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FAVORITE HYMNS

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No. 1 Ready

"Behold thy servants are ready to do whatsoever my Lord the King shall appoint."—2 Sam. 15: 15

E. L. Charlie D. Tillman.

Copyright, 1903, by Charlie D. Tillman.

No. 2 Be Ye Therefore Ready

Copyright, 1917, by Samuel W. Beazley, in "Hosannas."

T. O. Chisholm Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co., owner **Samuel W. Beazley**

1. Some year will be the last year, Some day will be the last day, Some hour will be the
2. With-out a moment's warning, Swift as an eye-lid's closing, Such will be His ap-
3. Faith- ful is He that promised, Surely He cometh quickly, But some are drinking,
4. O day of earth's redemption And of the new creation, When sorrow's tears will

last hour, Of all the years of time! Christ, with His ho - ly an -gels, Will
pear-ing, To end earth's pain and strife; Those who are His, re-main-ing, They
feast-ing, Who think that hour delayed; But while the Bride-groom tarries, Be
van - ish And sigh - ing flee a -way! Day of all days the greatest, Of

come in clouds of glory, "And ev-'ry eye shall see Him" O advent hour sublime!
who in Him are sleeping, Shall from that hour be like Him, Death "swallowed up of life!"
always watching, praying, Lest He should find you sleeping And you should wake, dismayed!
des - ti- ny e - ter-nal, How swift-ly it approacheth! Be read- y for that day!

Chorus

"Be ye therefore read-y!" "Be ye therefore ready!" If it be at morning or in

midnight gloom, For ye know not the day nor the hour, When the Son of Man shall come.

No. 3 Come to Jesus Today

E. R. Latta — Used by per. — J. H. Tenney

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

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

Chorus

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

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

Repeat pp

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

No. 4

We're Marching to Zion.

Isaac Watts.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY.

Robert Lowry.

M 66 = ♩.

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 thou - sand 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,
chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King,
fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields,
marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Im-manuel's ground,

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

(1) And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

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,

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

No. 5 Nothing Between

Words and Music by C. A. Tindley **Arr. by F. A. Clark**

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

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

D.S.—the least of His fa - vor,

Fine Chorus

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

Keep the way clear! let nothing be-tween.

D.S.

Sav-ior, So that His bless - ed face may be seen; Nothing pre-vent-ing

No. 6 If I Could Hear My Mother Pray Again

James Rowe — J. W. Vaughan, owner — J. W. Vaughan

1. How sweet and hap - py seem those days of which I dream, When mem-o-
2. She used to pray that I on Je - sus would re - ly, And al - ways
3. With - in the old home-place, her pa- tient, smil-ing face Was al - ways
4. Her work on earth is done, the life-crown has been won, And she will

ry re - calls them now and then! And with what rap-ture sweet my
walk the shin - ing gos - pel way; So trust- ing still His love I
spreading com-fort, hope and cheer; And when she used to sing to
be at rest with Him a - bove; And some glad morn-ing, she I

Fine

wea - ry heart would beat, If I could hear my moth-er pray a - gain.
seek that home a-bove, Where I shall meet my moth-er some glad day.
her e - ter - nal King, It was the songs the an - gels loved to hear.
know will wel-come me To that e - ter - nal home of peace and love.

D.S.—so much to me, If I could hear my moth-er pray a - gain.

Chorus

If I could hear my moth-er pray a- gain, If I could
If I could on- ly If I could on- ly
If I could on - ly hear

hear her ten- der voice as then! So glad I'd be, 'twould mean
hap- py I should
So hap - py I should be

D.S.

No. 7

Farther Along

Copyright, 1937, by The Stamps-Baxter Music Co.,
in "Starlit Crown"

W. B. S.

Rev. W. B. Stevens
Arr. J. R. Baxter, Jr.

1. Tempt-ed and tried we're oft made to won - der Why it should be thus all the day long,
2. When death has come and tak - en our loved ones, It leaves our home so lone - ly and drear;
3. Faith - ful till death said our lov - ing Mas - ter, A few more days to la - bor and wait;
4. When we see Je - sus com - ing in glo - ry, When He comes from His home in the sky;

While there are oth - ers liv - ing a - bout us,
Then do we won - der why oth - ers pros - per,
Toils of the road will then seem as noth - ing,
Then we shall meet Him in that bright mansion,

Chorus

Nev - er mo - lest - ed tho in the wrong.
Liv - ing so wick - ed year af - ter year.
As we sweep thru the beau - ti - ful gate.
We'll un - der-stand it all by and by.

Far - ther a - long we'll know all a - bout it, Farther a - long we'll un-derstand why; Cheer up, my broth-er, live in the sunshine, We'll un-derstand it all by and by.

No. 8. I Am Thine, O Lord.

Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1875 — W. H. Doane

1. I am Thine, O Lord; I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me, But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope,
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the nar - row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach

REFRAIN

And be clos - er drawn to Thee. Draw me near - er, near-er, blessed Lord,
And my will be lost in Thine.
I commune as friend with friend.
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

near-er, near-er,

To the cross where Thou hast died, {Draw me near - er, near - er,

near - er, bless - ed Lord, To Thy pre - cious bleed - ing side.

No. 9 The Haven of Rest

H. L. Gilmour. USED BY PER. DR. H. L. GILMOUR. Geo. D. Moore.

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

D.S.—*The tempest may sweep o'er the wild stormy deep;*

FINE. CHORUS.

And I en-tered the Ha - ven of Rest.
The "Ha - ven of Rest" is my Lord.
A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest." I've an - chored my
Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest."
And say, "My be - lov - ed is mine,"
In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

D.S.

soul in the "Ha - ven of rest," I'll sail the wide seas no more;

No. 10 No Tears in Heaven

Copyright, 1935, by The Stamps-Baxter Music Co.,
in "Harbor Bells No. 4"

R. S. A. Robert S. Arnold

1. No tears in heav - en, no sor-rows giv-en, All will be glo - ry in that land;... There'll be no sad-ness, all will be gladness, When we shall join that
2. Glo - ry is wait-ing, wait - ing up yon-der, Where we shall spend an end-less day;.... There with our Sav-ior, we'll be for - ev - er, Where no more sor-row
3. Some morning yon- der, we'll cease to pon-der O'er things this life has bro't to view;... All will be clear-er, loved ones be dear-er, In heav'n where all will

Chorus

hap - py band.... No tears,..... no tears, no tears up there,
can dis - may....
be made new.... in heav-en fair,

Sor-row and pain will all have flown;.... No tears, ...
in heav-en fair,

no tears, no tears up there, No tears in heav-en will be known.

No. 11 When I See the Blood

Foote Bros., not copyrighted. Let no one do so. May this song ever be free to be published for the glory of God

John J. G. F.

1. Christ, our Re - deem - er, died on the cross, Died for the sin - ner,
2. Chief - est of sin - ners, Je - sus can save, As He has prom-ised,
3. Judg - ment is com - ing, all will be there, Who have re - ject - ed,
4. O what com - pas - sion, O bound - less love! Je - sus hath pow - er,

paid all His due; All who re - ceive Him need nev - er fear,
so will He do; O sin - ner, hear Him, trust in His word,
who have re - fused? O sin - ner, hast - en, let Je - sus in,
Je - sus is true; All who be - lieve are safe from the storm,

Chorus

Yes, He will pass, will pass o - ver you. When I see the
Then He will pass, will pass o - ver you.
Then God will pass, will pass o - ver you.
O He will pass, will pass o - ver you. When I

blood, When I see the blood, When I see the
see the blood, When I see the blood, When I

rit.

blood, I will pass, I will pass o - ver you.
see the blood, o - ver you.

No. 12 To The Work

Copyright, 1899, by W. H. Doane, Renewal

Fanny J. Crosby — Used by permission — Wm. H. Doane

1. To the work! to the work! we are serv - ants of God, Let us fol - low the path that our Mas- ter has trod; With the balm of His counsel our strength to renew,
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the foun-tain of Life let the wea - ry be led; In the cross and its ban-ner our glo-ry shall be,
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all, For the king-dom of dark-ness and er - ror shall fall, And the name of Je-ho-vah ex-alt- ed shall be
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a robe and a crown shall our la - bor re-ward; When the home of the faithful our dwelling shall be,

Chorus

Let us do with our might what our hands find to do. Toil - ing on,
While we her - ald the ti-dings, "Sal-va- tion is free!"
In the loud swell-ing cho- rus" "Sal-va- tion is free!"
And we shout with the ransomed, "Sal-va- tion is free!" Toil-ing on,

toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, toil - ing on,
toil- ing on, Toil-ing on, toil - ing on,

Let us hope, let us watch, And la - bor till the Mas-ter comes.
and trust, and pray,

No. 13

Kneel At the Cross

Theme suggested by Rev. Sam. Hair

C. E. M. Moody and Sebren. owners Chas. E. Moody

1. Kneel at the cross, Christ will meet you there, Come while He waits for you;
2. Kneel at the cross, There is room for all Who would His glo - ry share;
3. Kneel at the cross, Give your i - dols up, Look un - to realms a-bove;

List to His voice, Leave with Him your care And be - gin life a new.
Bliss there a-waits, Harm can ne'er be-fall Those who are an-chored there.
Turn not a - way To life's sparkling cup; Trust on - ly in His love.

Chorus

Kneel ..... at the cross, ... Leave .....
Kneel at the cross, Kneel at the cross, Leave ev -'ry care,

ev - 'ry care; ..... Kneel ..... at the
Leave ev - 'ry care; Kneel at the cross,

cross, ... Je - sus will meet you there .....
Kneel at the cross, meet you there.

No. 14 Throw Out the Life-Line.

COPYRIGHT. 1890. BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

Rev. Edward S. Ufford. E. S. Ufford. Arr. by George C. Stebbins.

1. Throw out the Life-Line a-cross the dark wave, There is a broth-er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tar - ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in an-guish where
4. Soon will the sea-son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-

some one should save; Some-bod - y's broth-er! oh, who, then, will dare To
lin - ger so long? See! he is sink - ing; oh, hast - en to - day—And
you've nev - er been: Winds of temp-ta - tion and bil - lows of woe Will
ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste then, my broth-er, no time for de - lay, But

CHORUS.

throw out the Life-Line, His per - il to share?
out with the Life-Boat! a - way, then, a - way! Throw out the Life-Line!
soon hurl them out where the dark wa - ters flow.
throw out the Life-Line and save them to - day.

Throw out the Life-Line! Some-one is drift-ing a - way; Throw out the

Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some-one is sink-ing to - day.

No. 15 I'll Live On

T. J. L. Used by permission Thos. J. Laney

1. 'Tis a sweet and glorious tho't that comes to me, I'll live on,
2. When my bod-y's slumb'ring in the cold, cold clay,
3. When the world's on fire and dark-ness veils the sun,
4. In the glo-ry-land, with Je-sus on the throne, I'll live on,

yes, I'll live on; Je-sus saved my soul from death and now I'm free,
yes, I'll live on; There to sleep in Je-sus till the judg-ment day,
yes, I'll live on; Men will cry and to the rocks and moun-tains run,
yes, I'll live on; Thru e-ter-nal a-ges sing-ing, home, sweet home,

Chorus

I'll live on, yes, I'll live on. I'll live on, yes, I'll live on,
I'll live on, and on,

on, Thru e-ter-ni-ty I'll live on, I'll live on,
and on, and on, and on,

yes, I'll live on, Thru e-ter-ni-ty I'll live on.
and on, yes, I'll live on.

No. 16 You Can't Do Wrong and Get By

L. Á. E. Copyright, 1929, by Lethal A. Ellis Lethal A. Ellis

1. There's a God who's stand-ing at heav-en's door, He's look-ing this u - ni - verse o'er; And He sees each mor-tal with a search-ing eye,
2. Out in - to the dark-ness you a - lone may go, And seeds for the wick - ed one sow; There's an eye that's watching from the throne on high,
3. Yes, He knows your se-crets, ev - 'ry-thing you do, He knows that your life is un - true; You can ne'er de-ceive Him, there's no use to try,

Chorus

You can't do wrong and get by.
You can't do wrong and get by.
You can't do wrong and get by.

You can't do wrong and get by, No mat-ter how much you may try; Noth-ing hid-den can be, ev - 'ry - thing He doth see, You can't do wrong and get by.

No. 17 Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY MRS. ADDIE MCGRANAHAN. RENEWAL. CHARLES M. ALEXANDER, OWNER.
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Arr. from Neumaster, 1671. **James McGranahan.**

M. 88 = ♩

1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive: Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart con-demns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;

Who the heav'n-ly path - way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleans'd me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
Purg'd from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.

REFRAIN. M. 88 = ♩.

Sing it o'er..... and o'er a - gain;..... Christ re-
Sing it o'er a - gain, Sing it o'er a - gain:

ceiv - - - eth sin - ful men;..... Make the mes - - - sage
ceiv-eth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiveth sin-ful men; Make the message plain,

clear and plain:..... Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
Make the message plain:

No 18 Watching You

J. M, Henson, owner. Used by per. J. M. Henson

1. All a-long on the road to the soul's true a-bode, There's an Eye watch-ing you; Ev-'ry step that you take this great Eye is a-wake,
2. As you make life's great fight, keep the pathway of right, God will warn not to go in the path of the foe,
3. Fix your mind on the goal, that sweet home of the soul, watch-ing you; Nev-er turn from the way to the king-dom of day,

REFRAIN

There's an Eye watch-ing you. Watching you, watch-ing you, There's an Eye watch-ing you. Watching you,

you, watching you, Ev-'ry day mind the course you pursue; Watching you, Watching you,

watch-ing you, There's an all-see-ing Eye watch-ing you. watch-ing you,

No. 19 Prepare to Meet Thy God

(From a sermon by Rev. J. F. Haley, July, 1909)

J. H. S. J. H. Stanley, owner J. H. Stanley

1. Care-less soul, why will you lin - ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God?
2. Why so tho't-less are you stand-ing While the fleet - ing years go by,
3. Hear you not the earn-est plead-ings Of your friends that wish thou well?
4. If you spurn the in - vi - ta - tion Till the Spir - it shall de- part,

Hear you not the in - vi - ta - tion? O pre-pare to meet thy God.
And your life is spent in fol - ly? O pre-pare to meet thy God.
And per-haps be - fore to - mor - row You'll be called to meet your God.
Then you'll see your sad con - di - tion, Un - pre-pared to meet thy God.

Chorus

Care-less soul, ... O heed the warn-ing, ... For your
O careless soul, heed the warning,
life .... will soon be gone; ..... O how sad ..... to
will soon be gone, O yes, your life will soon be gone; to face the judgment,
face the judgment, ... Un-pre-pared .... to meet thy God.
O how sad to face the judgment, Unprepared to meet thy God.

No. 20 Where We'll Never Grow Old

(To my father and mother.—J. C. M.)

J. C. M.

Copyright, 1930, by Jas. C. Moore

JAS. C. MOORE

1. I have heard of a land on the far a-way strand, 'Tis a beau-ti - ful
2. In that beau-ti-ful home where we'll nev - er-more roam, We shall be in that
3. When our work here is done and our life-crown is won, And our troubles and

home of the soul; Built by Je - sus on high, there we nev - er shall die,
sweet by and by; Hap - py praise to the King thru e - ter - ni - ty sing,
tri - als are o'er; All our sor - row will end, and our voic - es will blend,

Refrain

'Tis a land where we nev - er grow old. Nev - er grow old,
'Tis a land where we nev - er shall die.
With the loved ones who've gone on be - fore, where we'll

nev - er grow old, In a land where we'll nev - er grow old; Nev - er grow

old, nev - er grow old, In a land where we'll nev - er grow old.
where we'll

No. 23 How Beautiful Heaven Must Be

Rcv. A. S. Bridgewater A. P. Bland, owner **A. P. Bland**

1. We read of a place that's called heaven, It's made for the pure and the free;
2. In heav-en, no drooping nor pin - ing, No wish-ing for else-where to be;
3. Pure wa-ters of life there are flow-ing, And all who will drink may be free;
4. The an-gels so sweet-ly are sing - ing, Up there by the beau-ti - ful sea;

These truths in God's word He has giv - en, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.
God's light is for-ev - er there shin - ing, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.
Rare jew-els of splen-dor are glow - ing, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.
Sweet chords from their gold harps are ring - ing, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.

Chorus

How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be, ... Sweet home of the hap-py and free;
must be,

Fair ha-ven of rest for the wea - ry, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.

No. 24

I Am Praying for You.

COPYRIGHT. 1904. BY IRA D. SANKEY,
USED BY PER. THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

S. O'Maley Cluff. Ira D. Sankey.

1. I have a Sav - ior, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov-ing Sav-
2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e - ter-
3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splend - ent in whiteness, A - wait - ing in glo-
4. When Jesus has found you, tell oth-ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing Sav-

ior tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch - ing in ten - der - ness
ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in
ry my won - der - ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all shin - ing in
ior is your Sav - ior too; Then pray that your Sav - ior may bring them to

o'er me, And, oh, that my Sav-ior were your Sav-ior too.
heav - en, But, oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too!
brightness, Dear friend. could I see you re-ceiv - ing one too!
glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!

CHORUS.

For you I am praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm pray - ing for you.

No. 25 Let Him In.

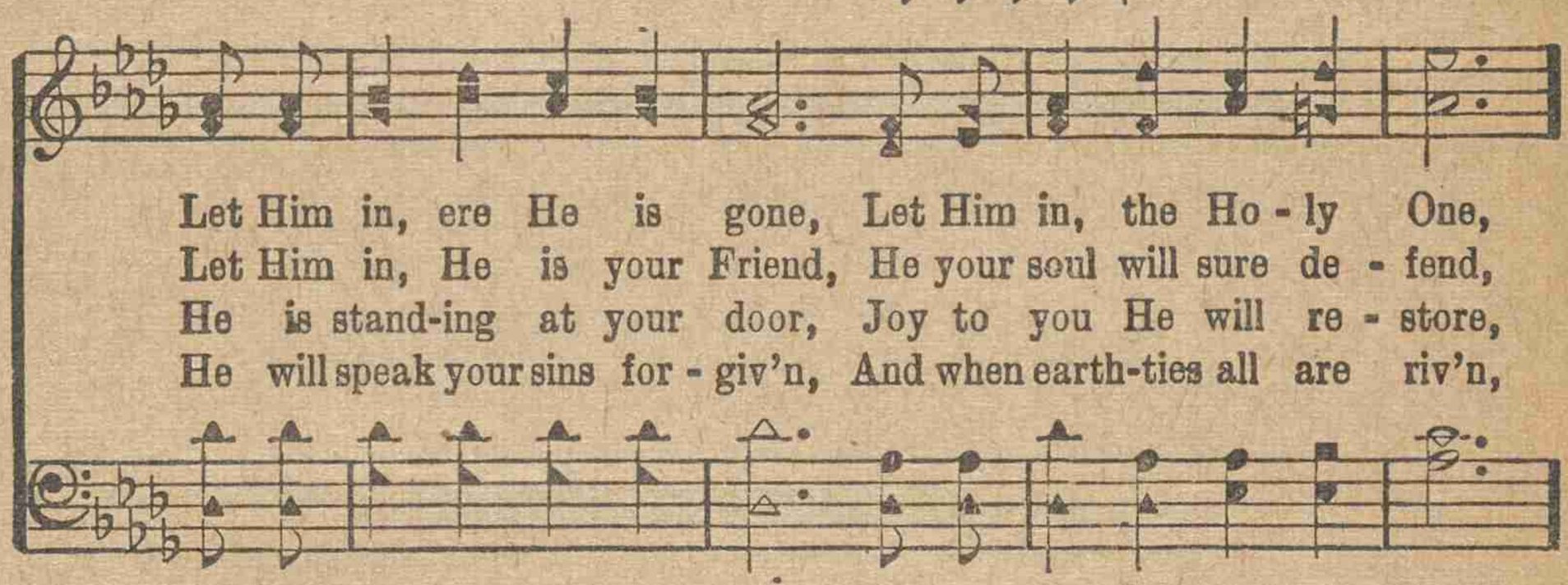
Rev. J. B. Atchinson. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. **E. O. Excell.**

1. There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;
4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly Guest, Let Him in;

Let the Savior in, Let the Savior in;

He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;

Let the Savior in, Let the Savior in;



Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,
Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,
He is stand-ing at your door, Joy to you He will re - store,
He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when earth-ties all are riv'n,

Je - sus Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in.
He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.
And His name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
He will take you home to Heav'n, Let Him in.

Let the Savior in, Let the Savior in.

No. 26 His Way With Thee.

Psalm 37: 5.

(CONSECRATION.)

C. S. N.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY H. L. GILMOUR.

Rev. Cyrus S. Nusbaum.

1. Would you live for Je-sus, and be always pure and good? Would you walk with Him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your bur - den,
2. Would you have Him make you free, and fol-low at His call? Would you know the peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that
3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove Him true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor

CHORUS.

car-ry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
you need never fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you
always at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.

ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can

rit.

fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

No. 27 What Would You Give in Exchange?

F. J. Berry Copyright, 1912, by The Trio Music Co. J. H. Carr

1. Broth - er a - far from the Sav - ior to - day, Risk-ing your soul for the
2. Mer - cy is call - ing you, won't you give heed? Must the dear Sav- ior still
3. More than the sil - ver and gold of the earth,—More than all jew- els thy
4. If, when you stand at the bar by and by, When you are weighed in the

things that de - cay, O if to - day God should call it a - way,
ten - der - ly plead? Risk not your soul, it is pre- cious in - deed;
spir - it is worth! God, the Cre - a - tor, has giv - en it birth!
bal - ance on high, You should be sen-tenced for - ev - er to die!

:S: **Fine Chorus**

What would you give in ex-change for your soul? What would you give?
in ex-change?

D.S.-What would you give in exchange for your soul?

What would you give? What would you give in ex-
in ex-change?

D. S.

change for your soul? O if to - day God should call it a - way,

No. 28 Sin Can Never Enter There

Rev. 21: 27

C. W. Naylor Copyright, 1902, by B. E. Warren. R. E. Winsett, owner B. E. Warren

1. Heav - en is a ho - ly place, filled with glo - ry and with grace,
2. If you hope to dwell at last, when your life on earth is past,
3. You may live in sin be - low, heav - en's grace re - fuse to know,
4. If you cling to sin till death, when you draw your lat - est breath,

Sin can nev - er en - ter there; All with - in its gates are pure,
In that home so bright and fair, You must here be cleans'd from sin,
But you can - not en - ter there; It will stop you at the door,
You will sink in dark de-spair, To the re - gions of the lost

from de - file - ment kept se - cure, Sin can nev - er en - ter there.
have the life of Christ with - in, Sin can nev - er en - ter there.
bar you out for - ev - er - more, Sin can nev - er en - ter there.
thus to prove at aw - ful cost, Sin can nev - er en - ter there.

Chorus

Sin can nev - er en - ter there, Sin can nev - er en - ter there; So, if at the
judg-ment bar, sin - ful spots your soul shall mar, You can nev - er en - ter there.

No. 29 I Choose Jesus

Copyright, 1941 Renewal
Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co., owners

James Rowe — Samuel W. Beazley

1. When I need someone in time of grief, Someone my cheer to be, Je- sus I
2. When I need someone to guide my soul, O-ver the stormy sea, Al-ways to
3. When I need help to de-feat the foe, Someone my shield to be, Al-ways to
4. When all my tri-als on earth are o'er, And the dark stream I see, Je- sus shall

Chorus

choose, for He gives re-lief, He is the best for me. I choose
Je - sus I give control, He is the best for me.
Je - sus in faith I go, He is the best for me.
bear me to yon-der shore, He is the best for me. Yes, I choose my

Je - sus When I need a friend, What I need I
Sav-ior al-ways helpful friend, What I need I know that sure - ly

Know that He will send; I have proved Him, Good and true is
He to me will freely send; I have proved Him o'er and o'er, And always good and

He; I choose Je - sus, He is the best for me.
true is He; Yes, I choose my Sav-ior dear, of all for me.

No. 30 The Lily of the Valley.

English Melody.

1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry-thing to me, He's the
2. Oh, He all my griefs has ta - ken, and all my sor-rows borne; In temp-
3. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for - sake me here, While I

fair-est of ten-thousand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Val-ley, in
ta - tion He's my strong and mighty tow'r; I have all for Him for - sa - ken, and
live by faith and do His bless-ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me, I've

D. S.—Lil - y of the Val-ley, the

FINE.

Him a - lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole.
all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r.
nothing now to fear, With His man - na He my hun - gry soul shall fill.

bright and morning star, He's the fair - est of ten thou-sand to my soul.

In sor - row He's my com - fort, in troub - le He's my stay,
Tho' all the world for - sake me, and Sa - tan tempt me sore,
Then sweep - ing up to glo - ry to see His bless - ed face,

D. S.

He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll. He's the
Thro' Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal. He's the
Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll. He's the

No. 31 Won't It Be Wonderful There?

James Rowe Copyright, 1930, by Homer F. Morris **Homer F. Morris**

1. When with the Sav - ior we en - ter the glo - ry-land, Won't it be
2. Walk - ing and talk - ing with Christ, the su - per - nal One, Won't it be
3. There where the tem-pest will nev - er be sweep-ing us, Won't it be

won- der - ful there? End - ed the trou-bles and cares of the sto - ry-land,
won- der - ful there? Prais- ing, a - dor-ing the matchless e - ter-nal One,
won- der - ful there? Sure that for - ev - er the Lord will be keep-ing us,

Refrain

Won't it be won-der-ful there? Won't it be won-der- ful there,
won-der-ful there,

Hav-ing no bur-dens to bear?..... Joy - ous - ly sing-ing with
o - ver there?

heart-bells all ring-ing, O won't it be won- der - ful there?
won-der-ful there?

No. 32 There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY MRS. ADDIE MCGRANAHAN. RENEWAL.
CHAS. M. ALEXANDER, OWNER.

El Nathan. James McGranahan.

M 63 = ♩

1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Precious, re - viv - ing a - gain,
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Send them up - on us, O Lord!
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—O that to - day they might fall,

There shall be sea - sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav - ior a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys Sound of a - bun-dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word!
Now as to God we're con - fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!

CHORUS.

Show - - - - ers of bless - ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;
Show - ers, show-ers

Mer - cy-drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show-ers we plead.

No. 33 Oh! Why Not To-Night!

Rev. H. Bonar, D. D. J. Calvin Bushey.

1. Oh, do not let the word de - part, And close thine eyes a-gainst the
2. To - 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, oh, to - night.
sight; This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to - night.
quite; Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, oh, to - night.
nite, Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to - night.

Chorus.

Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-
Oh, 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, oh, why not to-night?

Re-entered and Copyright, 1895, by J. H. Hall.

No. 34 Jesus is Calling.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL.
HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNERS.

Fanny J. Crosby. George C. Stebbins.

M. 63 = ♩.

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 wear-y to rest—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, O come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, O list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;

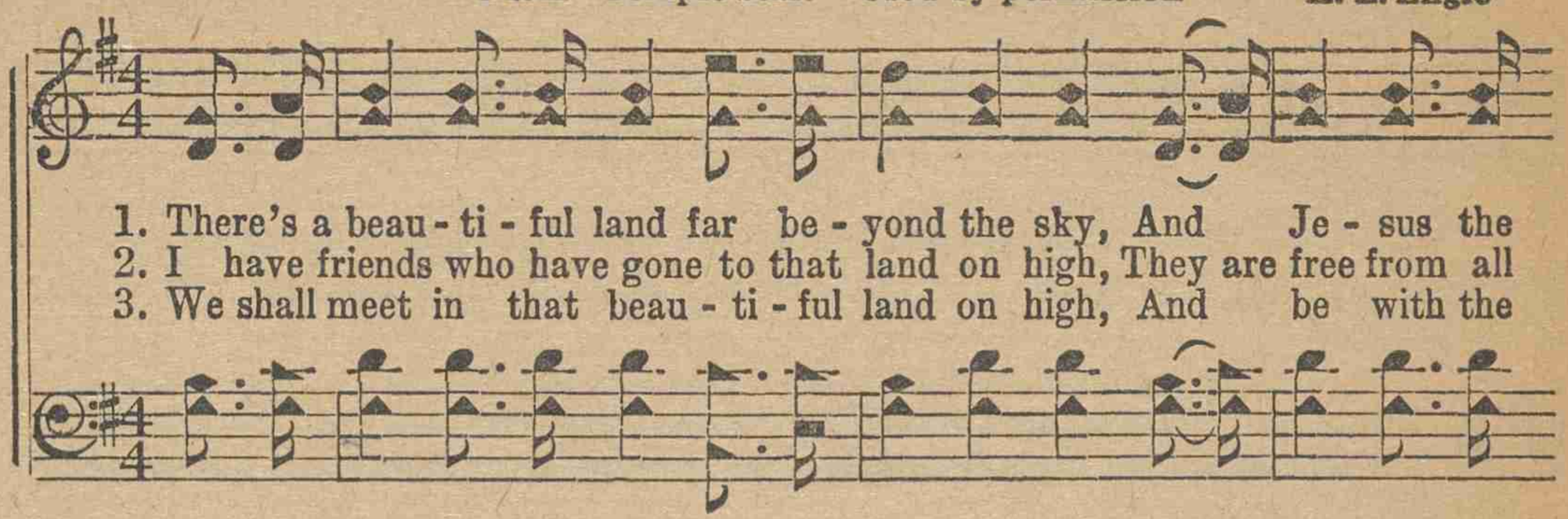
Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Farther and far-ther a-way?-
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a-way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no lon-ger de-lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice; Quick-ly a-rise and a-way.

CHORUS.

No. 35 The Beautiful Land

"They shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isa. 33: 17

From "Temple Star." Used by permission H. E. Engle



No. 36 Victory In Jesus

Copyright, 1939, E. M. Bartlett
Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co., owners

E. M.B. E. M. Bartlett

1. I heard an old, old sto - ry, How a Sav - ior came from glo - ry,
2. I heard a - bout His heal - ing, Of His cleans-ing pow'r re - veal - ing,
3. I heard a - bout a man - sion He has built for me in glo - ry,

How He gave His life on Cal - va - ry To save a wretch like me;
How He made the lame to walk a - gain And caused the blind to see;
And I heard a - bout the streets of gold Be - yond the crys - tal sea;

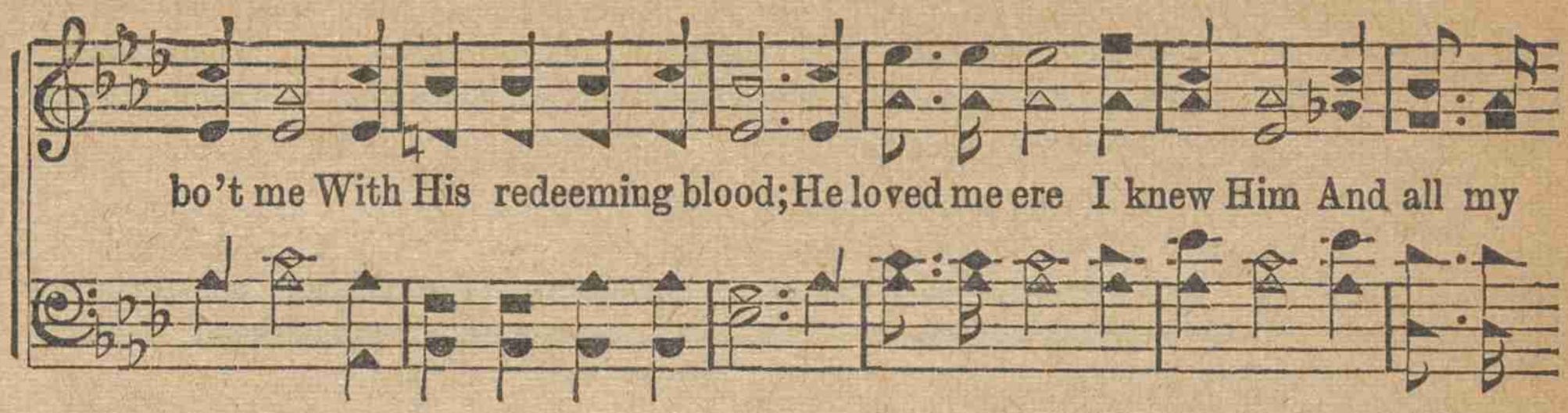
I heard a - bout His groan-ing, Of His pre-cious blood's a - ton - ing,
And then I cried "dear Je - sus, Come and heal my brok - en spir - it,"
A - bout the an - gels sing - ing, And the old re-demp - tion sto - ry,

Then I re - pent - ed of my sins And won the vic - to - ry.
And some-how Je - sus came and bro't To me the vic - to - ry.
And some sweet day I'll sing up there The song of vic - to - ry.

Chorus

O vic - to - ry in Je - sus, My Sav-ior, for - ev - er, He sought me and

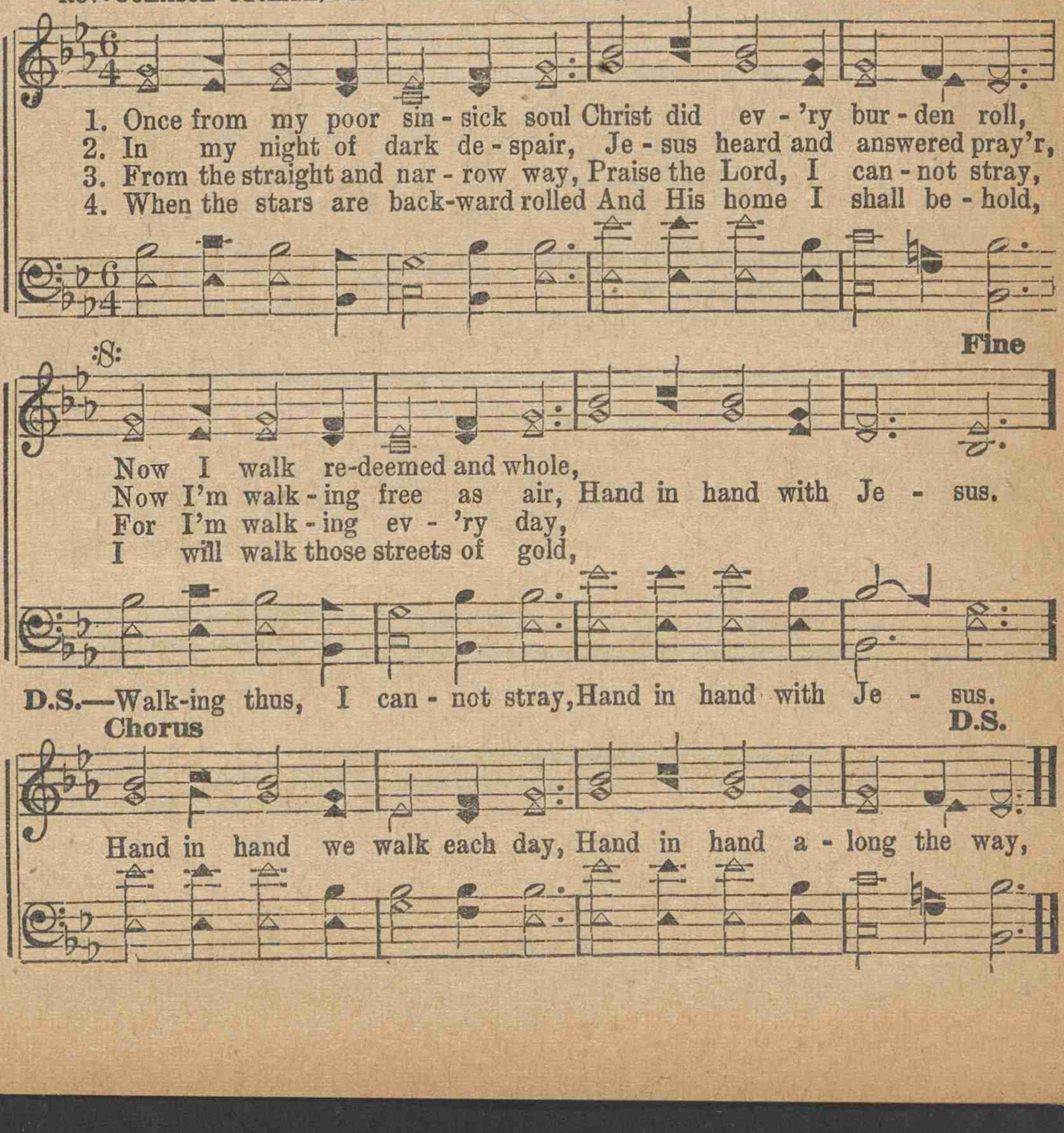
Victory In Jesus



No. 37 Hand In Hand With Jesus

Arr. Copyright, 1940, by Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. in "Golden Key" L. D. Huffstutler



No. 38

An Old Account Settled

F. M. G

F. M. GRAHAM

1. There was a time on earth When in the book of heav'n An old ac-count was stand-ing For sins yet un - for-giv'n; My name was at the top, And man - y things be-low, I went un - to the Keep-er, And settled long a - go.
2. The old account was large, And growing ev-'ry day, For I was al-ways sin - ning, And nev - er tried to pay; But when I looked a-head And saw such pain and woe, I said that I would set-tle, And settled long a - go.
3. When at the judgment bar I stand be-fore my King, And He the book will o - pen, He can-not find a thing; Then will my heart be glad, While tears of joy will flow Be-cause I had it settled, And settled long a - go.
4. O sin-ner, seek the Lord, Re-pent of all your sin, For thus He has com- mand - ed, If you would en - ter in; And then if you should live A hun-dred years be-low, E'en here you'll not re-gret it, You settled long a - go.

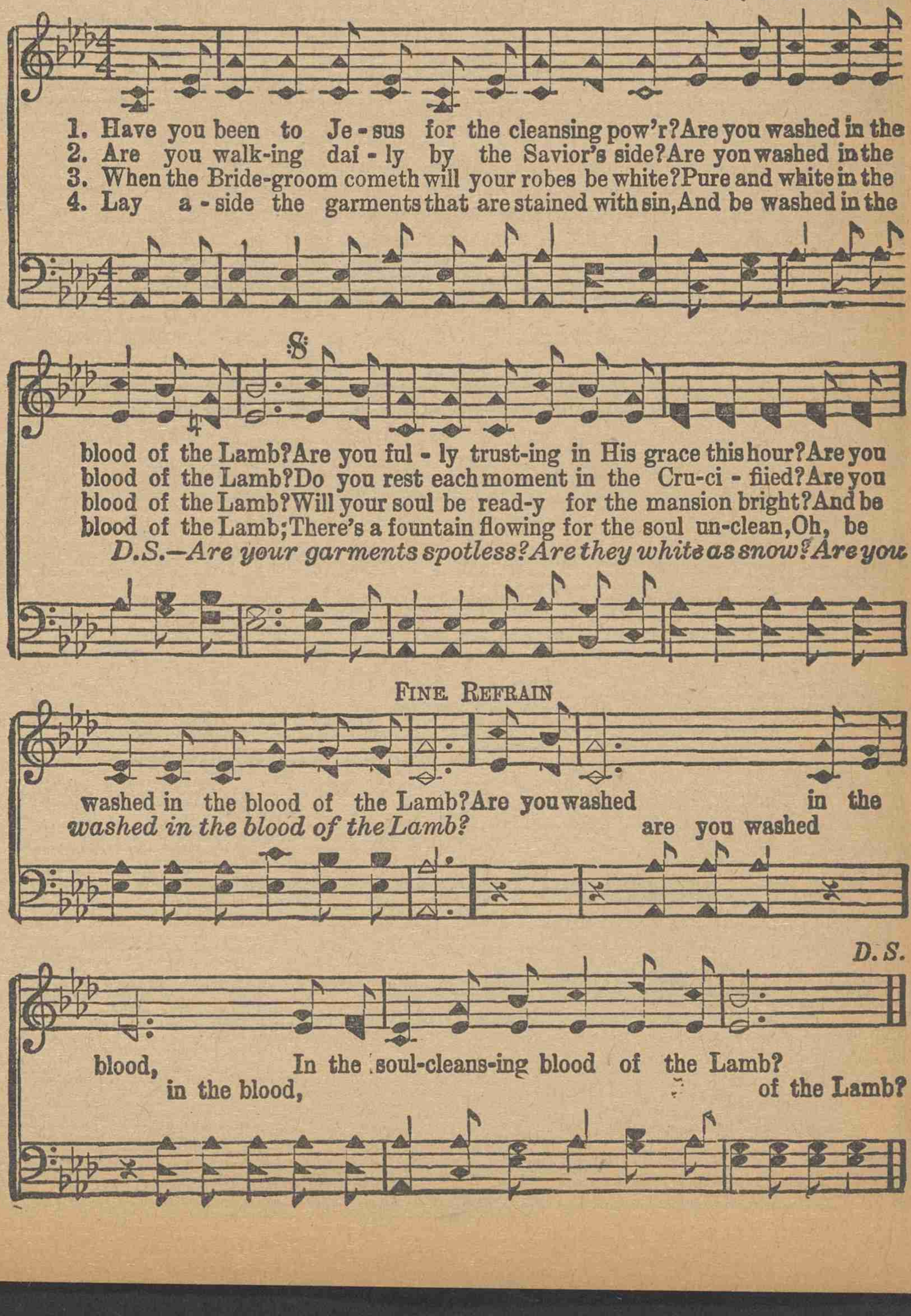
REFRAIN

Long a - go, Long a - go, Yes the old account was set-tled long a - go;
Down on my knees, I set-tled it all,
And the record's clear today, For He
Hal-le - lu-jah!

An Old Account Settled

No. 39 Are You Washed in the Blood?

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN



No. 40 When the Saints Go Marching In

Copyright, 1938, by The A. J. Showalter Co., in "Crimson Glory"

M. W. Easterling Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co., owners
Wm. DeVaughan

W. S. Tidwell

1. When the Lord shall call His dear children to that home be-yond the sky,
2. Just a few more trou-bles and tri - als in this low and sin - ful land,
3. Won't it be a won-der - ful morn-ing when the gates swing o - pen wide,

To a cit - y that is free from ev - 'ry sin; It will
Lord I want to be a - mong the num - ber then; List'n-ing
The great hal - le - lu - jah cho - rus shall be - gin; And we

be a glo - ri - ous meet-ing nev - er - more to weep or sigh, When the
to the wel-come bells ring- ing o - ver on that gold - en strand, When the
hear our bless- ed Re-deem-er say - ing "chil-dren come in - side," When the

FINE CHORUS

saints of earth go march - ing in. When..... the
march-ing, all go marching in. When the saints,

saints..... of earth go march-ing in, How..... they'll
when the saints hal - le - lu - jah, How they'll sing,

When the Saints Go Marching In

No. 41 Not Made With Hands

Arr. Old Melody Arr.

No. 42 Come Just As You Are

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman **J. Henry Showalter**

1. Shall I come just as I am, Come with all my guilt and sin? If I
2. Shall I come, vile as I am, And bend low at Je -sus' feet? Shall I
3. Shall I come with all my fear, Lest my sins have been too great? Shall I
4. Shall I come, tho far a - way From the lov - ing Shepherd's fold? Will He

Chorus

o - pen wide my heart, Will He en - ter in?
plead His pard'ning grace, And His love entreat? As you are, just as you are,
break thru all my doubts To sweet mercy's gate?
bless me if I firm To His pro-mise hold?

Come to Je -sus, come today; He will kindly welcome you, Take your sins a-way.

No. 43 Jesus Is Calling To-day

P. H. **J. H. F.**

1. Je-sus is call-ing, call-ing, call-ing, Je - sus is call-ing to - day;
2. Je-sus is pleading, pleading, pleading, Why should I wan-der in sin,
3. Je-sus is waiting, waiting, waiting, O - pen now standeth the door,

D.S.-Why should I linger, lin-ger, lin-ger, I will a-rise and a -way.
While to His glo-ry, glo-ry, glo- ry, Glad would He welcome me in?
Soon the night falleth, fall-eth, fall-eth, Closed are the gates evermore.

Fine

Jesus Is Galling To-day

Chorus D. S.

They are so hap-py, hap-py, hap-py, Who do their Savior o -bey;(o-bey;)

No. 44 Step Over The Line

Copyright, 1941, by Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co.

G. W. Lyon Homer F. Morris

1. Step o - ver the line to - day, And leave the side of sin;
2. Temptations may lure you on Till death shall seal your fate,
3. Oh! list to the voice of friends Who love and pray for you;
4. The Spir - it and Bride say "come;" The Lord your soul will bless,

Lay all of your fol - lies down, A new life now be - gin.
In an-guish your soul may cry, "Too late! too late! too late!"
Step o - ver the line just now, Stand with the good and true.
If you will but heed the call, And claim His right-eous-ness.

Chorus

Step o - ver the line, step o - ver the line, No long-er in doubt de - lay;

Step o - ver the line, step o - ver the line, Step o - ver the line to -day.

No. 45

Pray

Copyright, 1922, by J. A. Brown
Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co., owners

J. A. B. — J. A. Brown

1. Pray, pray in the old-time way, Come, Christians, gather round; Pray, pray as they
2. Pray, pray where two or three Are gathered in His name; Pray, pray, for
3. Pray, pray and seek His face, And turn from all your sin; Pray, pray for
4. Pray, pray, for souls are lost, Their blood is on our hands; Pray, pray, e'en

Chorus

used to pray, When the pow'r of God came down.
Je - sus said, I am in the midst of them. Pray, pray, the on-ly way, To
grace to go And bring the wand'rers in.
now their feet Are on death's sinking sands.

reach the saints' high ground; Pray, pray, the pray'r of faith Will bring God's blessings down.

No. 46

Pray On

Copyright, 1941, by Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co.

Arr. A. R. W. — Arr. A. R. Walton

1. When trou-bles come and life seems dark, Pray on, pray on;
2. Pray on, the Lord will hear your cry,
3. Like Ja - cob, wres-tled all the night, Pray on, pray on;

Fine

Pray to the Lord with all your heart, Pray on pray on.
Your long sought blessing may be nigh,
Cease not till comes the prom-ised light, Pray on, pray on.

D. S.-Your dark-est night He'll turn to day, Pray on, pray on.

Pray On

Chorus D.S.

With-out ceas-ing ev - er pray, 'Bur-dens He will take a - way;
ev - er pray,

No. 47 Old Time Power

"They were all filled with the Holy Ghost""—Acts 2:4.

C. T. D. Charlie D. Tillman

1. They were in an up - per cham-ber, They were all with one ac -cord,
2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n descend-ed With the sound of rush - ing wind;
3. Yes, this "old time" pow'r was giv-en To our fa-thers who were true;

When the Ho - ly Ghost de -send -ed, As was prom-ised by our Lord.
Tongues of fire came down up- on them, As the Lord said He would send.
This is promised to be -liev- ers, And we all may have it too.

Chorus

O Lord, send the pow'r just now, O Lord send the pow'r just now;

O Lord, send the pow'r just now, And bap- tize ev - 'ry one.

No. 48 I'll Be Satisfied

Joe H. Pannell — T. N. Pannell, owner — T. N. Pannell

1. When my soul is sing - ing in that prom-ised land a - bove,
2. Liv - ing in a ci - ty where the soul shall nev - er die,
3. When I meet the ran-somed o - ver on the gold - en shore,

I'll be sat - is - fied;

Prais - ing Christ the Sav - ior for re-
There to meet with loved ones, nev - er-
There I'll join the an - gels sing - ing

D.S.—When my soul is rest - ing in the

Fine Chorus

deem-ing grace and love,
more to say good - by,
prais - es ev - er - more,

I'll be sat - is - fied. I'll be sat - is-

pres- ence of the Lord,

I'll be sat - is - fied.

D.S.

fied, (sat - is - fied,)

I'll be sat - is - fied; (sat - is - fied;)

No. 49 Take Higher Ground

Copyright. 1909, by J. W. Askew Used by per.

Miss Jennie Wilson — J. W. Askew

1. Seek the blessings of a heart made pure, In whose depth no e-vil shall be found;
2. Seek to lay a-side each sin-ful weight, And in bless-ed lib-er - ty a - rise;
3. Take the higher ground where joys abide, Which the world can never take away;

Take Higher Ground

Fine

With a faith and hope that doth endure, In the Christian life take higher ground.
All to Je - sus ful - ly con-se-crate, And then claim the gift that near thee lies.
In the Savior's pow'r and love confide, And sur-ren-der all to Him for aye.

D.S.—With Him mer-cy free enfolding thee, In the Christain life take higher ground.

Chorus **D.S.**

Take high-er ground, take higher ground, Richly doth the grace of God a-bound.

No. 50 Footsteps of Jesus

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

1. Sweetly, Lord, have we heard Thee calling, Come follow me! And we see where Thy
2. Tho they lead o'er the cold dark mountains, Seeking His sheep; Or a-long by Si-
3. If they lead thru the temple ho - ly, Preaching the Word; Or in homes of the
4. By and by thru the shining portals, Turning our feet, We shall walk with the
5. Then at last when on high He sees us, Our journey done, We shall rest where the

D.S.—We will follow the

Fine **Chorus** **D.S.**

foot-prints falling, Lead us to Thee.
foam's fountains, Helping the weak.
poor and low-ly, Serv-ing the Lord. Footprints of Jesus, that make the pathway glow,
glad immortals, Heav'n's golden street.
steps of Jesus End at His throne.

steps of Jesus, Where'er they go.

No. 51 Take the Name of Jesus With You

Lydia Baxter Copyright, 1899, by W. H. Doane, Renewal William H. Doane

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

It will joy and com-fort give you; Take it then, where 'er you go.
If ' temp-ta -tions round you gath- er, Breathe that ho - ly name in pray'r.
When His lov- ing arms re-ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our journey is complete.

Chorus

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

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

No. 52 Ortonville

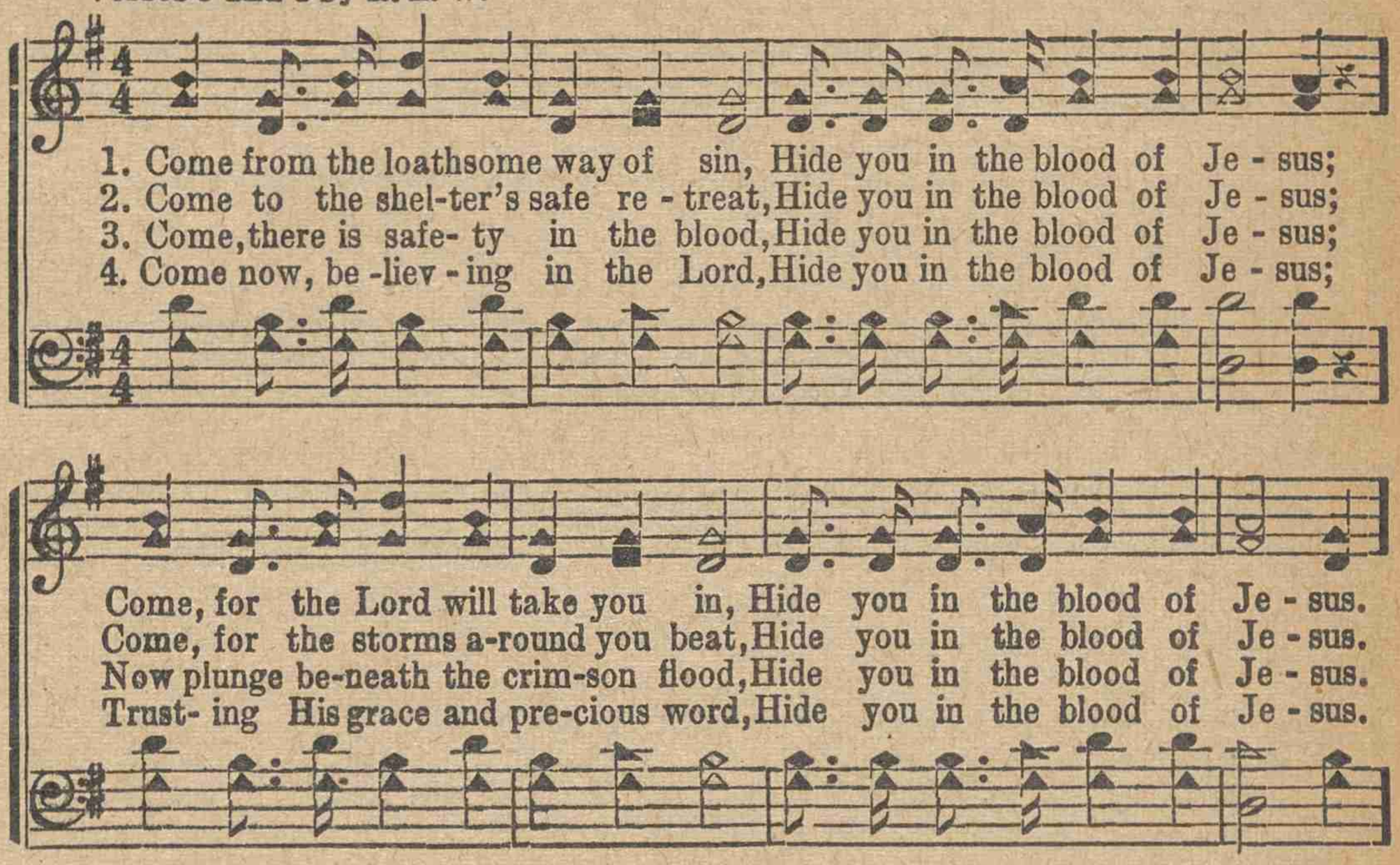
John Newton Dr. Thomas Hastings

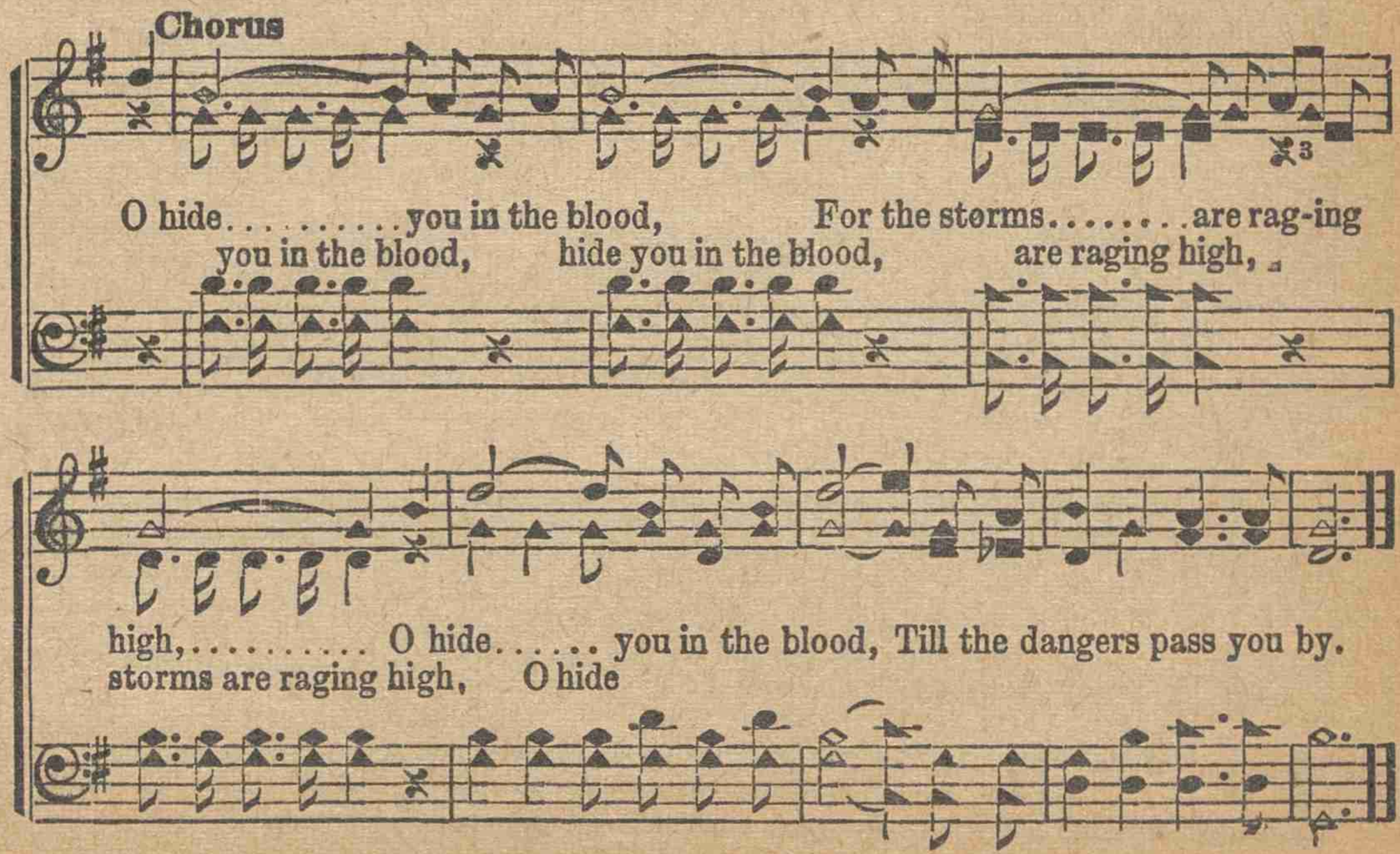
1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, In a be- liev-er's ear! It soothes his
2. It makes the wounded spir-it whole, And calms the troubledl breast; 'Tis manna
3. By Him my pray'rs acceptance gain, Al-tho' with sin de-filed, Sa-tan ac-

Ortonville

No 53 Hide You in the Blood

Verses 3 and 4 by R. E. W. **Arr.**





No. 54 Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R. Geo. F. Root

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, O why do you tar - ry so long? Your
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur - ther de - lay? There's
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir- it now striv-ing with- in? O
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, The har-vest is pass-ing a - way, Your

Sav - ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti - fied throng.
no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
why not ac-cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off your bur-den of sin.
Sav - ior is long-ing to bless you; There's danger and death in de - lay.

REFRAIN

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

55 I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. S. C. Foster.

M. 84 = ♩

1. { Gone from my heart the world with all its charm; Gone are my sins and all that would alarm;
   { Gone ev-er-more, and by His grace I know [*Omit*
2. { Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to doubts and fears within;
   { Once was a-fraid to trust a lov - ing God, [*Omit*
3. { Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but now the light I see;
   { Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live; [*Omit*

D. S.—Be-cause He first loved me, [*Omit*

FINE. CHORUS. *D. S.*

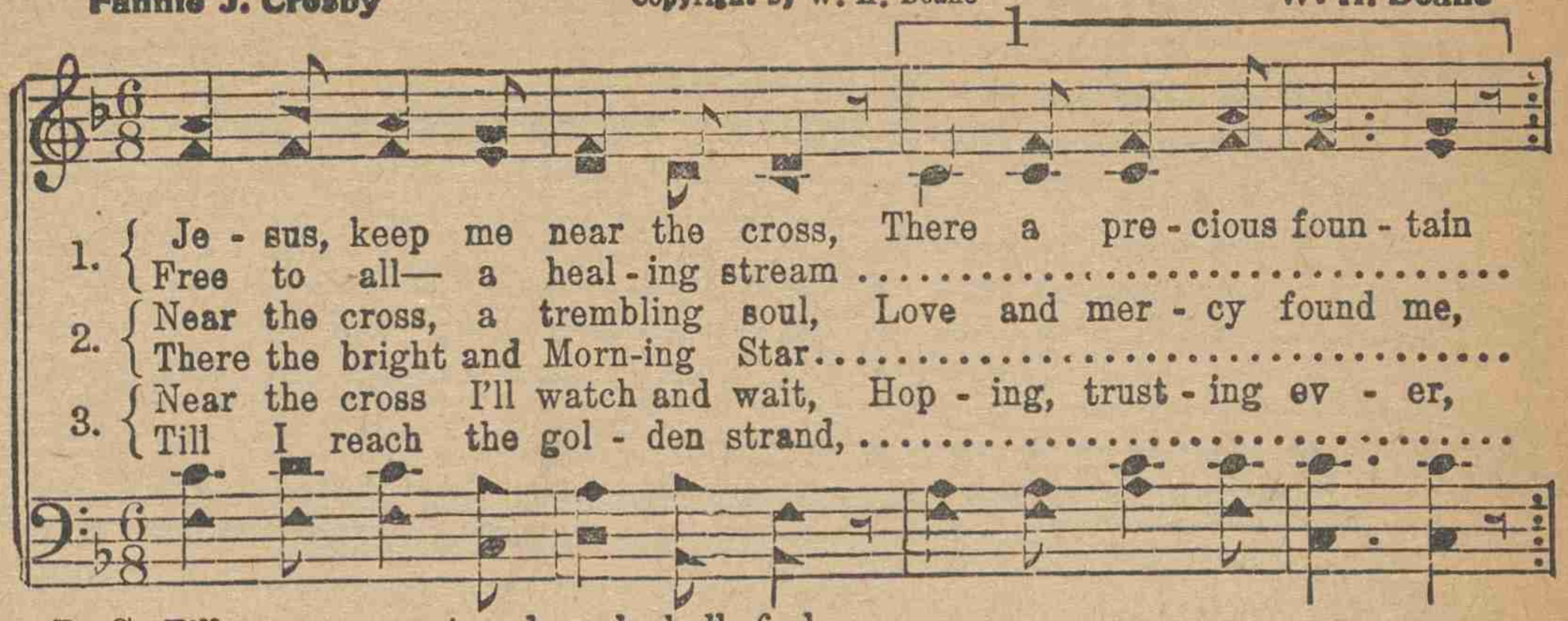
The precious blood of Je - sus cleans-es white as snow.
But now my guilt is washed a - way in Je - sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
To tell the world the peace that He a - lone can give.

And purchased my sal - va - tion on Cal-v'ry's tree.

No. 56

Near the Cross

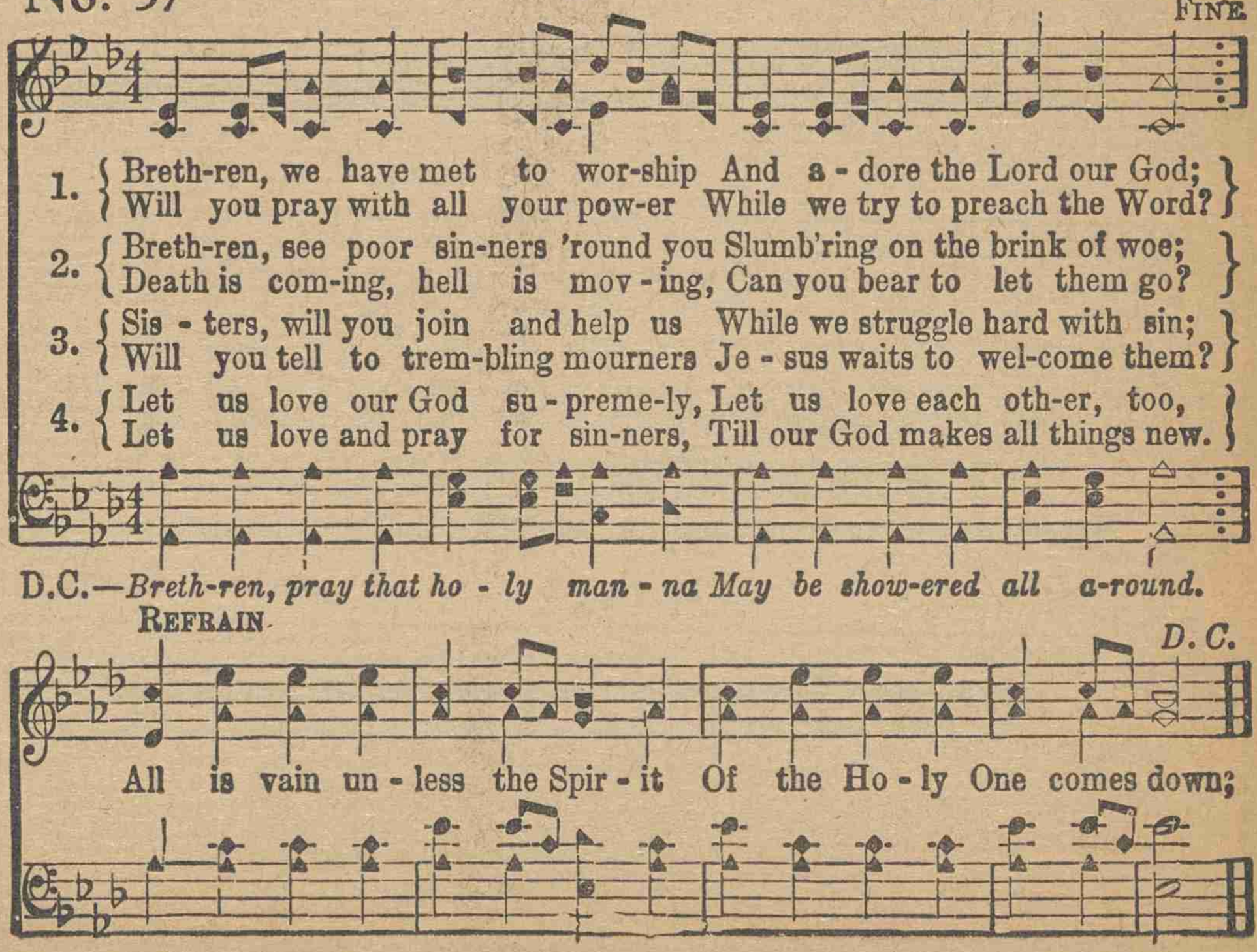
Fannie J. Crosby Copyright by W. H. Doane **W. H. Doane**



No. 57

Holy Manna

Arr. by R. H. Cornelius



No. 58 Tis So Sweet To Trust In Jesus.

Copyright, 1882, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. **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 - ior, 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 prov'd Him o'er and o'er;
Je - sus, Je - sus, Pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.

No. 59 HE KNOWS

With expression. By permission HOMER F. MORRIS.

1. He knows the bit - ter, wea - ry way, The end - less striv-ing, day by day,
2. He knows how hard the fight has beeen, The clouds that come our lives be-tween,
3. He knows when faint and worn and weak, How deep tha pain, how near the brink,
4. He knows! O tho't so full of bliss, For tho' on earth our joys we miss,

He Knows

No. 60 Sitting at the Feet of Jesus

Rev. K. C. Minter Minter and Davis, owners, 1929 **J. W. Davis**

D. S.—*Drive the shadows from my way.*

No. 61 Is Thy Heart Right With God

E. A. H. Used by per, of E. A. Hoffman, owner of copyright Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman

1. Have thy af - fec-tions been nail'd to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do - min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is thero no more con-dem - na - tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un-der Je - sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walk-ing in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?

Dost thou count all things for Je - sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O - ver all e - vil with-out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je - sus rule in the tem - ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does He each mo-ment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
Is thy soul wearing the gar-ment of white? Is thy heart right with God?

CHORUS

Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim-son flood, Cleansed and made ho - ly, hum - ble and low - ly, Right in the sight of God? (of God?)

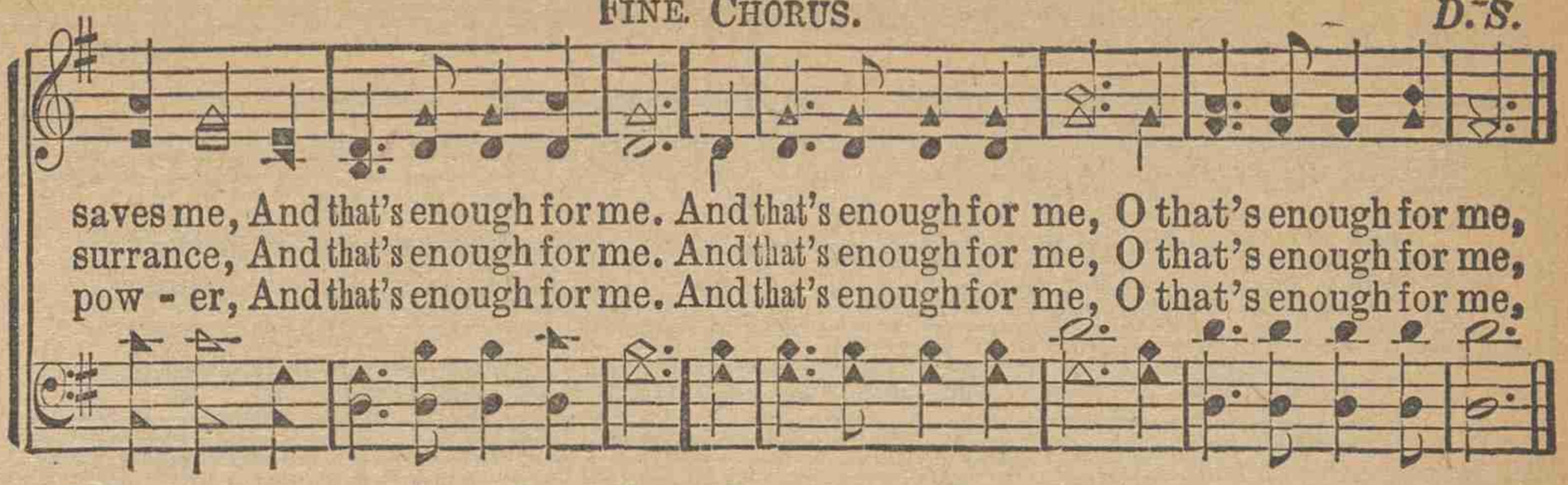
No. 62 ENOUGH FOR ME.

E. A. H. Used by permission. REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. O love sur-pass-ing knowledge! O grace so full and free! I know that Je - sus
2. O won-der - ful sal - va - tion! From sin He makes me free! I feel the sweet as -
3. O blood of Christ, so precious, Poured out on Cal - va - ry! I feel its cleansing

ENOUGH FOR ME

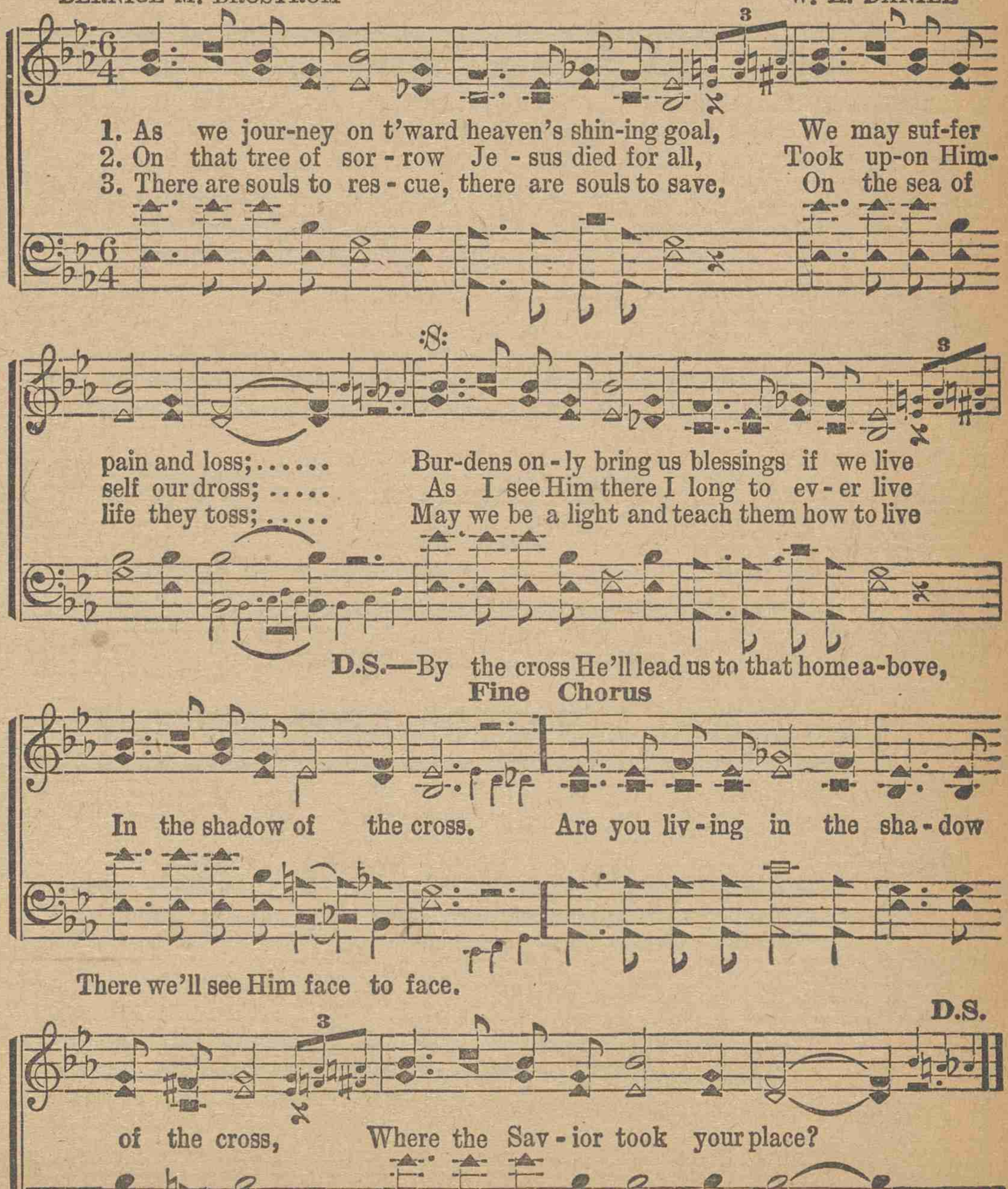
FINE. CHORUS. D.S.



No. 63 In the Shadow of the Cross

Copyright, 1938, by The Stamps-Baxter Music Co.

BERNICE M. BROSTROM W. H. DANIEL



No. 64

Who is That?

Copyright, 1922, by E. M. Bartlett

E. M. B. — E. M. Bartlett

1. Who is that call-ing for me to come, Come and be saved from sin?
2. Who is that fol-low-ing af - ter me, Troub'ling my sleep at night?
3. Who is that seeking my soul to save, Save from the bondage of sin?

Who is that knocking at my heart's door, Wanting to be let in?
Who is that ask-ing for my poor heart, Say-ing, "Come in - to the light?"
Who is that draw-ing by loves strong cord, Breaking my heart with-in?

Chorus

Who is that knocking, call-ing, seeking, Who is that troub'ling my soul? . . . . . my soul?

Sure - ly 'tis Je - sus, ask-ing, plead-ing, Want-ing to make me whole.

No. 65

Shake Hands With Mother Again

W. A. B. — Copyright, 1935, by E. M. Bartlett — W. A. Berry

1. If I should be living when Je-sus comes, And could know the day and the hour,
2. I'd like to say "Mother, this is your boy, You left when you went a - way;
3. There's coming a time when I can go home To meet my loved ones up there;
4. There'll be no more sorrow or pain to bear In that home be-yond the sky;

Shake Hands With Mother

I'd like to be standing at mother's tomb, When Je-sus comes in His pow'r.
And now my dear mother it gives me great joy To see you a-gain to-day,"
There I can see Je - sus up - on His throne, In that bright ci-ty so fair.
A glo - ri-ous tho't when we all get there, We nev - er will say "good-by."

REFRAIN

'Twill be a won-der-ful hap - py day, Up there on the gold - en strand;
When I can hear Je-sus my Sav - ior say, "Shake hands with mother a-gain."

No. 66 He Loves Me

ISSAC WATTS — UNKNOWN

1. A - las! and did my Sav-ior bleed, And did my Sov'reign die? Would He de-
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree? A-maz-ing
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in, When Christ, the
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe, Here, Lord, I

vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
pit - y grace un-known, And love be-yond de-gree! He loves me, He loves me,
might-y Sav-ior died For man, the creature's sin!
gave my-self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

D.S.—He loves me, this I know; He gave Him-

FINE CHORUS D. S.

self to die for me Be-cause He loves me so

No. 67 Wonderful Words of Life

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der - ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all, Won-der - ful words of Life;
3. Sweet-ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der - ful words of Life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der - ful words of Life;
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der - ful words of Life;
Of - fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der - ful words of Life;

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty.
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.

Chorus

Beau - ti - ful words, wonderful words, Won-der-ful words of Life; Life.

No. 68 His Yoke Is Easy

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

1. I've found my Lord and He is mine, He won me by His love;
2. No oth - er Lord but Christ I know, I walk with Him a - lone;
3. He's dear - er to my heart than life, He found me lost in sin;
4. I've tried the road to sin, and found Its pros-pects all de - ceive;

His Yoke Is Easy

:S: Fine

I'll serve Him all my years of time, And dwell with Him a - bove.
His streams of love for - ev - er flow, With-in my heart, His throne.
He calmed the sea of in - ward strife, And bade me come with Him.
I've proved the Lord and joys a-bound, More than I could be - lieve.

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

Chorus D.S.

His yoke is eas - y, His bur-den is light, I've found it so, I've found it so;

No. 69 Who at My Door is Standing

M. B. C. Slade A. B. Everett

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

:S: Fine

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

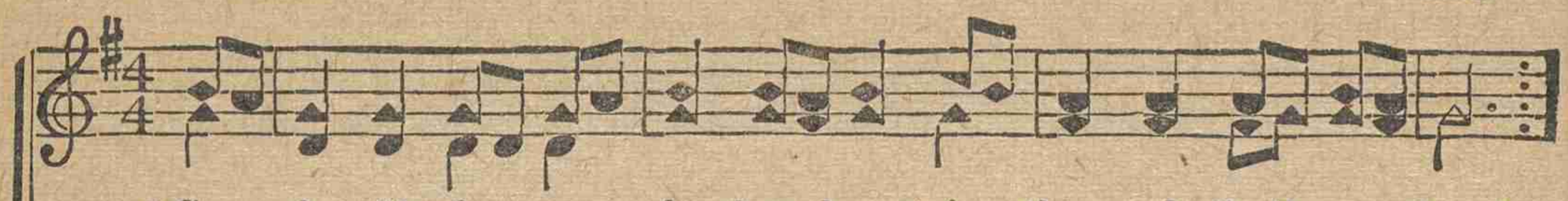
D.S.—If thou will heed my call - ing, I will a - bide with Thee.

Chorus D.S.

Sweet - ly the tones are fall - ing:— O - pen the door for me!

No. 70 Come, Humble Sinner

Mrs. E. Jones **Arr.**



1 { Come, humble sin - ner, in whose breast A thousand tho'ts re-volve;
Come with your guilt and fear op-pressed, And make this last re-solve. }

2 { I'll go to Je - sus, tho my sin Hath like a mountain rose;
I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may op -pose. }

3 { Pros-trate I'll lie be - fore His throne, And there my guilt con-fess;
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un - done, With-out His sov'reign grace. }

4 { I shall not per - ish if I go, I am re - solved to try;
For if I stay a - way, I know, I must for - ev - er die. }

Chorus

O you must be a lov - er of the Lord,.....
O you must be a lov - er of the Lord, (of the Lord,)

O you must be a lov - er of the Lord, (of the Lord,)
Or you can't go to heav-en when you (*Omit*.....) die.

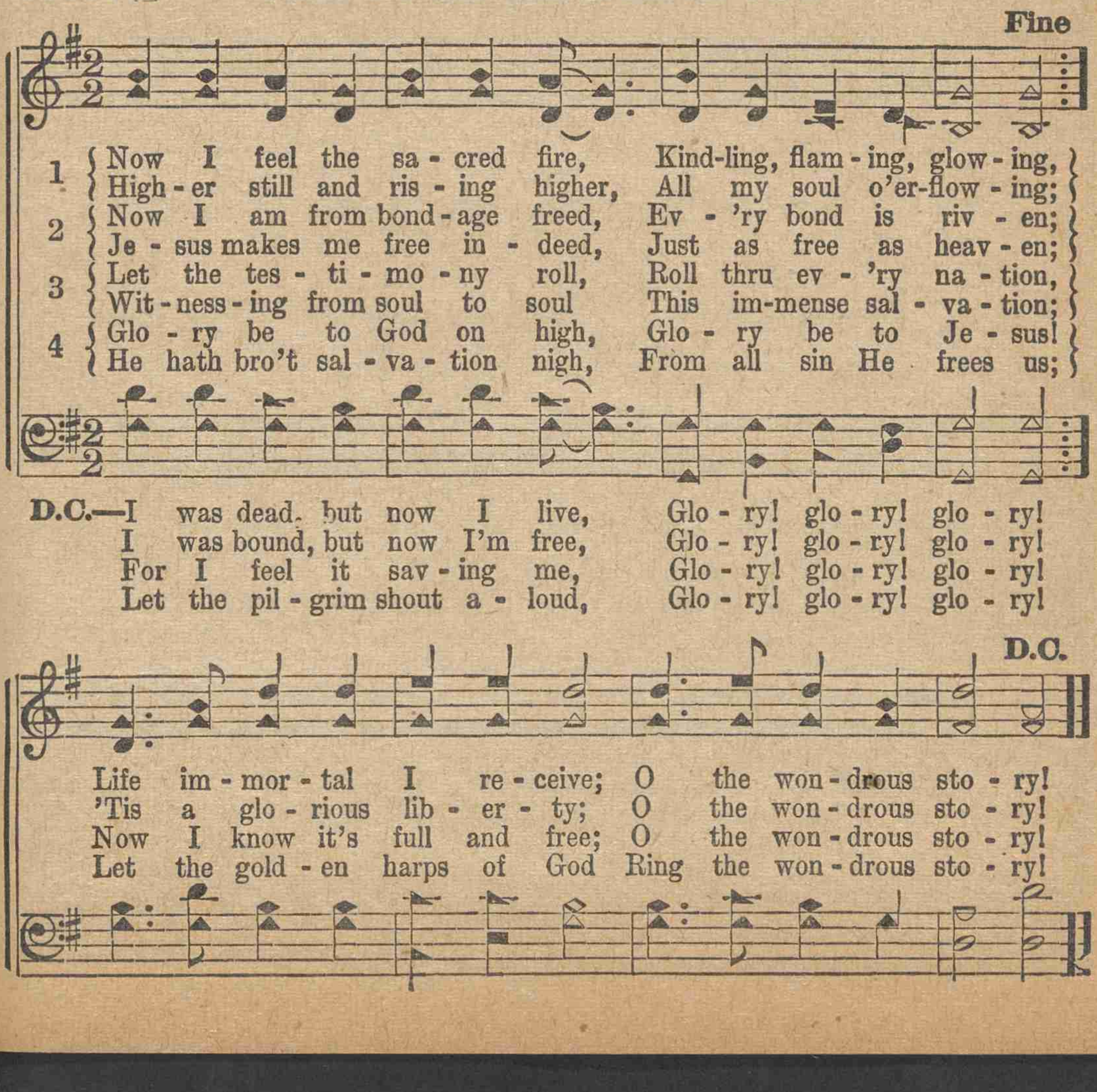
No. 71 O Save Me At the Cross

Fanny J. Crosby **Arr.**

1. Lov - ing Sav - ior, hear my cry, Hear my cry, hear my cry, Trembling,
2. I have sinned, but Thou hast died, Thou hast died, Thou hast died; In Thy
3. Tho I per - ish, I will pray, I will pray, I will pray; Thou of
4. Thou hast said Thy grace ls free, Grace is free, grace is free; Have com-
5. On - ly faith will par-don bring, Par-don bring, par-don bring; In that

O Save Me At the Cross

No. 72 Now I Feel the Sacred Fire



No. 73 The Unseen Hand

A. J. S. Owned by Author A. J. Sims

1. There is an un - seen hand to me, That leads thru ways I can-not see;
2. His hand has led thru shad-ows drear, And while it leads I have no fear;
3. I long to see my Sav-ior's face And sing the sto-ry "Saved by Grace"

While go - ing thru this world of woe, This hand still leads me as I go.
I know 'twill lead me to that home, Where sin nor sor-row e'er can come.
And there up - on that Gold-en Strand, I'll praise Him for His guid - ing hand.

Chorus

I'm trusting to the unseen hand, That guides me thru this weary land;
And some sweet day I'll reach that strand, Still guided by the (Omit) un-seen hand,

No. 74 Jesus Loves Even Me

P. P. B. "God is Love."—John 4: 8 P. P. Bliss

1 I am so glad that our Father in heav'n Tells of His love in the Book He has giv'n;
Won-der-ful things in the Bi-ble I see, This is the dearest, that Je-sus loves me.
2 Tho I for-get Him and wander a-way, Still He doth love me wher-ev-er I stray;
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee, When I remember that Jesus loves me.
3 O there is on - ly one song I can sing, When in His beau-ty I see the great King;
This shall my song in e - ter - ni-ty be, "O what a wonder that Jesus love me."

Chorus

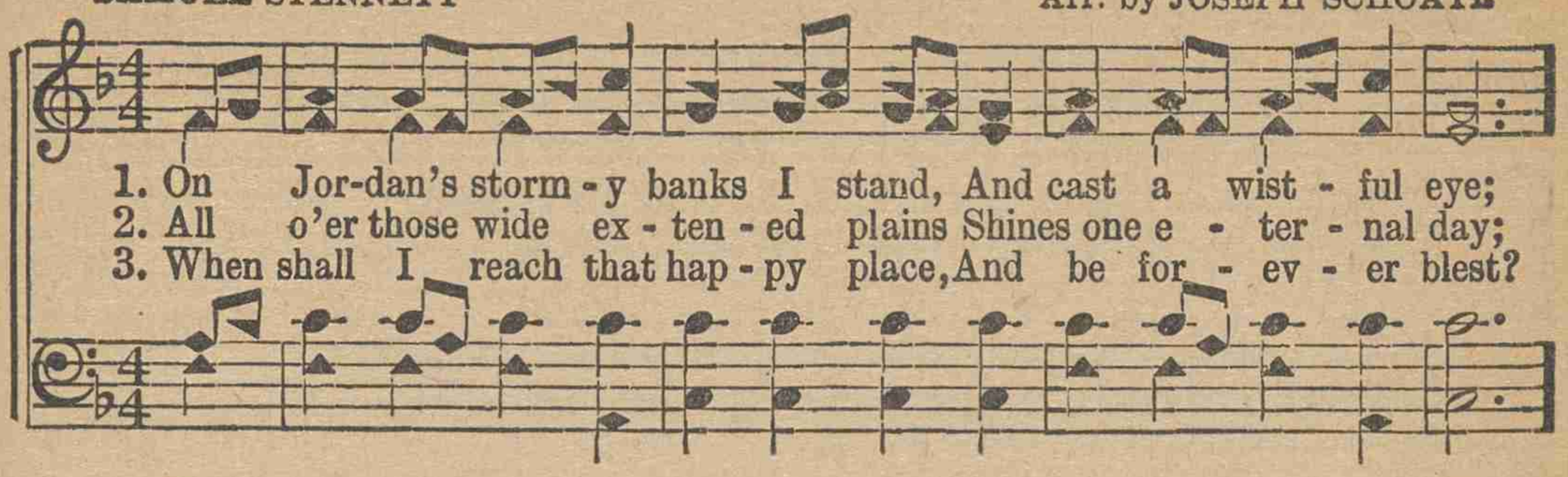
I am so glad that Jesus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, e-ven me.

No. 75

The Promised Land

SAMUEL STENNETT

Arr. by JOSEPH SCHOATE

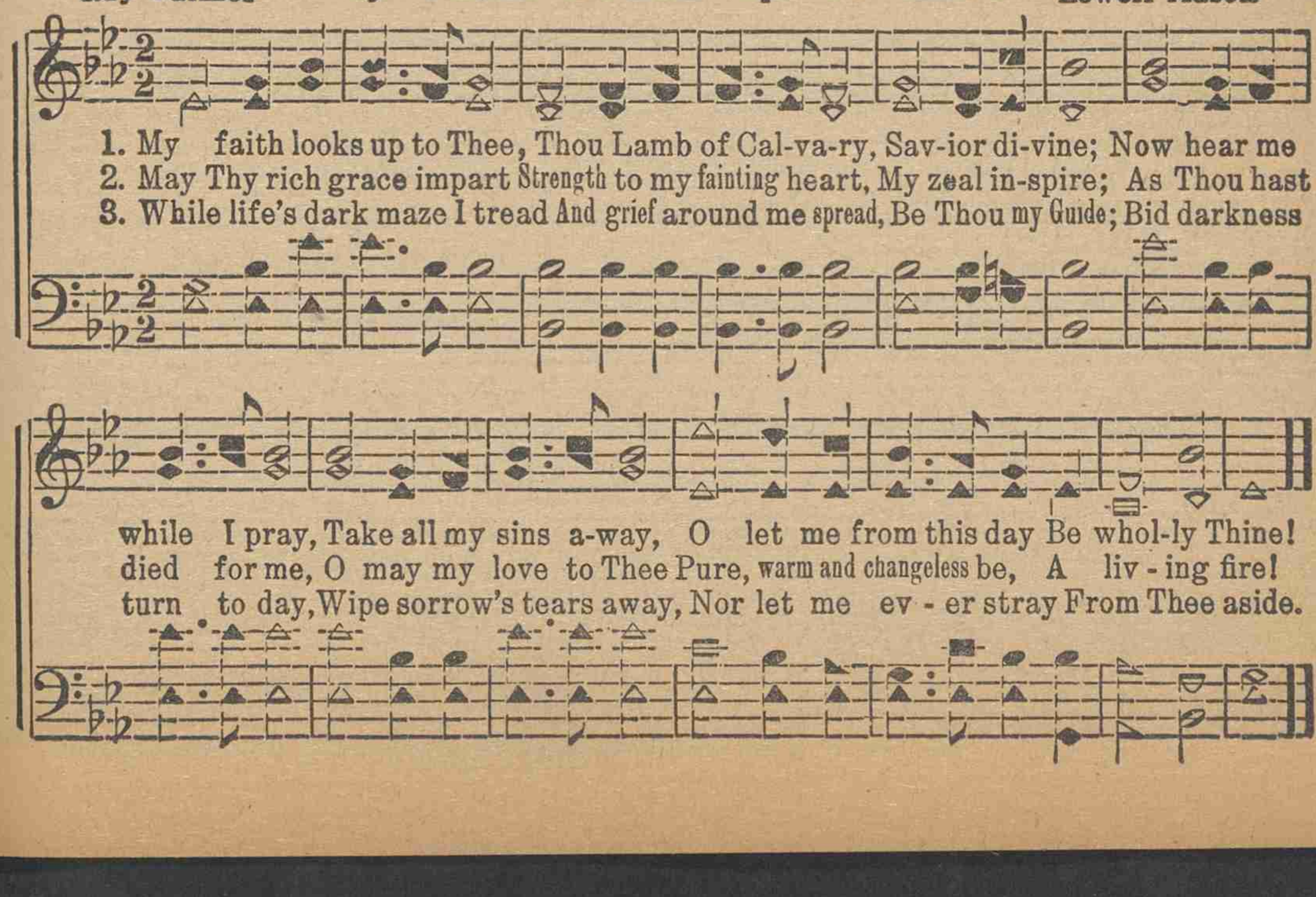


No. 76

My Faith Looks Up To Thee

Ray Palmer

Lowell Mason



No. 77

Pass Me Not.

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

No. 78

I Need Thee.

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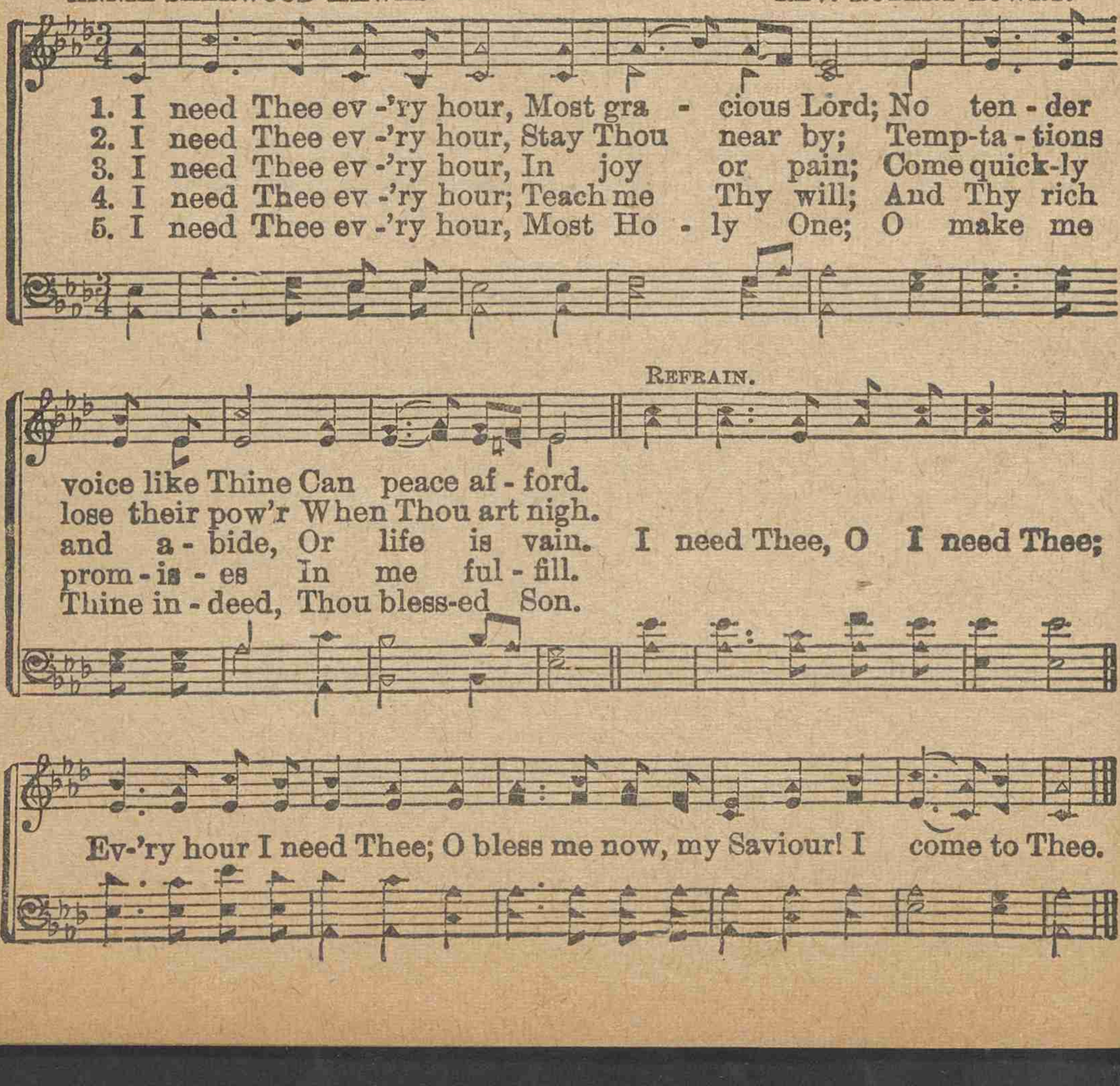
ANNIE SHERWOOD HAWKS. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.



No. 79 Shall We Gather at the River?

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 80 Shall We Meet?

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

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

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

FINE. CHORUS. D. C.

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

Where the surges cease to roll?

No. 81 Nothing But The Blood of Jesus.

R. L. M. 112 = ♩

Copyright, 1877, by Robt. Lowry.

R. Lowry.

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

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

CHORUS.

{ Oh, precious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
{ No oth-er fount I know, [*Omit . . . . .*] } Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

No. 82 Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly. M. 80 = ♩

Arr.

1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the 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,

ad lib. *D. C.*

I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take my cross and follow, 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 judg-ment, 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. 83 Softly and Tenderly.

HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.
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W. L. T. 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 tar - ry when Je - sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleet-ing, the mo-ments are pass-ing, Pass-ing from you and from me;
4. Think of the won - der - ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

At the heart's por-tal He's wait-ing and watch-ing, Watch-ing for you and for me.
Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mer - cies, Mer - cies for you and for me?
Shad-ows are gath-'ring, and death's night is com -ing, Com - ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer - cy and par - don, Par - don for you and for me.

CHORUS

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

Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call-ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

No. 84 While Jesus Whispers.

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

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

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

No. 85 Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT 1873 BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

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

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

FINE CHORUS.

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

D. S

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

No. 86 He Leadeth Me.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 87 On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No. 88 The Home Over There.

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

1. O think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of light, Where the saints, all im-
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod, Of the songs that they
3. My Sav-ior is now o-ver there, There my kindreds and friends are at rest, Then a-way from my
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see; Ma-ny dear to my

over there.

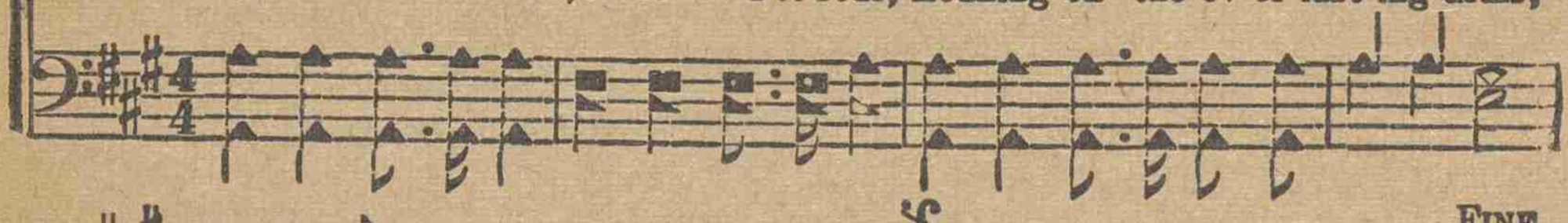
mor-tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white. O-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the
breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God. O think of the
sor-row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest. My Sav-ior is
heart, o-ver there, Are watching and waiting for me. over there Over there, over there, I'll soon be at

home over there, O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
friends over there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
now over there, My Sav-ior is now o-ver there.
home over there, over there. Over there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.

No. 89 Leaning On the Everlasting Arms

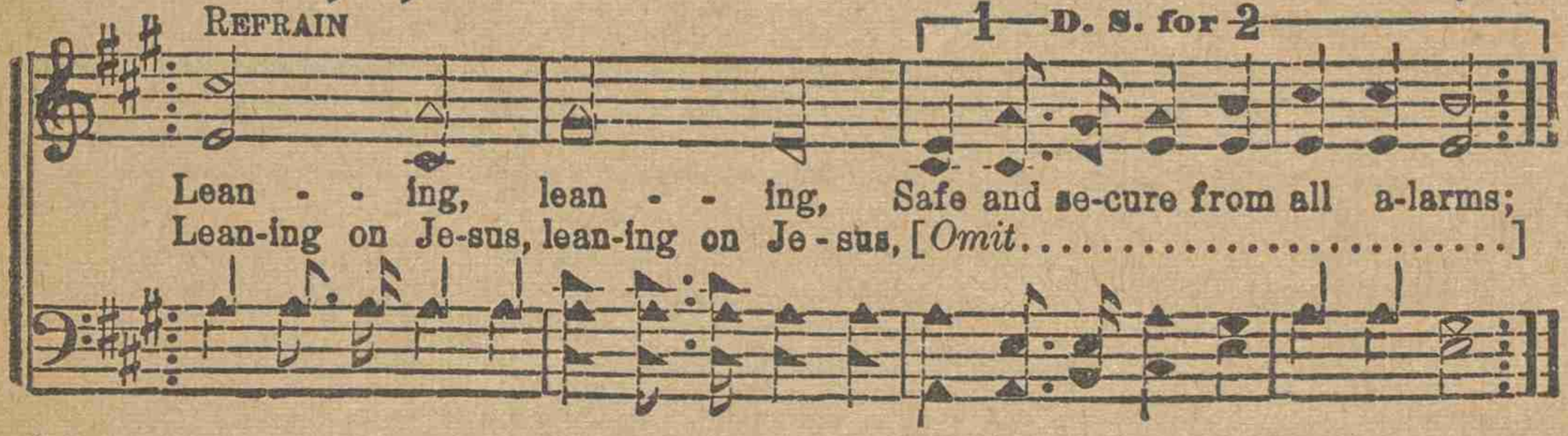
Rev. E. A. Hoffman Copyright owned by A. J. Showalter A. J. Showalter

1. What a fellowship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;



What a blessedness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the ev-er - last-ing arms.
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the ev-er - last-ing arms.
I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the ev-er - last-ing arms.

REFRAIN



Lean - - ing, lean - - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms;
Lean-ing on Je-sus, lean-ing on Je - sus, [*Omit*.....]

No. 90 I Shall Not Be Moved

1. Glo-ry hal-le - lu - jah, I shall not be moved; Anchored in Je- ho - vah,
2. In His love a- bid - ing, I shall not be moved; And in Him con-fid-ing,
3. Tho all hell as- sail me, I shall not be moved; Je-sus will not fail me,
4. Tho the tempest rag - es, I shall not be moved; On the Rock of A- ges,

D. C.—I shall not be, I shall not be moved, I shall not be,

I shall not be moved; Just like a tree that's planted by the waters, I shall not be moved.

I shall not be moved; Just like a tree that's planted by the waters, I shall not be moved.

No. 91 At the Cross

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY R. E. HUDSON
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Isaac Watts. R. E. Hudson.

1. { A - las! and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?
   { Would He de-vote that sa - - - - - cred head For such a worm as I?
2. { Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd upon the tree?
   { A - maz - ing pit - y! grace..... unknown! And love be-yond de - gree!
3. { Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glo-ries in,
   { When Christ, the mighty Mak - - - - - er, died, For man, the creature's, sin.
4. { But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe:
   { Here, Lord, I give my - self..... a - way,—'Tis all that I can do.

CHORUS

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the bur - den of my heart rolled a-

way, It was there by faith I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.
rolled a-way.

No. 92 Take Me As I Am.

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

1. Jesus my Lord, to Thee I cry: Unless Thou help me, I must die; Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood was for me spilt: And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But
3. No prep - a - ra-tion can I make, My best resolves I only break; Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full salvation I would prove; But since to Thee I can-not move, Oh,

D.S.—Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And

FINE CHORUS. D.S.

take me as I am. Take me as I am, Take me as I am; ...
Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;

take me as I am.

No. 93 Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny Crosby. W. H. Doane, by per.

1. Res - cue the per - ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit - y from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en, Tell them of Je - sus, the (*Omit.....*) mighty to save.

2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent child to re-ceive;
Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them gently, He will for-give if they (*Omit.....*) on - ly be - lieve.

3. Down in the human heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur- ied that grace can restore;
Touch'd by a loving heart, Wakened by kindness, Chords that were broken will (*Omit.....*) vi-brate once more.

4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it, Strength for thy la-bor the Lord will provide;
Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient-ly win them; Tell the poor wan-d'rer a (*Omit.....*) Sav-iour has died.

CHORUS

Res - cue the per - ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

No. 94 When We Get Home.

E. R. Latta W. O. Perkins.

1. When we get home to that beau - ti - ful land, With its beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold;
2. When we get home from our wan - der - ings here, To that clime where they wan-der no more;
3. When we get home, and our troub-les are o'er, And our jour - ney is end - ed be - low;

When we've passed o - ver the riv - er of death, And are safe in the heav - en - ly fold;
When with the lov'd ones who've passed in - to rest, We shall stand with our harps on the shore;
When we are free from each cum - ber - ing weight, And the sin that doth hin - der us so;

Wea - ri - some toil, trib - u - la - tion and care, That bur - den our spir - its to - day,
Like as a dream or a shad - ow shall pass, Shall pass un - re - turn - ing a - way.
Sor - row and strife and our prone-ness to err, The pain and the sick - ness we bear,
Like as a dream or a shad - ow shall pass, And ne'er shall they troub - le us there.
Tears that we shed in our sor - row - ful hours, The fears and the doubts that mo lest,
Like as a dream or a shad - ow shall pass, And reach not the home of the blest.

CHORUS.

When we.....get home, How sweet.. 'twill be! When we.....get home,....How sweet.. 'twill be!
When we get home, How sweet When we get home, How sweet

No. 95 Standing On the Promises.

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R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.

1. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges let His prais - es
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail; When the howl-ing storms of doubt and fear as-
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e - ter - nal - ly by love's strong
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es, I can not fall, List-'ning ev - 'ry mo-ment to the Spir - it's

ring; Glo - ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing, Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God.
sail, By the liv - ing word of God I shall pre - vail, Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God.
cord, O - ver - com-ing dai - ly with the Spir - it's sword, Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God.
call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all, Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God.

CHORUS.

Stand - - ing, stand - - ing, Standing on the prom-is-es of God my Sav-ior;
Standing on the prom-is-es, standing on the prom-is-es,

Stand - - ing, Stand - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God.
Standing on the prom-is-es, standing on the prom-is-es,

No. 96 Ring the Bells of Heaven.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
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Rev. Wm. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.

Joyfully. FINE.

1. { Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For a soul re-turn - ing from the wild;
   { See! the Fa-ther meets him out up-on the way, Wel-com-ing His wea - ry wand'ring child.
2. { Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For the wand'rer now is rec - on - ciled;
   { Yes, a soul is res - cued from his sin - ful way, And is born a - new a ransom'd child.
3. { Ring the bells of heav - en! spread the feast to-day, An-gels swell the glad tri-um-phant strain;
   { Tell the joy - ful ti - dings! bear it far a - way, For a pre-cious soul is born a - gain.

D.C.—'Tis the ransom'd arm - y, like a might - y sea, Peal - ing forth the an-them of the free.

CHORUS. D.C

Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the an - gels sing; Glo - ry! glo - ry how the loud harps ring;

No. 97 Triumphant Praises

Rev. W. C. Martin

A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1911.

A. J. Showalter

1. He reigns up-on a throne a-bove, And rules His might-y realm by love, And joy-ful-ly His peo-ple
2. O, hear the notes of loud ac-claim, Sweet praises to our Savior's name; Hark to the loud triumphant
3. He conquered sin, and on-ly He Has conquer'd death for you and me,—Let men and angels prostrate

REFRAIN.

sing Tri-umph-ant prais-es to the King. Tri-umph-ant prais-es shall a-rise Till
chords Which laud Him as the Lord of lords.
fall, And crown our Sav-ior Lord of all. Tri-umph-ant prais-es shall a-rise Till

mel-o-dy shall fill the skies; Tri-um-phant praises we will sing.....To Jesus, our triumphant King.
mel-o-dy shall fill the skies; Triumphant prais-es we will sing

No. 98 O Thou that Hearest Prayer

Burton. Arr.

A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER.

A. J Showalter

1. O Thou that hear-est prayer! At-tend our hum-ble cry; And let Thy ser-vants share Thy
2. If earth-ly par-ents hear Their children when they cry; If they with love sin-cere, Their
3. Our heav'nly Fa-ther Thou, We chil-dren of Thy grace, O let Thy pres-ence now De-
4. O send Thy Spir-it down On all the na-tions, Lord, With great suc-cess to crown The

REFRAIN

blessing from on high.
children's wants supply. We plead Thy prom-ise now, O Lord, The promise of Thy
scend and fill the place. We plead Thy promise now, O Lord, Thy promise, Lord;
teaching of Thy word.

word; De-scend up-on us from a-bove, And fill us with Thy love.
De-scend up-on us from Thy heav'nly courts above,

No. 99 Standing By the Cross.

Allen-Shirley.
Ref. by A. J. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY A. J. SHOWALTER.

A. J. Showalter.

1. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in blessing, Which be-fore the cross I spend, Life, and health and peace possessing,
2. Here I'll rest for - ev-er view-ing, Mer-cy poured in streams of blood; Precious drops my soul be-dew-ing,
3. Tru - ly bless-ed is this station, Low be-fore the cross to lie, While I see di-vine com-pas-sion,
4. Here I feel my sins for-giv - en, While up-on the Lamb I gaze, And my tho'ts are all of heav-en,
5. Still in cease-less con-tem-pla-tion, Fix my heart and eyes on Thee, Till I taste Thy full sal-va-tion,

REFRAIN.

From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend.
Plead and claim my peace with God.
Beam-ing in His gra-cious eye. Stand-ing by the cross, stand-ing by the cross, Standing by the cross o'
And my lips o'er-flow with praise.
And, unvailed, Thy glo-ries see

Cal - va - ry; Look-ing up to Christ, trust - ing in His love, Hop - ing in His mer - cy full and free.

No. 100 Only for Thee, My Lord,

A. J. S.

COPYRIGHT 1893, BY A. J. SHOWALTER.

A. J. Showalter.

1. Bless-ed Re-deem-er, I'd live for Thee, On - ly for Thee, my Lord; Us - ing the tal-ents Thou
2. All of the hopes of my youth - ful days, On - ly for Thee, my Lord; Singing with gladness in
3. Whether in smiles or in bit - ter tears On - ly for Thee, my Lord; Whether in youth or in
4. All the de - sires of my heart shall be, On - ly for Thee, my Lord; Us-ing what-ev - er Thou

D.S.—*Liv-ing while here in this*

FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.

gav - est me, On - ly for Thee, my Lord.
joy - ful lays, On - ly for Thee, my Lord. On-ly for Thee, my Lord. On - ly for Thee, my Lord;
rip - er years, On - ly for Thee, my Lord.
giv - est me, On - ly for Thee, my Lord.

pil-grim-age, On - ly for Thee, my Lord.

No. 101 "Almost Persuaded."

P. P. B.

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P. P. Bliss.

M. 152 = ♪

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

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say: "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way! Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail, "Al - most" is

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

No. 102 I'll Live For Him.

R. E. Hudson.

Used by permission.

C. R. Dunbar.

M. 166 = ♩

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

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

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

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

No. 103 Onward Christian Soldiers

Sabine Gould — Arthur Sullivan

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry!
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;

Christ the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic-es, Loud your anthems raise.
We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.

REFRAIN.

Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

No. 104 There's A Great Day Coming

W. L. T. — Will L. Thompson

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a great day com-ing by and by;
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright day com-ing by and by;
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 right and left.
But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-part, I know ye not,"

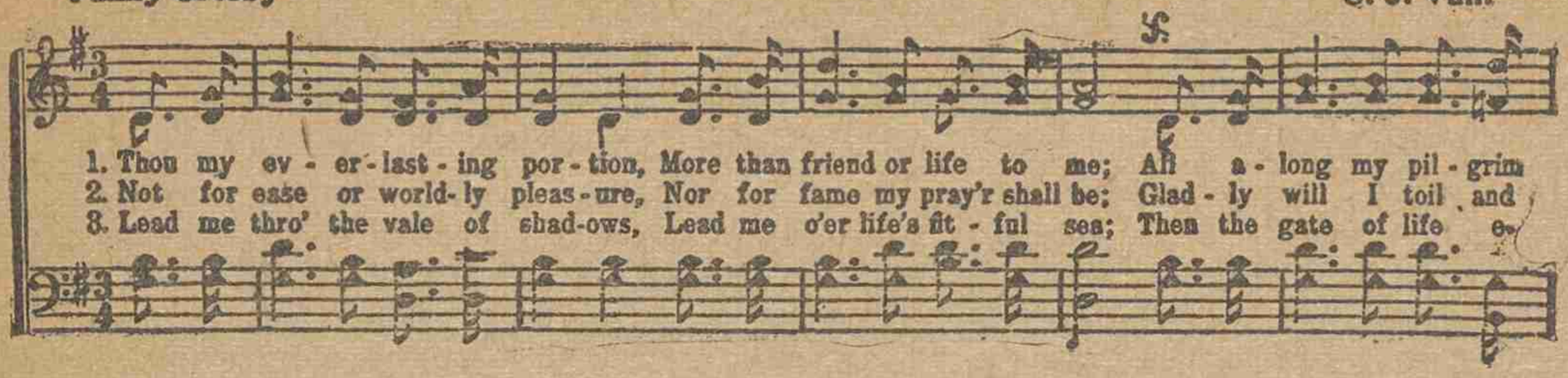
CHORUS *m* *pp*

Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read - y for the judgment day? For the judgment day?

No. 105

Close to Thee.

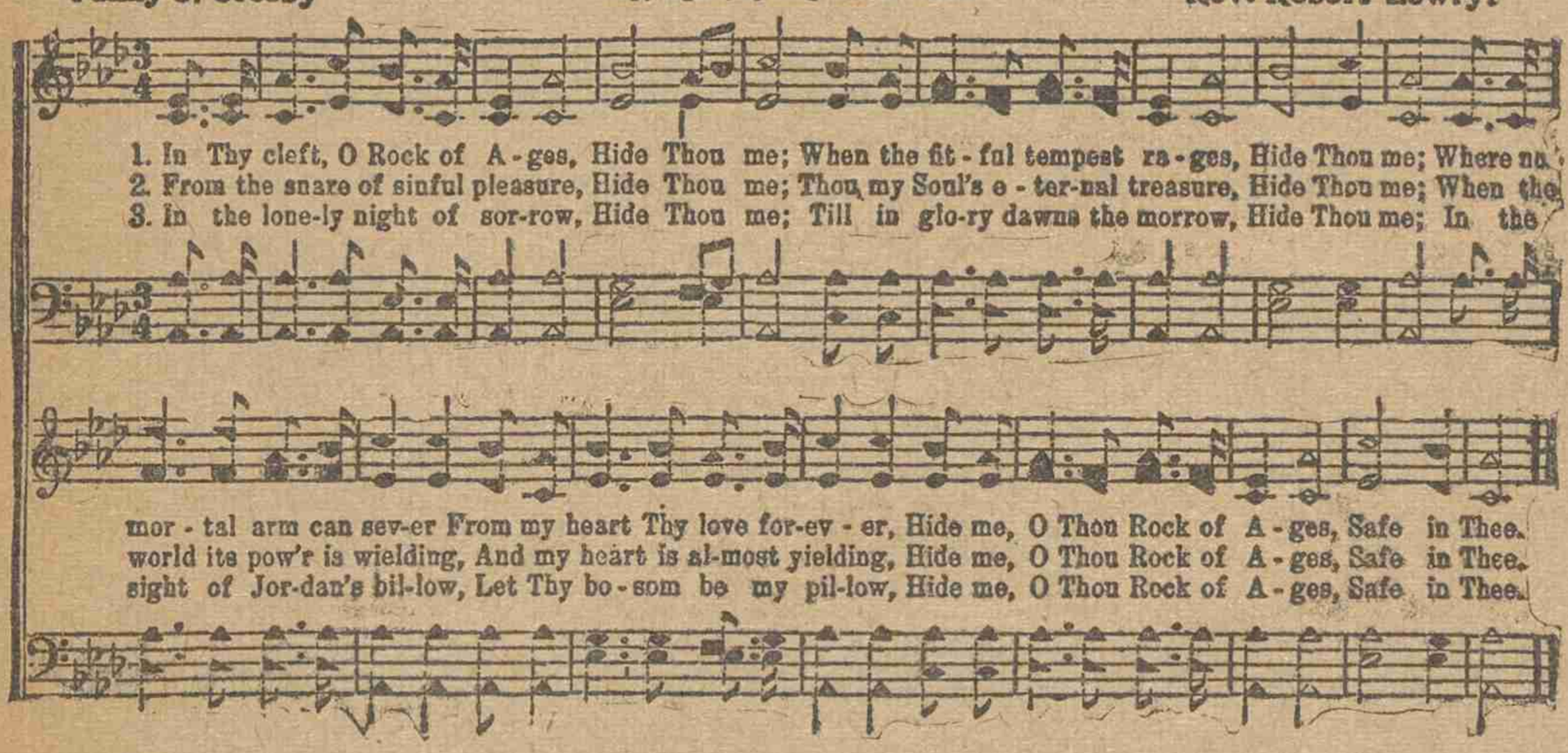
Fanny Crosby. S. J. Vail.



No. 106

Hide Thou Me.

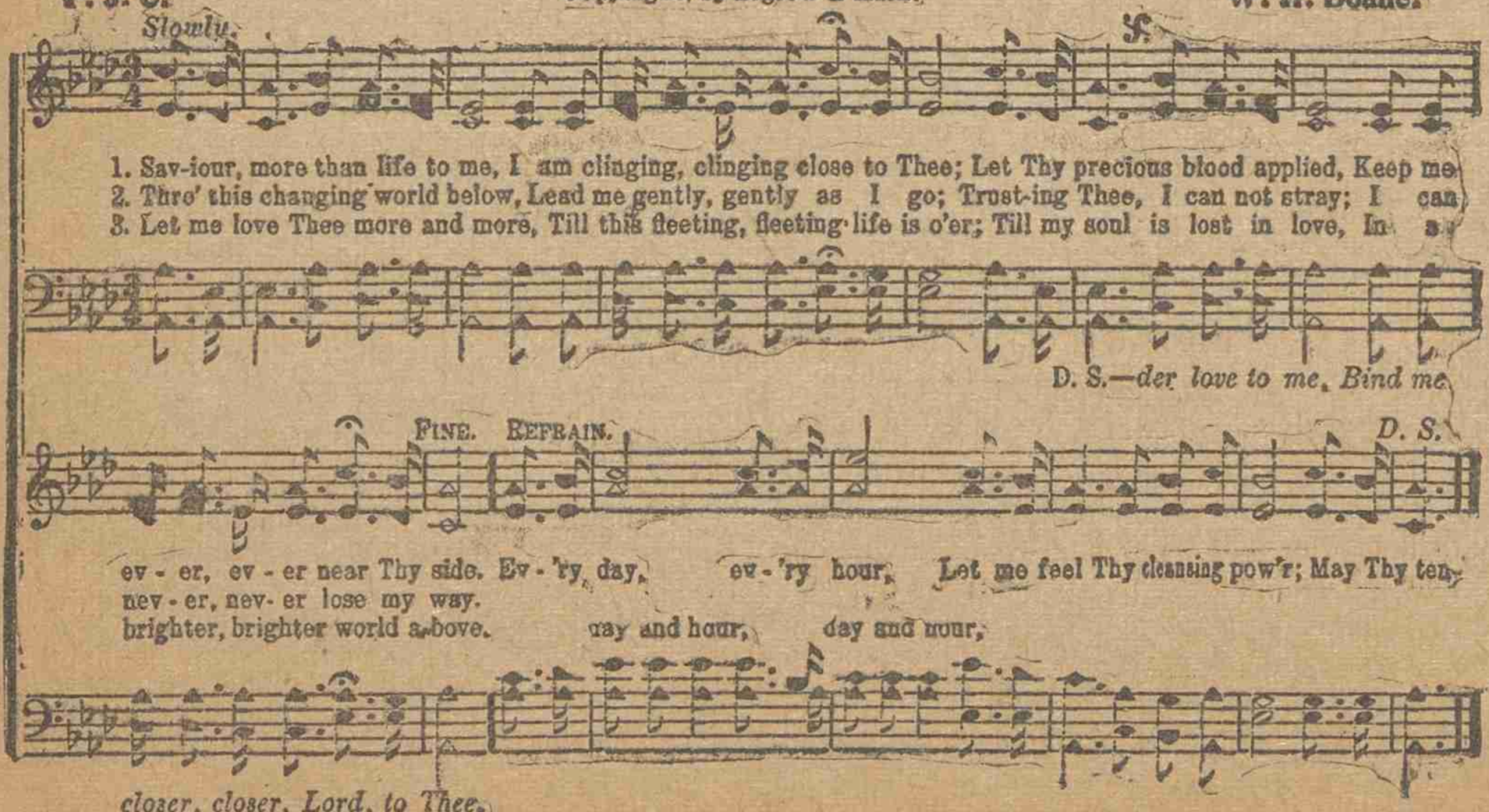
Fanny J. Crosby. Copyright, by Biglow & Main. Rev. Robert Lowry.



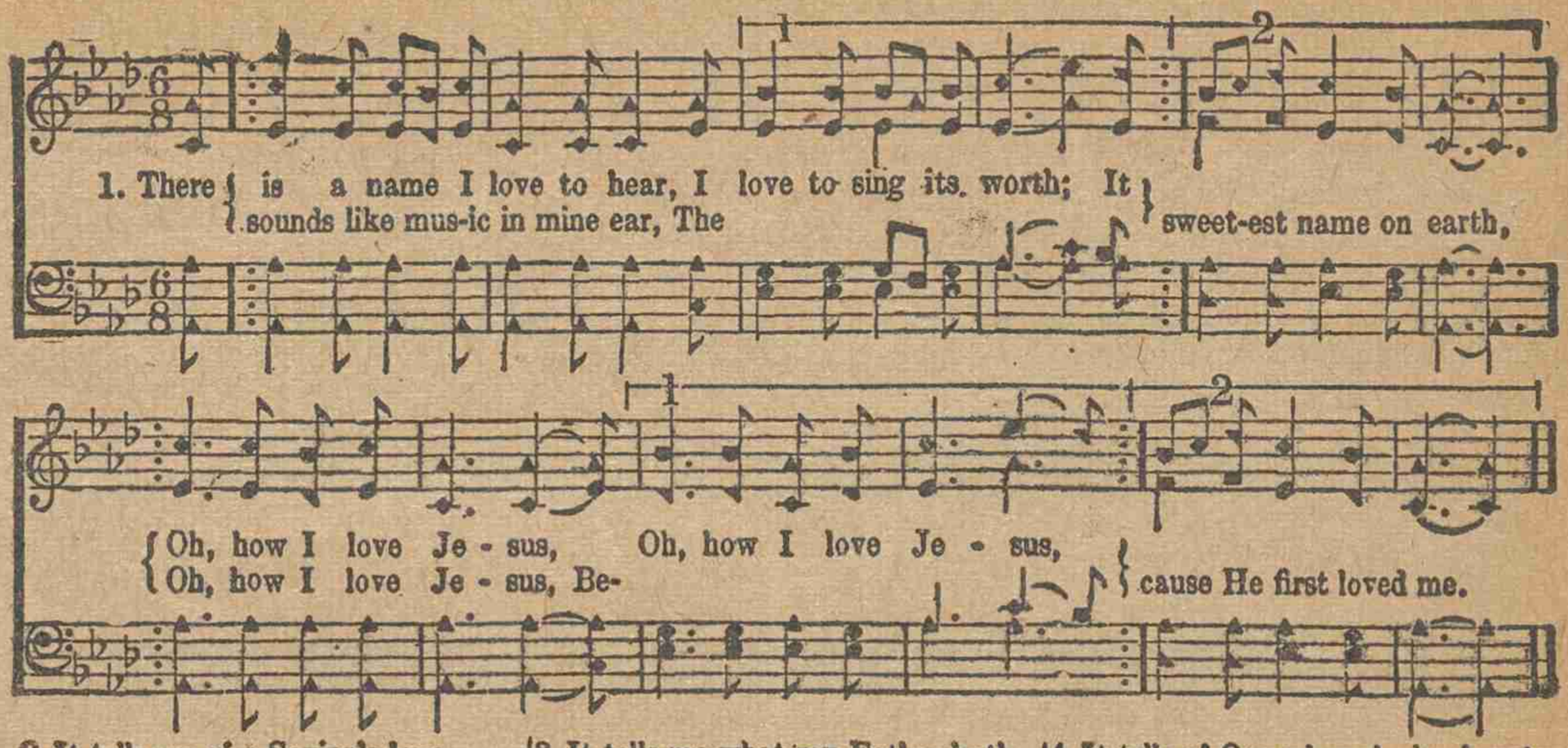
No. 107

Every Day and Hour.

F. J. C. Copyright, by Biglow & Main. W. H. Doane.



No. 108 Oh, How I Love Jesus.



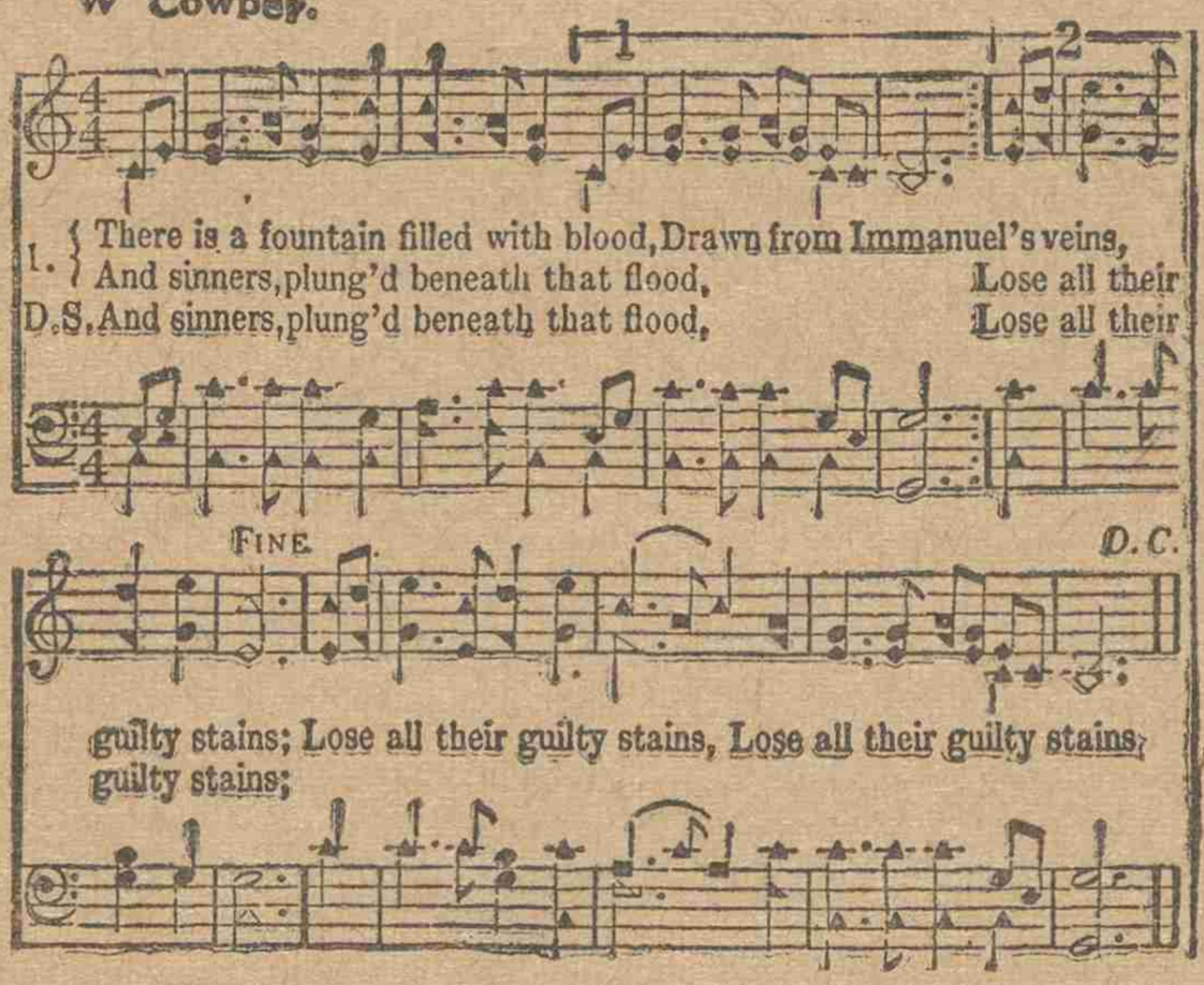
2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood;
The sinner's perfect plea.

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

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

No. 109 There is a Fountain.

W Cowper. Lowell Mason.



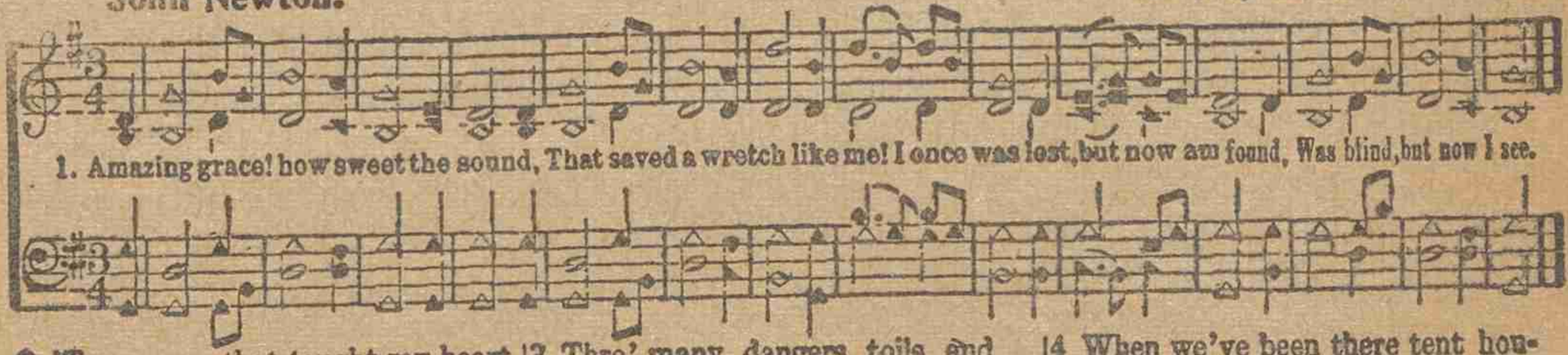
2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more

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

No. 110 Amazing Grace.

John Newton. Arr. by E. O. Excell.



2 'Twas grace that taught my heart
And grace my fears relieved; [to fear
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come; [far,
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus
And grace will lead me home. [praise

4 When we've been there tent hou-
Bright shining as the sun, [sand years-
We've no less days to sing God's
Than when we first begun.

No. 111 Come, Thou Fount

Geo. Robinson — John Wyth

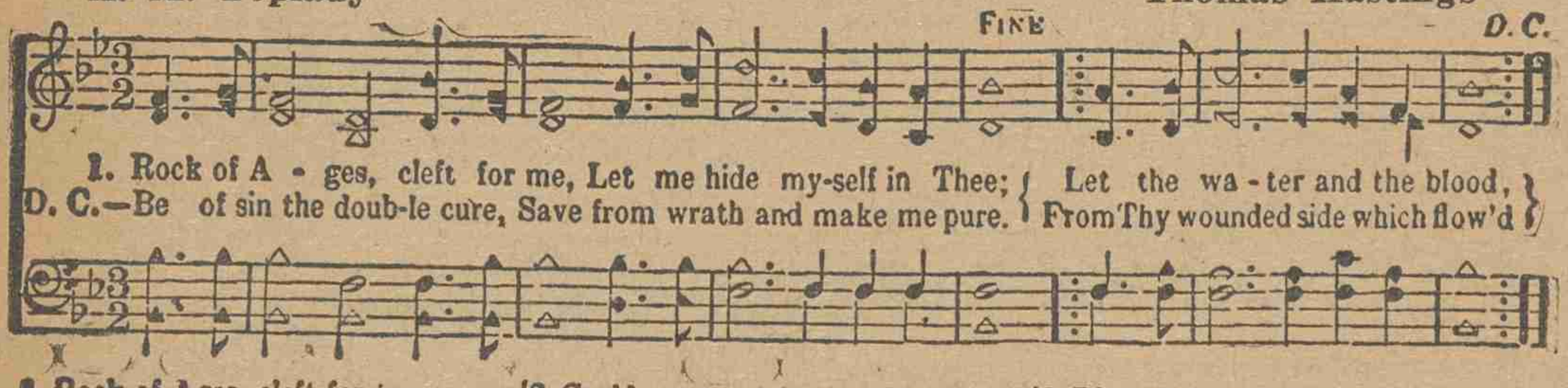
1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

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

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

No. 112 Rock of Ages

A. M. Toplady — Thomas Hastings



1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 113 How Firm a Foundation

George Keith — Anne Steele

5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

No. 114 All Hail the Power

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball, To Him all maj-es - ty as - cribe,
4. O that with yon-der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song,

And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; We'll join the ev - er-last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!

No. 115 Sweet Hour of Prayer

W. W. Wafford — Wm. B. Bradbury

1. { Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care, And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known! { In sea-sons hour of prayer.
{ My soul has

D.C.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.

of dis-tress and grief / oft - en found re- } lief,

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

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

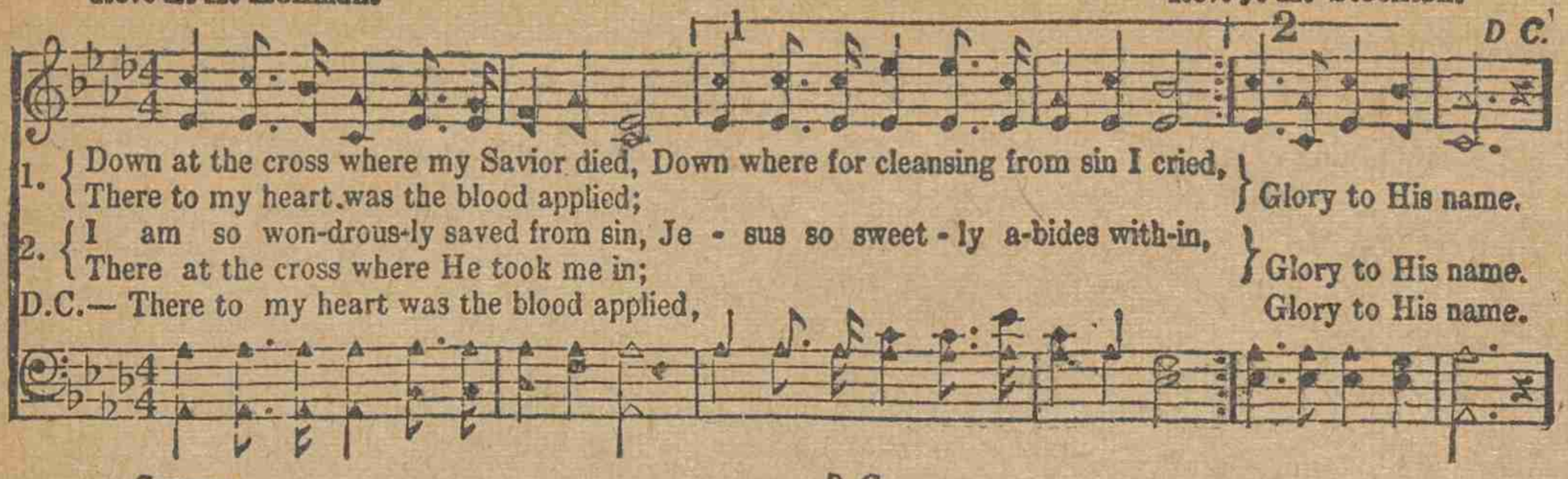
No. 116 What Wondrous Love

1. What wondrous love is this, O my soul! O my soul! What wondrous love is this, O my soul! What wondrous love is this
2. When I was sinking down, Sinking down, sinking down, When I was sinking down, Sinking down, When I was sinking down.
3. Ye wing-ed ser-aphs fly, Bear the news, bear the news, Ye wing-ed ser-aphs fly, Bear the news, Ye wing-ed ser-aphs fly
4. To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing, To God and to the Lamb I will sing, To God and to the Lamb;

That caused the Lord of bliss, To bear the dreadful curse For my soul, for my soul, To bear the dreadful curse for my soul
Beneath God's righteous frown, Christ laid aside His crown, For my soul, for my soul, Christ laid a-side His crown for my soul.
Like light'ning thro' the sky; Fill vast e - ter-ni - ty With the news, with the news, Fill vast e - ter-ni - ty with the news.
And to the Great I Am While millions join the psalm, I will sing, I will sing, While millions join the psalm I will sing.

No. 117 Glory to His Name.

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



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

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

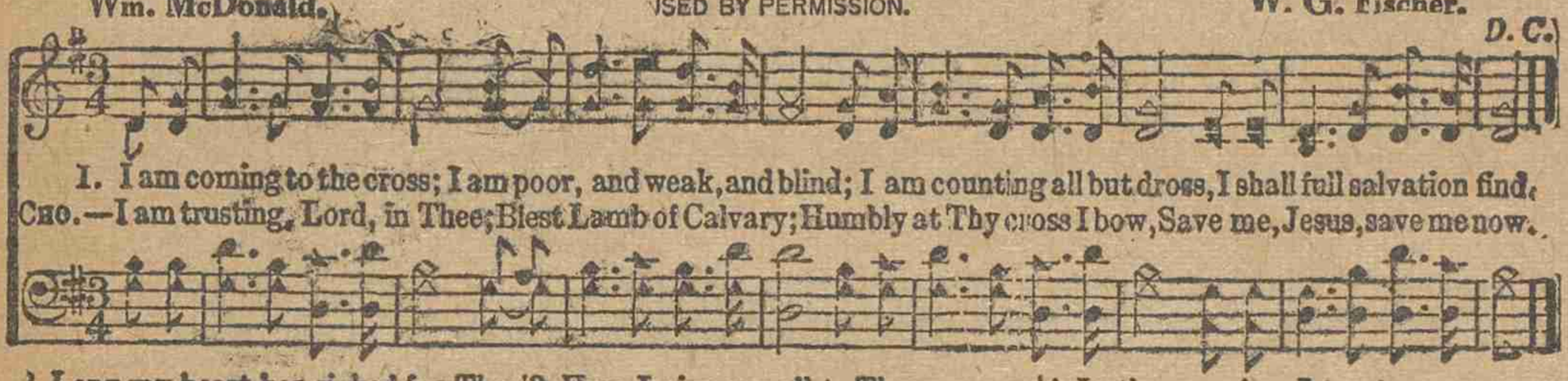
Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;

3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in,
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

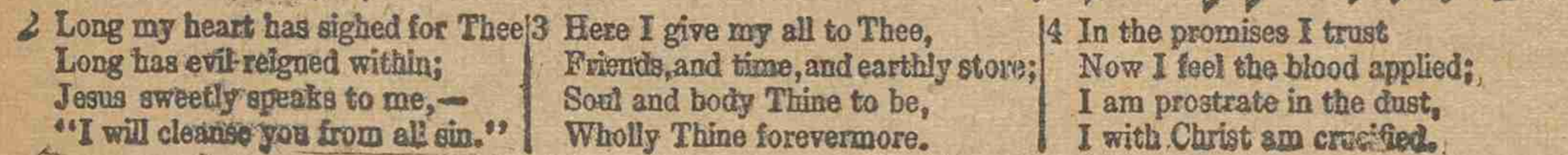
4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

No. 118 I Am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald. USED BY PERMISSION. W. G. Fischer.



1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross, I shall full salvation find.
Cho.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee; Blest Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Jesus, save me now.



2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

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

No. 119 How Tedious and Tasteless.

John Newton. Lewis Edson.

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours When Je-sus no long-er I see! Sweet prospects sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs.

Have all lost their sweetness to me; The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay:
De - cem - ber's as pleasant as May.

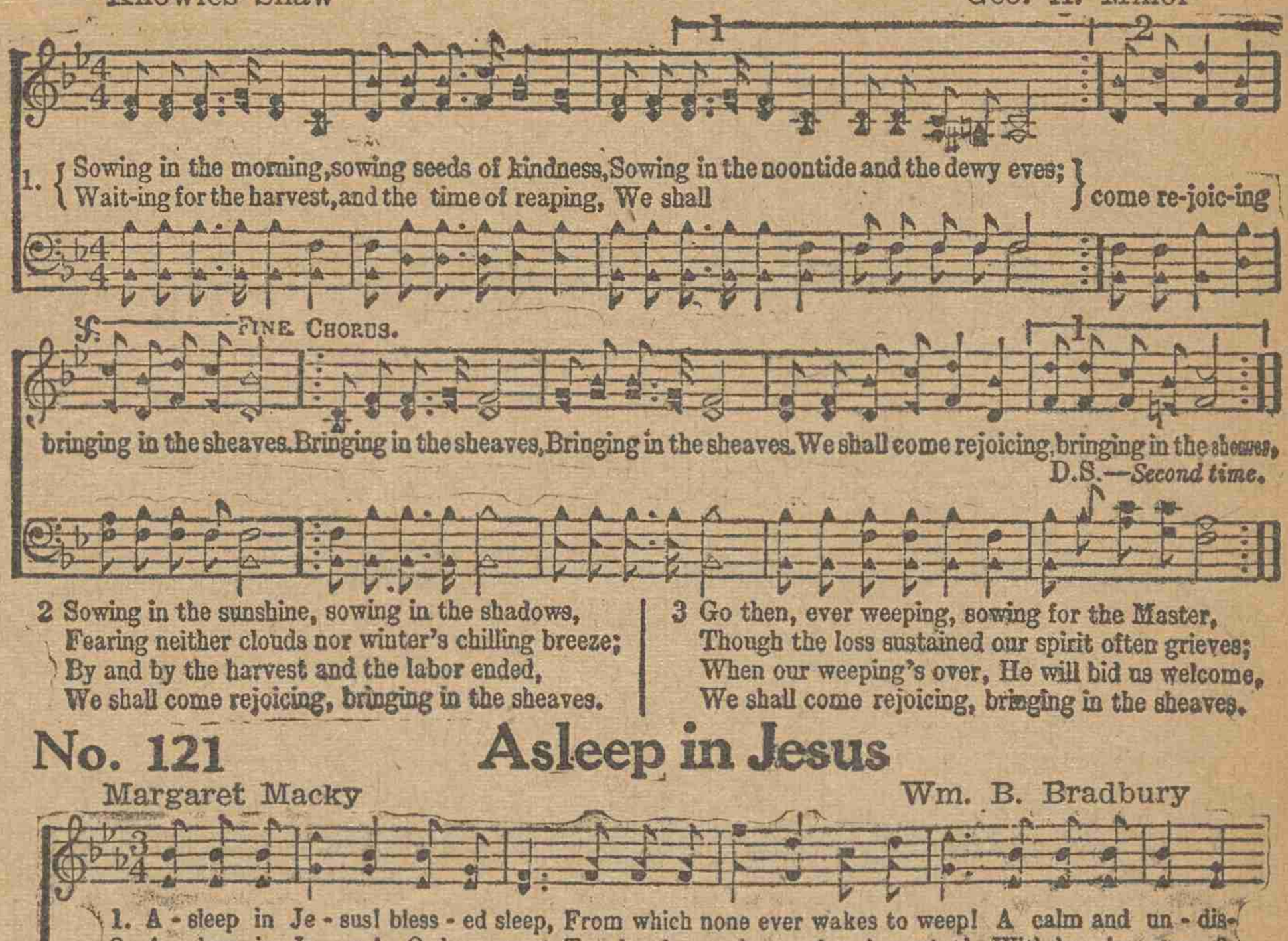
2 His name yields the richest perfume
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.

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

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

No. 120 Bringing in the Sheaves

Knowles Shaw — Geo. A. Minor

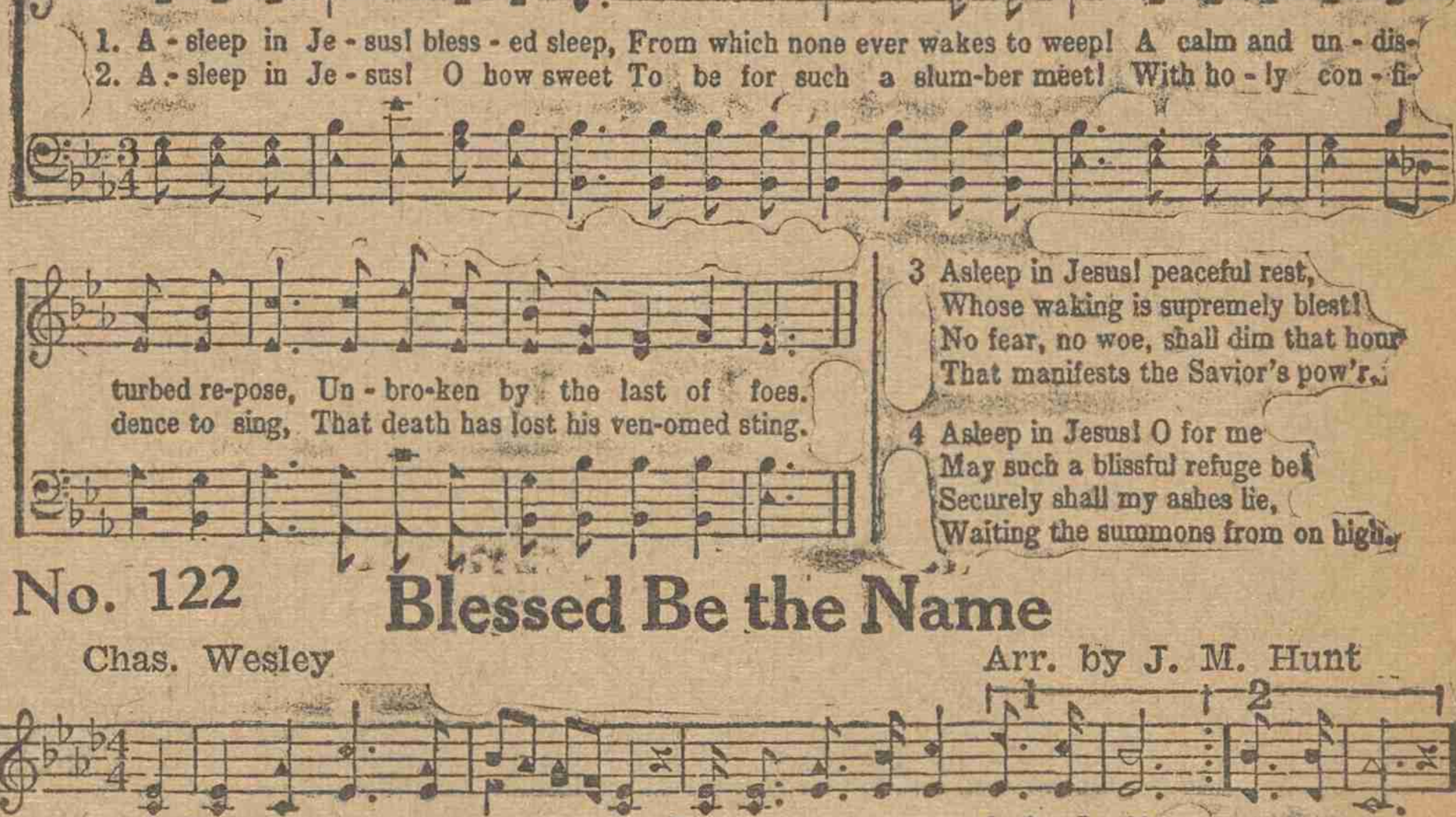


2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

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.

No. 121 Asleep in Jesus

Margaret Macky — Wm. B. Bradbury

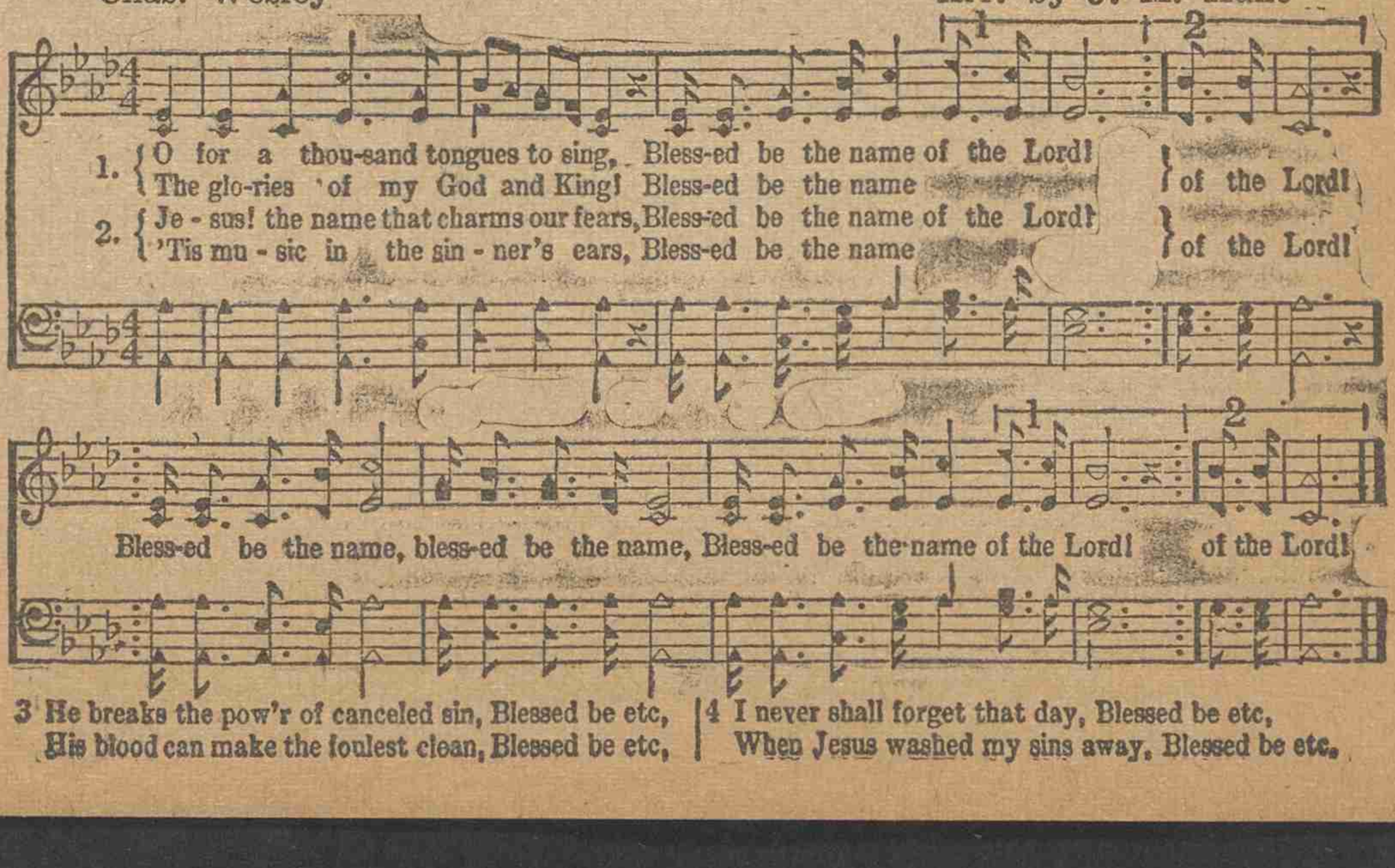


3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's pow'r.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

No. 122 Blessed Be the Name

Chas. Wesley — Arr. by J. M. Hunt



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

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

No. 123 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

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,
2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re-lease, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,

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

D.C.

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

No. 124 Holy Ghost, With Love Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light divine, Shine up-on this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.

2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine,
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

No. 125 Holy, Holy, Holy.

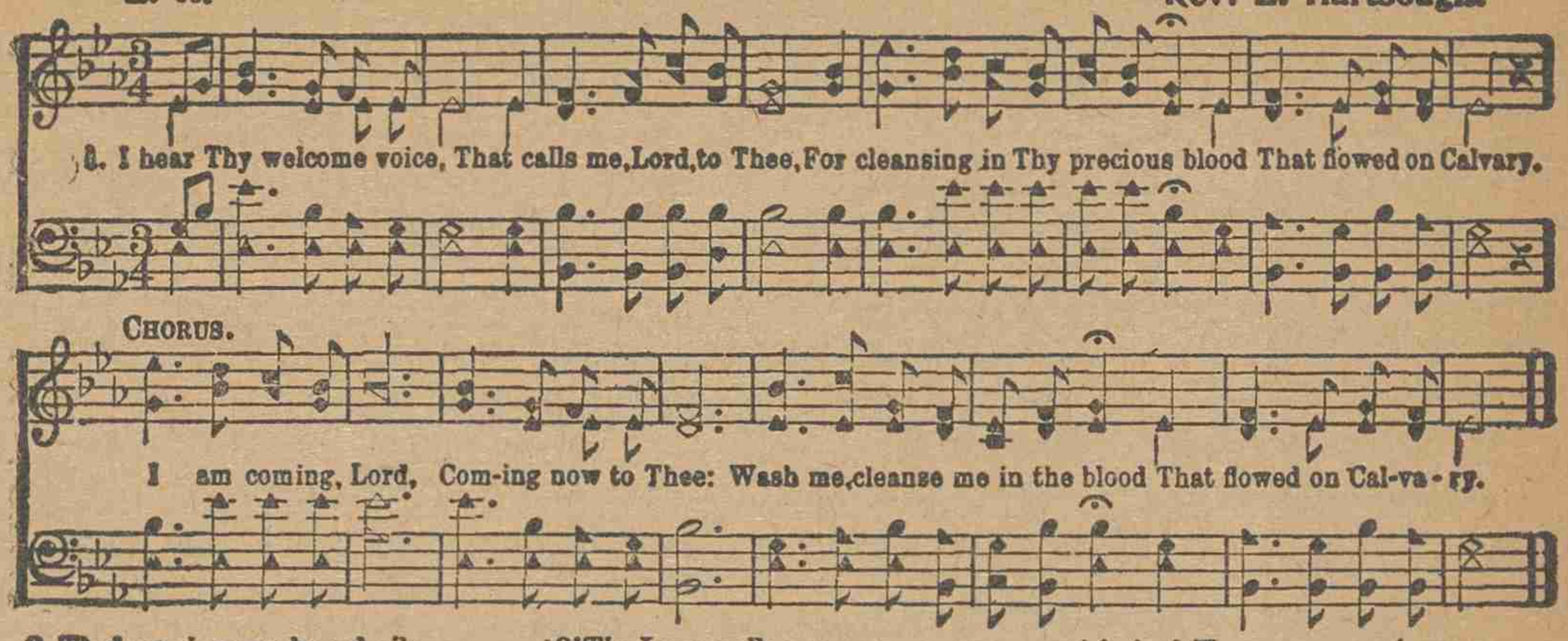
Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee;
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glory may not see;
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Cher-u-bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee, Per-fect in pow-er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty.

No. 126 I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.



2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heav'n above.

4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do. –

No. 127 Just As I Am.

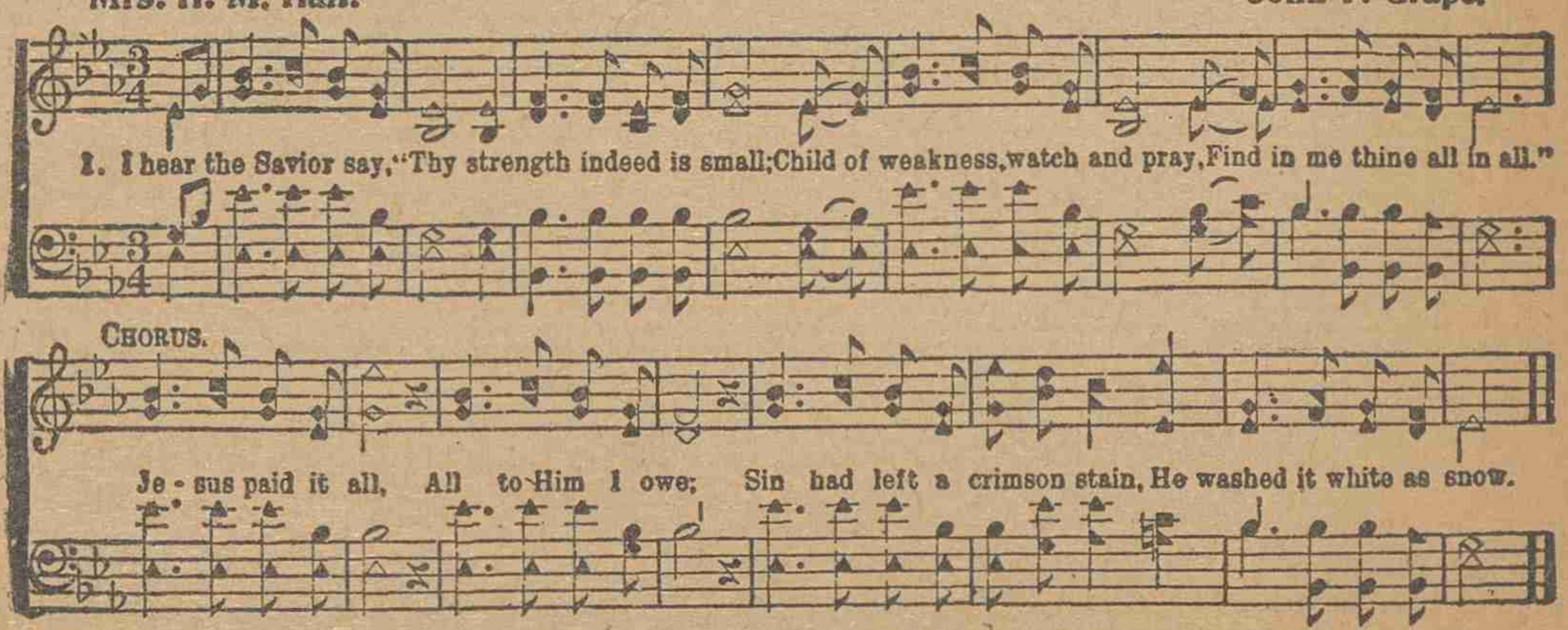
Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

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

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 128 Jesus Paid It All.

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



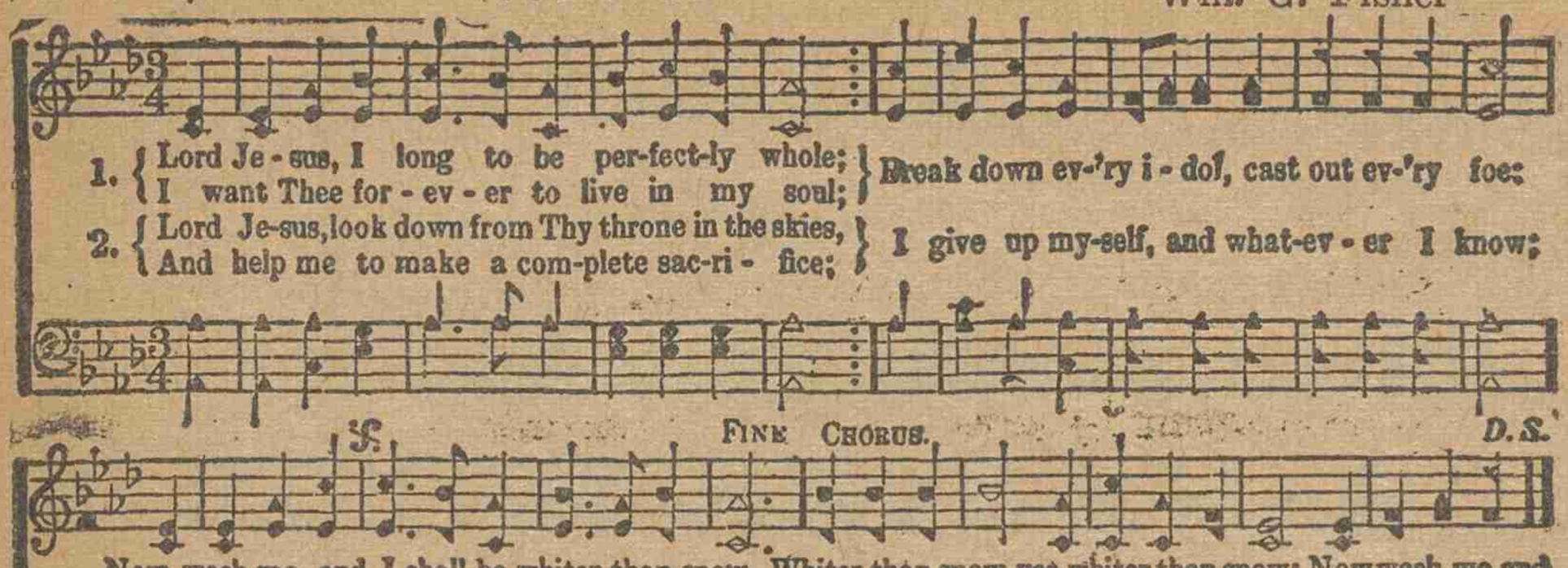
2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

No. 129 Whiter Than Snow

Wm. G. Fisher



3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 130 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me

J. E. Gould

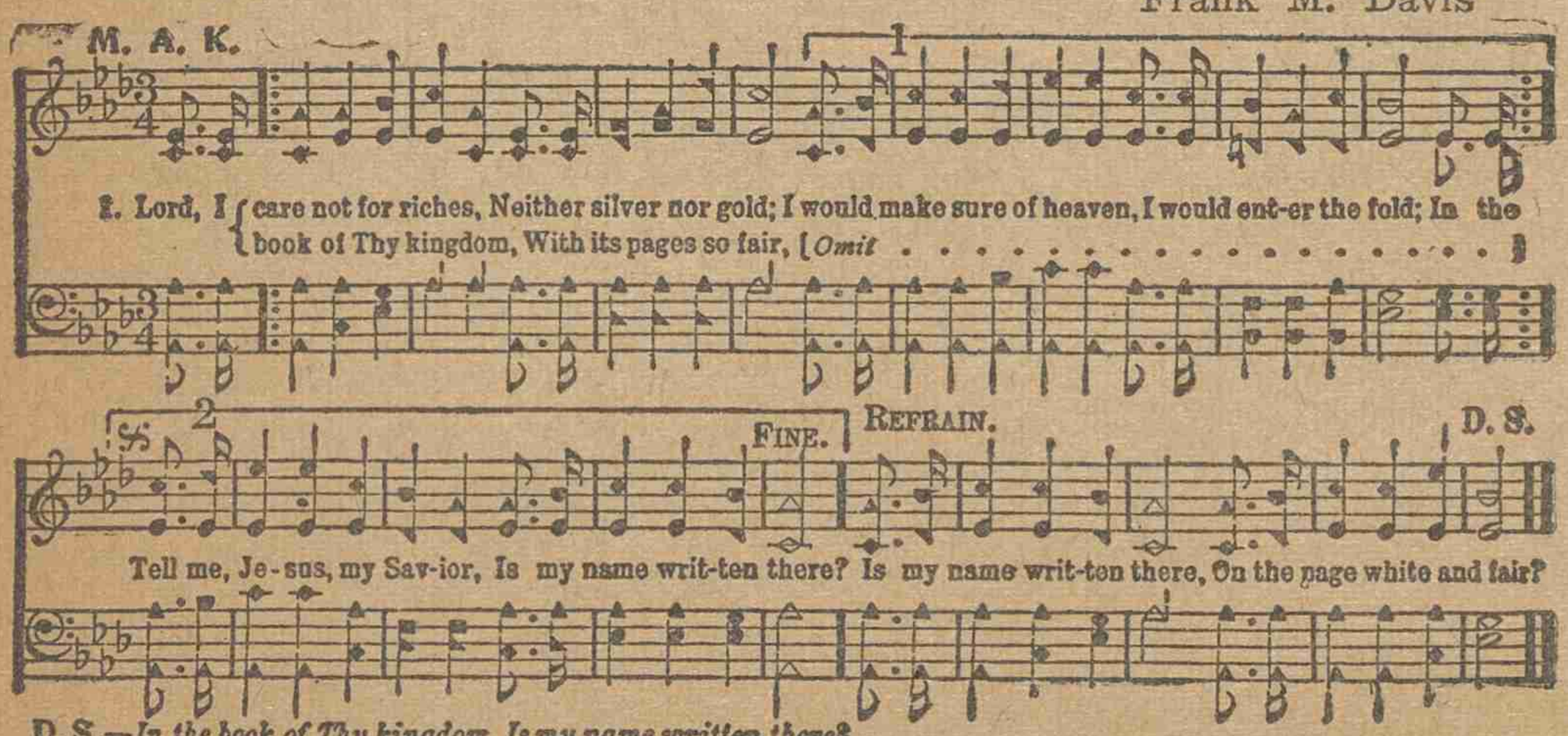
1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 131 Is My Name Written There?

Frank M. Davis



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

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

No. 132 Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. — J. H. Stockton.

1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That wash-es white as snow.
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.

Chorus.

{ On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now; / He will save you, He will save you, He will..... } save you now.

No. 133 O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. — E. F. Rimbault.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! / Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,
2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! / Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,

Fine. D. S.

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

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

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest:
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

No. 134 Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. — J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a-bove.

Refrain.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 135 We'll Work Till Jesus Comes

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 136 Nearer My God to Thee

Lowell Mason

1. Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee,
E'en tho' it be a cross (*Omit.*) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God to Thee,
D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, (*Omit.*) Near-er to Thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

No. 137 The Solid Rock

Wm. B. Bradbury

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name. } On Christ the Sol-id
Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

2 When darkness veils His lovely face
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound
O may I then in Him be found,
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

No. 138 Battle Hymn of the Republic

Julia Ward Howe — **Glory, Hallelujah**

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

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

FINE. CHORUS.

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

No. 139 No, Not One

Johnson Oatman, Jr. — **Geo. C. Hugg**

Slow, and with feeling.

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

FINE.

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

CHORUS.

D. C.

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

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

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

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

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

No. 140 I Love To Tell the Story.

Katherine Hankey. USED BY PER. Wm. G. Fischer.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 141 Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
4. Love of God, so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and

fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

No. 142

What a Friend

H. Bonar

C. C. Converse

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

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

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

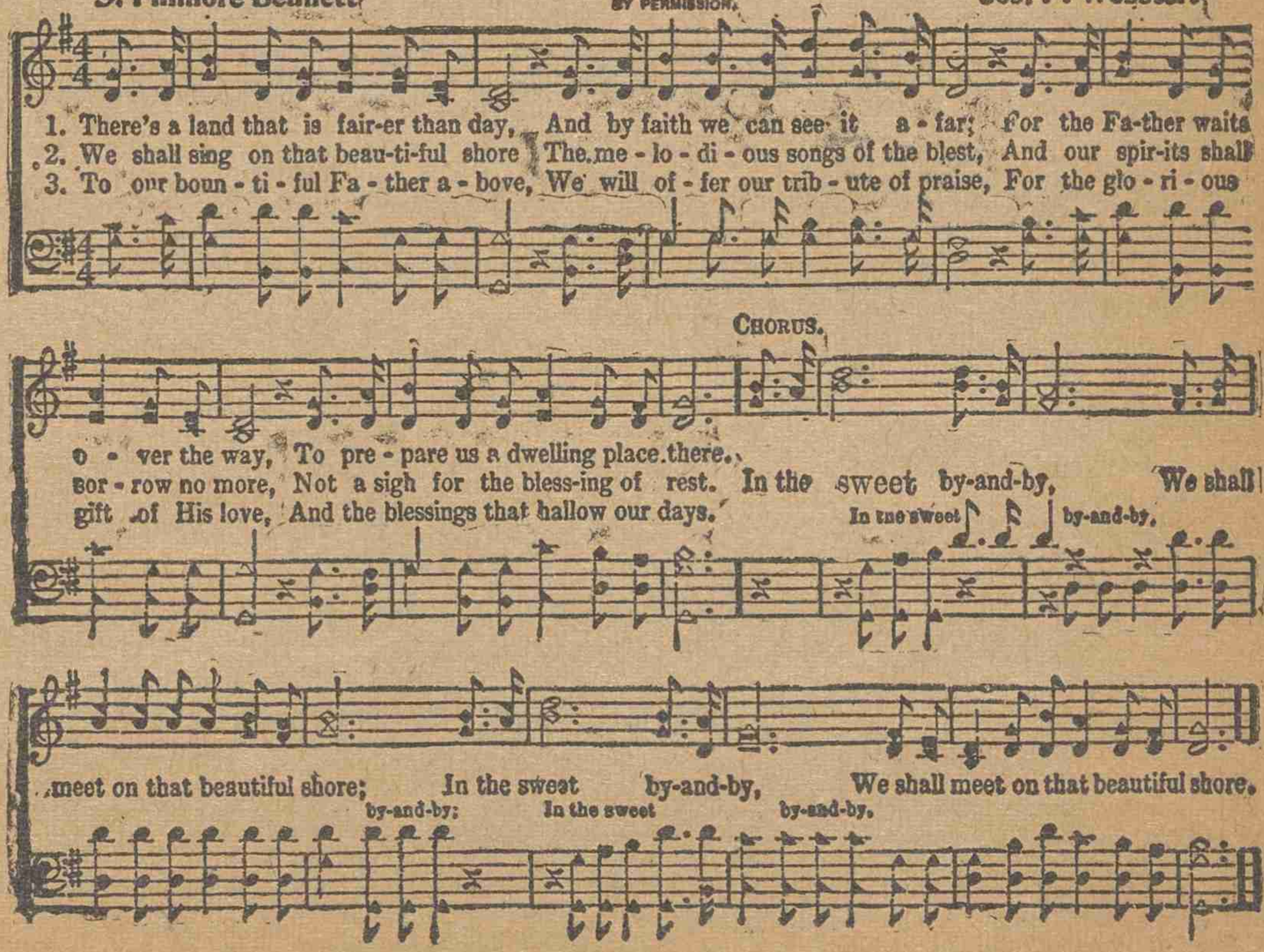
No. 143

Sweet By-and-By

S. Fillmore Bennett

BY PERMISSION.

Jos. P. Webster.



No. 144

Jesus Saves

Priscilla J. Owen — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Spread the glad - ness all a-
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Tell to sin - ners far and
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; By His death and end - less
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Let the na - tions now re-

round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the
wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o
life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the
joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est

steeps and cross the waves; On - ward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
back, ye o - cean caves, Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
heart for mer - cy craves, Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
hills and deep - est caves; This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

No. 145

Meet Me There.

Henrietta E. Blair — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

1. On the hap-py, golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the
2. Here our fondest hopes are vain, Dearest links are rent in twain, But in heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the
3. Where the harps of an-gels ring, And the blest for-ev - er sing, In the pal-ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in

night dissolves a - way In - to pure and per-fect day, I am go - ing home to stay, Meet me there.
riv - er sparkling bright, In the cit - y of de-light, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
sweet communion blend Heart with heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

D. S. - storms of life are o'er, On the hap - py, gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there!

CHORUS.

Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is blooming, Meet me there; When the
Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there;

No. 146 I Want to be a Worker.

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I. B. I. Baltzell.

1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord, I want to love and trust His ho - ly word,
2. I want to be a work-er ev - 'ry day, I want to lead the er - ring in the way,
3. I want to be a work-er strong and brave, I want to trust in Je-sus' pow'r to save;
4. I want to be a work-er, help me Lord, To lead the lost and er - ring to Thy word,

FINE.

I want to sing and pray, and be bus - y ev - 'ry day, In the vine-yard of the Lord.
That leads to Heav'n a-bove, where all is peace and love, In the vine-yard of the Lord.
All who will tru - ly come, shall find a hap-py home, In the vine-yard of the Lord.
That points to joys on high, where pleas-ures nev - er die, In the vine-yard of the Lord.

D. S.—*I will work, I will pray, I will la - bor ev - 'ry day, In the vine-yard of the Lord.*

REFRAIN. D.S.

I will work, I will pray, In the vine-yard, in the vine-yard of the Lord; (of the Lord;)
I will work and pray, I will work and pray.

No. 147 It is Well With My Soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD. Copyright, 1904, by the John Church Co. Used by per. P. P. BLISS.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at-tend - eth my way, When sorrows like sea-billows roll;
2. Tho' Sa-tan should buffet, tho' tri-als should come, Let this blest assurance con-trol,
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo-ri-ous tho't— My sin—not in part but the whole,
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be right, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,

Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!
The trumpet shall resound, and the Lord shall descend, "Even so"—it is well with my soul.

CHORUS.

It is well,..... with my soul,..... It is well, it is well with my soul.
It is well, with my soul,

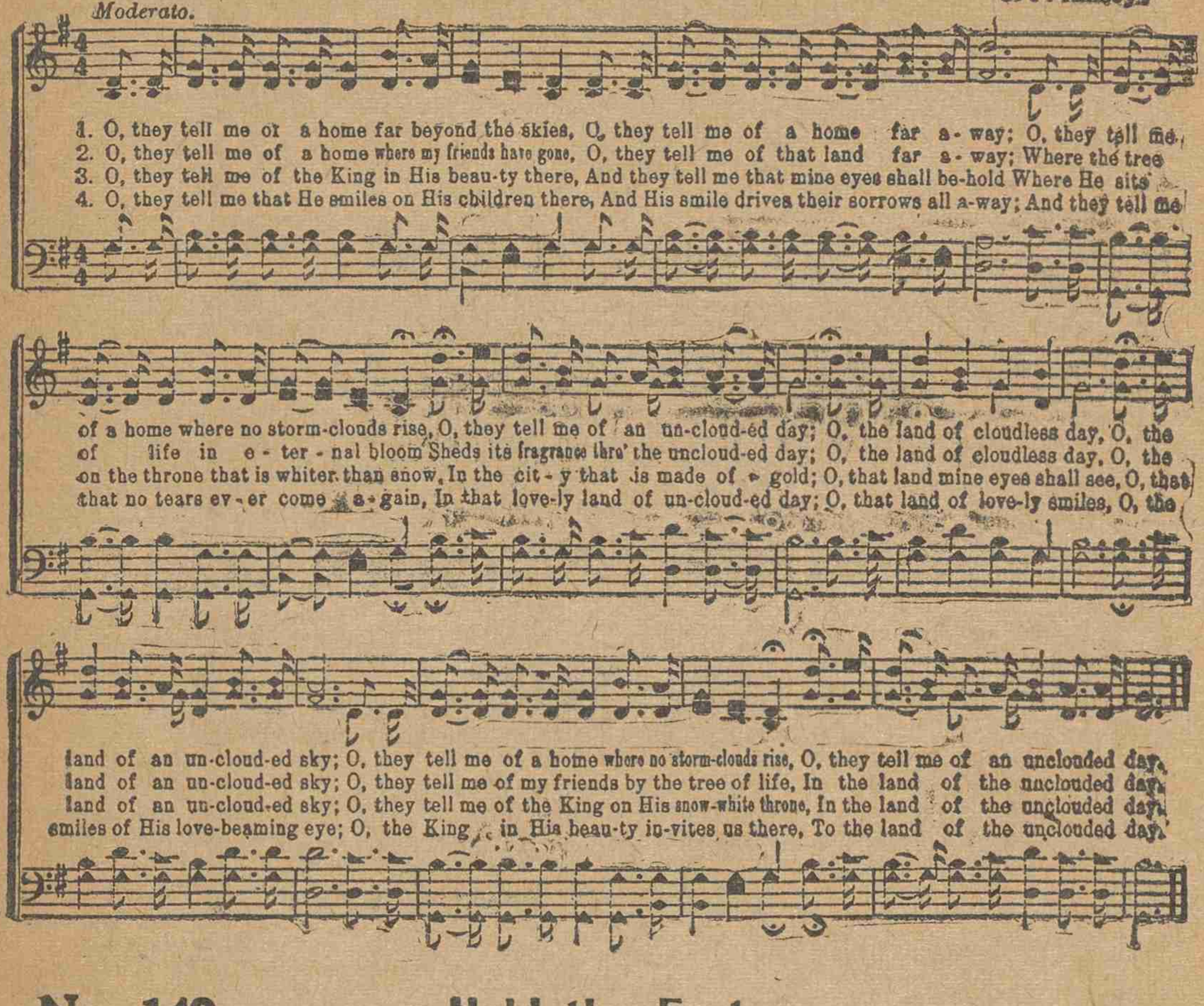
No. 148

The Unclouded Day.

By per. The Echo Music Co.

J. K. Alwood. *May be used as a Solo.* J. F. Kinsey.

Moderato.



No. 149

Hold the Fort.

The John Church Co., owners.
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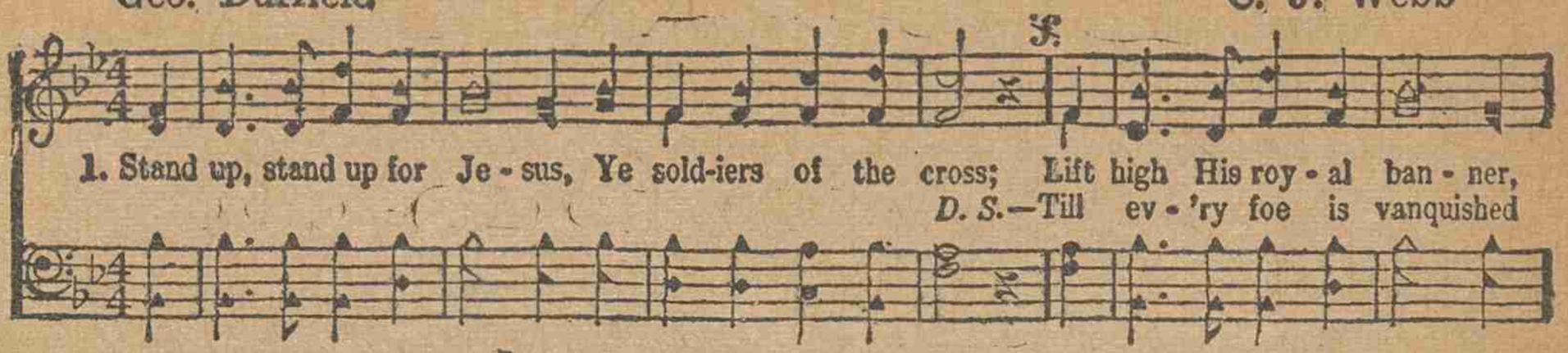
P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

CHORUS.

No. 150 Stand Up for Jesus

Geo. Duffield — C. J. Webb



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

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

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 151 THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING

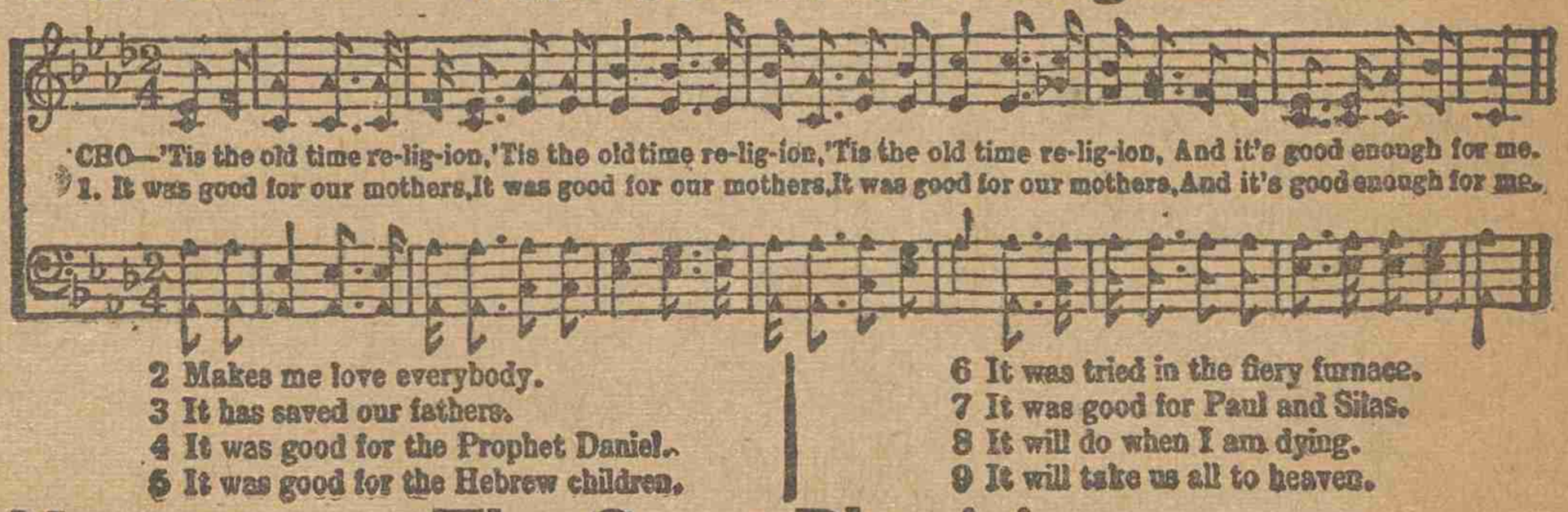
First or Second Tune.

1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant, reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

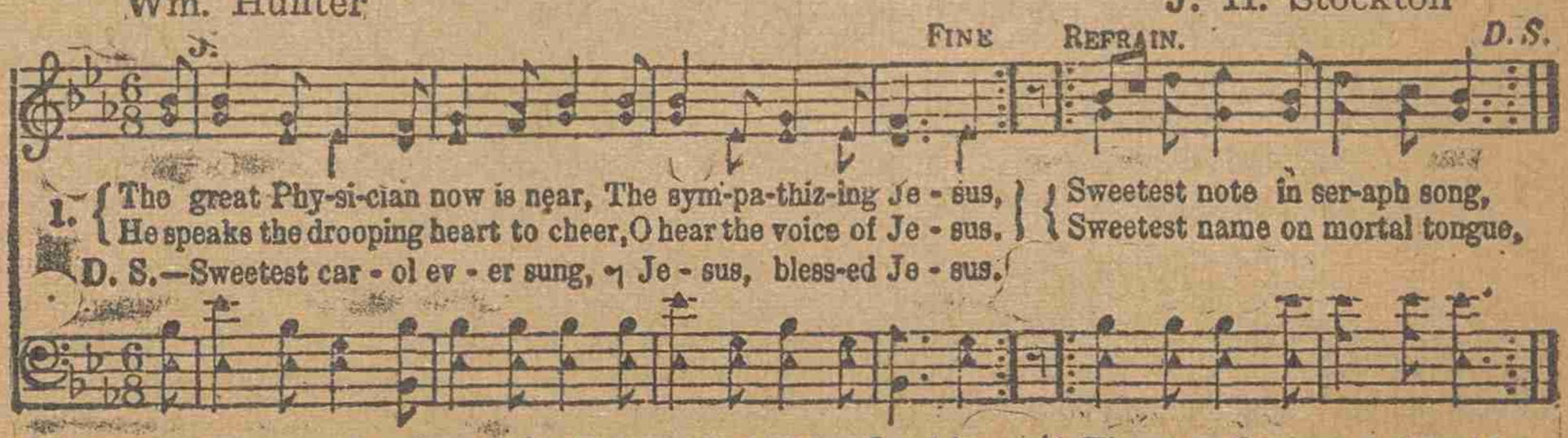
No. 152 The Old Time Religion



2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It will take us all to heaven.

No. 153 The Great Physician

Wm. Hunter — J. H. Stockton



2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

No. 154 Blest Be the Tie

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli

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

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

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

155 My Soul, Be on Thy Guard

George Heath. Lowell Mason.

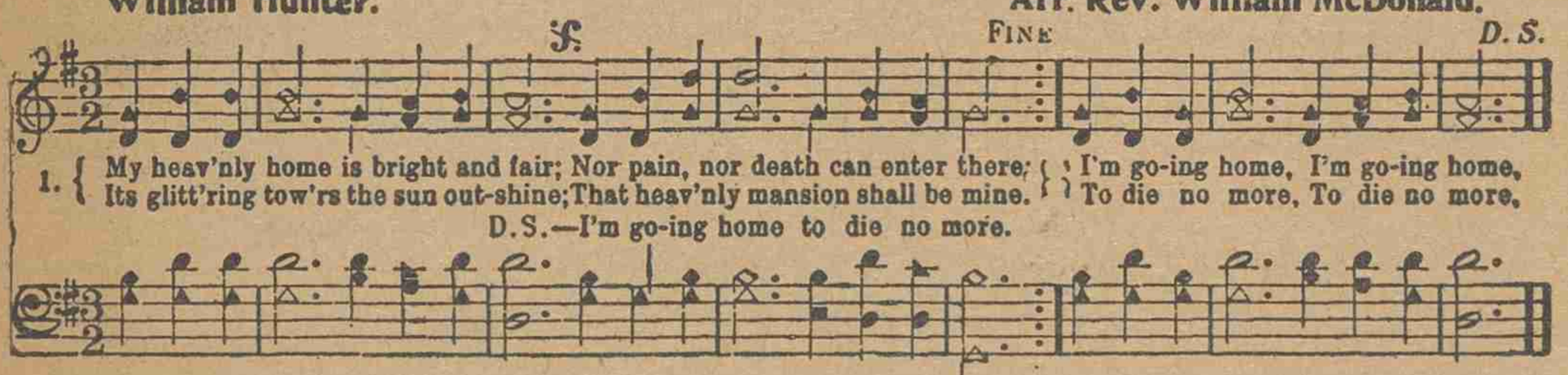
2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting
To His divine abode. [breath,

No. 156 The Heavenly Home

William Hunter. Arr. Rev. William McDonald.



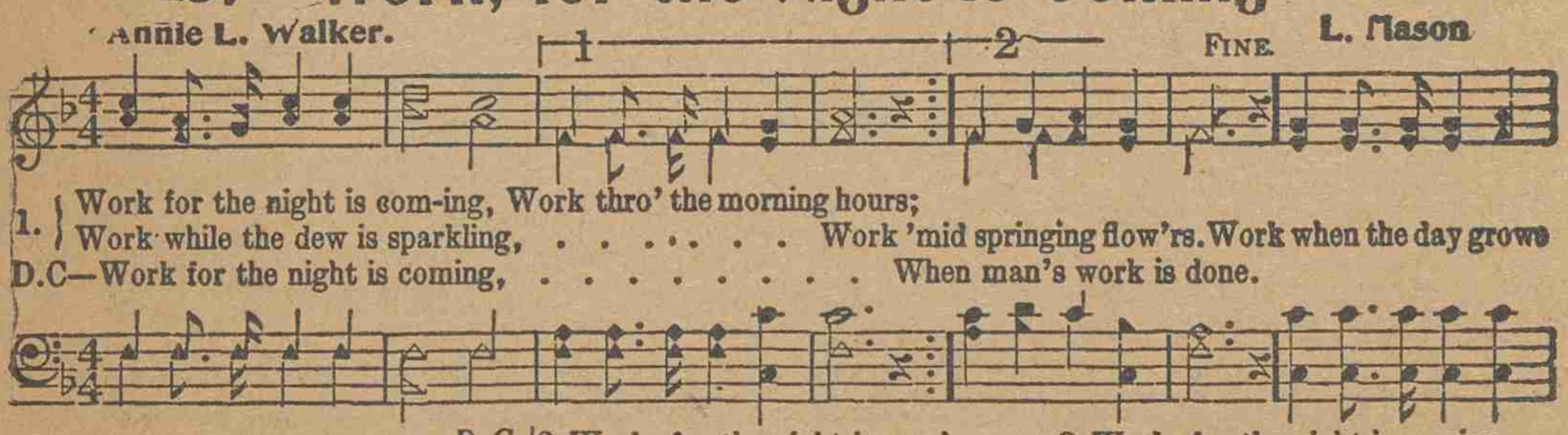
2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be

3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below, [flow;
Which flames devour, or waves o'er
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

No. 157 Work, for the Night is Coming

Annie L. Walker. L. Mason



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

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

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STAMPS-BAXTER MUSIC & PRINTING CO.
Printers — Dallas, Texas