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Ministry in Song

ROUND NOTE EDITION.

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ALL RELIGIOUS SERVICES

ESPECIALLY ARRANGED FOR
SUNDAY SCHOOLS, EPWORTH
LEAGUES, PRAYER MEETINGS
AND REVIVALS

Edited and Compiled
by W. C. EVERETT
and E. O. EXCELL

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Announcement

It is true that "of making many books, there is no end;" neither is there an end to the demand. While there are many excellent song books on the market, the demand for something new is so great and definite that

MINISTRY IN SONG

is compiled, edited and sent forth on its mission. Its merits will introduce and advertise it and we anticipate for it the same generous welcome and extensive sale as that accorded its predecessors

THE PUBLISHERS.

MINISTRY IN SONG

No. 1. Come With a Song Before Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Fanny J. Crosby. WORDS AND MUSIC. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Praise ye the Lord most ho - ly O praise ye the Lord most high,
2. Praise ye the Lord most ho - ly, Ye an - gels that round Him stand,
3. Praise ye the Lord most ho - ly, Ye saints that be - hold His face,
4. Praise ye the Lord most ho - ly, O praise and ex - alt His name;

God of e - ter - nal a - ges, Cre - a - tor of earth and sky.
Ye that in strength ex - cell - ing, O - bey His di - vine com - mand.
Praise Him on Zi - on's mount - ain Who ran-somed the world by grace.
Tell of His pow'r and great - ness, His mer - cy and truth pro - claim.

CHORUS.

Shout ye a - loud His glo - ry, Shout and with joy a - dore Him;

He is the God of a - ges, Come with a song be - fore Him.

No. 2. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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Jessie Brown Pounds. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
2. I must needs go on in the blood - sprink-led way, The path that the Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub-lime,
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

CHORUS.

If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads
Where He waits at the o - pen door.

home, The way of the cross leads home; It is sweet to
leads home, leads home,
know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.

No. 3. All Glory be Thine.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Thou on - ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly the Lord; Truth, mer-cy and
2. Thou on - ly art ho - ly, In Thee is our trust; Thy laws are un-
3. Thou on - ly art ho - ly, The an - gels in light With prophets and

judg-ment Shine forth in Thy word. Thou rul - est and reign-est,
changing, Thy stat-utes are just. All na-tions and peo - ple
mar-tyrs Their an-thems u - nite. Thou on - ly art ho - ly,

All oth-ers a - bove; Thy throne is e - ter - nal, Thy scep-tre is love.
Be - fore Thee shall fall; The Fath-er, Re-deem-er, And Sav-ior of all.
O An-cient of days; The boundless cre - a-tion Is filled with Thy praise.

CHORUS.

Thy throne is e - ter - nal, Thy king-dom di - vine;

Hence - forth and for - ev - er All glo - ry be Thine.

No. 4. God's Wonderful Love.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Miriam E. Arnold. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Won-der-ful love that the Fa-ther hath giv'n, Send-ing His Son from the glo - ry of heav'n, That we, thro' Him, might be saved and for-giv'n,
2. Won-der-ful love free-ly of - fered to all! List-en, O lost one, the Fa - ther doth call; He can de - liv - er, tho' sin may en - thrall,
3. When we be-hold Him, our Fa-ther, our King, How our glad voic-es with rap - ture will ring! Thro' end-less a - ges His prais-es we'll sing,

CHORUS.

Won - der - ful, won - der - ful love.
Thro' His most won - der - ful love. Won - der - ful
For His most won - der - ful love. Won-der - ful love, God's
love..... from the Fa - ther a - bove,.....
won-der - ful love, God's won-der - ful love, sent down from a - bove,

Mer-cy and pardon His love it doth prove, Wonderful, wonderful love!

No. 5. Living All for Jesus.

COPYRIGHT 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. E. Hewitt. WORDS AND MUSIC. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Liv-ing all for Je-sus, 'tis the gold-en way; Find-ing in His serv-ice
2. Liv-ing all for Je-sus in com-mun-ion sweet, Bring-ing ev-'ry bur-den
3. Liv-ing all for Je-sus, blessing he'll be-stow, Till His earth-en ves-sels

glad-ness for the day; Look-ing for His foot-prints, humbly walk-ing there,
to His pierc-ed feet; Tell-ing Him our troubles, know-ing He will heed,
fill and o-ver-flow; Yield-ing to His Spir-it, He the work will do,

CHORUS.

Turn-ing ev-'ry prom-ise in-to trust-ful pray'r.
Find-ing grace to help us in our time of need. Living all for Jesus since for
What a great sal-va-tion, won-der-ful and true.

us He died, Since for us He's pleading, crown'd and cru-ci-fied, Love so free and

bound-less wak-ens high-est praise, Glo-ry to our Sav-ior thro' e-ter-nal days.

No. 6. Will There be any Stars?

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E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti - ful land I shall reach when the sun go-'eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav - ior I stand,
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me watch as a win - ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo - ri - ous day,
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit - y of gold,

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 7. He Redeemed Me.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Maud Frazer. Carl Fischer.

1. Full of glo-ry was the day when my burden rolled away, When to me His
2. Oh, how wonderful the love that could bring Him from above, For my sins up-
3. He is calling! hear His voice, how it makes the soul rejoice! Trust Him now! His

joy and peace the Savior gave; When His voice of love divine touch'd this sin-ful
on the cross His life to give! At His pierced feet I fall and to Him sur-
prom-is - es are tried and true; In His love no change can be, and His pard'ning

CHORUS.

heart of mine, And I pray'd the Crucified to heal and save.
ren - der all! For the one who died for me hence-forth I'll live. He redeemed me!
grace is free, If you on - ly trust Him He will save you too.

He redeemed me! Je-sus heard the pray'r I made and He redeemed me! He re-

deemed me! He redeemed me! In His mercy, love and pit-y He redeemed me!

No. 8, May I be Faithful.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H, G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. The Mas-ter has gone to a dis-tant country And left me a charge to keep,
2. There's labor for me that no oth - er can do, A place I a - lone can fill;
3. Shall oth-ers go forth to the field of harvest While I with the i-dlers stand?
4. The day that shall break for my Lord's appearing, He hath not revealed to me,

A work in His vineyard, a field for reaping, A shepherd to guard His sheep.
Then why should I not be among the chosen, Re - joic-ing to do His will?
The tal - ent He gave me, shall I not use it, In fol-low-ing His com-mand?
Yet if He but find me a faith-ful serv-ant A glo - ri - ous day 'twill be,

CHORUS.

May I be faith-ful un - to the trust He as-signed me; Con - stant in
Con-stant in heart and in
service, Earnest in all that I do; May I be faith-ful! Out in the
field may He find me, When He re - turn-eth, pa-tient and loy-al and true!

No. 9. Just the Love of Jesus.

James Rowe.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Wm. Edie Marks.

1. What is mak-ing life so sweet and bright to me? Just the love of Je-sus,
2. What af-fords me shel-ter when the tempest sweeps? Just the love of Je-sus,
3. What will help me tri-umph in this earth-ly strife? Just the love of Je-sus,
4. What will lead me safe a-cross the si-lent sea? Just the love of Je-sus,

just the love of Je-sus! What has made my soul so peaceful, pure, and free?
just the love of Je-sus! What, from day to day, my soul from e-vil keeps?
just the love of Je-sus! What is more to me than wealth, or fame, or life?
just the love of Je-sus! What will be my song thro' all e-ter-ni-ty?

CHORUS.

Just the love of Je-sus, my Sav-ior! Just the love of Je-sus,

O how sweet! Just the love of Je-sus makes my joy complete; What will guide my

soul to that safe re-treat? Just the love of Je-sus, my Sav-ior!

No. 10. I Will Not Forget Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

C. H. G. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Sweet is the prom-ise "I will not for-get thee," Nothing can mo-lest or
2. Trust-ing the prom-ise "I will not for-get thee," Onward will I go with
3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am stand-ing, All my trib-u-la-tions,

turn my soul a-way; E'en tho' the night be dark with-in the val-ley,
songs of joy and love, Tho' earth de-spise me, tho' my friends for-sake me,
all my sor-rows past, How sweet to hear the bless-ed proc-la-ma-tion,

CHORUS.

Just be-yond is shin-ing an e-ter-nal day.
I shall be re-mem-bered in my home a-bove. I ..... will not for-
"En-ter faith-ful servant, welcome home at last." I will not for-get thee,

get thee or leave thee, In my hands I'll hold thee, in my arms I'll fold thee, I.....
I will nev-er leave thee, I will not for-

.... will not forget thee or leave thee; I am thy Re-deem-er, I will care for thee.
get thee, for-get

No. 11. The King's Business.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's Simultaneous Campaign Hymn.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. Flora H. Cassel.

1. I am a strang-er here, with - in a for - eign land, My home is
2. This is the King's command, that all men ev - 'ry - where, Re- pent and
3. My home is bright - er far than Shar-on's ros - y plain, E - ter - nal

far a - way, up - on a gold-en strand; Am - bas - sa - dor to be of
turn a - way, from sin's se - duc-tive snare; That all who will o - bey, with
life and joy thro' - out its vast do - main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how

realms be - yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the
mor-tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.

CHORUS.

mes - sage that I bring, A mes-sage angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye
reconciled" Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye reconciled to God."

No. 12. Keep the Heart Singing.

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C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav-y bur-den share, With a word, a kind-ly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gird-le day and night
2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con-trol, Sweetest mu-sic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin-dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,

With a ha-lo of de-light, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
In the world we trav-el thro', If we keep the heart singing all the while.

CHORUS.

Keep the heart singing all the while; . . . . Make the world brighter with a singing, singing all the while; brighter, smile; . . . . . Keep the song ringing! lone-ly hours we may be-guile, brighter with a smile;

FINE. D. S.

No. 13. For a Smile.

James Rowe.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Wm. Edie Marks.

1. In this world of sin and strife, In this cold and storm-y life, Where we see so much of troub-le all the while; There are those who, day by day,
2. Friends to help them they have had, Whose sweet voices made them glad, As their mu - sic would the wear-y hours be - guile; One by one they all have gone,
3. Heav - y burdens press them down, Stormy skies a-bove them frown, And the path seems growing dark-er ev -'ry mile; No one points them to the throne,

Tread a lone-ly, friendless way, Vainly waiting, vain-ly watching for a smile.
Left a - lone to wan-der on, Vainly waiting, vain-ly watching for a smile.
So they wan-der all a-lone, Vainly waiting, vain-ly watching for a smile.

CHORUS.

For a smile, for a smile, They are waiting, they are watching for a smile;
For a smile, for a smile, for a smile;

For a smile, for a smile, They are waiting, they are watching for a smile.
For a smile, for a smile,

No. 14. Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov - ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav - y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are dis-cour-aged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!

Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Grief is the por - tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Some one the jour - ney to heav - en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!

CHORUS.

Help some-bod-y to - day, . . Some-bod-y a - long life's way; . . Let
to - day, home-ward way;

sor-row be end - ed, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to - day!

No. 15.

Wonderful Jesus.

DOPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Rev. W. J. Stuart. WORDS AND MUSIC. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Won-der - ful love does Je - sus show, Won-der-ful grace He does be-stow;
2. Won-der - ful! He is al-ways near, Won-der-ful! I have naught to fear;
3. Won-der - ful help does Je - sus send, Won-der-ful keep-ing to the end;
4. Won-der - ful day, so pure, so bright, Won-der-ful liv - ing in His sight;

Won - der - ful peace in Him I know, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus!
Won - der - ful is His voice to hear, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus!
Won - der - ful is this con-stant Friend, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus!
Won - der - ful! 'round me all is light, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus!

CHORUS.

Won - der-ful, won - der - ful Je - sus! Won-der-ful, won-der-ful Je - sus!

He is a won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus!

No. 16. He is So Precious to Me.

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C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. So pre-cious is Je-sus, my Sav-ior, my King, His praise all the day long
2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly wait-ed
3. I stand on the mountain of bless-ing at last, No cloud in the heav-ens
4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in

with rapture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
an entrance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treat-ed in vain,
a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up-on me, the val-ley is past,
His won-der-ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,

CHORUS.

For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to

so

me,..... For He is so precious to me,..... 'Tis heav-en be-

pre-cious to me, so pre-cious to me,

rit. – – –

low My Re-deem-er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me.

No. 17 Beyond the Bar.

T. M. Eastwood.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Fred. H. Byshe.

1. Be-yond the bar on yon-der shore, A-cross life's troubled sea, There
2. Be-yond the bar my King a - bides, A-mong His jew-els rare; And
3. Be-yond the bar there is no death, And sor-row reigns no more; There
4. Be-yond the bar we'll meet a - gain The friends we've missed so long; And

is a cit - y bright and fair Pre-pared for me, pre-pared for me.
some day I shall dwell with Him,— My home is there, my home is there.
are no bruised and bleeding hearts On that blest shore, on that blest shore.
with them sing, for-ev - er - more, Un-end - ing song, un - end - ing song.

CHORUS.

I'll need no light of sun or star, When I my Sav - ior's face shall see;
Need no light of sun or star, When my Sav - ior's face I see;
That will be light e-nough for me, Throughout a blest e - ter - ni - ty,
Light e - nough, e - nough for me, Thro' a blest e - ter - ni - ty,

Be-yond the bar, be-yond the bar.

No. 18. Just When I Need Him Most?

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Rev. Wm. Pool. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is near, Just when I fal - ter, just when I fear; Read-y to help me, read - y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
2. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is true, Nev - er for - sak - ing all the way thro'; Giv-ing for bur-dens pleasures a - new, Just when I need Him most.
3. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is strong, Bear-ing my bur - dens all the day long; For all my sor - row giv - ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An - swer-ing when up - on Him I call; Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.

CHORUS.

Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;
Je - sus is near to com-fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.

No. 19. Grace, Enough for Me.

E. O. E.

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E. O. Excell.

1. In look - ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal - va - ry;
2. While stand-ing there, my trem-bling heart, Once full of ag - o - ny,
3. When I be - held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el tree,
4. When I am safe with - in the veil, My por - tion there will be,

cres.

Be-neath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, e-nough for me.
Could scarce believe the sight I saw . Of grace, e-nough for me. (enough for me.)
I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, e-nough for me.
To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, e-nough for me.

CHORUS.

Grace is flowing from Calvary, . . Grace as fathomless as the sea, . .
Grace is flow - ing from Cal - va-ry for me, Grace as fath - om-less as the roll - ing sea.

Grace for time and e - ter - ni - ty, . . Grace, e-nough for me.
Grace for time and e - ter - ni - ty, A-bun-dant grace I see, e-nough for me.

No. 20. Bring Peace to My Soul.

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Helen M. Dungan. J. M. Dungan.

1. When earth-ly cares and sorrows roll Like o - cean's bil-lows o'er my soul No
2. I need Thee, oh, I need Thee so, To help me as I on - ward go; Sin's
3. No cloud can hide from me Thy face, No storm deprive me of Thy grace, No
4. In joy or sor-row still be near, To drive a-way my ev-'ry fear; Earth's

temp-est can my barque con-trol, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.
ar - rows can-not lay me low, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.
sin with - in my heart have place, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.
chang - es can-not harm me here, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.

CHORUS.

Bring peace to my soul to - day, . . . Bring peace . . . to - day, . . .
to - day, sweet peace to - day,

Bring peace to my soul to-day, to-day, Bring peace to my soul to - day.

No. 21. All in All to Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. All in all to me is Je - sus! Ev - 'ry need His grace sup-plies;
2. All in all to me is Je - sus, Lord, Redeemer, Savior, Friend;
3. All in all to me is Je - sus, Bless-ed One of Cal - va - ry;
4. All in all to me is Je - sus, I am His, and He is mine;

Day by day He guides and keeps me,— No good thing to me de - nies.
Ten-der Shepherd, He will guard me, And from ev-'ry foe de - fend.
I will nev-er cease to love Him Who has done so much for me.
To His love, and in His serv - ice, Ev -'ry-thing I now re - sign.

CHORUS.

In His love I am a - bid-ing, Ev - 'ry-thing to Him con-fid-ing;
'Neath His wing my soul is hid - ing, He is all in all to me.

No. 22. We Shall Stand Before the King.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. E

E. O. Excell.

1. We shall stand before the King, With the angels we shall sing, By and by,
2. Ring, ye bells of heaven, ring, We shall stand before the King, By and by,
3. Wake, my soul, thy tribute bring, Thou shalt stand before the King, By and by,

By and by,

by and by; Walk the bright, the golden shore, Praising Him forevermore,
by and by; There our sorrows will be o'er, There His name we will adore,
by and by; Lay thy trophies at His feet, In His likeness stand complete,

by and by

CHORUS

By and by, ... by and by. We shall stand, . . before the King, ...

By and by, by and by, We shall stand, before the King,

With the an-gels we shall sing, Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King, Hal - le-

lu - jah, hal-le - lu - jah, We shall stand . . . . . before the King.

Hal - le - lu-jah; hal- le - lu - jah; we shall stand

No. 23. A Sinner Made Whole.

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W. M. Lighthall. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. There's a song in my heart that my lips can-not sing, 'Tis praise in the high - est to Je-sus, my King; Its mu-sic each moment is thrilling my soul,
2. I shall stand one day faultless and pure by His throne, Transformed from my im - age conformed to His own; Then I shall find words for the song of my soul,
3. All the mu - sic of heav-en, so per-fect and sweet, Will blend with my song and will make it complete; Thro' a - ges un-end - ing the ech - oes will roll,

CHORUS.

For I was a sin - ner, but Christ made me whole, A sin-ner made whole! a sinner made whole! The Savior hath bought me and ransomed my soul! My heart it is singing, the anthem is ringing, For I was a sinner, but Christ made me whole.

Rit.

No. 24. In the Cleft of the Rock.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Lizzie DeArmond. J. S. Fearis.

1. High as the mountain tho' the bil - lows roll, In Je - sus' keep-ing
2. O soul, be faith - ful; to the end en - dure, Trust-ing His prom - is-
3. When thro' the Jor-dan I must take my way, His staff will com - fort

I will trust my soul; He can the rag - ing seas and wind con - trol,
es for - ev - er sure; Kept in the fort - ress of His love se - cure,
me and be my stay; O - ver the riv - er there is end - less day,

REFRAIN.

In the cleft of the Rock He will hide me. Hide . . . me, safe-ly

Hide me, safe - ly hide,

hide me, Hide . . me, safe-ly hide me,

hide . . . . me, safe-ly hide, ... Hide . . . . me, safe-ly

hide me, safe-ly hide, Hide me, safe-ly hide, hide me in the Rock,

Hide . . . me from all dan-ger, In the Rock that was cleft for me.

Hide me from all dan-ger, from all dan - ger,

No. 25. O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When all my la - bors and tri - als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in - fin - ite grace, I am ac-cord - ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a - go; Joy like a riv - er a-

beau - ti - ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore,
heav - en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav - ior, I know,

CHORUS.

Rit.

Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me . . O that will be
O . . . . . that will
glo - ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me; . . . .

rit.

I shall look on His face, That will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for me.

No. 26.

Wonderful Love.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E, E. Hewitt. Jno, R, Sweney,

1. Love ev - er - last - ing, love Di - vine! May its constraining pow'r be mine;
2. Love ev - er - last - ing, love Di - vine! My will con-trol, my heart re - fine;
3. Love ev - er - last - ing, love Di - vine! Thine, Sav-ior, all the glo - ry Thine,

Love of the Christ, revealed to me, On hallow'd blood stained Cal - va - ry.
Take self a - way and sin - ful dross, Teach me the mean - ing of Thy cross.
When in my soul Thine eyes shall trace, Workings of Thy trans-form-ing grace.

CHORUS.

Won - der - ful, won - der - ful, won - der - ful, love! Show me its

rich - es O heav - en - ly Dove, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful,

won - der - ful love, Sing hal - le - lu - jahs, bright spir - its a - bove.

No. 27. His Love is All I Need.

To my friend Rev. Parley E. Zartmann

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E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

1. The love of Je - sus, who can tell Tho' he may know it, oh, so well?
2. The love of Je - sus, oh, what bliss! To hear Him whisper, I am His,
3. The love of Je - sus, oh, how sweet! To hide in such a safe re - treat,

The love that ev - 'ry want sup-plies, The love that al - ways sat - is - fies,
Tho' I may fal - ter on the way, He will not let me go a - stray,
Tho' Sa - tan would my hopes destroy, My Sav-ior's love is still my joy,

rit.

CHORUS.

His love is all I need! So won - der - ful, His love to me, So won - der - ful, how can it be; My ev - 'ry sin on Him was laid, My ev - 'ry debt by Him was paid? His love is all I need!

rit.

No. 28. Make Him Yours.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. I am stand-ing now on the prom-is - es of God, On the Rock that
2. All my sins are lost in the fount-ain of His blood; Of my cleansing
3. When earth's cares press hard, Jesus knows and understands, And the oil of

ev - er-more en-dures; And this song I sing as I jour-ney on my way,
He my soul as - sures; I want all the world of His sav-ing grace to know;
gladness on us pours; You may have Him now as your Savior and your Lord;

CHORUS.

Claim the prom-is-es, and make Him yours.
Trust the Savior now, and make Him yours. He is my Savior, He is my
He is my Redeemer; make Him yours. He is my Savior, He is my

Savior, Christ, the friend of sinners, will you make Him yours? He is my
make Him yours? He is my

Savior, He is my Savior, While He's waiting to be gracious, make Him yours.
Sav-ior, He is my Sav-ior,

No. 29. Despised and Rejected.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Maud Frazer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. De-spis'd and re-ject-ed, the dear Son of God, When earth's rugged paths
2. De-spis'd and re-ject-ed! how oft-en be-fore To His gen-tle knock
3. Be-yond human tho't, Lord, that great love of Thine, That leads Thee to seek

to save sin-ners He trod! De-spis'd and re-ject-ed by ma-ny to-day!
I have fastened the door! But now doth His pleading my heart strangely move:
sin-ful hearts such as mine; But as Thou hast died the un-wor-thy to win,

CHORUS.

Shall I, too, re-fuse Him, from love turn a-way?
I haste to sur-ren-der my all to His love! No longer I'll grieve Thee,
I bring to Thy cross all my bur-den of sin.

O Sav-ior di-vine; Come in-to my heart, make it, Lord, wholly Thine! I

bow down before Thee; Thy love shall not be Despise'd and re-ject-ed by me.

No. 30. Marching Orders.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Eleanor W. Long. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's a war to wage with sin, Foes with - out and foes with - in, Gird your
2. Tho' to - day the war-fare cease, And the world seem hush'd in peace, Keep your
3. When our Captain gives command, At "At - ten- tion" we will stand With our

arm-or on! gird your arm-or on! We've a Capt-ain tried and true, And He
arm-or on! keep your arm-or on! Not far off the camp-fires shine; Soon there'll
arm-or on! with our arm-or on! We are sol-diers of His grace; We shall

says to me, to you, It is time to dare and do—Gird your arm-or on!
be for thee and thine, Fighting all a - long the line—Keep your arm-or on!
see Him face to face, And He'll find us in our place With our arm-or on!

CHORUS.

{ We will march, march, march, By night as well as day, With a
{ Yes, we'll march, march, march, Where He may lead the way—When the

1 2

step that is firm and steady! or - der comes to march, We are read-y!

No. 31.

Rescue Them.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. A. H. WORDS AND MUSIC. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Res-cue them! res - cue the souls that are per - ish - ing, Lin - ger - ing just on the verge of de - spair; Hope of sal - va - tion their fond hearts are
2. Res-cue them! res - cue the souls that are wan - der - ing Far from the fold of the Shep-herd a - stray, While from His love their af - fec-tions are
3. Res-cue them! res - cue the souls that are sor - row - ing, Sor - row-ing, sigh - ing be - cause of their sin; O - ver their pathway the wrath-clouds are

:S: cher - ish - ing, Suf - fer them not to be per - ish - ing there.
sun - der - ing; Res - cue these wan - d'rers for Je - sus to - day.
low - er - ing, In - to God's king - dom, oh! gath - er them in.

FINE.

D.S.—died for them, Res - cue the lost, and the per - ish - ing save.

CHORUS.

Res - cue them! res - cue them! res - cue the per - ish - ing, Hear how in pit - y sal - va-tion they crave; Go in the name of the Sav - ior who

D. S.

No. 32. The Sunlight of His Love.

Miriam E. Arnold.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When the sun-light of the Savior's love Shines in beau-ty on us from a-bove,
2. When the sun-light of His love shines in, How our hearts yearn over those in sin!
3. May the Sav-ior's blessed sunlight shine In this heart and from this life of mine,

How it thrills us with a joy Earth-ly pow'rs can-not de-stroy, When the
That they, too, may know the peace That shall ev - er-more in-crease, When the
Till on heav-en's gold-en shore I shall praise Him ev - er-more, As the

CHORUS.

sun-light of His love shines in! When the sun-light of His love shines in,

How it scat-ters doubt, and fear, and sin! How the shad-ows flee a-way,

Turn-ing dark-ness in-to day, When the sun-light of His love shines in!

No. 33. Tell the Promises Over to Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Jessie Brown Pounds. WORDS AND MUSIC. Victor H. Benke.

1. When the bur - den is heav - y and cour-age is faint, Tell the prom-is - es
2. When the temp-ter is press-ing, and threatens my soul, Tell the prom-is - es
3. When the shad-ows are fall - ing and partings are near Tell the prom-is - es

o - ver to me; Their sweet ben-e - dic - tion will hush my complaint; Tell the
o - ver to me; The might of my Mas - ter his pow'r can con-trol, Tell the
o - ver to me; Their com-fort will ban - ish life's ut - ter-most fear, Tell the

CHORUS.

prom - is - es o - ver to me. Tell the prom-is - es o - ver to me,.....
o - ver to me,

Tell the prom - is - es o - ver to me,..... I need their strong stay for the
to me,

cares of the day, Tell the prom - is - es o - ver to me.....
o - ver to me.

No. 34. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.

W. A, O. WORDS AND MUSIC. W. A. Ogden.

1. 'Tis the grand - est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the grand - est
2. 'Tis the grand - est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grand - est
3. 'Tis the grand - est theme, let the ti - dings roll To the guilt - y

theme for a mor-tal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung,
theme for a mor-tal strain; 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a - gain,
heart, to the sin - ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,

CHORUS.

"Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee." He is a - - - - ble to de-
a - ble, He is a - ble

liv - er thee, He is a - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee; Tho' by sin op-
a - ble, He is a - ble

prest, Go to Him for rest, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

No. 35. I Shall Behold Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I know it was Je - sus who suf-fered to be The Sav - ior from
2. I care not how rough or how long be the way, Of this I am
3. What joy to be-lieve, trust, yea, serve and a - dore The Lord who for

sin to a fall - en race, And that when His will is made per-fect in me,
sure—thro' a-maz-ing grace, With all the re-deemed of the earth, in that day
me has pre-pared a place Where, with all the lov'd ones who've gone on be-fore,

CHORUS.

rit.

I shall be - hold Him, face to face. What glo - - - ry, O what
glo - ry it will be, what
glo - ry, When thro' His re-deem-ing grace Clad in
glo - ry it will be When thro' His redeeming grace, When thro' His redeeming grace Clad in
robes ..... of life im-mor - tal, I shall see His bless-ed face.
robes of life im - mor - tal, robes of life im-mor-tal,

No. 36. Somebody Needs You.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. E. Hewitt. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Child of the Mas-ter, wher-ev - er you are, Some-bod-y needs your care!
2. Shine for the Master with deeds of good cheer, Some-one is in the night;
3. Sing of your Sav-ior with heart all a-glow, Some-bod-y needs your song;
4. Then, when you en-ter the Cit - y of gold, Some one will meet you there;

Some one at home or a wand'rer a - far— Some-bod - y needs your pray'r.
Send out the beams that will shine bright and clear, Somebod-y needs your light.
Bless-ing will fol-low the heart's o - ver-flow, Brighten the way a - long.
Some-one to whom the glad sto-ry you told, Some-one your joy will share.

CHORUS.

Somebod-y needs you! needs your love, Seeking a bless-ing from a-bove;

Some-bod-y needs you, some-bod-y needs you, Some-bod-y needs your love.

No. 37. Enter Now.

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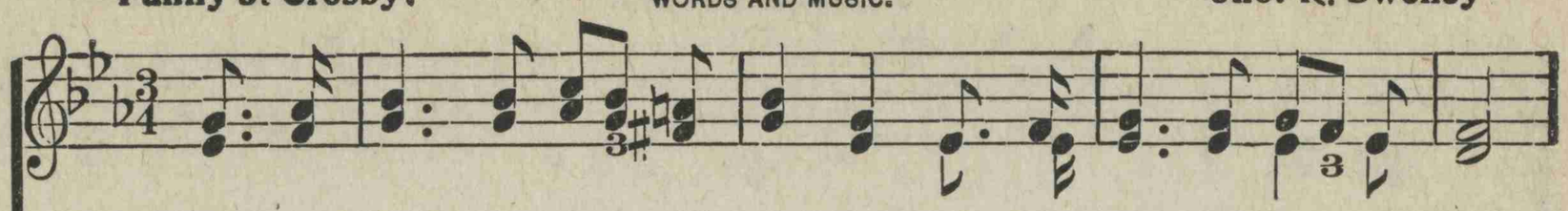
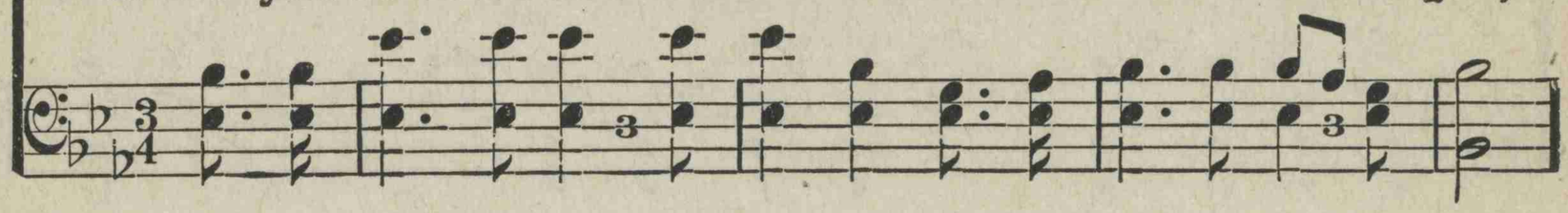
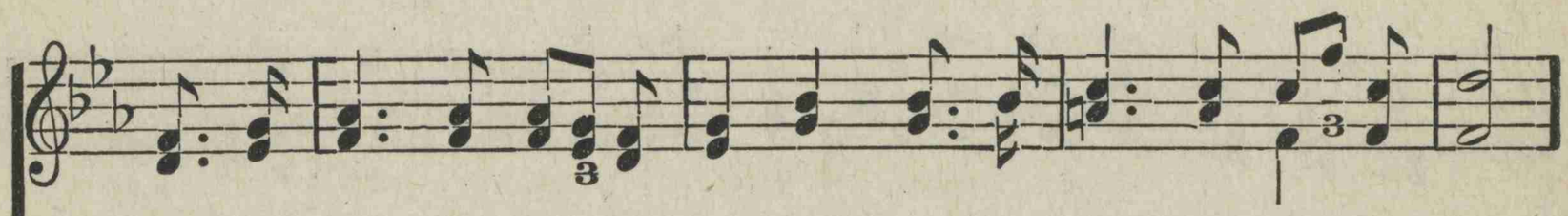
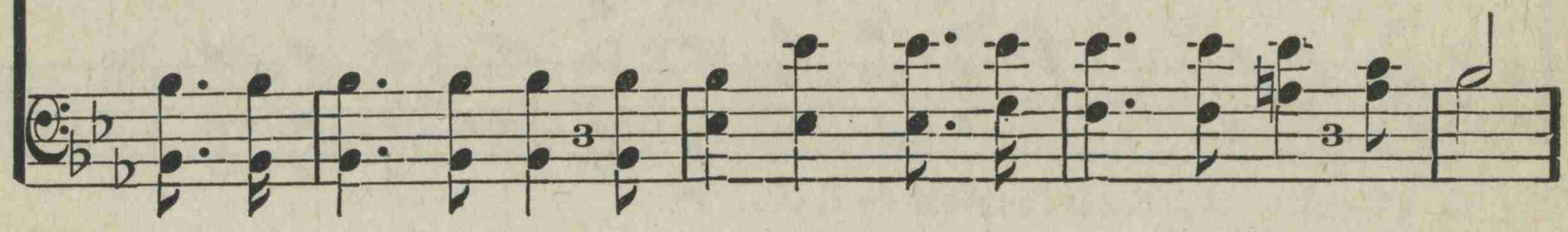
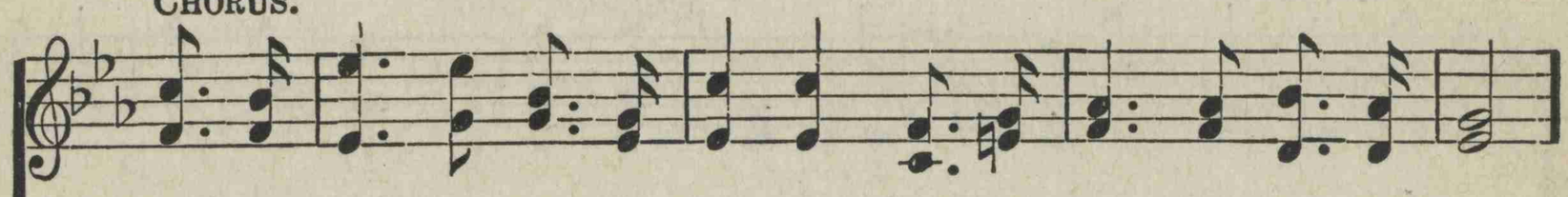
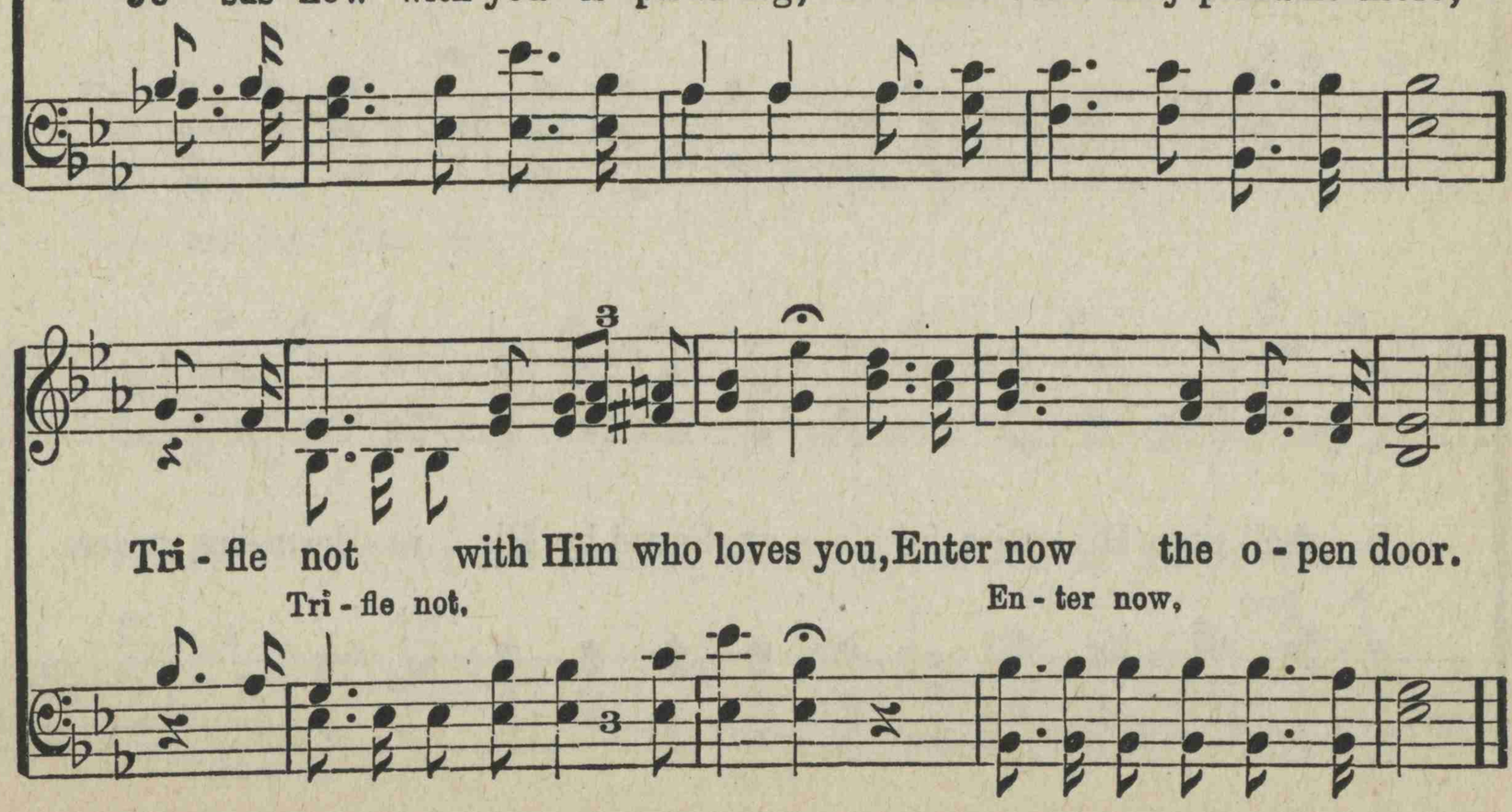
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney

1. Hear a - gain the gos - pel trump-et Sound-ing forth the gra-cious call
2. Will you slight your on - ly Sav - ior, Will you squan-der life a - way,
3. Out of Christ, O sad con - di-tion, Where for ref - uge can you fly?
4. Ere your bark shall drift for - ev - er From the life He waits to give;

To the feast of rich-est bless-ing, Come, O come, there's room for all.
For a vain and fleet-ing shad-ow That may leave you in a day?
To the tempt-er blind-ly yield-ing, Pre-cious souls, why will ye die?
While there yet is hope and mer-cy, Look to Him, O look and live.

CHORUS.

Je - sus now with you is plead-ing, Soon His voice may plead no more;



Tri - fle not with Him who loves you, Enter now the o - pen door.
Tri - fle not, En - ter now,

No. 38. I Shall Go to Be With Jesus.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER..

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When this bus - y life is end - ed, And my work on earth is done;
2. When the sun goes down for - ev - er, And the moon her way for - sakes,
3. Loved ones who have grown a - wea - ry, And have left me by the way,
4. O Thou ev - er - last - ing Fa - ther, Love me, guide me, keep me still,

When I lay a - side my bur - den, At the set - ting of the sun:
With the dawn of judg-ment morn-ing, When my dust from sleep a-wakes:
I shall meet a - gain, and with them, At the break - ing of the day:
That when Thou shalt have com-plete-ly Wrought in me Thy per - fect will:

CHORUS.

I shall go to be with Je - sus, I shall see His bless - ed face;
I shall sing His praise in glo - ry, Saved by His re - deem-ing grace.

No. 39. The Fountain of Blessing.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY LIZZIE E. SWENEY.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney

1. I came to the fountain of bless-ing so free, Glo-ry to Je-sus my
2. I kneel at the fountain of bless-ing to-night, Glo-ry to Je-sus my
3. I love at the fountain of bless-ing to stay, Glo-ry to Je-sus my
4. No place like the fountain of bless-ing to me, Glo-ry to Je-sus my

Sav-ior; And oh, I am hap-py as mor-tal can be, Glo-ry to
Sav-ior; I lave in its wa-ters so hal-lowed and bright, Glo-ry to
Sav-ior; And lose in its mur-murs the cares of the day, Glo-ry to
Sav-ior; For there in a vis-ion my home I can see, Glo-ry to

D. S.—*rapture she sings, Glo-ry to*

FINE. CHORUS.

Je-sus my Sav-ior. My heart, o-ver-flow-ing, with mel-o-dy rings, My

Je-sus my Sav-ior.

D. S.

soul is re-joic-ing and spreading her wings, And now in the ful-ness of

No. 40. O Love Divine.

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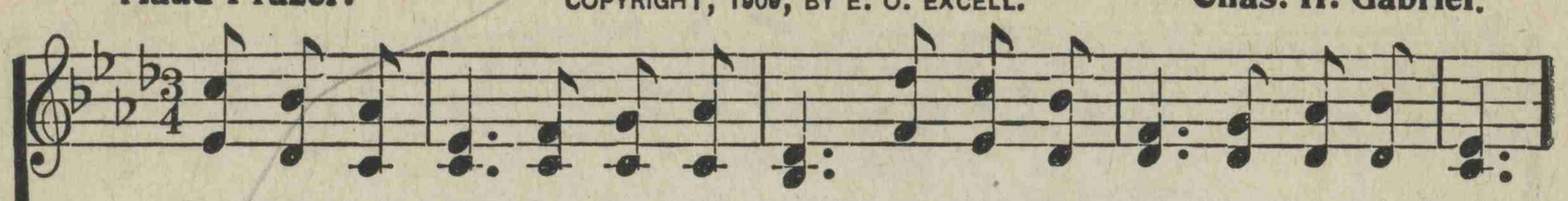
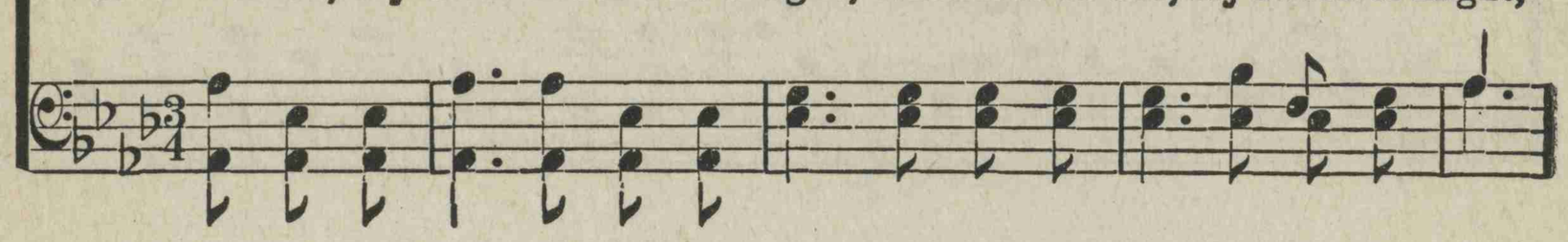
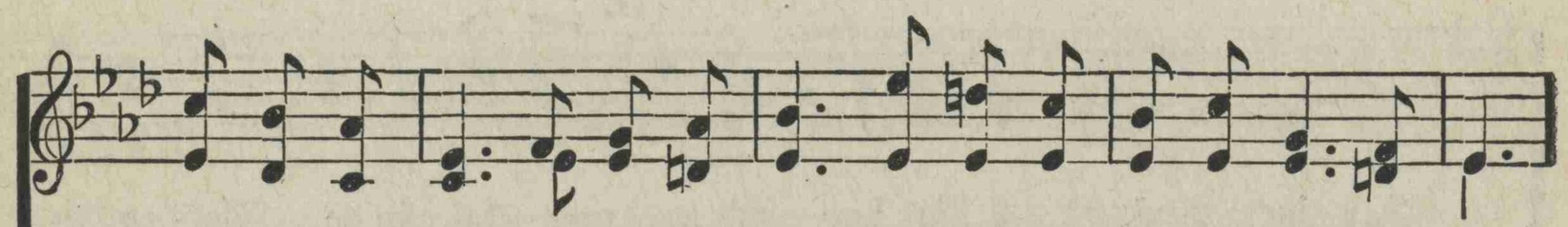
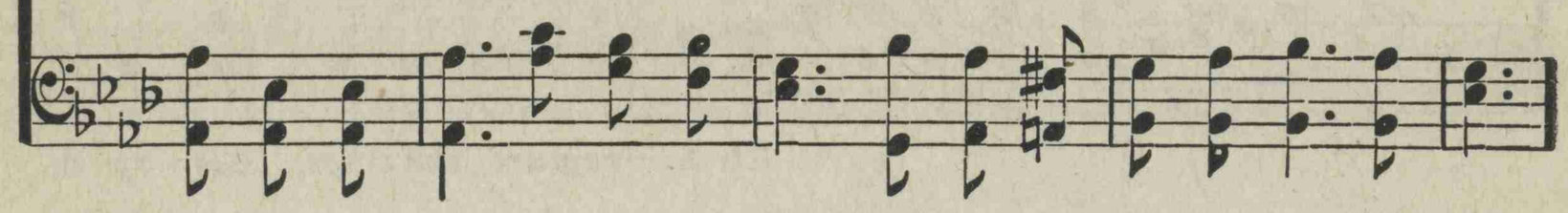
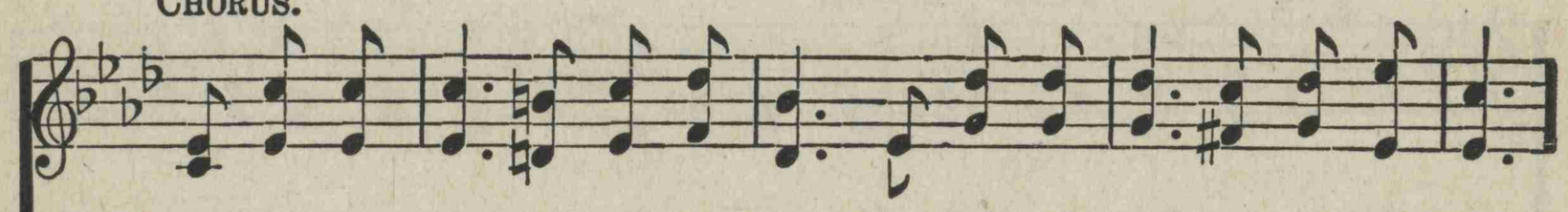
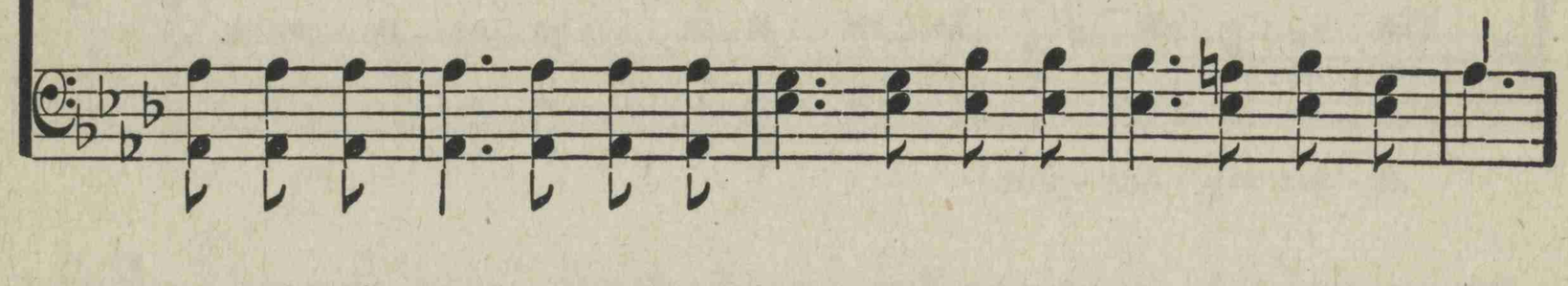
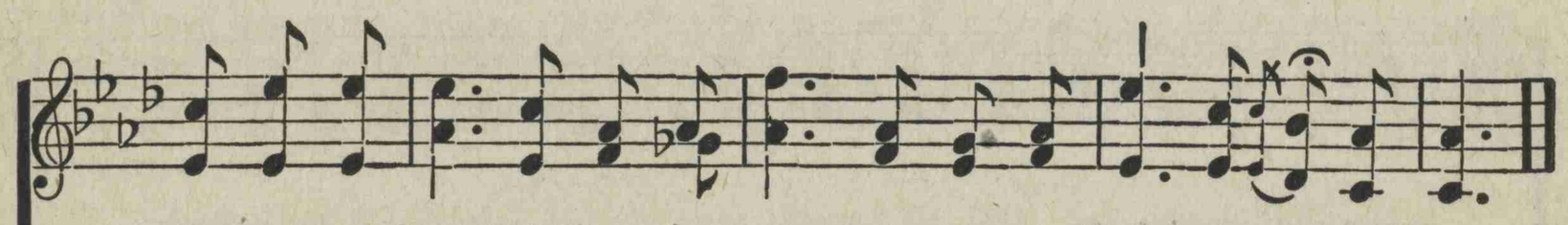
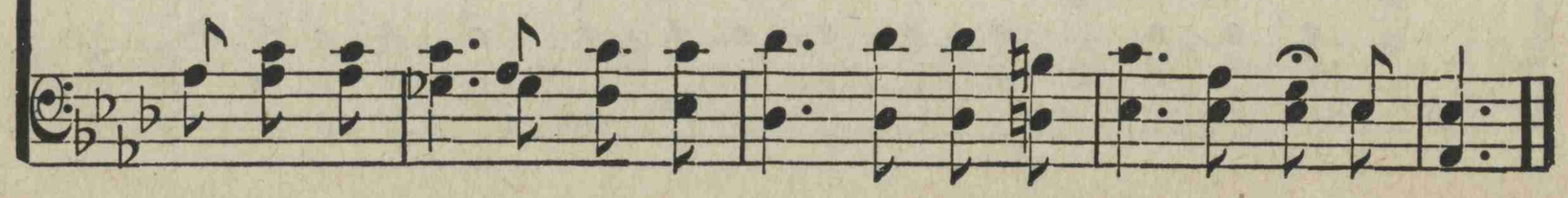
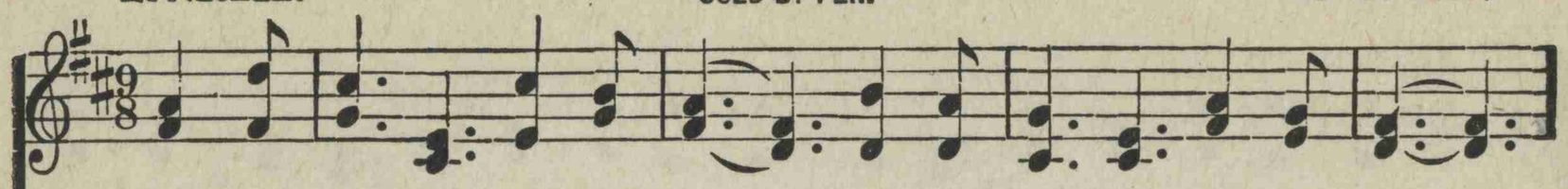
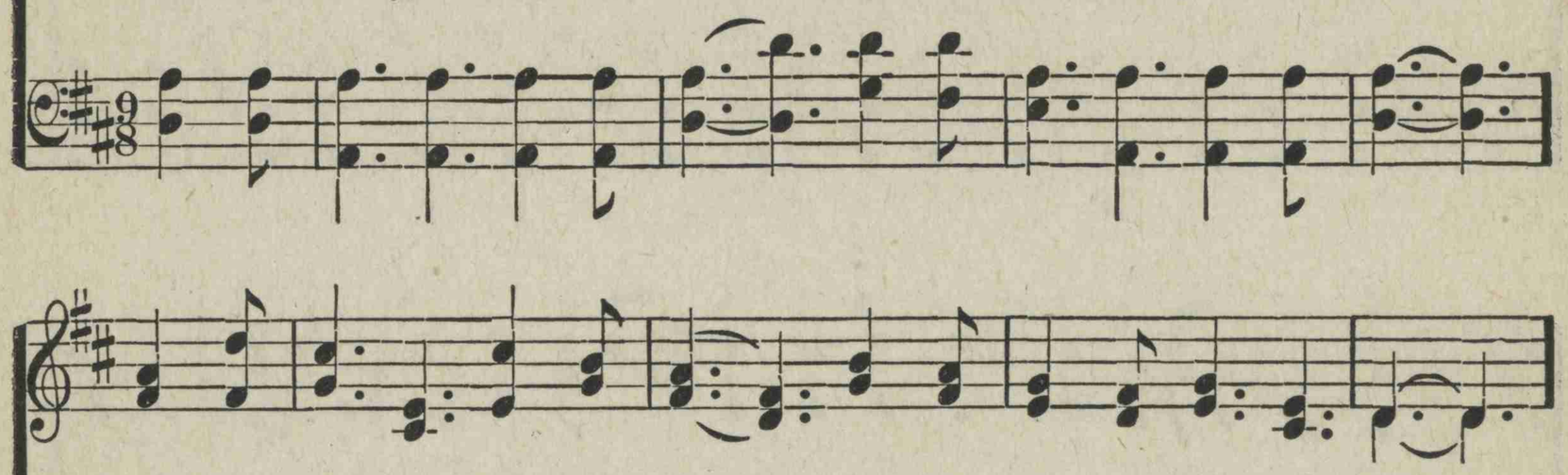
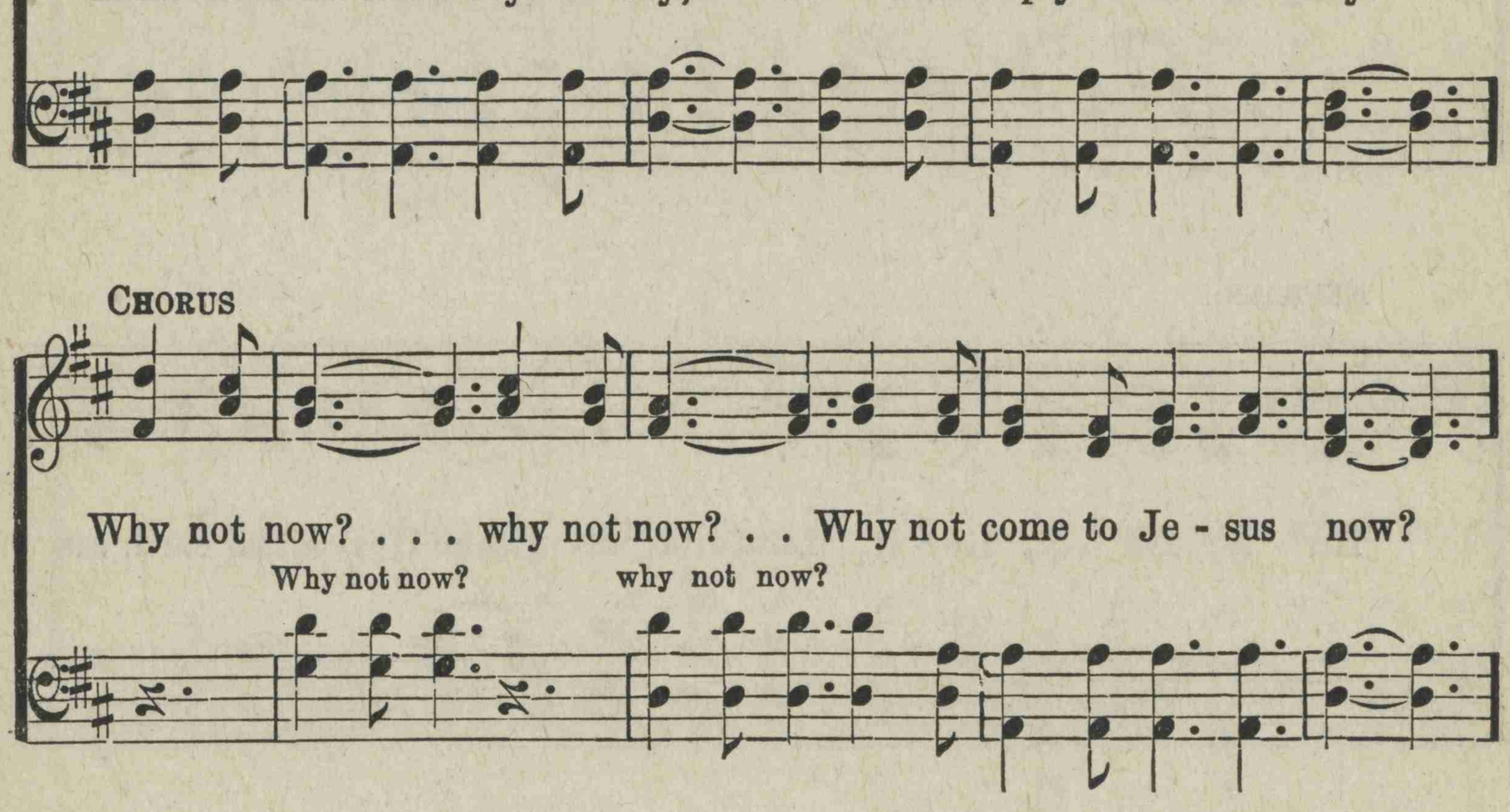
Maud Frazer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Dear Lord, my heart has heard Thy call! Be-fore Thy cross I prostrate fall
2. Thy plead-ing eyes have look'd on me, Thy sweet voice said, "I died for thee;"
3. I spurned Thy grace and far did stray, Yet "child, come home," I heard Thee say;
4. O Love, my star in sor-row's night, When foes as-sail, my sword of might;

And un - to Thee sur-ren-der all, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!
No more a reb - el can I be, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!
Love came to meet me on the way, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!
O Love, my joy, my life, my light, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!

CHORUS.

O Love di - vine, so full, so free, Thy wondrous pow'r has conquered me!

For ev - er - more my heart is Thine, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!

No. 41. Why Not Now?

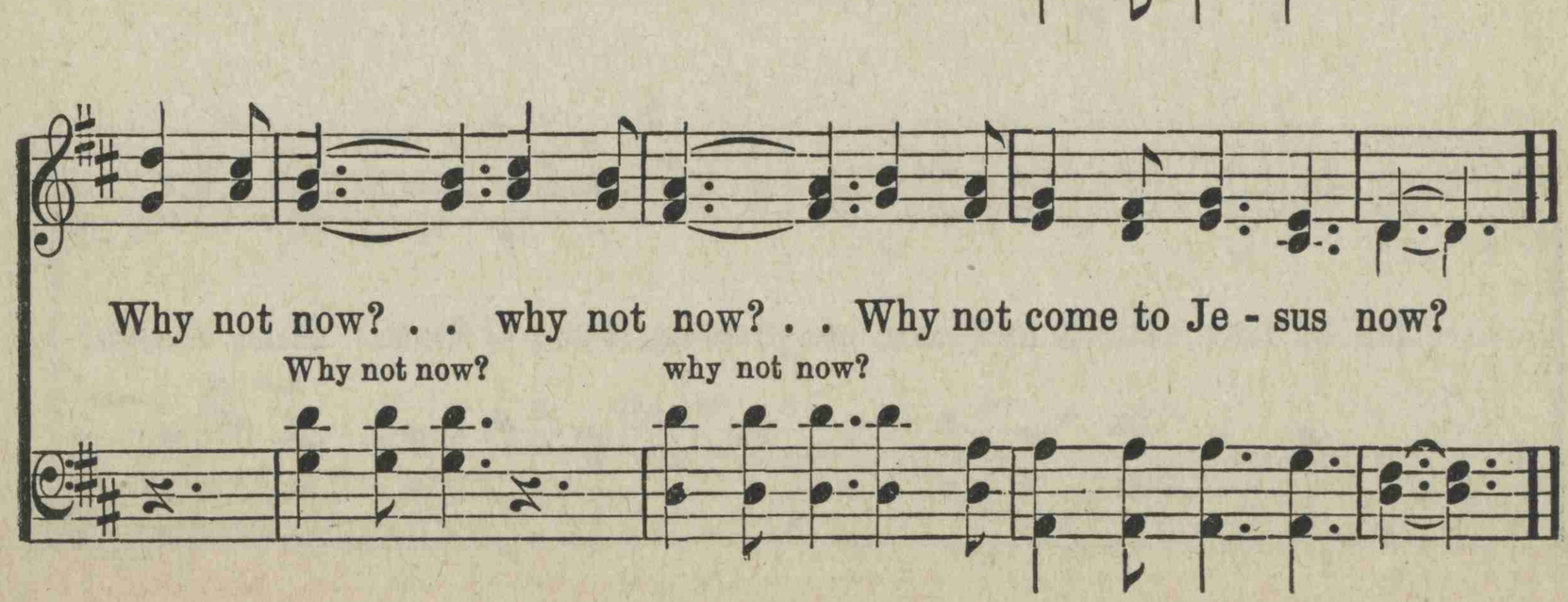
COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY C. C. CASE.
USED BY PER.

El Nathan. C. C. Case.

1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub - led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ, and par - don take;

While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my brother, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.



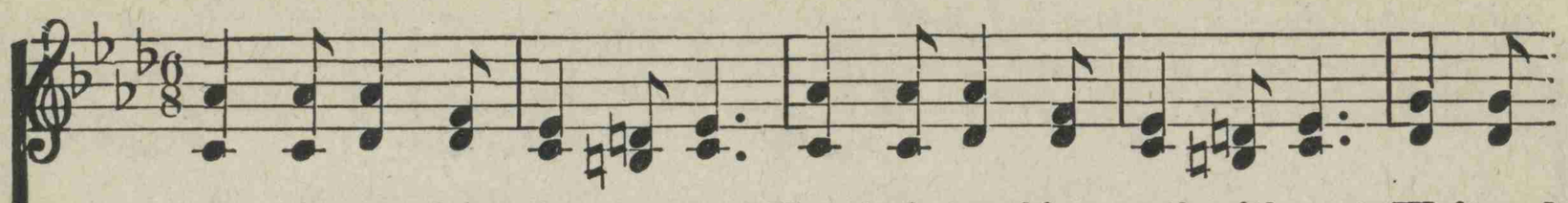
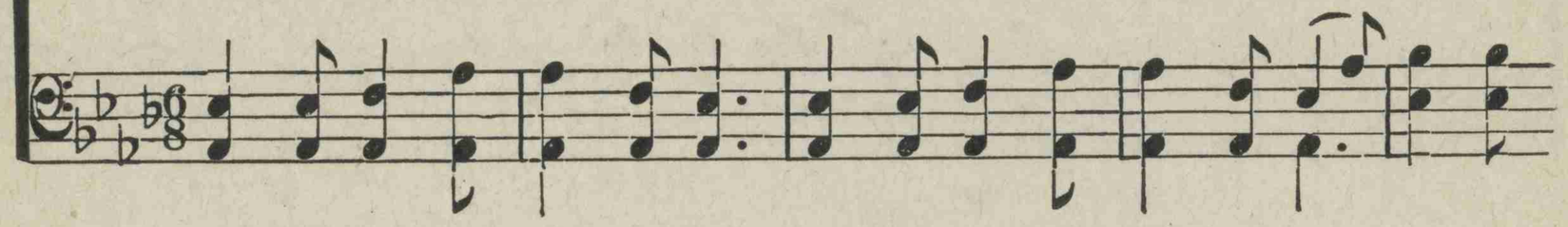
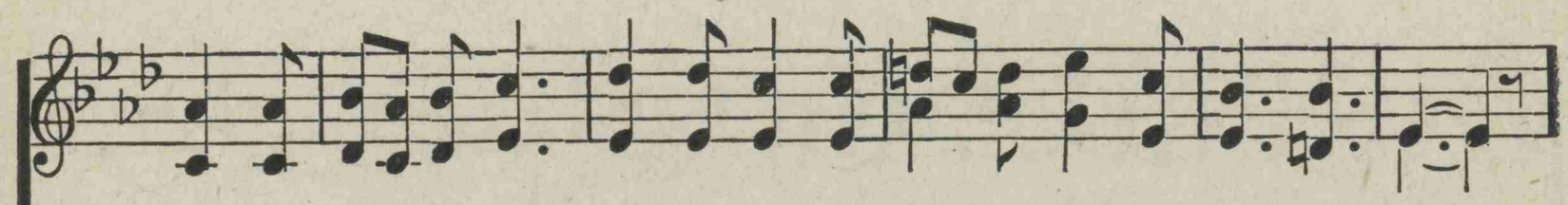
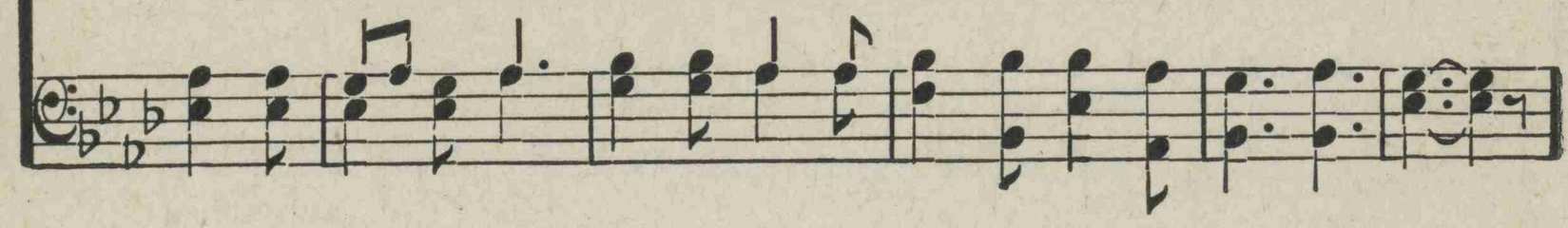
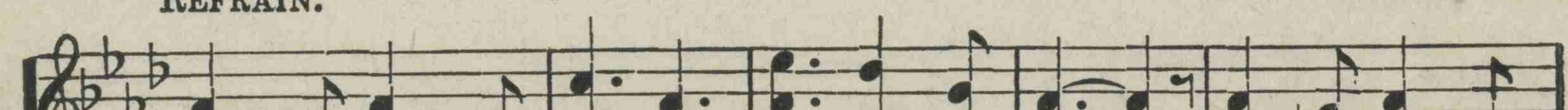
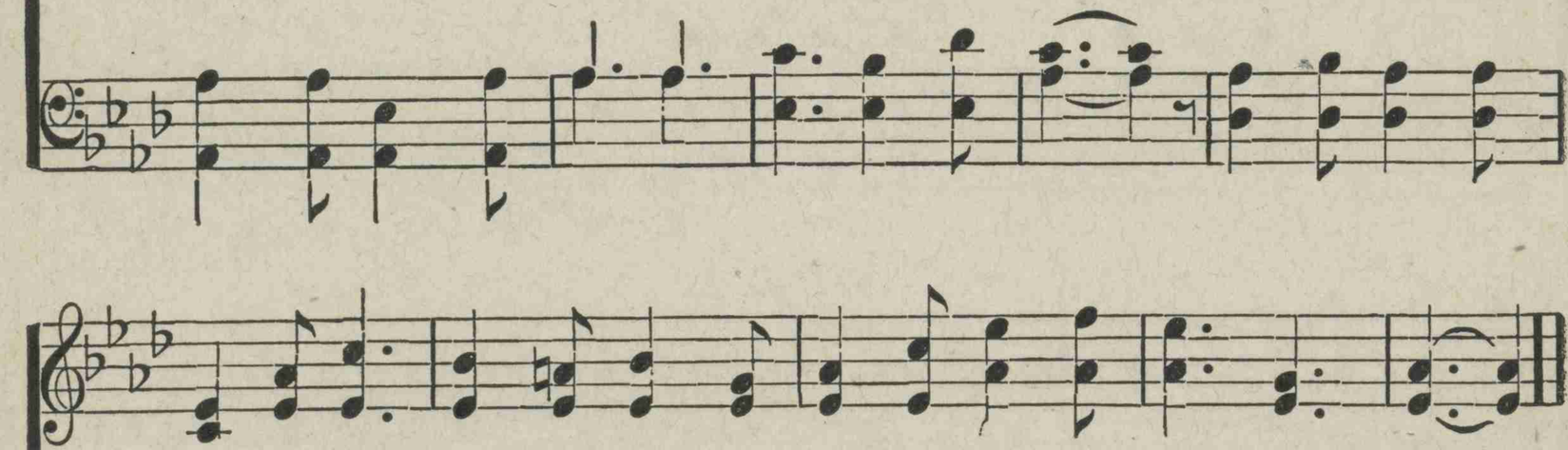
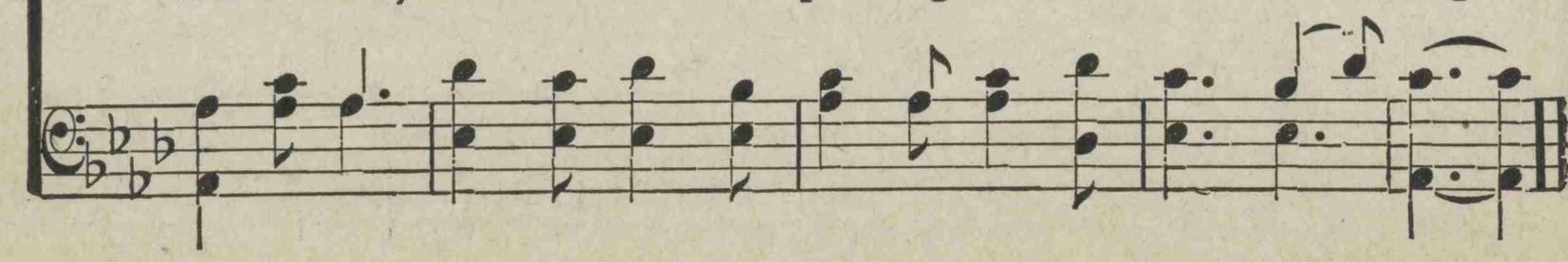
CHORUS

Why not now? . . . why not now? . . Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?



Why not now? . . why not now? . . Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?

No. 42. Day is Dying in the West.

Mary Ann Lathbury. COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. H. VINCENT. **William F. Sherwin.**

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and
2. Lord of life be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en - fold - ing all, Thro' the
4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of

wor-ship while the night Sets her evening lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.
us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.
an-gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morning rise, And shadows end.

REFRAIN.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are

full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are prais-ing Thee, O Lord Most High!

No. 43. Oh, Blessed Day.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER..

Maggie E. Gregory. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Oh, bless - ed day, the hap - py day, When all my sins were wash'd a-way,
2. Oh, bless - ed day, when first I found, The joys that in my Lord a-bound;
3. Oh, bless - ed day when life is past, And I shall reach my home at last;
4. Oh, bless - ed bright e - ter - nal day, When tears shall all be wiped a-way,

When low be - fore my Sav-ior's face, I first received His pard'ning grace.
The tran-quil peace that then was mine, The sa - cred fel - low - ship di-vine.
Be - fore my Lord in bliss to stand, With all the saved at His right hand.
When all our cares shall be laid down For spot-less robe and fade-less crown.

CHORUS.

Oh, bless-ed day with rapture fraught, When to His feet my all I brought;
Be - fore His will I bowed my soul, And gave to Him com-plete con-trol.

No. 44. Whom Having Not Seen I Love.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Maud Frazer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A Friend have I who standeth near, To com-fort me and still each fear,
2. In vain may fan - cy strive to trace My Sav-ior's beauty and His grace;
3. The pre-cious hope I have each day Il - lu - mines all my earth-ly way;
4. With that fair man-sion e'er in view, My pil - grim jour-ney I pur-sue;

It is my Lord and Sav - ior dear, Whom, having not seen, I love.
More fair than I can dream, His face, Whom, having not seen, I love.
That He will take me home to stay, Whom, having not seen, I love.
And try my Sav-ior's will to do, Whom, having not seen, I love.

CHORUS.

And He is pre-par-ing a place.... For me in His home a-bove;....
And He is pre - par-ing a place, For me in His home a - bove;

Where I shall be-hold His face,.... Whom, having not seen, I love.
Where I shall be - hold His face,

No. 45. Softly and Tenderly.

BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., E. LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

pp *Very slow.* *pp* *m*

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

See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death beds are com-ing, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

CHORUS. *cres.* *m*

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

pp *ppp* *rit.* *pp*

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

No. 46. I Hope to Meet You There Some Day.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. WORDS AND MUSIC. R. D. Burleson.

1. When I have reach'd the soul's bright land, I hope to meet you there some day;
2. When I shall walk the gold - en street, I hope to meet you there some day;
3. Where sin can harm our souls no more, I hope to meet you there some day;
4. Where tears no more will dim the eye, I hope to meet you there some day;

When I be - fore the throne shall stand, I hope to meet you there some day.
A - mong the friends that I shall greet, I hope to meet you there some day.
Up - on the bright e - ter - nal shore, I hope to meet you there some day.
Where we will nev - er say "Good bye," I hope to meet you there some day.

CHORUS.

I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, And stand with the saints in bright a-ray;

When I have reach'd my home in heav-en, I hope to meet you there some day.

No. 47. My Savior's Love.

COPYRIGHT, 1903 AND 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

James Rowe. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. My Sav-ior's love my spir - it feeds, And keeps my way-ward feet
2. My Sav-ior's love, His price-less love My ran-somed be - ing fills,
3. When trouble waves a-round me roll, When dark the night and long,
4. While here His love my hope shall be, My theme in heav'n a - bove;

Up - on the nar - row path that leads To life and joy com - plete.
That gift a - lone— all gifts a - bove, My rap-tured spir - it thrills.
My Sav-ior's love il - lumes my soul, And fills my heart with song.
My song for all e - ter - ni - ty Shall be my Sav-ior's love.

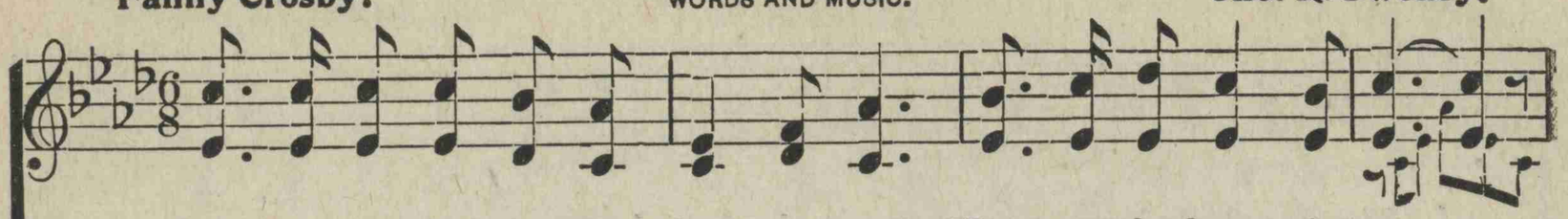
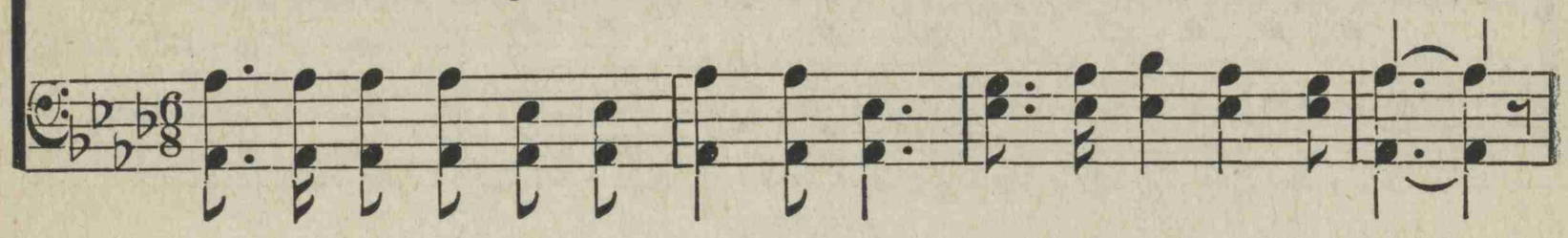
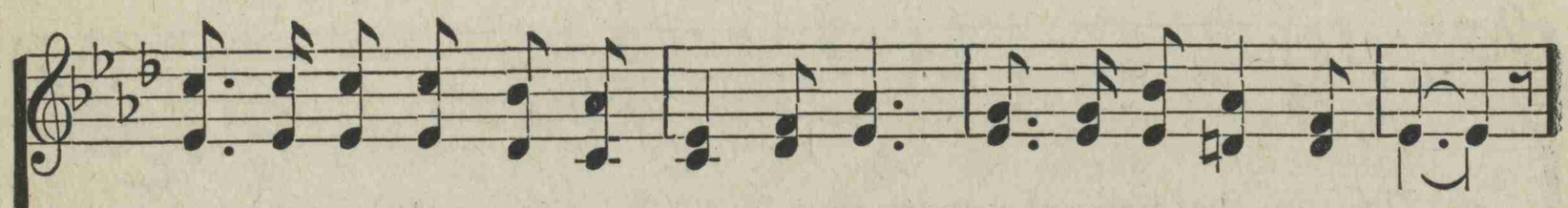
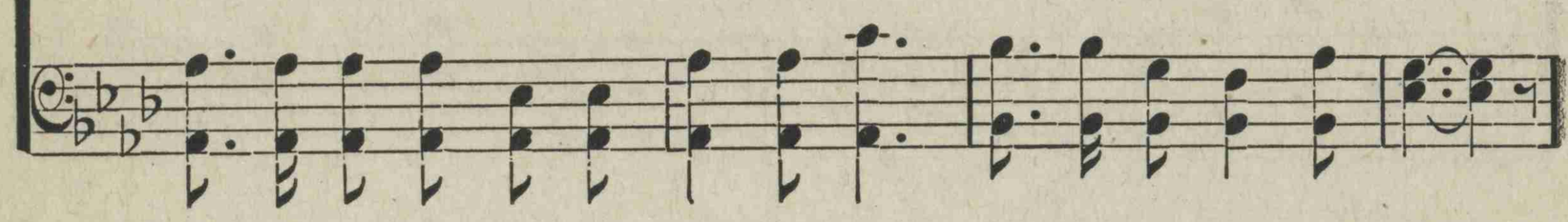
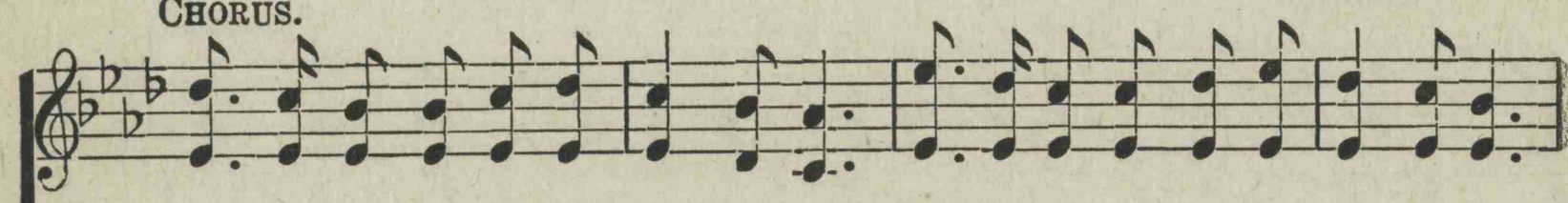
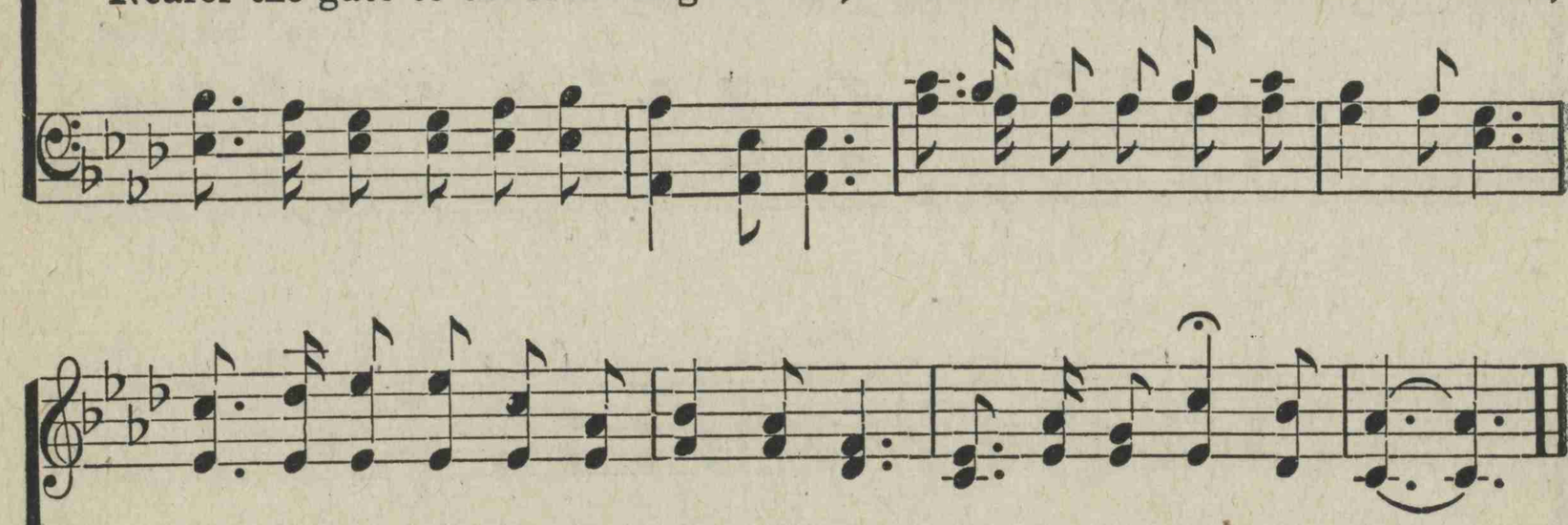
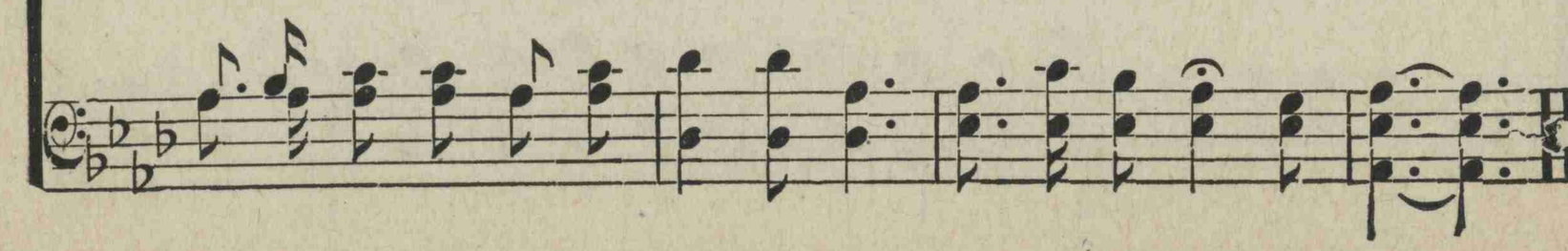
CHORUS.

My Savior's love, my Sav-ior's love, My blessed Sav-ior's love!.....
bound - less love!

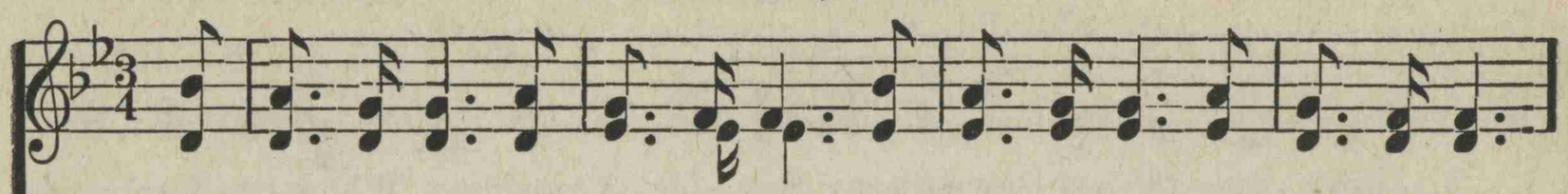
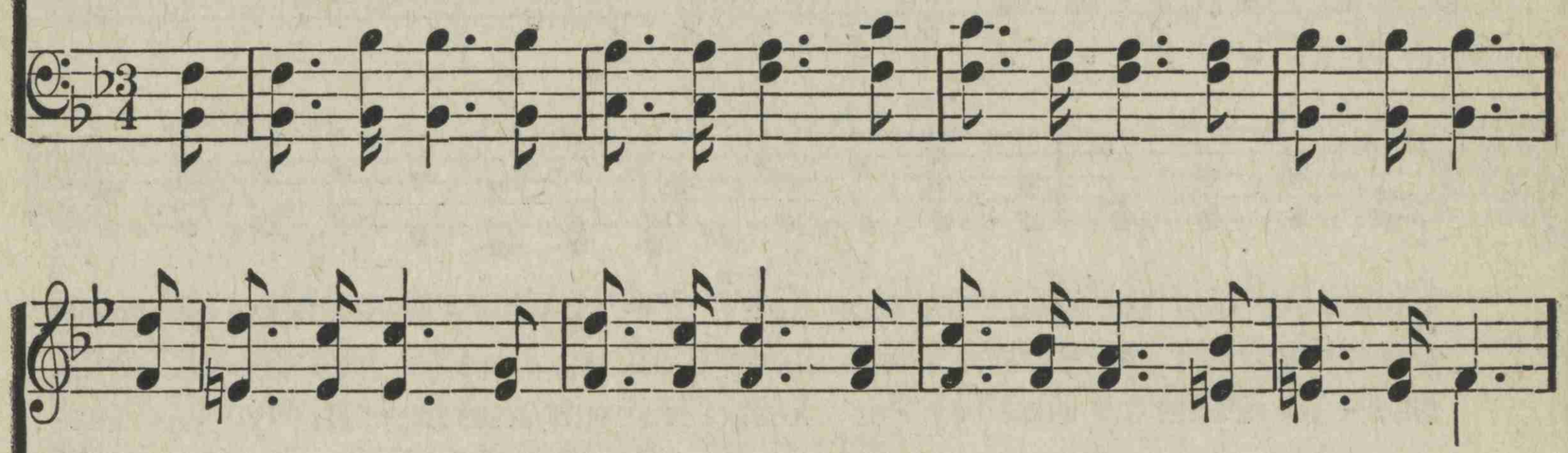
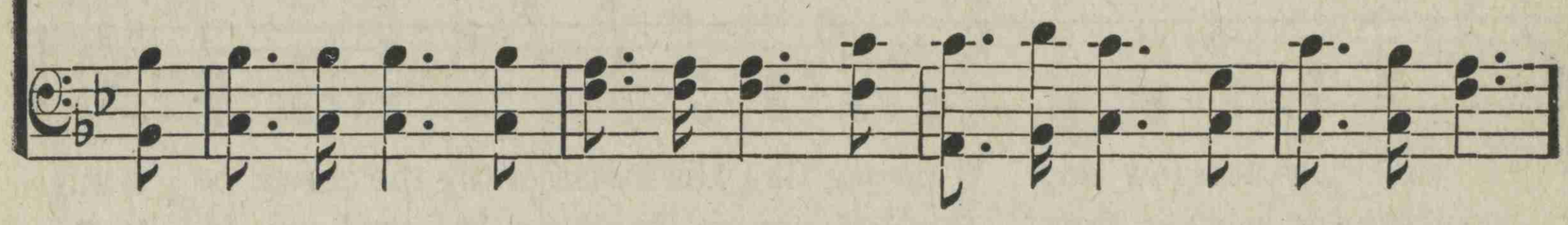
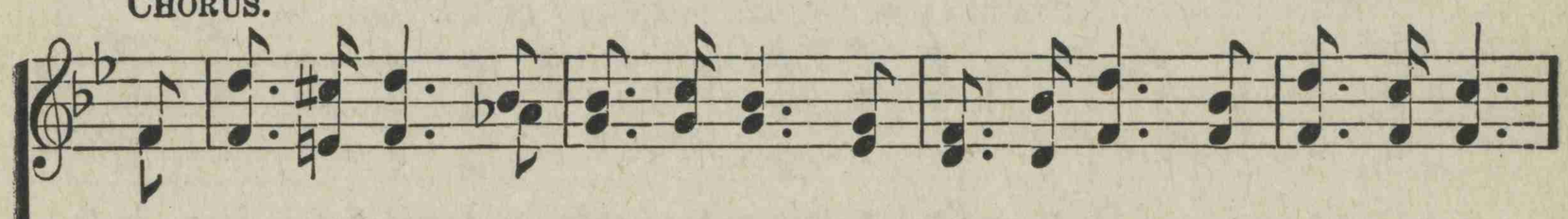
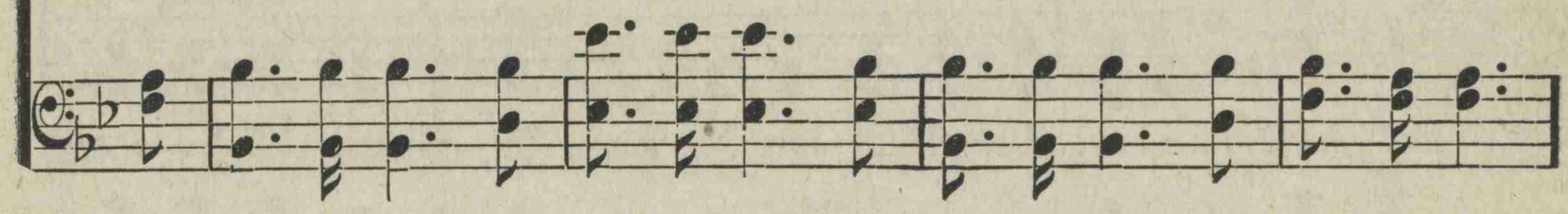
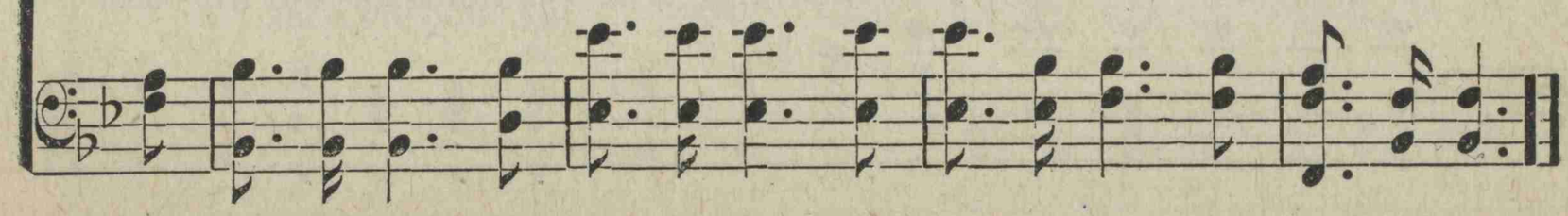
This life to me would joy - less be With-out my bless-ed Sav-ior's love.

No. 48. The Hour of Prayer.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Fanny Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Glo - ry to God for the joy to meet, Here at the hour of prayer;
2. Ear from the world we may turn a - way, Here at the hour of prayer;
3. Rich are the blessings that all may seek, Here at the hour of prayer;
4. O what a ho - ly and calm re-pose, Here at the hour of prayer;

Welcome the bliss of com-mun-ion sweet, Here at the hour of prayer.
Glad - ly we rest from the toils of day, Here at the hour of prayer.
Grace for the wea-ry, the faint, the weak, Here at the hour of prayer.
Love in its ful - ness the heart o'er-flows, Here at the hour of prayer.

CHORUS.

Nearer the gate to the soul's bright home, Nearer the vales where the faithful roam,

Near-er to God and the Lamb we come, Here at the hour of prayer.

No. 49. The Blessed Name.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Rev. W. B. Williams. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O what a name, a bless - ed name, The name of Je - sus, my dear Lord!
2. O what a name, a pre-cious name! He purchased us with His own blood;
3. O what a name, a charm-ing name! In - car-nate joy and love di - vine!,
4. O what a name, a glo - rious name! No oth - er can com-pare to this!

He can to peace our souls re - lease From sin and guilt by just a word.
He made us heir to rich - es rare; Thro' Him be-came we sons of God.
How ev - er kind, in deed and mind, He makes the world with love to shine!
It brings to all on Him who call, E - ter - nal life and joy and bliss.

CHORUS.

O what a name, a wor - thy name! Un - to Him ev - 'ry knee shall bow!

O pre - cious soul, to His con - trol Thy life and all sur - ren-der now!

No. 50.

Follow On.

W. O. Cushing.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

Robert Lowry.

1. Down in the val - ley with my Sav - ior I would go, Where the flow'rs are bloom-ing and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev-'ry-where He leads me I would fol - low, fol - low on, Walk-ing in His footsteps till the crown be won.

2. Down in the val - ley with my Sav - ior I would go, Where the storms are sweep-ing and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will nev - er, nev - er fear, Dan - ger can-not fright me if my Lord is near.

3. Down in the val - ley, or up - on the mountain steep, Close be-side my Sav - ior would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe - ly in the path that He has trod, Up to where they gather on the hills of God.

FINE.

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

REFRAIN.

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

D. S.

No. 51. The Savior's Invitation.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Wm. C. Stokes. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Would you have the Savior's presence as you go? Would you have the
2. Would you seek the Fount that cleanseth white as snow? Would you fol-low
3. Would you love the Lord who bought you with His blood? Would you glad-ly

as you go, as you go?

bless-ed fore-taste here be - low? Would you have the Father's bless-ing
your Re-deem-er here be - low? Would you have in you a - bid-ing,
fol - low Je - sus thro' the flood? Would you know your sins for-giv-en

here be - low, here be - low?

FINE.

day by day? Would you have His spir-it with you all the way?.....
blessed peace? Would you have from sin's do-min-ion full re-lease?.....
ev - 'ry one? Would you have the Savior's plaudit "Welcome home?"....

all the way?

D.S.–*and distress"d, Come, and in His love for - ev - er be at rest.....*
be at rest.

CHORUS.

Hear the Sav-ior's in - vi - ta-tion "Come to me," And His of - fer

Come to me, O, come to me,

of sal - va-tion full and free; All ye wea-ry, heav-y la-dened,

ev - er full and free;

D. S.

No. 52. Scattering Precious Seed.

W. A. Ogden. BY PER. OF GEO. C. HUGG, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Geo. C. Hugg.

1. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed by the way - side, Scat-ter-ing precious seed
2. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed for the grow - ing, Scat-ter-ing precious seed
3. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed, doubting nev - er, Scat-ter-ing precious seed

by the hill - side; Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed o'er the field wide,
free - ly sow - ing; Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed, trust-ing, know-ing,
trust-ing ev - er; Sow - ing the word with pray'r and en - deav - or,

CHORUS.

Scattering precious seed by the way.
Sure-ly the Lord will send it the rain. Sow - ing in the morn - ing,
Trusting the Lord for growth and for yield. Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed,

Sow - - ing at the noon - tide, Sow - - ing in the
Sowing the seed at noon-tide, Sowing the precious seed, Sow-ing the precious seed,

ev - - 'ning, Sow-ing the precious seed by the way.....
Sowing the precious seed, by the way.

No. 53. The Invitation.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

C. H. G. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Are you worn and wea - ry, bur-dened and oppressed? Do you sigh in vain for com-fort, peace, and rest? Lo! 'tis free - ly of - fered—
2. For the yoke is eas - y and the bur - den light; Soul, no long-er thy Re-deem-er's mer - cy slight; Canst thou not re - mem - ber
3. "Who-so - ev - er will," the in - vi - ta - tion reads; "Who-so-ev-er!" still the Spir - it in - ter - cedes; "Who - so - ev - er will," O

free - ly then re - ceive, On - ly trust, o-bey, and on the Lord be - lieve!
what He bore for thee All the way from Beth-le-hem to Cal - va - ry?
grace so full and free! "Who-so - ev-er!" praise the Lord, in-clud-eth me!

D. S.—*"I have mer-cy, I have par-don, Come to Me."*

CHORUS.

Call....-....ing, God is call - ing thee, Call - ing,
Call-ing, gen-tly call - ing, call - ing you and me, Call-ing, gen - tly call - ing,
call-ing you and me; Hear the in - vi - ta - tion free - ly of-fered thee,

No. 54. To Calv'ry I will Go.

COPYRIGHT, 1900 BY LIZZIE E. SWENEY.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Down in - to the fount-ain I would deep-er go; Down in - to the fount-ain,
2. Down in - to the fount-ain, deep-er, deep-er still, Till the grace of Je - sus
3. Down in - to the fount-ain flow-ing from the cross, Let the might-y cur-rents

mak - ing white as snow; Tho' with sins of scar-let, and of crim-son dyed,
all my be - ing fill; Till the Ho - ly Spir - it works the change di-vine,
sweep a - way all dross; Ev - er there a - bid - ing thro' His won-drous love,

CHORUS.

I shall come up spot - less from the sav - ing tide. { To Calv'ry I will
Mak - ing "earth-en ves - sels" with His glo - ry shine. { His voice is call-ing
Wash-ing there the gar-ments for the feast a - bove.

go, The bless-ed Word I know, The pre-cious blood of Je - sus cleanseth
still, To "Who-so - ev - er will,"

white as snow; Down in - to the fount-ain I would deep - er go.

No. 55. I Cannot Help but Love Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Julia A. Williams. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. I can-not help but love Him, His precious name a-dore; With ev - 'ry pass-ing
2. I can-not help but love Him, He does so much for me; He saves me from temp-
3. I can-not help but love Him, For sav-ing oth - ers, too! For heal - ing and cre-

mo - ment I love Him more and more; He is so kind and pa-tient, So
ta - tion, From bond-age sets me free; Each mo-ment is so pre-cious, So
at - ing Their sin - ful hearts a - new; He makes the des - ert plac - es To

mer - ci-ful and true; 'Tis Je-sus, do you know Him; And will you love Him, too?
full of joy and love; In - cess-ant-ly 'tis streaming From heav'nly courts a-bove!
blossom like the rose; His pres-ence like a riv - er Of joy a-round me flows.

D.S-mer-ci-ful and true; 'Tis Je - sus, do you know Him; And will you love Him, too?

CHORUS.

I love Him, O I love Him! I'll tell it o'er and o'er; I love Him, O I
love Him Each mo-ment more and more! He is so kind and pa-tient, So

No. 56. Keep the Heart-Bells Ringing.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Charlotte G. Homer. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Keep the heart-bells ring-ing as you trav-el on-ward, Up the rough and rug-ged
2. Keep the heart-bells ring-ing when the path is lone-ly, When the threat'ning sky is
3. Keep the heart-bells ring-ing, for their cheering mu-sic May be heard by some-one

road of life; For their mu - sic sweet will cheer you when a - wear - y, It will
cold and gray; They will give to ev - 'ry cloud a sil - ver lin - ing That will
faint - ing near; He will lis - ten, and his spir - it will a - wak-en, As their

CHORUS.

light-en toil, and sweeten strife.
help to drive the storm a - way. Keep the heart-bells ringing, Fill the world with
ca-dence falls up-on his ear. Ringing, ringing,

singing, Un - til ech - oes an - swer ev - 'ry - where; They will col - or
sing-ing, Un - til ech - oes an - swer ev - 'ry - where;

du-ty With a rain - bow beau-ty, And a soul may res - cue from de-spair.
With a rain-bow beau-ty,

No. 57. Nothing Satisfies but Jesus.

C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Noth - ing sat - is - fies but Je - sus, Bread of life to mor - tals giv'n;
2. Since I heard the voice of Je - sus, Since mine eyes be - held the King,
3. With His joy my heart is thrill - ing, All my hope in Him I see;

May His pres-ence now re - fresh us Like the morn-ing dew from heav'n!
All my love, my heart's af - fec - tion, All I have, to Him I bring.
Doubt, and gloom, and fear dis - pel - ling, Christ is All in all to me.

CHORUS.

Give me Je - sus, give me Je - sus, Take the world, but give me Je - sus,
Give me Je - sus, give me Je - sus,
To sat - is - fy with ev-'ry bless-ing, His love and peace my soul pos-sess-ing;
To all be - side, my heart re - plies: There's naught but Je-sus sat - is - fies!

No. 58. Where He Leads I'll Follow.

W. A. O. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. A OGDEN. W. A. Ogden.

1. Sweet are the prom - is - es, Kind is the word; Dear - er far than
2. Sweet is the ten - der love Je - sus hath shown, Sweet-er far than
3. List to His lov - ing words, "Come un - to me!" Wear - y, heav - y -

an - y mes-sage man ev - er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ,
an - y love that mor - tals have known; Kind to the err - ing one,
lad - en, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in His prom - is - es,

Sin - less, I see; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.
Faith-ful is He; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.
Faith-ful and sure; Lean up - on the Sav - ior, and thy soul is se-cure.

CHORUS.

Where . . . . He leads I'll fol - - - - low,
Where He leads I'll fol - low, Where He leads I'll fol - low.

1 2

Fol - - - low all the way; Follow Jesus ev - 'ry day.
Fol - low all the way, yes, fol - low all the way;

No. 59. I Want to Live Closer to Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Jessie Brown Pounds. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus,—My vis - ion so oft - en is dim; To look on His face and be filled with His grace,
2. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus, For oft - en I fol - low a - far; His voice I would hear sounding close to my ear
3. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus, Still clos - er and clos - er each day; Till clasp - ing His hand I shall en - ter the land

CHORUS.

I want to live clos-er to Him.
To tell what His prom-is - es are. Clos - er to Je-sus, clos - er to
Where I shall be near Him for aye.

Je - sus, Clos - er to Him I would be: To look on His face and be filled with His grace, I want to live clos-er to Him.

No. 60. There is Glory in My Soul.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Grace Weiser Davis. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav - ior There is glo - ry
2. Since He cleans'd my heart, gave me sight for blind-ness, There is glo - ry
3. Since with God I've walk'd, hav-ing sweet com-mun-ion, There is glo - ry
4. Since I en - ter'd Canaan on my way to heav - en, There is glo - ry

in my soul! Since by faith I sought and ob-tain'd God's fa-vor, There is
in my soul! Since He touch'd and heal'd me in lov - ing kind-ness, There is
in my soul! Brighter grows each day in this heav'n - ly un - ion, There is
in my soul! Since the day my life to the Lord was giv - en, There is

CHORUS.

glo - ry in my soul! There is glo - ry, glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my
soul! Ev-'ry day brighter grows, And I conquer all my foes; There is glo - ry,
glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my soul! There is glo-ry in my soul!
glo - ry in my soul!

No. 61. Jesus is the Way.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. WORDS AND MUSIC. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. List! ye wea-ry pil-grims to a distant shore, Would you reach that country
2. Tho' the days are gloom-y and the nights are drear, He will nev-er leave you
3. Tho' the world may tell you of some oth - er way, Keep your eyes on Je - sus,
4. From the streets of glo-ry comes a joy - ful song, That is sung for - ev - er

when this life is o'er? Hear the words of Scripture, hear and un - der - stand,
nor for - sake you here, But when you are wea - ry He will take your hand,
ev - er watch and pray, On - ly He can lead you to the gold - en strand,
by that blood-wash'd throng, Hear you not the cho-rus of that song so grand?

CHORUS.

Je - sus is the Way to that Heav'nly land. Je - sus is the Way, Je - sus

is the Truth, Je - sus is the Way from this world of strife; Tell the world the

ti-dings, let it un - der-stand, Je - sus is the Way to the Heav'nly land.

No. 62. Since I Have Been Redeemed.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re - deem'd,
2. I have a Christ that sat - is - fies, Since I have been re - deem'd,
3. I have a Wit-ness bright and clear, Since I have been re - deem'd,
4. I have a home pre-pared for me, Since I have been re - deem'd,

Of my Re - deem-er, Sav - ior, King, Since I have been re-deem'd.
To do His will my high - est prize, Sinee I have been re-deem'd.
Dis - pell - ing ev - 'ry doubt and fear, Since I have been re-deem'd.
Where I shall dwell e - ter - nal - ly, Since I have been re-deem'd.

CHORUS.

Since I ..... have been re-deem'd, Since I have been redeem'd,
Since I have been re-deem'd, Since I have been re-deem'd,

I will glo - ry in His name, Since I ..... have been re-
Since I have been re-deem'd, Since

deem'd, I will glo - ry in my Sav - ior's name.
I have been re - deem'd,

No. 63. As a Volunteer.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

W. S. Brown. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A call for loy-al sol-diers Comes to one and all, Sol-diers for the con-
2. Yes, Je-sus calls for soldiers, Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve
3. He calls you for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was brok-
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry won, When the true and faith-

flict, Will you heed the call? Will you answer quickly With a read-y cheer,
Him Ev-'ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near,
en, Broken for mankind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in accents clear,
ful Gath-er one by one; He will crown with glory All who there appear,

D. S.—*Je-sus is the Cap-tain, We will nev-er fear;*

FINE.

CHORUS.

Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A vol-un-teer for Je-sus,

Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer.

D. S.

A sol-dier true! Oth-ers have en-list-ed, Why not you?

Oh why not?

No. 64. Jesus Will Help You.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL.
USED BY PER.

Wm. Stevenson. Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. The Sav - ior is call - ing you, sin-ner— Urg - ing you now to draw
2. Thro' Him there is life in be - liev - ing; Sin - ner, O why will you
3. The Sav - ior is call - ing you, wand'rer— Points you to man-sions on
4. There's danger in lon - ger de - lay - ing, Swift - ly the moments pass

nigh; He asks you by faith to re - ceive Him; Je - sus will
die? Ac - cept Him by faith as your Sav - ior; Je - sus will
high; Re - turn to the path that leads homeward; Je - sus will
by; If now you will come, there is mer-cy; Je - sus will

REFRAIN.

help if you try. Je - sus will help you, Je - sus will help you,

Help you with grace from on high; The weak - est and poor - est the

Sav - ior is call - ing; Je - sus will help if you try.

No. 65. Nobody Told Me of Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Would you care if some friend you have met day by day Should nev-er be
told a-bout Je-sus? Are you will-ing that He in the judgment shall say;

2. Care you not if one soul of the chil-dren of men Should nev-er be
bro't un-to Je-sus? Or would say in that day when He com-eth a-gain,

3. Would you care if your crown should be star-less-ly dim, Be-cause you led
no one to Je-sus? Make it true that some heart shall not answer to Him:

4. Then be si-lent no long-er! but ear-nest-ly pray For grace to the
tell-ing of Je-sus? So that no one can say on that great judgment day,

CHORUS.

"No one ev-er told me of Je-sus." No-bod-y told me of
Je-sus, No-bod-y told me of Je-sus; So ma-ny] I have met—
but they seem'd to for-get To tell me the sto-ry of Je-sus.

No. 66.

Loyalty to Christ.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. Flora H. Cassel.

1. From o - ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je - sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,

loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a - long, The hills take up the song,
loy-al-ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watchword true,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Sa-tan's banners float We'll send the bu - gle note,
loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos - pel we'll proclaim Thro'-out the world's do-main,

CHORUS.

Of loy-al-ty, loy - al - ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to

victory!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" .... We'll move at His command,
great Commander; "On!"

We'll soon pos-sess the land, Thro' loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.

No. 67. Someone is Looking to You.

W. M. Lighthall.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Let your light shine where-so-e'er you go, Some-one is look-ing to
2. Some-one is grop - ing his way to God, Some-one is look-ing to
3. Some-one your coun - sel will sure - ly take, Some-one is look-ing to
4. Some-one has al - most ac - cept - ed Him, Some-one is look-ing to

you! Bright - er each day let it gleam and glow, Some-one is
you! Fol - low - ing on where your feet have trod, Some-one is
you! And by your life his de - ci - sion make, Some-one is
you! And may be lost if your light grows dim, Some-one is

CHORUS.

look - ing to you! Look-ing to you, yes, look-ing to you!

Let your light shine the dark - ness through; O be faith - ful, be

loy - al, and true, For some-one is look - ing to you!

No. 68. Open the Door for the Children.

Mary E. Kidder. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

1. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Ten - der - ly gath - er them in,—
2. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, See, they are com - ing in throngs!
3. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Take the dear lambs by the hand;

In from the high-ways and hedg - es, In from the plac - es of sin;
Bid them sit down to the ban - quet, Teach them your beau-ti - ful songs;
Point them to truth and to good-ness, Lead them to Ca-naan's fair land.

Some are so young and so help-less, Some are so hun - gry and cold;
Pray for the Fa - ther to bless them, Pray you that grace may be giv'n;
Some are so young and so help-less, Some are so hun - gry and cold;

FINE.

D. S.—O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.
O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Theirs is the king-dom of heav'n.
O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

O - pen the door, . . Gath - er them in, . . .
O - pen the door, o - pen the door, Gath - er them in, gath - er them in,

No. 69. What Does it Mean?

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

H. Louise Burchell, alt. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. There's a sto - ry told of a Christ who died The death of the cross on
2. Then the sto - ry tells of a grave where-in They laid the dead man of
3. O this sto - ry brings to the sin - sick soul A peace that is sweet with

Cal - va - ry; Of a crown of thorns for the Cru - ci - fied, Of a
Cal - va - ry; How His life a ran-som He gave for sin, How tho'
hope and rest; And it makes the heart that is bro - ken whole If it

nail-pierc'd hand and a bleed - ing side, (*D.S.*) Of a break - ing
cru - ci - fied, yet He lives a - gain, (*D.S.*) O it means so
lets the Sav - ior have full con - trol; (*D.S.*) If to them the

heart and a love Di-vine, But what does it mean to you and me?
much to a dy - ing world, But what does it mean to you and me?
sto - ry doth mean so much, O what does it mean to you and me?

CHORUS.

What does it mean to you and me? What does it mean to you and me?

D. S.

FINE.

No. 70. Sunshine in the Soul.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PERMISSION OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

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

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

REFRAIN.

O there's sun - - - shine, bless-ed sun - shine,
O there's sun - shine in the soul, bless - ed sun - shine in the soul,
When the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll;
hap - py mo - ments roll;

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

No. 71. Growing Dearer Each Day.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'T is bound-less and deep as the sea; And best of it all, it is dai - ly Grow-ing sweet - er and sweeter to me.
2. I know He is ev - er be-side me! E - ter - ni - ty on - ly will prove The height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in - fi - nite love.
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor - row, or shadow, or sun; And tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweeter to me!

CHORUS.

Sweet - er and sweeter to me, ... Dear - er and dear - er each day; . . . Oh, won - - der - ful love of my Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - - er each step of my way!

Sweet-er to me, grow - ing sweet-er to me, Dear - er each day, grow - ing dear - er each day; Oh, won - der - ful love, love of my Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - er and dear - er each step of my way!

No. 72. Land of the Unsetting Sun.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

W. C. Martin. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Some sweet day I shall en - ter a place, When the work of my life shall be
2. Yes, the bur - dens of life can be borne, When I think of the prize to be
3. I can peace-ful - ly welcome the night When the hours of my life shall be
4. O what joy! mortal tongue can-not tell, With e - ter - ni - ty on - ly be-

done; A place that is filled with His mar - vel - ous grace, In the
won; Of the beau - ti - ful robe and the crown to be worn, In the
run; It will bring me no grief, but su - per - nal de - light In the
gun, One an - oth - er to meet, with the Sav - ior to dwell, In the

CHORUS.

land of the Un - set - ting Sun. I shall dwell in the Land of De-
light ..... When my journey on earth has been run; .... In the land where there
of de-light jour - ney on earth has been run;
com - eth no sor-row, no night, In the land of the Un - set - ting Sun.

No. 73. Draw Me Higher.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Abbie Mills. WORDS AND MUSIC. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. In the clean and bless-ed high - way, With love's ban-ner o'er my head;
2. When the mists of earth would blind me Let me feel Thy guid-ing hand,
3. Vales of bless - ing, all en-chant - ing Shall not lure my soul to stay;
4. Still much land a-waits pos - ses - sion, Haste my soul fresh spoils to win;

I am mak - ing now my jour-ney To the High - er Land a - head.
In the high - er, bright-er pla - ces, Cause my will - ing feet to stand.
With ex-pand - ing faith in Je - sus, I would claim new fields each day.
Soon I'll reach the gold-en gate-way, And with shout-ing en - ter in.

CHORUS.

On - ward high - er, draw me high - er, Clos - er,
On - ward high - er, draw me high - er.

Sav - - ior, near - er Thee, Till the mount - ain of Thy
Clos - er, Sav - ior, Till the mount-ain

glo - ry New Je - ru - - sa - lem I see.
New Je - ru - sa - lem I see.

No. 74. How the Fire Fell.

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Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. Miriam E. Oatman.

1. O I love to tell the bless - ed sto - ry, Since the Lord
2. All my doubts and fears are gone for - ev - er, Since the Lord
3. To the world no more my heart is turn - ing, Since the Lord
4. There's a crown a - wait - ing me in heav - en, Since the Lord

sanc-ti - fied me; For my soul re - ceived a flood of glo - ry,
sanc-ti - fied me; For His peace flow'd o'er me like a riv - er,
sanc-ti - fied me; For on me His Spir - it fell with burn - ing,
sanc-ti - fied me; For a heart made clean to me was giv - en,

CHORUS.

When the Lord sanc - ti-fied me. O I nev - er can for-get how the

fire fell, How the fire fell, how the fire fell, O I

nev - er can for-get how the fire fell, When the Lord sanc-ti-fied me.

No. 75. Is Jesus Satisfied With Me?

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When I think of Je - sus and His love, So won-der - ful, so free,
2. There's so much I might have done for Him In years that have gone by,
3. When He pray'd "For-give them, Fa-ther, for They know not what they do,"
4. When He com - eth in the clouds of heav'n, To gath-er His e - lect,

And con - sid - er my un - worth-i - ness, This ques-tion comes to me:
That I mar - vel how He can for - give A sin - ner, such as I.
Can it be it was for me He plead, For me, so false, un - true?
May there be no ques-tion in my soul That me He will re - ject.

CHORUS.

Is He sat-is - fied with me, Is He sat - is - fied with me? He gave Him-self a

ran-som for my sins on Cal - va - ry! Is He sat-is - fied with me, Is He

sat - is - fied with me? I love Him so I won-der is He sat-is - fied with me?

No. 76. Scatter Sunshine.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Lanta Wilson Smith. E. O. Excell.

1. In a world where sor - row Ev - er will be known, Where are found the need - y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and com - fort
2. Slightest ac-tions oft - en Meet the sor - est needs, For the world wants dai - ly Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor - row
3. When the days are gloom-y Sing some hap - py song, Meet the world's re - pin - ing With a cour - age strong; Go with faith un - daunt - ed

You can all be - stow, If you scat-ter sun-shine Ev-'ry-where you go.
You may help re-move, With your songs and courage, Sym-pa-thy and love.
Thro' the ills of life; Scat-ter smiles and sun-snine O'er its toil and strife.

CHORUS.

Scat - - ter sun-shine all a - long your way, . . Cheer and bless and
Scatter the smiles and sun-shine o - ver the way,

bright - en Ev - 'ry pass - ing day; . . . Ev - 'ry pass - ing day.
pass - ing day;

No. 77. Have You Received the Blessing.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Mrs. Julia A. Williams. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Have you received the bless-ing? Are you cleans'd from sin? Does the promised
2. Have you received the bless-ing? Is the work com-plete? Thro' the "fier - y
3. Have you received the bless-ing?—Al-ways in the fray, New pos - ses-sions

Com-fort - er a - bide with - in? From the e - vil tem - pers that de-
tri - al" are you keep - ing sweet? Ful - ly trust - ing Je - sus, 'neath the
gained in Ca - naan ev - 'ry day? Bless - ed land of prom - ise! not the

stroy your peace, From de - sires un - ho - ly have you found re - lease?
chast'n-ing rod, Ut - ter - ly a - ban-don'd to the will of God?
half is told Of its won-drous rich - es, glo - ries man - i - fold!

CHORUS.

Yes, I have the bless-ing, glo - ry to His name! 'Twas for this that Je - sus
Yes, I have the bless-ing, in my soul to - day,

down from His glo - ry came! And I'm sing-ing hal - le - lu-jah all the way.

No. 78. Are You Washed in the Blood?

E. A. H. BY PERMISSION. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the
2. Are you walk-ing dai - ly by the Sav-ior's side? Are you washed in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white, Pure and white in the
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the

blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in His grace this hour? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci-fied? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright? And be
blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flow-ing for the soul unclean, Oh, be

D. S.—*Are they white as snow? Are you*

FINE. CHORUS.

washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the blood,
Are you washed in the blood,
washed in the blood of the Lamb?

D. S.

In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments spotless?
of the Lamb?

No. 79. He Promised Me.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

John Crombie White. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. He prom-ised me, tho' blind and halt and lame, He would not cast
2. He prom-ised me, when friends and comforts flee, That He my friend
3. He prom-ised me, in life's last sol-emn hour, When death seems near
4. He prom-isen me that I with Him should stand, When He shall come

me out if I but came; He promised me, if I did but believe,
and Com-fort - er would be; He promised me, that what-so-e'er be-tide,
and I with - in its pow'r, That then I should but close my wear-ied eyes
to reign o'er sea and land; He prom-ised me a sweet e - ter - nal rest,

D. S.—*For all the coun - sels of the Lord are sure,*

FINE. CHORUS.

He would my bur-dened soul from sin re - lieve.
He would from day to day with me a - bide. He promised me,
On earth, to o - pen them in Par - a - dise.
A place with - in the man - sions of the blest.

His word, it shall from age to age en - dure.

D. S.

and I am sure He will Each lov-ing prom-ise, faith-ful - ly ful - fill;

No. 80. What a Blessing is His Love!

James Rowe.

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Ira B. Wilson.

1. When the storms of life are rag-ing, And the wind and waves pre-vail,
2. When mis-for-tune o-ver-takes me, And when health and strength depart,
3. When the tempt-er would al-lure me From the straight and nar-row way,

What a bless-ing is my Sav-ior's love! When my bur-dens seem too heav-y,
What a bless-ing is my Sav-ior's love! When the world, with all its pleasures,
What a bless-ing is my Sav-ior's love! When my worn and wear-y spir-it

FINE.

And my strength and courage fail, What a bless-ing is my Sav-ior's love!
Brings no com-fort to my heart, What a bless-ing is my Sav-ior's love!
Longs to see the light of day, What a bless-ing is my Sav-ior's love!

CHORUS.

What a bless - ing, what a bless - - ing, What a blessing is my Sav-ior's
What a blessing, what a blessing is His love!

D. S.

love! When the rag-ing wa-ters roll O'er my fainting, troubled soul,
what a bless-ing!

No. 81.

O Heart of Mine.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Ina M. Slusser. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. O heart of mine keep sing - ing Thro' all the bus - y day,
2. O heart of mine keep trust-ing, The Com - fort - er is here,
3. O heart of mine keep pray-ing, Your Fa - ther knows your need;

Your Fa - ther knows each wind that blows, O heart be glad al - way.
He waits to guide what-e'er be - tide, O heart, why shrink or fear.
Be - fore you call, His an - swers fall, He waits to hear you plead.

REFRAIN.

O heart of mine, keep sing - ing, Keep sing-ing, keep sing - ing,
O heart of mine, keep trust - ing, Keep trust-ing, keep trust - ing,
O heart of mine, keep pray - ing, Keep pray - ing, keep pray - ing,

O heart of mine keep sing - ing Thro' all the bus - y day.
O heart of mine keep trust - ing, The Com - fort - er is here.
O heart of mine keep pray - ing, Your Fa - ther knows your need.

No. 82. Let Him In.

COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell.

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

Let the Sav - ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;

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

Let the Sav - ior in, Let the Sav - ior in;

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

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

Let the Sav - ior in, Let the Sav - ior in.

No. 83. That's Enough for Me.

W. C. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I do not ful - ly com - pre-hend The mer - cy shown to me;
2. So dark it was be - fore He came, And set my soul a - glow;
3. I do not know how it was done, How He has made me whole;
4. I do not ask to know the way He did His work of grace,

I on - ly know a Gra-cious Friend Has bro't my blindness to an end,
He kin-dled there a sa - cred flame, And tho' I scarce-ly knew His name,
I on - ly know the night is gone And day e - ter - nal has be-gun
So long as He has sent the ray, By which my spir - it can sur-vey

And now, thro' Him, I see, And now, thro' Him, I see.
He loves me—this I know, He loves me— this I know.
With - in my cloud - ed soul, With - in my cloud - ed soul.
The beau - ty of His face, The beau - ty of His face.

CHORUS.

So blind was I, but now I see, And that's e-nough for me;

So blind was I, but now I see, And that's e-nough for me.

No. 84. I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H. COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub-les; He is a kind, com-
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is

bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
pas - sion - ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

D. S.–*I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus!*

FINE. CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
Make of my troub - les quick - ly an end. I must tell Je - sus!
He all my cares and sor - rows will share.
O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

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

D. S.

I must tell Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone;

No. 85. Where We'll Never Grow Old.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY I. N. McHOSE.
COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Rev. W. W. Baily. I. N. McHose.

1. O have you not heard of that coun-try a - bove, The name of its
2. A man-sion of won-der - ful beau - ty is there, And Je - sus that
3. They tell me its friendships and love are so pure, Its joys nev - er
4. In life's wea - ry conflicts, there's fainting and care, Each year the gray

King and His in - fi-nite love? His chil-dren are deathless and hap-py I'm
man-sion has gone to prepare; Its bright jas-per walls how I long to be-
die, and its treasures are sure; And loved ones depart-ed, so si - lent and
deep-ens a shade in the hair; But in the blest book where my name is en-

D. S.—*It glad-dens my heart with a joy that's un-*

told; Oh, will it a - bide—will we nev-er grow old?
hold, And join in the song that will nev-er grow old. 'Twill al-ways be
cold, Will greet us a - gain where we'll never grow old.
rolled, I read of that land where we'll never grow old.

told, To think of that land where we'll nev-er grow old.

CHORUS.

new, it will nev - er de-cay; No night ev - er comes, it will al - ways be day;

D. S.

No. 86. Behold the Bridegroom.

R. E. H. COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY R. E. HUDSON. R. E. Hudson.

1. Are you ready for the Bridegroom When He comes, when He comes? Are you read-y for the Bridegroom When He comes, when He comes, Behold! He cometh!
2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When He comes, when He comes; Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When He comes, when He comes, He quickly cometh!
3. We will all go out to meet Him When He comes, when He comes; We will all go out to meet Him When He comes, when He comes, He sure-ly cometh!
4. We will chant al - le - lu-ias When He comes, when He comes; We will chant al - le - lu-ias When He comes, wuen He comes; Lo! now He cometh!

FINE.

be - hold! He com-eth! Be robed and read - y, for the Bridegroom comes.
He quick - ly com-eth, O soul be read - y when the Bridegroom comes.
He sure - ly com-eth! We'll go to meet Him when the Bridegroom comes.
lo! now He com-eth! Sing al - le - lu - ia! for the Bridegroom comes.

D. S.—Be robed and read - y for the Bridegroom comes.

CHORUS.

Be-hold the Bridegroom, for He comes, for He comes! Behold the Bridegroom, for He comes, for He comes! Behold! He com-eth! be - hold! He com-eth!

D. S.

No. 87. What You Do for Jesus.

M. S. Brown.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Does your heart grow heav - y, with the cross you have to bear? Do you feel dis - cour-aged, with no an - swer to your prayer? Don't for-get that
2. Ev - 'ry lit - tle kind - ness we have done for Him while here, Ev - 'ry smile of sun - shine that we've scat-tered an - y - where, Will be joy in
3. Has your soul been bur-dened, oth - er souls for Him to gain? Has your heart been ach - ing? Does your la - bor seem in vain? No! the Mas - ter
4. Some day, when our la - bors here are o - ver, one by one, We shall live for - ev - er for the deeds that we have done; Pain we've felt will

Some-one will re - ward you if you try—What you do for Je - sus will be
heav - en, there a - wait - ing you and I— What you do for Je - sus will be
sent you, and He heard your ear - nest cry—What you do for Je - sus will be
van - ish when we see the cit - y nigh—What you do for Je - sus will be

D. S.—*What you do for Je - sus will be*

FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.

glo - ry by and by. Glo - ry by and by, Glo - ry by and by;
Glo - ry by and by, Glo - ry by and by;
glo - ry by and by.

No. 88.

Eternity.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.

F. A. S. WORDS AND MUSIC. Frank A. Simpkins.

1. There is a Cit - y, I am told Where all the
2. Me thinks I hear the heav'n-ly song, In hal - le-
3. Our loved ones who have gone be - fore, Are beck-'ning
4. Some day my bless - ed Lord will call, In tones that

streets are paved with gold; A Home pre - pared for you and
lu - jahs loud and long: Come float-ing o'er the might-y
us to that bright shore; That we may from our cares be
gen - tly rise and fall; And He will say "Come home with

me, Where we may spend e - ter - ni - ty..... E - ter - ni-
sea, A mes-sage from e - ter - ni - ty..... E - ter - ni-
free, And sing thro' all e - ter - ni - ty..... E - ter - ni-
me, To dwell in blest e - ter - ni - ty''..... E - ter - ni-

E - ter - ni - ty

ty, E - ter - ni - ty, Where we may spend e - ter - ni - ty.
ty, E - ter - ni - ty, A mes-sage from e - ter - ni - ty.
ty, E - ter - ni - ty, And sing thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
ty, E - ter - ni - ty, And dwell in blest e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 89. Jesus is All the World to Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY WILL L THOMPSON, EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;

He is my strength from day to day, With - out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet - ing days shall end.

When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;
Fol-low-ing Him I know I'm right, He watches o'er me day and night;
Beau-ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;

f *pp*

When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

No. 90. The Blood is All My Plea.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. F. C. Baker. E. F. Miller.

1. I knew that God in His Word had spoken, The pow'r of sin can
2. Must I go on in sin and sorrow, To-day in sunshine,
3. With anguish wrung, I cried, "My Lord, Is there not pow'r in
4. "Oh, yes, the blood ap-plied with-in Will cleanse your heart from

all be brok-en, The heart held cap-tive yet be free,
clouds to-mor-row? First I'm sin-ning, then re-pent-ing,
Je-sus' blood To make in me a per-fect cure,
ev-'ry sin, And wash a-way your guilt-y stains,

CHORUS.

Lord, is this bless-ing not for me?
Now I'm stub-born, then re-lent-ing. The blood the blood is
To cleanse my heart and keep it pure?"
And cleanse till not one spot re-mains."

all my plea, Hal-le-lu-jah! it cleanseth me; Hal-le-lu-jah! it cleanseth me.

No. 91. I Am Happy in Him.

E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so precious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wand'ring afar from the fold;
3. His love and His mer-cy surround me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down;

His voice it is music to hear it, His face it is heaven to see.
Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures untold.
His Spir - it, to guide and to comfort, Is with me wher-ev-er I go.
Till then I will ev-er be faith - ful, In gath - er-ing gems for His crown.

CHORUS.

I am hap-py in Him, . . I am hap-py in Him; . .
I . . . . am hap-py in Him, I . . . . am hap-py in Him;

My soul with de-light He fills day and night, For I am hap-py in Him.

No, 92. All for Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL,
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. **E. O. Excell.**

1. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;
2. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;
3. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;
4. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;

All my heart I give to Je - sus It be - longs to Him;
All my voice I give to Je - sus It be - longs to Him;
All my love I give to Je - sus It be - longs to Him;
All my life I give to Je - sus It be - longs to Him;

Ev - er - more to be His dwell-ing, Ev - er - more His prais-es swell-ing,
Plead-ing for the young and hoar - y, Tell - ing of His pow'r and glo-ry,
Lov - ing Him for love un - ceas - ing, For His mer - cy e'er in - creas - ing,
Hour by hour I'll live for Je - sus, Day by day I'll work for Je - sus,

Ev - er-more His good - ness tell - ing, It be - longs to Him.
Sing - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, It be - longs to Him.
For His watch-care nev - er ceas-ing, It be - longs to Him.
Ev - er-more I'll hon - or Je - sus, It be - longs to Him.

No. 93. His Love for Me.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.
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F. M. Eastwood. Fred H. Byshe.

1. You have heard of the sto - ry of Je - sus— Of His grace flow-ing boundless and free, But there's no one can tell you the ful - ness Of His won-der - ful love for me.
2. You have heard how He blessed lit - tle chil - dren; "Come, all ye that are wea-ry," said He; So I came, and He gave me the bless - ing Of His won-der - ful love for me.
3. You have heard how the blind as they sought Him, Found their sight, when He bade them to see; So my sin-blind-ed eyes have been o - pened By His won-der - ful love for me.
4. You have heard how He spake to the tem - pest— How the words "Peace, be still!" calm'd the sea; So my soul found the peace that it longed for In His won-der - ful love for me.

CHORUS.

His love for me, His love for me! High as the heav'n, deep as the sea;
Love that will last thro' e - ter - ni - ty, His love for me, His love for me!

No. 94. Holy Bible, Book Divine.

John Burton. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. **E. O. Excell.**

Slow, with dignity.

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas-ure, thou art mine,
2. Mine to chide me when I rove, Mine to show a Sav-iour's love,
3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, Suff-'ring in this wil - der - ness;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sin - ner's doom;

Rit.

Mine to tell me whence I came, Mine to tell me what I am!
Mine thou art to guide and guard, Mine to pun - ish or re - ward.
Mine to show, by liv - ing faith, Man can tri - umph o - ver death.
O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas-ure, thou art mine!

CHORUS.

Mine, mine, Book di - vine, Pre-cious treas - ure, thou art mine;
Ho - ly Bi - ble,

O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine!

No, 95. He Will Hide Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

James Rowe, WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. When by storm my barque is driv-en Wild-ly o'er the troubled tide;
2. When by sin's dark clouds surrounded And I seem to all but fail;
3. When my soul longs for the mor-row, When I try but can-not sing;

Christ whose heart by me was riv-en, Will my soul in safe-ty hide.
He whose hands and feet I wounded, He will hide me from the gale.
He whose head I bowed in sor-row, He will hide me 'neath His wing.

CHORUS. (*Small notes for 1st Soprano.*)

He will hide me, safe-ly hide me, Till my tri-als
He will hide me, safely hide me, He will hide me, safely hide me, Till my trials, till my tri-als,

all are o'er; In His love for-ev-er more.
all are o'er, all are o'er; In His love for-ev-er more, for-ev-er more, for-ev-er more,

No. 96. Harvest Song!

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Look, the har-vest field is teem-ing With the rich and ripened grain;
2. In the mar-kets and the by-ways, Whil-ing pre-cious hours a - way,
3. Hear ye not the faith-ful sing-ing Of the la - bor and the yield?

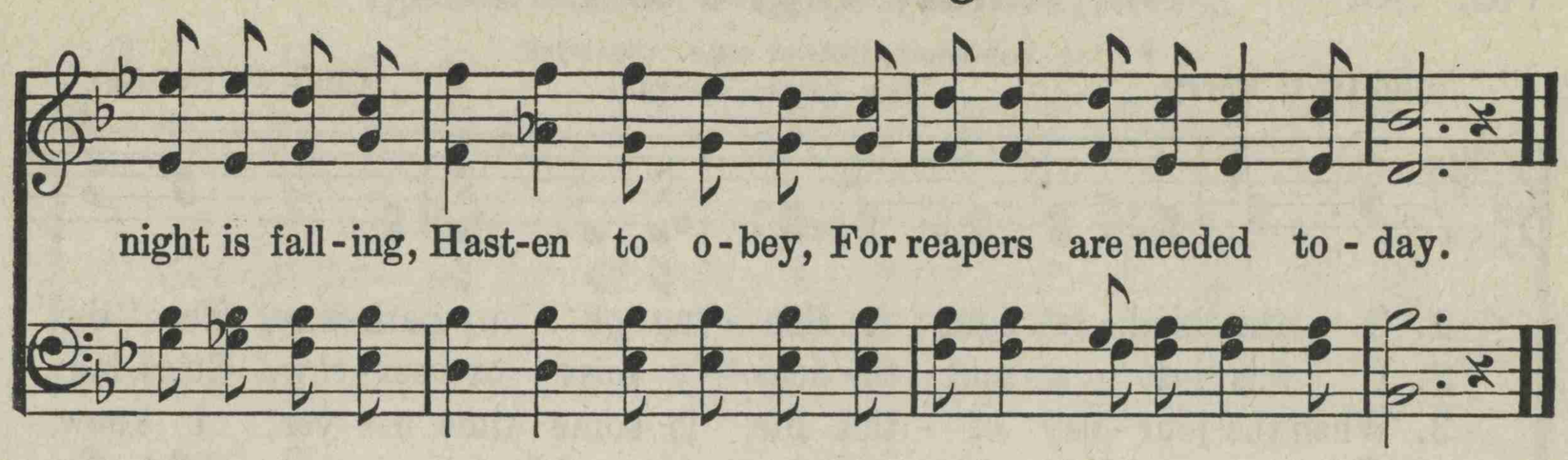
Wide it spreads be - fore us, Bright the sky is o'er us; In the
Ma - ny stand com-plain-ing, I - dle still re-main - ing, Loit'ring
Rouse ye, then, O sleep-ers, Join the hap - py reap-ers; To the

sun-light, gold-en gleaming, Heav-ing like the rest-less main, "Reapers are
in the dust-y highways, Hear-ing not the Mas - ter say: "Reapers are
wind your sorrows flinging, Pa-tient - ly the sick - le wield: "Reapers are

CHORUS.

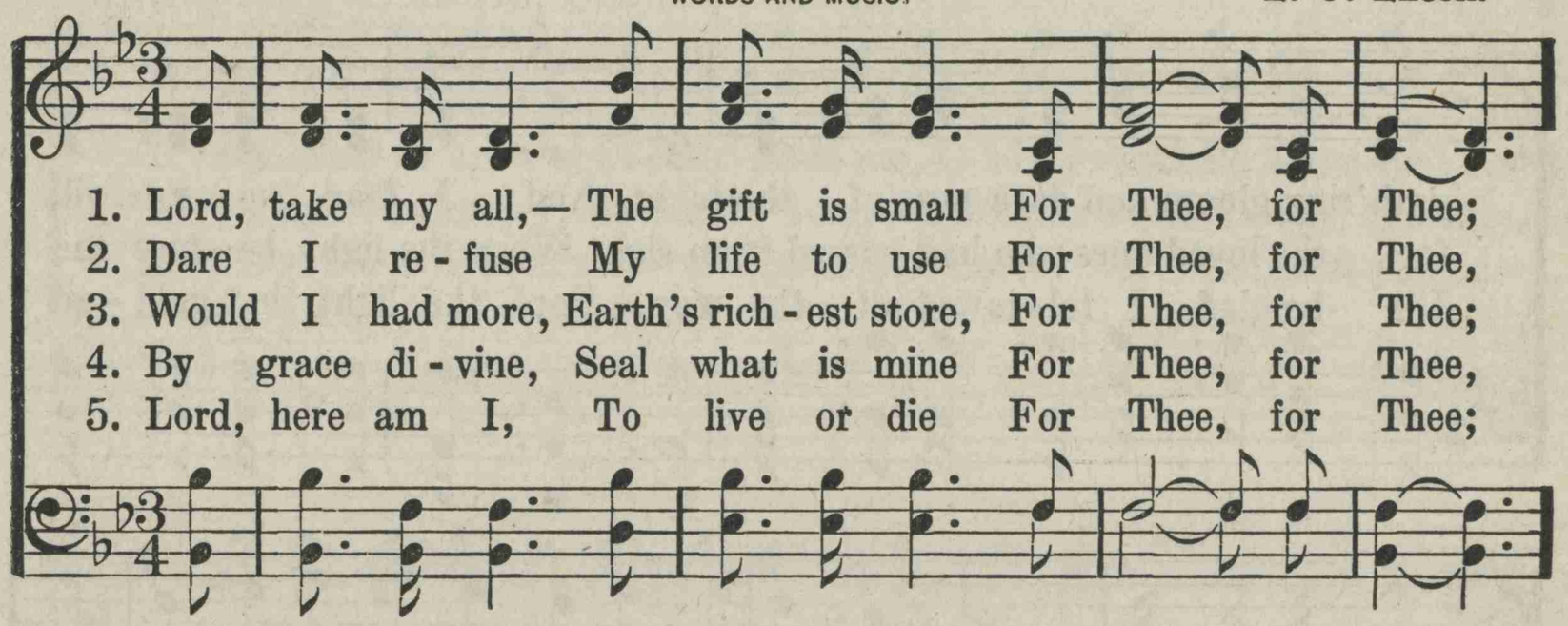
need-ed," re-sounds o'er hill and plain.
need-ed, O who will work to-day?" Rouse ye then and to the fields a-
need-ed, A - wake, and to the field! to the

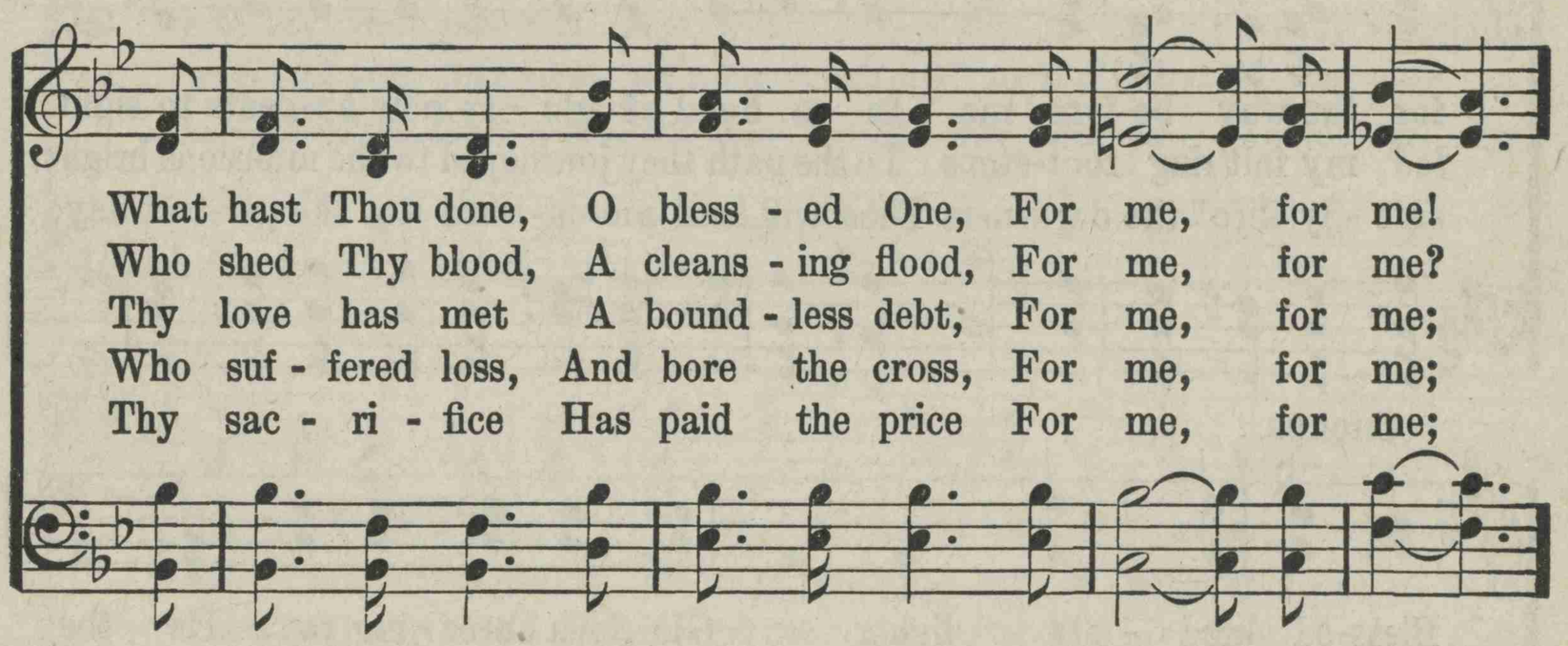
way, Go la-bor for the Mas-ter while you may, Lo! He is calling,
field a - way, Mas - ter while you may,

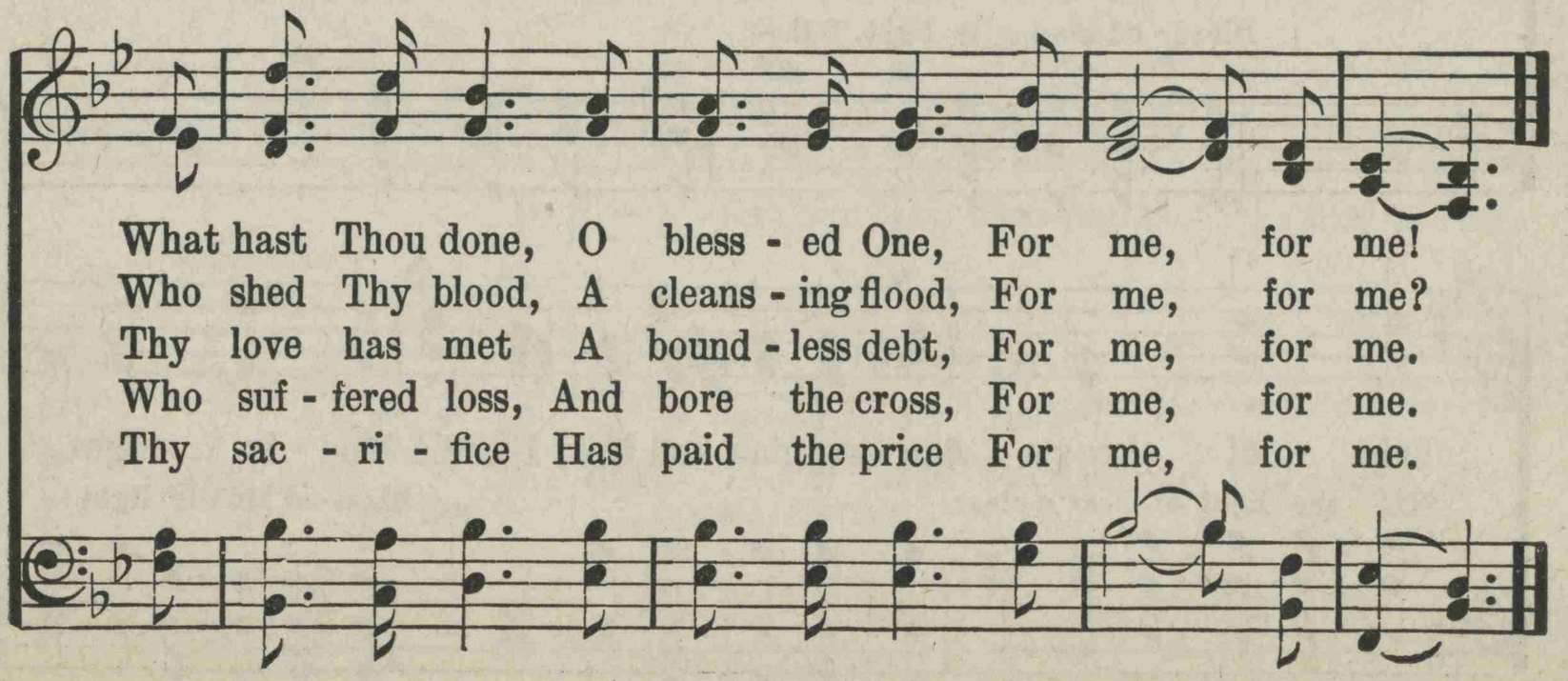
Harvest Song.

No. 97. The Offering.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

John J. McLaurin. **E. O. Excell.**







No. 98. The Kindly Light is Leading.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER..

Juliette E. Perry. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O the kind - ly light is shin - ing on my path-way, Thro' the
2. I was lost a - mid the heav - y mist of sor - row, Griev-ing
3. When the jour - ney of this life is some - time o - ver, I know

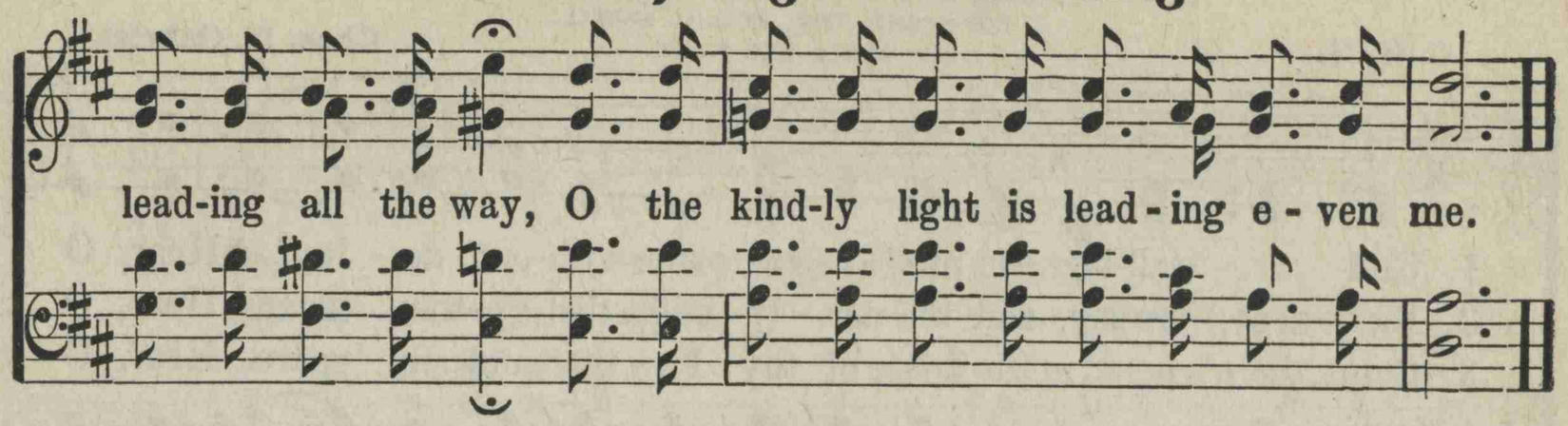
gath'ring gloom and dark-ness of the night, And I fear no e - vil,
for the loved ones who had passed from sight, When the light be - fore me
I'll be glad I fol - lowed all the way, For the light that guid - ed

for the way be-fore me In a flood of glo - ry now ap-pears to sight.
led my falt'ring foot-steps To the path they journeyed to the mansions bright.
safe - ly thro' the dark-ness Then will lead me on-ward to the per-fect day.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed kind - ly light, Glo-rious cheer - ing ray, 'Tis the
Bless - ed kind - ly light, the

light of heav'n shin - ing glad and free; Blessed kind - ly light,
'Tis the light of heav'n clear, Bless-ed kind-ly light is

The Kindly Light is Leading.

No. 99. 'Tis Sweet to Know.

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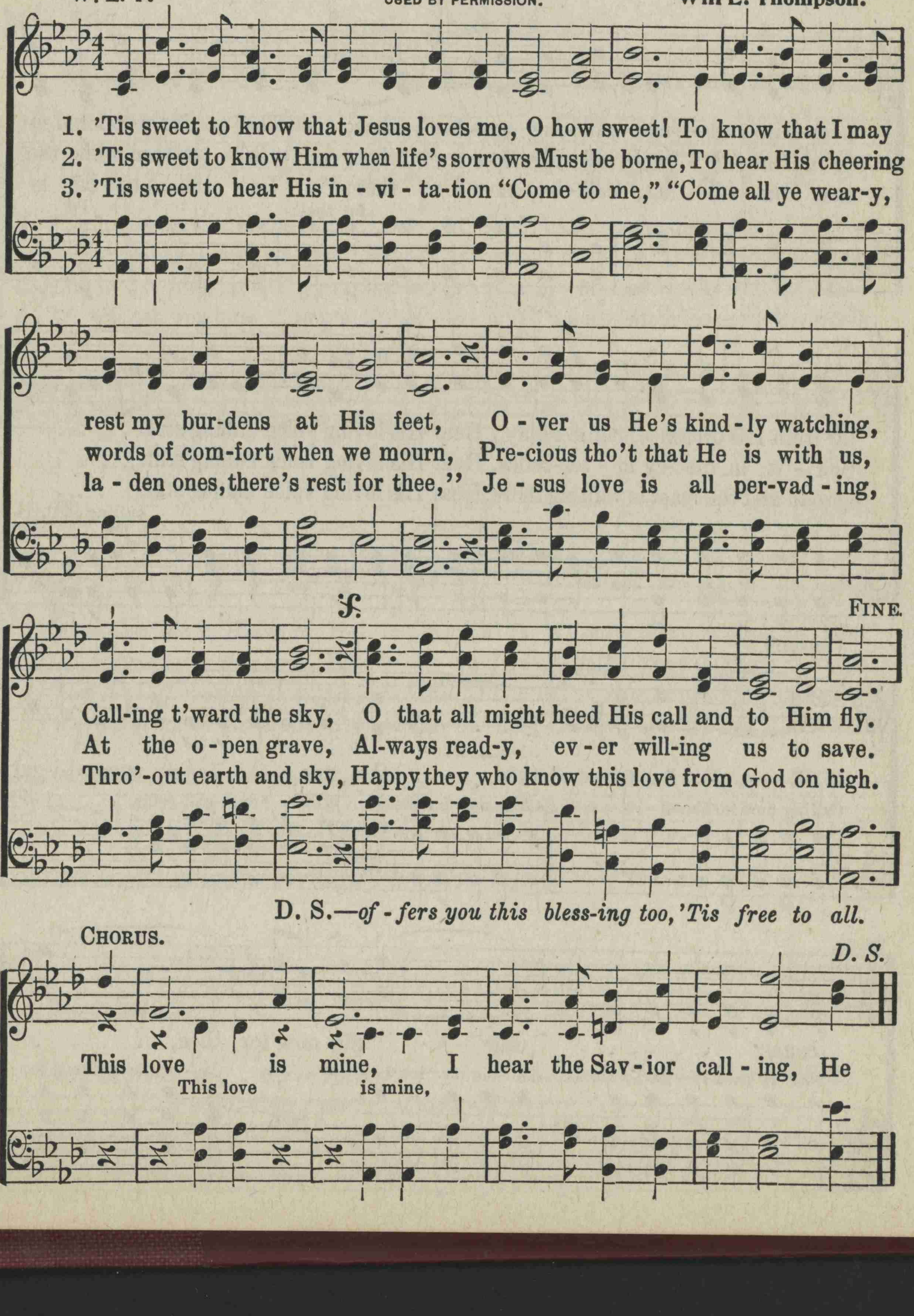
W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.



No. 100. Calling the Prodigal.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

C. H. G. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal, come with-out de-lay, Hear, O
2. Pa-tient, lov-ing, and ten-der-ly still the Fa-ther pleads, Hear, O
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Fa-ther, and to spare, Hear, O

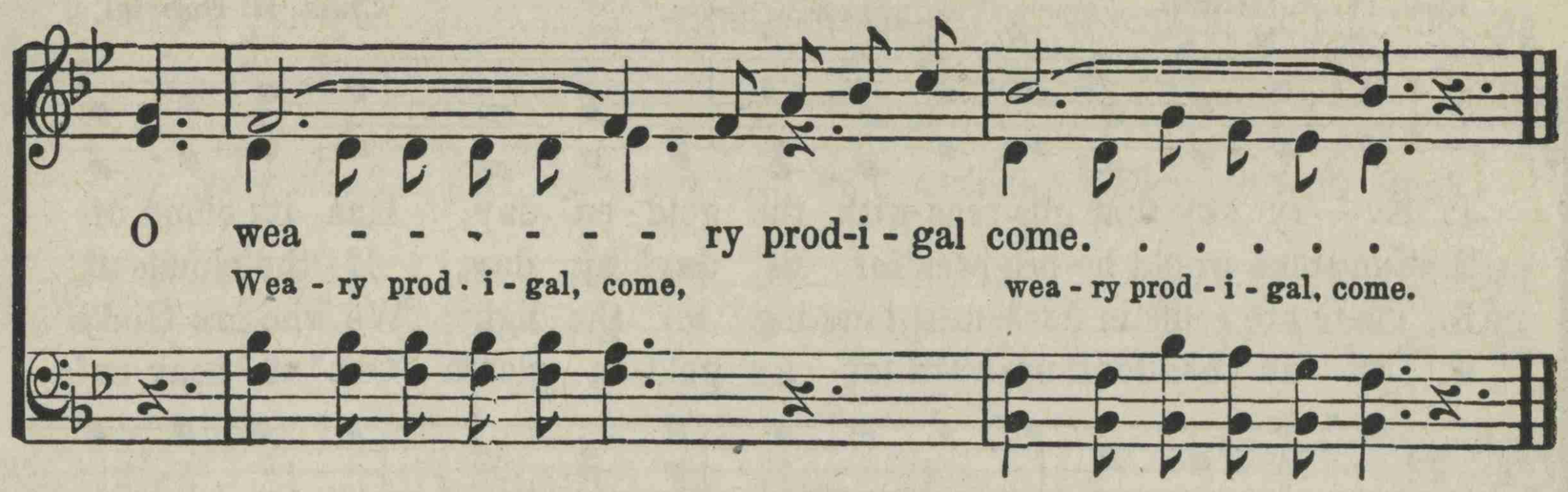
hear Him call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Tho' you've wandered so
hear Him call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Oh! re-turn while the
hear Him call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Lo! the ta-ble is
for thee;

far from His presence, come today, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . .
Spir-it in mer-cy in-ter-cedes, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . .
spread and the feast is waiting there, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . .
calling still.

CHORUS.

Call - - ing now for thee, . . . O wea - - - - ry prod-i-gal
Calling now for thee, Calling now for thee, Wea-ry prod-i-gal, come,

come; . . . . . Call - - - ing now for thee, ...
wea-ry prod-i-gal, come; Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee,

Galling the Prodigal.

No. 101. Look and Live.

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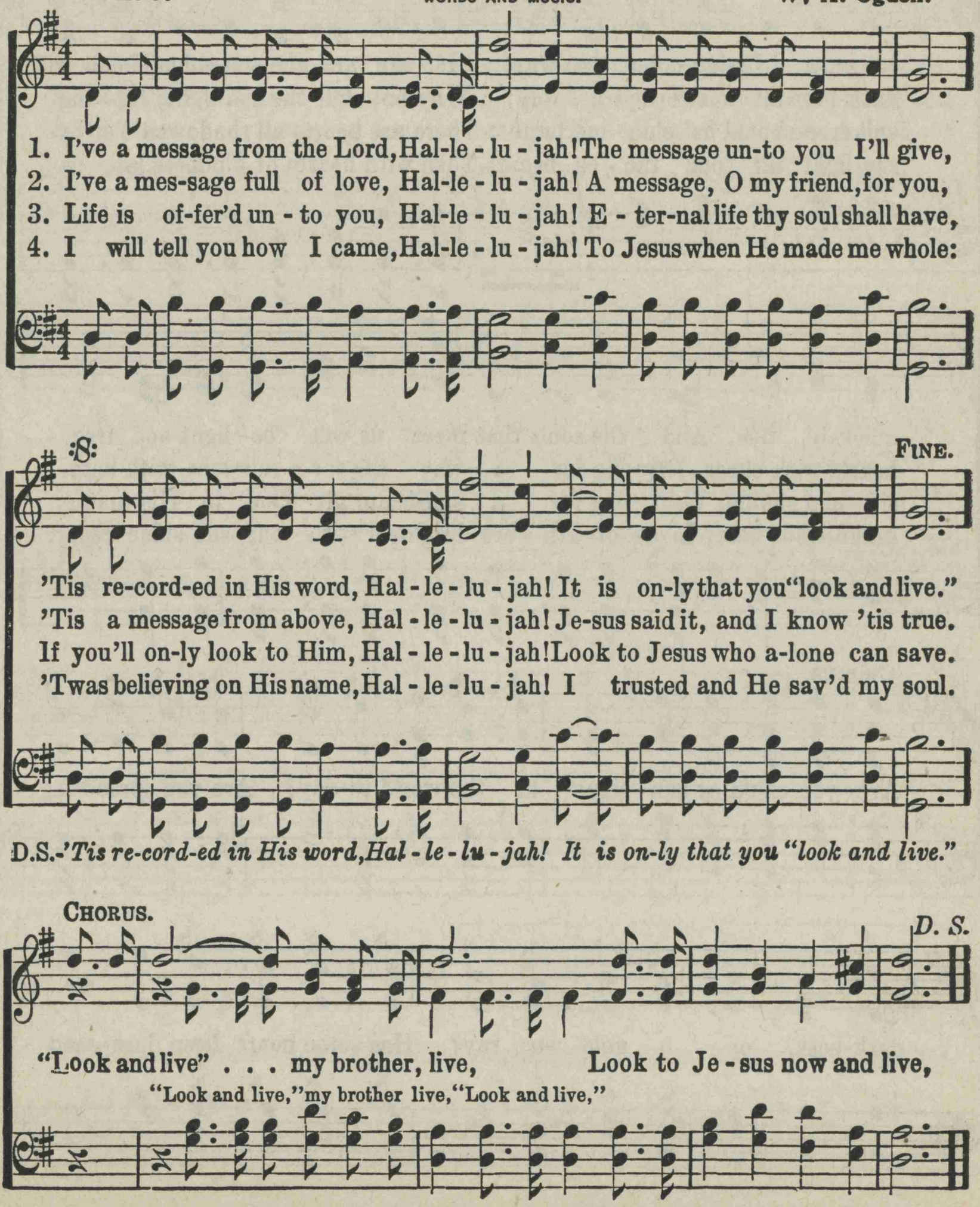
W. A. O. WORDS AND MUSIC. W. A. Ogden.



No. 102. Cloud or Sunshine.

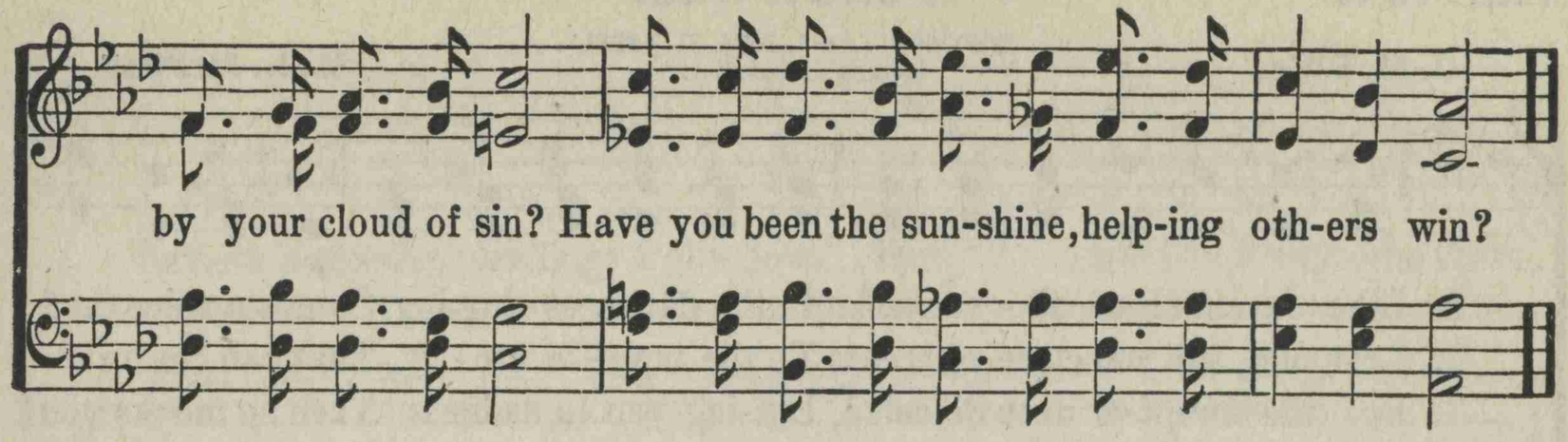
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Rev. M. S. Brown. Chas. H. Gabriel.

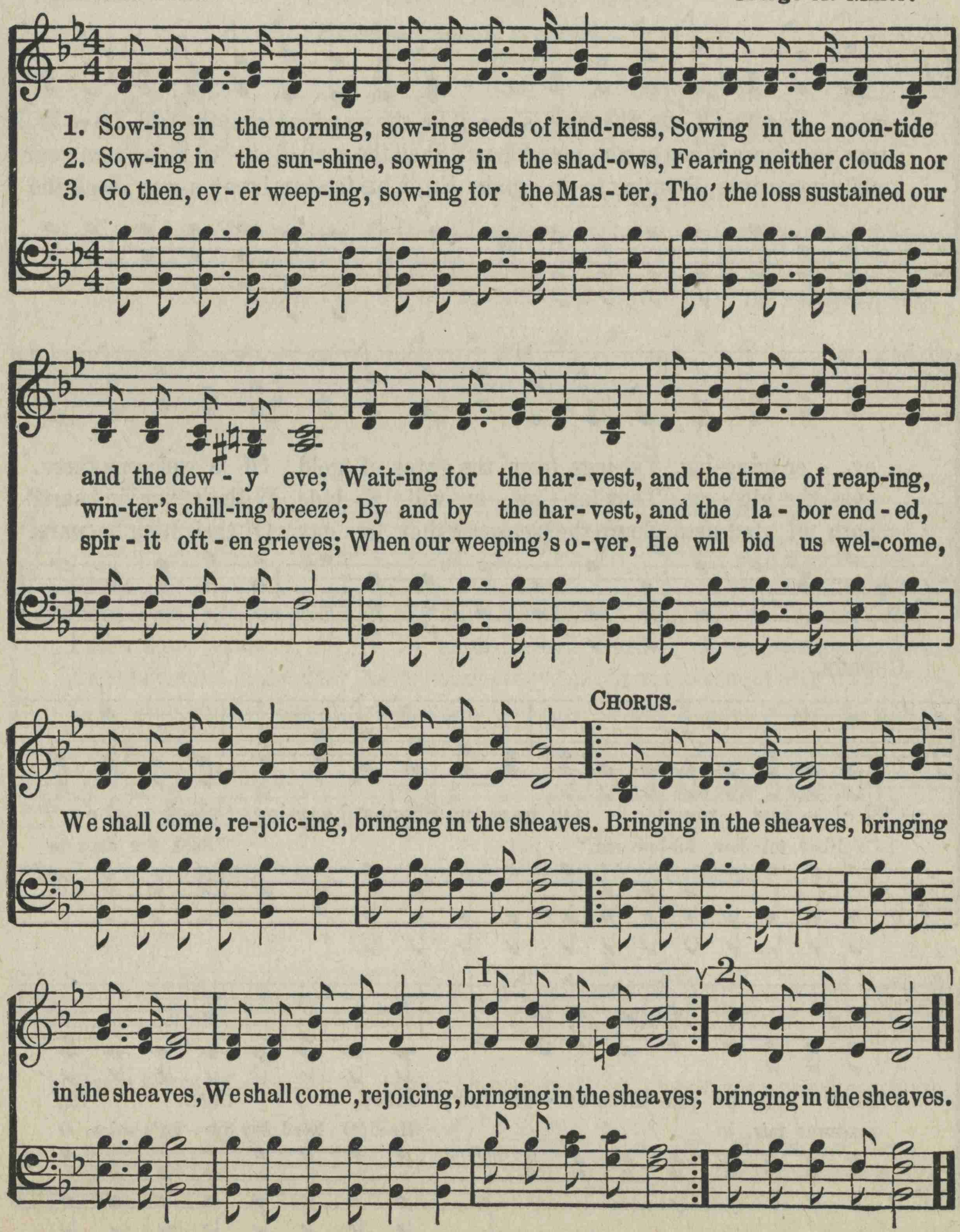
1. Ev - 'ry sky that glis-tens with the gold-en day, Has its cloud of sor-row drift-ing o'er the way; If we are the sun-shine, clouds will quick-ly flee, And the souls that meet us will be light and free.
2. Sun-shine would be brighter for us day by day, If the clouds of dark-ness all were swept a - way; Why not be the sun-light, fill - ing hearts with cheer, Driv-ing far a - way the sor - row met with here.
3. There are souls in dark-ness, long-ing for the light; We who are God's chil-dren should be shin - ing bright; There are hearts all shadowed o'er by sin and shame, Wait - ing for a sun-beam giv - en in His name.
4. Let us then look up-ward for a gold-en gleam Out of heav-en's sun-light till our fac - es beam; Then with hearts of kindness let us make, while here, Lives of oth - ers bright-er with our sun-shine cheer.

CHORUS.

Are you cloud or sun - shine in the world to-day? Are you spread-ing dark-ness, or a gold - en ray? Has some heart been dark-ened

Cloud or Sunshine.

No. 103. Bringing In the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. **George A. Minor.**



No. 104.

Follow Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL.

G. M. Bills. WORDS AND MUSIC. M. L. McPhail.

1. Like a chime of sil - ver bells In the darkness ring-ing, Comes a voice that ev - er tells Of the Shepherd's care; To the wand'rer from the fold, Love is ev - er bring-ing, Tid-ings from the gates of gold, Of a welcome there.
2. Lost one, will you close your ears To the mag - ic sto - ry, That can charm a way your fears When earth's joys depart? Shall the spell of e - vil hide From your eyes the glo - ry, That for - ev - er will a - bide, With the pure in heart?
3. Lo! the tempt-er doth de-ceive, Lur-ing you to sadness, Then he mocks you while you grieve, Pointing to de - spair; From his fet-ters break a-way, Seek the path of glad-ness, Spurn the pleasures that de - cay, Of their sting be-ware.

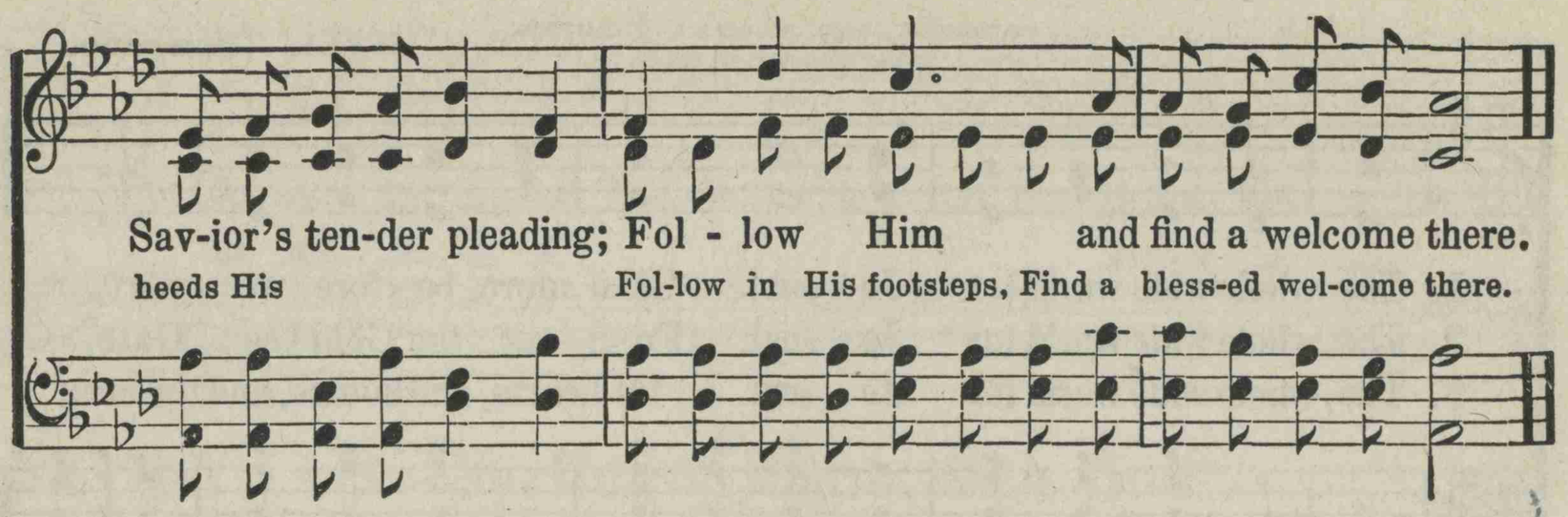
CHORUS.

"Fol - low me," Oh hear the Shepherd say-ing, "Seek the door to pas-tures ev - er fair," Heed, O heed thy Sav - ior's voice, O

"Fol-low, fol - low, fol-low me," "Seek the door to pas-tures fair, to Heed, O heed thy

D.

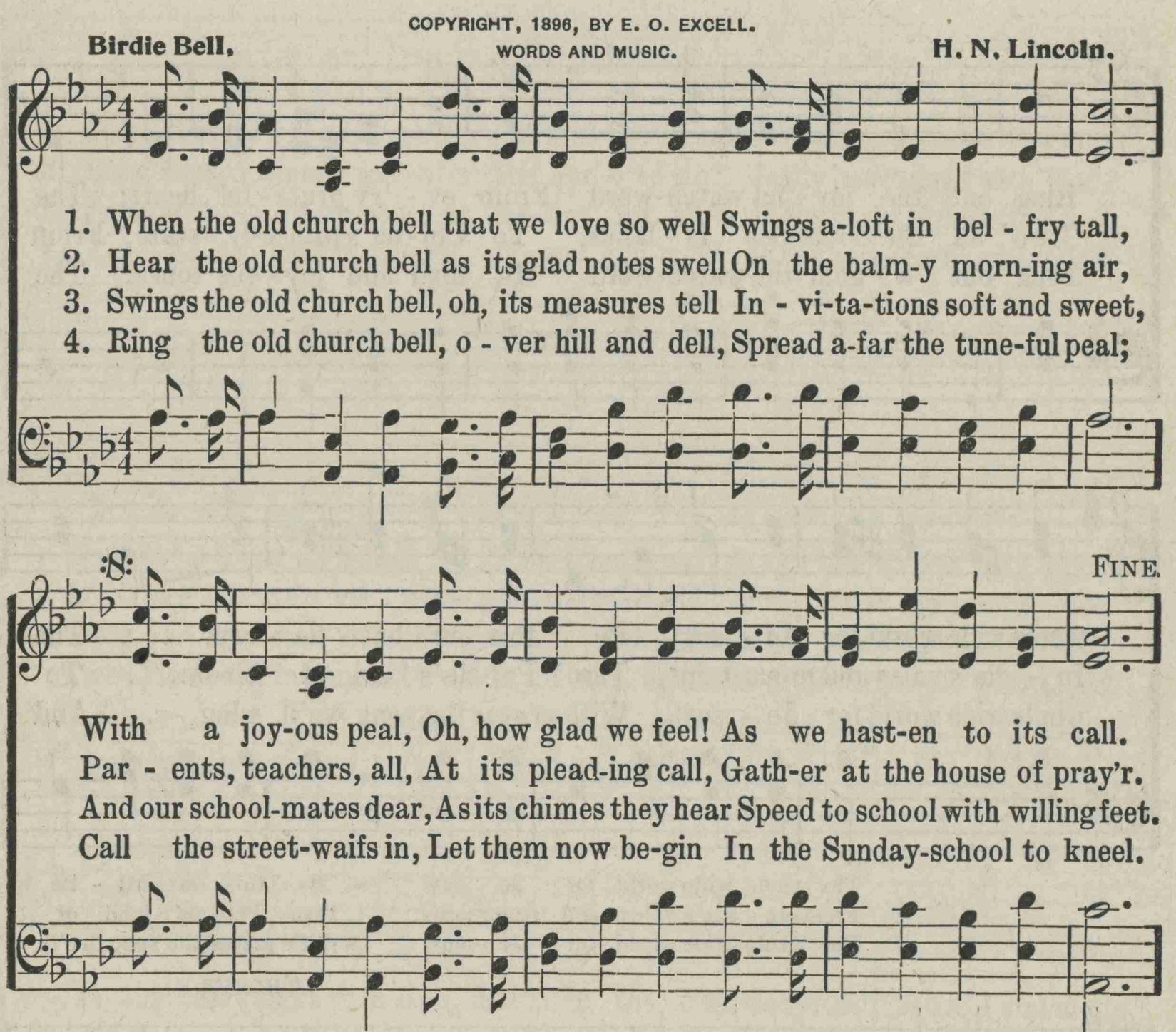
Follow Me.



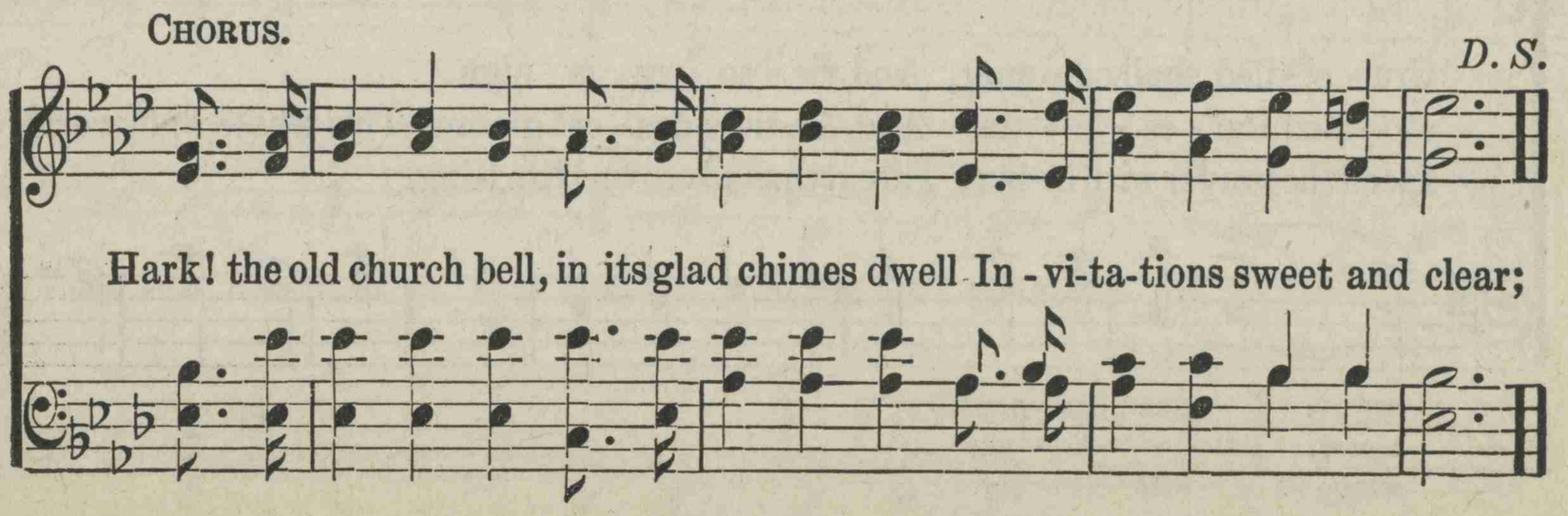
No. 105. The Old Church Bell.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Birdie Bell. WORDS AND MUSIC. H. N. Lincoln.



CHORUS.



No. 106. The Whole Wide World for Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WILL L. THOMPSON,
EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

Will L. Thompson.

1. The whole wide world for Je - sus! Once more, be - fore we part,
2. The whole wide world for Je - sus! From out the Gold - en Gate,
3. The whole wide world for Je - sus! Its hearts, and homes, and thrones;

Ring out the joy - ful watch-word From ev - 'ry grate - ful heart; The
Thro' all the South Sea Is - lands, To Chi - na's prince-ly state; From
Ring out a - gain the watch-word In loud and joy - ous tones: The

whole wide world for Je - sus! Be this our bat - tle cry; . . The
In - dia's vales and moun-tains, Thro' Per-sia's land of bloom, . To
whole wide world for Je - sus! With prayer the song we'll wing, . . And

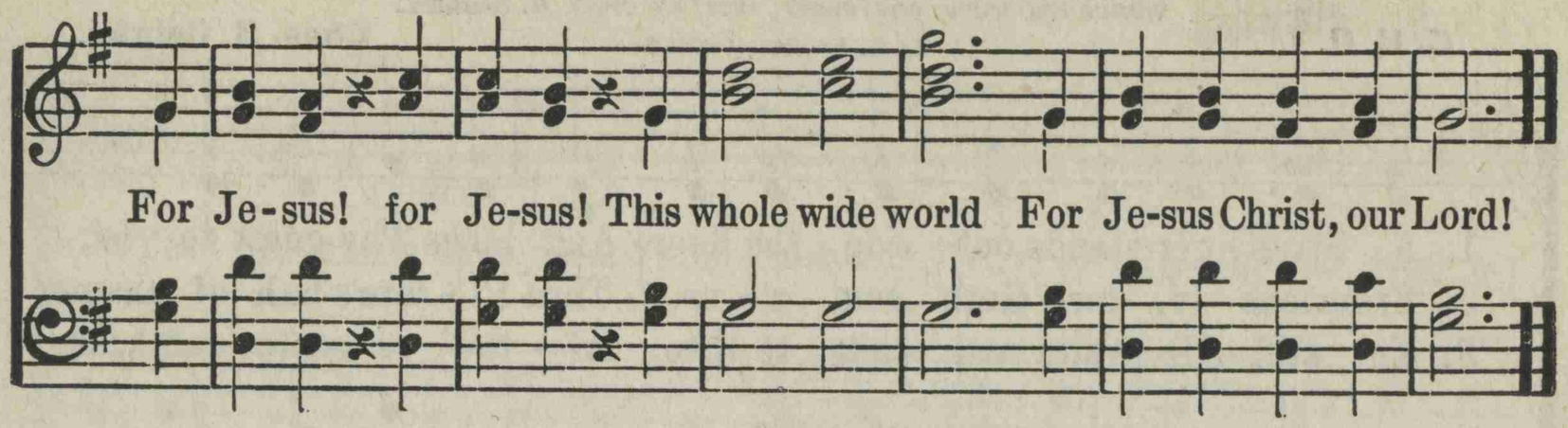
The whole wide world for Je - sus! Be this our bat - tle
From In - dia's vales and moun-tains, Thro' Per - sia's land of
The whole wide world for Je - sus! With prayer the song we'll

CHORUS.

Cru - ci - fied shall con-quer, And vic - to - ry is nigh.
sto - ried Pal - es - ti - na, And Af-ric's des - ert gloom. This whole wide world
speed the prayer with la-bor, Till earth shall crown Him King.

cry; . . shall con - quer,
bloom, Pal - es - ti - na,
wing, . . with la - bor,

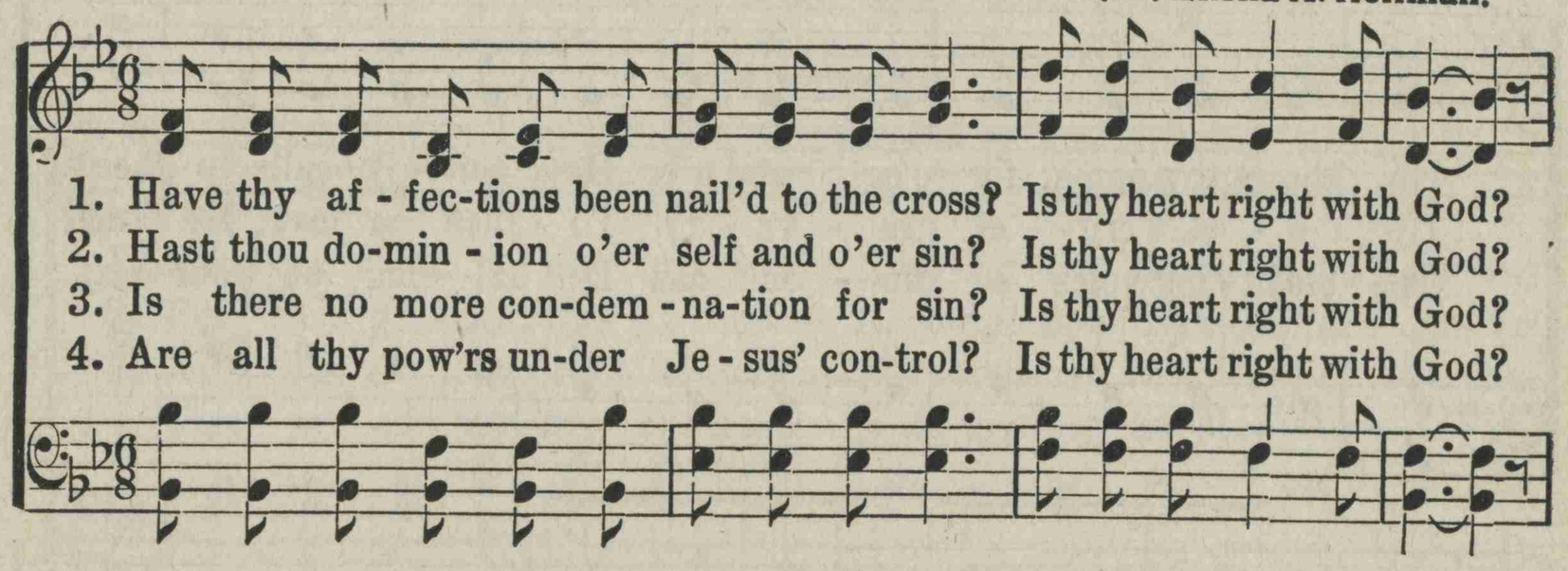
The Whole Wide World for Jesus.

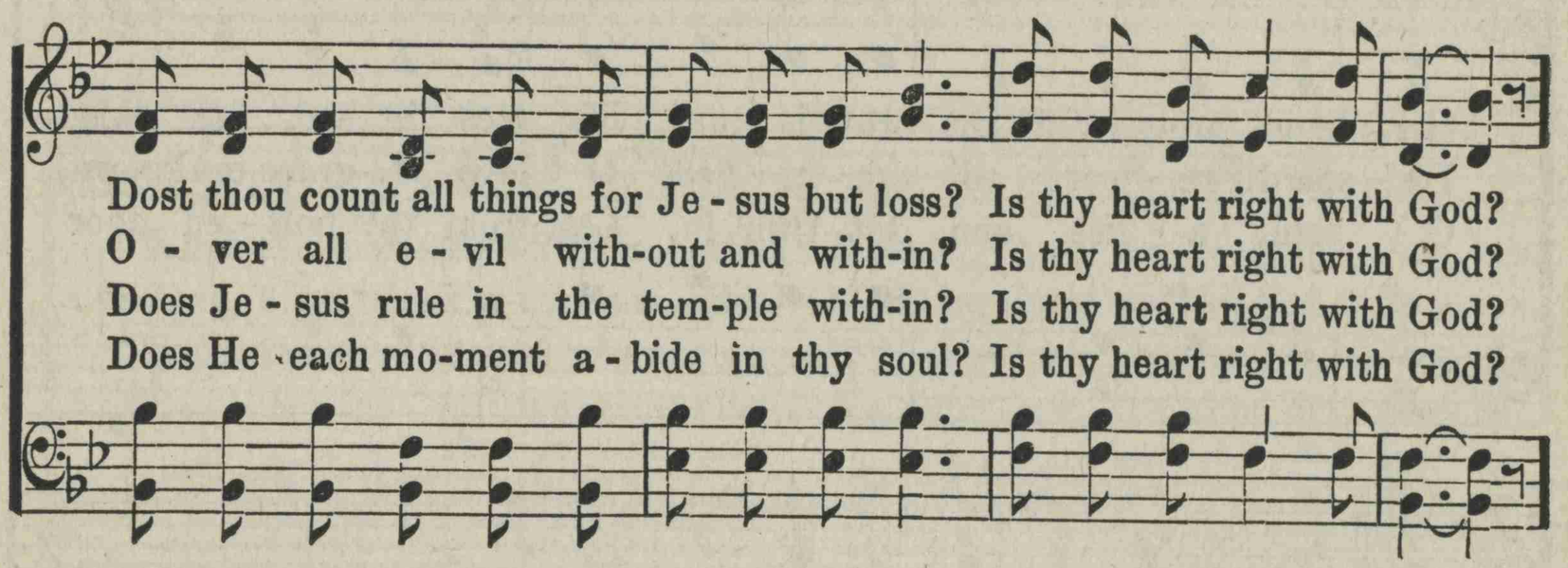


No. 107. Is Thy Heart Right With God?

USED BY PER. OF E. A. HOFFMAN, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

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





No. 108. The Slighted Stranger.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A Stran - ger stands out - side the door, And longs Thy guest to be;
2. From lone - ly, dark Geth - sem - a - ne, Thro Pi - late's hall of shame;
3. Yet still He waits and calls to thee, Al - tho' ye scarce can hear

He knows thy name, for o'er and o'er He soft - ly calls to thee!
Up o - ve. cru - el Cal - va - ry To thee in love, He came!
The plead - ing voice so oft - en has It fal - len on your ear;

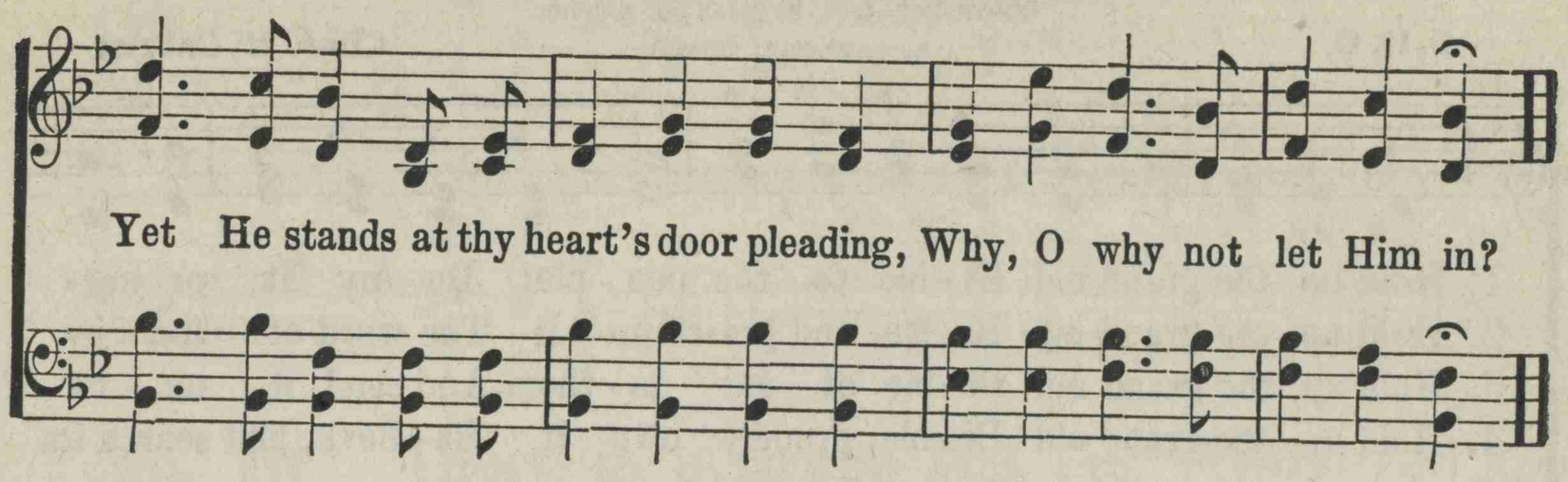
His hands are pierc'd, His brow is torn, His face is sad, but sweet—
De - spis'd! re - ject - ed! cru - ci - fied! O love O grace un-known,
O soul a - rise and let Him in, Lest from thy bolt - ed door

It is the Lord of Par - a - dise! A - rise thy Sav - ior greet.
That He should still re - mem-ber thee, And claim thee for His own!
In sor - row He should turn a - way, To call for thee no more.

CHORUS.

He was wounded for thy trans-gres-sions; He was bruis - ed for thy sin;

The Slighted Stranger.

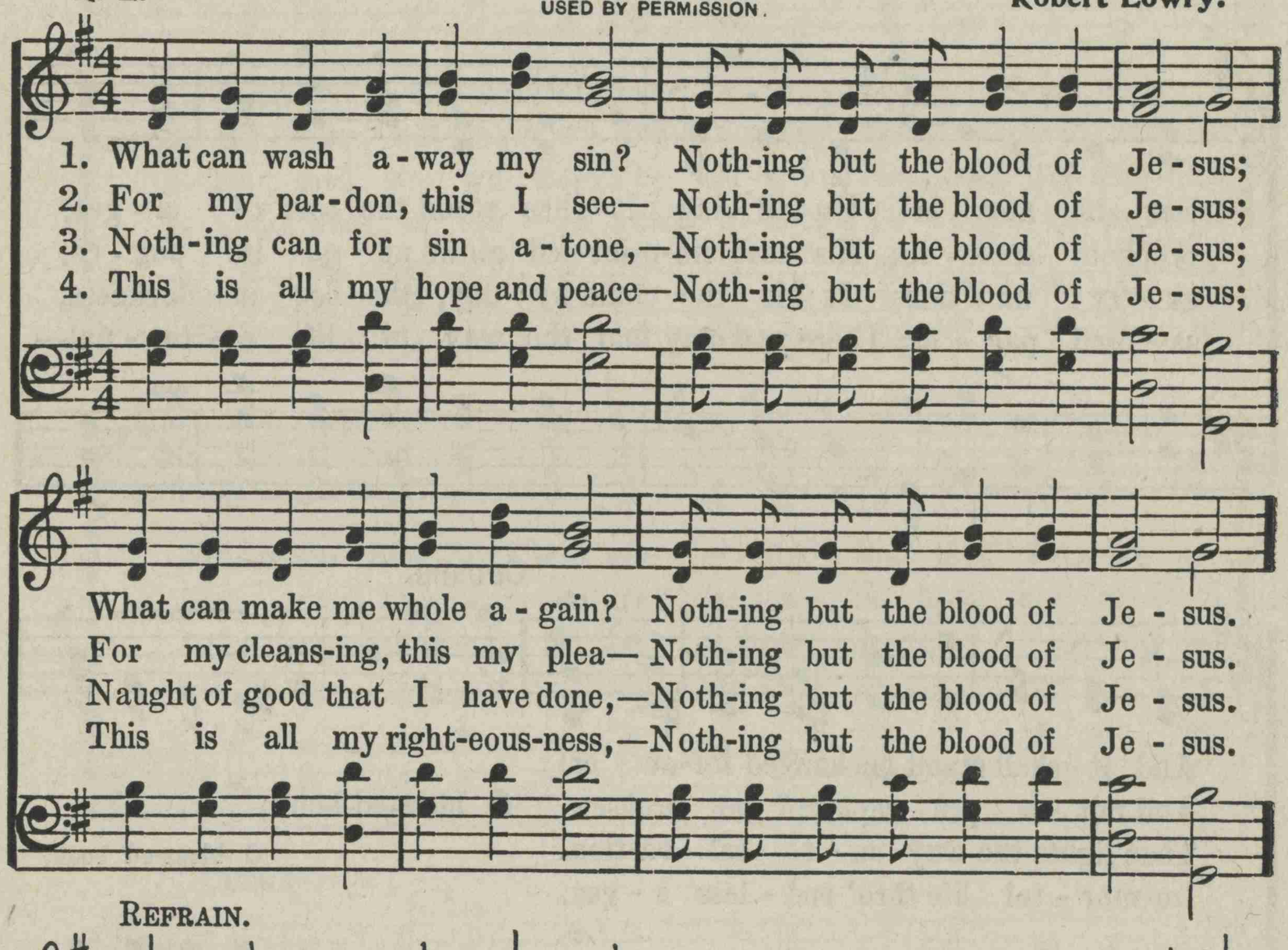


No. 109. Nothing But the Blood.

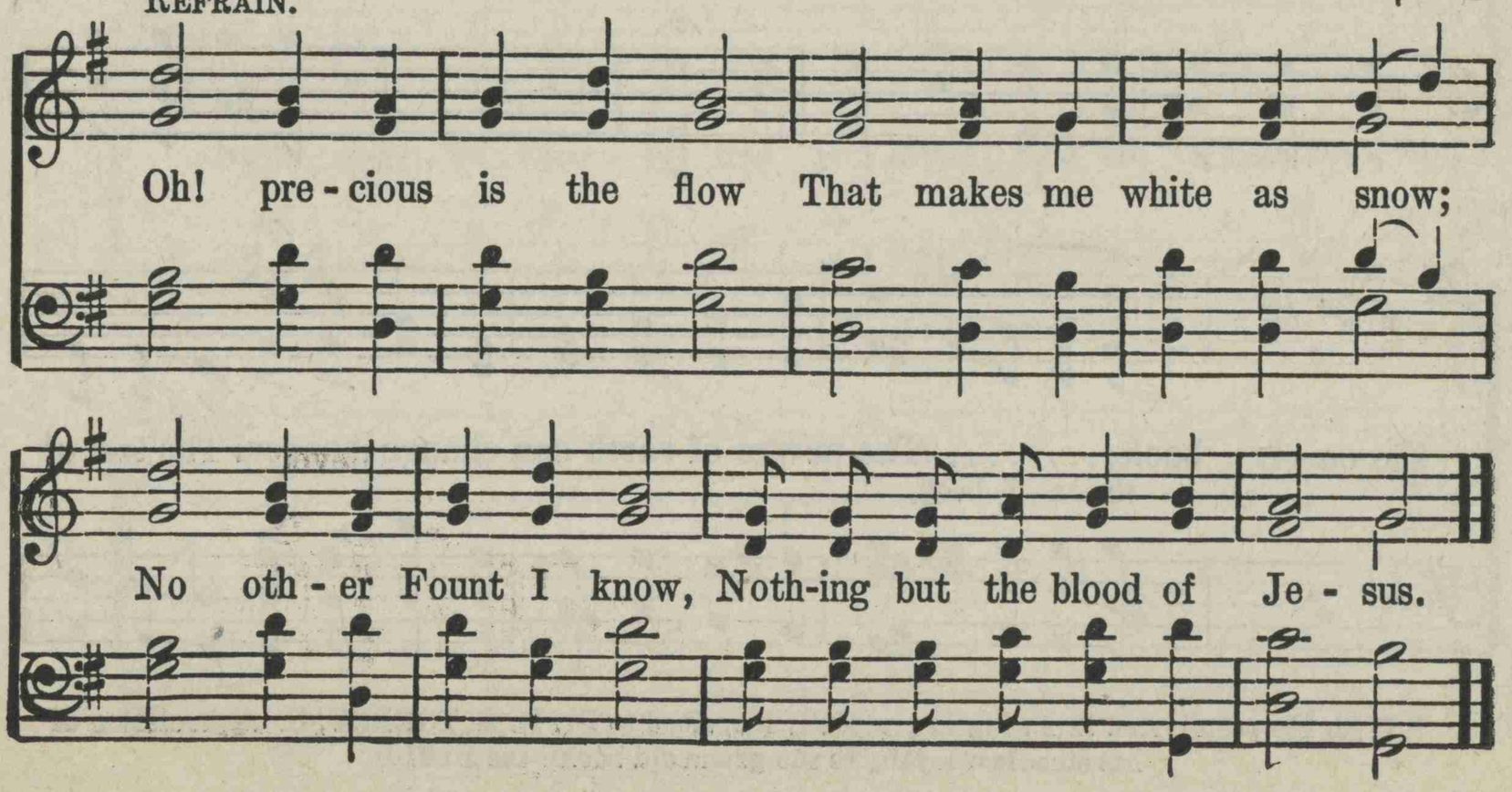
R. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Robert Lowry.



REFRAIN.



No. 110. The Grand Old Bible.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Hold up the grand old Bi - ble to the peo - ple! De - ny it or neg-
2. Hold up the grand old Bi - ble and pro-claim it The word of God by
3. Hold up the grand old Bi - ble of our fa - thers, And send it un - to
4. Hold up the grand old Bi - ble, proudly own it, Be - lieve, and search its

lect it nev - er! Un-fail - ing it has stood the test of a - ges,
prophets spok - en; His seal im-print - ed glows up - on its pag - es,
ev - 'ry na - tion; It is the cloud by day, the fire in darkness,
sa - cred pag - es; There you may find the way of life e - ter - nal—

CHORUS.

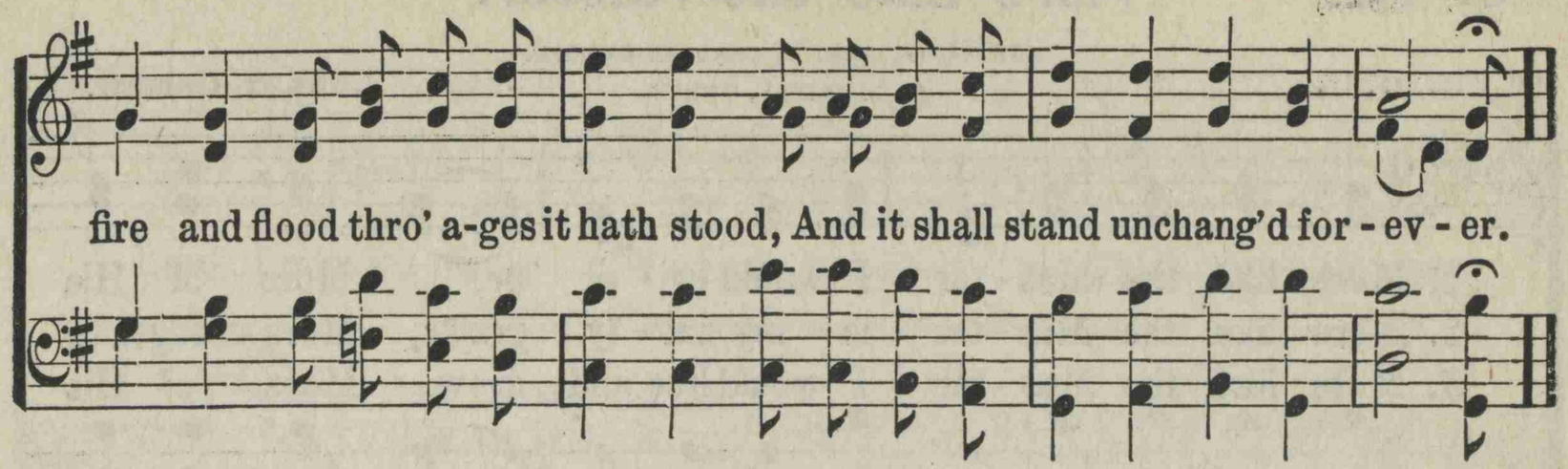
And it shall stand unchanged for-ev - er!
And not a pre - cept can be brok-en.
That lights the way un - to sal - va-tion.
Im-mor - tal life thro' end - less a - ges.

O bless-ed book,.....
O bless-ed book,

the on - ly book,..... The pow'rs of earth can change it never! The test of
the on - ly book,

* With his permission this song is gratefully inscribed to Dr. R. A. TORREY, in appreciation of his steadfast loyalty to the grand old book—the BIBLE.

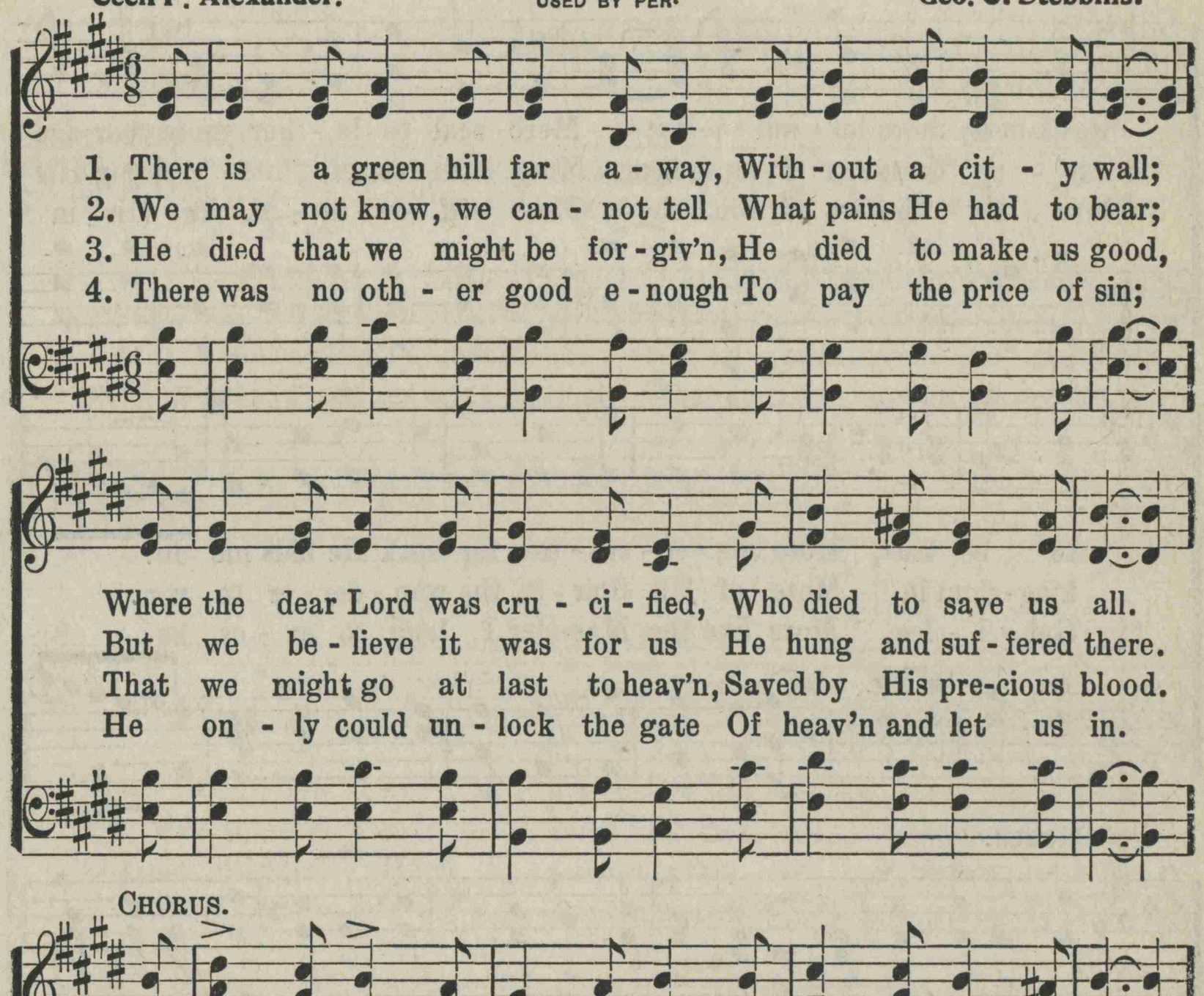
The Grand Old Bible.



No. 111. There is a Green Hill Far Away.

COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS.
USED BY PER.

Cecil F. Alexander. Geo. C. Stebbins.



No. 112. More Like the Master.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. More like the Mas - ter I would ev - er be, More of His
2. More like the Mas - ter is my dai - ly pray'r, More strength to
3. More like the Mas - ter I would live and grow, More of His

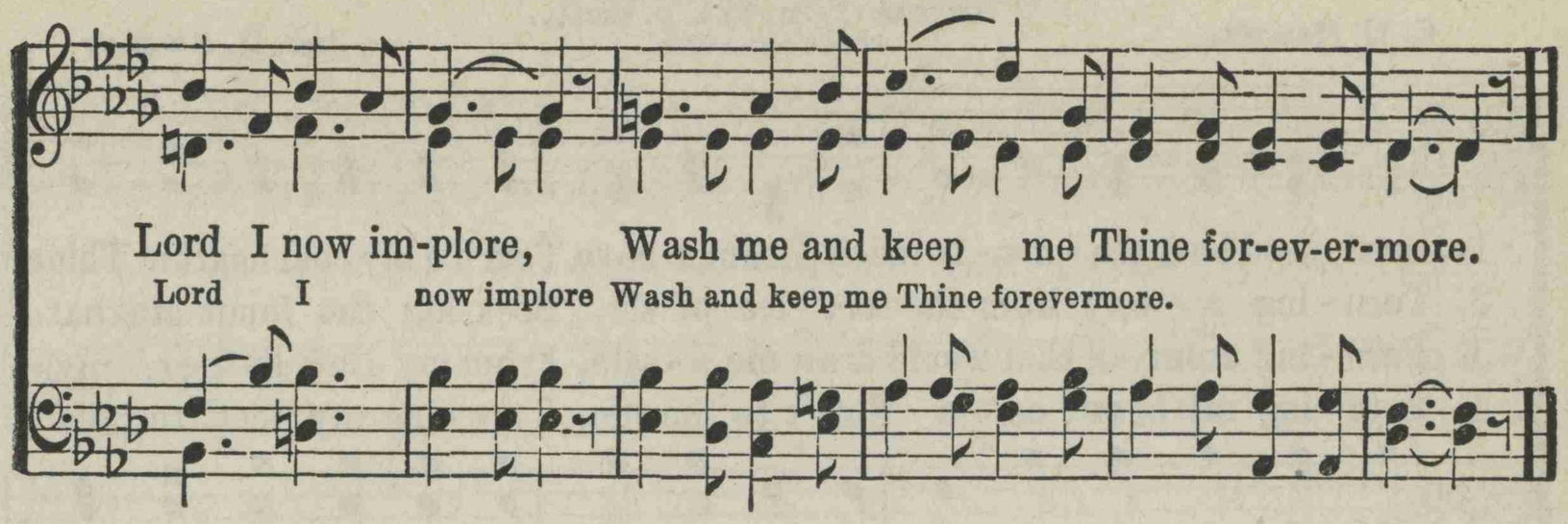
meek-ness, more hu - mil - i - ty; More zeal to la - bor, more cour-age
car - ry cross - es I must bear; More earn - est ef - fort to bring His
love to oth - ers I would show; More self - de - ni - al, like His in

to be true, More con - se - cra - tion for work He bids me do.
king - dom in, More of His Spir - it, the wan - der - er to win.
Gal - i - lee, More like the Mas - ter I long to ev - er be.

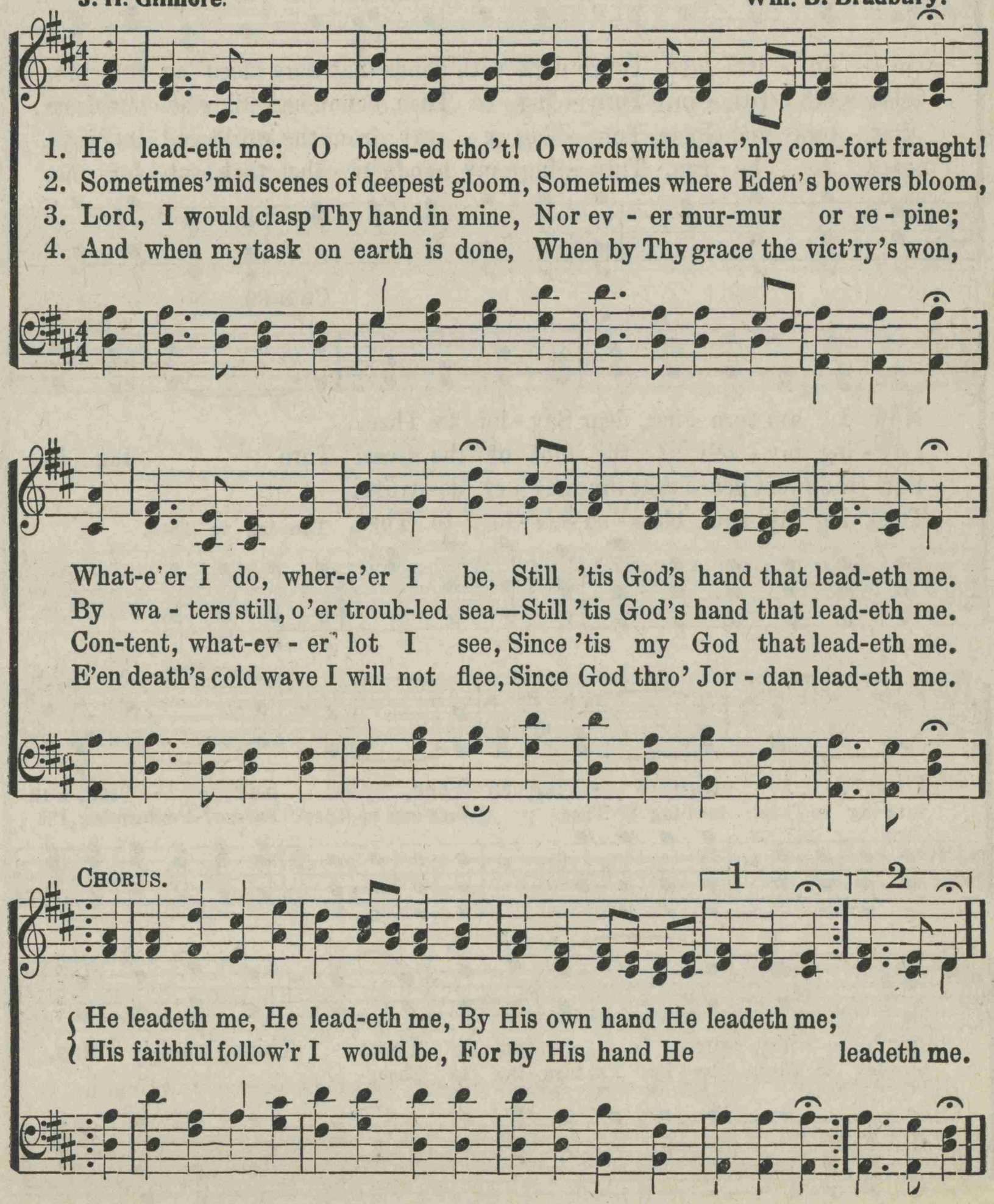
CHORUS.

Take Thou my heart ..... I would be Thine a-lone;..... Take Thou my
Take my heart, O take my heart, I would be Thine a - lone; Take my heart, O

heart .... and make it all Thine own;... Purge me from sin,.... O
take my heart and make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev - 'ry sin, O

More Like the Master.

No. 113. He Leadeth Me.

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



No. 114. Turning to Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. E. Hewitt. WORDS AND MUSIC. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Lord, thou hast ten - der - ly reach'd from a-bove, Touch'd my cold heart in Thine
2. Turn - ing a - way from the serv - ice of sin, Seek-ing the fount-ain that
3. Turn - ing from all that would draw me a - side, From my De - liv'r-er, my
4. Turn - ing my heart, as a flow'r to the sun, Turn - ing my feet to the

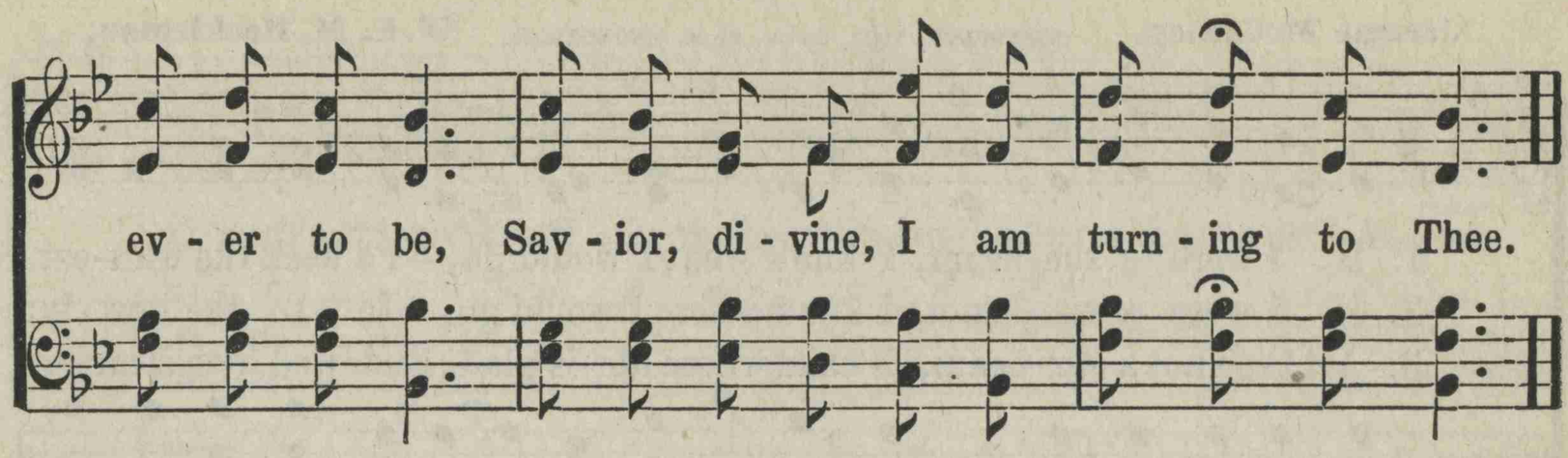
in - fin - ite love, Touch'd me with hands that were bleed-ing for me,
cleans-eth with - in, Turn - ing to Thee, count-ing all else but dross,
Pat - tern and Guide, Turn - ing a - way from the world and its joys,
race to be run, Turn - ing my hands to the task set for me,

CHORUS.

Now I am turn - ing, dear Sav - ior to Thee.
Lay - ing my - self at the foot of the cross. Turn - - ing to
For the sweet peace that time nev - er de-stroys.
Turn - ing my soul, bless - ed Sav - ior, to Thee. Turn-ing to Thee,

Thee,..... turn - - ing to Thee,..... Sav - - ior, I'm
turn-ing to Thee, turn-ing to Thee, turn-ing to Thee, Sav-ior, I'm turn-ing, I'm

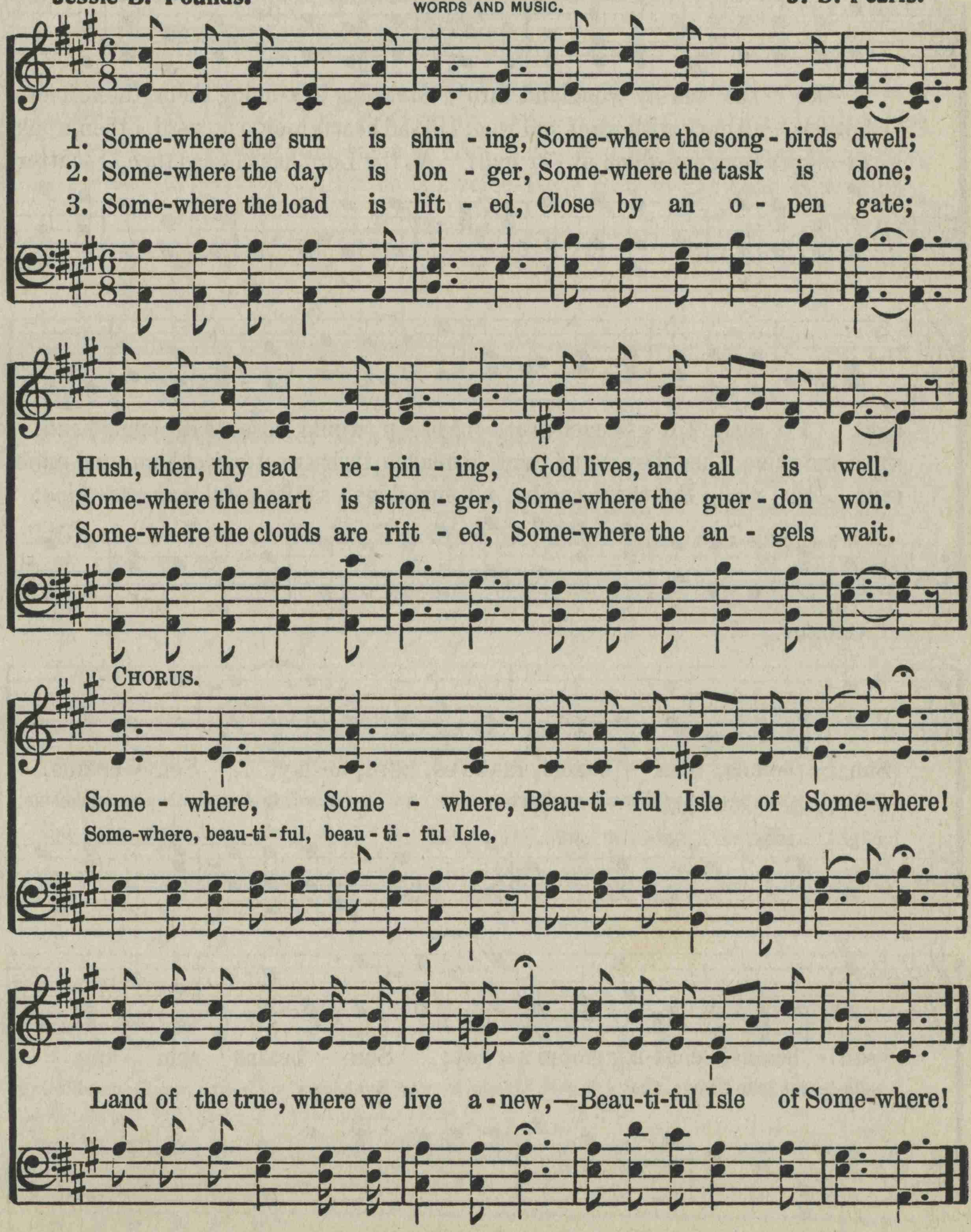
turn - ing, turn - - ing to Thee; Thine, whol-ly Thine,
turn-ing to Thee, Sav - ior, I'm turn - ing to Thee;

Turning to Thee.

No. 115. Beautiful Isle.

Jessie B. Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.



No. 116. If I Were a Sunbeam.

Jerome McCauley. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. W. E. M. Hackleman.

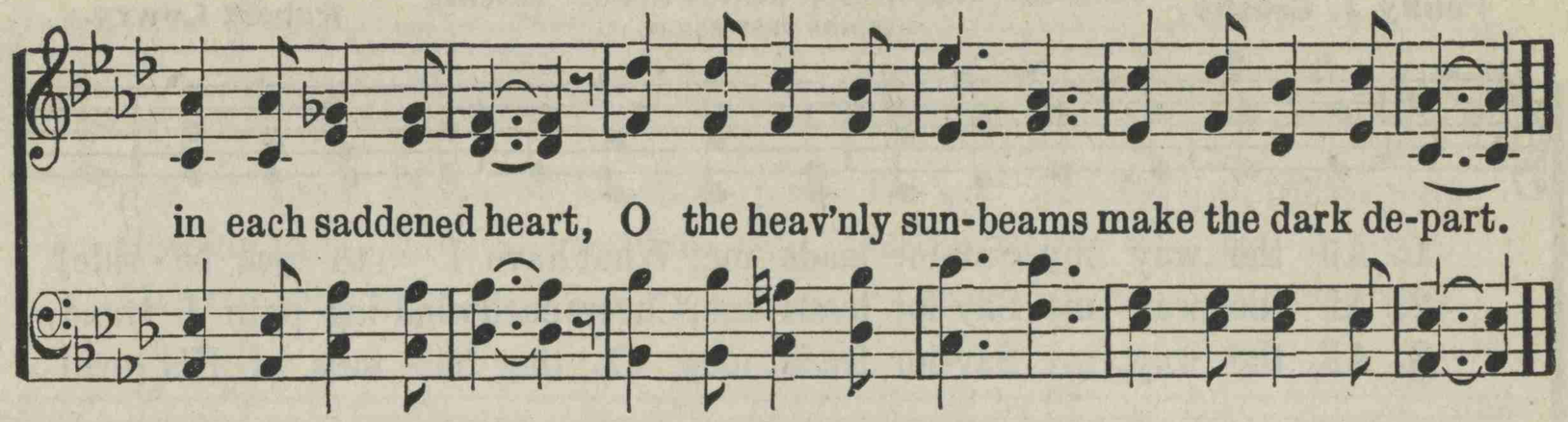
1. If I were a sun-beam, I know what I would do,—I'd seek the whit-est lil - ies the sun-ny woodland thro'; Steal-ing in a-mong them, the soft-est light I'd shed, Un - til each grace-ful lil - y would raise its drooping head.

2. If I were a sun-beam, I know where I would go,—In - to the low - ly hov-els, all dark with want and woe; Till sad hearts look'd upward, I then would shine and shine, Then they would think of heaven, their sweet, sweet home and mine,

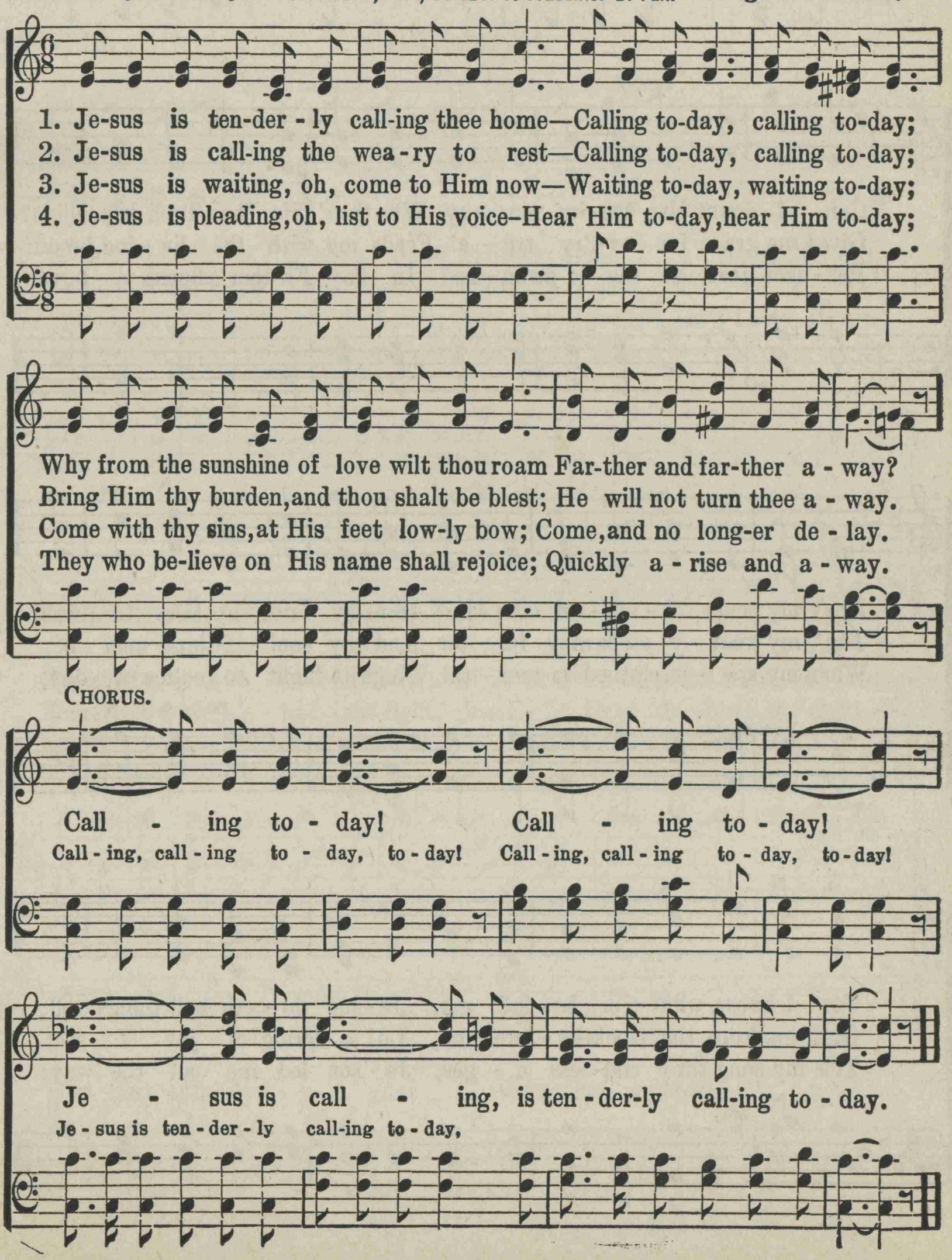
3. Art thou not a sun-beam, O child whose life is glad, Endowed with clear-er ra-diance than sun-shine ev - er had? As the Lord has blessed thee, O scatter rays di - vine, For there can be no sun-shine so help-ful now as thine.

CHORUS.

Sun - beams, sun - beams, make us, Lord, to-day, . . . Sun - beams, Sunbeams, sunbeams, sunbeams, sunbeams, make us, Lord, to-day, Sunbeams, sunbeams, sun - beams, chas-ing gloom a - way; . . Sun - beams shin - ing sun-beams, sun-beams, chas - ing gloom a - way; Sunbeams, sunbeams, sunbeams shin-ing

If I Were a Sunbeam.

No. 117. Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1883, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. BY PER. **George C. Stebbins.**



No. 118. All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL.
USED BY PERMISSION.

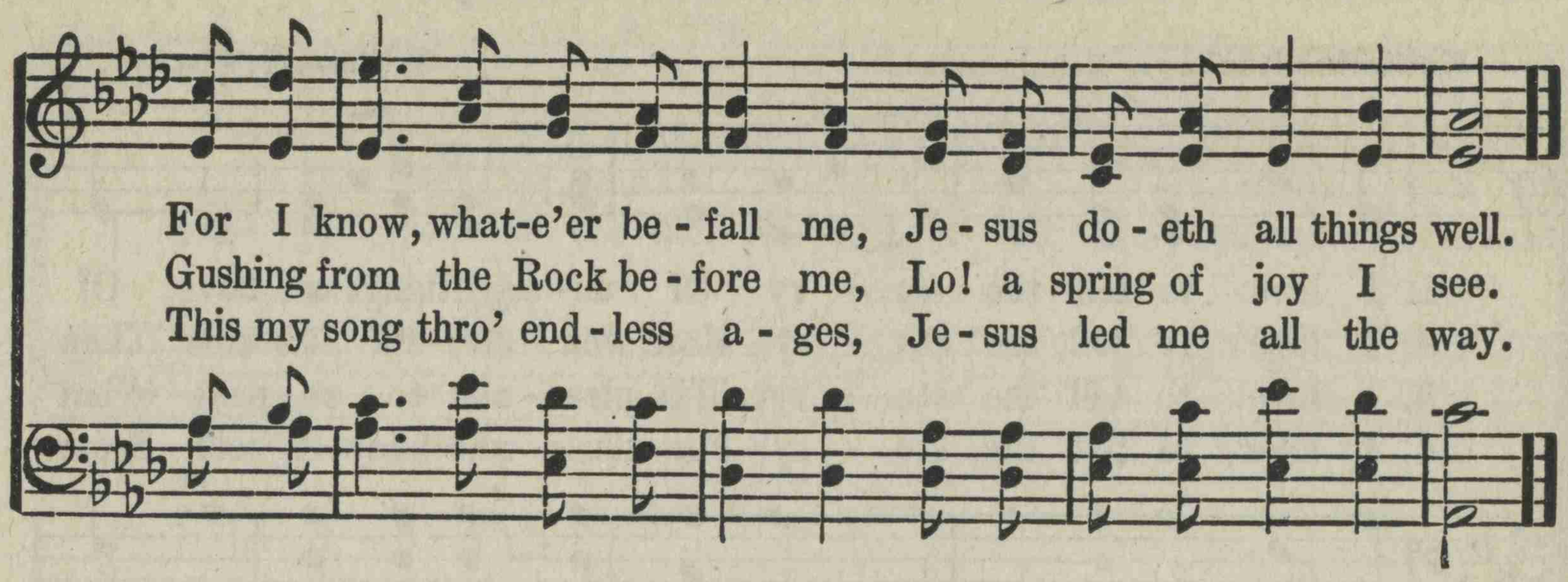
Robert Lowry.

1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be - side?
2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, Cheers each wind-ing path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; O the ful - ness of His love!

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

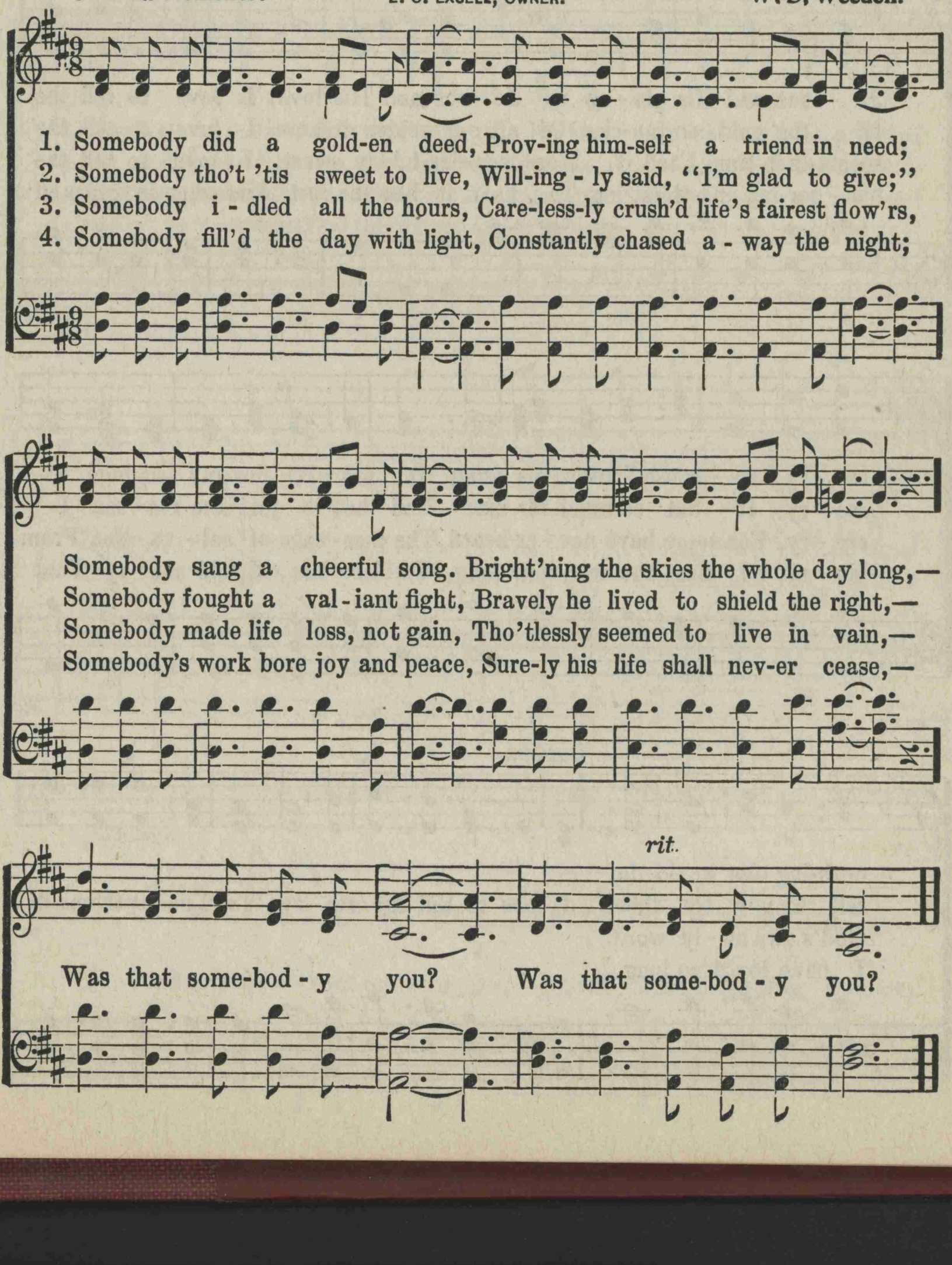
Heav'nly peace, di - vin - est com - fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Tho' my wear - y steps may fal - ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When my spir - it, clothed im-mor - tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,

For I know, what-e'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well;
Gush-ing from the Rock be - fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see;
This my song thro' end-less a - ges, Je - sus led me all the way;

All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

No. 119. Somebody.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY W. S. WEEDEN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

John R. Clements. W. S. Weeden.



No. 120. I Love to Tell the Story.

Katharine Hankey. **Refrain added.** **William G. Fischer.**

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

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

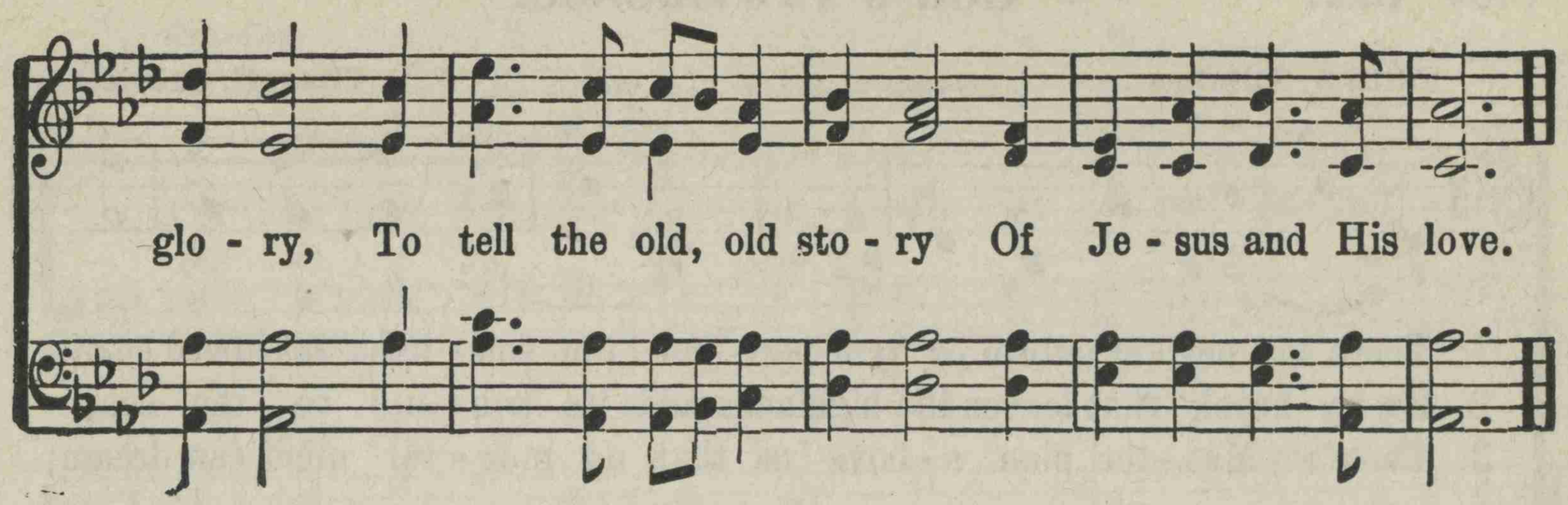
sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my longings As
sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I
sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From
glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That

CHORUS.

noth-ing else would do.
tell it now to thee.
God's own ho - ly word.
I have lov'd so long.

I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in

I Love to Tell the Story.

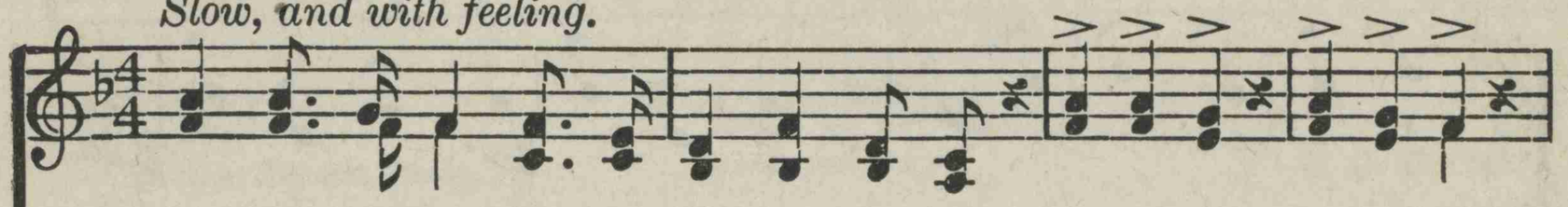
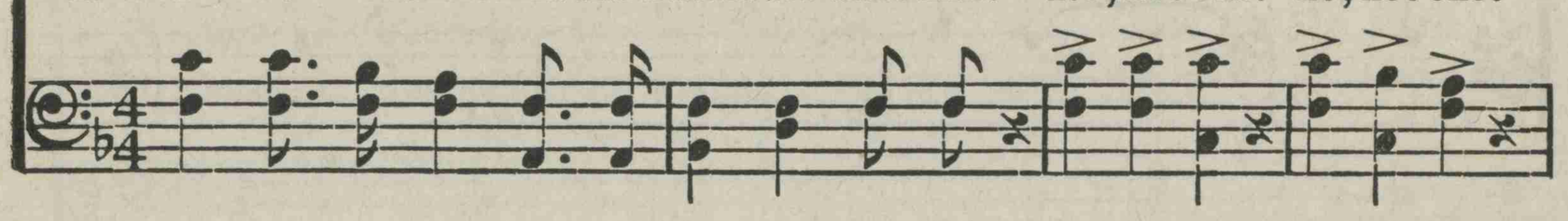
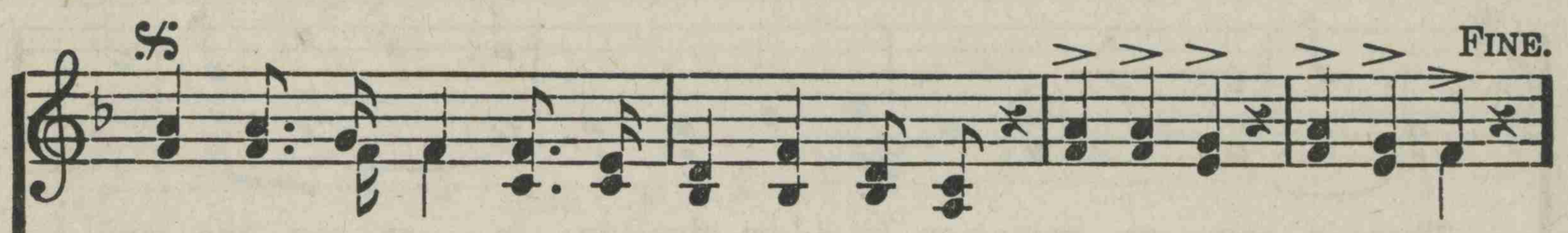
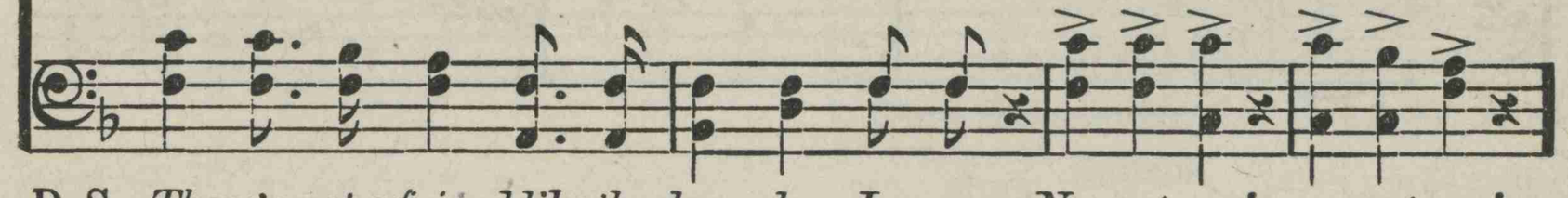


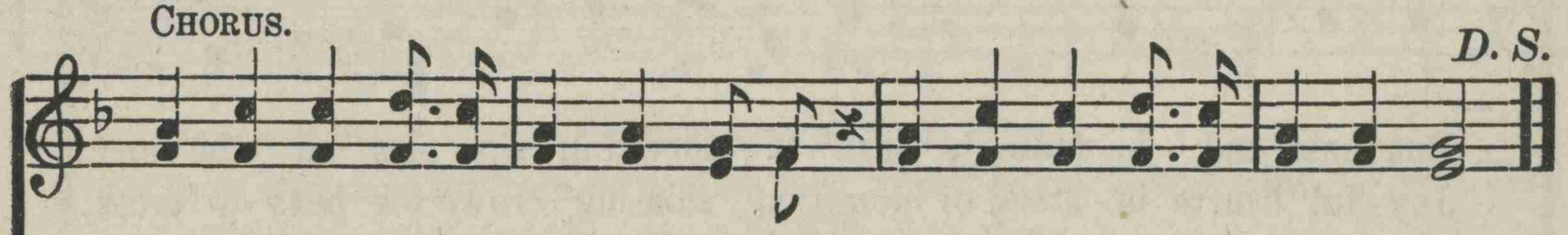
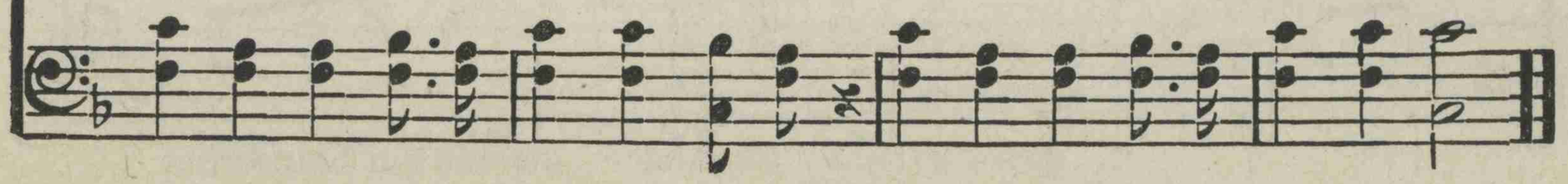
No. 121. No, Not One.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

USED BY PERMISSION OF GEO. C. HUGG, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow, and with feeling.

1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this Friend for-sake him? No, not one! no, not one!

None else could heal all our souls' dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!

D. S.–*There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!*

CHORUS.

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

No. 122. God's Providence.

Edith S. Tillotson. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There was nev - er storm or tem-pest but the sun - light fol-lowed soon;
2. Ev-'ry brook that leaves the highlands adds its trib - ute to the sea;
3. There's a Mas - ter plan a - bove us that no mor - tal mind can dream;

Af - ter ev - 'ry sa - ble mid-night comes the gold-en glow of noon;
Ev-'ry fall - en for - est mon-arch lives with - in an - oth - er tree;
There can be no loss or fail - ure in God's u - ni - ver - sal scheme!

There is nev - er wave nor bil - low flung in fu - ry on the land,
So the chang-ing mo-ments bring us sure re - ward for seem-ing loss,
And His Prov - i - dence will guide us till all earth - ly life is done,

But must end in foam - y beau - ty—curved in rip - ples on the sand.
Joy - ful hearts in - stead of mourn-ing, shin-ing crown for heav - y cross.
Out of dark - ness in - to day-light, out of shad - ow in - to sun.

God's Providence.

CHORUS.

O'er all thy foes as - sail - ing, God's love is nev - er - fail - ing,

His grace is all - pre - vail - ing, God is just and God is true!

No. 123. I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. USED BY PERMISSION. S. C. Foster.

1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm, Gone are my sins and all that would a - larm, Be - fore the cross my heart is bend-ing low, The
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin, Once was a slave to doubts and fears within, Once was a - fraid to meet an an - gry God, But
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

precious blood of Je - sus cleanses white as snow.
now I'm cleansed from ev'ry stain thro' Jesus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world around the peace that He doth give.

D. S.—*Because He first loved me, And purchased my sal - va - tion on Cal-v'ry's tree.*

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

No. 124. Count Your Blessings.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. E. O. Excell.

1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest-tossed, When you are dis -
2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the con - flict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis -

cour - aged, thinking all is lost, Count your man-y blessings, name them
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y blessings, ev - 'ry
prom - ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y blessings, mon - ey
couraged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y blessings, an - gels

one by one, And it will sur-prise you, what the Lord hath done.
doubt will fly, And you will be sing - ing as the days go by.
can - not buy Your re - ward in heav - en, nor your home on high.
will at - tend, Help and com - fort give you to your jour - ney's end.

CHORUS.

Count your blessings, Name them one by one, Count your
Count your man-y bless-ings, Name them one by one, Count your man-y

Count Your Blessings.

bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your blessings,

bless - ings, See what God hath done; Count your ma - ny bless-ings

rit.

Name them one by one, Count your many blessings, See what God hath done.

No. 125.

Under the Cross.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

CHORUS AND MUSIC.

Wm. McDonald. **E. O. Excell.**

1. I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee; Long has e - vil reign'd with-in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth-ly store,

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

Hal - le-lu - jah!

CHORUS.

Un-der the cross I lay my sins, {Un-der the cross, my cry; cross I'll die.

No. 126. Records.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Eleanor W. Long. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There will come a day, some-time, some-time, When the books will be o-
2. In that rec - ord there, somewhere, somewhere; You are writ-ing your rec-
3. There's "an-oth -er book," somewhere, somewhere, 'Tis the Lamb's book of life,

pen'd in heav'n; When the Judge will sit on the great white throne, And the
ord each day; And what-e'er it be, wheth-er dark or fair, As 'tis
pure and fair; And His blood a - lone can for sin a - tone, And pre-

sons of men will stand forth a - lone, To re - ceive the sen-tence giv'n,
writ-ten here, it will stand up there In the rec - ord book for aye.
sent you fault-less be - fore the throne, Is your name's found written there,

CHORUS.

To re-ceive the sen-tence giv'n.
In the rec - ord books for aye. Rec-ords, rec-ords, rec - ords, we are
If your name's found written there.

writ-ing ev - 'ry day! Writ-ing, writ-ing, writ-ing as we trav - el

life's high-way! Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry! we shall dwell beyond earth's strife,

If our record's clear, and our names ap-pear, In the Lamb's great book of life.

No. 127. Everything for Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Flora E. Breck. Carl Fischer.

1. Ev - 'ry-thing for Je - sus! Un - to Him I give All I have and hope for;
2. Ev - 'ry-thing for Je - sus! I will con - se-crate Life and love, and serv-ice,
3. Ev - 'ry-thing for Je - sus! Ev -'ry-thing I know, On my lov - ing Sav - ior

CHORUS.

'Tis for Him I live.
E'er it be too late. Ev-'ry-thing for Je - sus, All to Christ my King!
Glad - ly I be - stow.

To Him who gave so much for me, I will give Him ev -'ry - thing.

No. 128. Another Pentecost.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. We to - day may have the pow-er which they had at pen - te-cost, Just the
2. It was while they all were praying, that the Spir-it was out-pour'd, We may
3. As the Spir-it gave them utt'rance they be - gan to tes - ti - fy, We may
4. As we tar - ry here, O Father, cleanse and fill each waiting heart, With the

ver - y same pow'r, the ver-y same pow'r; This our her - i - tage in Je - sus
have the same pow'r, the ver-y same pow'r; In like man-ner we must wait with
have the same pow'r, the ver-y same pow'r; And three thousand were con-verted
ver - y same pow'r, the ver-y same pow'r; Lib - er - ty and strength for service

e'en the bless-ed Ho - ly Ghost, Just the ver - y same, the ver - y same pow'r.
one de - sire and one ac - cord, We may have the same, the ver - y same pow'r.
and their Lord did glo - ri - fy, We may have the same, the ver - y same pow'r.
to Thy chil-dren all im - part, Just the ver - y same, the ver - y same pow'r.

CHORUS.

The ver - y same pow'r, the ver - y same pow'r, Praise, O praise His

Another Pentecost.

ho - ly name for - ev - er! Just the ver - y same pow'r Je - sus

promised should come down, Just the ver - y same, the ver - y same pow'r.

No. 129. We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Mills. USED BY PERMISSION. **William Miller.**

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo - ment come
2. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
3. I sought at once my Sav - ior's side, No more my steps shall roam;

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
And lean for suc - cor on His breast Till He con - duct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chill - ing tide, And reach my heav'n-ly home.

CHORUS.

1 2

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

No. 130. A Little Bit of Love.

To my Friend, Marion Lawrance.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

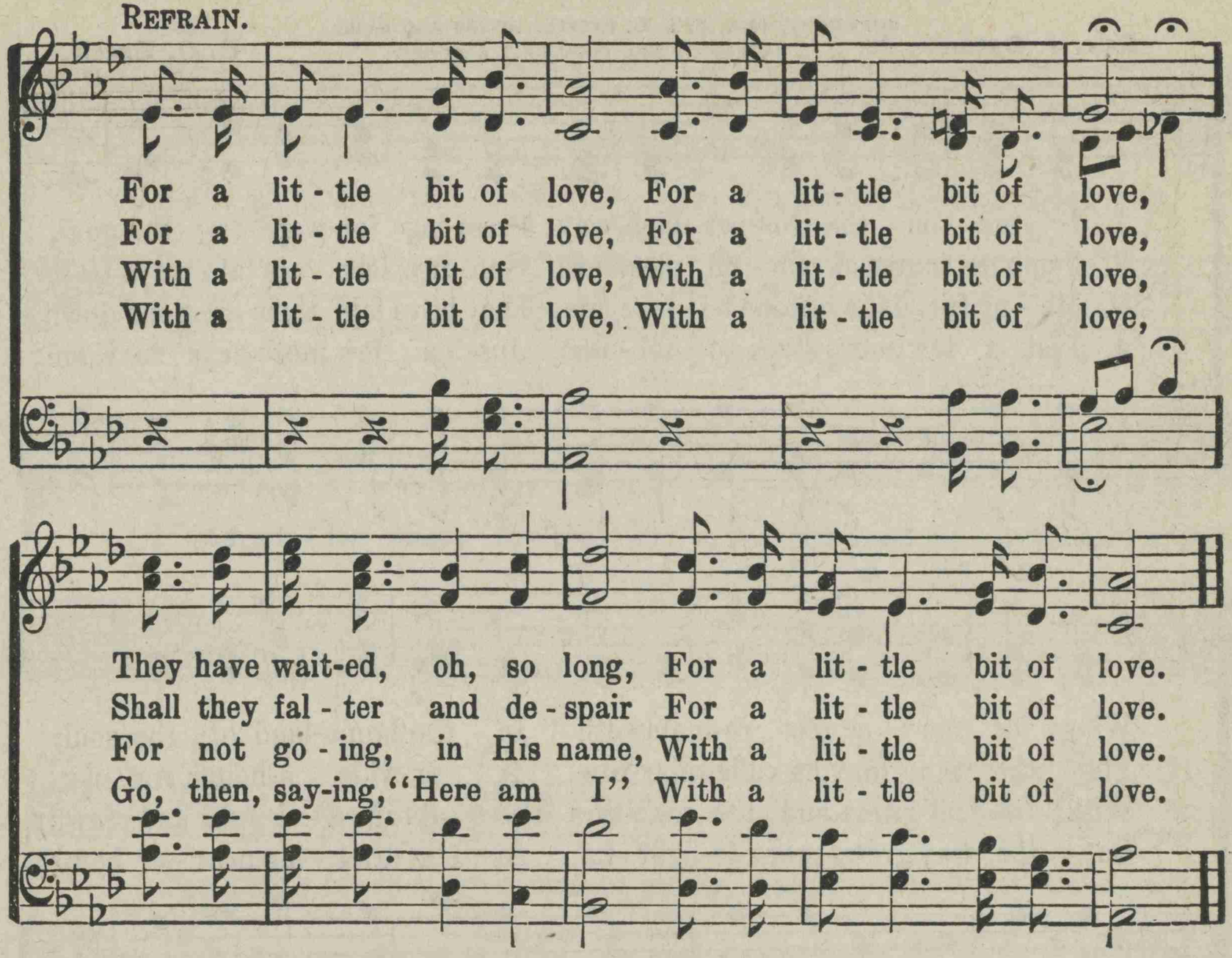
1. Do you know the world is dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love?
2. From the poor of ev-'ry cit-y, For a lit-tle bit of love,
3. Down be-fore their i-dols fall-ing, For a lit-tle bit of love,
4. While the souls of men are dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love,

Ev-'ry-where we hear the sigh-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
Hands are reach-ing out in pit-y For a lit-tle bit of love;
Ma-ny souls in vain are call-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
While the chil-dren too are cry-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;

For the love that rights a wrong, Fills the heart with hope and song;
Some have bur-dens hard to bear, Some have sorrows we should share;
If they die in sin and shame, Some-one sure-ly is to blame
Stand no long-er i-dly by, You can help them if you try;

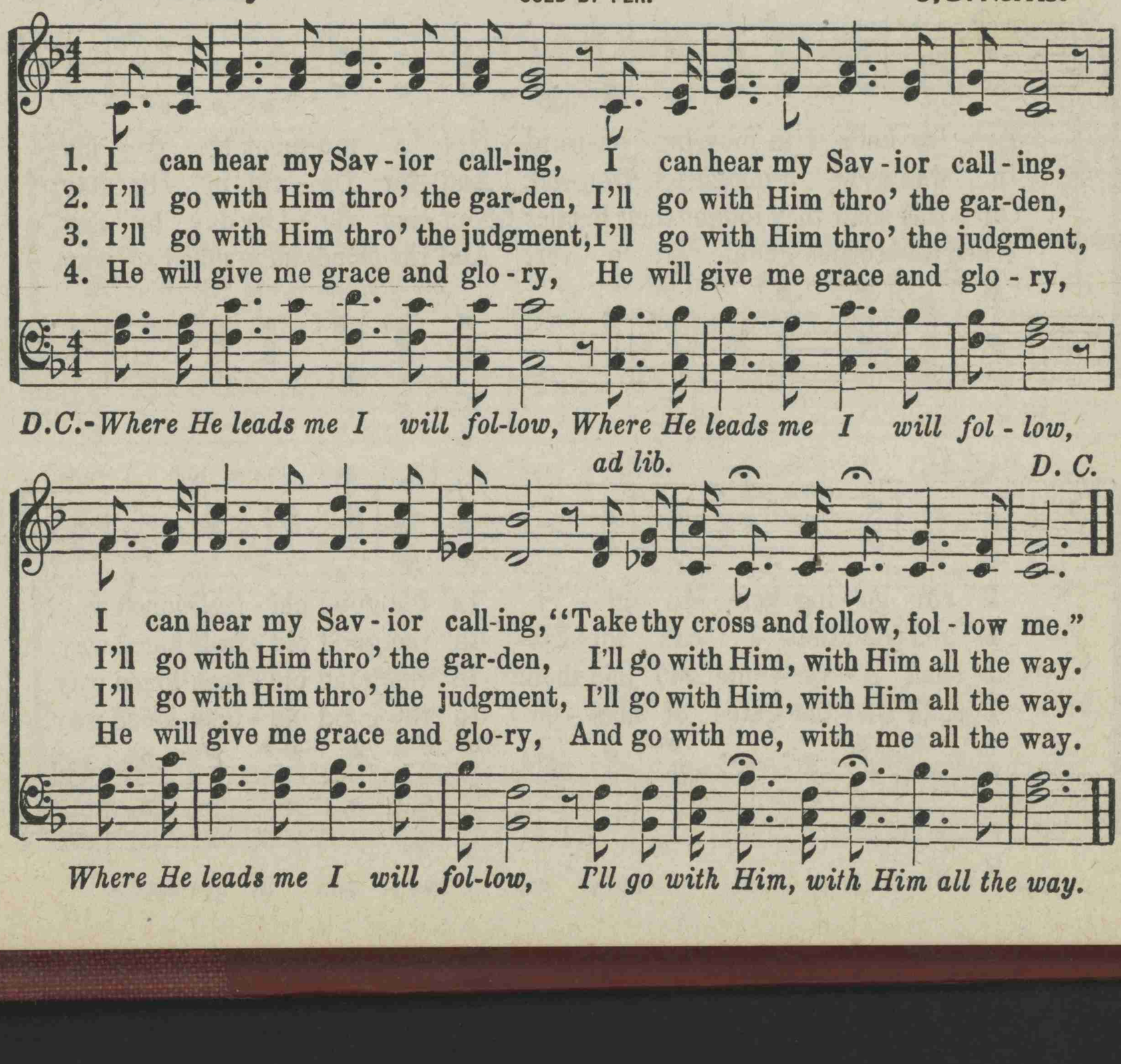
They have wait-ed, oh, so long, For a lit-tle bit of love.
Shall they fal-ter and de-spair For a lit-tle bit of love.
For not go-ing in His name, With a lit-tle bit of love.
Go, then, say-ing, "Here am I," With a lit-tle bit of love.

A Little Bit of Love.

REFRAIN.

No. 131. Where He Leads Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. NORRIS.
USED BY PER.

E. W. Blandly. J. S. Norris.



No. 132. The Good Old-Fashioned Way.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. E. O. Excell.

1. I am on the Gos-pel high-way, Press-ing for-ward to the goal,
2. From the snares of sin - ful pleas-ure, Here my feet are al - ways free;
3. Ma - ny friends have gone be - fore me, They have laid their ar-mour down,
4. Just a few more steps to fol - low, Just a few more days to roam;

Where for me a rest re-main - eth In the home-land of the soul:
Tho' the way may be called nar-row, It is wide e-nough for me;
With the pil-grims and the mar-tyrs Have obtained a robe and crown;
But the way grows more de-light - ful As I'm draw - ing near - er home;

Ev - 'ry hour I'm mov-ing on-ward, Not a mo-ment to de - lay;
It was wide e-nough for Dan - iel, And for Da - vid in His day;
On this road they fought their battles, Shout - ing vic - t'ry day by day.
When the storms of life are o - ver, And the clouds have rolled a - way,

I am go - ing home to glo - ry In the good old - fash-ioned way.
I am glad that I can fol - low In the good old - fash-ioned way.
I shall o - ver-come and join them In the good old - fash-ioned way.
I shall find the gates of heav - en In the good old - fash-ioned way.

The Good Old Fashioned Way.

CHORUS.

In the good old - fash-ioned way, In the good old - fash-ioned way,

D. C.

I am go - ing home to glo - ry In the good old - fash-ioned way.

CODA.

Then palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic-to - ry I shall wear.

No 133. I Am Trusting Lord in Thee.

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

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

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

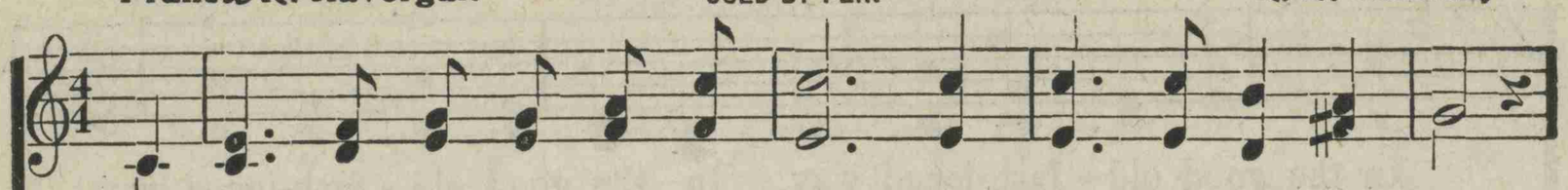
I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,— "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y Thine to be, Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er - more.

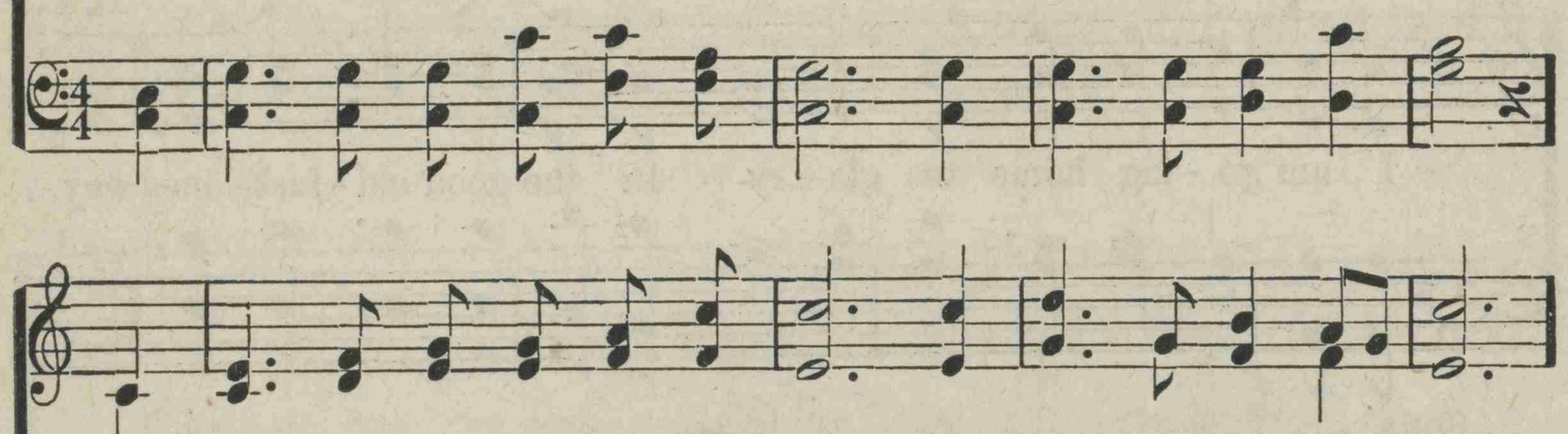
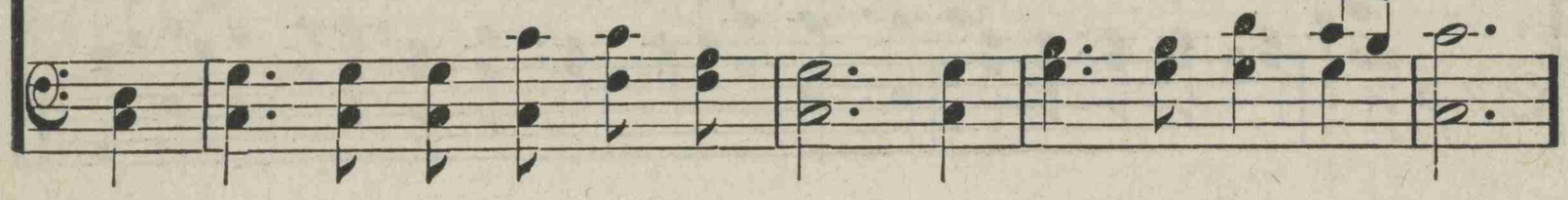
Humb - ly at Thy cross I bow, Save me Je - sus, save me now.

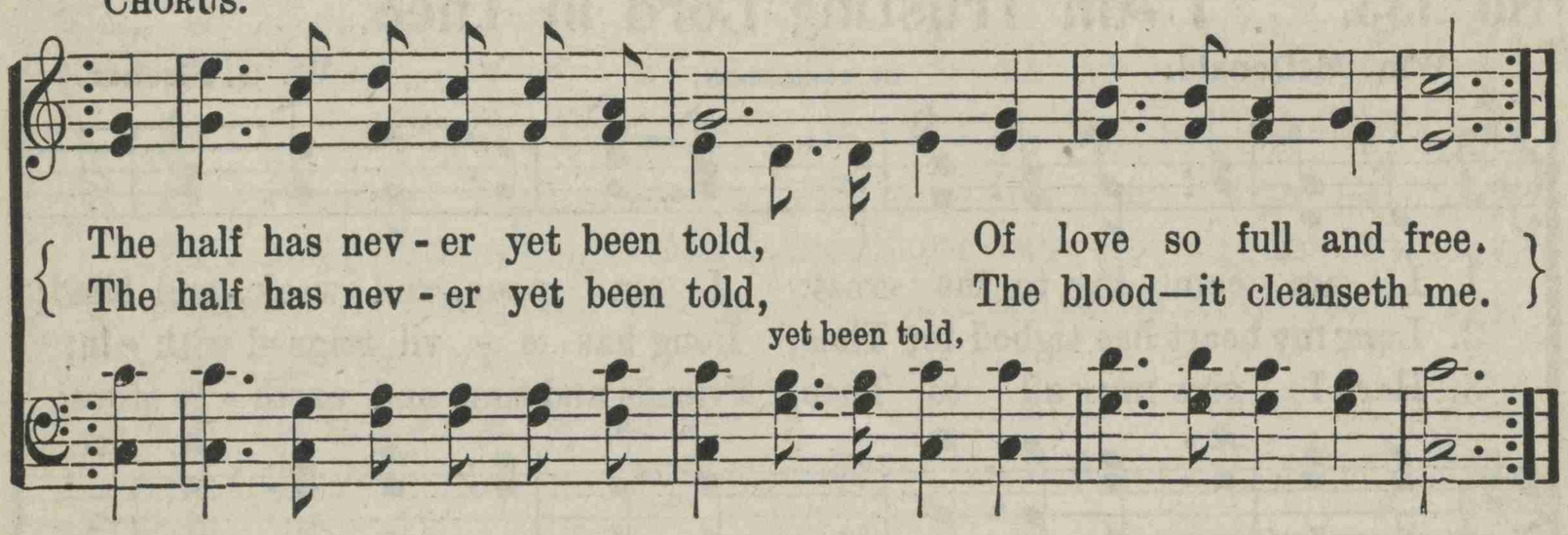
No. 134. The Half Has Never Been Told.

COPYRIGHT, 1883, BY R. E. HUDSON.
USED BY PER.

Frances R. Havergal. R. E. Hudson.



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

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

CHORUS.

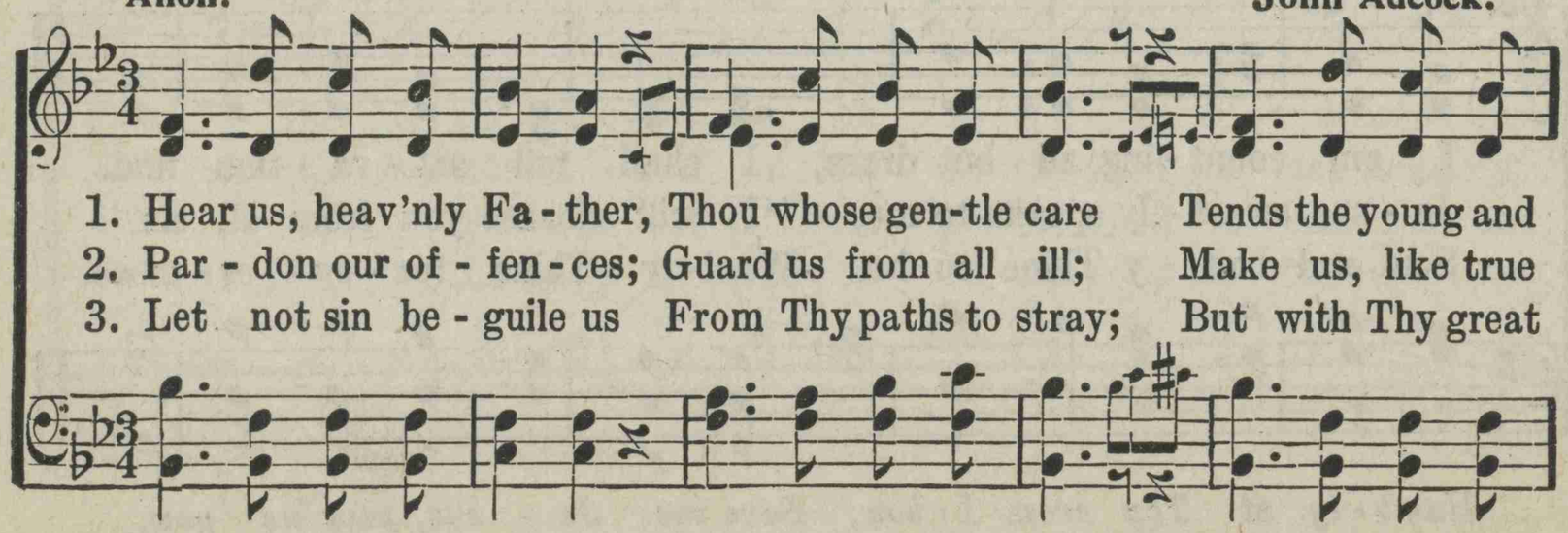


{ The half has nev - er yet been told, Of love so full and free.
The half has nev - er yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me. }

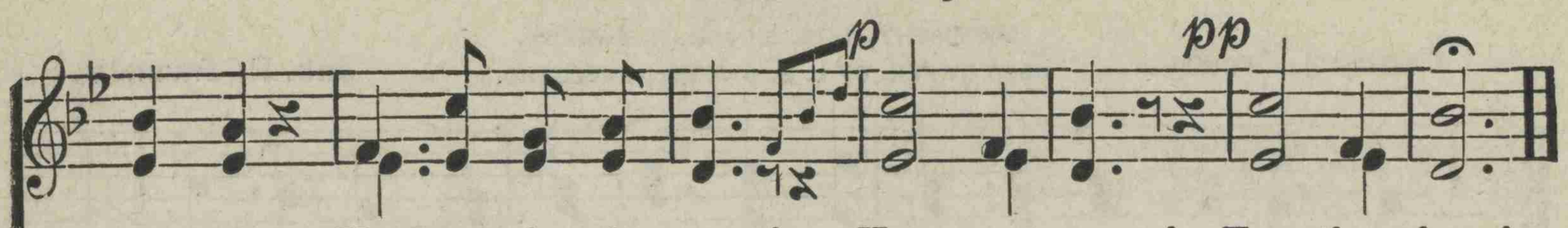
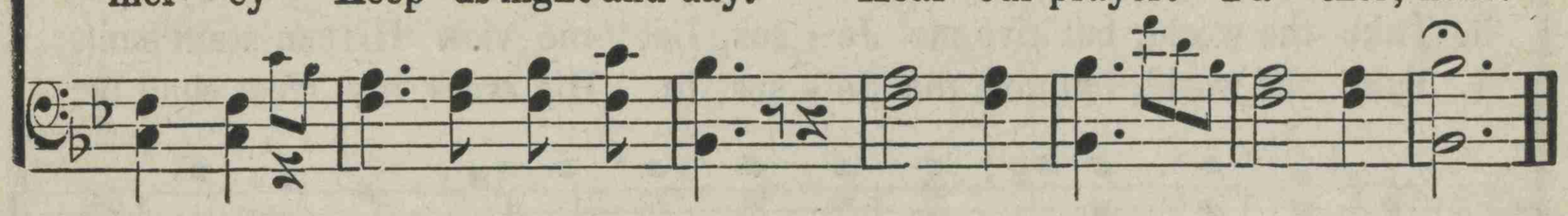
yet been told,

No. 135. Hear Our Prayer.

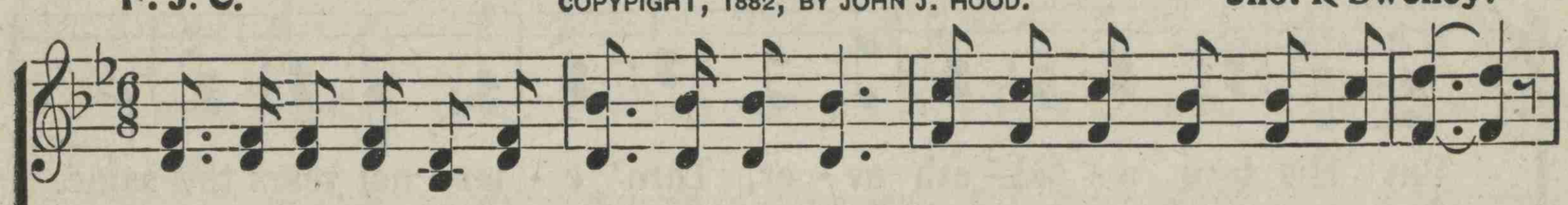
Anon. John Adcock.

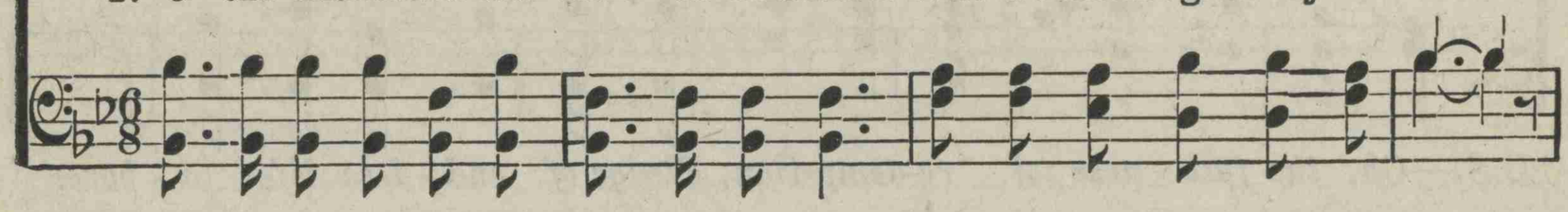
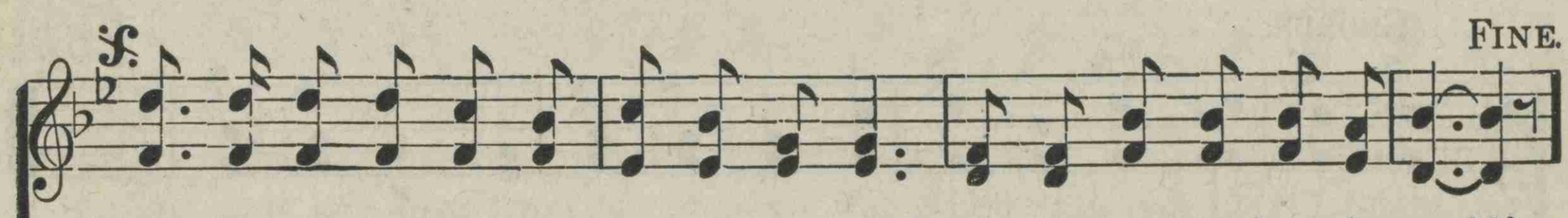


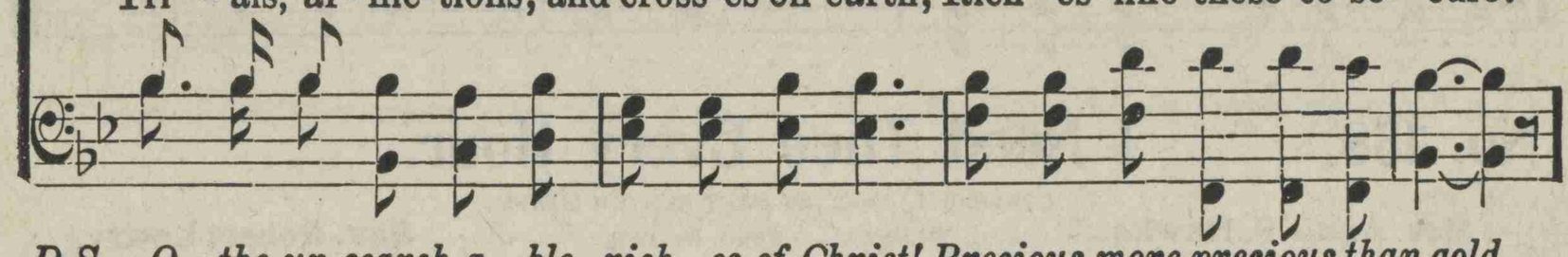
1. Hear us, heav'nly Fa - ther, Thou whose gen-tle care Tends the young and
2. Par - don our of - fen - ces; Guard us from all ill; Make us, like true
3. Let not sin be - guile us From Thy paths to stray; But with Thy great

Hear Our Prayer.

fee - ble,— Hear our sim-ple prayer! Hear our prayer! Fa - ther, hear!
chil - dren, Love Thy ho - ly will. Hear our prayer! Fa - ther, hear!
mer - cy Keep us night and day. Hear our prayer! Fa - ther, hear!

No. 136. Unsearchable Riches.

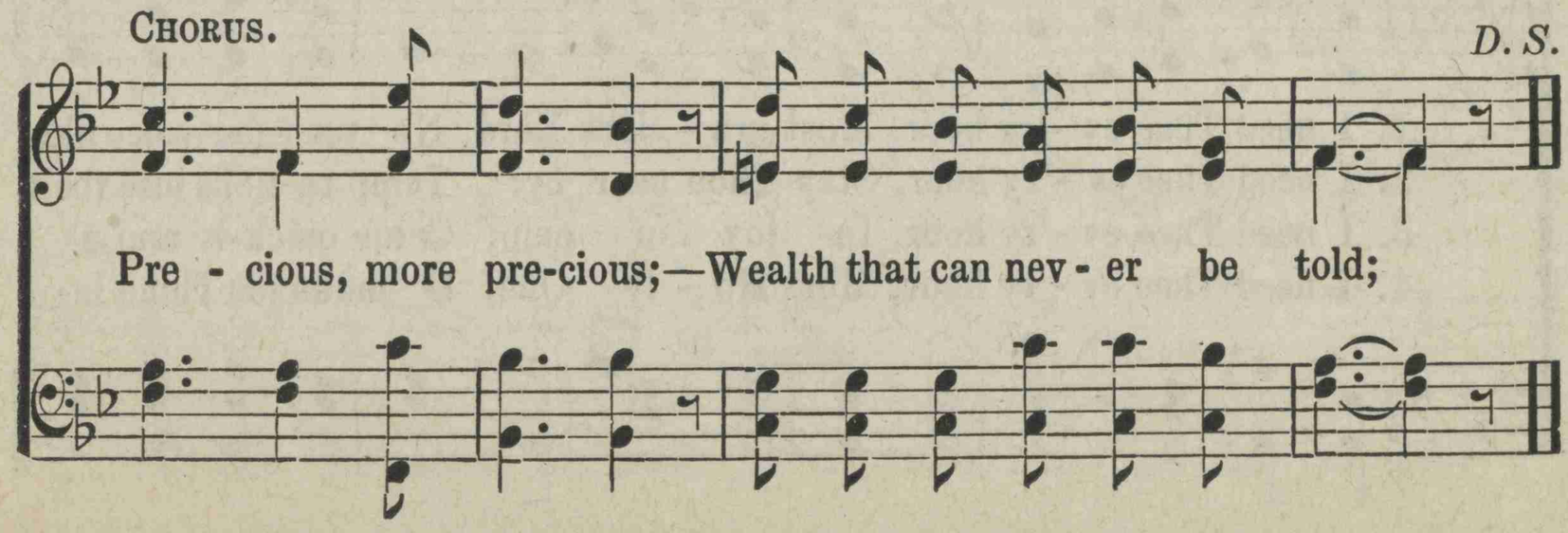
F. J. C. COPYPIGHT, 1882, BY JOHN J. HOOD. Jno. R Sweney.



1. O the unsearcha-ble rich - es of Christ!—Wealth that can never be told;—
2. O the unsearcha-ble rich - es of Christ, Who shall their greatness de-clare!
3. O the unsearcha-ble rich - es of Christ, Free-ly, how free - ly they flow;
4. O the unsearcha-ble rich - es of Christ! Who would not glad - ly en - dure

Rich - es ex-haust-less of mer-cy and grace, Precious, more precious than gold!
Jew-els whose lus - tre our lives may a-dorn, Pearls that the poorest may wear.
Mak - ing the souls of the faith-ful and true Hap - py wher-ev - er they go.
Tri - als, af - flic-tions, and cross-es on earth, Rich - es like these to se - cure!



D.S.—O the un-search-a - ble rich - es of Christ! Precious, more precious than gold.



Pre - cious, more pre-cious;—Wealth that can nev - er be told;

No. 137. Give Me Jesus.

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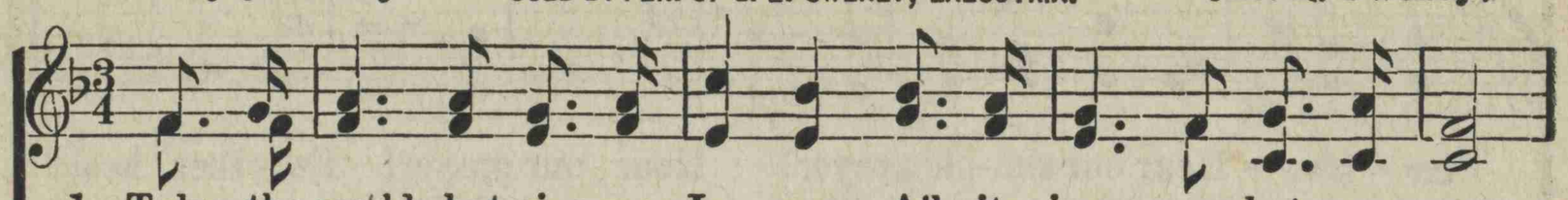
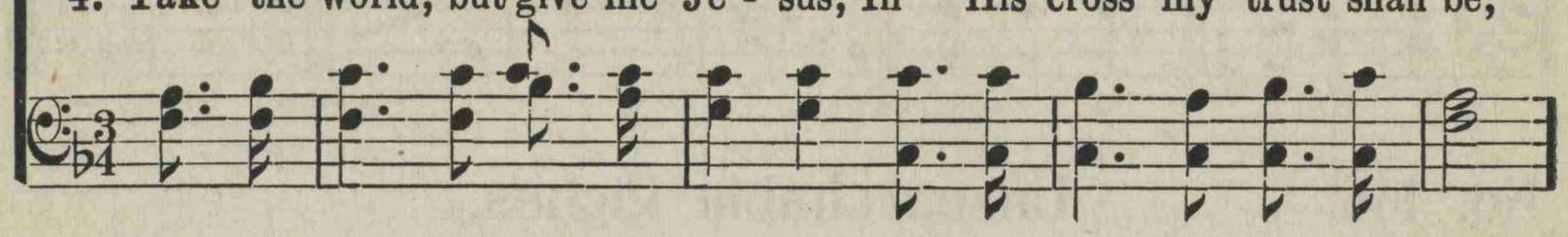
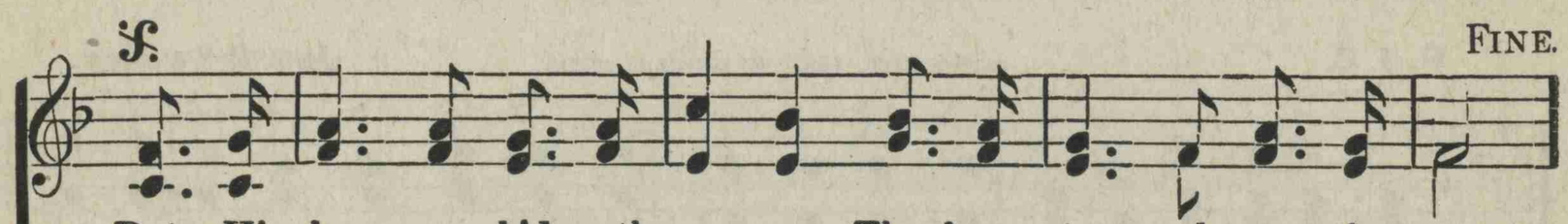
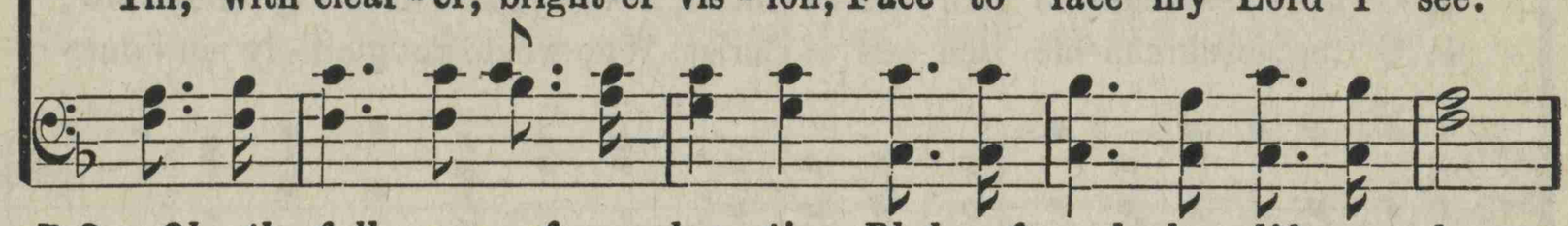
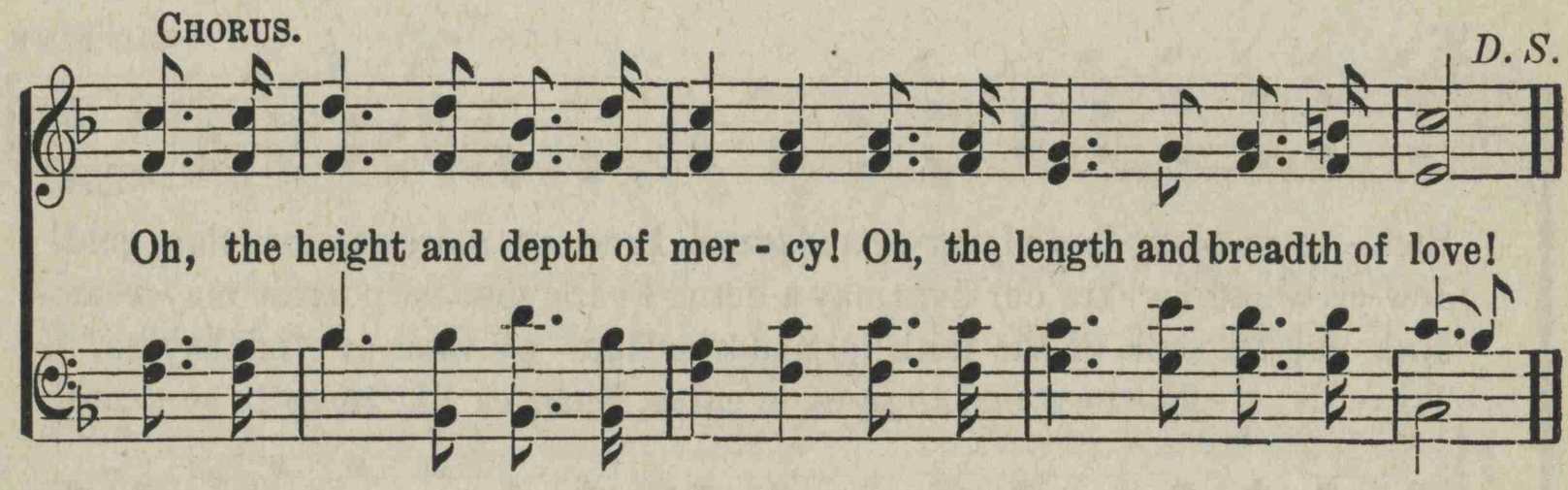
Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus,—All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweet-est com - fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view His con-stant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, In His cross my trust shall be;

FINE.

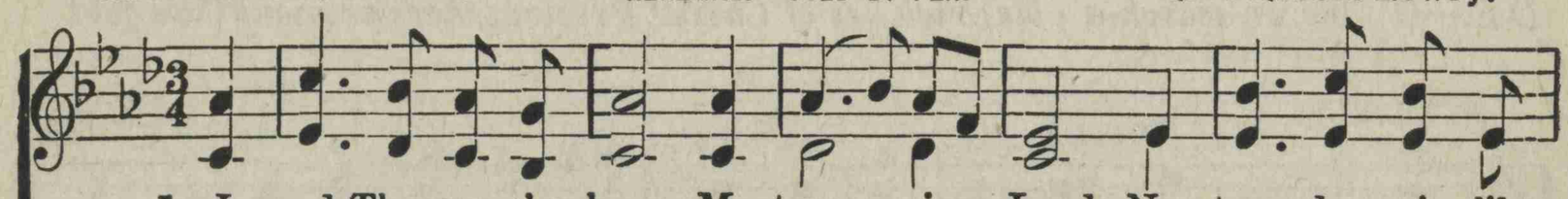
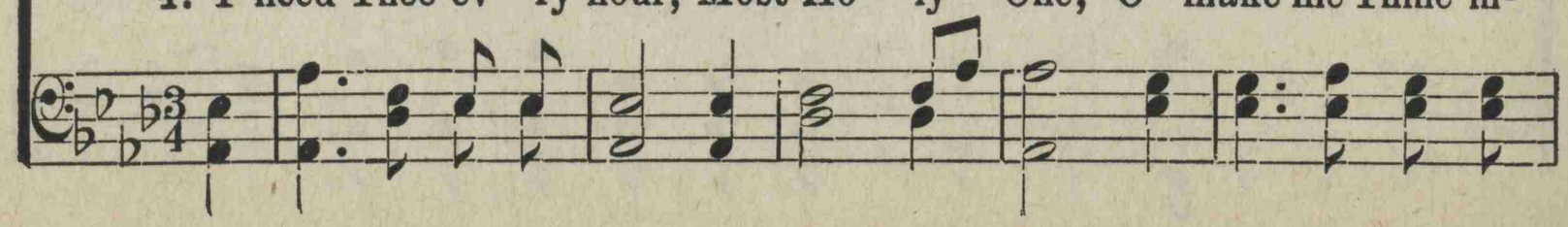
But His love a - bid - eth ev - er, Thro' e - ter - nal years the same.
With my Sav - ior watch-ing o'er me, I can sing tho' bil - lows roll.
Then thro'-out my pil - grim jour-ney Light will cheer me all the while.
Till, with clear - er, bright-er vis - ion, Face to face my Lord I see.

D.S.—Oh, the full - ness of re-demp-tion, Pledge of end - less life a - bove!

CHORUS.

D. S.

Oh, the height and depth of mer - cy! Oh, the length and breadth of love!

No. 138. I Need Thee Every Hour.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PER.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. I need Thee ev -'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev -'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev -'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
4. I need Thee ev -'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-

I Need Thee Every Hour.

CHORUS.

Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev-'ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless - ed Son.

need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!

No. 139. I'll Live For Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY R. E. HUDSON.
USED BY PER.

R. E. Hudson. C. R. Dunbar.

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

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

Chorus D. S.

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

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

No. 140. Mother's Prayer.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL.

W. H. Gardner. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. H. Packard.

1. Of all the pray'rs that up-ward rise, Un - to the Fa-ther's lov - ing ear;
2. A moth-er's pray'r, the err-ing one Can reach, tho' far a-cross the sea;
3. That way-ward boy, she ne'er for-gets, Is streghthened by her heart's appeal;
4. Tho' friends forsake, a mother's love Will fol - low where-so-e'er he roam;

There's none beside a moth-er's grief, He bends more ten-der - ly to hear.
Her lov-ing heart his wrongs for-give How-ev - er great his wrongs may be.
As oft he thinks of days gone by, When at her side he used to kneel.
Her pray'rs will reach the Father's throne And some day bring the wand'rer home.

CHORUS.

Oh, the love,..... the heart's despair, Ut-tered in a mother's

Oh, the love, the heart's despair,

pray'r! How the bit - ter teardrops flow, As she tells to God her woe, Ask-ing

Him..... for strength to bear, All her sor - row, all her care.

Asking Him for strength to bear,

Chorus Selections

No. 141. O Paradise!

F. W. Faber. BY PERMISSION. Joseph Barnby.

1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest!
2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! The world is grow-ing old;
3. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! I want to sin no more;
4. Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a - dise! O keep me in Thy love,

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;
Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold;
I want to be as pure on earth As on Thy spot-less shore;
And guide me to that hap - py land Of per - fect rest a - bove;

CHORUS.

Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,
Where loy - al hearts and true,
All rapt-ure thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight?

No. 142. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

To Prof. Chas. F. Allen.

Sabine Baring-Gould. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL. **E. O. Excell.**

1. On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! March - ing as to
2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa - tan's host doth
3. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the church of
4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py

war, With the cross of Je - sus
flee; On, then, Chris - tian sol - diers,
God; Broth - ers, we are tread - ing
throng, Blend with ours your voic - es

Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun - da - tions
Where the saints have trod; We are not di-
In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;.....
quiv - er At the shout of praise; .....
vid - ed, All one bod - y we,.....
hon - or Un - to Christ the King, ...

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ners go!
Broth-ers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your an - thems raise.
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' count-less a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.

Arthur S. Sullivan.

On-ward, Christian sol - diers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. INTERLUDE.

No. 143. Marching in His Name.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Charlotte G. Homer. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Like an ar - my we are mov - ing Stead - i - ly, and at com-mand,
2. Ma - ny foes concealed a - bout us, Would in-vade our ranks to - day,
3. In the light our ban - ner gleaming, Fills the heart with love and cheer,

Thro' a strange and hos - tile coun-try, To a bet - ter, bright-er land;
And with sub - tile ag - i - ta - tion, Seek to turn us from the way;
And the voice of our Re - deem - er, Qui - ets ev - 'ry doubt and fear;

Full e-quip'd, cour-age-ous, loy - al, With the gos - pel firm - ly shod,
But our Lead-er, on be - fore us, All their se - cret cun-ning knows,
Shoulder pressed to shoulder ev - er, With a tramp, tramp, tramp we move,

We are march-ing on to glo - ry, To the cit - y of our God.
And His wis - dom is for - ev - er Proof a-gainst the chief of foes.
On - ward, up - ward to the cit - y Built for us thro' Je - sus' love.

Marching in His Name.

CHORUS.

With a firm de - term - i - na - tion, And a trust that shall not wane,

For the King we have en - list - ed, And are march-ing in His train;

Our song of joy is ev - er ring-ing, while mov-ing up the great high-way

To a cit - y bright, e - ter - nal, In a land of cloud-less day,

land of cloud-less day,

To a cit - y bright e - ter - nal, In a land of cloud - less day.

No. 144. A Song of Victory.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Charlotte G. Homer — Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Loud - ly un - to the world is a cho - rus re - sound - ing,
2. Press - ing on to the bat - tle, each sol - dier re - joic - es,
3. Glo - ry! glo - ry to God in the high - est for - ev - er!

From the hosts of the Lord as they march a - long,
Sing - ing joy - ful - ly un - to the gra - cious King,
For the King in His beau - ty shall yet ap - pear;

Rich in har - mo - ny, send - ing the ech - oes re - bound - ing,
Earth is join - ing her praise with the tu - mult of voic - es,
Shout a - loud, for Je - ho - vah, our God, will de - liv - er;

Swell - ing might - i - ly from the vic - to - rious throng.
While the arch - es of heav - en with mu - sic ring.
His the bat - tle, and vic - to - ry draw - eth near.

A Song of Victory.

CHORUS.

Vic - to - ry! rings aloud the bat-tle cry, bat - tle cry! Till the glad

Vic - to - ry! vic-to-ry! rings aloud the bat - tle cry, . . . Un - til the glo-ri-ous

echoes reach the vaulted sky, vaulted sky; O'er the world be un - furled

ech-oes reach the vault - ed sky; . . . . O - ver the world now be unfurl'd His

now His flag from shore to shore; Loy - al, true, in the ranks each

flag from shore to shore; , ... Loy - al and true, in the ranks each faith - ful

soldier stands, bravely stands, Glad - ly His will o - bey - ing in whate'er

sol - - - dier stands, ... Glad-ly o - bey - ing in what-so - ev - er He . . . com -

He commands; He the King, the kingdom His for - ev - er - more.

mands; . . . . . He is the King, and the king - dom His for - ev - er - more.

No. 145. Victory.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

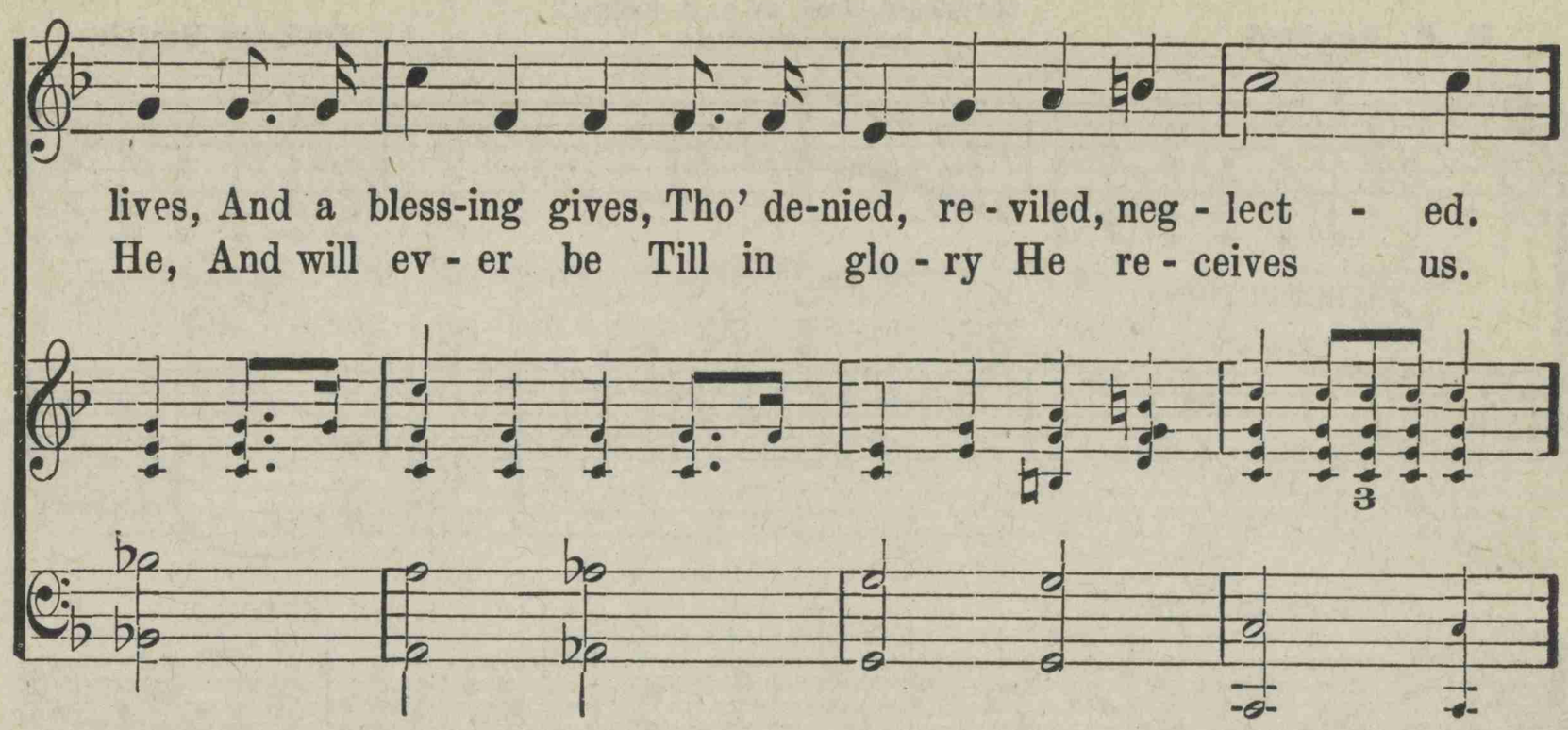
1. "Vic-to-ry!" is the song ech-o-ing loud and long From the redeemed of
2. "Vic-to-ry!" o-ver sin, Pow-er and zeal to win Souls to the light from

ev-'ry na-tion; Let the pae-an ring Of the conq'ring King Who hath
dark-ness drear-y Doth He free-ly give All who will receive, And the

brought so great sal-va-tion; Vic-to-ry in His name, Who a Re-deem-er
work is nev-er wea-ry; Vic-to-ry for the right, Patience to win the

came Un-to His own, to be re-ject-ed! Yet to day He
fight Faith-ful-ly day by day, He gives us; Our De-fence is

Victory.


lives, And a bless-ing gives, Tho' de-nied, re - viled, neg - lect - ed.
He, And will ev - er be Till in glo - ry He re - ceives us.
3
CHORUS.
Sing the sto - ry, Tell His glo - ry Un - til earth re-
Sing, O sing!
Sing, O sing!
ech - oes with His praise! Come be - fore Him! Laud, a - dore Him,
Sing, O sing!
Sing, sing!
1
2
Loud anthems of joy let us raise; Loud an-thems of joy let us raise.

No. 146. Crown Him King of Kings.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. E. Rexford. DeLoss Smith.

INTRODUCTION.

VOICES IN UNISON.

1. Crown Him, crown Him with glo - ry the King of kings;
2. He who reigns o'er the king-doms of earth to - day,
3. Praise Him, praise Him, the King on the great white throne;

Praise and hom - age each heart as its trib - ute brings;
Sends His bless-ings to those in the heav'n - ward way;
Love Him, serve Him, who rul - eth by love a - lone;

Sing, O earth, and u - nite in the might - y re - frain—
Sing we prais-es with hearts that with love o - ver - flow—
Up to heav - en the shout of the glo - ri - fied rings—

Crown Him King of Kings.

Christ, our Re-deem-er and King, will for-ev-er reign!
Glo-ry to Je-sus who con-quers our ev-'ry foe!
Laud and a-dore Him, and crown Him the King of kings!

CHORUS.

Sing ho-san-nas, loud let the joy-ful an-thems ring,
Laud and wor-ship Him whom the an-gels a-dore!
Crown Him, crown Him, Sav-ior, Re-deem-er and King,
Glo-ry to God in the high-est— Glo-ry for-ev-er-more!

No. 147. Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett, BY PERMISSION. Jos. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore, The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of his love, And the

CHORUS.

pare us a dwell - ing place there.
sigh for the bless - ing of rest. In the sweet by - and-
bless - ings that hal - low our days.

In the sweet

by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore, In the

by-and - by, by - and - by;

sweet by - and-by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.

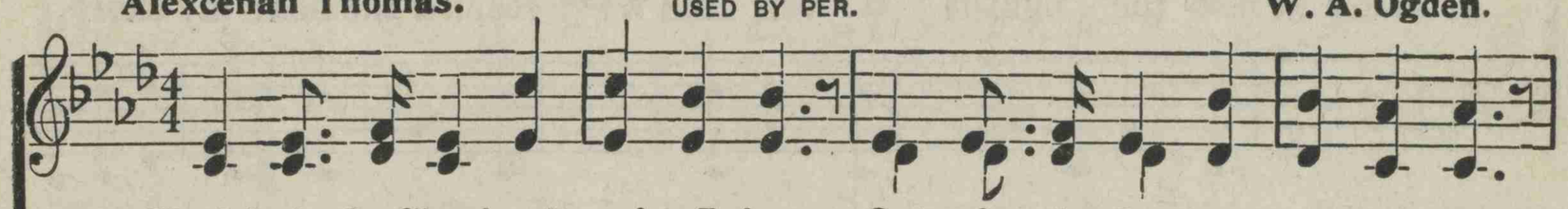
by-and-by by - and - by, by-and-by.

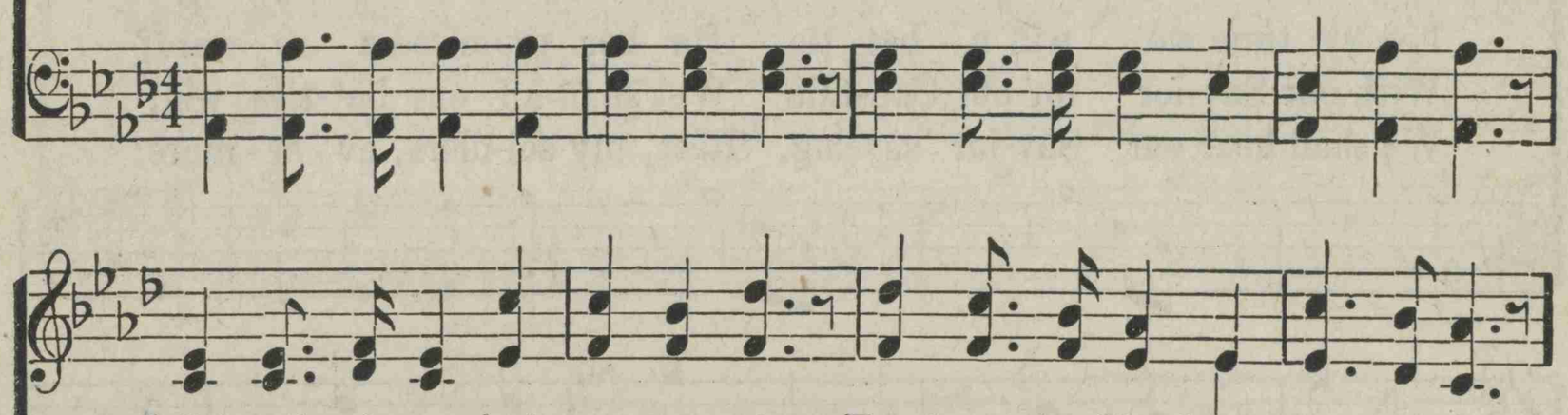
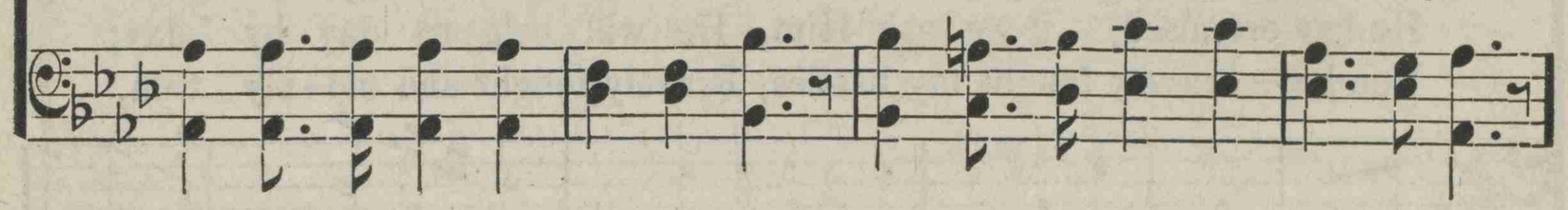
Childrens Songs

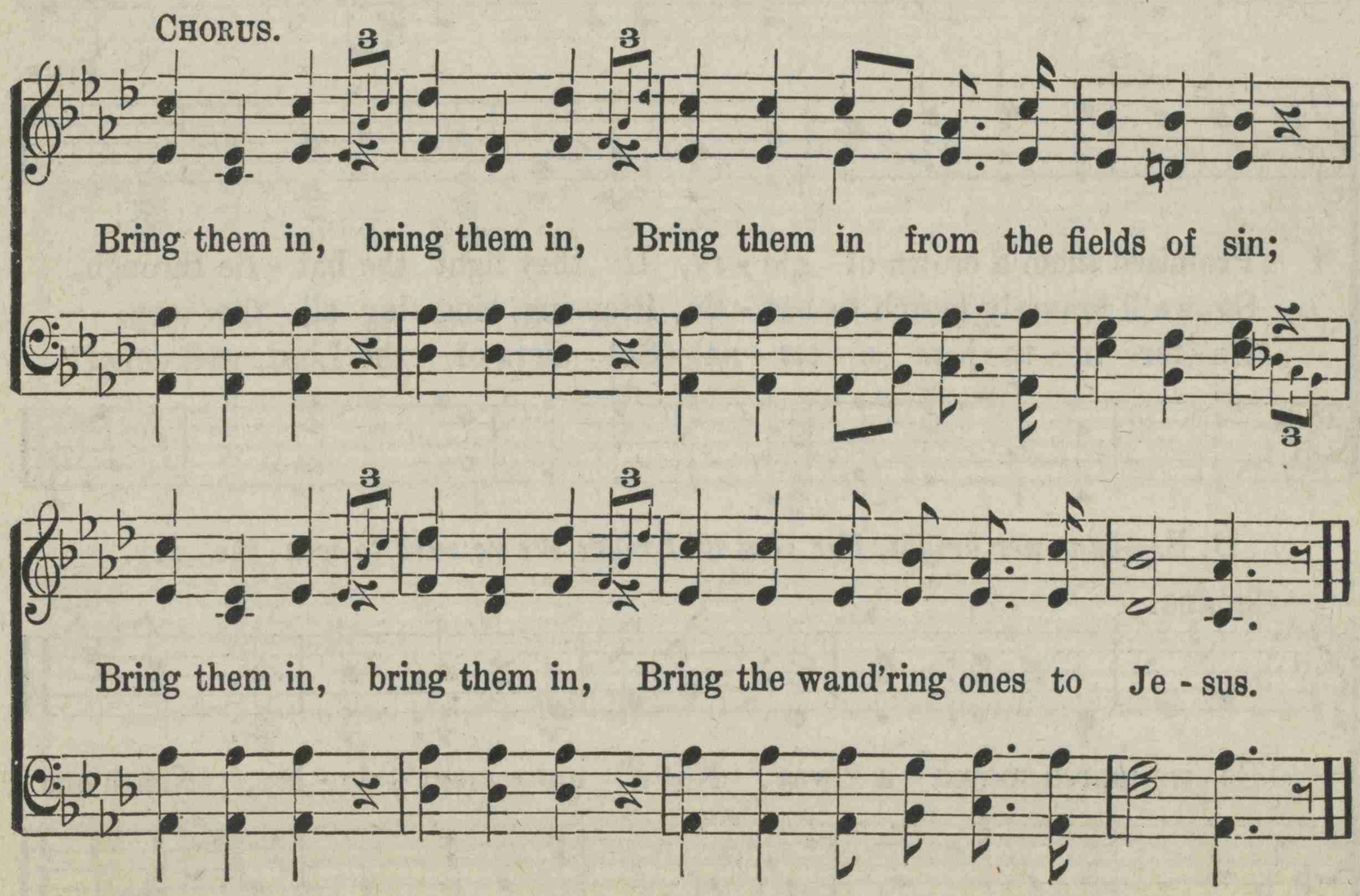
No. 148. Bring Them In.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. A. OGDEN.
USED BY PER.

Alexcenah Thomas. W. A. Ogden.



1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - est dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high,

Call-ing the sheep who've gone a - stray Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the fold?
Hark! 'tis the Mas-ter speaks to thee, "Go find my sheep wher-e'er they be."

CHORUS.



Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;

Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Je - sus.

No. 149. Little Soldiers.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Lena Thompson. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. We are sol-diers, lit-tle sol-diers, Fighting for our King and Lord;
2. We are sol-diers, lit-tle sol-diers, Bravely fight-ing ev-'ry sin;
3. When at last the fight is o-ver, And we've reach'd the heav'nly shore,

Ev-'ry time we win a bat-tle, He has promised a re-ward;
With our Sav-ior for our Cap-tain We shall all our bat-tles win;
We shall hear our Sav-ior say-ing, "Rest, my sol-diers, ev-er-more;

He has promised ev-'ry sol-dier, If they dare the right to do,
He has promised, if we ask Him, He will help us day by day;
You have bravely fought my battles, Bravely fought and no-bly won,

FINE.

Promised them a crown of glo-ry, If they fight the bat-tle through.
So we'll brave-ly march to bat-tle, Pray-ing, sing-ing all the way.
En-ter in-to joys e-ter-nal—Sol-diers of the Lord, well done!"

D. S.—*ban-ner bright, For God and right, We're sure to win the day.*

CHORUS.

So we march, march a-way, Not a mo-ment's de-lay, 'Neath our

No. 150. The Sunday School Brigade.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

James Rowe. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Sun-day School Brigade, Whether rain or shine we are al - ways on pa-rade; By our Sav - ior led, in the sun-shine of His love, We are march-ing on to the land of joy be - bove.
2. With the cross held high in the bless - ed gos - pel light, Eyes a - glow with love, as the sun our banner bright; Dreading not the storm, fear - ing not the wait - ing foe, Sing - ing songs of praise, on and on with Christ we go.
3. Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Sunday School Brigade, We would win that crown which will nev - er, nev - er fade; We will trust our King, wher-so-ev - er be the way, We will fol - low Him to the realm of end - less day.

CHORUS.

Marching on, on, on, on to glo - ry, Making known the blessed sto-ry,
Marching on, on, on, we're march-ing, Marching on, on, on, on, marching on,
There is joy, joy, joy for each girl and boy, In the Sun-day School Bri-gade.

No. 151. Little Sunbeams.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Eben E. Rexford, Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I think God gives the chil - dren, As thro' the land they go,
2. The clouds may hide the sun - shine Of heav - en from our sight,
3. Then let us live our mis - sion Of sun - beams day by day,

The most de - light - ful mis - sion That an - y one can know;
And life have much of sor - row To mar the heart's de - light;
And scat - ter joy and bright - ness A - bout us all the way;

He wants us to be sun - beams Of love, and hope, and cheer,
But if like faith-ful sun - beams, We chil - dren do our part,
Let's chase a - way life's shad - ows With lov - ing tho't and deed,

To bright - en up the shad - ows That oft - en gath - er here.
We'll bring a ray of bright - ness To ev - 'ry shadowed heart.
And be the sun - shine-mak - ers Of which the world has need.
D.S.–*In all life's shad - y pla - ces We shine as best we can.*

FINE.

CHORUS. D. S.

O we are lit - tle sun - beams, Sent down from God to man;

No. 152. What They Seem to Say.

Eleanor Allen Schroll. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Have you seen the sunbeams shin-ing, Shin - ing all a - long the way?
2. Have you heard the wild birds sing-ing, Sing - ing all a - long the way?
3. Have you seen the flow - ers grow-ing, Grow - ing all a - long the way?

Have you ev - er stopped to lis - ten What they al - ways seem to say?
Have you ev - er stopped to lis - ten What they al - ways seem to say?
Have you ev - er stopped to lis - ten What they al - ways seem to say?

Ev - 'ry beam of beau - ty gives us Just a glimpse of heav'n a - bove;
Ev - 'ry lit - tle song-ster gives us Just a glimpse of heav'n a - bove;
Ev - 'ry pret - ty blos-som gives us Just a glimpse of heav'n a - bove;

FINE.

Ev - 'ry lit - tle sunbeam whispers: God is wis-dom, God is love.
Ev - 'ry lit - tle wild bird whispers: God is wis-dom, God is love..
Ev - 'ry lit - tle flow - er whispers: God is wis-dom, God is love.

D. S.—*May the children's hearts re-ech - o: God is wis-dom, God is love.*

CHORUS. D. S.

God is wis-dom, God is love; Read it in the stars a - bove;

No. 153. Sunshine and Rain.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Had we on - ly sun-shine all the year a-round, With-out the bless-ing of re-fresh-ing rain,
2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the bur-den of our sin,
3. Can we prize the sun-shine and de-plore the rain, Re - pin - ing when the days are dark and drear?

Would we scatter seed up - on the fal-low ground, And hope to gather flow-ers, fruit and grain?
Would we know the sweetness of His love and care, Or e - ven strive e - ter-nal joys to win? Sun-shine and rain re-
Can we hope for pleasures, yet de-ny the pain, Or share the joys of life with-out the tear?

CHORUS.

Sun-shine and rain re-freshing, reviving rain, Light of faith and love, Showers from a-bove! Sunshine and
rain, to nourish the growing grain, Send us, Lord, the sunshine and the rain.

No. 154. I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Nellie Talbot. **E. O. Excell.**

1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin;
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;

In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Showing how pleasant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect - ing His good - ness, And al - ways shine for Him.
Serv-ing Him mo-ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.

CHORUS.

A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam;

A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun - beam for Him.

No. 155. The Children's Hosanna.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL,
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Neal A. McAuley — J. S. Fearis.

1. I dreamed one night, not long a - go, Of mansions in the skies, Where those who
2. And, as I mused, I heard a voice, In sweet-er tones than all, Di - rect-ing
3. And when from slumber I a-rose, To serve my Lord and King, I felt that

love the Lord ob-tain A rich and glo-rious prize; I saw a-mong the
Christian work - ers here, In words I now re - call, "For-bid them not," He
I the lit - tle lambs To Christ in love might bring; And then I cried for

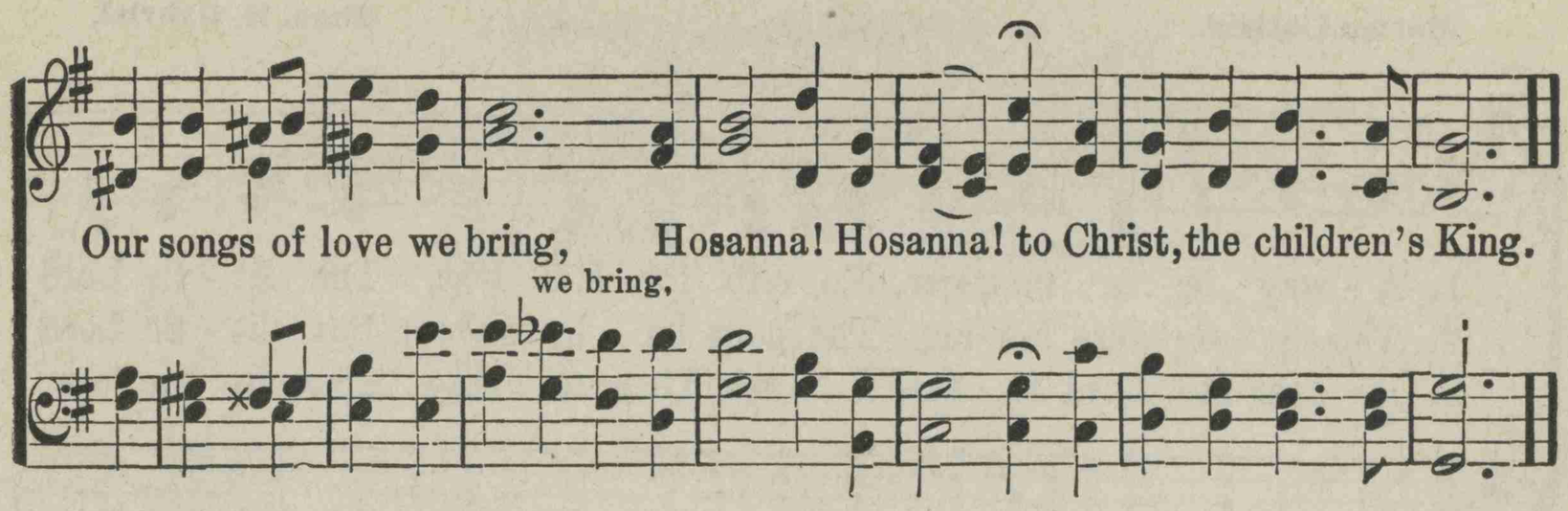
hap - py throng The children bright and fair; I heard their voices clear and sweet
gen - tly said, "The children bring to me, Their por-tion in the World of Light
dai - ly grace Their precious souls to cheer, Till they could sing like yonder choir

REFRAIN. *Faster.*

With mu - sic fill the air.
Redeemed shall ev - er be." Hosanna! Hosanna! Our songs of love we bring,
Ho-san-na! bright and clear. we bring

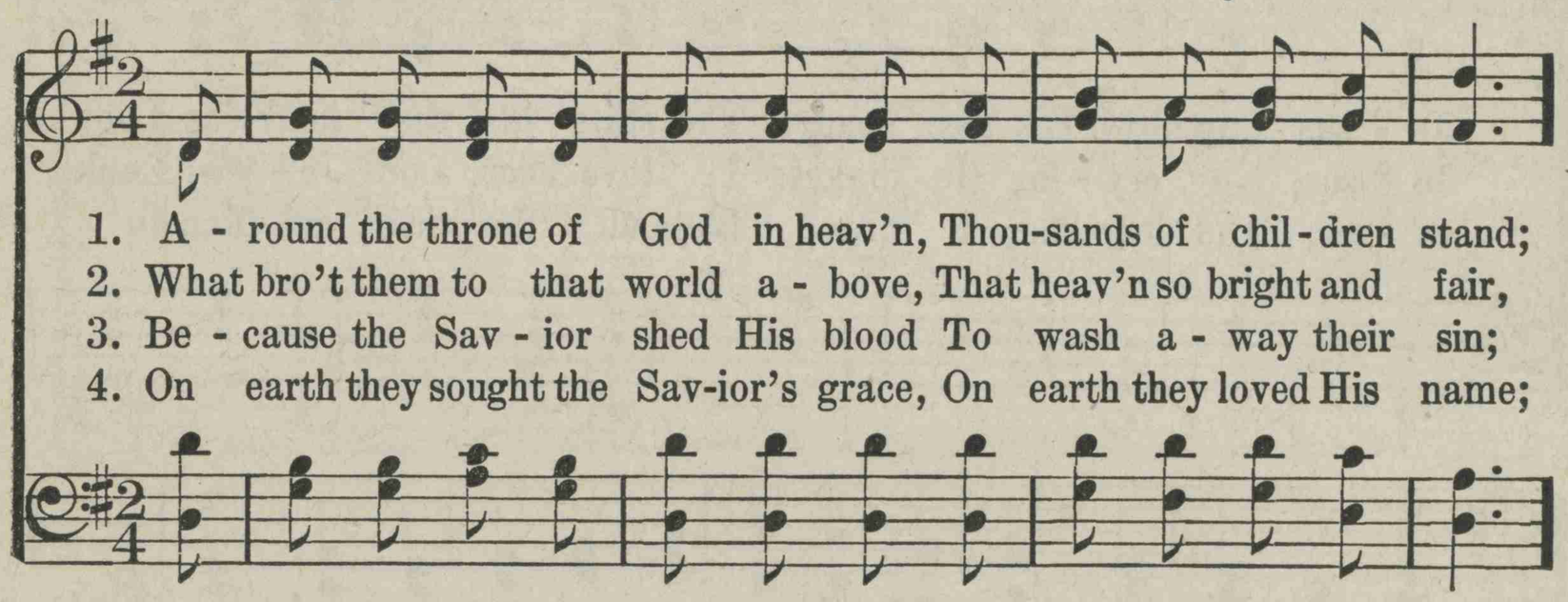
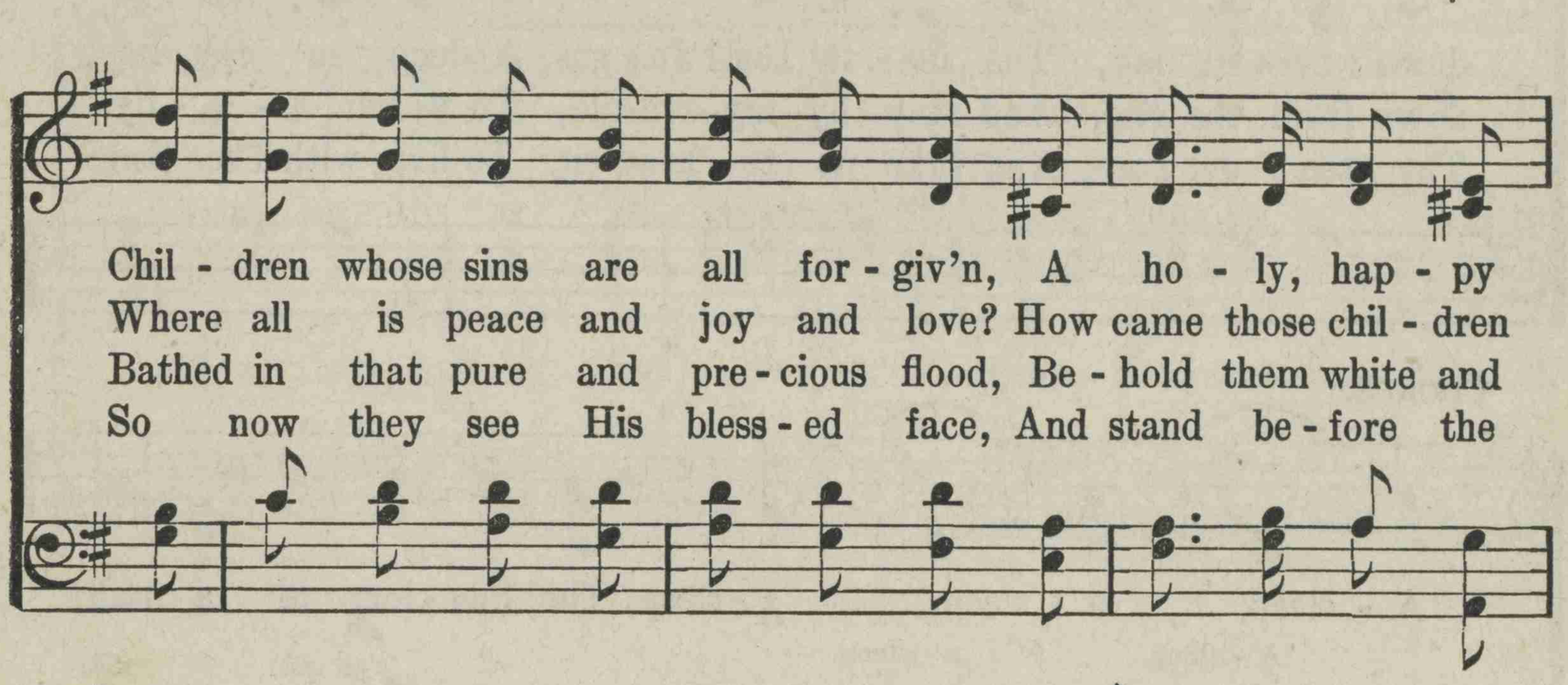
Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na! To Christ, the children's King; Ho-san-na! Ho - san-na!

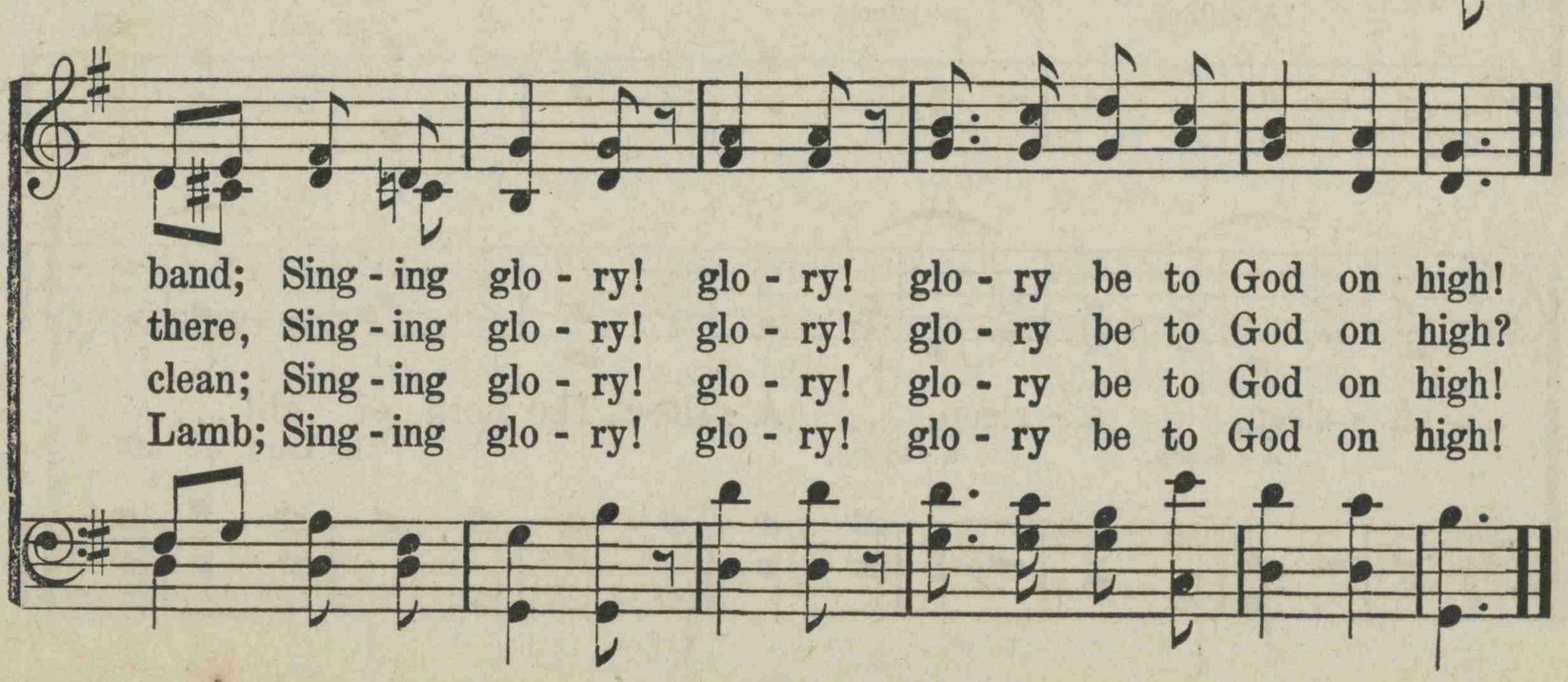
The Children's Hosanna.



No. 156. Around the Throne.

Annie H. Shepherd. **Henry E. Mathews.**





No. 157. Luther's Cradle Hymn.

Martin Luther.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A - way in a man-ger, No crib for His bed, The lit - tle Lord
2. The cat - tle were low-ing—The poor ba - by wakes: But lit - tle Lord
3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me for-

rit. *A tempo.*

Je - sus Lay down His wee head; The stars in the heav-ens Look'd
Je - sus, No cry - ing He makes: I love Thee, Lord Je - sus, Look
ev - er, And love me, I pray; Bless all the dear chil-dren In

down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, A-sleep on the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my cra-dle, To watch lul - la - by.
Thy ten - der care, And take us to heav-en, To live with Thee there.

CHORUS.

A - sleep, a - sleep, A - sleep, The Sav - ior, in a stall!
A - sleep, a - sleep,

A - sleep, a - sleep, A - sleep, The Lord of all! ....
A - sleep, a - sleep, The Lord of all!

No. 158. How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH. ANNE STEELE.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy
3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of
4. "When thro' fier - y tri - als thy path-way shall lie, My grace all suf-

faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to
God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strength - en thee, help thee, and
sor - row shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee thy
fi - cient shall be thy sup - ply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I

you He hath said To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
cause thee to stand, Up - held by my gra-cious, om - nip - o-tent hand.
tri - als to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re - fine."

No. 159. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Baring-Gould. **Arthur Sullivan.**

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol - diers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are tread - ing
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voic-es

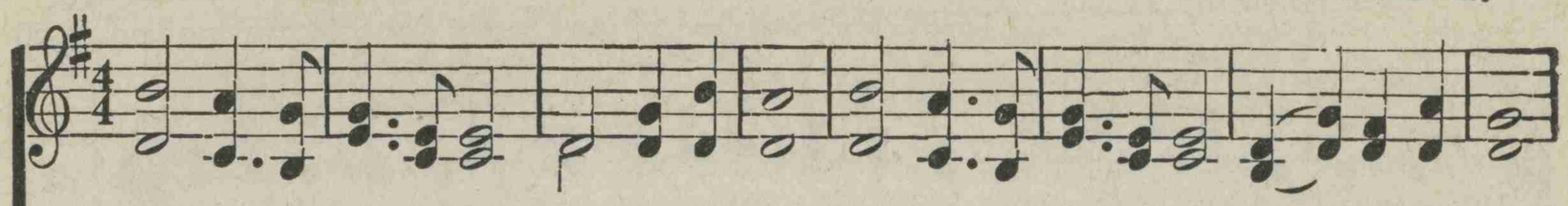
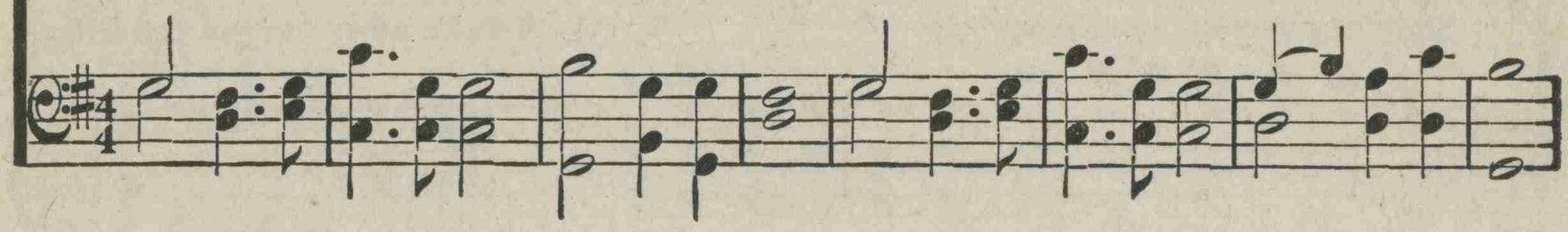
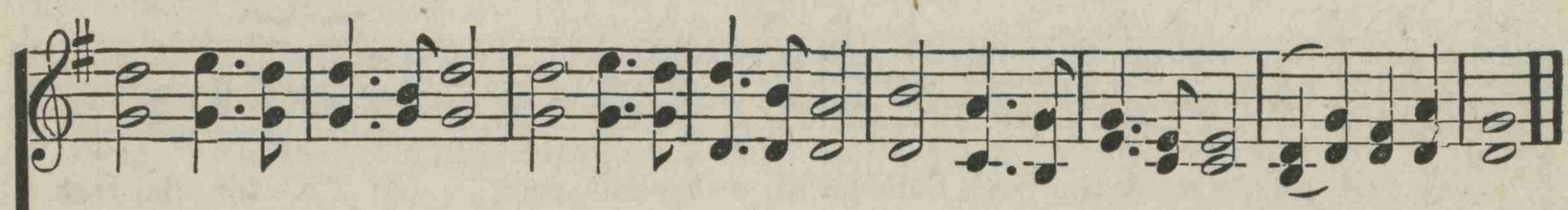
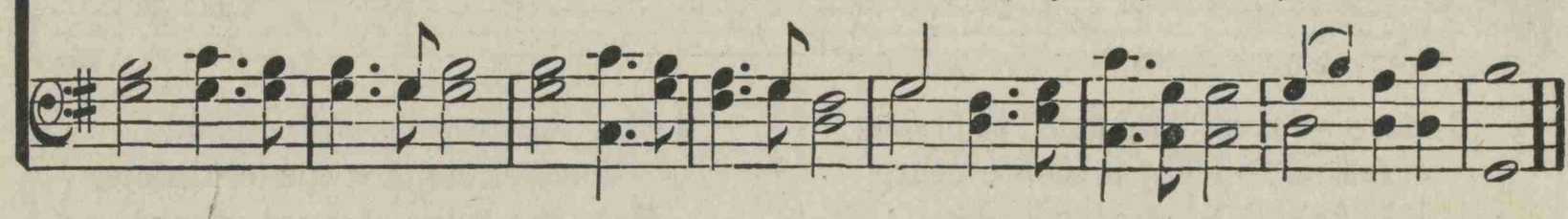
Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise,
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King,

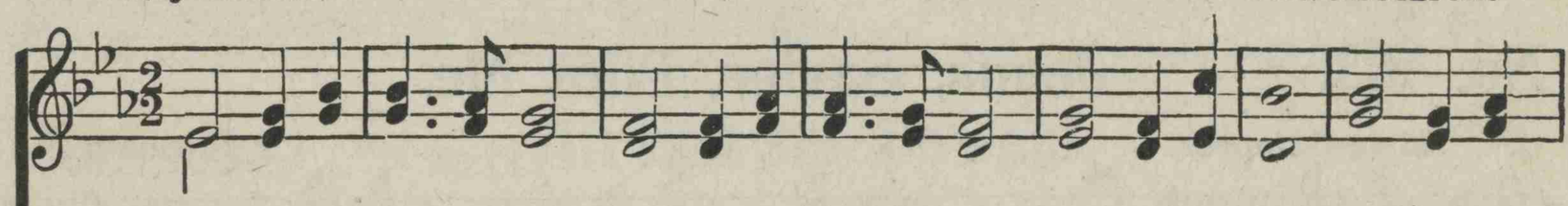
REFRAIN.

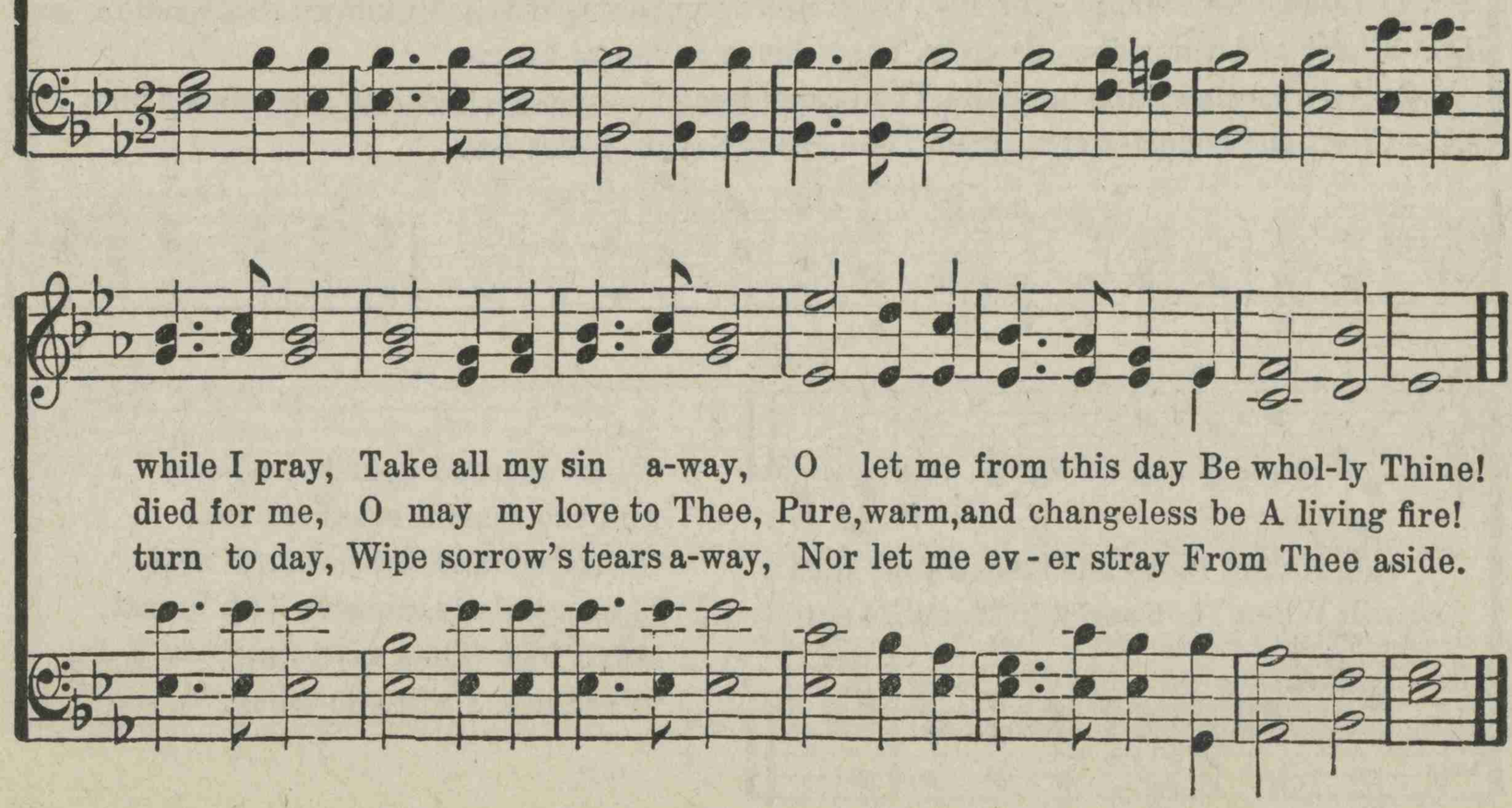
For-ward in - to bat - tle. See His ban-ner go!
Brothers, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise. Onward, Christian sol-diers!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' count-less a - ges Men and an-gels sing.

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be-fore.

No. 160. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

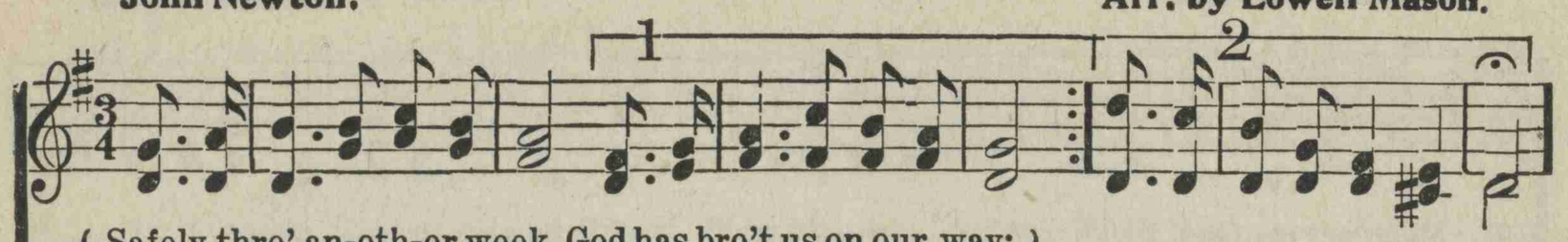
Sarah F. Adams. **Lowell Mason.**

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me;
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;

Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
An-gels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

No. 161. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. **Lowell Mason.**

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-ior di-vine; Now hear me while I pray, Take all my sin a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; 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 a-way, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee aside.



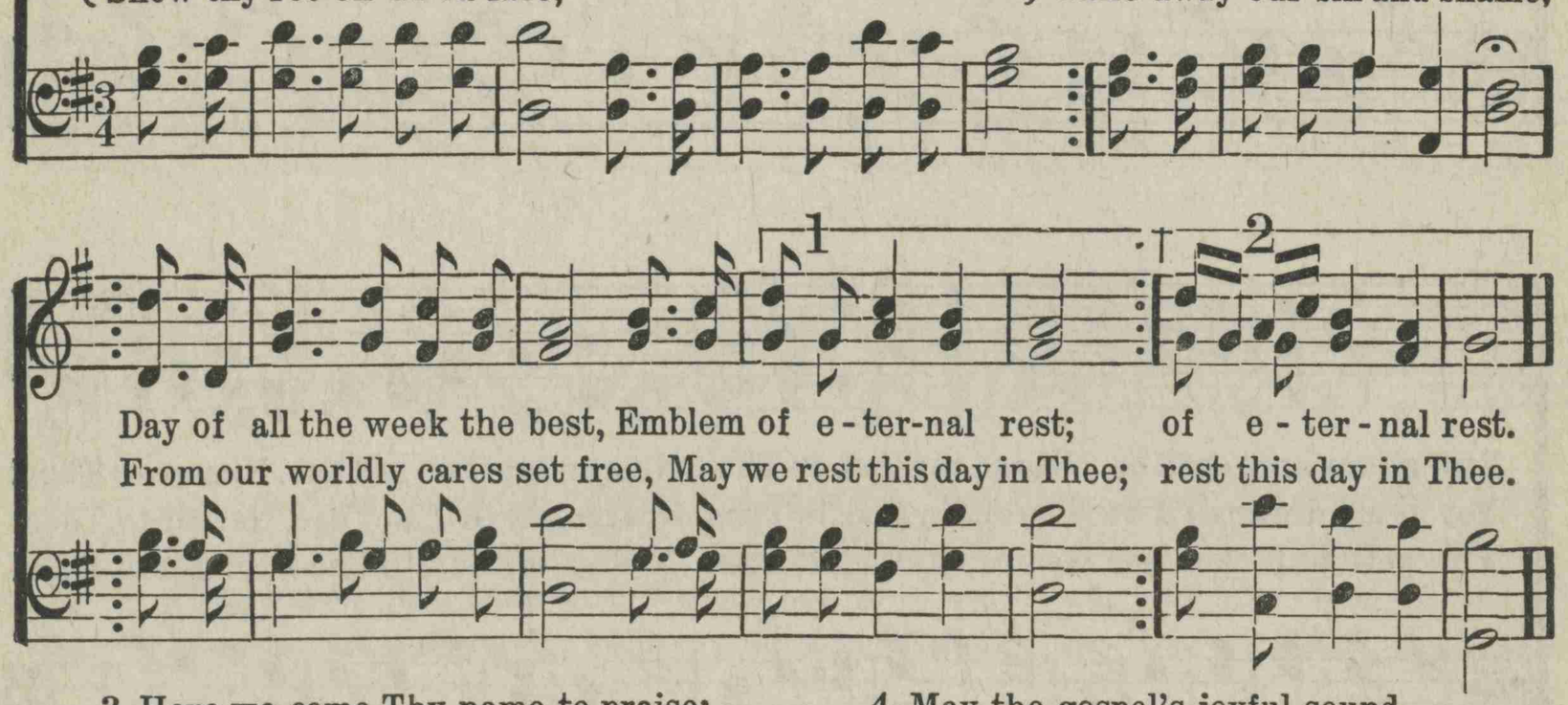
No, 162. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. **Arr. by Lowell Mason.**



1. { Safely thro' an-oth-er week, God has bro't us on our way; Let us now a blessing seek, } Waiting in His courts today.

2. { While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name, Show thy rec-on-cil-ed face, } Take away our sin and shame;

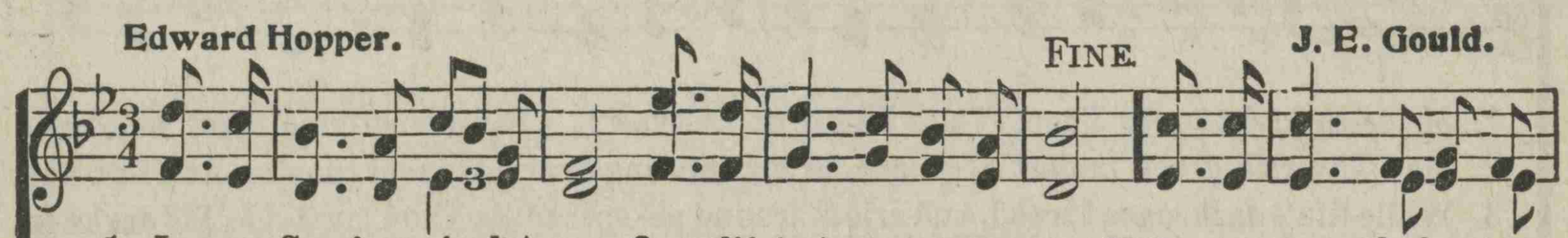


Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e-ter-nal rest; of e-ter-nal rest.
From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee; rest this day in Thee.

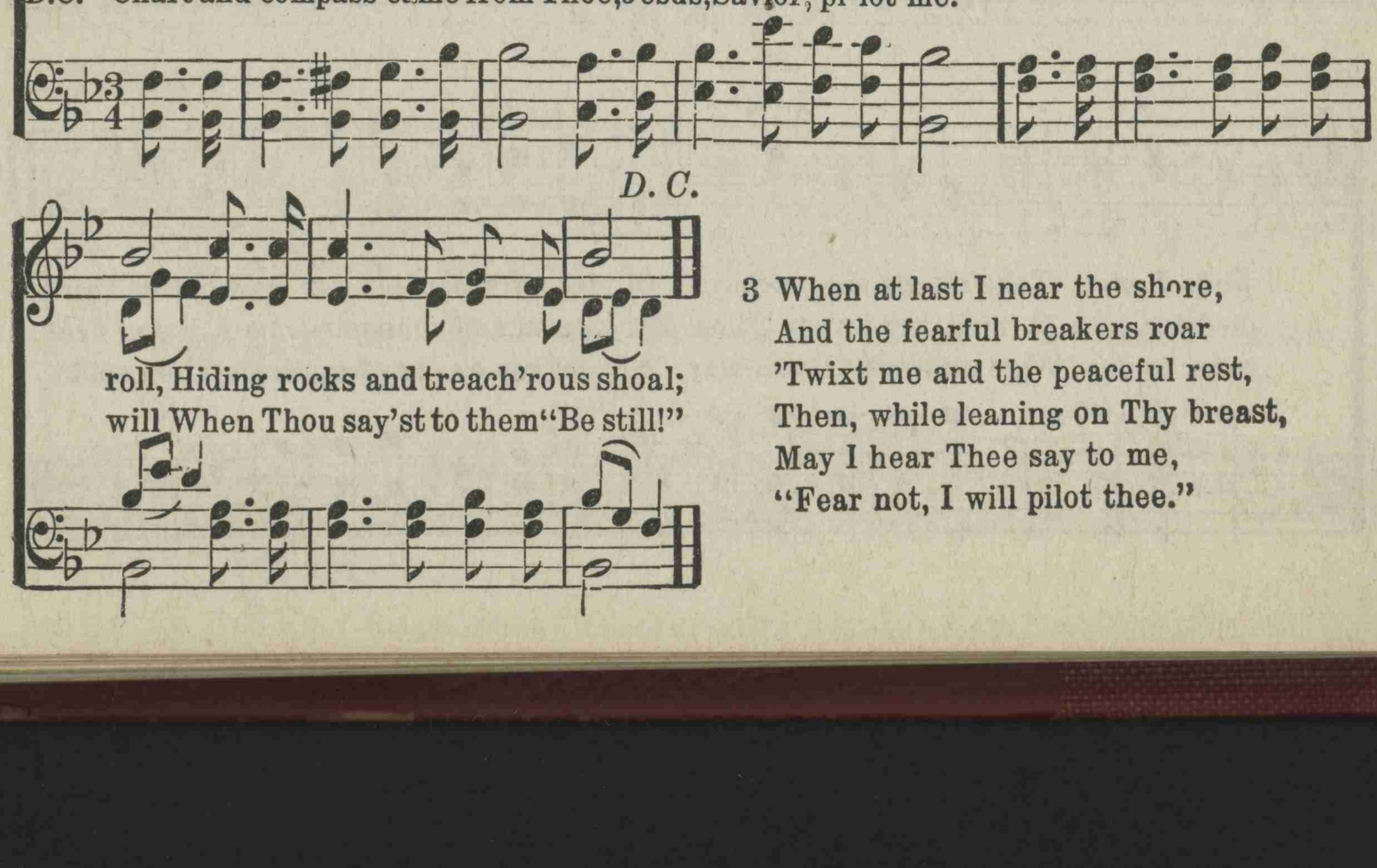
3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast,

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

No. 163. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. **J. E. Gould.**

1. Je-sus, Sav-ior, pi-lot me, Over life's tempestuous sea; Unknown waves before me
D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me.

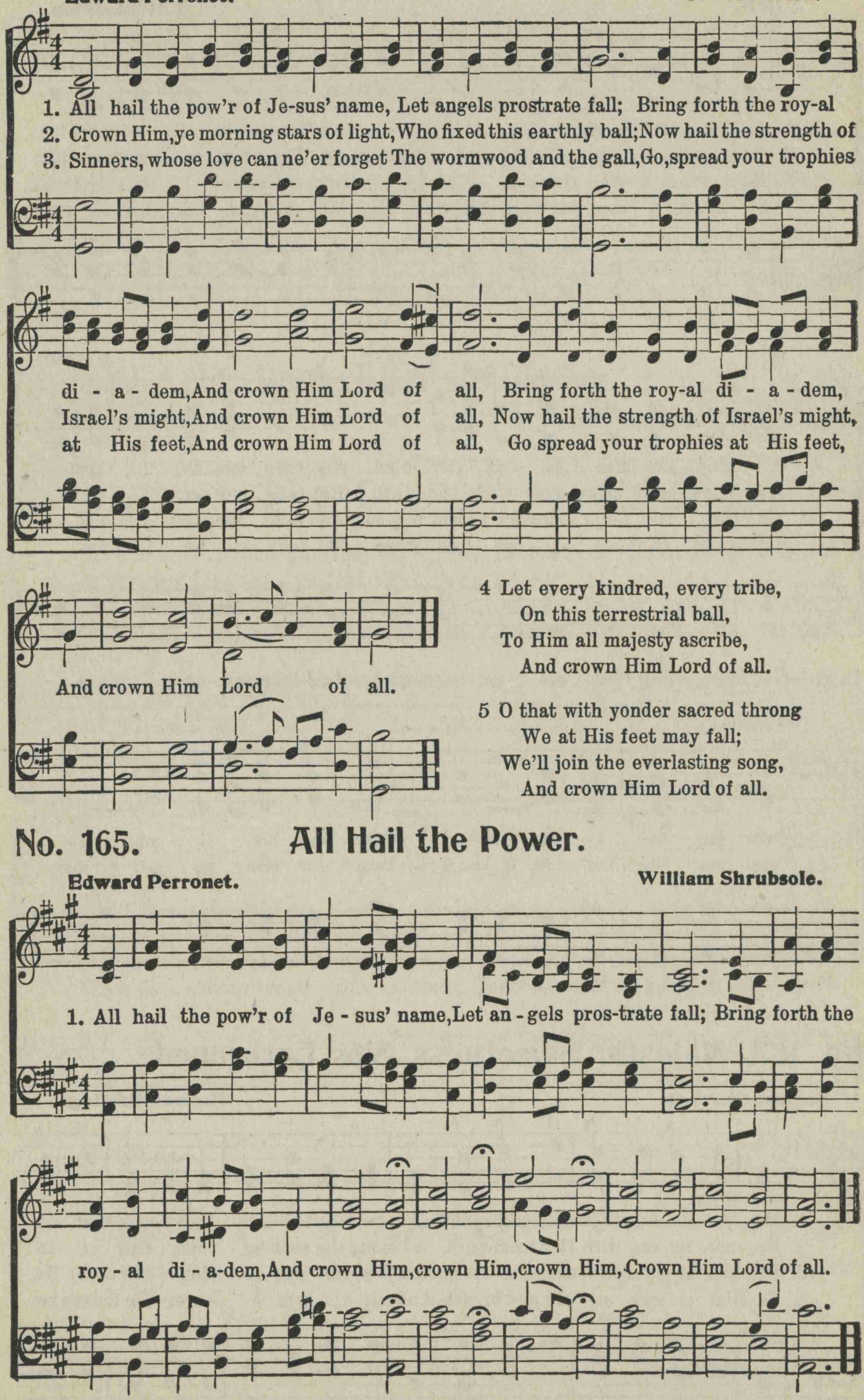
2. As a mother stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild; Boist'rous waves obey Thy
D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me.



roll, Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"

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

No. 164. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. **Oliver Holden.**

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 165. All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet. **William Shrubsole.**

No. 166. Take Me As I am.

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

1. Je - sus my Lord, to Thee I cry: Un - less Thou help me, I must die;
2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood for me was spilt:
3. No prep - a - ra - tion can I make, My best re-solves I on - ly break;
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove;

Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am.
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am.
But since to Thee I can - not move, Oh, take me as I am.

D. S.—*Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.*

CHORUS.

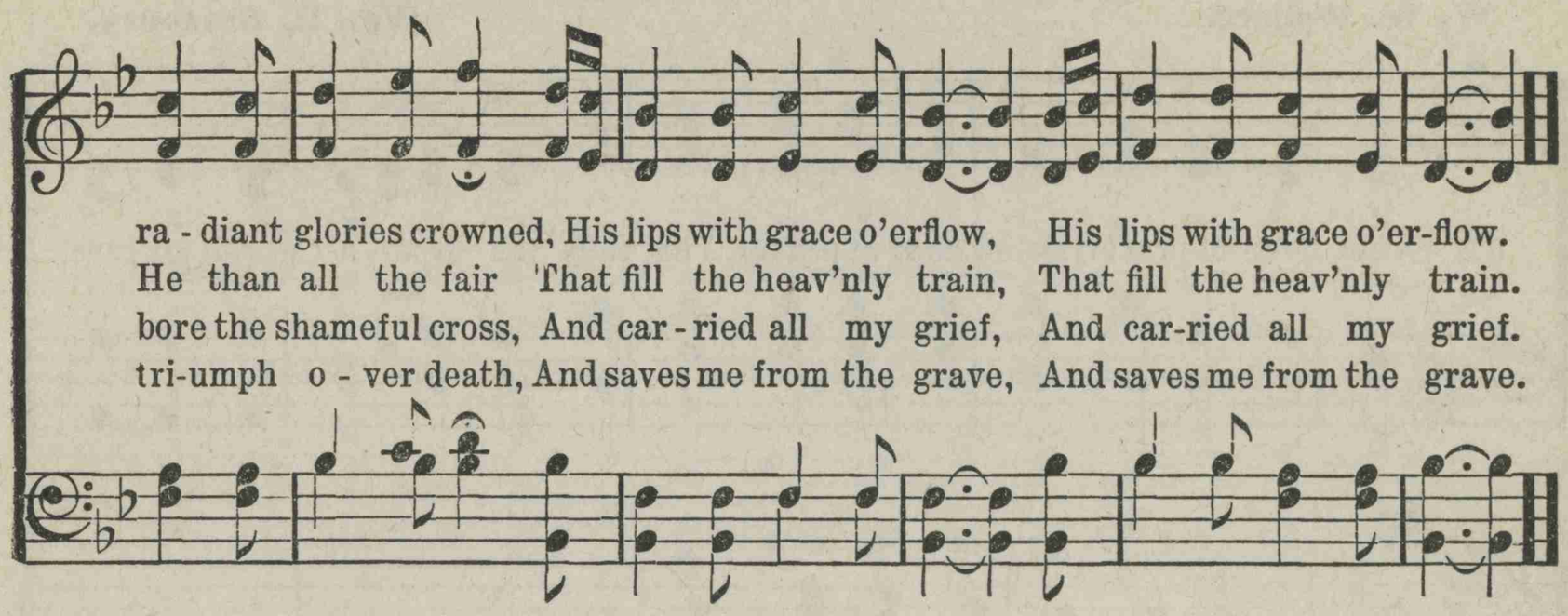
Take me as I am, . . . Take me as I am; . . .
Take me, take me as I am, Take me take me as I am;

No. 167. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

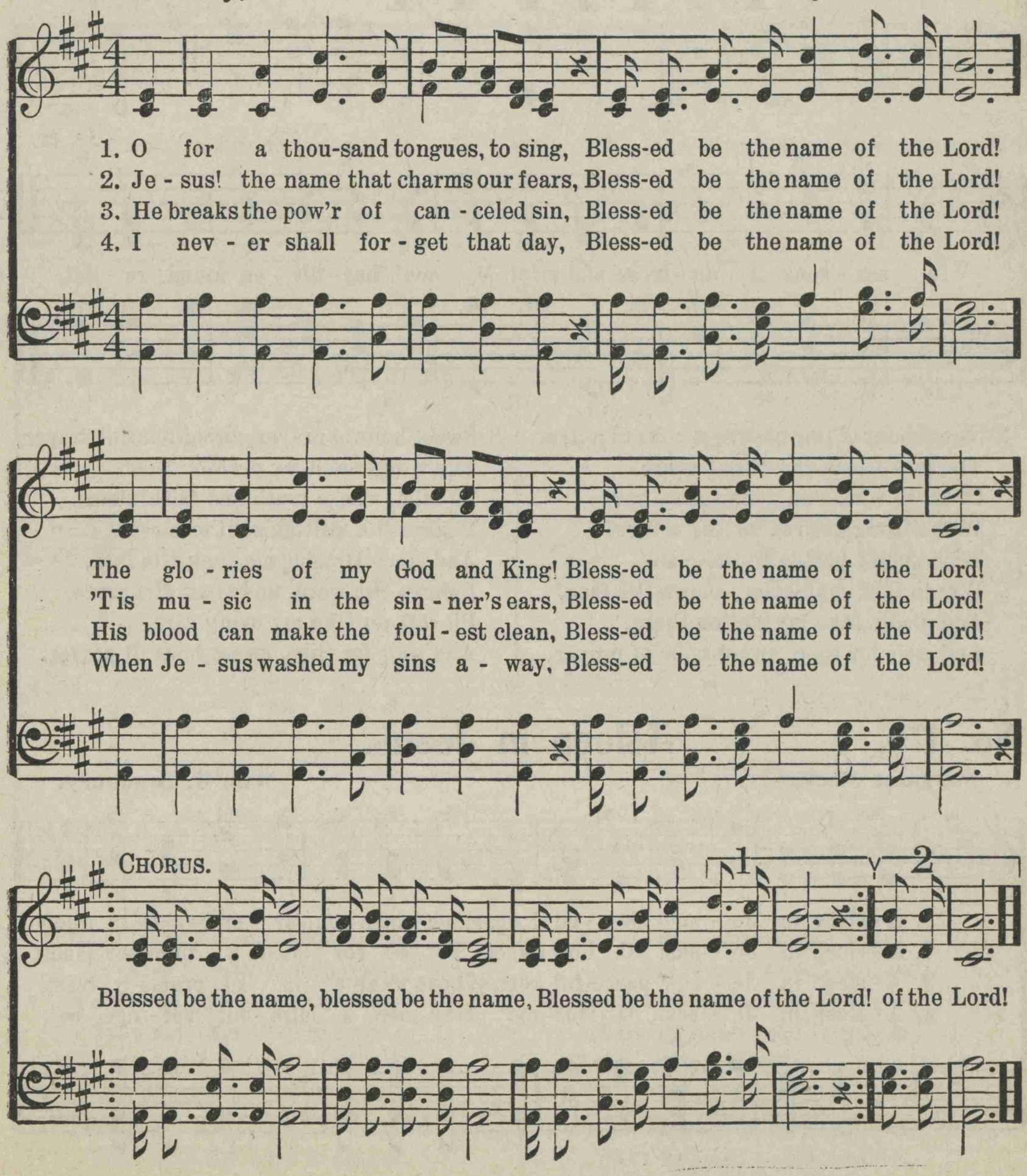
Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Sav-ior's brow; His head with
2. No mor - tal can with Him com-pare, A - mong the sons of men; Fair - er is
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me

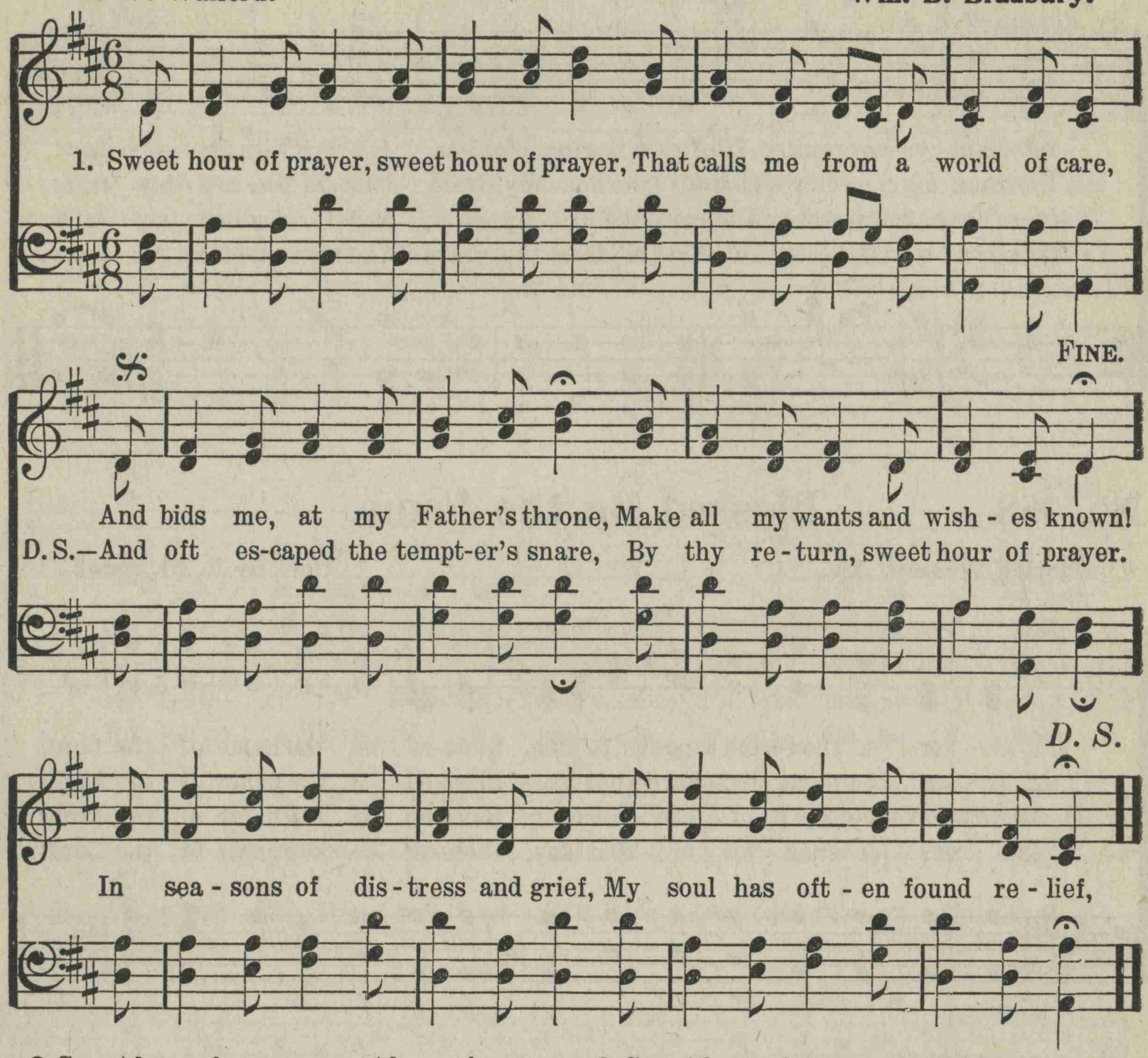
Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.



No. 168. Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt. **Har. by J. M. Hunt.**

No. 169. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.

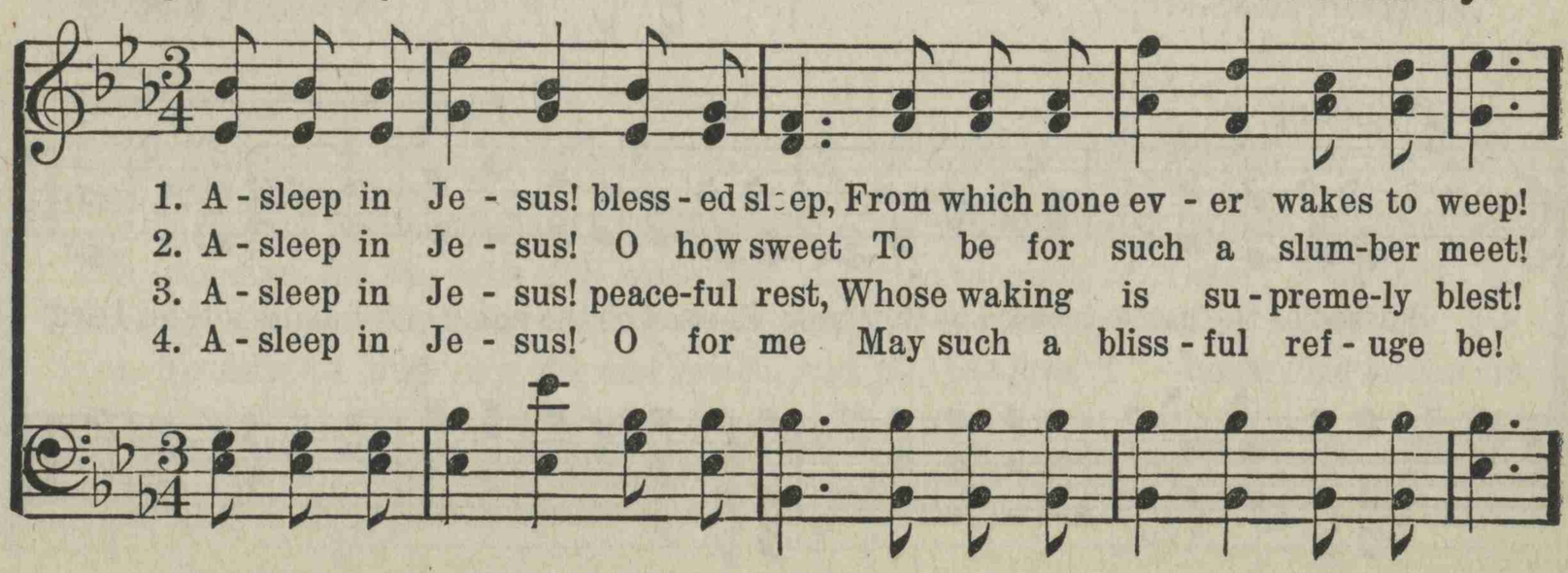


2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

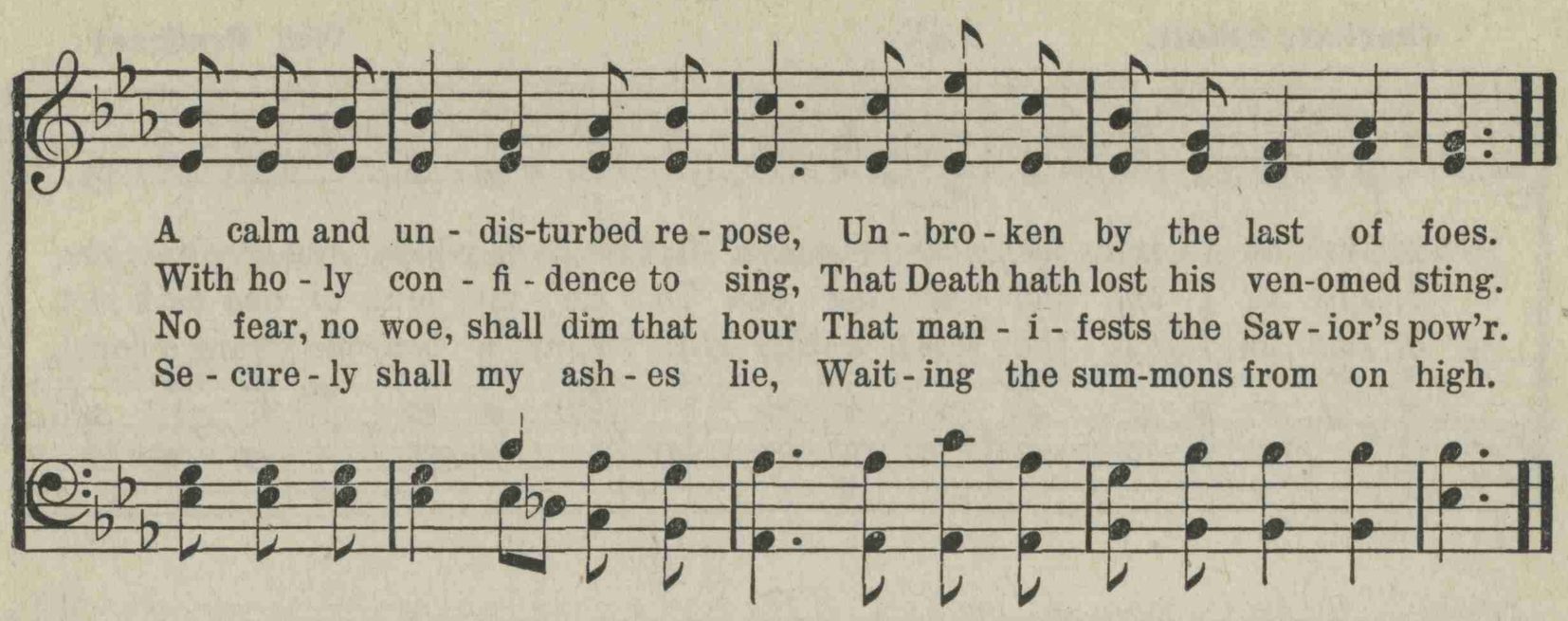
3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 170. Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. Wm. B. Bradbury.

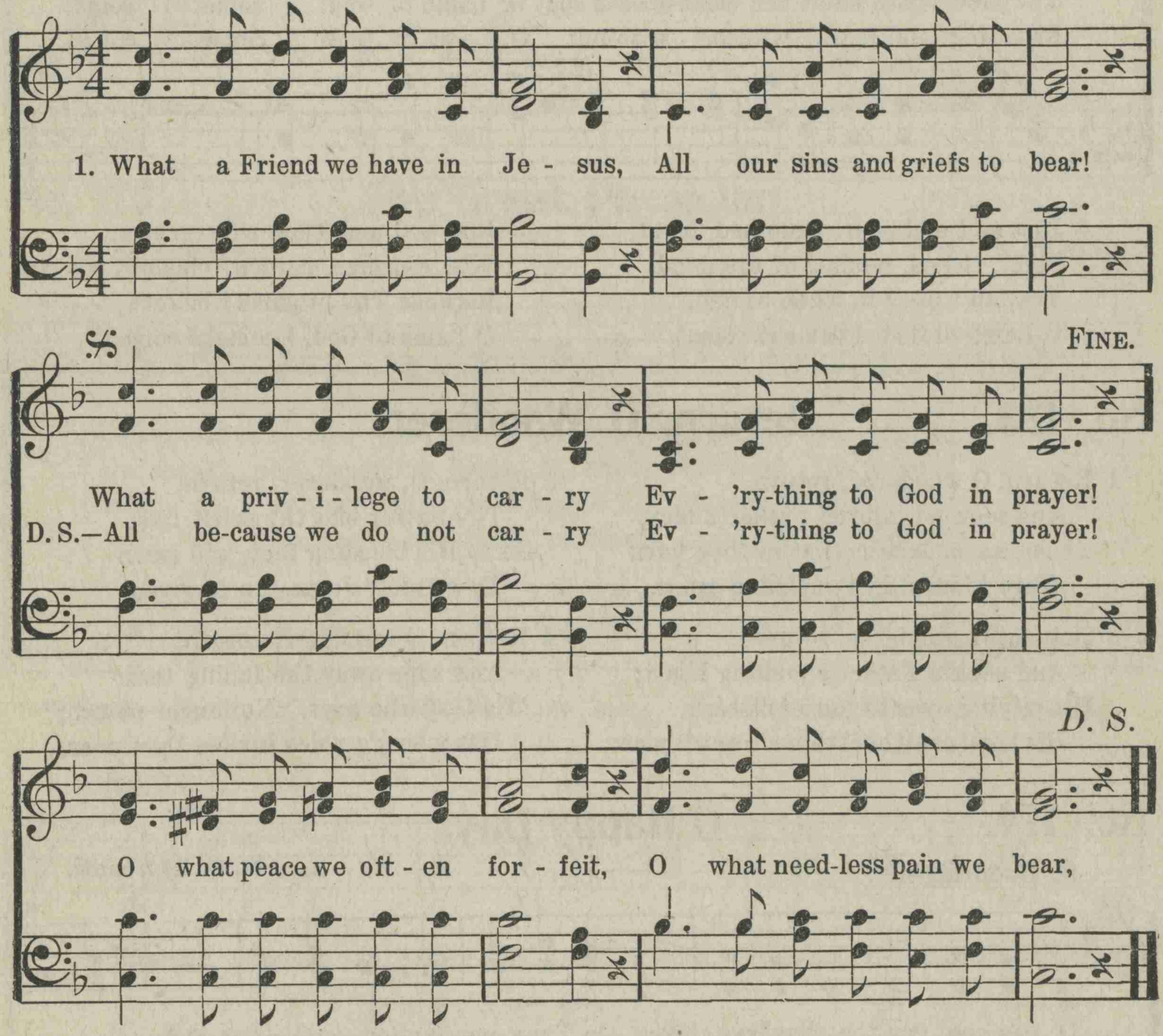


Asleep in Jesus.



No. 171. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.

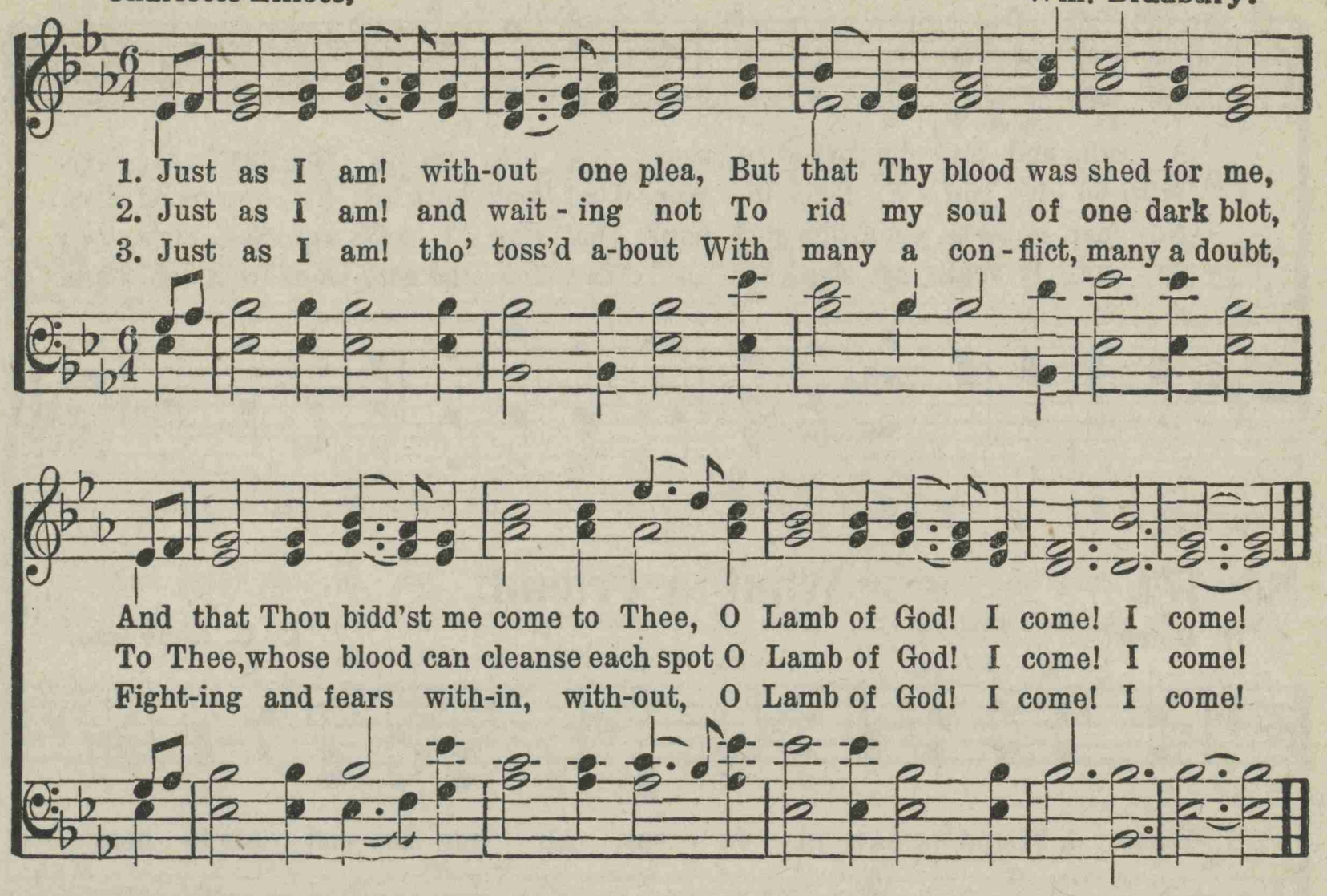


2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

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

No, 172. Just as I Am.

Charlotte Elliott, Wm. Bradbury.



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

5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

No. 173. Return, O Wanderer.

1 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

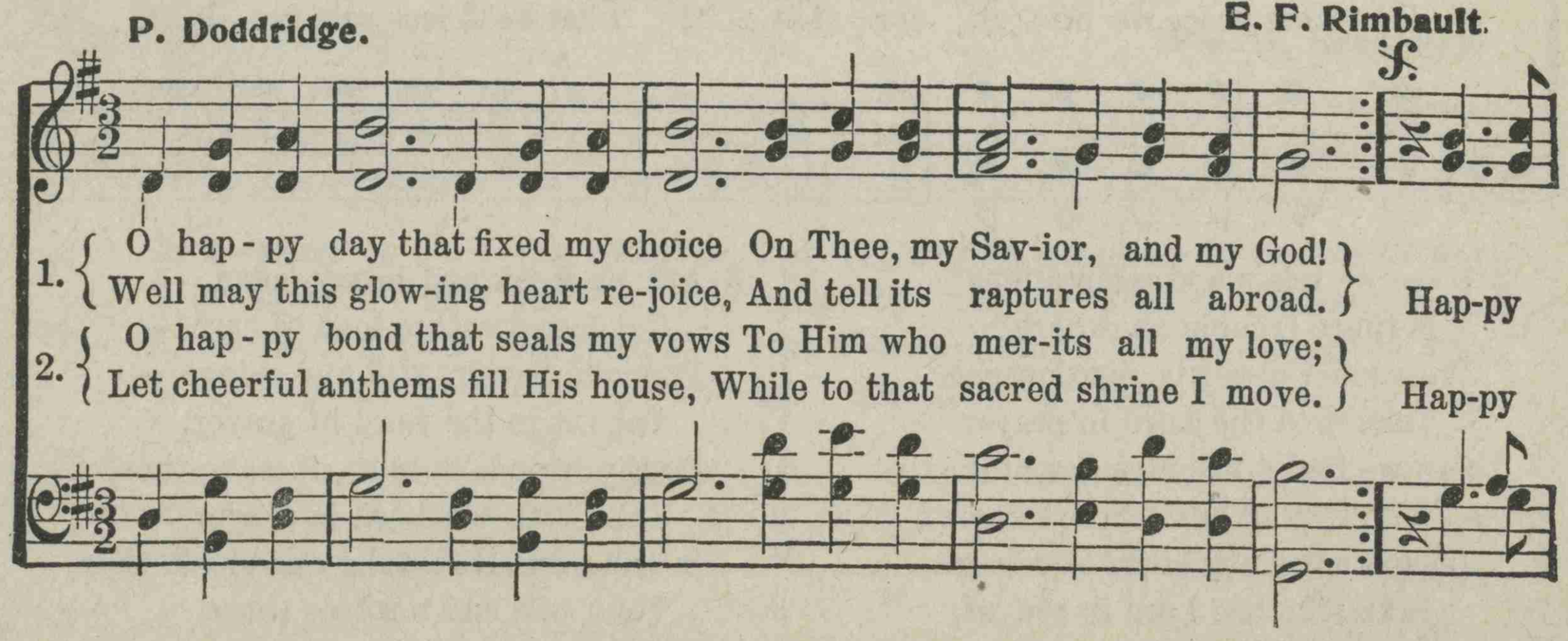
2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O, wanderer, return;
Thy Savior bids thy spirit live;
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

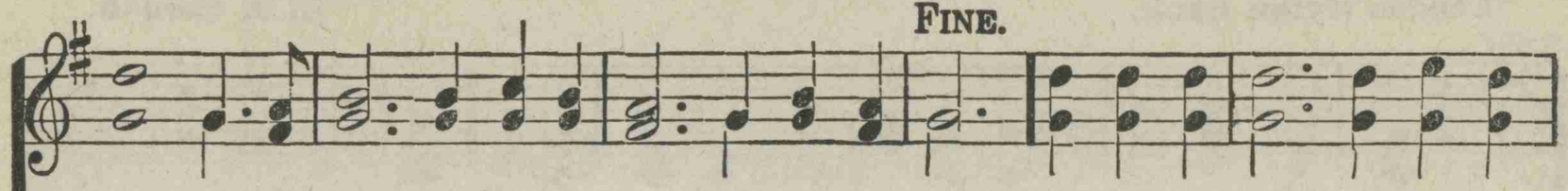
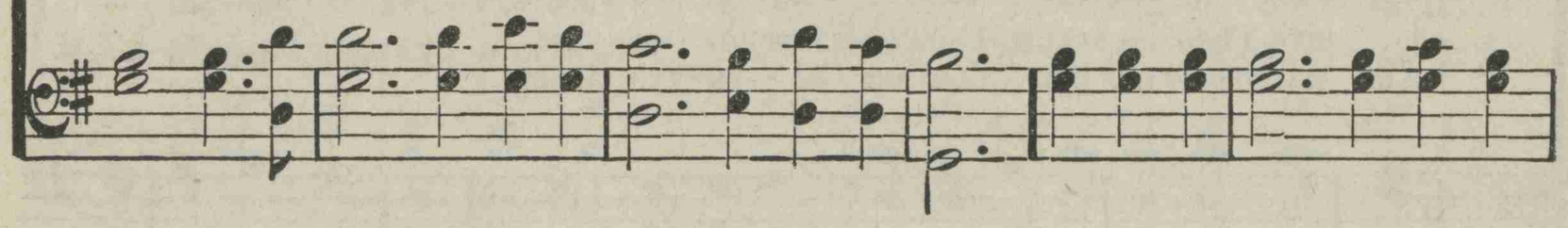
4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn;"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

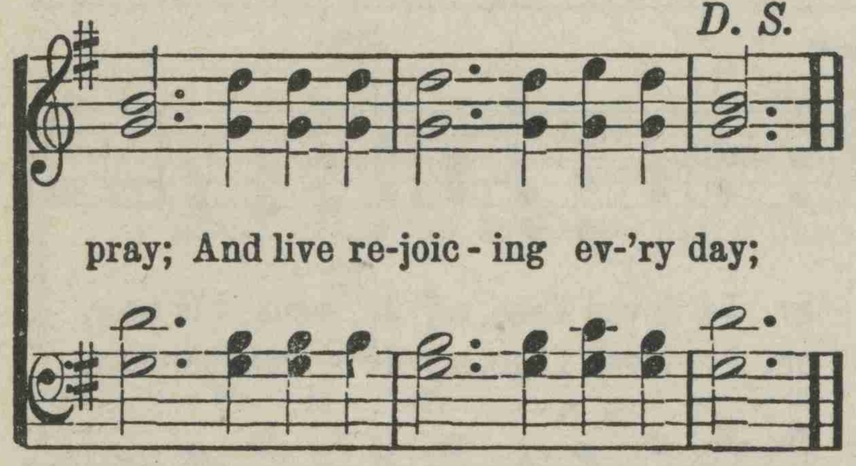
No. 174. O Happy Day.

P. Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.



O Happy Day.

FINE.

day, hap-py day, When Jesus washed my sins away; He taught me how to watch and

D. S.



pray; And live re-joic - ing ev-'ry day;

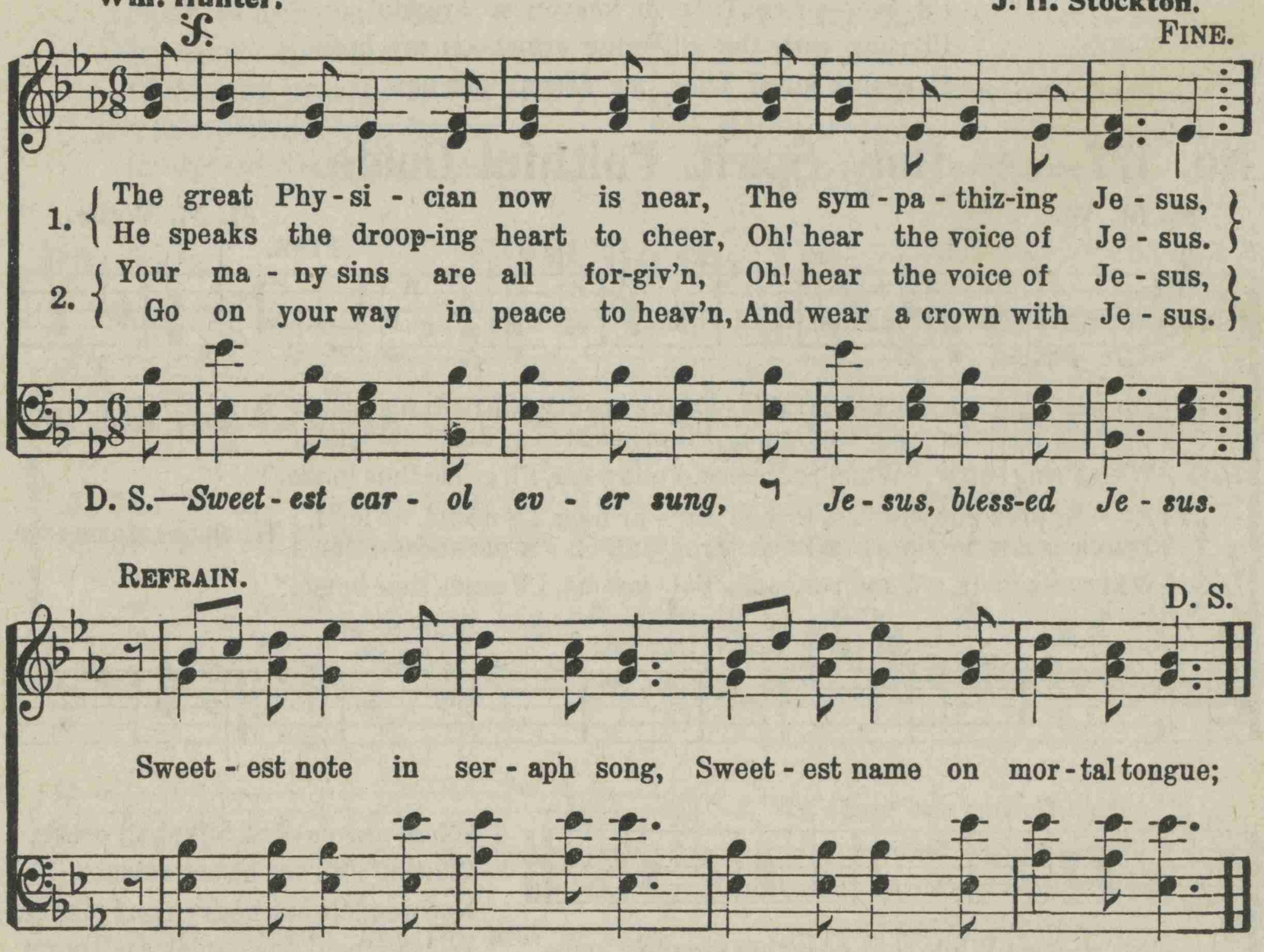
3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

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

No. 175. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.

FINE.



1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz-ing Je - sus,
   He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus.
2. Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus,
   Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.

D. S.—*Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.*

REFRAIN.

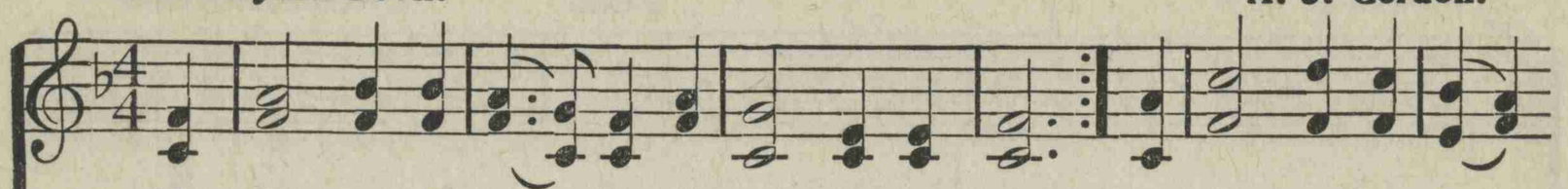
D. S.

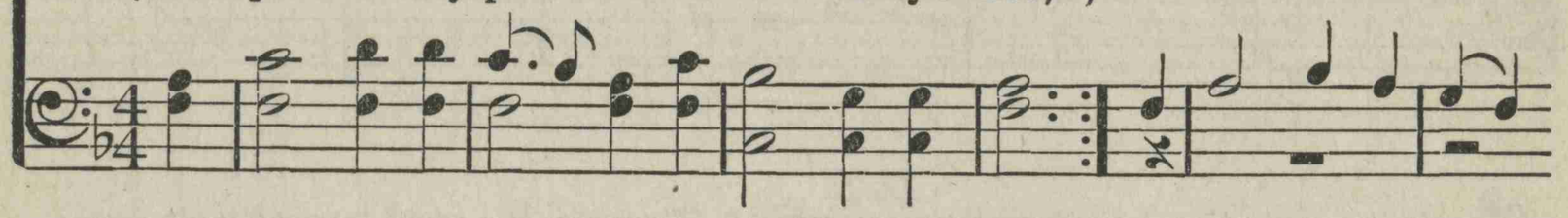
Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, Sweet - est name on mor - tal tongue;

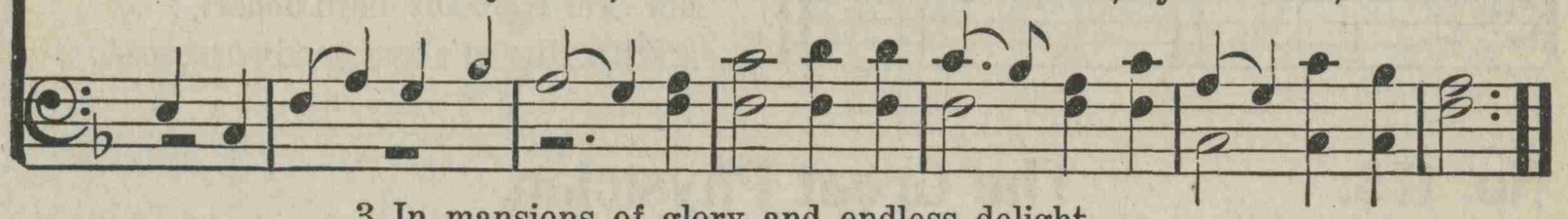
3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

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

No. 176. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;
   For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
   My gra - cious Re-deem-

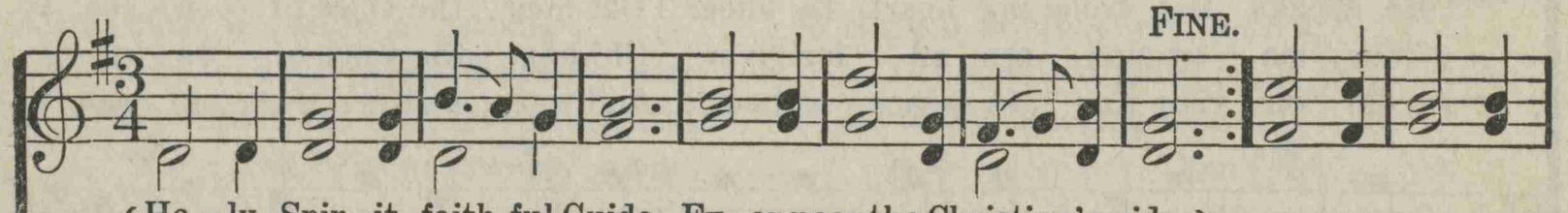
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,
   And purchased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
   I love Thee for wear-

er, my Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.



3 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

No. 177. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. M. M. Wells.

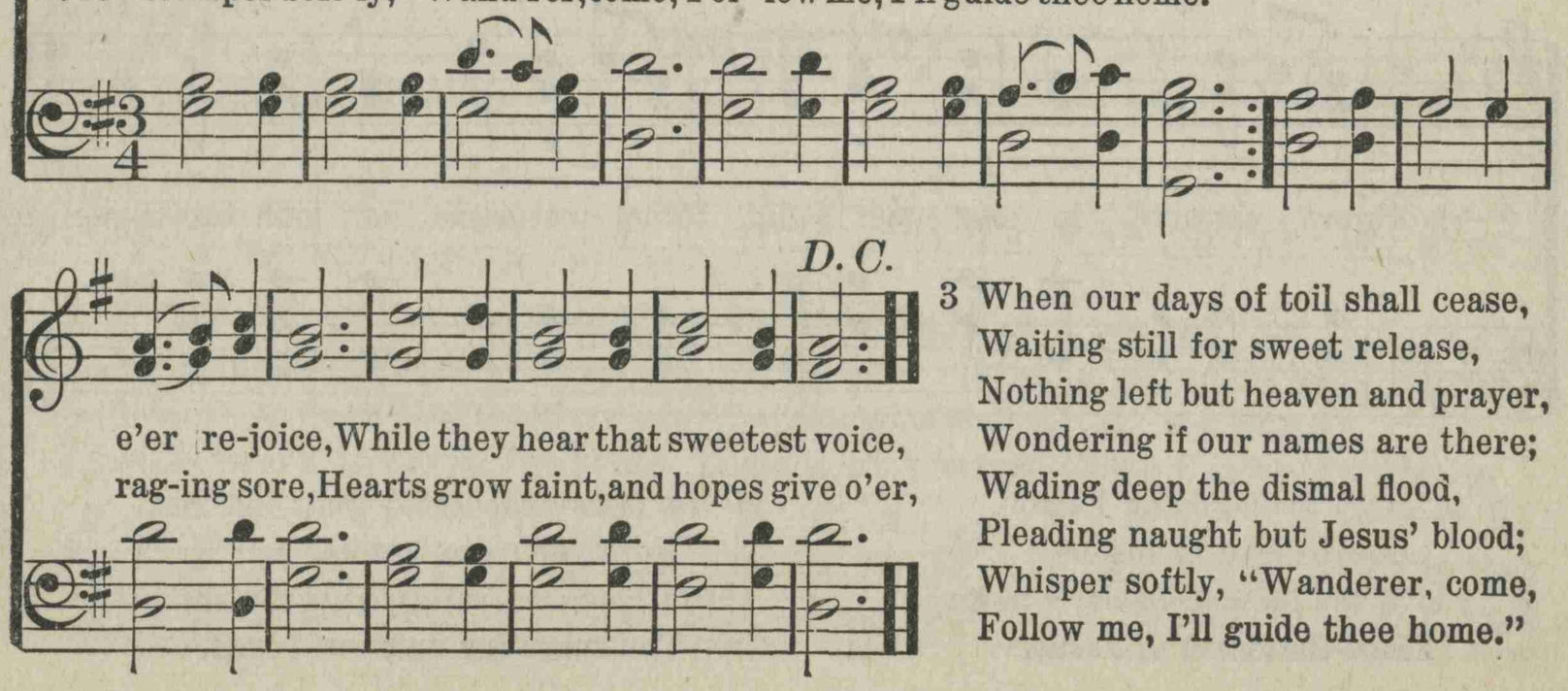


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side,
   Gen-tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land.
   Wear-y souls for-

D. C.—Whisp'ring softly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend,
   Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in darkness drear.
   When the storms are

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



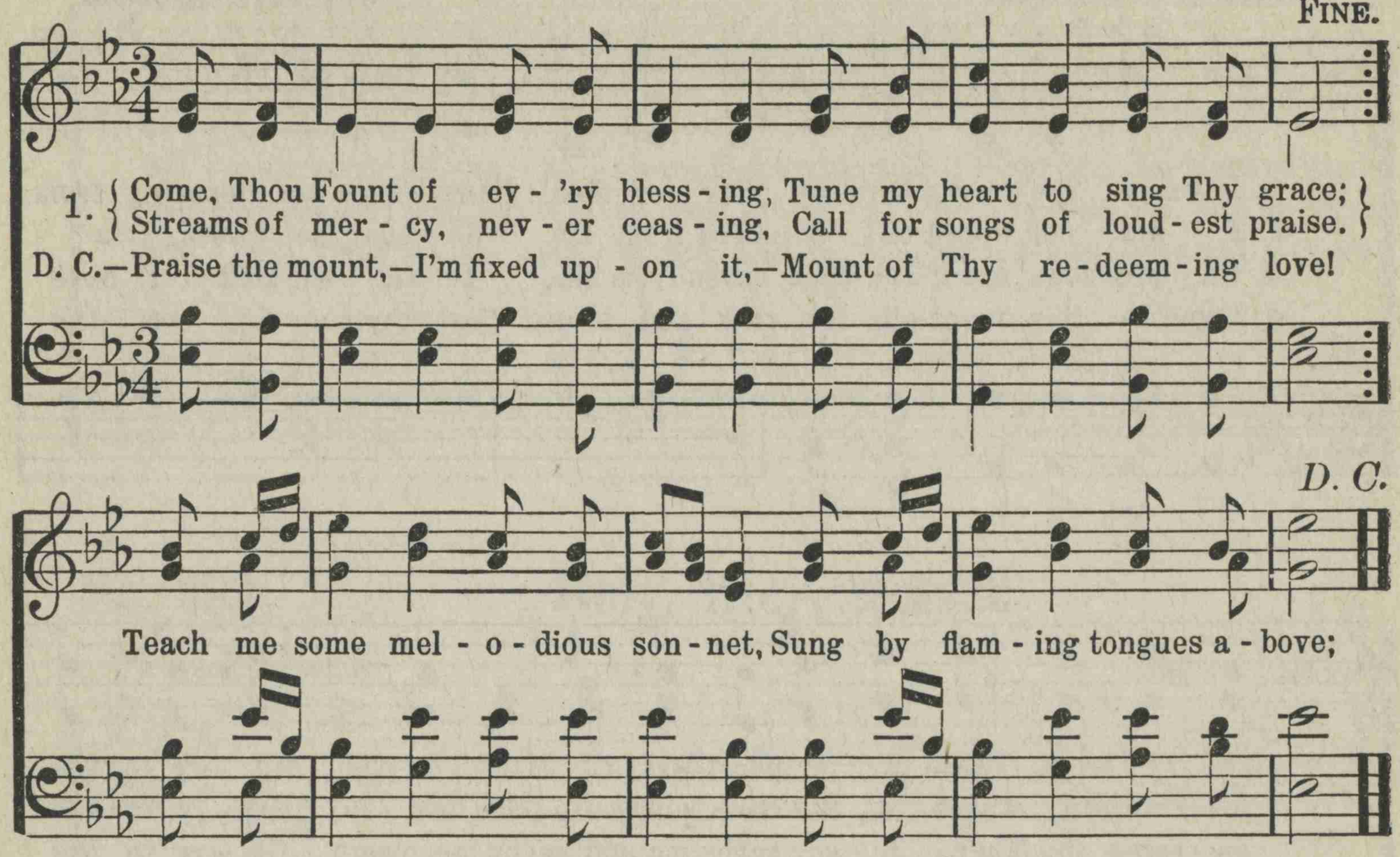
e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

No. 178. Come, Thou Fount.

Robert Robinson. **John Wyeth.**

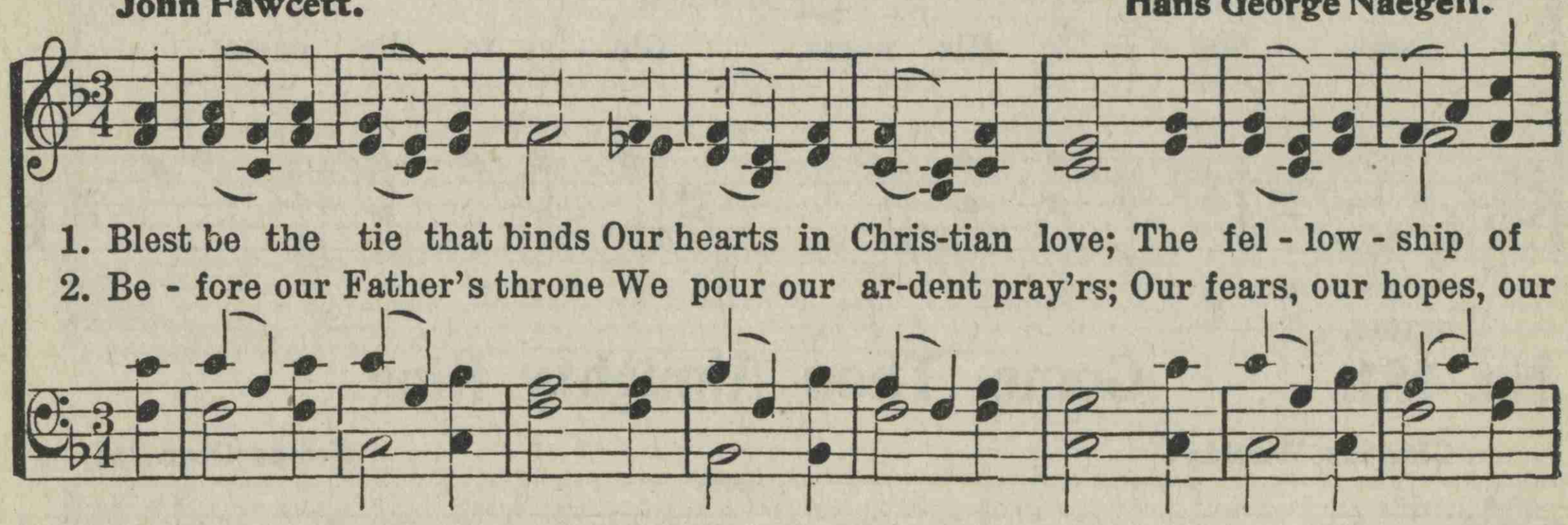
FINE.



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

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

No. 179. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. **Hans George Naegeli.**

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

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

No. 180. Glory to His Name.

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

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

sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo - ry to His
bides with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His
en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to His
Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete; Glo - ry to His

D. S.--*There to my heart was the blood ap-plied, Glo - ry to His*

FINE. CHORUS.

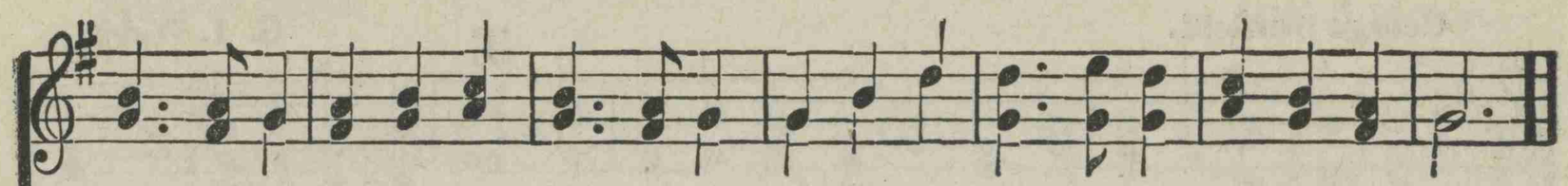
name. Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;

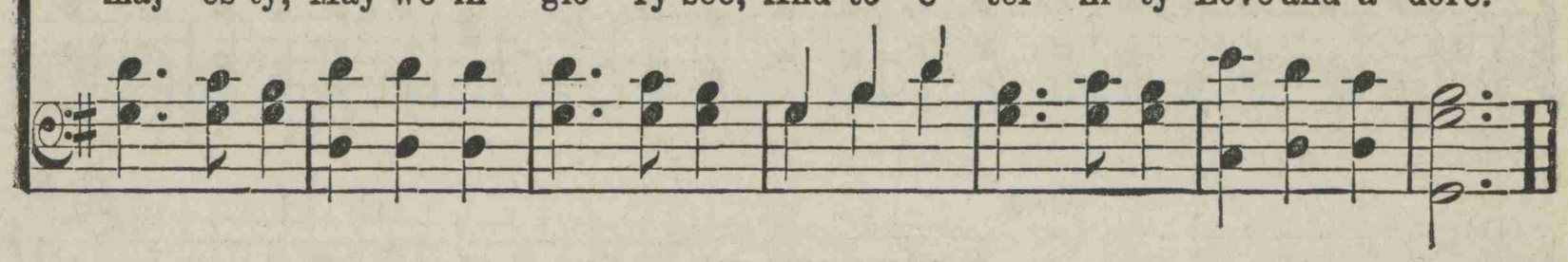
name.

No. 181. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.

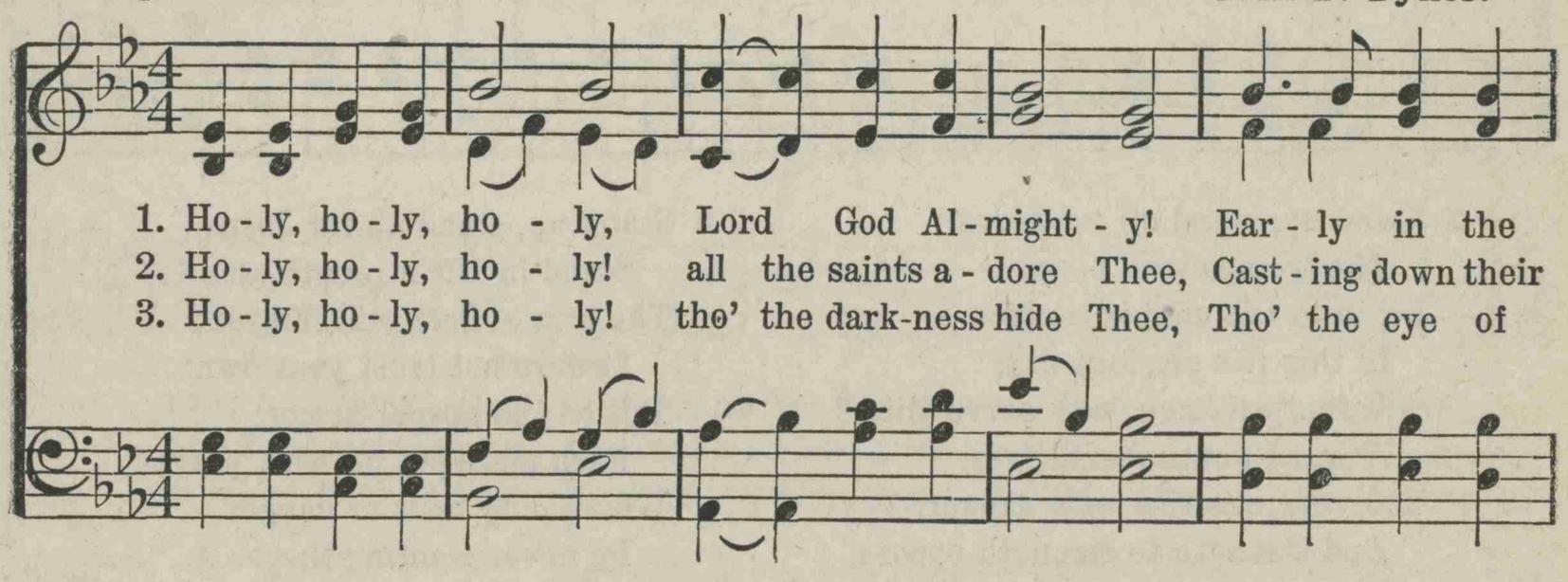
1. Come, Thou Almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Father all-
2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword; Our pray'r attend: Come, and Thy
3. To Thee, great One in Three, The highest prais - es be, Hence, evermore! His sov'reign

Come, Thou Almighty King.

glo - ri-ous,O'er all vic - to - ri-ous,Come and reign o - ver us, An-cient of Days!
peo-ple bless,And give Thy word success; Spir-it of ho - li-ness, On us de-scend!
maj - es-ty, May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

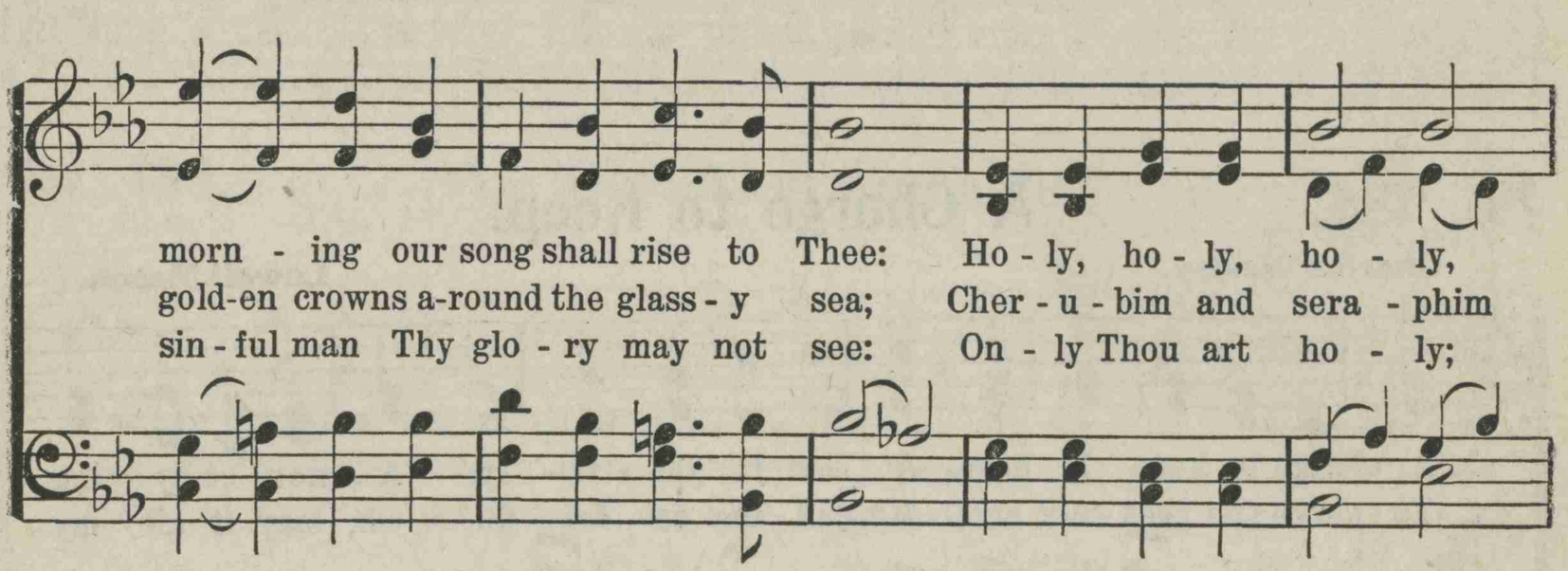


No. 182. Holy, Holy, Holy.

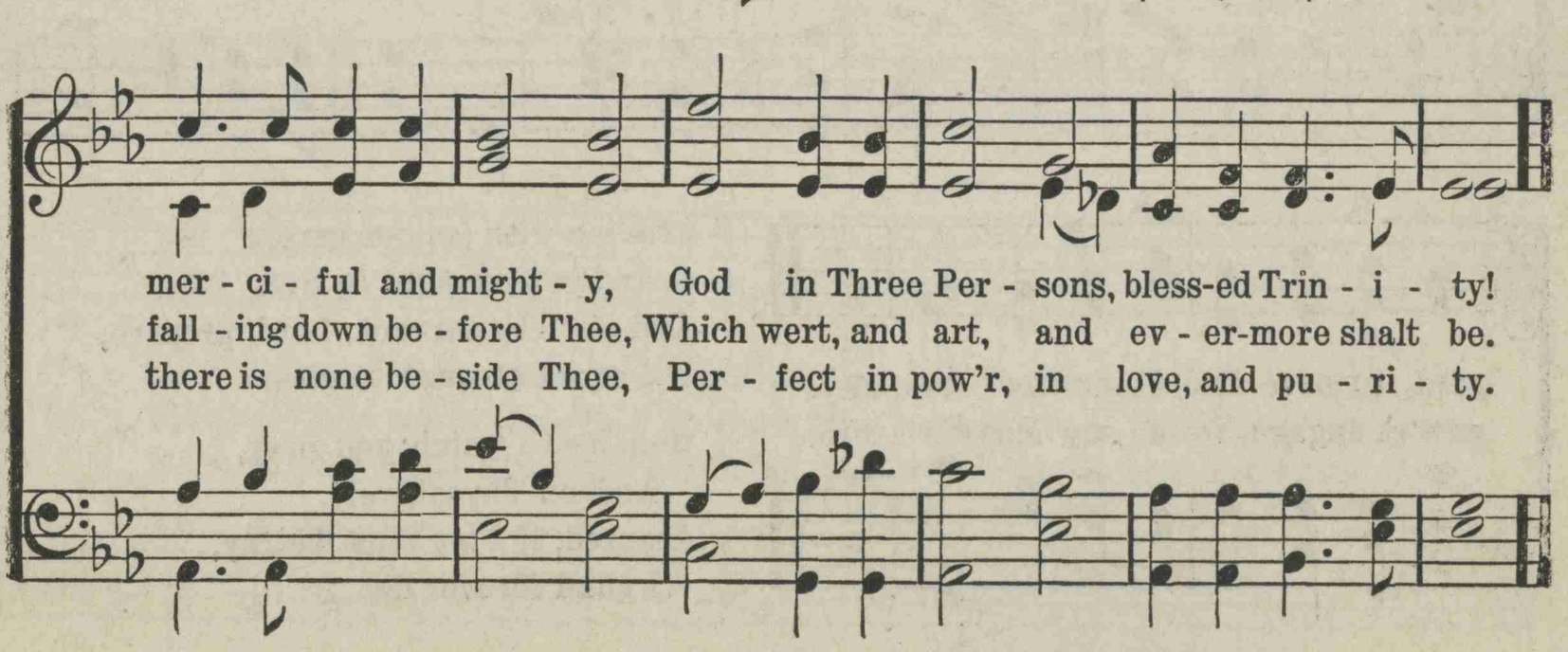
Reginald Heber. **John B. Dykes.**



1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of



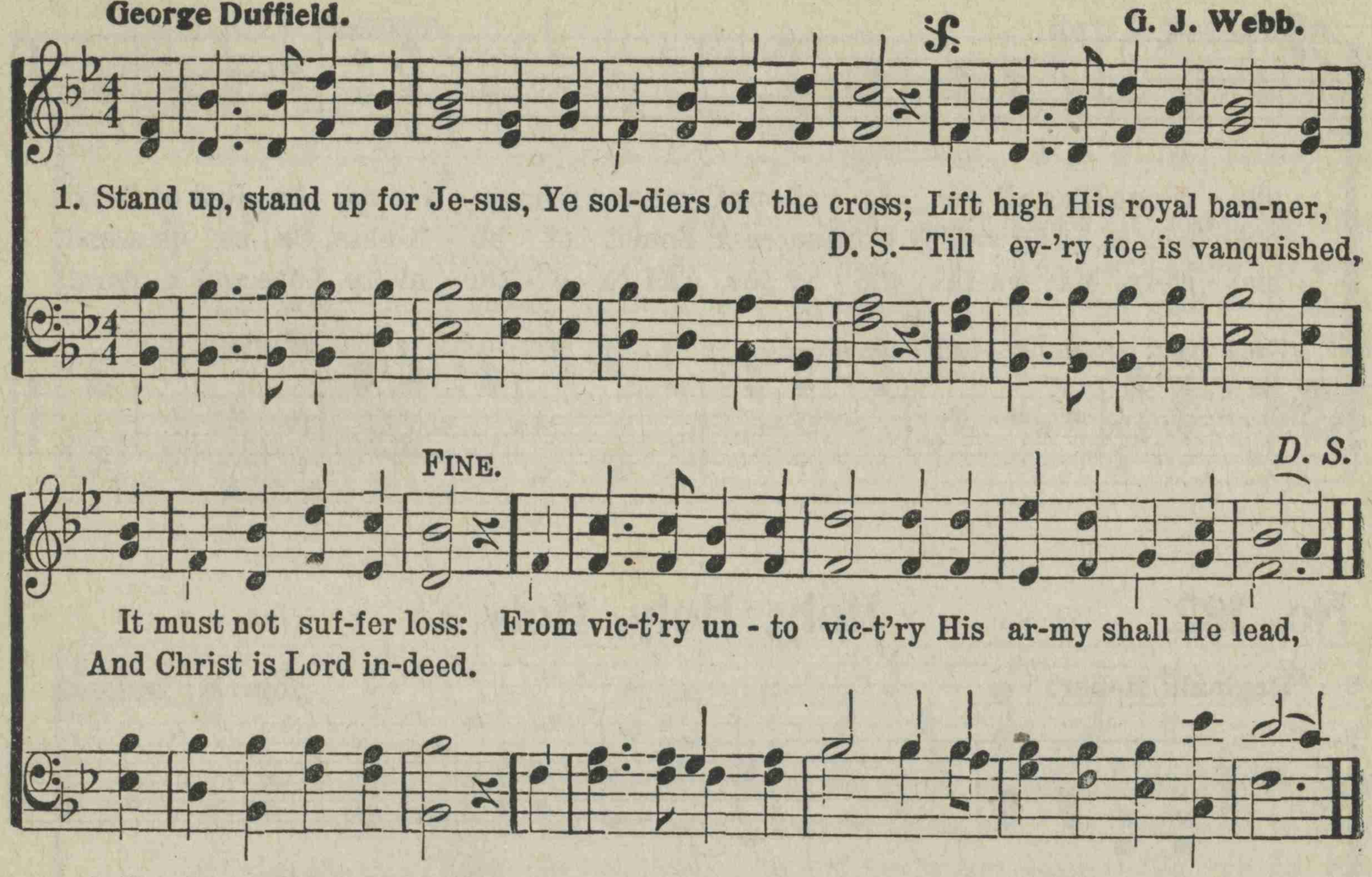
morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
gold-en crowns a-round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see: On - ly Thou art ho - ly;



mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.

No. 183. Stand Up For Jesus.

George Duffield. G. J. Webb.

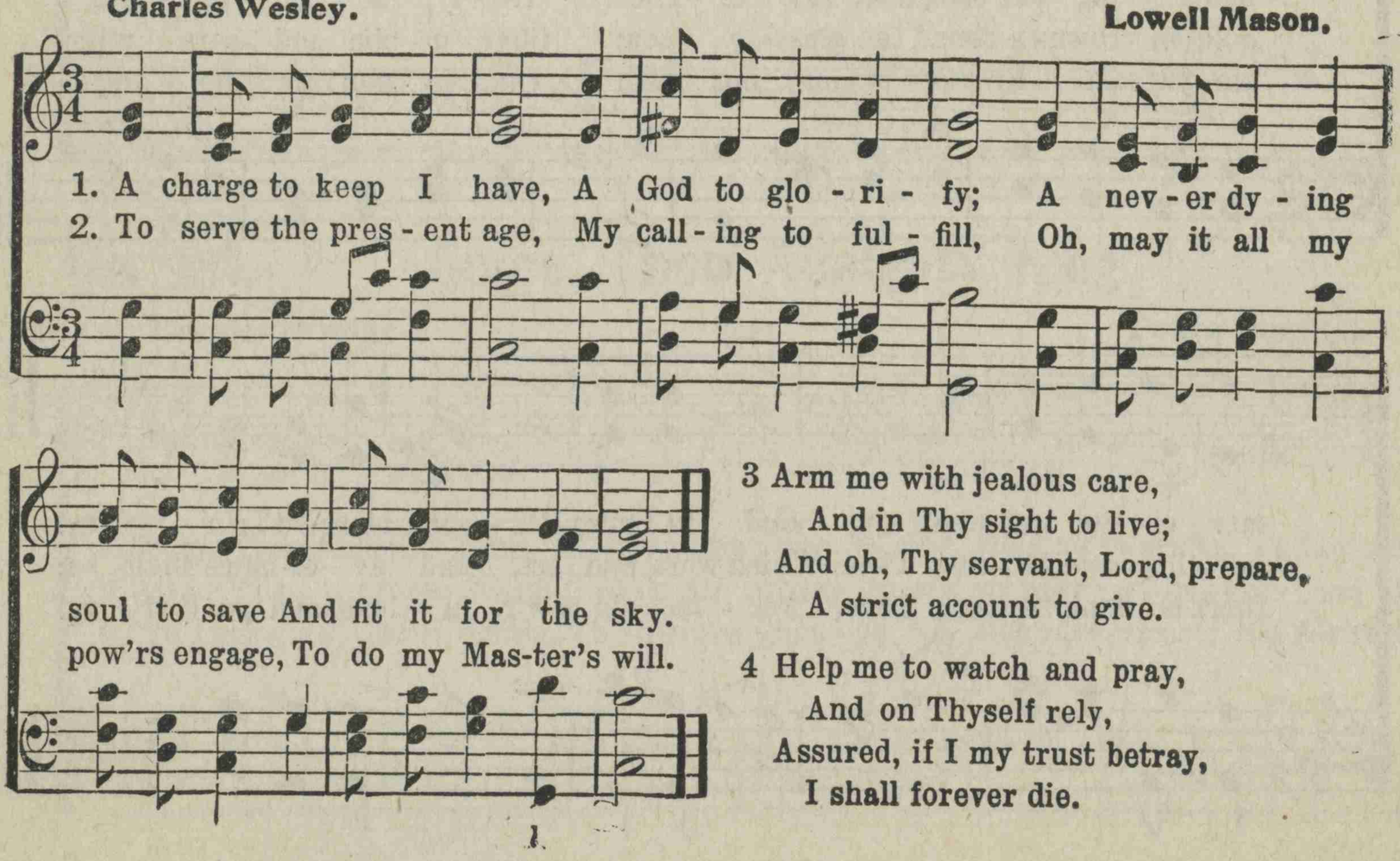


2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

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

No. 184. A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley. Lowell Mason.



3 Arm me with jealous care,
And in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

No. 185. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Reginald Heber. **Lowell Mason.**

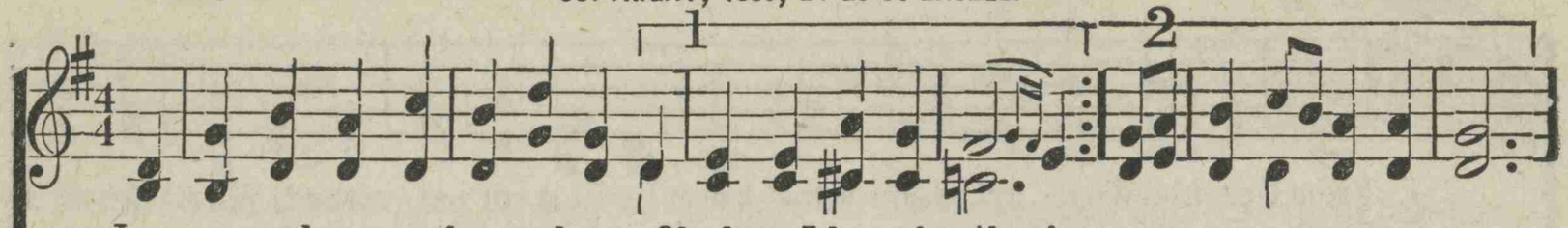
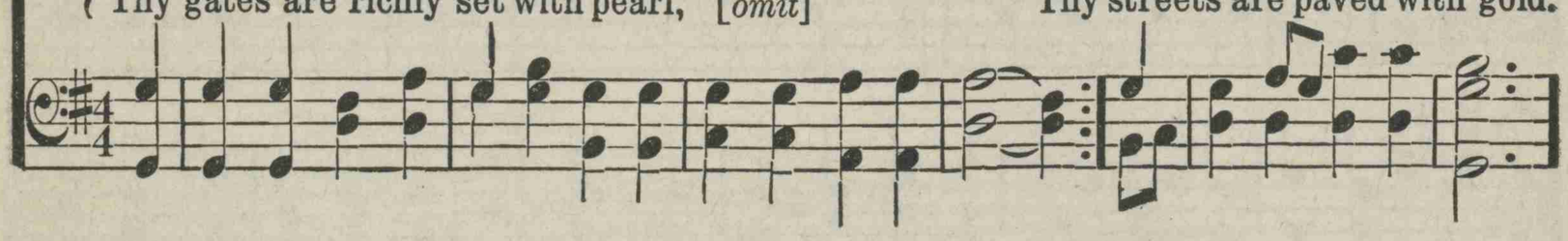
1. From Greenland's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor - al strand, Where Af-ric's sun - ny foun-tains Roll down their golden sand; From man - y an ancient riv - er, From many a palm-y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.
2. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high, Shall we to men be-night - ed The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound proclaim, Till earth's remotest na - tion Has learned Messiah's name.
3. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll, Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole: Till o'er our ransomed na-ture The Lamb for sinners slain, Re-deem-er, King, Cre-a - tor, In bliss re-turns to reign.

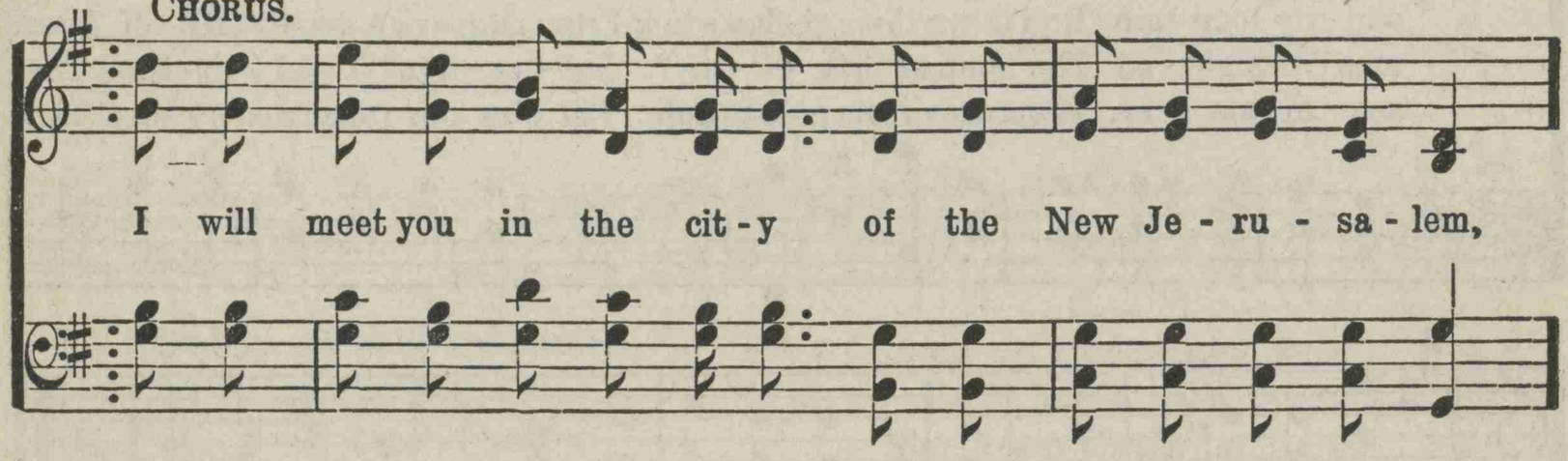
No. 186. Ye Christian Heralds!

C. Zeunder.

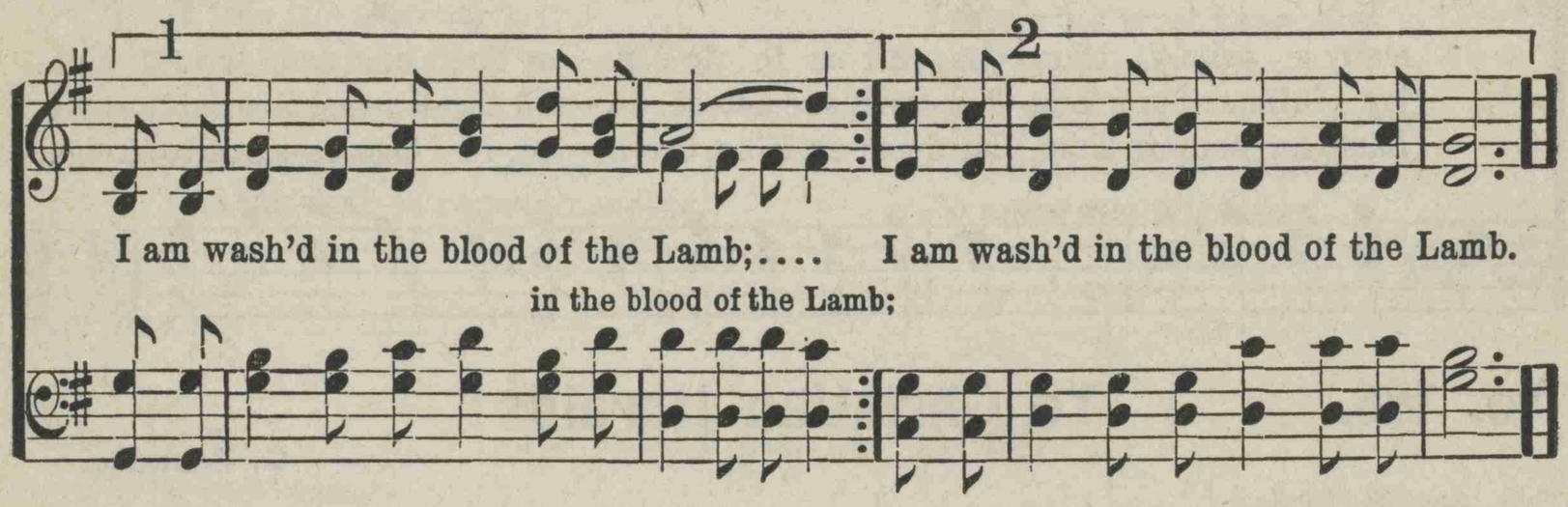
1. Ye Chris-tian her - alds! go pro-claim Sal - va-tion thro' Im - man - uel's name; To dis - tant climes the ti - dings bear, And plant the Rose of Shar - on there.
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flam-ing zeal your hearts in - spire, Bid rag - ing winds their fu - ry cease, And hush the tem - pest in - to peace.
3. And when our la - bors all are o'er, Then shall we meet to part no more— Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall, And crown our Je - sus—Lord of all.

No. 187. My Happy Home.

Anon. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. **E. O. Excell.**

1. Je - ru - sa-lem, my happy home, Oh, how I long for thee!
   When will my sorrows have an end? [*omit*] Thy joys, when shall I see?
2. Thy walls are all of precious stone Most glorious to behold
   Thy gates are richly set with pearl, [*omit*] Thy streets are paved with gold.

CHORUS.



I will meet you in the cit - y of the New Je - ru - sa - lem,

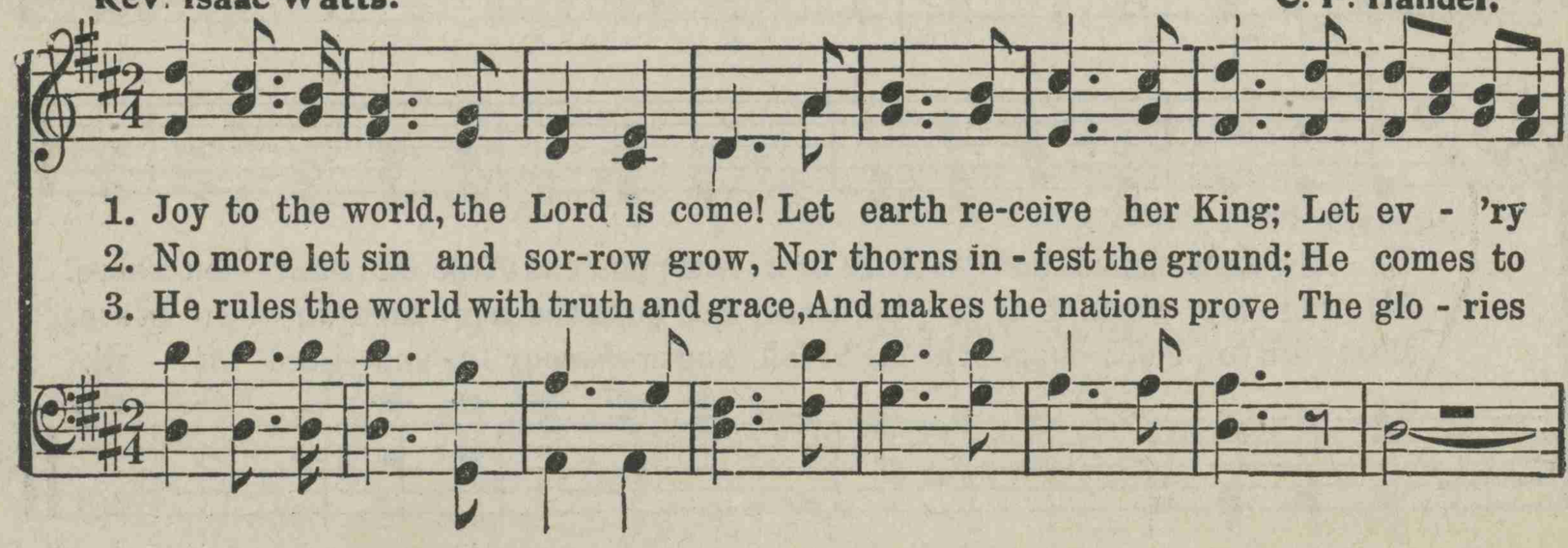


I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;.... I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
in the blood of the Lamb;

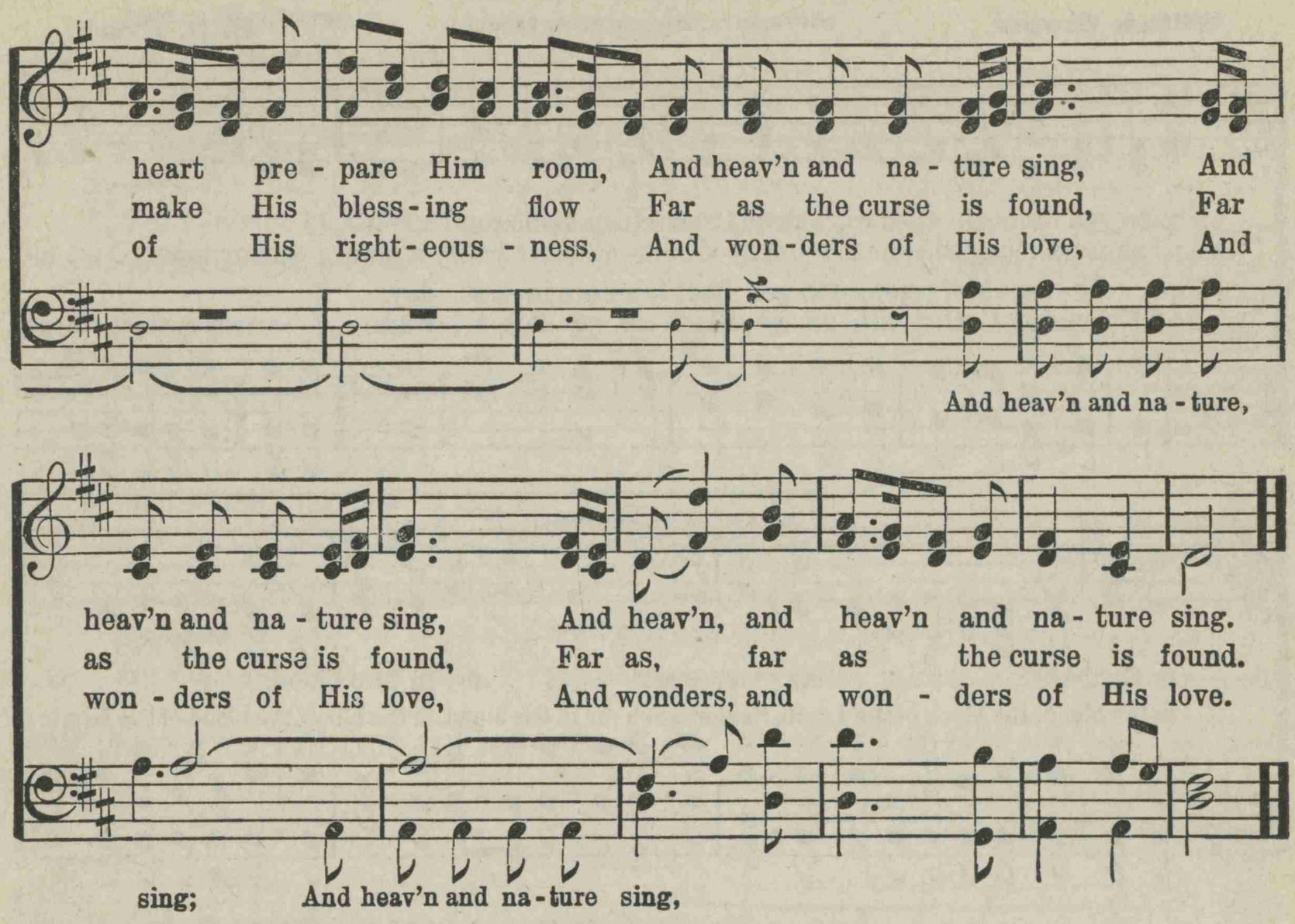
3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams
My study long have been—
Such sparkling gems by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

4 Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up
And praises never end,

No. 188. Joy to the World.

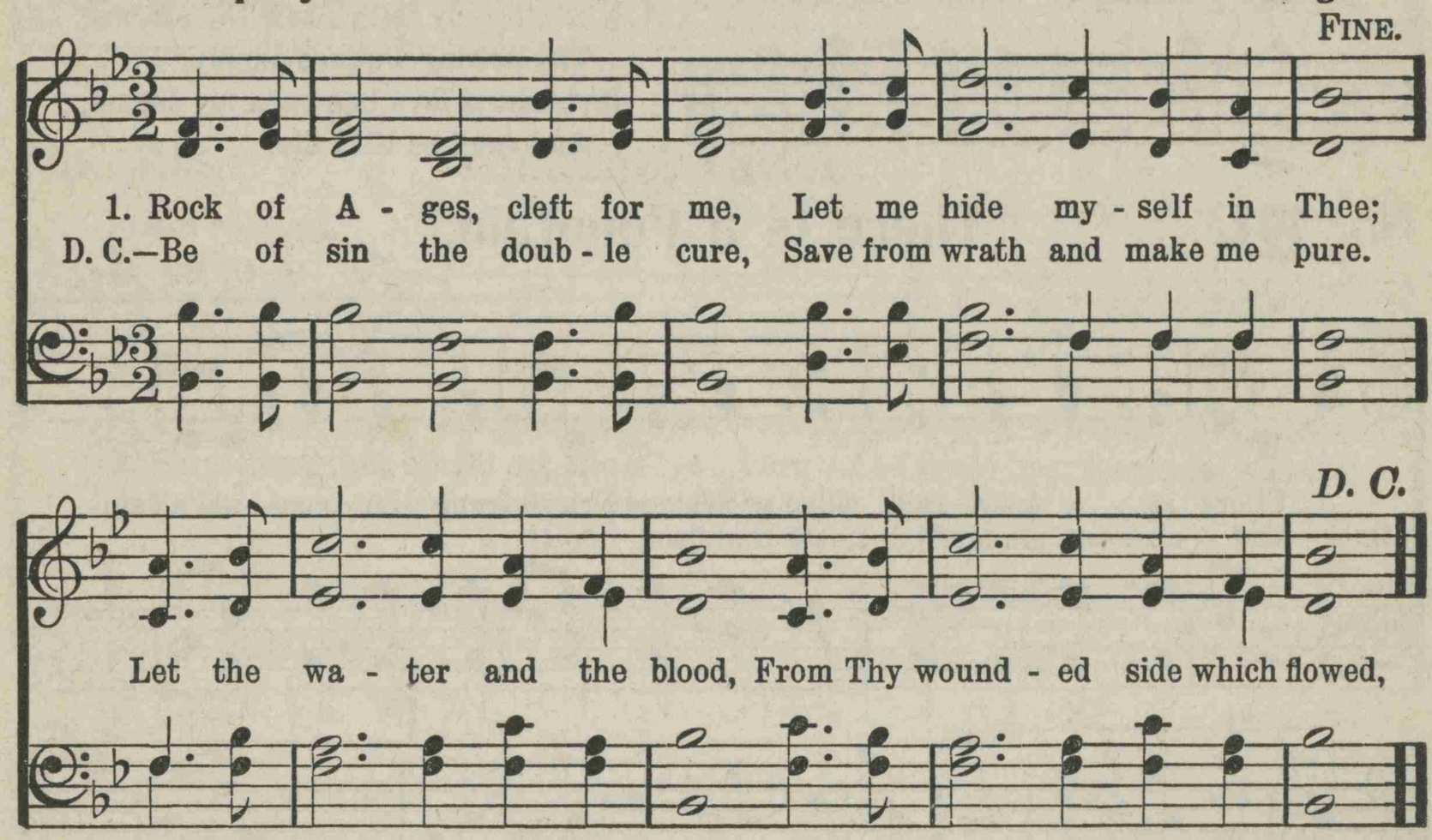
Rev. Isaac Watts. **C. F. Handel.**

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry
2. No more let sin and sor-row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground; He comes to
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glo - ries

Joy to the World.



No. 189. Rock of Ages.

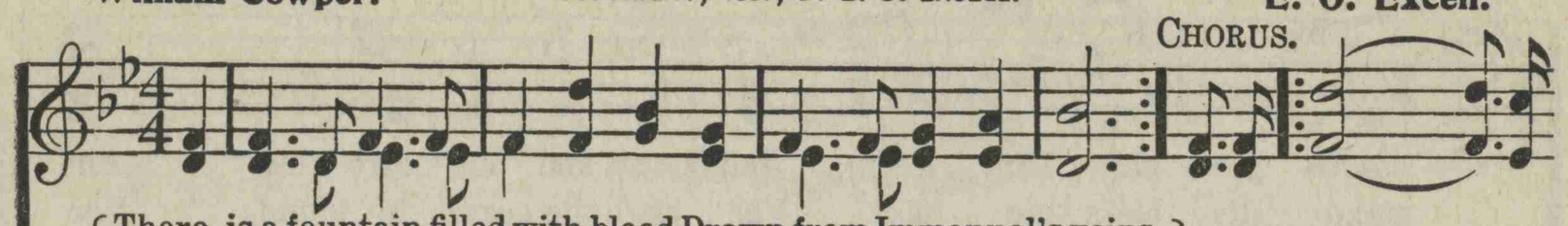
A. M. Toplady. Thomas Hastings.



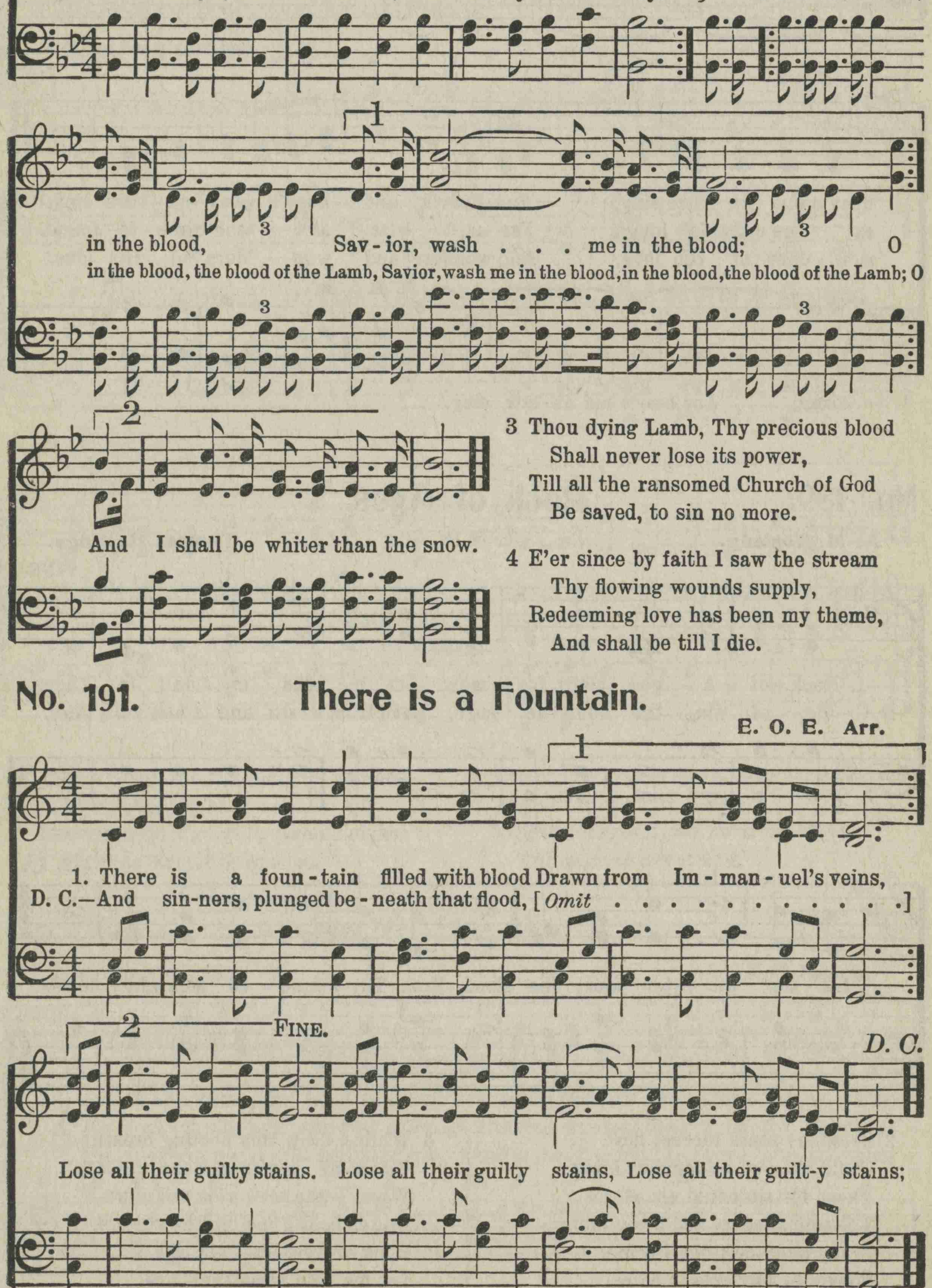
2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

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

No. 190. Savior, Wash Me in the Blood.

William Cowper. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. **E. O. Excell.**

1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. } Savior, wash . . . me

2. The dy-ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way. } wash me in the blood,



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

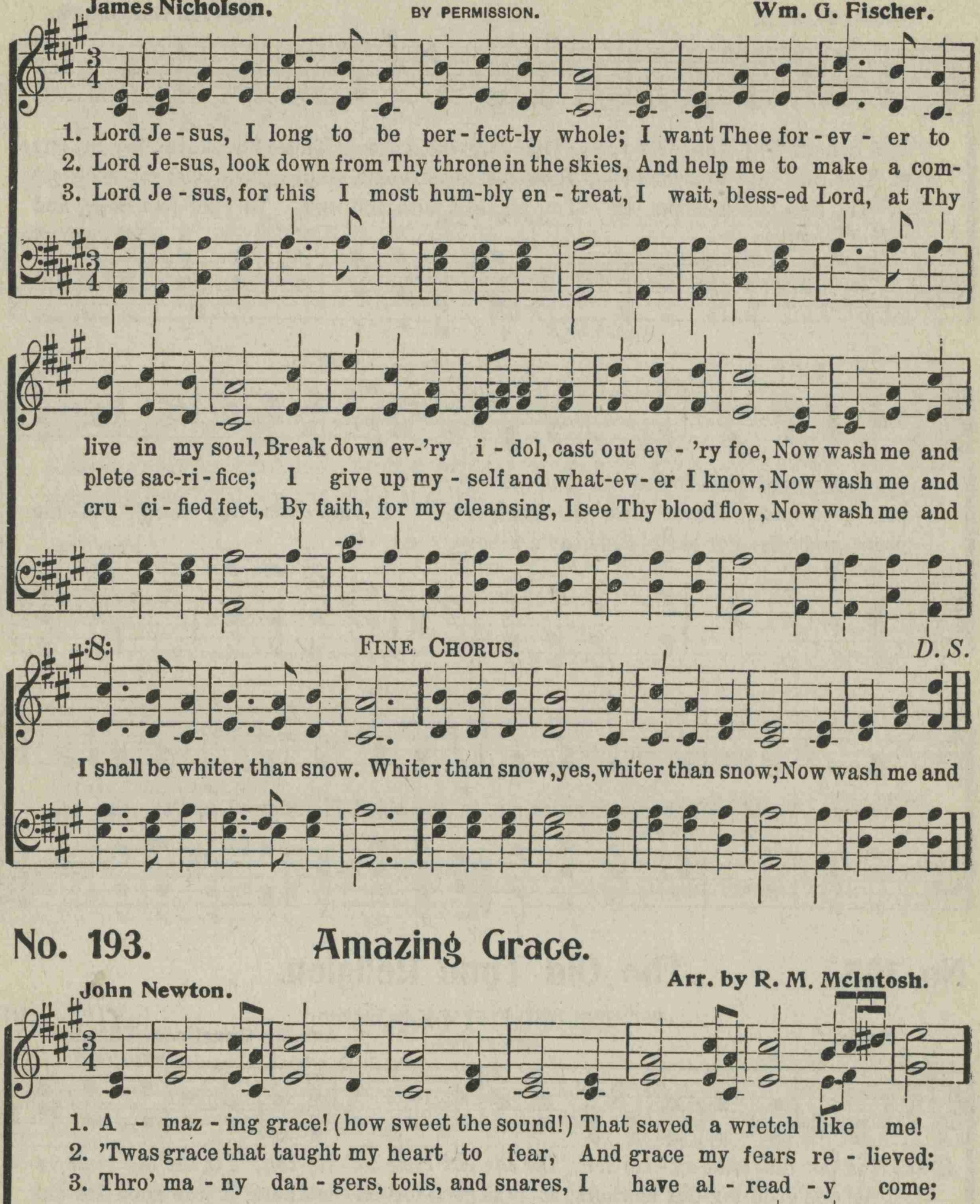
4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

No. 191. There is a Fountain.

E. O. E. Arr.

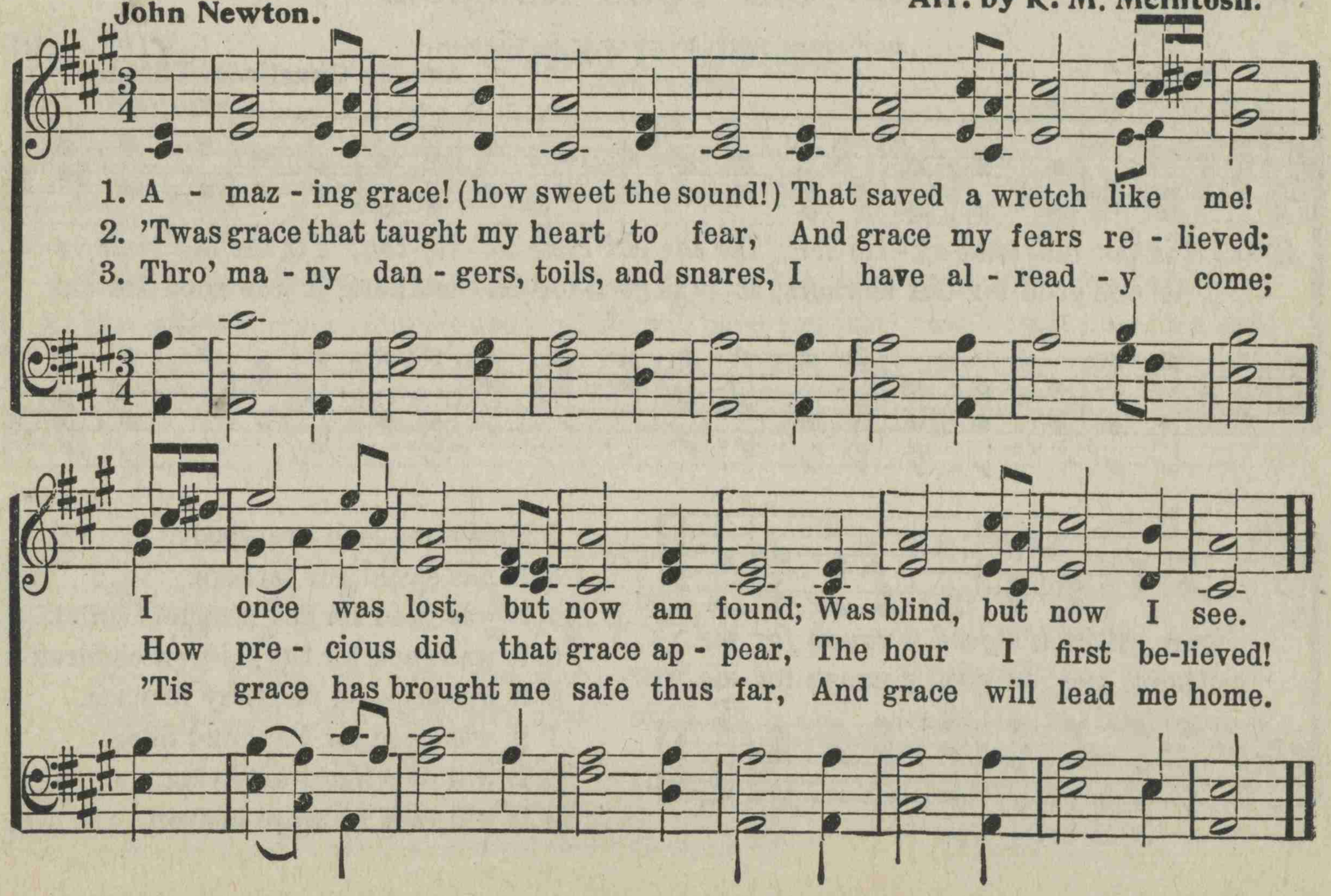
No. 192, Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. BY PERMISSION. Wm. G. Fischer.



No. 193. Amazing Grace.

John Newton. Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.



No. 194. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.

1. I hear Thy wel-come voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleans-ing in Thy
2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vile-ness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and

CHORUS.

pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure. I am com - ing, Lord! Com - ing
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a-bove.

now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry!

No. 195. The Old Time Religion.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

Anon. USED BY PER. Arr. by Charlie D. Tillman.

CHO.–*'Tis the old time re - lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-*

1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our

ligion, And it's good e-nough for me.

mothers, And it's good e-nough for me.

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

No. 196. Only Trust Him.

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

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely
2. For Je - sus shed His pre-cious blood, Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the

give you rest By trusting in His word.
crim-son flood That washes white as snow.

CHORUS.

{ On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him,
{ He will save you, He will save you,

1 2

On - ly trust Him now;
He will . . . . . } save you now.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

No. 197. Come to Jesus.

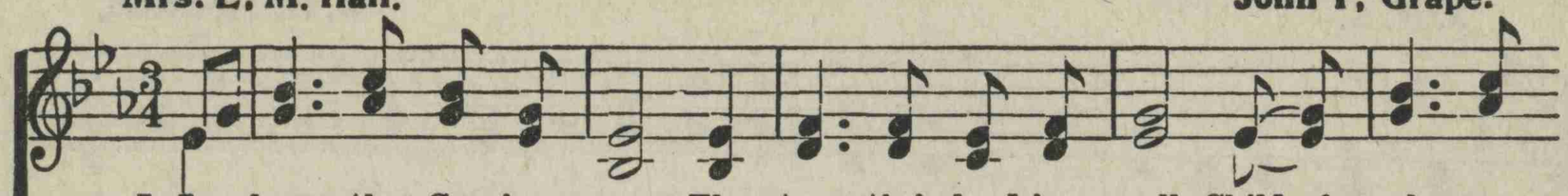
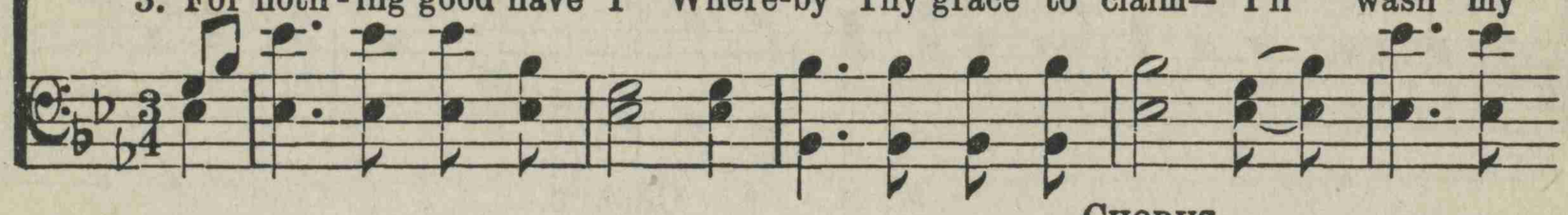
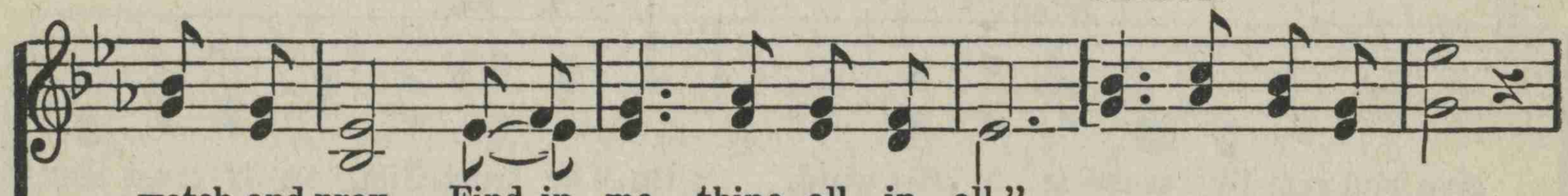
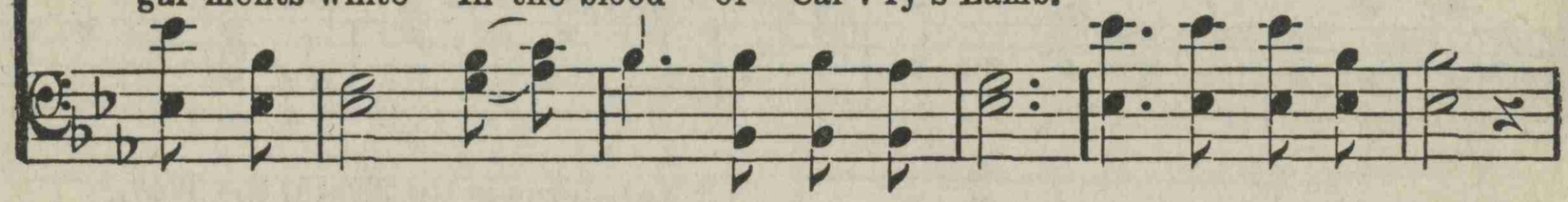
Unknown. Arr. by E. O. E.

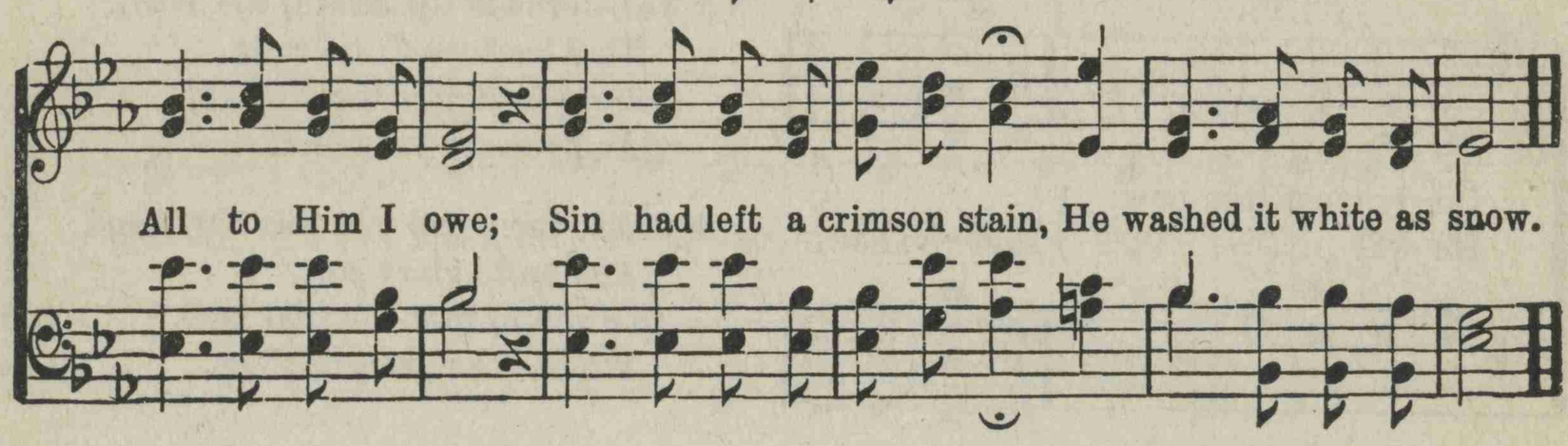
1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now; Just now come to
2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now; Just now He will

Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.
save you, He will save you just now.

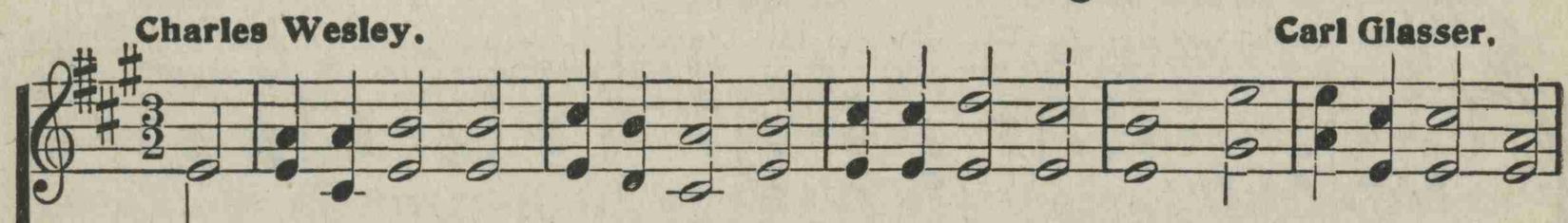
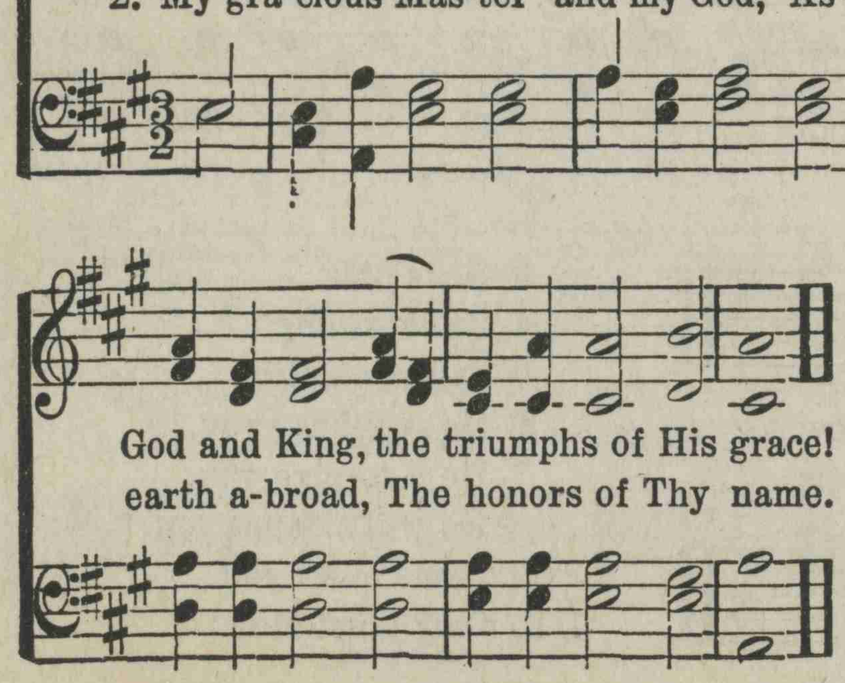
3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 Call upon Him.
6 He will hear you.
7 He'll forgive you.
8 He will cleanse you.
9 Jesus loves you.
10 Only trust Him.

No. 198. Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. E. M. Hall. John T. Grape.

I. I hear the Sav-ior say, "Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weak-ness,
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy power, and Thine a-lone, Can change the
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim— I'll wash my

CHORUS.

watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."
lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je - sus paid it all,
gar-ments white In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.

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



No. 199. Oh, For a Thousand Tongues.

Charles Wesley. Carl Glasser.

1. Oh, for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Re-deemer's praise; The glories of my
2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As - sist me to pro-claim, To spread thro' all the

God and King, the triumphs of His grace!
earth a-broad, The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease:
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean.
His blood availed for me.

No. 200. At The Cross.

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Isaac Watts. R. E. Hudson.

1. Alas! and did my Savior bleed, And did my Sov'reign die,
   Would He devote that sa- cred head For such a worm as I?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd upon the tree,
   A - maz-ing pit-y, grace unknown! And love beyond degree

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart roll'd a-
way, It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day.
roll'd a-way,

No. 201. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts. Hugh Wilson.

1. A - las! and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would He devote that
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd upon the tree? A-maz-ing pit - y!
   sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
   grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

No. 202, Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love,
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light,
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain,

For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove,
Who has shown us our Sav - ior And scat - tered our night.
Who has borne all our sins and has cleans'd ev - 'ry stain.

REFRAIN.

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

No. 203. Doxology.

Thos. Ken. G. Franc.

Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!

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