ROUND NOTES.

Joyful Songs of Salvation

J. M. & M. J. HARRIS,
EDITORS.

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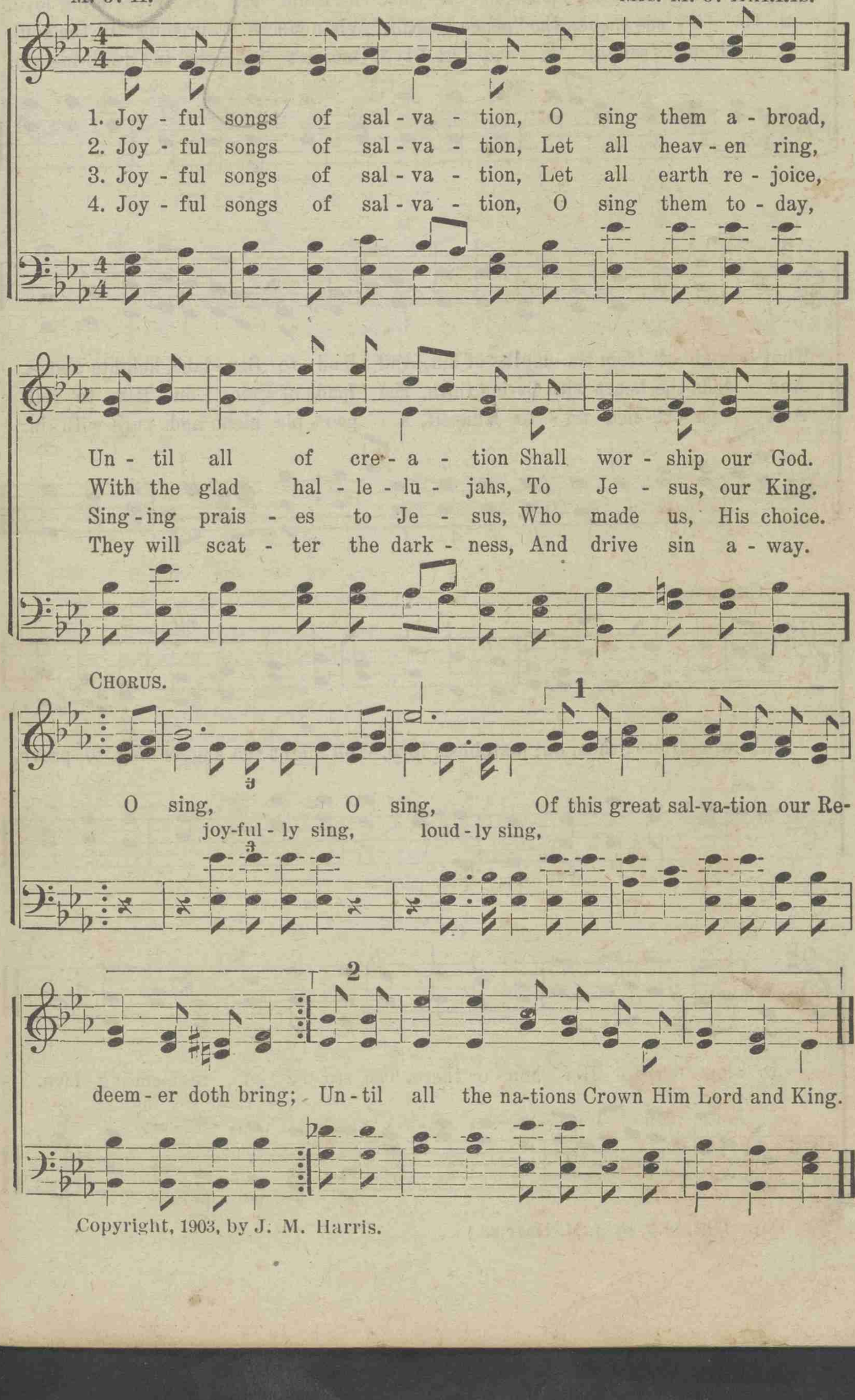
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Joyful Songs of Salvation.

No. 1. Joyful Songs of Salvation.

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



CHORUS.

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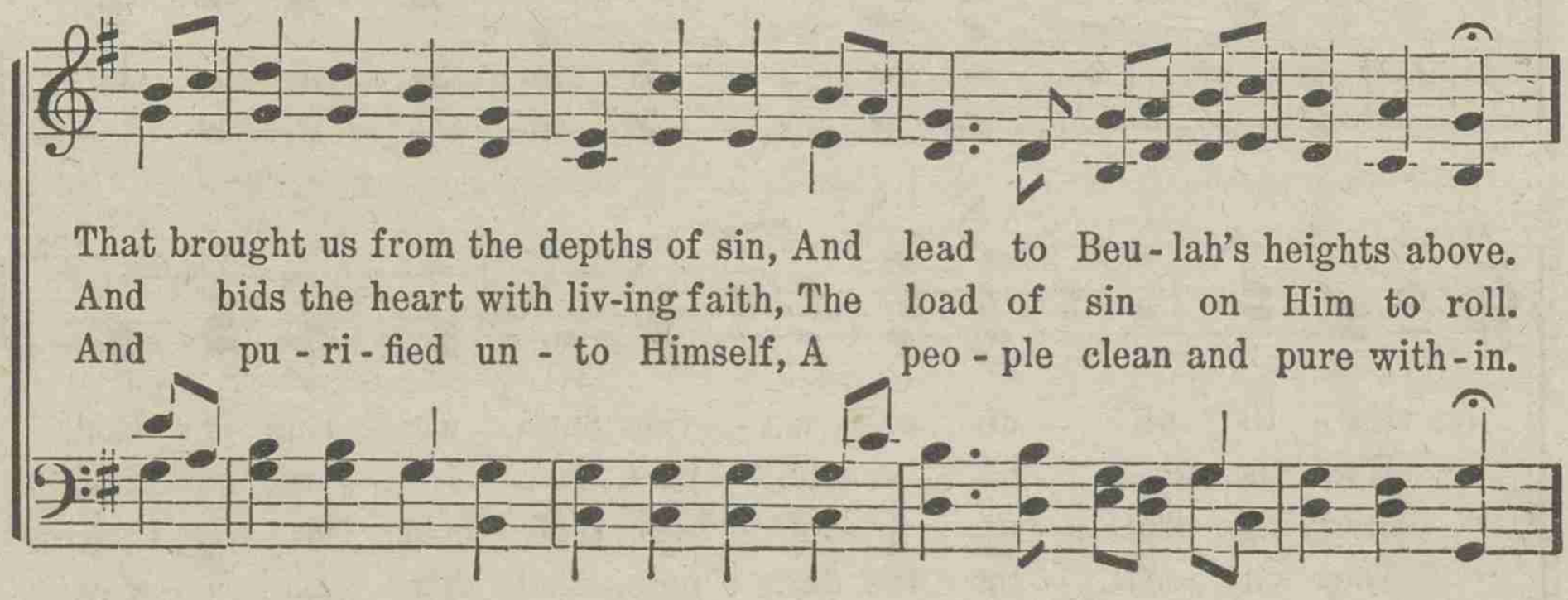
No. 2. Redeeming Love.

Anon. J. M. HARRIS.



1. Oh! what a glo - rious tho't is this, To think of His re-deem-ing love,
2. 'Tis Je - sus speaks the "peace be still," When sin is surg-ing in the soul,
3. Re-deem'd from all in - iq - ui - ty, Our act - ual and in - dwell-ing sin,





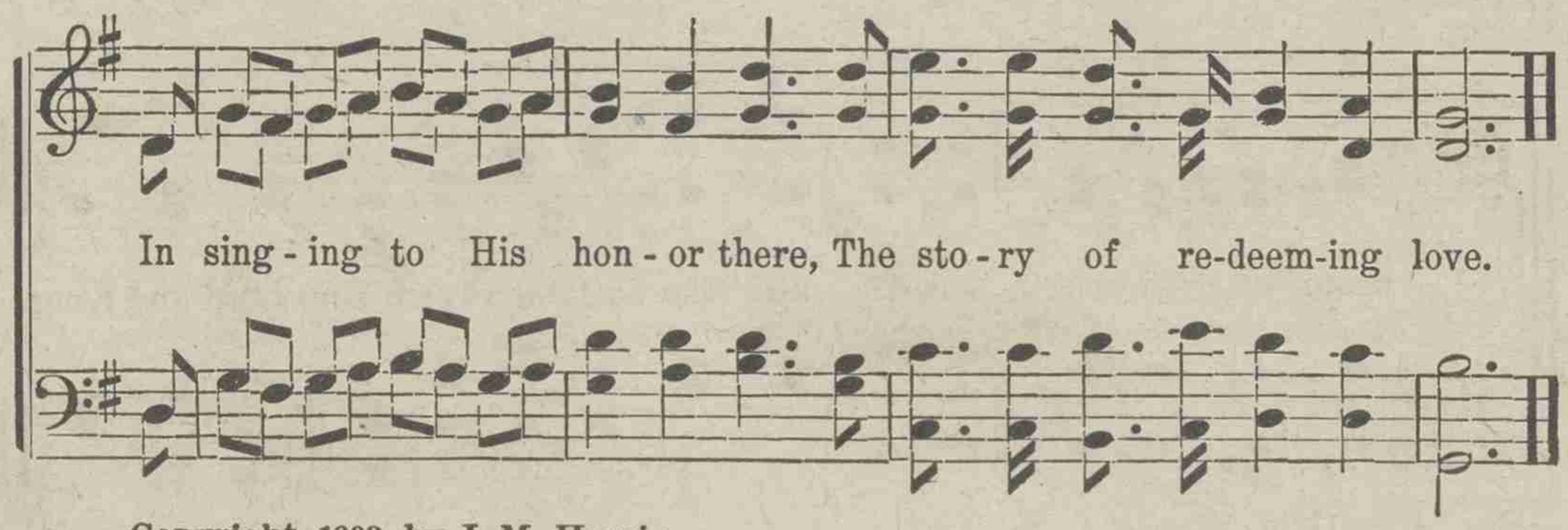
That brought us from the depths of sin, And lead to Beu - lah's heights above.
And bids the heart with liv-ing faith, The load of sin on Him to roll.
And pu - ri - fied un - to Himself, A peo - ple clean and pure with - in.



CHORUS.

Oh! won-drous grace, oh! matchless love, Well might the angels long to prove,





In sing - ing to His hon - or there, The sto - ry of re-deem-ing love.

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No. 3. Lord of the Harvest.

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

1. Lord of the har-vest, we fer - vent-ly pray, Send forth more la - bor-ers,
2. Lord, in Thy service,there's room for us all, May we who lis - ten re-
3. With Thine an-noint-ing, now set us a - part, Give us the love that makes
4. Lord of the har-vest, we fer-vent - ly pray, Send forth more la - bor-ers,

send them to - day; Sow - ers to scat - ter the life-giv-ing seed, Reap-ers to
spond to Thy call; Seek - ing Thy glo - ry, we'll sure-ly be blest, Take us and
will - ing the heart;Will - ing to serve in Thy own chos-en way, Will-ing to
send them to - day; Home or a - broad, on the land or the sea, Make us Thy

CHORUS.

thrust in the sic - kle, we need.
use us as Thou shalt see best. Lord of the har-vest, send me, send me!
fol - low Thy steps ev - 'ry day.
mes - sen-gers; Mas-ter, send me.

Send forth more la - bor-ers, Lord, send me! Fields are whit - en-ing,

Skies are bright-en - ing, Send forth more la - bor-ers, Lord, send me.

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No. 4. Make His Praise Glorious.

Mrs. C. H. M. Psalm, 66: 2. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Prais - es, sing prais-es to Je - sus our blessed Re - deem-er, Let ev - 'ry voice to Him now a sweet mel-o - dy raise; Come ye be - fore Him, oh,
2. Praise for the mercy which sought us when far we were straying,Sought till He found us and bound us with strong cords of love; Praise for sal - va - tion, this
3. Prais - es, sing prais-es, for glo-ry our bosoms o'er-flow - ing, When in His ful - ness the Com-fort-er comes to a - bide; Ho - ly an-noint-ing, lost
4. Prais - es, sing prais-es, our won-der-ing eyes shall be-hold Him, When in His beau - ty King Je - sus de-scend-eth to reign; Com - ing in glo - ry, oh,
5. Praise for the grace which is a - ble to keep us from fall - ing, And to pre- sent us all fault-less be-fore the white throne; 'Mid joys su - per - nal to

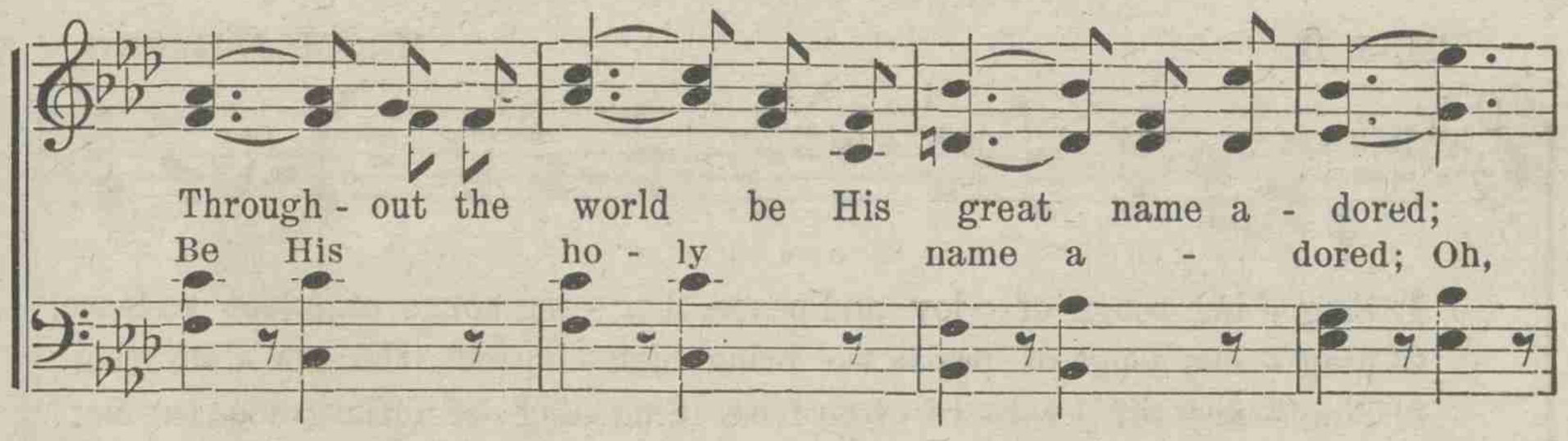
wor - ship and laud and a - dore Him, Lo, He is wor - thy our high-est as-
won - der-ful, blest rev - e - la - tion, He who re-deems us, car - nal - i - ty,
sin - ners to Cal - va - ry pointing, Pow - er for serv - ice now free - ly and
tell out the won-der - ful sto - ry, Sing hal - le - lu - jah! the Sav - ior is
praise Him thro' a - ges e - ter - nal, All the redeem'd ones,the blood-wash'd,His

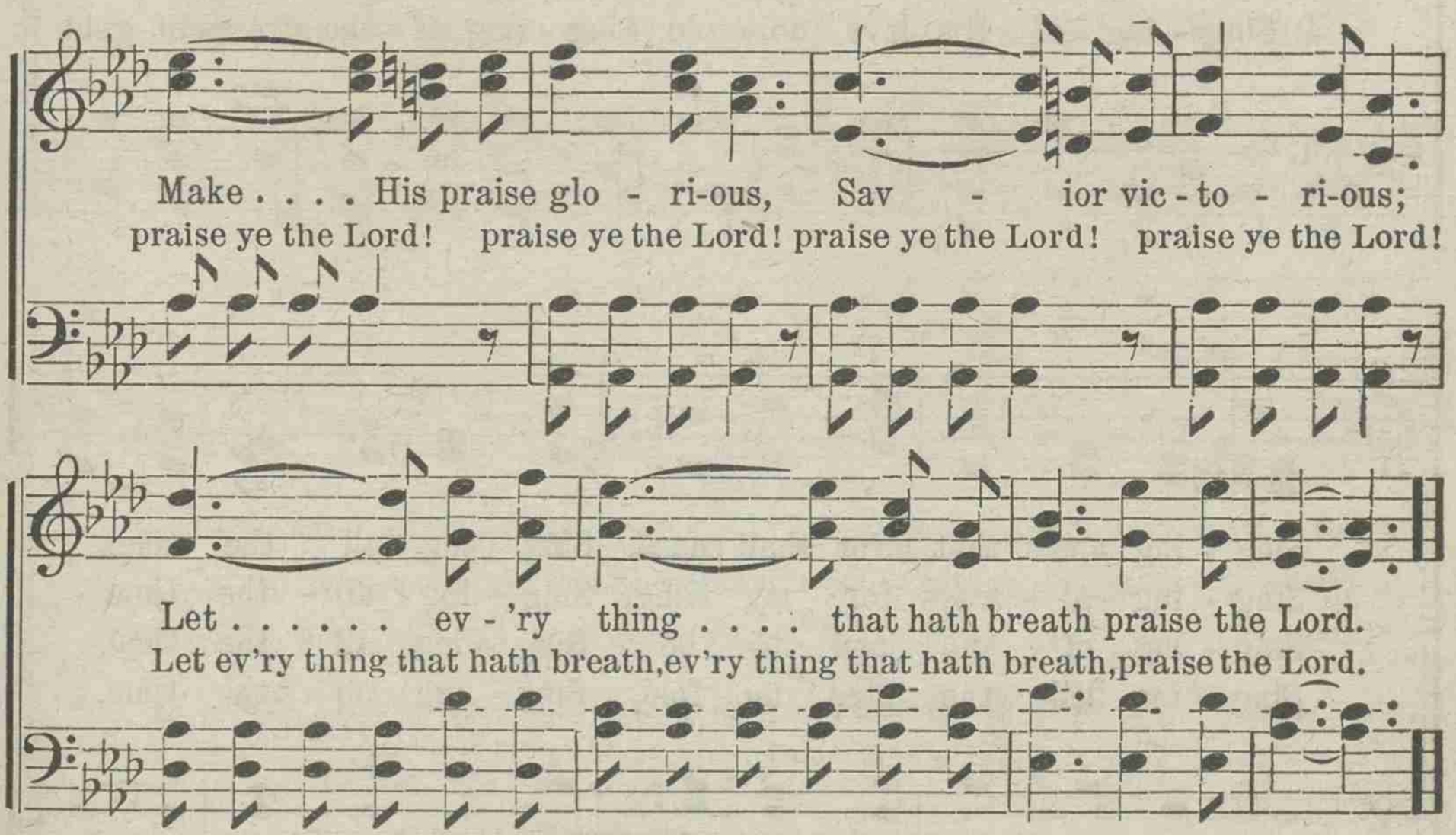
Chorus.

criptions of praise.
too, will re - move.
ful - ly sup-plied. Make His praise glo-ri-ous, Sav - ior vic - to-ri-ous,
com-ing a - gain.
lov'd and His own. Praise! sing prais - es un - to Je - sus,

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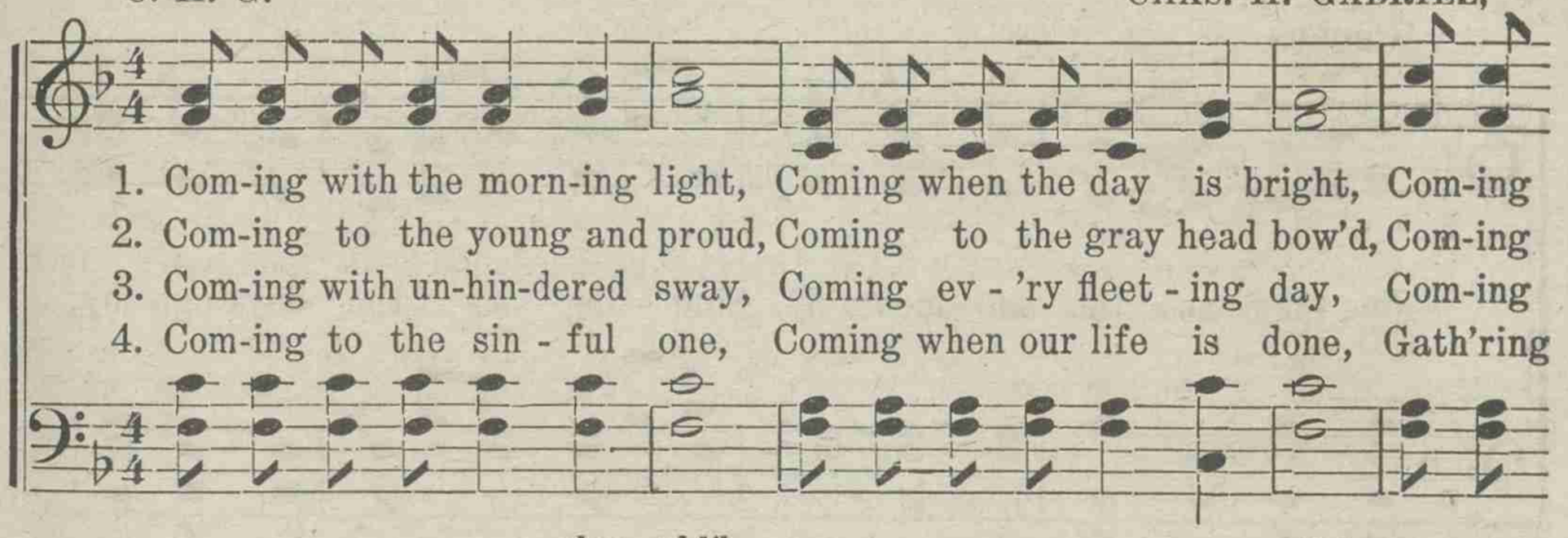
Make His Praise Glorious—Concluded.

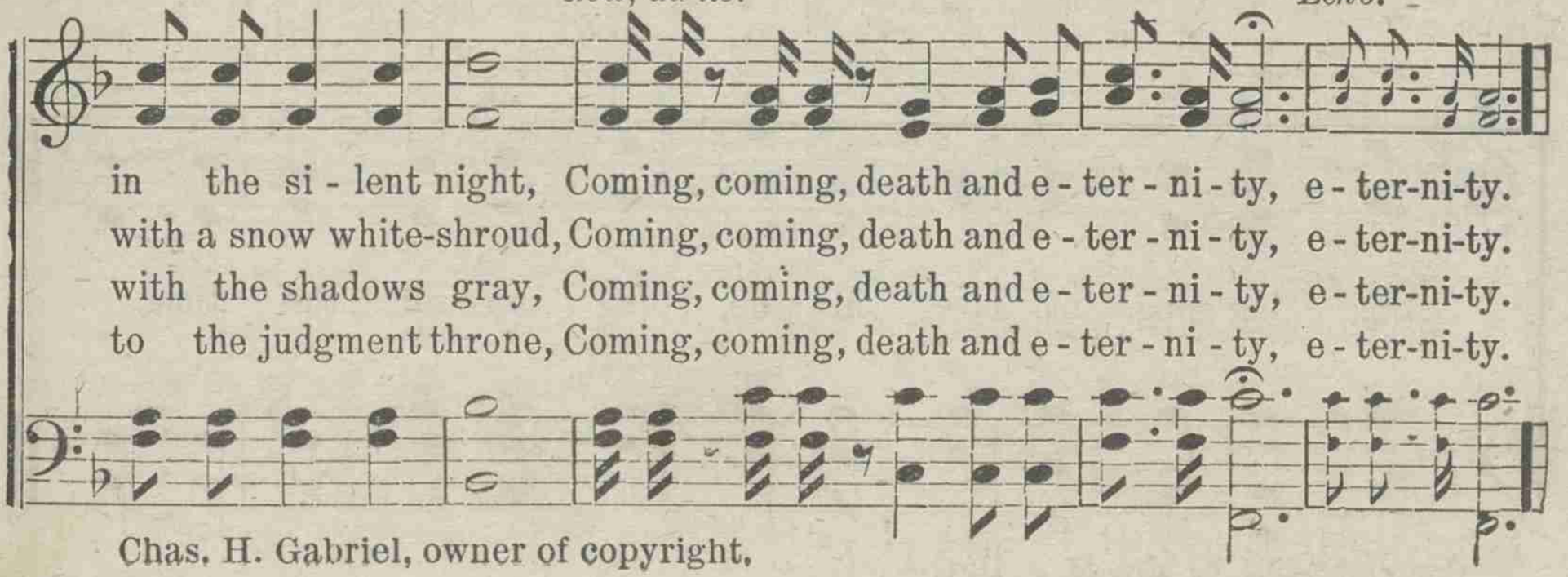




No. 5. Death and Eternity.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL,





Chas. H. Gabriel, owner of copyright.

No. 6. Singing All The Time.

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



1. Sing - ing songs of joy and peace, Sing - ing songs of sweet re-lease,
2. Sing - ing songs of praise we bring Sing - ing! let the mu - sic ring
3. Sing - ing of sal - va - tion free, Sing - ing of His grace to me;
4. Sing - ing of His love un - told, Sing - ing of the streets of gold,



Sing - ing songs that ne'er shall cease, Sing - ing all the time.
Sing - ing al - ways for my King, Sing - ing all the time.
Sing - ing of the joys to be Sing - ing all the time.
Sing - ing 'till the gates un - fold, Sing - ing all the time.

CHORUS.



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



Sing - ing songs of love di - vine, Sing - ing all the time.

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No. 7. Lead Me.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Lead me, lead me, pre-cious Sav-ior, For I dare not choose my way;
2. Let me feel Thy lov - ing presence Tell - ing me that I am Thine;
3. Teach me, Sav-ior, that to oth - ers, Some glad mes-sage I may give;
4. For Thy-self oh, let me la - bor, Glad my grat - i - tude to show;



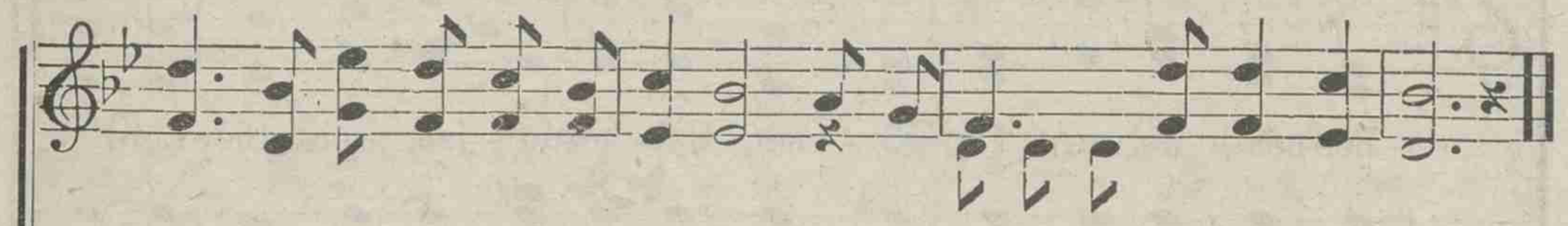
Com - fort me when I am wea - ry, Guard and keep me lest I stray.
Un - to Thee, my dear Re-deem - er, More and more my heart in - cline.
Make me brave to do Thy bid - ding; For Thy - self, oh, let me live.
Of Thy love so free and bound-less, Oh, that all the world might know.



CHORUS.



Lead me, O my Savior lead me, lead me, Suf-fer not my feet to stray,
Suf - fer not my feet to stray,
Oh, lead and



Guide me till I reach the por-tals, Op'n-ing in - to end-less day.
Op'ning in - to

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No. 8. The Heavenly Gales Are Blowing.

GENERAL BOOTH. J. M. HARRIS.

1. Oh, bound-less sal - va - tion, deep o - cean of love, Oh, full-ness of mer - cy Christ bro't from a - bove, The whole world re - deem-ing, so
2. My sins they are ma - ny, their stains are so deep, And bit - ter the tears of re - morse that I weep, But use - less is weep-ing, thou
3. My tem-pers are fit - ful, my pas-sions are strong, They bind my poor soul and they force me to wrong; Be - neath thy blest bil - lows de-
4. Now tossed with temptation, then haunt-ed with fears, My life has been joy- less and use - less for years, I feel some-thing bet - ter most

rich and so free, Now flow - ing for all men, come roll o - ver me!
great crimson sea, Thy wa-ters can cleanse me, come, roll o - ver me!
liverance I see, Oh, come, might - y o-cean, and roll o - ver me!
sure - ly would be If once thy pure waters would roll o - ver me!

CHORUS.

The heav-en - ly gales are blow - ing, The cleans-ing sea is flow - ing,
blowing, blowing,
Be - neath its waves I'm go - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord!

5 O ocean of mercy, oft longing I've stood
On the brink of thy wonderful, life-giving flood;
Once more I have reached this soul-cleansing sea,
I will not go back till it rolls over me.

6 The tide is now flowing, I'm touching the wave,
I hear the loud call of the "Mighty to Save."
My faith's growing bolder, delivered I'll be,
I plunge 'neath the waters, they roll over me!

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No. 9. "His Name Shall be Jesus."

Mrs. C. H. M. His name shall be Jesus. Matthew, 1: 21. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. There is one name all names a - bove, Un - to be - liev-ers pre-cious,
2. We have no good-ness of our own, His mer - its we come plead-ing;
3. To guard us he is ev - er near In wak - ing hours or sleep-ing,
4. "He breaks the pow'r of cancelled sin," From Sa-tan's bondage frees us;

Which caus - es hearts to glow with love, It is the name of Je - sus.
He who the wine-press trod a - lone Is for us in - ter - ced - ing.
This one to trust - ing hearts so dear, Is con - stant vig - il keep - ing.
O where, my soul shall I be - gin To praise the name of Je - sus?

CHORUS. *Soprano and Tenor in unison.*

Bass and Alto in unison.

His name shall be Je - sus, Won-der-ful name, won-der-ful name; His

1

rit.

name shall be Je - sus, for He shall save His peo - ple from their sins;

2

name shall be Je - sus for He shall save, His peo - ple from their sins.

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No. 10. Wonderful Love.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. So won - der-ful it seems, be - yond all human dreams, That Christ such
2. So won - der-ful and great, yet so di - vine - ly sweet, And tho' the
3. Thro' mer - its of His name my her - it - age I'll claim, And brave - ly
4. I'll take Him at His word and trust my blessed Lord, To do for

love for sin - ful man should show, That He would glo - ry leave and
mys - ter - y I can't ex - plain, I'll just ac - cept His love, its
cross o'er Jor-dan's swell - ing tide, Fair Ca - naan I'll pos - sess with
me each day just what is best; If sor - row be my lot I'll

His own life would give, That naught but grace and mercy we might know.
bless-ed ful-ness prove, And trust the blood to cleanse from ev-'ry stain.
all its plenteousness, And walk for - ev - er close to Je - sus' side.
trust and mur-mur not, But just up - on His lov - ing bo - som rest.

Chorus.

Oh, it is won-der-ful, so ver - y won - der-ful, That Jesus should
won - der - ful, won - der - ful,

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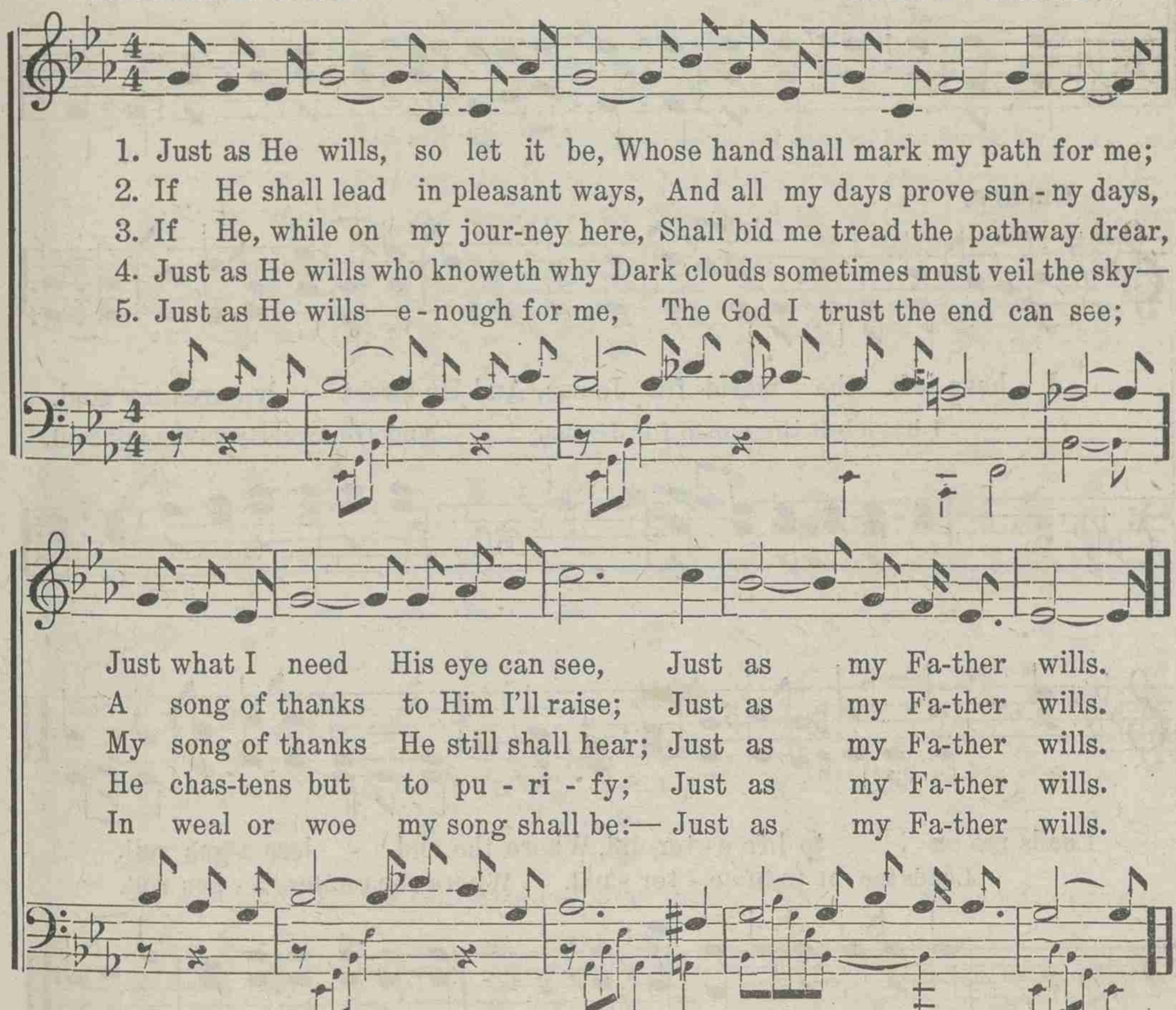
Wonderful Love—Concluded.





No. 11. Just as My Father Wills.

HARRIET E. JONES. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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No. 12. All For Jesus.

KATE DILL LEE. J. M. HARRIS.

1. I have left the world for Je - sus, Yield-ed to His lov-ing call;
2. I have left the world for Je - sus, Earth-ly hopes, am - bi-tions grand,
3. I have left the world for Je - sus, All its sor - rows, all its cares,
4. I have left the world for Je - sus, Tread with Him the nar-row way,

No more hours of word-ly pleas-ure He's to be my all in all.
To be sub-ject to His lead - ing, Guid - ed by the Master's hand.
Are but steps to upward lead me, Since the Sav - ior calms my fears.
And the path I once tho't lone-ly, Bright-er grows from day to day.

CHORUS.

I have left the world for Je-sus, And He sweet - ly saves my soul,
I have left the world for Je-sus, And He sweetly saves my soul,

Leads me on to life e - ter-nal, Where the end - less a-ges roll.
Leads me on to life e - ter - nal, Where the endless a - ges roll.

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No. 13. Sunshine Every Day.

EMMA PITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hap - py are the peo-ple whose trust is in the Lord, Walk ing with the
2. Walk-ing with the Mas-ter we find our sweet-est joy; Work-ing for His
3. All His ran-som'd chil-dren a victor's crown shall wear, He will guide us

Sav - ior, rest - ing on His word; Trust-ing in His prom-ise tho' dark may
king-dom, Oh, what blest em - ploy; Fol - low in His foot-steps a - long the
on - ward to the man-sions fair; Nev - er will He leave us, His love shall

be the way, Je - sus dwell-ing in the heart Makes sun-shine ev - 'ry day.
nar - row way, Je - sus dwell-ing in the heart Makes sun-shine ev - 'ry day.
light the way, Je - sus dwell-ing in the heart Makes sun-shine ev - 'ry day.

CHORUS.

Sun - shine ev - 'ry day, Sun - shine all the way, Je - sus dwell-ing
in the heart Makes sun-shine ev - 'ry day, Makes sun-shine ev - 'ry day.

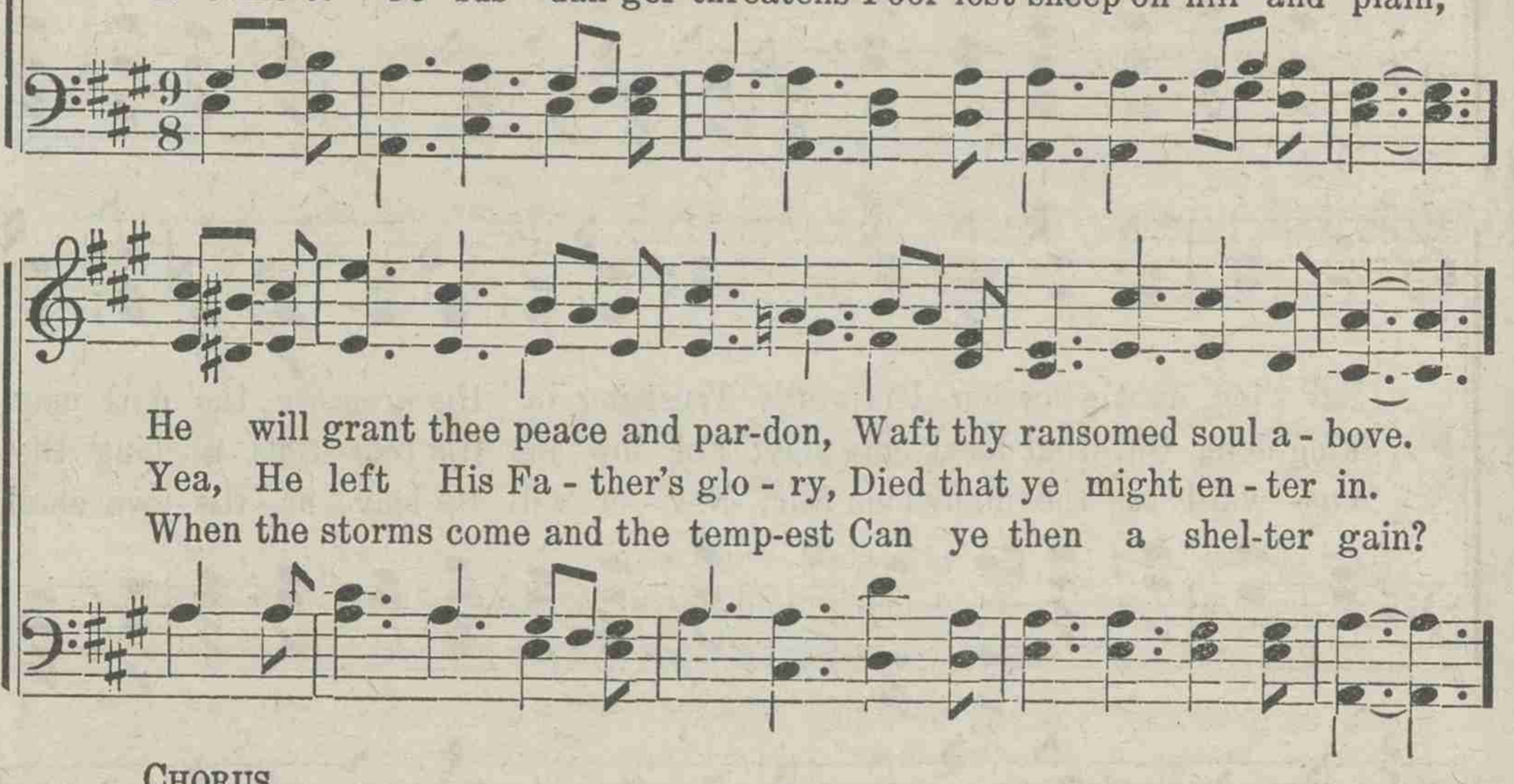
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No. 14. Come to Jesus.

ALBERT M. JONES. J. M. HARRIS.

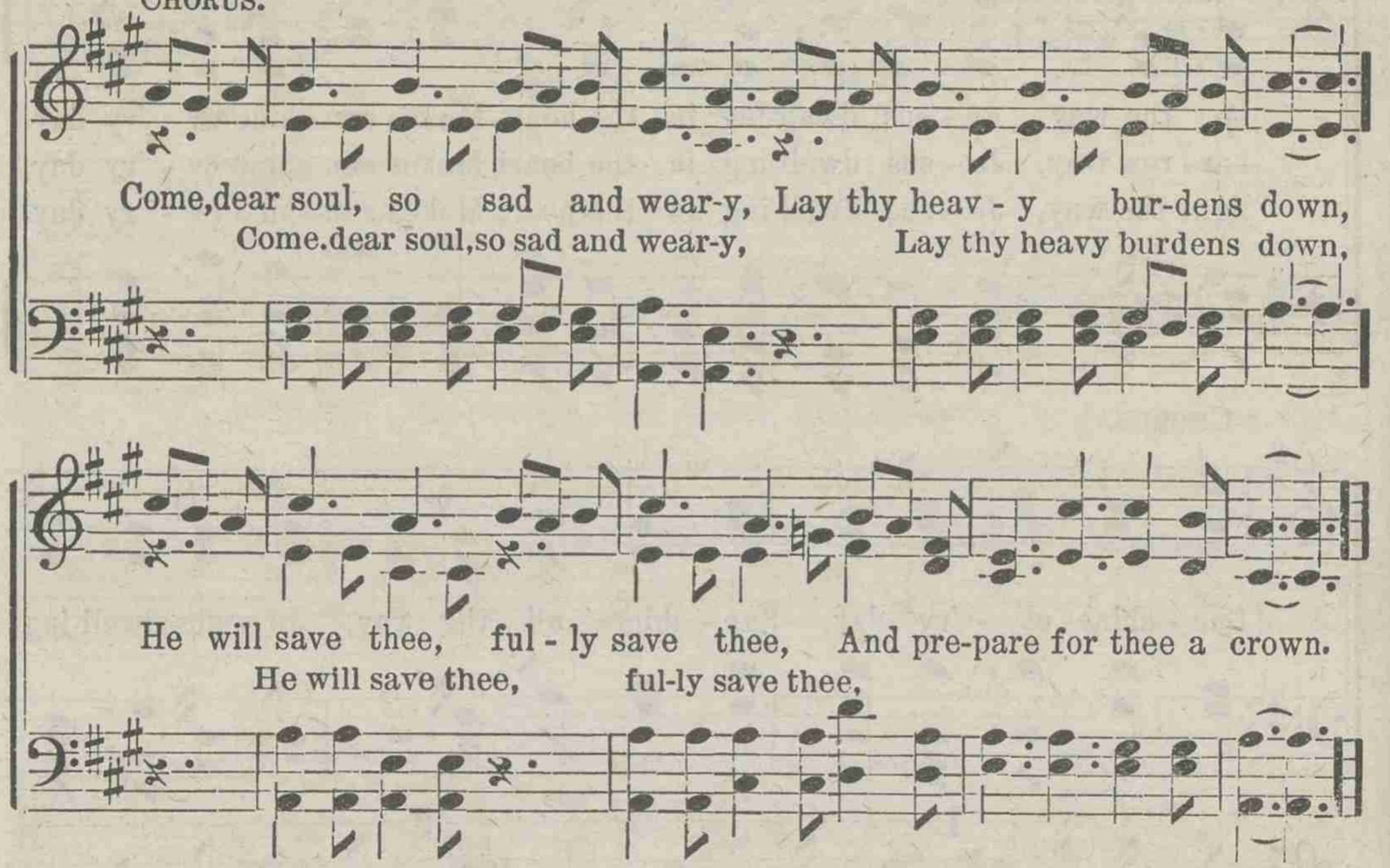


1. Come to Je-sus while He calls thee, From thy sins to know His love,
2. Come to Je-sus, He is burdened, For thy soul tho' stained with sin,
3. Come to Je-sus—dan-ger threatens Poor lost sheep on hill and plain,



He will grant thee peace and par-don, Waft thy ransomed soul a-bove.
Yea, He left His Fa-ther's glo-ry, Died that ye might en-ter in.
When the storms come and the temp-est Can ye then a shel-ter gain?

CHORUS.



Come, dear soul, so sad and wear-y, Lay thy heav-y bur-dens down,
Come, dear soul, so sad and wear-y, Lay thy heavy burdens down,
He will save thee, ful-ly save thee, And pre-pare for thee a crown.
He will save thee, ful-ly save thee,

4 Come to Jesus, sinner, weary,
Sore oppressed and poor and blind,
He will heal thee, He will guide thee,
Thou shalt peace and comfort find.

5 Come to Jesus—all earth's riches
Must at last be swept away;
Nothing left but heaven's treasures,
Where are thine, dear soul, today?

6 Come to Jesus, He is near thee,
See, He lingers near thy side;
Wilt thou still reject His mercy,
Longer in thy sins abide?

7 Come to Jesus, joys await thee,
Joys that earth can never know,
Love divine, so pure, and perfect,
It will never cease to flow.

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No. 15. Overflowing with His Love.

T. O. CHISHOLM. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. My soul is glad to - day, A joy with - in me springs;
2. No sky of deep - est blue, No sun with bright-est beams,
3. No more may earth - ly things My tho't and love di - vide;
4. In vain may doubts mo - lest, In vain may fears as - sail,
5. O what a rest is mine! What bliss to me is giv'n!

A hap - py song of love and praise My rap - tured spir - it sings.
Could make a day so fair as this, Whose glo - ry o'er me streams.
I've some - thing bet - ter far than these, And I am sat - is - fied.
My hope is an-chored sure and fast To that with - in the veil.
My be - ing thrills with ec - sta - sy— A sweet fore-taste of heav'n.

CHORUS.

My heart is o - ver-flow-ing with His love, With love and joy di - vine;

For God has tak - en all my sins a - way, And per-fect peace is mine.

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No. 16. Lead Me All the Way.

Rev. LEVI WHITE. Solo or Quartet. J. M. HARRIS.



1. Je - sus, take me by the hand, Lead me to the bet - ter land,
2. When dark clouds hang o - ver me, And thy hand I can - not see,
3. When by Sa - tan sore oppressed, Fold me to Thy lov - ing breast;
4. When this life's brief day is o'er, I will sing on yon bright shore,



Where the an - gel harp - ers stand, Lead me, Je - sus, all the way.
I will trust, dear Lord in Thee, Lead me, Je - sus, all the way.
Give my wea - ry spir - it rest, Lead me, Je - sus, all the way.
With the loved ones gone be - fore, Lead me, Je - sus, all the way.



CHORUS.



Lead me, Je - sus, lead me, Je - sus, Lead me by thy lov - ing hand;



Lead me, Je - sus, lead me Je - sus, Lead me to that bet - ter land.



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No. 17. There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J. 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 passion 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, Won-der working pow'r, In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
There is pow'r,

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No. 18. When Love Shines In.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev - 'ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-
3. Darkest sorrows will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heav-iest
4. We may have un-fad-ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friend-ship

woe can sadden, When love shines in, Love will teach us how to pray;
joice in du - ty, When love shines in, Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied,
bur - den, lighter, When love shines in, 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
true and ten-der, When love shines in, When earth-vict'ries shall be won

Love will drive the gloom a-way, Turn our darkness into day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace a-bide, Life will all be glo-ri-fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know When love shines in.
And our life in heav'n be-gun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.

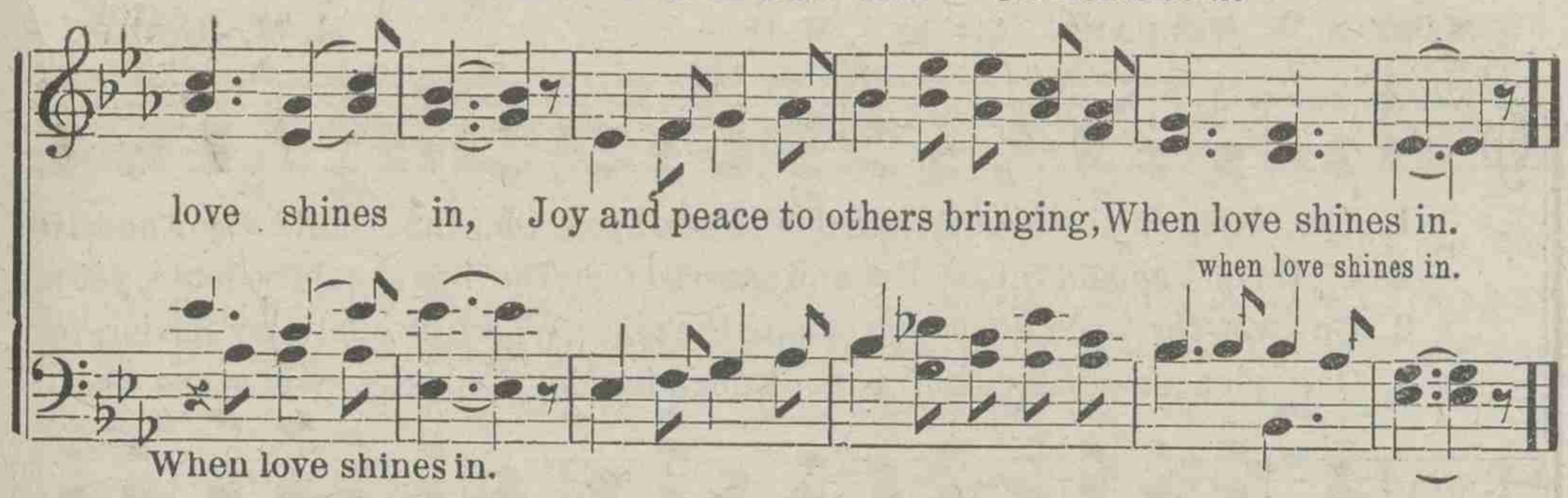
CHORUS.

When love shines in, When love shines in, How the heart is
When love shines in,
When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,

tuned to singing, When love shines in; When love shines in, When
When love shines in; When love shines in,
When love shines in, When love shines in,

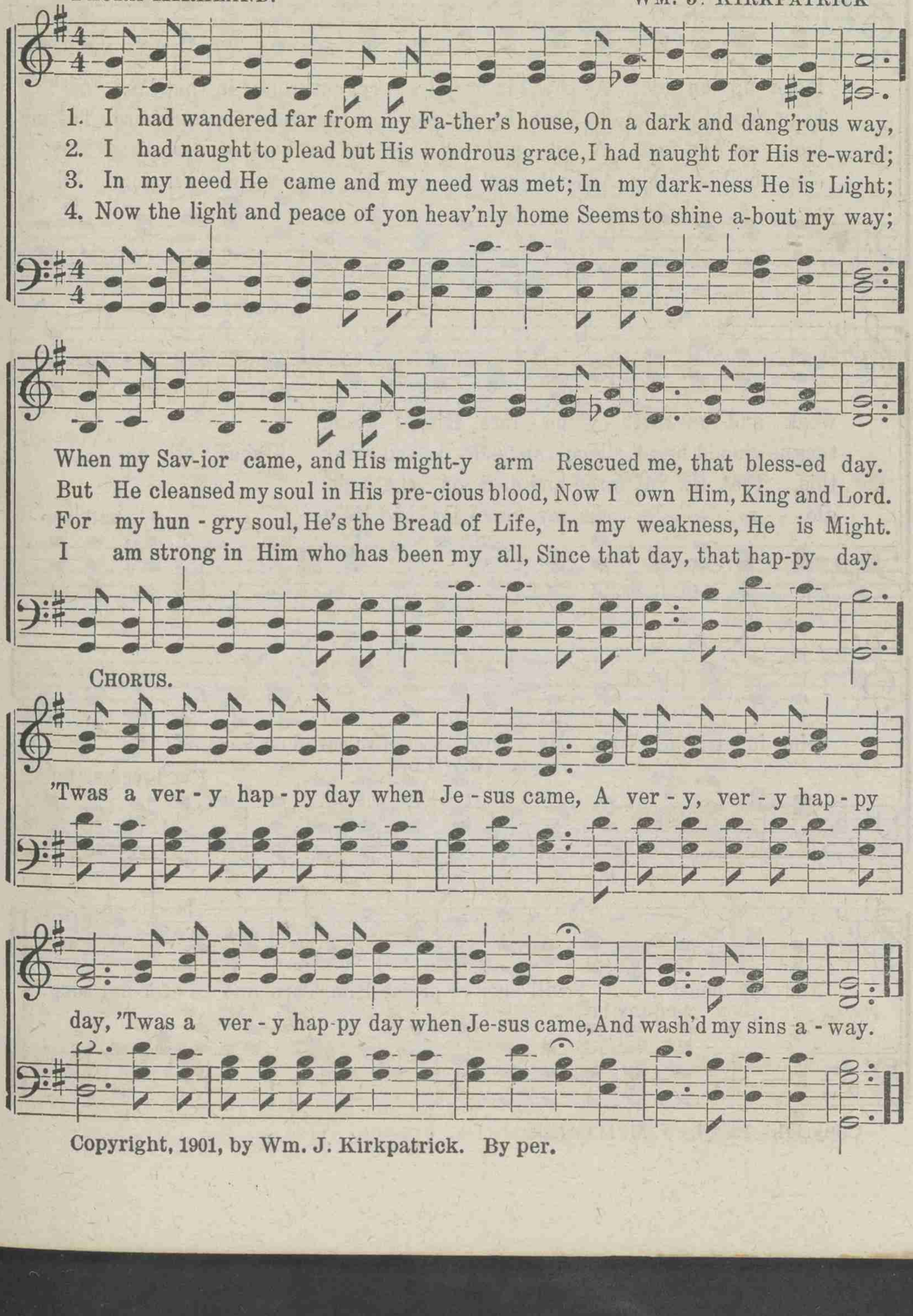
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When Love Shines In.—Concluded.



No. 19. 'Twas a Very Happy Day.

FLORA KIRKLAND. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK



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No. 20. I Shall See the King.

MARIAN W. HUBBARD. Arr. by J. M. H. J. M. HARRIS.

1. The King in His beauty, one day I shall see, Oh, what shall I say when He
2. I think I should fall at His nail scarred feet, Tho' lips should be mute, yet my
3. Un - wor-thy, yea e-ven to come to the place, Where dwelleth my Savior, or
4. Oh, plea all-suf-fi-cient! I need none beside, I'm safe ev-er-more what-

looks up - on me? As robed in bright glo-ry, enthroned in that land, So
heart would re-peat, To Thee be all glo - ry, my Sav - ior and Lord, Till my
look on His face, A sin - ner was I with - out hope or one plea, But
e'er shall be - tide, And all thro' e - ter - ni - ty's a - ges I'll sing, All

CHORUS.

weak and un-worth - y be - fore Him I stand.
tongue should break silence, and ech - o the word. I shall see
this, that He suf-fered and died on the tree.
glo - ry to Je - sus, my Sav - ior and King.

I shall see Him in His glo - ry, My Lord I've loved so long,

My Lord I've loved so long,

And my heart . . . . . will ev - er praise Him, Thro' one e - ter-nal song.

And my heart

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No. 21. He Took My Sins Away.

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

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No. 22. Tell About the Love of Jesus.

M. A. H. MAUDE ANITA HART.

1. As you trav - el on thro' life, In the midst of care and strife, Just
2. If your heart is bow'd with grief, You will find a sweet re - lief, In
3. Then, dear sin - ner, turn to Him, And this bless - ed life be - gin; Go

tell a - bout the love of Je - sus, How He died for you and me, That from
tell-ing of the love of Je - sus; For the load will roll a-way, And His
tell a - bout the love of Je - sus; In the path of du - ty stand, Till you

sin we might be free, Then tell a - bout the love of Je - sus,
bless-ing with you stay, If you tell a - bout the love of Je - sus.
gain fair Canaan's land, Then tell a - bout the love of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Tell a - bout the love of Je - sus, Tell the sto - ry ev - 'ry-where,
How He brought us free and full sal - va-tion, How His glo - ry we may share.

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No. 23. He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I'm hap - py in Je - sus, my Sav - ior, my King, And all the day
2. He stood at the door a - mid sun-shine and rain, So pa - tient ly
3. I stand on the mountain of sun-shine at last, No cloud in the
4. I praise Him, because He ap - point - ed a place Where, some day, thro'

long of His goodness I sing; To Him in my weakness I lov - ing - ly
waiting an en-trance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treat - ed in
heavens a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up - on me, the val-ley is
faith in His mar-vel-ous grace, My eyes shall behold Him—shall look on His

CHORUS.

cling, For He is so pre-cions to me. so
vain, For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so precious to
past, For He is so pre-cious to me.
face, For He is so pre-cious to me.

precious to me, so precious to me,
me, ... For He is so precious to me, ... 'Tis heaven be-

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

Copyright, 1902, by Chas. H. Gabriel. By per.

No. 24. "From All Sin."

Mrs. C. H. M. 1 John, 1:7 Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. I have found a Friend, such a lov - ing Friend, Who a per - fect
2. 'Tis the Prince of Peace who has brought re-lease, From the guilt and
3. In my heart He reigns while in love He deigns, In com-mun - ion
4. He is gra - cious still, who - so - ev - er will, May in Je - sus

sal - va-tion hast given, Thro' the blood He spilt, washed a-way my guilt,
do - min-ion of sin, Who has saved my soul, made me ful - ly whole,
to dwell here be - low; Walk - ing by His side I am sat - is - fied,
de - liv - er - ance find; On - ly trust His love, and His mer - cy prove,

Chorus.

Made me heir to a man - sion in heav'n.
And whose Spir - it a - bid - eth with - in. From all sin, from
Since His ful-ness of bless - ing I know.
For His heart to the sin - ner is kind. From all sin,
in heav'n.

all sin, Joy - ful ti-dings ringing, my heart in tune keeps singing, From
from all sin,

all sin, from all sin, "The blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin."
from all sin, from all sin.

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No. 25. The Secret of the Lord.

Anon. MAUD ANITA HART.

1. There's a se-cret God has whis - pered To His hid-den ones a - lone;
2. Change-less se-cret, how it keeps us Thro' all changes life can bring;
3. Ho - ly se-cret, how it cleans - es All the heart from self and sin;
4. Might - y se-cret, how it brings us Heav'n-ly help for hearts for - lorn;
5. Pre - cious se-cret, I have found it, Pre - cious Je-sus, Thou art mine;

'Tis a se - cret sweeter, strang-er, Than thy heart has tho't or known.
Joy may cheer, or tri - al press us, Still the rest - ful heart can sing.
Crowd-ing out the pow'r of e - vil By the life of Christ with - in.
Turns our bat - tle-tide to tri - umph, Chang - es mid-night in - to morn.
Prove in me Thy boundless full-ness, Live in me Thy life di - vine.

CHORUS.

There's a se - cret, pre - cious se - - - cret,
ho - ly, change - less se - cret,
God has whispered to my soul, ... 'Tis that He will ev - er
sweet-ly whispered to my soul;
keep me, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll. . . . . .
keep me, ev - er keep me, roll, for - ev - er roll.

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No. 26. You May Have the Joybells.

J. Edw. Ruark. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. You may have the joy-bells ring - ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je - sus in its full - ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri - als as you jour-ney home, Grace suf-fi - cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Own His right to

from you nev - er will de - part; Walk the straight and nar-row way, Live for
those a - round you sweet-ly show; Words of kind - ness al - ways say, Deeds of
He will give to o - ver - come; Tho' un - seen by mor - tal eye, He is
ev - 'ry serv - ice you can pay; Sin - ners you can help to win If your

Fine.

Je - sus ev - 'ry day, He will keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.
mer - cy do each day, Then He'll keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.
with you ev - er nigh, And He'll keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.
life is pure and clean, And you keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.

D. S.—*He will keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.*

Chorus.

Joy - - bells ring-ing in your heart, Joy - - bells
Ring-ing in your heart, You may have the joybells

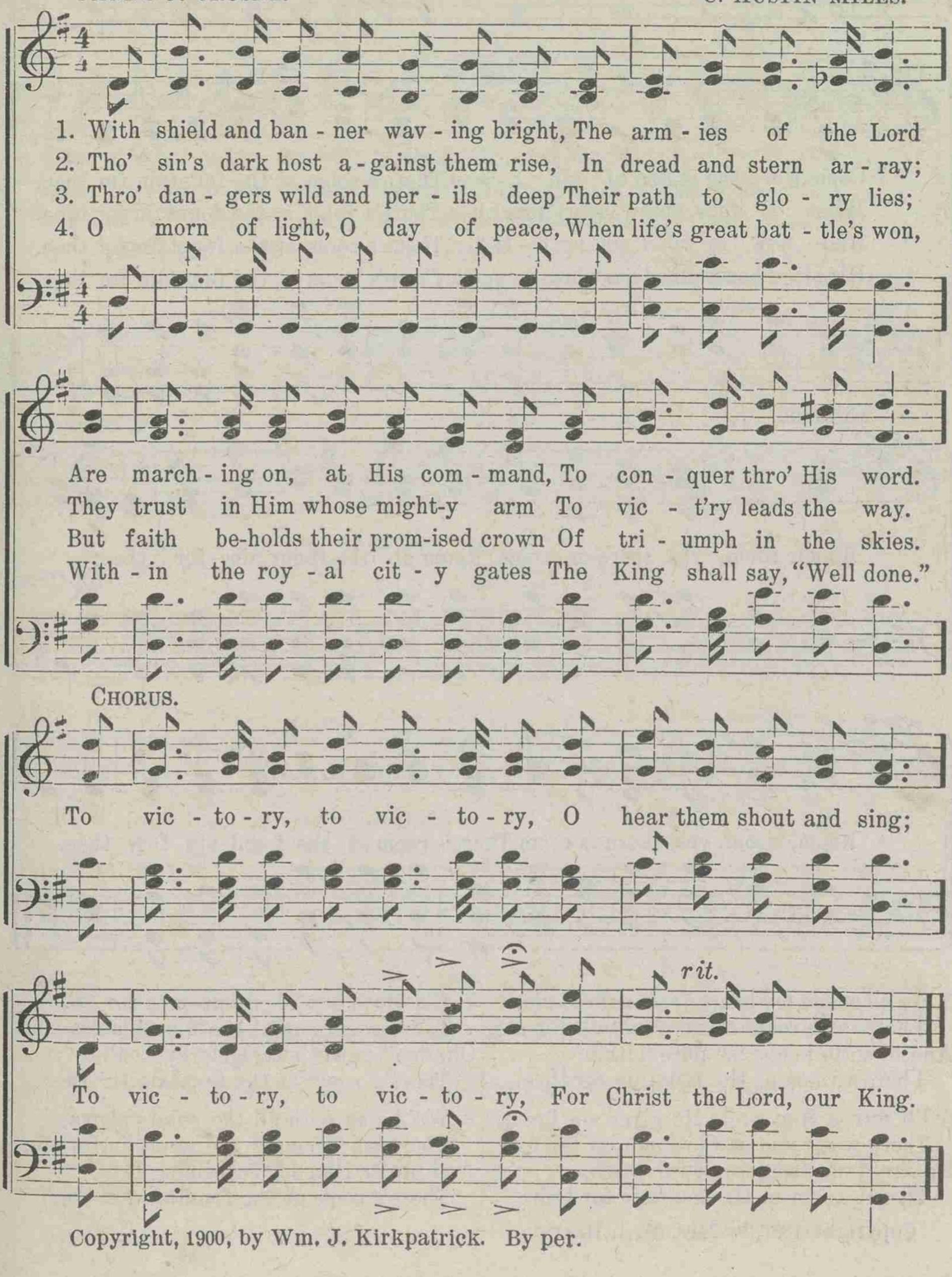
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You May Have the Joybells.—Concluded.



No. 27. To Victory.

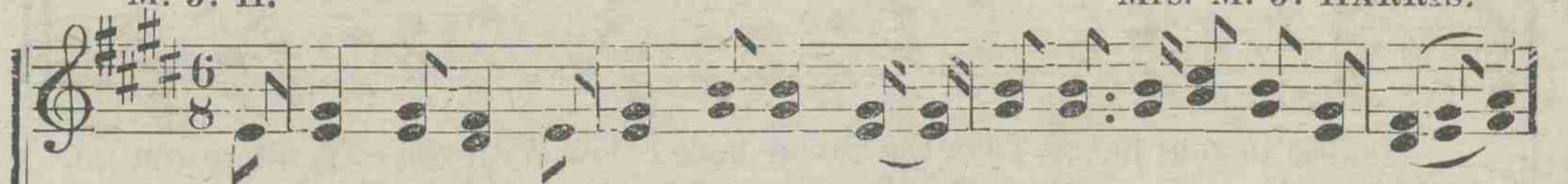
FANNY J. CROSBY. C. AUSTIN MILES.



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No. 28. Room at the Fountain.

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

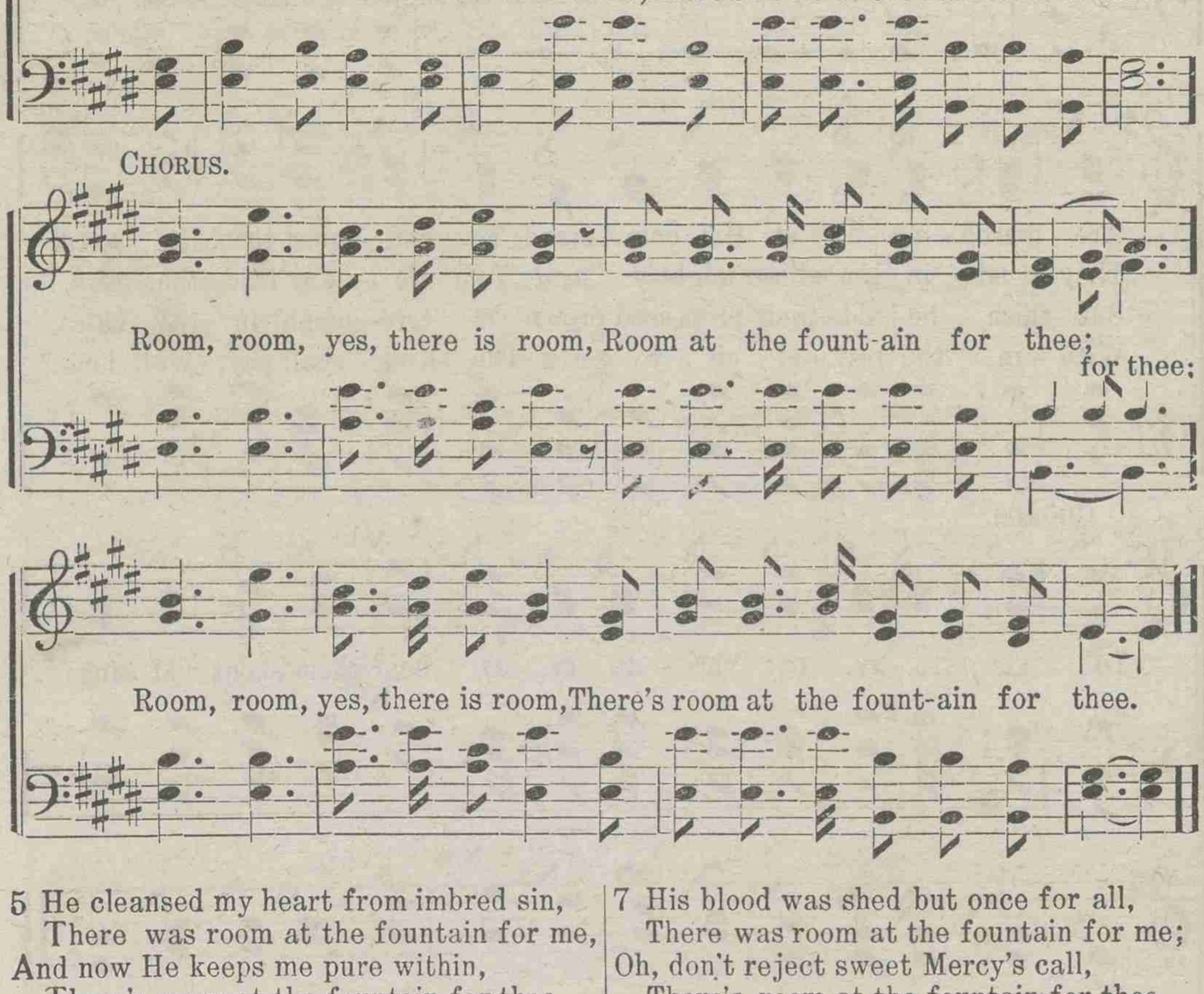


1. I heard my lov-ing Sav - ior say, There's room at the fountain for thee,
2. I came to Him, my sins confessed, There was room at the fountain for me,
3. I plunged beneath the crimson tide, There was room at the fountain for me,
4. I found the crimson stream I know, There was room at the fountain for me,



Come, wash the stains of sin a - way, There's room at the fountain for thee.
When I gave up my heart was blest, There's room at the fountain for thee.
And now by faith am sanc - ti-fied, There's room at the fountain for thee.
His blood has washed me white as snow, There's room at the fountain for thee.

CHORUS.



Room, room, yes, there is room, Room at the fount-ain for thee;
for thee;
Room, room, yes, there is room, There's room at the fount-ain for thee.

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.

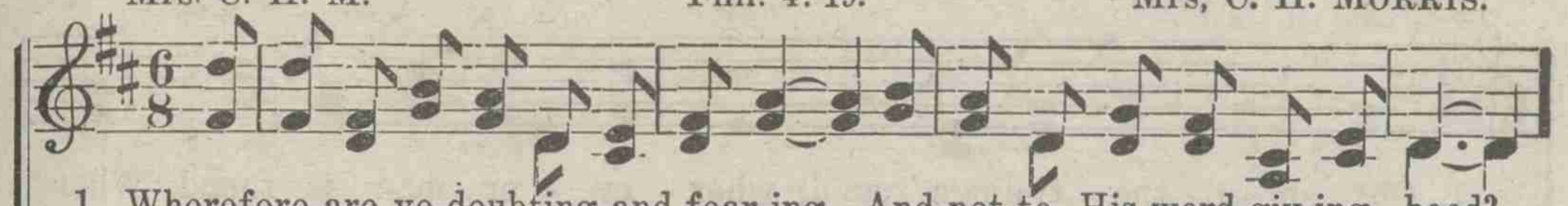
7 His blood was shed but once for all,
There was room at the fountain for me;
Oh, don't reject sweet Mercy's call,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

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.

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No. 29. "My God Shall Supply Your Need."

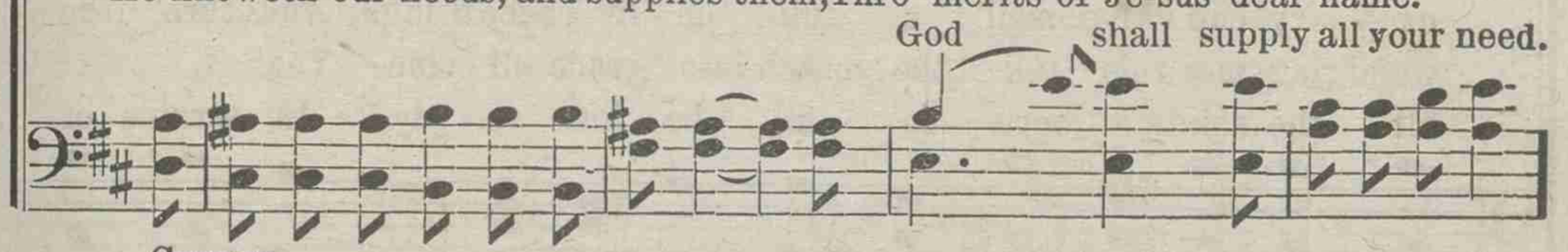
Mrs. C. H. M. Phil. 4: 19. Mrs, C. H. MORRIS.



1. Wherefore are ye doubting and fear-ing, And not to His word giv-ing heed?
2. We come to a boun-ti - ful store-house, A rich and un - fail - ing sup-ply,
3. Lo! e - ven the ravens He feed - eth, And counteth the sparrows that fall;
4. Come humbly yet bold-ly be-fore Him, His ful - ness of bless-ing to claim;



This promise for you has been written, "My God shall supply all your need."
And He who your ev-'ry need knoweth, No good thing will ev-er de - ny.
Much more for His children He car-eth, And hears them, tho' feebly they call.
He knoweth our needs, and supplies them, Thro' merits of Je-sus' dear name.



CHORUS.



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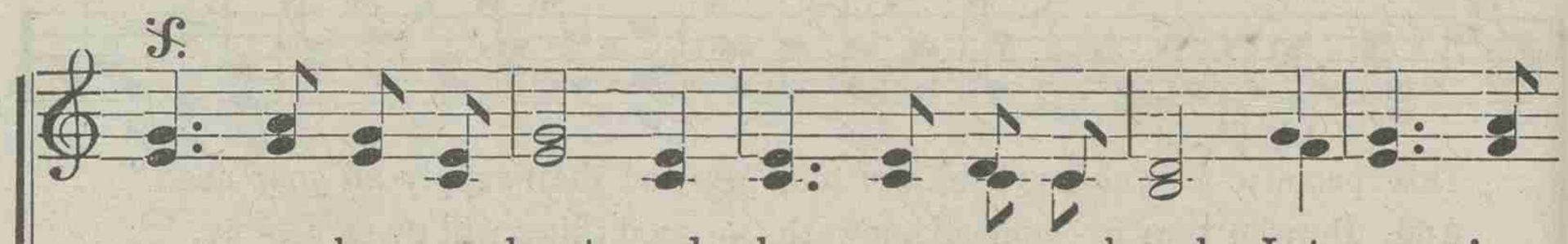
No. 30. The Comforter Has Come!

Rev. F. Bottome. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

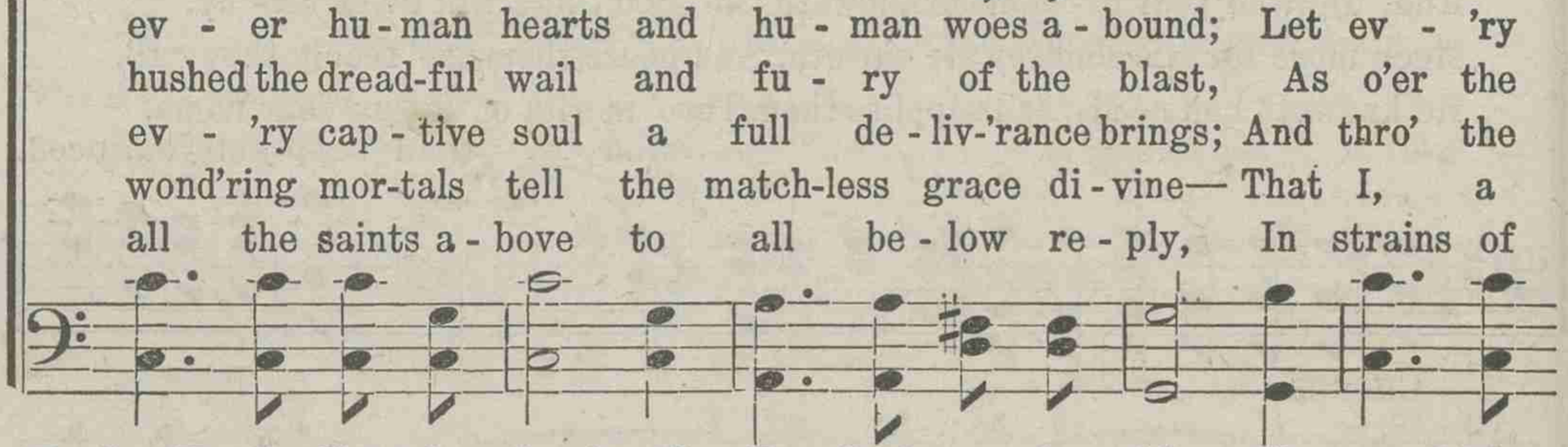


1. Oh, spread the ti-dings 'round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
4. O bound - less Love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly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





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



D. S.—Ho - ly Ghost from heav'n, The Fa - ther's promise giv'n; Oh, spread the

FINE.



Chris - tian tongue pro-claim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
gold - en hills the day ad-van-ces fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
va - cant cells the song of tri-umph rings The Com - fort - er has come!
child of hell, should in His im-age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
end - less love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!



ti-dings 'round, wher - ev - er man is found—The Con - 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. Ask, Ye Shall Receive.

Mrs. C. H. M. Matt. 7: 7. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. On ev - 'ry page of sa-cred writ I find Some prom-ise full of comfort
2. When first I knelt a sin - ner at God's feet, They gave me strength for pardon
3. Come un - to Him ye wea - ry sin - sick souls, His great salvation thou shalt
4. Come now and dare to take Him at His word, Ye halt and mained and blind, both

and of cheer; And o'er and o'er these precious words of love, Like mu - sic
to be-lieve; And when for full sal-va-tion's pow'r I sought, Ac - cord - ing
sure - ly see; A sin - ner nev-er yet in vain has called; He'll do for
great and small, Who - ev - er hath the gos-pel message heard, For lo, the

sweet have fall-en on my ear.
to His word, I did be-lieve.
you what He has done for me.
in - vi - ta - tion is for all.

Chorus.

Ask, ye shall re - ceive; . . . .

ye shall receive;

Seek and ye shall find, oh, promise true! Knock at mer-cy's

oh, promise true!

Rit.

door, and as in the days of yore, It shall be opened un - to you.

un - to you.

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No. 32. The Old Fountain.

EMMA M. JOHNSTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Effective as a solo.

1. By Sa - ma - ria's way-side well, Once a bless - ed message fell On a
2. And a lit - tle cap - tive maid By a lep - er un - dis-mayed, Told to
3. And a wo - man in a crowd, With-out word or cry a - loud, Just stoop'd

wo - man's thirst-y soul, Long a - go; And to eyes that long were sealed
him a sim - ple sto - ry Long a go; That the stream where he might lave,
down and touch'd his garment Long a - go; As her ur - gent need ap-peal'd,

Was the glorious light reveal'd, Thro' a fount-ain that was o-pen'd Long a - go.
Had a - lone the pow'r to save, Thro' his trust in that old fountain, Long a - go.
So her sin - ful soul was heal'd In that fountain that was o-pened Long a - go.

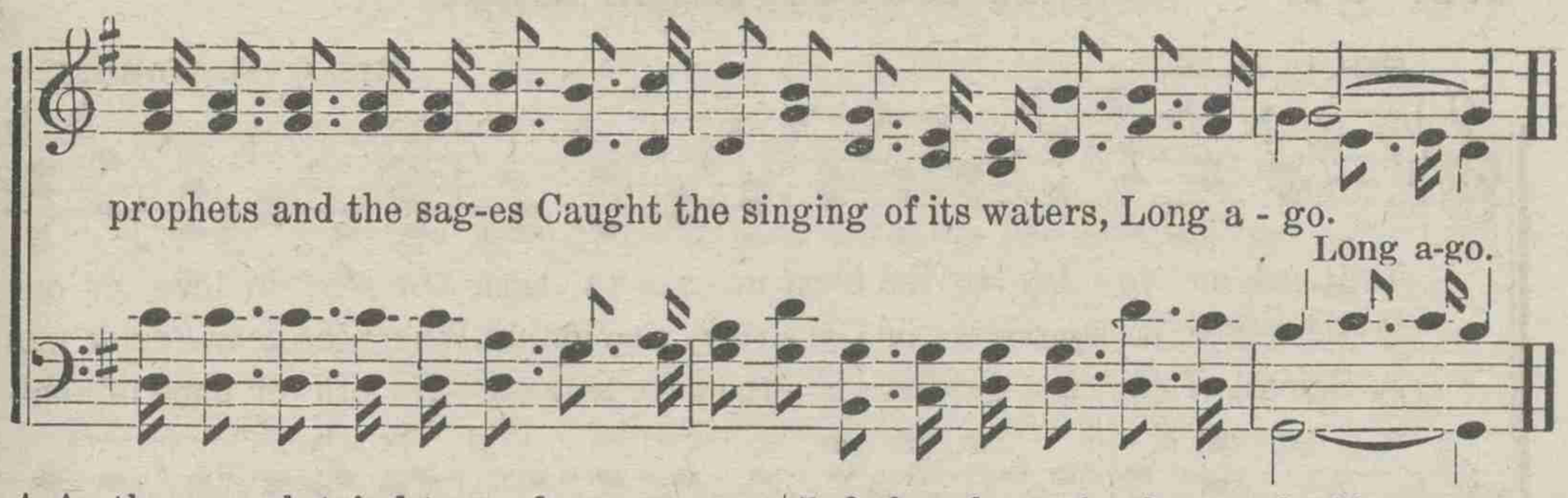
CHORUS.

There's a fount-ain that was o - pen'd Long a - go, ... For the
Long a - go,

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

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The Old Fountain.—Concluded.

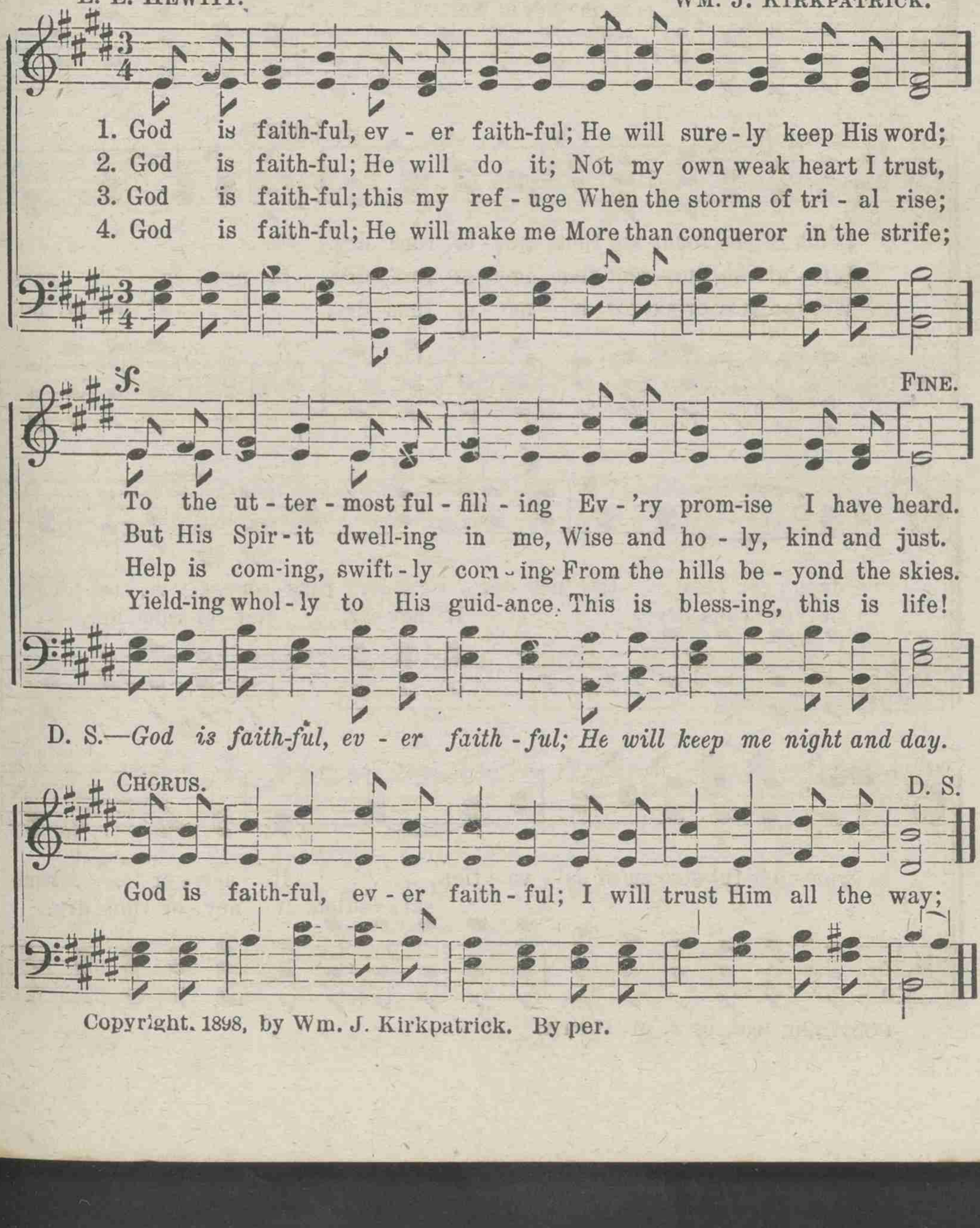


4 As the eunuch tried to read
Philip taught him of his need,
And baptized him in the stream,
Long ago;
As the outward seal and sign
Of an inward work divine,
That was wrought thro' that old fountain,
Long ago.

5 O thou fountain, deep and wide,
Flowing from the wounded side
That was pierced for redemption,
Long ago;
In thy ever-cleansing wave
There is found all power to save,
'Tis the power that healed the nations,
Long ago.

No. 33. God is Faithful.

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



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No. 34. It Never Runs Dry.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Heark-en to - day to the blest in - vi - ta - tion Giv - en in love by our
2. Look! for its source is in Cal - va-ry's mountain, Where the dear Savior was
3. Saints of all a - ges its vir - tue have test-ed; No oth - er hope of sal-

Fa - ther on high; Come to the won - der - ful stream of sal - va - tion,
lift - ed on high; Pure and ex - haust-less it springs from the fount-ain,
va - tion is nigh; Here where our fa - thers and moth - ers have feast-ed,

CHORUS.

Drink of the fount-ain that nev - er runs dry.
Life - giv-ing cur - rent that nev - er runs dry. It nev - er runs
We, too, may drink, for it nev - er runs dry. It nev-er, no

dry; . . . . . It nev - er . . . . . runs dry, ... This
nev-er runs dry; It nev - er, nev - er runs dry,

won - der-ful stream of sal - va - tion, ... It nev - er . . . . runs
sal - va-tion, It nev - er runs dry,

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It Never Runs Dry.—Concluded.

dry; . . . . . Tho' millions their thirst are now slak-ing, ... It
nev - er runs dry; now slak-ing,

nev - er . . . . . runs dry; . . . . . And millions may still come par-
it nev-er, nev-er runs dry;

tak - ing, ... It nev - er . . . . . runs dry. . . . . .
par - tak - ing, nev - er runs dry, nev - er runs dry.

No. 35. I'll Live for Him.

C. R. DUNBAR.

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

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

CHORUS *D. C.*

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

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

No. 36. I've Anchored in Jesus.

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 anch - or's cast,

I've fixed my hope in Je - sus, blest anch - or 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.

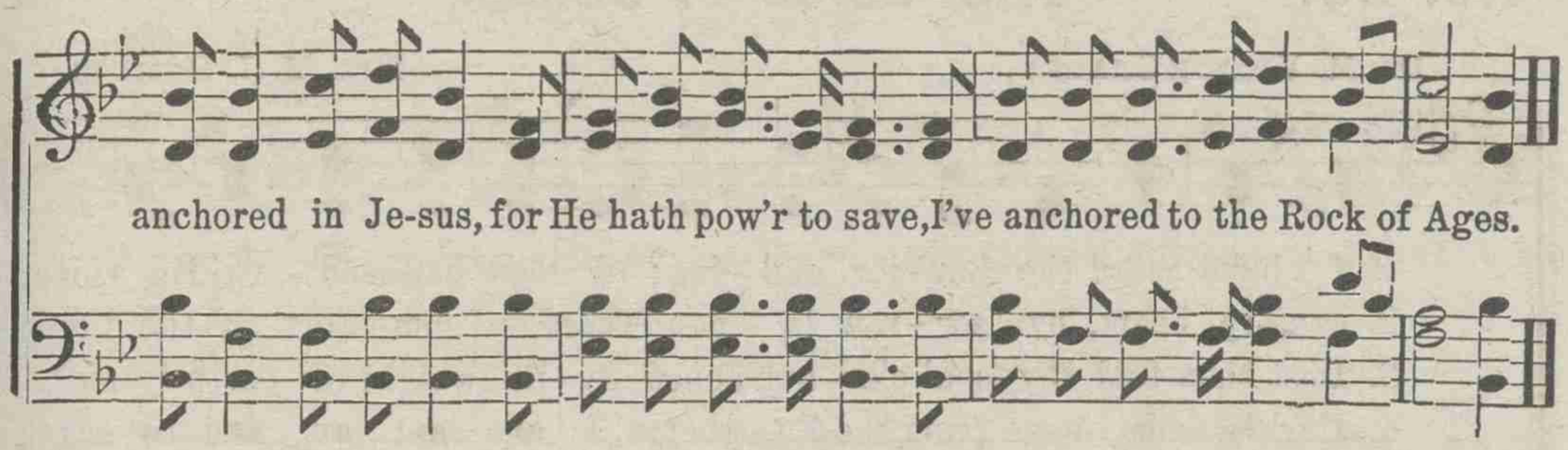
When tri - als fierce as-sail me, as storms are gath-'ring o'er, I rest up-
My pi - lot and de - liv - 'rer, to Him I all con - fide, For al - ways
By faith I'm look-ing up-ward, be-yond life's troubled sea, There I be-

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

storms of life I'll brave, I've anchored in Je - sus, I fear no wind or wave, I've

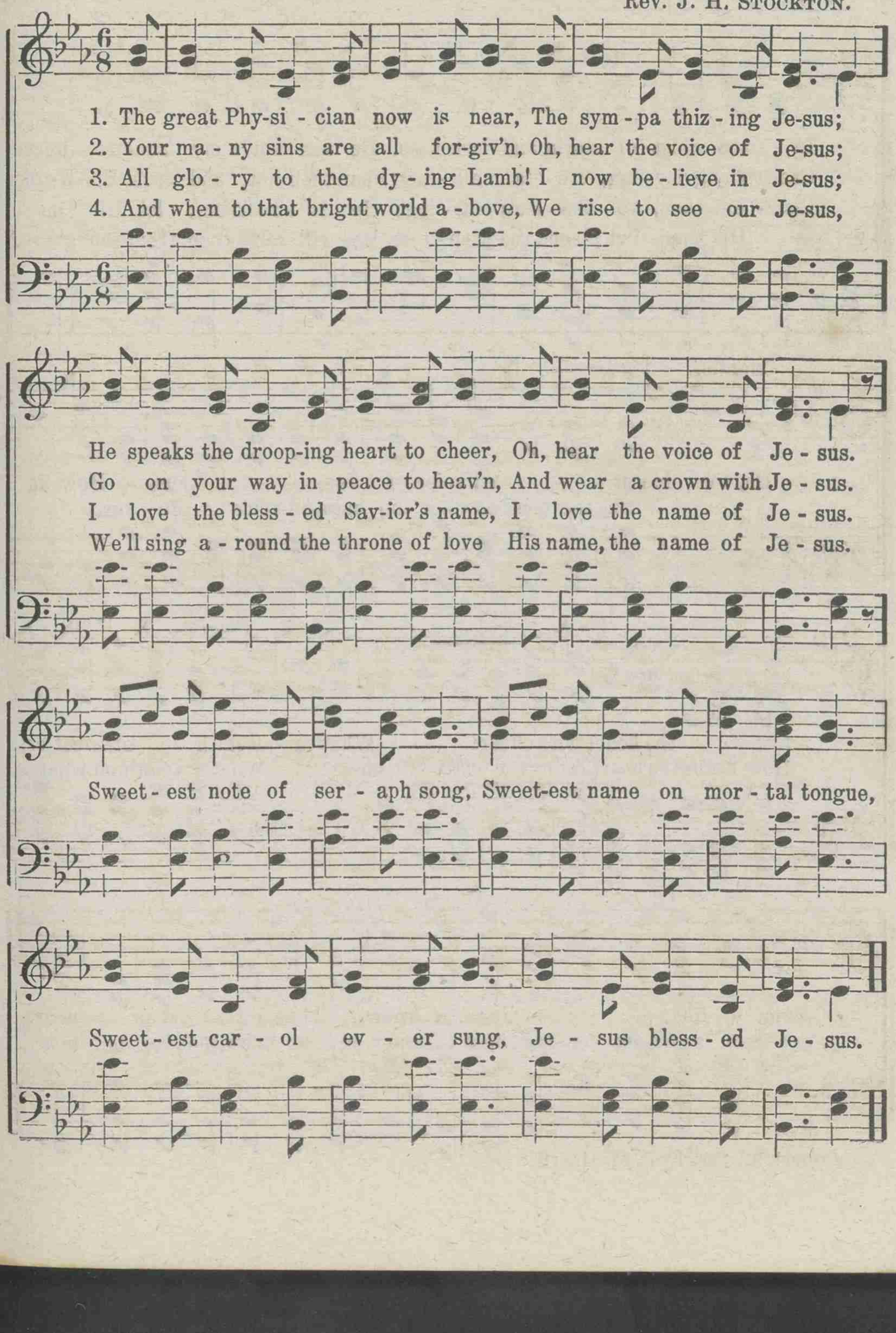
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I've Anchored in Jesus.—Concluded.



No. 37. The Great Physician.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.



No. 38. The Voice of Jesus.

Dr. M. VICTOR STALEY. Mrs. M. J. HARRIS.

1. I have heard the Sav - ior call - ing; I have list-ened to His voice;
2. Wea-ry heart, by sor - row la - den, There is com - fort in the Lord;
3. Dost thou feel thy soul o'er - bur-dened By its weight of earth ly sin?
4. Hark! a mes - sage from the Fa - ther: "I have sent my Son to save;

In the midst of storm and dark-ness, He has bid my soul re - joice.
Cease Thy griev - ing, He is call - ing; Fear thou not, and trust His Word.
List - en, then, to thee He's call - ing; He is knock-ing; let Him in.
In His hands I've placed the scep - ter; He will raise thee from the grave."

CHORUS.

Oh, the bless - ed voice of Je - sus, How it fills the heart with cheer!
Oh, the bless-ed voice, the bless-ed voice of Je - sus, How it fills the heart, it fills the heart with cheer!

What a wealth of sweet-est com - fort, Just to know that He is near.
What a wealth, oh, what a wealth of sweet-est com-fort, Just to know, just to know that He is near.

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No. 39. Let Us Tarry for the Power.

Mrs. C. H. M. Luke 24: 49. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Let us tarry for the pow'r as Christ commanded Ere the opening heav'n's re-
2. We are pow-er-less and weak without the presence Of the bless-ed Ho-ly
3. Now the glorious scene of old once more re-peating, While with one accord we

ceived Him out of sight; Let us wait up - on the Lord, trusting in his precious
Ghost our hearts within; Breathe up - on us now from heav'n, promise of the Savior
tar - ry in this place; Lord we can - not let Thee go till a blessing Thou be-

CHORUS.

word, Un - til He en-due us with the Spir-it's might.
giv'n; Make us strong to go the lost of earth to win. Let us tar - ry,
stow, Whol-ly sanc-ti - fy and save us by Thy grace. Tarry for the pow'r,

let us tarry, for the pow'r, For the old-time pow'r of Pen - te - cost; Let us

tar - ry, humbly tar - ry, Till He fill us with the Ho - ly Ghost.
Tar-ry for the pow'r, tar-ry for the pow'r,

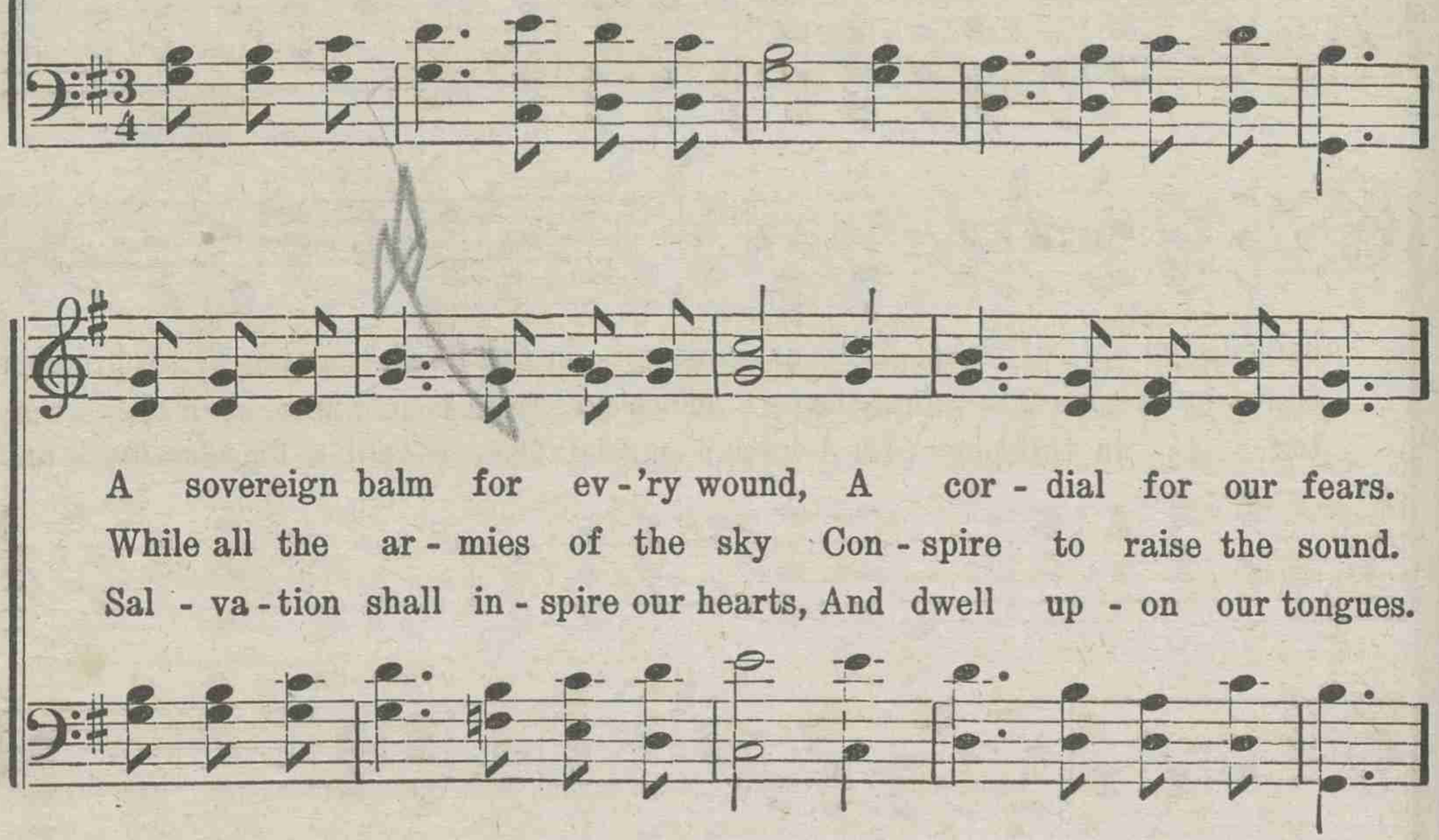
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No. 40. Salvation.

ISAAC WATTS. Music and Cho. by J. M. HARRIS.



1. Sal - va - tion! O the joy - ful sound! What pleas - ure to our ears!
2. Sal - va - tion! let the ech - o fly The spa - cious earth a - round,
3. Sal - va - tion, O Thou bleeding Lamb! To Thee the praise be-longs:

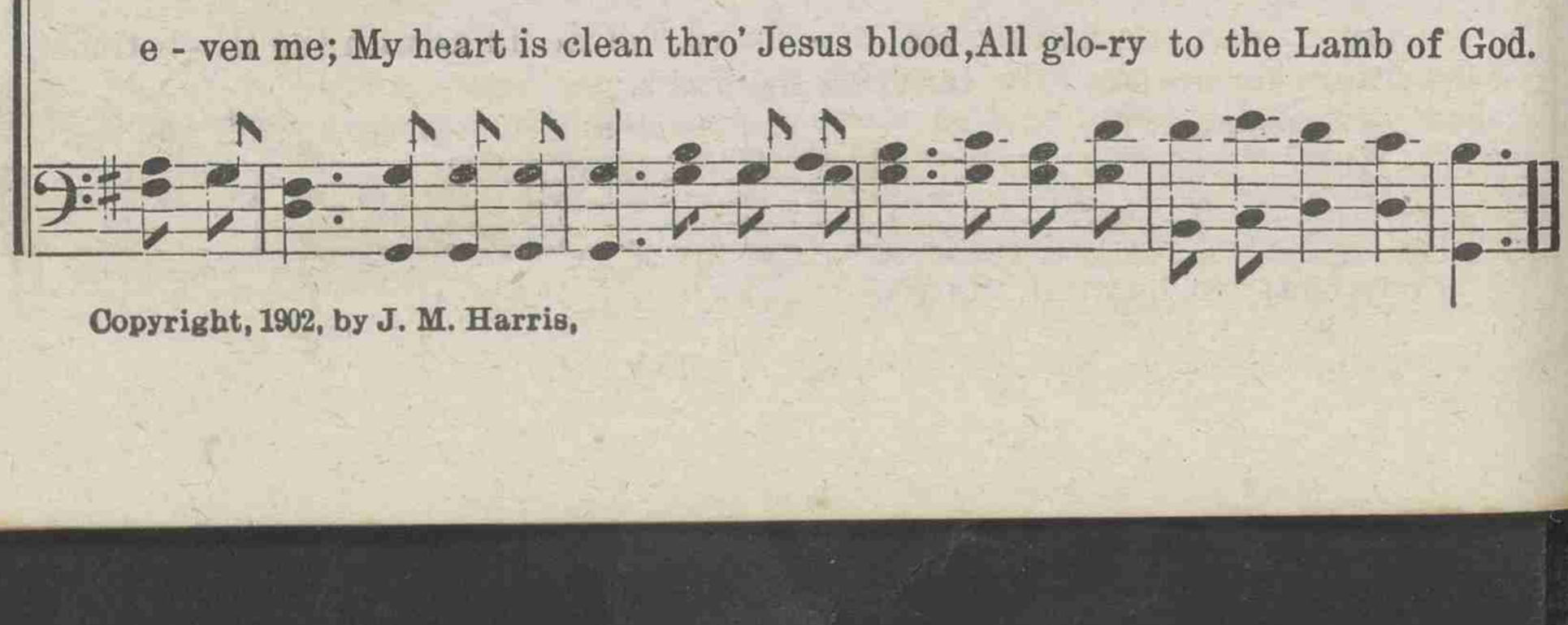


A sovereign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears.
While all the ar - mies of the sky Con - spire to raise the sound.
Sal - va - tion shall in - spire our hearts, And dwell up - on our tongues.



CHORUS.

Sal - va-tion full! sal-va-tion free! Sal - va - tion reach - es
sal - va - tion full! sal - va - tion free! Sal - va-tion reaches



e - ven me; My heart is clean thro' Jesus blood, All glo-ry to the Lamb of God.

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No. 41. Sometime, Somewhere.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Un - an-swered yet? The pray'r your lips have plead - ed In ag - o-
2. Un - an-swered yet? Tho' when you first pre - sent - ed This one pe-
3. Un - an-swered yet? Nay, do not say un - grant-ed; Perhaps your
4. Un - an-swered yet? Faith can - not be un - an-swered; Her feet were

ny of heart these ma - ny years? Does faith be - gin to fail, is hope de-
ti - tion at the Father's throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of
part is not yet whol-ly done; The work began when first your pray'r was
firm - ly plant-ed on the Rock; A - mid the wildest storms she stands un-

part - ing, And think you all in vain those fall-ing tears? Say not the
ask - ing, So ur - gent was your heart to make it known. Tho' years have
ut - tered, And God will fin - ish what He has be - gun. If you will
daunt - ed, Nor quails be - fore the loud - est thun-der shock. She knows Om-

Fa - ther hath not heard your pray'r; You shall have your de - sire
passed since then, do not de - spair; The Lord will an - swer you
keep the in - cense burn - ing there, His glo - ry you shall see,
nip - o - tence has heard her pray'r, And cries, "It shall be done,"

rit. – – – – – *ad lib.*

some-time, some-where, You shall have your de - sire, some-time, some - where.
some-time, some-where, The Lord will an - swer you some-time, some - where.
some-time, some-where, His glo - ry you shall see, some-time, some - where.
some-time, some-where, And cries, "It shall be done," some-time, some - where.

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No. 42. With the Whole Heart.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C, H. MORRIS.

1. With my whole heart, oh, Lord would I seek Thee, And this glo-rious sal-
2. "Be ye ho - ly, for lo, I am ho - ly," Is Thy word of com-
3. Won-drous grace to be had for the ask - ing, To be whit - er than
4. Glo - ry, glo - ry for such a sal - va - tion! With the old man of

va-tion would claim, In its heights and its depths and its full - ness, Thro' the
mand un - to me; Thou art just and wilt ask of us noth - ing But Thou'lt
snow pu - ri - fied, And each heart to be made a fit tem - ple, Where the
sin cru - ci - fied; He hath per - fect - ed now and for - ev - er Those whom

CHORUS.

mer - its of Je - sus' dear name.
help us to do and to be. With the whole heart, with the
Spir - it de - lights to a - bide.
He hath in Christ sanc - ti - fied. With the whole heart,

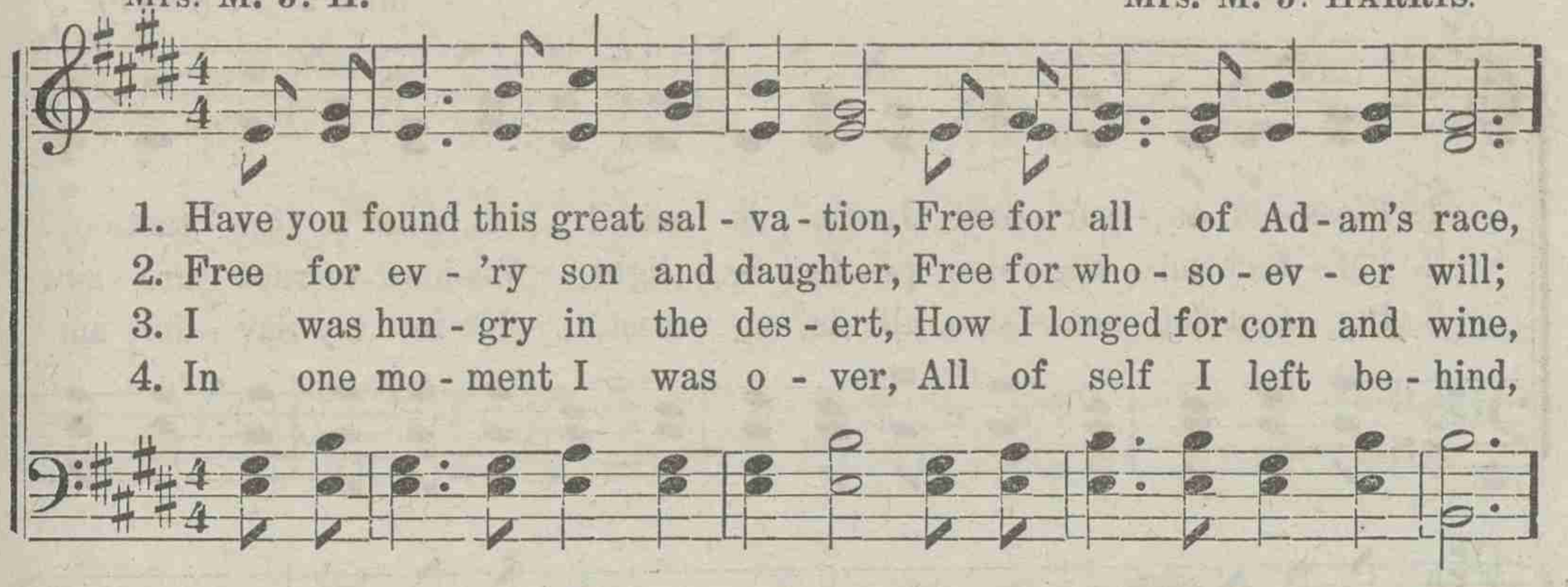
whole heart; If we seek Him with the whole heart, Full sal-va - tion to
with the whole heart;

all He will free - ly im-part, If we seek Him with the whole heart.

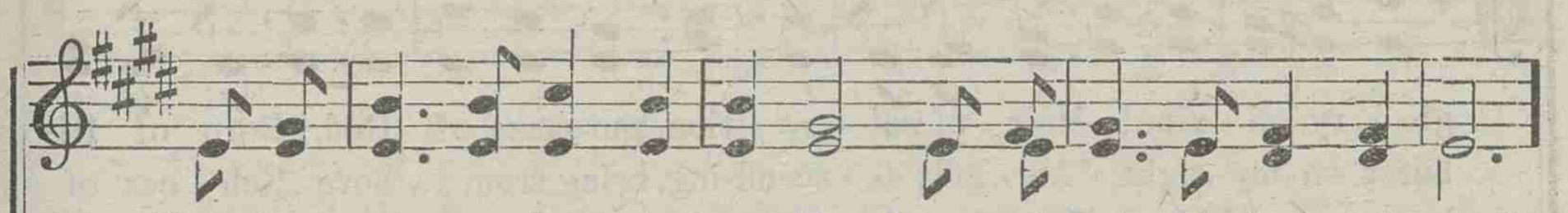
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No. 43. In His Will.

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



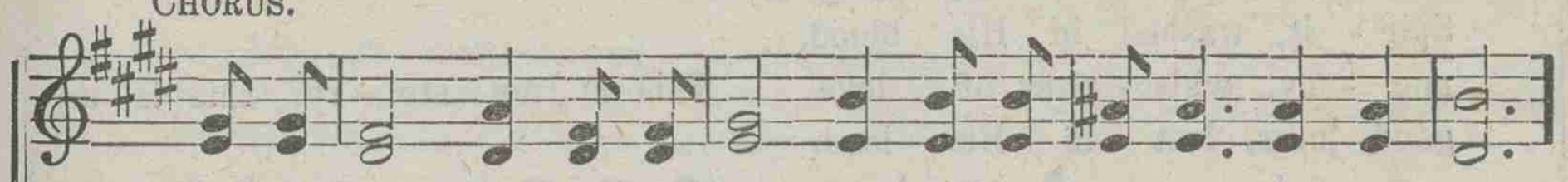
1. Have you found this great sal - va - tion, Free for all of Ad - am's race,
2. Free for ev - 'ry son and daughter, Free for who - so - ev - er will;
3. I was hun - gry in the des - ert, How I longed for corn and wine,
4. In one mo - ment I was o - ver, All of self I left be - hind,



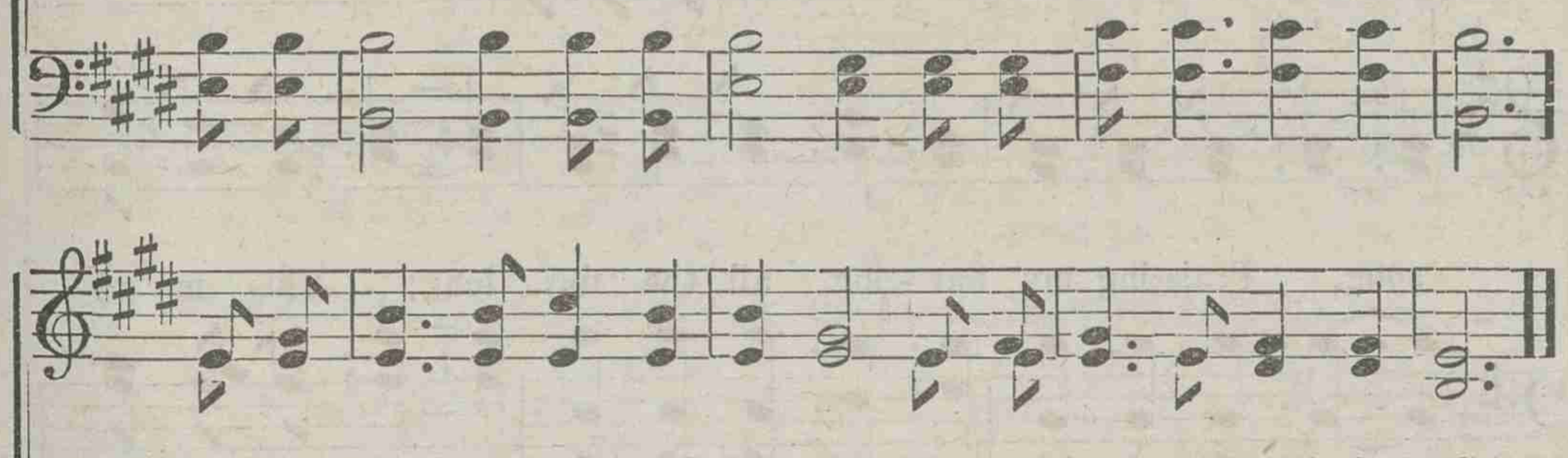
Oh! how pre-cious just to know him, Come and find this "sec-ond grace."
There is plen - ty, don't stand wait-ing, He your hun - gry soul can fill.
Till I found the riv - er Jor - dan, And the land He said was mine.
And His bless - ed cleans-ing pow - er, Has re-moved the car - nal mind.



CHORUS.



Hal-le - lu - jah, I am liv - ing In the cen-ter of His will,



With the sweet-est milk and hon - ey, He my hun - gry soul doth fill.



5 Now I'm feasting on the riches
Of fair Canaan's land so sweet,
I have all that you could mention,
And there's rock beneath my feet.

6 Oh! that all the world might know Him,
Oh! that all His love might see,
There's a precious flowing fountain,
Praise the Lord—it cleanseth me.

Copyright, 1897, by Mrs. M. J. Harris.

No. 44. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. CROSBY. MRS. J. F. KNAPP.

1. Bless - ed as - sur - ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of His
2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rapt - ure now burst on my sight, An - gels de - scend-ing, 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, washed 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 Jos. F. Knapp.

No. 45. Saved From the Wreck.

E. E. HEWITT. Effective as a Solo. H L. GILMOUR.

1. A - drift on the wa-ters, so dark and so cold, A - far from the beau-ti - ful
2. Oh, I was the sin-ner a - lone on the sea, But love's blessed signals were
3. I stepped in the life-boat, pro-vid-ed for me, And Je - sus, my Pi - lot, my
4. Life's turbulent surges are kissed into peace, The beacons are shining, and

cit - y of gold, A ves - sel is sink-ing, for heav - y the gale, The
float - ing for me; Tho' thunders were roll-ing, and bil - lows at strife, Lo,
Cap - tain will be; His bo - som my ref - uge, my "ha - ven of rest," I'm
songs nev-er cease; Fair moonbeams, bright sunshine, illumine the tide, While

CHORUS. *con anima.*

ca - ble is brok-en, and tattered each sail.
Je - sus was call-ing, "Es - cape for thy life." Poor child of the wreck, see the
rescued from shipwreck, so hap-py and blest.
on - ward to glo - ry we'll joy-ful - ly glide.

andante. *tempo.*

life-boat is near, A sweet voice is heard, for the Master is here; He walks ev'ry

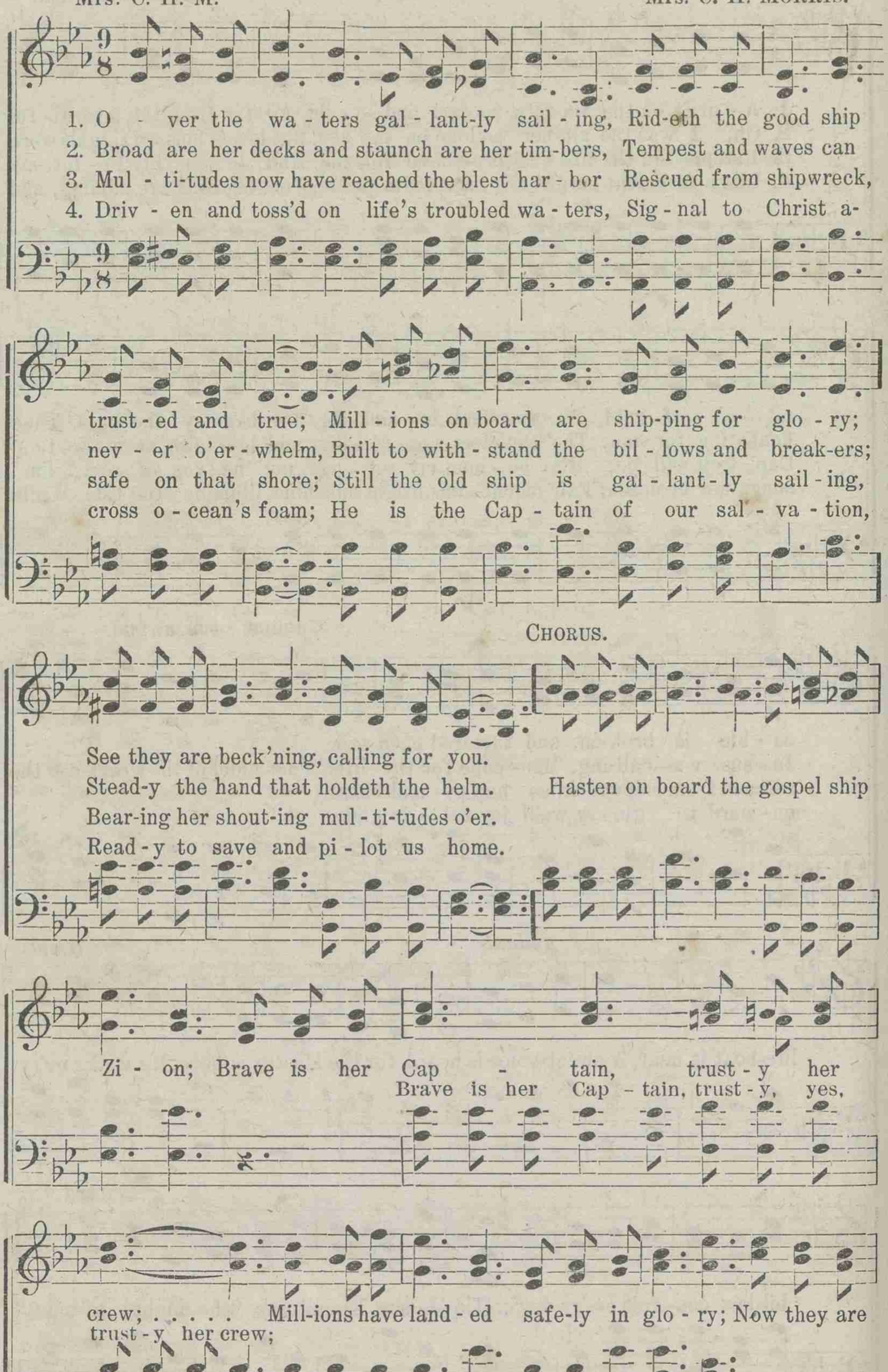
ritard.

bil-low, con-trols ev-'ry wave, 'Tis Je-sus, King Jesus, "the mighty to save."

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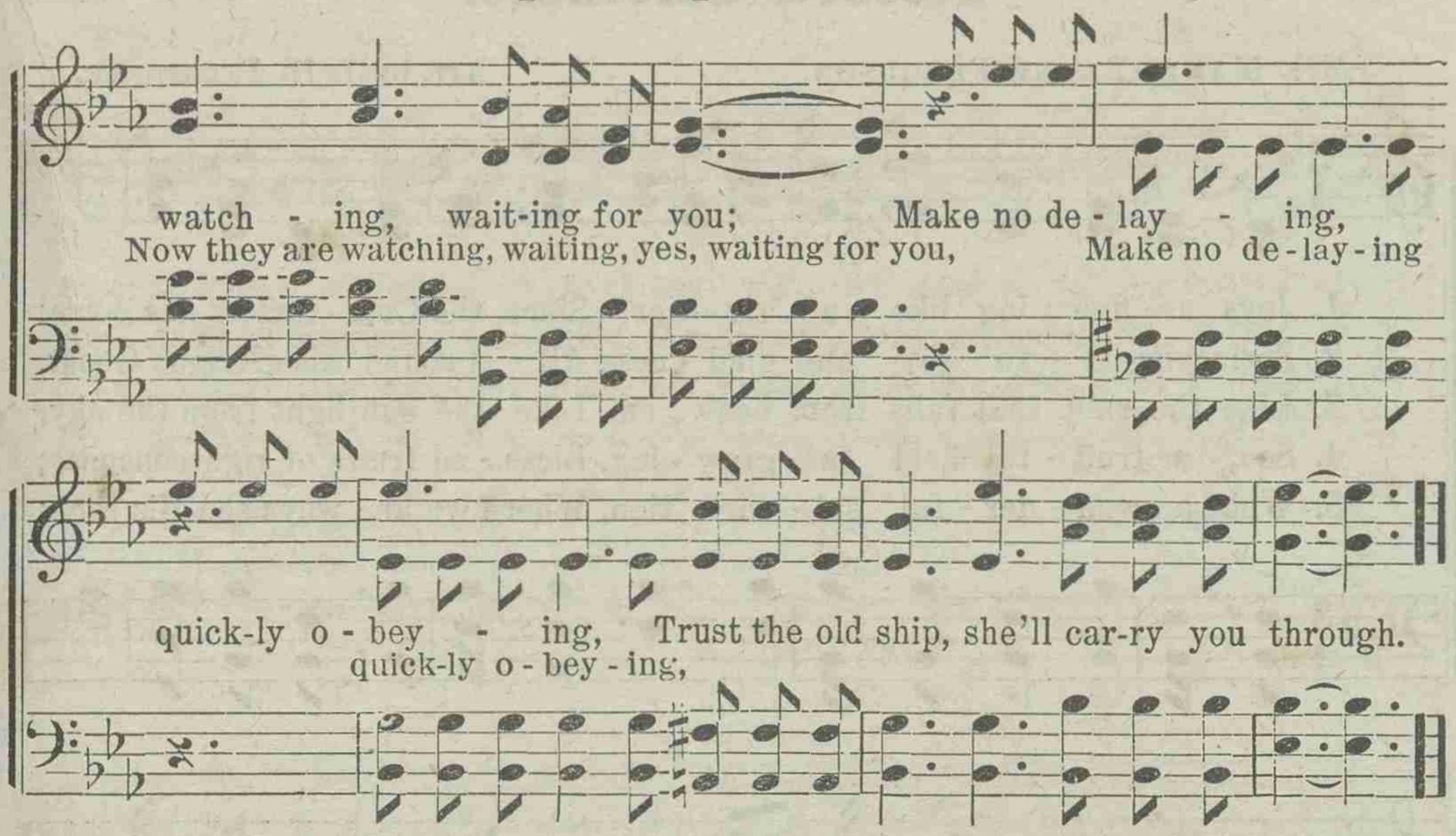
No. 46. The Gospel Ship Zion.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



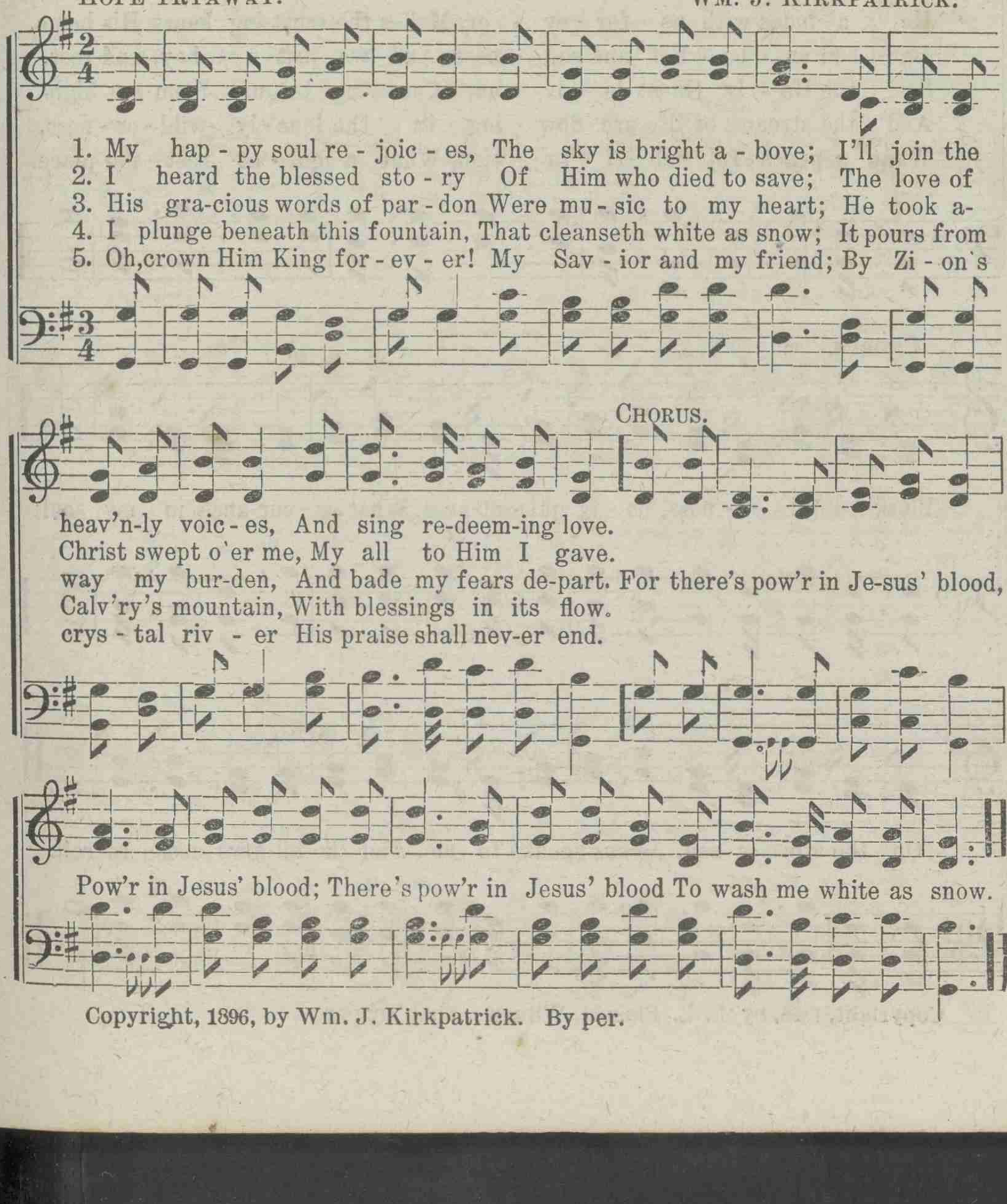
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The Gospel Ship Zion.—Concluded.



No. 47. There's Power in Jesus' Blood.

HOPE TRYAWAY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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No. Blessed Quietness.

Mrs. Manie Payne Ferguson. Arr. by J. H. Fillmore.



1. Joys are flow - ing like a riv - er, Since the Com - fort-er has come;
2. Spring-ing in - to joy and glad - ness All a-round this glorious Guest,
3. Like the rain that falls from heav - en, Like the sun-light from the sky,
4. See, a fruit - ful field is grow - ing, Bless - ed fruits of righteousness;
5. What a won - der - ful sal - va - tion, Where we al - ways see His face;



He a - bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trust-ing heart His home.
Ban-ished un - be - lief and sad - ness, And we just o - bey and rest.
So the Ho - ly Ghost is giv - en, Com - ing to us from on high.
And the streams of life are flow - ing In the lone - ly wild - er - ness.
What a peace - ful hab - i - ta - tion, What a qui - et rest - ing place.



Chorus.



Bless - ed qui - et - ness, ho - ly qui - et-ness, What as - sur-ance in my soul;



On the storm-y sea, Je-sus speaks to me, And the bil-lows cease to roll.



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No. 49. Perfect Peace.

MARY A. S. BARBER. J. M. HARRIS.



1. Prince of Peace, con - trol my will, Bid this struggling heart be still;
2. Thou hast bought me with Thy blood, O - pened wide the gate of God;
3. May Thy will, not mine be done; May Thy will and mine be one;
4. Sav - ior! at Thy feet I fall; Thou my life, my God, my all!



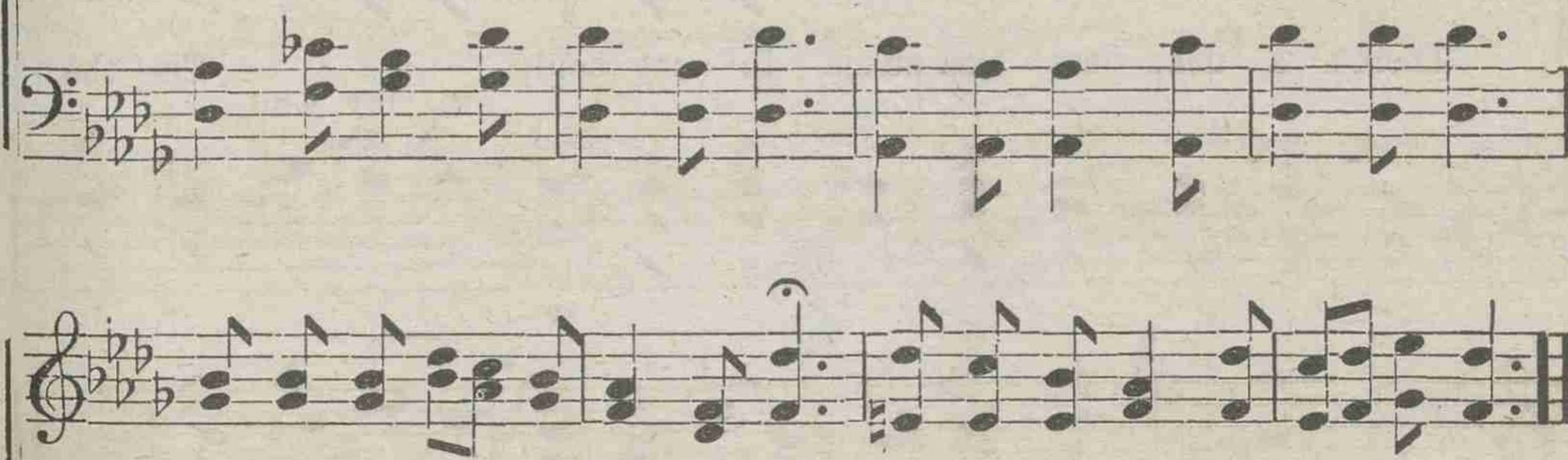
Bid my fears and doubt-ings cease, Hush my spir - it in - to peace.
Peace I ask—but peace must be, Lord, in be - ing one with Thee.
Chase these doubtings from my heart, Now Thy per - fect peace im - part.
Let Thy hap - py ser - vant be One for ev - er - more with Thee!



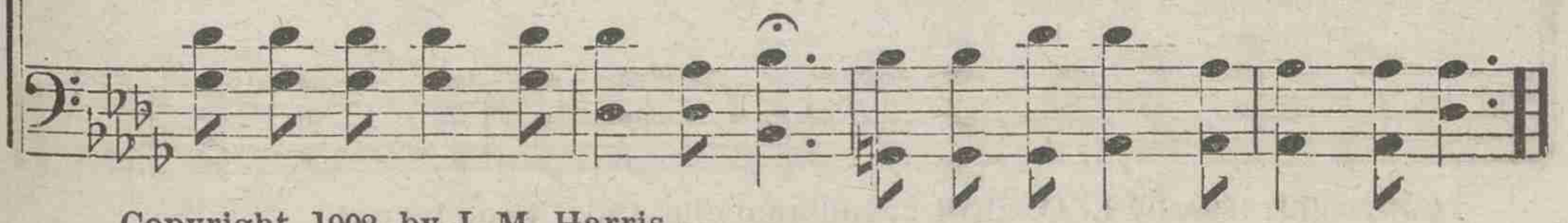
CHORUS.



Cleanse my heart from in - bred sin, Bring the Ho - ly Spir - it in;



Then will my doubts and fears de - part, And perfect peace reign in my heart.



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No. 50. Hidden Peace.

JOHN S. BROWN. L. O. BROWN.

1. I can - not tell thee whence it came, This peace with - in my breast;
2. Be-neath the toil and care of life, This hid - den stream flows on;
3. I can - not tell the half of love, Un-feigned, su-preme, di - vine,
4. I can - not tell thee why He chose To suf - fer and to die;

But this I know, there fills my soul, A strange and tran-quil rest.
My wea - ry soul no long - er thirsts, Nor am I sad and lone.
That caused my dark - est in - most self With beams of hope to shine.
But if I suf - fer here with Him, I'll reign with Him on high.

CHORUS.

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

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

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

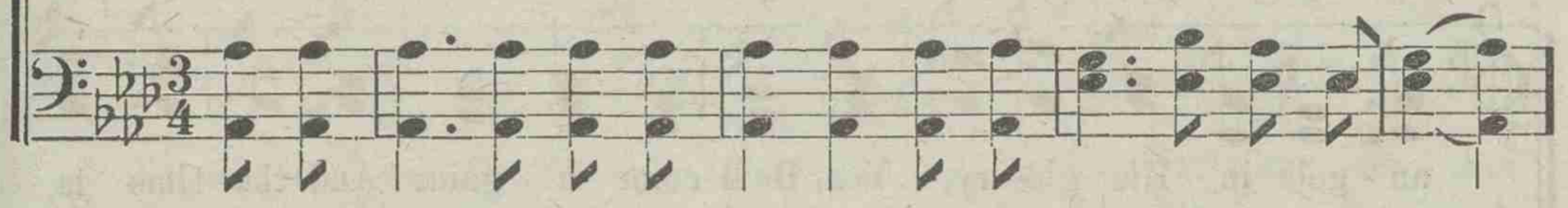
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No. 51. Full Salvation.

LOUISE M. ROUSE. MISS DORA BOOLE.

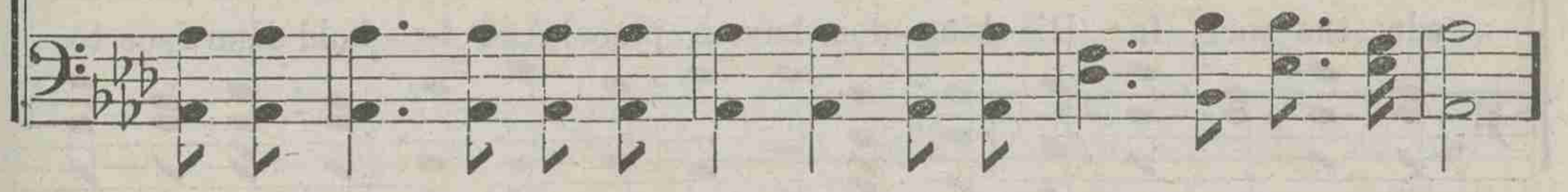


1. Pre - cious Sav-ior, Thou hast sav'd me; Thine and on - ly Thine I am;
2. Long my yearn-ing heart was try - ing To en - joy this per-fect rest;
3. Trust-ing, trust-ing, ev - 'ry moment; Feel-ing now the blood ap - plied;
4. Con - se - cra - ted to Thy ser-vice, I will live and die to Thee;
5. Yes, I will stand up for Je - sus; He has sweet-ly sav'd my soul,
6. Glo - ry to the blood that bought me, Glo - ry to its cleansing pow'r!





Oh! the cleans-ing blood has reach'd me, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!
But I gave all try - ing o - ver; Sim - ply trust - ing, I was blest.
Ly - ing at the cleansing fountain; Dwell-ing in my Sav-ior's side.
I will wit - ness to Thy glo - ry Of sal - va - tion full and free.
Cleans'd me from in - bred cor - rup - tion, Sanc - ti - fied, and made me whole.
Glo - ry to the blood that keeps me! Glo - ry, glo - ry, ev - er-more!



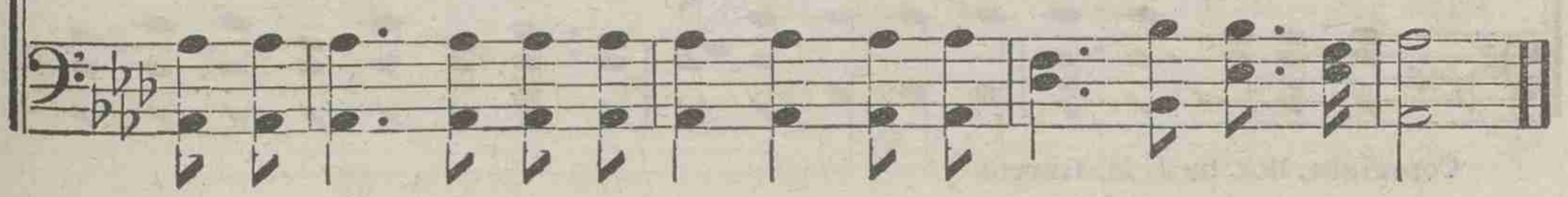
CHORUS.



Glo-ry, glo - ry, Je-sus saves me, Glo-ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!



Oh! the cleansing blood has reach'd me, Glo-ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!



No. 52. When He Comes Again.

C. F. LADD. J. M. HARRIS.

1. Have you heard the bless - ed sto - ry, Christ will come a - gain? Come with
2. Let the bless - ed truth sound out, Christ will come a - gain? Send it
3. Let us work each pre - cious hour Till He comes a - gain; O - ver-

an - gels in His glo - ry, Yes, He'll come a - gain: And the time is
forth in song, and shout, That He'll come a - gain: Tell the sto - ry
com - ing by His pow-er, Till He comes a - gain: Then at last we'll

near at hand When be - fore Him we shall stand To in - her - it glo - ry
of the cross, Send the word to warn the lost, Tell them He has paid the
win the race, In His king - dom have a place, And be - hold Him face to

CHORUS.

land, When He comes a-gain.
cost, And will come a-gain. When He comes a - gain; When He
face, When He comes a-gain. When He comes, when He comes a-gain;

comes . . . a - gain, We will all go out to meet Him, And with
When He comes, when He comes a-gain,

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joy - ous shouts will greet Him, When He comes . . . . . a - gain.
When He comes a - gain.

No. 53. Breathe on Us.

Rev. R. H. WASHBURNE. J. M. HARRIS.

1. Breathe on us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, As we meet with one ac - cord;
2. Breathe on us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, As Thy al - tar we sur - round;
3. Breathe on us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, We be - lieve Thy prom - ise true;
4. Breathe on us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, Ev - en as at Pen - te-cost;
5. Breathe on us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, We be-lieve that Thou dost come;

We are wait - ing for Thy com - ing; Come ac - cord - ing to thy word.
Fill us with Thy pow'r and bless - ing, Place our feet on high - er ground.
We are long - ing for thy full - ness, Quick - ly come, our souls re - new.
We will wait the prom-ised bless - ing, Then go forth to save the lost.
Thou our souls are sweet - ly fill - ing, Self to Thee has giv - en room.

CHORUS.

Breathe on us, breathe on us, We the prom - ised bless - ing claim;
Cleanse, and fill us, Ho - ly Spir - it, This we plead in Je - sus' name.

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No. 54. Holy Quietness.

G. M. HALL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There's a still-ness in the air, And a vis - ion, bright and fair, Of the
2. Thro' the veil I now have come To the sa - cred up - per room Where my
3. In this bless - ed up - per room I am per - fect - ly at home, For my
4. Oh! this calm and heav'nly joy, Nothing ev - er can de-stroy While His

glory which surrounds the ho-ly place; For my soul with joy is fill'd, And my
Lord, and Savior, sits in ma-jes-ty; Be - ing rec - on-cil'd to Him, And His
rest in Jesus here is made complete; All my struggles now are past, And my
Spir - it guards and keeps the holy place; While I trust, without a fear, No dis-

be - ing now is thrill'd With a bless-ed, peace-ful, ho - ly qui - et - ness.
Spir - it now with - in, All my soul is hush'd in ho - ly ecs - ta - cy.
rest has come at last, At this ho - ly, qui - et, peace-ful mer - cy - seat.
cord-ant sounds I hear, To dis - turb my soul from rest - ing in His grace.

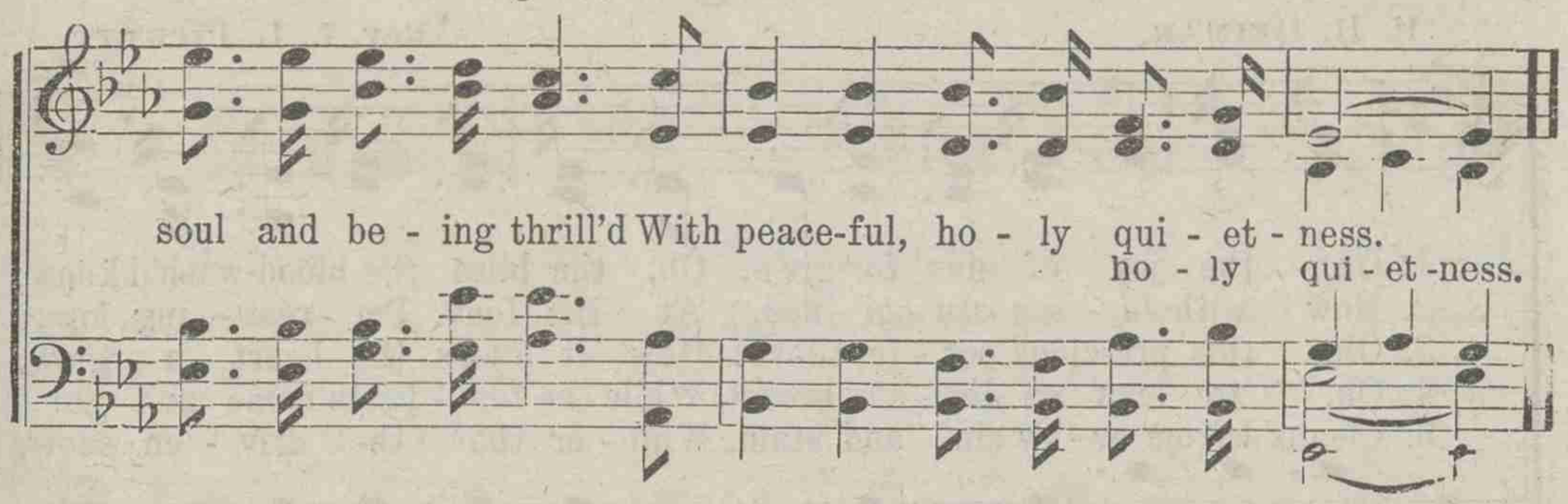
CHORUS.

Oh, this ho - ly qui - et - ness! Ho - ly qui - et - ness! Rest - ful

mo - ment of bliss! How my heart with joy is fill'd! And my
per - fect bliss!

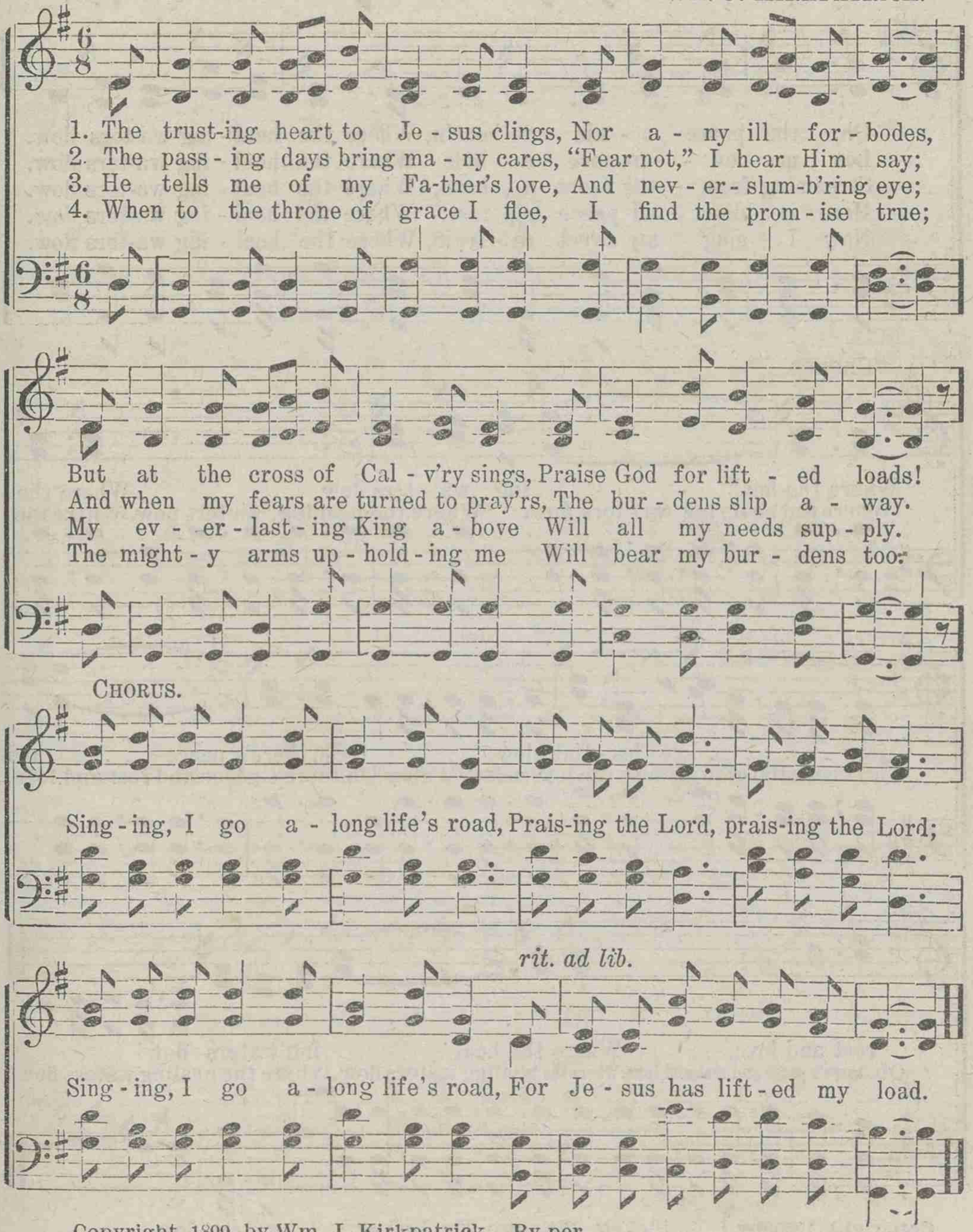
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Holy Quietness.—Concluded.



No. 55. Jesus Has Lifted the Load.

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



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No. 56. The Healing Waters.

H. H. HEIMAR. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

Copyright, 1900, by L. L. Pickett. Wilmore, Ky. By per, waters flow.

No. 57. Victory Through the Name of Jesus.

FRED SCOTT. F. S. SHEPARD,

1. Broth-er, is the bat - tle long? Are the hosts of Sa - tan strong?
2. Broth-er, 'tis a fear - ful fight; All the pow'rs of hell u - nite;
3. Broth-er, vic - to - ry is sure, If you faith - ful - ly en - dure;

Would you shout the vic - tor's song? Look a - way to Je - sus.
Would you gain the cause of right? Look a - way to Je - sus.
There is naught that can al - lure, If you look to Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Vict'ry thro' the name of Je - sus! Vict'ry thro' the name of Je - sus!
Je-sus! Je-sus! Je-sus! Jesus!

E - vils may as-sail, but nev - er can prevail, If you look to Je - sus.

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No. 58. I'm Glad I Came Home.

C. F. W. CHAS. F. WEIGELE.

1. I was so lone-ly, so ver - y lone - ly, When I from my Sav - ior had
2. I was so hun-gry, so ver - y hun - gry, When out in the des - ert I
3. I was so wea - ry, so ver - y wea - ry, When tired of my wand'ring I

wandered a - way; Now I am hap - py, so ver - y hap - py, Since I to my
wandered a - lone; Since I'm in Ca-naan, liv - ing in Ca-naan, I've plenty of
lay down to die; Je - sus came near me, so ver - y near me, When in my dis-

CHORUS.

Sav - ior have come home to stay.
bread; oh, I'm glad I came home. I'm glad I came home, oh, so glad I came
tress un - to Him I did cry.

home, From Je - sus my Sav - ior, I'll nev - er more roam; No more am I
starv-ing, wea-ry or lone; Since Jesus has found me, I'm glad I came home.

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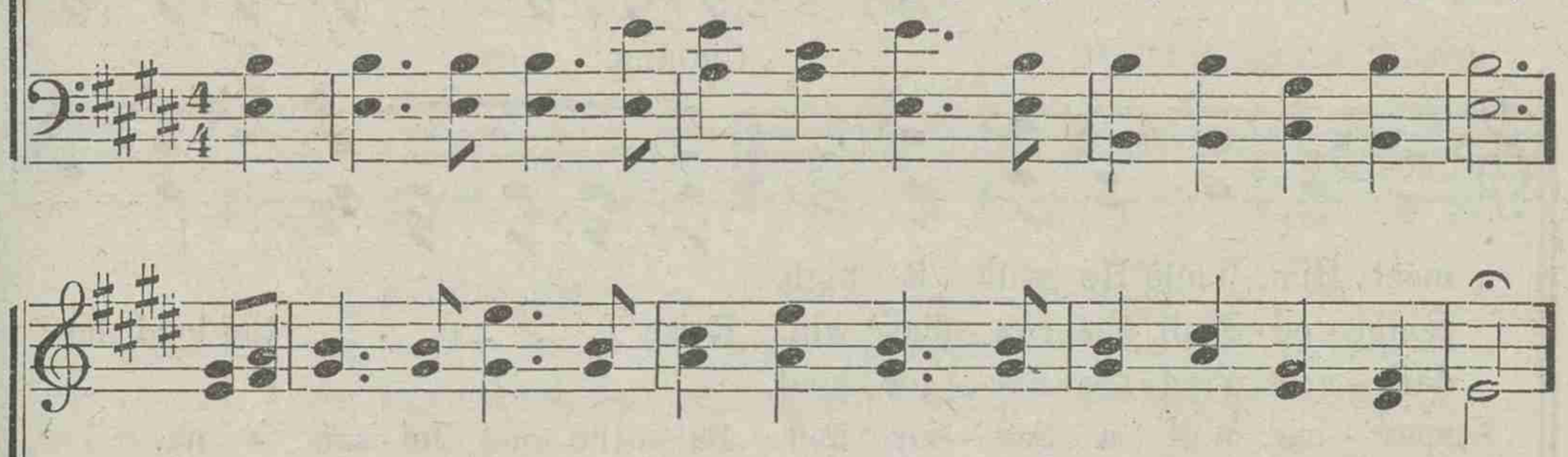
No. 59. The Precious Blood.

Words, except 1st verse, by
Rev. W. McDONALD.

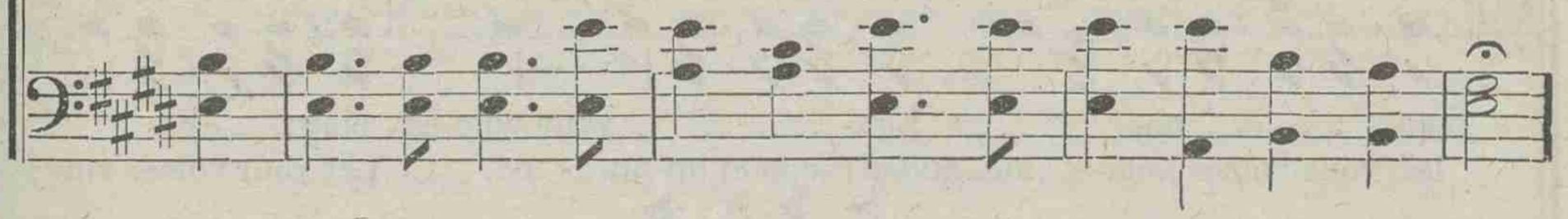
Music and chorus by
Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



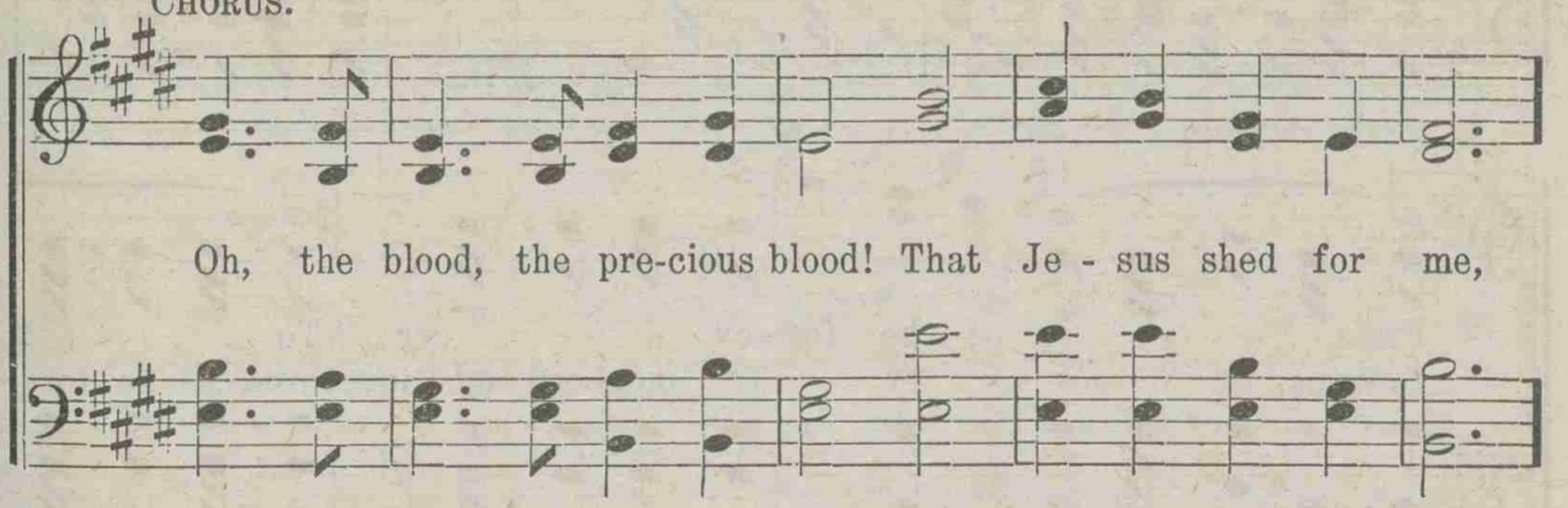
1. The cross! the cross! the blood-stain'd cross! The hal-low'd cross I see!
2. A thou-sand, thou-sand fount-ains spring Up from the throne of God;
3. That price-less blood my ran-som paid, While I in bond-age stood;
4. By faith that blood now sweeps a-way My sins, as like a flood;
5. This won-drous theme will best em-ploy My harp be-fore my God,



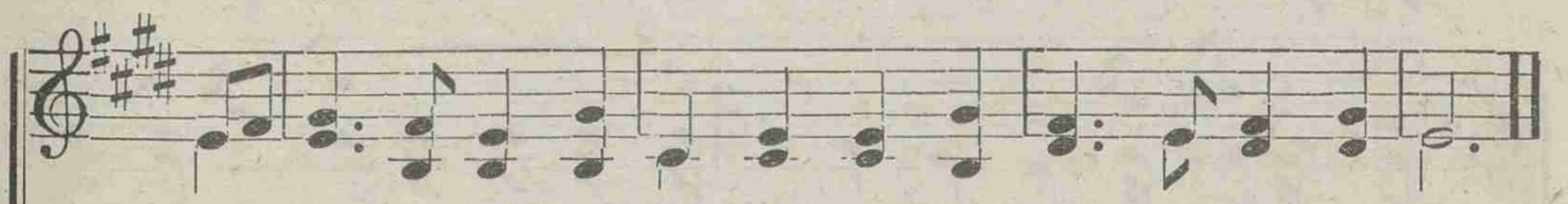
Re-mind-ing me of pre-cious blood That once was shed for me.
But none to me such bless-ings bring, As Je-sus' pre-cious blood.
On Je-sus all my sins were laid, He saved me with His blood.
Nor lets one guilt-y blem-ish stay: All praise to Je-sus' blood.
And make all heav'n re-sound with joy, For Je-sus' cleansing blood.



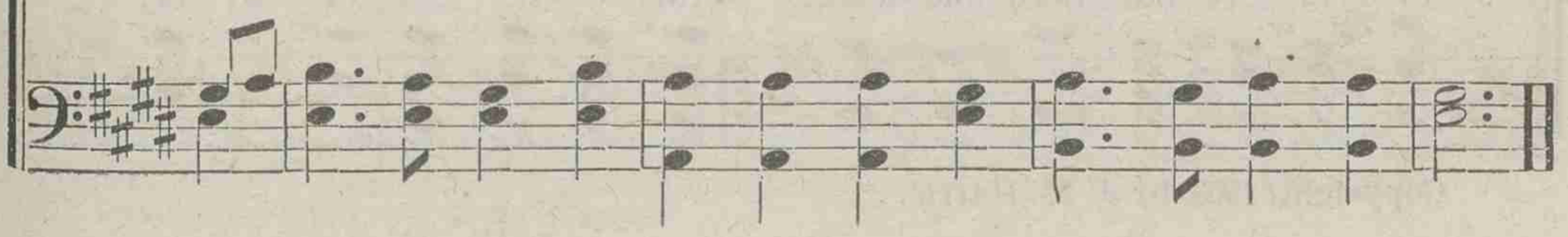
CHORUS.



Oh, the blood, the pre-cious blood! That Je-sus shed for me,



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



No. 60. Raise the Loud Hosanna.

Dr. M. VICTOR STALEY. J. M. HARRIS.

1. Raise the loud ho - san - na, Je - sus pass - es by; Let us haste to
2. Raise the loud ho - san - na, Je - sus saves from sin; With His aid the
3. Raise the loud ho - san - na, Je - sus heals the blind; Those in er - ror's
4. Raise the loud ho - san - na, Je - sus loves man-kind; Who may be de-

meet Him, While He still is nigh.
tempt - ed Shall the con - flict win. Raise . . . . . the loud ho-
dark - ness, Find the Sav - ior kind.
spair - ing, Will a Sav - ior find. Raise the loud ho - san - na,

CHORUS.

san . . . . . na, Let . . . . your voic-es ring;
let your voices loud-ly ring, Raise the loud ho-san - na, Let your voices ring;

1

Prais - es be for - ev - er To . . . .
Prais-es be for - ev - er To our Lord and King, Prais-es be for-

2

. . . . our Lord and King; Prais - es be for-
ev - er To our Lord and King; Prais - es be for - ev - er,

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Raise the Loud Hosanna. —Concluded.



No. 61. Joy Eternal.

M. A. H. MAUDE ANITA HART.



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62. I'VE BEEN WASHED IN THE BLOOD.

"Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood."—Rev. 1: 5.

W. T. Dale. D. E. Dortch, by per.

1. I have been to Je - sus, He has cleansed my soul, I 've been washed in the
2. I am dai - ly trusting Je - sus at my side, I 've been washed in the
3. I am work-ing in the vineyard of the Lord, I 've been washed in the
4. I am list'ning now to hear the Bridegroom's voice, I 've been washed in the
5. I am watching for the coming of my Lord, I 've been washed in the

blood of the Lamb. By the precious fountain I have been made whole, I 've been
blood of the Lamb. I am sweetly resting in the Cru - ci - fied, I 've been
blood of the Lamb. I am trusting in the promise of His word, I 've been
blood of the Lamb. How His coming will each faithful heart re-joice, I 've been
blood of the Lamb. He will come ac-cording to His faithful word, I 've been

Chorus.

washed in the blood of the Lamb. I've been washed, I've been washed, I've been
in the blood,

washed, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb; And my robe is
in the blood, of the Lamb;

spotless, it is white as snow, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

No. 63. That Grand Word, Whosoever.

E. E. HEWITT. E. E. HEWITT.

1. That grand word "who - so - ev - er" is ring - ing thro' my soul, Who-so - ev - er
2. When - ev - er this sweet mes-sage in God's own Word I see, Who-so - ev - er
3. I heard the lov - ing mes-sage, and now to oth - ers say, Who-so - ev - er
4. To God be all the glo - ry! His on - ly Son he gave, Who-so - ev - er

will may come; In riv - ers of sal - va - tion the liv - ing wa - ters roll,
will may come; I know 'tis meant for sin-ners, I know 'tis meant for me,
will may come; Seek now the pre - cious Sav-ior, and He'll be yours to - day,
will may come; And those who come be-liev - ing, He'll to the ut - most save,

CHORUS.

Who - so - ev - er will may come. O that "who - - so
Who - so - ev - er will,

ev - - er!" Who - so - ev - er will may come; The Sav - ior's in - vi-
who - so - ev - er will,

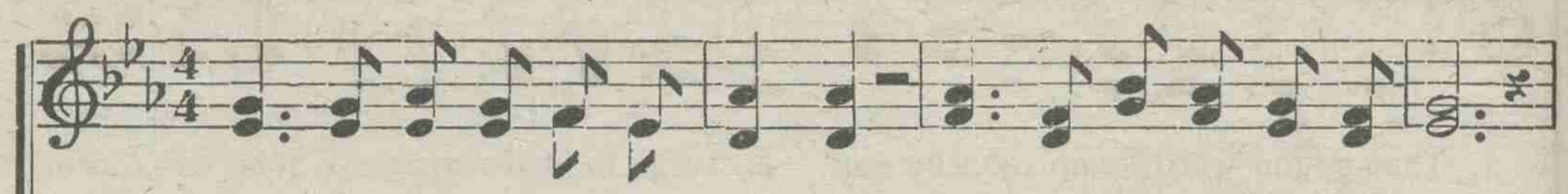
ta - tion is free - ly sound - ing still, Who - so - ev - er will may come.

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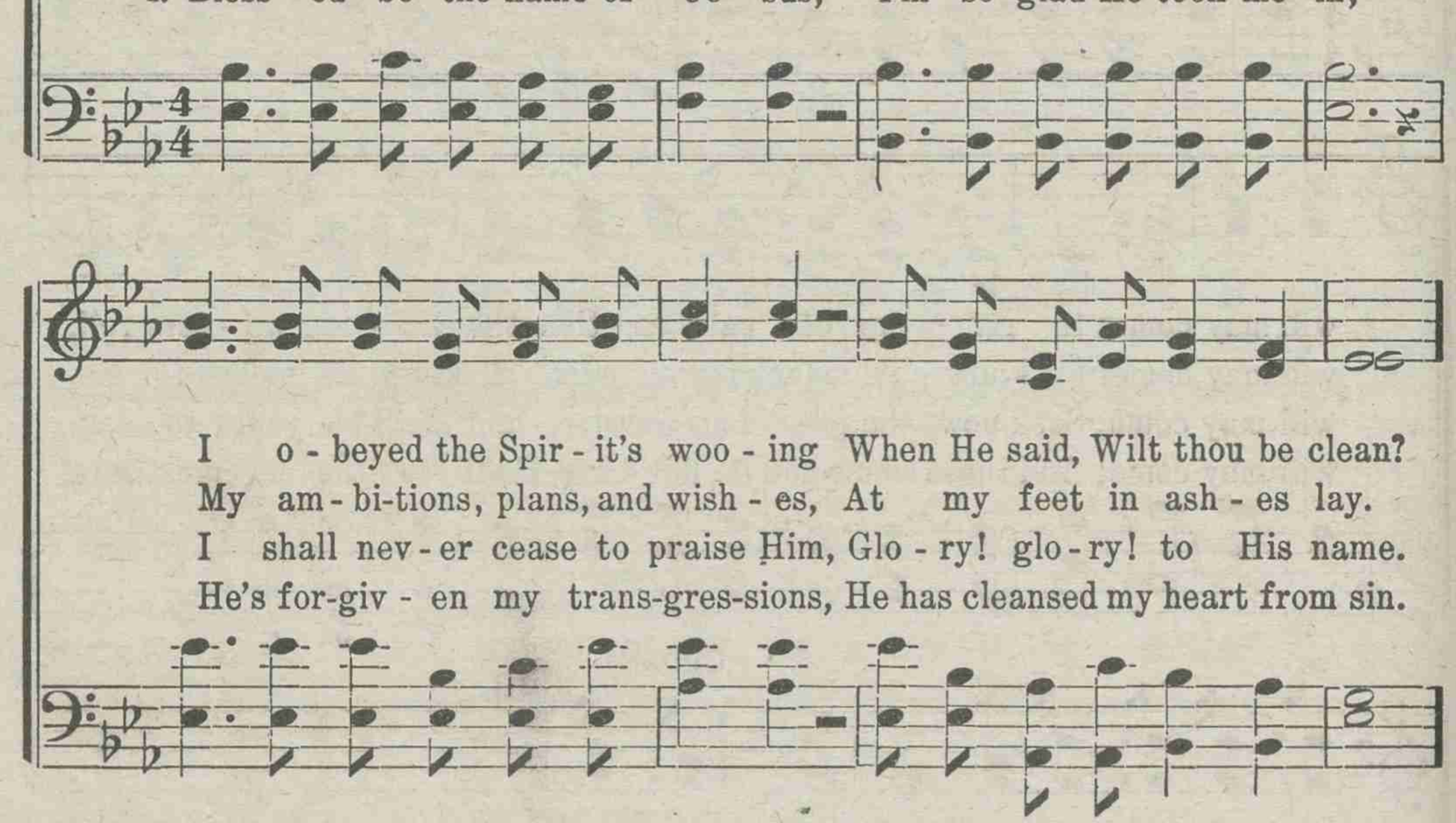
No. 64. I Will Praise Him.

Dedicated to my Friend Miss Gertrude Bartholomew.

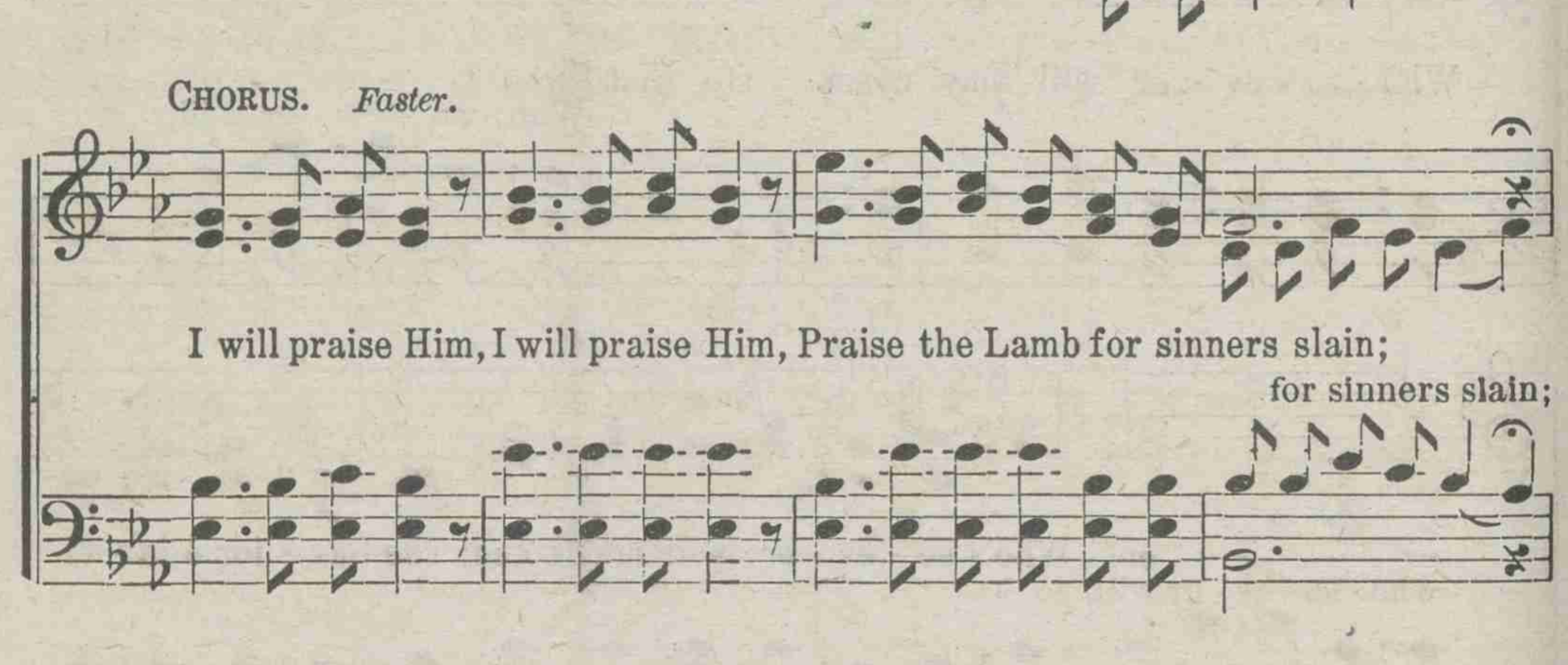
M. J. H. Mrs. M. J. HARRIS.



1. When I saw the cleansing fount-ain O - pen wide for all my sin,
2. Tho' the way seemed straight and narrow, All I claimed was swept away;
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 cleansed 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 Mrs. M. J. Harris.

No. 65. Deeper, Yet Deeper.

L. L. PICKETT. REV. LUTHER R. ROBINSON.

1. Deep-er, yet deep-er my spir - it would go In - to the stream that makes
2. Deep-er, yet deep-er, from day un - to day, Press-ing a - long in the
3. Deep-er, yet deep-er my soul goes in pray'r, With not a bur - den and
4. Deep-er, yet deep er, as time glid-eth by, Homeward I speed to the

whit - er than snow, In - to the depths of His grace and His love,
heav - en - ly way, Tast-ing His rich - es of love and of pow'r,
nev - er a care, Walking with Je - sus in gar - ments of white,
fair land on high, Rest - ing in Je - sus, my Sav - ior so dear,

CHORUS.

All of His ful - ness and pow - er to prove.
Shar - ing His bless - ed com - mun-ion each hour. Deep - er! yet deep-er! dear
Compassed with glo - ry in - ef - fa - bly bright.
Cleansed from all sin and de - liv - ered from fear.

Lord, hear my cry; Deep - er, yet deep-er, my heart's inward sigh, In - to the

depths of Thy love and Thy grace Till up in glo - ry I'll see Thy dear face.

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No. 66. The Abiding Comforter.

Mrs. C. H. M. John 14: 16. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Not a - lone in this world Christ has left us, Tho' the sight of His face be de - nied, For His prayer has been gra-cious-ly answered, And the
2. 'Tis the prom - ise of God to his chil-dren, Un - to all who on Je - sus be - lieve, For the world hath not seen Him or known Him, And the
3. He brings peace which the world can - not of - fer, And the sor - rows of life light-er grow; While our lives be-come strangely trans-fig-ured, With the
4. Here is rest from our strug-gling and try - ing, Ev - 'ry need shall be ful - ly sup - plied; There is ful - ness of bless-ing for - ev - er, When the

Chorus.

Spir - it has come to a - bide.
Com - fort-er can - not re - ceive. Not a - lone, no, not a-
light of His pres-ence a - glow.
Com - fort-er comes to a - bide. Not a - lone, no,
lone; He has come to a - bide with his own; God has
not a - lone:
sent the com-fort-er; He has come to a - bide with His own.
God has sent the com-fort-er;

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No. 67. The Message of Love.

J M H. J. M. HARRIS.

1. I've a mes-sage for you, so ten - der and true, That my Sav - ior com-
2. He has said, but be-lieve, and ye shall re - ceive, Of this great gift of
3. There's a heav-en to gain, to those who ob - tain, This won - der-ful
4. We will praise Him for e'er, and grow wear - y ne'er, Of the joys and de-

mands me pro-claim; He died on the tree, that you might be made free,
love so sub - lime; 'Tis sal - va - tion from sin, clean with-out, and with - in,
bless - ing so sweet; And all who are true, shall this jour-ney pass through,
lights of that land; Where the sun's always bright, and our faith turns to sight,

D. S.—*And lead you a - right, to the cit - y* of *Light*

FINE. CHORUS.

And His love is for - ev - er the same.
And His grace, it will keep thro' all time. Oh, this won - der - ful
And with Je - sus in glo - ry shall meet.
As we sit at the Fa - ther's right hand.

Where the Sav - ior will wel - come you in.

D. S.

love, of the Fa - ther a - bove, Will save you, and keep you from sin;

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No. 68. 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 mer - cy - seat, For a - ton - ing blood has been sprink-led there; There is
2. There is grace to help in our time of need, For our Friend a - bove is a Friend in - deed, We may cast on Him ev - 'ry grief and care; There is
3. When our songs are glad with the joy of life, When our hearts are sad with its ills and strife, When the pow'rs of sin would the soul en - snare, There is
4. There is perfect peace tho' the wild waves roll; There are gifts of love for the seek - ing soul, Till we praise the Lord in His home so fair; There is

CHORUS.

al - ways a bless-ing, a bless-ing in pray'r. There's a bless-ing in pray'r, in be-liev-ing pray'r; When our Savior's name to the throne we bear, Then a Fa-ther's love will re-ceive us there; There is al-ways a bless-ing, a bless-ing in pray'r.

Copyright, 1887, by W. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

No. 69. Over There.

Rev. L. WHITE. J. M. HARRIS.

1. There's a land a-bove where the saints shall dwell! Of its beau-ties no
2. There a fount-ain flows from the throne, we're told, Which shall wa-ter the
3. There are wea-ry ones in this world be-low, Who are long-ing that
4. We will all be there when the trump shall sound, Who in Christ, sal-

tongue can tell; Where the an-thems sweet shall for-ev-er swell, In that
cit-y of gold; And the ransomed ones shall ne'er grow old, In that
rest to know; And who soon from toils and their cares shall go, To that
va-tion have found; And we'll swell the song when the saints are crown'd In that

CHORUS.

home o-ver there. O-ver there, O-ver there! We shall
O-ver there, O-ver there!
see our pre-cious Sav-ior o-ver there; We will swell the hap-py
o-ver there;
song, And its glo-ry roll a-long, When the saints are crown'd o-ver there.

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No. 70. Without the Wedding Garment.

M. J. H. Matt. xxii: 11-13. Mrs. M. J. HARRIS.



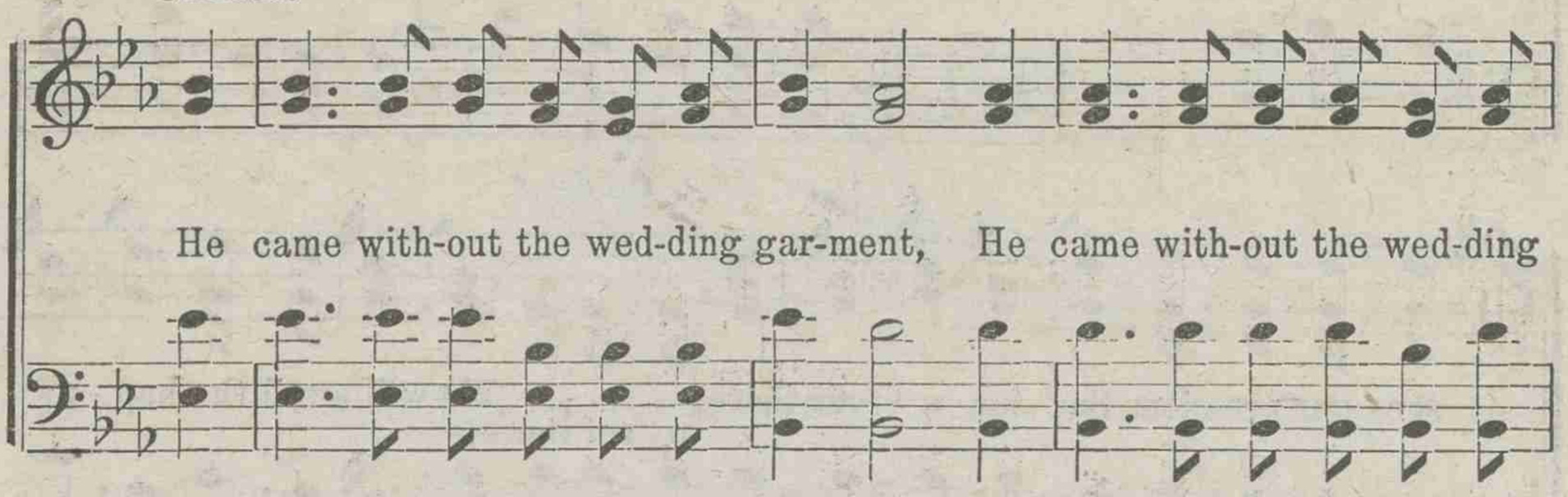
1. He heard the blessed in - vi - ta - tion, He knew the guests would be in
2. He heard the voice of Je - sus say - ing, "Why tar - ry ye, all things are
3. Give up your life of sin and sor - row, Come put you on the wed-ding
4. If you neg-lect this great sal - va - tion, And wan - der farther from the



wait - ing; He heard the roy-al pro-cla-ma-tion, "All things are ready, come."
read - y? The Lamb is slain,come,make ye merry, The Fa - ther bids you come."
garment; Why stand ye wait-ing for the morrow? The Spir - it bids you come.
Sav - ior, You'll cry, in aw-ful con-ster-na-tion,"I've missed it all at last."



CHORUS.



He came with-out the wed-ding gar-ment, He came with-out the wed-ding



gar-ment, He came without the wedding garment, In robes de - filed by sin.



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No. 71. 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, Wholly 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 myself to
Je - sus, Thou art mine, Dwell within, for-ever-more. Cleanse, oh, cleanse my heart from
fin - ish'd!" was His cry, When He bow'd His head and died. It is fin - ish'd, 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. 72. Keep the Music Ringing.

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



1. Keep the mu - sic ring-ing, In the trust-ing heart, Close to Je - sus
2. Keep the mu - sic ring-ing, Let the joy-notes flow Like a fount-ain
3. Keep the mu - sic ring-ing, Let it glad-ness bear, Con - so - la - tion
4. Keep the mu - sic ring-ing, In the house of God; Wor-ship Him with



cling - ing, Praise will ne'er de - part, Chim - ing with life's sto - ry,
spring-ing, Lit with heav'n - ly glow, Sing His love con - strain-ing,
bring - ing In a world of care, Sing of help a - vail - ing
sing - ing, Tell His love a - broad! In His ho - ly dwell - ing,



Sil - ver tones of peace, To our Sav - ior's glo - ry, Let them nev - er cease.
As you pass a - long Till His knowledge gaining, Oth-ers learn your song.
In the thick - est fight, Sing of grace, un - fail - ing In the dark - est night.
In the courts a-bove, Oh, what strains are swelling, Raptured hymns of love.



CHORUS.

Keep . . . . . the mu - sic ring - ing all the way,
Keep the mu - sic ring - ing,



Serve . . . . . the Lord with gladness ev'ry day, Keep the mu-sic ring-ing,
Serve the Lord with gladness,

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Keep the Music Ringing.—Concluded.



No. 73. I Shall Be Like Him.

W. A. S. Rev. W. A. SPENCER, D. D.



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No. 74. Till We Shall Meet Again.

Dr. M. VICTOR STALEY. J. M. HARRIS.

1. May the love of God a - bide with thee, Till we shall meet a - gain;
2. May the love of God a - bide with thee, Till we shall meet a - gain;
3. May the love of God a - bide with thee, Till we shall meet a - gain;
4. May the love of God a - bide with thee, Till we shall meet a - gain;

Close in His pro - tect - ing arms may He en - fold thee; By His nev - er-
In the night of sor - row may the Lord be near thee; With His bless-ed
When temp-ta-tions in the ways of life as - sail thee, May His wise and
Midst all earth - ly snares and pit - falls may He guide thee; Safe from ev - 'ry

fail - ing prom-is - es up - hold thee; May the love of God a - bide with thee,
words of com-fort may He cheer thee; May the love of God a - bide with thee,
lov - ing coun-sel nev - er fail thee; May the love of God a - bide with thee,
pass - ing dan - ger may He hide thee; May the love of God a - bide with thee,

CHORUS.

Till we shall meet a - gain. Till we all shall meet; Till we
shall meet, till we all shall meet; May the
all shall meet; All meet a - gain at the mer-cy seat.
love of God a-bide, Till we all shall meet;

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No. 75. All Hail! Sweet Morning.

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

1. Pre - pare! for on the mor - row The bless - ed Lord may come
2. A - rise! the Bridegroom com - eth, Put on your gar-ments fair;
3. Make haste! the day is dawn - ing, The Son of Man will come;
4. Be - hold! the hosts are com - ing, In glo - ri - ous ar - ray;

To gath - er home His loved ones In their e - ter - nal home.
The Son of God from glo - ry Is com - ing in the air.
Pre - pare to meet your Sav - ior, O wan - der - er, re - turn.
I'm go - ing out to meet them, All hail! e - ter - nal day.

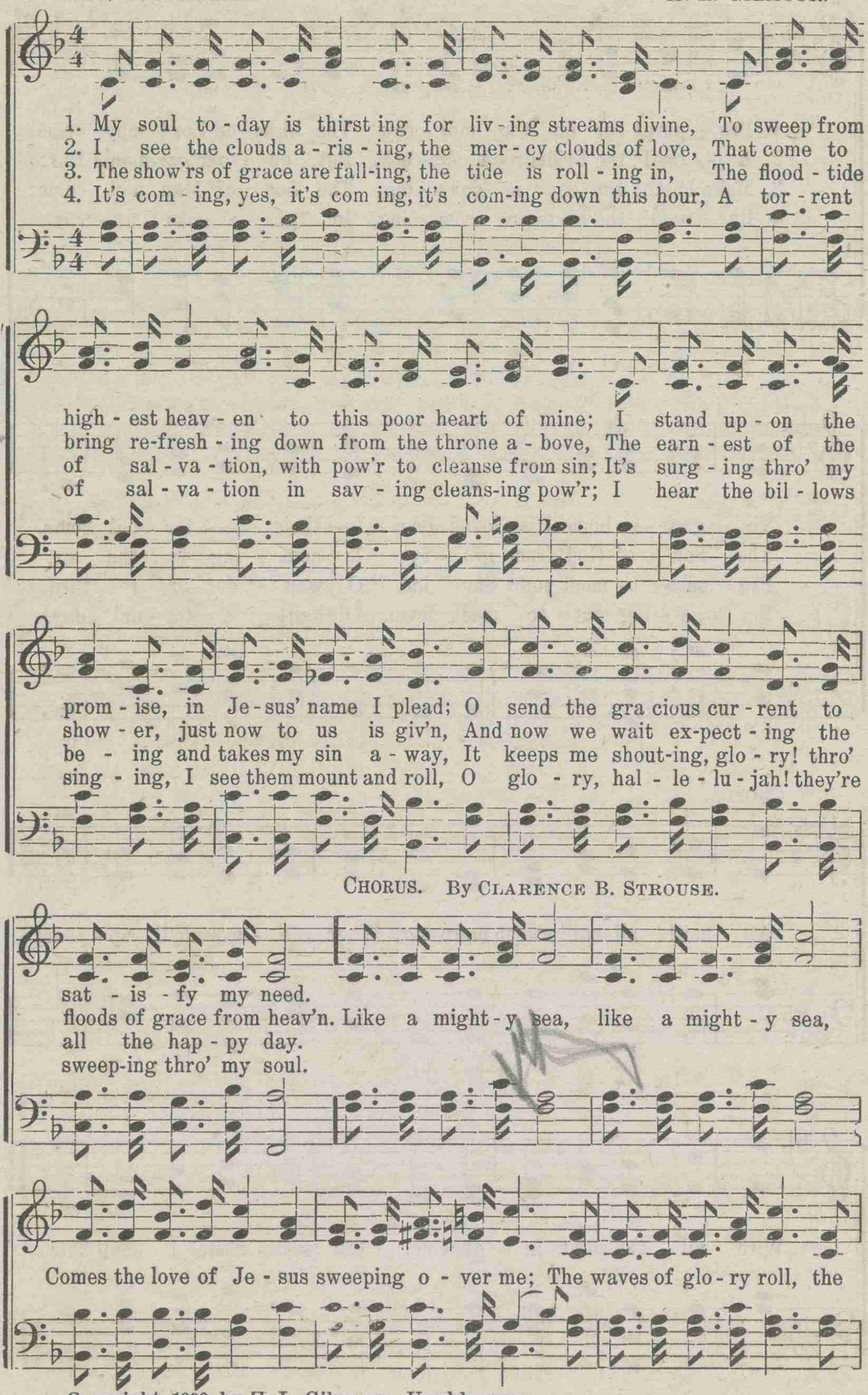
CHORUS.

All hail! all hail! sweet morn-ing, When Je - sus shall ap - pear;
With all the saints in glo - ry, His wel - come I shall hear.

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No. 76. Like a Mighty Sea.

Rev. H. J. Zelley. H. L. Gilmour.



Chorus. By Clarence B. Strouse.

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Like a Mighty Sea.—Concluded.



No. 77. Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. F. BUTLER. J. M. BLACK.



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No. 78. There Are Mansions Fair.

Dr. M. VICTOR STALEY. MAUDE ANITA HART.

1. There are man - sions fair in my Fa - ther's house, Pre - pared
2. Some day I'll pass from my earth - ly home To a heav-
3. 'Mid treas - ures rare in that home a - bove I'll pass

by the Lord for me; . . . . . And some bright morn I shall
en - ly man - sion grand, ... And there the Lord at the
the e - ter - nal years, ... And know the love of my

en - ter there, And all of their beau - ty see: . . .
o - pen door, Will wel - come me by the hand; . . .
bless - ed Lord, Un - blind - ed by sor - row's tears; . . .

Some day, at will, I shall wan - der thro' Those glo-
With lov - ing words He will greet me there, At the end
His pres - ence e'er will a - bide with me; I'll see

ri - ous halls a - bove, ... And gaze . . . en - tranced on the
of my pil - grim road, ... And show . . . me all of the
with de - light His face, ... And feel . . . . the sweet - ness and

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There Are Mansions Fair.—Concluded.

splen - dors seen, The proof of a Sav - ior's love. . . . . .
won - drous joys Con - tained in that blest a - bode. . . . .
rest - ful calm That flows from His sav - ing grace. . . . .

CHORUS.

There are man - sions fair, . . . in my Fa - ther's
Mansions so fair, mansions so fair, in my Fa - ther's

house, Pre - pared . . . by the Lord . . . . for me; . . . . . And
house, Prepared by the Lord, waiting for me, yes, waiting for me;

some . . . . bright morn . . . I shall en - ter there, ... And
Some bright morn, some bright morn en - ter there, en - ter there,

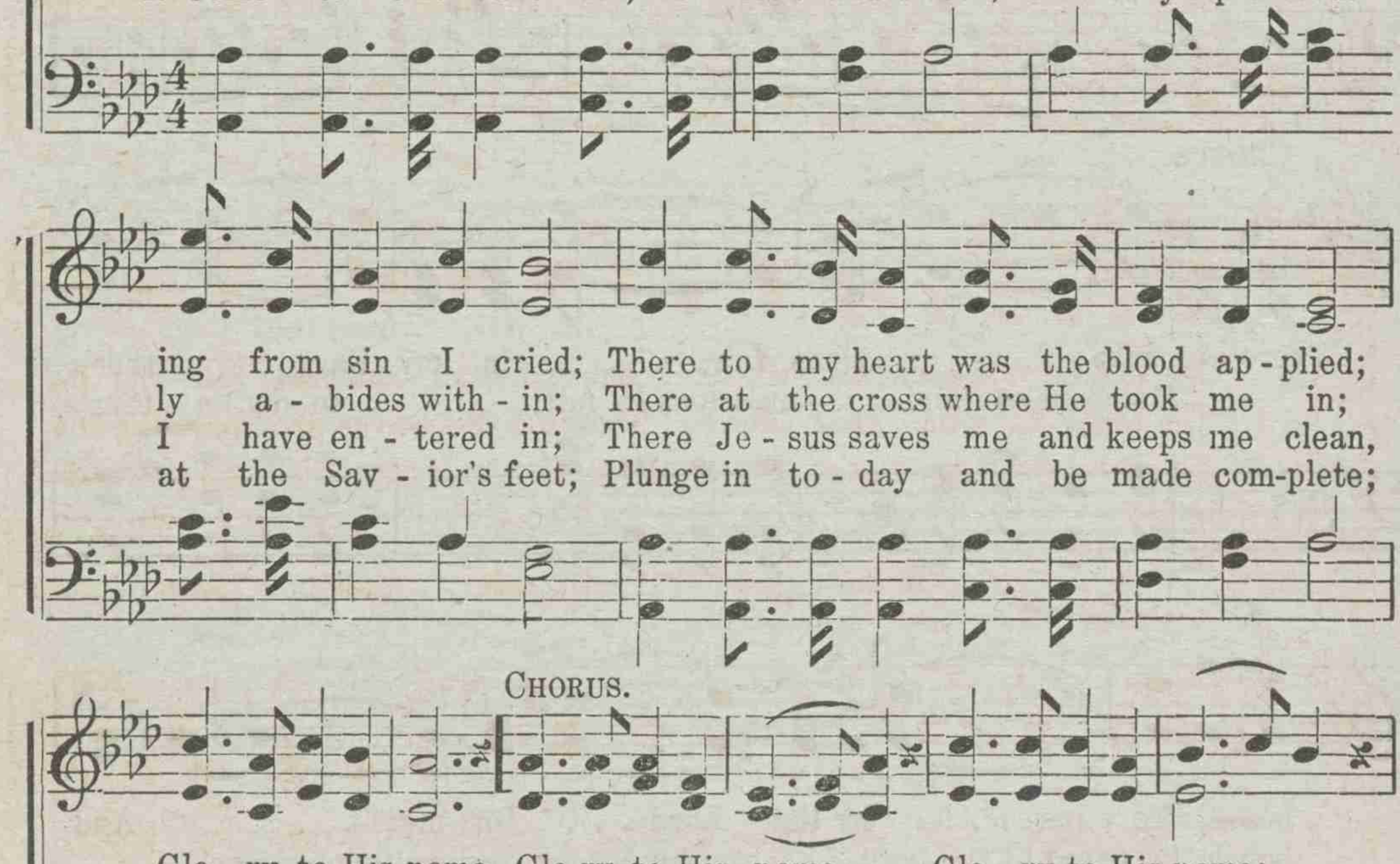
all . . . . of their beau - ty I'll see. . . . . .
all of their beau - ty, All of their beau-ty, their beau-ty I'll see. . . .

No. 79. Glory to His Name.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. H. STOCKTON.

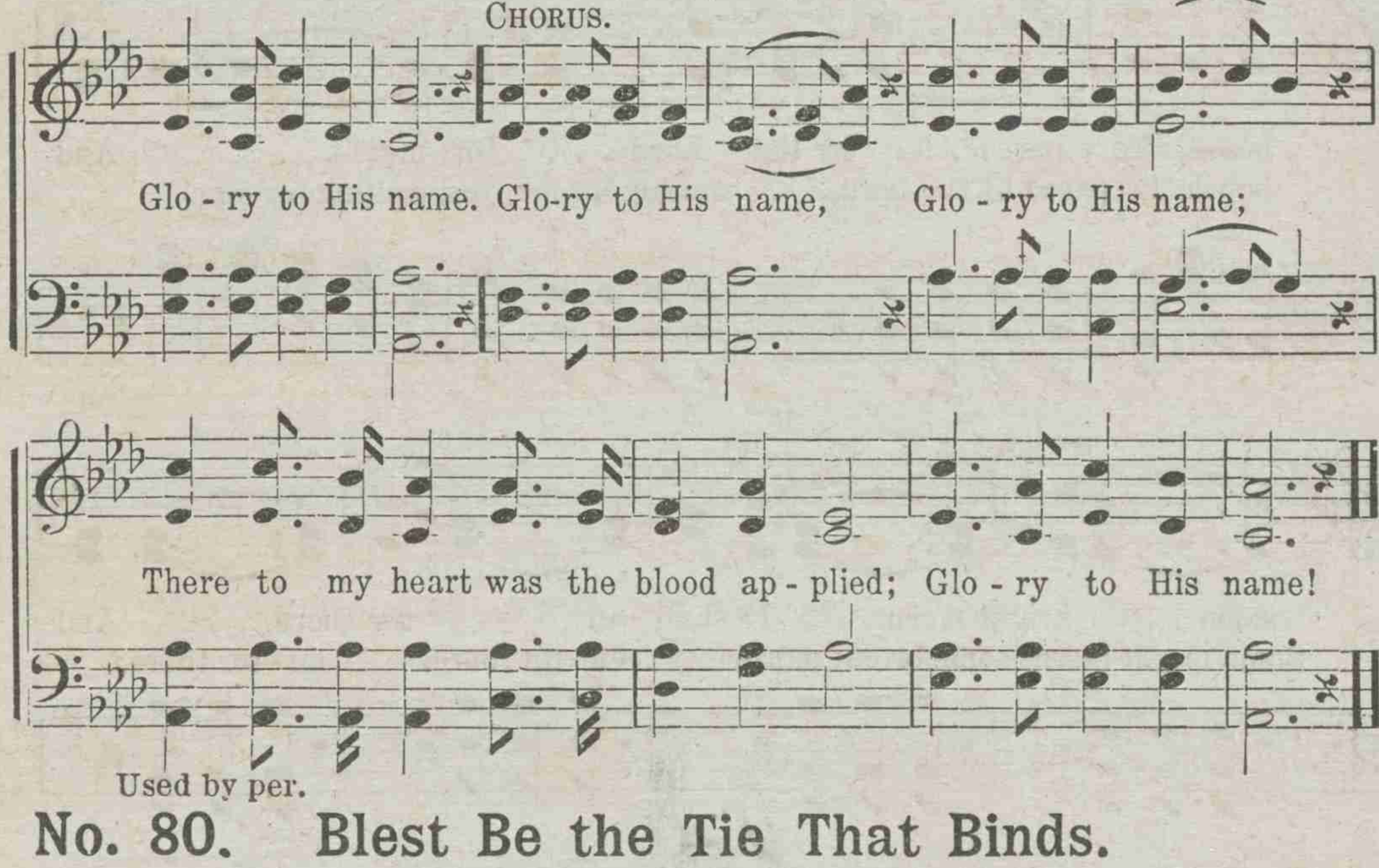


1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleans-
2. I am so won - drous - ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet-
3. Oh, pre-cious fount - ain, that saves from sin, I am so glad
4. Come to this fount - ain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul

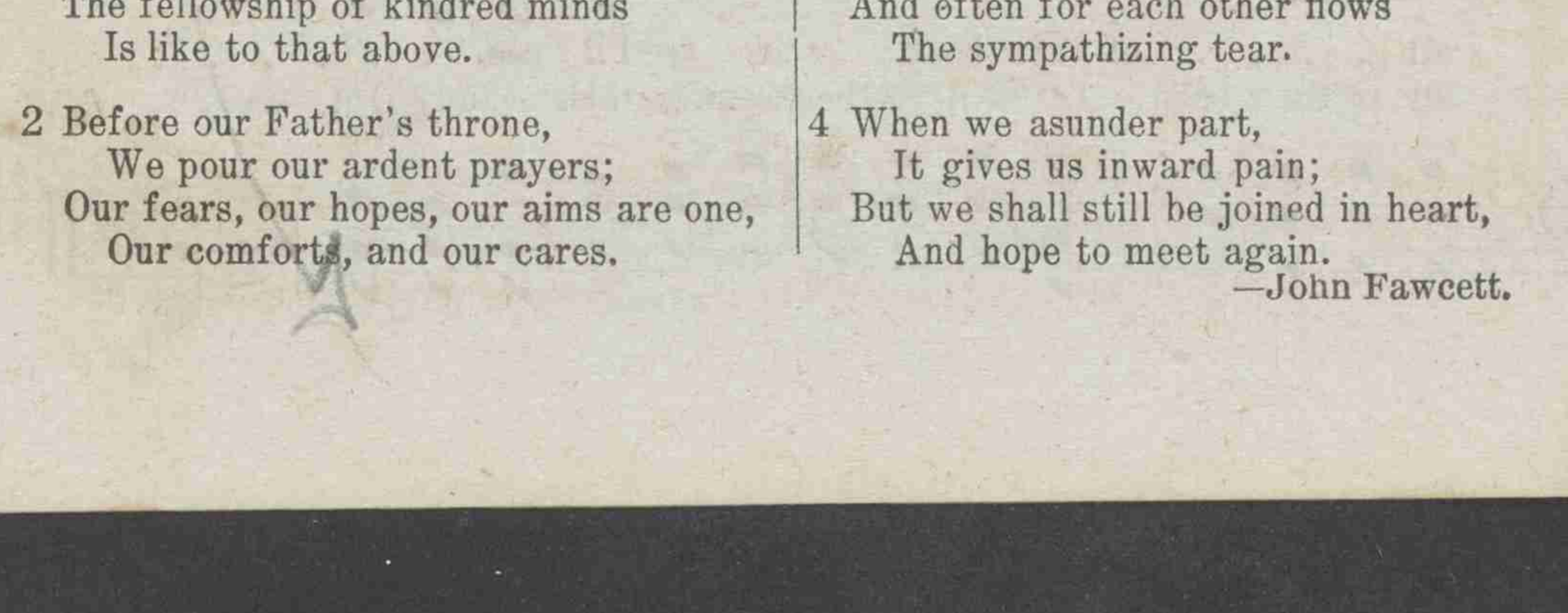


ing from sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap - plied;
ly a - bides with - in; There at the cross where He took me in;
I have en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean,
at the Sav - ior's feet; Plunge in to - day and be made com-plete;

CHORUS.



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



There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry to His name!

Used by per.

No. 80. Blest Be the Tie That Binds.

Tune—Dennis. S. M. Key F.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

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

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

—John Fawcett.

No. 81. Over and Over.

B. B. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

Allegretto.

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

I said I would doubt no more; But as the sea came roll - ing in,
He said, "Make me your choice; Now face the waves and tread the sea,
Be - fore the gath'r-ing throng; How o'er my heart the sea pre-vailed,

In boundless waves that cleanse from sin, I doubt-ed their sav - ing pow'r.
Look up in faith and fol - low me;" I answered, "I'll prove their pow'r."
And how His love has nev - er failed, For - ev - er I'll trust His pow'r.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

O - ver and o - ver, Like a might - y sea,
O-ver and o-ver, o - ver and o - ver, Like a might - y, might-y sea,

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

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No. 82. Life in Christ.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. J. M. HARRIS.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives; What joy the blest as-sur-ance gives!
2. He lives, to bless me with his love; He lives, to plead for me a - bove;
3. He lives, and grants me daily breath: He lives, and I shall conquer death;
4. He lives, all glo - ry to His name; He lives, my Sav-ior, still the same;

He lives,He lives, who once was dead; He lives, my ev - er-last-ing head!
He lives, my hungry soul to feed; He live, to help in time of need.
He lives, my mansion to pre - pare; He lives, to bring me safely there.
What joy the blest as-sur-ance gives, I know that my Re-deem-er lives!

CHORUS.

I know . . . . . that my bless-ed Re - deem - er lives I
I know,
know . . . . . that my bless-ed Re - deem - er lives I
I know,
know . . . . . that my bless-ed Redeemer lives, He lives and reigns on high.
I know,

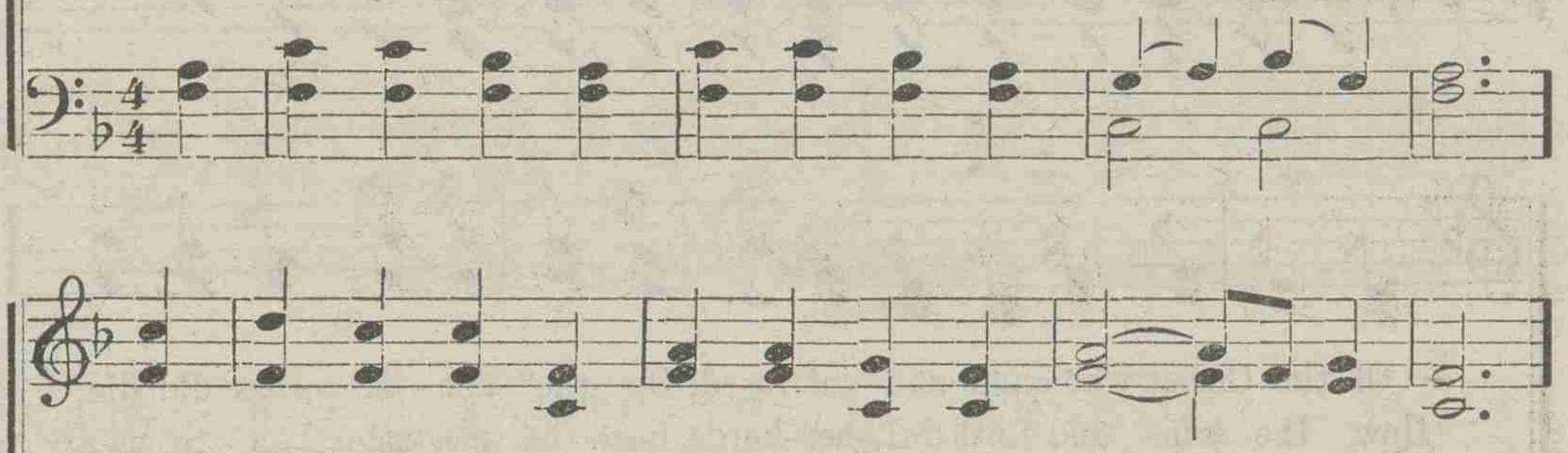
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No. 83. Not Made With Hands.

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



1. Christ went a build - ing to pre - pare, Not made with hands,
2. Put on the ar - mor of our God, Not made with hands,
3. With shield of faith de - fy the foe, Not made with hands,
4. Then come up, chil - dren, get your crown, Not made with hands,
5. That cit - y's built with pre - cious stone, Not made with hands,



And 'twill be deck'd with jew - els rare, Not made with hands.
And take the path our Cap - tain trod, Not made with hands.
Un - til you hear the trump-et blow, Not made with hands.
When you have laid your ar - mor down, Not made with hands.
With - in we'll gath - er 'round the throne, Not made with hands.



CHORUS.



I know, I know, I have an - oth - er build - ing;
I know, I know,

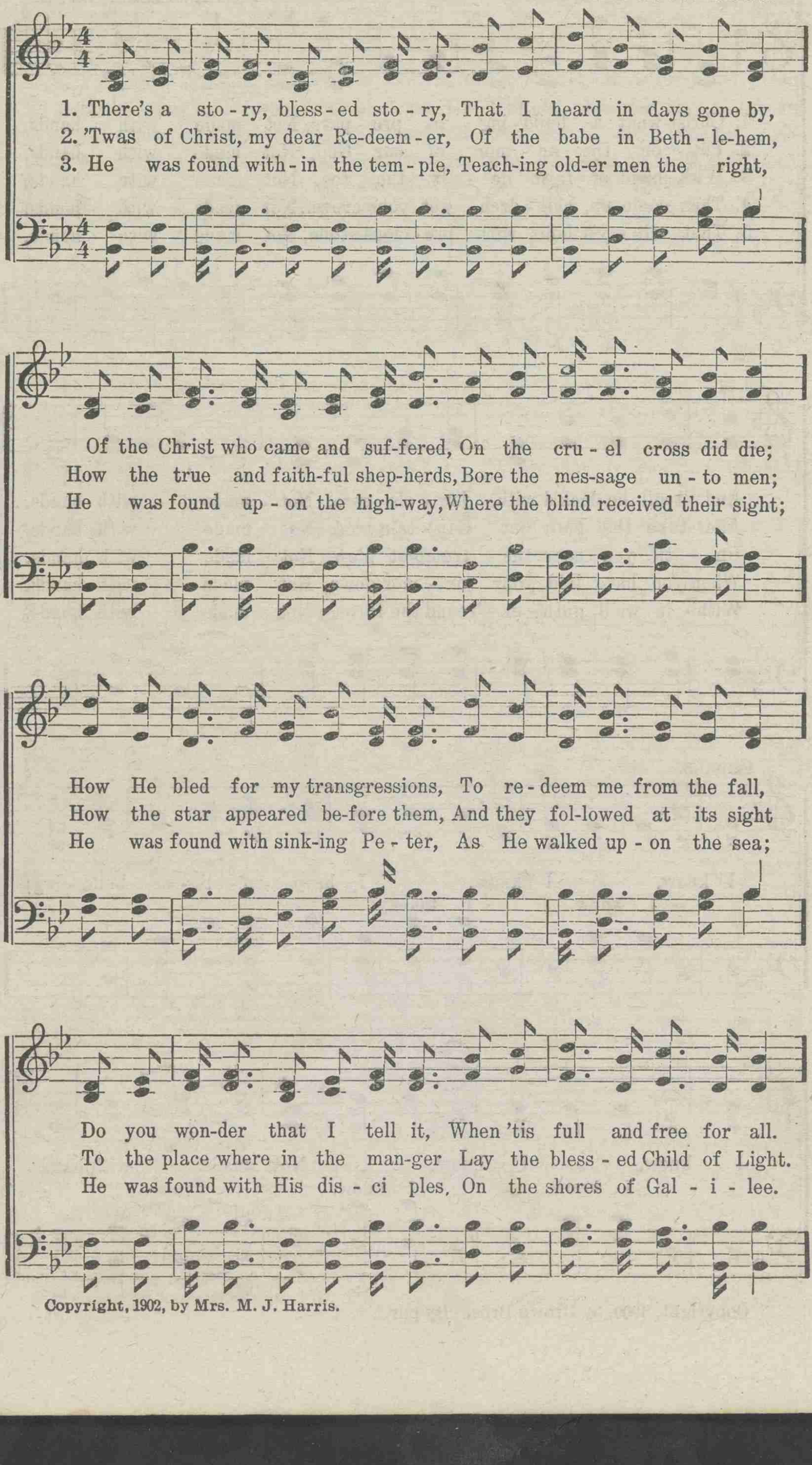


I know, I know, Not made with hands.
I know, I know,

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No. 84. The Old Story.

M. J. H. Mrs. M. J. Harris.

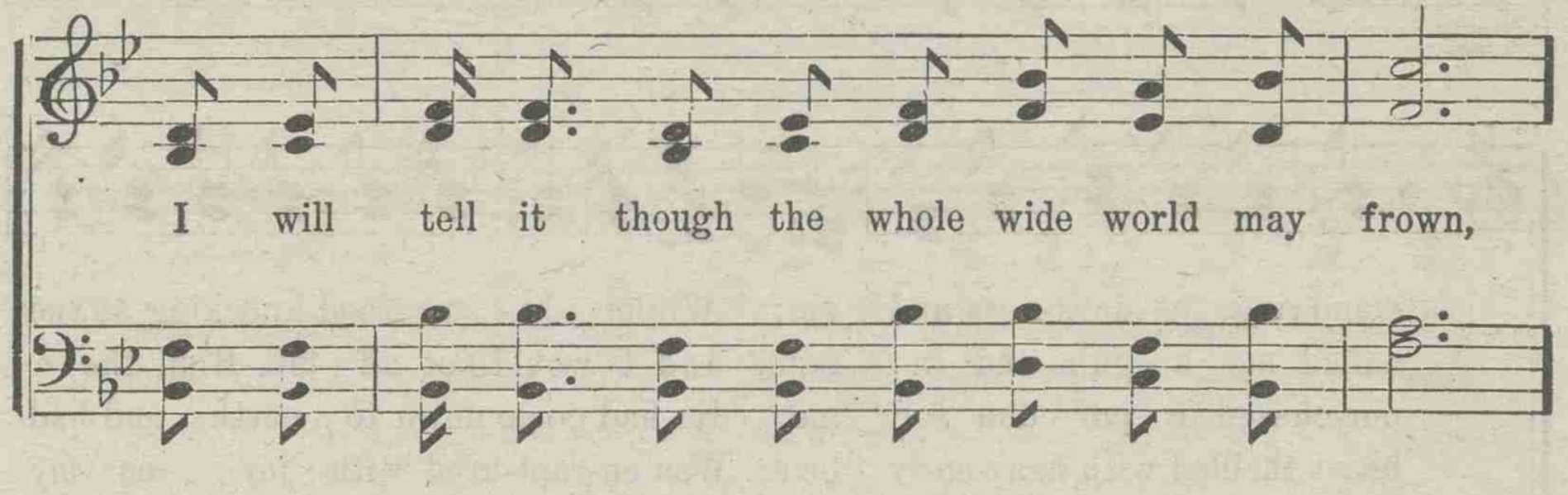


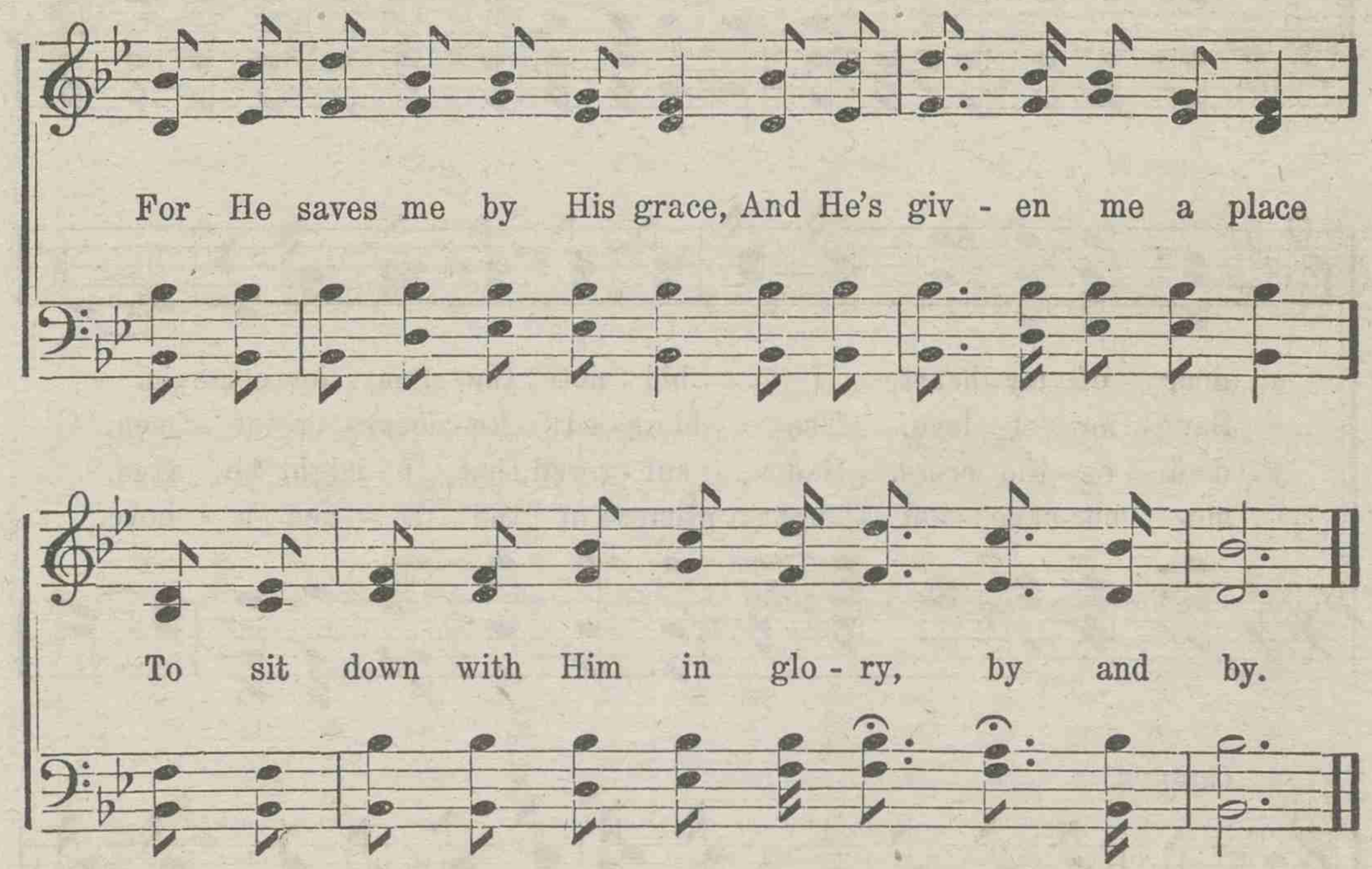
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The Old Story. Concluded.

CHORUS.







4 He was praying in the garden,
"Not my will, but Thine be done,"
When they took Him unto Pilate
For a trial—God's own Son;
How they mocked, and spat upon Him,
As they followed by His side,
To the place they called Golgotha,
Where my Lord was crucified.

5 But the best of this old story,
Is that Jesus came to save,
With an uttermost salvation,
And give victory o'er the grave;
That He opened wide the fountain,
For uncleanness and for sin,
And His blood can make you holy,
Sanctify and keep you clean.

No. 85. Jesus Will Meet Me There.

Dr. E. F. LARKINS. GEO. E. KERSEY.

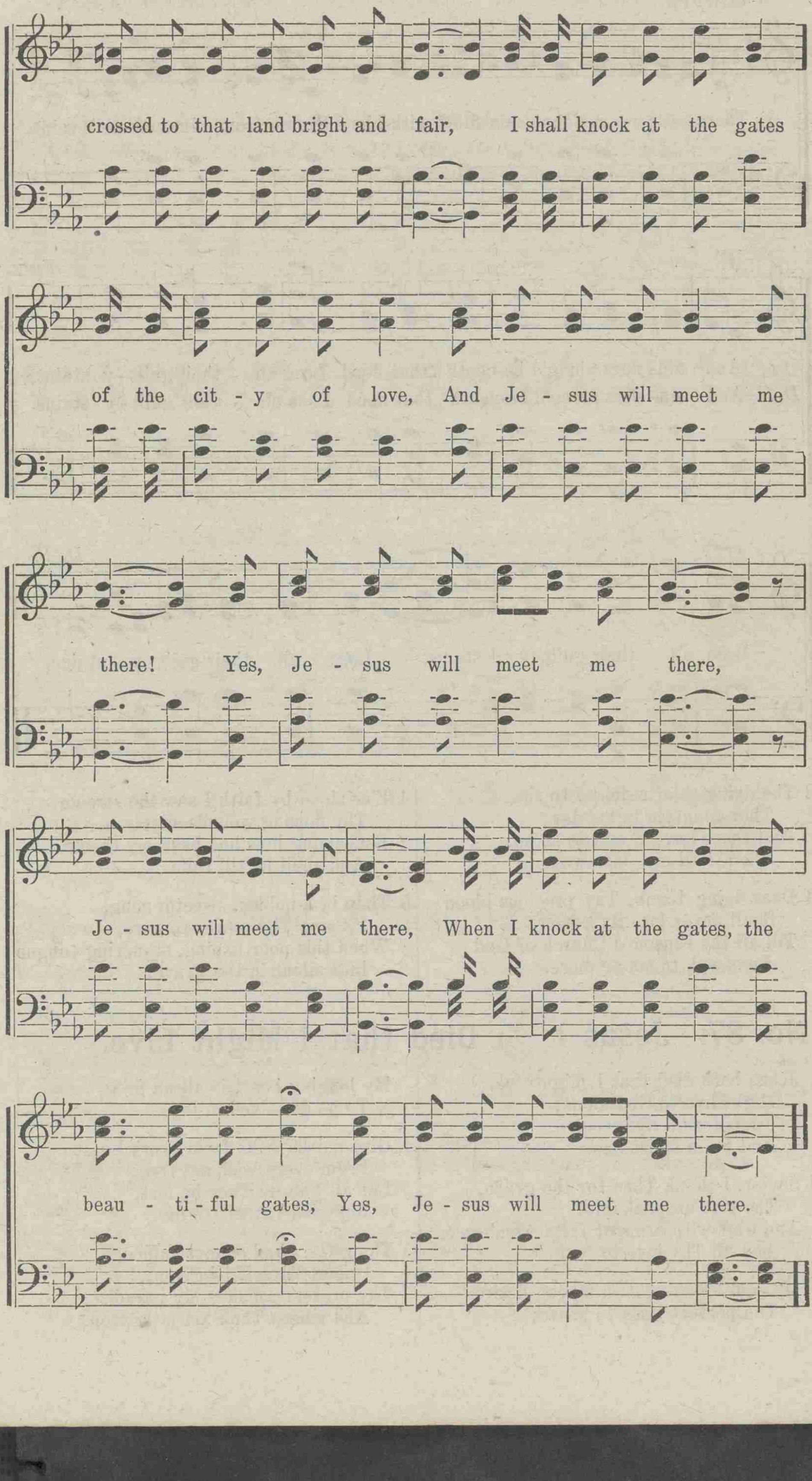
1. There were ma - ny long years that with sor - row and pain, I'd been wand'ring in dark-ness and sin; While Je - sus stood knocking at the door of my heart, I bid not the Sav - ior come in.
2. Oh! the depths of His mer - cy can nev - er be told, As He called me a - gain and a - gain, And I would not ad - mit Him, the Sav - ior of love, The bless - ed Re - deem - er of men.
3. He had come on a mis - sion of peace and of joy; He had pur-chased a par - don for me; He had come down to earth, and had died on the cross, Had suf - fered that I might be free.
4. And I o - pened the door and let Je - sus come in, And my heart thrilled with heav-en-ly love; Was en-rapt-ured with joy as my sin- bur-dened soul Caught a glimpse of the E - den a - bove.

CHORUS.

Oh, when I have passed thro' the val - ley of death, And have

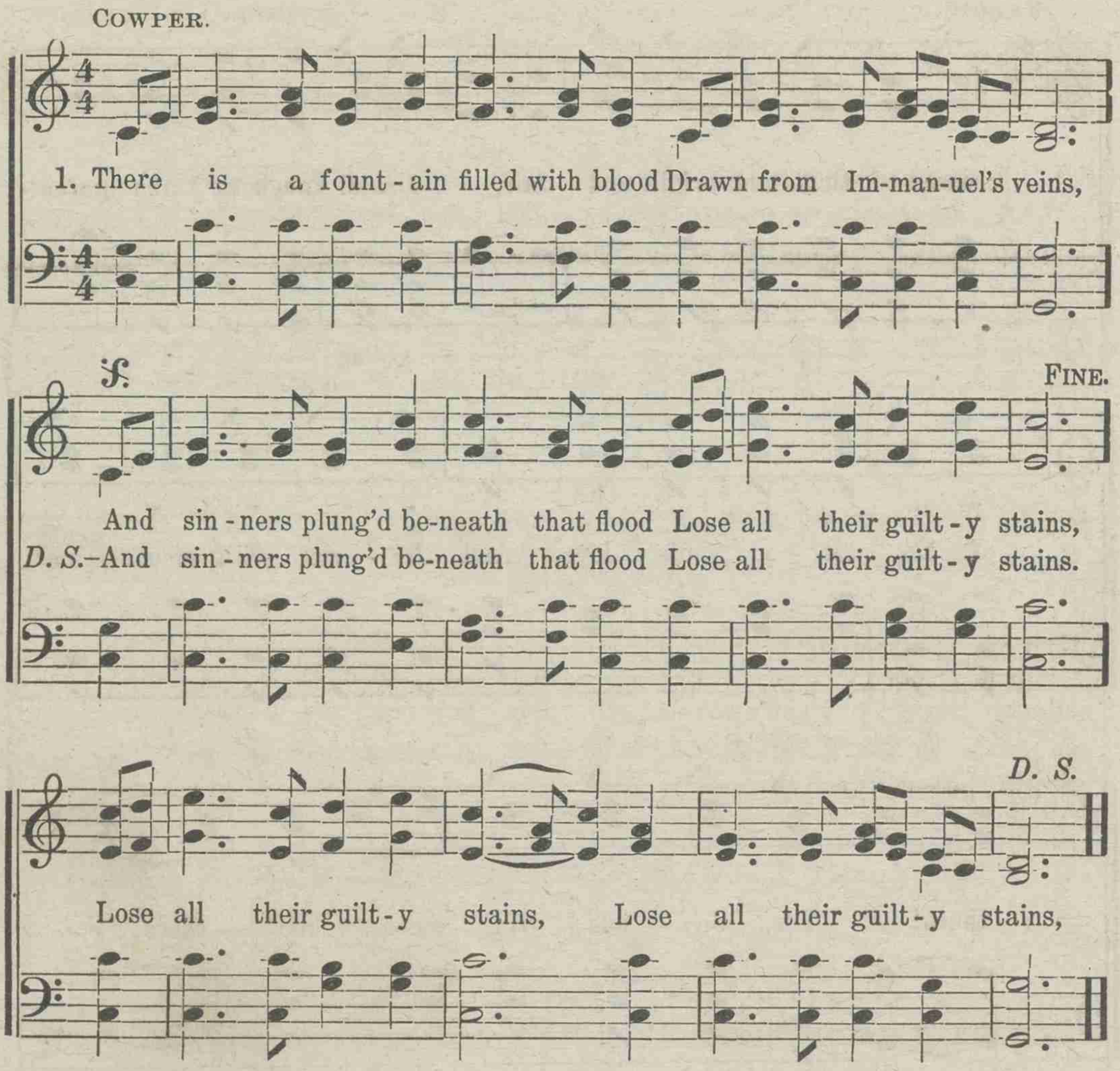
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Jesus Will Meet Me There—Concluded.



No. 86. There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood.

COWPER.



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

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

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

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

No. 87. Jesus h[illegible]h Died that I Might Live.

1 Jesus hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In Him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

2 Savior, I thank Thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable;
And wait with arms of faith t'embrace,
And all Thy love to feel.

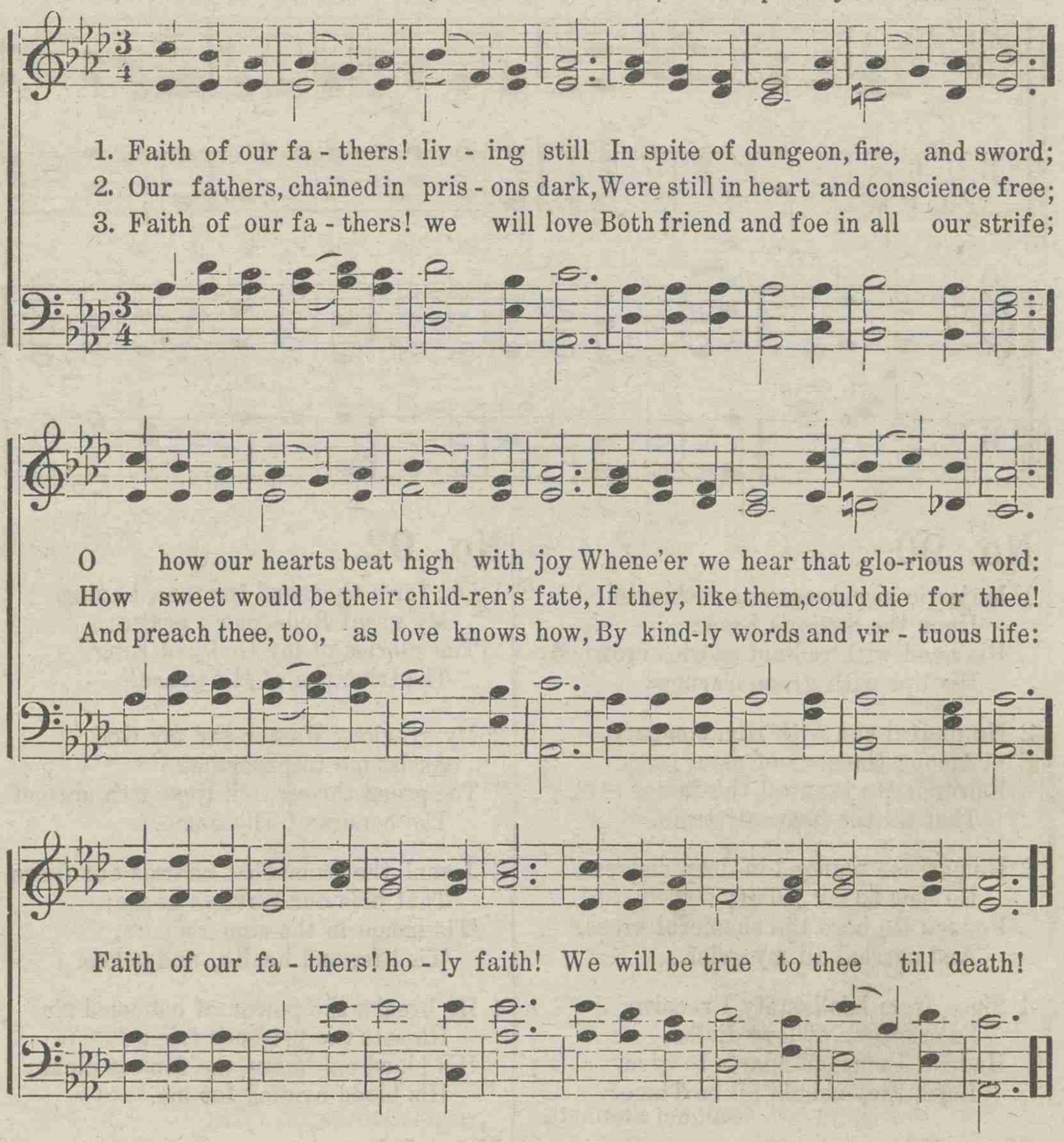
3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me Thyself; from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in Thee be lost,
But give Thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
Unless Thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where Thou art is heaven.

No. 88. Faith of Our Fathers.

FREDERICK W FABER. (*St. Catherine. L. M.*) Adapted by J. G. WALTON.



No. 89. Come, O Thou Traveler.

1 Come, O Thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell Thee who I am,
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on Thy hands, and read it there;
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

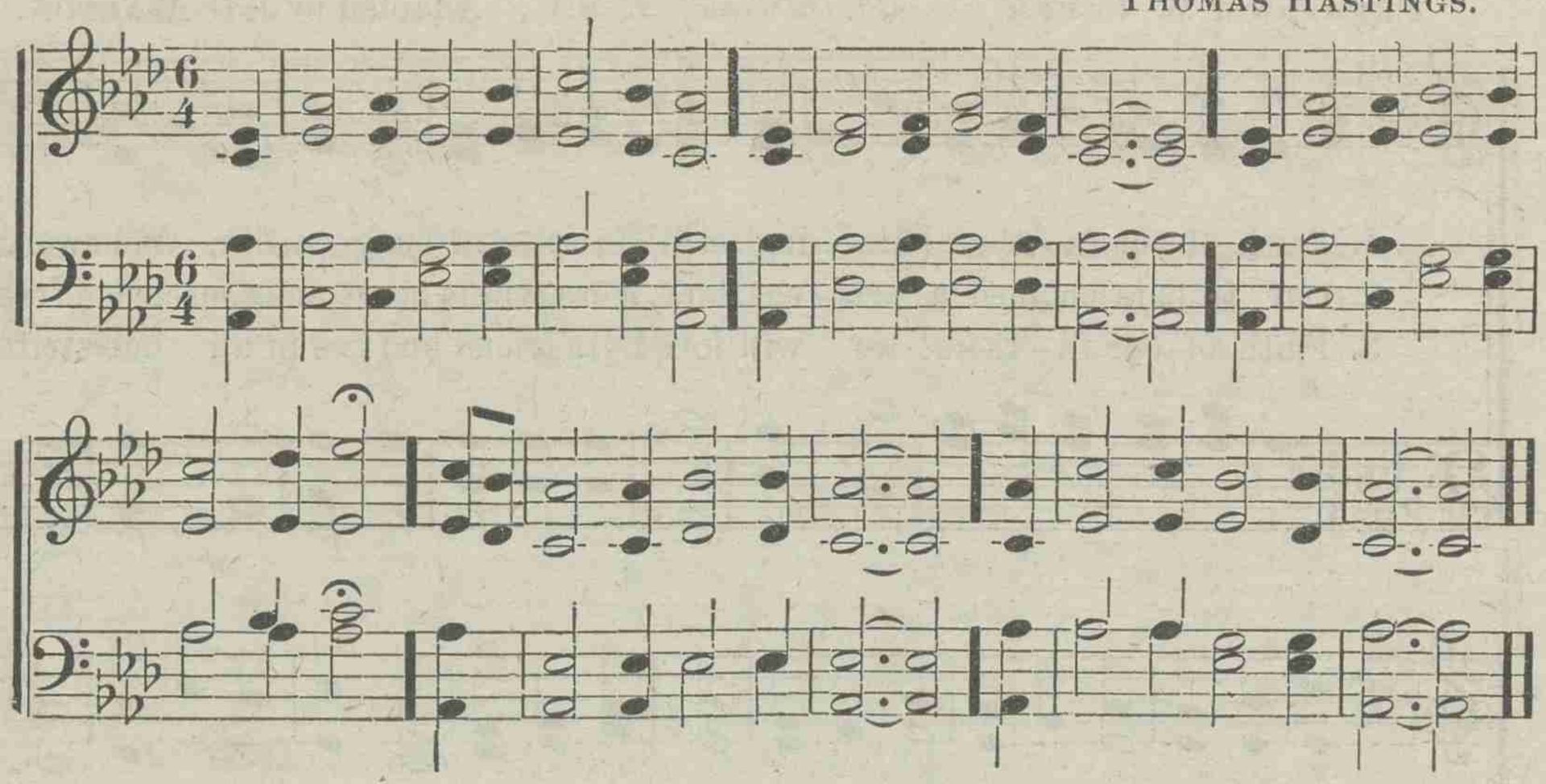
3 In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold;
Art Thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of Thy love unfold;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

4 Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell;
To known it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak, then I am strong:
And when my all of strength shall fall,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

Ortonville. C. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



No. 90.

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Savior's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

Samuel Stennett.

No. 91.

1 I know that my Redeemer lives;
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, He lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head!

2 He lives, to bless me with His love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there.

4 He lives, all glory to His name;
He lives, my Savior, still the same
What joy the blest assurance gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

Samuel Medley.

No. 92.

1 Oh, for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

No. 93.

1 Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent, thine end is nigh;
Death, at the farthest, can't be far;
Oh, think before thou die.

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

3 Death enters, and there's no defense;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell.

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,
Shall into dust consume;
But, ah! destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

Joseph Hart.

Boylston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



No. 94.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,—
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

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

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

Charles Wesley.

No. 95.

1 Make haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze;
How swift its moments fly.

2 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be done.

3 Up, then, with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away;
This is no time for thee to sleep,
Up, watch, and work, and pray!

4 Make haste, O man to live,
Thy time is almost o'er;
Oh, sleep not, dream not, but arise,
The Judge is at the door.

Horatius Bonar.

No. 96.

1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

5 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven shout, "Harvest home!"

James Montgomery.

No. 97.

1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the lost,—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

3 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show His saving love.

Azmon. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



No. 98.

1 How great the wisdom, power and grace
Which in redemption shine!
The heavenly host with joy confess
The work is all divine.

2 Before His feet they cast their crowns,—
Those crowns which Jesus gave,—
And, with ten thousand thousand tongues,
Proclaim His power to save.

3 They tell the triumphs of His cross,
The sufferings which He bore;
How low He stooped, how high He rose,
And rose to stoop no more.

4 With them let us our voices raise,
And still the song renew;
Salvation well deserves the praise,
Of men and angels too.

Benjamin Beddome.

No. 99.

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. 100.

1 Oh, 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,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 Oh, 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. 101.

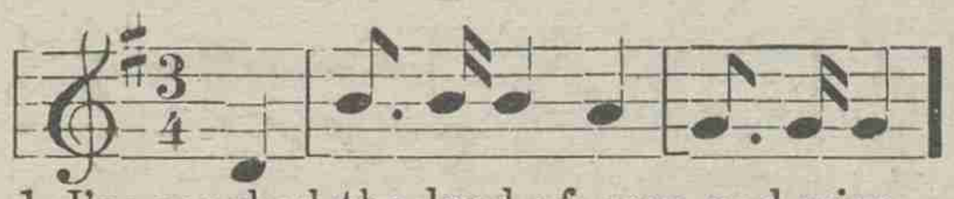
1 Oh, for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

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. 102.



1 I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine,
Here shines undimmed one blissful day;
For all my night has passed away.

CHO.–O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heaven, my home, forevermore!

2 My Savior comes and walks with me;
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me by His hand;
For this is heaven's border-land.

3 The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels with the white-robed throng
Join in the sweet redemption song.

No. 103.



1 Oh, now I see the crimsom wave,
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to his wounded side.

REF.–The cleansing stream I see, I see!
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me!
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

2 I see the new creation rise;
I hear the speaking blood!
It speaks! polluted nature dies!
Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.

3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin,
With heart made pure, and garmants white,
And Christ enthroned within.

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

No. 104.



1 We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of
Thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.
CHO.—Hallelujah! thine the glory, hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! thine the glory; revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit
of light, [tered our night.
Who has shown us our Savior and scat-

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that
was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has
cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all
grace, [guided our ways.
Who has bought us and sought us, and

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with
Thy love; [above.
May each soul be rekindled with fire from

No. 105.

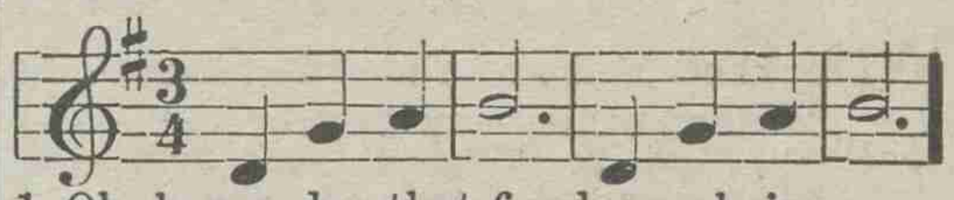


1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling;
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, Oh, breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

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

No. 106.



1 Oh, happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!

2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love?
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

No, 107.



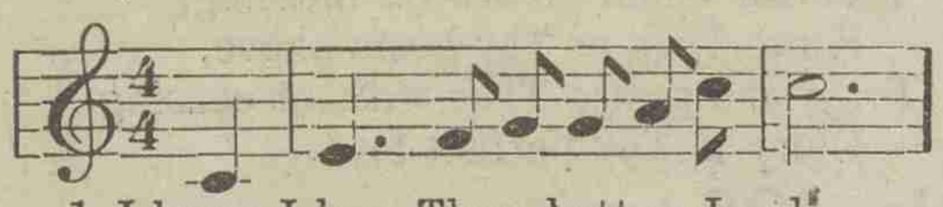
1 Lord, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold;
In the book of Thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus, my Savior,
Is my name written there?

CHO.—Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair?
In the book of Thy kingdom,
Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea;
But Thy blood, O my Savior,
Is sufficient for me;
For Thy promise is written
In bright letters that glow
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching,—
Is my name written there?

No. 108.



1 I know I love Thee, better, Lord,
Than any earthly joy;
For Thou hast given me the peace
Which nothing can destroy.

CHO.–The half has never yet been told
Of love so full and free;
The half has never yet been told,
The blood—it cleanseth me.

2 I know that Thou art nearer still
Than any earthly throng;
And sweeter is the thought of Thee
Than any lovely song.

3 Thou hast put gladness in my heart;
Then well may I be glad!
Without the secret of Thy love
I could not but be sad.

4 O Savior, precious Savior mine!
What will Thy presence be
If such a life of joy can crown
Our walk on earth with Thee?

No. 109.



1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noon-tide, and the dewy [eves;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

CHO.—‖:Bringing in the sheaves,:‖
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

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

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

No. 110.



1 Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

CHO.—Wash me in the Savior's precious [blood,
Cleanse me in the purifying flood;
Lord, I give to Thee my life and all, to be
Thine, henceforth, eternally.

2 Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee;
Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

3 Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee;
Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

4 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart—it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

5 Take my love, my, Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

No. 111.

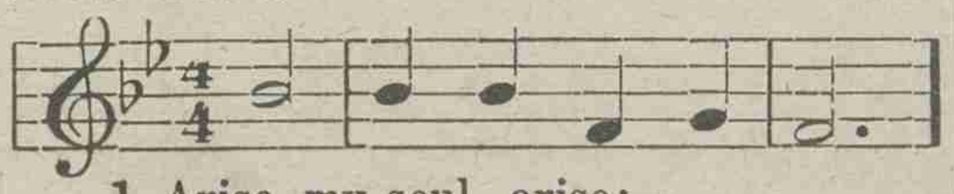


1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work, through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter;
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming
When man's work is done.

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

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

No. 112.



1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears.
Before the throne my Surety stan
My name is written on His hand

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
"Forgive Him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father!" cry.

No. 113.



1 Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want Thee forever to live in my soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

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

2 Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I
entreat;
I wait, blessed Lord
By faith, for
blood f
Now wa

No.

Thy pe
And ligh
path
It is good for

2 Our souls l
O may we no
A sin-cleansing bl
And feel, as
In power o'e
It is good for us,

3 Thou art with
We feel the sw
Of the sin-cleansing
We are washed fro
Made all holy within,
And in Jesus we sweetly abide.

Doxology. L. M.

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