout of a roy - al arm - y, On the bat - tle - field we hear.
And the chains he has forged are breaking, Thro' the pow'r of redeeming grace.
Un - to Him, in whose name we'll conquer, And our song of tri-umph raise.
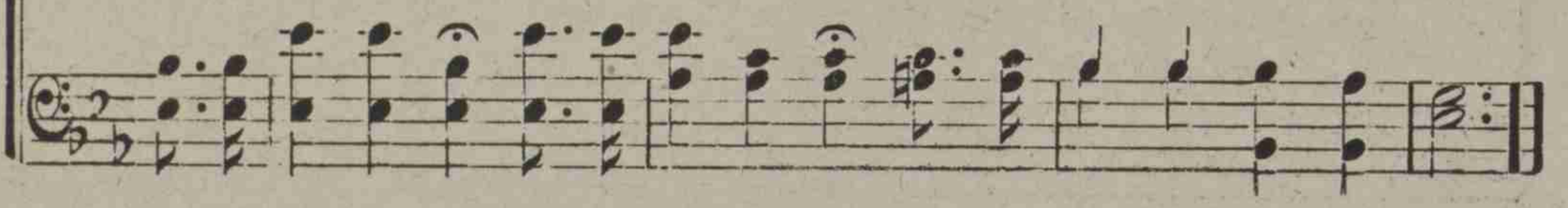


CHORUS.



On the vic - t'ry side, on the vic - t'ry side, In the ranks of the Lord are we;



On the vic-t'ry side we will bold-ly stand, Till the glo - ry - land we see.



No. 398. Contentment.

Copyright, 1927, Renewal. Nazarene Publishing House, owner.

V. C. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I am hap - py, O so hap - py At God's side, At God's side,
2. I am drink - ing at the fountain Of sweet peace, Of sweet peace,
3. I will praise Him that He ev - er Made me whole, Made me whole.
4. He has prom-ised thus to lead us All the way, All the way,
5. We shall there be - hold His glo - ry With our eyes, With our eyes.

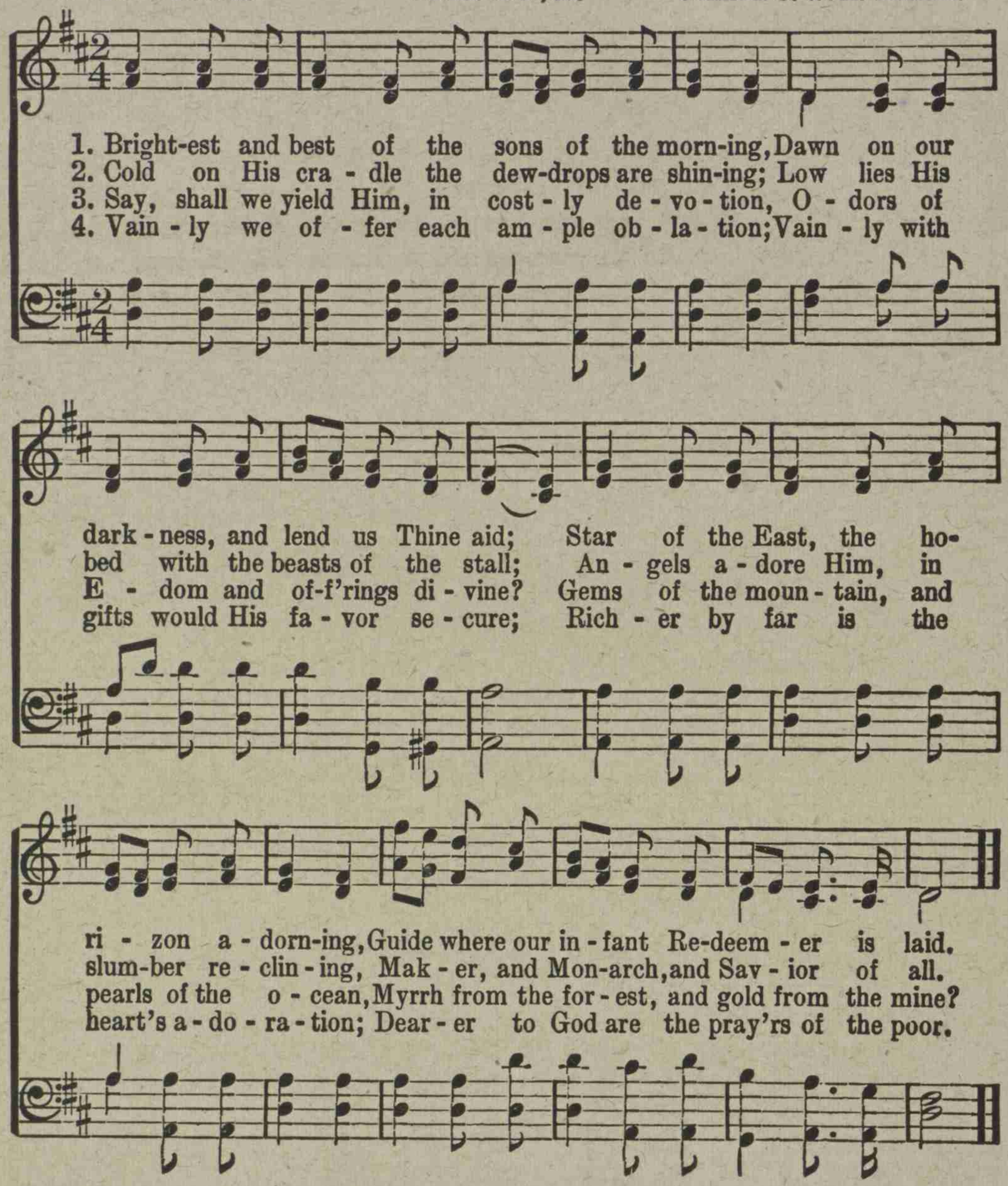
I am walk - ing in His presence, Sat - is - fied. Sat - is - fied.
While the bless - ings from my Fa - ther Nev - er cease. Nev - er cease.
Praise Him for His sweet com-mun-ion With my soul. With my soul.
We'll en-camp in fields e - lys - ian Some sweet day. Some sweet day.
And en - joy those heights for-ev - er—Par - a - dise! Par - a - dise!

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, I am
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Bless - ings
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Praise Him
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, We'll en -
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, We'll en -

walk - ing in His pres - ence, Sat - is - fied. Sat - is - fied.
from my heav'nly Fa - ther Nev - er cease. Nev - er cease.
for His sweet com-mun - ion With my soul. With my soul.
camp in fields e - lys - ian Some weet day. Some sweet day.
joy those heights for - ev - er— Par - a - dise! Par - a - dise!

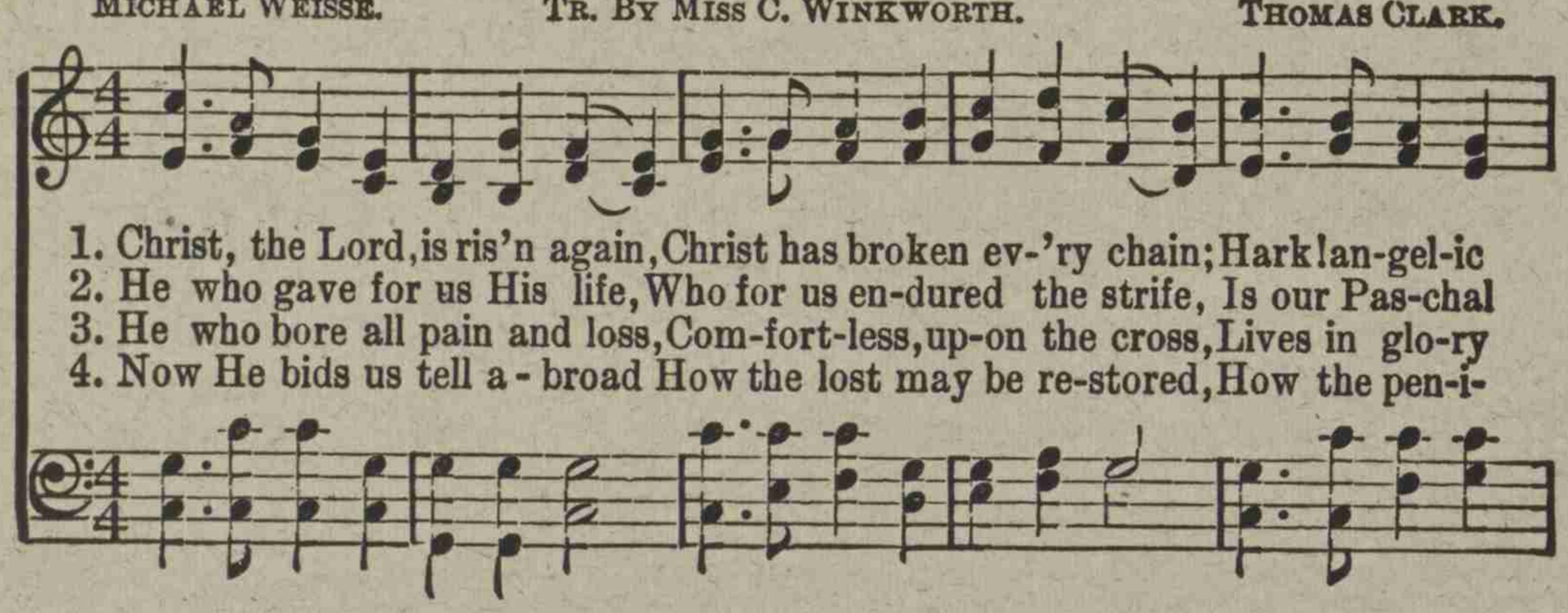
No. 399. Brightest and Best.

REGINALD HEBER. HANOVER 11, 10. JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART.

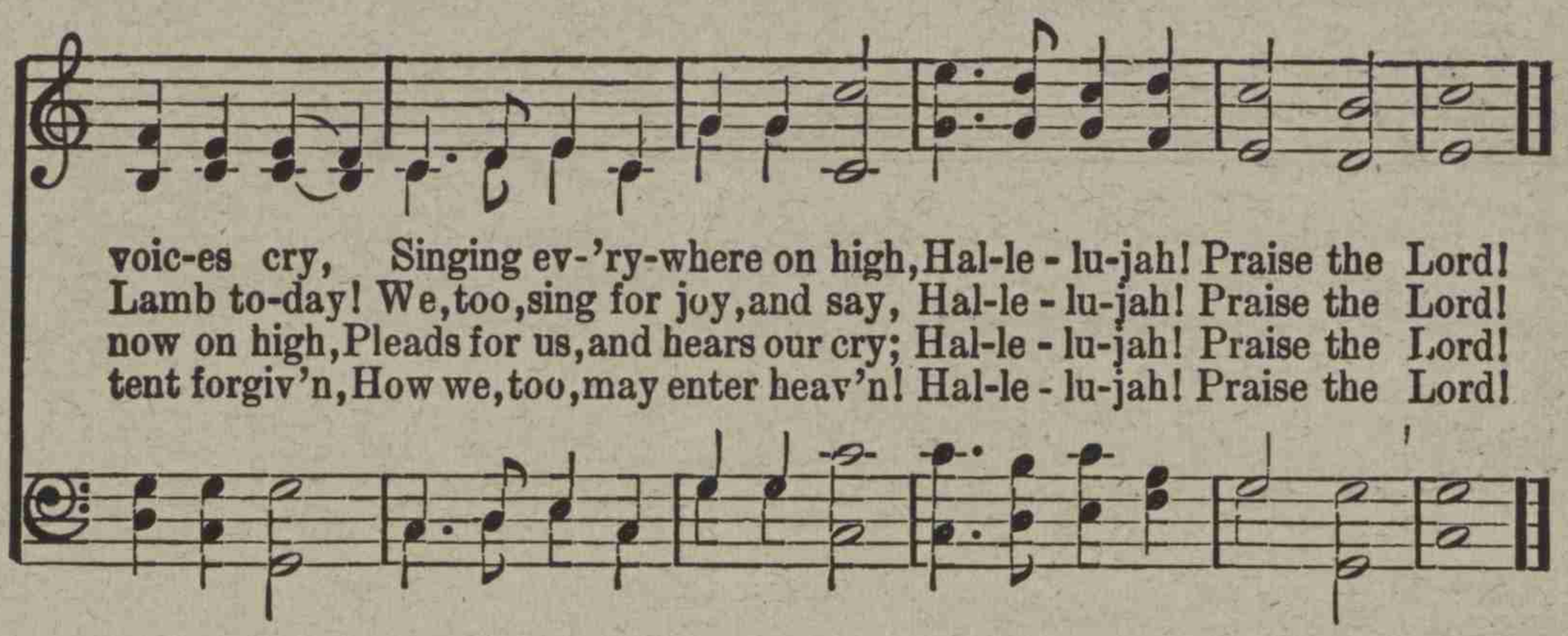


No. 400. The Lord is Risen.

MICHAEL WEISSE. TR. BY MISS C. WINKWORTH. THOMAS CLARK.

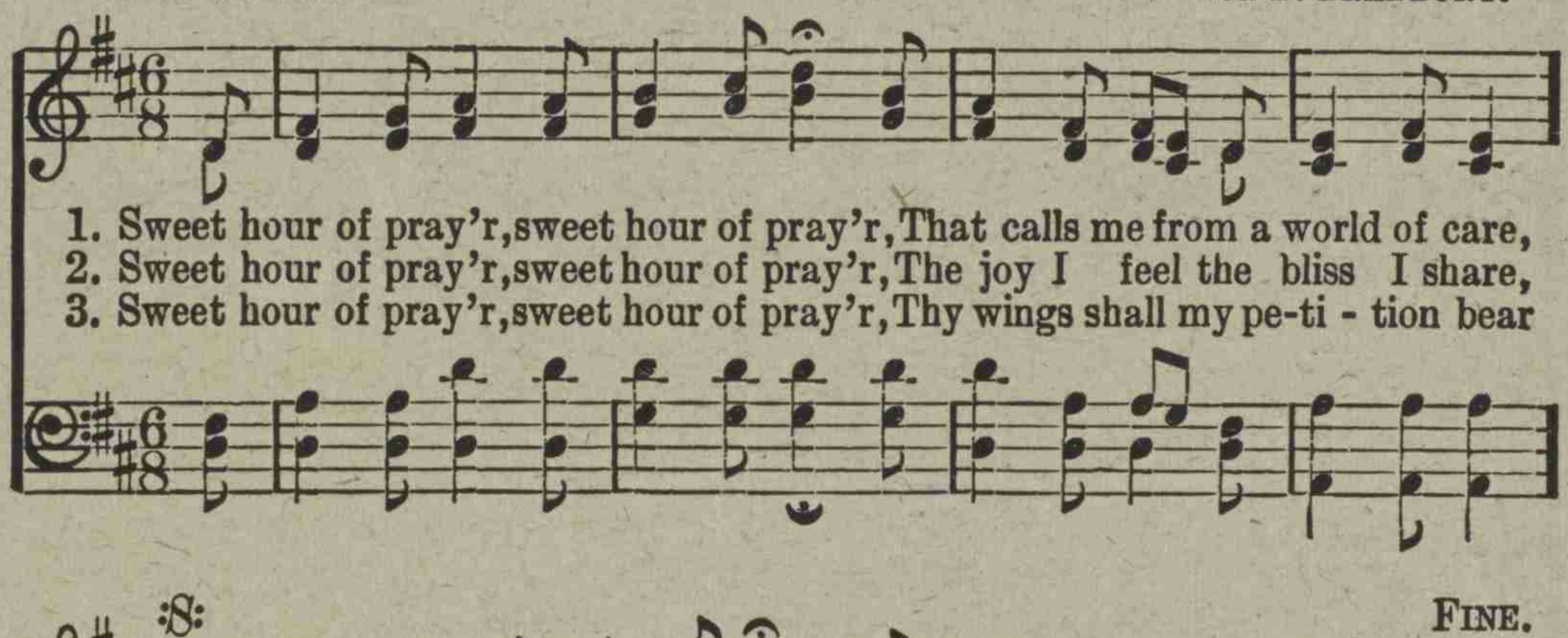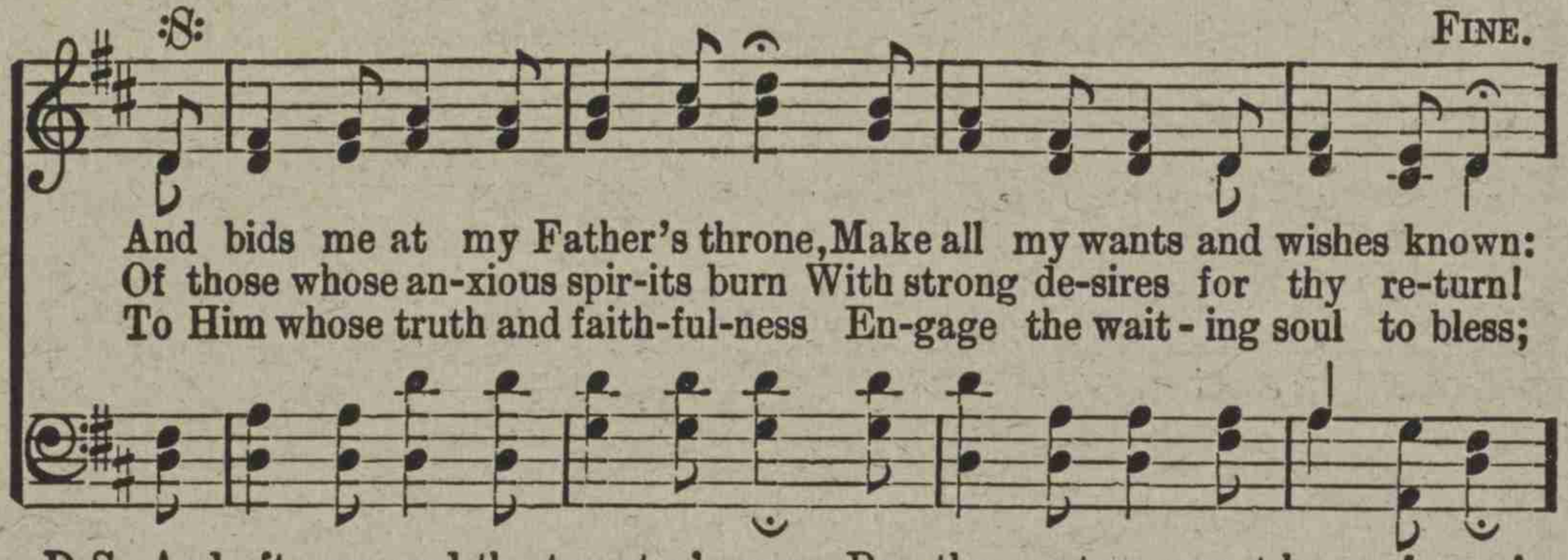


The Lord is Risen. Concluded.
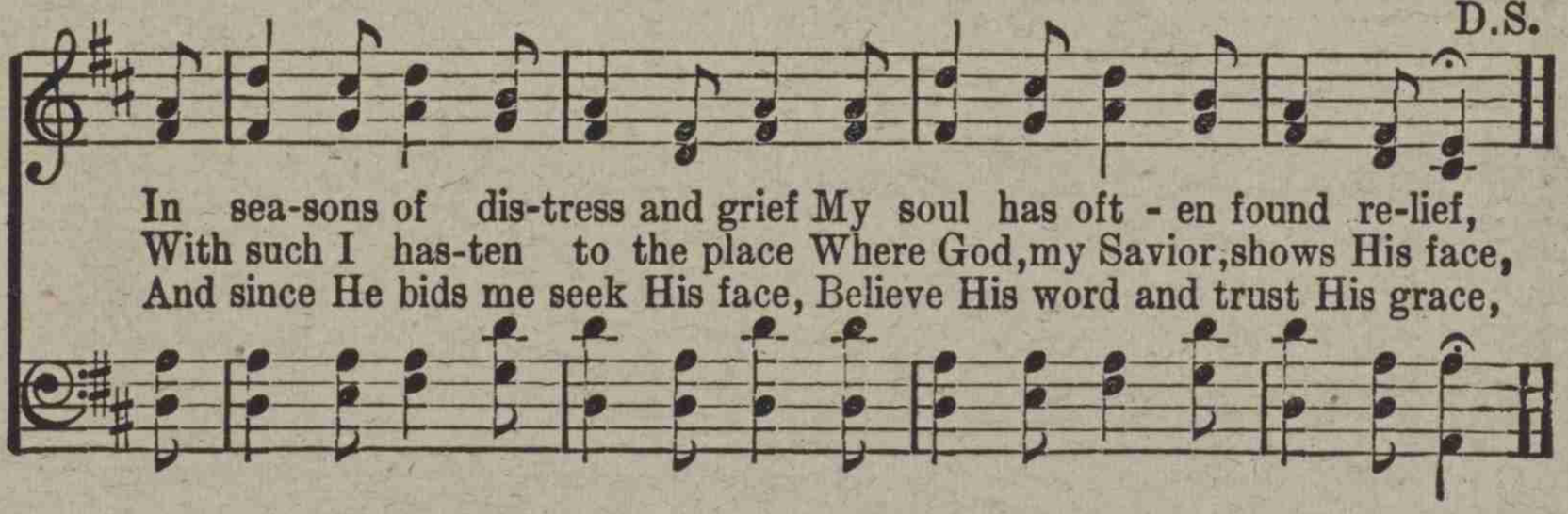


No. 401. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. WALFORD. WM. B. BRADBURY.







No. 402. Christ is Risen, Christ is Risen!

A. T. GURNEY. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain;
2. See, the chains of death are bro - ken; Earth be - low and heav'n a - bove,
3. Glo-rious an-gels, down-ward thronging, Hail the Lord of all the skies;

Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain!
Joy in each a - maz - ing to - ken Of His ris - ing, Lord of love:
Heav'n, with joy and ho - ly long - ing For the Word in - car - nate, cries,
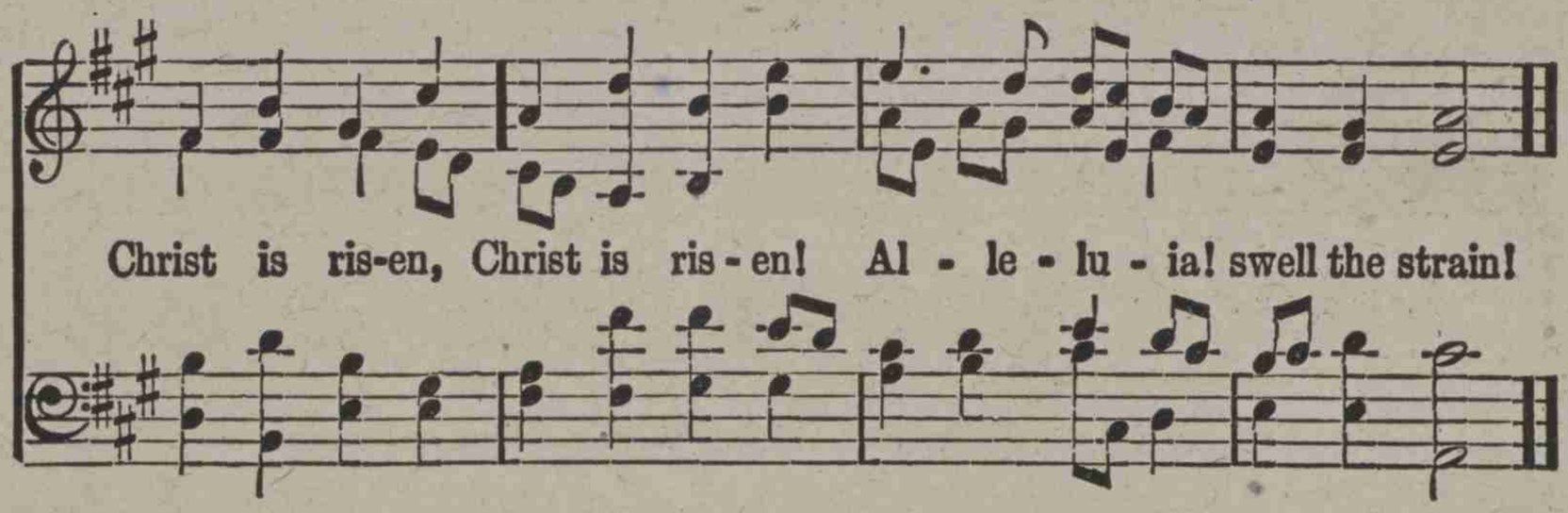
For our gain He suf - fered loss, By di - vine de - cree;
He for - ev - er - more shall reign By the Fa - ther's side,
"Christ is ris - en! earth, re - joice! Gleam, ye star - ry train!

He hath died up - on the cross, But our God is He.
Till He comes to earth a - gain, Comes to claim His bride.
All cre - a - tion find a voice; He o'er all shall reign."

REFRAIN

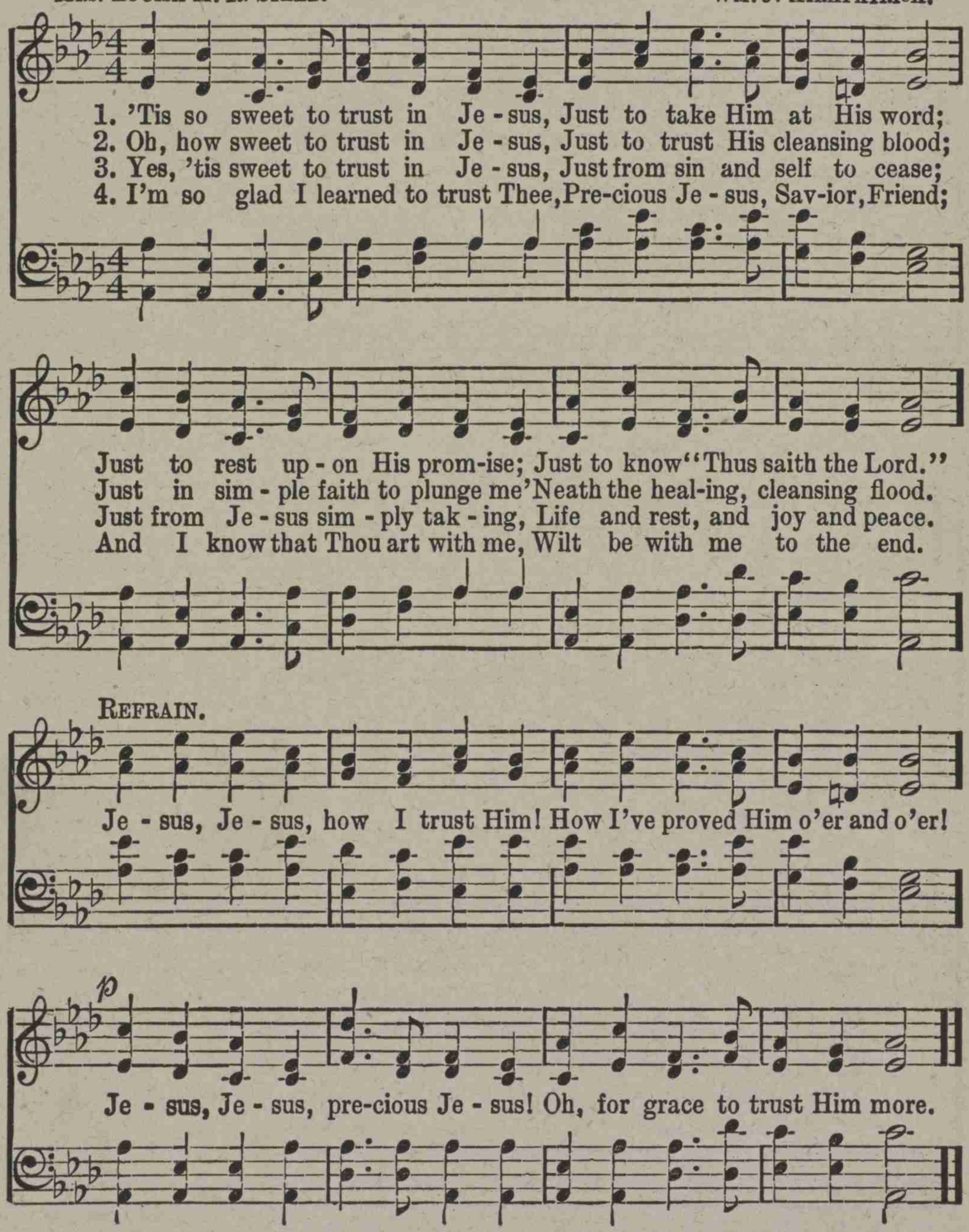
Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain;

Christ is Risen, Christ is Risen! Concluded.



No. 403. 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



No. 404. There's a Song in the Air.

Copyright, 1939, Renewal. Hope Pub. Co., owner.

JOSIAH G. HOLLAND. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There's a song in the air, there's a star in the sky! There's a
2. There's a tu - mult of joy o'er the won - der - ful birth, For the
3. In the light of that star lie the a - ges im-pearled, And that
4. We re - joice in the light and we ech - o the song That comes

rall..... ff a tempo.

moth - er's deep pray'r, and a ba - by's low cry! And the star rains its
Vir - gin's sweet boy is the Lord of the earth. Ay! the star rains its
song from a - far has swept o - ver the world, Ev - 'ry hearth is a-
down thro' the night from the heav-en-ly throng. Ay! we shout to the

dim. rall.....
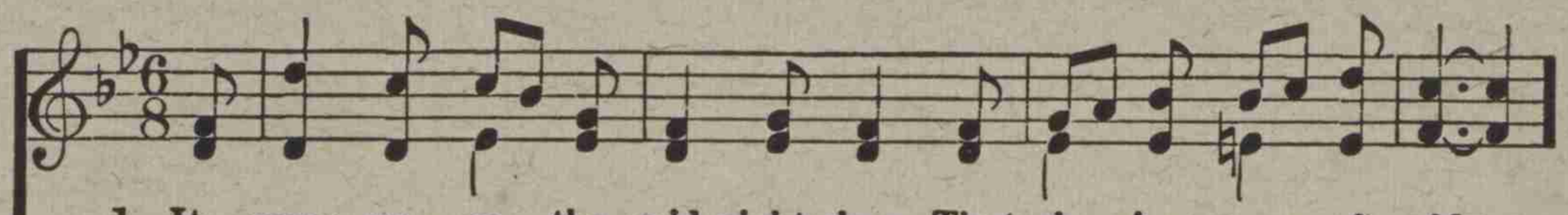
fire while the beau - ti - ful sing, For the man-ger of Beth - le - hem
fire while the beau - ti - ful sing, For the man-ger of Beth - le - hem
flame and the beau - ti - ful sing In the homes of the na - tions that
love - ly e - van - gel they bring, And we greet in His cra - dle our

a tempo. cres. rit. lento.
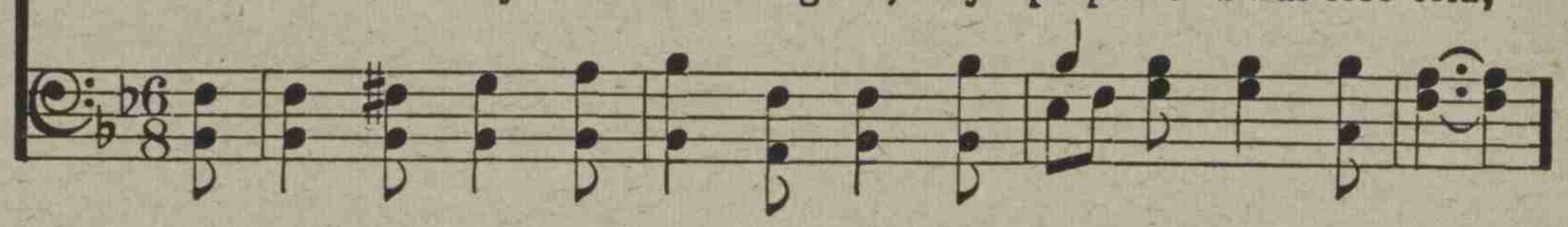
cra - dles a King! For the man-ger of Beth - le - hem cra-dles a King!
cra - dles a King! For the man-ger of Beth - le - hem cra-dles a King!
Je - sus is King! In the homes of the na-tions that Je - sus is King!
Sav - ior and King! And we greet in His cra - dle our Sav-ior and King!

No. 405. It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

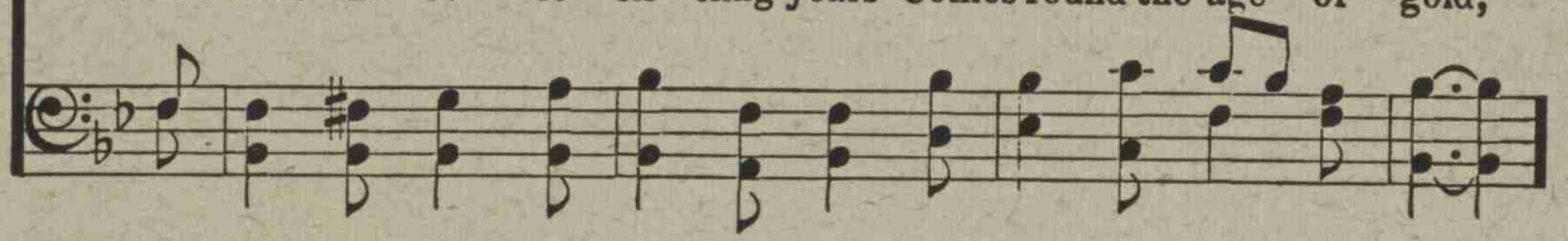
E. H. Sears. R. Storrs Willis.
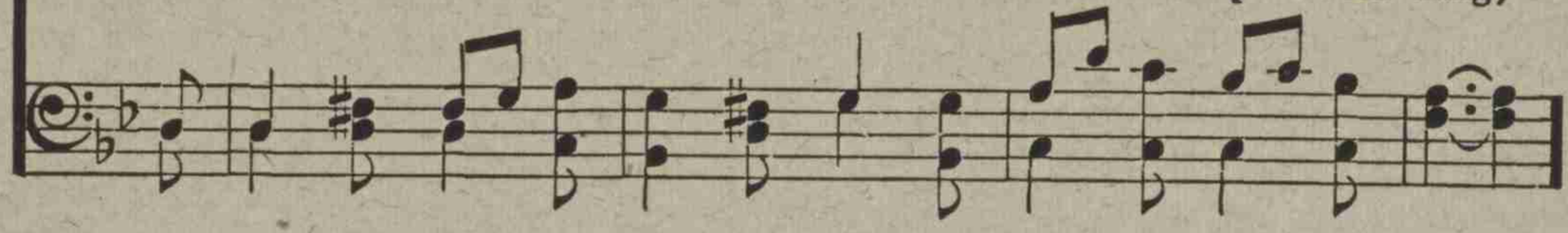


1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un - furled,
3. O ye, be - neath life's crush-ing load, Whose forms are bend-ing low,
4. For lo! the days are has-t'ning on, By proph-et - bards fore-told,



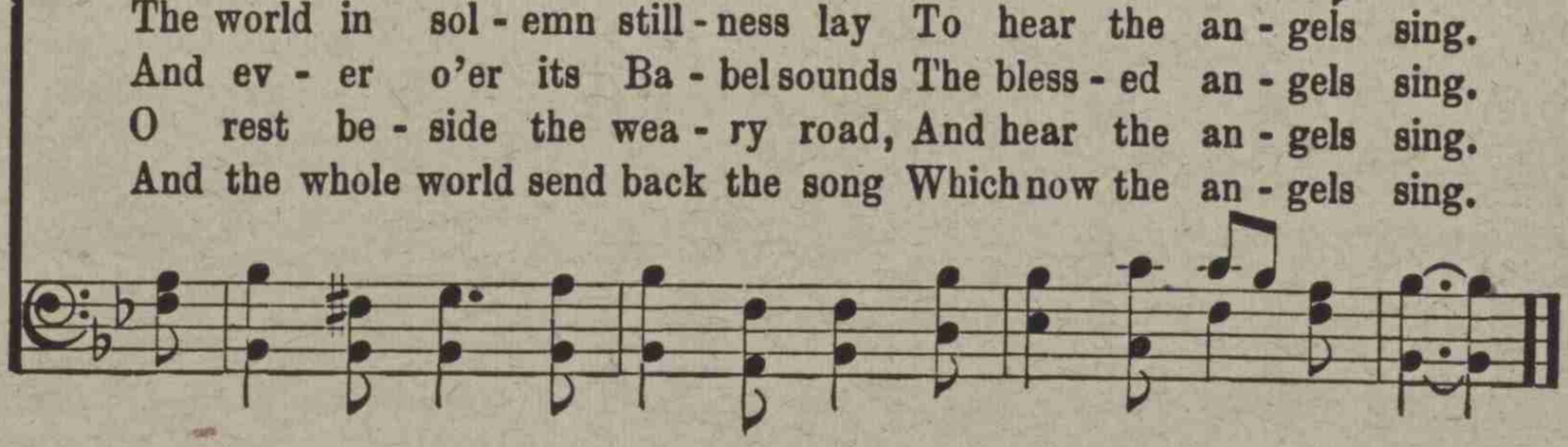
From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;
And still their heav'n-ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world;
Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow,
When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold;



"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all-gra-cious King:"
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov-'ring wing,
Look now! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing;
When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen-dors fling,

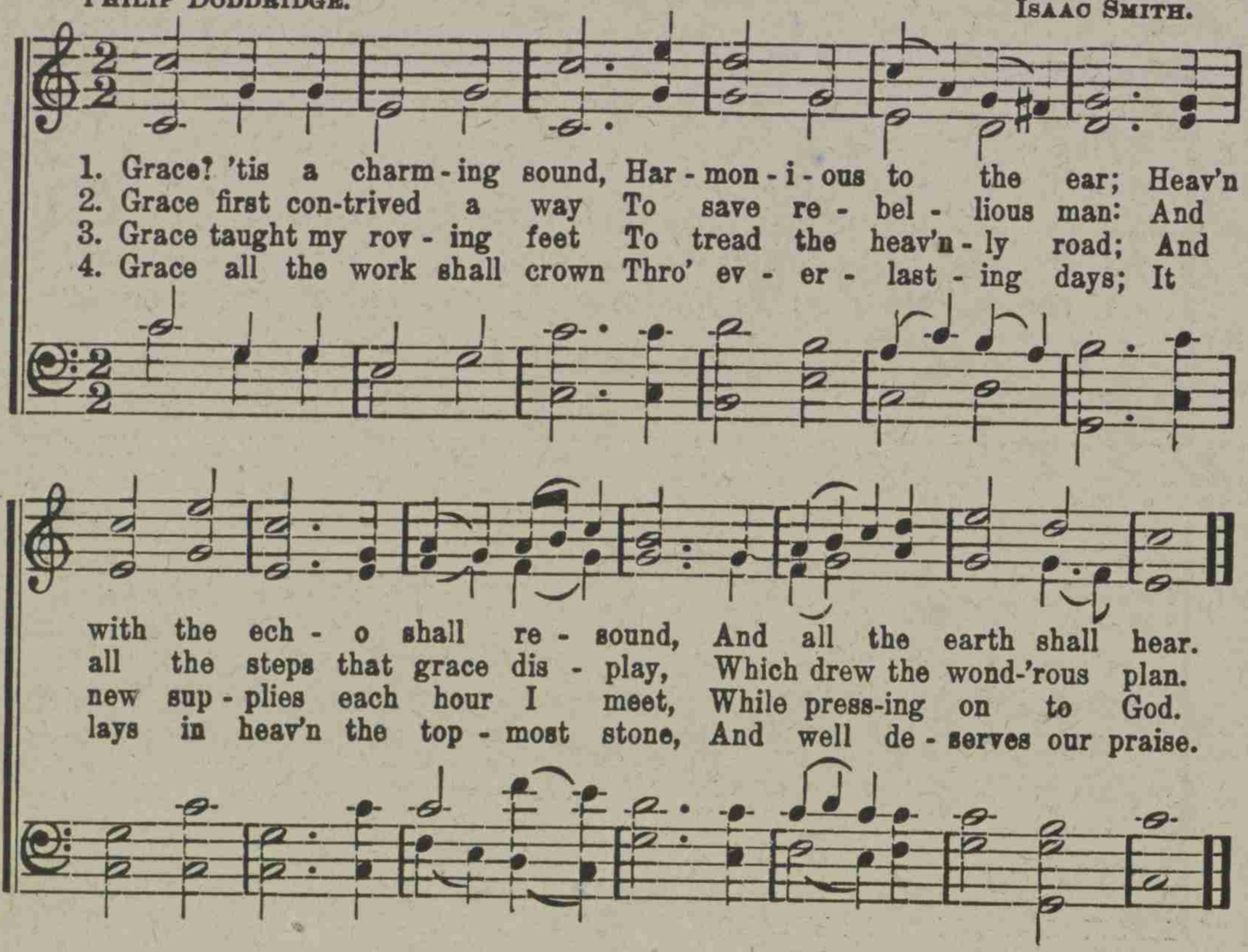


The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
O rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing.
And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing.



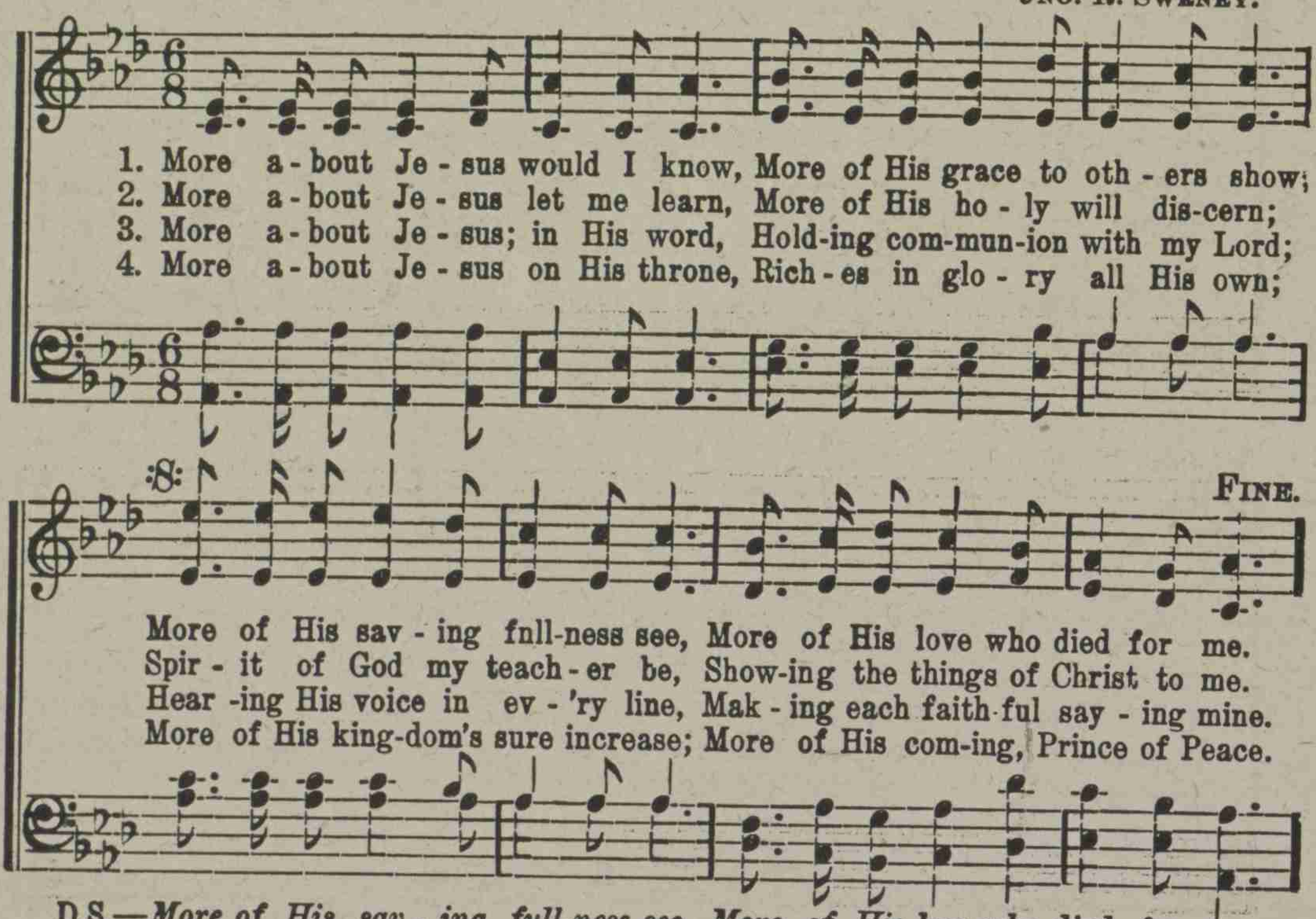
No. 406. Grace! 'Tis a Charming Sound.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. ISAAC SMITH.



No. 407. More About Jesus.
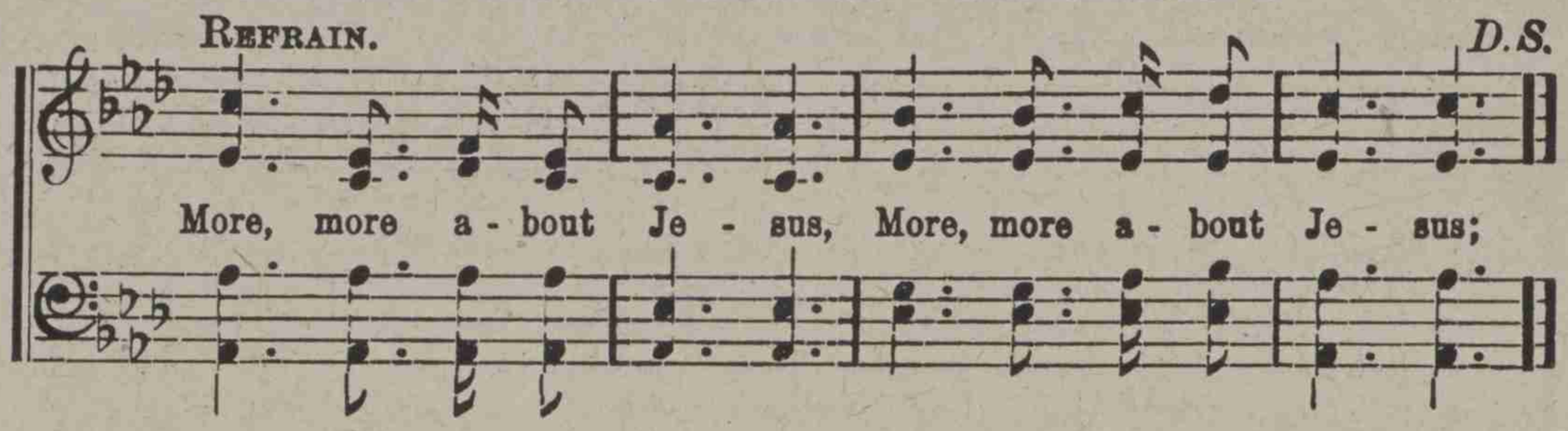
E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.



D.S.—*More of His sav - ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.*
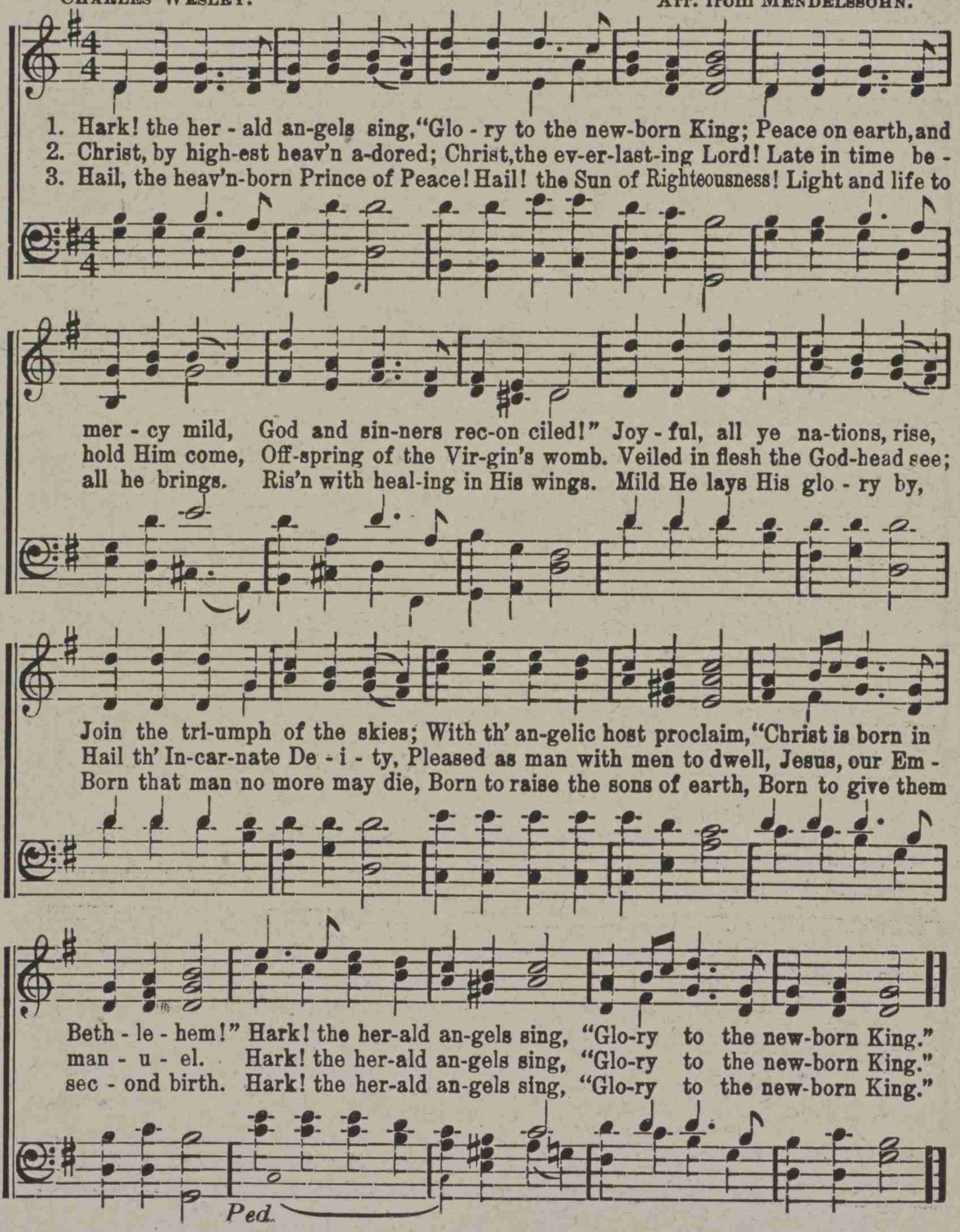
Copyright, 1887, by Jno. R. Swenev. Used by per.

More About Jesus. Concluded.



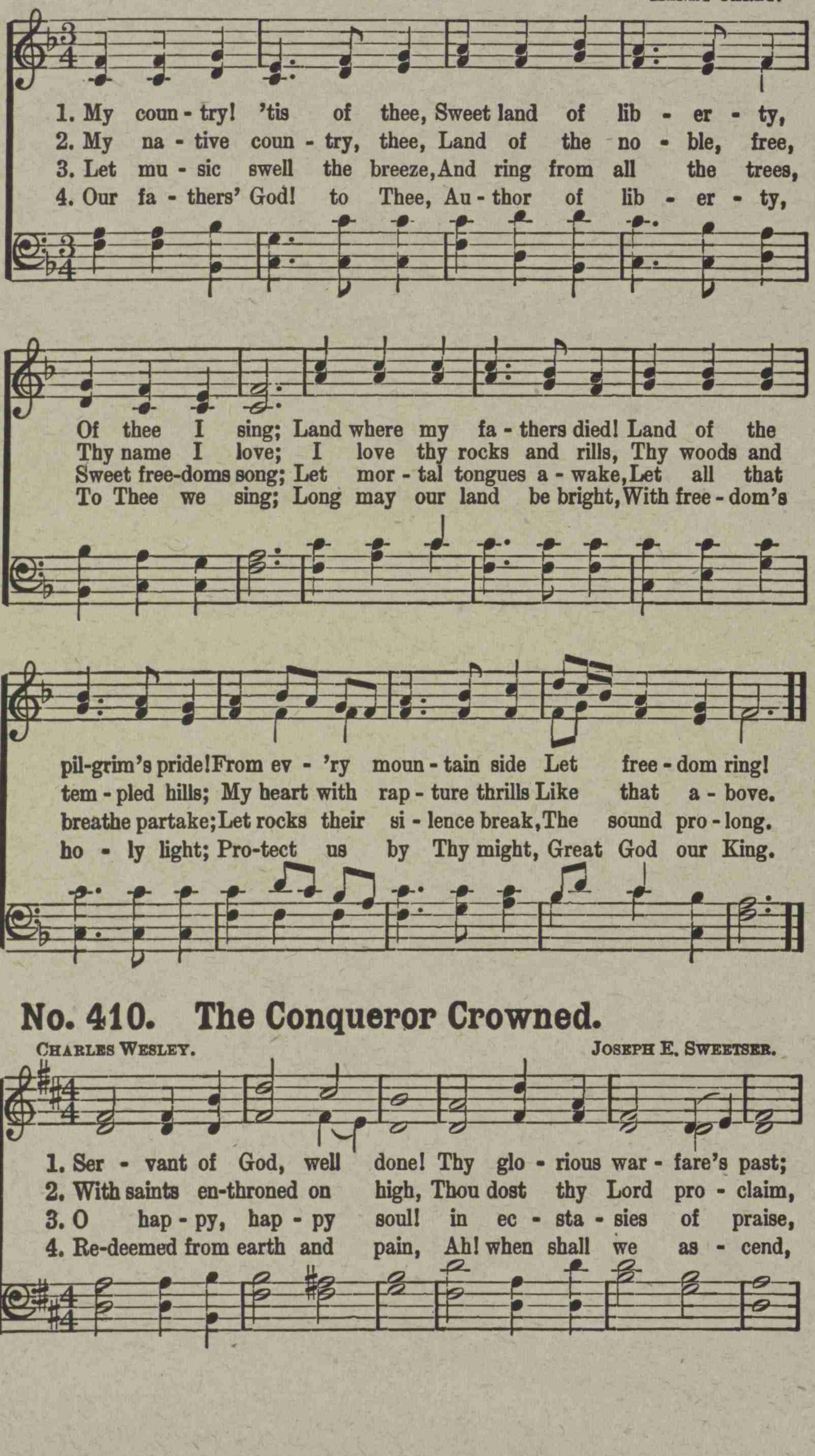
No. 408. Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

Charles Wesley. Arr. from Mendelssohn.



No. 409. My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. AMERICA. HENRY CAREY.



No. 410. The Conqueror Crowned.

CHARLES WESLEY. JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.

The Conqueror Crowned. Concluded.

The bat-tle's fought, the race is won, And thou art crowned at last.
And still to God sal - va - tion cry, Sal - va - tion to the Lamb!
Long as e - ter - nal a - ges roll, Thou seest thy Sav - ior's face.
And all in Je - sus' pres-ence reign With our trans-lat - ed friend.

No. 411. Oh, Sing of His Mighty Love.

F. BOTTOME. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. O bliss of the pur - i-fied! bliss of the free! I plunge in the crimson tide
2. O bliss of the pur - i-fied! Je - sus is mine! No longer in dread con-dem-
3. O bliss of the pur - i-fied! bliss of the pure! No wound hath the soul that His
4. O Je-sus, the Cru-ci-fied! Thee will I sing! My bless - ed Redeemer! my

o - pen for me! O'er sin and un-clean-ness ex - ult - ing I stand, And
na - tion I pine; In con-scious sal-va-tion I sing of His grace, Who
blood cannot cure; No sor-row-bowed head but may sweetly find rest, No
God and my King! My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave, And

CHORUS.

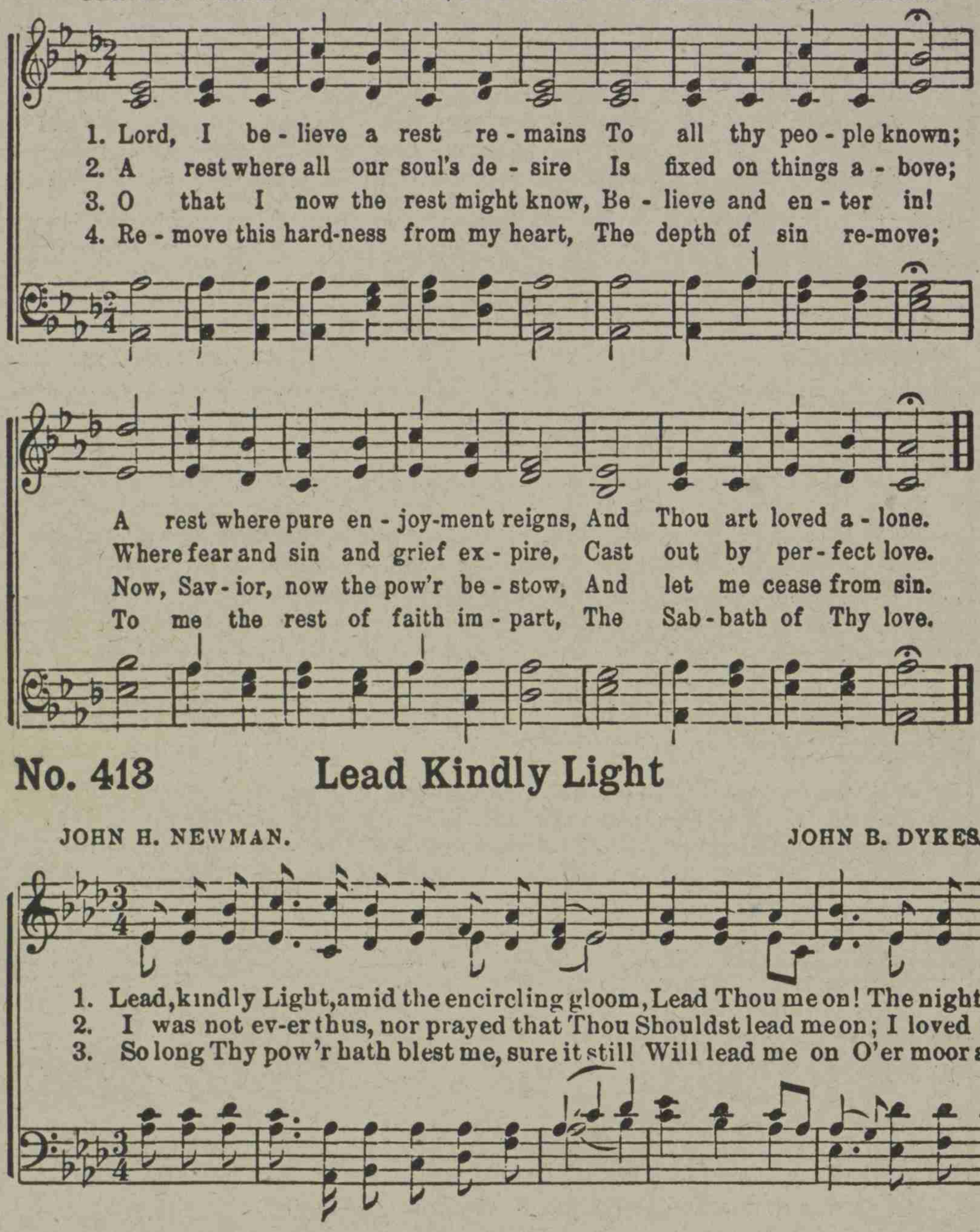
point to the print of the nails in His hand.
lift - eth up - on me the smiles of His face. Oh, sing of His mighty love,
tears but may dry them on Je - sus' dear breast.
tri - umph at death in the "Mighty to Save!"

rit.

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

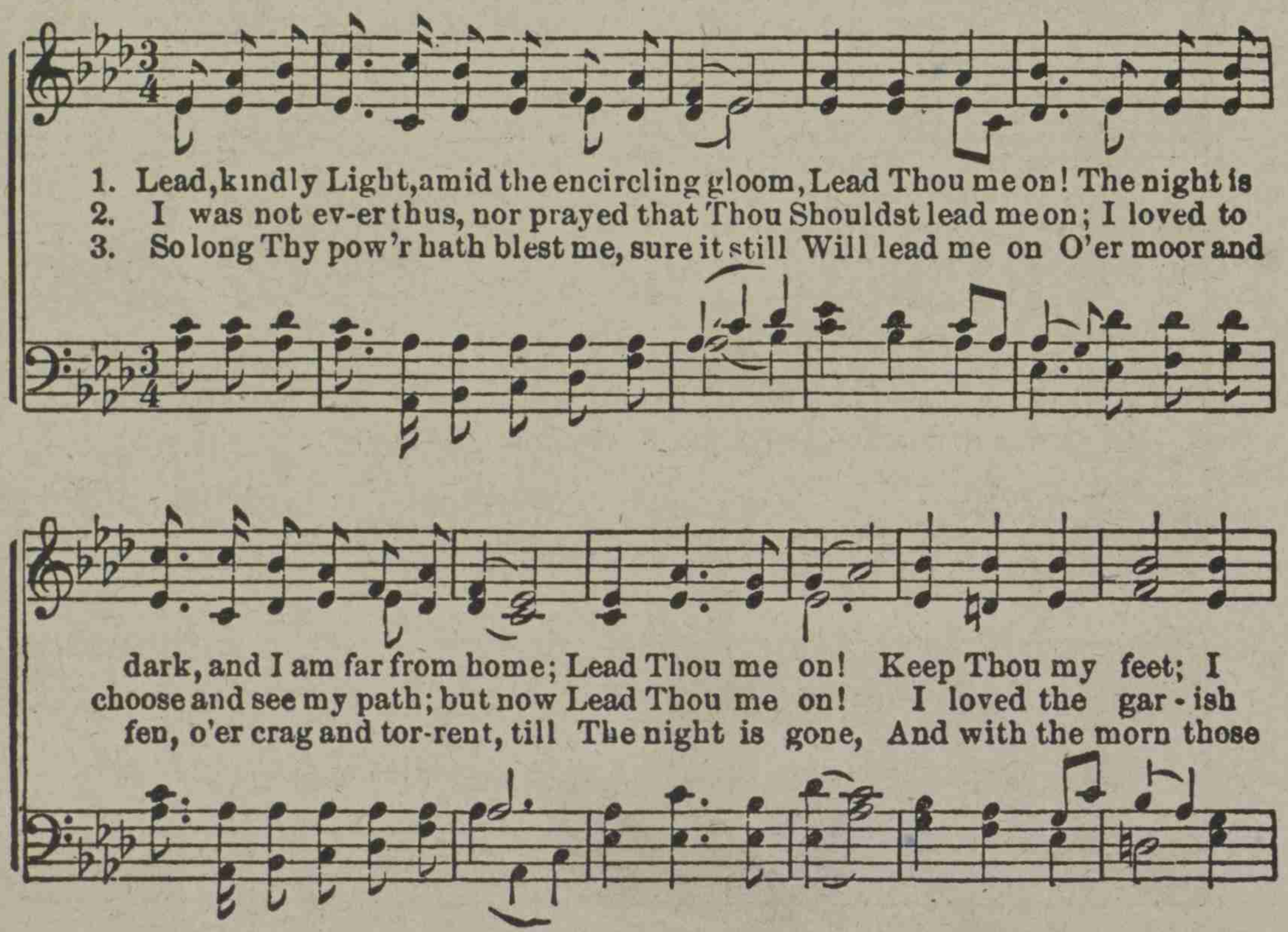
No. 412. Lord, I Believe a Rest Remains.

CHARLES WESLEY. Evan, C. M. Rev. WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL.
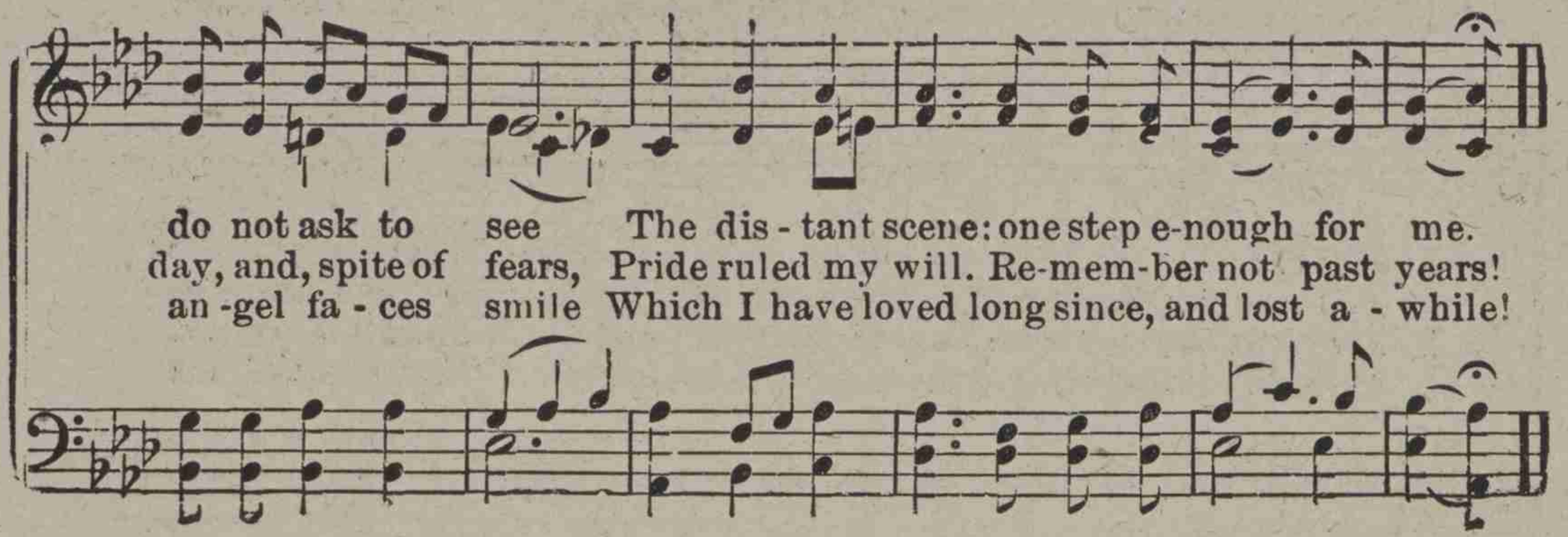


No. 413 Lead Kindly Light

JOHN H. NEWMAN. JOHN B. DYKES.
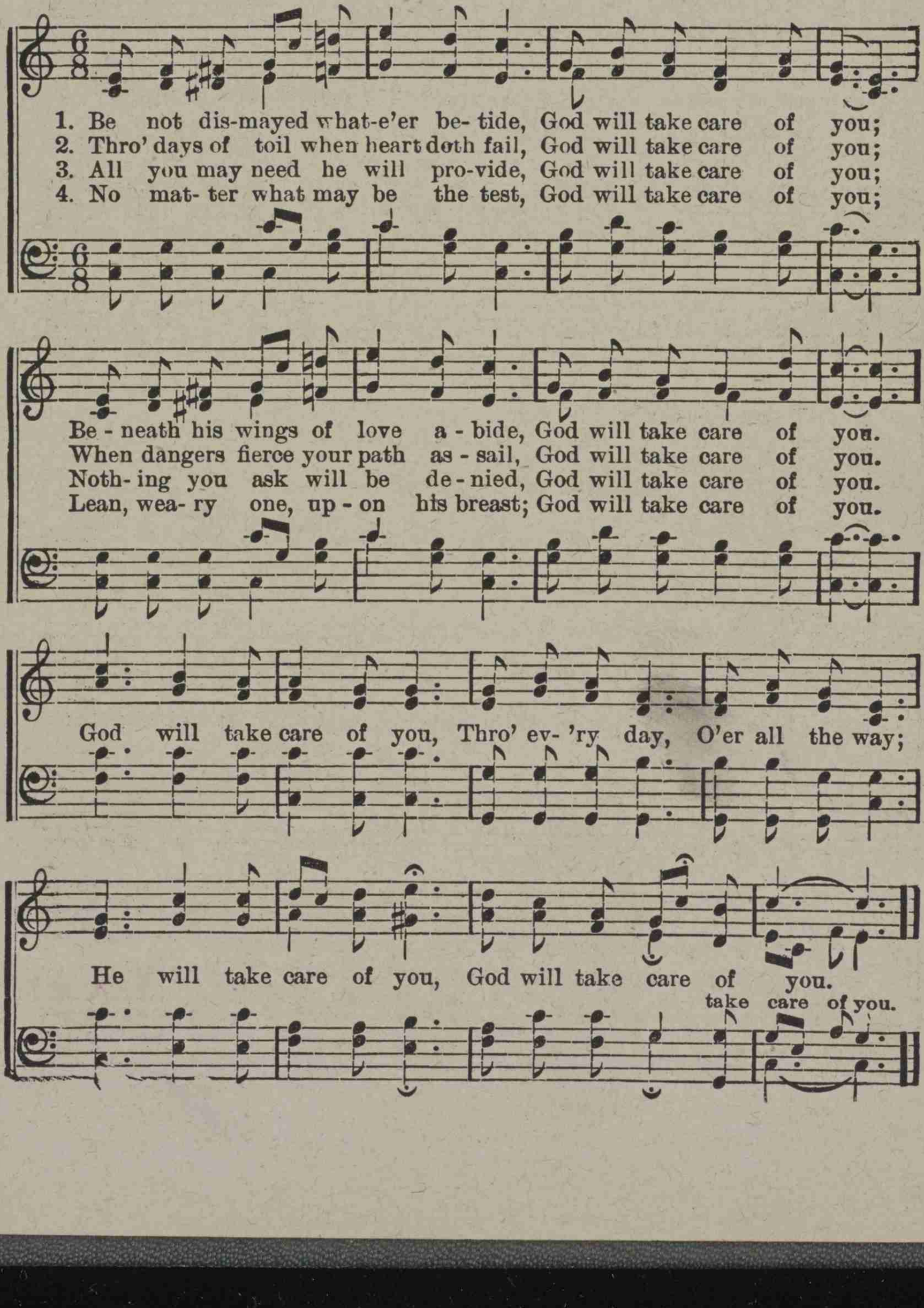


Lead Kindly Light. Concluded.



No. 414. God Will Take Care of You.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. Copyright, 1934, Renewal. Hope Pub. Co., owner. W. S. MARTIN.



No. 415. O Beautiful Bethlehem.

MRS. R. N. TURNER. Copyright of Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto, gracefully.

1. O beau - ti - ful Beth - le-hem, home of the Lord, What joy and what glo - ry were thine!
2. He chose for His cra - dle the arms of thy love, A man-ger His sa - cred a - bode!
3. The heart that re-ceives Him as Mas-ter and Lord, Must low - ly and rev - er - ent be,
4. A light doth sur-round thee, O Beth - le - hem fair, Thou home of the Sav - ior di - vine!

Al-though there is blessing that reacheth to all, He
The Child who was born to re-deem us from sin, Im-
And no-ble and worth-y, in pal - ace or stall, O
That far o'er the world, in its ra - di-ance bright, With

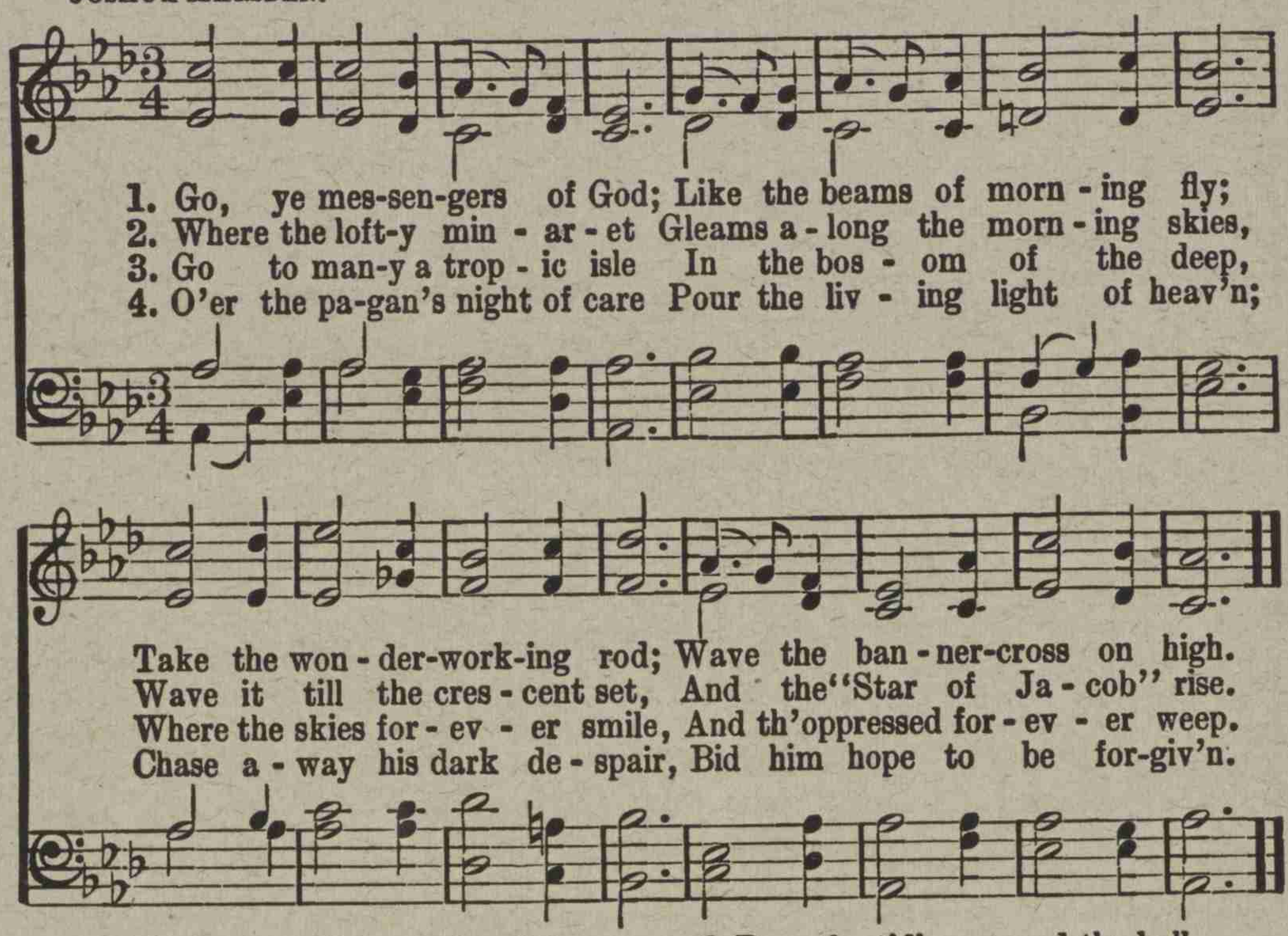
CHORUS.

crown'd thee with hon-or di - vine.
man - u - el, Son of the Lord!
Beth - le - hem, like un - to thee!
glo - ry in - creas-ing doth shine.

O beau - ti - ful Beth - le - hem,
love - ly and fair, The joy of thy won-der-ful night Is thrill-ing our
hearts with its rap - ture to-day, With prais-es and songs of de - light.

No. 416. Go, Ye Messengers.

JOSHUA MARSDEN. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

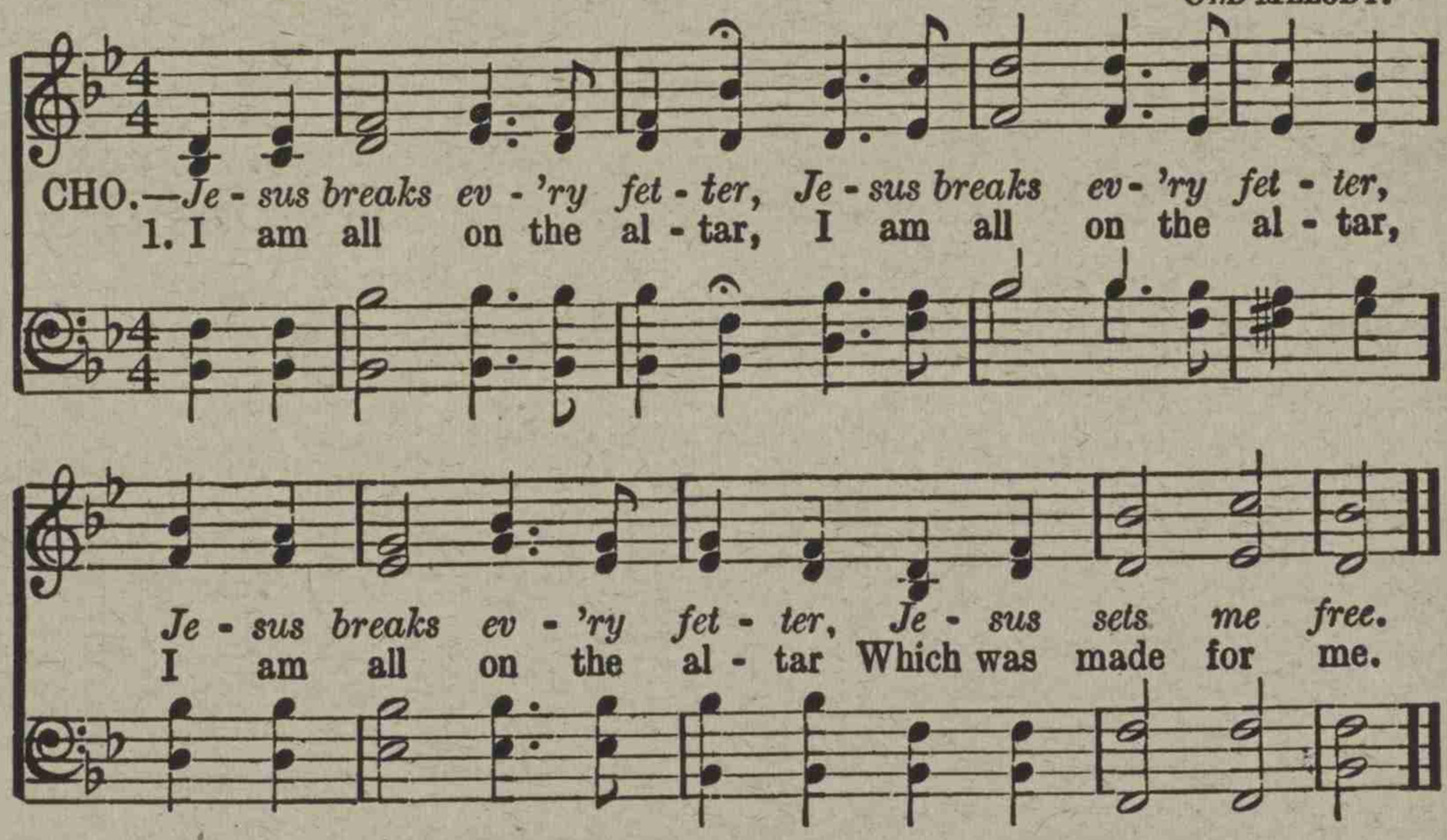


5 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy East,
High the bleeding cross display;
Spread the gospel's richest feast.

6 Bear the tidings round the ball,
Visit every soil and sea;
Preach the cross of Christ to all,
Christ, whose love is full and free.

No. 417. Jesus Breaks Every Fetter.

OLD MELODY.



2 𝄋: He accepts all I've brought Him, :𝄌
And that's even me.

3 𝄋: I will nevermore doubt Him, :𝄌
For He cleanses me.

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

5 𝄋: Hallelujah! I will praise Him, :𝄌
For He sets me free.

No. 418. Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M. Copyright, 1926, by Hope Pub. Co. Renewal. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Near-er, still near - er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav - iour, so
2. Near-er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an off - 'ring to
3. Near-er, still near - er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin, with its fol - lies, I
4. Near-er, still near - er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo - ry my

precious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel-ter me
Je . sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the
glad - ly re - sign; All of its pleasures, pomp, and its pride, Give me but
an - chor is cast; Thro' endless a - ges ev - er to be Near- er, my
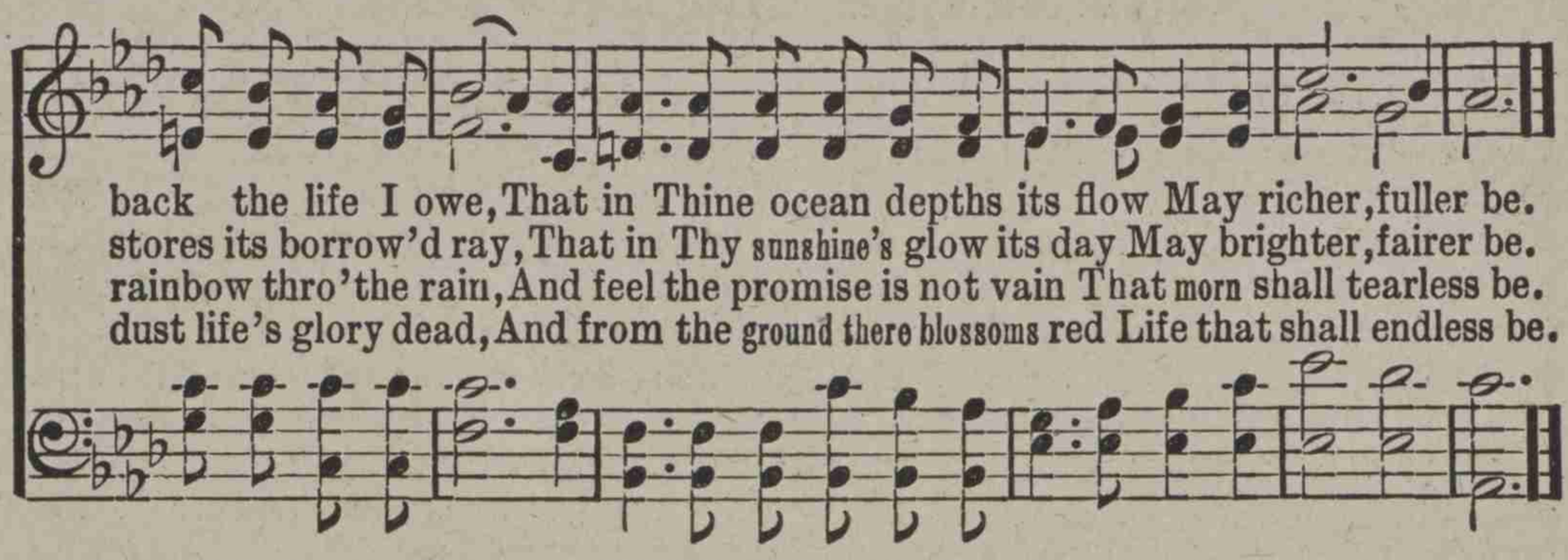
safe in that "Ha-ven of Rest," Shel-ter me safe in that "Ha- ven of Rest."
cleansing Thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.
Je - sus, my Lord cru-ci - fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru-ci - fied.
Sav-iour, still near-er to Thee, Near-er, my Sav-iour, still near-er to Thee.

No. 419. O Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go.

GEORGE MATHESON. ALBERT L. PEACE.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my weary soul in Thee; I give Thee
2. O Light that fol'west all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-
3. O Joy that seekest me thro' pain, I cannot close my heart to Thee; I trace the
4. O Cross that lift-est up my head, I dare not ask to fly from Thee, I lay in

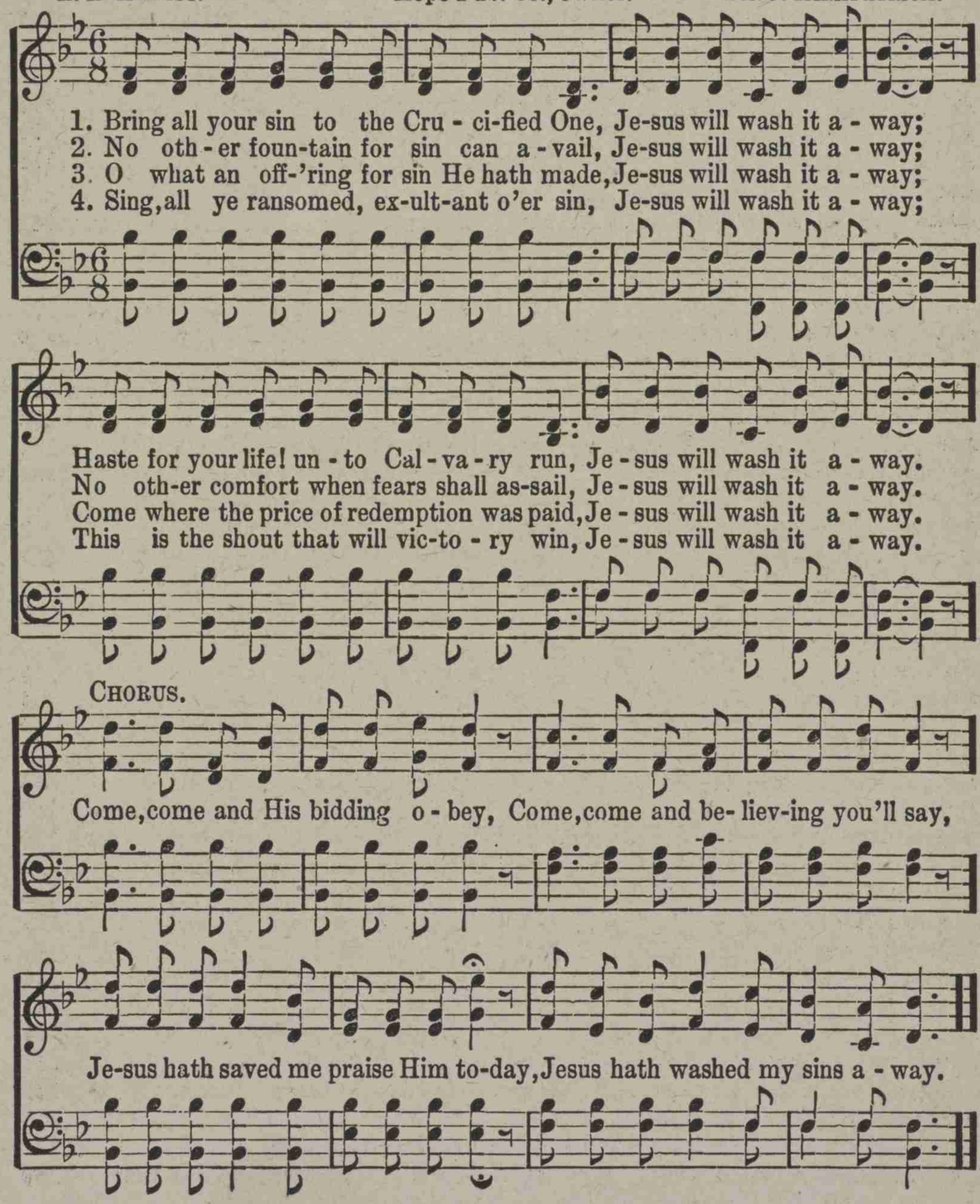
O Love that Wilt not Let Me Go. Concluded.



No. 420. Jesus Will Wash it Away.

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E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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