SOUL SONGS

A Book of Songs,
New and Old, for

Religious Work and Worship.

EDITED BY

R. S. COWARD, A. A. BROWN,
D. P. AIRHART and J. P. LANE.

PUBLISHED BY

The Singing Evangelists' Music Co.,

WACO, TEXAS. CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

129 Already Condemned

192

Winnie Rough

124

219 Nothing but the blood

259 are you washed in the blood?

91 I want to be a worker

195 When the saints

Go tell Jesus 60

253 Did Christ o'er sinners weep

159 Three Warnings

219 nothing but the blood

229 The lone pilgrim

206 O think of the home over there

126

127

184 Rest over Jordan

84 We'll work till Jesus comes

SP-0004860 4/50
BE

11/13/1907.

×34 O day of rest & gladness ×

39 Tis so sweet

40 glory to his name

The Lone Pilgrim 229

Minnie Vaughns.

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NOT PREPAID.

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PRAISE AND ADORATI

Blow Ye the Trumpet. Blow.

(LENOX. H. M.)

"Declare ye in Judah, and publish in Jerusalem; and say, blow ye the trumpet in the land."—JER. 4: 5.

CHARLES WESLEY. Arr. copyright, 1902, by J. A. Brown. Arr. by J. A. BROWN.

Assembly call for cornet as a prelude 1st time.

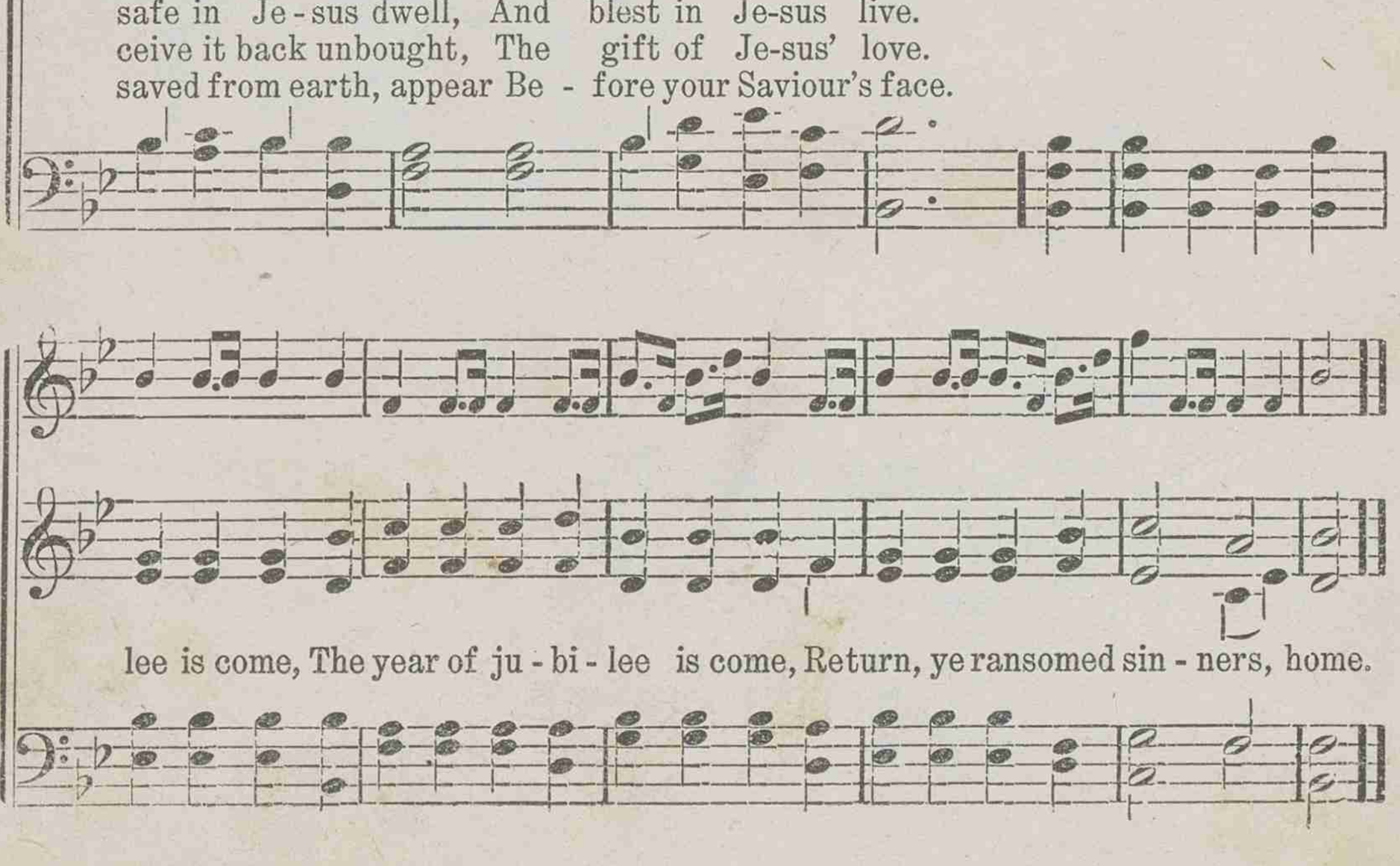
Allegro moderato.

Organ and Voices.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The glad - ly sol-emn sound! Let all the na-tions know, To earth's re-mot-est bound.
2. Je - sus, our great High Priest, Hath full a - tone-ment made; Ye wea-ry spir - its rest, Ye mournful souls be glad.
3. Ex - tol the Lamb of God, The sin - a - ton - ing Lamb; Re- demption by His blood, Throughout the world proclaim.
4. Ye slaves of sin and hell, Your lib - er - ty re - ceive, And safe in Je - sus dwell, And blest in Je-sus live.
5. Ye who have sold for naught, Your her - i - tage a - bove, Re- ceive it back unbought, The gift of Je-sus' love.
6. The gos - pel trumpet hear, The news of heav'n-ly grace; Ye saved from earth, appear Be - fore your Saviour's face.

REFRAIN.

The year of ju - bi- lee is come, The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Return, ye ransomed sin - ners, home.



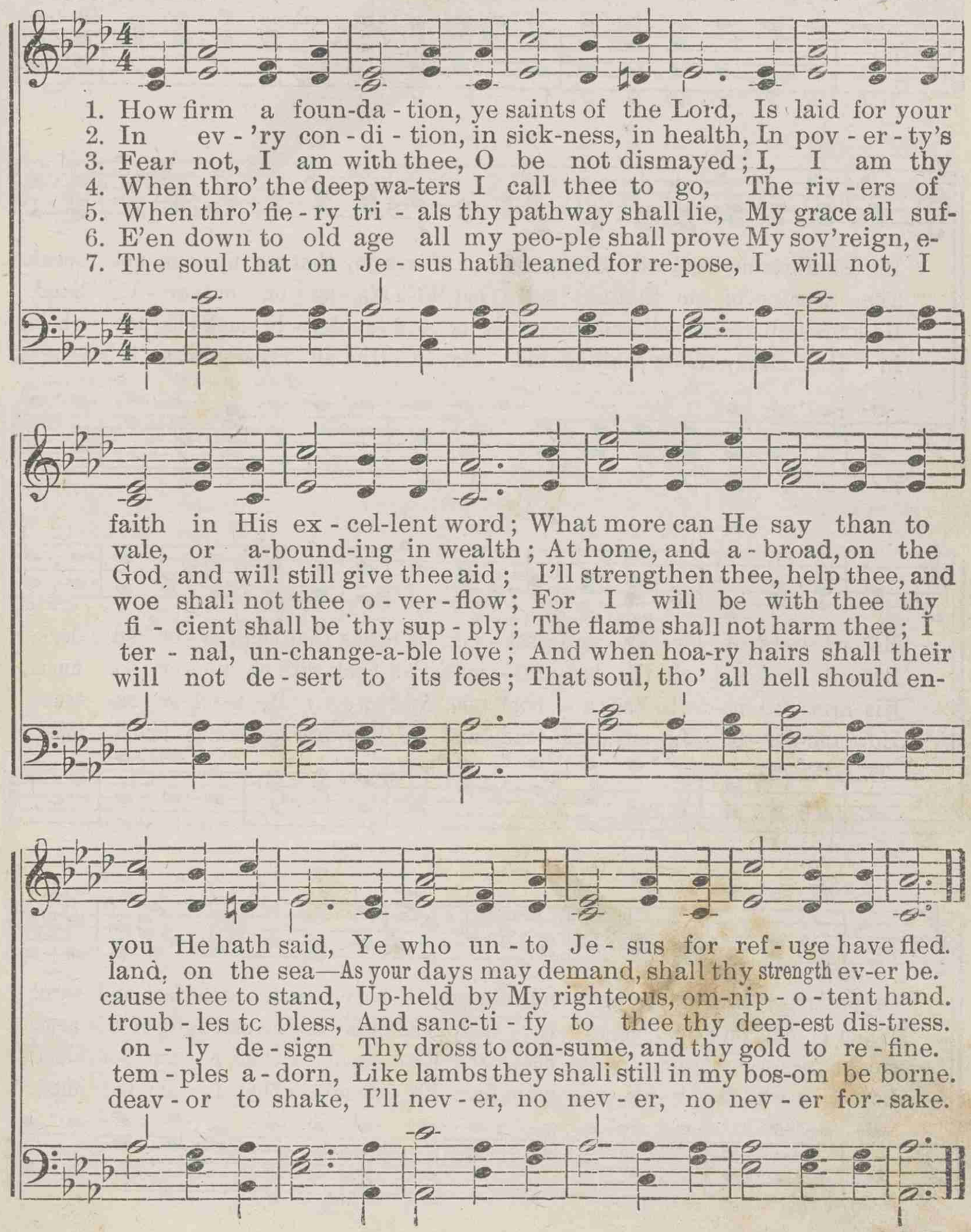
SOUL SONGS.

SONGS OF PRAISE AND ADORATION.

No. 1. How Firm a Foundation.

"The Lord is my defence; and my God is the rock of my refuge."—Ps. 94: 22.

GEORGE KEITH. Old melody. Har. by R. S. C.



No. 2. He Knoweth My Frame.

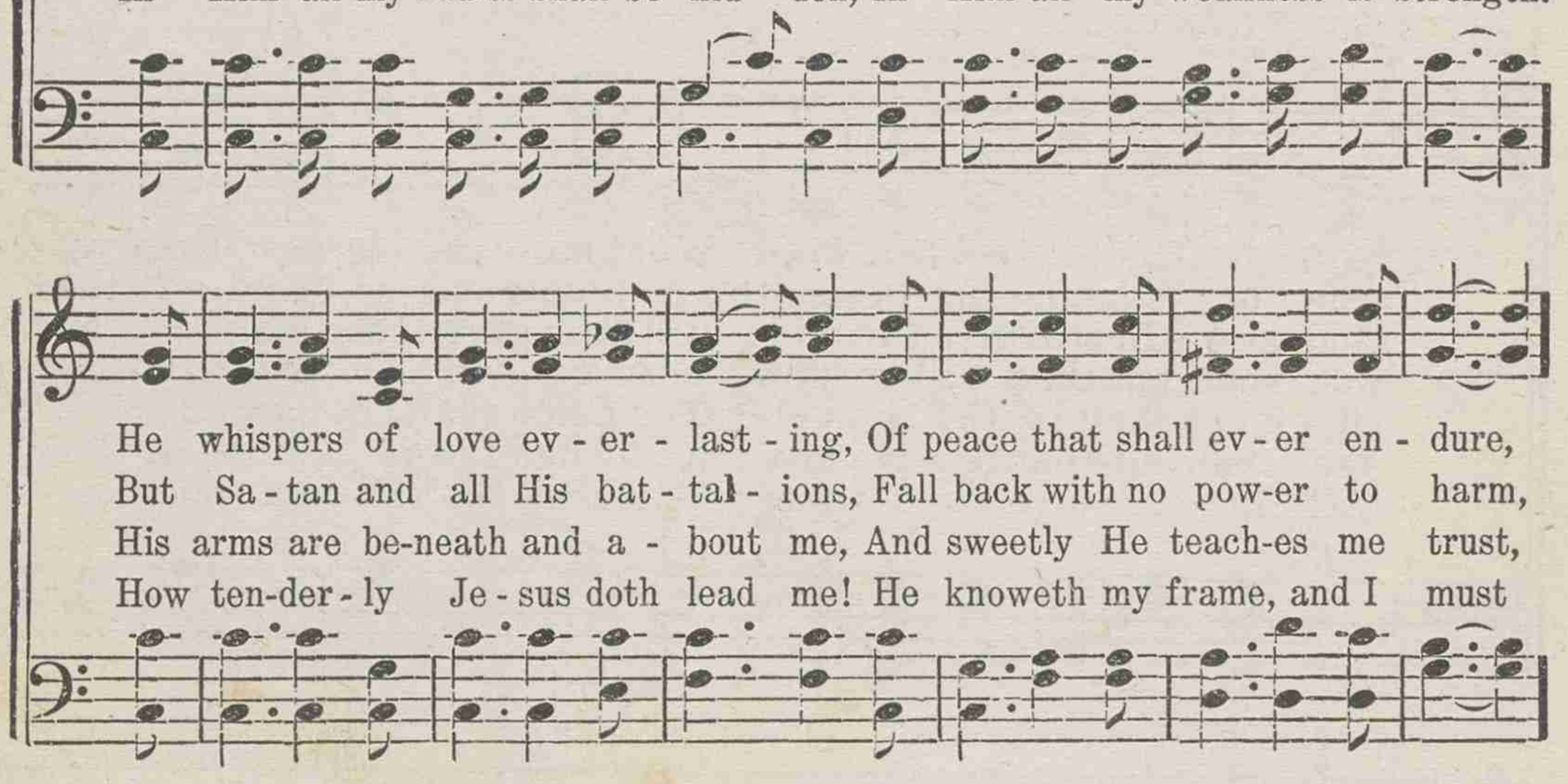
"For he knoweth the secrets of the heart."—Ps. 44 : 21. "And he knoweth them that trust in him."—Nah. 1 : 7. "The Lord knoweth them that are his."—2 Tim. 2 : 19. "And he that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit."—Rom. 8 : 27.

Copyright, 1904, by R. S. Coward, Waco, Texas.

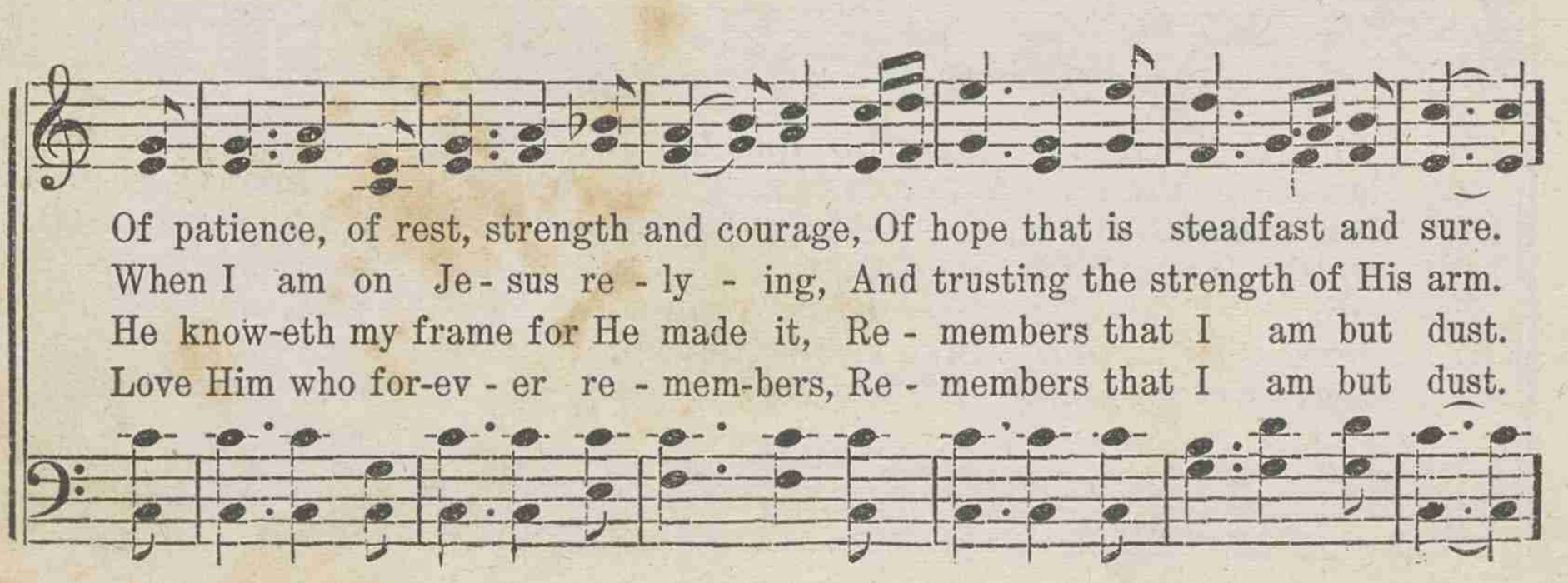
Carrie Ellis Breck. Rev. N. Keff Smith, D. D.

1. He knoweth my frame when I'm wea- ry, De-spondent and lone-ly and weak,
2. He knoweth my frame in temp-ta - tion; He knows that I can not with-stand,
3. When tempests of sorrow break o'er me, To rend and to shiv-er my soul,
4. How blessed my life is with Je - sus! I know I shall conquer at length,

He comforts my soul with His pres-ence, Gives joy that my lips can not speak.
The ar-mies of sin that as - sail me With fu - ry on ev - er - y hand.
He knows all the wreck and the ru - in, And ten-der - ly mak-eth me whole.
In Him all my faults shall be hid - den, In Him all my weakness is strength.



He whispers of love ev - er - last - ing, Of peace that shall ev - er en - dure,
But Sa - tan and all His bat - tal - ions, Fall back with no pow-er to harm,
His arms are be-neath and a - bout me, And sweetly He teach-es me trust,
How ten-der - ly Je - sus doth lead me! He knoweth my frame, and I must



Of patience, of rest, strength and courage, Of hope that is steadfast and sure.
When I am on Je - sus re - ly - ing, And trusting the strength of His arm.
He know-eth my frame for He made it, Re - members that I am but dust.
Love Him who for-ev - er re - mem-bers, Re - members that I am but dust.

He Knoweth My Frame. Concluded.

CHORUS.

"My child, fear thou not, I am with thee, My strength will uphold to the end;

Yea, I am thy Rock and thy Ref - uge, Thy lov - ing Re-deem-er and friend."

No. 3. Jesus is Guiding Me.

(To my friend and teacher, Prof. J. P. Lane.—H. A. M.)

H. A. M. H. A. MULLENNIX. By per. of author.

DUET. Trustingly.

1. Why should I fear or be a-larmed? Je-sus is guid - ing me, He upholds
2. Tho' Sa-tan oft - en tempts my soul, Je-sus is guid - ing me, Temptations
3. His word is true, His promise sure, Je-sus is guid - ing me, I'm trusting
4. And when my life on earth is o'er, He will have guid-ed me To where the

me by His strong arm, Je-sus is guid - ing me.
ne'er can me o'ercome, Je-sus is guid - ing me.
Him, I am se - cure, Je-sus is guid - ing me.
ma - ny mansions are, There He is guid - ing me.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is guid-ing me.

Tenderly guiding me; While He is near I've naught to fear, Jesus is guiding me.

No. 4. Awake, My Soul, In Joyful Lays.

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever; with my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations."—Ps. 89: 1.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. Western Melody.

Spirited.

1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ruin - ed in the fall, Yet loved me not with-standing all;
3. Tho' num'rous hosts of might-y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose,
4. When trouble, like a gloom-y cloud, Has gath-ered thick, and thundered loud,
5. So when I pass death's gloomy vale, And life and mor-tal powers shall fail;

He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing kind-ness, O how free!
He saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing kind-ness, O how great!
He safe-ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing kind-ness, O how strong!
He near my soul has al - ways stood, His lov - ing kind-ness, O how good!
O may my last ex - pir - ing breath His lov - ing kind-ness, sing in death!

Lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kind-hess, O how free!
Lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kind-ness, O how great!
Lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kind-ness, O how strong!
Lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kind-ness, O how good!
Lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kind-ness sing in death!

No. 5. We Praise Thee, O God!

"O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation."—Ps. 95: 1.

H. BONAR. J. J. HUSBAND.

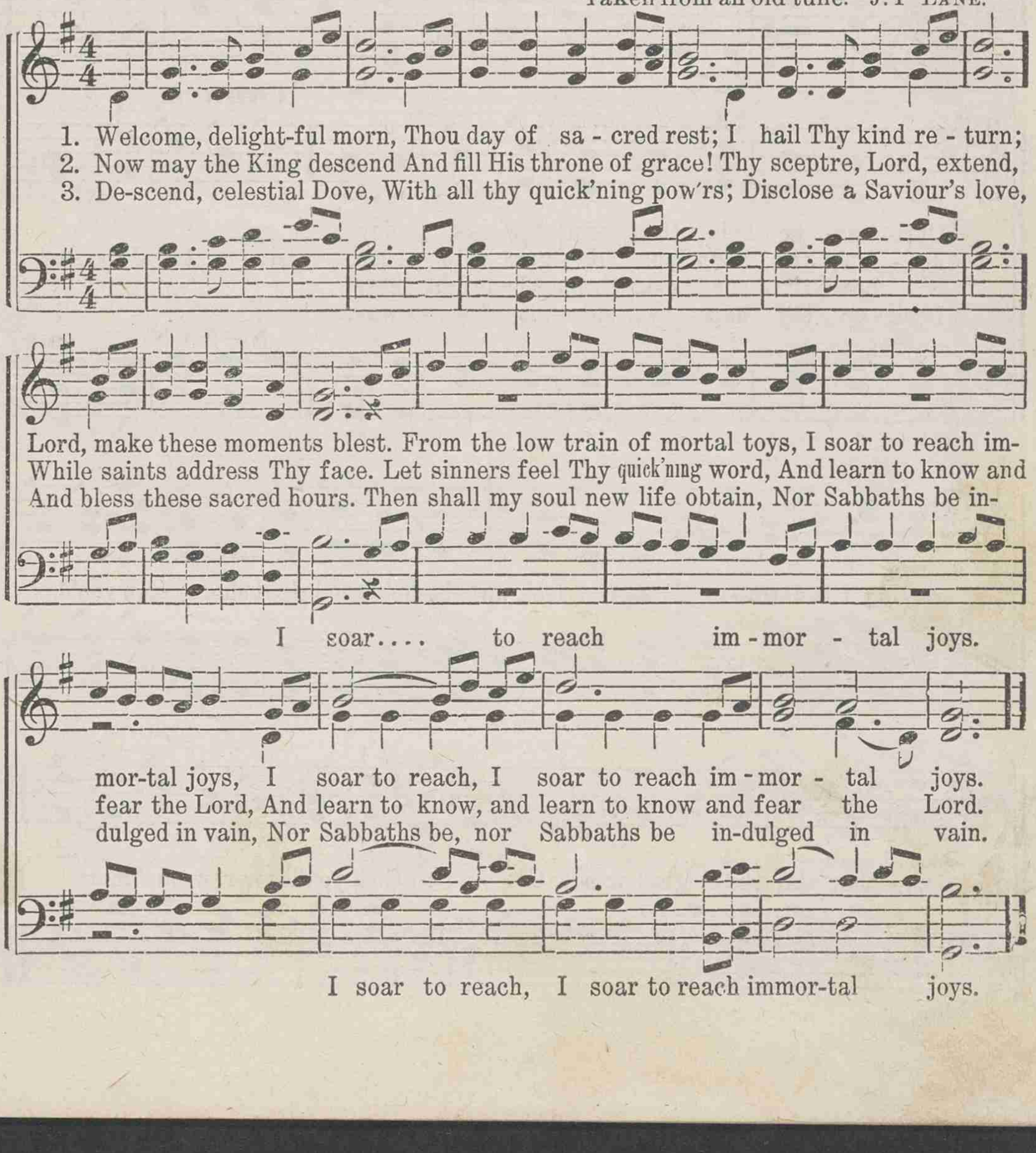
1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For our Sav - iour who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us and
5. Re - vive us a - gain, fill each heart with Thy love, May each soul be re-

We Praise Thee, O God! Concluded.

No. 6. Sabbath Morn.

"And God blessed the seventh day, and sancitified it, because that in it he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had done."—GEN. 2: 3.

Taken from an old tune. J. P LANE.



No. 7. Daylight Is Dawning.

"Watchman, what of the night?"—Isa. 21: 11.

Selected. Copyright, 1896, by John C. F. Kyger. Chas. Edw. Pollock.

1. Chris-tian, a - wake! the day-light breaks o'er thee, All the dark shad - ows
2. Tossed on the dark, proud waves of the o - cean, Calm-ly com-posed, un-
3. Chris-tian, be - hold the home-land is near-ing, And the wild tem-pest
4. Cheer up, O pil - grim! day-light breaks o'er thee, Bright as the sun in

hast - en a - way; Tinged are the dis - tant clouds that hang o'er thee,
daunt - ed still be; 'Midst the fierce tem-pest's an - gry com - mo - tion,
soon will be o'er; List - en, the heav-'nly hosts are now cheer - ing!
mid - sum - mer day; An - gel - ic throngs in realms of bright glo - ry

CHORUS.

Chris-tian, be - hold the com - ing of day.
Je - sus, thy Sav - iour, lin - gers with thee. Glo - ry to Je - sus!
See how the ran-somed throng the bright shore.
Beck - on thy hap - py spir - it a - way.

day-light is dawn - ing, Pil-grim, look up! be-hold the bright shore; Scon you'll cast

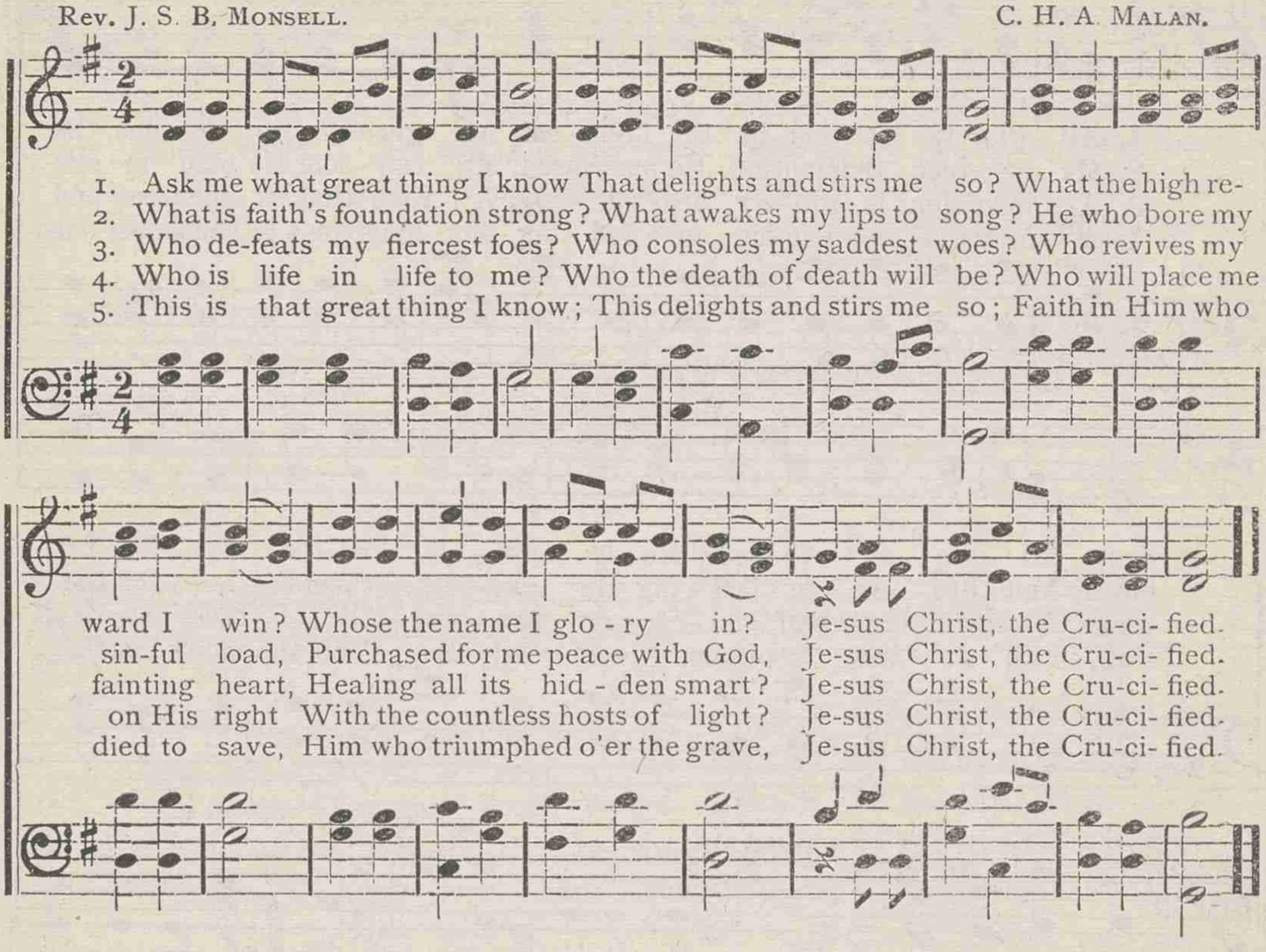
an - chor in the bright har-bor, Glo - ry to God, you'll sor-row no more.

No. 8. Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

(HERNDON.)

"Who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings."—Ephe. 1: 3.

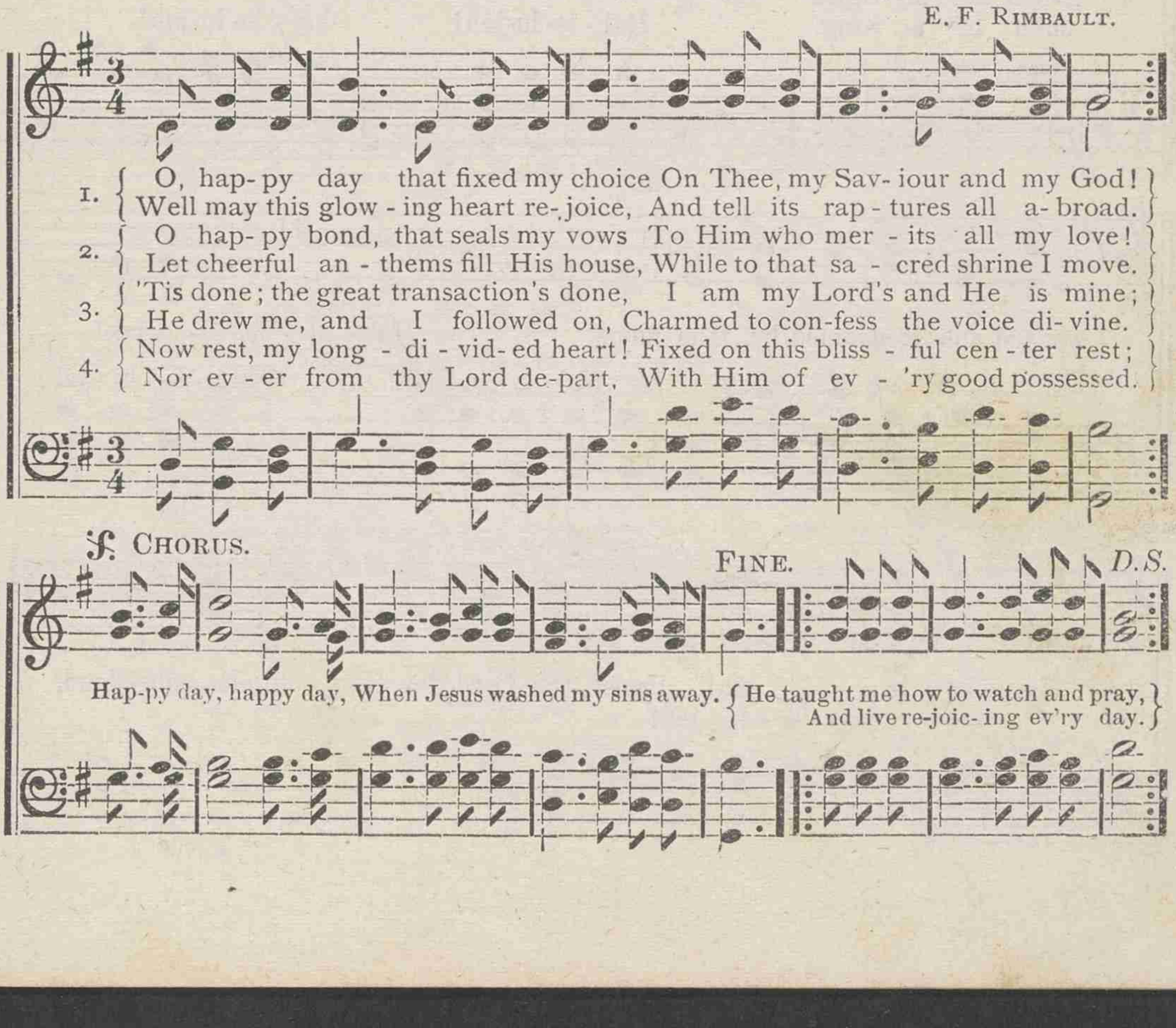
Rev. J. S. B. MONSELL. C. H. A. MALAN.



No. 9. O, Happy Day.

"Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift."—2 Cor. 9: 15.

E. F. RIMBAULT.



No. 10. Washed and Redeemed.

C. C. L. Copyright, 1888, by C. C. Luther. Used by per. C. C. LUTHER.

1. All glo - ry to God in the high - est, All glo - ry to Je - sus the Son; All glo - ry to God's Ho - ly Spir - it, For the won - der - ful
2. My per-fect redemption He purchased, My ran - som He paid in His blood; And life ev - er - last - ing He giv - eth, Praise the Lord for the
3. A man-sion in glo - ry pre - par - ing, A robe that is spot-less and white, A palm branch of vic - to - ry wav - ing, All of these by the
4. A crown of re - joic-ing un - fad - ing, A song on - ly ransomed ones sing, With Je - sus, a prince, ev - er reign - ing, Thro' the blood I'm the

CHORUS.

things He has done.
sin - cleansing flood. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I am
blood are my right.
child of a King. Hal - le- lu-jah! hal - le- lu-jah!

washed and redeemed by the blood, Hal - lu - lu - jah!

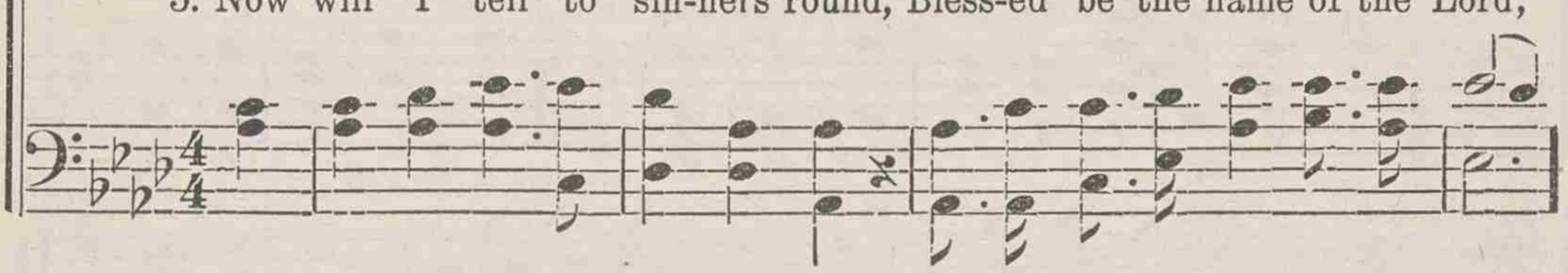
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord for the soul-cleansing flood.
Hal - le - lu - jah!

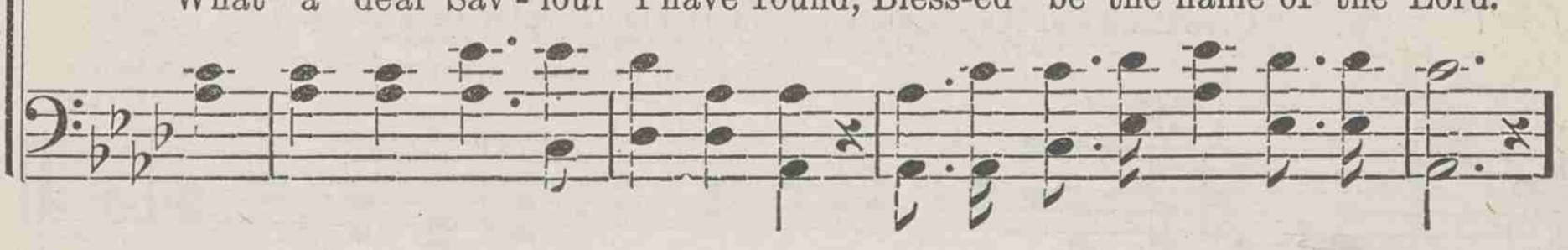
No. 11. Blessed Be the Name.

Arr. by R S. C.

1. Je - sus my all to heav'n is gone, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;
2. His track I see and I'll pur - sue, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;
3. This is the way I long have sought, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;
4. Noth-ing but sin had I to give, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;
5. Now will I tell to sin-ners round, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;



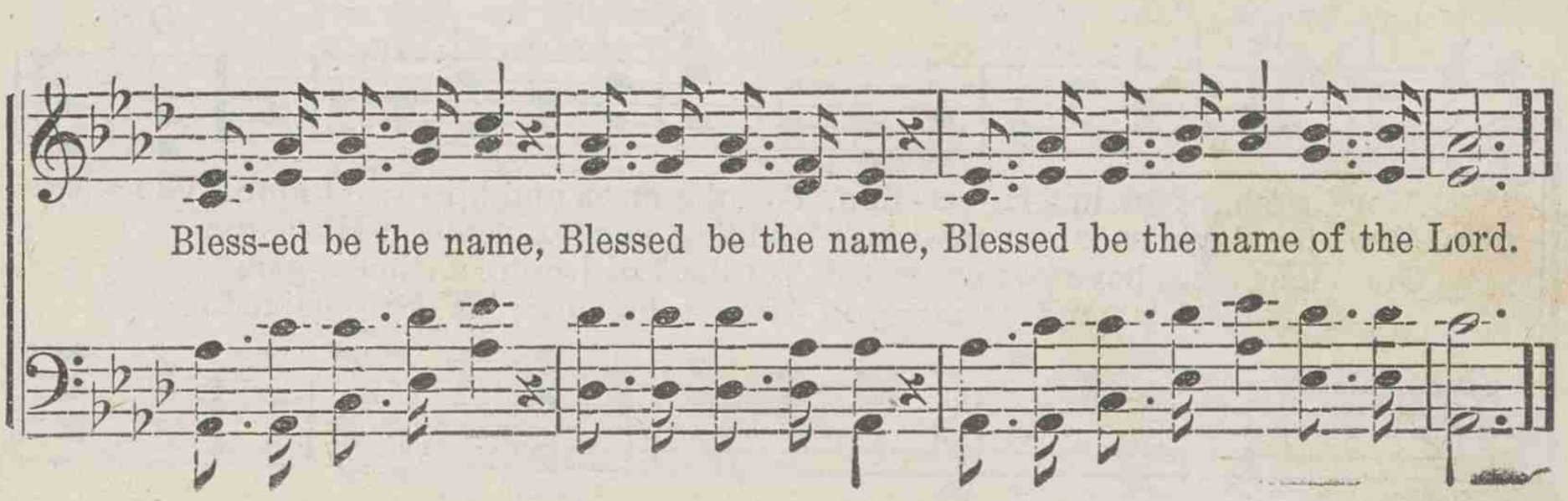
He whom I fix my hopes up - on, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.
The nar - row way till Him I view, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.
And mourned because I found it not, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.
Noth - ing but love did I re-ceive, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.
What a dear Sav - iour I have found, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.



CHORUS.

Bless-ed be the name, Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord,

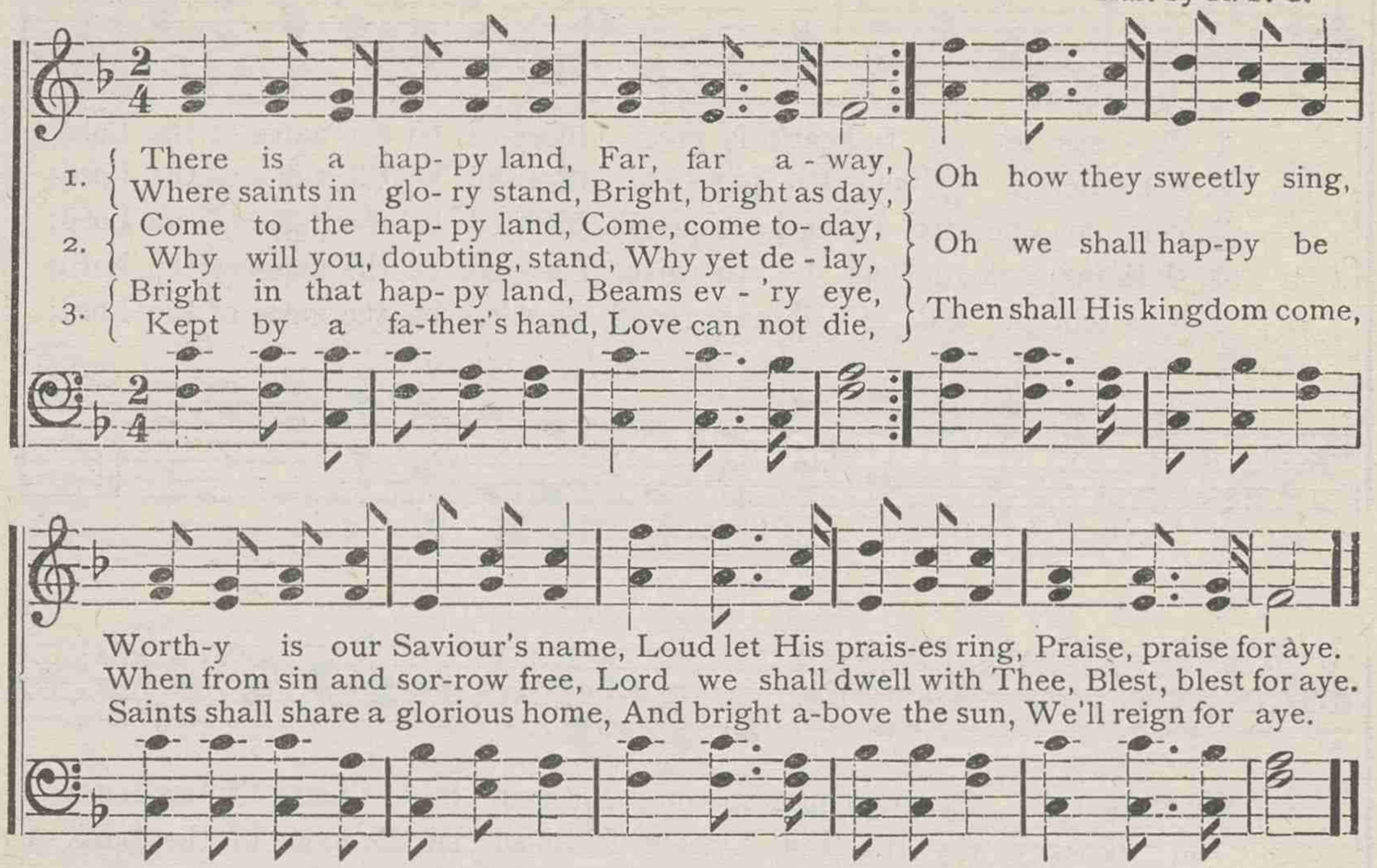
Bless-ed be the name, Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.



No. 12. There is a Happy Land.

"O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together."—Psa. 34 : 3.

Har. by R. S. C.

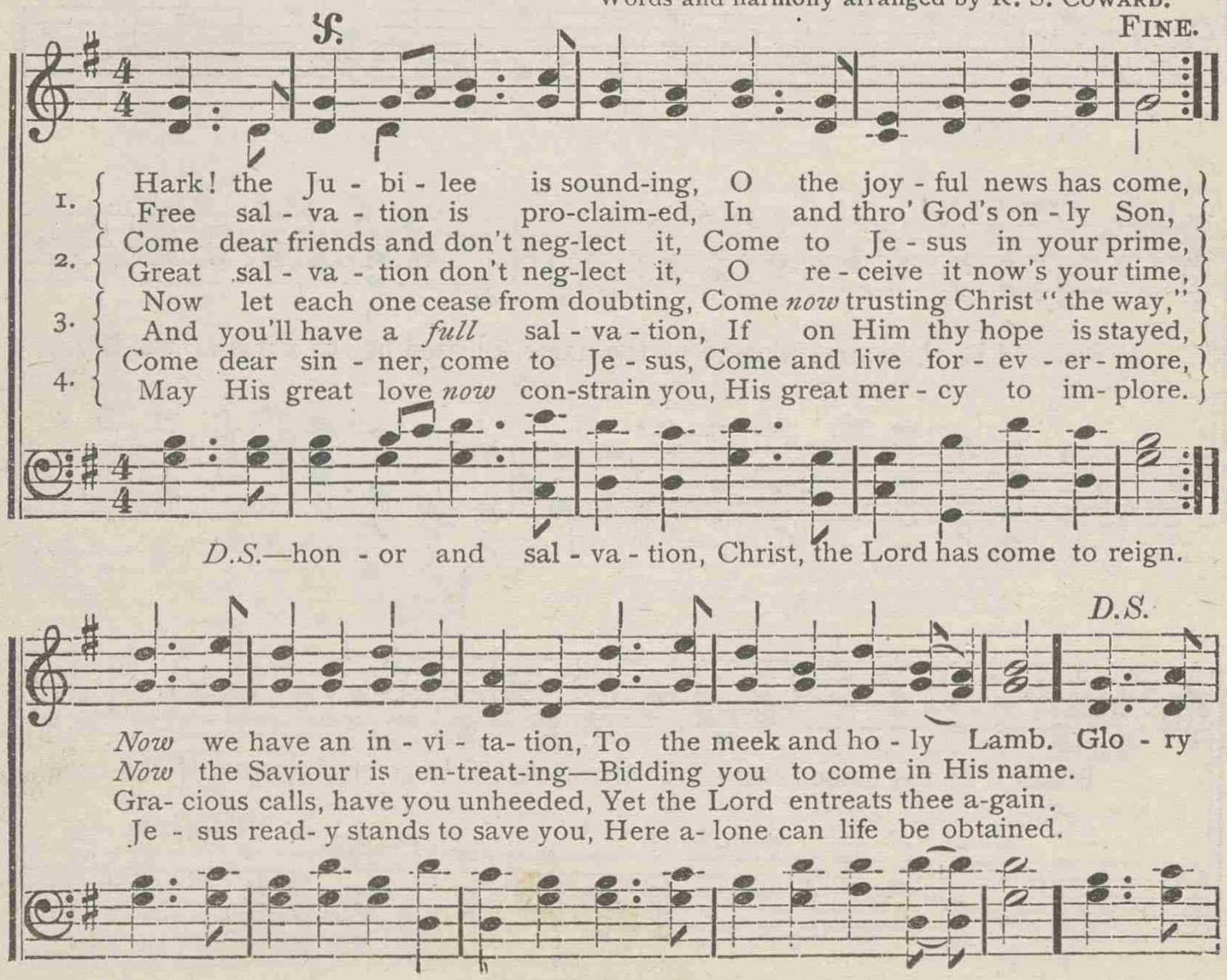


No. 13. Hark! The Jubilee.

"Give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness."—Psa. 30 : 4.

Arr. Copyright, 1902, by R. S. Coward.

Words and harmony arranged by R. S. Coward.

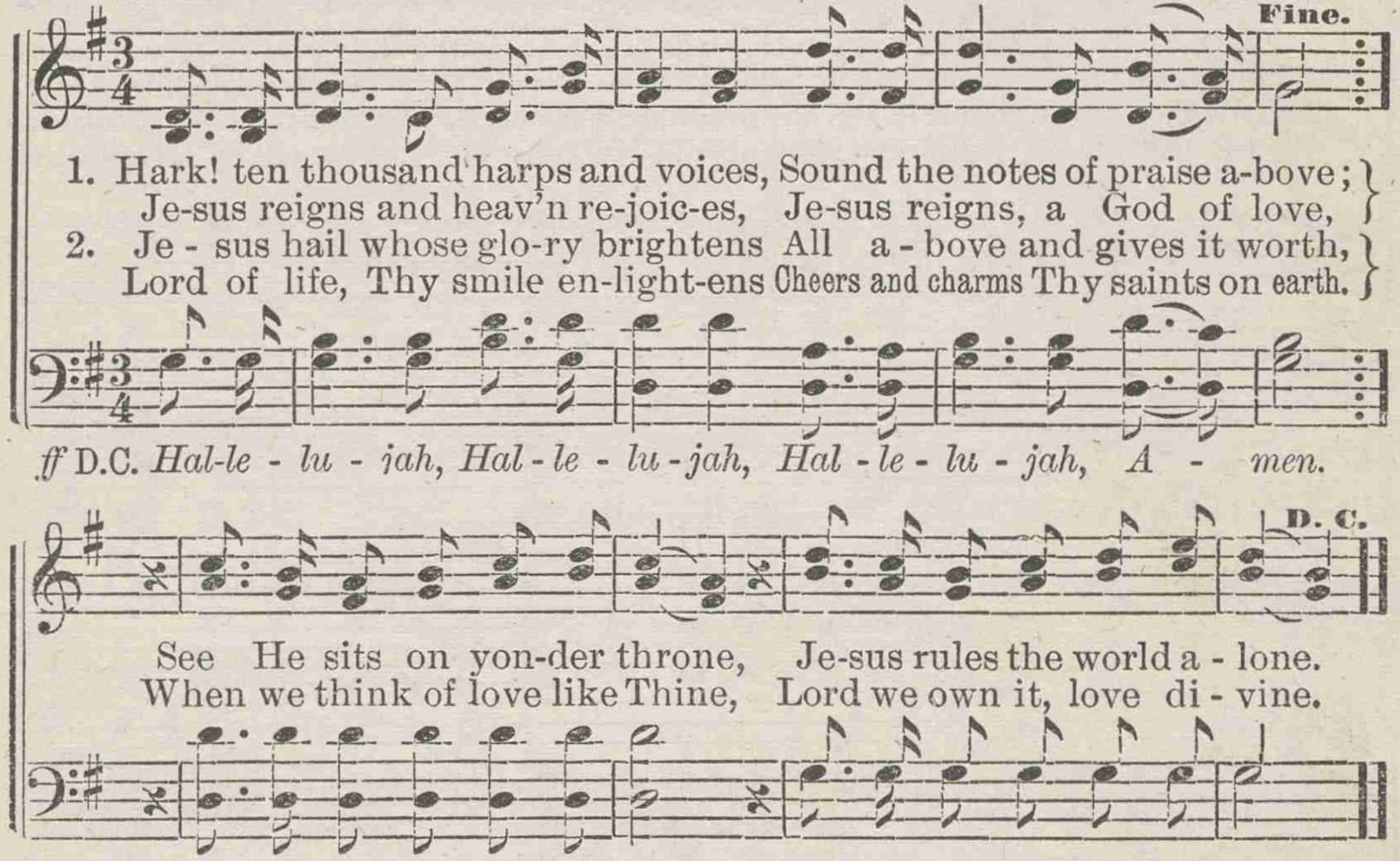


No. 14. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. G. F. HANDEL.

No. 15. Hark! Ten Thousand Harps.

T. KELLY. HARWELL. 8s, 7s. LOWELL MASON.



3 King of glory, reign forever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever,
Those whom Thou hast made Thine
Happy object of Thy grace, [own,
Chosen to behold His face,

4 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing,
Bring, O bring the glorious day;
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

No. 16. I'LL SING THE MATCHLESS STORY.

Suggested by a sermon by Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman on the text, 2 K. 25: 27-30. He emphasized the following points: Jesus as our Saviour (1) lifts up the head (a token of restoration or acceptance), (2) speaks kindly to us, (3) changes our prison garments, and (4) gives a daily allowance.

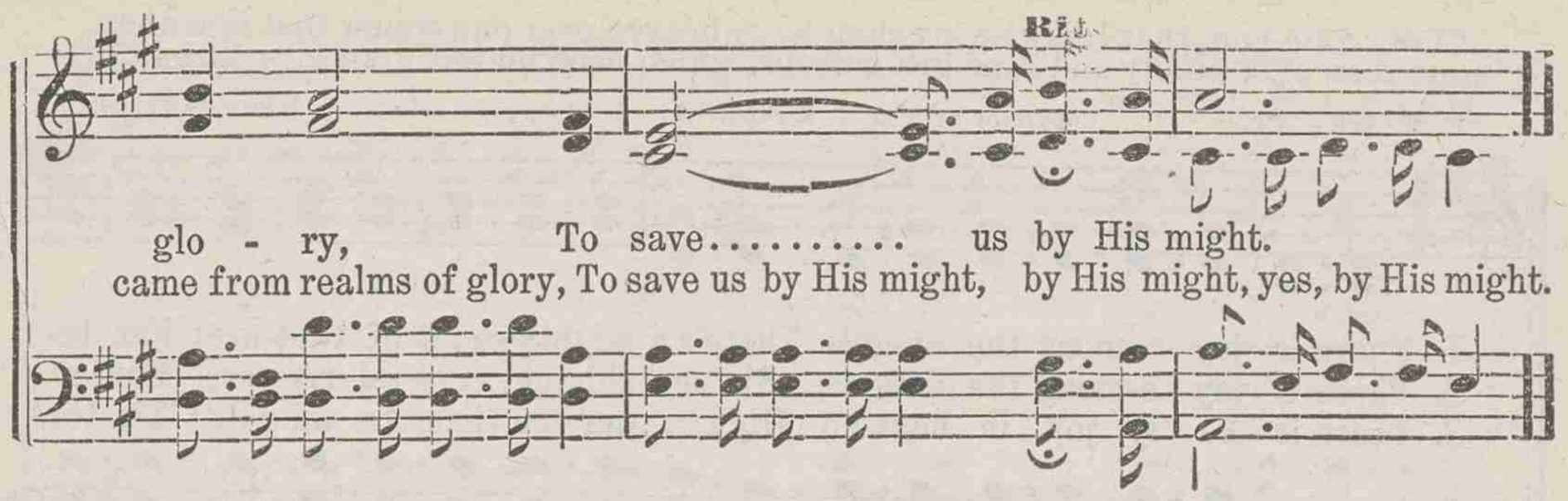
BIRDIE BELL. J. P. LANE.

1. I'll sing the matchless story Of Christ, who ransom'd me. He came from heights of glo - ry, He set my spir - it free; Re-stored me to His fav - or, Spoke kind-ly to my soul; I'll praise this wondrous Saviour While years e-ternal roll.
2. I'll speak the matchless sto- ry Of Christ, my blessed Lord, The wonders of His glo - ry, The rich - es of His word. He res - cued me from dan - ger, From bonds that held me fast; No lon-ger I'm a stranger, But God's own child at last.
3. I'll tell the matchless story,—To seek His wayward child, He left His throne of glo - ry, Tho' I was sin - de - filed. He gave a robe un - spot-ted For pris-on-garb of shame; Each day my share's allot-ted, My por-tion I may claim.
4. Re-peat the matchless sto-ry, Christ Jesus came for *all!* He left His home in glo - ry For those in sin's dark thrall. Their fet - ters shall be bro - ken, He'll lift the bow-ed face, A robe of light His tok - en, A-dopt-ed by His grace!

CHORUS.

O sound . . . . . the matchless sto - ry Of Christ, . . the Lord of light, Who came . . from realms of glory, Who came from realms of glory, Who came from realms of glory, Who came

I'll Sing The Matchless Story. Concluded.



No. 17. My Precious Saviour.

MRS. W. J. KENNEDY. Copyright, 1904, by R. S. Coward. D. W. LEIGH.

No. 18. Joy In Heaven.

"I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance."—LUKE 15: 7.

E. E. HEWITT. Copyright by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There is joy a-mong the an-gels, There's a mighty shout of rapt-ure; Far be-
2. There is joy a-mong the an-gels, By the shining, crys-tal riv-er, For a
3. There is ho-ly joy in heav-en High-er, pur-er than the an-gels'; 'Tis the

yond the pearly gates the news has come Of a sin-ner now re-pent-ing, To the
wand'ring one is safe with-in the fold; For the Shepherd sought and found him, And the
Father's heart re-joic-ing in its love; 'Tis the Saviour-Shepherd singing, O'er the

gos-pel word con-sent-ing— Of a con-trite soul that seeks a bet-ter home.
arms of love are round him; Hear the mu-sic grand-ly ring from harps of gold.
lost one He is bring-ing, Bringing to the ev-er-last-ing home a-bove.

CHORUS.

Joy, joy, joy, joy in heav'n, Souls are seek-ing now the liv-ing way; There is

joy, joy, joy, joy among the angels; Join their hal-le-lu-jah songs to-day, (to-day.)

No. 19. WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said,
Rev. I. WATTS. I will give it you."—NUM 10: 29.
Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

Spirited.

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're

We're march- ing on to Zi - on,

marching up-ward to Zi - on, The beau- ti - ful cit - y of God.

Zi - on, Zi - on,

Copyright, 1887, by Robert Lowry.

No. 20. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

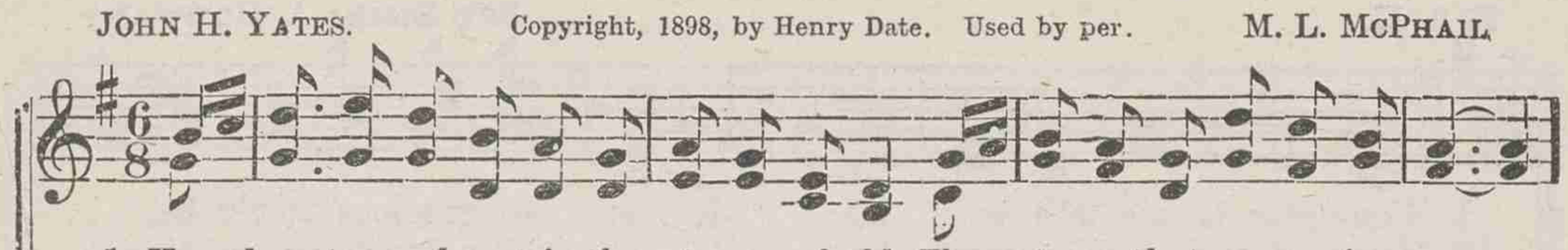
"I will tell thee."—Num. 23: 3.

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

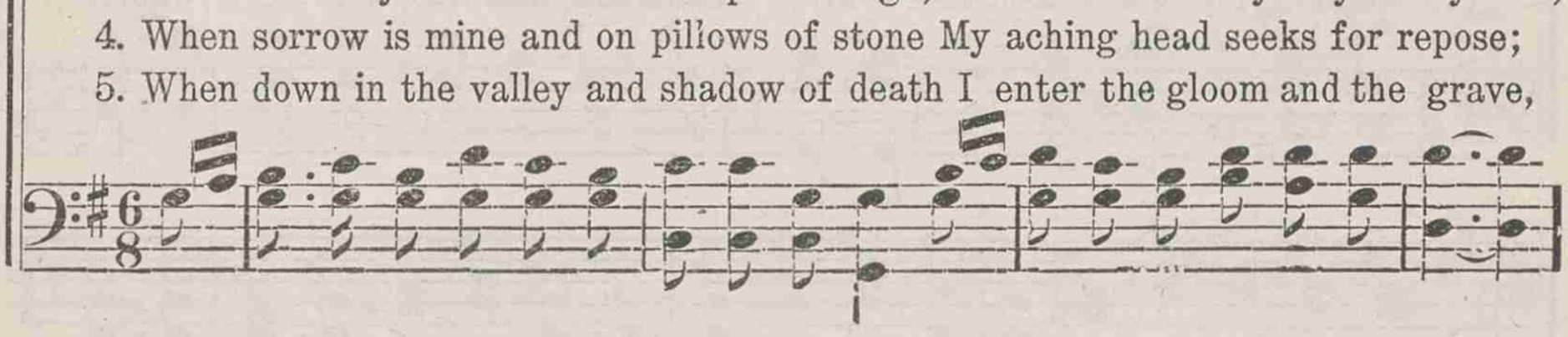
No. 21. The Story That Never Grows Old.

"The word of the Lord endureth forever."—I. PET. 1: 25.

JOHN H. YATES. Copyright, 1898, by Henry Date. Used by per. M. L. MCPHAIL



1. How dear to my heart is the sto-ry of old, The sto-ry that ev - er is new;
2. It came to my heart when all fettered by sin, I sat in the pris-on of doubt;
3. It comes to my soul when the tempter is nigh, With snares for my way-weary feet;
4. When sorrow is mine and on pillows of stone My aching head seeks for repose;
5. When down in the valley and shadow of death I enter the gloom and the grave,



The message that saints of all ages have told, The message so tender and true.
Like an - gel of old the glad story came in And let me triumphant-ly out.
It tells of the rock that is high-er than I, And leads to its blissful re - treat.
This story brings comfort and peace from the throne, My desert blooms forth like the rose.
I'll tell the old story with life's latest breath, Of Christ and His power to save.

REFRAIN.

The sto-ry that never grows old,..... Tho' o - ver and o - ver 'tis told;....
that never grows old, 'tis told;

The sto - ry so dear bringing heaven so near, Sweet story that never grows old.

No. 22. Is It Not Wonderful?

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation."—HEB. 2: 3.

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

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

Mer- cy re-veal-ing, com-fort-ing, healing, Blessing a sin-ner like me.
Till the dear Saviour showed me His fa-vor, Cleansed my heart whiter than snow.
Will-ing to save me, par-don He gave me, And I am hap - py with - in.
Kind-ly He sought me, till He had bro't me Pen - i-tent, seek-ing His face.
Banishing sadness, with such sweet gladness Fill-ing and thrilling my soul.

REFRAIN.

Is it not won - der - ful, Is it not won - der - ful, Je - sus so gra - cious should be? . . . . . Yes, it is won - der - ful, so gra - cious should be?

strange and so won - der - ful, That He should save e - ven me. . . . . e - ven me.

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No. 23. O Wonderful Story of Love.

"God so loved the world."—Hence me. JOHN 3: 16.

R. S. C. Copyright, 1904, by R. S. Coward. R. S. COWARD.

1. O won - der - ful, pre - cious is He, Who died up - on Cal - va - ry's tree; He tast - ed earth's sor-rows and woe,
2. From death He rose by His own pow'r, Is plead - ing for me ev - 'ry hour; Tho' tem - pest and con-flicts as - sail,
3. There's none oth - er name a - mong men, None else who can sin - ners de - fend; Or save them from sin ev - er - more,
4. And when in those pal - a - ces grand, Ar - rayed in His glo - ry I stand; I'll sing in that cit - y of gold,

CHORUS.

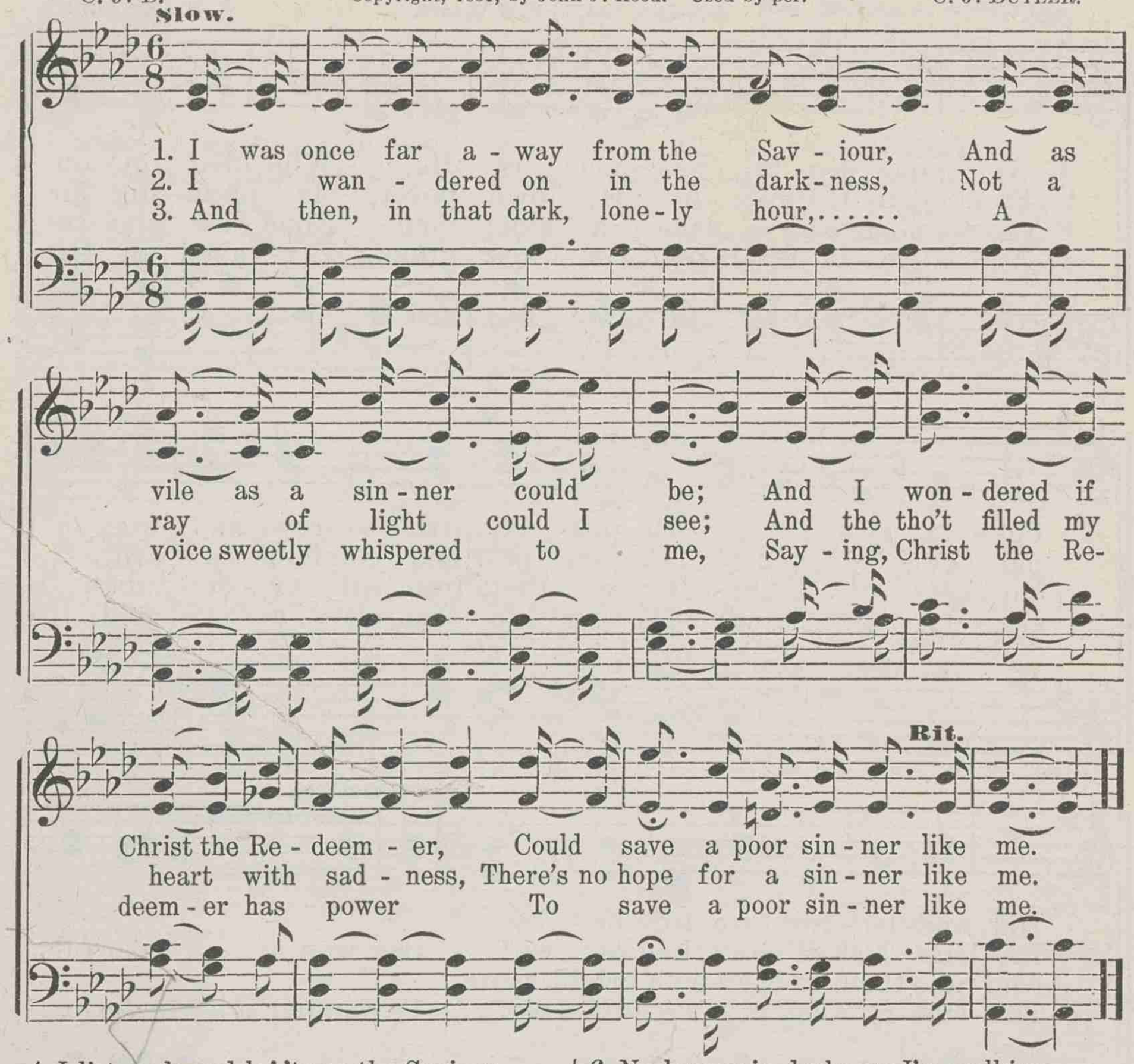
His won-der - ful love to be - stow.
In Him I shall more than pre - vail. O won - der-ful sto - ry That Je - - sus loves me,..... He
And take them to heav-en's bright shore.
This sto - ry that nev - er grows old. O won-der-ful, wonderful old, but true sto-ry, That Je - sus so dearly loves me, so loves me,

came from the portals of glo - ry To suf - fer and set my soul free.

No. 24. A Sinner Like Me!

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 TIM, 1: 15.

C. J. B. Copyright, 1881, by John J. Hood. Used by per. C. J. BUTLER.



4 I listened: and lo! 'twas the Saviour
That was speaking so kindly to me;
I cried, "I'm the chief of sinners,
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me!"

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus;
And O what a joy came to me!
My heart was filled with His praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

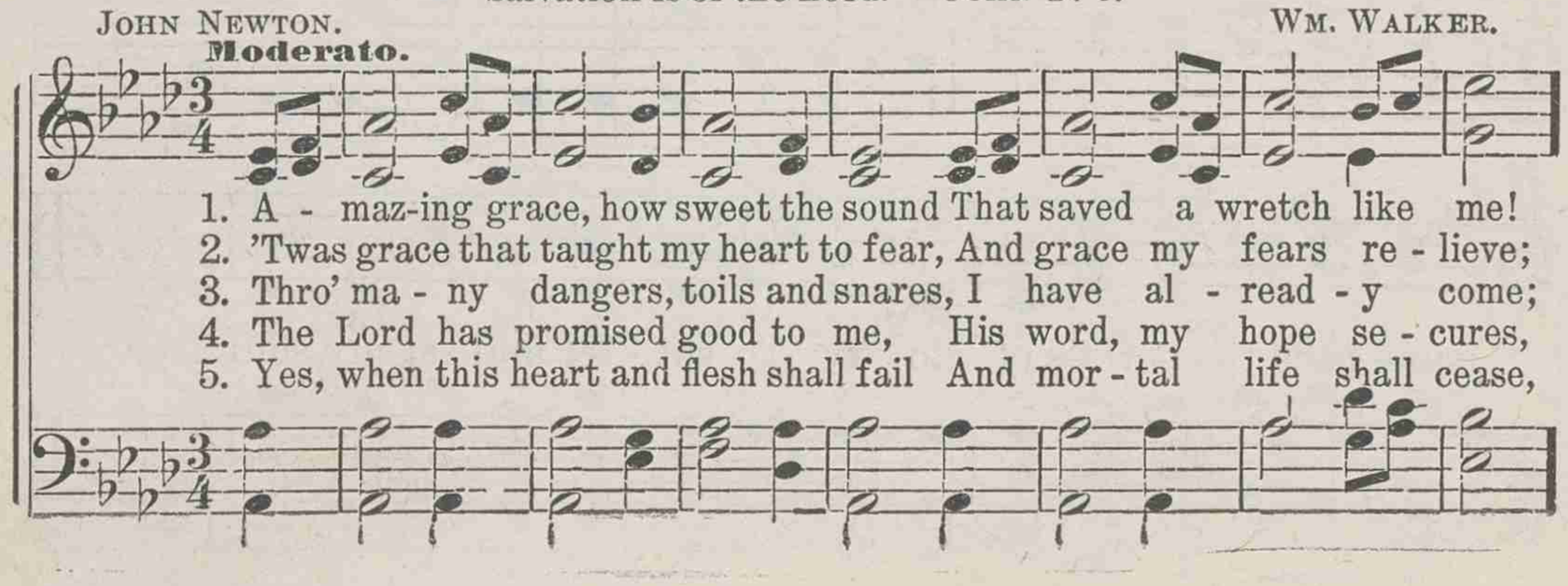
6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me;
And now unto others I'm telling
How He saved a poor sinner like me.

7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise Him forever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

No. 25. Amazing Grace. C. M.

"Salvation is of the Lord."—JOHN 2: 9.

JOHN NEWTON. WM. WALKER.



Amazing Grace.—Concluded.

I once was lost, but now am found: Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap- pear, The hour I first be-lieved.
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por- tion be, As long as life en-dures.
I shall pos - sess with - in the vail, A life of joy and peace.

No. 26. Wonderful Grace.

"By grace are ye saved."—Eph. 2: 8.

Rev. W. H. BURRELL. Rev. I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonder- ful grace! This great sal-va - tion brings;
2. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonder- ful grace! Which saves the soul from sin;
3. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonder- ful grace! Its streams are full and free;
4. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonder- ful grace! Which bears the soul a - bove;

The soul de - liv - ered of its load, In sweet - est rap - ture sings.
The pow'r of ris - ing e - vil slays, And reigns supreme with - in.
Are flow - ing now for all the race; They e - ven flow for me.
The light which gleams from Je- sus' face Is rap - ture, peace, and love.

CHORUS.

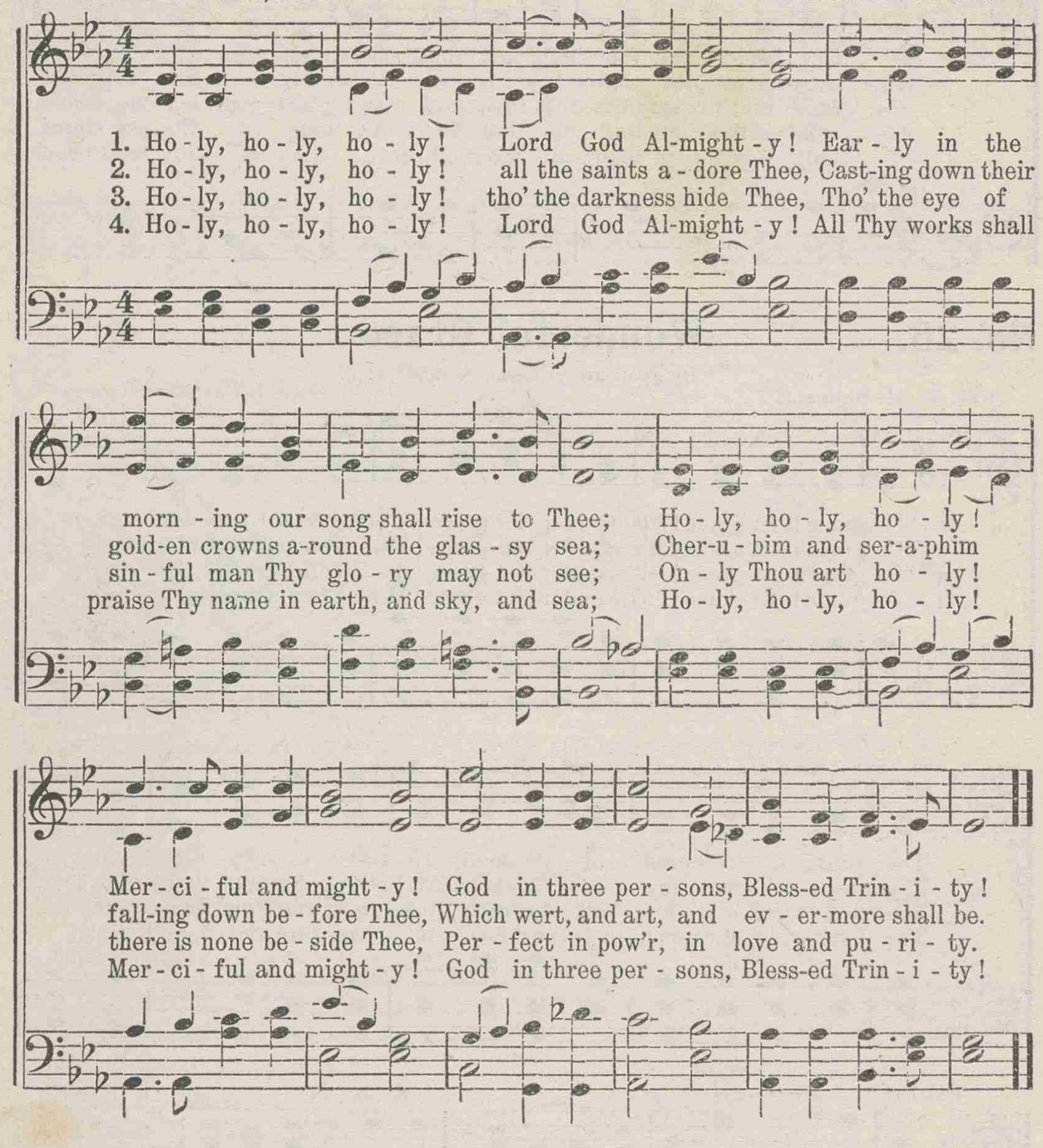
'Tis grace!..... 'tis grace!..... Wonder-ful, wonderful grace!.....
'Tis won-der- ful grace! 'tis won-der- ful grace! wonder-ful grace!

'Tis grace!..... 'tis grace!..... Flow-ing still free - ly for me.
'Tis won-der- ful grace! 'tis won-der- ful grace!

No. 27. Holy, Holy, Holy.

"They rest not, day nor night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."—Rev. 4: 8.

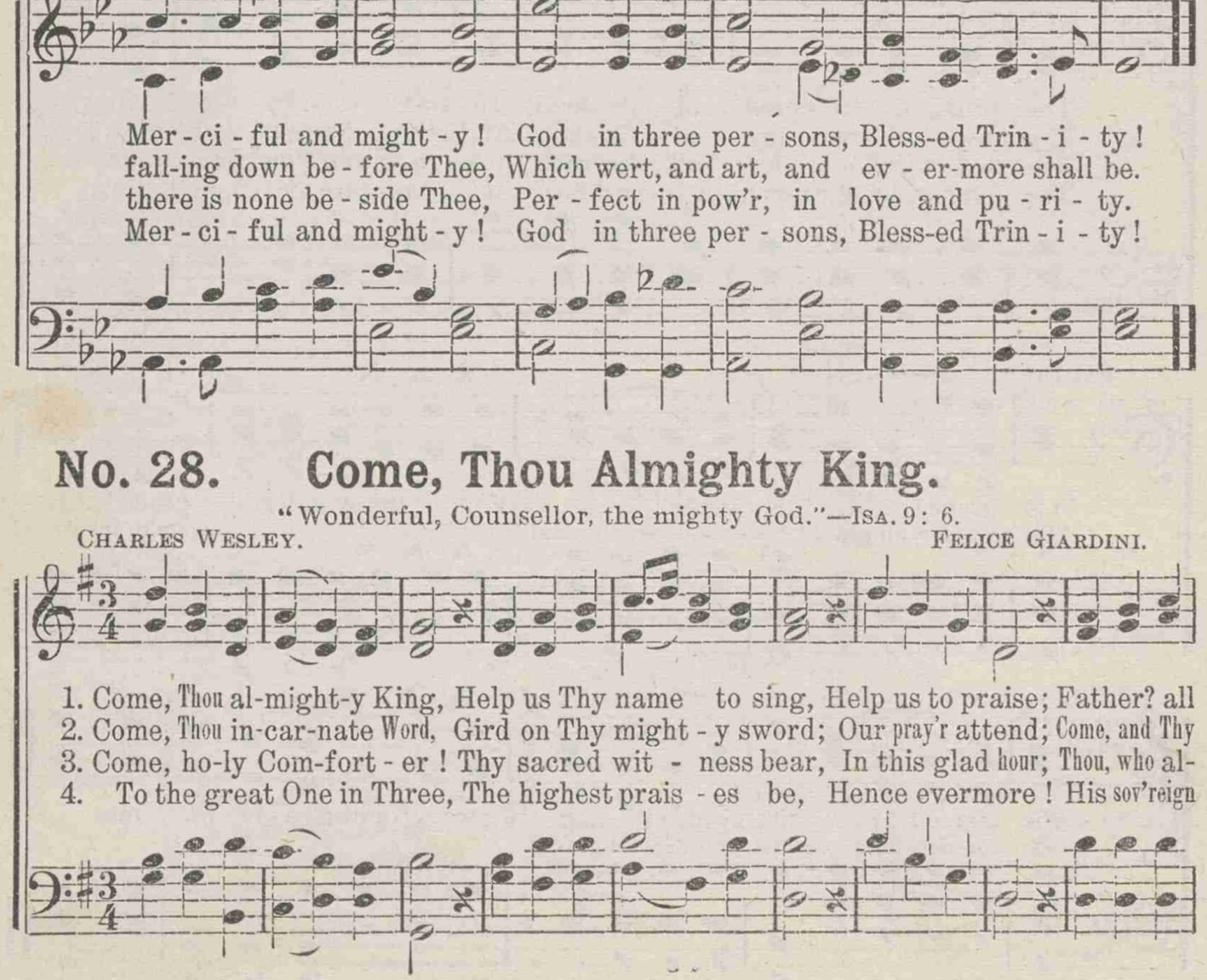
Reginald Heber, D. D. Rev. John B. Dykes.



No. 28. Come, Thou Almighty King.

"Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God."—Isa. 9: 6.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.



Come, Thou Almighty King. Concluded.

No. 29. All Hail The Power.

(CORONATION. C. M.)

"Which in his times he shall shew, who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, and the Lord of lords."—I. Tim. 6: 15.

Rev. E. Perronet, 1780. O. Holden, 1793.

No. 30. O Happy Day.

"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."—LUKE 10: 20. E. F. RIMBAULT.

Small notes for violins. Arr. copyrighted 1903, by J. A. Brown. Arr. by J. A. BROWN.

Allegro.

1. O hap - py day..... that fixed my choice..... On
   Well may this glow - - - - ing heart re - joice,..... And
2. 'Tis done; the great..... trans-ac - tion's done;..... I
   He drew me, and..... I fol-lowed on,.....Charmed
3. O hap - py bond,..... that seals my vows..... To
   Let cheer-ful an - - - - thems fill His house,..... While

O hap-py day
Well may this glow-ing,
'Tis done, the great
He drew me and
O hap - py bond
Let cheer-ful an-thems

that fixed my choice
this heart re-joice,
transaction's done,
I followed on,
that seals my vows,
now fill His house,

Thee, my Sav - - - - - iour and my God!.....
tell its rapt - - - - - ures all a - broad.....
am my Lord's,..... and He is mine;.....
to con - fess..... the voice di - vine.....
Him who mer - - - - - its all my love!.....
to that sa - - - - - cred shrine I move.....

On Thee, my Sav - iour,
And tell its rapt - ures,
I am my Lord's,
Charmed to con - fess
To Him who mer - its,
While to that sa - cred,

yes, and my God!
yes, all a - broad!
and He is mine;
the voice di - vine.
yes, all my love!
that shrine I move.

CHORUS.

Hap - py day, (*O happy day,) Hap - py day, (O happy day,) When Je - sus

Hap - py day, Hap - py day,

*Words for special high voice on upper notes ad lib.

O Happy Day. Concluded.

1 Omit 2d time. 2 Omit 1st time. Fine.

washed (when Jesus washed) my sins a - way. (my sins away,) way. (my sins away.)

When Je - sus washed my sins a - way. my sins a - way.

He taught me how (He taught me how) to watch and pray, (to watch and pray,)

He taught me how to watch and pray,

D. S.

And live re - joic- (ing, live rejoic-) ing ev - 'ry day. (yes, ev'ry day.)

And live re - joic - ing yes, ev -'ry day.

No. 31. The Kingdom of Heaven.

"Neither shall they say, Lo here! or, lo there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you."—LUKE 17: 21. "The good seed are the children of the kingdom."—MATT. 13: 38.

F. A. Copyright, 1901. by Frederick Abbott. FREDERICK ABBOTT.

Moderato.

1. We speak of a land where the glo - ri - fied dwell, A place where the sanc-ti - fied rest;.... A country whose beauties no mor - tal can tell, Whose wonders have nev - er been guessed; But for - get there's a kingdom in ev - 'ry heart, By Christ called the kingdom of heav'n; And knowledge of it doth the Sav-iour im - part, To all who from e - vil are shriv'n.
2. The realm of the blest you will find it with - in The heart where the Sav-iour is King;... The bo-som from which hath been cast all the sin, A country where death hath no sting..... If we'll seek for this land with our ev - 'ry tho't, And ask the dear Lord for His aid,.... We'll find that with glo - ry and won-der 'tis fraught, E'en as in the Bi - ble, 'tis said.....
3. The king - dom of heav - en we all may pos - sess, By striv - ing to do the Lord's will;.... If we trust in the Christ and His pow - er con - fess, Our souls with His peace He will fill..... Ah, then look not a - way to some dis-tant sphere, Beyond life's tem-pest - u - ous sea;.... But look for the kingdom of heaven right here, That kingdom is nigh un - to thee.....

The Kingdom of Heaven. Concluded.

CHORUS.
Con spirito.

Then..... let us turn..... to our hearts and
Then let us turn, let us, then let us turn, to our, turn to our hearts and in

see,..... Have..... I the king - dom, the
look-ing may see, Have I in me, have I the king-dom, the

kingdom of heav'n in me?..... Do..... I en - joy,.....
kingdom in me, the kingdom in me? Do I en - joy, do I, do I en-

..... en - joy that blessed es - tate?..... Have..... I passed
joy, en - joy that bless-ed es - tate? Have I passed in,

in thro' the beau - - ti - ful gate?.....
have I passed in thro' the beau - ti - ful gate, thro' the beau - ti - ful gate?

No. 32. Why Should I Not Be Happy?

"Rejoice in the Lord always."—PHIL. 4: 4.

J. A. B. Copyright, 1903, by J. A. Brown. J. A. BROWN.

1. Why should I not be hap - py and be sing-ing all the way, The sun that
2. Why should I not be hap - py, all my heart is like a May, The flowers that
3. Why should I not be hap - py, since for me the Sav-iour came, In the book of
4. Why should I not be hap - py, since be-liev-ing in His word, He's giv - en
5. Why should I not be hap - py with this hope within my soul, I shall live with

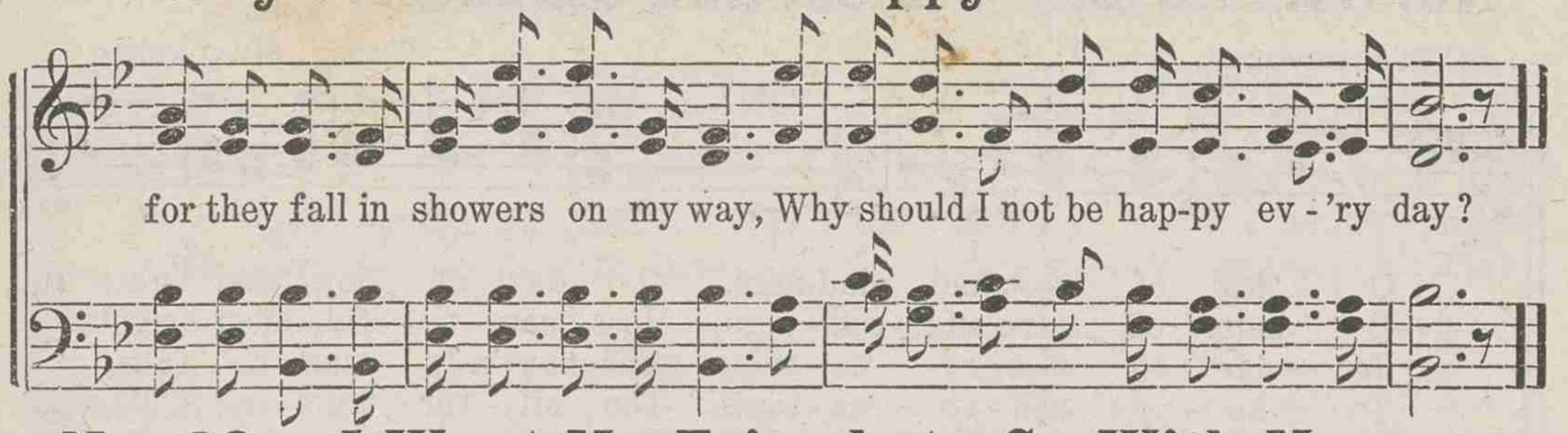
shone on yes - ter-day is shining still to-day; It will shine a - gain to - mor-row,
bloomed there yesterday are blooming still to-day; They will bloom again to - mor-row,
life in heav-en He has written down my name; And His love to-day and yes - ter-
me the sweetest peace that heaven can afford; And ev - 'ry day brings richest
Him in heav-en while the ceaseless a - ges roll; O the reason of this hope with-

Je-sus drives the clouds away, Why should I not be hap - py ev - 'ry day?
Je-sus drives the frost a-way, Why should I not be hap - py ev - 'ry day?
day and ev-'ry day's the same, Why should I not be hap - py ev - 'ry day?
gifts and blessings from the Lord, Why should I not be hap - py ev - 'ry day?
in should all my life control, Why should I not be hap - py ev - 'ry day?

REFRAIN.

Why should I not be hap - py since He took my sins a - way? I
try to count the blessings which He gives me day by day; I can-not count them

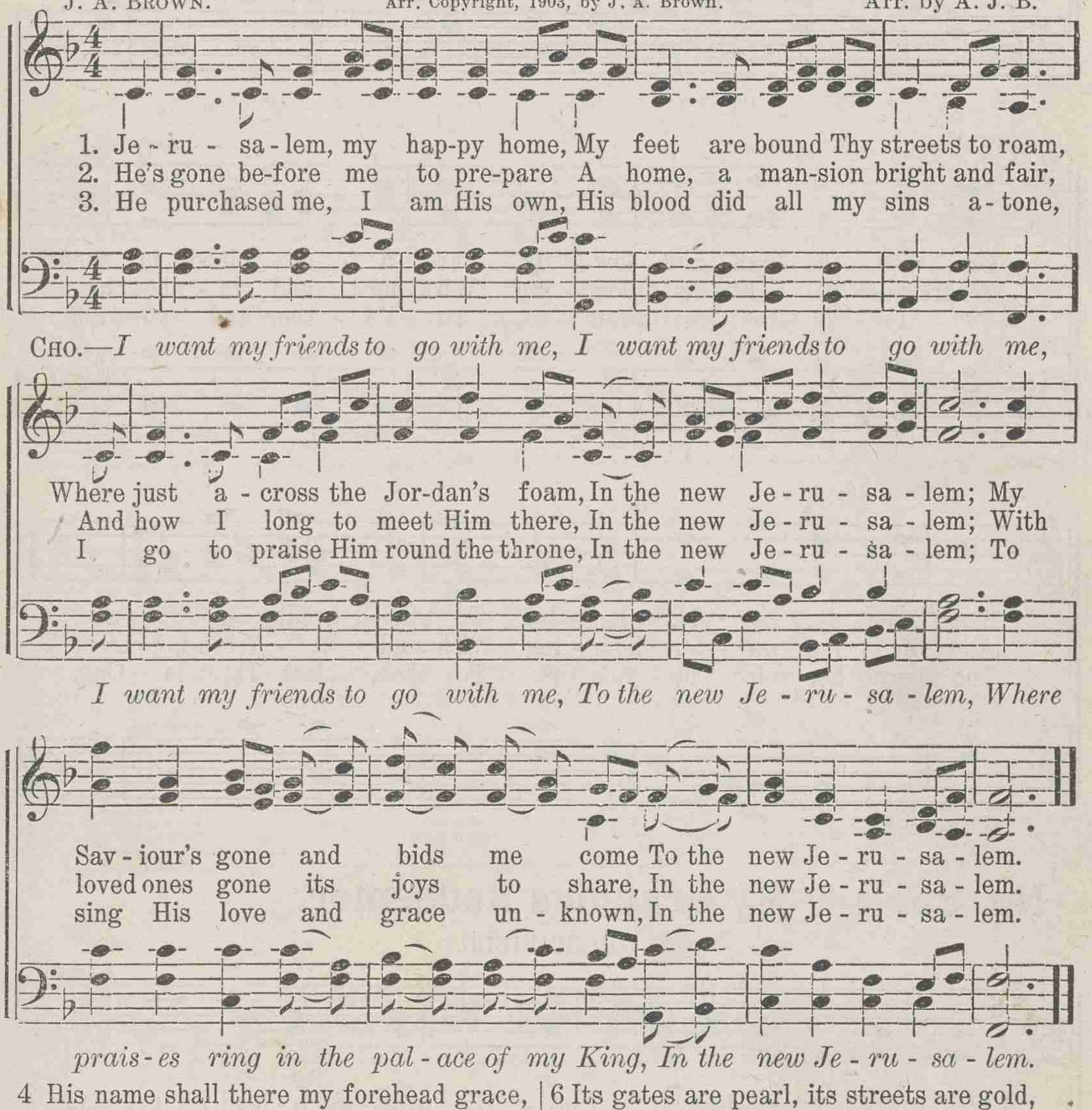
Why Should I Not Be Happy? Concluded.



No. 33. I Want My Friends to Go With Me.

"Come thou with us, and we will do thee good: for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel."—NUM. 10: 29.

J. A. BROWN. Arr. Copyright, 1903, by J. A. Brown. Arr. by A. J. B.



4 His name shall there my forehead grace,
And best of all I'll see His face,
Behold Him there in righteousness,
In the new Jerusalem;
And tell the story saved by grace,
In the new Jerusalem.

5 There shall be given to His own
A name within a pure white stone,
To each alone that name be known,
In the new Jesusalem;
There I shall wear a golden crown
In the new Jerusalem.

6 Its gates are pearl, its streets are gold,
My mansion there shall ne'er be sold,
And loved ones there shall ne'er grow old,
In the new Jerusalem;
There's joy and rapture yet untold,
In the new Jerusalem.

7 Beneath the shade of life's fair trees
I'll breathe the balm from healing leaves,
And bask and drink the heavenly breeze,
In the new Jerusalem;
And join the song that ne'er shall cease,
In the new Jerusalem.

No. 34. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

C. WORDSWORTH. Tune: MENDEBRAS.

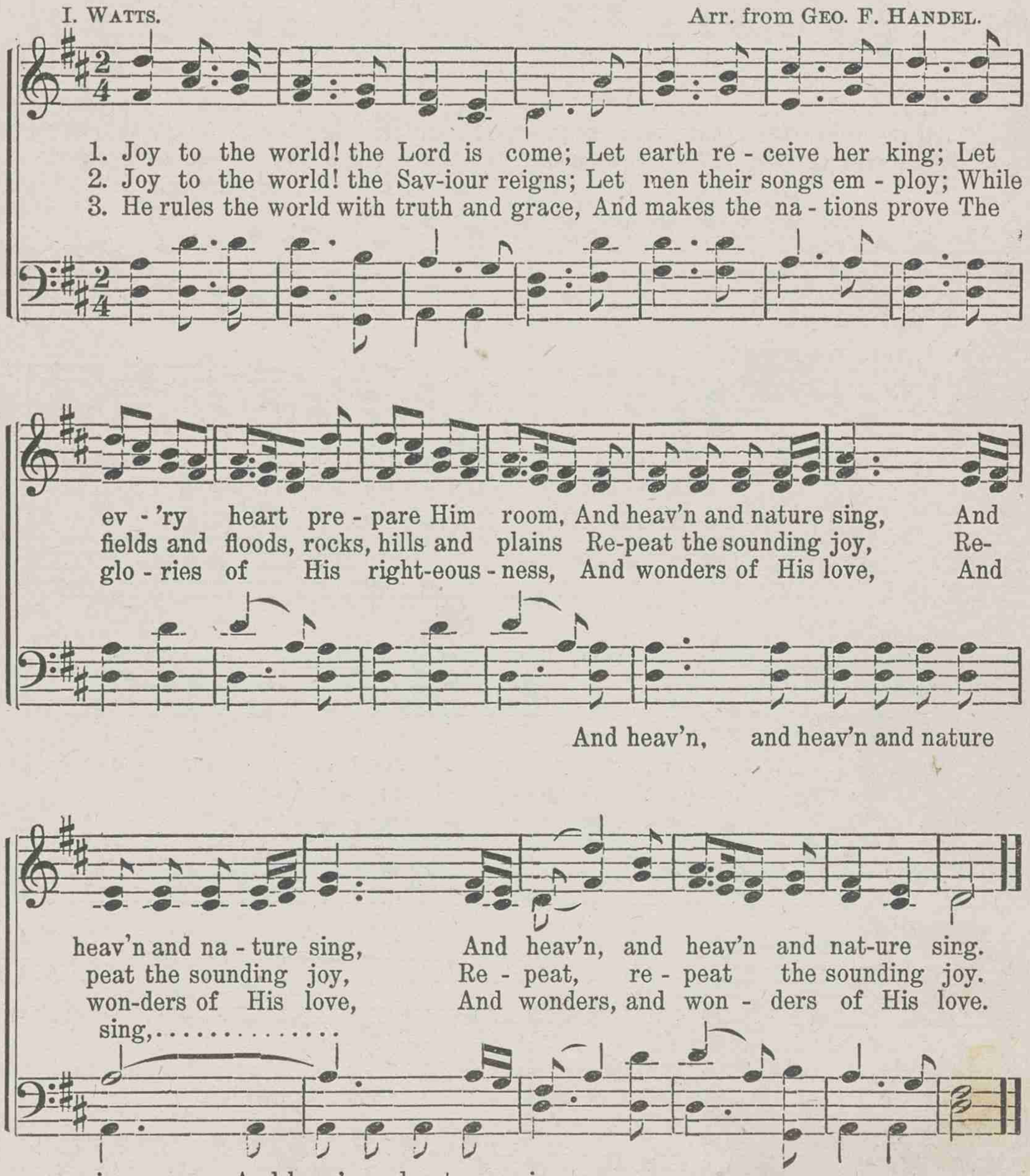
No. 35. My Gracious Redeemer.

(GREENFIELD.)

My Gracious Redeemer. Concluded.

No. 36. Joy to the World.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say rejoice."—PHIL. 4: 4.

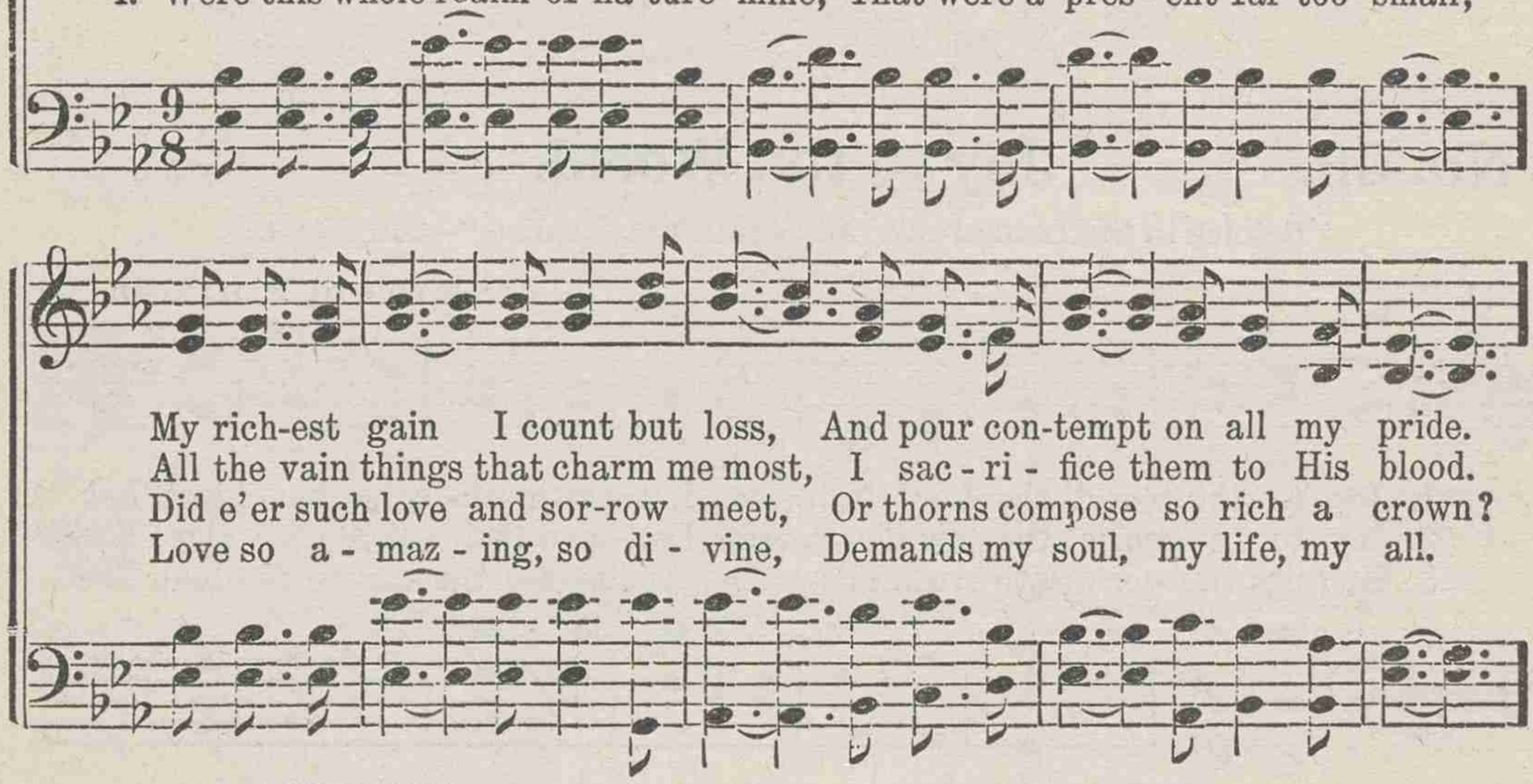


No. 37. When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

"And that he might reconcile both unto God in one body by the cross, having slain the enmity thereby."—EPH. 2: 16.

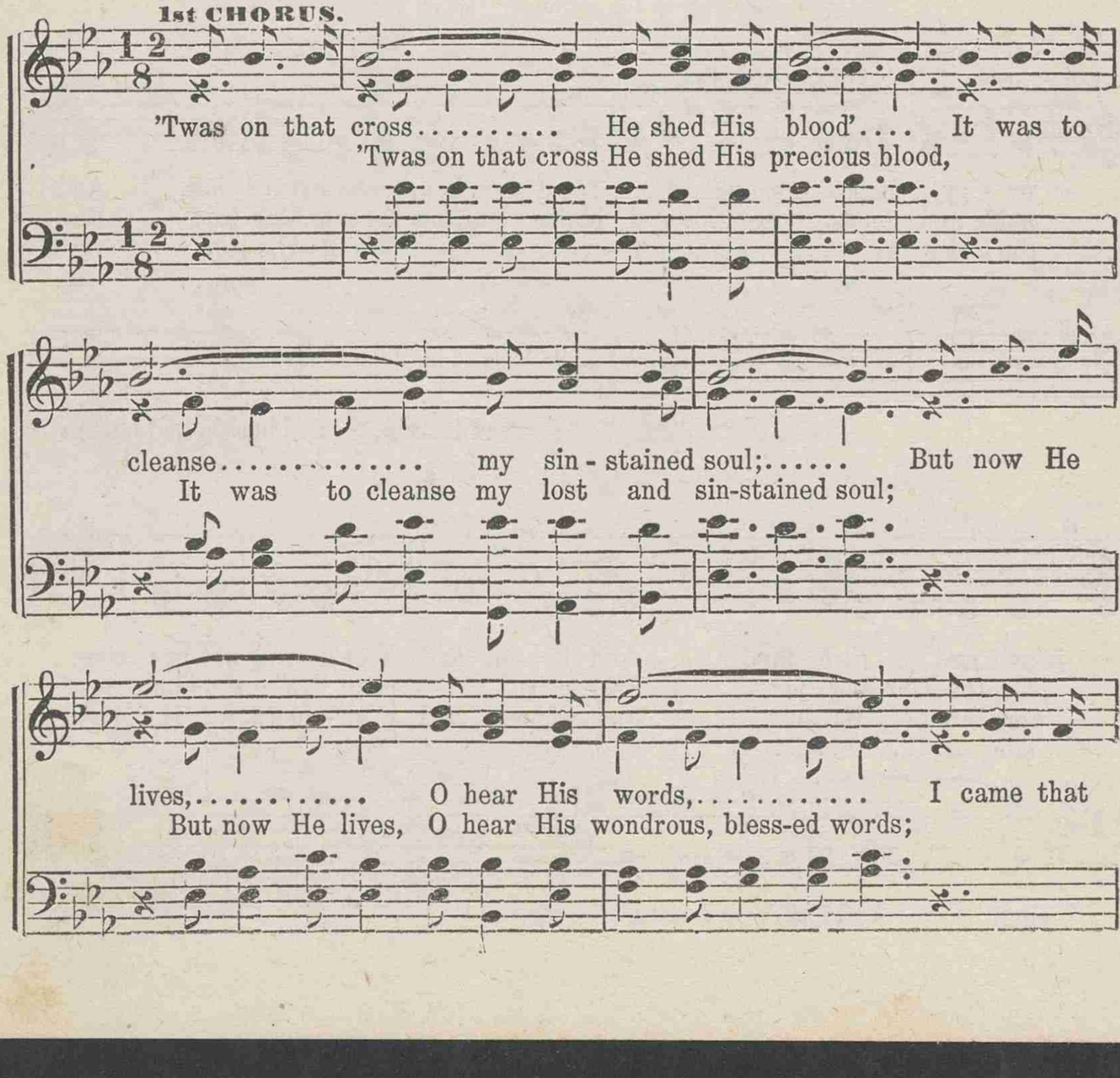
I. WATTS. Revised and Copyright, 1904, by R. S. Coward. R. S. COWARD.

1. When I sur - vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
4. Were this whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;



My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

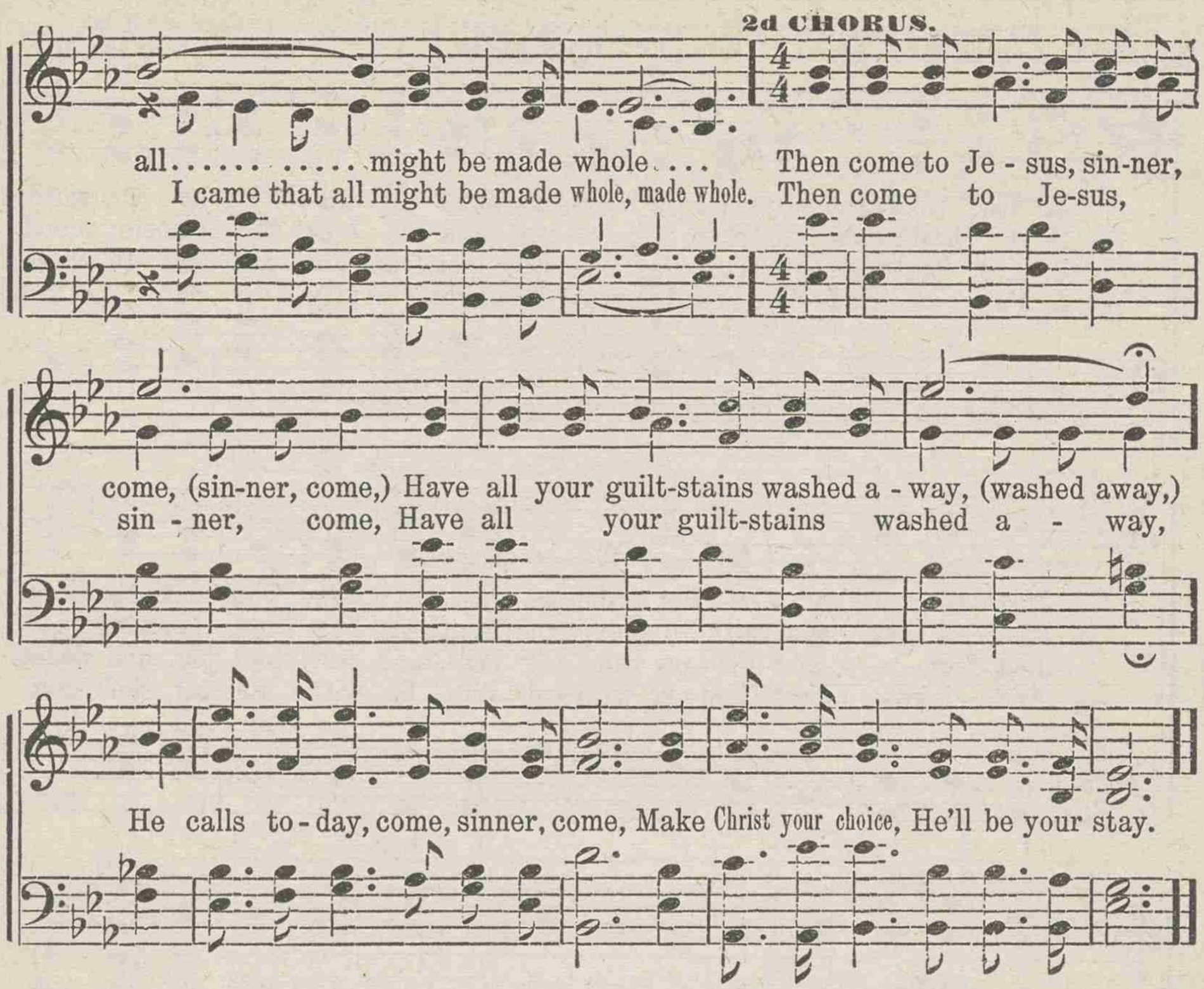
1st CHORUS.



'Twas on that cross..... He shed His blood'.... It was to cleanse..... my sin - stained soul;..... But now He lives,..... O hear His words,..... I came that

'Twas on that cross He shed His precious blood,
It was to cleanse my lost and sin-stained soul;
But now He lives, O hear His wondrous, bless-ed words;

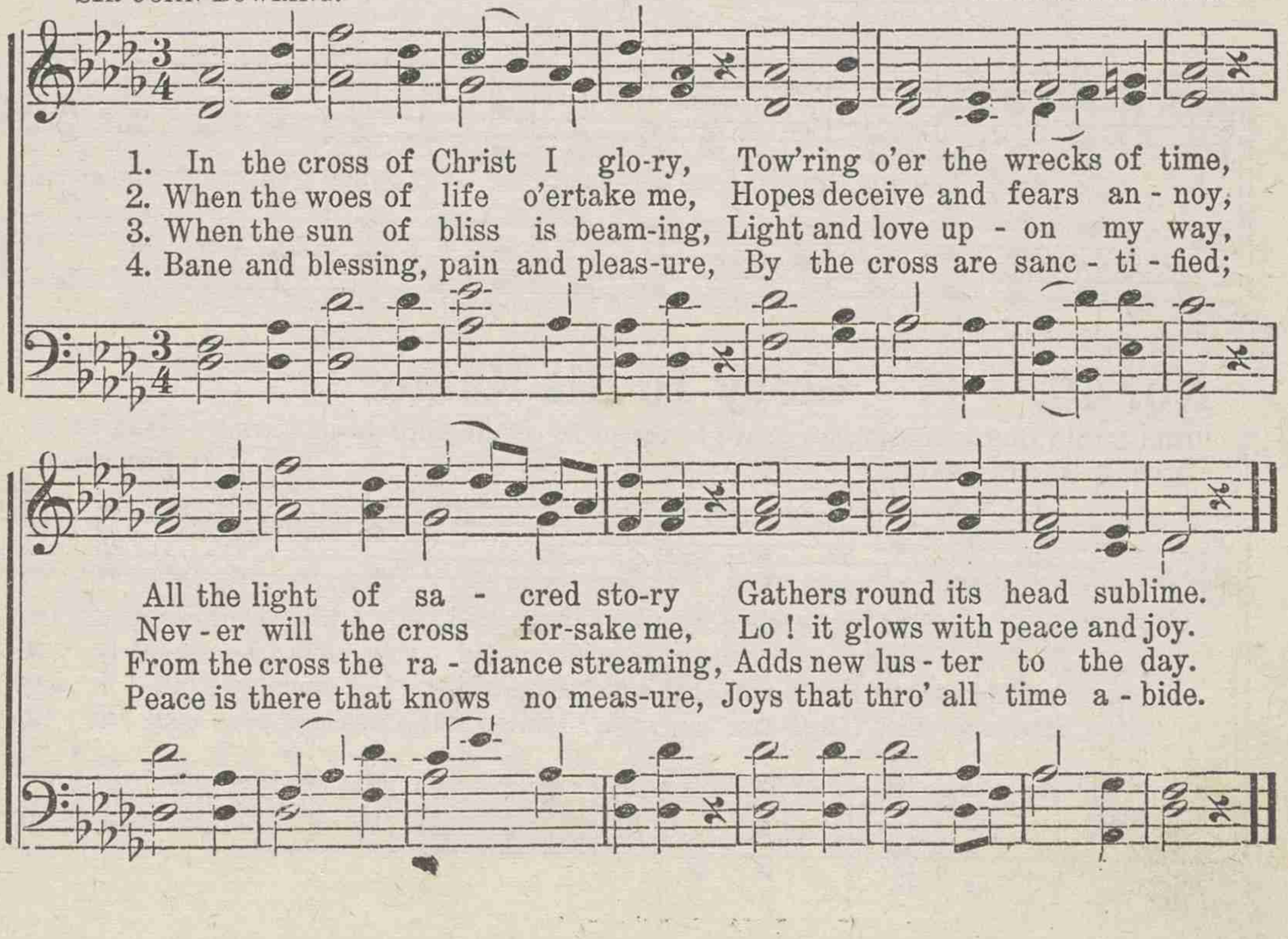
When I Survey the Wondrous Cross. Concluded.



No. 38. The Cross. (Ithamar.) 8s & 7s.

"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—GAL. 6: 14.

SIR JOHN BOWRING. ITHAMAR CONKEY.



No. 39. 'Tis So Sweet To Trust In Jesus.

"My peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be
MRS. LOUSIA M. R. STEAD. afraid."—JOHN 14: 27. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Precious Je - sus, Sav-iour, Friend;

Just to rest up - on His prom-ise, Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him; How I've proved Him o'er and o'er;

p

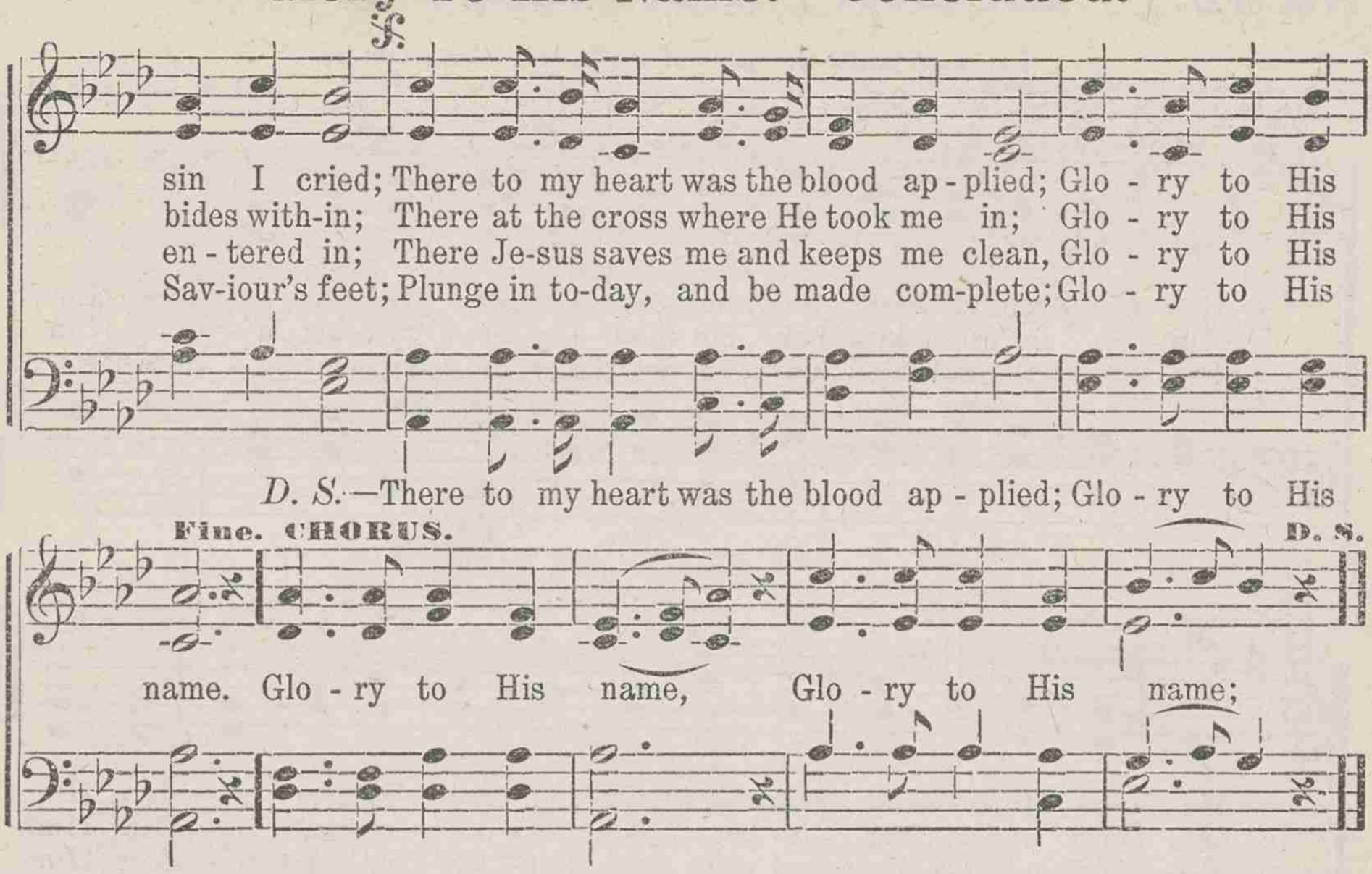
Je - sus, Je - sus, Pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.

No. 40. Glory To His Name.

"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—GAL. 6: 14.
REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

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

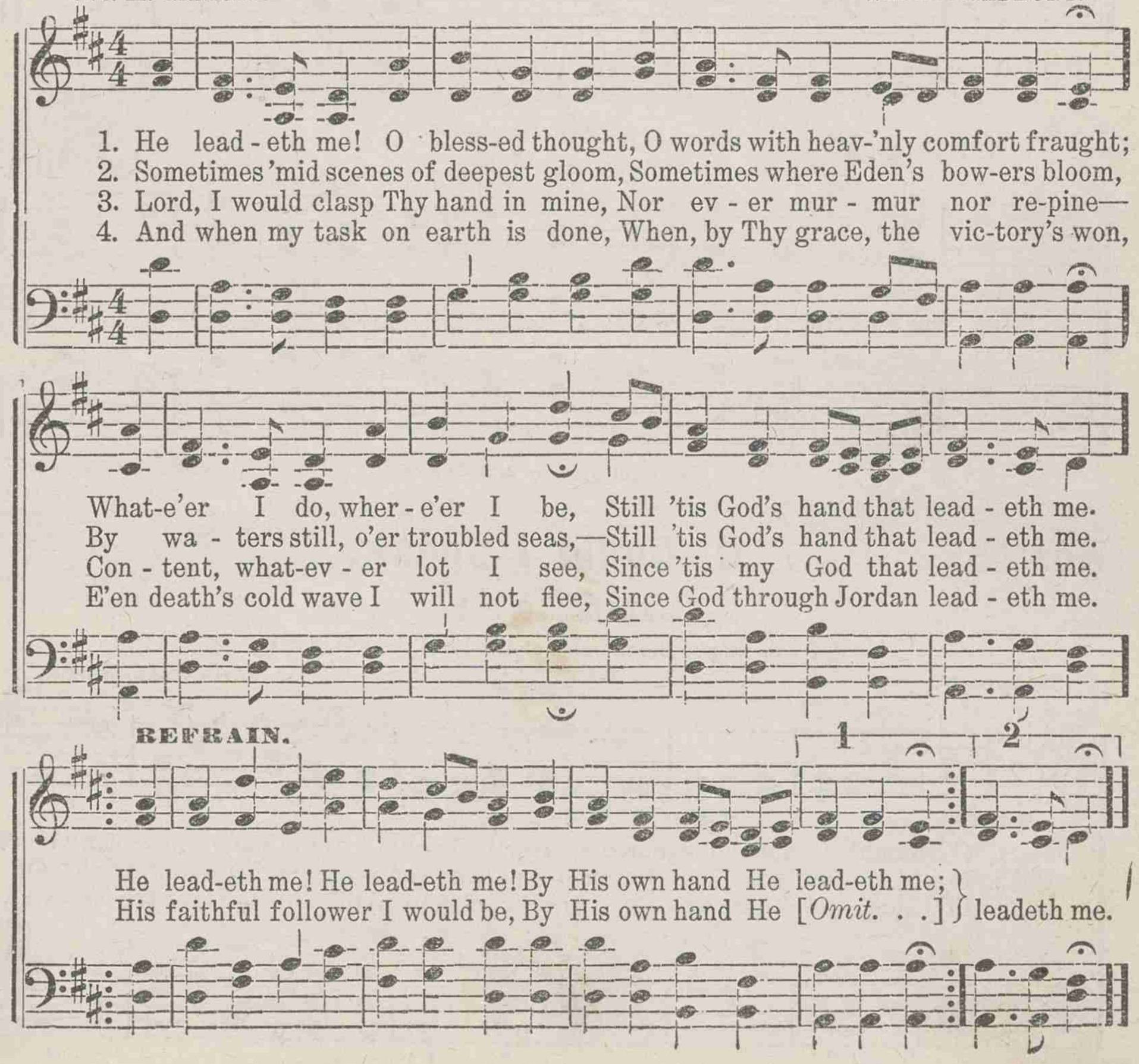
Glory To His Name. Concluded.



No. 41. He Leadeth Me.

"He leadeth me beside the still waters."—Ps. 23: 2.

JOS. H. GILMORE. WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 42. Let Every Heart Adore Him.

"Let them praise the name of the Lord."—Psa. 148: 13.

L. E. JONES. R. S. COWARD.

Lively.

1. How won-drous is the Sav-iour's love, Let ev - 'ry heart a - dore Him;
2. Up - on the cross in pain He died, Let ev - 'ry heart a - dore Him;
3. His eye will guide by day or night, Let ev - 'ry heart a - dore Him;

FINE.

He leads His own to realms a - bove, Let ev - 'ry heart a - dore Him.
A fount of cleansing o - pened wide, Let ev - 'ry heart a - dore Him.
His pres- ence fills the soul with light, Let ev - 'ry heart a - dore Him.

D.S.—Find peace and rest on Je - sus' breast, Let ev - 'ry heart a - dore Him.

REFRAIN. *p*

f

D.S.

Let ev - 'ry heart a - dore Him, Let ev - 'ry heart a - dore Him,

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No. 43. O, Could I Speak.

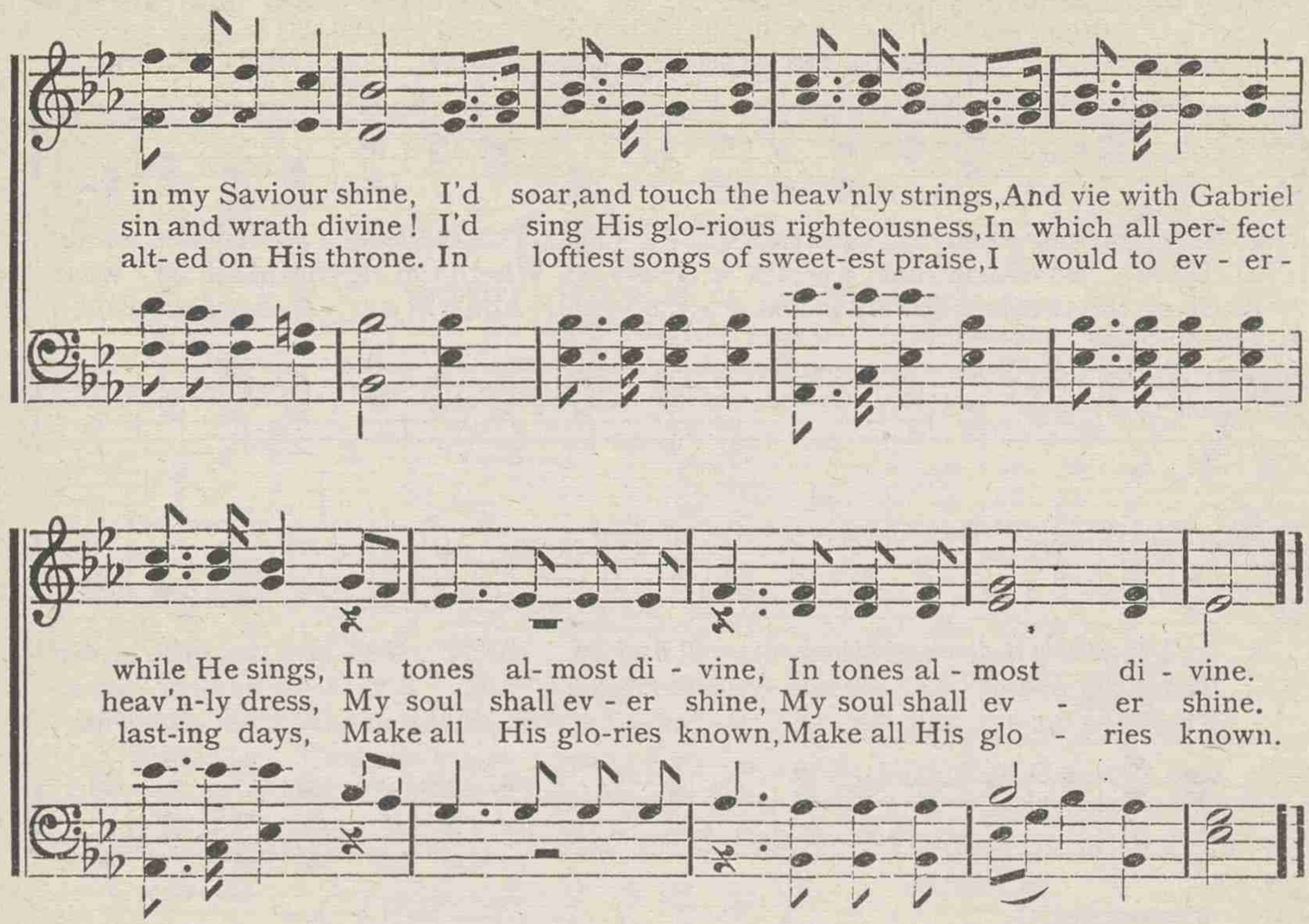
(ARIEL.) C. P. M.

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord."—Psa. 89: 1.

S. MEDLEY. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. O, could I speak the matchless worth, O, could I sound the glories forth Which
2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood He spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt, Of
3. I'd sing the char- ac - ter He bears, And all the forms of love He wears, Ex-

O, Could I Speak.—Concluded.



No. 44. When I Can Read My Title Clear.

(NINETY-FIFTH.)

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

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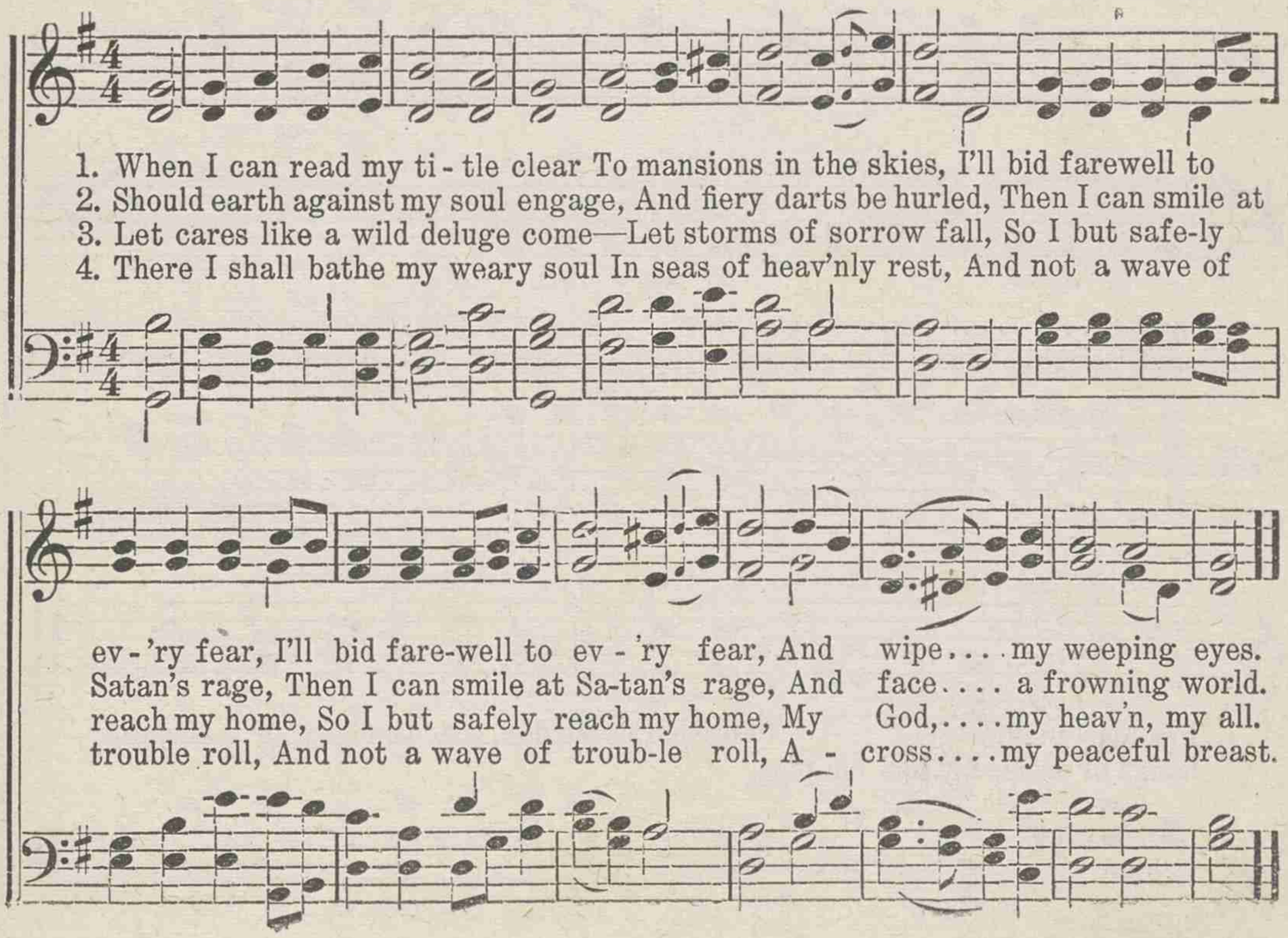


No. 45. Pardon, Peace and Joy.

"He will abundantly pardon."—ISA. 55: 7. "He will speak peace unto his children."—Ps. 85: 8. "For joy he endured the cross."—HEB. 12: 2.

A. B. L. Copyright, 1903, by Singing Evangelist Music Co. A. BUNYAN LITTLE.

1. There is par - don in the cross of Je - sus, For the heav - y - ladened one;
2. There's a man-sion that a-waits in heav - en, Where the vic-t'ry shall be won;
3. There the sweetest flowers bloom e - ter - nal, And will nev - er more grow old;

And the thorns that pierce the heart will on - ly, Add lus - tre to the crown.
There the weary ev - er rest from troubling, And sor - rows nev - er come.
There the mu-sic will be all su - per - nal, In that home-land of the soul.

CHORUS.

There is par - - - - don, peace and joy Naught of
par-don, peace and joy, There is par - don, peace and joy,

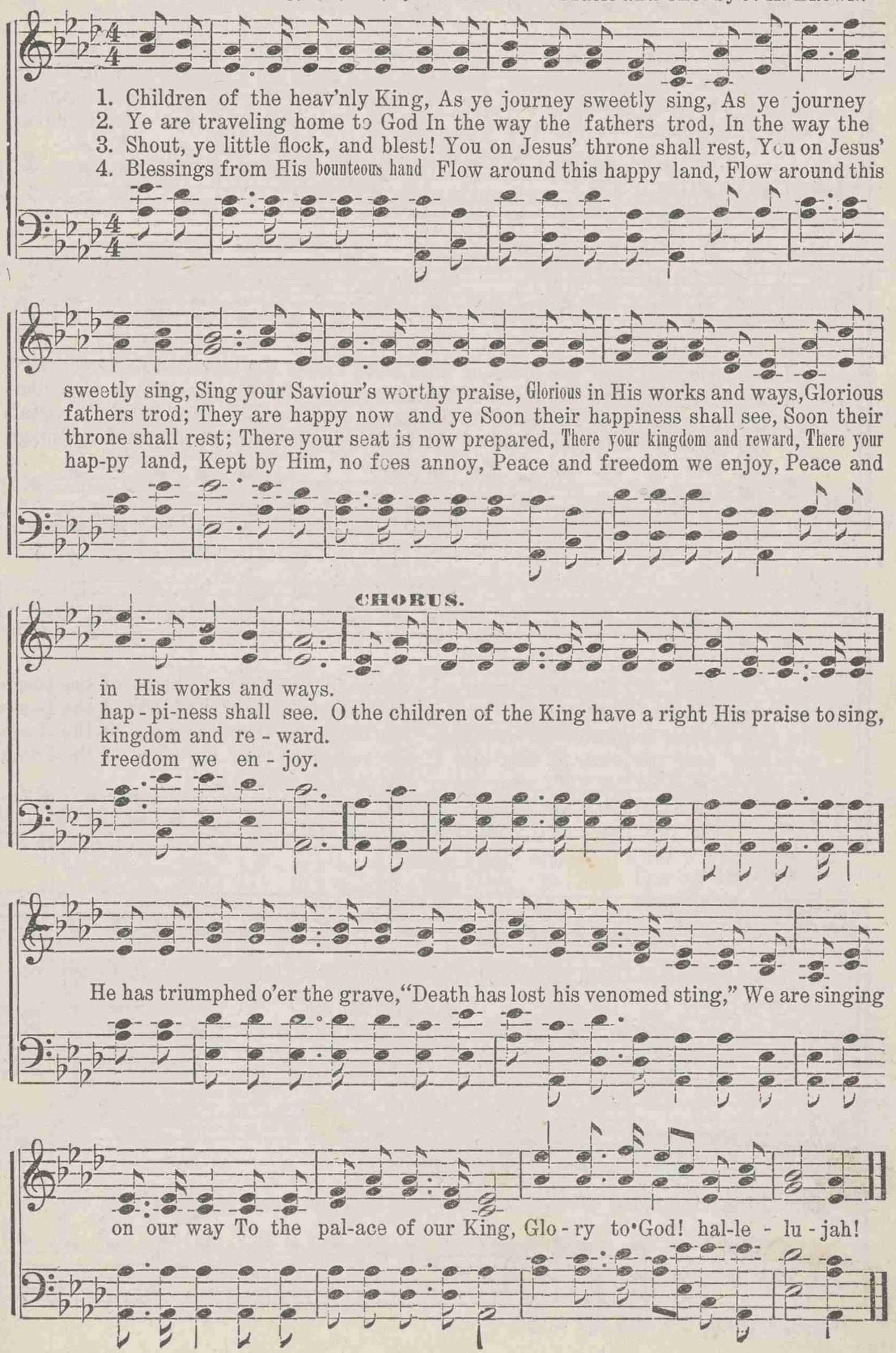
earth..... can e'er an - noy,
There is naught of earth that can annoy, can e'er annoy,
Songs of praise..... my
praise my lips employ,

lips em - ploy,
Songs of praise my lips em-ploy,
For there's pardon, peace and joy in the cross.

No. 46. Children of the Heavenly King.

"Sing praises to God, sing praises: sing praises to our King, sing praises."—Ps. 47: 6. "Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord."—Eph. 5: 19. "And the ransomed of the Lord shall come to Zion with songs."—Isa. 35: 10.

John Cennick. Copyright, 1902, by J. A. Brown. Music and Cho. by J. A. Brown.



No. 47. I Am Redeemed.

"In whom we have redemption through his blood."—Col. 1: 14.

Jennie Wilson. J. P. Lane.

Joyously.

1. O my heart is full of glad-ness as I tell the bless - ed sto - ry,
2. Now the long and drear-y bond-age of my sin - ful life is bro - ken,
3. On the path that lies be - fore me rays of ho - ly light are beaming,
4. O the bound-less depth of mer - cy to the guilt - y par - don bringing,

I am redeemed thro' the blood of the Lamb; Praise His hallowed name forever
I am redeemed thro' the blood of the Lamb; Now my soul ex-ults in freedom
I am redeemed thro' the blood of the Lamb; Now by faith thro' heaven's portals
I am redeemed thro' the blood of the Lamb; Ev - er-more thro' grateful homage

un - to Him be all the glo - ry, I am redeemed thro' the blood of the Lamb.
as sal - va-tion's joy - ous to - ken, I am redeemed thro' the blood of the Lamb.
I can see the brightness streaming, I am redeemed thro' the blood of the Lamb.
will my soul re-joice in sing-ing, I am redeemed thro' the blood of the Lamb.

CHORUS.

I am redeemed (I am redeemed), I am redeemed (I am redeemed), I am re-

Duet.

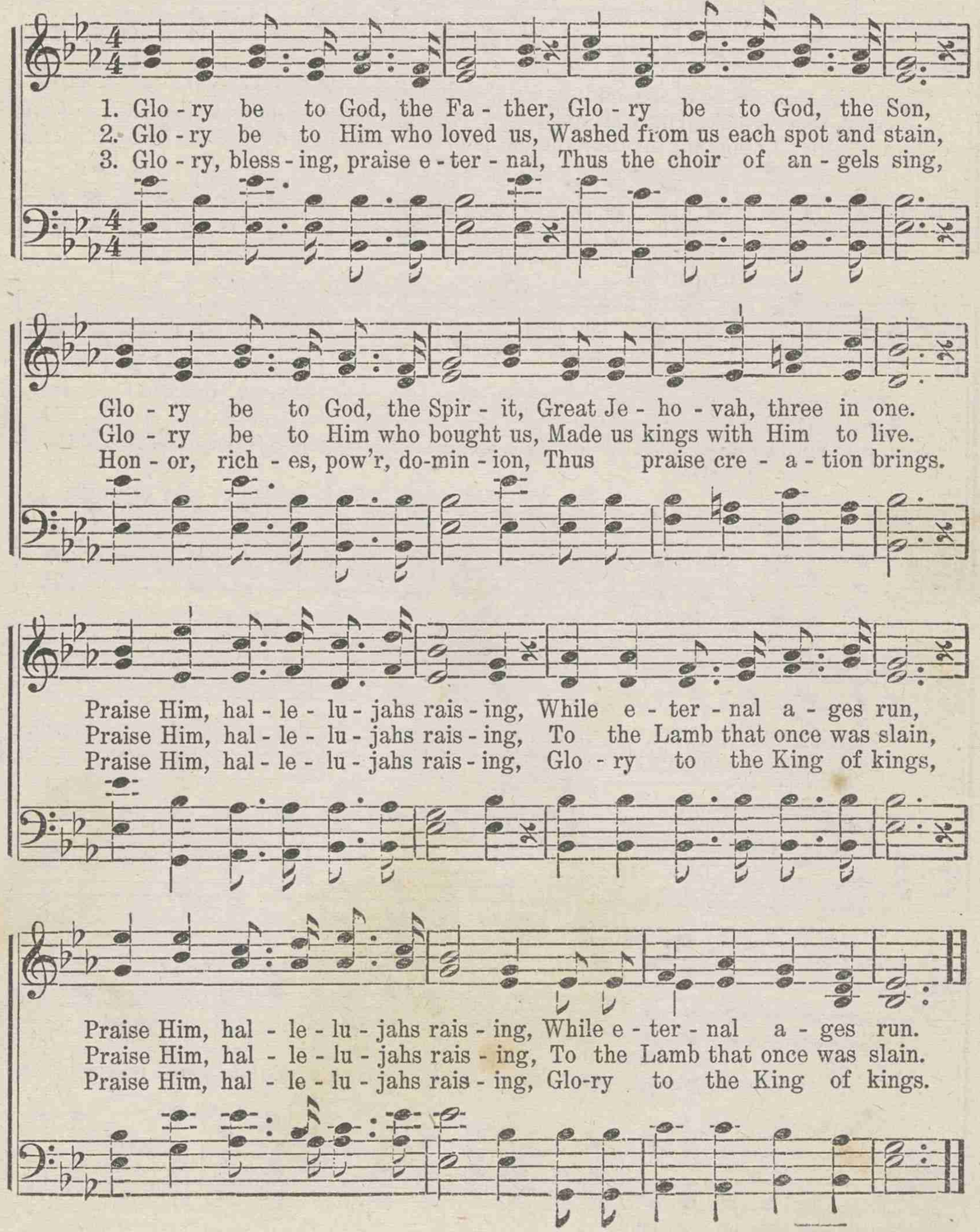
deemed thro' the blood of the Lamb, There is cleansing in the fountain, Flow-ing

Copyright, 1904, by J. P. Lane.

I Am Redeemed. Concluded.

No. 48. Glory Be to God.

HORATIUS BONAR. (THE TRINITY.) REV. D. P. AIRHEART. By per.



No. 49. Redeemed.

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."—Ps. 107: 2.

MRS. HARRIET JONES. D. B. TOWNER.

1. O, glad "who-so - ev - er," the deed is done, My sins are par-don'd thro'
2. I came to my Sav-iour, His word believ'd, When He the sin - ner at
3. O, glad "who-so - ev - er," the crim - son tide Is free and o - pen, is

Christ the Son; Of love so precious I never had dream'd, O sweet is the peace of the
once received; And now His praises I joyfully sing, And dwell in the love of my
deep and wide; O, come, my brother, and bathe in the stream, And you shall be fill'd with a

CHORUS.

soul redeem'd. O, glo - ry to Je - sus, re - deem'd! re -
Lord and King.
joy supreme. O, glo - ry to Je-sus, my soul is redeem'd! my soul is redeem'd! my
re - deemed, . re -
deem'd! . . . Of love so pre-cious I nev - er had dream'd; O,
soul is re - deem'd!
deemed! . . .
rap - tur-ous sto - ry, re - deem'd! . . re - deem'd! . O,
rap-tur- ous sto - ry, my soul is redeem'd! my soul is redeem'd! my soul is redeem'd! O,

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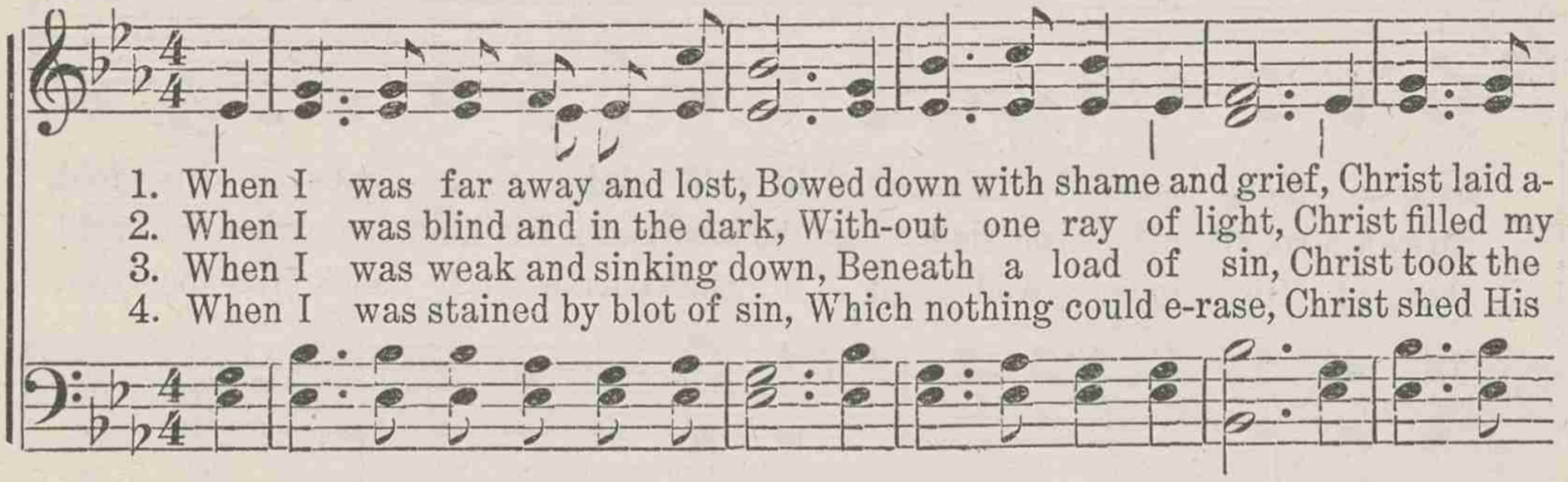
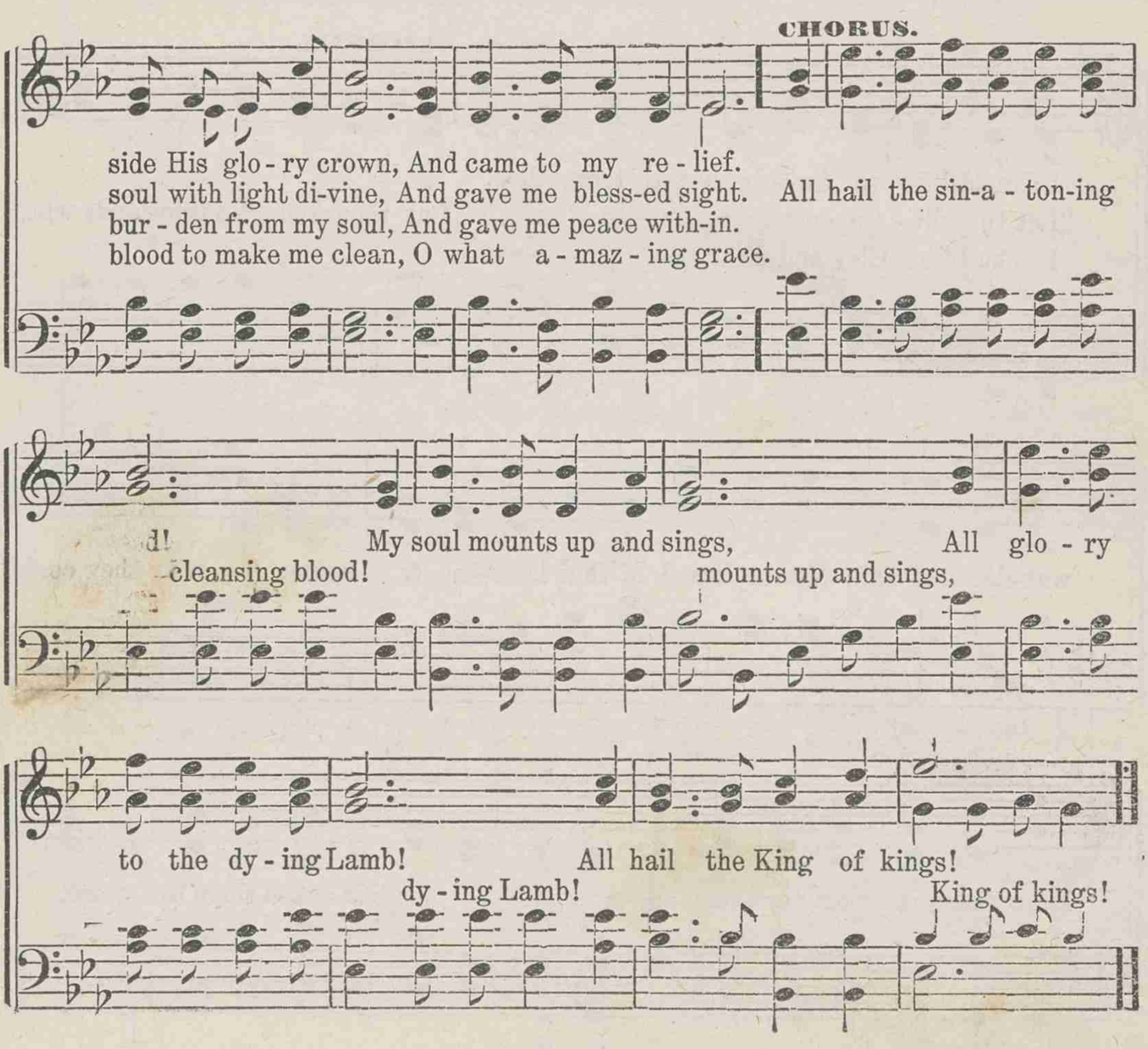
Redeemed. Concluded.

No. 50. All Hail, Thou King of Kings!

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."—Ps. 103: 2.

R. K. MAIDEN. Copyright, 1898, by Maiden & Hunt. By per. J. M. HUNT.





No. 51. The Sweet Story.

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE. PHILIP A. GIFFORD.

Expressively but with animation.

1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil-dren as lambs to His fold,
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arm had been thrown a-round me, And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share of His love; And if I thus earn-est - ly seek Him be - low,

CHORUS.

I should like to have been with them then.
"Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me." But thousands and thousands who
I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.

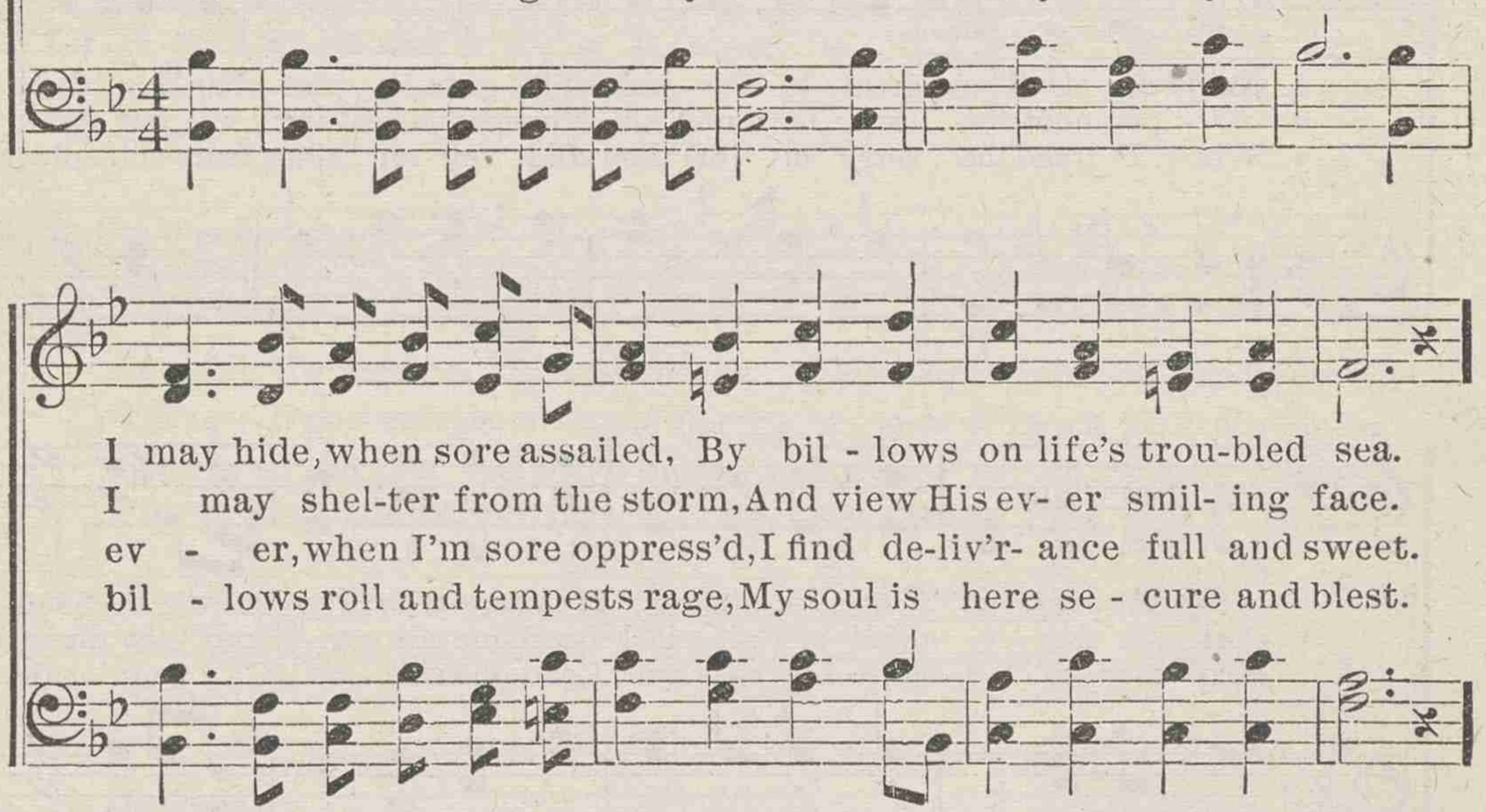
wan-der and fall, Nev-er heard of that heav-en - ly home; I wish they could know there is room for them all, And that Je - sus has asked them to come.

No. 52. God is a Refuge.

"A very present help in trouble."— Ps. 46: 1.

Rev. F. L. Snyder. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. God is a ref-uge to my soul, A shelt'ring place for me, Where
2. God is a ref-uge to my soul, A pres-ent hid-ing place, Where
3. God is a ref-uge to my soul, A calm and sure re - treat; There
4. God is a ref-uge to my soul, Where I may sweet-ly rest; Tho'



I may hide, when sore assailed, By bil - lows on life's trou-bled sea.
I may shel-ter from the storm, And view His ev- er smil- ing face.
ev - er, when I'm sore oppress'd, I find de-liv'r- ance full and sweet.
bil - lows roll and tempests rage, My soul is here se - cure and blest.

Chorus.

God is a refuge to my soul, A re - fuge, a ref - uge,

God, my God is a refuge to my soul, A refuge firm, a refuge rare,

God is a ref-uge to my soul,

God, my God is a ref-uge to my soul, That shall forever now endure!

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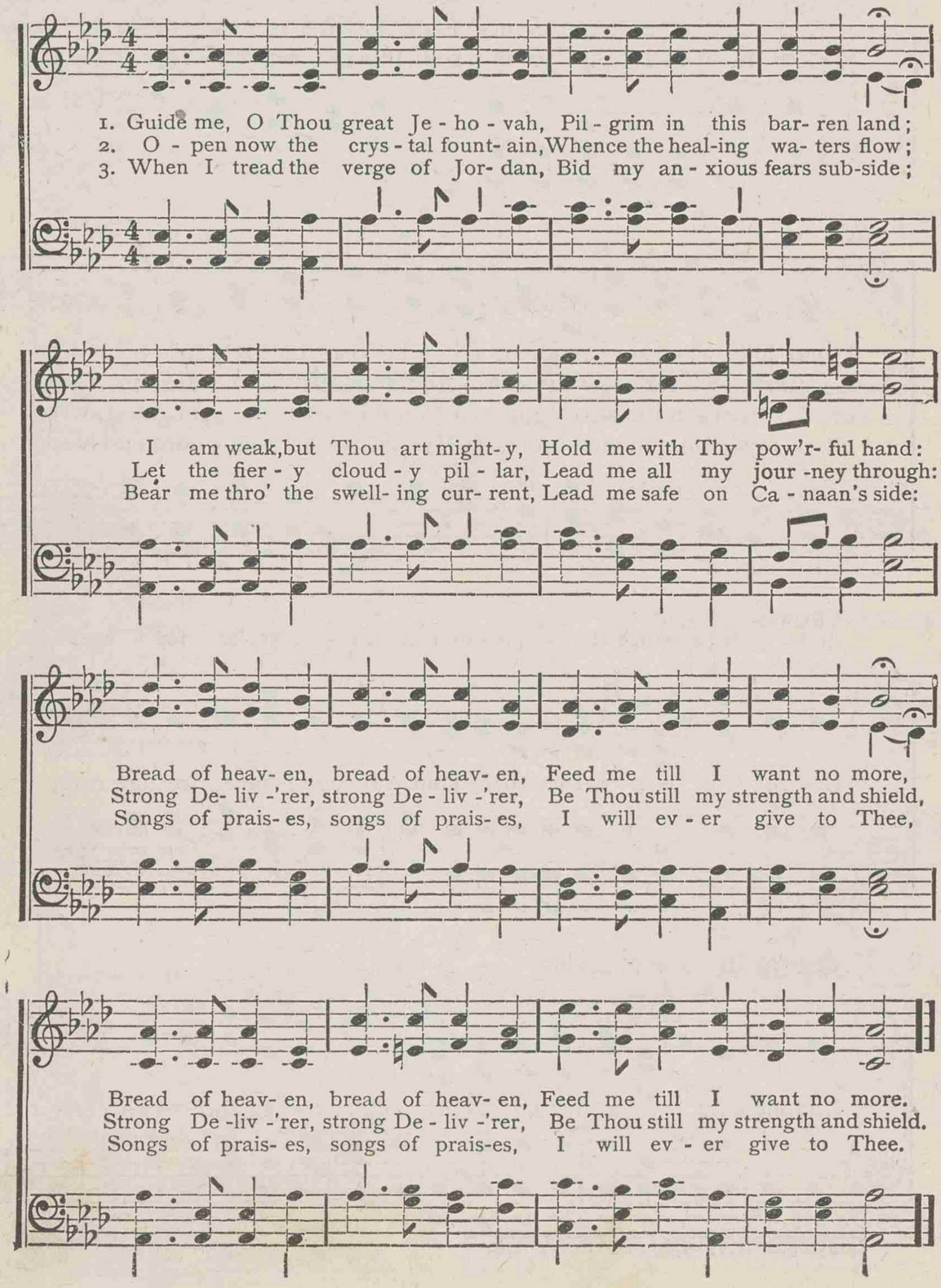
No. 54. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

"The meek will he guide in judgment."—Psa. 25 : 9.

Copyright, 1902, by R. S. Coward.

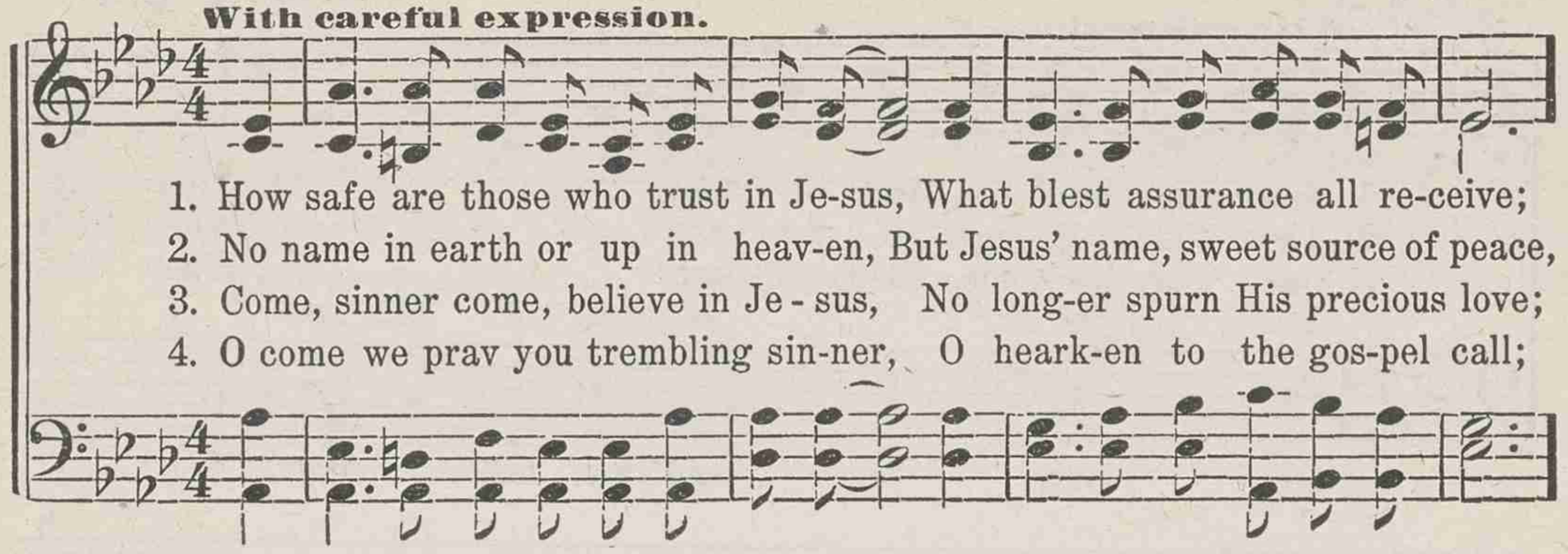
W. A. WILLIAMS. Rev. M. S. KERBY.

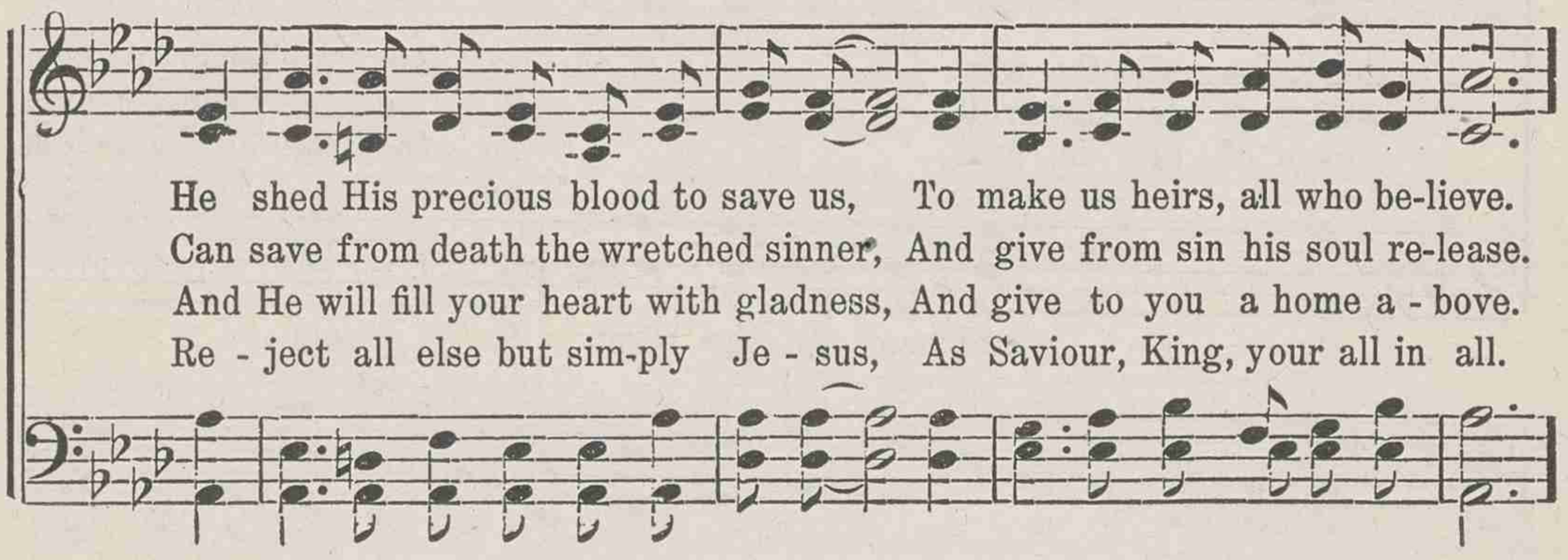


No. 55. Safety.

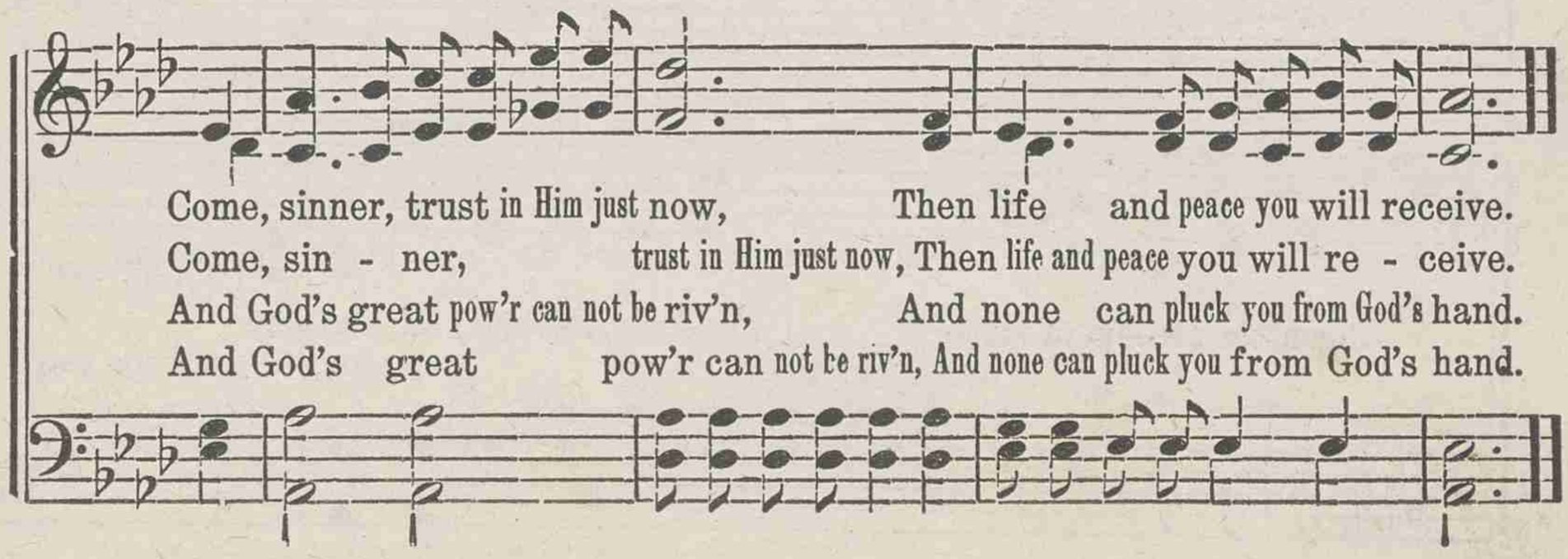
REV. A. A. HENSLER. JOHN 10: 27-30. J. P. LANE. By per.

With careful expression.





CHORUS.



No. 56. Lead Me, Saviour.

"The blessing of the Lord be upon you."—Ps. 129: 8.

F. M. D. F. M. DAVIS. By per.

With expression.

1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;
2. Thou the ref - uge of my soul When life's storm - y bil - lows roll, I am safe when Thou art
3. Sav - iour, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past, To the land of end - less

Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - - tly lead me all the way; I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a - bide.

CHORUS.

Lead me, lead me, Sav-iour, lead me lest I stray;..... Gen - tly lead me, lead me, lest I stray,

down the stream of time, Lead me, Saviour, all the way. stream of time, all the way.

Rit. e dim.

No. 57. LEAD ME GENTLY HOME, FATHER.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.

SOLO OR DUET, *ad lib.*

1. Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen - tly home, When life's toils are end - ed, And part - ing days have come. Sin no more shall tempt me,
2. Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen - tly home, In life's dark- est hours Fa-ther, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring,

Ne'er from Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt only lead me, Father, Lead me gently home.
Lest from Thee I'll roam, Lest I fall up - on the wayside, Lead me gently home.

REFRAIN.

Lead me gen - tly home, Fa-ther, lead me gen - tly,
Lead me gen-tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen-tly home, Fa - ther,
Lest I fall up - on the way - side, Lead me gen - tly home, . .
gen-tly home.

By per. of W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and Chicago, Ill.

No. 58. Don't Forget that Jesus Is Your Friend.

"When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."—Ps. 27 : 10.

A. B. S. Copyright, 1902, by R. S. Coward. A. BUNYAN LITTLE.

1. When the clouds of sor-row o'er you roll, And your way seems dark and cold;
2. When it seems that you are left a-lone, And all earth-ly friends have gone;
3. When you've almost reached life's journey's end, And your eyes be-gin to dim;

There is one on whom you ev-er may de-pend, de-pend, And when
There is one on whom you ev-er may de-pend, de-pend, And when
There is one on whom you ev-er may de-pend, de-pend, When the

you're for-sak-en and for-lorn, And you're left to weep and mourn;
you are filled with doubts and fears, And you shed those bit-ter tears;
heav'n-ly gates shall swing a-jar, And you see Him from a-far;

CHORUS.

Don't forget that Je-sus is your friend, Your friend. Don't for-get..... He
Your friend. don't forget

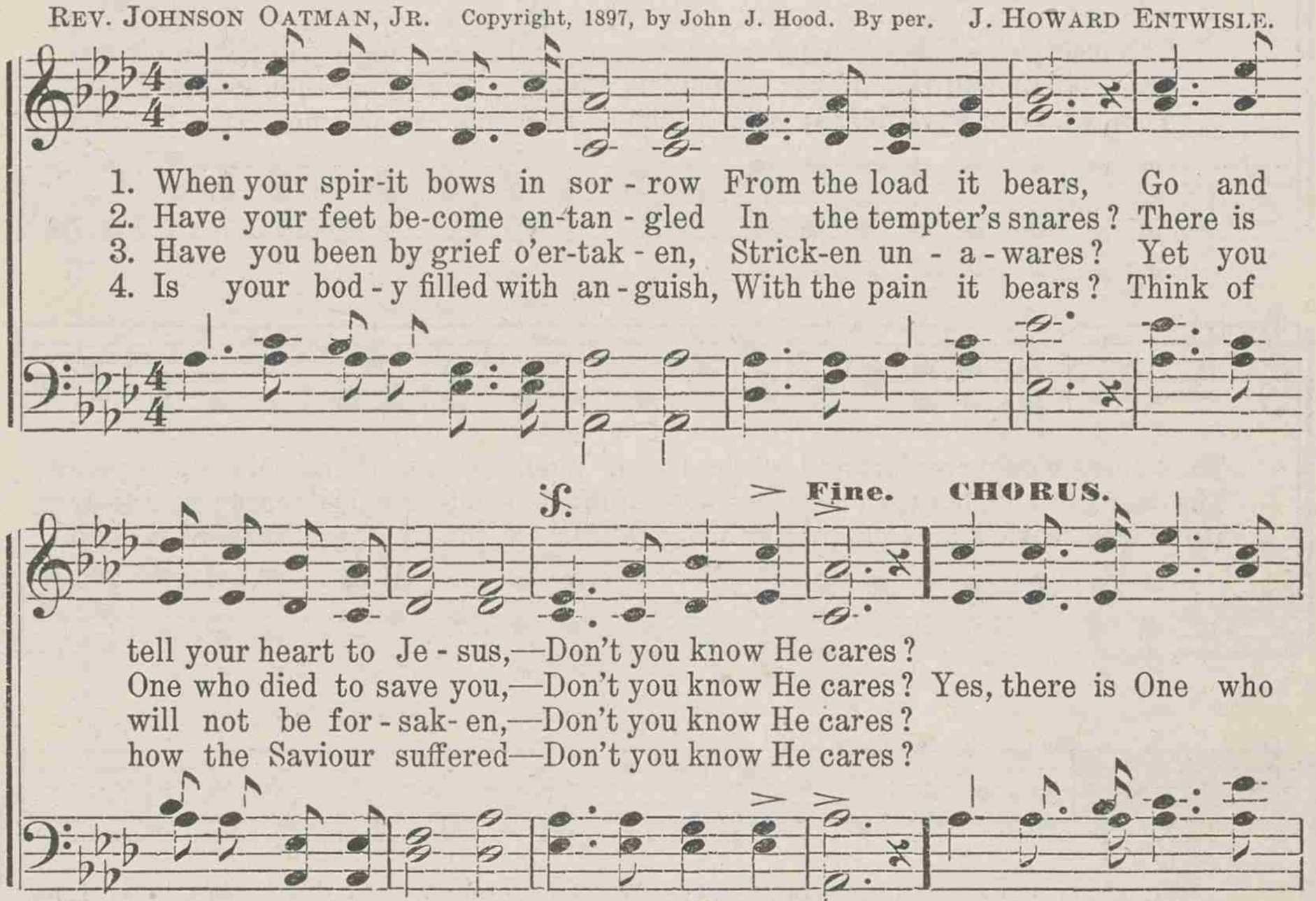
is your friend; Don't forget that Jesus is your friend, Don't forget,.... O
don't forget, don't forget,

Don't Forget that Jesus. Concluded.

No. 59. Don't You Know He Cares?

Like Elijah, when he sat under the juniper tree and prayed for the Lord to take his life, how often we in hours of trouble, sit under our juniper tree of sorrow alone and cry out: "I am passing through the waters and 'Nobody Cares.'"

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. Copyright, 1897, by John J. Hood. By per. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



D. S.—*Don't you know He cares?*

5 Loss of friends and loss of fortune—
Life a dark look wears;
Yet the Saviour still is with you,
Don't you know He cares?

6 So amid life's cares and struggles,
Blending songs with prayers—
Always put your trust in Jesus,
Don't you know He cares?

No. 60. Go Tell Jesus.

"Therefore his sisters sent unto him, saying, Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is dead."
—JOHN 11: 3.

MRS. A. D. HONEYCUT. Copyright, 1899, by R. S. Coward. R. S. COWARD.

1. Once when our dear Saviour so loving, Dwelt among His dear children below,
2. When the Bethany home was in sadness, When the life of its loved one had fled,
3. Our Saviour has suffered each heartache, And pain which our bosoms can know,

The disciples, when sorrow o'ertook them, Would confidingly tell Him their woe,
They went and told Je-sus a-bout it, Saying, "He whom thou lovest is dead,"
Then who can have deeper compassion,—To whom can we more free-ly go?

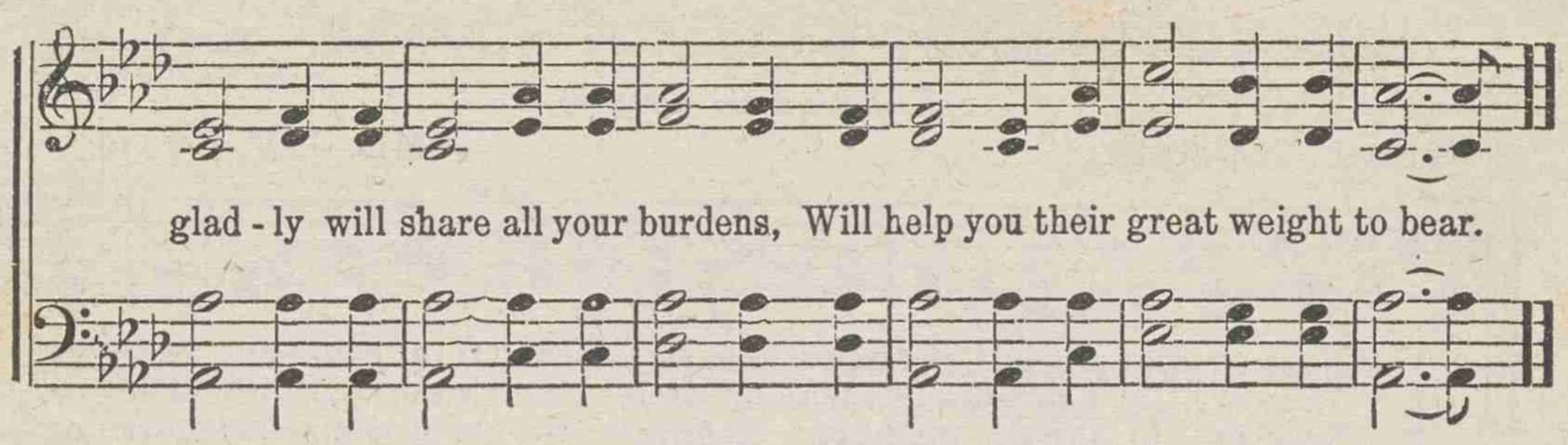
Then Jesus would comfort and soothe them, Would give to them solace and peace;
The dear Lord did not turn from their sorrows, But in sympathy shed tears just like theirs;
He loves with a love passing knowledge, He pit - ies as a father his child;

Would tell them of mansions a-wait-ing —Of a home where all sorrows would cease.
And so, e-ven now, if we tell Him, He will share all our sorrows and cares.
He com-forts a mother her dear one, His mer - cy is boundlessly wide.

CHORUS. Faster.

Go and tell Je-sus your troubles, Your sorrows, your grief and all care, He

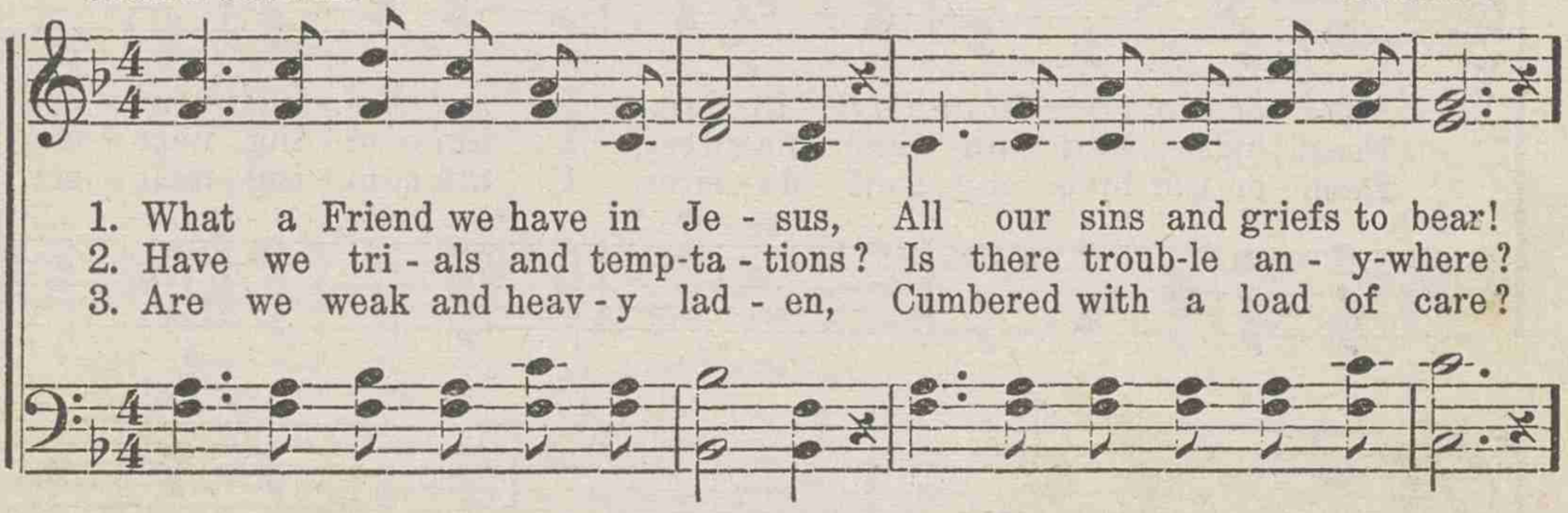
Go Tell Jesus. Concluded.



No. 61. What a Friend We Have In Jesus.

"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18: 24.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. C. C. CONVERSE.



No. 62. Nearer the Cross.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,"—Matt. 11 : 28.

By permission of Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

Mrs. F. J. CROSBY. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.

1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com - ing near - er,
2. Near-er the Chris-tian's mer - cy seat, I am com - ing near - er,
3. Near-er in pray'r my hope as-pires, I am com - ing near - er,

Near - er the cross from day to day, I am com - ing near - er;
Feast-ing my soul on man - na sweet, I am com - ing near - er;
Deep - er the love my soul de - sires, I am com - ing near - er;

Near - er the cross where Je - sus died, Near - er the fount-ain's
Strong- er in faith, more clear I see Je - sus, who gave Him -
Near - er the end of toil and care, Near - er the joy I

crim - son tide, Near - er my Sav - iour's wound - ed side,
self for me; Near - er to Him I still would be:
long to share, Near - er the crown I soon shall wear,

I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.
Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near - er.
I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.

No. 63. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

"I will therefore that men pray everywhere."—1 Tim. 2: 8.

W. W. WALFORD. W. B. BRADBURY.

FINE.

1. { Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
   { And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and (*Omit...*) wishes known;
2. { Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my petition bear,
   { To Him whose truth and faithfulness Engage the waiting (*Omit.....*) souls to bless;
3. { Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! May I thy consolation share;
   { Till from mount Pisgah's lofty height, I view my home, and (*Omit.....*) take my flight:

D.C.—And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet (*Omit...*) hour of pray'r.
D.C.— I'll cast on Him my ev'ry care, And wait for Thee, sweet (*Omit...*) hour of pray'r.
D.C.—And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet (*Omit.*) hour of pray'r.

D.C.

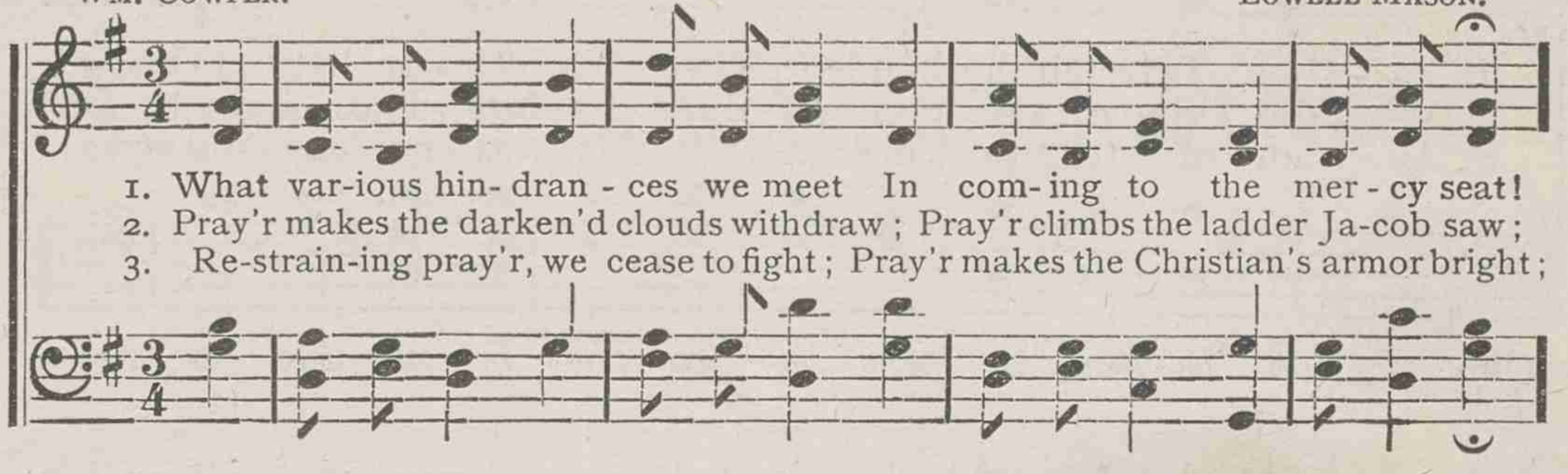
In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;

No. 64. What Various Hindrances.

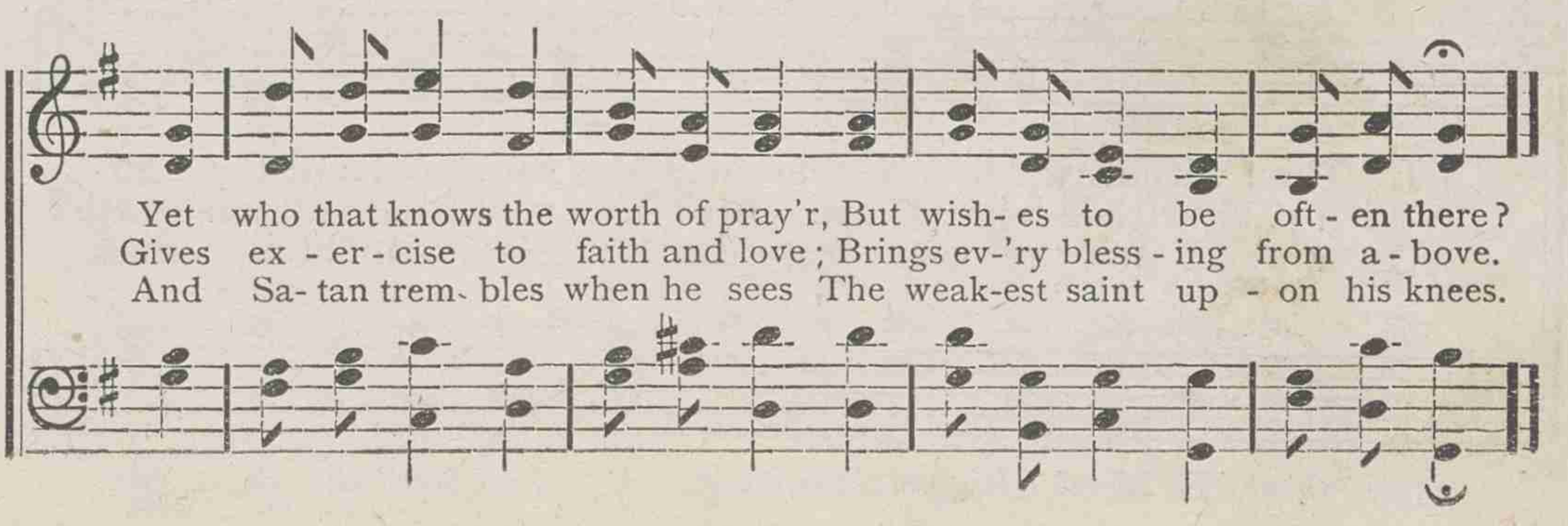
(ROCKINGHAM. L. M.)

"Pray without ceasing."—1 Thes. 5: 17.

WM. COWPER. LOWELL MASON.



1. What var-ious hin- dran - ces we meet In com- ing to the mer - cy seat!
2. Pray'r makes the darken'd clouds withdraw; Pray'r climbs the ladder Ja-cob saw;
3. Re-strain-ing pray'r, we cease to fight; Pray'r makes the Christian's armor bright;



Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r, But wish- es to be oft - en there?
Gives ex - er - cise to faith and love; Brings ev-'ry bless - ing from a - bove.
And Sa- tan trem- bles when he sees The weak-est saint up - on his knees.

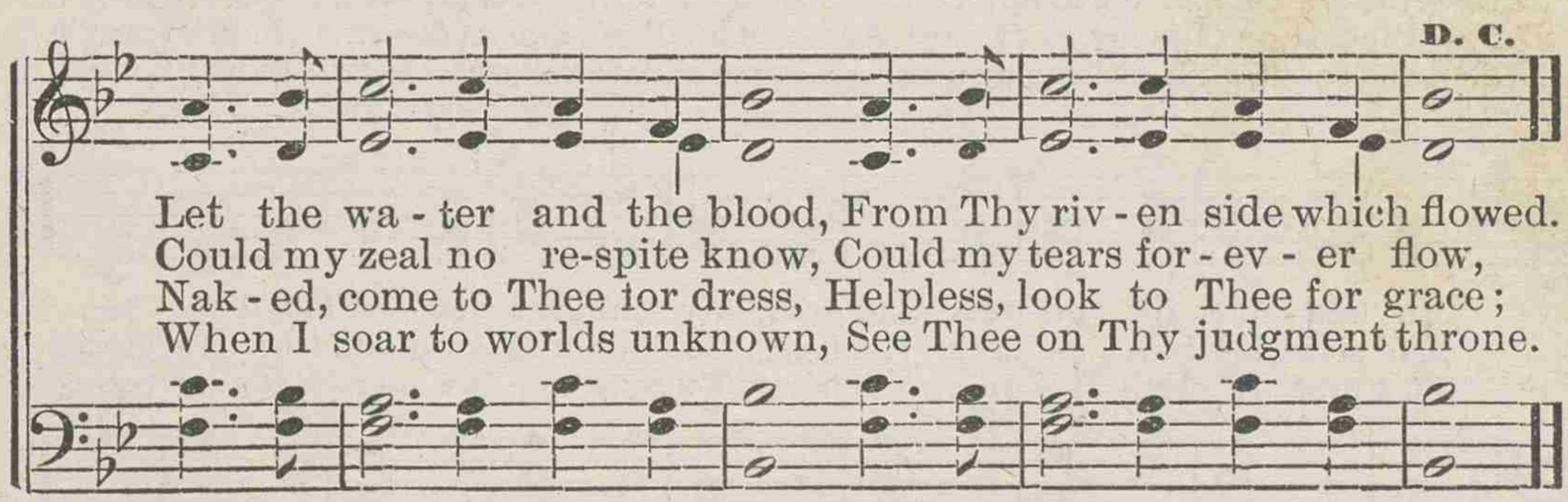
No. 65. Rock of Ages.

"The Lord Jehovah is the Rock of Ages."—Isa. 26: 4.

A. M. Toplady. Dr. Thos. Hastings

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's demands;
3. Noth-ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleeting breath, When mine eyes shall close in death,

D. C. *Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save me from its guilt and pow,r*
D. C. *All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.*
D. C. *Foul, I to the fount-ain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.*
D. C. *Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.*



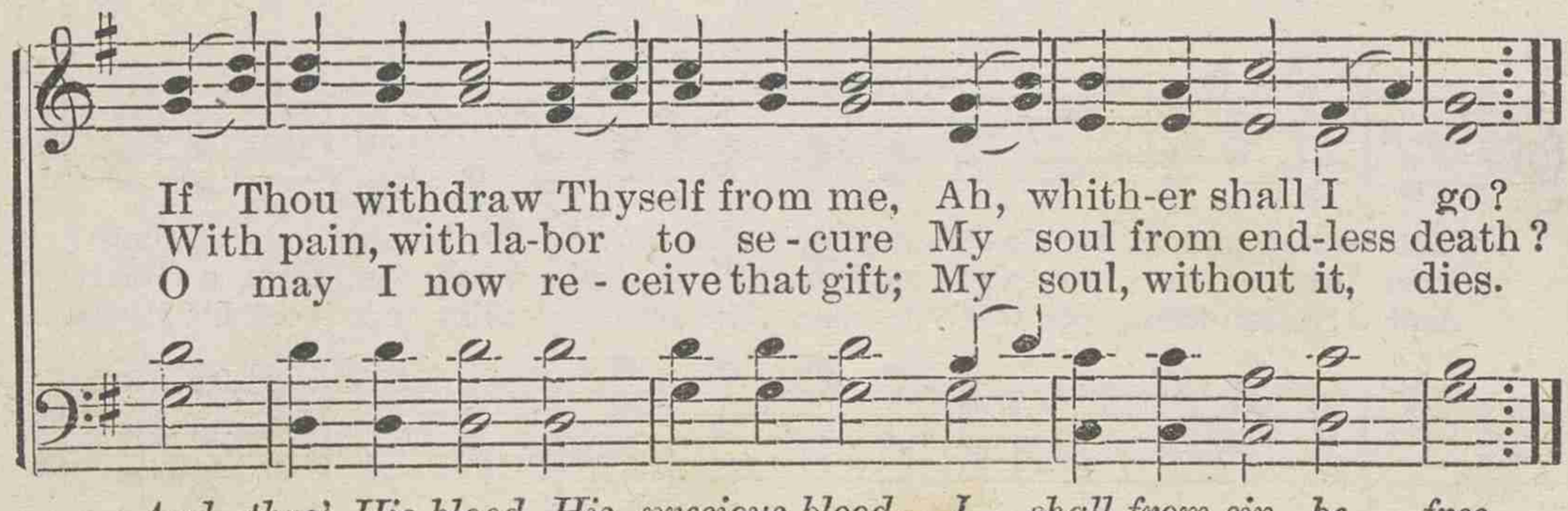
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed.
Could my zeal no re-spite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress, Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne.

No. 66. I Do Believe. C. M.

C. Wesley.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee; No oth - er help I know;
2. What did Thine on - ly Son en - dure Be - fore I drew my breath!
3. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;

Cho. *I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me;*



If Thou withdraw Thyself from me, Ah, whith-er shall I go?
With pain, with la-bor to se - cure My soul from end-less death?
O may I now re - ceive that gift; My soul, without it, dies.

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

No. 67. COME, THOU FOUNT.

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

"Hitherto the Lord hath helped us."—I. SAM. 7: 12. FINE.

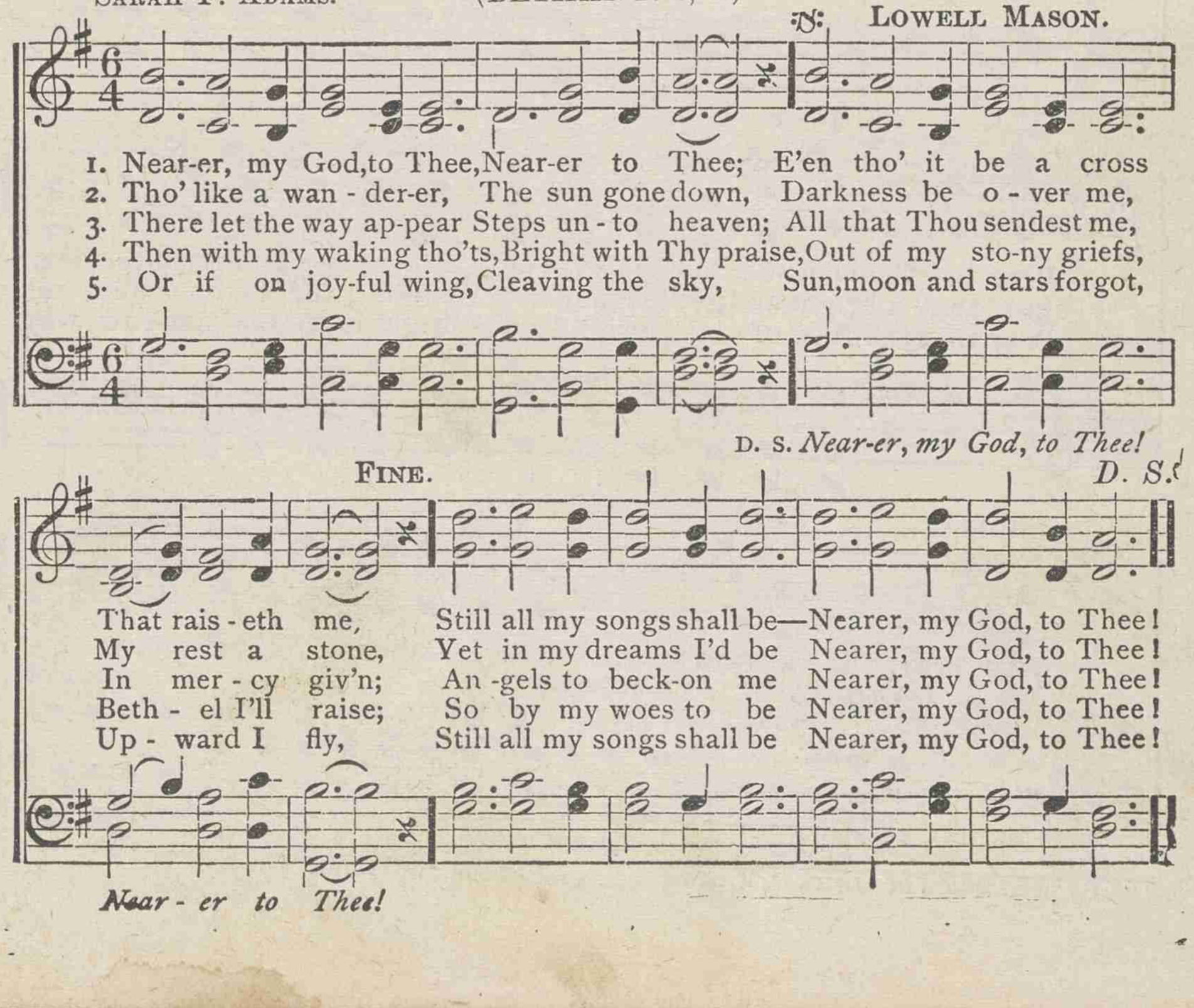
2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I've come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

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. 68. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

"Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you."—JAS. 4: 8.

SARAH F. ADAMS. (BETHANY. 6, 4.) LOWELL MASON.



No. 69. Always Pray.

"Men ought always to pray."— Luke 18: 1.

K. SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW.

1. Pray when the morning light is dawning; Pray when the noon is shining bright;
2. Pray for the world in sin and darkness; Pray for the church, the blessed bride;
3. Pray for the Spirit's holy guidance; Pray for the grace of Je- sus, too;

Pray when the evening shadows darken; Pray in the dark and solemn night;
Pray for thyself in humble meekness; Pray, living near the Saviour's side;
Pray for a ho- ly zeal to la -bor; Pray for a life de- vot- ed, true;

Pray when the storm-clouds thickly gather; Pray when the sky is bright and clear;
Pray for the sick and all in sor- row; Pray for the "watchmen on the wall;"
Pray for the lov-ing lambs enfold-ed; Pray for the wand'ring ones astray;

Pray in the name of Je - sus ev - er, Ad - vocate and friend so dear.
Pray that a bright and golden mor-row Wait- eth for us, one and all.
Pray that the feet of all be guid-ed Straight in-to the nar-row way.

CHORUS.

Let us pray, always pray, While we labor on forever-more.
Let us pray, always pray, ever-more.

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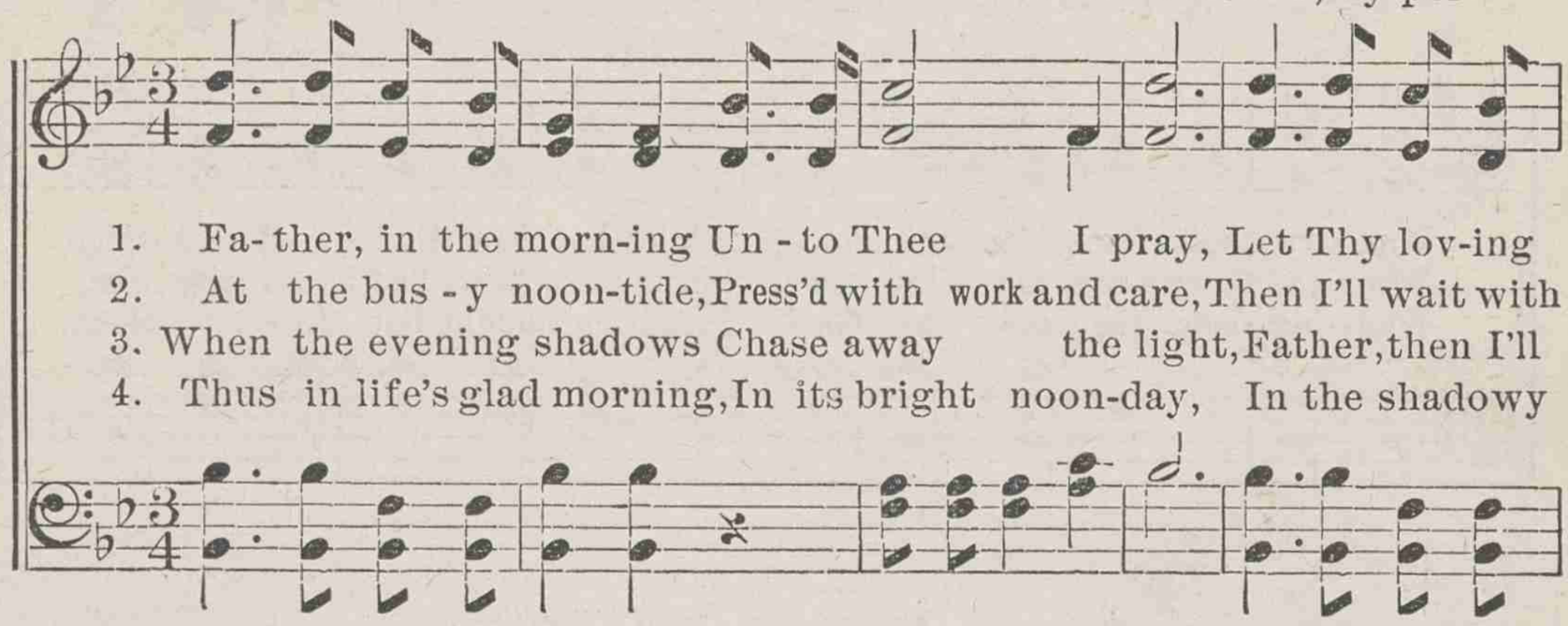
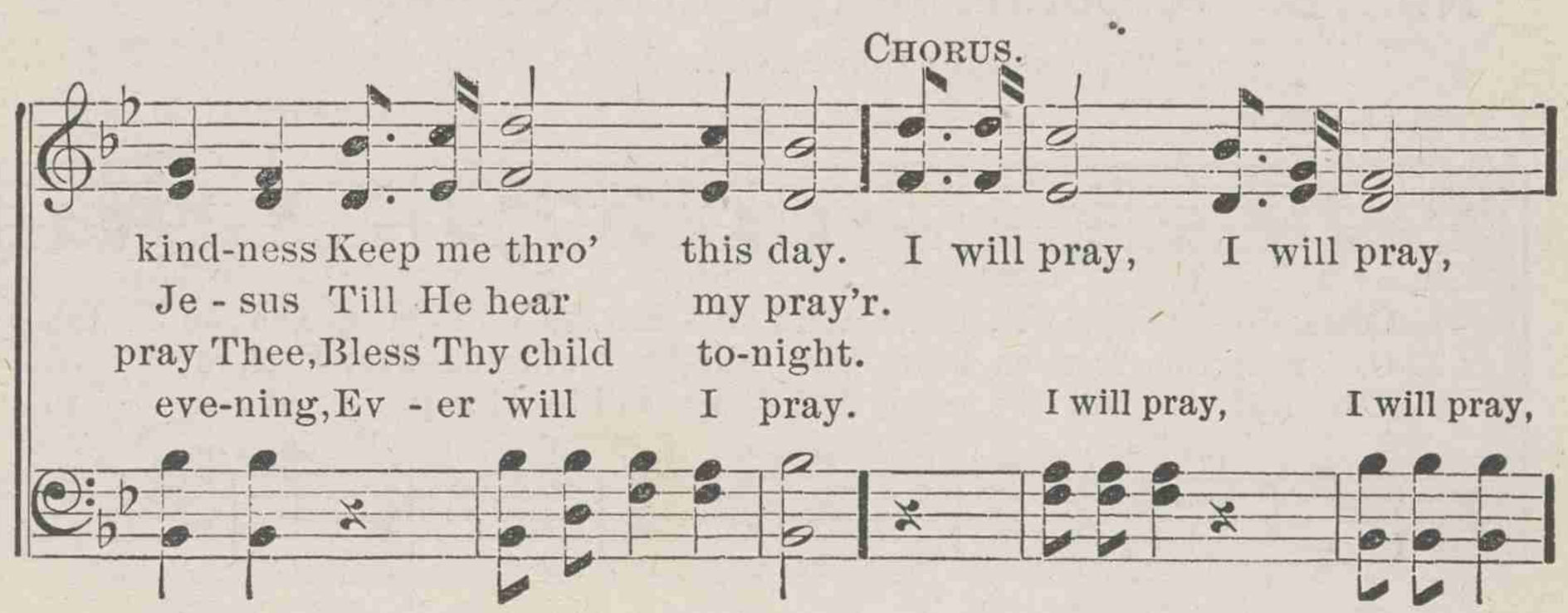
Always Pray.

No. 70. Ever Will I Pray.

"Watch and pray."—Mark 13: 33.

A. CUMMINGS. J. H. TENNEY, by per.





No. 71. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

"Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth."—
JOHN 16: 13.

M. M. W. M. M. WELLS.

Fine.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris-tian's side;
   Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land.
2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend;
   Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear;
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease,
   Noth-ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names are there.

D. C. *Whisp'ring soft-ly, "Wand'rer come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."*

D. C.

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je - sus' blood,

No. 72. Come, Holy Spirit, Come.

"Take not thy Holy Spirit from me."—Ps. 51: 11.

BENJ. BEDDOME. DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come, With en - er - gy di - vine, And on this
2. O melt this froz - en heart, This stub-born will sub - due; Each e - vil
3. The prof - it will be mine, But Thine shall be the praise; And un - to

poor be - night - ed soul, With beams of mer - cy shine.
pas - sion o - ver - come, And form me all a - new.
Thee will I de - vote The rem - nant of my days.

No. 73. THE COMFORTER HAS COME!

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—JOHN xiv. 16.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D.D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

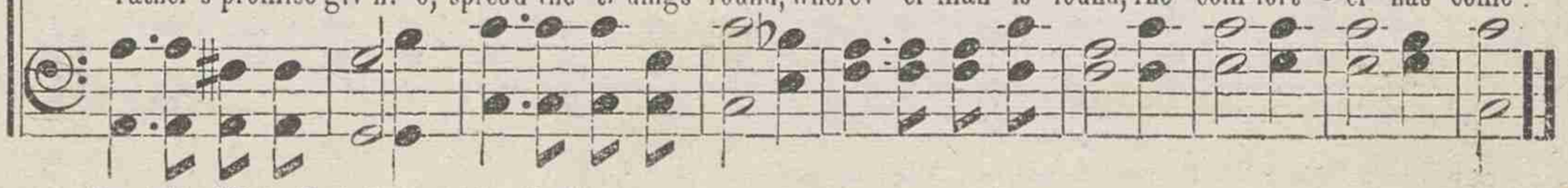
ev - er hu-man hearts and hu - man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Chris-tian
hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold - en
ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full de - liv'rance brings; And thro' the va - cant
won-d'ring mor-tals tell the match-less grace di - vine — That I, a child of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

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

CHORUS.

The Comfort-er has come, The Comforter has come! The Holy Ghost from heav'n, The

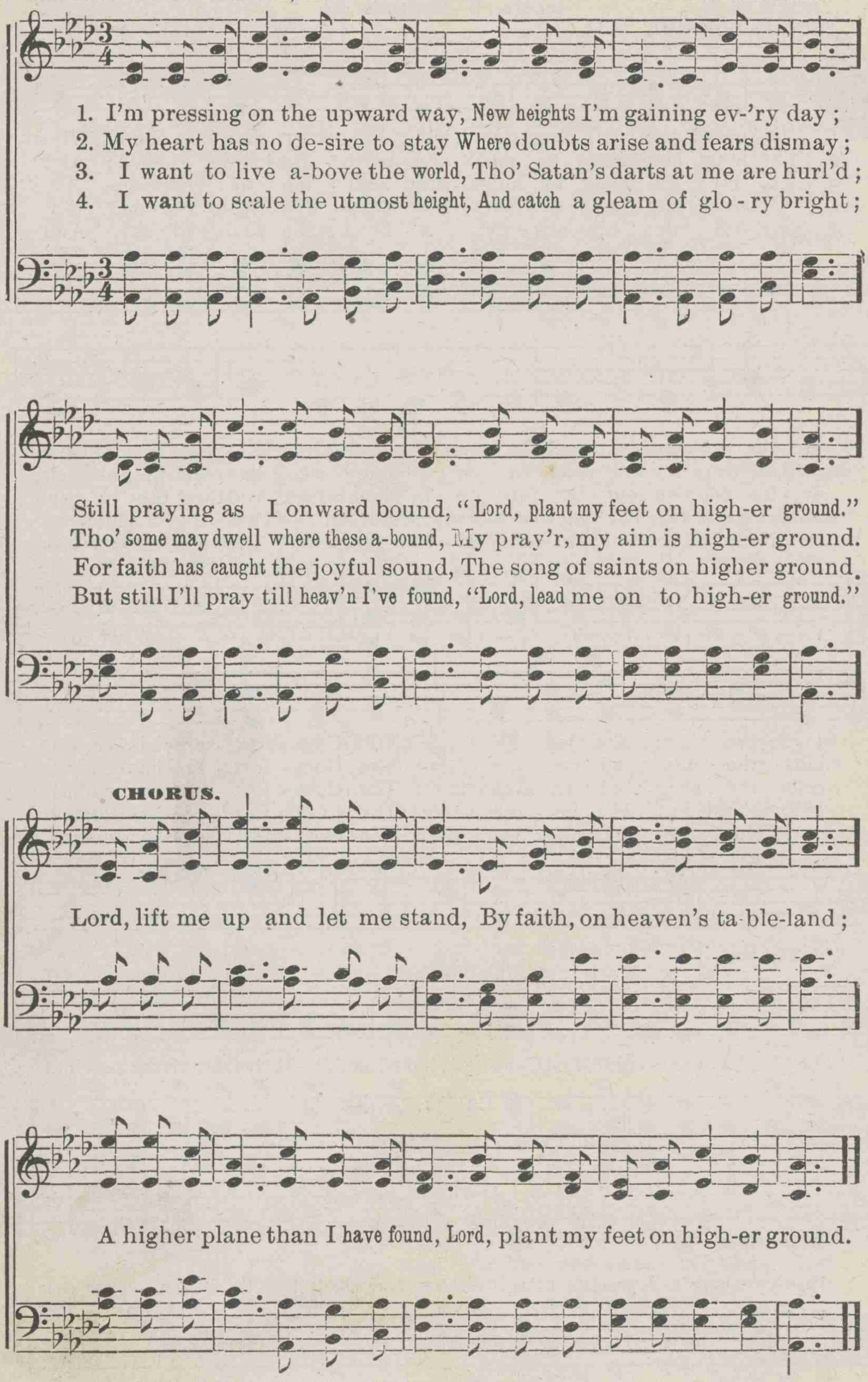
Father's promise giv'n. O, spread the ti-dings 'round, Wherev - er man is found, The Com-fort - er nas come.



Copyright, 1890, by W. J. Kirkpatrick Used by per

No. 74. HIGHER GROUND.

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



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No. 75. Holy Spirit, Dwell With Me.

"He shall give you another Comforter."—JOHN 14: 16.

Chorus and arr. copyrighted, 1891, by The Hoffman Music Co. Used by per.

Chorus added by E. A. HOFFMAN. Arr. by IRA O. HOFFMAN.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell with me, Make me ho - ly, like to Thee;
2. Lov - ing Spir - it, come to me, Make me lov - ing, like to Thee;
3. Might-y Spir - it, live in me, I would heav'nly-mind - ed be;
4. Glo-rious Spir - it, fill thou me! This poor heart I yield to Thee;

Bring Thou ev - 'ry tho't of mine In - to har - mo - ny with Thine,
To its depths my be - ing stir, Print my Mas-ter's like-ness there,
Let my heart its Sov-'reign own, Christ its cen - ter—Christ a - lone,
Take me, bod - y, spir - it, soul, Let Thy life per - vade the whole,

Bring Thou ev - 'ry tho't of mine In - to har - no - ny with Thine.
To its depths my be - ing stir, Print my Mas - ter's like-ness there.
Let my heart its Sov'reign own, Christ its cen - ter—Christ a - lone.
Take me, bod - y, spir - it, soul, Let Thy life per - vade the whole.

CHORUS.

Fill Thou me! fill Thou me! All my heart I yield to Thee;

With Thy ho - li - ness di - vine Fill this long - ing heart of mine.

No. 76. Lord Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. REV A. J. GORDON.

1. Lord Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first loved me, And purchased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a- dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, Lord Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, Lord Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, Lord Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, Lord Je - sus, 'tis now.

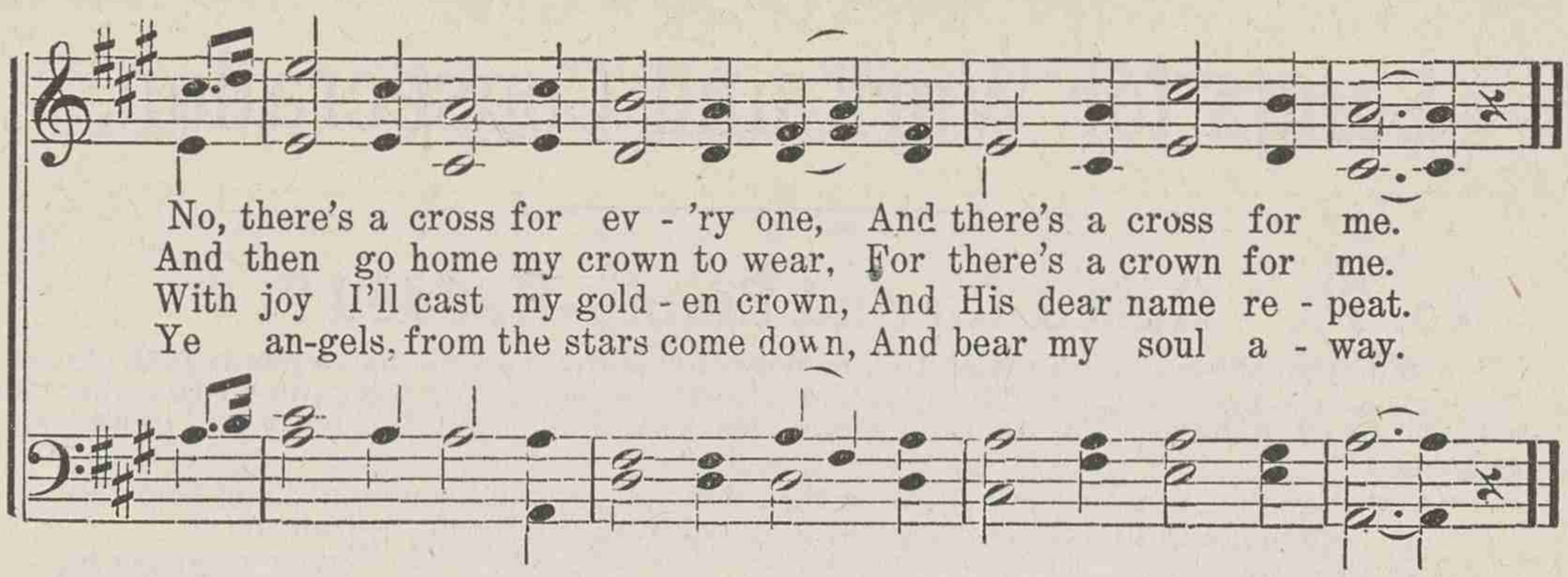
No. 77. Must Jesus Bear The Cross? C. M.

"And he bearing his cross, went forth."—JOHN 19: 17.

THOS. SHEPHERD. GEO. N. ALLEN. 1849.

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 crays-tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierced feet,
4. O pre-cious cross! O glo-rious crown! O res - ur - rec-tion day!

Must Jesus Bear The Cross? Concluded.



No. 78. Jesus, I Have Need of Thee.

E. R. LATTA. Copyright, 1890, by D. W. Crist. D. W. CRIST. By per.

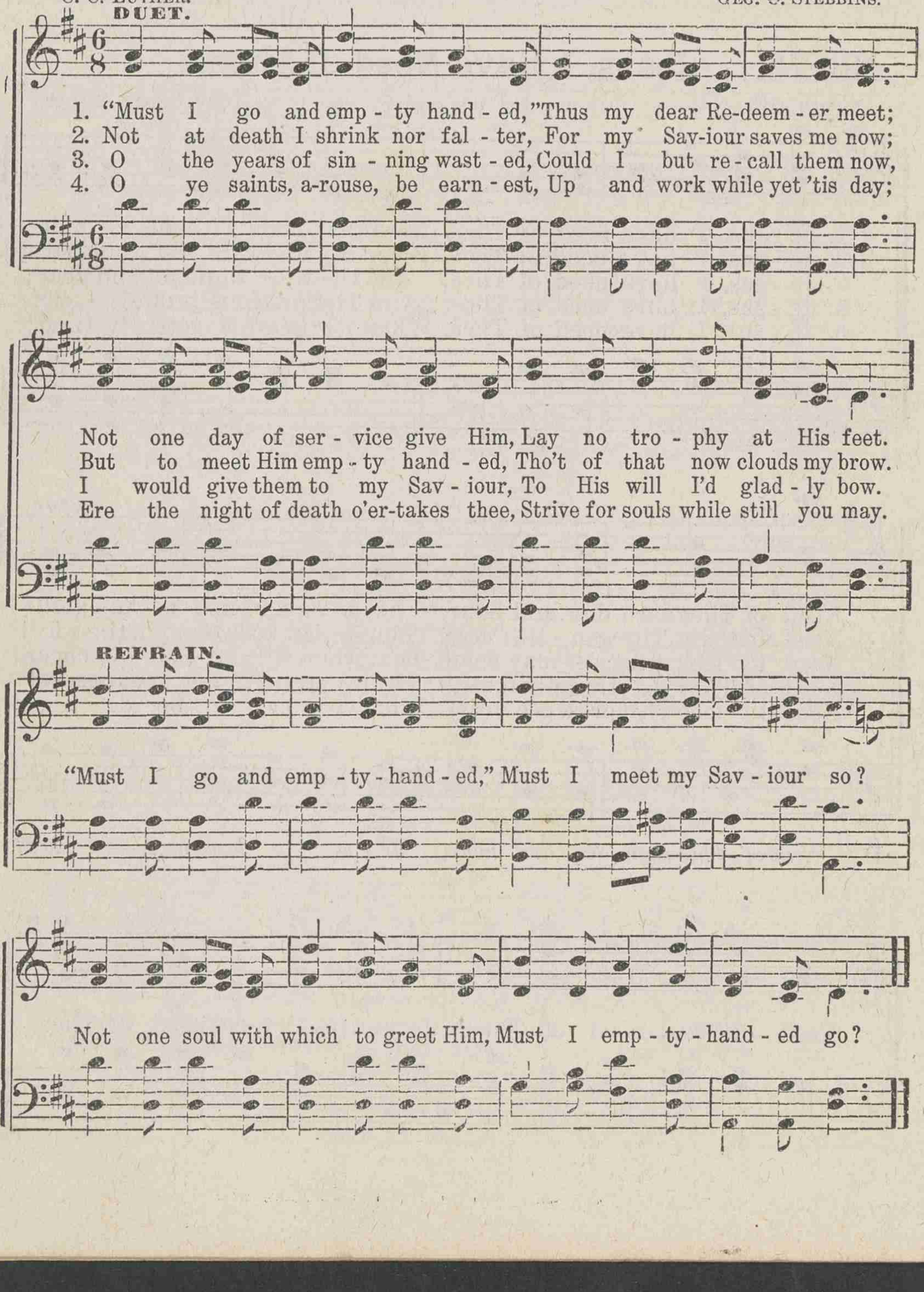
Songs for Work and Consecration.

No. 79. Must I Go and Empty-Handed?

After a month only of Christian life, nearly all of it upon a sick bed, a young man of nearly thirty years, lay dying. Suddenly a look of sadness crossed his face, and to the query of a friend he exclaimed: "No, I am not afraid, Jesus saves me now; but oh, *must I go and empty handed?*"

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."—DAN. 12: 3.

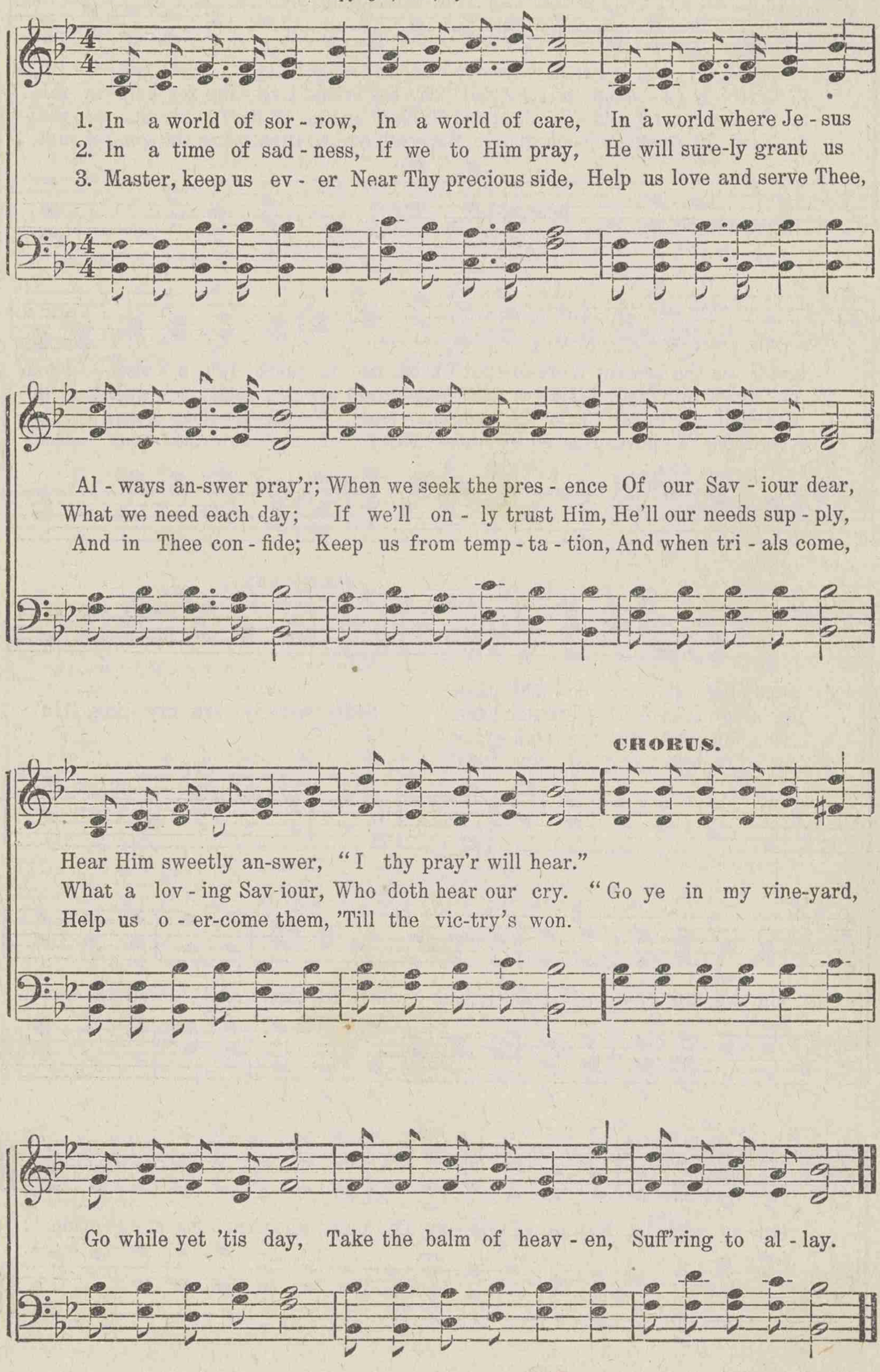
C. C. LUTHER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



No. 80. Go Ye In My Vineyard.

"Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. 21: 28.

F. J. H. Copyright, 1904, by F. J. Harrell. F. J. HARRELL.



No. 81. Our Great Commission.

(MATT. 28: 19, 20.)

BIRDIE BELL. Copyright, 1904, by H. A. Mullennix. H. A. MULLENNIX.

1. O - ver the o - cean there come earnest cries, Eag - er but pit - i - ful,
2. Soft - ly a - round us the sad ech - oes break, Call - ing for help in this
3. Think of the prom - ise the Lord Himself spake, "With you I am to the
4. Heed His commandment, and in His strength go, Preach-ing the gos-pel sent

borne on the breeze; Work-ers for Christ, let us quick - ly a - rise From
our own fair land; Loud - er the plead-ings, a-wake, souls, a - wake! In
end—all the days!" This the com-mis - sion: "To all na-tions take, The
down from a - bove; Hushed will those cries be of sor - row and woe, And

REFRAIN.

slum - ber and in - do - lent ease.
might go thou forth, Christian band.
tid - ings of Je - sus' rich grace."
ev - 'ry heart sing of His love.

Souls sad - ly are cry - ing, "In

sin we are dy - ing!" O Christians go forth to their aid! Tell the sweet

sto - ry with its ha - lo of glo - ry, Of Christ, who their ransom was made.

No. 82. Go Proclaim the Story.

"If ye love me, keep my commandments."—John 14: 15.

Commandment.—"Go ye therefore, and teach *all* nations."—Matt. 28: 19.

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Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES. R. S. COWARD.

Lively.

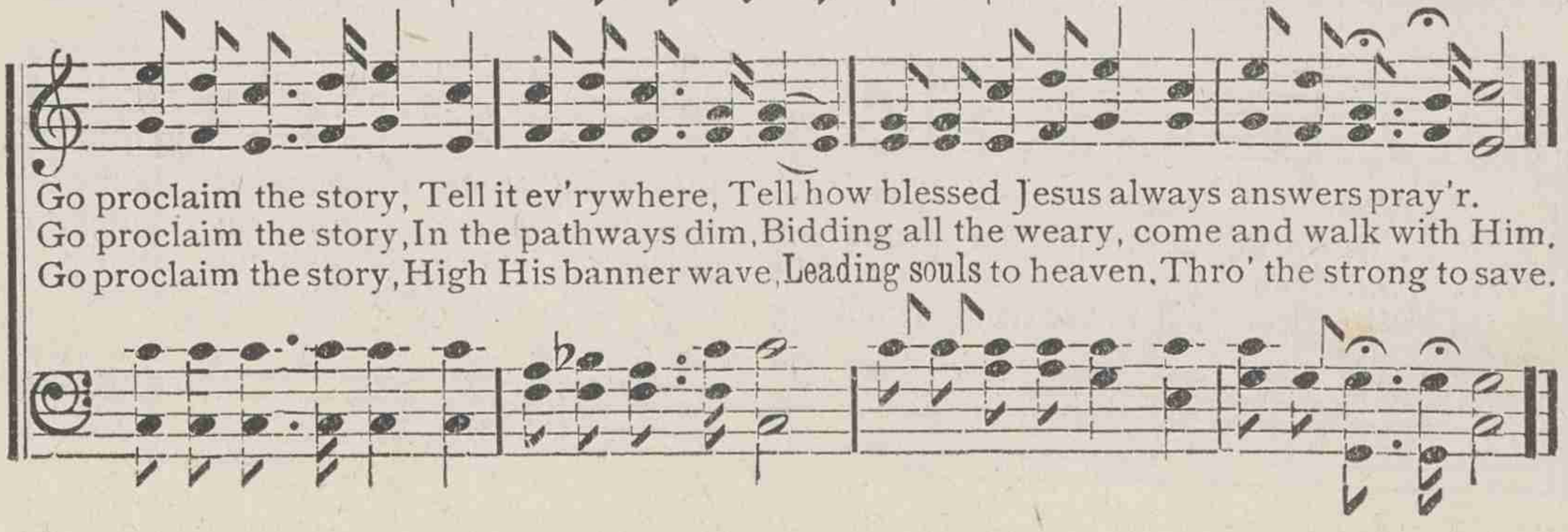
1. Have you been to Je - sus with your ev - 'ry sin, Did He sweet-ly give you wondrous peace within,
2. Does the path grow brighter in the nar- row way, Is the bless-ed Je - sus with you ev - 'ry day,
3. Have you the as - sur - ance that when work shall end, That you'll enter heav-en close be- side your friend,

Did you learn to love Him while a sup-pliant there?
Do you oft - en with Him have a lit - tle talk?
Dwell with Him for-ev - er in the home of song?

REFRAIN.

Would you have your brother breathe a suppliant's pray'r? Go proclaim the Sto - ry,
While your heart is burn- ing as you on-ward walk? Go proclaim the Sto - ry,
Stand in shin-ing rai-ment with the blood-wash'd throng? Go proclaim the Sto - ry,

Tell it ev - 'ry - where, Tell how blessed Je - sus al- ways answers pray'r,
In the path-ways dim, Bidding all the wea- ry, come and walk with Him,
High His ban - ner wave, Lead-ing souls to heav-en, Thro' the strong to save,



Go proclaim the story, Tell it ev'rywhere, Tell how blessed Jesus always answers pray'r.
Go proclaim the story, In the pathways dim, Bidding all the weary, come and walk with Him.
Go proclaim the story, High His banner wave, Leading souls to heaven, Thro' the strong to save.

No. 83. Work, for the Night is Coming.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—Ecc. 9: 10.

ANNIE L. WALKER. LOWELL MASON.

1. { Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
   { Work, while the dew is sparkling, (*Omit* .....) Work, 'mid springing
2. { Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the sunny noon;
   { Fill brightest hours with la-bor, (*Omit*.....) Rest comes sure and
3. { Work, for the night is com-ing, Un-der the sun-set skies;
   { While their bright tints are glowing, (*Omit*.....) Work, for day-light

D.C.—Work, for the night is com-ing, (*Omit*.....) When man's work is
D.C.—Work, for the night is com-ing, (*Omit*.....) When man works no
D.C.—Work while the night is dark'ning, (*Omit*.....) When man's work is

FINE. *cres.* *D.C.*

flow'rs; Work, when the day grows bright-er, Work in the glow-ing sun;
soon, Give ev-'ry fly-ing min-ute, Something to keep in store;
flies, Work till the last beam fad-eth, Fad-eth to shine no more;

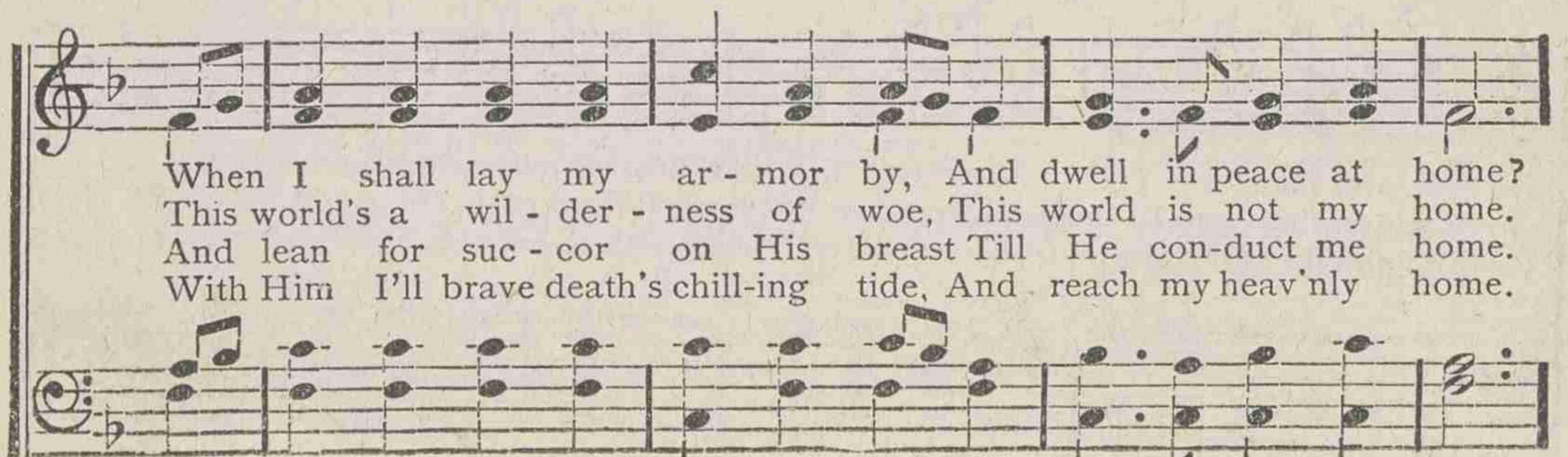
done.
more.
o'er.

No. 84. We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. 2: 10.

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS. Dr. WM. MILLER.

1. Oh, land of rest, for Thee I sigh; When will the mo-ment come,
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful, shel-t'ring dome;
3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Sav-iour's side, No more my steps shall roam;



When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc-cor on His breast Till He con-duct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chill-ing tide, And reach my heav'nly home.

We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

No. 85. I Belong to Jesus.

"For ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus."—Gal. 3 : 26.

Copyright, 1901, by E. S. Lorenz. By per.

E. S. L. E. S. LORENZ.

No. 86. Footsteps of Jesus.

"If a man love me, he will keep my words."—John 14: 23.

Used by permission of P. M. McIntosh.

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

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

Refrain.

And we see where Thy footprints falling, Lead us to Thee. Footprints of Je- sus, that
Or a-long by Si - lo-am's fountains, Helping the weak.
Or in homes of the poor and low-ly, Serv-ing the Lord.
Thro' the gloom of that place of weeping, Gethsema - ne.
Up the slope of the hill-side bearing, Our cross of pain.
We shall walk with the glad immortals, Heav'n's golden street.
We will rest where the steps of Je-sus End at His throne.

make the pathway glow; We will fol-low the steps of Je- sus, Wher'er they go.

No. 87. Where He Leads Me.

"The meek will he guide in judgment—Psa. 25: 9.

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 judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
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,*

Where He Leads Me.—Concluded.

D. C. for Chorus.

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. 88. Jesus, I my Cross Have Taken.

(ELLERTON.) 8s, 7s, D.

"If any man would be my disciple, let him deny himself, take up my cross and follow me."

HENRY F. LYTE. J. C. W. G. MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak- en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world de - spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - iour, too;
3. Man may troub-le and dis - tress me: 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast:
4. Go, then, earth-ly fame and treasure! Come, dis- as - ter, scorn, and pain!

Na - ked, poor, des-pised, for - sak- en, Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Hu-man hearts and looks de - ceive me; Thou art not, like man, un- true.
Life, with tri - als hard may press me; Heav'n will bring me sweet - er rest.
In Thy serv - ice pain is pleasure; With Thy fav - or, loss is gain.

FINE.

D.S.—*Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!*
D.S.—*Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face and all is bright.*
D.S.—*O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un- mixed with Thee.*
D.S.—*Storms may howl, and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me.*

D.S.

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
And while Thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;
I have called Thee, "Ab-ba, Fa-ther;" I have stayed my heart on Thee:

No. 89. What Would Jesus Do?.

(*To my friend, W. M. Spenser, London, Ont.*)

"For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—LUKE 19: 10.

F. A. Copyright, 1902, by Frederick Abbott. Used by per. FREDERICK ABBOTT.

1. If walk - ing up and down the earth, The same as I and you,
2. If mix - ing, ming-ling with the throng, He heard dis-tress - es' cry,
3. If He, in flesh, looked out and saw The strife 'twixt men and creeds,

The Saviour trod in guise of men, I wonder what He'd do? He'd see the mis - er-
Think you He'd calmly pass a - long Un-heed-ful of the sigh? His heart of love, would
The dis-re-spect of high-er law That tends to meaner deeds; Would He not speak, would

y and woe A-round Him as of old, He'd find the same re-lent-less foe, As
it, unstirred, See anguish and de-spair? Would He re-fuse to speak the word, And
He not cry With all His pow'r and might? And shall not you, and shall not I Be-

REFRAIN.

ruth-less and as bold! What would Je-sus do.... What would Je-sus do....
ban - ish pain and care?
gin as in His sight? think you, think you.

If He should walk the earth to-day, The same as I, and you?.....
as I and you?

No. 90. DO AS JESUS DID.

"Go ye therefore into the highways and as many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage." Matt. 22 : 9.

Rev. F. L. SNYDER. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. Do as Je-sus did, my brother, who went ev-'ry where He could, Seeking out the poor and needy that He might bestow some good; Speaking words of cheer and
2. Do as Je-sus did, my brother, nev-er wea-ry in the way, Go wher-ever duty calls you, and for tri-als nev-er stay; For the Lord your hands will lighten souls who're burdened with a load of sin and care; Cheer them with a word of
3. Do as Je-sus did, my brother, scat-ter sunshine ev-'ry where, Help to comfort to the troubled aching breast, Bidding it look high and high-er till by faith it finds sweet rest.
strengthen therefore never be a-fraid; But do well the task He gives you, and you will be well re-paid.
promise; point them to the Saviour's grace, Bid them seek His precious pardon, bid them seek his smil-ing face.

CHORUS.

Do as Je-sus did, my brother, Ev-'ry where the needy seek; And with hands both strong and tender, Help the err-ing and the weak.

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No. 91. I Want to Be a Worker.

"The labourers are few."—MATT. 9: 37. "Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give you."—MATT. 20: 4.

I. B. I. BALTZELL. By per.

1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord; I want to love and trust His ho-ly word; I want to sing and pray, and be toil-ing ev-'ry day
2. I want to be a work-er ev-'ry day; I want to lead the err-ing in the way That leads to heav'n a-bove, where all is peace and day
3. I want to be a work-er strong and brave; I want to trust in Je-sus' pow'r to save; All who will tru-ly come shall find a hap-py love,
4. I want to be a work-er; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and err-ing to Thy word That points to joys on high, where pleas-ures nev-er home

CHORUS.

In the vine-yard of the Lord. I will work, I will pray, In the vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord, I will work and pray, I will work, I will pray, I will la-bor ev-'ry day In the vine-yard of the Lord.

In the king-dom of the Lord.
In the king-dom of the Lord.
In the king-dom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will
of the Lord,

No. 92. Working For The Crown.

"And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."—I. PET. 5 : 4.

MRS. H. A. MABRY. Copyright, 1889, by H. A. R. Horton. By per. H. A. R. HORTON.

1. Shall I be content with one star in my crown, When heaven's bright portals I see ? The answer comes back—strive a cluster to win, And the way will be brighter for thee.
2. When, Lord, must I work ? shall I go in the heat, To white and to wide harvest fields, Where work is so great and the lab'rers so few, And the promise a boun - ti - ful yield ?
3. Yes, all kinds of work I will find in this field, My task then quite plain I can see, And now having found it I'll labor and wait, For whol - ly Thine, Lord, would I be.
4. And how shall I get these rare gems for my crown ? Must I wait till heaven I gain ? Yes, yes, but toil here for the Master's renown, Day by day for the Lamb that was slain.

CHORUS.

Work - - ing for the crown,
Work - ing for the crown, for the beau - ti - ful gold - en crown,
Work - - ing for the crown,.....
Work - ing for the crown, for the beau - ti - ful gold - en crown,
Work - - ing for the crown, We shall wear by and by.
Working for the crown, for the beautiful golden crown,

No. 93. Your Own.

"Come over into Macedonia and help us."—Acts 15: 9.

To the most earnest foreign missionary secretary, Rev. R. J. Willingham.

Copyright, 1904, by J. A. Brown.

J. A. Brown.

1. What if your own were starving, Fainting with fam-ine, pain? And
2. What if your own were thirsting, And nev-er a drop could gain? And
3. What if your own were darkened With-out one cheer-ing ray? And
4. What if your own were wand'ring A-far in a track-less maze? And
5. What if your own were pris-oned A-far in a hos-tile land? And the

yet you knew where gold-en grew Rich fruits and ripened grain, Would you
you could tell where a sparkling well, Poured forth abundant rain, Would you
you a-lone could show where shone The pure, sweet light of day, Would you
you could show them where to go, Along your pleasant ways, Would your
on-ly key to set them free Held in your safe command, Would you

hear their wail as a thrice told tale, And turn to your feast a-gain?
turn a-side while they gasped and died, And leave them in their pain?
leave them there in their dark de-spair, And sing on your sun-lit way?
heart be light till the path-way bright, Was plain be-fore their gaze?
breathe free air while they stifl-ed there, And wait and hold your hand?

Would you hear their wail as a thrice told tale, And turn to your feast a-gain?
Would you turn aside while they gasped and died, And leave them in their pain?
Would you leave them there in their dark despair, And sing on your sunlit way?
Would your heart be light till the pathway bright Was plain be-fore their gaze?
Would you breathe free air while they stifled there, And wait and hold your hand?

6 Yet what else are ye doing,
O ye by Christ made free?
If you'll not tell what you know so well
To those across the sea,
‖:Who have never heard one tender word
Of the Lamb of Calvary.:‖

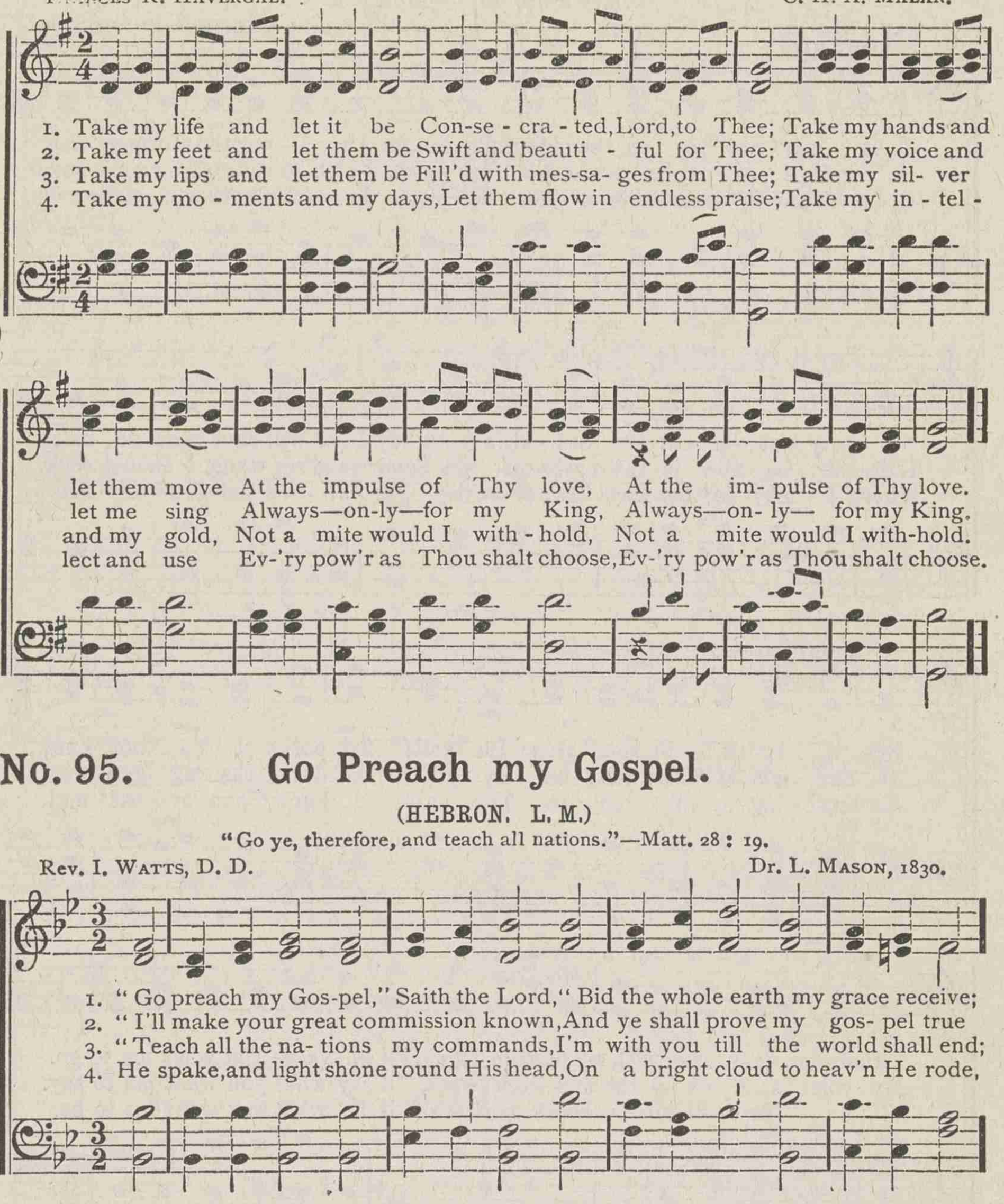
7 "They're not our own," you answer,
They're neither kith nor kin;
They are God's own; His love alone
Can save them from their sins;
‖:They are Christ's own, He left His throne,
And died their souls to win.:‖

No. 94. Take my Life and let it Be.

(HERNDON. 7s.)

"Who then offereth willingly to consecrate himself this unto the Lord."—1. Chr. 29: 5.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. C. H. A. MALAN.

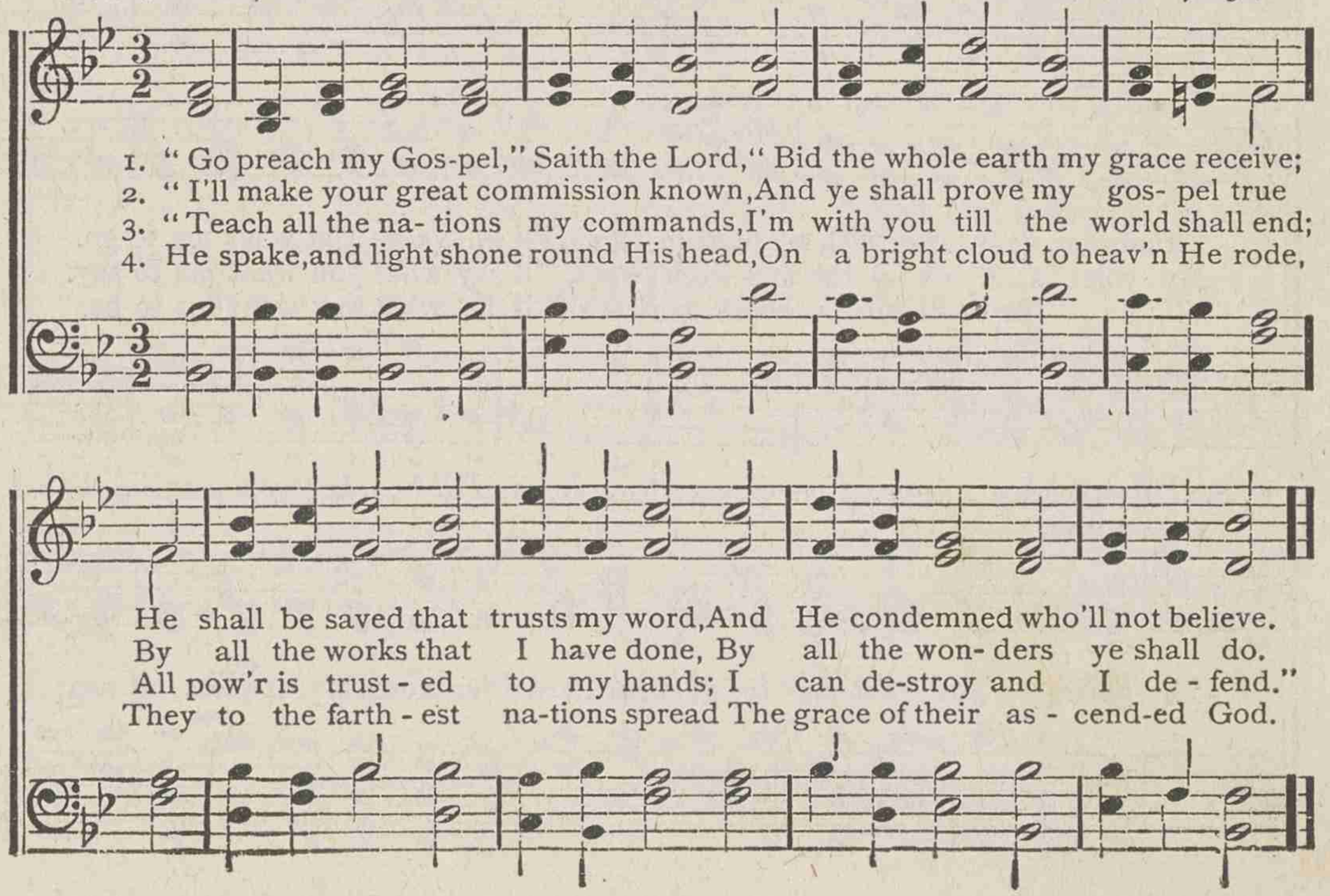


No. 95. Go Preach my Gospel.

(HEBRON. L. M.)

"Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations."—Matt. 28: 19.

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D. Dr. L. MASON, 1830.



No. 96. I'll Go Where You Want Me.

CONSECRATION.

"Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth."—I. SAM. 3: 9-10. "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"—ACTS 9: 6.

MARY BROWN. Copyright, 1894, by C. E. Rounsefell, by per. 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 Je-sus would have me speak;
3. There's sure - ly somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest fields so wide,

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

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
O Sav - iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark the rug - ged way,
So trust - ing my all un - to Thy care, I know 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 mes-sage 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, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

No. 97. Trust and Obey.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."—Ps. 25 : 14.

Copyright, 1887, by D. B. Towner. Used by per.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 98. "What Do Ye More than Others?"

"And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others?"—MATT. 5: 47.

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REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. O what do ye more than oth - ers if ye claim the Saviour's name?
2. In the se - cret of your clos - et do you seek the Saviour's face?
3. There are ma - ny brok - en-heart - ed filled with grief and woe to - day,
4. If you hope to hear the Sav - iour say those blessed words "well done,"

If you call your-self a Chris-tian and pro - fess to live the same;
Are you faith - ful in at - tend-ance up - on ev - 'ry means of grace?
There are lives that need love's sunlight, there are tears to wipe a - way;
When at last you stand be - fore Him at the set - ting of the sun;

While the great world swings around you with its fol - ly and its sin,
Do you tes - ti - fy for Je - sus by your dai - ly life and voice?
To lead pre-cious souls to Je - sus, O my broth - er, do you try?
You will have to work for Je - sus till you at His bar ap - pear,

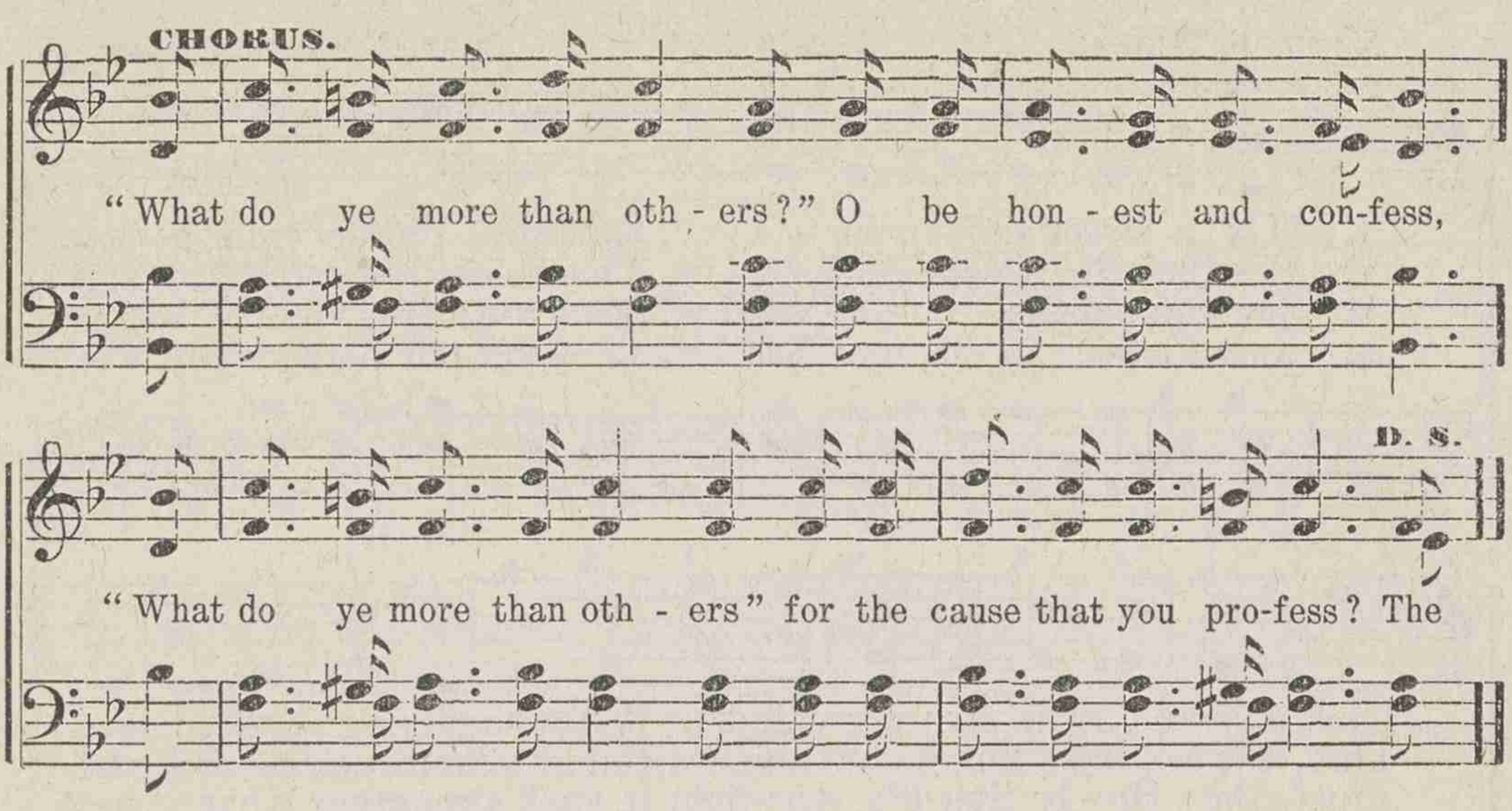
D. S.—*Saviour calls for work-ers in His har - vest field to - day,*

Fine.

O "what do ye more than oth - ers" for the Lord poor souls to win?
O "what do ye more than oth - ers" who have not made Him their choice?
Then "what do ye more than oth - ers" who are sit - ting i - dly by?
O "what do ye more than oth - ers" for your Lord and Mas - ter here?

O "what do ye more than oth - ers" who from Him are far a - way?

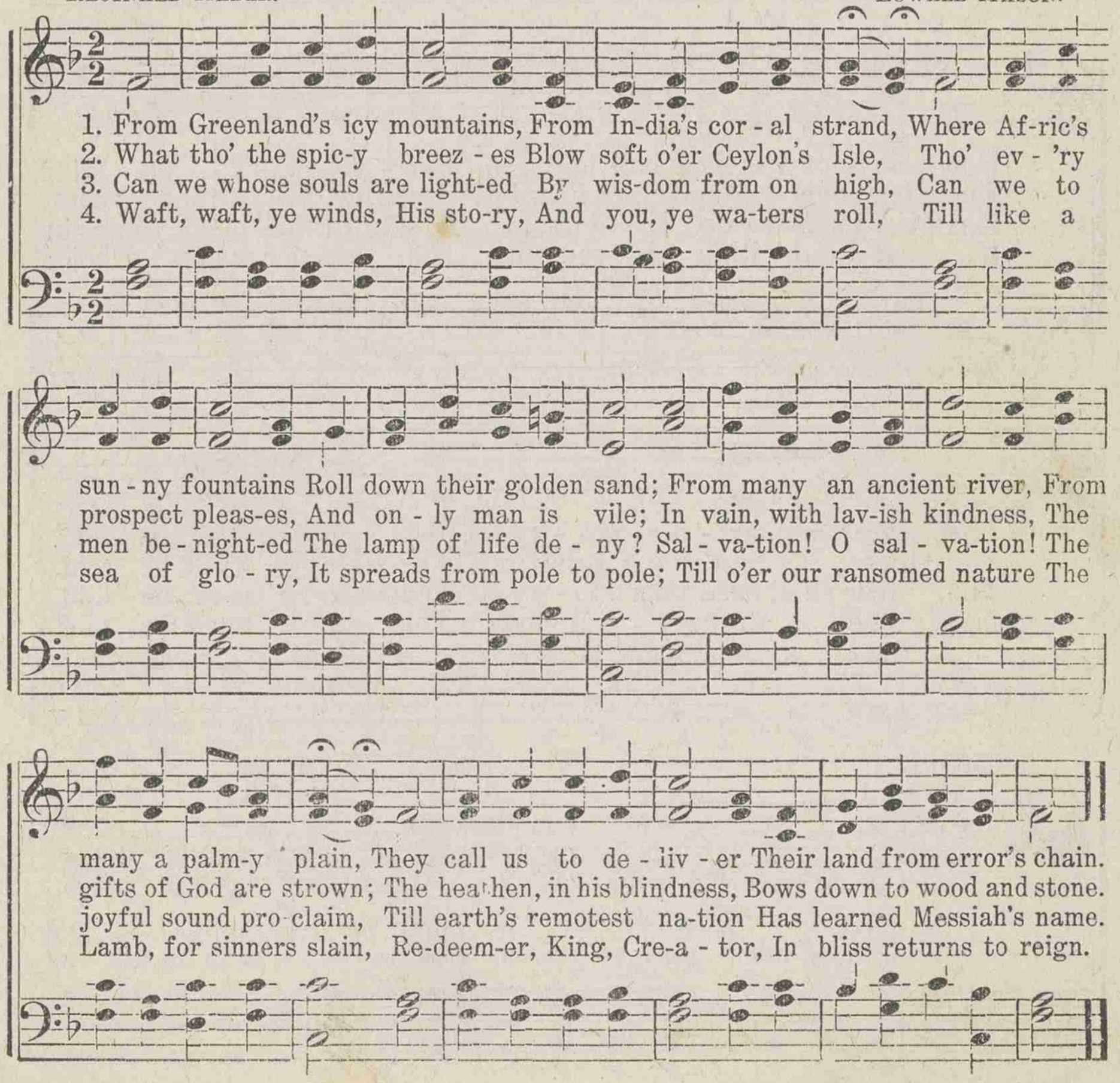
"What Do Ye More than Others?" Concluded.



No. 99. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

"Come over into Macedonia and help us."—ACTS 16: 9.

REGINALD HEBER. LOWELL MASON.



No. 100. It Must Be Told.

ALMEDA E. WIGHT. ESTHER 4:14. ROBT. C. MARQUIS, by per.

1. 'Tis a sweet and ten-der sto - ry, How the Fa-ther from a - bove
2. 'Tis the ver - y same old sto - ry, That has warmed the cold world's heart,
3. Say you not that un - a - vail-ing Seem the words you try to speak,
4. Now the vic - to - ry our Sav-ior, O - ver sin hath sure-ly won,

Look'd down on His err - ing chil-dren With the pitying eyes of love.
Thro' the centuries that have vanished, But its charm can ne'er depart;
Trust the Ho - ly Spir-it's unc-tion; It shall strengthen what is weak.
And our hearts, thro' grace triumphant, Dai - ly cry, "Thy will be done."

How He sent His well be - lov - ed For - giv-ness to un - fold;
There are souls who have not heard it, Some hearts so strangely cold,
Has - ten forth to do His bid-ding; The truth shall make you bold;
If our Lord within is reign-ing, His presence makes us bold;

That sweet and ten - der sto - ry, O Christian, must be told.
To these, O fal-t'ring Christian, The sto-ry must be told.
Tho' few shall heed your sto - ry, That sto-ry must be told.
Each one is strongly feel - ing, This sto-ry must be told.

CHORUS.

It must be told, It must be told, The
It must be told, It must be told, It must be told, It must be told, The

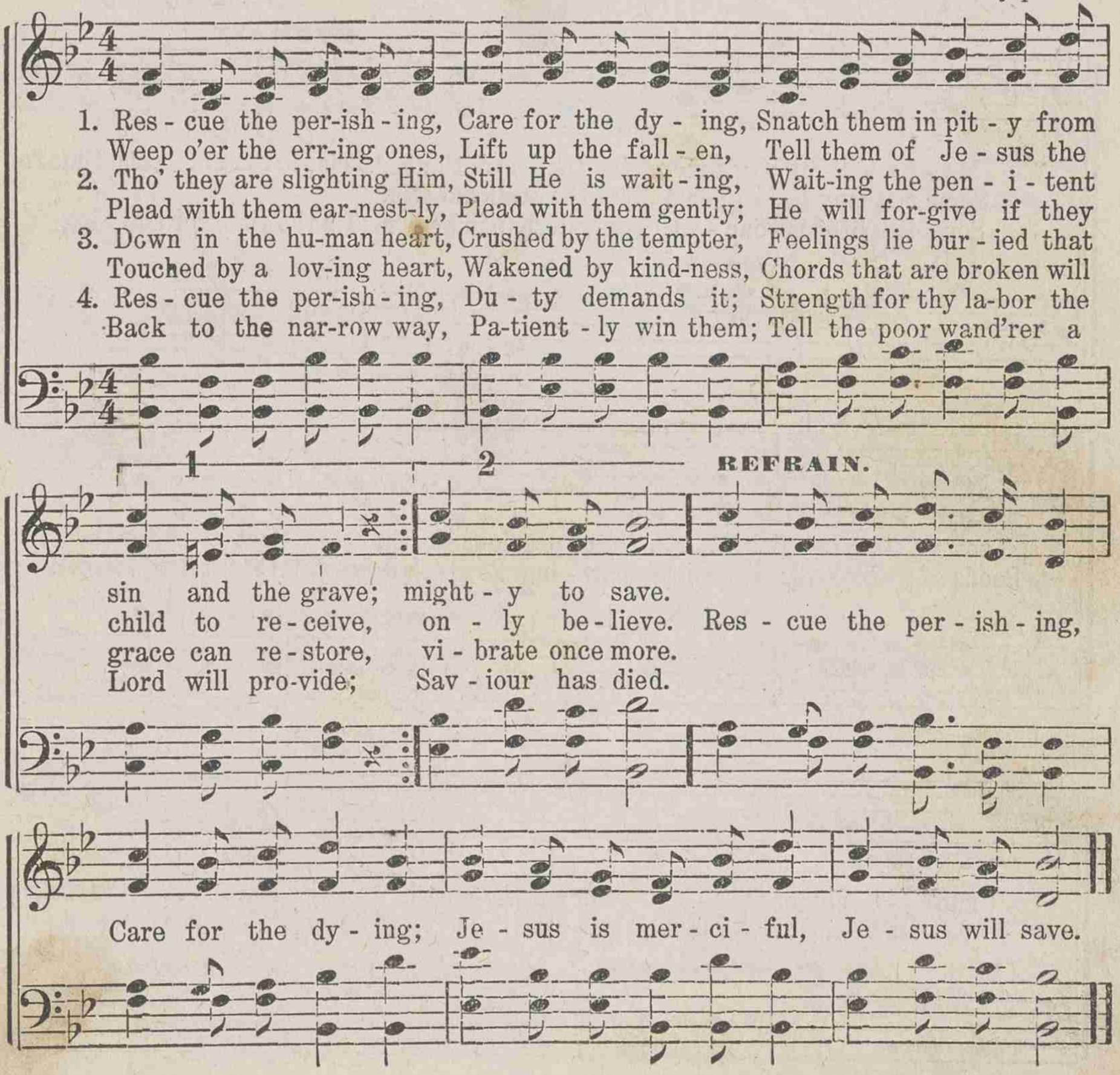
COPYRIGHT' 1893, BY ROBT. C. MARQUIS.

It Must Be Told. Concluded.

No. 101. Rescue the Perishing.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—LUKE 14: 23.

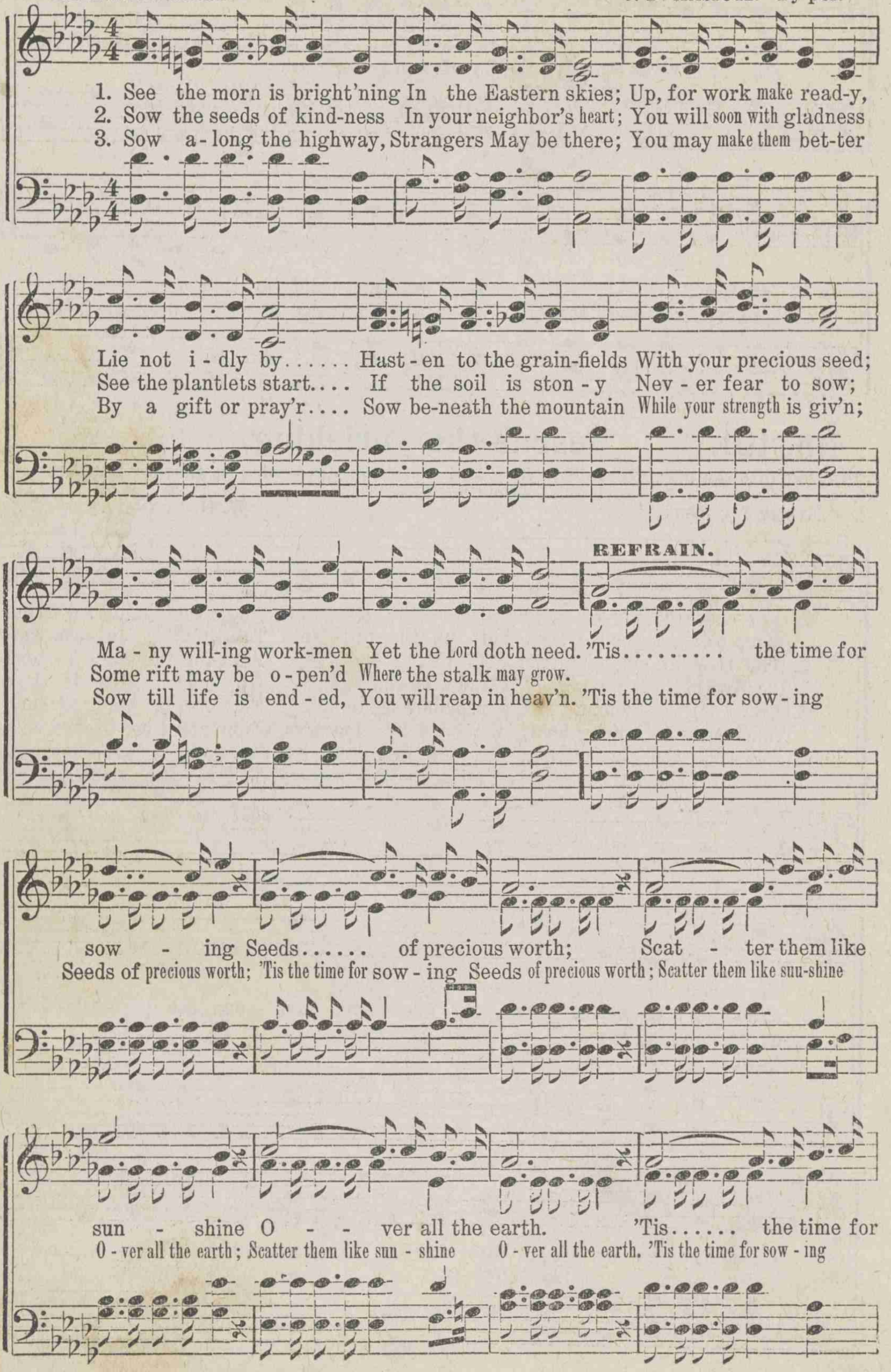
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.



No. 102. Sowing Time.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves."—Ps. 126: 6.

ADELINE H. BERRY. C. D. AMSTUTZ. By per.



Sowing Time. Concluded.

No. 103. Bringing in the Sheaves.

PSALM 126: 6. GEO. A. MINOR,

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

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

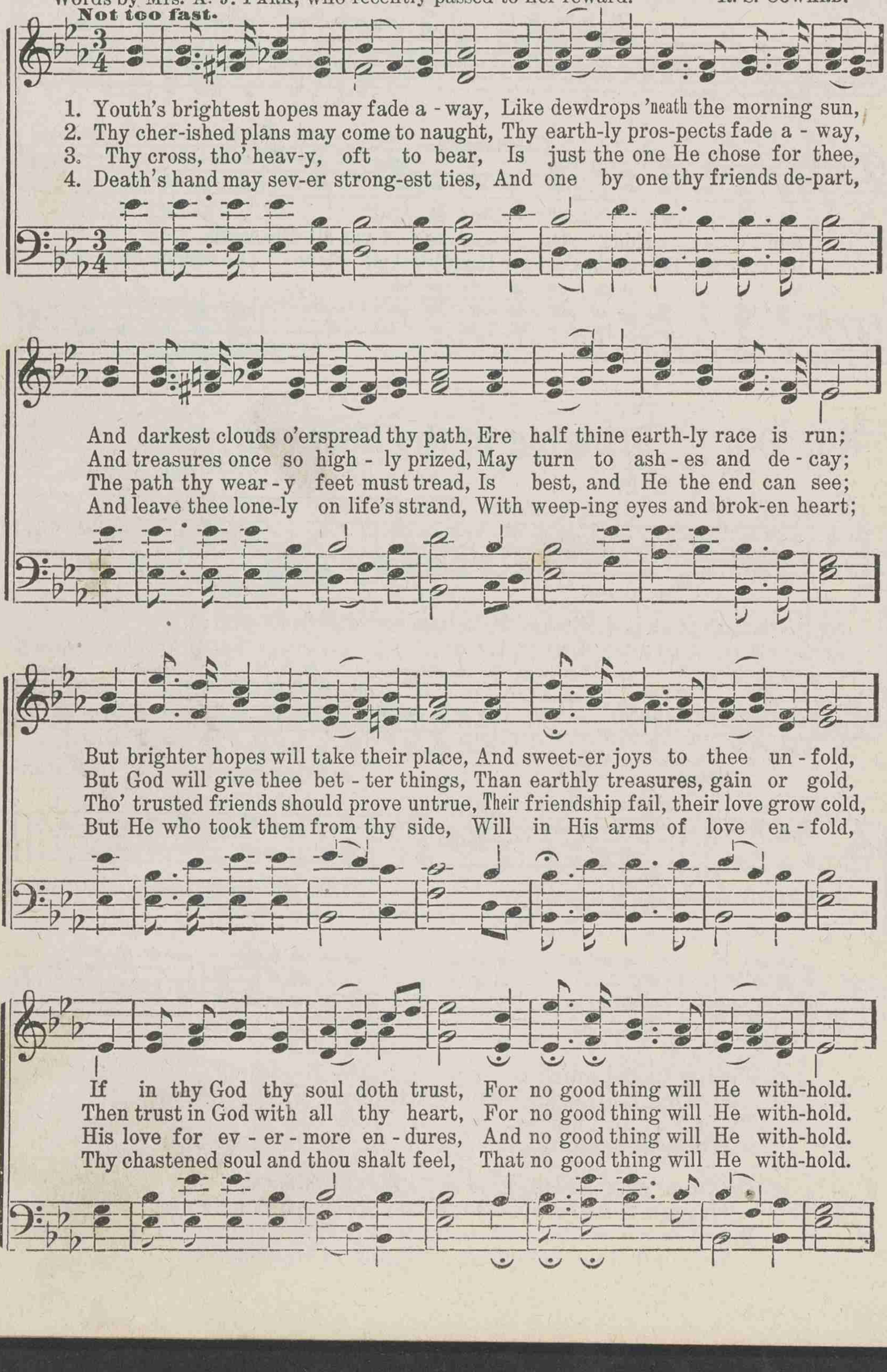
SONGS ON FAITH AND ASSURANCE.

No. 104. No Good Thing Will He Withhold.

"Trust in the *Lord*, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."—Ps. 37: 3.

Copyright, 1902, by R. S. Coward.

Words by Mrs. A. J. PARK, who recently passed to her reward. R. S. COWARD.



1. Youth's brightest hopes may fade a - way, Like dewdrops 'neath the morning sun,
2. Thy cher-ished plans may come to naught, Thy earth-ly pros-pects fade a - way,
3. Thy cross, tho' heav-y, oft to bear, Is just the one He chose for thee,
4. Death's hand may sev-er strong-est ties, And one by one thy friends de-part,

And darkest clouds o'erspread thy path, Ere half thine earth-ly race is run;
And treasures once so high - ly prized, May turn to ash - es and de - cay;
The path thy wear - y feet must tread, Is best, and He the end can see;
And leave thee lone-ly on life's strand, With weep-ing eyes and brok-en heart;

But brighter hopes will take their place, And sweet-er joys to thee un - fold,
But God will give thee bet - ter things, Than earthly treasures, gain or gold,
Tho' trusted friends should prove untrue, Their friendship fail, their love grow cold,
But He who took them from thy side, Will in His arms of love en - fold,

If in thy God thy soul doth trust, For no good thing will He with-hold.
Then trust in God with all thy heart, For no good thing will He with-hold.
His love for ev - er - more en - dures, And no good thing will He with-hold.
Thy chastened soul and thou shalt feel, That no good thing will He with-hold.

No Good Thing Will He Withhold. Concluded.

REFRAIN. Tenderly and smoothly.

Then trust in God, what-e'er be-tide, His love for thee shall ne'er grow cold,

Rit.

His hand be-stows each per - fect gift, And no good thing will He with-hold.

No. 105. I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."—JOB 19: 25.

REV. H. A. MERRILL, alt. Arr. by R. S. COWARD.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, And has prepared a home for me, And
2. I'm trusting Je-sus Christ for all; I know His blood atones for me, I'm
3. And now be-wil-dered at the thought, I stand and won-der at His love, How
4. I know that soon my Lord will come; I know He will not tar - ry long; I

D. C. *For I am on-ly wait-ing here To hear the summons, "child, come home," For*

Fine.

crowns of vic - to - ry He gives To all who would His chil-dren be.
lis-t'ning for the gen - tle call To say, the Mas-ter wait - eth thee.
He from heav'n to earth was brought To die, that I might live a - bove.
know He soon will call me home To sing with joy the heav'n-ly song.

I am on - ly wait - ing here, To hear the summons, "child, come home."

CHORUS. D. C.

Then ask me not to tar - ry long, A - mid the gay and thoughtless throng.

No. 106. I'm Anchored to the Promises of God.

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises."—2 Peter 1 : 4.

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F. S. SHEPERD. R. S. COWARD.

1. My barque drifts no more on the troub-led sea of life,
2. The winds of temp - ta - tion be - set me, fierce and wild,
3. The bil - lows of sor - row a - round me oft - en roll,
4. Though dan- gers and cares may be - set me all the way,

I'm anchored to the prom-is - es of God; I rest, calm-ly rest 'mid the
I'm anchored to the prom-is - es of God; And Christ speaks the tempest to
I'm anchored to the prom-is - es of God; But peace, per-fect peace doth com-
I'm anchored to the prom-is - es of God; I safe - ly will reach that blest

changing scenes of strife, I'm anchored to the prom - is - es of God.
zeph-ers soft and mild, I'm anchored to the prom - is - es of God.
plete-ly fill my soul, I'm anchored to the prom - is - es of God.
port of end-less day, I'm anchored to the prom - is - es of God.

REFRAIN.

I'm anchored to the promises of God, And safely will I weather ev'ry gale, For the

word of God is sure, And forever, will endure, And against it naught of evil can prevail.

No. 107. BLESSED ASSURANCE.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Bless-ed as - sur-ance, Je - sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur-chase of God,
2. Per- fect sub - mis-sion, per- fect de - light, Vis- ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight. An - gels de - scend - ing bring from a - bove
3. Per- fect sub - mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am hap - py and blest. Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,

CHORUS.

Born of His Spir - it, wash'd in His blood. This is my sto - ry,
Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love.
Fill'd with His good-ness, lost in His love.

this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my

sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

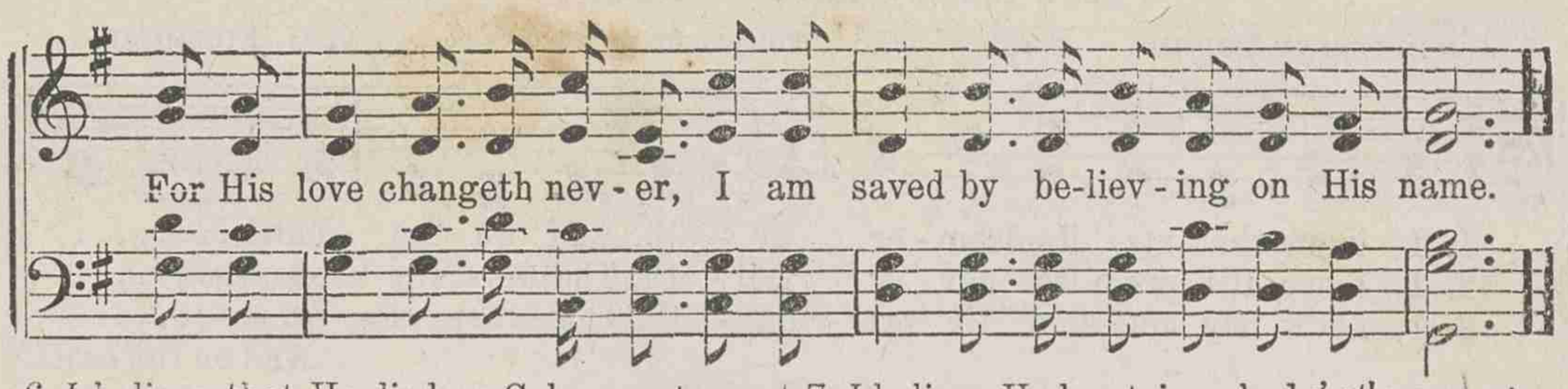
Copyright, 1873, by Jno. F. Knapp.

No. 108. Saved by Believing.

"What must I do to be saved? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."—ACTS 17: 30, 31. "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—JOHN 6: 47. "That whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—JOHN 3: 96.

J. A. B. Copyright, 1902, by J. A. Brown. J. A. BROWN.

Saved By Believing. Concluded.



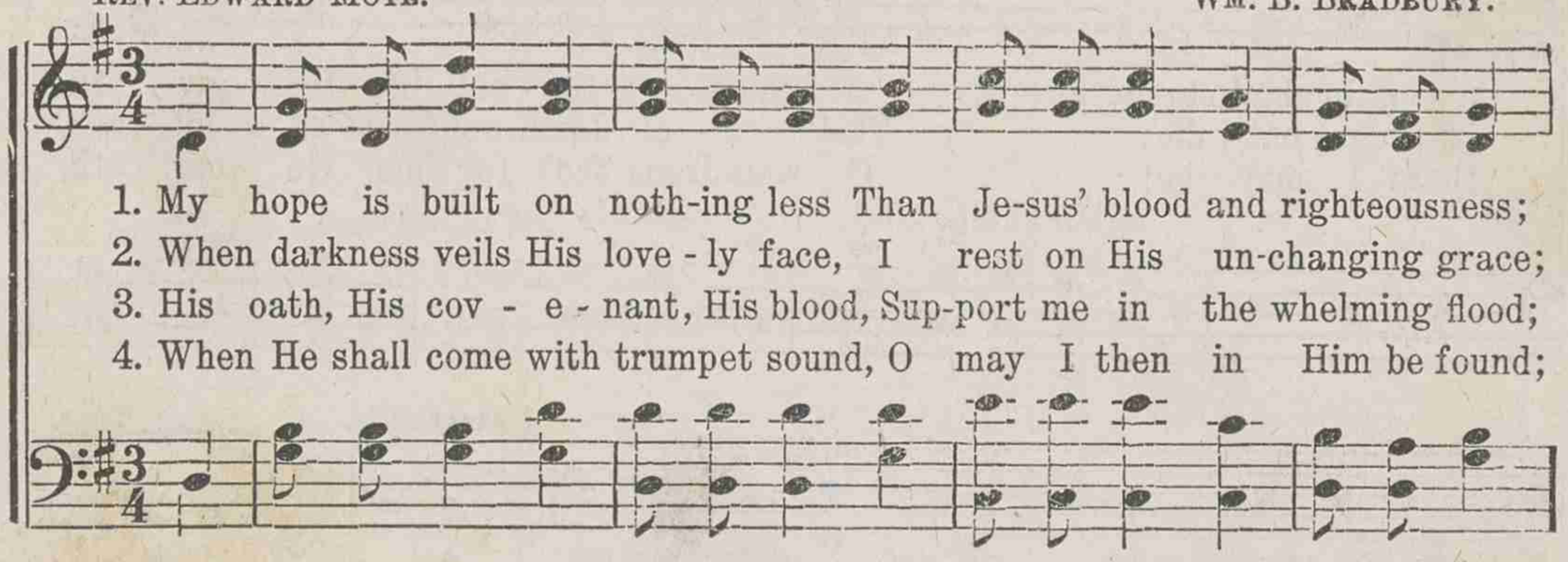
6 I believe that He died on Calvary, etc,
I believe He was crucified for me, etc,
I believe that His blood has made me free, etc.

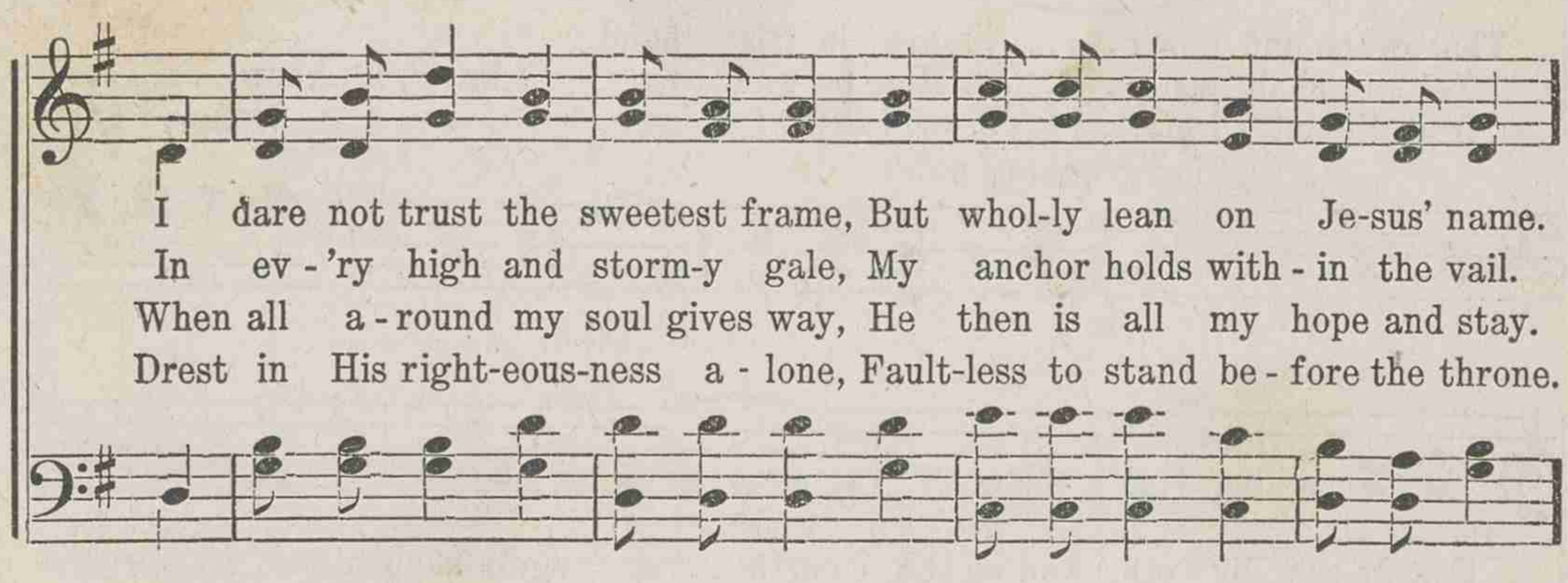
7 I believe He has triumphed o'er the grave, etc,
I believe He is ris'n with pow'r to save, etc,
I believe, let the palms of vict'ry wave, etc

No. 109. The Solid Rock.

"The Lord is my rock."—Ps. 92: 15.

REV. EDWARD MOTE. WM. B. BRADBURY.





No. 110. I Know That My Redeemer.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."—Job 19: 25.

Jessie Brown Pounds. Copyright, 1893, by Fillmore Bros. Used by per. J. H. Fillmore.

1. I know that my Re-deem - er liv - eth, And on the earth.....
2. I know His prom-ise nev - er fail - eth, The word He speaks.....
3. I know my man-sion He pre - par - eth, That where He is.....

And on the earth

a - gain shall stand;
it can not die;
there I may be;

I know e - ter - nal life He giv - eth,
Tho' cru - el death my flesh as - sail - eth,
O won-drous tho't for me He car - eth,

again shall stand;

CHORUS.

That grace and pow'r..... are in His hand.
Yet I shall see ..... Him by and by. I know, I know,.....
And He at last ..... will come for me. I know, I know,

That grace and pow'r

that Je-sus liv - eth, And on the earth..... again shall stand; I know, I

And on the earth

know,..... that life He giv-eth, That grace and pow'r.... are in His hands.
I know, I know, That grace and pow'r

No. 111. The Man of Galilee.

Good for a Solo.

1. I am in a shin - ing pathway, A-down life's short'ning years,
2. My soul hath had its con-flicts With might-y hosts of sin;
3. I am com-ing near that cit - y My Saviour's hands have piled,

And my heart hath known its sorrows, And mine eyes have seen their tears.
With dead - ly foes with-out me, And dead - lier foes with - in.
And I know my Fa-ther's wait-ing To wel-come home His child.

Cres.

But I saw those shadows flee, And the shin - ing light I see,
But I saw those le - gions flee, And my soul found vic - to - ry,
For un-worth - y tho' I be, He will find a place for me,

Rit.

While I'm trusting in the mer - it Of the Man of Gal - li - lee.
When I trust-ed in the mer - it Of the Man of Gal - li - lee.
For He is the King of Glo - ry, The Man of Gal - li - lee.

No. 112. Triumphant Faith.

"For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."—1 Cor. 13: 12.

"All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose."—Rom. 8: 28.

R. S. Coward. Copyright, 1904, by R. S. Coward & J. A. Brown. J. A. Brown.

1. Life's tri - als here my soul op-press, As I as-cend the rug - ged way;
2. For while I dwell in realms be-low, I know in part, but when I wake
3. I know I'll see Him on His throne, And join in song that saint-ed host,

I know not what dark hours may come, Be - fore I reach the land of day;
From dreams that blur my mortal sight, Of heav - en's vis - ion I'll par-take.
The songs on heav'nly breez-es borne, To Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

Per - haps some sor-row, bit - ter grief, With me, or mine, may come to dwell;
Then I no more in part shall know, For I shall see, and know and thrill;
'Twill be one nev - er - end-ing strain; 'Twill make the courts of heav-en ring;

Rit.

Ah! then the thought that brings relief, Is this: that God doth all things well!
With things which God Himself hath wrought, In me, who on - ly did His will.
There pray-ing, weeping, toil-ing cease, And saints with ad - or - a - tion sing.

REFRAIN.

1. O pre-cious thought, it fills my soul, That God makes all things by His might,
2. There ransomed souls their Lord shall greet And nev - er-more shall be a - part,

Triumphant Faith. Concluded.

To work for good to them He calls, Who walk by faith and not by sight.
And nev - er - end-ing joy and praise Shall free - ly flow from heart to heart.

No. 113. The Wicket Gate.

"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."—JOHN 14: 1, 2.

C. E POLLOCK.

1. There's nev - er a day so sun - ny, But a lit - tle cloud ap-pears;
2. There's nev - er a cup so pleas-ant, But has bit - ter with the sweet;
3. There's nev - er a dream so hap - py, But the wak-ing makes us sad;
4. There's nev - er a way so nar - row, But the entrance is made straight.

There's nev - er a life so hap - py, But has had its time of tears.
There's nev - er a path so rug - ged, That bears not the print of feet.
There's nev - er a dream of sor - row, But the wak - ing makes us glad.
There's al - ways a guide to point us, To the lit - tle wick - et gate.

CHORUS.

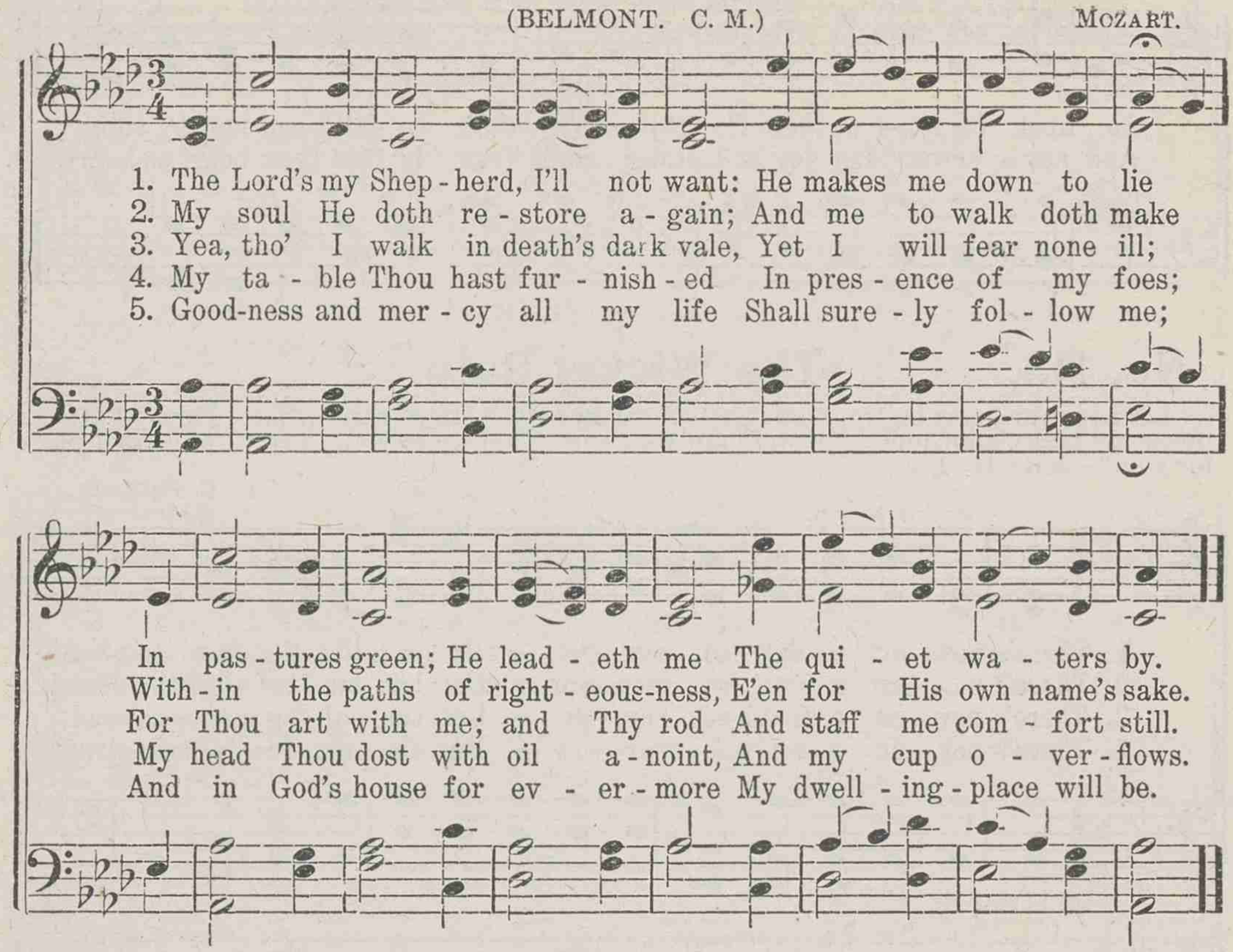
There is al - ways a guide to point us To the lit - tle wick - et gate,

And the an - gels will be near - er To the soul that's des - o - late.

No. 114. The Lord's My Shepherd.

PSALM 23.

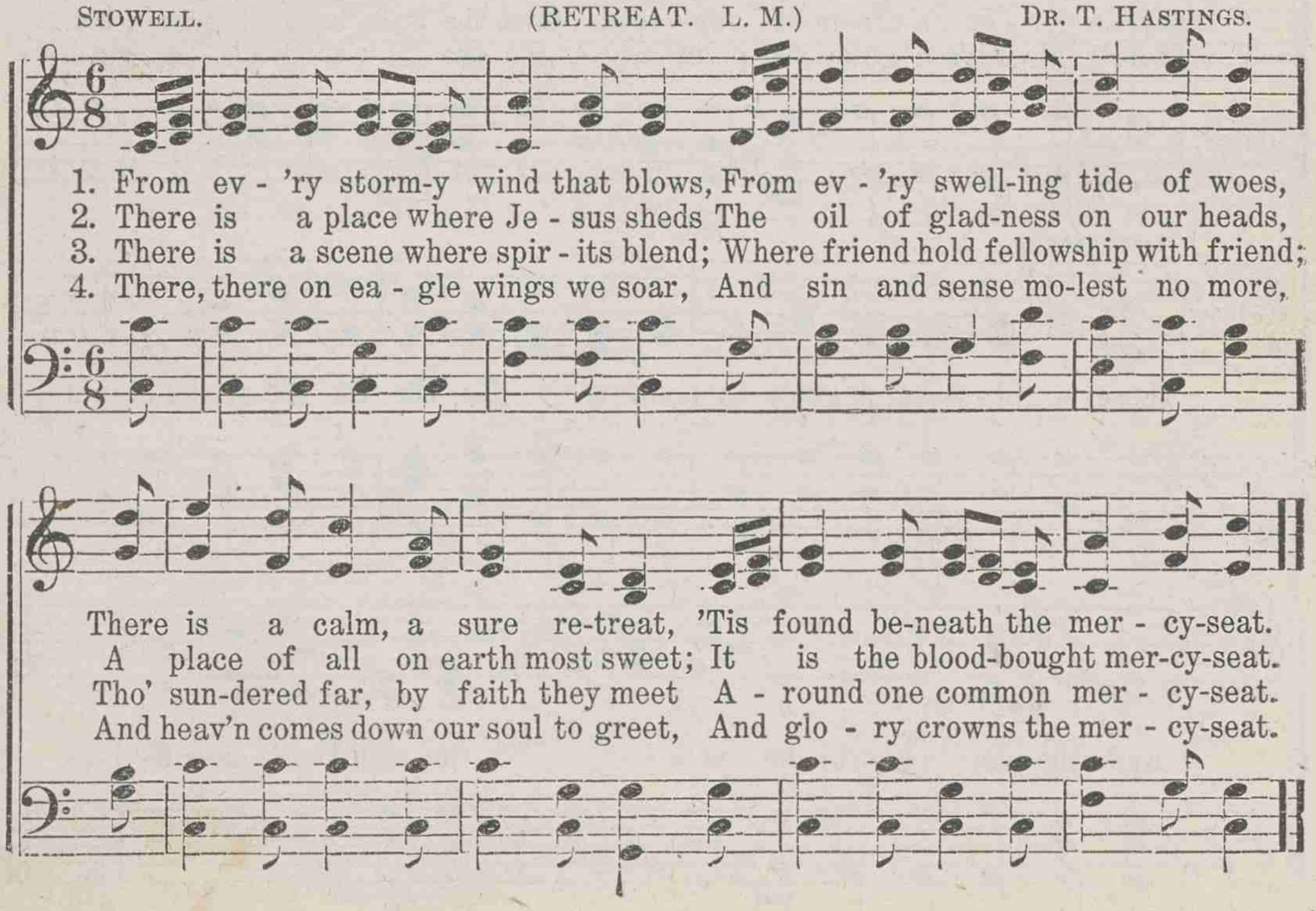
(BELMONT. C. M.) MOZART.



NO. 115. From Every Stormy Wind That Blows.

"Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. Selah."—Ps. 32: 7.

STOWELL. (RETREAT. L. M.) DR. T. HASTINGS.



No. 116. Wonderful Peace.

"And the peace of God that passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ."—Phil. 4 : 7.

REV. W. D. CORNELL, alt. REV. W. G. COOPER.

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

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

REFRAIN.

Peace! Peace! Wonderful peace, Coming down from the Fa- ther a - bove; Sweep o - ver my spirit for - ev-er, I pray, In fath-omless billows of love.

By per. D. B. Towner, owner of copyright

SONGS OF SOLDIERSHIP.

No. 117. Be a Daniel.

DANIEL 6 : 10.

REV. F. L. SNYDER. Copyright, 1902, by R. S. Coward. HOWARD E. SMITH.

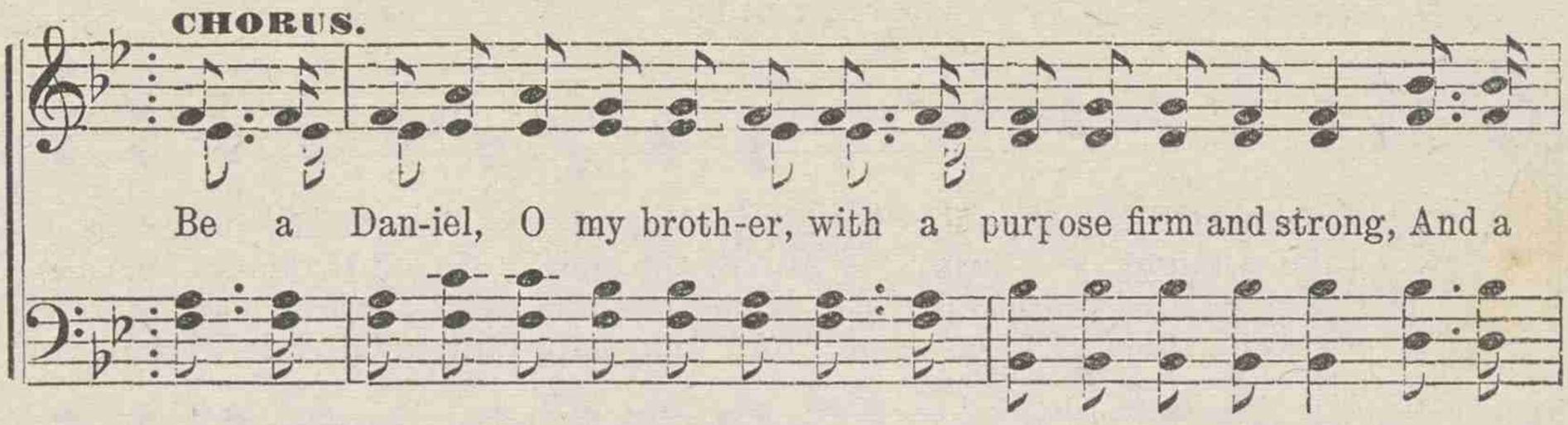
1. Be a Dan - iel, O my broth - er, in the serv-ice of the Lord,
2. Be a Dan - iel, O my broth - er, in the serv-ice of the Lord,
3. Be a Dan - iel, O my broth - er, with a pur-pose firm and strong;

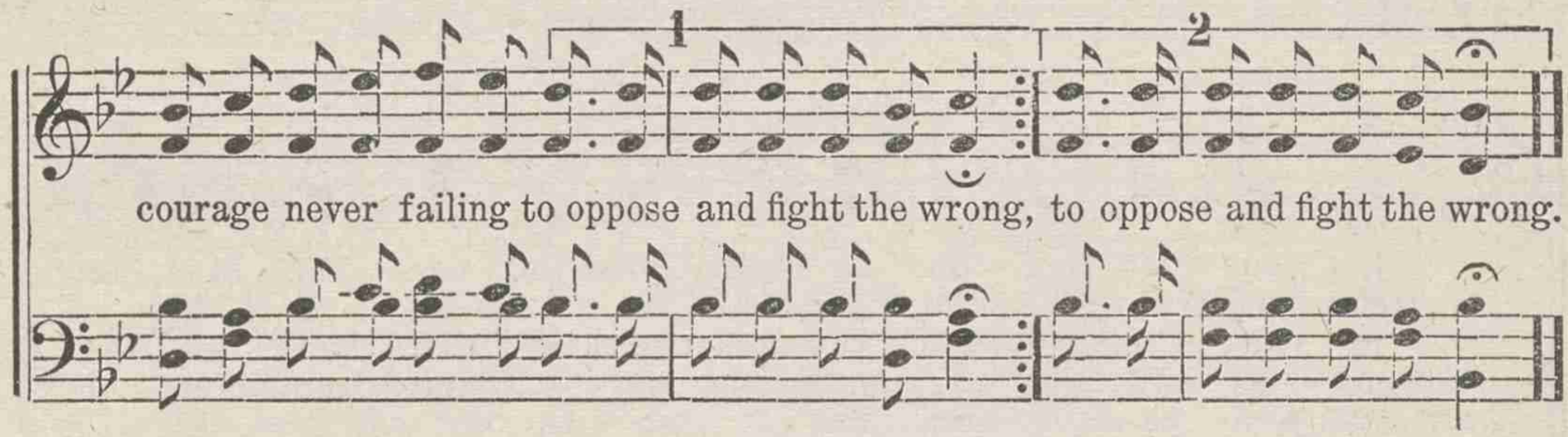
Do not fear to do His bid-dings and to lean up - on His word;
Do not com-prom - ise with e - vil, for 'twill be a false re - ward;
And a cour - age nev - er fail - ing, to op - pose each sin and wrong,

He will lead you in the con - flict and the bat - tle for the right,
But be firm in your con - vic-tions 'gainst the wrong and for the right,
And tho' ma - ny foes as - sail you, say - ing, "Yield you sure - ly must,"

And thro' grace you'll sure - ly con - quer in this bless - ed heav'n-ly fight.
And tho' scorned and per - se - cut - ed stand for God with all your might.
Just have cour - age, O my broth - er, and in Je - sus put your trust.

Be a Daniel. Concluded.

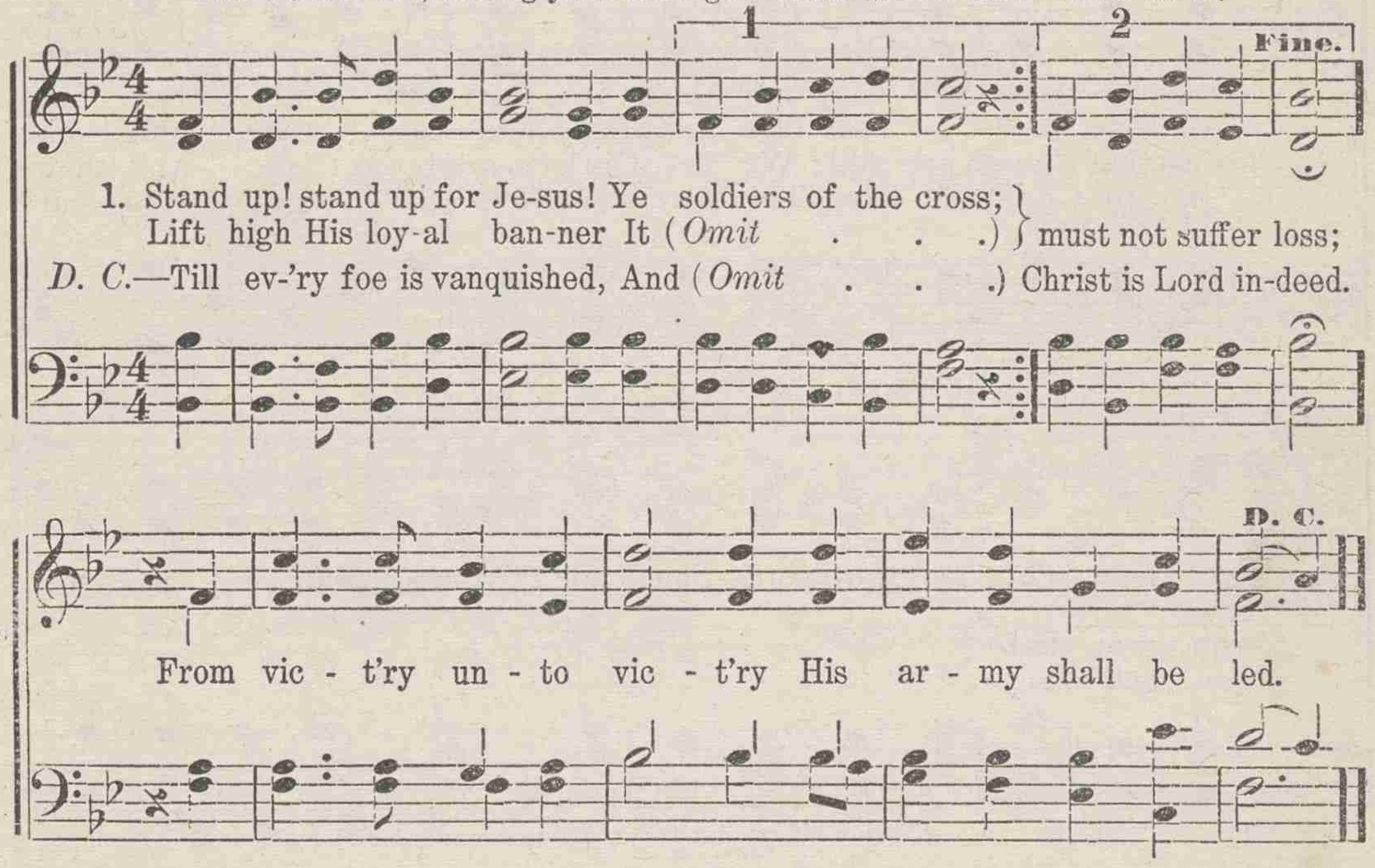




No. 118. Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

(WEBB.)

"Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth."—EPH. 6: 14.



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

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty cal s or danger,
Be never wanting there.

No. 119. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

by S. B. GOULD. "Take unto you the whole armor of God." A. S. SULLIVAN.
EPH. 6: 13.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
2. Like a might - y arm - y Moves the church of God; Broth-ers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
3. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voic - es In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or

Leads a - gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, his
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in
'Gainst that Church pre- vail; We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that
Un - to Christ, the King; This thro' count-less a - ges Men and

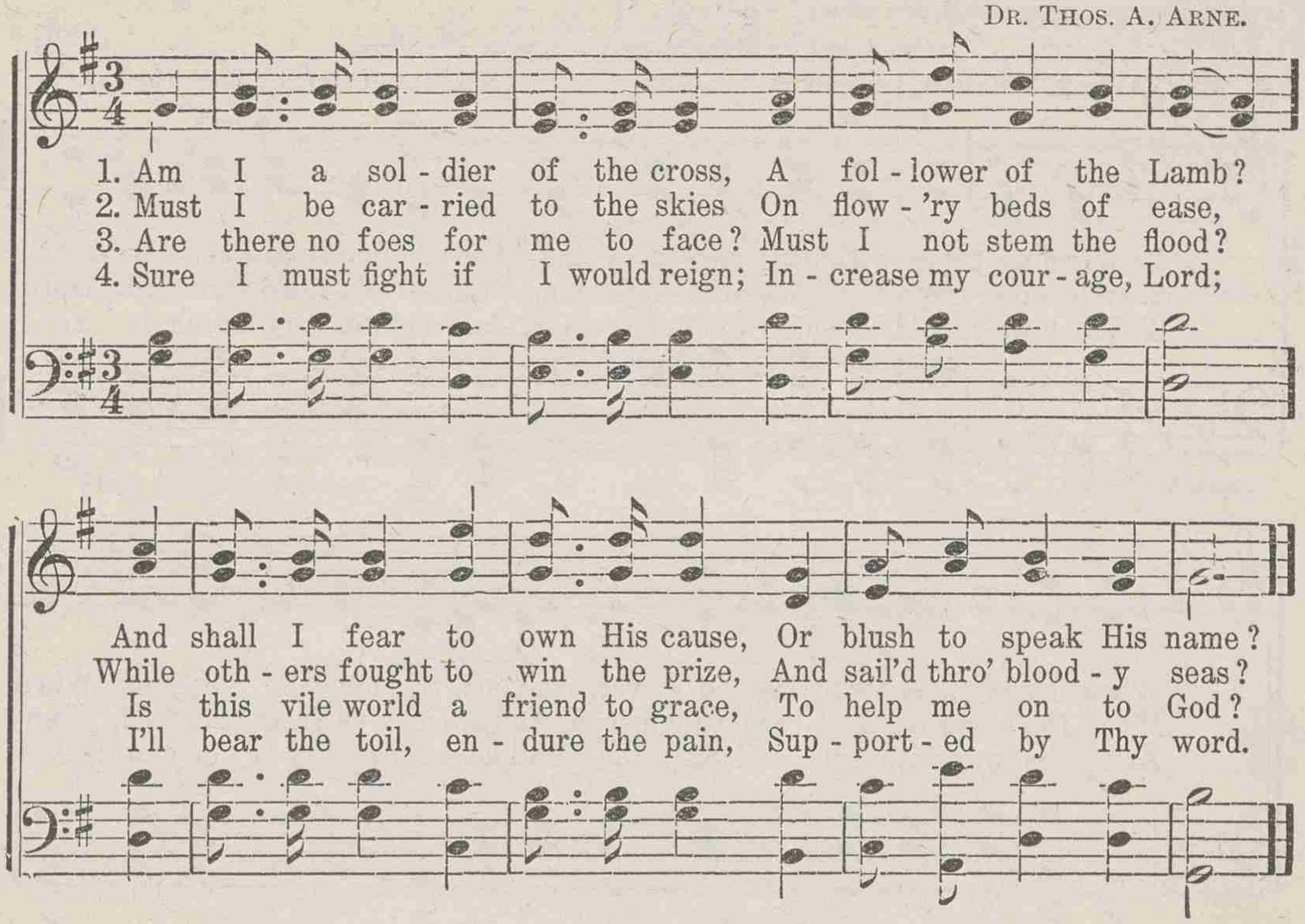
REFRAIN.

ban - ners go! On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus go - ing on be - fore.
char - i - ty.
can - not fail.
an - gels sing.

No. 120. Am I a Soldier of the Cross.

"Therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."—II. Tim. 2: 3.

Dr. Thos. A. Arne.

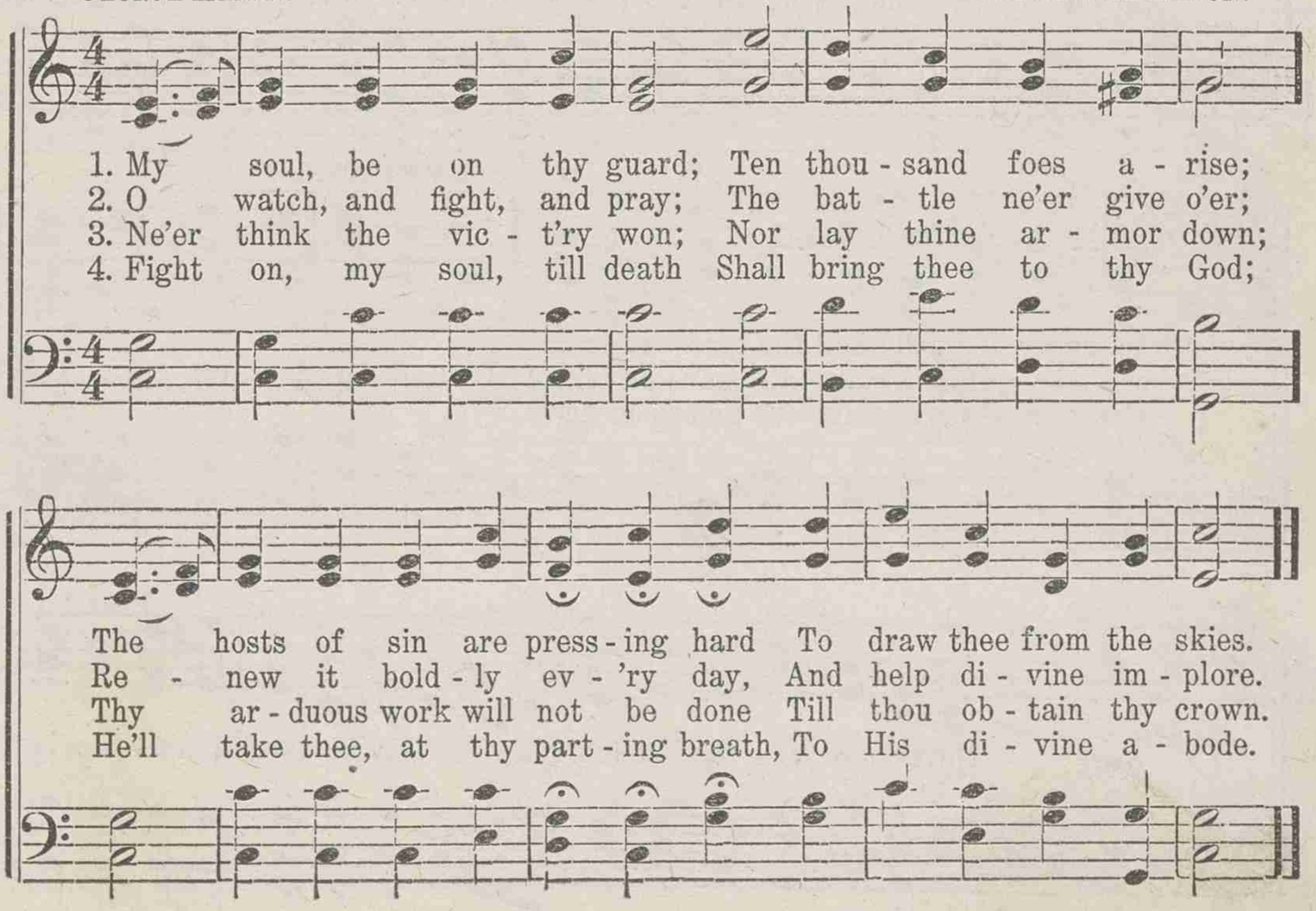


No. 121. My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

(Laban.) S. M.

"Watch ye, stand fast in the faith."—II. Cor. 16: 13.

George Heath. Dr. Lowell Mason.



No. 122. When the Captain Calls the Roll.

"Therefore the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto the Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head: they shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away."—Isa. 51: 11.

Words and Music copyrighted 1903, by R. S. Coward.

Rev. Abram Weaver, Independence, Tex. Music and Ref. by R. S. Coward.

1. When we come with ban - ners fly - ing, And the vic - to - ry is won;
2. When our Cap - tain with His scep - tre, Cause Sa-tan's hosts to yield;
3. When we've laid a - side our ar - mor, And our wea - ry march is o'er,

When this cru - el war is o - ver, And our tri - umph is be-gun; When
When the hosts of hell are vanquished, And are driv-en from the field, Ten
And the war with sin and Sa - tan Shall have ceased for ev - er-more; The

all our foes are conquered, And the hos - tile armies slain, We'll sing the song of
thousand voices, ring - ing To their Captain's praise, shall sing The song of Zion's
blood-stained banner flying In the peace-ful, star-ry sky, We'll ral-ly round our

REFRAIN.

tri-umph, We will swell the glad re-frain.
vic - tors, It will make all heav - en ring! O twill be joy - ful when 'tis
Cap-tain, As He calls our names on high.

o'er, Nevermore hear the battle's roar, Having thro' Him the vict'ry

When the Captain Calls the Roll. Concluded.

won, Hearing the Captain call the roll,— Hear Him say well done.

No. 123. Overcoming In the Lord.

"And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1 JOHN 4: 5.

Copyright, 1898, by R. S. Coward. All rights reserved.

MISS JENNIE WILSON. R. S. COWARD.

1. As we war - fare wage in our Chris - tian life, Tho' each bat - tle-
2. Trust - ing in the strength of the Might - y One, As a sure de-
3. Where our ban - ner wave, gleam-ing fair and bright, If we fol - low
4. Sing - ing songs of joy af - ter strife is o'er, With tri - umph-ant

field seems with dan-ger rife, We may vic - tors be in the com - ing strife,
fence when our foes a - larm, We may vic - tors be, safe from ev - 'ry harm,
on loy - al to the right, We may vic - tors be in the fierc-est fight,
hosts on the heav-'nly shore, We may vic - tors be, crowned for ev - er - more,

D. S.—*vic - tors be thro' e - ter - ni - ty,*

Fine. **REFRAIN.**

O - ver - com-ing in the name of the Lord. O - ver - com-ing in the

O - ver - com-ing in the name of the Lord.

name of the Lord, O - ver - com-ing in the name of the Lord, We may

D. S.

SONGS OF JUDGMENT AND CONDEMNATION.

No. 124. There's a Great Day Coming.

"It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment."—HEB. 9: 27.

By per. of W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and Chicago, Ill.

Words and music by W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com - ing, A great day com-ing, There's a great day
2. There's a bright day com - ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright day
3. There's a sad day com - ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a sad day

com - ing by and by, When the saints and the sin - ners shall be part - ed
com - ing by and by, But its brightness shall on - ly come to them that
com - ing by and by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "De-part, I

CHORUS.

right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come? Are you read-y?
know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

Are you read - y? Are you read - y for the judg - ment day?

Are you read - y? Are you read - y for the judg-ment day?

No. 125. What Shall Our Answers Be?

"What wilt thou say when he shall punish thee?"—JER. 13: 21.

E. R. LATTA. D. E. DORTCH. By per.

1. When we in the judg-ment stand, In that might-y company, And the judge shall question us,
2. When the Lord has gathered there, From the land and from the sea, All the fam - i-lies of men,
3. Lord, it is a solemn tho't, That we must account to Thee, In that great and awful day,

O what shall our an-swers be? What for ev'ry trifling tho't And each i-dle word we say?
O what shall our an-swers be? What for all our want of faith, What for all our lack of love.
What shall our poor an-swers be? O prepare us, Lord, we pray, In Thy presence there to stand,

CHORUS.

What for ev-'ry sin-ful act We may do from day to day. When that aw - - ful
Can we hope a crown to gain, And a mansion bright above.
Purge us from each sinful blot, Place us, Lord, on Thy right hand.

When that aw-ful

day we see, O what shall ..... our answers be?
day we see, day we see, O what shall our answers be, our answers be?

When that aw - - ful day we see, O what shall.... our answers be?
When that awful day we see, day we see, O what shall our answers be?

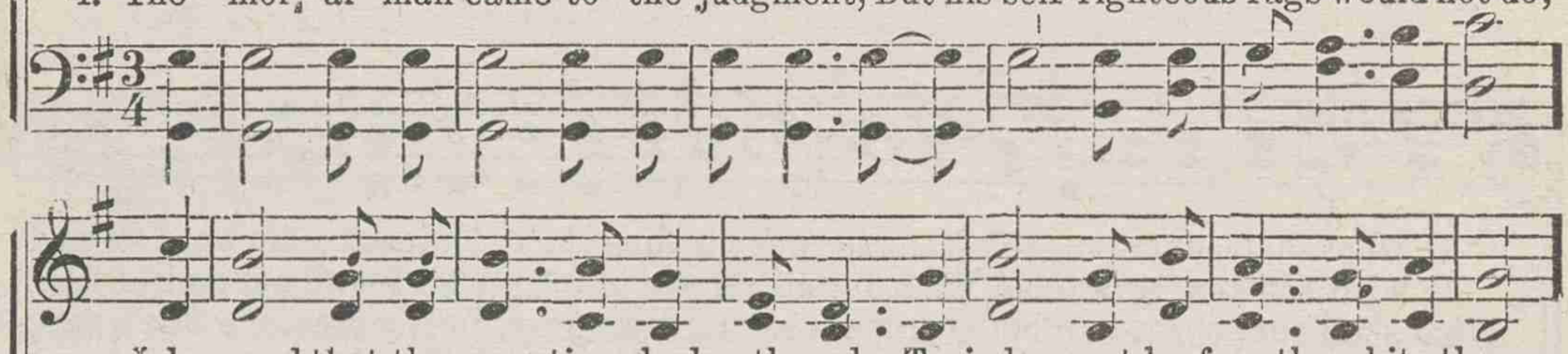
No. 126. The Judgment.

"When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory; and before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate one from the other, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats."—MATT. 25: 31, 32.

Arr. copyright, 1903, by Coward & Brown.

Unknown. From Dr. E. T. RIENHEART.

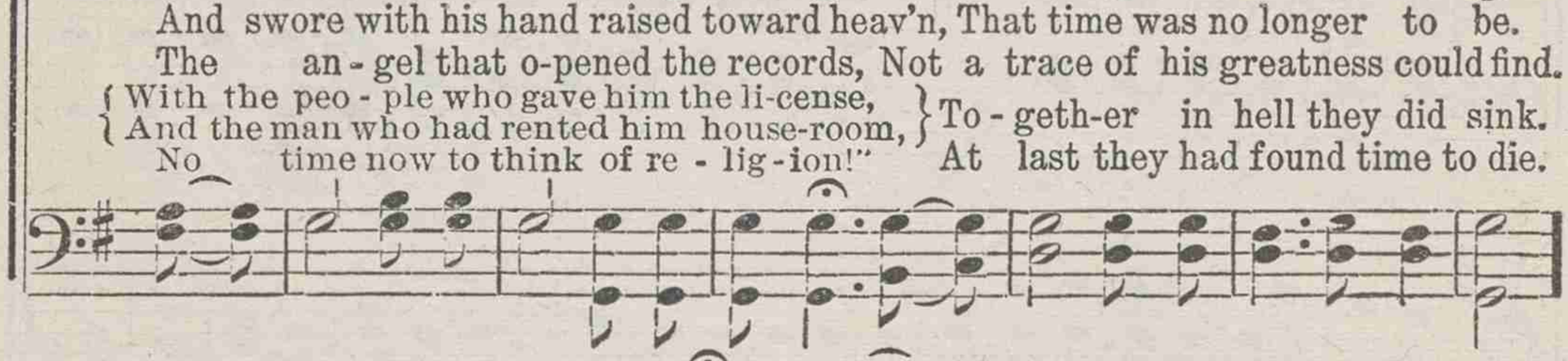
1. I dreamed that the great judgment morning Had dawned, and the trumpet had blown;
2. The rich man was there, but his mon-ey Had melt-ed and vanished a-way,
3. The wid-ow was there, and the orphans, God heard and remembered their cries;
4. The mor-al man came to the judgment, But his self-righteous rags would not do;



I dreamed that the na-tions had gathered To judg-ment be-fore the white throne.
A pau-per he stood in the judgment, His debts were too heav-y to pay.
No sor-row in heav-en for-ev-er, God wiped all the tears from their eyes.
The men who had cru-ci-fied Je-sus Had passed off as mor-al men too.

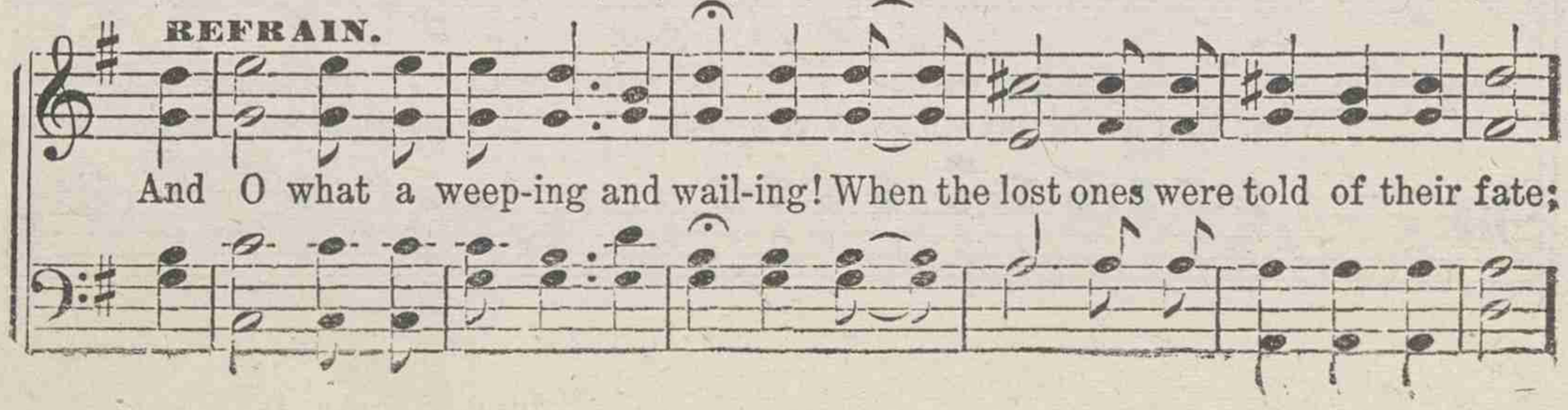
From the throne came a bright, shining angel, And stood on the land and the sea,
The great man was there, but his greatness, When death came was left far behind;
The gambler was there, and the drunkard, And the man who had sold them the drink
The souls who had put off sal-va-tion—"Not to-night; I'll get saved by and by;

And swore with his hand raised toward heav'n, That time was no longer to be.
The an-gel that o-pened the records, Not a trace of his greatness could find.
{With the peo-ple who gave him the li-cense, / And the man who had rented him house-room,} To-geth-er in hell they did sink.
No time now to think of re-lig-ion!" At last they had found time to die.

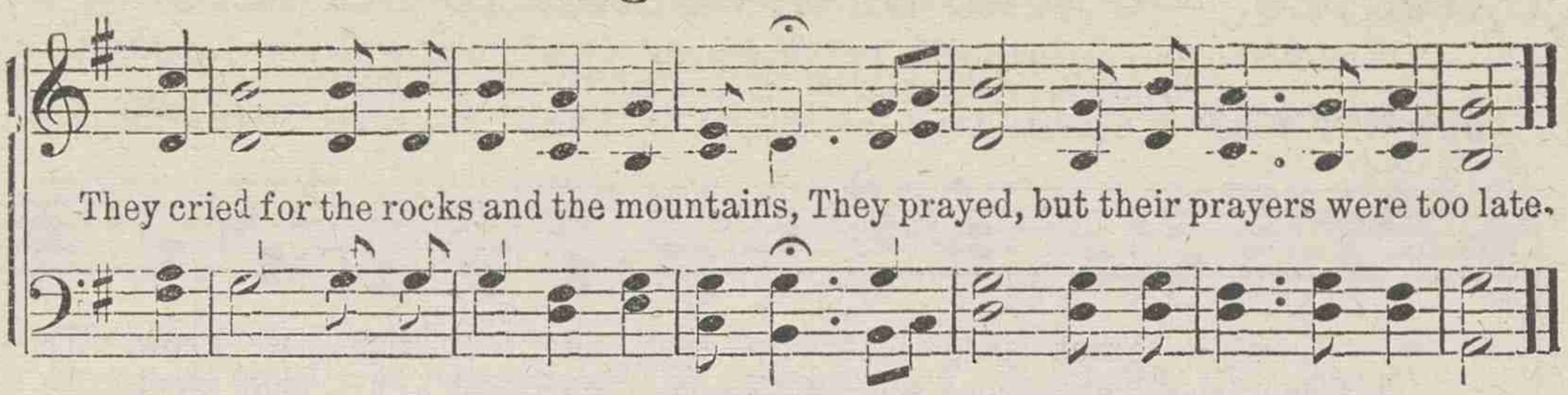


REFRAIN.

And O what a weep-ing and wail-ing! When the lost ones were told of their fate;



The Judgment. Concluded.



No. 127. The Judgment Prophesied.

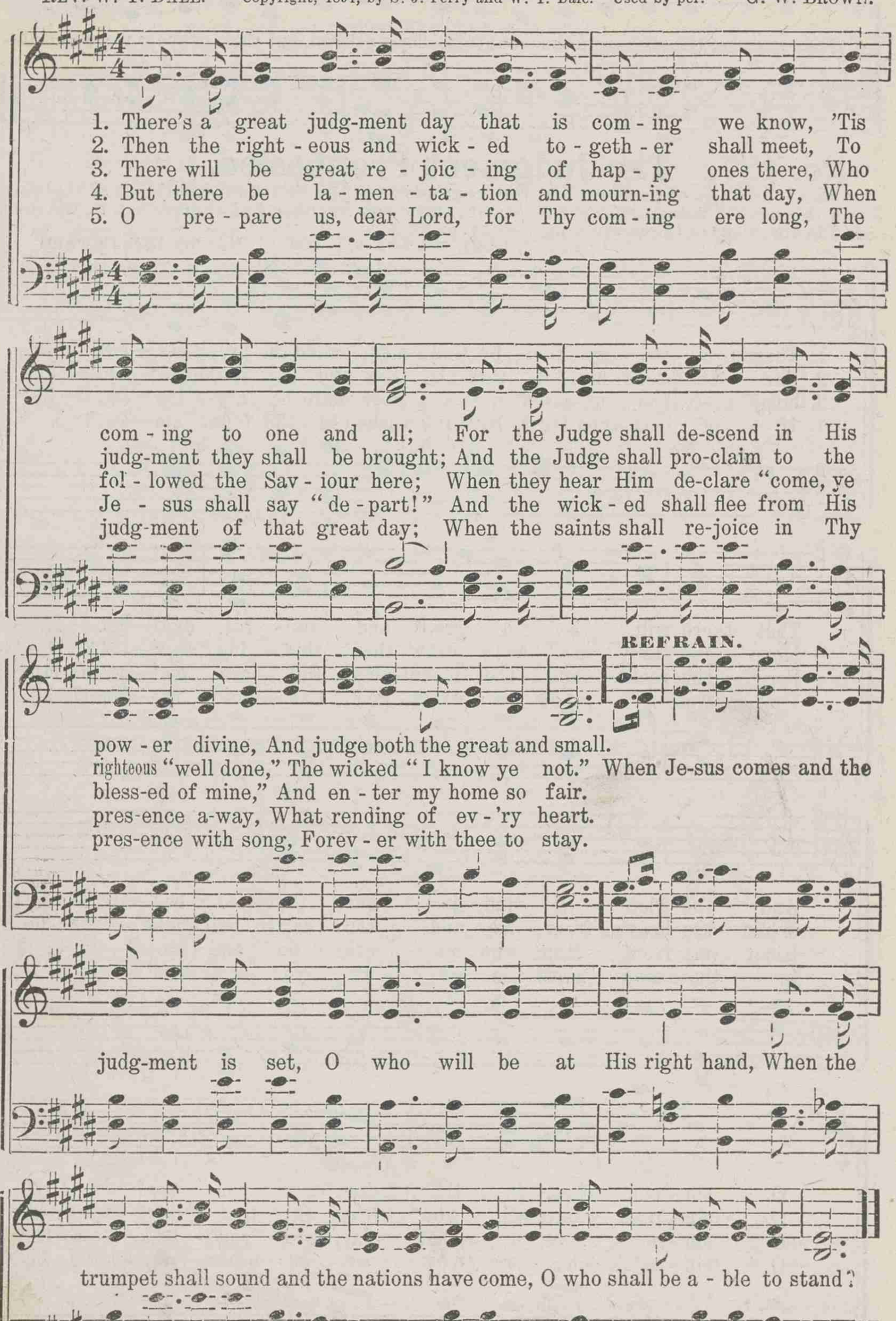
"And the kings of the earth and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every freeman, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains."—REV. 6: 15.

Arr. copyrighted, 1903, by R. S. Coward. Har. by R. S. COWARD.

No. 128. O Who Shall be Able to Stand?

"Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of his saints, to execute judgment upon all."—JUDE 14, 16. Who shall be able to stand?

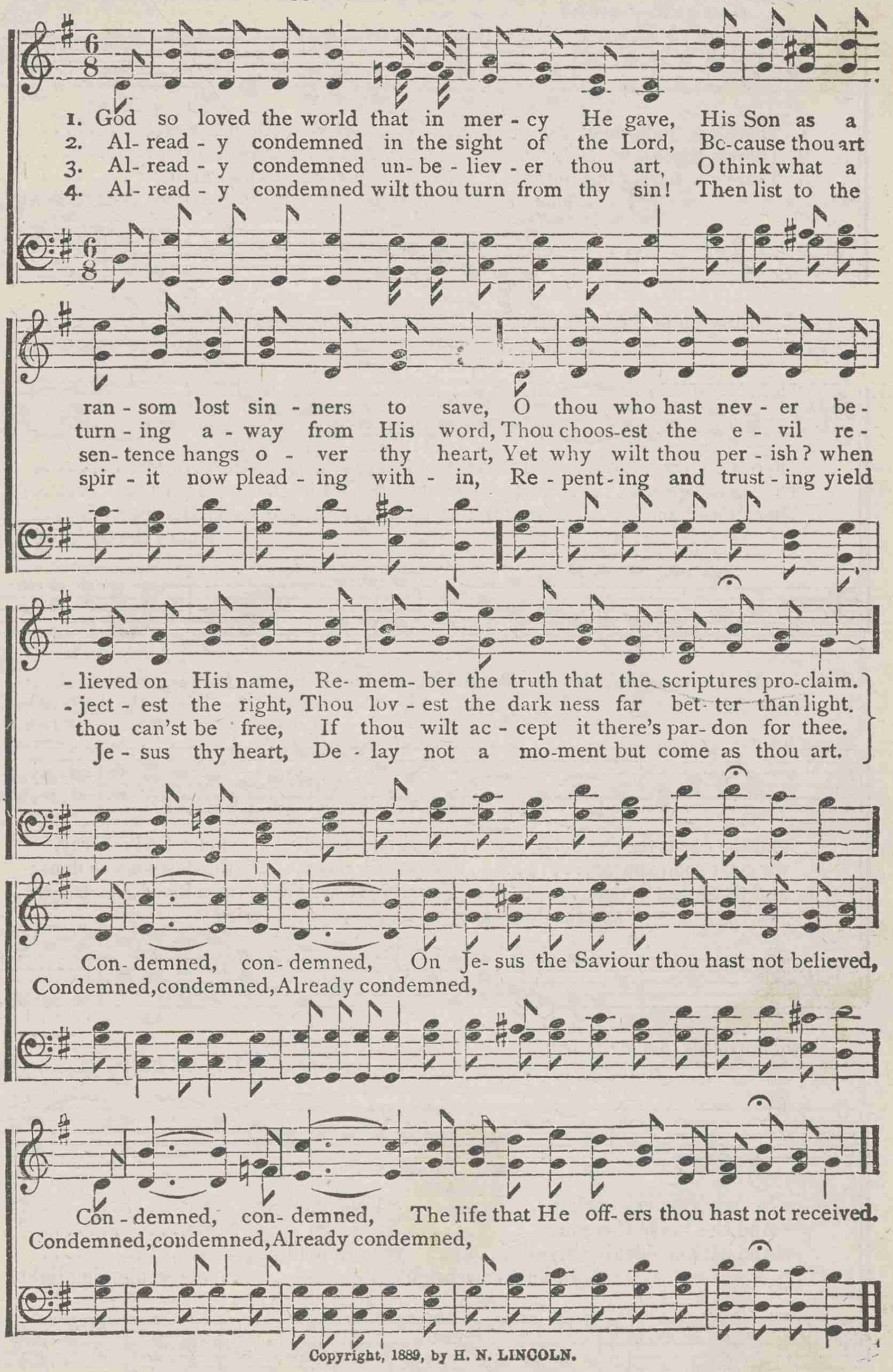
REV. W. T. DALE. Copyright, 1894, by S. J. Perry and W. T. Dale. Used by per. G. W. BROWN.



No. 129. ALREADY CONDEMNED.

He that believeth not, is condemned already. John 3: 18.

FANNY CROSBY. Suggested by H. N. L. H. N. LINCOLN.



Copyright, 1889, by H. N. LINCOLN.

No. 129½. God's X-Ray.

"For man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh in the heart."—
1 SAM. 16 : 7.

J. A. B. Copyright, 1904, by J. A. Brown. J. A. BROWN.

Con expressione.

1. There's a judg-ment day ..... and we drift that way, ...
2. There's a great white throne, ... and we're speeding on, ...
3. There's a burn - ing light .. .. on your heart to-night, ...

There's a judgment day and we drift that way,

D. C. *Sinner, how will you stand ..... in the beaming light, ...*
Sinner, how will you stand in the beaming light,

There's an aw - - ful judgment day, Where the tho'ts of men .....
To a great ..... white judgment throne, Where, before God's bar .....
There's a hand ..... that writes each tho't, As you spurn His love, ...

ful, an aw- Where the tho'ts of men

At the aw-(ful, the aw-)ful judgment day, When the tho'ts of men .....
When the tho'ts of men

Fine.

and the deeds they've done, ... Shall be tried .... under God's X-ray.
we must soon appear, ... There to meet .... the deeds we've done;
and as Sa-tan claims, ... You whom Christ's .... own blood has bought,

and the deeds they've done, shall be tried

and the deeds they've done, Shall be tried .....
and the deeds they've done, Shall be tried under God's X-ray.

In an X - ray bright, ... whose pierc-ing light .....
And the Judge thereon ..... is a ho - ly One, ...
And with maddening speed ..... you are plunging on, ...

In an X-ray bright, whose piercing light,

God's X-Ray. Concluded.

Far ex-ceeds.....man's highest art, For its wondrous pow'r.....
At whose glance.... the wick-ed start, For He looks not on.....
Soon to stand..... in dread ar - ray, With your rec - ord bare .....
far exceeds For its wondrous pow'r

re - veals the thoughts..... And the in - tents of the heart.
the out - ward man,..... But He looks.... up - on the heart.
in the search-light glare,..... Of the might - y God's X - ray.
reveals the tho'ts And the in - tents

CHORUS.

Will He say,"well done,..... good and faithful one,".....
Will He say,"well done, good and faithful one,"

Or will He say,"de - part!" He who looks not on.....
He who looks not on

The outward man,..... But looks..... up-on the heart.
the outward man, but looks upon the heart.

D.C.

No. 130. The Lost Soul's Lament.

"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.' —JER. 8: 20.

MRS LOU. S. BEDFORD. Copyright, 1892, by H. N. Lincoln. Used by per. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. The summer is end - ed, oh God! And the har-vest for- ev - er
2. The dews of God's grace have come down, Thro' the spring and the sum - mer
3. Full of - ten His "still" gen-tle voice, Has en-couraged my way - ward
4. I thought "there is time e-nough yet!" And the way was so strange- ly

past, While heed- less life's ear - nest path I have trod, And
eves The beau - ti - ful rays of Au-tumn's bright sun Have
heart To choose, in the place of life's fleet - ing joys, Like
bright; I dreamed not the sun was quite so near set, I

now I'm un - done at last; With the best of "in - ten-tions" my
rip-ened full man - y sheaves; All the while with vain dream-ings my
Ma - ry, "that bet - ter part," But a - las! ev - 'ry warn - ing my
woke and be - held 'twas night! All the claims of the gos - pel a -

path I have paved, But the har- vest is passed and my soul is not saved.
way I have paved, Till the sum-mer is end - ed and I am not saved.
proud heart has braved, The sum-mer is end - ed and I am not saved.
las! I had waived Till the sheaves were all garnered and I am not saved.

CHORUS.

I . . . . . am not saved . . . . I . . . . . am not saved, . . .
I am not saved, I am not saved, I am not saved, I am not saved,

The Lost Soul's Lament. Concluded.

5 I stretch out my weak, helpless hand
Reaching far toward the jasper sea,
And pray for one glimpse of Canaan's
bright land—

6 Where lovings friends wait for me,
Whose kind, faithful warnings I often
have braved; [saved.
*But the harvest is ended and I am not

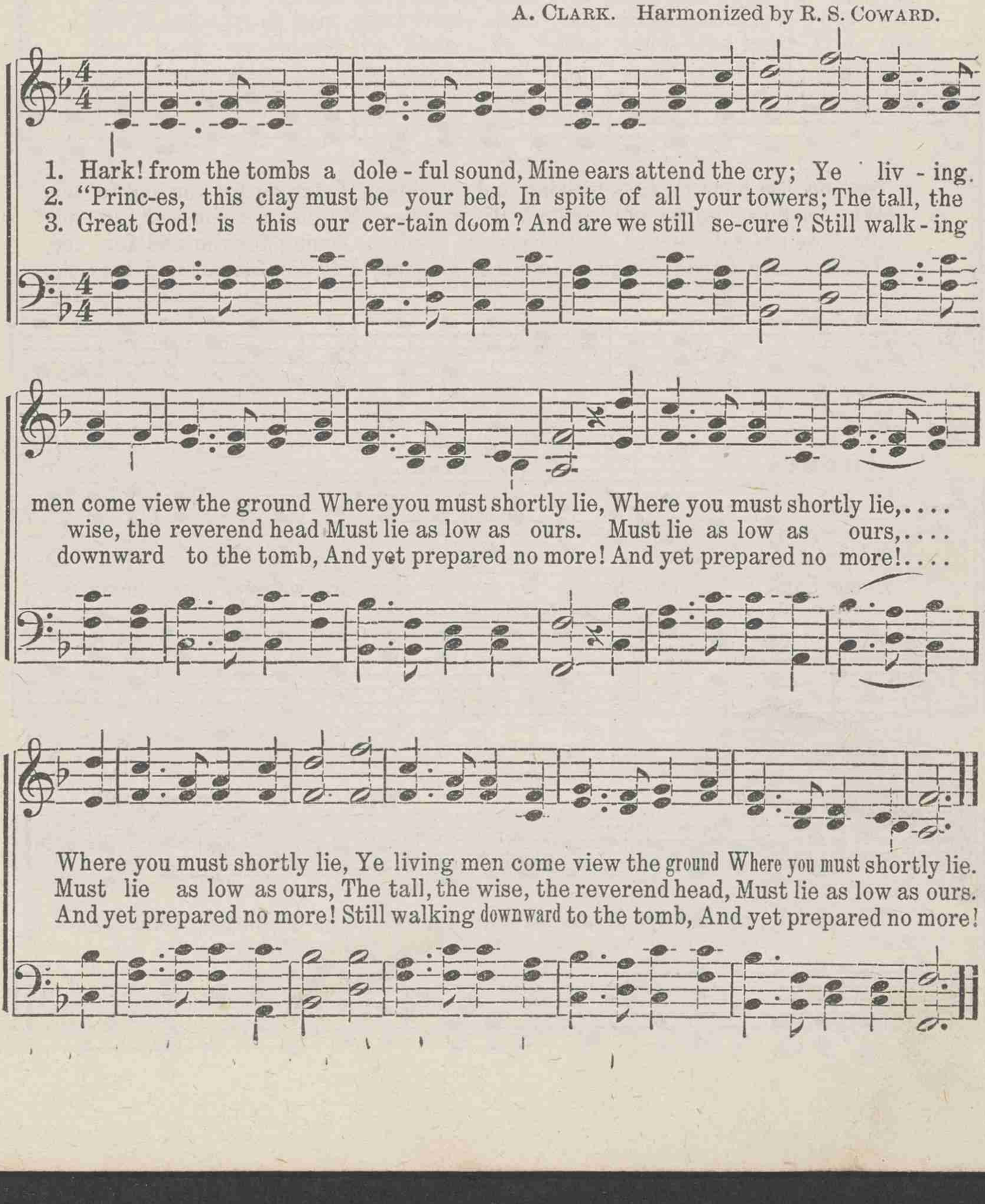
*After singing "Lost Soul's Lament," have the choir join you in singing, "Hark From the Tombs."

No. 131. Hark From the Tombs.

(PLENARY. C. M. D.)

"If I wait, the grave *is* mine house: I have made my bed in the darkness."—JOB 17: 13.

A. CLARK. Harmonized by R. S. COWARD.



INVITATION SONGS.

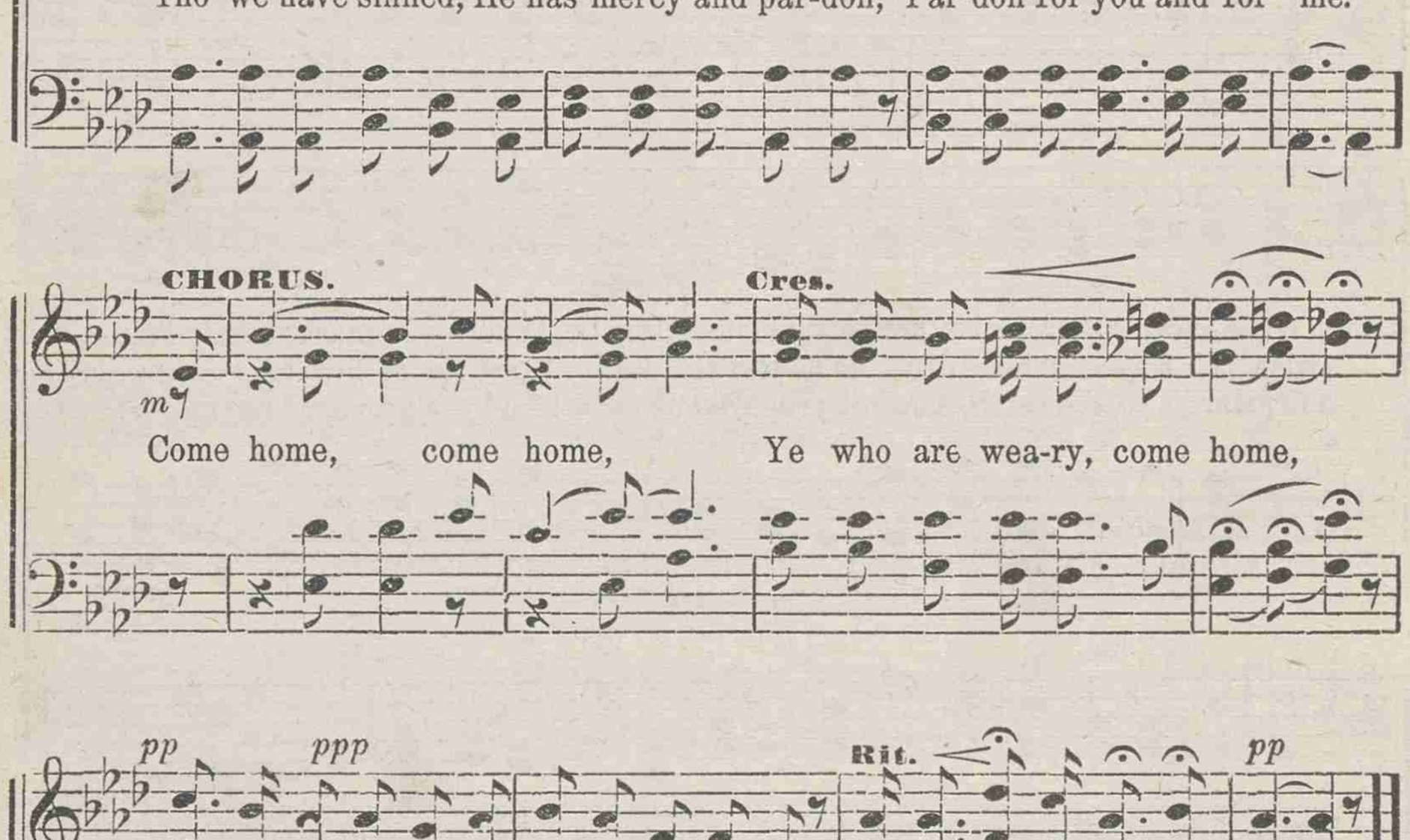
No. 132. Softly and Tenderly.

"Come unto me."—MATT. 11: 28.

W. L. T. By per. Will L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., Chicago, Ill. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Je - sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me,
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me,

See on the por-tals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.



Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,

Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sin-ner, come home!

No. 133. Hear Him Calling.

Affectionately dedicated to my faithful choir of the West Paris Tent Meeting, Oct. 13 to 27, 1901.—Author.

R. S. C. Copyright, 1904, by R. S. Coward. R. S. COWARD.

1. O lost one are you seek - ing Con-tent-ment, per - fect peace?
2. There's none can save but Je - sus, On Him you need but call,
3. He waits to give you par - don, Sal - va - tion, full and free,
4. The Spir - it may this mo - ment, For - ev - er take His flight,
5. O come while He is wait - ing, To bless your sin - sick soul,

'Tis on - ly found in Je - sus, He gives you sweet re - lease.
He'll take from you your bur - den, Come cast on Him your all.
No long - er grieve the Spir - it, Nor heed-less hear His plea.
And leave your poor soul grop-ing In nev - er - end - ing night.
He pleads with ten - der unc - tion, To make your spir - it whole.

REFRAIN.

Hear Him call - ing, ten - der - ly call - ing?
Hear Him earnest - ly call - ing, ten - der - ly, lov-ing - ly call-ing?

"Come, ye wea - ry, sor-row op-pressed," All who la - bor,
All who are wea-ry of la - bor,

All who are bur - dened "Come, and I will give you rest."....
All who are heav-i - ly burdened sweet rest.

No. 134. Whosoever Will May Come.

JENNIE WILSON. Copyright, 1904, by J. P. Lane. J. O. SHELTON.

1. Sin - ner, heed the message sent to thee, Who - so - ev - er will may come;
2. Do not long - er slight the Spirit's call, Who - so - ev - er will may come;
3. With each guilt-y bur-den, with each stain, Who - so - ev - er will may come;
4. Heed the in - vi - ta-tion while you may, Who - so - ev - er will may come;

To sal - va-tion's fountain flowing free, Who-so - ev - er will may come.
Hear the voice of mer - cy say to all, Who-so - ev - er will may come.
They who drink shall never thirst a - gain, Who-so - ev - er will may come.
Of the liv - ing wa-ter drink to - day, Who-so - ev - er will may come.

CHORUS.

Who - so - ev - er will, who - so - ev - er will, Who-so - ev - er will may come;

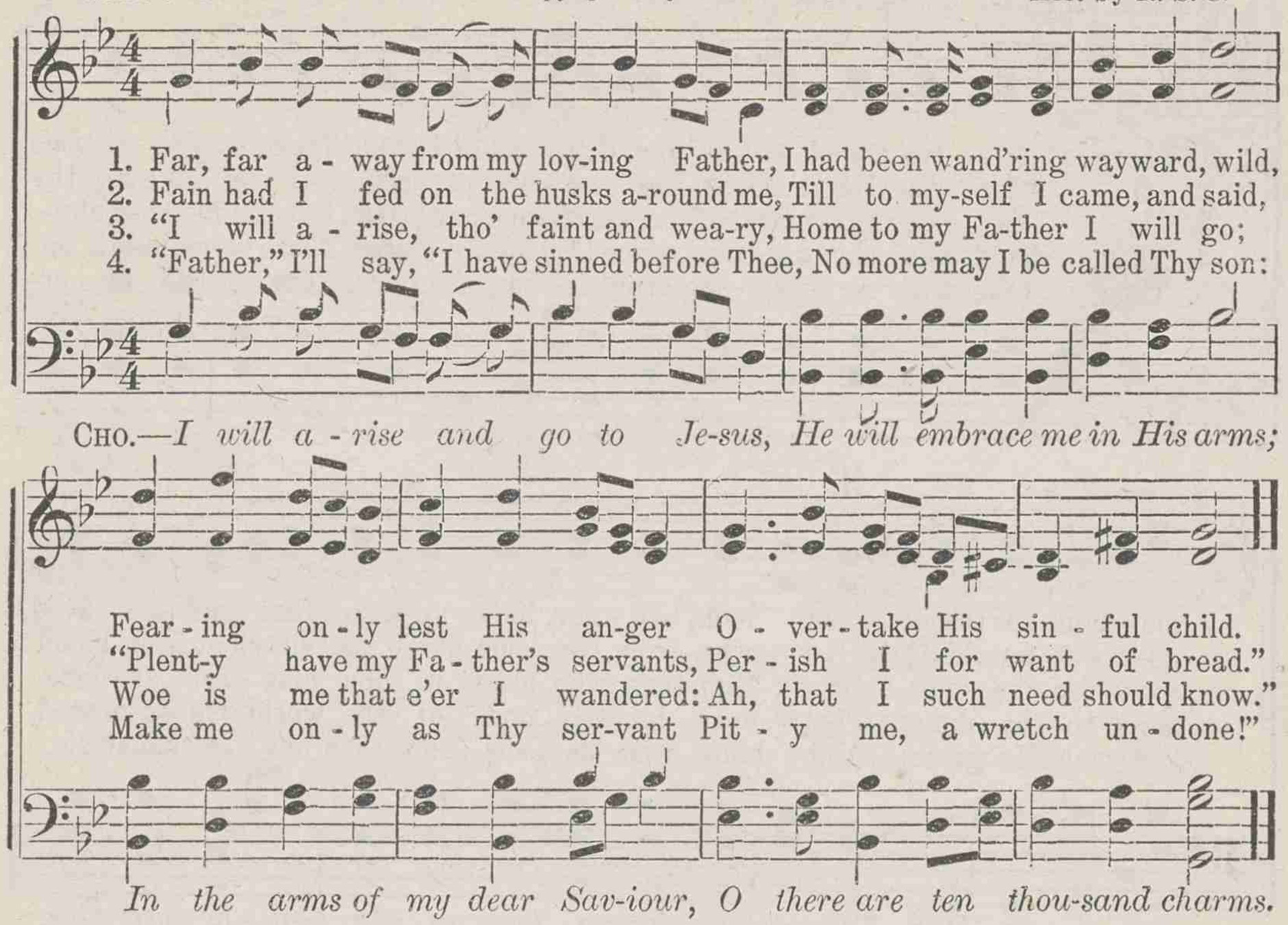
To sal-va-tion's fount-ain flow-ing free, Who-so - ev - er will may come.

No. 135. I Will Arise and Go.

(THE PRODIGAL SON.)

"And when he came to himself, he said, how many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!"—LUKE 15: 17.

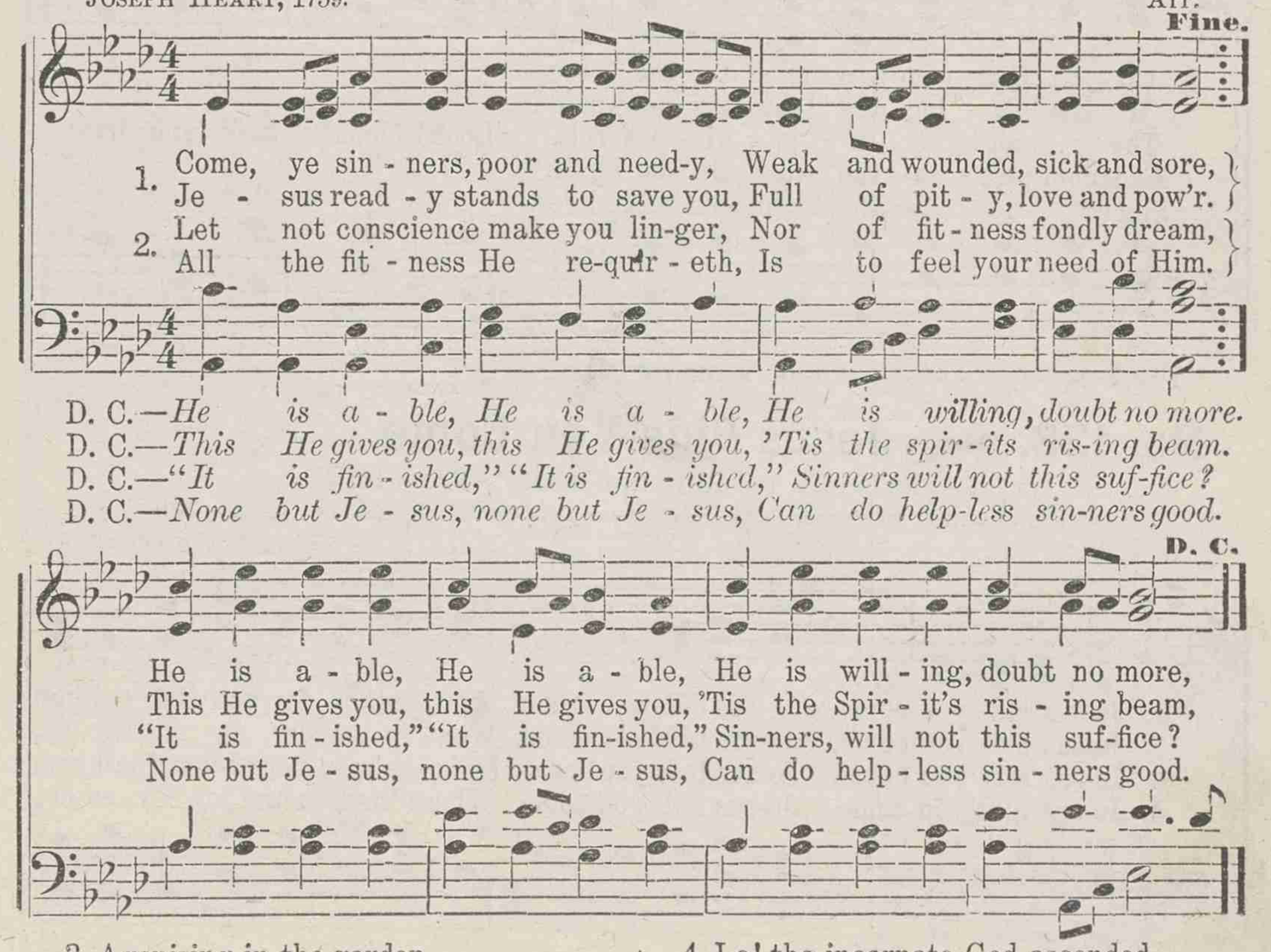
UNKNOWN. Arr. copyrighted by R. S. Coward. Arr. by R. S. C.



No. 136. Come Ye Sinners.

"Come, unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

JOSEPH HEART, 1759. Arr.



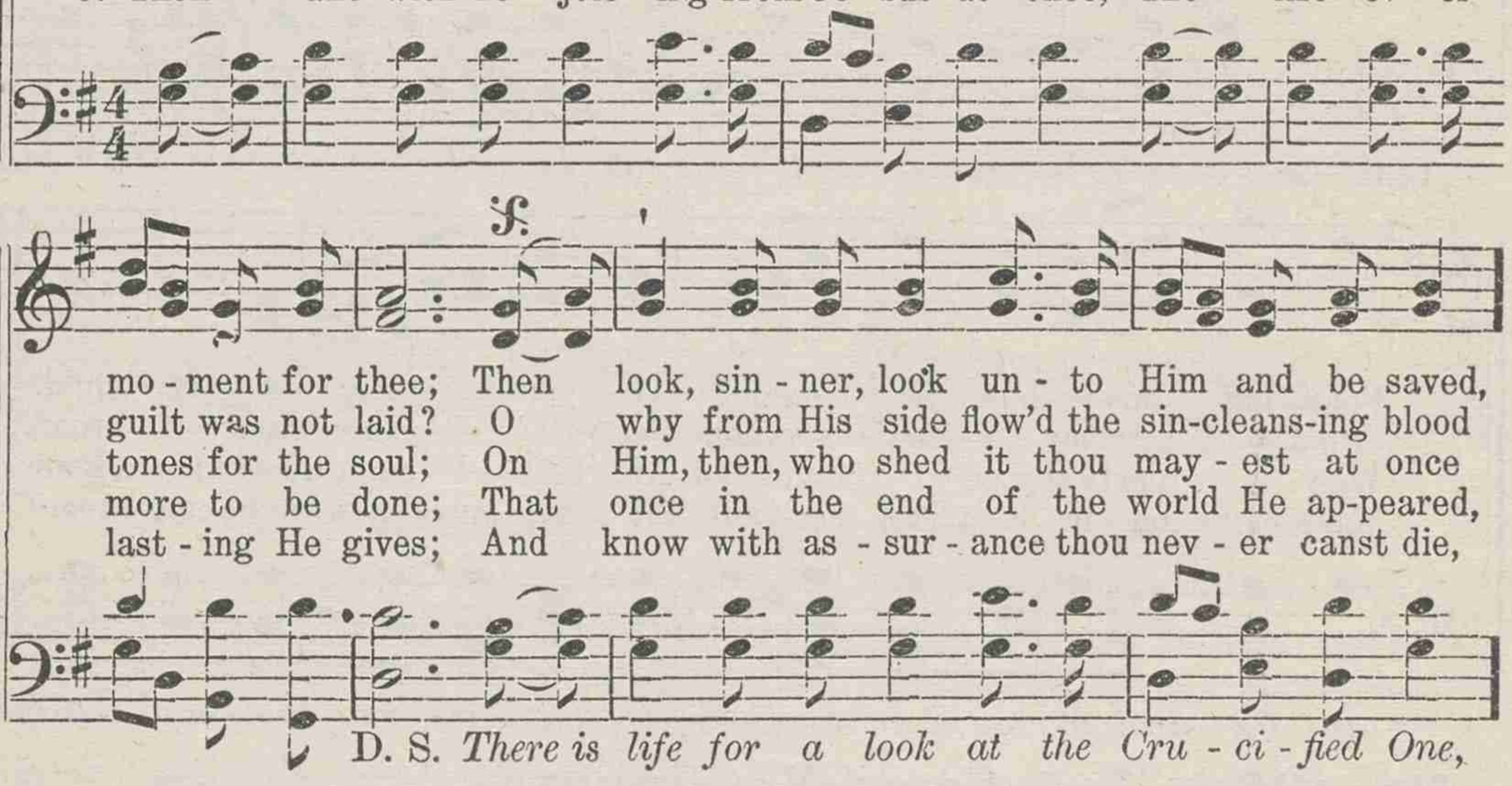
3 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Master prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold Him,
Hear Him cry before He dies.

4 Lo! the incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood;
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude.

No. 137. There Is Life For a Look.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."—ISA. 45: 22.

AMELIA M. HULL. Copyright prop. of The Biglow & Main Co. Used by per. REV. E. G. TAYLOR.



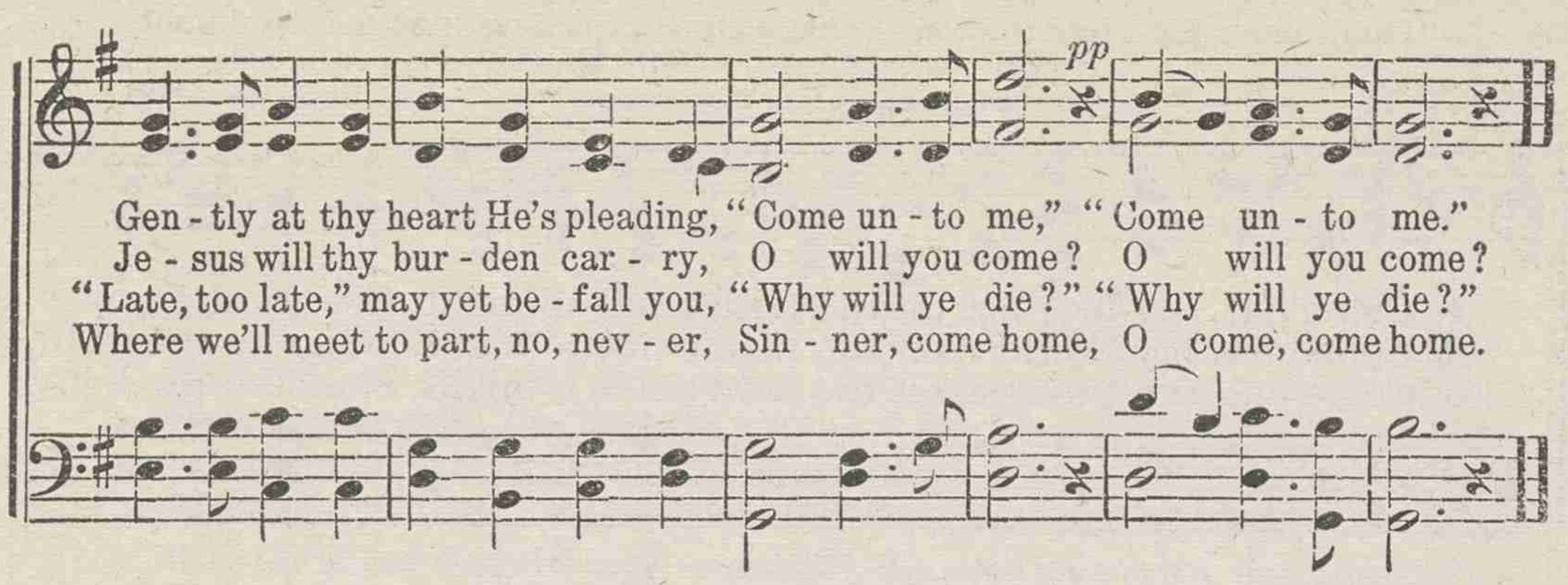
No. 138. Jesus Bids You Come.

"Come untc me all ye that labor."—MATT. 11: 28.

By per. of Will L. Thompson, E. Liverpool, O., and the Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

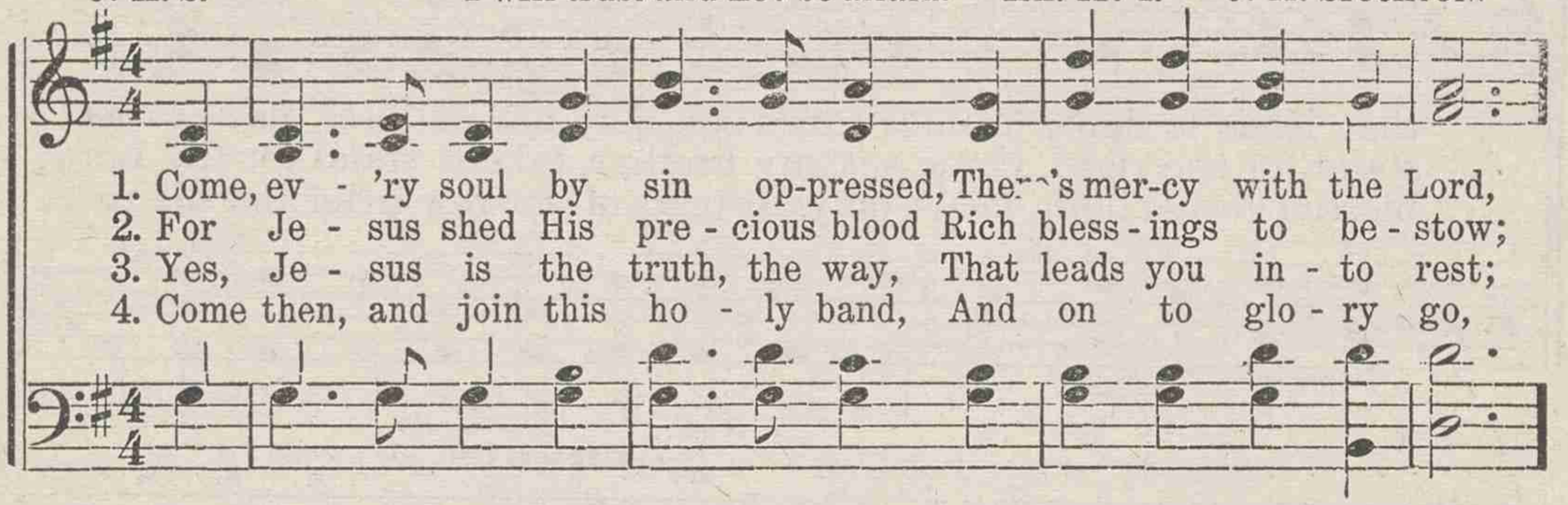
W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Jesus Bids You Come. Concluded.



No. 139. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. "I will trust and not be afraid."—Isa. 12: 2. J. H. Stockton.



No. 140. Come Out On the Lord's Side.

"I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on me should not abide in darkness."—JOHN 12: 46.

A. B. L. Copyright, 1904, by R. S. Coward. A. BUNYAN LITTLE.

1. Come out, my brother, on the Lord's side to-night, Get in the way
2. Come out, my brother, on the Lord's side to-night, Stand for the truth,
3. Come out, my brother, on the Lord's side to-night, Stand for the light,

that leads to light, To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise, nev-er rise;
stand for the right, Come out, my brother, take a stand for the Lord;
blessed gospel light, Leave off your tears of sor-row, grief and dis-pair;

CHORUS.

Come while there's mercy, sinner, be wise.
Trust in His mer-cy, trust in His word. Come out, my brother, on the
Lay on your Saviour all of your care.

Lord's side to-night; Step out on the prom-is-es so bright, Come

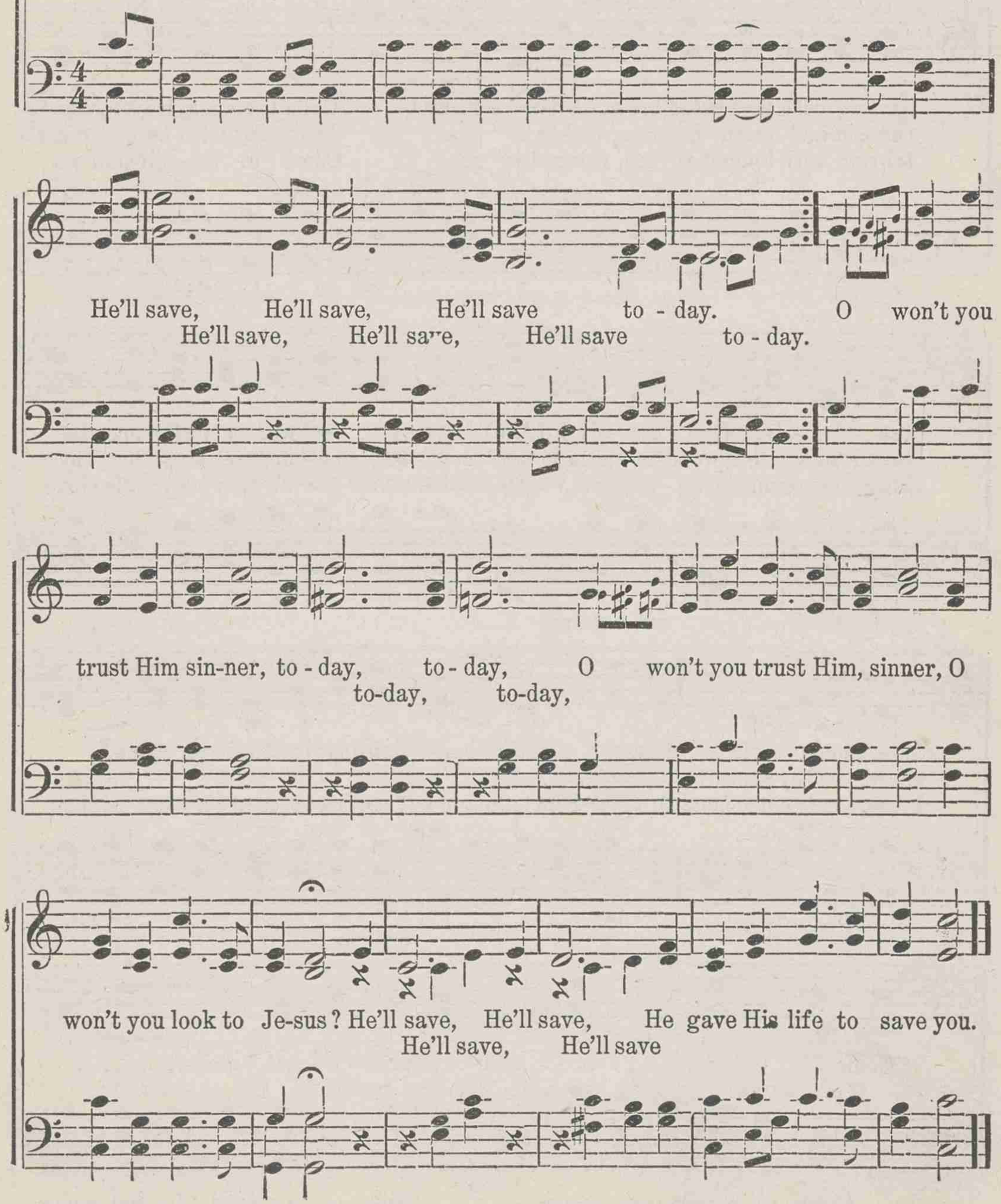
out from your sin, a new life begin, Come out on the Lord's side to-night.

No. 141. O Won't You Trust Him Sinner?

Copyright, 1903, by Singing Evangelists' Music Co., Waco, Texas.

REV. SID WILLIAMS. DAN EMMETT.

1. O Je - sus left His home a-bove, And came to earth your soul to save,
   O sin - ner won't you take His love, He brought it from His home a - bove;
2. Though like to crim-son be your sins, His blood was shed your soul to cleanse.
   Then come ac-cept, be - lieve His word, And join the ar - my of the Lord;
3. The bu - gle call is sound-ing still, In - vit-ing who - so - ev - er will,
   Come vol - un - teers, both young and old, Come place your name on the muster roll;
4. With Christ our Captain, faith our shield, His word the spirit's sword we'll wield;
   We're marching on to heav'n a-bove, His ban-ner o - ver us is love;



No. 142. Come Now, Weary Prodigal.

"Who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth."—
I. TIM. 2: 4.

R. S. C. Revised and Copyright, 1904, by R. S. Coward. R. S. COWARD.

1. Come, wea-ry prod-i-gal, come just now, (come just now,) (O) come, while the
2. You've wandered far in the des-ert drear, (des-ert drear,) (Out) where famine
3. Come now, the Fa-ther will welcome thee; (welcome thee,) (For) He thy con-

Saviour with thorn-pierced brow, (thorn-pierced brow,) Calls thee, and beckons so
rag-eth and death is near, (death is near,) Tho' faint with hunger there's
tri-tion hath longed to see, (longed to see,) Come to thy-self and no

ten-der-ly, (ten-der-ly;) (And) say-ing, ye wea-ry ones come to
bread to spare, (bread to spare,) (O) come where a-bund-ant shall be thy
long-er roam, (long-er roam,) (O) come while the Fa-ther now calls come

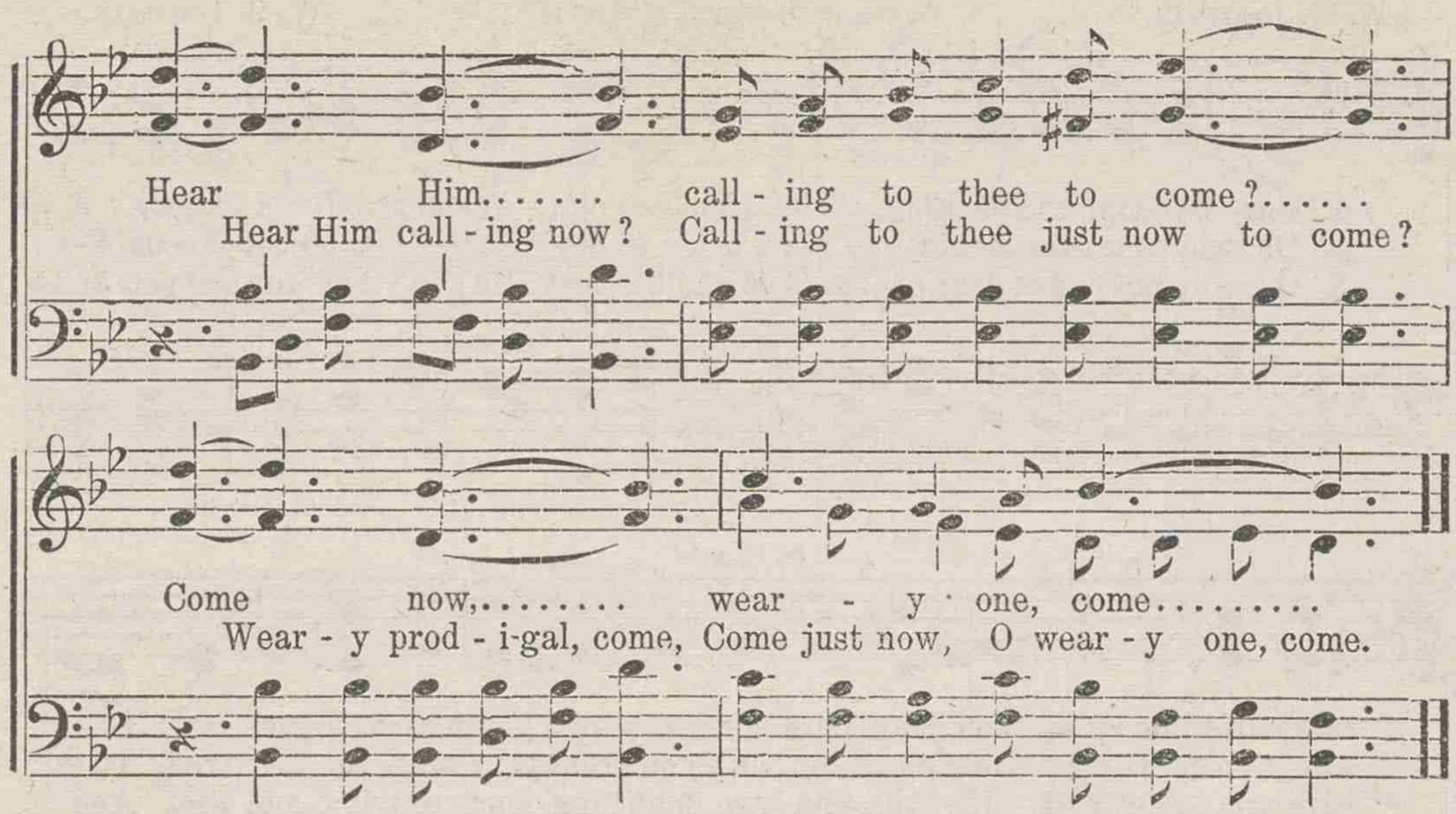
CHORUS.

Me, (come to Me.) Hear Him.... call-ing to thee to come?
share, (be thy share.)
home, (calls come home.) Hear Him calling now? calling to thee just now to come?

Come now,..... wea-ry prod-i-gal, come,.....

Come, ye wea-ry one, come, Wea-ry prod-i-gal, come,

Come Now, Weary Prodigal. Concluded.



No. 143. Weary Wanderer, Come.

"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him: and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."—Isa. 55 : 7.

Mrs. J. W. Kennedy. Copyright, 1902, by R. S. Coward. R. S. Coward.

No. 144. Heed the Gospel.

W. H. JOHNSON. Copyright, 1904, by R. S. Coward. W. H. JOHNSON.

1. Our Sav-iour is knocking, O let Him come in, Ac - cept offered mer-cy, a new life be - gin, You may have sins ma - ny, you may have sins few, One
2. Oh, why not, dear sinner, this start make to-day? Come yield now to Je-sus, His sweet voice o - bey, He's plead-ing with you from your sins to be free, 'Twas
3. Oh, why not come, dear one, to Christ and be blest? He's a - ble to save you and give you sweet rest, If still you are doubt-ing, come praying and see, And

REFRAIN.

sin, my dear brother, keeps pardon from you.
your sins that nailed Him to dark Calv'ry's tree. Oh, heed now the gos - pel from
prove that His mer - cy is boundless and free.

sin turn a-way, Oh, heed now the "good news," no long-er de-lay, But seek now the

Sav-iour, His blest word o - bey, Before Him you'll stand in that great judgment day.

No. 145. Which Road Will You Choose.

"Choose you this day whom you will serve."—Josh. 24 ; 15.

Miss Jennie Wilson. Copyright, 1899, by R. S. Coward. R. S. Coward.

Not too fast.

1. Two roads lie be-fore you, my brother, In one of these ways you must go,
2. The broad road looks fair and in-vit-ing, Its flow-ers hide ma - ny a snare,
3. The nar-row road of-fers the prom-ise When all of its course has been trod,
4. Which road will you travel, my brother? This question appeals to your soul,

Rit. - - - - - - - - -

One leads to bright mansions a-bove you, One leads to dark regions be - low.
Its pleasures that last but a sea - son, Brings grief that will end in de - spair.
Who trust in the Lord, shall, in glo - ry, Wear crowns in that cit - y of God.
Come, go where flows life's crystal fountain, Where billows of woe nev-er roll.

REFRAIN. Slowly and earnestly.

Which way..... will you choose?... O choose.... ye the right,....
Which way will you choose, which way will you choose? O choose ye the right, O choose ye the right.

Brother, you must this question de-cide, O why..... not to - night?....
O why not to-night, O why not to-night?

Rit. - - - - - - - - - - -

Will you dwell in the home of the lost? Or in heaven with souls pur - i - fied?

No. 146. Where the Fountain of Life.

JENNIE WILSON. Copyright, 1904, by J. P. Lane. J. P. LANE.

Smoothly, gently.

Sop. Solo. **Quartet.**

1. O soul; sal - va-tion waits for thee Where the fountain of life is flow - ing;
2. Oh, come from barren ways of sin, Where the fountain of life is flow - ing;
3. Oh, come ye, who - so - ev - er will, Where the fountain of life is flow - ing;

Solo. **Quartet.**

Ac-cept the gift so full and free, Where the fountain of life is flow - ing.
En-dur - ing peace and gladness win, Where the fountain of life is flow - ing.
Let joy di-vine your bosoms thrill, Where the fountain of life is flow - ing.

Semi-Chorus.

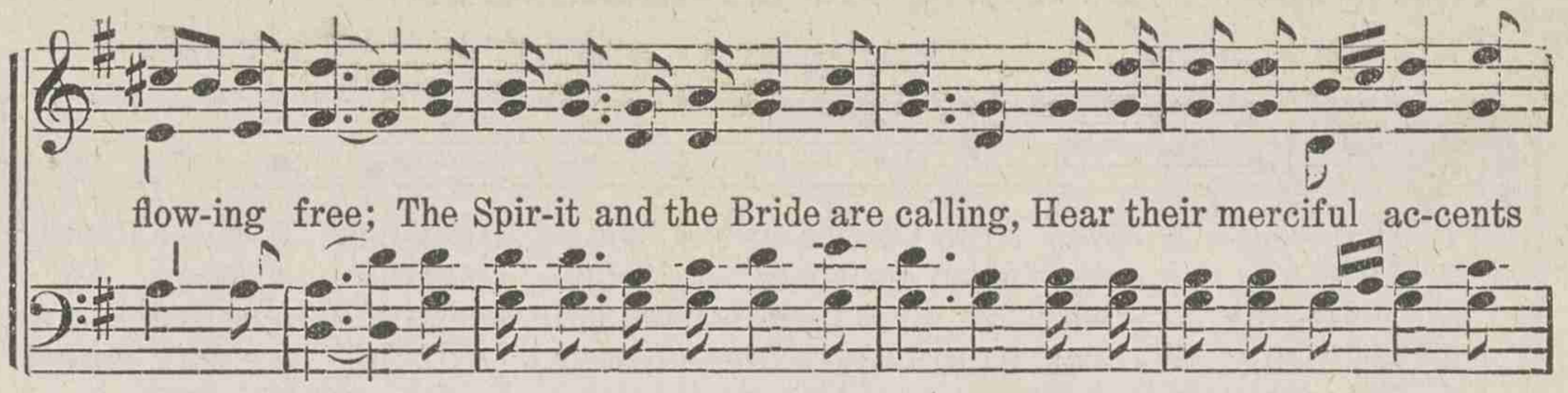
The Spir-it calls, no more de - lay, But now in faith His voice o-bey, And com-ing
No more in want and guilt a-bide, But from the pure refreshing tide Drink free-ly
O sin - ful ones, no longer roam, Sad wan-der-ers a-far from home, O - bey the

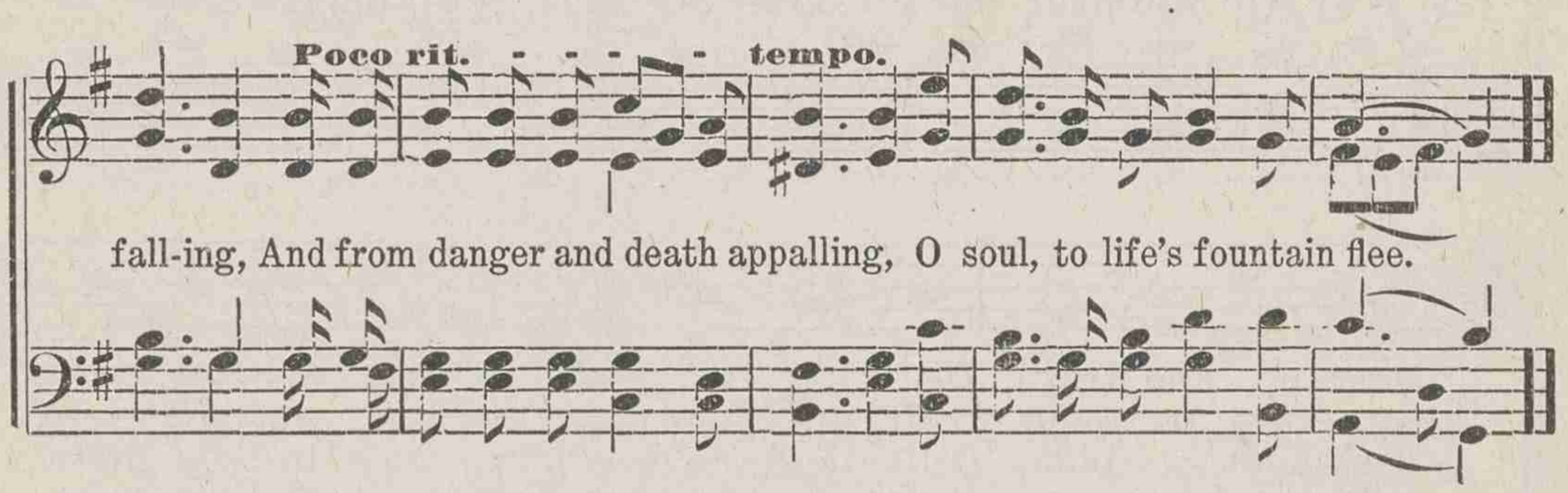
Full Chorus.

be made whole to-day, Where the fountain of life is flow - ing.
and be sat - is - fied, Where the fountain of life is flow - ing. Oh, come where the
Spirit's call and come Where the fountain of life is flow - ing.

fountain is flow - ing, Oh, come where the fountain is flowing, Where the fountain is

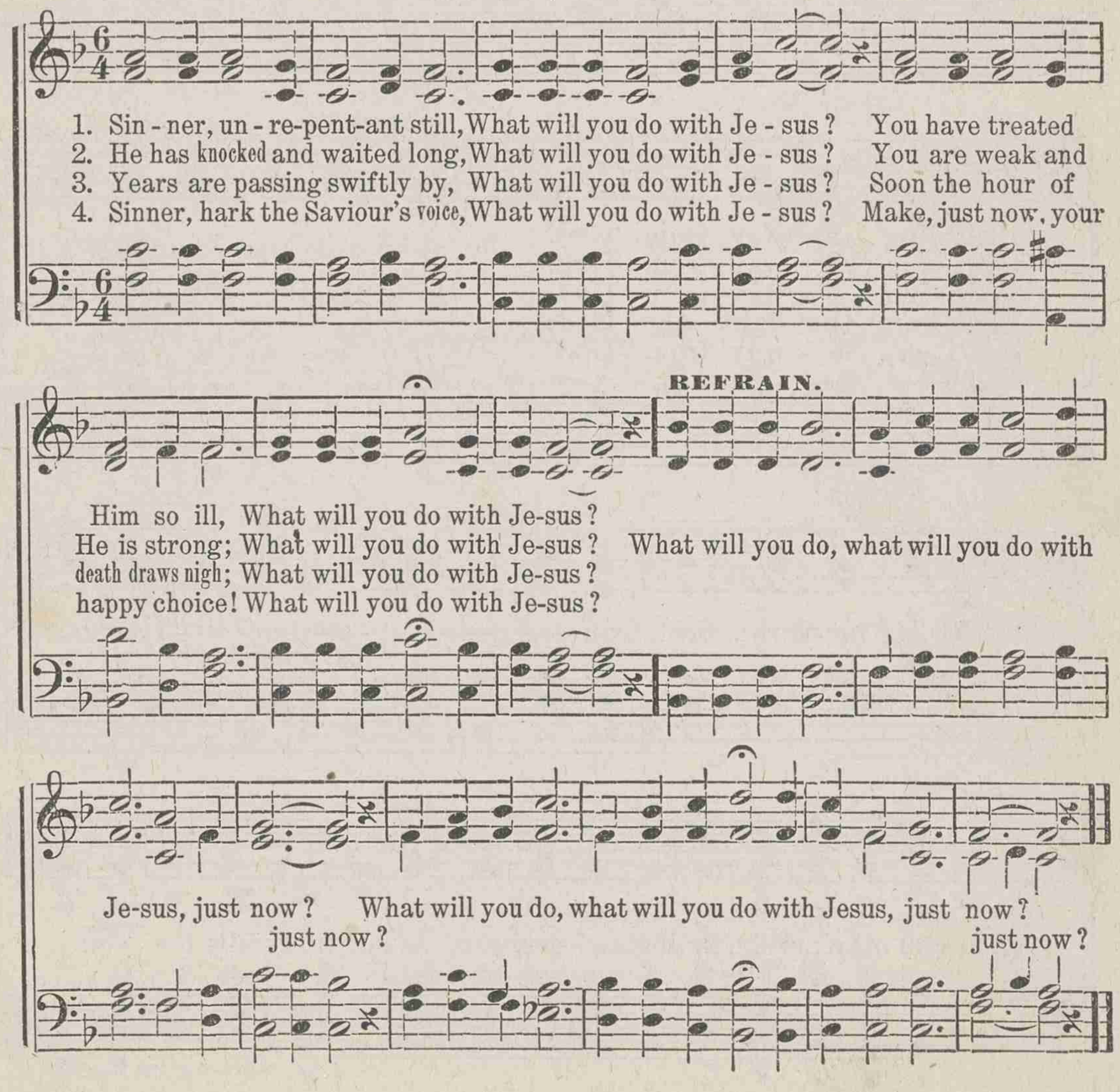
Where the Fountain of Life. Concluded.





No. 147. What Will You Do With Jesus?

E. R. LATTA. Copyright, 1904, by R. S. Coward. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.



No. 148. Drifting Away from God.

MRS. J. A. GRIFFITH. Copyright, 1891, by P. P. Bilhorn. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Drift-ing a - way from Christ in thy youth, Drifting a - way from
2. Drift-ing a - way from moth-er and home, Drifting a - way in
3. Drift-ing a - way on sin's treach'rous tide, Drifting where death and
4. Drift-ing a - way from hope's blessed shore, Drifting a - way where
5. Why will you drift on bil - lows of shame, Spurning His grace a-

ff

mer - cy and truth, Drift - ing to sin in ten - der - est youth,
sor - row to roam, Drift - ing where peace and rest can - not come,
dark-ness a - bide, Drift - ing from heav'n a - way in your pride,
wild break-ers roar; Drift - ed and strand-ed, wrecked ev-er - more,
gain and a - gain? Soon you'll be lost! in sin to re - main,

CHORUS.

Drift - ing a - way from God.
Drift - ing a - way from God.
Drift - ing a - way from God.
Far from the light of God.
Ev - er a - way from God.

Broth-er, the Sav - iour has called you be - fore; See! you are near-ing e - ter - ni - ty's shore!

f Rit.

Soon you may perish, be lost ev - er-more, Je-sus now calls for you.

No. 149. YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—JOHN 3: 3.

W. T. SLEEPER. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

1. A ruler once came to Jesus by night, To ask Him the way of salvation and light; The Master made answer in
2. Ye children of men, attend to the word So solemnly uttered by Jesus, the Lord, And let not the message to
3. O ye who would enter that glorious rest, And sing with the ransom'd the song of the blest; The life everlasting if
4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, At the beautiful gate may be watching for thee; Then list to the words of this

a - gain. . . . .

words true and plain, "Ye must be born again, again."
you be in vain, "Ye must be born again, again."
ye would obtain, "Ye must be born again, again."
solemn refrain, "Ye must be born again, again."

a - gain, . . a - gain, .

CHORUS.

"Ye must be born again, a-gain," Ye must be born again, a-gain, I

a - gain. . .

ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly say un - to thee, Ye must be born again, a-gain.

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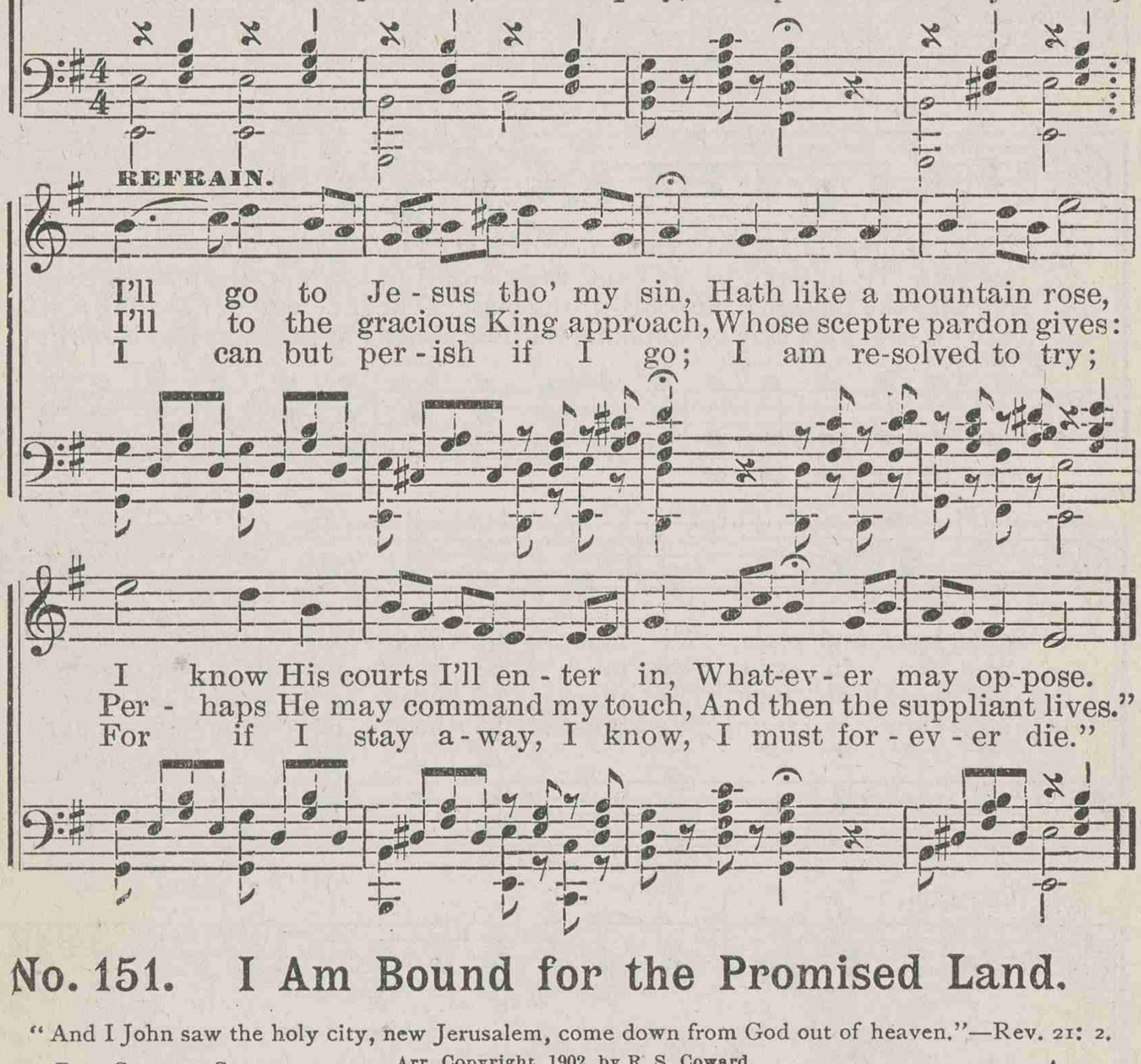
No. 150. Come. Humble Sinner.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."—
MATT. 11: 28.

Arr. Copyright, 1902, by R. S. Coward. Har. by J. P. LANE.

1. Come, hum-ble sin-ner, in whose breast A thousand tho'ts revolve,
   Come with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last re-solve.
2. "I'll pros-trate lie be-fore His throne, And there my guilt con-fess,
   I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un-done, Without His sov'reign grace.
3. "Per-haps He will ad-mit my plea, Perhaps will hear my pray'r;
   But, if I per-ish, I will pray, And per-ish on-ly there.



REFRAIN.

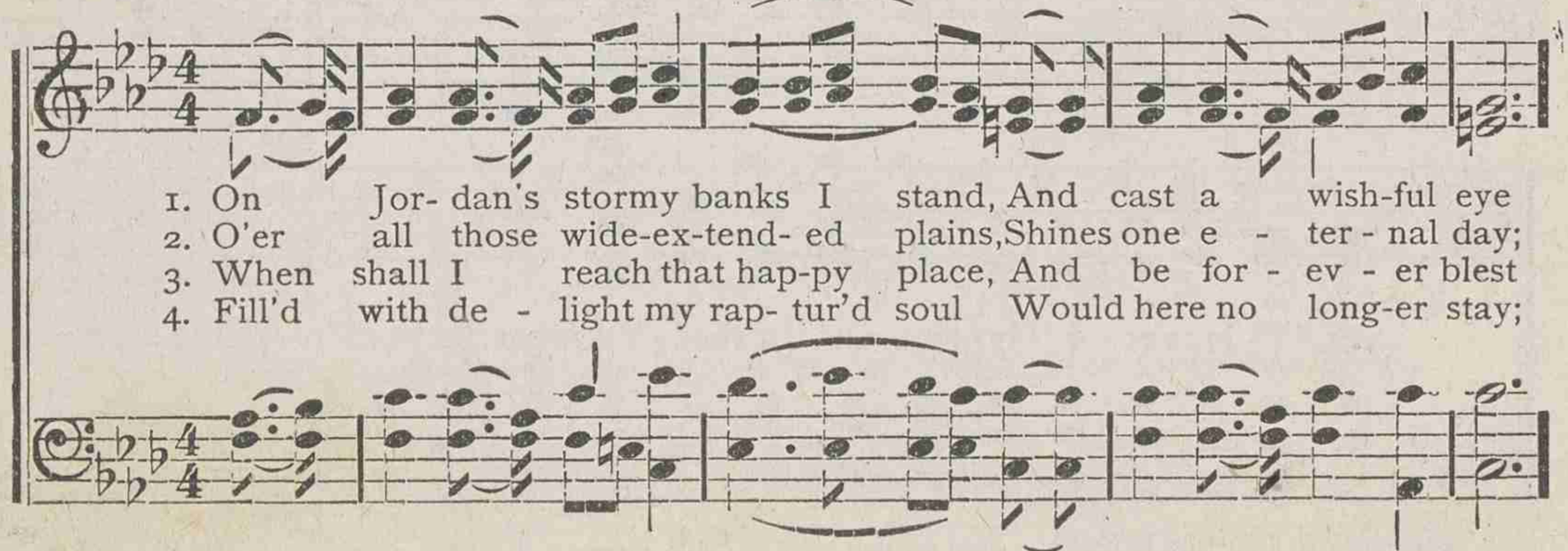
I'll go to Je-sus tho' my sin, Hath like a mountain rose,
I'll to the gracious King approach, Whose sceptre pardon gives:
I can but per-ish if I go; I am re-solved to try;

I know His courts I'll en-ter in, What-ev-er may op-pose.
Per-haps He may command my touch, And then the suppliant lives."
For if I stay a-way, I know, I must for-ev-er die."

No. 151. I Am Bound for the Promised Land.

"And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, come down from God out of heaven."—Rev. 21: 2.

Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT. Arr. Copyright, 1902, by R. S. Coward. Arr.



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;

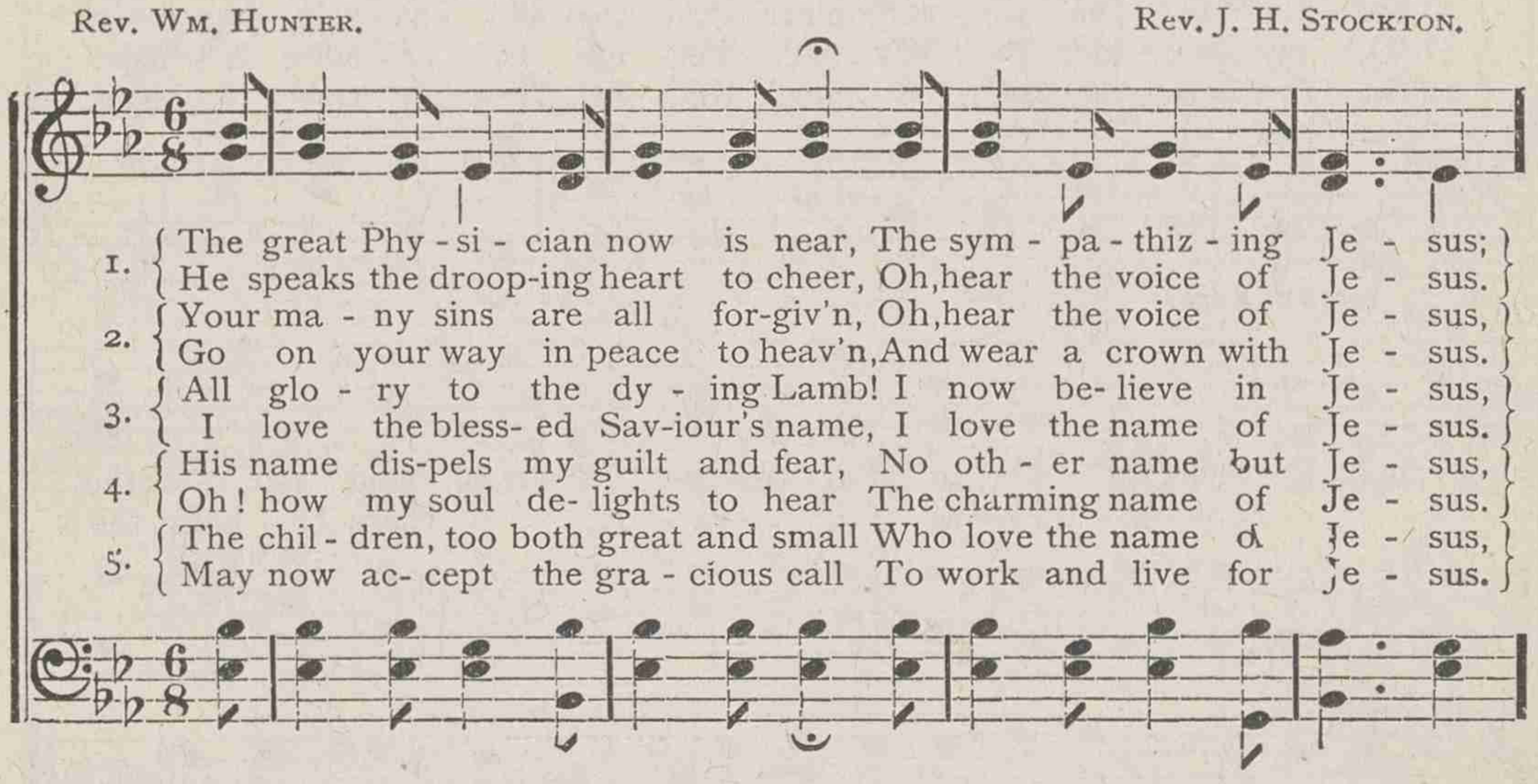
REF.—*I am bound for the promised land,..... I am bound for the promised land;*

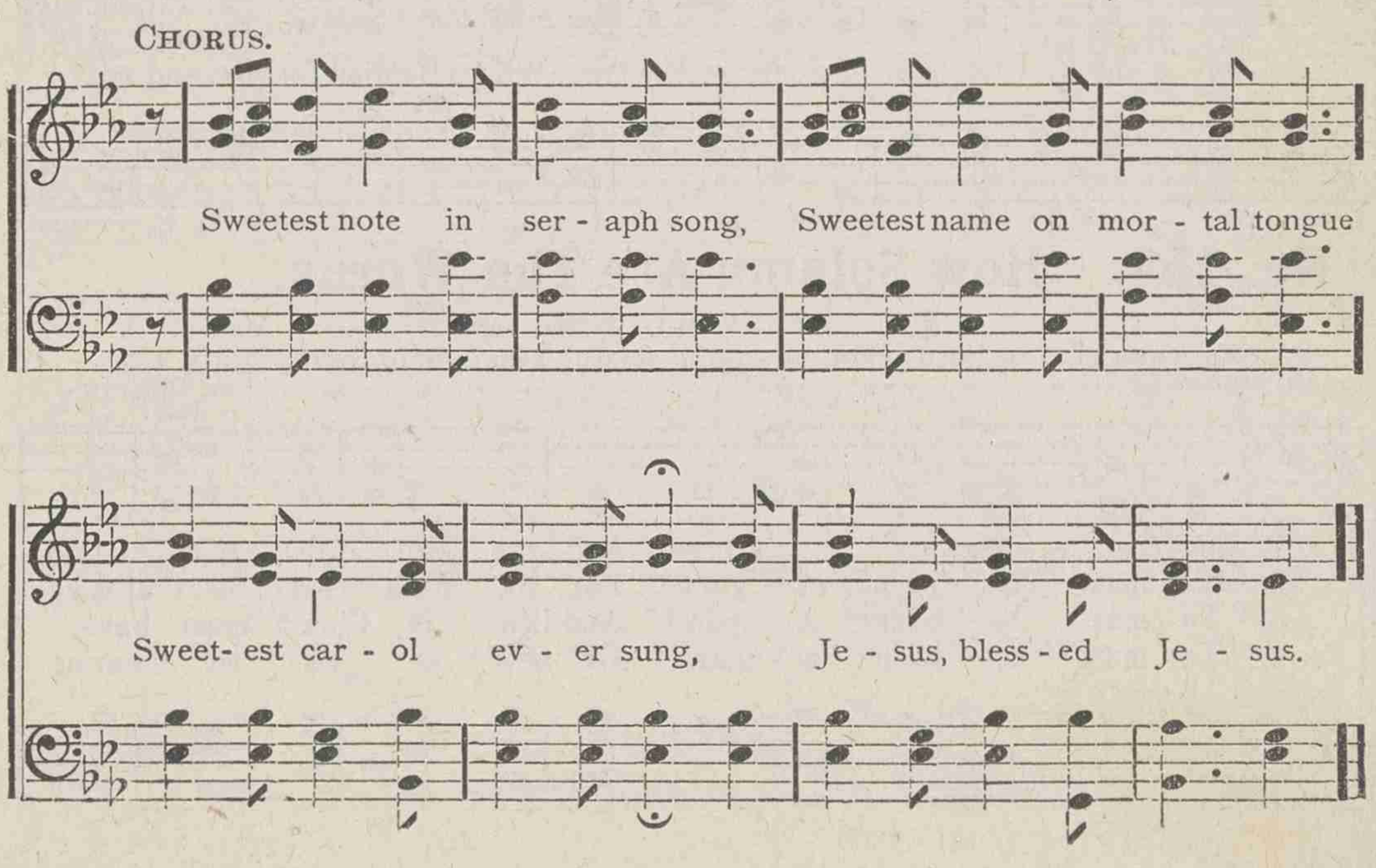
I Am Bound for the Promised Land.—Concluded.

No. 152. The Great Physician.

"Jesus saith unto her, I that speak unto thee am he."—John 4: 26.

Rev. Wm. Hunter. Rev. J. H. Stockton.

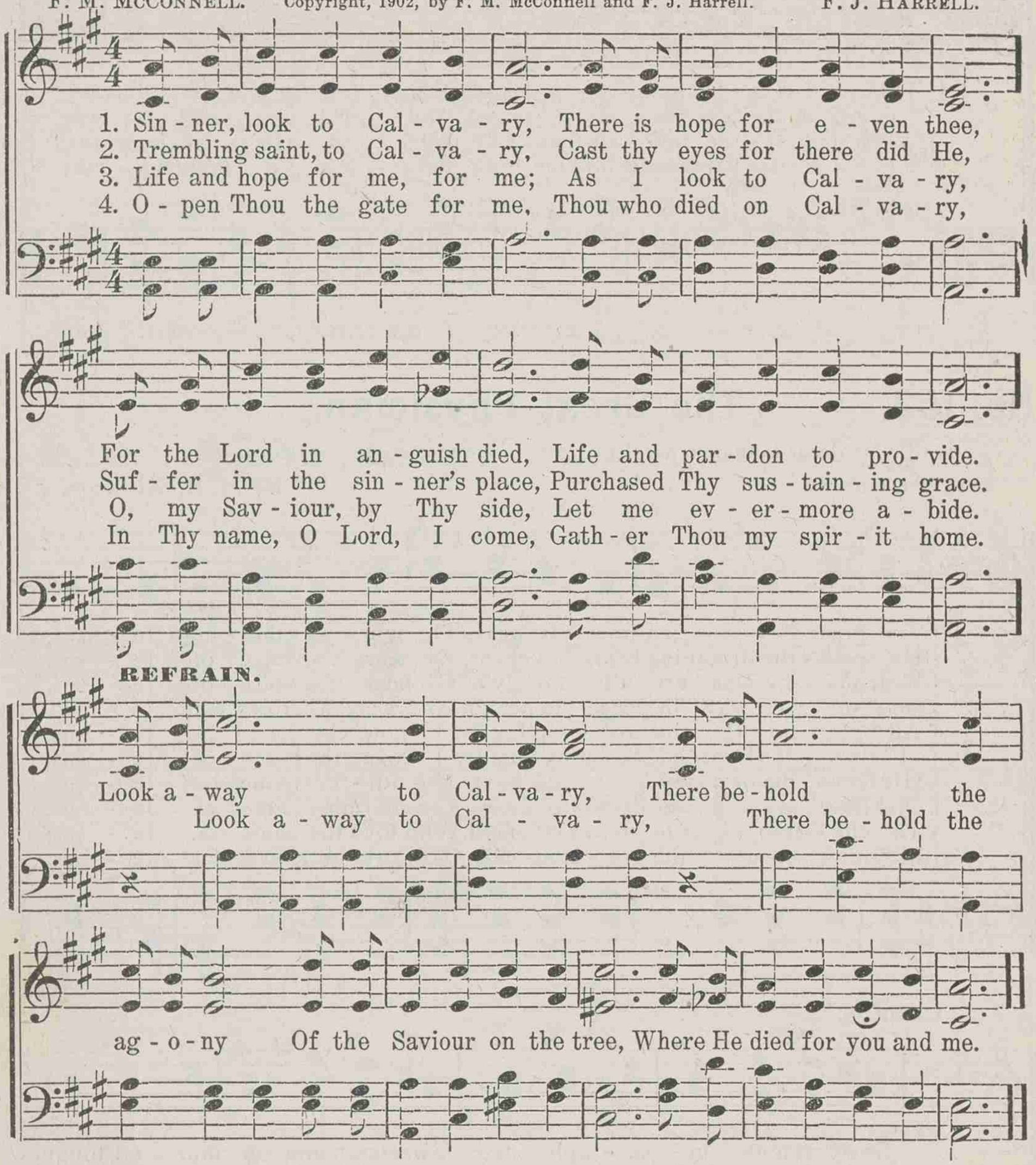




No. 153. "Look Away To Calvary."

"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else."—Isa. 55: 22.

F. M. McConnell. Copyright, 1902, by F. M. McConnell and F. J. Harrell. F. J. Harrell.

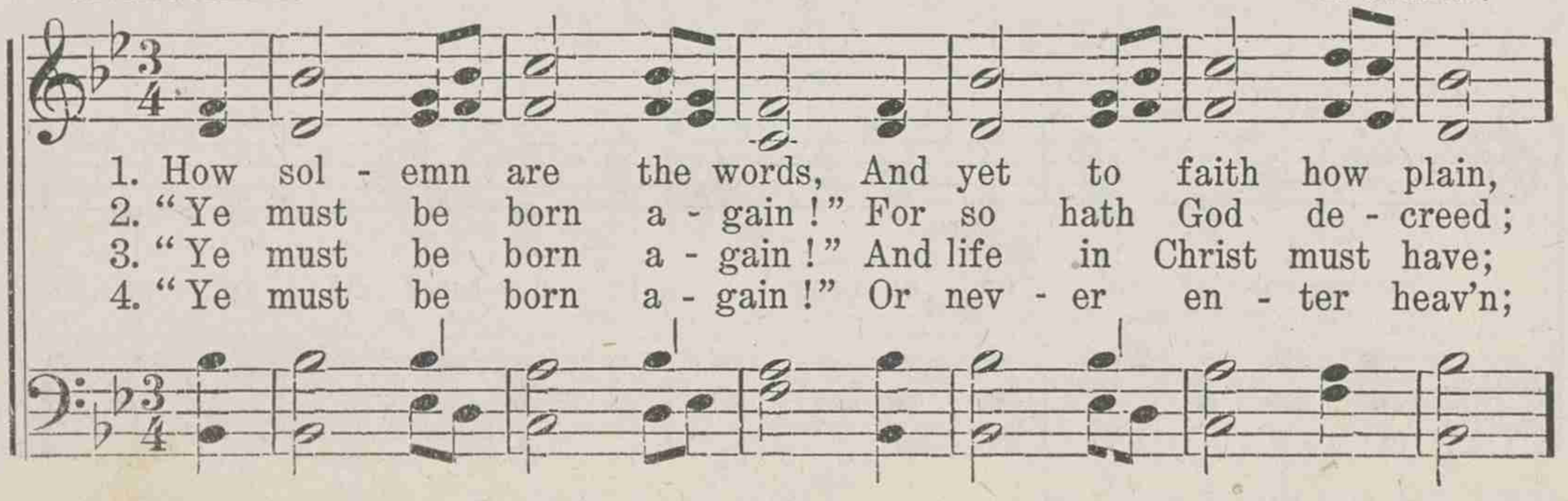


No. 154. How Solemn Are The Words.

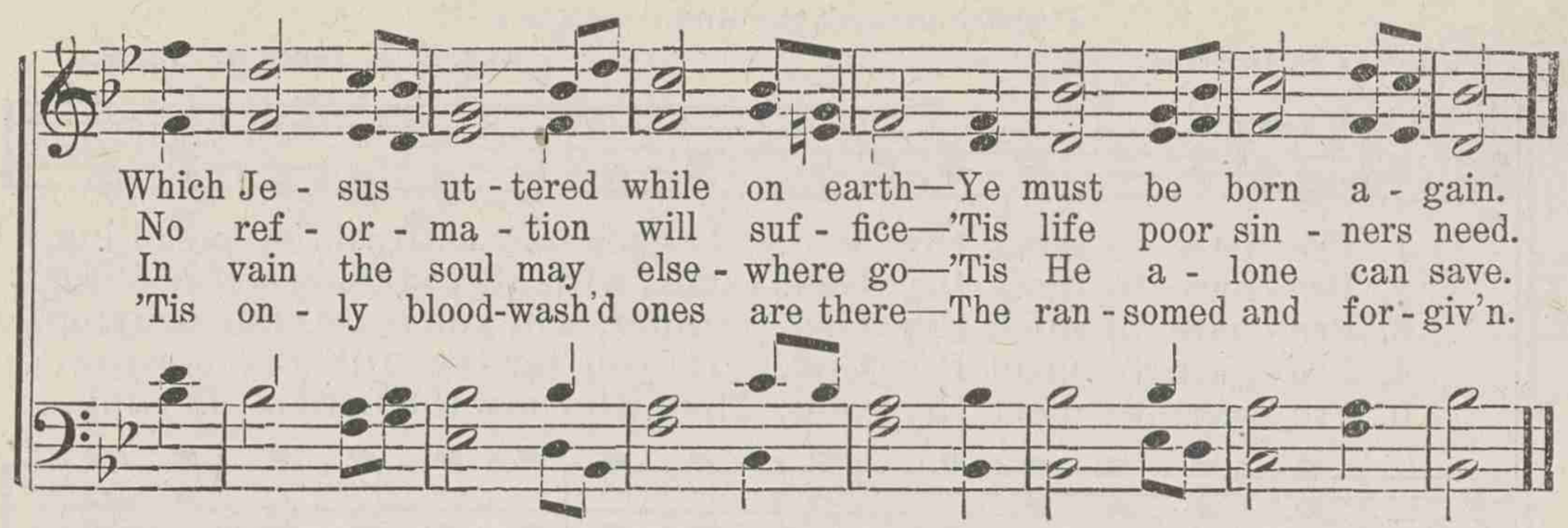
KENTUCKY. S. M.

"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—John 3: 3.

Montgomery. A. Chapin.

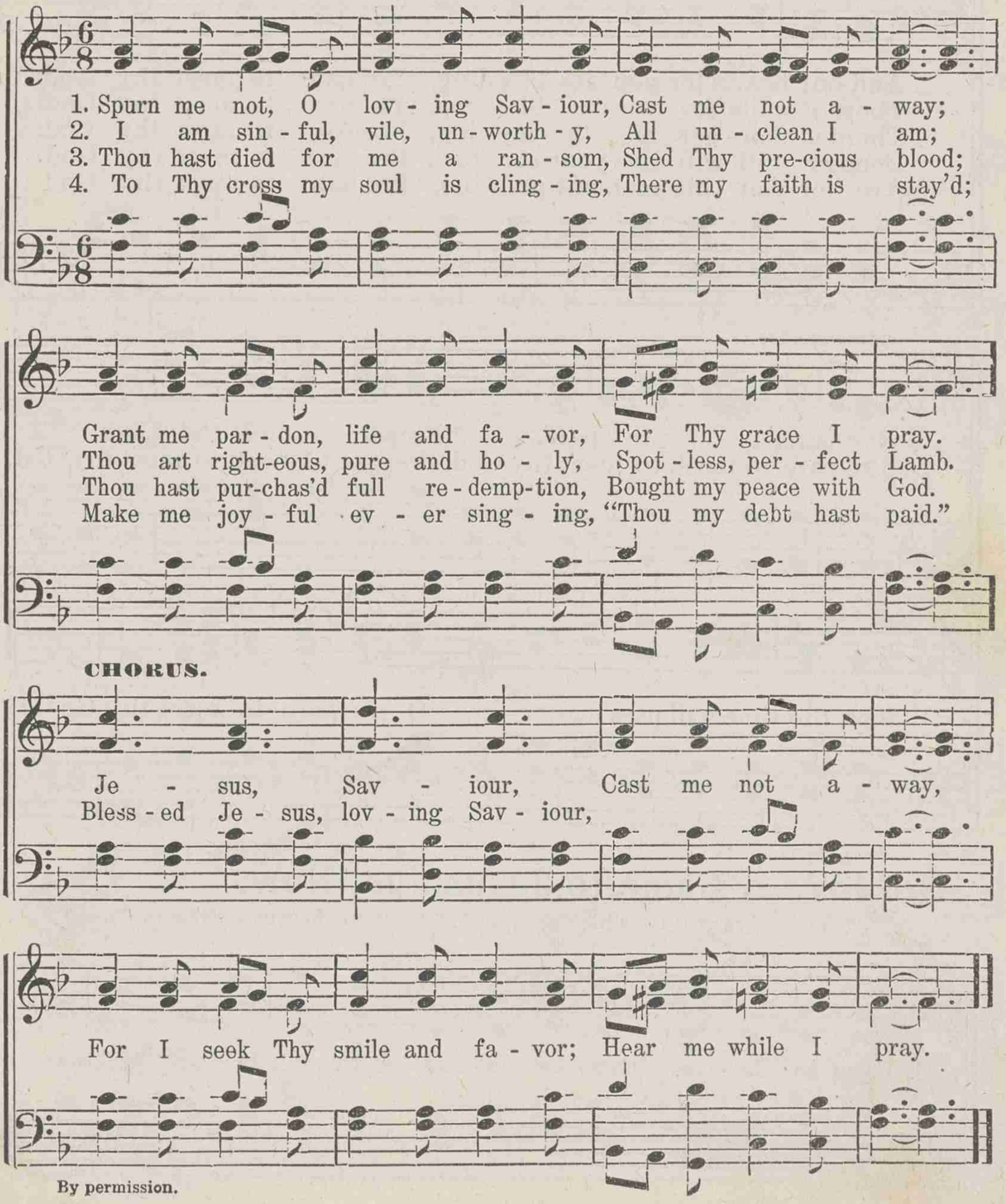


How Solemn Are The Words. Concluded.



No. 155. Spurn Me Not.

REV. J. H. MARTIN. D. E. DORTCH.



By permission.

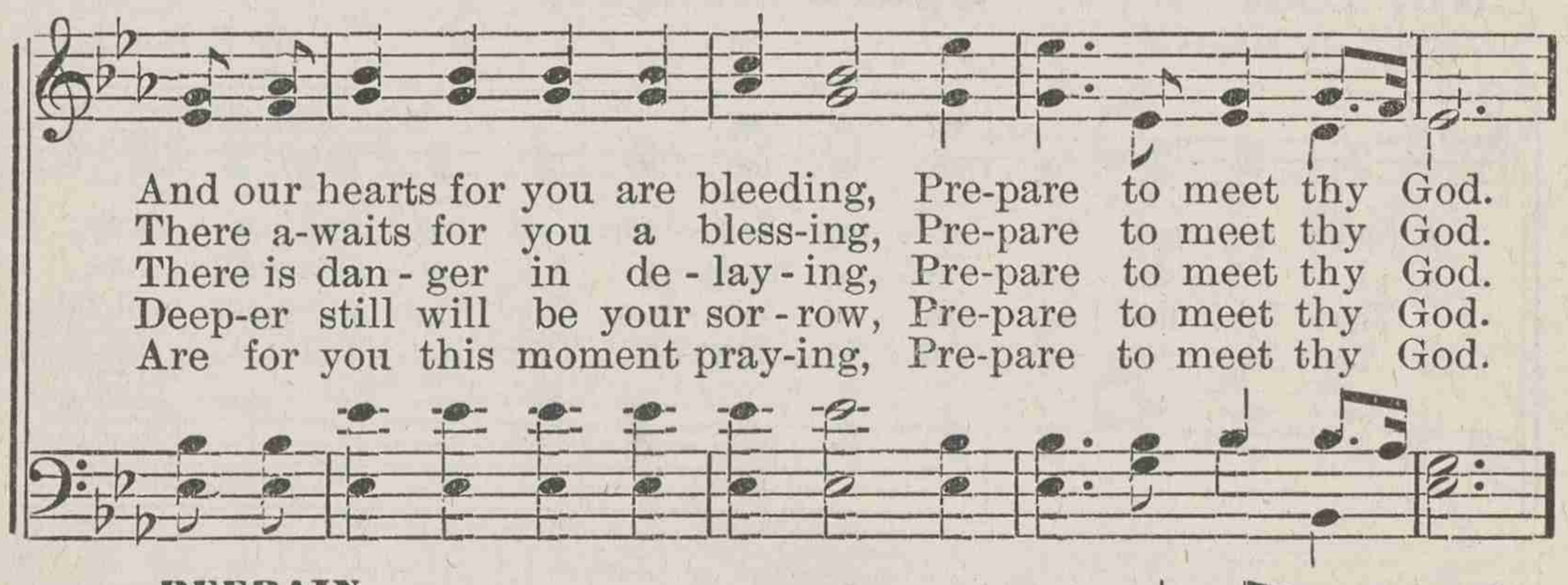
No. 156. Prepare to Meet Thy God.

"Prepare to meet thy God."—AMOS 4: 12.

REV. D. E. DORTCH. REV. D. E. DORTCH. By per.

1. Pre - pare to meet thy God, Je - sus now with you is plead-ing,
2. Pre - pare to meet thy God, Come, with all your sins con-fess-ing,
3. Pre - pare to meet thy God, Sinner, will you cease your straying,
4. Pre - pare to meet thy God, If you tar - ry till to - mor-row,
5. Pre - pare to meet thy God, They who now the Lord o - bey-ing,

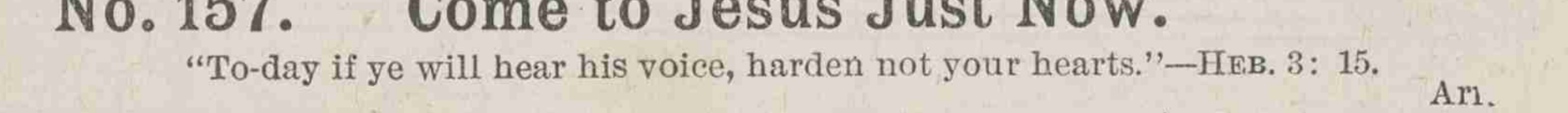
And our hearts for you are bleeding, Pre-pare to meet thy God.
There a-waits for you a bless-ing, Pre-pare to meet thy God.
There is dan - ger in de - lay - ing, Pre-pare to meet thy God.
Deep-er still will be your sor - row, Pre-pare to meet thy God.
Are for you this moment pray-ing, Pre-pare to meet thy God.



REFRAIN.

Pre-pare, pre - pare, Prepare to meet thy God,
Pre-pare to meet, to meet thy God, Prepare to meet, to meet thy God,

Soon the time will pass for - ev - er, O pre-pare to meet thy God.



No. 157. Come to Jesus Just Now.

"To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."—HEB. 3: 15.

Arr.

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

Come to Jesus Just Now. Concluded.

2 He will save you.
3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 He is waiting.
6 O believe Him.
7 O receive Him.
8 Only trust Him.
9 Hallelujah. Amen.

No. 158. Let Me In.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—REV. 3: 20.

R. L. T. Copyright, 1902, by R. L. Tittle. All rights reserved. Used by per. R. L. TITTLE.

No. 159. THREE WARNINGS.

"My spirit shall not always strive with man."—Gen. 6: 3.

Rev. W. T. DALE. CHAS. E. POLLOCK.

1. Re-sist not the Spir-it, but yield to Him now, In mer-cy He calls thee, come, sin-ner, and bow; No long-er re-sist Him, no long-er de-lay, He pleads with Thee gen-tly, He's pleading to-day.
2. O, quench not the Spir-it, His grace from a-bove Will warm thy af-fec-tions, and cause thee to love; Thy heart, which is fro-zen, shall glow as the flame, Thy spir-it, when ransom'd, His love shall proclaim.
3. O, grieve not the Spir-it, He stands at the door, He waits to be gra-cious, He'll save thee this hour; How long He's been wait-ing, how long must He wait? O sin-ner! this mo-ment may close Mer-cy's gate.

CHORUS.

Re-sist not the Spir---it, re-sist
O, quench not the Spir---it, O, quench
O, grieve not the Spir---it, O, grieve

Re-sist not the Spir-it, Re-sist Him not now, Re-sist not the Spir-
O, quench not the Spir-it, O, quench Him not now, O, quench not the Spir-
O, grieve not the Spir-it, O, grieve Him not now, O, grieve not the Spir-

Him not now, In mer----cy He

it, re-sist Him not now, In mer-cy He calls thee, in
it, O, quench Him not now, In mer-cy He draws thee, in
it, O, grieve Him not now, In mer-cy He warns thee, in

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Three Warnings. Concluded.

calls thee; come, sin - - - ner, and bow.
draw thee; come, sin - - - ner, and bow.
warns thee; come, sin - - - ner, and bow.

mer cy He calls thee; Come, sin - - ner, come, sin-ner, and bow.
mer - cy He draws thee; Come, sin - - ner, come, sin-ner, and bow.
mer - cy He warns thee; Come, sin - - ner, come, sin-ner, and bow.

Come, sin - ner, come, sin-ner, and bow.

No. 160. Will Your Soul Be Ready?

"Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."—MATT. 24: 44.

E. R. LATTA. Copyright, 1902, by R. S. Coward, Waco, Tex. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. Will your soul be read-y for the sol-emn hour, When a change of worlds draws nigh?
2. Will your soul be read-y for a welcome, blest From the righteous Judge of all?
3. Wlll your soul be read-y for the judgment seat, Where the saved and lost shall stand?

When the bod - y yield-eth to the vic-tor's pow'r, And a dimness veils the eye?
To a sin - less region, by the good possessed, That are ransomed from the fall?
Shall you prove but chaff, or the fin-est wheat, Shall you dwell at God's right hand?

REFRAIN.

Will your soul be ready? Will your soul be ready? Is your lamp aflame with a stead - y glow?

Do you answer "yes?" Do you answer "no?" O, sinner, will your soul be read-y?

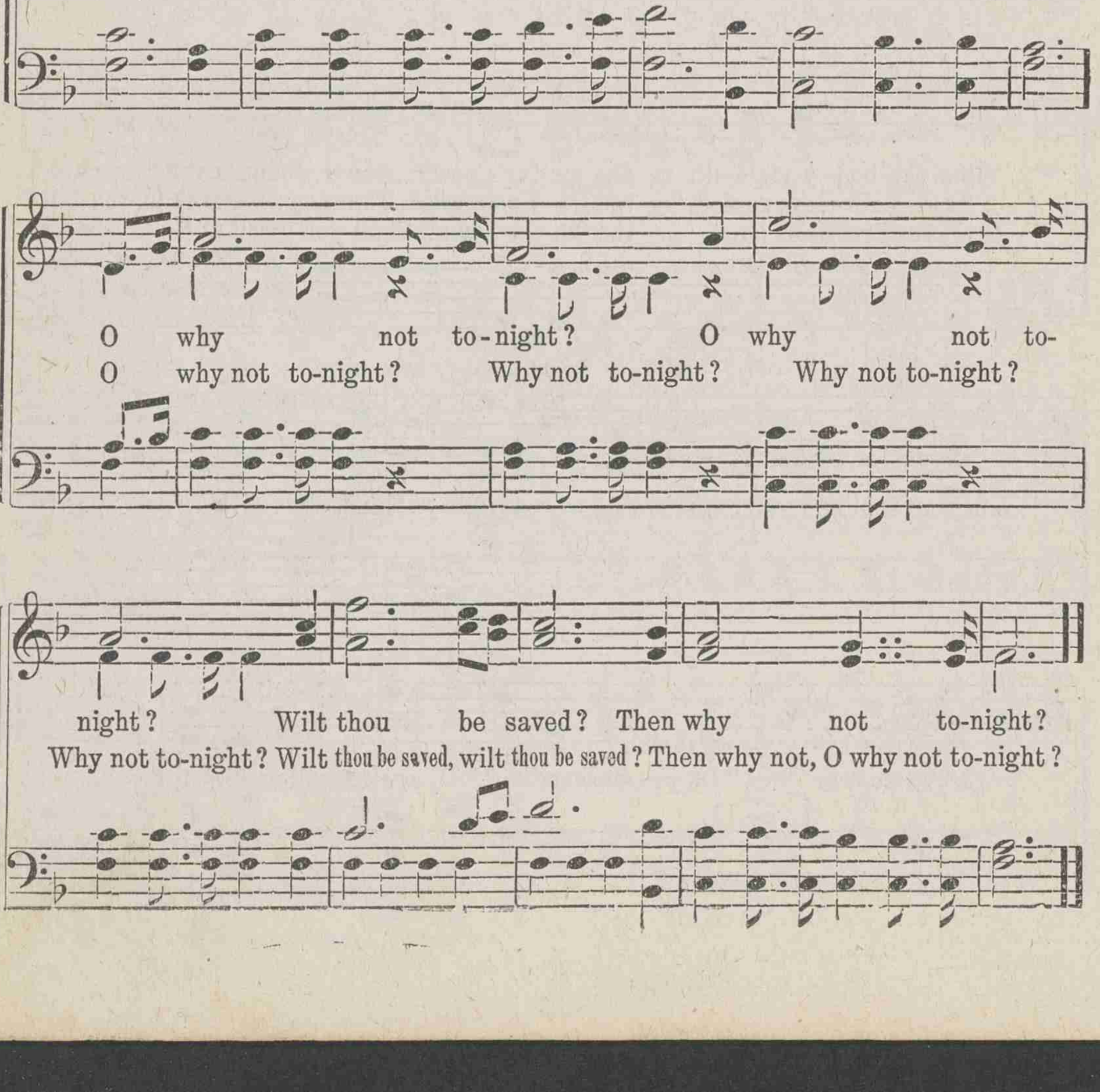
No. 161. O Why Not To-Night?

"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy on him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."—ISA. 55: 7. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."—ACTS 16: 31. "How long halt ye between two opinions."—1 KINGS 18: 21.

REV. H. BONAR, D. D. By per. of J. H. Hall, owner. J. CALVIN BUSHBY.

1. O do not let the word de - part, And close thine eyes a-gainst the
2. The mor-row's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy long de - lud - ed
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin - gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u-

light, Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, O to - night.
sight, This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to - night.
quite, Re - nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, O to - night.
nite, Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to - night.



O why not to-night? O why not to-
O why not to-night? Why not to-night? Why not to-night?

night? Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
Why not to-night? Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?

No. 162. Come To Me.

Copyright, 1904, by J. P. Lane.

Arr. from ROGER EVANS, by J. P. L. W. H. DUTTON.

1. The Sav-iour calls in ac-cents sweet, " Come to Me, wea-ry one, come to Me:"
2. O sin - ner, hark-en to the call, Come to Me, wea - ry one, come to Me;
3. The blood a-lone can cleanse from sin, Come to Me, wea - ry one, come to Me;

Thy soul may find sweet rest complete, Come to Me, wea - ry one, come to Me.
My blood was shed to make thee whole, Come to Me, wea - ry one, come to Me.
It is by me you en - ter in, Come to Me, wea - ry one, come to Me.

CHORUS.

Come to Me, come to Me, Come to Me, wea - ry
Come to Me, come to Me, come to Me,
one, come to Me; Come to Me, come to
Come to Me, Come to Me, come to
Me,.... Come to Me, wea - ry one, come to Me.
Me, come to Me, come to Me.

No. 163. A Rejected Saviour.

REV. A. A. HENSLER. Copyright, 1904, by J. P. Lane. J. P. LANE.

Quartet.

1. Hark! Je - sus says, ... "you've slighted me, ... Tho' I a-
2. Come near and let ..... me show you now, ... The thorn-y
3. Un - just - i - fied, ... you can - not stand, ... But "now con-
4. He sure - ly would, ... your sins for - give, ... If you to

1. Hark! Je-sus says, "you've slighted me,

lone ..... can set you free; ..... And closed to me .....
crown ..... that pierced His brow, ... The blood which from .....
demned," ..... is God's command; ..... For you re - ject .....
Him ..... would look and live; ..... On Him your sins .....

Tho' I a-lone can set you free, can set you free; And closed to me

your sin-ful heart, ... Tho' I a - lone ..... can life im - part."
His side did flow, ... Because He loved ..... you long a - go.
His love and word; ..... De-spise His grace, ... since you have heard.
and guilt He took, ... And life is giv - - - en all who look.

your sinful heart, Tho' I a-lone can life im - part.

CHORUS.

O sin-ner why re-fuse His claim?
Still you re-fuse Him, yet, and say:
The sins by which you are oppressed.
O sin-ner, come! He loves you yet,

O sin - ner why ..... re - fuse His claim? ..... For life comes

A Rejected Saviour. Concluded.

For life comes thro' no other name, (no other name;)
"His love and blood will not repay, (will not re-pay;)
Sent darts of pain in-to His breast, (in-to His breast;)
His love to you He'll ne'er forget, (He'll ne'er forget;)

Perhaps you've tried
I've plenty time,
And on the cross
He calls to you

thro'..... no oth-er name,..... Perhaps you've tried.....

thro' ma-ny years
if it were so,
a - lone, He died,
"I am the way;"

To blot your sins thro' pray'rs and tears.
And un - to Him I will not go."
That you might stand quite justified.
Then trust in Him just once for aye.

Rit.

thro' many years..... To blot your sins..... thro' pray'rs and tears.

No. 164. The Gospel Feast.

"And him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6 : 37.

C. WESLEY. Arr. Copyright, 1902, by R. S. Coward. Arr. by R. S. COWARD.

1. Come, sinners, to the gos - pel feast, Let ev - 'ry soul be Je - sus' guest,
2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call; The in - vi - ta - tion is to all,
3. Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed, Ye rest-less wand'rers af - ter rest,
4. See Him set forth be-fore your eyes, That bleeding, precions sac - ri - fice,
5. There's saving grace, un-fad - ing love, A-bound-ing with the Lord a - bove,

D. C. *The gos-pel feast for you is spread, Come now, partake of liv - ing bread,*

Fine. D.C.

Ye need not one be left be - hind, For God hath bid - den all man-kind.
Come, all the world, come, sin-ners, thou, All things in Christ are read - y now.
Ye poor and maimed and halt and blind, In Christ a heart - y wel-come find.
His of - fered ben - e - fits em - brace, And free - ly now be saved by grace.
There's love and mer-cy, boundless, free, From Him who died up - on the tree.

O hear you now His servant's call, Come from highways, come one and all.

No. 165. Come To the Home-Fold.

JENNIE WILSON. Re-arranged and copyright, 1904, by R. S. Coward. R. S. COWARD.

1. Come to the home-fold, prod - i - gal child, Come from the
2. Wounded in path-ways thorn - y, un - blest, Come where the
3. Hun - ger - ing, thirst - ing, come where is spread Food in a
4. Tho' you have wan-dered far out in sin, While mer-cy's

des - ert drear-y and wild; Like a good shepherd, ten-der and true,
Sav-iour of - fers you rest; Stay not where tempest fierce on you beat,
bundance, life-giving bread; Drink from salvation's free-flowing tide,
of - fers slight-ed have been, Christ is still call-ing, call-ing you home,

REFRAIN.

Je - sus is call - ing, sin - ner, for you.
Seek this dear shel - ter's sa - cred re - treat. Come to the
Drink and for - ev - er be sat - is - fied.
List to His plead - ing, prod - i - gal, come.

home-fold, en - ter to - day, Je - sus in-vites you, do not de - lay;

Rit. ad lib.

Dangers are many where you now rove, Come to the home-fold, refuge of love.

No. 166. Jesus Is Calling.

"Arise, he calleth thee."—JOHN 11: 28.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Copyright, 1883, by Geo. C. Stebbins. Used by per. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus is ten-der - ly calling thee home—Call-ing to - day, call-ing to - day;
2. Je - sus is call-ing the wea-ry to rest—Call-ing to - day, call-ing to - day;
3. Je - sus is wait-ing, O come to Him now—Waiting to - day, wait-ing to - day;
4. Je - sus is pleading, O list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to - day;

Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Farther and far-ther a - way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow; Come, and no long-er de - lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice; Quickly a - rise and a - way.

REFRAIN.

Call - - ing to - day,..... Call - - ing to - day;.....
Call-ing, call - ing to - day, to - day; Call-ing, call - ing to - day, to - day;

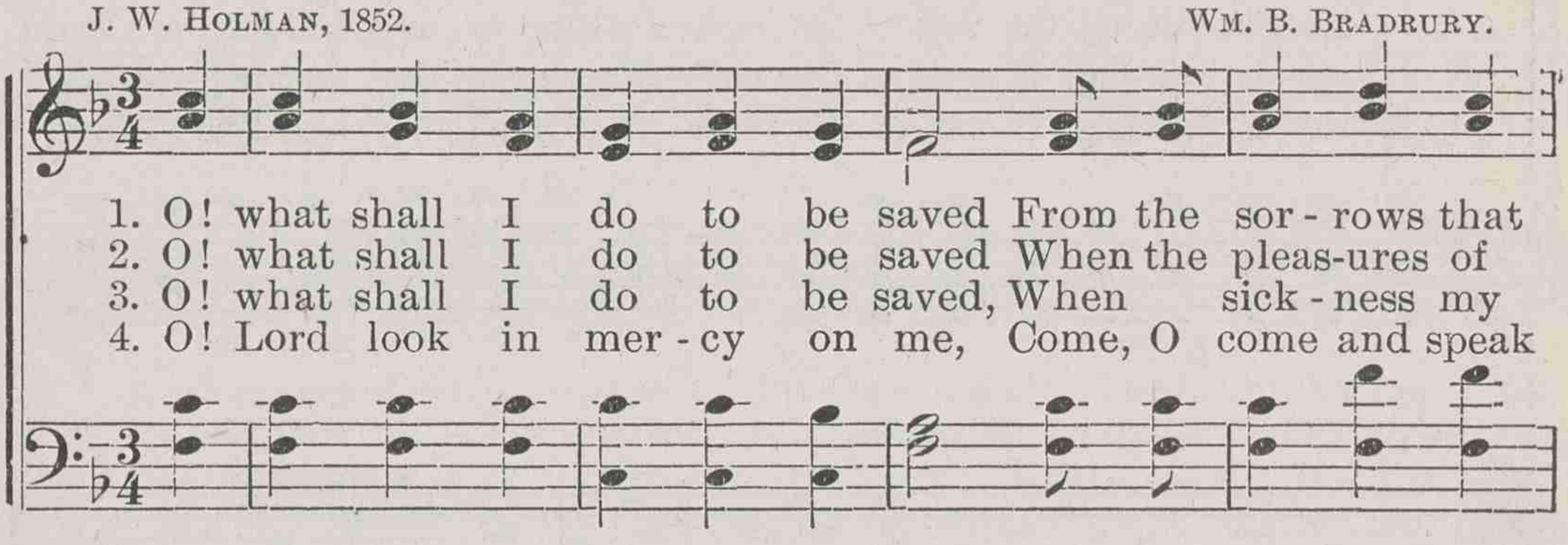
Je - - - - sus is call - - - - ing, Is ten-der - ly call-ing to - day.
Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day,

PENITANCE AND CONFESSION.

No. 167. What Shall I Do To Be Saved?

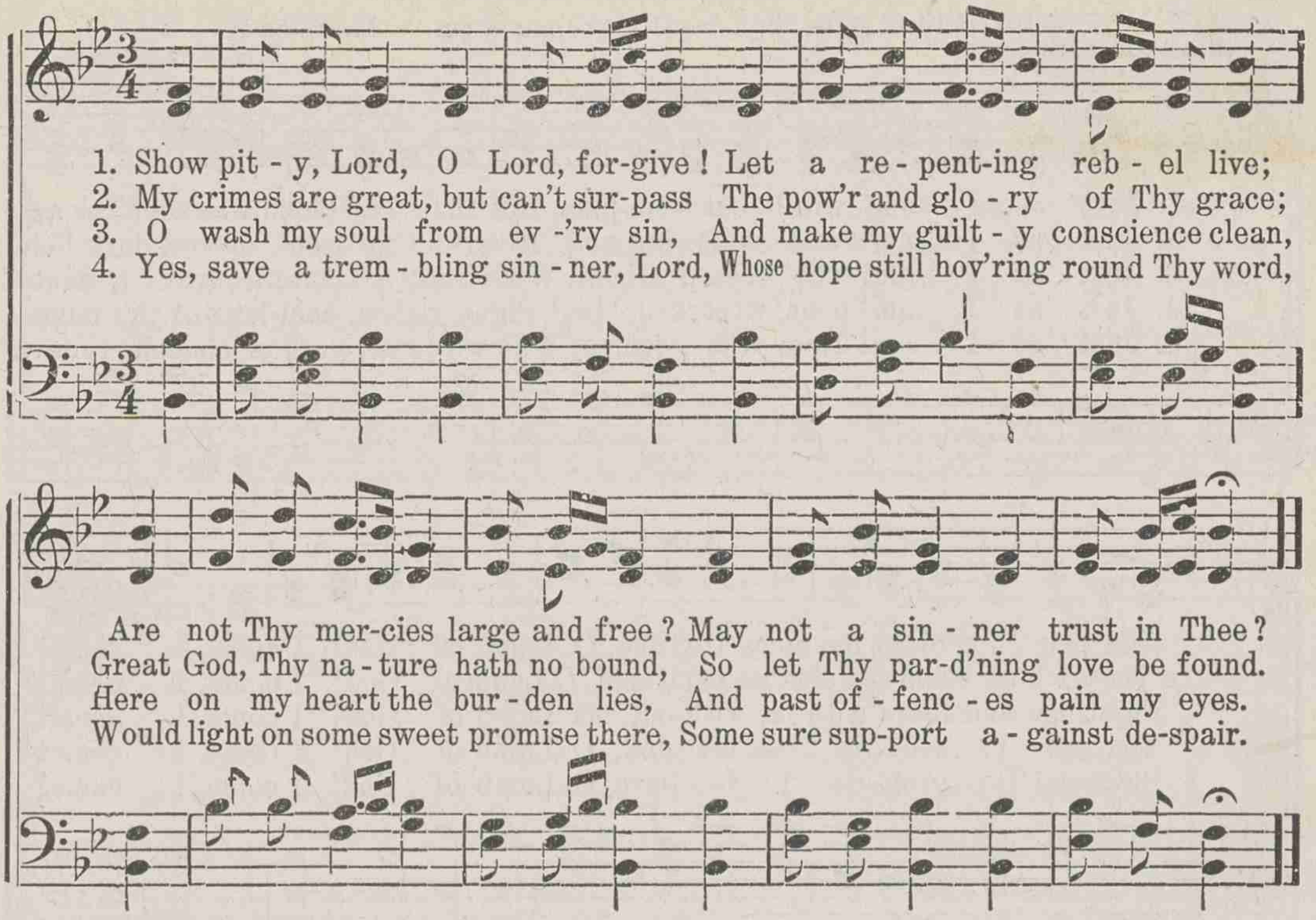
"What must I do to be saved?"—ACTS 16: 30. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."—PAUL AND SILAS TO THE PHILIPPIAN JAILER, IN ACTS 16: 31.

J. W. HOLMAN, 1852. WM. B. BRADRURY.



No. 168. Show Pity, Lord, O Lord, Forgive.

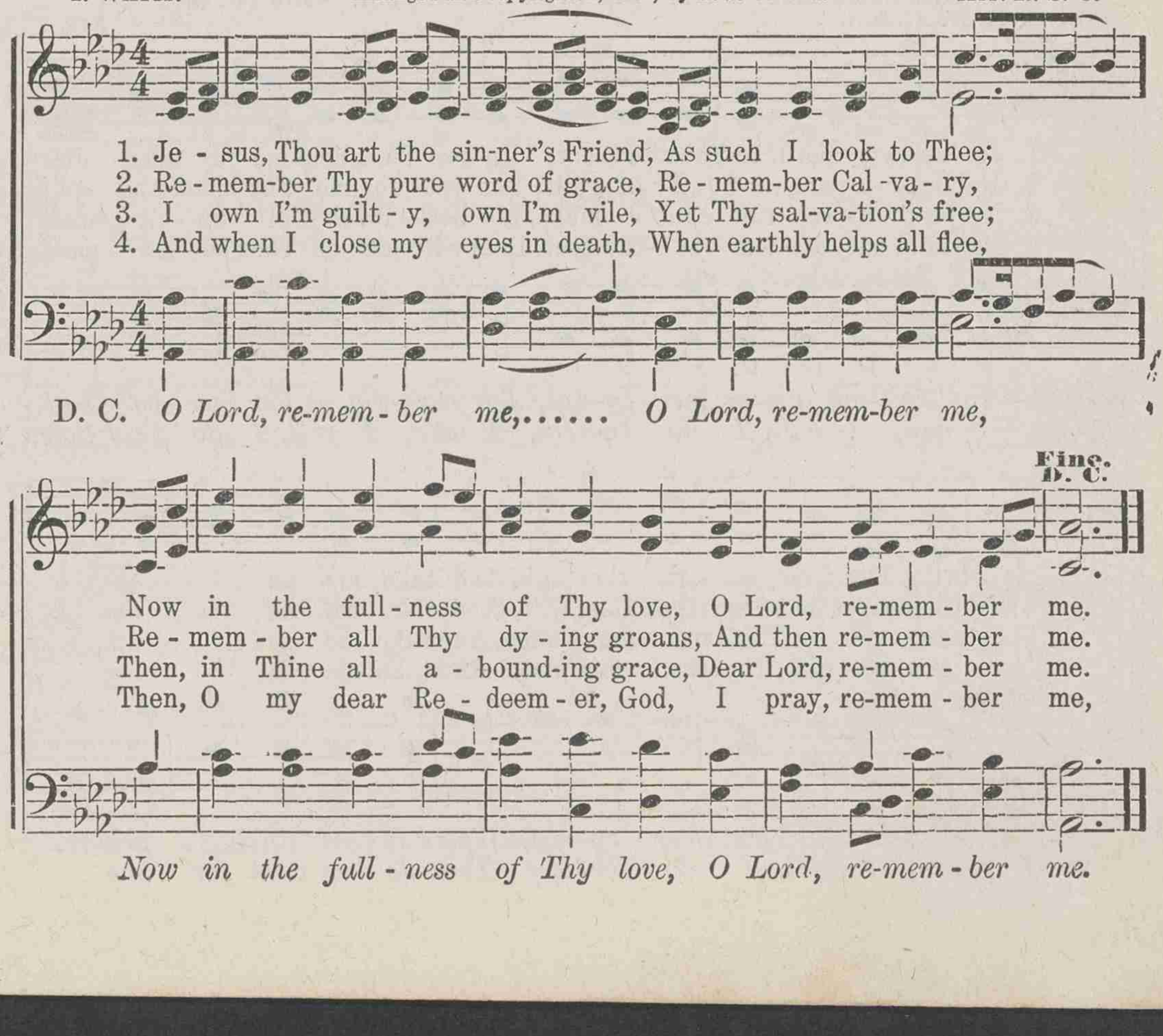
"God be merciful to me, a sinner."—LUKE 18: 13.



No. 169. Jesus, Thou Art The Sinner's Friend.

"Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."—LUKE 93; 42.

I. WATTS. Arranged and copyrighted, 1902, by R. S. Coward. ARR. R. S. C.



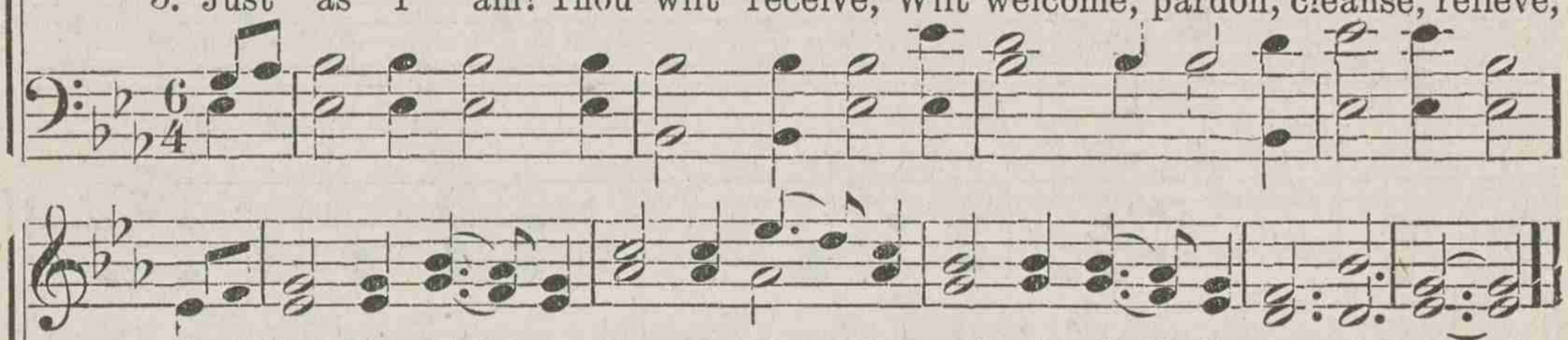
No. 170. Just As I Am.

(WOODWORTH. L. M.)

"Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean."—MATT. 8: 2.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. 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! tho' tossed a-bout, With many a con-flict many a doubt,
4. Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am! Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,



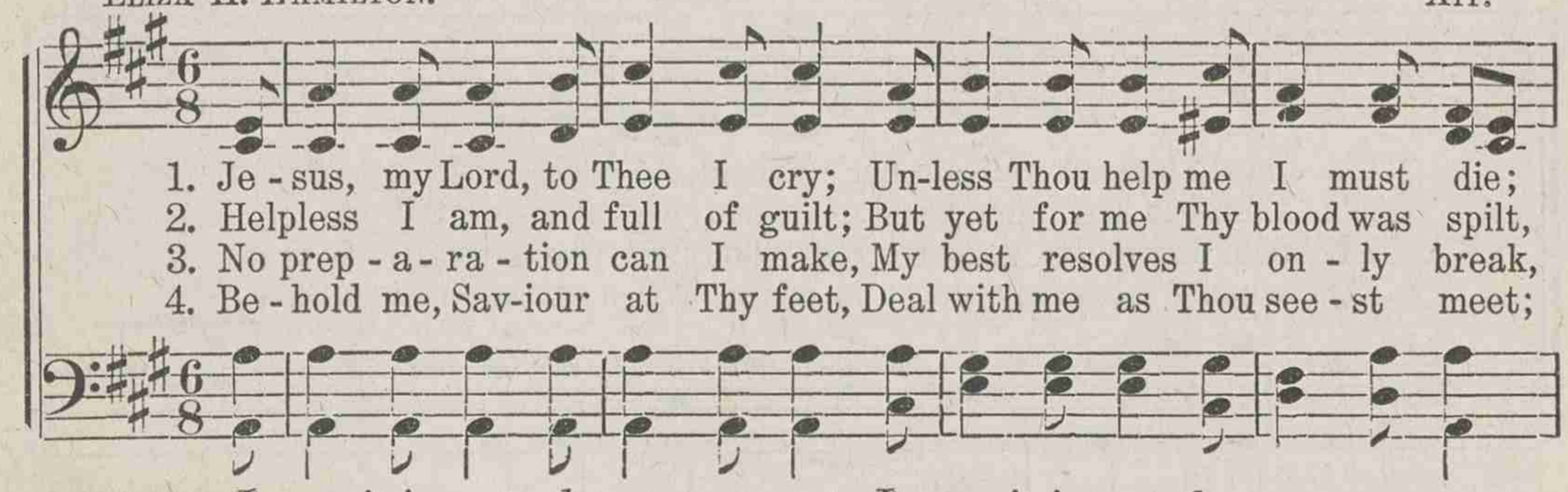
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
Fightings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be - lieve; O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

No. 171. I Can, I Will, I Do Believe.

(This Chorus can be used with hymn No. 170.)

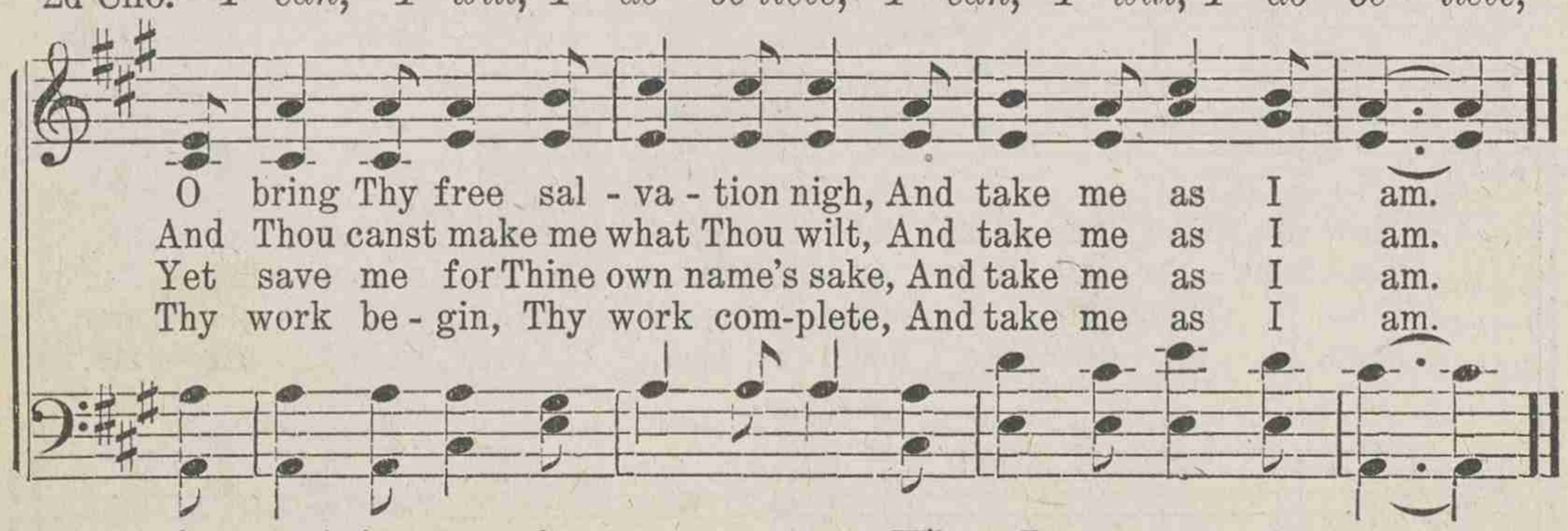
"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6: 37.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. Arr.



1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry; Un-less Thou help me I must die;
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt; But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
3. No prep - a - ra - tion can I make, My best resolves I on - ly break,
4. Be - hold me, Sav-iour at Thy feet, Deal with me as Thou see - st meet;

1st CHO.—*I'm wait-ing at the mer - cy-seat, I'm wait-ing at the mer - cy - seat,*
2d CHO.—*I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be - lieve,*



O bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, And take me as I am.
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am.
Thy work be - gin, Thy work com-plete, And take me as I am.

I'm wait-ing at the mer - cy-seat, Where Je - sus an-swers prayer.
I can, I will, I do be-lieve That Je - sus died for me.

No. 172. Whiter Than Snow.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER. By per.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per-fect - ly whole; I want Thee for-
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum-bly en - treat; I wait, blessed
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou se - est I pa - tient-ly wait; Come now, and with-

ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down ev-'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry
make a com-plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what-ev - er I
Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet; By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood
in me a new heart create; To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st

CHORUS.

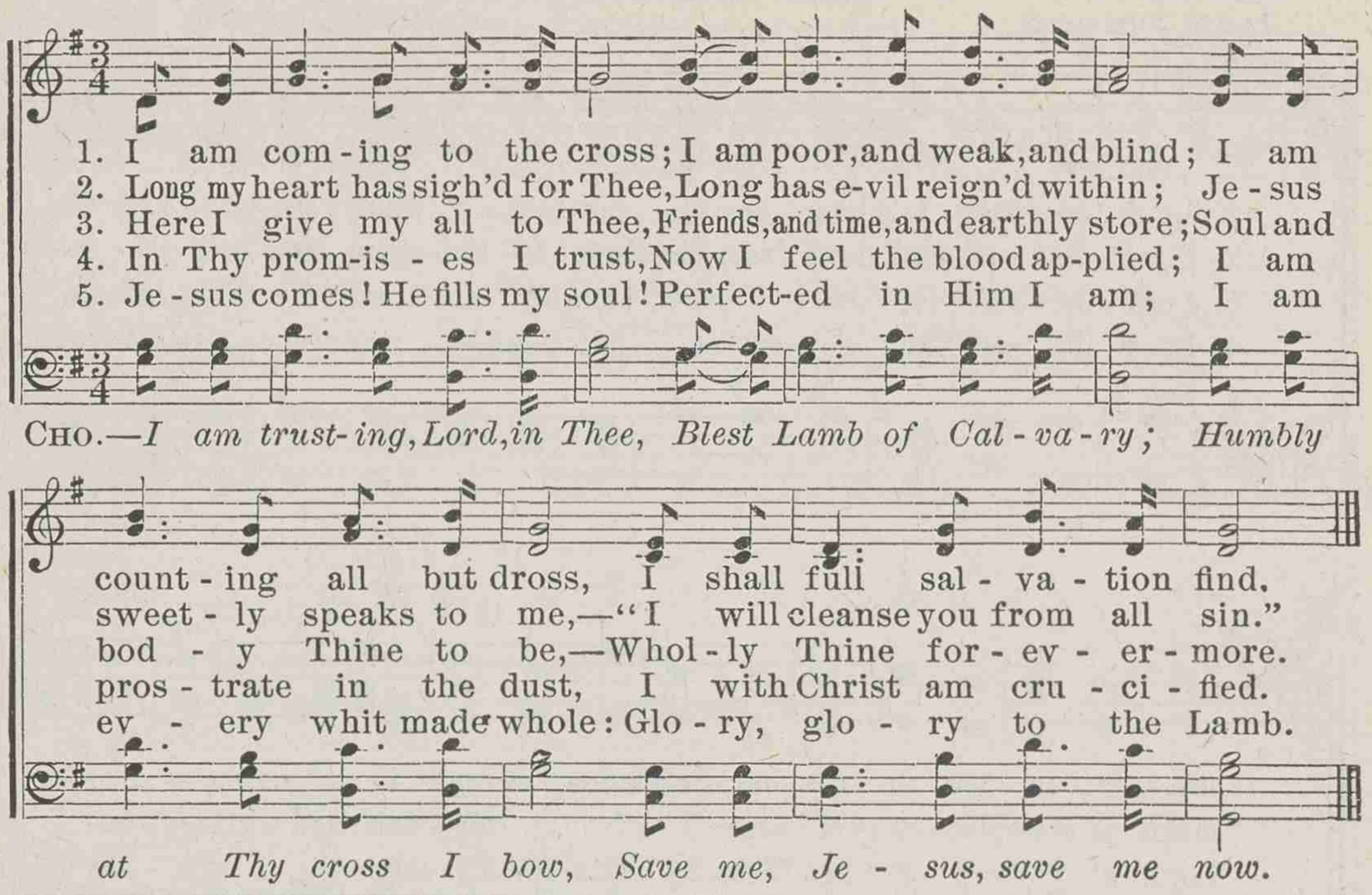
foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
know—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than
flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
No— Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

snow, yes, whit-er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

No. 173. I Am Coming to the Cross.

"Sir, we would see Jesus."—John 12: 21.

Rev. Wm. McDonald. Wm. G. Fischer.



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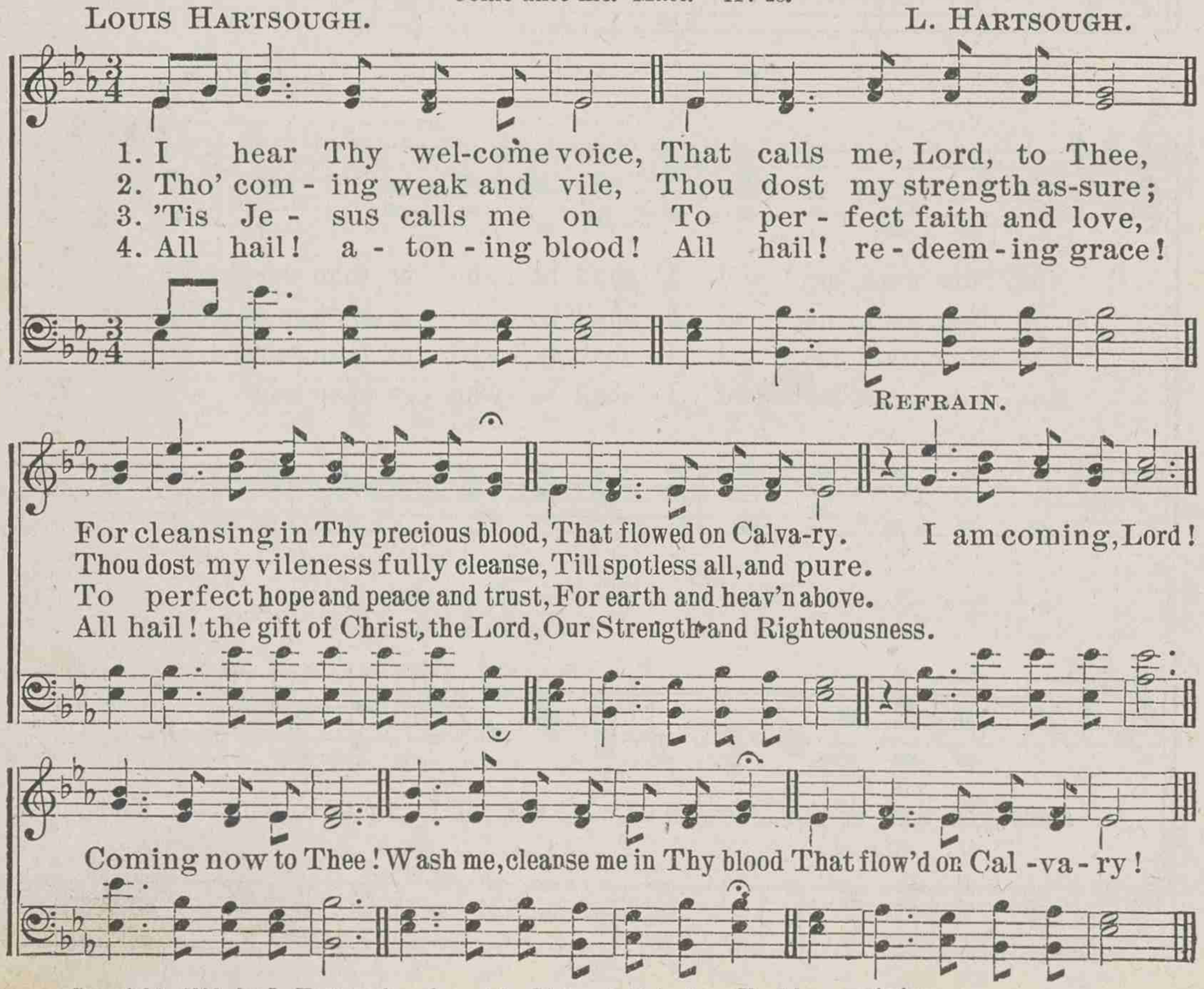
No. 174. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

"Come unto me."Matt.—11: 28.

Louis Hartsough. L. Hartsough.



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No. 175. Going Back to Jesus.

R. E. H. R. E. HUDSON.

1. I've wan-dered far a - way, On the mount-ain bleak and
2. I've heard my Fa - ther call: Wea - ry, wand'ring child, come
3. I'm starv - ing now for bread, When plen - ty is in
4. I am a way - ward child, But my Fa - ther loves me

CHORUS.–*I'm go - ing back to Je - sus, Go - ing back to-*

cold, I'm go - ing back to Je - sus to - day;
home! I'm go - ing back to Je - sus to - day;
store, I'm go - ing back to Je - sus to - day;
still, I'm go - ing back to Je - sus to - day;

day, For Je - sus is the Life, the Truth, the Way;

I'm far a - way from home, From the ten - der Shep-herd's
I long to hear Him say, Wel-come, child, thou art my
He says if I re - turn, I'm His child for ev - er-
And from this ver - y hour, By His grace I'll do His

My Fa - ther bids me come, Though a wan - d'rer far from

fold, I'm go - ing back to Je - sus to - day.
own, I'm go - ing back to Je - sus to - day.
more, I'm go - ing back to Je - sus to - day.
will,— I'm go - ing back to Je - sus to - day.

home,—I'm go - ing back to Je - sus to - day.

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No. 176. I'm Coming Home To-day.

A. M. F. Luke 15 : 11-20. Rev. A. M. Fagan.
Arr. by J. P. L. By per.

With great earnestness.

1. I've lived a life in sin, In un - be - lief I roamed, If I had
2. Yes, I have turned my back Up - on my sin - ful way; I'll seek the
3. I have one on - ly step, To reach the heav'nly way; And by the
4. My bless-ed Lord, I come, As one who'd gone astray; But Thou wilt
5. I trust it all to Thee, The on - ly liv - ing way; And now I

died this way, My soul to hell was doomed.
nar - row path, I'm com-ing home to - day. Lord, I am coming home, No
grace of God, I'll take that step to - day.
blot my sin, And save my soul to - day.
have the peace, My soul is saved to - day.

CHORUS.

long - er will I stray; O I am coming home, Yes, coming home to-day.

No. 177. A Covert From the Storm.

C. Wesley. J. P. Lane. By per.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly;
While the rag - ing bil-lows roll, While the tem-pest still is high.
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me.
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

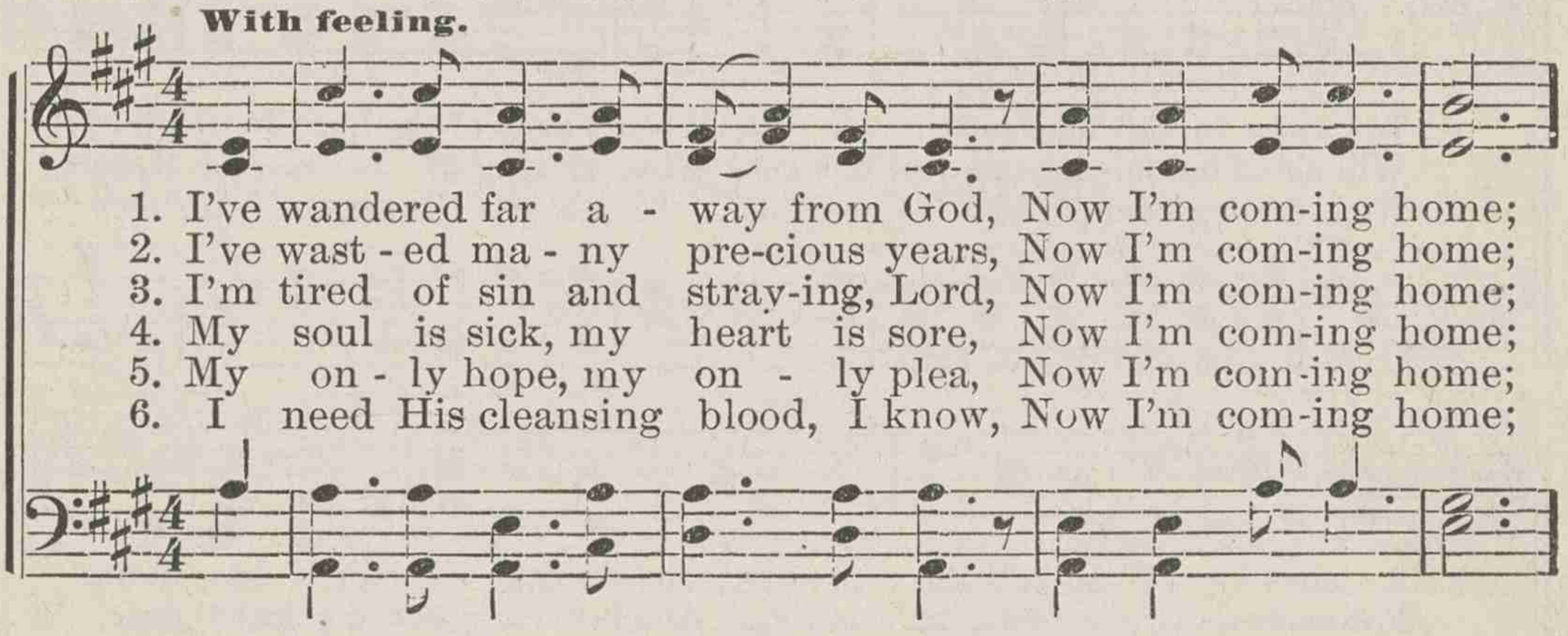
D. C. *Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.*
D. C. *Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.*
D. C. *Vile, and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.*

A Covert From the Storm. Concluded.

No. 178. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

"I will arise and go to my father."—LUKE 15: 18.

W, J. K. Copyright, 1892, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



HEAVENLY ANTICIPATIONS.

No. 179. Heavenly Reception.

(Comfort in Death.)

"And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, *there* ye may be also."—JOHN 14: 3.

R. S. C. Revised and Copyright, 1904, by R. S. Coward. R. S. COWARD.

1. How blest is the day when the Christian Receives the sweet message of love,
2. The saints who have gone on before us, And dwell in that glo - ri - ous land,
3. But great-est of all is our Saviour—Christ—Jesus, our Lord on His throne,

To rise to the mansions in glo - ry, Where saints of the Lord dwell a-bove.
Will shout hal-le - lu - jah in cho-rus, While singing of Je - sus, the Lamb.
With lov-ing com-pas-sion to greet us, To welcome His ransom'd, His own.

A con - voy of an-gels are wait - ing, The moment the Spir-it has flown,
For-ev-er they're watching and waiting, And beckoning loved ones so dear,
Then nothing shall mar our re-joic-ing; For-get-ting the things which are past,

To waft it to heav-en - ly mansions, Where sorrow and death are un-known.
To en - ter those mansions in glo - ry, Where weeping shall never ap - pear.
We'll wait and will la-bor with patience, And rest with our Saviour at last.

REFRAIN. Con spirito.

O beau - ti - ful home,..... And there is no weep-ing there;
O beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home,
How bless - ed are they,..... Who dwell in that cit - y fair,
How blessed, how blessed and happy are they,

Heavenly Reception. Concluded.

O beau - ti-ful home,..... And there is no weep-ing there,
O beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home,

Rit. - - - - - -

How bless - ed are they,..... Who dwell in that cit-y fair.....
How blessed, how blessed and happy are they, city fair.

No. 180. The Morning Trumpet.

This was my mother's favorite song; though she never sung this or any other song in her life. I *know* she will join me in shouting "hosanna," and singing the song of "Moses and the Lamb."—R. S. C.

Copyright, 1902, by R. S. Coward.

Old melody harmonized by R. S. COWARD.

1. O when shall I see Je - sus and reign with Him a - bove,
   And from the flow - ing fount - ain drink ev - er - last - ing love.
2. When shall I be de - liv - ered from this great world of sin,
   And with my bless - ed Je - sus drink end - less pleas-ures in.
3. Just now I am a sol - dier, my Cap - tain's gone be - fore,
   He's giv - en me my or - ders and bids me ne'er give o'er.

1–2. And shall hear the trumpet-sound in that morning, Shout, O glo - ry! for
3. I shall hear the trumpet-sound in that morning,
   Till I hear the trumpet-sound in that morning, Shout, O glo - ry! for

I shall rise a-bove the skies, When I hear the trumpet sound in that morning.

No. 181. Beautiful Waters of Eden.

"And he shewed me a pure river of water of life."—REV. 22: 1.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Copyright, 1897, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Mur-mur-ing soft-ly, car-ol-ing gen-tly, Mu-sic en-chant-ing
2. Si-lent-ly mus-ing, bliss-ful-ly gaz-ing In-to the fu-ture
3. There our Re-deem-er, lov-ing Re-deem-er, Gath-ers the faith-ful

com-eth to me; O-ver the wa-ters, beau-ti-ful wa-ters, Where in the
teem-ing with light, Sweet-ly the ech-oes floating a-round me, Whisper of
safe on His breast, Out of the changing in-to the changeless, Out of the

home land soon I shall be. How like a vis-ion ten-der-ly steal-ing
E-den love-ly and bright; E-den, where summer, fadeless, e-ter-nal,
toil-ing in-to the rest. Wel-come the mo-ment, when to His presence

O-ver my spir-it wea-ry oppressed; Draw-ing me up-ward,
Scat-ters its ros-es bloom-ing for aye; There is no part-ing,
Joy-ful my spir-it flies like a bird; O what a mor-row,

urg-ing me for-ward, Tell-ing of sun-shine, rapt-ure and rest.
there is no weep-ing, Sor-row and sigh-ing van-ish a-way.
O what a meet-ing, Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard.

Beautiful Waters of Eden. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Murmuring soft - ly, car-ol-ing gen - tly, Music enchant-ing cometh to me;
Murmuring softly, caroling gently, Music enchanting cometh to me;

Rit.....

Over the wa - ters, beautiful wa - ters, Where in the home-land soon I shall be.
Over the waters, beautiful waters, Where in the home-land soon I shall be.

No. 182. Beautiful River.

"And he shewed me a pure river of water of life."—Rev. 22 : 1.

R. Lowry. Rev. Robert Lowry, by per.

Cheerful.

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

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

CHORUS.

p

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

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

No. 183. THE PRIZE IS SET BEFORE US.

"I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—PHIL. 3: 14.
"We shall see Him as He is."—I. JOHN 3: 2.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL. H. R. PALMER.

1. The prize is set be-fore us— To win, our Lord im-plores us!
2. We fol- low where He lead-eth— We pas- ture where He feed- eth—
3. Our home is bright a- bove us; No tri- als there to move us,

The eye of God is o'er us, From on high, from on high!
We yield to Him who pleadeth From on high, from on high!
But Christ our Lord to love us, Dwells on high, dwells on high!

His lov- ing tones are falling, While sin is dark, ap-pall-ing, 'Tis
For naught from Him can sev-er; Our hope shall brighten ev- er; And
We give Him best en-deav- or; We praise His name for-ev- er; His

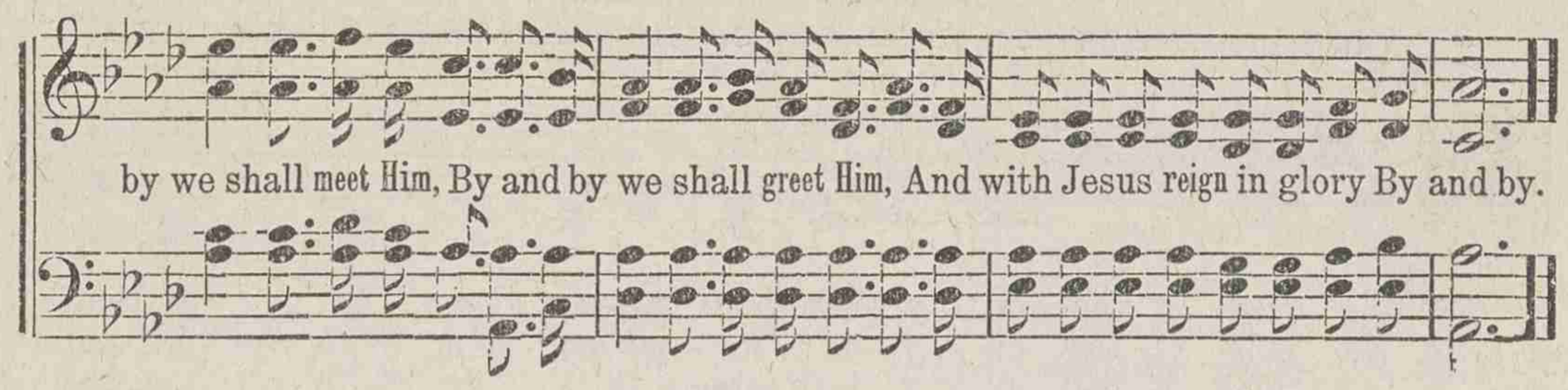
CHORUS.

Jesus gently calling, He is nigh, He is nigh. By and by we shall meet Him, By and
faith shall fail us never, He is nigh, He is nigh.
precious words can never, Never die, nev-er die.

by we shall greet Him, And with Je- sus reign in glo- ry, By and by, by and by, By and

By per. of Dr. H. R. Palmer, owner of copyright.

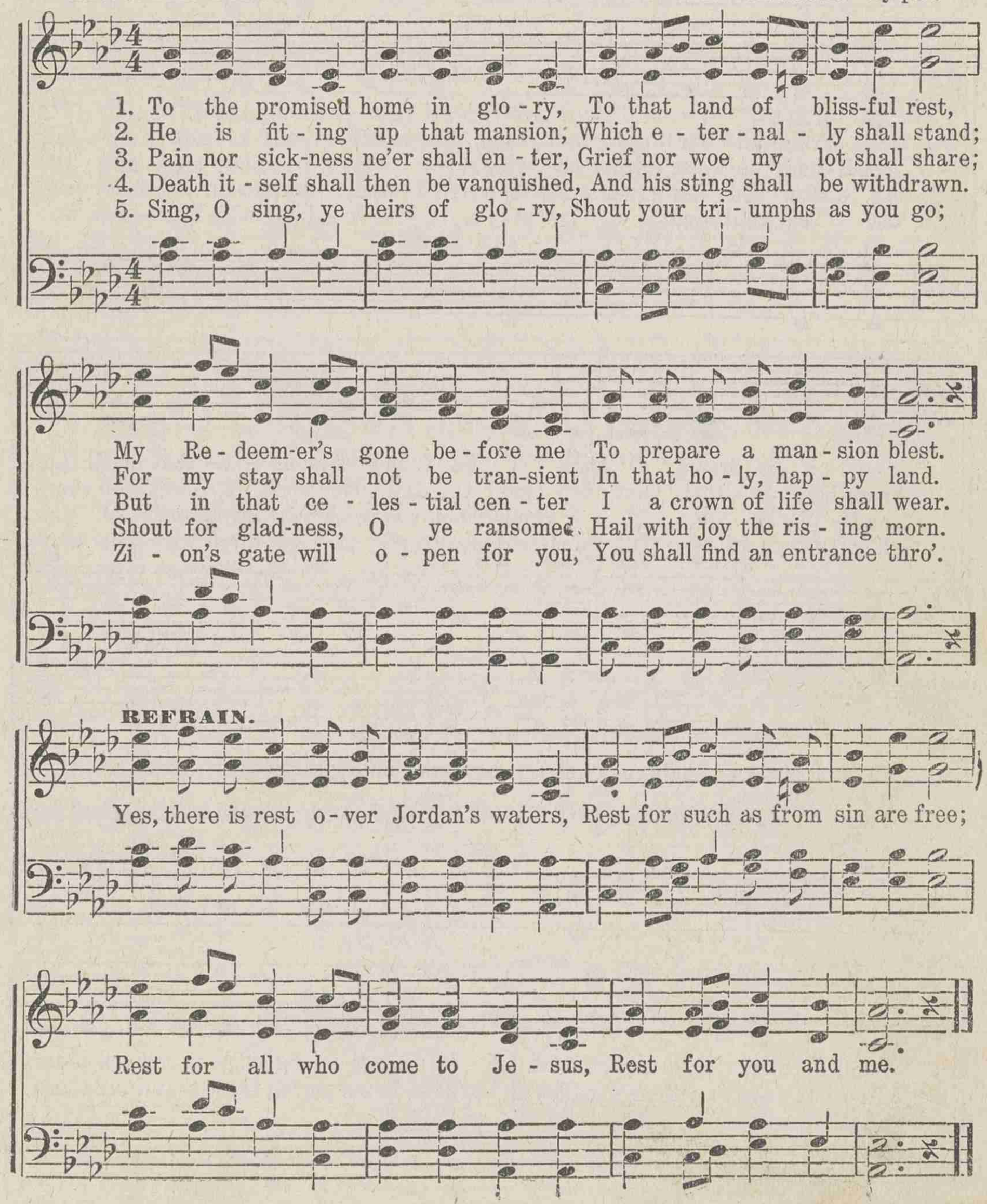
The Prize is Set Before Us. Concluded.



No. 184. Rest Over Jordan.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—HEB. 4: 9.

REV. S. Y. HARMER. GEO. B. HOLSINGER. By per.



No. 185. I'm Thinking of Heaven.

(Dedicated to F. L. Eiland.)

"I go to prepare a place for you that where I am ye may be also."—JOHN 14:3.

J. E. T. Used by per. of J. E. Thomas, Wortham, Tex. J. E. THOMAS.

1. We read of the cit - y where pure wa-ters gleam, A cit - y that's free from all sor - row and care; And oft - en I ask my - self
2. We sing of the cit - y of jas - per and gold, With beau-ties and grand-eurs so won - drous-ly rare, We sing of the an - gels the Fa - ther and Sav - iour so dear; And won - der should I there so
3. I think of that cit - y with streets all a - glow With light from the oth - er we'll breathe a low pray'r, In - vok - ing God's bless-ings to
4. To - geth - er we'll work in the vine - yard of song, And oft for each

as if in dream, O shall I be found a-mong those that dwell there?
num-bers un - told, But tell me, O tell me, shall I meet you there?
hap - pi - ly go, If I would meet you with dear loved ones so fair.
help us a - long, Till Je - sus shall call us to dwell with Him there.

CHORUS.

Shall I (shall you), shall you (shall I,) be found among those that dwell there? (dwell there?)

Cho. for last stanza.

Then I (then you), then you (then I,) will be found among those that dwell there (dwell there.)

Shall I (shall you), shall you (shall I,) be found among those that dwell there?
Then I (then you), then you (then I,) will be found among those that dwell there?

No. 186. My Saviour First of All.

"Now I know in part, but then, I shall know even as also I am known."—1 Cor. 13: 12.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life-work is ended, and I cross the swelling tide, When the bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I reach the other side, And His smile will be the first to welcome me.
2. Oh, the soul-thrilling rapture when I view His blessed face, And the luster of His kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the mercy, love and grace, That prepares for me a mansion in the sky.
3. Oh, the dear ones in glory, how they beckon me to come, And our part-ing at the riv-er I recall; To the sweet vales of Eden they will sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spotless white, He will lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of ages I shall mingle with delight; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

CHORUS

I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand,
I shall know Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
I shall know Him,

Copyright, 1891, by Jno. R. Sweney.

No. 187. My Mother's Bible.

M. B. WILLIAMS. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

DUET.

1. There's a dear and precious book, Tho' its worn and faded now, Which re-
2. As she read the sto-ries o'er, Of those mighty men of old, Of
3. Then she read of Je - sus' love, As He blest the children dear, How He
4. Well, those days are past andgone, But their mem'ry lingers still, And the

calls those happy days of long a - go; When I stood at mother's knee,
Jos-eph and of Daniel and their trials; Of lit - tle Da-vid bold,
suffered, bled and died upon the tree; Of His heav-y load of care,
dear old Book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will,

With her hand upon my brow, And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.
Who be-came a king at last; Of Sa-tan with His many wicked wiles.
Then she dried my flowing tears With her kisses as she said it was for me.
As my mother taught me then, And ever in my heart His words abide.

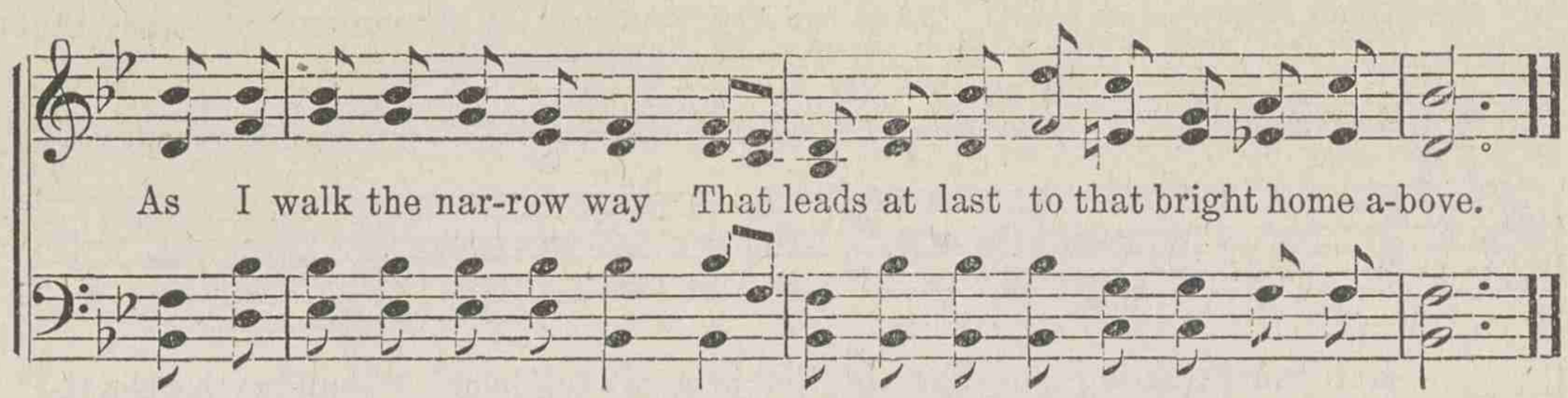
CHORUS.

Bless-ed book, . . pre-cious book, . . On thy dear old tear-stained
Blessed book, precious book,

leaves I love to look; (love to look;) Thou art sweeter day by day,

Copyright, 1893, by Charlie D. Tillman.

My Mother's Bible. Concluded.



No. 188. The Old Ship of Zion.

JAS. A. BROWN. Old Melody.

6 She has plowed the foaming centuries, yet rides securely on,
Seas of blood and storms and tempests past the conquest is her own,

7 Rocks, maelstroms, fogs and pirates all in vain beset her way,
For her pilot guides unerring to the port of endless day,

8 Look, methinks the homelands nearing, I can sight the golden sands,
See the radiance on the hilltops, see the blessed wave their hands,

9 Now behold the greetings, claspings, unions there that never cease,
I can hear the song of triumph and the voice of them that feast,

No. 189. Will There be Any Stars?

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars."—DAN. 12: 3.

Copyright, 1897, by Jno. R. Sweney.

E. E. HEWITT. Used by per. of L. E. Sweney, Executrix JNO. R. SWENEY.

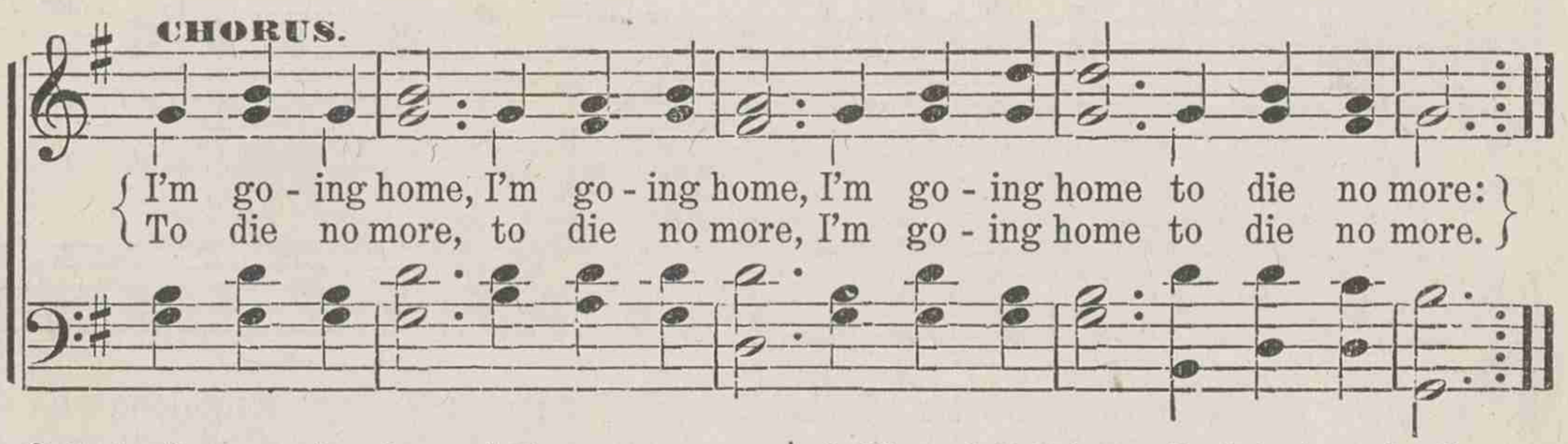
1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the sun go-eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav-iour I stand, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine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

CHORUS.

When at evening the sun go-eth down?..... When I wake with the blest go-eth down?
In the man-sions of rest, Will there be a-ny stars in my crown?..... a-ny stars in my crown?

No. 190. I'm Going Home.

REV. WM. HUNTER, D. D. Arr. by W. T. DALE.

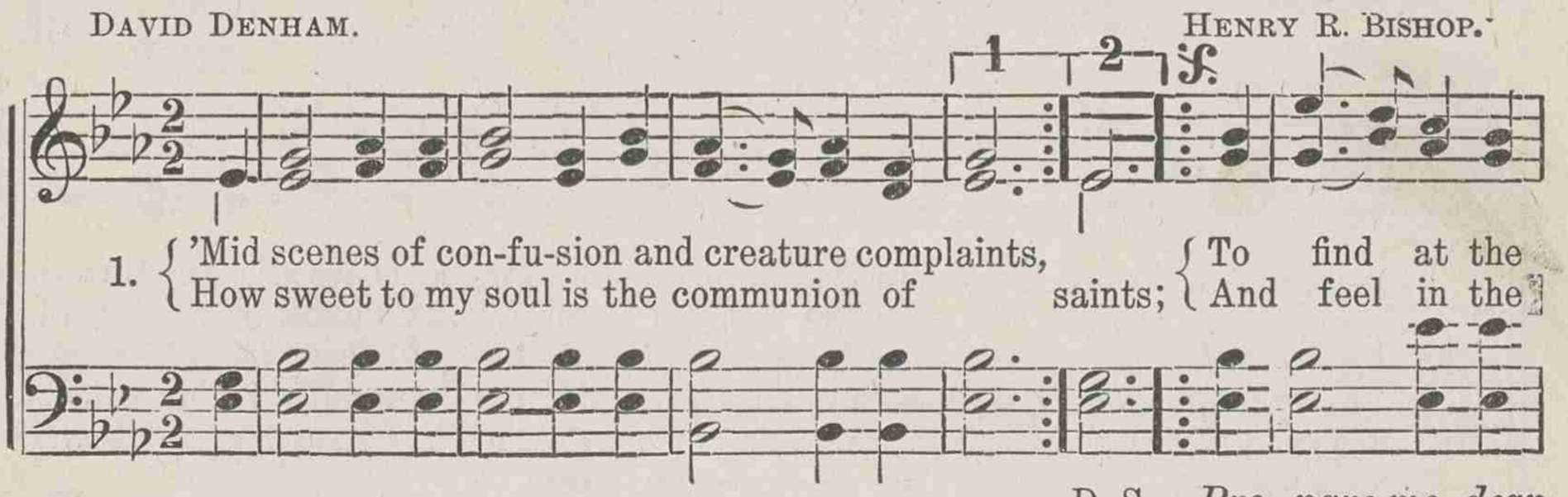


3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or floods o'erflow,
Be mine the happier lot, to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

4 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine;
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

No. 191. Home, Sweet Home.

DAVID DENHAM. HENRY R. BISHOP.



2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
Tho' off from Thy presence in sadness I roam!
I long to behold Thee in glory at home!

3 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission, and strength as my day:
In all my afflictions to Thee I would come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

No. 192. The Christian's Inheritance.

"He hath prepared for them a city."—HEB. 11; 16.

Copyright, 1796, by H. N. Lincoln, Used by per.

MRS. HANNAH M. RICHARDS. REV. W. G. COOPER.

An exquisite solo when sung ad lib.

1. Let the world have its dia-monds, its sil - ver and gold, I am rich - er by far with the ti - tle I hold; I am heir to a king-dom, a
2. Let the world have its pot-tage, my birth-right I'll keep, For its pleasures or toys I'll not grov - el or creep; I'm a child of a King, I'll not
3. Let the world have its hon - ors, am - bi - tions and fame, In the Lamb's Book of Life has been writ-ten my name; When the world is on fire still my
4. Let the world dive for pearls 'neath the ocean's blue deep, All its treas-ures and diamonds and pearls it may keep; I've a mansion pre-pared in the
5. I am near - ing the cit - y, its spires I can see, And its pearl - y gates soon will be o - pened to me; With the shout of a vic - tor I

crown and a throne, That shall stand when earth's kingdoms are all o-ver-thrown.
bar - ter a crown, For the tri - fles of earth, for its wealth or re - nown.
name shall en - dure, And my king-dom and pal - ace will then be se - cure.
cit - y of gold, Where the gates are of pearl, and its wealth is un - told.
soon shall be crown'd, While the arch-es of heav'n with ho - san - nas re - sound.

CHORUS. *Harp or piano accompaniment.*

Hal - le - lu - jah, my soul mounts up - ward and sings,

The Christian's Inheritance. Concluded.

No. 193. We Shall Anchor In the Harbor.

LAURA E. NEWELL Copyright, 1904, by J. P. Lane. J. P. LANE.

Thoughtful, grand.

1. We shall an-chor in the har-bor, In the har - bor by and by;
2. We shall meet our loved and lost ones, When we, too, have crossed the tide;
3. We shall an-chor in the har-bor Of the cit - y o'er the sea,

When the drear-y voy'ge is end-ed; O re-joice, the morn is nigh,
In the bless - ed "ma-ny mansions," There in rapture to a - bide,
When the King of glo - ry reigneth, On the throne e - ter - nal - ly,

And in yon-der heav'nly cit - y We shall dwell, life's sto-ry told,
And we know a glad to-mor-row Waits when shadows all are past,
Then with joy we'll la - bor ev - er, Till the storms of life are done,

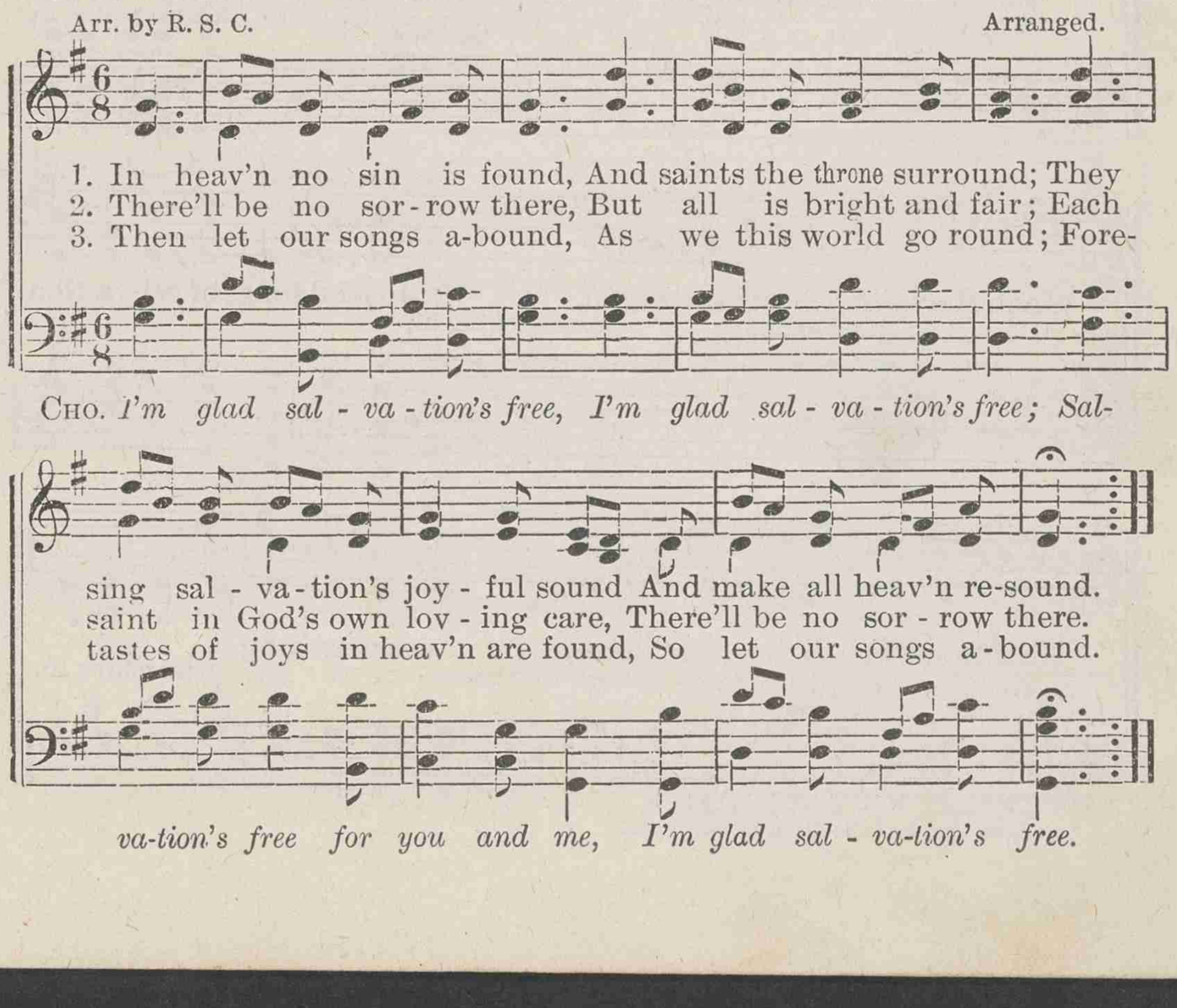
When our wait-ing shall be o - ver, Then the shin-ing gates of gold.
When there come no tears nor sorrow, We shall claim our own at last.
None from Him our hearts shall sever, Till a crown in heav'n be won.

CHORUS. Vigoroso.

We shall an - chor in the har - bor by and by, (by and by,)

We Shall Anchor In the Harbor. Concluded.

No. 194. I'm Glad Salvation's Free.



195. When the Saints are Marching In.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs."—ISA. 35 : 10.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS. J. M. BLACK.

Copyright, 1896, by J. M. Black. Used by per.

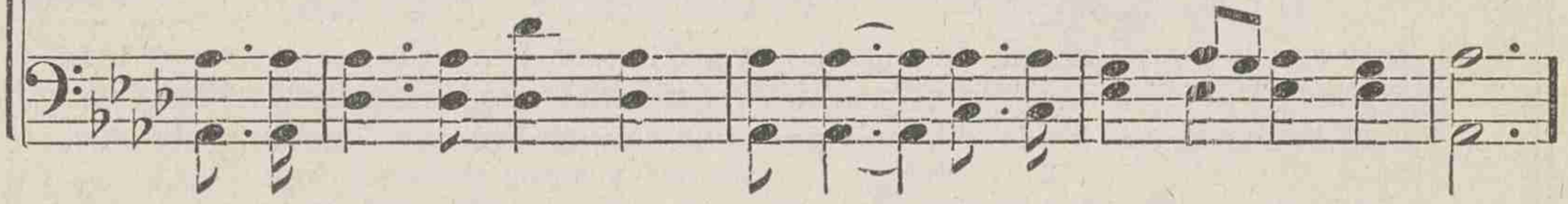
No. 196. We Will Walk in the Streets of the City.

"And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there."—Rev. 21: 24-26.

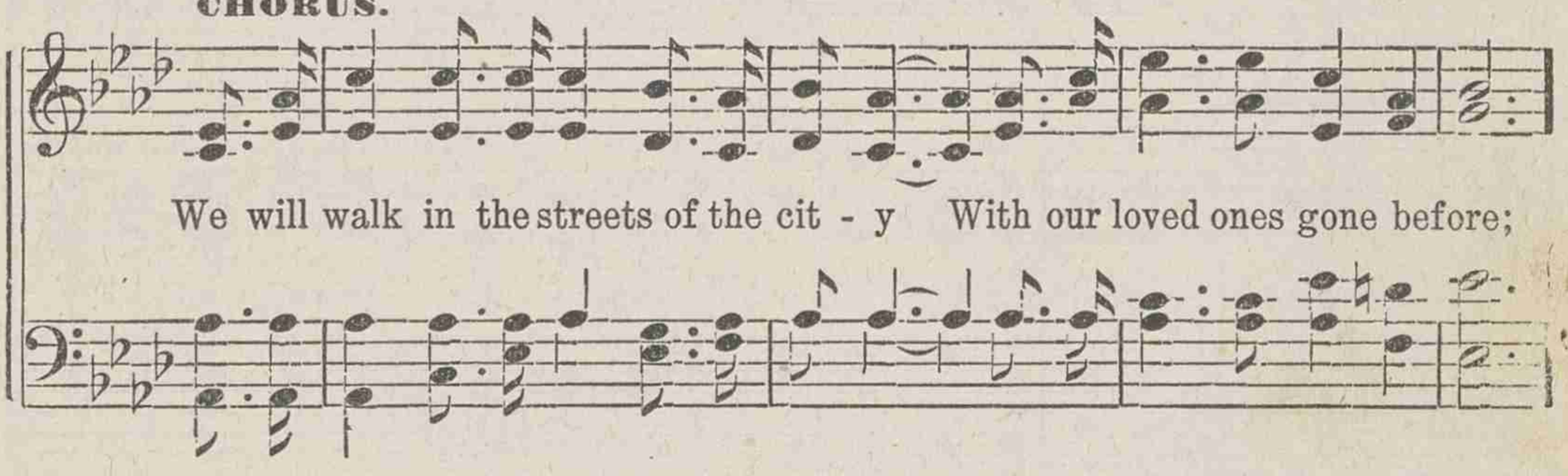
Rev. Mr. Flammin. Copyright, 1898, by John C. F. Kyger. Used by per. Dr. T. H. Peacock.

1. When we reach the gold - en cit - y, When we pass the gold - en gate,
2. Here our hap - py hearts al - read - y Taste by faith the bliss of heav'n;
3. But how great will be our pleasure When we, free from sin and pain,
4. Where no foe can e'er mo - lest us, Where all earthly woe is o'er,
5. Then we'll glad-ly wait a lit - tle, Glad - ly still our bur-dens bear;

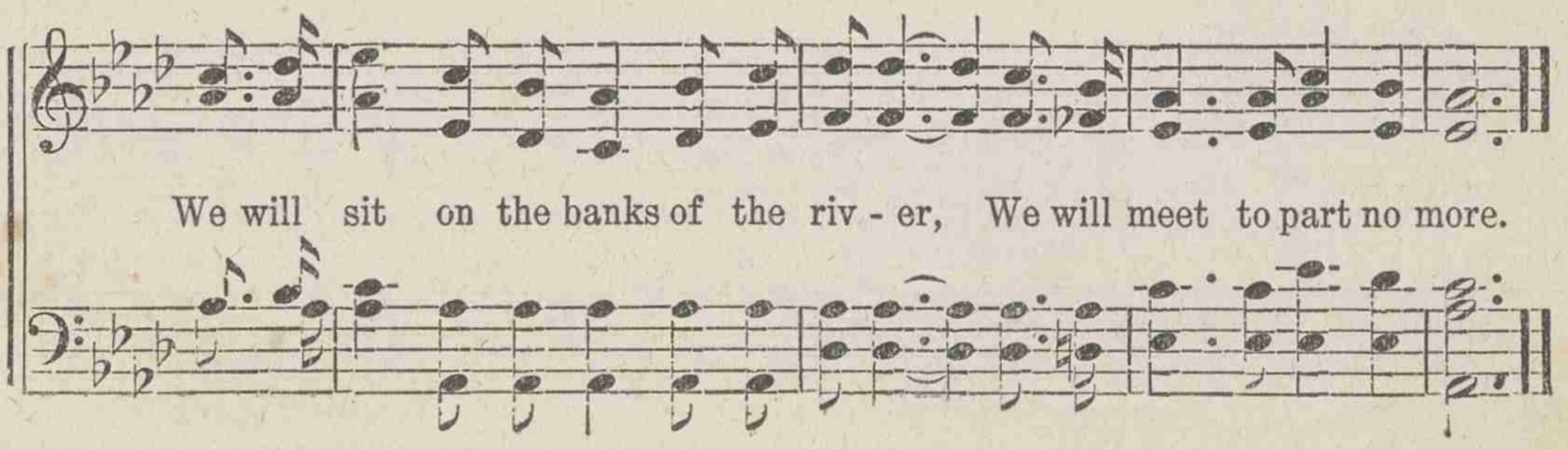
Where our friends who went be - fore us For our com - ing watch and wait.
To our hun - gry souls the man - na From a - bove is free - ly given.
On the oth - er side of Jor - dan See each oth - er there a - gain.
When we've safe-ly reached the cit - y, Ca-naan's fair and hap - py shore.
Soon we'll get a crown of glo - ry, Soon we'll Je - sus "welcome" hear.



CHORUS.



We will walk in the streets of the cit - y With our loved ones gone before;



We will sit on the banks of the riv - er, We will meet to part no more.

No. 197. Sometimes I Hear a Whisper.

"Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."—Ps. 32: 7.

R. K. M. Copyright, 1902, by R. K. Maiden. REV. R. K. MAIDEN.

1. Sometimes I hear a whis-per Of mu - sic from a - bove, Come float-ing soft-ly
2. Sometimes I see bright visions Of fac-es bathed in light, And forms in glo - ry
3. Sometimes I feel a presence, Like an-gels hov'ring near; A pres-ence sweet and

down-ward, In strains of heav'n-ly love; It sounds so sweet and rest-ful, So
splen-dor, In robes of spot-less white; I won - der if our loved ones, From
aw - ful, Which stills my doubt and fear; 'Tis moth - er, Child, or an-gel, Come

Rit. - -

soft and low and grand, It must be an-gel mu-sic From Ca-naan's hap-py land.
realms of gold-en day, Sometimes to wayworn mortals, Come near them lest they stray?
near to soothe and guide; Oh, holy presence, lin-ger For - ev - er near my side.

CHORUS.

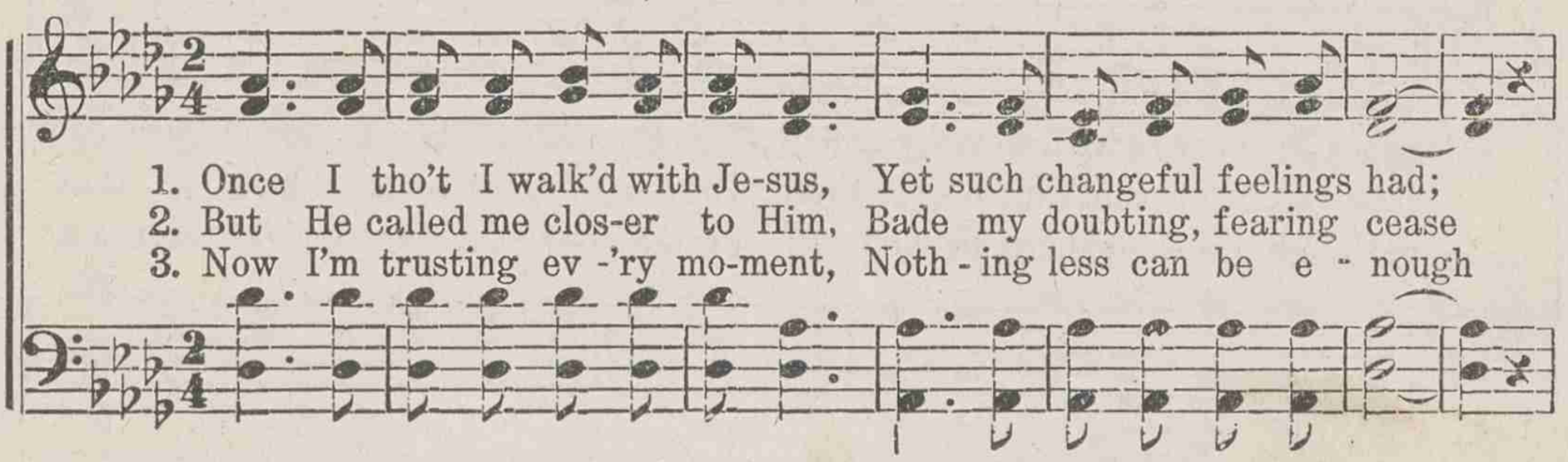
O sweet, un-earth-ly mu-sic, From out the gates a - jar, O strange and ho-ly
vis-ions, From worlds of light a - far. And thou en-chant-ing pres-ence, That

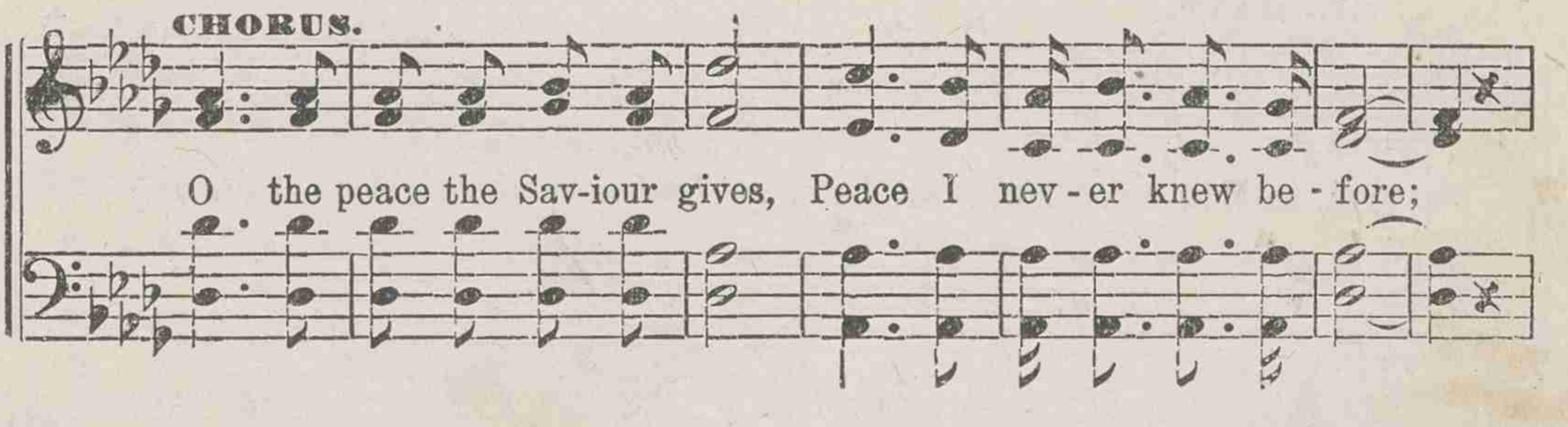
Sometimes I Hear a Whisper. Concluded.

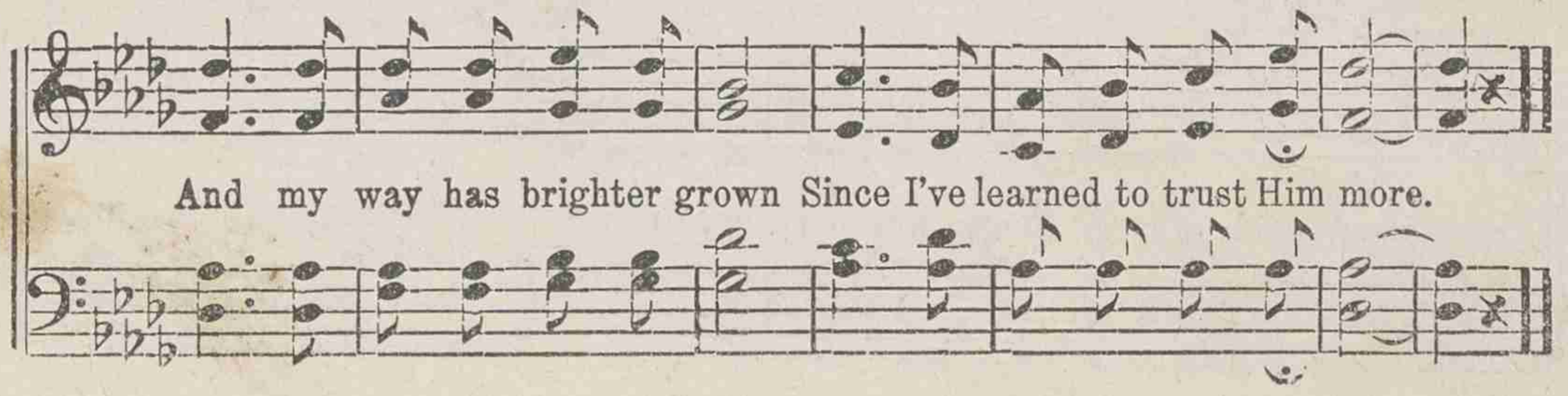
No. 198. Since I've Learned to Trust Him More.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."—Ps. 23 : 2.

F. A. B. Copyright, 1884, by W. E. Penn. By per. F. A. BLACKMER.







No. 199. We Shall Know Each Other There.

J. B. V. J. B. VAUGHAN. By per.

1. When our pil - grim-age is o'er, And we reach the oth - er shore, And our
2. When be-fore our Father's throne, We will meet the loved ones gone, In that
3. There we'll see the Saviour's face, In that bright and hap-py place, And His

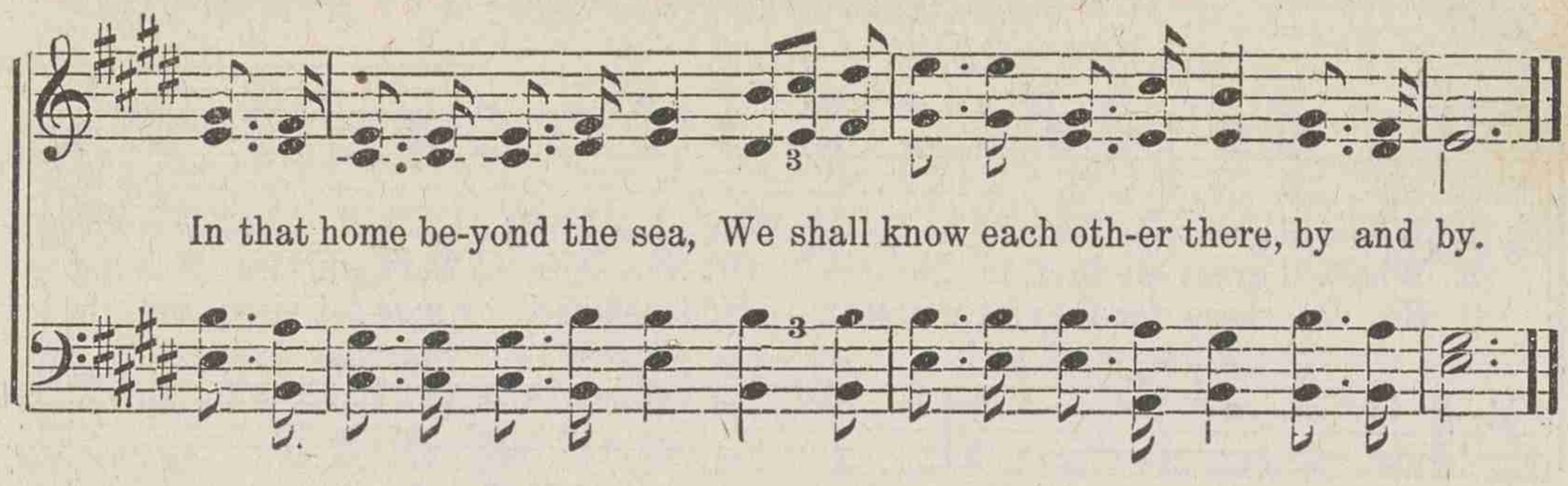
robes and crowns we'll wear by and by; This the tho't that comes to me, Born on
land so bright and fair, o - ver there; They are singing songs of love, In that
glo - ry we shall share, by and by; Far be-yond this mor-tal sight, Shines a

wings from o'er the sea, Shall we know each oth - er there, by and by?
home pre-pared a - bove, Shall we know each oth - er there, by and by?
bright and gold - en light, And we'll know each oth - er there, by and by?

REFRAIN.

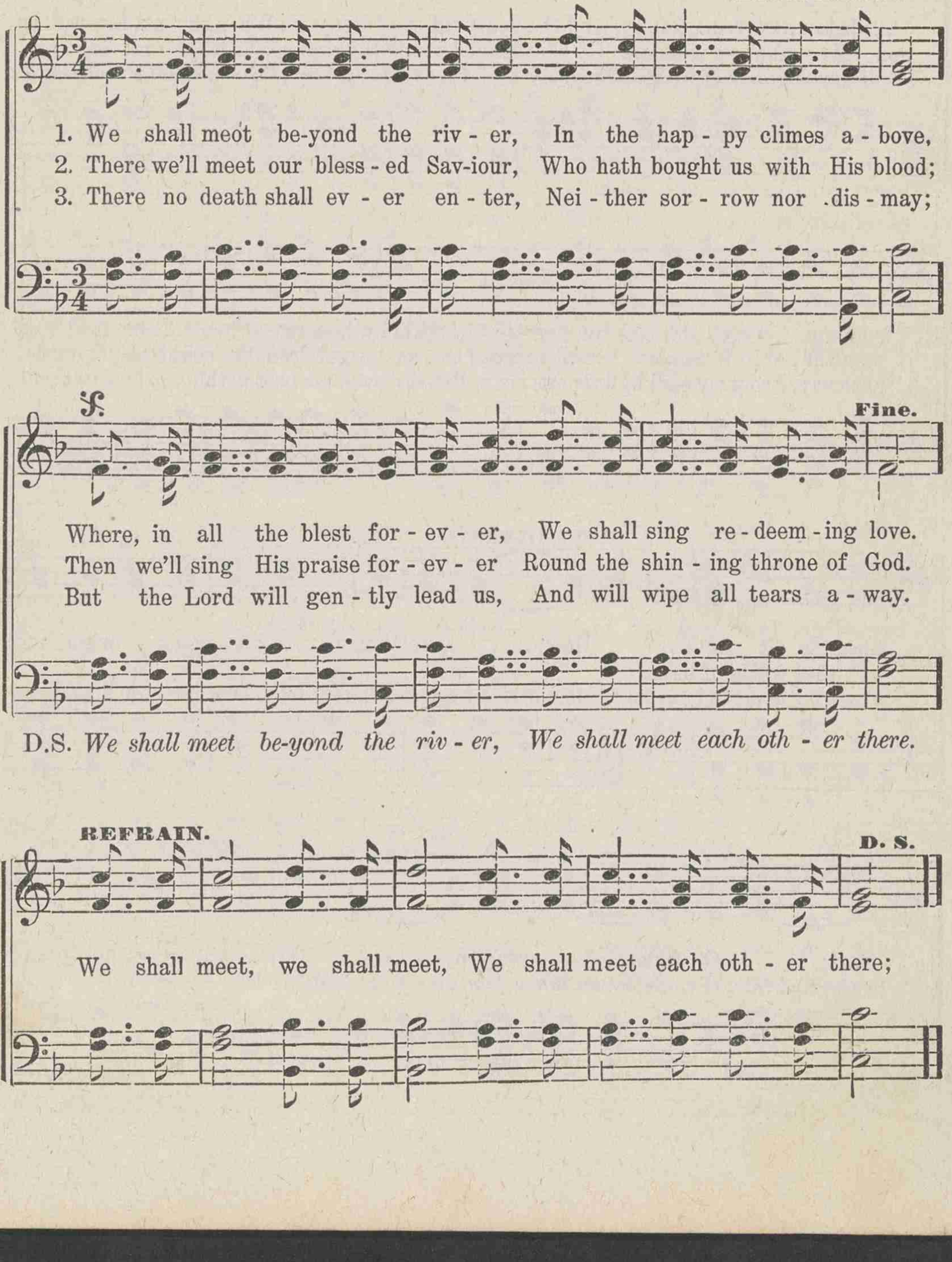
Yes, we'll know each oth - er there, In that home so bright and fair, Yes, we'll
know each oth - er there, by and by; 'Tis a glo-rious tho't to me,

We Shall Know Each Other There. Concluded.



No. 200. We Shall Meet.

G. R. STREET. CHAS. E. POLLOCK.



REFRAIN.

No. 201. Who Will Greet Me First.

Copyright, 1904, by J. M. Huut. By per. J. M. HUNT.

1. Who will greet me first in heav - en, When that blissful realm I gain? When the
2. Who will greet me first in glo - ry? Oft the earn-est tho't will rise, Mus-ing
3. No, not these, for they have nev-er Gladdened here my mor-tal view, But the

hands have ceased from toiling, And the heart hath ceased from pain; When the last farewell is
on the unknown wonders Of that home beyond the skies; Who will be my heav'nly
loved ones gone before me, They, the loved, the tried, the true; They who walked with me life's

spo-ken, Severed the last ten-der tie, And I know how sweet, how solemn. And how
men-tor? Will it be some seraph bright? Or an an-gel from the countless Myriads
pathway, From my soul by death were riv'n, They who loved me best in this world, First will

Rit. - - - - -

REFRAIN.

blest is it to die. Home,.... sweet home,.... That home so bright and
of that world of light.
greet me home in heav'n. Home, sweet home, O home, sweet home, That home so bright, so

Rit.

fair;..... O home,.... sweet home,.... O who will greet me there?
bright and fair; O home, sweet home, O home, sweet home,

No. 202. From Death Unto Life.

Dedicated to the Baptist Choir at Calvert, Texas.

Copyright, 1904, by R. S. Coward.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER. REV. J. C. BURKETT.

1. Out of the chill and the shad-ow, In - to the thrill and the shine,
2. Leav-ing the cloud and the tem-pest, Reaching the balm and the cheer,
3. Meet-ing the dear ones de-part - ed, Knowing them, clasping their hands,
4. Come, then, dear Lord, in the gloaming, Or when the dawning is gray;

Out of the death and the fam - ine, In - to the full-ness di - vine,
Find-ing the end of our sor - row, Find-ing the end of our fear,
All the be-loved and true-heart-ed, There in the fair - est of lands.
Take us to dwell in Thy pres-ence, On - ly Thy-self lead the way;

Up from the strife and the bat - tle, Oft with the shameful de - feat,
See - ing the face of the Mas - ter, Yearned for in dis-tance and dream,
Sin ev - er - more left be - hind us, Pain nev - er-more to dis - tress,
Out of the sigh and the si-lence, In - to the deep swell-ing song!

Up to the palm and the lau - rel, O but the rest will be sweet.
O for the rapt-ure of glad-ness, O for the vis - ion su - preme!
Changing the moan for the mu - sic, The gracious Sav - iour to bless.
Out of the ex - ile and bond-age In - to the home-gathered throng.

No. 203. The Joyland Over There.

JENNIE WILSON. Copyright, 1904, by Singiug Evangelist's Music Co. GEO. W. BEACON.

1. Just be - yond the roll - ing tide, storm-y gales of earth sub-side, And each scene in that pure clime is bright and fair; Hap-pi-ness reigns ev-er-more on that
2. When shall close my earth-ly stay, as from time I drift a - way, O'er the wa-ters cheering harbor lights will flow; With that beacon for my guide I shall
3. Oh! 'tis sweet to think, for me waits a home a - cross the sea, Which our Sav-iour for His loved ones doth prepare; Glad-ly bow-ing at His feet lov - ing

calm ce - les - tial shore, For no grief in-vades the joy - land o - ver there.
reach the oth - er side, And the rapt-ure of the life e - ter - nal know.
prais - es I'll re - peat, When I see Him in the joy - land o - ver there.

CHORUS.

O - ver there,..... o - ver there..... Lies the country that is free from pain and care;.....
yes, o-ver there, yes, o-ver there from pain and care;

On its verdant, peaceful strand I shall

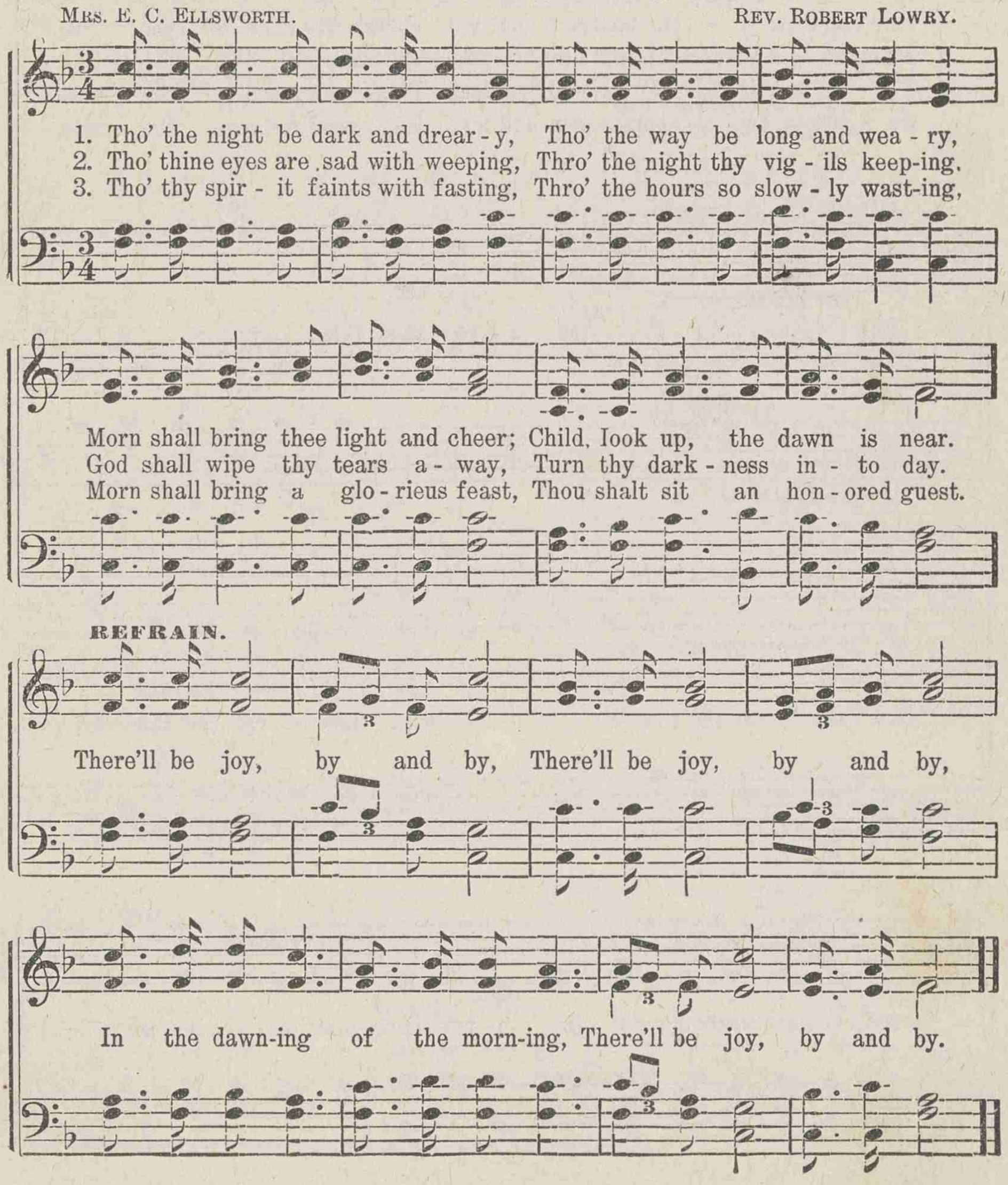
The Joyland Over There. Concluded.

No. 204. There'll Be Joy, By and By.

"Joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 3; 5.

Used by per. of Robert Lowry, owner of copyright.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.



No. 205. Row Me Over the Tide.

Copyright, 1903, by F. J. Harrell. Used by per. F. J. HARRELL.

DUET. Soprano and Alto.

1. Two lit-tle children were strolling one day Down by the clear water's side,
2. We are so wretched, so hun-gry, so poor, We have no place to a - bide;
3. Mamma and Pa - pa told Wil-lie one day That Jesus would come for their child;
4. Two lit - tle fac - es no more we shall see, Sweetly they sleep side by side;

Rit.

One came up to the boatman and said, "Please row me o-ver the tide."
Mam-ma and Pa-pa and Wil - lie are gone, Please row me o-ver the tide.
I am so tir - ed of wait-ing so long, Please row me o-ver the tide.
Je - sus so full of compas-sion and love, Has rowed me o-ver the tide.

CHORUS. A tempo.

Row..... me o - ver the tide,
Row me o - ver the tide, row me o - ver the tide,

Row..... me o - ver the tide, (o - ver the tide,
Row me o-ver the tide, row me o - ver the tide, for my

Rit.

Loved ones are watching for me o - ver there, Row me o - ver the tide.

No. 206. O Think of the Home Over There.

(BLESSED HOME.)

EMILY HUNTINGDON MILLER.

Melody by J. E. BIGBIE.

Arr. and harmonized by A. J. SHOWALTER.

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

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

REFRAIN.

rob'd in their gar-ments of white.
home in the pal - ace of God. Bless-ed home, hap - py
fly to the land of the blest.
watch-ing and wait - ing for me. Blessed home,

home, How I long, how I long to be there; Bless-ed
hap - py home,

home, hap-py home, How I long, how I long to be there.
Blessed home, hap-py home,

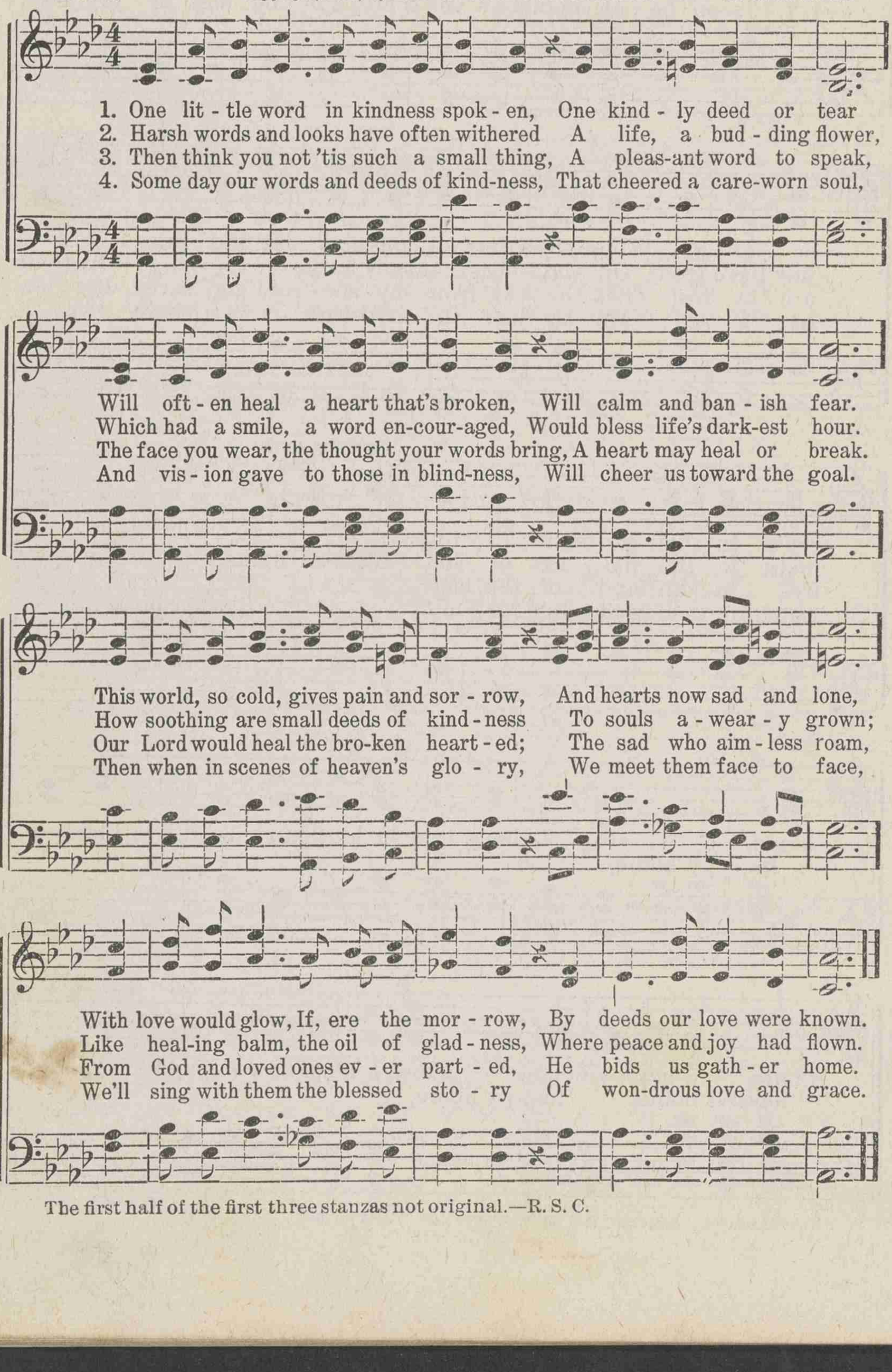
New arrangement. Copyright, 1895, by A. J. Showalter. Used by per.

Miscellaneous Songs.

No. 207. Words In Kindness Spoken.

"Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, one to another; even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."—EPH. 4: 32.

R. S. C. Copyright, 1903, by R. S. Coward and F. M. McConnell. R. S. COWARD.



The first half of the first three stanzas not original.—R. S. C.

No. 208. Where Are Your Troubles?

Composed while standing on the ruins of Capernaum.—MARK 5: 22-43.

R. F. J. Copyright, 1904, by R. F. Jenkins. REV. R. F. JENKINS.

1. A home in Gal - i - lee, sad one day The moth - er in
2. The serv - ant came to his Mas - ter and said; Why troub - le the
3. They came to the house and the door they closed, The fam - 'ly with-
4. Ah! then the sad home was freed from pain, She who was

an - guish and fa - ther a - way. True friends and re - la - tives
Sav - iour? your daught-er is dead, But Je - sus who loved him, said
in, and the daught-er re - posed, When Je - sus had called her, she
dead, is now liv - ing a - gain, The pre - cious Re - deem - er that

stood by the bed Of an on - ly daughter and she was dead.
fa - ther don't weep, On - ly be - lieve me your daughter's a - sleep.
rose to her feet, Ask - ing the moth - er for some-thing to eat.
stood by the three, Makes the hap - pi - est home in Gal - i - lee.

CHORUS.

Where are your troub-les to - day then? What are your troub-les to-day, my friend?

Andante.

On - ly be - lieve us, Bring them to Je-sus, He'll take all your troubles a - way.

No. 209. Where His Voice is Guiding.

"And he sayeth unto them, follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."—MATT. 4: 19.

Copyright, 1893 and 1896, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

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

1. Hark, 'tis the Master! He's calling you to-day, Fol-low where His voice is guiding;
2. New fields of blessing will o - pen to your view, Fol-low where His voice is guiding;
3. What tho' temptations may beckon you a - side? Fol-low where His voice is guiding;

Look for His footprints along the heav'nward way, Follow where His voice is guiding.
Seek - ing His Spir-it, your daily strength renew, Fol-low where His voice is guid-ing.
Un - der His banner in loy - al - ty a-bide, Fol-low where His voice is guid-ing.

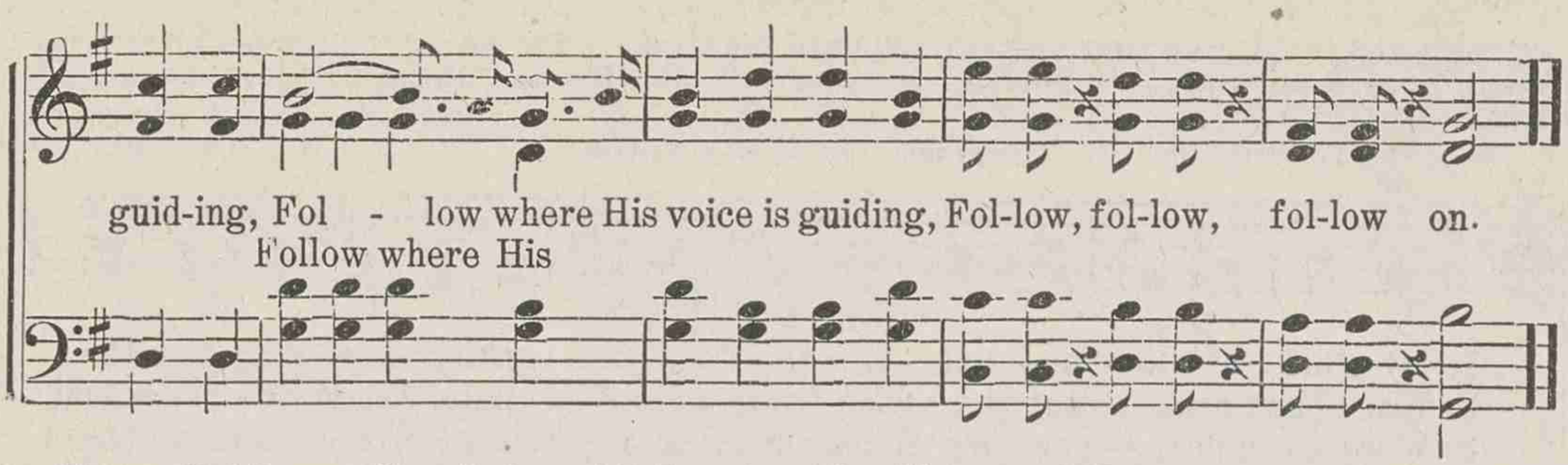
He.... who lives for ev - er-more, Trod.... this earthly path be - fore,
Press - ing on-ward, glad and free, Sweet - er will His serv-ice be,
Though the way seem hard and long, Faith will sing her cheer-y song;

Knows its dan-gers, knows its grief, He will send your soul re - lief.
Rich - er His re-wards of love, Foretastes of the feast a - bove.
Soon we'll lay the bur - dens down, Then the palm, the harp, the crown.

CHORUS.

Fol-low, fol - low where His voice is guiding, Follow, fol - low where His voice is
Fol - low where His voice is guid-ing, Fol - low where His voice is

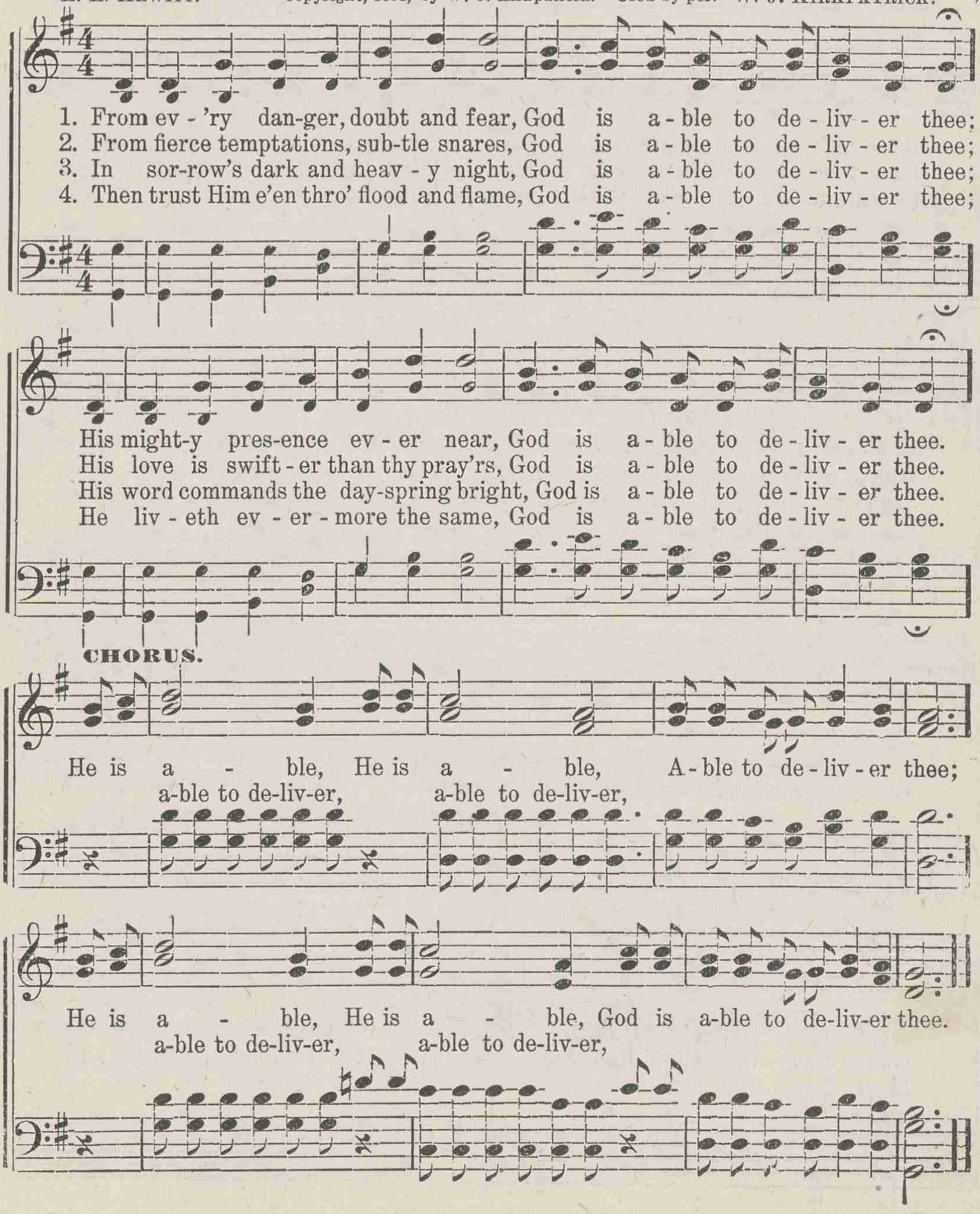
Where His Voice is Guiding. Concluded.



No. 210. God is Able to Deliver Thee.

"He will deliver thee."—DAN. 6: 16.

E. E. HEWITT. Copyright, 1894, by W. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

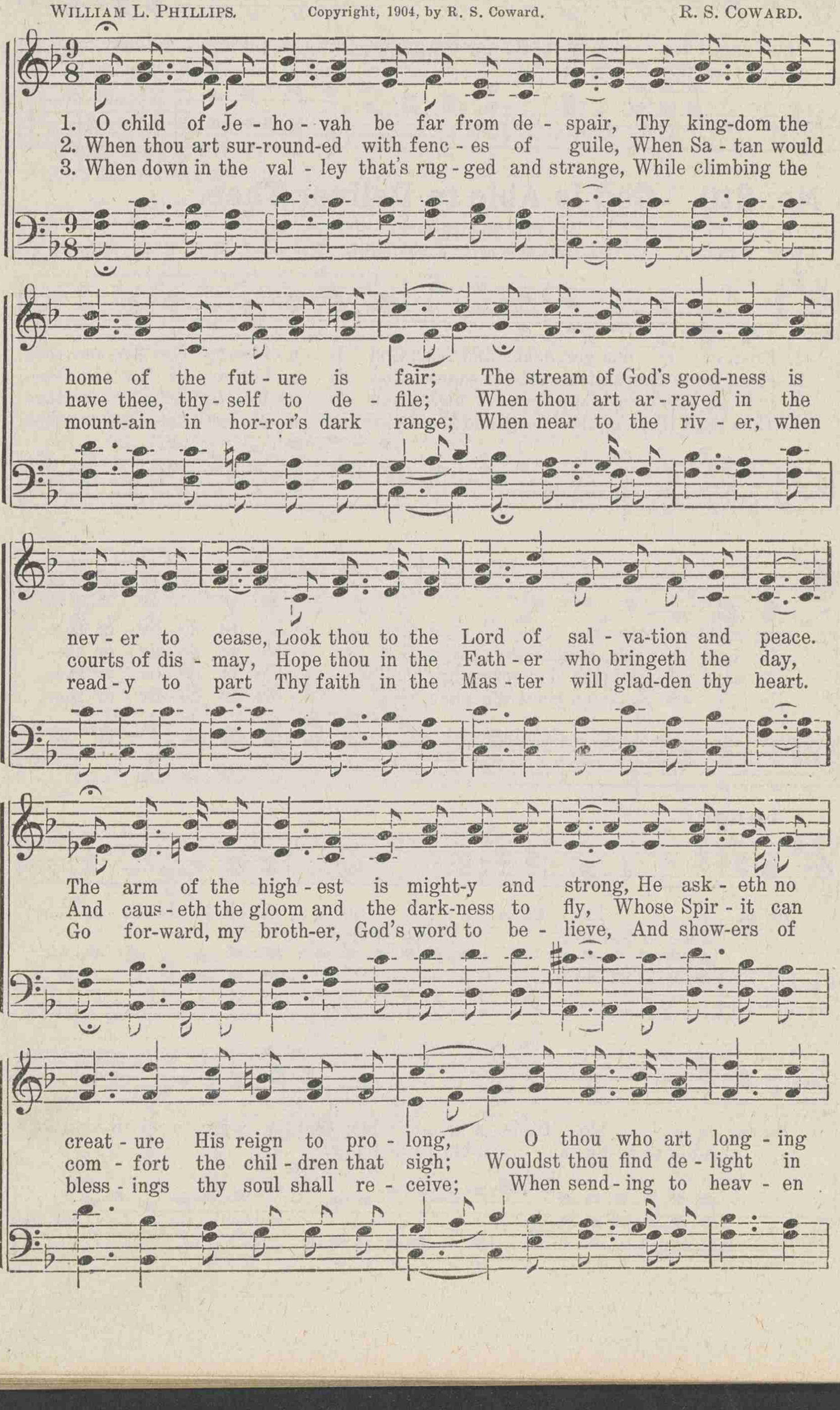


No. 211. The Harder Thou Leanest.

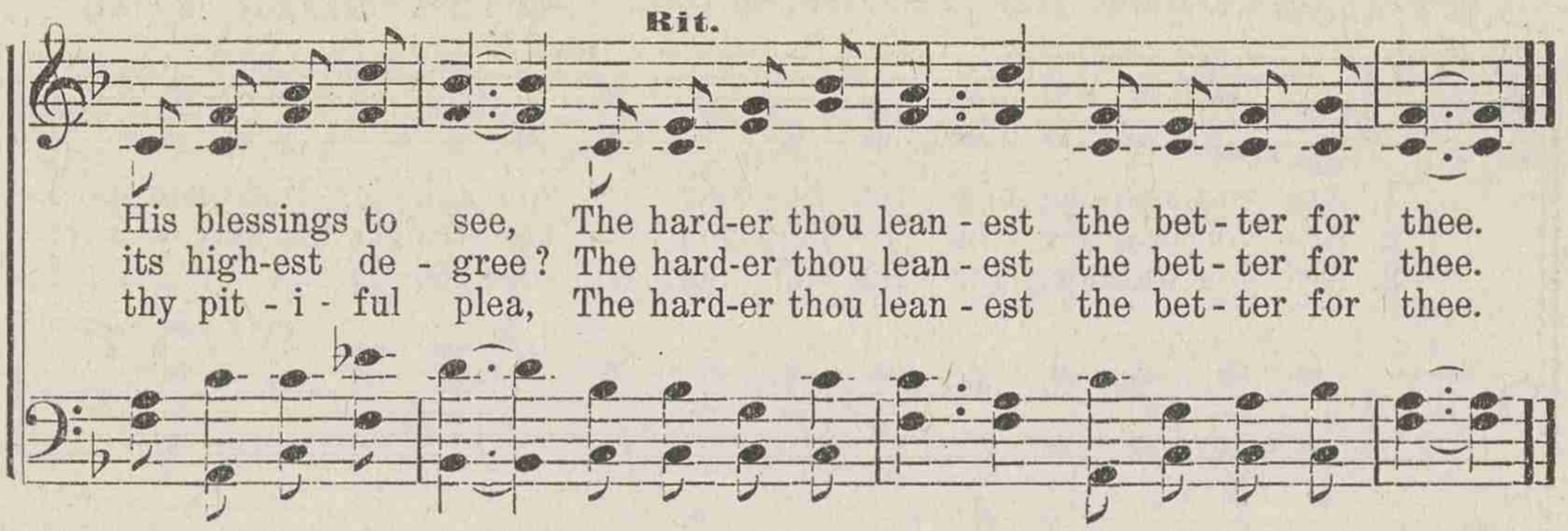
(TRUST.)

"Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust."—Ps. 140: 4. "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes."—Ps. 118: 9. "O Lord God, thou art my trust."—Ps. 71: 5.

WILLIAM L. PHILLIPS. Copyright, 1904, by R. S. Coward. R. S. COWARD.



The Harder Thou Leanest. Concluded.



No. 212. More Like Jesus.

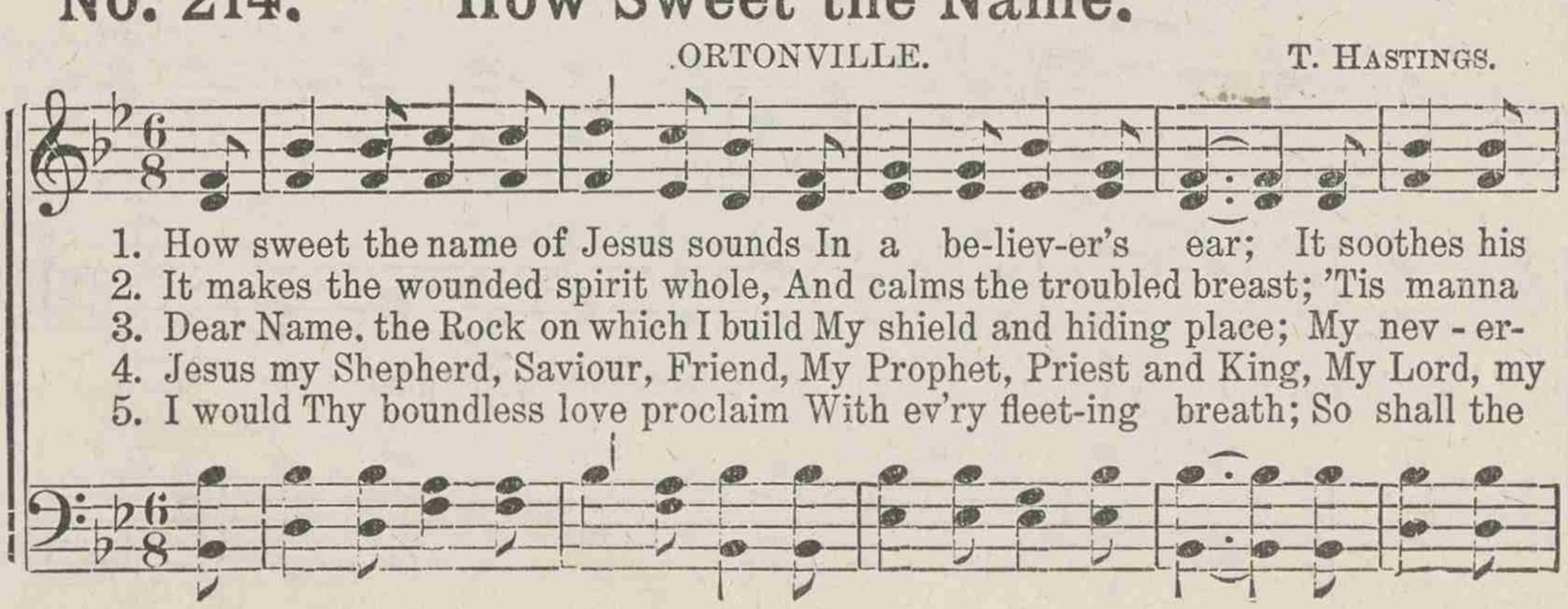
J. M. S. From "Good Will," by per. J. M. STILLMAN.

No. 213. Keeping Near the Saviour.

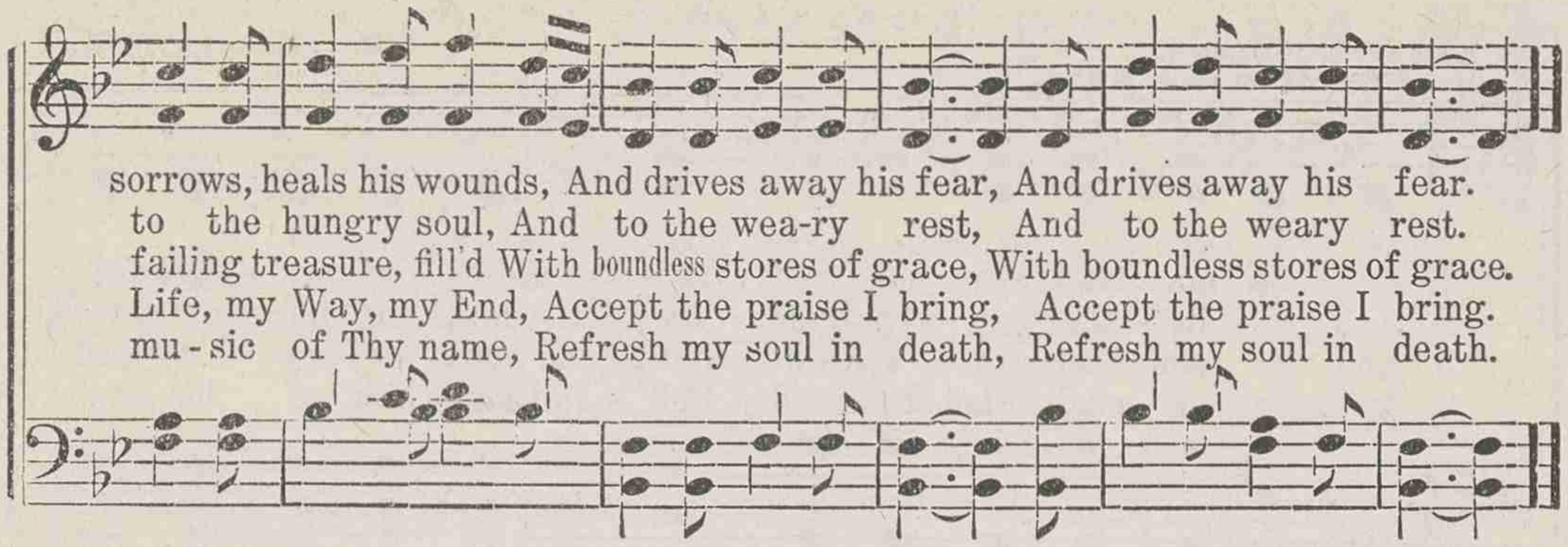
D. P. A. REV. D. P. AIRHART. By per.

No. 214. How Sweet the Name.

ORTONVILLE. T. HASTINGS.



How Sweet the Name. Concluded.



No. 215. Scatter Seed.

J. T. J. By per. of R. F. Jenkins, owner. REV. J. T. JENKINS.

No. 216. The Old Fountain.

Copyright, 1896, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

EMMA M. JOHNSON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Effective as a Solo.

1. By Sa - ma - ria's way - side well Once a bless - ed mes - sage fell
2. And a lit - tle cap - tive maid, By a lep - er un - dis-mayed,
3. And a wom - an in a crowd, With - out word or cry a - loud,
4. As the eu - nuch tried to read Phil - ip taught him of his need,

On a wom - an's thirst - y soul, Long a - go; And to
Told to him a sim - ple sto - ry, Long a - go; That the
Just stooped down and touched His gar - ment, Long a - go; As her
And bap-tized him in the stream, Long a - go; As the

eyes that long were sealed Was the glo - rious light re-vealed Thro' a
stream where he might lave Had a - lone the power to save Thro' his
ur - gent need ap-pealed So her sin - ful soul was healed In that
out - ward seal and sign Of an in - ward work di - vine That was

CHORUS.

fount-ain that was o - pened Long a - go.
trust in that old fount-ain, Long a - go. There's a foun - tain that was
fount-ain that was o - pened, Long a - go.
wrought thro' that old fountain, Long a - go.

o-pened Long a - go (Long a - go), For the heal - ing of the na - tions

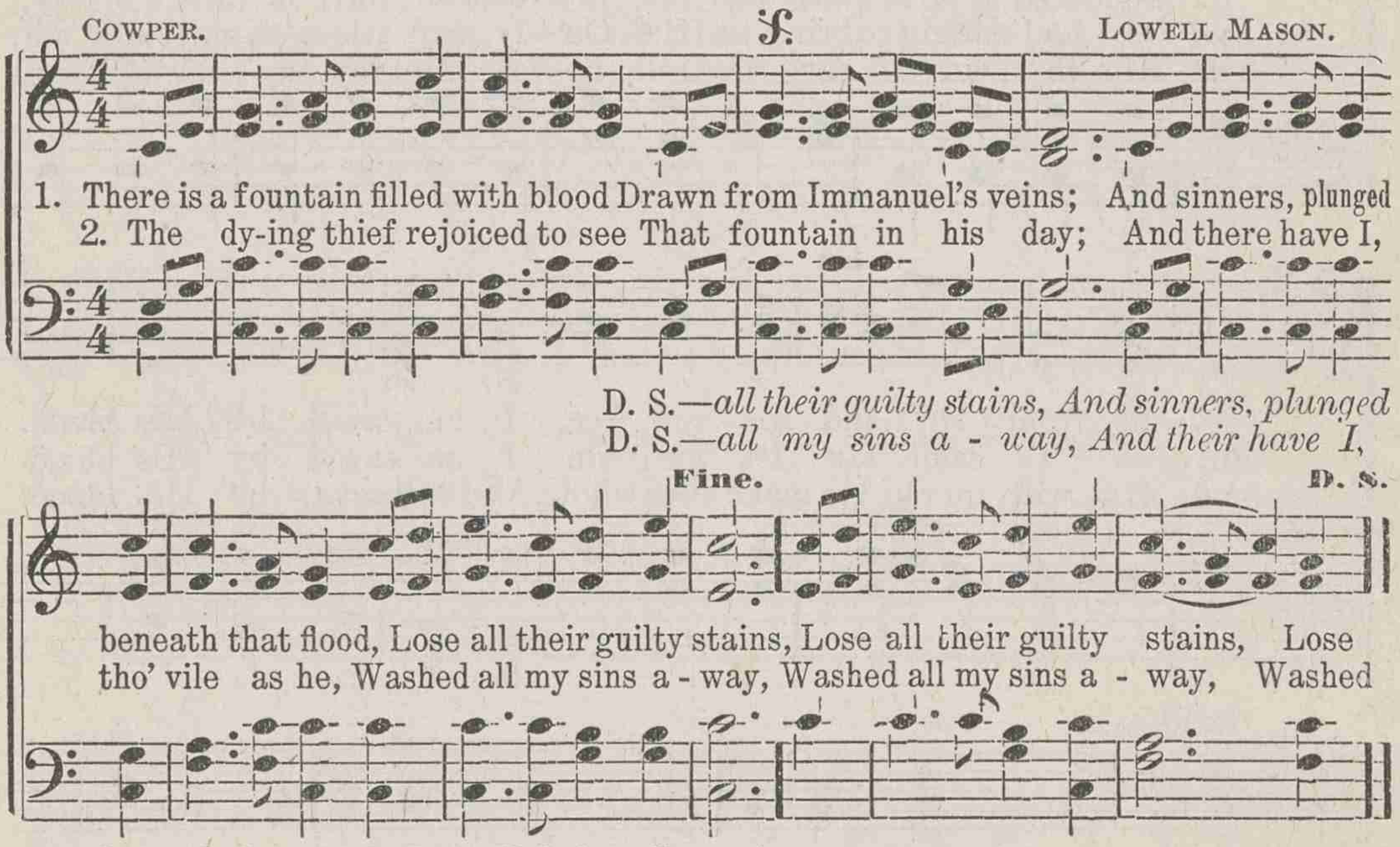
The Old Fountain. Concluded.

5th verse by J. A. B.

5 When the eunuch had believed,
And eternal life received,
Philip led him in the water,
Long ago;
And according to the Word,
He was burried with the Lord,
Then went on his way rejoicing,
Long ago.

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

No. 217. There is a Fountain.



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

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

No. 218. Saved by His Blood.

"In whom we have redemption through His blood."—Col. 1: 14.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

Mrs. M. E. Bliss-Willson. Warren W. Bentley.

1. The Sav-iour called so lov - ing - ly, I am saved by His blood;
2. His lov - ing words came to my ear, I am saved by His blood;
3. He that be - liev - eth, hear the word, I am saved by His blood;

I heard His voice from Cal - va - ry, I am saved by His blood.
"Come un - to Me," and do not fear, I am saved by His blood.
Hath life in Je - sus Christ our Lord, I am saved by His blood.

I wondered if it was for me, A wretch so full of mis - e - ry,
And I had naught to bring to Him, On - ly my vile-ness, guilt and sin;
On Him thy load of sor - row roll, Be- fore Him lay thy sin- sick soul,

To be from sin and sor - row free, I am saved by His blood.
But as I came, He let me in, I am saved by His blood.
And He will quick- ly make thee whole, And will save by His blood.

Refrain.

Hal- le - lu - jah! Hal- le - lu - jah! I am saved by His blood;

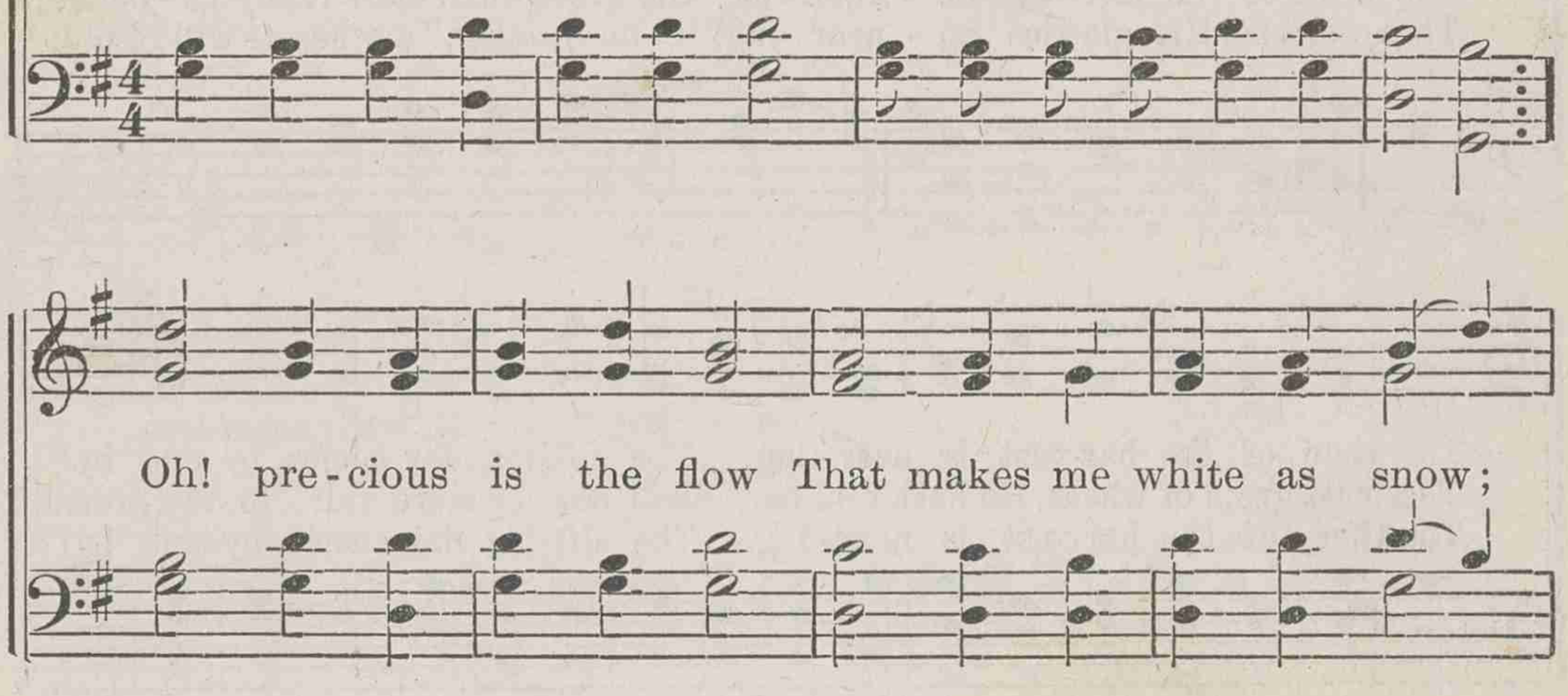
Hal - le - lu- jah! Hal - le- lu - jah!

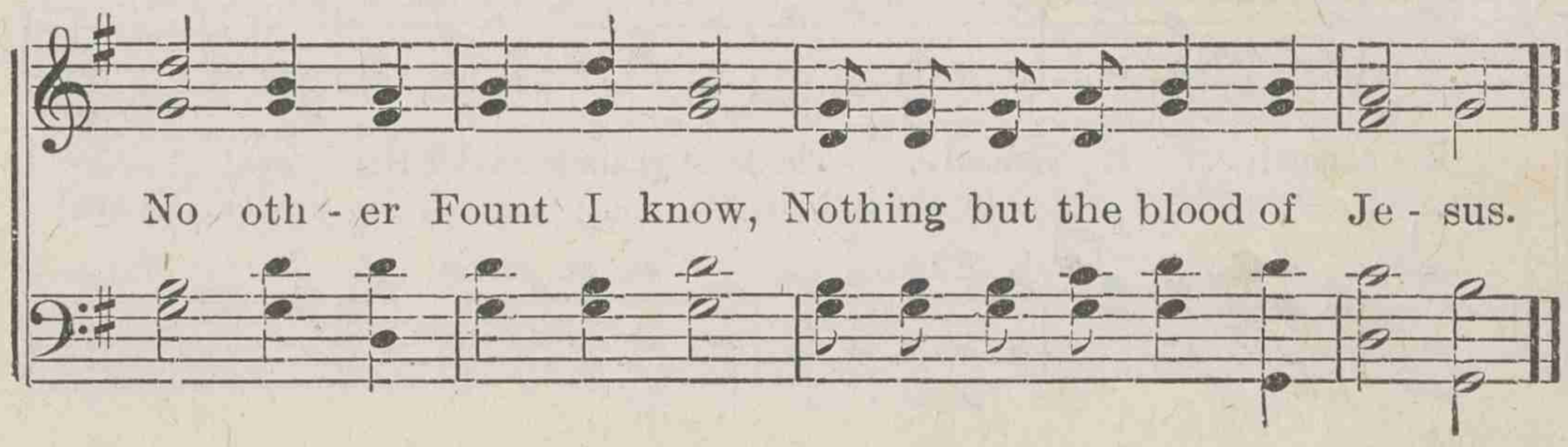
Saved by His Blood. Concluded.

No. 219. Nothing But the Blood.

R. L. Copyright, 1876, by Robert Lowry. Used by per. R. LOWRY.

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Nothing but the blood of Je-sus;
   What can make me whole a - gain? Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.
2. For my par - don, this I see— Nothing but the blood of Je-sus;
   For my cleansing, this my plea— Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.
3. Noth-ing can for sin a - tone, Nothing but the blood of Je-sus;
   Naught of good that I have done, Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.
4. This is all my hope and peace—Nothing but the blood of Je-sus;
   This is all my right-eous-ness— Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.





No. 220. The Sifting Day.

"Let both grow together until the harvest: and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them: but gather the wheat into my barn." "So shall it be in the end of this world."—MATT. 13: 30, 40.

E. E. HEWITT. Copyright, 1904, by R. S. Coward. All rights reserved. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. The wheat and the tares grow to-geth-er, They cov - er the hill - side and plain;
2. Re-mem-ber the word He hath spo - ken, The word of our Fa - ther a - bove:
3. O let us be root - ed in Je - sus, And bear precious fruit as we grow;

They grow in the sun-shin - y weath-er, No less, in the fast-fall-ing rain.
Down thro' the long a - ges un - bro - ken, So full of His cov - e-nant love.
From sin's tangling bri - ars He frees us; The bless-ing of peace He'll be-stow.

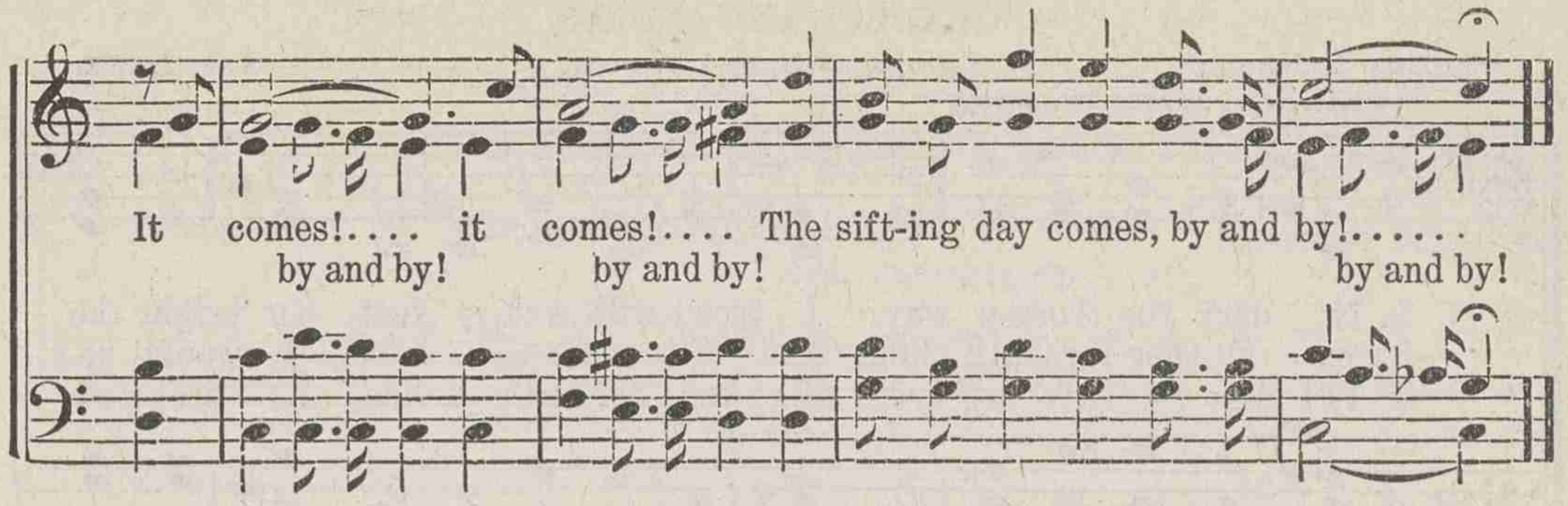
But let the grain rip - en, un - fear - ing, Safe, un - der the Master's kind eye;
The arms of His mer - cy en - fold us; His grace shall more richly a - bound;
Then welcome His glo-ries ap - pear - ing, "*Come quickly*," our hearts will re-ply;

The time of the har-vest is near - ing, The sift-ing day comes, by and by!
The least grain of wheat, He hath told us, Shall nev - er-more fall to the ground!
The time of the har-vest is near - ing, The sift-ing day comes, by and by!

REFRAIN.

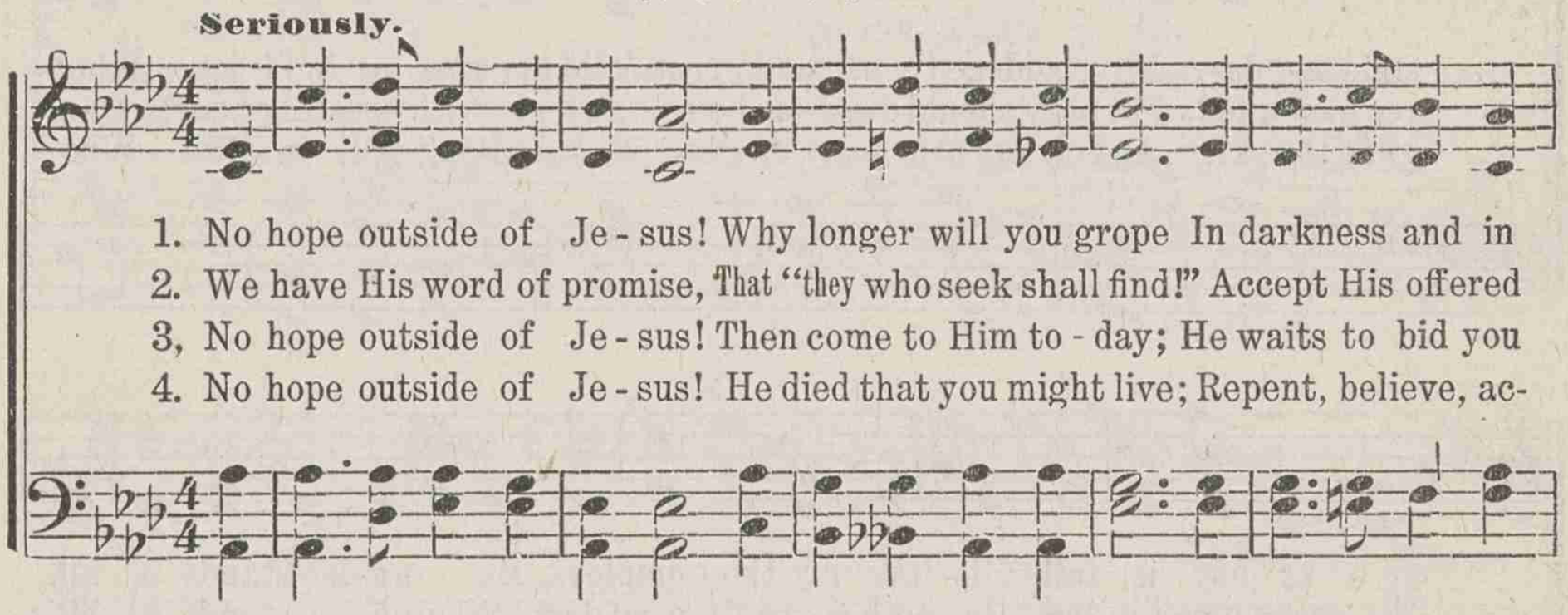
It comes!.... it comes!.... The least grain is un-der His eye!.....
by and by! by and by! is un-der His eye!

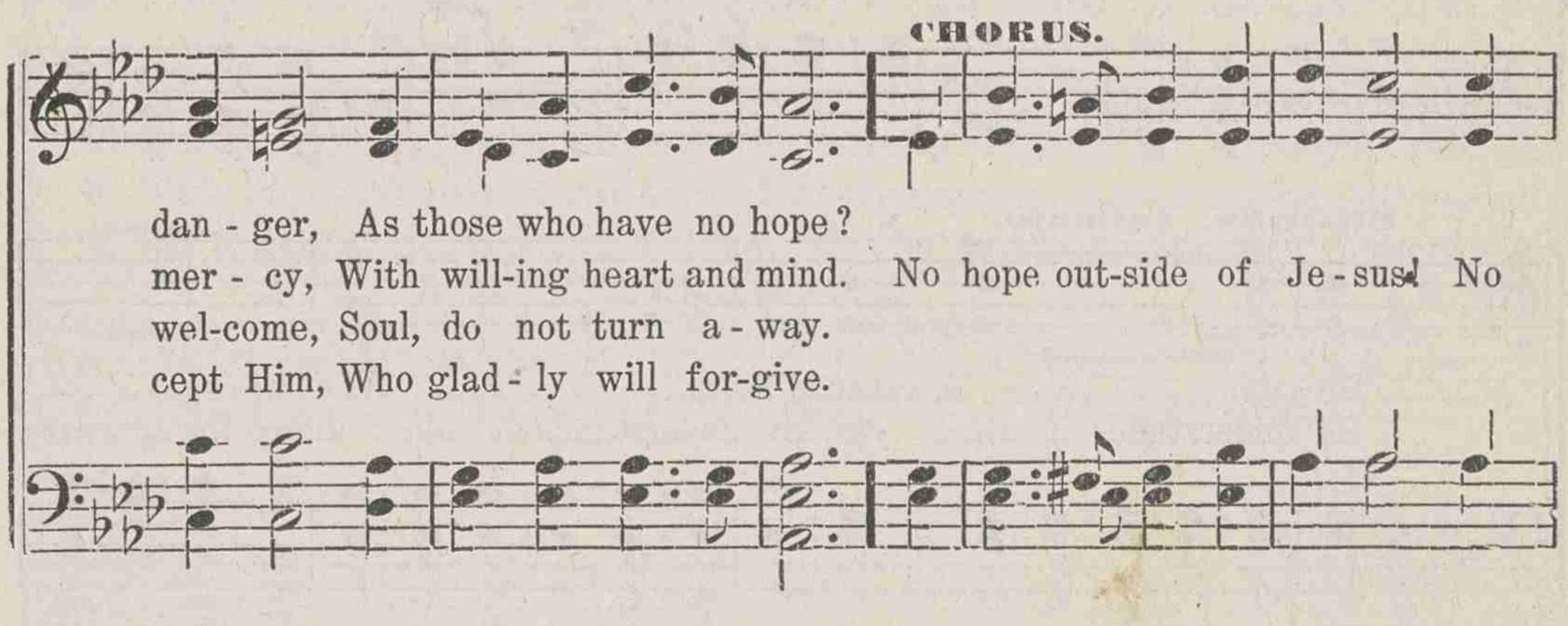
The Sifting Day. Concluded.



No. 221. No Hope Outside of Jesus.

LAURA E. NEWELL. Copyright, 1904, by J. P. Lane. J. P. LANE.





No. 222. God Understands It All.

QUARTET AND CHORUS.

LAURA E. NEWELL. Copyright, 1904, by J. P. Lane. J. P. LANE.

Smooth, with feeling.

1. If dark the thorn-y way, I tread with wea-ry feet, Or bright the sun - ny day, My gladdened eyes shall greet. 'Mid sor-row or 'mid joy, What-
2. My Fa-ther loves His child, And if af-flic-tions come, I would be rec - on-ciled, For they should draw me home. And so with trusting heart, On
3. To Him I lift my eyes, His ten - der smile di-vine, Re - flect - ed gilds the skies And cheers this heart of mine. Be - liev - ing still in Him, Who

ev - er may be - fall, His love my tho't employs, He un-der-stands it all.
His dear name I'll call, He soothes grief's cruel dart, Who un-der-stands it all.
blesseth great and small, I'll trust, tho' skies be dim, And say, "He lov - eth all."

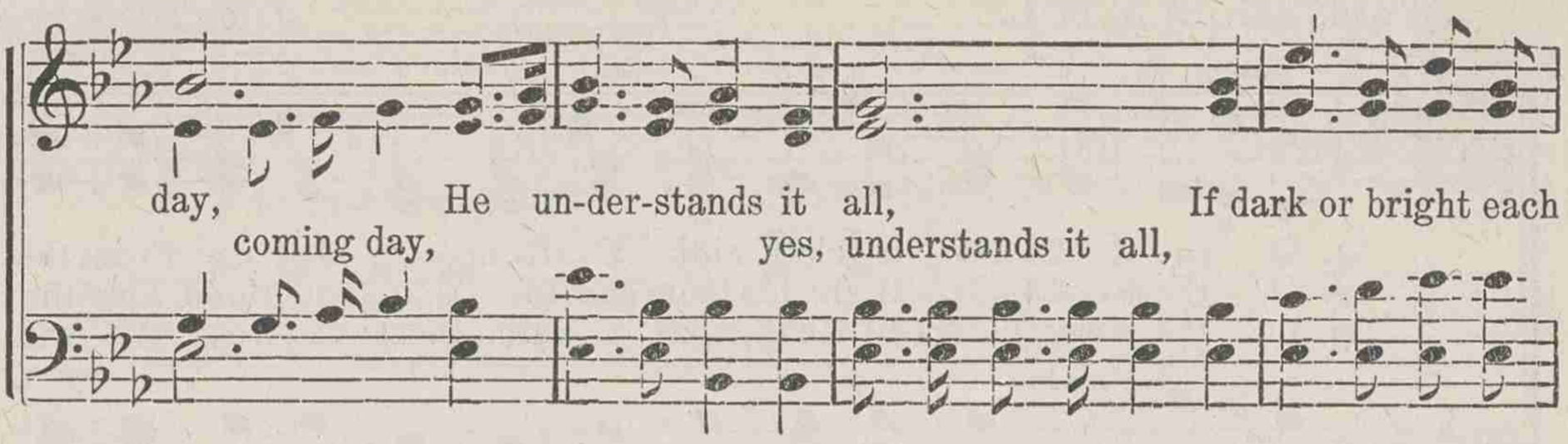
CHORUS. Animato.

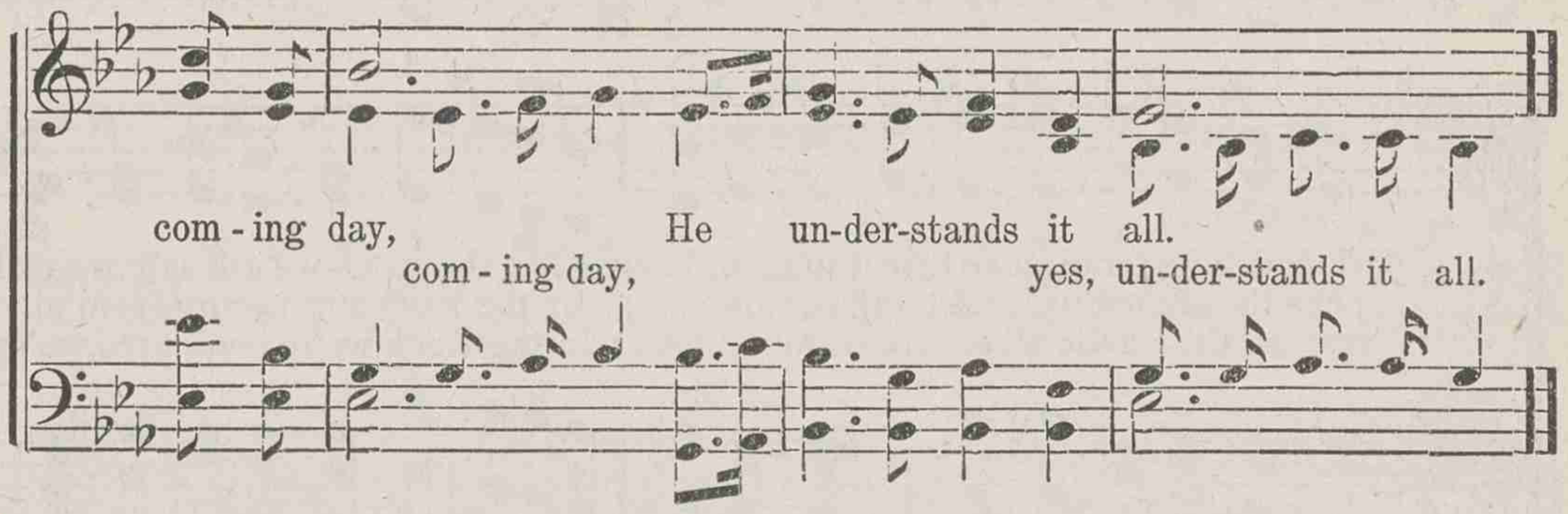
He un - - derstands it all, Who notes.....
He understands it all, yes, He understands it all, notes the sparrows

Slower and softer.

..... the spar-rows fall, If dark or bright each com-ing
fall, Who notes the sparrows fall,

God Understands It All. Concluded.

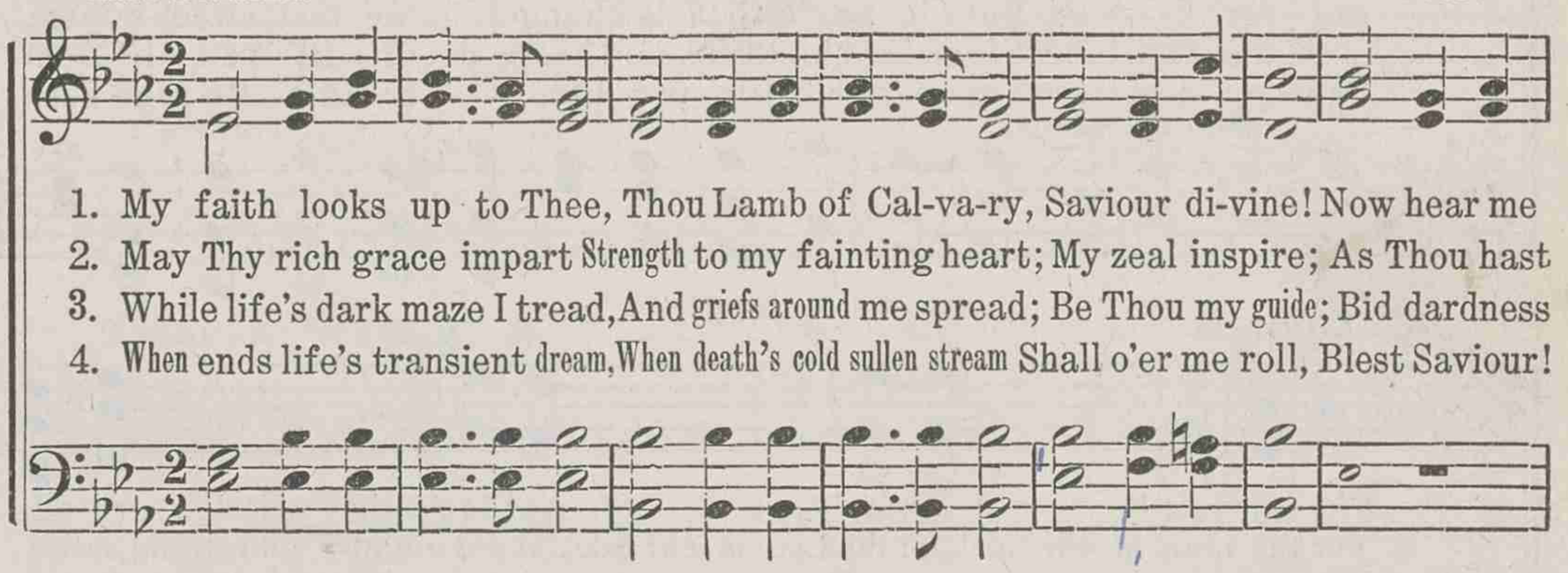




No. 223. My Faith Looks Up To Thee.

OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

RAY PALMER. DR. LOWELL MASON.



No. 224. THE LORD OUR ROCK.

Words arr. by J. P. L. J. P. LANE.

1. O the Rock! 'tis a cleft and a strong, sure de-fense From the
2. O the Rock safe - ly shields from the foes that sur-round, Tho' the
3. O the Rock, bless - ed Rock, what a calm, blest re - treat, We will

dark gath'ring tempest so threat'ning and dense; In the Rock we are safe, we will
per - ils are ma-ny, and tempters abound; In the Rock, all secure, from all
rest in the Shade all secure from the heat; In the Rock we're contented, we're

suf - fer no fear, But in peace that is changeless, we rest sweet-ly here.
harm we a - bide; Since He shields us and keeps us, no ill can be-tide.
hap - py and free; Sin - ner, flee for thy life, O to this Re-fuge flee.

CHORUS.

For the Lord is our Rock and is might - y and
For the Lord is our Rock, for the Lord is our Rock, and is might-y and strong, and is

strong, And in Him we are safe— He's our
might - y and strong, And in Him we are safe, and in Him we are safe, He's our

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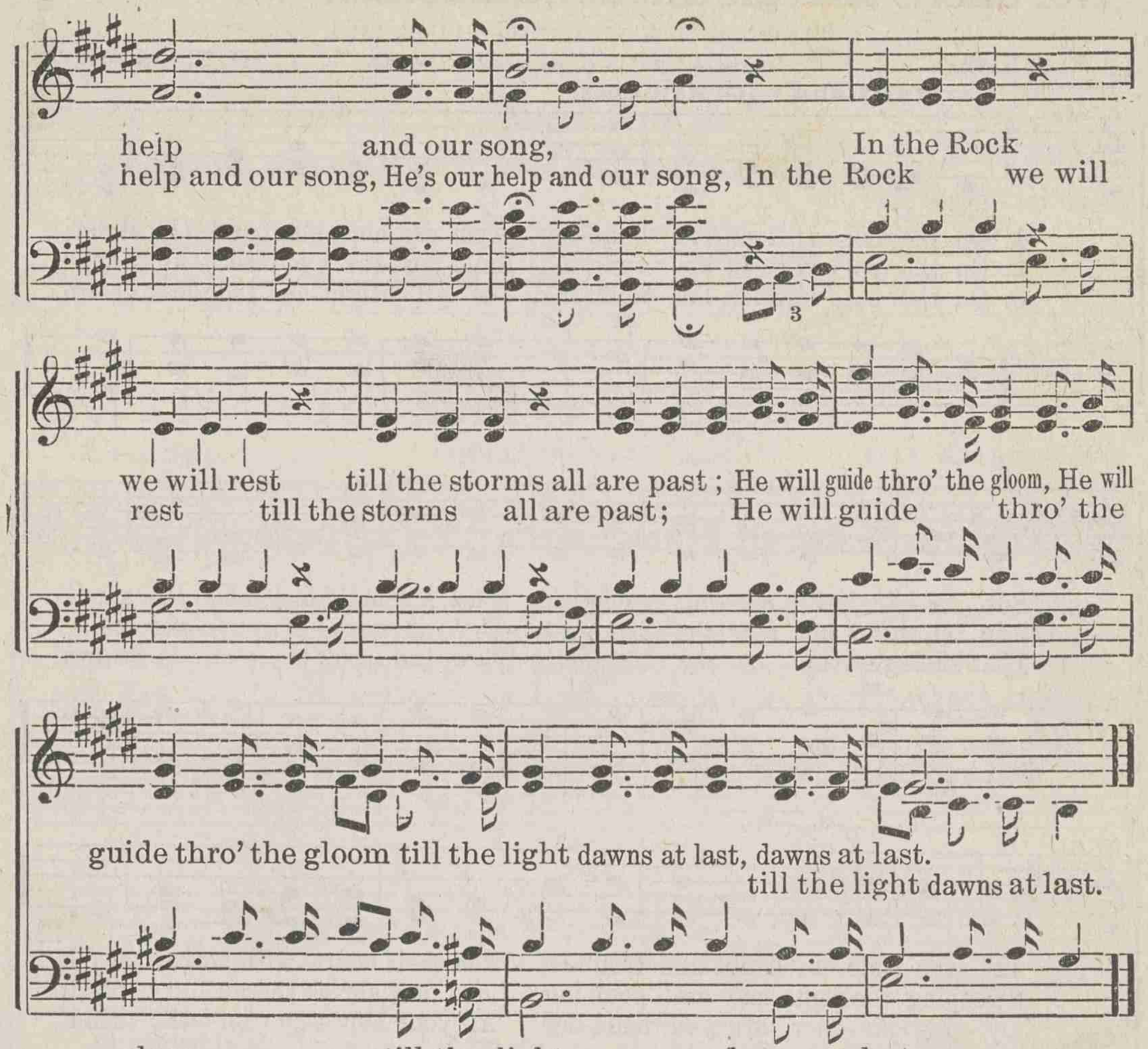
The Lord Our Rock. Concluded.



No. 225. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY. * M. H. 354. B. H. 499. P. H. 305. S. B. MARSH.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

No. 226. On the Solid Rock.

"And that Rock was Christ."—1 Cor. 10: 4.

E. R. Latta. Copyright, 1896, by H. N. Lincoln. By per. H. N. Lincoln.

Carefully and with firmness.

1. On the sol - id Rock I'm build-ing, And my hope shall sure - ly stand;
2. On the sol - id Rock I'm build-ing, Build-ing for e - ter - ni - ty;
3. On the sol - id Rock I'm build-ing, For a bright and fade-less crown,

But, a - las! the ma - ny fool - ish, Who are build-ing on the sand!
And I need not fear the tem-pest, Tho' it gath - er o - ver me!
That shall rest up - on my fore-head, Where no troub-le e'er is known!

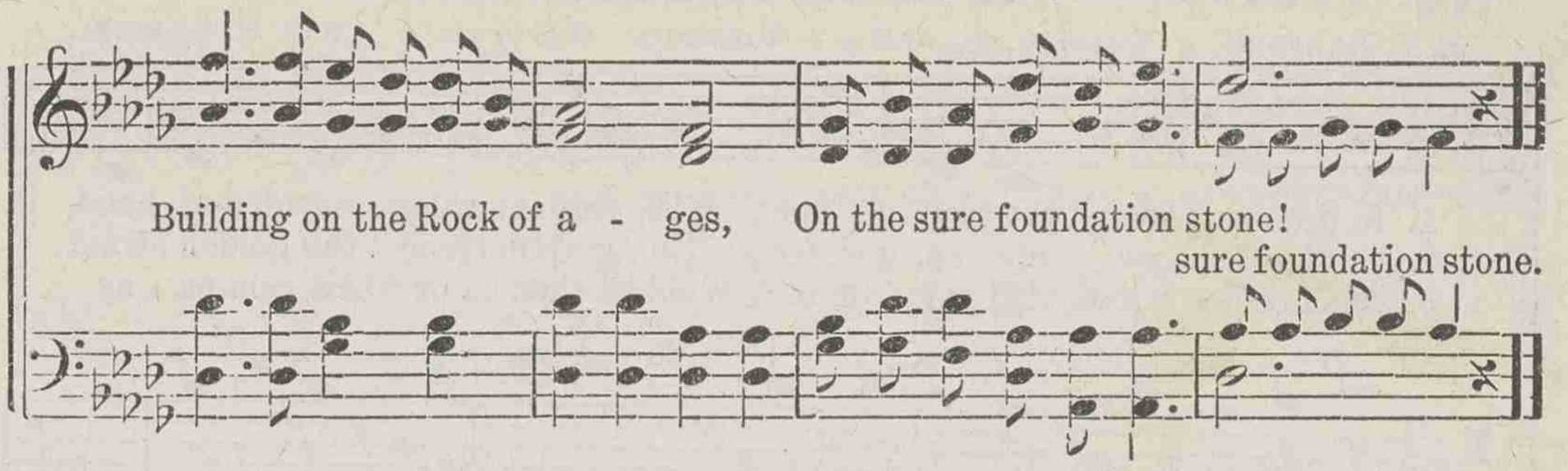
In the time of doubt and troub-le, When their hearts with sorrow swell,
Sweeping tor-rents may be pour-ing, Loud may shriek the an - gry blast;
Dy - ing sin - ner, are you build-ing All your hopes up - on the sand?

In my sure foun - da - tion trust-ing, I can feel that all is well!
But, up - on the Rock e - ter - nal, What is build - ed, stand-eth fast!
When the tem-pest beats up - on you, Dare you hope that they will stand?

REFRAIN.

On the sol - id Rock I'm build-ing, Christ, who did for sin a - tone!

On the Solid Rock. Concluded.



No. 227. You Need to Be Washed.

BIRDIE BELL. Copyright, 1904, by J. P. Lane. H. A. MULLENNIX.

No. 228. O Land of God.

E. E. REXFORD. Copyright, 1901, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. In dreams I see the heav'nly land, With verdant vales on eith-er hand,
2. Thro' gates ajar my ea-ger feet Go in to tread the golden street,
3. Then comes a low, still voice to me: Wouldst thou be of this com-pa-ny

Bath'd in the sun-shine of a day As fair, as sweet as those of May;
And prophets, priests and kings I see, A grand and good-ly com-pa-ny.
Thou see-st in thy dreams, and sing The songs of heav'n before the King?

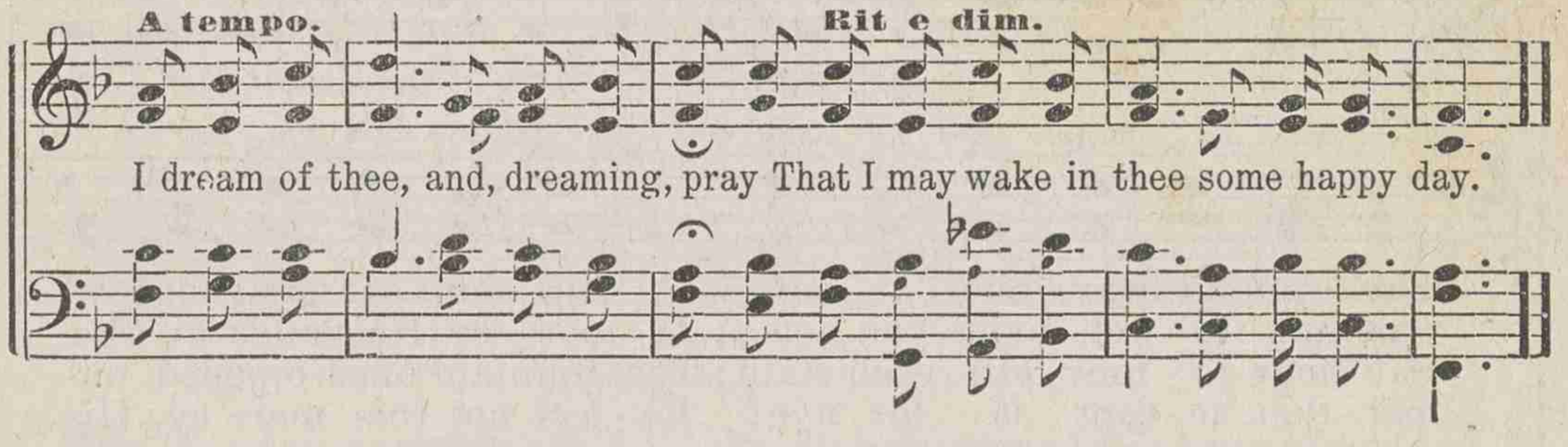
A day that ends not, and I hear Glad voices ring-ing far and near
And in the midst a great white throne I see, and Him who sits thereon,
Then love and serve and trust in God, And by and by earth's journey trod,

With sweeter songs than earth can know, The heav'nly songs that haunt us so.
And O the awe that comes to me When God's face in my dreams I see.
Thou shalt go in beyond the gate And claim an heir of God's es-tate.

CHORUS.

O land of God so fair, so bright! O land in which there is no night!
O land of God so fair, so . fair, so bright, O land in which there is no night!

O Land of God. Concluded.



No. 229. The Lone Pilgrim.

From "The Old Southern Harmony." WM. WALKER, Arr.

No. 230. Wand'rer, Come Home.

ROGER EVANS. Copyright, 1904, by J. P. Lane. W. H. DUTTON.

1. O lost one now wand'ring from mer - cy and love, So far from the
2. The Sav - iour in-vites you poor wand'rer to come, The Fa-ther is
3. Poor wand'rer no long - er in dark-ness re-main, The blood of the
4. Poor wand'rer re - turn to the Sav - iour to - day, Ac - cept of His

Sav-iour and heav - en a - bove; A par - don so gra-cious, so
wait - ing to wel - come you home; In mer - cy He stands at the
Sav - iour re - mov - eth each stain; That fountain once o-pened on
par - don, ac - cept it for aye; Re - ject not this mer - cy, His

lov - ing, so free, The Sav-iour now of - fers poor wand'rer to thee.
por - tals of love, Now bid-ding you en - ter that heav-en a - bove.
Cal - va - ry's brow, Will save thee dear sinner, will save thee just now.
love do not spurn, Re - turn to the Sav-iour, poor wand'res, re-turn.

CHORUS.

Come home, come home, Thy Sav - iour is plead-ing come home;
Come home, come home,

Come home, come home, To Je-sus poor wand'rer, come home.
Come home, come home, come home.

No. 231. The Stranger at the Door.

" Behold, I stand at the door and knock ; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—REV. 3 ; 20.

T. C. O'KANE.

With feeling.

1. Be - hold a stranger at the door, He gently knocks, has knocked before;
2. O love - ly at - ti - tude! He stands With melting heart and loaded hands;
3. But will He prove a Friend in - deed? He will,—the ver - y Friend you need;
4. Rise, touched with gratitude di - vine; Turn out His en - e - my and thine—
5. Ad - mit Him ere His an - ger burn; His feet, de-part - ed, ne'er re-turn?

Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
O matchless kind-ness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The Friend of sin - ner? yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
That soul - de - stroy-ing mon - ster, Sin, And let the heav'nly Stranger in.
Ad - mit Him, or the hour's at hand You'll at His door re - ject - ed stand.

CHORUS.

O let the dear Saviour come in,.... He'll cleanse thy heart from sin;
come in, from sin;

O keep Him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in.....
come in.

Used by permission.

No. 232. AWAKE! HE COMETH.

Devotedly inscribed to my brother in the Blessed Hope.—Rev. E. A. Bates, Lima, N. Y. (N. K. S.)

"Behold, I come quickly: hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." Rev. 3 : 11.

J. Van TASSELL. Rev. N. KEFF SMITH, D.D.

1. Wake! wea - ry Bride from slum- ber; Be watch-ing un - to prayer;
2. The ban- quet hall is read - y, With daz-zling light a - glare;
3. Oh! what a joy - ous end - ing, To years of wait- ing here!

With oil thy ves - sel well sup-ply, And trim thy lamp with care.
The ta - ble groan-ing with the weight Of rich and daint - y fare.
What glo - rious sun-shine aft - er storm; What peaceful rest - ing near.

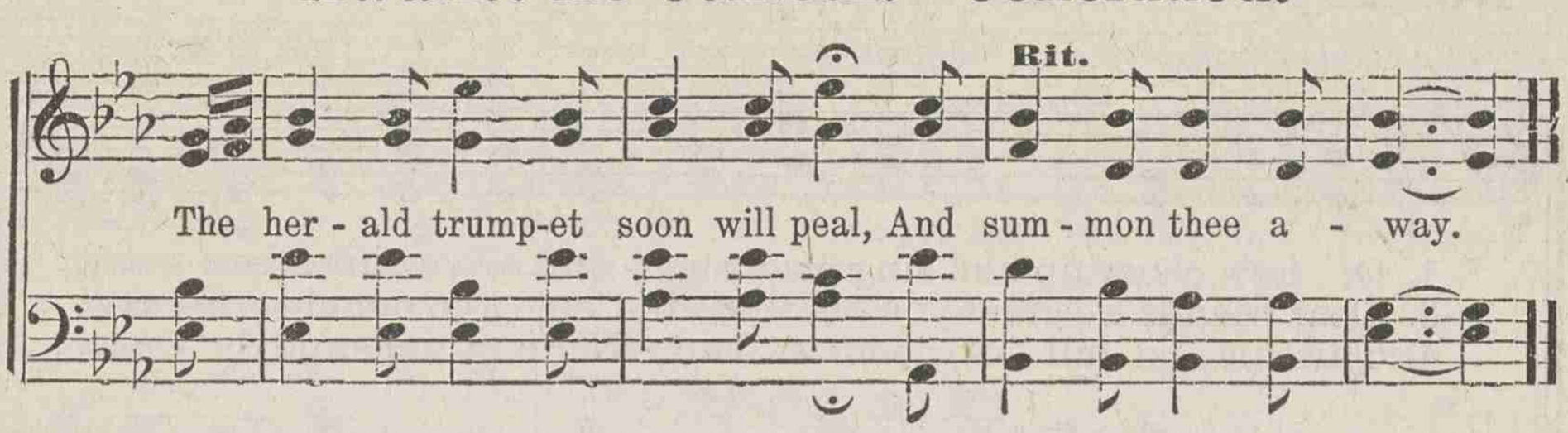
The Bridegroom will not tar-ry, Nor lengthen his de - lay;
The guests are all in - vit-ed; The door stands o - pen wide;
Look up! Look up, he cometh! What com-fort in his word,

The her - ald trumpet soon will peal, And sum-mon thee a - way.
The Mar-riage Sup - per of the Lamb A - waits his hon-ored Bride.
"I quickly come, and thou shalt be For - ev - er with thy Lord."

And sum- mon thee a - way, And sum - mon thee a - way,

Copyright, 1899, by R. S. Coward Waco, Texas.

Awake! He Cometh. Concluded.



No. 233. Go Tell the Sweet Story.

D. P. AIRHART. D. P. AIRHART. M. S. KERBY.

No. 234. Be Happy To-day.

H. A. MULLENNIX. Copyright, 1904, by J. P. Lane. W. H. DUTTON.

1. O, let's cheer up and sing glad songs And drive our cares a - way;
3. Dear friends we greet you one and all, Come join our cheerful lay;
4. This life is full of gloom at best, Temp-ta-tions and dis - may;

Yes, scatter smiles sad lives a-mong, And let's be hap-py to - day.
And may God's blessings on us fall, And make us hap-py to - day.
But there'll be rest, e - ter - nal rest, So let's be hap-py to - day.

REFRAIN.

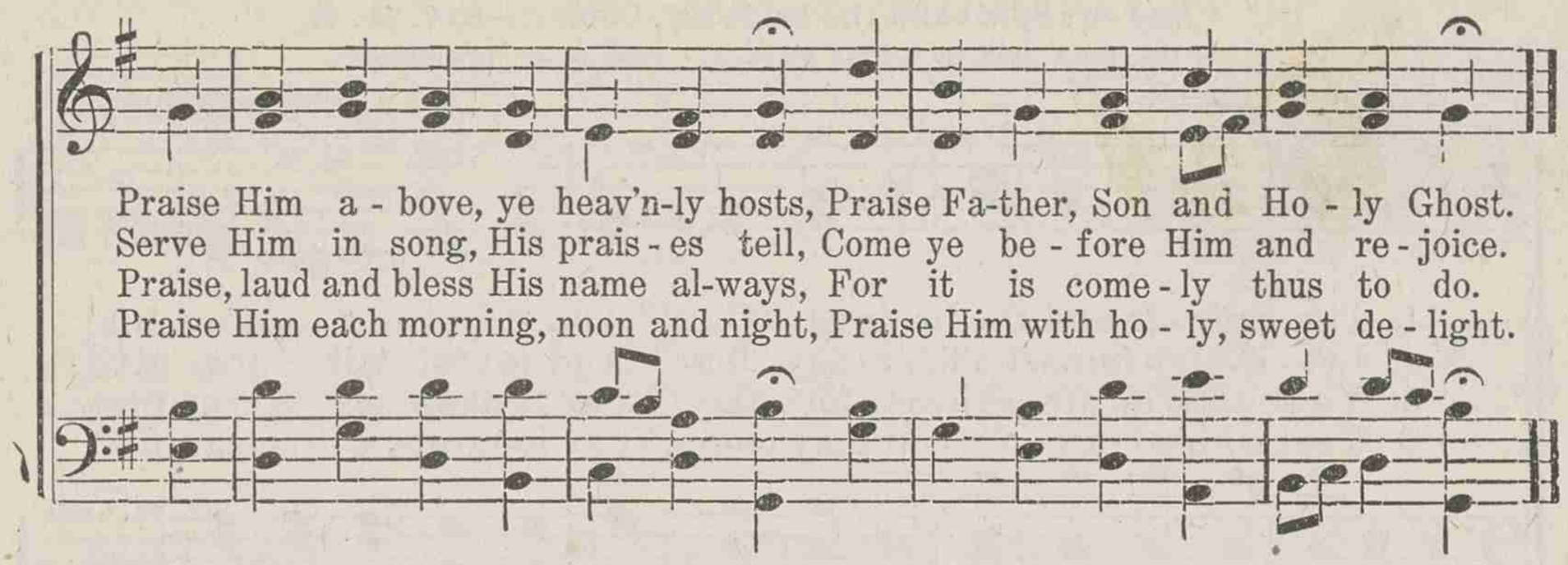
O let's be hap - py to-day, (to-day,) Let's drive our cares a - way,

And sing glad songs of praise to Him, Who make us happy to - day.

No. 235. Praise God From Whom.

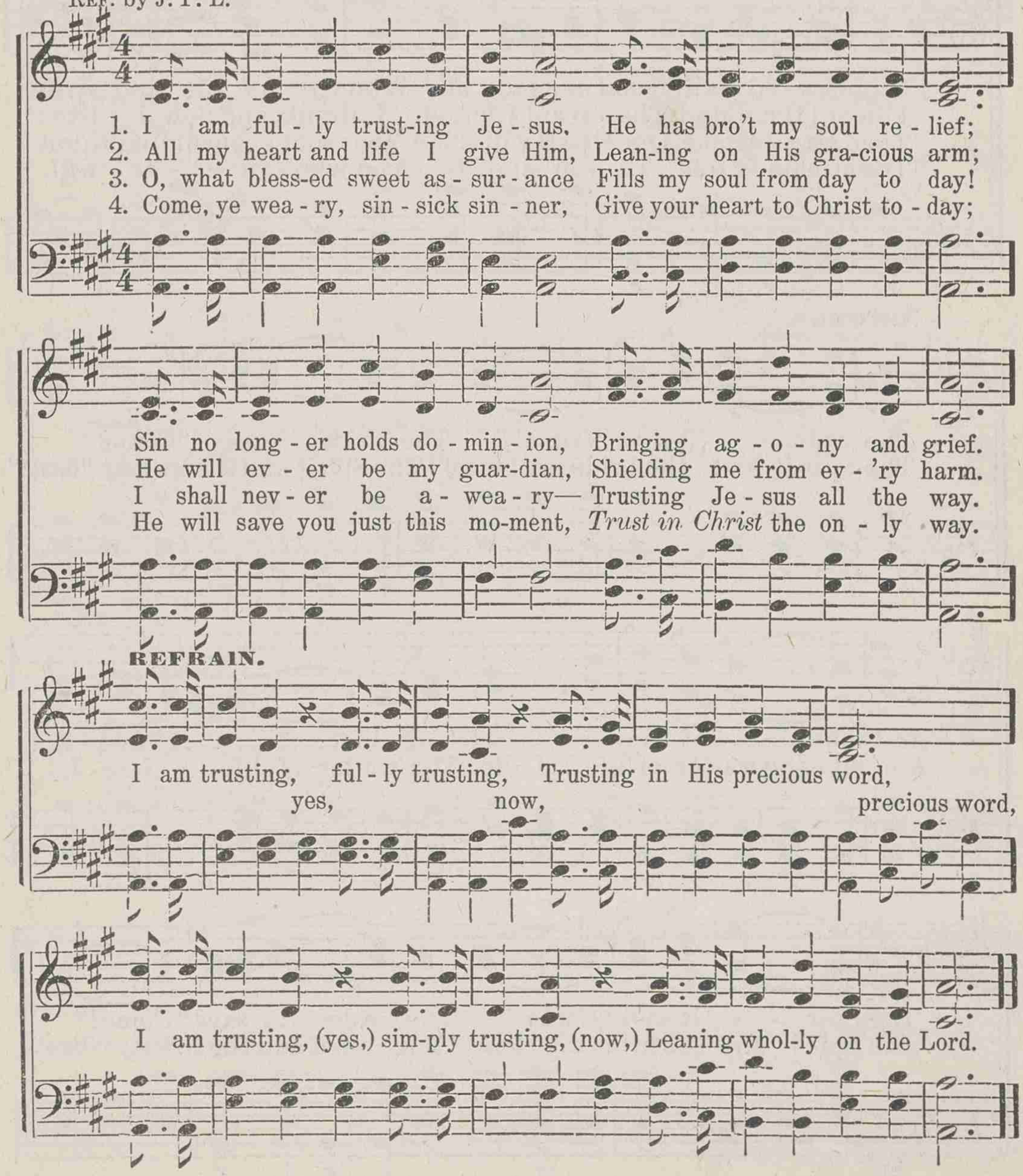
1. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here be - low;
2. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
3. O en - ter then His gates with praise, Approach with joy His courts un - to,
4. Praise God, ye heav'n-ly hosts a - bove, Praise Him all creatures of His love;

Praise God From Whom. Concluded.



No. 236. I Am Fully Trusting.

J. S. DAVIS. Copyright, 1898, by H. N. Lincoln. All rights reserved. J. P. LANE.
REF. by J. P. L.



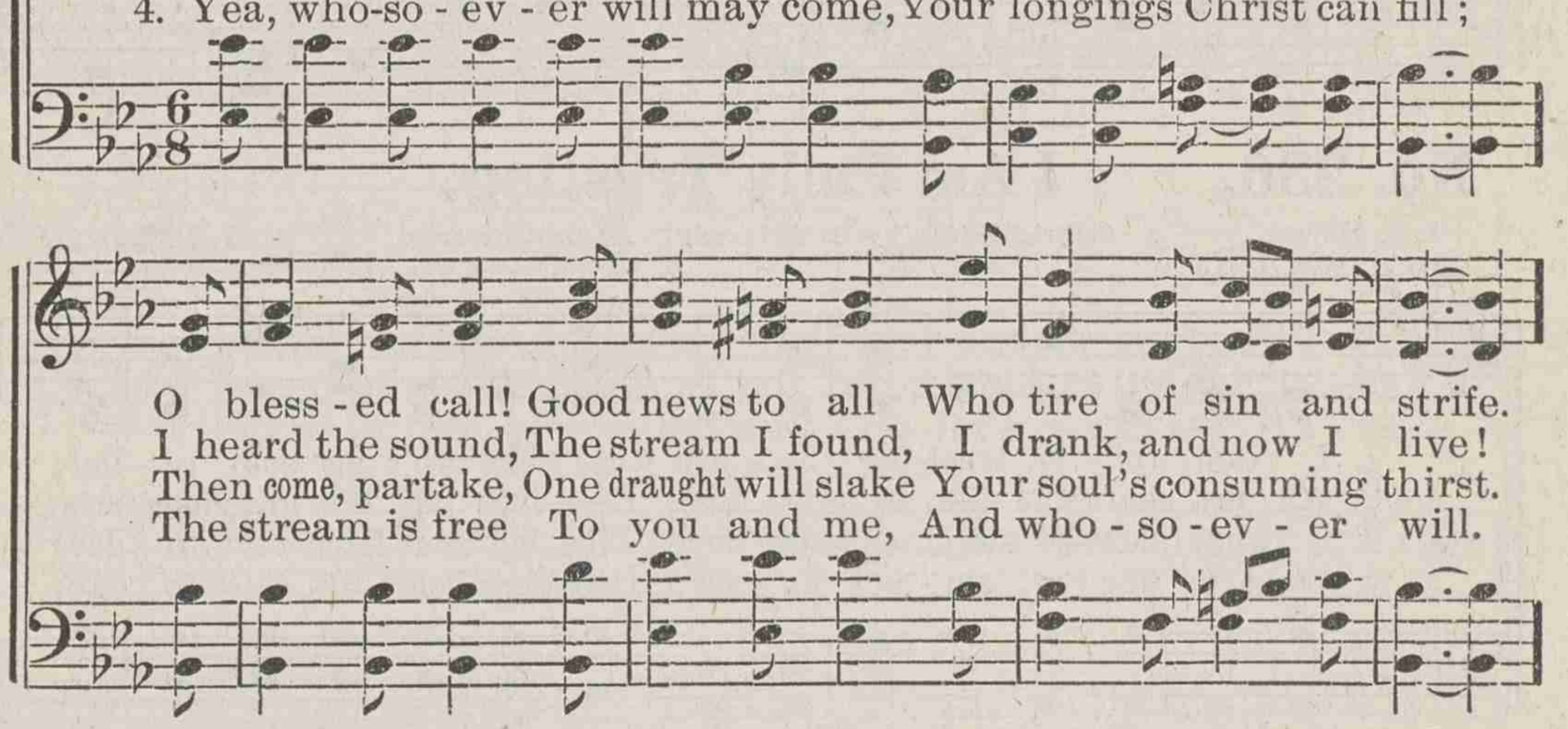
No. 237. The Gospel Call.

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come."—Rev. 22: 17.

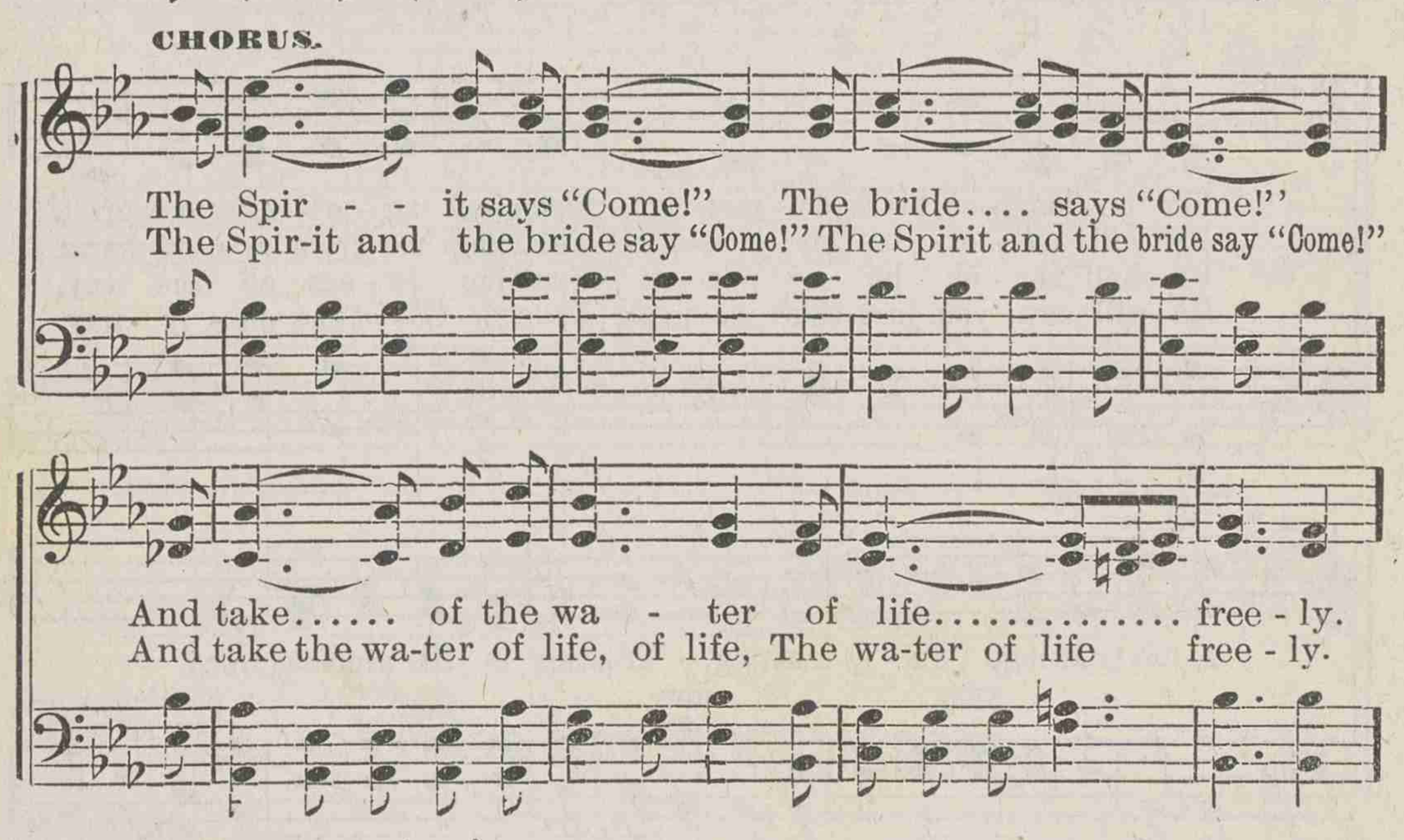
Copyright, 1882, by Geo. C. Stebbins. Used by per. of author.

Arthur T. Pierson. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. The Spir - it and the bride say "Come!" And take the wa-ter of life!"
2. Let ev -'ry one who hears, say "Come!" And joyful wit - ness give;
3. Ye souls who are a-thirst, for-sake Your broken cis - terns first;
4. Yea, who-so - ev - er will may come, Your longings Christ can fill;



O bless - ed call! Good news to all Who tire of sin and strife.
I heard the sound, The stream I found, I drank, and now I live!
Then come, partake, One draught will slake Your soul's consuming thirst.
The stream is free To you and me, And who - so - ev - er will.



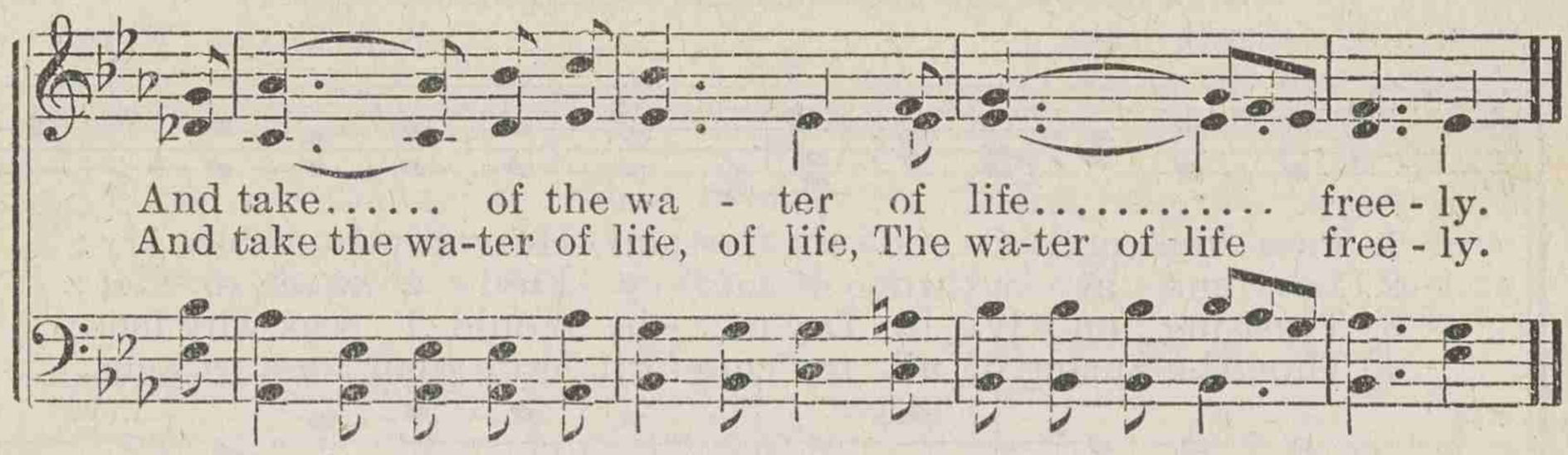
CHORUS.

The Spir - - it says "Come!" The bride.... says "Come!"
The Spir-it and the bride say "Come!" The Spirit and the bride say "Come!"

And take..... of the wa - ter of life..... free - ly.
And take the wa-ter of life, of life, The wa-ter of life free - ly.

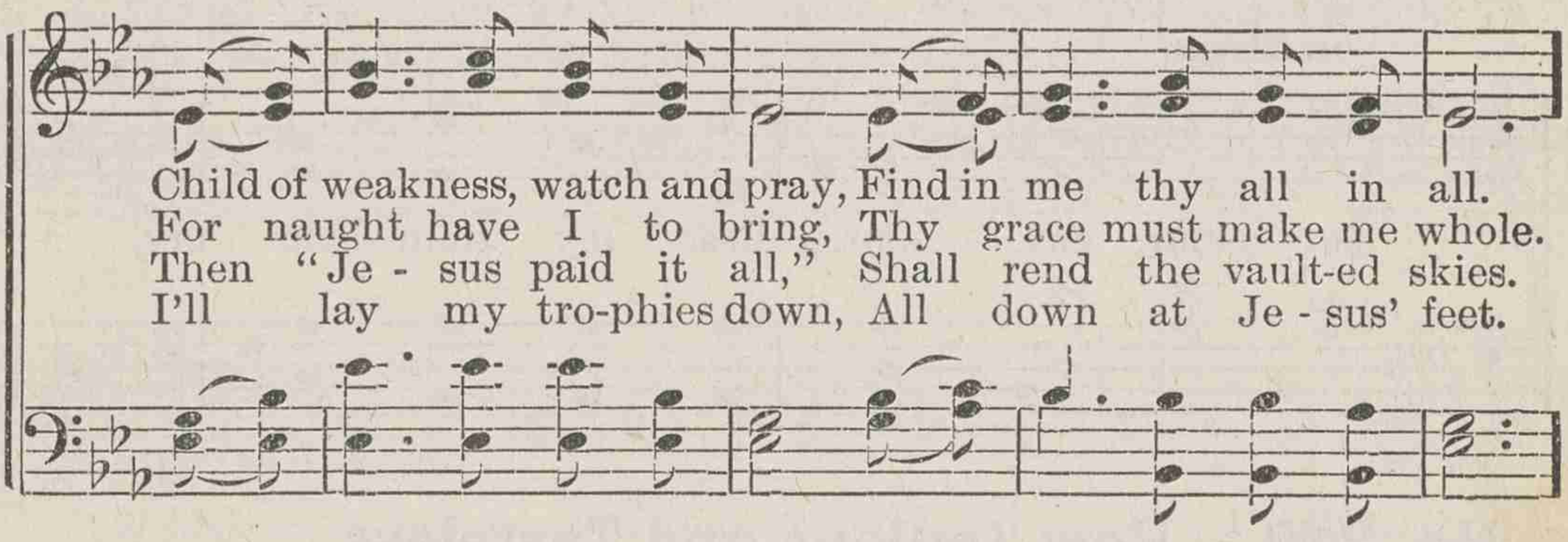
The Spir - - it says "Come!" The bride..... says "Come!"
The Spir-it and the bride say "Come!" The Spir-it and the bride say "Come!"

The Gospel Call. Concluded.



No. 238. All To Christ I Owe.

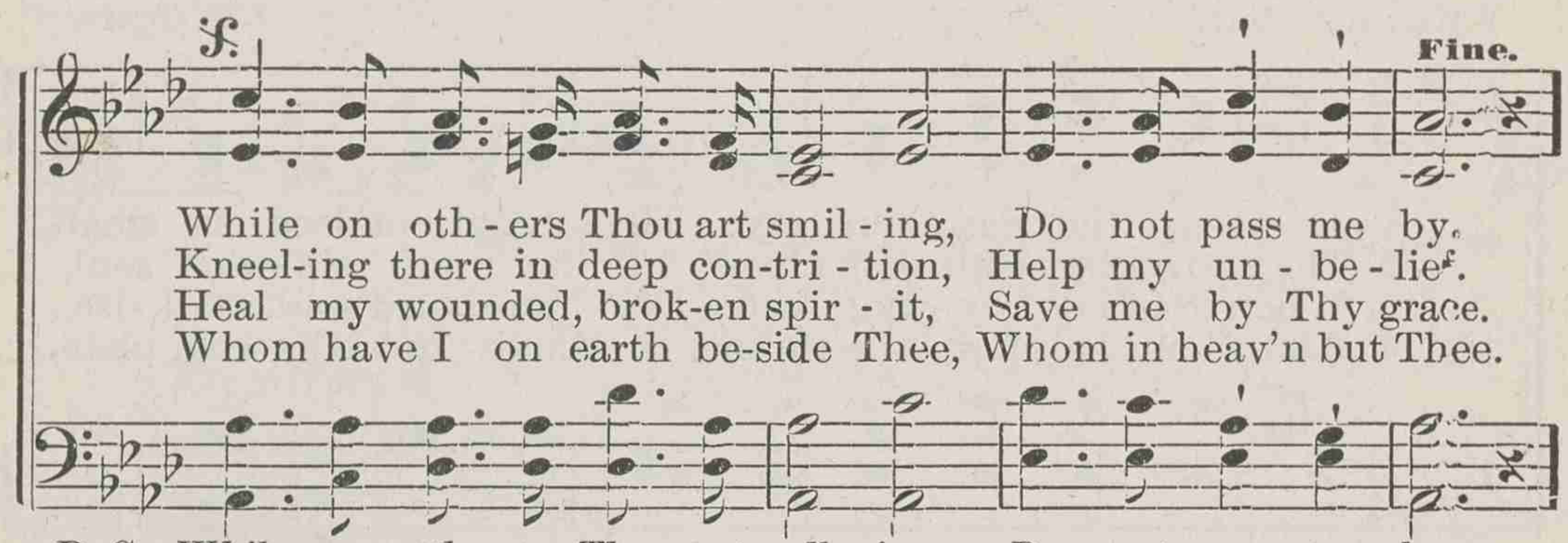
MRS. E. M. HALL. J. T. GRAPE.



No. 239. Pass Me Not.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

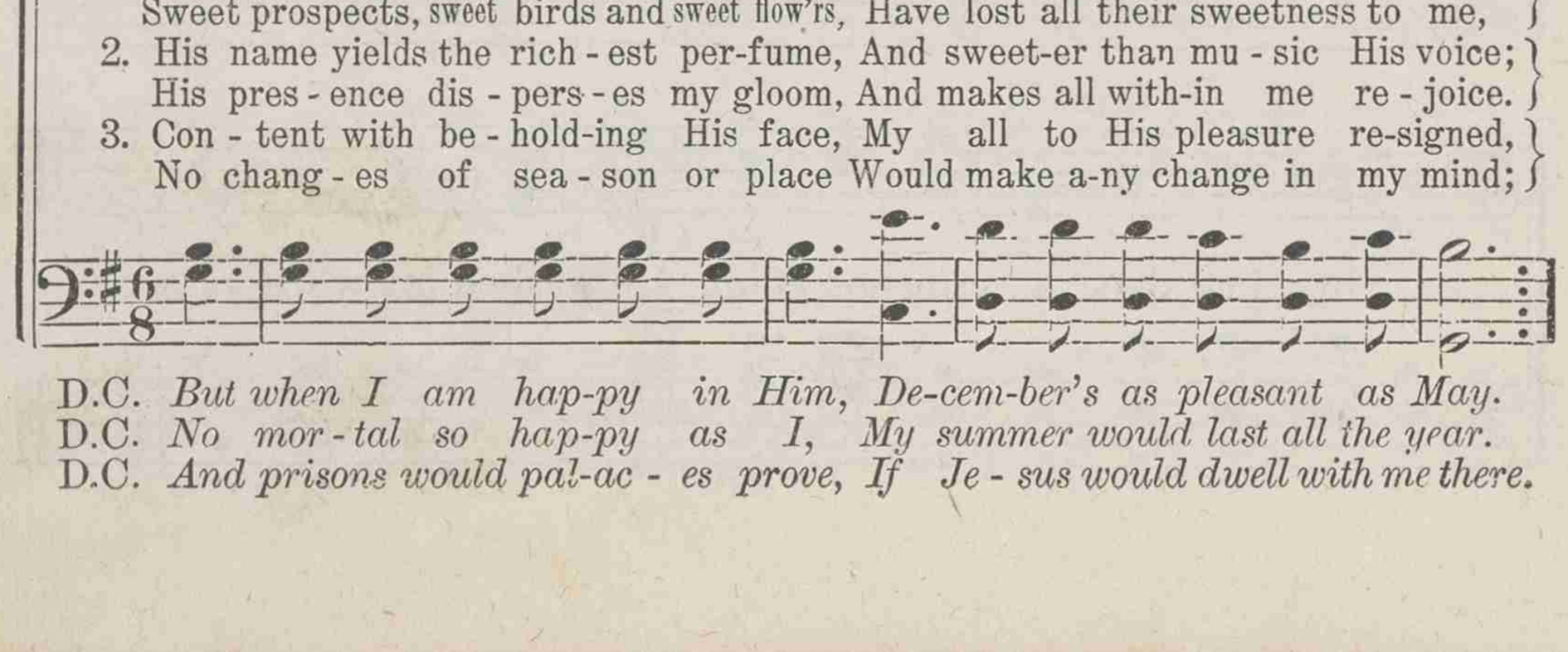
FANNY J. CROSBY. 1868. W. H. DOANE. By per.



CHORUS.

No. 240. How Tedious and Tasteless.

DE FLEURY.



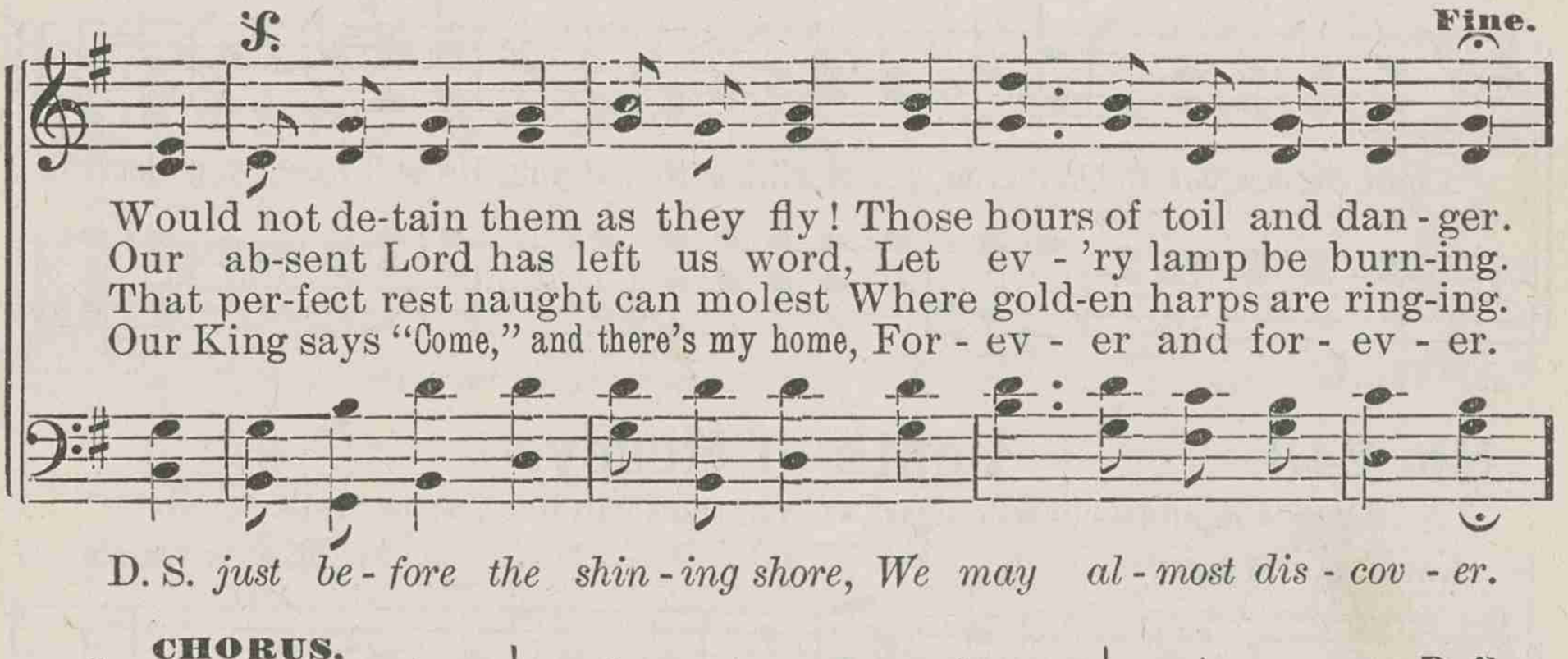
How Tedious and Tasteless. Concluded.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?

O drive these dark clouds from my sky;
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto Thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

No. 241. The Shining Shore.

DAVID NELSON. G. F. ROOT.



No. 242. Yield Not To Temptation.

By per. of Dr. H. R. Palmer., owner of copyright.

Words and Music by H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yielding is sin; Each vict'ry will help you
2. Shun e - vil companions; Bad language dis - dain; God's name hold in rev'rence,
3. To Him that o'er-cometh God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we will conquer,

Some oth-er to win. Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark passions sub - due,
Nor take it in vain. Be thoughtful and earnest, Kind-hearted and true,
Tho' oft-en cast down. He who is our Sav-iour, Our strength will re-new;

CHORUS.

Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through. Ask the Saviour to help you,

Comfort, strengthen and keep you, He is willing to aid you, He will carry you thro'.

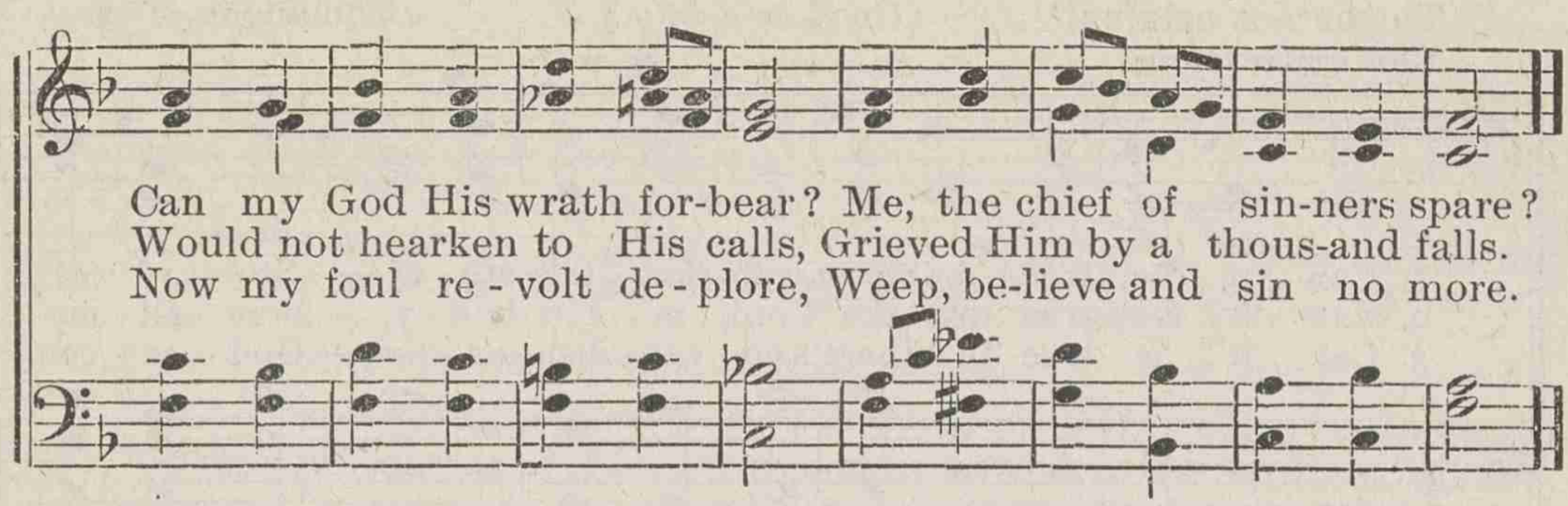
No. 243. Depth of Mercy.

"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."—Ps. 51: 17.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY. C. M. VON WEBER.

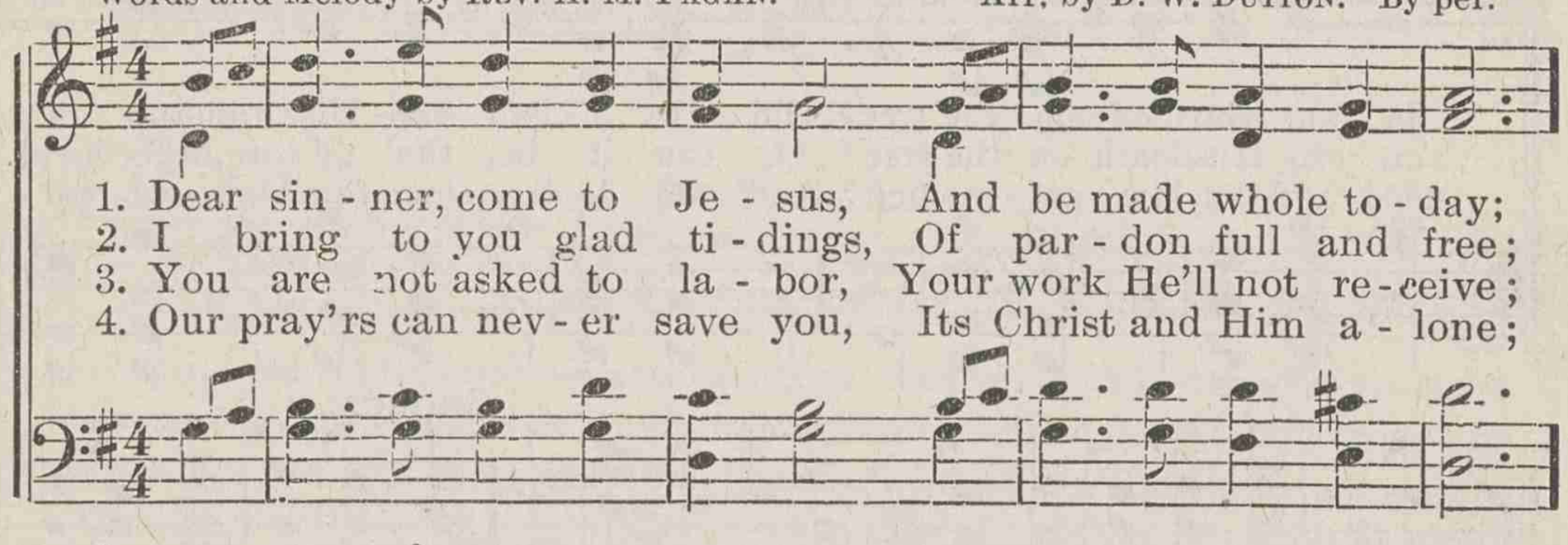
1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still reserved for me?
2. I have long withstood His grace; Long provoked Him to His face;
3. Now, in-cline me to re - pent; Let me now my sins la-ment:

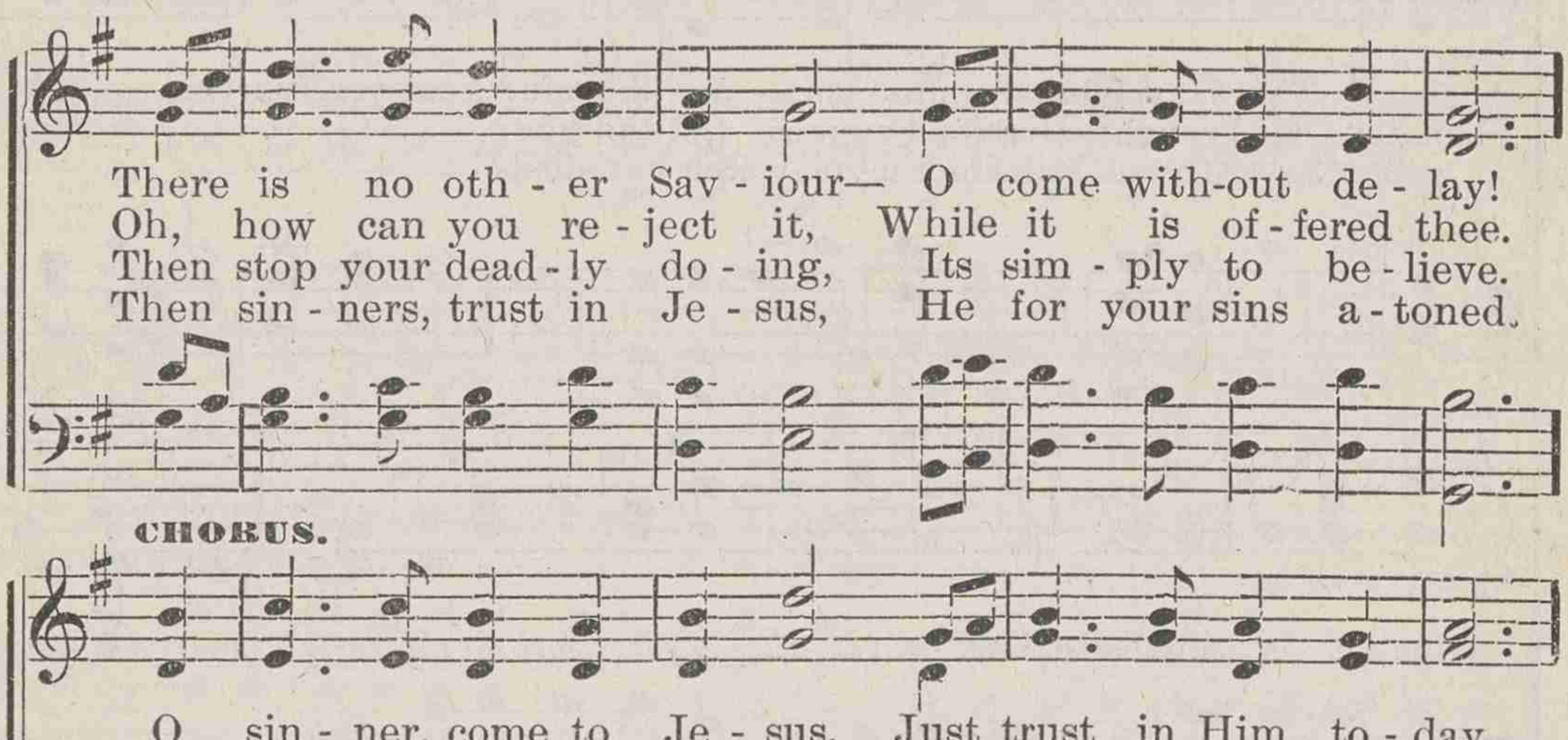
Depth of Mercy. Concluded.

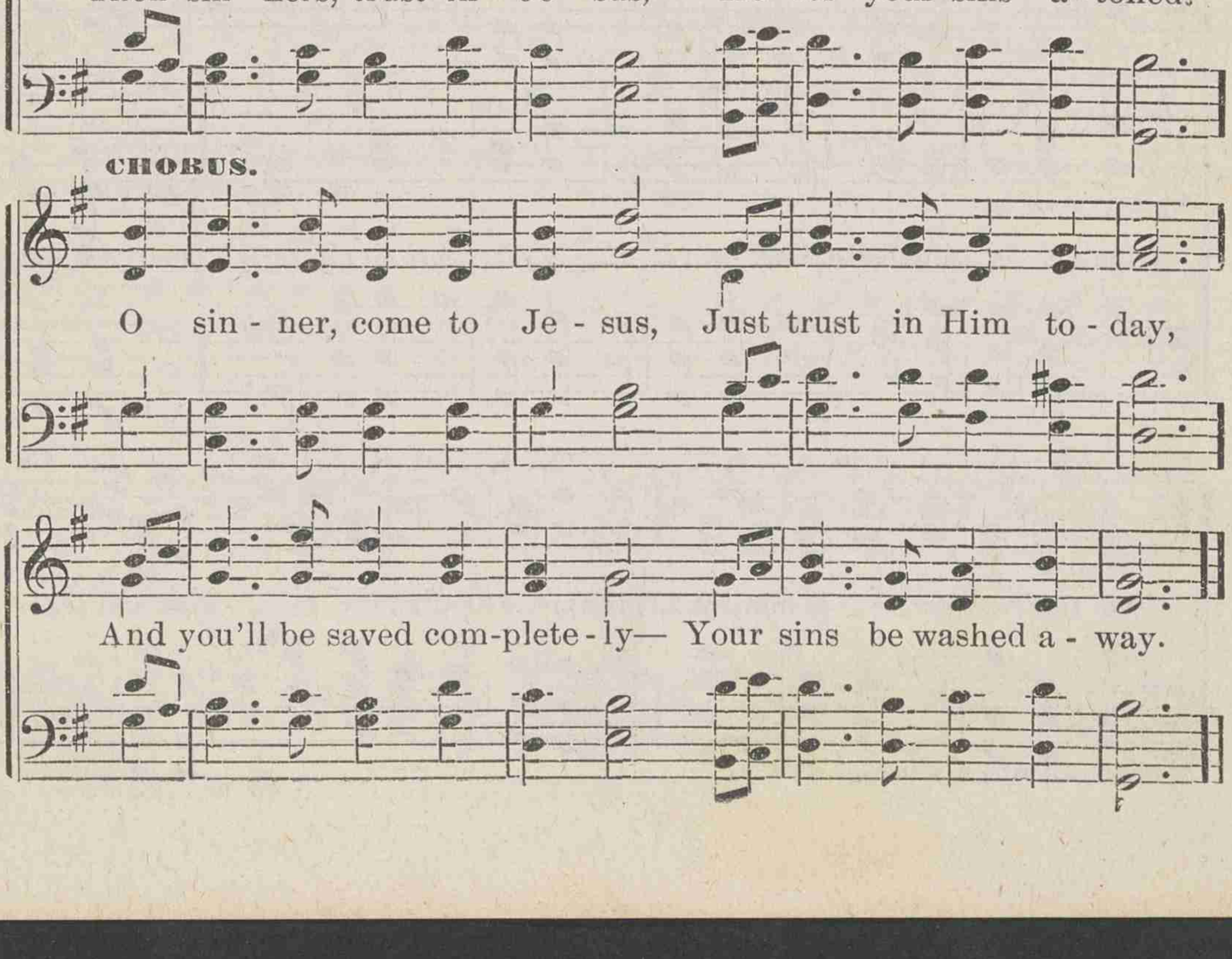


No. 244. Sinner, Come To Jesus.

Words and Melody by Rev. A. M. Fagan. Arr. by D. W. Dutton. By per.







No. 245. THE WONDERFUL STORY IS TRUE.

J. P. L.
Theme not original.

(*Good as a solo.*)

J. P. Lane.
Comanche, Tex.

Con expressione.

1. Can it be true—the sweet, won-der - ful sto - ry— Sto - ry of Je - sus who died on the tree? Did He a - ban - don His throne up in glo-ry That He might ransom a sin - ner like me? Yes, yes, 'tis true, on - ly look, it is finished, *Christ paid it all by His death on the tree; Per - fect* sal - va - tion, 'tis *nev - er* di-minished, 'Tis ALL BY GRACE, only look, look and see!

2. Can it be true that the Lord, in His bod - y, Bore all my sins by His death on the tree? O, can it be, tho' all torn, bruis'd, and blood-y, He brought salvation by grace full and free?

3. Can it be true that there's no con - dem - na - tion— God re - con - ciled and the law sat - is - fied? And am I free, since this bless - ed sal - vation Saves from all sin, since my Sav - iour has died?

CHORUS.

Copyright, 1898, by H. N. Lincoln.

No. 246. Settle the Question To-Night.

"Behold, now is the accepted time."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

E. C. AVIS. A. J. SHOWALTER.

Slow. Good as a Solo and Chorus.

1. Dear friend, you've been halting twixt wrong and the right, Why longer the matter de-lay?
2. Your life has been sin-ful, your heart is not right, You stand by God's law now condemn'd;
3. 'Twill profit you nothing if longer you fight, Re-sisting the Spir-it of grace;
4. How sad it will be if the wrong for the right, You choose as your portion to-day;

Give up your old life and the new one receive, And set-tle the question to-night.
Accept the full peace which the blood of Christ bought, And set-tle the question to-night.
Then will you not turn from the tempter away, And set-tle the question to-night.
Renounce ev'ry e-vil, ere it be too late, And set-tle the question to-night.

Faster.

REFRAIN.

Just settle the question to-night, . Just settle the question to-night; . .
Just settle the question, the question to-night, Just settle the question, the question to-night;

No long-er de-lay, but from sin turn away, And settle the question to-night.

Copyright, 1893, by E. C. AVIS AND A. J. SHOWALTER.

No. 247. Follow Jesus.

ROMANS 6: 3, 4.

JENNIE WILSON. Copyright, 1904, by J. P. Lane. J. P. LANE.

Tenderly.

1. To the em-blem-at-ic tomb, Fol-low where the Lord was laid,
2. Bur-ied with the Son of God, Rise with Him to life a - new,
3. By this or-di-nance con-fess, Full be-lief in Him who died,
4. Faithful to the Lord's command, Be sub-mis-sive to His will,

Ped.

Faith will ban-ish all the gloom, Fol-low Je-sus un-dis-mayed.
Tread the way that He hath trod, Un-to His ex-am-ple true.
Thro' whose perfect righteousness Thou art saved and just-i-fied.
And led henceforth by His hand, Ho-ly peace thy soul shall fill.

CHORUS.

Poco rit. - - - - - a tempo.

Fol-low Je-sus, fol-low Je-sus, Down to the bap-tis-mal grave,

Fol-low Je-sus, fol-low Je-sus, Trust the prom-is-es He gave.

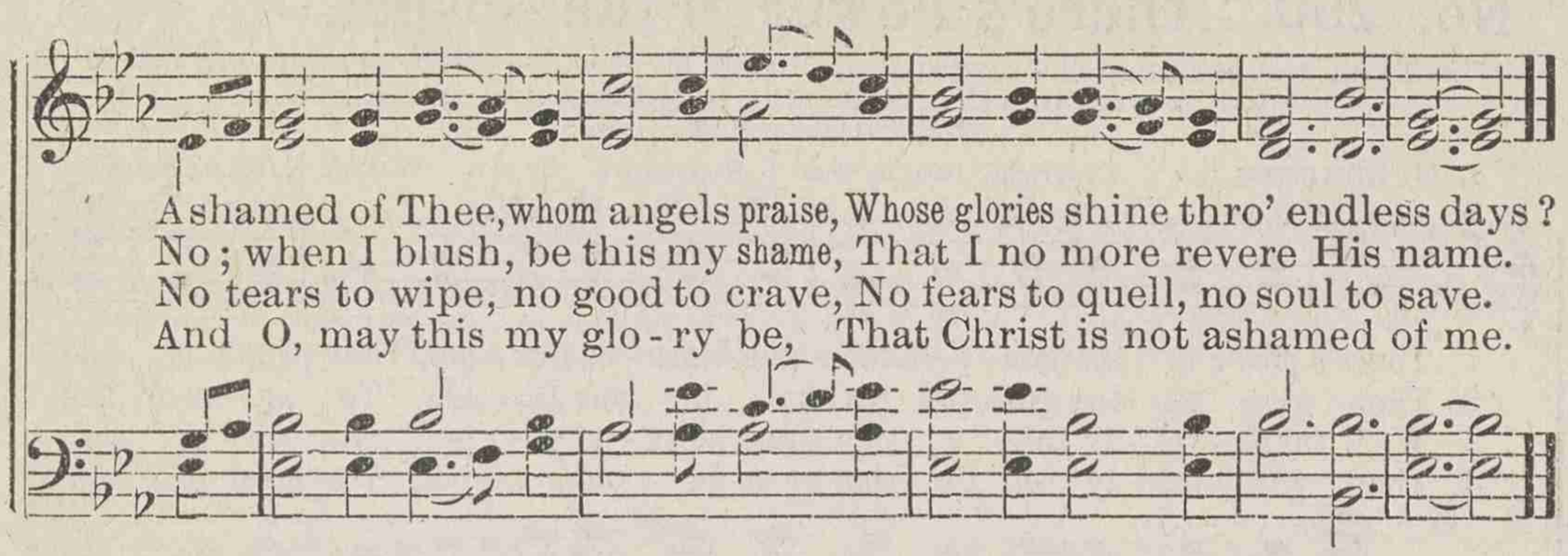
No. 248. Ashamed of Jesus?

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

JOSEPH GREGG. W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Je-sus, and shall it ev-er be—A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
2. Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend, On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
3. Ashamed of Je-sus!—yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash away;
4. Till then—nor is my boasting vain—Till then I boast a Saviour slain;

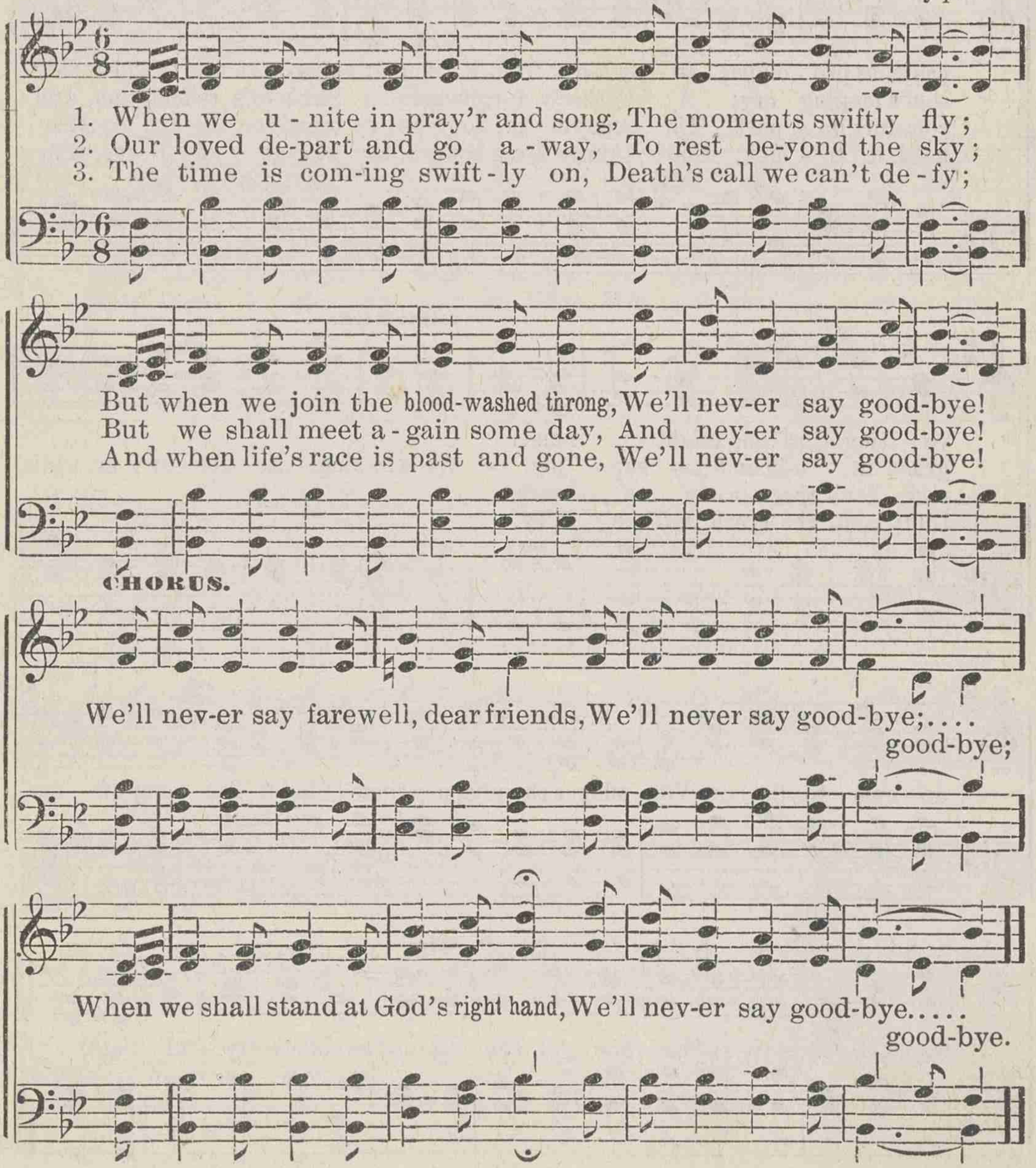
Ashamed of Jesus? Concluded.



No. 249. Never Say Good-Bye.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."—REV. 21: 4.

J. M. Copyright, 1893, by John McPherson. JOHN MCPHERSON. By per.



No. 250. There's Power in the Gospel.

"For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek."—ROM. 1: 16.

L. H. EDMUNDS. Copyright, 1893, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There's pow'r in the gos - pel; the same bless - ed gos - pel, That proph-et and
2. Then give us the gos - pel we find in our Bi - ble, To an - swer the
3. We'll thank - ful - ly take it, this same bless - ed gos - pel, No oth - er will
4. Then joy - ful - ly tell it, this bless-ed old gos - pel, We need it, we

psalmist pro - claim; It ech-oes from E - den, it rings down the a - ges, Sal-
soul's longing cry; A Father's forgiveness, a Sav-iour's redemption, And
com-fort im - part; 'Tis hope for the contrite, 'tis bread for the hun-gry, 'Tis
need it to - day; Good tidings from heaven, the sto - ry of Je-sus, The

CHORUS.

va - tion thro' one might - y name.
grace in a-bound-ing sup - ply. We will sing it for - ev - er, while
rest for the wea - ry of heart.
Life; and the Truth, and the Way.

an - gels to list - en Will silence their harp-strings of gold; The song of the

Rit.

ransomed, this glo - ri - ous gos - pel, The sto - ry, sweet sto - ry of old.

COMMUNION SONGS.

No. 251. Alas! And did My Saviour Bleed.

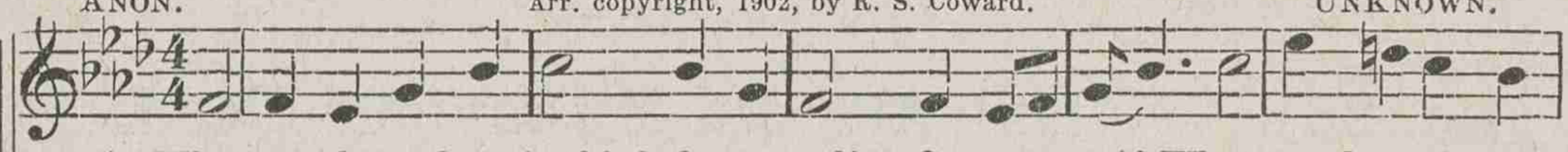
"And forthwith came thereout blood and water."—JOHN 19 : 34. "For as much as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, * * * But with the precious blood of Christ."—I. PET. 1 : 18, 19.

Copyright, 1902, by R. S. Coward. Old melody har. by R. S. COWARD.

No. 252. What Wondrous Love Is This?

"Behold, what manner of love."—I. JOHN 3: 1. "The good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."—JOHN 10: 11.

ANON. Arr. copyright, 1902, by R. S. Coward. UNKNOWN.



1. What wondrous love is this? O my soul! O my soul! What wondrous love is
2. When I was sinking down, Sinking down, sink-ing down, When I was sinking
3. Ye wing-ed seraphs, fly, Bear the news, bear the news! Ye wing-ed seraphs,
4. To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing, To God and to the

D. C. *To bear the dreadful curse for my soul, for my soul! To bear the dreadful*
D. C. *Christ laid aside His crown for my soul, for my soul! Christ laid aside His*
D. C. *Fill vast e - ter - ni - ty with the news, with the news, Fill vast e - ter - ni-*
D. C. *While millions join the psalm I will sing, I will sing! While millions join the*

Fine. **D. C.**

this? O my soul. What wondrous love is this? That caused the Lord of bliss,
down, sinking down, When I was sinking down, Beneath God's righteous frown,
fly! bear the news! Ye wing-ed seraphs, fly! Like lightning thro' the sky,
Lamb I will sing! To God and to the Lamb, And to the great "I am,"

curse for my soul.
crown for my soul.
ty with the news.
psalm I will sing.

No. 253. Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

(BOYLSTON. S. M.)

BENJ. BEDDOME. "Jesus wept."—JOHN 11: 35. DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep? And shall our tears be dry? Let
2. The Son of God in tears The won-d'ring an - gels see; Be
3. He wept that we might weep—Each sin de - mands a tear; In

tears of pen - i - ten - tial grief Flow forth from ev - 'ry eye.
thou as - ton - ished, O my soul; He shed those tears for thee.
heav'n a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weep - ing there.

No. 254. Christ's Sufferings.

DR. W. D. HATTON. Copyright, 1904, by J. P. Lane. J. P. LANE.

Andante.

1. A - lone in dark Geth-sem-a - ne, All na - ture wrapt in sweet repose;
2. He goes—the Saviour goes to die, It was for you, it was for me;
3. He loosed all bonds and made us free, Tho' hours of ag - o - ny He bore;

The Lord, our Saviour, bowed His head, Sub - mis - sive grew ere He a - rose.
The world may learn to bless that hour, When Je - sus died up - on the tree.
The time will come when we shall see, As mor - tals nev - er saw be - fore.

"O Fa - ther now this cup re-move, Tho' not my will but Thine be done;"
O sad and lone - ly was that night, So calm and filled with si-lent gloom;
The One who died in earth-ly shame, Shall be our King in heav'n a - bove;

Thus prayed the Lord, bowed down in grief, The sin - less for the sin - ful ones.
The world went on its wick-ed way, While Je - sus sought the silent tomb.
And all who call up - on His name Will live with Him and know His love.

No. 255. Parting Hymn.

(C. M. With Chorus.)

Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail.—Heb. 6: 19.

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1. How pleas- ant thus to dwell be - fow In fel - low - ship of love?
   And though we part 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove,

2. Yes, hap - py tho't! when we are free From earth- ly grief and care,
   In heav'n we shall each oth - er see, And nev - er part a - gain,

3. Then let us each, by faith di- vine, Still walk in wis-dom's ways,
   That we, with those we love, may join In nev - er— end- ing praise,

The good shall meet a - bove,.....the good shall meet a - bove,
And nev - er part a - gain,.....and nev - er part a - gain,
In nev - er— end - ing praise,..... in nev - er—end - ing praise,

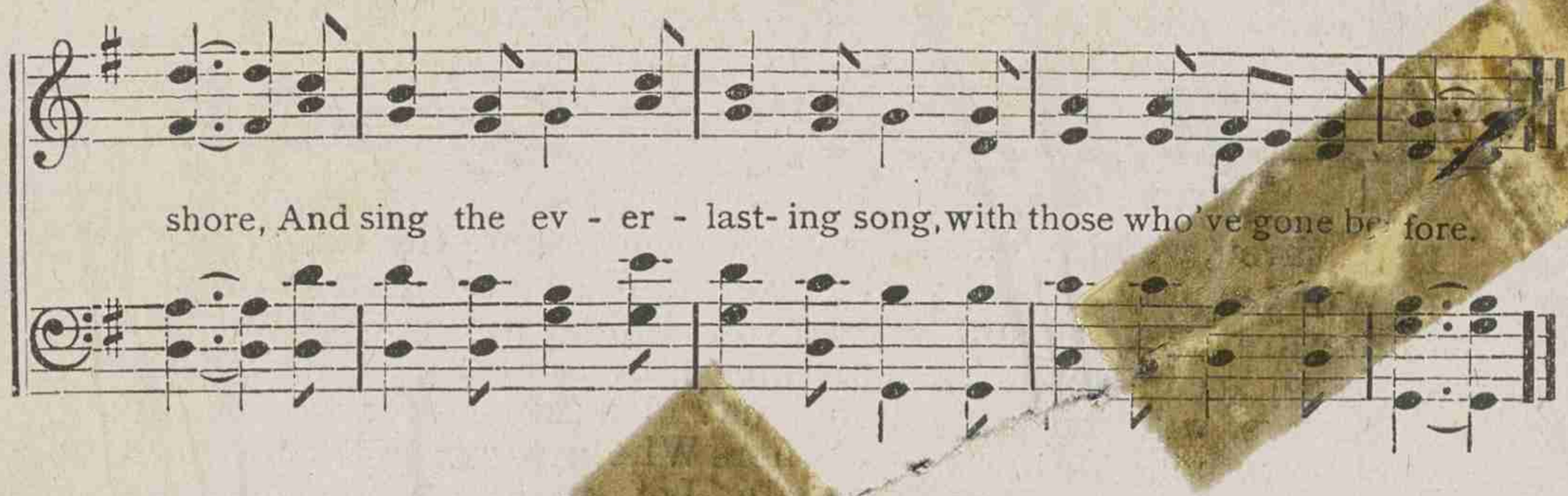
And though we part 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove.
In heav'n we shall each oth - er see And nev - er part a - gain.
That we, with those we love, may join In nev - er— end-ing praise.

CHORUS.

Oh! that will be joy - ful! joy - ful! joy - ful! Oh! that will be joy - ful, to

meet to part no more, To meet to part no more ..... on Canaan's hap- py

Parting Hymn.—Concluded.



No. 256. Parting Hand.

"Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."—Ephe. 6: 10.

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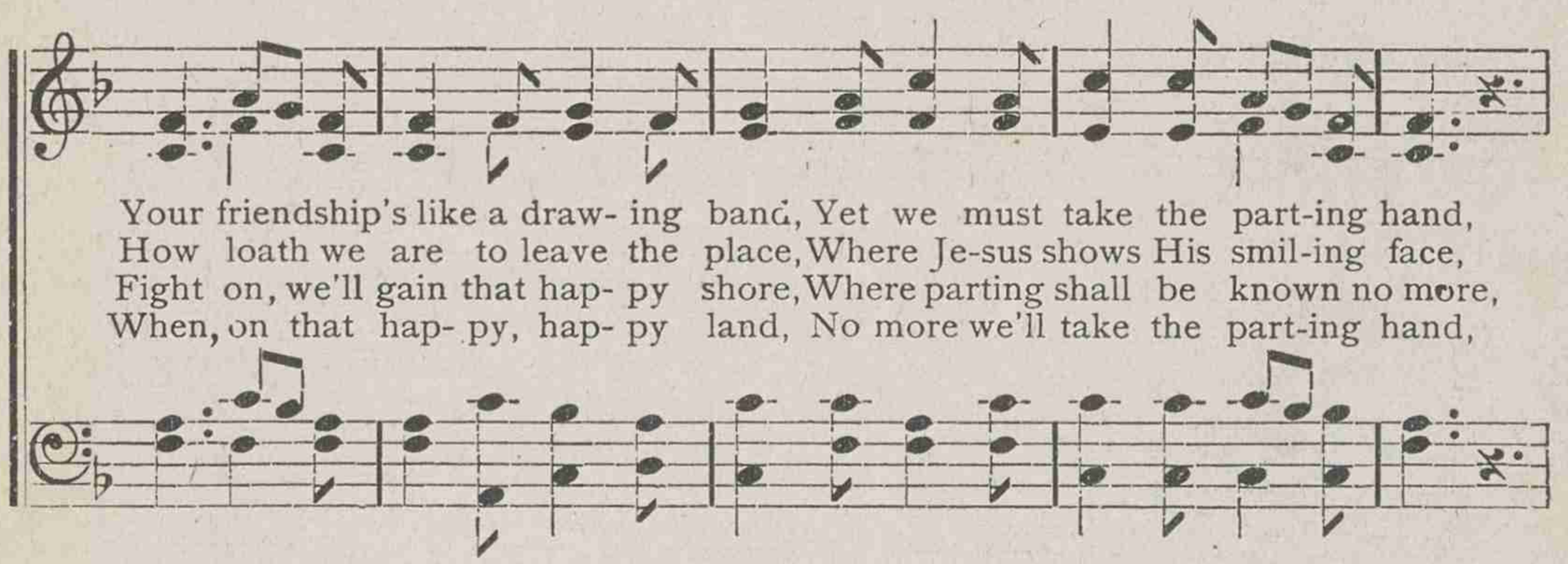
Arr. by R. S. Coward.

D.C.—*Yet when I see that we must part, You draw like cords a - round my heart.*
D.C.—*But du - ty makes me un - der- stand, That we must take the part-ing hand.*
D.C.—*There singing with that ho - ly band, Where none shall take the part-ing hand.*
D.C.—*And there we'll all with Je - sus dwell, So, lov- ing Chris-tians fare-you well.*



No. 257. Holy Manna.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, give ear to my supplications."—Ps. 143: 1.

1. Brethren, we have met to worship And a-dore the Lord our God!
   Will you pray with all your power While we try to preach the word?
2. Brethren, see poor sinners round you Slumb'ring on the brink of woe;
   Death is com-ing, hell is mov-ing, Can you bear to let them go?
3. Sis-ters, will you join and help us? Mos-es' sis - ter aid - ed him;
   Will you help the trembling mourners Who are struggling hard with sin?
4. Let us love our God supremely, Let us love each oth-er, too;
   Let us love and pray for sinners Till our God makes all things new.

D. C. *Brethren, pray and ho - ly man-na Will be showered all a-round.*

All is vain un - less the Spir-it Of the Ho - ly One comes down;
See our fa-thers and our mothers, And our children sinking down, —
Tell them all a - bout the Saviour, Tell them that He will be found,
Then He'll call us home to heaven, At His ta - ble we'll sit down;

No. 258. Blest Be the Tie that Binds.

"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."—Ps. 133: 1.

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;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

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.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

No. 259. Are you Washed in the Blood?

"The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1 : 7.

E. A. H. E. A. HOFFMAN.

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W. E. Rough

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Nearer to Thee.

E. W. S. E. W. STONE.

1. 'Twas a moon-less star - ry night, And the ship in all her might, Steamed her
2. Some two thou-sand souls or more Bade fare-well to na-tive shore, One bright
3. Some grew tired of pleasure's quest, Said good-night and sought their rest, Then a-
4. "Man the boats," the captain cried, "Women first, men stand a - side!" Man - y

way a-midst the ice-bergs, vast and strong; All with - in that pa - lace grand
day n spring, and start-ed 'cross the Main. There were man - y sad good-byes,
non, a shock from stem to stern was felt; Ev - 'ry one was now a - lert,
he - roes la - bor hard, loved ones to save. "Good - bye, my dear, sweet wife,

D. S.—May they find a blissful rest.

Was agiow with pleasure, and Not a wave of trouble showed among the throng.
Fond em-brac-es, weeping eyes, And the dear ones fondly hoped to meet a - gain.
Ask-ing if the ship was hurt :"Yes, dear weeping ones, we're lost there is no help."
For your sake I give my life;" Then the husband in blue o-cean found a grave.

'On the Savior's gentle breast, And through ages sing that song, "Nearer to Thee."

CHORUS. UNISON.

Hark! I hear the band play, As the boats are pulled away, That sweet song that has been

D. S.

* *Ending for last verse.*

sung from sea to sea; Near - er my God to thee, Near - er to thee.