And the angel said unto them, fear not: for, behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people
—Luke 2-10

How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things.
-Romans 10-15

GLAD TIDINGS

Garrett

The Quartet Music Co. Fort Worth, Texas.
Tupelo, Miss.

Olivet.

RAY PALMER. L. MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Sav-iour di vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt away, O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine.
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire.
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee aside.
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; O bear me safe above, A ransomed soul.

CORONATION. C. M.

E. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall,
2. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred, throng We at His feet may fall;

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

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

* Text stanza may be sung t[o] bove music.

REVIVAL TIDINGS

A SUPERB COLLECTION OF GOSPEL SONGS SUITABLE FOR THE

Sunday-School, Church and Revival

THE IDEAL BOOK FOR EVANGELISTIC SINGERS.

EDITORS:

JAMES W. GAINES,
N. D. JOHNSTON, J. W. DAVIS,
ALBERT C. FISHER.

THE QUARTET MUSIC COMPANY,
Publishers.
FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

PRICE, per Copy, 20 Cents; per Dozen, $2.15; per 50, $8.75; per 100, $17.00

Published in Round and Shape Notes.

PREFACE.

THIS BOOK KNOWS NO CREED BUT CHRIST'S, AND IS SENT FORTH ON ITS MISSION OF LOVE TO HONOR AND GLORIFY GOD.

The urgent demand for a small book suitable, for Sunday-School, Church and Revival work, has prompted us to compile "REVIVAL TIDINGS."

We have used a large number of the old Camp-meeting Songs of by-gone days, spiced with late popular songs for the Church and Sunday-School.

We send "Revival Tidings" on its mission, praying that through the hearing of the songs it contains many souls will be constrained to come to the cross of our Saviour and be saved.

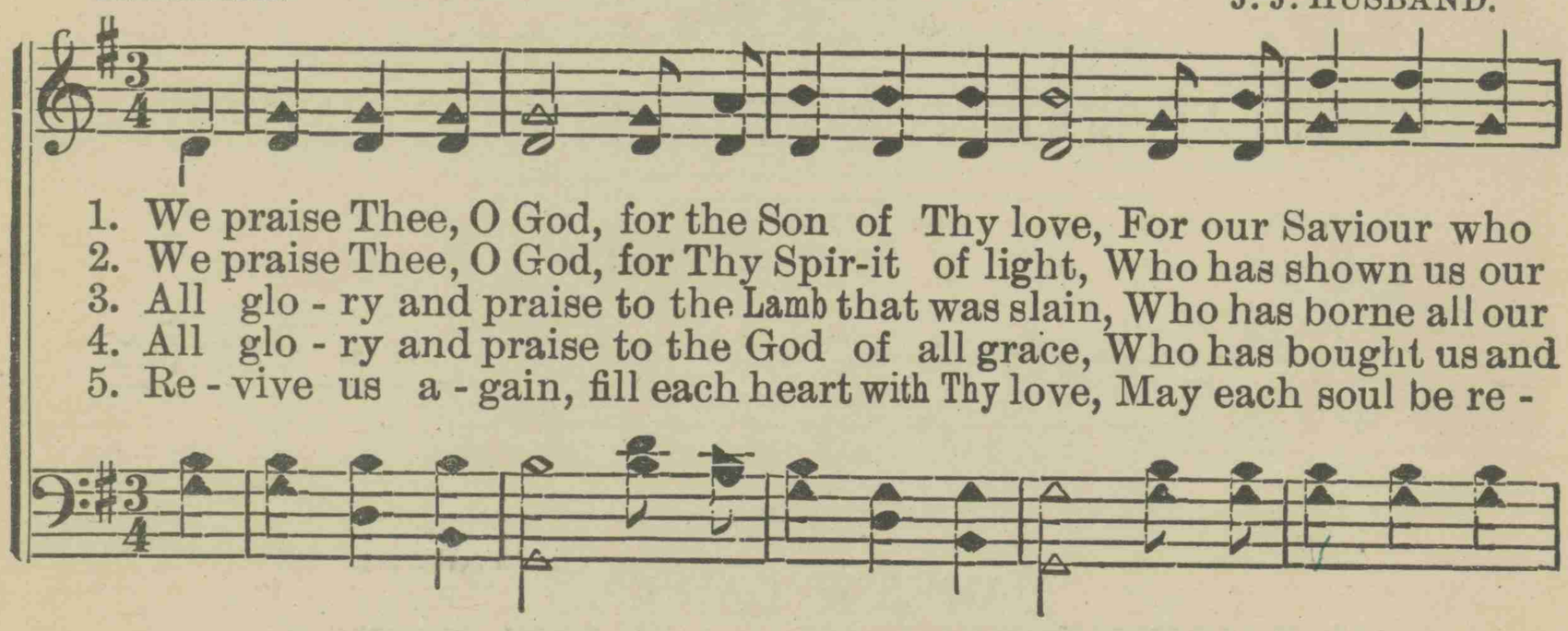
"Revival Tidings" to the world, We send forth with a prayer,
That souls be moved, Christ to obey, And His rich pardon share.

THE AUTHORS.

We Praise Thee, O God!

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

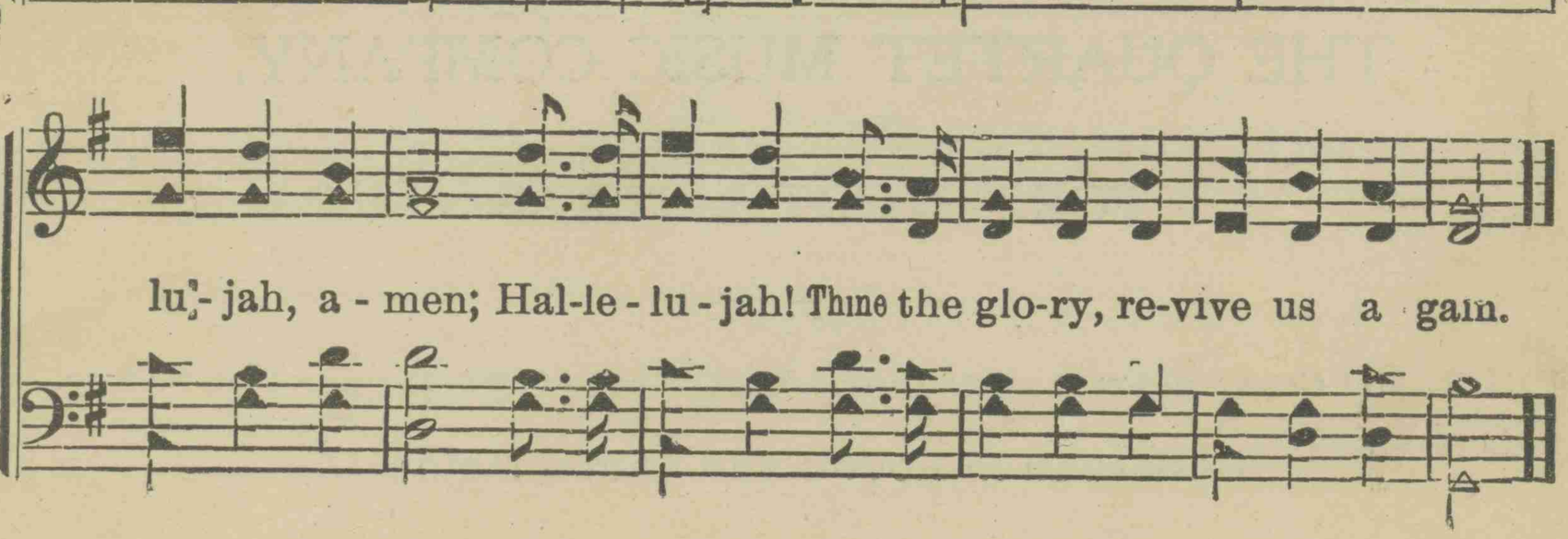
H. BONAR. J. J. HUSBAND.



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

REFRAIN.

died and is now gone a - bove!
Sav-iour, and scattered our night.
sins, and has cleansed ev'ry stain. Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glory, Hal-le-
sought us, and guid-ed our ways.
kin-dled with fire from a - bove.



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

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No. 1. Holy Manna. 8, 7.

Anon. Arr. by J. E. THOMAS.

1. Brethren, we have met to wor - ship, And a - dore the Lord our God;
2. Brethren, see poor sinners round you, Trembling on the brink of woe;
3. Sis - ters, will you join and help us? Mo - ses' sis-ters aid - ed him!
4. Is there here a trem-bling jail - er, Seek-ing grace and fill'd with fears?
5. Let us love our God su-preme-ly, Let us love each oth - er, too;

Will you pray with all your pow - er, While we try to preach the Word?
Death is com-ing, hell is mov - ing, Can you bear to let them go?
Will you help the trembling mourners, Who are struggling hard with sin?
Is there here a weep - ing Ma - ry, Pour - ing forth a flood of tears?
Let us love and pray for sin - ners, Till our God makes all things new.

All is vain un - less the Spir - it Of the Ho - ly One comes down;
See our fa-thers, see our moth-ers, And our chil-dren sink - ing down;
Tell them all a - bout the Sav-iour, Tell them that He will be found;
Brethren, join your cries to help them; Sis-ters, let your pray'rs a - bound;
Then He'll call us home to heav - en, At His ta - ble we'll sit down;

CHO.–*Lord, re-vive us, O re - vive us, All our help must come from Thee;*

D. S. Chorus.

Brethren, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
Brethren, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
Sis - ters, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
Pray, O pray that ho - ly man-na May be scat-tered all a-round.
Christ will gird Himself and serve us With sweet man-na all a-round.

Lord, re - vive us, now re - vive us, All our help must come from Thee.

MSL 783.7 R327hid 187597

No. 2. MY HEAVENLY HOME. L. M.

WM. HUNTER. My Father's home.—REV. 21: 4. WM. MILLER.

1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair, Nor pain, nor death can enter there; }
   { Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine, That heav'nly mansion shall be mine. }

CHORUS.

{ I'm going home, I'm going home, I'm going home, to die no more; }
{ I'm going home, I'm going home, I'm going home, to die no more. }

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

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

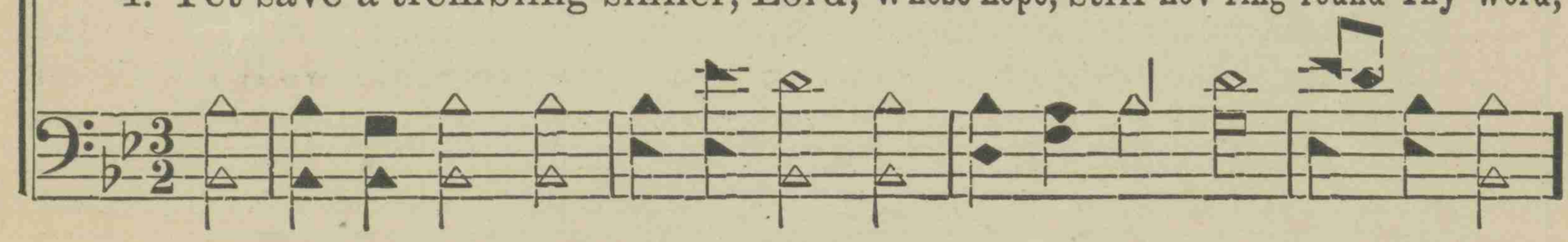
4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour or waves o'erflow;
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be—
This heav'nly mansion stands for me.

No. 3. Show Pity Lord.

ISAAC WATTS. Old Southern Melody.

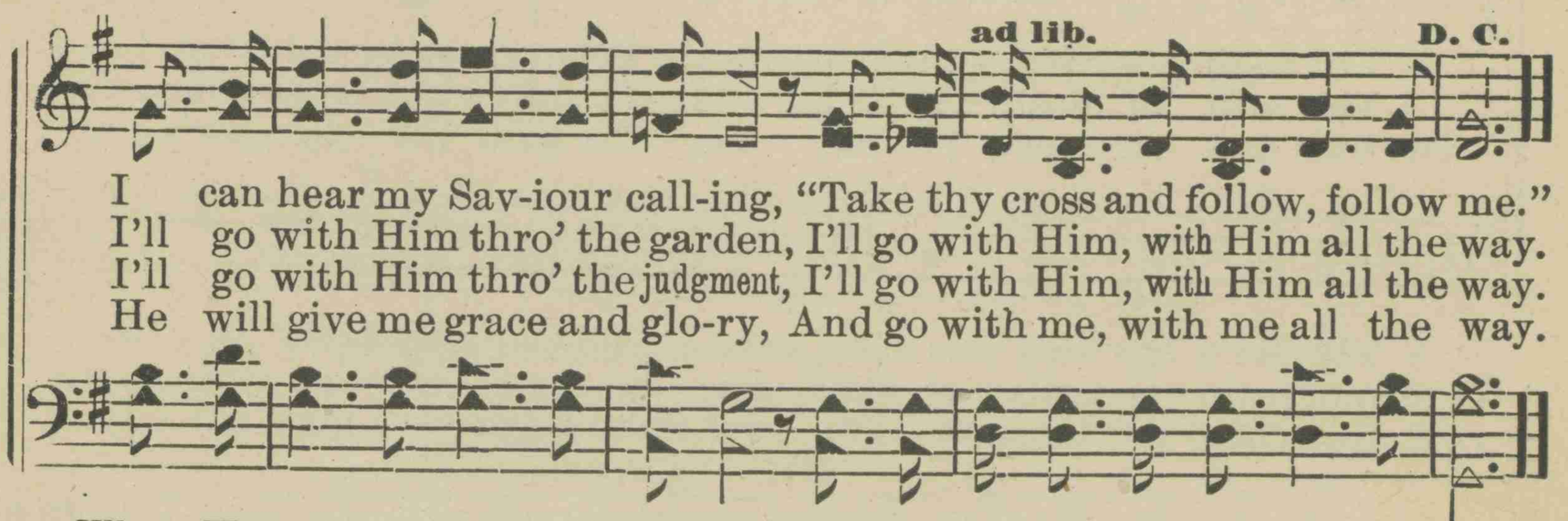
1. Show pi - ty, Lord, O Lord forgive, Let a re-pent-ing reb - el live.
2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass The pow'r and glory of Thy grace;
3. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce Thee just in death:
4. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy word,



Are not Thy mercies large and free? May not a sinner trust in Thee?
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound, So let Thy pard'ning love be found.
And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law approves it well.
Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support against de-spair.

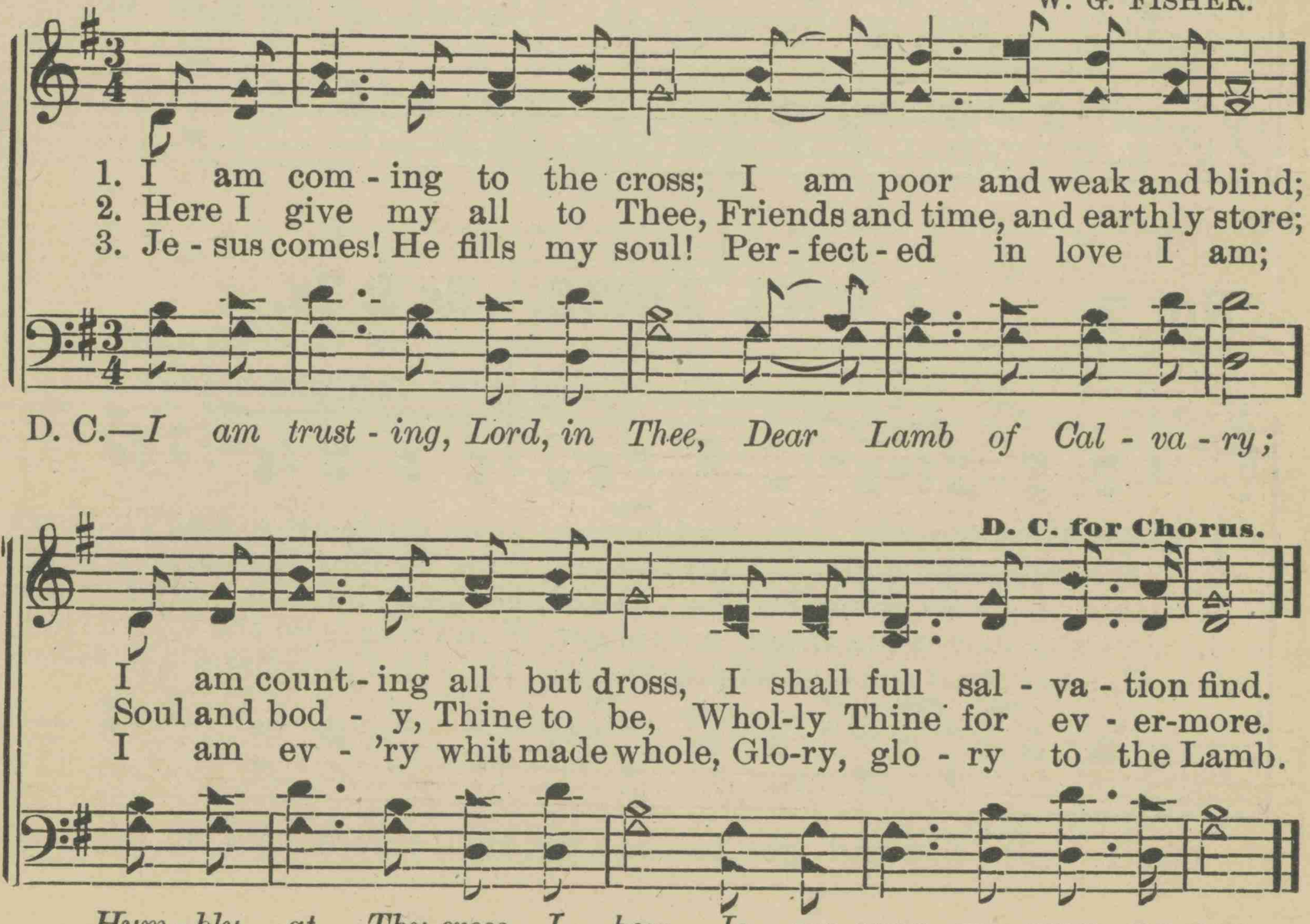
No. 4. Where He Leads Me I Will Follow.

Arr.



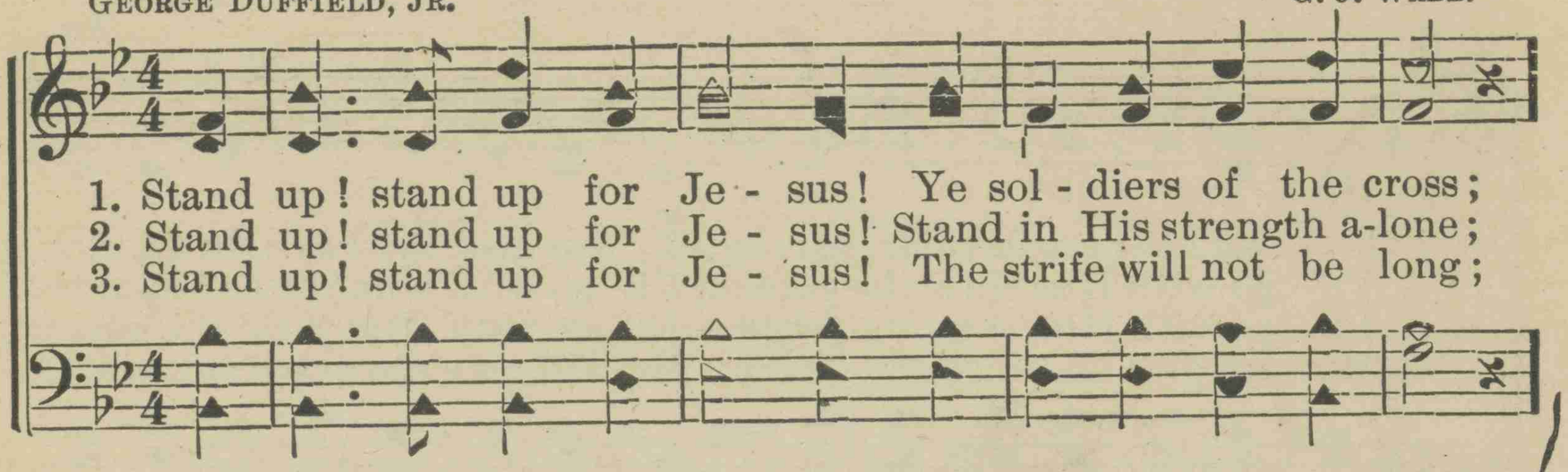
No. 5. I Am Coming.

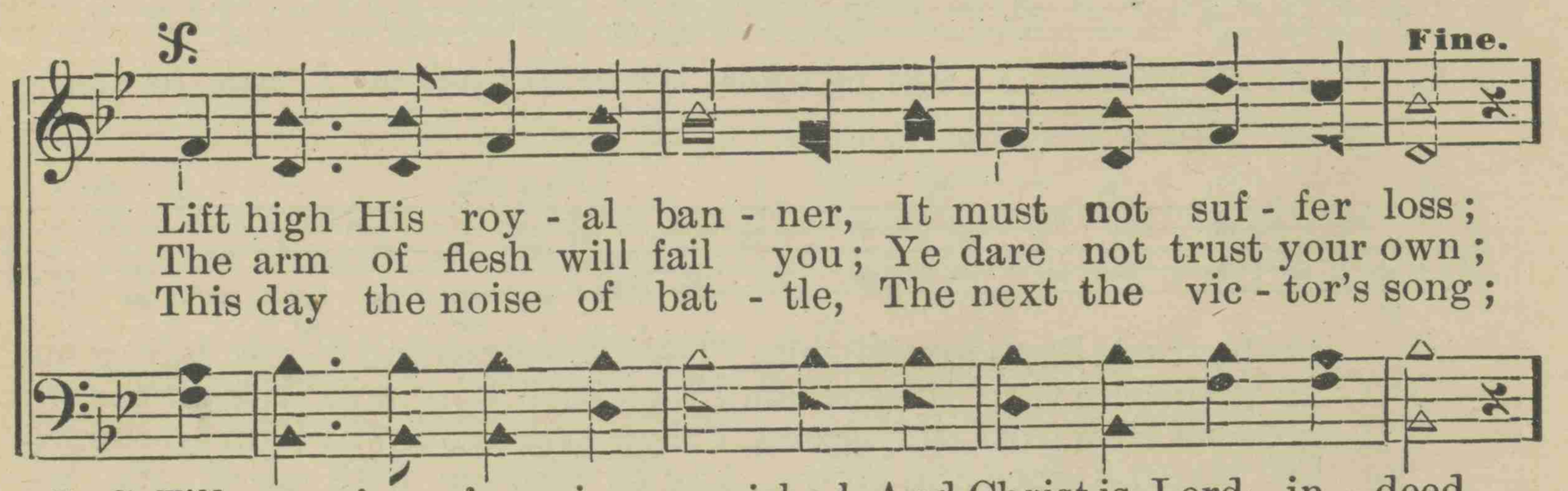
W. G. FISHER.

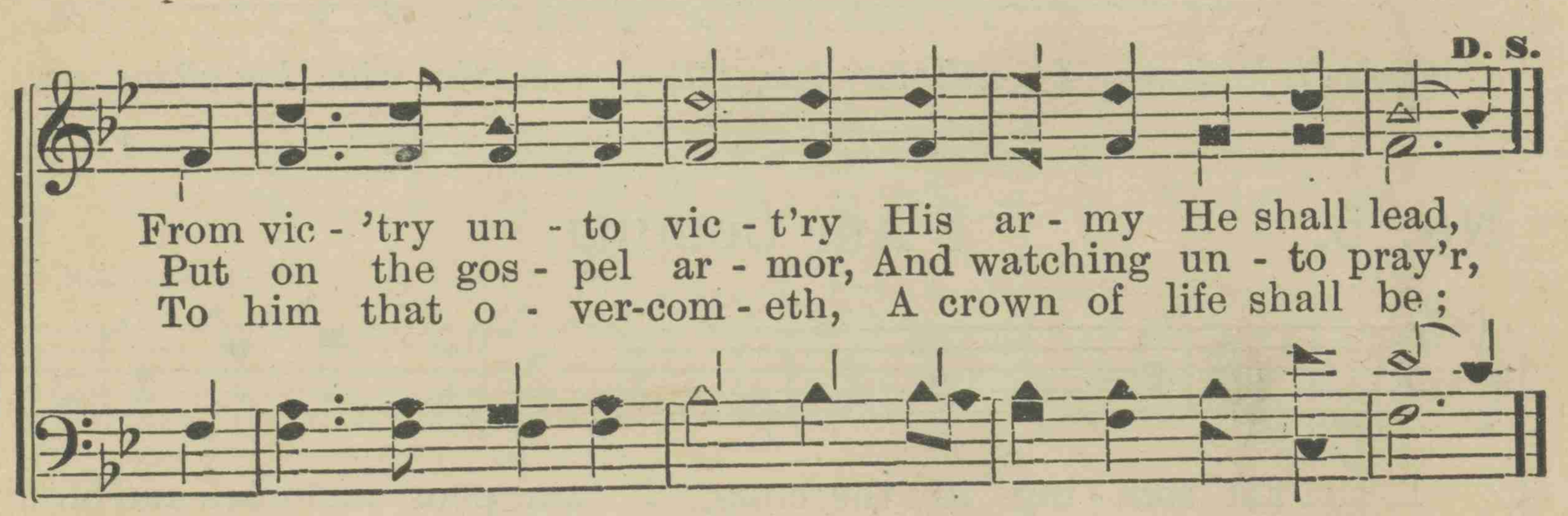


No. 6. Stand up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR. G. J. WEBB.



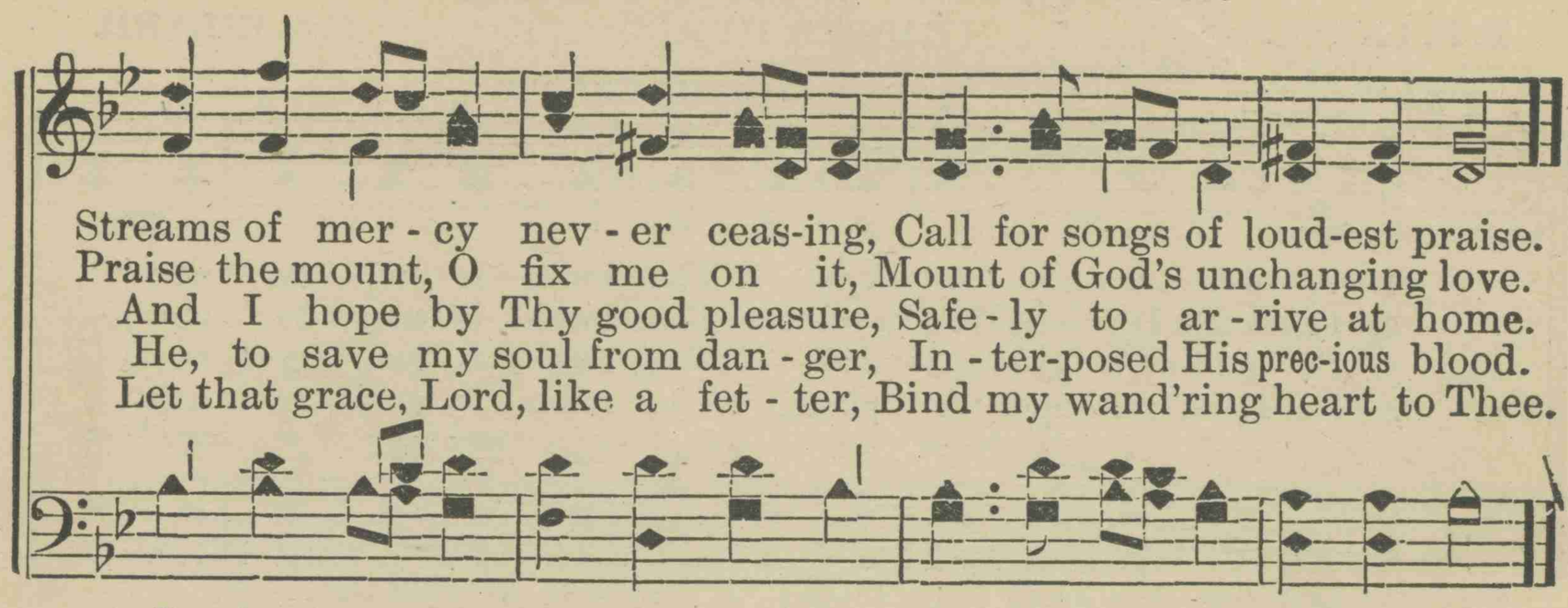




No, 7 I WILL ARISE. 8s & 7s.

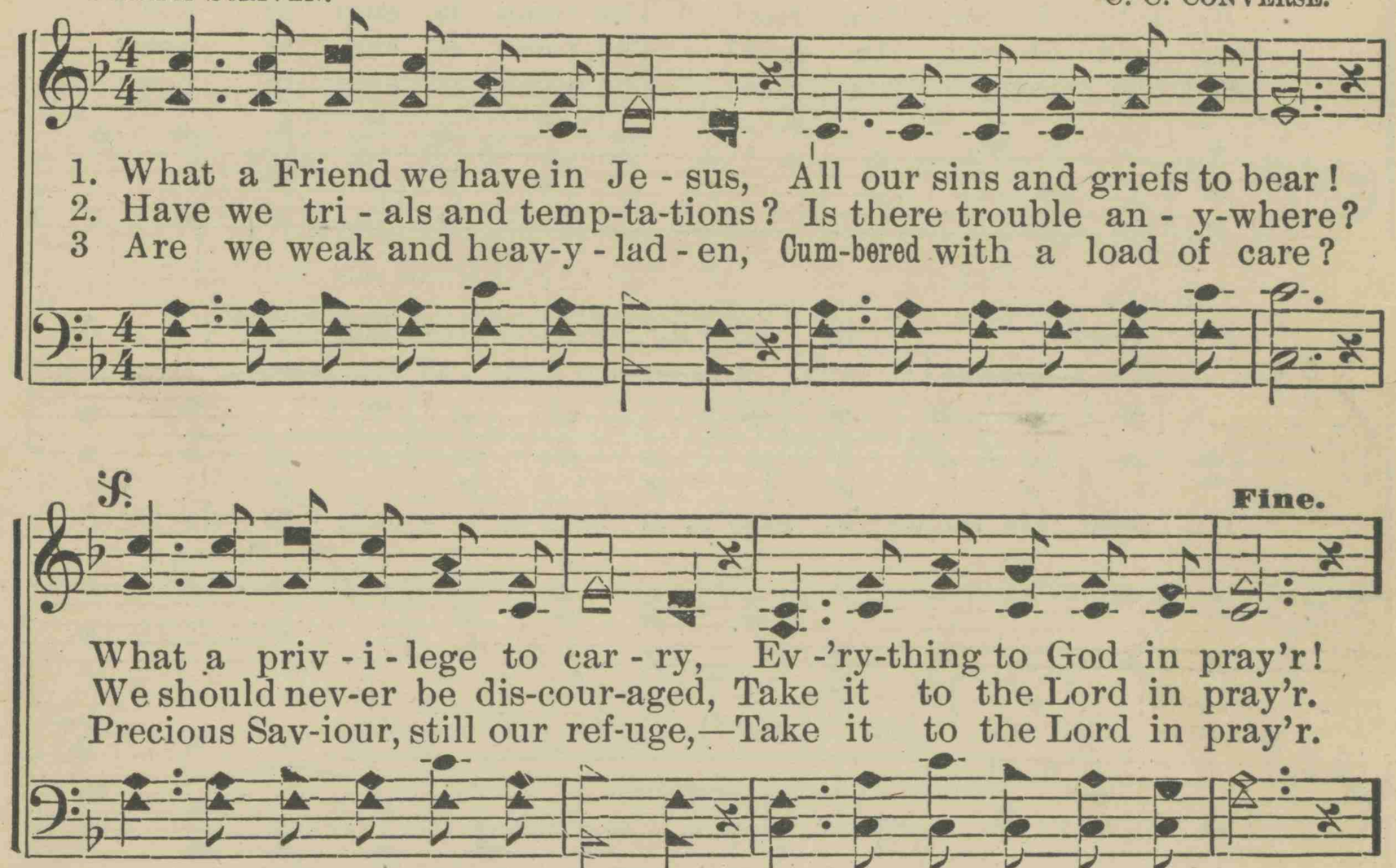
Arr. by J. B. V.

I WILL ARISE. Concluded.



No. 8 WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. C. C. CONVERSE.



No. 9 The Tomb is Empty Now.

E. R. LATTA. (EASTER HYMN.) F. L. EILAND.

DUET. *With expression.* SEMI-CHORUS.

1. A - dieu tc ev - 'ry fear! The tomb is emp - ty now!
2. In death. He closed His eyes! The tomb is emp - ty now!
3. Be - hold where He was laid! The tomb is emp - ty now!
4. In Him, our hopes we place, The tomb is emp - ty now!

DUET. SEMI-CHORUS.

Ye need not seek Him here! The tomb is emp - ty now!
By faith, I see Him rise! The tomb is emp - ty now!
Our debt of sin, He paid! The tomb is emp - ty now!
And we shall see His face! The tomb is emp - ty now!

CHORUS.

He reigns . . . in heav'n, . . . to - day, ... A

He reigns, He reigns in heav'n, in heav'n, to - day, to - day; A

crown up - on His brow! . . . The shad - - ows

crown up - on His brow! His brow! The shad - ows flee, the

flee . . . a - way! . . . The tomb is emp - ty now!

shad-ows flee a - way! a - way! The tomb is emp - ty now!

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No. 10 BEHOLD THE LOVE OF JESUS.

Instead of cold and lifeless forms of speech,
And images that break,
Show unto men the cross of Christ, that love
Possession of them, take.

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

1. Oh, be - hold the love of Je - sus! What He did for you and me!
2. Oh, be - hold the love of Je - sus! Oth - ers none such friend can be!
3. Oh, be - hold the love of Je - sus! Sin - ner, look, oh, look and see!
4. Oh, be - hold the love of Je - sus! Lift thine eyes and bend thy knee,

Suf-fered, bled, and died, on Cal - v'ry, Oh, be-hold Him on the tree!
None such loss would dare to suf - fer, Oh, be-hold Him on the tree!
'Twas thy soul He died to ran - som, Oh, be-hold Him on the tree!
Let thy heart thro' deep e - mo - tion, Feel what He has done for thee!

REFRAIN.

Oh, be - hold the love of Je - sus! There up - on the cru - el tree!

Bleed - ing, dy - ing there for sin - ners! Oh, it was for you and me!

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11 My Soul is Filled with Glory.

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

1. Je - sus found me when a - far I wandered, Bro't me par - don from the
2. Thro' His word He taught me full sal-va-tion, How His blood could cleanse and
3. Tri - als ma - ny will be - set my path-way, And temp - ta - tions I shall

throne a - bove; Gave me peace that pass - eth un - der - stand-ing, Joy un-
sanc - ti - fy; Then by faith I plunged in - to the fount-ain; Now I'm
sure - ly meet; But my Sav - ior prom-ised grace to help me, Till I

CHORUS.

speak-a - ble and full of love. Praise the Lord! my soul is filled with glo - ry!
look - ing for that home on high. Praise the Lord! my soul is filled with glo - ry!
lay my trophies at His feet. Praise the Lord! my soul is filled with glo - ry!

Praise the Lord! I love to tell the sto - ry, Of His grace that
Praise the Lord! I love to tell the sto - ry, Of His grace that
Praise the Lord! I love to tell the sto - ry, Of His grace that

jus - ti - fies me free - ly, And I'm shout-ing glo - ry! till I get home.
sanc-ti - fies me whol - ly, And I'm shout-ing glo - ry! till I get home.
keeps, and gives me vic - t'ry, And I'm shout-ing glo - ry! till I get home.

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No. 12. Holding the Life-Line.

RALPH S. TINSMAN. RALPH S. TINSMAN.

1. Out on the per - i - lous sea of life, Some one is drift - ing a-
2. Far-ther and far - ther they drift each day, Rest - ing their oars on the
3. Quick to the res - cue while yet you may Suc - cor the per - ish - ing
4. Now I sur - ren - der my all to Him, Je - sus has res - cued and

wav to - night; Out in the dark-ness, where the storm rag - es wild,
o-cean's white spray, Dreaming of pleas - ure with - out al - loy.
save one to - day, Tell them of Je - sus who came to save.
saved me from sin, Beau - ti - ful vis - ions burst on my sight.

CHORUS.

Throw out the life - line to some mother's child. 1*st Chorus.*
Throw out the life - line to some mother's boy. Hold it fast while the
He that be - liev - eth sal - va - tion may have. 2*d Chorus.*
Glo - ry to Je - sus I'm saved to - night. Hold - ing fast while the

waves roll high, Je - sus will res - cue you by and by. Saved at last, what a
waves roll high, Je - sus has res-cued me, this my cry. Saved I am what a

joy to know, Take hold of the life - line, and nev - er let go.
joy to know, I'm hold - ing the life - line, I'll nev - er let go.

Copyright, 1900, by T. M. Bowdish. By per.

No. 13. NO PEACEFUL REST.

F. L. EILAND. Sug. by T. S. C. THOS. S. COBB.

1. Are you seek - ing heav-en - ly, peace-ful rest? Look on - ly to
2. Go ye in - to it, and this glo - ry claim,—Make now for this
3. There, this peaceful rest is a - wait - ing thee,— Sad soul, wilt thou

Je - sus, dear one; It is there, and on - ly there, it is found,
boun-ty thy run,—Haste a-way, it, there to ob - tain, for sure,—
let it be won? Seek thou, it, thro' Je - sus, who says "Come in,"

REFRAIN.

Out-side of His kingdom there's none! No peace - ful
No peace - ful rest, no
rest,..... Out-side of the kingdom of God! None for
peaceful rest,
None for thy breast,
thy breast, Out - side of the king-dom of God!
none for thy breast,

Copyright, 1906, by T. S. Cobb, 303 Houston St., Ft. Worth, Tex.

No. 14. WHERE THE BLOOD CAN HEAL!

"Yea, when thou hast tried all else but to fail, Make you yet, still the one appeal, With a faith that's strong in the sentence sure, "You must come where the blood can heal."

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

1. Do you seek re - lief for your sin- sick soul? You to Christ, then, must make ap - peal, There's no oth-er one who can make you whole, You must
2. Vain are all your hopes of an - oth - er cure, Be per-suad-ed, you now, to feel, Help a - lone, thro' Christ, that you can secure, You must
3. Oth - er prof-fered aids can but you de-ceive, At your will, un - to life, they steal! You must look to Christ if you'd hope re-ceive, You must
4. Hear you not? 't is there a de - coy - ing voice, Striving ev - er, to quench thy zeal, Would you from Him turn, refuge safe to find, You must
5. If you would a - rise from your bed of pain, To the coun-sel of Christ then kneel, 'T is prescribed by Him, and, your on-ly hope, You must

REFRAIN. *May repeat softly.*

come where the blood can heal! You must come where the blood can heal,
You must come where the blood can heal, There's no oth - er one
who can make you whole, You must come where the blood can heal!

Text stanza may be used with the music.

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No. 15 Blessed Assurance.

"He is faithful that hath promised."—HEB. 10: 23.

Copyright, 1873, by Joseph F. Knapp.

(PRAISING CHRIST.)

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. Blessed as - sur - ance, Je-sus is mine! O what a fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal-va - tion, purchase of God, Born of His
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de - light, Visions of rapt - ure now burst on my sight, An-gels, descending, bring from above Ech - oes of
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am hap-py and blest, Watching and waiting, looking above, Filled with His

CHORUS.

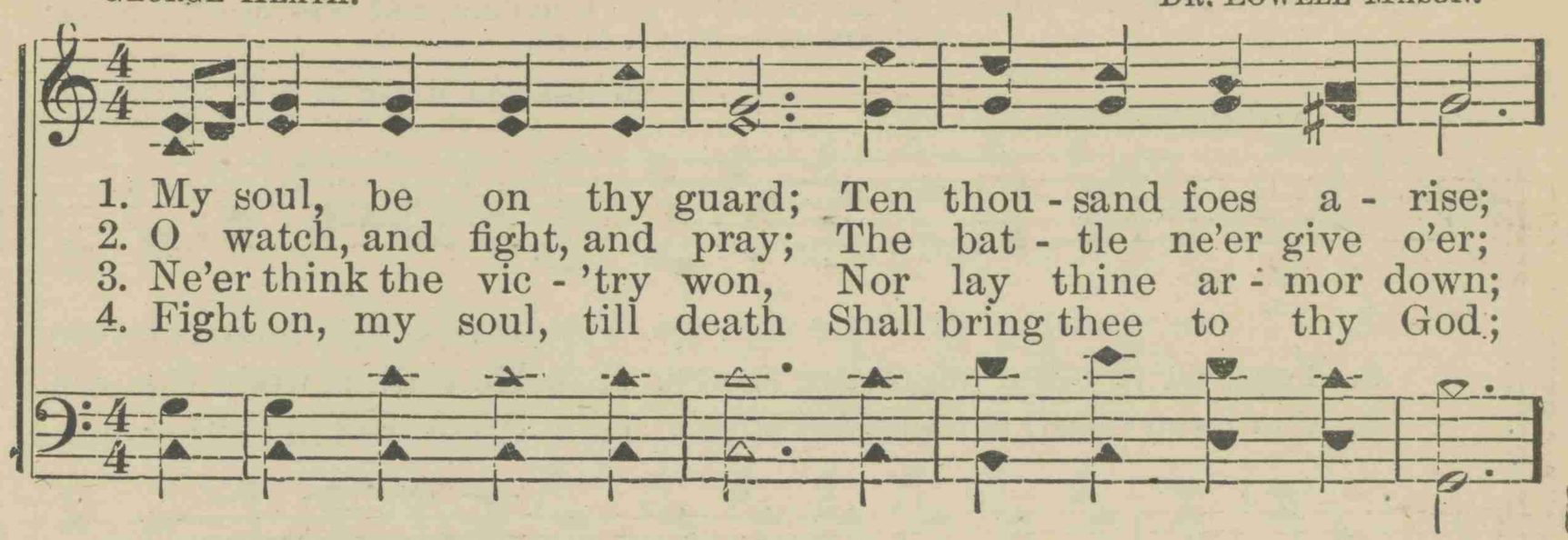
Spir - it, washed in His blood.
mer - cy, whis - pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
good-ness, lost in His love.

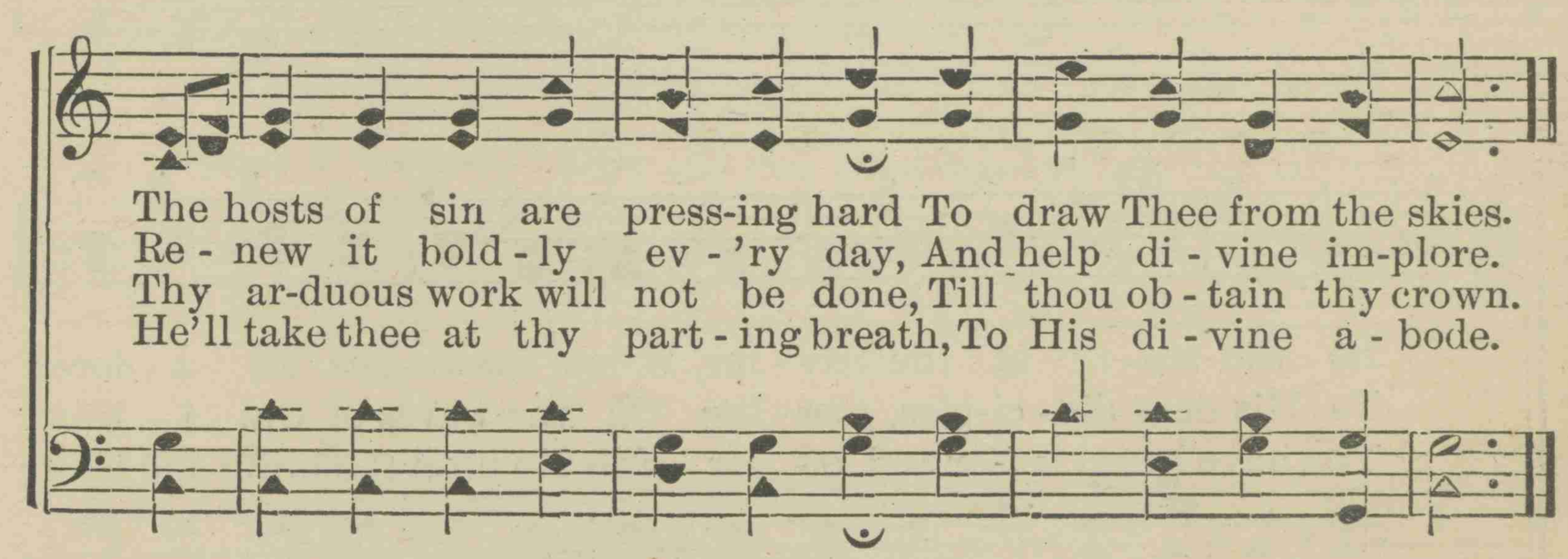
song, Prais-ing my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my

sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.

No. 16 My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

GEORGE HEATH. DR. LOWELL MASON.

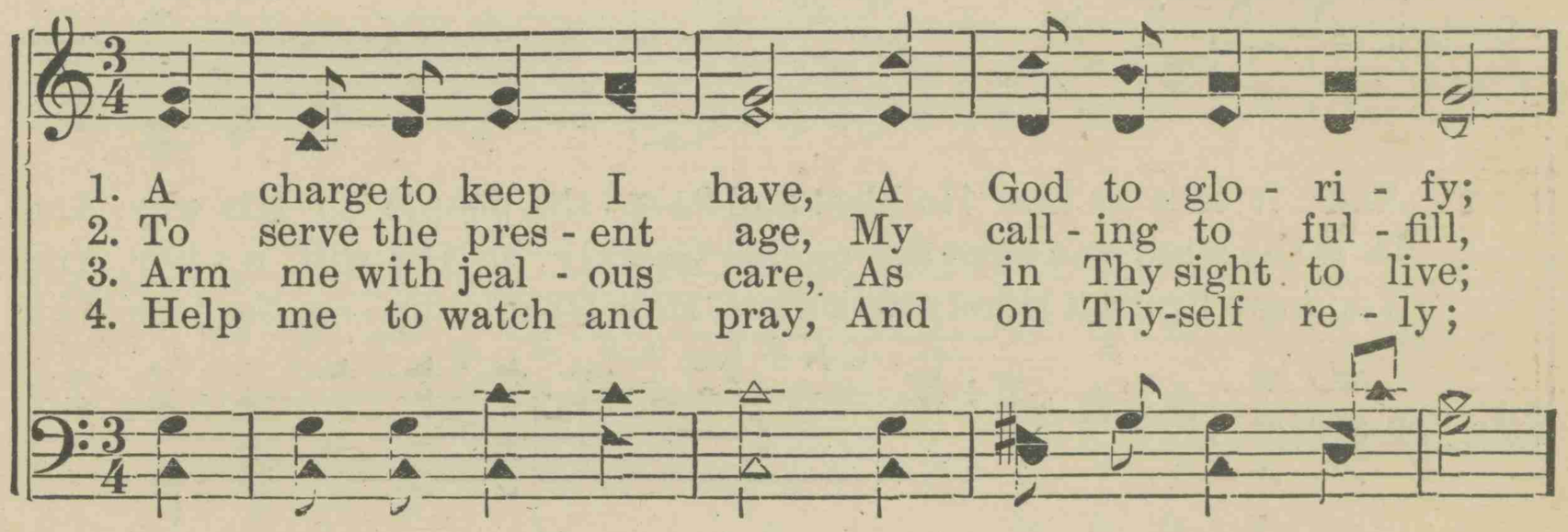


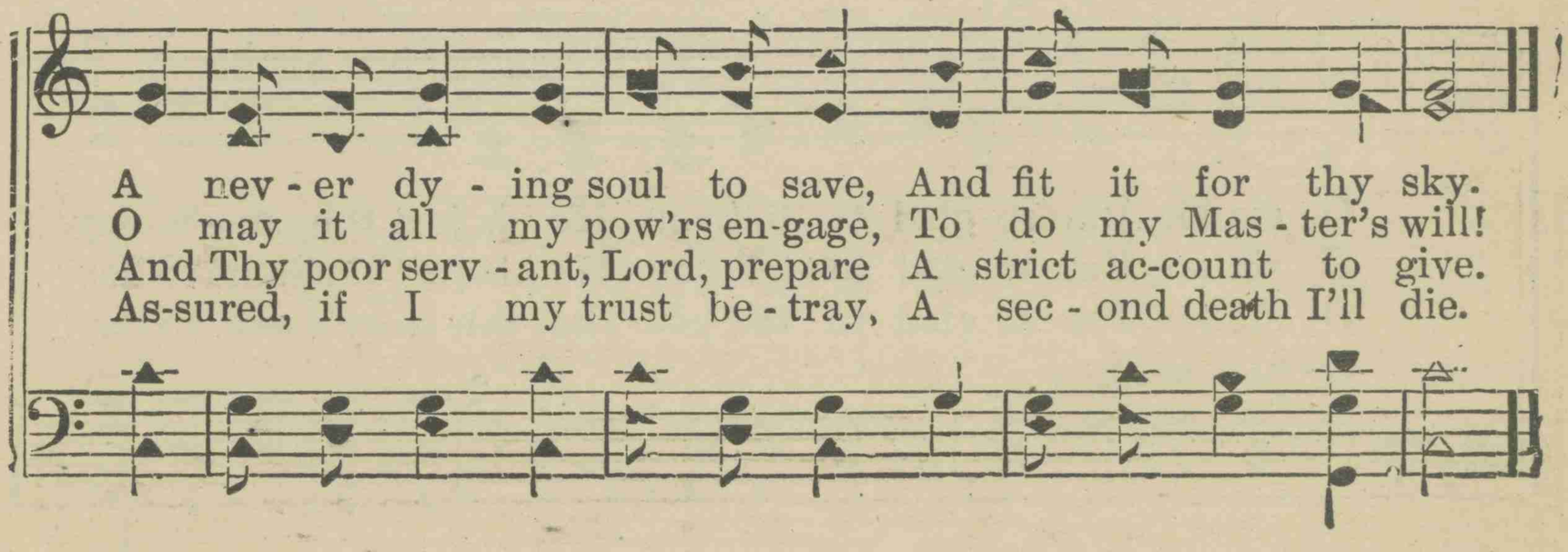


No. 17 A Charge to Keep I Have.

"Occupy till I come."—LUKE 19: 13.

C. WESLEY. LOWELL MASON, 1832.





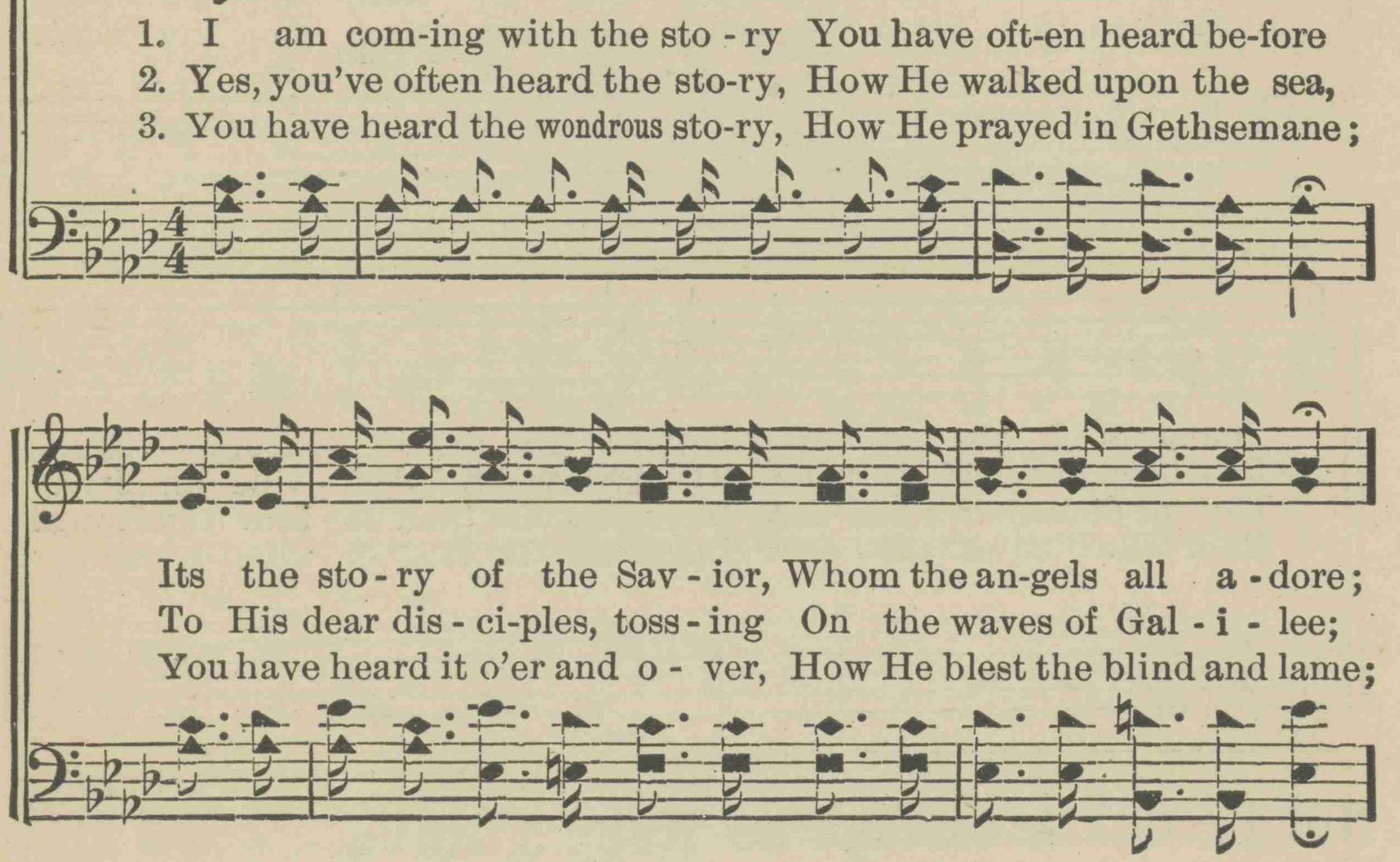
No. 18 He's Just the Same To-day.

"And Jesus went about preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness."—MATT. 4: 23.

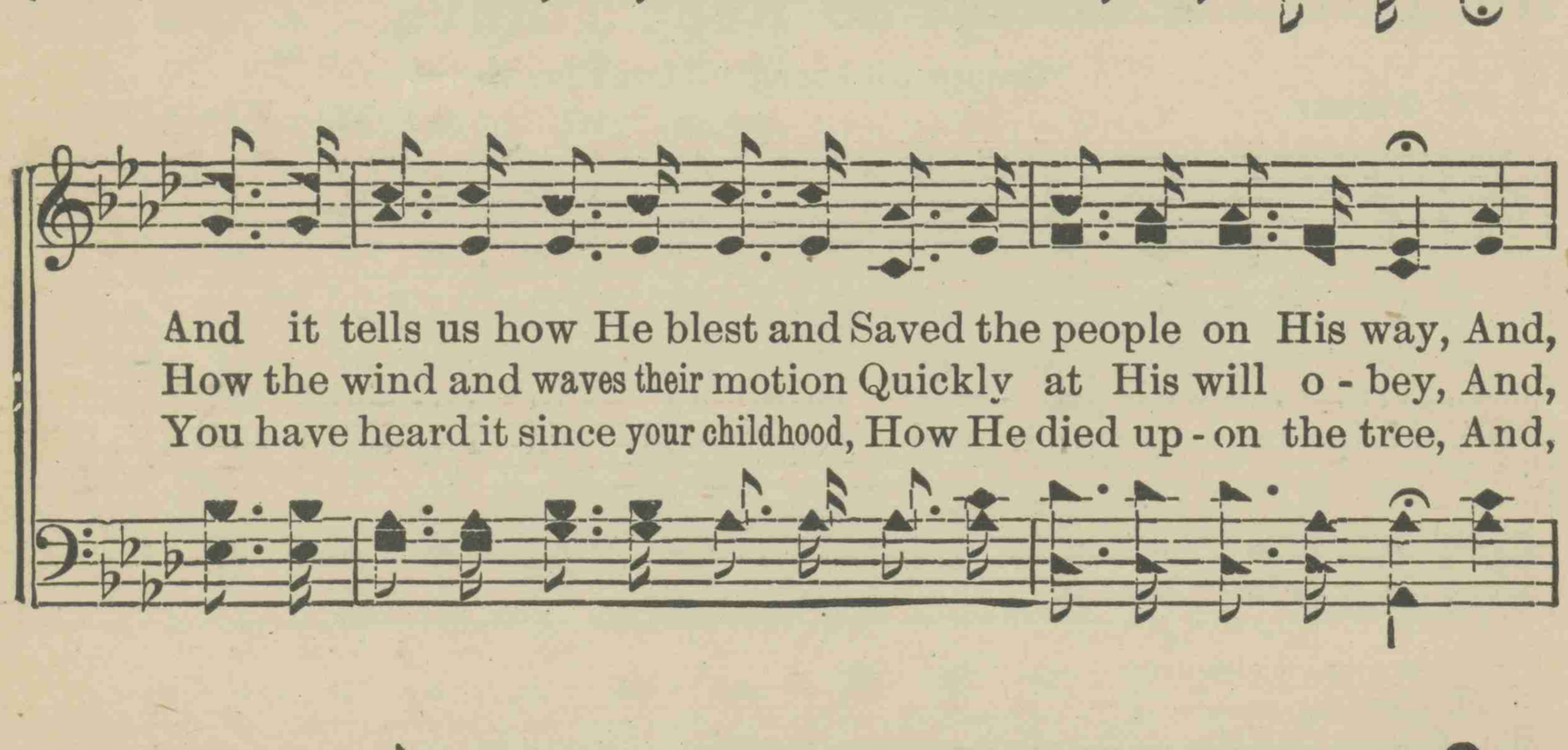
Words and Music by J. E. THOMAS.

Thoughtfully.

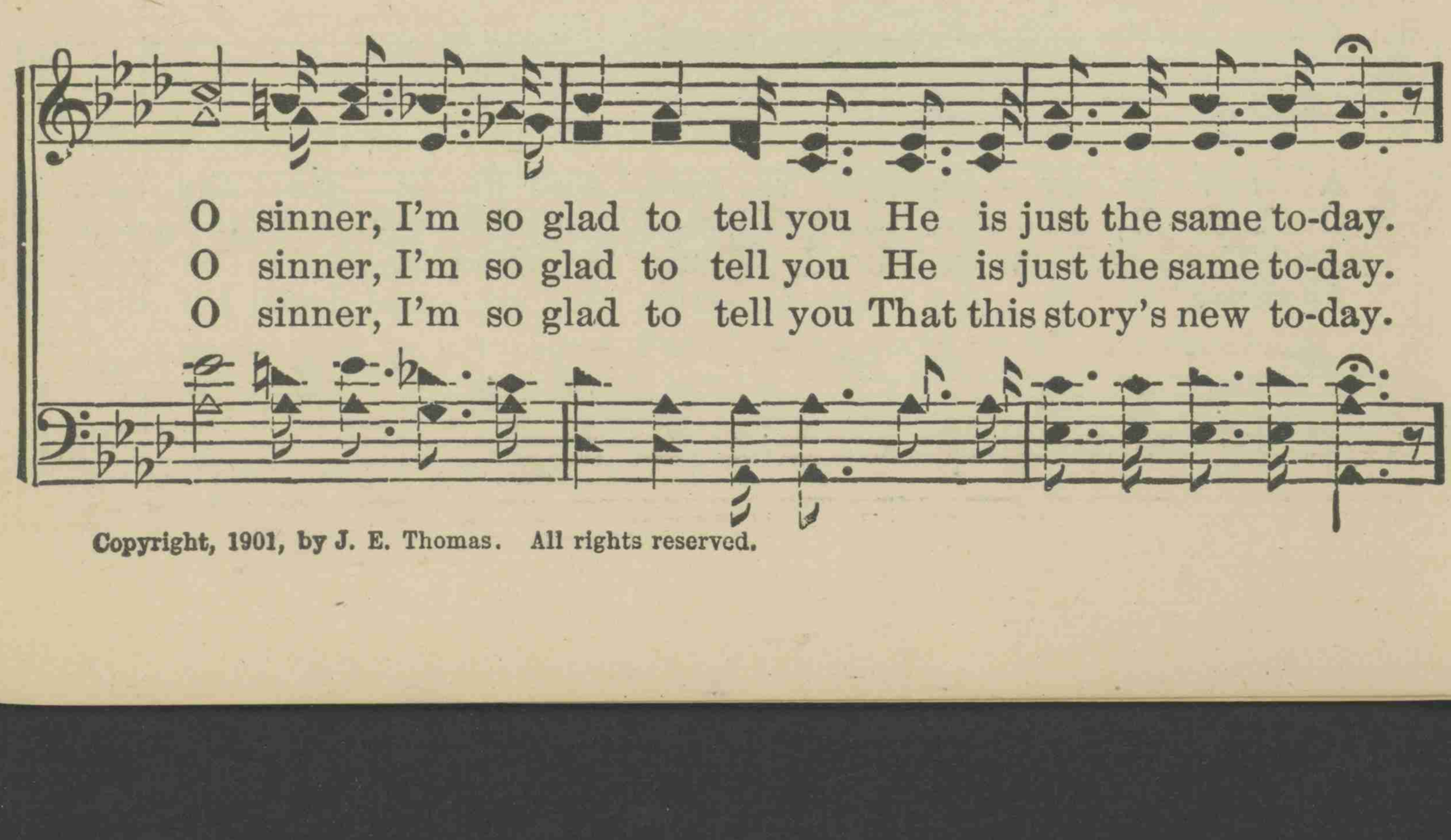
1. I am com-ing with the sto - ry You have oft-en heard be-fore
2. Yes, you've often heard the sto-ry, How He walked upon the sea,
3. You have heard the wondrous sto-ry, How He prayed in Gethsemane;



Its the sto - ry of the Sav - ior, Whom the an-gels all a - dore;
To His dear dis - ci-ples, toss - ing On the waves of Gal - i - lee;
You have heard it o'er and o - ver, How He blest the blind and lame;



And it tells us how He blest and Saved the people on His way, And,
How the wind and waves their motion Quickly at His will o - bey, And,
You have heard it since your childhood, How He died up - on the tree, And,



O sinner, I'm so glad to tell you He is just the same to-day.
O sinner, I'm so glad to tell you He is just the same to-day.
O sinner, I'm so glad to tell you That this story's new to-day.

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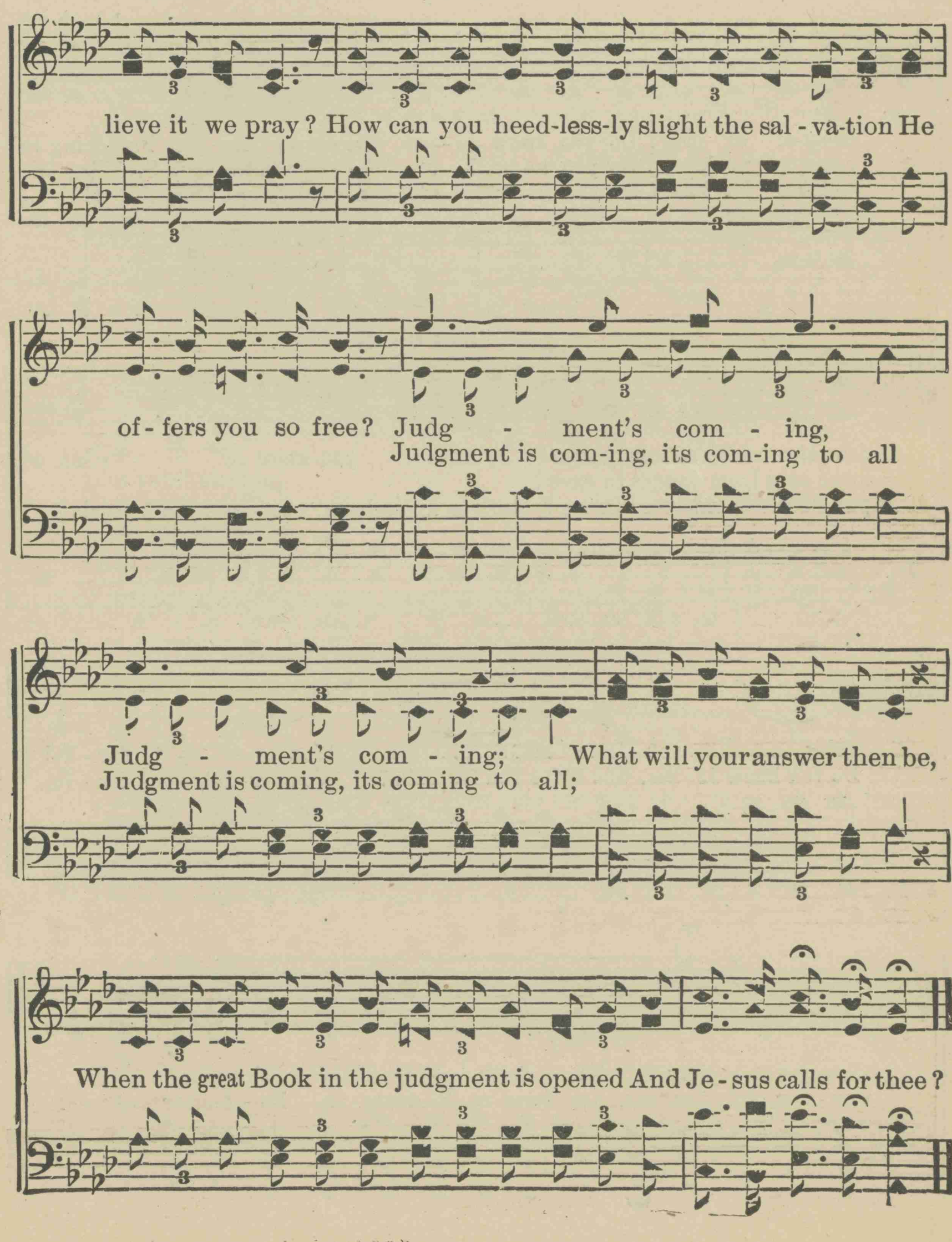
He's Just the Same To-day. Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 19 Do You Know Jesus?

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"I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine" (Jesus).—JOHN 10: 14.

D. Z. C. D. Z. CANADY.

1. Do you know Je - sus, who saves you from sin, Won-der - ful Sav- ior Re -
2. Do you know Je - sus, who stilled the wild storm, That His dis - ci - ples might
3. Do you know Je - sus, on Cal - va - ry's road, Sink-ing be-neath the great

deem-er of men? Do you know Je - sus, who sat by the sea, Preaching re-
come to no harm? Do you know Je - sus, who walked on the waves, Seek- ing His
weight of His load? Do you know Je - sus, on Cal - va-ry's tree, Pur - chas-ing

REFRAIN

demption so wond'rously free? Do..... you know Je - - sus, who
loved ones from danger to save?
par - don for sin-ners like me? Do you know Jesus, who saves you from sin?

saves..... you from sin?..... Won - - der - ful
Do you know Je - sus, who saves you from sin? Won-der- ful, won - der - ful,

Sav - - ior, Re - deem - - er of men.....
won - der - ful Sav-iour, Re - deem-er, Re-deem - er, Re - deemer of men.

No. 20. IF YOU WILL COME TO JESUS.

JAMES ROWE. DeLOSS SMITH.

DUET.

1. Sin - bur-dened one, why in sor - row re - main? Why with your
2. Nev - er your tears by the world will be dried; Earth friends have
3. Long He has loved you, and plead - ed to share All of your
4. O let the temp - ter no lon - ger con - trol, Give the dear

bur - den still strug - gle in vain? Com - fort and par - don your
van - ished a - way from your side; One you will find whose sweet
sor - row and troub - le and care; Nev - er a - gain shall your
Sav - iour the love of your soul; You shall be hap - py, con-

CHORUS.

soul shall ob-tain,
love will a-bide, If you will come to Je - sus. Come to Him now,
spir - it de-spair,
tent - ed and whole,

trust in His love, You from your sins He will sev - er; Joy He'll im-

part to your sor-row-ing heart, Love you and guide you for-ev - er.

N. W. Allphin, owner.

No. 21. Traveling the Old-Fashioned Way.

C. F. WEIGELE. Z. M. PARVIN.

1. I've found the old way to the cit - y of gold, 'Tis the way that the
2. The old Book my dear mother read I'm read-ing, too, 'Tis the Book that she
3. In the cit - y of God I've a mansion, I'm told, That Je - sus has

saints long have trod; A lit - tle too rug-ged for some, I've been
loved best of all; As she read the old sto - ry which al-ways seemed
gone to pre - pare; And the streets of that cit - y are trans-par - ent

told, De - mand-ing o - be-dience to God. To me 'tis de -
new, I won-dered to see her tears fall. I won - der no
gold, O some-times I long to be there. I'm sure if I'm

light - ful, and wide e - nough, too, Though nar - row for some, it may
lon - ger, I've found out just why Dear moth - er would weep in her
true to the Mas - ter be - low, I'll reach that blest cit - y some

be; I've start - ed for heav-en, I'm bound to go through, I am
day; It af-fects me the same way, I can't help but cry, Since I'm
day; I'm hap - py to - day, for 'tis bless-ed to know I am

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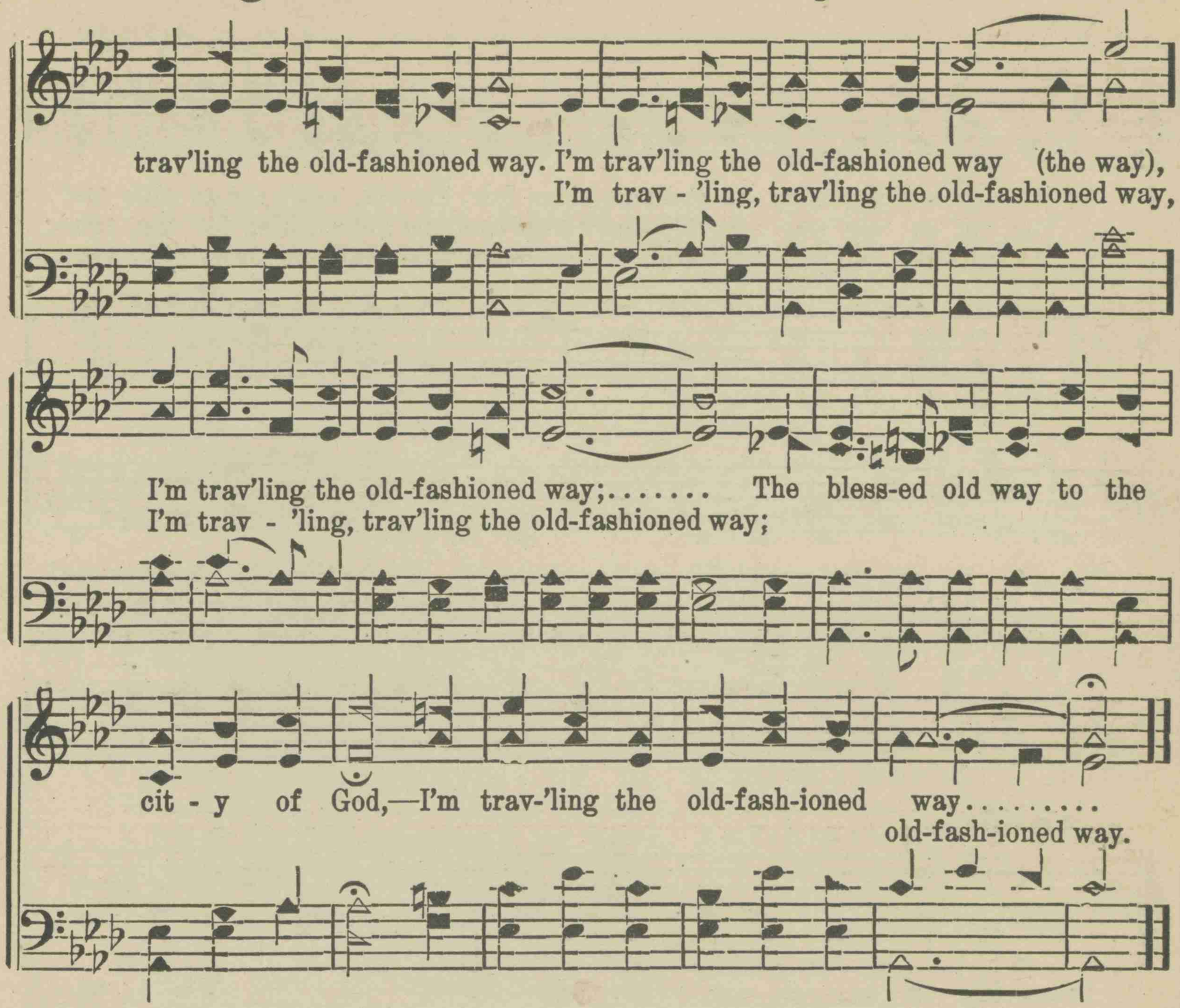
Traveling the Old-Fashioned Way. Concluded.



No. 22. Just As I Am, Without One Plea.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. WM. B. BRADBURY.

No. 23 Pressing On.

J. W. C. H. J. W. C. HUGHES.

1. I am on my way to the man-sions fair, Sin-ner, won't you go with me?
2. Yes, I'm on my way to the saint's bright home, And I'm working for the prize;
3. I will work and pray till the summons comes, That shall call my spir - it home,

There to be with Christ, and His glo - ry share, O I long that blest home to see!
I will fol-low Christ, tho' the way seems long, To my home just beyond the skies.
To that hap - py clime, o'er e - ly - sian fields, Ev - er-more there in peace to roam.

CHORUS.

Press - ing on to that home, Where no sor - - - row can come, There we'll dwell
Press - ing on to that home, Where no sor - row and sad - ness can come, ev - er come, safe - ly dwell
ev - er - more, O - ver on that shore.
ev - er - more, o - ver on

The Quartet Music Co., Ft. Worth, Tex.

No. 24 COME, HUMBLE SINNER. C. M.

"If I perish, I perish."—ESTHER 4: 16.

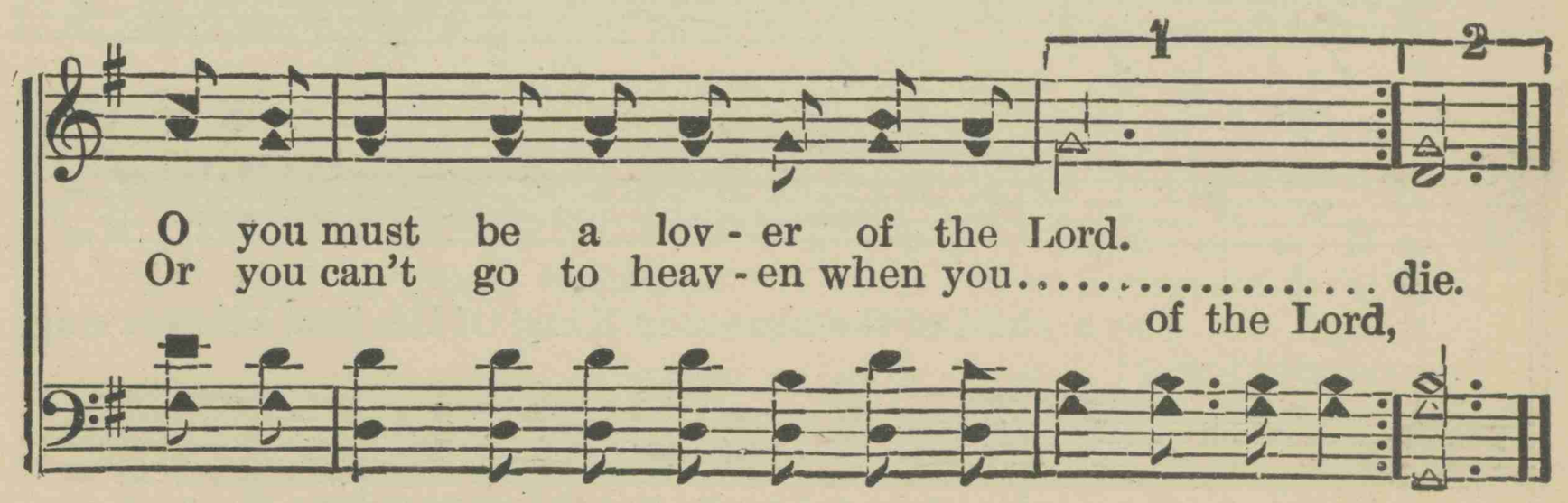
MRS. E. JONES.

1. Come, humble sin - ner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve;
2. I'll go to Je - sus, though my sin Hath like a mount - ain rose;
3. Prostrate I'll lie be - fore His throne, And there my guilt confess;
4. I'll to the gracious King approach, Whose sceptre par-don gives;
5. He prom - is - es to hear my plea, He waits to hear my pray'r;
6. I shall not per - ish if I go, I am re - solved to try;

Come with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last re - solve.
I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may op - pose.
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un-done, With-out His sov-'reign grace.
I know He will com-mand my touch, And then the sup-pliant lives.
No sin - ner e'er was turned a - way, Or ev - er per - ished there.
For if I stay a - way, I know, I must for - ev - er die.

CHORUS.

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



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

No. 25 I'M A CHILD OF THE KING.

"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."—1 JOHN 3:2

E. R. LATTA. J. E. THOMAS.

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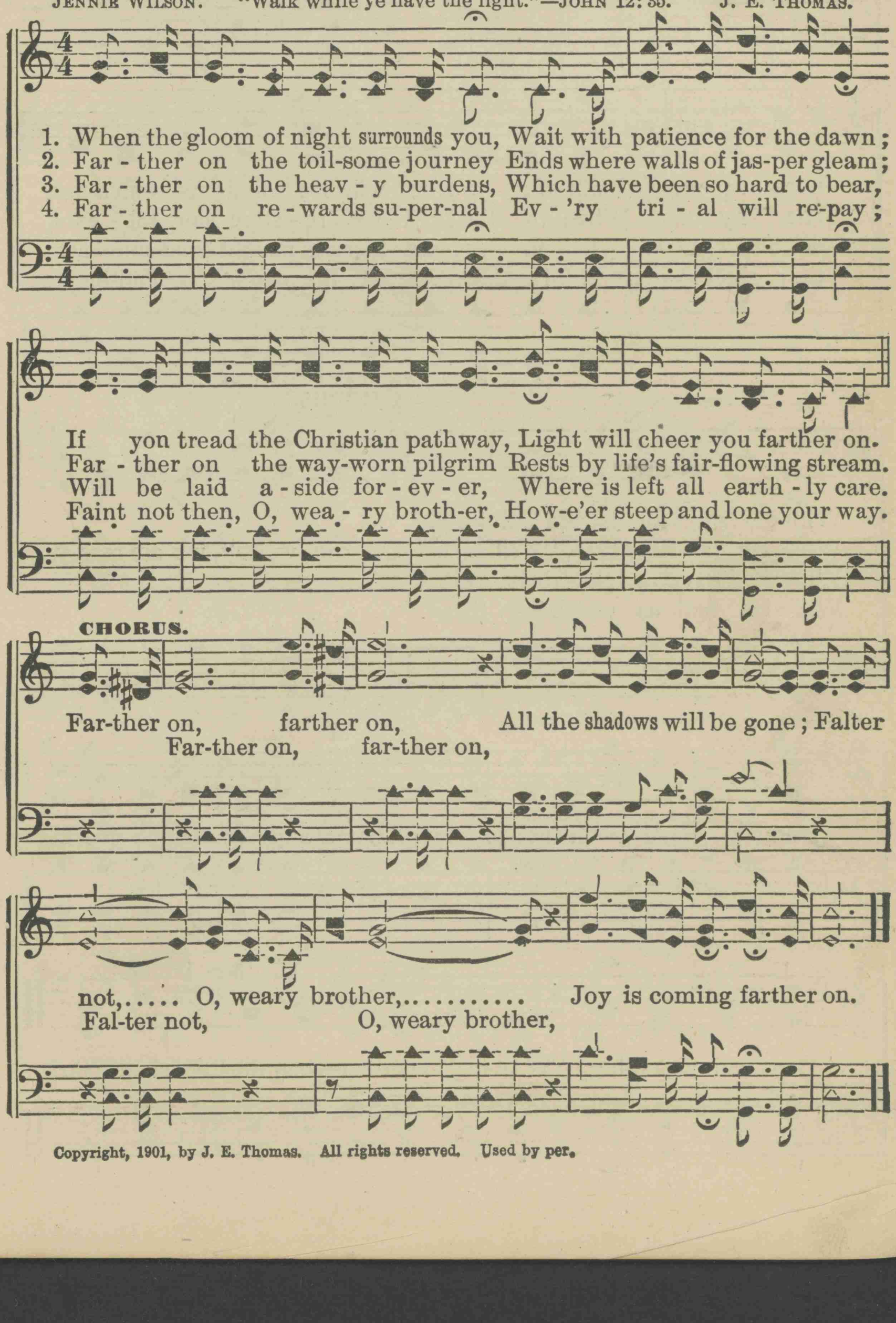
I'M A CHILD OF THE KING. Concluded.

No. 26 FARTHER ON.

JENNIE WILSON. "Walk while ye have the light."—JOHN 12: 35. J. E. THOMAS.



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No. 27 Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

'Let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober."—1 Thes. 5 : 6.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Copyright, 1876, by W. H. Doane. Used by per. W. H. DOANE.

1. When Je - sus comes to re-ward His ser-vants, Wheth-er it be noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch-ing,
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best! If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watch-ing, In His glo - ry they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid-night,

CHORUS.

With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
Will He an-swer thee, "Well done?" Oh, can we say, we are read-y,
We shall have a glo - rious rest.
Will He find us watch-ing there?

brother? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say will He find you and

me still watch-ing, Wait-ing, wait-ing when the Lord shall come?

No. 28. A Soul Winner for Jesus.

"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul."—Ps. 19: 7.

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J. W. FERRILL. J. W. FERRILL.

1. I want to be a soul winner For Je - sus ev-'ry day, He does so much for me;
2. I want to be a soul winner And bring the lost to Christ, That they His grace may know;
3. I want to be a soul winner Till Jesus calls for me, To lay my burdens down;

I want to aid the lost sinner To leave his erring way, And be from bondage free.
I want to live for Christ ever, And do His blessed will, Be-cause He loves me so.
I want to hear Him say, servant, "You've gathered many sheaves, Receive a starry crown."

CHORUS.

A soul..... winner for Je - sus, A soul..... winner for
A soul win-ner for Je-sus Christ the Lord, A soul winner for Je-sus

Je - sus, O let me be each day A soul..... win-ner for
Christ the Lord, O let me be each day A soul winner for Je - sus

Je - sus, A soul..... winner for Je - sus, He's done so much for me.
Christ the Lord, A soul winner for Jesus Christ the Lord,

No. 29. Not Made With Hands.

Arr. by J. W. G. Arr. by J. W. G.

1. I have a home all bright and fair, In heav'n it stands;
2. When life is end-ed here be-low, I'll leave these lands,
3. There with the ransomed I shall live, With an-gel bands,
4. With-in a cit-y paved with gold, This man-sion stands,
5. I long to reach that cit-y bright, Where joy ex-spands,

A-dorned it is with jew-els rare, Not made.....with hands.
And wear a robe as white as snow, Not made.....with hands.
My Sav-iour me a crown will give, Not made.....with hands.
Where gates of pearl to saints un-fold, Not made.....with hands.
En-rap-tured be, with heav'nly light, Not made.....with hands.
not made

REFRAIN.

I know,..... I know, For me in heav'n a man-sion stands,
I know, I know,

A home,..... a home, Not made..... with hands.
A home, a home, Not made

By per. of J. W. Gaines.

No. 30, Blessed Be the Lord.

"Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.—Isa. 12: 3.

KATHARYN BACON. LYNN BURKE DAVIS, age 12 years.

1. O-ver-come with sin and shame, Called I on the Saviour's name, Blessed be the
2. Since I to His will did yield, Jesus is my strength and shield, Blessed be the
3. Wondrous peace my soul now fills, Love and joy my be-ing thrills, Blessed be the

Lord who heard and redeemed me; Now sal-va-tion sweet is mine, Now I'm led by
Lord who heard and redeemed me; Ev-'ry day brings blessings rare, Ev-'ry day His
Lord who heard and redeemed me; Him I'll praise with heart and voice, Ev - er in His

REFRAIN.

grace di-vine, Blessed be the Lord who heard and redeemed me.
love I share, Blessed be the Lord who heard and redeemed me. Blessed be the Lord,
strength rejoice, Blessed be the Lord who heard and redeemed me.

blessed be the Lord, Blessed be the Lord who heard and re-deemed me, Now sal-va-tion

sweet is mine, Now I'm led by grace divine, Blessed be the Lord who heard and re-deemed me.

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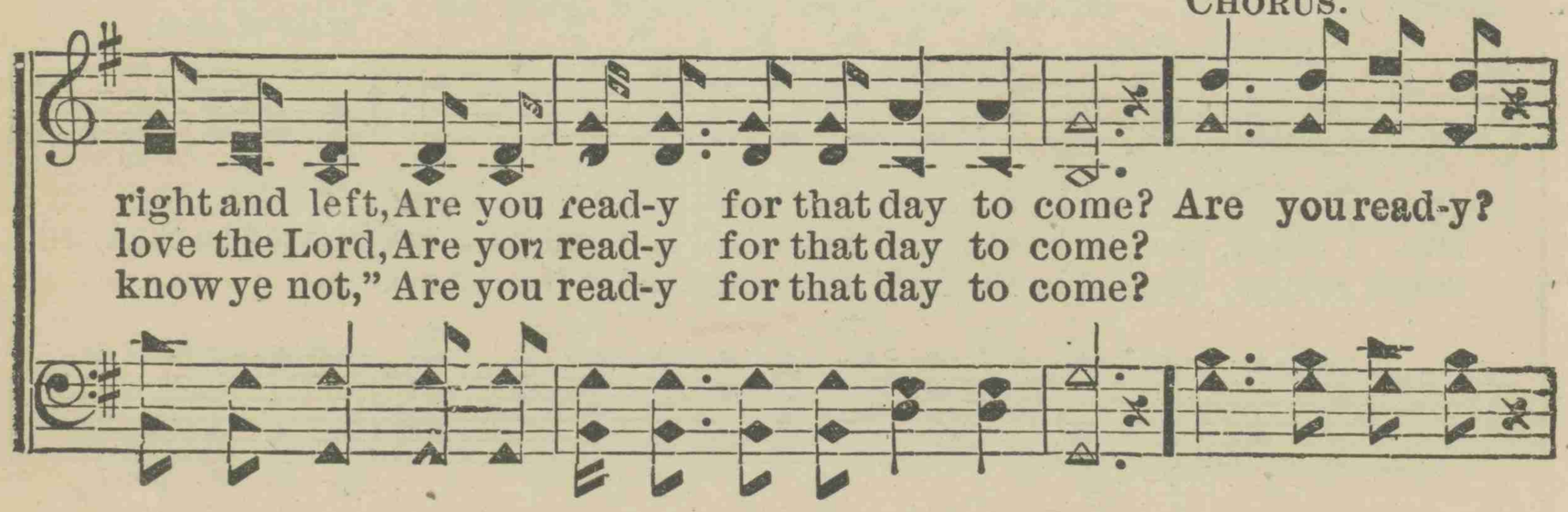
No. 31. There's a Great Day Coming.

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

Words and Music by W. L. THOMPSON.

CHORUS.



By per. of W. L. THOMPSON & Co., East Liverpool, O.

No. 32. God Calling Yet.

"I have called, and ye have refused."—PROV. 1: 24.

J. BORTHWICK. JOHN.

Not too fast.

1. God call - ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call - ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov - ing voice de - spise,
3. God call - ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bond - age live?
4. God call - ing yet! I can - not stay; My heart I yield with - out de - lay;

Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum - ber lie?
And base - ly His kind care re - pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?
I wait, but He does not for - sake; He calls me still; my heart a - wake!
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God has reach'd my heart.

CHORUS.

God is call - - ing, call - - -
God is call - ing yet, God is call - ing yet, Heed His pleading voice,

ing yet,
God is call - ing yet,

God is
God is call - ing yet,

Rit.

call - - ing,
God is call - ing yet, Sin - ner, heed His plead - ing voice.

This hymn is *free* to be used for the glory of God.

No. 33. Jesus Loves Even Me.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

Copyright, 1902, by The John Church Co. Used by per.

No. 34 HE'S COMING AGAIN.

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

1. O would you be numbered as one of His fold? Be spot-less with-
2. Not known is the moment when He shall appear, To gath - er them
3. The voice of His spir - it says, read-y, then be, O will you be-
4. Risk not, an ac-cept-ance of Him in that day, All covered with

in;..... Be watch-ing and wait - ing that sight to be - hold,
in;..... The souls who have followed Him faith-ful - ly here;
gin?..... If peace in His pres-ence you hope then to see;
sin,..... Be robed and all read - y the spir - it doth say,

REFRAIN. rit. to end final.

He's com - ing a - gain! He's com - ing a - gain! (a - gain!)

He's com - ing a - gain! (a - gain!) Be watch - ing and

Repeat Refrain tenderly, earnestly.

wait-ing that sight to be - hold; He's com - ing a - gain!

Copyright, 1905, by F. L. Eiland.

AT THE CROSS.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sov-ereign die,
2. Was - it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. 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!
Here Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the bur-den of my heart rolled a - way— It was there by faith rolled away,

I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

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No. 36. Scattering Sunshine.

W. H. RUEBUSH — J H. RUEBUSH.

SOLO. Slow.

1. Strive to be scat - ter - ing sun-shine each day, Send forth a lov-ing word
2. Strive to be fill - ing each sad heart with song, Ma - ny the struggling ones,
3. Speed a sweet message in day-light, in dark, Ma - ny are drift-ing a -

to those who stray, Cull the sweet flow-ers sent down from a-bove,
help them be strong; Bring them a mes-sage of cheer to the heart,
way on life's barque; Help them raise heav'nward the fal - ter - ing eye,

CHORUS.

Send on their mis-sion, a mis-sion of love.
God knows thine ef-fort where-ev - er thou art. Scat-ter-ing sun-shine in
God's star of hope shin-eth bright in the sky.

word and in deed, Scat - ter - ing sun-shine, this is the world's need;

rall.

Scattering sunshine, some fainting heart feed, Scattering sunshine each day.

By per. of The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

No. 37 We Will Sing New Hosannas.

Copyright, 1908, by J. E. Thomas. Used by per.

N. D. J. (PRAISE.) N. D. JOHNSTON.

1. We will sing new ho - san - nas to Je - sus, our King, As we jour - ney a - long thro' this dark vale below,
2. What a grand sight 'twill be when on Canaan's bright shore, We shall meet with our loved ones who've gone on before;
3. Sin - ner, will you be one of the throng on that day Who will stand robed in white on the bright golden shore?

Then around the white throne over there, New ho-san-nas we'll sing ev-er-more?
Will you walk thro' the throne of the King of all kings, New ho-san-nas we'll sing ev-er-more.
streets paved with jasper and gold? New ho-san-nas we'll sing ev-ermore.

REFRAIN.

We will sing..... new ho - san - nas..... As a - round..... the throne we stand;
We will sing new ho - san - nas to our King, as around the throne we stand, we stand;

We will sing..... new ho-
We will sing new ho-

san-nas..... o - ver in..... the glo - ry land.
san-nas to our King o - ver in the glo - ry land, glo-ry land.

No. 38. SING OF HIS LOVE.

N. W. ALLPHIN. JOHN W. WOOLARD.

1. Sing of the love of Je - sus, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
2. Sing of the love of Je - sus, Go on a mission each day;
3. Sing of the love of Je - sus, Showing His life in thine own;
4. Sing of the love of Je - sus, Let it thy theme ev-er be;

Car-ry to all the sweet message, That His great love they may know.
Tell of the glories a-wait - ing, Those who will walk in His way.
Thus you may lead some poor wand'rer Onward toward heaven's bright throne.
Un - til the voice of death's an-gel, Sendeth a summons for thee.

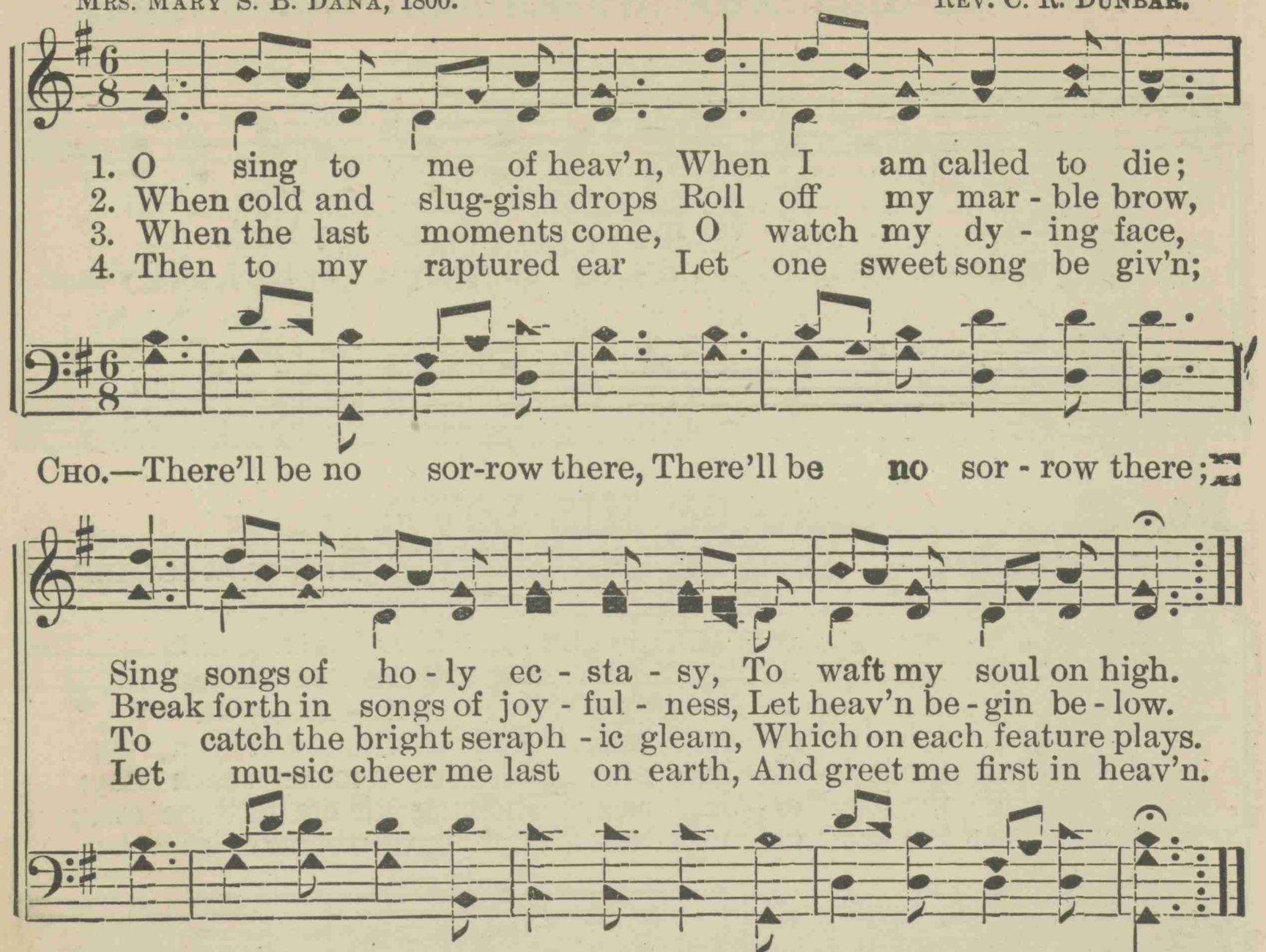
REFRAIN.

Sing of His love, won-der-ful love, Tell how His life He gave;
On the rude cross free-ly He died, Ev-'ry lost soul to save.

Property of N. W. Allphin.

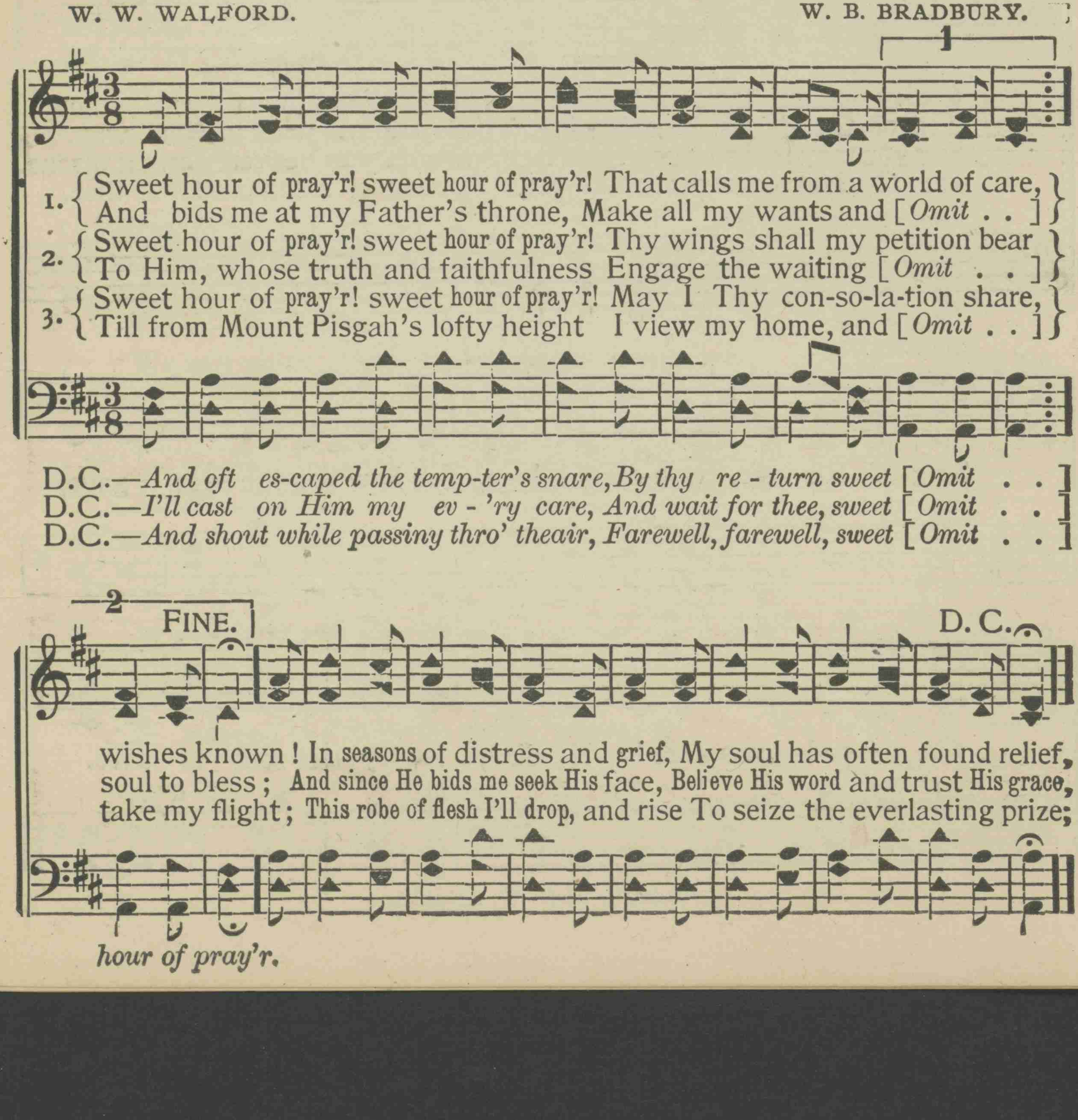
No. 39 There'll be no Sorrow There.

MRS. MARY S. B. DANA, 1800. REV. C. R. DUNBAR.



No. 40 SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

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



No. 41 SINNER, WILL YOU COME?

J. W. G. J. W. GAINES.

1. There is life and peace for your wea - ry soul, Which now is led in
2. Sin - ner, come to - day, to this throne of grace, And seek re-demp-tion
3. In that heav'nly home, with the an - gel band, And loved ones who be-

paths of sin (of sin); If, to Christ you'll come, He will make you whole, His
full and free (and free); Turn from sin's dark way, and His love embrace, To
fore have gone, (have gone), You may share a place on that golden strand,—No

CHORUS.

blood will cleanse your soul within. Will you come? will you
dwell in peace e - ter - nal - ly.
sor - row there is ev - er known. to Christ to-day?

come? No more in paths of sin to roam; Will you
now while you may? to roam;

come? will you come? O, weary, wand'ring soul, come home!
His love to know? and with us go?

Property of Jas. W. Gaines. Used by per.

No. 42. DO YOU WANT TO LIVE FOR GOD?

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

1. Are you tired of sin's de - lu-sion? Do you want to live for God?
2. Peace at thy command is wait-ing, Wouldst thou it this moment claim?
3. Tar - ry not a - way in doubting, While the Christ now in-ter-cedes;
4. Time is fly-ing, judgment's coming, Shall unsaved there be thy cry?

Come to - night,..... come to-night! Seek the paths the saints be-
Bring thy load of guilt be-
With the Fa-ther He is
Come to-night, come to-night! Let you not the day of

fore you Have by faith in Je - sus trod, Come to - night,.....
fore Him, Ask re - lief in Je - sus' name,
pleading, And He knoweth well thy needs,
mer - cy, Pass you thus for - ev - er by! Come to-night,

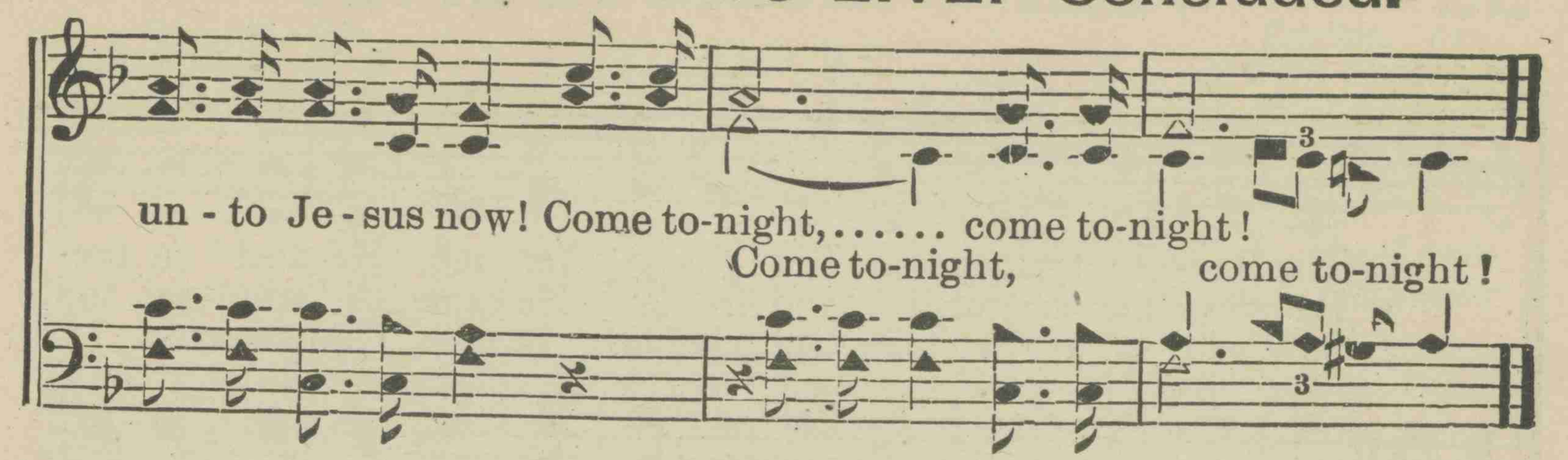
REFRAIN.

come to - night! Come to - night, come to-
come to - night! Come to - night,

night! Leave the road of sin and sor - row, Turn ye
come to-night!

Copyright, 1900, by R. H. Cornelius.

DO YOU WANT TO LIVE. Concluded.



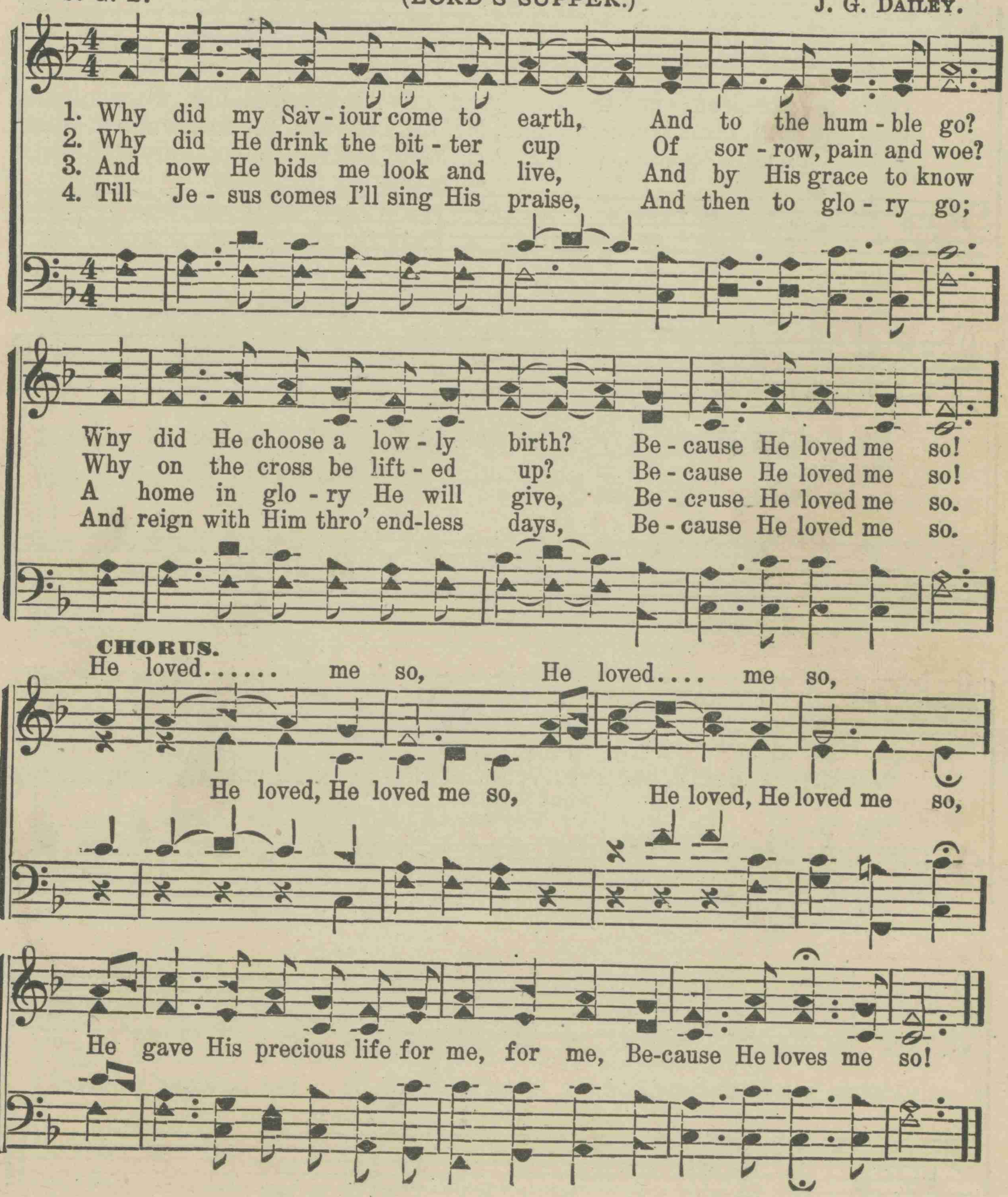
No. 43 He Loved Me So.

From "Love." Used by per.

"Greater love hath no man than this."—JOHN 15: 13.

(LORD'S SUPPER.)

J. G. D. J. G. DAILEY.



No. 44. WHAT WONDERFUL LOVE!

JAMES ROWE. N. W. ALLPHIN.

1. The Sav-iour forsook all His glo-ry for me, He died on the
2. He saw me in fet-ters and free-ly He came, A stran-ger to
3. So much to my won-der-ful Saviour I owe, That sweet-ly I

cross my Re-deem-er to be; And ev-en when dy-ing, my soul was
help me, and, bless His dear name, He lift-ed my sor-row and ban-ished
praise Him wher-ev-er I go; I want the whole world my Redeemer

REFRAIN.

His plea; What love,.... what won-der-ful love! What love,.... what
my shame;
to know; what love, what love,

won-der-ful love! What love,....what glo-ri-ous love! My song and my
what love,

sto-ry, both here and in glo-ry, Shall be my Saviour's love!

N. W. Allphin, owner. By per.

No. 45 WEAR A CROWN

ISAAC WATTS. English. Arr.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?

2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow'r - y beds of ease,
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?

3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?

4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup-port - ed by Thy word.

CHORUS.

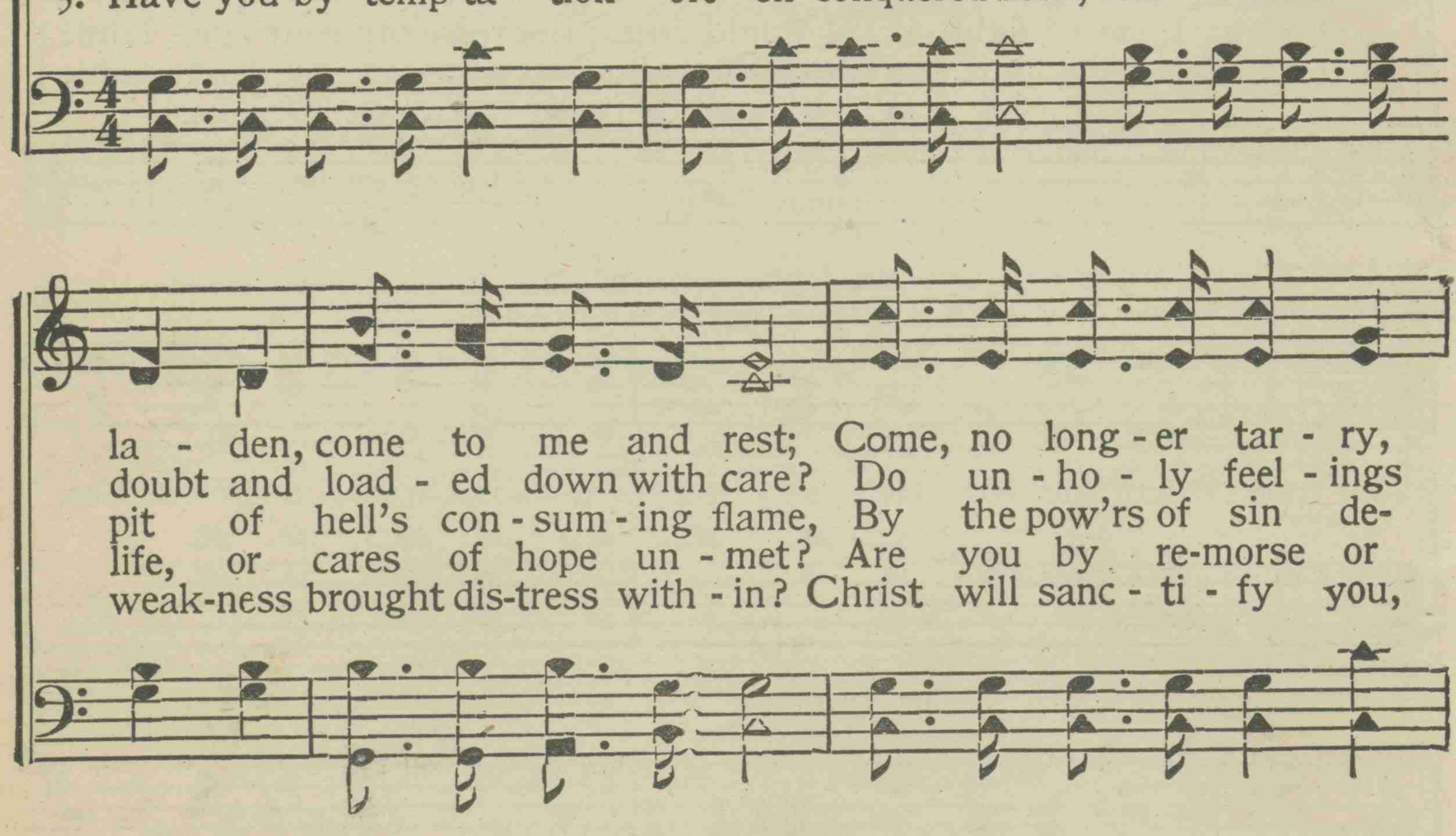
And when the bat - tle's o - ver we shall wear a crown! Yes,
we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown! And when the battle's
o - ver we shall wear a crown In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
Wear a crown, wear a crown, Wear a bright and shining crown.

No. 46. COME UNTO ME.

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

C. P. J. CHARLES P. JONES.

1. Hear the bless-ed Sav - iour call - ing the oppressed, "O ye heav - y-
2. Are you dis - ap-point - ed, wand'ring here and there, Dragging chains of
3. Stumbling on the mountains dark with sin and shame, Stumbling t'ward the
4. Have you cares of bus - iness, cares of press-ing debt? Cares of so - cial
5. Have you by temp-ta - tion oft - en conquered been, Has a sense of



la - den, come to me and rest; Come, no long - er tar - ry,
doubt and load - ed down with care? Do un - ho - ly feel - ings
pit of hell's con - sum - ing flame, By the pow'rs of sin de-
life, or cares of hope un - met? Are you by re-morse or
weak-ness brought dis-tress with - in? Christ will sanc - ti - fy you,

I your load will bear, Bring me ev - 'ry bur - den, bring me ev - 'ry care."
struggle in your breast? Bring your case to Je - sus, He will give you rest.
lud - ed and oppressed, Hear the tender Shep-herd,—"Come to me and rest."
sense of guilt depressed? Come right on to Je - sus, He will give you rest.
if you'll claim His best, Thro' His Ho-ly Spir - it He will give you rest.

CHORUS.

Come un - to me; I..... will
Come un - to me, Come un - to me, I will give you rest,

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COME UNTO ME. Concluded.

give you rest; Take..... my yoke up-
I will give you rest; Take my yoke up - on you,

on you, Hear..... me and be blest;.....
Take my yoke upon you, Hear me and be blest, Hear me and be blest, For

I ..... am meek and low - ly, Come.....
I am meek and low - ly; I am meek and low - ly, Come and trust my

..... and trust my might; Come,..... my yoke is
might, Come and trust my might; Come, O come,

eas - y, And..... my burden's light.
Come, my yoke is eas - y, Come, O come, Yes, come, my burden's light.

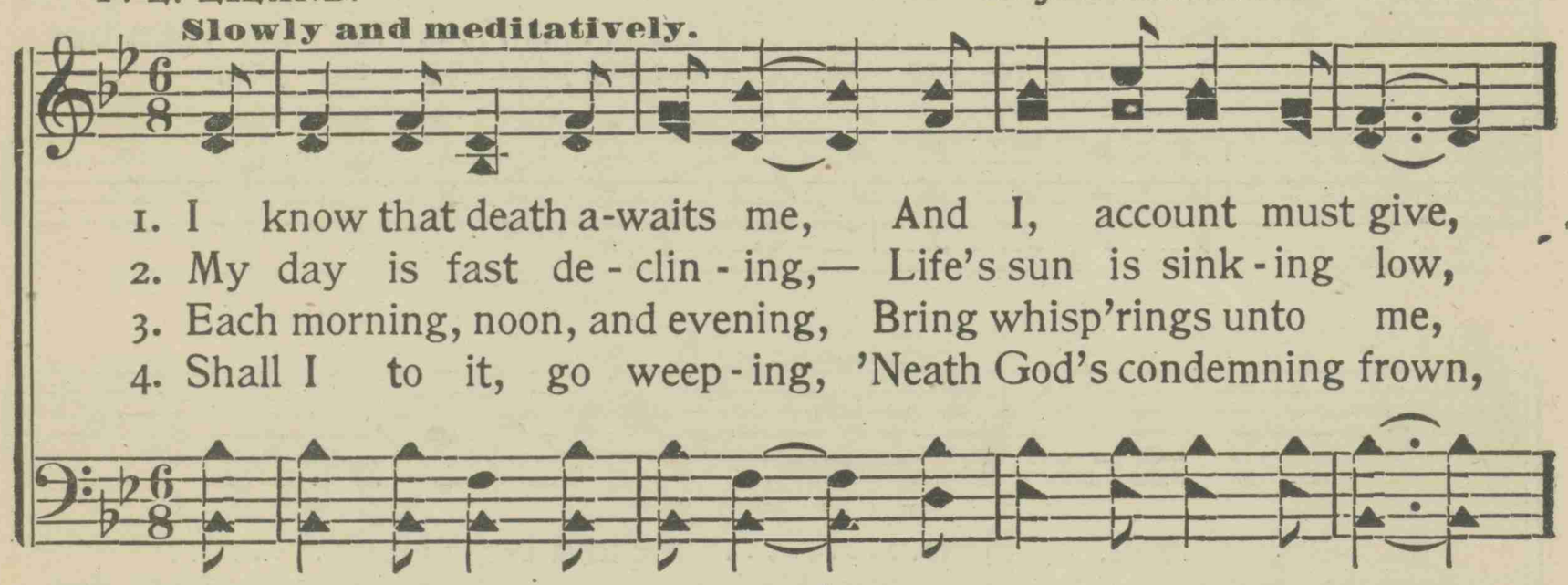
No. 47. TO THINK, WHAT IT WILL BE.

When I must meet Him face to face, The living Christ, my Lord,
And He, my just deserts will give, What will be my reward!

May every one who reads, take this solemn question home to his or her own heart, seeking to know its purpose fully. Amen.

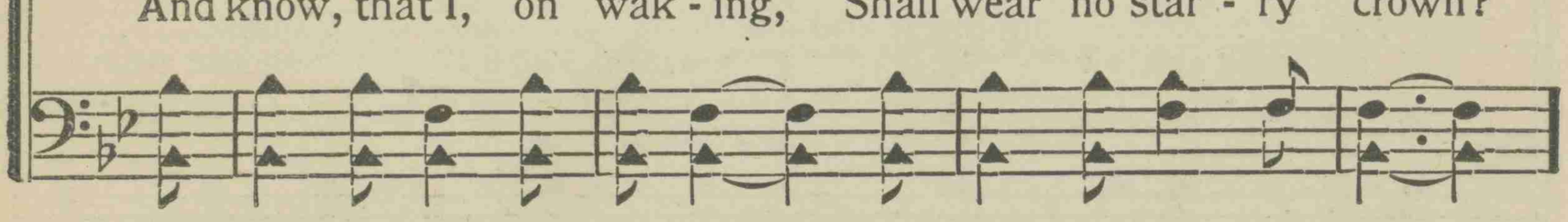
F. L. EILAND. A. J. BUCHANNAN. Arr. E.

Slowly and meditatively.

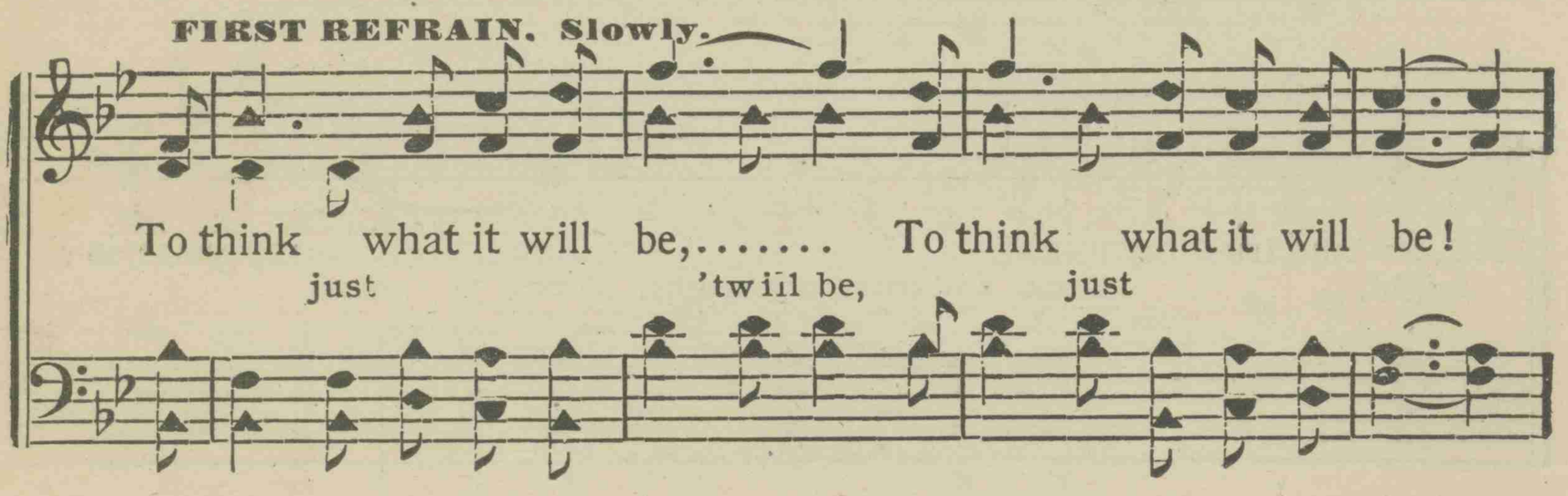


1. I know that death a-waits me, And I, account must give,
2. My day is fast de - clin - ing,— Life's sun is sink - ing low,
3. Each morning, noon, and evening, Bring whisp'rings unto me,
4. Shall I to it, go weep - ing, 'Neath God's condemning frown,

To Him, who will re - ward me,— Ac - cord - ing as I live!
And I must to a judg - ment All glad, or hope - less go!
Which, say, not far out yon - der, That I the grave, shall see!
And know, that I, on wak - ing, Shall wear no star - ry crown?

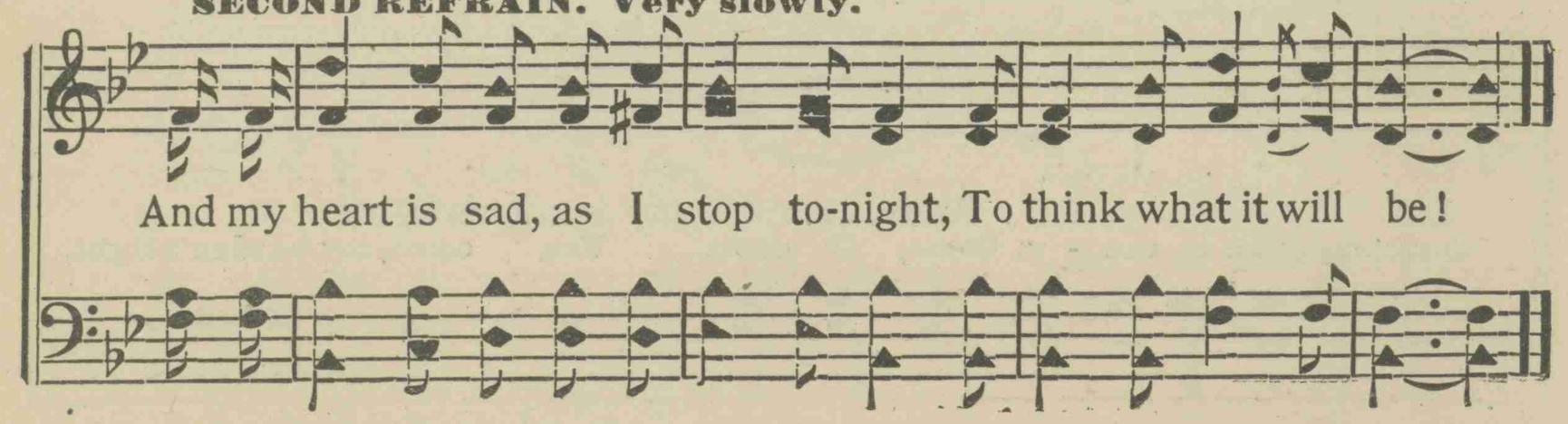


FIRST REFRAIN. Slowly.



To think what it will be,..... To think what it will be!
just 'twiil be, just

SECOND REFRAIN. Very slowly.



And my heart is sad, as I stop to-night, To think what it will be!

No. 48. I'm Going To a City.

MRS. E. G. FLOYD. J. E. HARPER.

1. I'm go - ing to a cit - y whose streets are paved with gold, Where white-robed throngs in
2. I'm go - ing to a cit - y be-yond the flight of time, Where living wa-ters
3. I'm go - ing to a cit - y in heav'n not made by hands, Whose walls are all a-

glo - ry wait for me; I hear the an-gels sing-ing, safe in the Father's fold,
nev - er cease to roll; There summer nev - er fad - eth in that fair sunbright clime,
gleam with precious gems; Around His throne are gathered the Saviour's blood-bought bands,

CHORUS.

They wait to greet me by the sea.
Where an-thems of joy shall fill my soul.
Who wear with Christ a di - a - dem.

Oh, glo - ry! oh, glo - ry! My
bless-ed Lord hath washed my sins a - way! Hal - le - lu-jah! And just a-cross the
riv - er He's waiting now for me, In a cit - y that's fairer than the day.

F. M. Ferrell, owner, Mt. Sylvan, Texas.

No. 49. In That Home on the Beautiful Shore.

Copyright, 1908, by J. E. Thomas. Used by per.

JENNIE WILSON. (HOPE OF HEAVEN.) N. D. JOHNSTON.

1. There is joy, ho - ly joy, that en - dur - eth for aye, In the
2. There is rest, wel-come rest, for the serv - ants of God, In the
3. There is peace, bless-ed peace, for each con-quer-ing soul, In the
4. There's a crown, shining crown, which the Saviour doth give, In the

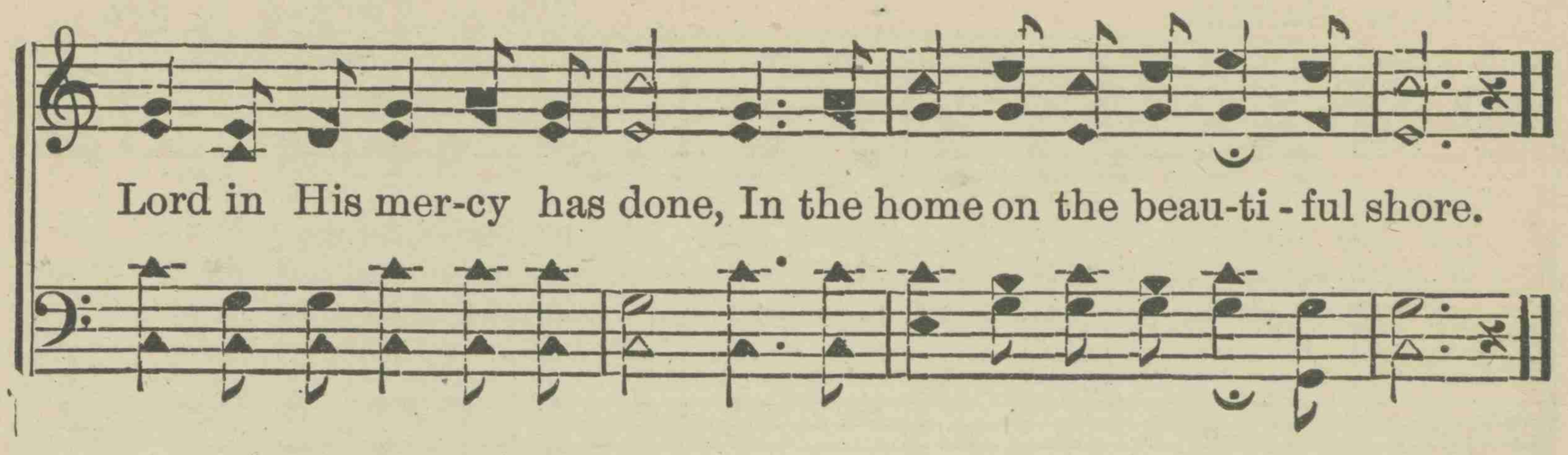
home on that beau ti - ful shore; Earth - ly sor-rows and cares will be
home on that beau-ti - ful shore; All their toil will be finished, their
home on that beau-ti - ful shore; They who strive here in faith gain the
home on that beau-ti - ful shore; O I long ev - er - more in His

all passed a - way, In the home on the beau-ti - ful shore.
path-way all trod, In the home on the beau-ti - ful shore.
victor's bright goal, In the home on the beau-ti - ful shore.
pres-ence to live, In the home on the beau-ti - ful shore.

CHORUS.

O how sweet it will be when our life here is done, And the
day without end has in glo - ry be-gun, To ex - tol what our

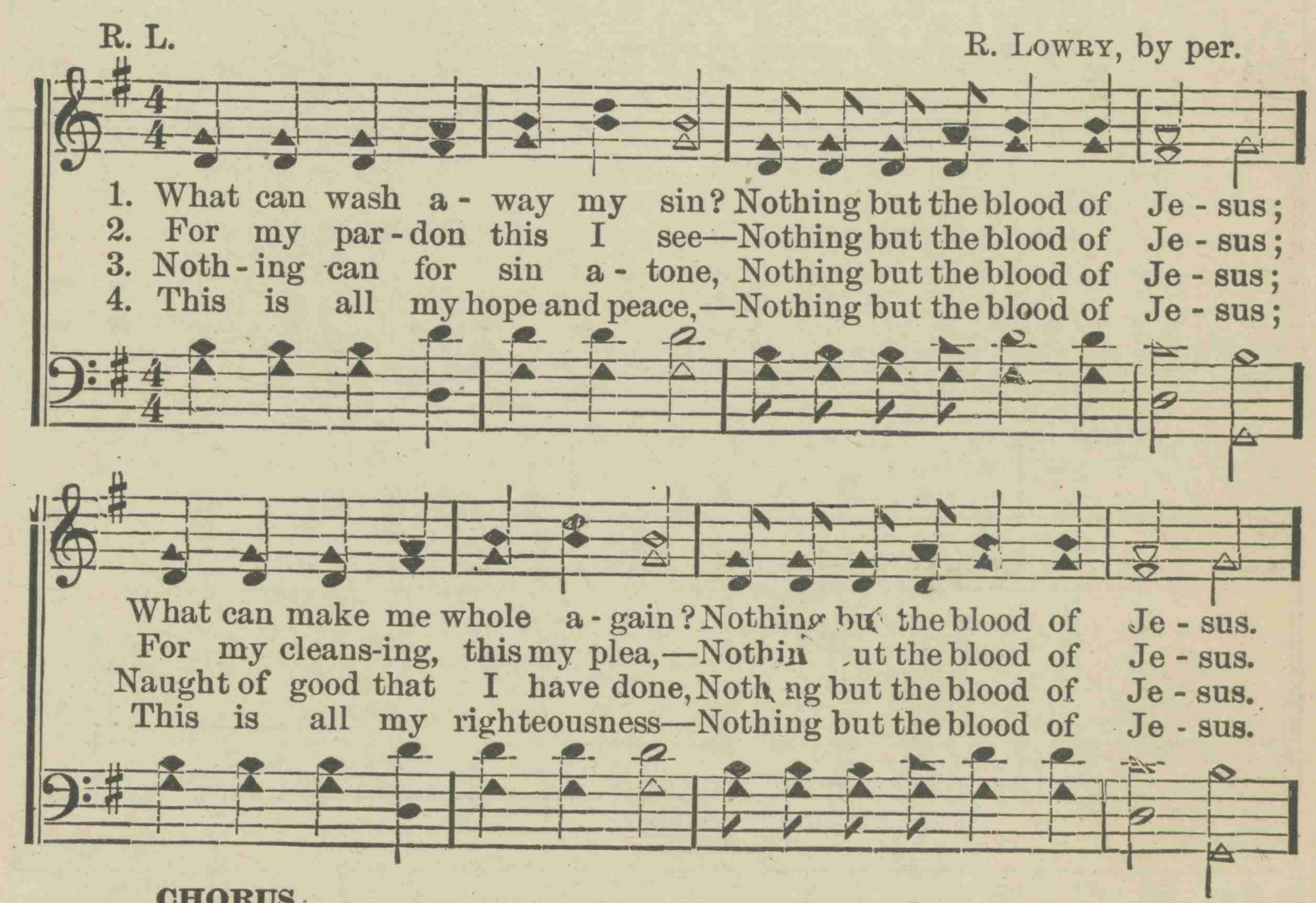
In That Home on the Beautiful Shore. Concluded.



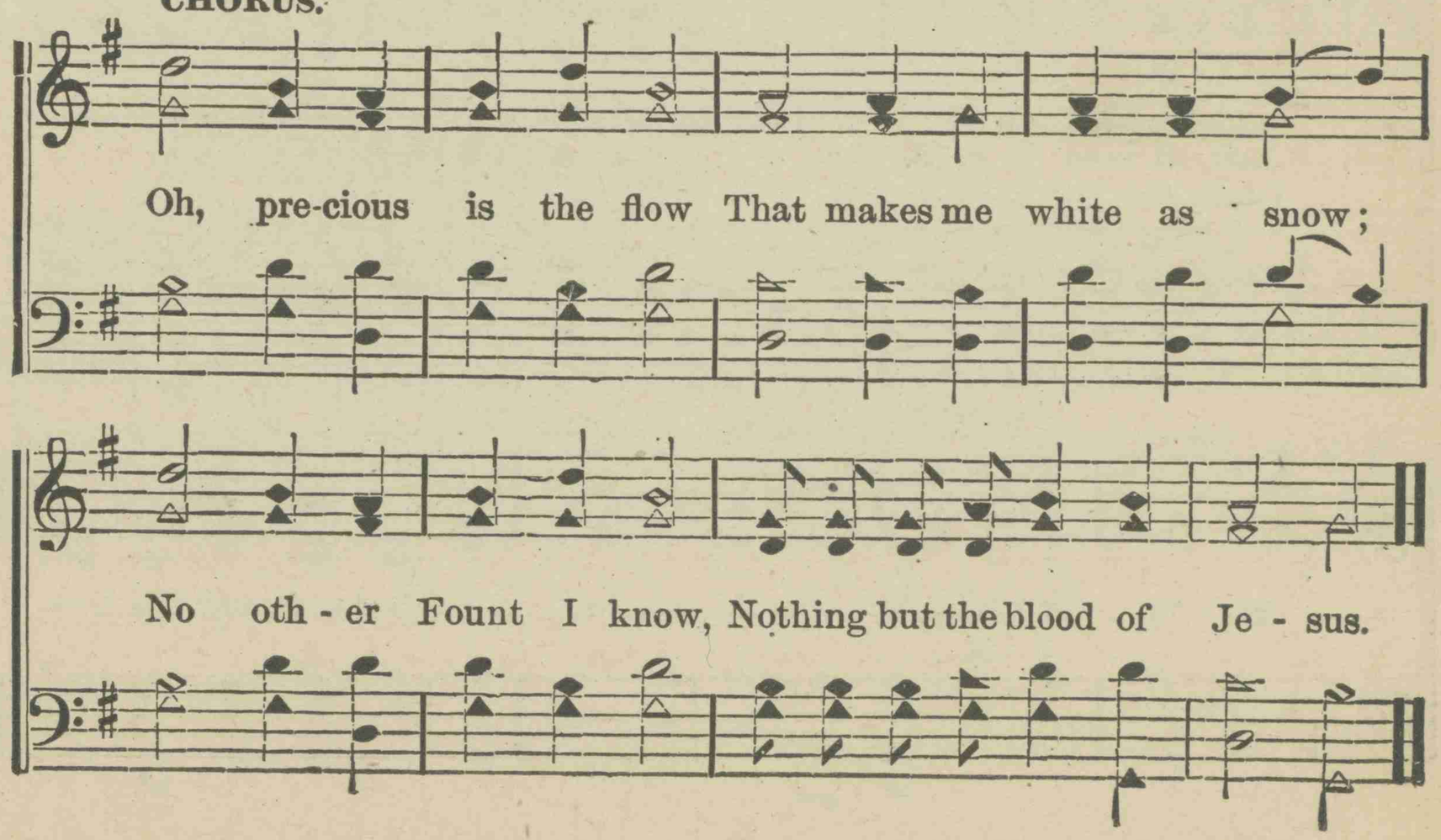
No. 50 . NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

R. L.

R. LOWRY, by per.



CHORUS.



No. 51. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

"I will tell thee."—Num. 23: 3.

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

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than all the golden fan-cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'T is pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger-ing and thirsting

Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be-cause I know it 's true; It sat - is - fies my longings As
Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me! And that is just the rea-son I
More wonder-ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev-er heard The mes-sage of sal - va-tion From
To hear it like the rest. And when in scenes of glo - ry I sing the New, New Song, 'T will be the Old, Old Sto - ry That

REFRAIN.

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

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

No. 52 Come to Jesus.

CHAS. J. JENNINGS. CHAS. B. DAVIS.

1. Sin-ner, hear the Saviour's voice, He is call - ing you to - day;
2. Je - sus died up - on the tree, To prepare for you the way;
3. Sin-ner, won't you now believe That He is the Truth, the Way?
4. He's prepared for you a home In that land of per - fect day;

If you'll make Him now your choice, He will wash your sins a - way.
Died, from sin to set you free, He will wash your sins a - way.
And His boundless grace receive, He will wash your sins a - way.
And if you will to Him come He will wash your sins a - way.

CHORUS.

Come to Je - sus, sin-ner, come, Come, O come, yes, come to - day;

Come to Je - sus, sin - ner, come, He will wash your sins a - way.

53

WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD.

JOHN. J. G. F.

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

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

Chorus.

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

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

rit.

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

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

No. 54 Mother and Home.

Earnestly dedicated to our mothers.

Words and music by W. J. LANEY.

With feeling.

1. Years a - go when I, a boy, Sing - ing songs was mother's joy, When my father dear would leave us there so lone; I can hear her voice so sweet, As she'd sing "When shall we meet;" I can ne'er for-get my mother and my home. My dear mother, she was true To her
2. Fa-ther he was good and kind, Oft he told us we would find Not an - other that would share our ills and woes; 'Twas her hands that press my brow, I can almost feel them now, I can ne'er for-get my mother and my home.
3. My dear mother we all knew To her God was ev - er true, And she told us o'er this world to never roam; As in years we older grew, She her blessings would be - stow, I can ne'er for-get my mother and my home.
4. Now I'm here so far a-way, From that home I've gone astray; Yet my moth-er of-ten prays for me a - lone; Troubles, trials to en-dure, Yet I'll live a life that's pure, Then I'll meet my dear sweet mother in our home.

CHORUS.

children and her home; She was patient, tender, kind, and loved us all; I praise God for her sweet name, She was ever just the same; I can ne'er forget my mother and my home.

rit.

No. 55 IN THAT HOME OF THE SOUL.

J. W. G. JAS. W. GAINES.

1. Soon the toils of life will cease, Then no sorrow we shall know, In that
2. There the Sav-iour we shall see, And His glory ev - er share, In that
3. While the ages onward roll, Round the shining throne we'll sing, In that

home of the soul; There we'll dwell in joy and peace, Robed in
Re - u - nit - ed we shall be, With the
In that home of the soul; With the angels we'll extol, Him, the

REFRAIN.

garments white as snow, In that home of the soul. Blessed thought,
ransomed over there, In that home of the soul.
Christ, our Lord, and King, In that home of the soul. Blessed tho't,

there to dwell, In that home of the soul; Endless
ev - er dwell, In that home, of the soul;
praise we shall swell, In that home of the soul.
Endless praise glad-ly swell, In that home of the soul.

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No. 56. O Think of the Home Over There.

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

1. O think of a home o-ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light,
2. O think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have trod,
3. My Sav-iour is now o-ver there, There my kindred and friends are at rest;
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see;

o-ver there,

Where the saints all immortal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white.
Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the pal-ace of God.
Then a - way from my sorrow and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Ma - ny dear to my heart o-ver there, Are watching and waiting for me.

over there.

REFRAIN.

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

o-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there,

O - ver there, o - ver there, o-ver there, O think of a home o - ver there.
O - ver there, o - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the friends o - ver there.
O - ver there, o - ver there, o-ver there, My Saviour is now o - ver there.
O - ver there, o - ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there.

o-ver there,

By per. of T. C. O'Kane.

No. 57 Blessed Be the Name.

Arranged.

1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
2. It makes the wound-ed spir-it whole, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
3. It soothes the troub-led sinner's breast, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
4. Then will I tell to sin-ners round, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
5. There's mu-sic in the Saviour's name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;

It soothes my sorrows, heals my wounds, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
'Tis man-na to the hun-gry soul, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
It gives the wea-ry sweet-est rest, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
What a dear Sav-iour I have found, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
Let ev-'ry heart His love pro-claim, Blessed be the name of the Lord,

CHORUS.

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

No. 58 Too Late.

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"And the door was shut."—MATT. 25: 10.

T. M. B. (QUESTION AND ADMONITION.) T. M. BOWDISH.

1. I won-der if Je-sus, the Sav-iour, Will o-pen that heaven-ly gate,
2. Shall I sing the songs of the ran-somed, With friends who my coming a-wait,
3. O come to the Saviour, my broth-er, Re-ceive thy ce-les-tial es-tate.

Too Late. Concluded.

Or when I shall seek for ad - mit - tance, Will He say, thou hast come too late.
Or shall I thro' e - ter - ni - ty min - gle With the lost who have come too late.
Tar-ry not un-til death o - ver-take thee, O ac-cept Him before too late!

REFRAIN.

Too late! too late! O soul, thou hast come too late!
3d v. Too late! too late! 'Twill soon be for - ev - er too late!

No. 59 Glory to His Name.

Used by permission.

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

1. Down at the cross where my Sav-iour died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to His name.
2. I am so won-drous - ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a- bides within; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His name.
3. O pre-cious fountain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to His name.
4. Come to this fount-ain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day and be made complete; Glo - ry to His name.

D. S.—There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to His name.

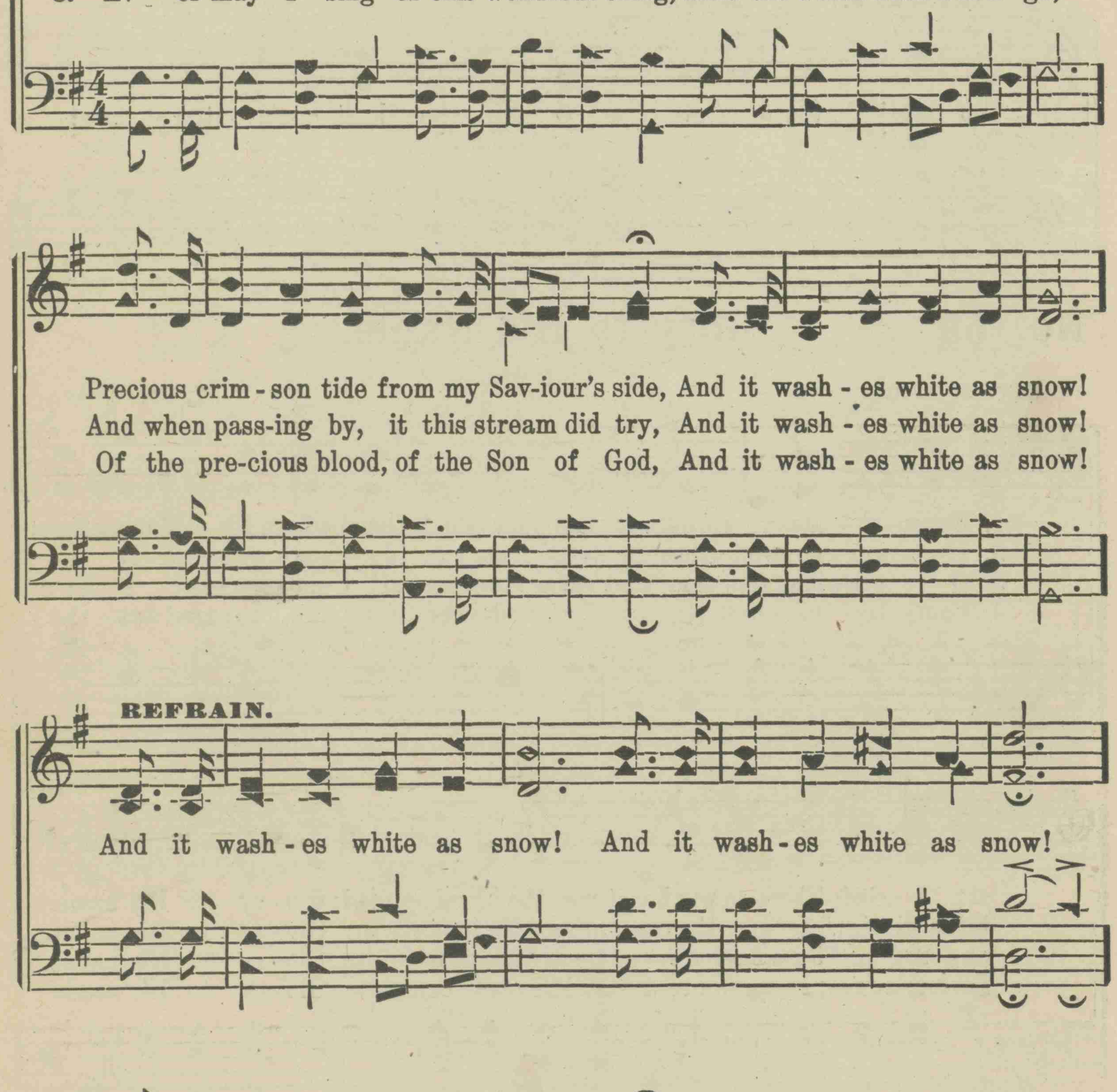
Glo - ry to His name,.... Glo - ry to His name;....

No. 60. And It Washes White As Snow.

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet,
they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson,
they shall be as wool."—Isa. 1: 18

F. L. EILAND.

1. 'Twas from Cal - va - ry that it came to me, With its might-y cleans-ing flow,
2. Sought my sin-stained soul, so to be made whole, And the peace of God to know,
3. Ev - er may I sing of this wondrous thing, Thro' the world wher-e'er I go,



Precious crim - son tide from my Sav-iour's side, And it wash - es white as snow!
And when pass-ing by, it this stream did try, And it wash - es white as snow!
Of the pre-cious blood, of the Son of God, And it wash - es white as snow!

And it wash - es white as snow! And it wash - es white as snow!

Precious crim-son tide, from my Saviour's side, And it wash - es white as snow!

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No. 61 Bring Them To Him.

F. L. EILAND. J. EDMOND THOMAS.

1. Bring them to Him who is a - ble to save, Trust not in the might of thy hand;
2. Go on the highways with pray'r, and with song; Go out in the by - ways of sin;
3. Go quick-ly, bro-ther, and speak you the word, Some one you may res-cue to - day;

Lead to the Rock, Christ Je - sus, the soul, Se - cure thro' the a - ges to stand.
Go with your light brightly burn - ing with zeal, And bring doubting wanderers in.
Some who are lost in the night of de-spair Will hear, and your message o - bey.

CHORUS.

Bring them to Him who is a - ble to save,
Bring them to Him, Bring them to Him, For
Je - sus the Rock, Je - sus the Rock, Bring them to Him who is a - ble to save,
Je - sus the Rock is might - y to save, Oh, bring them to Him who is a - ble to save, For
He is the Rock of sal - va - tion.
He is the Rock of sal - va - tion.

J. EDMOND THOMAS, owner.

No. 62 THERE IS SUNLIGHT.

"I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."—*Jesus.*—JOHN 8:12.

J. E. WILLIAMS. OSCAR WILLIAMS.

1. There is sun-light in the blessed Saviour's love, There is sun - light,
2. Press ye onward, Christians, raise the banner high, There is sun - light,
3. When we reach those mansions on the oth-er side, There is sun - light,

There is sunlight,

there is sun - - light, And 'tis shin-ing on my pathway
there is sun - - light, For a crown a - waits you in the
there is sun - - light, We will dwell for - ev -- er with the

there is sun-light,

REFRAIN.

from a-bove, There is sun-light in His love. There is sun - light,
by and by, There is sun-light in His love.
glor - i - fied, There is sun-light in His love.

bless-ed sunlight,

there is sun - light, There is sun-light in His love; There is

glo-rious sun-light,

sun - light, there is sun - light, There is sun-light in His love.

bless-ed sun-light, glorious sun-light,

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No. 63 WONDROUS LOVE.

Though we suffer many trials and disappointments in this life, yet we have, through His wondrous love, the promise, if faithful, of an eternal inheritance of joy and rapture in His everlasting kingdom.—N. W. A.

MISS ORELIA McKENZIE. J. W. GAINES.

With feeling.

1. What wondrous love, dear Lord, that Thou Shouldst come to earth and die,
2. 'Twas love that led Thee to the cross, And nailed Thee to it there;
3. O, won - drous love, how sweet the tho't, That sin - a - ton - ing flow,—
4. Since Thou didst die that I might gain, Sal - va - tion full and free,

Shouldst shed Thy blood on Calv'ry's brow, For reb - els, such as I!
That I, tho' once in dark - ness lost, May now, free par-don share!
Thy pre - cious blood, my soul hath bought, And res - cued it from woe!
I'll spend my days that yet re - main, Dear Lord, in serv-ing Thee!

CHORUS.

Of Thy great love, I'll ev - er sing,
Of Thy great love, my song shall be, I'll ev - er sing, dear Lord, of Thee,

Who died up - on the tree, Sal - va - tion full,
Sal - va - tion full, thy blood can give,

And free to bring, For all, yes, ev - en me!
that all may look and live,

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No. 64. The Saviour Triumphant.

JAMES ROWE. ALBERT C. FISHER.

The Saviour Triumphant. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Hon-or and glo-ry for-ev-er Be to His won-der-ful

name;..... Earth shall re-joice in His pow-er,

cres.

Nations His glo-ry pro-claim;.. An-gels in heav-en ex-

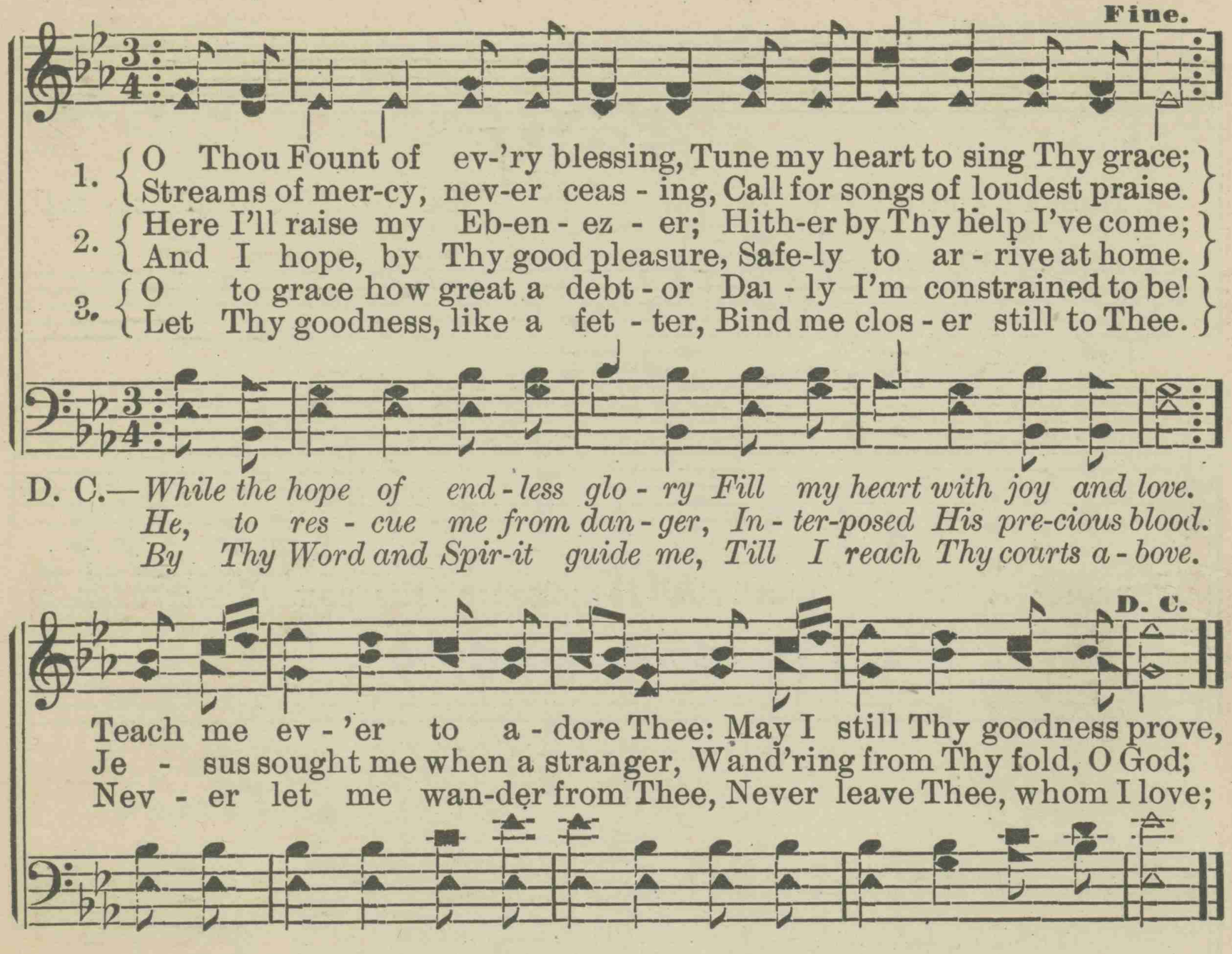
alt..... Him, Mil-lions of mor-tals a-dore!.....

cres. Harmony.

Praise ye the Sav-iour, tri-umph-ant For ev-er-more.....

No. 65. O Thou Fount.

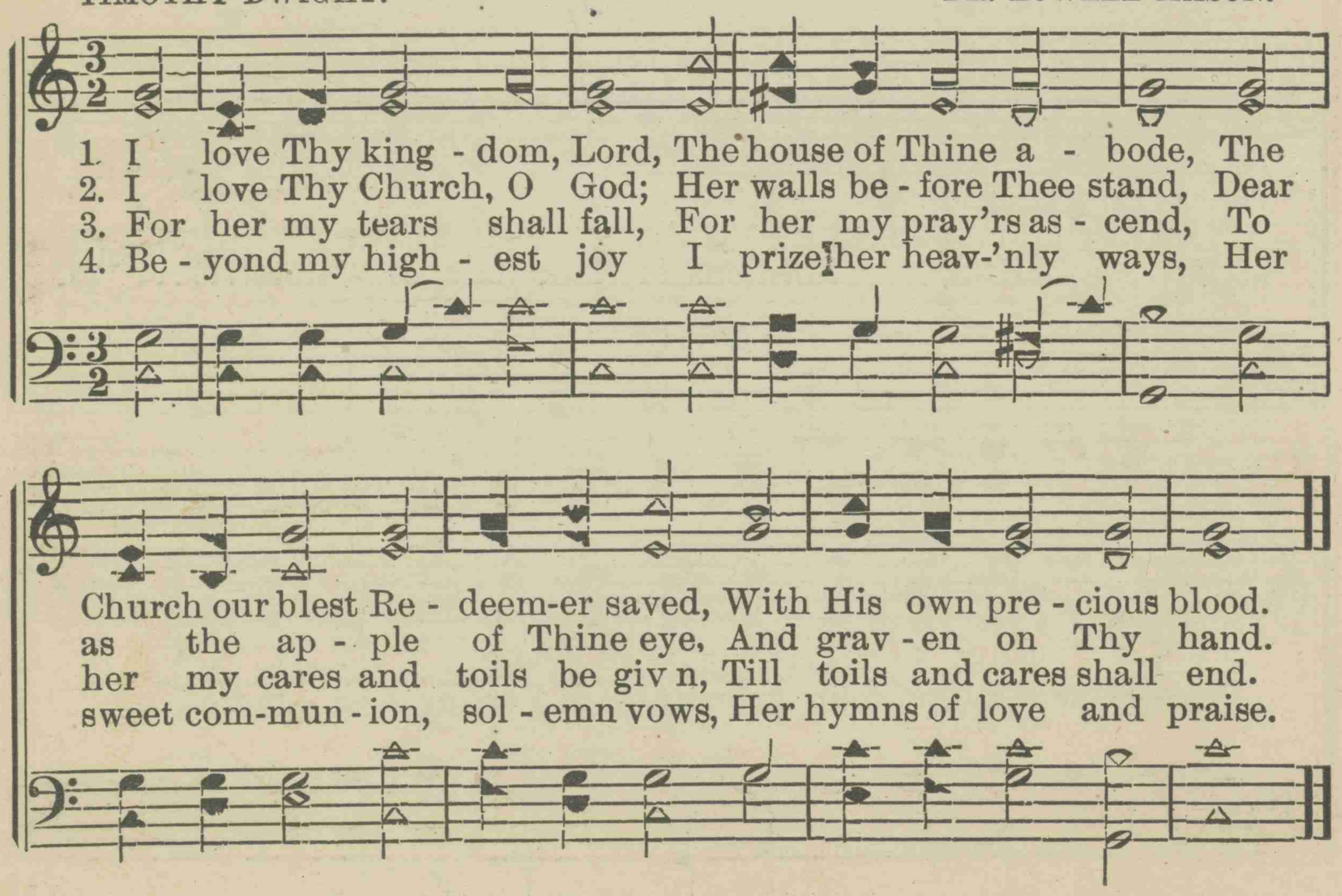
R. ROBINSON. Anon.



No. 66. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."—Ps. 137: 5, 6.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. DR. LOWELL MASON.



No. 67 Pisgah.

ISAAC WATTS. ANON.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, To mansions in the skies,....
2. Should earth against my soul engage, And fier-y darts be hurled,...
3. Let cares like a wild del-uge come, And storms of sorrow fall,.....
4 There shall I bathe my wear-y soul In seas of heav'nly rest,.....

I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes,
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frowning world,
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all,
And not a wave of troub-le roll A - cross my peaceful breast,

And wipe my weeping eyes,....And wipe my weeping eyes,....
And face a frowning world,...And face a frown-ing world,...
My God, my heav'n, my all,.....My God, my heav'n my all,.....
A - cross my peaceful breast,.. A - cross my peaceful breast;

I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frowning world.
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of troub-le roll A-cross my peaceful breast.

No. 68. My Old Faded Book. (The Bible.)

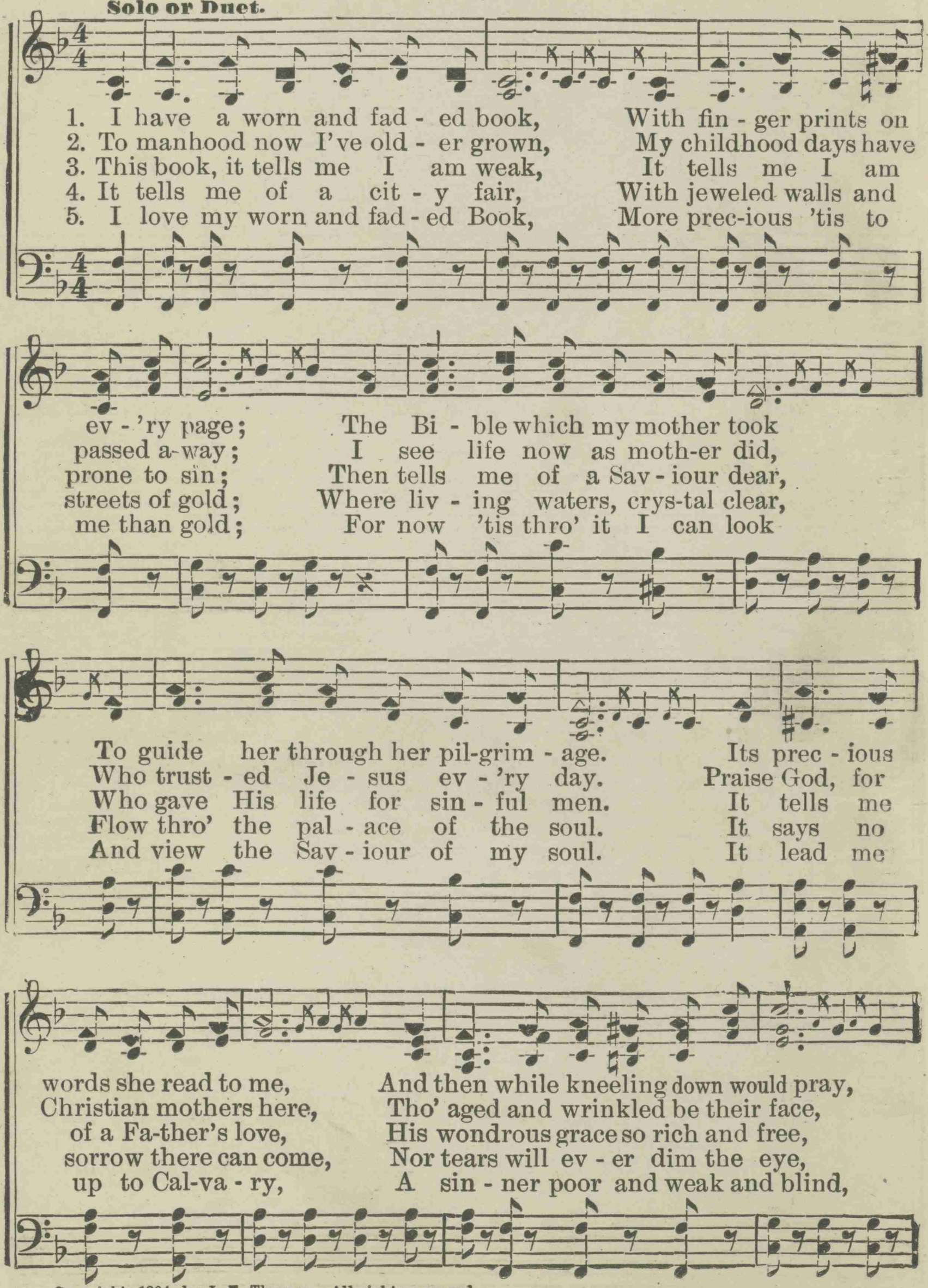
Words and music by J. E. THOMAS.

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old he will not depart from it."
"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.—REV. 14: 13.

This little song is sent forth—

In memory of our mother dear
Who left us with her guide (the Bible),
And crossed to realms of bliss so fair,
Beyond death's chilly tide.

Solo or Duet.



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My Old Faded Book. (The Bible.) Concluded.

O Fa - ther, ev - er watch - ful be, O'er this, my
'Twas thro' God's love and moth-er's pray'rs That I'm a
And why He gave His on - ly Son To die up-
That saints of ev - 'ry age and clime Shall meet to-
Then from the cross came light to me, And love o'er-

child, lest he should stray.
sin - ner saved by grace.
on Mount Cal - va - ry.
geth - er by and by.
flowed this soul of mine.

REFRAIN.

Though ma - ny years have come and

gone, Since mother dear has passed away, I find its

prom-is - es to her Are just the same to ev - en me.

No. 69. THE HANDS THAT WERE NAILED TO THE TREE.

F. L. E.

F. L. EILAND.

SOLO. *ad lib. Feelingly.*

1. Out, from sin un - to righteousness lift - ed,.... By the hands that were nailed to the tree;.... Thro' the love and all-wondrous compassion,
2. I was down in the cell of sin's prison,.... And was doomed, in de- spair to re - main,... Had they not, those dear hands, to my rescue,
3. May I fail not, to praise them for - ev - er,.... And to tell it wher- ev - er I be,..... This, the glo - ri - ous gift, of the par - don,
4. Go - ing up, is my soul with thanksgiving,.. There, its song of re- demption to sing, ... Touch, to feel, of the hands that in mer-cy,

REFRAIN.

Of my Saviour, down-reaching to me!
Come, and loosed the fast shackling dread chain!
Which they brought, and delivered to me!
Came, and to it, sal - va - tion did bring!
} They lift - ed me out of sin's dwelling!— The hands, that were nailed to the tree;.... And I, this all-

Rit.

wondrous com-pas - sion,.. Can feel, there, down-reaching to me!....

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Tell It to Jesus Alone.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. Rev. E. S. Lorenz, by per.

1. Are you wea-ry, are you heav-y-heart-ed? Tell it to Je-sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je-sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sorrow? Tell it to Je-sus,
4. Are you troub-led at the tho't of dy-ing? Tell it to Je-sus,

Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev-ing o - ver joys de-part - ed?
Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to man's eyes are hid - den?
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx-ious what shall be to - mor-row?
Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sigh-ing?

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to

Je - sus, He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth - er

such a friend or broth - er; Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

No. 71. Stormy Galilee.

REV. R. R. SMITH. J. W. DAVIS.

1. O the night was dark and drea-ry, On the storm-y Gal - i - lee;
2. All the night in vain they labored, Each one toil-ing at his oar,
3. When the an - gels come to guide us To the presence of our Lord,

And the ship by wind was driv-en, O'er the wild tempestuous sea,
And, a - las! all hope was vanished, They could never reach the shore;
How our hearts will swell with gladness, That we've trusted in His word;

Till it seemed no pow'r could save them From a dark and wa-t'ry grave,
But they heard the voice of Je - sus, "Fear ye not, I've pow'r to save;"
Let us not grow wea - ry wait-ing, Christ will come to claim His own,

rit. ad lib.

But the Sav-iour came un - to them, Walking safe - ly o'er each wave.
Then they saw the Sav-iour com - ing, Walking safe - ly o'er each wave.
Then we'll dwell with Him in glo-ry, Where no pain is ev - er known.

CHORUS.

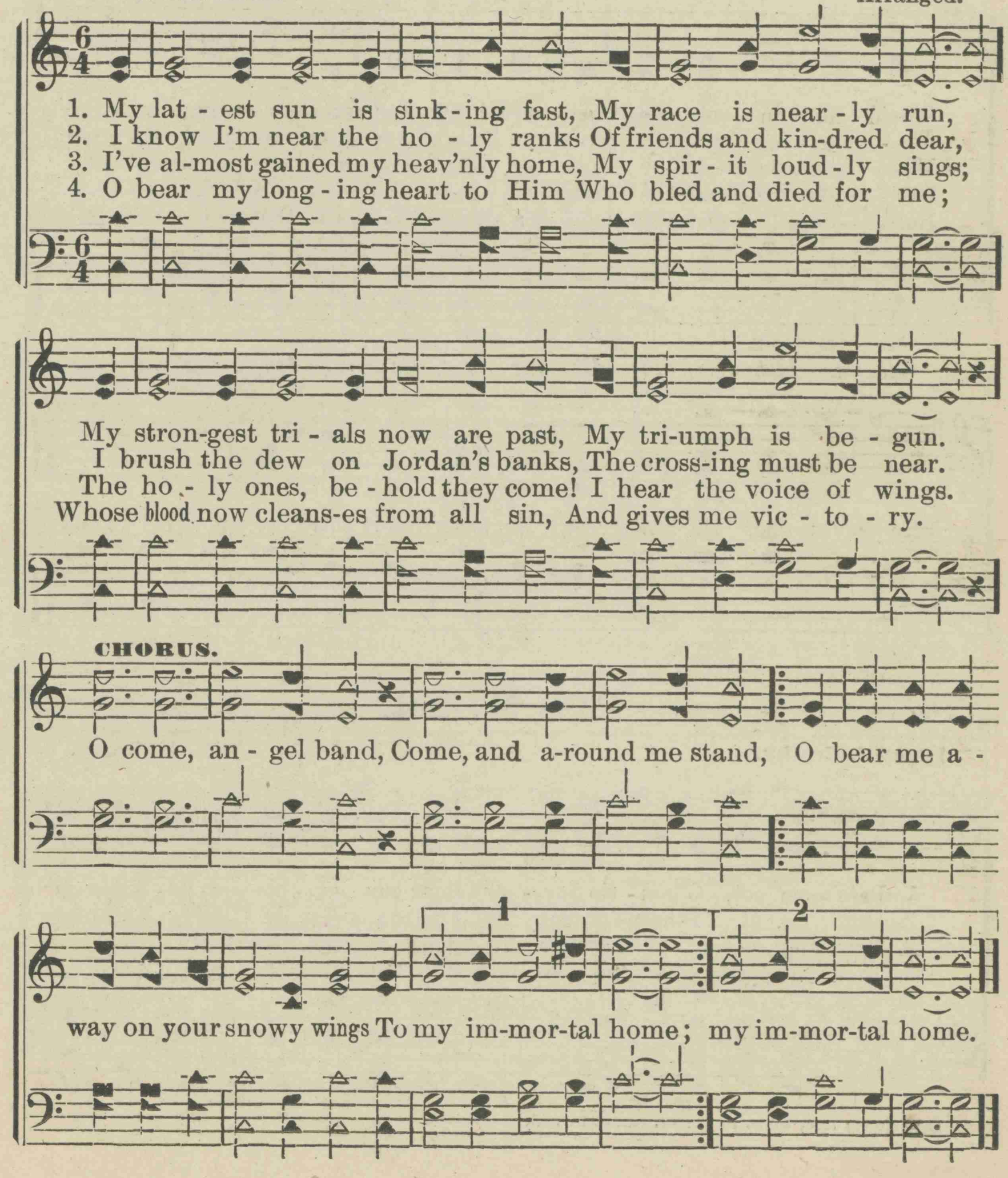
While you sail..... on life's dark o - cean,..... And the
yes, while you sail life's dark o-cean,
Trust in Je - - - - sus as your pi - lot,..... He will
Je-sus, trust in Je - sus as your pi - lot,

J. W. Davis, owner. Used by per.

Stormy Galilee. Concluded.

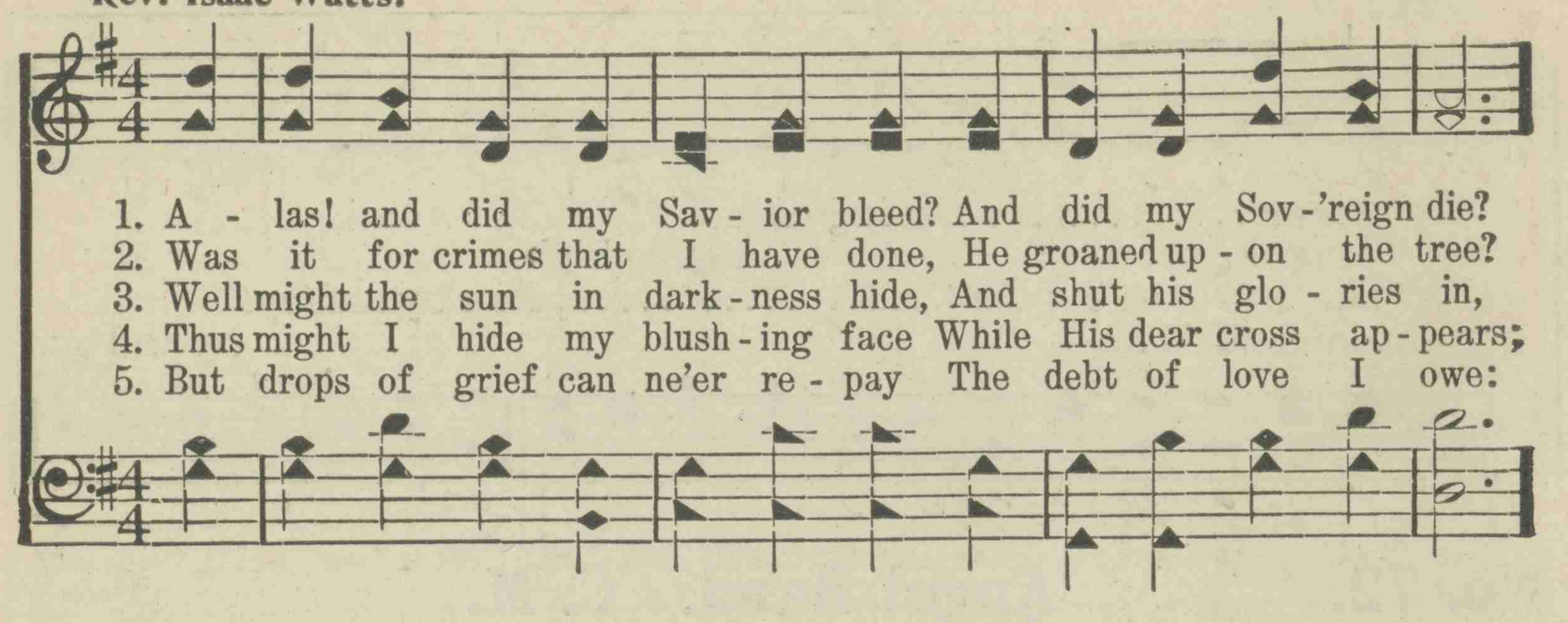
No. 72. Angel Band. C. M.

REV. J. HASKELL. Arranged.



73 He Loves Me.

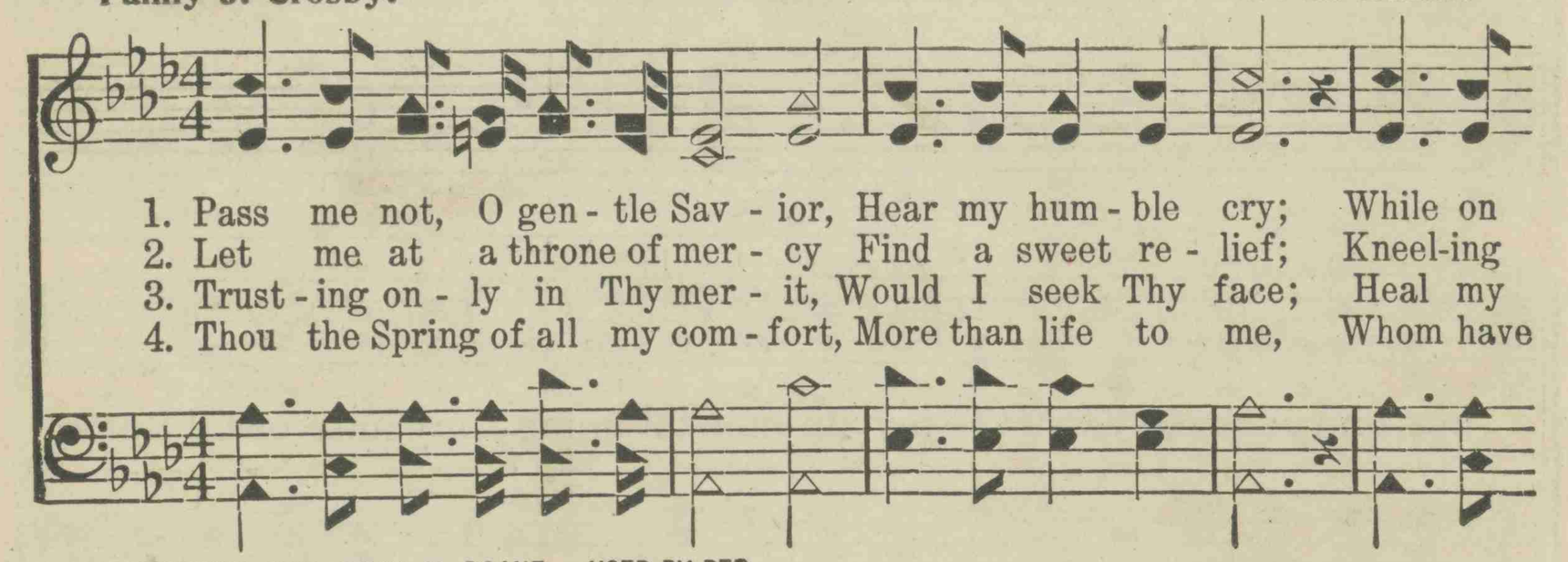
Rev. Isaac Watts. Arr.



Fine. *D. S.*

74 Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



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Pass Me Not.

CHORUS.

oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con-tri - tion, Help my un - be- lief.
wounded, bro-ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
I on earth be-side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

} Sav - ior, Sav - ior,

Hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth-ers Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

75

Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al - most per-suad - ed," Now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
2. "Al - most per-suad - ed," Come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," Har - vest is past; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"

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

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

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No. 76 I LOVE TO WALK WITH JESUS.

C. F. W. C. F. Weigele.

1. O I love to walk with Je - sus Like the pub - li- cans of old,
2. O I love to walk with Je - sus Like the man of long a - go,
3. O I love to walk with Je - sus All the way to Calv'ry's brow,
4. O sometime I'll walk with Je - sus In the land of end - less day,

When He gathered them a - bout Him And the bless-ed ti - dings told;
Who had tar- ried by the way- side Near the gates of Jer - i - cho;
Gaze up - on that scene of suff'ring, While my tears of sor - row flow;
When our jour-ney here is o - ver And we've reached our home to stay;

How He came to bring de-liv-'rance To the cap - tives in dis-tress,
Je - sus heard his cry for mer - cy, Gave him back his sight that day,
There He tells me how He loves me, Takes my ev - 'ry sin a - way;
Then I'll walk with Him for- ev - er, Sing His prais- es o'er and o'er,

Take a - way our ev - 'ry bur - den, Giv - ing per- fect peace and rest.
And im - me-diate-ly he fol-lowed Je - sus all a- long the way.
So I fol - low Him so glad- ly, Lead me an - y-where He may.
Laugh and shout, and ev-er tell Him That I love Him more and more.

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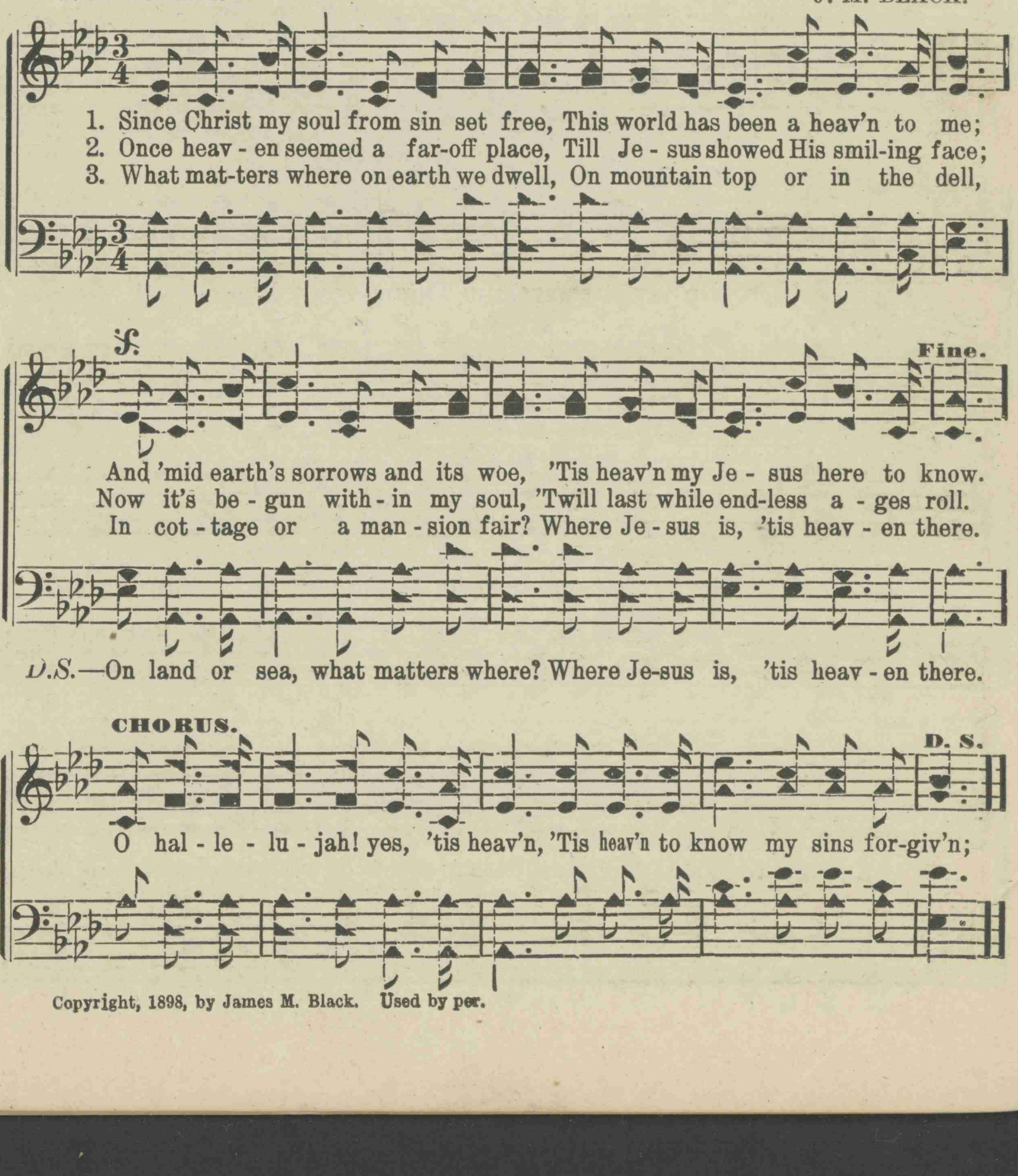
I Love To Walk With Jesus. Concluded.

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

S. F. BUTLER. J. M. BLACK.



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No. 78 There Is Only One Road!

Copyright, 1908, by J. E Thomas. Used by per.

J. E. T. J. E. THOMAS.

Good as a Solo or Duet, (Tenor and Soprano).

Slow, with earnest expression.

1. There is on - ly one road for the sinner to go, To be cleansed from all sin and its stain; There is on-ly one road, and straightly it leads To the
2. There is on - ly one place for the Christian to live, That His faith in God dai - ly may gain; There is on-ly one place, and tru-ly it is At the
3. There is on - ly one road to the heav'nly gate, Where the saints are u- nit - ed a - gain; There is on-ly one road and sure-ly it leads By the

rit.

REFRAIN.

cross where the Saviour was slain! There is on - ly one road for the sin-ner to go, To be cleansed from all sin and its stain; There is on-ly one road and straightly it leads to the cross where the Saviour was slain.

No. 79. Yield Not To Temptation.

"Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."—MARK 14: 38.

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

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yielding is sin, Each vict'ry will help you
   Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
2. Shun e - vil companions; Bad language dis - dain; God's name hold in rev'rence,
   Be thoughtful and earnest, Kind hearted and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
3. To Him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we will conquer,
   He who is our Sav-iour, Our strength will re-new; Look ev - er to Je - sus,

CHORUS.

Some oth-er to win; He'll car-ry you thro'.
Nor take it in vain; He'll car-ry you thro'. Ask the Saviour to help you,
Tho' of-ten cast down; He'll car-ry you thro'.

Comfort, strengthen and keep you; He is willing to aid you, He will carry you thro'.

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No. 80. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

G. N. ALLEN. AARON CHAPIN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here!
3. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un - min - gled love, And joy with-out a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

No. 81. Give Me Thy Heart.

E. E. HEWITT. ANNA F. BOURNE.

1. "Give me thy heart," says the Fa-ther a - bove, No gift so pre-cious to Him as our love, Soft - ly He whis - pers wher - ev - er thou art,
2. "Give me thy heart," says the Sav - iour of men, Call - ing in mer - cy a - gain and a - gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e - vil de - part,
3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spir - it di - vine, "All that thou hast to my keep-ing re - sign; Grace more a - bound - ing is mine to im - part,

CHORUS.

"Grate - ful - ly trust me, and give me thy heart."
Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart." "Give me thy heart,
Make full sur - ren - der, and give me thy heart."

p

Give me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper, wher-ev-er thou art; From this dark world He would draw thee a-part, Speaking so ten - der - ly, "Give me thy heart."

rit.

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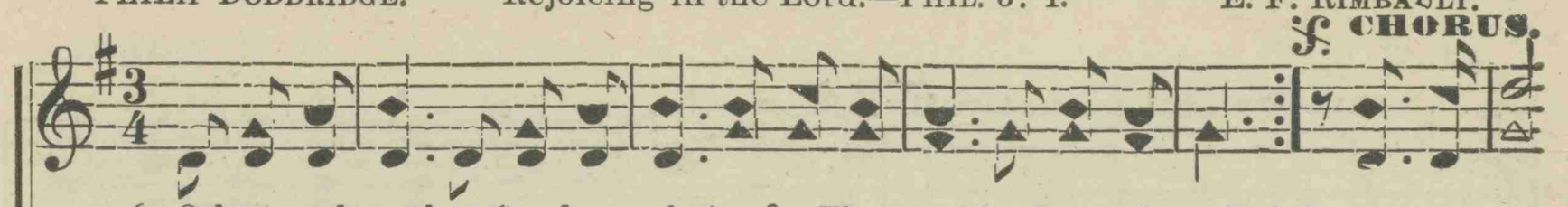
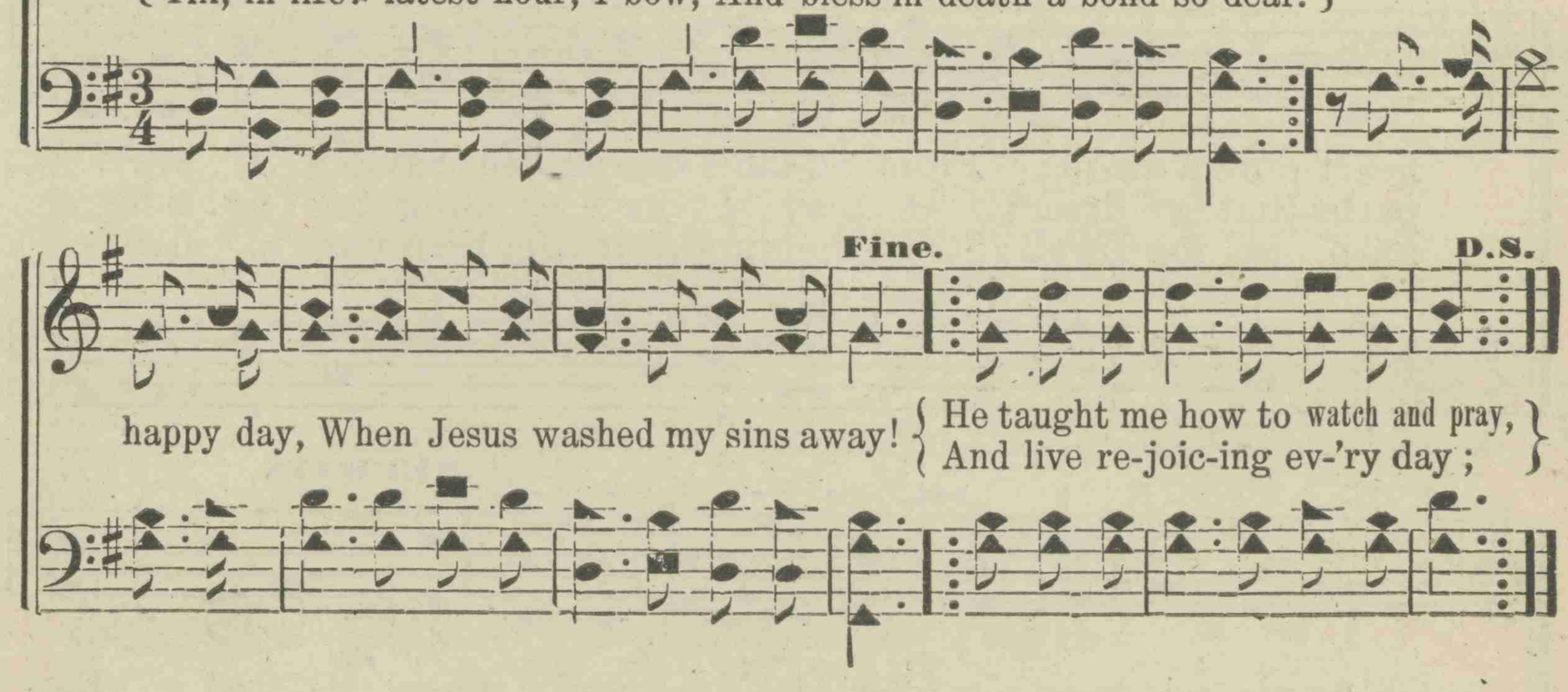
No. 82. HAPPY DAY. L. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. Rejoicing in the Lord.—PHIL. 3: 1. E. F. RIMBAULT.



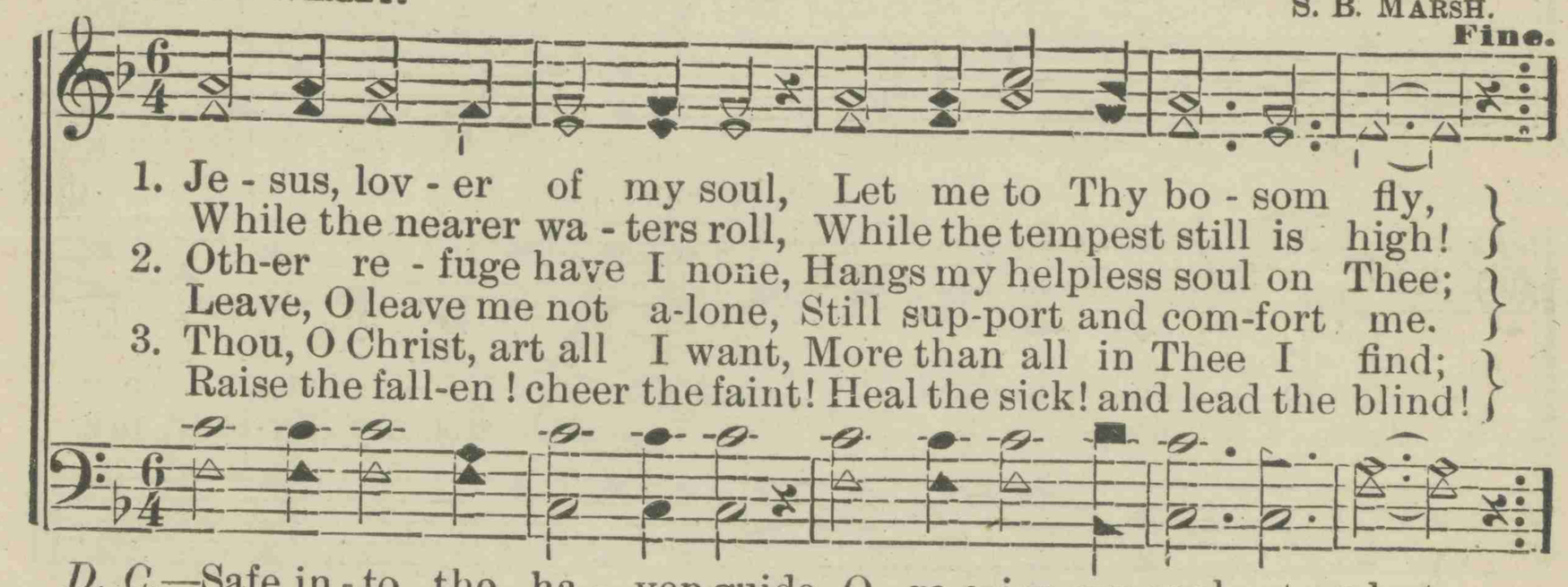
1. { O happy day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Savior and my God; / Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. } Hap-py day,
2. { O happy bond, that seals my vows To Him, who merits all my love! / Let cheerful anthems fill the house, While to His altar now I move. } Hap-py day,
3. { 'Tis done—the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine; / He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine. } Hap-py day,
4. { Now rest, my long-divided heart! Fixed on this blissful center, rest; / Here have I found a nobler part, Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast. } Hap-py day,
5. { High heaven, that hears the solemn vow That vow renewed, shall daily hear, / Till, in life's latest hour, I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear. } Hap-py day,



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

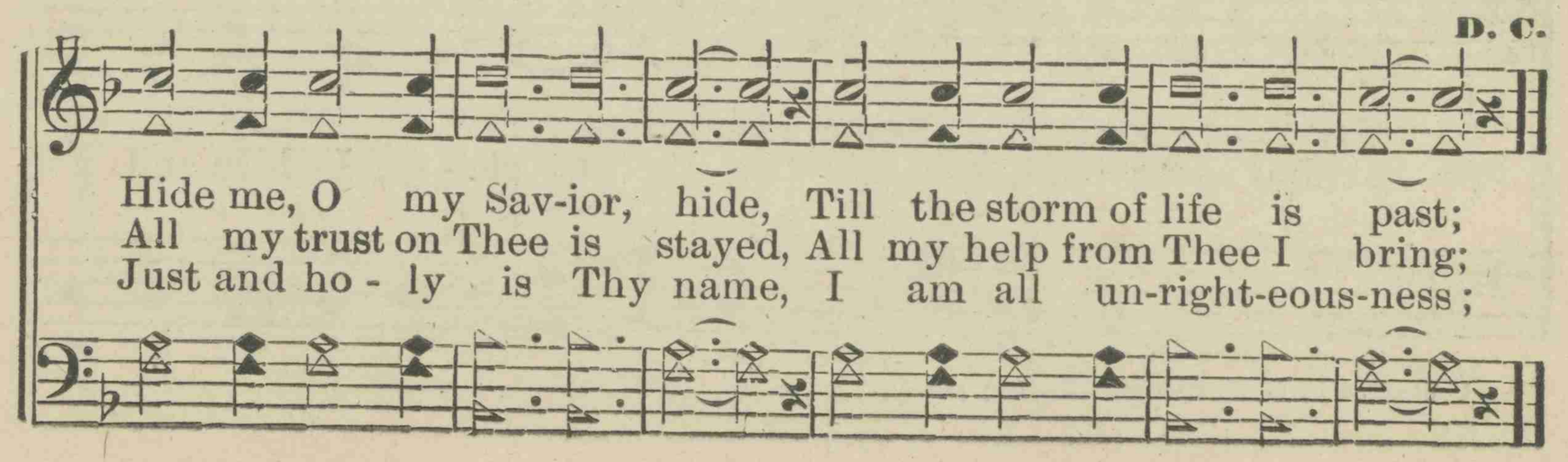
No. 83. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. S. B. MARSH.



1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, / While the nearer wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high!
2. Oth-er re - fuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; / Leave, O leave me not a-lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me.
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find; / Raise the fall-en! cheer the faint! Heal the sick! and lead the blind!

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



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

No. 84. Blessed Redeemer.

J. W. G. J. W. GAINES.

Slowly and pathetically.

1. Bless - ed Re-deem - er, Sav-iour of men, Shield me and keep my
2. Sa - tan's al-lure-ments ev - er are near, They would en-tice to
3. When I am tempt-ed, proned to re - bel, May Thy rich grace, thro'

heart pure with-in; From Sa-tan's snares, dear Saviour, I pray,
paths that are drear; O may I ev - er cling to Thy side,
faith, in me dwell; Strengthen my cour-age, help me to live,

rit. **REFRAIN.**

Guide me and keep me o'er life's dark way. Bless - ed Re -
And in Thy love, dear Sav - iour, a - bide.
That I may hon - or un - to Thee give. Bless-ed Redeemer, Re -

deem - er, who died on the tree, Je - sus, my
deemer of men, Je-sus, my Sav-iour, my

Sav - iour, Thy blood made me free;..... O
Sav-iour and Friend, O glo - ry, I love and a -

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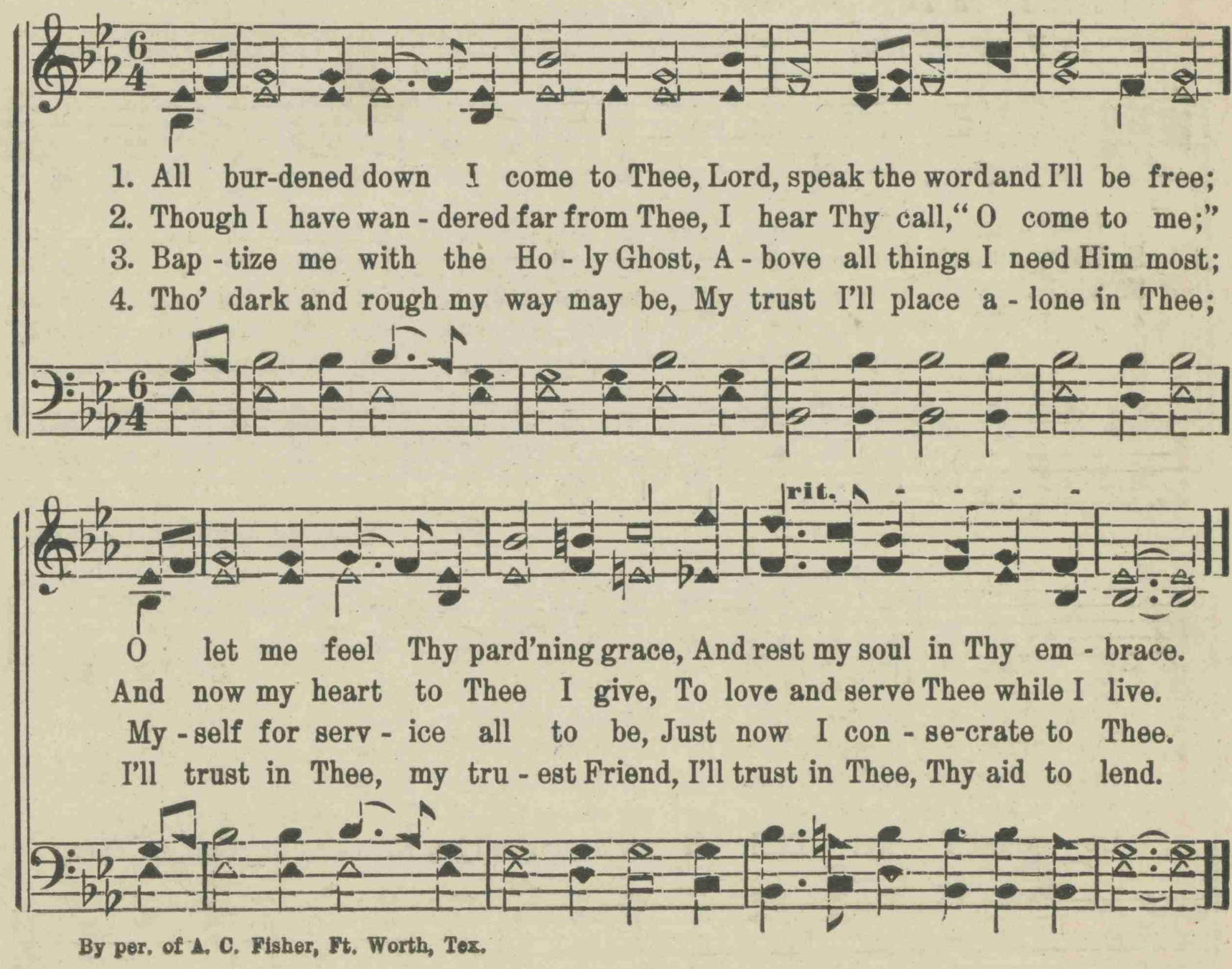
Blessed Redeemer. Concluded.

No. 85. I Come to Thee.

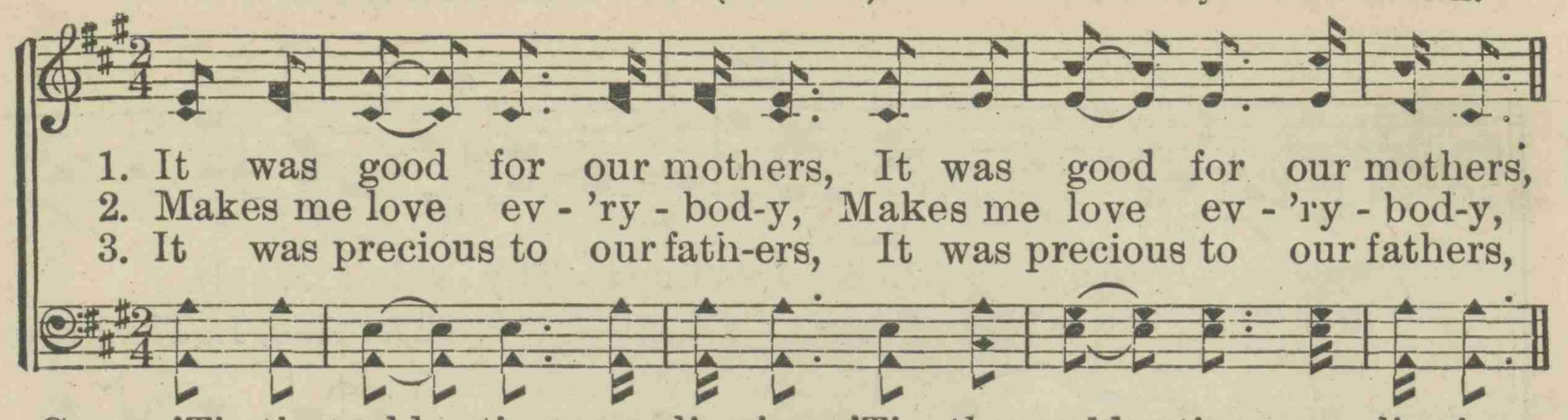
A. C. F. ALBERT C. FISHER.

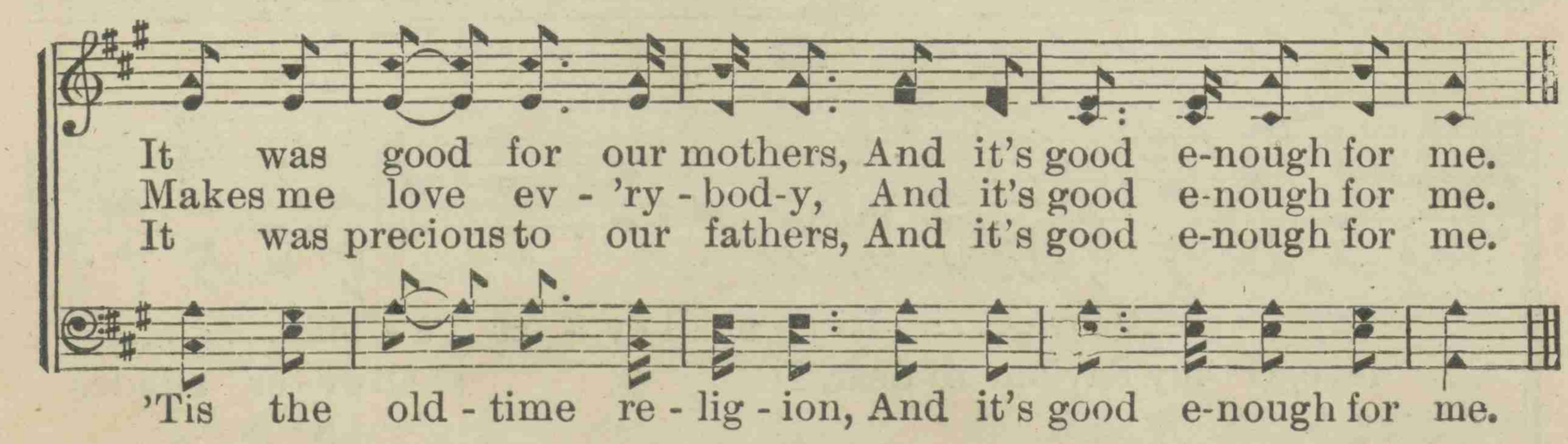


By per. of A. C. Fisher, Ft. Worth, Tex.

No. 86 The Old-Time Religion.

(FAITH.) Arr. by T. M. BOWDISH.





4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel,
And it's good enough for me.

5 It was good for the Hebrew children,
And it's good enough for me.

6 It was tried in the fiery furnace,
And it's good enough for me.

7 It was good for Paul and Silas,
And it's good enough for me.

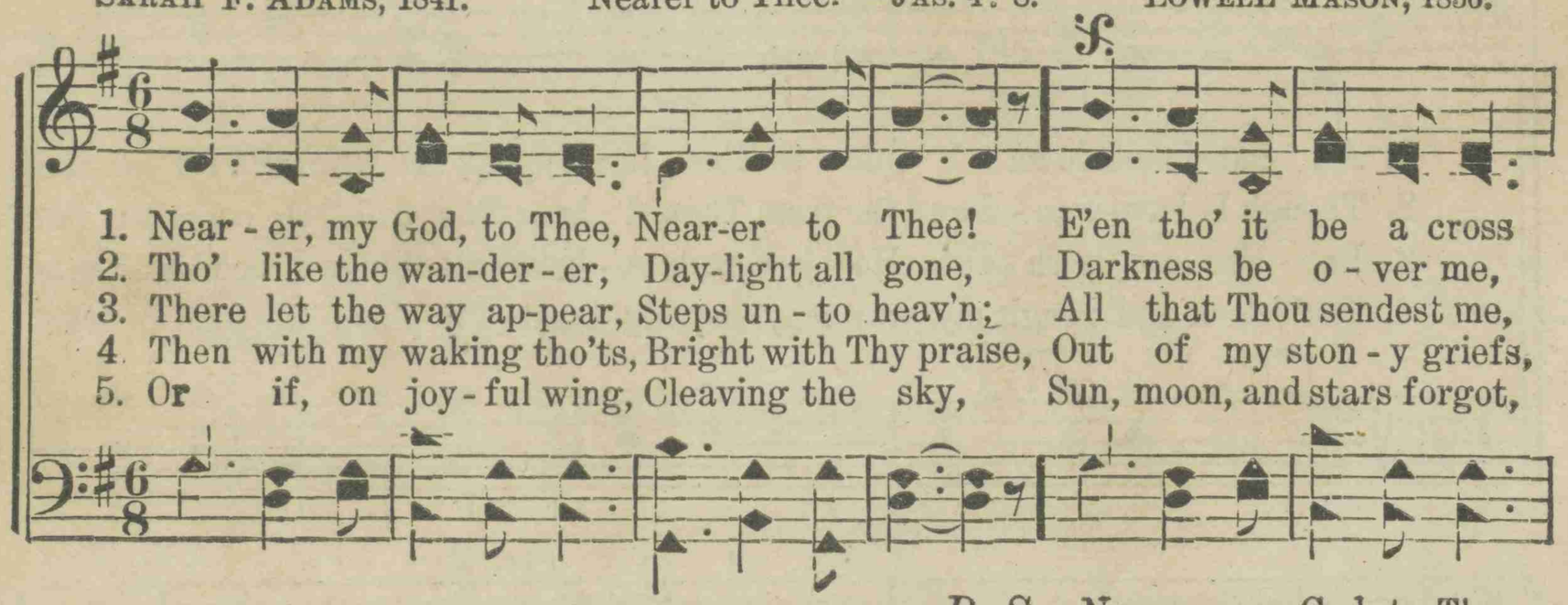
8 It will do when I am dying,
And it's good enough for me.

9 It will take us all to heaven,
And it's good enough for me.

No. 87 NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. 6s & 4s.

(BETHANY.)

SARAH F. ADAMS, 1841. "Nearer to Thee."—JAS. 4: 8. LOWELL MASON, 1856.



No. 88. In the Old Time.

Let us go away from all "Fadism" into the marvelous Light, Liberty, Power and Glory of the Gospel of Christ, Amen! And as the early Christians did, let us go preaching and singing the words of life.

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

1. We want just the same re - lig - ion, That our fathers used to know, (there,)
2. They did preach and pray and sing it, In the home and all abroad, (there,)
3. Moth-ers to their sons and daughters Taught it, in its perfect way, (there,)
4. Then, 'twas not of fad or fan - cy, Nor for fame, a preached appeal, (there,)

In the old time, In the old time; And that they did car - ry
In the old time, In the old time; In the way that hear-ing
In the old time, In the old time; As they talked it so they
In the old time, In the old time; 'Twas re - lig - ion full of

D. C.—*Yes, we want the same re -*

with them, Ev - 'ry - where that they did go, (there,) In the
sin - ners, Could dis - cern the pow'r of God, (there,) In the
lived it, Out, be - fore them day by day, (there,) In the
glo - ry, From the heart, with burn - ing zeal, (there,) In the

lig - ion, As was that of long a - go, (there,) In the

Fine. CHORUS.

old time, In the old time! It made ev - 'ry - bod - y hap-py

old time, In the old time!

D. S.

In the old time, Made them love and serve each other, In the old time,

F. L. Eiland, owner. Used by per.

No. 89. 'T WILL BE GLORY!

Words written, and adapted to music, by
N. W. ALLPHIN.
Last stanza by F. L. EILAND.

J. W. GAINES.

1. There's a home of pure de - light, In a land where comes no night,
2. When our work on earth is o'er, And we've reached that shining shore,
3. In those mansions bright and fair, Spotless robes, of white, we'll wear,
4. When, shall dawn e - ter - ni - ty, What a wondrous sight 'twill be,—

There, no sick-ness, pain nor sor - row, we shall know; But, with
There, we'll dwell where joys su-per - nal nev - er die; And our
End - less glo - ries we shall share, be-yond the sky; We shall
When, the saved of all the earth are gath-ered in; And the

saints who've gone be - fore, We shall dwell for - ev - er - more,—
eyes shall then be - hold, Heav-en's splen - dor, yet un - told,—
stand be - fore the King, And His praise, for - ev - er sing,—
great tri - um-phant song, By the ran-somed ho - ly throng,

Sin - ner, to that home e - ter - nal, will you go?
'T will be glo - ry o - ver yon - der by and by!
'T will be glo - ry o - ver yon - der by and by!
Shall, a - new, the praise of Je - sus, there be - gin!

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'T WILL BE GLORY—Concluded.

CHORUS.

'T will be glo - ry o - ver yon - der, in that
'T will be glo - ry, glo - ry o - ver yon-der by and by,

home of light and life beyond the sky; 'T will be glo - ry o - ver
'T will be glo - ry, glo - ry o - ver

yon - der,—'T will be glo-ry o - ver yon-der by and by!
yon-der by and by,—

90 Amazing Grace.

JOHN NEWTON. Arr. by R. M. MCINTOSH.

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. The Lord has prom-ised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;
5. Yea, when this flesh and heart 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 believed.
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life en-dures.
I shall pos - sess with-in the veil, A life of joy and peace.

No. 91. Come to Me.

J. W. G. J. W. GAINES.

1. Lis - ten to the Sav-iour call - ing, He is pleading now with thee,
2. Come, ye wea-ry, heavy - la - den, Richest blessings I'll be - stow,
3. Par - don I will free-ly give thee, And thy guide will ev-er be,

Hear the hless-ed in - vi - ta - tion, "Weary one, come un-to me."
Tho' your sins may be as scar - let, I will make them white as snow.
I will bless, and ne'er forsake thee, Will you come? O, come to me.

CHORUS.

Come, the gos-pel now be-liev - ing, In its prom-is-es con - fide;

Come to me, thy sins con-fess-ing, And thou shalt not be de-nied.

By per. of J. W. Gaines.

No. 92. LOOK UNTO HIM AND BE SAVED!

Thy hope is all in Jesus,—No other power can save,—
Thro' Him, obtain salvation, Else, find a hopeless grave!

F. L. E. W. E. KEES. Arr. by F. L. E.

1. Je - sus is will - ing and read - y to - day,— Look un - to
2. Know you, there's danger and death in de - lay,— Look un - to
3. Halt you no long - er, the temp - ter to heed,— Look un - to
4. Will - ing, and read - y, and wait - ing, is He,— Look un - to

Him and be saved! And He is call - ing, oh, come ye, this way,—
Him and be saved! Turn you this moment, His voice to o - bey,—
Christ and be saved! Seek you God's pardon, thy spirit's sad need,—
Him and be saved! This is the warning, dear sin - ner, to thee,—

rit.

CHORUS.

Look un - to Him and be saved! Look un - to Him!

Look un - to Him! Look un - to Him and be saved!

rit.

Look un - to Him! Look un-to Him! Look un-to Him and be saved!

No. 93. His Love Will Take Me Through.

JAMES ROWE. J. W. DAVIS

1. When storms are wild - ly beat - ing, And paths are hard to see, And few the earthly friends that are in view, How sweet is this as-sur-ance, How com-fort - ing to me, My Sav-iour's pre-cious love will take me through.
2. When bend - ing un - der sor - row, And strength be-gins to wane, When might-y foes my wea - ry soul pur - sue, How sweet to hear His whispers, To feel His touch a - gain, To know that His great love will take me through.
3. When by and by the shad - ows Of death up - on me rest, When worn and spent the si-lent flood I view, O how this tho't will cheer me, And hold me to His breast, My Sav-iour's pre-cious love will take me through.

CHORUS.

My Saviour's precious love will take me through; I know that my Re - will take me through;

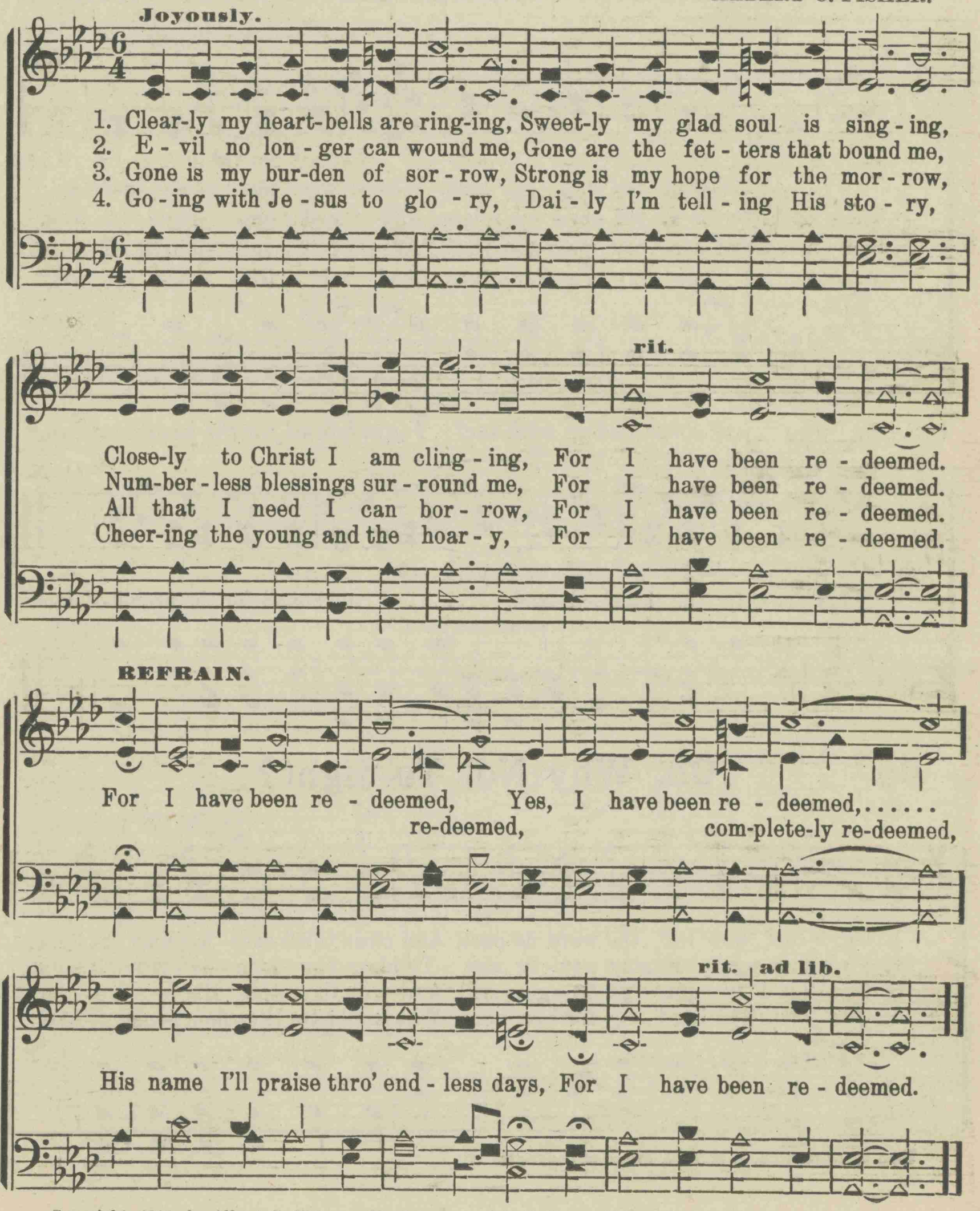
deem - er will be true; What - ev - er tri - als come I shall will be true;

By permission of J. W. Davis.

His Love Will Take Me Through. Concluded.

No. 94. For I Have Been Redeemed.

A. C. F. ALBERT C. FISHER.



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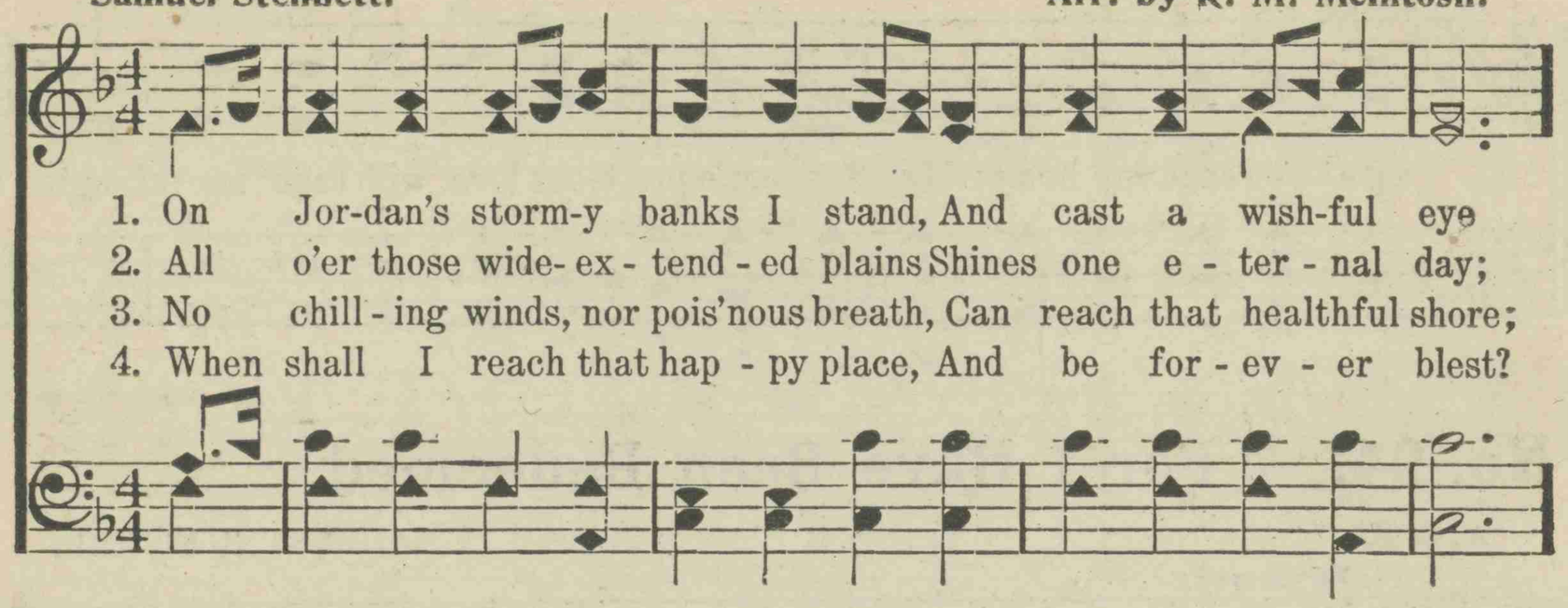
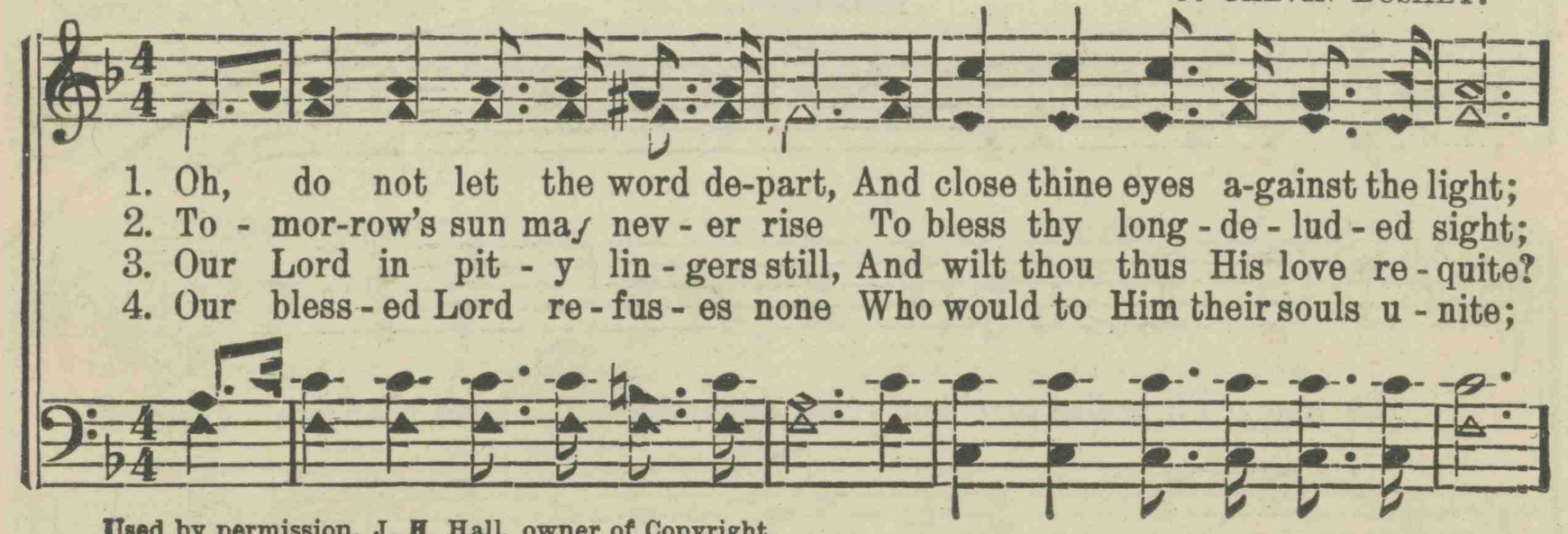
95 The Promised Land.

Samuel Stennett. Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.



96 Oh, Why Not To-night?

J. Calvin Bushey.



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Oh, Why Not To-night?

97 Come to Jesus Just Now.

English Melody.

2 He will save you, etc.
3 He is able, etc.
4 He is willing, etc.
5 He is ready, etc.
6 He is waiting, etc.
7 He'll forgive you, etc.
8 If you trust Him, etc.
9 Oh, believe Him, etc.
10 Do not tarry, etc.
11 Don't reject Him, etc.
12 Hallelujah, etc.

No. 98. Come to the Saviour.

A. C. F. ALBERT C. FISHER.

1. O come, wea - ry soul, to the Sav-iour to - day; He pleads with you now to draw nigh;.... No lon-ger from mer-cy and love turn a - way;
2. Just now while He pleads with your sin-burdened heart, Ac-cept His sweet of - fer of love;.... True comfort and gladness He waits to im-part,
3. Time swift-ly is pass-ing! O why do you wait? Why longer in fet - ters re - main?.... You soon may be standing at mer-cy's closed gate,
4. Then, come to the Sav - iour, so pa-tient and true, And trust in His par-don - ing grace;.... Such joy it will give you His kind face to view,

CHORUS.

His grace ev - 'ry need will sup - ply.
And guide you to heav - en a - bove. Give heed to His plea, have faith in His love, From darkness and sin turn a-way;... He bled and He died, your transgressions to hide; O come to the Sav-iour to - day.....
Where pleadings will all be in vain.
'Tis heav - en to feel His em - brace.
just now;
to-day.

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No. 101

Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fill the law's de-mands:
3. Noth - ing in my hands I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my heart-strings break in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Na - ked, come to Thee for dress; Help - less, look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to worlds un-known, See Thee on Thy judgment throne.

Be of sin the dou - ble cure—Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
All for sin could not a - tone—Thou must save and Thou a - lone.
Foul, I to the foun-tain fly; Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

No. 98. Come to the Saviour.

A. C. F. ALBERT C. FISHER.

1. O come, wea - ry soul, to the Sav-iour to - day; He pleads with you now to draw nigh;.... No lon-ger from mer-cy and love turn a - way;
2. Just now while He pleads with your sin-burdened heart, Ac-cept His sweet of - fer of love;.... True comfort and gladness He waits to im-part,
3. Time swift-ly is pass-ing! O why do you wait? Why longer in fet - ters re - main?.... You soon may be standing at mer-cy's closed gate,
4. Then, come to the Sav - iour, so pa-tient and true, And trust in His par-don - ing grace-ful-jah! I shall see my bless-ed Sav-ior,

And no tears will e'er be found, We shall rise, we shall rise!
And our loved ones we shall see,
Who so free - ly died for me, Hal-le-lu-jah!

CHORUS.

Hal-le - lu-jah! A-men! We shall rise!
We shall rise, we shall rise! Hal-le - lu-jah!

In the res - ur-rec-tion morning, When death's prison bars are broken,

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Hallelujah, We Shall Rise. Concluded.

No. 103. O MEET ME OVER THERE.

MOLLIE FERGUSON. J. H. GAINES.

By permission,

No. 104. The Shepherd Found Me.

JAMES ROWE. ALVIS O. THOMAS.

1. While the nine-ty and the nine lay in the fold (the Shepherd's fold),
2. Tho' to save me He had left His home a-bove (His home a-bove),
3. I was sin-marked and de-spair-ing, when He came (when Jesus came),
4. What a Shep-herd, what a Sav-iour, what a Friend, (a precious Friend),

I was rov-ing o-ver mountains bleak and cold, But the
Long I grieved Him, long I spurned His pre-cious love; Now His
But He took a-way my sor-row and my shame, All the
I will love Him, serve and praise Him to the end; O my

lov-ing Shep-herd found me and placed His arms a-round me,
glo-ry shines up-on me, His love at last has won me,
bells of joy are ring-ing, to Je-sus I am cling-ing,
soul will doubt Him nev-er, I'll trust His love for-ev-er,

Now my soul sings hal-le-lu-jah, praise His name (His precious name).
And my soul sings hal-le-lu-jah, praise His name (His precious name).
And my soul sings hal-le-lu-jah, praise His name (His precious name).
Sing-ing sweet-ly, hal-le-lu-jah, praise His name (His precious name).

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The Shepherd Found Me. Concluded.

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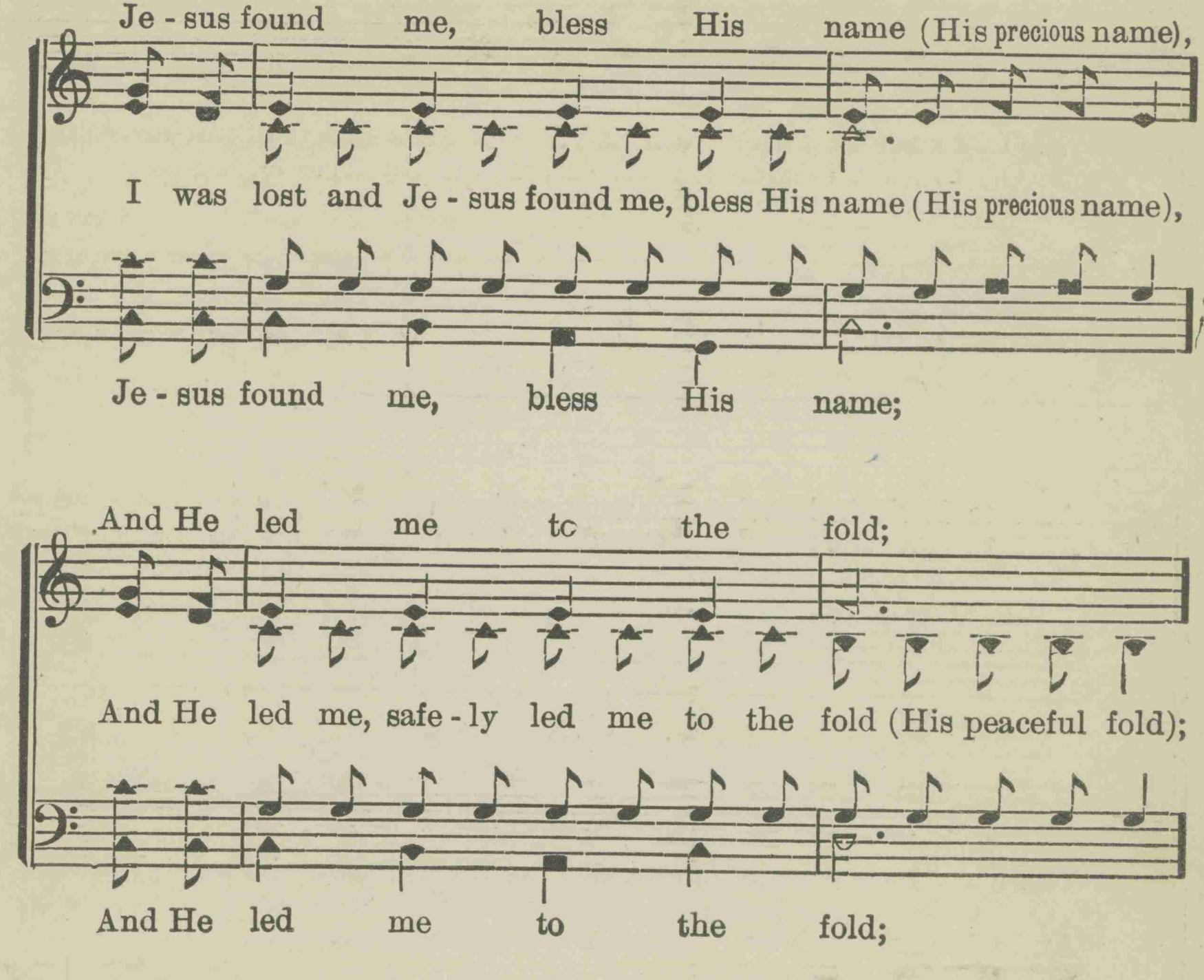
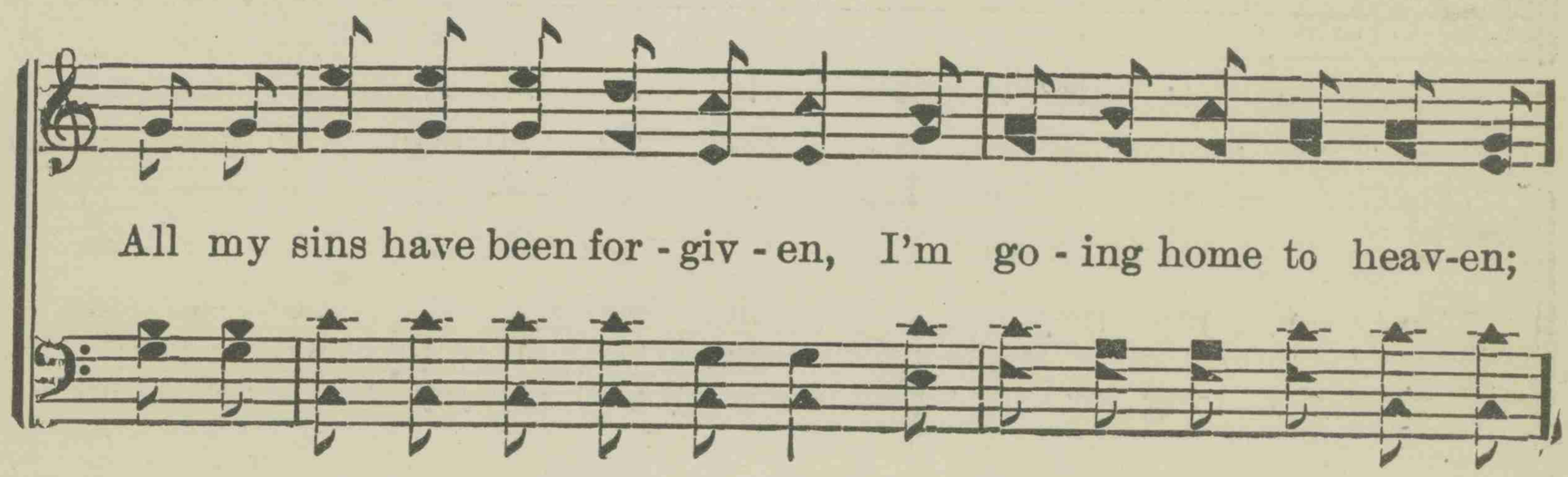
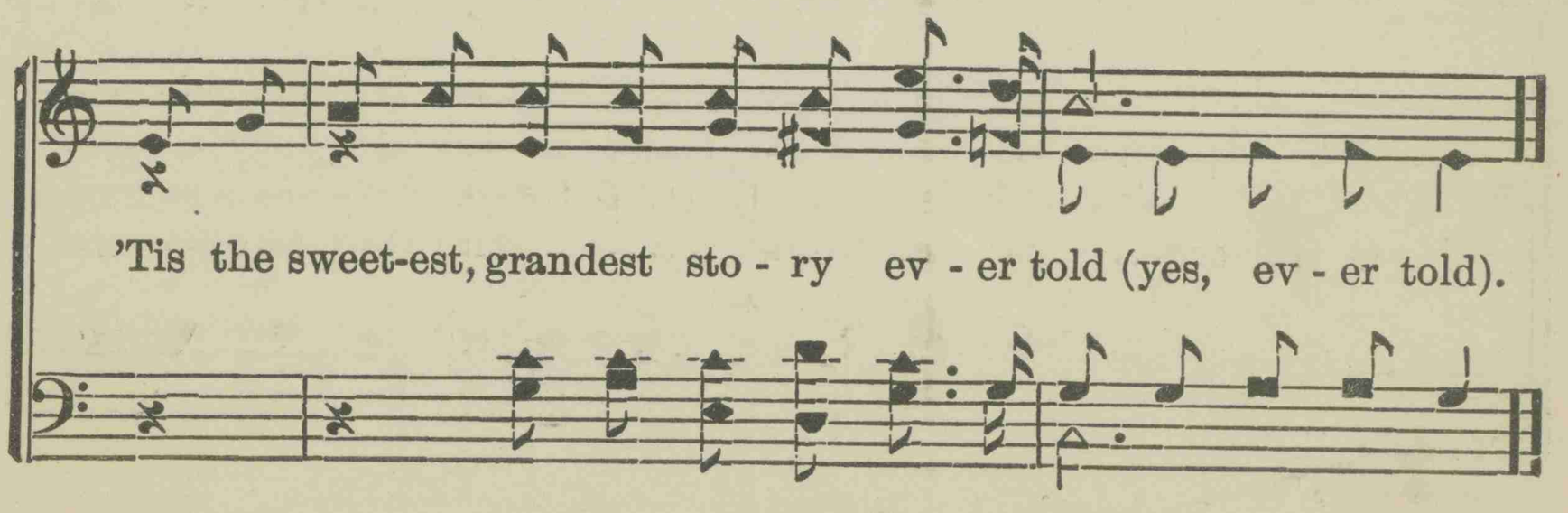






No. 105. O To See That Wondrous City.

N. D. J. Dedicated to Prof. J. B. Albritton. N. D. JOHNSTON.

1. O to see that wondrous cit-y, With the streets of pur-est gold,
2. O to walk be-side the riv-er, 'Neath the trees a-long the shore,
3. O to hear the mu-sic ring-ing, Of that great an-gel-ic band,

And to dwell in heav'nly mansions, Thro' the a-ges yet un-told;
And to view the matchless grandeur, To be mine for ev-er-more;
As they hymn the glad ho-san-nas, Prais-ing there the bless-ed lamb;

There to hear the Saviour's welcome, When I pass the por-tals wide,
O to see the host as-sem-ble Round the white and shining throne,
And with saints of ev-'ry na-tion Cast our crowns at Je-sus' feet,

O the joy be-yond ex-pres-sion Waits us on the oth-er side.
O the bliss of that sweet moment Human mind hath nev-er known.
How I long for that sweet moment, When my joy will be complete.

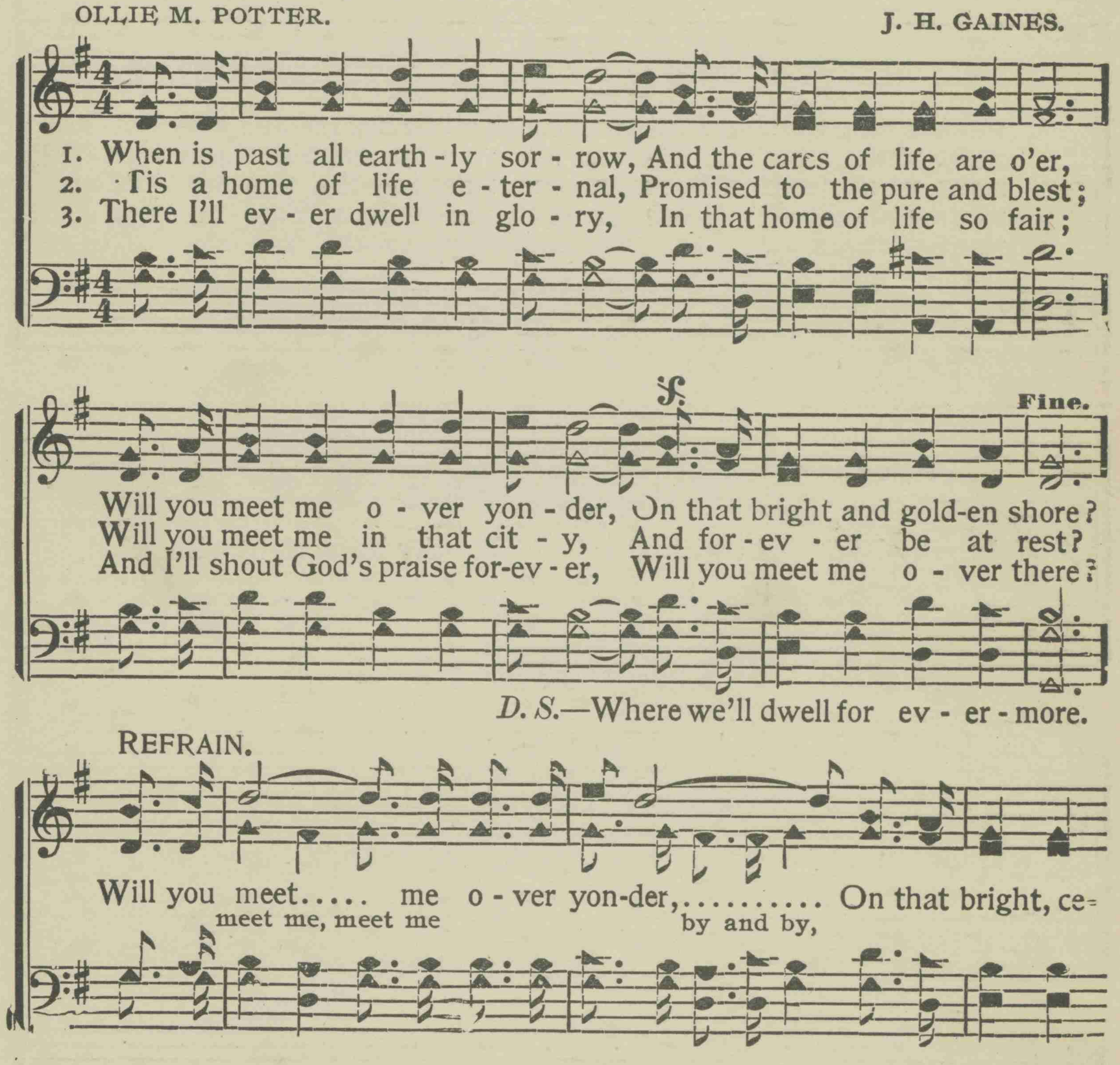
O to see..... that wondrous cit-y,..... With its streets of purest gold,
O to see that wondrous cit-y o-ver there,

The Quartet Music Co., Ft. Worth, Tex.

O To See That Wondrous City. Concluded.

No. 106. WILL YOU MEET ME?

OLLIE M. POTTER. J. H. GAINES.



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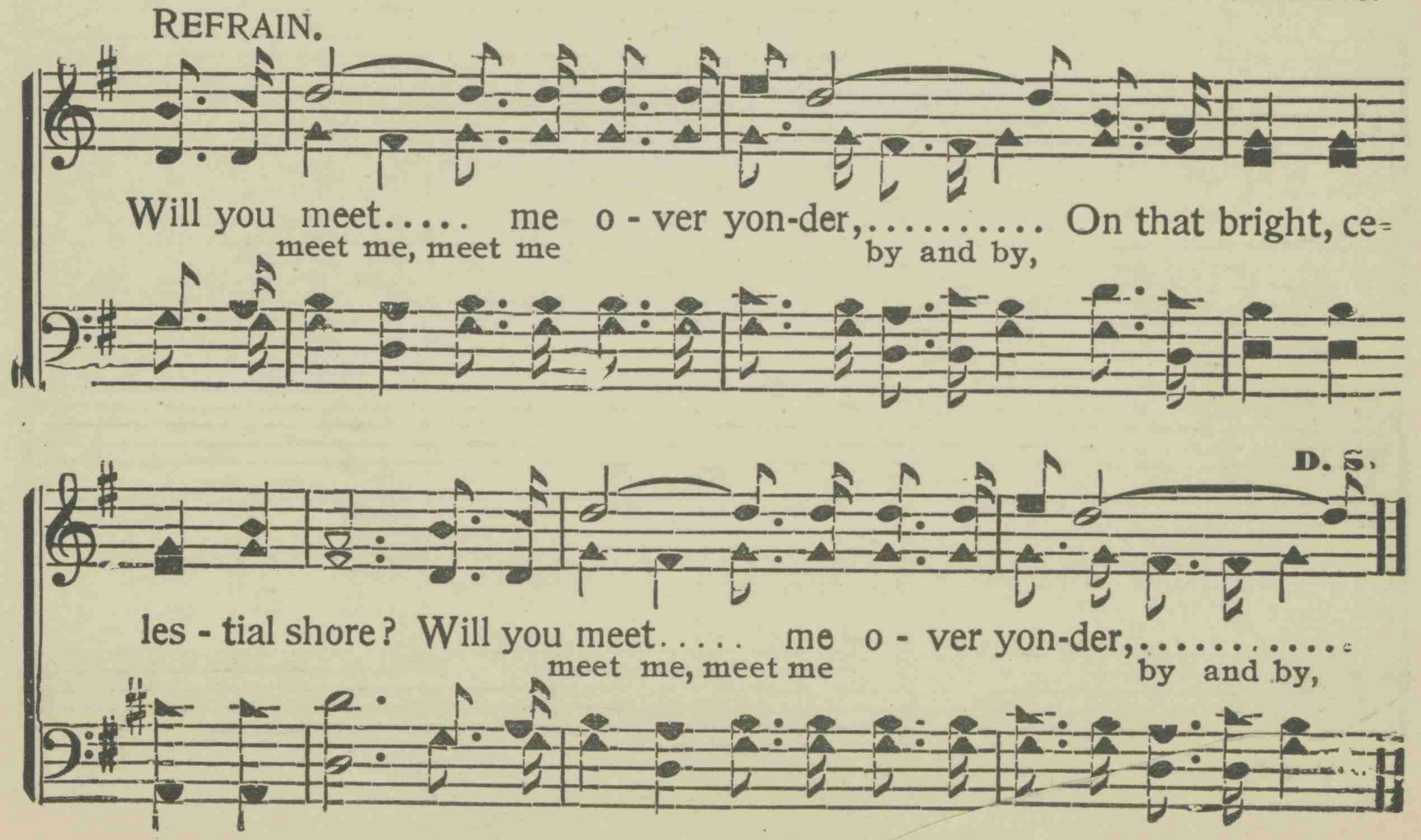

By per. of J. W. Gaines, owner.

No. 107. Is Thy Heart Right with God?

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have thy af - fec - tions been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God? Dost thou count all things for Je - sus but loss?
2. Hast thou do - min - ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God? O - ver all e - vil with-out and with - in?
3. Is there no more con - dem-na - tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God? Does Je - sus rule in the tem-ple with - in?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un - der Je - sus' con - trol? Is thy heart right with God? Does He each mo-ment a - bide in thy soul?
5. Art thou now walk-ing in heav-en's pure light? Is thy heart right with God? Is thy soul wear-ing the gar-ment of white?

CHORUS.

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

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No. 108. HOLD TO GOD'S UNCHANGING HAND.

It is joy, beyond expressing,—That we have, at our command,—
Thus, to know that we can ever,—"Hold to God's unchanging hand!"—F. L. E.

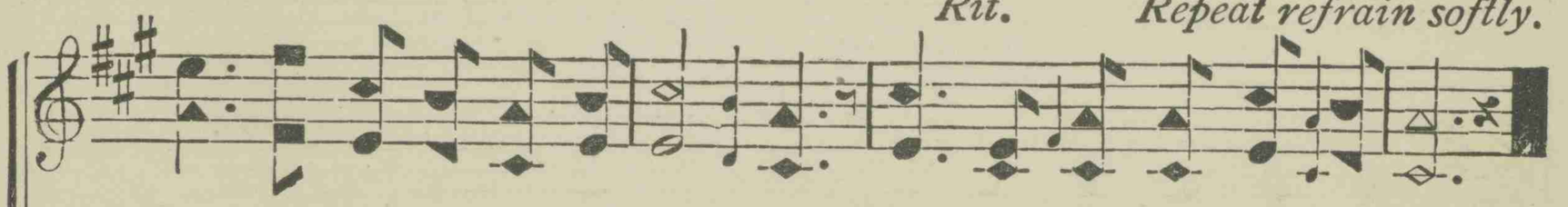
JENNIE WILSON. F. L. EILAND.

1. Time is filled with swift transition,–Naught of earth unmoved can stand,–
2. Trust in Him who will not leave you,–What-so-ev-er years may bring,—
3. Cov - et not this world's vain riches,—That so rap- id - ly de-cay,—
4. When your journey is com-plet-ed,– If, to God, you have been true,—

Build your hopes on things e-ter - nal,—Hold, to God's un-chang-ing hand!
If by earth-ly friends for-sa - ken,—Still, more closely to Him cling!
Seek to gain the heav'nly treasures,—They, will never pass a - way!
Fair, and bright the home in glo - ry,—Your, en-rap-tured soul will view!

REFRAIN.

Hold..... to God's unchanging hand! Hold..... to God's unchanging hand!
Hold to His hand, Hold to His hand,



Build your hopes on things e-ter - nal,—Hold to God's unchanging hand!

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No. 109 GO TO JESUS WITH IT ALL!

Ascribed to my sweet singer friend, A. B. Little.

Let not that powerful voice be hushed, Till all its strength is gone,—
It, for the glory of our God, Lift up, and sing,—sing on!

F. L. EILAND.

F. L. E.

Slow with emotion.

1. Is there heav-y weight of care, In thy bo-som an-y-where,
2. In thy trouble He is near, Oh, my broth-er, do not fear,
3. You can touch Him with your cry, And He'll nev-er pass you by,
4. When, Him trusting, you have tried, You'll be ful-ly sat-is-fied,

And you need a friend to sym-pa-thize with you? Go to
Ask of Him the bur-den there to roll a-way, That His
For He feels the depths of all thy spir-it's woe, He has
That there is no oth-er friend like this dear one, He such

Je-sus with it all, And for com-fort on Him call, He will
spir-it en-ter in, And its might-y work be-gin, And thy
traveled sor-row's road And has car-ried of its load, And He'll
bless-ing will im-part, As will glad-den all thy heart, Go to

REFRAIN.

give you such, as oth-ers can-not do!
soul will have a hap-py, hap-py day! Go to Je-sus with it all!
car-ry thine, my brother, to Him go!
Him if you would have it sure-ly done!

Go to Je-sus with it all! He's the help-er that you need,

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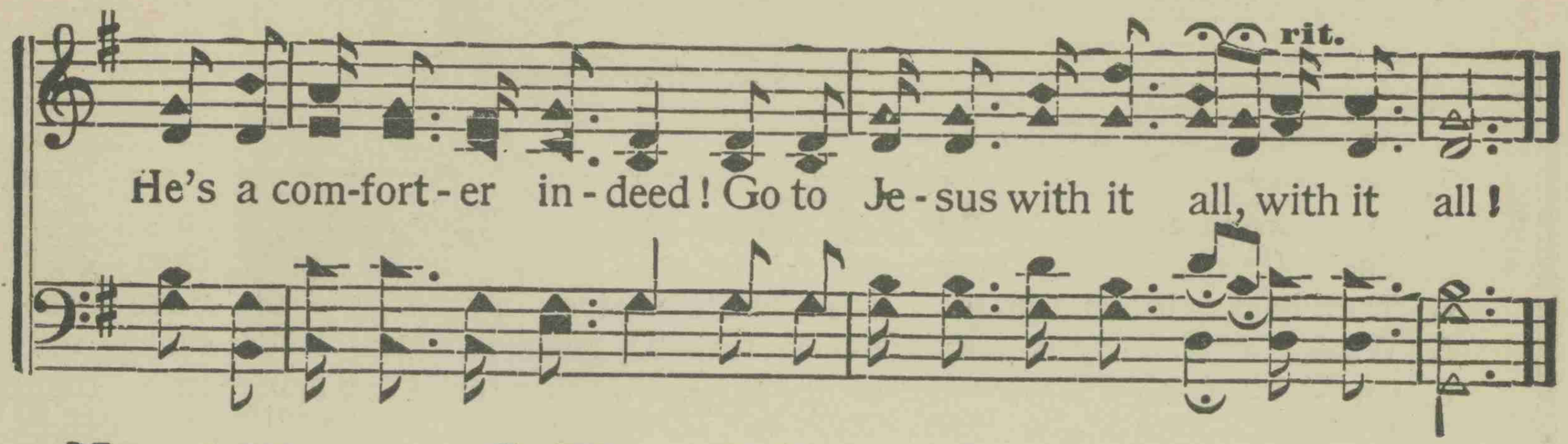
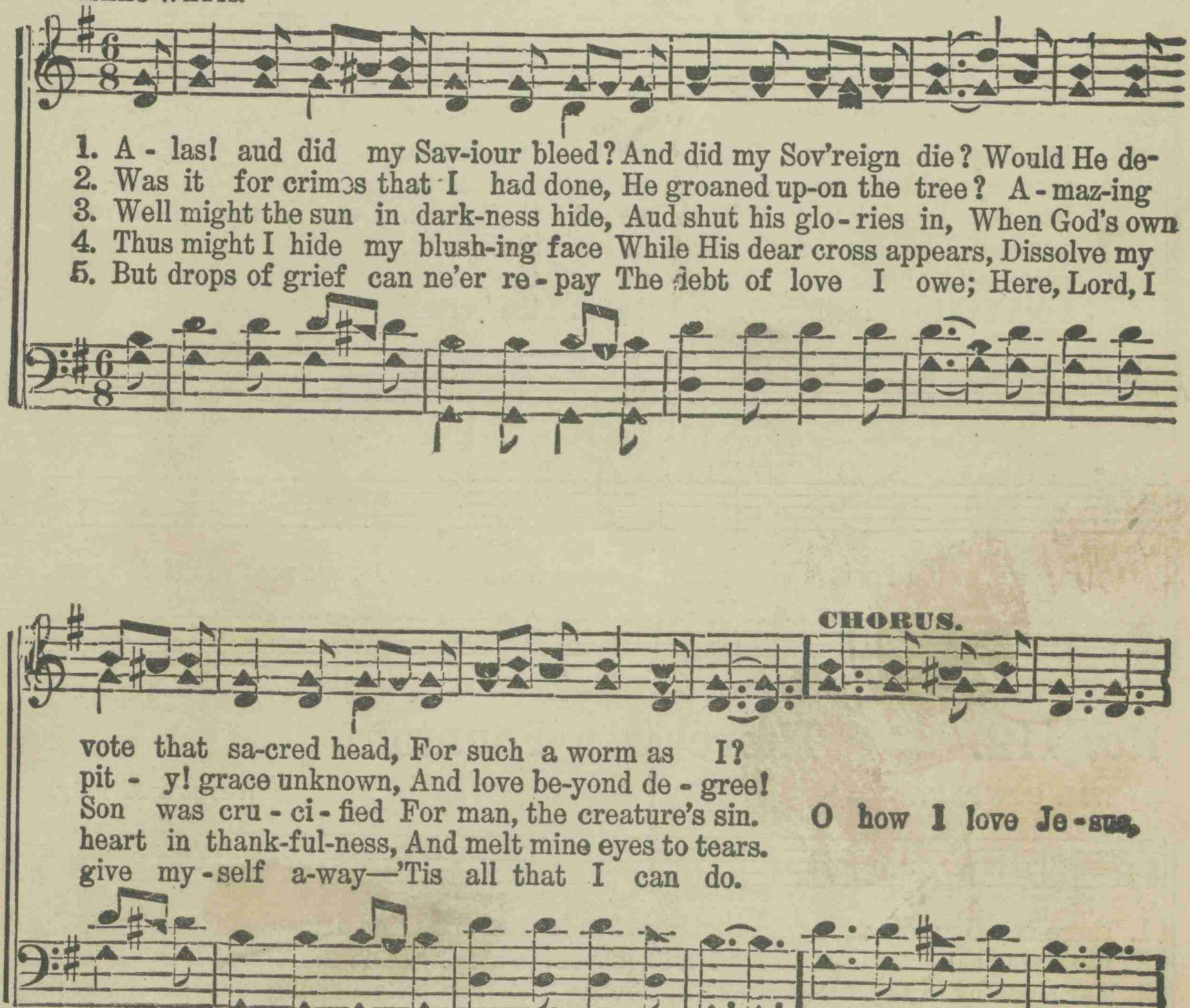
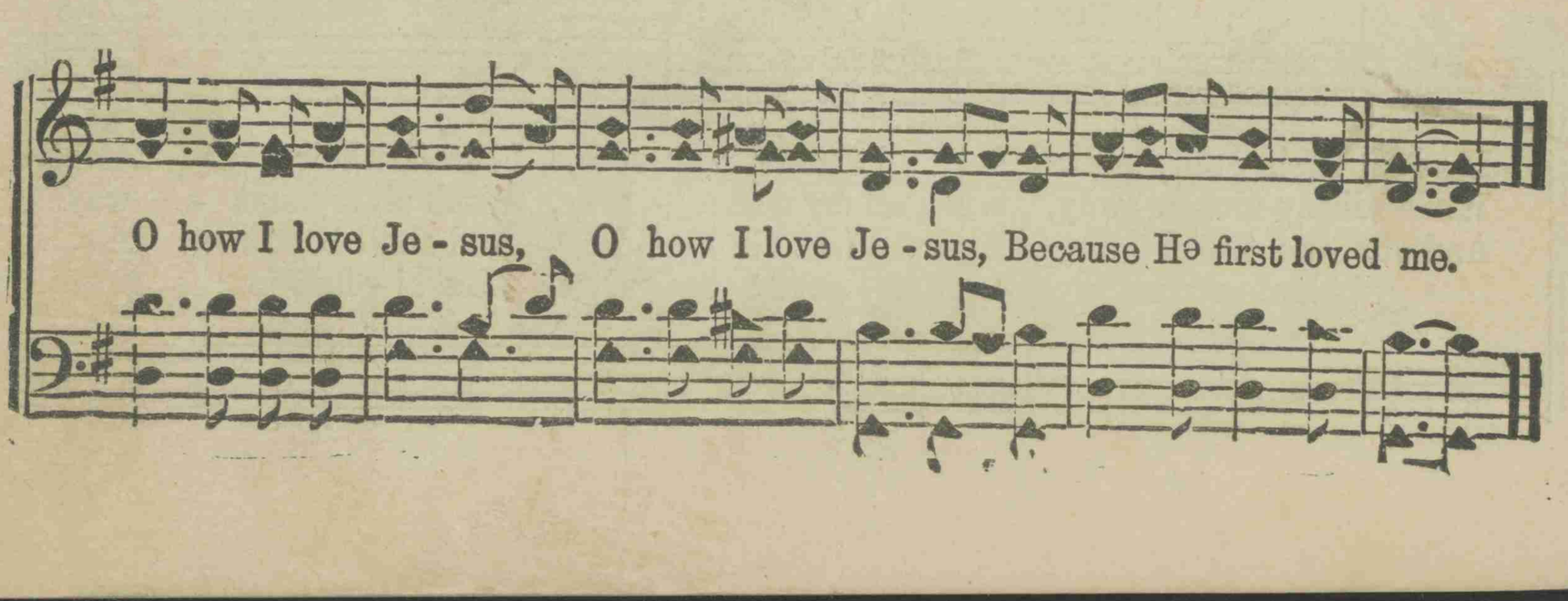
GO TO JESUS WITH IT ALL! Concluded.



No. 110 O How I Love Jesus.

ISAAC WATTS.





No. 111. O Save Me At the Cross.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Arr.

1. Lov - ing Sav-iour, hear my cry, hear my cry, hear my cry; Trem - bling,
2. I have sinned, but Thou hast died, Thou hast died, Thou hast died; In Thy
3. Tho' I per - ish, I will pray, I will pray, I will pray; Thou of
4. Thou hast said Thy grace is free, grace is free, grace is free; Have com -
5. Wash me in Thy cleans-ing blood, cleansing blood, cleansing blood; Plunge me
6. On - ly faith will par - don bring, par - don bring, par - don bring; In that

CHORUS.

to Thy arms I fly, O save me at the cross.
mer - cy let me hide, O save me at the cross.
life the liv - ing way, O save me at the cross. Dear Je-sus, re - ceive me,
pas-sion, Lord, on me, O save me at the cross.
now be-neath the flood, O save me at the cross.
faith to Thee I cling, O save me at the cross.

Repeat Chorus pp.

No more would I grieve Thee; Now, blessed Redeemer, O save me at the cross;

No. 112. There Is a Fountain.

WM. COWPER. Western Melody.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day, And there may I, tho' vile as he,
3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme,
4. Then in a nobler, sweeter song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save, When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue

FINE. *D. S.*

Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way.
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die.
Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave.

No. 113. Face to Face With Jesus.

N. D. J. N. D. JOHNSON.

Slow.

1. I shall some day stand face to face with Je - sus, When the bat-tles of this life are o'er, Shall I hear Him say, en - ter in thou faithful
2. I shall some day stand face to face with Je - sus, And the rec-ord of my life be - hold, Shall I stand there cleansed by the blood of Je - sus,
3. I will praise Him when face to face I meet Him, With that host on the great judgment day, I will praise Him for a bright crown of glo-ry,

CHORUS.

To the joys of Thy Lord ev - er - more?
In that cit - y of jas - per and gold? O brother, what will be thy
And a home in that cit - y for aye.

rit.

rec - ord When you stand with the Lord face to face? O broth-er, what

rit.

will be thy sen-tence? Are you trust - ing the Lord for His grace?

By per. of N. D. Johnson, Jacksonville, Tex.

No. 114. Peaceful Be Thy Sleep.

(Funeral Dirge.)

N. W. ALLPHIN. ALVIS O. THOMAS.

Slowly

1. " Call of death's " solemn sound Bids us now view the ground, Where this bod - y of clay must lie; Till the voice of the Lord Calls it to its re-ward, In the
2. How it griev - eth the heart, That with friends we must part, Ne'er a-gain here their forms to greet; Yet our hope's ev - er nigh, That be-yond the blue sky, We in
3. All who've trusted the Word Of the cru - ci - fied Lord, And have followed His foot-steps on, Shall be free from all care In the mansions so fair, Where the
4. May thy sleep peaceful be, Un-dis-turbed, calm, and free, Till the trum-pet shall sound for thee, From the tomb then to rise, And be borne to the skies, There to

REFRAIN.

glo - ri - ous by and by! Sleep on, O sweetly sleep, Cares no more thy
rap - ture a - gain shall meet!
saved ones bo-fore have gone!
dwell thro' e - ter - ni - ty! Sleep, sleep on, O sweetly sleep,

soul shall try; Where thou art resting now There we all must shortly
no nev-er; And where thou art resting now

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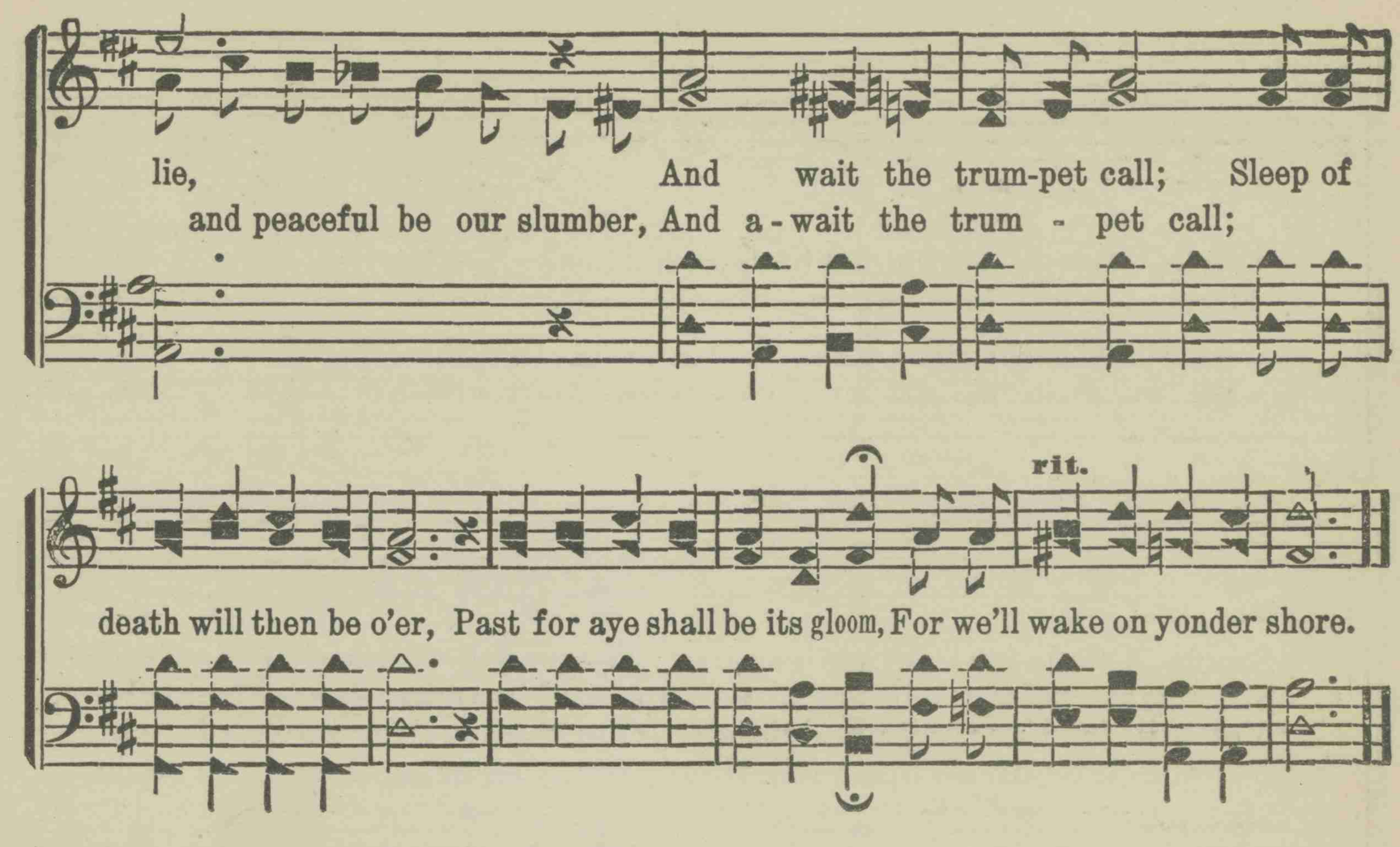
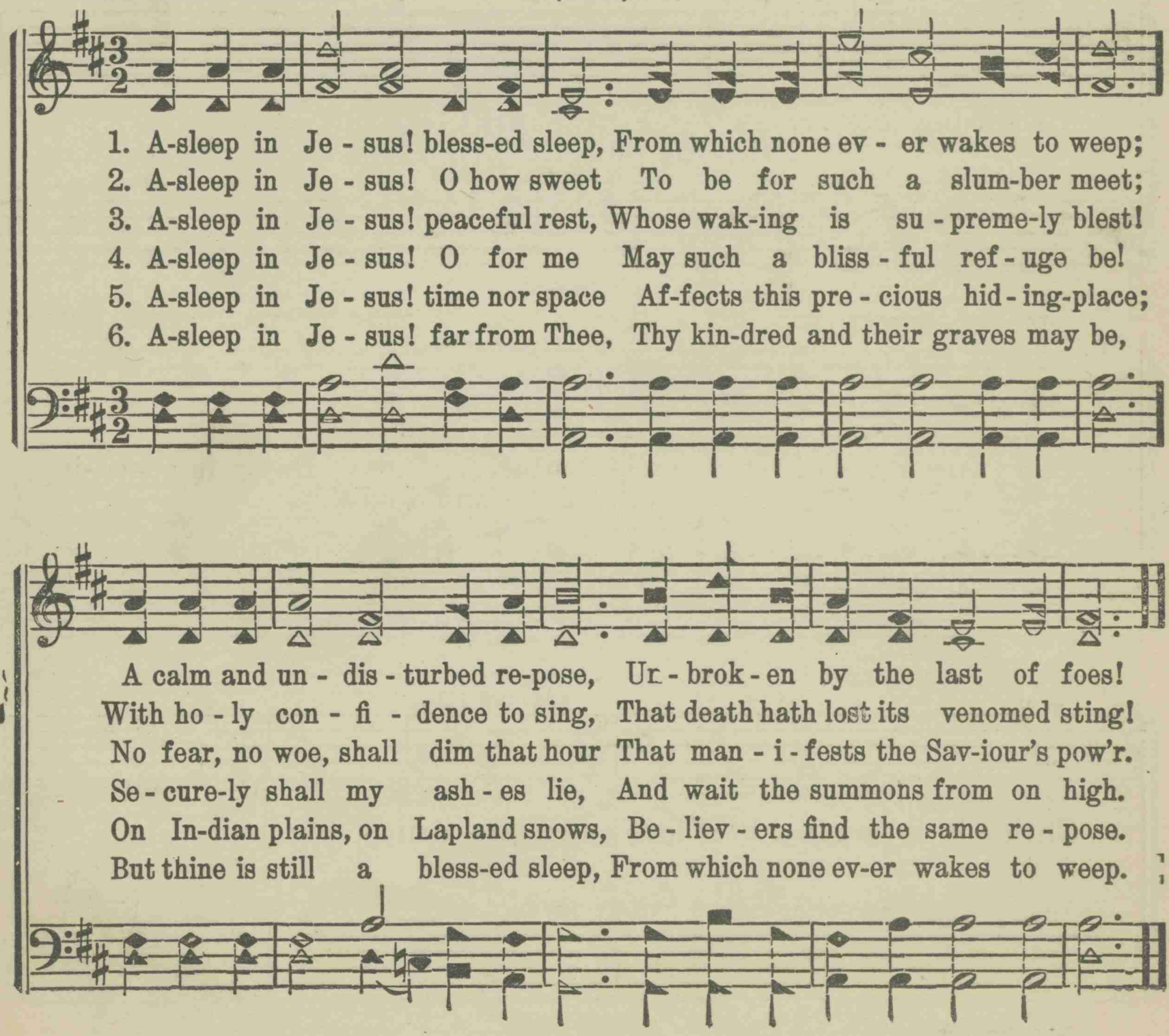
Peaceful Be Thy Sleep. Concluded.



No. 115 Asleep In Jesus.

MARGARET McKAY. (Rest.) WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 116. Drifting Out.

JAMES ROWE. J. M. GREER.

1. Set the dan-ger sig - nal fly - ing, Far from safety, tossed a - bout,
2. If a storm should break up - on them, Hope of res - cue might be o'er;
3. Christ His precious blood has given These poor drifting souls to win,
4. Hope may still be bright within them; Man the life-boat, speed a - way,

Precious souls for help are cry-ing, They are drifting, drifting out!
Sin has charmed them, sin has won them, And has drawn them far from shore.
Yet still farther they are driv-en O'er the swelling waves of sin.
For the Saviour we must win them, We must bring them back to-day.

CHORUS.

Drift-ing out,.... drift - ing out,.....
Drift - ing out,.... drift - ing out,
On the sea of sin and doubt!..... Day is speed-ing,
of sin and doubt!

rit. ad lib.

Christ is plead-ing: Pre-cious souls are drift - ing out!.....
drift - ing out!

J. M. Greer, owner.

No. 117. Jesus Is Willing to Save.

J. W. G. J. W. GAINES.

Earnestly.

1. Why will you lon - ger the Sav - iour for-sake? He's pleading to save your soul from sin's dark way; Trust in His love, of His mer - cies partake, Sal - va - tion He of - fers all who will o - bey.
2. He, for the world that was dy - ing in shame, De-scend-ed from heav'n a - bove His life to give; Bless - ings He'll give all who call in His name, Believe and o - bey Him now and you shall live.
3. Why will you wait when the Spir - it is near And Je - sus is read - y now to save your soul? Come, He your bur-dens and sor-rows will share, He'll pardon your ev - 'ry sin and make you whole.

D. S.—*Your soul shall en - rap-tured be e - ter - nal - ly.*

CHORUS.

Je - sus will save you, O will you not come! Renouncing your sin-ful ways, His serv-ant be? Turn from the tempter no lon - ger to roam, O sinner,

By per. of J. W. Gaines.

No. 118. Praise His Name.

J. W. G. J. W. GAINES.

DUET. **Very slowly with feeling.**

1. Though I was sin - ful and wand'ring in shame,
2. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, has cleansed me with - in,
3. Now I am trust - ing this Sav - iour di - vine,

Je - sus had mer-cy and lov - ing - ly came,
Dai - ly He guides me and shields me from sin,
Through darkest shadows His spir - it is mine,

He gave me sal - va - tion, spoke peace to my soul,
His love is my ref - uge a - long life's dark way,
On earth I will praise Him, and ev - er a - bove,

rall.

Now I am un - der His bless - ed con - trol.
Safe - ly He keeps me from day un - to day.
Sweet - ly I'll sing of His mer - cy and love.

Praise, praise His name,..... tell to the nations the sto - ry

CHORUS.

Praise ye with joy His wonderful name, Tell to the nations the story of love

Praise His name, praise His name, send out the sto - ry

By per. of J. W. Gaines, Ft. Worth, Texas.

Praise His Name. Concluded.

Of Him who came,..... seeking the lost, from above;.....

Of the dear Lord who lovingly came, Seeking the lost, from above, from above;

Of the great King who came down from a - bove;.....

Praise and a - dore,..... give to Him honor and glo - ry,

Praise and adore, O praise and a-dore, Honor, yes, honor the Saviour above;

Praise, adore, praise, adore, give Christ the glo - ry;

For ev - er - more,..... sing of His mercy and love.....

Sing ye his praise with joy evermore, Sing of His wonderful mercy and love.

Ev - er-more, ev - er-more, sing of His love.....

No. 119. Amen, Amen.

For prayer service especially, and is appropriate for all occasions where true devotion is sought to be expressed.

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

Very slow. **Slower.**

1. We exalt Thy name, O Lord, Above all earthly things! A - men! A - men!
2. And in heav'n, no charm we own, Our Lord, like unto Thee! A - men! A - men!
3. Full, the sacrifice we make, Before Thy mighty throne! A - men! A - men!

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No. 120. O Who Will Be the First to Follow Jesus?

"Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that ye should follow his steps."—1 PETER 2: 21.

F. L. EILAND, adapted. J. E. THOMAS.

1. We are on - ly pri - vates here to - day, In the ar - my of our Cap - tain true, And we glad - ly
2. We have or - ders, and from Christ our King, To en - list true sol - diers ev - 'ry - where, In His serv - ice
3. 'Tis the vol - un - teer of ev - 'ry age, That we need to press the bat - tle on, Till a vic - t'ry
4. Let us hear the shout, "Take me, take me!" Of the new re - cruits as they come in, By the ma - ny

hark - en His com - mand, In all He as - signs to do.
now a - gainst the wrong— O who may we count on here?
full for Christ is gained— Till His ev - 'ry foe is gone.
score to for - ward go, With zeal that will con - quer sin.

REFRAIN.

(O) who will be the first to fol - low Je - sus, (And)

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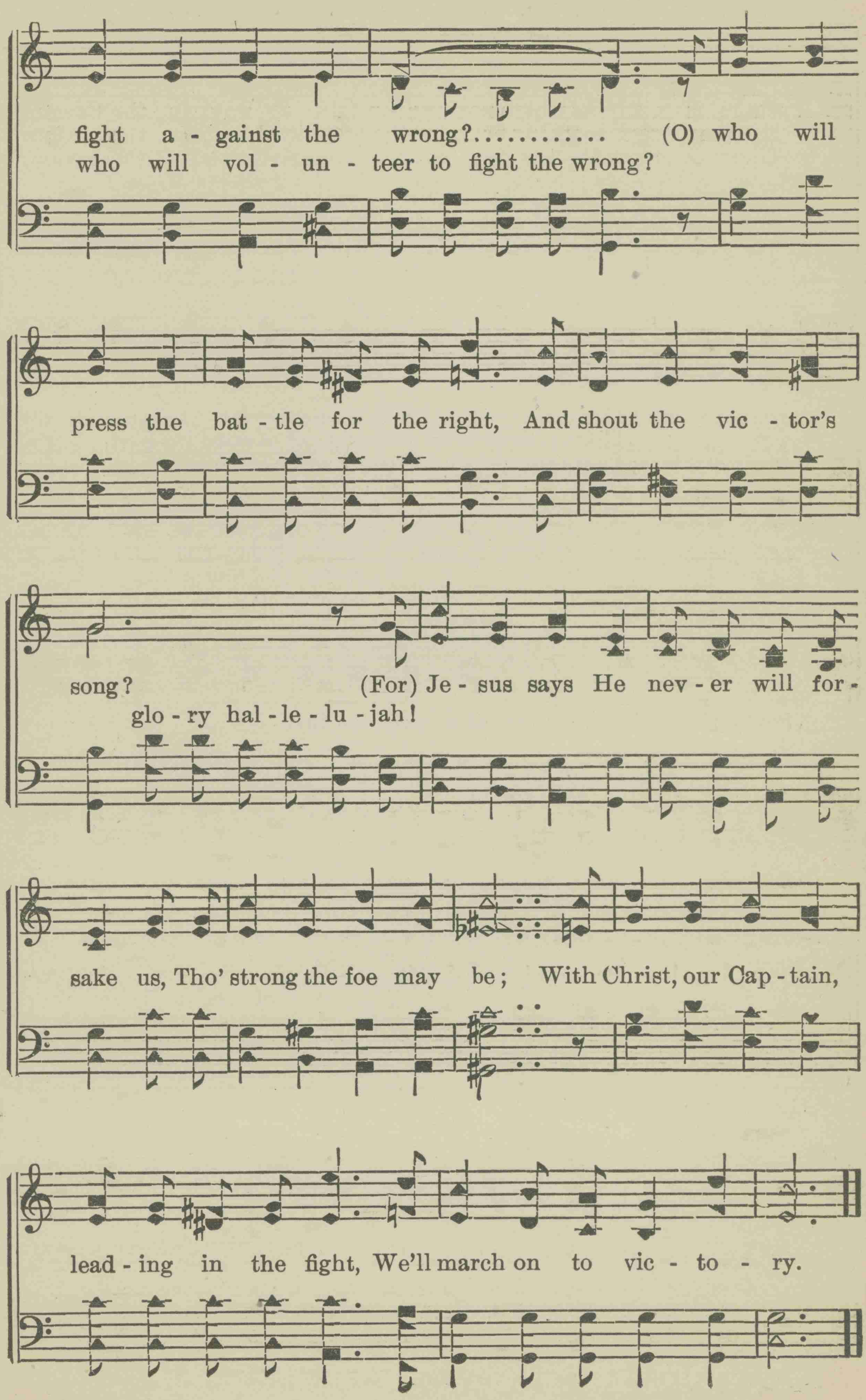
O Who Will Be the First to Follow? Etc. Concluded.



No. 121. In the Saviour's Precious Love.

JAMES ROWE. ALBERT C. FISHER.

1. There is gladness which nothing can take a - way, In the Saviour's
2. There is sweet, soothing balm for the troubled heart, In the Saviour's
3. There is rest for the wea - ry and burdened soul, In the Saviour's

pre-cious love; There is hope for the soul who is far a - stray, In the
pre-cious love; There is wealth which the world can to none im-part, In the
pre-cious love; There is comfort and cheer when the billows roll, In the

CHORUS.

Saviour's precious love. O the precious love of Je - sus is my

joy be - low And my hope of life a - bove; And the
of life a - bove;

rit. ad lib.

song of my soul as I homeward go, Is the Saviour's precious love.

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No. 122. The Drunkard's Child.

To my friend, Jos. F. Buttler.

A. C. F. ALBERT C. FISHER.

1. On - ly a child, and yet sad - ly I roam, No - bod - y loves me, and drear my home; On-ly a bun-dle of rags for a bed;
2. We were so hap - py be-fore he drank rum, Then all our tri - als be - gan to come; Mother grew pal-er and weaker each day,
3. Chil-dren pass by me with heads lift - ed high, "You are the child of a bum," they cry; Of-ten at night, I am cry - ing for bread,
4. Dear temp'rance people, help fa - ther, I plead, Low he has fall - en, so great his need; If you will stop him from drinking O then
5. True temp'rance soldiers, fight hard-er each day, Ban - ish this curse from the land a - way; O what sweet rapture to millions will come

D. S.—*Res - cue my fa - ther, O an - swer my plea;*

rall. Fine. CHORUS.

Fa-ther drinks rum, and I wish I were dead.
Till came an an - gel and bore her a - way.
Fa-ther drinks rum, and I wish I were dead. Je - sus, dear Je-sus, come
Sis - ter and I will be hap-py a - gain.
When you have vanquished this demon called rum.

Bring back his love to my sis - ter and me.

D. S.

down from a - bove, Com - fort me now with Thy pre - cious love;

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No. 123 At the Saviour's Right Hand.

MATT. 25 : 31–34.

E. R. LATTA. GEO. B. HOLSINGER. By per.

1. In the day of all days, when the world shall be judged And the chaff from the wheat shall be thor-ough - ly fanned, Then the righteous shall shine as the stars in the sky, And their plac - es shall be at the Saviour's right hand.
2. But the wick - ed who will not re - pent and be - lieve, And will nev - er live up to the Mas - ter's com-mand, Shall be placed on the left, as un- wor - thy to be With the chil-dren of God at the Saviour's right hand.
3. We are jour-ney-ing on to e - ter - ni - ty now, On the bank of death's Jor - dan we some-time shall stand! Shall we fear to pass o - ver the dark, roll-ing flood, Lest our por - tion be not at the Saviour's right hand.
4. If our Shepherd He is, and we fol - low His call, He will lead us safe home, to that beau - ti - ful land; And, with crowns on our brows, and with branches of palm, We shall ev - er a - bide at the Saviour's right hand.

REFRAIN.

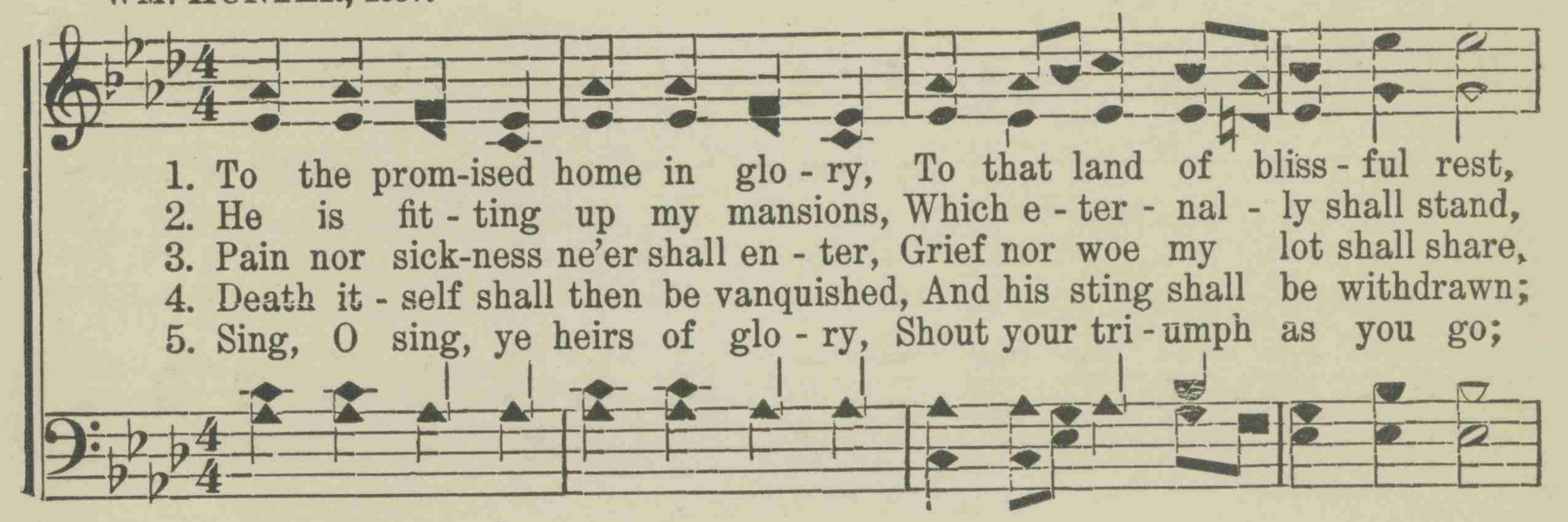
Let me..... find a place..... with that..... hap - py band,..... Who shall ev - - - er a-
Let me find a place with that hap - py band, Let me find a place with that hap - py band, Who shall ev - er a - bide at the

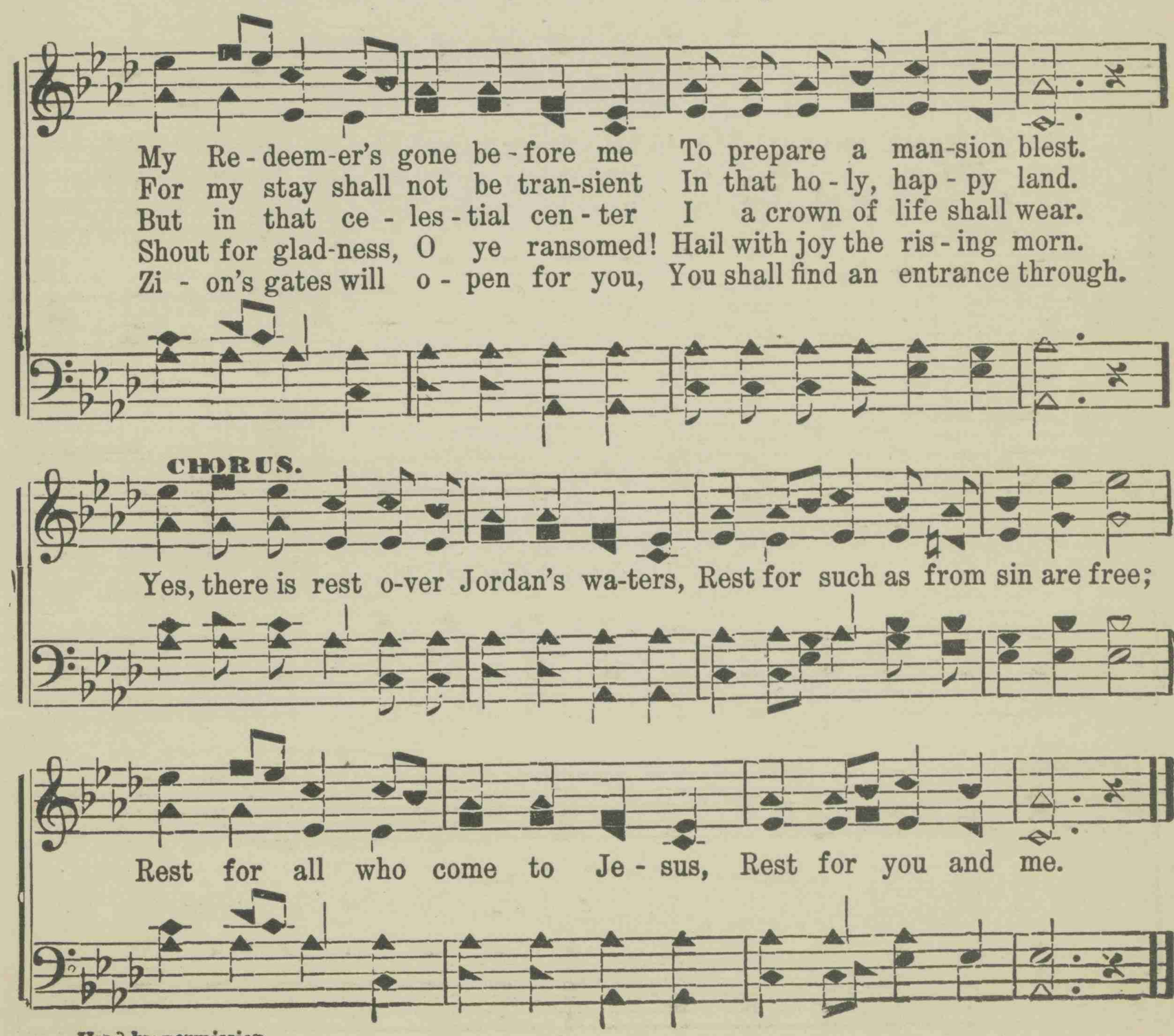
At the Saviour's Right Hand. Concluded.

No. 124 Rest Over Jordan.

"In my father's house are many mansions."—JOHN 14: 2.

WM. HUNTER, 1857. GEO. B. HOLSINGER, 1892.





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No. 125. Jesus is Knocking.

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MRS. ADALINE BEERY.
First Stanza and Chorus by
T. M. BOWDISH.

(JESUS, PLEADING.)

T. M. BOWDISH.

1. O - pen your heart, brother, let the Sav-iour in, He is
2. See in His hands, brother, par - don sweet He brings, He is
3. Now is the time, brother, hear Him gent - ly plead, He is

knocking, knocking at the door; Long has He wait - ed to
knocking, knocking at the door; Hark! in your spir - it His
knocking, knocking at the door; He'll be your best friend in

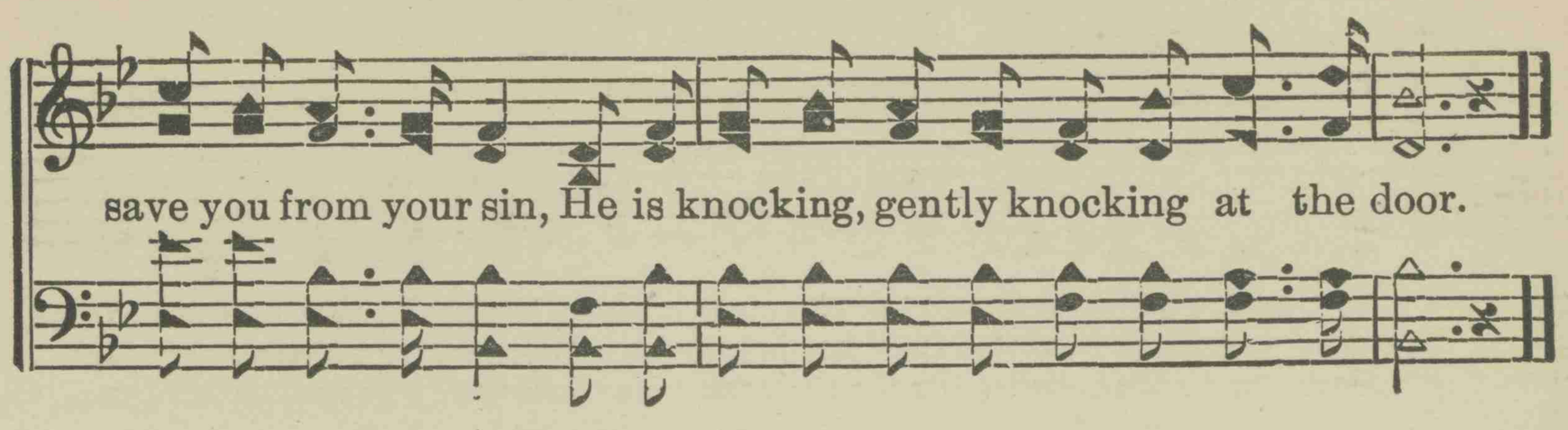
save you from your sin, He is knocking, gently knocking at the door.
peaceful message rings, He is knocking, gently knocking at the door.
ev - 'ry time of need, He is knocking, gently knocking at the door.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is knocking at the door,..... Je - sus is
He is knocking at the door,

knocking at the door;..... A - rise and let Him in, He will
He is knocking at the door;

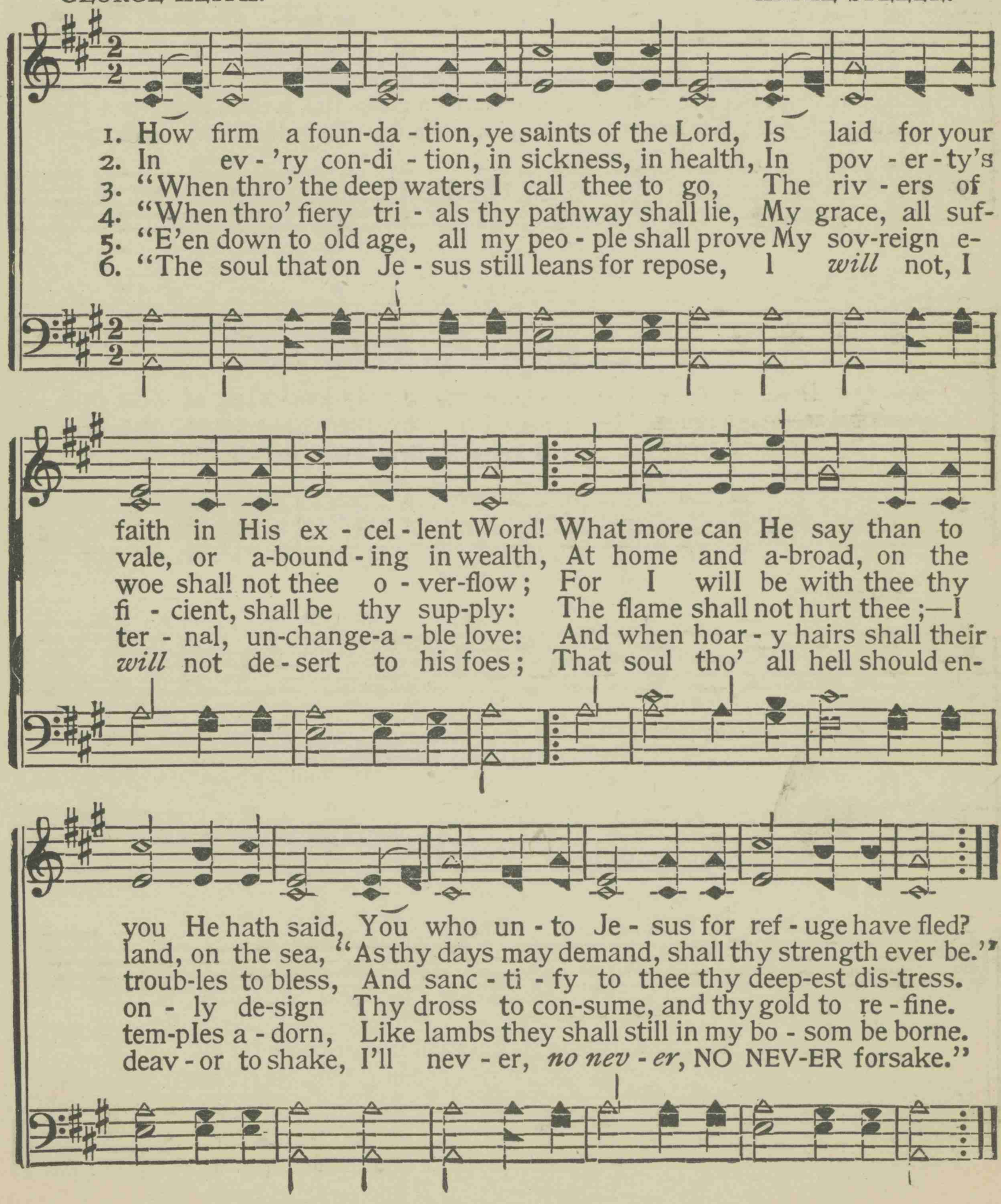
Jesus is Knocking. Concluded.



No. 126 HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

"Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God; And are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone."—EPH. 2: 19, 20.

GEORGE KEITH. ANNIE STEELE.



No. 127. He Lives.

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J. E. T. (FAITH IN GOD.) J. E. THOMAS.

1. O how wonderful are all the promises made In the book that God gave to man,
2. Yes, it tells us how God thro' His infinite love Will forgive us our ev-'ry sin,
3. How my soul it is thrilled with the tho't that I may Stand before Him some day complete;

For it tells us of Christ, who for sinners was slain, But is ris-en and lives a - gain.
By ac-cept-ing His Son, who, this sacrifice made, But is risen and lives a - gain.
And with voice that ne'er tires thro' eternity's day There this story again repeat.

REFRAIN.

He lives, He lives, O hal - le-lu - jah, yes, I know He lives, and this my theme shall be; He lives, He lives,
My Saviour lives, I know He lives, O hal - le - lu - jah, ,yes, He lives, and this my theme shall ever be; My Saviour lives, I know He lives,

Coda.

O praise His holy name, I know He lives and in - ter-cedes for me.
O praise His name, I know He lives and in - ter-cedes for me. A - men.

No. 128 O for a Closer Walk with God.

"Walk in the spirit."—Gal. 5: 16.

WILLIAM COWPER. Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. O for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame; A light to shine up-
2. Re-turn, O ho-ly Dove, return, Sweet messenger of rest! I hate the sins that
3. The dearest idol I have known, What'e'er that i-dol be, Help me to tear it
4. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serene my frame; So purer light shall

on the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb!
made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast, And drove Thee from my breast.
from Thy throne, And worship on - ly Thee, And worship on - ly Thee.
mark the road That leads me to the Lamb, That leads me to the Lamb.

No. 129. Blest be the Tie.

REV. JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu-tual woes; Our mu - tual bur-dens bear;
4. When we a - sun-der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low - ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz-ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

No. 130 COME TO THE FEAST.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. W. A. OGDEN.

1. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the ta- ble now is spread; Ye fam-ish-ing, ye weary, come, And thou shalt be richly fed.
2. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the door is o- pen wide; A place of hon- or is reserv'd For you at the Master's side.
3. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, while He waits to welcome thee; De- lay not while this day is thine, To-morrow may nev-er be.
4. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Leave ev-'ry care and worldly strife; Come, feast up-on the love of God, And drink ev-er-last- ing life.

CHORUS.

Hear . . . . . the in - vi - ta - - tion, Come,
Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, "Who - so - ev - er will,"

"who - - - so - ev - er will;" . . . . . Praise,
Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, "Who - so - ev - er will;" Praise

God . . . . . for full sal- va - - tion For "whoso-ev- er will."
God for full salva - tion For "whosoever will."

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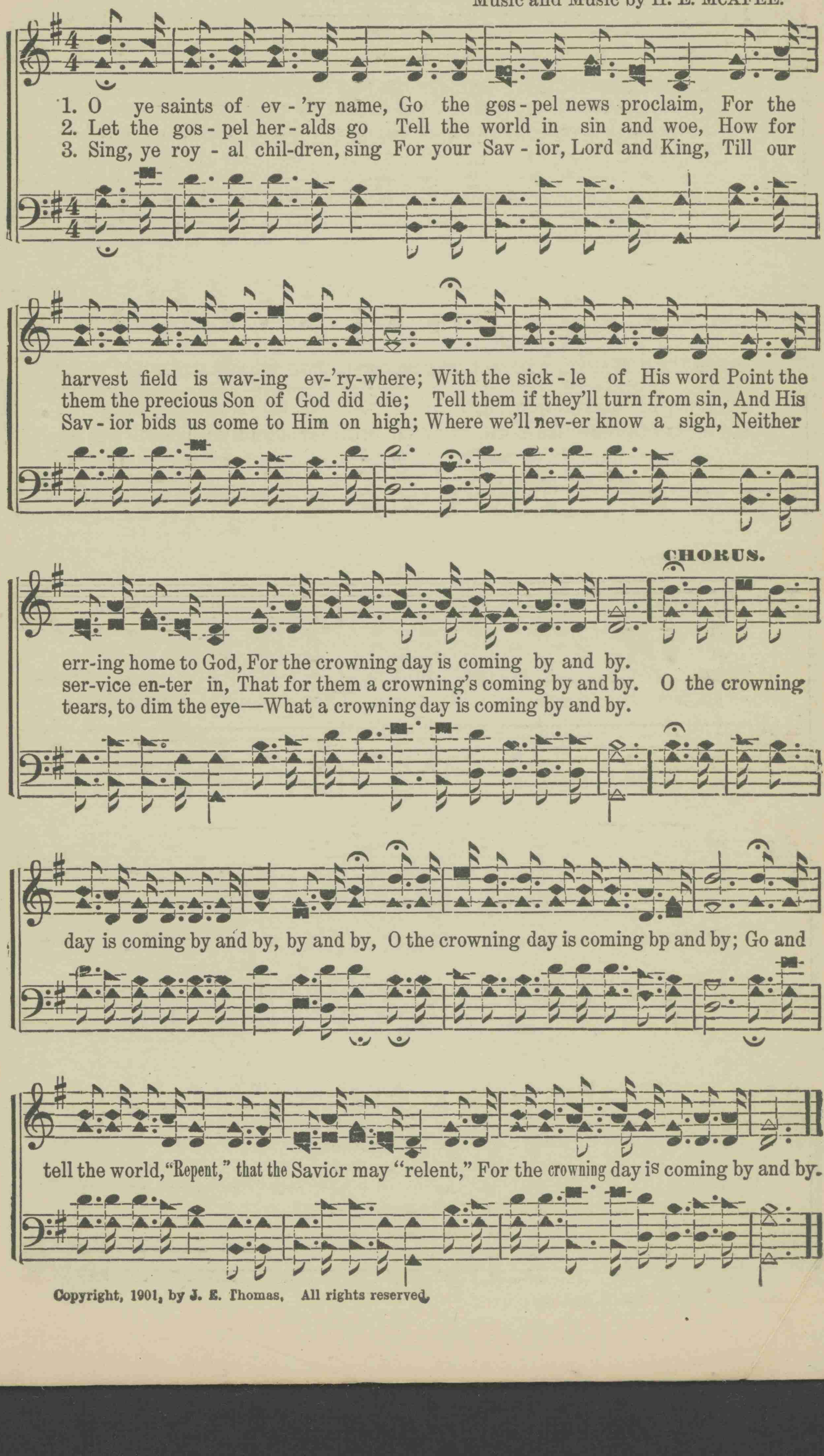
No. 131. The Crowning Day is Coming By and By.

"For ye are bought with a price."—COR. 6: 29.

Music and Music by H. E. MCAFEE.



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No. 132. When All Redeemed Singers Get Home.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. 7: 14.

J. B. V. Ey permission. J. B. VAUGHAN.

With expression.

1. My broth-er, a-wake, and sing the sweet sto-ry, Soon the day of re-
2. No mor - tal hath e'er con-ceived of the beauty, That a-waits the re-
3. Keep working and sing, press onward, my brother, Till the Sav - ior shall

un - ion will come; Then, oh, what a won - der-ful sing-ing in glo - ry,
deemed ones at home; Be sure, my dear broth-er, you live up to du - ty,
bid you to come; How sweet it will be then to meet with each oth - er,

CHORUS.

When all redeemed sing-ers get home.
For soon our Re-deem - er will come. Then, oh, what a won-der - ful,
When all redeemed sing-ers get home.

won-der-ful singing, When all redeemed singers get home, Re-un - ion, re-

un-ion, thro' a-ges still ringing, When all redeemed sing-ers get home!

No. 133. The Parting Hand.

Arr. by J. B. VAUGHAN. Arr. by T. M. LOCKE.

1. My Christian friends, in bonds of love, Whose hopes are built on things a-bove;
2. My youth-ful friends, in Christian ties, Who seek for mansions in the skies,
3. And now, my friends, both old and young, I hope in Christ you'll still go on;
4. O glo - rious day! O bless-ed hope! My soul leaps for-ward at the tho't,

Your friendship's like a draw-ing band, Yet we must take the part-ing h
Fight on, we'll gain that hap-py shore, Where partings will be known no mo
And if on earth we meet no more, O may we meet on Ca-naan's sho
When in that hap-py, hap - py land We'll no more take the part-ing hand.

D. S.—*Yes, in that land so free from tears, We'll sing and shout thro' end-less years.*

CHORUS. *D. S.*

O bless-ed hope, be-yond the sky, We'll meet and nev-er say good-by;

No. 134. Journey Home.

F. PRICE. Arr.

1. { O for that cit - y, fair and bright, Which shall not pass a - way,
   { The glo - ry of the Lord is light, The Lamb its cloud-less day!
2. { Its gates are pearl, its street is gold, Its walls of jas - per stand
   { On pre-cious stones of worth un - told, Reared not by mor-tal hands.
3. { There tears are wiped from ev'ry eye, And none with anguish groan,
   { Death lost in im - mor-tal - i - ty, And for-mer things unknown.
4. { Shall I those un - told rap - tures share? Will Je - sus own my name?
   { Inquire, my heart with rev-erent fear, Can I an en-trance claim?

CHORUS. 1 2 FINE.

I feel like, I feel like I'm on my jour - ney home, home.

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No. 136. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

ANNIE L. WALKER. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours;
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work in the sun - ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;

Fine.

Work, while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring-ing flow'rs;
Fill bright-est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon.
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies.

D.C - *Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.*
D.C - *Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.*
D.C - *Work while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.*

D. S.

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

No. 137 OLD HUNDRED.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below;

Praise Him above, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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