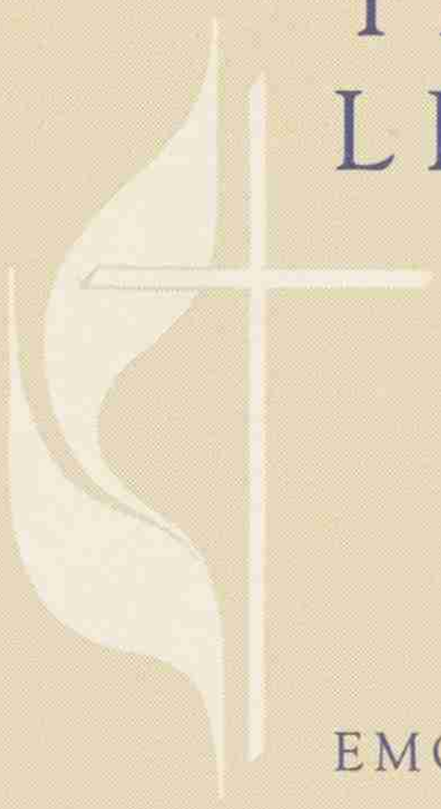
Life & Service Hymns II

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Life and Service Hymns



Compiled by
R. E. Magill

Musical Editor
Bentley D. Ackley

Published by
Onward Press
Presbyterian Committee of Publication
Richmond, Va.

Frances Stebbins 3/1/21
11 years old March

Hymn
1917
Life A

ZK6P4
M272
1917
c.2

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Richmond, Va.

PRICES FOR
LIFE AND SERVICE HYMNS

Published only in Round Note Music Edition

Full Cloth Binding

30c per copy $25.00 per hundred

Limp Binding

20c per copy $17.50 per hundred

Delivery Charges Extra

Foreword

WITH a happy balance "things new and old" are blended in "Life and Service Hymns," with the result that it is an ideal book for use in the Church, in the Sunday School: in Evangelistic Services, Young People's Meetings, and in the home.

The real significance of the title will become increasingly apparent as the book is used, for it abounds in selections appealing for the dedication of *"Life"* to our Saviour and Lord, and the life thus dedicated must respond to the insistent calls for *"Service"* ringing like bells throughout the entire book.

A large section of the book is devoted to the classic old hymns of the Church, sacred in association, effective in appeal, and which should become the permanent possession of our young people through memorization.

Each succeeding generation finds new terms and methods for expressing spiritual emotions and aspirations, and the Psalmist and Prophets but voiced an age-long desire when they exclaimed "Sing unto the Lord a *New* Song."

Modern song writers have therefore a warrant for their efforts to interpret the spiritual longings and experiences of their day; and when both words and melody appeal to head and heart and stimulate faith and good works, a real contribution has been made to Christian Hymnology.

Martin Luther's stately words and involved melodies served their purpose in Reformation days, the Rouse version of the Psalms expressed the faith of their time, the Wesley hymns voiced the deep emotions of the closing years of the eighteenth century, as Sankey and Bliss expressed the revival glow of the later years of the nineteenth century, and the present day hymn writers are interpreting the twentieth century as faithfully as the earlier composers interpreted their age.

We have drawn very liberally upon the compositions of well known modern hymn writers and have selected hymns that have proven their value by the test of use under widely varying conditions, and a number of compositions by able hymn writers appear for the first time in our book.

We count ourselves fortunate in having secured Mr. Bentley D. Ackley as musical editor for this book, as his wide experience as a musical composer and publisher made his counsel invaluable in the selection of usable and melodious hymns. As a composer Mr. Ackley has made a great contribution to Christian hymnology and his songs are probably more widely used to-day than those of any living American Hymn writer. His best compositions appear in this book and a number of the selections appear for the first time in our publication.

A feature of great value to workers in the elementary department of the Sunday School is the section devoted to choice, singable hymns for children, a need that is but poorly met in the average hymn book.

The work is offered with the earnest prayer that it may be used of God in leading a multitude of souls into the Christian life and that it may promote Fruitful Christian Service.

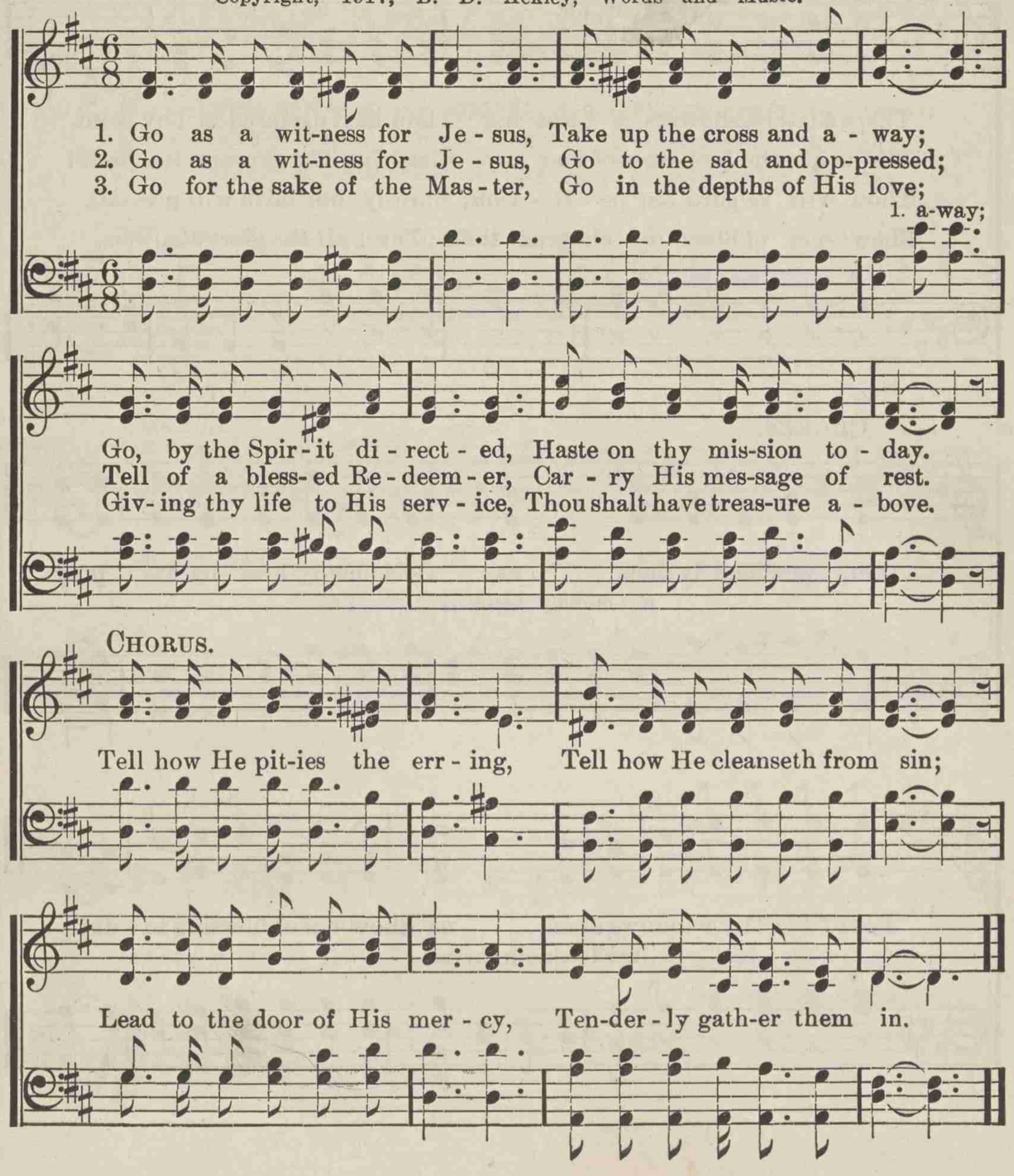
THE PUBLISHERS.

Life and Service Hymns

1 A Witness For Jesus.

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Showers of Blessing.

Copyright, 1888, Mrs. L. E. Sweney, Exc. By per.

JENNIE GARNETT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Here in Thy name we are gath-ered, Come and re-vive us, O Lord;
2. O that the showers of bless - ing Now on our souls may de- scend,
3. There shall be showers of bless - ing,–Promise that nev- er can fail;
4. Show-ers of blessing,– we need them, Showers of blessing from thee;

"There shall be showers of bless- ing" Thou hast declared in Thy word.
While at the foot-stool of mer - cy Plead-ing Thy promise we bend!
Thou wilt re-gard our pe - ti - tion; Sure-ly our faith will pre-vail.
Show - ers of bless-ing,–oh, grant them; Thine all the glory shall be.

CHORUS.

Oh, gracious- ly hear us, Gracious-ly hear us, we pray:
gra-ciously hear us

Pour from Thy windows upon us Show-ers of blessing to - day.
Lord pour up- on us

3

Tell Somebody To-day.

Rev. ALFRED BARRATT. Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley. B. D. ACKLEY.

1. If Je - sus has pardoned all your sin, Tell somebod- y to - day;
2. If now you be-lieve in Je - sus' name, Tell somebod- y to - day;
3. If Je - sus has fill'd your life with song, Tell somebod- y to - day;

If in your own heart the light shines in, Tell somebod-y to - day.....
His won-der - ful love with joy proclaim, Tell somebod-y to - day.....
'Twill brighten the hours the whole day long, Tell somebod-y to - day.....
to-day.

CHORUS.

Tell somebod - y to - day,..... Somebod - y up - on life's way; Your
some-bod - y to - day,

tell-ing may win An-oth - er from sin; O tell somebody to - day!.....
somebody to-day!

In His Likeness.

Copyright, 1914, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
Owned by Presbyterian Committee of Publication

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

1. Some day, with my face t'ward the gold-tint-ed west, I'll see the light fade, and lie down to my rest, But O what a joy when the morning shall
2. With friends I have loved and have lost for a - while, A - gain I shall meet where no sorrows beguile; Thro' a - ges un-end- ing His glo - ry to
3. Where death never comes, where none ev-er grow old, Where all are at rest in that Cit - y of Gold, 'Tis there, where the years of e- ter - ni - ty

CHORUS.

break, And I in His likeness made glorious awake.
sing, To worship and praise at the feet of my King.
roll, I'll dwell with my Lord in that Home of the Soul.
} When I a-wake, in His

when I a-wake, When I a-wake in His like - ness; O what a
like - ness, When I a- wake, a-wake in His like-ness;

meet-ing, O what a greet- ing, When I a-wake in His like- ness.

Higher Ground.

Copyright, 1898 by J. Howard Entwisle. John J. Hood, owner. By per.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I'm pressing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dismay;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurl'd;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glory bright;

Still praying as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim is higher ground.
For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
But still I pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."

CHORUS.

Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav-en's ta - ble-land.

A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

6 Have You Prayed it Through.

REV. W. C. POOLE. Owned by Presbyterian Committee of Publication. B. D. ACKLEY.

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1. Have you pray'd all night, Till the break of day, And the morn-ing light
2. Did you pray it through Till the an-swer came? There's a prom-ise true
3. As the Mas - ter pray'd In the gar - den lone, Let your pray'r be made

Drove the dark a-way? Did you lin-ger there, Till the morning dew, In pre-
For your faith to claim, At the place of pray'r, Je-sus waits for you, Did you
To the Fa-ther's throne, If you seek His will, He will answer you; Are you

CHORUS.

vail-ing pray'r—Did you pray it through?
meet Him there, Did you pray it through?
trusting still, Have you pray'd it through?
} Did you pray till the an-swer

came, Did you plead in the Sav-iour's name? Have you
till it came, in His name,

pray'd all night till the morning light, Did you pray till the answer came?

7 He Will Abundantly Pardon.

E. E. HEWITT. Owned by Presbyterian Committee of Publication. B. D. ACKLEY.

Copyright, 1915, B. D. Ackley.

1. Let the wick - ed for - sake his way, God will a - bun-dant - ly
2. Come, ye thirst - y, O drink and live, God will a - bun-dant - ly
3. O how pre- cious His thoughts of love! God will a - bun-dant - ly
4. He will lead you to joy and peace; God will a - bun-dant - ly

par - don; Let him turn to the Lord to - day, He will a -
par - don; Life e - ter - nal, He'll free - ly give; He will a -
par - don; High - er still than the heav'ns a - bove, He will a -
par - don; All rich bless-ing to you in-crease, He will a -

CHORUS.

bun-dant - ly par - don. Come to this won-der - ful Sav - iour,

Je - sus so faith - ful and true;..... He will a -

so faith-ful and true;

bun-dant - ly par - don, He will have mer- cy on you.....
have mer- cy on you.

8 Is It Not Wonderful?

E. A. Hoffman, owner of Copyright. Used by permission.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

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

Mer - cy re- veal-ing, comforting, heal-ing, Blessing a sin - ner like me.
Till the dear Saviour showed me His favor, Cleansed my heart whiter than snow.
Will-ing to save me, par-don He gave me, And I am hap - py with - in.
But Je-sus sought me till He had brought me, Pen - i-tent, seeking His face.
Ban- ish-ing sad-ness, with joy and gladness, Fill-ing and thrilling my soul.

Chorus.

Is it not won - der- ful, is it not won - der- ful Je - sus so
gra - cious should be?..... Yes, it is won - der - ful
lov - ing and gra - cious should be?
strange and so won - der- ful That He should save e - ven me!.....
par - don and save e - ven me!

9 Will I Bring Any Sheaves?

Copyright, 1914, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

E. E. HEWITT. Owned by Presbyterian Committee of Publication CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When the sun-set of time fades a-way in the sky, And the fields yield their
2. Not the joy of the harv-est for those who neglect The sweet service of
3. Let me sow precious seed, let me nurture the grain; Let me toil, as He

harv-est so fair; When the ranks of the reap-ers shall gath-er on high,
Je - sus be - low; But for those who go forth, as His word shall di-rect,
shows me the way; He will make it to grow, in the sun, in the rain,

CHORUS.

Will I bring any sheaves with me there?
With the love of the Mas-ter a- glow.
And some sheaves will I bind "in that day."
} Any sheaves for the Lord, an-y

sheaves will I bring To the garners, e- ter-nal and fair? When the reapers shall

sing, and the glo - ry-bells ring, Will I bring an - y sheaves with me there?

10 Jesus Wants to Help You.

INA DULEY OGDON. Owned by Presbyterian Committee of Publication. B. D. ACKLEY.

Copyright, 1917, B. D. Ackley, Words and Music.

1. Je - sus wants to help you with your heav-y load of care, For He
2. Je - sus wants to help you as you vain-ly strive with wrong, Wants to
3. Je - sus wants to help you, of your tri - als to re - lieve, Seek and

knows without Him you must fail; Let this Friend who loves you in your
com - fort you in sorrow's hour; Joys of earth and heaven all thro'
find Him, and your needs unfold; Je - sus wants to help you, ask of

1. you must fail;

ev - 'ry bur-den share, In His strength a-lone can you pre - vail.
Him to you be - long, For in Him are mer - cy, grace and pow'r.
Him, you shall re - ceive, No good thing from you will He with - hold.

CHORUS.

He will help you, if you let Him, If you will not for - get Him, And

all your burdens try to bear a - lone; He will help you, if you let Him,

bear alone;

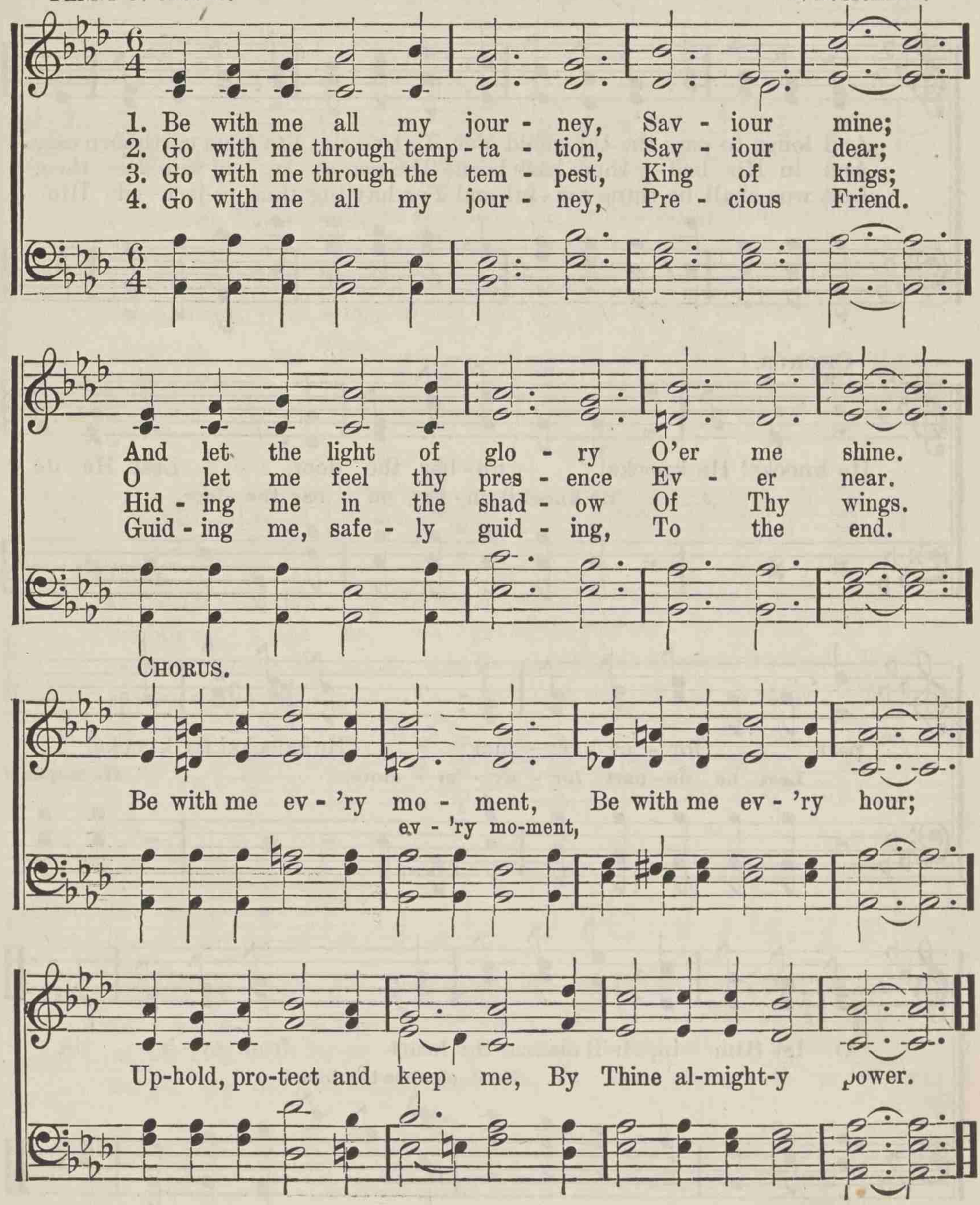
Jesus Wants to Help You.—Concluded.



11 Be With Me All My Journey.

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FANNY J. CROSBY. B. D. ACKLEY.



12 The Saviour at the Door.

Rev. J. K. Roberts, owner. Used by per.

J. K. R. Rev. J. K. Roberts.

1. The Saviour stands outside the door, In lov-ing mer- cy wait-ing there;
2. He knocks with hands all rent and torn With cruel spikes nailed to the tree,
3. Accept Him now, thy Saviour, Friend, While there is time thy lamp to trim,

And longs to pass the threshold o'er, To free thy life from earthborn care.
And in His bod - y there hath borne The pen-al - ty of sin for thee.
Lest woe shall be thine aw - ful end For hav-ing thus re-ject - ed Him.

CHORUS.

He knocks! He knocks! un - bar the door, Lest He de -
He knocks! un - bar, un - bar the door.

part for - ev - er - mor, He knocks! He knocks!
Lest he de - part for - ev - er - more; He knocks!

O let Him in, He'll cleanse thy heart from ev - 'ry sin.
He'll cleanse thy heart

13

Home of the Soul.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates — By permission. — Philip Phillips.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti- ful land, The far a- way home
2. Oh, that home of the soul in my vis- ions and dreams, It's bright, jas-per walls
3. That un-chang-a- ble home is for you and for me, Where Je- sus of Naz -
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau-ti- ful land, So free from all sor -

of the soul, Where no storms ev-er beat on the glit- tering strand, While the years
I can see; Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the vail in - ter- venes Be - tween
ar -eth stands, The King of all king-doms for-ev - er is He, And He hold-
row and pain; With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet

of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no storms
the fair cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; Till I fan -
eth our crowns in His hands; And He hold-eth our crowns in His hands; The King
one an- oth - er a - gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; With songs

ev - er beat on the glit - ter- ing strand, While the years of e-ter - ni - ty roll.
cy but thin - ly the vail in.- ter-venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.
of all king-doms for-ev - er is He, And He hold- eth our crowns in His hands.
on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain.

14 At Evening Time it Shall be Light.

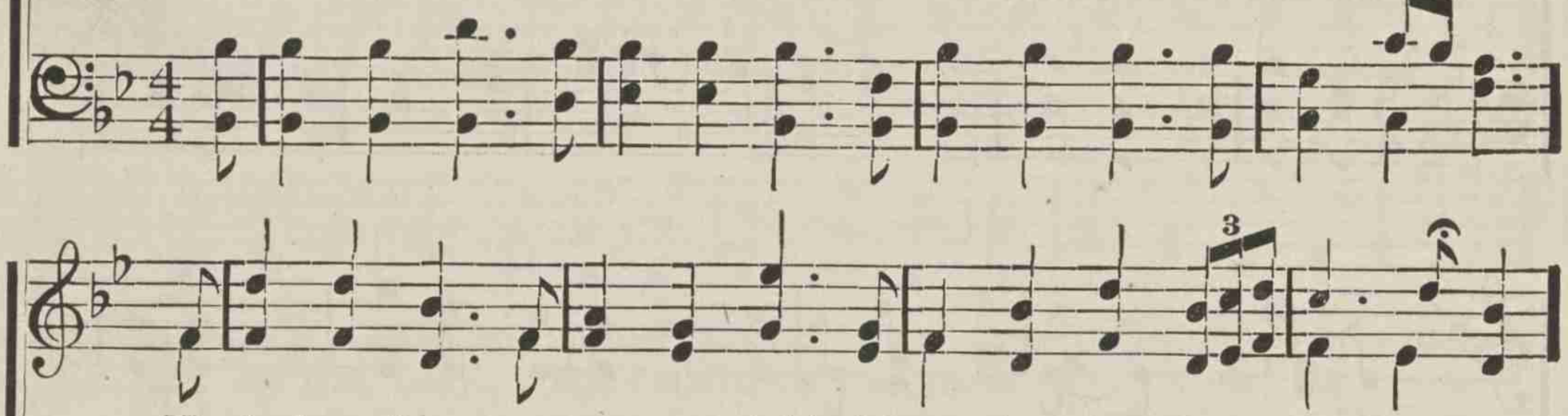
Copyright, 1915. by Wm. Howard Doane.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1915.* W. H. DOANE.

Gently.



1. At eve-ning time it shall be light; When fades the day of toil a - way,
2. At eve-ning time it shall be light; We'll gather flow'rs from rural bow'rs;
3. At eve-ning time it shall be light; No cares shall harm no fears a - larm;



No shadows deep, no wea - ry night, At eve-ning time it shall be light.
O sa - cred hope of glo - ry bright, At eve-ning time it shall be light.
If one in Christ, our souls u - nite; At eve-ning time it shall be light,





At eve-ning time it shall be light; Im-mor-tal love from realms a-bove,
At eve-ning time it shall be light; Sweet evening time of joy di - vine,
At eve-ning time it shall be light; The heart will glow, no tears will flow,



Is breathing now the promise bright, At eve-ning time it shall be light.
That makes the Christians life so bright, At eve-ning time it shall be light.
It can - not lose its promise bright, At eve-ning time it shall be light.



* The last hymn written by Fanny Crosby, 1915. Musical setting by W. H. Doane.

15 He Gave Himself For Me.

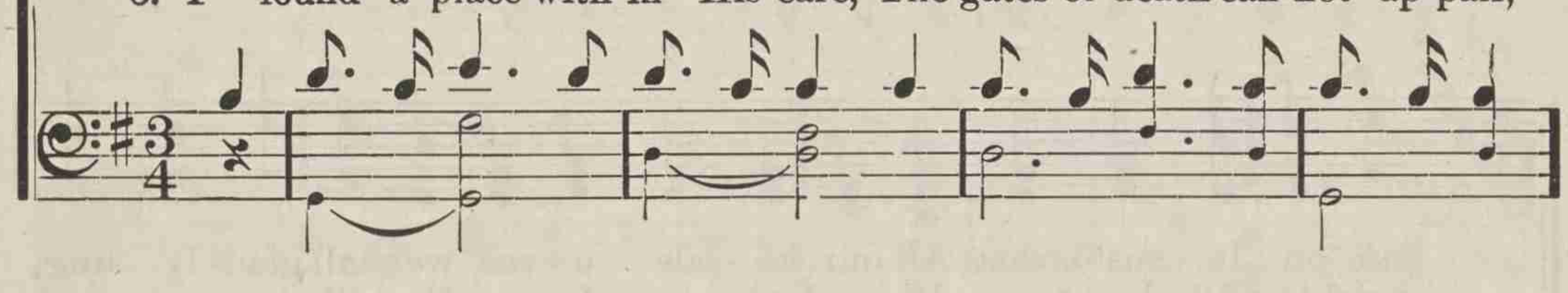
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J. W. V. J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

DUET.

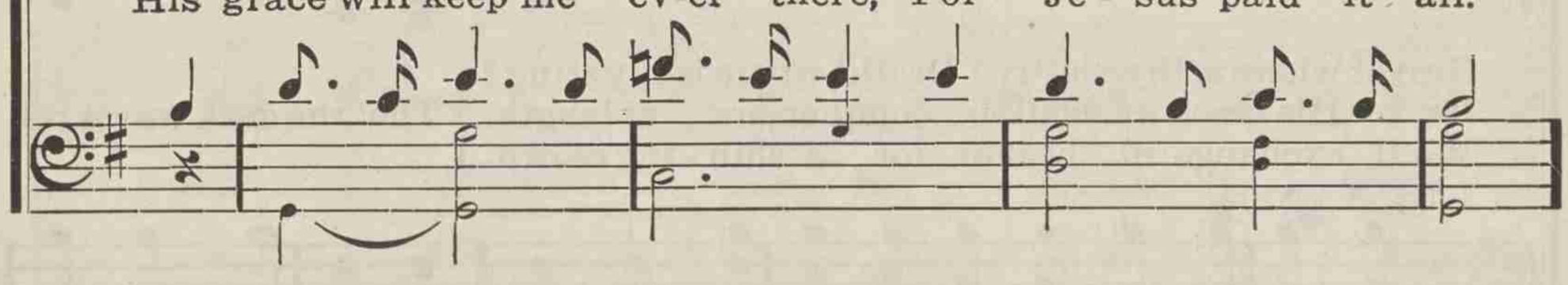


1. The debt I owed I could not pay, For I was help-less from the fall;
2. The way was dark, I could not see, My hope was gone, my faith was small;
3. By faith I saw Him bleed and die, That dreadful day I now re-call,
4. He saved my soul that once was lost, He res-cued me, a worthless thrall;
5. I found a place with-in His care, The gates of death can-not ap-pall;

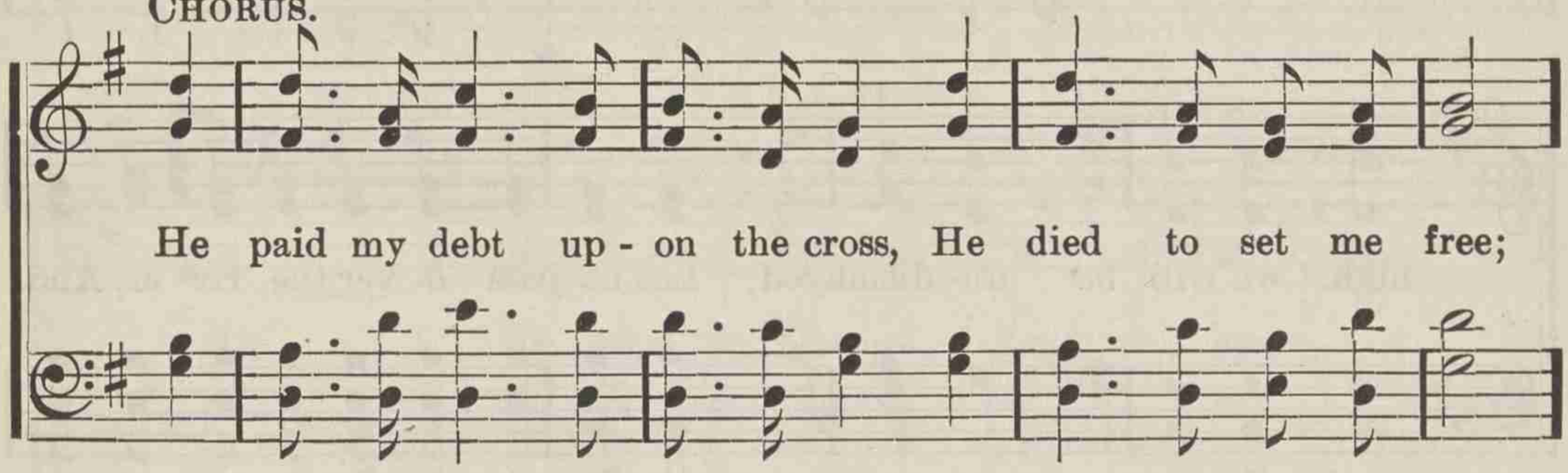




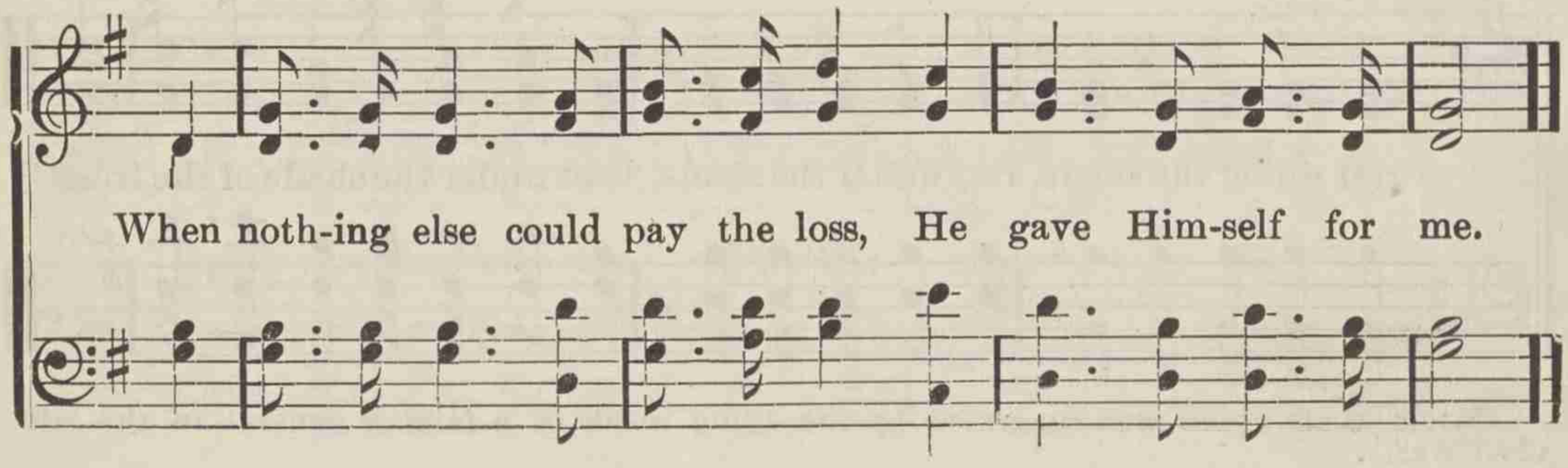
Yet still I heard the Spir - it say That Je - sus paid it all.
Un - til the Word re-vealed to me, That Je - sus paid it all.
When noth-ing else could sat - is - fy, Then Je - sus paid it all.
I won-der when I count the cost Why Je - sus paid it all.
His grace will keep me ev-er there, For Je - sus paid it all.



CHORUS.



He paid my debt up - on the cross, He died to set me free;



When noth-ing else could pay the loss, He gave Him-self for me.

16 Let Us Pass Over the River.

KATE CAMERON. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. When our work is end- ed, we shall sweetly rest 'Mid the saint-ed spir-its,
2. Earth hath ma- ny sorrows, but they can-not last, And our greatest troubles
3. When the storm is o- ver, sweet will be the calm; After life's long bat-tle,

safe on Je - sus' breast; All our tri - als o - ver, we shall glad- ly sing,
quickly will be past; If we look to Je- sus, He will give us strength;
bright the victor's palm; And the cross of anguish which now weighs us down,

CHORUS.

Grave! where is thy vict'ry? Death! where is thy sting?
By His grace we shall be conquer-ors at length.
We'll exchange in heaven for a shin - ing crown.
} Tho' the dark waves roll

high, we will be un- dismayed; "Let us pass o- ver the riv- er, And

rest under the shade, rest under the shade, Rest under the shade of the trees."

NOTE.—This hymn was suggested by the dying words of a famous general in the late Civil War.

17 I Know!

"But I Kuow!" Copyright, 1907, by Charles M. Alexander.
International Copyright Secured.

FRED. P. MORRIS. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. They say my Lord was but a man Who struggled on like you and me
2. They say my Sav-iour could not be The Son of God my Lord di-vine;
3. They say the world has wis-er grown; He could not suf-fer in my stead;

To give the world a per-fect plan Of what a per-fect man should be,
That He was but a man like me, With passion in His heart like mine,
Nor could He for my sin a-tone, For me His blood could not be shed.

CHORUS. *With spirit.*

But I know. ..... He has re-deemed me From my sin..... He set me free... Yes! I know..... He has re-deem-ed me For He died..... on Cal-va-ry.

Yes I know from my sin yes! I know

18 When Your Life Rings True.

A. PRINTZLAN BOWEN. Owned by Presbyterian Committee of Publication. B. D. ACKLEY.

Copyright, 1917, B. D. Ackley, Words and Music.

1. Does your life ring out for Je - sus with a note of cheer, Tell-ing
2. You may think the world ig-nores you as you pass a - long, Car-ing
3. You may nev - er know that you have help'd someone to win, In the

to the world He dai - ly grows more dear; It will vi-brate thro' the
noth-ing for your stand a-gainst the wrong; But no mat - ter what your
strug-gle for the vic - t'ry o - ver sin; You may nev-er see the

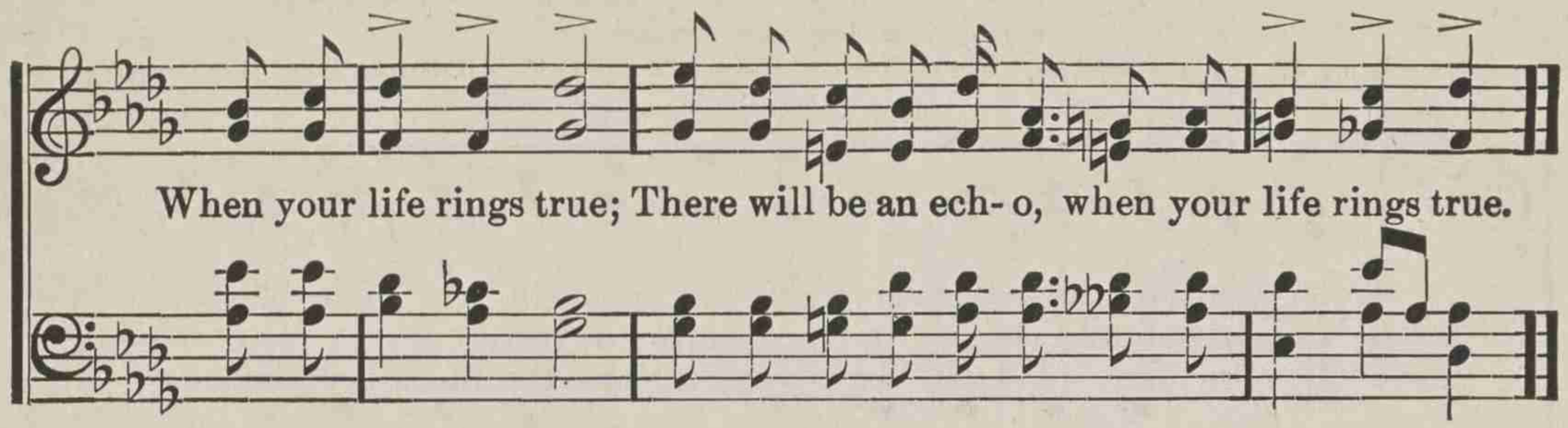
distance with His love for you, And come back a joy-ous ech- o, when your
sta- tion, or what you may do, Worldly friends are quick to know it, when your
fruit of lov- ing deeds you do, But there is an ech-o somewhere, when your

CHORUS.

life rings true. When your life rings true, When your life rings true,

There will be an ech-o, com-ing back to you; When your life rings true,

When Your Life Rings True.—Concluded.



19 Talk it Over with Jesus.

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Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. Words and Music. CHAS. H. GABRIEL, Jr.



20 Tell It Everywhere You Go.

Copyright, 1914, by Chas. K. Gabriel.

HERBERT BUFFUM Owned by Presbyterian Committee of Publication CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. If your sins have been for - giv - en you in Je - sus' bless-ed name,
2. If you've found the Saviour pre-cious in your ev - 'ry time of need,
3. If the love of God is sweet-er than the pleas-ure found in sin,

Tell it ev-'ry-where you go; It may help some oth-er wea- ry heart to
Tell it ev-'ry-where you go; Tell the world that He will always prove He
Tell it ev-'ry-where you go; There are souls who dwell in darkness whom to

CHORUS.

seek and find the same, Tell it ev'rywhere you go.
is a Friend indeed, Tell it ev'rywhere you go.
Je - sus you may win; Tell it ev'rywhere you go.

Tell it ev'rywhere you
Tell it, tell it,

go,
ev -'ry-where you go,

Tell it ev -'ry-where you go,
Tell it, tell it
ev-'ry-where you go,

As you

journey here below, Let the world around you know, Tell it ev'rywhere you go.

21 I Know I Love Thee Better, Lord.

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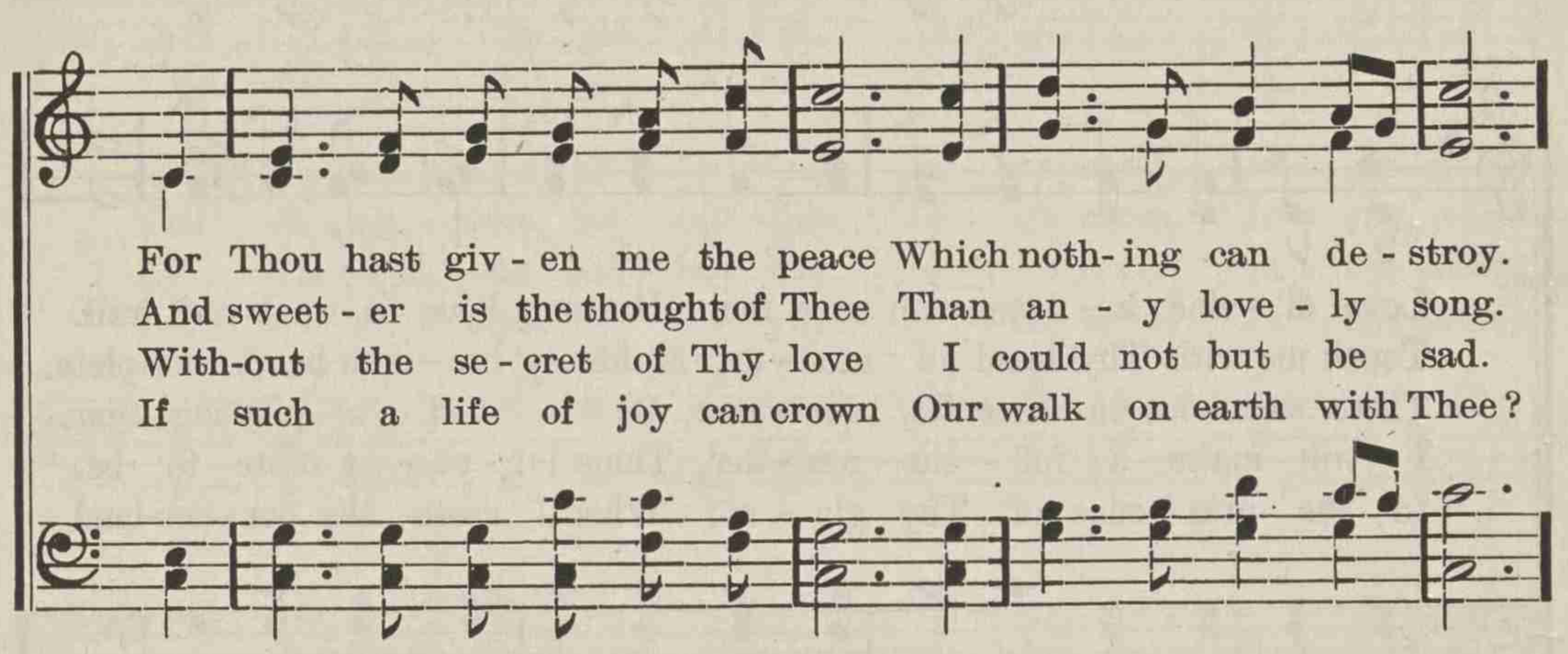
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. R. E. HUDSON.



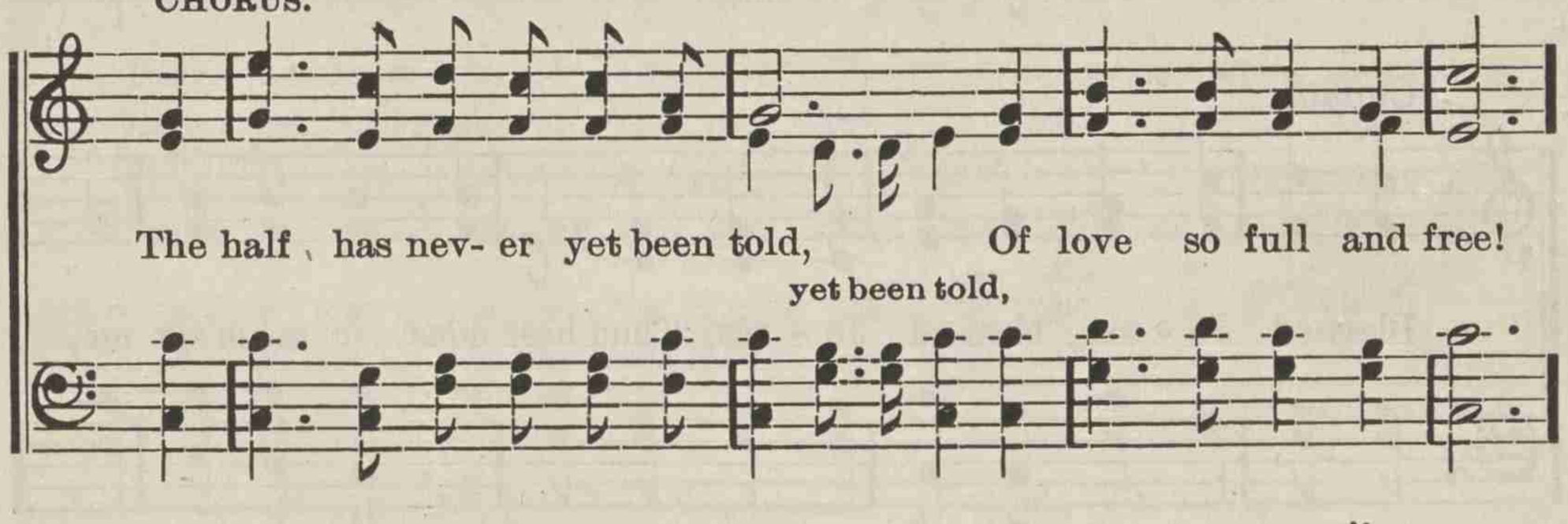
1. I know I love Thee bet - ter, Lord, Than an - y earth - ly joy;
2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than an - y earth - ly throng;
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then may I well be glad!
4. O Sav - iour, precious Saviour, mine! What will Thy pres- ence be,



For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth- ing can de - stroy.
And sweet - er is the thought of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.
With-out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?



CHORUS.



The half has nev- er yet been told, Of love so full and free!
yet been told,



rit.

The half has nev- er yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me!
yet been told, cleanseth me!



22 I Give Myself To Thee.

(Consecration Hymn.)

Copyright, 1917, B. D. and by A. H. Ackley.

A. H. A. *Prayerfully.* Rev. A. H. Ackley.



1. Bless-ed Je-sus O I need Thee, Friends of earth can-not a-vail,
2. I am trust-ing in Thy prom-ise, Humbly kneel-ing at Thy feet,
3. Cru-el stripes were laid up-on Thee, More than Thy dear form could bear,
4. And if one so high and ho-ly, Could stoop down so low for me,
5. I will love Thee, I will serve Thee, Till at last my soul shall stand,



Love di-vine a-lone can save me, Hu-man love is weak and frail.
Touch me with Thy hand of mer-cy, Make my bro-ken heart com-plete.
There was none to share Thy sor-row, Or to shed a pity-ing tear.
I will make a full sur-ren-der, Thine for-ev-er more to be.
In the pres-ence of Thy glo-ry; When I cross the bor-der-land.



Chorus.



Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast done so much for me,



Now be-liev-ing on Thy prom-ise, Lord I give my-self to Thee.

23 Jesus Saves.

Copyright, 1914, W. J. Kirkpatrick. Renewal. By per.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

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

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

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

24 He Will Hide Me.

Copyright, 1906, James McGranahan. Renewal.
By per. Charles M. Alexander.

M. E. SERVOSS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. When the storms of life are rag- ing, Tempests wild on sea and land,
2. Tho' He may send some af - flic- tion, 'Twill but make me long for home;
3. En - e - mies may strive to in - jure, Sa - tan all His arts em - ploy;
4. So, while here the cross I'm bear-ing, Meet-ing storms and bil-lows wild,

I will seek a place of ref - uge In the shad- ow of God's hand.
For in love and not in an - ger, All His chast- en- ings will come.
He will turn what seems to harm me In - to ev - er - last-ing joy.
Je - sus for my soul is car - ing, Naught can harm His Father's child.

CHORUS.

He will hide me, He will hide me, Where no harm . . . can e'er be - tide me; He will hide me, safe-ly

He will hide me, He will hide me,

Where no harm can e'er be - tide me; He will hide me,

He Will Hide Me.

hide me In the shad - - - ow of His hand.

safe - ly hide me In the shad - ow of His hand.

25 In the Hour of Trial.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. SPENCER LANE.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je- sus, plead with me; Lest by base de -
2. With for - bid-den pleas- ures Would this vain world charm; Or its sor-did
3. Should Thy mercy send me Sor-row, toil, and woe; Or should pain at-
4. When my last hour cometh, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust re-

ni - al I de-part from Thee, When Thou see'st me wav-er, With a
treasures, Spread to work me harm; Bring to my re-membrance Sad Geth-
tend me On my path be - low: Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy
turn - eth To the dust a - gain; On Thy truth re- ly - ing, Thro' that

look re - call, Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf- fer me to fall.
sem - a - ne, Or, in dark-er sem-blance, Cross-crown'd Calvary.
hand to see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
mor - tal strife, Je- sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter- nal life.

26 The Hand that Holds Me Steady.

REV. W. C. POOLE. Owned by Presbyterian Committee of Publication. B. D. ACKLEY.

Copyright, 1915, B. D. Ackley.

Tempo di marcia.

1. There's a hand that safe - ly guides me O - ver all the unknown way;
2. There's a hand that ev - er shields me, When the tempt-er would a - larm;
3. There's a hand that leads to heav - en, Safe - ly thro' a world of sin;

And no mat - ter what be- tides me, This the hand I love to - day;
There's a hand that ev - er helps me, Guarding me from sin and harm;
'Tis the hand that o - ver Sa - tan Shall at last the vic- t'ry win;

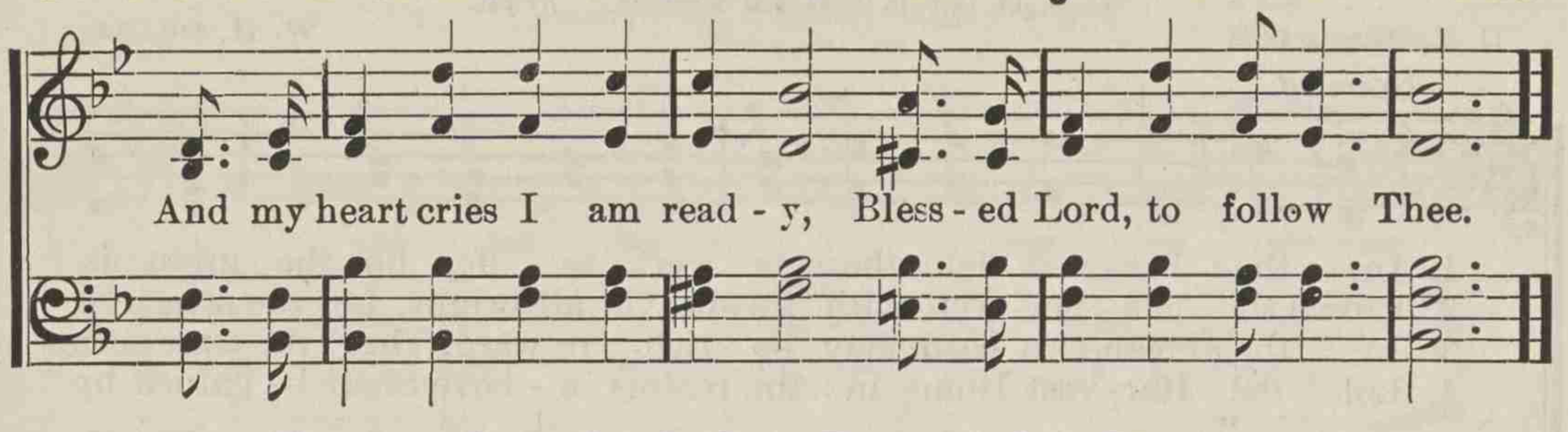
There's a hand that ev - er holds me, 'Tis the hand that keeps me true;
O the pre-cious hand of Je - sus, That was pierc'd on Cal - va - ry;
There's a hand reach'd out to sin - ners, In their sin and need to - day;

'Tis the nail-pierc'd hand of Je - sus, That was wound- ed once for you.
I will go where-e'er it lead - eth, With a will - ing heart, and free.
There's a hand that leads them homeward, Where-so- e'er their feet may stray.

CHORUS.

There's a hand that holds me stead - y, Wound-ed once for you and me;

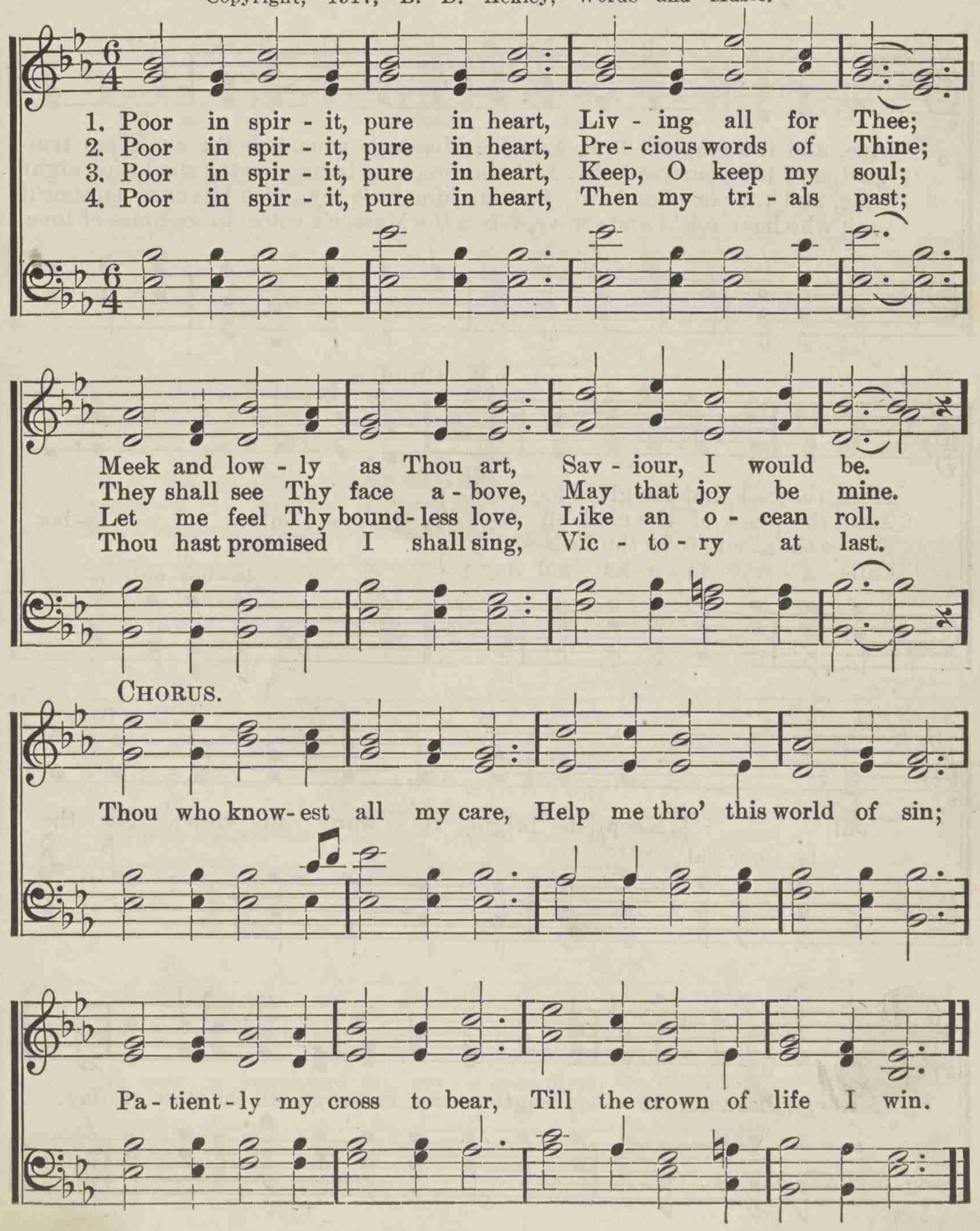
The Hand that Holds Me Steady.—Concluded.



27 Poor in Spirit, Pure in Heart.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Owned by Presbyterian Committee of Publication. B. D. ACKLEY.

Copyright, 1917, B. D. Ackley, Words and Music.



28 Labor On.

Copyright, 1870, in "Songs of Devotion." By per.

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

Spirited.

1. In the har - vest field there is work to do, For the grain is ripe, and the reap-ers few; And the Mas-ter's voice bids the work- ers true
2. Crowd the gar - ner well with its sheaves all bright, Let the song be glad, and the heart be light; Fill the precious hour, ere the shades of night
3. In the glean-er's path may be rich re-ward, Thro' the time seems long, and the la - bor hard; For the Mas-ter's joy, with His chos- en shar'd,
4. Lo! the Har- vest Home in the realms a - bove Shall be gained by each who have toil'd and strove, When the Master's voice, in its tones of love

CHORUS.

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

La- bor on! la- bor on! la - bor on!

on! Keep the bright re - ward in view; For the la - bor on!

Mas - ter has said, He will strength renew; Labor on till the close of day.

29 Saved, Saved!

Copyright, 1911, by Robert H. Coleman.
Used by per.

J. P. S. J. P. SCHOLFIELD.

1. I've found a Friend who is all to me,..... His love is ev - er true;..... I love to tell how He lift - ed me, And what His grace can do for you.
2. He saves me from ev - 'ry sin and harm,..... Se- cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean - ing strong on His might - y arm; I know He'll guide me all the way.
3. When poor and need - y and all a - lone,..... In love He said to me,..... "Come un - to me and I'll lead you home, To live with me e - ter - nal - ly."

CHORUS.

Saved..... by His pow'r di-vine, Saved..... to new life sublime!
Sav'd by His pow'r, Sav'd to new life,

rit.

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

30 Friend Without Jesus.

Copyright, 1917, by J. W. Henderson. By per.

Rev. SAMUEL GLASGOW. J. W. HENDERSON.

1. Friend without Je - sus, why strive in vain? Why car- ry bur- dens
2. Friend without Je - sus, why do you wait? Why are you stand-ing
3. Friend without Je - sus, why still de - lay? He says, "My lost child

and sins that stain? Je- sus is read - y burdens to lift, Darkness to
out-side the gate? He is the One the Father has sent, He calls "Come
trust me to - day;" His arms shall welcome to realms a- bove, Friend without

CHORUS.

scat - ter, all clouds to rift.
home" all ye who re - pent.
Je - sus, yield to His love.
} Friend without Je - sus, He died for

thee, From sin's long bond - age He'll make you free; "All of thy

bur-dens rest now on me," Friend without Je - sus, He died for thee.

31 When Jesus Comes.

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

1. Down life's dark vale we wander, Till Je - sus comes; We watch and wait and won - der, Till Je-sus comes.
2. Oh, let my lamp be burning When Je-sus comes; For Him my soul be yearning, When Jesus comes.
3. No more heart-pangs nor sadness, When Jesus comes; All peace and joy and gladness, When Jesus comes.
4. All doubts and fears will vanish, When Jesus comes; All gloom His face will ban - ish, When Jesus comes.
5. He'll know the way was dreary, When Jesus comes; He'll know the feet grew wea - ry, When Jesus comes.
6. He'll know what griefs oppressed me, When Jesus comes; Oh, how His arms will rest me! When Jesus comes.

Chorus.

All joy His loved ones bringing, When Jesus comes;
All praise thro' heaven ringing, When Jesus comes;
All beauty bright and vernal
When Je - sus comes; All glo-ry, grand, e-ter-nal, When Jesus comes.

32 Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

Copyright, 1903, by H. G. Smyth. Owned by R. A. Torrey.

H. G. S. H. G. SMYTH.

1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is the love of God
2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Are you bur-dened for
3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is it dai - ly
4. We can not be chan-nels of bless - ing If our lives are not

flowing thro' you? Are you tell-ing the lost of the Sav-iour? Are you
those that are lost? Have you urged upon those who are stray-ing, The
tell-ing for Him? Have you spoken the word of sal - va - tion To
free from all sin; We will bar - ri- ers be and a hin-drance To

CHORUS.

read - y His ser-vice to do?
Sav-iour who died on the cross?
those who are dy-ing in sin?
those we are try-ing to win.

Make me a channel of blessing to-day,

Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing, I pray; My life pos-sess-ing,

my ser-vice bless-ing, Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day.

rit.

33 Blessed Whosoever, That Means Me.

Copyright, 1914, W. J. Sechrest. By per.

W. J. S. W. J. SECHREST.

1. Who - so - ev - er will may come and now be - lieve, Who - so - ev - er
2. Who - so - ev - er will may now to Je - sus come, Who - so - ev - er
3. Who - so - ev - er will may come and Christ re - ceive, Who - so - ev - er
4. Who - so - ev - er will may to the foun - tain go, Who - so - ev - er

will may come and life re-ceive, Who-so-ev-er will may come and now be free,
will may have in heav'n a home, Who-so-ev-er will a child of God may be,
will may come and drink and live, Who-so-ev-er will may come with just this plea,
will may be as white as snow, Who-so-ev-er will from death to life may flee,

CHORUS.

Bless - ed who - so - ev - er, that means me. Who - so - ev - er will may
now be free, By a sin - gle look to Cal - va - ry, Who - so - ev - er
will, a child of God may be, Bless-ed who- so-ev - er, that means me.

34 The Fight is On.

Mrs. C. H. M. Copyright, 1905, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trum-pet sound is ring-ing out; The cry, "To
2. The fight is on, a- rouse, ye soldiers brave and true! Je - ho - vah
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry: The bow of

arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing
leads, and vic- t'ry will as- sure; Go, buck - le on the arm - or
prom - ise spans the east- ern skies; His glo - rious name in ev - 'ry

un - to vic - to - ry, The tri - umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en-dure.
land shall honored be, The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

Chorus. *Unison.*

The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol - dier, And face to face in stern ar -

ray,..... With ar- mor gleam-ing, and col- ors streaming, The right and

The Fight is On.

Harmony.

wrong en - gage to - day! The fight is on, but be not

wea - ry; Be strong, and in His might hold fast: If God be-

for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last!

Vic - t'ry! Vic - t'ry!

35 O for a Soul!

W. J. K.

Copyright, 1900, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O for a soul a - glow with love, With love for God and man;
2. A soul so large that all man-kind Can be embraced there-in;
3. A soul so great that God a - lone Can ac - tu - ate its will;
4. A soul that loves his fel - low-man, No mat - ter what his need;
5. Lord, give us each a soul like this, To live and work for Thee,

Re - joic - ing ev - 'ry pass - ing day To fol - low God's own plan!
The high, the low, the good, the bad, Be count-ed all a - kin.
That ev - 'ry pulse shall beat for Him, His pur - pose to ful - fill.
That fol - lows out the Gold - en Rule, In thought, and word, and deed.
And do our best to el - e - vate En - tire hu - man - i - ty.

36 Since He Became My Anchor.

JAMES ROWE. Owned by Presbyterian Committee of Publication. B. D. ACKLEY.

Copyright, 1917, B. D. Ackley, Words and Music.

1. I was wild-ly toss'd a-bout on the sea of sin and doubt, And the waves of troub-le nev-er ceas'd to roll; But the Sav-iour now is mine
2. Peace and joy are mine at last, drift-ing days for-ev-er past; To the end of life my Lord shall have control, For He took my sin a-way,
3. Drift-ing heart, make Jesus yours, let Him mend the broken oars, Let the lov-ing Ho-ly Spir-it make you whole, Then with-in your life shall be

and the sun be-gan to shine, When He became the an-chor of my soul.
won my heart's true love that day, When He became the an-chor of my soul.
this great joy that came to me, When He became the an-chor of my soul.

CHORUS.

I am an-chored, safe-ly an-chored, With a smile I watch the an-gry bil-lows roll; an-gry billows roll; They can harm me nevermore, days and

Since He Became My Anchor.—Concluded.



37 What will You Give to Jesus?

REV. A. H. ACKLEY. Owned by Presbyterian Committee of Publication. B. D. ACKLEY.

Copyright, 1917, B. D. Ackley, Words and Music.



38 Until I Find It In Jesus.

"Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."—Ex. 3 : 5.

JESSE P. TOMPKINS. Owned by Presbyterian Committee of Publication. B. D. ACKLEY.

Copyright, 1917, B. D. Ackley, Words and Music.

1. When I think of my God as the "An-cient of Days," And pon-der in awe on His won-der-ful ways; His tho' ts are so high, That I fear to draw nigh,
2. When I see in my soul all the sins of my life, And wea-ry I walk thro' the warrings and strife; How blindly I stray From the heav'nly way,
3. When I think of my grief thro' the flow of my tears, And bur-y my hope in the shad-ow of fears; I long for the light Thro' the darkness of night,

CHORUS.

Un-til I see Him in Je-sus.
Un-til I find it in Je-sus.
And find it on-ly in Je-sus.
} In Jesus my Saviour, the brightest and best,

My Broth-er and Friend, as I lean on His breast, So ten-der and mer-ci-ful, then I can see God lov-eth a sin-ner, a sin-ner like me.

39 Blessed Assurance.

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

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je- sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of
2. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, per-fect de - light, Vis- ions of rap - ture now
3. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of His
burst on my sight, An-gels de- scend-ing, bring from a - bove Ech- oes of
hap - py and blest, Watching and wait-ing, look-ing a - bove, Filled with His

CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in His blood.
mer - cy, whis-pers of love.
good - ness, lost in His love.

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

40 Every Cloud Has a Silver Lining.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley.

O. AUSTIN MILES. B. D. ACKLEY.

1. O - ver all a God of love is reign - ing, So trust Him
2. When the storms of life shall fierce as - sail me, We'll watch to-
3. Tar - ry not, my soul, but seek the moun-tain And up-ward

ev - er, who fail - eth nev - er, What He sends I'll take, and
to - geth - er, nor note the weather, For I know that He will
press-ing, to find your bless - ing, Drink-ing deep the wa- ters

not com - plain - ing Shall seek a per - fect faith in Him.
nev - er fail me, And so I put my trust in Him.
of that foun- tain Of per- fect love which dwells with Him.

CHORUS.

Ev-'ry cloud has a sil - ver lin - ing, Per-fect love by faith is won;

So my soul looks up to its Re - deemer As the flow-ers seek the sun.

41 Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

Copyright, 1910, by Mrs. Addie McGranahan. Renewal.
Charles M. Alexander, owner. International Copyright Secured.

Arr. from NEUMASTER, 1671 JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

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.

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

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

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

42 In Him is Light.

Mrs. F. G. Burroughs. Copyright, 1916, by B. D. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. What tho' the clouds hang heav - y O - ver the earth to - day?
2. What if the rain is fall - ing, What tho' our tears fall too?
3. What if the fier - y fur - nace Sev - en times heat - ed be?
4. When in the midst of clam - or, O it is sweet to know,
5. Thus, while in Christ a - bid - ing, All must be calm and bright;

Yet, in His light a - bid - ing, We have a song al - way.
There is a Star whose bright-ness Will all the gloom shine through.
Yet, in the flames with Je - sus, We can shout vic - to - ry!
He is the soul's safe shel - ter From ev - 'ry storm and foe.
In Him can be no dark - ness, For He a - lone is Light.

Chorus.

Je - sus can light up the dark-ness, He makes the shadows depart;
the shadows depart;

He giv-eth songs when we lan - guish, He is the joy of my heart.

43 Brighten the Corner Where You Are.

Copyright, 1913, by Chas. H. Gabriel. Homer A. Rodeheaver, owner. By per.

INA DULEY OGDON. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

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

REFRAIN.

now be true, Brighten the cor-ner where you are.
song of cheer, Brighten the cor-ner where you are.
life may feed, Brighten the cor-ner where you are.
} Brighten the corner where you are! Brighten the corner where you are! Some one far from
Shine for Je- sus where you are!

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

44 One Loving Word.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley.

E. E. Hewitt. Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.

1. Sometimes the way is trying, The lamp of faith burns low, Where summer flow'rs are dy - ing, The thorns and briars grow; But when the journey's ended With-
2. Though often weak and wea-ry, Our courage we'll re-gain, And sing in measures cheer-y, Hope's beau-ti- ful re- frain: For in the Golden Ci - ty, No
3. Oh, let us be more cheery, When fleeing joys depart; Though all a-round is drear- y, Keep sunshine in the heart; For, when like tender music, We

in the jewelled wall, One loving word from Jesus Will make amends for all.
tears of sorrow fall; One welcome smile from Jesus Will make amends for all.
hear the angels call, One blissful hour with Jesus Will make amends for all.

Chorus.

O, when the toil- some jour- ney is o'er, We will grieve no more: En - rapt-ured we'll stand on the beau- ti - ful shore, At home for-ev - er-more.

45 Draw Me Nearer.

Copyright, 1903. Renewal. By per. W. H. Doane.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con - se- crate me now to Thy ser - vice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. Oh, the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the

love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my
throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I com-
nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I

CHORUS.

clos - er drawn to Thee.
will be lost in Thine.
mune as friend with friend.
rest in peace with Thee.

} Draw me near - er, near-er blessed Lord,

near- er, near- er,

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

near - er, bless- ed Lord, To Thy prec - ious bleed - ing side.

46 Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

Copyright, 1914, by Chas. H. Gabriel. Homer A. Rodeheaver, owner.

R. H. McDANIEL. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

47 Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. HEWITT. Copyright, 1915. Renewal. By per., of Mrs. L. E. Sweney, Exc. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to the King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For, when the Lord is near.
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,

Than glows in an - y earth-ly skies, For Je - sus is my light.
And Je - sus, lis - ten-ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.

REFRAIN.

O there's sun - - - shine, bless - ed sun - - - shine,
O there's sun-shine in the soul, bless - ed sun - shine in the soul,

When the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll;
hap - py mo - ments roll;

When Je - sus shows His smil-ing face, There is sunshine in the soul.

48 The Bitter With the Sweet.

"He Also Sends the Rain." Copyright, 1915, by Charles M. Alexander.
International Copyright Secured.

HERBERT BUFFUM. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Do not be discouraged when the dark clouds come, When the pass-ing
2. When beneath some heavy load your heart is sad,, When it seems you
3. He who sees the spar-row fall is watch-ing you, Do not be dis -

days are full of toil and pain; On - ly stop and think that He who
can - not ev - er smile a - gain, God who let the sor-row come will
cour-aged, mur-mur nor com - plain, Trust Him thro' the tri-als, to your

gives the sun, Makes the clouds and al - so sends the rain.
make you glad, He's the One who gives the sun and rain.
task be true, He who sends the sun-shine sends the rain.

CHORUS.

Take the bit - ter with the sweet, the care and sor - row with the joy,

Ev - en gold in all its bright-ness has al - loy;

The Bitter With the Sweet.—Concluded.

So re - mem - ber when your heart is full of grief and pain,

That tho' He sends the sun - shine, He al - so sends the rain.

49 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. Bright-ly beams our Father's mer-cy From His light-house ev-er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my brother: Some poor sail - or tempest - tossed,

:S: FINE.

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

D. C.—Some poor faint-ing struggling sea - men You may res - cue, you may save.

D. C.

CHORUS.

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

50 My Saviour First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Copyright, 1891, by per. L. E. Sweney, Exc. JNO. R. SWENEY

1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rap-ture when I view his blessed face, And the lustre of His kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beckon me to come, And our part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spotless white, He will reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.

mer-cy, love, and grace, That prepares for me a mansion in the sky.
sing my wel-come home; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

CHORUS.

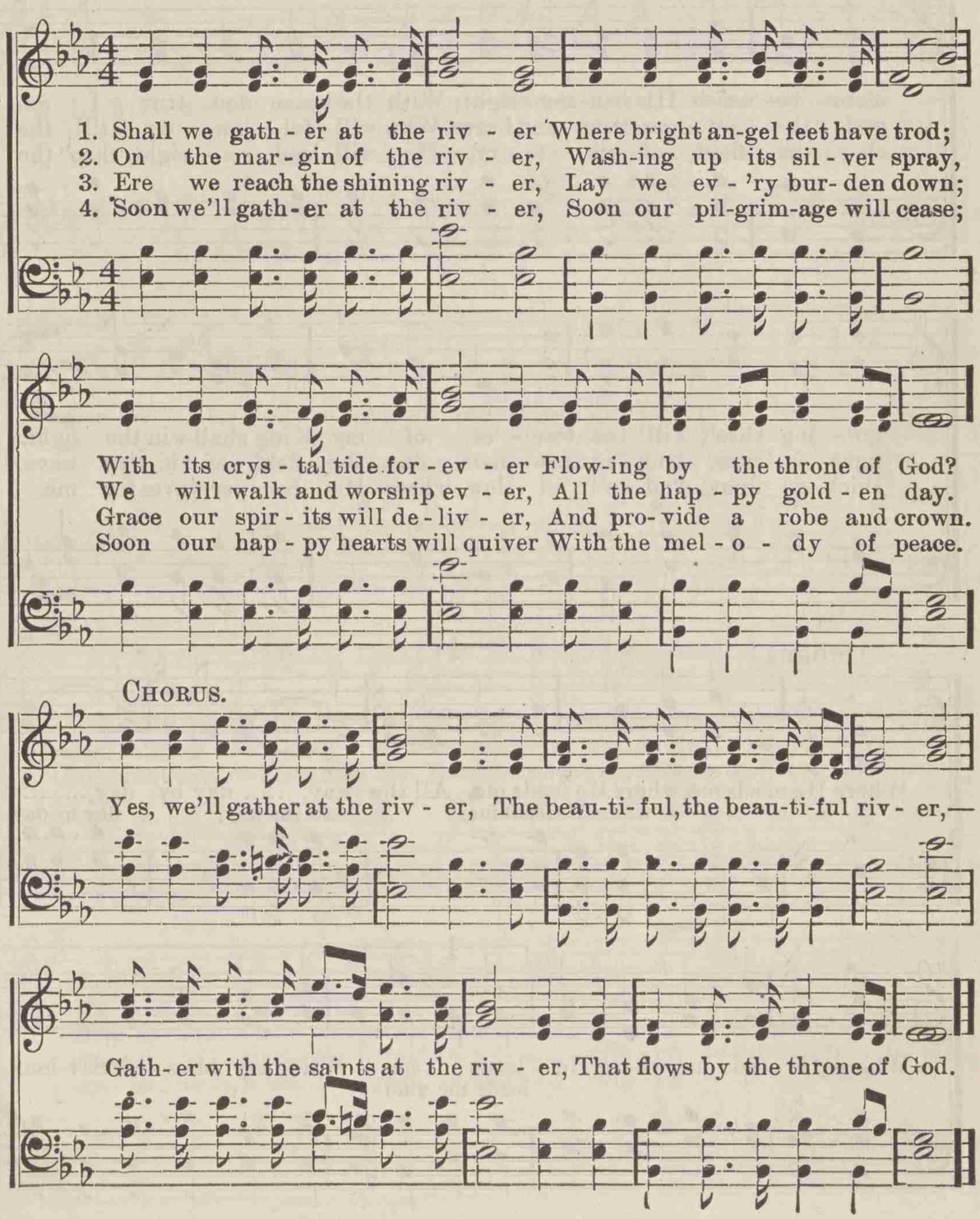
I shall know Him, I shall know Him, As redeem'd by His side I shall stand.
I shall know Him,

My Saviour First of All.



51 Shall We Gather at the River?

R. L. Copyright property Mary Runyon Lowry. By per. Rev. Robert Lowry,



52 Where My King Leads On.

Copyright, 1915, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
Owned by Presbyterian Committee of Publication

Rev. W. C. POOLE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL, Jr.

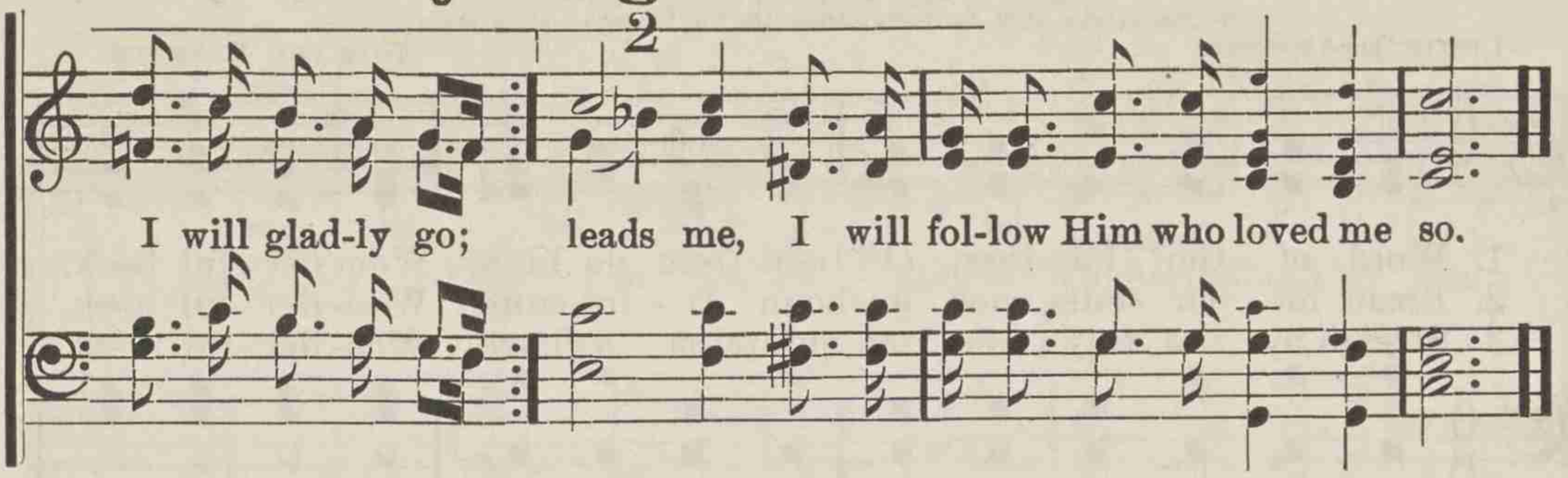
1. Where my King leads on, till the fight is won, You will find me close be - neath His ban - ner bright; With the brave and true I am
2. In the bat - tle fray there is need to - day For the loy - al and the ev - er true and brave, Who will fol - low on till the
3. Where my King leads on, till the fight is won, And we stand up - on the field of vic - to - ry, He will lead a - right, thro' the go - ing thro', Till the forc - es of my King shall win the fight.
fight is won, And the ban - ners on the field of vic-t'ry wave.
thick-est fight, And we'll fol - low where His ban - ner waves for me.

CHORUS.

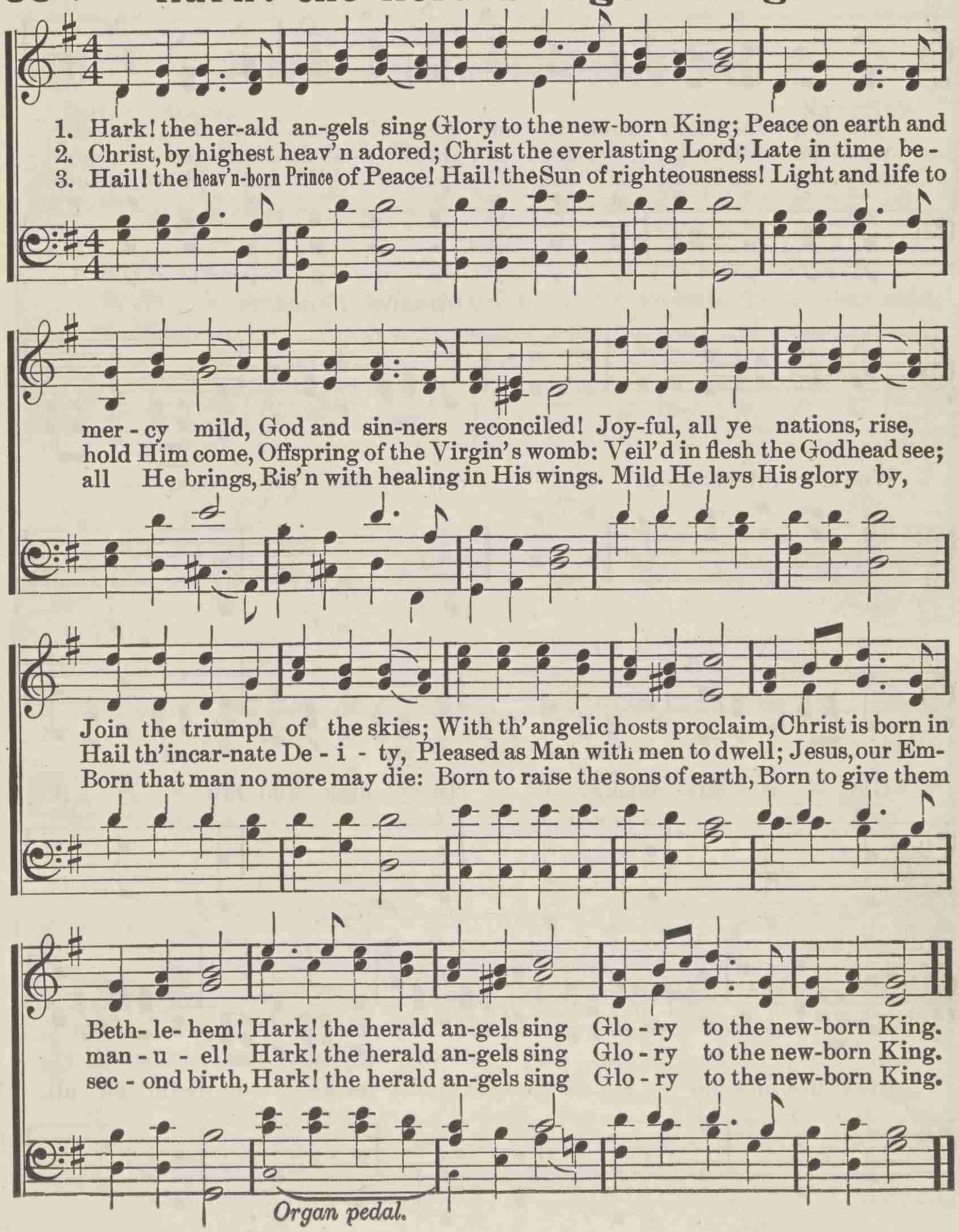
Where He needs me, where He leads me, All the way, ... day by day,.....
where He leads me, All the way, day by day,

Where He needs me, where He leads me With my bless - ed Sav-iour
leads me glad - ly

Where My King Leads On.—Concluded.



53 Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.



54 Wonderful Book.

Copyright, 1909, by Tullar-Meredith Co. Used by permission.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. Word of the Fa - ther, O light from on high, Won- der - ful book,
2. Bread for our souls, such a boun - ti - ful store, Won- der - ful book,
3. Stream by the way - side from fountains a - bove, Won- der - ful book,

won - der - ful book, Guide to our glo - ri - ous home in the sky,
won - der - ful book, Feast - ing on thee we shall hun - ger no more,
won - der - ful book, Bath - ing our spir - its in in - fi - nite love,

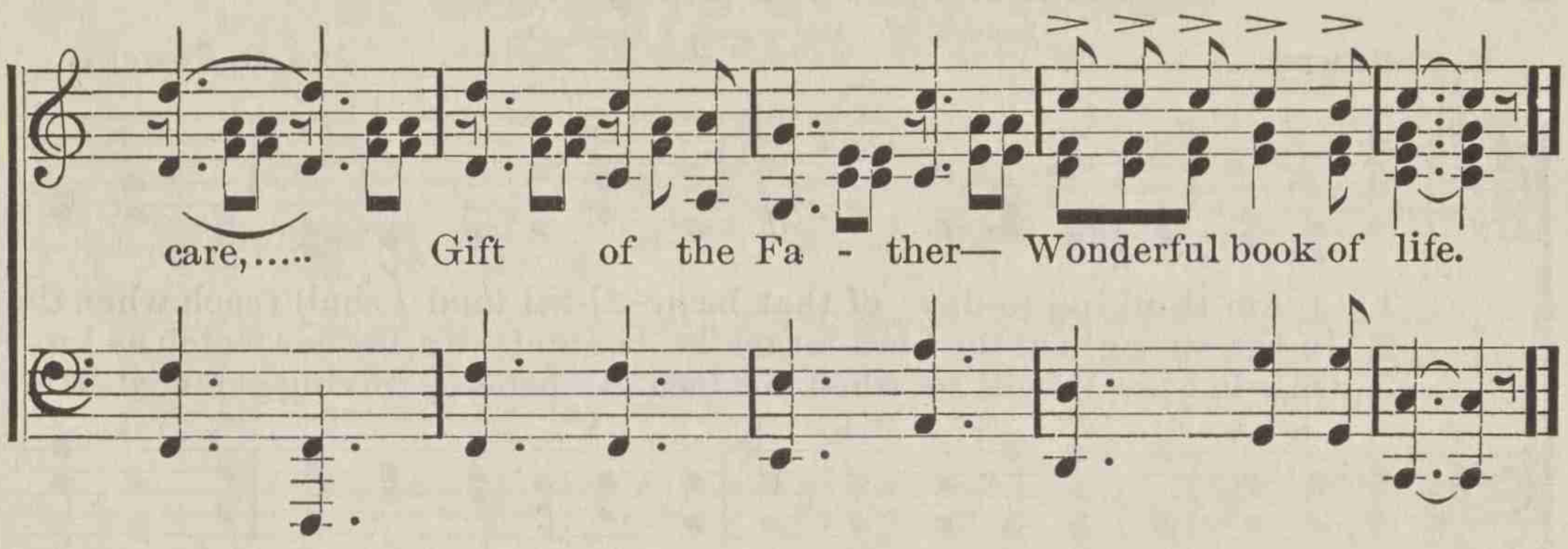
CHORUS. *Unison.*

Won-der - ful book of life. Won - der - ful book,.....

Glo - ri - ous book,..... To high and low - ly A

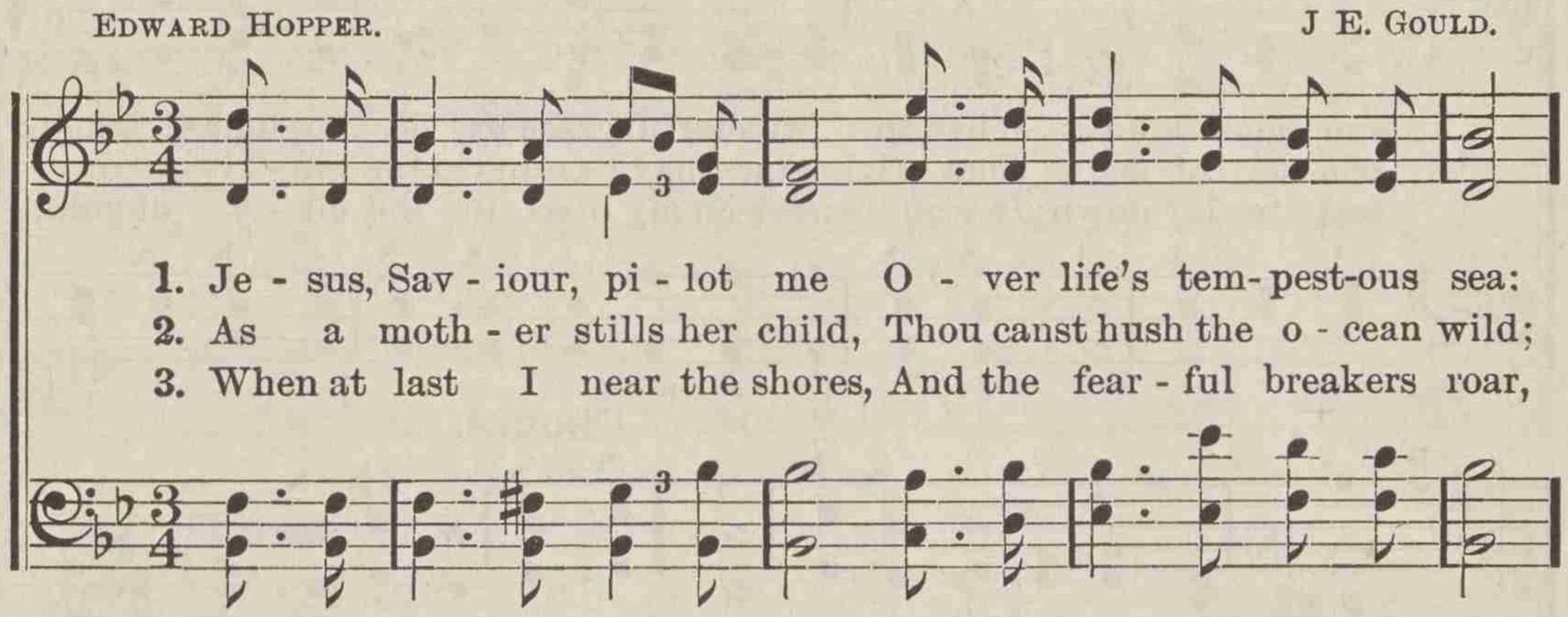
treas - ure most ho - ly, A jew - el so rare..... Balm for all

Wonderful Book.



55 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER. J E. GOULD.



56 Will There Be Any Stars?

Copyright, 1897. Used by per. I. E. Sweney, Exc.

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

1. I am thinking to-day of that beau - ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la -bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I behold, Living gems at His

sun go- eth down, When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav-iour I stand,
win-ner of sculs; That bright stars may be mine in the glo - ri - ous day,
feet to lay down; It would sweet-en my bliss in the cit - y of gold,

CHORUS.

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

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

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

57 In the Days of My Youth.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley. Words and Music.

Rev. W. C. POOLE. C. A. FREEMAN.

1. In the days of my youth I will love Him Because He first loved me,
2. In the days of my youth I will fol-low, My Guide and Keeper true,
3. In the days of my youth, in the glo-ry, Of days so fair and bright,

That He sought in His love till He found me— My All is He.
And so hap-py the serv-ice be-side Him, His will to do.
I will mold all my life by His pat-tern, So true and right?

CHORUS.

In the days of my youth, I will fol-low af-ter truth,

I will fol-low in the path of right; In the steps of my Lord

In the light of His word, I will fol-low in His pathway bright.

58 Trusting Jesus, That is All.

Copyright, 1904. Renewal. By per. L. E. Sweney, Exc.

EDGAR PAGE. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Sim - ply trusting ev - 'ry day; Trust - ing through a storm-y way;
2. Bright - ly doth His Spir-it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;
3. Sing - ing, if my way is clear; Pray - ing, if the path is drear;
4. Trust - ing as the moments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by,

E - ven when my faith is small,—Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
While He leads I can - not fall,—Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
If in dan - ger, for Him call,—Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
Trust - ing Him, whate'er be - fall,—Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.

CHORUS.

Trusting Him while life shall last, Trusting Him till earth is past—

while life shall last, **till earth is past—**

Till within the jas - per wall— Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.

the jas - per wall—

59 Light Up the World for Jesus.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley. Words and Music.

E. E. HEWITT. B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Light up the world for Je - sus; Light up your face with smiles;
2. Light up the world for Je - sus; Darkness is all a - round,
3. Light up the world for Je - sus; Send forth the gos - pel beams,
4. Light up the world for Je - sus; Keep sun-shine in your heart,

Light up your eyes with glad - ness, Brighten the wea - ry miles.
Bright happy skies will spark - le, Glo - ry shall there a - bound.
Till o - ver hill and val - ley Heav-en - ly ra-diance streams.
And give it out so free - ly, Shadows will all de - part.

CHORUS.

Light up the world for Je - sus, Light it with love's pure rays;

Light up the world for Je - sus, Give un - to Him all praise.

60 The Cross is not Greater.

Copyright, Ballington Booth. By per.

B. B. Gen. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

Solo and Chorus.

1. The cross that He gave may be heavy, But it ne'er outweighs His grace,
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His crown for me,
3. The light of His love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful - fill- ing, As I'm walk-ing in His sight,

The storm that I fear'd may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
The cup that I drink not more bit - ter Than He drank at Geth-se-ma - ne.
The toil of my work groweth lighter, As I stoop to raise the low.
My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a - lone can keep me right.

CHORUS.

The cross is not great- er than His grace, The storm can-not

hide His bless - ed face; I am sat - is - fied to know

That with Je - sus here be - low, I can con - quer ev - 'ry foe.

61

At the Cross.

Copyright, 1891, by Mrs. Mary Hudson.
Used by Permission

ISAAC WATTS. R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groan'd up-on the tree?
3. We'll might the sun in dark- ness hide, And shut His glo -ries in,
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re- pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de-vote that sa- cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be- yond de - gree!
When Christ the mighty Mak - er died For man the creature's sin.
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 roll'd a -way, It was there by faith
roll'd a-way,
I re -ceiv'd my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day!

62 Gather By and By.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Copyright, 1916, by B. D. Ackley. B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Are we walk-ing close to Je - sus, And re - nouncing ev - 'ry sin?
2. Are we pa - tient and sub- mis - sive To the bless - ed Mas-ter's will?
3. O these deep and searching questions That ap - peal to ev - 'ry one,

Do we list - en to the coun-cils Of the Spir-it's voice with-in?
Should He try us by af - flic - tion, Could we suf - fer and be still?
And re - mind us of the du - ties That so oft we leave un-done;

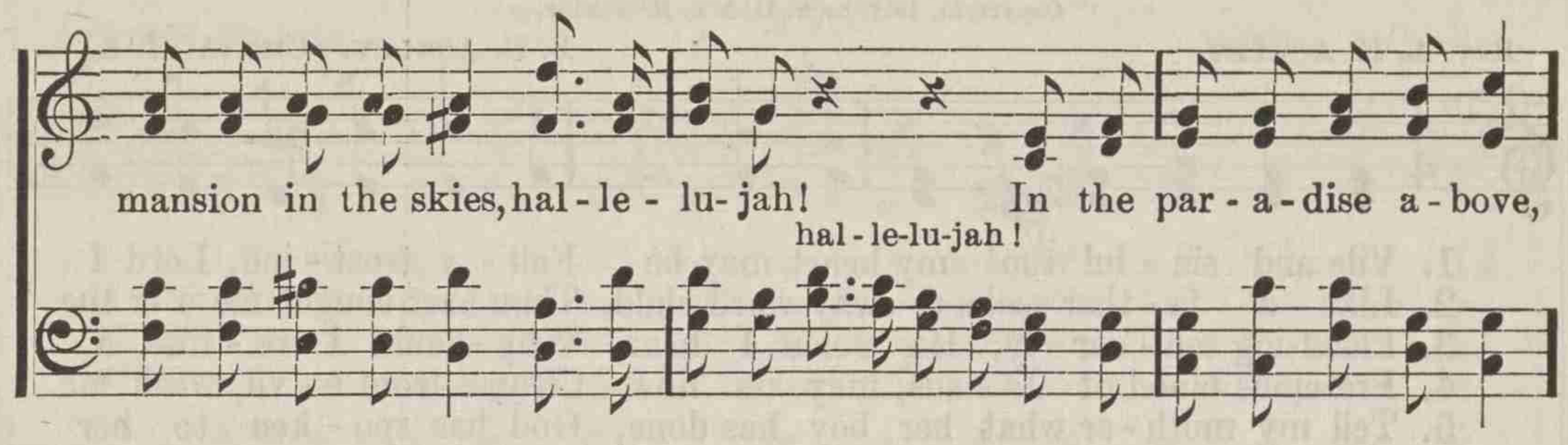
Have we made a full sur - ren - der Of our all to Him a - lone?
Do we seek for those that per - ish With a ten - der, yearning care?
If to Je - sus our Re-deem - er We can an - swer them a - right,

Can we say that we are liv - ing For His glo - ry, not our own?
Are we faith - ful to our call - ing, Ev - er watch-ing un - to pray'r?
There's a crown for us in glo - ry, And a home for - ev - er bright.

CHORUS.

Then fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, We can read our ti - tle clear To a

Gather By and By.—Concluded.





63 Child of Thy Love.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Copyright, 1916, by B. D. Ackley. B. D. ACKLEY.



64 Coming Home.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. & A. H. Ackley.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley. Cho. A. H. A.

1. Vile and sin - ful tho' my heart may be Full - y trust - ing, Lord I come to Thee,
2. Like a fa - ther seeks a way-ward child, Thou hast sought me o'er the des - ert wild,
3. Plead-ing ten - der - ly, His voice I hear, Why should I re - fuse a friend so dear,
4. Pre-cious blood of Je - sus, may its flow Cleanse from e - vil, wash me white as snow,
5. Tell my moth - er what her boy has done, God has spo - ken to her way - ward son,

Thou hast pow'r to cleanse and make me free,
Sick and help - less by my sin de - filed,
He will take a - way my guilt and fear,
There is hope a - lone in Thee I know,
To be faith - ful till my crown is won,

Chorus.

I am com - ing home. Com-ing home, com-ing home, com-ing home,

I'm com-ing home,

No long-er in the path of sin to roam, I'm com-ing home,

I'm com-ing home,

com-ing home, Lord Je-sus, I am com-ing home.

I'm coming home, I'm coming home,

65 Who'll Be the Next?

Copyright, 1899, Robert Lowry. Renewal. By per.

ANNIE S. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the next His
2. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus—Fol- low His wear - y
3. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the next to
4. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus Down thro' the Jor - dan's

cross to bear? Some one is read - y, some one is wait - ing;
bleed - ing feet? Who'll be the next to lay ev - 'ry bur - den
praise His name? Who'll swell the cho - rus of free re-demp- tion,
roll - ing tide? Who'll be the next to join with the ran - som'd

REFRAIN.

Who'll be the next a crown to wear?
Down at the Fa - ther's mer - cy seat?
Sing, hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lamb?
Sing - ing up - on the oth - er side?
} Who'll be the next?

Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus?

Who'll be the next to fol- low Je - sus now? Fol- low Je - sus now?

66 Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Used by per., W. H. Doane.

KATE HANKEY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un-seen things a - bove, Of
2. Tell me the sto - ry, slow - ly, That I may take it in— That
3. Tell me the sto - ry, soft - ly, With ear-nest tones and grave; Re -
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je-sus and His love; Tell me the sto-ry
won-der -ful re-demp-tion, God's rem-e-dy for sin; Tell me the sto-ry
mem-ber I'm the sin -ner Whom Jesus came to save; Tell me the sto-ry
this world's empty glo- ry Is cost-ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's

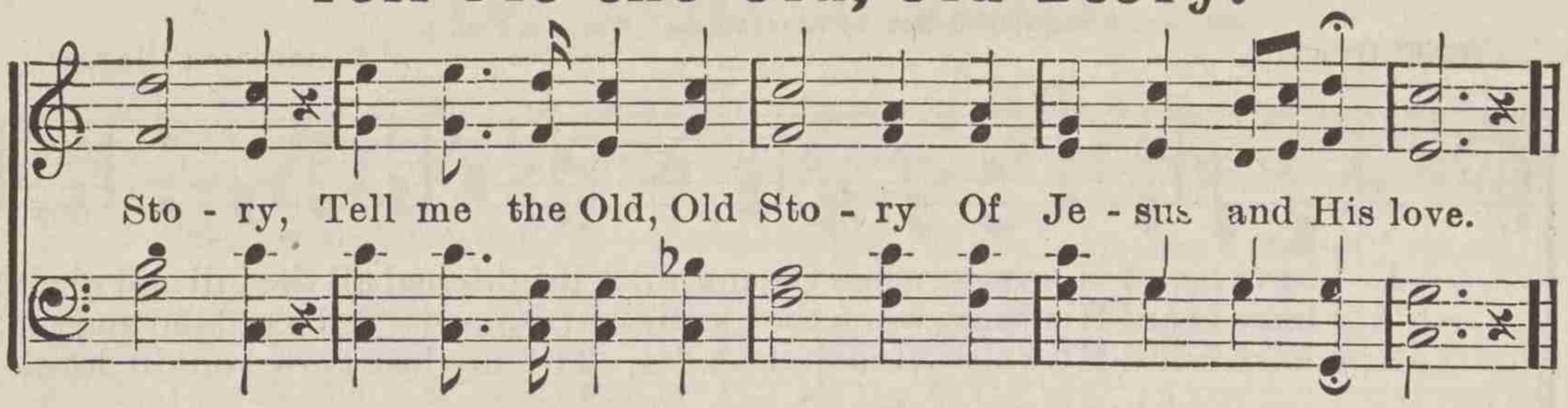
sim- ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wear-y, And
oft - en, For I for-get so soon, The "ear-ly dew" of morning Has
al - ways, If you would really be, In an - y time of trouble, A
glo - ry Is dawning on my soul, Tell me the old, old sto - ry: "Christ

CHORUS.

help-less and de -filed.
passed a -way at noon.
com-fort -er to me.
Je-sus makes thee whole."

Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old

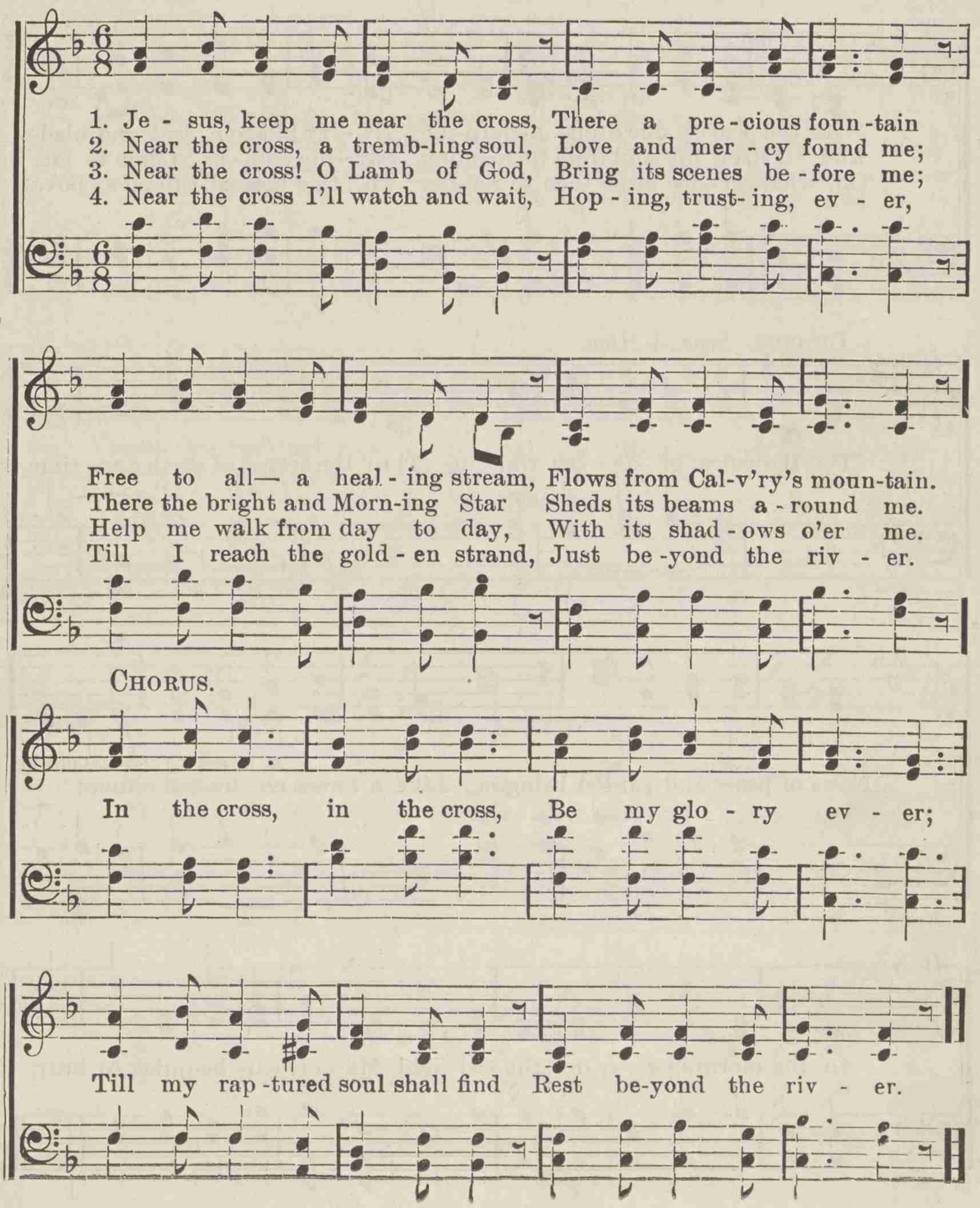
Tell Me the Old, Old Story.



67 Near the Cross.

Copyright, 1890, by W. H. Doane. By per.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



68 The Voice of Jesus.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley. Words and Music.

E. E. HEWITT. KATHERINE HOWE.

1. I have heard His voice, when the morning Brightened all the hill and glade;
2. I have heard His voice, when the gloaming Dropped a veil o'er land and sea;
3. I have heard His voice, kind and tender, Till my heart cried out in love,

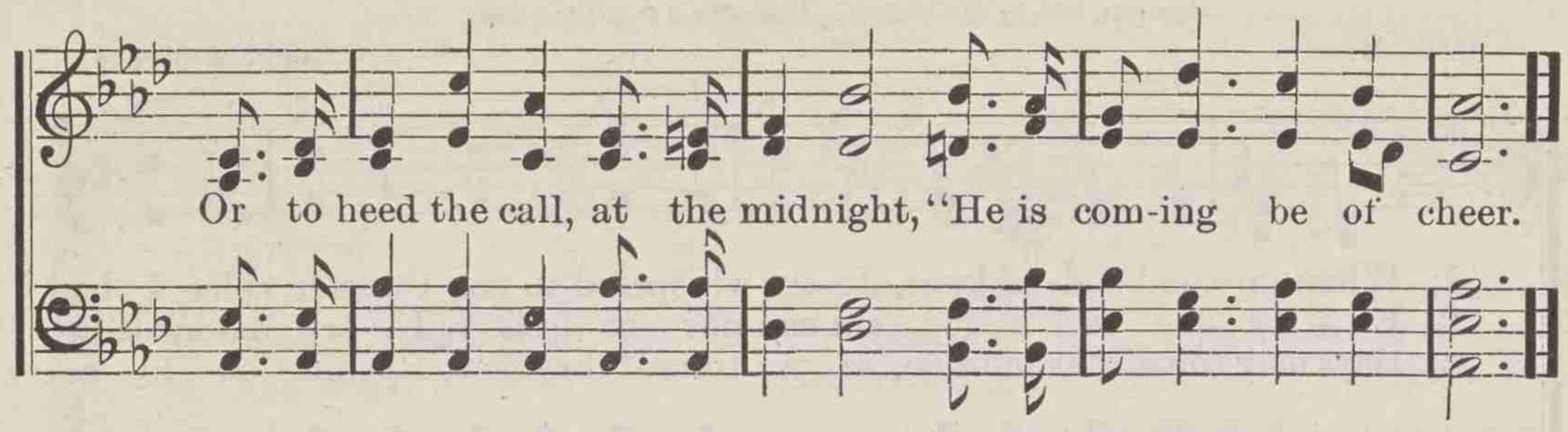
With the pearl-y dewdrops a-dorn-ing Ev-'ry blossom, leaf and blade.
And it drew my soul from its roaming, Say-ing soft-ly, "Come to me."
"Oh, what serv-ice mine then to ren-der, To this blessed Friend a-bove?

CHORUS. *Sops. & Altos.*

'Tis the voice of Je-sus ring-ing Thro' the scenes of earth and time,
News of peace and pardon bringing, Like a sweet ce-les-tial chime;
In the morning glow, or the twi-light, May my ears be quick to hear;

a sweet ce-les-tial chime

The Voice of Jesus.



69 Angel Voices.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley. Words and Music.

FANNY J. CROSBY. B. D. ACKLEY.



70 Sweeter as the Years Roll By.

Copyright, 1913, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured. By per

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When up - on bend- ed knee, Je- sus whispered to me, Sweeter voice I had
2. Ev - 'ry day is a joy sin can nev - er destroy, Ev-'ry mo-ment in
3. Days may come, they must go, as a torrent they flow, Rushing on to e-

nev - er heard; But the years as they roll bring a joy to my soul, As I
peace I dwell; But I'm long-ing to stand face to face, hand in hand, With the
ter - ni - ty; But the time as it flies brings me near- er the prize That a-

CHORUS.

lin - ger up-on His word.
One whom I love so well.
waits when my King I'll see.

For He is sweeter as the years roll by,
as the years roll by,

To be wor-thy of His love I'll try; So I'll love Him more and more,
I will try;

rit.

As I near the oth-er shore, For He is sweet-er as the years roll by. (roll by.)

71 Memories of Galilee.

ROBERT MORRIS, LL. D. Used by permission. H. R. PALMER.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

O Gal - i - lee! sweet Gal - i - lee! Where Je-sus lov'd so much to be; O

Gal - i - lee! blue Gal - i - lee! Come, sing thy song a-gain to me!

72 We Shall Know.

ANNIE HERBERT. By permission. J. H. ANDERSON.

1. When the mists have roll'd in splen- dor From the beau - ty of the hills,
2. If we err in hu - man blindness, And for - get that we are dust;
3. When the mists have ris'n a-bove us, As our Fa-ther knows His own,

And the sun-shine, warm and ten - der, Falls in kiss - es on the rills,
If we miss the law of kind - ness When we strug- gle to be just,
Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known;

We may read love's shin- ing let - ter In the rain - bow of the spray,—
Snow - y wings of peace shall cov - er All the plain that hides a-way,—
Love, be-yond the o - rient meadows Floats the gold - en fringe of day,

We shall know each oth - er bet - ter When the mists have cleared away.
When the wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have cleared away.
Heart to heart, we bide the shadows, Till the mists have cleared away.

CHORUS.

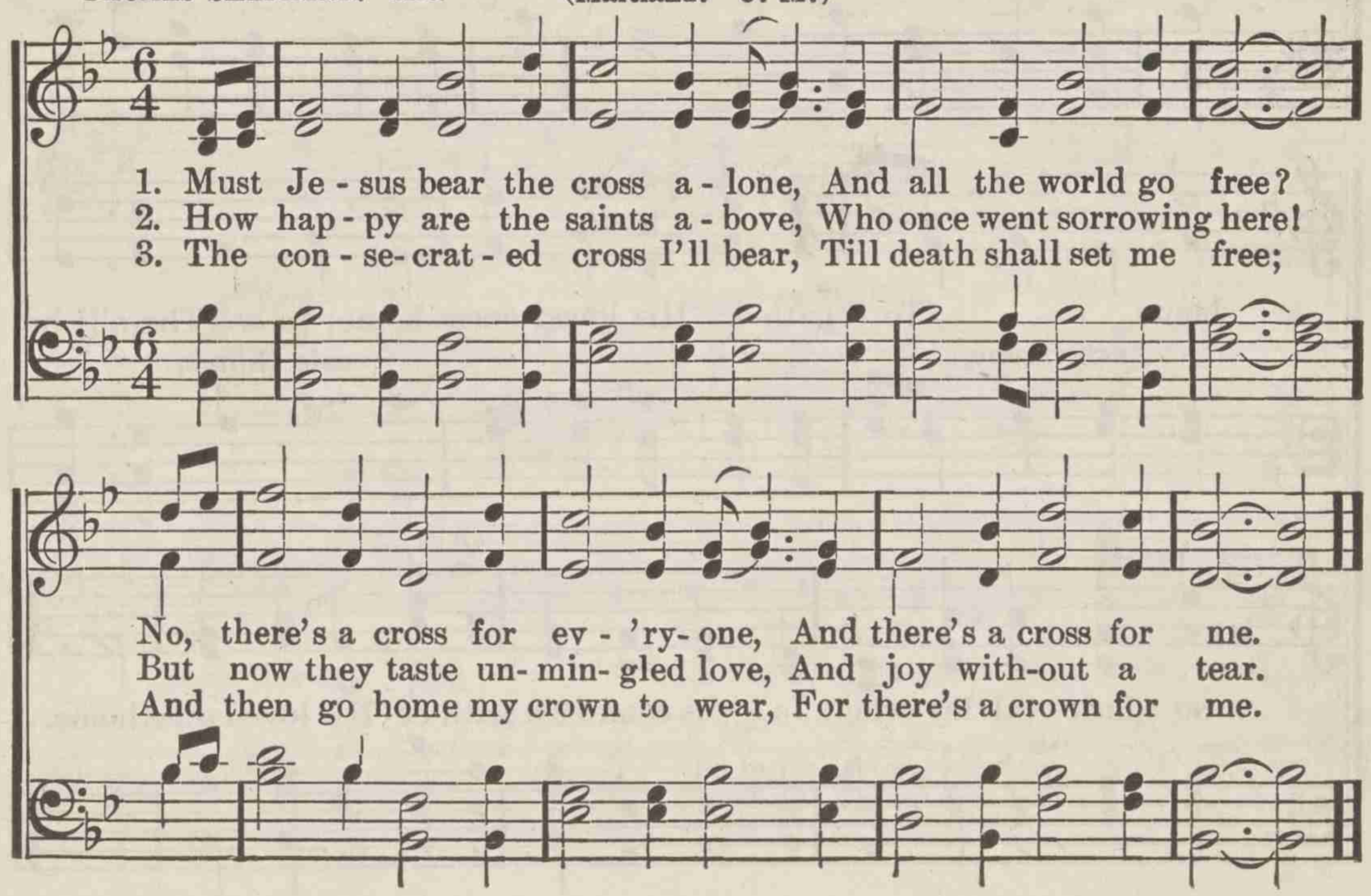
We shall know..... as we are known,..... Nev- er more..... to walk a -
We shall know as we are known, Never more

We Shall Know.



73 Must Jesus Bear the Cross?

THOMAS SHEPHERD. Alt. (Maitland. C. M.)



74 There'll Be No Dark Valley.

Copyright, 1896, by The Biglow & Main Co. Used by per.

WILLIAM O. CUSHING. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There'll be no dark val-ley when Je - sus comes, There'll be no dark
2. There'll be no more sor-row when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
3. There'll be no more weep-ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
4. There'll be songs of greet-ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be songs of

val - ley when Je - sus comes; There'll be no dark valley when Je - sus comes
sor - row when Je - sus comes; But a glo-rious mor-row when Je - sus comes
weep-ing when Je - sus comes; But a bless - ed reap- ing when Je - sus comes
greet-ing when Je - sus comes; And a joy - ful meet-ing when Je - sus comes

REFRAIN.

To gath - er His loved ones home. To gath - er His loved ones
home, To gath-er His loved ones home; There'll be
safe home, safe home;
no dark val- ley when Je - sus comes To gath-er His loved ones home.

75 The Rock that is Higher than I.

E. JOHNSON. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet,
3. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep, Or blessings, or sor-rows pre-vail;

And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.
But toil - ing in life's dusty way, The Rock's blessed shadow how sweet?
Or climb-ing the mountain-way steep, Or walking the shadow-y vale.

CHORUS.

Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, To the

let me fly,

Rock that is high - er than I: Oh, then to the

high - er than I:

Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I.

let me fly,

76 Shall You? Shall I?

Copyright, 1915. by Addie McGranahan. Renewal.
Chas. M. Alexander, owner. By per.

G. M. J.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Some one will en - ter the pearl - y gate By and by, by and by,
2. Some one will glad-ly his cross lay down By and by, by and by,
3. Some one will knock when the door is shut By and by, by and by,
4. Some one will sing the tri - um-phant song By and by, by and by,

Taste of the glo - ries that there a - wait, Shall you? shall I?
Faith-ful, ap-proved, shall re- ceive a crown, Shall you? shall I?
Hear a voice say - ing, "I know you not," Shall you? shall I?
Join in the praise with the blood-bought throng, Shall you? shall I?

Some one will trav - el the streets of gold, Beau - ti - ful vis- ions will
Some one the glo - ri - ous King will see, Ev - er from sor - row of
Some one will call and shall not be heard, Vain-ly will strive when the
Some one will greet on the gold - en shore Lov'd ones of earth who have

there behold, Feast on the pleasures so long foretold; Shall you? shall I?
earth be free, Happy with Him thro' e-ter-ni-ty: Shall you? shall I?
door is barred, Some one will fail of the saint's reward: Shall you? shall I?
gone be-fore, Safe in the glo-ry for ev - er- more: Shall you? shall I?

77

Wonderful Peace.

Copyright, 1892, by W. G. Cooper. Charles M. Alexander, owner.

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

1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to-night Rolls a mel - o - dy sweet- er than psalm; In ce - les - tial-like strains it un -
2. What a treas - ure I have in this won- der - ful peace, Bur- ied deep in the heart of my soul, So se- cure that no pow - er can
3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won- der - ful peace, Rest-ing sweet- ly in Je - sus' con- trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by
4. And me-thinks when I rise to that cit - y of peace, Where the Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
5. Ah, soul! are you here with-out com- fort and rest, March-ing down the rough pathway of time? Make Je - sus your Friend ere the ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll!
night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood- ing my soul!
ran - som'd will sing In that heav - en - ly king-dom will be:
shad - ows grow dark; O ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime!

CHORUS.

Peace, peace, wonder-ful peace, Coming down from the Father a - bove! Sweep o - ver my spir-it for- ev- er, I pray, In fath- om-less billows of love!

78 Dwelling In Beulah Land.

Copyright, 1911, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured. By per.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

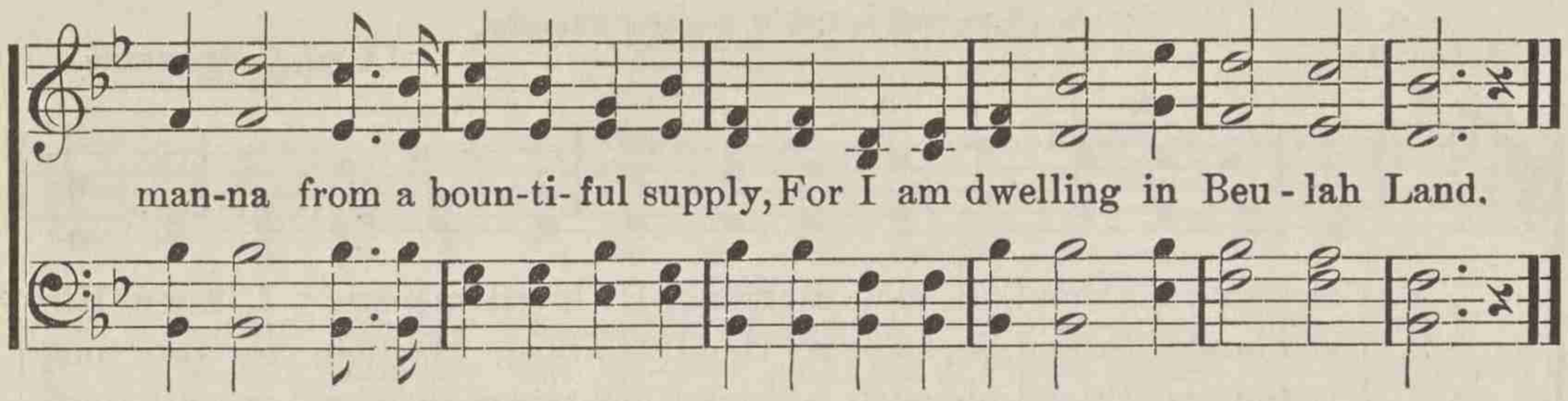
1. Far a-way the noise of strife up-on my ear is fall-ing, Then I know the sins of earth be-set on ev-'ry hand; Doubt and fear and things of earth in vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beu-lah Land.
2. Far be-low the storm of doubt upon the world is beat-ing, Sons of men in bat-tle long the en-e-my withstand; Safe am I with-in the cas-tle of God's word re-treat-ing, Nothing there can reach me—'tis Beu-lah Land.
3. Let the stormy breezes blow, their cry cannot a-larm me, I am safe-ly sheltered here, pro-tect-ed by God's hand; Here the sun is al-ways shining here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for-ev-er in Beu-lah Land.
4. Viewing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem-pla-tion, Hearing now His bless-ed voice, I see the way He planned; Dwelling in the Spir-it, here I learn of full sal-va-tion, Glad-ly will I tar-ry in Beu-lah Land.

CHORUS.

I'm liv-ing on a mountain, un-der-neath a cloudless sky, I'm drinking at the fountain that never shall run dry, O yes! I'm feasting on the

Praise God!

Dwelling in Beulah Land.—Concluded.



79 Open My Eyes, That I May See.

Copyright, 1895, by Clara H. Scott. Owned by The Evangelical Pub. Co , Chicago. By per.

C. H. S. CLARA H. SCOTT.



80 I've Found a Friend.

Copyright, 1906, by Geo. C. Stebbins. Renewal.

J. G. SMALL. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! All power to Him is giv - en,
4. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,

He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And not a-lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
To guard me on my onward course, And bring me safe to heav- en.
So wise a Coun - sel - lor and Guide, So might - y a De- fend - er!

And 'round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which naught can sev-er,
Nought that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er:
Th' e - ter- nal glo - ries gleam a- far, To nerve my faint en- deav - or:
From Him, who loves me now, so well, What pow'r my soul can sev - er?

For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for - ev - er.
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for - ev - er.

81 I Walk With the King.

Copyright, 1915, by Homer A. Rodeheaver. By per.
International Copyright secured.

JAMES ROWE. B. D. ACKLEY.

1. In sor-row I wandered, my spir-it op-prest, But now I am hap-py— se-cure-ly I rest: From morn-ing till eve-ning glad car-ols I sing, And this is the rea-son: I walk with the King.
2. For years in the fet-ters of sin I was bound, The world could not help me— no com-fort I found; But now like the birds and the sunbeams of spring, I'm free and re-joic-ing—I walk with the King.
3. O soul near de-spair in the low-lands of strife, Look up and let Je-sus come in-to your life; The joy of sal-va-tion to you He would bring—Come in-to the sun-light and walk with the King.

CHORUS.

I walk with the King, hal-le-lu-jah! I walk with the King, praise His name!
No long-er I roam, my soul fa-ces home, I walk and I talk with the King.

82 Saved By the Blood.

Copyright, 1903, by Daniel B. Towner. English Copyright.
Charles M. Alexander, owner. By per.

S. J. HENDERSON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci- fied One! Ransomed from sin and a new work be- gun, Sing praise to the Fa-ther and praise to the Son,
2. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci- fied One! The an- gels re- joic- ing be - caus it is done; A child of the Fa-ther, joint- heir with the Son,
3. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci- fied One! The Father He spake, and His will it was done; Great price of my par-don, His own precious Son;
4. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci- fied One! All hail to the Fa-ther, all hail to the Son, All hail to the Spir - it, the great Three in One!

CHORUS.

Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci-fied One! Saved !..... saved !.....
Glo-ry, I'm saved ! glory, I'm saved !

My sins are all pardoned, my guilt is all gone! Saved !.....
Glo - ry, I'm saved !

saved !..... I am saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
glo - ry, I'm saved !

83 God Will Take Care of You.

(Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.)

C. D. MARTIN. Copyright, 1905, by John A. Davis. By per. W. S. MARTIN.



84 O What a Saviour is Mine!

JAMES ROWE. Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley. DELOSS SMITH.

1. Hap - py am I ev - 'ry hour of the day, Sing-ing of mer - cy di -
2. Light is my bur-den and glad is my soul, Bright is the path that I
3. Thou who art wea - ry and sin-sick and sad, Come to my Sav - iour to-

vine; ..... I'm fol - low - ing ev - er the heav - en - ly way,
trace, ... As on - ward I go toward the heav - en - ly goal,
day, ... And thou shalt be sin - less, tri - umph-ant and glad,

mer - cy di - vine;

CHORUS.

O what a Sav-iour is mine!
Praising His marvel-lous grace.
Singing His prais-es al - way.

O what a Saviour is mine!.....

O what a Sav-iour di - vine!..... Now on-ward I'm go - ing, with

praise o - ver - flow - ing, O what a Sav-iour is mine!.....

85 If We Walk With Him.

A. H. A. Owned by Presbyterian Committee of Publication. Rev. A. H. Ackley.

Copyright, 1917, B. D. Ackley and A. H. Ackley.

1. We shall trav - el with the King up - on a roy - al road, If we
2. We shall nev - er know the pov - er - ty of friend-less joy, If we
3. We shall know the bless- ed se - cret of pre-vail - ing pray'r, If we
4. We shall sing the song of tri-umph all a- long life's way, If we

walk with Him, Reign with Christ upon His throne in yonder blest a-bode,
walk with Him, For His grace is all sufficient when the doubts annoy,
walk with Him, And the glo- ry of the In-ner Cir-cle we shall share,
walk with Him, And go sweeping thro' the gates that leads to endless day,

If we walk with Him,

Chorus.

If we walk with Him. If we walk with Him,.....
If we walk with Him. If we walk and talk with Him,

If we walk a-long the way with Him,.....There is heal-ing for our sadness,
If we walk and talk with Him.

There is peace and joy and gladness If we walk with Him.
If we walk with Him, with Him.

86 The Light of the World is Jesus.

P. P. B. Copyright, 1903, By The John Church Co. By per. P. P. BLISS.

1. The whole world was lost in the dark-ness of sin; The Light of the
2. No dark-ness have we who in Je-sus a-bide, The Light of the
3. Ye dwell-ers in darkness, with sin-blind-ed eyes, The Light of the
4. No need of the sun-light in heav-en, we're told, The Light of the

world is Je-sus; Like sun-shine at noon-day, His glo-ry shone in,
world is Je-sus; We walk in the Light when we fol-low our Guide,
world is Je-sus: Go, wash at His bid-ding, and light will a-rise,
world is Je-sus; The Lamb is the light in the cit-y of gold,

CHORUS.

The Light of the world is Je-sus. Come to the Light, 'tis

shin-ing for thee; Sweetly the Light has dawned up-on me, Once I was

blind, but now I can see: The Light of the world is Je-sus.

87 My Lord Abides.

INA DULEY OGDON. Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley. B. D. ACKLEY.

1. I hear the sweep - ing of the storm, I see the ris - ing wave,
2. The foe is near on ev-'ry hand, Yet cour - age fills my heart,
3. He is my ar - mor strong and whole, His won-drous peace is mine,

But e - vil can - not do me harm, The One I trust will save.
For with my Lord I shall withstand And quench the fier - y dart.
I know my Lord will keep my soul By might and pow'r di - vine.

CHORUS.

My Lord a - bides! My Lord a - bides!.....

My Lord a - bides! My Lord a - bides!

And in His strength my weak - ness hides; I trust in

Him, what - e'er be - tides, My bless - ed Lord a - bides.

88 I Would Be Like Jesus All the While.

Copyright, 1917, by J. W. Henderson. By per.

Rev. SAMUEL GLASGOW. J. W. HENDERSON.

1. I would be like Jesus, when the storms are tossing sore, When earth's lights are
2. I would be like Je-sus, when the cares of earth are mine, Bearing all in
3. I would be like Je-sus, like Him, day by day would live, Patient-ly would

fail-ing and the darkness gathers o'er; When my strength is weakness, when the
meekness, never murmur nor repine; Look-ing un-to Je-sus when the
suf-fer, and my life, I too, would give; Hear me humbly praying, Father,

winds are rag-ing wild, I would be like Je-sus all the while.
world has lost its smile, I would be like Je-sus all the while.
make me now Thy child, I would be like Je-sus all the while.

CHORUS.

I.....would be like Je-sus all the while, When the sun is
I would be like Je-sus, would be like Him all the while,

shin-ing or the storms beat wild; I..... would ev-er
I would be like Je-sus, I would

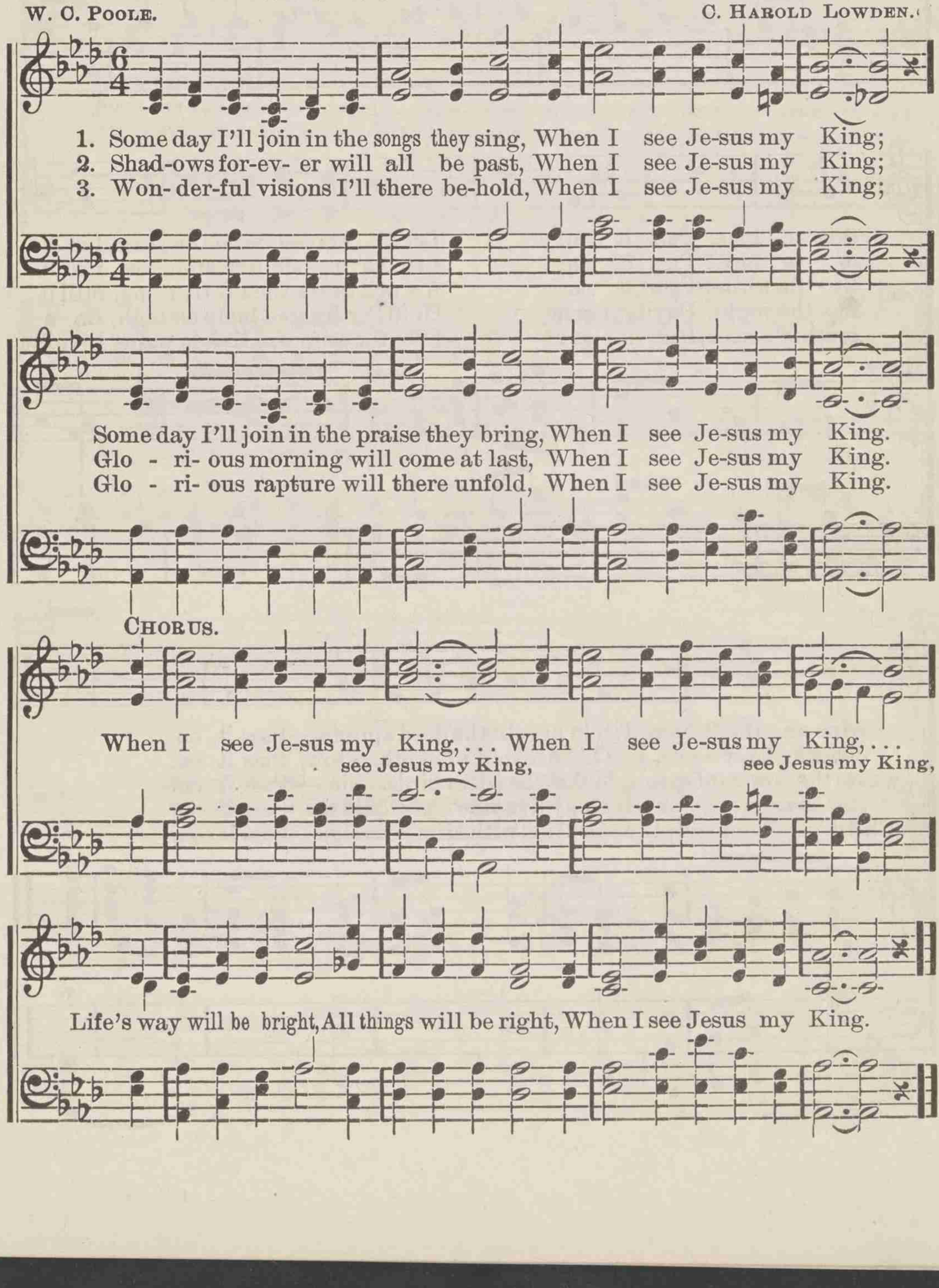
I Would Be Like Jesus, Etc.—Concluded.



89 When I See Jesus My King.

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W. C. Poole. C. Harold Lowden.



Pass It On.

HENRY BURTON. Copyright, 1895, by The Biglow & Main Co., New York. By per. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Moderato.

1. Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on; 'Twas not giv'n for
2. Did you hear the lov-ing word— Pass it on; Like the sing-ing
3. 'Twas the sun-shine of a smile— Pass it on; Stay-ing but a
4. Have you found the heav'nly light? Pass it on; Souls are grop-ing
5. Be not self-ish in thy greed, Pass it on; Look up-on thy

thee a-lone, Pass it on; Let it trav-el down the years, Let it
of a bird? Pass it on; Let its mu-sic live and grow, Let it
lit-tle while! Pass it on; A-pril beam, the lit-tle thing, Still it
in the night, Daylight gone; Hold thy lighted lamp on high, Be a
brother's need, Pass it on: Live for self, you live in vain; Live for

wipe an-other's tears, Till in heav'n the deed appears—Pass it on.
cheer another's woe, You have reap'd what others sow, Pass it on.
wakes the flow'rs of spring, Makes the silent birds to sing—Pass it on.
star in someone's sky, He may live who else would die, Pass it on.
Christ, you live again; Live for Him, with Him you reign—Pass it on.

91 Watch and Pray.

Copyright, 1917, by Presbyterian Committee of Publication.

W. C. POOLE. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. As you jour-ney onward to the land a - bove, Don't for- get the message
2. Foes are thick around you, hidden dangers near, They can-not confound you
3. When the days are sunny, when the winds are fair, Hidden 'neath life's wa-ters,

from the heart of love; It will help you ev - er on the up-ward way,
you have naught to fear; If you look to Je - sus on your up-ward way,
rocks are lurk- ing there; Watch lest they surprise you, pray for strength to be

CHORUS.

If you never, nev-er fail to watch and pray.
Watching for all dangers, never cease to pray.
Faithful in life's pleasures, and its vic- to - ry.
} In the morning, or at noon- tide, In the evening, or at night; Watch for dan- gers, look to Je - sus, Pray for strength to do the right.

In the morning, or at noontide, In the evening, at night; Watch for dangers,

92 Mother's Prayers Have Followed Me.

Copyright, 1912, by B. D. Ackley.
Homer A. Rodeheaver, owner. By per.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. B. D. ACKLEY.

1. I grieved my Lord from day to day, I scorned His love so full and free, And tho' I wan - dered far a - way, My moth - er's
2. O'er des - ert wild, o'er mountain high A wan-der - er I chose to be, A wretch- ed soul condemned to die, Still moth - er's
3. He turned my darkness in - to light, This blessed Christ of Cal - va - ry, I'll praise His name both day and night, That moth - er's

CHORUS.

pray'rs have fol-lowed me. I'm com - ing home, I'm com - ing home, To live my wast - ed life a - new, For moth - er's pray'rs have fol-lowed me, Have fol-lowed me the whole world thro'.

93 Blessed Home-Land.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Copyright, 1905, by Hubert P. Main. Renewal.
Used by per.

HUBERT P. MAIN

1. Glid-ing o'er life's fit-ful wa-ters, Heav-y surg-es sometimes roll;
2. Oft we catch a faint re-flec-tion Of its bright and ver-nal hills;
3. To our Fa-ther, and our Sav-iour, To the Spir-it, Three in one,
4. 'Tis the wea-ry pilgrim's Home-land, Where each throbbing care shall cease,

And we sigh for yon-der ha-ven, For the Home-land of the soul.
And, tho' dis-tant, how we hail it! How each heart with rap-ture thrills!
We shall sing glad songs of tri-umph, When our har-vest work is done.
And our long-ings and our yearnings, Like a wave, be hushed to peace.

REFRAIN.

cres. *dim.*

Bless-ed Home-land, ev-er fair! Sin can nev-er en-ter there;

cres. *dim.*

But the soul, to life a-wak-ing, Ev-er-last-ing bloom shall wear.

94 Christ Is All.

From "Silver Tones." Used by per. Rev. W. A. Williams, Philadelphia.

W. A. WILLIAMS.

1. I en-tered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there,
Yet peace and joy with - al; I asked the lone - ly moth - er whence
Her help-less wid - ow-hood's de-fence, She told me, "Christ was all."

2. I stood be - side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with ach - ing head,
Wait - ing for Je - sus' call; I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as May,
And as his spir - it passed a - way, He whispered, "Christ is all."

3. I saw the mar - tyr at the stake, The flames could not his cour-age shake,
Nor death his soul ap - pall; I asked him whence his strength was giv'n—
He looked tri-umph-ant-ly to heav'n, And answered, "Christ is all."

4. I saw the gos - pel her - ald go To Af-ric's sand and Greenland's snow,
To save from Sa - tan's thrall: Nor home nor life he count-ed dear,
Midst wants and perils owned no fear, He felt that, "Christ is all."

5. I dreamed that hoar-y time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their dead,
A fire dissolved this ball; I saw the church's ransomed throng,
I heard the bur - den of their song, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."

6. Then come to Christ, O come to - day, The Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it say;
The Bride re-peats the call, For He will cleanse your guilt-y stains,
His love will soothe your weary pains, For "Christ is all in all."

Christ is all, all in all, She told me, "Christ was all."
Christ is all, all in all, He whis-pered, "Christ is all."
Christ is all, all in all, And an-swered, "Christ is all."
Christ is all, all in all, He felt that "Christ is all."
Christ is all, all in all, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
Christ is all, all in all, For "Christ is all in all."

95 I Must Tell Jesus.

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

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

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can- not bear these bur- dens a - lone; In my dis- tress He kind - ly will help me;
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub-les; He is a kind com - pas - sion- ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav- iour, One who can help my bur- dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
4. O how the world to e - vil al-lures me! O how my heart is tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

:S:

D.S.—I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus!

FINE. CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
Make of my troub - les quick - ly an end.
He all my cares and sor-rows will share.
O - ver the world the vic - 'try to win.

I must tell Je - sus!

Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

D.S.

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

96 None of Self and All of Thee.

Copyright, 1912, by Lewis S. Chafer. By per.

THEO. MONOD, arr. MRS. LEWIS S. CHAFER.

1. O the bit - ter pain and sor- row, That a time could ev - er be,
2. Yet He found me, I be- held Him, Bleeding on th'accurs-ed tree,
3. Day by day His ten-der mer- cies, Healing, help- ing, full and free,
4. Higher than the high-est heav- ens, Deep-er than the deep-est sea,

When I proud - ly said to Je - sus, All of self and none of Thee.
And my wist - ful heart said faint - ly, Some of self and some of Thee.
Brought me low - er while I whispered, Less of self and more of Thee.
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered, None of self and all of Thee.

All of self and none of Thee, All of self and none of Thee,
Some of self and some of Thee, Some of self and some of Thee,
Less of self and more of Thee, Less of self and more of Thee,
None of self and all of Thee, None of self and all of Thee,

When I proud - ly said to Je - sus, All of self and none of Thee.
And my wist - ful heart said faint- ly, Some of self and some of Thee.
Brought me low - er while I whispered, Less of self and more of Thee.
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered, None of self and all of Thee.

97 Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

Copyright by J. M. Black. By per.

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

1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
2. Once heaven seemed a far-off place, Till Jesus showed His smiling face;
3. What matters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell?

And, 'mid earth's sorrow and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je-sus here to know.
Now it's be-gun with-in my soul, 'Twill last while endless a-ges roll.
In cot-tage, or a mansion fair, Where Jesus is, 'tis heav-en there.

CHORUS.

O hal-le-lu-jah, yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins forgiv'n;
On land or sea, what matters where, Where Jesus is, 'tis heav-en there.

98 Are You Saved to Serve?

E. E. HEWITT. Owned by Presbyterian Committee of Publication. B. D. ACKLEY.

Copyright, 1915, B. D. Ackley, Words and Music.

1. Are you washed in the blood that was shed for you and me? Are you
2. Are you saved by the grace of the bless-ed Son of God? Are you
3. Have you walked in the steps of the Man of Gal - i - lee? Are you

saved, saved to serve? Have you come to the fount-ain that
saved, saved to serve? Have you published the fame of His
saved, saved to serve? Are you send- ing the Word o - ver

Are you saved, saved to serve?

flows from Cal-va-ry? Are you saved, saved to serve?
wondrous works abroad? Are you saved, saved to serve?
land and o - ver sea? Are you saved, saved to serve?

Are you saved, saved to serve?

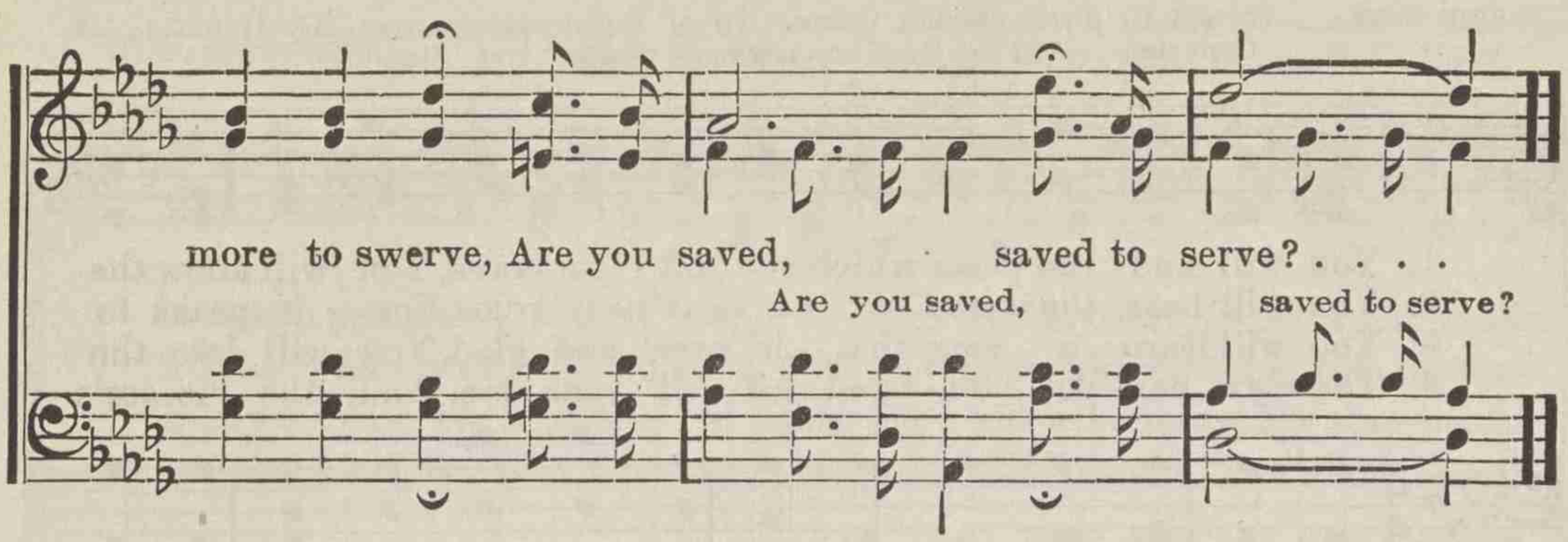
CHORUS.

Are you serv - ing Him who died for you? Are you

who died for you?

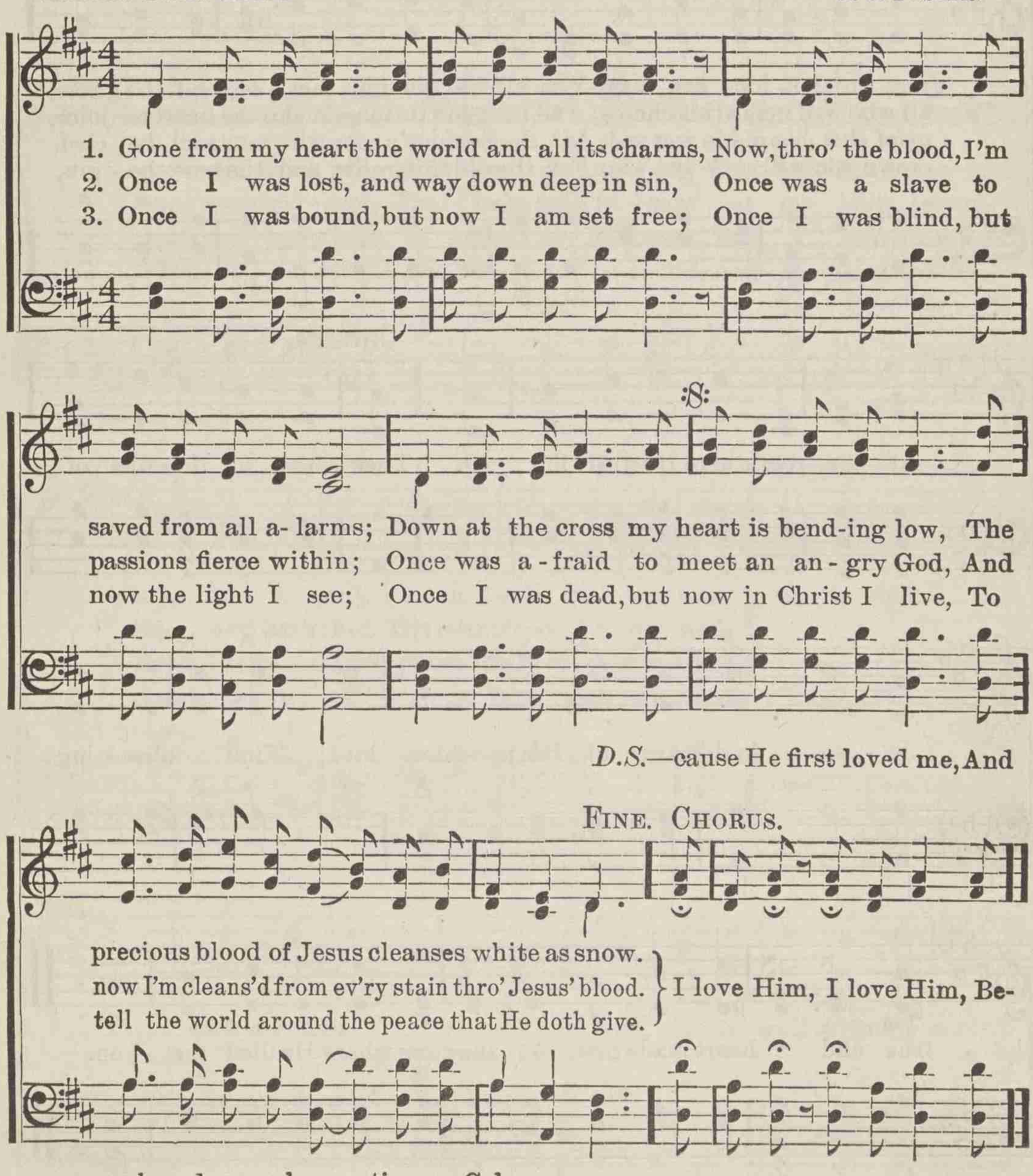
true to Him, as He is true? From your glad al - legiance, nev-er-

Are You Saved to Serve?



99 I Love Him.

LONDON HYMN BOOK. S. C. FOSTER.



100 Where He Died for You.

BIRDIE BELL. Owned by Presbyterian Committee of Publication. CHAS. H. GABRIEL, JR.
Copyright, 1917, B. D. Ackley, Words and Music.

1. You will find the peace which you oft - en crave, You will know the grace which a- lone can save; You will see the light that's beyond the grave,
2. You will hear the sound of a heav'n- ly voice, For it speaks to all who will make this choice; And its gen - tle tones make the heart re- joice,
3. You will learn a song that is sweet and glad, You will lose the grief that has made you sad; In the Saviour's robe will your soul be clad,
4. There's a par - don of - fered for all your sin, And the vic- tor's crown you will sure- ly win; For the old things die and the new be - gin,

CHORUS.

At the cross where He died for you. Then come to the cross of Je - sus, And learn of His matchless love; Find a bless - ing true and a heart made new, At the cross where He died for you.

101 It is Well with My Soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD. Copyright, 1904, by The John Church Co. By per. P. P. BLISS.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor-rows, like
2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as-
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - rious thought—My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled

sea - bil - lows, roll; What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to
sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es-
part, but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no
back as a scroll, The trump shall re-sound, and the Lord shall de-

CHORUS.

say, It is well, it is well with my soul.
tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!
scend, "E - ven so"—it is well with my soul.

It is well.....

It is

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

well with my soul,

102 Never Alone.

A. M. STARKWEATHER. Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley. JAMES M. BLACK.

1. I am nev - er a - lone, tho' the shad - ows May fall o'er the
2. I am nev - er a - lone in my tri - als, Where du - ty com-
3. I am nev - er a - lone, for my Sav - iour Is with me by
4. I am walk - ing and talk - ing with Je - sus, Each day as I

place I a - bide, (a - bide,) For an un-seen Compan-ion is with me, Who
mands me to be; (to be;) For be - hold, in the midst of the fur - nace, The
day and by night, (by night,) Keeping close by His side ev - 'ry mo - ment: He
jour-ney a - long; (a-long;) I am nev - er a - lone, hal - le - lu - jah! His

CHORUS.

al-ways keeps close to my side.
dear Son of God walks with me.
fills all my soul with de - light.
prais-es break forth in-to song.

} Nev-er a - lone, nev - er a - lone,

I'm nev - er, no, nev - er a - lone;..... He's with me al-
no, nev - er a - lone;

way, by night and by day, I'm nev - er, no, nev-er a - lone.

103 Jesus, I Come.

W. T. SLEEPER. Copyright, 1915, by Geo. C. Stebbins. Renewal. By per. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Out of my bondage, sor-row and night, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
2. Out of my shameful fail-ure and loss, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
3. Out of un - rest and ar - ro-gant pride, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come:
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;

In - to Thy freedom, gladness and light, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to Thy bless - ed will to a - bide, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to the joy and light of Thy home, Je - sus, I come to Thee;

Out of my sickness into Thy health, Out of my want and in- to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in- to Thy calm,
Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair in- to raptures a - bove,
Out of the depths of ru-in un - told, In-to the peace of Thy shel-tering fold,

Out of my sin and in - to Thy-self, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis-tress to ju - bi-lant psalm, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Ev - er Thy glo-rious face to be-hold, Je - sus, I come to Thee.

104 There's a Song in My Heart.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley. KATHERINE HOWE.

1. There's a song in my heart I am sing-ing al-way, It fills me with
2. There's a song in my heart, O the joy that it brings, It drives a-way
3. There's a song in my heart you can learn if you will, It came from our

com-fort and cheer; Like the chime of sweet bells sounding day aft-er day,
trou-ble and care; With the mu-sic of heav-en un-ceas-ing it rings,
Fa-ther a-bove; With new glo-ry and glad-ness your soul it will fill,

CHORUS.

'Tis the love of my Sav-iour so dear.....
'Tis a balm for all sorrow and de-spair.....
If you dwell in His ev-er-lasting love.....
} Love is the song I am sing-ing, Down in my heart sweet and clear;..... Love is the song I am sing-ing, The love of my Sav-iour dear.

105 More About Jesus.

Copyright, 1915. Renewal. By per. L. E. Sweney, Exc.

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



1. More about Je- sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;
2. More about Je- sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis- cern;
3. More about Je- sus; in His word, Hold- ing communion with my Lord;
4. More about Je- sus; on His throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all His own;

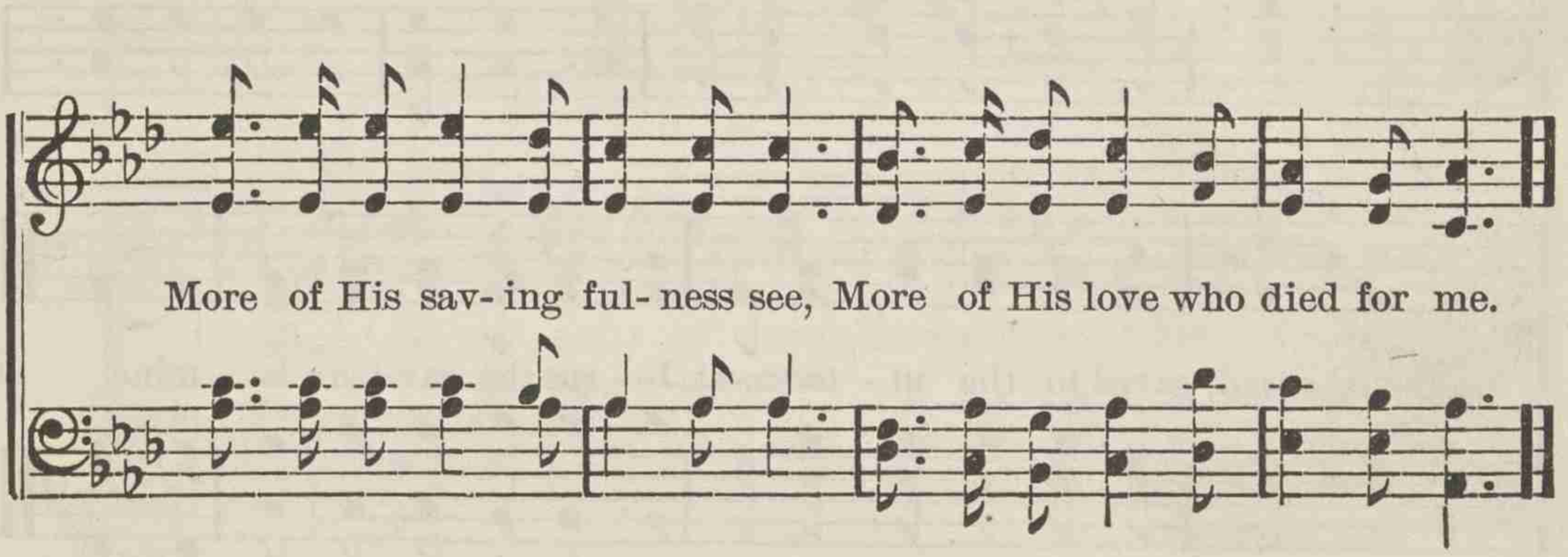


More of His sav - ing ful- ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak-ing each faithful say- ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure increase; More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.

REFRAIN.



More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;



More of His sav- ing ful- ness see, More of His love who died for me.



106 Saved to the Uttermost.

W. J. K. Copyright, 1903, by W. J. Kirkpatrick. Renewal. By per. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

Sav - iour sal - va - tion af - fords, Gives me His Spir - it a
safe - ly, He cast - eth out fear; Trust - ing His prom - is - es,
dark - ness, but now it is day, Beau - ti - ful vis - ions of
lu - jahs to Je - sus, my King; Ran - som'd and par - don'd, re -

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

CHORUS.

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

Saved, saved, saved to the ut - ter-most, Je - sus the Sav-iour is mine.

107 In the Garden.

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C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

Slowly.

1. I come to the gar-den a - lone, While the dew is still on the ros - es; And the voice I hear, Fall- ing on my ear, The
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their sing - ing; And the mel - o - dy, That He gave to me, With
3. I'd stay in the gar- den with Him, Tho' the night a-round me be fall - ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His

CHORUS.

Son of God dis - closes - es.
in my heart is ring - ing.
voice to me is call - ing.

} And He walks with me, and He talks with me, And He tells me I am His own; And the joy we share as we tar - ry there, None oth - er has ev - er known.

108 Somebody Else Needs a Blessing.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley.

E. E. HEWITT. B. D. ACKLEY.

1. We're "counting" the blessings, our joys we re - cord, The won- der - ful
2. We'll go, like the Sav-iour, to com-fort the sad; With love's heal-ing
3. We'll tell the old sto - ry a - gain and a - gain; Sal - va - tion for

mer - cies like sun-beams out-poured; But let us re - mem-ber while
por - tion, we'll make oth - ers glad, Un - til, with fresh ver - dure, life's
sin - ners, good- will un - to men, Till gos - pel songs ech - o from

prais - ing the Lord, Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.
des - erts are clad; Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.
mount-ain to glen, Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.

CHORUS.

Some-bod-y else needs a bless - ing, Some-bod-y else needs a bless - ing; We'll

let our lights shine to His glory di-vine, Some-bod-y else needs a bless - ing.

109 Follow On.

Copyright, 1908, by Mary Runyon Lowry.
Renewal. Used by per.

W. O. CUSHING. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the flow'rs are bloom-ing and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev - 'rywhere He leads me I would fol- low, fol-low on, Walking in His foot-steps till the crown be won.
2. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the storms are sweep-ing and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will nev- er, nev - er fear, Dan- ger can-not fright me if my Lord is near.
3. Down in the val-ley, or up - on the mountain steep, Close be- side my Sav - iour would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe - ly in the path that He has trod, Up to where they gather on the hills of God.

D.S.—Ev - 'ry-where He leads me I would fol - low on!

REFRAIN.

Fol- low! fol - low! I would fol-low Je - sus! An - y-where, ev-'ry-where, I would fol- low on! Fol- low! fol - low! I would fol-low Je - sus!

110 Mother.

Rev. D. H. KING. Copyright, 1915, by Robt. E. Clark. By per. ROBT. E. CLARK.

1. Can I ev - er for- get mother's beau - ti - ful face That re-flect - ed such
2. Can I ev - er for- get mother's fond, trust-ful pray'rs Which ascended to
3. Can I ev - er for- get mother's calm, peaceful death, How my heart with deep

heav-en - ly love, As I leaned on her breast with a ten- der embrace,
God thro' her tears; That her child might be kept from the tempter's dread snares,
an-guish was riv'n; As she kissed me and said, with a quiv- er- ing breath,

CHORUS.

Ere she passed to the mansions a - bove?
As the days ripened fast in - to years?
"O my child, won't you meet me in heav'n?"

No! no, I can nev-er for-get

That dear name prized above ev - 'ry oth - er, It's the key that un -

locks the glad scenes of the past, The beau - ti - ful name of moth - er.

111 Must I Go and Empty Handed?

Copyright, 1906, by Geo. C Stebbins. Renewal By per.

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

1. "Must I go and emp- ty hand-ed," Thus my dear Re-deem - er meet?
2. Not at death I shrink nor fal - ter, For my Sav-iour saves me now;
3. Oh, the years of sin-ning wast- ed, Could I but re - call them now,
4. Oh, ye saints, a-rouse, be earn- est, Up and work while yet 'tis day,

Not one day of ser- vice give Him, Lay no tro - phy at His feet.
But to meet Him emp- ty hand - ed, Tho't of that now clouds my brow.
I would give them to my Sav- iour, To His will I'd glad - ly bow.
Ere the night of death o'ertakes thee, Strive for souls while still you may.

CHORUS.

"Must I go and emp- ty hand-ed," Must I meet my Sav - iour so?

Not one soul with which to greet Him, Must I emp - ty hand - ed go?

112 Does Jesus Care?

Rev. FRANK E. GRAEFF. Copyright, 1901, by Hall-Mack Co. By per. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep- ly for mirth or song; As the bur - dens press, And the cares dis- tress,
2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less dread and fear? As the day - light fades In - to deep night shades,
3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some temp - ta - tion strong; When for my deep grief There is no re - lief,
4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dear - est on earth to me, And my sad heart aches Till it near - ly breaks—

CHORUS.

And the way grows wea - ry and long?
Does He care e-nough to be near?
Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
Is it aught to Him? Does He see?

O yes, He cares; I know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief;..... When the days are wea-ry, The long nights dreary, I know my Saviour cares. He cares.

ad lib.

rit.

113 Yes, There is Pardon for You.

Copyright, 1917, by Hubert P. Main. Renewal.
Used by per.

FANNY J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN.

Slowly.

1. Oh, come to the Sav-iour, be-lieve in His name, And ask Him your heart to re - new; He wants to be gra-cious, O turn not a - way,
2. The way of trans-gres-sion that leads un-to death, Oh, why will you lon - ger pur - sue? How can you re - ject the sweet message of love
3. Be warned of your dan - ger; es - cape to the cross; Your on - ly sal- va - tion is there; Be-lieve, and that mo-ment the Spir - it of grace

CHORUS.

For now there is par - don for you.
That of - fers full par - don for you?
Will an - swer your pen - i - tent pray'r.

Yes, there is par - don for you,..... Yes, there is par - don for you;..... For Je - sus has died to re - deem you, And of - fers full par - don to you.
for you, for you;

114 Hail to the Lord's Anointed.

Copyright, 1912, by Lewis S. Chafer. By per.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. LEWIS S. CHAFER.

1. Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed, Great Da - vid's great-er Son!
2. The heav'ns which now con-ceal Him In coun - sels deep and wise,
3. He shall come down like show - ers Up - on the new-mown grass,
4. Kings shall fall down be - fore Him, And gold and in - cense bring;

When to the time ap - point - ed The roll - ing years shall run.
In glo - ry shall re - veal Him To our re- joic - ing eyes;
And joy and hope, like flow - ers, Spring up where He doth pass.
All na - tions shall a - dore Him, His praise all peo - ple sing.

He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free,
He who, with hands up - lift - ed Went from the earth be - low,
Be - fore Him, on the moun - tains, Shall peace, the her - ald go,
Outstretched His wide do - min - ion O'er riv - er, sea, and shore,

To take a-way trans - gres - sion, And rule in eq - ui - ty.
Shall come a-gain, all gift - ed, His bless- ings to be - stow.
And right - eousness, in foun - tains, From hill to val - ley flow.
Far as the eag - le's pin - ion, Or dove's light wing can soar.

115 Others.

Words Copyright, by C. D. Meigs. Used by per.
Music Copyright, 1917, by Presbyterian Committee of Publication.

C. D. MEIGS. ELIZABETH McE. SHIELDS.

1. Lord, help me live from day to day In such a self - for - get - ful way That e - ven when I kneel to pray My
2. Help me in all the work I do To ev - er be sin - cere and true And know that all I'd do for you Must
3. Let "Self" be cru - ci - fied and slain And bur - ied deep: and all in vain May ef - forts be to rise a - gain, Un -
4. And when my work on earth is done, And my new work in heav'n's be - gun, May I for - get the crown I've won, While

pray'r shall be for— Oth - ers.
needs be done for— Oth - ers.
less to live for— Oth - ers.
think - ing still of — Oth - ers.

CHORUS.

Oth - ers, Lord, yes,
oth - ers, Let this my mot - to be, Help me to
live for oth - ers, That I may live like Thee.

rit.

116 Victor Through Him.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Owned by Presbyterian Committee of Publication. B. D. ACKLEY.

Copyright, 1917, B. D. Ackley, Words and Music.

1. I know that a home in the mansions of light My Sav-iour has gone to pre - pare, And I know, for the promise I read in His word, That
2. I know there's a rest for the care - la-dened heart, Un - brok-en by sor - row or pain, And the faithful who en - ter the bright pearly gate Shall
3. I know there are songs that no mor - tal has heard, And joys that for - ev - er shall flow, There are crowns of great glory laid up for the blest, And
4. And O when we stand in that beau - ti - ful land, And tears are all wiped from our eyes, We shall know as we knew them, the friends that are gone, And

CHORUS.

I have a dwelling place there.....
nev - er be wea - ry a - gain.....
robes that are whit - er than snow.....
meet them where love never dies.....

I know there's a prize at the

1. dwelling place there.

end of the race, A prize that is waiting for me, That Je - sus is keep-ing and I shall re- ceive, When victor thro' Him I shall be.....

shall be.

117 Gathered and Safe.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Owned by Presbyterian Committee of Publication. B. D. ACKLEY.

Copyright, 1917, B. D. Ackley, Words and Music.

1. Dear Saviour, Thou Shepherd that leadeth Thy flock, Beside the still waters that
2. We know Thou hast promised to care for Thy sheep, The lambs on Thy bosom, we
3. Dear Saviour, and Shepherd, how lovely Thy fold, How green are its pastures, how
4. Thou wilt not in danger be far from Thine own, Nor leave them when tempted to

burst from the rock, O'er hearts looking upward are praying to Thee, That
know Thou wilt keep; And now our pe - ti - tion we of - fer to Thee, That
fair to be - hold; A - gain our pe - ti - tion, we of - fer to Thee, That
strug - gle a - lone; O grant the pe - ti - tion we of - fer to Thee, That

D.S.—hearts looking up-ward are pray-ing to Thee, That

FINE. CHORUS.

gath-ered and safe in Thy fold we may be. Gathered and safe in it's

gath- ered and safe in Thy fold we may be.

D. S.

shel - ter so warm, Gathered and safe from the tempest and storm, Our

118 His Love is Shining in My Heart.

Copyright, 1916, by B. D. Ackley.

INA DULEY OGDON. Words and Music. B. D. ACKLEY.

1. No cloud can hide the heaven's blue, the rain-bow must ap- pear,
2. The dews of mer - cy shine as pearls to greet the bless - ed morn,
3. O could I tell His wondrous love and pass it on to you!

No storm, no bil - low can de- stroy, nor cause my heart to fear; For
The sum-mer nev - er fades a - way, the trees are nev - er shorn; The
O could you see His gracious smile in bless-ings ev - er new; If

in my Saviour's light and life I know I share a part, And ev-'ry day His
fra- grant flowers do not die nor singing birds de-part, And ev-'ry day His
now you seek His sav-ing grace, new life He will im-part, And ev-'ry day His

CHORUS.

love is shining in my heart.
love is shining in my heart.
love will shine within your heart.
} His love is always shining in my heart,

His love is al-ways shining in my heart; The flow'rs of hope are springing,

His Love is Shining, etc.—Concluded.



119 The Church's One Foundation.

S. J. Stone. Dr. S. S. Wesley.



120 Only a Sinner.

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JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Naught have I got- ten but what I received; Grace has bestowed it since
2. Once I was fool-ish, and sin ruled my heart, Caus-ing my footsteps from
3. Tears un - a- vail-ing, no mer - it had I; Mer - cy had saved me, or
4. Suf - fer a sin- ner whose heart o - ver-flows, Lov - ing His Saviour, to

I have be-lieved; Boast-ing ex- clud - ed, pride I a - base; I'm
God to de - part; Je - sus hath found me, hap - py my case; I
else I must die; Sin had alarmed me, fear - ing God's face; But
tell what he knows; Once more to tell it, would I embrace—I'm

CHORUS.

on - ly a sin- ner saved by grace!
now am a sin- ner saved by grace!
now I'm a sin- ner saved by grace!
on - ly a sin- ner saved by grace!
} On - ly a sin- ner saved by grace!

On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace! This is my sto - ry, to

God be the glo - ry,—I'm on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!

121 The Names of His Children are There.

Copyright, 1900, by C. Austin Miles.
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Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. In God's home is a book call'd "The Lamb's book of life," Kept by an-gels so
2. Ev - 'ry hour of the day would the tempt-er of souls Fill our spir - its with
3. So I'll trust in that One who each hour of the day Helps me car - ry each
4. When at last I shall hear Je - sus bid me to come, From that book He my

spot - less and fair; There's no room in that book for earth's sor-rows or strife,
doubt and de-spair; But at thoughts of that book ev -'ry shad-ow soon rolls,
bur - den and care; He has put my name down on those pa - ges to stay,
name will de-clare; Then I'll live with my Lord in His beau - ti- ful home,

CHORUS.

For the names of His children are there. Yes, the names of His children are

there On those pa - ges so spot-less and fair; When life's struggles are

past, He will own us at last, For the names of His chil-dren are there.

122 All the Way My Saviour Leads Me.

Copyright, 1917, by Mary Runyon Lowry. Renewal. By per.

FANNY J. CROSBY. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; What have I to ask be - side?
2. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; Cheers each winding path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; Oh, the full - ness of His love!

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

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

For I know, whate'er be- fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well; well.
Gushing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see; see.
This my song thro' endless a - ges; Je-sus led me all the way; way.

123 Softly and Tenderly.

By per. Hope Publishing Co., Owners of copyright.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

pp Very slow.

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 pleading, Plead-ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleet-ing, the moments are pass- ing, Pass -ing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the won- der - ful love He has promised, Prom-ised for you and for me;

See on the por- tals He's wait-ing and watching,
Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mercies,
Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, death-beds are coming,
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer- cy and par-don,

CHORUS.

Watch-ing for you and for me.
Mer - cies for you and for me.
Com - ing for you and for me.
Par - don for you and for me.

Come home, come home,
Come home, come home,

cres.

Ye who are wea- ry, come home, Earn - est - ly, ten- der - ly

rit.

Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

124 The Story of Jesus Can Never Grow Old.

Copyright, 1900, by May Whittle Moody.

Major D. W. WHITTLE. MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

1. They tell me the story of Jesus is old, And they ask that we preach something new;
2. Yet the sto-ry is old, as the sunlight is old, Tho' its new ev-'ry morn all the same;
3. For what can we tell to the weary of heart, If we preach not sal-va-tion from sin?
4. So with sorrow we turn from the wise of this world, To the wanderers far from the fold;

They say that the Babe and the Man of the cross, For the
As it floods all the world with its glad-ness and light, Kindling
And how can we com-fort the souls that de-part, If we
With hearts for the mes-sage they'll join in our song, That the

REFRAIN.

wise of this world will not do.
far a-way stars by its flame.
tell not how Christ rose a-gain.
sto-ry can nev-er grow old.

It can nev-er grow old, It can nev-er grow old, Tho' a mil-lion times o-ver the sto-ry is told; While sin lives unvanquished, And death rules the world, The story of Jesus can never grow old.

rit.

125 When We All Get to Heaven.

Copyright, 1898, by Mrs. J. G Wilson.
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E. E. HEWITT. MRS. J. G. WILSON.

1. Sing the wondrous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer - cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil-grim pathway, Clouds will o - verspread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faith-ful, Trust-ing, serv - ing ev - 'ry day;
4. On - ward to the prize be - fore us! Soon His beau - ty we'll be - hold;

In the mansions, bright and bless-ed, He'll pre-pare for us a place.
But when trav'ling days are o - ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.
for us a place.

CHORUS.

When we all get to heav - en, What a day of re-
When we all What a

joic - ing that will be! When we all see
day of re - joic - ing that will be! When we all

Je - sus, We'll shout and sing the vic - to - ry.....
and shout the vic - to - ry.

126 My Saviour's Love.

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

1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je-sus the Naz-a-rene,
2. For me it was in the garden He prayed; "Not My will, but Thine,"
3. In pit-y an-gels be-held Him, And came from the world of light
4. He took my sins and my sor-rows, He made them His ver-y own,
5. When with the ransomed in glo-ry His face I at last shall see,

And won-der how He could love me, A sin-ner, condemned, unclean.
He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
To com-fort Him in the sor-rows, He bore for my soul that night.
He bore the bur-den to Cal-v'ry, And suf-fered, and died a-lone.
'Twill be my joy thro' the a-ges To sing of His love for me.

CHORUS.

How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful! And my song shall ev-er be:
Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful!

How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful Is my Sav-iour's love for me!
Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful

127 I Love to Tell the Story.

KATHERINE HANKEY. Used by permission of Wm. G. Fischer. WILLIAM G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem

Je - sus and His glo - ry Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the
all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the
seems, each time I tell it, More wonder - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
hun - ger - ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of

sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my long - ings As
sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I
sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From
glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That

CHORUS.

noth - ing else would do.
tell it now to thee.
God's own ho - ly word.
I have lov'd so long.
} I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in

glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

128 The Call of the Christ.

Copyright, 1914, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
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W. C. POOLE. H. A. HENRY.

1. The call of the Christ rings out to-day, Who will make re - ply?
2. The call of the Christ rings sweet and clear, Who will make re - ply?
3. The call of the Christ is now for you, Will you make re - ply?

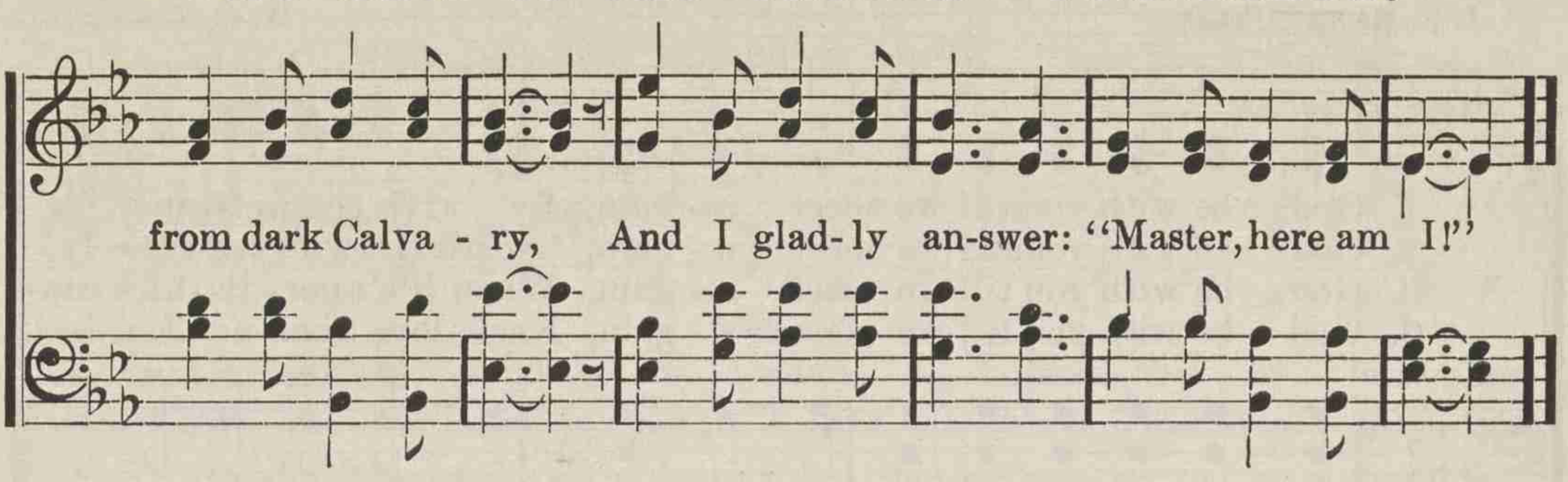
For la - bor, or serv - ice, or bat - tle fray, Or seek - ing the lost who have gone a - stray, O Mas - ter, I'm read-y to go or stay— fol - low Thee, far or near; With Thee as my Leader, no harm I fear, side of the brave and true, I'll fol - low Thee all of the bat - tle thro',

Thy call - ing, O Mas - ter, to - day I hear, And glad - ly will wait - ing, O Mas - ter, Thy will to do; Count me on the

CHORUS.

Here am I! Here am I for serv - ice, what - so-e'er it be; I am wait - ing or - ders, Mas - ter now, from Thee; I have heard Thy summons

The Call of the Christ.—Concluded.



129 Whiter Than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER.



130 God Be with You.

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

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up -
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings se-cure- ly
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick con-
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban-ner float-ing

hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be
hide you; Dai - ly man-na still pro- vide you, God be
found you Put His arms un - fail - ing round you, God be
o'er you; Smite death's threat'ning wave be-fore you, God be

CHORUS.

with you till we meet a- gain. Till we meet,..... till we meet,
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

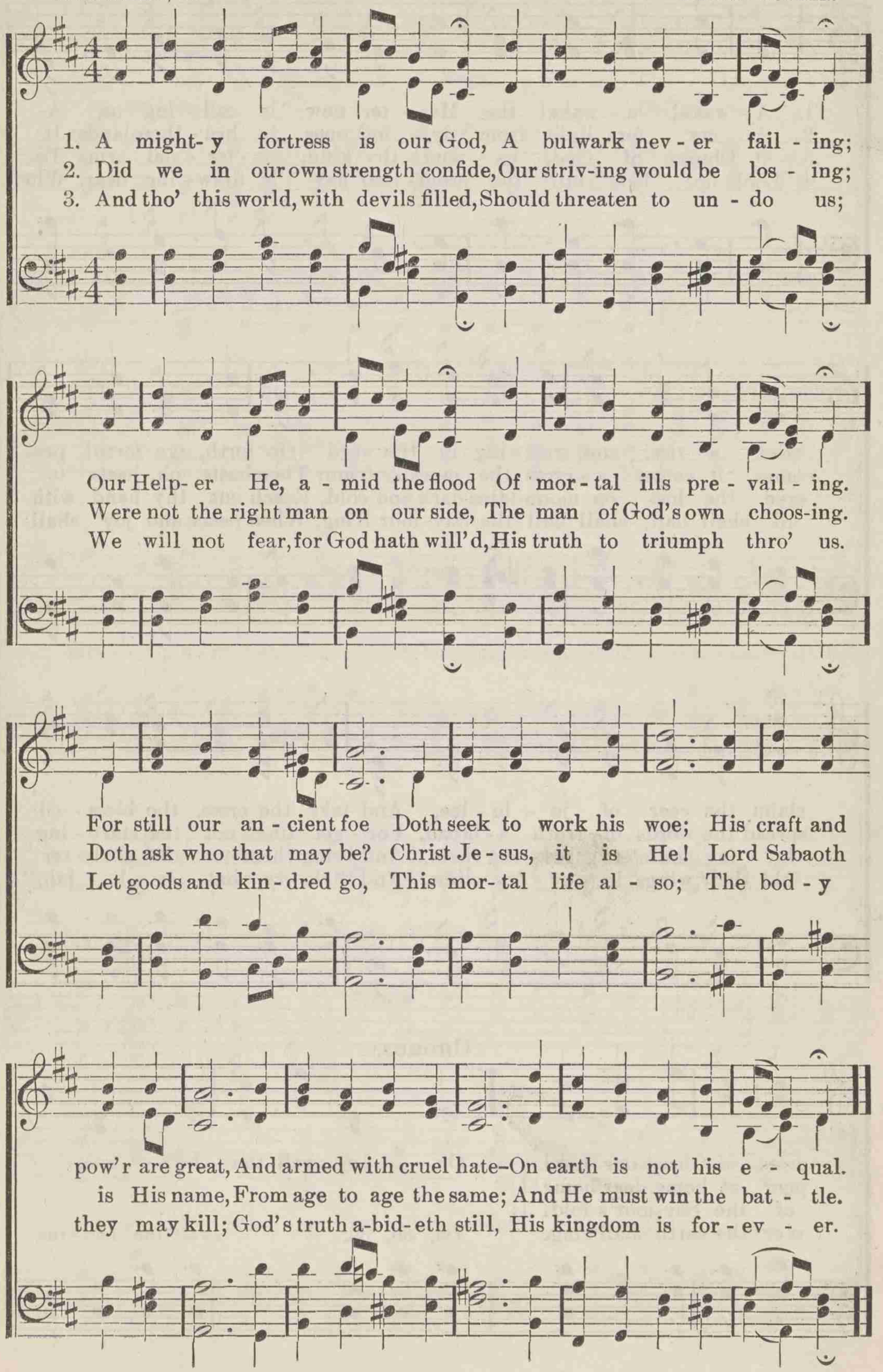
Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet,..... till we
till we meet; Till we meet, till we

meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
meet, till we meet,

131 A Mighty Fortress.

"The Lord is my rock and my fortress."—2 SAM. 22: 2.

F. H. HEDGE, tr. MARTIN LUTHER.



132 Church Rallying Song.

Copyright, 1911, in renewal. Mrs. L. E. Sweney Kirkpatrick.
Used by per.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. A - wake! a - wake! the Mas - ter now is call - ing us, A-
2. A cry for light from dy - ing ones in hea - then lands: It
3. O Church of God, ex - tend thy kind, ma - ter - nal arms To
4. Look up! look up! the prom - ised day is draw - ing near, When

rise! a - rise! and, trust - ing in His word Go forth, go forth! pro-
comes, it comes a - cross the o-cean's foam; Then haste, oh, haste to
save the lost on moun-tains dark and cold, Reach out thy hand with
all shall hail, shall hail the Sav - iour King, When peace and joy shall

claim the year of ju - bi - lee, And take the cross, the bless - ed
spread the words of truth a - broad, For - get - ting not the starv - ing
lov - ing smile to res - cue them, And bring them to the shel - ter
fold their wings in ev - 'ry clime, And "Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah,"

CHORUS.

cross, of Christ our Lord.
poor at home, dear home.
of the Sav-iour's fold.
o'er the earth shall ring.

On, on, swell the cho - rus;
On, on, on, swell the cho - rus,

Church Rallying Song.—Concluded.



133 I Am Praying for You.

S. O'MALEY CLUFF. Copyright, 1904, by Ira D Sankey. By per. Biglow & Main Co. IRA D. SANKEY.

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

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

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

CHORUS. *f* *p*

For you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing,

f *pp* *rall.*

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

134 Only a Step.

Copyright, 1901, by W. H. Doane. Renewal.
Used by per.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Then why not take it now?
2. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Be - lieve, and thou shalt live;
3. On - ly a step to Je - sus! A step from sin to grace;
4. On - ly a step to Je - sus! O why not come and say,

Come, and thy sin con-fess - ing, To Him, thy Sav - iour, bow.
Lov - ing - ly now He's wait - ing, And read - y to for - give.
What has thy heart de - cid - ed—The mo - ments fly a - pace?
"Glad - ly to Thee my Sav - iour, I give my-self a - way?"

CHORUS.

On - ly a step, on - ly a step; Come, He waits for thee;

Come, and thy sin con - fess - ing, Thou shalt re-ceive a bless - ing;

Do not re - ject the mer - cy He free - ly of - fers thee.

135 The Stranger at the Door.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Be-hold a Stran-ger at the door, He gently knocks—has knocked before,
2. O love - ly at - titude,—He stands With melting heart and open hands;
3. But will He prove a friend indeed? He will,—the ver- y friend you need;
4. Rise, touched with gratitude di-vine, Turn out His en - e - my and thine;

Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
O match-less kindness, and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The friend of sin-ners? Yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
That soul - de - stroy-ing monster, Sin, And let the heavenly Stranger in.

CHORUS.

Oh, let the dear Saviour come in,..... He' ll cleanse the heart from sin; Oh,
come in, from sin;

keep Him no more out at the door. But let the dear Saviour come in.....
come in.

136 Why Do You Wait?

By permission.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, Oh, why do you
2. What do you hope, dear broth - er, To gain by a
3. Do you not feel, dear broth - er, His Spir - it now
4. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, The har - vest is

tar - ry so long? Your Sav - iour is wait - ing to
fur - ther de - lay? There's no one to save you but
striv - ing with - in? Oh, why not ac - cept His sal -
pass - ing a - way? Your Sav - iour is long - ing to

give you A place in His sanc - ti - fied throng.
Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
va - tion, And throw off thy bur - den of sin.
bless you, There's dan-ger and death in de - lay.

CHORUS.

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

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

137 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

Copyright, 1894, by C. E. Rounsefell. Used by Per.

MARY BROWN. Homer Rodeheaver, Owner. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

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

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

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

D.S.–I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

D.S.

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

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

138 Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

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

DUET. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, re-turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll for-give your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red..... like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great..... com - passion, And of wondrous love;
"Look un - to me,..... ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;

Tho' they be red

DUET. *p* QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en- treats you,
He'll for - give your transgressions, He'll for - give your transgressions,

p ritard.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! Oh, re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

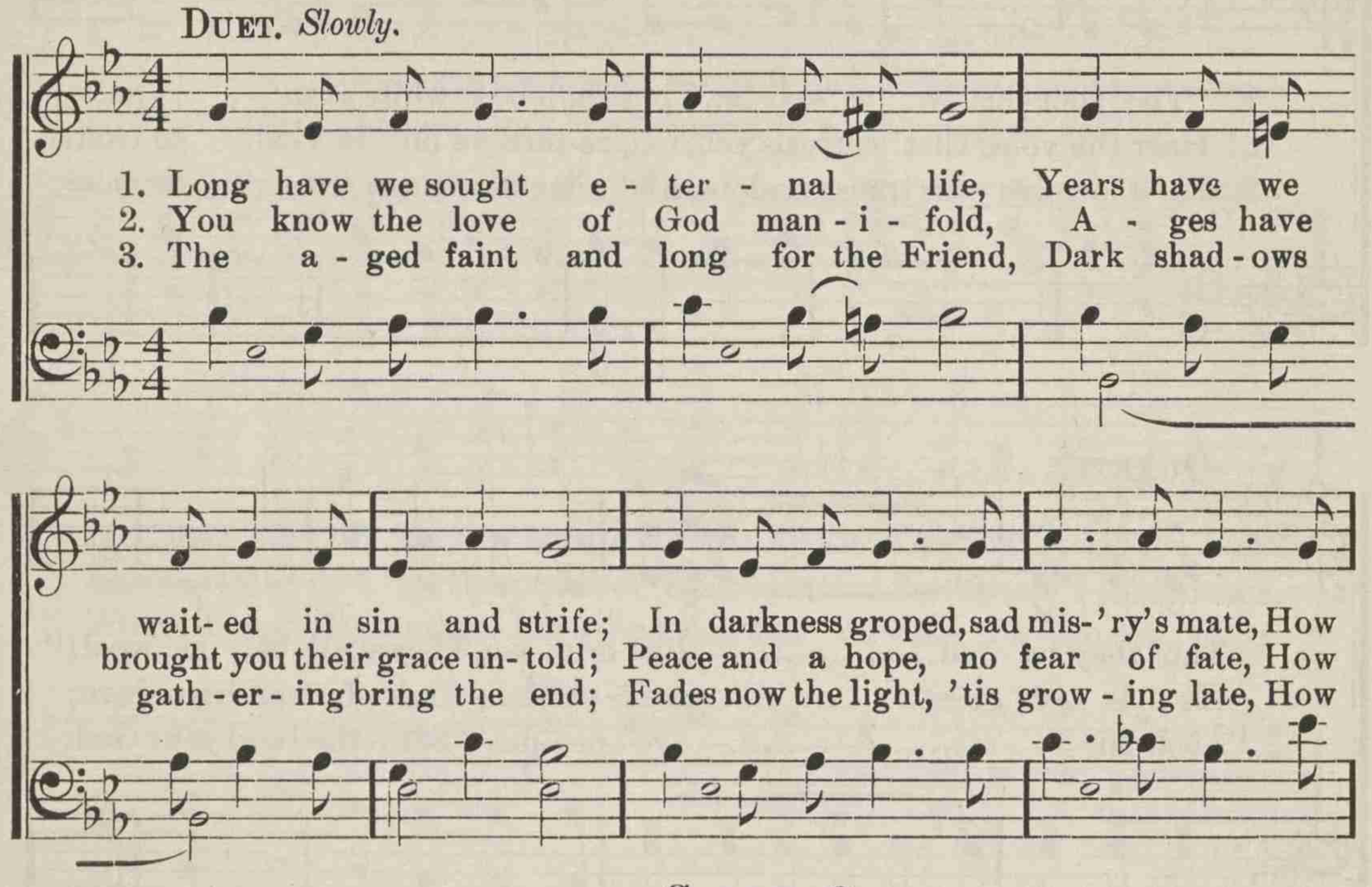
139 "How Long Must We Wait?"

(Rev. Motte Martin, of Africa, recites the moving incident of a seeker after a teacher for his distant village who, when thrice refused, there being none to send, cried out in his brokenheartedness, in response to the answer, "You must wait;" "HOW LONG MUST WE WAIT? Oh, Teacher, ask the white man in your land 'HOW LONG MUST WE WAIT?'")

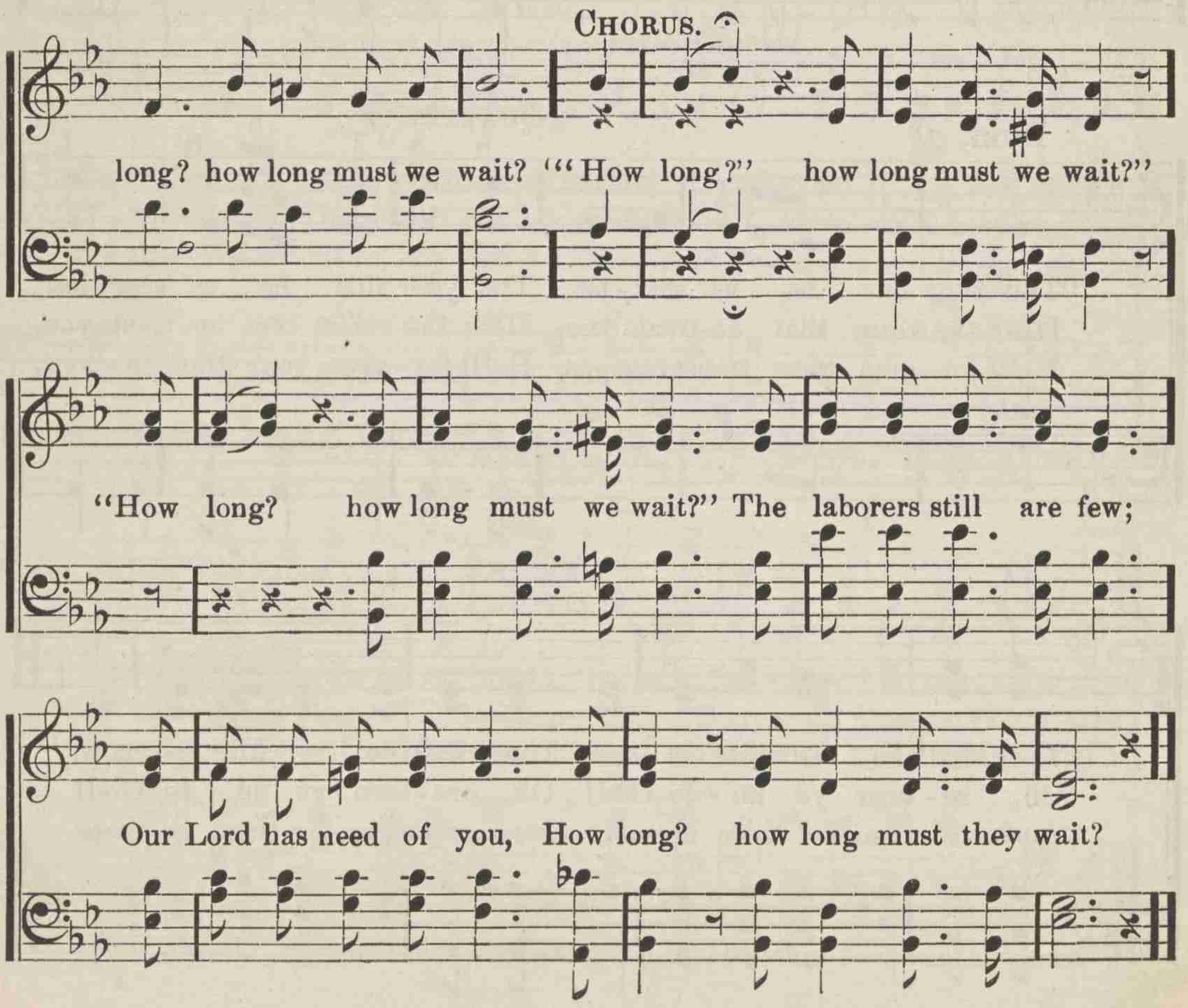
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Rev. S. M. GLASGOW. Rev. C. T. CALDWELL.

DUET. *Slowly.*



CHORUS.



140 O Zion, Haste, Thy Mission.

MARY A. THOMPSON. JAMES WALCH.

1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mission high ful- fill-ing, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold how ma - ny thousands still are ly - ing Bound in the darksome
3. 'Tis thine to save from per - il of per - di - tion The souls for whom the
4. Pro-claim to ev - 'ry peo-ple, tongue, and nation That God, in whom they

world that God is Light; That He who made all nations is not will - ing
pris - on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Saviour's dy - ing,
Lord His life laid down; Be - ware lest, sloth- ful to ful - fill thy mis - sion,
live and move, is love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,

REFRAIN.

One soul should per- ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win.
Thou lose one jew - el that should deck His crown.
And died on earth that man might live a - bove.
} Pub-lish glad ti - dings;

Ti - dings of peace; Ti-dings of Je - sus, Redemption and re- lease.

141 When Love Shines In.

Copyright, 1902, by Wm J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Jesus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev - 'ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-
3. Dark-est sor-row will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heaviest
4. We may have un-fad-ing splen-dor, When love shines in, And a friendship

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

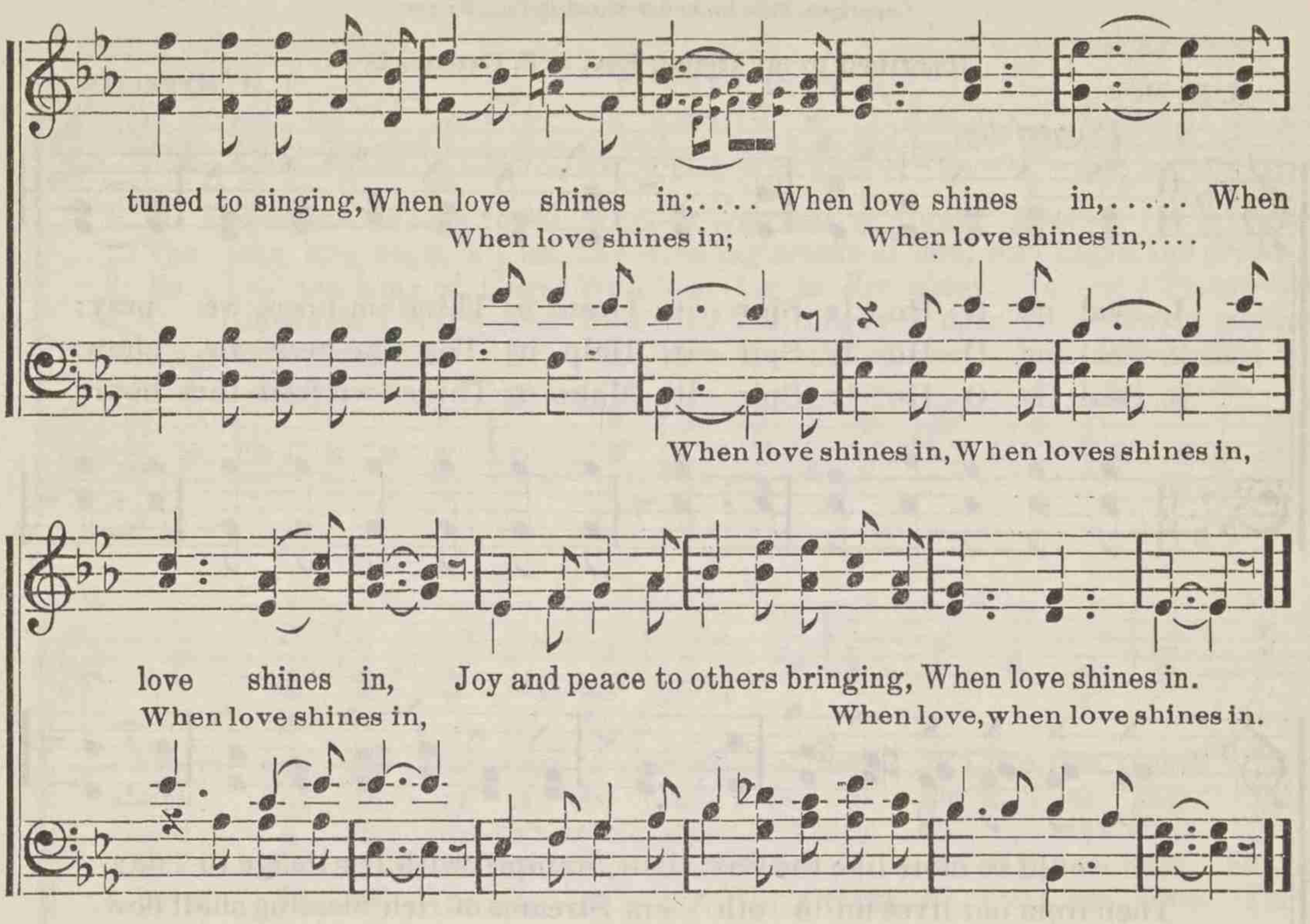
Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness into day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace a-bide. Life will all be glo-ri-fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go, O, the heart shall blessing know, When love shines in.
And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of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

Chorus.

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

When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,

When Love Shines In.—Concluded.



142 I'll Live for Him.

Copyright, 1891, by Mrs. Mary Hudson. By per. C. R. Dunbar.



143 Seal Us, O Holy Spirit.

Copyright, 1900, by Tullar-Meredith Co. By per.

Inscribed to my friend, Rev. J. F. Carson, D. D.

I. H. M. I. H. MEREDITH.

Prayerfully.

1. Seal us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, Grant us Thine im-press, we pray;
2. Seal us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, Help us Thy like-ness to show;
3. Seal us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, Make us Thine own from this hour;

We would be more like the Sav - iour, Stamped with His image to - day.
Then from our lives un-to oth - ers Streams of rich blessing shall flow.
May we be use - ful, dear Mas - ter, Seal us with witnessing pow'r.

CHORUS.

Seal us, seal us, Seal us just now, we pray; Seal us, O

rit.

Ho - ly Spir - it, Seal us for serv - ice to - day.

144 The Comforter Has Come.

Copyright, 1890, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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

1. O spread the tid-ings round, Wher-ev - er man is found, Wher-ev - er hu-man
2. The long, long night is past, The morn-ing breaks at last; And hush'd the dreadful
3. Be - hold the King of kings, With heal - ing in His wings, To ev - 'ry cap-tive
4. O bound-less Love di-vine! How shall this tongue of mine To wond'ring mortals
5. Sing, till the ech-oes fly A - bove the vaulted sky, And all the saints a-

:S:

hearts And hu - man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Chris-tian tongue Pro -
wail And fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold - en hills The
soul A full de- liv'r-ance brings; And thro' the va - cant cells The
tell The match-less grace di - vine,—That I, a child of sin, Should
bove To all be - low re - ply, In strains of end - less love, The

D.S.—O spread the tid - ings round, Wher -

Fine. Chorus.

claim the joy-ful sound; The Com-fort - er has come!
day ad-vanc-es fast: The Com-fort - er has come.
song of tri-umph rings: The Com-fort - er has come!
in His im-age shine! The Com-fort - er has come!
song that ne'er will die: The Com-fort - er has come!

The Comforter has come,

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

D.S.

The Com-fort-er has come! The Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n;

145 Ye Must Be Born Again.

Copyright, 1905, by Geo. C. Stebbins. By per.

W. T. SLEEPER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. A ruler once came to Jesus by night, To
2. Ye children of men, attend to the word So
3. O ye who would enter that glorious rest, And
4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, At the

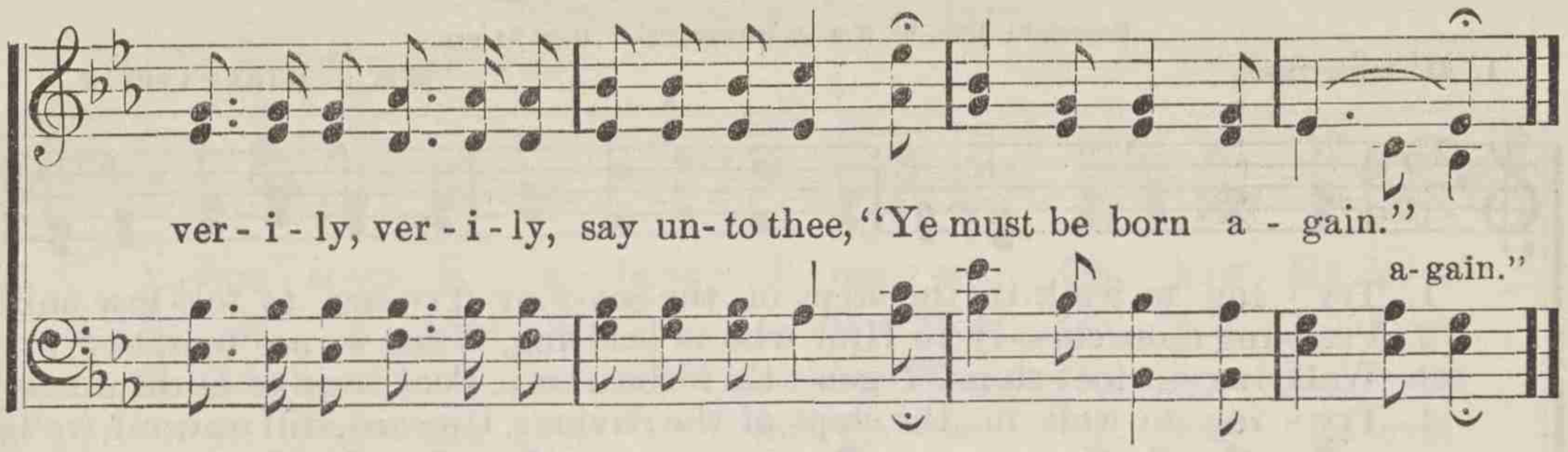
ask Him the way of salvation and light; The Master made
solemnly uttered by Jesus, the Lord, And let not this
sing with the ransomed the song of the blest, The life ever-
beautiful gate may be watching for thee; Then list to the

answer in words true and plain, "Ye must be born again."....
message to you be in vain, "Ye must be born again."....
lasting if ye would obtain, "Ye must be born again."....
note of this solemn refrain, "Ye must be born again."....
again.

CHORUS.

"Ye must be born again,"..... "Ye must be born again,"..... I
again, again,

Ye Must Be Born Again.—Concluded.



146 Day is Dying in the West.

MARY ANN LATHBURY. Copyright, 1877, by J. H. Vincent. By per. WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.



147 Stepping in the Light.

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

L. H. EDMUNDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-iour, Try-ing to fol - low our
2. Press-ing more close-ly to Him who is lead-ing, When we are tempt-ed to
3. Walk-ing in foot-steps of gen - tle forbearance, Foot-steps of faithfulness,
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Upward, still upward, we'll

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

CHORUS.

Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring.
Happy, how happy, our praises each day.
Happy, how happy, our jour-ney a-bove.
Happy, how happy, our place at His side.
} How beautiful to walk in the

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

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

148 Oh, How He Loves.

Copyright, 1914, by Hubert P. Main. Renewal.
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Adpt. by Miss MARIANNE NUNN. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers, Oh, how He loves!
2. 'Tis e - ter - nal life to know Him, Oh, how He loves!
3. Bless - ed Je - sus! would you know Him, Oh, how He loves!
4. All your sins shall be for - giv - en, Oh, how He loves!

His is love be-yond a broth-er's, Oh, how He loves! Earth-ly
Think, oh, think how much we owe Him, Oh, how He loves! With His
Give yourselves en - tire - ly to Him, Oh, how He loves! Think no
Back-ward shall your foes be driv - en, Oh, how He loves! Best of

friends may fail or leave us, One day soothe, the next day grieve us;
pre - cious blood He bought us, In the wil - der - ness He sought us;
lon - ger of the mor- row, From the past new cour - age bor- row,
bless-ings He'll pro-vide you, Naught but good shall e'er be - tide you,

But this Friend will ne'er de - ceive us, Oh, how He loves!
To His fold He safe - ly brought us, Oh, how He loves!
Je - sus car - ries all your sor - row, Oh, how He loves!
Safe to glo - ry He will guide you, Oh, how He loves!

149 I Will Never Leave Thee.

Copyright, 1911, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

C. H. G. Owned by Presbyterian Committee of Publication Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Why should I re - bel when the cross is hard to bear? Why re-pine in sor - row or trem - ble with de-spair? Je - sus still is with me, His prom - is - es are sure, And throughout the a - ges for - ev - er shall en- dure.
2. When the day is dark- est, and troub - le - bil- lows roll, Sweet - ly this as - sur- ance comes steal - ing o'er my soul:—"I am He that liv - eth! Hope on, nor be a-fraid! Trust in Me for ref- uge, and be thou not dis-mayed!"
3. Tho' He send me tri - als, 'tis but to make me strong, And the fie - ry fur- nace shall ech - o with my song; In my weak-ness He will give strength for ev-'ry day, Lov- ing,guiding, keeping, sus-tain- ing all the way.
4. Some day I shall see Him to know Him as He is; Some day I shall feel my hand close - ly held in His; Then with all the loved ones who've jour- neyed on be-fore, In His presence I shall re-joice for- ev - er- more.

CHORUS.

I will nev - er leave thee; Sor - row shall not grieve thee; In my arms I'll hold thee and wipe thy tears a- way, I will not forsake thee, Foes shall not o'er-

I Will Never Leave Thee.—Concluded.

take thee: I the Lord, will keep thee se - cure a-gainst that day.

150 God the All-Powerful!

HENRY F. CHORLEY. (RUSSIAN HYMN.)
Arr. by JOHN ELLERTON. ALEXIS LWOFF.

1. God the All - pow - er - ful! King who or - dain - est, Great winds Thy
2. God the All-right-eous One! man hath de - fied Thee, Yet to e -
3. God the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chast-'ning, Earth shall to
4. So shall Thy chil-dren, in thank - ful de - vo - tion, Praise Him who

clar - ions, the lightnings Thy sword, Show forth Thy pit - y on high,
ter - ni - ty stand-eth Thy word; Falsehood and wrong shall not tar -
free - dom and truth be re - stored; Thro' the thick dark-ness Thy king -
saved them from per - il and sword, Sing-ing in cho - rus from o -

where Thou reign- est Grant to us peace, O most mer - ci - ful Lord.
ry be - side Thee; Grant to us peace, O most mer - ci - ful Lord.
dom is hast -'ning; Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.
cean to o - cean, "Peace to the na - tions, and praise to the Lord."

151 When Jesus Abides In the Soul.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley.

FANNY J. CROSBY. B. D. ACKLEY.

1. There's a hope that can nev - er be conquered by fear, A peace that the world can-not give, A trust that is stead - fast and can - not be moved When near to the Sav - iour we live.
2. We may pass through the wa - ters and yet He is there, To lead and to com - fort His own, While close - ly a - round us up - hold - ing our faith, The arms of His mer - cy are thrown.
3. He may take in His wis - dom our treas - ures a - way, But on - ly a - gain to re - store The links that are bro - ken to spar - kle a - new, Where part - ing and tears are no more.
4. If we cling to His prom - ise and walk in the light, That nev - er, no nev - er grows dim, Our cares and our cross - es what - e'er they may be, Will draw us still near - er to Him.

CHORUS.

Our love may be test - ed, our faith may be tried, Temp - ta - tions like bil - lows may roll, But firm - ly we rest on E -

When Jesus Abides In the Soul—Concluded.



152 That's What He Did for Me.

Copyright, 1915, by Alfred H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley, owner.

A. H. A. ALFRED H. ACKLEY.



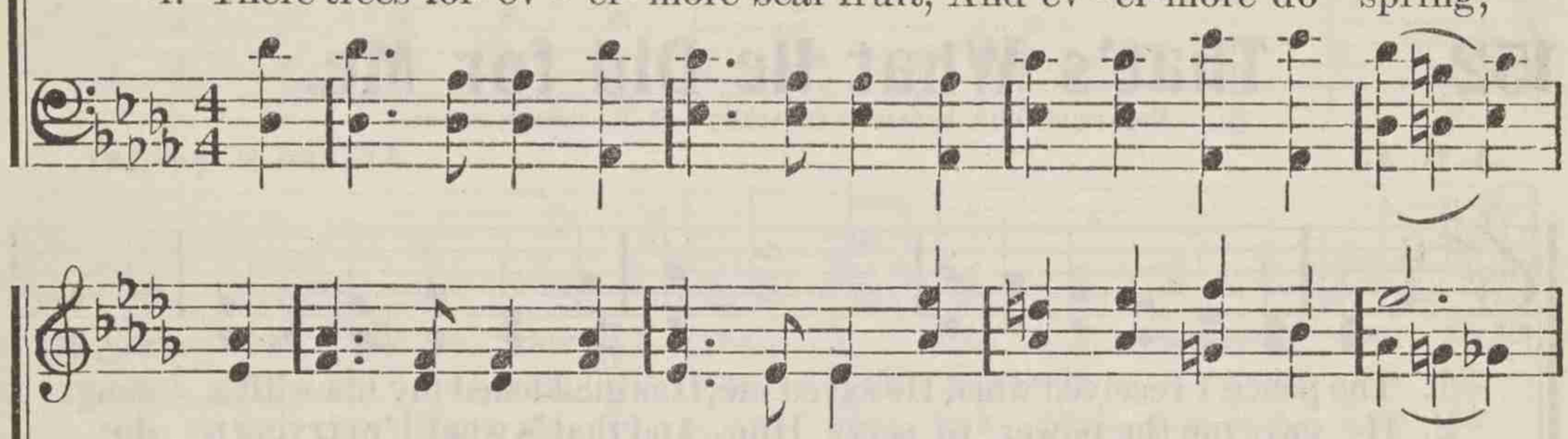
153 O Mother Dear, Jerusalem.

(MATERNA.)

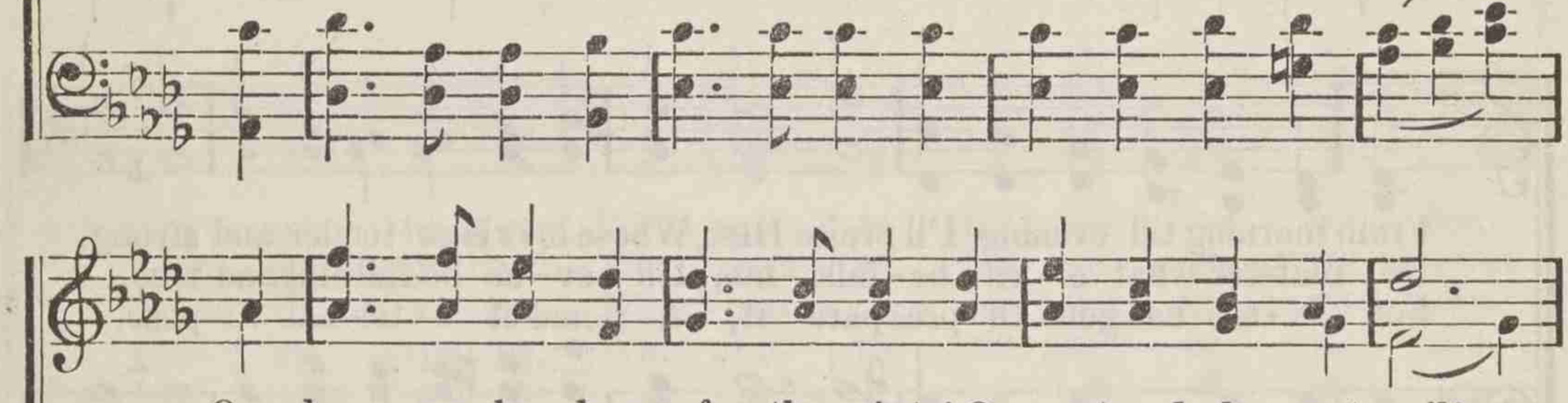
SAMUEL A. WARD.



1. O Moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa-lem, When shall I come to thee?
2. Thy walls are made of precious stones, Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
3. Thy gar-dens and thy gal-lant walks Con-tin-ual - ly are green,
4. There trees for- ev - er- more bear fruit, And ev - er-more do spring;



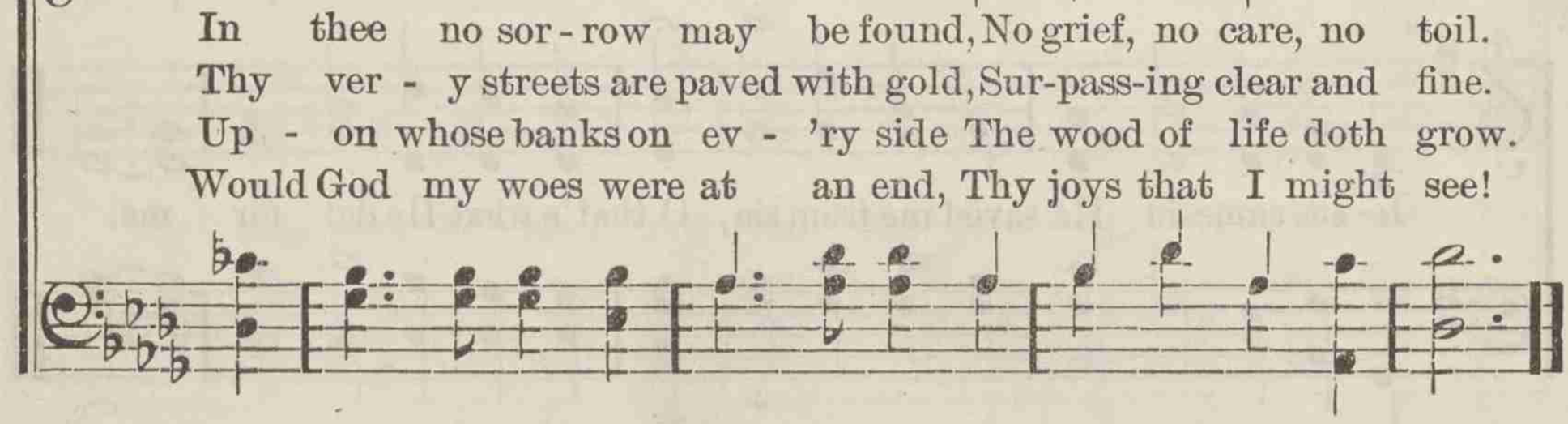
When shall my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
Thy gates are of right o - rient pearl, Ex-ceed-ing rich and rare.
There grow such sweet and pleasant flow'rs, As nowhere else are seen.
There ev - er-more the an - gels sit, And ev - er - more do sing.



O hap - py har- bor of the saints! O sweet and pleas-ant soil!
Thy tur - rets and thy pin - na-cles With car- bun-cles do shine;
Quite thro' the streets, with sil-ver sound, The flood of life doth flow;
Je - ru - sa-lem, my hap - py home, Would God I were in thee!



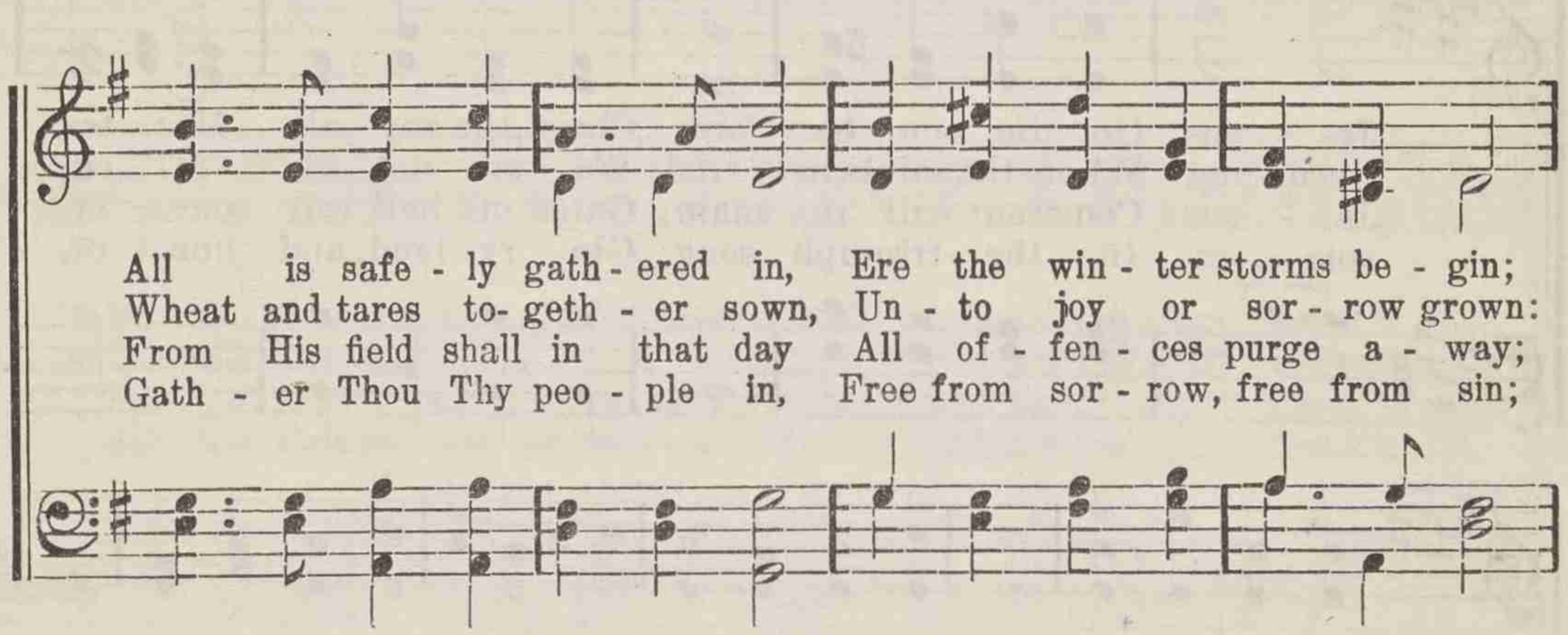
In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil.
Thy ver - y streets are paved with gold, Sur-pass-ing clear and fine.
Up - on whose banks on ev - 'ry side The wood of life doth grow.
Would God my woes were at an end, Thy joys that I might see!

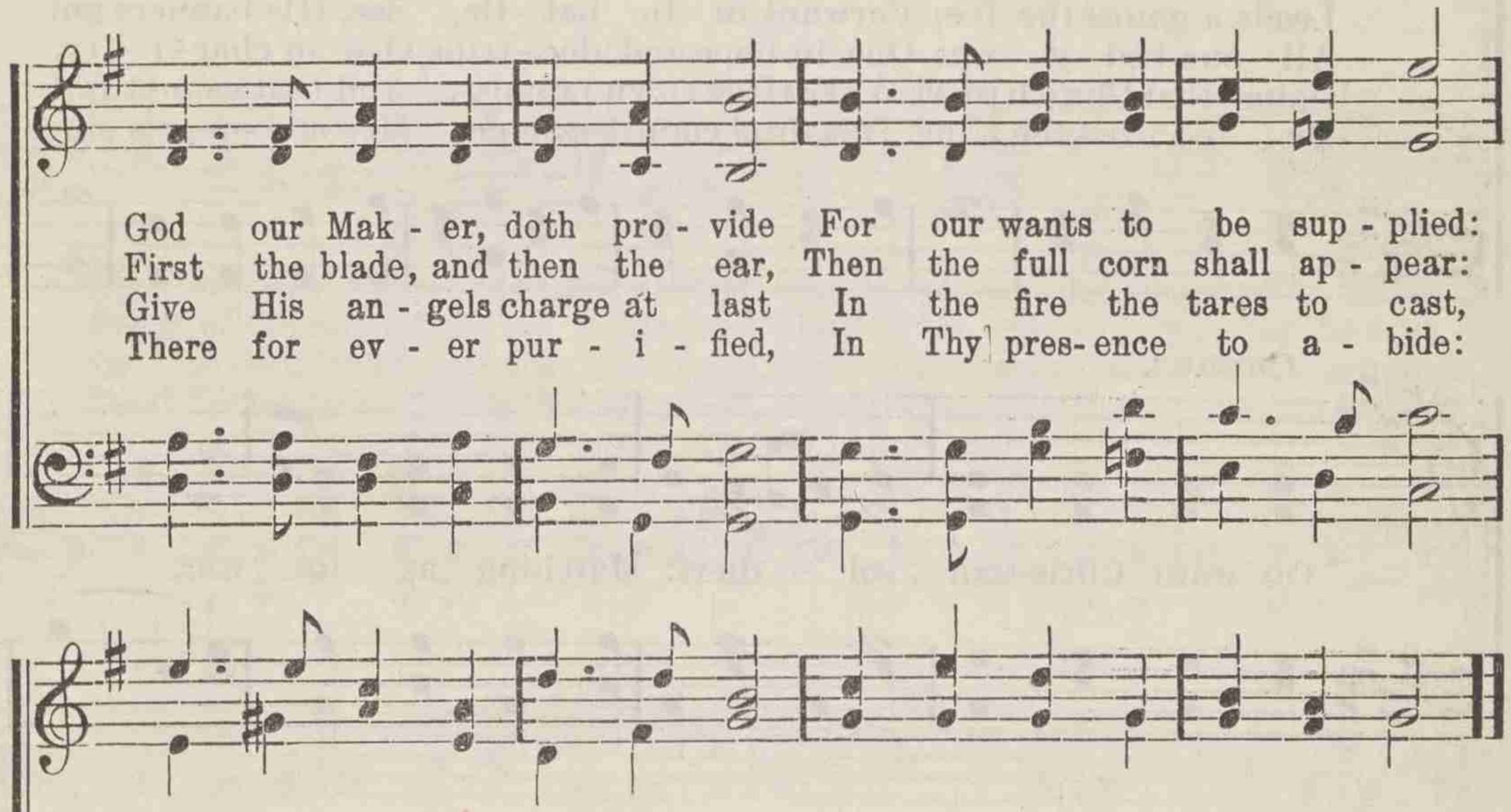


154 Thanksgiving.

Rev. Henry Alford. Sir George J. Elvey.







155 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Rev. S. BARING-GOULD. Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod;
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus Con-stant will re - main;
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voic - es In the triumph song;

Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go!
We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we; One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King, This thro' countless a- ges Men and an-gels sing.

CHORUS.

On- ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

156 Touch Not the Cup.

JAMES H. AIKMAN. THOMAS H. BAYLY.

1. Touch not the cup, it is death to thy soul; Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
2. Touch not the cup when the wine glistens bright; Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
3. Touch not the cup, young man, in thy pride; Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
4. Touch not the cup, oh, drink not a drop; Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;

Ma - ny I know who have quaff'd from that bowl; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Tho' like the ru - by it shines in the light: Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Hark to the warning of thousands who've died; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
All that thou lov - est entreats thee to stop: Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Lit - tle they tho't that the demon was there, Blindly they drank and were caught in the snare;
Fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl, Deep- ly the poi-son may en-ter thy soul,
Go to their lone-ly and des - olate tomb, Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom;
Stop! for the home that to thee is so dear, Stop! for the friends that to thee are so near,

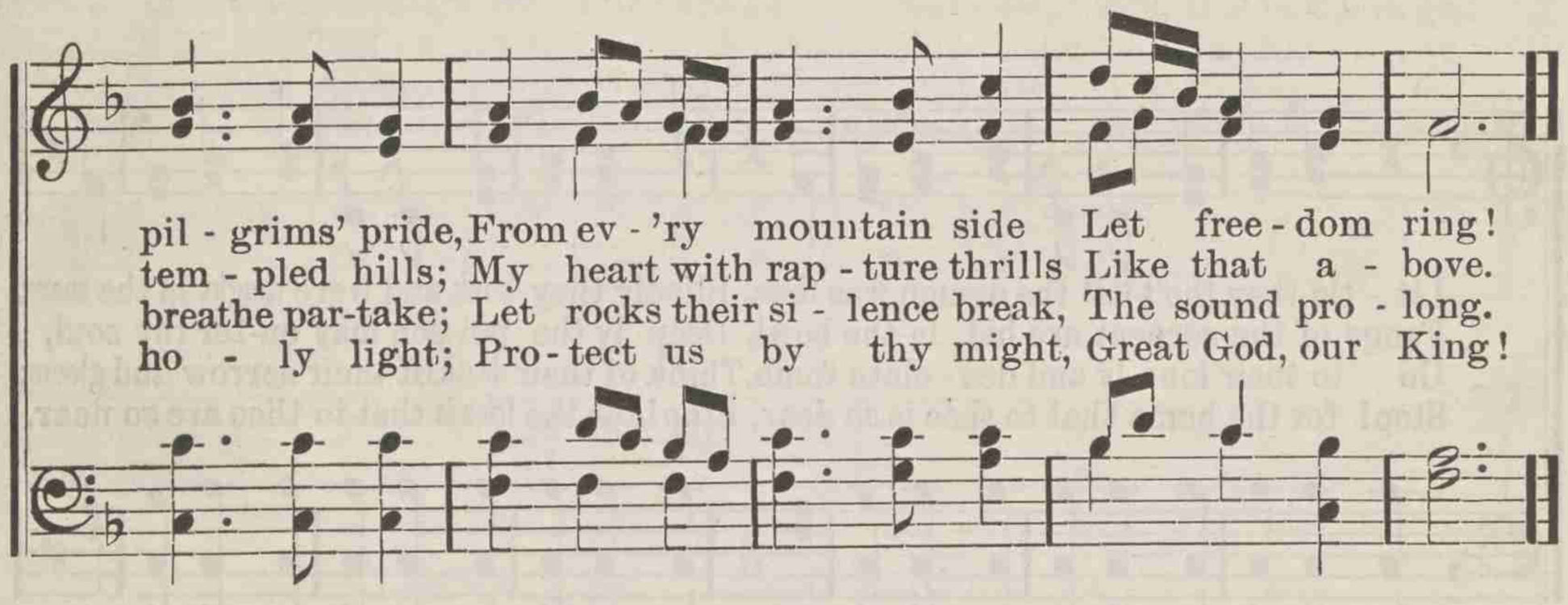
Then of that death-dealing bowl, oh, beware; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Soon will it plunge thee beyond thy control; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Think that perhaps thou may'st share in their doom; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Stop for thy country, in trembling and fear, Touch not the cup, touch it not.

157 America.

S. F. SMITH. English.







GOD SAVE—KEEP—HOLD—OUR MEN.

Tune—"AMERICA."

God SAVE our splendid men,
Send them safe home again,
  God SAVE our men.
Make them victorious,
Patient and chivalrous,
They are so dear to us,
  God SAVE our men.

God KEEP our own dear men,
From every stain of sin,
  God KEEP our men.
When Satan would allure,
When tempted KEEP them pure,
Be their protection sure—
  God KEEP our men.

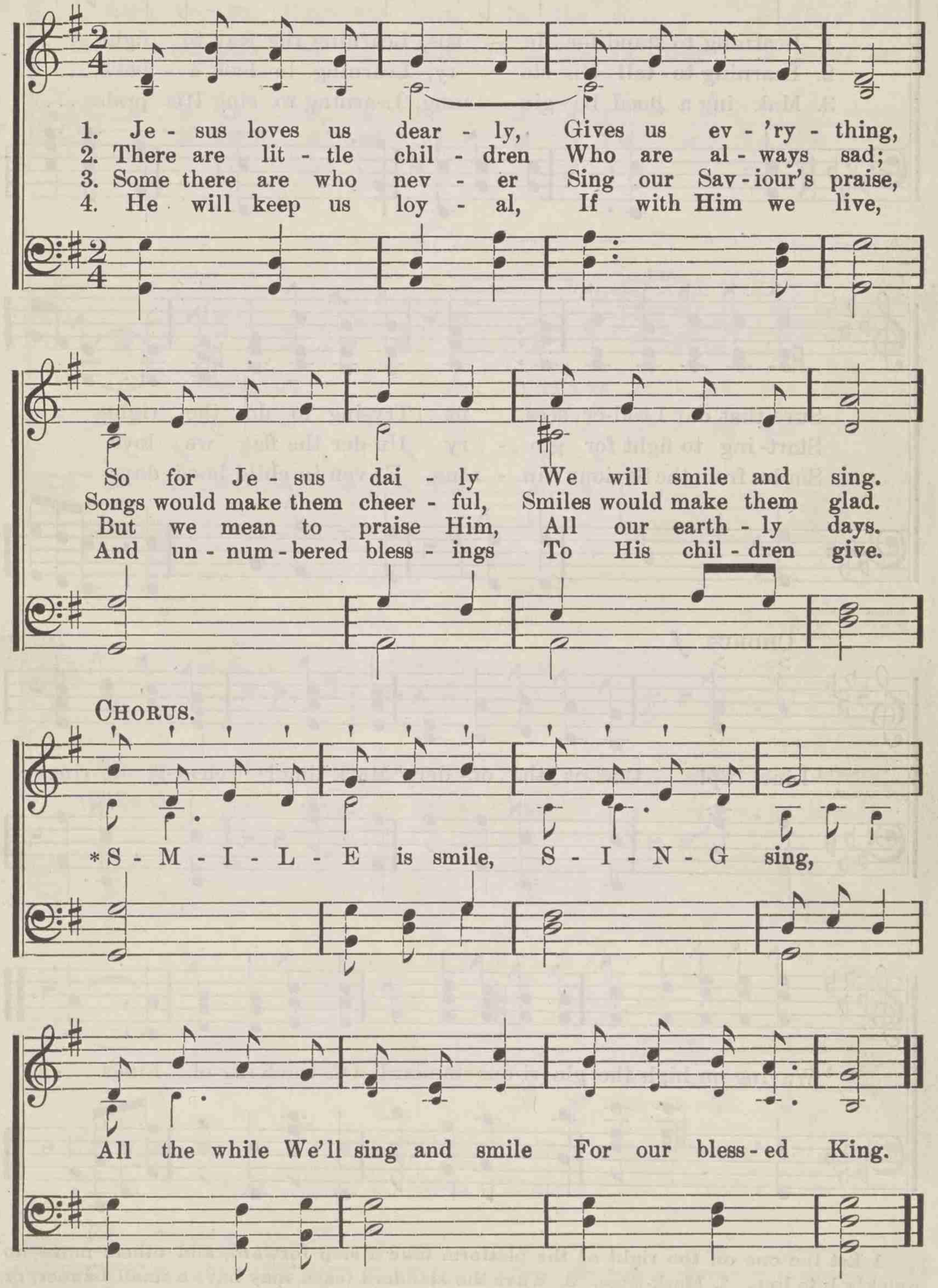
God HOLD our precious men,
And love them to the end,
  God HOLD our men.
Hold in Thine arms so strong
To Thee they all belong,
Hold safe from every wrong,
  God HOLD our men.

Children's Songs.

158 Smile and Sing.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley.

JAMES ROWE. Words and Music. B. D. ACKLEY.



* Emphasize each letter in SMILE and SING with index finger of right hand, and smile.

159 Line Up!

Copyright 1911, by The Fillmore Bros. Co. Used by per.

(ACTION SONG.)

JAMES ROWE. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Learning to stand for Je - sus, Learning the way to fight,....
2. Learning to tell His sto - ry, Learning to look a - bove,....
3. Mak - ing a good be - gin - ning, Learning to sing His praise,...

Sure that our Lead-er sees us Try-ing to do the right.
Start- ing to fight for glo - ry Un-der the flag we love.
Smiles from the Saviour win - ning, E - ven in child-hood days.

CHORUS. *f*

[1] Line up! that is the or - der; [2] Mark time! clear-ly it rings;

[3] Waving on high the glo- ri-ous standard Of the King of kings...

1 Let the one on the right of the platform take a step forward, and others move up quickly into line. 2. Mark time. 3. Wave the standard (each may have a small banner, or wave the hand), still marking time.

160 Bethlehem Lullaby.

P. W. B.

Copyright, 1901, by P. W. Blackmer.
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Arr. BRAHAMS.

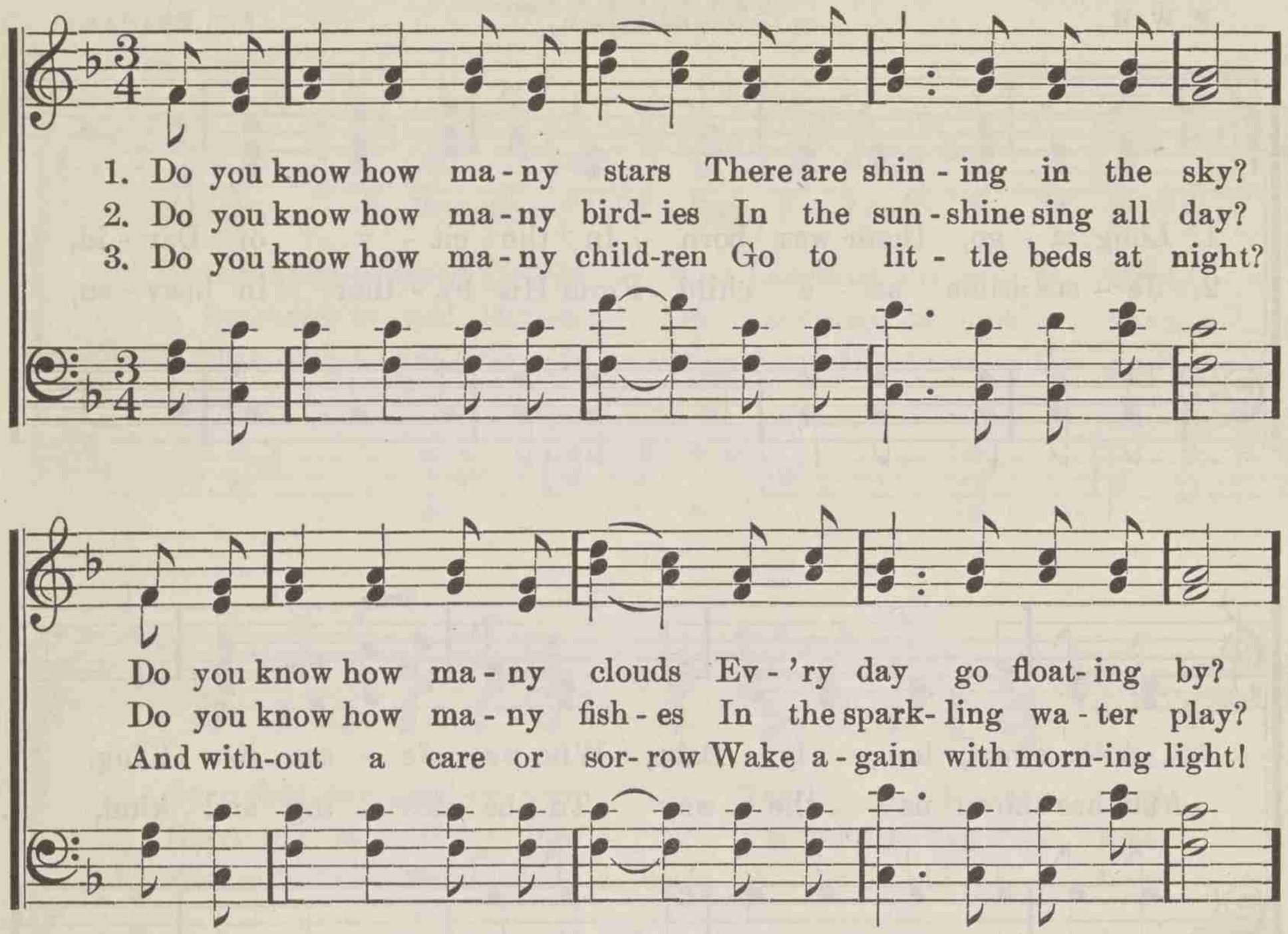
1. Long a - go, there was born In the cit - y of Dav - id,
2. Je - sus came as a child From His Fa - ther in heav - en,

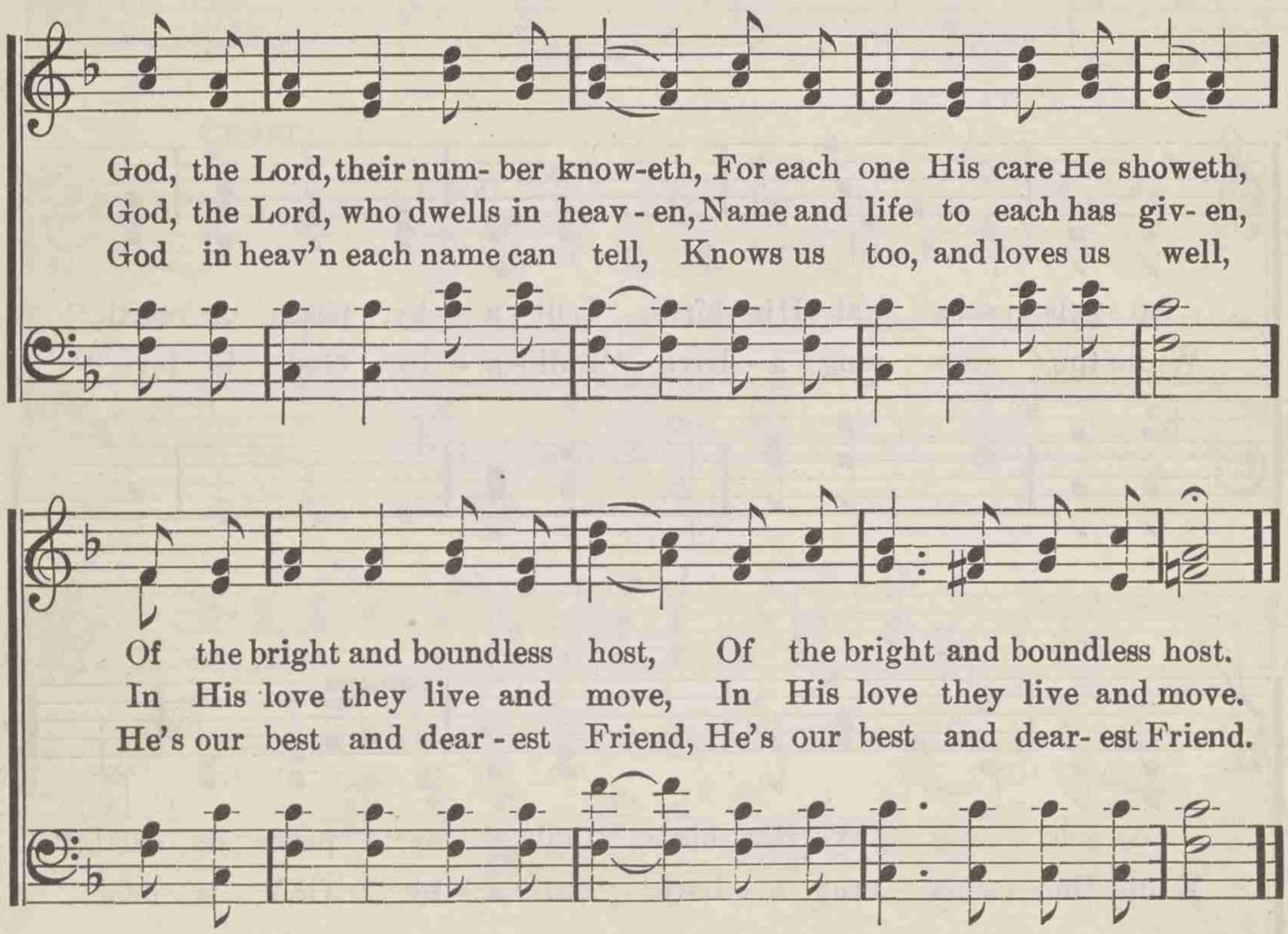
A sweet, ho - ly Babe, Who was Je - sus our King.
And has shown us the way To be lov - ing and kind,

An - gels sang at His birth, "Lull - a - by, peace on earth,"
While the stars sang a - bove, "Lull - a - by, God is love,"

An - gels sang at His birth, "Lull - a - by, peace on earth."
While the stars sang a - bove, "Lull - a - by, God is love."

161 God Knows.





MOTIONS.—Verse 1. Arms extended above the head; move the fingers to represent the stars. Extend the arms in front and wave the hands, to show clouds. Verse 2. Extend the arms to the right and left, and move them to imitate the flying of the birds. Extend the hands and move from right to left in front to represent flying. Verse 3. Bow the head on hands and shut the eyes, opening them at the words, "Wake again."

162 The King's Blossoms.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley.

JAMES ROWE. Words and Music. KATHERINE HOWE.

1. Lit - tle ones are flow - ers, Grow - ing for the King,
2. How He loves to watch them, And their ten - der charms!
3. Bless - ed Lord, at - tend them, Close to them re - main,

CHORUS.

Bright'ning earthly bow - ers, Help-ing hearts to sing.
How He loves to hold them In His lov - ing arms.
That no storm may blight them, And no e - vil stain.

Flow-ers,

flow-ers, Lit-tle blooms of love, Spreading joy a - round them,

For the One a - bove; Flow-ers, flow-ers, Beau - ti - ful to

see, Grow-ing for the Sav - iour And e - ter - ni - ty.....

163 Listen to the Song Birds.

A. H. A.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. and A. H. Ackley.

Rev. A. H. ACKLEY.

1. If you walk in the vale of sor- row, Do not droop like a fad - ing flow'r; God still lives and His arms are a - bout you, Hear the birds in the
2. In the morn when the day is break-ing, When at even- ing the shad-ows fall; When the night folds the world in its dark-ness, Their sweet mu-sic the
3. Ev- 'ry tune is a hymn of glad-ness, Ev - 'ry note is a song of praise; In the storm and the rain they are sing-ing, As they sing on the
4. Trnst in God, He will nev - er fail you, Why re-pine when He loves you so; If the song birds re-joice in His keeping, There is joy and con-

CHORUS.

8va.....

vine-cover'd bow'r.....
soul seems to call.....
bright summer days.....
tentment for you.....

Lis-ten to the song birds sing,

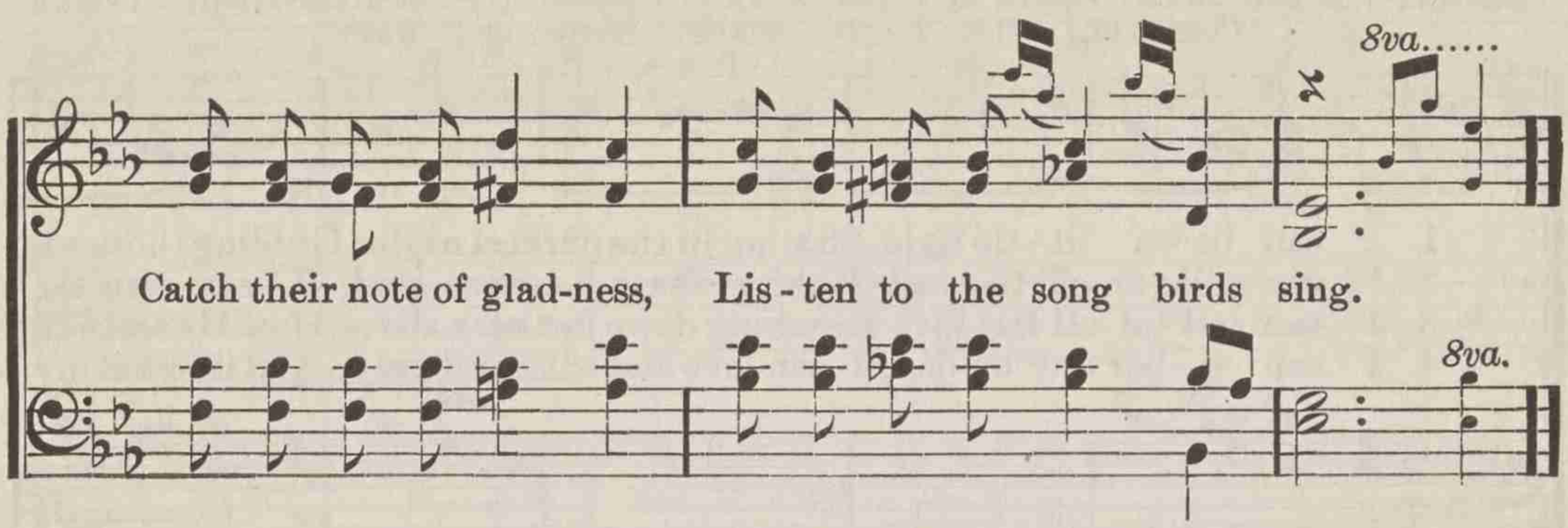
L. H.

8va.....

Mes - sa- ges of joy they bring,

In your gloom and sadness,

Listen to the Song Birds.—Concluded.

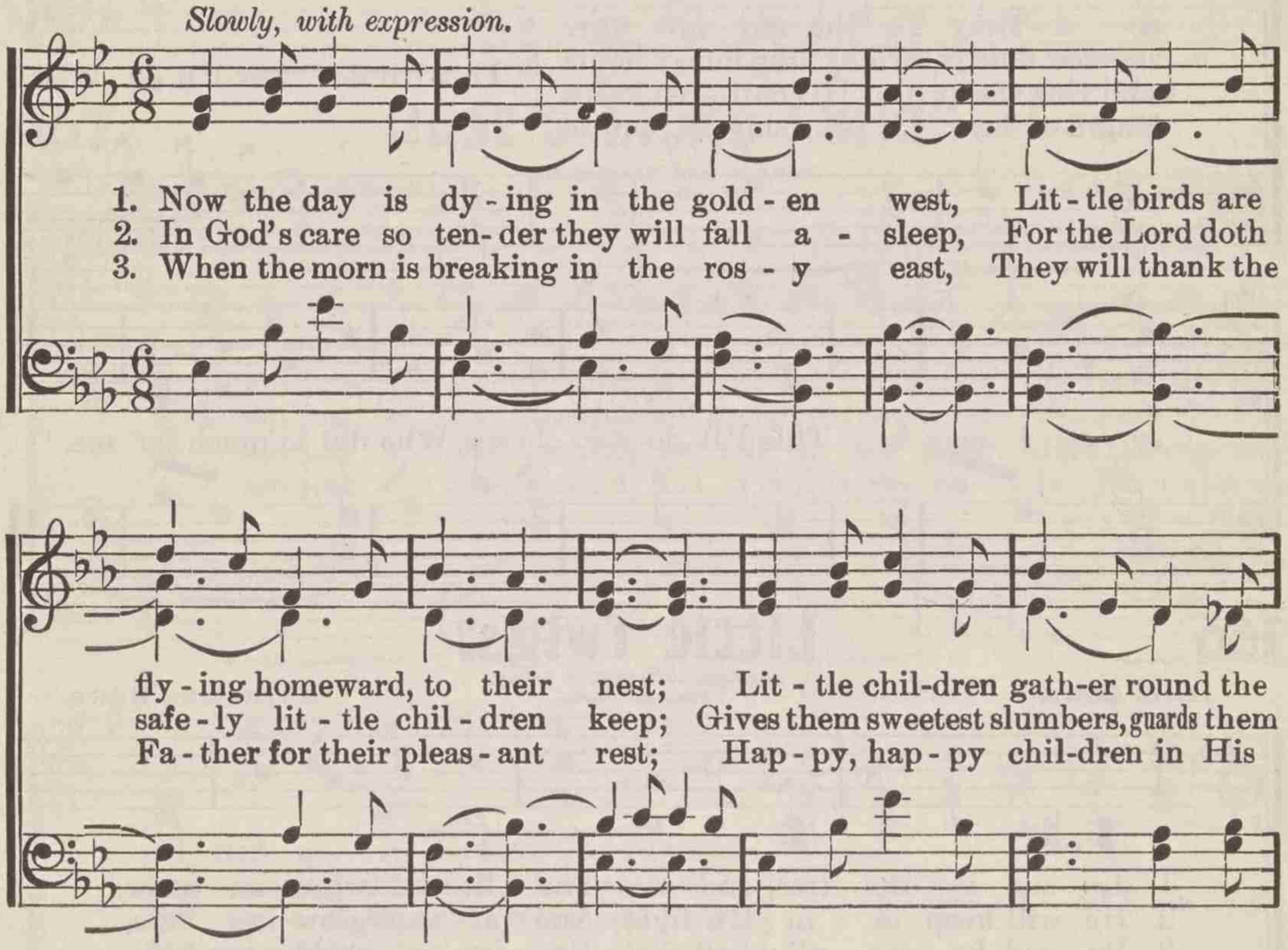


164 Evening Song.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley.

GEORGIE TILLMAN SNEAD. Words and Music. B. D. ACKLEY.

Slowly, with expression.



165 This I'll Do for Jesus.

GEORGIE TILLMAN SNEAD. Owned by Presbyterian Committee of Publication. G. G. LANSING

Copyright, 1917, B. D. Ackley, Words and Music.

1. I can be a lit - tle light, Shining in the darkest night; Guiding those who go a - stray To the nar - row way.
2. I can smile up-on the sad, Making weary hearts so glad; I can scat- ter sweetest flow'rs, Bright'ning lonely hours.
3. I can tell of all His love Reaching down from heav'n above, How He seeks the wand'ring sheep, And His chil-dren keeps.
4. I can la - bor day by day, I can love and trust and pray; And throughout my length of days I can sing His praise.

CHORUS.

This I'll do, this I'll do, Wher- ev - er I may be; This I'll do for Je-sus, Who did so much for me.

166 Little Twigs.

JAMES ROWE.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley.
Words and Music.

KATHERINE HOWE.

1. Je - sus is the tree, and we The lit - tle twigs, you know,
2. He will keep us in His light, And al - ways grow- ing here,
3. By and by, we all shall be Up in a world more fair,

Grow - ing for e - ter - ni - ty, Love for Him to show.
Al - ways do - ing what we might, In His pres - ence dear.
Liv - ing thro' e - ter - ni - ty, In His beau - ty there.

Little Twigs.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Lit - tle twigs, lit - tle twigs, Grow - ing in His love;
Reach - ing out and get - ting read - y For the life a - bove.

167 Just a Little Child.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley.
Words and Music.

GEORGIE TILLMAN SNEAD. G. G. LANSING.

1. I am just a lit - tle child, Yet He bids me come; Je - sus calls me
2. I am just a lit - tle child, But there's service true; For each lit - tle
3. I am just a lit - tle child, Yet I'll do my part; Give the cup of
4. I am just a lit - tle child, Yet a child may be In His crown a

I will go, In His arms there's room.
boy and girl, There is much to do.
wa - ter cool, Cheering some sad heart.
jew - el bright Thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

I am just a lit - tle child,
Ver - y weak and small; Yet there's work for me to do, There is work for all.

168 Listen to the Shepherd's Call.

Copyright, 1906, by Geo. Chadwick Stock.
W. A. Wilde & Co, owners. Used by per.

E. E. HEWITT. GEO. CHADWICK STOCK.



1. In life's ear-ly morning, when the sky is blue, Listen to the Shepherd's call;
2. He will gently lead us where the lilies grow—Listen to the Shepherd's call;
3. When the clouds shall gather He will keep His flock—Listen to the Shepherd's call;
4. If one lamb is missing on the mountains cold—Listen to the Shepherd's call;





While the buds and blos-soms sparkle with the dew, Lis-ten to the Shepherd's call.
Where amid green pastures, silver waters flow—Lis-ten to the Shepherd's call.
Shel - ter them so safe- ly in the mighty Rock—Lis-ten to the Shepherd's call.
Ten - der - ly He'll seek it, bring it to His fold— Lis-ten to the Shepherd's call.



CHORUS.



Fol-low, fol- low, ev - er fol-low Je- sus, He will welcome, sweetly welcome all;



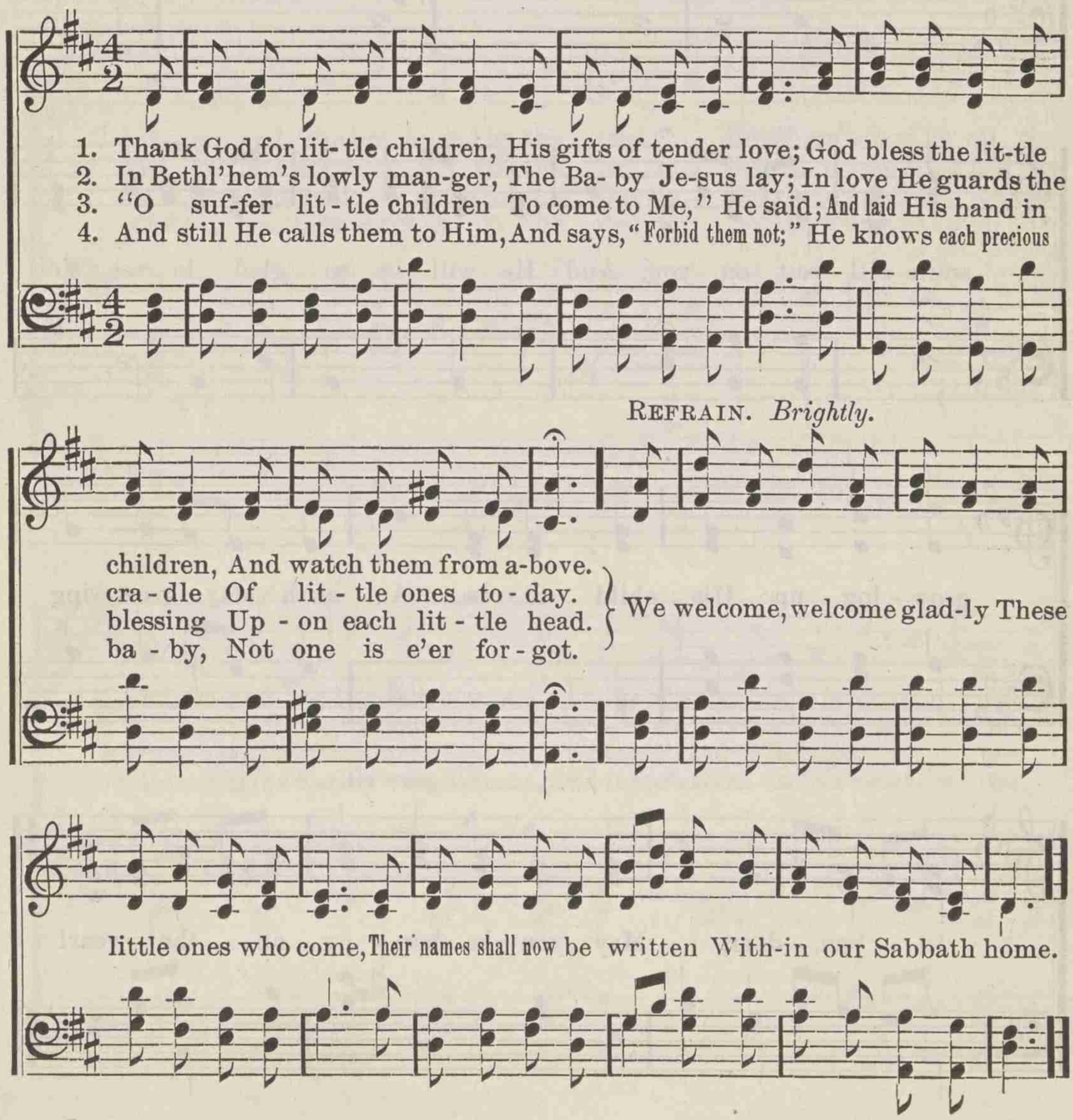
Listen to the Shepherd's Call.—Concluded.



169 Thank God for Little Children.

Copyright, 1900, by Mrs. Wm. Reynolds. Used by per.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. C. S. COLBURN.



170 A Birthday Greeting.

Copyright, 1905, by Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society.
Used by per.

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON. Adapted from Old Song.

A birth-day greet-ing to you, dear, May you be hap - py
all your year! If you are brave and sweet and true, The Fa-ther's
smile will rest on you, And He will be so glad to see You
grow - ing up His child to be. A birth - day greet - ing
poco rit.
to you, dear, May you be hap - py all the year!

171 The Father's Care.

Music copyright, 1905, by Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society.
Used by Per.

Rev. CHARLES I. JUNKIN. GRACE WILBUR CONANT.

Andantino.

1. In the trees the birds are sing-ing, in the mountains and the glens, By the
2. All the meadows bloom with daisies and with dan-de- li-ons bold, And the
3. And the clouds of trou-ble gath- er, and the stormy wind is heard, And the
4. And the world is full of chil-dren, oh, so ma- ny and so fair! Like the

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped. simile.*

riv - ers and the brooks and by the sea;..... But there's food for all the
clo - ver blos-soms cov - er all the lea;..... But there's clothing for the
an - gry tem- pest ra - ges wild and free;..... But there's shel-ter for the
sunbeams as they spark-le on the sea;..... But there's room for all the

rob-ins and the ti-ny little wrens, And there's bread in His hand for me.
lil-ies and the butter-cups of gold, And there's raiment in His hand for me.
sparrow and the little humming-bird, And there's safety in His arms for me.
children in the Father's tender care, And there's room in His heart for me.

172 Christmas Song.

(WEBB.)

Words from "The Holy Child's Welcome," H. D. Noyes & Co. Used by per.

1. I love the Christmas sto-ry Be-cause I know 'tis true; And tho' I've often heard it, Yet it is al-ways new. It is a bless-ed sto - ry, As
2. I love the Christmas sto-ry Be-cause it is so sweet; Christ came to bless the chil - dren, And guide their lit-tle feet. It is a pre-cious sto - ry, It
3. Then tell the Christmas sto-ry, Oh, tell it now to-night, How Je - sus came in glo - ry, To fill the world with light. Oh, tell the sto - ry, chil- dren, With

dear as it can be; It tells me that my Sav-iour Was once a child like me.
shows God's love to me, The more I think a-bout it, The more His love I see.
voic - es glad and free; How on that blessed Christmas He came to you and me.

173 Little Drops of Water.

EBEN C. BREWER. English.

1. Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand,
2. And the lit - tle mo - ments, Hum - ble tho' they be,
3. So our lit - tle er - rors Lead the soul a - way
4. Lit - tle seeds of mer - cy, Sown by youth - ful hands,
5. Lit - tle deeds of kind - ness, Lit - tle words of love,

Little Drops of Water.—Concluded.



174 Welcome, Precious Baby.

(Tune—"Little Drops of Water." See No. 173.)

To be sung when receiving a baby or babies into the class. Change word "baby" to "babies" if need.

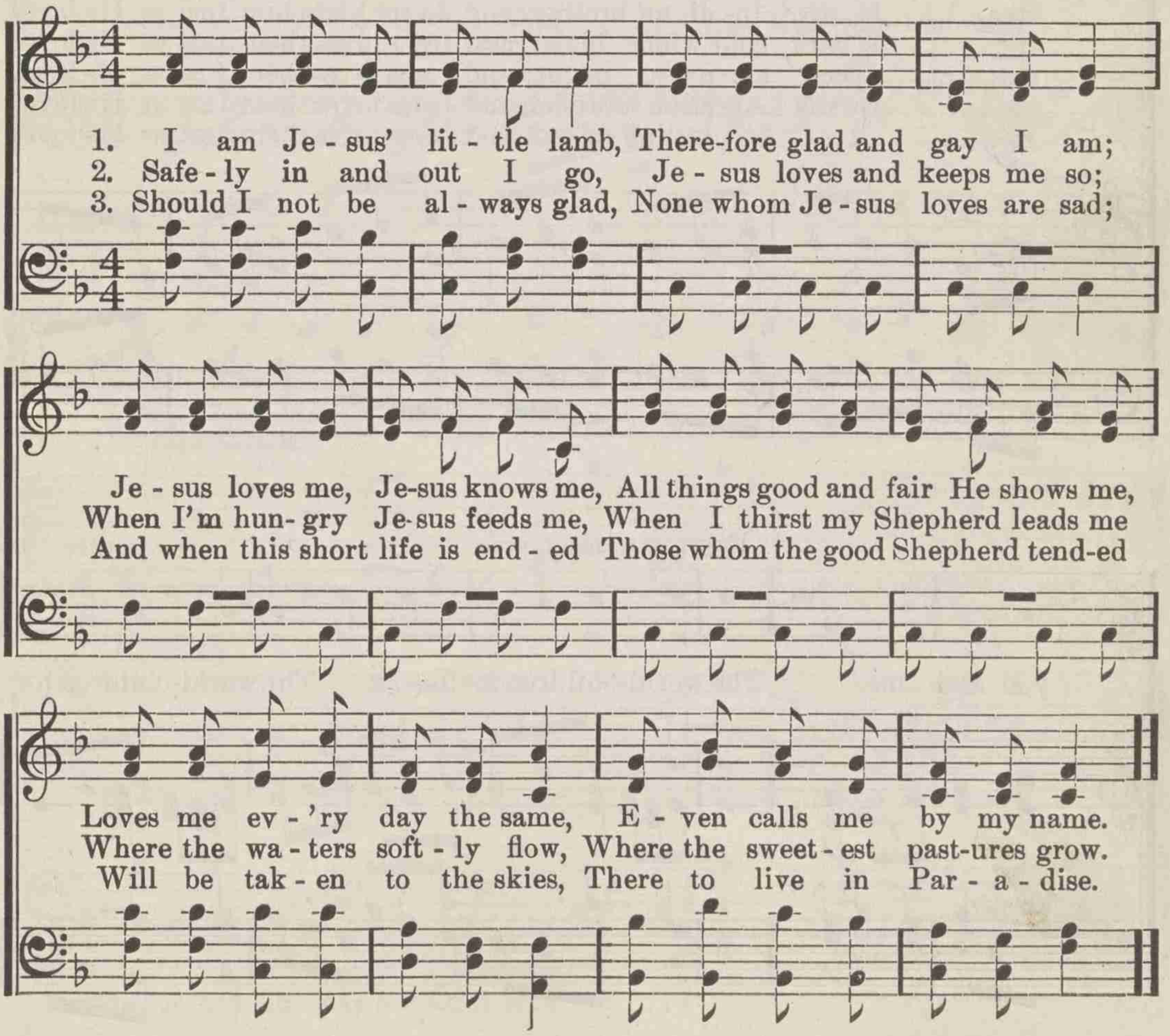
1 Welcome, precious baby,
To our cradle roll,
Here a place is waiting
For each tiny soul.

2 On the earth our Saviour
Little children blessed,
In His arms He took them,
Held them to His breast.

3 Still He calls them to Him,
No one is too small,
For the tender Saviour
Loves and wants us all.

—JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

175 I Am Jesus' Little Lamb.



176 The World-Children For Jesus.

Copyright, 1909, by Margaret Coote Brown, 436 Oak Street, Buffalo N. Y.
Used by Per.

M. C. B. MARGARET COOTE BROWN.

With expression.

1. The cunning papoose in the wigwam that lives, Whose life is so hap-py and
2. The Es - ki-mo babies are wrapped all in fur; They live in the north coun-
3. The lit - tle Jap babies, with shining dark eyes, Live on a green isle in the
4. The pret-ty brown babies who roll in the sand, In a coun-try far o - ver the
5. And all the dear babies, wher-ev- er they grow, So cunning, so precious, so

free,..... Is my In- di- an brother; and Je-sus loves him Just as He loves
try,..... Where cold winds blow; and Jesus loves them Just as He loves
sea;..... Too ma- ny to count; and Jesus loves them Just as He loves
sea,..... Are my Af- rican brothers; and Jesus loves them Just as He loves
wee,..... Are God's darling chil-dren; and Jesus loves them Just as He loves

REFRAIN. *Sostenuto.*

you and me. The world-children for Je-sus, The world-children for

The World-Children For Jesus.—Concluded.



177 Tiny Toddlers.

E E. HEWITT. Copyright, 1916, in "Messages of Beauty," by B. D. Ackley. B. D. ACKLEY.



* "Little Children" may be used if preferred."

178 Happy Birthday.

Copyright, 1915, by The Heidelberg Press. By per.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. HOWARD K. CARL.

1. A lit - tle *sol - dier of the King His birth-day holds to - day,
2. A lit - tle sol - dier of the King Must stand up for the right.

May *he be ev - er good and true, And God's commands o - bey.
And try to do thro' all the year Things pleasing in His sight.

CHORUS.

Hap-py birth-day, hap - py birthday, More like Je - sus may you grow,

Hap- py birth-day, hap - py birthday, Love and serve Him here be- low.

* If the birthday is for a girl, "daughter" is substituted for soldier, and "she" for "he." The children should stand in two lines, one on each side, each one holding a small flag. The birthday-child marches down the center, between the lines, while flags are waved and the song sung. When reaching the chair at the end of the line, a flag with a dark blue bow beneath it, is pinned on right side. Candles can be used in a pan of sand, or flags, one for each year.

179 Offering Song.





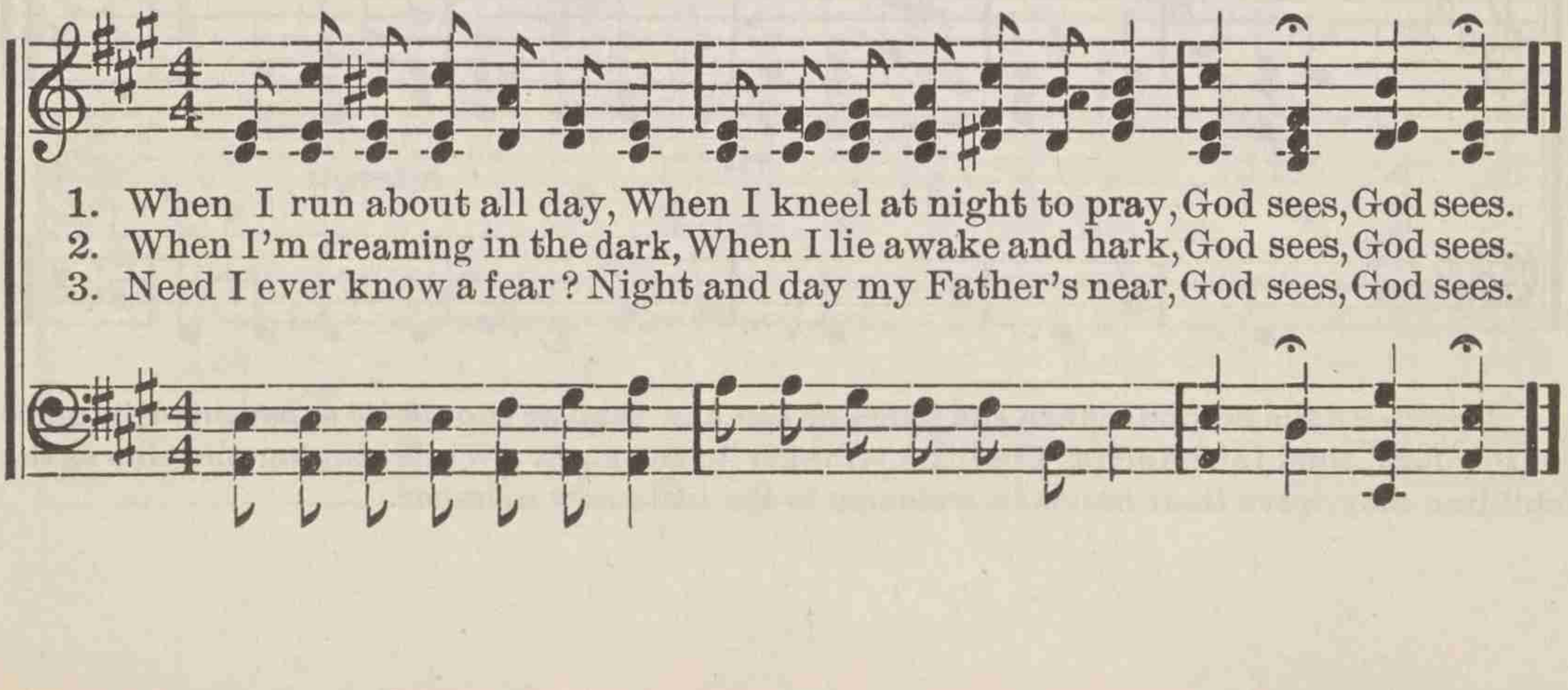


180 Night and Day.

Rhymes Copyright, 1904, by M. L. Butler. Used by per.

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MARY MAPES DODGE. FANNY B. EARLE.



181 Welcome Song.

Copyright, 1900, by L. G. Stock.

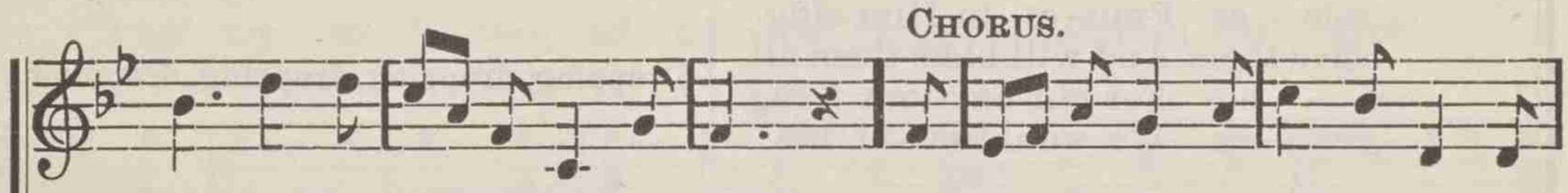
Not too fast.



1. On this glad Sunday morn-ing, Our voi-ces we will blend, In joy- ous songs to
2. Were glad to welcome —— And hope that (she / he) will find Each lit- tle child is
3. Once more we bid (her / him) welcome, And pray our Father's care May guard (her / him) from all



CHORUS.



wel- come An- oth- er lit- tle friend.
grow- ing, Like Je- sus, true and kind.
e - vil, Both here and ev-'ry-where.

} We welcome you, we welcome you, we welcome you To



rit. *a tempo.*



Sunday school to-day; We welcome you, we welcome you, And hope you'll with us stay,



rit. *a tempo.*

NOTE.—In the second stanza the name of the new scholar should be substituted in place of the dash, thus introducing the little stranger to the class. While singing the chorus the children may wave their hands in welcome to the little new member.

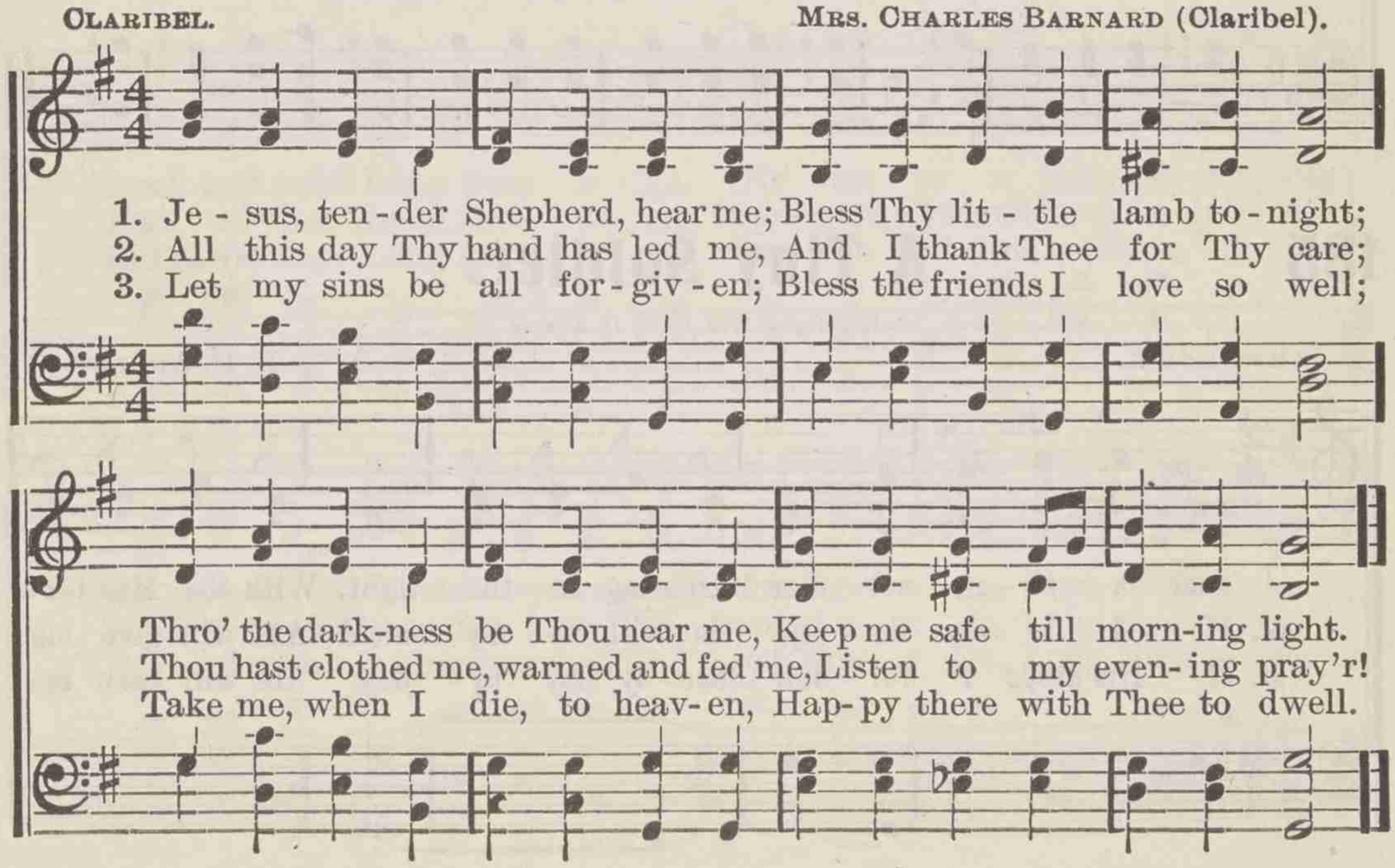
182 Away In a Manger.

Tr. from MARTIN LUTHER. Fr. JONATHAN E. SPILLMAN.



183 Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me.

CLARIBEL. MRS. CHARLES BARNARD (Claribel).



184 Dare to Be a Daniel.

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

1. Stand-ing by a pur-pose true, Heeding God's command, Hon - or them, the
2. Man - y might-y men are lost, Dar- ing not to stand, Who for God had
3. Man - y gi - ants, great and tall, Stalking thro' the land, Head-long to the
4. Hold the gos - pel ban - ner high! On to vic - t'ry grand! Sa - tan and his

faith- ful few! All hail to Dan-iel's Band!
been a host, By join-ing Dan-iel's Band!
earth would fall, If met by Dan-iel's Band!
host de - fy, And shout for Dan-iel's Band!

CHORUS.

Dare to be a Dan - iel,

Dare to stand a-lone, Dare to have a pur-pose firm! Dare to make it known!

185 A Tiny Soldier.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley.

James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.

1. Just a ti - ny sol - dier March-ing in the light. With the Mas-ter's
2. If I do my du - ty He will be my shield And will give me
3. If His steps I fol - low Close - ly day by day, He will keep me

A Tiny Soldier.

CHORUS.

ar - my, Lov- ing truth and right.
glo - ry On the bat - tle field.
walk-ing In the glo - ry - way.

Just a ti - ny sol - dier

Of the King a - bove, Training for the bat - tle, Growing in His love.

186 Long Time Ago.

Copyright, 1908, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

C. O. F.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus was a lit - tle child, Long time a - go, Gen - tle, lov - ing,
2. Wise men guarded by a star, Long time a - go, Come there from the
3. We may come as well as they, Long time a - go. For we read that

meek and mild, Long time a - go: He was in a man- ger sleep-ing,
East a - far, Long time a - go: Came with gifts, and bent a- bove Him,
Christ did say, Long time a - go, "Let the chil-dren come un - to me,

An-gel's o'er Him watch were keeping, Long time a - go, Long time a - go.
Came to worship and to love Him, Long time a - go, Long time a - go.
For of such my kingdom shall be," Long time a - go, Long time a - go.

187 Bring Them In.

Copyright, 1885, by W. A. Ogden. Used by per.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des- ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high;

Call - ing the sheep who've gone astray Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee, "Go find my sheep where'er they be."

CHORUS.

Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;

Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Je - sus.

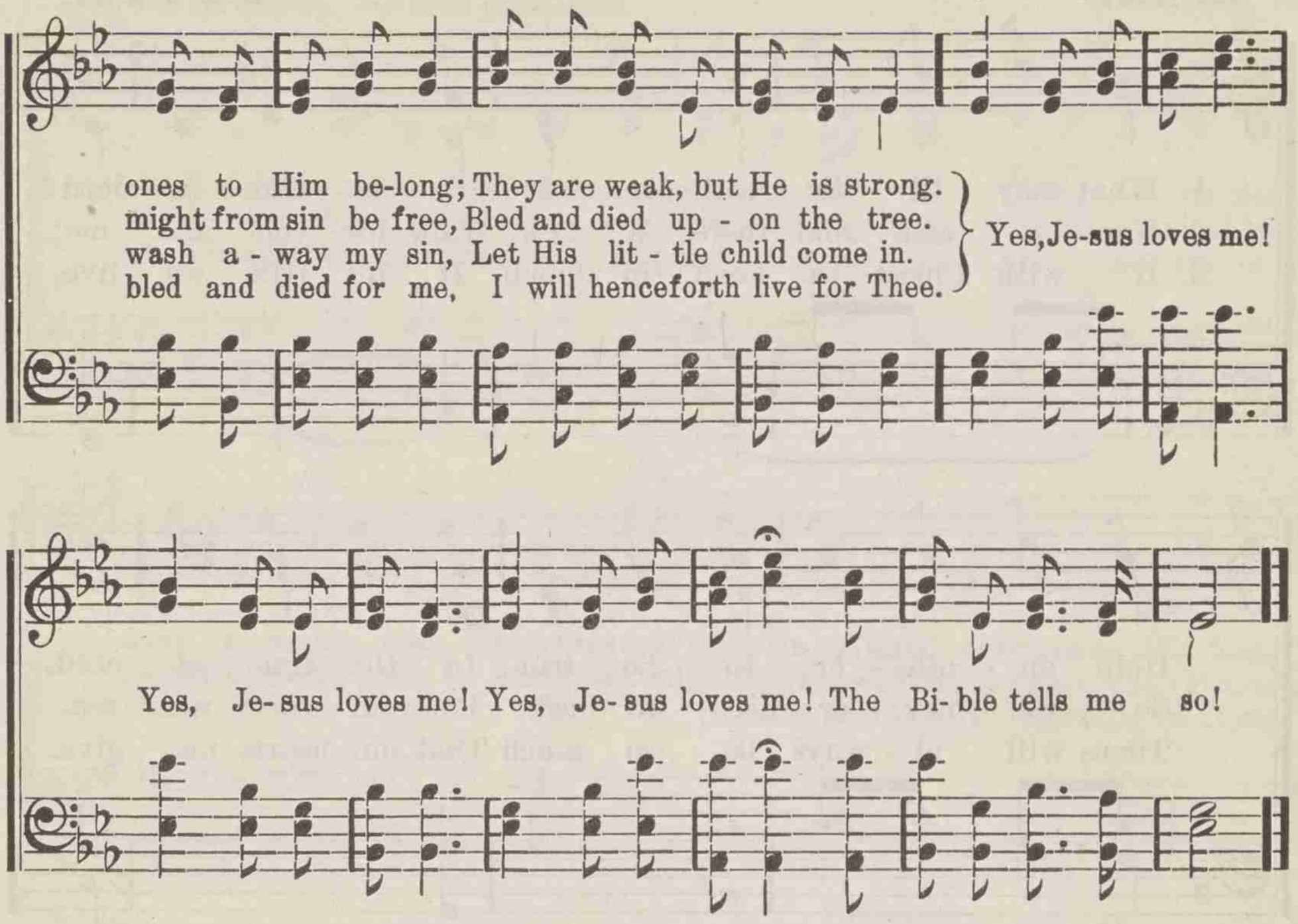
188 Jesus Loves Me.

ANNA B. WARNER. WM. B. BRADBURY.

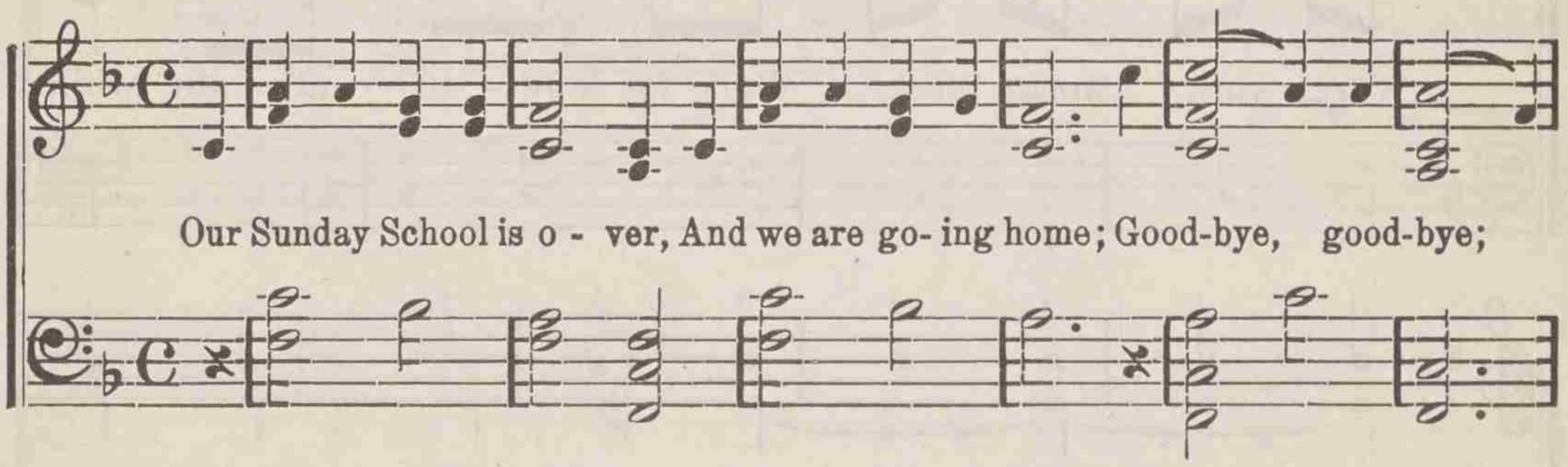
1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so: Lit - tle
2. Je - sus from His throne on high, Came in - to this world to die; That I
3. Je - sus loves me! He who died Heav-en's gate to o - pen wide! He will
4. Je - sus, take this heart of mine; Make it pure and whol-ly Thine; Thou hast

Jesus Loves Me.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



189 Good-bye Song.



In some schools when singing "Good-bye," the teachers and scholars salute each other with an outward wave of the hand, first with the right and then with the left, or the song may be sung by the children as they march from the room.

190 Work for Jesus.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley.

JAS. ROWE. B. D. ACKLEY.

1. What may lit - tle chil - dren do To be true in - deed?
2. Here a task and there a task, Waits for you and me;
3. If with Christ we keep in touch, If for Him we live,

Help an - oth - er to be true In the time of need.
So we nev - er need to ask, For our work we see.
There will al - ways be so much That our hearts may give.

CHORUS.

Work, work, work, work, Work for Je - sus all the while,

Work and sing and work and smile; Work for

Je - sus and be true, That is just what you may do.

191 The Sweet Story.

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE. Used by per. of Fleming H. Revell Company. PHILIP A. GIFFORD

Expressively, but with animation.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

192 Praising Jesus Every Day.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley. Words and Music.

E. E. HEWITT. B. D. ACKLEY.

1. When the [1] flowers a-ris - ing from the ground, Scat-ter love-ly fra-grance all a-round,
2. When the [3] leaves of Autumn flutter down, Wearing robes of beauty, red and brown,
3. When the wintry snow-flakes, pure and white, [4] Spread a downy cov - er, soft and light,

Let our songs of glad-ness then re-sound, Praising Je - sus ev - 'ry day.
When the year puts on its gold-en crown, Trust in Je - sus ev - 'ry day.
Till the springtime wakens blossoms bright, Sing of Je - sus ev - 'ry day.

CHORUS.

Hap - py songs we bring to our King, [2] Praising Jesus ev - 'ry day;
Summer days or win-ter, we will sing, [2] Je-sus loves us all the way.

MOTIONS.—1. Bend down, and in rising, lift hand slowly. 2. Fold hands together and look up. 3. Raise both hands, and lower them, with fluttering fingers. 4. Spread hands outward, as if laying a cover.

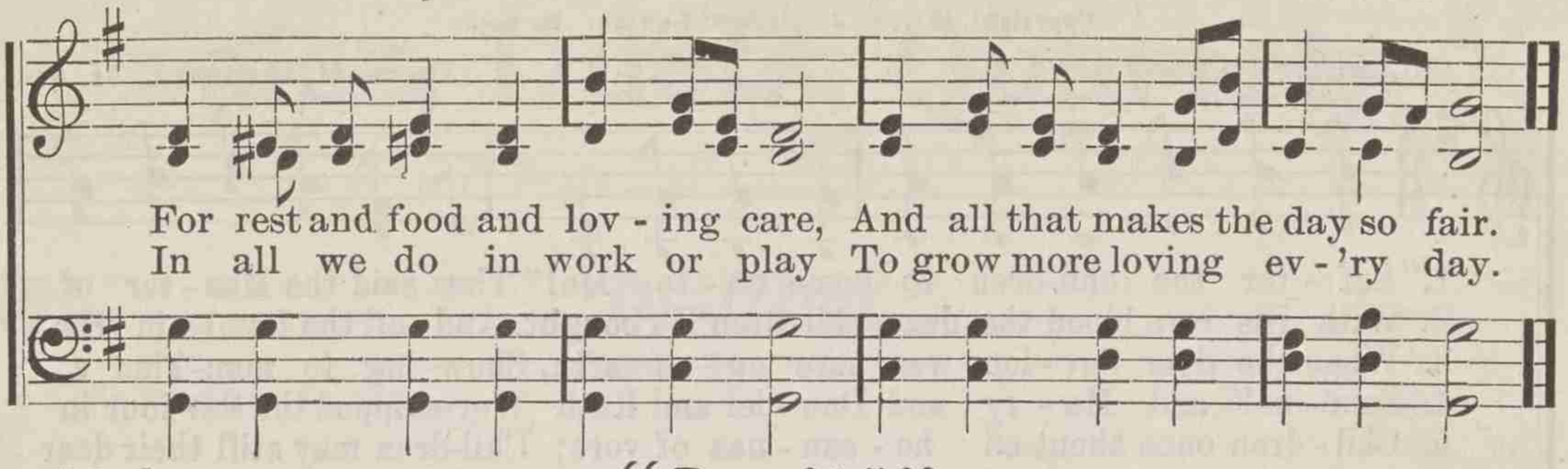
193 Father, We Thank Thee.

From "Tonic-Sol-Fa Music Course," by per. O. Ditson Co.

REBECCA J. WESTON. D. BATCHELLOR.

1. Fa - ther, we thank Thee for the night, And for the pleasant morning light,
2. Help us to do the things we should, To be to oth-ers kind and good;

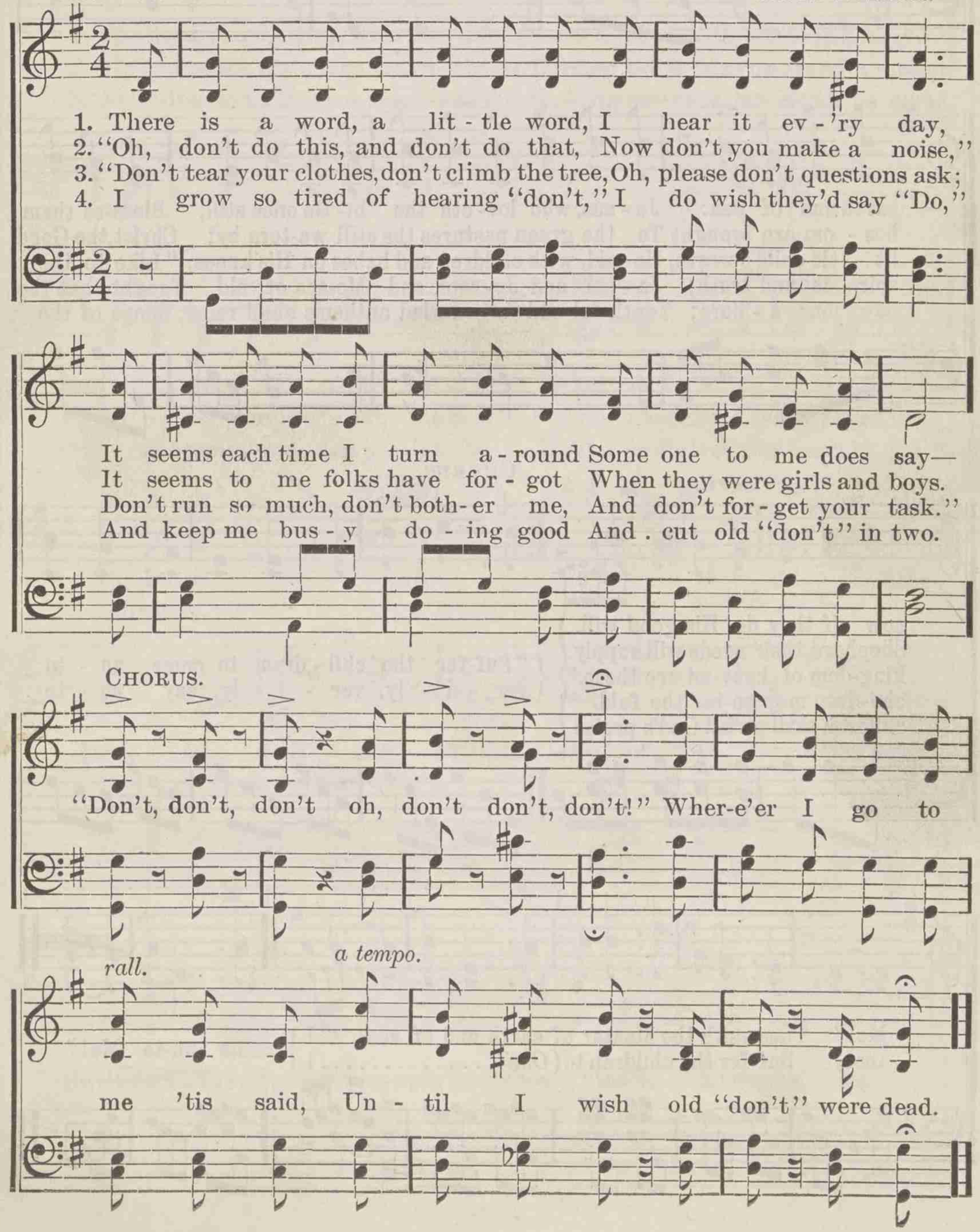
Father, We Thank Thee.—Concluded.



194 "Don't!"

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley. Words and Music.

Rev. W. C. POOLE. WM. EDIE MARKS.



195 Suffer the Children to Come.

Copyright, 1917, by J. Gilchrist Lawson. By per.

J. GILCHRIST LAWSON. CHAS. H. GABRIEL, Jr.

1. "Suf - fer the chil-dren to come un - to Me!" Thus said the Mas - ter of
2. With His own blood the dear chil- dren He bought, And all the Lambs in His
3. When the dear Sav - iour was here up - on earth, Show- ing to man-kind a
4. Sam - uel and Ma - ry and Dan - iel and Ruth Wor-shipped the Sav-iour in
5. Chil - dren once shout-ed ho - san - nas of yore; Chil-dren may still their dear

earth and of sea: Je - sus, who lov- eth the lit- tle ones still, Bless-es them
bos - om are brought To the green pastures the still wa-ters by; Christ,the Good
lit - tle child's worth, He said, with children and babes on His knees, "Like to the
spir - it and truth; Ja - cob and Jo- seph and Mo-ses of old Taught that the
Sav - iour a - dore; Youth-ful and a-ged glad anthems shall raise; Songs of the

CHORUS.

rit.

now if they do His good will.
Shepherd,their needs will supply.
king-dom of heav-en are these."
chil-dren may en-ter the fold.
children shall perfect God's praise.

{"Suf-fer the chil - dren to come un - to
ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly, say un - to

1 2

Me!" Thus saith the Master of earth and of sea; "I
thee, Suf-fer the children to (*Omit* . . . . .) } come un-to Me!"

Solos, Duets, Quartets

196

Drifting.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH. B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Soul are you drifting with the tide, Onward, how swift your bark doth glide;
2. On comes the night, and far from home, Caught on the shoals you stand a - lone;
3. Striv-ing to guide your storm-toss'd bark, Jesus now calls, tho' clouds be dark;

Toward the rough shoal of sin and wrong, Steadi - ly drift- ing on and on.
Foil'd by the tempter's sub - tle pow'r, Dark o'er your head the storm-clouds low'r.
"I will your Guide and pi - lot be; If you will give your heart to me."

CHORUS.

Drift - ing, drift - ing, Drift- ing a - long with care - less song;
Drift-ing, drifting, drifting, drifting.

Swift down the stream, where ends life's dream, Stead-i- ly drift-ing on.

197 I Can Look Across and See Him.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley.

KATHERINE A. GRIMES. Words and Music. CHAS. H. GABRIEL, Jr.

1. I can look a-cross the val-ley of the shad-ow, dark and wide,
2. I can look a-cross and see Him, O the won-der of His face,
3. I can look a-cross and see Him, how it lifts the wea-ry load

And see my bless-ed Sav-iour wait-ing there; I can
Its beau-ty falls up-on my night's de-spair; And no
To know He keeps me ev-er in His care; And the

1. wait-ing there;

see the wounds up-on Him, in His hands, His feet, His side, And how
mat-ter what my trou-ble, I can keep a heart of grace When I
path a-cross the val-ley is a shin-ing roy-al road, For it

CHORUS.

lit-tle seems the pain I have to bear.
look a-cross and see Him waiting there.
leads me to the Saviour waiting there.

I can look a-cross and

1. have to bear.

see Him waiting there; With a wel-come to the cit-y bright and

waiting there;

I Can Look Across, etc.—Concluded.

fair; And the glo - ry of His smile is up -

bright and fair;

rall.

on me all the while, As I cross the vale to meet Him o - ver there.

198 Holy Night.

GRUBER.

p *pp* *mf* *p*

1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright!
2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Shepherds quake at the sight
3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Son of God, love's pure light,

poco cres.

'Round yon vir - gin mother and Child! Ho - ly In- fant, so ten- der and
Glo- ries stream from heav-en a - far, Heav'nly hosts sing Al - le - lu -
Radiant beams from Thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re - deem - ing

pp *p*

mild, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en- ly peace.
ia, Christ the Sav - iour is born, Christ the Sav- iour is born!
grace, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

199 A Star in the Cloud.

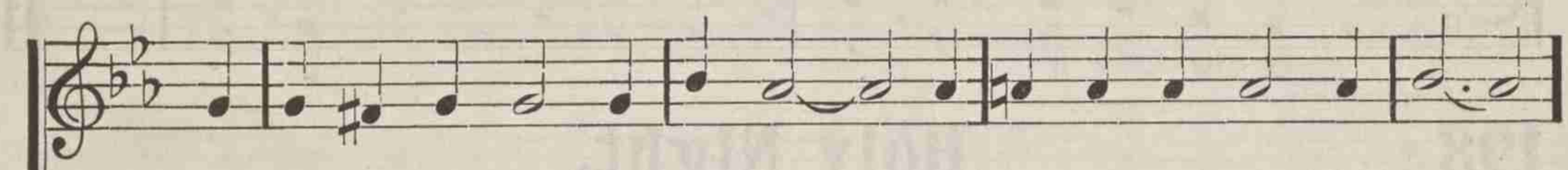
FANNY J. CROSBY. Copyright, 1916, by B. D. Ackley. B. D. ACKLEY

DUET.

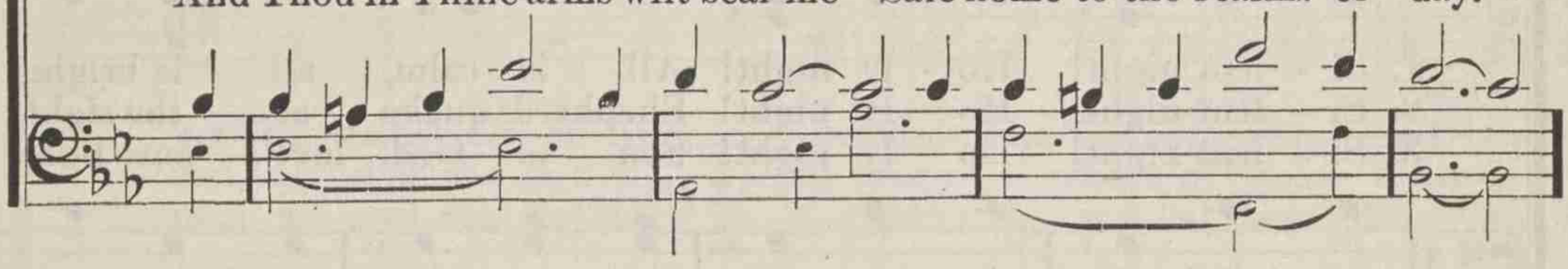


1. O Je - sus, my life, my com - fort, My ref-uge when storm-oppress'd,
2. O Je - sus, my strength and portion, My precious, a - bid - ing friend,
3. O Saviour, my shield and buck-ler, When Thou my defence art near,
4. O Je - sus, my rock, my an - chor, The shadows will roll a - way,





I turn to Thy word of prom - ise, And peaceful - ly there I rest.
In moments of deep - est tri - al How brightly Thy smiles de - scend.
The darts of the wa - ry tempt - er Bring nev - er a thought of fear.
And Thou in Thine arms wilt bear me Safe home to the realms of day.



CHORUS.



A star in the cloud I see, ... A star in the cloud for me,

I see,

for me,



That shineth a-bove a beacon of love, And lighteth my soul to Thee.

200 Nobody Cares.

SHERRARD BEATTY. Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley. B. D. ACKLEY.

SOLO.

1. No-bod - y cares, said an out-cast one day, My life has been ruined, I
2. No-bod - y cares, said an - oth - er in sin, Since ev'rything's gone, who will
3. No-bod - y cares, said a man in his cell, I'm reaping the harvest I've
4. Come, burden'd heart, with thy sin-laden soul; The Saviour is wait-ing to

drifted a - way; Entrapped by the e - vil one in - to his snares,
now take me in? My fa-ther's for - got - ten me, moth - er is gone,
sown so well; They say I'm a wreck, come, look now and see,
make thee whole; Sweet rest He has promised—His promise is true,

rit.

CHORUS.

For - sak - en by all— no - bod - y cares!
And no - bod - y cares— I'm left a - lone.
There's nobod - y cares for me, for me.
For God in His love car - eth for you.

No-bod - y cares? That may have been true, But wan-der- ing one, we are pray-ing for you; O list to the sto-ry of love ev- er new, Je-sus, my Saviour, cares for you.

201 When You Know Him.

A. H. A. Owned by Presbyterian Committee of Publication. Rev. A. H. Ackley.

Copyright, 1916, B. D. Ackley.

1. When you know my blessed Sav - iour, Life will wear a different hue,
2. When you know my blessed Sav - iour, All your fear will pass a - way
3. When you know my blessed Sav - iour, Mem - o - ry will bring the tears;

Thro' the ma - ny clouds of trou - ble, You will see the star - ry blue.
Like the dew be - fore the sun - shine, At the breaking of the day.
When you think of how He loved you, Thro' the dark and wasted years.

Chorus.

When you know Him, when you know Him, When you know Him you will

love my Sav-iour too;..... When you know Him, O how you'll

love my Saviour too;

Rit.

love Him, When you know how Je - sus loves and cares for you.

202 Only in Jesus.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. and A. H. Ackley.

A. H. A. Rev. A. H. Ackley.

DUET.

1. On - ly in Je - sus, the cru - ci - fied Sav - iour, Can I find rest from the cares of my soul; He whis-pers "Peace" in the midst of the tem - pest, Still-ing the waves that would o - ver me roll.
2. On - ly in Je - sus, my ha - ven of bless - ing, Anchored for ev - er in trust-ful de - light: There to a - bide till e - ter - ni - ty's dawn-ing, Scat-ters the shad - ows that man-tle the night.
3. On - ly in Je - sus, and I so un - wor - thy, How could He ev - er take me to His heart, Fold - ing my soul with His gar - ment of beau - ty, O what is love from the Sav-iour a - part.
4. On - ly in Je - sus, no oth - er can prof - fer Mer - cy so bound-less, for - give-ness so free; Still there is room for the one that is wand'ring, Room in the fold of the Shepherd for thee.

CHORUS.

On - ly in Je- sus, I am at rest, On-ly in Je - sus, hap-py and blest; On- ly in Je - sus, I would a - bide, Under His shadow, close to His side.

203 In the Secret of His Presence.

Copyright, 1913, by Geo. C. Stebbins. Renewal. By per.

ELLEN LAKSHMI GOREH, of India. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

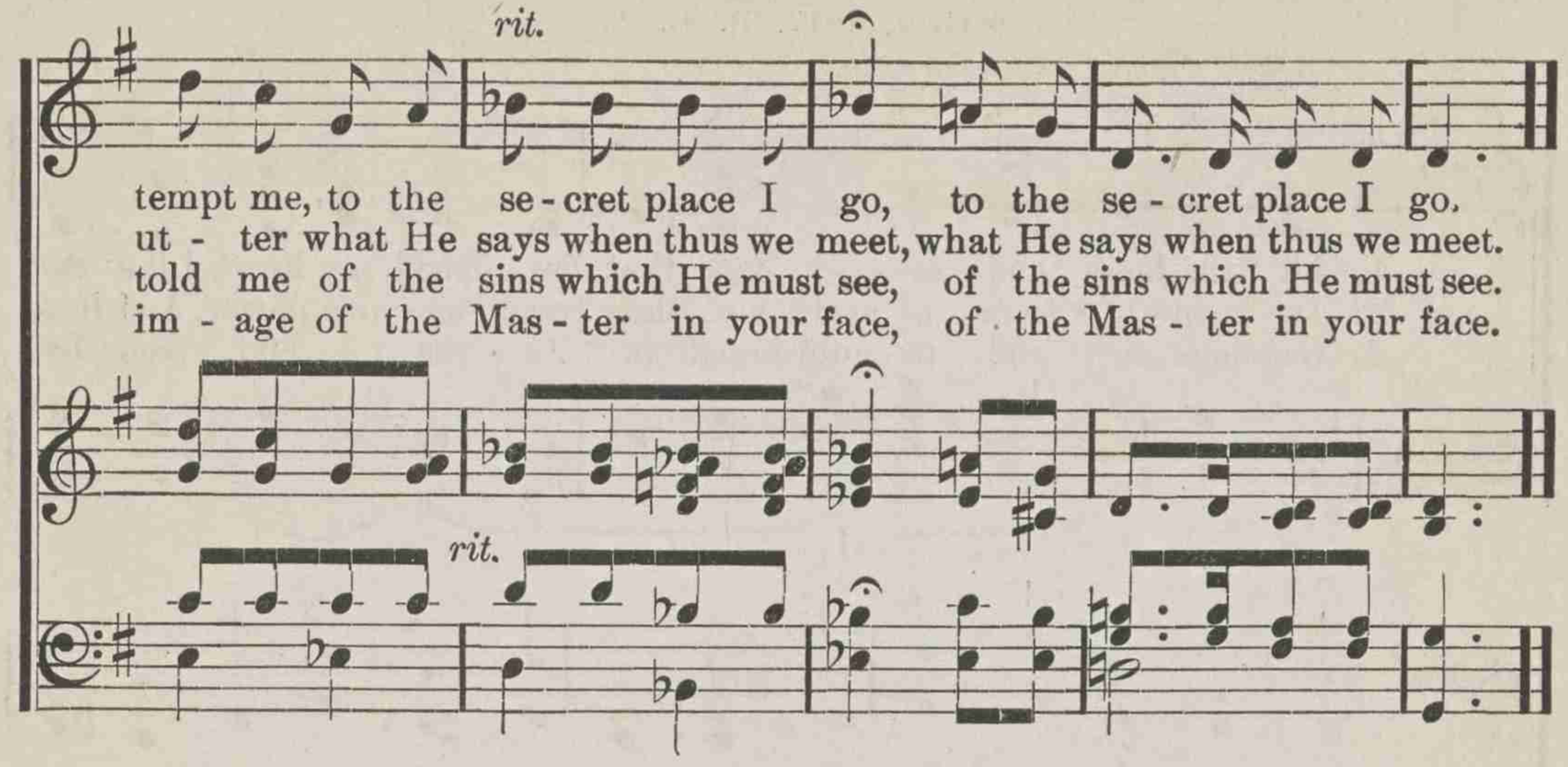
Slowly.

1. In the se - cret of His pres-ence how my soul de- lights to hide!
2. When my soul is faint and thirst- y,'neath the shad- ow of His wing
3. On - ly this I know: I tell Him all my doubts, my griefs and fears;
4. Would you like to know the sweet-ness of the se - cret of the Lord?

Oh, how precious are the les-sons which I learn at Je - sus' side! Earth-ly
There is cool and pleasant shel-ter, and a fresh and crys-tal spring; And my
Oh, how pa-tient-ly He list-ens! and my drooping soul He cheers: Do you
Go and hide beneath His shadow: this shall then be your re- ward; And when-

cares can nev - er vex me, nei-ther tri- als lay me low; For when Satan comes to
Sav-iour rests be- side me, as we hold communion sweet: If I tried, I could not
think He ne'er reproves me? what a false friend He would be, If He never, nev-er
e'er you have the silence of that happy meeting place, You must mind and bear the

In the Secret of His Presence.

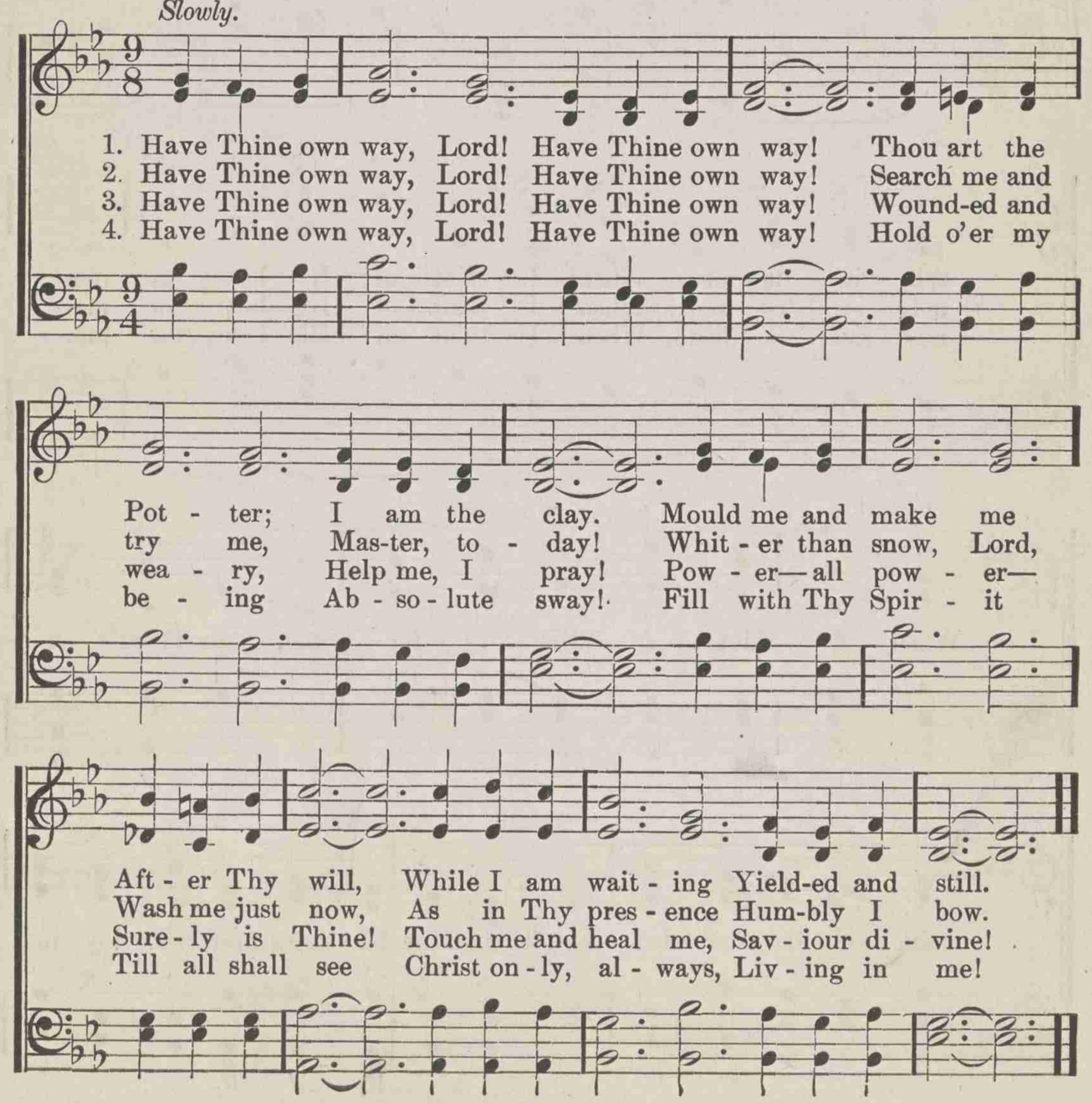


204 Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

A. A. P.

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GEO. C. STEBBINS.



205 When I Think of His Love for Me.

E. E. HEWITT. Owned by Presbyterian Committee of Publication. B. D. ACKLEY.

Copyright, 1917, B. D. Ackley.

Duet. Slowly with expression.

1. All the fears and mis- giv - ings that bur - dened my heart, Like the
2. The temp- ta - tions of earth lose their treach-er - ous power, And from
3. Blessings rich and un- num-bered in Je - sus I find, And by

mist of the morn - ing flee; Earth - ly wor - ries and cares from my
bond - age, He sets me free, And the sweet bells of vic - t'ry ring
faith, shin - ing realms I see; Clouds of tri - al and grief with bright

spir - it de - part, When I think of His love for me.
out ev - 'ry hour, When I think of His love for me.
mer - cies are lined, When I think of His love for me.

CHORUS.

When I think of His love for me; There's a

calm on the troub - led sea, Though the bil - lows may roll, joy and

When I Think of His Love, etc.—Concluded.



206 Say, Are You Ready?

A. S. KIEFER. Used by permission. T. C. O'KANE.



207 The Land Where the Roses Never Fade

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley.
Words and Music.

E. E. HEWITT. B. D. ACKLEY.

Moderato con espressione.

1. When the cold breath of sorrow blights our joys, Let us trust in our
2. When our hopes fall like leaves before the blast, We should never be
3. Working on, trust-ing ev - er in His love, Let our hearts on our

L. H.

Father undismayed; There is gladness no wint' ry grief destroys, In the
troubled, nor afraid, For in Jesus, we' ll gather home at last, In the
Saviour still be stayed; For we know we shall see His face above, In the

pp

L. H.

The Land Where the Roses, etc.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



208 The Lord is my Shepherd.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. Arr. from KOSCHAT.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures, safe fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op-
2. Thro' the valley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my guardian, no e-vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be-fall with my Com-fort-er
3. In the midst of af-flic-tion my ta-ble is spread; With blessings un-measured my cup runneth o'er; With per-fume and oil Thou a-noint-est my head; O what shall I ask of Thy pro-vi-dence
4. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still fol-low my steps till I meet Thee a-bove; I seek—by the path which my fore-fa-thers trod, Thro' the land of their so-journ—Thy kingdom of

pressed, Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op-pressed.
near, No harm can be-fall with my Com-fort-er near.
more? O what shall I ask of Thy pro-vi-dence more?
love, Thro' the land of their so-journ—Thy kingdom of love.

209 Parting Hymn.

Rev. JOHN ELLERTON. EDWARD J. HOPKINS.

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac -
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be -
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com- ing night; Turn Thou for
4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earth- ly life, Our balm in

cord our part-ing hymn of praise; We raise to bless Thee ere our
gan, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou our lips from sin, the
us its darkness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger keep Thy
sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our

wor - ship cease, And now de - part - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

210 Lo! the Day of Rest.

1. Lo! the day of rest de - clin - eth, Gath- er fast the shades of night;
2. While, Thine ear of love ad - dress- ing, Thus our parting hymn we sing,

May the Sun which ev-er shin - eth Fill our souls with heav'nly light.
Fa-ther, grant Thine evening bless- ing, Fold us safe be-neath Thy wing.

211 Sabbath Evening.

S. F. SMITH. L. VAN BEETHOVEN.

1. Soft-ly fades the twi-light ray, Of the ho - ly Sab-bath day; Gen-tly
2. Night her solemn man-tle spreads O'er the earth as day-light fades; All things
3. Peace is on the world a - broad; 'Tis the ho - ly peace of God, Sym-bol
4. Still the Spir- it lin - gers near, Where the evening worship - er Seeks com-
5. Saviour, may our Sabbaths be Days of joy and peace in Thee, Till in

as life's set - ting sun, When the Christian's course is run, When the Christian's
tell of calm re - pose, At the ho - ly Sabbath's close, At the ho - ly
of the peace with- in When the spir - it rests from sin, When the spir- it
munion with the skies, Press- ing on-ward to the prize, Press- ing onward
heav'n our souls repose, Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close, Where the Sabbath

FULL CHORUS.

course is run.
Sabbath's close.
rests from sin.
to the prize.
ne'er shall close.

Ho-ly Sabbath, softly fading, Gently as life's set - ting sun.

212 Evening Prayer.

J. EDMESTON.

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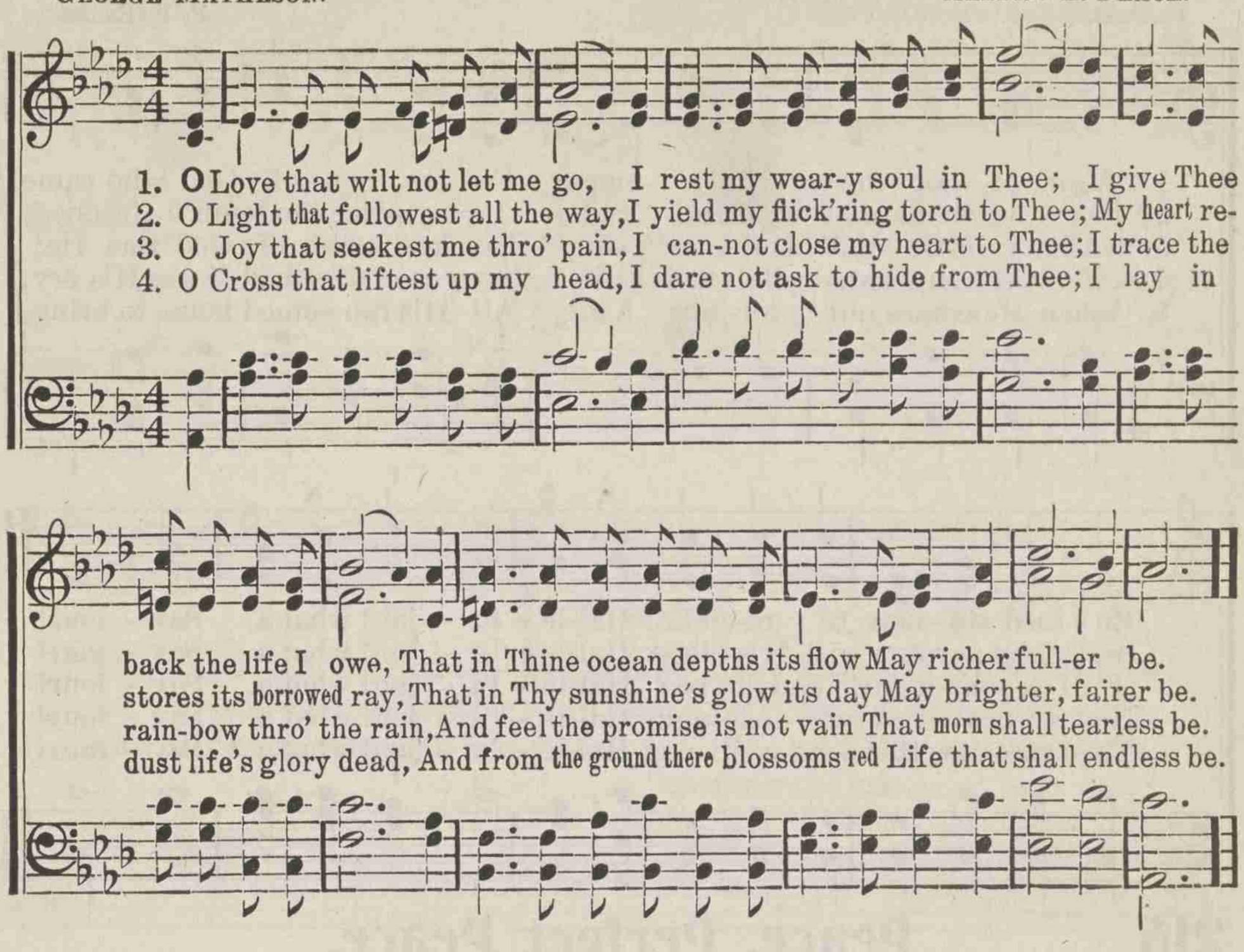
GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;
2. Tho' de - struction walk a - round us, Tho' the ar - rows past us fly,
3. Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And our couch be - come our tomb,

Sin and want we come con- fess- ing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
An - gel- guards from Thee surround us; We are safe if Thou art nigh.
May the morn of glo - ry wake us, Clad in heav'n's e - ter - nal bloom.

213 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

GEORGE MATHESON. ALBERT L. PEACE.



214 Christ be Praised.

E. CASWELL. J. BARNBY.



215 Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

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

1. "Man of Sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God who came
2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place condemn'd He stood,
3. Guilt-y, vile and help-less we; Spot-less Lamb of God was He;
4. Lift-ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry;
5. When He comes, our glor-ious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,

Ru-ined sin-ners to re-claim! Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!
Sealed my par-don with His blood; Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!
"Full a-tone-ment!" can it be? Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!
Now in heav'n ex-alt-ed high, Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!
Then a-new this song we'll sing, Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!

216 Peace, Perfect Peace.

Edward H. Bickersteth. G. T. Caldbeck.

1. Peace, per-fect peace, in this dark world of sin?
2. Peace, per-fect peace, by throng-ing du-ties press'd?
3. Peace, per-fect peaee, with sor-rows surg-ing round?
4. Peace, per-fect peace, with loved ones far a-way?
5. Peace, per-fect peace, our fu-ture all un-known?
6. Peace, per-fect peace, death shad-owing us and ours?
7. It is e-nough: earth's strug-gles soon shall cease,

The blood of Je-sus whis-pers peace with-in.
To do the will of Je-sus, this is rest.
On Je-sus' bo-som naught but calm is found.
In Je-sus' keep-ing we are safe, and they.
Je-sus we know, and He is on the throne.
Je-sus has van-quished death and all its powers.
And Je-sus call us to heaven's per-fect peace.

217 In Heavenly Love Abiding.

ANNA L. WARING. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.





218 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR. Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;

Lay down, thou wea- ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down and drink and live."
Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."

Faster.

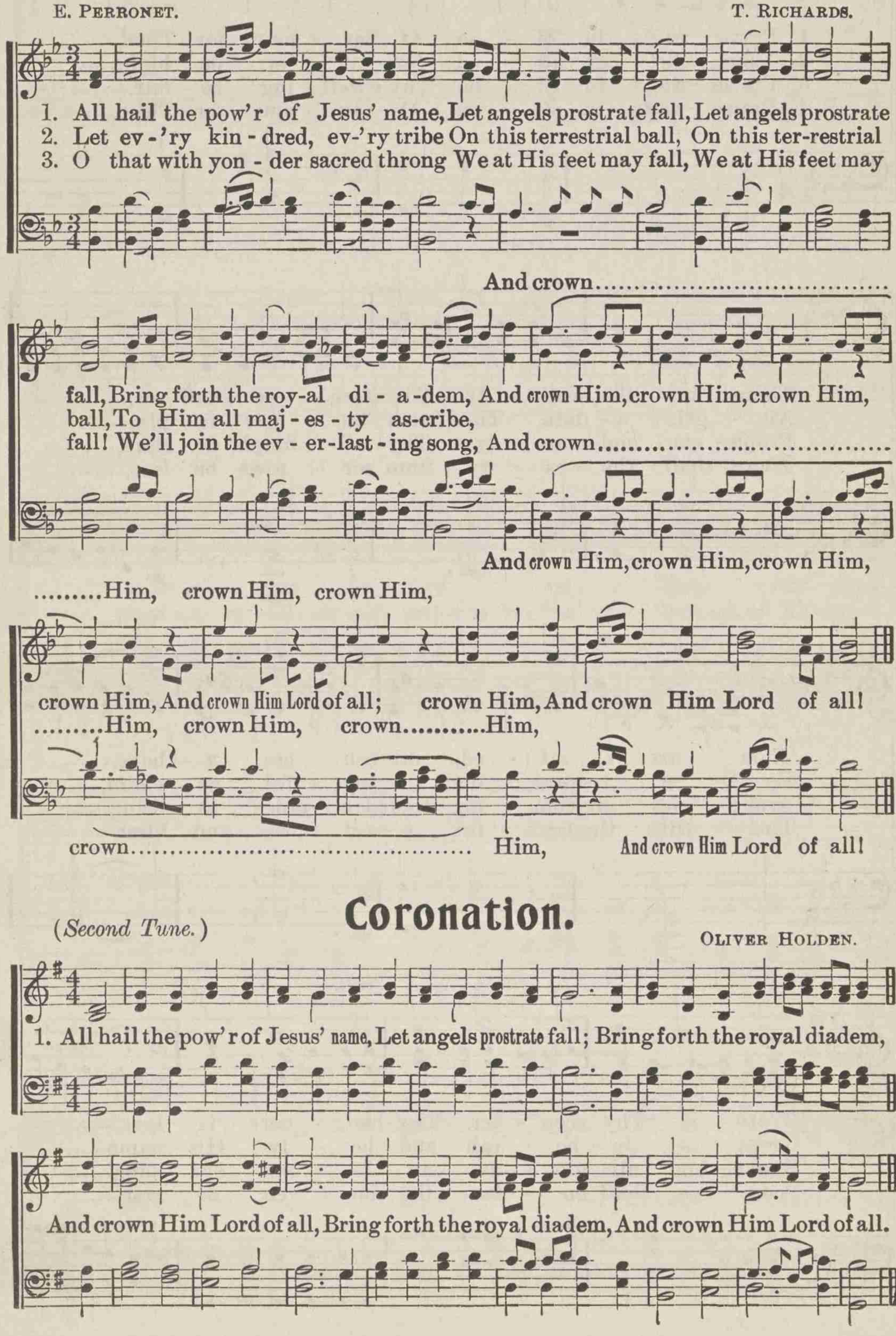
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad;
I came to Je - sus and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream,
I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun:

I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quench'd, my soul re-vived, And now I live in Him.
And in that light of life I'll walk Till all my jour-ney's done.

Chorus Selections

219 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

E. PERRONET. T. RICHARDS.



Coronation.

(*Second Tune.*) OLIVER HOLDEN.

220 Thy Banner Is Love.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Owned by Presbyterian Committee of Publication. B. D. ACKLEY.

Copyright, 1917, B. D. Ackley, Words and Music.

1. Praise waits in Zi - on, O Sav - iour for Thee,.....
2. Thou art ex - alt - ed for - ev - er on high,.....
3. Praise waits in Zi - on Thy dwell - ing so fair,.....
4. Praise waits in Zi - on, O Sav - iour for Thee,.....

There in its beau - ty Thy face we shall see,.....
An - gels a - dore Thee, arch - an - gels re - ply,.....
Proph - ets and mar - tyrs Thy tri - umph de - clare,.....
There shall the wea - ry from sor - rows be free,.....

Thou art ex - alt - ed, all oth - ers a - bove,.....
Ev - er re - peat - ing, the joy - ful ac - claim,.....
Arm - ies are com - ing their tro - phies to bring,.....
There with the faith - ful u - nit - ed and blest,.....

rall.

Truth is Thy scep - ter, Thy ban - ner is love.....
Great is Je - ho - vah and ho - ly His name.....
Shout - ing all glo - ry to Je - sus our King.....
Soon we shall en - ter the ha - ven of rest.....

Thy Banner Is Love.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Might - y in bat - tle, grand and vic -
Might-y in bat-tle, might-y in bat-tle, grand and vic-to-rious,

to - rious Thou art di - rect - ing our
grand and vic - to-rious, Thou art di - rect-ing, Thou art di-rect-ing,

path - way be - fore us, Thou art ex -
Thou art di-rect-ing our path-way be-fore us, Thou art ex-alt-ed,

alt - ed all oth - ers a - bove,.....
Thou art ex-alt-ed, Thou art ex-alt-ed all oth-ers a-bove,

rall.

Truth is Thy scep - ter Thy ban - ner is love.....
Truth is Thy scepter, truth is thy scepter Thy banner, Thy banner, Thy banner is love.

221 Awakening Chorus.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

Copyright, 1905, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
Henry Date, Owner. Used by per.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. A - wake! (A-wake!) a - wake! (a-wake!) and sing the bless - ed sto - ry;
2. Ring out! (Ring out!) ring out! (ring out!) O bells of joy and glad - ness!

A - wake! (A-wake!) a - wake! (a-wake!) and let your song of praise a - rise;
Re - peat, (Re-peat,) re - peat (re - peat) a - new the sto - ry o'er a - gain,

A - wake! (a - wake! a - wake! (a - wake!) the earth is full of glo - ry,
Till all (Till all) the earth (the earth) shall lose its weight of sad - ness,

And light (And light) is beam - (is beam-) ing from the ra - diant skies;
And shout (And shout) a - new (a - new) the glo - ri - ous re - frain;

The rocks and rills, the vales and hills resound with glad-ness, All na - ture
With an-gels in the heights sing of the great sal-va - tion He wrest - ed

MALE VOICES. *Unison.*

Awakening Chorus.—Concluded.

Full harmony.

joins to sing the tri-umph song.
from the hand of sin and death.
} The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns and

Unison.

sin is backward hurled! Re - joice! re - joice! lift heart and
sin is backward hurled!

Full harmony.

voice, Je - ho - vah reigns! Pro-claim His sov-'reign pow'r to all the
pow'r to

world, And let His glo - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je-
all the world, And let the grand and glorious ban-ner be unfurled! Je - ho-vah

ho - vah reigns! Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice! Je - ho-vah reigns!
reigns! Je-ho-vah reigns! Re-joice! re joice! re-joice!

222 The Tide is Rolling In.

RALPH BUNSEN. Copyright, 1917, by Nellie Sharpe Anderson. B. D. ACKLEY.

1. From out the o - cean blue, of God's great love so true,
2. It lifts the strand - ed boat, up - on the sea to float,
3. Then spread your i - dle sail, to greet the wel-come gale,
4. A - long the bar - ren beach, be - yond all hu - man reach,

A might - y tide of sav - ing power is roll - ing in;
A might - y tide of sav - ing power is roll - ing in;
A might - y tide of sav - ing power is roll - ing in;
A might - y tide of sav - ing power is roll - ing in;

Each crest is white with grace, to cleanse a sin - ful race,
I feel it lift - ing me, from ship - wreck I am free,
Pre - pare to brave the deep, and test His power to keep,
Each strand - ed, shipwrecked crew its voy - age may re - new,

A ris - ing tide, an o - cean wide, is roll - ing in.
The bound-less sea, of par - don free, is roll - ing in.
A tide of love, from heaven a - bove, is roll - ing in.
For ev - 'ry hour the Spir - it's power is roll - ing in.

The Tide is Rolling In.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

'Tis roll - ing in, the tide is roll - ing in,
The tide is roll - ing, roll - ing in, the

The tide of God's sal - va - tion is roll - ing in; 'Tis
roll - ing, roll - ing in; The

roll - ing in. the tide is roll - ing in, Each
tide is roll - ing, roll - ing in, the

might-y wave, with pow'r to save is roll - - ing, roll - - ing,
roll - ing, roll - ing, roll - ing, roll - ing,

roll - ing in, roll - ing in,

in, is roll - ing in, is roll - ing in.

roll - ing, roll - ing in.....
in, is roll - ing in, is roll - ing in.
in.....

* A few selected high Sopranos may sing small notes.

223 Master, the Tempest is Raging.

H. R. P.

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H. R. PALMER.

1. Mas- ter, the tem-pest is rag - ing! The bil-lows are toss - ing high!
2. Mas- ter, with an-guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
3. Mas- ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e-ments sweet-ly rest;

The sky is o'er-shadowed with black-ness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are trou - bled—O, wak-en and save, I pray;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir - rored, And heaven's within my breast;

Car - est Thou not that we per - ish? How canst Thou lie a - sleep,
Tor - rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;
Lin - ger, O, bless - ed Re - deem - er! Leave me a - lone no more;

When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
And I per -ish! I per- ish! dear Mas - ter O hast- en, and take con - trol.
And with joy I shall make the blest har - bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.

CHORUS.

p *pp*

The winds and the waves shall o - bey Thy will, Peace... be still! . .
Peace, be still, peace, be still!

Master, the Tempest is Raging.

Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons or men, or what

cres.

ev - er it be, No wa-ters can swal-low the ship where lies The

ff *m*

Mas-ter of o-cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweet-ly o-

m *p*

bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall

p *pp*

sweet-ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

224 Make Way For the King.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. Copyright, 1917, B. D. Ackley, Words-Music. CHAS. H. GABRIEL, JR.
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1. The King is com - ing, naught can stay Nor hin - der His ad -
2. Ye frown - ing crests and beet - ling crags Your loft - y heads bow
3. The wil - der - ness in joy shall bloom, The des - ert place re -
4. Up - on the clouds He rides su - preme, His voice each ech - o

vance, (ad - vance,) A King whose reign is right - eous - ness Not
low, (bow low,) The val - leys must ex - alt - ed be, The
joice, (re - joice.) While na - tions wait in sol - emn awe To
wakes, (a - wakes,) With on - ward and tri - umph - ant sweep His

gained with sword or lance; But by the might-y pow'r of God Shall
crook - ed plain shall grow; Make straight a high-way for the Lord, Rough
hear their Monarch's voice; A - long the paths of ho - li - ness He
roy - al way He takes; Deep call - eth un - to deep "Rejoice," The

spread His re - gal sway, (His sway,) The earth shall see His maj - es - ty,
plac - es smooth a - way, (a - way,) The might-y King is com-ing now,
moves with pow'r to - day, (to - day,) In glo - ry He would onward press;
mountains, grim and gray, (and gray,) Shout back the strain of loud ac- claim—

Make Way For the King.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

rall.

Make way! Make way! Make way!
Make way! Make way! Make way!
Make way! Make way! Make way!
"Make way! Make way! Make way!"

Make way! Make way! The
Make way! Make way!

mighty hills Shall be bro't low be - fore Him; Make way! Make
might - y hills Shall be bro't low be - fore Him; Make way!

way! The rocks and rills And vales shall all a - dore Him;
Make way! rocks and rills And vales shall all a - dore Him;

Make straight the highway of the Lord, Proclaim His re - gal sway,
make way!

The King of earth and heav'n is He, Make way! Make way! Make way!

225 King of Kings.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley.
Words and Music.

B. D. ACKLEY.

Unison.

1. Thou art ex - alt - ed, King of kings,.....
2. Thou art ex - alt - ed, King of kings,.....
3. Thou art ex - alt - ed, King of kings,.....
4. Thou art ex - alt - ed, King of kings,.....

bless - ed for - ev - er - more:..... Glad -
Mak - er and Lord of all;..... Mon -
Crown'd with e - ter - nal light;..... Dwell -
Yet from Thy throne a - bove,..... Thou

ly our souls bow down to Thee,..... Joy - ful Thy
archs and em - pires own Thy sway,..... Princ - es be -
ing in maj - es - ty su - preme,..... Cloth'd in Thy
dost be - hold and keep Thine own,..... Safe in Thy

CHORUS.

SOP. AND ALTO. *Unison.*

name a - dore.....
fore Thee fall.....
pow'r and might.....
arms of love.....

} Ho - ly, ho - ly,

King of Kings.—Concluded.

TEN. AND BASS. *Unison.*

an - gels cry;..... Ho - ly, ho - ly, the saints

Unison.

re - ply;..... Heav - en and earth with shouts pro -

Parts.

claim,..... Heav - en and earth with shouts pro -

claim,..... Glo - ry and hon - or to Thy great

name,..... To Thy great name, To Thy great name.

be the glory

226 Praise and Magnify Our King.

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LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Great is the Lord, who rul-eth o-ver all! Wake, wake and sing,
2. Great is the Lord, who spake and it was done; Wake, wake and sing,
3. Great is the Lord: oh, come with ho-ly mirth; Wake, wake and sing,
4. Great is the Lord, and ho-ly is His name! Wake, wake and sing,

wake, wake and sing; Down at His feet in ad-or-a-tion fall.
wake, wake and sing, Hon-or and strength, do-min-ion He has won.
wake, wake and sing; Come and re-joice, ye na-tions of the earth.
wake, wake and sing; An-gels and men, His won-drous work pro-claim.

CHORUS.

Praise and magni-fy our King. O ye redeemed above, Strike, strike your

harps of love, Hail the Bless-ed One, Hail the Might-y One, Sweet-ly His

won-ders tell, Loud-ly His glo-ry swell, Praise and magni-fy our King.

Invitation and Familiar Hymns

227 Jesus is Calling.

Copyright, 1911, by Geo. C. Stebbins, Renewal. By per.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

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

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

CHORUS.

Call - ing to - day! Call - ing to - day!
Call-ing, call-ing to - day, to-day! Call-ing, call-ing, to - day, to-day!

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

228

Why Not Now.

Copyright, 1891, by C. C Case. By per.

EL NATHAN. C. C. CASE.

1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've fail'd to find Aught of peace for troub- led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con- fes- sion make; Come to Christ, and par- don take;

While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth - er come?
Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac- cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

CHORUS.

Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?

Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? Why not now?

229 There's a Great Day Coming.

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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; When the saints and the sinners shall be part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright day com-ing by and by; But its brightness shall on-ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a sad day com-ing by and by; When the sinner shall hear his doom, "De-part, I know ye not." Are you read-y for that day to come?

CHORUS. *m* *pp*

Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the judg-ment day? Are you ready? Are you read-y? For the judgment day?

230 Rescue the Perishing.

Copyright property of W. H. Doane.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Res - cue the per - ish· ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit -
2. Tho' they are slight-ing Him, Still He is wait- ing, Wait - ing the pen-
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feel - ings lie bur-
4. Res - cue the per - ish- ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la -

y from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall- en,
i - tent child to receive; Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them gently,
ied that grace can re-store; Touch'd by a loving heart, Wakened by kindness,
bor the Lord will pro-vide; Back to the narrow way Pa-tient-ly win them;

CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus the might- y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be- lieve.
Chords that were brok-en will vibrate once more.
Tell the poor wand'rer a Sav - iour has died.

} Res-cue the per - ish-ing,

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful Je - sus will save.

231 Is Thy Heart Right with God?

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E. A. H. 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 there 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?





Dost thou count all things for Jesus 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 moment a-bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?



CHORUS.



Is thy heart right with God? Wash'd in the crim-son flood,



Cleans'd and made holy, humble and lowly, Right in the sight of God?
of God?



232 Yield Not to Temptation.

Copyright property of Mrs. H. R. Palmer. By per.

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

1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man-ful - ly on - ward,
2. Shun e - vil com-pan- ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in rev - 'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be tho't-ful and earn - est,
3. To him that o'ercom-eth, God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con - quer, Tho' of - ten cast down; He who is our Sav - iour,

Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll carry you thro'.
Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll carry you thro'.
Our strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je -'sus, He'll carry you thro'.

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car - ry you thro'.

233 When the Roll is Called Up Yonder

Copyright, 1893, by Chas. H. Gabriel. By per. of J. M. Black, owner.

B. M. J.

J. M. BLACK.

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

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

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

D.S.—roll is call'd up yon-der,

FINE. CHORUS.

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

When the roll is call'd up yonder, I'll be there, When the roll is

I'll be there.

I'll be there.

call'd up yon - der, When the roll . . . . . is call'd up yonder, When the

call'd up yonder, I'll be there, When the roll is call'd up yon- der, When the

234 There is Power in the Blood.

Copyright, 1899, by H. L. Gilmour. Used by per.

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

1. Would you be free from your bur-den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood;
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood;
3. Would you be whiter—much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood;
4. Would you do serv-ice for Je-sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood;

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e-vil a vic-to-ry win? There's
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal-va-ry's tide, There's
pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life-giv-ing flow, There's
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai-ly, His prais-es to sing, There's

CHORUS.

won-der-ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
there is pow'r,
won-der-work-ing pow'r, In the blood of the Lamb;
in the blood of the Lamb;
There is pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r, In the precions blood of the Lamb.
there is pow'r,

235 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

Copyright, 1898, by H. L. Gilmour. By per.

C. H M

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
3. If there's a temp-est your voice can-not still, Let Je - sus come
4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come

in - to your heart; If you de-sire a new life to be - gin,
in - to your heart; Fountains for cleansing are flow- ing near by,
in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev- er can fill,
in - to your heart; If you would en -ter the mansions of rest,

Chorus.

Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now your

doubtings give o'er, Just now re - ject Him no more, Just now, throw

o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.

236 I Once Was a Stranger.

R. M. McCHEYNE. Copyright property of Mrs. H. R. Palmer. By per. H. R. PALMER.

1. I once was a stran-ger to grace and to God; I knew not my
2. Like tears from the daughters of Zi - on that roll, I wept when the
3. When free grace a - woke me, by light from on high, Then le - gal fears
4. My ter - rors all van-ished be - fore the sweet name; My guilt - y fears

dan - ger, I felt not my load; Tho' friends spoke in rap - ture of
wa - ters went o - ver His soul; Yet thought not that my sins had
shook me, I trem-bled to die: No ref - uge nor safe - ty in
ban-ished, with bold - ness I came To drink at the fount-ain, life-

Christ on the tree: Je - ho - vah Lord Je - sus was noth-ing to me.
nail'd to the tree, Je - ho - vah Lord Je - sus 'twas noth-ing to me.
self could I see: Je - ho - vah Lord Je - sus my Sav- iour must be.
giv - ing and free: Je - ho - vah Lord Je - sus was all things to me.

237 Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

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

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo- ry to His name.
bides within; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo- ry to His name.
en-tered in; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo- ry to His name.
Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo- ry to His name.

Glory to His Name.

CHORUS.

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

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

238 Shall I Let Him In?

H. R. P.

Copyright property of Mrs. H. R. Palmer. By per.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Christ is knocking at my sad heart; Shall I let Him in?
2. Shall I send Him the lov - ing word; Shall I let Him in?
3. Yes, I'll o - pen this heart's proud door, Yes, I'll let Him in;

Pa- tient- ly pleading with my sad heart; Oh! shall I let Him in?
Meek-ly ac - cept-ing my gracious Lord; Oh! shall I let Him in?
Glad- ly I'll welcome Him ev - er - more; Oh! yes, I'll let Him in.

Cold and proud is my heart with sin; Dark and cheerless is all with- in:
He can in - fi- nite love im-part; He can par-don this reb - el heart;
Bless- ed Saviour, a - bide with me, Cares and tri - als will light - er be;

Christ is bid-ding me turn un - to Him, Oh! shall I let Him in?
Shall I bid Him for - ev - er de - part, Or shall I let Him in?
I am safe if I'm on - ly with Thee, Oh! bless- ed Lord, come in.

239 Jesus Paid It All.

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

1. I hear the Sav-iour say, "Thy strength in-deed is small, Child of
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy power, and Thine a - lone, Can
3. For noth - ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim— I'll
4. And when, be - fore the throne, I stand in Him com-plete, "Je- sus

weakness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."
change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
wash my garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
died my soul to save," My lips shall still repeat.

Chorus.

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

240 Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a- bout With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, heal- ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am — Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
Fight-ing and fears within, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee I find, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
Be - cause Thy promise I be- lieve, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

241 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H. Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To perfect faith and love, To perfect hope, and

CHORUS.

precious blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.
ful- ly cleanse, Till spot- less all and pure.
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n above.

I am coming, Lord! Com - ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-va - ry!

242 I Gave My Life for Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. P. P. BLISS.

1. I gave My life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa - ther's house of light, My glo - ry - cir - cled throne
3. I suf - fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a - bove,

That thou migh'st ransomed be, And quickened from the dead;
I left for earth - ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone;
Of bit - t'rest ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell;
Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and My love;

I gave, I gave My life to thee, What hast thou giv'n for Me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?

243 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

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

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm coming home; The paths of sin too long I've trod; Lord, I'm coming home.
2. I've wast-ed man- y pre-cious years, Now I'm coming home; I now re-pent with bit-ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
3. I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm coming home; I'll trust Thy love, believe Thy word; Lord, I'm coming home.
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home; My strength re-new, my hope re-store; Lord, I'm coming home.
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm coming home; That Je - sus died, and died for me; Lord, I'm coming home.
6. I need His cleansing blood, I know, Now I'm coming home; O wash me whit- er than the snow; Lord, I'm coming home.

CHORUS.

Coming home, coming home,
Nev-ermore to roam; Open wide Thine arms of love; Lord, I'm coming home.

244 I Do Believe.

CHARLES WESLEY. (C. M.) Arranged.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee; No oth - er help I know;
2. On Thy dear Son I now be - lieve, O let me feel Thy pow'r;
3. Au - thor of faith! to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes.

Cho.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me,
If Thou with-draw Thy-self from me, Ah, whith-er shall I go?
And all my va - ried wants re-lieve, In this ac-cept - ed hour.
O let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul with-out it dies.
And that He shed His precious blood From sin to set me free.

245 Take Me As I Am.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Un - less Thou help me I must die;
2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
3. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal- va - tion I would prove;
4. If Thou hast work for me to do, In - spire my will, my heart re- new,

O bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
And Thou can'st make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am!
But since to Thee I can - not move, O take me as I am!
And work both in and by me, too, But take me as I am!

CHORUS.

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

O bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!

246 I Am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

WM. MCDONALD. By permission. W. G. FISCHER.

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

Cho.–I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee; Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

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

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

247 While Jesus Whispers to You.

WILL. E. WITTER. Copyright property of Mrs H R Palmer By per. H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav-y la-den? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
3. Oh, hear His ten-der pleading, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re-

pray-ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your burden, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not deceive you,
ceive the blessing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whispers to you,

Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

248 "Whosoever Will."

P. P. B. Copyright, 1898, by The John Church Co By per. P. P. BLISS.

1. "Who-so - ev - er heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed ti-dings
2. Who-so - ev - er com - eth need not de - lay, Now the door is o - pen,
3. "Who-so - ev - er will!" the promise is se-cure; "Who - so - ev - er will," for-

all the world a-round; Tell the joy - ful news wher-ev - er man is found:
en - ter while you may; Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way:
ev - er must en-dure; "Who-so - ev - er will!" 'tis life for - ev - er-more:

CHORUS.

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

"Whosoever Will."

send the proc - la - ma - tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov - ing

Fa - ther calls the wand'rer home: "Who - so - ev - er will may come."

249 Come, Thou Fount.

GEO. ROBINSON. JOHN WYETH.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
2. Here I'll raise my Eb - e - nez - er, Hith - er by Thy help I'll come;
3. Oh, to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safe-ly to ar - rive at home:
Let Thy good-ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee;

Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love:

Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it! Mount of Thy re - deem-ing love.
He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter-posed His precious blood.
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

250 Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEORGE A. MINOR.

1. Sow-ing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kindness, Sow-ing in the noon - tide and the dew - y eve; Wait - ing for the har - vest and the time of reap-ing, We shall come rejoic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
2. Sow-ing in the sunshine, sow-ing in the shadows, Fear-ing nei-ther clouds nor win - ter's chill - ing breeze; By and by the har - vest and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come rejoic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
3. Go then, ev - er weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus- tained, our spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weep - ing's o - ver, He will bid us welcome, We shall come rejoic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.

CHORUS.

Bring-ing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoic - ing, bringing in the sheaves. We shall come re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.

251 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
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and

Revive Us Again.

REFRAIN.

died and is now gone a - bove.
Sav - iour and scattered our night.
sins, and has cleans'd ev'ry stain.
sought us,and guid - ed our ways.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry; Hal - le -

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

252 Hold the Fort.

P. P. B.

Copyright by The John Church Co. By per.

P. P. BLISS

1. Ho, my com-rades! see the sig - nal Wav - ing in the sky!
2. See the might - y host ad - vanc-ing, Sa - tan lead - ing on;
3. See the glo-rious ban - ner wav - ing! Hear the trum - pet blow!
4. Fierce and long the bat - tle ra - ges, But our help is near;

Re - in - forcements now ap - pear - ing, Vic - to - ry is nigh.
Might - y men a - round us fall - ing, Cour - age al - most gone.
In our Lead - er's name we'll tri - umph O - ver ev - 'ry foe.
On - ward comes our great Com-mand - er, Cheer, my comrades, cheer.

CHORUS.

"Hold the fort, for I am com - ing," Je - sus sig - nals still;

Wave the an - swer back to heav - en, "By Thy grace we will."

253 Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sav-iour, like a Shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care,
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare,
2. We are Thine, do Thou be-friend us, Be the Guar-dian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin de-fend us, Seek us when we go a-stray,

Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray;

Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse and power to free;
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill;
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

254 Where He Leads Me.

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

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

Ad lib. *D. C. for Chorus.*

I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, "Take thy cross and follow, fol-low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

255 I Need Thee Every Hour.

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ANNIE R. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour Teach me Thy will, And Thy rich promis-
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-

CHORUS.

Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh.
es In me ful - fill.
deed, Thou bless- ed Son!

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

256 I'm Going Home.

Rev. WM. HUNTER. WM. MILLER.

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair, Nor pain nor death can en - ter there;
2. My Father's house is built on high, Far, far a - bove the star - ry sky;
3. Let oth - ers seek a home be - low, Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;

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

D. C for Chorus.

Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine, That heav'nly man-sion shall be mine.
When from this earth-ly pris - on free, That heav'nly man-sion mine shall be.
Be mine a hap - pier lot to own A heav'nly man-sion near the throne.

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

257 Hold Thou My Hand.

Copyright, 1908, by Hubert P. Main. Renewal. By per.

FANNY J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Hold Thou my hand; so weak I am, and help - less, I dare not take one step without Thy aid; Hold Thou my hand; for then, O lov - ing
2. Hold Thou my hand; and clos - er, clos - er draw me To Thy dear self—my hope, my joy, my all; Hold Thou my hand, lest hap - ly I should
3. Hold Thou my hand; the way is dark be - fore me With - out the sun - light of Thy face di - vine: But when by faith I catch its ra-diant
4. Hold Thou my hand, that when I reach the mar - gin Of that lone riv - er Thou didst cross for me, A heav'nly light may flash a - long its

Sav - iour, No dread of ill shall make my soul a - fraid.
wan - der, And miss - ing Thee, my trem-bling feet should fall.
glo - ry, What heights of joy, what rapturous songs are mine!
wa - ters, And ev - 'ry wave like crys - tal bright shall be.

258 Ring the Bells of Heaven.

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

Joyfully.

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,
2. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For a soul re - con-ciled; Yes, a soul is res-cued from his sin - ful way,
3. Ring the bells of heav - en! spread the feast to - day, For the wan-d'rer glad triumphant strain, Tell the joy - ful tid - ings! bear it far a - way,

D.C.—'Tis the ran-somed ar - my, like a might - y sea, Peal - ing forth the an - them of the free.

FINE.

Ring the Bells of Heaven.

CHORUS.

Wel - com - ing His wea - ry wand'ring child.
And is born a - new a ransomed child.
For a pre-cious soul is born a - gain.

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

D. C.

259 Come, Great Deliverer, Come.

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FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. O hear my cry, be gracious now to me, Come, Great De-liv-'rer, come;
2. I have no place, no shel-ter from the night, Come, Great De-liv-'rer, come;
3. My path is lone and wea-ry are my feet, Come, Great De-liv-'rer, come;
4. Thou wilt not spurn con-trition's broken sigh, Come, Great De-liv-'rer, come;

My soul bowed down is long-ing now for Thee, Come, Great De-liv-'rer, come.
One look from Thee would give me life and light, Come, Great De-liv-'rer, come.
Mine eyes look up Thy lov-ing smile to meet, Come, Great De-liv-'rer, come.
Re - gard my prayer and hear my humble cry, Come, Great De-liv-'rer, come.

CHORUS.

I've wandered far away o'er mountains cold, I've wandered far away from home;
O take me now, and bring me to Thy fold, Come, Great De-liv-'rer, come.

260 Take the Name of Jesus With You.

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Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER. W. 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 com-plete.



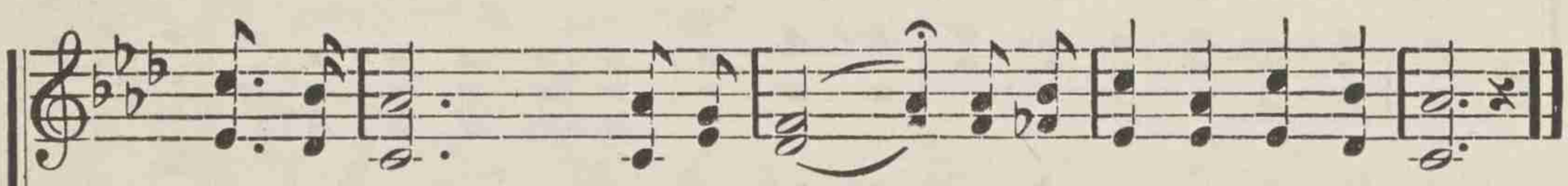
CHORUS.



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, O how sweet, how sweet!



261 Awake, Ye Saints.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. (ZERAH. C. M.) LOWELL MASON.

1. A - wake, ye saints,and lift your eyes, And raise your voic - es high;
2. Swift on the wings of time it flies; Each mo-ment brings it near;
3. Not ma - ny years their round shall run, Not ma - ny mornings rise,

A - wake, and praise the sov'reign love That shows sal - va- tion nigh;
Then wel-come each de - clin - ing day, Wel - come each clos-ing year;
Ere all its glo - ries stand revealed To our ad - mir-ing eyes,

A - wake,and praise the sov'reign love That shows sal - va - tion nigh.
Then welcome each de-clin-ing day, Welcome each clos - ing year.
Ere all its glo - ries stand re- vealed To our ad - mir - ing eyes.

262 Break Thou the Bread.

MARY ANN LATHBURY. WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
2. Bless Thou the truth,dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst
3. Teach me to live,dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy dis -

break the loaves Be - side the sea. Be - yond the sa - cred page
bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shalt all bond-age cease,
ci - ples lived In Gal - i - lee, Then all my strug-gles o'er,

I seek, Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word.
All fet- ters fall, And I shall find my peace,My all in all.
Then, vic- t'ry won, I shall be-hold Thee,Lord,The Liv - ing One.

263 Beautiful Valley of Eden.

Copyright, 1915, by E. H. Sherwin. Renewal. The Biglow & Main Co, owners. By per.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den, Sweet is thy noon - tide calm,
2. O - ver the heart of the mourn - er Shin - eth the gold - en day,
3. There is the home of my Sav - iour, There with the blood-wash'd throng,

O - ver the hearts of the wear - y, Breath-ing thy waves of balm.
Wait - ing the songs of the an - gels, Down from the far a - way.
O - ver the highlands of glo - ry, Roll - eth the great new song.

REFRAIN

Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den, Home of the pure and blest, . . .
the pure and blest.

rit.

How oft - en a - mid the wild bil - lows I dream of thy rest, sweet rest.

264 To-Day the Saviour Calls.

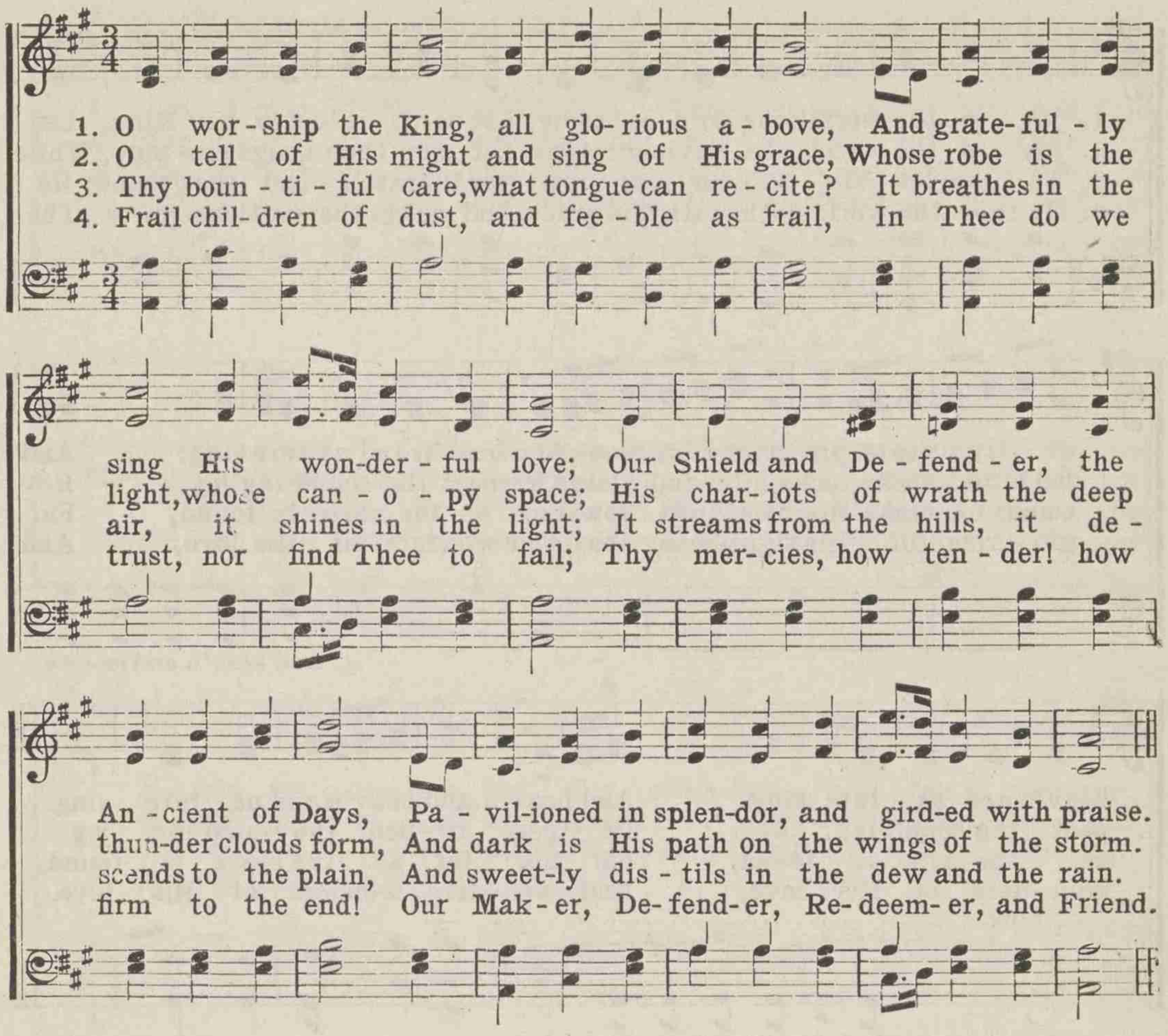
S. SMITH. (TO-DAY. 6s. 4s.) L. MASON.

1. To - day the Sav - iour calls; Ye wan - d'rers, come;
2. To - day the Sav - iour calls; Oh, hear Him now;
3. To - day the Sav - iour calls; For ref - uge fly,
4. The Spir - it calls to - day, Yield to His pow'r,

O ye be - night - ed souls, Why lon - ger roam?
With - in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.
The storm of jus - tice falls, And death is nigh.
Oh, grieve Him not a - way, 'Tis mer - cy's hour.

265 O Worship the King.

ROBERT GRANT. (LYONS. 10s. 11s.) F. J. HAYDN.



266 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

SAMUEL STENNETT. THOMAS HASTINGS.

267 Joy to the World.

I. WATTS. G. F. HANDEL.



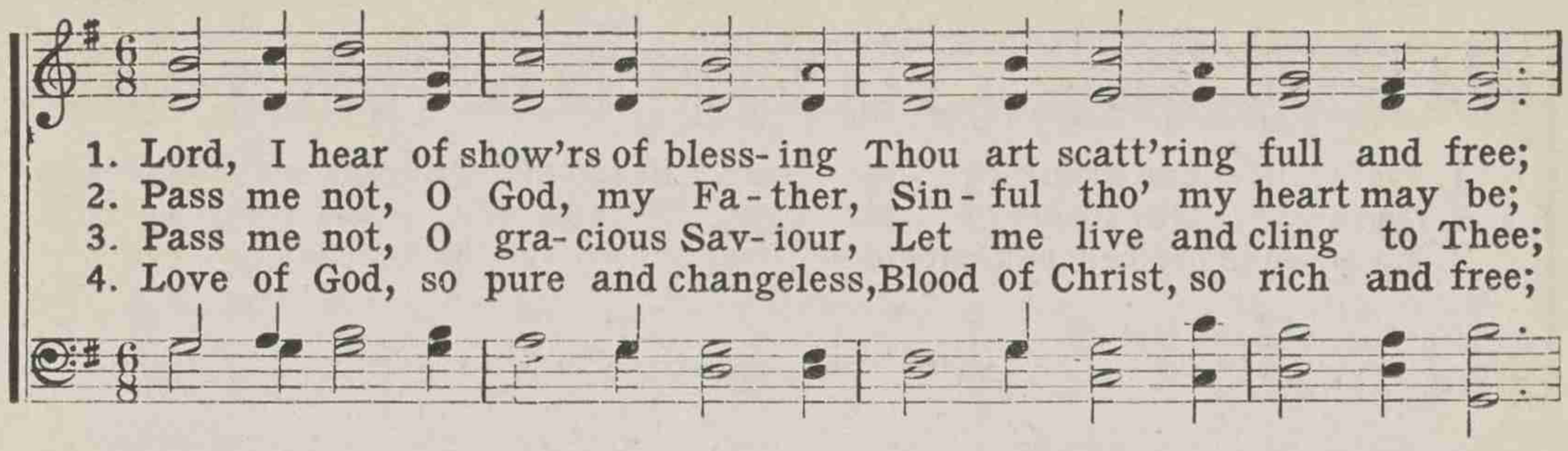
268 Blest Be the Tie That Binds.

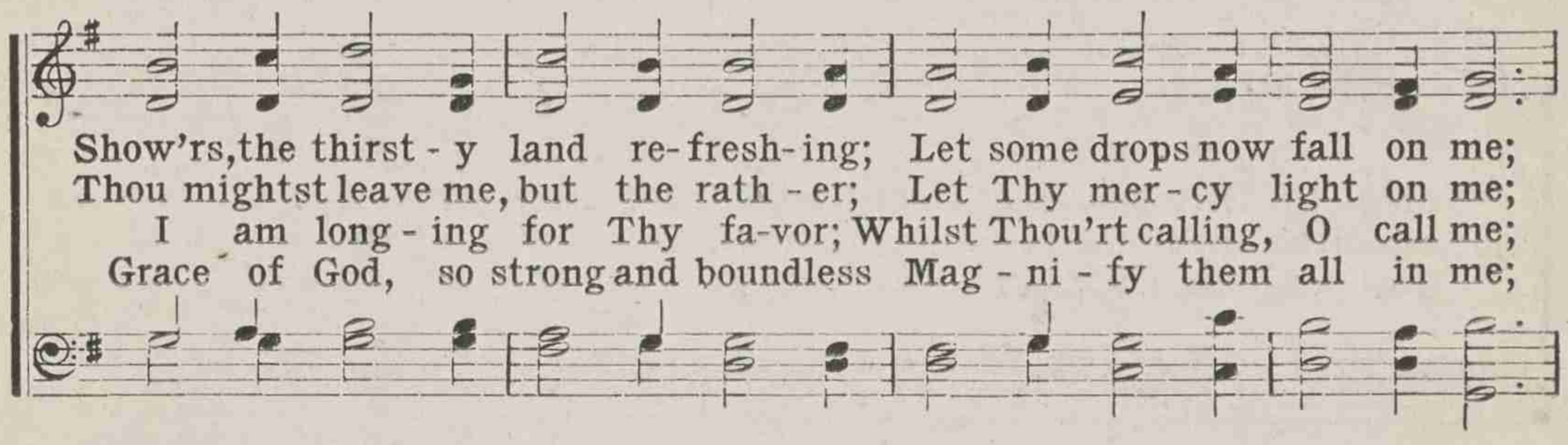
Rev. JOHN FAWCETT. Arr. from Hans G. Nägeli, by LOWELL MASON.



269 Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.

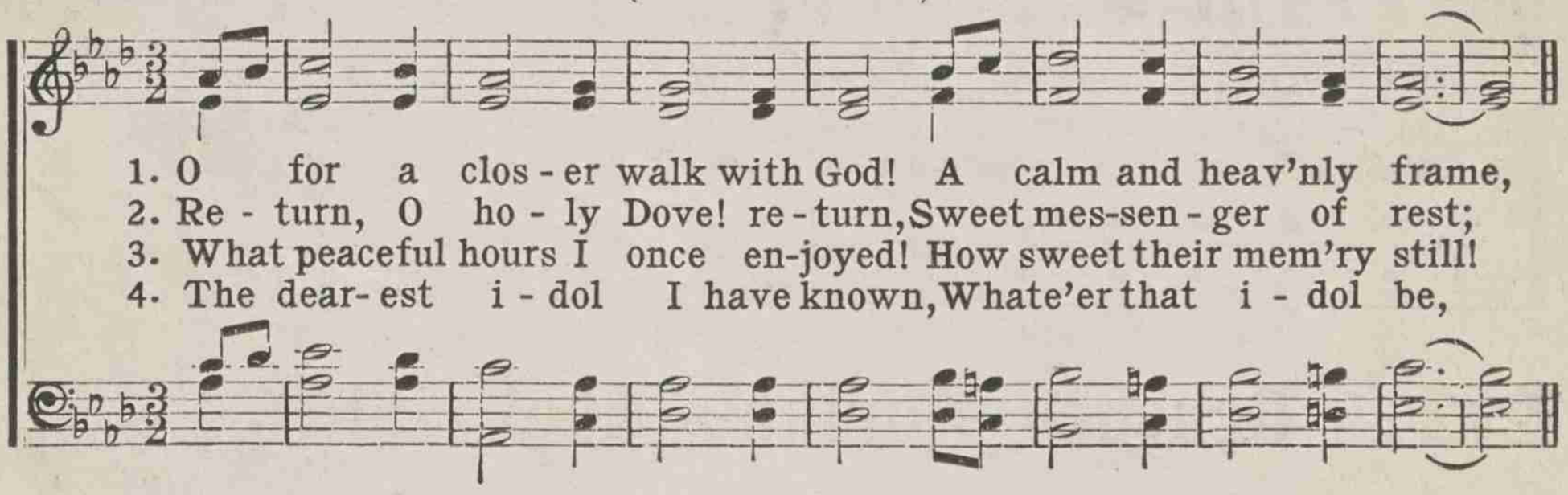


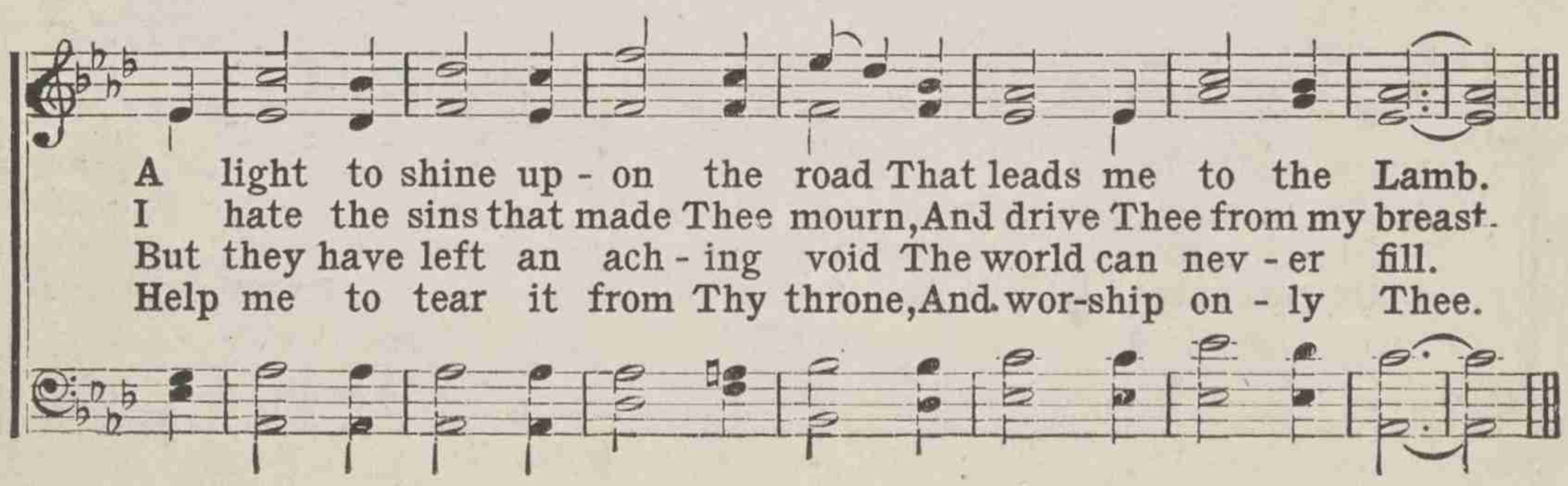




270 A Closer Walk.

Cowper. (Manoah. C. M.) Haydn.





271 Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

Copyright property of W. H. Doane. Used by per.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

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

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

FINE.

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

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

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

D.C. for Chorus.

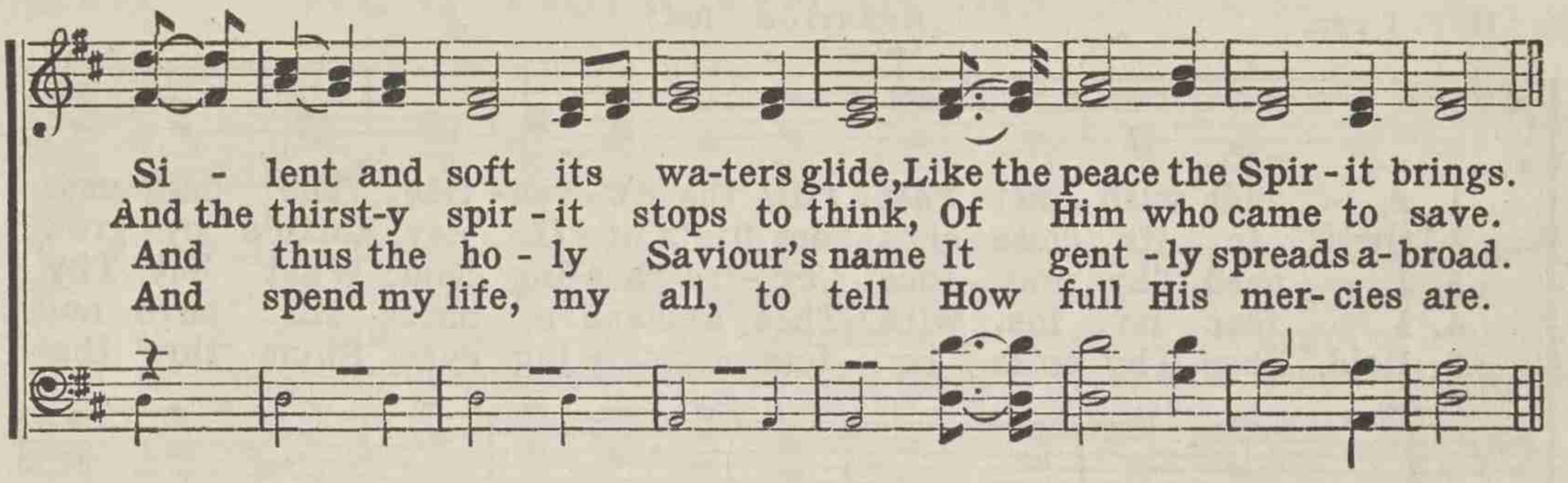
O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.

272 Beneath Moriah's Rocky Side.

I. B. WOODBURY.

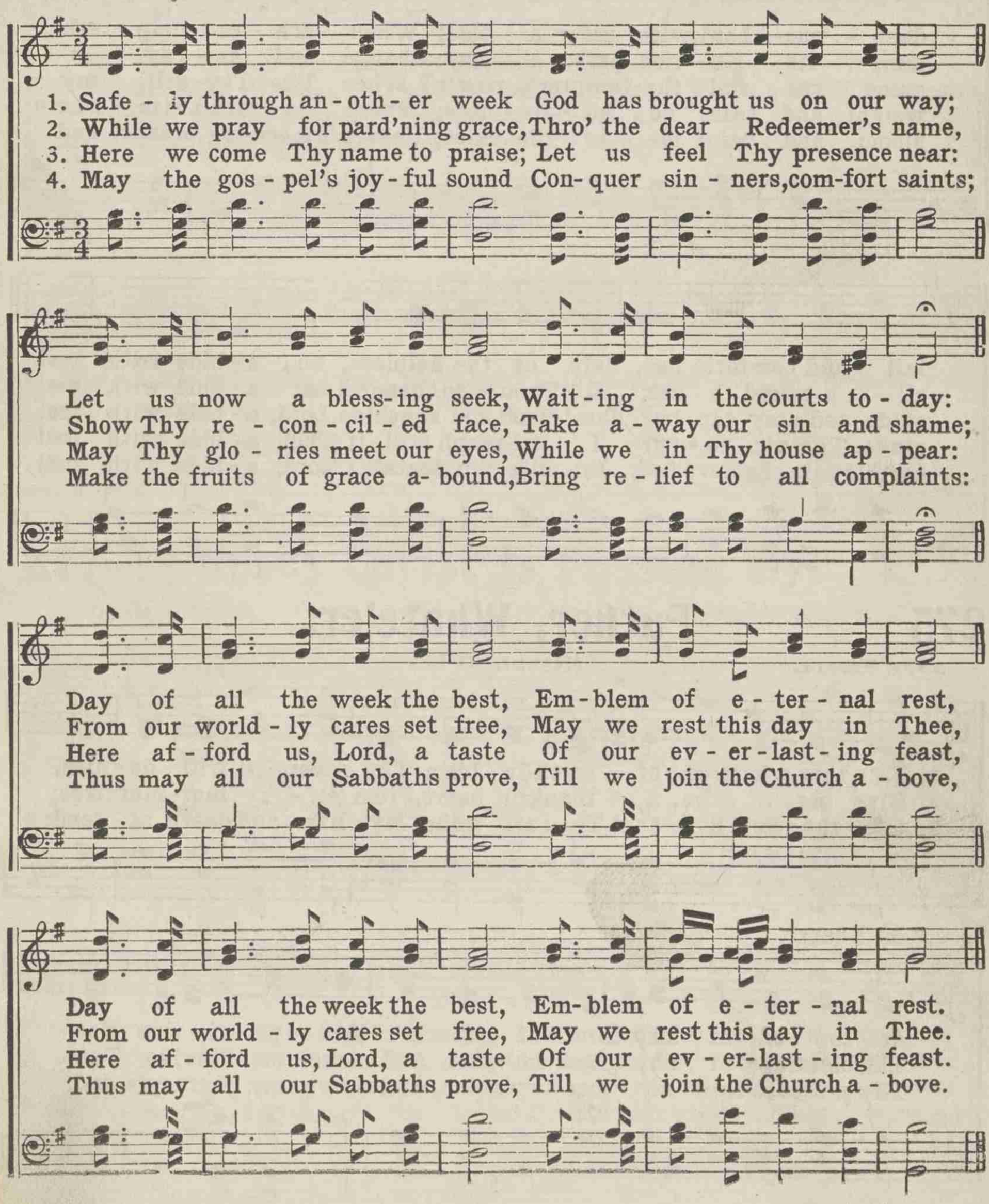
1. Be-neath Mo - ri - ah's rock - y side A gen - tle fountain springs:
2. The thirst-y A - rab stoops to drink Of the cool and qui - et wave—
3. Si - lo - am is the fountain's name: It means *One sent of God;*
4. Oh, grant that I, like this sweet well, May Je - sus' im - age bear,

Beneath Moriah's Rocky Side.



273 Safely Through Another Week.

JOHN NEWTON. LOWELL MASON.



274 Abide With Me.

H. F. LYTE. (EVENTIDE. 10s.)

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark - ness deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fail and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bide with me!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou, who changest not a - bide with me!
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bide with me!
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness; Where is death's sting? where grave, Thy vic - to - ry? I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me!
5. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom and point me to the skies; Heaven's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

275 Father, Whate'er.

ANNE STEELE. (NAOMI. C. M.)

1. Fa - ther, whate'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sovereign will de - nies, Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace Let this pe - ti - tion rise.
2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev - 'ry mur - mur free; The blessings of Thy grace im - part, And make me live to Thee.
3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My life and death at - tend; Thy presence thro' my jour - ney shine, And crown my journey's end.

276 We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. Dr. Wm. Miller.

1. O land of rest for thee I sigh, When will the moment come, When I shall lay my ar-mor by And dwell in peace at home?
2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful shelt'ring dome, This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This world is not my home.
3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam, And lean for suc-cor on His breast, Till He conduct me home.
4. I sought at once my Saviour's side, No more my steps shall roam; With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home.

Chorus.

We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes, And we'll be gather'd home.

We'll work
We'll work

277 Jesus Christ is Passing By.

J. Denham Smith. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.

1. Je-sus Christ is pass-ing by, Sin-ner, lift to Him thine eye;
2. Lo! He stands and calls to thee, "What wilt thou have now of Me?"
3. "Lord, I would Thy mer-cy see; Lord, re-veal Thy love to me;
4. Oh, how sweet the touch of pow'r In this glad sal-va-tion's hour!

Rit.

As the pre-cious mo-ments flee, Cry "Be mer-ci-ful to me."
Rise, and tell Him all thy need; Rise, He call-eth thee in-deed.
Let it pen-e-trate my soul, All my heart and life con-trol."
Je-sus gives from guilt re-lease: "Faith hath saved thee, go in peace!"

278 Saviour, More Than Life.

Copyright, 1903, by W. H. Doane. Renewal. Used by per.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Sav-iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;

Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a-bove.

D.S.—May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.

REFRAIN.

Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;
Ev-'ry day and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,

279 Remember Me.

ISAAC WATTS. ASA HULL.

1. A-las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo-ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face, Whilst His dear cross ap-pears,
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe;

CHO.—Help me, dear Sav-iour, Thee to own, And ev-er faith-ful be;

D. C. for Chorus.

Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A-maz-ing pit-y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree.
When Christ, the might-y Mak-er died For man, the creature's sin.
Dis-solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way; 'Tis all that I can do.

And when Thou sit-test on Thy throne, O Lord re-mem-ber me.

280 Nearer, Still Nearer.

Copyright, 1898. H. L. Gilmour, Wenonah, N. J. Used by per.

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

1. Near - er, still near - er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav - iour, so
2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an off - 'ring to
3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin with its fol - lies, I
4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo - ry my

prec-ious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel - ter me
Je - sus, my King; On - ly my sin - ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the
glad - ly re - sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but
an - chor is cast; Thro' endless a - ges, ev - er to be, Near - er, my

safe in that "Ha-ven of Rest," Shelter me safe in that "Ha-ven of Rest."
cleansing Thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.
Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied.
Sav - iour, still near-er to Thee, Near - er, my Saviour, still nearer to Thee.

281 My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

George Heath. Lowell Mason.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise; The
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re -
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down: The
4. Thine ar - mor is di - vine, Thy feet with vic - t'ry shod, And

hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw Thee from the skies.
new it bold - ly ev - ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
work of faith will not be done Till thou ob - tain the crown.
on thy head shall quick - ly shine The di - a - dem of God.

282 What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.



283 Come to Jesus.

Unknown.



2 He is able.
3 He is willing.
4 He will save you.
5 He will hear you.
6 He'll forgive you.
7 He will cleanse you.
8 He'll renew you.
9 Jesus loves you.
10 Only trust Him.

284 Jesus is Mine!

Mrs. Catharine J. Bonar. T. E. Perkins.

1. Fade fade, each earth-ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break, ev - 'ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der-ness,
2. Tempt not my soul a-way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul had tried
4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel-come, O loved and blest,

Earth has no resting place, Je - sus a-lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Born for but one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
Left but a dis-mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine!

285 Old Time Religion.

Cho.–'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion,
1. Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y,
2. It has saved our moth-ers, It has saved our moth-ers,

'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, And it's good e - nough for me.
Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, And it's good e - nough for me.
It has saved our moth - ers, And it's good e - nough for me.

3 It has saved our fathers.
4 Makes me love the good old Bible.
5 It will lead me to Jesus.
6 It was good for the prophet Daniel.
7 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
8 It was good for Paul and Silas.
9 It will do when I am dying.
10 It will take us all to heaven.

286 He Leadeth Me.

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



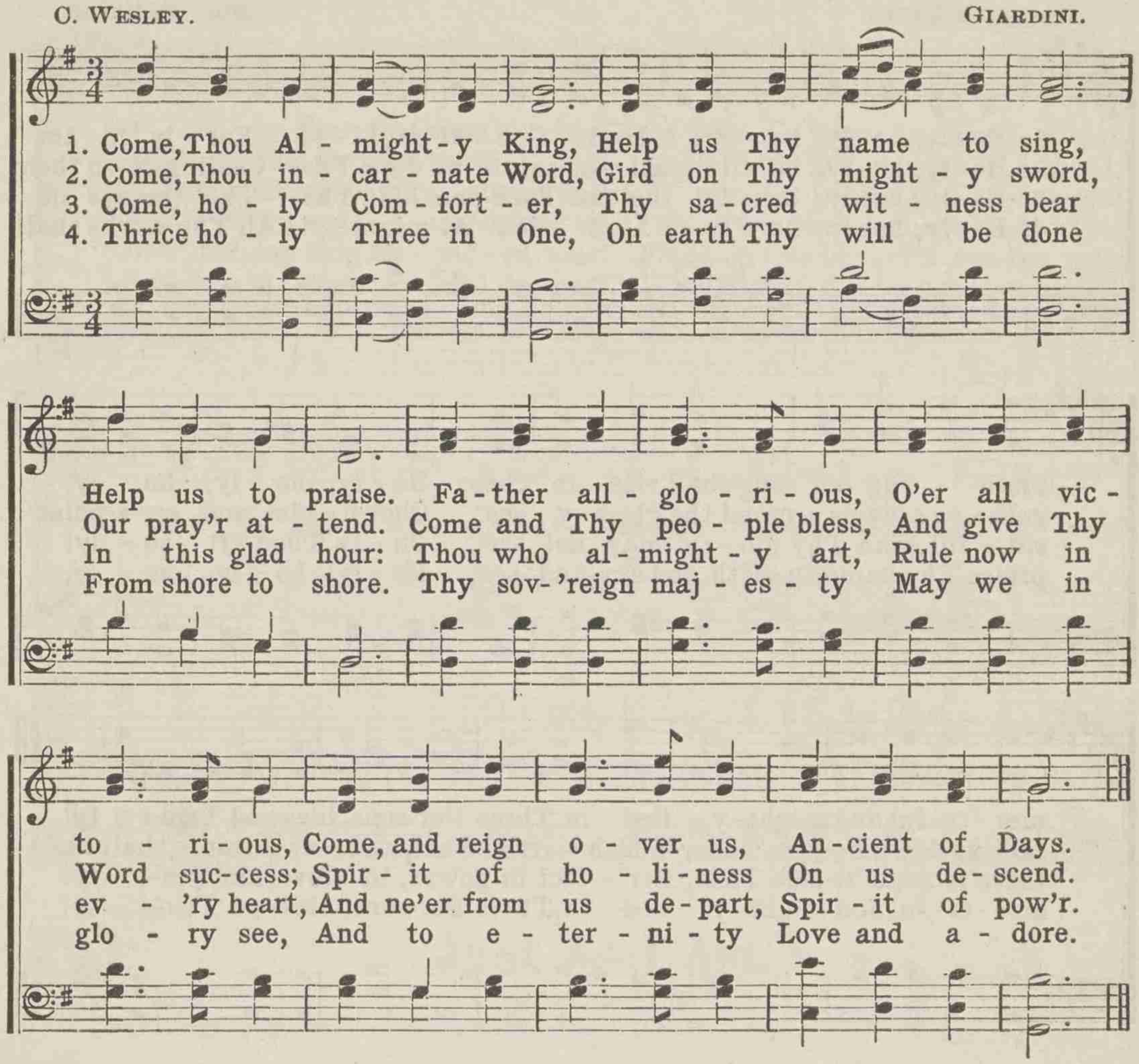
287 Thus Far the Lord Has Led Me On.

I. WATTS. (HEBRON. L. M.) LOWELL MASON.



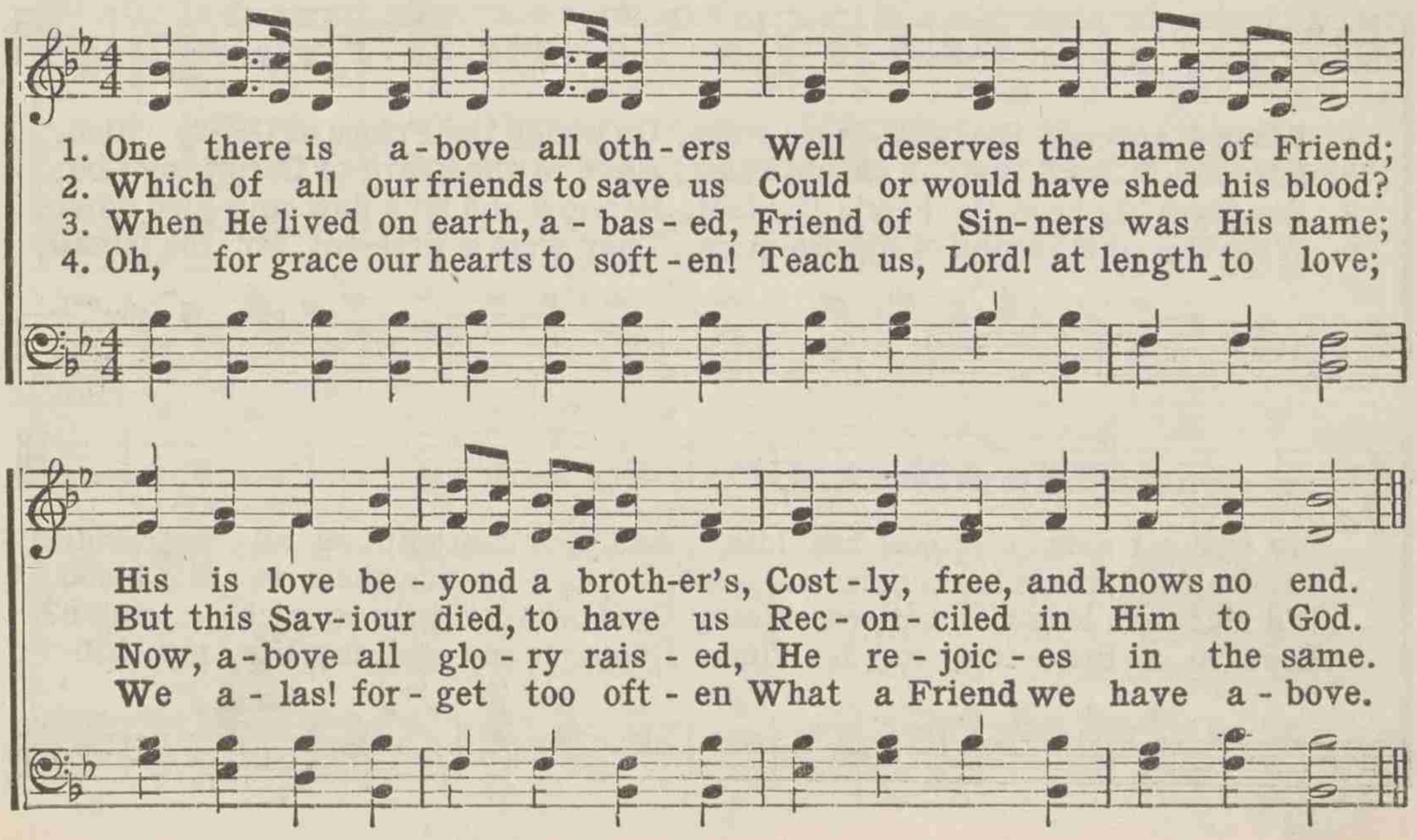
288 Come, Thou Almighty King.

C. WESLEY. GIARDINI.



289 One There Is.

(WILMOT. 8s. & 7s.)



290 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; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly,
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! all the saints a-dore Thee, Casting down their gold-en crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see; On-ly Thou art ho-ly!
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! 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 Per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i-ty!
fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
there is none be-side Thee, Per-fect in power, in love, and pur-i-ty.
mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i-ty!

291 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

(HAMBURG. L. M.)

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross, On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down;
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;

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

292 Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O hap-py day! that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-iour and my God;
   { Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.
2. { 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
   { He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charm'd to confess the voice di-vine.
3. { Now rest, my long di-vid-ed heart, Fixed on this bliss-ful cen-ter, rest;
   { Nor ev-er from thy Lord de-part, With Him of ev-'ry good possessed.

FINE.

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way!

D.S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day;

293 Just As I Am.

(WILDMERE. L. M.)

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. Copyright, 1910, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

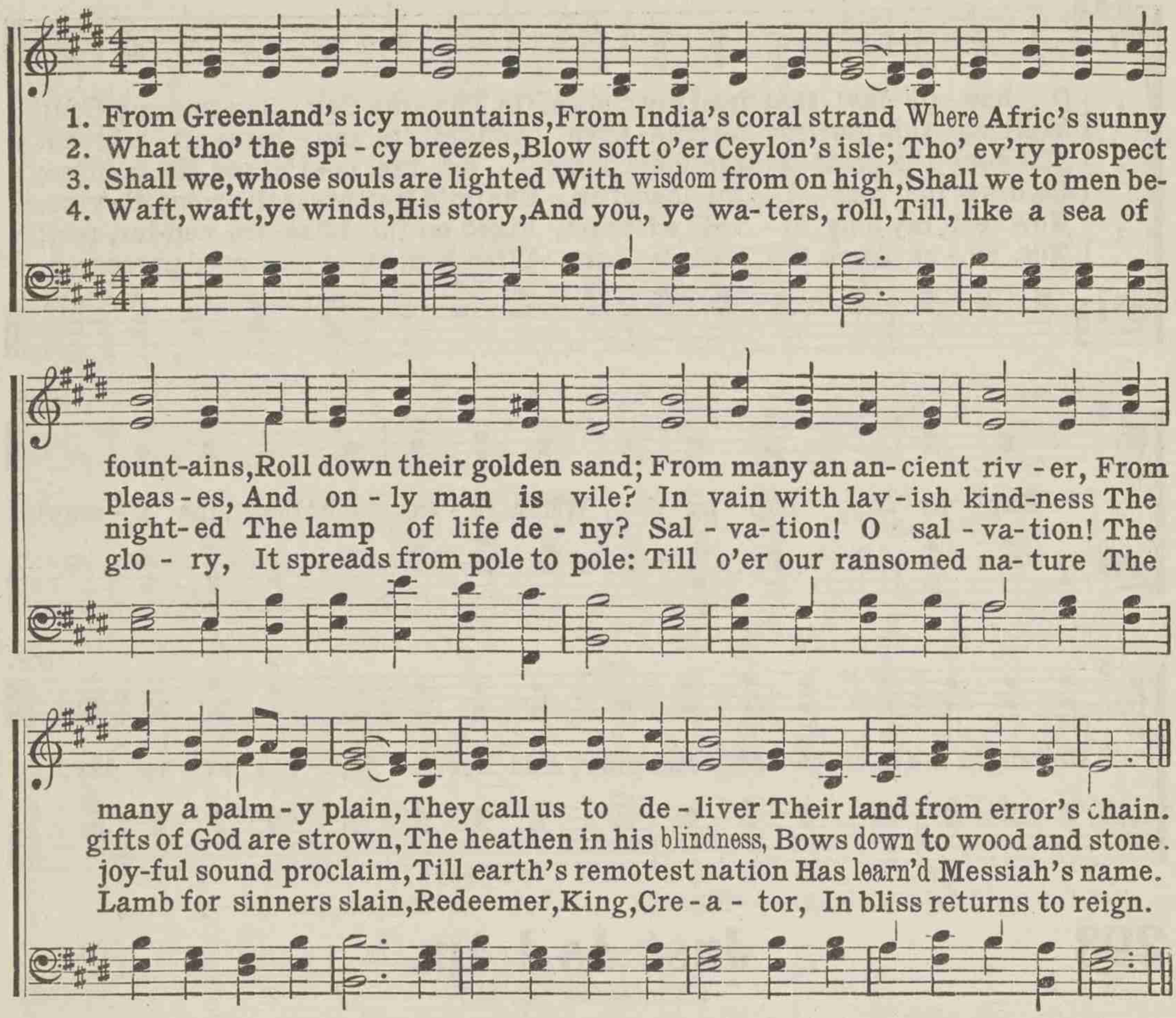
1. Just as I am with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd about With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
5. Just as I am, Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
6. Just as I am,—Thy love unknown Has bro-ken ev-'ry barrier down;

rallentando. *pp*

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

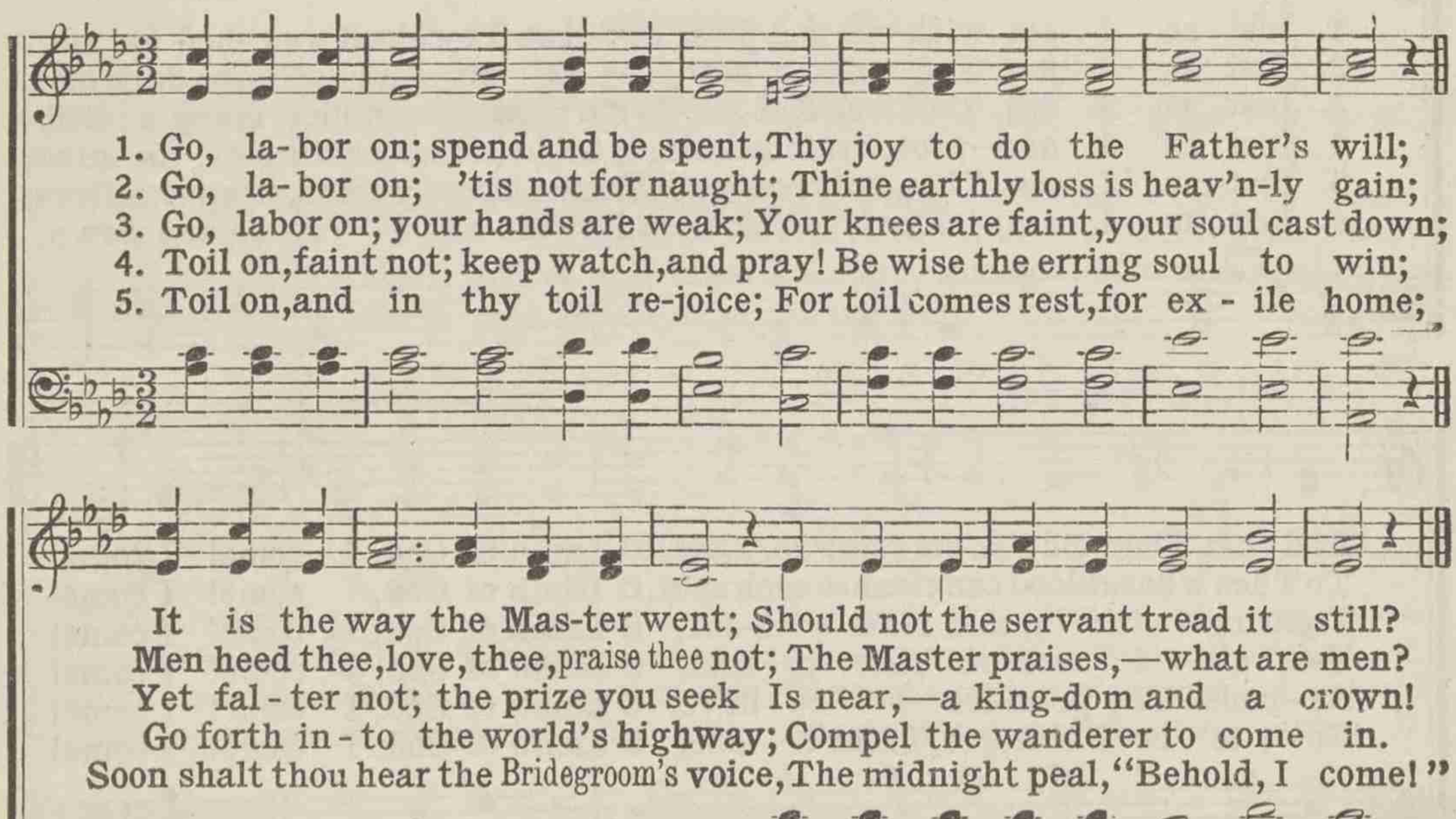
294 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. HEBER. LOWELL MASON.



295 Go, Labor On.

H. BONAR. (MISSIONARY CHANT.)



296 More Love to Thee.

ELIZABETH PRENTISS. By permiss on W. H. DOANE.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis-per Thy praise; This be the

prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear-nest plea:
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be:
part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be:

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

297 Happy Land.

OLD MELODY.

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way, Where saints in glo-ry stand,
2. Bright, in that hap-py land, Beams ev-'ry eye; Kept by a Father's hand,
3. Come to that hap-py land, Come, come away; Why will you doubting stand?

Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweet-ly sing, "Wor-thy is our
Love can-not die. On, then, to glo-ry run; Be a crown and
Why still de-lay? Oh, we shall hap-py be, When from sin and

Sav-iour King," Loud let His prais-es ring, Praise, praise for aye!
king-dom won; And bright, a-bove the sun, Reign ev-er-more.
sor-row free, Lord, we shall dwell with Thee, Blest ev-er-more.

298 Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The dis- tant scene; one step e- nough for me.
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I lov'd to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar-ish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.
3. So long Thy pow'r hath bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those an-gel fac-es smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a- while.

299 Asleep in Jesus.

MARGARET MACKAY. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. A-sleep in Je- sus! blessed sleep, From which none ev- er wakes to weep!
2. A-sleep in Je- sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!
3. A-sleep in Je- sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su-preme- ly blest!
4. A-sleep in Je- sus! O for me May such a bliss- ful ref- uge be!

A calm and un- disturbed re- pose, Un- bro- ken by the last of foes.
With ho- ly con- fi- dence to sing, That death has lost his venomed sting.
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man- i-fests the Saviour's pow'r.
Se- cure- ly shall my ash- es lie, Wait-ing the summons from on high.

300 Requiem.

Copyright property of Mrs. H. R. Palmer. By per.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Gone, gone, gone from our home, God hath re-called thee
2. Gone, gone, gone to thy tomb; But 'tis not cheer-less,
3. Gone, gone, gone to the blest; Earth had its pleas-ures,

{In thy youth-ful bloom.
In thy manhood's bloom.
In thy life's bright noon.}
Death's i-cy fin-gers Rest up-
Hope dis-pels its gloom, While we are weep-ing O'er the
But 'twas not thy rest; Sin and temp-ta-tion Were thy

on thee now; Our fond gaze lin-gers On thy pal-lid brow.
hallow'd ground, Thou art but sleep-ing Till the trump shall sound.
sor-row *here*, Then full sal-va-tion Is thy por-tion *there*.

rit. *pp*

301 Sun of My Soul.

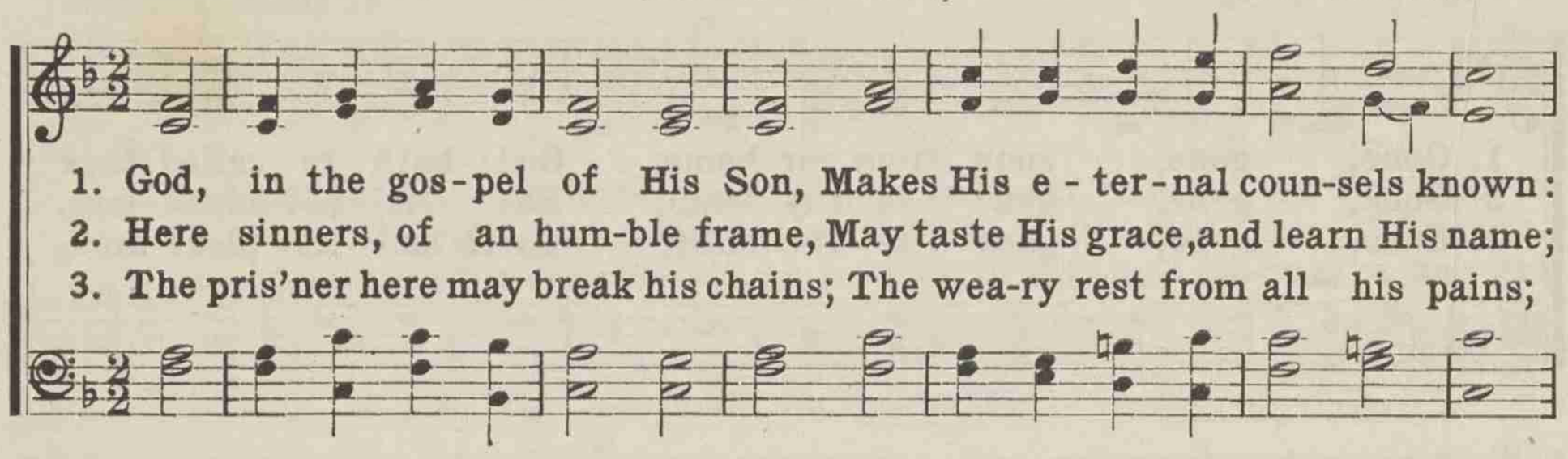
JOHN KEPLER. (HURSLEY. L. M.) HENRY MONK.

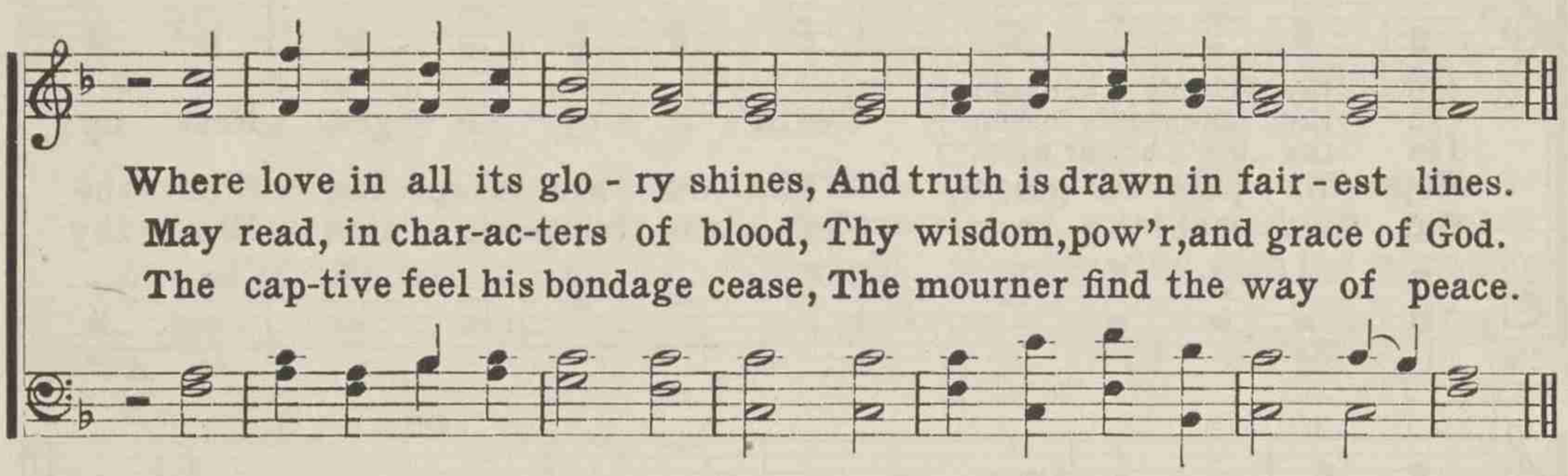
1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near:
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gen-tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can-not live;
4. Watch by the sick; en-rich the poor With blessings from Thy boundless store;
5. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;

O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Saviour's breast.
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
Be ev-'ry mourner's sleep to-night, Like infant's slumbers, pure and light
Till in the o-cean of Thy love, We lose our-selves in heaven a-bove.

302 God, In the Gospel of His Son.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME. (UXBRIDGE. L. M.) LOWELL MASON.





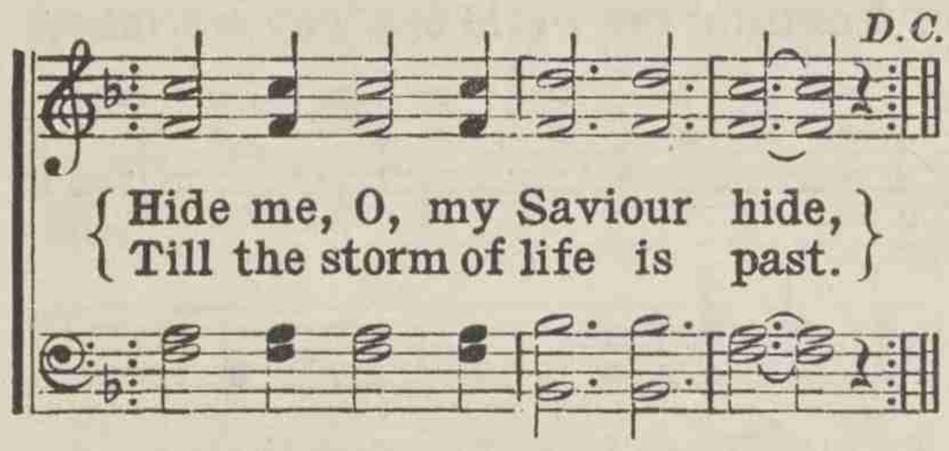
4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

5 Oh, grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To read and mark Thy holy word;
Its truth with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

303 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. S. B. MARSH.





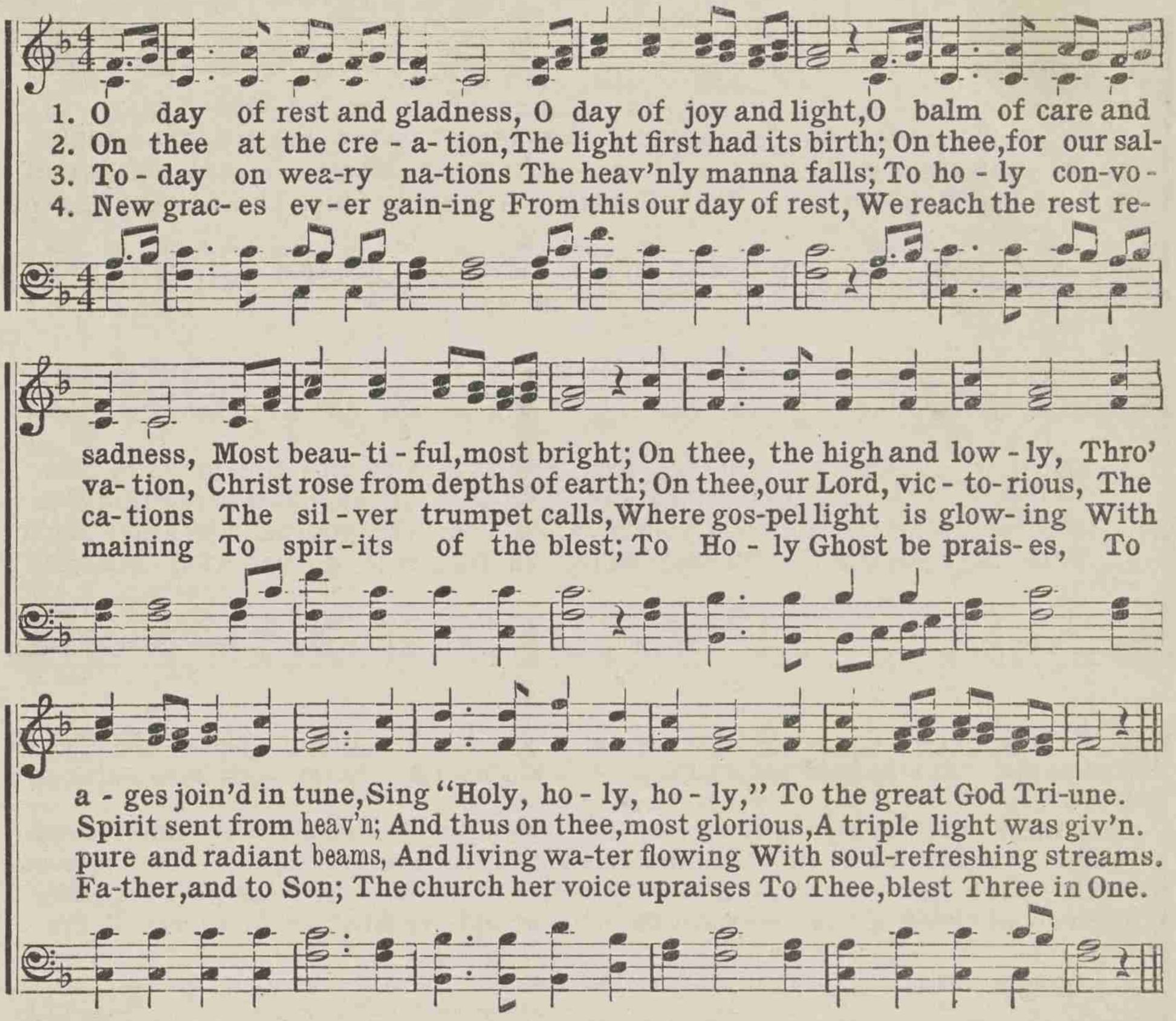
2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
More than all in Thee, I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound:
Make me, keep me, pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

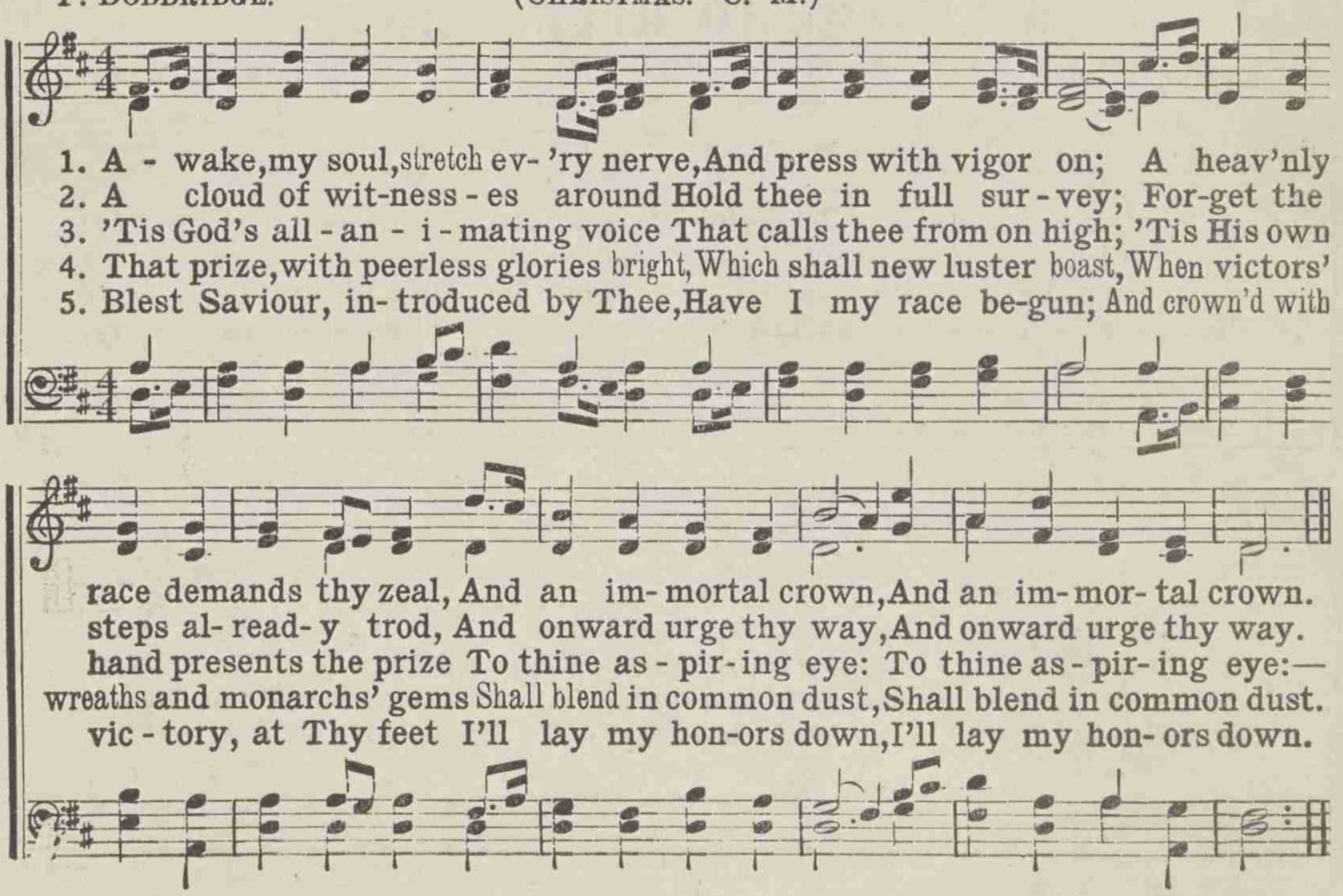
304 O Day of Rest and Gladness.

WORDSWORTH. LOWELL MASON.



305 Awake, My Soul.

P. DODDRIDGE. (CHRISTMAS. C. M.)



306 Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD. G. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high His roy-al ban- ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o- bey; Forth to the mighty con- flict, In this His glorious day, "Ye that are men, now serve Him," A -
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own, Put on the gos- pel ar - mor, Each
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the victor's song; To Him that o - ver - com - eth, A

arm - y shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd And Christ is Lord indeed.
gainst unnumbered foes; Your courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
piece put on with pray'r; Where duty calls, or danger, Be nev - er wait-ing there.
crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e-ter- nal - ly.

307 A Charge to Keep I Have.

CHARLES WESLEY. (BOYLSTON. C. M.) LOWELL MASON.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill,—
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live;
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,

A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
Oh, may it all my pow'rs en- gage To do my Mas- ter's will.
And oh, my ser- vant, Lord, pre- pare, A strict ac-count to give.
As - sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

308 He is Calling.

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

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

CHORUS.

He is call-ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll glad-ly haste to Thee.

309 My Saviour Knows.

Copyright, 1913, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

Anon. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. He knows the bit-ter, wea-ry way, The end-less striv-ing day by day,
2. He knows when faint and worn we sing, How deep the pain, how near the brink
3. He knows how hard the fight has been, The clouds that come our lives between,
4. He knows! O tho't so full of bliss, For tho' on earth, our joy we miss,
5. He knows! O heart, take up thy cross, And know earth's treasures are but dross,

The souls that weep, the souls that pray, He knows, my Saviour knows.
Of dark de-spair we pause and shrink, He knows, my Saviour knows.
The wounds the world has nev - er seen, He knows, my Saviour knows.
We still can bear it, feel - ing this: He knows, my Saviour knows.
And all will prove as gain, not loss, He knows, my Saviour knows.

310 Jerusalem the Golden.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. (EWING. 7s. & 6s. D.) ALEXANDER EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa-lem the gold- en, With milk and honey blest, Beneath thy contem-
2. There is the throne of Da-vid, And there, from care release, The song of them that
3. O sweet and blessed coun-try, The home of God's e - lect! O sweet and blessed

pla - tion Sink heart and voice oppressed: I know not, O I know not What
triumph, The shout of them that feast; And they who with their Leader, Have
coun-try, That ea- ger hearts ex-pect! Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To

ho - ly joys are there; What radian-cy of glo - ry, what bliss beyond compare.
conquerd in the fight, For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
that dear land of rest; Who art with God the Father, And Spirit ev - er blest.

311 O Could I Speak.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. (ARIEL. C. P. M.) LOWELL MASON.

1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glo-ries forth
2. I'd sing the precious blood He spilt, My ran-som from the dreadful guilt
3. I'd sing the char-ac - ter He bears, And all the forms of love He wears,
4. Well, the de - light-ful day will come, When my dear Lord will take me home

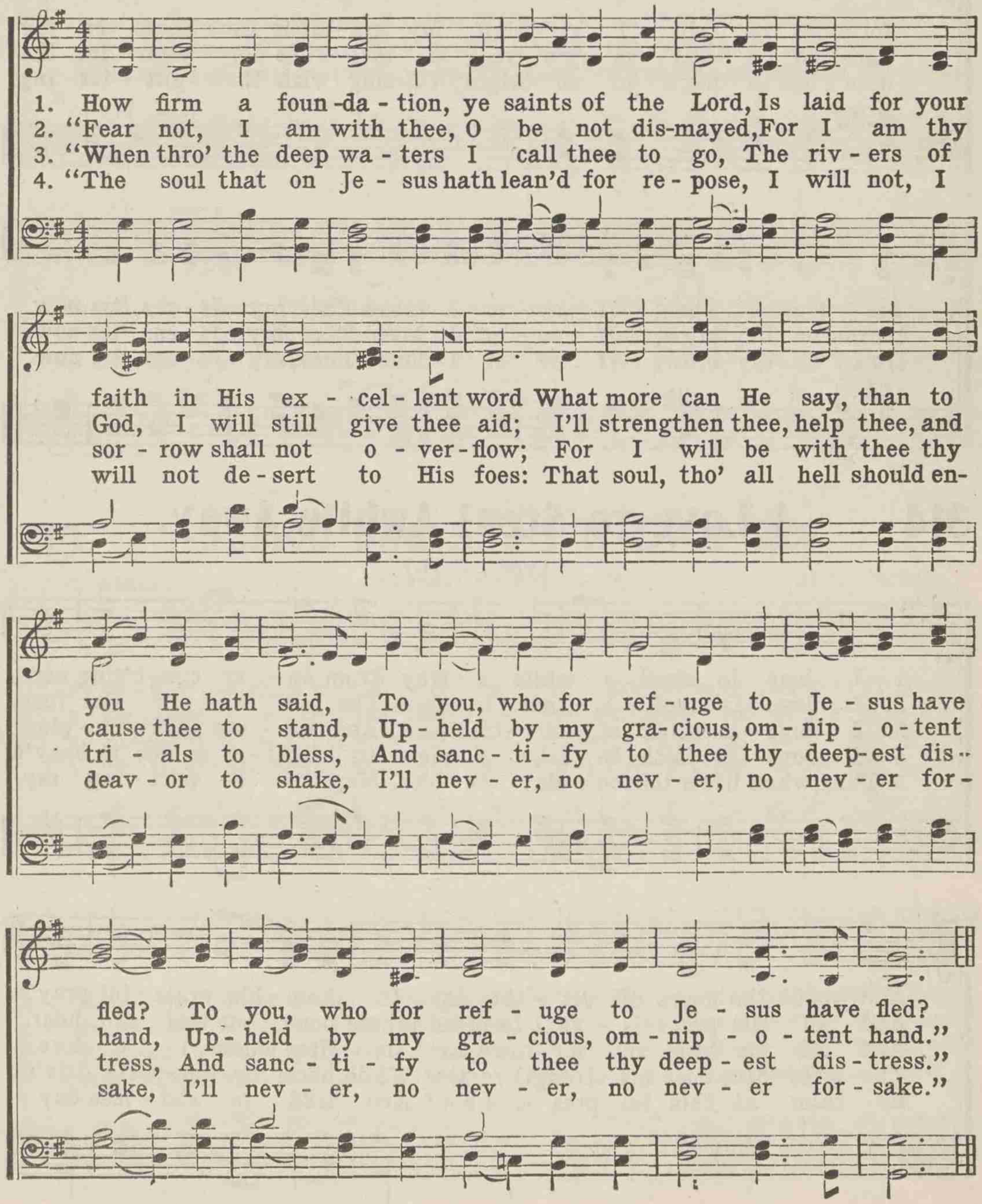
Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with
Of sin and wrath di-vine; I'd sing His glorious righteousness, In which all-
Ex - alt - ed on His throne; In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would to
And I shall see His face; Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, A blest e -

O Could I Speak.



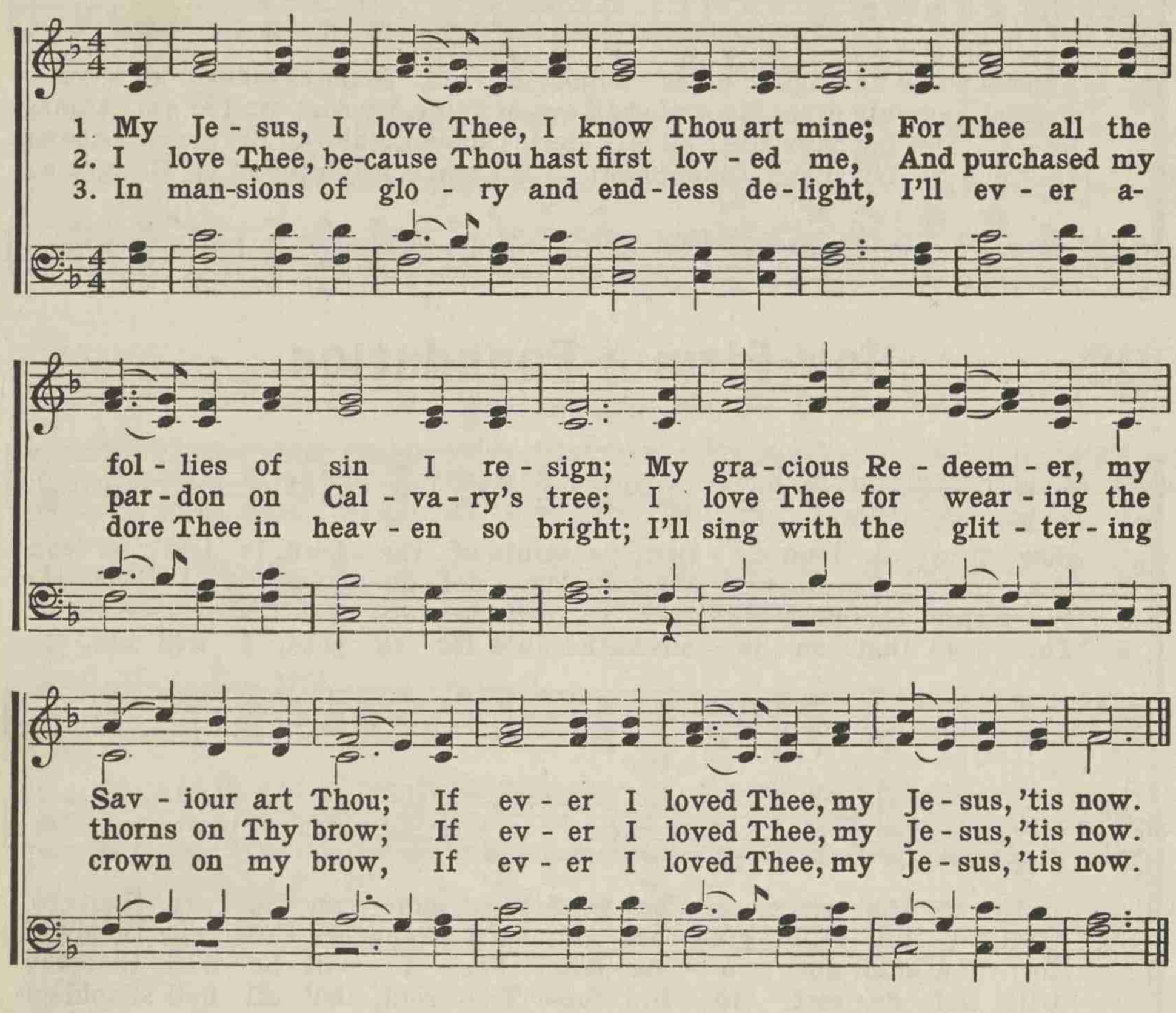
312 How Firm a Foundation.

(Portuguese Hymn.)



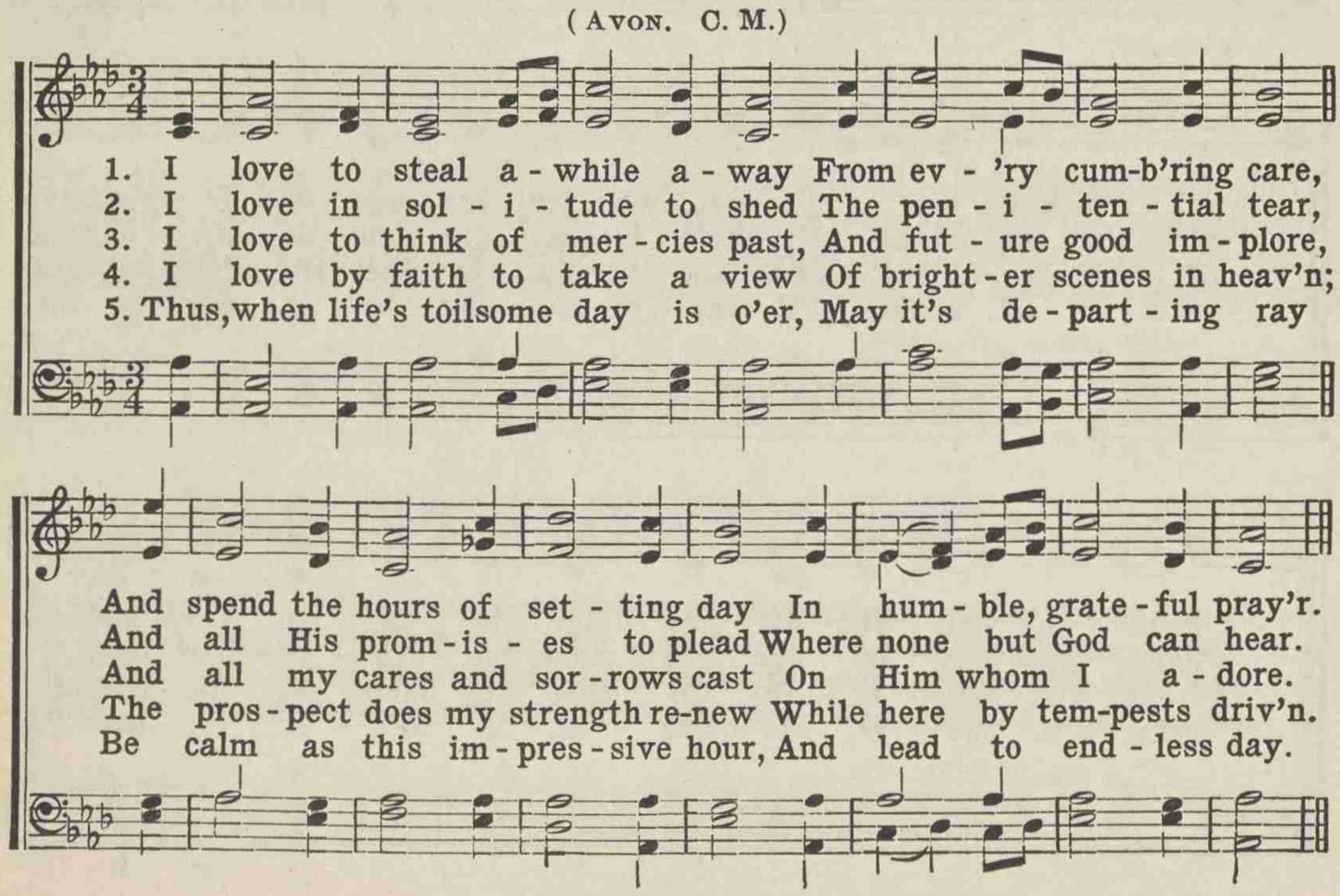
313 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon.



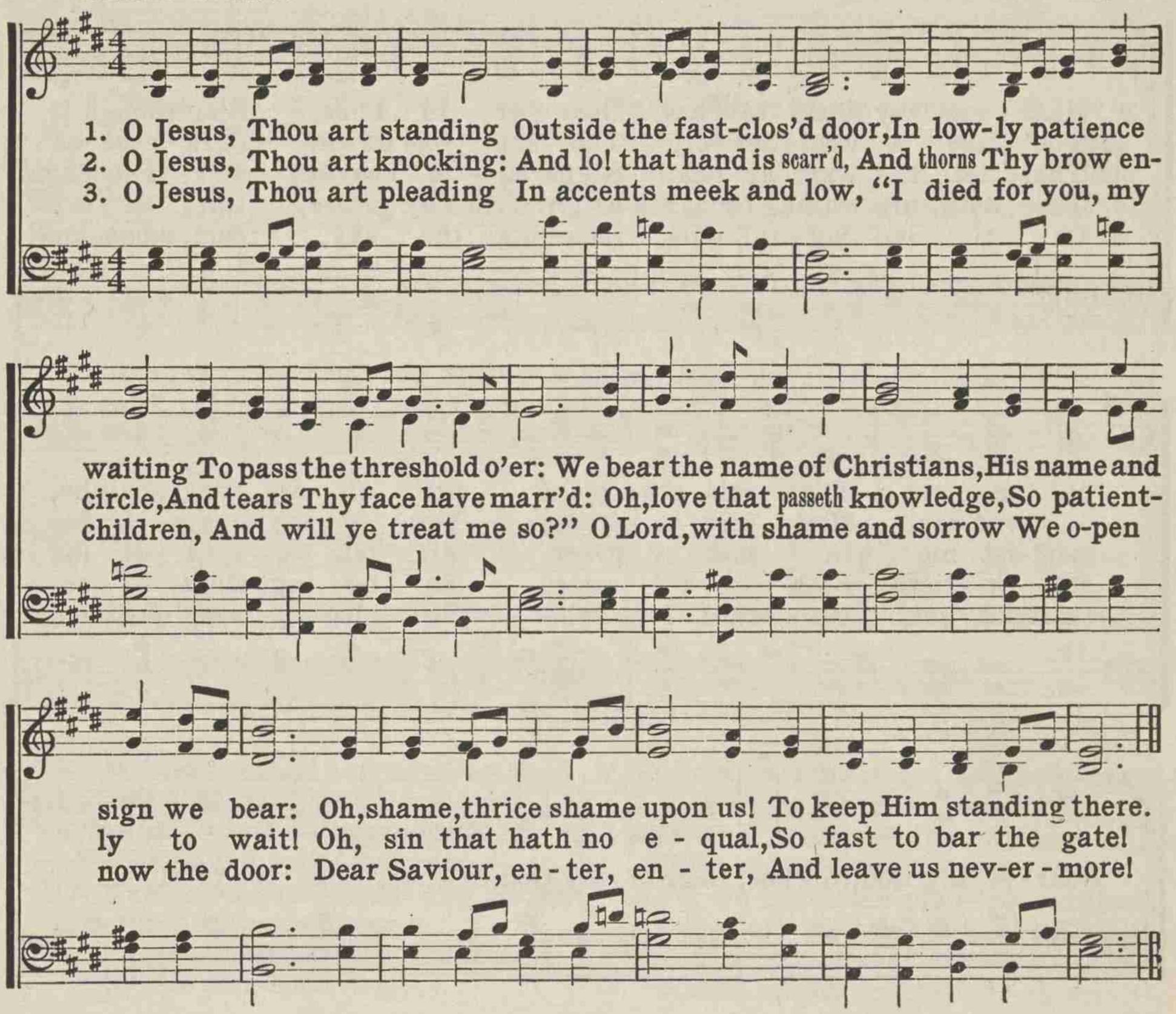
314 I Love to Steal Awhile Away.

(Avon. C. M.)



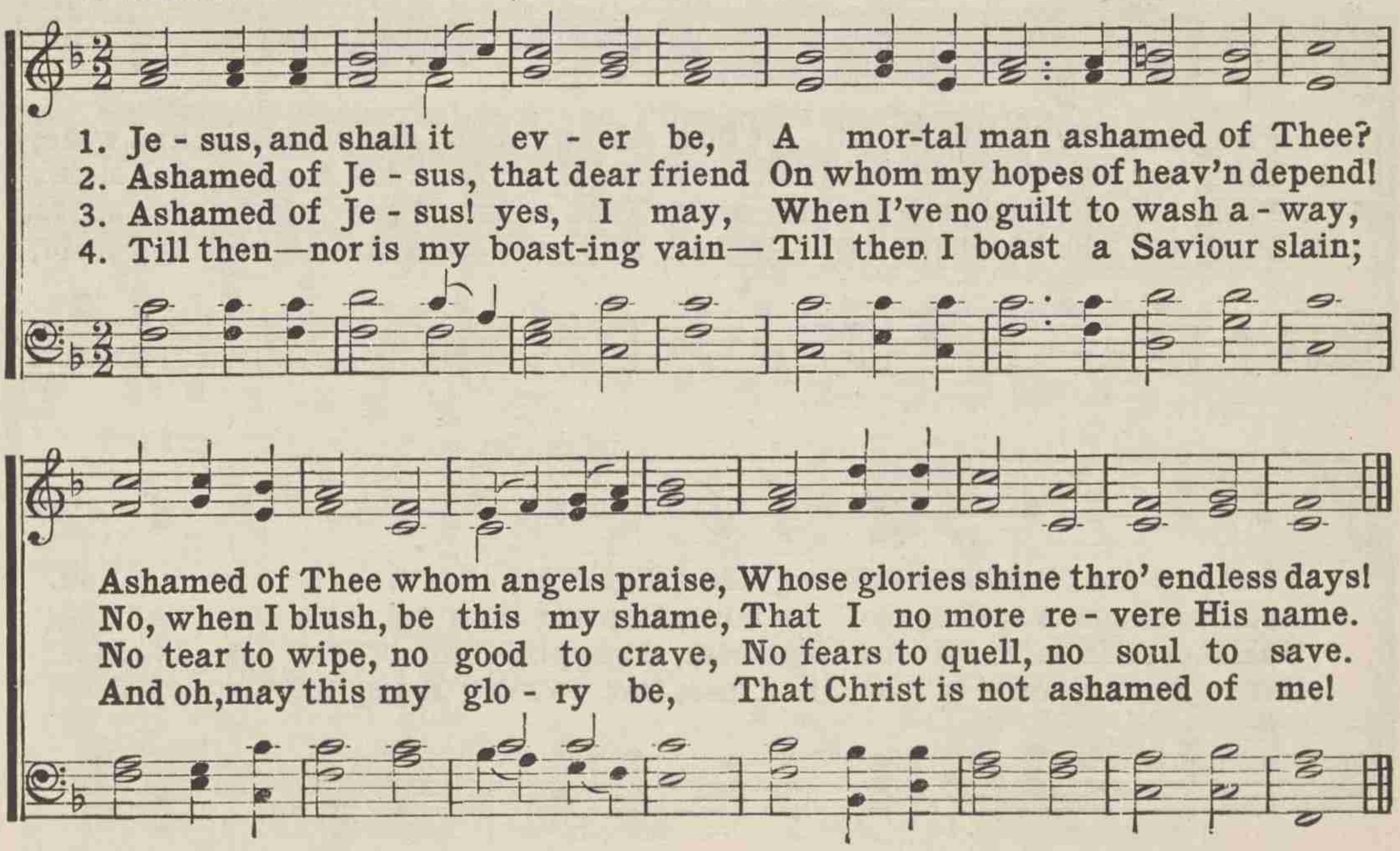
315 O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

WILLIAM W. HOW. JUSTIN H. KNECHT.



316 Jesus, and Shall it Ever Be.

C. WESLEY. (FEDERAL STREET. L. M.) H. K. OLIVER.



317 Nearer, my God, to Thee.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS. L. MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en though it be a cross That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be,
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heaven; All that Thou send-est me In mer - cy given, An - gels to beck - on me
4. Then with my waking thoughts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

318 Fling Out the Banner.

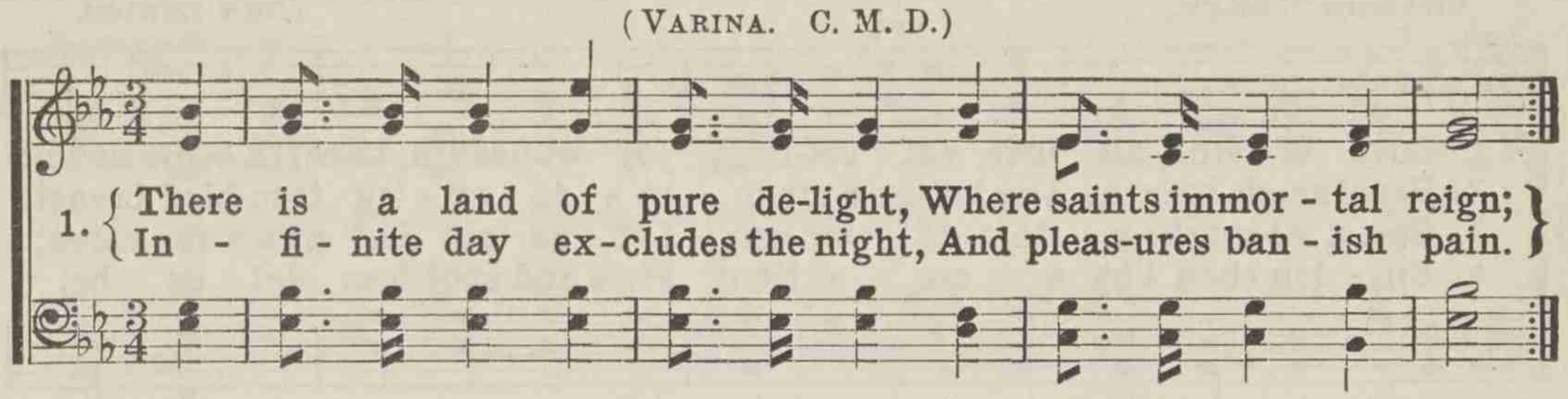
GEORGE W. DOANE. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

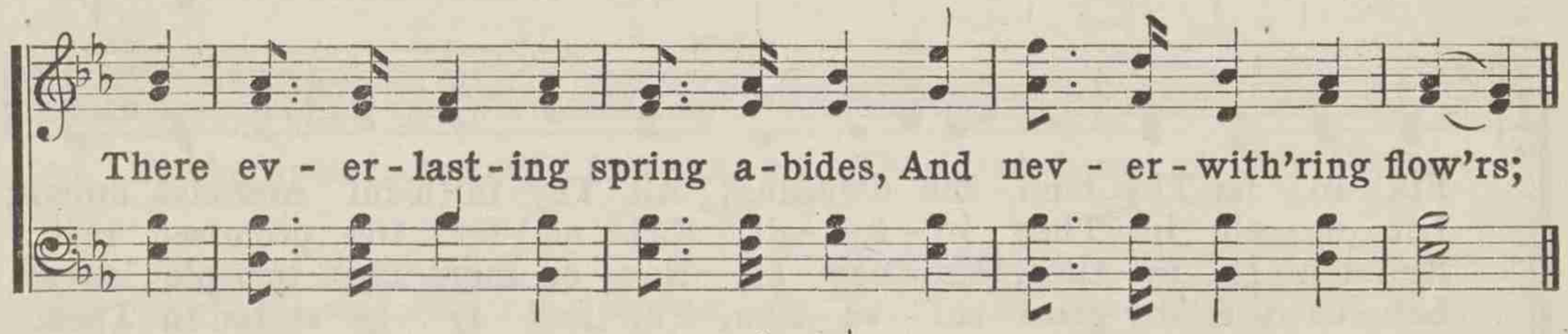
1. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
2. Fling out the ban-ner! heathen lands Shall see from far the glorious sight,
3. Fling out the ban-ner! sin-sick souls, That sink and per - ish in the strife,
4. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide;

The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-iour died.
And na-tions crowding to be born, Baptize their spir - its in its light.
Shall touch in faith its ra-diant hem, And spring immor - tal in - to life.
Our glo - ry, on - ly in the cross; Our on - ly hope, the Cru - ci - fied!

319 There is a Land of Pure Delight.

(VARINA. C. M. D.)







2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes:
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

320 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

THOMAS HASTINGS. (ZION.)



2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all the journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever sing to Thee.

321 Love Divine.

CHARLES WESLEY. JOHN ZUNDEL.

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

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

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

Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart!
End of faith, as its be - gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty!
Pray, and praise Thee without ceas-ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love!
Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won-der, love and praise.

322 The Lord Bless Thee.

(For closing, or other service, in the absence of a minister.)

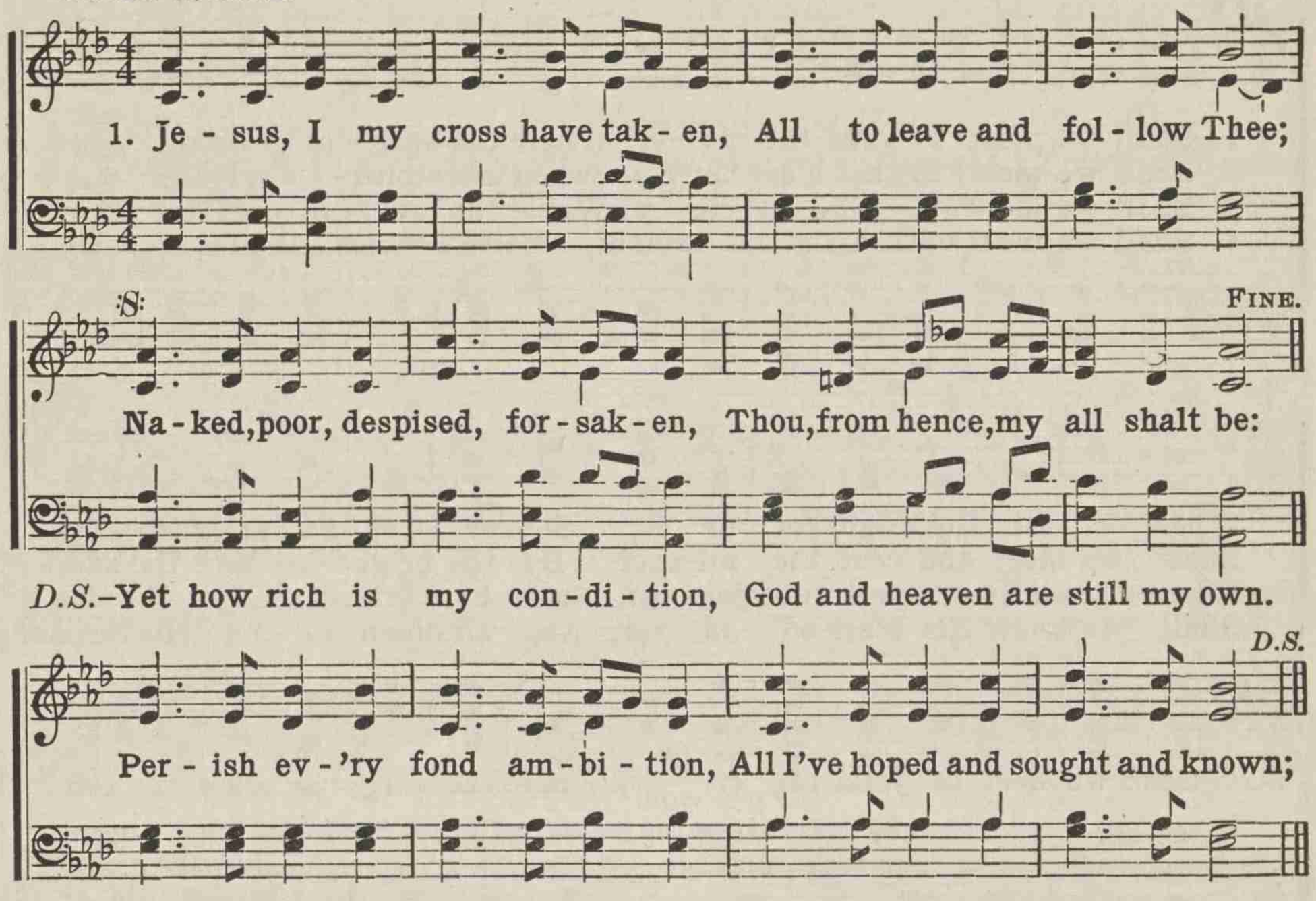
Numbers 6 : 24–26. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious

unto thee: The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace. A - men.

323 Jesus, I my Cross have Taken.

HENRY F. LYTE.

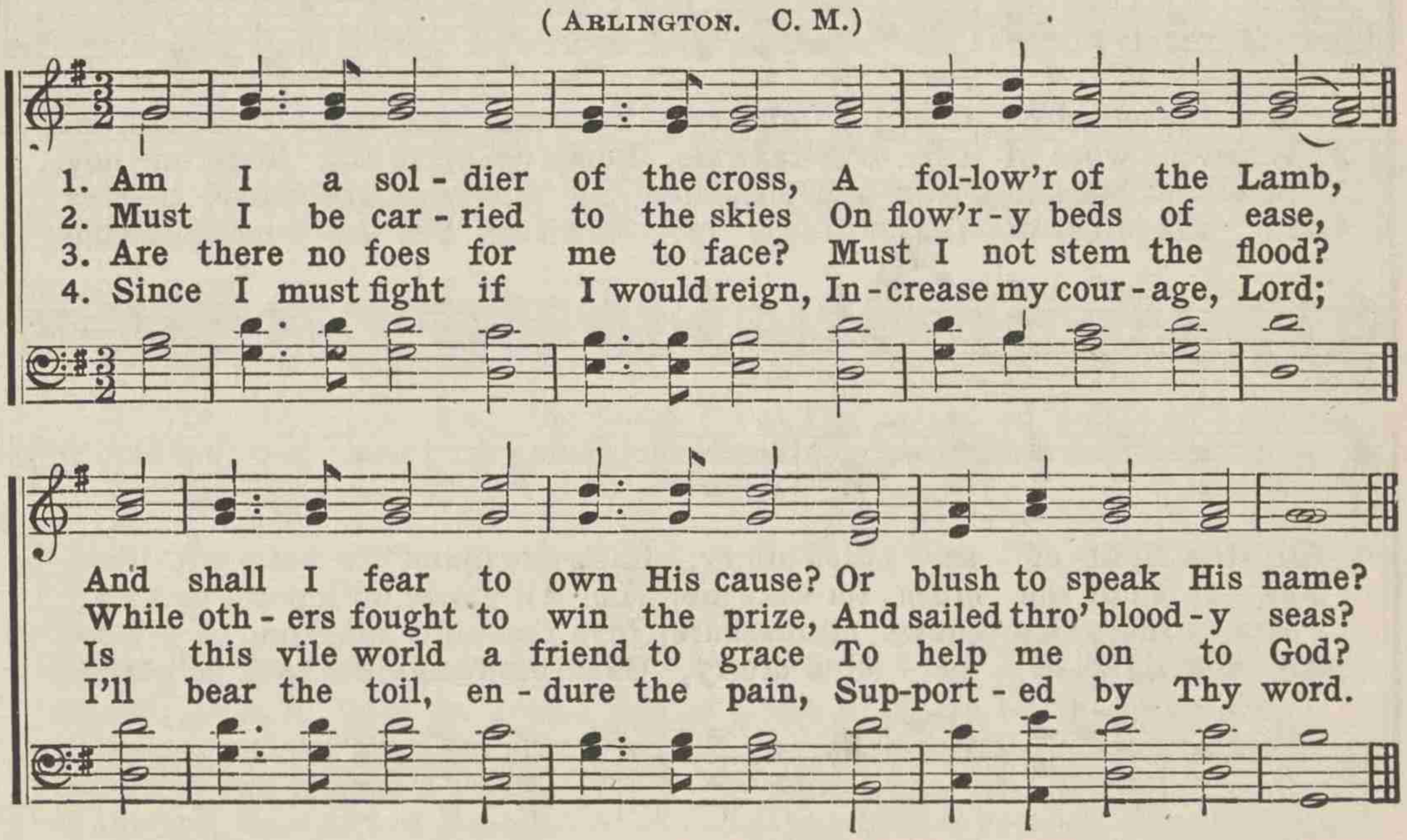


2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Haste Thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

324 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

(ARLINGTON. C. M.)



325 Shall We Meet?

H. L. HASTINGS. ELISHA S. RICE.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest har-bor, When our storm - y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crys- tal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own?

Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the an- chor By the bright ce - les - tial shore?
Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work-man-ship di - vine?
Shall we know His bless-ed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne?

D.S.—Shall we meet be- yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?

CHORUS.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er?

326 In the Cross of Christ.

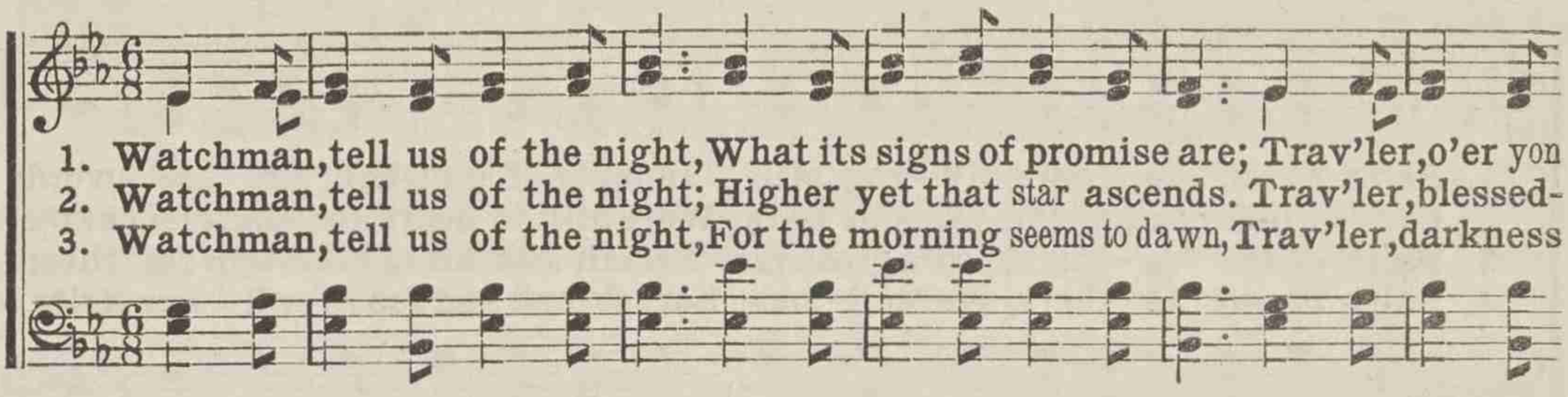
(RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.)

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de- ceive and fears an - noy,
3. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
4. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sa - cred sto-ry, Gath- ers round its head sub- lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.
All the light of sa - cred sto-ry, Gath- ers round its head sub- lime.

327 Watchman, Tell Us of the Night.

Sir JOHN BOWRING. (WATCHMAN. 7s D.)



328 Rock of Ages.

(TOPLADY. 7s.)



3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace,—
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

329 Faith of Our Fathers.

FREDERICK W. FABER. H. F. HEMY. adpt.

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:
2. Our fathers, chained in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free
3. Faith of our fa - thers, God's great pow'r Shall soon all nations win for thee;
4. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,

O how our hearts beat high with joy, Whene'er we hear that glo-rious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them, could die for thee!
And thro' the truth that comes from God Mankind shall then be tru - ly free.
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life.

Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

330 Something for Jesus.

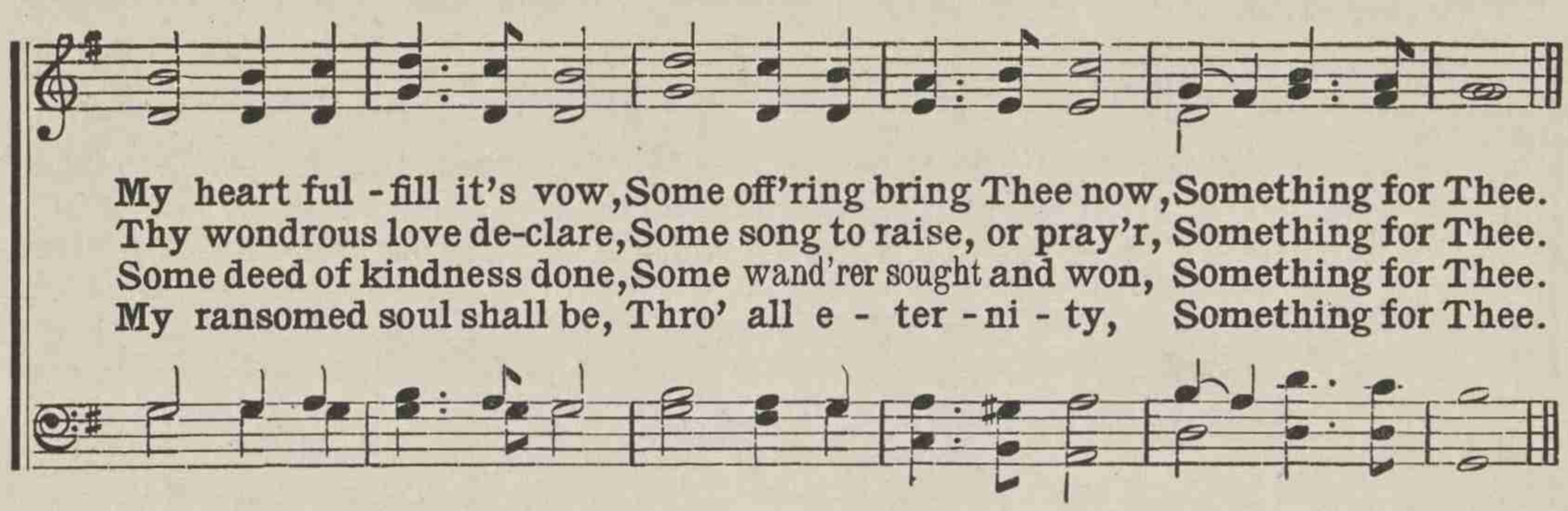
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S. D. PHELPS, D. D. ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.

1. Sav - iour, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav-est me, Nor should I
2. At the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead-ing for me, My fee - ble
3. Give me a faith-ful heart,—Like-ness to Thee,—That each de-
4. All that I am and have, Thy gifts so free,— In joy, in

aught with-hold; Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow,
faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear,
part - ing day Hence-forth may see Some work of love be - gun,
grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see

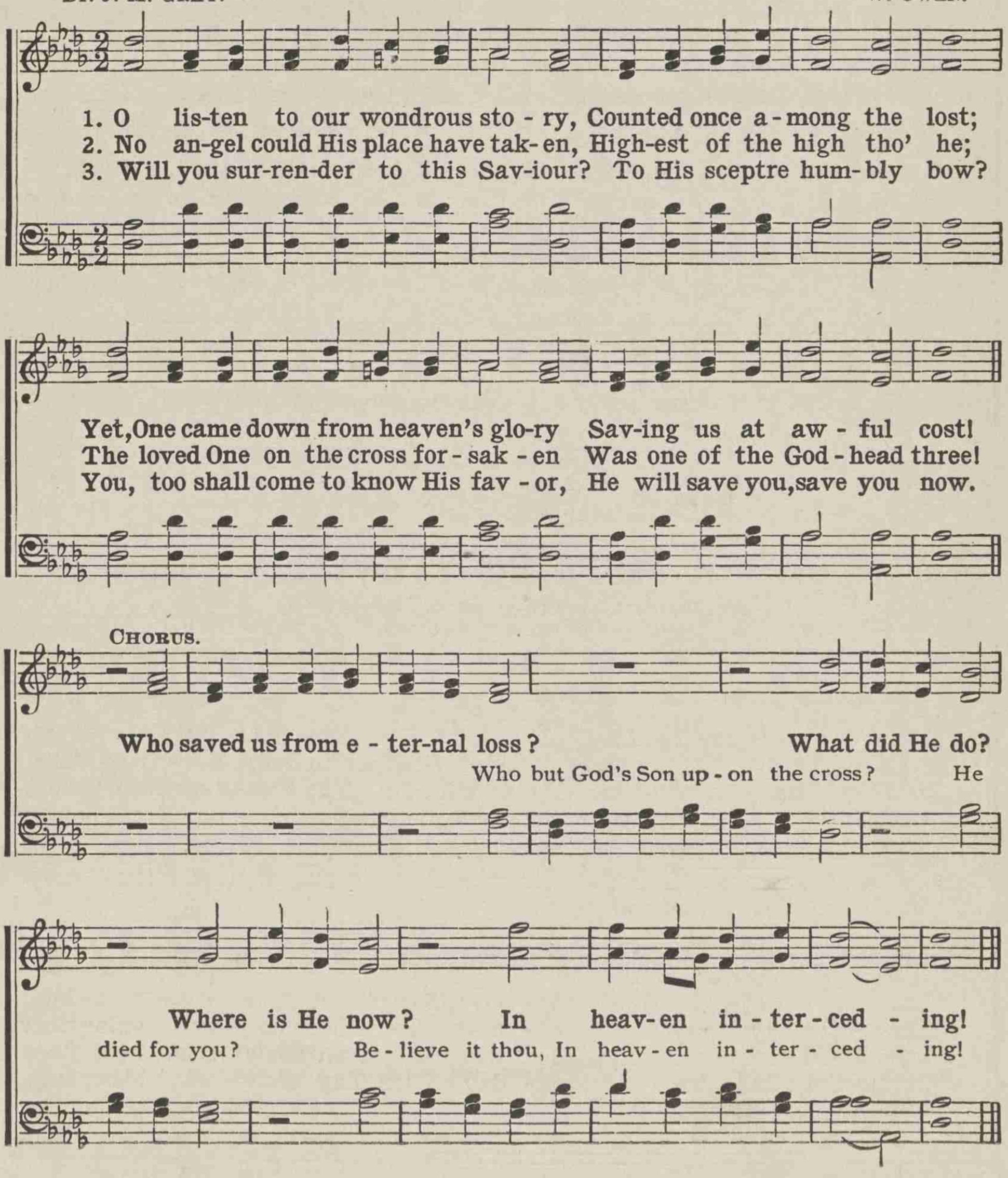
Something for Jesus.



331 What Did He Do?

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Dr. J. M. GRAY. W. OWEN.



332 Sweet By-and-By.

S. FILLMORE-BENNETT Used by permission. JOS. P. WEBSTER.

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a-far;
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The mel-o-di-ous songs of the blest,
3. To our boun-ti-ful Fa-ther a-bove, We will of-fer our trib-ute of praise.

For the Fa-ther waits o-ver the way, To pre-pare us a dwelling-place there.
And our spir-its shall sor-row no more, Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
For the glo-ri-ous gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days.

CHORUS.

In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In the sweet by-and-by, by-and-by,
In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.
in the sweet, by-and-by.

333 A Morning Prayer.

Copyright, 1915. by A. H. Ackley. Used by per.

A. H. A. ALFRED H. ACKLEY.

1. In the morn-ing, Lord, I come For Thy dai-ly bless-ing;
2. May my pray'r for grace di-vine, Breath'd in deep con-tri-tion,
3. Where the poor and lone-ly dwell. In Thy foot-steps lead me;
4. Seal my life with pure in-tent, Vain de-sire sup-press-ing;

Let my soul be filled with love, Naught but Thee pos-sess-ing.
Sanc-ti-fy my heart a-new To life's ho-ly mis-sion.
I would strive this day to win Way-ward souls that need Thee.
Crown the la-bor of to-day With Thy rich-est bless-ing.

334 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

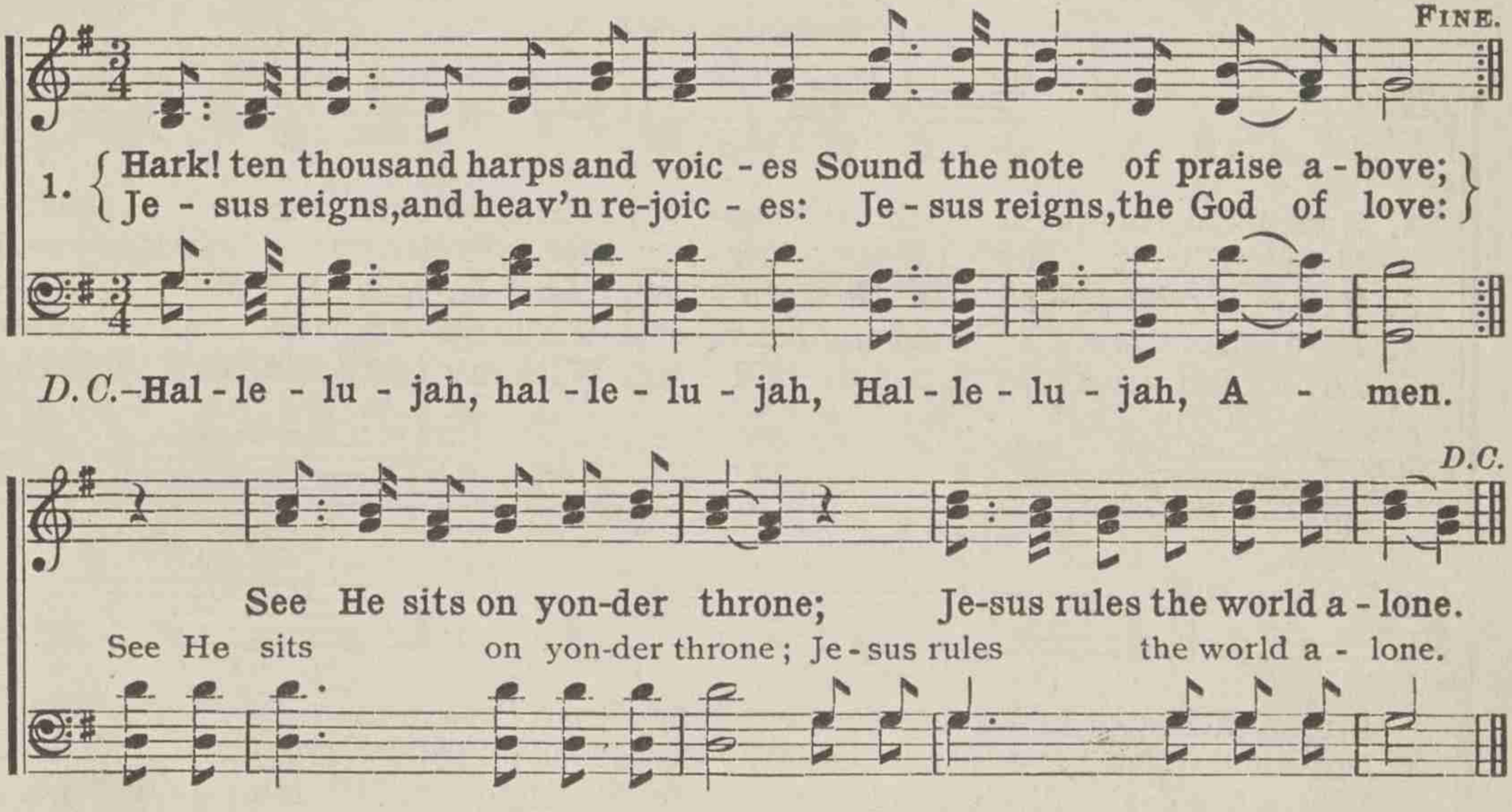
RAY PALMER. (OLIVET.) LOWELL MASON.



4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul!

335 Hark! Ten Thousand.

(HARWELL. 8s & 7s. D.)

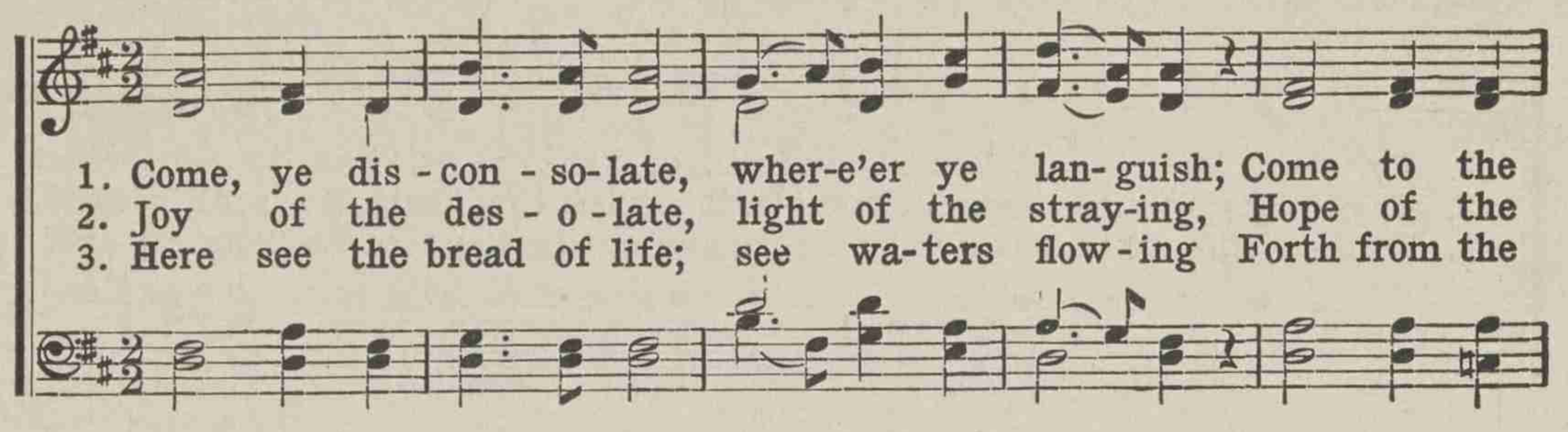


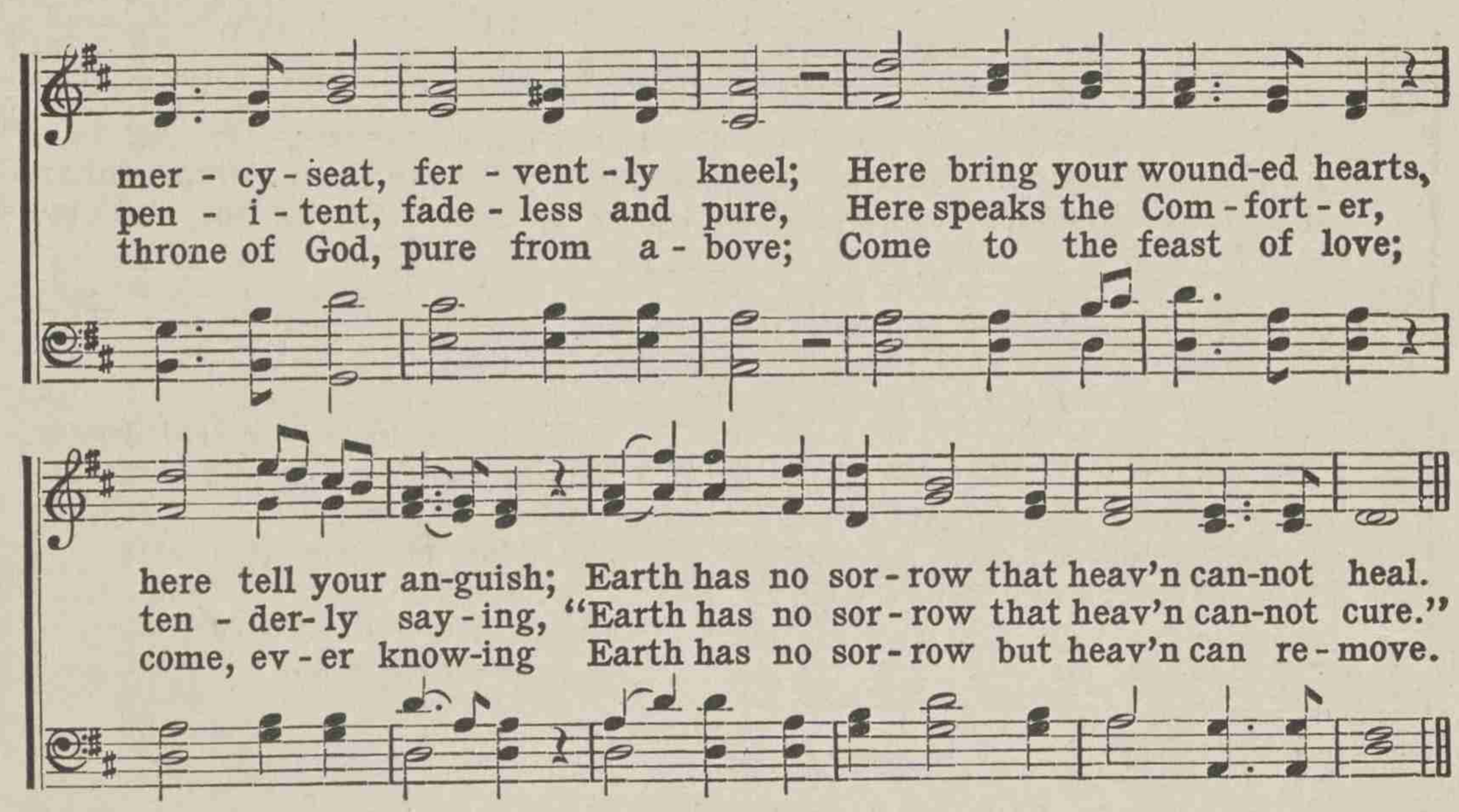
2 King of glory! reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing, from Thy love, shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own:
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

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

336 Come, Ye Disconsolate.

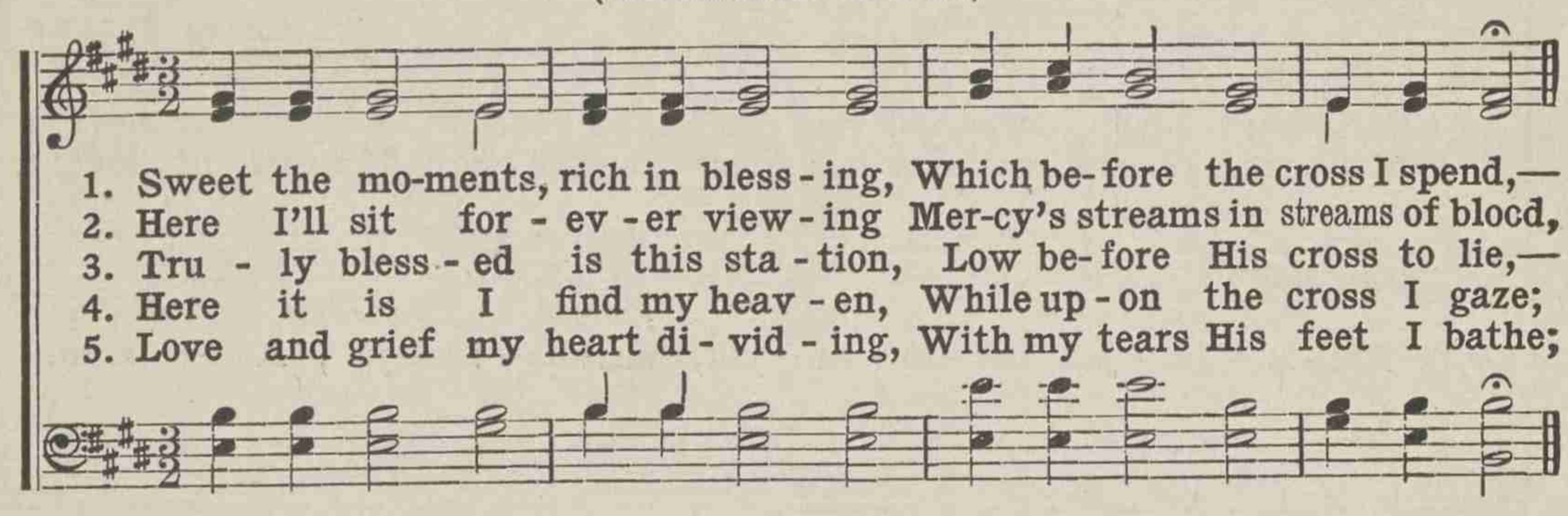
THOMAS MOORE. SAMUEL WEBBE.

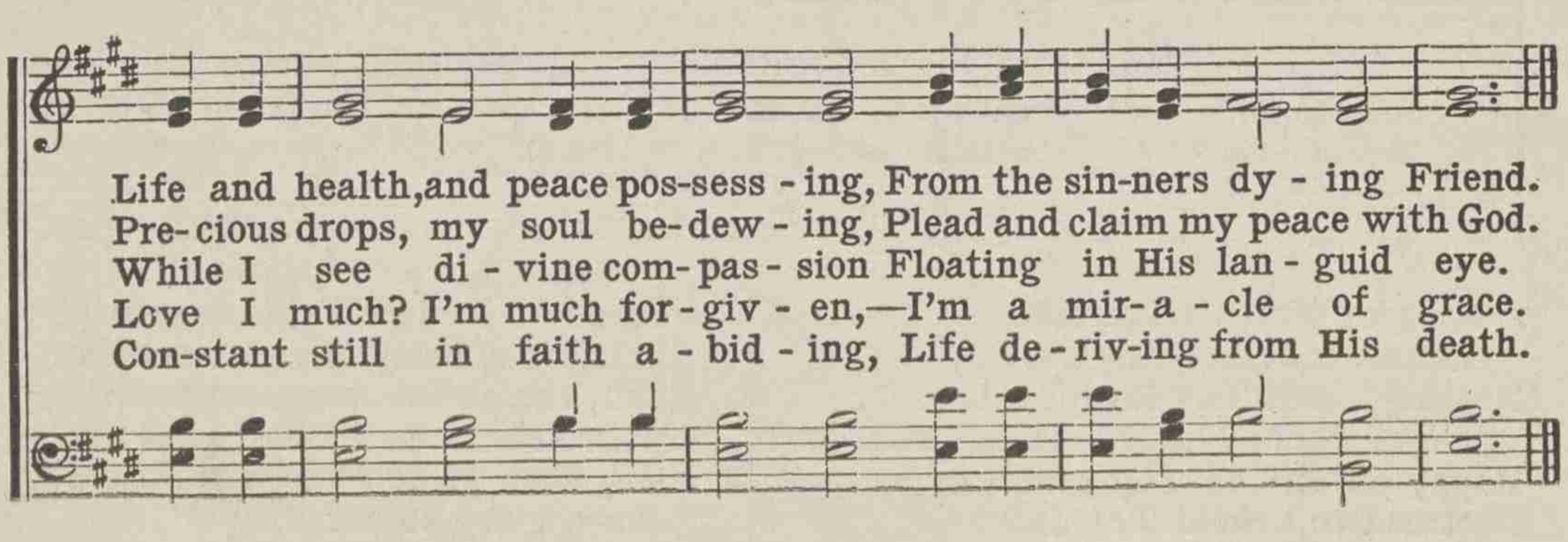




337 Sweet the Moments.

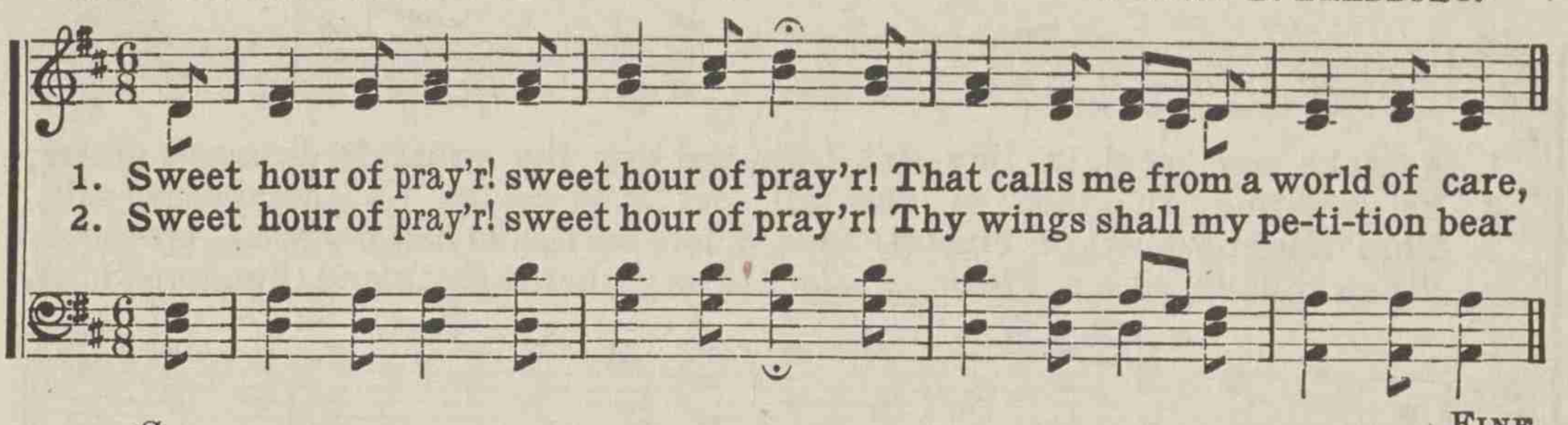
(DORRNANCE. 8s & 7s.)





338 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

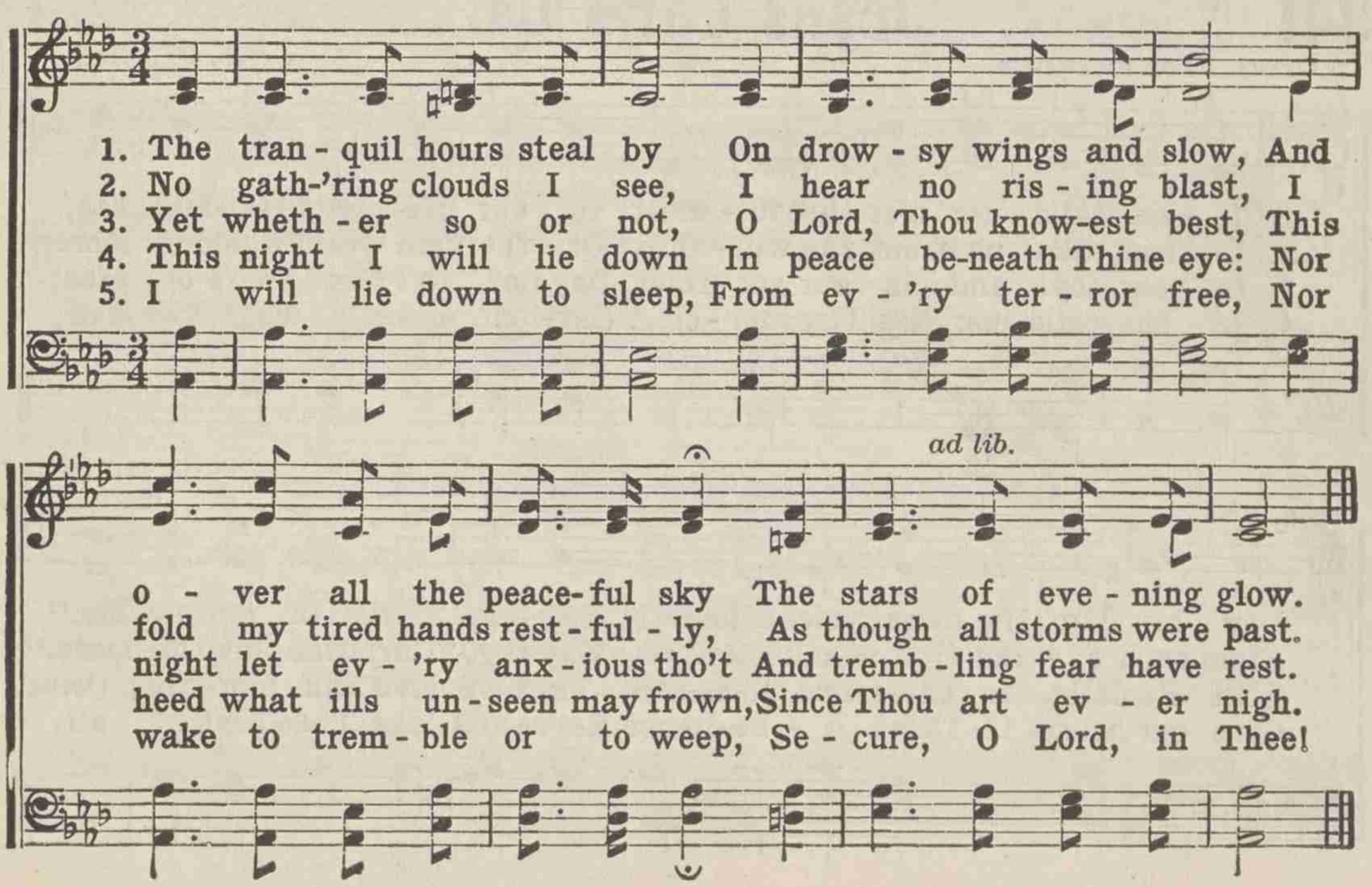
Rev. WILLIAM W. WALFORD. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



339 The Tranquil Hours.

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Mrs. J. C. YULE. JNO. R. SWENEY.



340 Awake, My Soul.

MEDLEY. (LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.)

1. A- wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays,And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not - withstanding all;
3. Thro' might-y hosts of cru - el foes,Where earth and hell my way op - pose,
4. When trouble, like a gloom - y cloud, Has gathered thick,and thundered loud,

He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing-kind- ness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost es - tate,His lov - ing-kind- ness, oh, how great!
He safe - ly leads my soul a - long,His lov - ing-kind- ness, oh, how strong!
He near my soul has al- ways stood, His lov - ing-kind- ness, oh, how good!

Lov - ing-kindness, lov - ing-kindness, His lov - ing- kind-ness, oh, how free.
Lov - ing-kindness, lov - ing-kindness, His lov - ing- kind-ness, oh, how great!
Lov - ing-kindness, lov - ing-kindness, His lov - ing- kind-ness, oh, how strong
Lov - ing-kindness, lov - ing-kindness, His lov - ing- kind-ness, oh, how good!

341 Jesus Calls Us.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER. W. F. JUDE.

1. Je - sus calls us: o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest-less sea,
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden store;
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease;
4. Je - sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Sav-iour, make us hear Thy call,

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say-ing, "Christian, fol-low Me."
From each i - dol that would keep us, Say-ing, "Christian, love Me more."
Still He calls, in cares and pleas-ures, That we love Him more than these.
Give our hearts to Thine o - be-dience,Serve and love Thee best of all.

342 Pass Me Not.

Copyright property of W. H. Doane. Used by per.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

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

CHORUS.

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

} Sav-iour, Sav-iour,

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

343 Amazing Grace.

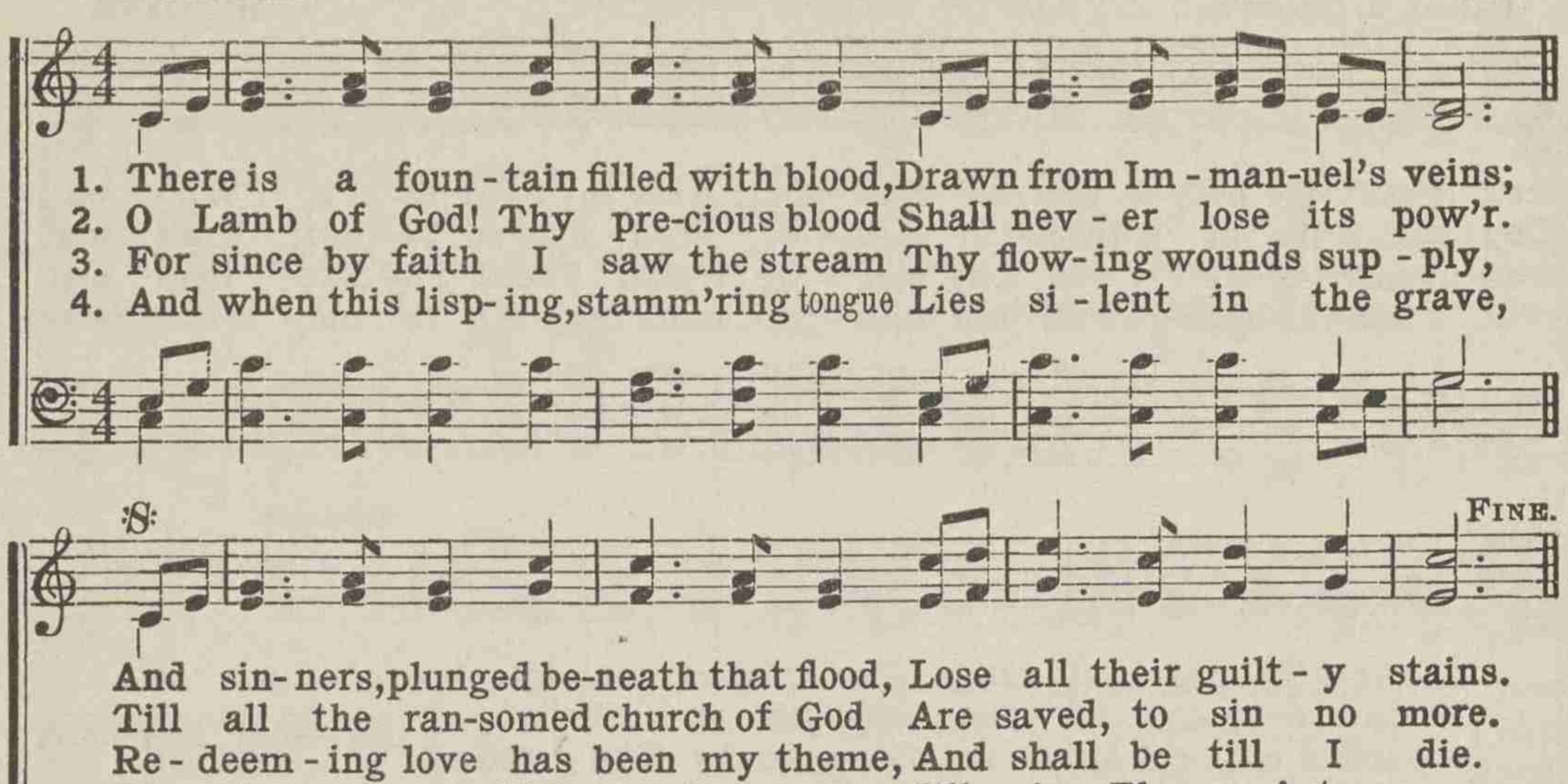
(WARWICK. C. M.)

1. A-maz-ing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved;
3. Thro' ma-ny dan-gers, toils, and snares, I have al-read-y come;
4. Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail, And mor-tal life shall cease,

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

344 There is a Fountain.

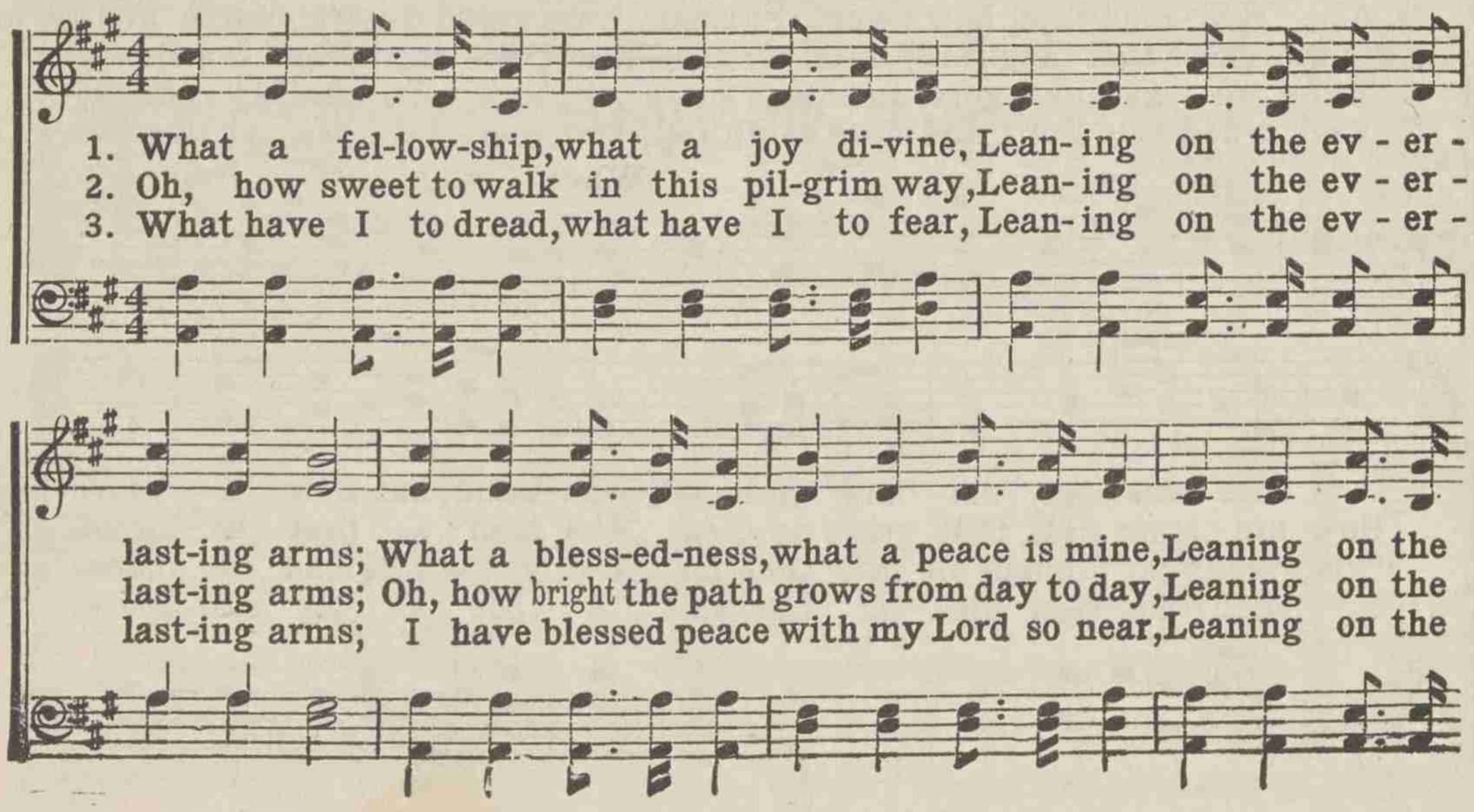
Wm. Cowper. American Melody.



345 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Used by permission.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter.



Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

CHORUS.

ev - er-last-ing arms. Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and secure from
Lean-ing on Je- sus, lean-ing on Je - sus,

all alarms; Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Lean-ing on Je-sus, leaning on Je- sus,

346 Is My Name Written There?

M. A. K. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neith- er sil - ver nor gold; I would
2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy
3. Oh, that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its man-sions of light, With its

make sure of heav - en, I would en - ter the fold; In the book of Thy
blood, O my Sav-iour, Is suf - fi- cient for me; For Thy prom-ise is
glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e - vil thing

king-dom, With its pag - es so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav-iour,
writ - ten In bright let - ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
com - eth To de- spoil what is fair; Where the an - gels are watch-ing,

D.S.—In the book of Thy king-dom,

FINE. REFRAIN. *D.S.*

Is my name written there?
I will make them like snow."
Is my name written there?
} Is my name written there, On the page white and fair?

Is my name written there?

347 One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

PHOEBE CAREY. PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. One sweet-ly sol-emn tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er, I'm near-er home to -
2. Near-er my Father's house, Where many mansions be; Near-er the great white
3. Near-er the bound of life, Where burdens are laid down; Nearer to leave the
4. Be near me when my feet Are slip-ping o'er the brink; For I am near-er

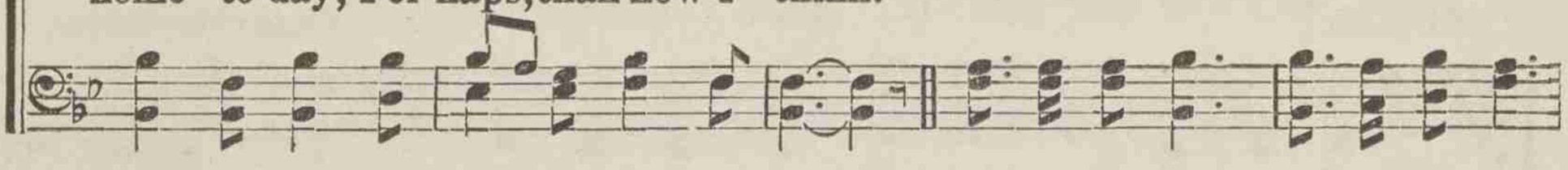


CHORUS.



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

} Nearer my home, Nearer my home,



Near - er my home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore.



348 Depth of Mercy!

CHARLES WESLEY. (PLEYEL. 7s.) IGNACE PLEYEL.



1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re-served for me?
2. I have long withstood His grace; Long provoked Him to His face;
3. Now in-cline me to re - pent; Let me now my sins la - ment;
4. Kin - dled His re-lent - ings are; Me He now de - lights to spare;
5. There for me the Sav-iour stands, Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;





Can my God His wrath for - bear,—Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?
Would not heark - en to His calls; Grieved Him by a thou - sand falls.
Now my foul re - volt de - plore, Weep, be-lieve, and sin no more.
Cries, 'how can I give thee up?' Lets the lift - ed thun - der drop.
God is love! I know, I feel; Je - sus weeps, and loves me still.



349 Come, My Soul.

JOHN NEWTON. (HENDON. 7s.)

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare, Je - sus loves to
2. Lord, I come to Thee for rest; Take pos - ses - sion
3. While I am a pil - grim here, Let Thy love my
4. Show me what I have to do; Ev - 'ry hour my

an - swer pray'r; He Him - self in - vites thee near, Bids thee
of my breast; There Thy blood-bought right main - tain, And with -
spir - it cheer; As my guide, my guard, my friend, Leads me
strength re - new; Let me live a life of faith, Let me

ask Him, waits to hear, Bids thee ask Him, waits to hear.
out a ri - val reign, And with - out a ri - val reign.
to my jour - ney's end, Leads me to my jour - ney's end.
die Thy peo - ple's death, Let me die Thy peo - ple's death.

350 Jesus Shall Reign.

I. WATTS. (DUKE STREET. L. M.) J. HATTON.

1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Doth his suc-ces - sive journeys run;
2. To Him shall end - less pray'r be made, And praises throng to crown His head;
3. Peo- ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue, Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
4. Blessings a- bound where'er He reigns; The pris'ner leaps to burst his chains,
5. Let ev-'ry crea - ture rise and bring Pe - cu-liar hon-ours to our King;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
His Name like sweet per-fume shall rise With ev-'ry morn-ing sac - ri - fice.
And in- fant voic- es shall pro-claim Their ear-ly bless-ings on His Name.
The wea-ry find e - ter-nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
An - gels de - scend with songs a - gain, And earth re- peat the loud A - men.

351 The Son of God Goes Forth.

REGINALD HEBER. Dr. H. S. OUTLEY

1. The Son of God goes forth to war A king-ly crown to gain:
2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,
3. A no-ble ar-my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid,

His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far, Who fol-low in His train?
Who saw His Mas-ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
A-round the Saviour's throne re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed;

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umph-ant o-ver pain;
Like Him, with par-don on his tongue, In midst of mor-tal pain,
They climb'd the steep as-cent of heav'n Thro' per-il, toil and pain:

Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train.
He pray'd for them that did the wrong: Who fol--lows in His train?
O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train!

352 Now the Day is Over.

Rev. S. BARING-GOULD. J. BARNBY.

1. Now the day is o-ver, Night is draw-ing nigh, Shad-ows of the
2. Je-sus, give the wea-ry Calm and sweet re-pose; With Thy tend'rest

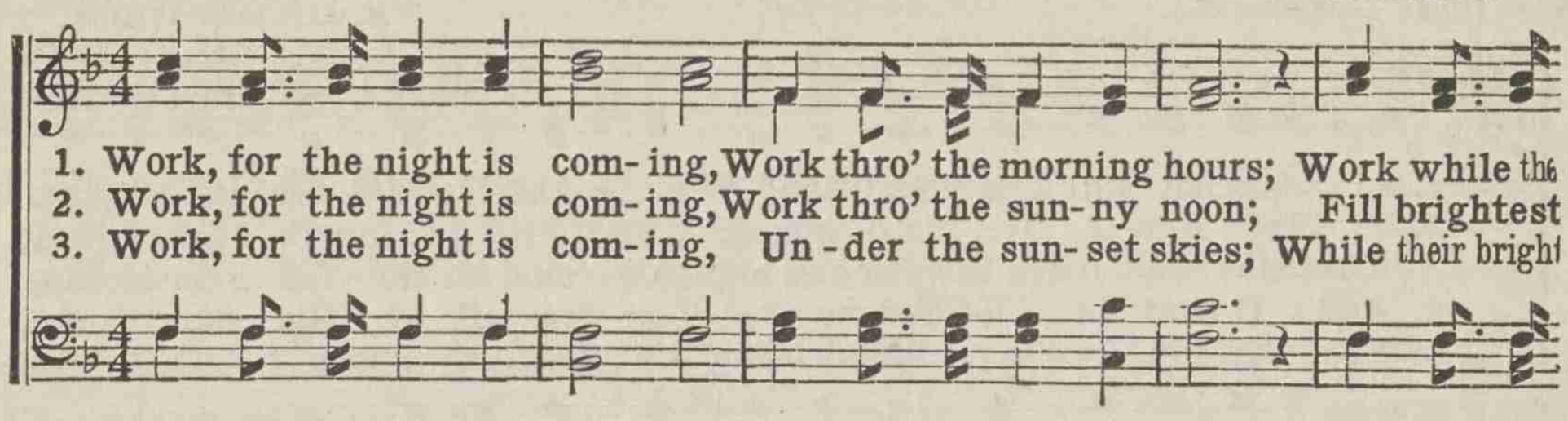
eve-ning Steal a-cross the sky.
bless-ing May our eye-lids close.

3 Through the long night-watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

4 When the morning wakens
Then may I arise,
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

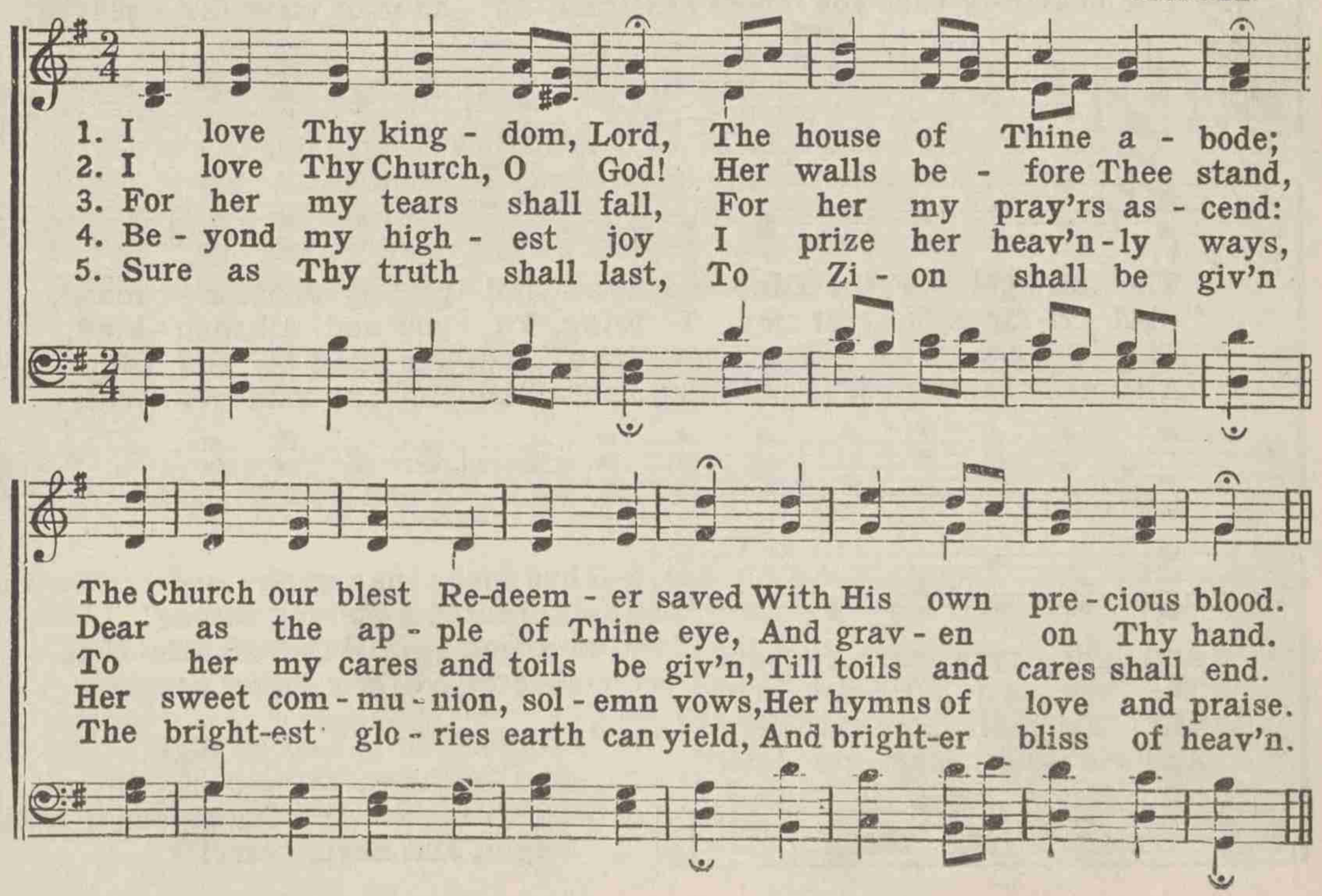
353 Work, for the Night is Coming.

ANNIE L. WALKER. L. MASON.



354 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

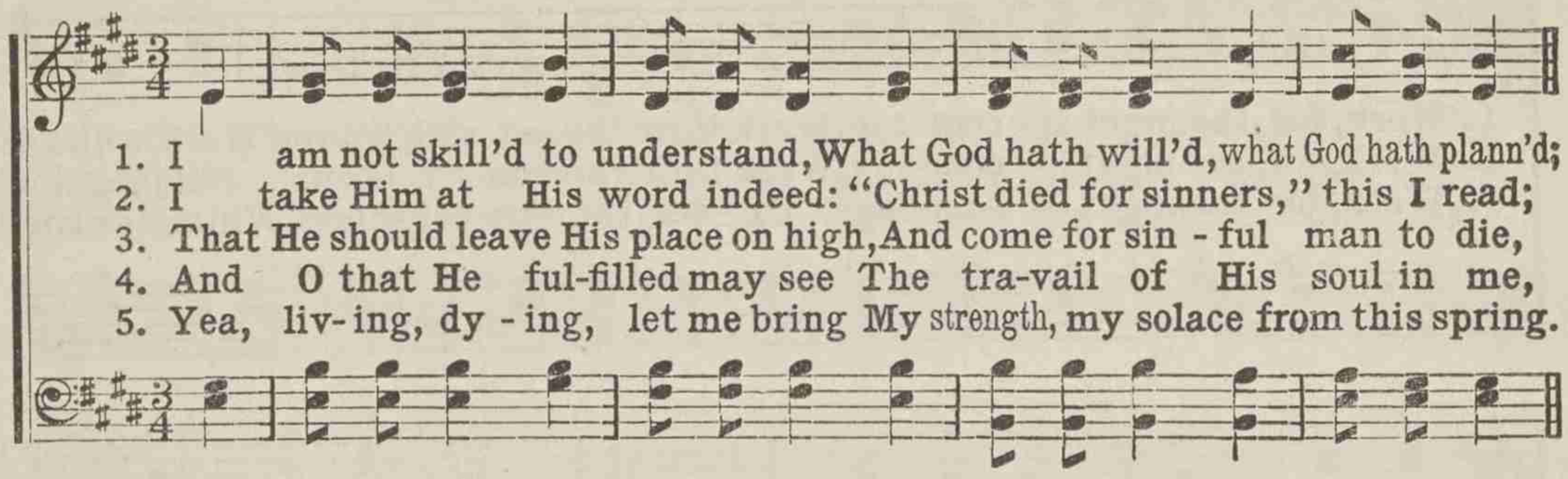
TIMOTHY DWIGHT. HANDEL.



355 My Saviour.

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DORA GREENWELL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.





356 While Shepherds Watched.

N. TATE. (CHRISTMAS. C. M.) G. F. HANDEL.

5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song.—

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

357 Jesus, My All.

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F. J. CROSBY. Anon.

1. Lord, at Thy mer - cy-seat Hum-bly I fall; Plead-ing Thy
2. Tears of re-pent-ant grief Si - lent - ly fall; Help Thou my
3. Still at Thy mer - cy-seat Sav - iour, I fall; Trust-ing Thy

prom - ise sweet, Lord, hear my call; Now let Thy work be - gin,
un - be-lief, Hear Thou my call; Oh, how I pine for Thee!
prom - ise sweet, Heard is my call; Faith wings my soul to Thee;

Oh, make me pure within, Cleanse me from ev-'ry sin, Je - sus, my all.
'Tis all my hope and plea: Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.
This all my song shall be, Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.

358 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

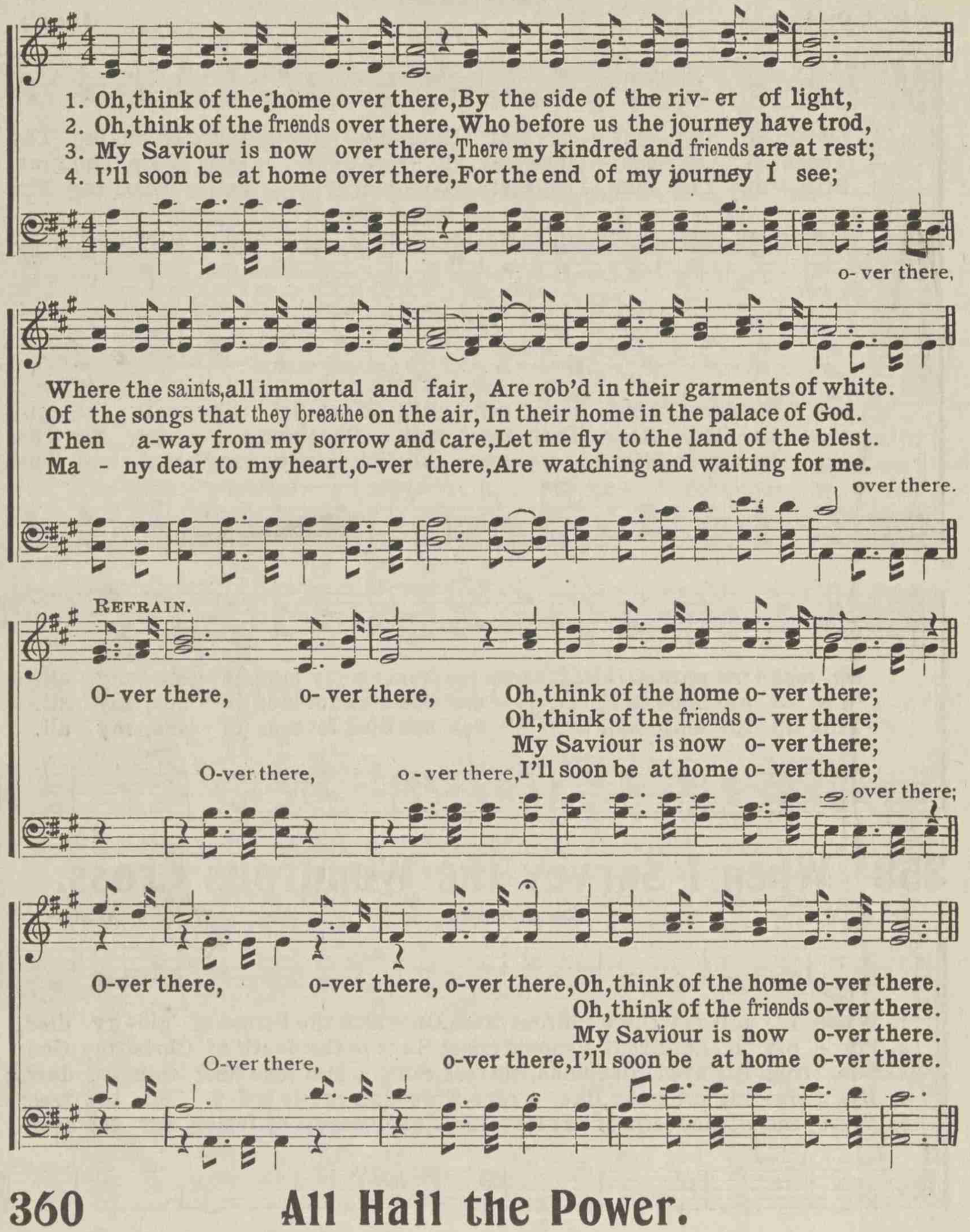
ISAAC WATTS. (ROCKINGHAM. L. M.) WEBBE.

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
4. His dy - ing crim-son, like a robe, Spreads o'er His bod-y on the tree;
5. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were an of-fering far too small;

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

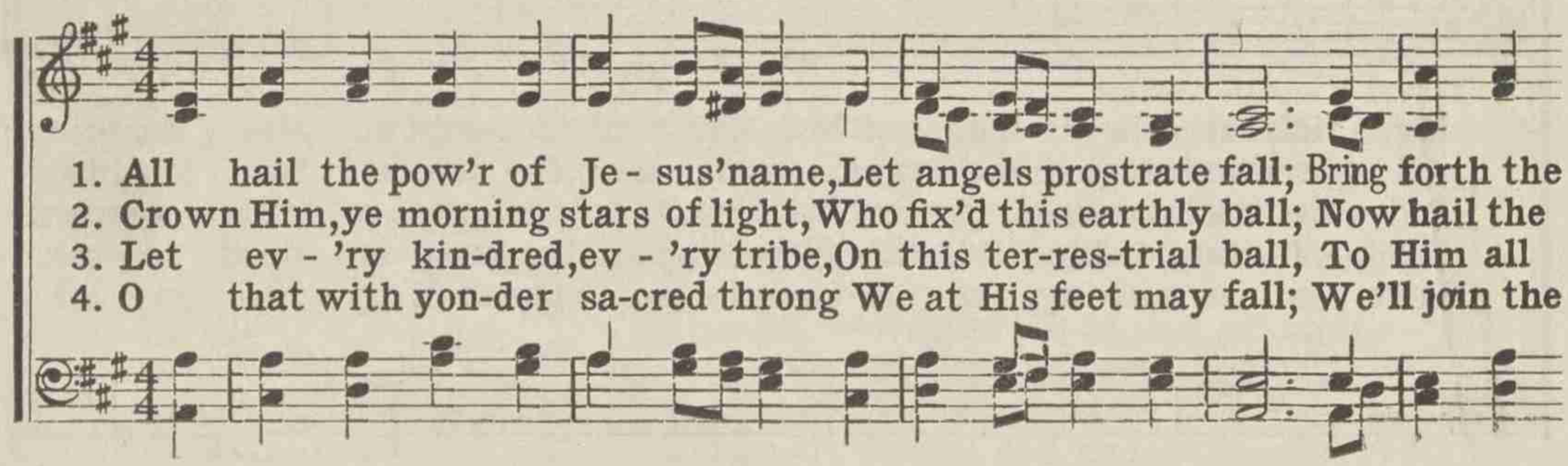
359 The Home Over There.

TULLIUS C. O'KANE.



360 All Hail the Power.

EDWARD PERRONET. WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.

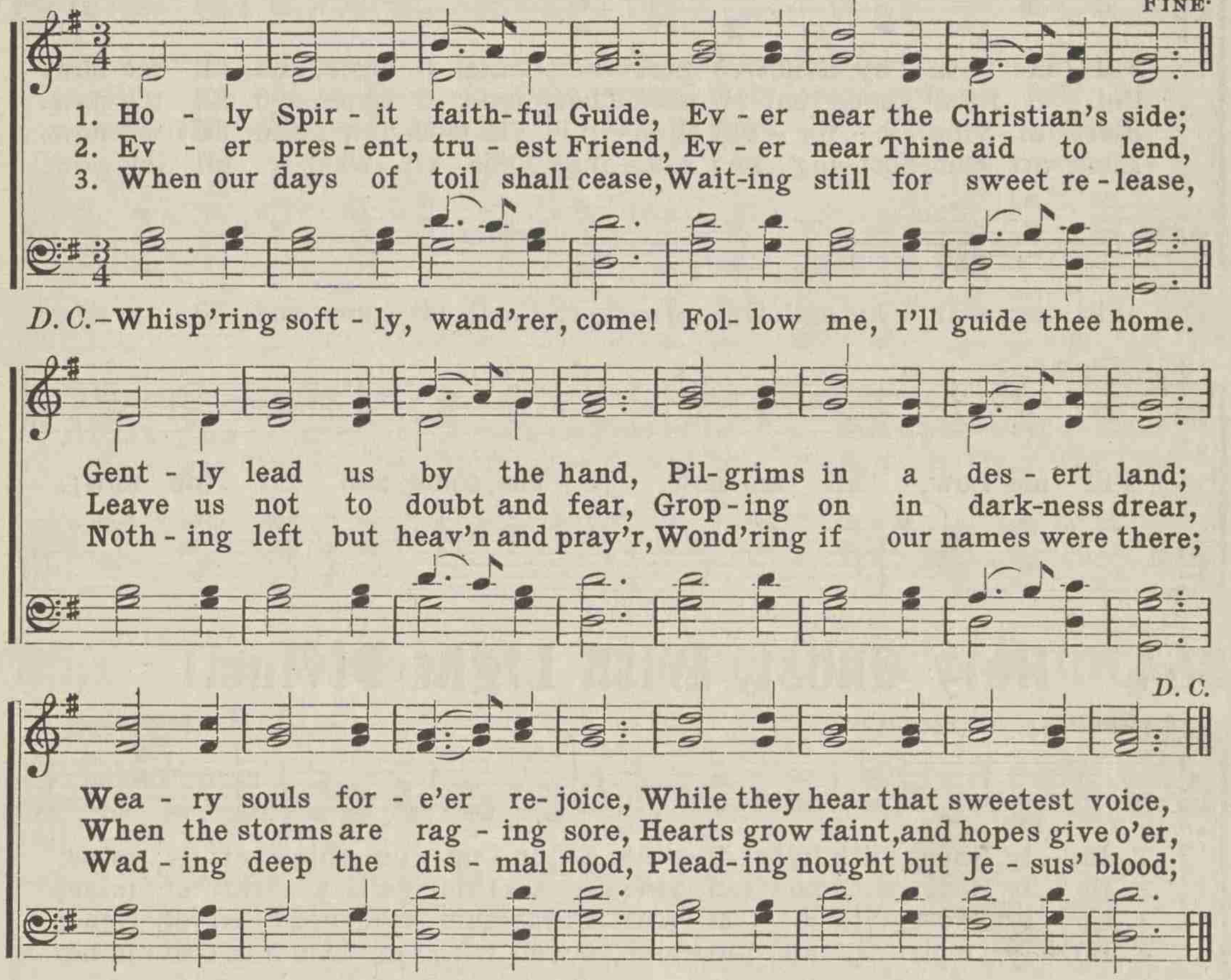


All Hail the Power.—Concluded.



361 Faithful Guide.

M. M. WELLS.



362 Take My Life, and let it Be.

(Tune above.)

1 Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

2 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee;
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

3 Take my will, and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne;
Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

—*F. R. Havergal.*

363 Fill Me Now.

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E. H. STOKES. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gra- cious Spir - it, Though I can - not tell Thee how;
3. I am weak-ness, full of weak- ness, At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and com- fort, bless and save me, Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow,

Fill me with Thy hallowed pres- ence, Come, O come, and fill me now.
But I need Thee, great- ly need Thee, Come, O come, and fill me now.
Blest, di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
Thou art com- fort- ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet-ly fill - ing now.

D.S.–Fill me with Thy hallowed pres- ence, Come, O come, and fill me now.

CHORUS.

Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come, and fill me now;

364 Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

A. REED. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt- y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my darkness in - to day.
Long hath sin with- out con- trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wounded, bleed-ing heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol-throne, Reign supreme—and reign a - lone.

365 More Holiness Give Me.

The John Church Co., owners. Used by per.

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

1. More ho - li-ness give me, More striv-ing with - in; More pa-tience in suf - f'ring, More sor - row for sin; More faith in my Sav - iour,
2. More grat - i-tude give me, More trust in the Lord; More pride in His glo - ry, More hope in His word; More tears for His sor - rows,
3. More pu - ri - ty give me, More strength to o'er-come; More free-dom from earth-stains, More long- ings for home; More fit for the king - dom,

More sense of His care; More joy in His ser - vice, More pur-pose in pray'r.
More pain at His grief; More meekness in tri - al, More praise for re - lief.
More used would I be; More bless-ed and ho - ly, More, Saviour, like Thee.

366 'Tis Midnight; and on Olive's Brow.

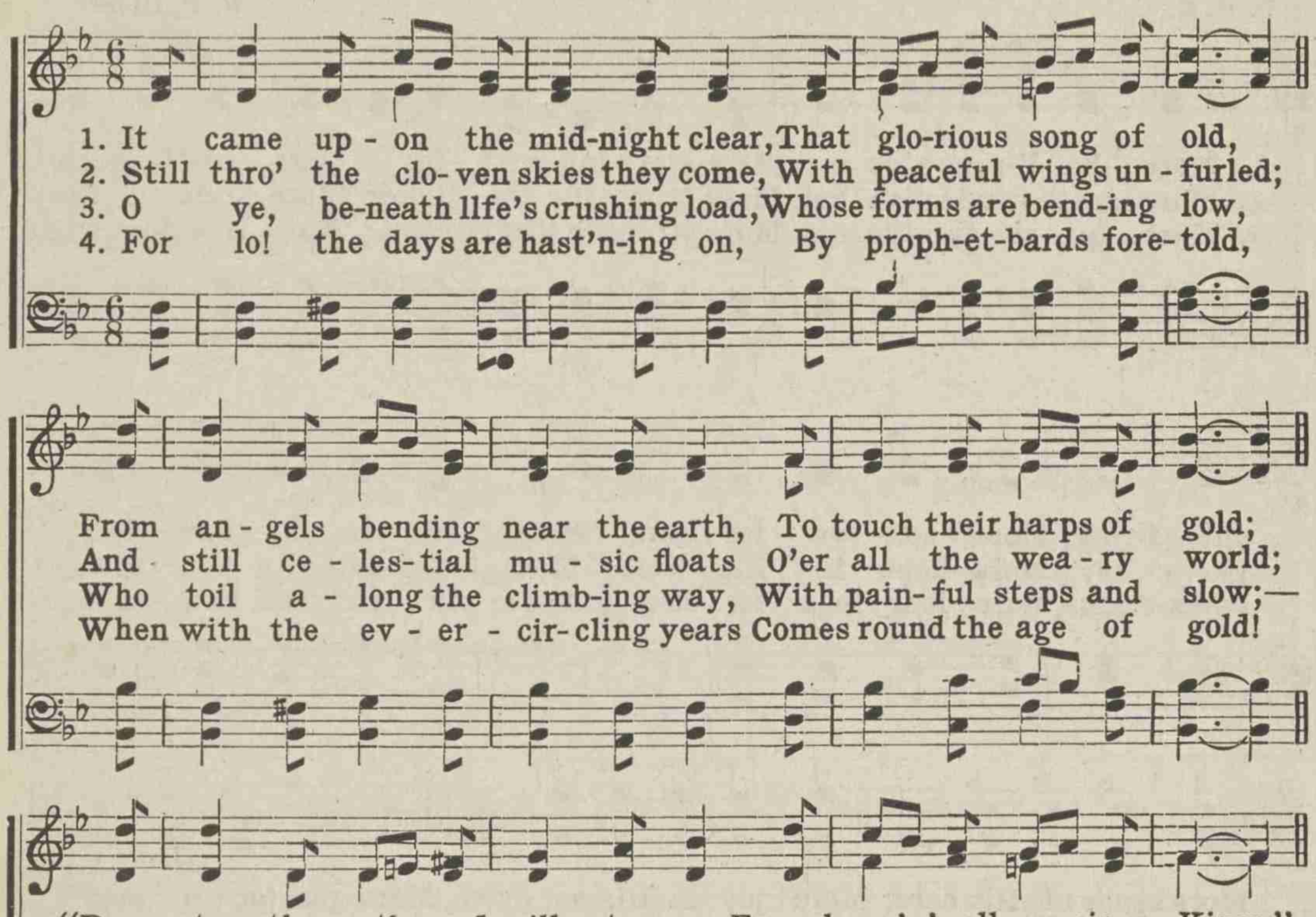
William B. Tappan. William B. Bradbury.

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol- ive's brow, The star is dimm'd that lately shone;
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all removed, The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis midnight; and for oth- ers' guilt The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood:
4. 'Tis midnight; and from eth-er-plains Is borne the song that an- gels know;

Tis midnight; in the gar - den, now, The suff'ring Sav-iour prays a - lone.
Ev'n that dis- ci - ple whom He lov'd Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.
Yet He that hath in an-guish knelt, Is not for- sak- en by His God.
Un-heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

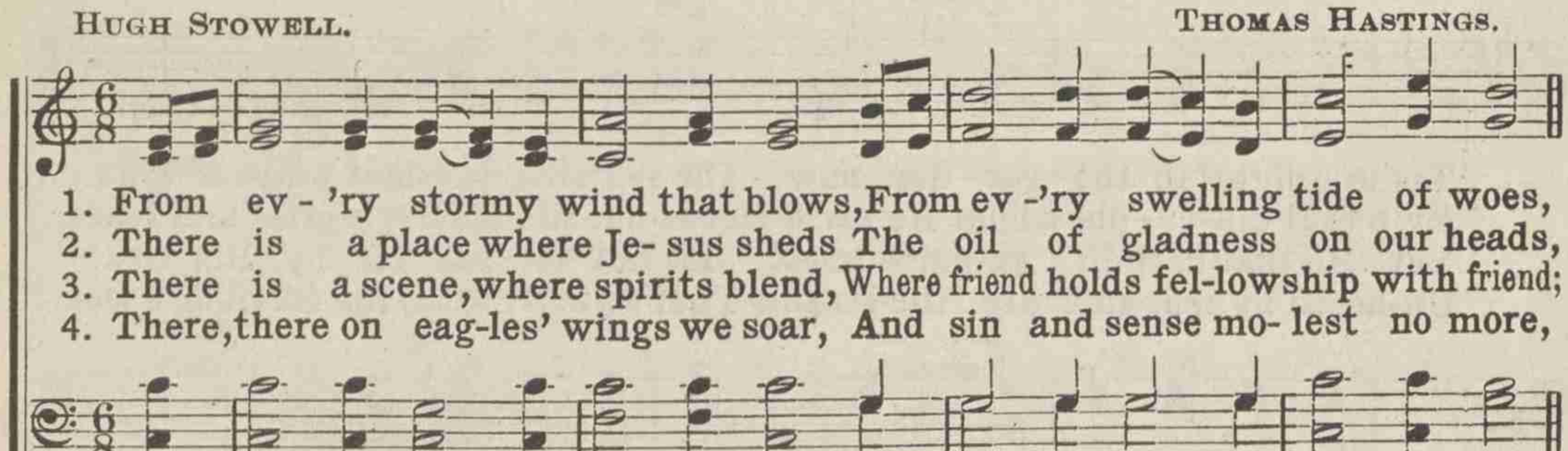
367 It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

EDMUND H. SEARS. RICHARD S. WILLIS.



368 From Every Stormy Wind.

HUGH STOWELL. THOMAS HASTINGS.



From Every Stormy Wind.—Concluded.

There is a calm, a sure retreat—'Tis found be-neath the mer- cy - seat.
A place, than all besides, more sweet—It is the blood-bought mer- cy - seat.
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet A - round one common mer- cy - seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo- ry crowns the mer- cy - seat.

369 I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

CHARLES WESLEY. GEORGE F. HANDEL.

1. I know that my Re - deem-er lives, And ev - er prays for me:
2. I find Him lift - ing up my head; He brings sal - va - tion near:
3. He wills that I should ho - ly be: What can with-stand His will?
4. Je - sus, I hang up - on Thy word: I stead- fast- ly be - lieve

A to - ken of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.
His pres - ence makes me free in- deed, And He will soon ap- pear.
The coun - sel of His grace in me He sure - ly shall ful - fill.
Thou wilt re - turn, and claim me, Lord, And to Thy-self re - ceive.

370 There is a Fold.

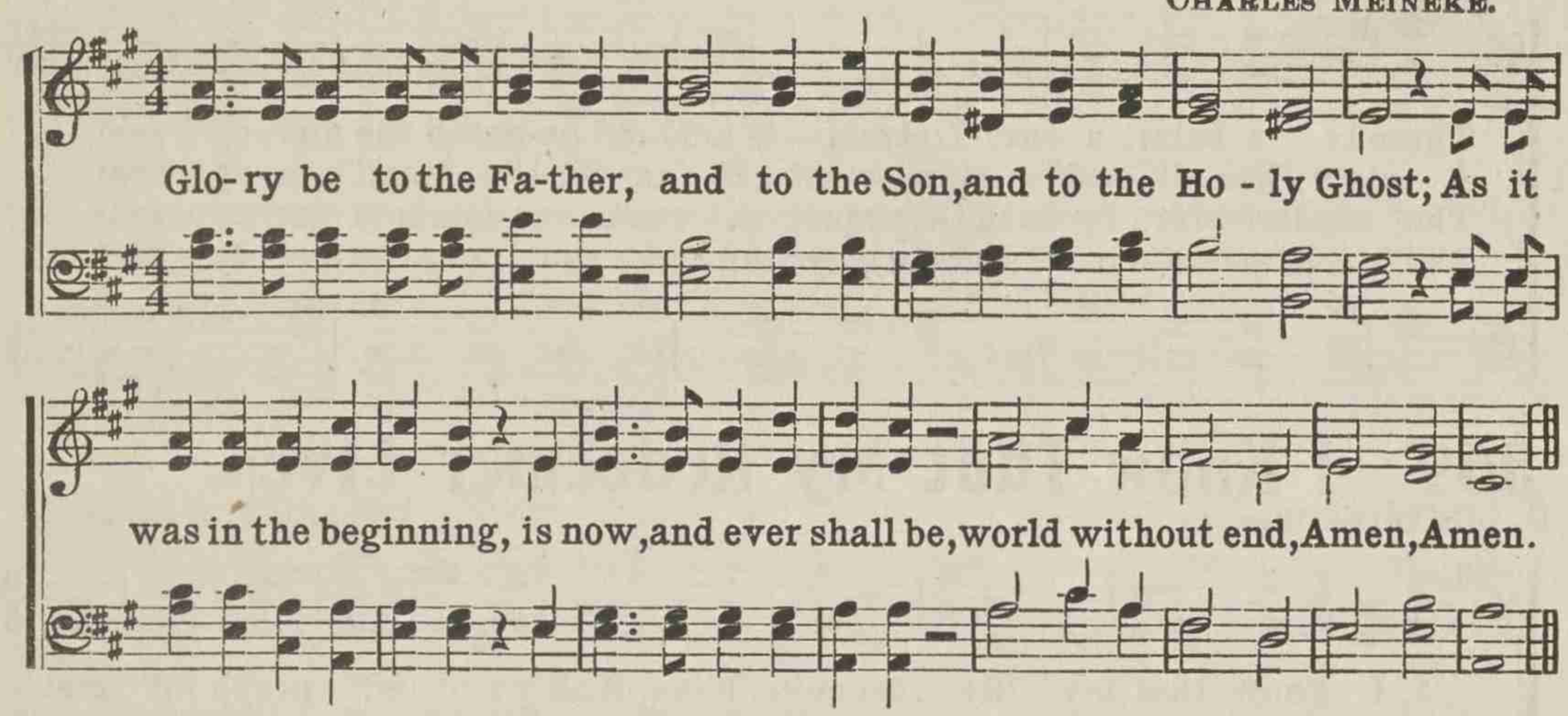
JOHN EAST. HOWARD W. GREATOREX.

1. There is a fold whence none can stray And pas - tures ev - er green,
2. Far up the ev - er - last - ing hills In God's own light it lies;
3. One nar- row vale, one darksome wave, Di - vides that land from this:
4. Far from this guilt - y world to be Ex - empt from toil and strife—

Where sul - try sun, or storm-y day, Or night is nev - er seen.
His smile its vast di - mension fills With joy that nev - er dies.
I have a Shep - herd pledg'd to save And bear me home to bliss.
To spend e - ter - ni - ty with Thee—My Sav- iour, this is life!

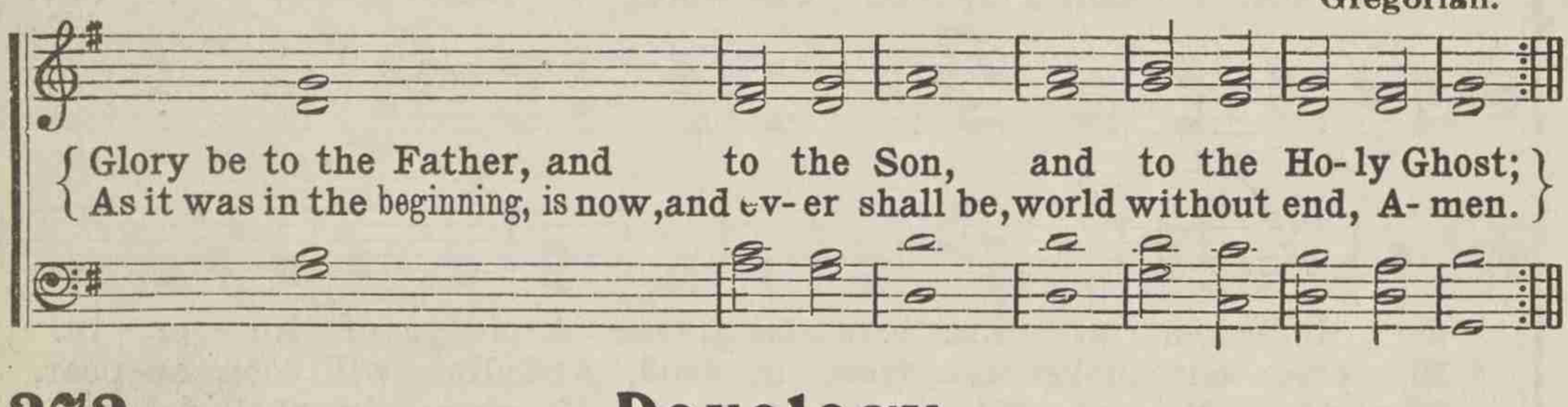
371 Gloria Patri, No. 1.

CHARLES MEINEKE.



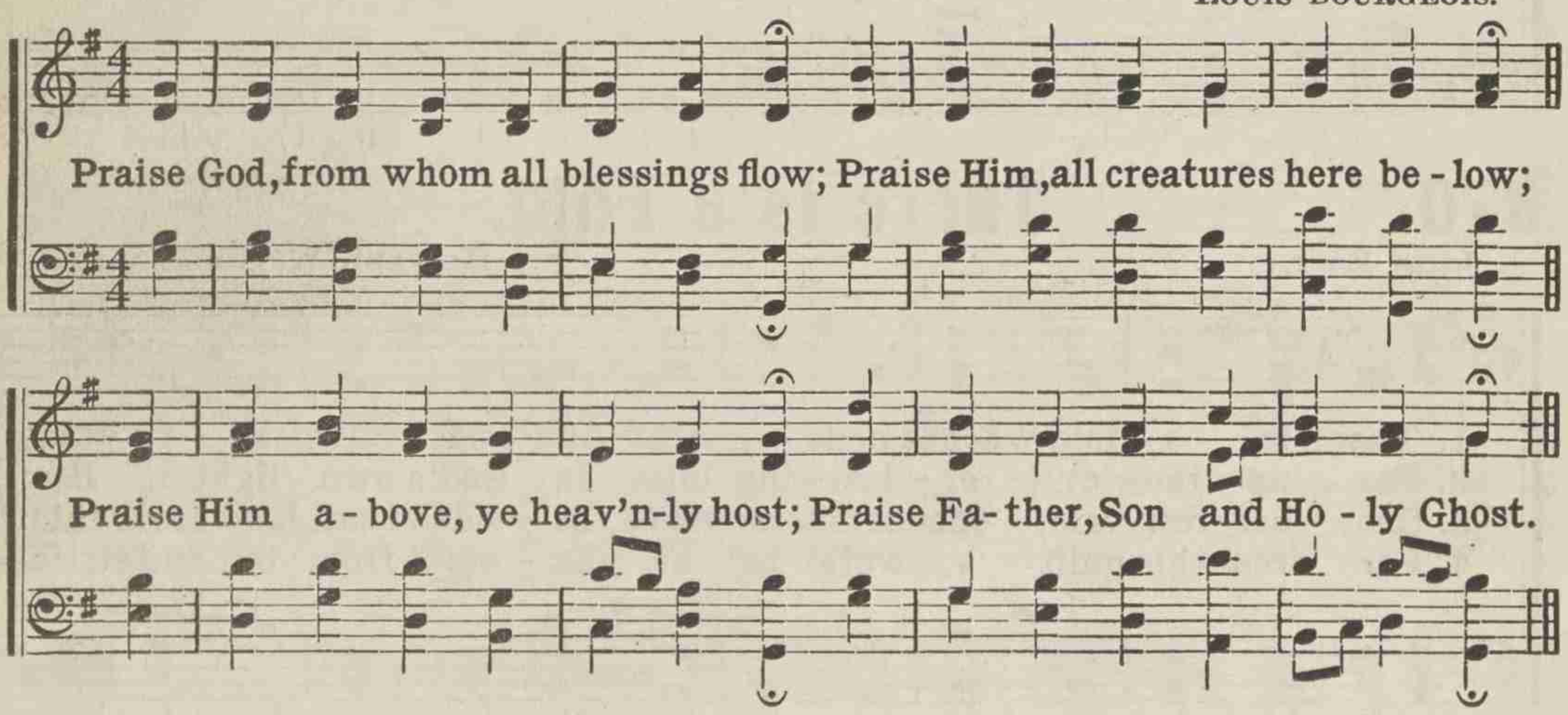
372 Gloria Patri, No. 2.

Gregorian.



373 Doxology.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.



374 All People That on Earth Do Dwell.

PSALM 100.

1 All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth; His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with joy;
Within His courts His praise proclaim;
Let thankful songs your tongues employ;
O bless and magnify His name.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

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The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love:

Therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee.

Thy Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; He will save, He will rejoice over thee with joy;

He will rest in His love, He will joy over thee with singing.

O righteous Father, the world hath not known Thee:

But I have known Thee, and these have known that Thou has sent me.

And I have declared unto them Thy name, and will declare it:

That the love wherewith Thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them.

Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God;

And every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.

He that loveth not knoweth not God;

For God is love.

In this was manifested the love of God toward us,

Because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him.

Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us,

And sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.

Beloved, if God so loved us,

We ought also to love one another.

No man hath seen God at any time.

If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and His love is perfected in us.

For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son,

That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

For when we were yet without strength,

In due time Christ died for the ungodly.

For scarcely for a righteous man will one die:

Yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die.

But God commendeth His love towards us,

In that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

Salvation by Faith

As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness,
Even so must the Son of Man be lifted up:

That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish,
But have eternal life.

For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son,
That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

He that believeth on Him is not condemned:
But he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation;
But is passed from death unto life.

For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ:
For it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith:
As it is written, The just shall live by faith.

For what saith the Scripture?
Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness.

By grace are ye saved through faith;
And that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God.

Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins:
And by Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses.

Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory:

Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.

What must I do to be saved?
Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.

Obedience

If ye love Me, keep My commandments.

If ye keep My commandments, ye shall abide in My love;

Even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in His love.

He that hath My commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me:

And he that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him.

If a man love Me, he will keep My words:

And My Father will love him, and we will come unto Him, and make our abode with Him.

Ye are My friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.

And hereby we do know that we know Him, if we keep His commandments.

By this we know that we love the children of God,

When we love God, and keep His commandments.

For this is the love of God that we keep His commandments:

And His commandments are not grievous.

And whatsoever we ask, we receive of Him,

Because we keep His commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in His sight.

If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.

Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only.

And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men.

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

He that keepeth the commandment keepeth his own soul;

But he that despiseth his ways shall die.

The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him,

And His righteousness unto children's children;

To such as keep His covenant, and to those that remember His commandments to do them.

Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life,

And may enter in through the gates into the city.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep His commandments:

For this is the whole duty of man.