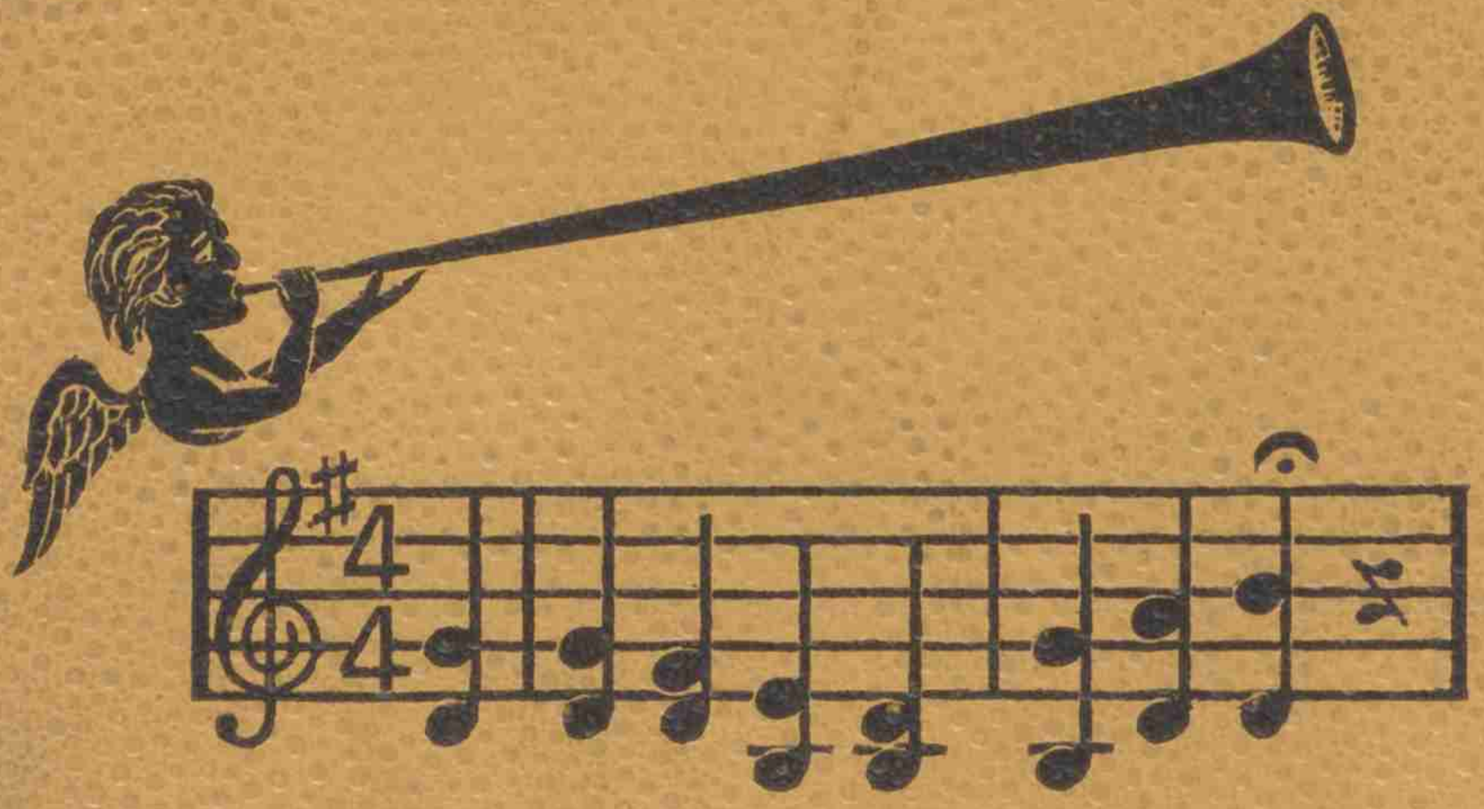
PRAISE TRIUMPHANT



By

LEONARD DAUGHERTY

and

JAMES H. ROSECRANS

Published by

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PRAISE TRIUMPHANT

A Collection of

New and Standard Hymns Suitable

for all Religious Service.

Edited by

LEONARD DAUGHERTY

AND

J. H. ROSECRANS

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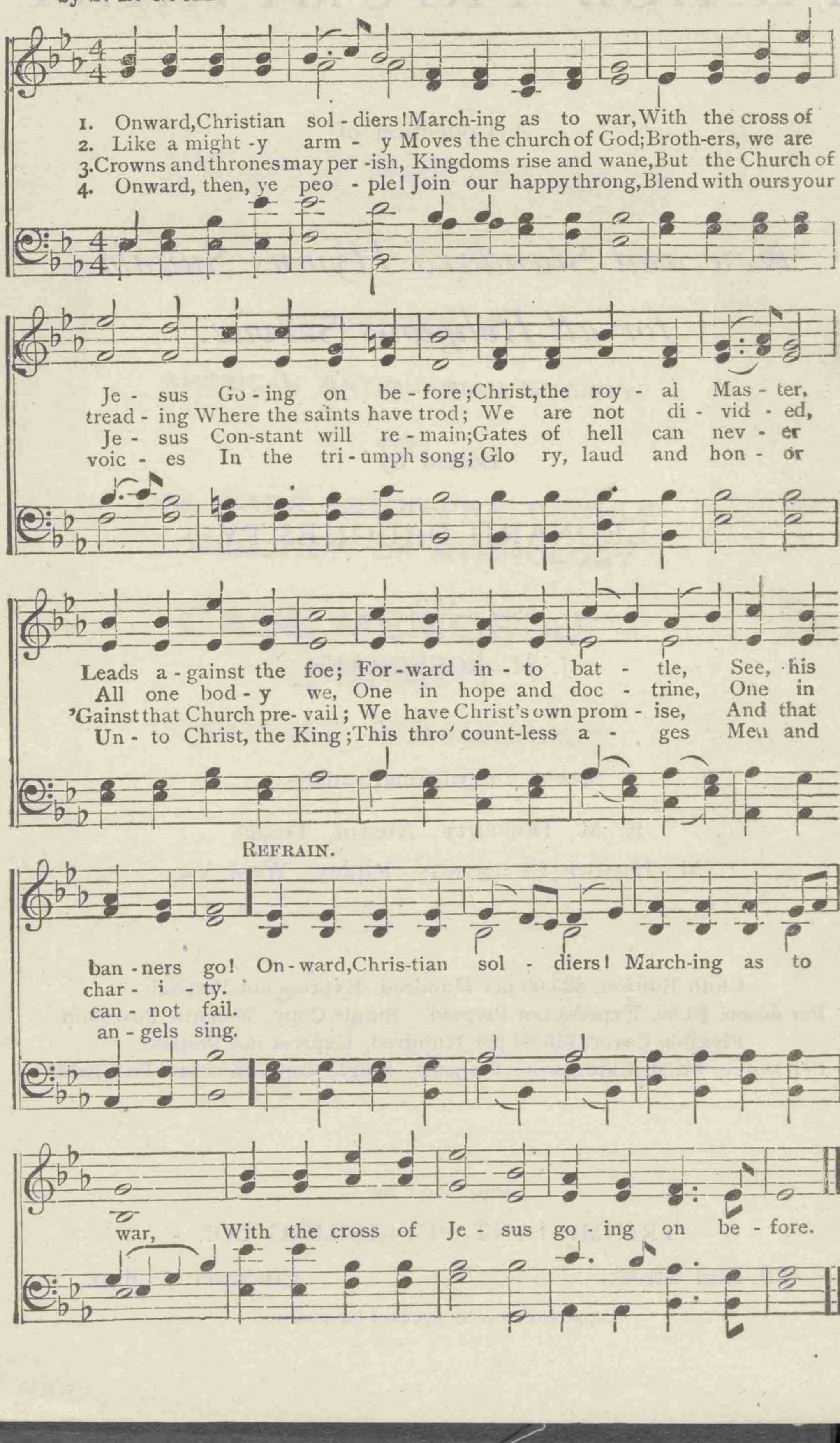
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Onward, Christian Soldiers.
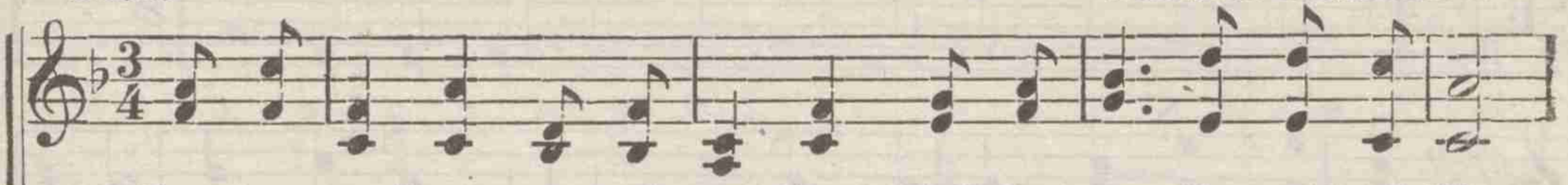
by S. B. Gould. A. S. Sullivan.
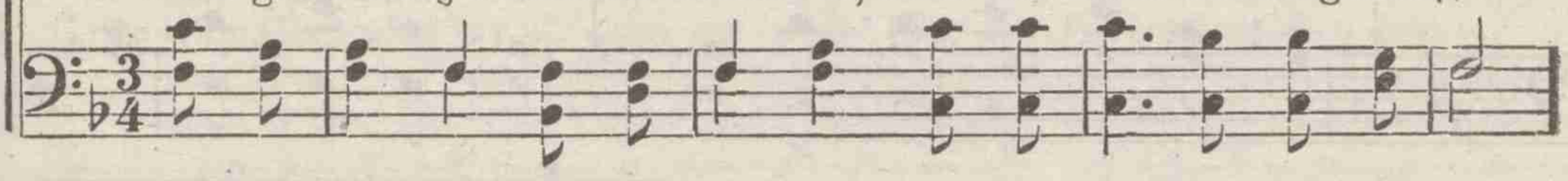


Praise Triumphant.
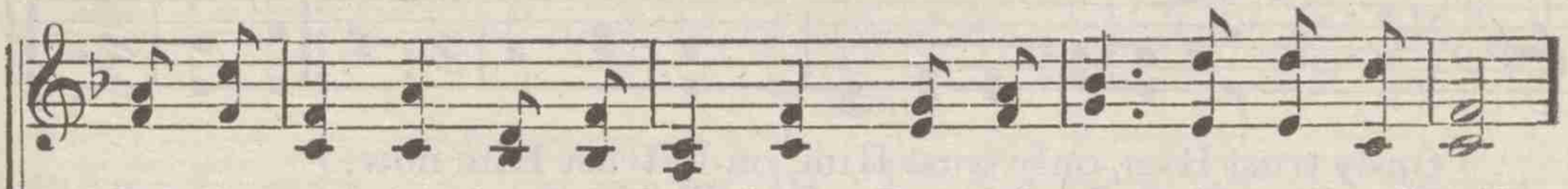
No. 1 Loving Words.

ANON. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.
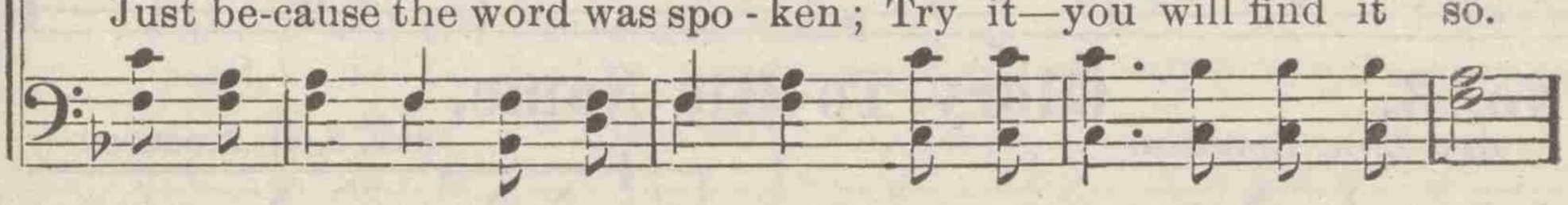


1. Lov-ing words are rays of sun-shine, Fall-ing on the path of life,
2. Oft - en we for - get our troub-les When a friend-ly voice is heard;
3. Keep not back a word of kind-ness When the chance to speak it comes;
4. We'll grow strong and brave to hear it, And the world will brighter grow

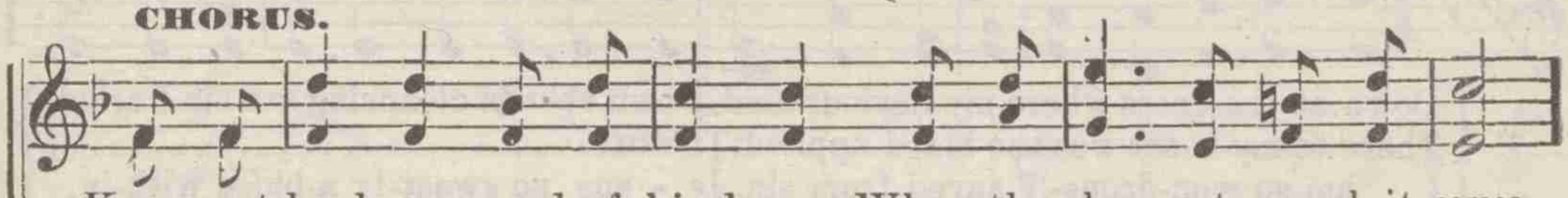




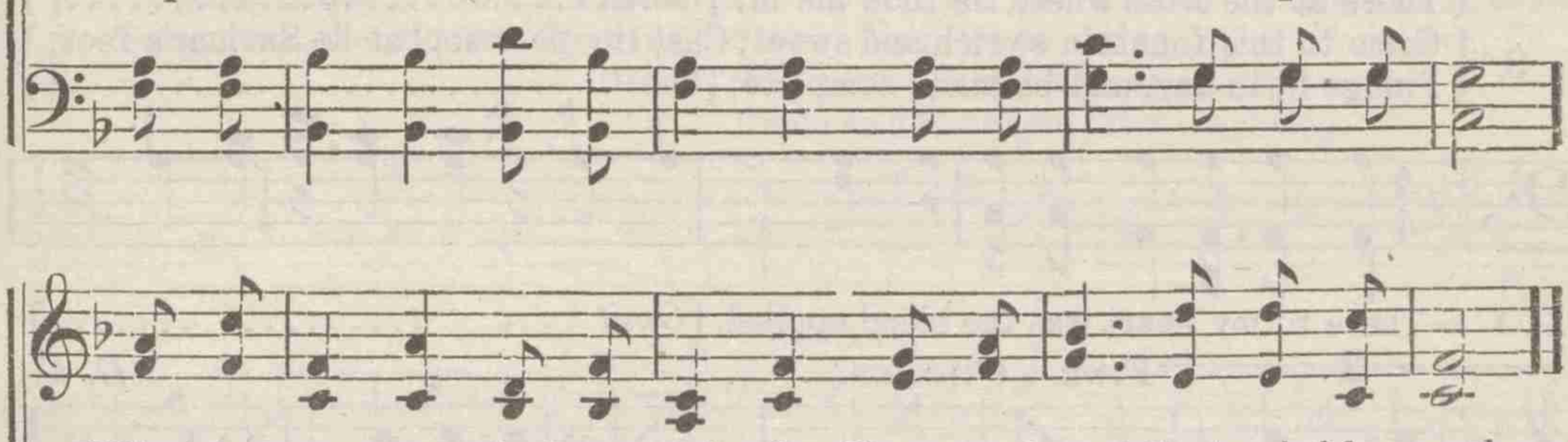
Driv-ing out the gloom and shad-ow Born of wea - ri - ness and strife.
They are ban-ished by the ma - gic Of a kind and help-ful word.
What to you seems but a tri - fle, Cheers a heart that grief benumbs.
Just be-cause the word was spo - ken; Try it—you will find it so.
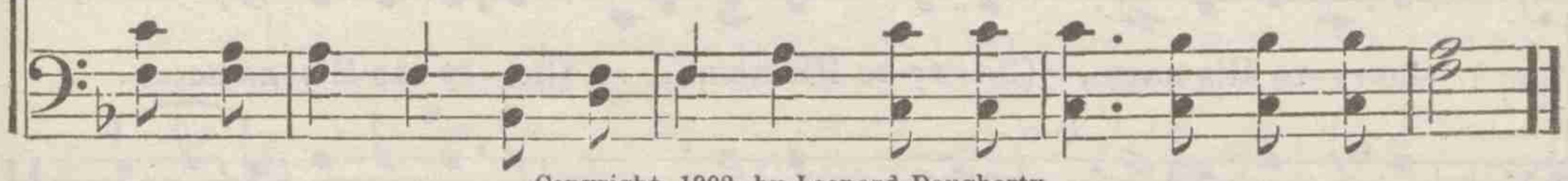


CHORUS.



Keep not back a word of kind-ness When the chance to speak it comes;



What to you seems but a tri - fle, Cheers a heart that grief benumbs.



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No. 2. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood Rich bless-ings to be - stow;
3. Come, then, and join the ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

And He will sure - ly give you rest By trust - ing in His Word.
Plunge now in - to the crimson flood, That washes white as snow.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.

CHORUS.

{ On-ly trust Him, only trust Him, on-ly trust Him now;
{ He will save you, He will save you, He will [*Omit.....*] } save you now.

No. 3. Glory To His Name.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. { Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
   { There to my heart was the blood applied; [*Omit.....*] }
2. { I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet-ly a-bides with-in,
   { There at the cross where He took me in; [*Omit.....*[}
3. { Come to this fountain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet;
   { Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; [*Omit.....*] }

D. C.—There to my heart was the blood applied, [*Omit .....*]

2 FINE. CHORUS. *D. C.*

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

No. 4. Not Now, But May Some Day.

MENZIES CUMMING. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. The Lord is call-ing,come to - day, (to-day,) I know full well He's call - ing
2. Tho' ev - 'ry pleas-ure has its pain, (its pain,)And sor-row fol-lows in it's
3. Tho' far from heav'n I seem to roam,(to roam,)And down sin's broad way I may
4. You ask me what I have to give, (to give,) For days of mer - cy spurned by

me, (yes! me,) I hear Him say-ing, come a - way(come a-way)From sin for -
train,(its train,)Thy life's-day sun is far from set (far from set)I've man - y
flee, (may flee,)That"oth-er day" may nev-er come (nev-er come)But then I'll
me, (by me,) The Saviour's terms are: Come! and live(come! and live)Give me your

CHORUS.

ev - er-more be free(be free).Not now; but,may some day(Not now)Not now,but
years be - fore me yet (me yet).
wait a while and see (and see).*4th v.*
heart, I died for thee (for thee).Come now! yes! come to-day(come now)Come now,no

la-ter may(not now)This life so fair I'll heed its call,..... Not now; some
longer stray(come now)Come as you are, No price to bring,..... Yes, Lord; I'll
This life so fair, I'll head its call.
Come as you are,No price to bring.

oth-er day, Not now; but, may someday,Then I may know"Life is not all."(not all!)
come to-day,My soul can truly say:"My Saviour Thou! My Lord and King."(and King!)

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No. 5. Get Where the Blessings Fall.

M. H. C. M. Homer Cummings.

1. You may know the pow - er of an end - less life, And the peace that
2. You may walk with Je - sus, jour-ney by His side, And may hear each
3. You may find a ref-uge for your storm-tossed soul, Where no ra - ging

comes by giv-ing all; You may have the vic - t'ry o - ver sin and strife,
day His lov - ing call; You may bring your bur-dens and in Him con-fide,
tem - pest can ap-pall; You may dwell in safe - ty while the bil-lows roll,

Chorus.

If you get where the blessings fall. Get where the blessings fall (blessings fall),

Get where the blessings fall..... God will cleanse your heart from sin,
blessings fall

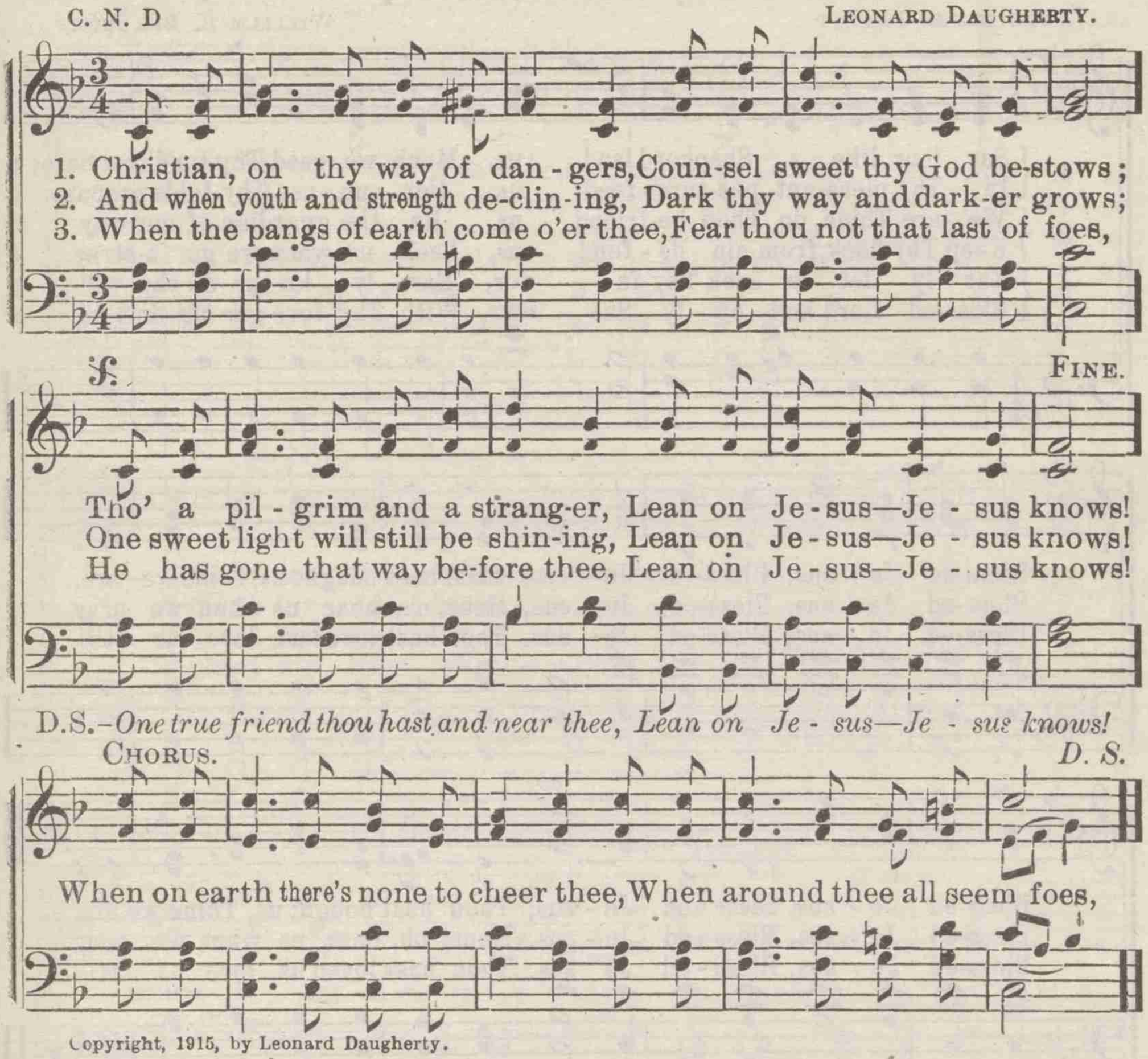
And will keep you pure with-in, If you get where the blessings fall.

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No. 6. Lean On Jesus—Jesus Knows.
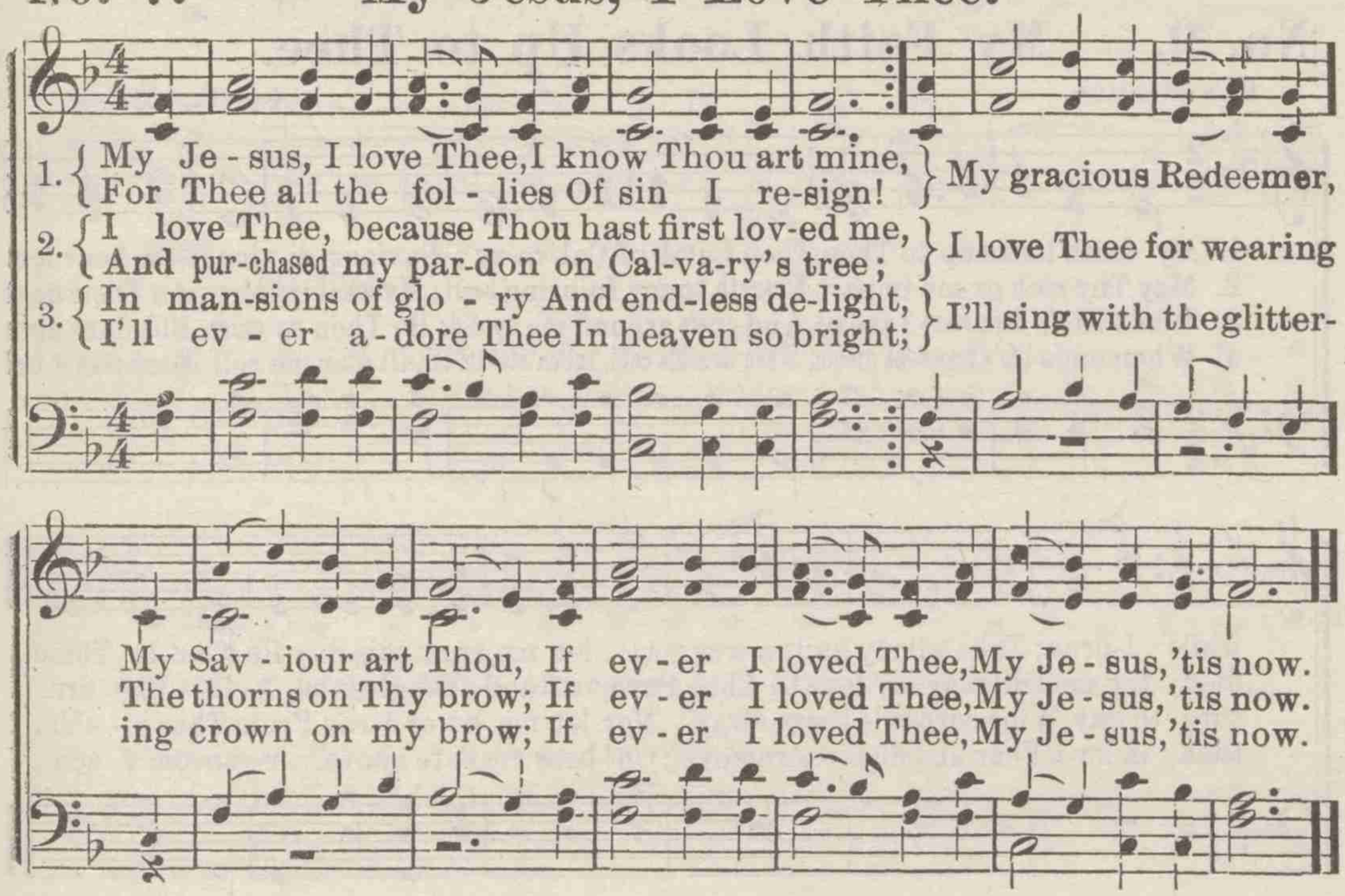
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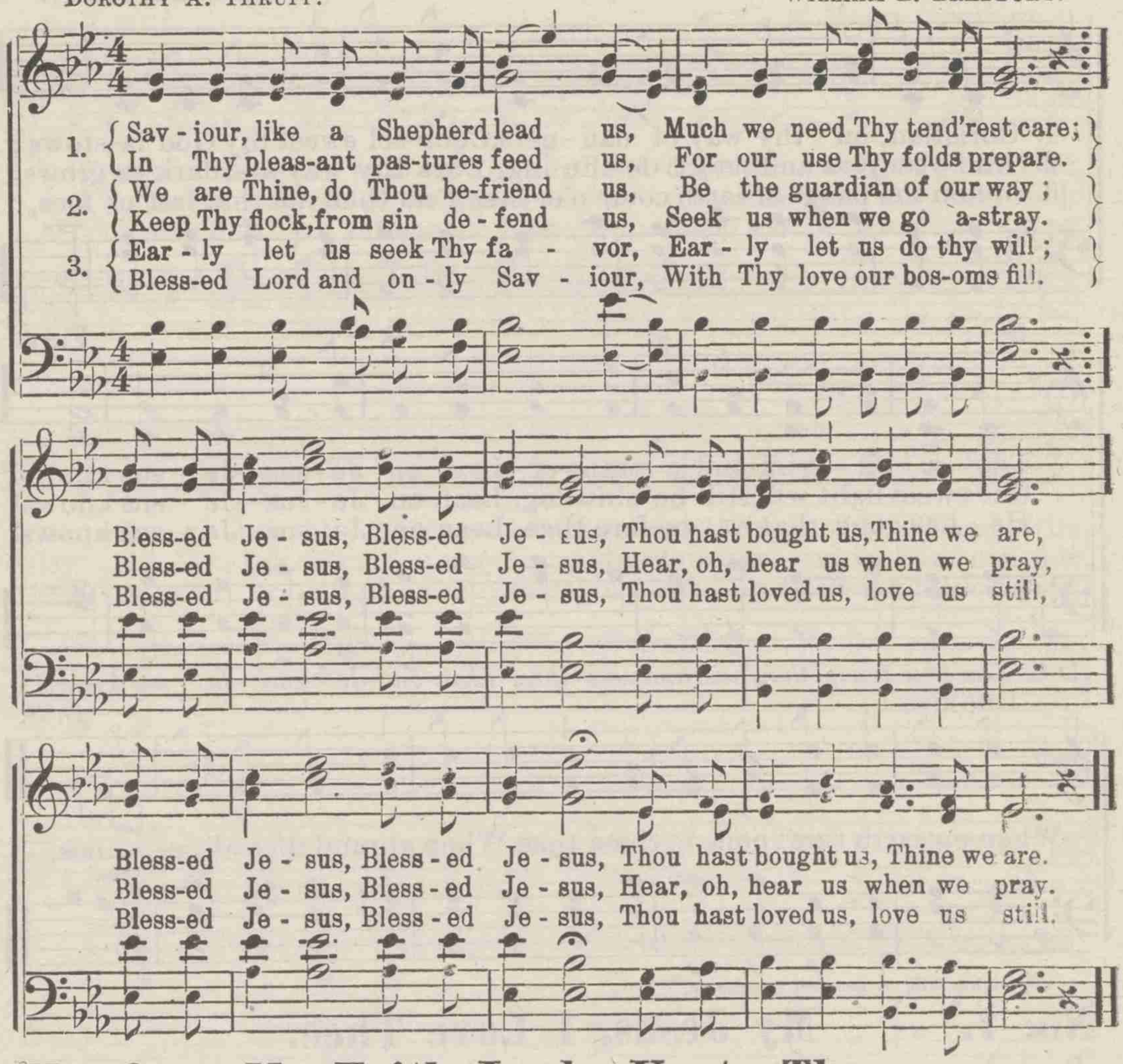


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No. 7. My Jesus, I Love Thee.



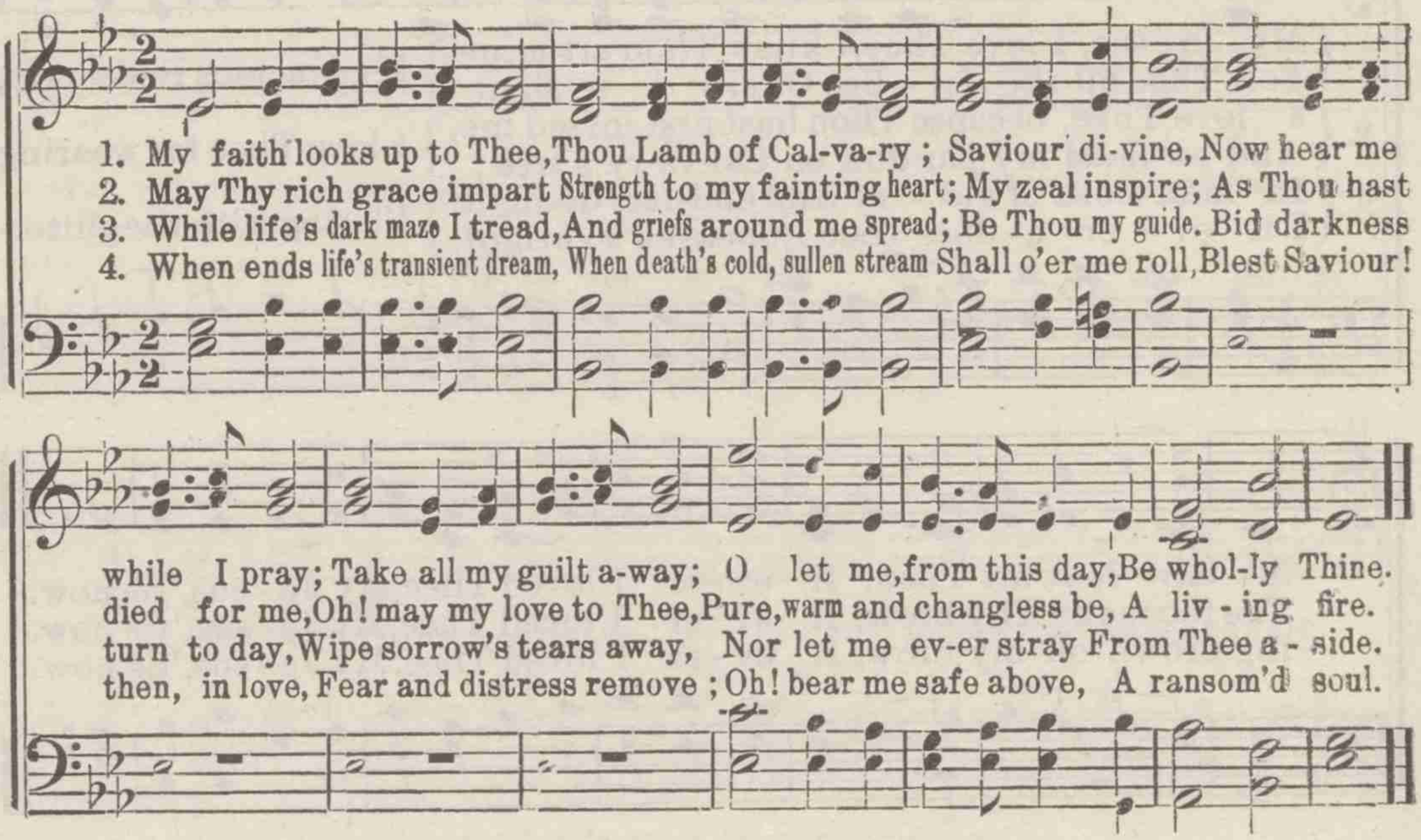
No. 8. Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



No. 9. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. LOWELL MASON.



No. 10. My Grace Is Sufficient For Thee.

M. H. C.

M. Homer Cummings.

1. Tho' sor-rows o'ertake thee, and troubles as - sail, My grace is suf - fi-cient for thee; I'll nev - er for-sake thee, My love can not fail, My grace is suf - fi-cient for thee; My treasures I'll give thee, thy portion I'll be, My grace is suf - fi-cient for thee; Whate'er shall be-fall thee, O do not despond, My grace is suf - fi-cient for thee.

2. Tho' sa - tan a - larm thee, his an - gel de - ride, My grace is suf - fi-cient for thee; There's naught that can harm thee, while I'm by thy side, My grace is suf - fi-cient for thee;

3. Tho' pleasures should leave thee, and cherished hopes flee, My grace is suf - fi-cient for thee; My treasures I'll give thee, thy portion I'll be, My grace is suf - fi-cient for thee;

4. Tho' death may soon call thee to re-gions be-yond, My grace is suf - fi-cient for thee; Whate'er shall be-fall thee, O do not despond, My grace is suf - fi-cient for thee;

Chorus.

grace is suf - fi-cient for thee. My grace is suf - fi-cient for thee,..... My grace is suf - fi-cient for thee,..... For my strength is made perfect in weakness, My grace is suf-fi-cient for thee.

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No. 11. Keep Close to Jesus.

FRED. E. HAGIN. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Je - sus, thou tru - est, thou bright-est and fair - est, Wor-shiped by an - gels a - bove, En - ter and seal for Thy-self my heart's portals,
2. Save me and guide me, though of - ten I wan - der; Lift me and bear me a - way, Out of my - self, wholly in - to Thy presence,
3 Dear - er than all to me, all to me, Je - sus; Dear - er than life, friend or kin, These with fond hopes and what else may betide me,
4. Help me to bear and to do Thy good pleasure, Help me to tell of Thy grace; Tell it on earth, then to sing it in heav-en,

CHORUS.

Seal by Thy fath-om-less love.
Whol-ly for Thee and for aye. Keep ver-y close to me, close to me,
Thou ev - er faith-ful hast been.
When Thee I see face to face.

Je - sus, Let me with-in Thee a-bide;..... Wash ev - 'ry
Let me with-in Thee, with-in Thee a - bide;

stain and break down ev-'ry i-dol; Ev-er keep close to my side.....
Ev-er keep close, keep close to my side.

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No. 12. Jesus, My Hope, My Only Friend.

ELIZABETH TESH. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. Je - sus, my Hope,..... my on - ly Friend,.... On Thee for life.....
2. When friends forsake,. and loved ones fail,... And I pass through..
3. And in that land..... be-yond the sky,..... Where ransomed souls

my soul depends;..... my way is dark,..... my path is lone,.....
death's gloomy vale,.... I'll rest in Thee,..... 'tis perfect peace, ...
will nev - er die,..... I see the dawn..... of end - less day,.....

CHORUS.

I'm trusting Thee.... to guide me home..Then heart of mine,.. cease aching
In Thee all sin..... and self will cease...
Where God shall wipe..... my tears a-way..... Then heart of mine,

here,.....And wait till God shall make all clear,..... For in that
cease aching here, And wait till God shall make all clear, make all clear,

rit

home.....of peace above.... I'll surely know 'twas all for love,.....
For in that home of peace above, I'll surely know 'twas all for love, all for love.

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No. 13. He Loves Me So.

MRS. MARION C. CHEW. J. H. ROSECRANS.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. Will He who sees each sparrow fall Forget to care for me?
2. He sees what griefs I have to bear, And whispers words of cheer,
3. He watches o'er me day by day, Stands ever by my side,
4. He never will forget His child, I can-not well de - spair;

O no! He'll hear my feeblest call, His love is full.... and free.....
He always will my sorrows share, My heart need have no fear.....
Thro' storm and sunshine all the way, He is my on - ly guide....
Secure I'll rest when storms grow wild, I'll trust my Fa - ther's care.....

CHORUS.

He loves me so,..... my Fa-ther dear,..... To
He loves me so, my Fa-ther dear,

Him I car-ry all my woes,..... Why should I fear.....when He is
all my woes, Why should I fear

near,..... He loves me so,..... He loves me so.....
when He is near, He loves me so, loves me so.

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No. 14. Shout For Joy.

E. M. D. E. M. Douthit.

1. O the sin-ners are re-turning to the Lord, Halle-lu-jah!....
2. Tho' the sowing was with weeping and with pain,
3. Fol-low on and wave the gos-pel ban-ner high,
4. There is joy in heav'n, O let the news resound, Hal-le-lu-jah!

let us all re-joice At the tri-umph of the soul's redeeming word,
God has furnished grace, As we gather in the sheaves of golden grain,
Je-sus leads the way, And we know the truth will triumph by and by,
with the angels sing, Praise the Lord, the dead's alive, the lost is found.

Fine. Chorus.

Hal-le-lu-jah!.... shout with joyful voice. Shout for joy,.....
let us sound His praise.
let us work and pray.
Hal-le-lujah! let His prais-es ring. Shout for joy,

D.S.–*Hal-le-lu-jah!.... swell the glad re-frain.*

the gos-pel message is received, Hal-le-lu-jah!..... bless the
Hal-le-lu-jah!

D. S.

Savior's name, Shout for joy (shout for joy) the dear old sto-ry is be-lieved,

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No. 15. For the Man of Galilee.

This poem was written by S. Duncan Clark, associate editor of the Louisville Herald, inspired by the Men's Bible Class parade, June 19, 1908, in connection with the twelfth International Sunday School Convention. Presented to W. C. Pearce, Superintendent Adult Department International Sunday School Association, as a contribution to the Men's Bible Class movement of North America.

J. DUNCAN CLARK. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. Shout a-loud the stir - ring sum-mons, O'er the land from sea to sea,
2. Broth-er, stay thine haste a mo - ment, Heed the call that comes to thee,
3. On - ward are His marching or - ders, He who leads to vic - to - ry,

Men are wanted who will fol - low With the Man of Gal - i - lee;
Pledge your faith and yield your service To the Man of Gal - i - lee;
On-ward till the world is tak - en For the Man of Gal - i - lee;

Men are wanted, men of pur - pose, Men of high or low de-gree,
From the counting house and col - lege, From the forge and fac - to - ry,
Shout a-loud the stir-ring sum - mons, O'er the land from sea to sea,

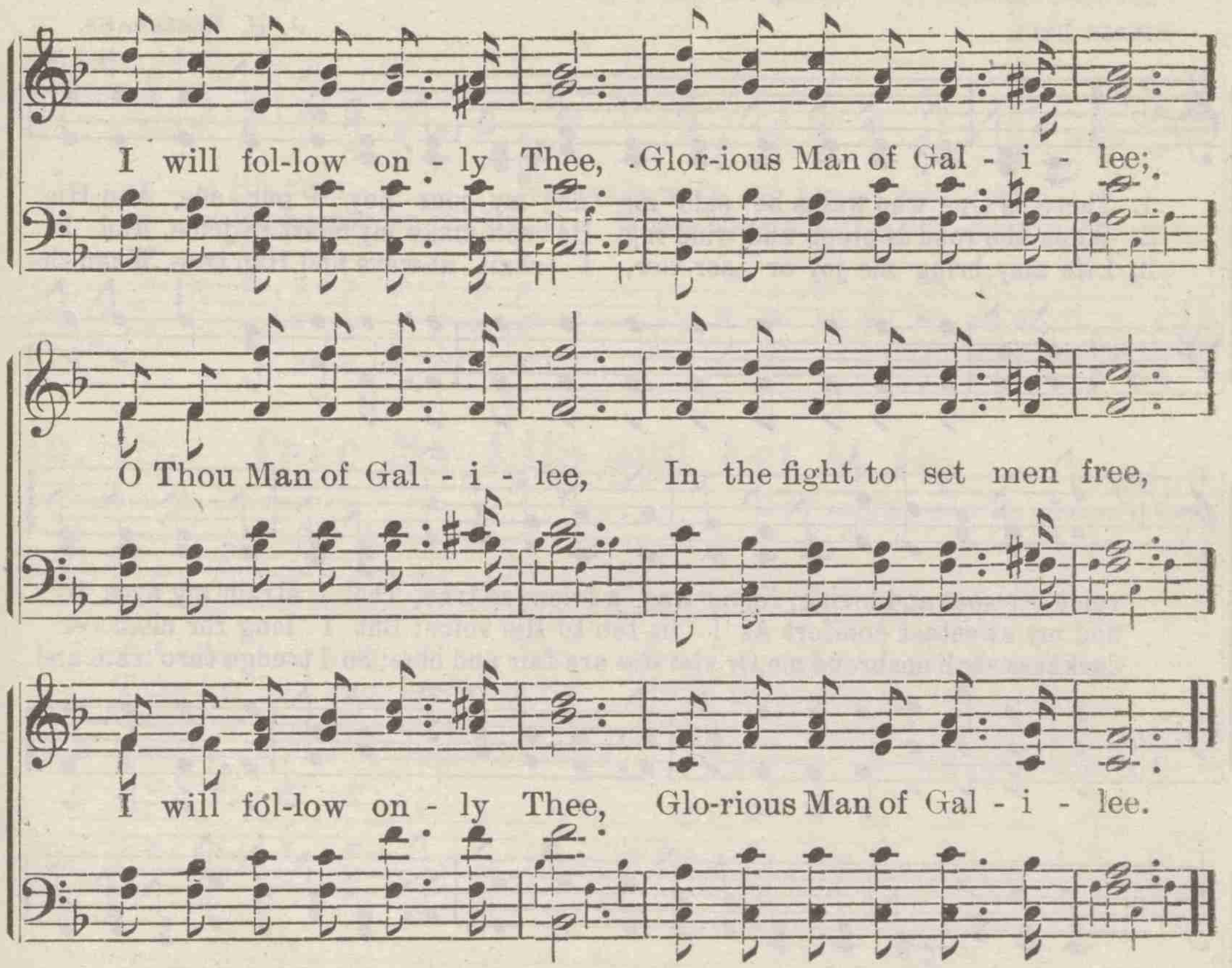
Each may be a fel - low-work - er With the Man of Gal - i - lee.
Lo, there throngs a loy - al le - gion For the Man of Gal - i - lee.
Men are wan-ted who will fol - low With the Man of Gal - i - lee.

CHORUS.

O thou Man of Gal - i - lee, In the fight to set men free,

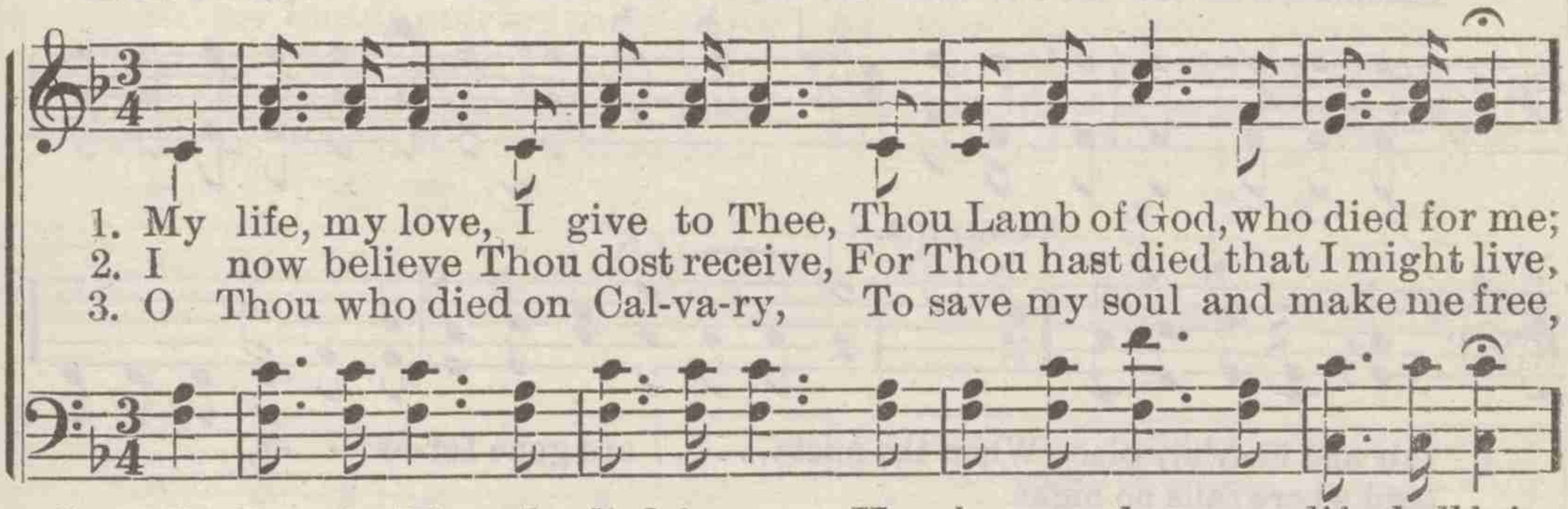
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For the Man of Galilee. Concluded.



No. 16. I'll Live for Him.

R. E. HUDSON. C. R. DUNBAR.



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No. 17. Some Day I Shall Behold Him.

BIRDIE BELL. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. There is One who walks be - side me As my jour - ney I pur - sue, And His voice is sweet and loving, Never was a friend so true; Tho' I strain my eyes to see Him, Earthly clouds obscure His face, But some day I shall behold Him In a vi - sion As a shad - ow vails my sight, Yet I know that I shall see Him In a sunshine, With this tho't to cheer the way, I shall see Him in His beau - ty In the fair and heav'nly place. When the mists . . . . . are gone for-ev - er, I shall see His face di - vine, I shall gaze . . . . . I shall behold, behold Him,

2. When the road is steep and wind-ing He can make my heart re-joice, And I find my sweetest comfort As I lis-ten to His voice; But I long for clear - er land where falls no night.

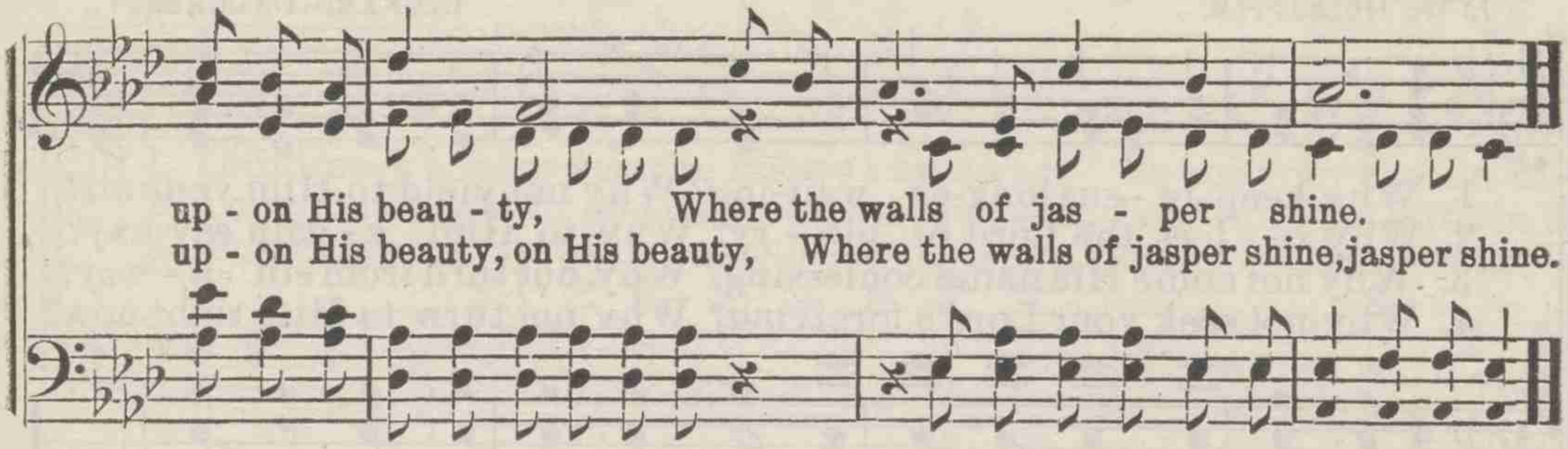
3. Life may bring me joy or sor-row, I shall al-ways find Him true, When the darkness shall enshroud me, Or when skies are fair and blue; So I trudge thro' rain and realms of end-less day.

CHORUS.

When the mists are gone forever, gone for-ev-er, I shall see His di - vine, divine, I shall gaze I shall behold, behold Him.
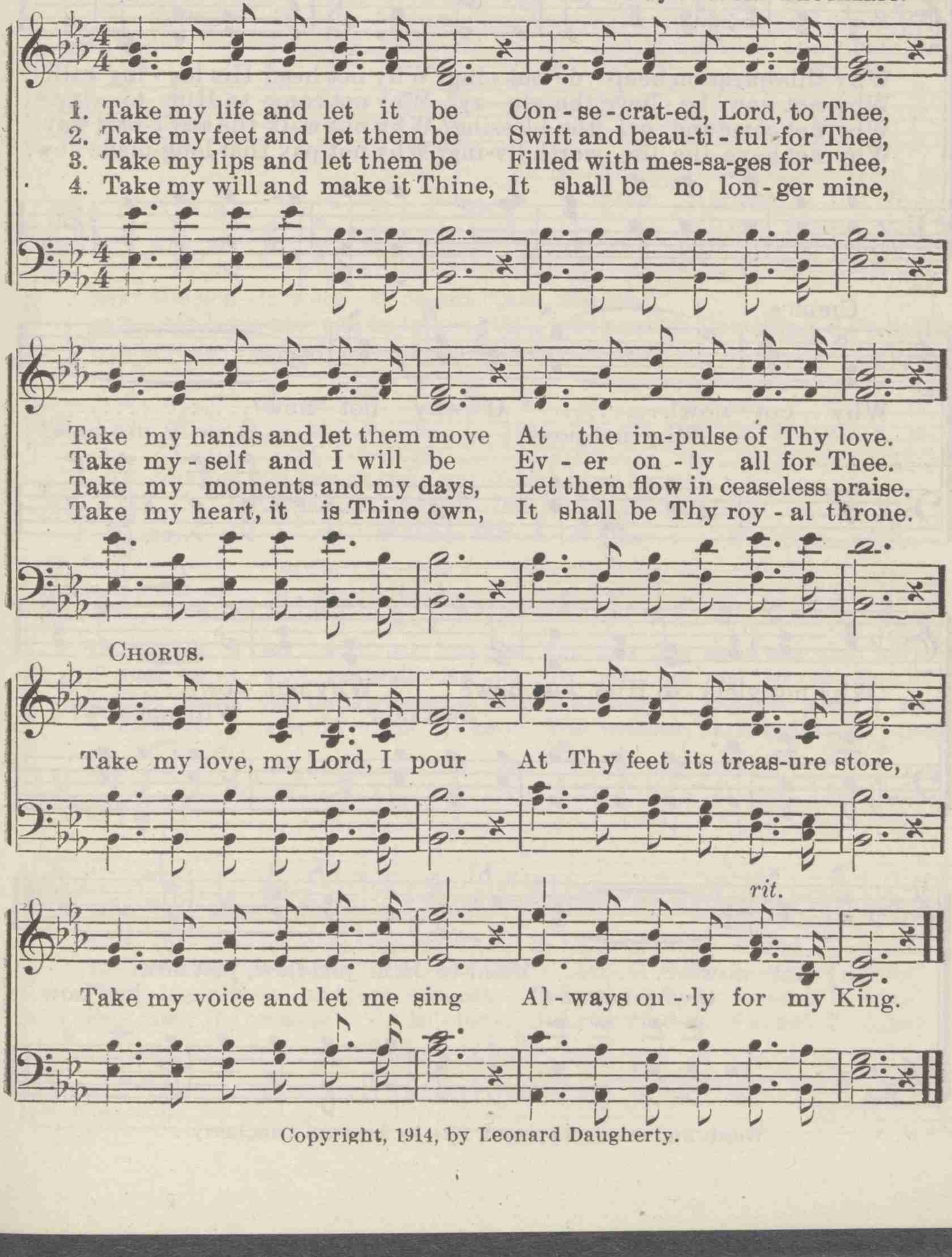
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Some Day I Shall Behold Him. Concluded.



No. 18. Take My Life and Let It Be.

FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL. Arr. by LEONARD DAUGHERTY.



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No. 19. Why Not Now?

J. W. HOLSAPPLE. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. Why keep Je - sus long-er wait-ing? Why not yield to Him your all?
2. Why re - ject the Lord of glo - ry? Why to Him a - gain say nay?
3. Why not come His name confessing? Why not turn from sin a - way?
4. Why not seek your Lord's forgiving? Why not turn to Him right now?

Why this question keep de-bat - ing? Why not heed His lov - ing call?
Why not now be - lieve the sto - ry? Why not come to Him to - day?
Why not come and get the blessing? Why not walk the heav'n-ward way?
Why not have the life worth liv-ing? Why not pay that long-made vow?

CHORUS.

Why not now?..... O why not now?.....
Why not now? O why not now?

Why not yield to Him just now? Why not now?..... O
Just now Why not now?

why not now?..... Yield to Him just now, just now.
O why not now? just now.

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No. 20. Child, Come Home.

J. W. HENRY. Arr. by LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. Children who stray from the Father's house away, Je-sus your Sav-ior in -
2. Long, long in doubt and darkness you have been, Lost from the light in a
3. Come, come to-day while yet the Sav-ior leads, Come while His voice in

vites you home to-day, Kind-ly He pleads with prodigals who roam, O
wil - der-ness of sin, Je-sus dispells the shades of death and gloom, And
love and mer-cy pleads, Heav-en for all is flashing thro' the gloom, And

D. S.—*To guide the wanderer home, In*

FINE. CHORUS. *D. S.*

hear the gen-tle voice of Je-sus, "Child, come home!"
gen - tly beck-ons you to follow, "Child, come home!" He's willing, He's waiting,
those we love repeat the welcome, "Child, come home!"

ten - der love and mer-cy calls you, "Child, come home!'

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No. 21. Just as I Am.

C. ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, though tossed a - bout, With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am—Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-lieve;
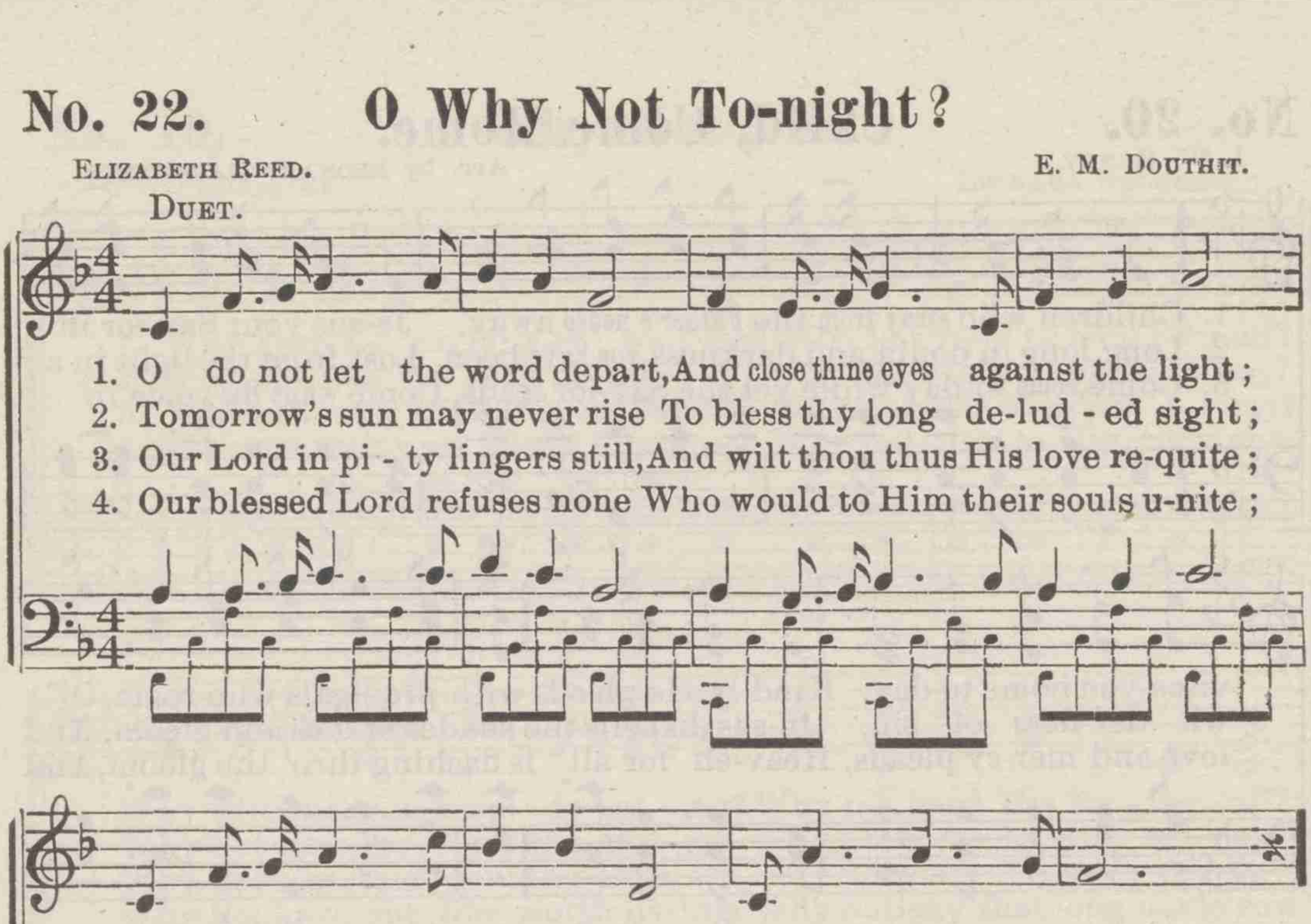
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fight - ing with-in and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be - cause Thy prom-ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 22. O Why Not To-night?
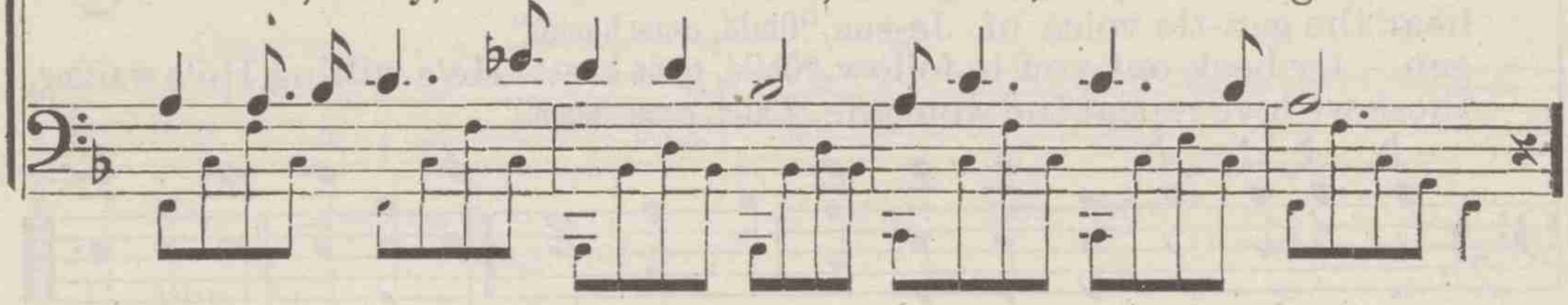
ELIZABETH REED. E. M. DOUTHIT.

DUET.

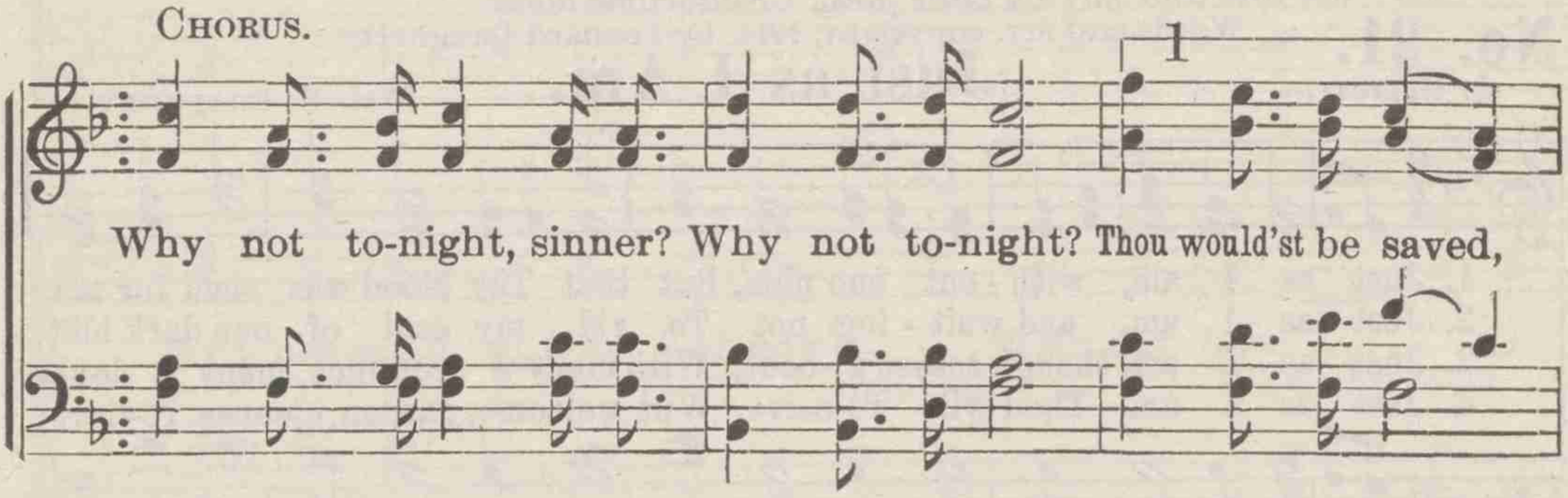
1. O do not let the word depart, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. Tomorrow's sun may never rise To bless thy long de-lud - ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pi - ty lingers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite;
4. Our blessed Lord refuses none Who would to Him their souls u-nite;



Poor sinners, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, O to-night.
This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to-night.
Renounce at once, thy stubborn will, Be saved, O to-night.
Be - lieve, o-bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to-night.



CHORUS.



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No. 23. Wondrous Love.

FLORA KIRKLAND. H. W. PORTER.

DUET.

1. O con-de-scen - sion won - der-ful! O bound-less love, sur -
2. O joy to know that He is mine! This wondrous Friend be -
3. O peace that pass - eth hu - man tho't! The peace of God so

pass - ing tho't! That Christ, the might - y Coun - sel - lor,
yond com - pare! O joy a - bove all hu - man joy,
free - ly giv'n! The world can not this peace de - stroy,

CHORUS. *f*

From heav'n to earth sal - va - tion brought!
He will a place for me pre-pare! O love di - vine! O
This peace that fills the soul with heav'n!

matchless grace! O mer - cy flow - ing full and free! With

wondrous love and winning voice We hear Him whisper, "Come to me!"

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No. 24. In Sweet Repose.

M. C. MENZIES CUMMING.

1. A rest remains for weary souls, A sweet repose when life is o'er,
2. When storms assail on ev-'ry hand, And Satan lures the heart astray;
3. Yes, there is rest for weary feet; As on they march toward the grave;
4. O! bless-ed rest; O! sweet repose, No more on passion's paths to roam,

Tho' sorrow leads, and Jordan rolls; 'Tis found on Ca-naan's glory shore.
Tho' dark'ning gloom conceals the land, We know there's rest o'er Jordan's way.
And hope points to the mercy seat Of leaves, o'er Jordan's rolling wave.
Faith lifts the veil and mercy shows The land of rest, o'er Jordan's foam.

REFRAIN.

In sweet repose; in bless - ed rest Our loved one
In sweet repose; in bless.- ed rest Our
sleeps on Je - sus' breast, To wake a - mid
loved one sleeps on Je - sus' breast, To wake a - mid
an an - gel throng, And sing with them Redemption's song.
an an - gel throng And sing with them

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No. 25. Calmly Resting.

H. S. SHEPARD. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. Rest-ing in the arms of Je - sus, Cradled by His power divine,
2. Rest-ing in the love of Je - sus, Love en-dur-ing as God's throne,
3. Rest-ing at the feet of Je - sus, Where from sin is found release,
4. Rest-ing in His word of prom-ise, Word that can not change or fail,

There from e - vil safe a - bid - ing, Calm-ly rest, O soul of mine.
Naught can sep-a-rate you from it, Soul of mine, it is thine own.
There, my soul, find strength for service, There find life's abiding peace.
Rest thou there in blest assur - ance, Let no doubt thy peace assail.

CHORUS.

Resting, rest - ing, calmly rest-ing, Free from all.....that
Resting, resting, Free from all
may a - larm; By the arms ..... of love sur-
that may a - larm; By the arms
round - ed, Naught, my soul,..... can bring thee harm.
Naught, my soul, can bring thee harm.

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No. 26. Try to Save Somebody To-day.

JENNIE WILSON. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. There are man - y tread-ing the downward road, That will lead to
2. Try to save some-bod - y for whom Christ died In the grief of
3. Try to save some-one for e - ter - nal life, In the home far

sor - row for aye; In the name of Him who can lift sin's load,
Cal - va - ry's cross; Tell the guilt de - filed of the clean-sing tide,
o - ver the sky; There sweet rest and joy af - ter toil and strife,

CHORUS.

Try to save somebody to - day, Try to save somebody to - day,
That has flowed to rescue from loss.
Will re-ward the blest by and by. to-day,

Try to save some - bod - y to - day,.... With an earn - est pray'r,
to-day,

from un-end-ing des-pair, Try to save some-bod - y to - day.....
to-day.

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27

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

"Thou art my refuge."—Ps. 142: 5.

CHAS. WESLEY. J. P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found— Grace to cov - er all my sin;

While the near - er waters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and comfort me;
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Let the heal - ing streams abound, Make me, keep me, pure within;

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

Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fenceless head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

Martyn.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE. *D. C.*

No. 28. The Church In the Wildwood.

BIRDIE BELL. Arr. by LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. As I dream of the days of my child-hood, And the scenes which in
2. I have roamed in the years which have van - ished Far a - way from the
3. There I learned in their sweetness and beau - ty All the les-sons of
4. I was taught from the Book of the a - ges, Of the Sav-iour who
5. So I dream of the church in the wild-wood, With a love that is

mem - o - ry dwell, Oft I think of the church in the wild-wood,
home of my birth, But re-mem-brance has nev-er been ban - ished
mer - cy and truth, How to walk in the path - ways of du - ty
loves me so well, And the words which I found on its pa - ges,
changeless and pure, There I learned in the days of my child-hood

The quaint lit - tle church in the dell.
Of the place which is dear - est on earth. O come, come, come, come,
And to serve the dear Lord in my youth.
In the depths of my heart ev - er dwell.
Of the joys which for - ev - er en - dure.

D. S.—*As the lit - tle brown church in the vale.*

come to the church in the wild - wood, O come to the church
come, come, come, come, oome, come, come, come, come, come, come,

in the vale; No spot is so dear to my child - hood
come, come, come, come;

Words and arr. copyright, 1914, by Leonard Daugherty.

No. 29. All For Christ.

E. E. HEWITT. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. All for Christ! be this our fervent pray'r; O for grace to live for Him a - lone;
2. All for Christ! with service good and true; Con-se-crate to Him the fly - ing hour;
3. Praise the Lord, who bought you with a price; Be His name ex-alt-ed ev - er-more;

CHORUS.

All for Him whose ev-er-lov-ing care Ev-'ry day has shown.
His own strength your ardor wil re-new, Gird your soul with pow'r. Hal-le-lu - jah,
Live for Him, a will-ing sac - ri-fice, Praise Him o'er and o'er.

all..... for Je-sus, all for Christ, my Saviour; Life grows brighter
All for Je - sus, all for Christ, for Christ, my Sav - iour,

day by day, Led a-long His ho - ly way, Hal-le - lu - jah! All for Je - sus
All for Je - sus,

all for Christ, my Saviour, His entirely we would be Till His face we see.
all for Christ, for Christ, my Saviour,

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No. 30. Step Out Upon the Promises of God.

BIRDIE BELL. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. Step out up - on the prom - is - es Which God hath giv - en thee,
2. Step out up - on the prom - is - es In ev - 'ry time of grief,
3. Step out up - on the prom - is - es When dark the skies a - bove,
4. Step out up - on the prom - is - es, The help of man will fail,
5. Step out up - on the prom - is - es And thou shalt sure-ly find

And thou shalt find a peace and rest, A par - don full and free.
Who trusts in God's unchanging word Will find a sweet re - lief.
There's light beyond the clouds of gloom, Then trust the Father's love!
The arm of God sup-port - eth thee, O'er all thou shalt pre - vail.
A strength suf-fi - cient for each need, Oh pre-cious friend of mine.

CHORUS.

Step out up - on the prom-is-es, the prom-is - es di-vine, And in

time of trou-ble, His peace will still be thine, Tho' dark or bright the way,

'Twill lead to endless day, Step out up-on the prom-is - es of God!

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No. 31. Somebody's Wandering Girl.

NINA GORDON MODGLIN. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. Where is my wan - der - ing girl to-night? Who was once so pure, so fair, With her vel - vet - y cheek, her eye so bright,
2. Wan - der - ing far from the paths of right, On sin's drear moun-tain bare, Her feet tend-ing t'ward the end - less night,
3. Where is my wan - der - ing girl to-night? She's lost to loved ones at home; On - ly God Him - self can wash her white,
4. Pit - y the wan - der - ing girl to-night, Save her soul from ev - 'ry snare, Guide her wan-der-ing feet up the steep height,

CHORUS.

And the sun-shine gold in her hair.
T'ward the halls of dread de - spair. O where, O where is my
And bid the poor wand'rer come.
Thro' the pearly por - tals there.

wand'ring girl? Far, far from the gates of pearl; My heart's sad re -

rit.

frain, re - store her a - gain, God pit - y the wan-d'ring girl.

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No. 32. Just to Go Home to Jesus.

MISS CLAIRE SUMNER. J. D. PATTON.

1. Just to go home when the Master calls, When earthly toil is o'er;
2. Just to be kneeling be-fore my King, Free from all sin and pain;
3. Just to be safe with my loved ones there, Safe in that home on high;

Sink-ing to sleep as the twi-light falls, Waking on heav'n's fair shore.
Sing-ing the song that the an - gels sing—Nev-er to weep a - gain.
Dwelling with them in those mansions fair, Nev-er to say good-by.

Just to be there when the morn doth break Bright o'er the throne of grace;
Just to be walk-ing the streets of gold Where angel feet have trod;
Just to be sing - ing the glad new song, Happy for ev - er - more;

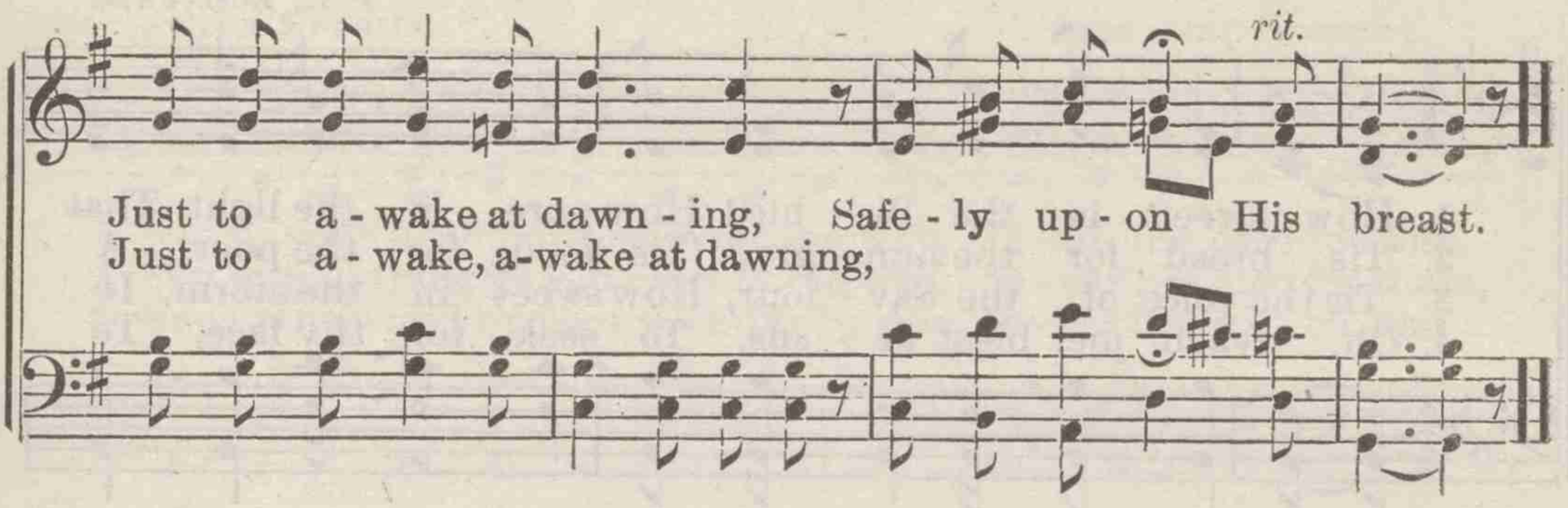
Then when mine eyes from death's sleep awake, Gaz-ing on God's own face.
Just to be safe in my Shepherd's fold, Just to be home with God.
Join - ing at last all the ransomed throng, Safe on the golden shore.

CHORUS.

Just to go home to Je - sus, Just in His arms to rest;....
Just to go home, go home to Je-sus, to rest;
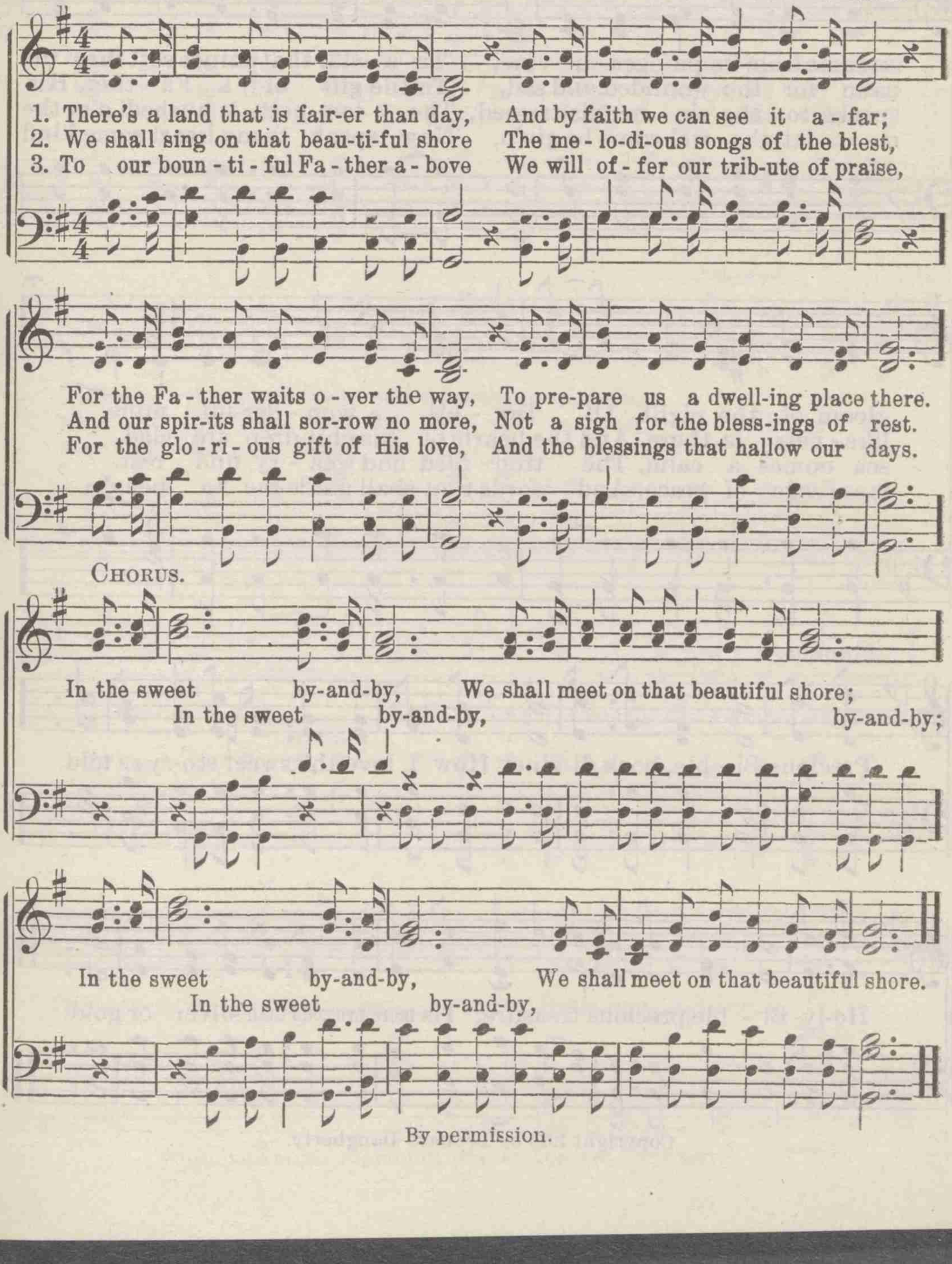
J. D. Patton, owner, 1913.

Just to Go Home to Jesus. Concluded.



No. 33. Sweet By-and-By.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT. JOS. P. WEBSTER.



By permission.

No. 34. Precious Bible.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. How sweet is the Bi - ble! How pure is the light That
2. 'Tis bread for the hun - gry, 'Tis food for the poor, A
3. 'Tis the voice of the Sav - iour, How sweet in the storm, It
4. Oh, teach me, blest Je - sus, To seek for thy face, To

streams from its pa - ges di - vine, 'Tis a star that shines soft thro' the
balm for the wounded and sad, 'Tis the gift of a Fa - ther, His
speaks to the sin - ner dis-tressed, The tem-pest is hushed! o'er the
me let thy wel-come be giv'n, Now speak to my heart some kind

gloom of the night, Of jew - els a won - der-ful mine.
like - ness is there, And the hearts of his chil-dren are glad.
sea comes a calm, The trou - bled and wea - ry find rest.
mes - sage of grace, And words that shall guide me to heav'n.

CHORUS.

Precious Bi - ble, book di-vine; How I love the sweet sto-ry as told.

Ho-ly Bi - ble, precious treasure; 'Tis more precious than silver or gold.

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No. 35. Tell the Sweet Story.

NINA GORDON MODGLIN. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. Say to your neighbor just o-ver the way, Je - sus has died for him,
2. Say to the strangers you meet in the way, Je - sus has died for them,
3. Say to the world by your walk day by day, Je - sus has ris - en and

say it to - day; Tell how He suf - fered and died for our sin,
say it to - day; Why wait to - mor - row? it may be too late,
liv - eth al - way; Life He has prom - ised, O go with swift feet,

CHORUS.

Tell of the hope you are treasuring with-in.
Say it just now, do not lin - ger or wait. O tell of the
Car - ry the mes - sage, so sim - ple, so sweet.

Saviour to - day,..... Tell it to pilgrims on life's broad highway;
to-day,

This sto-ry repeat, this message so sweet, Jesus has died for all.....
for all.

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No. 36. Behold the Harvest.

G. J. E. M. DOUTHIT.

1. Lift thine eyes, be-hold the har - vest, Gleam-ing gold - en
2. Tho' the seed of good thou sow - est Seem but scant to
3. Har - vest rich of peace and pleas - ure, For the hands that
4. Har - vest rich of life e - ter - nal, For the soul that

on the plains, Rich re - ward hath God ap-point - ed For thy
thee and cold, But the hand of God will take it, And re -
dare to sow, But the sluggard and the i - dler, Naught but
dares be-lieve, But the faithless, at the har - vest, Will the

CHORUS.

strug-gles and thy pains. For-ward then, tho' feet grow
turn an hun-dred fold.
weeds and tares will grow.
fruit of sin re - ceive. For - - ward, then, tho' feet grow

wea - ry, None but faith-ful gath - er sheaves, And the hands that
wea - ry, None but faith-ful gath-er sheaves, And the

shrink and fal - ter, Hold at har - vest naught but leaves.
hands that shrink and falter, Hold at har - vest naught but leaves.

Copyright, 1899, by E. M. Douthit.

No. 37. Something Whispers.

E. E. HEWITT. (Duet, Soprano and Tenor with Chorus.) W. H. DOANE.

Not too fast.

1. Some-thing whis-pers in my soul: Let the Sav - iour take con -
2. As the night from dawn-ing day, So my fears will flee a -
3. Led by love's con-strain-ing call, I will yield to Him my
4. When, a - mid the ransom'd throng, I shall join the hap - py

trol, On - ly he can make me whole, Je - sus bled and
way, When my hap - py heart can say, Je - sus bled and
all; Sing-ing till life's e - ven-tide, Je - sus bled and
song, Which e - ter - nal years pro-long, Je - sus bled and

CHORUS.

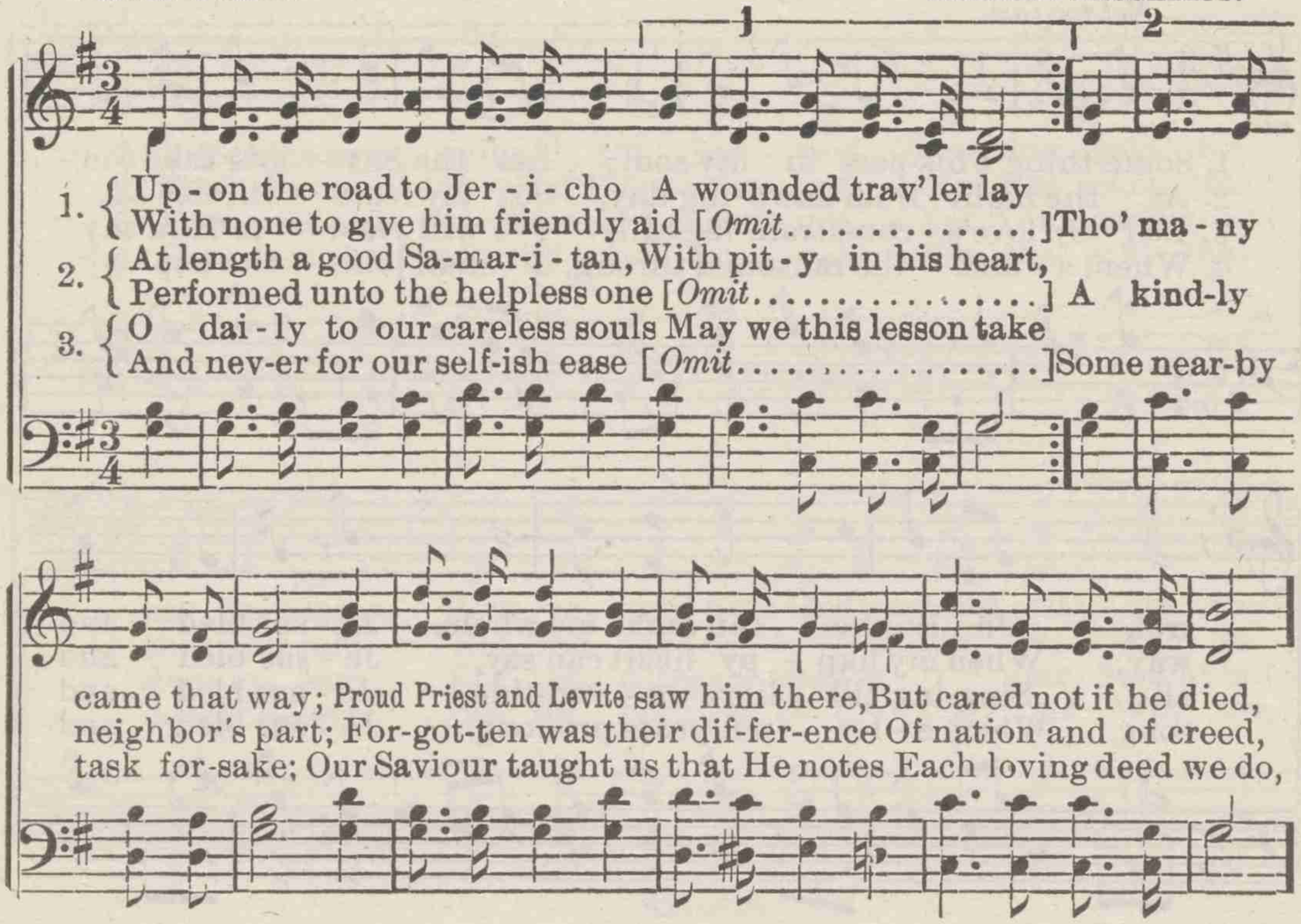
died for me. Something whis-pers can it be,
can it be,
There is hope for one like me, I will seek His
like me,
mer - cy full and free, Je - sus bled and died for me.

Rit.

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No. 38. Passing By On the Other Side.

JENNIE WILSON. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.



Copyright, 1902, by Leonard Daugherty.

No. 39. Helpers Are Needed.

E. E. HEWITT. J. H. HALL.

1. Ma - ny the ways that we ought to set right, Many dark corners that wait for the light; Ma - ny good ac - tions that ought to be done;
2. Ma - ny the bat-tles His soldiers must fight, Strengthened and led by His Spir - it of might; Up and be do - ing the hours swiftly run;
3. Ma - ny the hearts that are broken with grief, Whose gentle kindness will bring them relief? Till in the west sinks the bright setting sun,
4. Hap-py the service when tendered our King; Happy our song when some jew - el we bring; Blessed the serv - ant who hears His "well done;"

REFRAIN.

Help - ers are need-ed, will you be one? Will you be one? will you be one To has - ten the kingdom of God's dear Son? Will you be one? will you be one? Helpers are needed, will you be one?

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No. 40. O Make Me Wise.

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

DUET. *Soprano and Tenor.*

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

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

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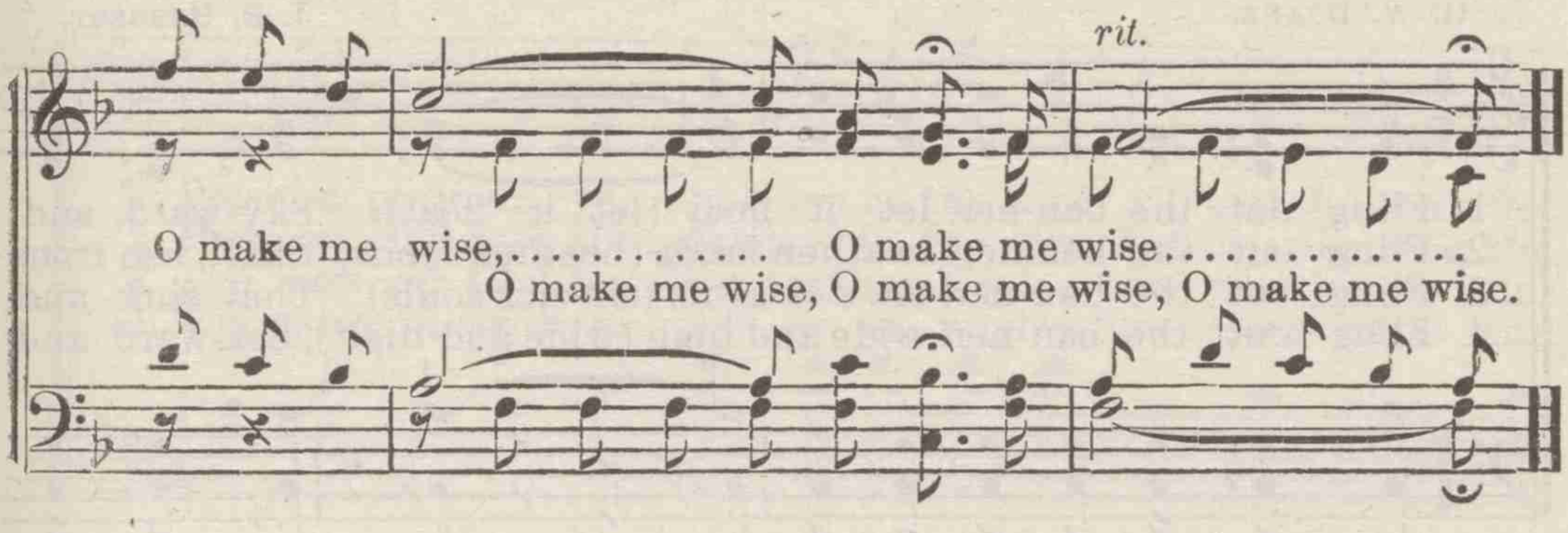
Thy grace I prize,..... since I would rise.....
Thy grace I prize, since I would rise, since I would rise

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

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

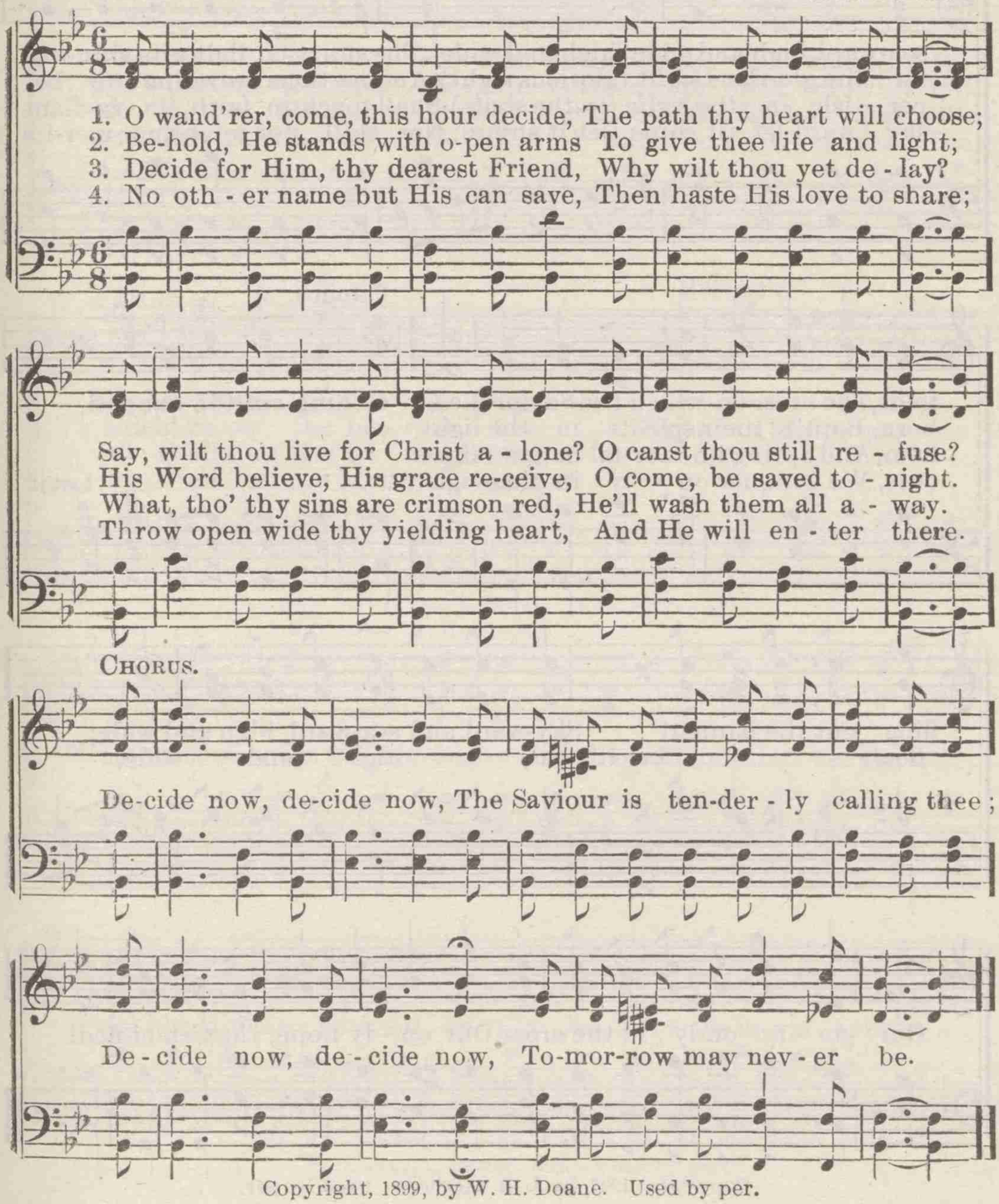
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O Make Me Wise. Concluded.



No. 41. Decide Now.

W. H. Doane.



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No. 42. Fling Out the Banner!

G. W. DOANE. J. B. HERBERT.

1. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float (let it float) Sky-ward and
2. Fling out the ban-ner! heathen lands (heathen lands) Shall see from
3. Fling out the ban-ner! sin-sick souls (sin-sick souls) That sink and
4. Fling out the ban-ner! wide and high (wide and high), Sea-ward and

sea-ward, high and wide (high and wide); The sun that lights its shin-ing
far the glo-rious sight (glorious sight), And na-tions crowding to be
per - ish in the strife (in the strife), Shall touch in faith its ra-diant
sky - ward let it shine (let it shine); Nor skill, nor might, nor mer-its

CHORUS.

folds, The cross on which the Savior died. O fling out the banner!
born, Baptize their spir-its in the light.
hem, And spring im-mor-tal in - to life.
ours, We conquer on - ly in that sign. Let it

fling out the banner! Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
float, Let it float, high and wide;

Our glo - ry on-ly in the cross, Our on - ly hope, the Cru-ci-fied!

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No. 43. Our Master's Cause Must Win.

JAMES ROWE. J. D. PATTON.

1. Press on, press on, ye le-gions of the Lord, All faith-ful souls the
2. Press on and keep His standard in the sky, Let clear-ly ring the
3. The Son of God is strong-er than His foes, In ma - jes - ty to
4. The gates of light are near - er ev -'ry day, Our crowns are at the

Mas - ter will re-ward; From Him who leads the foe shall flee, For
gos - pel bat - tle cry; No harm will come, for love di - vine Will
vic - to - ry He goes; Be true, and though the fight be long, We
end - ing of the way; Be faith - ful till the fight is won, Then

Je - sus leads to vic - to - ry.
shield us on the bat - tle - line.
all shall sing the tri - umph-song.
we shall hear the Lord's "Well done."

REFRAIN.

Fight on, fight on, our Master's cause must win, The Son of God shall tri-umph o - ver sin; Still fol-low Him and faith-ful be, For Je - sus leads to vic - to - ry.

J. D. Patton, owner, 1913. Used by per.

No. 44. Should He Come.

M. H. C. REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. Should the Sav-iour come this moment Would your loins be gird a-bout?
2. Should He come in king - ly splendor From His re - gal throne so bright,
3. Should the sun and moon be darkened, Should the mountains flee away,
4. Should the Lord de-scend from glo-ry, And the dead in Christ a - rise,

Would your lamp be trimmed and burning? Would you greet Him with a shout?
Would you glad - ly go to meet Him,—Hail His ad-vent with de - light?
Should the stars fall from the heavens, Could you in His pres-ence stay?
Would you, too, be caught up with Him To the meet-ing in the skies?

CHORUS.

Are you read-y . . . now to meet Him,
Are you read-y now to meet Him

Should He come, ... should He come? . . . . . Would you
Should He come, should He come?

has - ten now to greet Him Should He come, Should He come, ...
Should He come.

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No. 45 Jesus Leads Us On.

M. CUMMING. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Come from the forge and fur - row, Come from the hut and hall;
2. Go forth and fight for Je - sus, Fear not the wi - ly foe;
3. Bear on your ban-ner "VICT'RY," O - ver the land and sea;
4. Be ev - er watchful, wa - ry, Pit-falls be-set your way;

Sins to be braved and souls to be saved, Hear, oh! hear and o -
Stand firm and true, the right still pur-sue, You will reap of the
Un-sheath the sword of God's liv - ing Word, Till from sin's pow'r the
Cun - ning the foe, but pray as you go, There's a crown at the

CHORUS.

bey Je - sus' call.
har - vest you sow. **Hark! the gos - pel trum-pet sound - ing clear,**
soul is set free.
close of the day.

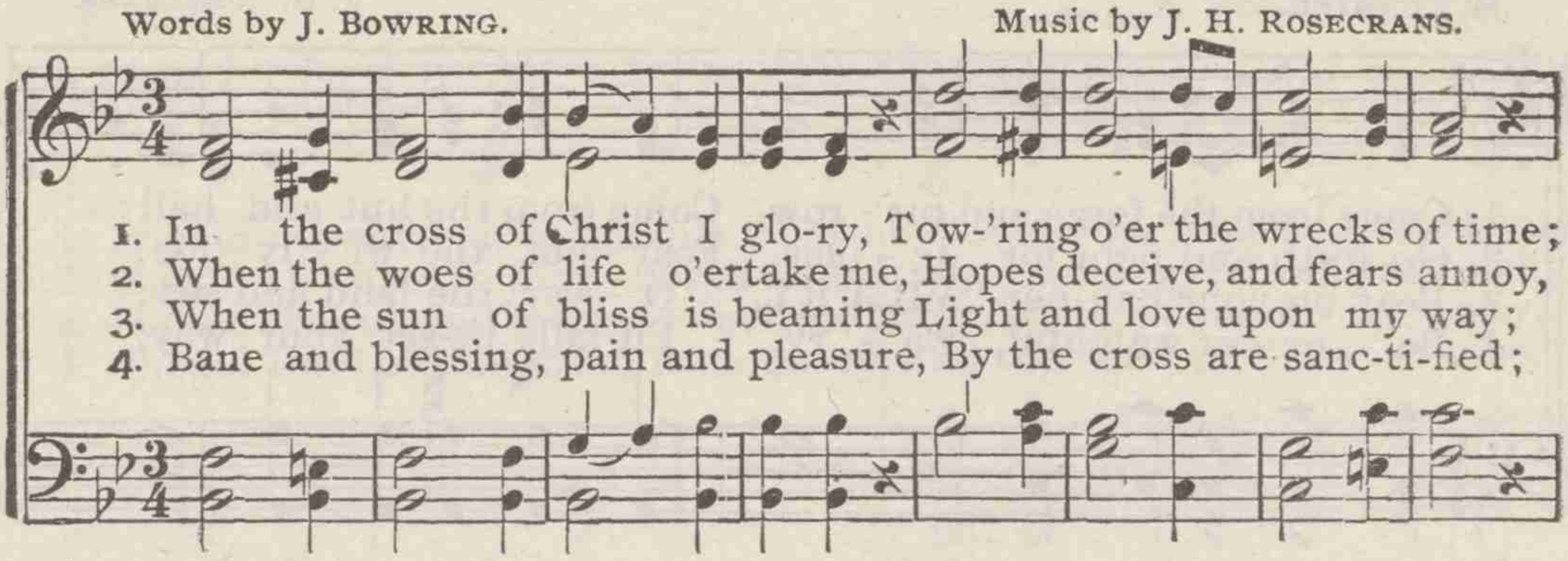
See the hosts of Sa - tan far and near, Glo - ry, glo - ry,

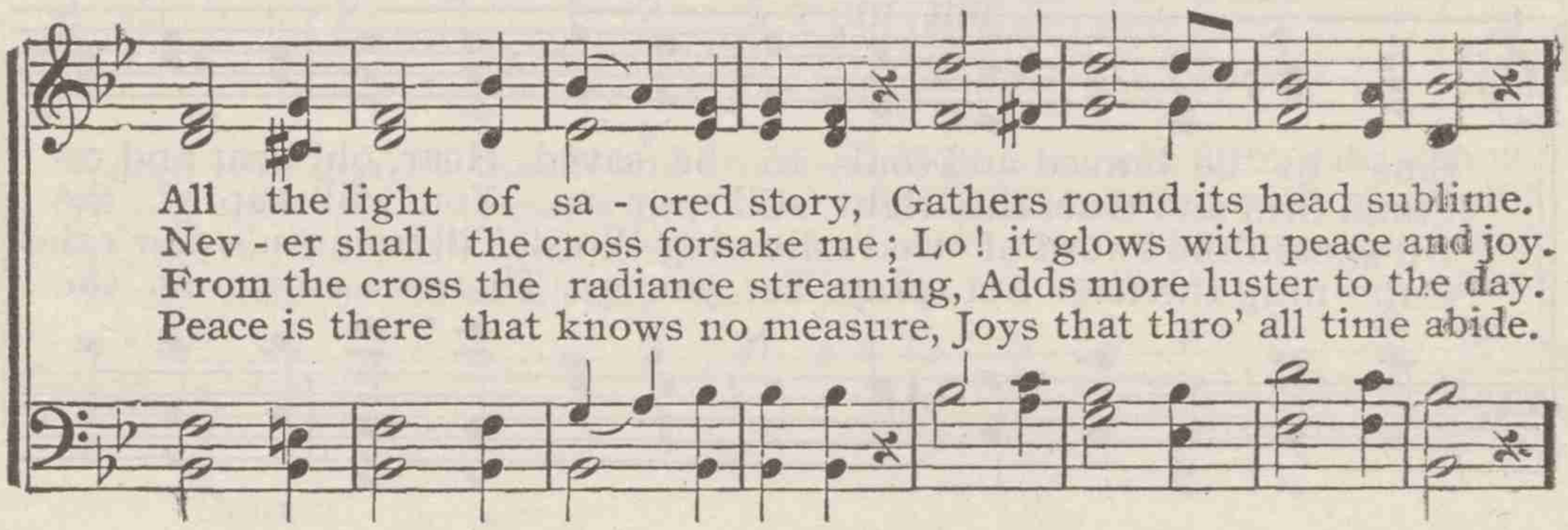
glo - ry, nev - er fear, For Je - sus leads us on to - day.

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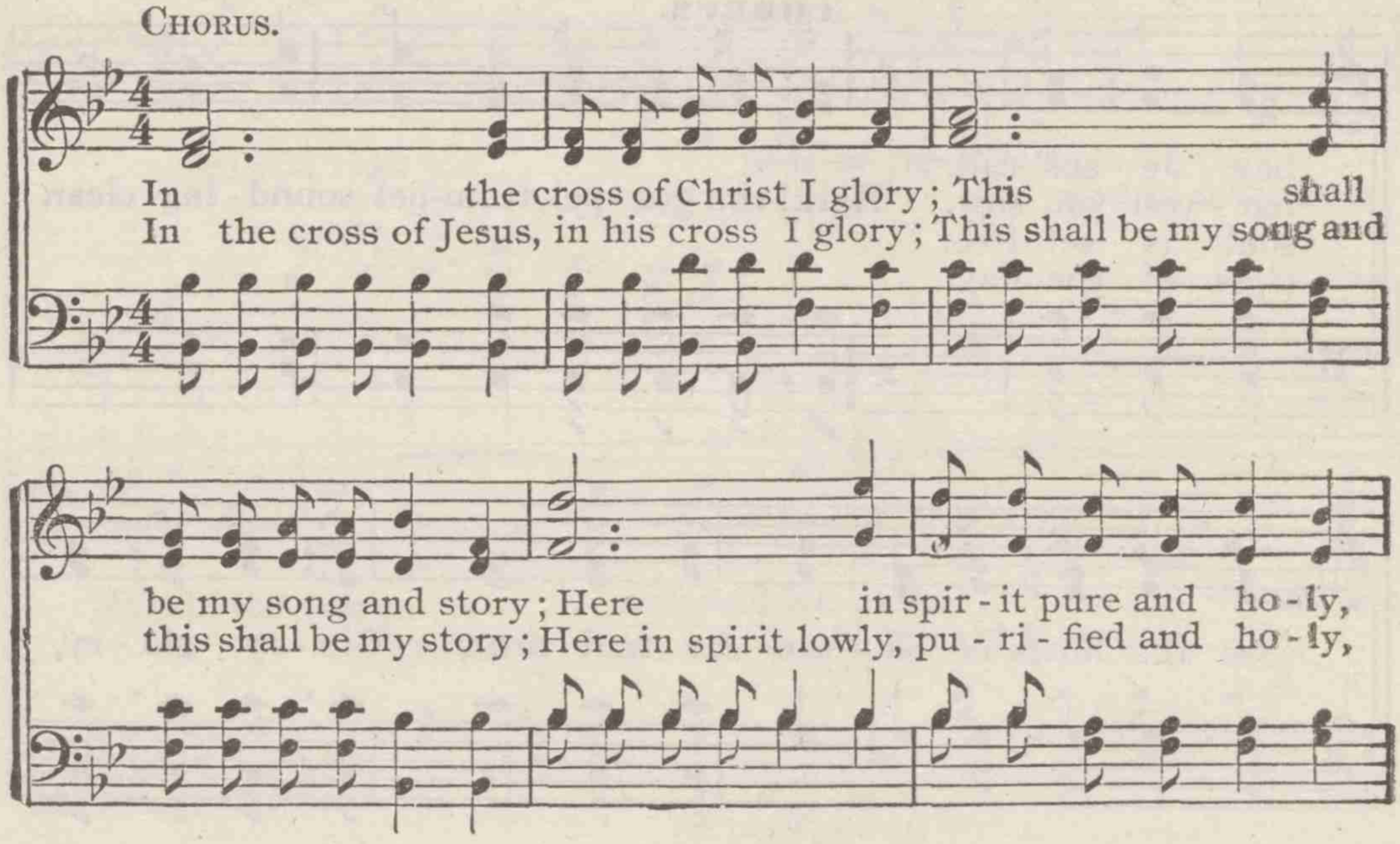
No. 46 The Cross of Christ.
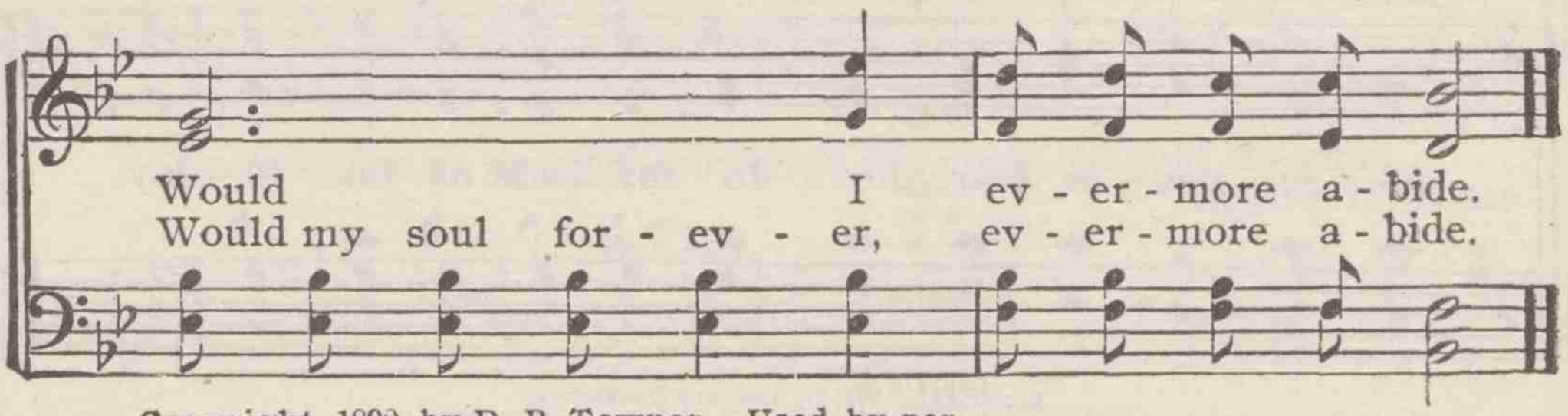
Words by J. BOWRING. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.





CHORUS.

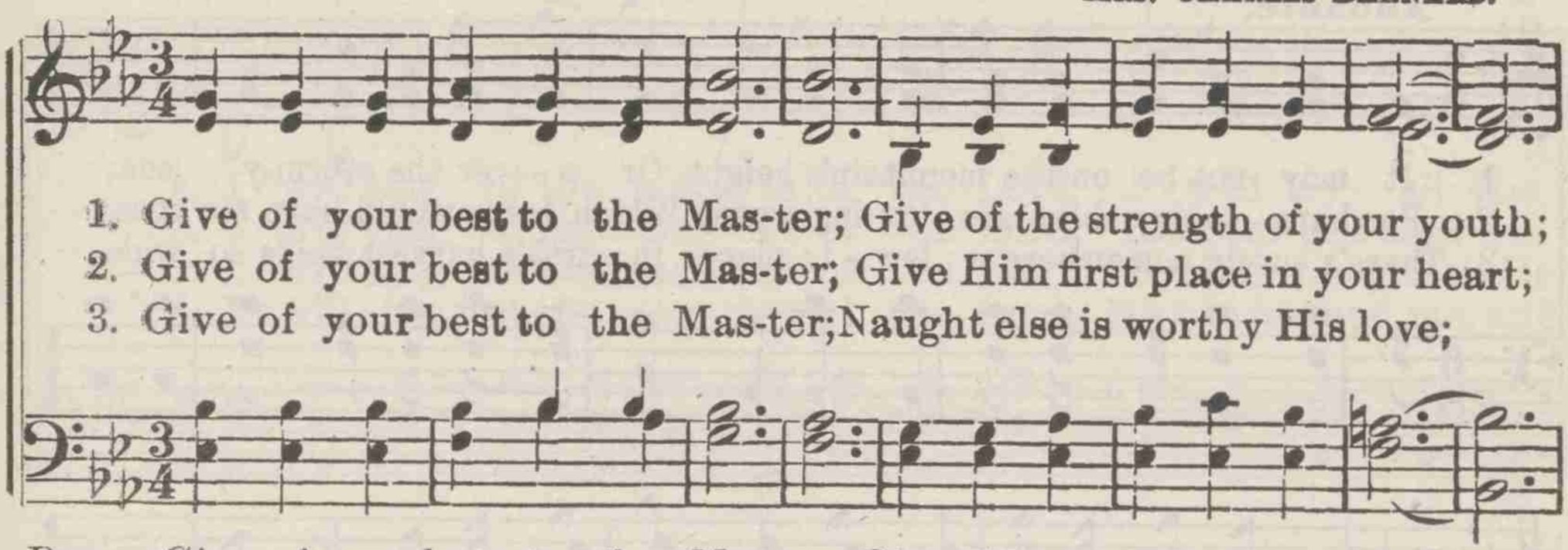




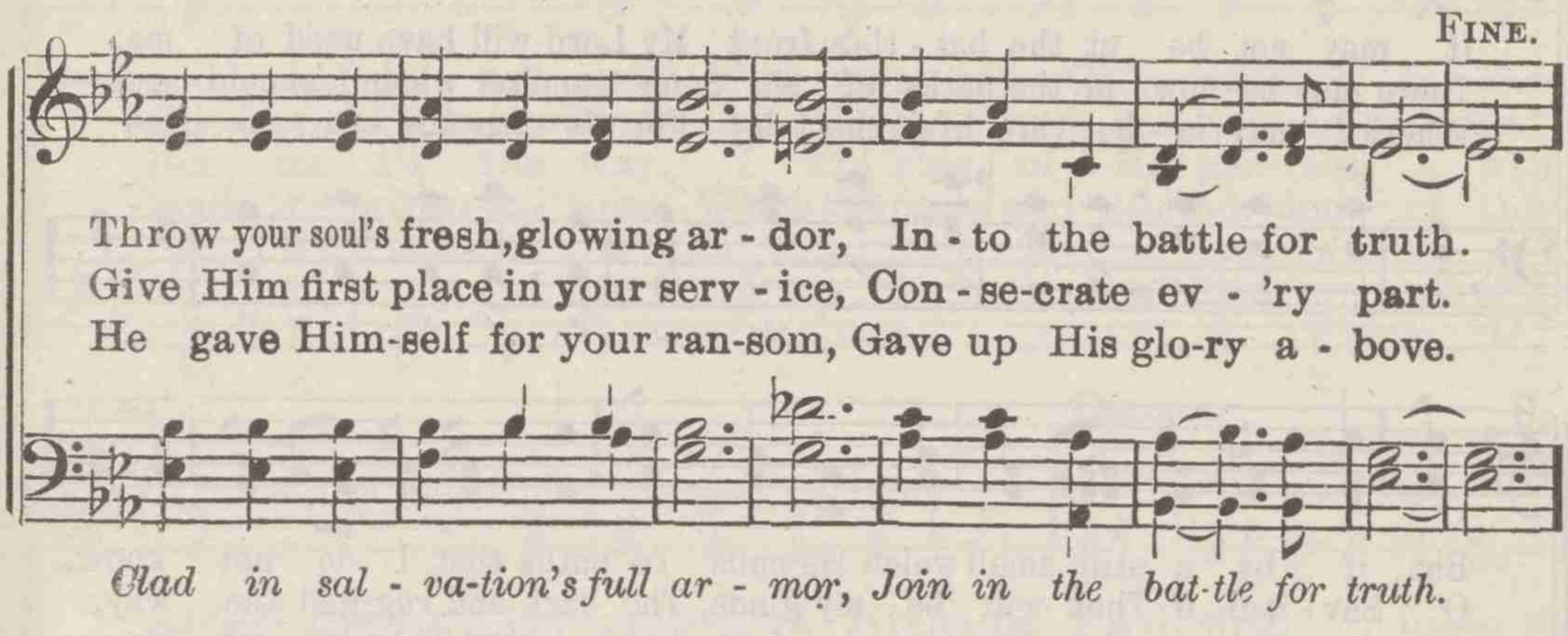
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No. 47. Give of Your Best to the Master.

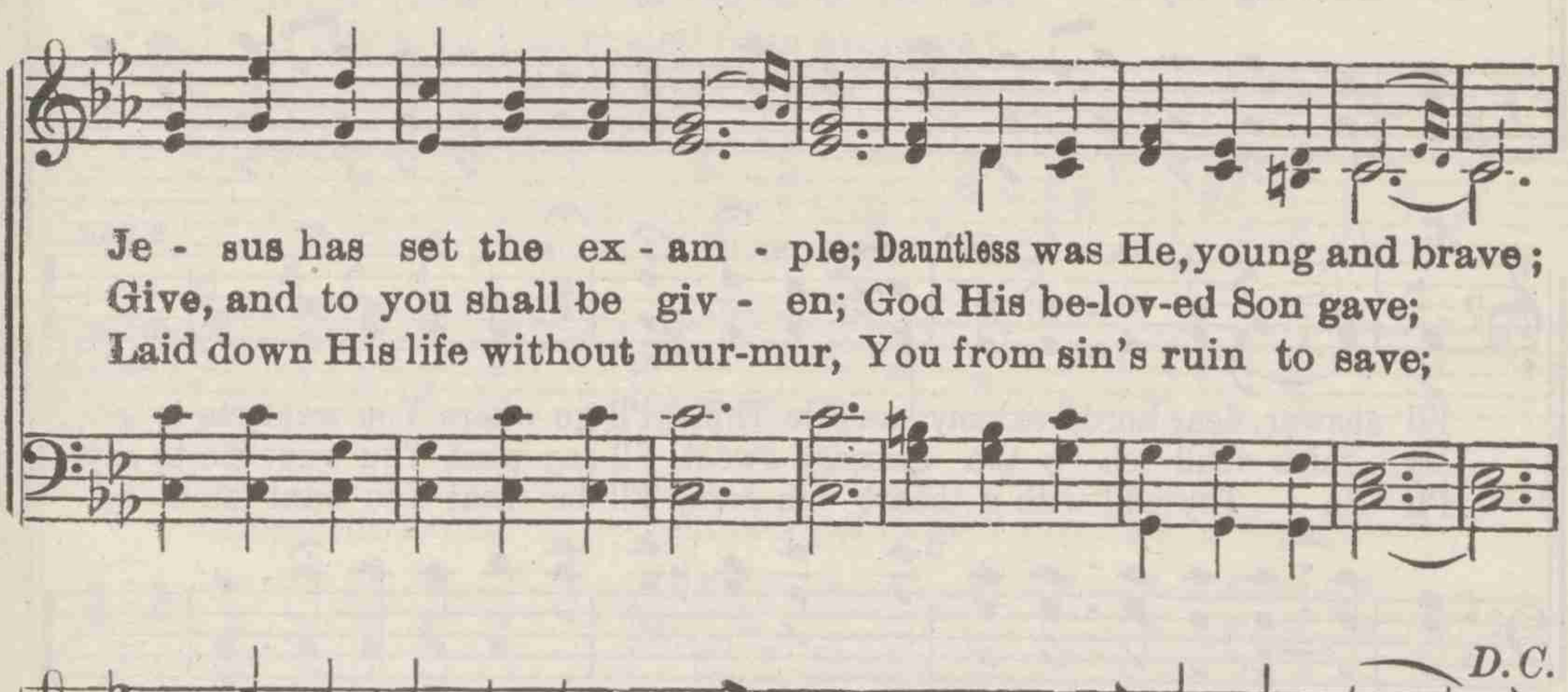
H. B. C. MRS. CHARLES BARNARD.

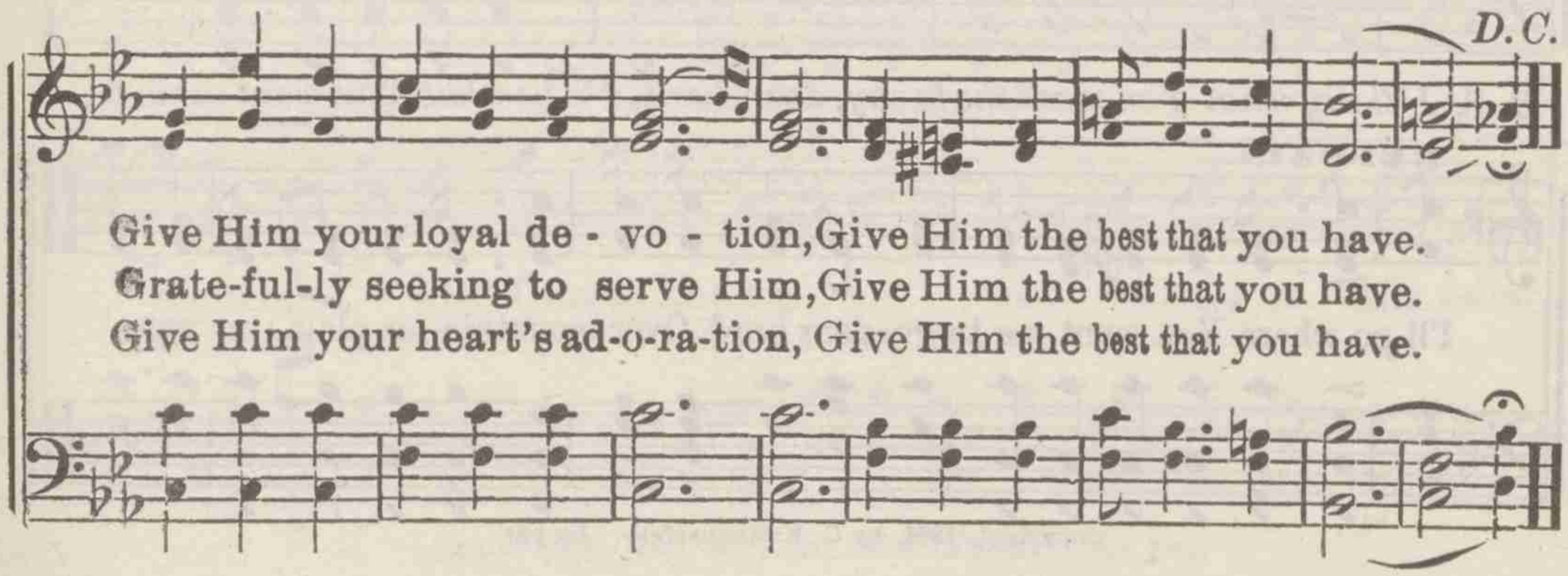


REF.—*Give of your best to the Mas-ter; Give of the strength of your youth;*



Clad in sal - va-tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat-tle for truth.





No. 48 I'll Go Where You Want.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

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

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

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug-ged the way,
So trust-ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And knowing Thou lov - est me,

Fine.

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

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

REFRAIN. **D. S.**

I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

Copyright, 1894, by C. E. Rounsefell. By per.

No. 49. I Will Sing.

FRED. E. RICKS. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. I will sing of the mer-cies of the Lord, I will try all His good-ness to pro-claim, With my mouth will I pub-lish to the ends of the earth, Sal-va-tion in His name. I will sing,.... un-to the
2. I will sing of the mer-cies of the Lord, His com-pas-sion to sin-ners I'll make known, And the peace and the bless-ed-ness and trust in the Lord, Of those He calls His own.
3. I will sing of the mer-cies of the Lord, By His hand hath He led me all the way, I will sing of His mer-cies, I will tell of His love, And praise Him every day.
4. I will sing of the mer-cies of the Lord, He has washed me, and made me white as snow, When the cares and the bur-dens of this life pass a-way, To Him on high I'll go. I will sing

CHORUS.

Lord, All His good - ness I'll pro-claim, With my mouth,... will I make known Sal-va-tion in His name.
un-to the Lord, All His goodness I'll proclaim, I'll proclaim, With my mouth, will I make known

Copyright, 1898, by Fred. A. Fillmore. By per.

No. 50 Memories of Galilee.

ROBERT D. MORRIS, LL.D. H. R. PALMER.

1. Each coo-ing dove..... and sigh-ing bough..... That makes the
2. Each flow-'ry glen..... and moss-y dell..... Where hap-py
3. And when I read..... the thrill-ing lore,..... Of Him who

1. Each cooing dove and sighing bough

eve..... so blest to me,..... Has something far ..... di-vin-er
birds..... in song a-gree,..... Thro' sun-ny morn..... the praises
walked..... up-on the sea,..... I long, O how ..... I long once

That makes the eve so blest to me, Has something far

now,..... It bears me back..... to Gal-i-lee.....
tell,..... Of sights and sounds..... in Gal-i-lee.....
more..... To fol-low Him..... in Gal-i-lee.....

di-vin-er now, It bears me back to Gal-i-lee.

CHORUS.

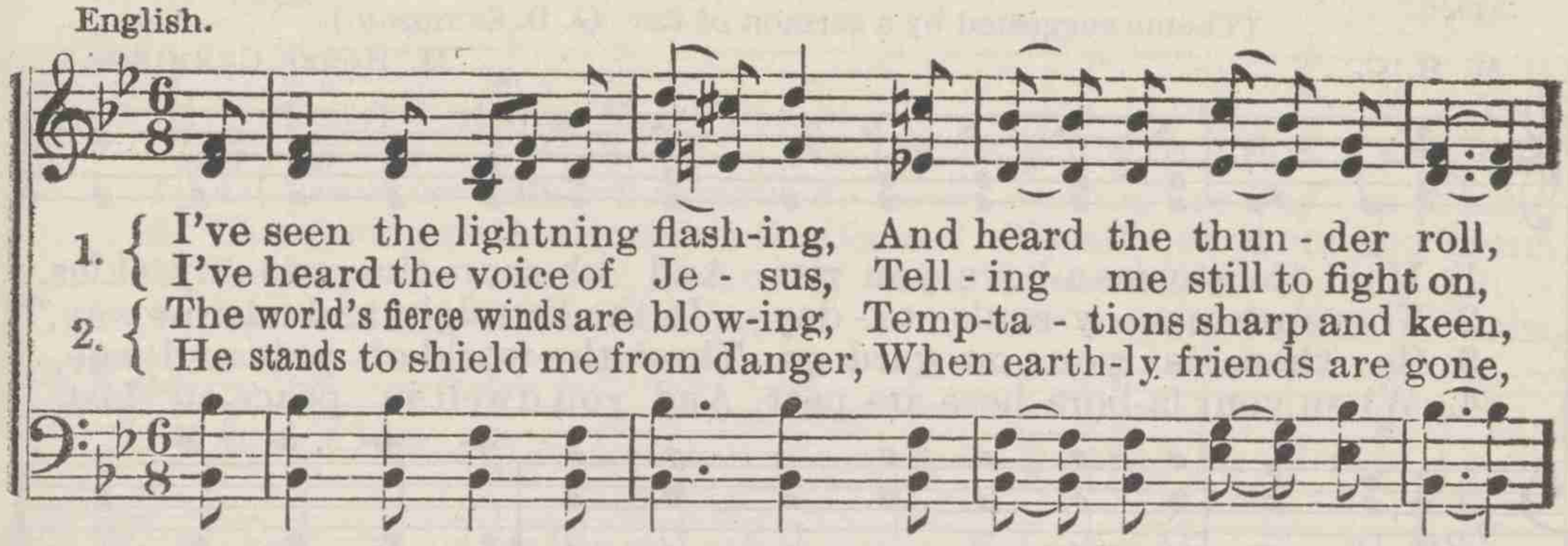
O Gal-i-lee! sweet Gal-i-lee! Where Je-sus loved so much to be; O
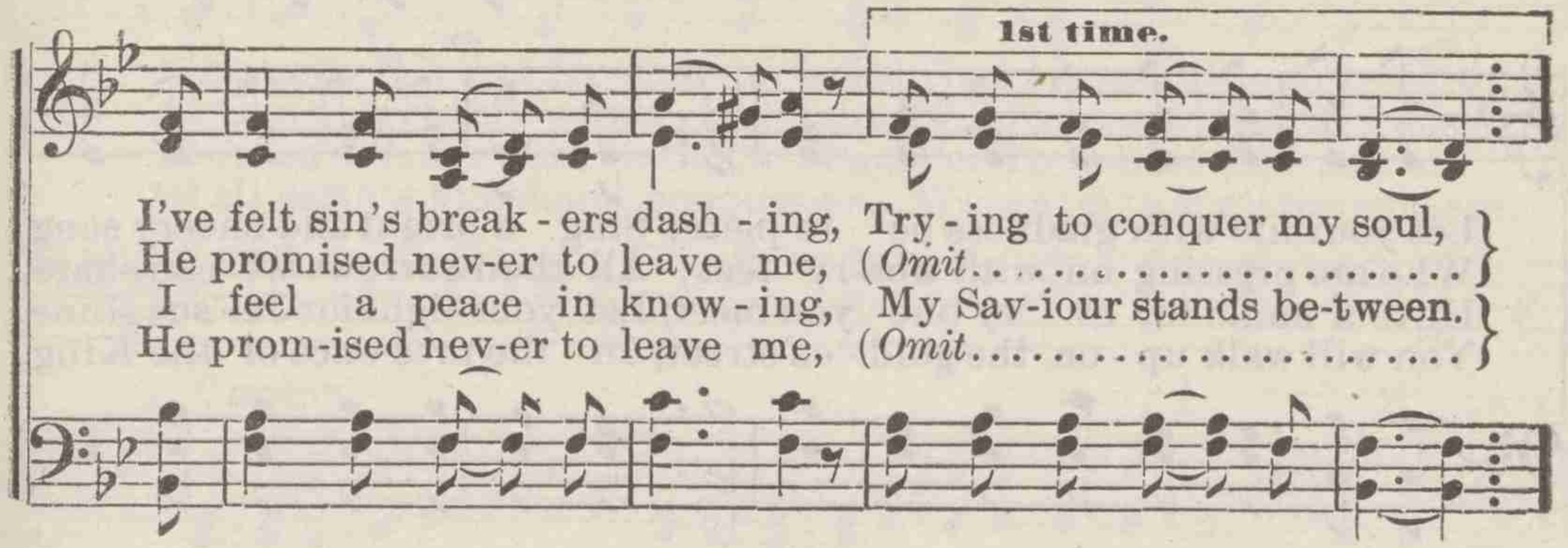
Gal-i-lee! blue Gal-i-lee! Come, sing thy song a-gain to me!
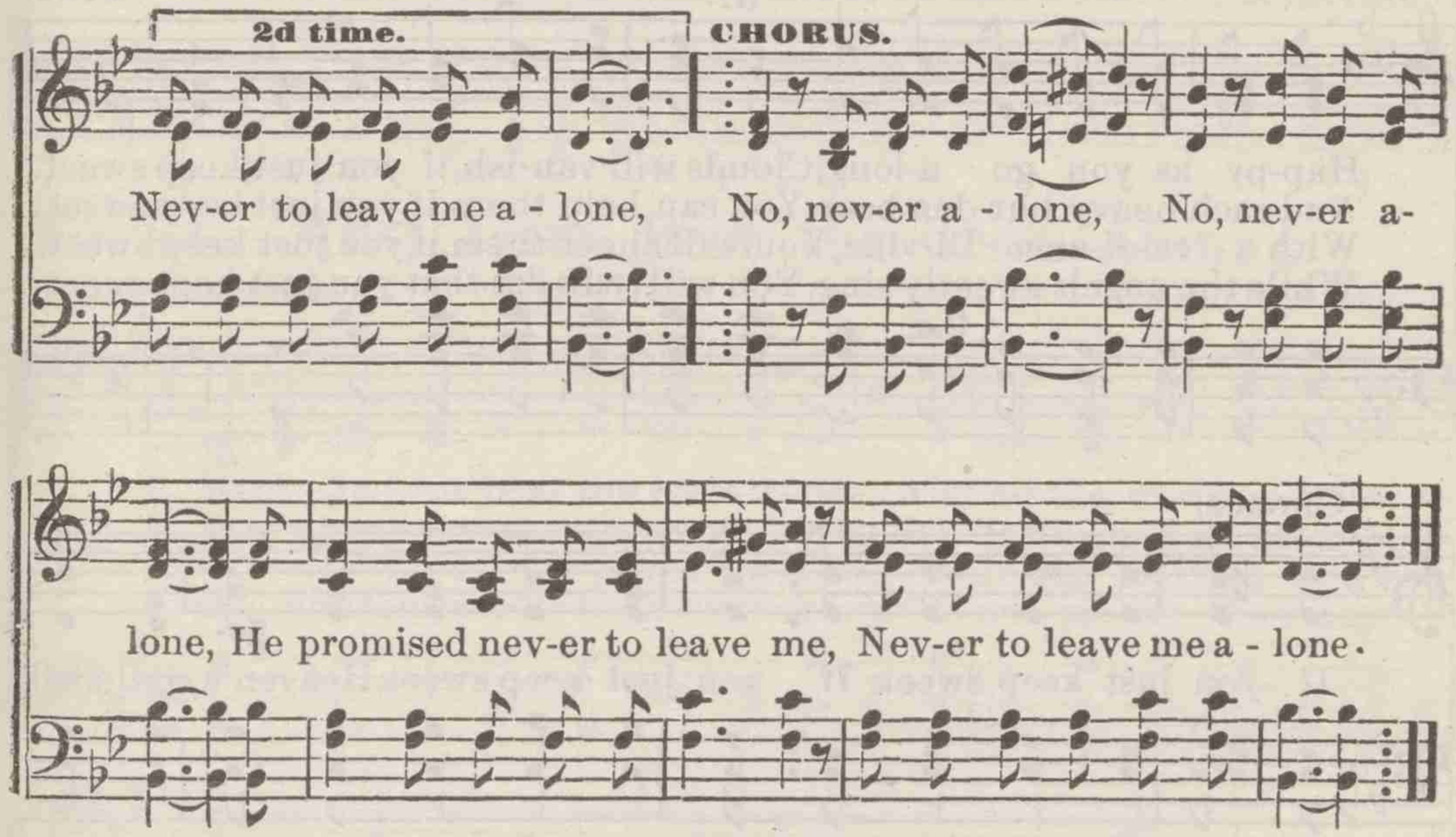
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No. 51 Never Alone.

English.







3 When in affliction's valley,
I'm treading the road of care,
My Saviour helps me to carry,
My cross when heavy to bear;
My feet entangled with briars,
Ready to cast me down,
My Saviour whispers His promise,
I'll never leave thee alone.

4 He died for me on the mountain,
For me they pierced His side,
For me He opened that fountain,
The crimson cleansing tide;
For me He's waiting in glory,
Seated upon His throne,
He promised never to leave me,
Never to leave me alone.

No. 52. If You Just Keep Sweet.

(Theme suggested by a sermon of Rev. G. D. Sampson.)

M. H. C. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. If the storms a-bove you rise, And ob-scure the sun - ny skies,
2. There are man - y souls to - day In the "straight and narrow way,"
3. So then, as you on-ward go Thro' the world of pain and woe,
4. When your la-bors here are past, And you dwell in peace at last,

Let your life with gladness be re-plete; Sing a bright and cheery song,
Who are pressing on with wea-ry feet; All their sorrows we can share,
Have a smile for ev - 'ry one you meet; Let your light for Je - sus shine,
You will walk up - on the gold - en street; In the pres-ence of the King,

FINE.

Hap-py as you go a-long, Clouds will van-ish, if you just keep sweet.
And each heavy bur-den bear, You can help them, if you just keep sweet.
With a ra-di-ance Di-vine, You will cheer them, if you just keep sweet.
While the angels sweetly sing, You will praise Him that you just kept sweet.

CHORUS.

If you just keep sweet, If you just keep sweet, Heaven's smile will

D. S.

shine your soul to greet; If you just keep sweet, If you just keep sweet.

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No. 53. All Praise To Him.

W. H. CLARK. Arr.

1. All praise to Him who reigns a - bove, In maj - es - ty su-preme;
2 His name above all names shall stand, Ex-alt - ed more and more,
3. Re-deem-er, Sav-iour, Friend of man, Once ru-ined by the fall,
4. His name shall be the Counsel - or, The mighty Prince of Peace,

Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re-deem.
At God the Father's own right hand, Where an-gel hosts a - dore.
Thou hast devised sal-va-tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
Of all earth's kingdoms, conquer-or, Whose reign shall never cease.

CHORUS.

Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord, of the Lord.

No. 54. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

THOS. SHEPHERD. GEO. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se-crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,
3. Up - on the crystal pavement, down At Je-sus' pierc-ed feet,
4. O precious cross! O glorious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my golden crown, And His dear name repeat.
Ye an-gels from the stars come down And bear my soul a-way.

No. 55. His Promise Will Endure.

MENZIES CUMMING. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. Up-on His Word, His precious Word, From ev-'ry snare I'll stand secure;
2. In darkest night, when friends have fled, And Satan's vict'ry seems most sure,
3. His precious Word, His *living* Word, A well-spring to my soul most pure,
4. Amid the scenes of earth-born strife, When Hope's high tow'r seems insecure,

Sin may engage and passions rage, I *know* His prom-ise will en - dure.
When naught but gloom enfolds the tomb, I *know* His prom-ise will en - dure.
Tho' deserts drear my feet may tread, I *know* His prom-ise will en - dure.
By night, by day my *faith* shall say, "I *know* His prom-ise will en - dure."

CHORUS.

Up - on His Word..... His precious Word, His precious Word,
Up-on His Word,

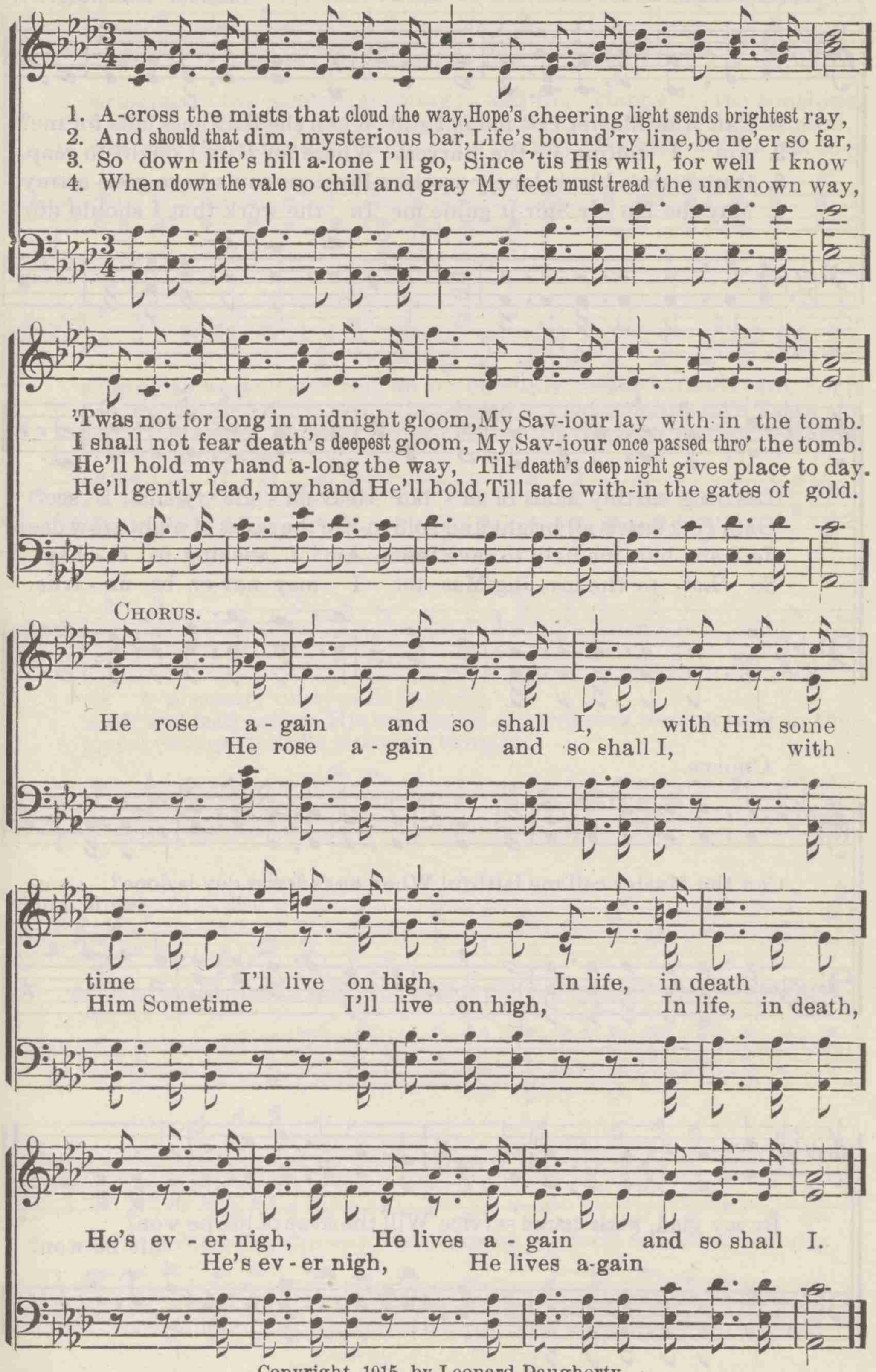
My faith will stand sin's fierc-est shock; Tho' tempests blow,.....
Tho' tempests blow,

and bil - lows flow, My house is built up - on a Rock.

Copyright, 1915, by Jas. H. Rosecrans.

No. 56. With Him Sometime.

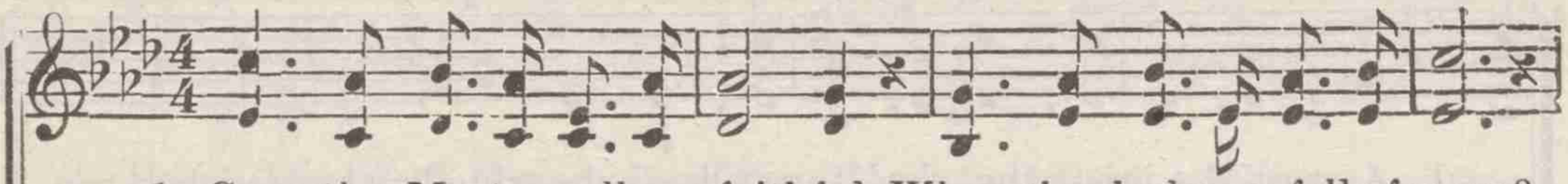
NINA GORDON MODGLIN. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.



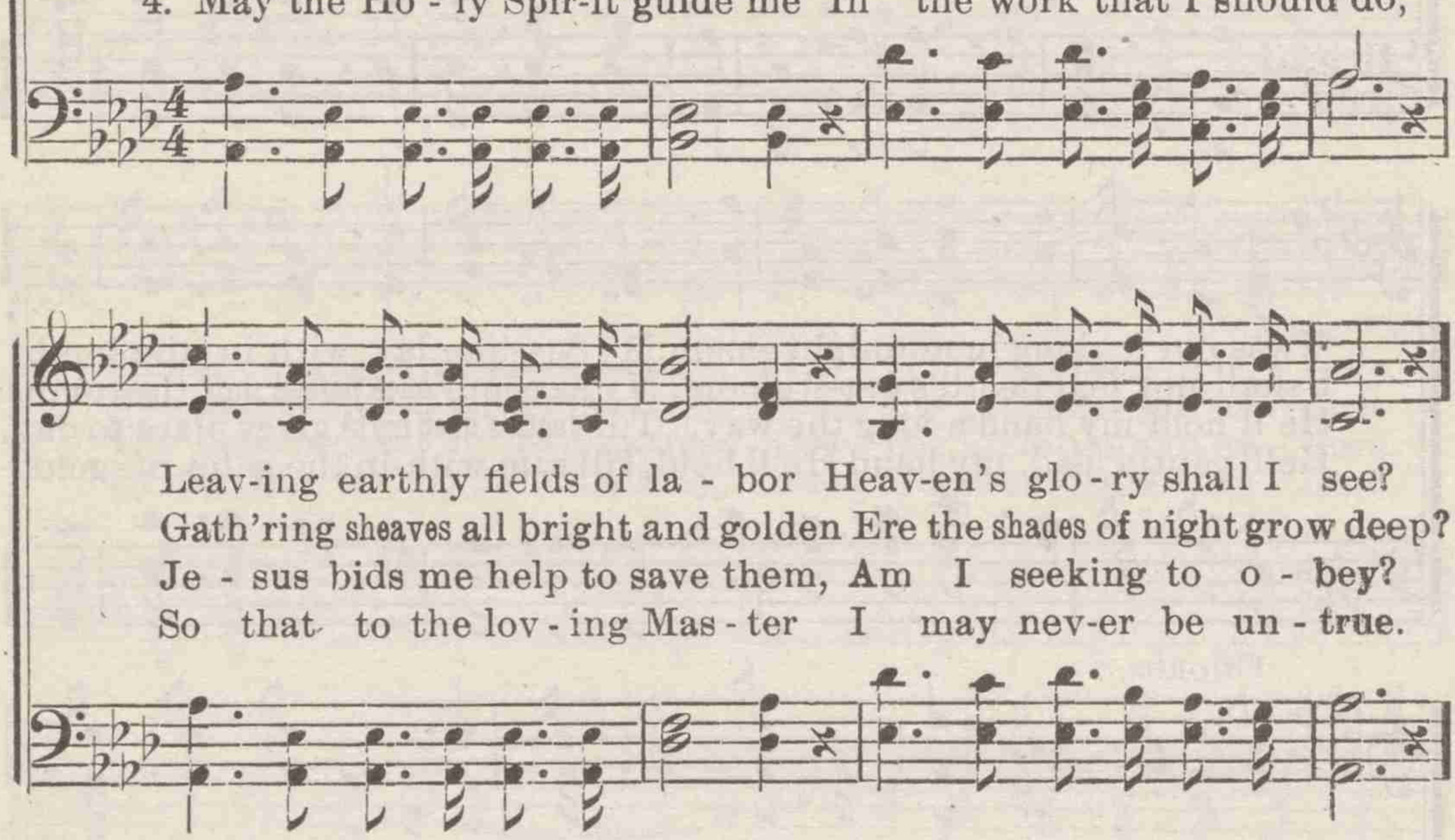
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No. 57. Can the Master Call Me Faithful?

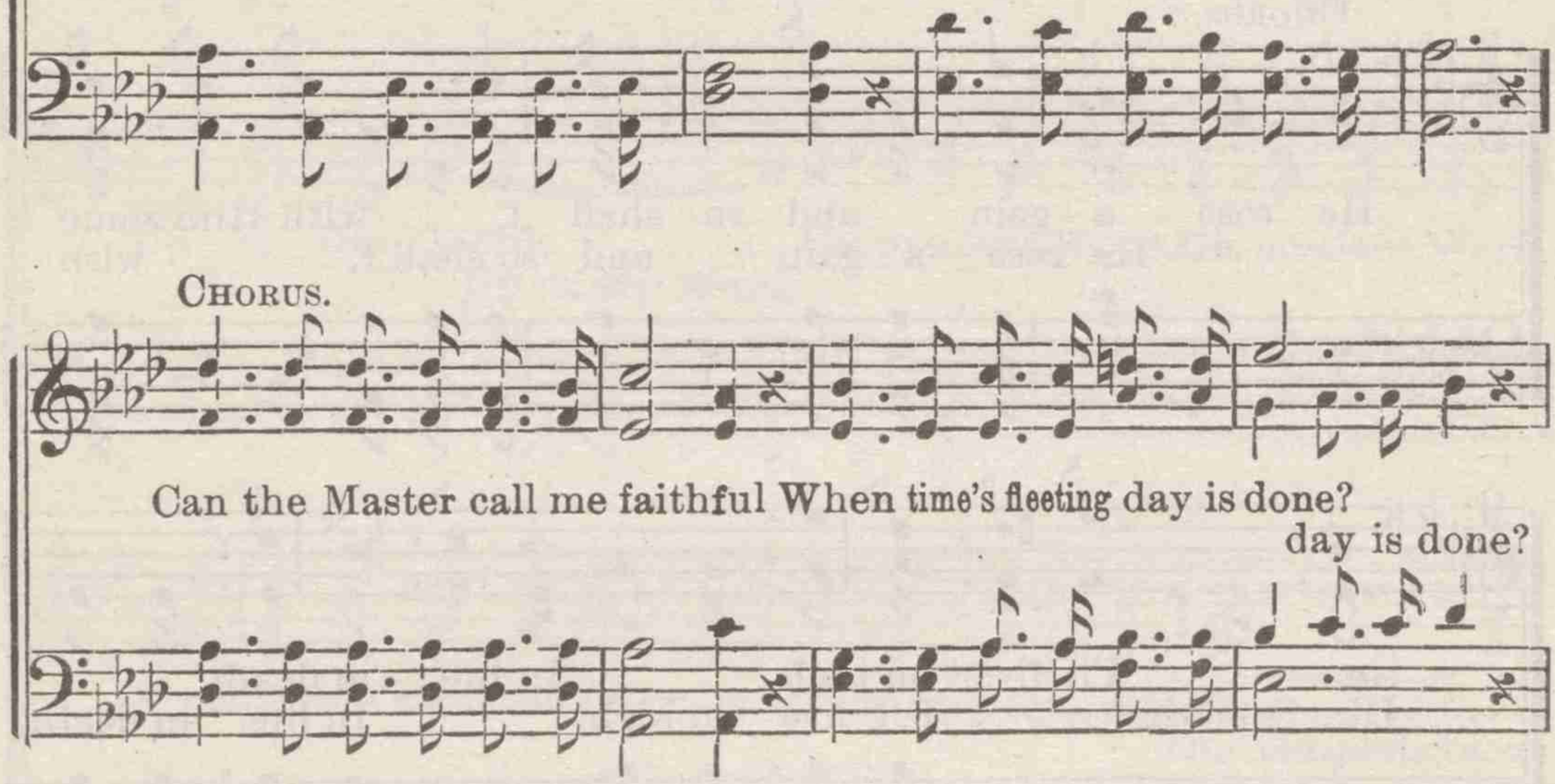
JENNIE WILSON. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.



1. Can the Master call me faithful When the darkness falls for me?
2. Am I toiling in the harvest Where for Him I ought to reap,
3. Out on sin's bleak, lonely mountains Precious souls have gone astray;
4. May the Ho - ly Spir-it guide me In the work that I should do,

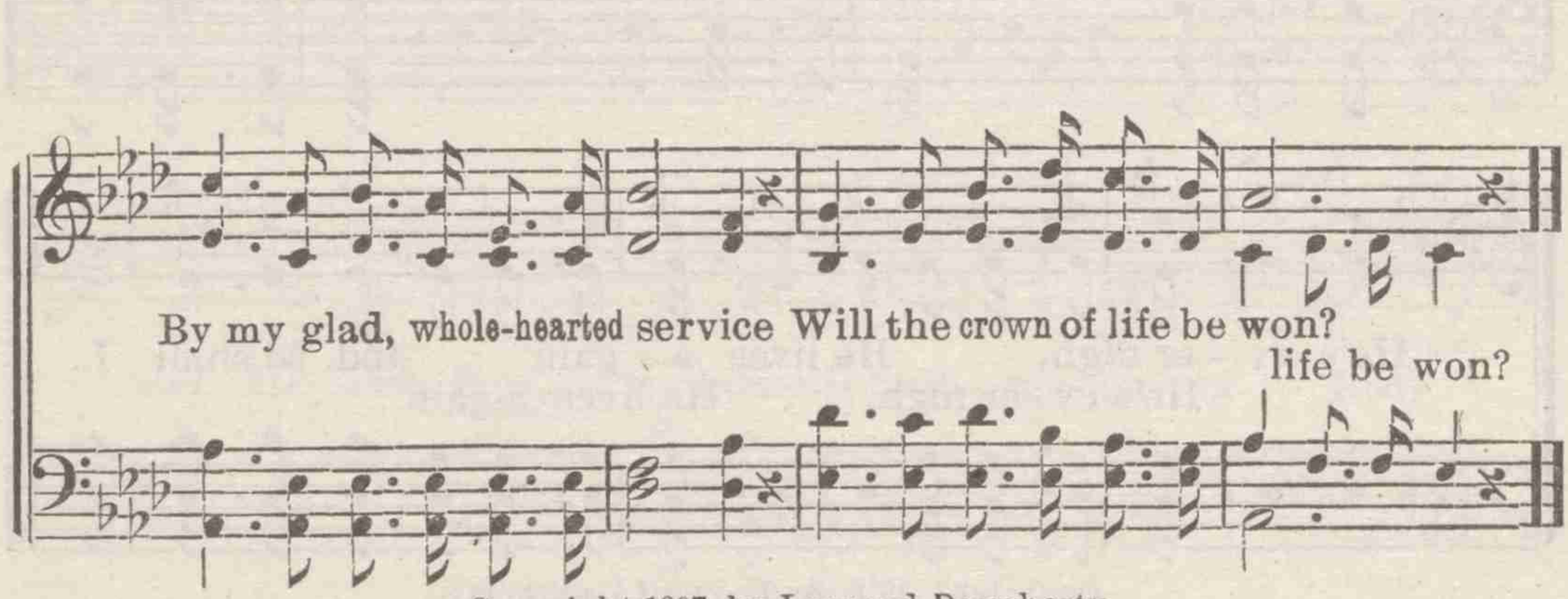


Leav-ing earthly fields of la - bor Heav-en's glo - ry shall I see?
Gath'ring sheaves all bright and golden Ere the shades of night grow deep?
Je - sus bids me help to save them, Am I seeking to o - bey?
So that to the lov - ing Mas - ter I may nev-er be un - true.



CHORUS.

Can the Master call me faithful When time's fleeting day is done?
day is done?



By my glad, whole-hearted service Will the crown of life be won?
life be won?

Copyright 1907, by Leonard Daugherty.

No. 58. In the Harvest Field.

R. VENTING. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Bringing in the harvest, gleaning to and fro, Happy in the sunshine,
2. Faithful in His service, looking "here and there." Lest a tiny handful,
3. Rise and do your duty, rest not "by the way," Seeking out the lost ones

singing as we go; Gath'ring up our handfuls, working without care, For it
or a golden ear Should be lost in passing, for the Saviour's love Takes the
going yet astray; Harvest is not finished till the heav'ns ring With the

REFRAIN.

is a pleasure, du-ty calls us there.
weak and frail ones to His home above. Go and seek the lost ones in the
joyful tidings, "all the sheaves we bring."

fields of sin, Christ still calls for helpers golden sheaves to win; 'Tis the single

units, gathered by the way, Which make up the total of the harvest day.

Property of A. J. Showalter

No. 59. Jesus Saves!

J. Lewis West. M. Homer Cummings.

1. There's a might - y, lov - ing Sav-iour, who has shed His blood for me, Je - sus
2. O the mag - ic of the sto - ry of the Man of Gal - i - lee, Je - sus
3. Won't you now ac - cept the Saviour? He can cleanse your heart to-day, Je - sus

saves! Je - sus saves! I have plunged in - to the foun - tain
saves! Je - sus saves! They are flock-ing by the thou - sands
saves! Je - sus saves! He can fill your soul with glo - ry,
Je - sus saves! Je-sus saves!

f.

and from sin I am set free, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
to the Christ who makes men free, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
take your ev - 'ry guilt a - way, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves!

Fine.

Chorus.

Je-sus saves!..... Je - sus saves!..... Je-sus saves!.....
Je-sus saves from sin to-day, Jesus saves from sin to-day, Jesus saves from sin to-day,

D. S.

Je-sus saves!..... We will spread the tidings round Ev'rywhere that man is found.
Jesus saves from sin to-day,

Copyright, 1915, by West and Cummings.

No. 60. Christ Will Take Care of You.

MENZIES CUMMINGS. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. When life's day breaks dark and drear With each moment filled with fear,
2. When the tempter's poisoned dart Wings its flight with - in the breast,
3. When 'mid joys of "sins for-giv'n" Life on earth seems raised to heav'n,
4. When some loved hand seals the eye As dark Jor - dan surg - es nigh,

When the faint-ing soul seeks rest, As each hope dies in the breast,
Where by tear and fre-quent pray'r *Truth* had found a wel-come there,
Oft the soul knows hours of gloom, Dreading *rest* with - in the tomb,
Well, the Mas - ter knows the soul In its toil to reach the goal,

CHORUS.

Christ will take care of you! Christ will take care of you!

He will nev - er grieve you, He will be your Guide and Friend.

He will nev - er leave you, He'll be with you to the end;

Copyright, 1915, by J. H. Rosecrans.

No. 61. Strike For the Right.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. J H. ROSECRANS.

SOPRANO AND TENOR.

1. A - wake! for freedom's day is breaking, Shake off the slumbers of the night;
2. Be - hold the work of des-o - la - tion, The rav-ages the foe hath wrought;
3. Not till the wrongs of earth are righted, Not till the war-y foe-man yield,

A - rise! your couch of ease for-sak - ing, Put on your ar - mor for the fight;
They dim the hon-or of the na - tion, They pass the bound-ar-ies of thought;
Will we, in freedom's cause u-nit - ed, Pause in the fight or quit the field.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

For in the name of Him who gave us The deathless nature of the soul,
The tears of brok-en-heart-ed moth - ers, The wrecks of home, the trust betrayed,
The might-y tide of ref - or - ma - tion Shall sweep the curse from hearth and home,

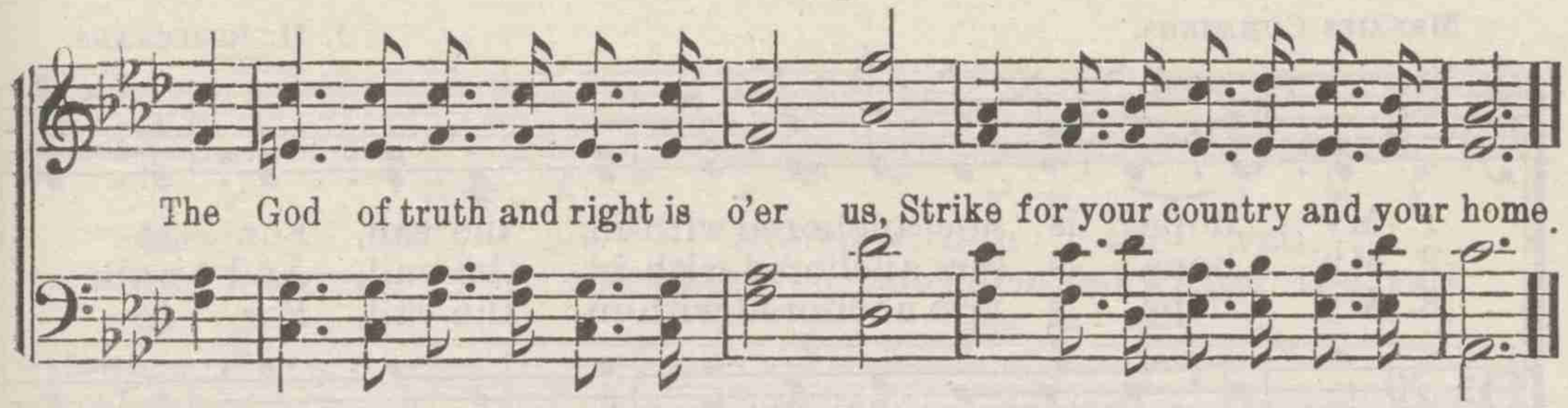
We vow the pow'rs which still enslave us, No long-er shall our land con-trol.
The chains that bind our sons and brothers, The call for vengeance and for aid.
And then, to our be-lov-ed na - tion, The year of ju - bi - lee shall come.

CHORUS.

Strike! for the foe is near be - fore us, The time for ac-tion now has come;

J. H. Rosecrans, owner.

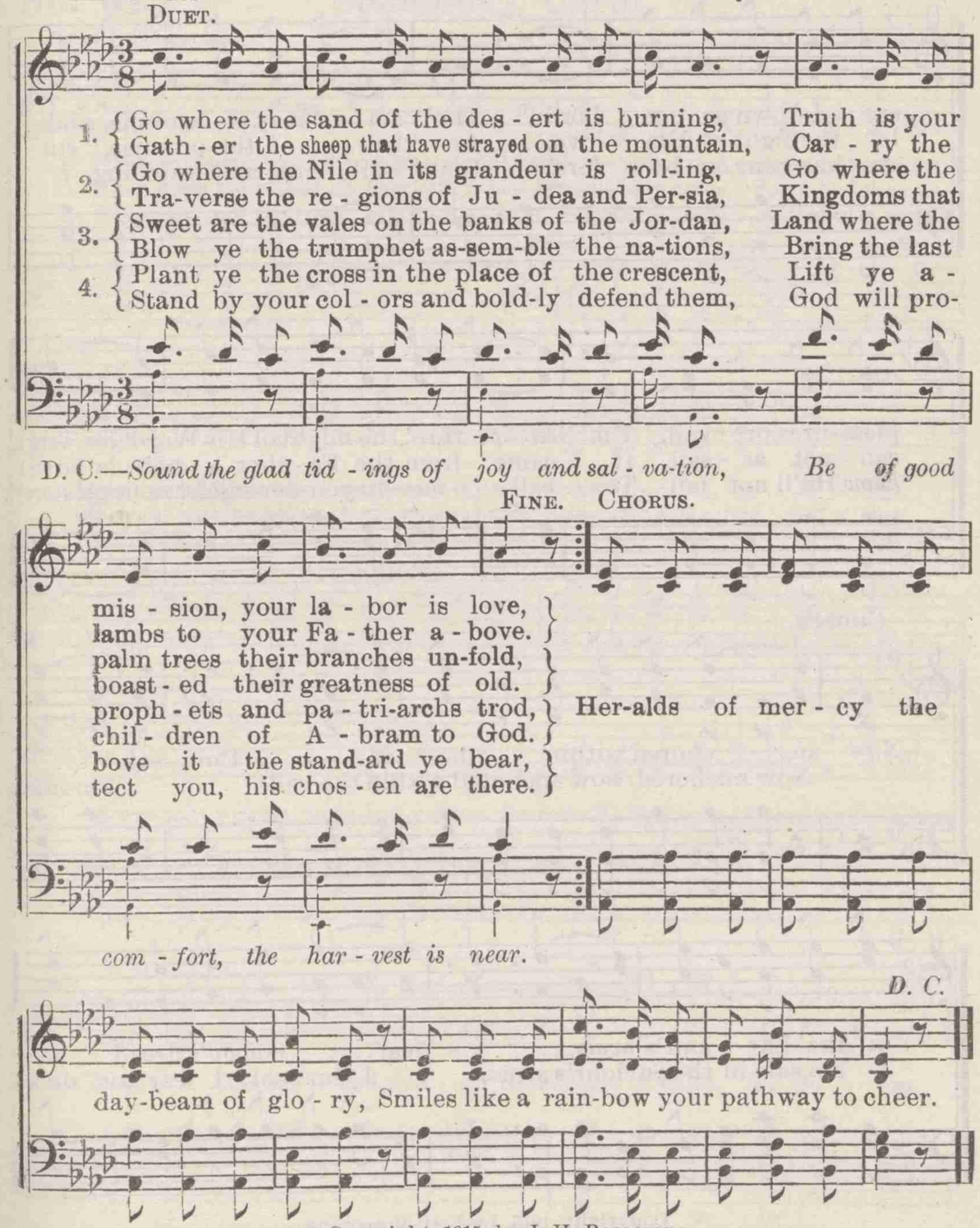
Strike For the Right. Concluded.



No. 62. Heralds of Mercy.

FANNY CROSBY. Arr. by J. H. ROSECRANS.

DUET.



Copyright, 1915, by J. H. Rosecrans.

No. 63. Anchored Within the Vail.

MENZIES CUMMINGS. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. My hope is *safe* anchored with-in the vail, For Je-
2. My hope is *sure* anchored with-in the vail, And walk
3. My hope is *firm* anchored with-in the vail, For Je-

sus I "own as my Lord;" Tho' sin . . . may al - lure me, and
in the light of His love. . . An "heir. . of the promise," sin
sus has gone on be - fore, I'm wait - ing and watching, I

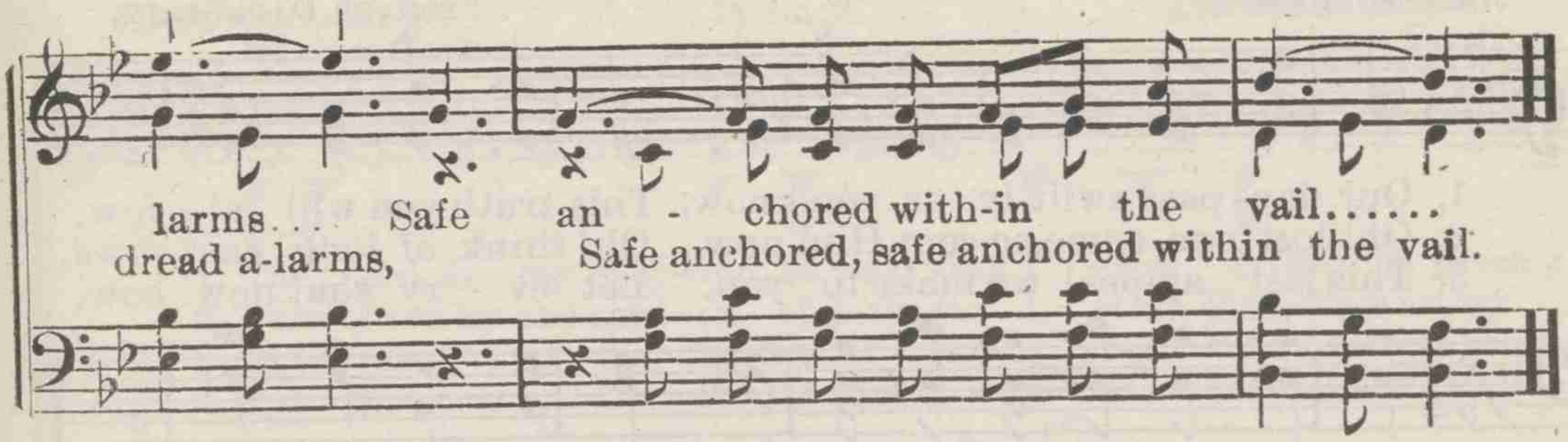
pleas-ures pre - vail, I'm *strong* thro' the might of His Word (His Word).
can - not as - sail, It came from the Fa - ther a - bove (a-bove).
know He'll not fail To call me to yon-der bright shore (bright shore).

CHORUS.

Now an - chored within the vail, ... I'm safe . . . . .
Now anchored, now anchored within the vail, I'm safe,
in the Sav - iour's arms, . . . I fear . . . . . not sin's dread a-
I am safe in the Saviour's arms, I fear not, I fear not sin's

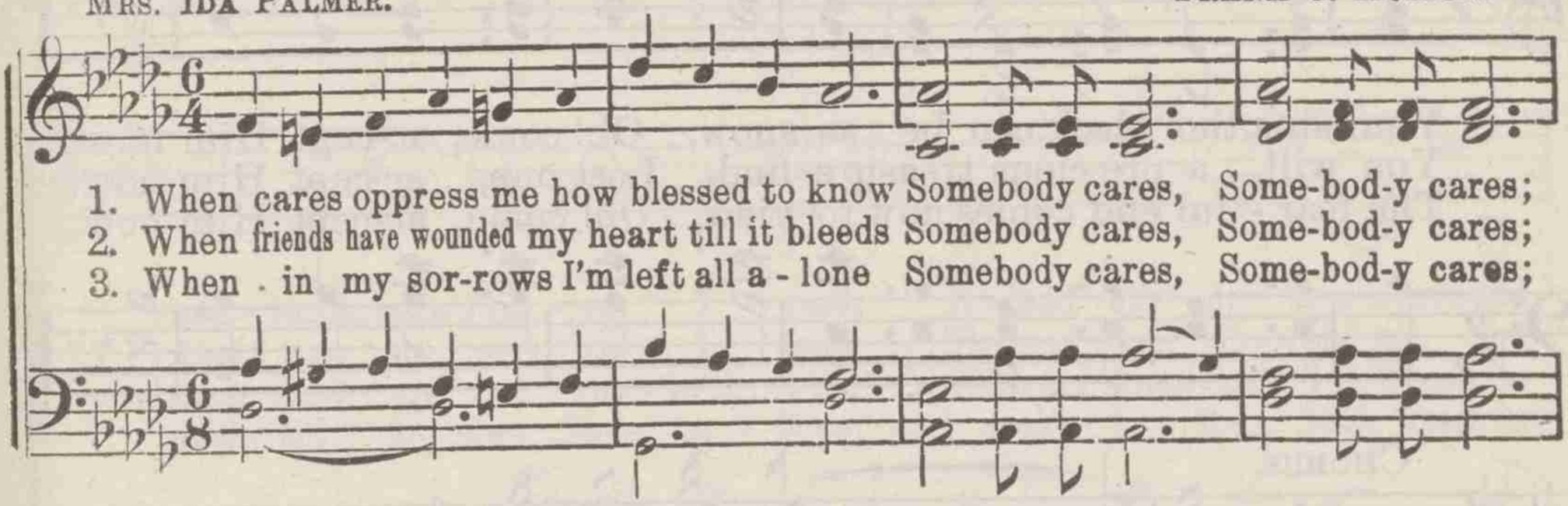
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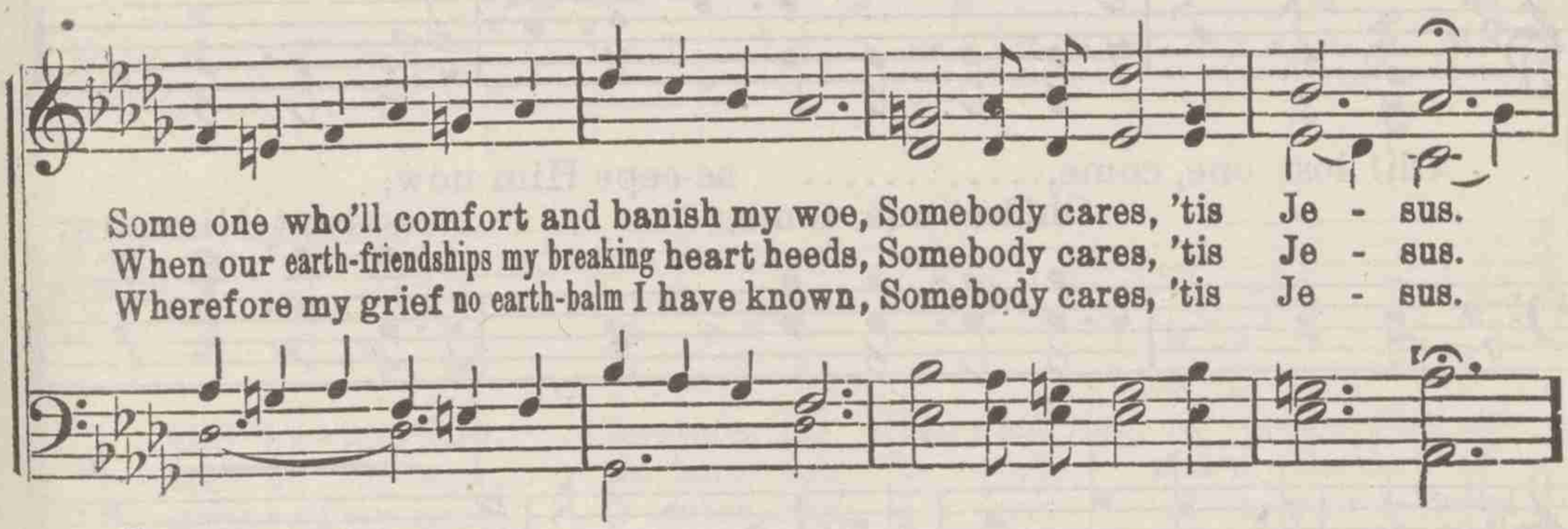
Anchored Within the Vail. Concluded.



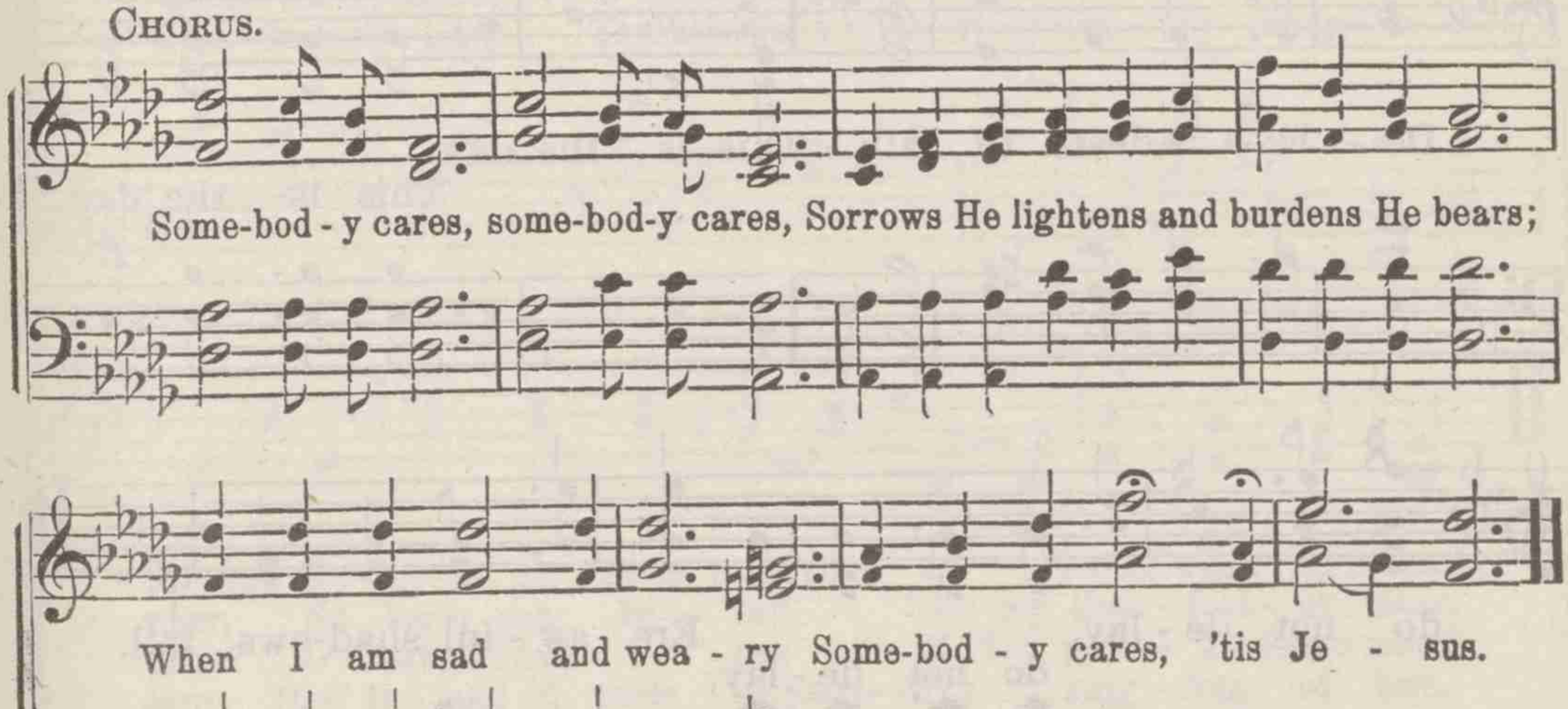
No. 64. Somebody Cares.

MRS. IDA PALMER. FRANK C. HUSTON.





CHORUS.



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No. 65. Accept Him Now.

JOHN MCPHERSON. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. Our days pass swift-ly as you know, This truth you will al - low,
2. Oh! lost one, come,ac-cept Him now, Oh! think of long past vows,
3. This last ap-peal we make to you, Let ev - 'ry soul now bow,

Your sins,tho' black,can be as snow, Oh! come, ac-cept Him now.
You will, a pre-cious treasure find, Lost one, ac-cept Him now.
The fear - ful end comes now to view, Oh! come, ac-cept Him now.

CHORUS.

Oh! lost one, come,..... ac-cept Him now,
Oh! lost one, come, ac-cept Him now,

De - lay is death to all; This is the day,.....
This is the day,

do not de - lay, Ere aw - ful shad-ows fall.
do not de - lay,

Words and music copyright, 1915, by Leonard Daugherty.

No. 66. The Lord is My Shepherd.

JAMEL MONTGOMERY. Psalm 23. Arr. from KOSCHAT.
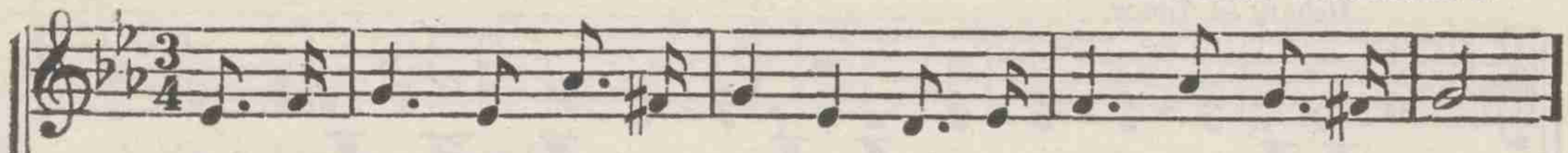
Melody in Tenor.

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know, I feed in green pas - tures, safe fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my soul where the still wa - ters flow, Re-stores me when wand'ring, re - deems when op-
2. Thro' the valley and shad - ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my guard-ian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de - fend me, Thy staff be my stay, No harm can be - fall, with my Comfort - er
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread, With blessings un- meas-ured, my cup run - neth o'er; With per-fume and oil Thou a- noint - est my head; O what shall I ask of Thy prov-i - dence
4. Let good-ness and mer - cy, my boun-ti - ful God, Still fol-low my steps till I meet Thee a - bove; I seek— by the path which my fore - fa-ther's trod; Thro' the land of their sojourn—Thy king-dom of

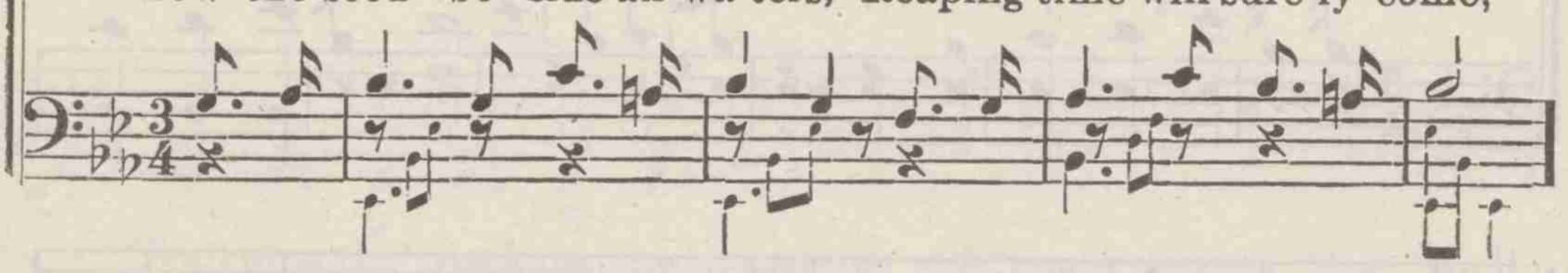
pressed, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re - deems when op-pressed.
near, No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er near.
more? O what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence more?
love, Thro' the land of their so-journ—Thy king - dom of love.
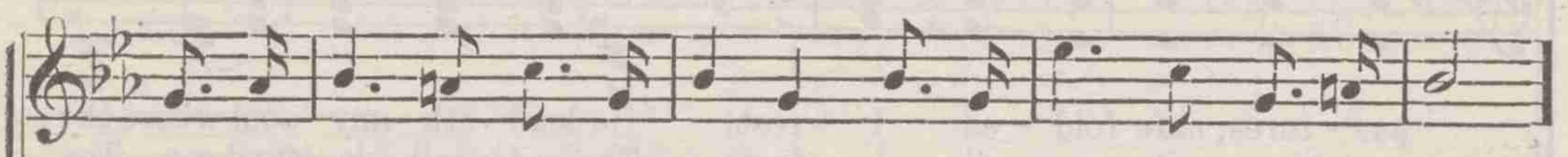
No. 67. We Will Work for Jesus.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

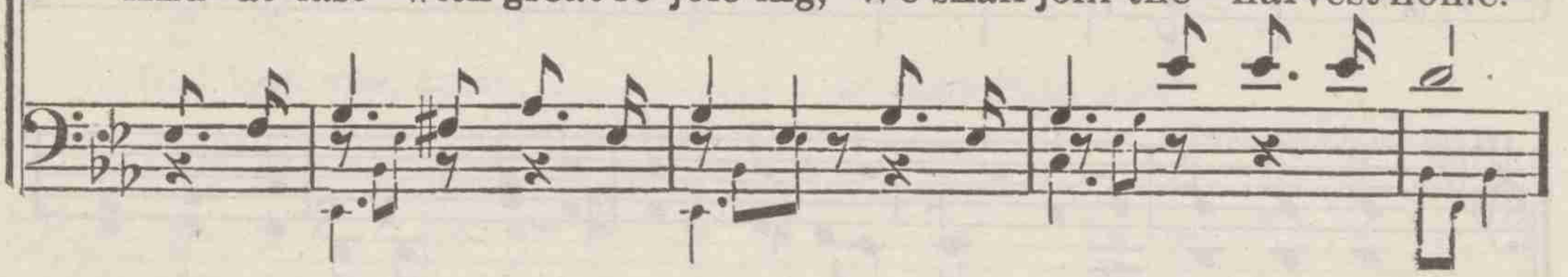


1. Wea-ry, worn and heav-y lad - en, O how ma - ny such there are,
2. Will you speak a word for Je - sus, Tell some struggling sin-sick soul
3. O the dear - est work allowed us In this world of sin and woe
4. Time is pre-cious, life is go - ing; Hasten, Christian, while you may.
5. Sow the seed "be - side all wa-ters," Reaping time will sure-ly come,

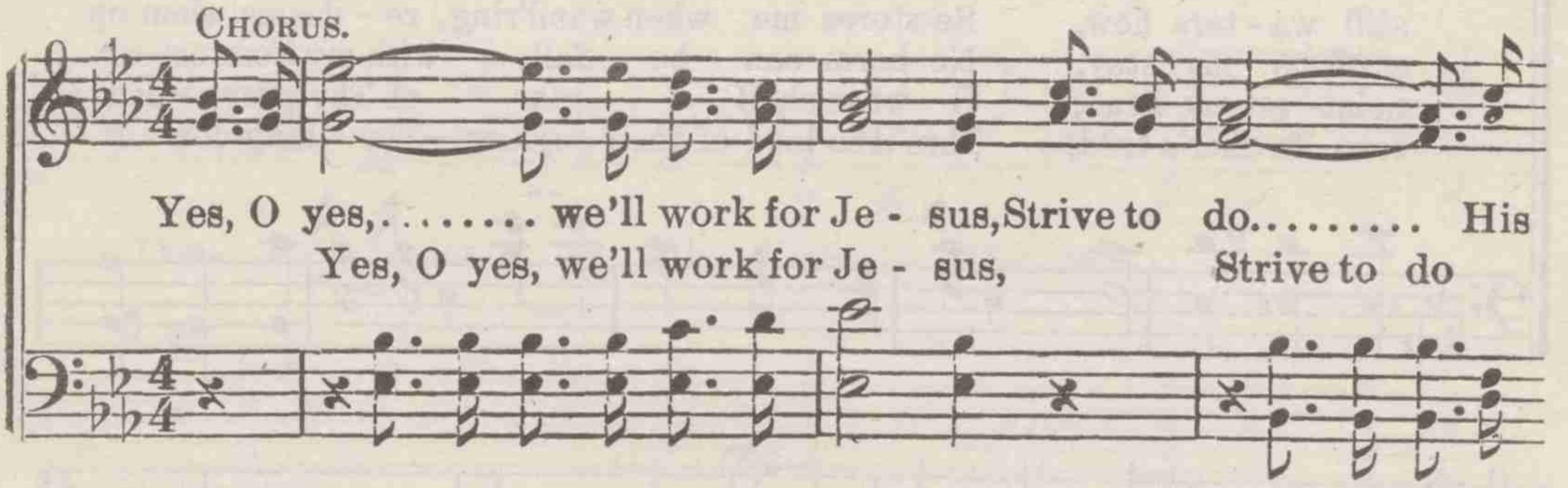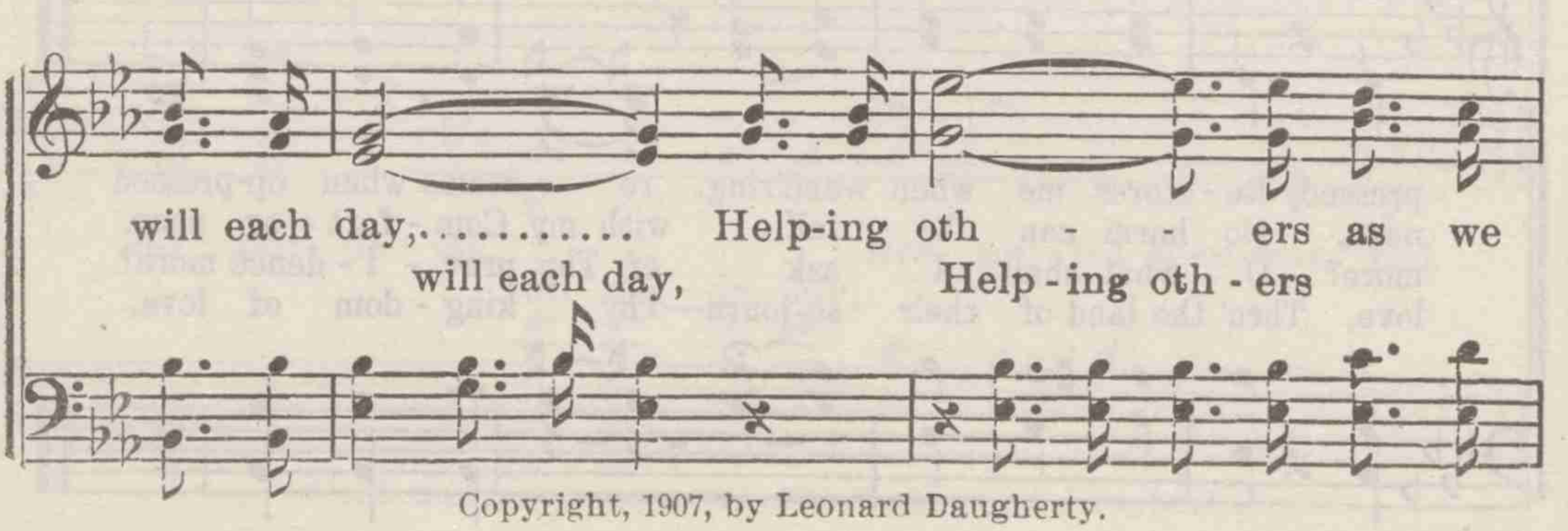




Will you help to lift the bur-den From some hearts so full of care?
Of the Lord who came to save us, Came to make us free and whole?
Is to give the gos-pel mes-sage Un - to those that do not know.
Help to spread the joy-ful sto - ry, You can go or send or pray.
And at last with great re-joic-ing, We shall join the "harvest home."



CHORUS.
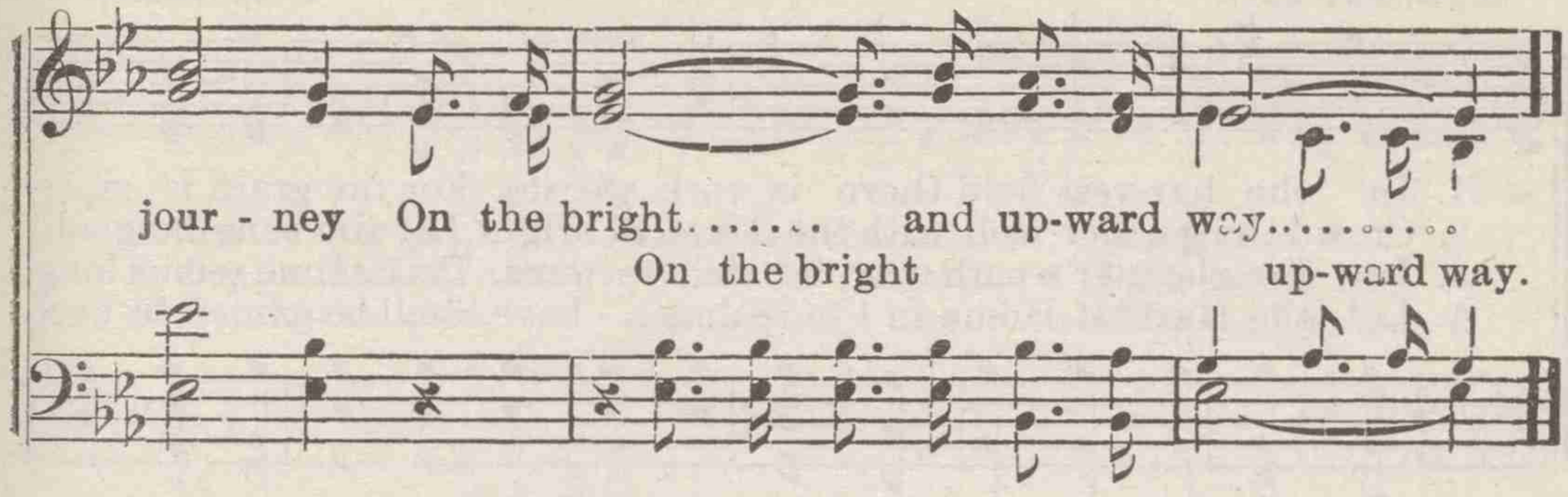


Yes, O yes,..... we'll work for Je - sus, Strive to do..... His
Yes, O yes, we'll work for Je - sus, Strive to do



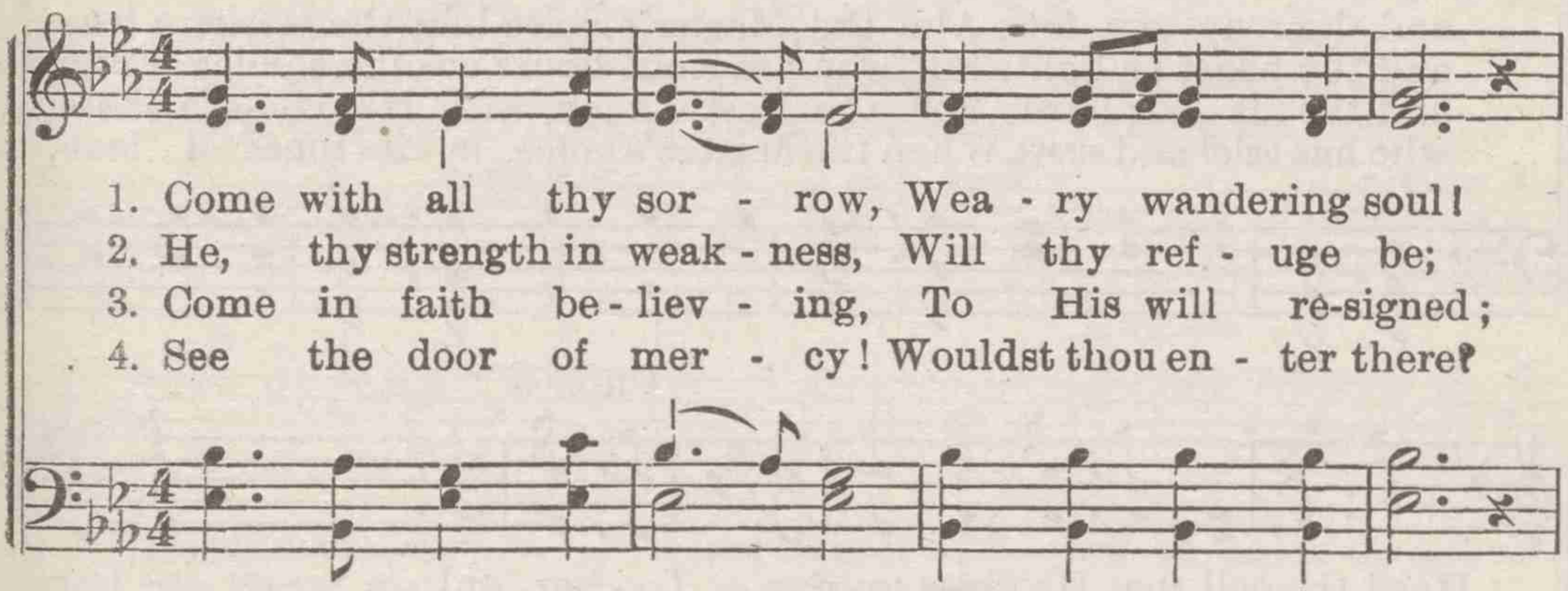
will each day,..... Help-ing oth - - ers as we
will each day, Help - ing oth - ers

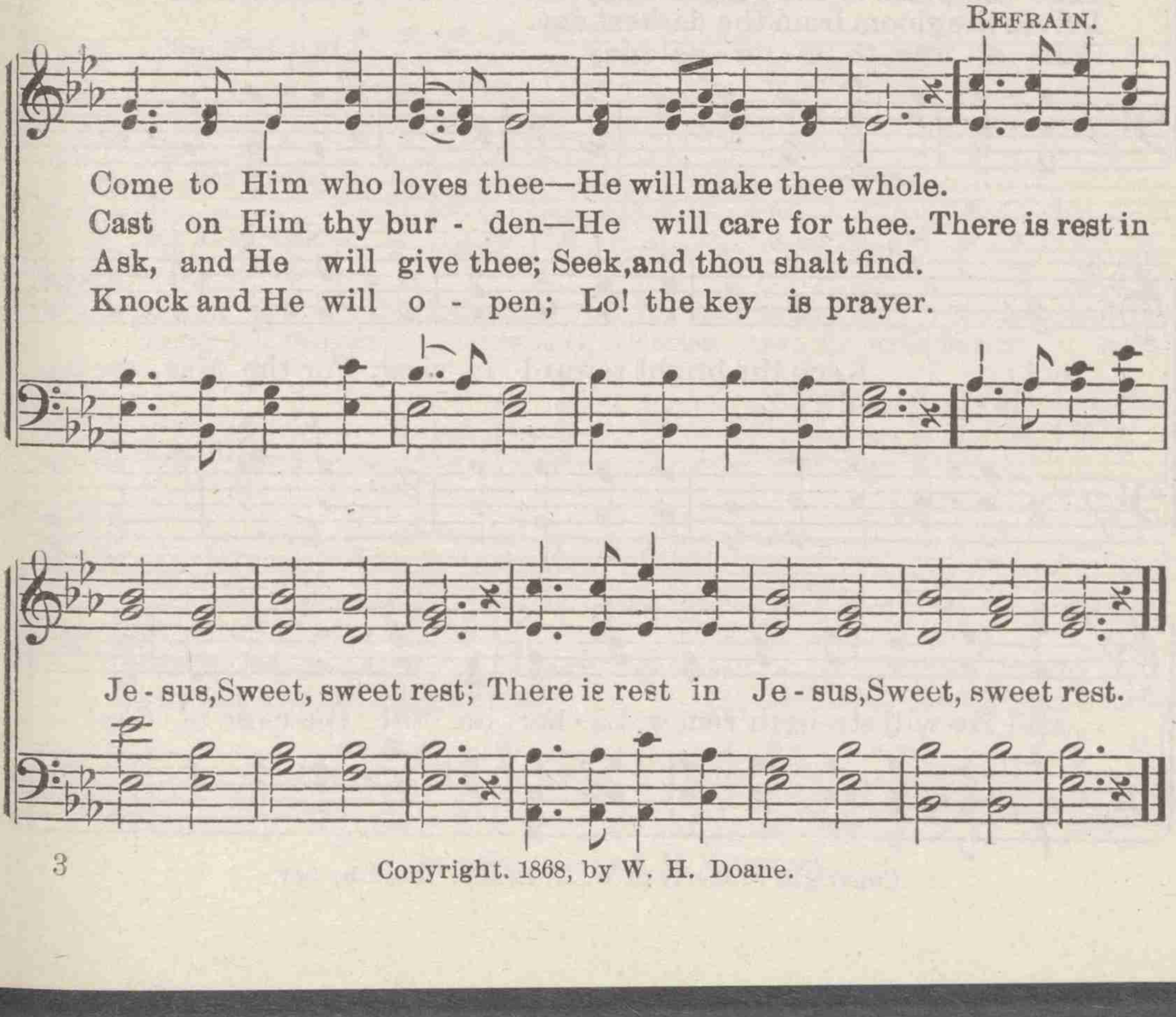
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No. 68. Rest In Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.





Copyright. 1868, by W. H. Doane.

No. 69. Labor On.

C. R. BLACKALL. W. H. DOANE.

1. In the har-vest field there is work to do, For the grain is ripe,
2. Crowd the gar-ner well with the sheaves all bright, Let the song be glad,
3. In the glean-er's path may be rich re-ward, Tho' the time seems long,
4. Lo! the Harvest Home in the realms a - bove Shall be gained by each

and the reap - ers few; And the Master's voice bids the workers true,
and the heart be light; Fill the pre-cious hours ere the shades of night
and the la - bor hard; For the Master's joy, with His cho-sen shared,
who has toiled and strove, When the Master's voice, in its tones of love,

CHORUS.

Heed the call that He gives to - day. La - bor on! la - bor
Take the place of the gold-en day.
Drives the gloom from the darkest day.
Calls a - way to e - ter - nal day. la - bor on!

on! Keep the bright reward in view; For the Mas - ter has
la - bor on!

said He will strength renew; La - bor on till the close of day!

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No. 70. Toil On and Rejoice.

H. Bonar. J. H. Rosecrans.

1. Go, la - bor on,..... spend and be spent..... The joy to do .....
2. Go, la - bor on;..... 'tis not for naught,.....Thine earthly loss.....
3. Go, la - bor on;..... enough, while here,.....If He shall praise.....

the Father's will;..... It is the way..... the Master went;.....
is heav'n-ly gain;.....Men heed thee,love..... thee,praise thee not,.....
thee, if He deign..... Thy willing heart..... to mark and cheer;.....

Chorus.

Should not the serv - ant tread it still? Toil on, and in thy toil re -
The Master prais - es what are men?
No toil for Him..... shall be in vain. Toil on, and

joice;..... For toil comes rest, for exile home;..... Soon shalt thou
in thy toil re-joice; For toil comes rest, for exile home; Soon

hear the Bride-groom's voice,.... The midnight peal:..... "Behold I come!"....
shalt thou hear the Bride-groom's voice, The mid-night peal:"Behold I come, I come!"

Copyright, 1915, by J. H. Rosecrans.

No. 71. What Shall I Do With Jesus Then?

W. H. LIGON. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. When in the bloom..... of ros - y youth, And near to
2. When in the noon - - tide glare of life, I stern-ly
3. When in the eve - - ning of life's day, And near my
4. Then, when life's con - - flicts all are done, Too late, too

1. When in the bloom of ros - y youth,

child - - hood's hap - py glen, I hear the sim - -
with..... the world con-tend, And hear the Word.....
earth - - ly jour-ney's end, I hear a - gain.....
late..... my course to mend, I stand be - fore.....

And near to child-hood's happy glen, I hear the sim -

ple gos - pel truth, "What shall I do with Je - sus then?"
with bless - ings rife, "What shall I do with Je - sus then?"
the old - time way, "What shall I do with Je - sus then?"
God's on - ly Son; "What shall I do with Je - sus then?"

CHORUS.

Oh, shall I meet Him with de-light, Up - on the oth - er shore,

Or pass on out to end - less night, To dwell for ev - er - more?

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No. 72. I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

Arr. by L. D.

1. I know that my Redeemer lives, That He's prepared a home for me,
2. I'm trusting Jesus Christ for all, I know His blood atones for me,
3. And now bewildered at the tho't, I stand and wonder at His love,
4. I know that soon my Lord will come, I know He will not tarry long,

And crowns of victory He gives To those who would His children be.
I'm list'ning for the gentle call To say, "the Master waiteth thee."
How He from heav'n to earth was bro't To die, that I might live above.
I know He soon will call me home To sing with joy the heav'nly song.

CHORUS.

Then ask me not to min-gle on Amid the gay and thoughtless throng,
For I am on-ly waiting here, To hear the summons, "Child, come home;"
For I am on-ly waiting here, To hear the summons, "Child, come home."

No. 73. Won't You Help To Save the Boys?

JENNIE WILSON. Arr. by LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. In our dear and prospered countryThere's a foe that we must face;
2. In the bane-ful liq-uor traf - fic Lurks this strong,relentless foe,
3. Won't you lend us your as-sist - ance As we fight the vile sa - loon;

All a-round us are his vic-tims Brand-ed with a deep dis-grace,
Who is ev - er watching, wait-ing Hap - pi-ness to o - ver-throw,
Free-dom from its work of e - vil Will be found a wel-come boon,

From this en - e - my so cru - el Who each dearest hope de-stroys,
With temptations fair al - lur - ing The un-wa - ry he de - coys,
Ere it binds them with its fet-ters, Ere it slays their dear-est joys,

f. FINE.

Ere their lives are crushed and blighted, Won't you help to save the boys?
From the snares spread out before them, Won't you help to save the boys?
From the liq - uor foe that ru - ins, Won't you help to save the boys?

D. S.—*From the danger that confronts them, Won't you help to save the boys?*

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Won't you help to save the boys? Won't you help to save the boys?

Words and arr. copyright, 1907, by Leonard Daugherty.

No. 74. God Has Not Forgotten.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. God has not for-got-ten! O soul in de-spair, God has not for-got-ten, thou still art His care; Look upward, His
2. God has not for-got-ten! O tempt-ed and tried, In sor-est temp-ta-tion He walks at thy side; If faith shall not
3. God has not for-got-ten! O mourn-er, be brave! He keeps for thy coming the treasure He gave; He sits at the
bow in the storm-cloud is set; Look up-ward, O pil-grim! God
fail thee, thou never shalt fall; O trust Him for-ev-er, and
hearthstone left darkened and chill; God has not for-got-ten, He

REFRAIN.

can not for-get.
trust Him with all! God has not for-got-ten, He cares for thee
cares for thee still!

Ad lib.

yet; God has not for-got-ten, He can not for-get!

Copyright, 1912, by The Fillmore Bros. Co.

No. 75. I Shall Be Satisfied Then.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

SOPRANO AND TENOR DUET.

1. Some day I shall waken in glo-ry, Some day my Redeemer I'll see;
2. His face I shall look on with wonder, The face of the Saviour of men;
3. His prom - ise is "lo I am with Thee," His child He will nev-er for - sake;

O won - der-ful,won-der-ful sto-ry, Like Him I shall ev - er-more be!
No more shall sin part us a - sun-der, O I shall be sat-is-fied then.
But I shall be sat-is - fied on - ly When I in His like-ness a - wake.

CHORUS. QUARTET.

O I..... shall be sat-is - fied then,..... Yes, I..... shall be
O I, yes, I shall be sat-is - fied, sat-is-fied then,Yes, I, O I shall be

sat - is - fied then,..... When Je - sus I see, like
sat - is - fied, sat - is - fied then,

Him ev - er be, O I.... shall be sat - is - fied then.....
sat - is-fied then.

Copyright, 1907, by A. J. Showalter. Used by per.

No. 76. We're Marching to Zion.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you."—NUM 10: 29.

Rev. I. WATTS. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

Spirited.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thous - and sa - cred sweets, Be -
4. Then let our songs a- bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet ac- cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And
chil- dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, May
fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be- fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or
marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To

thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

CHORUS.
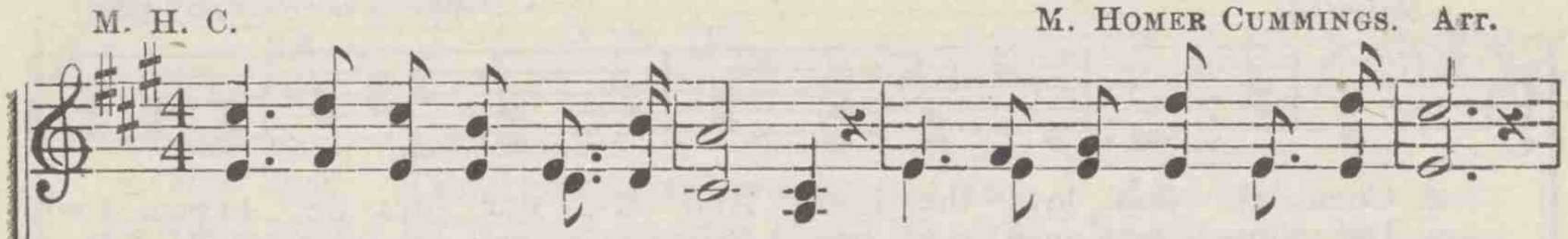
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're march- ing on to Zi - on,
marching up-ward to Zi - on, The beau- ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

Copyright, 1887, by Robert Lowry.

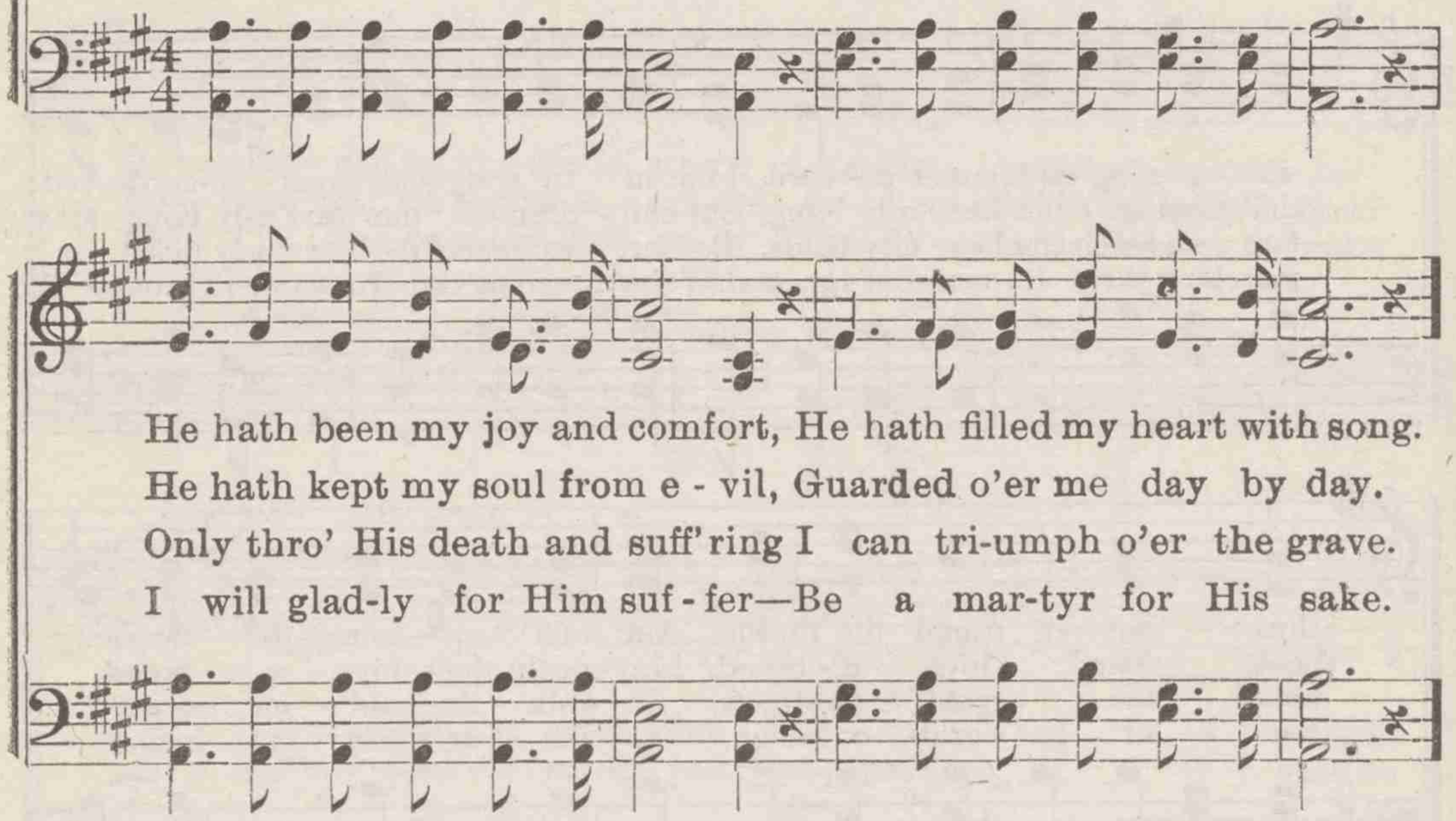
No. 77. Why Should I Deny My Saviour?

(Theme suggested from the dying words of Polycarp.)

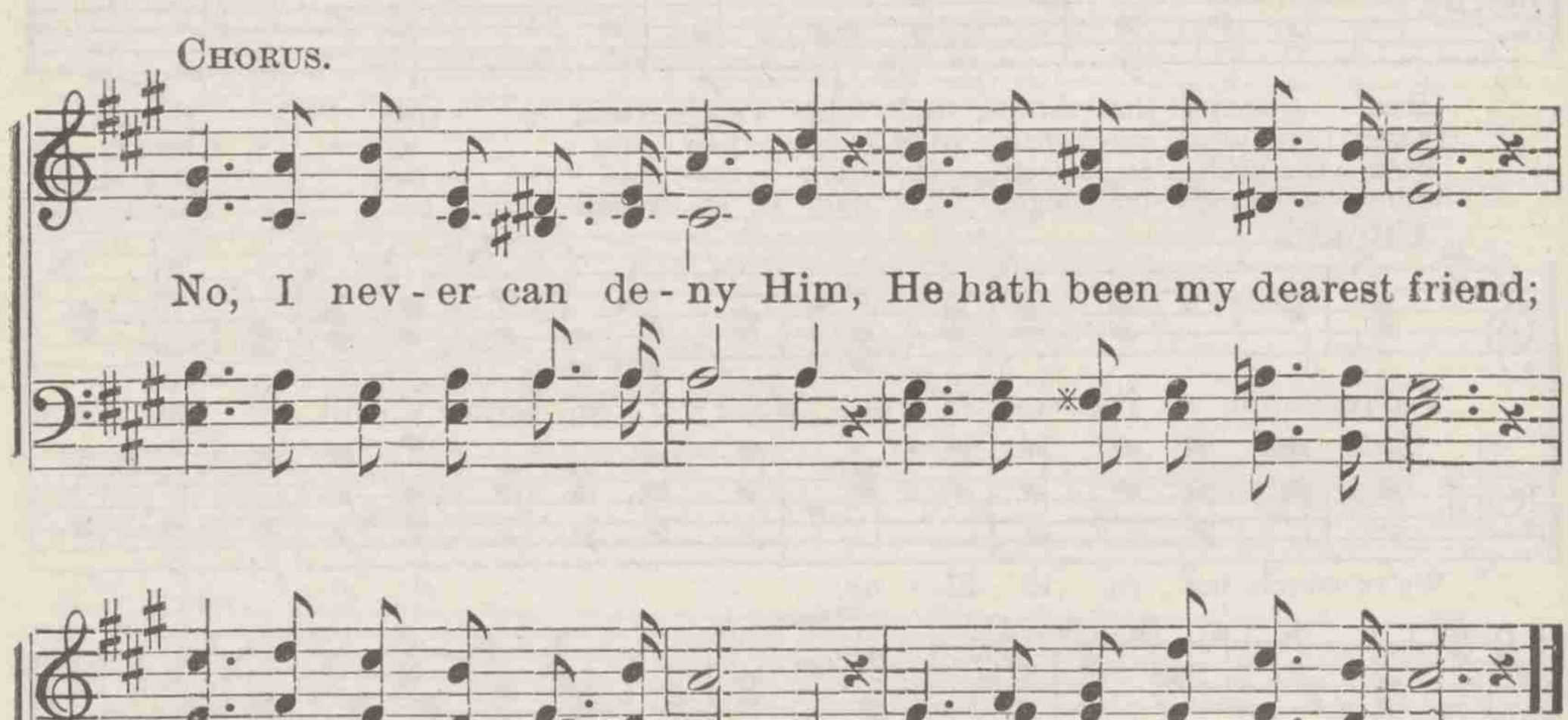
M. H. C. M. Homer Cummings. Arr.



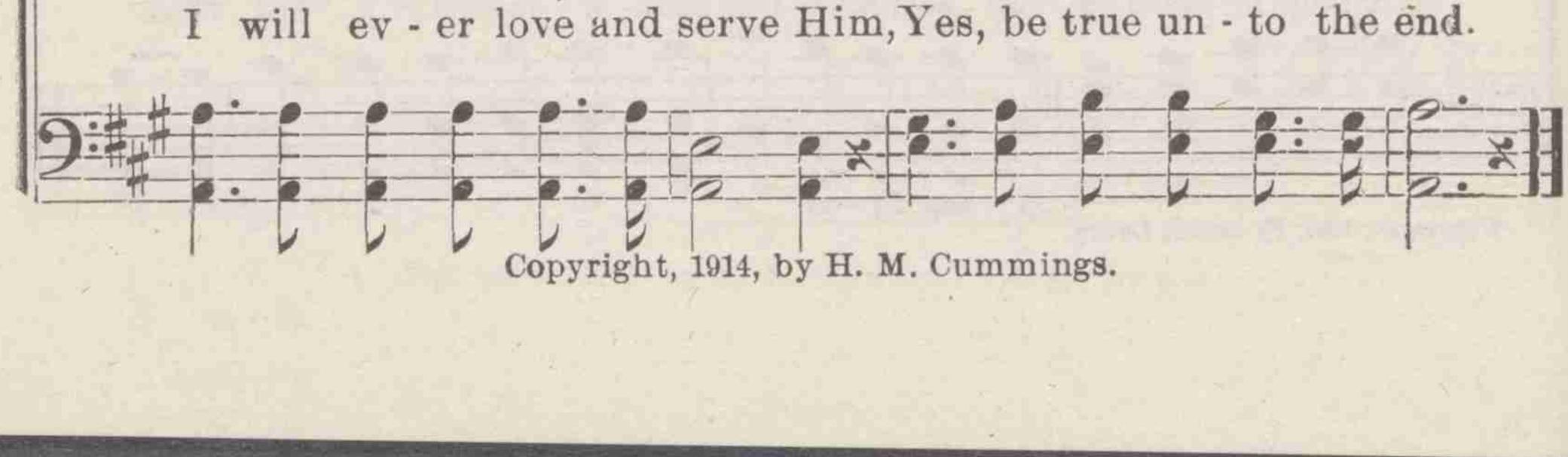
1. Why should I de-ny my Sav-iour? He hath ne'er done me a wrong,
2. How can I de - ny my Sav-iour? He hath been my constant stay,
3. Can I now de - ny my Sav-iour? He a - lone hath pow'r to save;
4. Tho' the flames may sweep around me, And I perish at the stake,



He hath been my joy and comfort, He hath filled my heart with song.
He hath kept my soul from e - vil, Guarded o'er me day by day.
Only thro' His death and suff'ring I can tri-umph o'er the grave.
I will glad-ly for Him suf - fer—Be a mar-tyr for His sake.



Chorus.
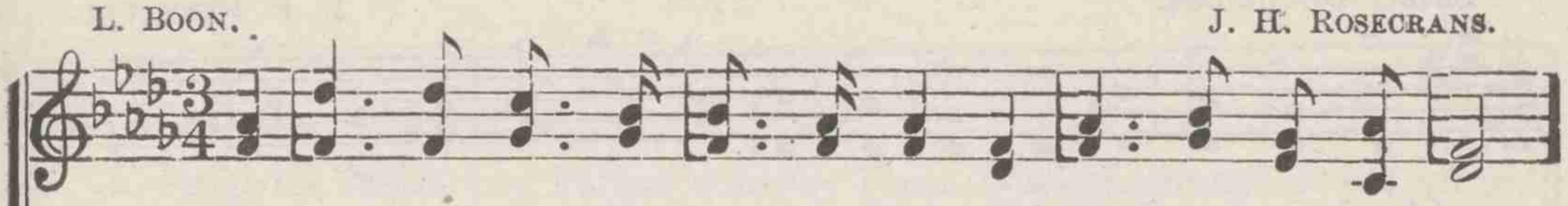


No, I nev - er can de - ny Him, He hath been my dearest friend;

I will ev - er love and serve Him, Yes, be true un - to the end.

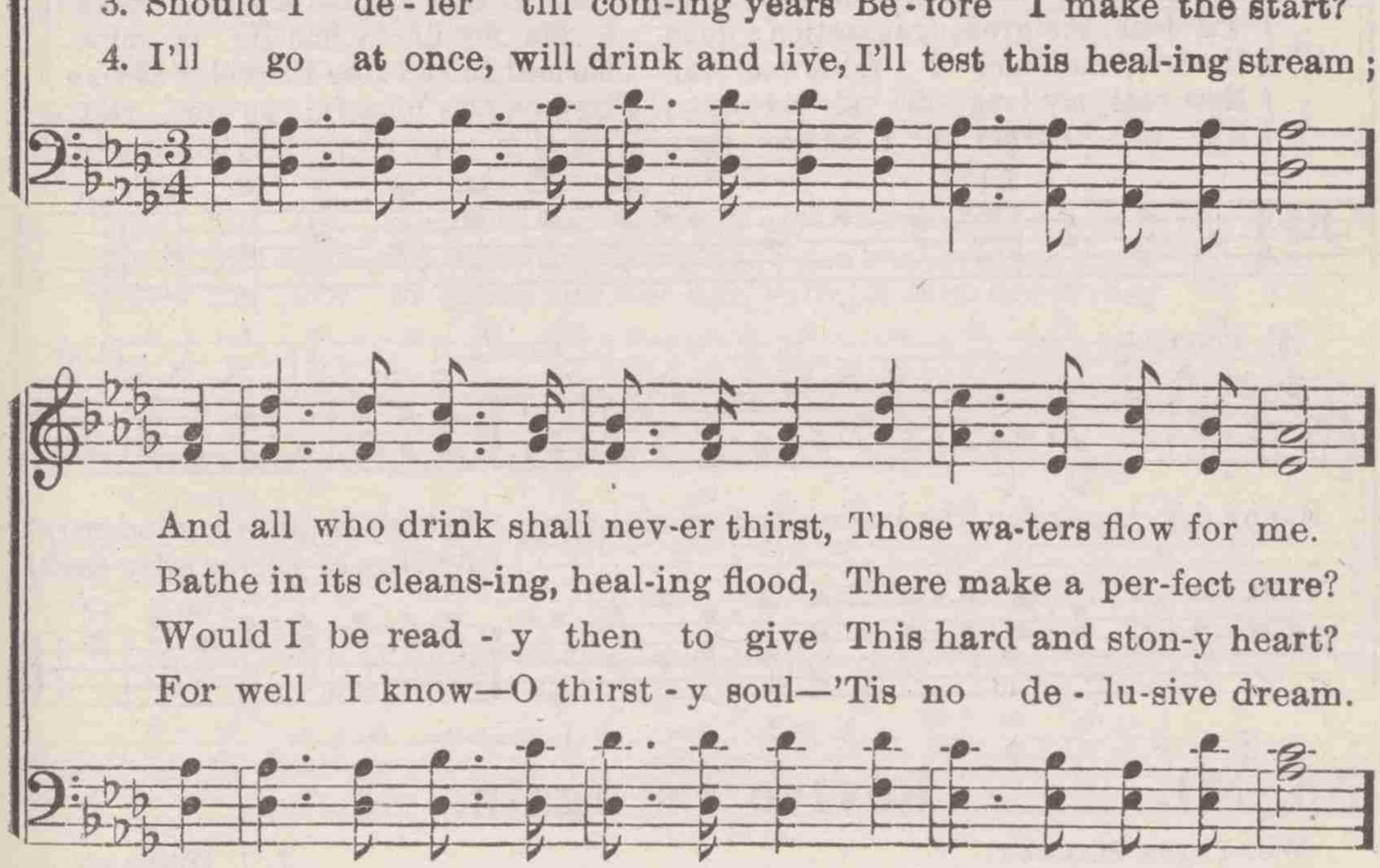
Copyright, 1914, by H. M. Cummings.

No. 78. A Fount That's Never Dry.

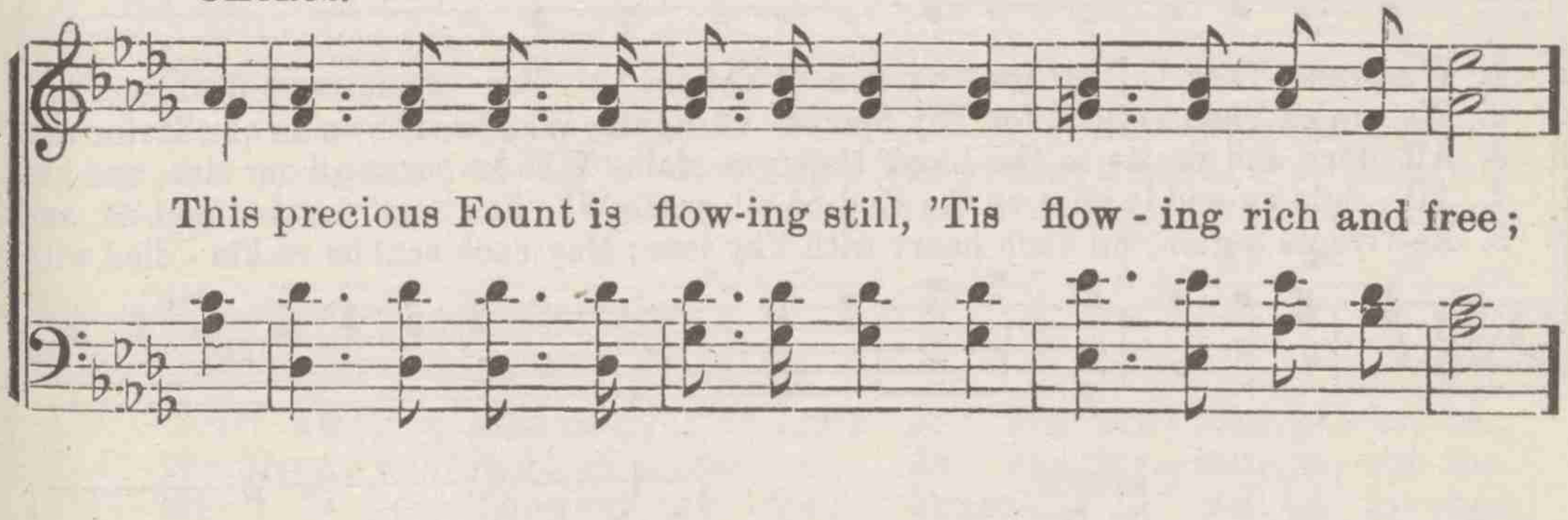
L. Boon. J. H. Rosecrans.



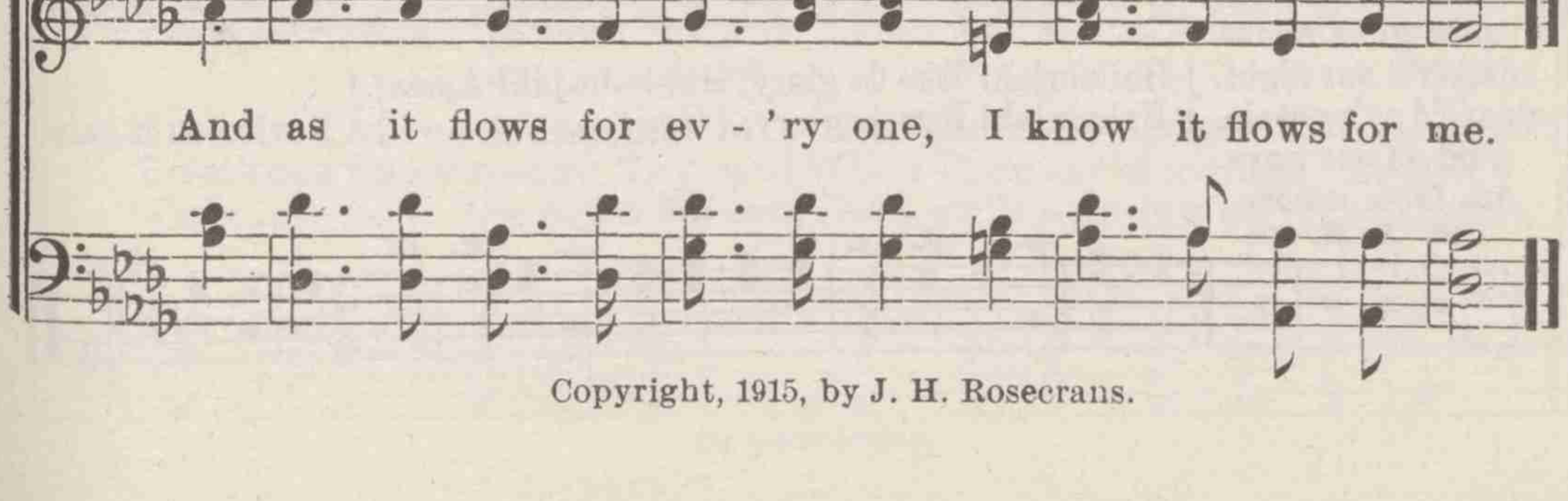
1. There is a Fount that's nev-er dry, With healing wa-ters free;
2. Where can I see that Living Fount, And drink its wa-ters pure?
3. Should I de-fer till com-ing years Be-fore I make the start?
4. I'll go at once, will drink and live, I'll test this heal-ing stream;



And all who drink shall nev-er thirst, Those wa-ters flow for me.
Bathe in its cleans-ing, heal-ing flood, There make a per-fect cure?
Would I be read-y then to give This hard and ston-y heart?
For well I know—O thirst-y soul—'Tis no de-lu-sive dream.



Chorus.
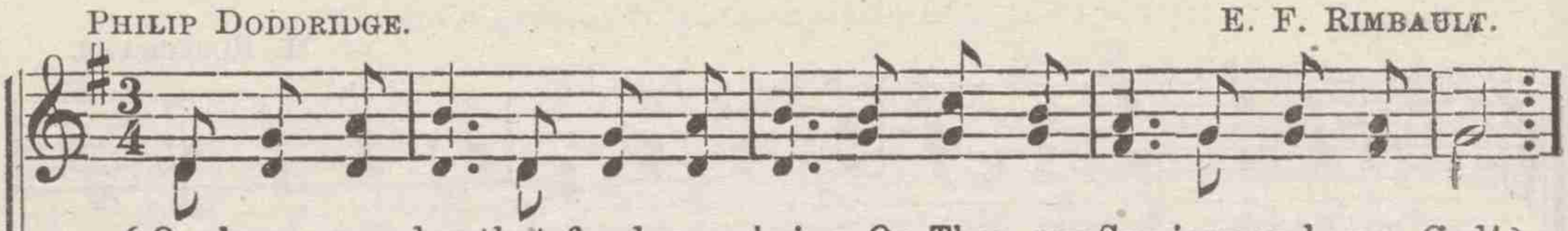


This precious Fount is flow-ing still, 'Tis flow-ing rich and free;

And as it flows for ev-'ry one, I know it flows for me.

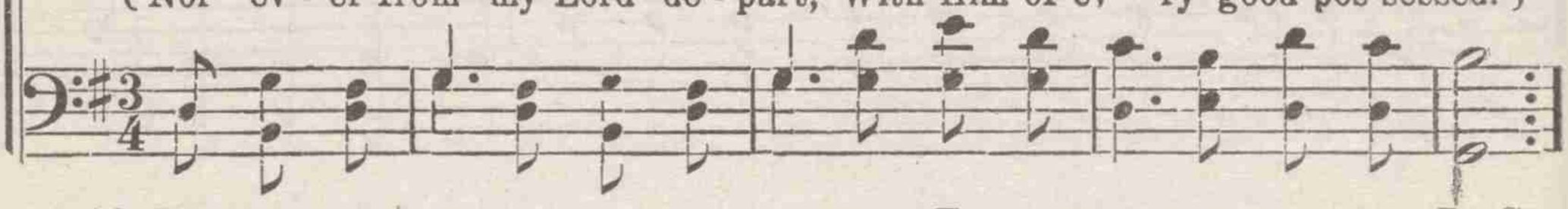
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No. 79. Happy Day.
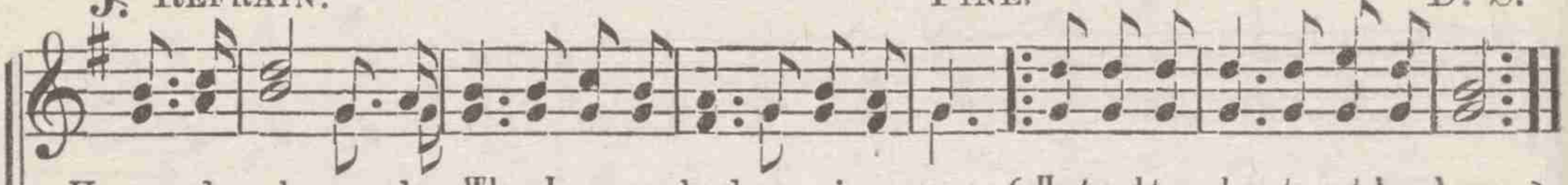
PHILIP DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.
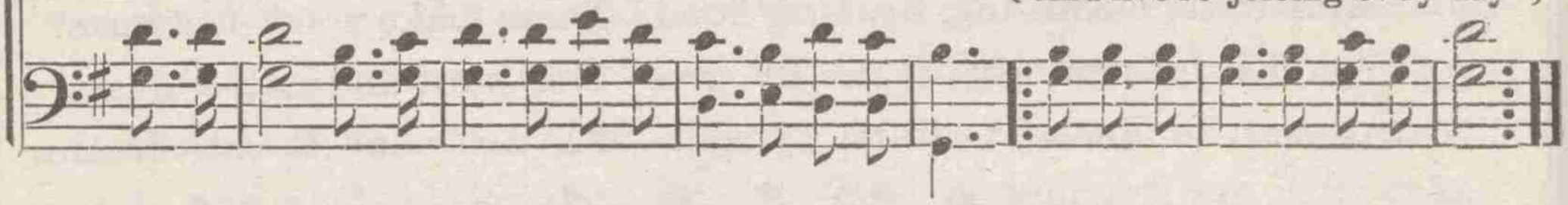


1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice, On Thee, my Sav-iour and my God! / Well may this glow-ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a - broad. }
2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love! / Let cheerful an - thems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move. }
3. { 'Tis done, the great transaction's done, I am my Lord's and He is mine. / He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di-vine }
4. { Now rest, my long - di - vid - ed heart! Fixed on this bliss-ful cen - ter, rest; / Nor ev - er from my Lord de - part, With Him of ev - 'ry good pos-sessed. }



f. REFRAIN. FINE. *D. S.*
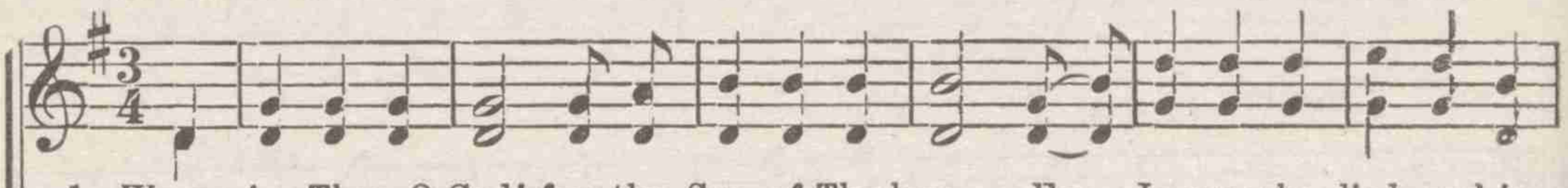


Happy day, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away. { He taught me how to watch and pray, / And live re-joicing ev'ry day. }
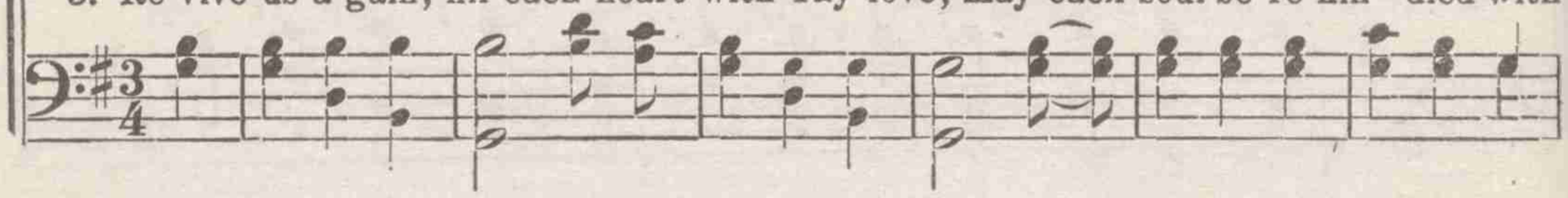


No. 80. Revive Us Again.

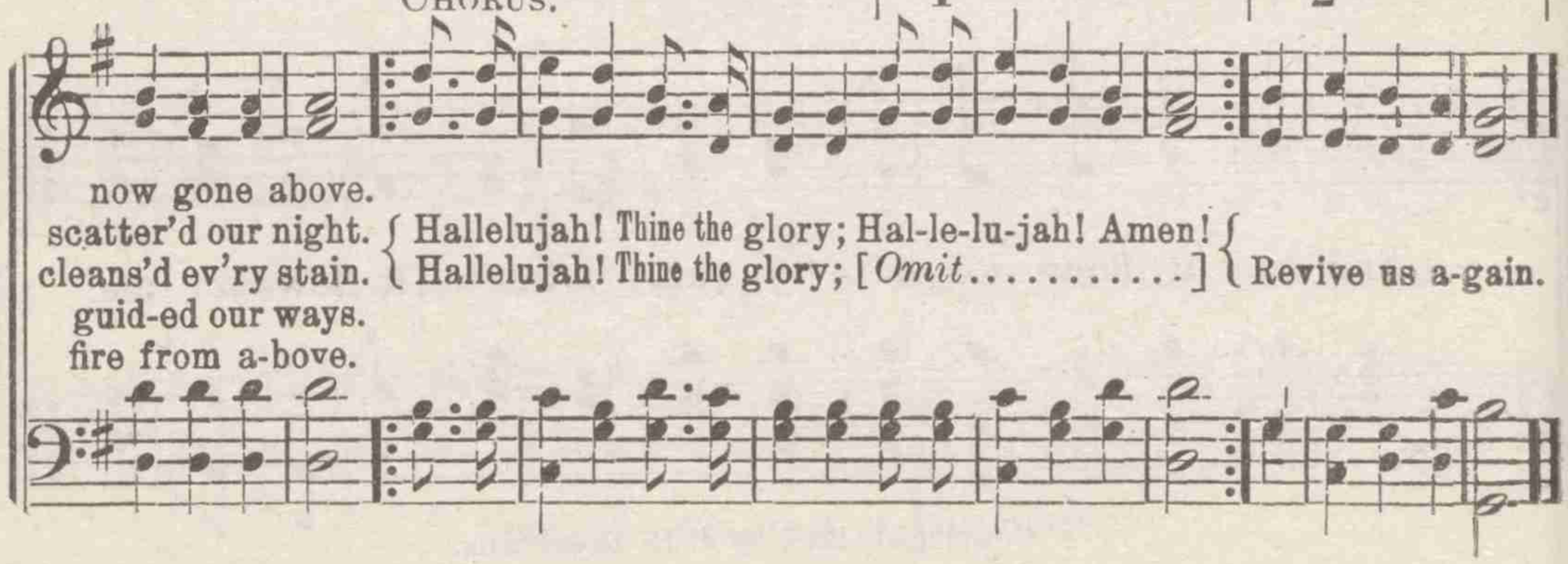
WM. PATON MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.



1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je-sus who died, and is now gone above.
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our Savior and scatter'd our night.
3. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins, and has cleans'd ev'ry stain.
4. All glo-ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and sought us, and guid-ed our ways.
5. Re-vive us a-gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kin - dled with fire from a-bove.



CHORUS. 1 2



{ Hallelujah! Thine the glory; Hal-le-lu-jah! Amen! / Hallelujah! Thine the glory; [*Omit* . . . . .] } Revive us a-gain.

No. 81. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

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

1. Brightly beams our Father's mercy From His light-house ever - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your feeble lamp, my brother: Some poor sail-or, tempest-tossed,

Fine.

But to us He gives the keeping Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watching, longing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har-bor, In the darkness may be lost.

D. S.—*Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may res - cue, you may save.*

Chorus. D. S.

Let the low - er lights be burning! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

No. 82. Saviour, Pilot Me.

E. Hopper. J. E. Gould.

Fine.

1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tempestuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar

D.C.–Chart and compass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D.C.–Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D.C.–May I hear Thee say to me; "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

D. C.

Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still,"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,

By permission.

No. 83. Sweet Gifts of Love.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

DUET.

1. Bring me not gifts that are cost-ly and grand, Give me not jew-els or
2. Some sim-ple flow'r from the friend that is true, Some gentle word from the
3. Sweet-er and dear-er my Sav-iour a-bove Sends blest as-sur-ance of

splen-did ar-ray; Some ten-der to-ken will love un-der-stand,
lips that are kind; These will the joys of af-fec-tion re-new,
fa-vor di-vine; Dai-ly and hour-ly are gifts of His love,

CHORUS.

Dear-er is this far than they, (than they.) Love, love,
Clos-er the chords of love bind, (love bind.)
Fill-ing this glad heart of mine, (of mine.) Love, pur-est love, O

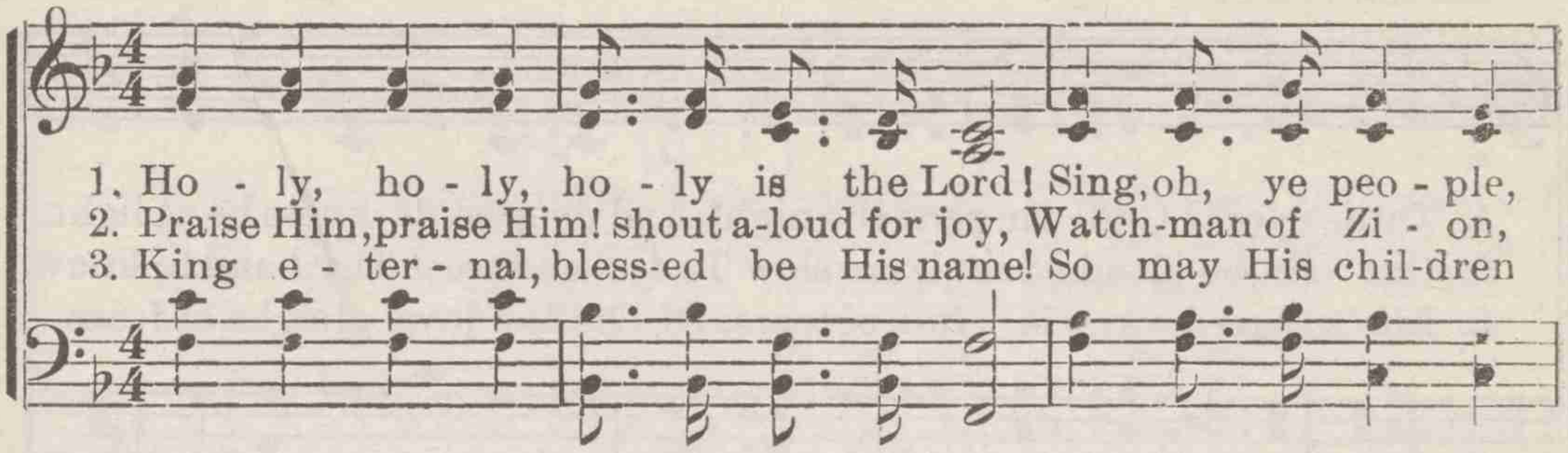
sweet gifts of love, Cherished and treasured by friends sundered far; Love,
sweet gifts of love, Love, pur-est
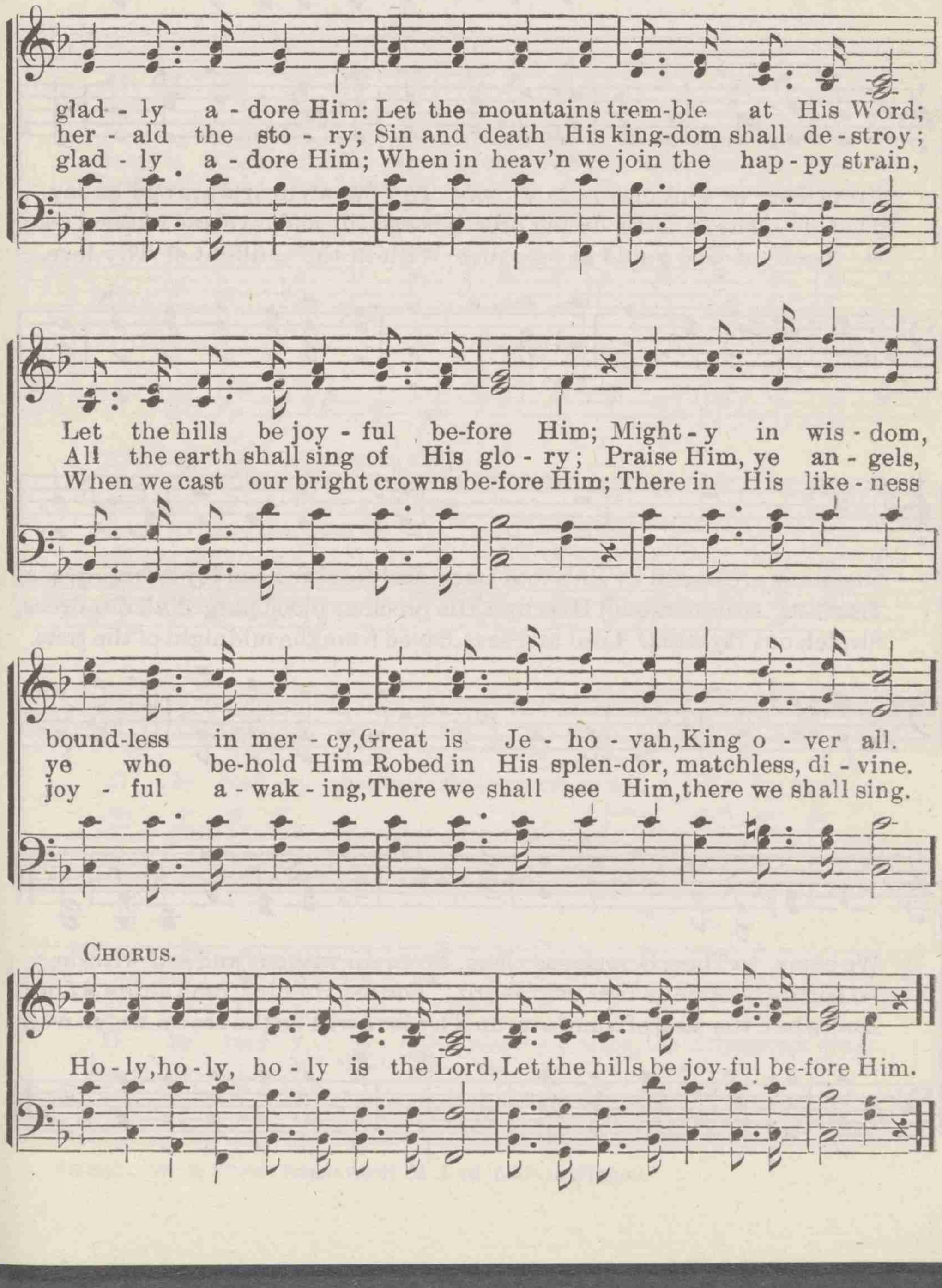
love, sweet gifts of love, Precious, so precious they are!.....
love, O sweet gifts of love, Precious, so precious, how precious they are!

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No. 84. Holy, Holy Is the Lord.

FRANCIS J. VAN ALSTYNE. WM. B. BRADBURY.

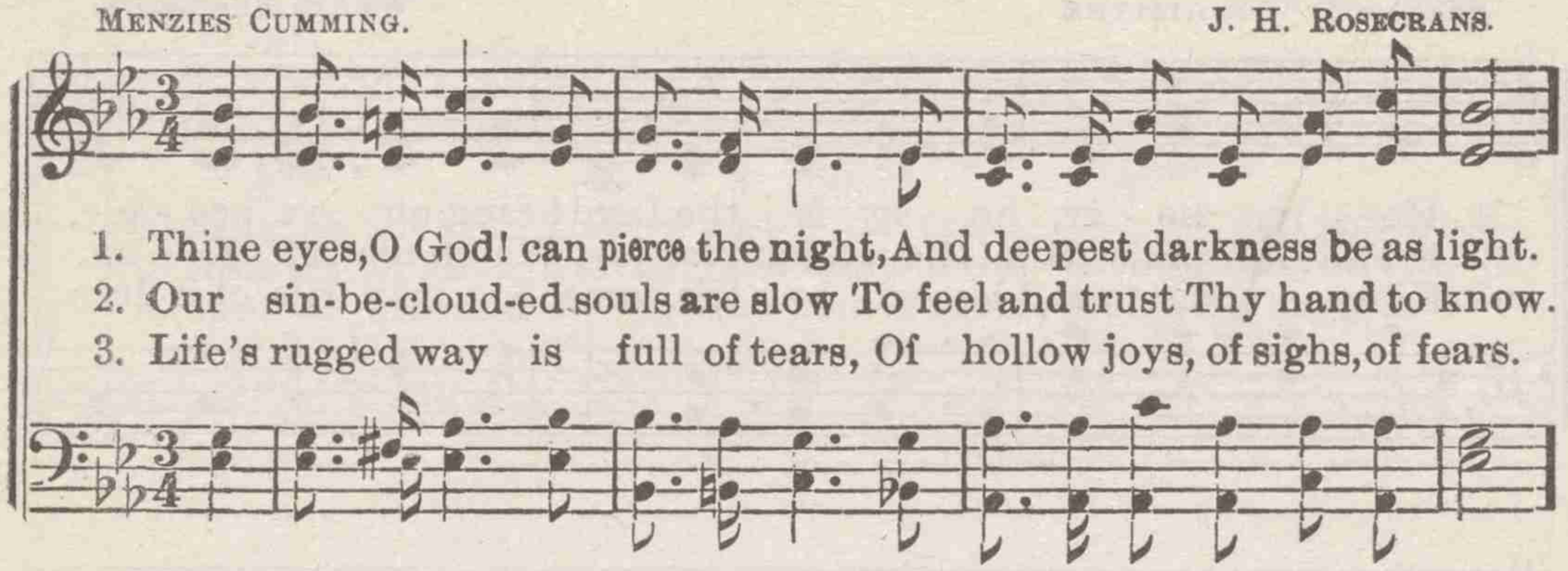




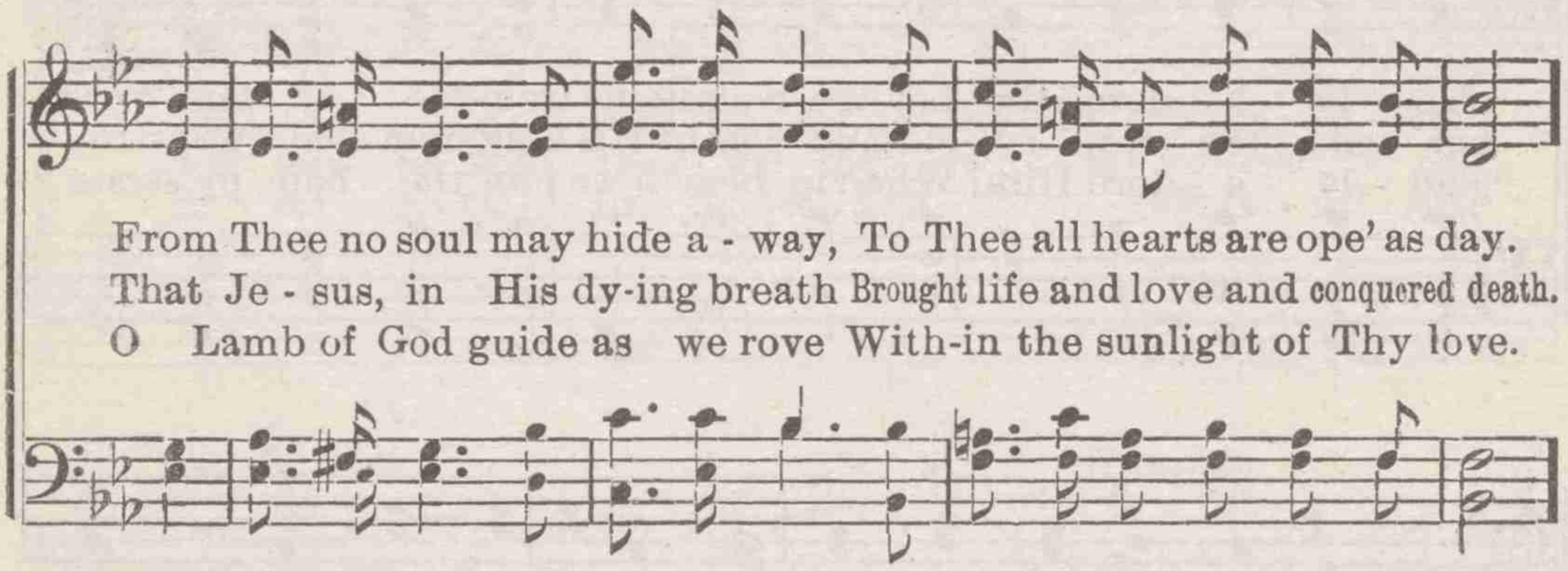
CHORUS.

No. 85. Thy Love Will Be the Crown.

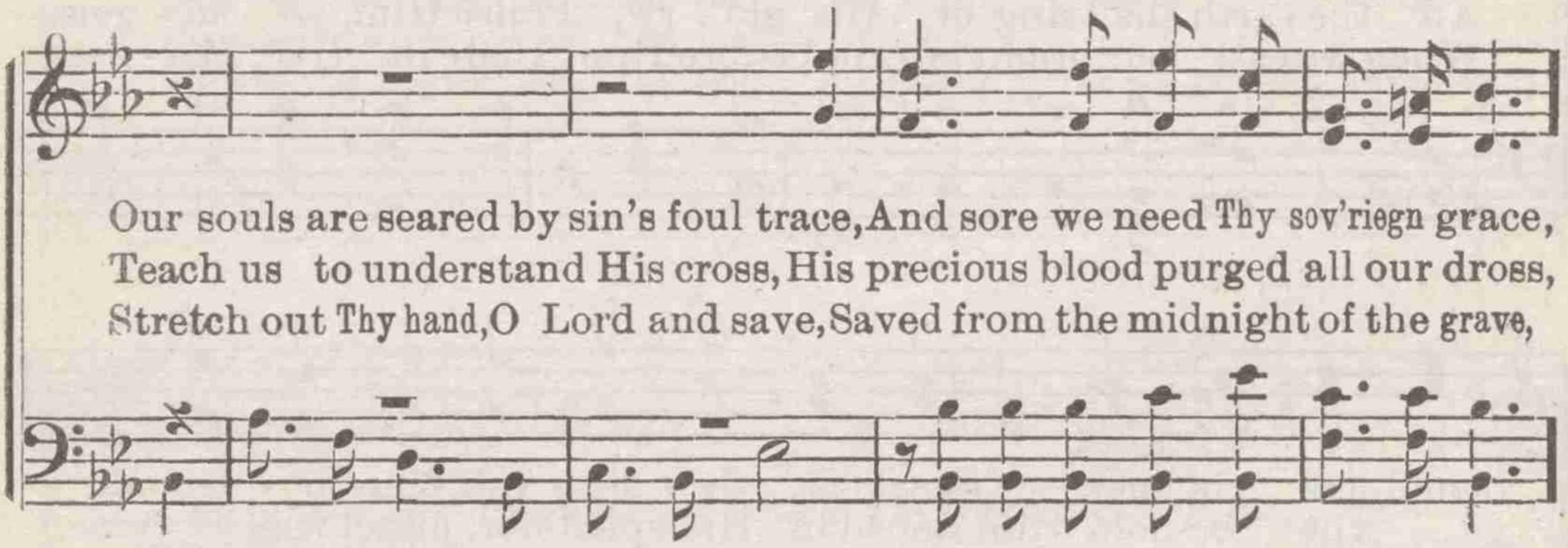
MENZIES CUMMING. J. H. ROSECRANS.



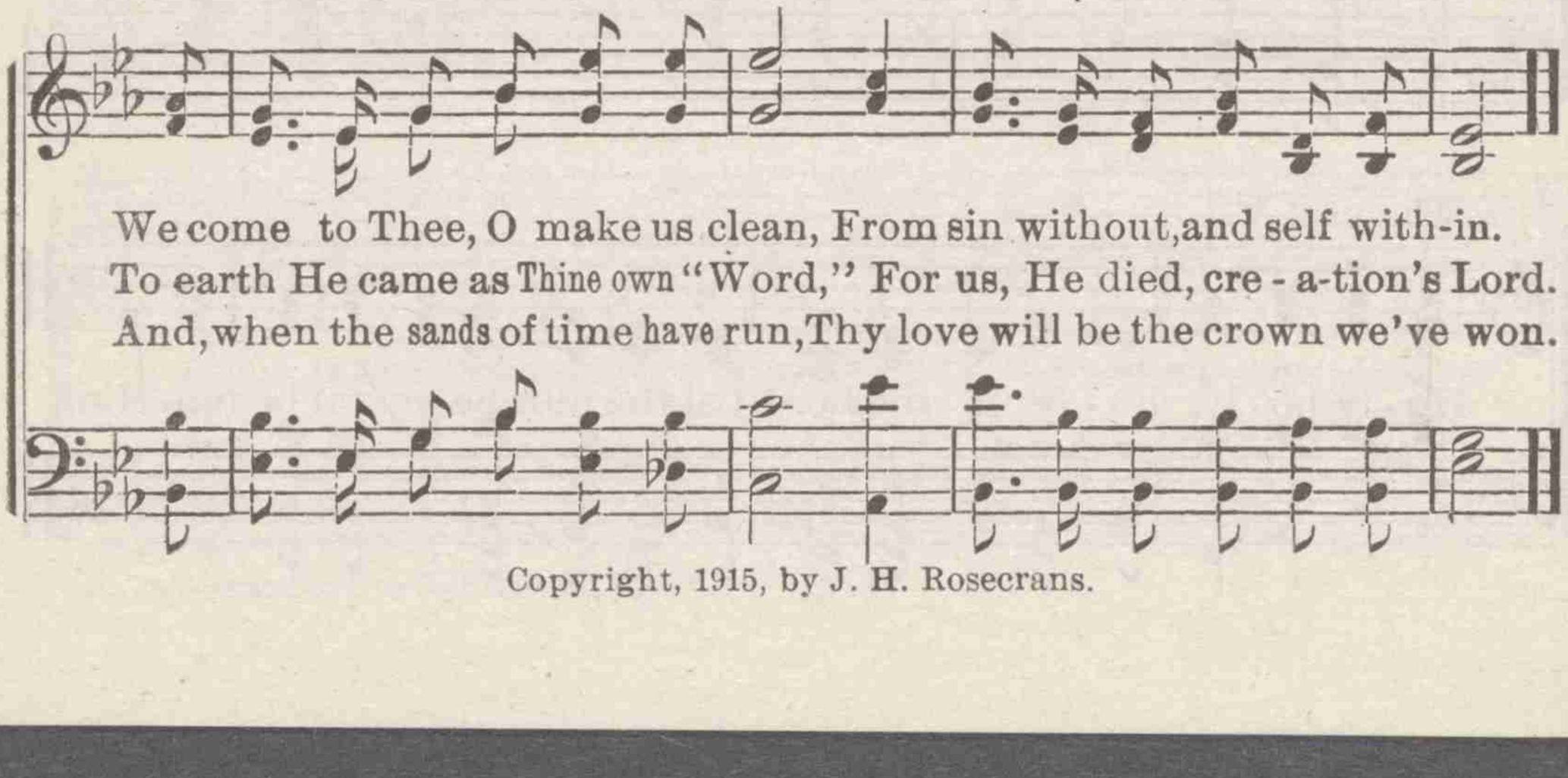
1. Thine eyes, O God! can pierce the night, And deepest darkness be as light.
2. Our sin-be-cloud-ed souls are slow To feel and trust Thy hand to know.
3. Life's rugged way is full of tears, Of hollow joys, of sighs, of fears.



From Thee no soul may hide a - way, To Thee all hearts are ope' as day.
That Je - sus, in His dy-ing breath Brought life and love and conquered death.
O Lamb of God guide as we rove With-in the sunlight of Thy love.



Our souls are seared by sin's foul trace, And sore we need Thy sov'riegn grace,
Teach us to understand His cross, His precious blood purged all our dross,
Stretch out Thy hand, O Lord and save, Saved from the midnight of the grave,



We come to Thee, O make us clean, From sin without, and self with-in.
To earth He came as Thine own "Word," For us, He died, cre - a-tion's Lord.
And, when the sands of time have run, Thy love will be the crown we've won.

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No. 86. When the Bridegroom Comes.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. We are wait-ing till the Bridegroom cometh, With our lamps all trimmed and burn-ing bright; We are watching for His blest ap-pear-ing, With the
2. He will come, tho' long He seems to tar-ry, He has prom-ised and His word is sure; All His wait-ing ones with Him shall en-ter, Then for-
3. Of His com-ing there is no one know-eth, Breaks the glo-ry as the lightning's flash; Na-tions in the sleep of sin un-heed-ing, Peals the
4. O, how hap-py if He finds us wait-ing, With what rap-ture will we en-ter in; But how aw-ful, un-pre-pared to meet Him, O how

CHORUS.

shin-ing ones in garments white.
ev-er will be closed the door. O be read-y, O be read-y,
trum-pet as the thun-der's crash.
dread-ful then the doom of sin.

O be read-y when the Bride-groom comes, O be read-y,

O be read-y, O be read-y when the Bridegroom comes.

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No. 87. Oh, What A Wonderful Change.

M. H. C. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. Since Je - sus the Saviour spoke peace to my soul, O what a change!
2. My life was once darkened and blighted by sin, O what a change!
3. He bears all my sor-row, my steps guide a-right, O what a change!
4. And when I be-hold Him in heav-en a-bove, O what a change!

O what a change! Each stain has been cleansed and I'm ev'ry whit whole, O
O what a change! For Christ has redeemed me, the light has shone in, O
O what a change! The path is so pleasant, the way is so bright, O
O what a change! Transformed by the gift of His in - fi-nite love, O

CHORUS.

what a won-der-ful change! O what a wonderful change!.....
wonderful change!

O what a won - der-ful change!..... Since Je - sus, the
won-der-ful change!

Saviour spoke peace to my soul, O what a won - der-ful change!

Copyright, 1915, by M. Homer Cummings.

No. 88. The Home of My Childhood.

F. S. SHEPARD. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. The home of my childhood in fan - cy I see, The hand of my mother I
2. Once more I recall how with ten-der-est care She ban-ished my sorrow a -
3. Tho' years have since passed and to man-hood I've grown, Her love and her pray'rs follow

feel:..... A - gain at her side at the close of the day In
way,..... And taught me to seek for God's fav - or and grace To
me,..... And may the kind Fath-er in heav - en a-bove Lead

CHORUS.

hum - ble de - vo-tion I kneel.
guide me by night and by day.
me there my moth-er to see.

How pre-cious her mem-'ry to

me!..... How pre - cious her mem-'ry to me! ..... In heav-en a -
to me! to me!

bove, with the Sav-iour I love, I soon my dear moth-er shall see.....
shall see.

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No. 90. Open Now Your Heart.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. At the door He stands,oh! be-hold Him there! O-pen now your heart,
2. At the door He stands,shall He knock in vain? O-pen now your heart,
3. At the door He waits, oh! what pa-tient love! O-pen now your heart,

let Him not de-part; He will ban-ish sin, drive a-way all care,
let Him not de-part; He will bring no loss, bring you much of gain,
let Him not de-part; Can you long-er hard and un-grate-ful prove?

CHORUS.

Open now your heart,let Him in. He's knocking, open now your heart,
knocking,

He's knocking, Soon He may de-part; If an-other moment you shall
knocking,

rit.

make Him wait, It then may be too late! too late!

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No. 91. We're Going Home.

Anon. Arr. by LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. A - mid the hours that rapid fly, A-mid the flow'rs that soon must die,
2. We'll cling to Je-sus in the hour When sin and Sa-tan use their pow'r,
3. No dy-ing groans shall there be heard, And we shall speak no parting word ;

A - mid our tears while here we roam, How sweet the tho't we're going home.
And mur-mur not when sorrows come, For by and by we're going home.
O sin - ner, to the Sav-iour come, And join the band that's going home.

CHORUS.

We're go-ing home, we're go-ing home, Yes, by and by we're going home ;

We're go - ing home to part no more, How sweet the tho't we're going home.

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No. 92. My Soul's Eternal Home.

BIRDIE BELL. Arr. by LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. No place so fair as my soul's e-ter-nal home, It's beauties I'm longing to see;
2. No land so bright as my home across the tide, That country no mortal can see;
3. No home so dear as the one that waits my soul, And of-ten in fan-cy I see

The road seems long and at times my feet may roam, But I dream of joys which wait for me;
The jour-ney o'er, ev'ry long-ing sat-is-fied, With my Lord in glo-ry I shall be;
Its gates of pearl as I jour-ney to the goal, There the King at last will welcome me;

The sun may shine or the shadows gather near, With Je-sus I trav-el the way;
No shadows fall o'er the mansions of the blest, All darkness shall vanish away;
The road winds on o'er the valley and the hill, But Je-sus is lead-ing the way;
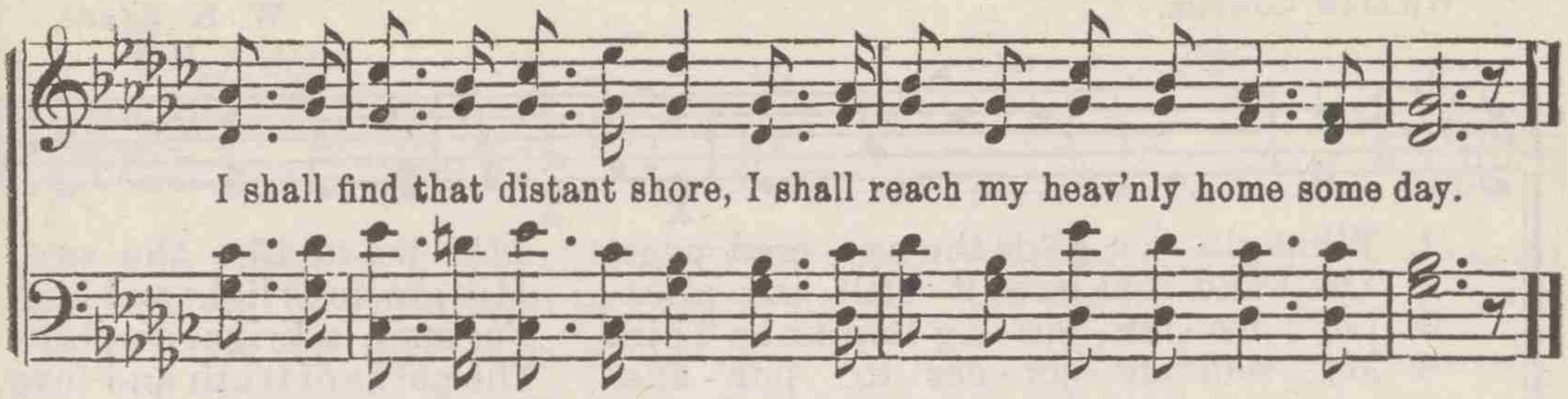
I hear His voice and it drives away all fear, I shall reach my heav'nly home some day.
No heartaches there, for no evil can mo-lest, I shall reach my promised home to-day.
Tho' others fail, He is kind and faithful still, I shall reach my blessed home some day.

CHORUS.

Home of joys su - per-nal! I press a-long the way; When my toil is o'er

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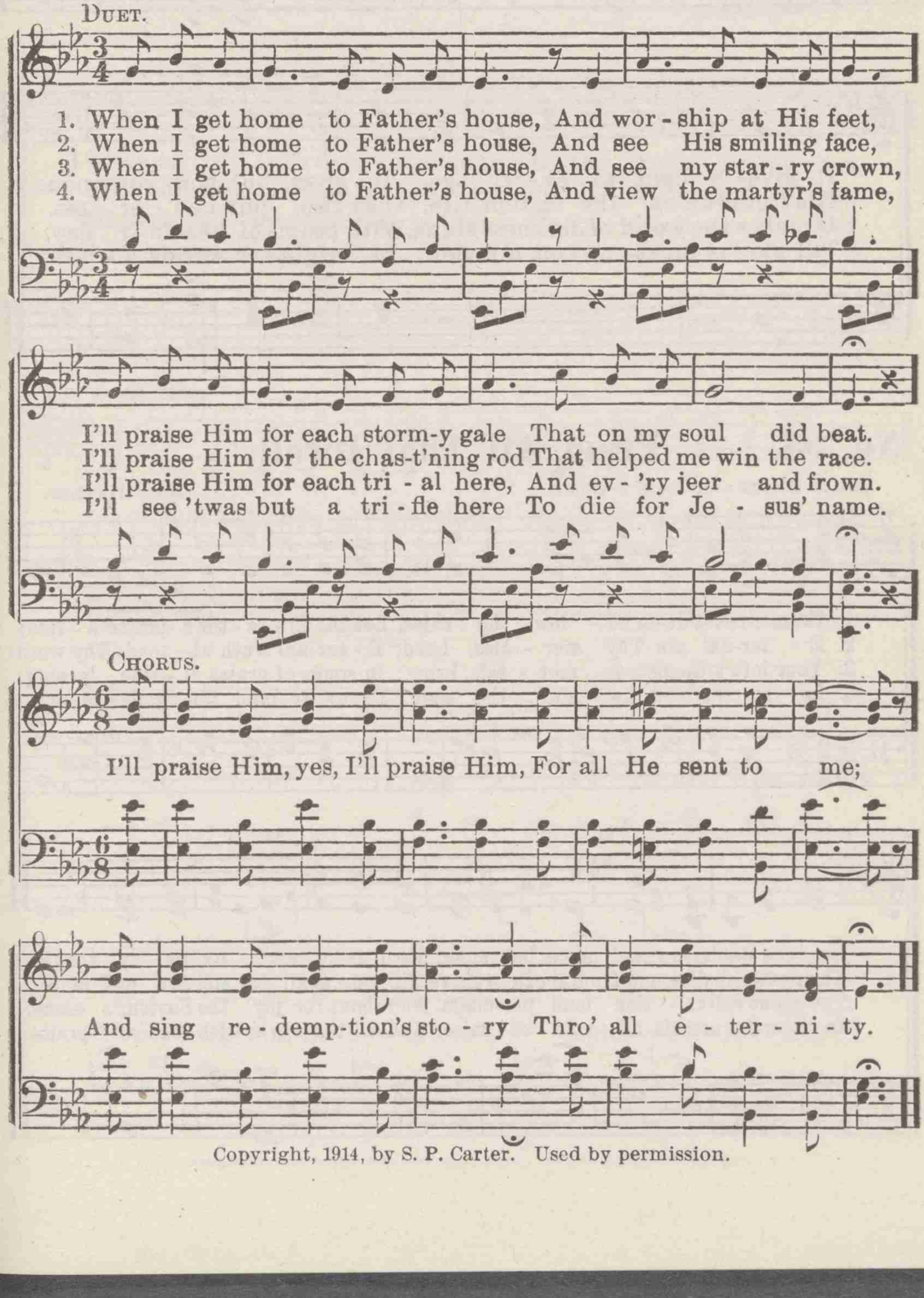
My Soul's Eternal Home. Concluded.



No. 93. When I Get Home.

J. M. HUMPHREY. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

DUET.



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No. 94. What Glory Gilds.

WILLIAM COWPER. W. H. EVENS.

1. What glo - ry gilds the sa - cred page, Ma - jes-tic like the sun,
2. The hand that gave it still sup-plies His gracious light and heat,
3. Let ev - er - last-ing thanks be Thine For such a bright display,
4. My soul re - joi - ces to pur - sue The paths of truth and love,

It gives a light to ev - 'ry age, It gives, but bor - rows none.
His truths up-on the na-tion rise, They rise, but nev - er set.
It makes the world of darkness shine, With beams of heav'n-ly day.
Till glo - ry breaks up - on my view, In bright - er worlds a - bove.

No. 95. From All That Dwell.

ISAAC WATTS and JOHN WESLEY. JOHN HATTON.

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;
2. E - ter-nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter-nal truth at - tends Thy word:
3. Your loft-y themes, ye mor - tals, bring; In songs of praise di - vine - ly sing;
4. In ev - 'ry land be - gin the song; To ev-'ry land the strains be-long.

Let the Re-deem - er's name be sung, Thro' ev-'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.
The great sal-va - tion loud pro-claim, And shout for joy the Saviour's name.
In cheer-ful sounds all voic - es raise, And fill the world with loud-est praise.

No. 96. Art Thou Weary?

J. M. NEALE.

Arr. from Lindsey for this work.

DUET.

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan-guid, Art thou sore dis - tressed?
2. If I ask Him to re - ceive me, Will He say me nay?
3. If I find Him, if I fol - low, What His guer - don here?
4. Finding, following, keeping, fighting, Is He sure to bless?

"Come to Me," saith one, and coming, Be at rest, be at rest.
Not till earth, and not till heav - en Pass a - way, pass a - way.
Many a sor - row, many a la - bor, Many a tear, many a tear.
Saints, a-pos-tles, prophets, martyrs, An-swer yes! an-swer yes!

CHORUS.

O this blest One is my Sav - iour' Now in love He calls to me;

'Tis the King that of-fers fa - vor, I a prince with Him may be,

Rit. - - - - - -

Tis the King that of - fers fa - vor, I a prince with Him may be.

Arrangement and words of chorus copyrighted, 1902, by Leonard Daugherty.

No. 97. We Are Passing Away.

MENZIES CUMMING. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. We are pass - ing a - way; we are pass-ing a - way, Like the
2. We are pass - ing a - way; all are pass-ing a - way; As the
3. Yes, we're pass - ing a - way; we are pass-ing a - way, None can
4. As we're pass - ing a - way, ev - er pass-ing a - way From the

shad - ow - y forms at the clos-ing of day, Soon the place that once
bloom of the flow'rs on a glad summer's day. Life is charm'd by the
stay the dread call that will reach us some day. Be they glad, sad or
sighs and the tears that have made earth a prey; While we patient-ly

knew us, shall know us no more, When this life with its struggles and
rose, and its per-fume so sweet, Bids us lin - ger for aye in fond
gay, be they young; be they old, All will know if life's treasures be
wait, be it dai - ly our plan, That we do, ev - er "*do* all the
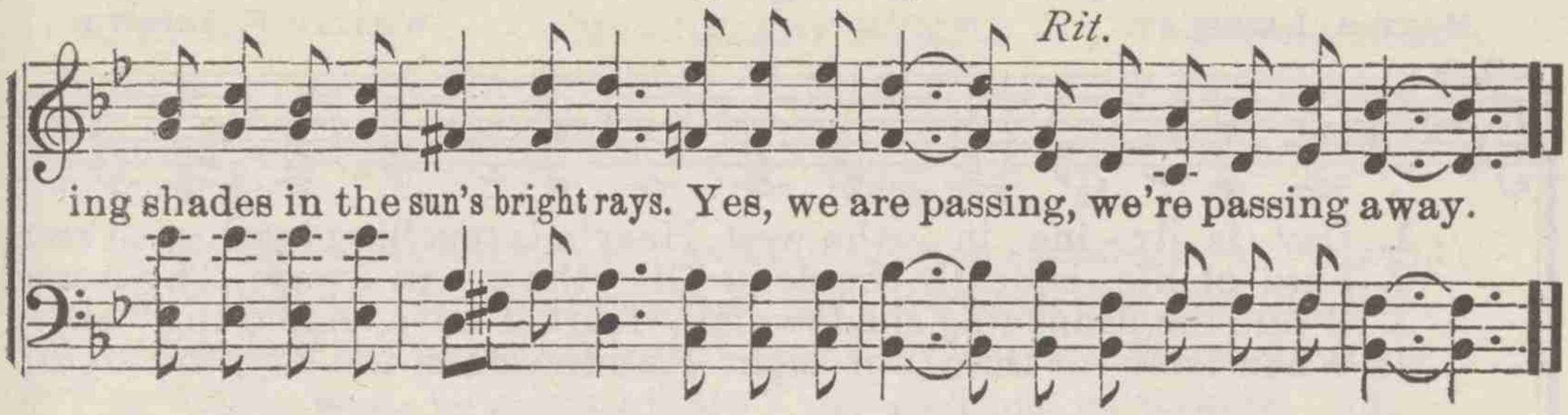
CHORUS.

heart-ache is o'er. We are pass - - ing, pass-ing a - way,.....
na - ture's re-treat.
dross or pure gold.
good that we can." pass - ing a - way, passing away,

Yes, we are pass - ing, passing a - way,..... Like the flick - er -
passing away, passing away,

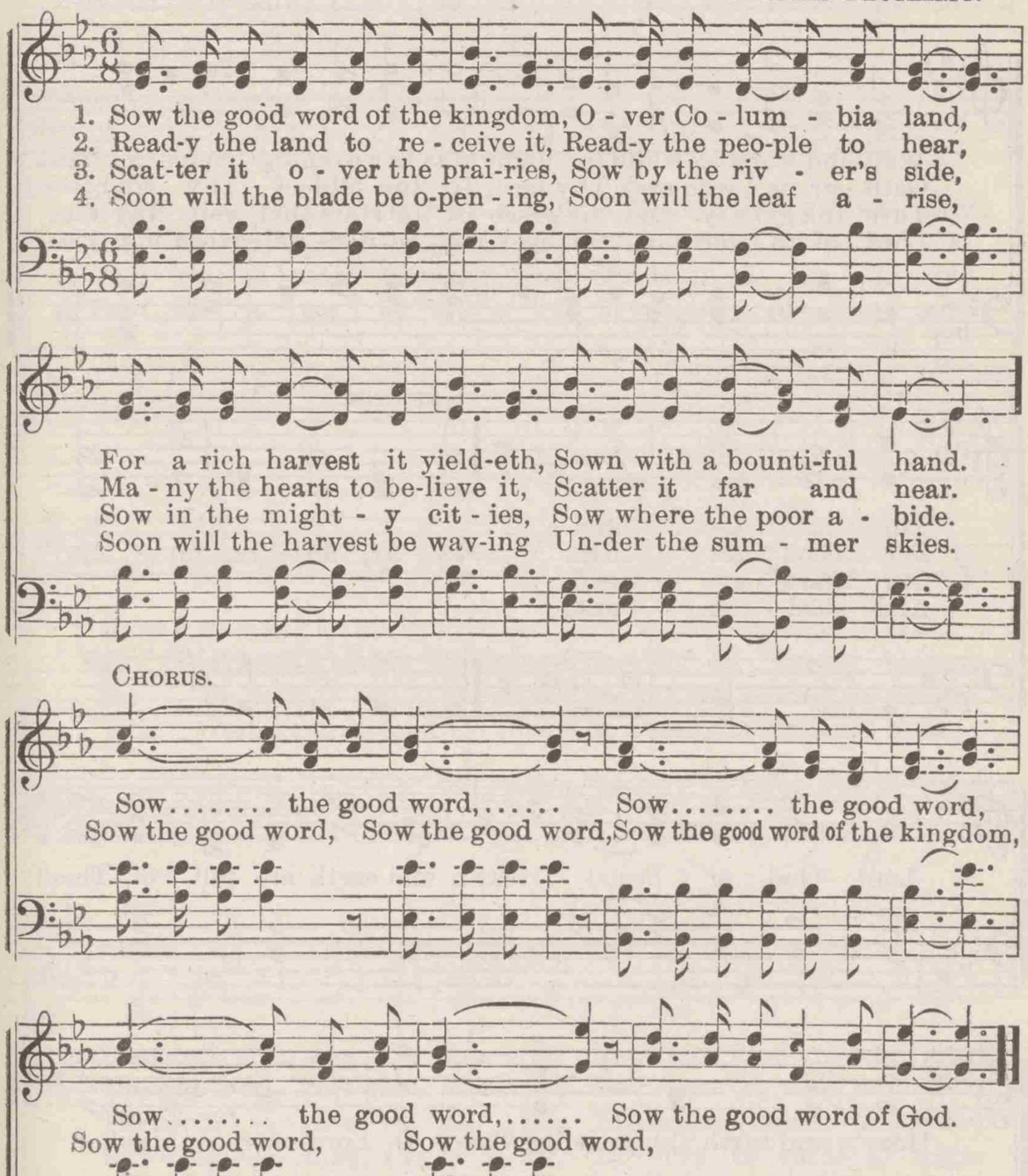
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We Are Passing Away. Concluded.



No. 98. Sow the Good Word.

J. W. CARPENTER. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.



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No. 99. Day Is Dying In the West.

MARY A. LATHBURY. WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.

1. Day is dy - ing in the west, Heav'n is touching earth with rest;
2. Lord of life, beneath the dome Of the u - ni - verse, Thy home,
3. While the deepening shadows fall, Heart of Love, enfold-ing all,
4. When forev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night,

Wait and worship while the night Sets her evening lamps a - light
Gath - er us, who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy em-brace;
Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face,
Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morn-ing rise,

REFRAIN.

Thro' all the sky.
For Thou art nigh.
Our hearts as - cend.
And shad - ows end.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

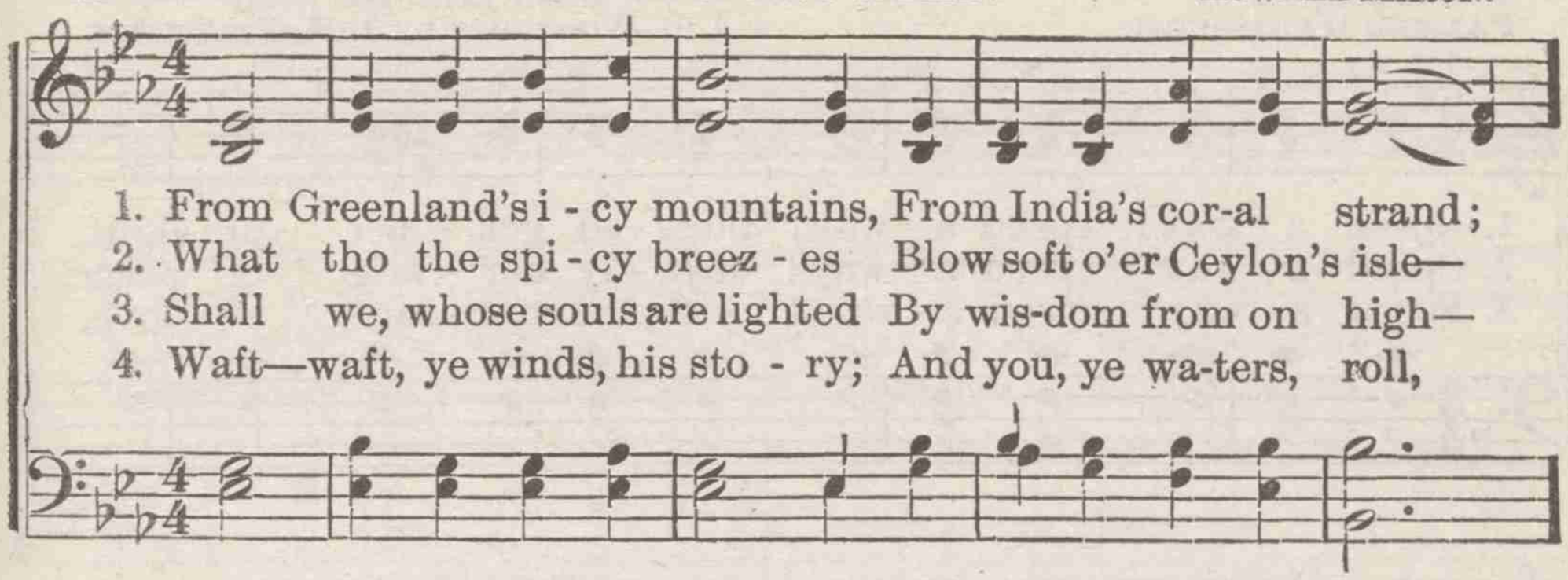
Lord God of hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee!

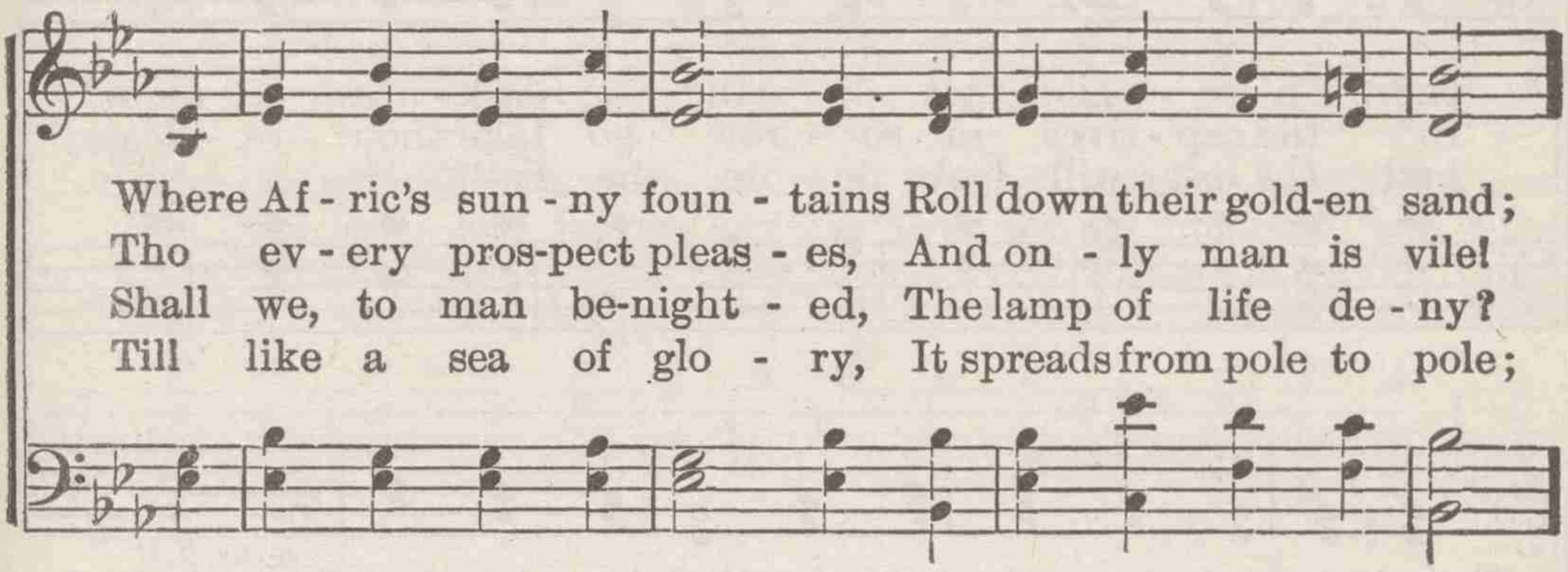
Heav'n and earth are prais-ing Thee, O Lord most high!

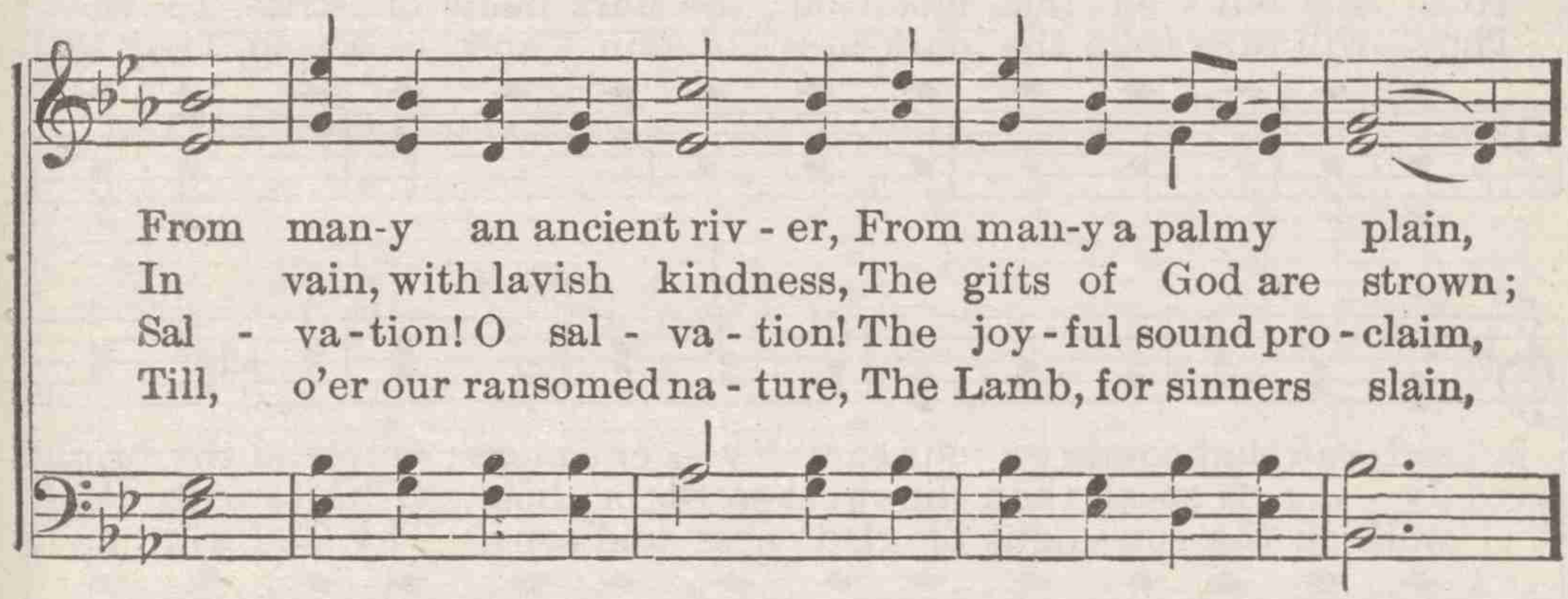
By per. of John H. Vincent, owner.

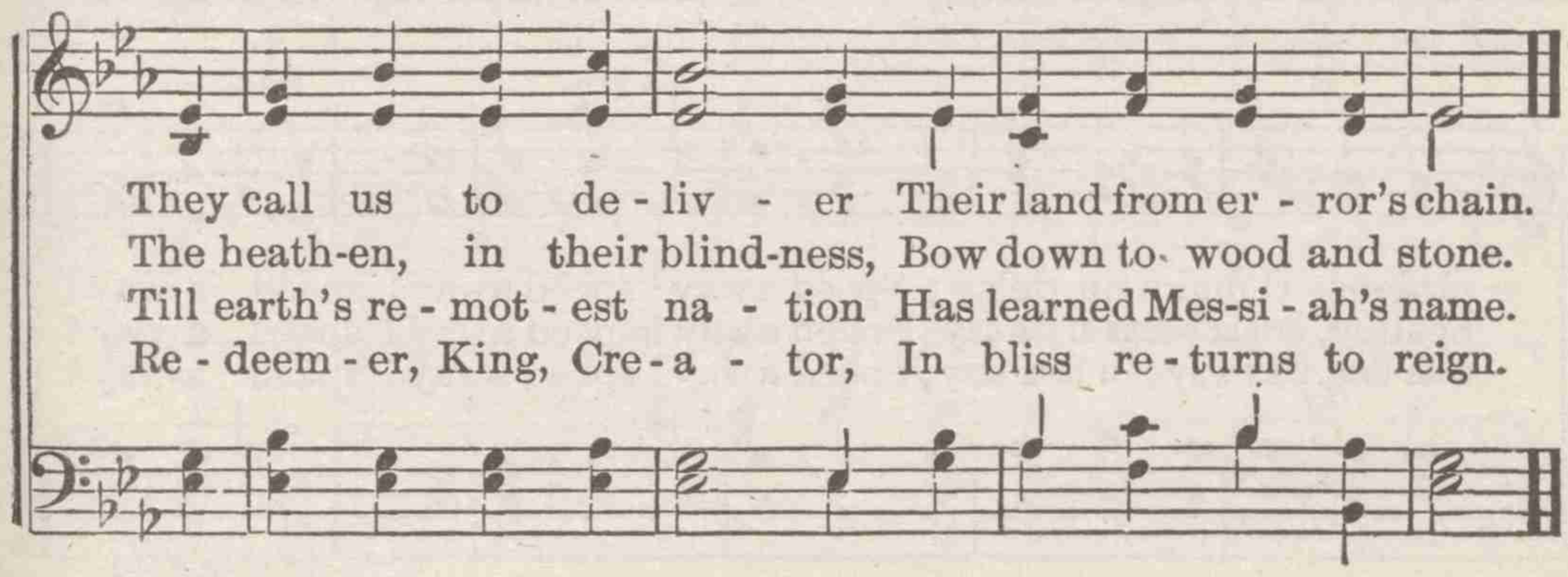
No. 100. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. HEBER. MISSIONARY HYMN. LOWELL MASON.









No. 101. Speed Away.

Words adapted by
PALMER HARTSOUGH.

Music arranged from
I. B. Woodbury by J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Speed a - way! speed a - way! bless - ed gos - pel of light,
2. Speed a - way! speed a - way! love - ly her - alds of peace,
3. Speed a - way! speed a - way! with the mes - sage of love,

There's a re - gion that li - eth in dark - ness of night,
To the cap - tives in sor - row go take thou re - lease,
And the lost will look up to the Fath - er a - bove,

There's a shad - ow of death on that des - o - late shore, And a
To the fall - en that moan on the dark fields of strife, To the
They will turn from the dark-ness of sin and of wrong, They will

sad call that comes to our ears ev - er - more; O spread thy bright
dy - ing O speak thou the sweet words of life, O haste with thy
walk in the sun - light of glad - ness and song, Thy God will be
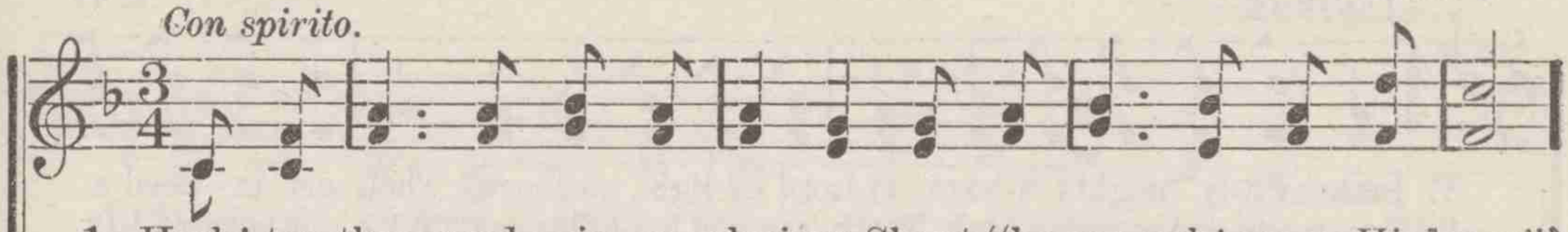
Ad lib. Rit.

pinions, O make no delay; Speed away! speed away! speed a-way!
healing, bright beams of the day; Speed away! speed away! speed a-way!
with thee, then why dost thou stay; Speed away! speed away! speed a-way!
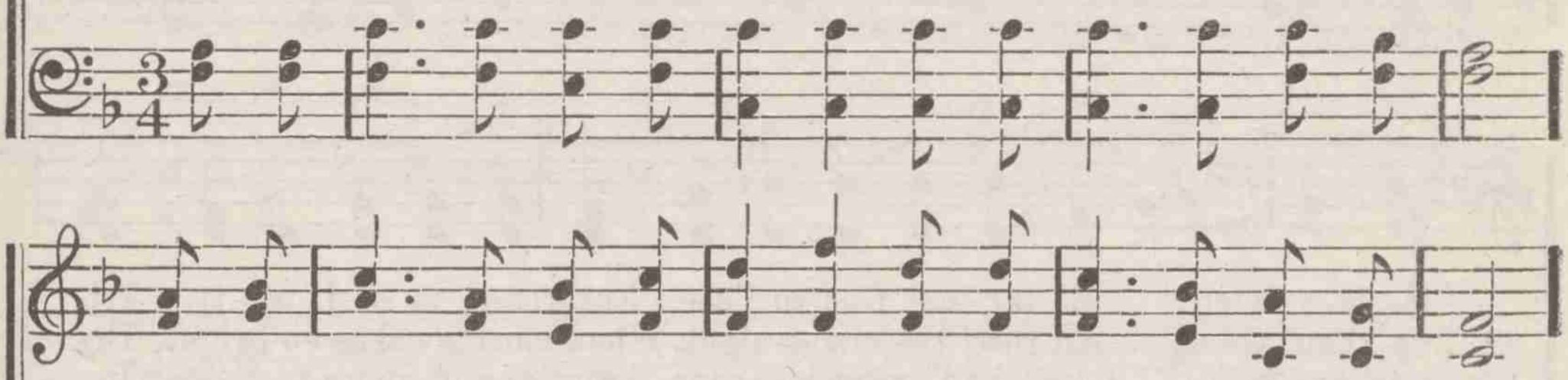
No. 102. Open Wide the Gates of Glory.

M. C. MENZIES CUMMING.
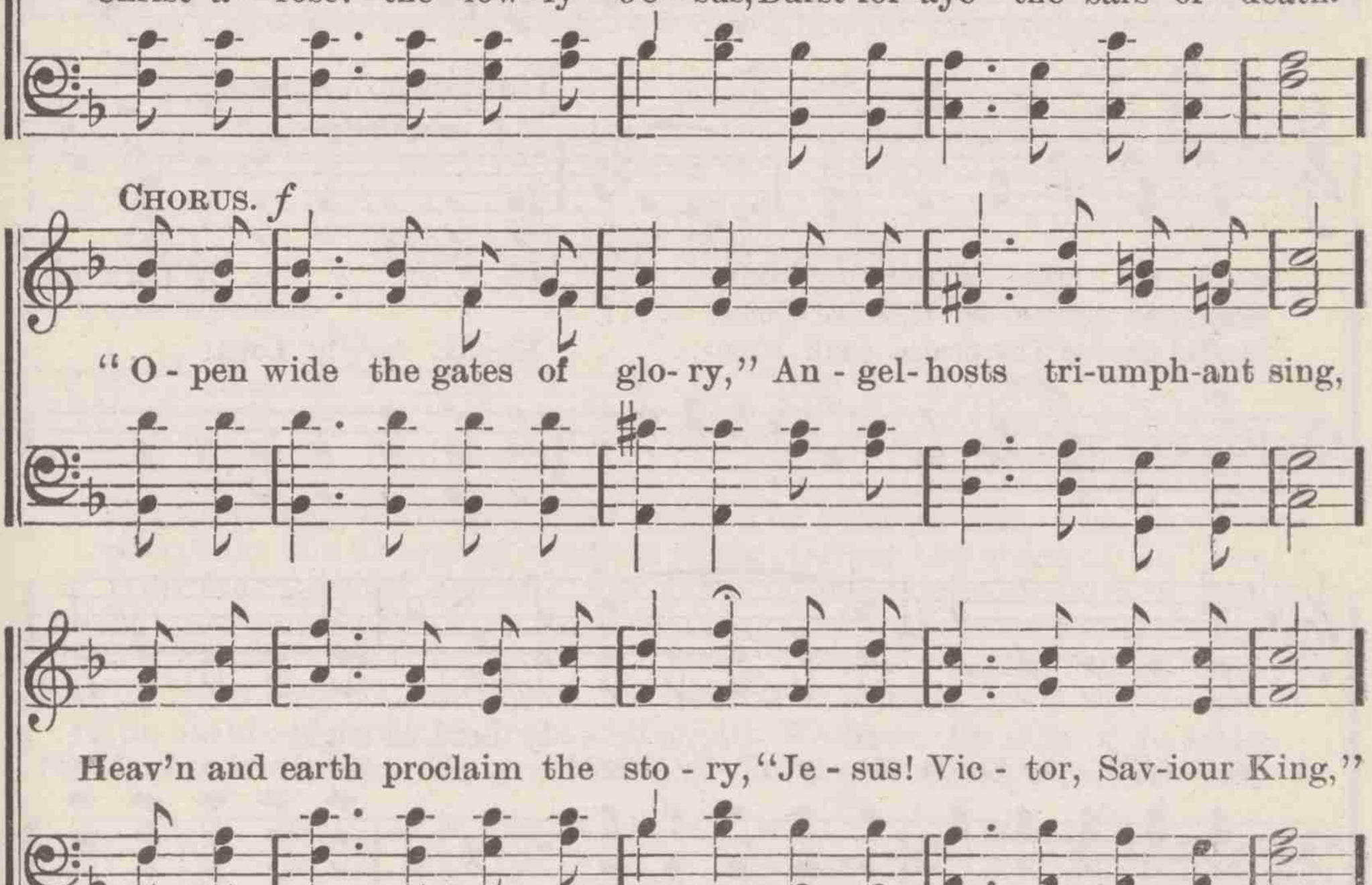
Con spirito.



1. Hark! ten thou-sand voic - es, glorious, Shout "ho-san-nah! crown His brow!"
2. Shore to shore pro-claim Him vic-tor, Land and sea with an-thems ring;
3. See! earth's millions now a - dore Him, At His feet each trib-ute bring;
4. Shout the tid - ings o'er cre - a- tion, Shout it forth with ev -'ry breath,



From the grave Christ rose vic - to-rious, Sin and death are vanquish'd now.
Life, and love, and joy for - ev - er Swell the tri-umphs of our King.
Ev - 'ry knee shall bow be - fore Him, Lord of lords, and King of kings."
"Christ a - rose! the low- ly Je - sus, Burst for aye the bars of death."

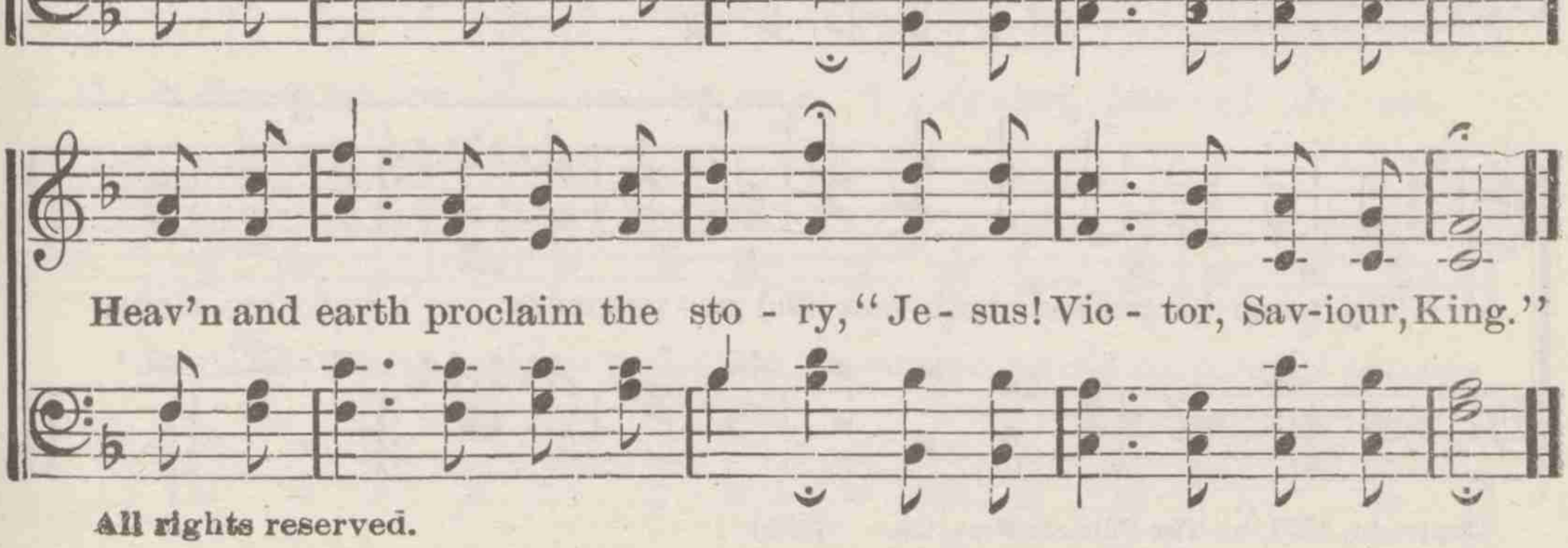


CHORUS. *f*

"O - pen wide the gates of glo- ry," An - gel- hosts tri-umph-ant sing,

Heav'n and earth proclaim the sto - ry, "Je - sus! Vic - tor, Sav-iour King,"

Heav'n and earth proclaim the sto - ry, "Je - sus! Vic - tor, Sav-iour, King."



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No. 103. In Heavenly Heights Above.

LIZZIE DEARMOND J. H. FILLMORE.

UNISON

1. In heav'n-ly heights a-bove, O Lord of light and love, Thou art in - deed a
2. Sun, moon and stars on high, Earth, sea and boundless sky, With one accord lift
3. With shouts of loud acclaim Shall nations hail Thy Name, The whole wide world glad

might - y King; E - ter - nal God to Thee, Enthroned in maj - es - ty, Tri-
up their voice; All thro' the silent night, When morn awakes so bright, Thy
trib - ute bring, Like ocean's ceaseless roar, From sun-lit shore to shore, In

CHORUS. *In harmony.*

umph - ant hosts a - dor - ing sing..... Ho - - - - ly Lord Al-
works of praise in Thee re - joice.....
joy-ful chords Thy praise shall ring..... Ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!

might - - - y! Ho - - - - ly Lord Al-might - - y!
Ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! Ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! Ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!

1. 2.
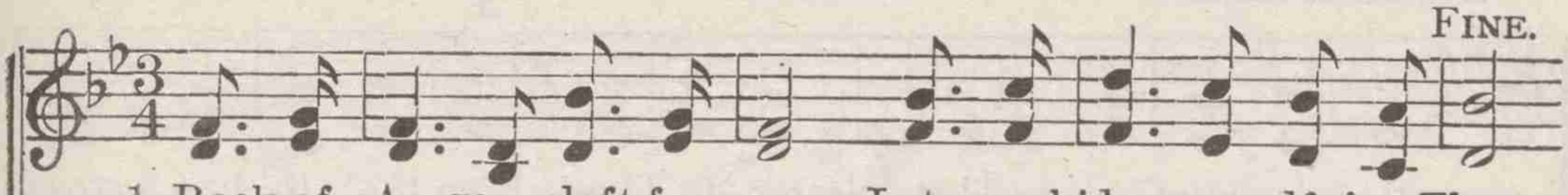
Thy name be praised, both now and ev - er - more. ev - er - more.

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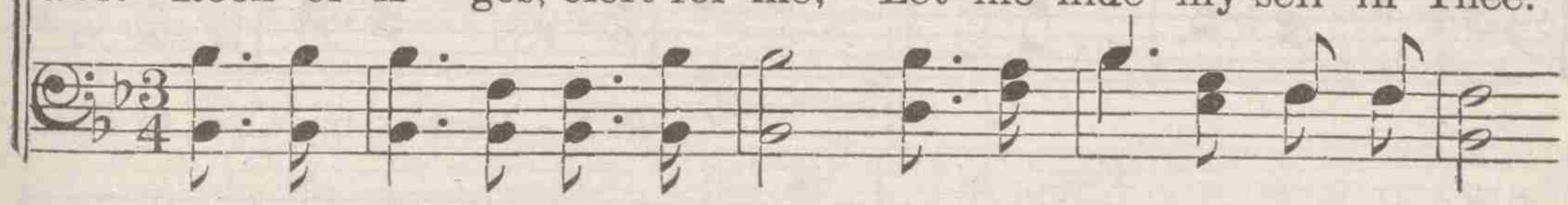
No. 104. Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.

A. M. TOPLADY. THOMAS HASTINGS.

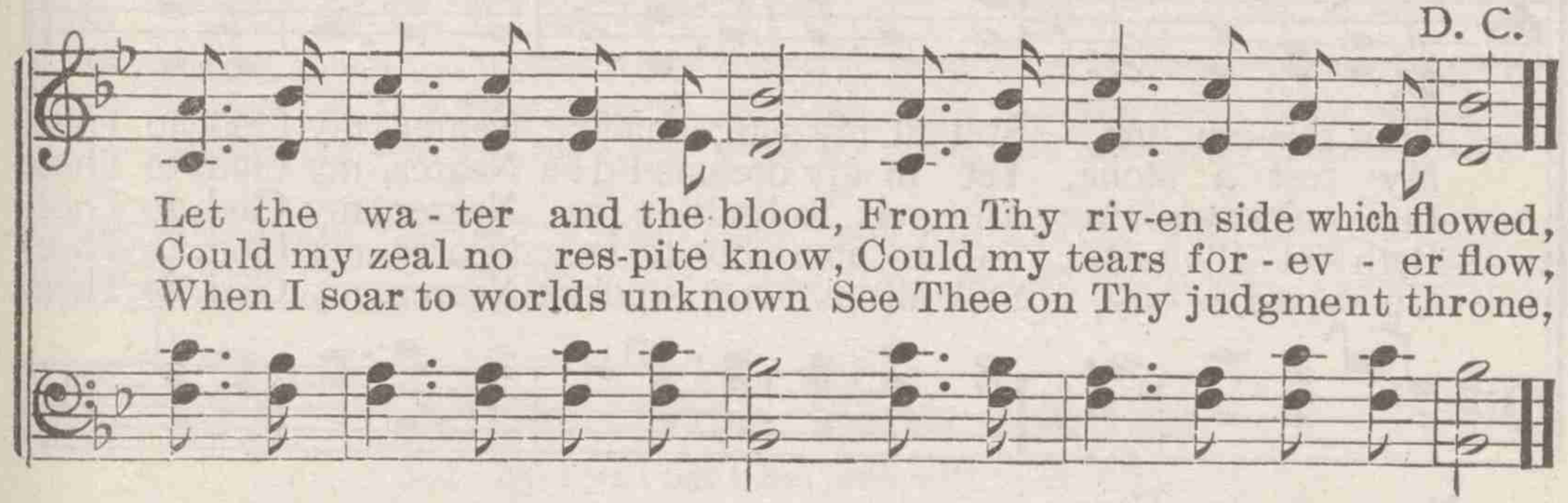
FINE.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
D.C.—Be of sin the dou-ble cure—Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fill the law's demands;
D.C.—All for sin could not a - tone—Thou must save and Thou a-lone.
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes are closed in death;
D.C.—Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.



D. C.
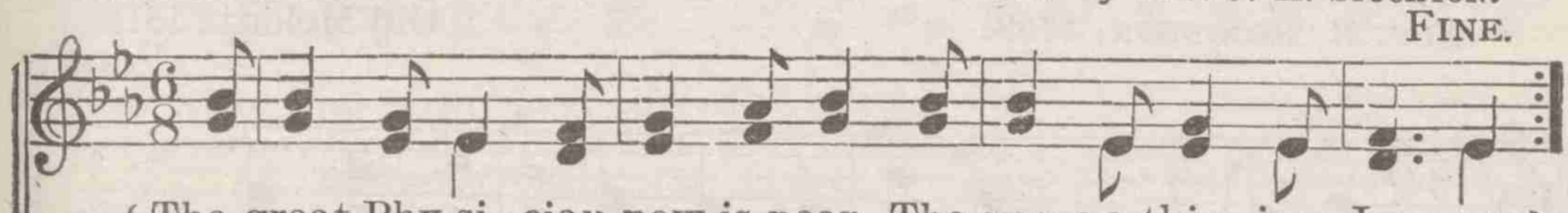


Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv-en side which flowed,
Could my zeal no res-pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
When I soar to worlds unknown See Thee on Thy judgment throne,

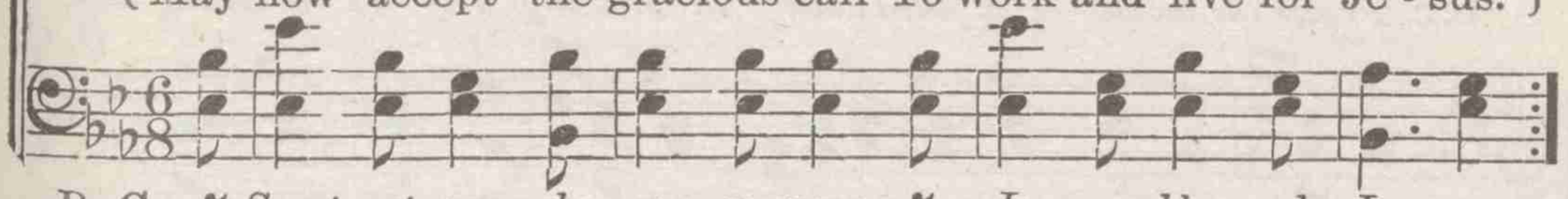
No. 105. The Great Physician.

WILLIAM HUNTER. Arr. by REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

FINE.

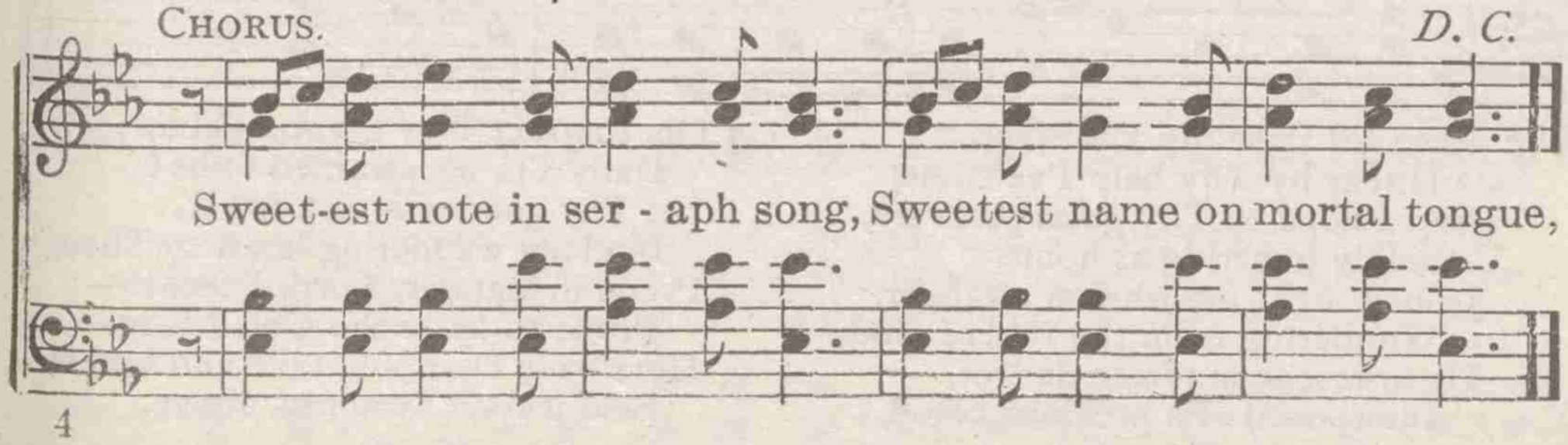


1. { The great Phy-si - cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz - ing Je - sus; }
{ He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus! }
2 { Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, O hear the voice of Je - sus! }
{ Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus. }
3. { His name dis-pels my guilt and fear, No oth-er name but Je - sus; }
{ Oh, how my soul de-lights to hear The charming name of Je - sus. }
4. { The children too both great and small, Who love the name of Je - sus, }
{ May now accept the gracious call To work and live for Je - sus. }



D. C.—*{ Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, } Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.*
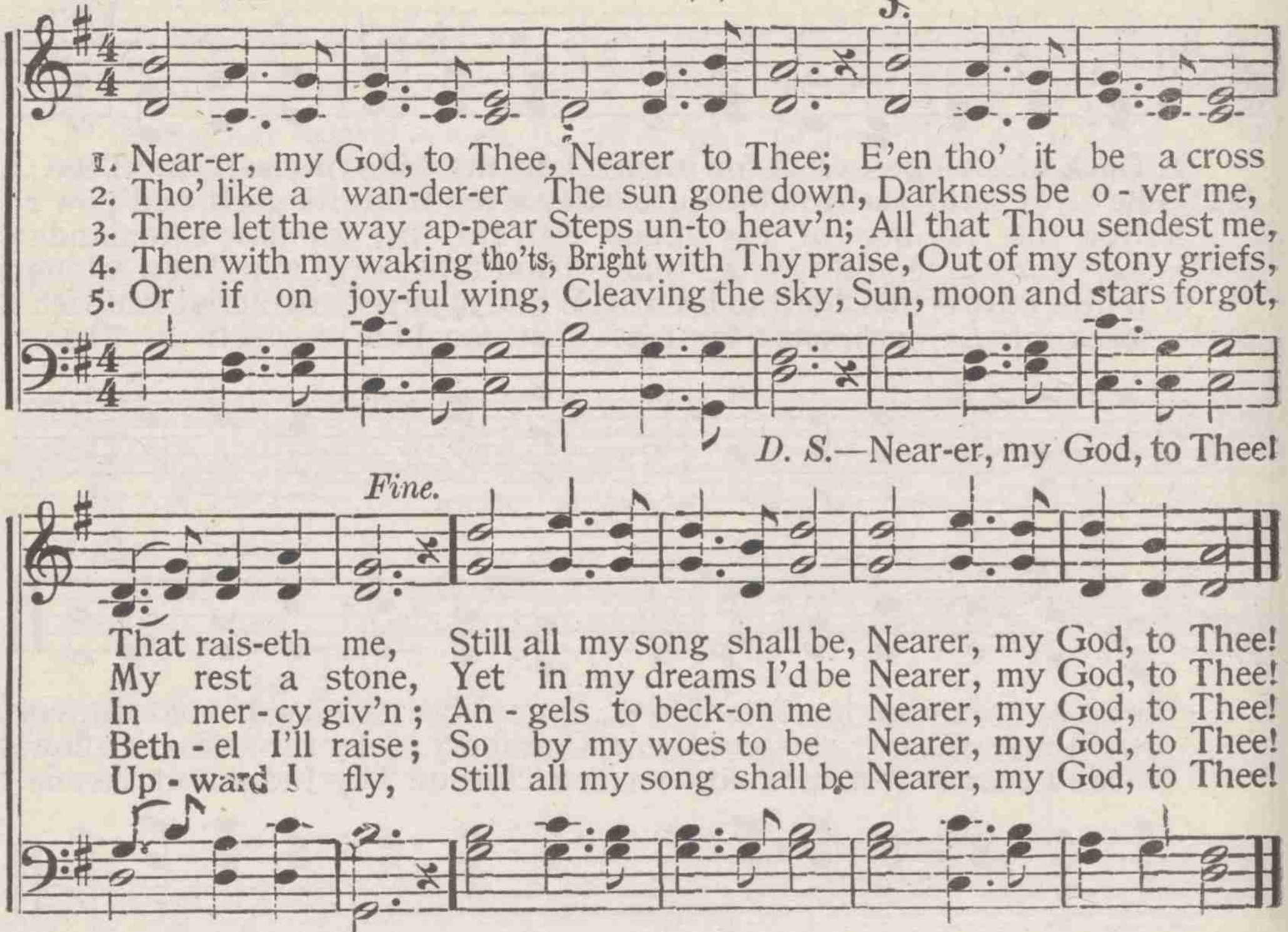
CHORUS. *D. C.*



Sweet-est note in ser - aph song, Sweetest name on mortal tongue,

No. 106. Nearer, my God, to Thee.
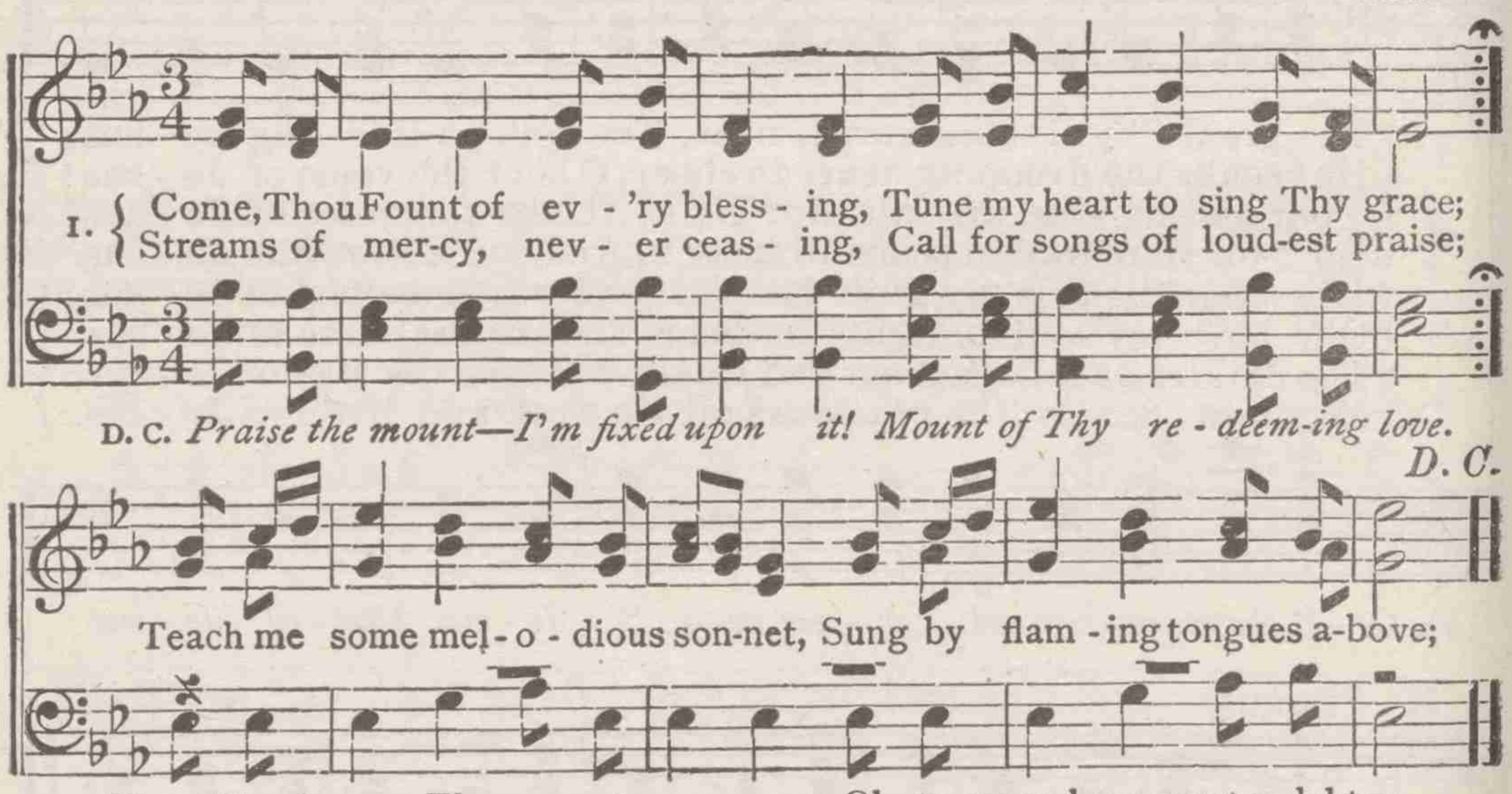
SARAH F. ADAMS. BETHANY, 6, 4. LOWELL MASON.



No. 107. Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing.

Rev. R ROBINSON, 1758. Old Melody, 1812.

FINE.



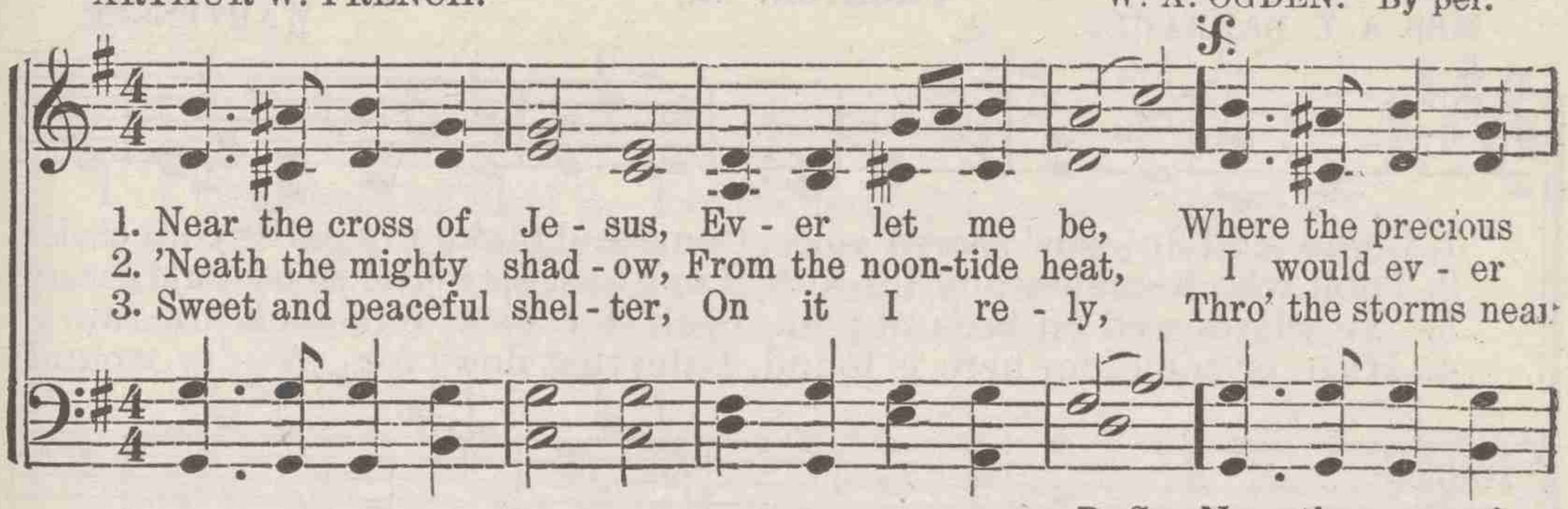
2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I've come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

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

No. 108. Near the Cross.

"It is good for me to draw near."—Ps. 73: 28.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. W. A. OGDEN. By per.



No. 109. Night, with Ebon Pinion.

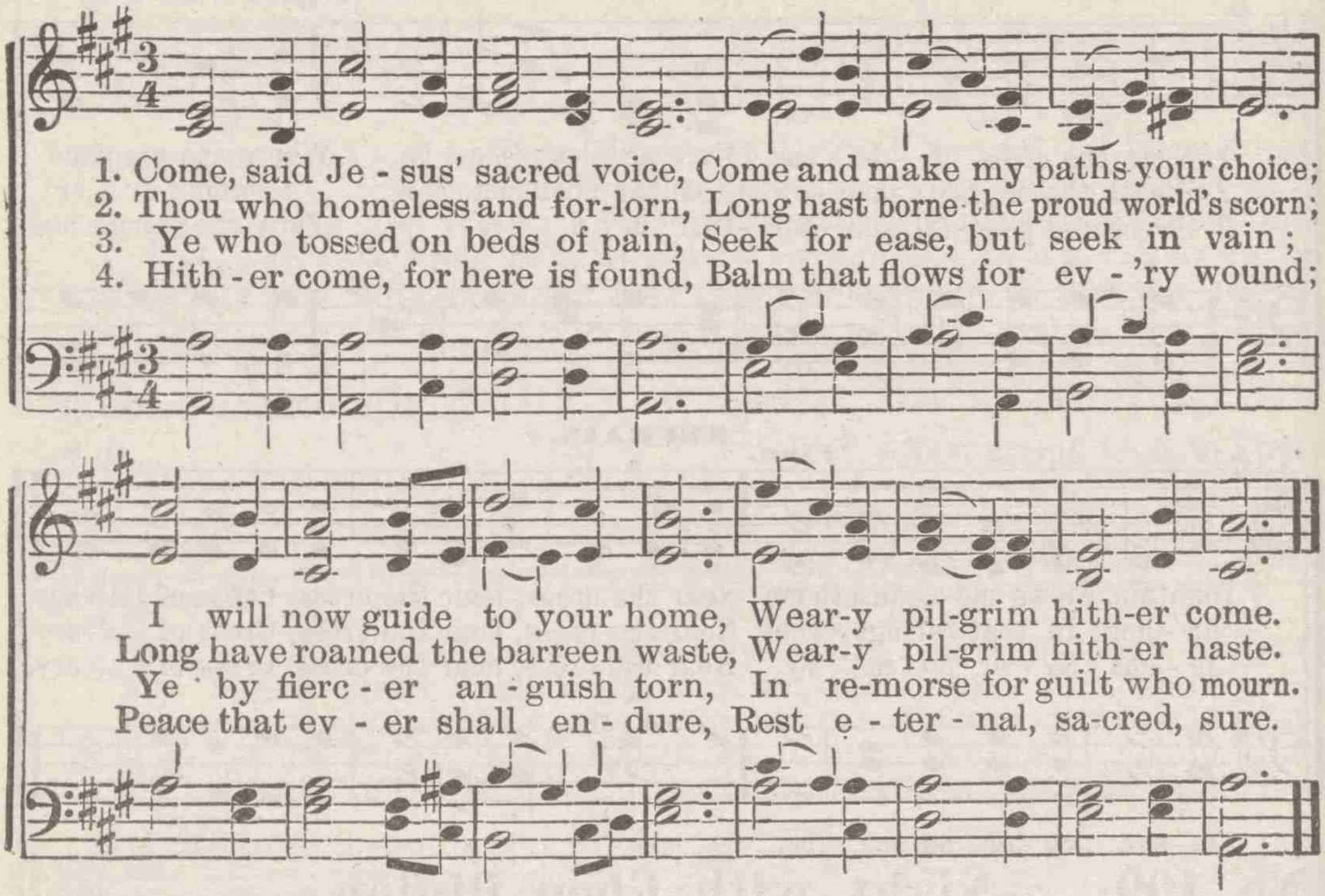
"Not what I will but what thou wilt."—MARK 14: 36.

Words by L. H. JAMESON. Music by J. P. POWELL, by per.

No. 110. Come, Said Jesus' Sacred Voice.

(HORTON. 7s.)

MRS. A. L. BARBAULD. WARTENSEE.

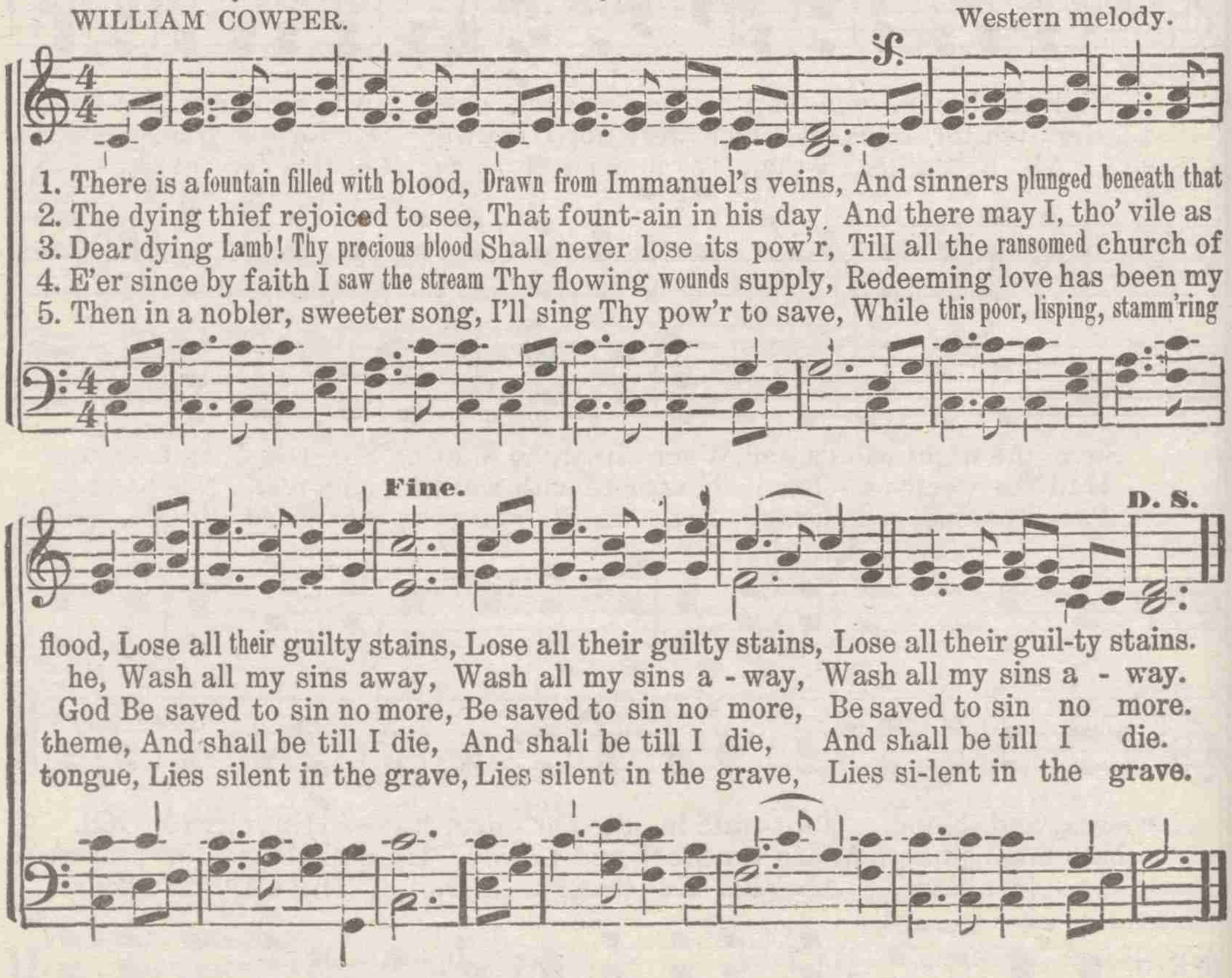


No. 111. There is a Fountain Filled with Blood.

(FOUNTAIN. C. M.)

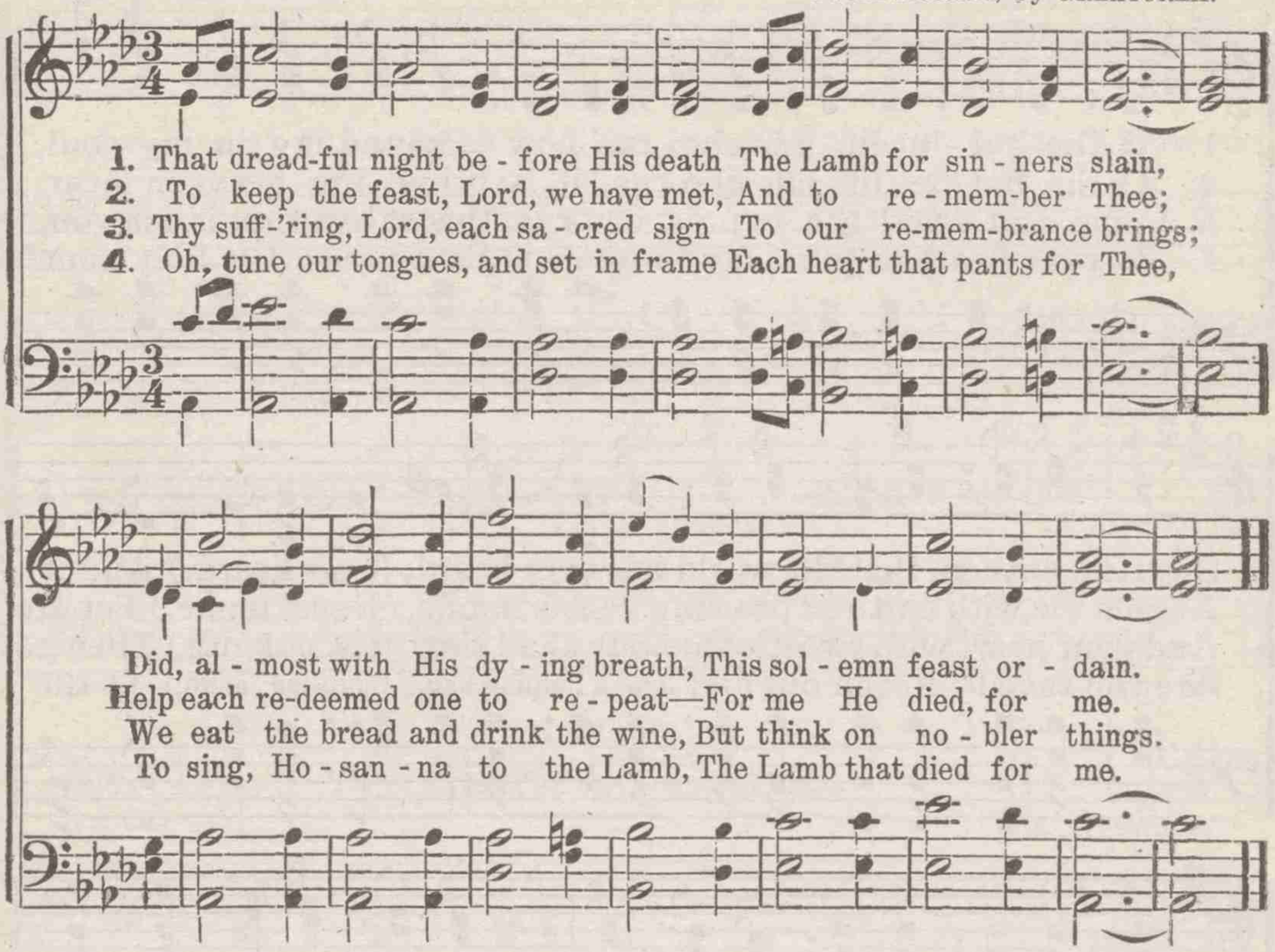
"In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David."—ZECH. 13: 1.

WILLIAM COWPER. Western melody.



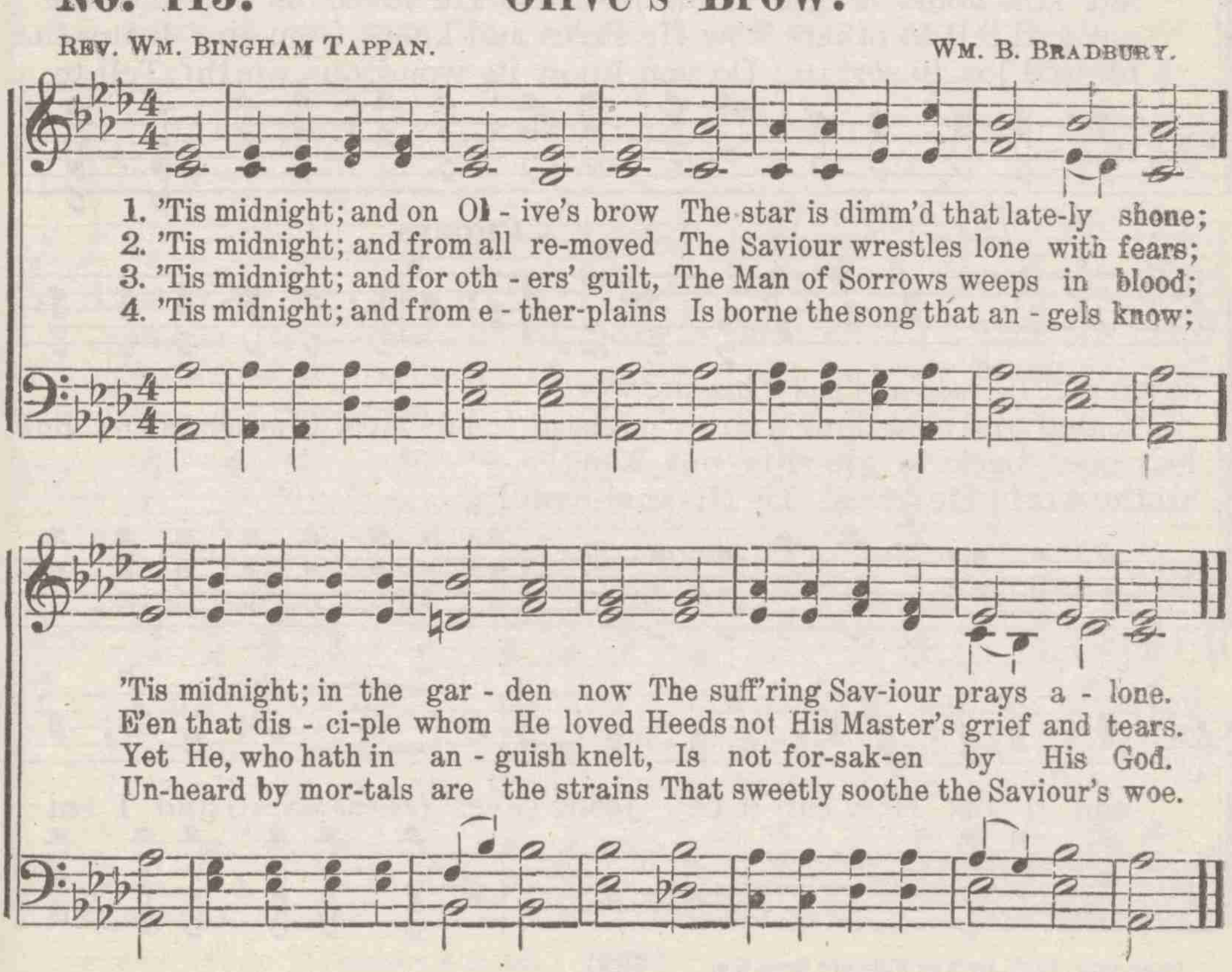
No. 112. Manoah.

JOSEPH HART. From ROSSINI, by GREATOREX.



No. 113. Olive's Brow.

REV. WM. BINGHAM TAPPAN. WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 114. The Hallelujah Chorus.

MRS. W. B. DINGMAN. STANLEY GREENWOOD.

1. O the hal-le-lu-jah cho-rus now is sound-ing in my soul,
2. O the hal-le-lu-jah cho-rus, it is bring-ing heav-en near,
3. Come and swell the hap-py cho-rus, this sal-va-tion is for you,
4. Is your heart in tune, my brother? O then praise His holy name;

Sweetest anthem that the world has ever heard, (ever heard,) And it
Angels vie with earth in praising Je-sus' name, (Jesus' name,) For He
And your heart with sweetest melody shall ring, (yes, shall ring,) Then go
Are you saved? Reach out and lend a helping hand, (help-ing hand,) O the

fills my life with gladness, changing sorrow into joy; Je-sus
left His home in glory, all be-cause He loved us so! Let the
out and tell to others how He saves and keeps from sin; Bring the
blessed joy in service! Do you know its wondrous worth? Tell to
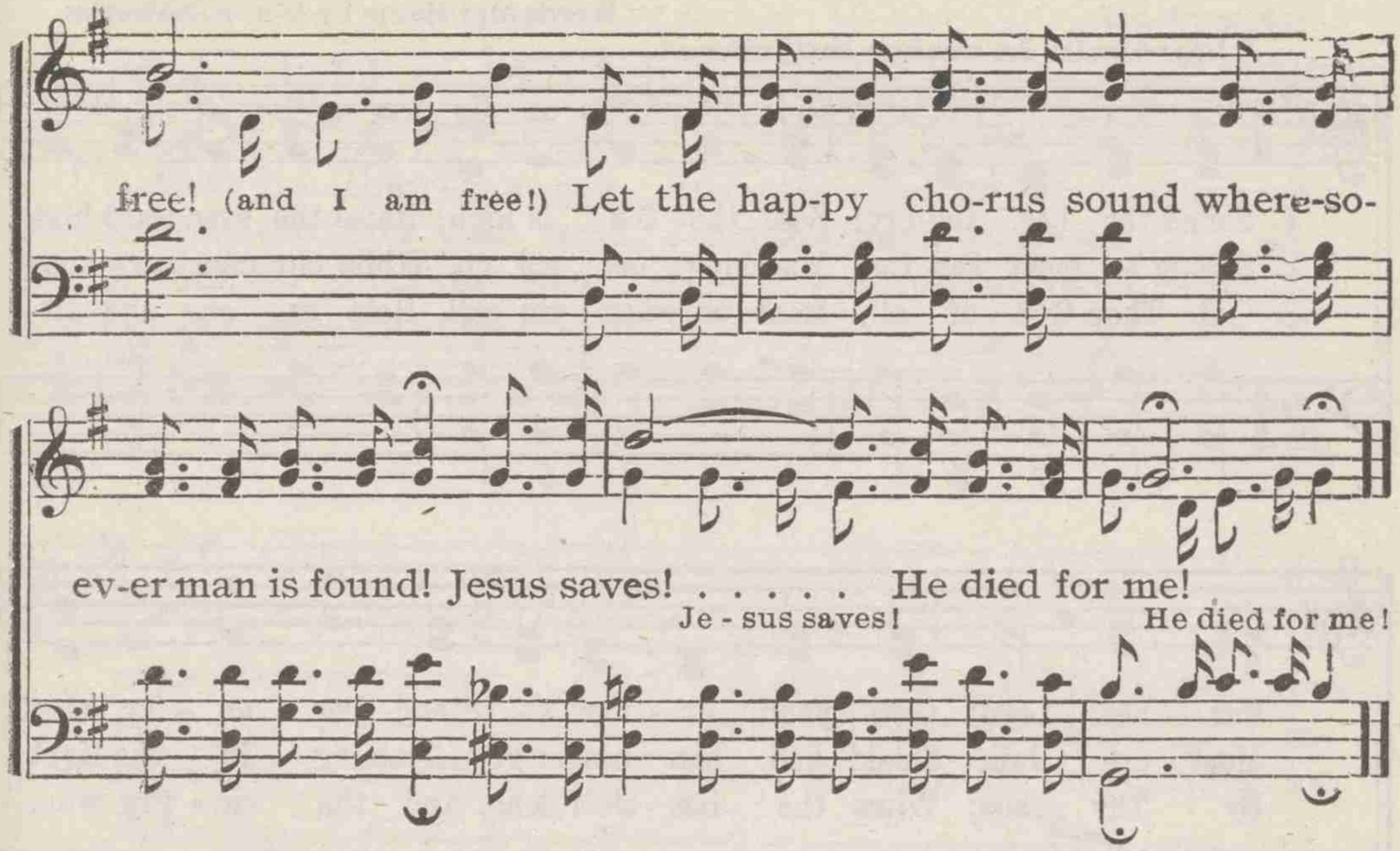
CHORUS.

saves me! He redeemed me! This the word!
ransomed soul a Saviour's pow'r proclaim! Je-sus saves! O wondrous love! How
lost ones back to glo-ri-fy our King!
all the world He saves! 'Tis His command!

can it be? How can it be? Jesus saves! (Je-sus saves!) and I am
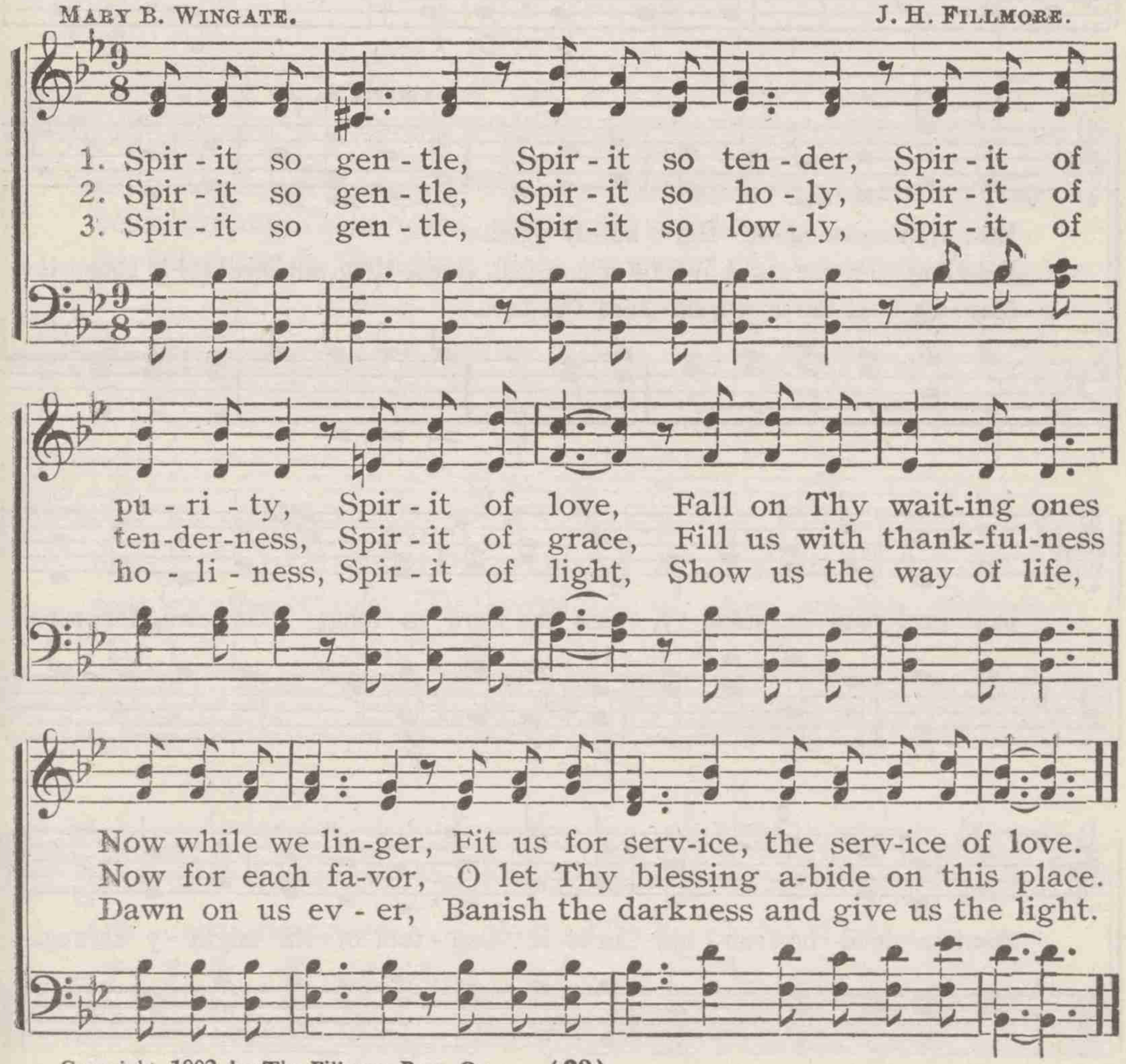
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The Hallelujah Chorus.



No. 115. Spirit So Gentle.

MARY B. WINGATE. J. H. FILLMORE.



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No. 116 Sound the Battle Cry.

Words and Music by WM. F. SHERWIN.

Vigorously, in march movement.

1. Sound the bat - tle cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the stand-ard high
2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know
3. O Thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us one and all

For the Lord; Gird your ar - mor on, Stand firm ev - 'ry one;
Must pre - vail; Shield and ban - ner bright Gleaming in the light;
By Thy grace; When the bat - tle's done, And the vic - t'ry won,

CHORUS. *ff*

Rest your cause up-on His ho - ly word.
Bat-tling for the right We ne'er can fail. Rouse then, soldiers! ral-ly round the
May we wear the crown Be - fore Thy face.

ban - ner! read - y, stead - y, pass the word a - long; On-ward, for-ward,

shout a - loud ho - san - na! Christ is Cap - tain of the might - y throng.

No. 117. Hear Your Country's Call.

Unknown. Arr. from ABT.

1. Hear your coun-try's call, Free-men, one and all! Hear your
2. From the shop and farm, From the hearth-stone warm, Lo, we
3. Hail, our Fath - er - land! Here thy chil - dren stand All re-

coun - try's ear - nest cry; See your na - tive land, Asks your
gath - er brave and strong! Faith-ful here we stand To re-
solved, u - ni - ted, true, In thy ho - ly cause, Ne'er to

CHORUS.

succoring hand, Sons of freedom, draw ye nigh. Lift our country's flag on
deem our land From intemperance, sin and wrong.
faint or pause, Is the vow we here re-new. Lift our country's flag, our

high, 'Tis the em-blem of the free;
country's flag on high; 'Tis the emblem of, the em-blem of the free;

Lift our country's flag on high, 'Tis the pledge of vic - to - ry.

No. 118. Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

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

1. What a fellow-ship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the ev - er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev - er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev - er-

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

CHORUS.

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

lean - ing, Safe and secure from all a-larms; Lean - ing,
leaning on Jesus, Leaning on Jesus,

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

By permission.

No. 119. Draw Me to Thee.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY. By per.

1. Clos - er to Thee, my Father, draw me, I long for Thine em-brace;
2. Clos - er to Thee, my Saviour, draw me, Nor let me leave Thee more,
3. Clos - er by Thy sweet spirit draw me, Till I am whol-ly Thine;

Clos - er with-in Thine arms en-fold me, I seek a rest - ing place.
Sigh - ing to feel Thine arms a-round me, And all my wand'rings o'er.
Quick-en, re-fine, and wash and cleanse me, Till pure my soul shall shine.

CHORUS.

Clos - - - er with the cords of love, Draw
Clos - er, clos - er with the cords of love, Draw me, draw me

me to Thy - self a - bove; Clos - - - er
to Thy - self a - bove; Clos - er with the cords of love,

draw me to Thy - self a - bove.
Draw me to Thy-self a - bove, Draw me to Thy - self a - bove.

No. 120. On Zion's Glorious Summit.

KENT. ROBERT SKENE.

1. On Zi - on's glorious sum-mit stood A numerous host redeemed by blood;
2. Here all who suffered sword or flame For truth, or Je - sus' love-ly name,
3. While ev - er - last-ing a - ges roll, E - ter-nal love shall feast their soul,

They hymned their King in strains di - vine; I heard the song, and
Shout vic - t'ry now, and hail the Lamb, And bow be - fore the
And scenes of bliss, for - ev - er new, Rise in suc - ces - sion

p

strove to join, I heard the song and strove to join.
great I AM, And bow be - fore the great I AM.
to their view, Rise in suc - ces - sion to their view.

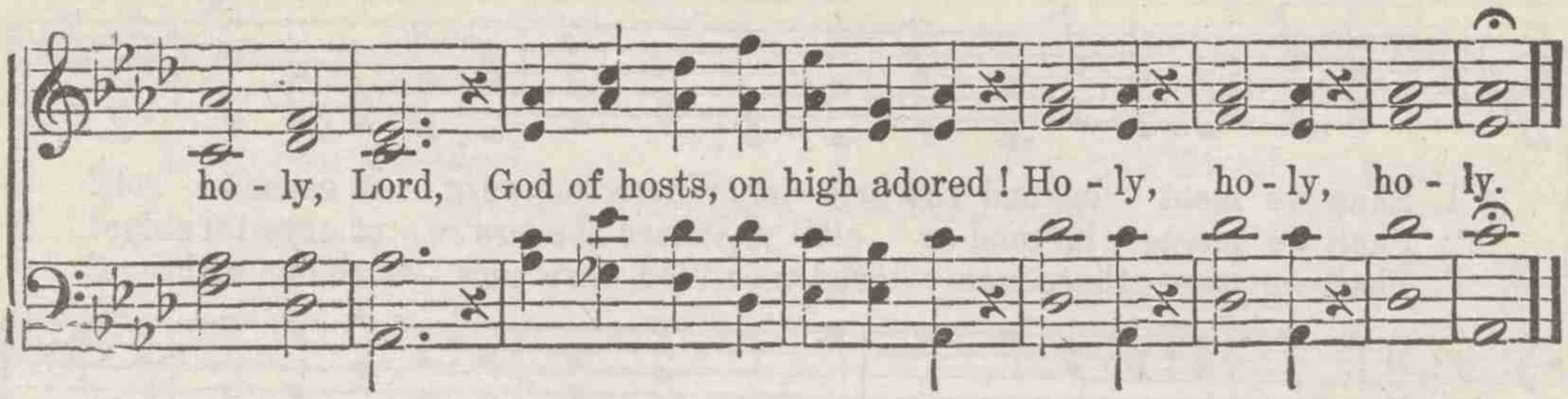
* SANCTUS. "Manhattan Coll."

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord, God of hosts, on high a - dored!

Who like me Thy praise should sing, O Almighty King! Ho - ly, ho - ly,
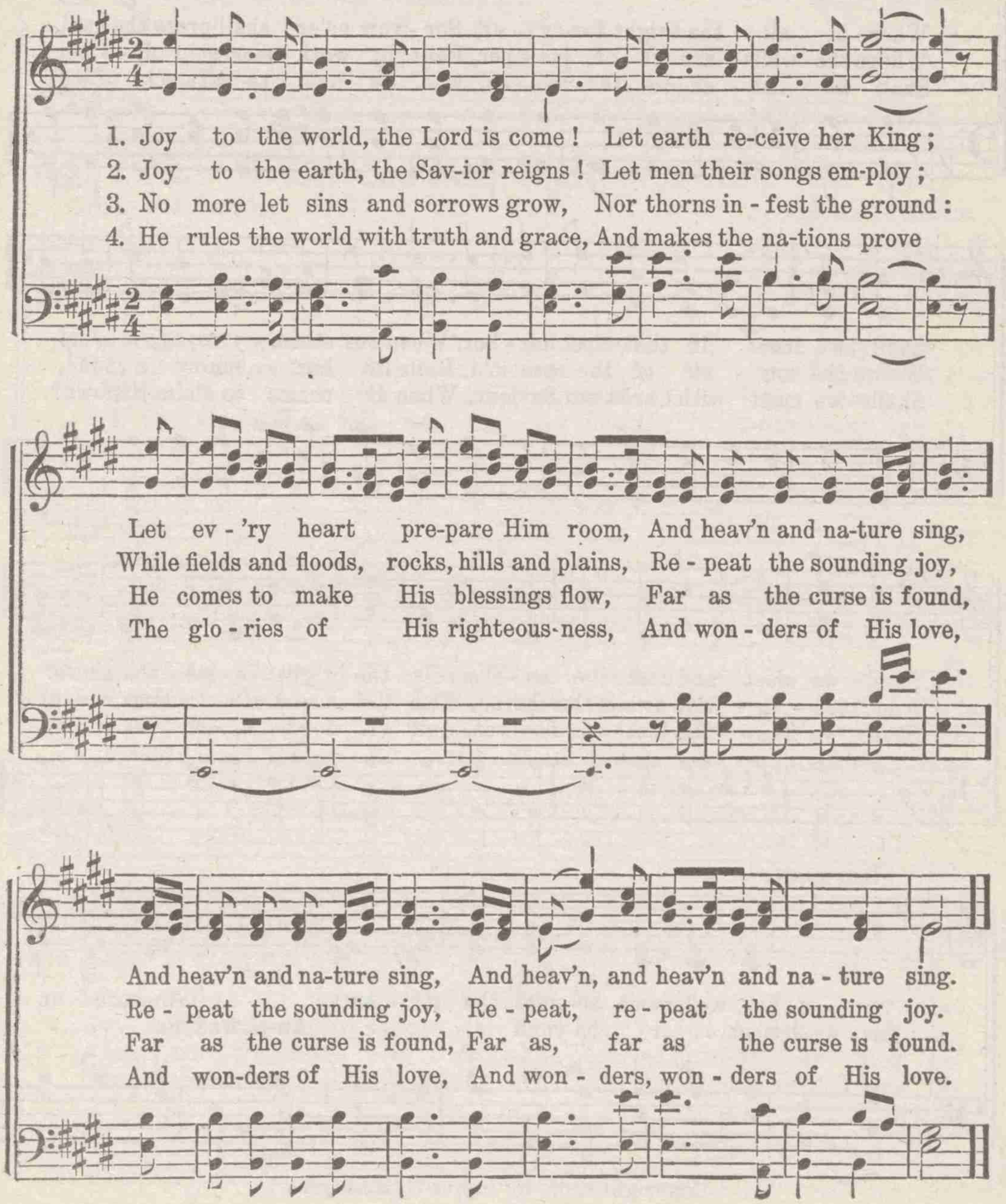
* To be sung at the close of the hymn.

No. 120. On Zion's Glorious Summit.



No. 121. Joy to the World.

ISAAC WATTS. ARR. from HANDEL.



No. 122. Shall We Meet?

W. L. HASTINGS. E. M. DOUTHIT.

1. Shall we meet beyond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in yond-er cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crys-tal shine?
3. Shall we meet there man-y loved ones, Who were torn from our embrace?

Where in all the bright for-ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul,
Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work - man-ship di - vine,
Shall we list - en to the voic - es, And be - hold them face to face?

Shall we meet in that blest har - bor, When our storm - y voyage is o'er?
Where the mu - sic of the ransom'd, Rolls its har - mo-ny a-round,
Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own?

Shall we meet and cast the an - chor, By the bright ce - les - tial shore?
And cre - a - tion swells the chorus, With its sweet me - lo-dious sound?
Shall we know His bless-ed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne?

REFRAIN.

Yes, we'll meet be-yond the riv - er, Anchored on
Yes, we'll meet..... be-yond An-chored on.....

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Shall We Meet? Concluded.

a storm-less shore, We will dwell in peace for -
a stormless shore, We shall dwell..... in peace for -

ev - er, With our loved ones gone be-fore,
ev - er, With our loved..... gone be-fore.

No. 123. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

GEORGE MATHESON. ALBERT L. PEACE.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea - ry
2. O Light that fol-lowest all my way, I yield my flick'ring
3. O Joy that seek-est me thro' pain, I can - not close my
4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to

soul in Thee, I give Thee back the life I owe, That
torch to Thee, My heart re-stores its bor-rowed ray, That
heart to Thee, I trace the rain-bow thro' the rain, And
hide from Thee, I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, And

in Thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
in Thy sun-shine's glow its day May bright-er, fair - er be.
feel the prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be.
from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be.

No. 124. What Shall I do With Jesus?

W. H. LIGON. (MALE QUARTET.) LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. When in the bloom..... of ros - y youth, And near to
2. When in the noon - - tide glare of life, I stern-ly
3. When in the eve - - - ning of life's day, And near my
4. Then, when life's con - - - flicts all are done, Too late, too

1. When in the bloom of ros - y youth,

child - - - hood's happy glen, I hear the sim - - - ple
with..... the world con-tend, And hear the word..... with
earth - - - - ly journey's end, I hear a - gain..... Thy
late..... my course to mend, I stand be - fore..... God's

And near to childhood's happy glen, I hear the simple

gos - pel truth, "What shall I do with Je - sus then?"
bless-ings rife, "What shall I do with Je - sus then?"
old-time way, "What shall I do with Je - sus then?"
on - ly Son, "What shall I do with Je - sus then?"

CHORUS.

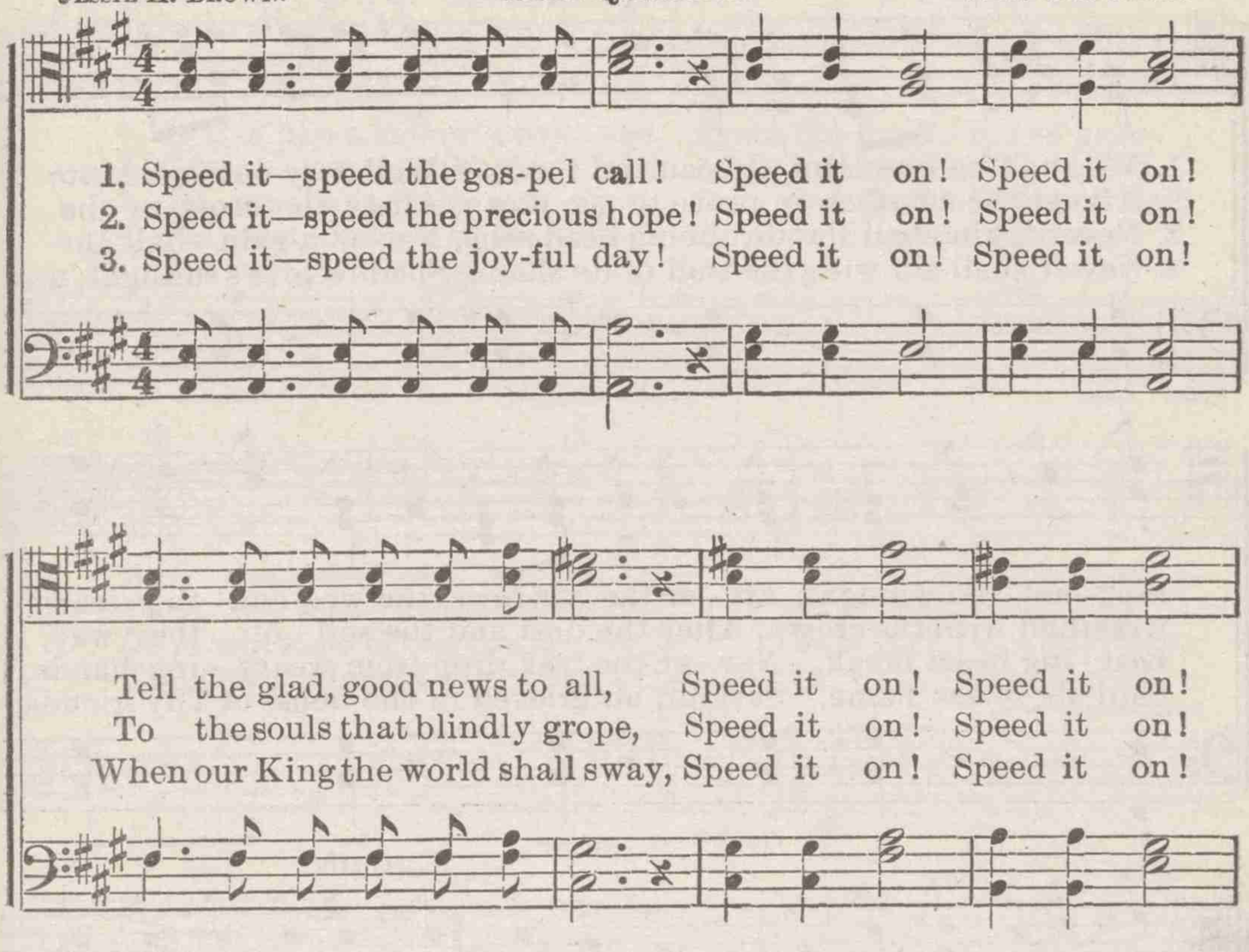
Oh, shall I meet Him with de - light, Up - on the oth - er shore,

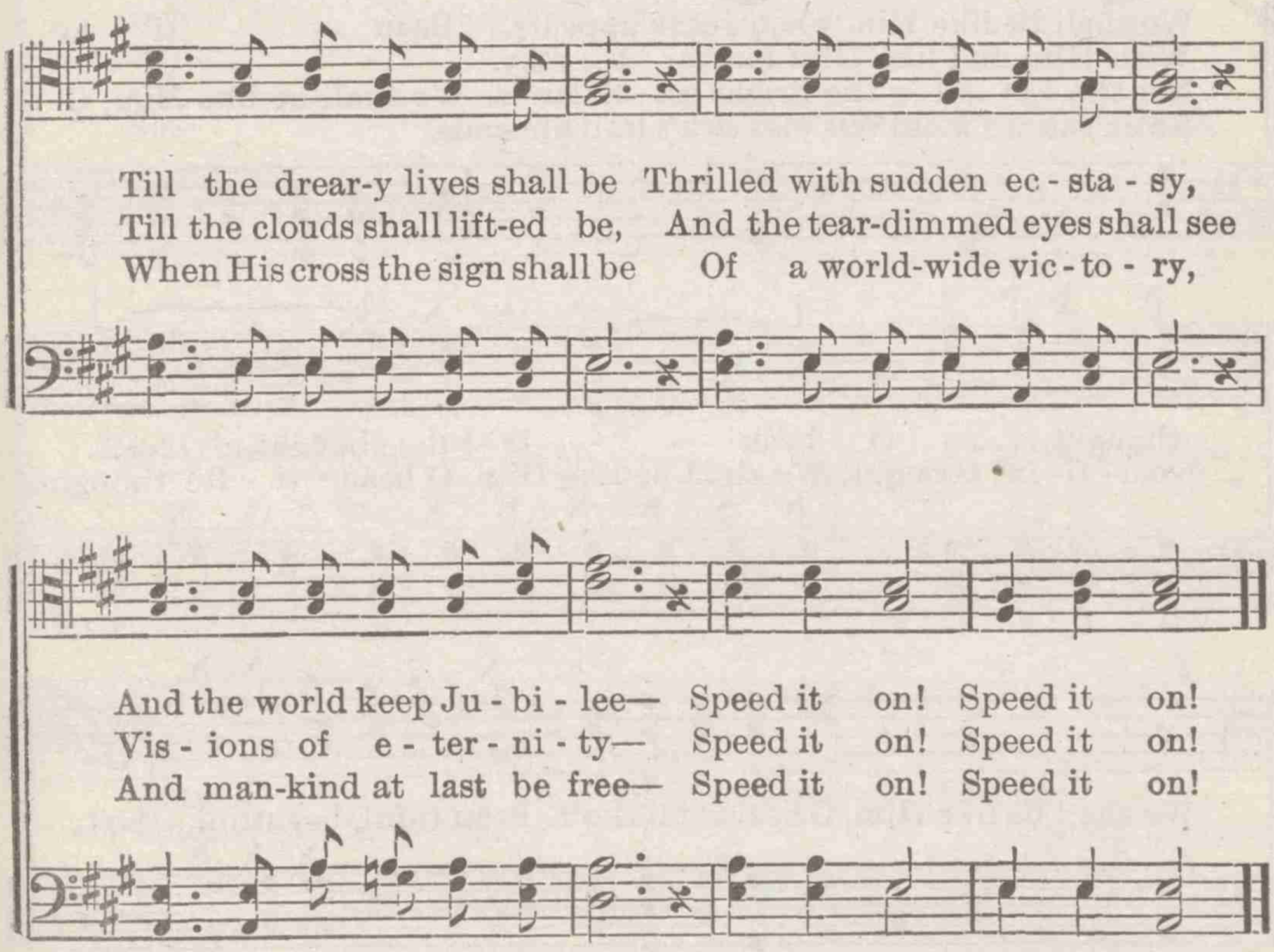
Or pass on out to end-less night, To dwell for-ev - er - more?

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No. 125. Speed It On.

JESSIE H. BROWN. MALE QUARTET. J. H. ROSECRANS.





Copyright, 1895, by J. H. Rosecrans.

No. 126. Beautiful Thought.

LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

TENOR SOLO.

1. We shall be like Him, O beautiful thought, Well may our souls into rapt - ure be wrought; Aft - er the sor-rows, the woe and the tears,
2. Aft - er the con-flict in peace to sit down, Aft-er the cross to be wreathed with the crown, After the dust and the soil of the way,
3. Never again shall the throbbing head ache, Nev-er a-gain shall the beat - ing heart break, Nev - er the task drop from weary - ing hands,
4. Nev-er shall sin with the trail of its shame Shadow love's sunlight, nor chill its clear flame; Saviour, oft grieved in the house of Thy friends,

CHORUS.

We shall be like Him when Jesus appears. Beau - - ti - ful thought,..... O beau - - ti - ful thought,.....
With Him and like Him forever to stay. beau - ti - ful thought, We shall be like Him, O beau - ti - ful thought,
Nor the feet fail in the bright-est of lands. We shall be like Him, O beauti-ful tho't, Beau-ti-ful, beautiful tho't.
Ne'er will we wound Thee when earth's frail life ends.

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No. 127. Life Is Like a Sailor's Voyage.

G. J. (For Men's Voices.) E. M. Douthit.

Duet. 1st and 2d Tenor.

1. Life is like a sail-or's voy - age, From the cradle to the grave,
2. Cruel billows seek to dash you All in piec-es on the shoal;
3. To an anchor safe, eter - nal, Soon your bark of life will drift,
4. May the Captain of sal-va-tion Be your Pi-lot all the way,

And the vessel with its treas - ure You must either lose or
Dark and angry tempests threaten Swift destruc-tion to thy
Or will sink beneath the surg-es, Where the shadows never
Till your soul shall cast an an - chor In the bless-ed port of

Chorus.

save. You are drifting, brother, drift - - ing,
soul.
lift.
day. drifting, drifting, drifting,

From the harbor-land of home,..... To a landing safe in
yes, drifting, drifting, To a
heav - - en, Or a grave beneath the foam.....
landing safe in heaven, beneath the foam.

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No. 128. The Church In the Wildwood.

BIRDIE BELL. (For Male Voices.) ARR. by LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

DUET. *1st and 2d Tenor.*

1. As I dream of the days of my child-hood, And the scenes which in
2. I have roamed in the years which have vanished, Far a - way from the
3. There I learned in their sweetness and beau - ty All the les - sons of
4. I was taught from the Book of the a - ges, Of the Sav - iour who
5. As I dream of the church in the wildwood, With a love that is

mem - o - ry dwell, Oft I think of the church in the wild-wood,
home of my birth, But remembrance has nev - er been ban-ished
mer - cy and truth, How to walk in the path-ways of du - ty
loves me so well, And the words which I found on its pag - es,
changeless and pure, There I learned in the days of my child-hood

CHORUS.

The quaint lit - tle church in the dell. O come, come, come, come, come, come,
Of the place which is dearest on earth.
And to serve the dear Lord in my youth.
In the depths of my heart ever dwell.
Of the joys which for-ev-er en-dure.

Come to the

come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, No
church in the wild - wood, O come to the church in the dale;

spot is so dear to my childhood As the little brown church in the vale.

Arr. and words copyright, 1915, by Leonard Daugherty.

No. 129. Somebody's Wandering Girl.

NINA GORDON MODGLIN. **(For Male Voices.)** LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

DUET. *1st and 2d Tenor.*

1. Where is my wan - der-ing girl to - night? Who was once so
2. Wan - der - ing far from the paths of right, On sin's drear
3. Where is my wan - der - ing girl to - night? She's lost to
4. Pi - ty the wan - der - ing girl to - night, Save her soul from

pure, so fair; With her vel-vet - y cheek, her eye so bright,
moun - tain base; Her feet tending t' ward the endless night,
loved ones at home; On-ly God him-self can wash her white,
ev - 'ry snare, Guide her wandering feet up the steep height,

CHORUS.

And the sun - shine gold in her hair.
T'ward the halls of dread de - spair. O where, O where
And bid the poor wand'rer come.
Thro' the pearl - y por - tals there.

is my wand'ring girl? Far, far from the gates of pearl; My

rit.

heart's sad refrain, restore her again, God pit-y the wand'ring girl.

Words and music copyright, 1915, by Leonard Daugherty.

No. 130. It Is Something To You.

MENZIES CUMMING. (For Men's Voices.) J. H. ROSECRANS.

SOLO. HARMONY.

1. Sinner, hear the grand old gospel sto - ry, It is something to you,
2. See in Beth-l'em's manger Je-sus ly - ing, It is something to you,
3. From the tomb the bars of death were riven, It is something to you,
4. An-gel hosts proclaimed the Victor's glory, It is something to you,

SOLO. HARMONY.

Something to you. Je-sus left His Father's realms of glo-ry, Bringing
Something to you. On the cross of Calv-'ry Christ is dy-ing, This is
Something to you. From the soul the sting of death is driven, This is
Something to you. "King of kings" in earth's most wondrous story, Must be

CHORUS.

something to you;—yes, to *you*. Love, joy and peace like a river;

Life made im-mor - tal for - ev - er; Thro' the end - less a - ges

with the Sav - iour, Will be something to you,—yes, to you.

Copyright, 1915, by J. H. Rosecrans.

No. 131. Near to the Cross.

ADAH TORRY HENDERSON. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. Near to the cross, the blessed cross, Tho' I may suf - fer earthly loss,
2. Near to the cross, His word I hear, Near to the cross no foe I fear,
3. Near to the cross, temptations cease, Near to the cross is perfect peace,
4. Near to the cross, I leave all care, He will the heav - y burden bear,

Fain would I near the cross a - bide, Where for my sins the Saviour died.
There in its shad - ow cool and sweet, Safe from the world is my re-treat.
There doth His face in beau-ty shine, There do I claim His love di - vine.
Near to the cross this life I keep, Near to the cross In death I'll sleep.

CHORUS.

Near to the cross,..... He wait - ing stands,..... Reaching to
Near to the cross, He wait-ing stands,
me,..... His pierced hands, ... Near to the cross,
Reaching to me, His pierced hands, Near to the cross,..... His smile is
His smile is sweet, Making my life..... in Him com-plete.....
sweet,..... Mak-ing my life in Him complete.

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No. 132. The Saviour's Pleadings.

MENZIES CUMMING. J. H. ROSECRANS.

TENOR SOLO.

1. "Give me thy heart," 'tis the Sav - iour now plead-ing,
2. "Give me thy love," see on Cal - va - ry dy - ing,
3. "Give me thy life;" for He gave His life free - ly,

Give up the world.... in its suf-f'ring and sin,....
And from His brow.... see the blood flow - ing down.....
Ha - ted of men.... and de-spised for the deed,....

Earth's ma - ny pleas - - ures to sor - rows are lead - ing,
Christ came to earth, heav - en's joys all de - ny - ing
To Him be true.... ev - er live the life real - ly,

Blight-ing all joy,.... and each hope that's with-in.....
That by His death... you might wear a bright crown....
And ma - ny souls.... un - to glo - ry - land lead.....

CHORUS.

Give me thy heart;..... give me thy love;..... Give me thy
Give me thy heart; give me thy love;

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The Saviour's Pleadings. Concluded.

life;.... thus, be thou made free,.... Take up my yoke,.... and
thy life; made free, my yoke,

look up a-bove,....Leave now sin's ways and come dwell with me....
above, sin's ways with me.

No. 133. Only In Thee.

W. H. BEAUCHAMP. (For Men's Voices.) J. H. ROSECRANS.

QUARTET. *Andante.*

1. On - ly in Thee, O Lord we trust, On-ly in Thee, while we have breath;
2. On - ly in Thee we hope, when sin Tempts our poor feet from Thee to stray;
3. On - ly in Thee, what is our strength Unless Thy goodness makes us strong?
1. On - ly in Thee; our ver-y will Be as Thou will'st whose aid we seek;

In Thee when, Lord, we join the dust—On-ly in Thee in life, in death.
On - ly in Thee when ease would win Our hearts from Thy blest work a-way.
A reed our passions snap at length; What strength have we to strive with wrong?
O hear our cry! O make us still Strong with Thy strength—we else were weak.

REFRAIN. *Ad lib.*

On - ly in Thee,..... On - ly in Thee.
On - ly in Thee, On - ly in Thee, On - ly in Thee,

Copyright, 1915, by J H. Rosecrans.

No. 134. My Saviour's Voice.

BIRDIE BELL. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. I had wandered far a - way From the paths of truth and right,
2. I had roamed with weary feet O'er the mountain cold and bare,
3. Now I walk with Christ, my guide, In the path-way of His choice,

Turned from glory of the day To the darkness of the night;
But I heard His ac-cents sweet, Soft-ly call - ing ev - 'ry-where;
And my soul is sat - is - fied, As I heed His ten - der voice;

O the fol - ly of my choice! Peace I sought, but vain the quest,
And I saw a heav'nly ray Shine a-cross the shad-ows dim,
For the road leads on to peace, Growing brighter day by day,

Till I heard my Saviour's voice, Saying, "Come to Me and rest."
Thus I found the nar - row way, 'Tis the road which leads to Him.
And my joys in Him in-crease, While I tread the nar - row way.

REFRAIN.

'Twas my Sav - - iour called me home, Nev-er - more.... my
called me home,

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My Saviour's Voice. Concluded.

feet will roam, nev - er - more I am safe..... from e - vil's

snare, safe, yes safe, Sheltered by..... His love and care. love and care.

No. 135. How Can I But Love Him?

J. E. RANKIN. E. S. LORENZ.

1. So ten - der, so precious, My Sav - iour to me; So true and so
2. So pa - tient, so kindly Tow'rd all of my ways; I blun - der so
3. Of all friends the fairest And tru - est is He; His love is the
4. His beauty, tho' bleeding And circled with thorns, Is then most ex-

REFRAIN.

gra - cious I've found Him to be.
blind - ly—He love still re - pays. How can I but love Him? But
rar - est That ev - er can be.
ceed-ing, For grief Him a - dorns.

love Him, but love Him? There's no Friend above Him, Poor sinner, for thee.

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No. 136. Safe In the Arms of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane. Used by per. W. H. DOANE.

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

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

FINE.

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

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

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

D. C. for chorus.

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

Only Sleeping.

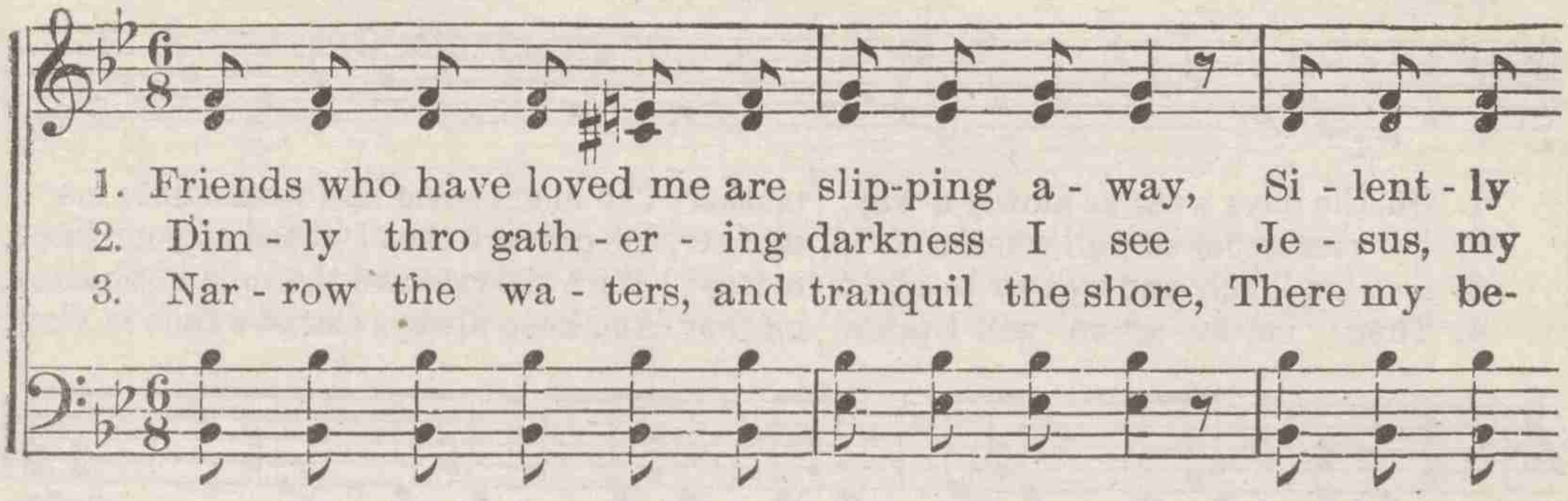
F. L. E. F. L. EILAND.

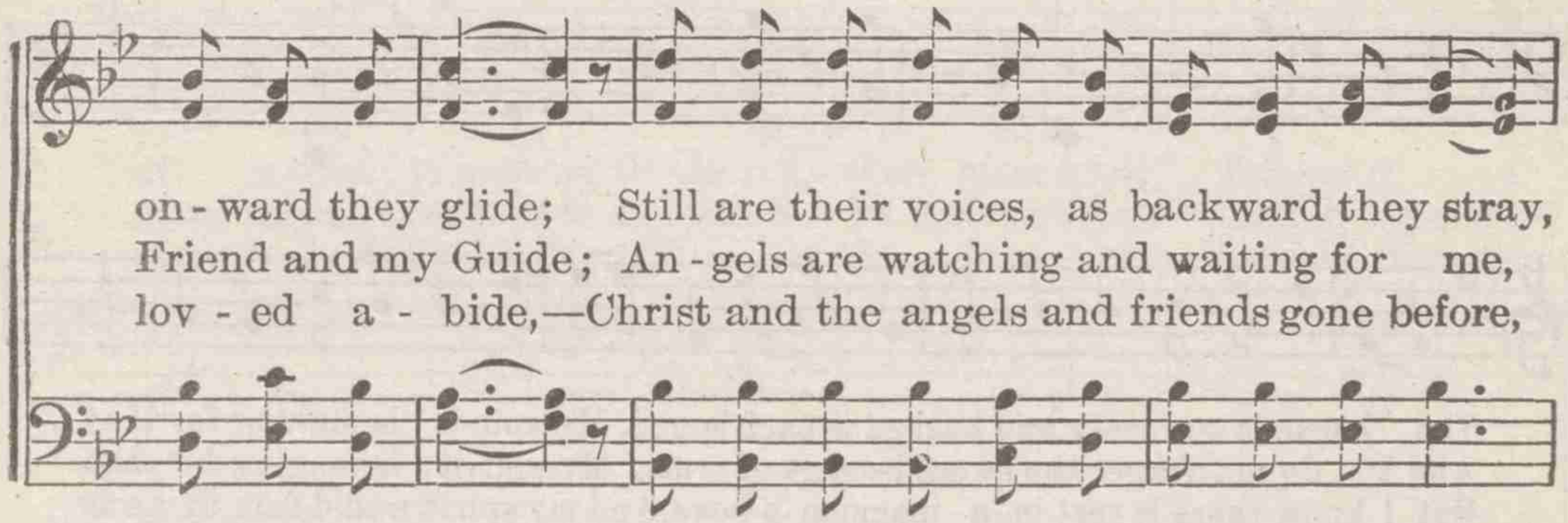
1. The dead in Christ are only sleeping, Tho' their beds be made of clay;
2. We that live shall see His glo - ry, But the dead shall first a - rise;
3. O be robed and ready, broth - er, Let us hail the might-y King,

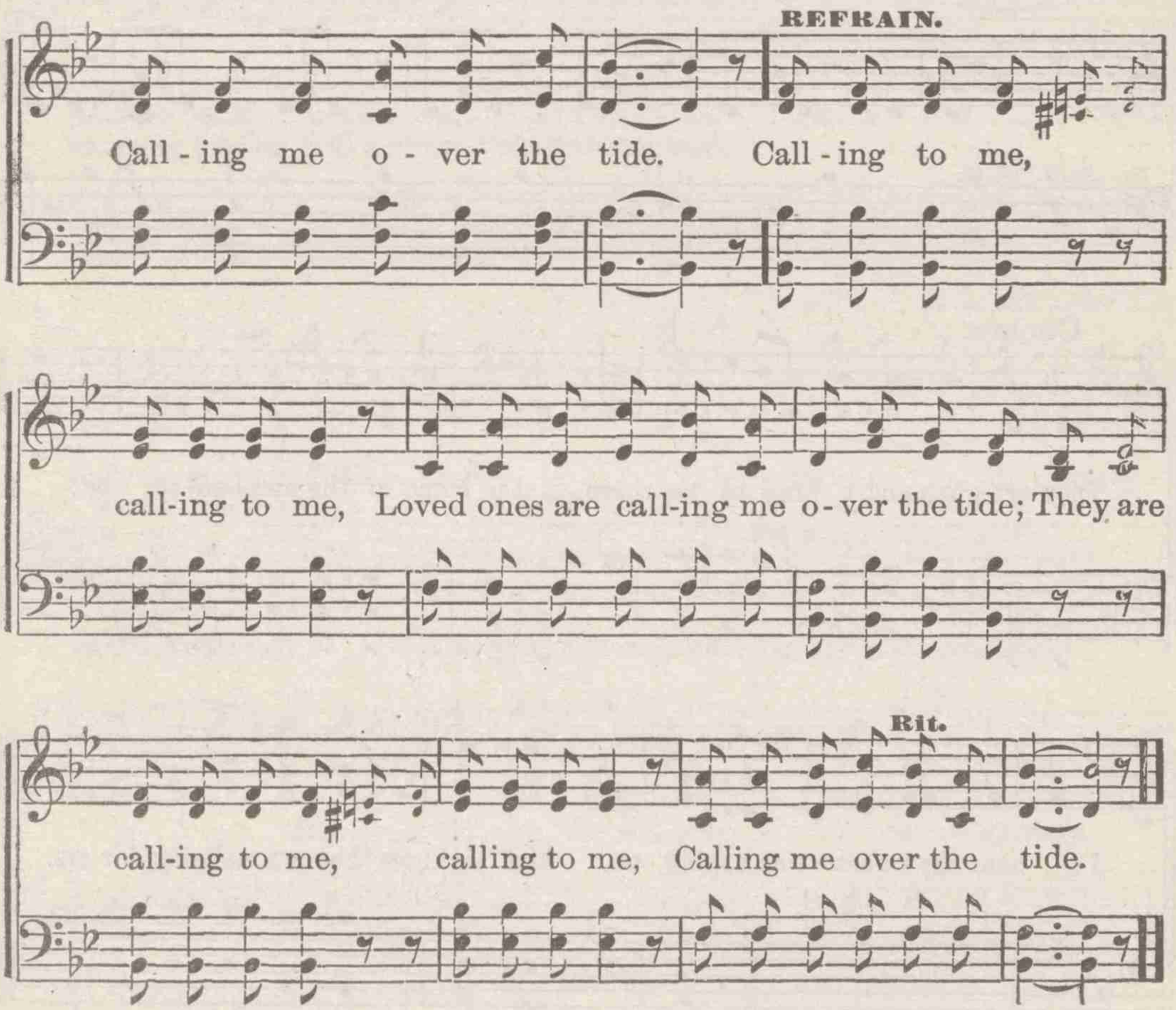
They shall rise and joyfully meet Him; When He comes in that great day.
Then together we will hail Him; King Im-man-uel in the skies.
Singing, "grave where is thy vic - t'ry," And O death where is thy sting,

No. 137. Calling Me Over the Tide.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. F.







Copyright, 1886, by Fillmore Bros.

No. 138. Thou Art Gone, Mother.

M. B. T. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Oh, the days wear so slowly a-way, mother, The hours seem like weeks unto me,
2. I remember so well when a child, mother,The prayers that I lisped at your knee,
3. I am lonely and wea-ry to-night, mother, With the cares and the toils of the day,
4. Then on, ev - er on will I press, mother, And keep always Christ's face in view,

The house is so lonely and hushed is each sound, My spir-it is sighing for thee.
And I do not forget the sweet lessons of truth, My spir-it is longing for thee.
But I know there is rest in a mansion a-bove,And my spirit would fain fly away.
Till the race I have run,and the crown fairly won,Then I'll rest in that mansion with you.

CHORUS.

Thou art gone and I long to be there, In the home of the bless-ed to be;
I hear thy sweet voice urging on, And I know thou art wait-ing for me.

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No. 139. The Guiding Star.

ADAH TORREY HENDERSON. Duett and Quartette. ALICE L. MARTIN.

Adagio con Espressione.

1. Brightly through dark clouds of sorrow, Shines the lov - ing Savior's smile, Tell-ing
2. Death may claim the ones we cherished And our eyes be dimmed with tears, Earthly
3. When at last our feet are standing On the brink of Death's cold stream, His smile

of a bright to-morrow, Of the sun - shine after while, Tell-ing of a
hopes may all have perished And the heart be sick with fears, Earth-ly hopes may
from the heavenly landing Will a-cross the wa-ters gleam, His smile from the

CHORUS.

bright tomorrow, Of the sun - shine after while.
all have perished And the heart be sick with fears. Like a star..... His
heavenly landing Will a-cross the waters gleam.

Yes, like a star His

smile is guid-ing With a stead - - y cheer-y ray..... Safe-ly

smile is guid-ing, Yes, with a stead-y cheering ray, a cheering ray.

in..... His love a-bid - ing, We will jour - - ney on our way.

Yes, safely in His love a - bid - ing, Yes, we will journey on our way.

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No. 140. Peaceful Slumber.

W. B. CARNES. J. H. ROSECRANS.

Duet. Moderato.

1. Peace - ful be thy slum - ber ev - er,
2. Peace - ful in the grave we leave thee,
3. Peace - ful has thy spir - it left us,
4. Peace - ful in the arms of Je - sus,

All thy war-fare now is o'er; Thou wilt wake to sor-row
There to wait the trumpet's call; Cares of earth no more shall
And the part-ing gives no pain; Tho' thy go - ing has be-
Close - ly nest-ling on his breast; Thou hast gone to join the

nev - er, Con - flict thou shalt know no more.
grieve thee, Thou art rest - ing from them all.
reft us, We shall meet to live a - gain.
ran - somed, In that home for - ev - er blest.

CHORUS.

Peaceful, peaceful, peaceful, peaceful, Close be-side your Saviour's throne,

Peaceful, peaceful, peaceful, peaceful, Lo, the Lord has claimed his own.

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No. 141. Shall We Gather at the River?

R. L. Copyright, property of Mary Runyon Lowry. Used by per. ROBERT LOWRY.

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

CHORUS.

crys-tal tide for-ev-er Flow-ing from the throne of God?
walk and worship ev-er All the hap-py gold-en day. { Yes, we'll gath-er
spir-its will de-liv-er And pro-vide a robe and crown. { Gather with the saints
hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the mel-o-dy of peace.

at the riv-er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv-er,
at the riv-er, That flows from the throne of God.

No. 142. Shall We Meet?

H. L. HASTINGS. Used by permission. ELIHU S. RICE.

1. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll;
   { Where in all the bright for-ev-er, [*Omit*.....]
2. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, When our stormy voyage is o'er?
   { Shall we meet and cast the anchor, [*Omit* .....]
3. { Shall we meet in yon-der cit-y, Where the tow'rs of crys-tal shine;
   { Where the walls are all of jas-per, [*Omit*.....]
4. { Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior, When He comes to claim His own?
   { Shall we know His bless-ed fa-vor, [*Omit*.....]

D.C.—*Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er*, [*Omit*.....]

FINE. CHORUS. D. C.

Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
By the bright celestial shore? Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the river?
Built by workmanship divine?
And sit down upon His throne?

Where the surges cease to roll?

No. 143. Asleep in Jesus! Blessed Sleep.

MARGARET MACKAY. REST WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. A-sleep in Je-sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep;
2. A-sleep in Je-sus! oh, how sweet To be for such a slumber meet;
3. A-sleep in Je-sus! peaceful rest, Whose wa-king is su-preme-ly blest!
4. A-sleep in Je-sus! oh, for me May such a bliss-ful ref-uge be!
5. A-sleep in Je-sus! time nor space Affects this precious hid-ing place;
6. A-sleep in Je-sus! far from thee Thy kindred and their graves may be,

A calm and un-dis-turbed repose, Unbroken by the last of foes!
With ho-ly con-fi-dence to sing, That death has lost its venomed sting!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That manifests the Saviour's pow'r.
Se-cure-ly shall my ash-es lie, And wait the summons from on high.
On Indian plains, on Lapland snows, Believers find the same re-pose.
But thine is still a bless-ed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep.

No. 144. Go to thy Rest, Fair Child.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY. BURBER J. H. TENNEY.

1. Go to thy rest, fair child, Go to thy dreamless bed, While
2. Be-fore thy heart had learned In waywardness to stray; Be-
3. Ere sin had seared the breast, Or sor-row woke the tear; Rise
4. Be-cause thy smile was fair, Thy lip and eye so bright; Be-
5. Shall love, with weak embrace, Thy up-ward wing de-tain? No!

yet so gen-tle, un-de-filed, With bless-ings on thy head.
fore thy feet had ev-er turned The dark and downward way;
to thy home of change-less rest In yon ce-les-tial sphere.
cause thy lov-ing cra-dle-care Was such a dear de-light.
gen-tle an-gel, seek thy place A-mid the cher-ub train.

No. 145. Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. Doane, owner of copyright. Used by per. W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Saviour, Hear my humble cry; While on oth-ers
2. Let me at a throne of mercy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneeling there in
3. Trusting on - ly in Thy mer-it Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded,
4. Thou the Spring of all my comfort, More than life to me, Whom have I on

D. S.—*While on oth - ers*

FINE. CHORUS. *D. S.*

Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.
deep contrition, Help my unbelief. Sav-iour, Sav-iour, Hear my humble cry;
bro - ken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace.
earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

No. 146. I Need Thee.

Copyright, 1872, by Robert Lowry.

ANNIE SHERWOOD HAWKS. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

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

REFRAIN.

voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh.
and a - bide, Or life is vain. I need Thee, O I need Thee;
prom - is - es In me ful - fill.
Thine in - deed, Thou bless-ed Son.

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

No. 147. Fall Into Line, Boys.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER. **(To the Boys' Brigade.)** W. S. WEEDEN.

1. We've en-list - ed in the arm - y of the Lord, And de-pend-ing on the
2. We will fol - low our Commander up the way He will lead us out of
3. We will climb the hill of glo - ry by and by, Lay our ar - mor at the

glo - ri - ous re - ward: For the Sav-iour paid the price, Yes, He made the
darkness in - to day; In the pow - er of His might We will bat - tle
gate-way in the sky; All the loved ones we shall meet, As we march the

CHORUS.

sac - ri - fice: Hal - le - lu - jah! we are trust-ing in His word.
for the right: Hal - le - lu - jah! we will nev - er go a - stray. Fall in - to
gold-en street: Hal - le - lu - jah! O the day is drawing nigh.

line, boys, Fall in - to line, boys, Put the gos - pel
Fall in - to line, boys, Fall in - to line, boys,

ar - mor on, Don't you wan-der by the way; Fall in - to line, boys,
Fall in-to line, boys,

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Fall Into Line, Boys. Concluded.

Fall in - to line, boys, In our Leader's name we're sure to win the day,
Fall in - to line, boys,

No 148. Rally For the Right, Boys.

J. A. B. J. A. BUTTERFIELD.

1. Like a sol-dier brave, his land to save, Cour-age high and ar - mor bright;
2. For-ward to the fight, strong in the right, Fiercely must the bat - tle rage;
3. We must conquer sin, if we would win Laur-els for the vic - tor's brow;
4. When the conflict's o'er on Jordan's shore, Numbered with the vet-'ran band;

Push with vig-or on, and with your might, Now ral-ly for the right, boys, ral-ly!
Vic - t'ry will be ours, if we en - gage To ral-ly for the right, boys, ral-ly!
Then with Christ our Captain, firmly now We'll ral-ly for the right, boys, ral-ly!
In our Captain's ranks we hope to stand, So ral-ly for the right, boy's ral-ly!

CHORUS.

Virtue your watchword, march firmly onward, Stray not from wisdom's way;
But remember that the

An - gels from above will watch with love. Then ral-ly for the right, boys, ral-ly!

No. 149. Following Jesus.

J. W. CARPENTER. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. Brave lit - tle sol-diers we're marching to - day, Marching to - day,
2. Lit - tle light - bear-ers we're shin-ing to - day, Shin-ing to - day,
3. Cheer-ful and will - ing we're giv - ing to - day, Giv - ing to - day,

march-ing to - day; Fol - low - ing Je - sus now lead-ing the way,
shin - ing to - day; Send-ing out sun-shine on love's beaming ray,
giv - ing to - day; Lov - ing - ly seek - ing His word to o - bey,

March-ing for Je - sus to - day. Fol - - - low - ing
Shin - ing for Je - sus to - day.
Giv - ing for Je - sus to - day. Fol - low - ing, fol - low - ing

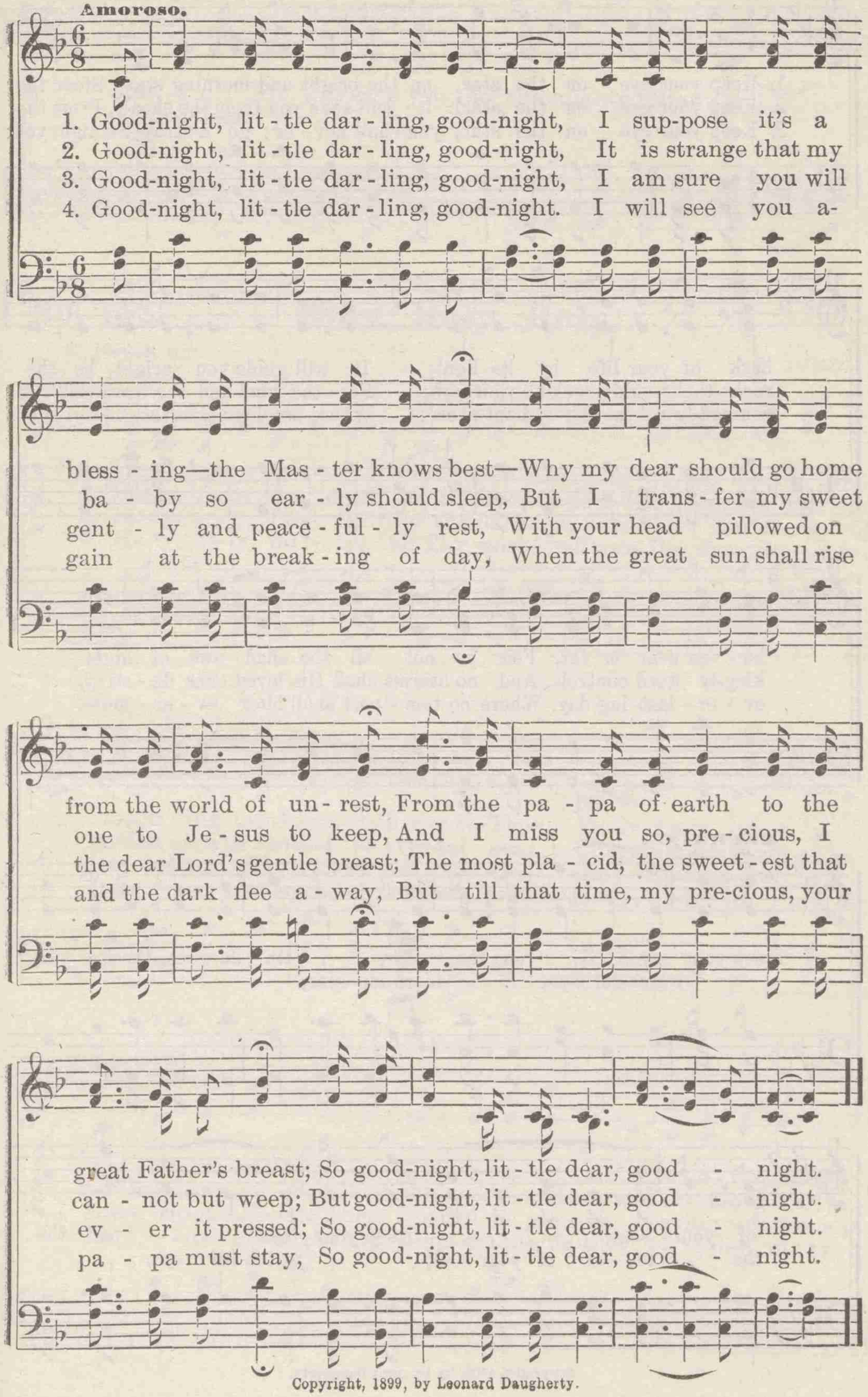
Je - sus to - day, Fol - low - ing Him in that beau - ti - ful way,

He will keep us ev - er His own, Safe in the beau - ti - ful way.

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No. 150. Good-Night, Little Darling.

REV. W. C. MARTIN. REV. N. KEFF SMITH, D. D.



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No. 151. Keep Your Eye on the Star.

E. E. HEWITT. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. Keep your eye on the star, on the bright and morning star, Steer the bark of your life by its light; It will guide you aright, be the
2. Keep your eye on the star! it will save you from the shoals, From the rocks that would wreck all your joys; For the wind and the wave still His
3. Keep your eye on the star; you shall nev - er go a-stray; Straight your course toward the fair radiant shore; Where no cloud dims the glow of the

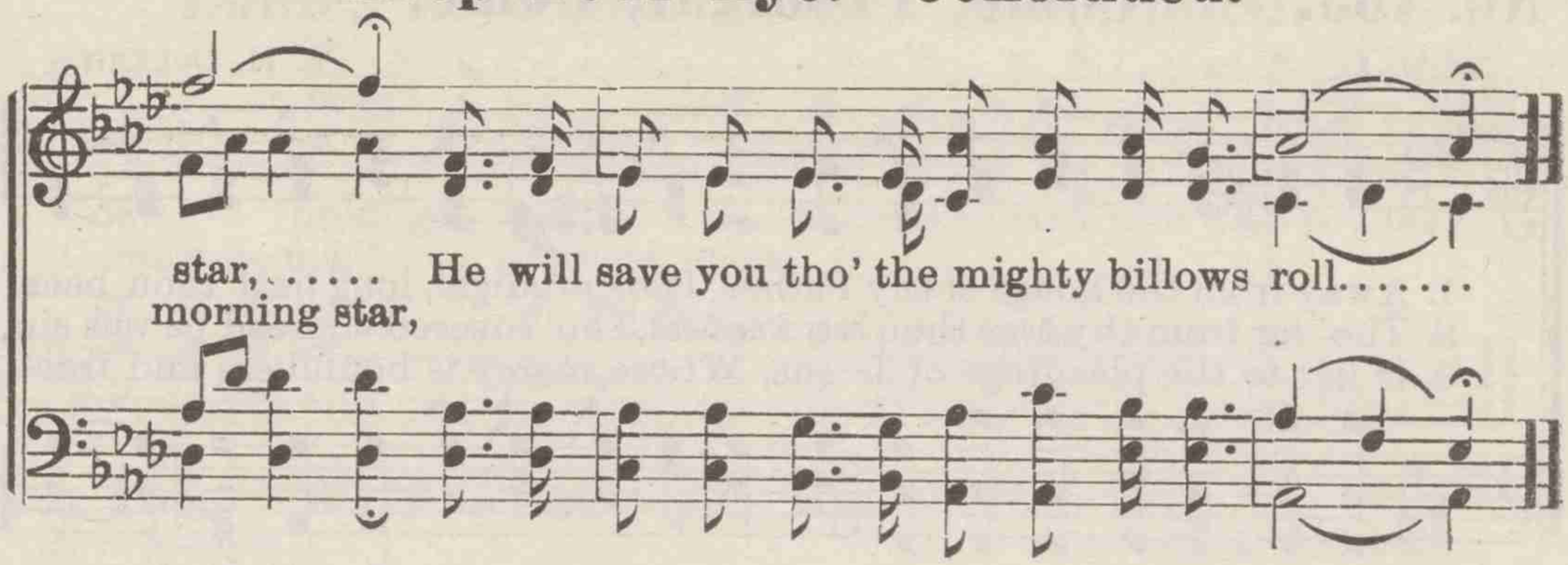
ha - ven near or far, Fear ye not all the shad - ows of night.
king-ly word controls, And no storms shall His loved ones de - stroy.
ev - er - last- ing day, Where no tem - pest shall blow ev - er - more.

REFRAIN.

Keep your eye . . on the star, . . On Je - sus, the lov - er of your soul; . . . . . Keep your eye . . . on the
watch-ful eye, morn-ing star, the lov - er of your soul; watch-ful eye,

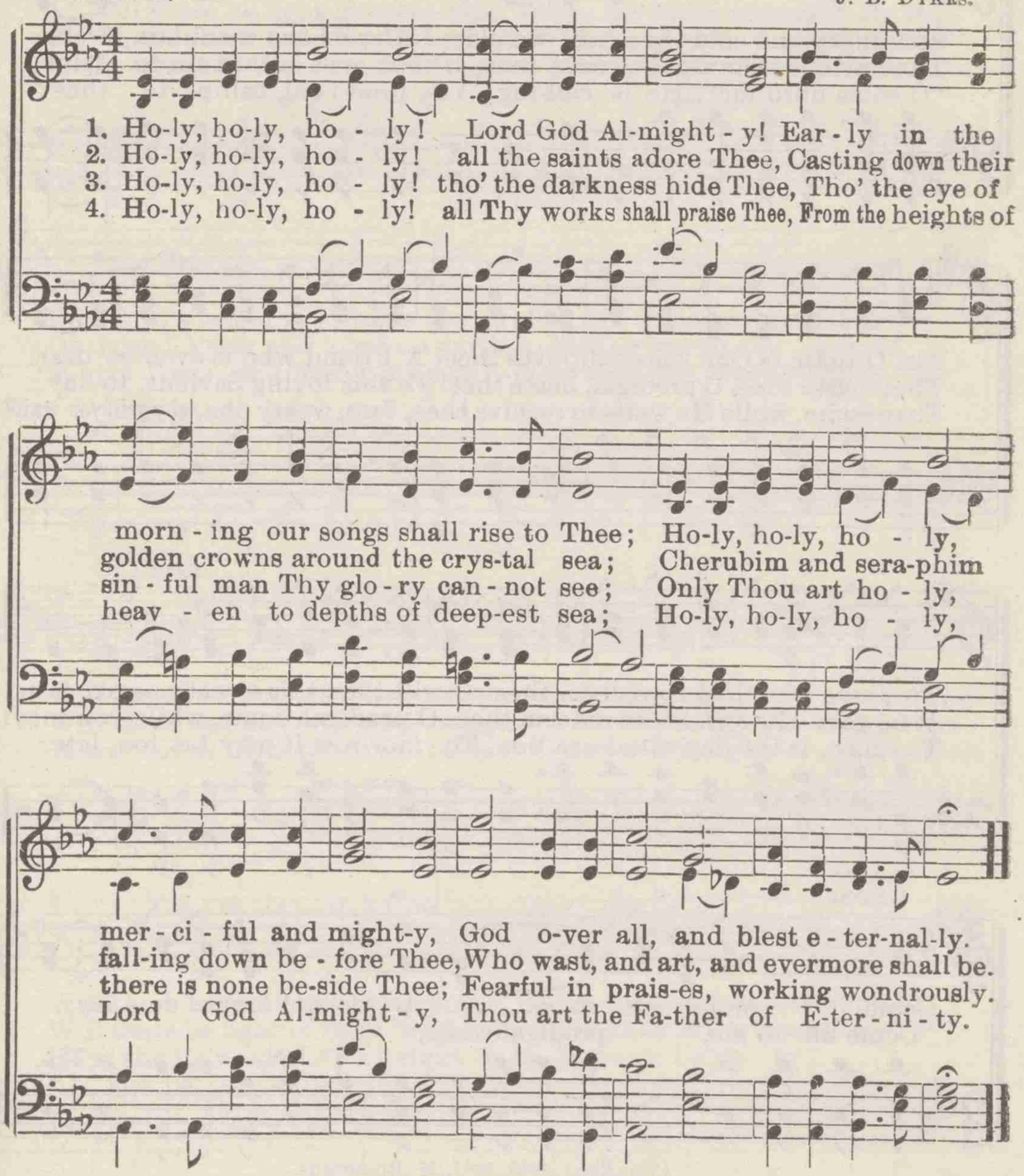
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Keep Your Eye. Concluded.



No. 152. Holy, Holy, Holy.

R. HEBER, arr. J. B. DYKES.



No. 153. Come, Prodigal, Come.

E. M. D. E. M. Douthit.

1. Away from the house of thy Father, Poor prodigal, long hast thou been,
2. Tho' far from thy home thou hast wandered, Tho' covered thy head be with sin,
3. O list to the pleadings of Je-sus, Whose mercy is boundless and free!

So hungry and cold thou hast wandered Afar on the mountain of sin;
The Saviour is anxious to save thee, If thou wilt return un-to Him;
"O come unto me", He is call-ing; Yes, prod-i-gal, calling to thee;

But O there is One who still loves thee! A Friend who is ev-er so dear;
Then haste thee, O prodigal, haste thee! To this loving Saviour, to-day;
Then come, while He waits to receive thee, Come, weary one, why will you wait?

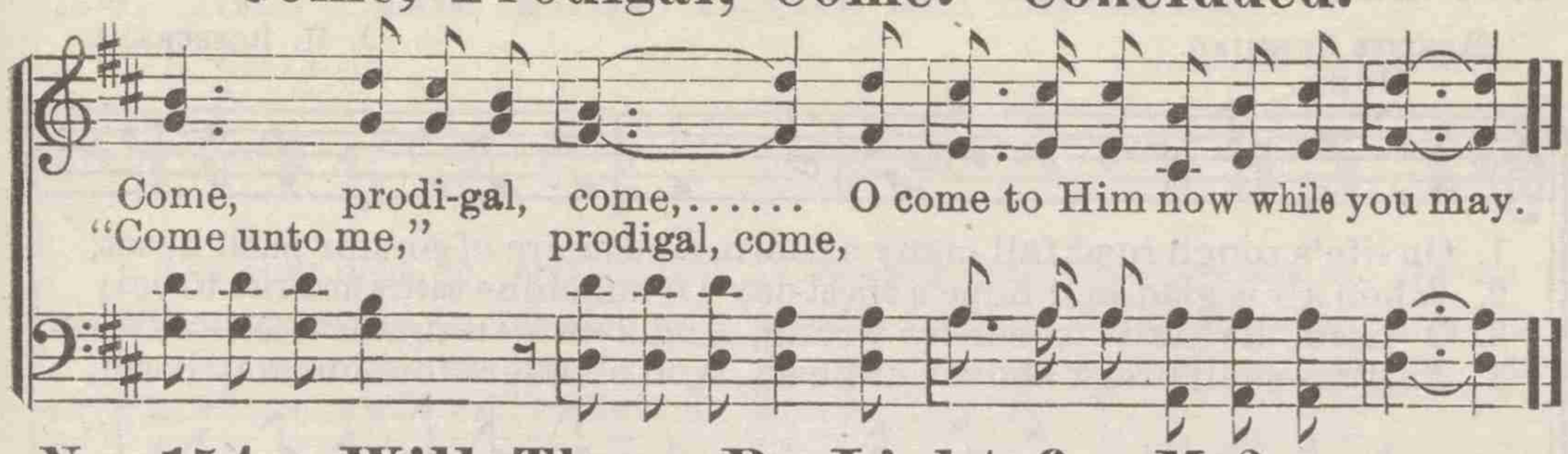
'Tis Jesus who died to redeem thee; O wilt thou this sweet message hear?
Who gave His own life to redeem thee; O prodigal, come, while you may!
To - day is the day of sal - va-tion, To - mor-row it may be too late.

Chorus.

Come, prod-i - gal, come,..... O do not longer de - lay;
"Come un - to me," prodigal come,

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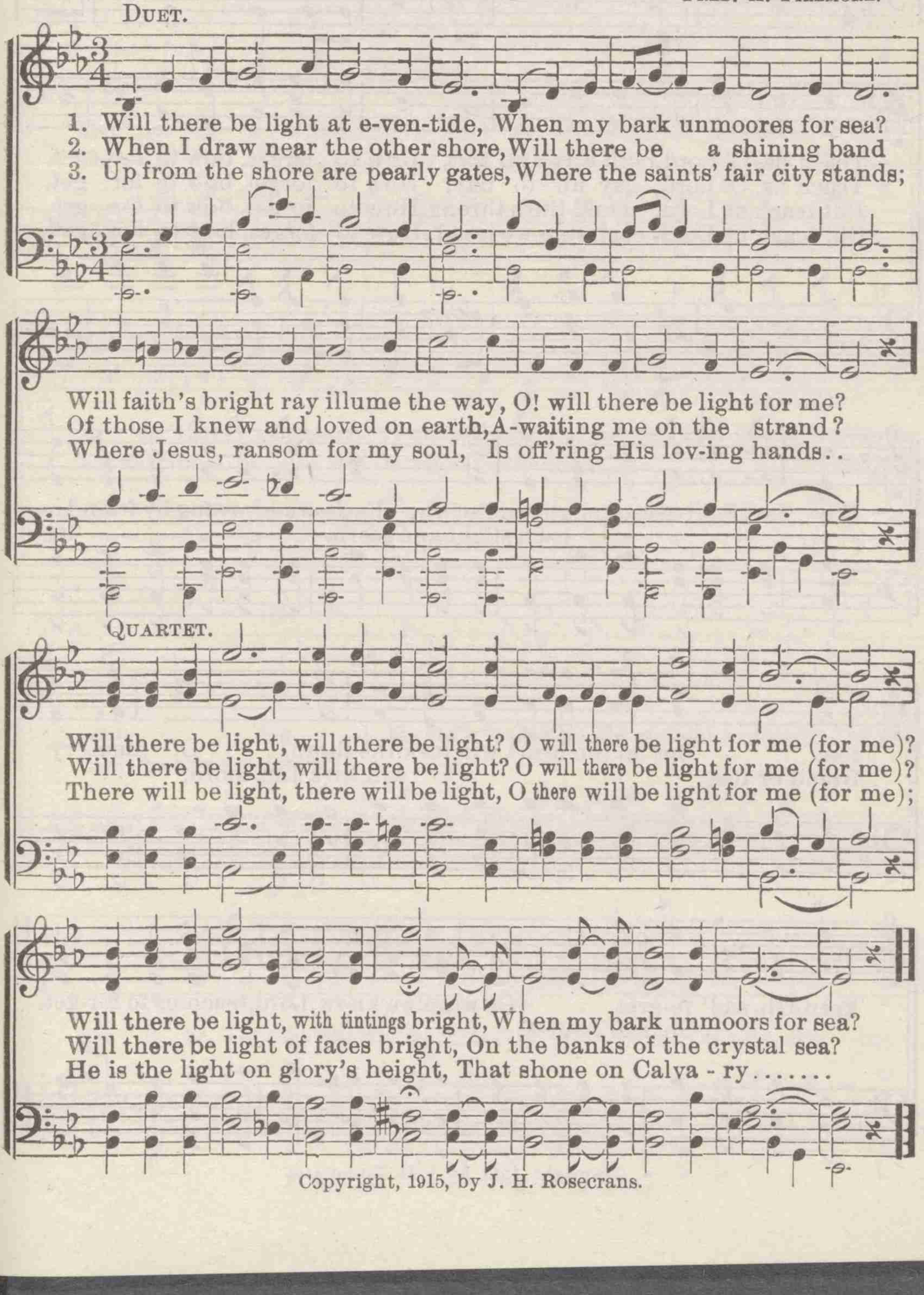
Come, Prodigal, Come. Concluded.



No. 154. Will There Be Light for Me?

E. S. ROBERTS. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

DUET.



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No. 155. Lord, Teach Us To Forget.

MENZIES CUMMING. J. H. ROSECRANS.

DUET.

1. On life's rough road fall many a thorn, And snare of sin our path beset;
2. When all is glad, and hope's bright day Of sunshine cheers from rise to set;
3. O Lord, 'tis hard to suf-fer wrong, And know we're right from those we've met;
4. As storms shall break above our head, And slanders foul our way beset;

Teach us, O! Lord, both e've and morn, How to forget, how to for - get.
Teach us, O! Lord, day un - to day, How to forget, how to for - get.
But teach us Lord, amid life's throng, How to forget, how to for - get.
Oh, teach us Lord, each step we tread, How to forget, how to for - get.

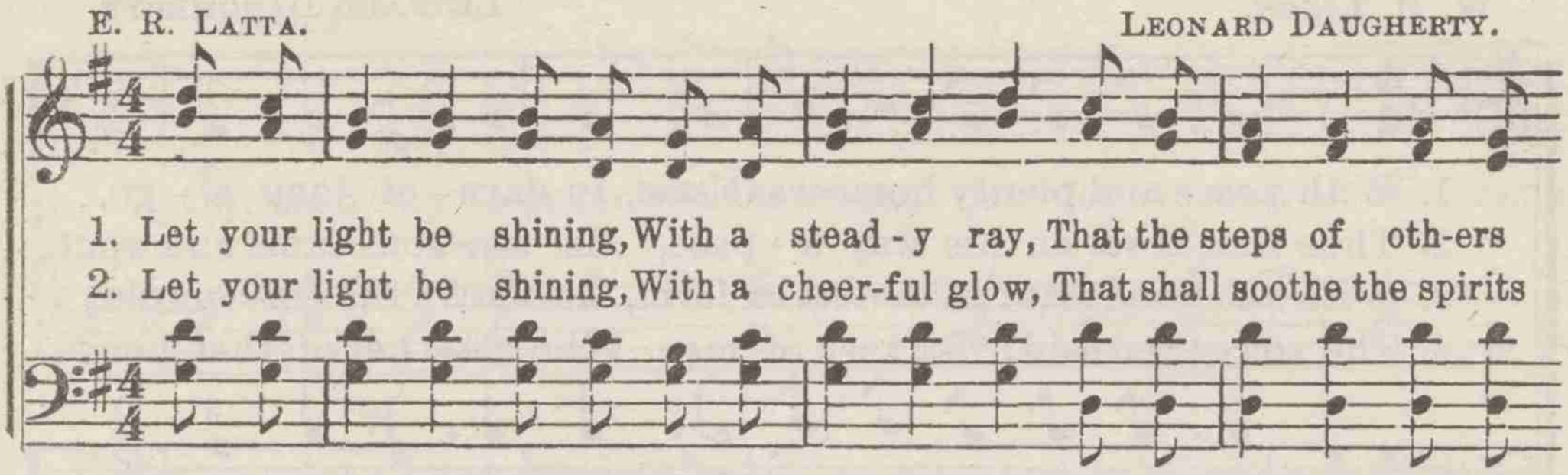
CHORUS.
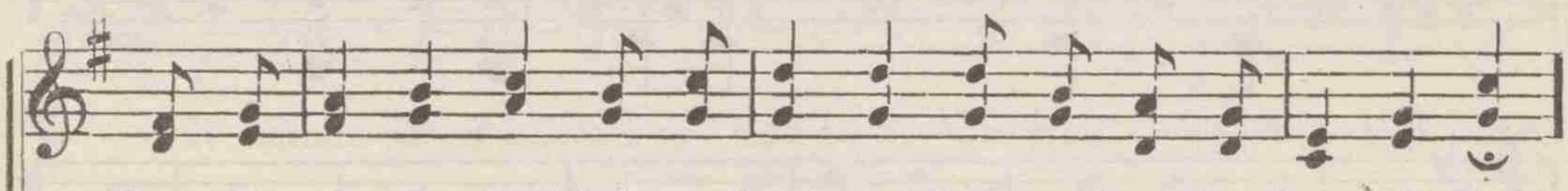
We can forgive each slight and scorn, Each cru-el wrong by friend or foe;
each slight and scorn, by friend or foe;
But in the heart will lurk the thorn, Of mem-'ry keen, Oh, sad re-gret.
will lurk the thorn, Oh! sad re-gret,
Of what we know, Lord, teach us to for-get.

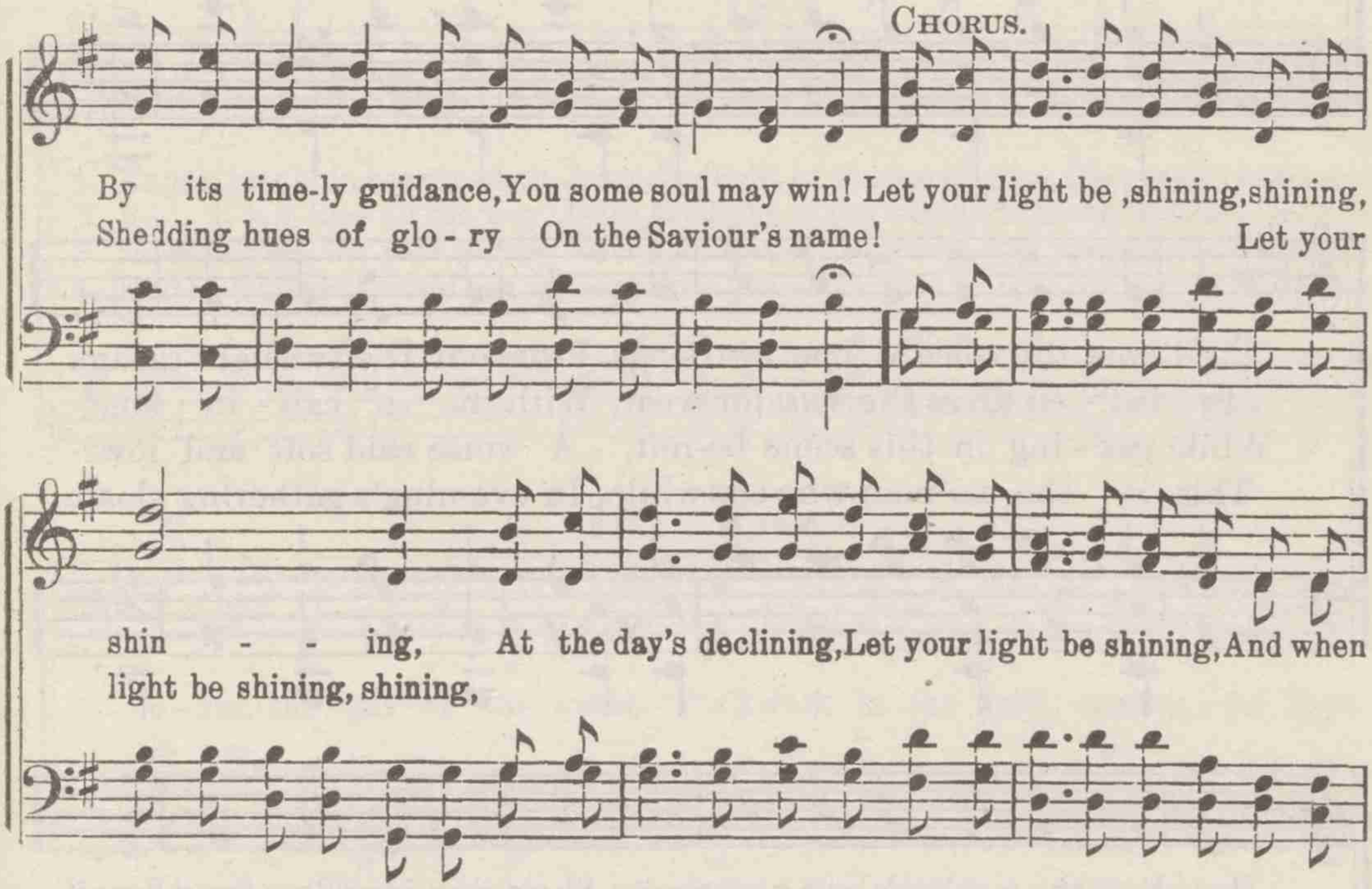
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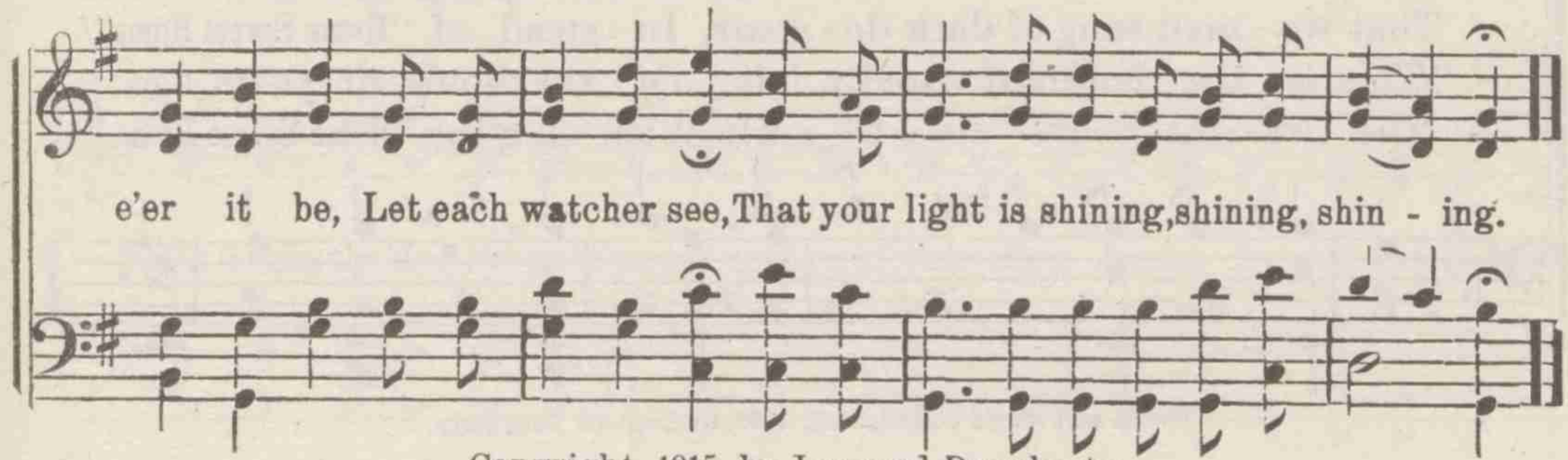
No. 156. Let Your Light Be Shining.

E. R. LATTA. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.









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No. 157. The Drunkard's Home.

W. H. LIGON. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. With peace and plenty home was blessed, In days of long a - go,
2. Thus time moved on his way a - pace, As sea- sons came and went,
3. With tat-tered shawl pulled 'round her form, She watch'd the em-bers die;
4. The voice then said: "Don't ask of me, Who robbed her of that boon;

The ol - ive branch a - bove the nest Wav'd gen -tly to and fro:
Till once a - gain in life's fleet race, My steps that way I bent:
No co - zy couch to keep her warm, No lov - ing hus-band nigh.
But ask the Christians—those who fee And li - cense the sa - loon!

List! hear the voice of one who sings, From out the twi-light gloam.
In fad - ed dress the worse for wear, With-in a cab - in lone,
While gaz - ing on this scene be-reft, A voice said soft and low:
This is the wo-man who erstwhile, In eve-ning's gathering gloam,

Hear how the mother's voice now rings: She's sing-ing "Home Sweet Home."
That wo - man sang of dark de - spair, In - stead of "Home Sweet Home."
"This is the rem-nant whisky left Of the home of years ago."
The twi-light hours did be- guile With sing-ing "Home Sweet Home."

Words and Music Copyrighted, 1899, by Leonard Daugherty.

The Drunkard's Home. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Oh, whis - ky feeds men on de - spair, It fos - ters ev - 'ry crime;

It made my mother's ra - ven hair Grow sil - v'ry ere the time.

No. 158. Jesus, the Light of the World.

E. A. HOFFMAN. Arranged.

1. Angels bright in heav'n adore Jesus,the light of the world, Sing His praises ever-more,
2. He il-lum-ines all the way, Jesus,the light of the world,Turns our darkness into day,
3. He makes clear the path before,Jesus,the light of the world, And reveals Himself the more,
4. Hail to Him,the Prince of peace,Jesus,the light of the world! Hail the Son of Righteousness,

FINE. CHORUS.

Je - sus, the light of the world. We'll walk in the light, beau-ti - ful light,

D. S.—Je-sus, the light of the world.

D. S.

Walk where the dew drops of mercy are bright,Following Je-sus by day and by night,

No. 159. Columbia-Land.

J. W. CARPENTER. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. Columbia is the land where the Christ-light falls On the hap-py, hap-py homes
2. Columbia is a land where the rum fiend reigns In the dreary,darkened homes
3. Co-lum - bia is a land where the star-ry fold Of the ban-ner of the free

of the brave and free, But so ma - ny yet are dwelling where the gloom appalls,
where the chil-dren cry, Where the poor be-sot - ted par-ent ev - 'ry plea dis-dains,
is oft held in hand By the one whose heart is burn-ing in its thirst for gold,

And the glo - ry of the king - dom they may nev - er see.
And the time for his re - demp - tion fast is pass - ing by.
And he trails it in the mire of Co - lum - bia - land.
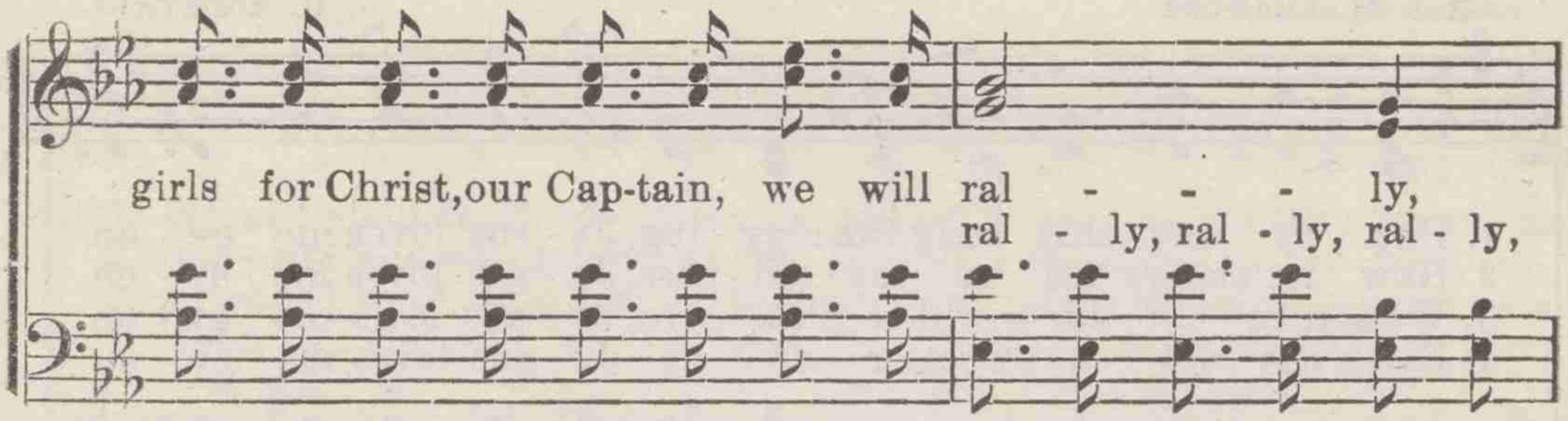
CHORUS.

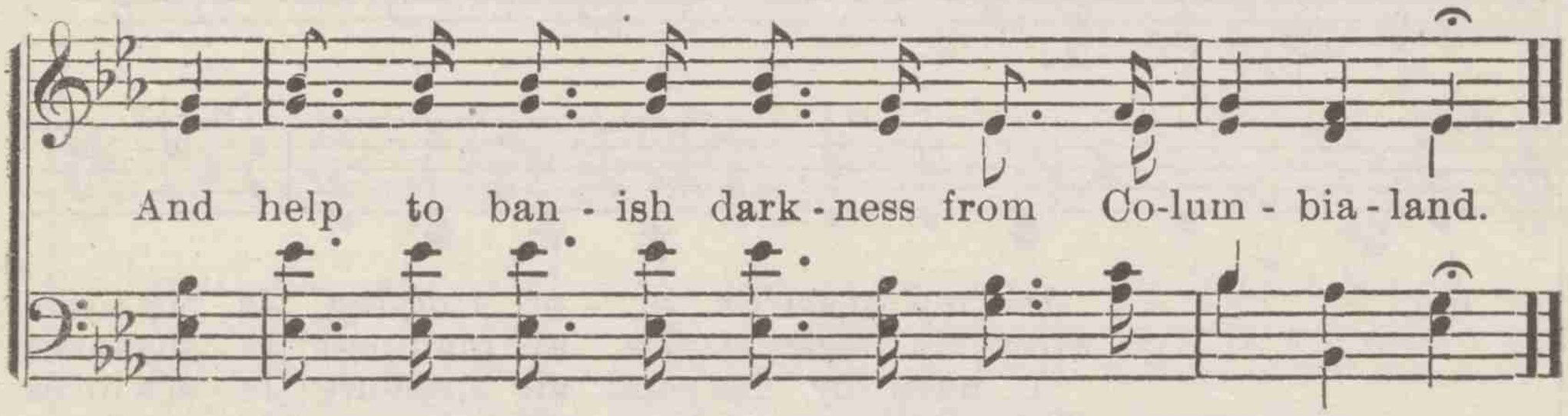
We'll ral - ly, ral - ly, ral - ly round the ban - - - ner, We'll
We'll ral - ly round the ban - ner,

ral - ly round the ban - ner at our King's com - mand; Boys and
ral - ly at our King's command.

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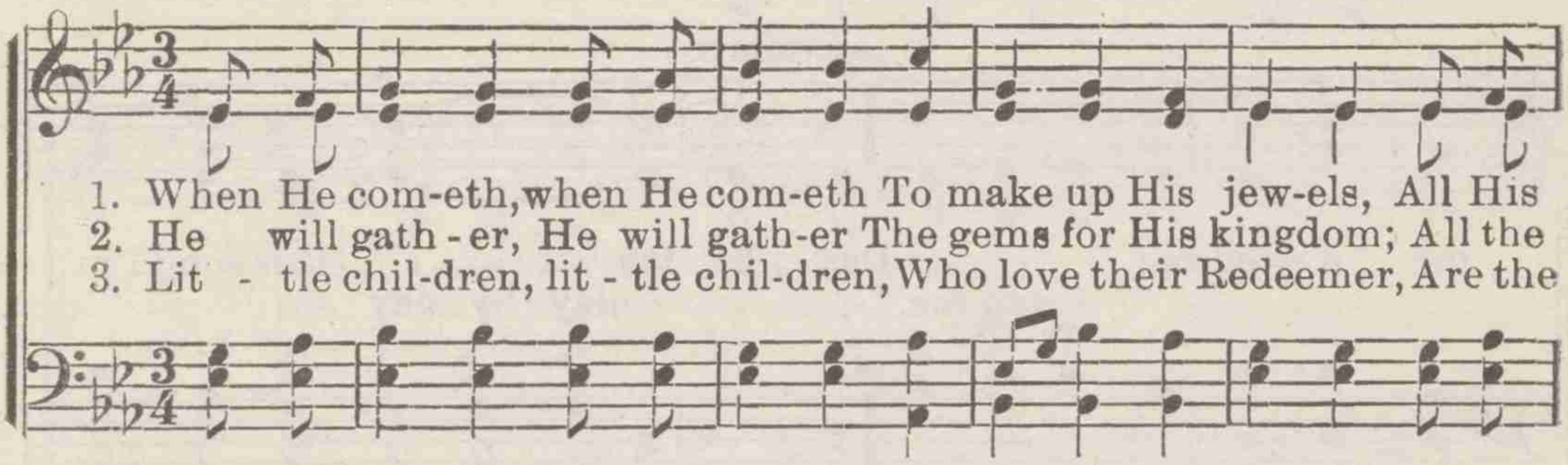
Columbia-Land. Concluded.

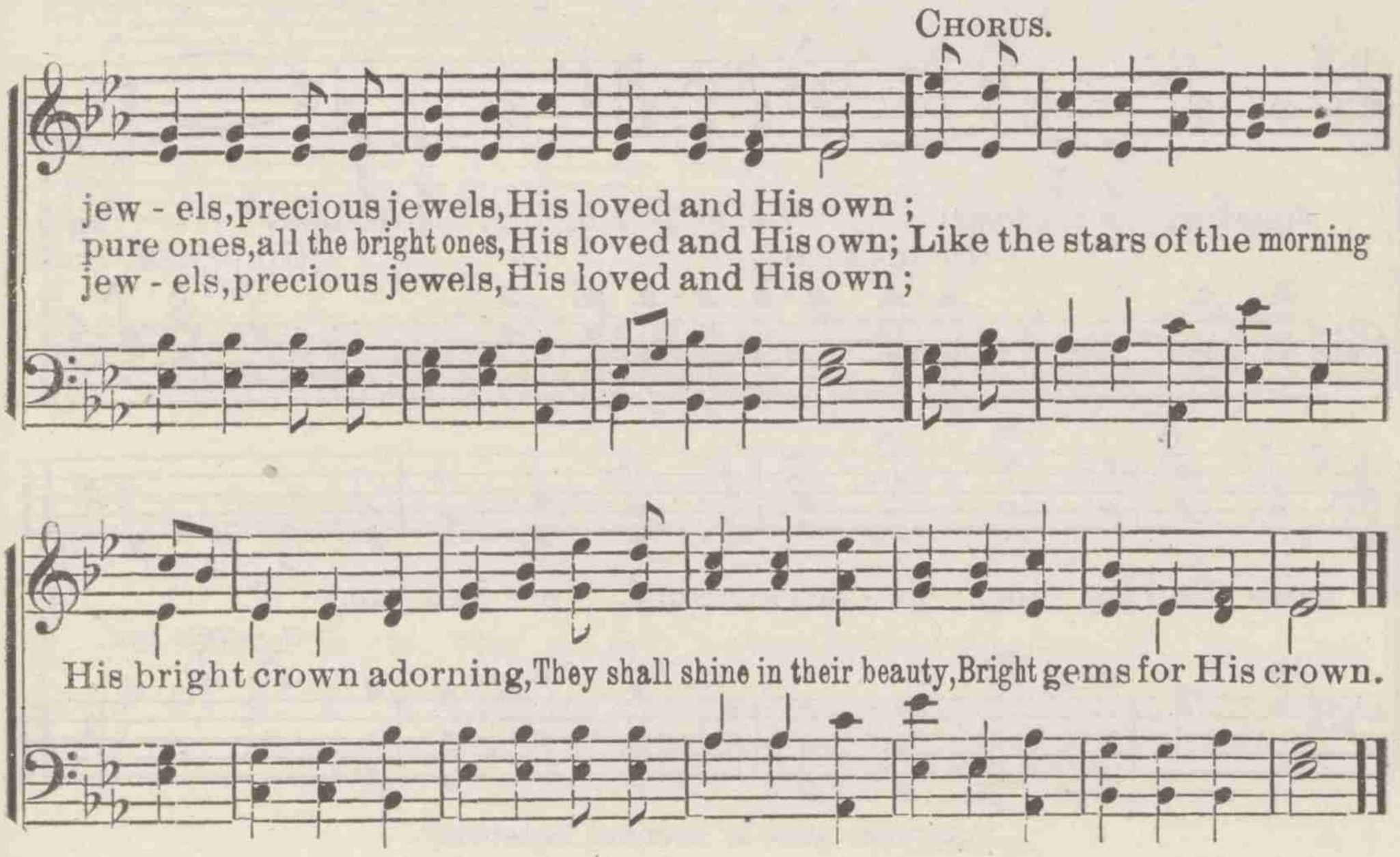




No. 160. Jewels.

W. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT.





No. 161. Jesus Loves Even Me.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Day by day this song I'm sing - ing; Je - sus loves me ev - en
2. How it cheers me in my sad - ness; Je - sus loves me ev - en
3. What care I for world-ly pleas - ure, Je - sus loves me ev - en
4. Earth has not a sweet-er sto - ry—Je - sus loves me ev - en

me, In my heart 'tis ev - er ring-ing, Je - sus loves
How it sanc - ti - fies all glad-ness; Je - sus loves
I have joy be-yond all meas-ure; Je - sus loves
e - ven me, This the sum of heav - en's glo - ry; Je - sus loves

CHORUS.

me e - ven me. Day by day..... this song I'm
e-ven me. day by day

sing-ing, In my heart ..... 'tis ev-er ring-ing, Up to heav - en's
In my heart Up to heav-en's

gates 'tis ring - ing, Je - sus loves me, e - ven me.
e - ven me.

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No. 162. I Shall Be Like Him.

M. H. C. M. Homer Cummings.

1. When I shall reach my home up in glo - ry; Af-ter life's storms and bat - tles are o'er;
2. Sor - row and an - guish nev - er can en - ter That ho - ly land of un - cloud - ed day;
3. Friends I have loved will be there to greet me, Free from their tri - als suf - f'ring and woe;
4. Then in the song of a - ges e - ter - nal, "Blessing and hon - or, wis - dom and praise;"

There 'mid the scenes of splendor be - fore me,
For in the bright and heav-en - ly cen - ter,
But best of all, the Sav-iour will meet me,
With the Redeemed in mansions su - per - nal,

Chorus.

I shall a - bide with Christ ev - er-more.
Je - sus shall wipe each tear-drop a - way. I shall be-hold the
And thro' the gates with Him I shall go.
I shall re - joice thro' un-end-ing days.

King in His beau-ty, Oh, how I long to look on His face! Changed in a

rit.

mo-ment in - to His im-age, I shall be like Him, saved by His grace.

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No. 163. Star Spangled Banner.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

1. Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright
2. On the shore dim-ly seen thro the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence re - pos-es, What is that which the
3. Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand, Be- tween their loved home and foul war's desolation; Blest with victory and

stars, thro the per - il - ous night, O'er the ramparts we watched were so
breeze o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con-
peace, may the heaven-rescued land Praise the power that hath made and pre-

gal - lantly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in
ceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first
served us a na-tion! Then conquer we must, when our cause it is

CHORUS.

air, Gave proof thro the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say does that
beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream. 'Tis the star-spangled
just, And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled

The Star-Spangled Banner. Concluded.

star-spangled banner yet wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
ban-ner, oh, long may it wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

No. 164. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

JULIA WARD HOWE. Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."

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

He is trampling out the vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
They have builded Him an al-tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can
He is sit-ting out the hearts of men be-fore His judgment seat; O be
With a glo-ry in His bo-som that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He

loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His ter-ri-ble swift sword; His truth is
read His right-eous sentence by the dim and flar-ing lamps, His day is
swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be ju-bi-lant my feet. Our God is
died to make men ho-ly, let us die to make men free, While God is

FINE. CHORUS.

marching on. { Glory! glory, hal-le-lu-jah! Glory! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
{ Glory! glory, hal-le-lu-jah! (*D. S. 2d time.*)

No. 165. Onward, Faithful Servants.

W. B. CARNES. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. Cast your bread upon the wa - ters, Sow the seed with la-vish hand,
2. Ma - ny wea - ry, saint and tossed ones, On the troubled sea of life,
3. La - bor on with faith un-daunt-ed, Tho' the task to you seem hard,

Go ye forth, brave sons and daughters, Thus fulfill the Lord's command;
Man - y sin - ning, dy-ing, lost ones, Battling with a world of strife;
Faith-ful men and time are want-ed, Je - sus of - fers great re - ward;

Tho' you oft - en meet with tri - als, Tho' your toil may seem in vain,
Nev - er heard the pre-cious sto - ry Of a dy - ing Sav-iour's love,
If you're faithful in your la-bors, If you faint not by the way,

La - bor on thro' self-de - ni - als, You shall reap the gold-en grain.
Nev-er dreamed of that bright glory, Waiting for the saints a-bove.
You'll rejoice with friends and neighbors, In that home of perfect day.

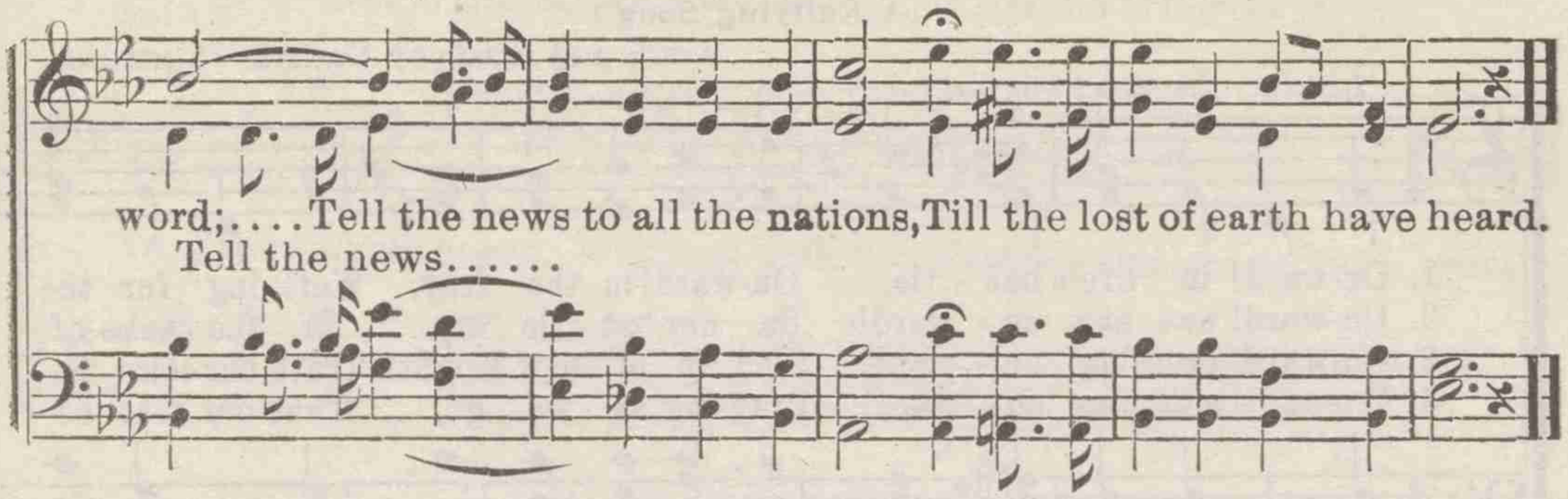
CHORUS.

On-ward, then, ye faithful ser - - - vants! Trust the Saviour for His
On-ward, on ye faithful servants!

On - ward! Onward!
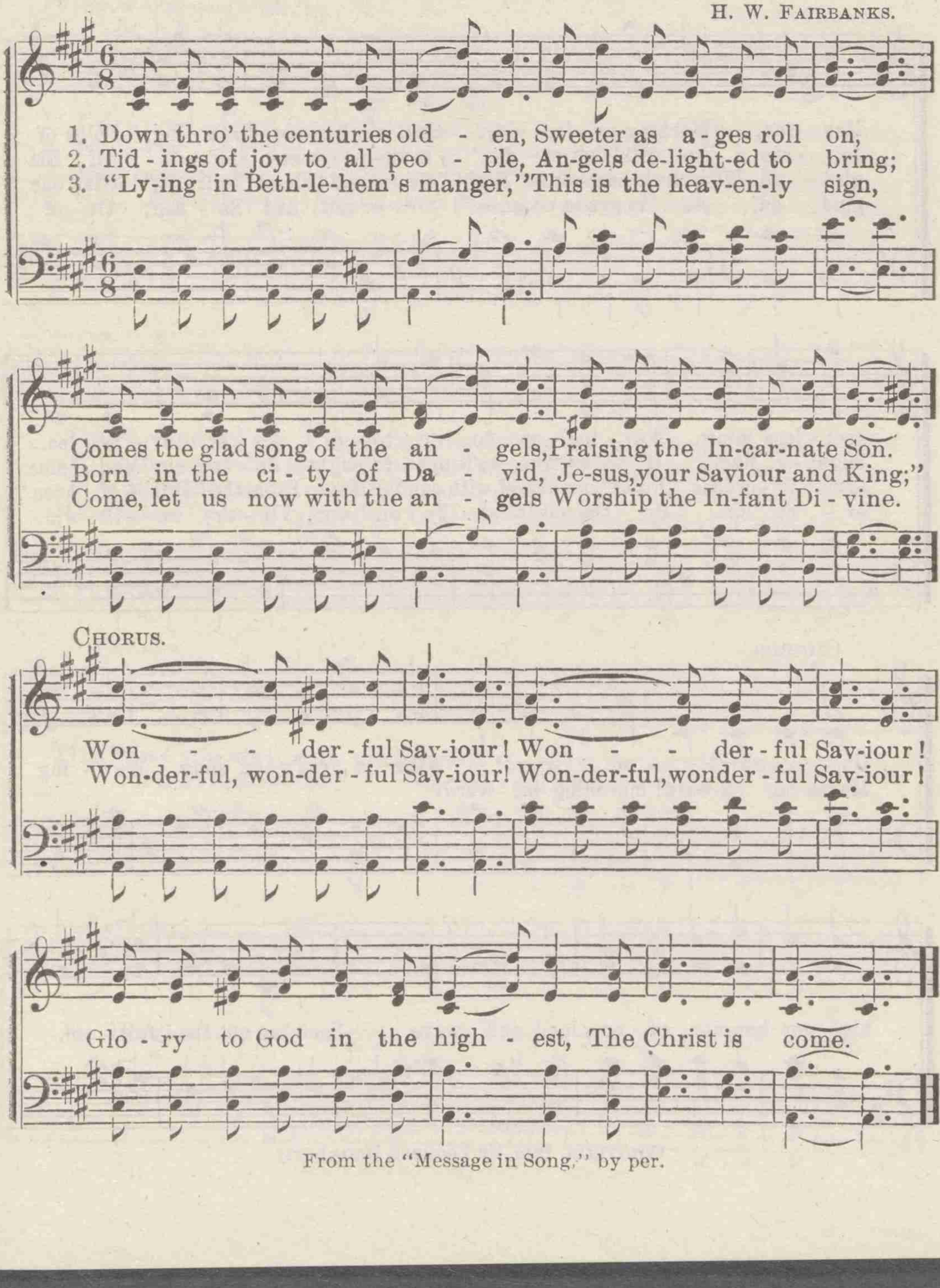
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Onward, Faithful Servants. Concluded.



No. 166. Wonderful Saviour.

H. W. Fairbanks.



From the "Message in Song," by per.

No. 167a. Onward, Onward!

(A Rallying Song.)

Words and music by MENZIES CUMMING.

Lively. In strict tempo.

1. On-ward! in life's bat - tle, On-ward! in the fray. Work-ing for the
2. On-ward! ev - er on - ward! Be our bat - tle cry. In the ranks of
3. On-ward! pressing on - ward! Clad in ar - mor bright. Truth our loins be
4. On-ward! marching on - ward! Pray-ing as we go, That our feet be

Mas - ter; Working ev - 'ry day. See! our ban-ner flash - ing, Folds of
Je - sus We will "do or die." In the power and spir - it Of His
gird - ed, With the breast-plate "Right." Sword and helmet "Spir - it," Give our
guid - ed, As "in grace we grow." Ov - er self, and Sa - tan; Ov - er

spot - less snow. Wav - ing on to vic - to - ry, Ov - er ev - 'ry foe.
might - y name, If we're true, we'll put to flight, Sa - tan, sin and shame,
arms in - crease. "Faith" our shield, with sandals fleet, From the "Prince of Peace."
ev - 'ry sin. By the pow'r of Je - sus' arm, Vic - t'ry we will win.

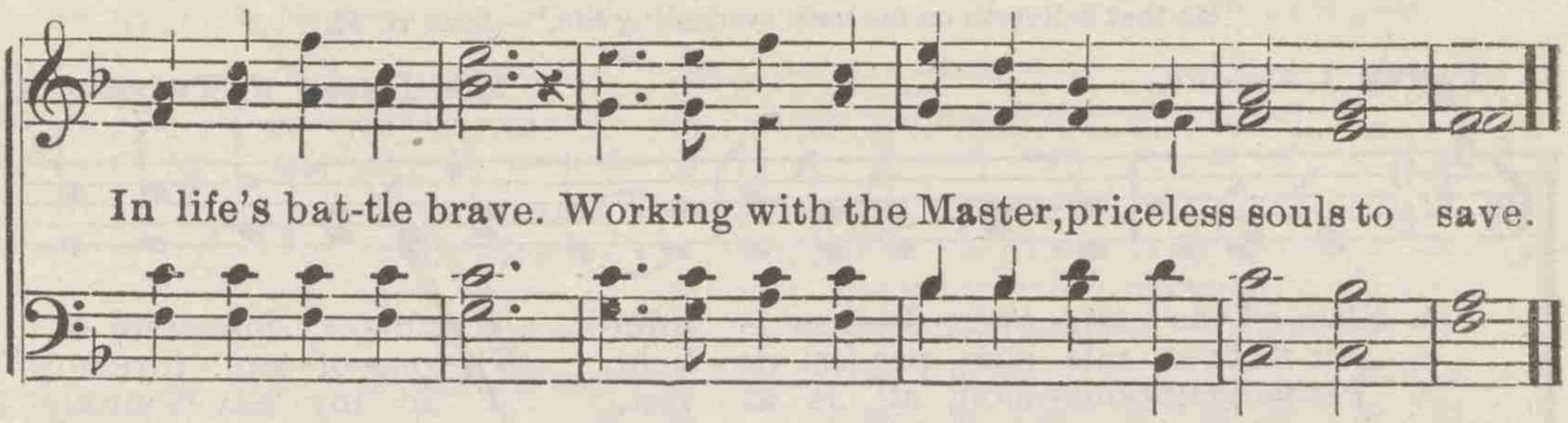
CHORUS.

On - ward! on - ward! With a pray'r and song. Wav - ing
March-ing on-ward! marching on - ward!

high our ban-ner ov - er land and wave. Seek-ing out the fall - en,

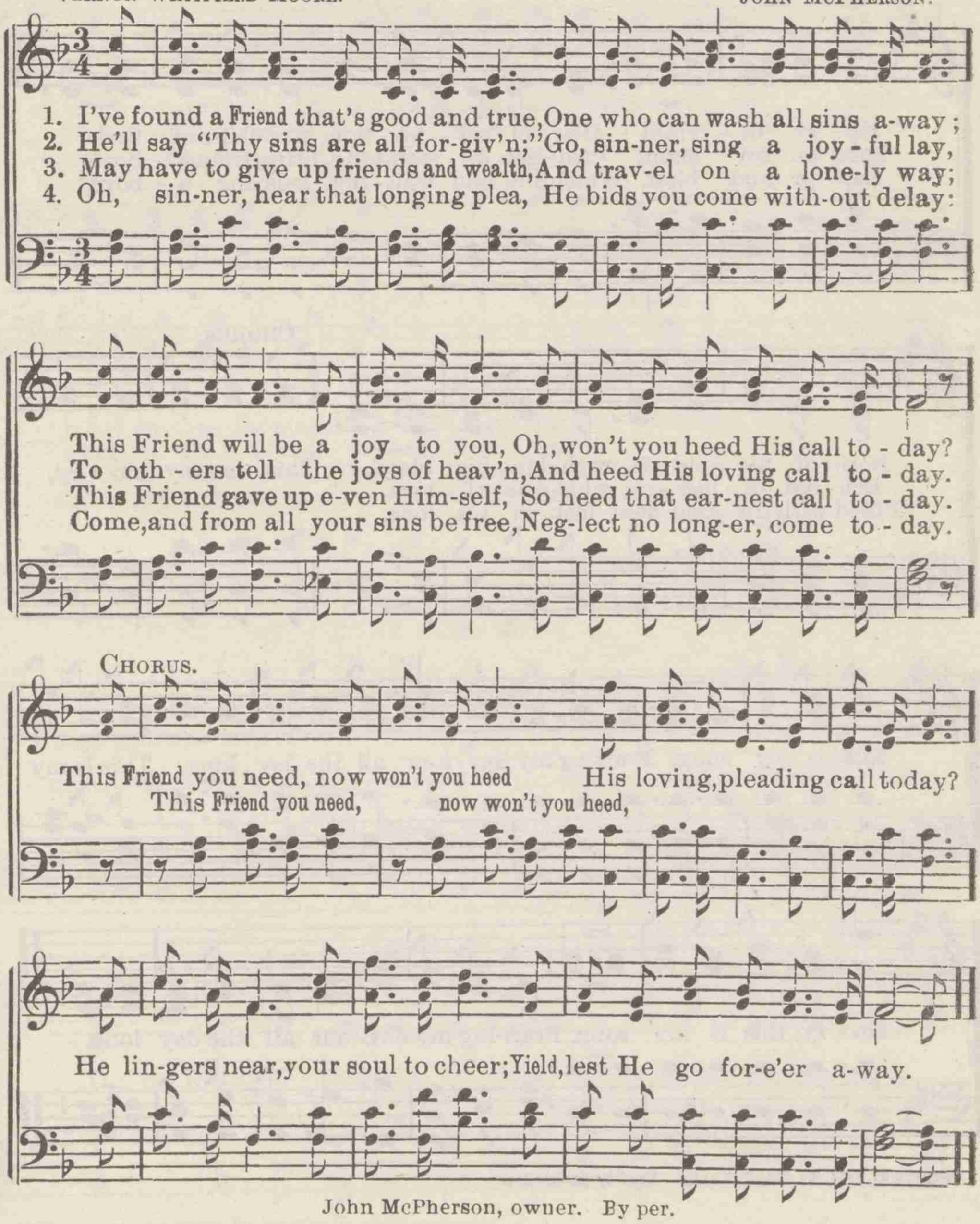
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Onward, Onward! Concluded.



No. 167b. Heed the Call.

VERNON WHITFIELD MOORE. JOHN MCPHERSON.
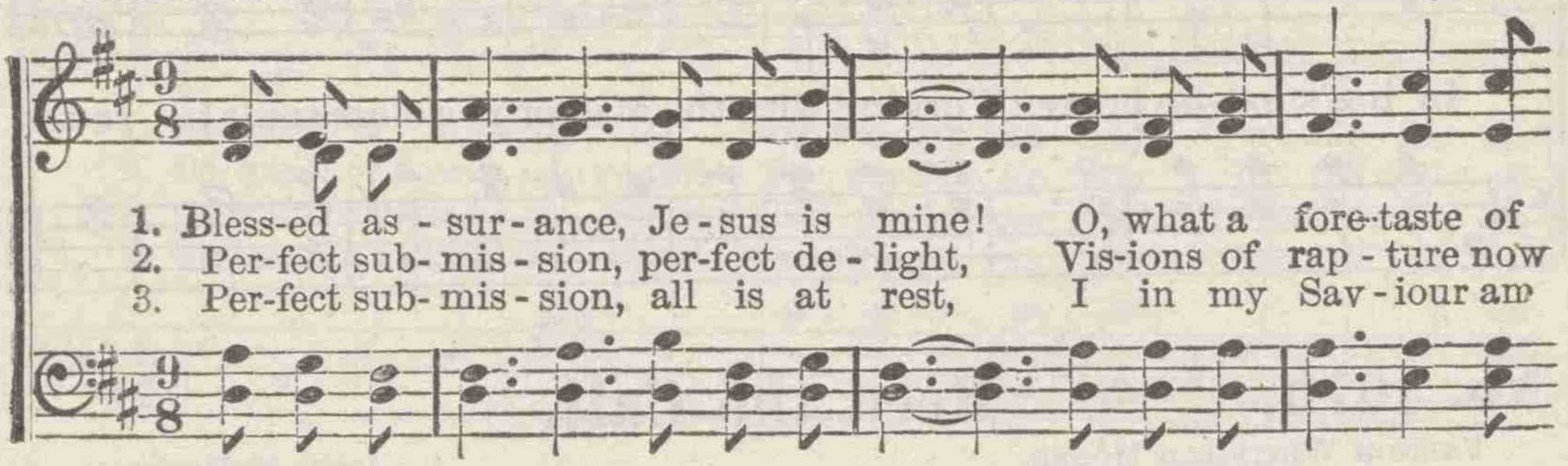


John McPherson, owner. By per.

No. 168. Blessed Assurance.

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—John vi. 47.

Fanny J. Crosby. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.



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No. 169. Over There.

D. W. C. HUNTINGTON. T. C. O'KANE.

1. O, think of a home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
2. O, think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour-ney have
3. My Sav - iour is now o - ver there, There my kin - dred and friends are at
4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I

light, o - ver there; Where the saints all im - mor - tal and fair, . Are
trod, o - ver there; Of the songs that thep breathe on the air, . . In their
rest, o - ver there; Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me
see, o - ver there; Ma - ny dear to my heart o - ver there, Are

REFRAIN.

robed in their gar-ments of white. O - ver there. O - ver there, O - ver
home in the pal - ace of God. O - ver there.
fly to the land of the blest. O - ver there.
watch - ing and wait-ing for me. O - ver there.

O - ver there,

there, Over there, O, think of a home o-ver there; Over there; Over there, Over there,

O - ver there, O - ver there, O, think of a home o - ver there.

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No. 170. Silent Night! Hallowed Night!

Very slow.

1. Si - lent night! hallowed night! Land and deep, si - lent sleep;
2. Si - lent night! hallowed night! On the plain wakes the strain,
3. Si - lent night! hallowed night! Earth a - wake! si - lence break!

Soft - ly glit-ters bright Beth-lehem's star, Beck'ning Is - ra - el's
Sung by heav - en - ly har - bingers bright, Filled with ti-dings of
High your cho - rus of mel - o - dy raise. Sing to heav - en in

eye from afar, Where the Saviour is born, Where the Saviour is born.
boundless delight, Christ the Saviour has come, Christ the Saviour has come.
anthems of praise, Peace forever shall reign, Peace forever shall reign.

No. 171. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. W. H. Monk.

1. Abide with me; fast falls the eventide; The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
3. Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When helpers fail, and other comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a-bide with me!
Change and decay in all around I see; O Thou who changest not, abide with me!
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

No. 172. Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross.

F. C. VAN ALSTYNE. W. H. DOANE.

1. Jesus, keep me near the cross: There a precious fountain, Free to all, a
2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mercy found me; There the bright and
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes before me; Help me walk from

CHORUS.

healing stream, Flows from Calv'ry's mountain.
morning star Sheds its beams a - round me. In the cross, in the cross
day to day, With its shadows o'er me.

Be my glory ever, Till my raptured soul shall find Rest beyond the river.

Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane.

No. 173. Blest Be the Tie.

JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;

The fel - low-ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.

No. 174. I Love to Tell the Story.

"I will tell thee."—Num. 23: 3.

KATE HANKEY. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be-cause I know it 's true; It sat - is - fies my longings As I love to tell the
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than all the golden fan-cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me! And that is just the rea-son I I love to tell the
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'T is pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it, More wonder-ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev-er heard The mes-sage of sal - va-tion From I love to tell the
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger-ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when in scenes of glo - ry I sing the New, New Song, 'T will be the Old, Old Sto - ry That

REFRAIN.

noth-ing else can do. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'T will be my theme in
tell it now to thee.
God's own ho - ly word.
I have lov'd so long.
glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 175. Come Home To-Night.

Rev. F. M. McConnell. H. N. Lincoln.

Soprano and Tenor Duet, *ad lib.*

1. There's a beau - ti - ful cit - y of jas - per and gold, Far a - way in the world of de - light, There we'll dwell with our Saviour for ages un-told, Sin-ner,
2. There are beau - ti - ful mansions prepared up on high, Where no ter-ror the soul can af-fright; Will you give up your sins while the Saviour draws nigh? Sinner,
3. There are dear ones in heav - en with an-gels and God, They are cloth'd in the robes of pure white; O look up from this sorrowful world where they trod, Sinner,
4. Hear their ear-nest en-treat - ies, they bid you be wise And to turn from the dark-ness to light. Will you heed them, dear sinner? God help you, arise, Praise the

Refrain.

start for that cit-y to-night.
start for those mansions tonight.
start for those dear ones tonight.
Lord, they are coming to-night.

1, 2, 3. Come home tonight, sinner, Come home tonight, sinner,
4. Coming home tonight, Saviour, Coming home tonight, Saviour,

Make a start for heav - en, Come home to-night, Come home to-night, sin-ner,
Start-ing out for heav - en, Com-ing home to-night, Com-ing home tonight, Saviour

Come home to-night, sinner, Pay thy vows to Je - sus, And come home to-night.
Com-ing home to-night, Saviour, Take them to Thy bosom, Lord, They're coming home tonight.

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No. 176. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Rev. Samuel Stennett. T. C. O'Kane, by per.

1. On Jor - dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
2. O'er all those wide-ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest
4. Fill'd with de - light my rap - tur'd soul Would here no long - er stay;

To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
When shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And in His bos - om rest?
Tho' Jor - dan's waves a-round me roll, Fear - less I'd launch a - way.

Chorus.

We will rest in the fair and happy land, Just a - cross on the
by and by,
ev - er - green shore, ... Sing the song of Mo - ses and the
ev - er - green shore,
Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er - more.

No. 177. Going Unprepared.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Go - ing un - pre-pared to the judg-ment throne, Go-ing to be tried at the bar a - lone, Go-ing up unsaved thro' the pre-cious blood,
2. Go - ing rash - ly on in your guilt and sin, Care-less - ly a - long, naught of peace within, Trampling on the ten - der Redeemer's blood,
3. Go - ing fast as mo-ments can bear you on, Know-ing that your days will be quick-ly run, Soon will lay your bod - y be-neath the sod,

REFRAIN.

Go - ing un - pre-pared to meet your God.
Go - ing all a - lone to meet your God. Go-ing un-pre-pared,
Go - ing un - pre-pared to meet your God.

go-ing un-pre-pared, Going un-pre-pared to the judg-ment seat; Going

unprepared, Going unprepared, Going unprepared the Lord to meet.

Copyright, 1909, by H. N. Lincoln.

No. 178. Take the Name of Jesus With You.

LYDIA BAXTER. Copyright, 1899, by W. H. Doane. Renewal. WILLIAM H. DOANE.

1. Take the name of Je-sus with you, Child of sorrow and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je-sus ever - er, As a shield from ev'ry snare;
3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je-sus bow-ing, Fall - ing prostrate at His feet,

It will joy and comfort give you; Take it, then, where'er you go.
If temptations round you gather, Breathe that holy name in pray'r.
When His loving arms receive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our journey is complete.

REFRAIN.

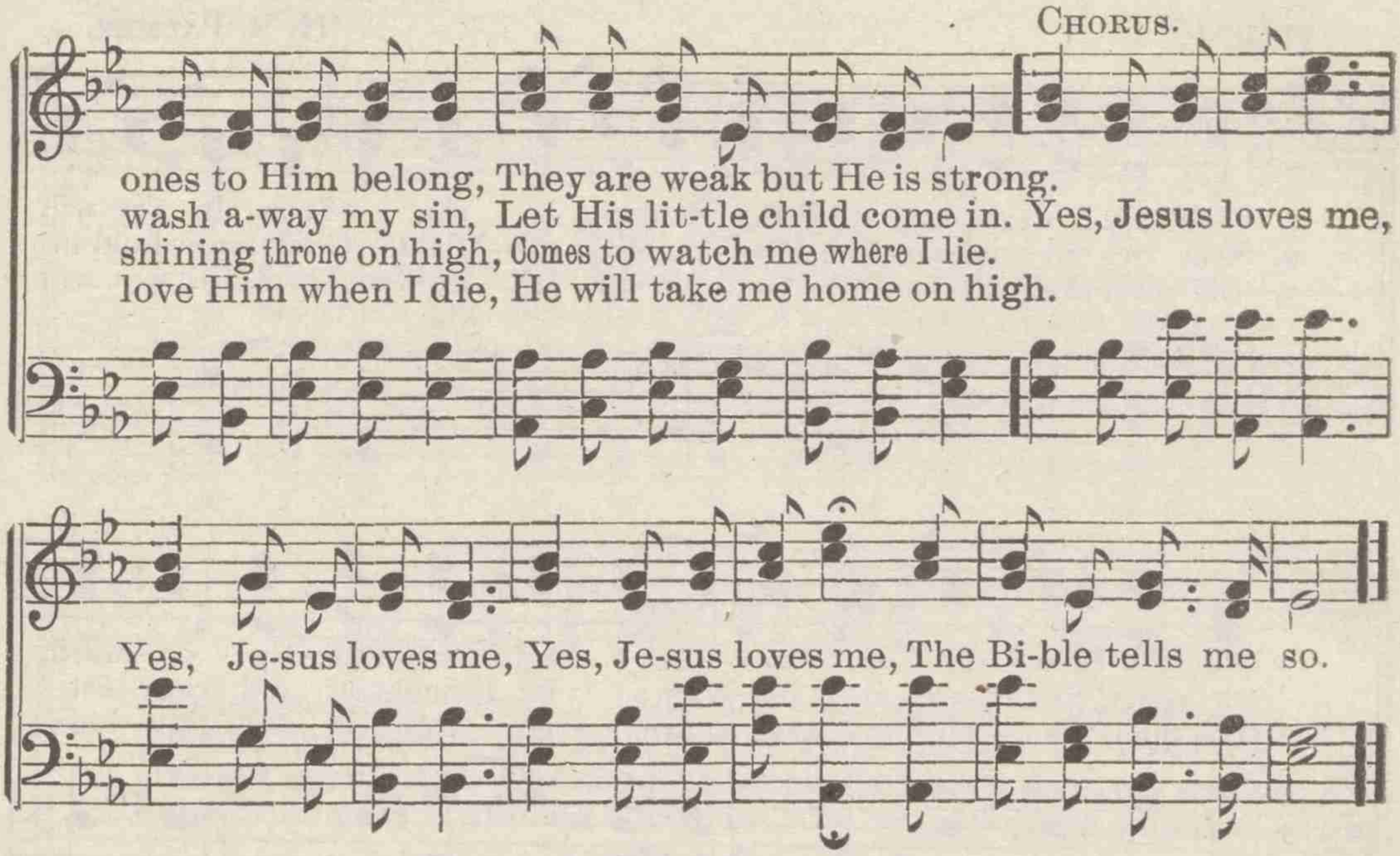
Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!
Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

No. 179. Jesus Loves Me.

(The favorite hymn of China.) WM. B. BRADBURY.

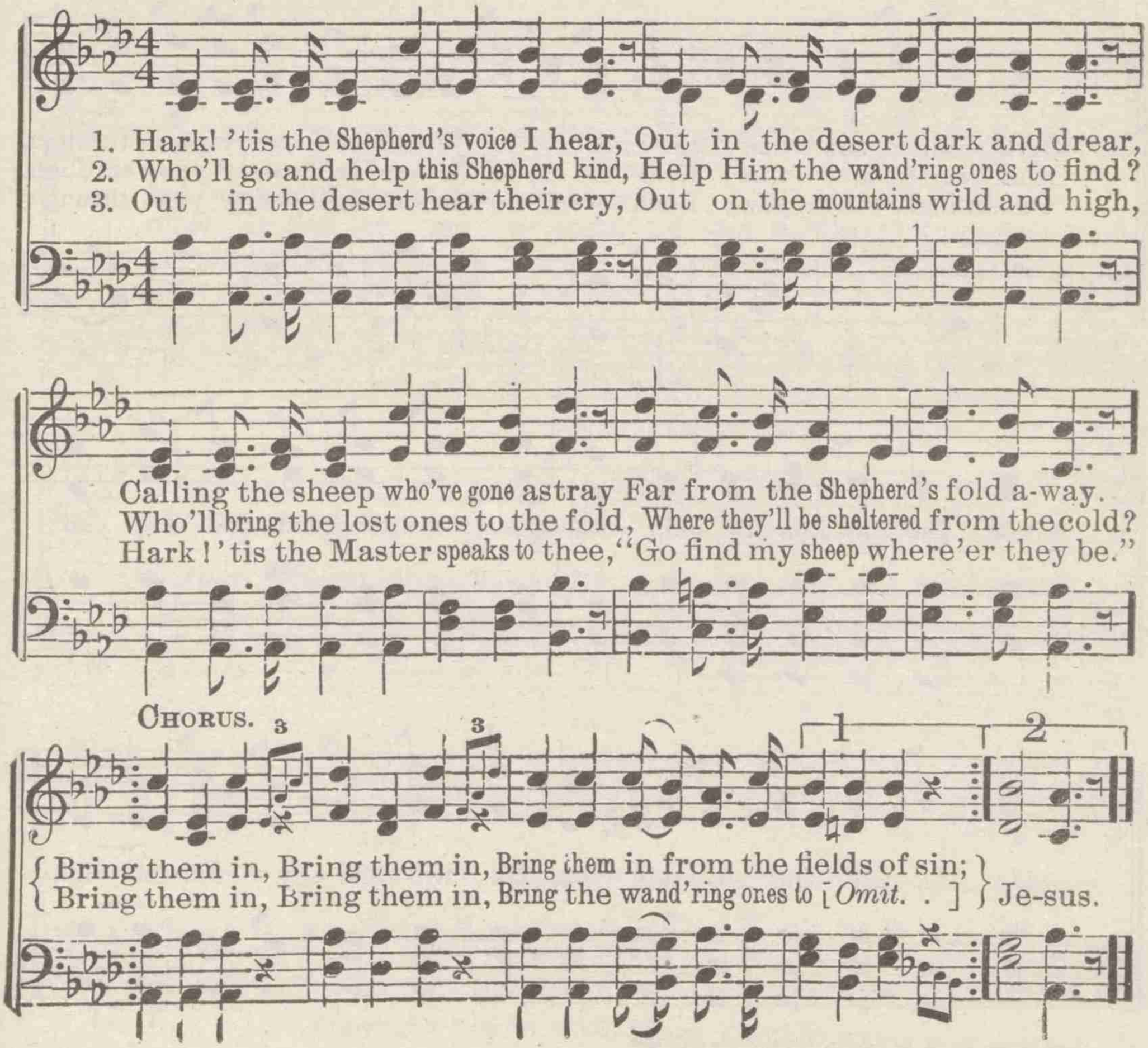
1. Je-sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so; Lit - tle
2. Je-sus loves me! He who died, Heaven's gate to o-pen wide; He will
3. Je-sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm very weak and ill; From His
4. Je-sus loves me! He will stay Close beside me all the way; If I

Jesus Loves Me. Concluded.
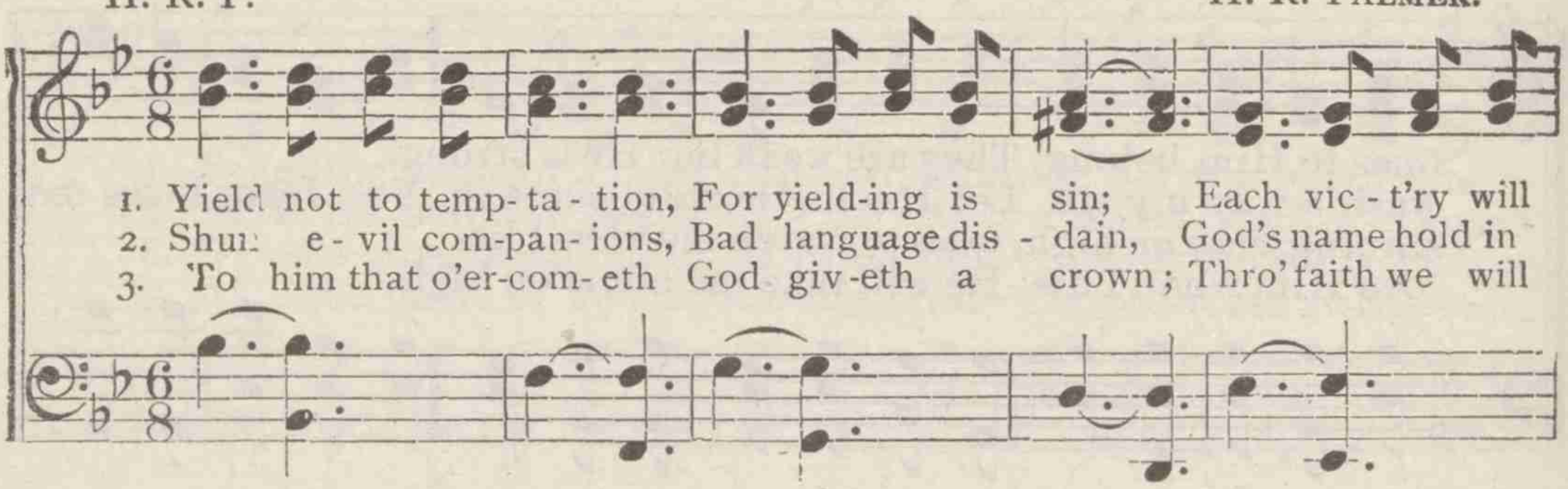


No. 180. Bring Them In.

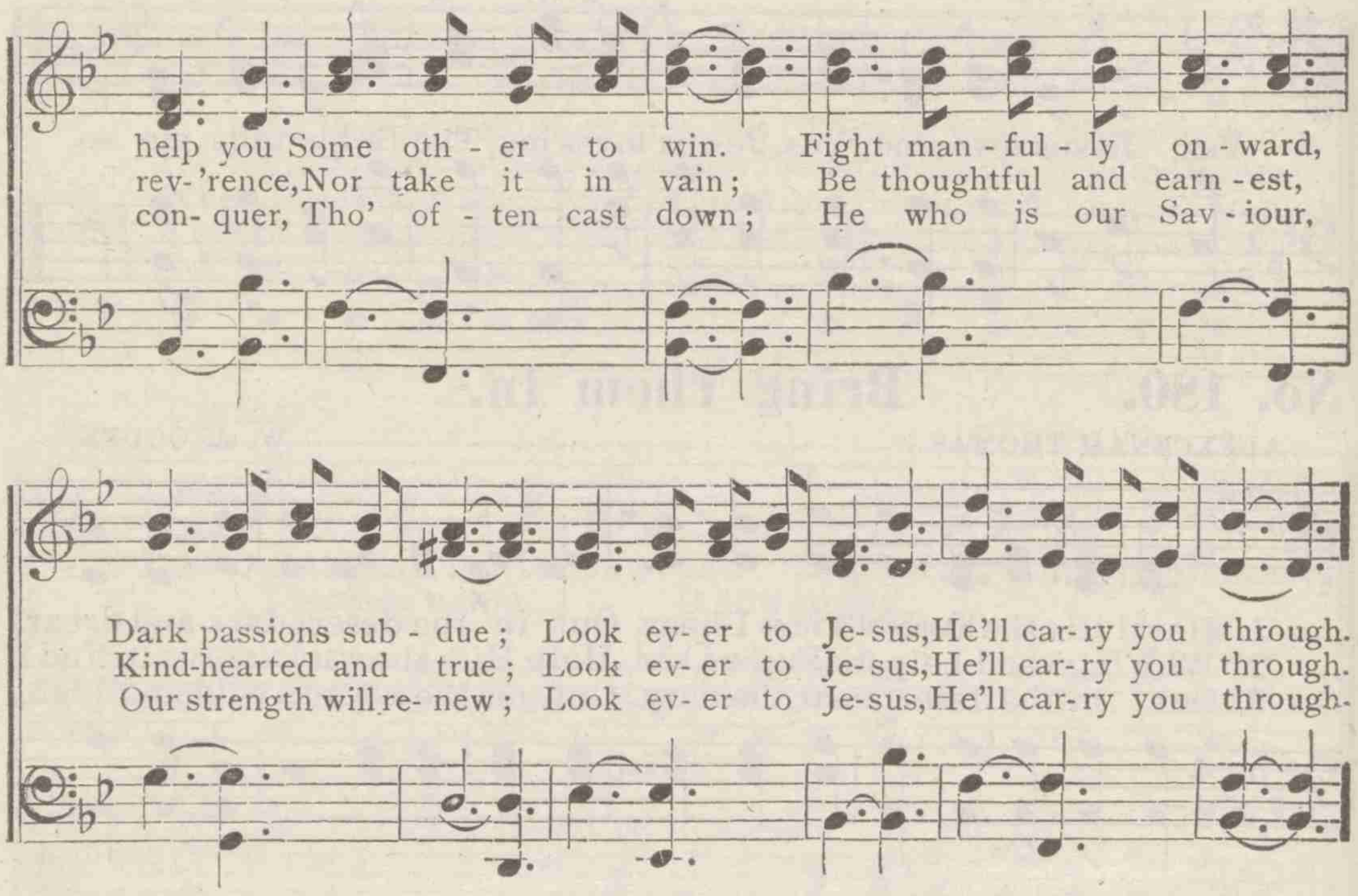
ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.

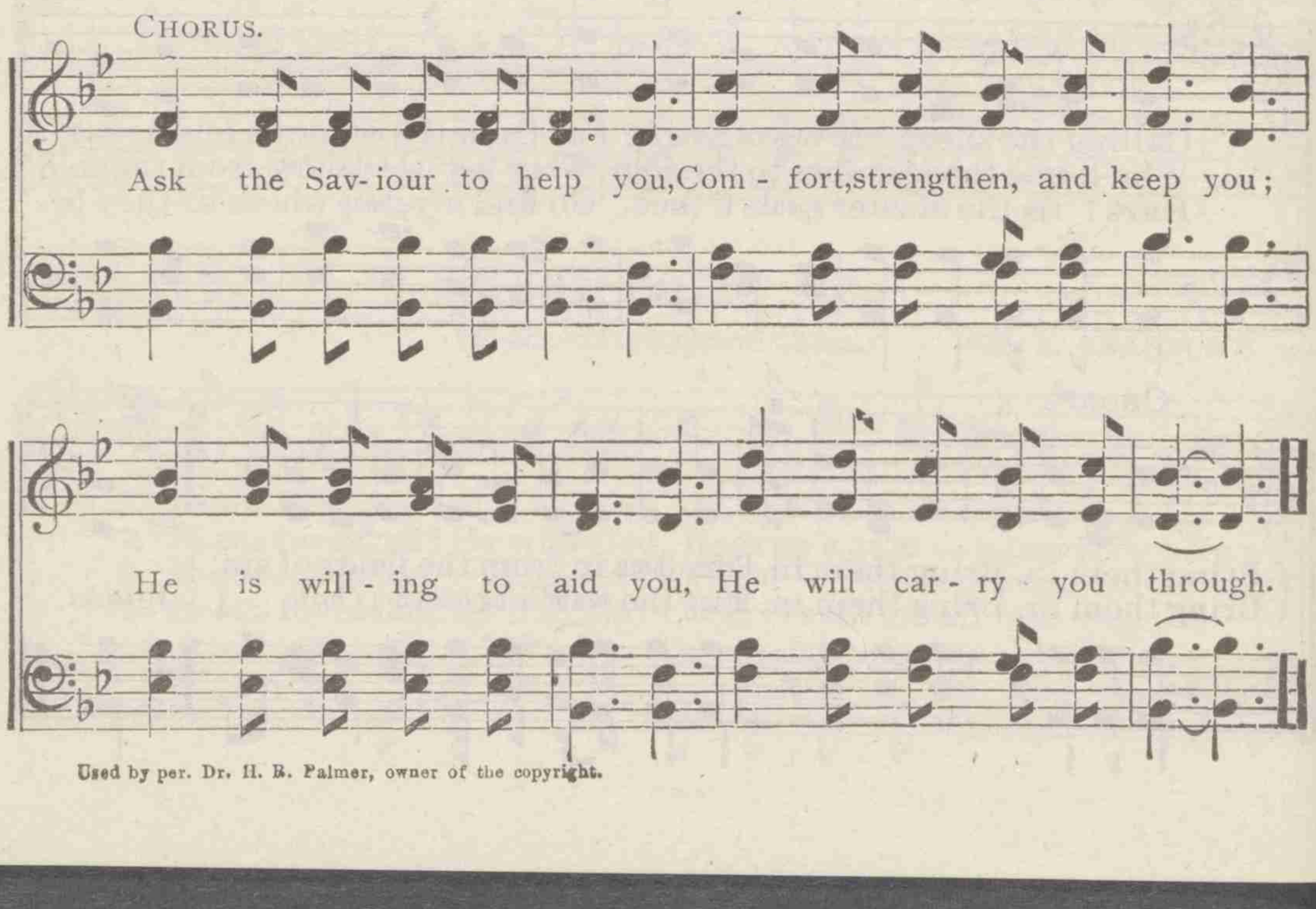


No. 181. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P. H. R. PALMER.







Used by per. Dr. H. R. Palmer, owner of the copyright.

No. 182. Home and Mother.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

Tenderly.

1. I am thinking of home and my moth-er, And the love of her
2. O the chords of my spir - it are bro - ken, And the dreams of my
3. I re - mem-ber the hour that we part - ed, 'Twas the close of a
4. Tho' my tears like the raindrops are fall - ing, Let me calm ev - 'ry

heart so true, And I sigh for the light of her presence, Now
youth have flown; All the joy has gone out of my dwelling, Since
bright spring day; And she whispered, God keep thee, my darling, Then
throb of pain, And be - lieve in the soul-cheering promise, That

rit.

fad - ed and gone from my view.
moth - er has left me a - lone.
passed like a sun-beam a - way.
soon I shall meet her a - gain.

CHORUS.

I am thinking to-night of my mother, Whose bur-dens and tri - als are o'er, I am longing to meet her in glo - ry, Where sorrow and tears are un - known.

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No. 183. Come to Me.

Solo or Duet, for Soprano and Alto, or for Alto and Tenor.

C. M. F. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. When the bur-den is too great to bear, When thy heart is o - ver -
2. When temptation leads your feet a-stray, When your soul is full of
3. When you pass beneath the chast'ning rod; When loved forms you lay be -

borne with care; When thy fu-ture frowns in dark de - spair, O
dread dis - may; When you do not e - ven dare to pray, O
neath the sod; When you seem for-sak - en by your God, O

CHORUS.

list - en to the Sav - iour say: Ye who la - bor, heav-y
Come, (O) come

la - den come. Lay your wea-ry head up - on my breast; Take my
learn of me, Come, come, learn of me; Come, (O)

yoke upon you, learn of me, come, and I will give you rest.
come, learn of me, sweet rest.

Copyright, 1908, by The Fillmore Bros. Co. Used by per.

No. 184a. Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. E. M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE. By per.

1. I hear the Sav - ior say, "Thy strength in-deed is small; Child of
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy power, and Thine a-lone, Can
3. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete, I'll

REFRAIN.

weakness, watch and pray, Find me thine all in all."
change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
lay my trophies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.
} Je - sus paid it all,

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

No. 184b. I am Coming to the Cross. ROSS.

Rev. WM. MCDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER. By per.

1. I am com - ing to the cross, I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned within;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store,

CHO.--*I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry,*

I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,— "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y, Thine to be, Wholly Thine for - ev - er-more.

Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

No. 185. Flee As a Bird.

MARY S. B. DANA. Spanish.

SOLO OR QUARTET.

1. Flee as a bird to your moun-tain, Thou who art weary of sin;
2. He will protect thee for - ev - er, Wipe ev'ry sad fall - ing tear;
3. O 'twill be joy when I see Him! See Him and hear Him say come!

Go to the clear flowing foun-tain, Where you may wash and be clean;
He will forsake thee, O nev - er, Sheltered so ten-der - ly there!
O 'twill be joy when I hear Him Saying, "My child, welcome home!"

Fly, for th'a-ven-ger is near thee, Call, and the Saviour will
Haste, then, the hours now are flying, Spend not the moments in
Now thou art free from thy sor - row, There thou shalt ne'er trouble

hear thee, He on His bo - som will bear thee; O thou who art
sigh - ing, Cease from your sorrow and cry - ing, The Saviour will
bor - row, Night nev-er comes nor to - mor - row, With Je - sus for -

wea - ry of sin, O thou who art wea - ry of sin.
wipe ev - 'ry tear, The Sav - iour will wipe ev - 'ry tear.
ev - er to dwell, With Je - sus for - ev - er to dwell.

No. 186. At the Cross.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isa. 45 : 22.

Copyright, 1885, by R. E. Hudson.

I. WATTS. R. E. HUDSON, by per.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
Would He de-vote that sa - cred head, For such a worm as I?

2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groan'd up - on the tree?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!

3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
When Christ, the mighty Mak - er, died For man the creature's sin.

4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face While His dear cross ap - pears,
Dis - solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.

5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do.

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the bur-den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

rolled a-way,

No. 187. Church of God.

MRS. EMILY J. BUGBEE. T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. Church of God, whose conqu'ring banners Float a - long the glo- rious years,
2. In your cost- ly tem - ples pray - ing, "Let Thy king-dom come, we pray,"
3. Grace and glo - ry He hath sent you, Cast your line in pla - ces fair;
4. Shake the earth and rend the heav-en, Wake Thy sleeping children, Lord,
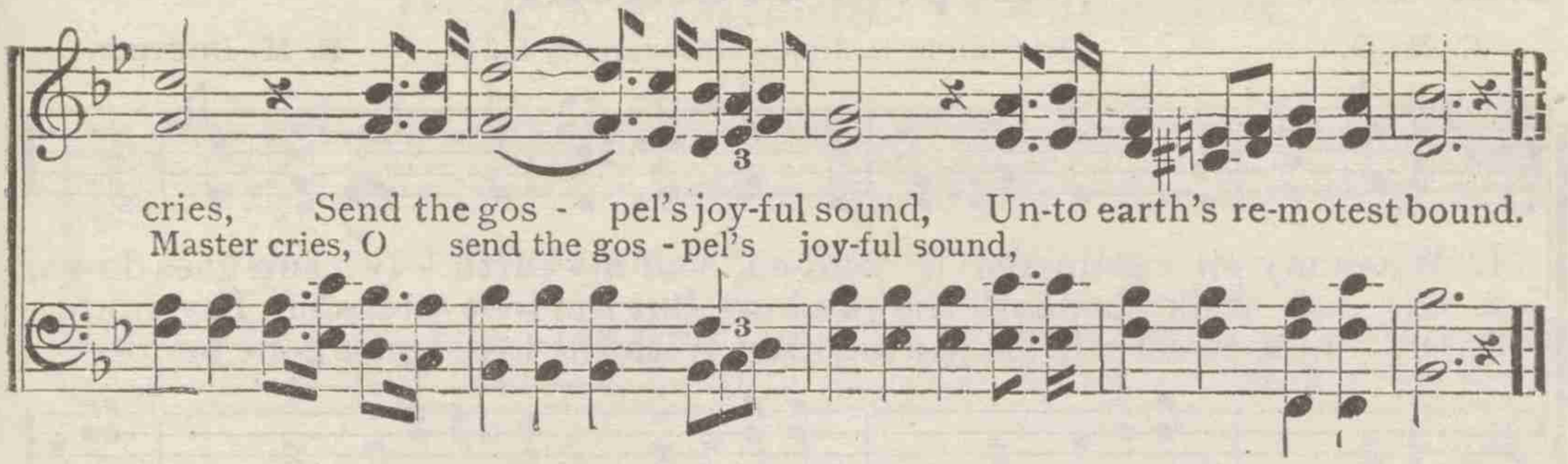
Gath-'ring har -vest rich and gold - en Sowed in pov - er - ty and tears:
Are but words of i - dle mean- ing, If with these we turn a -way.
Scat-ter bless-ings *now*, He bids you, O'er His green earth ev'ry-where,
Till the meas-ure full and e - ven Has been ren-dered at Thy word.

On - ward press, the cross is bending, Far to - ward the morning skies,
Boundless wealth to you is giv - en, From His hand who owns it all,
Till the mil-lions in the twi - light Of the far-off O - rient land,
Then from out her chrism of sor-row Shall the earth redeemed a - rise,

Speed-y dawn of light por - tend-ing: Church of God, a - wake! a - rise!
And His eye be-holds in heav -en What ye ren-der back for all.
In the gra - cious morning splen-dor, Of the gos - pel light shall stand.
And the fair mil- len- nial mor-row Dawn with o - pal tint - ed skies.

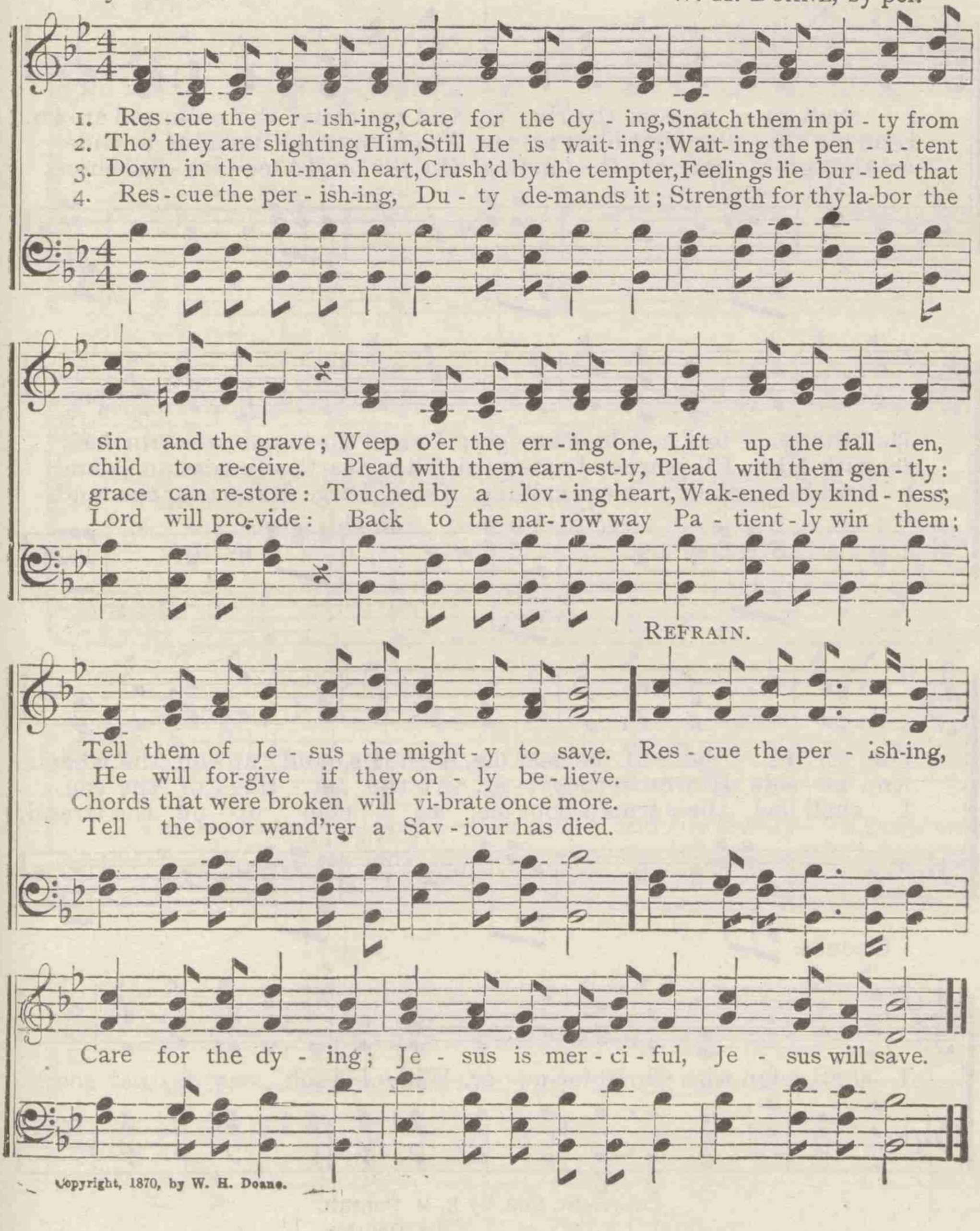
REFRAIN.

Church of God, . . a-wake! a- rise! Christ, your Head . and Master,
Church of God, a - wake! a - rise! Christ, your head and



No. 188 Rescue the Perishing.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.



Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane.

No. 189. Hope's Fruition.

E. M. D. (To Claude L. Jones, Shreveport, La.) E. M. Douthit.

1. When my pil - grim-age is end-ed, And my earth - ly sun goes down,
2. Oft I walk beneath the shadows; But the foot - steps of Thy guide,
3. Oh! how sweet will be the meeting, With the loved ones gone be-fore;

I shall go a-cross the riv - er, And re - ceive the promised crown.
Lead me in to that blest ha-ven, Where my soul de-lights to hide.
As they greet me at the landing, On the bright ce - les - tial shore.

Tho' the wa - ters may look an - gry; I shall then no ter - ror feel;
So with Him I'll journey homeward, Till my earth - ly mission's done;
I shall hear their voic-es call-ing, As my barge draws near the land,

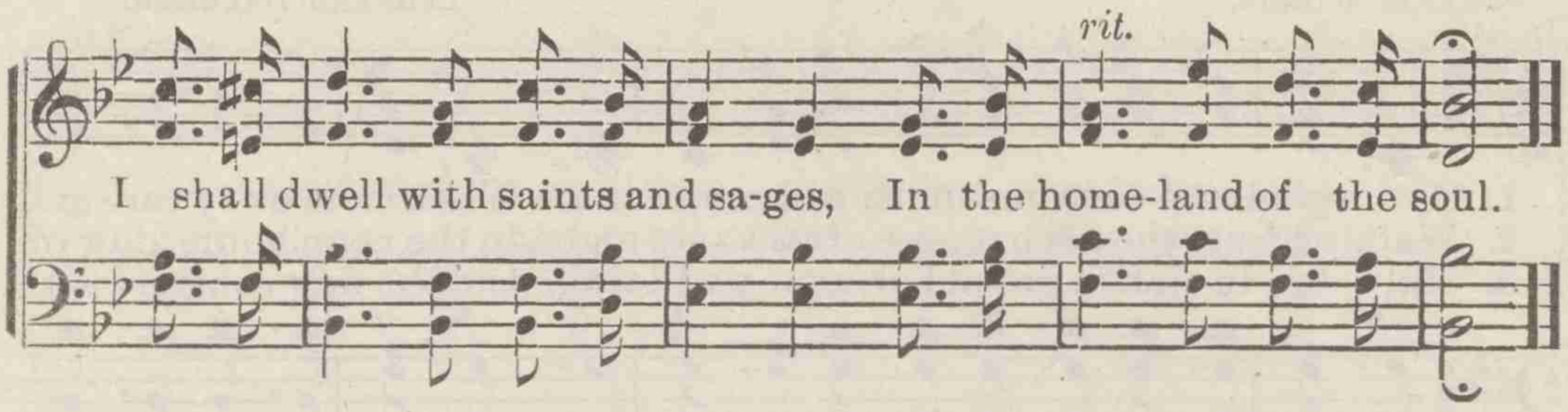
For my Pi - lot will be near me, With His hand up - on the wheel.
And be - side Him cross the riv - er, At the set - ting of the sun.
I shall feel their arms a-bout me, As I step up - on the strand.

Chorus.

I shall reign with Christ for-ev - er, When I reach my fi - nal goal,

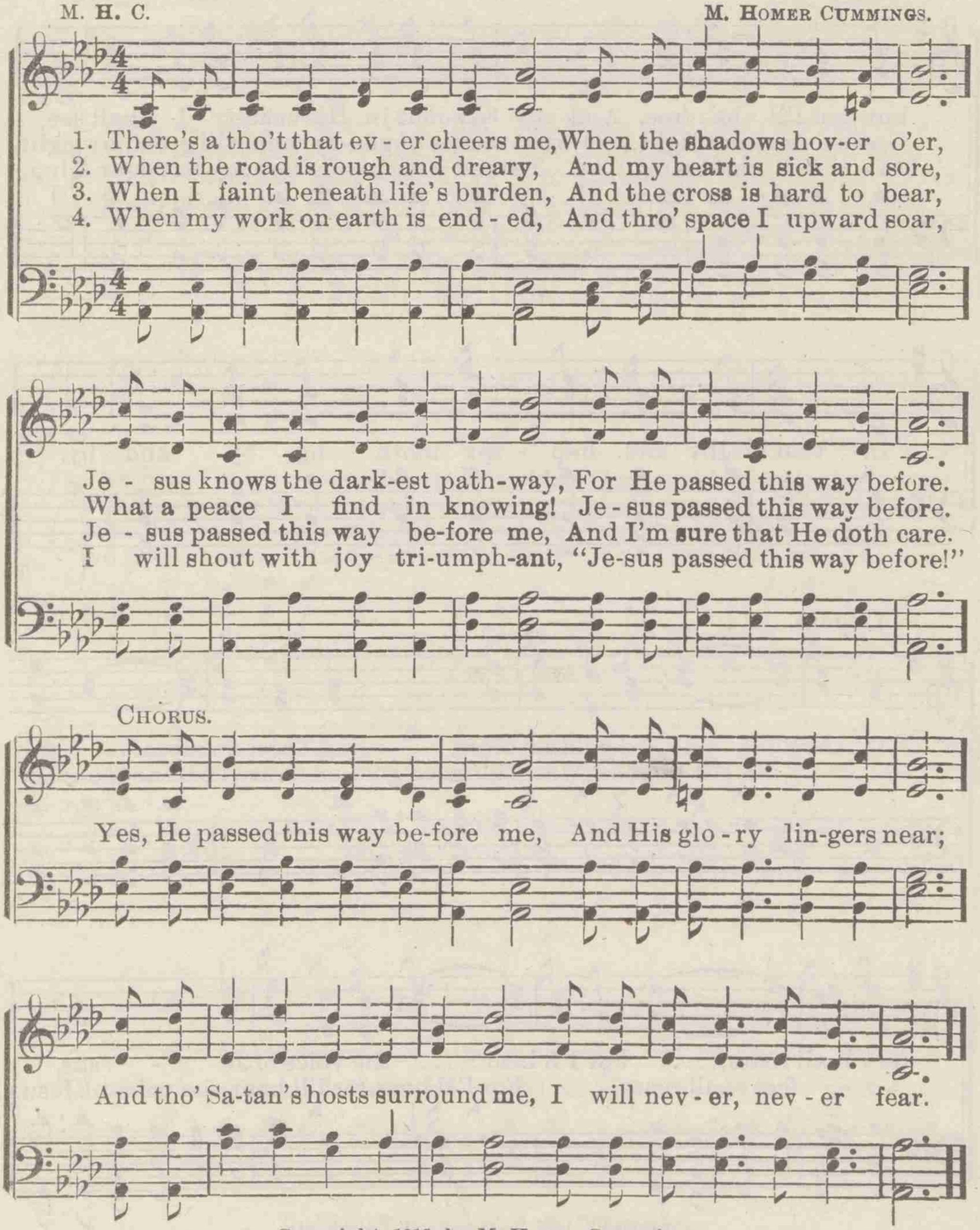
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Hope's Fruition. Concluded.



No. 190. Jesus Passed This Way Before.

M. H. C. M. Homer Cummings.



Copyright, 1915, by M. Homer Cummings.

No. 191. That Bright and Happy Morning.

JENNIE WILSON. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. O a glad and welcome morn will come for me When from ev'ry care and
2. Walking from the deep repose of death's dim night, In the noon hours glow of
3. Hal - le - lu - jah in grand har-mon-y will ring, And the new song of sal -

bur-den I'll be free, And my Sav-iour in His beau-ty I shall see,
God's e - ter - nal light, O what scenes of glo - ry then will greet my sight,
va - tion I shall sing, As I stand with joy be-fore my Sav-iour King,

In that bright and hap - py morn - ing by and by.
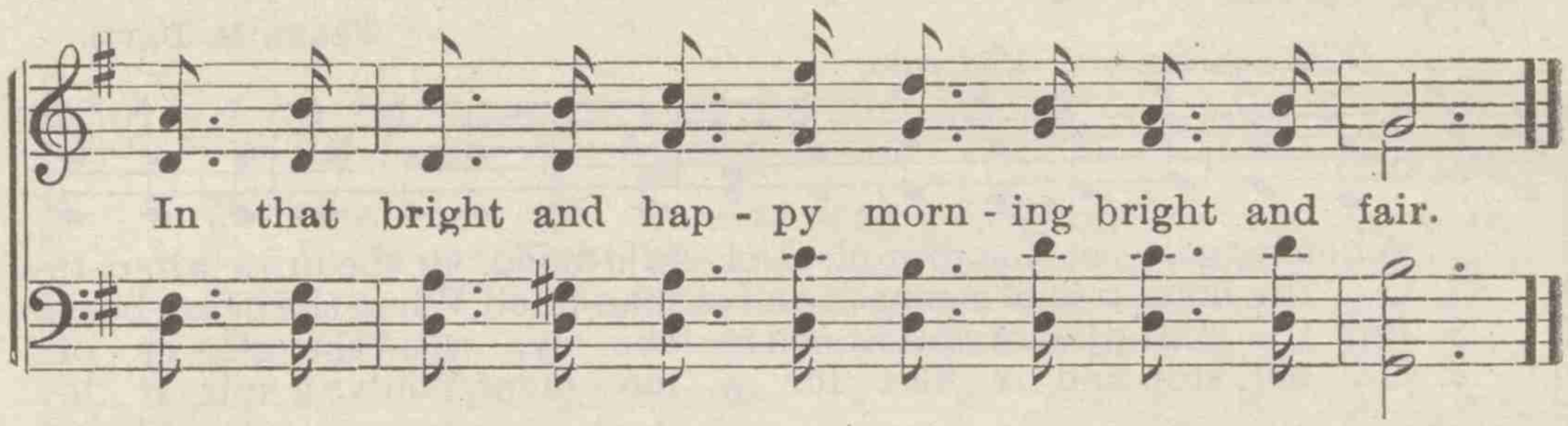
CHORUS.

O the bless - ed gold-en morn - ing, Then no more.... my
O the blessed, O the bless-ed gold-en morn, Then no more my

feet shall roam,..... For I'll hear..... the voice of Je - sus,
feet shall roam, For I'll hear, for I'll hear, the voice of Jesus

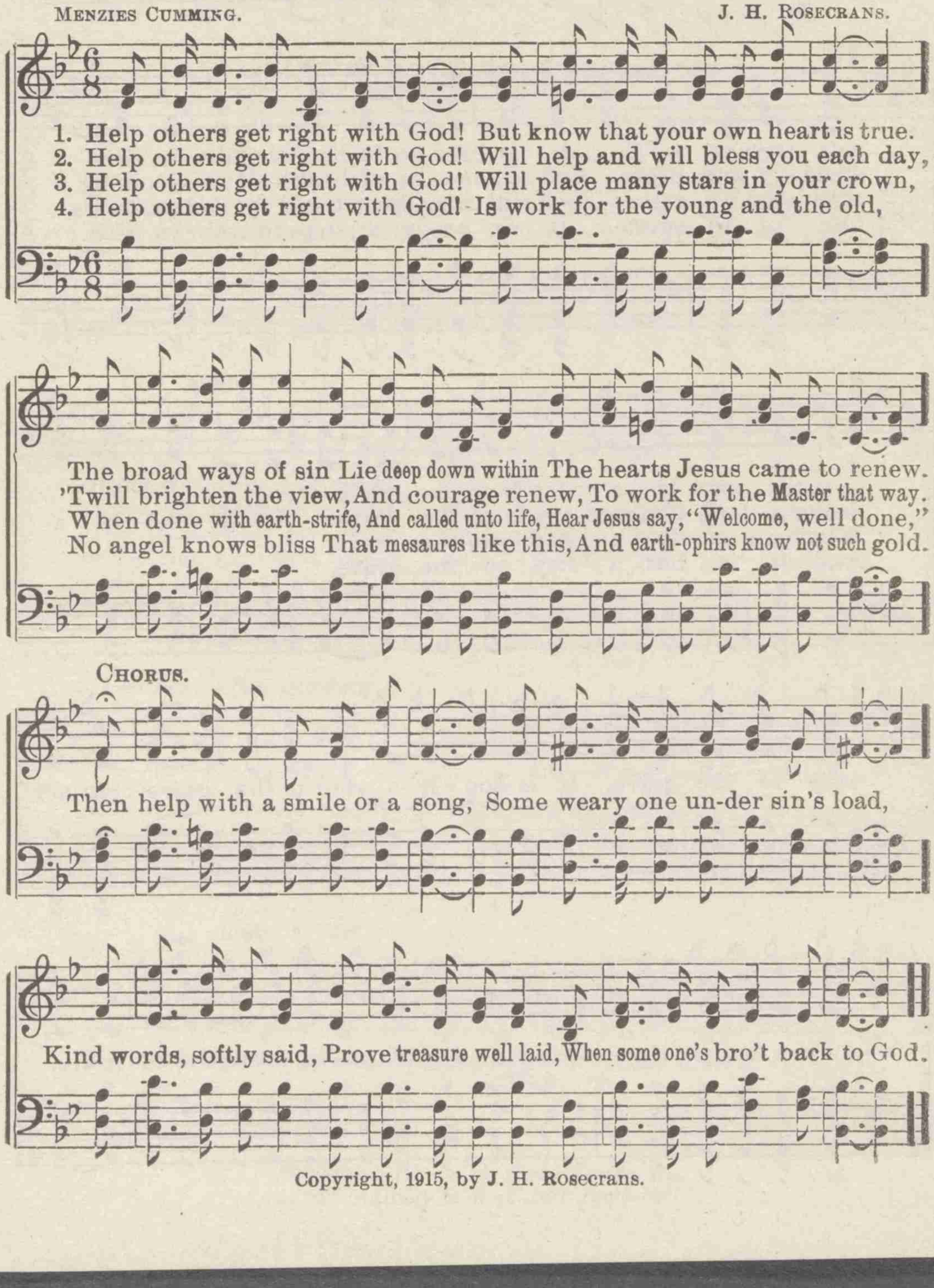
Copyright, 1907, by Leonard Daugherty.

That Bright and Happy Morning. Concluded.



No. 192. Help Others Get Right With God.

MENZIES CUMMING. J. H. ROSECRANS.



Copyright, 1915, by J. H. Rosecrans.

No. 193. Only a Step to the Grave.

G. J. FRANK M. DAVIS.

With expression Moderato.

1. When we gaze at the dim-ples of child-hood, Or the brow where the soft tress-es wave, It is hard to be-lieve that the cra - dle
2. O the noon-tide of strength and of man-hood, When the heart-beat is stead - y and brave, And the ros - es of health all are blooming,
3. But the dim-ples of child-hood so love - ly, And the glo - ry of man-hood we crave, Soon will come down to old age and weakness,
4. Sin - ner, stop and re - flect for a mo - ment, You've a spir - it to lose or to save; It is on - ly a step to sal - va - tion,

CHORUS.

Can be on - ly a step from the grave.
Seems a long dis-tance yet from the grave. It is on - ly a
Which are on - ly a step from the grave.
And it is but a step to the grave.

step to the grave, It is on - ly a step to the grave; Sin-ner

rit. e dim.

'round you to-night there is danger, For it's on - ly a step to the grave.

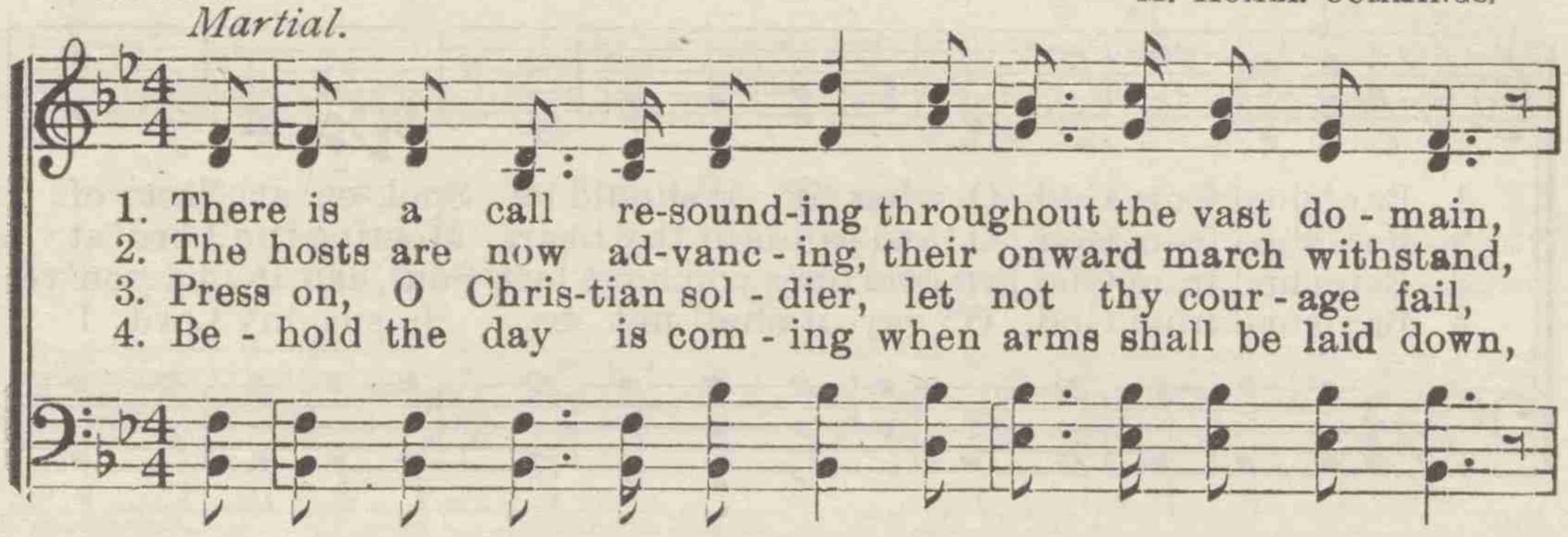
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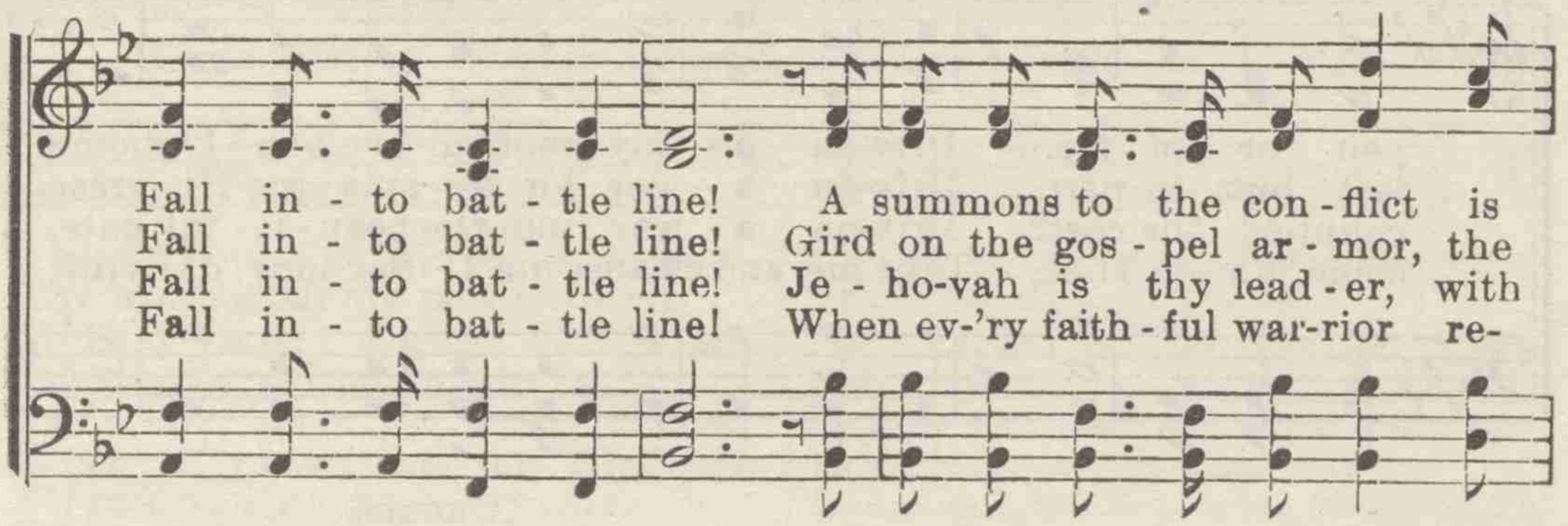
No. 194. Fall Into Battle Line.
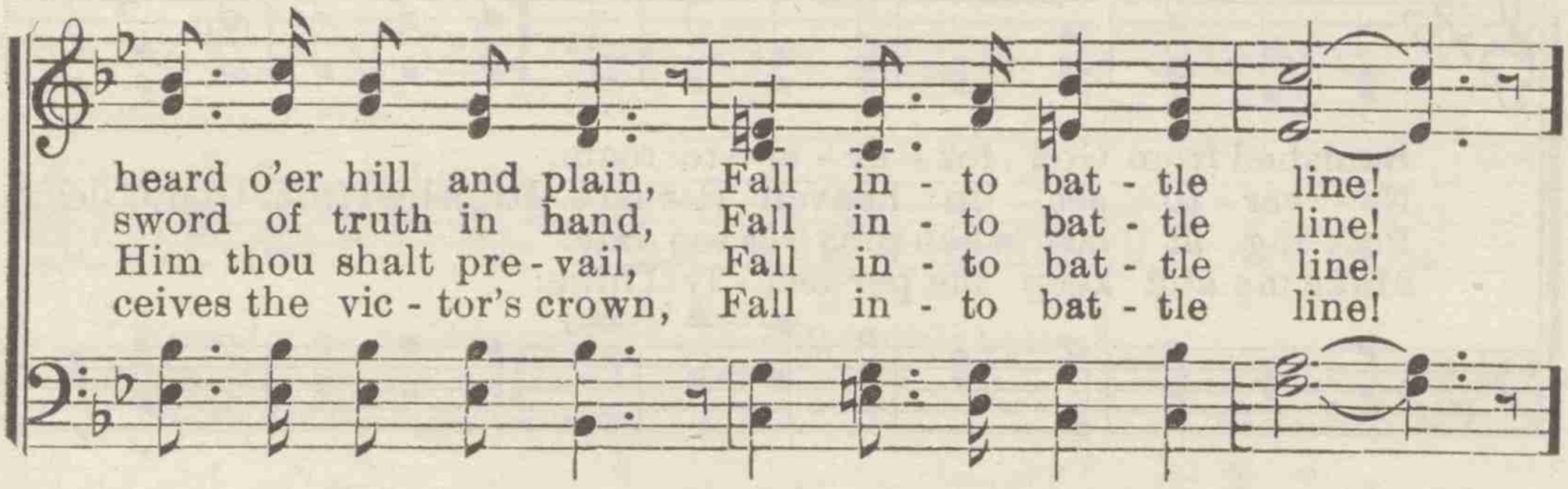
M. H. C.

M. Homer Cummings.
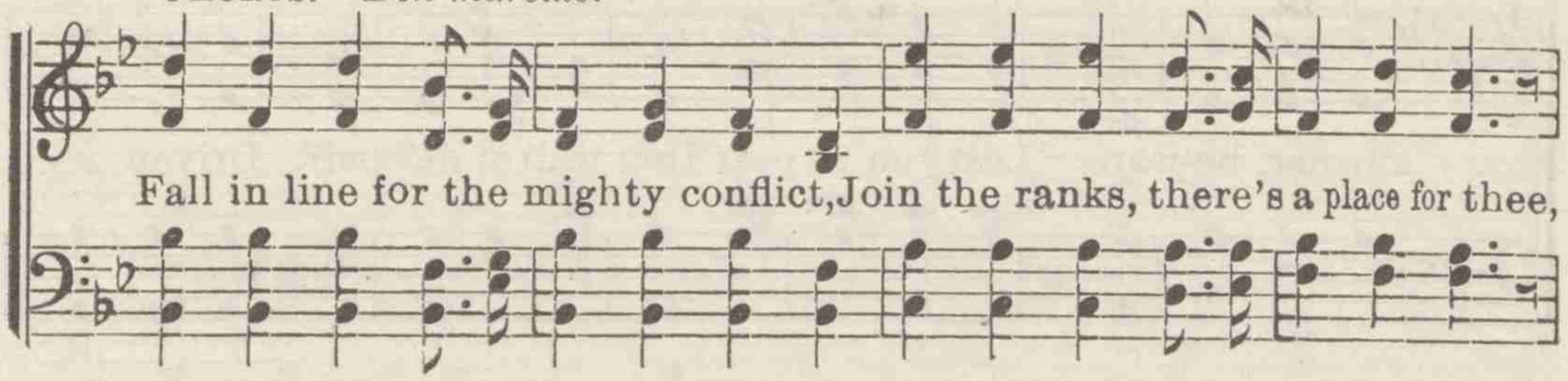
Martial.
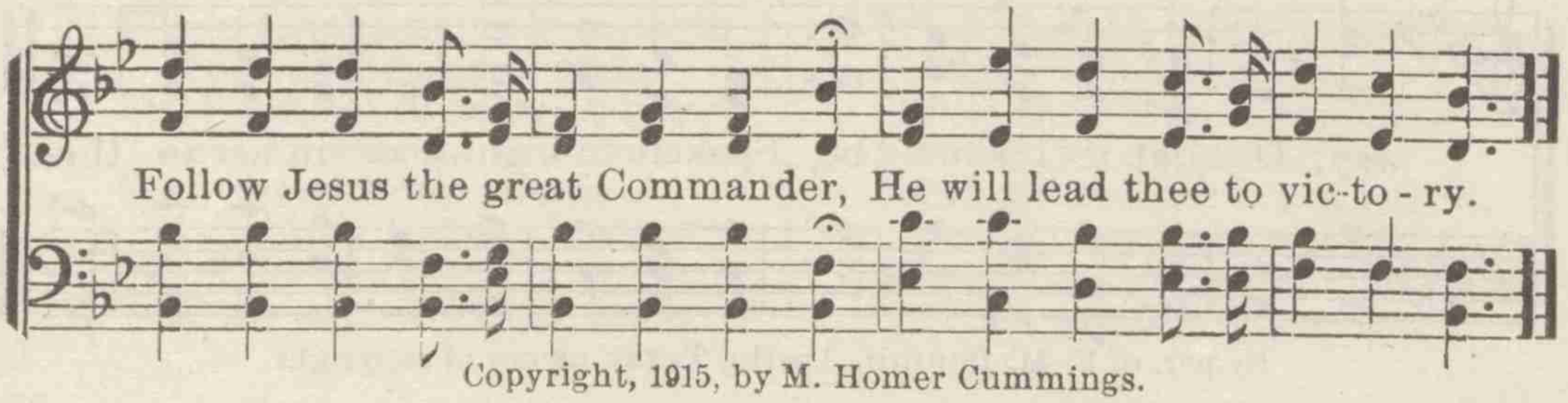






CHORUS. *Ben marcato.*





Copyright, 1915, by M. Homer Cummings.

No. 195. Banished From God.

G. J. E. M. DOUTHIT.

1. Banished from God, O what if it should be Spok-en at last of you or of me, Driv-en a - way from our heav-en - ly home,
2. Banished from God, O sad words to thy heart, Meeting the Lord at last but to part, Driv-en a - way for de - spis - ing His grace,
3. Banished from God, from loved ones you have lost, Soul, can it be you've count-ed the cost? Driv-en a - way from the beau - ti - ful gate,
4. Banished from God, O say it shall not be, Je-sus, my Lord I come un - to Thee, Take me and cleanse me O Sav-iour di - vine,

CHORUS.

Banished from God for - ev - er to roam.
Ne - ver to see in heaven His face. Banished from God, O dear
Pray-ing at last when pray'r is too late.
Make me and keep me per-fect - ly Thine.

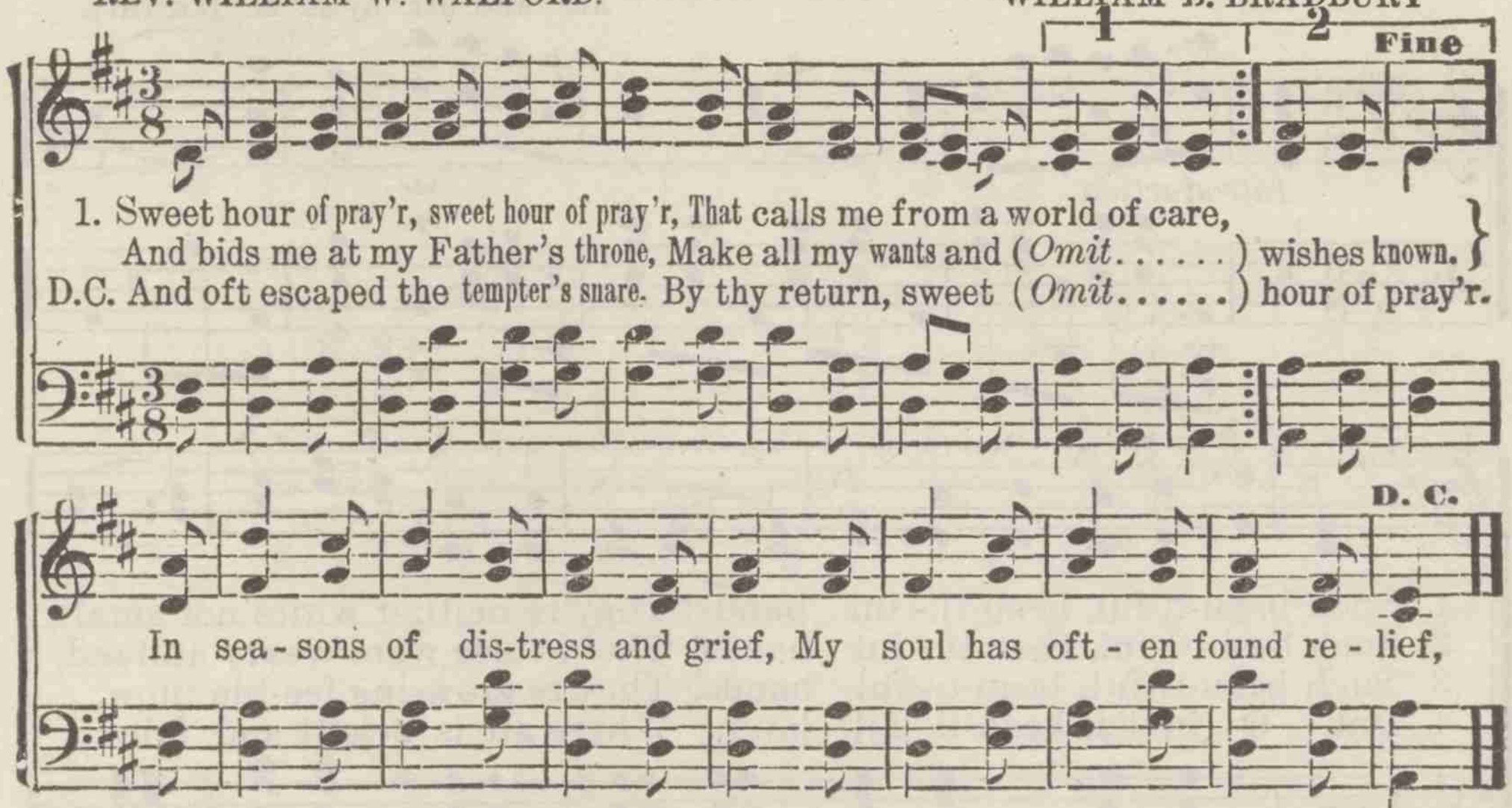
sin-ner, be-ware, Lest you re-peat that wail of de-spair, Driven a -

way, O what if it should be, Spoken to-night, poor sin-ner to thee.

By per. of E. M. Douthit, Austin, Texas, owner of copyright.

No. 196. Sweet Hour of Prayer. L. M. D.

REV. WILLIAM W. WALFORD. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

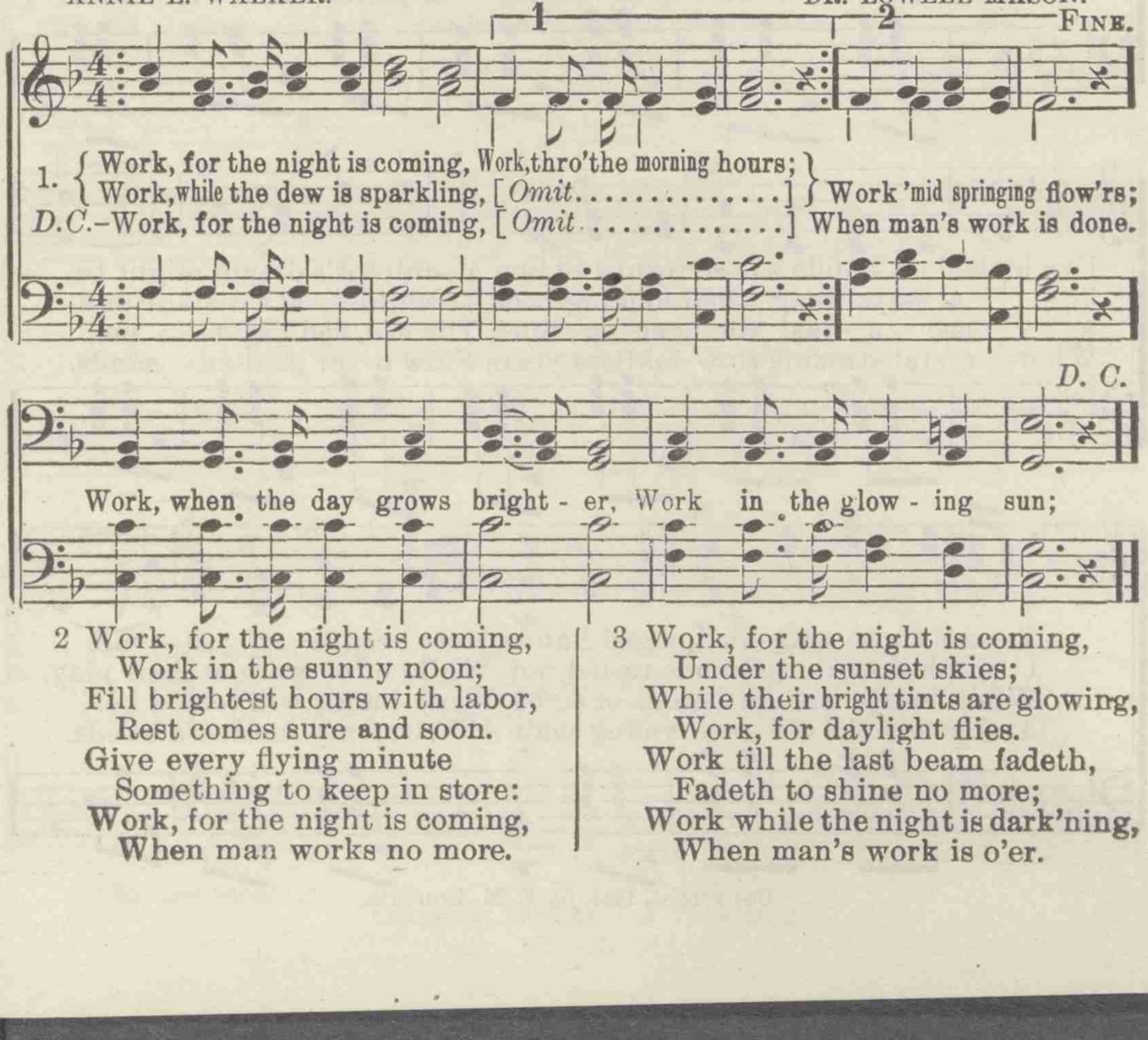


2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I Thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise,
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

No. 197. Work, For The Night Is Coming.

ANNIE L. WALKER. DR. LOWELL MASON.



2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work in 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 dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 198. My Mother's Hands.

Acc. and arr. by E. M. Douthit.

Introduction.

1. Such beau-ti-ful, beau-ti - ful hands! They're neither white nor small;
2. Such beau-ti-ful, beau-ti - ful hands! Tho' hearts were weary and sad,
3. Such beau-ti-ful, beau-ti- ful hands! They're grow-ing fee-ble now,
4. But, O in that beau-ti - ful land, Where all is bright and fair,

And you, I know, would scarcely think That they were fair at all.
Those patient hands kept toiling on, That the children might be glad,
For time and pain have left their mark On hands, and heart, and brow.
I know full well those dear old hands Will palms of vic-t'ry bear;

I've looked on hands whose form and hue A sculptor's dream might be,
I al-ways weep when looking back To child-hood's distant day,
A - las! a - las! the near-ing time, The sad, sad day to me,
Where crystal streams thro' endless years Flow o-ver gold-en sands,

Yet are those wrin-kled, a-ged hands Most beau-ti - ful to me.
I think how those hands rested not While mine were at their play.
When 'neath the daisies out of sight Those hands will folded be.
And where the old grow young again, I'll clasp my mother's hands.

Copyright, 1915, by E. M. Douthit.

My Mother's Hands. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Such beau - ti - ful hands!.... Such beau - ti - ful hands!....
Such beautiful hands! beautiful hands! Such beautiful hands! beautiful hands!

I think of them now as they smooth o'er my brow, While chasing the tear-drops away.

No. 199. A Prayer.

CHARLES M. SHELDON. Author of "In His Steps." J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Fa - ther of all mankind, Bless Thou the place When in the
2. Grant to us wis-dom strong, To teach and toil, Sow - ing the
3. Fa - ther of all mankind, Keep all Thine own, Guid - ing the

house of God We see Thy face; Thou who art all in all,
seed of truth In good - ly soil; Grant to us pa - tience long,
seed of truth Which we have sown, Grant - ing us joy and peace,

rit.

Faith, hope and love, Cen-ter in Thee and lift Their praise a-bove.
Thy time to wait, Reap-ing the har-vest due Of love and hate.
Children of Thine, Bless-ing our hu-man life With life di - vine.
* A - men.

* After last verse.

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No. 200. The Heavenly Home.

WILLIAM HUNTER. (Dedicated to my father.) M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. My heav'n-ly home..... is bright and fair;.....
2. My Father's house..... is built on high,.....
3. Let oth - ers seek..... a home be - low,.....

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair;

Nor pain nor death..... can en - ter there;.....
Far, far a - bove..... the star - ry sky;.....
Which flames devour,..... or waves o'er-flow;.....

Nor pain nor death can en - ter there;

Its glitt'ring towers..... the sun out-shine:.....
When from this earth - - - ly pris - on free,.....
Be mine the hap - - - pier lot to own,.....

Its glitt'ring towers the sun out-shine;

That heav'nly man - - sion shall be mine.....
That heav'nly man - - sion mine shall be.....
A heav'nly man - - sion near the throne.....

That heav'nly man-sion shall be mine.

CHORUS.

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

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The Heavenly Home. Concluded.

Death can - not come to that fair shore;
Death can-not come..... to that fair shore;.....

There we shall live..... thro' end-less day,.....
There we shall live thro' end-less day,

And God shall wipe..... all tears a - way.....
And God shall wipe all tears a-way.

No. 201. Where He Leads Me.

E. W. BLANDLY. Arr.

1. I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing, I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

CHO.—Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,

ad lib. *D. C. for Cho.*

I can hear my Sav-iour call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol - low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 202. Coronation.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Sin-ners whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall,
3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Go spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Go spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 203. My Country, 'Tis of Thee.
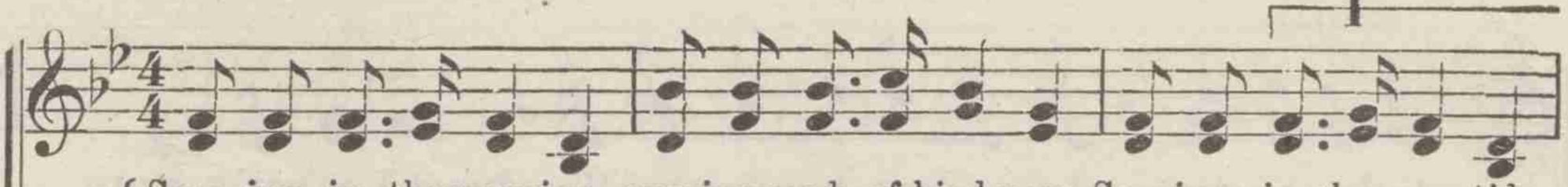
S. F. Smith.

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

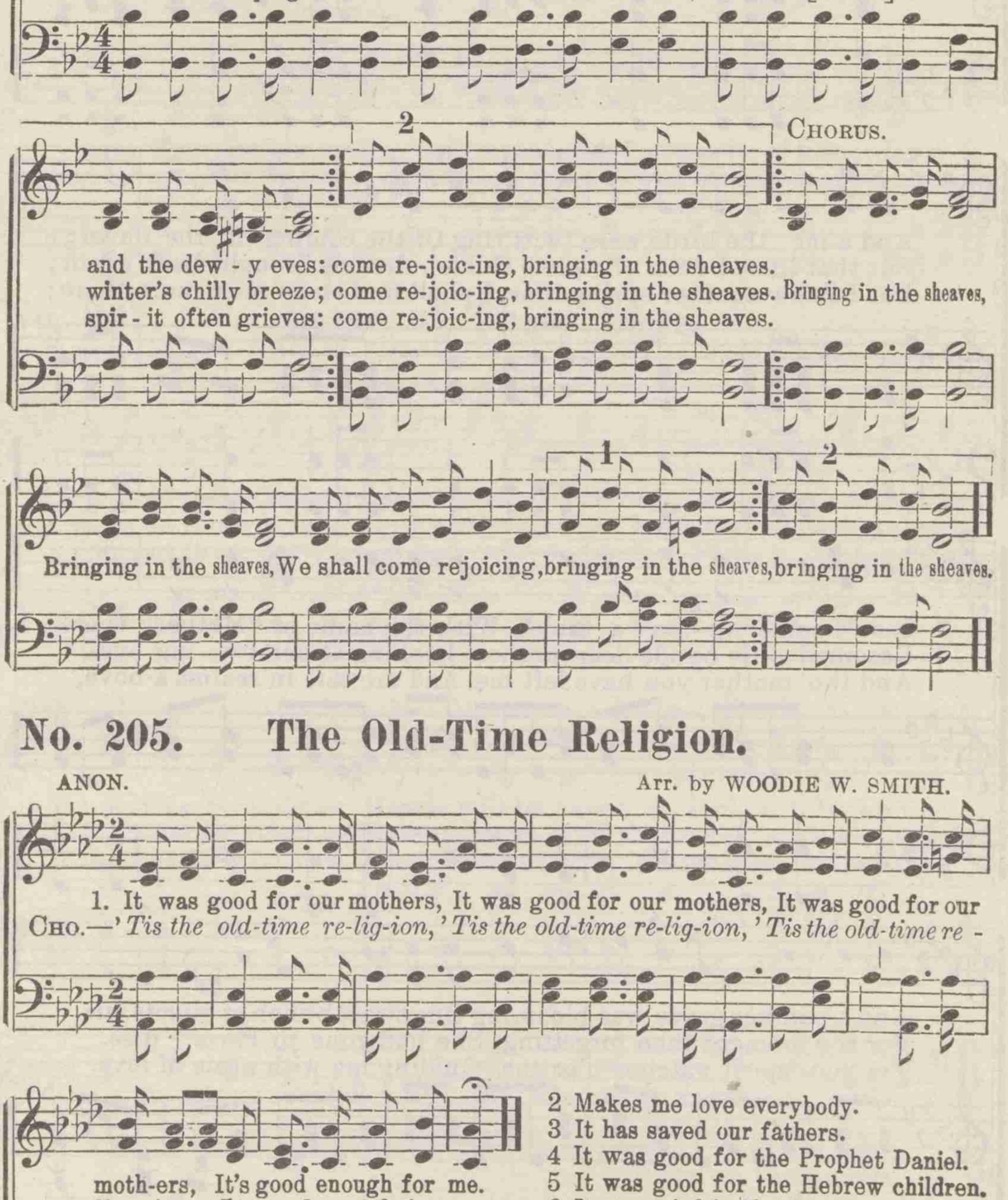
fa-thers died Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a-bove.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's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

No. 204. Bringing In the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEORGE A. MINOR.



1. { Sow - ing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide
   { Wait-ing for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing, We shall [*Omit.*]
2. { Sow - ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shadows, Fear-ing nei-ther clouds nor
   { By and by the har-vest and the la - bor end - ed, We shall [*Omit.*]
3. { Go then, e - ven weeping, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustained our
   { When our weeping's o - ver He will bid us wel-come, We shall [*Omit.*]



CHORUS.
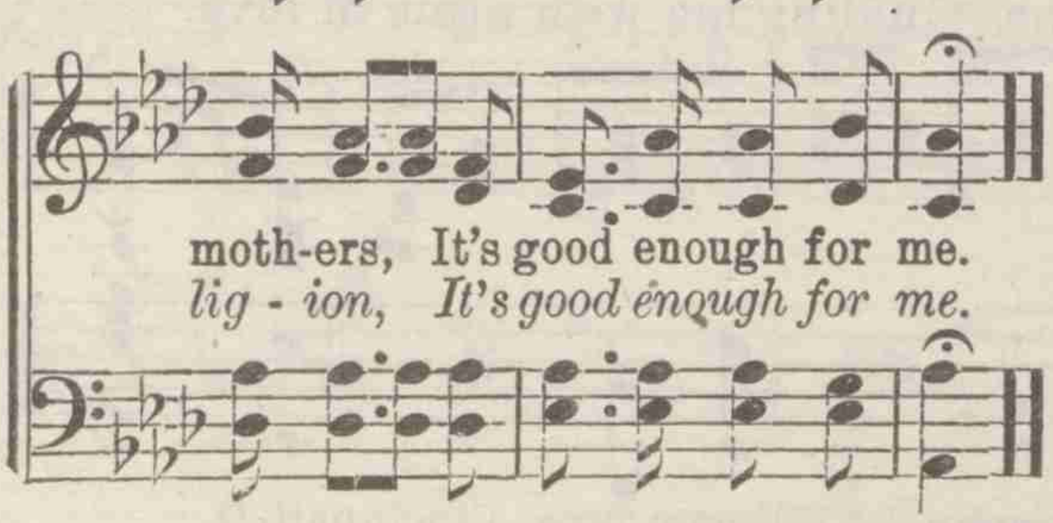
and the dew - y eves: come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
winter's chilly breeze; come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,
spir - it often grieves: come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.

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

No. 205. The Old-Time Religion.

ANON. Arr. by WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our
CHO.—*'Tis the old-time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old-time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old-time re -*



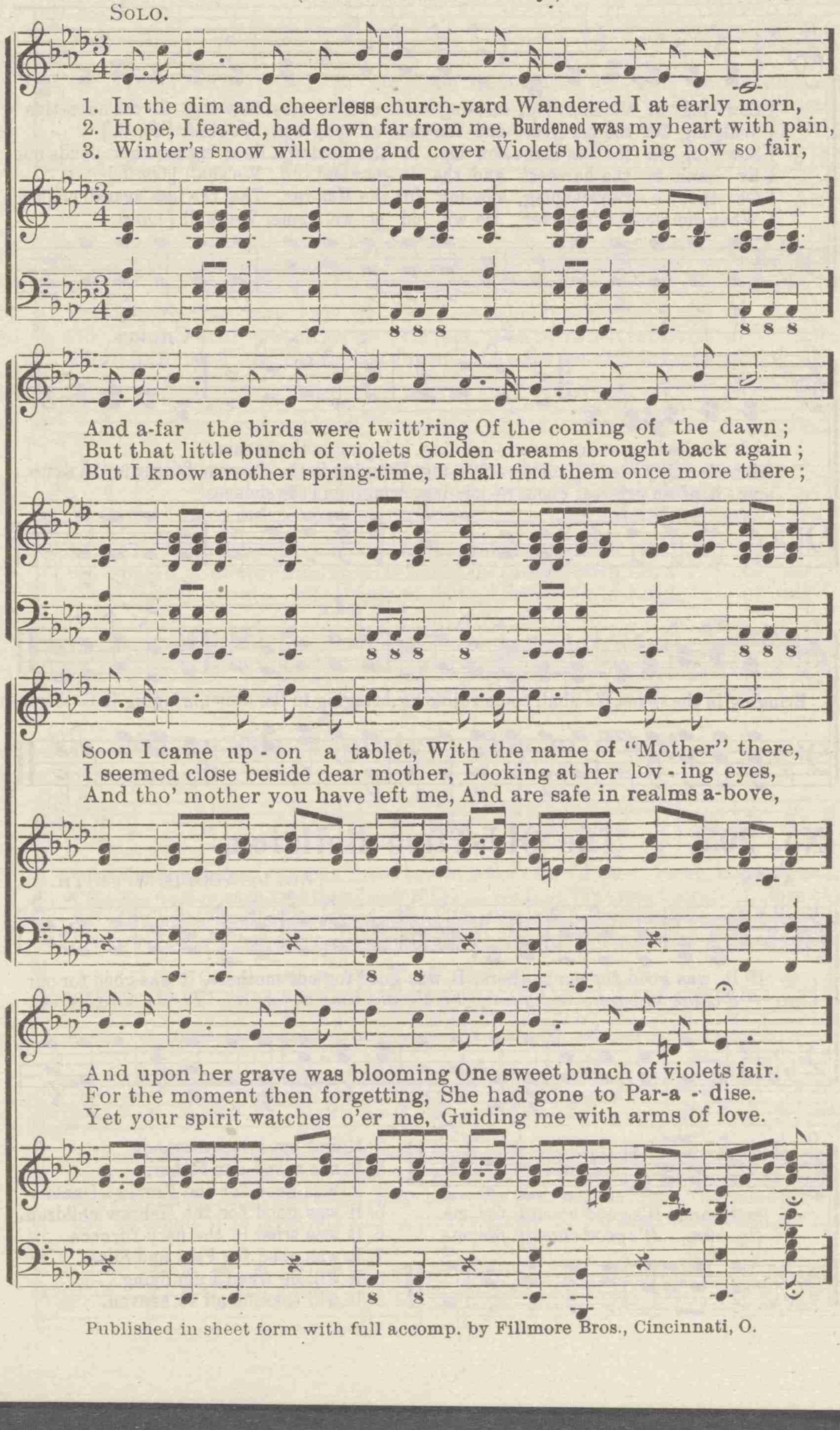
moth-ers, It's good enough for me.
lig - ion, It's good enough for me.

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

No. 206. Violets from Mother's Grave.

WM. H. GARDNER. **(Suitable for Mother's Day.)** J. H. ROSECRANS, by per.

SOLO.



1. In the dim and cheerless church-yard Wandered I at early morn,
2. Hope, I feared, had flown far from me, Burdened was my heart with pain,
3. Winter's snow will come and cover Violets blooming now so fair,

And a-far the birds were twitt'ring Of the coming of the dawn;
But that little bunch of violets Golden dreams brought back again;
But I know another spring-time, I shall find them once more there;
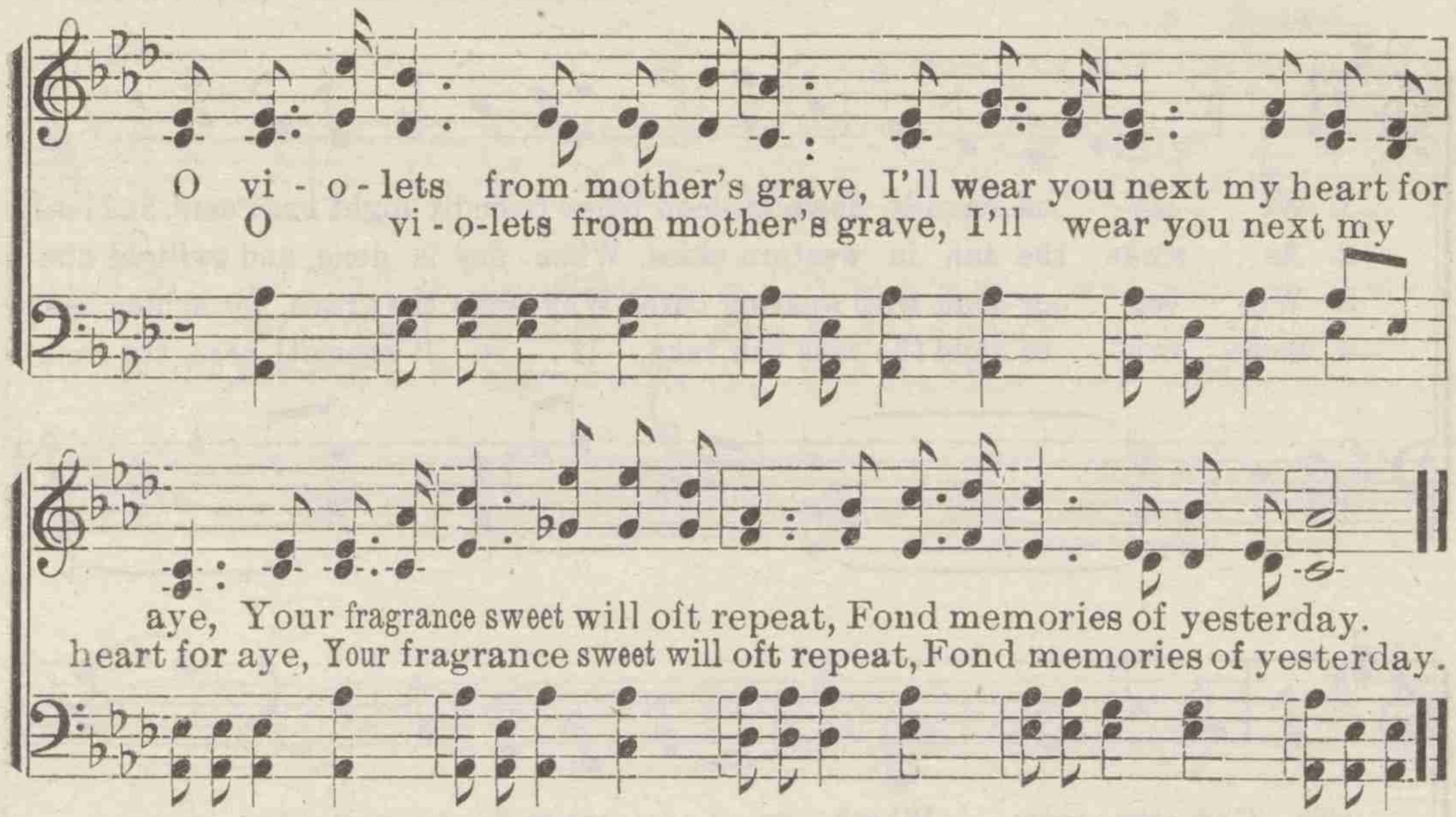
Soon I came up - on a tablet, With the name of "Mother" there,
I seemed close beside dear mother, Looking at her lov - ing eyes,
And tho' mother you have left me, And are safe in realms a-bove,

And upon her grave was blooming One sweet bunch of violets fair.
For the moment then forgetting, She had gone to Par-a - dise.
Yet your spirit watches o'er me, Guiding me with arms of love.

Published in sheet form with full accomp. by Fillmore Bros., Cincinnati, O.

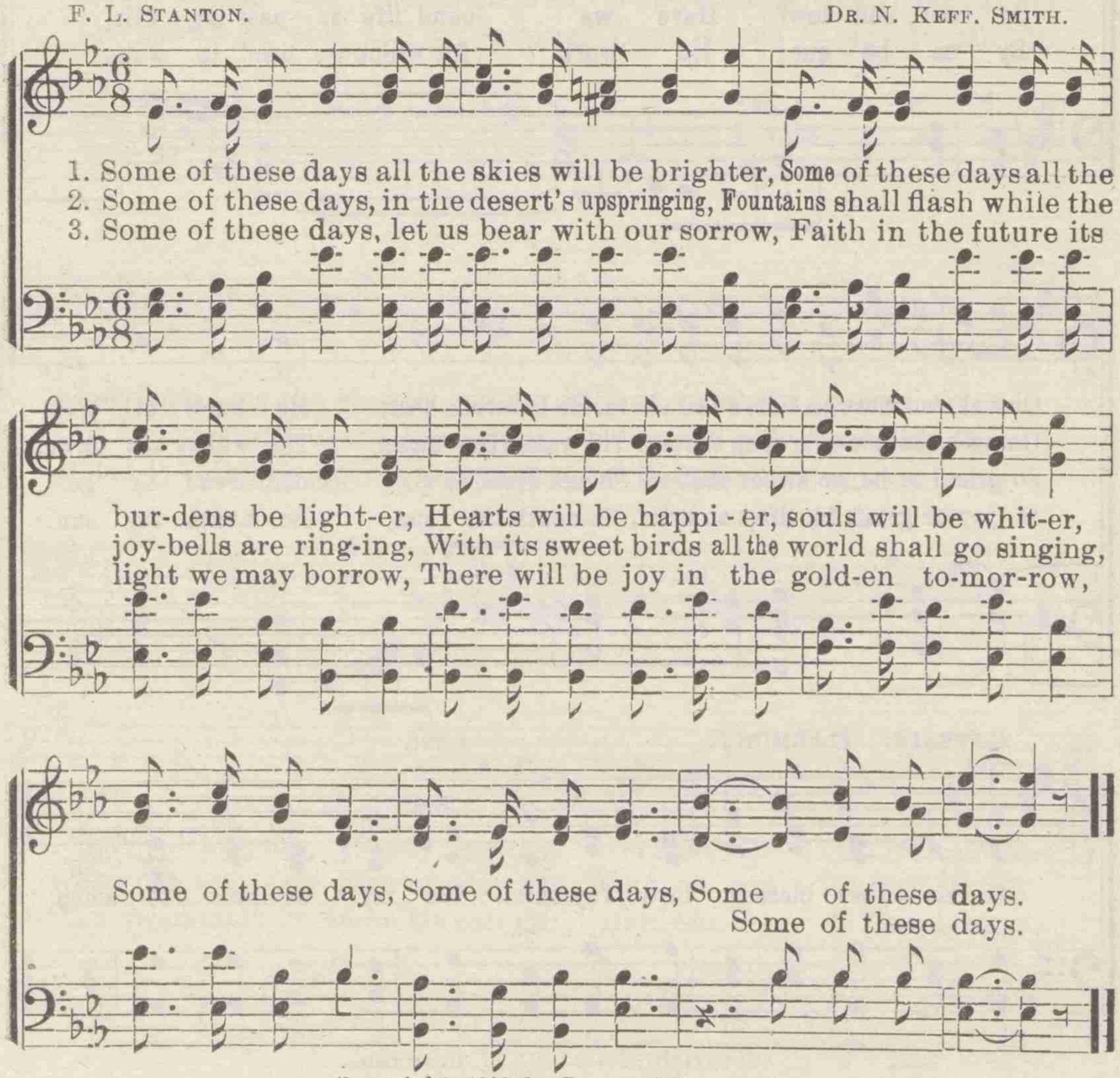
Violets from Mother's Grave. Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 207. Some of These Days.

F. L. STANTON. DR. N. KEFF. SMITH.

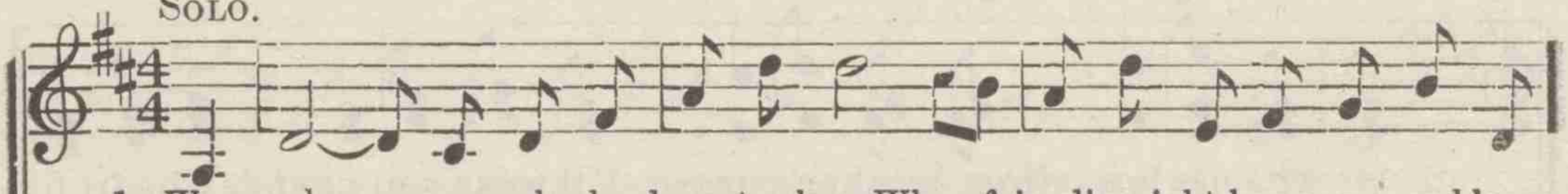


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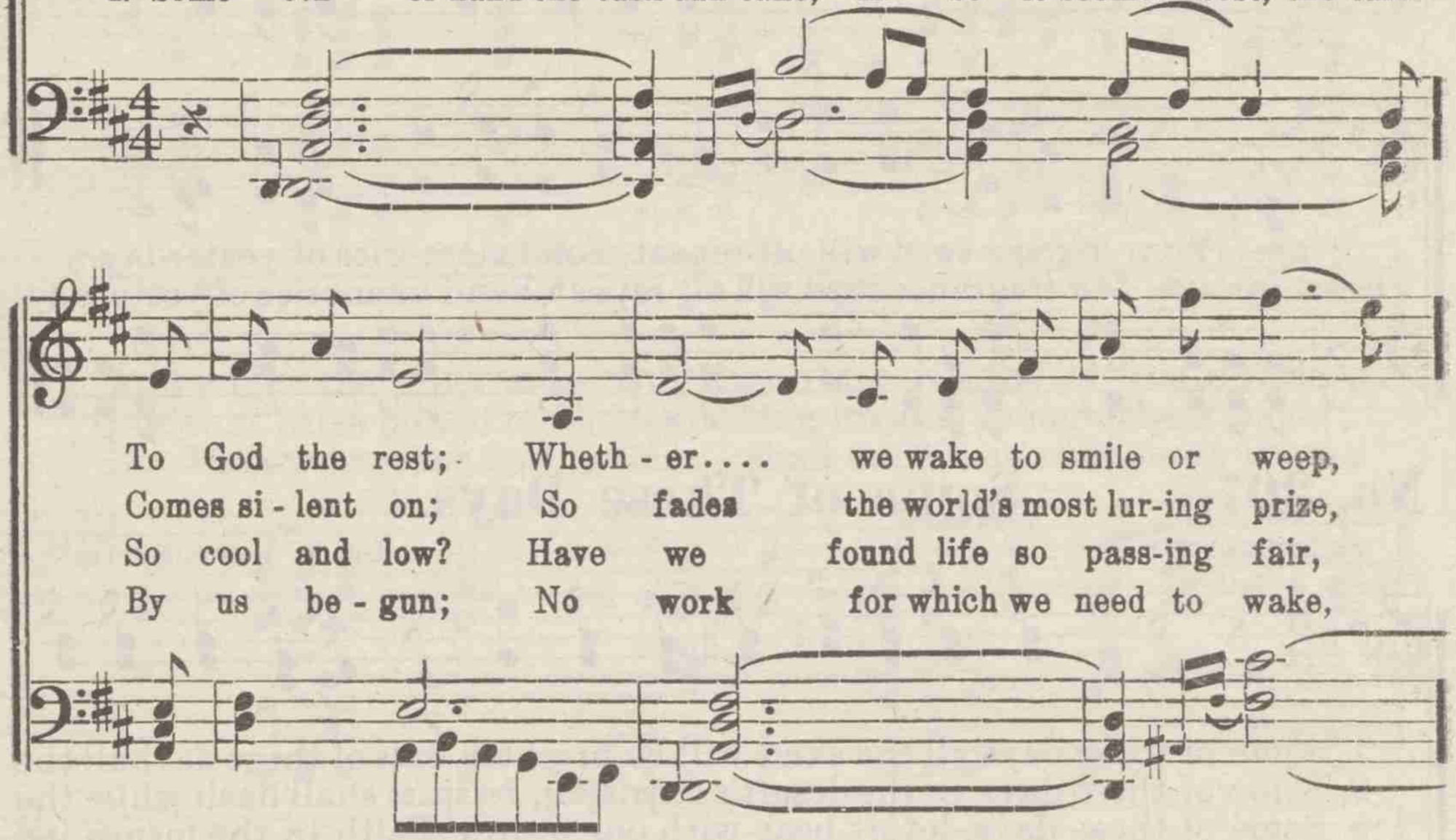
No. 208. We Lay Us Down to Sleep.

TRAUMEREI.
Arranged for this work by J. H. R.

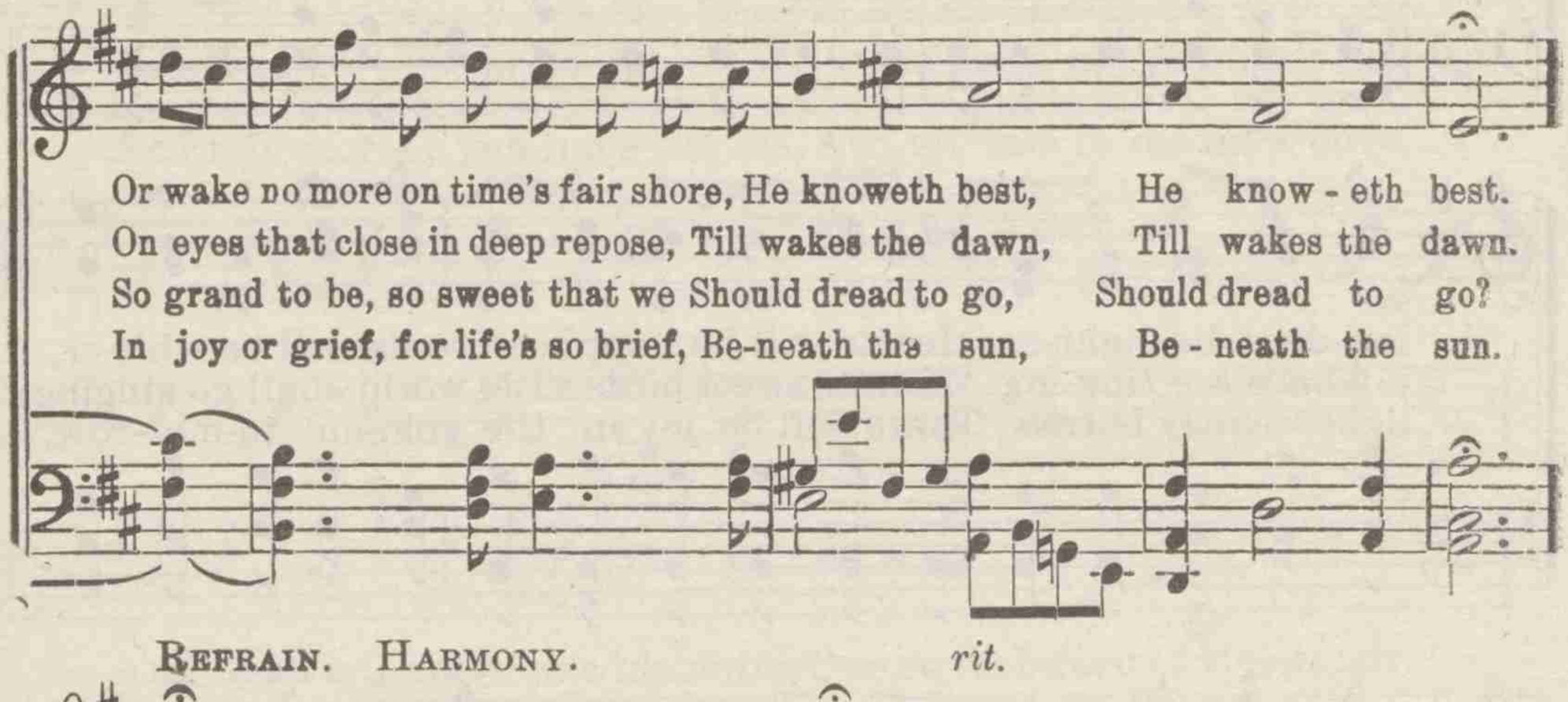
SOLO.



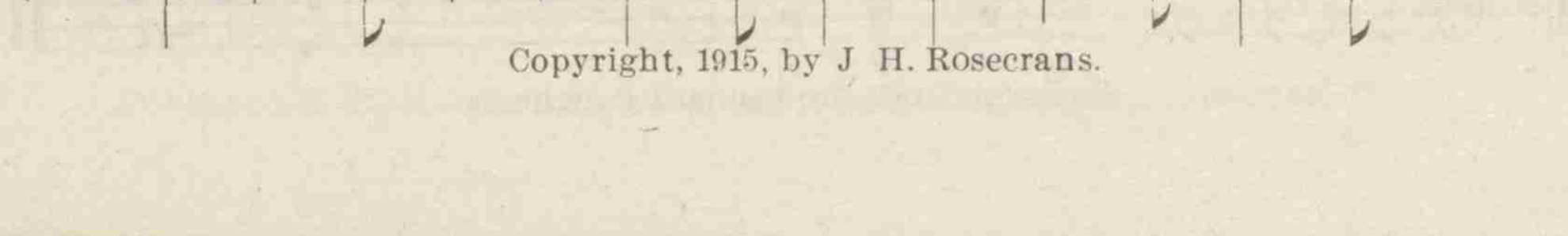
1. We lay us calm-ly down to sleep When friendly night has come, and leave
2. As sinks the sun in western skies, When day is done, and twilight dim
3. Why vex our souls with wearing care? Why shun the grave, for aching head
4. Some oth - er hand the task can take, If so it seemeth best, the task



To God the rest; Wheth - er.... we wake to smile or weep,
Comes si - lent on; So fades the world's most lur-ing prize,
So cool and low? Have we found life so pass-ing fair,
By us be - gun; No work for which we need to wake,



Or wake no more on time's fair shore, He knoweth best, He know - eth best.
On eyes that close in deep repose, Till wakes the dawn, Till wakes the dawn.
So grand to be, so sweet that we Should dread to go, Should dread to go?
In joy or grief, for life's so brief, Be-neath the sun, Be - neath the sun.



REFRAIN. HARMONY. *rit.*

O Fa - ther, bless in love Thy child! We lay us down to sleep

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No. 209. Hark! the Voice.

From "MARTHA."

D. MARCH. Arranged for this work by L. D.

SOLO.

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call-ing, "Who will go and work to - day?
2. If you can-not cross the o - cean, And the heath - en lands explore,
3. While the souls of men are dy-ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you,

Fields are white, the harvest wait-ing, Who will bear the sheaves away?"
You can find the heathen near-er, You can help them near the door,
Let none hear you i - dly say-ing, "There is noth - ing I can do."

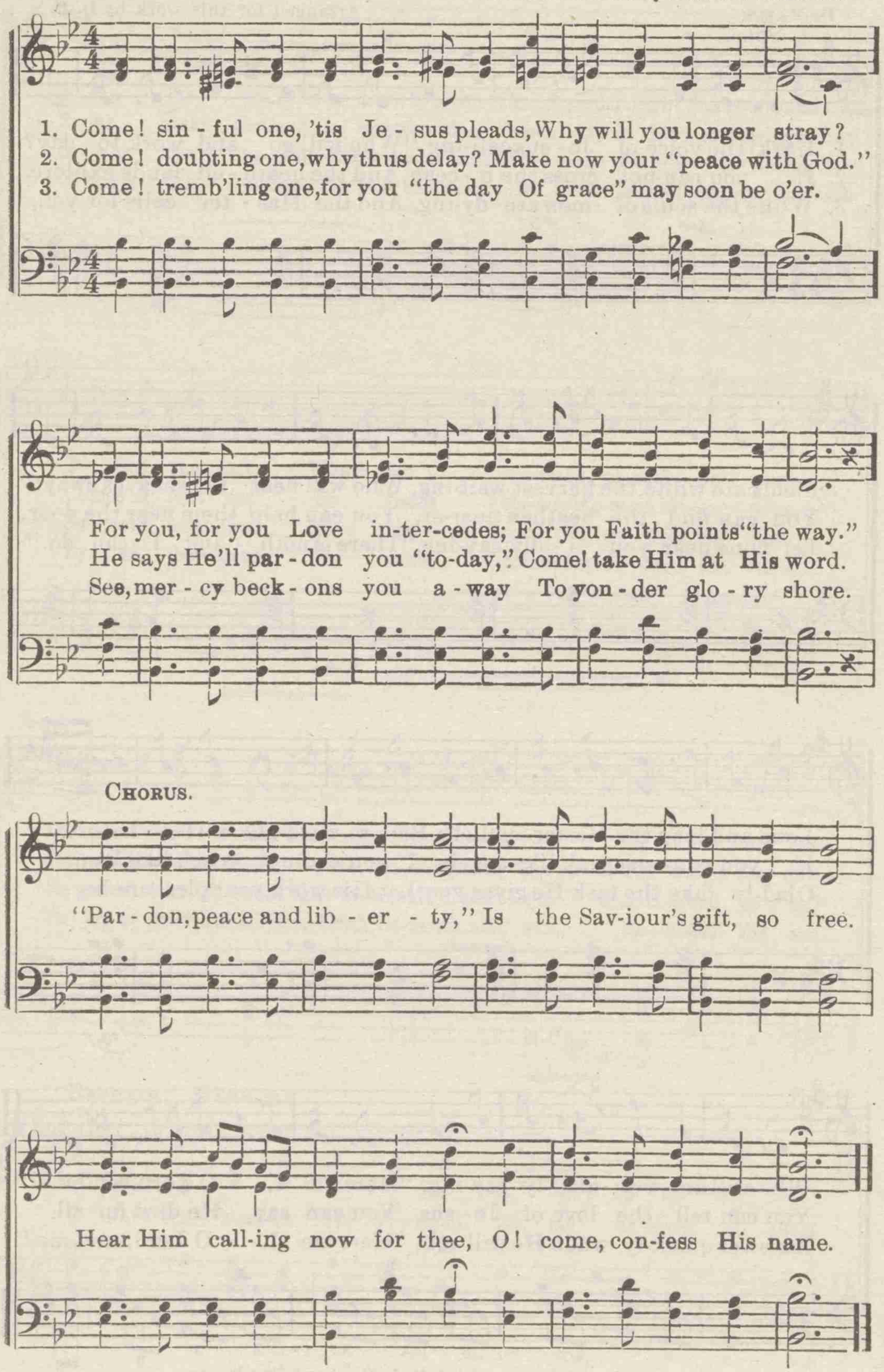
Loud and long the Master call-eth, Rich re-ward He of - fers free; . . . .
If you can-not speak like angels, If you can-not preach like Paul, . .
Glad-ly take the task He gives you, Let His work your pleasure be; . . .

Who will an-swer, glad-ly say-ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me?"
You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say, He died for all.
An-swer quick-ly when He call-eth, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."

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No. 210. Calling Now For Thee.

Words and Music by MENZIES CUMMING.



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No. 211. I'll Follow All the Way.

M. H. C. M. Homer Cummings.

1. I have heard Thy lov-ing voice, And it makes my heart re - joice,
2. Tho' the en - e - my as - sail, O - ver Him I shall pre - vail,
3. Tho' earth's sorrows o'er me roll, There's a calm with-in my soul
4. Then up - on the gold - en shore, When my pil-grim-age is o'er,

As I fol-low Thee, as I fol-low Thee; Nothing can my soul af-fright,
If I fol-low Thee, if I fol-low Thee; In the thickest of the fray,
When I fol-low Thee, when I fol-low Thee; Tho' the clouds my way o'er-cast,
I will fol-low Thee, I will fol-low Thee; I shall see Thee as Thou art,

While I'm walking in the light, So I'll glad - ly fol - low all the way.
I am sure to win the day, If I fol - low Je - sus all the way.
I shall reach the goal at last If I on - ly fol - low all the way.
Nev - er from Thee to de-part, When I shall have followed all the way.

Chorus.

I will fol - low, fol - low, Fol-low Je - sus all the way.
fol-low Je - sus, fol - low Je - sus,
I will fol - low where He leads me, I will fol-low Je-sus all the way.
I will follow Him

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No. 212. Joy Beyond All Telling.

M. H. C. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. When the night is dark and drea - ry, And the day seems long; Je-sus will be
2. When there's naught but pain and sad - ness, Christ, the Lord doth care; He will give thee
3. Trust the fu-ture's toil and sor - row, To the Saviour true; Strength and courage
4. When the night of death is near thee, And you cease to roam; Thy Redeemer's

CHORUS.

ev - er near thee, Fill thy heart with song.
joy and glad-ness, Ev - 'ry bur-den bear. Oh, 'tis joy beyond all tell - ing,
for the mor - row, He will be to you.
voice will cheer thee, Call thee to thy home.

To in Him con-fide; In His presence to be dwelling, In His love a - bide.

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No. 213. Doxology.

THOS. KEN. LOUIS BOURGEIOUS.

1. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 214. God Be With You.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. By permission. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun-sels
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain,'Neath His wings se -
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain,When life's per - ils
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain,Keep love's ban - ner

guide,up-hold you,With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be
cure - ly hide you, Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you, God be
thick confound you,Put His arms un - fail-ing round you, God be
float-ing o'er you,Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be

CHORUS.

with you till we meet a - gain. Till we meet,..... till we
Till we meet,till we

meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we
meet a - gain, Till we meet,

meet,..... till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet,till we meet again,

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