Joyful Praise

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BISHOP ROBERT WESTLY PEACH

COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC
AND
HYMNOLOGY

ACQUIRED BY THE

AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

1939



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JOYFUL PRAISE

FOR

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

DEVOTIONAL AND REVIVAL MEETINGS

COMPILED BY

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

JENNINGS & GRAHAM

Cincinnati Chicago Kansas City
San Francisco

EATON & MAINS

New York Boston Pittsburg
Detroit

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G11.6

1902
Joyf A

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THE APOSTLES' CREED.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth: and in Jesus Christ His only Son, our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary: suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried: the third day He arose again from the dead: He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty: from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost: the holy Catholic Church: the communion of saints: the forgiveness of sins: the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Exodus 20: 3—17.

1. Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments.

3. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.

4. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherfore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

5. Honor thy Father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

6. Thou shalt not kill.

7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

8. Thou shalt not steal.

9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

TWO GREAT COMMANDMENTS.

Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.
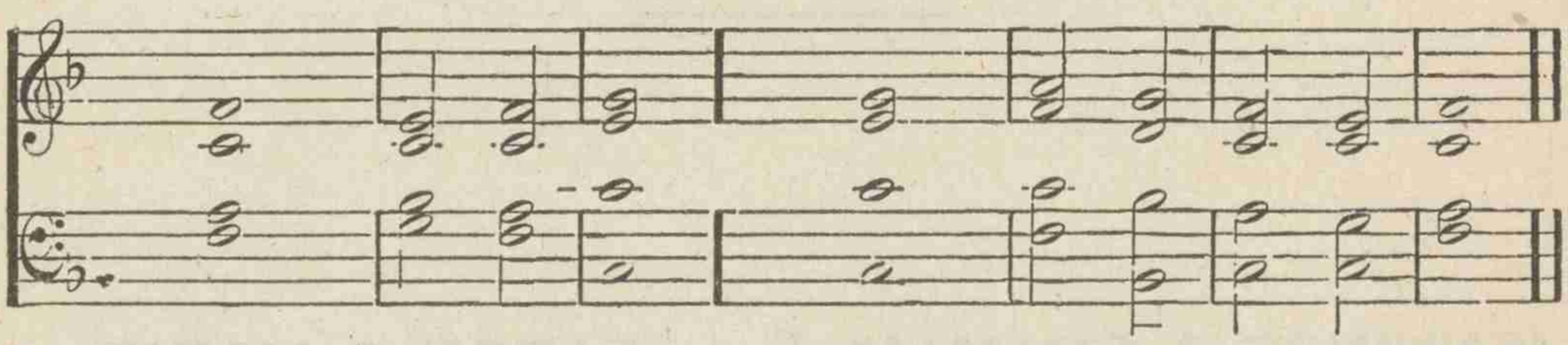
This is the first and great commandment.

And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

Matt. 22: 37—40

THE LORD'S PRAYER.



1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be Thy | name. ‖ Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this day our | daily | bread, | And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | those that | tresspass a- | gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil: ‖ For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever. | A- | men.

JOYFUL PRAISE.

No. 1. Homeward Bound.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. From my Fa-ther's home I wan-dered, For my feet were prone to stray,
2. I was lost in sin's dark val - ley, Fol - low - ing the down-ward way,
3. I was sin-stained, I was weep-ing, But my stains are washed a - way,

But my Sav-ior sought and found me, And I'm home-ward bound to - day.
But my Sav-ior saw my dan - ger, And I'm home-ward bound to - day.
And, re - joic-ing in my Sav - ior, I am home-ward bound to - day.

CHORUS.

Home ward bound, I'm home-ward bound to - day;
Home-ward bound, home-ward bound, I'm home - ward bound to - day;

I'm home ward bound, Prais-ing Je - sus all the way.
I'm home - ward bound to - day.

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No. 2. He is So Precious to Me.

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

1. I'm hap-py in Je-sus, my Sav-ior, my King, And all the day long of His good-ness I sing; To Him in my weak-ness I lov-ing-ly
2. He stood at the door a-mid sun-shine and rain, So pa-tient-ly wait-ing an entrance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treat-ed in
3. I stand on the mount-ain of sun-shine at-last, No cloud in the heav-ens a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up-on me, the val-ley is
4. I praise Him, be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in His mar-vel-ous grace, My eyes shall be-hold Him—shall look on His

CHORUS.

cling, For He is so pre-cious to me. so
vain, For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to
past, For He is so pre-cious to me.
face, For He is so pre-cious to me.
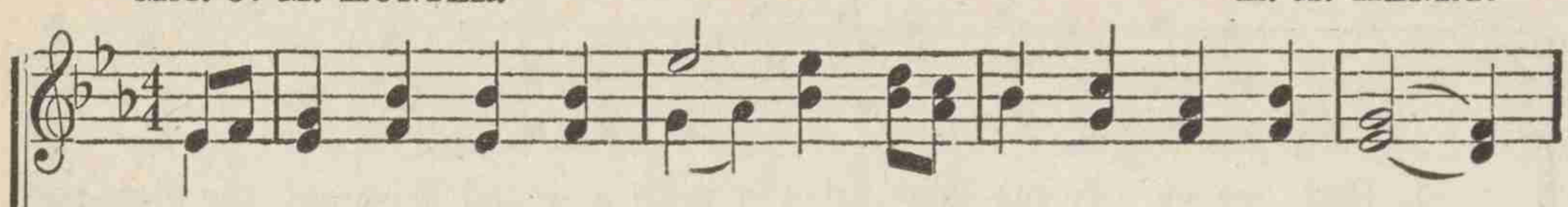
pre-cious to me, so precious to me,
me, ... For He is so pre-cious to me, ... 'Tis heav-en be-

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

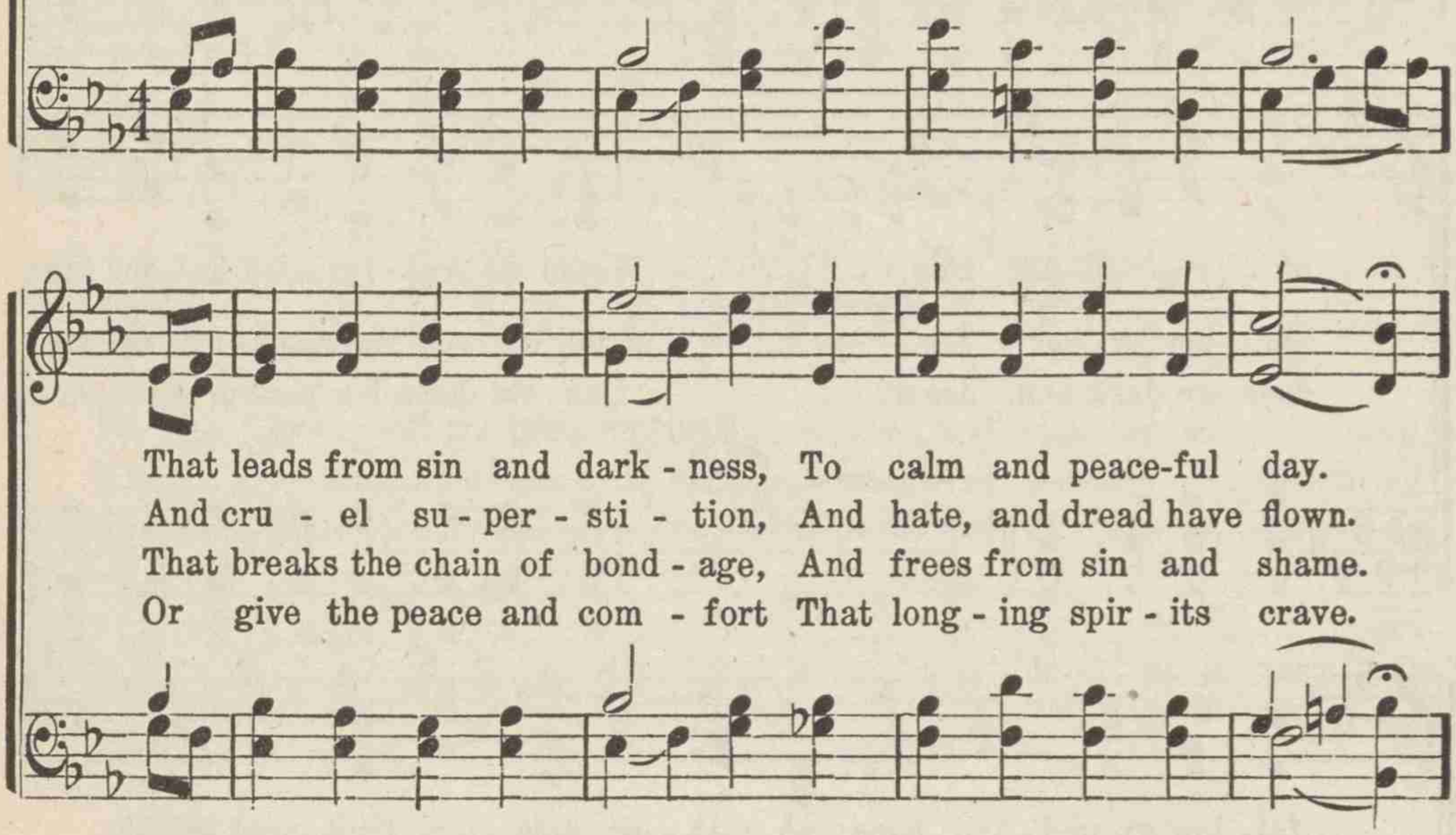
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No. 3. The World's Great Need is Jesus.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. H. A. Henry.
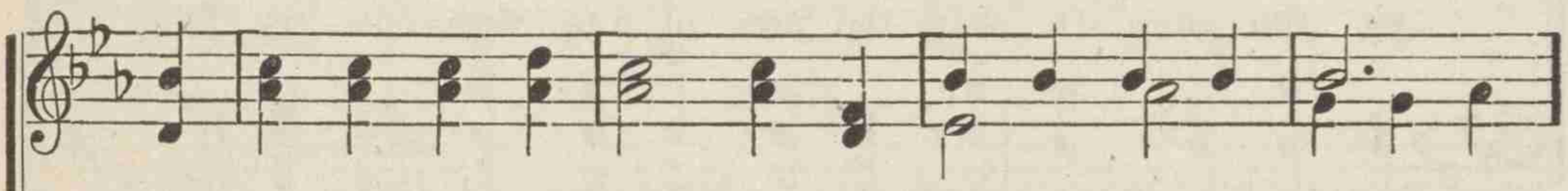


1. The world's great need is Je - sus! He is the Truth, the Way
2. The world's great need is Je - sus! Once let His name be known,
3. The world's great need is Je - sus! Oh, wondrous, wond-rous name
4. The world's great need is Je - sus! No oth - er hope can save,
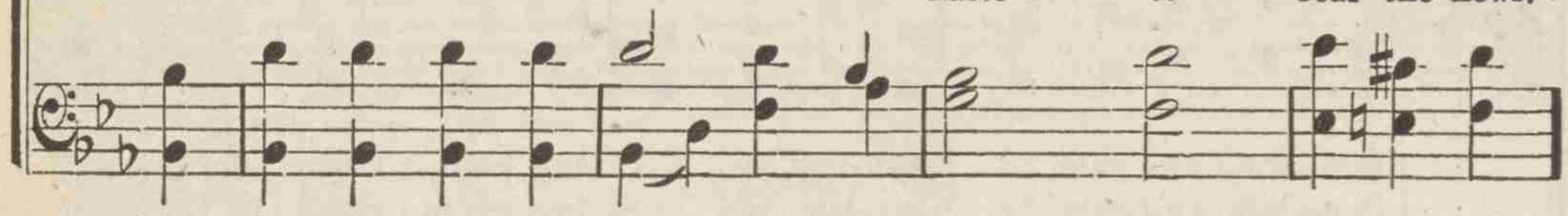


That leads from sin and dark - ness, To calm and peace-ful day.
And cru - el su - per - sti - tion, And hate, and dread have flown.
That breaks the chain of bond - age, And frees from sin and shame.
Or give the peace and com - fort That long - ing spir - its crave.

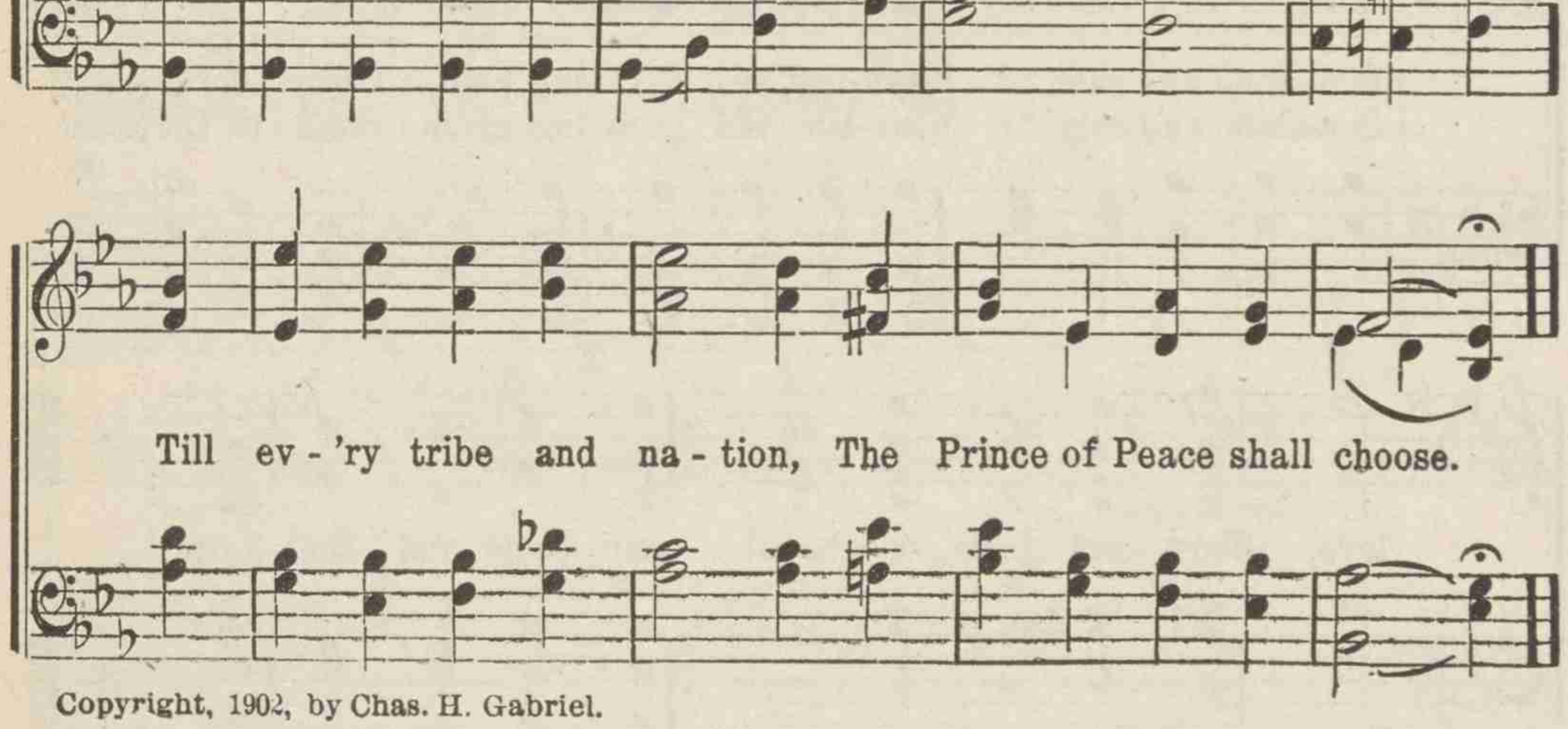
Chorus.



The world's great need is Je - sus! Oh, haste to bear the news,
haste to bear the news.



Till ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion, The Prince of Peace shall choose.



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No. 4. Sunshine and Rain.

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

1. Had we on - ly sun-shine all the year a - round, With-out the bless-ing
2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the
3. Can we prize the sun-shine and de-plore the rain, Re - pin - ing when the

of re-fresh-ing rain, Would we scat - ter seed up - on the
refreshing rain,
bur - den of our sin, Would we know the sweet-ness of His
days are dark and drear? Can we hope for pleasures, yet de-
Would we scat - ter seed

fal - low ground, And hope to gath - er flow - ers, fruit and grain?
love and care, Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win?
ny the pain, Or share the joys of life with - out the tear?

CHORUS.

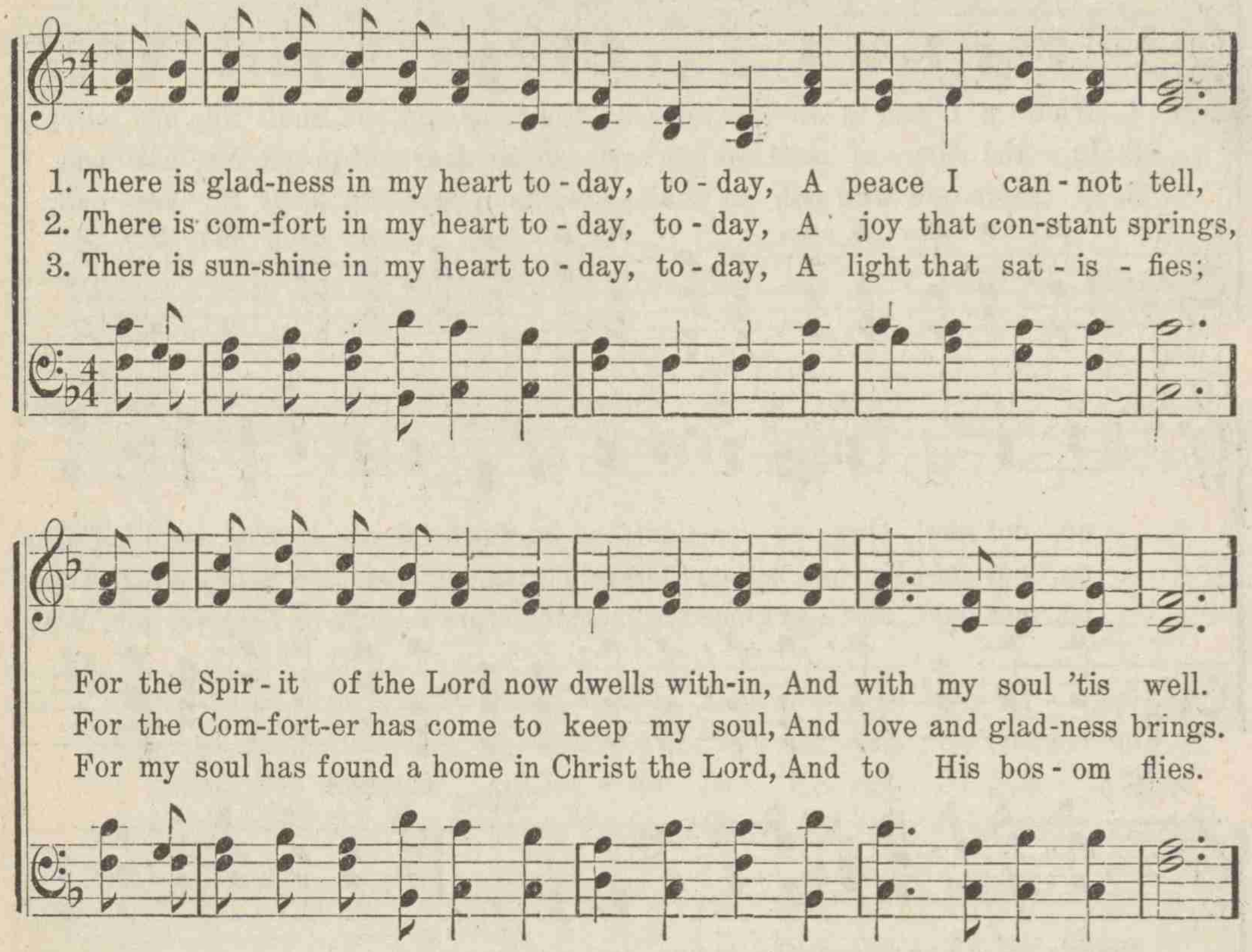
{ Sun-shine and rain, re - fresh-ing, re - viv - ing rain, Light of faith and
{ Sun-shine and rain, to nour-ish the grow-ing grain Send us Lord, the
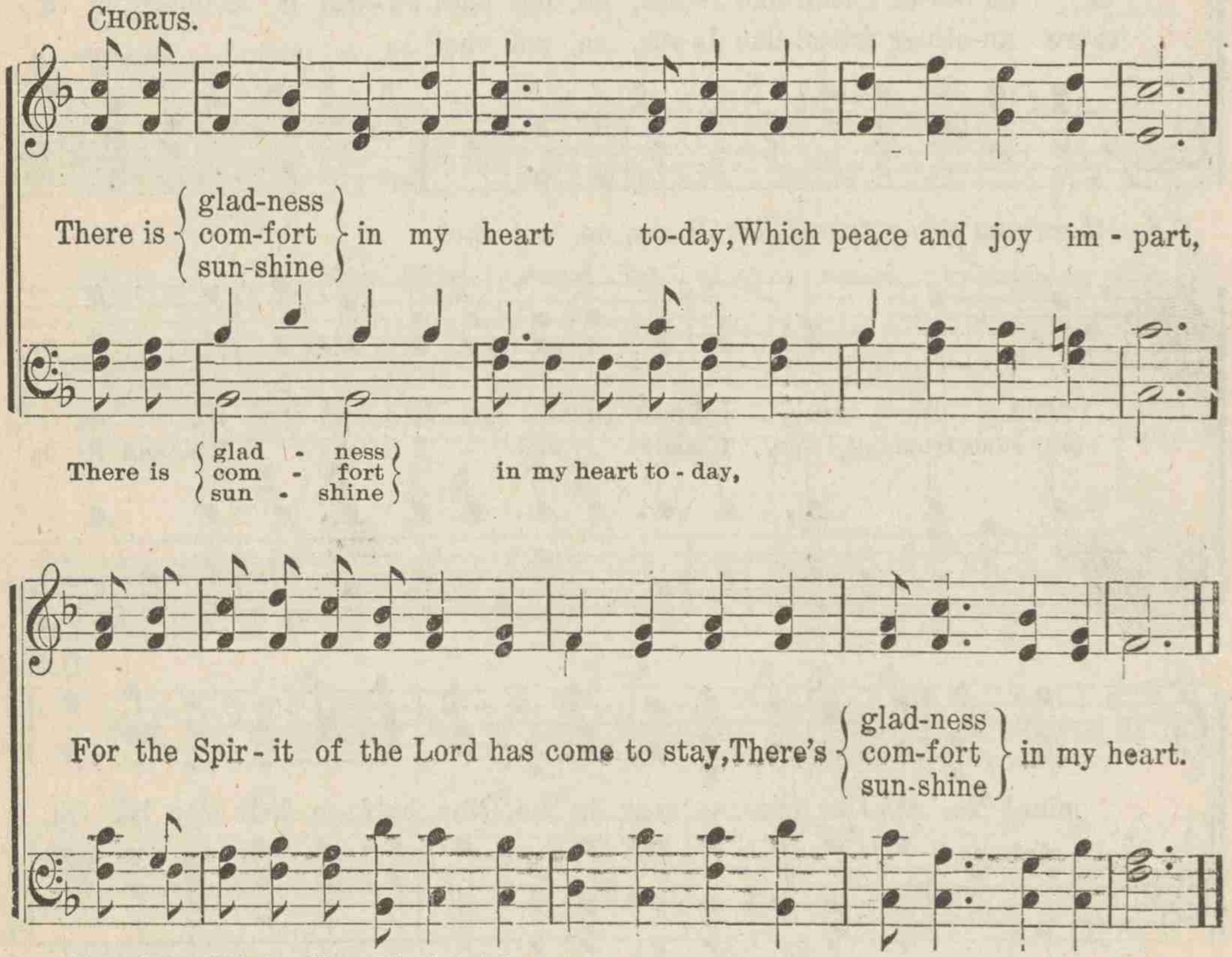
love, Show - ers from a - bove! sun - shine and the rain.

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No. 5. Joy of Forgiveness.

A. S. D. A. S. DeYoe.





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No. 6. What a Friend is Jesus.

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

1. What a friend is Je - sus! one so pre-cious can you find? No, not one;
2. In the time of need no oth - er one so dear will prove, No, not one;
3. Is there one who can so ma - ny works of love de - ploy? No, not one;

no, not one! One so pa-tient and so faith-ful, one so true and kind? Oh,
no, not one! You may search the world around, or seek thro' heav'n above, There
no, not one! Nev - er since the morning stars to-geth-er sang for joy, Was

:S: FINE. CHORUS.

there's no oth-er friend like Je-sus, no, not one!
is no oth-er friend like Je-sus, no, not one! Je - sus is a friend, is a
there an-oth-er friend like Je-sus, no, not one! Je - sus, Je - sus,

D.S.—*there's no oth-er friend like Je-sus, no, not one!*

friend di - vine, I know that I am His, and that He is
pre - cious friend di - vine, I know that I am His. and He is

mine! No oth - er one so near to me, Nor half so dear can be, Oh,
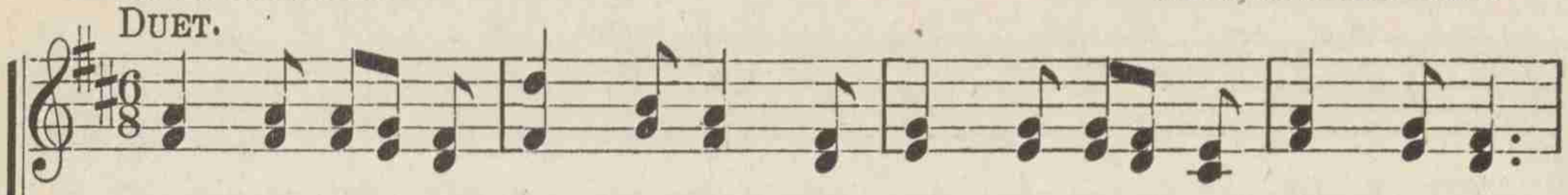
D. S.

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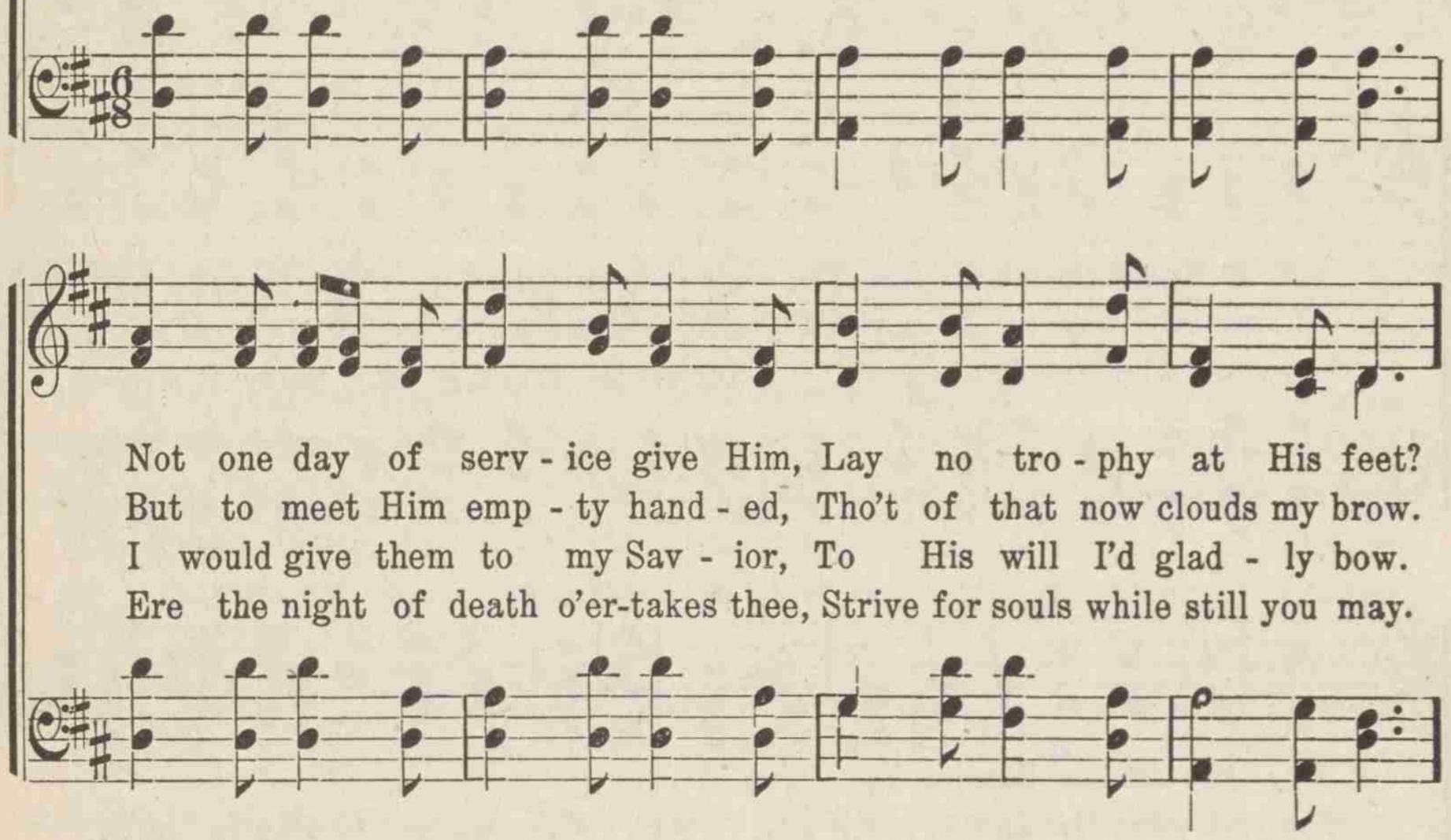
No. 7. Must I Go, and Empty Handed?

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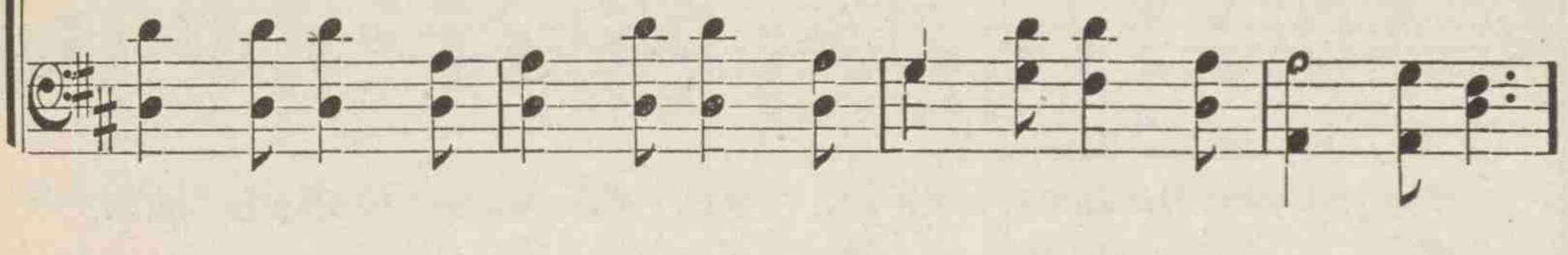
DUET.
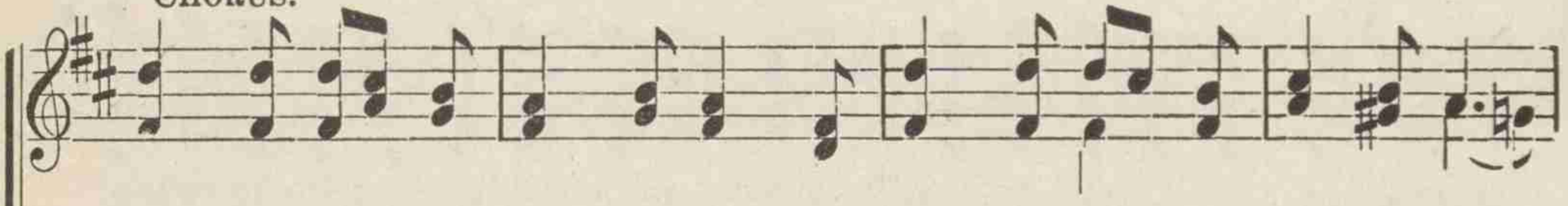


1. "Must I go, and emp - ty hand-ed," Thus my dear Re - deem-er meet?
2. Not at death I shrink nor fal - ter, For my Sav - ior saves me now;
3. Oh, the years of sin - ning wast - ed, Could I but re - call them now,
4. Oh, ye saints, a - rouse, be earn - est, Up and work while yet 'tis day,
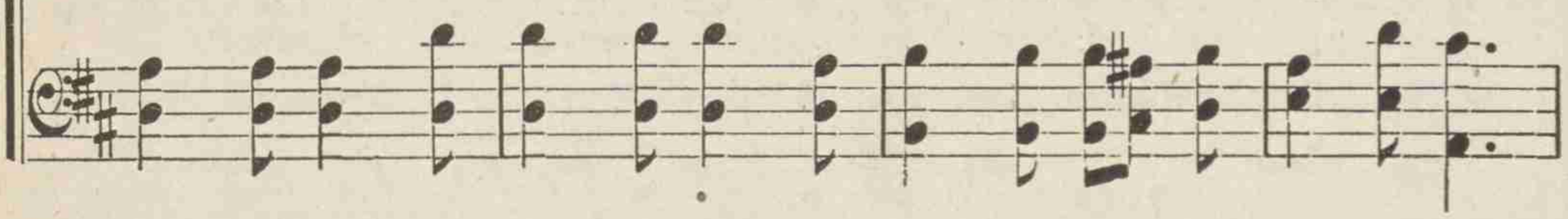


Not one day of serv - ice give Him, Lay no tro - phy at His feet?
But to meet Him emp - ty hand - ed, Tho't of that now clouds my brow.
I would give them to my Sav - ior, To His will I'd glad - ly bow.
Ere the night of death o'er-takes thee, Strive for souls while still you may.



CHORUS.



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



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

Copyright, 1878, by F. H. Revell.

No. 8. Just as He Wants Me to Be.

HARRIET E. JONES. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I want to live just as He wants me to live; I want to do just as He wants me to do; The serv - ice re-quired I will cheer-ful-ly give,
2. I want to speak just as He wants me to speak, My yea to be yea, and my nay to be nay; To guard well my words ev-'ry day in the week–
3. I want ev-'ry thought to be pleas - ing to Him, Who read - eth the heart,and who lov-eth the pure; I want all the fruits of the spir - it with-in,
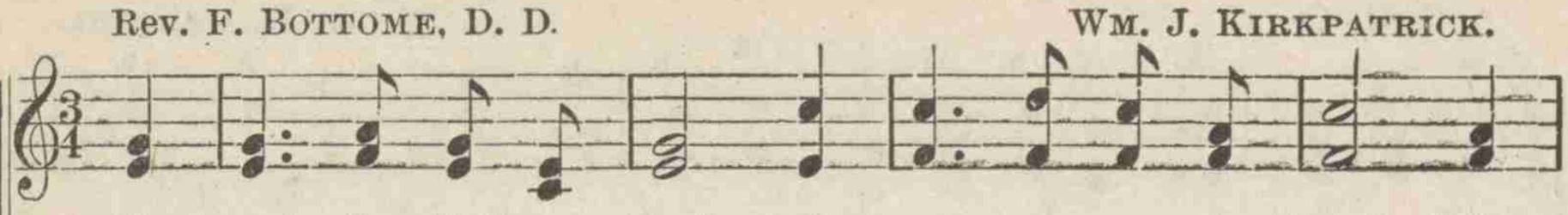
CHORUS.

To Je - sus my Sav-ior be true.
Say just what He wants me to say. I want to be like Him in mind,
That I to the end may en - dure. I do,
Be like Him in deed and in word; . . . . I want to be be true,
patient, and gen - tle, and kind, Just like my dear Sav - ior and Lord.
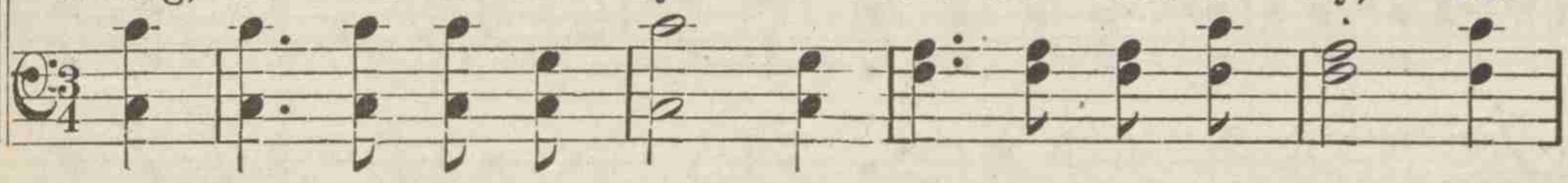
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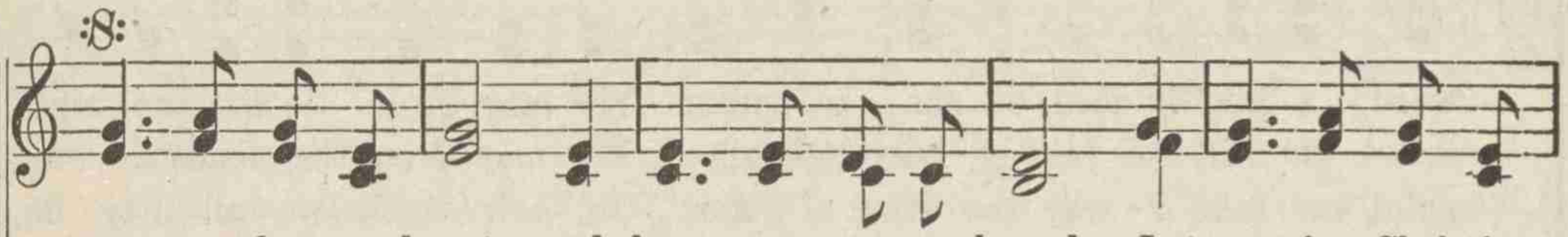
No. 9. The Comforter Has Come!

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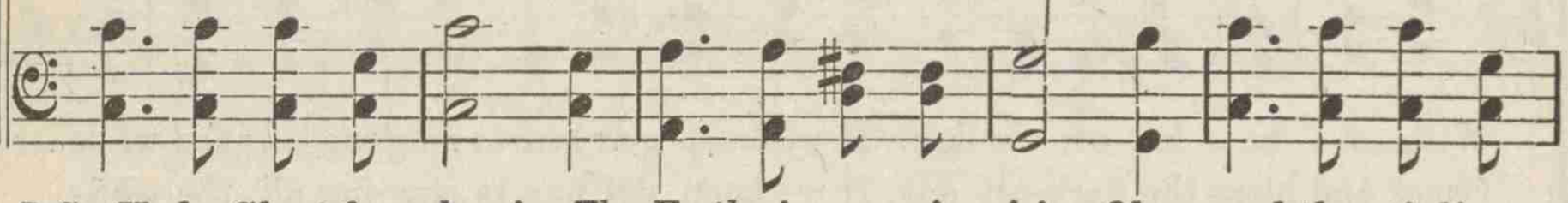


1. Oh, spread the ti-dings round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And
3. Be - hold the King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
4. Oh, bound - less love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing, till the ech-oes fly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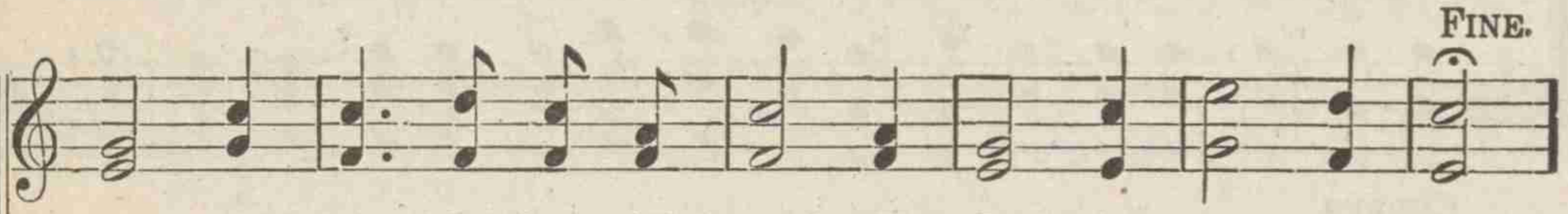




ev - er human hearts and hu - man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
hushed the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full de - liv-'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
wond-'ring mor-tals tell the matchless grace di - vine— That I, a child of
all the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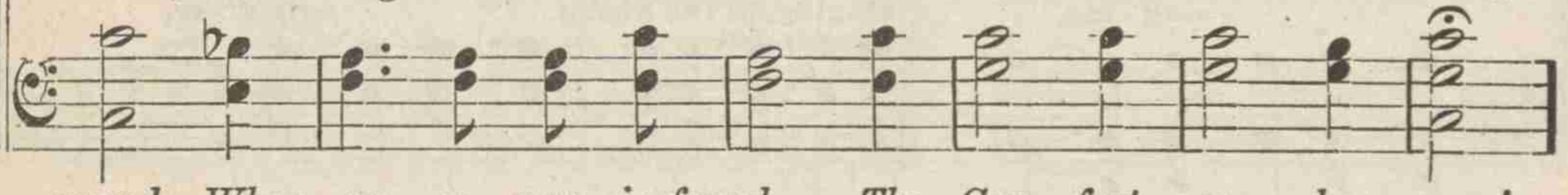


D.S.–*Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n, The Fa-ther's prom-ise giv'n; Oh, spread the ti-dings*

FINE.



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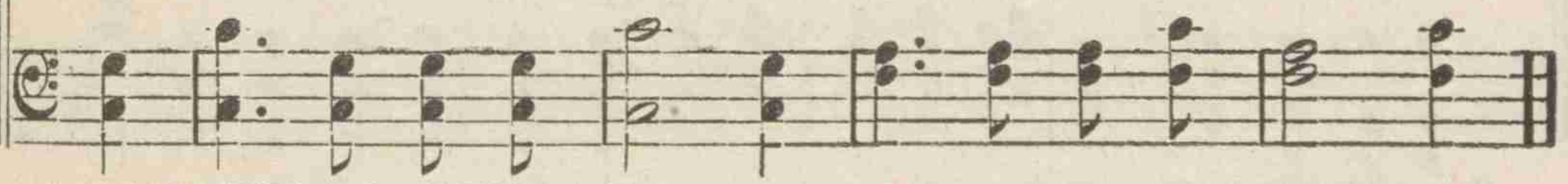


round, Wher - ev - er man is found— The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.



D. S.

The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The



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No. 10. Keep Your Heart Singing.

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

1. We may light - en toil and care, Or a heav - y bur - den share, With a
2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con - trol, Sweet-est
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin - dle hope, and ban - ish fear, Soothe a

word, a kind-ly deed, or sun - ny smile; We may gird - le day and night
mus - ic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a - way,
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 our hearts sing-ing all the while.
Cheer and bless the dark-est day, If we keep our hearts sing-ing all the while.
In the world we trav-el through, If we keep our hearts sing-ing all the while.

CHORUS.

Keep your heart singing all the while, ... Make the world brighter with a
sing - ing, singing all the while; bright - er,

smile, ... Keep the song ring-ing! lone-ly hours we may be - guile,
brighter with a smile;

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No. 11. Jesus is Calling Today.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. Dr. L. O. EMERSON.

1. Je - sus is call - ing! O hear Him to - day, Call - ing for you,
2. Je - sus is call - ing! Your serv - ice He needs, Call - ing for you,
3. Je - sus is call - ing! He stands at the door, Call - ing for you,

Call - ing for you; Will you not quick - ly the sum - mons o - bey?
Call - ing for you; Ten - der - ly, pa - tient - ly with you He pleads,
Call - ing for you; O - pen your heart, and His mer - cy im - plore,

CHORUS.

Je - sus is call-ing for you! . . . Call - ing for you, . . .
for you! Je - sus is call-ing, is call-ing for you,
Call - ing for you, ... Hear Him to - day— do not
Je - sus is call - ing, is call-ing for you,
turn Him a - way, Je - sus is call - ing for you. . . .
for you.

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No. 12. He'll Never Forsake His Own.

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

1. While thro' this world of sin I go, I'll cen-ter my faith in Je - sus;
2. Tho' friends may fail, and com-forts flee, I'll cen-ter my faith in Je - sus;
3. For me He trod Geth-sem - a - ne, I'll cen-ter my faith in Je - sus;
4. Tho' kin - dred ties of hope de - cay, I'll cen-ter my faith in Je - sus;
5. When in the sol - emn hour of death, I'll cen-ter my faith in Je - sus;
6. And when I reach my home on high, I'll cen-ter my faith in Je - sus;

I'll trust in Him, for well I know, He'll nev-er for-sake His own.
His prom - ise shall my ref - uge be, He'll nev-er for-sake His own.
For me He died on Cal - va - ry, He'll nev-er for-sake His own.
Tho' heav'n and earth should pass a - way, He'll nev-er for-sake His own.
And say with my ex - pir - ing breath, He'll nev-er for-sake His own.
And sing while end - less years go by, He'll nev-er for-sake His own.

CHORUS.

He'll nev - er for - sake His own, . . . He'll nev-er for-sake His own; . . .
He'll nev - er, no, nev - er for - sake His own, no! no!

With Him I'll go, for well I know, He'll nev - er for-sake His own.

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No. 13. Unspeakably Precious to Me.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. When out in the con-flict for Je - sus my Lord, No foe could com-
2. When wearied and burden'd with tri - al and care, And sor - rows I
3. And now I have finish'd the du - ties He gave, The end of my
4. The Sav - ior is call-ing, I'll soon reach my home, And there in His

pel me to flee; I knew I would conquer while trust-ing His word,
could not fore - see; I al-ways found comfort from Je - sus in pray'r,
la - bors I see; I fear not the pow - er of death or the grave,
im - age I'll be; And thro' all the a - ges I know He'll be - come,

CHORUS.

For He was so pre - cious to me.
For He was so pre - cious to me. Oh, glo - ry to God, my
For He is so pre - cious to me.
In - creas - ing - ly pre - cious to me.

soul is a - flame, I'm hap - py, ex - ult - ant and free, For Je - sus is

precious, Oh, praise His dear name, Un - speak - a - bly pre-cious to me.

Copyright, 1895, by H. L. Gilmour.

No. 14. This Same Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT. W. A. POST.

1. Why stand ye i-dly gazing t'ward heaven's blessed height? This same Je - sus is
2. Re-ceiv-ing His good Spir it, we'll know His presence near; This same Je - sus is
3. Our low - ly talents doubling, more faithful may we be; This same Je - sus is
4. In ev - 'ry time of tri-al we'll trust His changeless love; This same Je - sus is

coming back a-gain; The shin-ing an - gels told it, ar-rayed in spotless white;
coming back a-gain; He fills us with His blessing, He gives us love and cheer;
coming back a-gain; And spread abroad His gos-pel with hap-py hearts and free;
coming back a-gain; The might-y King of Glo - ry still reigns for us a - bove;

CHORUS.

This same Je - sus is com-ing back a - gain. This same Je-sus, this same Je-sus;

Oh, tell the joy - ful ti - dings to all the sons of men! Oh, let us work and

pray, re - joic-ing ev - 'ry day; This same Je - sus is com-ing back a - gain.

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No. 15. There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. H. L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin, There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your pas - sion and pride, There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit - er, much whit - er than snow, There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King, There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win,
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,
pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly, His prais - es to sing,

CHORUS.

There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
there is pow'r,
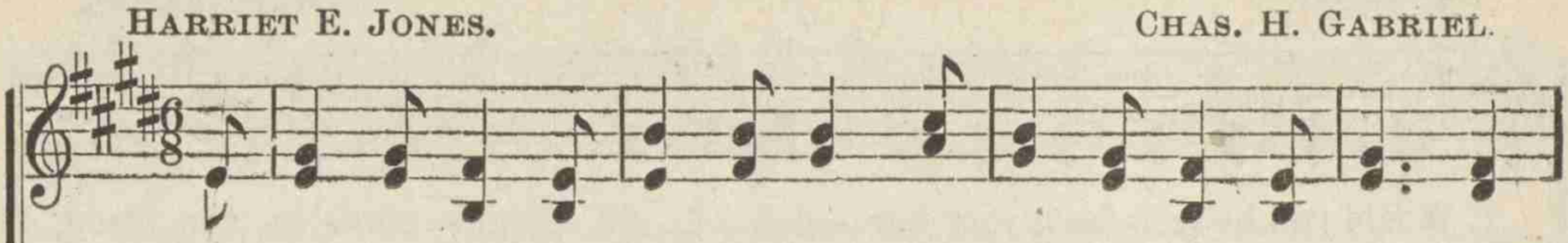
Won-der work-ing pow'r in the blood of the Lamb, There is
in the blood, of the Lamb,

pow'r, pow'r, Wonder working pow'r, In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
there is pow'r,
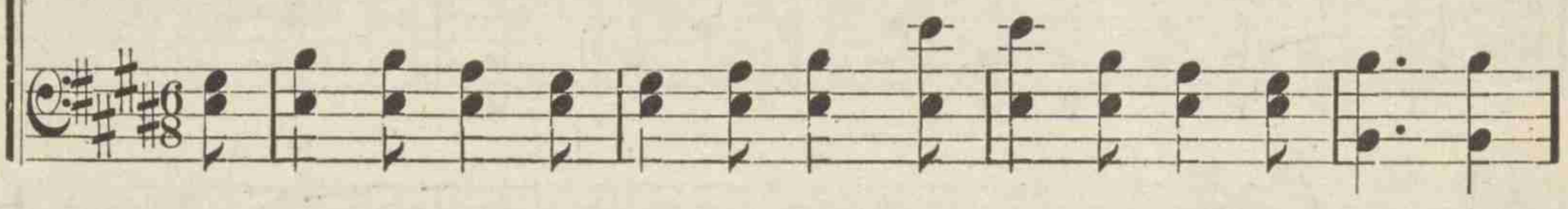
Copyright, 1899, by H. L. Gilmour.
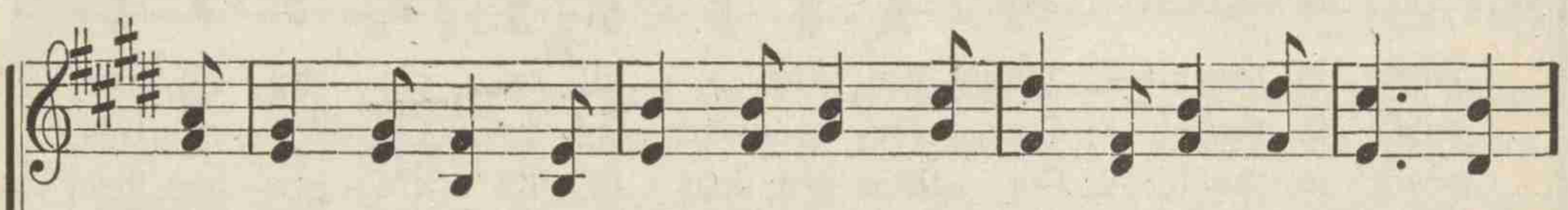
No. 16. The Name Supremely Precious.

HARRIET E. JONES. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
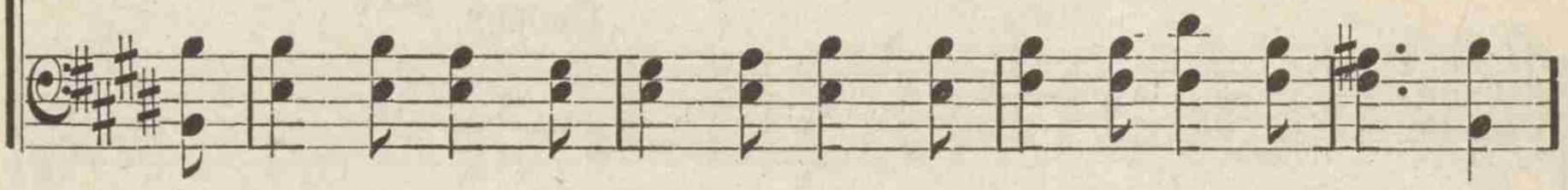


1. O ev - er sweet and ho - ly name, To all be - liev - ers pre - cious;
2. The name we breathe in secret pray'r, When all our sins con - fess - ing;
3. The name of Him who thro' the vale, Will lin - ger close be - side us,
4. The name of Him who rules a - bove, With - in the home su - per - nal,
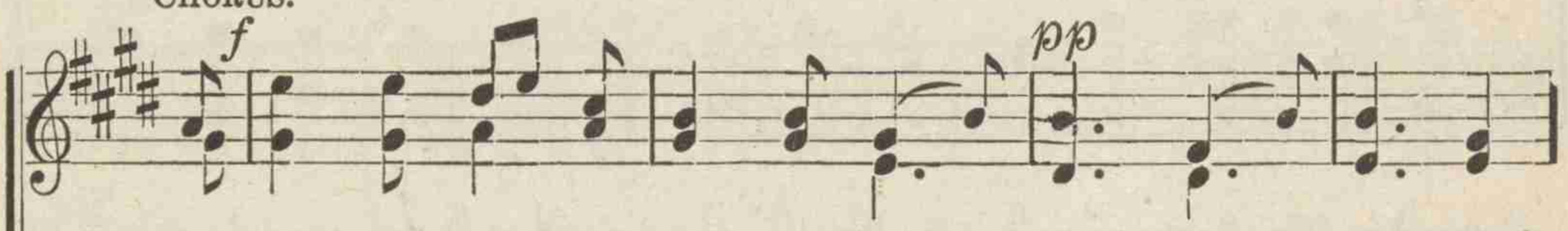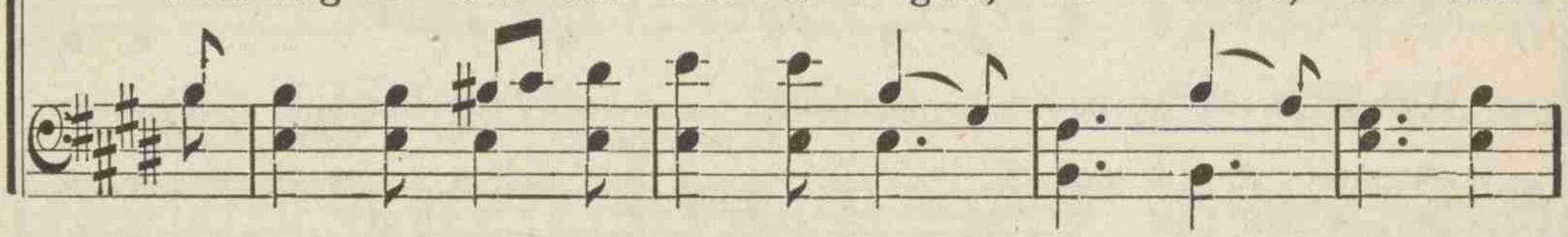




O sa - cred name of world-wide fame, The pre-cious name of Je - sus.
The name of Him who meets us there, And leaves with us His bless - ing.
And, with a love to nev - er fail, Un - to His home will guide us.
The name of Him we'll praise and love, While roll the years e - ter - nal.



CHORUS.



We'll sing it o'er and o'er a - gain, Je - sus, Je - sus!



Yes, sing it o'er in sweet re - frain, The pre-cious name of Je - sus.

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No. 17. There Shall be Showers of Blessing.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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No. 18. In the Covert of His Wings.

E. E. HEWITT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When the sky, clear and sun-ny, fills my way with gold-en light, When my heart with a song of glad-ness rings, I will know that my Sav-ior is the
2. When the wild wind is blow-ing, His high bid-ding to per-form, Then my soul to the Rock of A-ges clings; For I know that my Fa-ther rules the
3. Wheth-er pleas-ure or sor-row is ap-point-ed for my day, Faith tri-um-phant in Him se-rene-ly sings, I will look up to Je-sus till the
4. Oh, for grace that His serv-ice may be gladness, more and more, Giv-ing oth-ers the help His spir-it brings! Till my eyes see His beauty, whom the

source of bless-ing bright, I will trust in the cov-ert of His wings.
whirl-wind and the storm, I will trust in the cov-ert of His wings.
shad-ows flee a-way, I will trust in the cov-ert of His wings.
rapt-ured saints a-dore, I will trust in the cov-ert of His wings.

CHORUS.

I will trust, sweet-ly trust In the care of the mighty King of kings; I will trust in the cov-ert of His wings.
sweet-ly trust, ev-er trust, might-y King of kings;

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No. 19. I am Praying for You.

S. O'MALEY CLUFF. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I have a Sav - ior, He's plead - ing in glo - ry; A dear, lov - ing
2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e-
3. I have a peace: it is calm as a riv - er— A peace that the

Sav - ior, tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in
ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to
friends of this world nev - er knew; My Sav - ior a - lone is its

tend - er-ness o'er me, And oh, that my Sav - ior were your Sav - ior too!
meet Him in heav - en; But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too!
Au - thor and Giv - er, And oh, could I know it was giv - en to you.

CHORUS. *f* *p*

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

f *pp* *rall.*

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

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No. 20. I Love to Hear About Jesus.

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

1. While press-ing on my pil - grim way I love to hear a - bout Je - sus;
2. When skies are fair and days are bright, I love to hear a - bout Je - sus;
3. When troub-le weighs up - on my heart, I love to hear a - bout Je - sus;
4. I'll sing, while life is pass - ing by, I love to hear a - bout Je - sus;

His name can turn my night to day, I love to hear a - bout Je - sus.
When tri - als come, and sor - rows blight, I love to hear a - bout Je - sus.
When with my lov'd ones I must part, I love to hear a - bout Je - sus.
And whis - per, when I'm called to die— "I love to hear a - bout Je - sus."

CHORUS.

More, and more, more and more, Talk to me a - bout Je - sus; Oh,

tell me more a - bout that Friend, Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.

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No. 21. Seeking the Lost.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Seeking the lost, yes, kind - ly en - treat - ing Wan - der - ers on the mount - ain a - stray; "Come un - to me," His mes-sage re - peat - ing, Words of the Mas - ter speak-ing to - day.
2. Seeking the lost, and point-ing to Je - sus, Souls that are weak, and hearts that are sore; Lead - ing them forth in ways of sal - va - tion, Show-ing the path to life ev - er - more.
3. Thus I would go on mis - sions of mer - cy, Fol - low - ing Christ from day un - to day; Cheer - ing the faint, and rais - ing the fall - en; Point-ing the lost to Je - sus, the Way.

CHORUS.

{ Go-ing a - far up - on the mountain,
{ In - to the fold of my Re - deem - er,

{ Go - ing a - far up - on the mount - ain, Bring-ing the
{ In - to the fold of my Re - deem - er, Je - sus the

Bringing the wand'rer back a - gain, back a - gain,
Je - sus the Lamb for sin - ners slain, for sin-ners slain.

wan - d'rer back a - gain
Lamb for sin-ners (*Omit*) } slain. . . . . .

Used by per. of Mrs. W. A. Ogden.

No. 22. The Name of Jesus.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN. E. S. LORENZ.

1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love it's mu - sic
2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs and
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear, It nev - er fails my
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I

to re - peat; It makes my joys full and com - plete, The pre-cious
bears a part; Who bids all anx - ious fears de - part— I love the
heart to cheer, It's mu - sic dries the fall - ing tear; Ex - alt the
love so well, Oh, let it's prais - es ev - er swell,—Oh, praise the

CHORUS.

name, (the pre - cious name) of Je - sus.
name, (I love the name) of Je - sus. "Je - sus," oh, how
name, (Ex - alt the name) of Je - sus.
name, (Oh, praise the name) of Je - sus.

sweet the name! "Je - sus," ev - 'ry day the same; "Je - sus," let all
saints pro - claim Its wor - thy praise (Its wor - thy praise) for - ev - er.

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No. 23. Not Willing That Any Should Perish.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. He was not willing that a-ny should perish! O'er the wide earth let it ring;
2. He was not willing that a-ny should perish! Oh, what compassion and grace,
3. He is not willing that a-ny should perish! Je-sus, for-ev-er the same.

Down from a-bove to re-cov-er the straying, Joy and sal-va-tion to bring,
Pay -- ing the in-fi-nite price of sal-va-tion, Not for a soul, but a race!
Lov-ing-ly follows the lost and the wayward, Call-ing the wand'rers by name;

Lo, He descended, the Sav-ior of sin-ners; Hail the Redeemer and King.
Now for His own, in the mansion e-ter-nal, He is pre-par-ing a place.
Come to this mighty and on-ly Re-deem-er, Praise Him with joyful ac-claim.

CHORUS.

Oh, what a Savior! my Lord, my King! Joy and sal-va-tion He came to bring;
Let the whole earth with His praises ring, Won-der-ful Sav-ior of men.

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No. 24. Once Again.

FRED. WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Once a - gain I want to hear it, Sto - ry sweet and sto - ry old;
2. Once a - gain the song as - cend-ing To the Lord who died for me,
3. Once a - gain, oh, tell the sto - ry Of the glo - ry yet to be,

Sweet - er than the sweet-est mu - sic, Rich-er far than gems and gold;
Let me feel that He is hear - ing! How I long His face to see!
O'er the walls of shin - ing jas - per, O'er the bright and crys - tal sea;

Tell it to me, tell it to me, Sto - ry of the Sav - ior's love,
Mer - cy, mer - cy, like a fount - ain, Springing up and run - ning o'er,
I will list - en, I will praise Him, And, a - mid a world of care,

FINE

Known on earth, and known in glo - ry, Sweet be - low, and sweet a - bove.
Life and love for thirst - y mil-lions, Life and love for mil - lions more!
Bear the cross with - out re - pin - ing, Think-ing of the glo - ry there!

D. S.—*First on earth, and first in glo - ry, Still the best and still the same.*

CHORUS. D. S.

Tell it to me, tell it to me, Once a - gain the old, old Name,
Tell it to me, tell it to me,

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No. 25. Sunlight.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. I wan - dered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
2. Tho' clouds may gath-er in the sky, And bil-lows round me roll,
3. While walking in the light of God, I sweet com-mun-ion find;
4. I cross the wide ex - tend - ed fields, I jour - ney o'er the plain,
5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The Light that came to me,

And with the sun - light of His love Bid all my darkness flee.
How - ev - er dark the world may be I've sun-light in my soul.
I press with ho - ly vig - or on, And leave the world be-hind.
And in the sun - light of His love I reap the gold - en grain.
Be - hold the bright-ness of His face, Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Sun-light, sun-light in my soul to-day, Sun-light, sun-light
to-day, yes,
all a-long the way. Since the Savior found me, took a-way my
nar-row way,
sin, I have had the sun - light of His love with - in.
load of sin,

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No. 26. He Will Open the Gate for Me.

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

1. When my boat I shall an-chor o - ver on the gold - en strand, Where the ma - ny mansions be, And I call to my Sav - ior, as out-side the walls I stand, He will o - pen wide the gate for me.
2. While the cross I am bear-ing o'er the way that He has gone, I, by faith, those portals see; And I know, when the morning of that bet-ter day shall dawn, He will o - pen wide the gate for me.
3. If I here do my dut - y as a sol - dier in the strife, For the Lamb of Cal - va - ry, If I'm faith - ful to Him un - till I'm done with cares of life, He will o - pen wide the gate for me.
4. So I'll fol - low my Mas-ter to that land of love un - told, In the great e - ter - ni - ty; And when I that fair cit - y, New Je - ru - sa-lem, be- hold, He will o - pen wide the gate for me.

CHORUS.

He will o-pen wide the gate for me, He will o-pen wide the gate for me, . . . Not because I'm worth-y, but thro' His abounding grace, He will open wide the gate for me. . . .

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No. 27. The Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the Ev - er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Lean-ing on the Ev - er-
3. What have I to do, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the Ev - er-

last-ing Arms! What a bless - ed - ness what a peace is mine,
last-ing Arms! Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last-ing Arms? I have peace com-plete with my Lord so near,

CHORUS.

Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms. Lean - ing,
Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms.
Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms.

Lean - ing on Je - sus.

lean - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;

Lean - ing on Je - sus,

Lean - ing, Lean - ing, Lean-ing on the Ev - er-last-ing Arms!

Lean-ing on Je - sus, lean-ing on Je - sus,

Copyrighted by A. J. Showalter.

No. 28. I Hope, by His Grace, to be There.

HARRIET E. JONES. Dr. S. B. JACKSON.

1. When the call from the skies bids the blood-wash'd a - rise To a crown and a man-sion so fair; When God's peo - ple ap - pear in that bright home of cheer,
2. Tho' un - wor - thy I am, thro' the blood of the Lamb, I may hope in its pleas-ures to share; There in rai - ment of white I may stand on the right—
3. Oh, to rise, in that day, with my sins wash'd a - way, Ev - er - more with the Christ to be heir; In that home of re - nown, from His hands take my crown,

CHORUS.

Oh, I hope, by His grace, to be there.
Oh, I hope, by His grace, to be there. Oh, I hope to be there,
Oh, I hope, by His grace, to be there. to be there, I hope to be there,
Where the song of the ransom'd fill the air! When the saints shall arise to a home in the skies, Oh, I hope by His grace to be there.

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No. 29. Steer Toward the Light.

GERTRUDE T. CLARK. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Fierce is the tem - pest, loud is its roar, Storm-tossed the mar-in - er,
2. Storms can - not hide it, years can-not fade; Firm its foun - da-tion is,
3. When wild the tem - pest round thee is hurled, Look un - to Je - sus, the

far from the shore; See! what is put - ting the dark - ness to flight?
be not a - fraid; Heav'n's am-ple har - bor shall soon greet thy sight,
hope of the world; Bright shall the day be that fol - lows the night,

CHORUS.

Je - sus, the Morn-ing Star! steer t'ward theLight!
Watch for the dawn of day, steer t'ward theLight! Brightly it gleams, and its
Courage, then, mar - in - er, steer t'ward theLight!

pure sil - ver beams Scat-ter the gloom of the night, Tho' the
of the night;
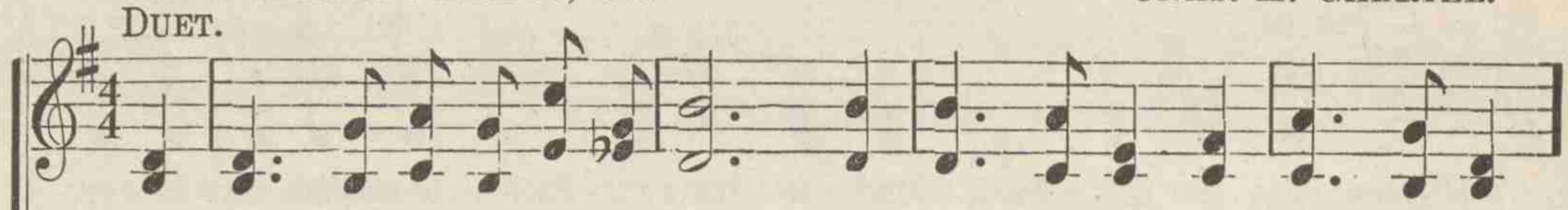
storms 'round thee rave, He is mighty to save, Then, mar-in-er, steer t'ward theLight.

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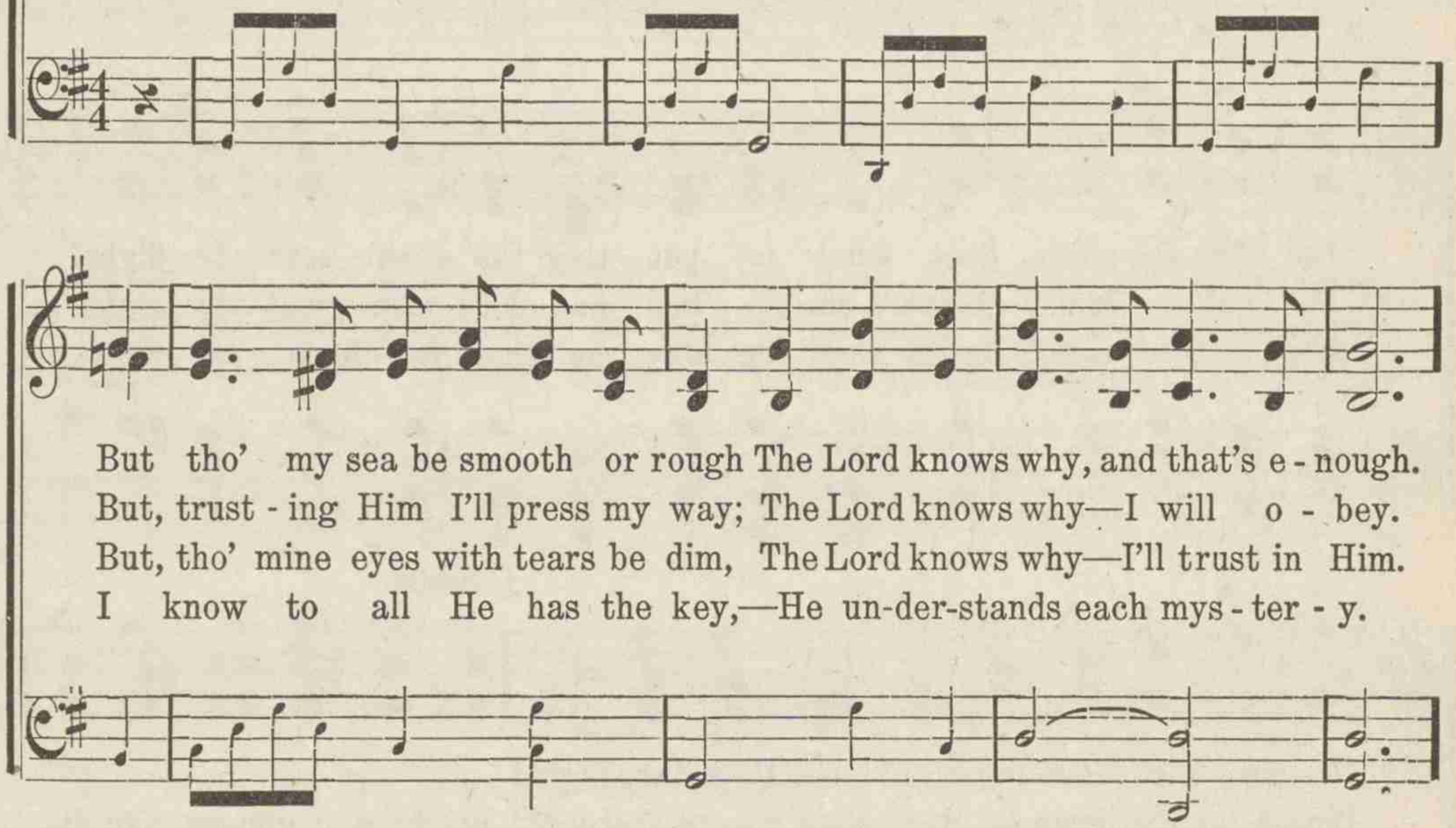
No. 30. The Lord Knows Why.

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

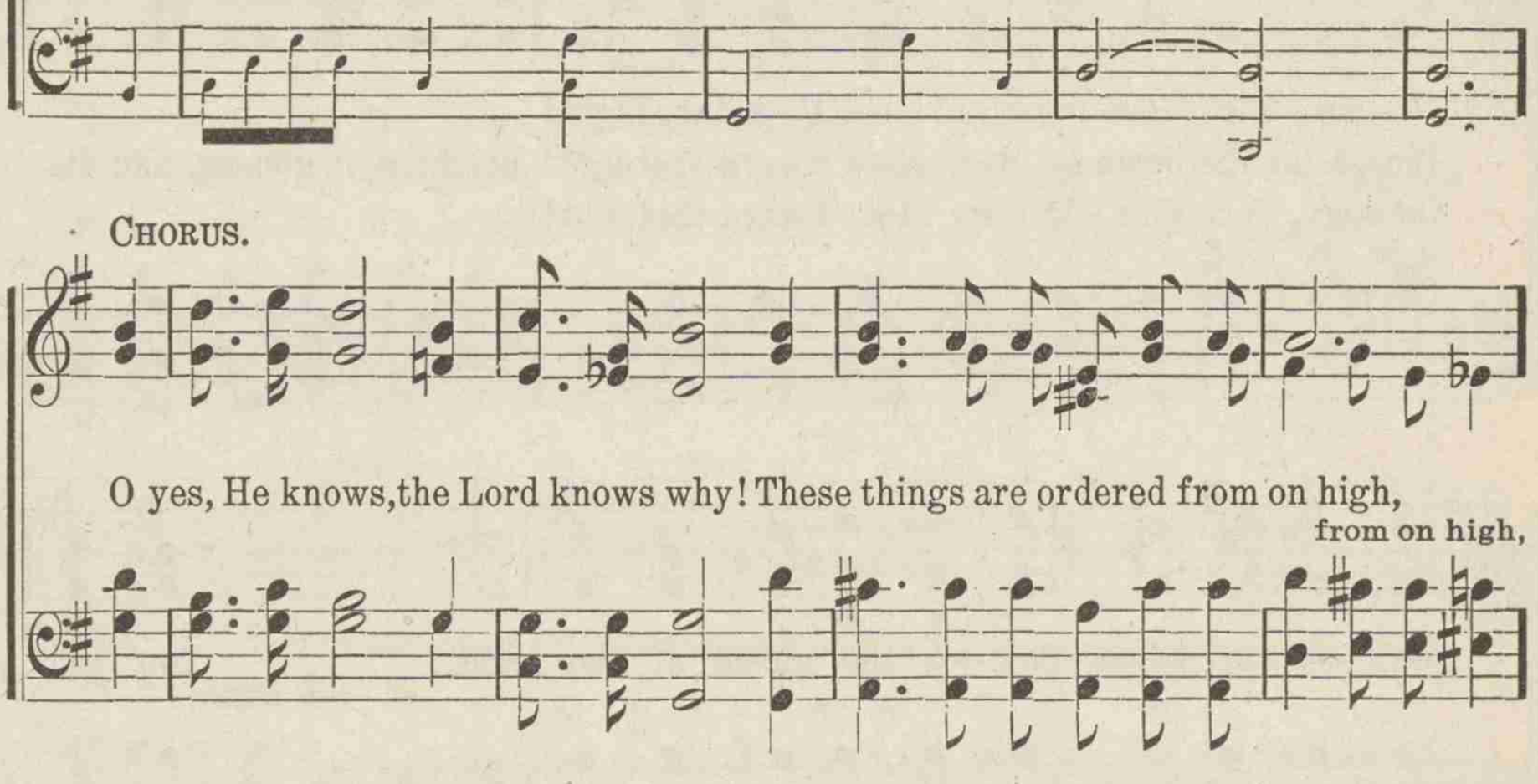
DUET.



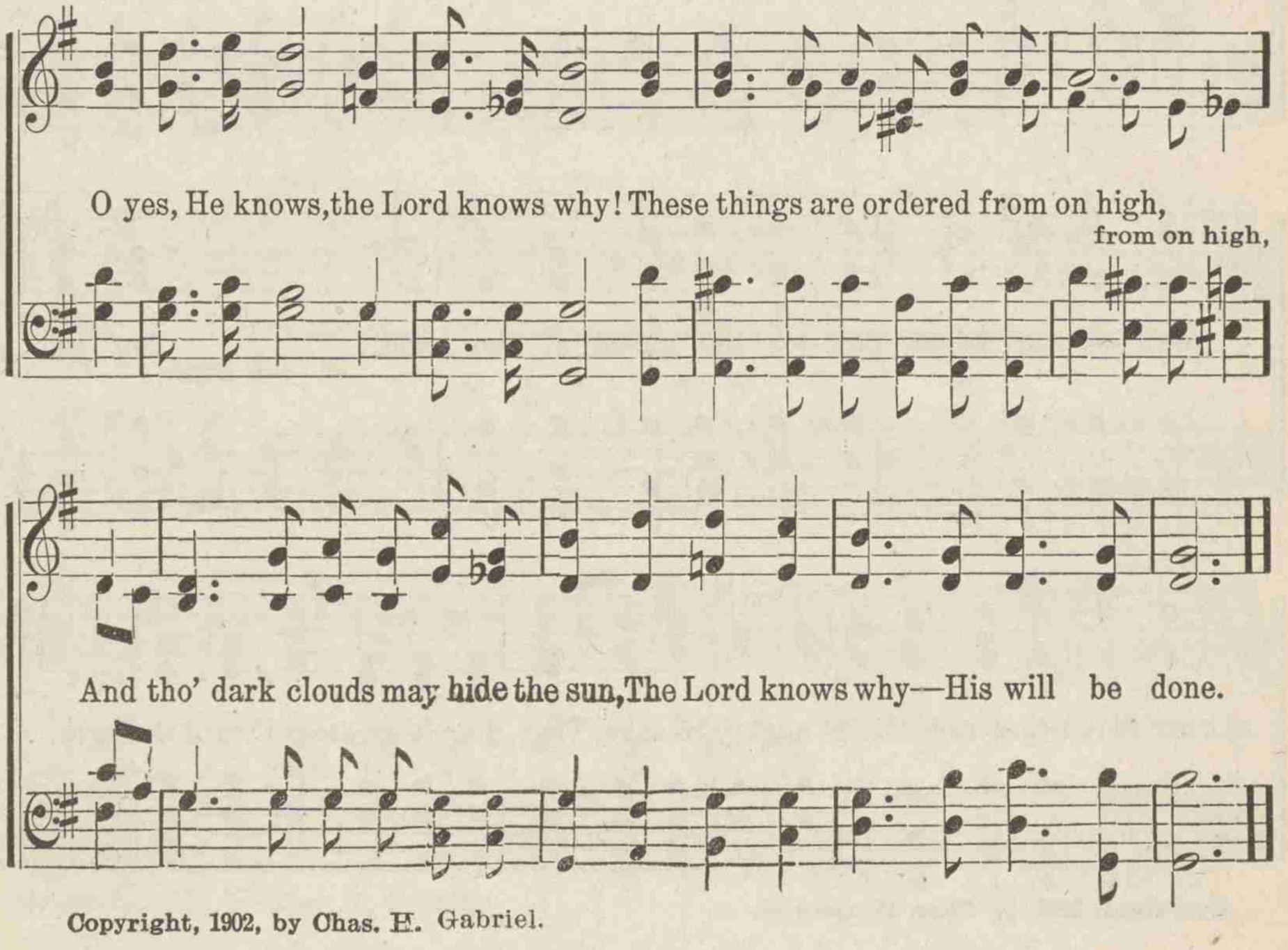
1. I may not know the reason why Dark clouds so oft - en veil the sky,
2. I may not know why I am led, So oft - en in the paths I dread,
3. I may not know why death should come To take the dear ones from my home,
4. So, tho' I may not un-der - stand The lead - ings of my Fa-ther's hand,



But tho' my sea be smooth or rough The Lord knows why, and that's e - nough.
But, trust - ing Him I'll press my way; The Lord knows why—I will o - bey.
But, tho' mine eyes with tears be dim, The Lord knows why—I'll trust in Him.
I know to all He has the key,—He un-der-stands each mys - ter - y.



CHORUS.



O yes, He knows, the Lord knows why! These things are ordered from on high,
from on high,

And tho' dark clouds may hide the sun, The Lord knows why—His will be done.

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No. 31. Make Some Other Heart Rejoice.

C. M. F. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. Would you know earth's high-est hap - pi - ness, Would you know its greatest
2. Pleas - ant smiles will cheer a droop-ing heart, Kind - ly words re-lieve a
3. Ma - ny hearts are crushed with bit - ter woe, Ma-ny hearts with grief are

bless - ed - ness, Would you know its tru - est joy - ful - ness, Make some other
bit - ter smart, Help-ing hands to weakness strength im-part, Make some other
bend - ing low, Ma - ny hearts need help you can be - stow, Make some other

CHORUS.

heart re - joice. Give a pleasant smile, Speak a kind - ly word,
Give a pleas-ant smile, Speak a kind - ly word,

Lend a hand to help a broth - er, Give a pleasant smile,
Lend a hand to help a broth - er, Give a pleasant smile,

Speak a kind - ly word, Lend a hand to help an - oth - er.
Speak a kind - ly word, Lend a hand to help an-oth - er.

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No. 32. I Must Tell Jesus.

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

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

In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me; He ev - er If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er, Make of my I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; He all my I must tell Je - sus, And He will help me O - ver the

Chorus.

loves and cares for His own.
troub - les quick - ly an end.
cares and sor - rows will share.
world the vic - t'ry to win.

I must tell Je - sus! I must tell

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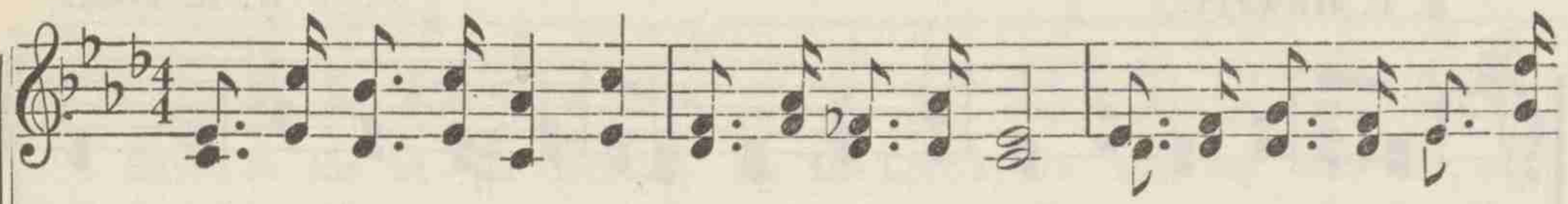
rit.

Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

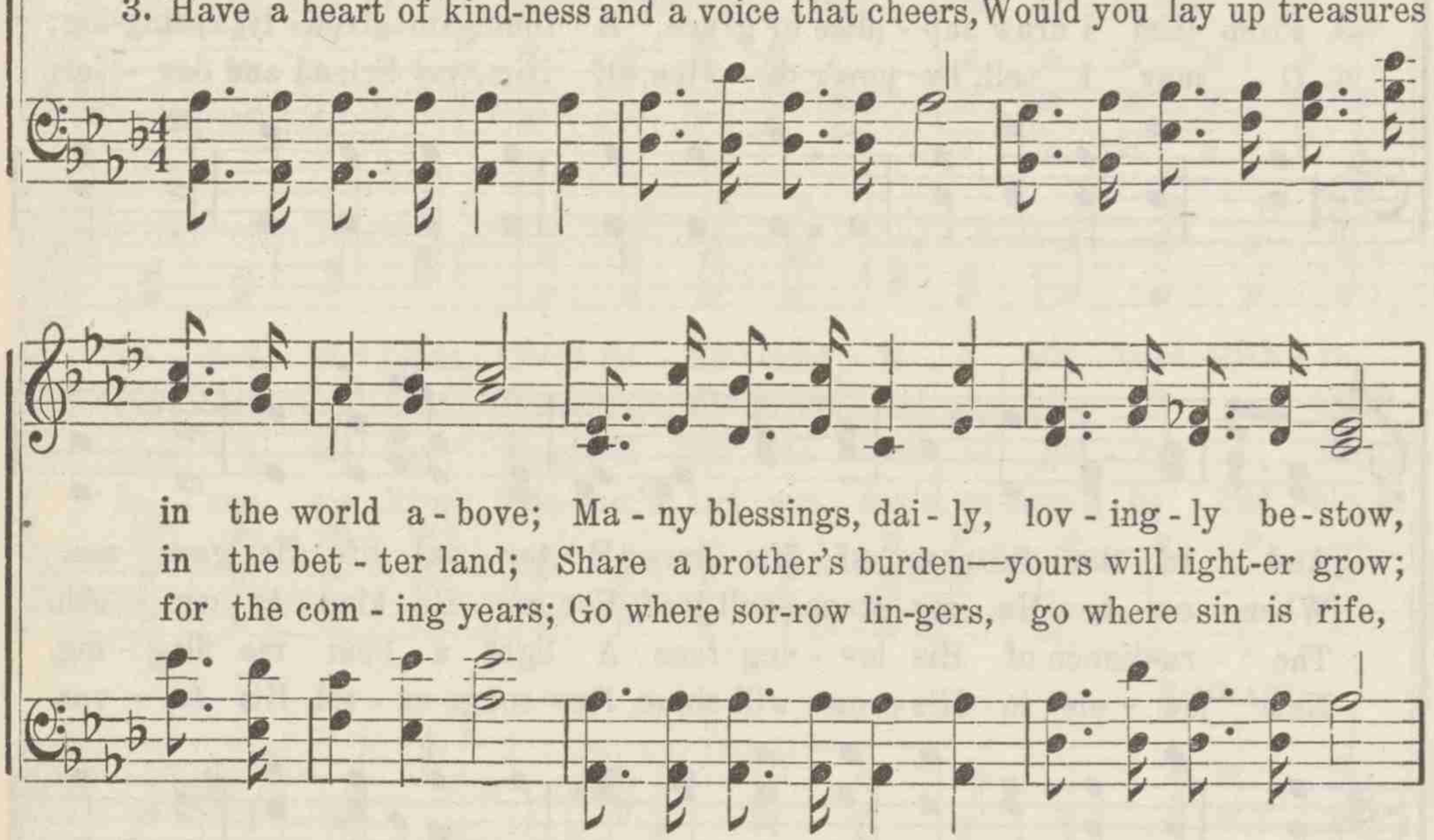
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No. 33. Have a Heart of Kindness.

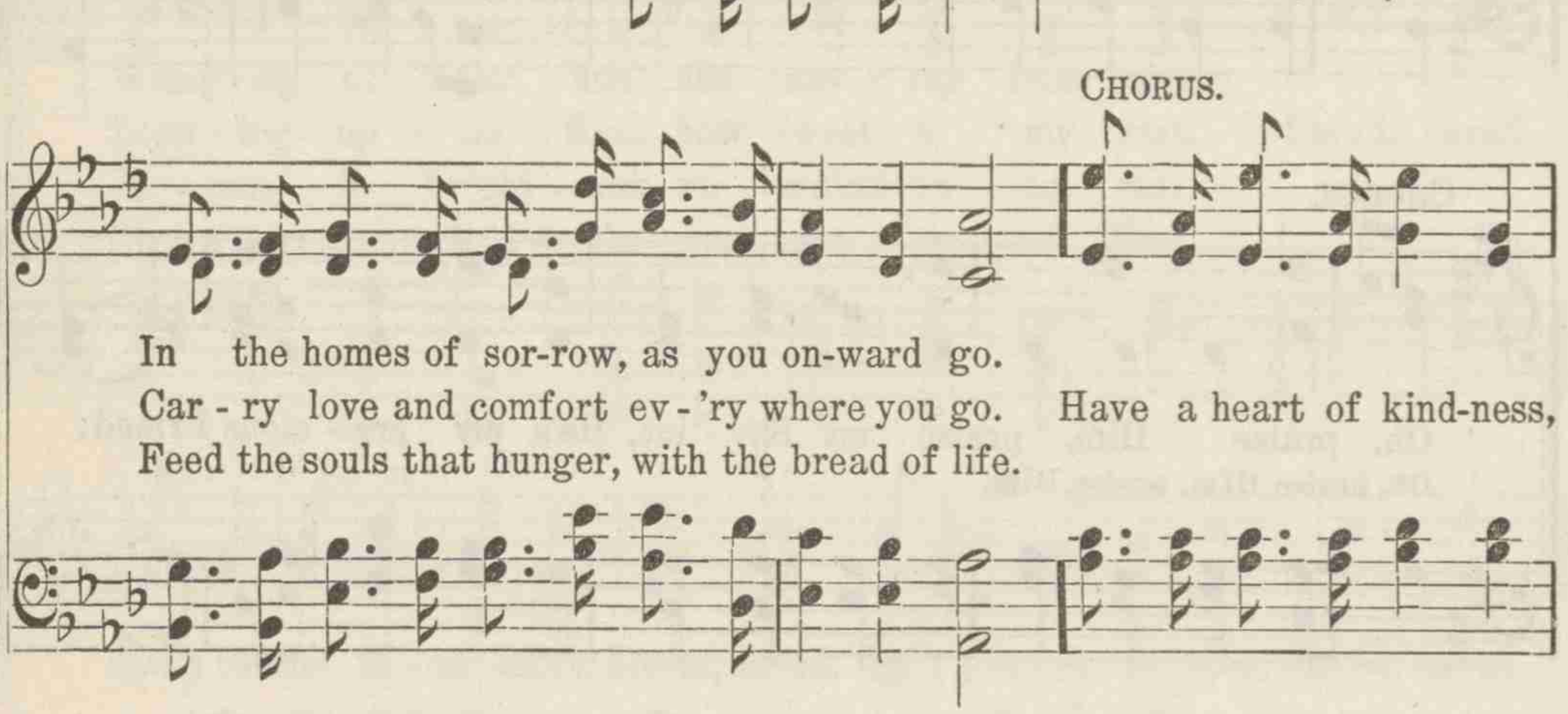
JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Have a heart of kind-ness, sym-path-y and love, Would you lay up treasures
2. Have a heart of kind-ness and a helping hand, Would you lay up treasures
3. Have a heart of kind-ness and a voice that cheers, Would you lay up treasures
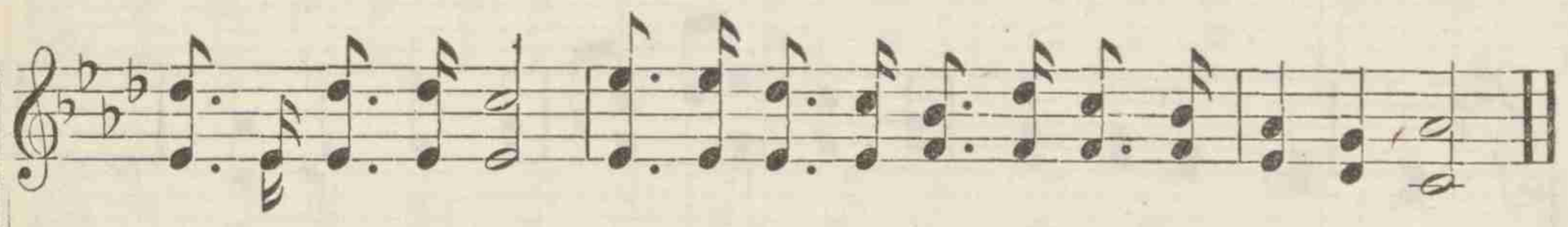


in the world a - bove; Ma - ny blessings, dai - ly, lov - ing - ly be - stow,
in the bet - ter land; Share a brother's burden—yours will light-er grow;
for the com - ing years; Go where sor-row lin-gers, go where sin is rife,
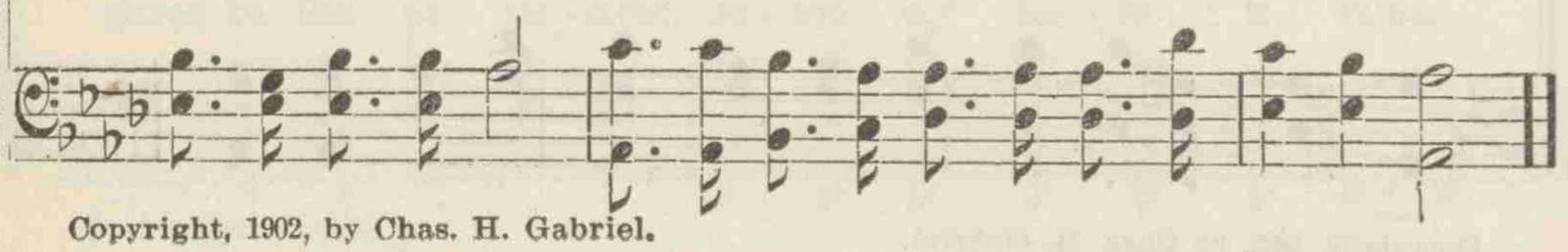


CHORUS.

In the homes of sor-row, as you on-ward go.
Car - ry love and comfort ev - 'ry where you go. Have a heart of kind-ness,
Feed the souls that hunger, with the bread of life.
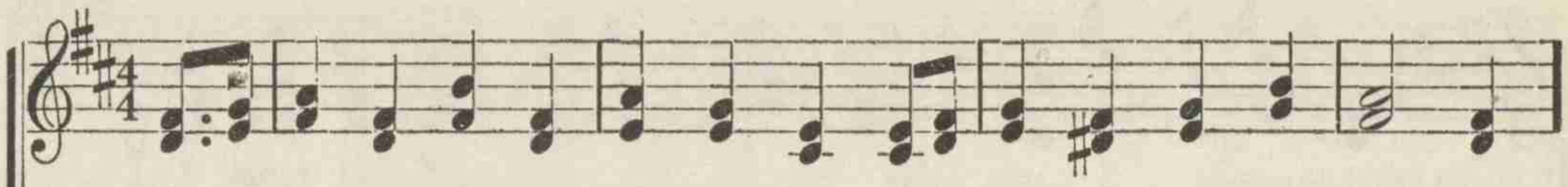


sym - path-y and love, Would you lay up treasures in the world a-bove.



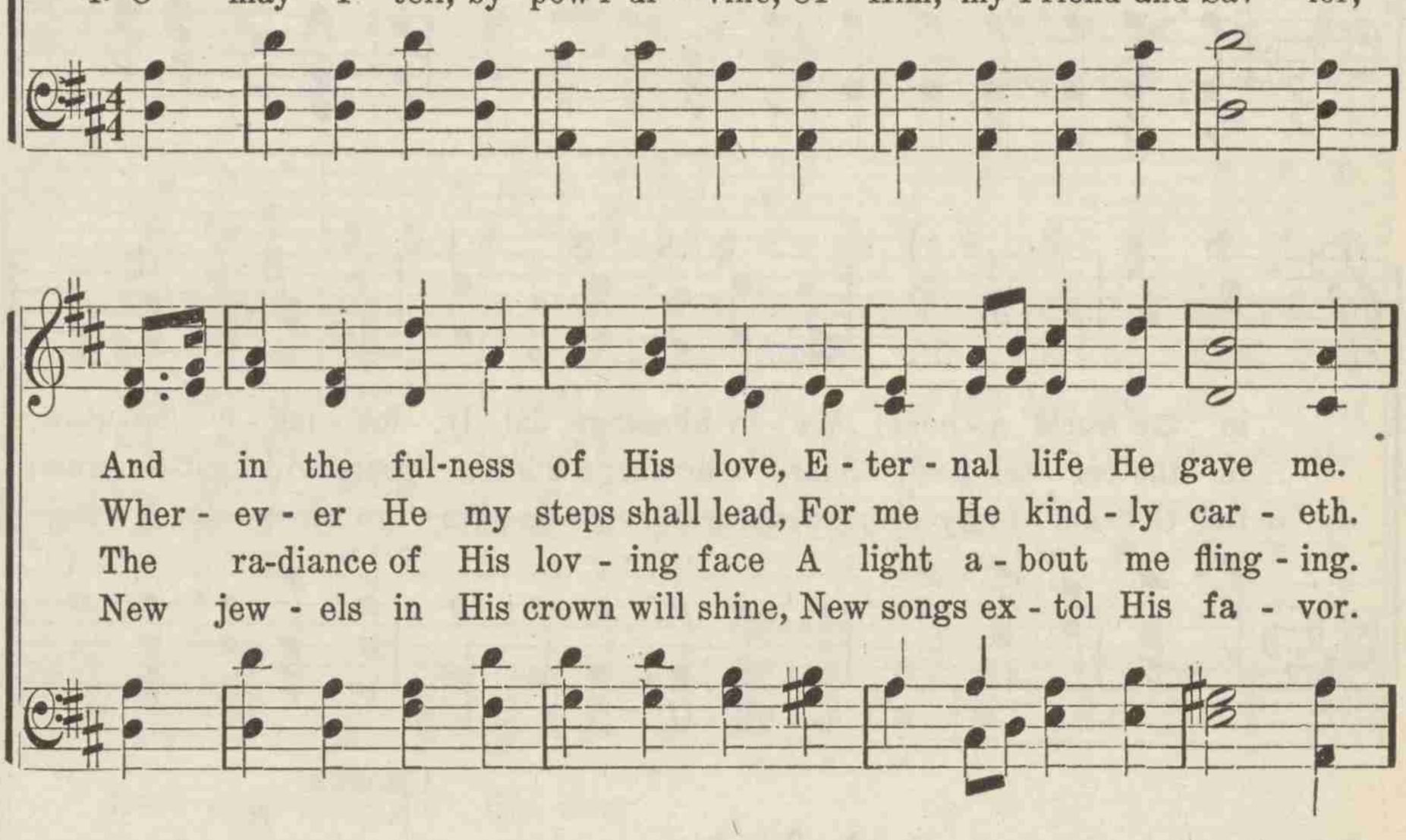
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No. 34. All Friends Above.

E. E. HEWITT. W. A. POST.

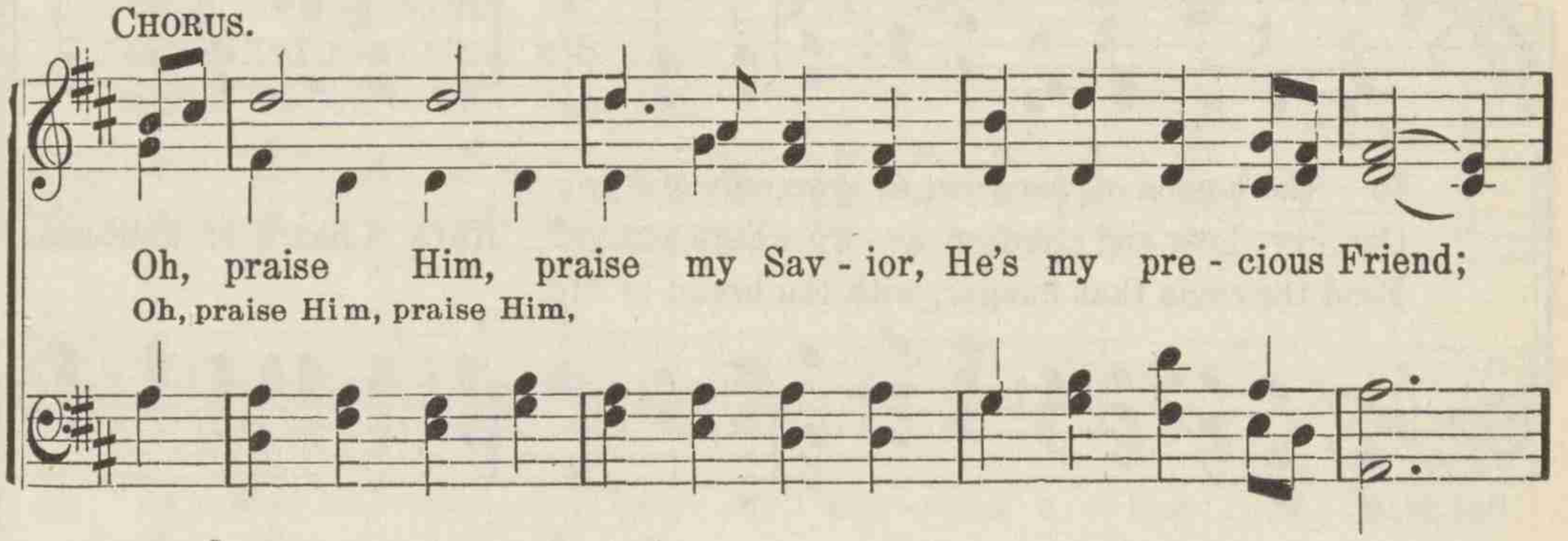


1. I've found a Friend, all friends a - bove, He gave Him-self to save me;
2. To Him I tell my dai - ly need; My grief, my joy He shar - eth;
3. From Him I draw sup - plies of grace, A fount-ain free - ly spring-ing;
4. O may I tell, by pow'r di - vine, Of Him, my Friend and Sav - ior,



And in the ful-ness of His love, E - ter - nal life He gave me.
Wher - ev - er He my steps shall lead, For me He kind - ly car - eth.
The ra-diance of His lov - ing face A light a - bout me fling - ing.
New jew - els in His crown will shine, New songs ex - tol His fa - vor.

CHORUS.



Oh, praise Him, praise my Sav - ior, He's my pre - cious Friend;
Oh, praise Him, praise Him,

Come, now, and prove His bound - less mer - cy, Love that hath no end.

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No. 35. Saved to the Uttermost.

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Saved to the ut - ter - most: I am the Lord's, Je - sus, my Sav - ior, sal-
2. Saved to the ut - ter - most: Je - sus is near, Keeping me safe - ly, He
3. Saved to the ut - ter - most: this I can say, "Once all was darkness, but
4. Saved to the ut - ter - most: cheerfully sing Loud hal - le - lu - jah's to

va - tion af - fords, Gives me His spir - it a wit - ness with - in,
cast - eth out fear; Trust-ing His prom - is - es, how I am blest,
now it is day;" Beau - ti - ful vis - ions of glo - ry I see,
Je - sus, my King; Ran-som'd and par - don'd, redeem'd by His blood,

REFRAIN.

Whisp'ring of par - don, and sav - ing from sin.
Lean - ing up - on Him, how sweet is my rest. Saved, saved,
Je - sus in bright - ness re - vealed un - to me.
Cleans'd from un - right - eous - ness, glo - ry to God.

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

saved to the ut - ter - most, Je - sus my Sav - ior is mine.

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No. 36. The Call to Duty.

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

1. A-rouse ye, Christian sol - dier, And join your brave command; How dare you
2. The bu - gle call has sound-ed, And charg-ing or - ders giv'n; The hosts of
3. The war-fare rag-es fierce-ly, Con - test - ed is the field; But clear - ly

slumber at your post With-in a hos - tile land? A- rise, re-port for
God advance, and, lo! The foe is back-ward driv'n, A shout of tri-umph
to the eye of faith, God's hand is now re - vealed, Our forc-es hold po-

du - ty, Once more the fight be - gin; For new ad-vanc - es now are planned A-
ech - oes A - bove the bat-tle's din, And marks a new ad-van-tage gained Up-
si - tion, Re-cruits are pour-ing in; Our col - ors yet shall wave up - on The

CHORUS.

gainst the hordes of sin. March a-way, march a-way, The bu - gle now is
on the field of sin.
bat - tle-ments of sin. a - way a - way,

sound - ing, March a-way, march a - way To bat - tle for the Lord.
sounding, a-way, a - way, a - way

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No. 37. Why Not Now?

EL. NATHAN. C. C. CASE.

1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your souls 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 troubled mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ and par - don take;

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

CHORUS.

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

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

Copyright, 1891, by C. C Case.

No. 38. No One But Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. No one but Je - sus can cleanse me from sin, Send - ing His spir - it, a
2. No one but Je - sus such peace can be - stow, Peace like a riv - er, with
3. No one but Je - sus can stand by my side, From His own rich-ness all
4. No one but Je - sus, when bright are the skies, When by the wayside sweet

wit - ness with - in; No hand so gent - ly can wipe a - way tears,
deep - en - ing flow, Shield - ing me dai - ly from all that would harm,
grace to pro - vide; Strength that shall help me to serve Him be - low,
blos-soms a - rise; No one but Je - sus, in sor - row's dark hour;

CHORUS.

No voice so sweet-ly can ban - ish my fears.
Put-ting a-round me the strength of His arm. No one but
Bear-ing His mes-sage wher - ev - er I go.
His is the king-dom, the glo - ry, the pow'r. No one but Je - sus,
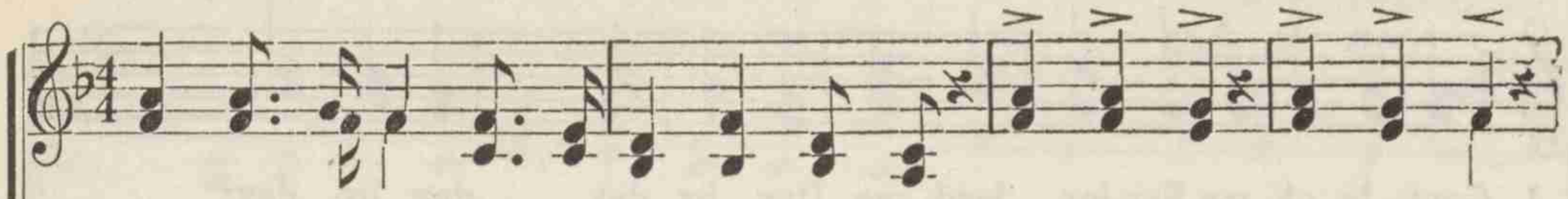
Je-sus, . . . Won-der-ful Sav-ior ev - er the same; No one but
bless His dear name; No one but Je - sus;

Je - sus, ... Fit - ting the sin - ner for heav - en a - bove.
Oh, what a love,
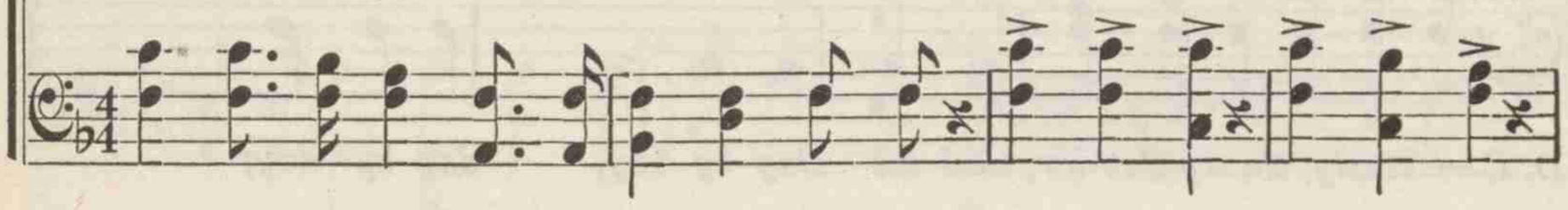
Copyright, 1902, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
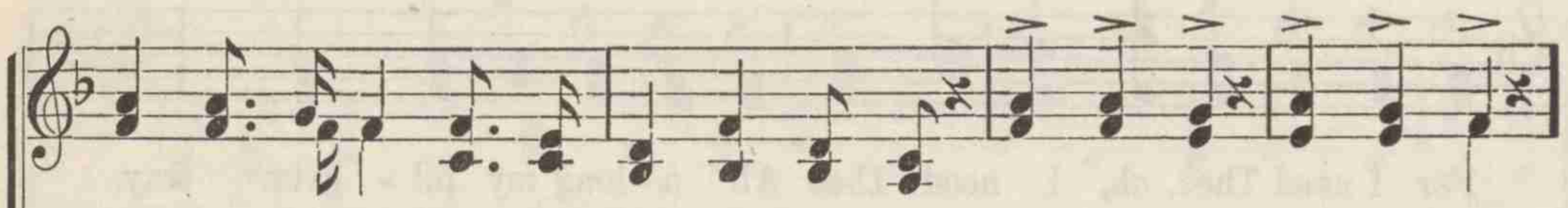
No. 39. No, Not One.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN. GEO. C. HUGG.
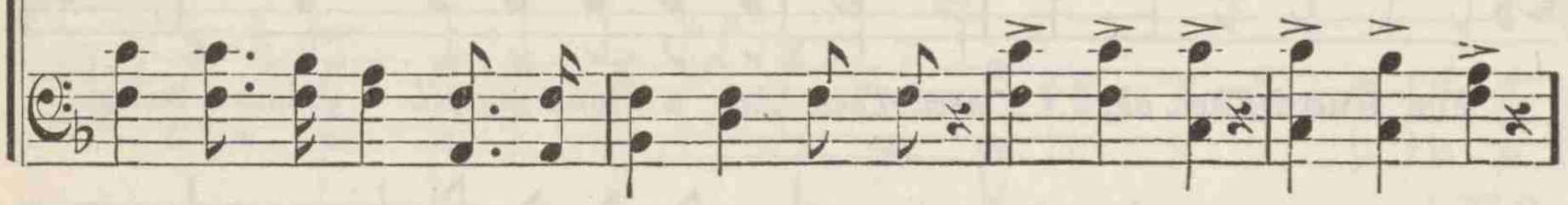


1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this Friend for-sake him? No, not one! no, not one!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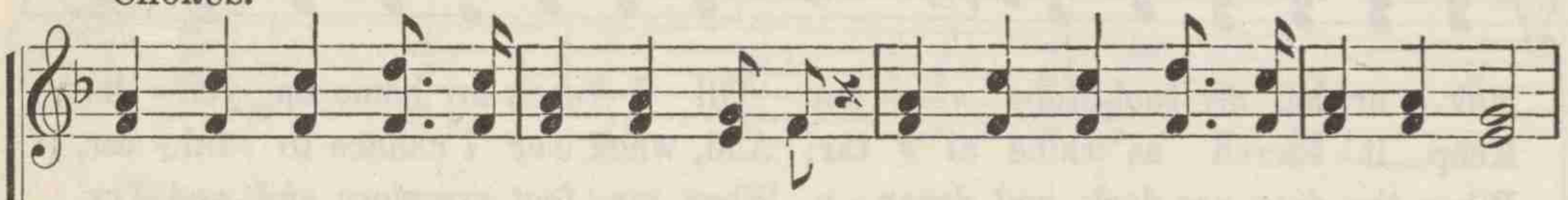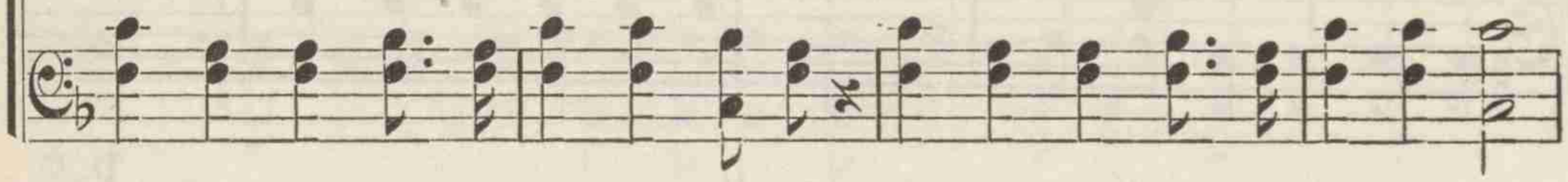




None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re-fuse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



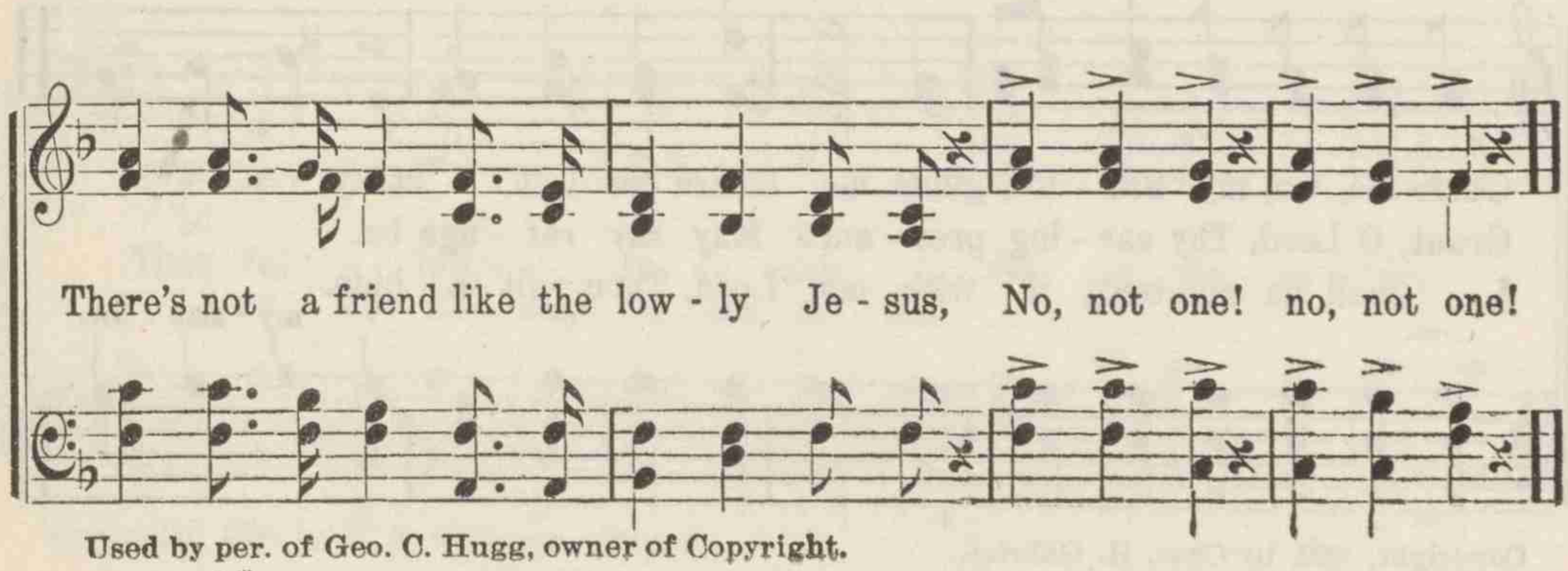
CHORUS.



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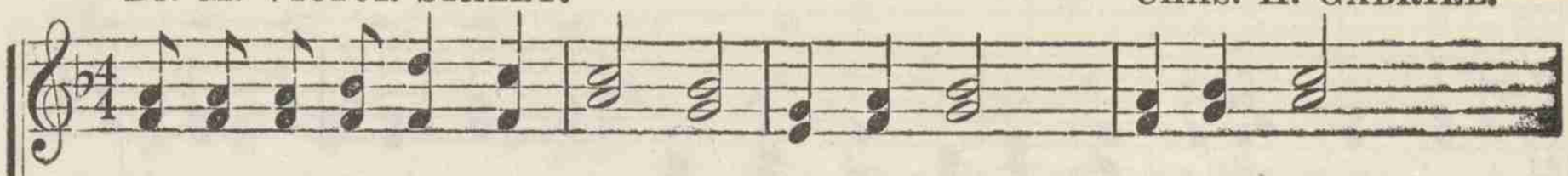


There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!



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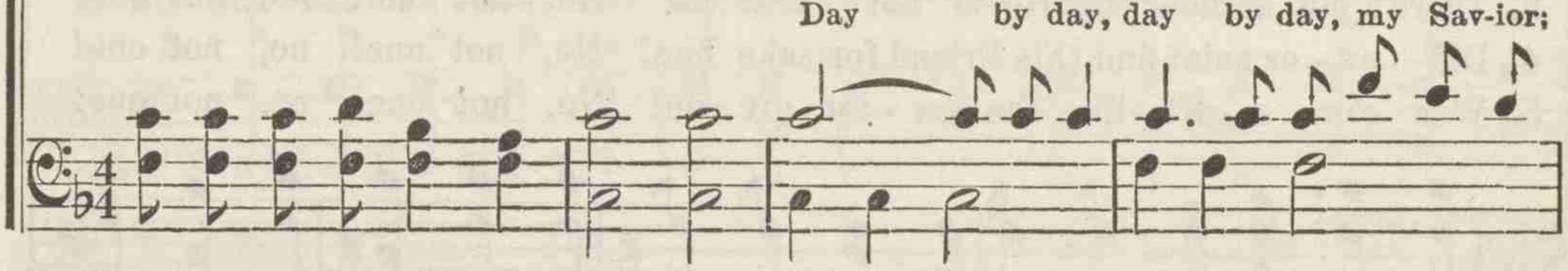
No. 40. Gently, oh, My Savior, Lead Me.

Dr. M. VICTOR STALEY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



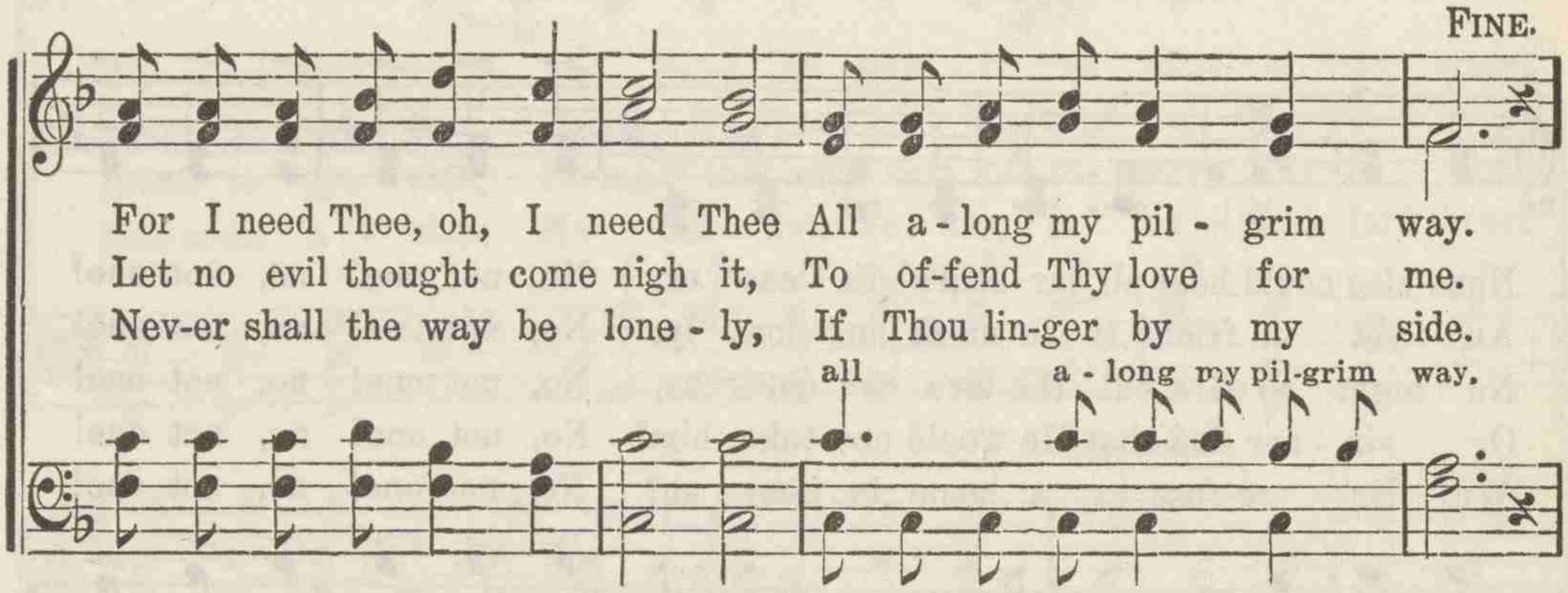
1. Gent - ly, oh, my Sav-ior, lead me Day by day, day by day;
2. Take my heart and sanc-ti - fy it All to Thee, all to Thee;
3. I would live and serve Thee on - ly, Be my Guide, be my Guide;

Day by day, day by day, my Sav-ior;



D. C.—*Gently, oh, my Sav-ior, lead me Day by day, day by day;*
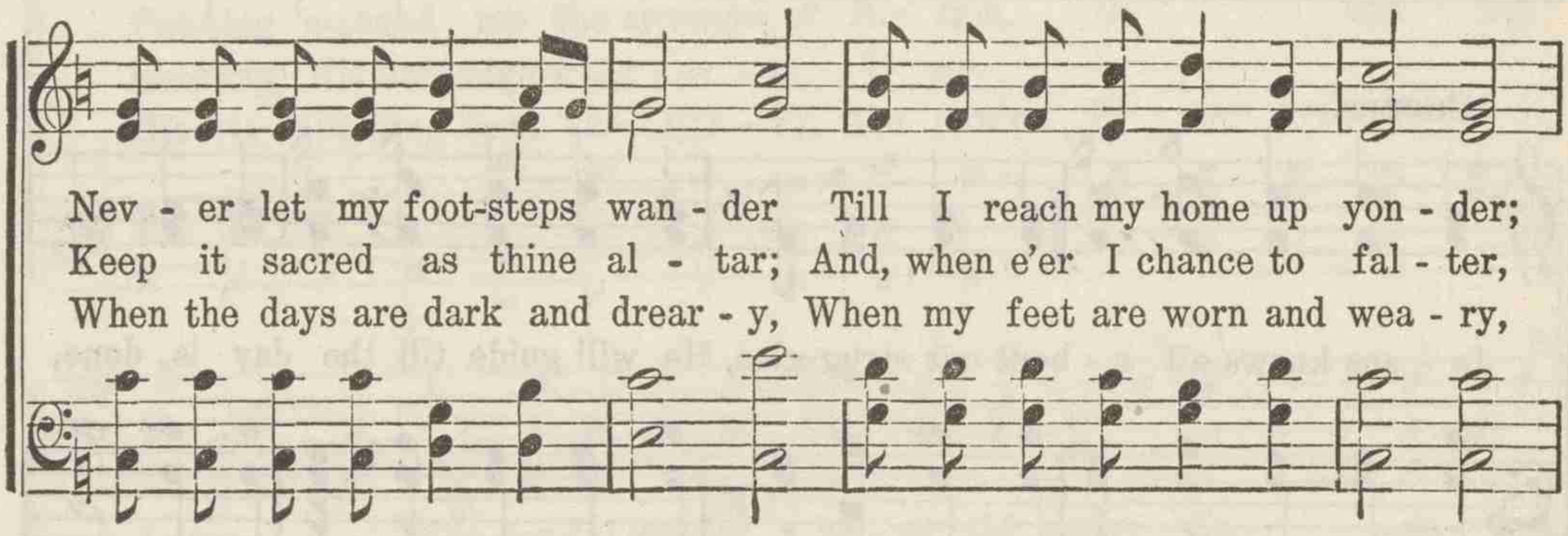
FINE.



For I need Thee, oh, I need Thee All a - long my pil - grim way.
Let no evil thought come nigh it, To of-fend Thy love for me.
Nev-er shall the way be lone - ly, If Thou lin-ger by my side.
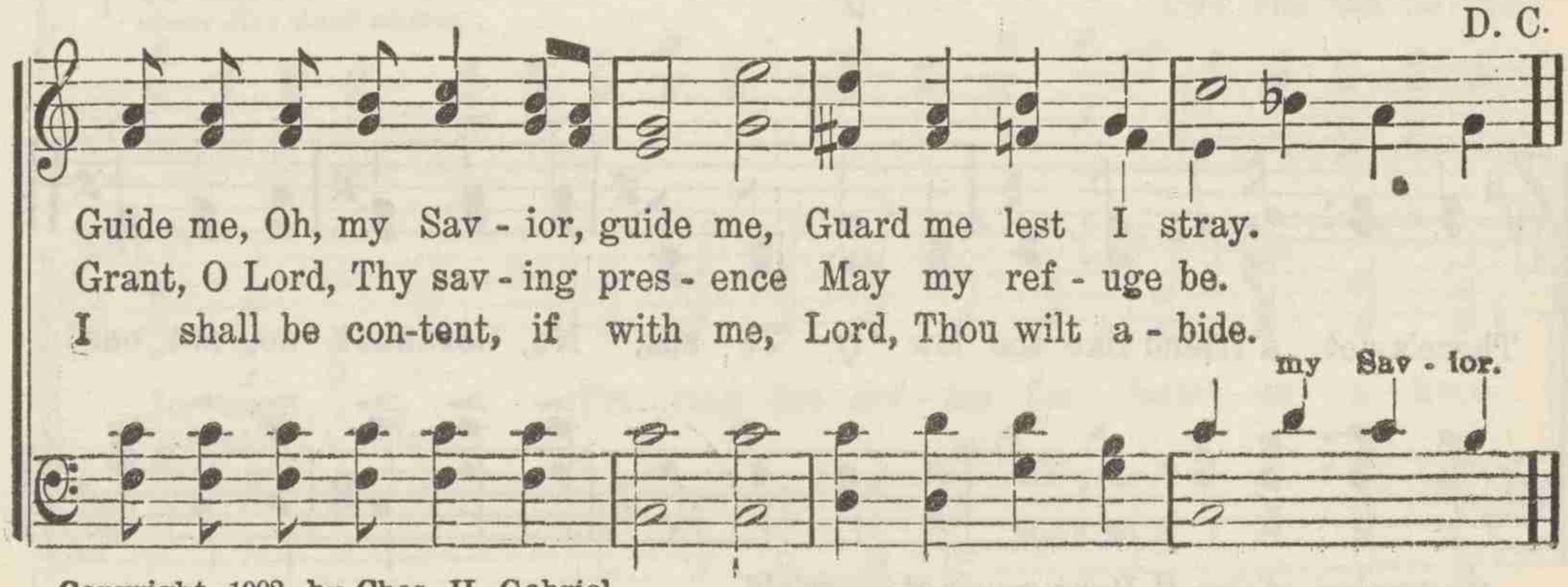
all a - long my pil-grim way.

For I need Thee, oh, I need Thee, All a - long my pil - grim way.



Nev - er let my foot-steps wan - der Till I reach my home up yon - der;
Keep it sacred as thine al - tar; And, when e'er I chance to fal - ter,
When the days are dark and drear - y, When my feet are worn and wea - ry,

D. C.
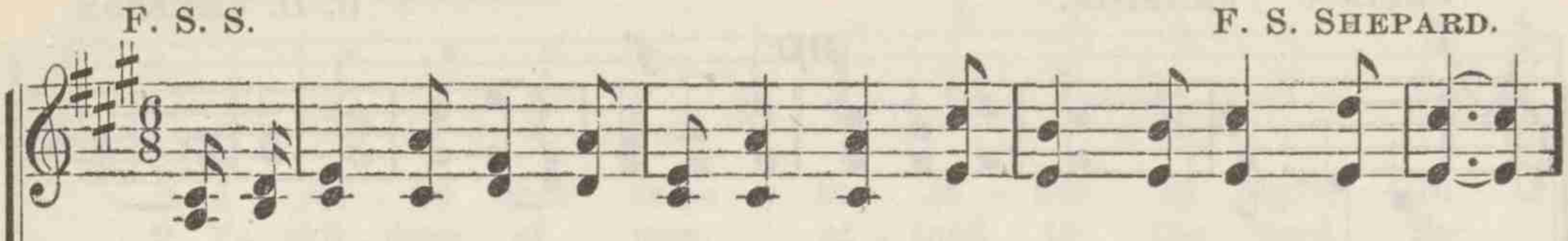


Guide me, Oh, my Sav - ior, guide me, Guard me lest I stray.
Grant, O Lord, Thy sav - ing pres - ence May my ref - uge be.
I shall be con-tent, if with me, Lord, Thou wilt a - bide.

my Sav - ior.
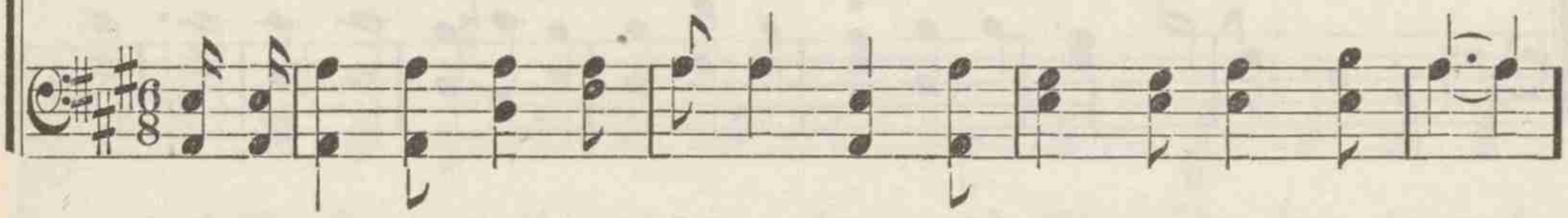
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No. 41. It Is Safe to Follow Jesus.
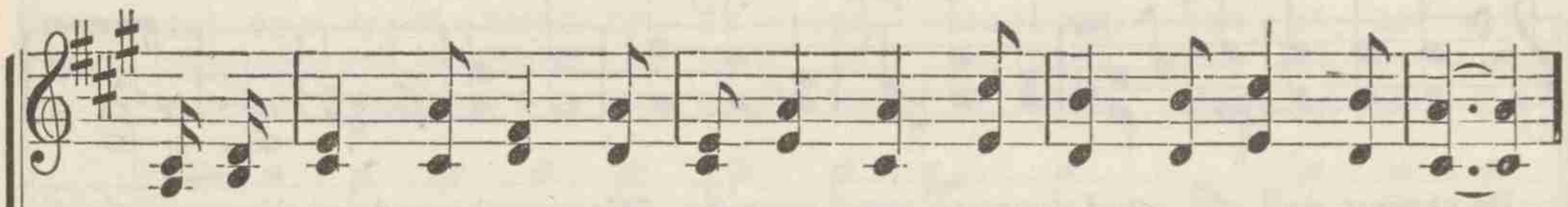
F. S. S. F. S. SHEPARD.



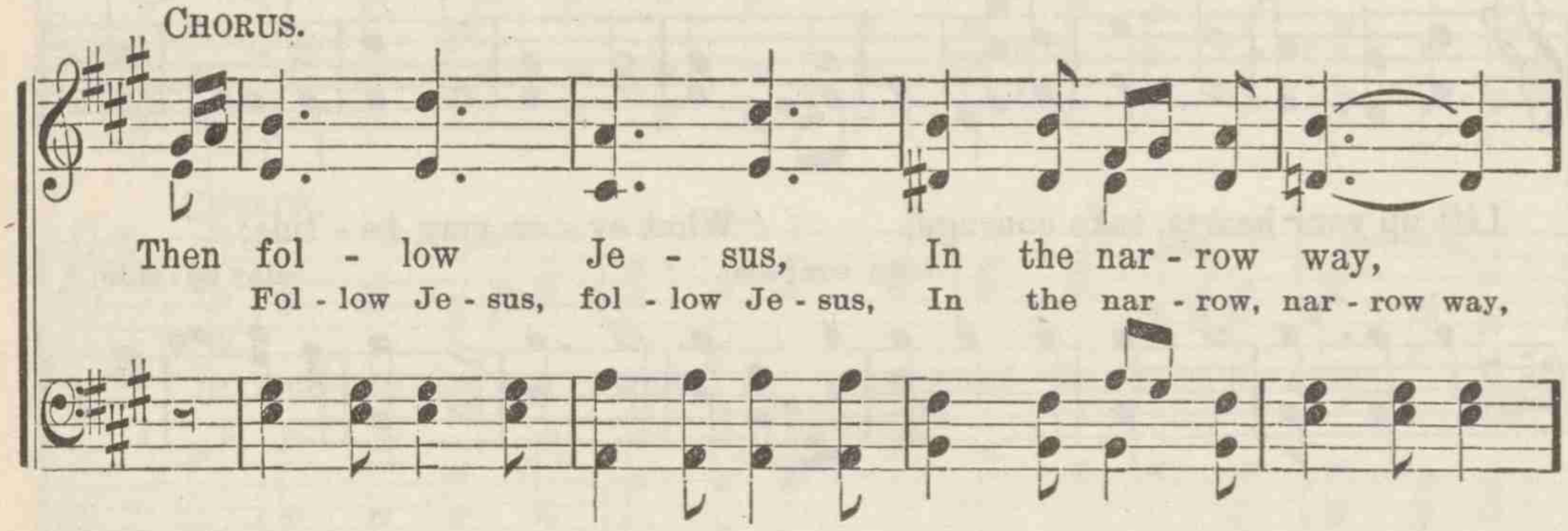
1. It is al-ways safe to fol-low Where the Sav-ior shows the way;
2. It is al-ways safe to fol-low Where the bless-ed Mas-ter leads,
3. It is al-ways safe to fol-low In the foot-steps of the Lord;
4. It is al-ways safe to fol-low In the path the Sav-ior trod,
5. When we reach the gold-en cit-y, In the land be-yond the blue;



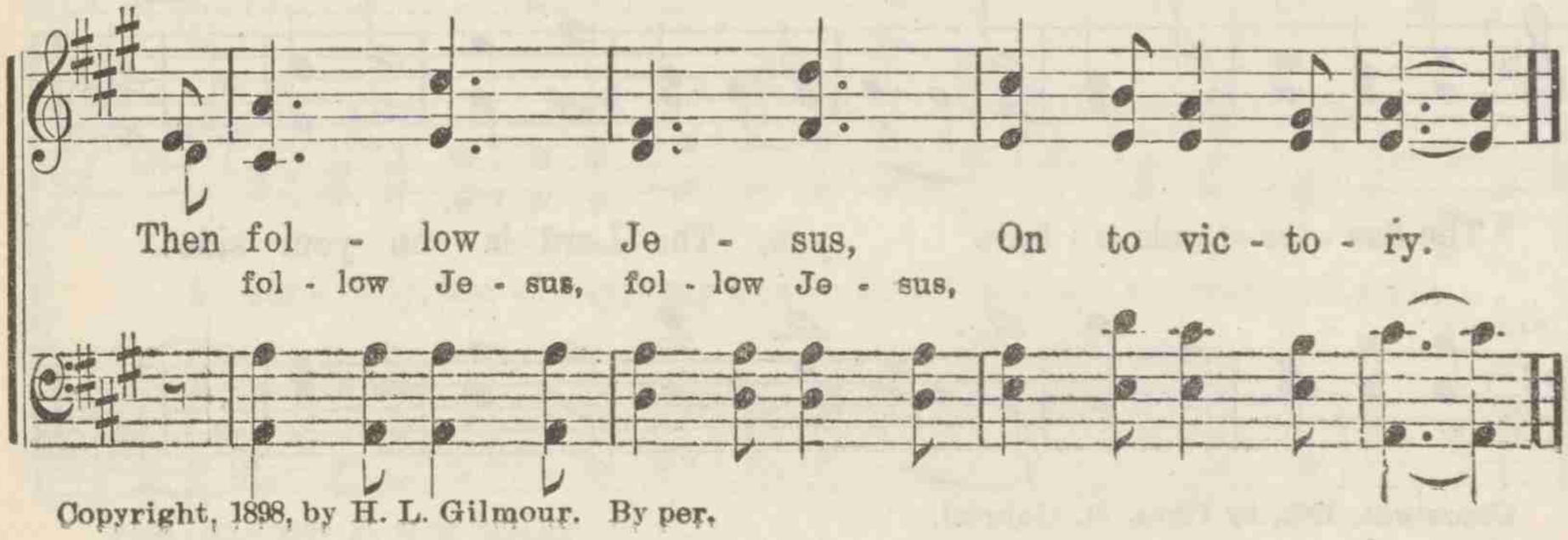
While walk-ing by His guidance, We can nev-er go a-stray.
For He, know-ing all our tri-als, Will sup-ply our dai-ly needs.
For He lead-eth on to vic-t'ry As is prom-ised in His Word.
For al-though 'tis sometimes rug-ged, Yet it al-ways leads to God.
Thro' the a-ges we will praise Him, Now e-ter-nal-ly in view.



CHORUS.



Then fol-low Je-sus, In the nar-row way,
Fol-low Je-sus, fol-low Je-sus, In the nar-row, nar-row way,
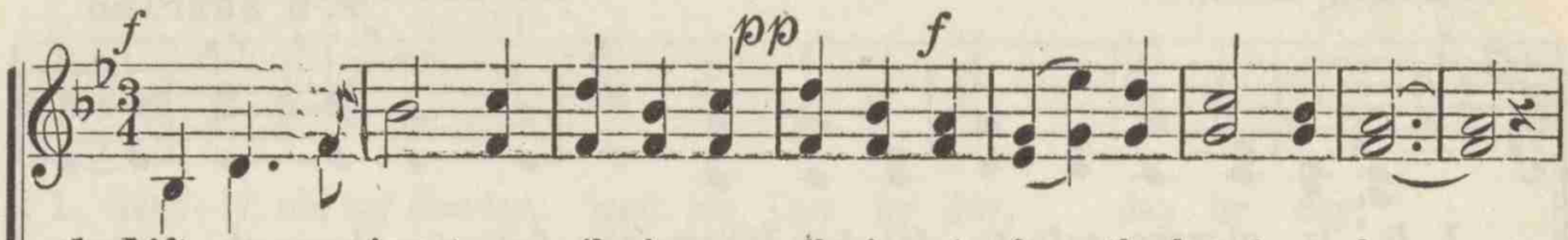


Then fol-low Je-sus, On to vic-to-ry.
fol-low Je-sus, fol-low Je-sus,
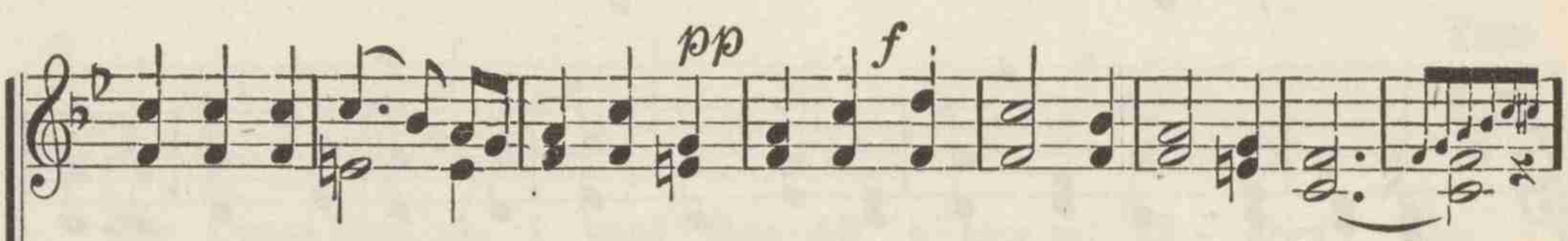
Copyright, 1898, by H. L. Gilmour. By per.

No. 42 Lift Up Your Hearts.
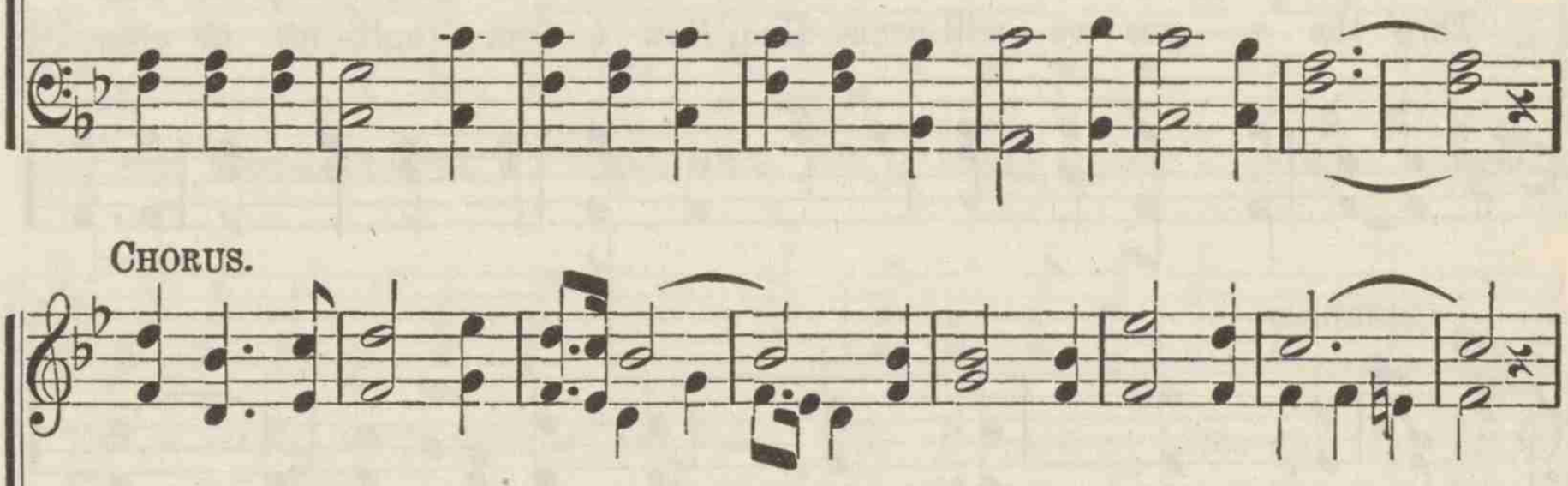
JULIA \ DHNSTON. C. D. EMERSON
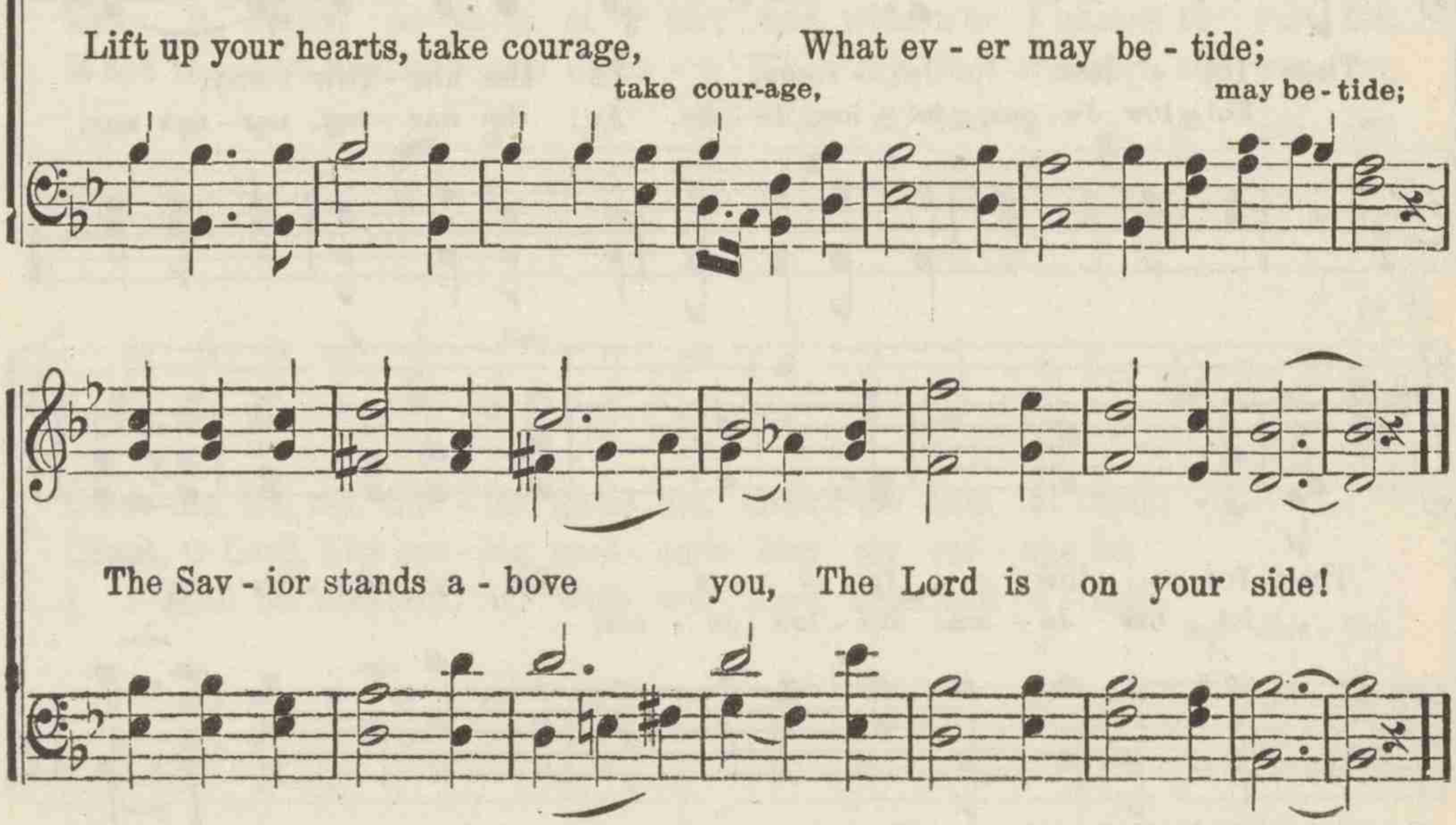


1. Lift up your hearts, ye pilgrims, ye pilgrims, A - long the heav'nward way;
2. Wher-ev - er He may lead you, may lead you, Go for - ward un - dis - mayed;
3. Look up, look up, not downward, not downward, The soul that trusts in Him
4. The lift - ed heart with gladness, with gladness Still walks an up-ward way,



Be strong, and of good courage, good courage, His roy-al word o - bey.
Let not your heart be troubled, be troubled, Nor let it be a - fraid.
May see the King of glo - ry, of glo - ry, Thro' earthly shadows dim.
Till God's own hand swings open, swings o-pen The shining Gates of Day.



Lift up your hearts, take courage, What ev - er may be - tide;
take cour-age, may be - tide;



The Sav - ior stands a - bove you, The Lord is on your side!

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No. 43. Ye Must Be Born Again.

WILLIAM T. SLEEPER. GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To
2. Ye chil - dren of men, at - tend to the word So
3. O ye who would en - ter that glo - ri - ous rest, And
4. A dear one in heav-en thy heart yearns to see, At the

ask Him the way of sal - va - tion and light; The Mas - ter made
sol - emn - ly ut - tered by Je - sus, the Lord, And let not this
sing with the ransomed the song of the blest; The life ev - er-
beau - ti - ful gate may be watch - ing for thee; Then list to the

an - swer in words true and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain," . . .
mes-sage to you be in vain, "Ye must be born a - gain," . . .
last - ing if ye would ob - tain, "Ye must be born a - gain," . .
note of this sol - emn re - frain, "Ye must be born a - gain," . . .
a - gain.

CHORUS.

"Ye must be born a - gain," . . . Ye must be born a - gain, ...
a - gain, a - gain,

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

Copyright, 1877, by F. H. Revell.

No. 44. Have a Blessing Ready.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Have a bless-ing ready, As you pass a - long;— Have a word of kindness,
2. Have a bless-ing ready, Would you helpful prove; Have a ten - der message,
3. Have a bless-ing ready, Read - y all the while; Have a sooth-ing sentence,

Or a cheering song; Ma - ny ev - er struggle 'Neath a frowning sky;
Or a look of love; There are souls that wander, Nev - er knowing why;
Or a hap - py smile; There are souls that sorrow, There are souls that sigh;

CHORUS.

Give them hope and courage Ere you pass them by. . . . . Have a blessing read-y
Warn them of their danger Ere you pass them by. . . . .
Give them words of comfort Ere you pass them by. . . . .

then al-ways.

As you pass along Have a word of kindness, Or a cheering song; Bear another's

As you pass a-long; Have . . . . a cheer-ing song;

burden, It will make you strong; Have a blessing ready, As you pass a - long.

It will make you strong;

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No. 45. I Have a Savior!

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. F. S. SHEPARD.

1. I have a Sav-ior so lov-ing and true, Al - ways just the same;
2. He hath redeem'd me from death and the grave, Bore my grief and shame!
3. I am the child and the heir of a King! All thro' Him I claim!

CHO.—*Won-der-ful, won - der - ful Sav - ior is He, Al - ways just the same;*

FINE.

Sor - row and tri - al He car-ries me through; Glo - ry to His name!
Sins that were crimson He free - ly for - gave; Glo - ry to His name!
He is my Fa-ther, His goodness I sing; Glo - ry to His name!

Send-ing His bless-ings in show-ers on me; Glo - ry to His name!

Al - ways be-side me, soothing care, Giv - ing me grace my cross to bear,
Pa - tient - ly for me long He sought; Freedom from sin and death He wrought;
When thro' the val - ley I must go, Down where the chill-ing wa - ters flow,

D. C. CHO.

Whis-per - ing an - swer to my pray'r; Glo - ry to His name!
And at a price my soul He bought; Glo - ry to His name! Oh, a
He will be with me there, I know; Glo - ry to His name!

Such a won-der-ful,

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No. 46. I Shall See Him.

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

1. I have had sweet dreams of my e - ter - nal home, Whose beau-ties nev - er
2. There are loved ones o - ver in the Home-land fair, Re-ceived thro' won-ders
3. While the un - re-cord - ed a - ges on - ward roll, My joy and my de-

can be told, And have oft - en won - der'd what the joy will be, When
of His grace; 'Twill be joy to meet them, but the first of all I
light shall be, With the blood-wash'd throng to wor-ship and a - dore The

CHORUS.

I my Savior's face be - hold.
long to look up-on His face. I shall see Him in His beau - ty,
Lamb of God who died for me. I shall see Him in His beauty

In the morning of the res-ur-rec-tion day, I shall see him
I shall see Him I shall see Him

in His beauty, Where the mists have for-ev - er roll'd a - way. . . . . .
in His beau-ty roll'd a-way.

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No. 47. Beautiful Land of Rest.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY. C. D. EMERSON.

1. When we reach the land of rest, where all the faith - ful Shall be gather'd by the dear Re-deem-er's throne, Our glad voic - es we will raise, We will
2. In that land of rest we'll gath - er with the loved ones Who have gone be- fore us to the heav'n-ly shore; Hand in hand, and heart to heart, We will
3. In that land of rest we'll see our bless-ed Sav - ior; He on Cal - v'ry died that we might en - ter there; Bought by love, and saved by grace, We shall

sing and shout His praise, When we reach the beau-ti-ful land, the land of rest.
meet no more to part, In that bright and beau-ti-ful land, the land of rest.
see Him face to face, In that bright and beau-ti-ful land, the land of rest.

FINE.

D. S.—*May I reach the beau - ti - ful land, the land of rest.*

CHORUS.

Beau-ti-ful land, ... from sorrow free, ... May I, at last, ...
Beau-ti-ful land, from sor-row free, May I, at last,

be found in thee, ... Beau-ti-ful land, ... beau-ti-ful land, ...
be found in thee, Beau-ti-ful land, beau-ti-ful land,

D.S

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No. 48. I am Walking in the Light.

JENNIE WILSON. MARTIN A. ELLIOTT.

1. I am walk-ing in the light, and my way is clear and bright To the
2. Oh, how cheering are the beams that with ho - ly lus-tre streams Down up-
3. Sing - ing prais - es all the way, trust-ing Je - sus day by day, I am

cit - y that is built for me a - bove; With the Sav - ior near my side,
on me from the realms of life di - vine; With a hap - py heart I'll go
walking where He guides my will-ing feet; With the brightness of His smile
for me a-bove;

as my con-stant Friend and Guide, I can dai - ly sing the song of
thro' these changing scenes be - low Till I reach the heights where heav'nly
fall - ing on me all the while, Shad - ows van - ish, and my soul has
faith and love.

CHORUS.

splen-dors shine. I am walk - ing in the bless - ed light, God doth
com - fort sweet. I am walk - ing in the light, in the pure and bless - ed light, God doth
give . . . . . to those who know His grace, I am walk-ing in the light, and, at
free - ly give to those who

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I am Walking in the Light.

last my raptured sight Shall behold the glory of His smiling face. . . . . .
His smiling face.

No. 49. Loving Words.

Mrs. J. M. HUNTER. Partly Arr. by A. J.

1. Like the sound of sooth-ing mu - sic, Loving words have pow'r to win
2. Err - ing hearts are of - ten ten - der, Tho' they seem so hard and cold;
3. Tell them of our Father's mer - cy, How He loves each wand'ring child;
4. Tell them of the joy and glad-ness That He gives the trust-ing soul;

Souls of those who now are walk - ing, In the rugg-ed ways of sin.
Speak to them in sweet com - pas - sion, Kind - ly lead them to the fold.
How He waits to bid them wel-come, Tho' by darkest stains de - filed.
Tell them of the blood that cleans - es, Makes us pure, and free, and whole.

CHORUS.

Lov - ing words will touch the err - ing! And with these you may re - claim
Loving words And with these you may reclaim

Pre-cious souls, if you but speak them In the bless-ed Master's name.
Precious souls,

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No. 50. Tell Out the Glad Tidings.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS, Dr. S. B. JACKSON

1. Tell out the glad ti - dings, sal - va-tion is free! Re - peat the old
2. Tell out the glad ti - dings, till mountain and vale Re - ech - o the
3. Tell out the glad ti - dings in joy - ful ac - claim, Let nev - er a

mes - sage to - day; Christ Je-sus bought par - don on Cal - va-ry's tree,
sto - ry so true; The Sav - ior is a - ble, and nev - er will fail,
lip dare be dumb; Sing glad - ly the hon - or of Je - sus, dear name,

CHORUS.

And He is the Truth and the Way.
And He is al-might - y to do. Tell out the glad tidings—sweet
And work with a will "till He come."

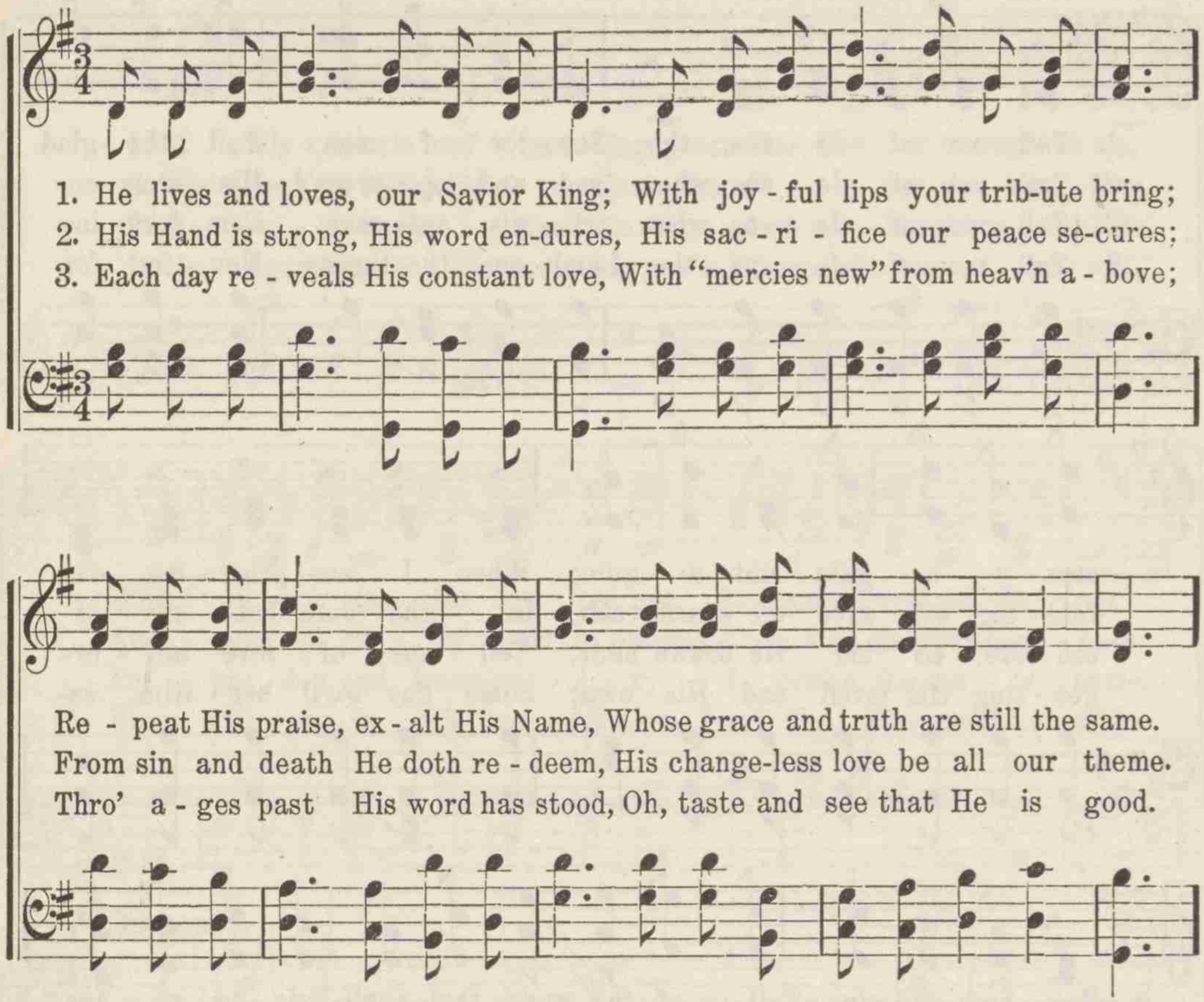
sto - ry of love; Tell it out, tell it a - gain, It echoes from
Tell it out, tell it a - gain,

heav'n's high-est arch-es a - bove, Tell it out to the children of men.
Tell it out

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No. 51. Our Savior King.

JULIA H. JOHNSON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



Copyright, 1891, by James McGranahan.

No. 52. Tell Me of Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Tell me of Je - sus, the Sav - ior of men. Tell the glad
2. Tell me of Je - sus when sad and op - press'd, His arms en-
3. Tell me of Je - sus when tri - als ap - pear; Com - fort - ing
4. Tell me of Je - sus, the Lamb on the throne, Nev - er for-

stor - y a - gain and a - gain; When I am griev - ing o'er
fold - ing will give me sweet rest; In the sore bat - tle of
oth - ers, to me He draws near; Tell me of love nev - er-
get - ting His loved and His own; Some day we'll see Him, ex-

weak - ness and sin, Tell of the grace that shall vic - to - ry win.
right against wrong, He's my sal - va - tion, my strength and my song.
chang - ing and true, Mer - cies that fall like the fresh morn-ing dew.
alt - ed on high, Some day, to - geth - er, we'll see eye to eye.

CHORUS.

Tell me of Je - sus o'er and o'er; Fain would I know Him more and more;
Mer-ci-ful Sav-ior, Brother, and Friend, Al-pha, O-me-ga, Be-gin-ning, and End.

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No. 53. They're All Blotted Out.

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

1. A mir - a - cle of sav - ing grace The Sav - ior wrought in me,
2. For He is faith - ful to for - give If we our sins con - fess,
3. A lep - er healed I stand to - day, And sav - ing grace pro-claim;
4. Un - chang-ing is His sav - ing pow'r, "Come, who - so - ev - er will;"

When all my sins He blot - ted out, Re-deemed, and set me free.
And read - y ev - 'ry heart to cleanse From all un-right-eous - ness.
For par - don and heart-pur - i - ty I praise His ho - ly name.
Un - fail - ing is His ten - der love, You'll find Him gracious still.

CHORUS.

They're all blotted out, yes, they're all blotted out; My sins He re-

mem-bers no more; Bur - ied un - der the blood, In the

sin-cleans-ing flood, Blotted out and re-mem-bered no more. . . . . .

re - mem-bered no more,

Copyright, 1899, by John J. Hood,

No. 54. Scripture Selection, with Choir Response.

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.

Choir Response No. 1.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

Choir Response No. 2.

There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

Choir Response No. 1.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

Choir Response No. 2.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

Choir Response No. 1.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

Choir Response No. 2.

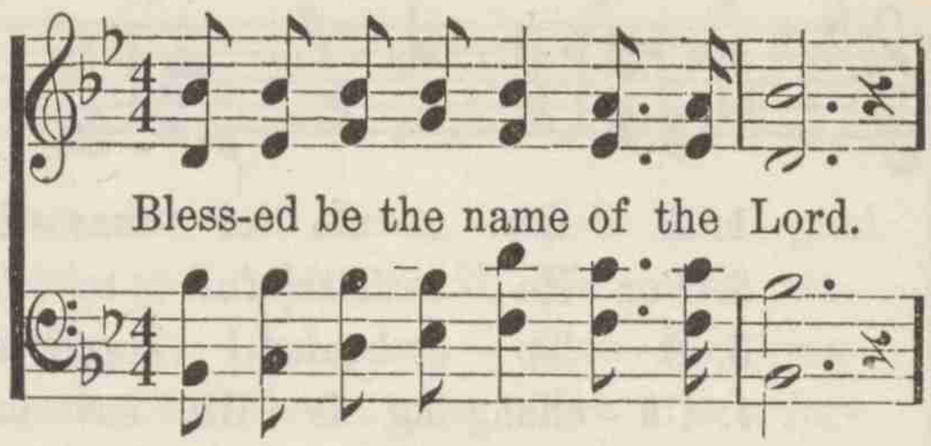
More to be desired are they than gold: yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Choir Response No. 1.

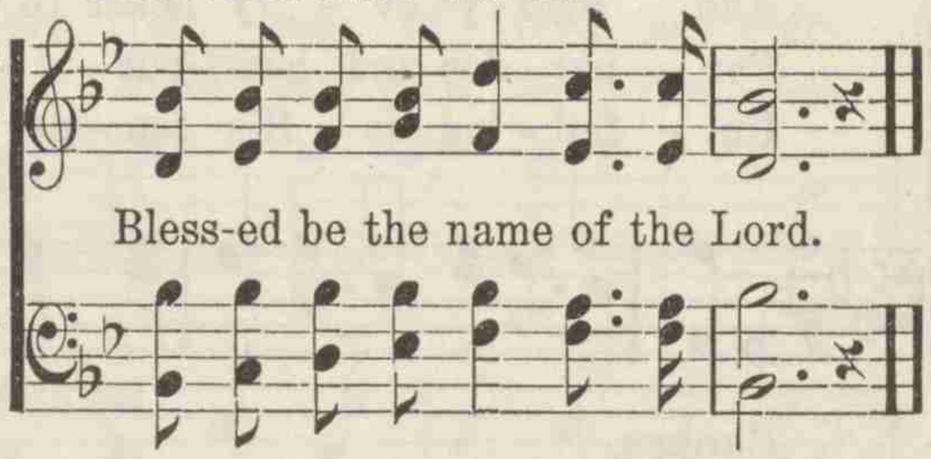
Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart,be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

Choir Response, No. 2.

CHOIR RESPONSE No. 1.

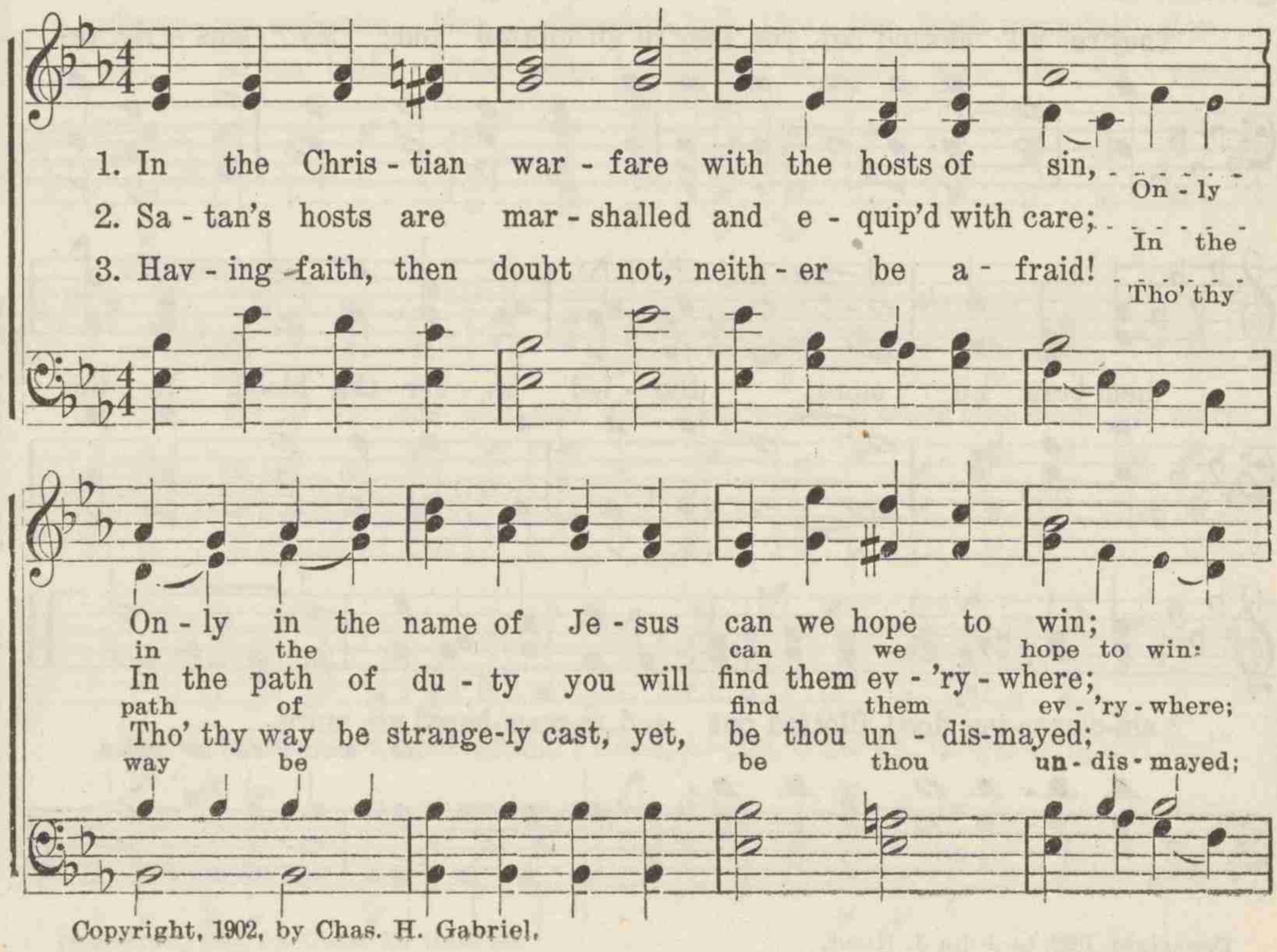


CHOIR RESPONSE No. 2.



No. 55. Keep the Banner Flying.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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Keep the Banner Flying.

Not in self - re - li - ance, not in strength or skill, ... On - ly
not in strength or skill,
Yet, be not dis - cour - aged, nor from du - ty flee, ... "I have
nor from du - ty flee,
Take His Spir - it with you ev - 'ry - where you go; . . . . , Trust, o-
ev - 'ry - where you go,

CHORUS.

by a meek sub-mis - sion to the Mas-ter's will.
o - ver-come the world," the Mas-ter says to thee. Keep the ban-ner
bey, be-lieve and thou shalt con-quer ev - 'ry foe. Keep the

fly - ing, Sa-tan's host de - fy - ing, And His love dai - ly prove
ban-ner fly - ing, Sa - tan's host de - fy - ing,

As you march a-long. Skies are bright'ning o'er you, Vic-t'ry lies be-
Skies are bright'ning o'er you, Vic - t'ry

As you march a - long,

fore you, Ther at last, dan-ger past, Sing the tri-umph song.
lies be - fore you,

No. 56. Jesus is Passing This Way.

ANNIE L. JAMES. W. H. DOANE.

Gently.

1. Is there a heart that is wait-ing, Long-ing for par-don to-day?
2. Com-ing in love and in mer-cy, Quick-ly now un-to Him go;
3. List-en, the Spir-it is call-ing, Je-sus will free-ly for-give,
4. He is so ten-der and lov-ing, He is so near you to-day;

Hear the glad mes-sage we bring you, Je-sus is pass-ing this way.
O-pen your heart to re-ceive Him, Par-don and peace He'll be-stow.
Why not this mo-ment ac-cept Him? Trust in God's mer-cy and live.
O-pen your heart to re-ceive Him, While He is pas-sing this way.

CHORUS.

Je-sus is passing this way, ... This way, ... to-day; . . . .
Je-sus is pass-ing, is pass-ing this way, Is pass-ing this way, Is pass-ing to-day;

rit.

Je-sus is pass-ing this way, Is pass-ing this way to-day.
way to-day,

Copyright, 1895, by W. H, Doane.

No. 57. Tell it With Gladness.

HERBERT HOGAN. H. A. HENRY.

1. Tell it with glad - ness, speak of it ev - er, Je - sus re - deem - eth
2. No one so low - ly, none so un - ho - ly, Un - to the Sav - ior
3. Come all ye wear - y, lost and for - sak - en, Here may your spir - its

all who be - lieve; Those who, re - pent-ant, pray for sal - va - tion, Je-sus will
pray-eth in vain; On - ly ac - cept, be - lieve Him, and sure - ly Je-sus will
peace-ful-ly rest; Come, then, be-liev-ing, trust-ing in Je - sus, Life will grow

CHORUS.

free - ly hear and for - give.
whol - ly cleanse ev-'ry stain. Tell it with glad - ness, speak of it
bright-er, rich - er, and blest. Tell it with glad-ness,

ev - er, Je - sus re - deem - eth all who be - lieve; On - ly ac-
speak of it ev - er, Je - sus re - deem-eth Come, then, be-

pent - ant, pray for sal - va - tion, Je-sus will free - ly hear and for - give.
cept, be - lieve Him, and sure - ly Je-sus will whol - ly cleanse ev-'ry stain.
liev - ing, trust-ing in Je - sus, Life will grow brighter, rich-er, and blest.

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No. 58. Trusting Him to Save Me.

E. E. HEWITT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. My Sav-ior shed His blood for me I'm trusting Him to save me;
2. 'Mid o - pen dan-gers, hid-den snares, I'm trusting Him to save me;
3. He puts His Spir - it in my heart, I'm trusting Him to save me;
4. Thro' sorrow's shade, thro' joy's sweet light, I'm trusting Him to save me;

I'm trusting Him

He made a-tone-ment, full and free, I'm trusting Him to save me.
On Him I cast life's dai - ly cares, I'm trusting Him to save me.
His grace so free - ly He'll im - part, I'm trusting Him to save me.
In that fair land where comes no night, I'm trusting Him to save me.

I'm trusting Him

CHORUS.

Trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus I am trust-ing,
Trust-ing Thee, trust-ing Thee, trust-ing night and day, I am trust-ing Thee, Lord

trust-ing, all a - long the way, Trust - ing Thee to
Je - sus, all a - long the way, Trust-ing Thee to save me, and to

save me, 'Till I praise Thee on the shin - ing shore. . . . . .
keep me ev - er-more, Till I wake to praise Thee on the shin - ing shore.

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No. 59. Jesus is Mighty to Save.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. When in the temp-est He'll hide me, When in the storm He'll be near,
2. When in my sor - row He found me, Found me, and bade me be whole,
3. Why are you doubt-ing and fear - ing, Why are you still un - der sin?

All the way long He will car-ry us on So now we have nothing to fear.
Turned all my night in-to heav-en - ly light, And from me my burdens did roll.
Have you not found that His grace doth abound? He's mighty to save! let Him in!

CHORUS.

Je - sus is strong to de - liv - er, Might - y to save! might-y to save!

Je - sus is strong to de - liv - er, Je - sus is might - y to save.

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No. 60. What a Friend.

H. BONAR. C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there troub-le a - ny - where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?

FINE.

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre-cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer;

D.S.—*All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!*
D.S.—*Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer!*
D.S.—*In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a so - lace there.*

D. S.

Oh, what peace we oft-en for - feit, Oh, what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

No. 61. On to Victory!

J. W. V. J. W VAN DE VENTER.

1. There are foes that must be con-quer'd, There are bat - tles we must win:
2. There are hosts of sin be-fore us, That ex - tend from sea to sea;
3. There are ma - ny dear ones dy - ing, They are fall - ing ev - 'ry-where

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On to Victory.

There are lands that must be tak - en, That are go - ing down in sin;
There are ma - ny still in bond-age, There are slaves that must be free;
Let us brave - ly go and help them, They are lost, and need our care;

Let us en - ter in the strug-gle, Ev - er march up - on our way,
Let us all be up and do - ing, Ev - er found with-in the fray,
Fall in line, pre - pare for bat - tle, Let us fight as well as pray,

CHORUS.

We must take the world for God and win the day.
We must take the world for God and win the day. On to vic-to-ry!
We must take the world for God and win the day.

1

On to vic - to-ry! On to vic - to - ry! the foe must die!

2

On to vic - to - ry, We'll con - quer by and by.

No. 62. Inside the Pearly Gate.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Oh, that my mor - tal eyes might see The wondrous beau - ty
2. There north and south, and east and west, The gates stand o - pen
3. My rapt-ured spir - it longs to rise A - bove this earth - ly

bright, Of that fair home pre-pared for me In yon - der world of light!
wide, Where wea-ry, ran - somed ones may rest, And ev - er - more a - bide.
shore, And reach that home be - yond the skies, Where sor-rows come no more.

CHORUS.

There we shall meet a-round the throne, Where Christ and all our loved ones
shall meet a - round the throne, all our loved, our
wait; There pain and sor - row are un-known, In - side the pearl-y
loved ones wait; There pain and sor - row are unknown, In - side the gate, the
gate; There pain and sor - row are un-known, In - side the pearl - y gate.
pearl-y gate; There pain and sor - row are unknown, In - side the pearly gate.

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No. 63. Gather in the Grain.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER, JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. Go, gath - er in the gold-en grain, for, lo! 'tis har - vest time; The call comes ring-ing o'er the world from ev - 'ry land and clime. The fields are white to har - vest, but the reap-ers,—where are they? Up! for the Lord of to the high-ways and the hedg - es ev - 'ry-where, And gath-er in the har - vest calls to work, to work to - day!

2. Go, gath - er in the gold-en grain, —a faith-ful reap - er be; Take down the rust - y sick - le, for the Lord hath need of thee. Go out in- faith - ful in the cause of right,—the good of hu - man kind. Go, speak a word of com-fort sweet to some one in dis - tress, And He who raised the precious sheaves that lie neg-lect - ed there. Go, gath-er in the grain from wid - ow's son, a - bund - ant - ly will bless.

3. Go, gath - er in the gold-en grain,—your du - ty is as-signed; Be valley, hill and plain; Make no delay, the call o-bey—Go, gather in the grain.

CHORUS.

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No. 64. I'll Trust in My Savior Forever.

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

1. I'll trust in my Sav - ior for - ev - er, No Friend is so pre-cious to me;
2. I'll trust in my Sav - ior for - ev - er, I'll praise Him wher-ev-er I be;
3. I'll trust in my Sav - ior for - ev - er, Tho' troub-les may come like a flood;
4. I'll trust in my Sav - ior for - ev - er, I'll serve Him till earth-life is o'er,

And all of my life I'll en - deav - or More worthy of His love to be.
I'll cease to be grate - ful—ah, nev - er! Because He sav'd me, e - ven me.
The cares of this life can - not sev - er Me from my Sav-ior and my God.
And when I have cross'd o'er the riv - er, I'll praise Him there for-ev-er - more.

CHORUS.
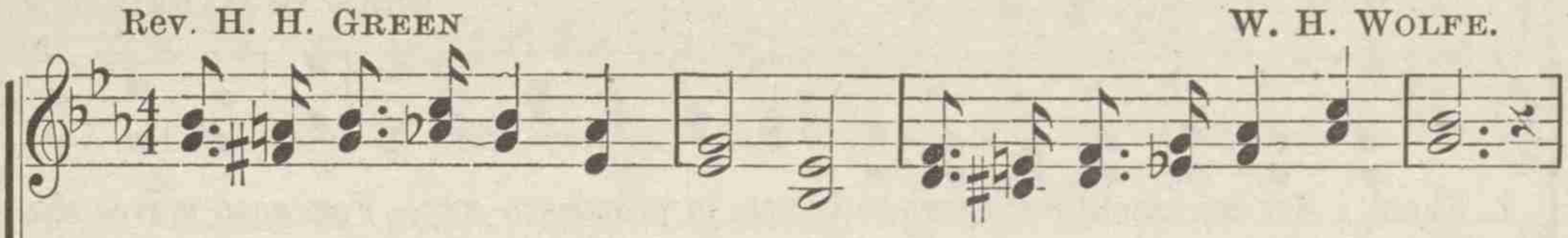
I'll trust in my Sav - ior for - ev - er, For - ev - er, for - ev - er!

I'll trust in my Sav - ior for - ev - er, To Him I'll be faith-ful and true.

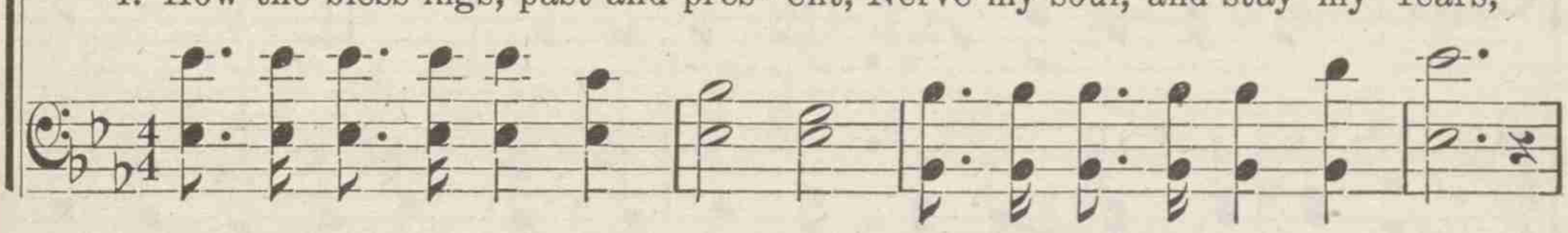
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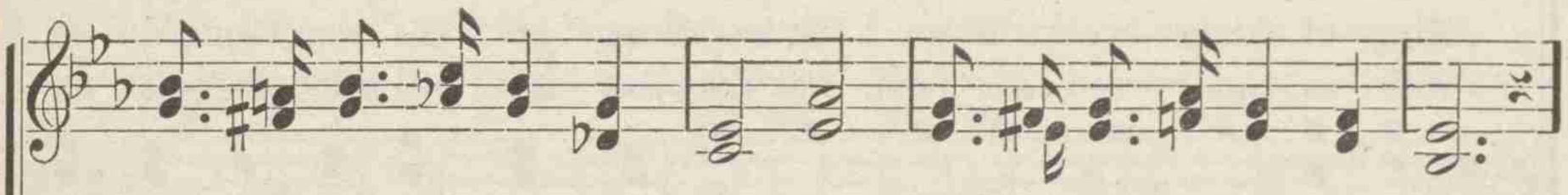
No. 65. Blessings.

Rev. H. H. GREEN W. H. WOLFE.
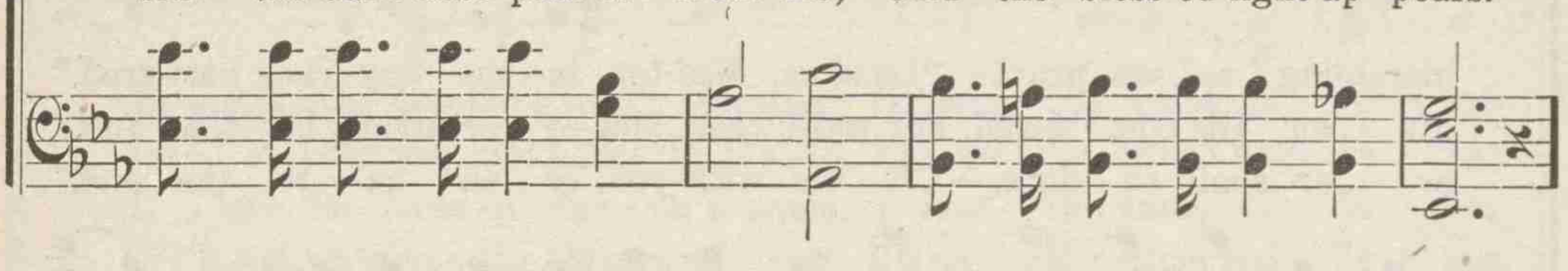


1. Ask me not to count my bless-ings; All my pow-er would be vain,
2. Mul - ti-tudes of pre - cious bless - ings Ev - 'ry mo-ment round me spread;
3. When the stars of heav'n I num - ber Or the sands up - on the shore
4. How the bless-ings, past and pres - ent, Nerve my soul, and stay my fears,
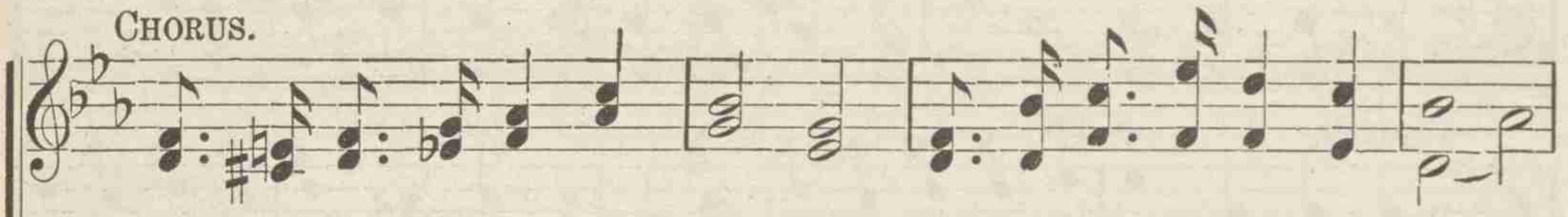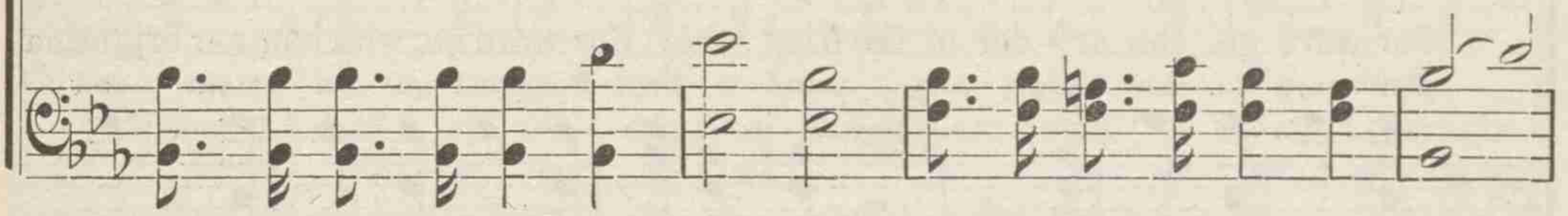




For they come in show'rs up - on me, Fall - ing like the sum-mer rain.
Bless-ings from my Heav'nly Fa - ther, Showered down up-on my head.
There, perhaps, my ma - ny bless-ings, May be right-ly counted o'er.
Till the dark-ness pass-es from me, And the bless-ed light ap - pears.
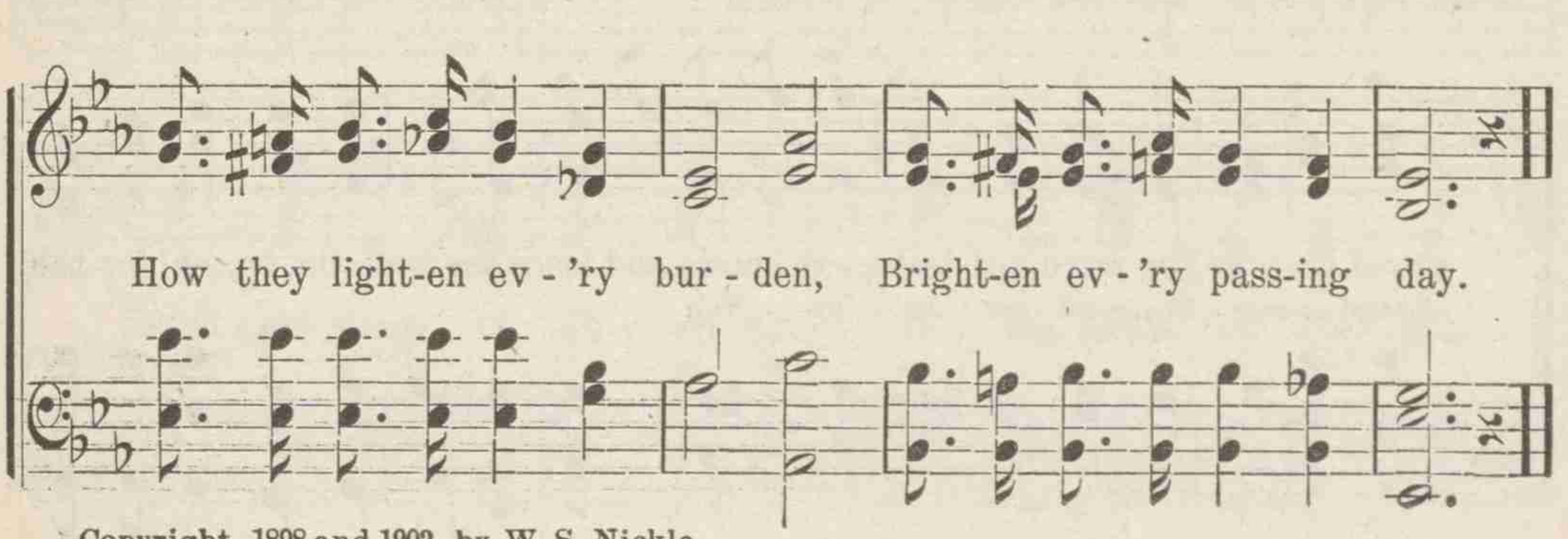


CHORUS.



Fa - ther, how Thy pre-cious bless - ings Cheer me on my pil - grim way;



How they light-en ev - 'ry bur - den, Bright-en ev - 'ry pass-ing day.



Copyright, 1898 and 1902, by W. S. Nickle.

No. 66. Shoulder to Shoulder.

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

1. Shoul - der to shoul-der, heart to heart, in proud ar - ray, For-ward moves the
2. Shoul - der to shoul-der, one in pur - pose, hand in hand, Loy - al to the
3. Shoul - der to shoul-der, one in faith, our hope se-cure, Know - ing He is

might - y arm - y of God; In the strength of Je - ho - vah we are
King of kings we will go; He has shown us the way, equip'd us,
with us, and to de - fend; For His prom - ise a - bid - eth, —it for-

march-ing as we pray:— "Lead us, Mas-ter, in the way Thou hast trod."
giv - en His com - mand, For-ward, then, how ev - er strong be the foe.
ev - er shall en - dure,— "I am with you, ev - en un - to the end."

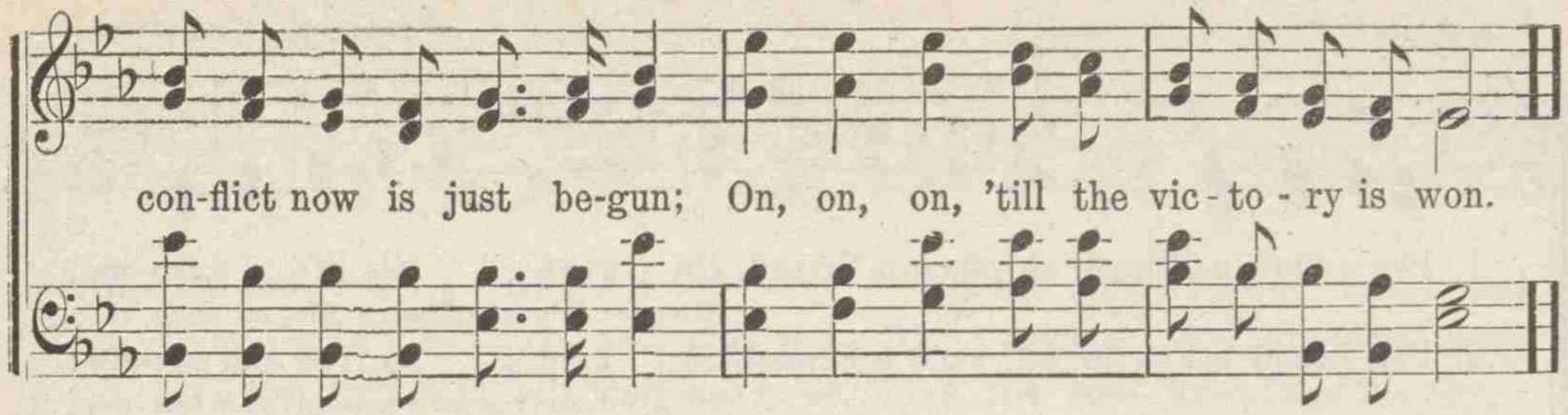
CHORUS.

For-ward go, the or - der of the King o-bey; For-ward go, with ban-ner bright, in
For - ward go, the King's com - mand o - bey; For-ward go in bright and

proud ar-ray; For-ward go! Je-ho-vah knows and leads the way, On, on, on! for the
proud ar-ray; For-ward go! Je - ho - vah

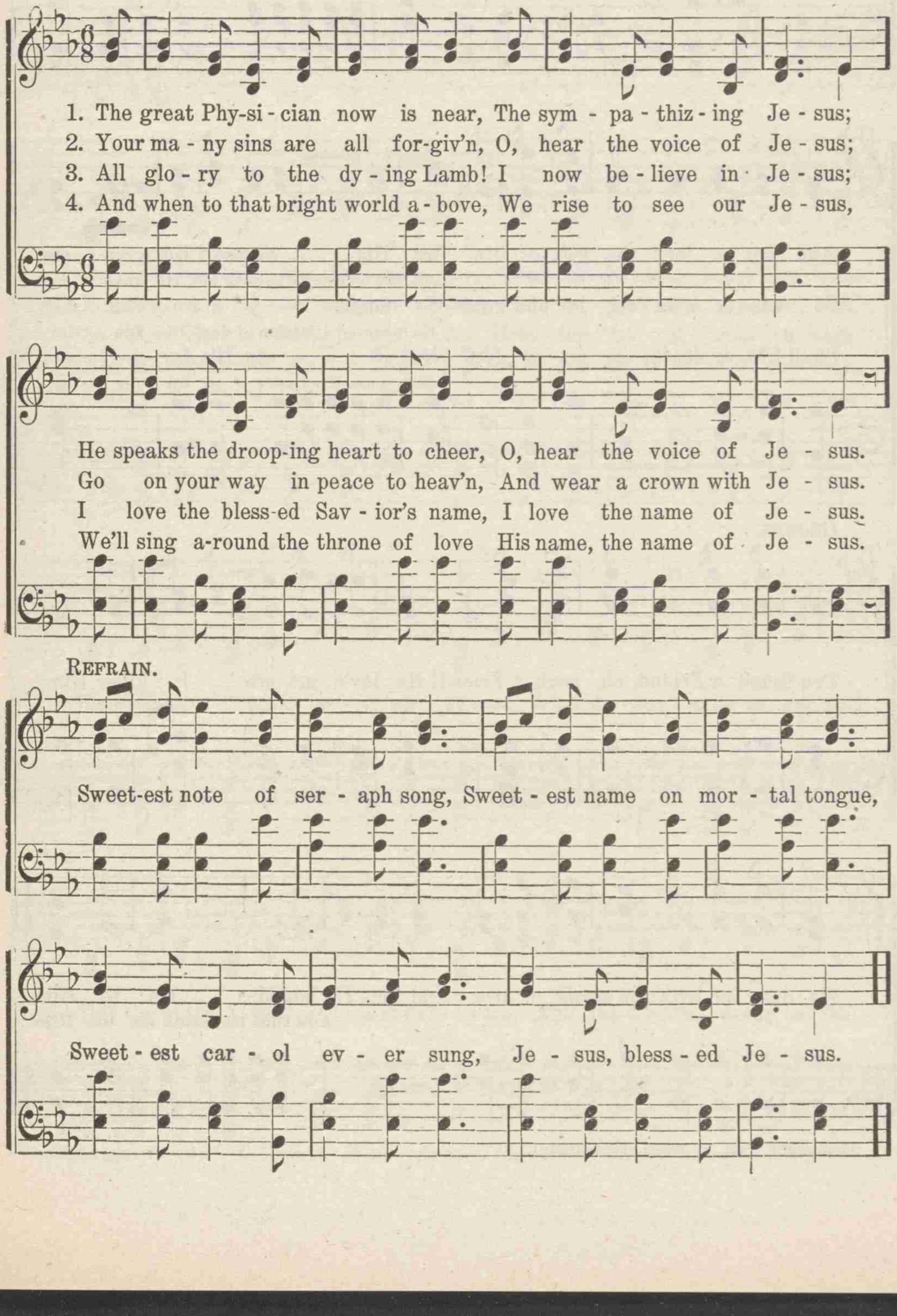
Copyright, 1902, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

Shoulder to Shoulder.
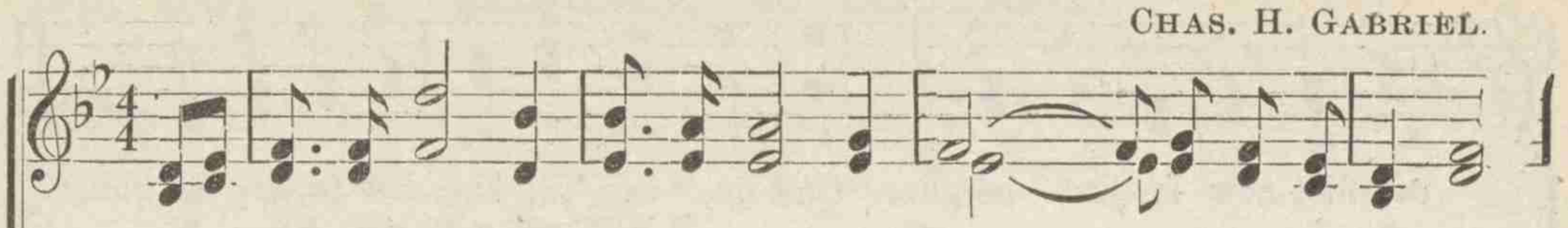


No. 67. The Great Physician.

Rev. J. H. Stockson.

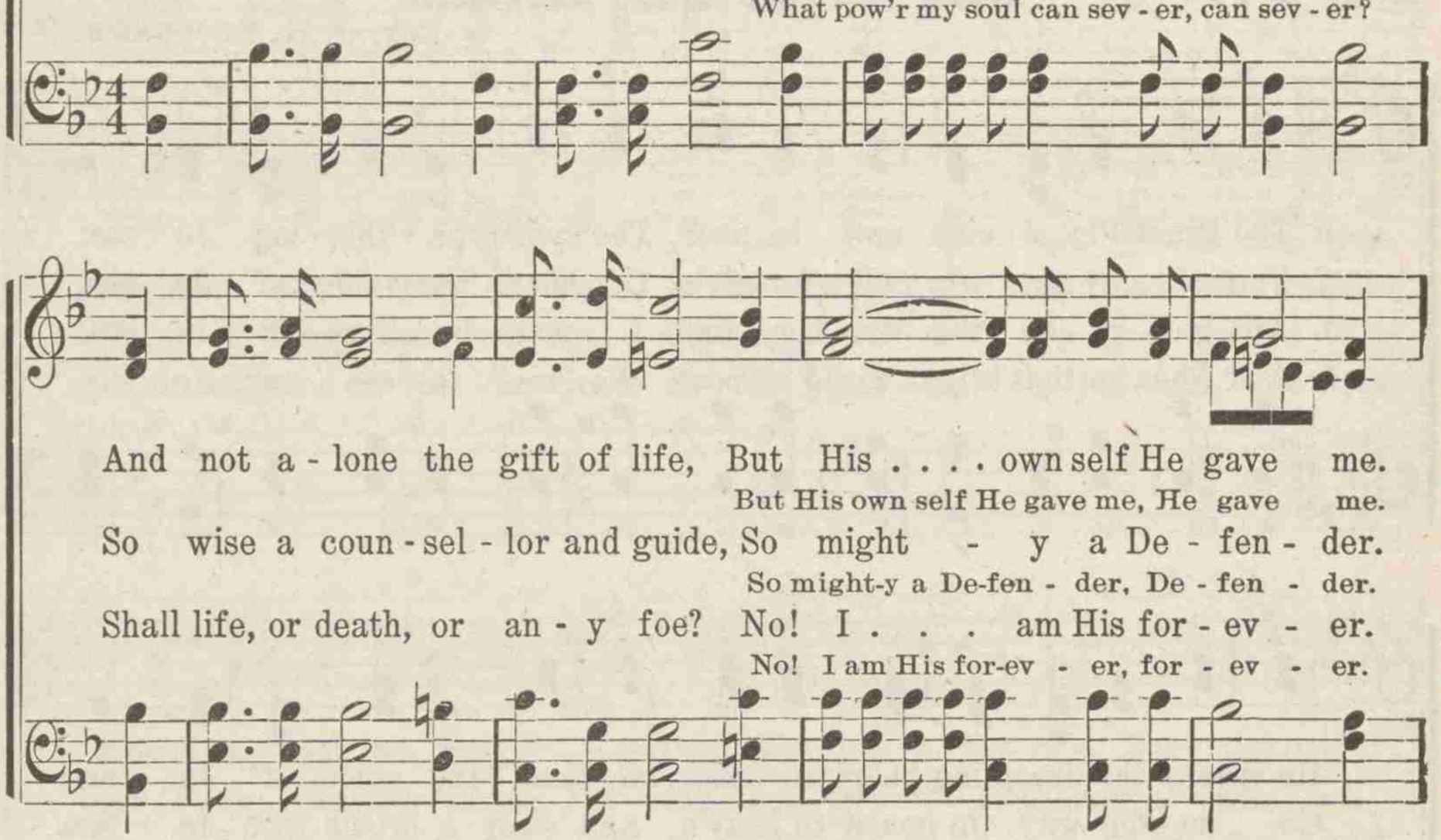


No. 68. He Loved Me Ere I Knew Him.

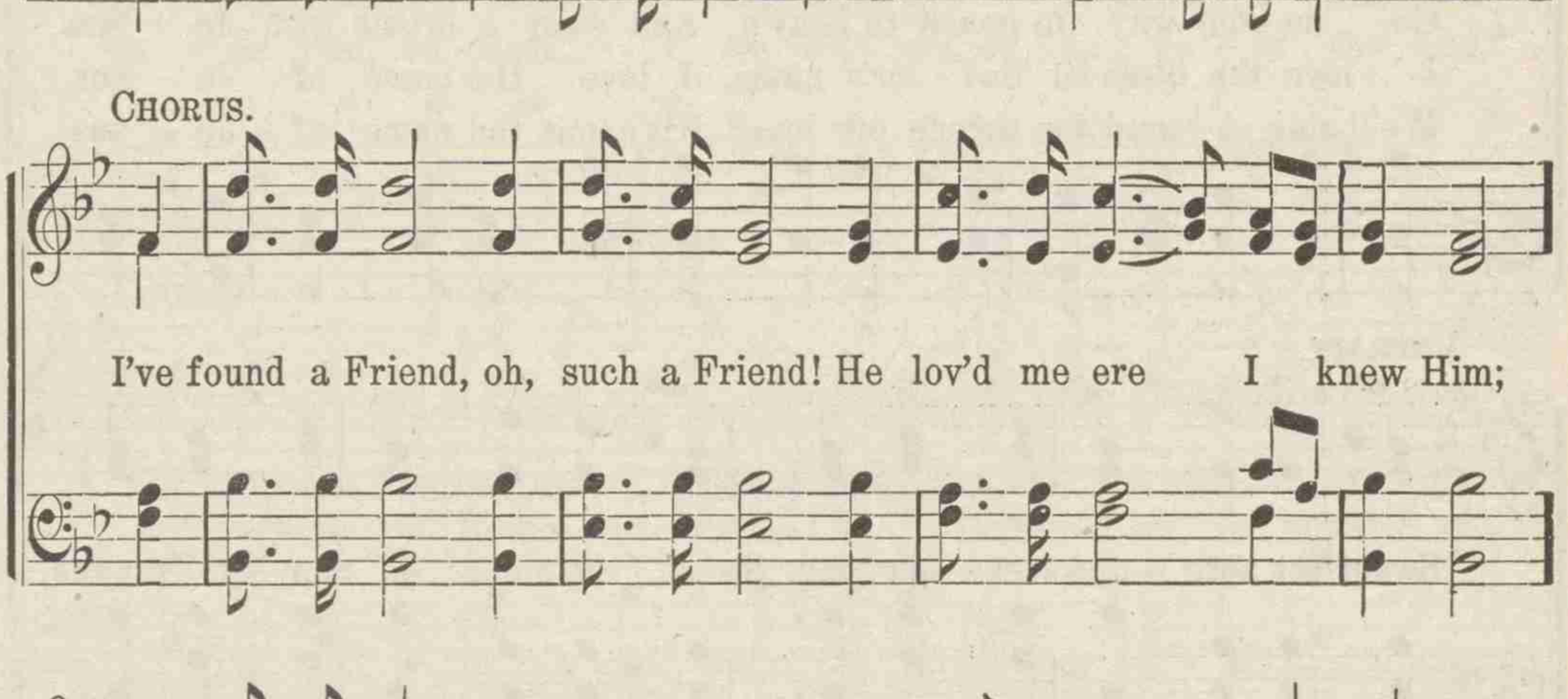
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend, He gave . . . His life to save me;
   He gave His life to save me, to save me;
2. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! So kind, . . . so true and ten-der;
   So kind, so true and ten-der, and ten - der;
3. From that dear Friend who loves me so, What pow'r . . . my soul can sev - er?
   What pow'r my soul can sev - er, can sev - er?



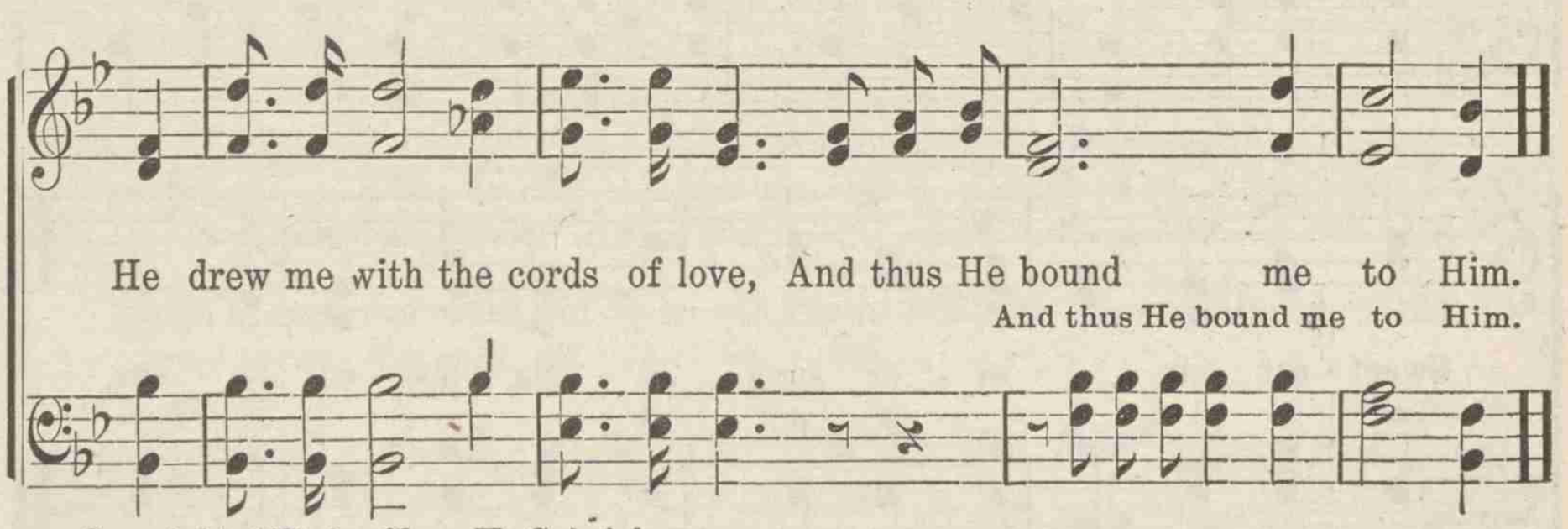
And not a - lone the gift of life, But His . . . . own self He gave me.
But His own self He gave me, He gave me.
So wise a coun - sel - lor and guide, So might - y a De - fen - der.
So might-y a De-fen - der, De - fen - der.
Shall life, or death, or an - y foe? No! I . . . am His for - ev - er.
No! I am His for-ev - er, for - ev - er.



CHORUS.

I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! He lov'd me ere I knew Him;
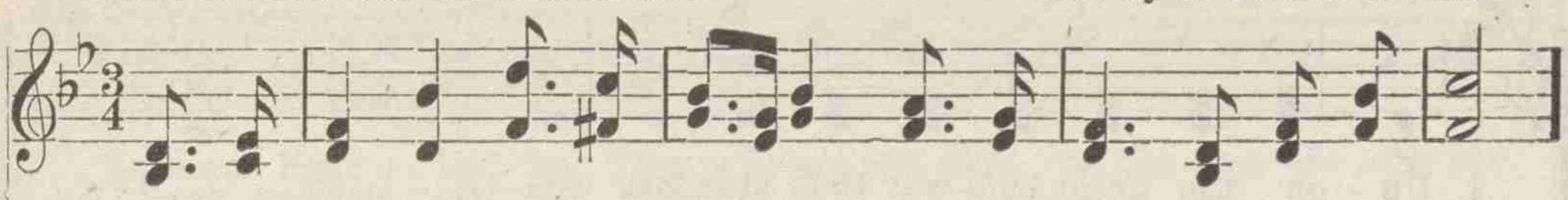
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And thus He bound me to Him.
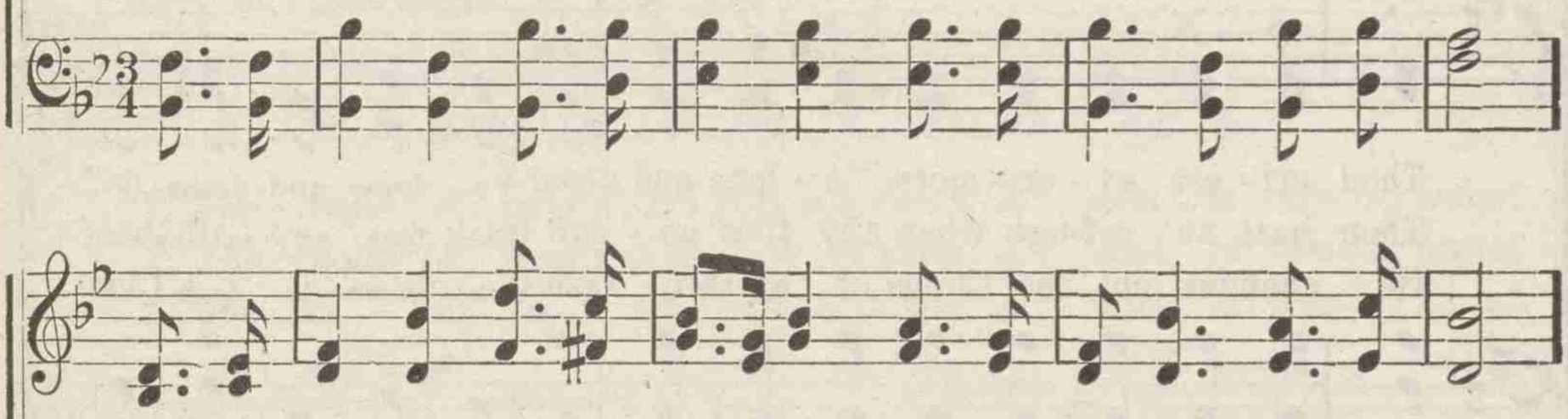


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No. 69. Blessed Quietness.
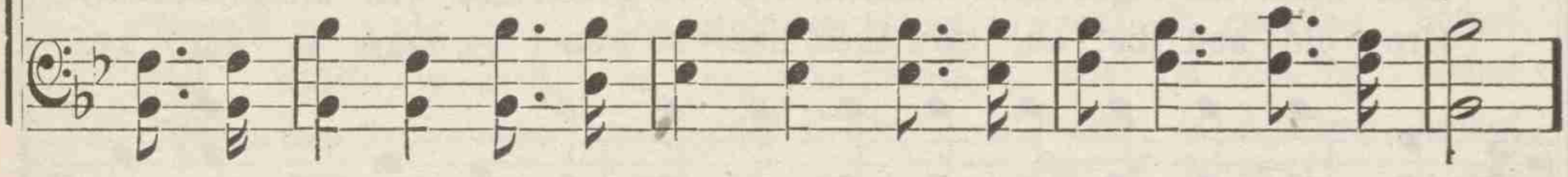
Mrs. Manie Payne Ferguson. Arr. by J. H. Fillmore.
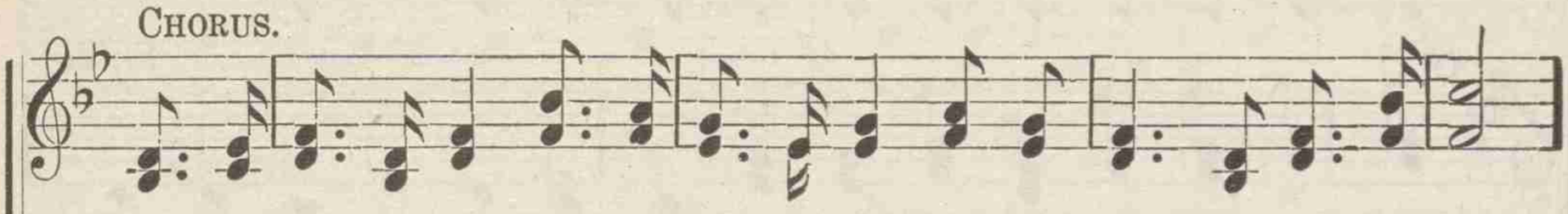


1. Joys are flow-ing like a riv - er, Since the Com - fort-er has come;
2. Springing in - to joy and gladness All a-round this glorious Guest,
3. Like the rain that falls from heav - en, Like the sun - light from the sky,
4. See, a fruit-ful field is grow-ing, Bless - ed fruits of right-eous-ness;
5. What a won - der - ful sal - va - tion, Where we al - ways see His face;
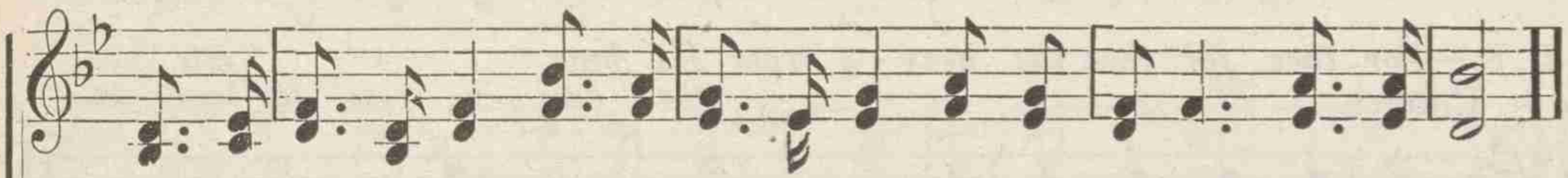


He a-bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trusting heart His home.
Banished un - be - lief and sad - ness, And we just o - bey and rest.
So the Ho - ly Ghost is giv - en, Com - ing to us from on high.
And the streams of life are flow - ing In the lone - ly wild - er - ness.
What a peace-ful hab - i - ta - tion, What a qui - et rest - ing place.
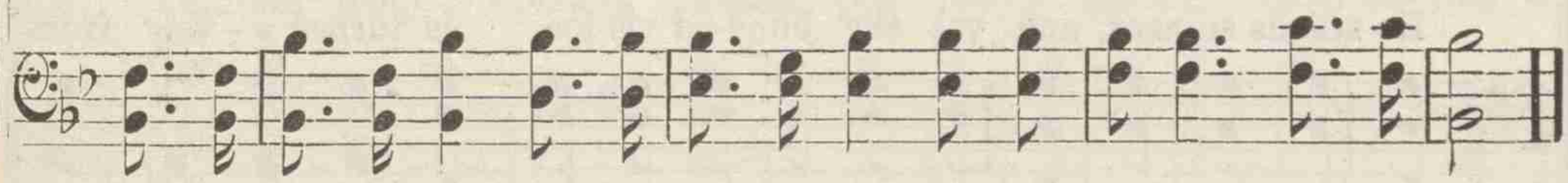


Chorus.



Bless-ed qui - et-ness, ho - ly qui - et-ness, What as - sur - ance in my soul;



On the storm-y sea, Je - sus speaks to me, And the bil-lows cease to roll.



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No. 70. He Waits for Thee.

Mrs. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Up - on the great high-way thou standest wea- (ry, stand-est wea-) ry,
2. The hope of earth-life oft - en fade and fail (thee, fade and fail) thee;
3. In Him is strength, in Him di - vine com - pas (sion, great com - pas-)sion,

Thou cri - est ev - er - more, "A - lone and drear-(y, lone and drear-)y,"
Thou hast no ref-uge when thy foes as - sail (thee, foes as - sail) thee;
He changes not, tho' things of earth-ly fash-(ion, earth - ly fash-) ion

And wilt not un - der-stand that there so near(thee, there so near) thee,
And when the night shall come,oh, who will guide(thee, who will guide)thee,
Grow old and die; ah! turn thee, heart so wea-(ry, heart so wea-) ry,

FINE.

The Sav - ior waits to love and bless, and cheer(thee, bless and cheer)thee.
If thou dost still re-fuse thy Friend be - side(thee, Friend be - side) thee?
And thou shalt nev - er-more be lone and drear-(y, lone and drear-)y.

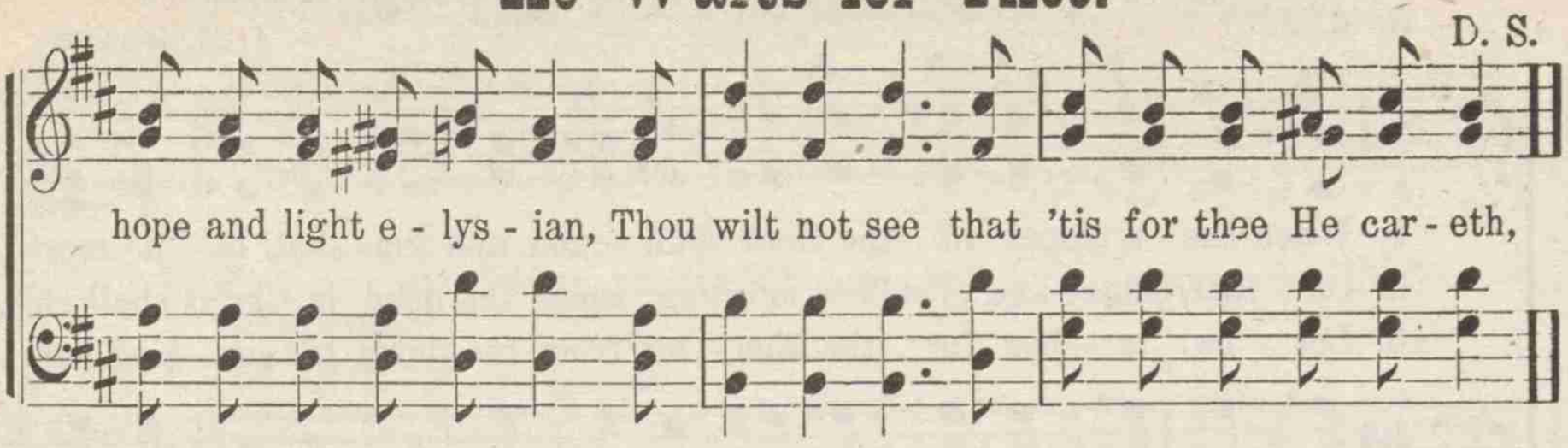
D. S.—*For thee, for thee the heav - y cross He bear - eth.*

CHORUS. *the heav - y cross He bear - eth.*

He stands so near, and yet thy blind-ed vis-ion Is turned a - way from
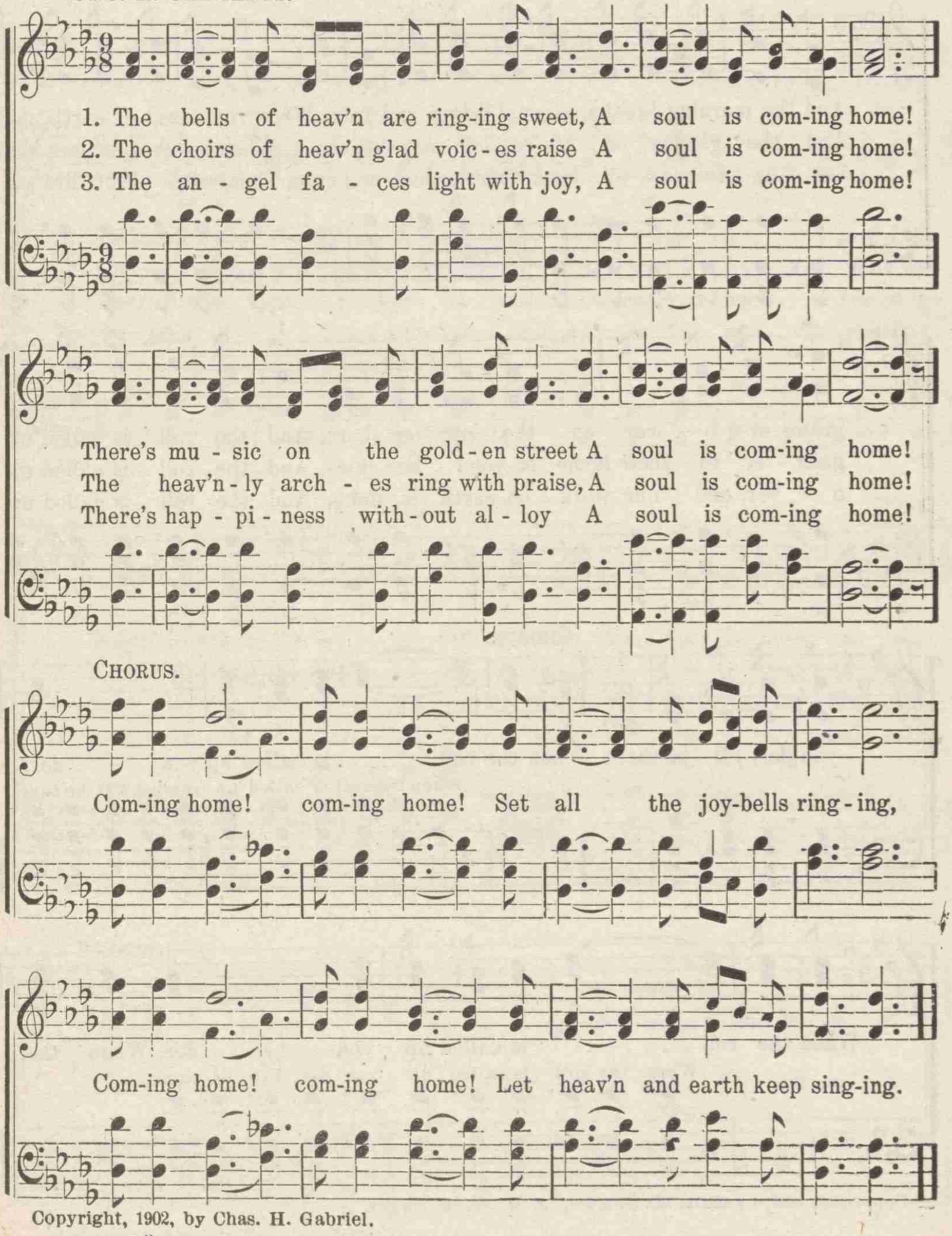
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He Waits for Thee.



No. 71. A Soul Is Coming Home.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS. C. H. G.



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No. 72. When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder.

B. M. J. J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morning, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun,

And the morning breaks, eternal,bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall
And the glo - ry of his res - ur - rec-tion share; When his chos-en ones shall
Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care, Then, when all of life is

gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up
gath - er to their home be-yond the skies, And the roll is called up
o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up

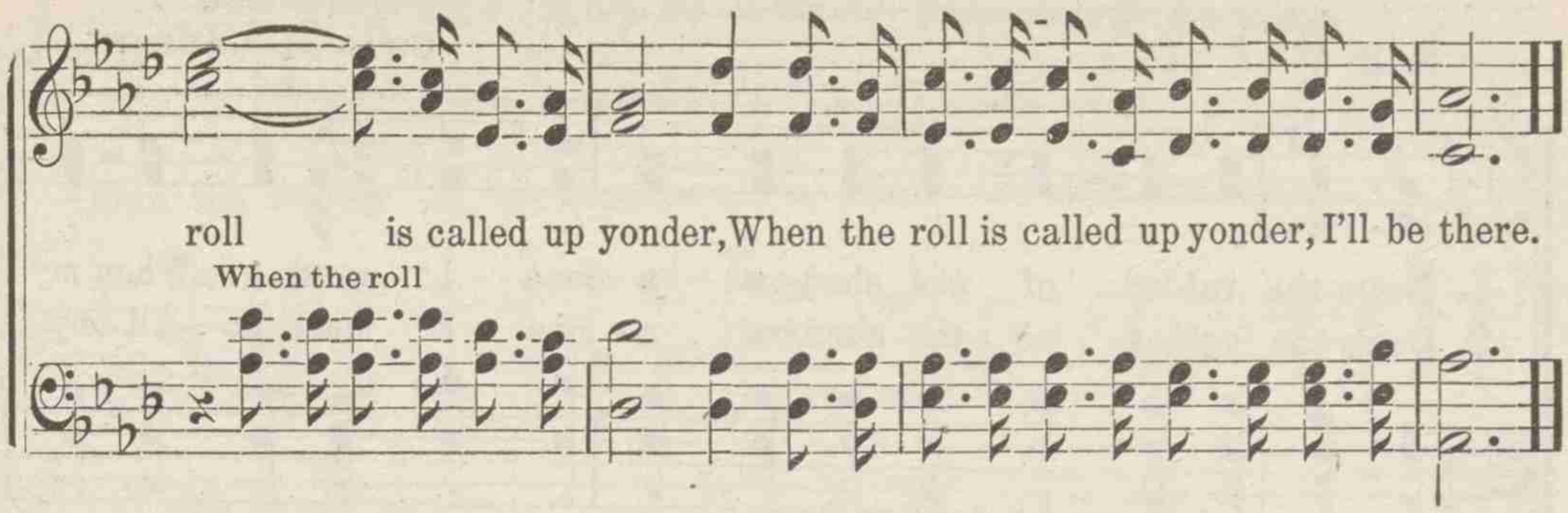
CHORUS.

yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll . . . . is called up yon - der,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

When the roll . . . . . is called up yon - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

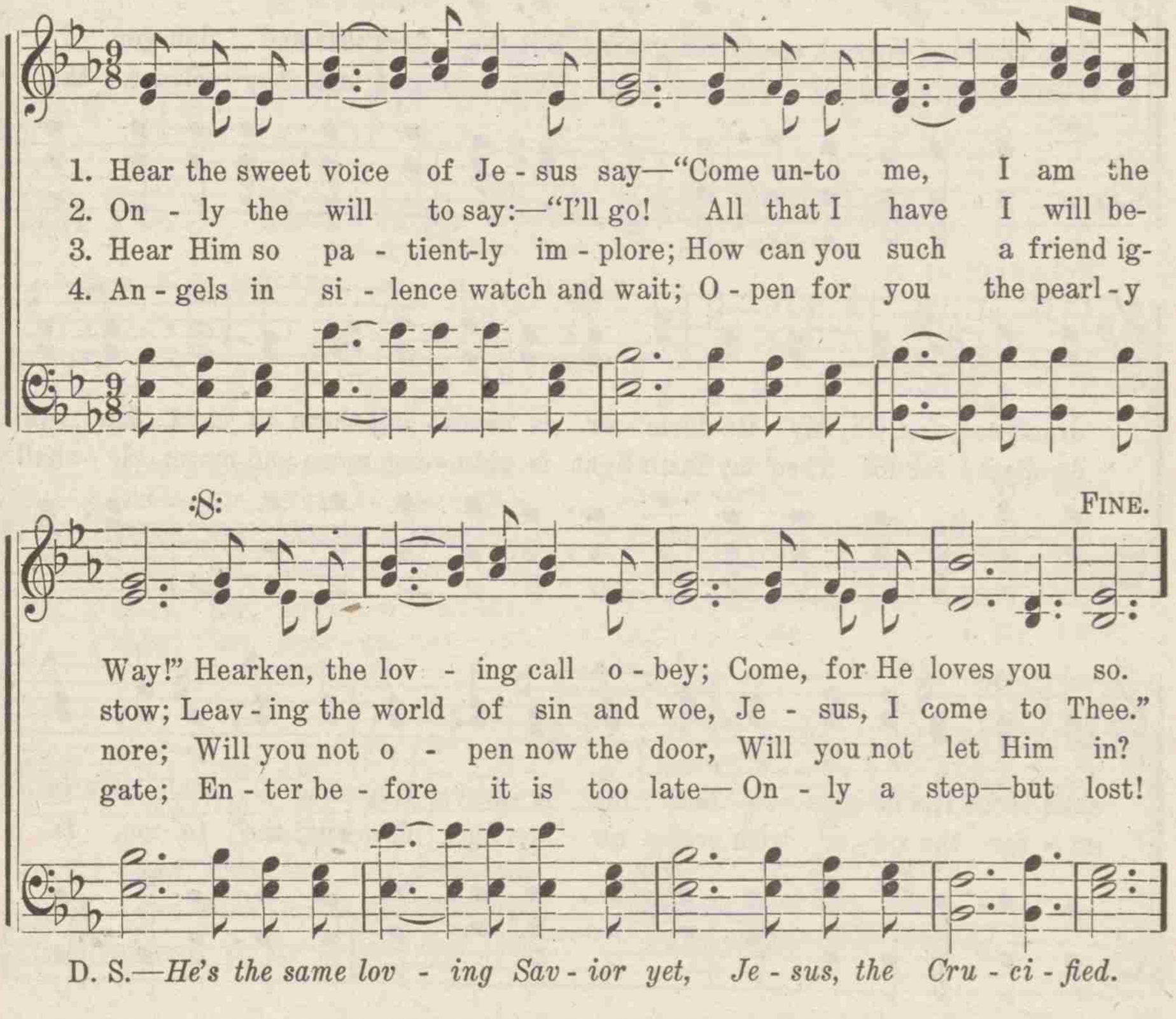
Copyright, 1893, by Chas. H. Gabriel. J. M. Black, owner.
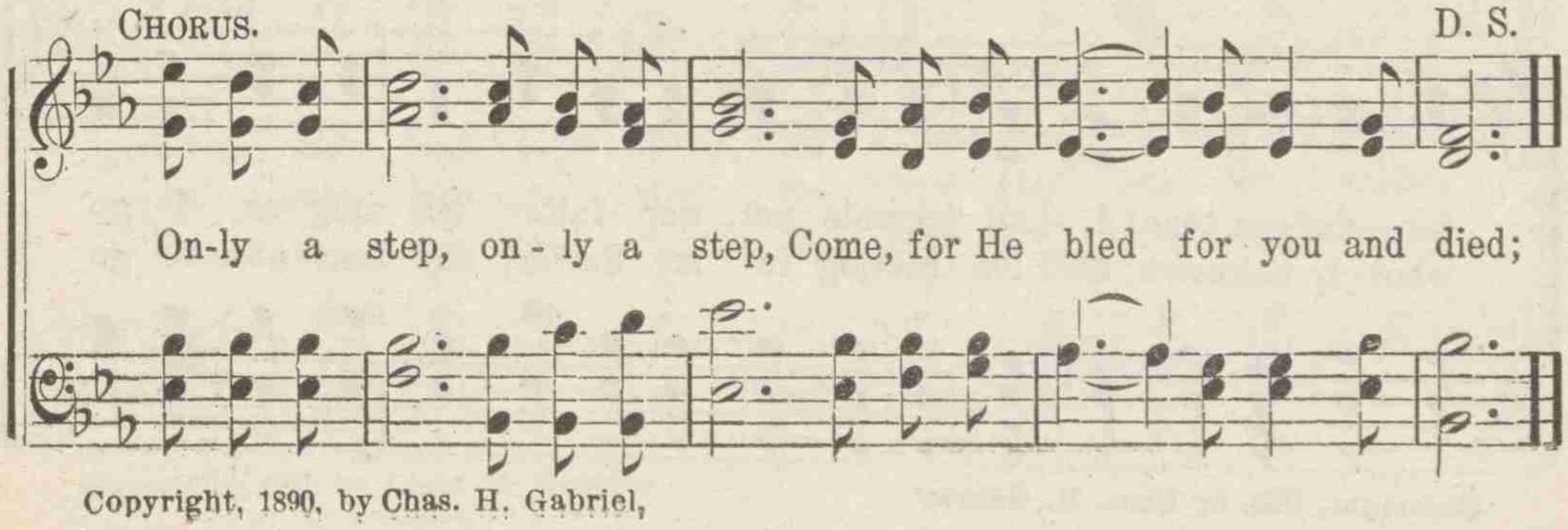
When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder.



No. 73. Only A Step.

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





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No. 74. Down the Valley Alone.

May be sung by male voices; transpose to key of B flat, and sing as written.

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

1. Down the val-ley of the shad-ow a - lone I must go, When my feet, tired of trav-el, reach the grave; But the darkness and dan-ger I dread not, for, Oh, My Re-deem - er is wait - ing there to save. He will send forth His an-gels to bear me a - way; His voice I shall hear in ten - der-est tone; I shall tremble not, nor falter, but sing as I go whol - ly unknown; Still I'm trusting in my Savior, and fear not to go

2. Down the val-ley of the shad-ow a - lone I must go—All my friends left behind, or gone be - fore; Yet, I dread not the silence that dwelleth, for lo! Thro' my faith light is shin - ing more and more; I shall en - ter the riv - er with praise on my lips, The way, tho', to me, is

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Down the Valley Alone.

FINE.

Down the val-ley of the shad-ow all a - lone. Down the val - ley,
Down the val-ley,

D. S.

of the shad-ow, Down the val-ley a - lone I must go;
of the shadow,
down the valley;

No. 75. Morning, Noon and Evening.

(*Melody in Second Tenor, other parts subdued.*)

Rev. F. L. SNYDER. C D. EMERSON.

1 2 FINE.

1. { Morn - ing, noon and even-ing, Ev - er will I pray, } ly way;
   { Guide us, great Je - ho - vah, In the heav'n- }
2. { Morn - ing, noon and even-ing, This my pray'r shall be, } to Thee;
   { Keep me, bless - ed Je - sus, Keep me close }
3. { Morn - ing, noon and even-ing, This shall be my pray'r; } my care;
   { Help me, dear - est Sav - ior, Roll on Thee }

Ev - er will I pray } ly way;
In the heav'n- }

D. C.—*And from fear and doubting, Give me sweet re - lease.*
D. C.—*And when dawns the morning, Fill me with Thy light.*
D. C.—*Now, O Lord, ac - cept me, Kneel-ing at Thy throne.*

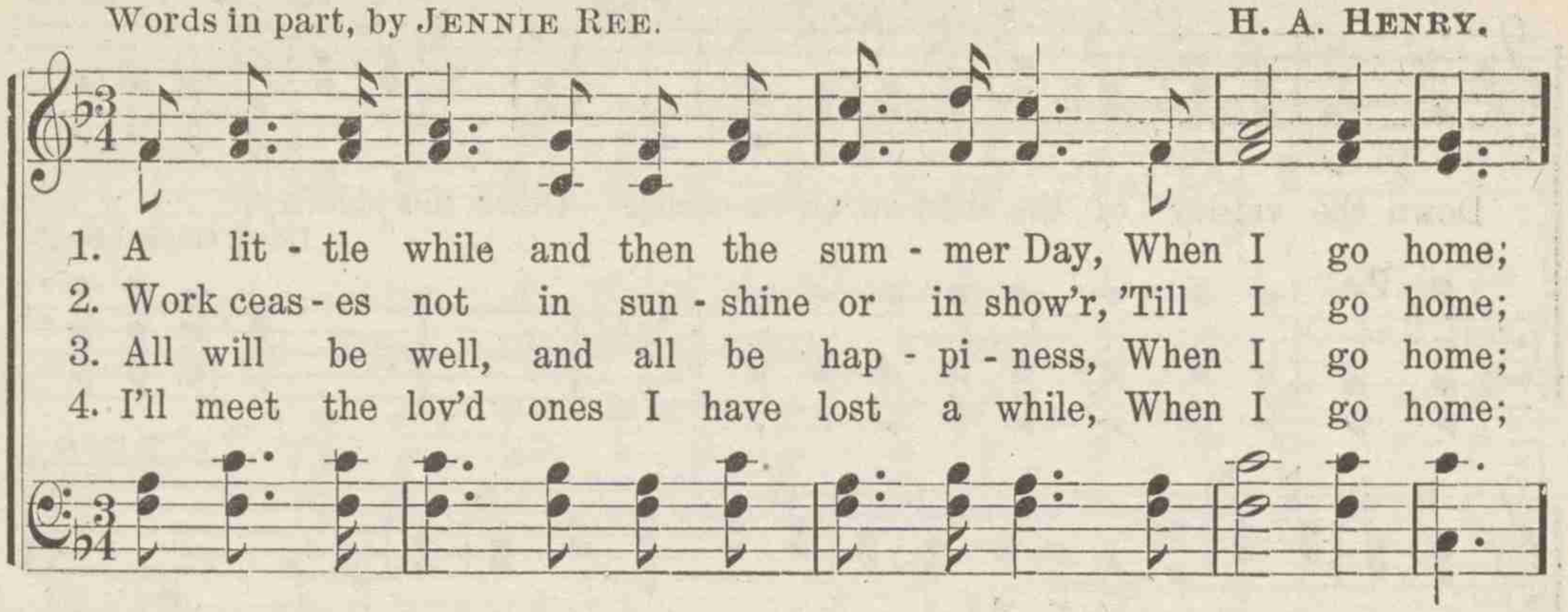
D. C.
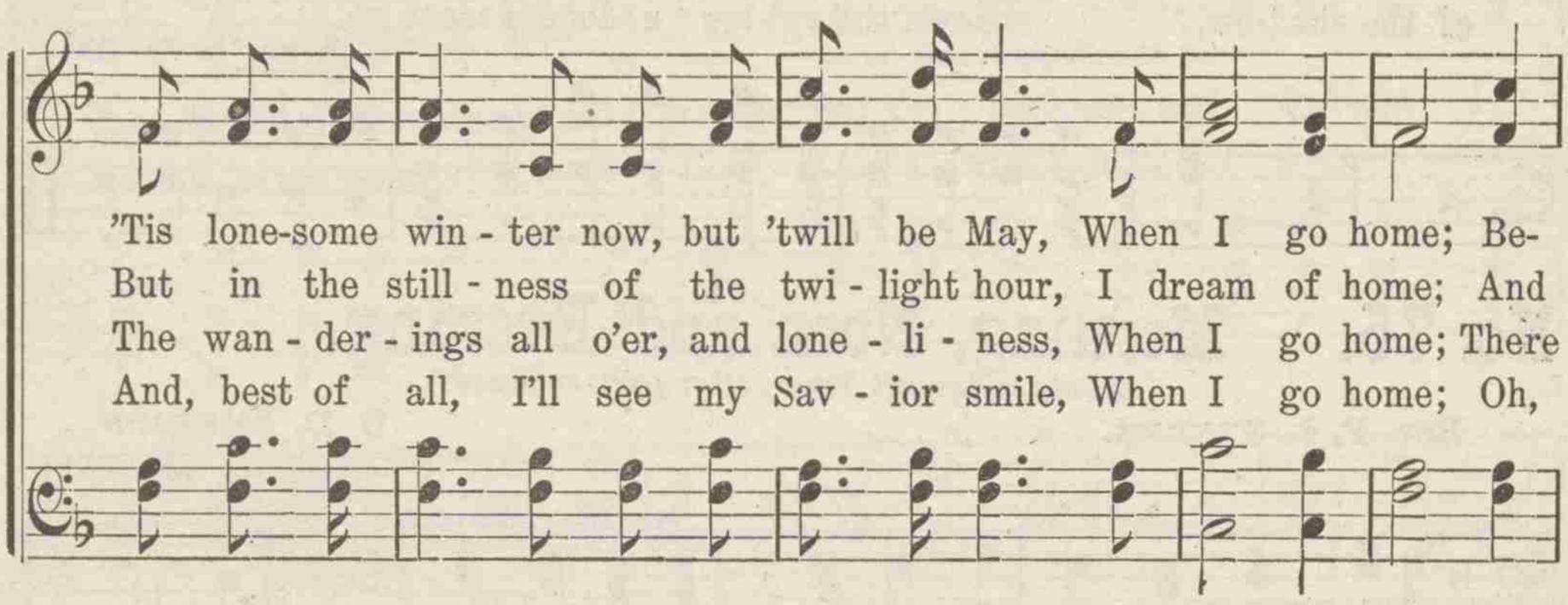
Kcep my feet from stray - ing From the paths of peace,
An - gels hov - er o'er me, Thro' the lone - ly night,
Hear me, gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my plead - ing tone;

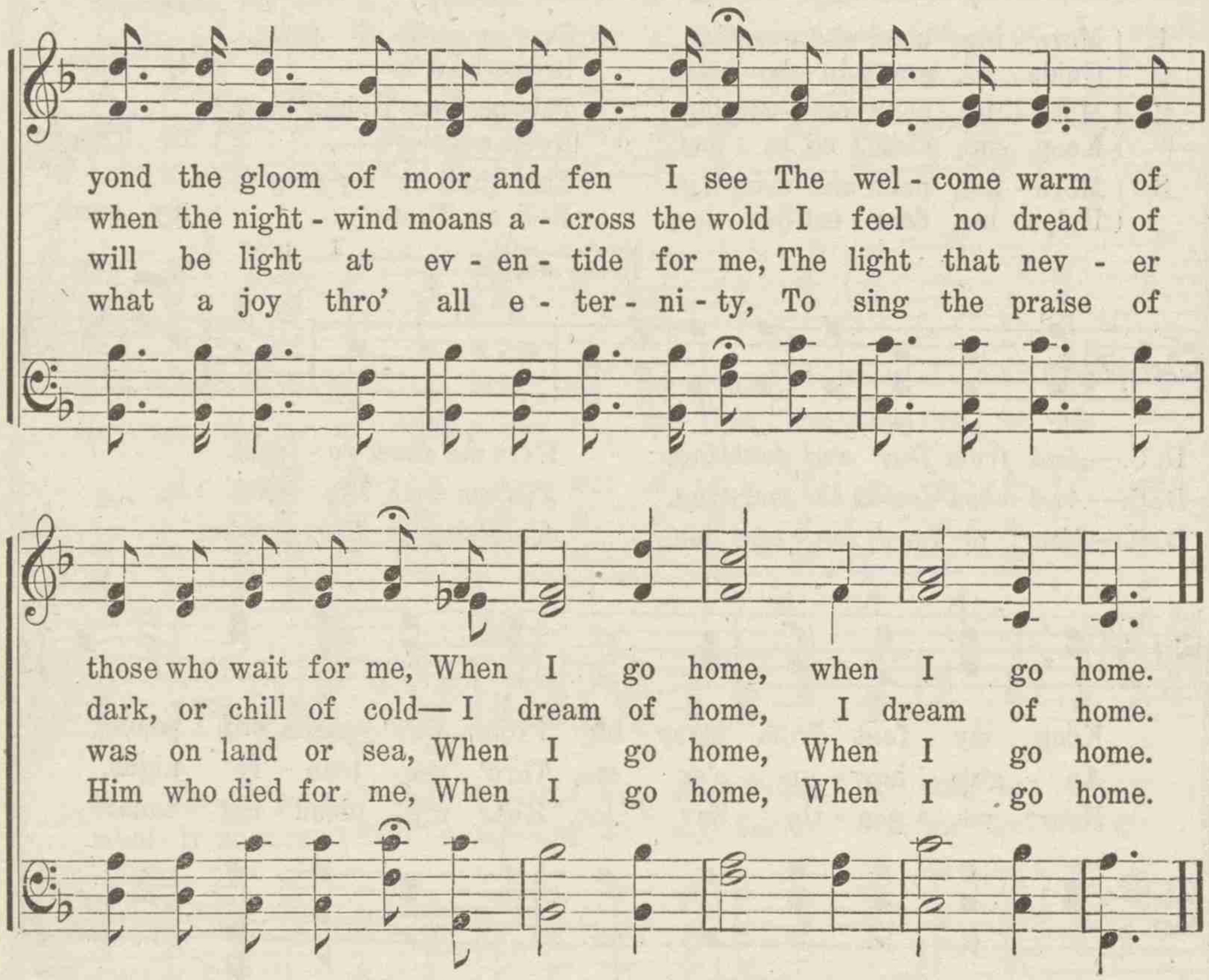
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No. 76. When I Go Home.

Words in part, by JENNIE REE. H. A. HENRY.
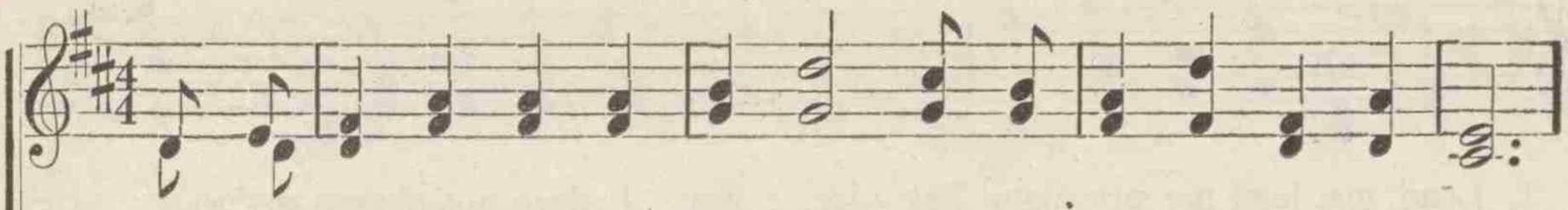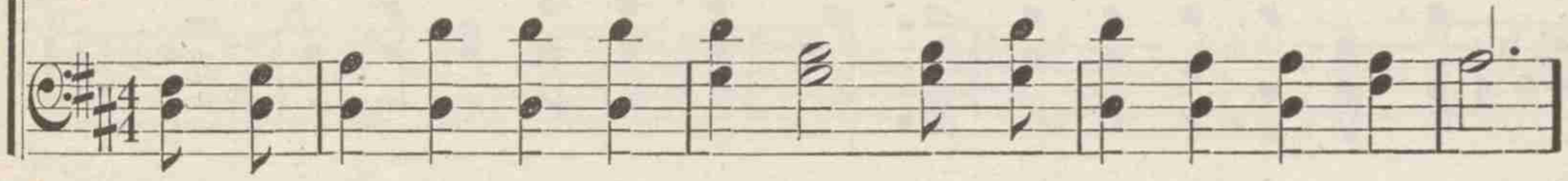






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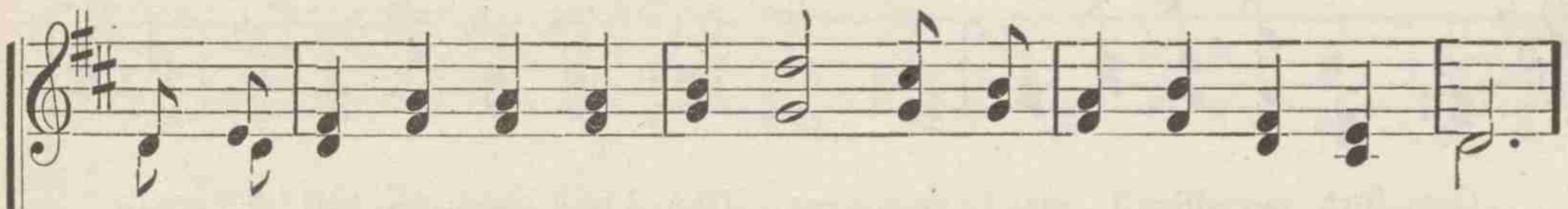
No. 77. Passing Down Life's Way.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. ORAN WILLIAMS.
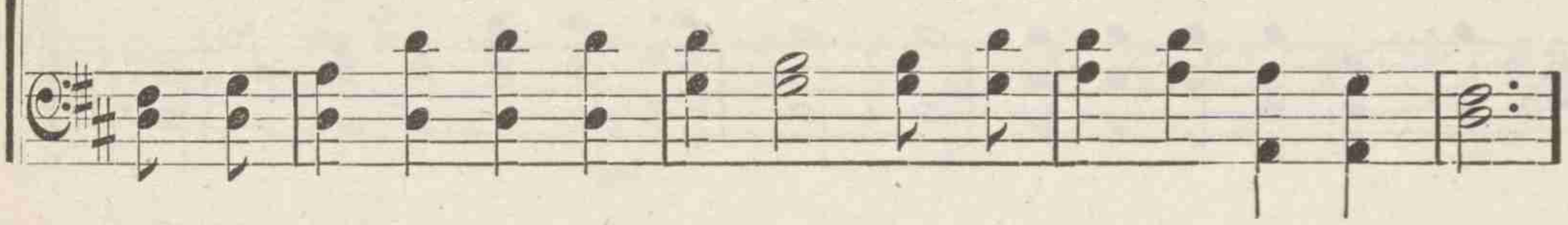


1. Strive to make the day seem light - er When the shad - ows round you play;
2. There are hearts that need re-fresh-ing, Need your help from day to day;
3. Dai - ly like the Mas - ter growing, He will all your work re - pay,
4. There is great re - ward in heav - en, Wait - ing you at close of day;
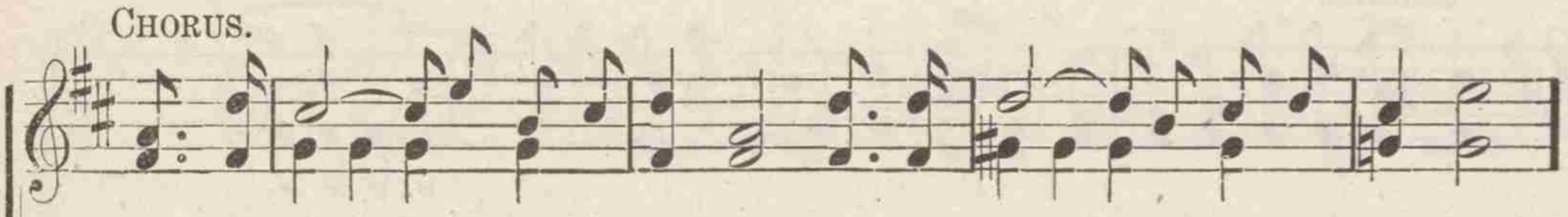




Strive to make the world seem bright-er, As you're pass-ing down life's way.
Strive to make your-self a bless - ing, As you're pass-ing down life's way.
If the gos - pel seed you're sow - ing, As you're pass-ing down life's way.
If for Je - sus you are striv - ing, As you're pass-ing down life's way.
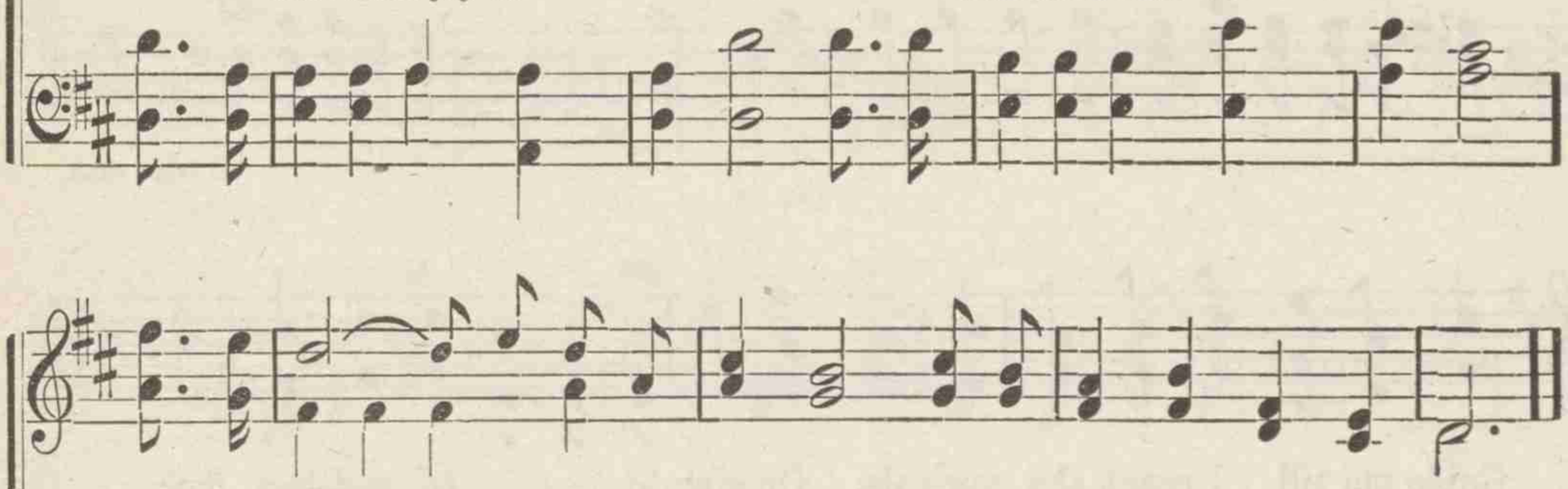


CHORUS.
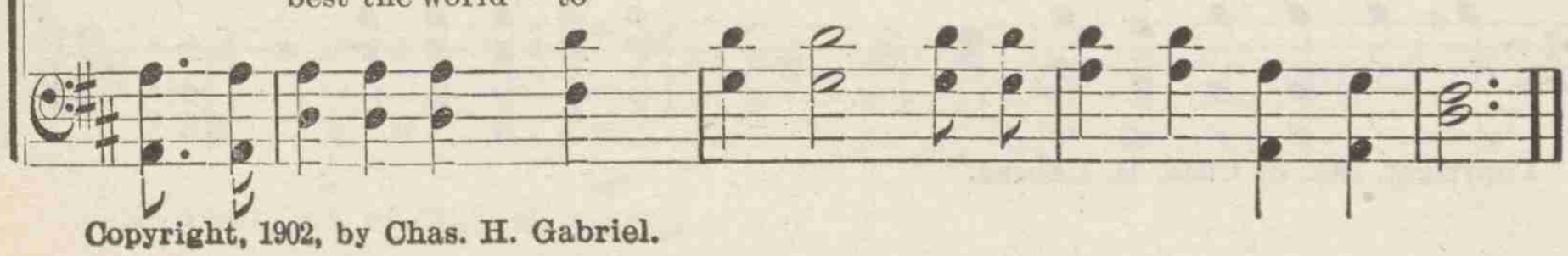


Do your best . . some joy to heighten; Do your best . . some load to light-en;

best some joy to best some load to



Do your best . . . the world to bright-en, As you're pass-ing down life's way.

best the world to



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No. 78. Lead Me.

Mrs. J. M. HUNTER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Lead me, lead me pre-cious Sav - ior, For I dare not choose my way;
2. Let me feel Thy lov - ing pres-ence Tell-ing me that I am Thine;
3. Teach me, Sav-ior, that to oth - ers, Some glad message I may give;
4. For Thy-self O let me la - bor, Glad my grat - i - tude to show;

Com-fort me when I am wea - ry, Guard and keep me lest I stray.
Un - to Thee, my dear Re - deem - er, More and more my heart in - cline.
Make me brave to do Thy bid - ding; For Thy-self, O let me live.
Of Thy love so free and bound - less, O that all the world might know.

CHORUS.

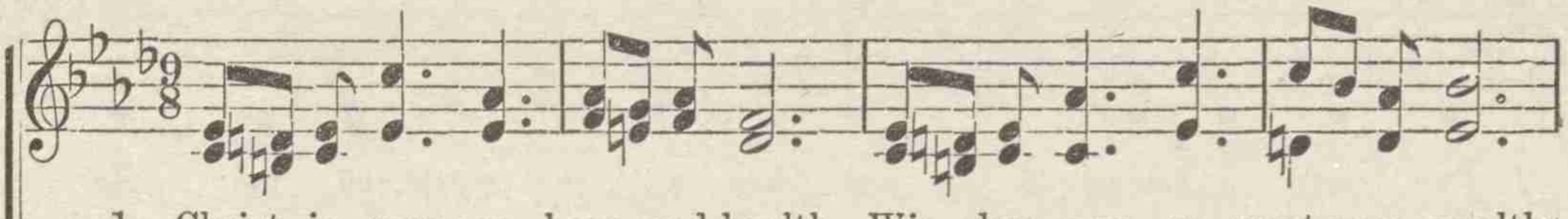
Lead me, O my Savior lead me, lead me, Suffer not may feet to stray,
Suf - fer not my feet to stray,
O lead and

Guide me till I reach the por-tals, Op'ning in - to end-less day.
Op'ning in - to

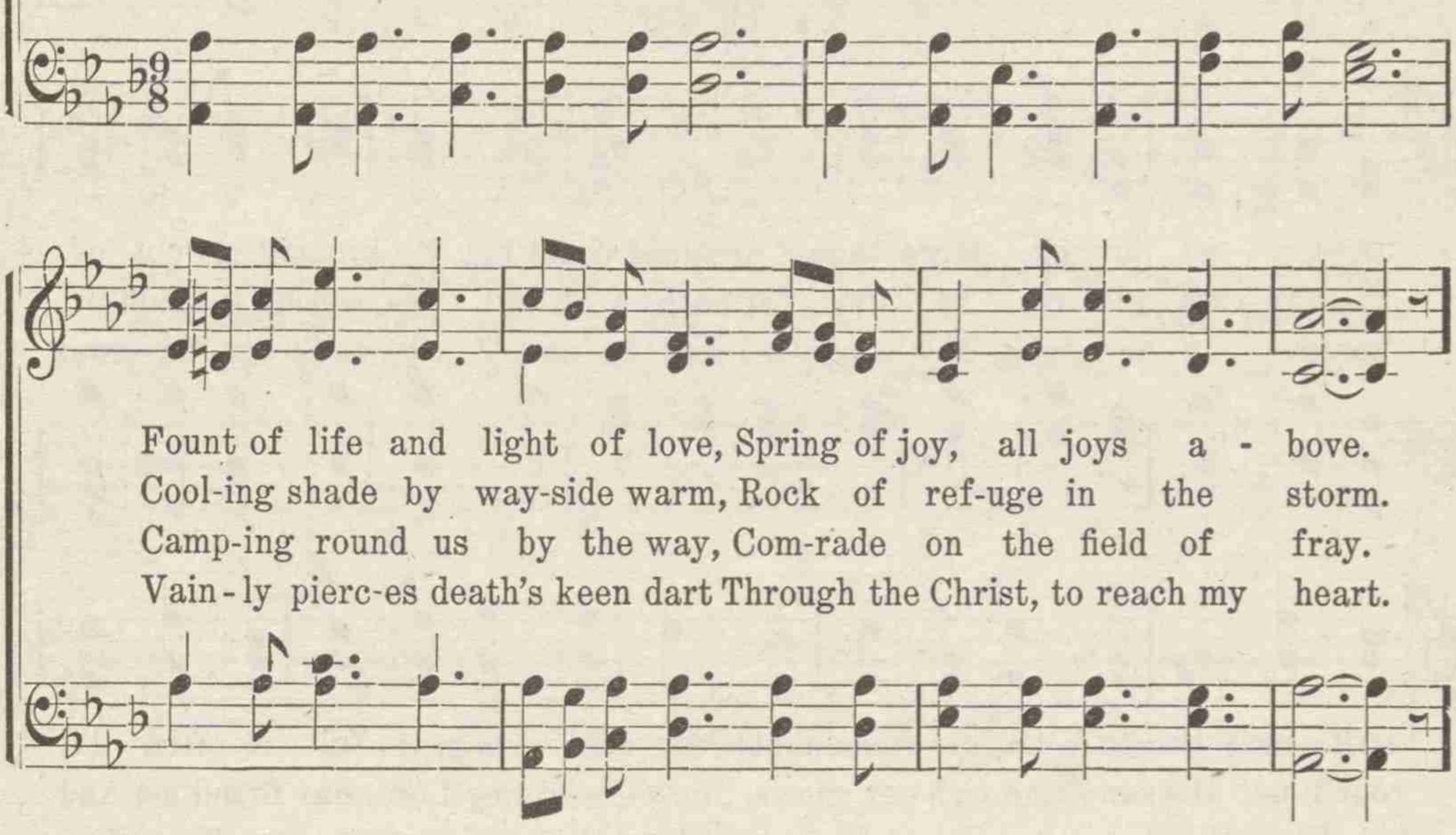
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No. 79. Christ All and In All.

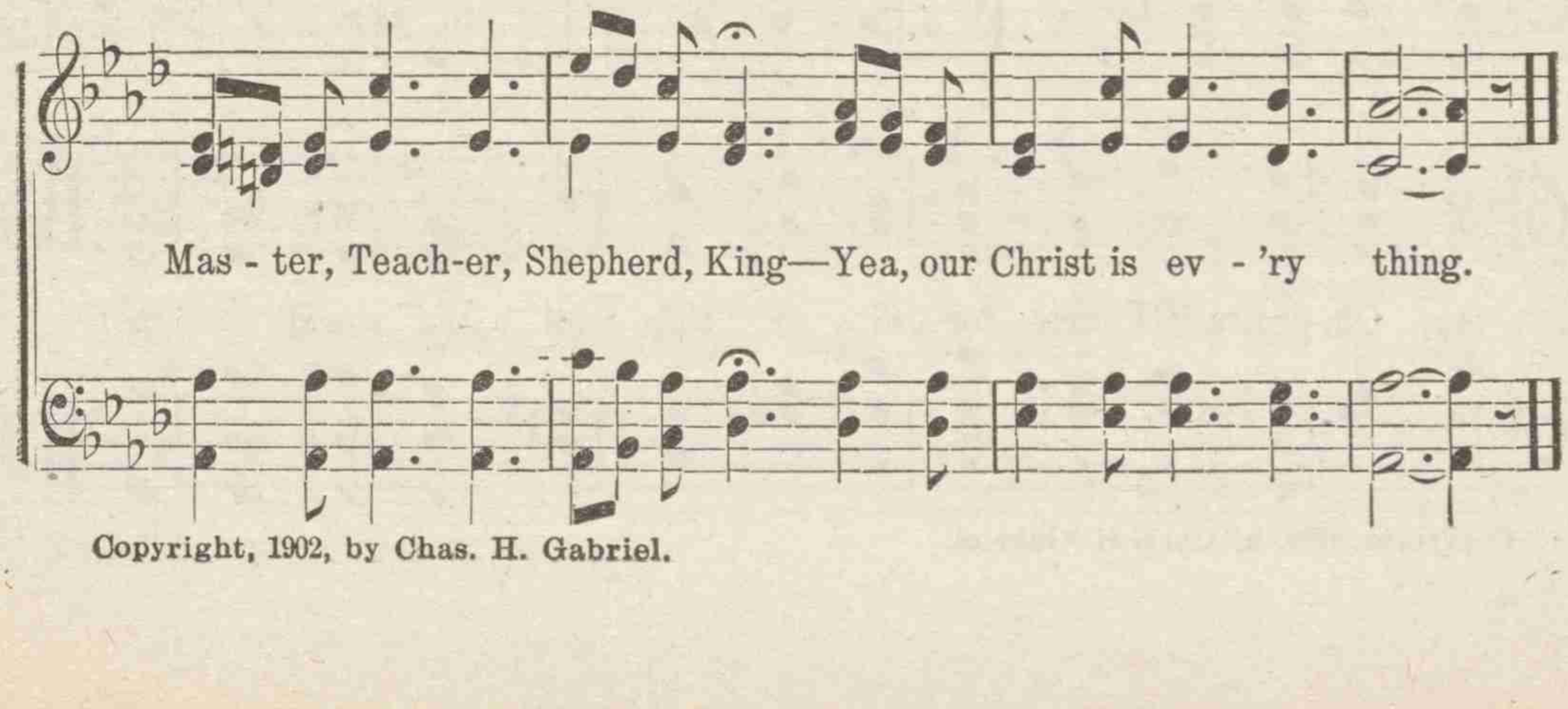
L. M. WATERMAN. F. S. SHEPARD.



1. Christ is cour-age, hope and health, Wis - dom, pow - er, great-ness, wealth;
2. Christ is com-fort, calm and rest; Bloom that makes the des - ert blest;
3. Christ is Friend and help and home, Wand'ring with us when we roam;
4. Christ is shel - ter, buck-ler, shield, Might - y, tho' all else may yield;



Fount of life and light of love, Spring of joy, all joys a - bove.
Cool-ing shade by way-side warm, Rock of ref-uge in the storm.
Camp-ing round us by the way, Com-rade on the field of fray.
Vain - ly pierc-es death's keen dart Through the Christ, to reach my heart.



CHORUS.

Christ is pow - er, Christ is peace, Christ is sor - row's sure re-lease;
Christ is pow-er, yea, Christ is peace, Christ is sor-row's sure re-lease;

Mas - ter, Teach-er, Shepherd, King—Yea, our Christ is ev - 'ry thing.

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No. 80. He's All the World to Me.

B. H. BEN HAINS.

1. I've found a friend in Je - sus, He's all the world to me; So tender, so lov-ing, More than I dreamed could be; He brought me out of dark - ness In - to His glo-rious light; My soul is grate-ful to Him—I'll serve Him with my might.

2. He fills my heart with gladness, And makes my tongue to sing; 'Tis rapture, 'tis glo - ry, To live for such a King! The world is brighter round me, His sun-shine rich - er glows, Since Christ, my Lord, has found me, And with me ev - er goes. He's all the world to me, He's all the world to me.

3. Oh, list - en! Hear Him call - ing: "My life for thee I gave, In sorrow, in an - guish, Thy way-ward soul to save!" Oh, quick - ly an - swer to Him: "Lord, save a sin - ful soul; Thy love has won me to Thee, For-give, and make me whole."

CHORUS.

me; Oh, praise His name for - ev - er, He's all the world to me.

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No. 81. Because I Love Jesus.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. My path may be drear - y, and sor - rows may blight, The clouds may be hid - ing the blue from my sight, Yet I have as - sur-ance that all will be right,
2. Be - cause I love Je - sus, my Sav - ior, and thine, There's peace in my soul that is com - fort di - vine; 'Twill with me a - bide, for the prom - ise is mine, Be - cause . . . . . I love Je - sus.
3. My friends and my lov'd ones may drift from my side, Both rich - es and hon - or to me be de - nied; But, praise Him for - ev - er, He'll with me a - bide,
4. Should pow - ers of dark - ness a-gainst me com-bine, Or death call me sud - den - ly o - ver the line, Oh, then, ev - en then, per - fect peace will be mine,

Be - cause

REFRAIN.

Be-cause I love Je - sus, Je - sus, Be - cause I love Je - sus; my soul is at rest, and in Him I am blest, Be - cause I love Je - sus.

Be-cause

Be-cause

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No. 82. Speak to Me, Jesus.

L. L. P. Adapted by L. L. PICKETT.

1. Speak to my soul, dear Je-sus, Speak now in tend-'rest tone; Whis-per in
2. Speak to Thy chil-dren ev - er, Lead in the ho - ly way; Fill them with
3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst re - veal Thy will; Let me know

lov - ing kindness: "Thou art not left a - lone." O-pen my heart to hear Thee,
joy and gladness, Teach them to watch and pray. May they in con - se-cra - tion
all my du - ty, Let me Thy law ful - fill. Lead me to glo - ri - fy Thee,

Quick - ly to hear Thy voice, Fill Thou my soul with praises, Let me in Thee rejoice.
Yield their whole lives to Thee, Hasten Thy coming kingdom, Till our dear Lord we see.
Help me to show Thy praise, Glad-ly to do Thy bid-ding, Honor Thee all my days.

CHORUS.

{ Speak Thou in soft - est whis - pers, Whis - pers of love to me;
{ Speak Thou to me each day, Lord, Al - ways in ten - d'rest tone;

"Thou shalt be al-ways conq'ror, Thou shalt be al-ways free."
Let me now hear thy whis-per, "Thou art not left (*Omit*) } a - lone."

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 83. The Dropping Rain.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. MARTIN A. ELLIOTT.

1. Hear the pat - ter, pat - ter of the summer rain Tap-ping, light-ly
2. There's a thirst-y blue-bird—there's a rob - in, too! If there were no
3. Like the gen - tle fall - ing of the drops of rain, Lit - tle words of

tap - ping on the win-dow pain; Wel-come, gen-tle show-er! Ev - 'ry lit - tle
showers, what d'you s'pose they'd do? Sun and rain to-geth - er, Clear and cloud-y
kind-ness help to com-fort pain; As the pleas-ant show-ers Bless the thirst-y

flow - er Nods a hap - py lit - tle "Thank you," For the summer rain.
weath-er, Make the earth so full of beau - ty, Fair and ev - er new.
flow - ers, Lov - ing words and deeds of mer - cy Nev-er fall in vain.

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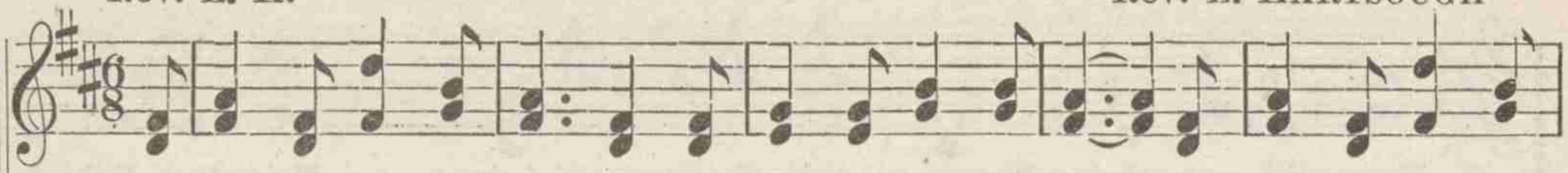
As the lit - tle drops of wa - ter re-fresh the thirst - y flow'rs,
Tap, tap, tap, tap, on the thirst - y flow'rs,

Lit - tle deeds of mer - cy com-fort us, in this world of ours.
Tap, tap, tap, tap, in this world of ours.
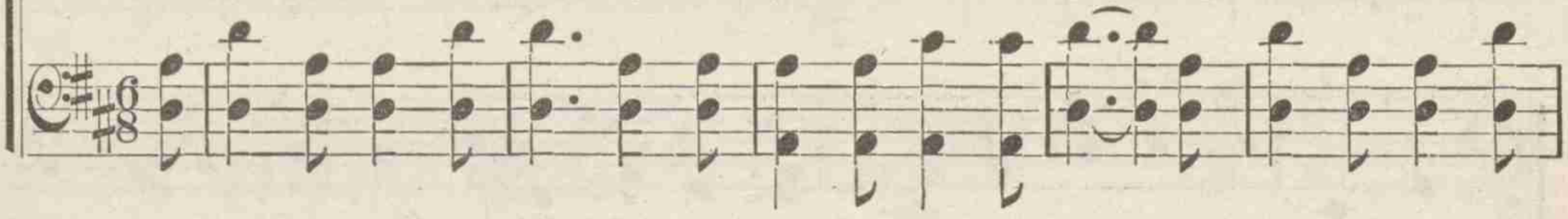
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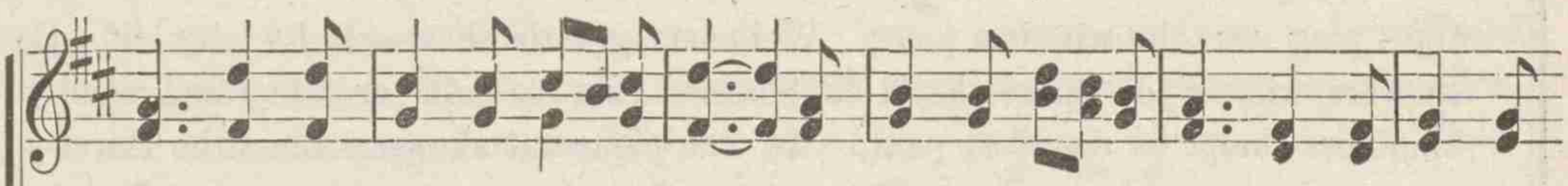
No. 84. God Loves The Beautiful.

Rev. L. H. Rev. L. HARTSOUGH

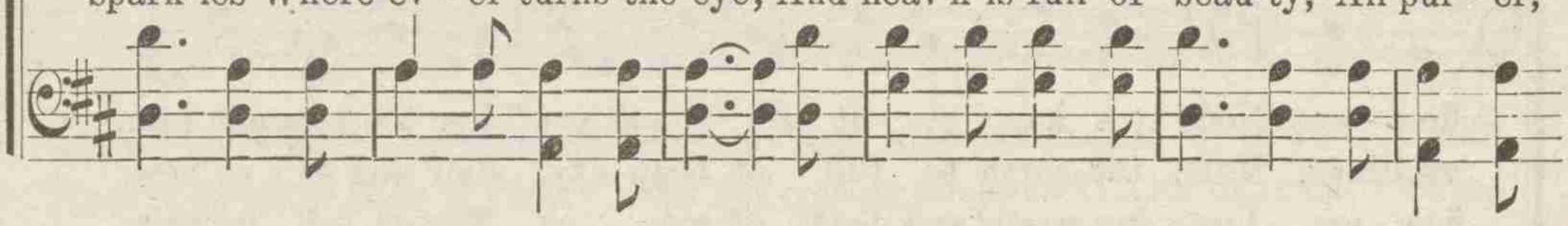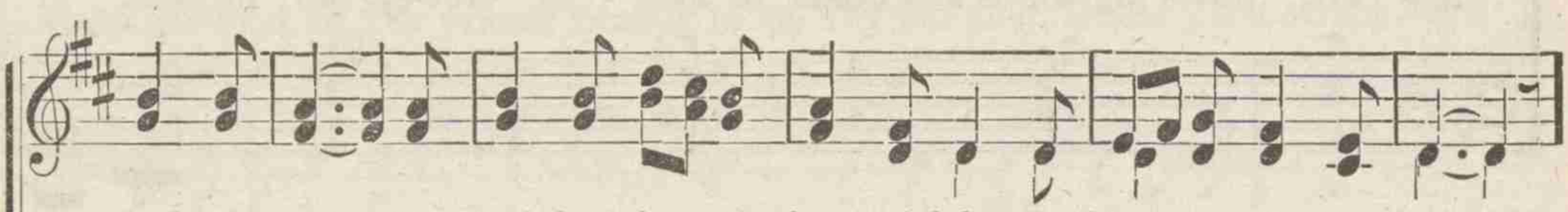


1. How beau-ti-ful the flow-ers That deck the hills and plains; How beau-ti-ful the
2. There's beauty in the bi - ble, In all it's hal-lowed truth, For you and I for-
3. We long to know it's glo - ry, For none there shed a tear; A - mid it's ra-diant
4. That wondrous land of beau-ty Af-fords a home for all Who love the bless-ed
5. Yes, earth is full of beau-ty, On land and sea and sky; It glows and shines and
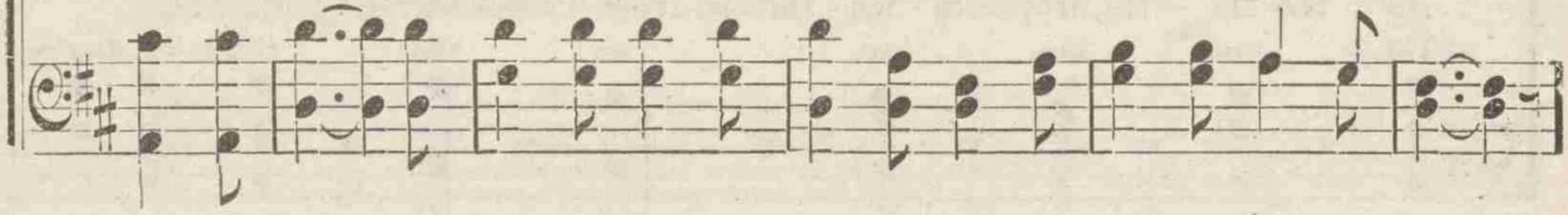




songsters, When trilling joyous strains; Where ere we look is beauty, In sun-shine
ev - er, For old age and for youth, It tells of realms of beauty Where sorrows
beau - ty Is found no care or fear; No graves are on it's hill-sides, No gloom, or
Sav - ior, And heed His ev - 'ry call, The way that leads us thither Is straight and
spark-les Where ev - er turns the eye; And heav'n is full of beau-ty, All pur - er,
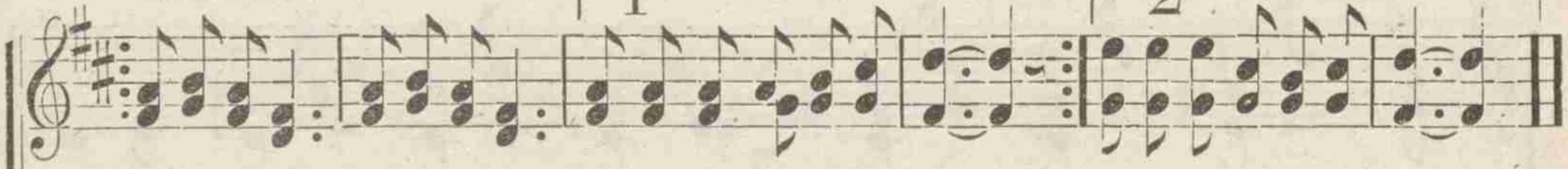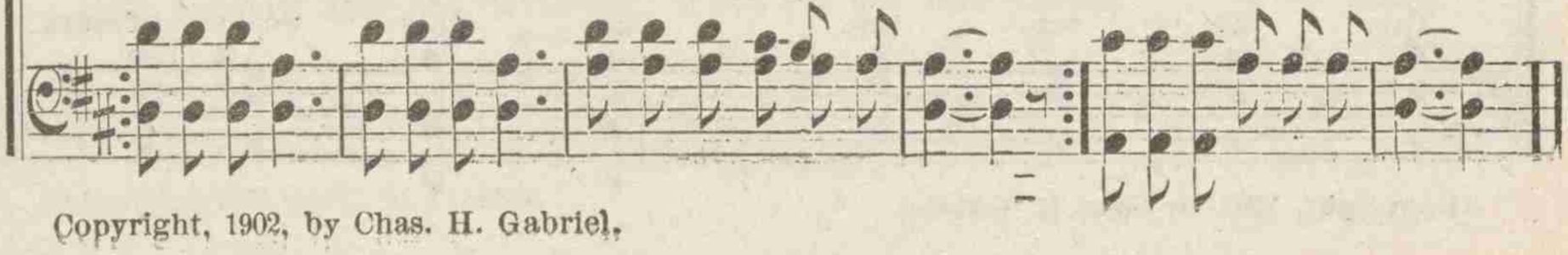




or in shade; For God doth love the beau-ti-ful,—It shines in all He's made.
come no more, And tells us how to gain that land, That bright and shining shore.
storm, or night, For all the ma - ny millions there Bask in e - ter-nal Light.
nar - row too; Come, join the hap-py-pil-grim band Who keep that land in view.
rich - er far, For God doth love the beau-ti-ful, And gives it ev - 'ry - where.



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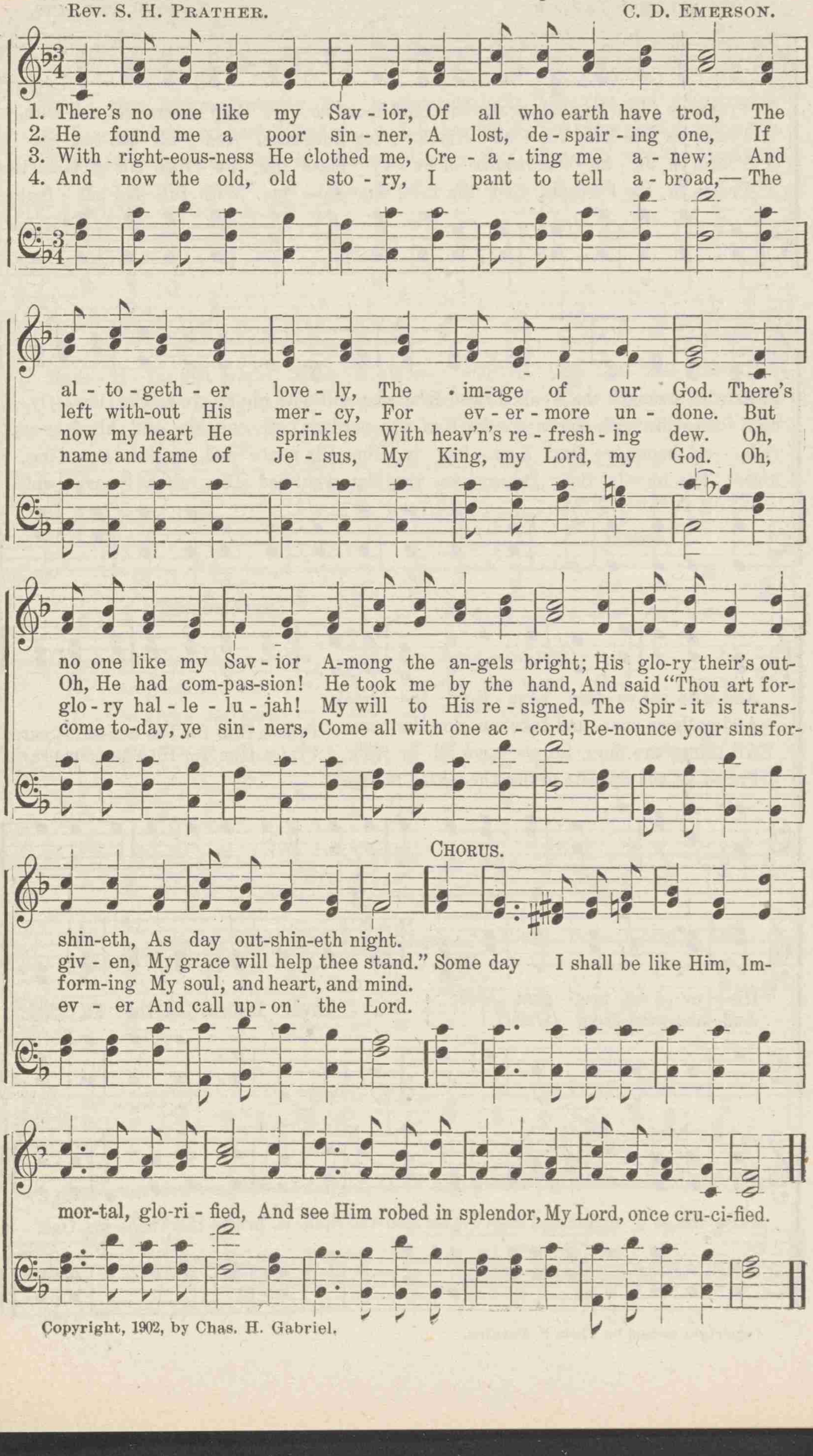
Beautiful world, beautiful world, Beautiful, beautiful world, Beautiful, beautiful world.



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No. 85. There's No One Like My Savior.

Rev. S. H. Prather. C. D. Emerson.



Chorus.

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No. 86. Praise Ye Jehovah.

Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR. THEO. E. PERKINS.

1. Praise ye Je - ho - vah, praise the Lord most ho - ly, Who cheers the con-trite,
2. Praise ye the Lord for all His lov - ing kind-ness, And all the ten - der
3. Praise ye Je - ho - vah! source of ev -'ry bless - ing; Be - fore His gifts earth's
4. Praise ye the Fa-ther! God the Lord who gave us, With full and per - fect

girds with strength the weak; Praise Him who will with glo-ry crown the low - ly,
mer - cies He hath shown; Praise Him who pardons all our sin and blind - ness,
rich - est boons are dim; Rest - ing in Him, His peace and joy pos - sess - ing,
love, His on - ly Son; Praise ye the Son who died Him-self to save us!

SEMI-CHORUS.

And with sal-va - tion beau - ti-fy the meek.
And calls us sons, and takes us for His own. { Praise Him for His con-stant care,
All things are ours, for we have all in Him. { Praise Him, for He hears our pray'r,
Praise ye the Spir-it! praise the Three in One!

1 2

His ev - er pre - sent love; } a - bove; Praise God the Fa - ther,
And ans-wers from (*Omit*) }

praise the ev - er blessed Son, Praise God the Spir - it, praise the Three in One.

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No. 87. Be a Cheering Light.

JAMES ROWE. AMELIA M. GABRIEL.

1. As thro' life you journey, Be a cheering light, Like the sun at morning,
2. Like a bea-con burn - ing On a hill at night, You may shed a-round you
3. Stead-i - ly and bright-ly, Shin-ing day by day, You will scat-ter blessings

Beau - ti - ful and bright; Shine in gloom-y plac - es, As you pass them by,
Hap - pi - ness and light; Try to help the wea-ry, Thro' the drear-y days,
All a - long the way; Less of care and sor-row, Ma - ny hearts will know,

CHORUS.

Cheer the lives that sor-row, Glad - den those who sigh.
Try to guide the wayward, From for-bid - den ways. Dail - y, hour - ly,
If you gleam and glist - en Ev - 'ry where you go.

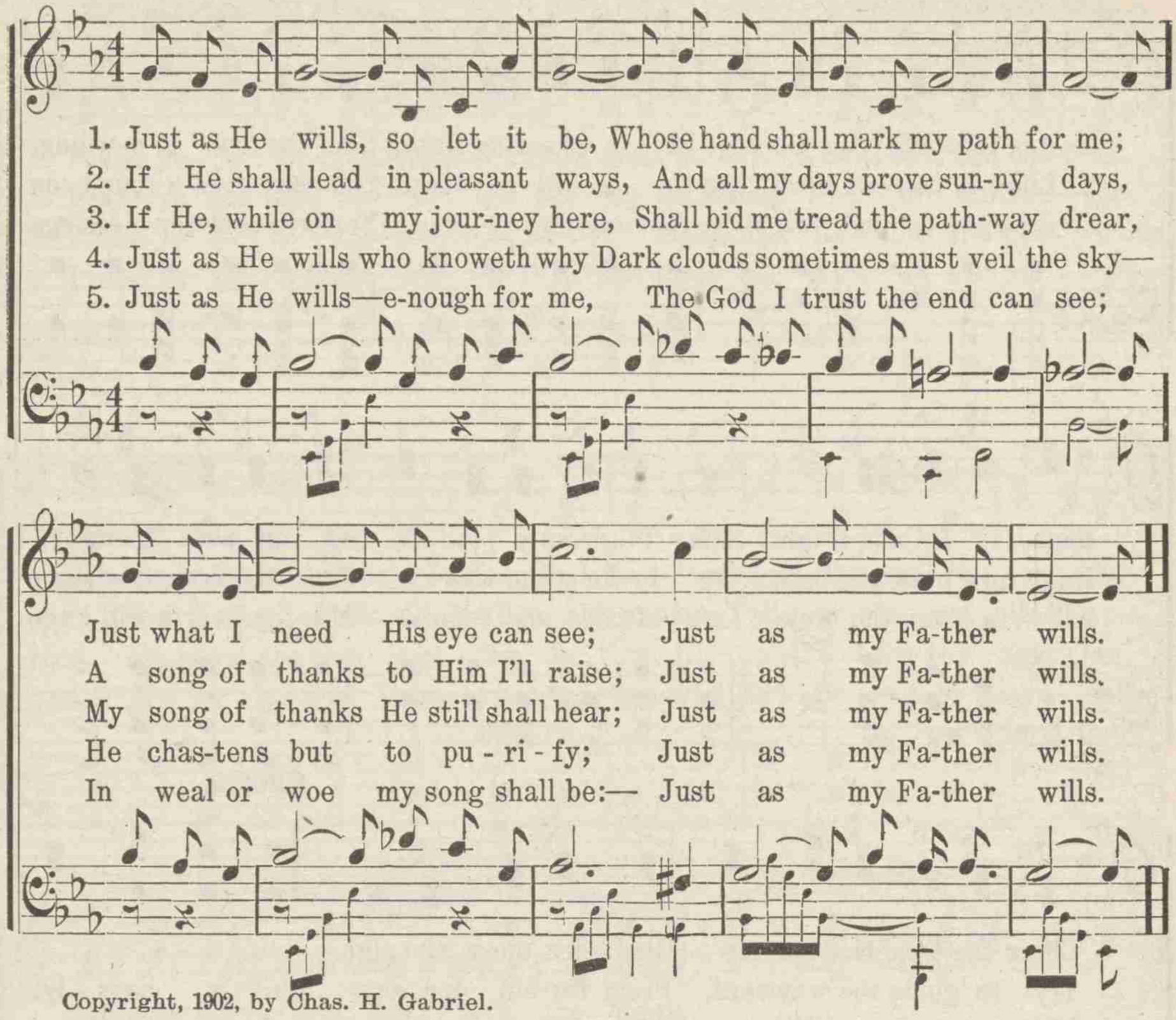
be a cheer-ing light, Glow-ing, gleaming, beau-ti - ful and bright; Like a

bea - con burn-ing in the night, Glow-ing, gleam-ing, beau-ti - ful and bright.

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No. 88. Just as My Father Wills.

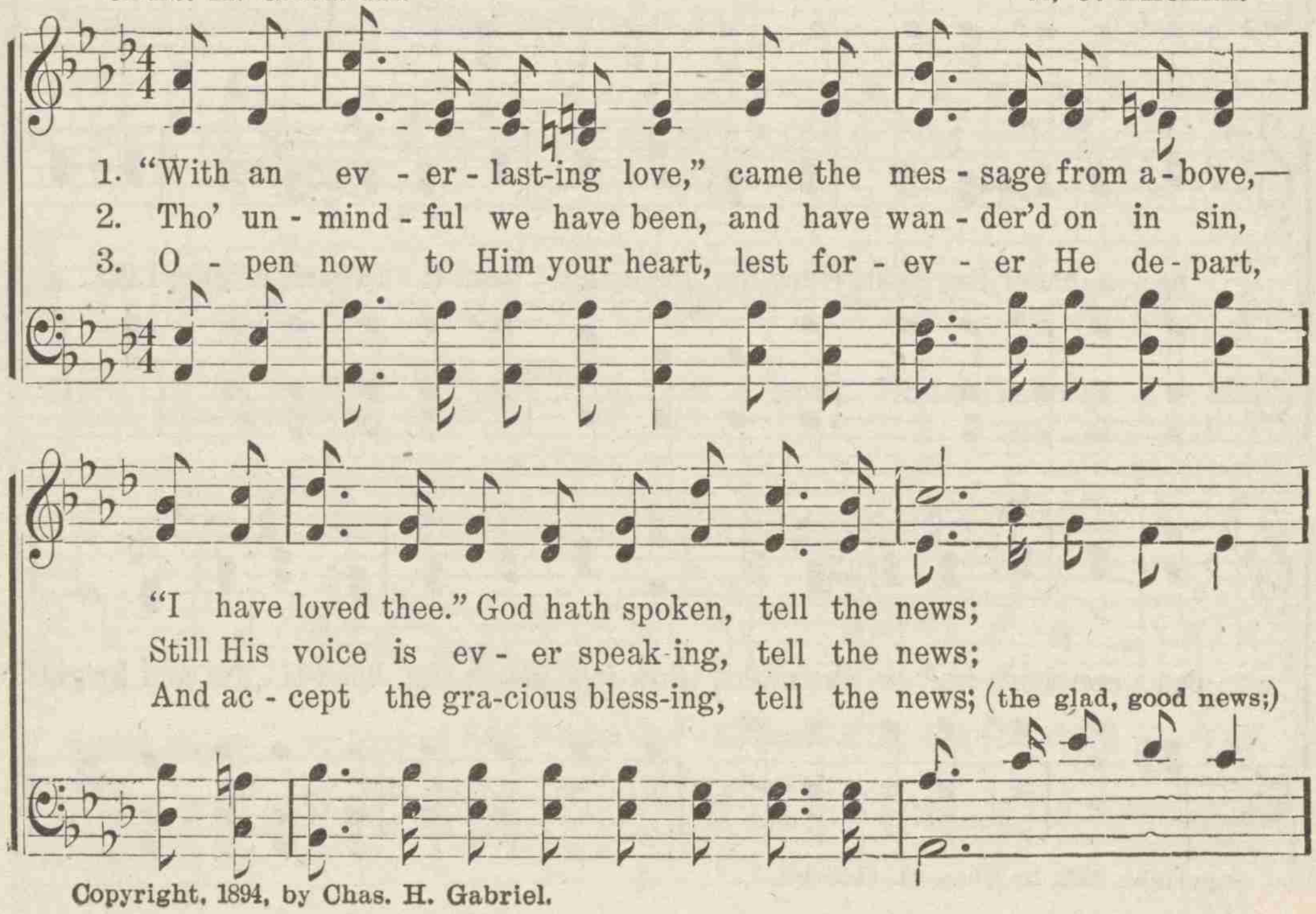
HARRIET E. JONES. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



Copyright, 1902, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

No. 89. The Glad, Good News.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. E. O. EXCELL.



Copyright, 1894, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

The Glad, Good News.

Heark - en, soul, un - to His voice, and for - ev - er - more re-joice
He, re - ject - ed o'er and o'er, still is wait - ing at the door,
"With an ev - er - last - ing love," let us each the mes-sage prove,

That His word can - not be bro - ken, tell the news.
And thy soul in mer - cy seek - ing, tell the news. (the glad, good news.)
And with joy His name con-fess - ing, tell the news.

CHORUS.

Tell the news, the glad, good news, Tell the
Oh, tell the news, the glad, good news,
news . . . . . from shore to shore, ... At the door He waits for thee,
Oh, tell the news from shore to shore,
Love di - vine His on - ly plea, Tell the news, ... the glad, good news.
Oh, tell the news,

No. 90. The Master is Come.

JENNIE REE. Dr. S. B. JACKSON.

1. Oh, have you not heard that the Mas - ter is come? He waits at the door, and He calls for thee! His heart in com-pas - sion goes out to His
2. The Mas - ter is come, and He calls thee by name! A - rise, and the word of His mes - sage heed; Con - fide in His good-ness, His prom - is - es
3. The Mas - ter is come! go ye out with a song; Thy sor - row and tears at His word shall cease! The arm of His mer - cy will lead you a-

own,—The guest of thy sor - row He fain would be.

CHORUS.

claim, And pa-tient-ly fol - low where He may lead. The Mas - ter is
long, In paths that are per-fect, in ways of peace. The Mas-ter is come, and
come, ... and call - eth for thee, . . . Oh, will you be-
call - eth for thee, The Mas - ter is come, and call - eth for thee,
lieve Him, ac-cept and re-ceive Him, He call - eth for thee. . . . . .
He call - eth for thee.

Copyright, 1902, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

The Master is Come.

The Mas - ter is come, . . . and call - eth for
The Mas-ter is come, and call-eth for thee, The Mas-er is come, and
thee, ... Be-lieve Him, re - ceive Him, He call - eth for thee.
call-eth for thee,

No. 91. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed.

ISAAC WATTS. S. J. VAIL.

FINE.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-ior bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face While His dear cross ap - pears,
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe:

D. C.—*Yes, Je - sus died for all man-kind; Bless God, Sal - va - tion's free.*

Would He de - vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit-y! grace un-known! And love be-yond de - gree!
When God's own Son was cru - ci - fied For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way— 'Tis all that I can do.

CHORUS. D. C.

Je - sus died for you, Je - sus died for me;

No. 92. Joy of the Soul.

HARRIET E. JONES. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There is glo - ry in my soul, Since the Sav - ior made me whole, And the
2. I will tell to all a-round, What a Sav - ior I have found, I will
3. I will praise Him while I live, Love, o - bey, and service give; Some sweet

brightness of His presence fills the place; Like to that en-joy'd a-bove,
ev - er-more His wondrous love pro-claim; For His blood is on my soul,
time He'll call me to His home on high, Where, with all the blood-wash'd throng,

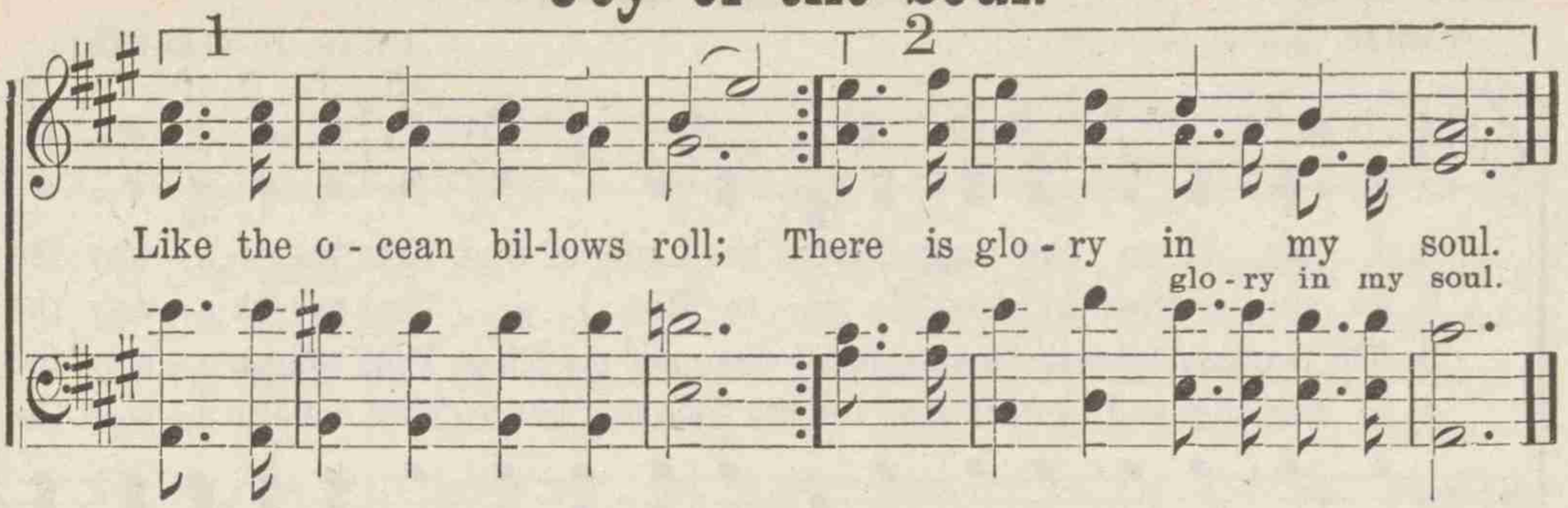
Is the sweetness of His love, Since He sav'd me, sweetly sav'd me by His grace.
And He holds me in con - trol, Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah to His name!
I will shout the glad new song, While the ev-er bliss-ful years are roll-ing by.

CHORUS.

There is glo - ry in my soul! Since the Sav-ior made me
glo - ry, there's glo-ry in my soul!
whole; . . . . Light is shin-ing from a-bove, All a-round me joy and love,
touched and made me whole;
He

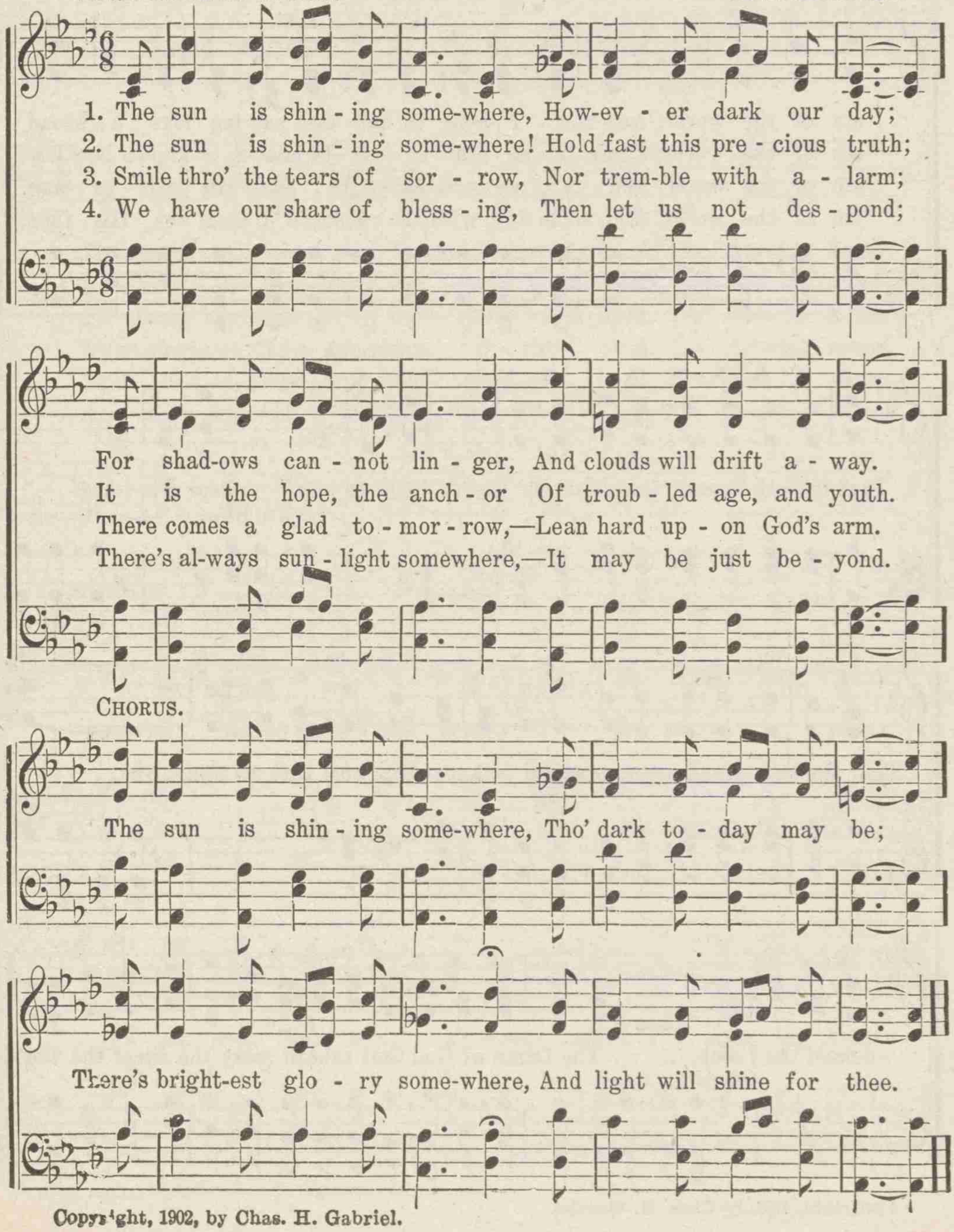
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Joy of the Soul.



No. 93. The Sun Is Shining Somewhere.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK. F. S. SHEPARD.



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No. 94. Behold the Lamb!

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

1. I see up-on the rugged cross the Lamb of God, That taketh a - way the
2. In ev - 'ry time of trou-ble un - to Him I go, That taketh a - way the
3. Tho' earthly friends forsake me, I have yet my King, That taketh a - way the
4. I wor-ship and a-dore Him for the love and grace, That taketh a - way the

sin of the world; And how I love to tell the sav-ing love a - broad,
sin of the world; There is no oth - er love in heav'n, or known be - low,
sin of the world; And thro' e - ter - nal years I shall His prais - es sing.
sin of the world; And, some day, with the ransom'd, I shall see His face,

CHORUS.

That tak-eth a-way the sin of the world. Look to him, . . hear His voice!

Look to Him, hear His voice!

Shall He daily stand among you, and ye know Him not? Lift up thine eyes, ...

Lift up thine eyes,
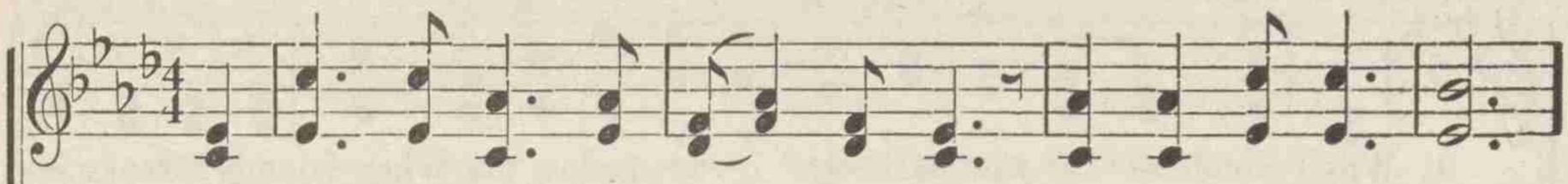
behold the Lamb, ... The Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world!

behold the Lamb,

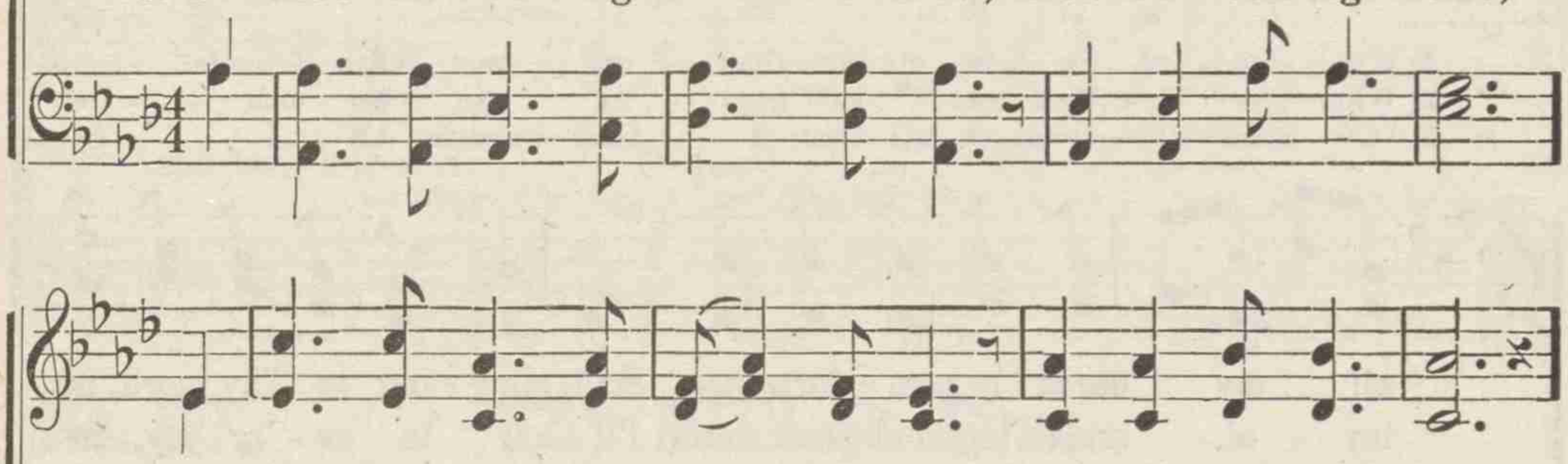
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No. 95. Lord, I'm Coming Home.
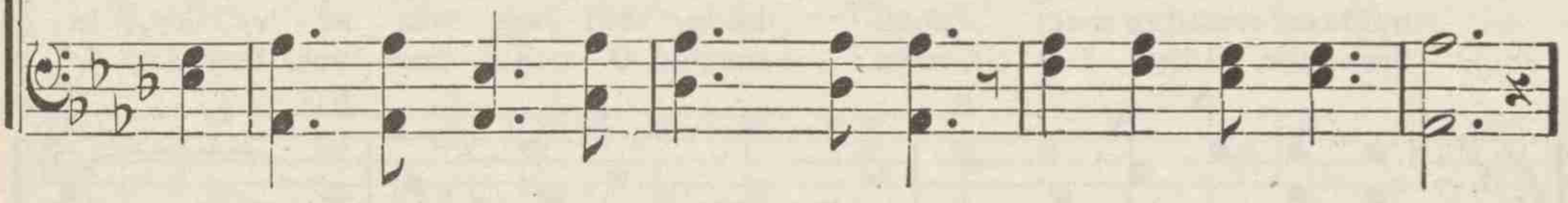
W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
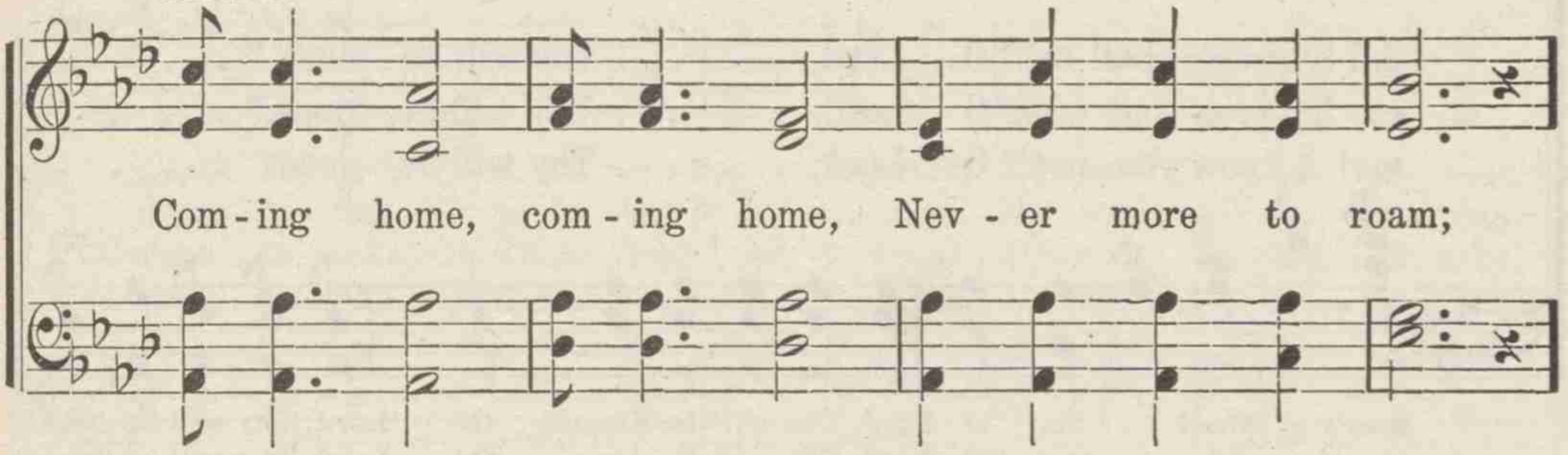


1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home:
6. I need his cleans-ing blood I know, Now I'm com-ing home;
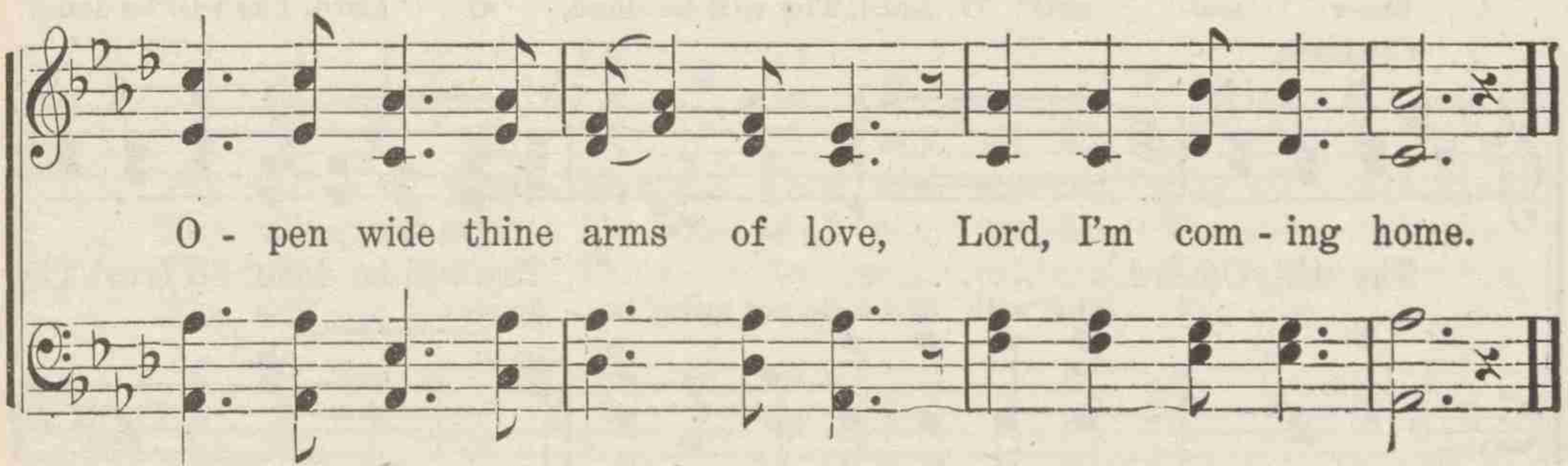


The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust thy love, be - lieve thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re - new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing nome.
That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
Oh, wash me whit - er than the snow, Lord, I'm com-ing home.



CHORUS.



Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er more to roam;



O - pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com - ing home.

Copyright, 1892, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 96. Prayer of the Soul.

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

1. When clouds of sor-row dark - ly o-ver-shadow me; When friends forsake, and all my earth - ly com - forts flee; Still, cling - ing to Thy word, my
2. Wher-e'er Thou lead-est, with Thee will I glad-ly go; No oth - er guide my loy - al, trust - ing soul shall know; I'll say in ev - 'ry joy, in
3. If, when Thou countest o - ver all that I have wrought, All I have hoped for, meas - ured all that I have sought, O bid me not, "De-part from

1. When clouds of sor - row o - ver - shad - ow me; When friends for- sake, and earth-ly com - forts flee; Still, cling - ing to Thy word, my
2. Wher - e'er Thou lead - est, I will glad - ly go; No oth - - er guide my trust-ing soul shall know; I'll say in ev - 'ry joy, in
3. If, when Thou count-est all that I have wrought, All I have hoped for, all that I have sought, O bid me not, "De - part, I

dai-ly pray'r shall be, "O Lord, ... Thy will be done." . . . .
ev - 'ry grief and woe, "O Lord, ... Thy will be done." . . . .
me! I know you not!" O Lord, ... Thy will be done. . . . .

Rit.

pray'r shall be, "O Lord, Thy will be done, O Lord, Thy will be done."
ev - 'ry woe, "O Lord, Thy will be done. O Lord, Thy will be done."
know you not!" O Lord, Thy will be done, O Lord, Thy will be done.

CHORUS.

Thy will, O Lord, ... Thy will be done; I'll trust Thy

Thy will, O Lord, not mine, be done . . . . .

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Prayer of the Soul,

hand . . . . . to lead me on, 'Till life is past . . . .
I'll trust Thy hand to lead me on . . . . 'Till life is past

and heav'n is won; . . . . O Lord, ... Thy will be done. . . . . .
and heav'n is won; O Lord, Thy will be done, O Lord, Thy will be done,

No. 97. Thy Will Be Done.

A special contribution to Chas. H. Gabriel from the author of "My Country, 'tis of thee."

Rev. S. F. Smith. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Thy way, O God, is best, Thy way,—not mine; Pa - tient be-
2. I know Thy wise de - sign,—Thy will is mine; From earth-ly
3. Clay in the pot - ter's hand,—Thy will is mine; 'Tis Thine the
4. Sor - row, or joy be sent,—Thy will is mine; In all Thy

neath Thy rod, Quick - to o - bey Thy nod, Be-cause Thou art my God,—
dross re - fine, Shape to the Mould di - vine; My soul shall not re - pine,—
vase to make, Or Thine, dear Lord, to break; Thine, or to give,—or, take,—
way I see,—What-e'er my lot may be, I trust my all to Thee,—

Thy will,—not mine; Be-cause Thou art my God,—Thy will,—not mine.
Thy will,—not mine; My soul shall not re-pine,—Thy will,—not mine.
Thy will,—not mine; Thine, or to give,—or, take,—Thy will,—not mine.
Thy will is mine; I trust my all to Thee,—Thy will is mine.

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No. 98. It's Just Like Him.

W. L. S. Rev. W. L. STONE.

1. Oh, I love to read of Je - sus and His love, How He left His
2. Oh, I love to read of Je - sus as He went Ev - 'ry - where, to
3. Oh, I love to read of Je - sus on the tree, For it shows how
4. Oh, my dear and pre-cious Sav - ior, at Thy feet Here I give my-

Father's mansion far a - bove, How He came on earth to live, How He
do His Father's will in - tent; How He gave the blind their sight, How He
great the love that died for me: And the blood that from His side Flowed, when
self and all I have com-plete; I will serve Thee all my days With a
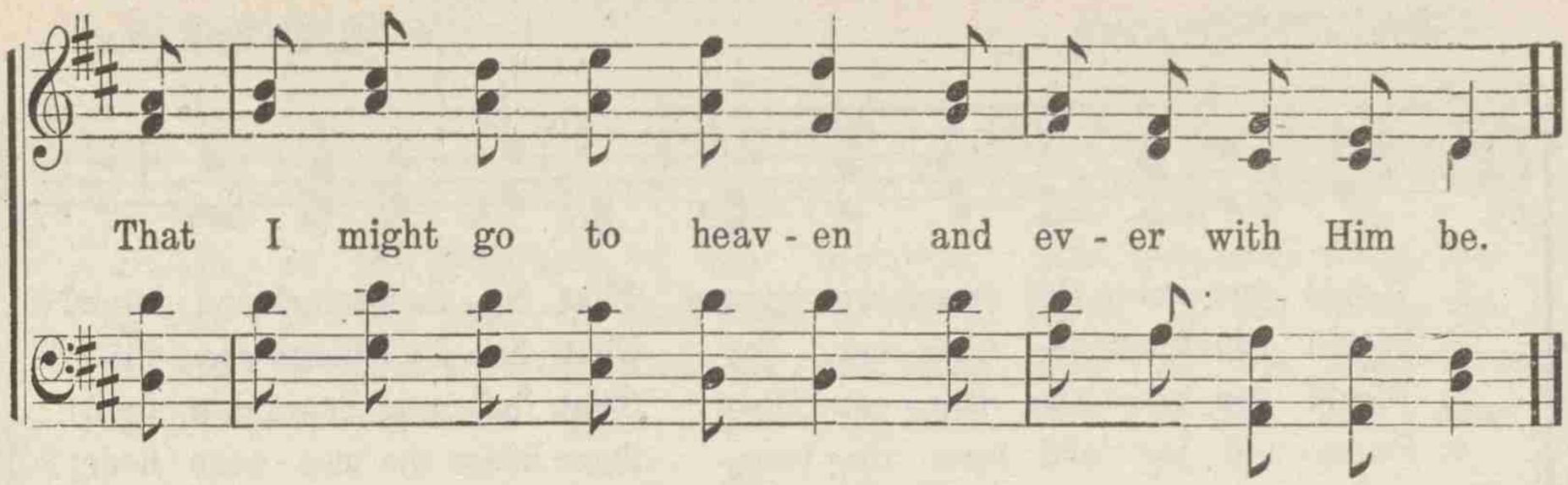
came His life to give, Oh, I love to read of Je - sus and His love.
gave the wronged ones right, How He swift de - liv-'rance to the cap - tive sent.
on the cross He died, Paid my debt and ev er-more doth make me free.
heart all filled with praise, And I'll thank Thee face to face when we shall meet.

CHORUS.

It's just like Him" to take my sins a - way, To make me glad and free,
To keep me day by day; "It's just like Him" to give His life for me,
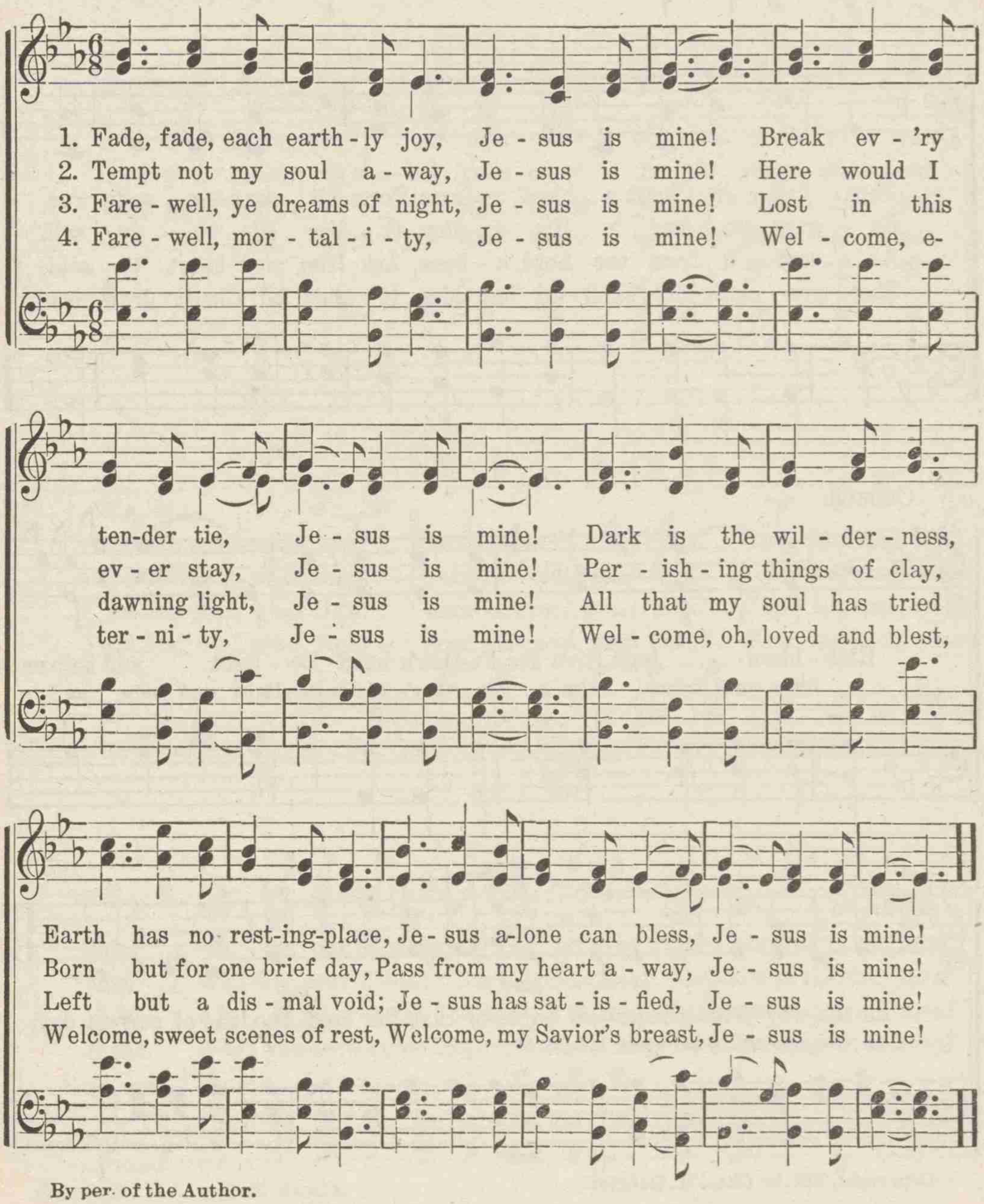
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It's Just Like Him.



No. 99. Jesus Is Mine!
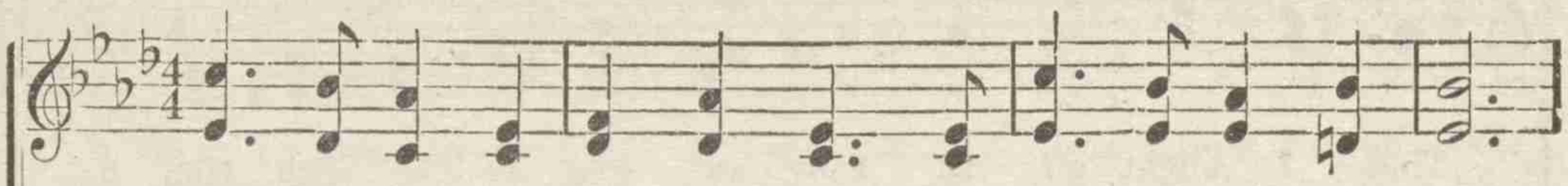
Mrs. CATHARINE J. BONAR. T. E. PERKINS.



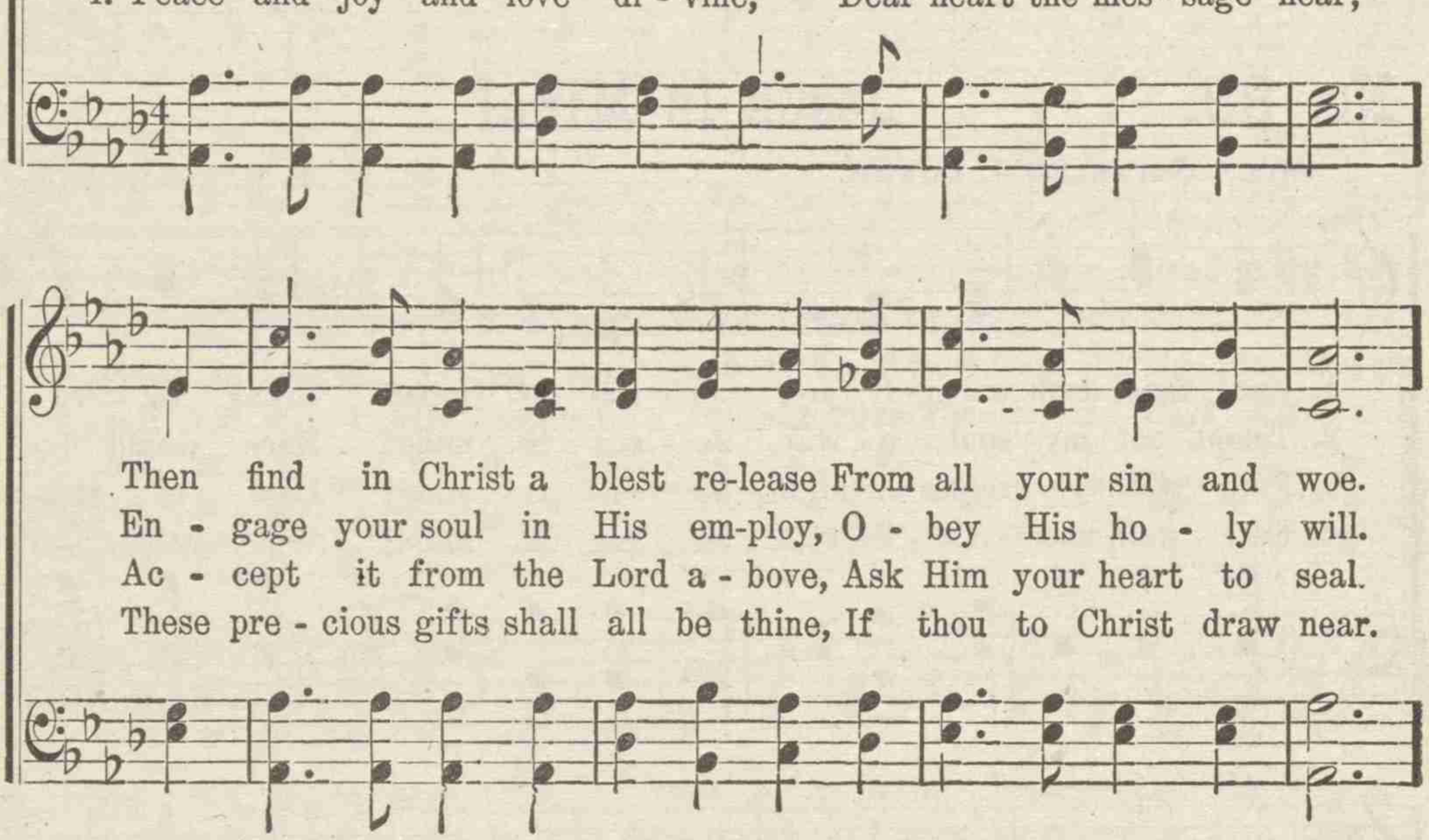
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No. 100. Would You Know.

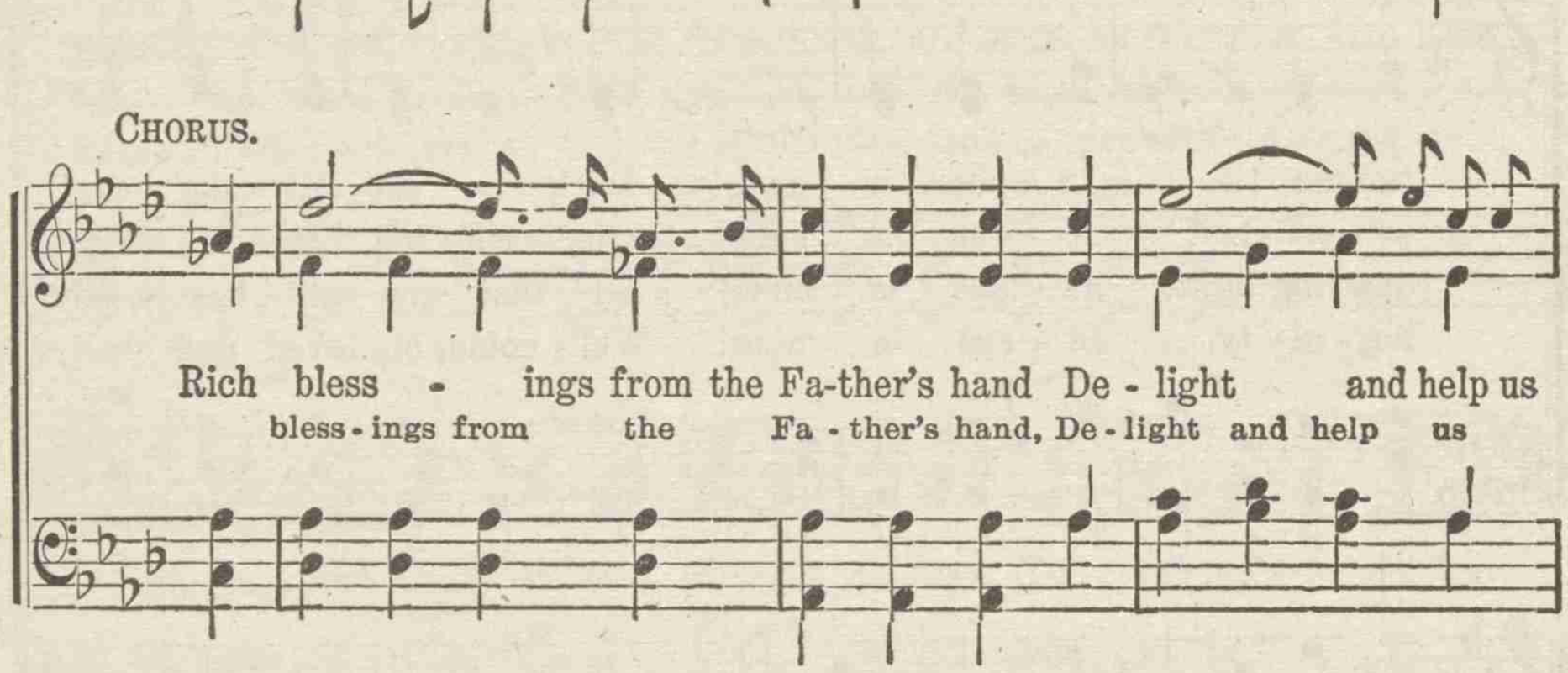
Mrs. J. M. Hunter. R. N. Chapman.



1. Would you know the sweet-est peace That hu - man heart can know?
2. Would you know the high - est joy That hu - man heart can fill?
3. Would you know the dear - est love That hu - man heart can feel?
4. Peace and joy and love di - vine, Dear heart the mes - sage hear;

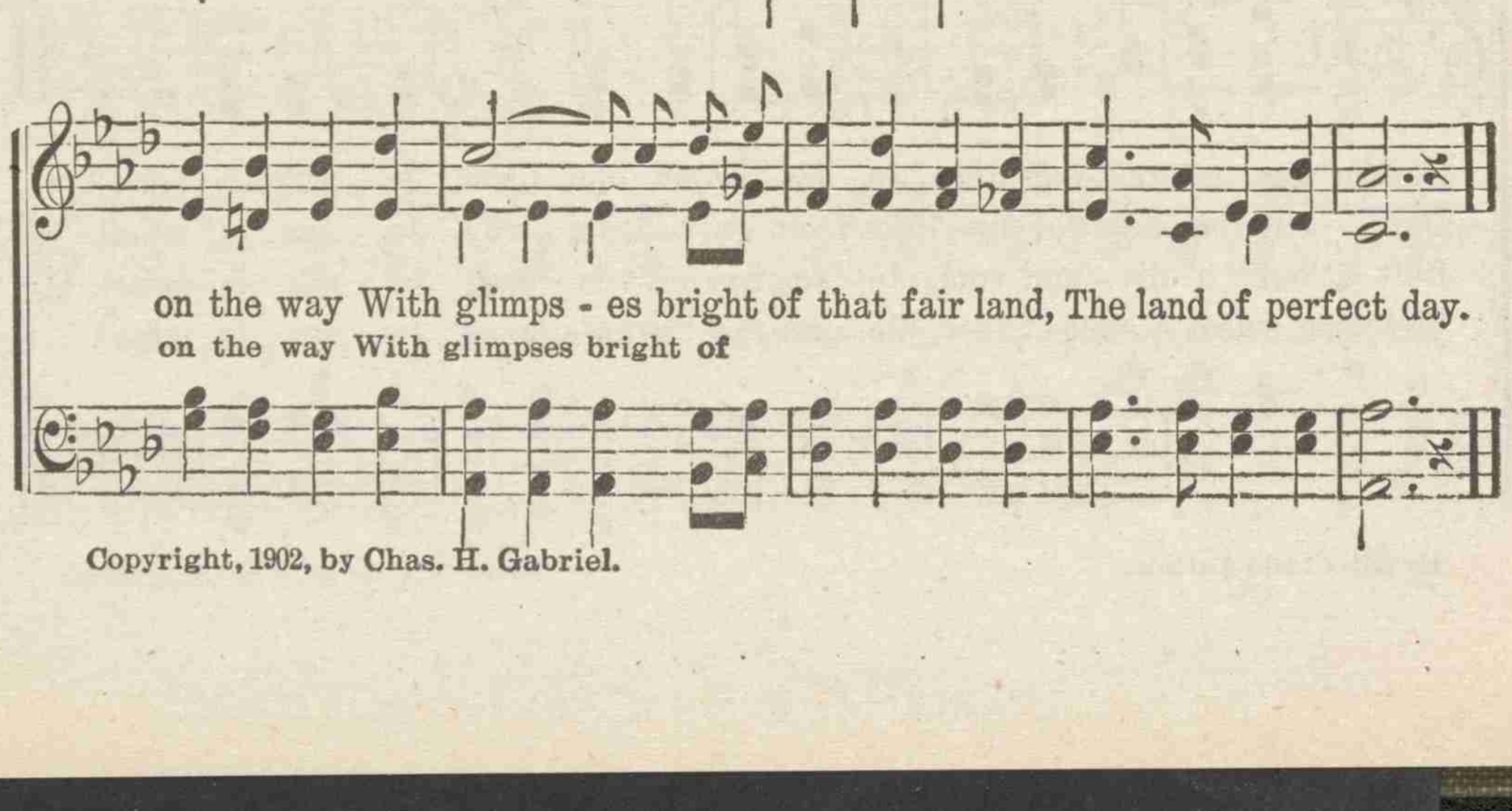


Then find in Christ a blest re-lease From all your sin and woe.
En - gage your soul in His em-ploy, O - bey His ho - ly will.
Ac - cept it from the Lord a - bove, Ask Him your heart to seal.
These pre - cious gifts shall all be thine, If thou to Christ draw near.



Chorus.

Rich bless - ings from the Fa-ther's hand De - light and help us
bless - ings from the Fa - ther's hand, De - light and help us

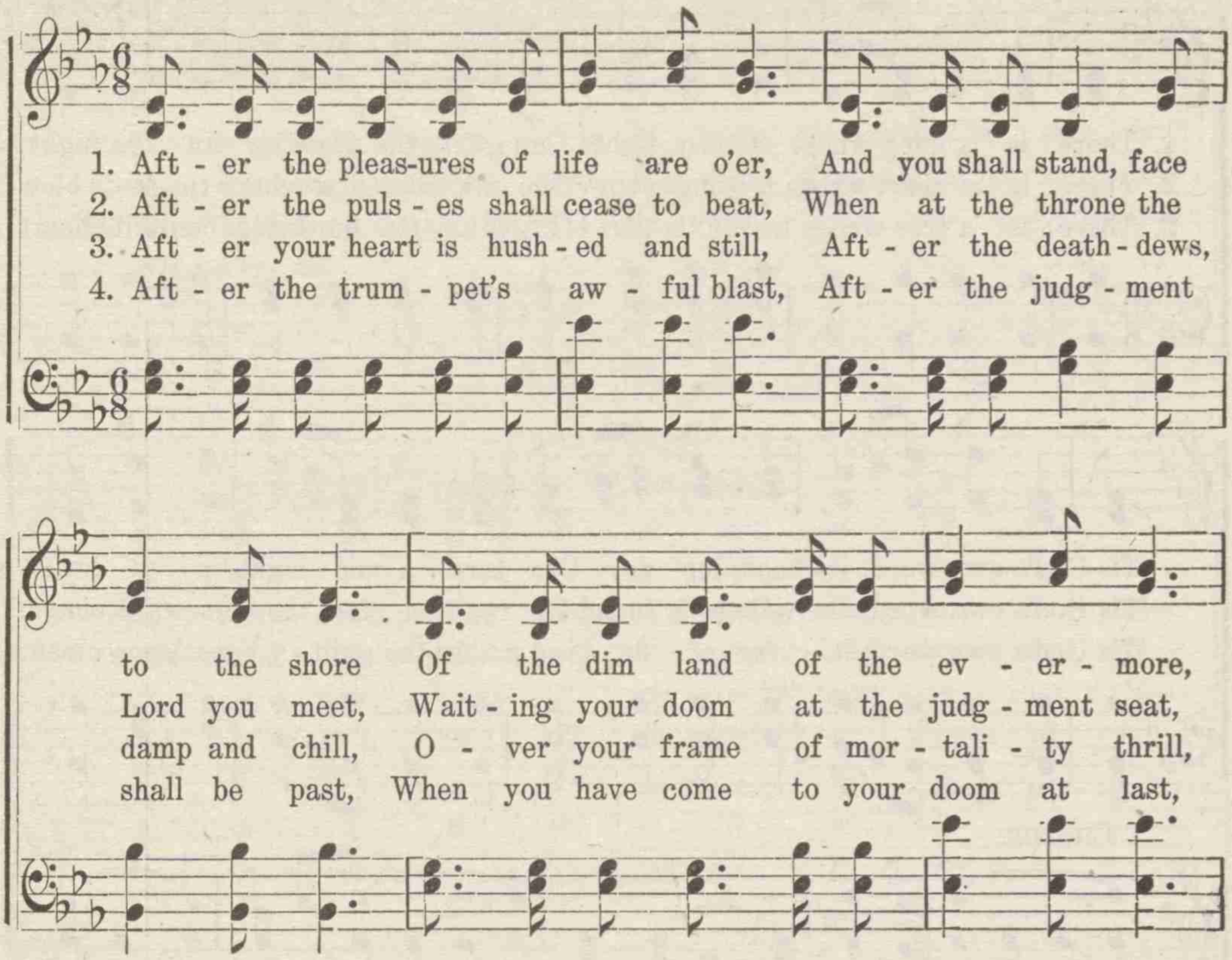


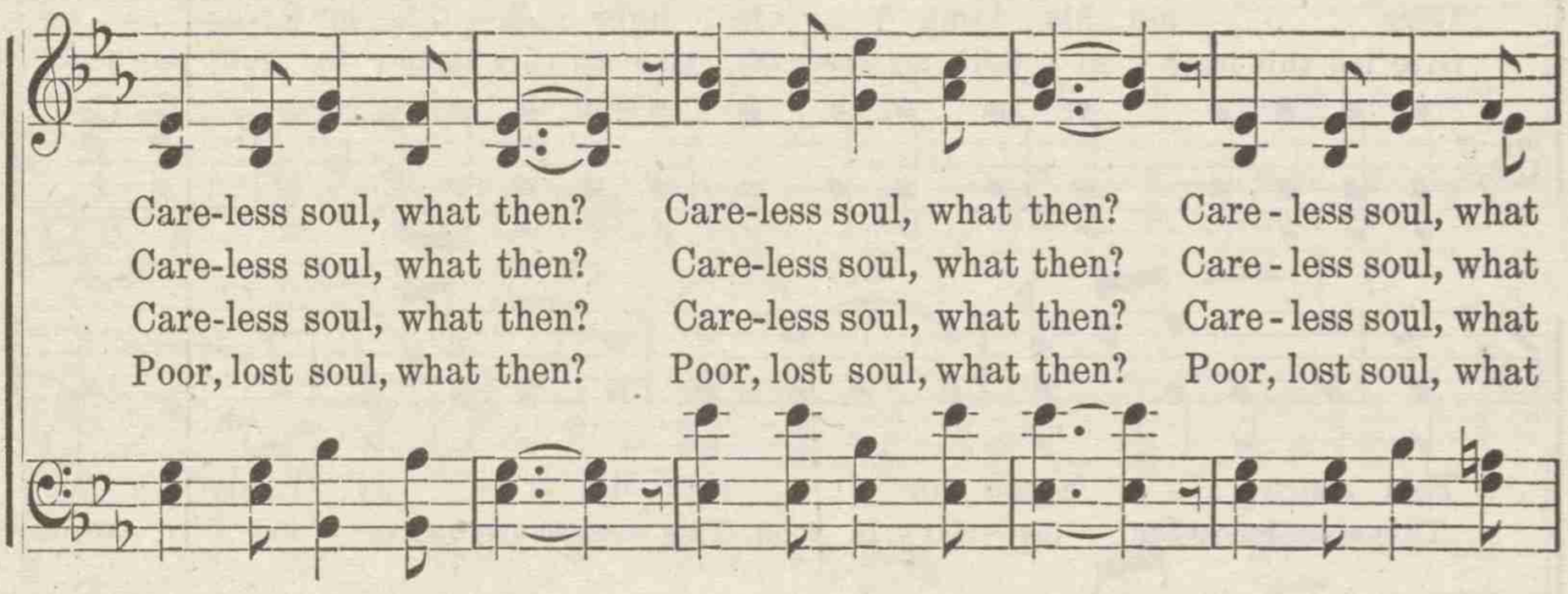
on the way With glimps - es bright of that fair land, The land of perfect day.
on the way With glimpses bright of

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No. 101. What Then?

E. A. HOFFMAN. W. S. NICKLE.





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No. 102. The Bible.

H. J. BETTS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There is a lamp whose stead-y light Can guide the trav-'ler in the night;
2. There is a chart whose tracings show The onward course where tempests blow;
3. There is a tree whose leaves im-part Health to the burdened, con-trite heart;

'Tis God's own word; its beam-ing ray Can turn a mid-night in-to day.
'Tis God's own word; there, there is found Di-rec-tion for the homeward bound.
'Tis God's own word; it cures of sin, And makes the guilt-y conscience clean.

CHORUS.

Give . . . me this lamp . . to light . . . . my road, . .
Give me this lamp to light my road; Oh, give me this lamp to light my road,
This store - house for . . . my dai - ly food; . . .
This store-house for my dai - ly food, This store-house for my dai - ly food;

Give me this chart for life's rough sea, These heal-ing leaves, this heal-ing tree.

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No. 103. Tell Me More About Jesus.

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

1. The mes - sage blest a - gain re - peat, Its prom - ise sure, its
2. My bur - den sore has rolled a - way, From Christ no more my
3. When doubts and fears my faith per - plex, When sin al - lures, and
4. What-e'er my lot, if good or ill, If strong in soul, or

com - fort sweet; His grace a - bound - ing, love com - plete,
heart would stray, But help I need from day to day,
tri - als vex, When all my strength temp - ta - tion wrecks,
weak in will, In life or death, my plead - ing still,

CHORUS.

Tell me more a - bout Je - sus! Tell me more a - bout

Je - sus! Tell me more a - bout Je - sus! He is my

song, my Help - er strong; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus!

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No. 104. Nearer the Cross.

F. J. CROSBY. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP. By per.

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

cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where
soul on man-na sweet, I am com-ing near-er; Stronger in faith, more
love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of

Je-sus died, Near-er the fount-ain's crim-son tide, Near-er my Sav-ior's
clear I see Je-sus who gave Him-self for me; Near-er to Him I
toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I

wound-ed side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.
still would be, Still I'm com-ing near-er, Still I'm com-ing near-er.
soon shall wear: I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.

No. 105. The Love that Ransomed Me.

E. R. LATTA. Dr. S. B. JACKSON.

1. There's a depth of love un - sound-ed, And it can - not meas-ured be;
2. There's a love be-yond ex-press - ing, That is wid - er than the sea;
3. There's a love more high than mount-ain, And it spans e - ter - ni - ty;
4. There's a love for hope-less sin - ners, Who-so - ev - er they may - be,

'Tis the love that so a - bound-ed, When the Sav - ior ransomed me!
It is now my heart pos - sess - ing, 'Tis the love that ransomed me.
'Tis an ev - er flow - ing fount-ain! 'Tis the love that ransomed me.
That would res - cue them from ru - in— 'Tis the love that ransomed me.

CHORUS.

Oh, the love . . . . that ransomed me, . . . On the
Oh, the love that ran - somed me,
heights of Cal - va - ry; . . . . Oh, the love . . .
of Cal - va - ry; pre-cious love
that ransomed me, . . . On the heights of Cal - va - ry.
that ransomed me,

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No. 106. Follow Jesus!

FRED. WOODROW. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Fol - low Christ where He may lead you, In the bat - tle or the storm;
2. Where the ban-ners bright are wav - ing In the war with death and sin,
3. Fol - low Christ where He may lead you, In the work of faith and love;
4. Seek-ing out the lost and wea - ry, In the depths of sin and shame;
5. Wit - ness of a ris - en Sav - ior, Part-ners in His scorn and pain,

O'er the hills of light and dark-ness, In the mid - night or the morn.
Where the hosts of God are mov - ing, Peace and vic - to - ry to win.
Pour - ing in the wounds of sor - row, Oil of glad - ness from a - bove.
Breath-ing in - to lives of dark-ness, Mu - sic of the Sav - ior's name.
All your sor-rows, all your loss - es, End in ev - er - last - ing gain.

CHORUS.

Fol - low Je - sus, sol - dier true! Nev - er lay His ban - ner down!

Fol - low Je - sus! fol - low Je - sus! On-ward to the prom-ised crown.

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No. 107. Sweet Are the Promises.

PALMER HASTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Sweet are the prom-is - es of the Ho-ly Word, On the sa-cred pag - es
2. Sweet are the prom-is - es to the sin-sick soul, Come, ye heav-y la- den,
3. Sweet are the prom-is - es, safe and sure for me, I will rest up - on them

how they brightly shine; Blest the as-sur - an - ces of my gracious Lord,
come, ye sore distressed, Here flows the healing fount; come and be made whole;
what - so-e'er may come: Speaks He so ten - der - ly, "I will care for thee,"

CHORUS.

In the book of love di - vine. Sweet are the prom-is - es of Je - sus,
"Come and I will give you rest." Sweet are the prom-is - es of Je - sus,
"I, at last, will bring you home." Sweet are the prom-is - es of Je - sus,

Com-fort - ing and cheer - ing, Con-stant and en - dear - ing, Sweet are the

prom - is - es of Je - sus, In the book of love di - vine.
prom - is - es of Je - sus, "Come and I will give you rest."
prom - is - es of Je - sus, "I at last will bring thee home."

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No. 108. Scripture Selection.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

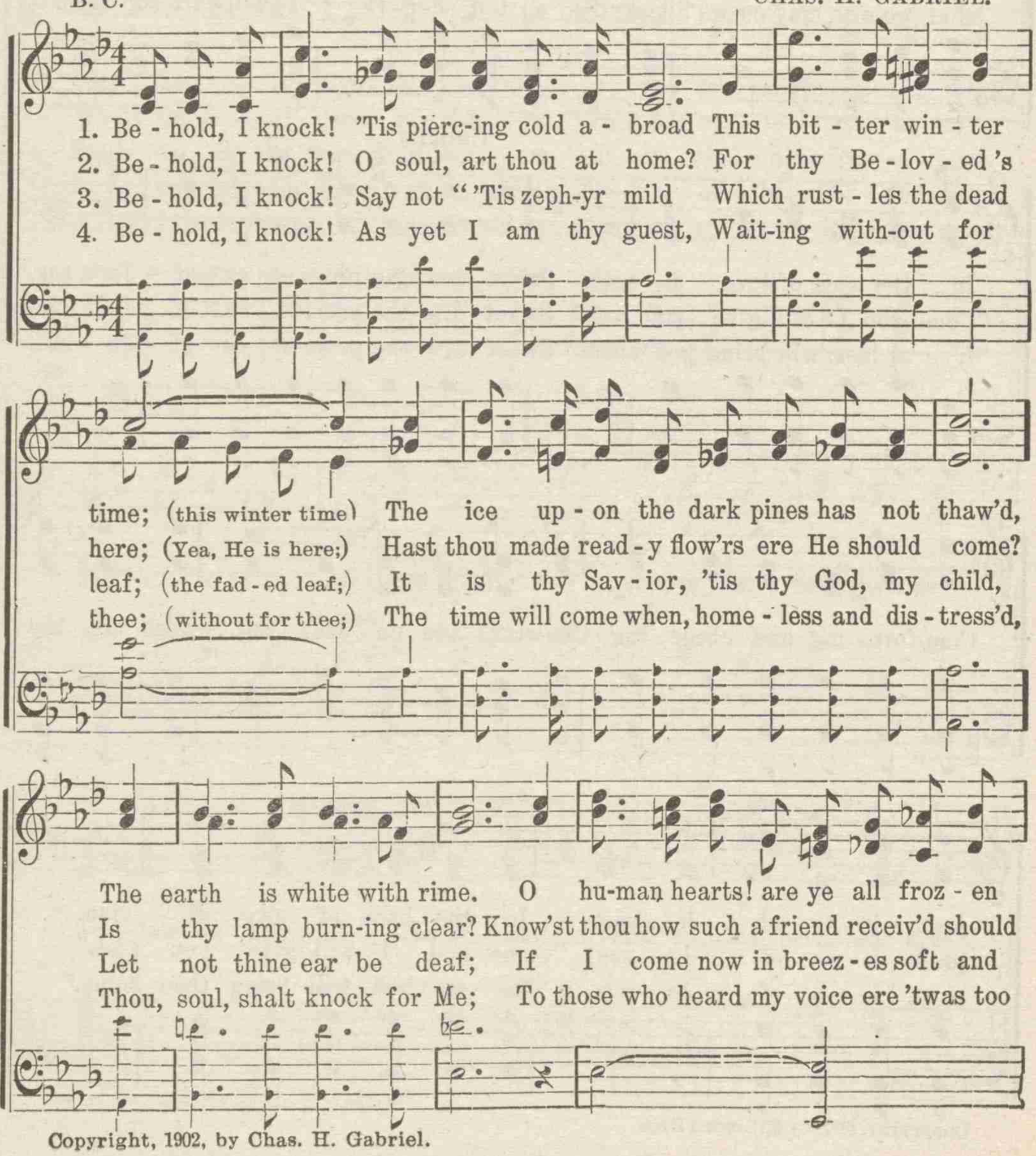
And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever.

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

To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne.

No. 109. Behold, I Knock!

B. C. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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Behold, I Knock!

too, That at clos'd doors I vain - ly call to you? Is there not
be? Art thou in brid - al gar-ments dress'd for Me? Deck'd with thy
warm, I may re - turn a - gain up - on the storm; 'Tis no light
late, I o - pen in that hour my peaceful gate; To those who

one will o - pen to his Lord? Be - hold, I knock! be - hold, I knock!
jew - els as for guests most dear? Be - hold, I knock! be - hold, I knock!
fan - cy—firm be thy be - lief; Be - hold, I knock! be - hold, I knock!
scorned, a clos'd door will it be— Be - hold, I knock! be - hold, I knock!

CHORUS.

Be - hold, ... I knock at the door! . . . . . Be-
Be - hold, be - hold, I knock at the door!

hold, ... I knock at the door, ... Is there not
Be - hold, be-hold, I knock at the door,

one will o - pen to his Lord? Be - hold, I knock! be-hold, I knock!

No. 110. In Beulah Land.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. H. A. HENRY.

1. I'm dwell - ing now up - on the heights Of Beu-lah land, sweet Beu-lah land;
2. Here rich - est treas-ures I have found, In Beu-lah land, sweet Beu-lah land;
3. My heart is fixed, my faith is clear In Beu-lah land, sweet Beu-lah land;

In all its joys my soul de-lights, My soul de-lights in Beu - lah land.
Here riv - ers of de - light a - bound, De-light a-bounds in Beu - lah land,
Con-tent un - til my Lord ap - pear, My rest shall be in Beu - lah land.

I feel His lov - ing pres-ence near, The mus - ic of His voice I hear,
His grace and mer - cies nev - er cease; Each day my hope and joys in-crease;
Then when the shad-ows of the night Shall reach me on this loft - y height,

f.

FINE.

And near - er does my home ap-pear From Beu - lah land, sweet Beu-lah land.
He gives me freedom, gives me peace, In Beu - lah land, sweet Beu-lah land.
My soul to Him shall take its flight From Beu - lah land, sweet Beu-lah land.

D. S.–*And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy seat, In Beu - lah land, sweet Beu-lah land.*

CHORUS. D. S.

O Beu-lah land, sweet Beu-lah land, Where Je-sus comes my soul to greet,

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No. 111. Come, Holy Spirit.

E. E. HEWITT. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Come, Spir - it of pow'r! Oh, come in Thy full-ness this God - giv - en hour; To Thee be sur - ren - dered each feel - ing and tho't, And now in our souls be Thy will free-ly wrought.

2. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Come, Spir - it of love, Bap - tize us with fire from the al - tars a - bove; Oh, help us sink low - er down, down at the cross,There cleanse Thou our hearts from de-file-ment and dross.

3. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Come, Spir - it of pow'r! Send down Thy sweet gifts in a plen - ti - ful shower; Re - peat the glad sea - son of Pen - te - cost here, And now, as of old, make Thy glo - ry ap - pear.

CHORUS.

Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, in mer - cy draw nigh; Come, and en - due us with pow'r from on high.

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No. 112. Scripture Selection.

Behold a sower went forth to sow; and when he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside, and the fowls came and devoured them up.

Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth; and forthwith they sprang up, because they had no deepness of earth.

And when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away.

And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprang up and choked them.

But others fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixty-fold, some thirty-fold.

Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground: for it is time to seek the Lord, till he come and rain righteousness upon you.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

No. 113. Keep Sowing the Seed.

Rev. J. W. CARPENTER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

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Keep Sowing the Seed.

harvest spake oft to the sow-er, And bade him with-hold not the grain;
morning, and went forth re-joic-ing To sow in the neigh-bor-ing plain,
now the full joy of the har-vest De-light in the glo - ri - ous grain,

While back from the toil - ers in fields just ad-join-ing, Was waft-ed this
But joined with the sow - ers whose hope he had en-tered, In sing - ing this
He wafts to the toil - ers who yet sow with weeping, The glad and the

CHORUS.

cheer-ing re - frain:– Keep sow - ing, keep sow - ing, The
cheer-ing re - frain.–
cheer-ing re - frain.– Keep sow - ing the seed! the Mas - ter re - quires it;

fields to the whit - 'ning will come, ... And the Lord, in His
will come,

good-ness, will send forth the reap-ers To gath-er the har - vest home.

No. 114. Scripture Selections.

Thou therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus.

And the things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also.

Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life; that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier.

And if a man also strive for masteries, yet is he not crowned, except he strives lawfully.

The husbandman that laboreth must be first partaker of the fruits.

Consider what I say; and the Lord give thee understanding in all things.

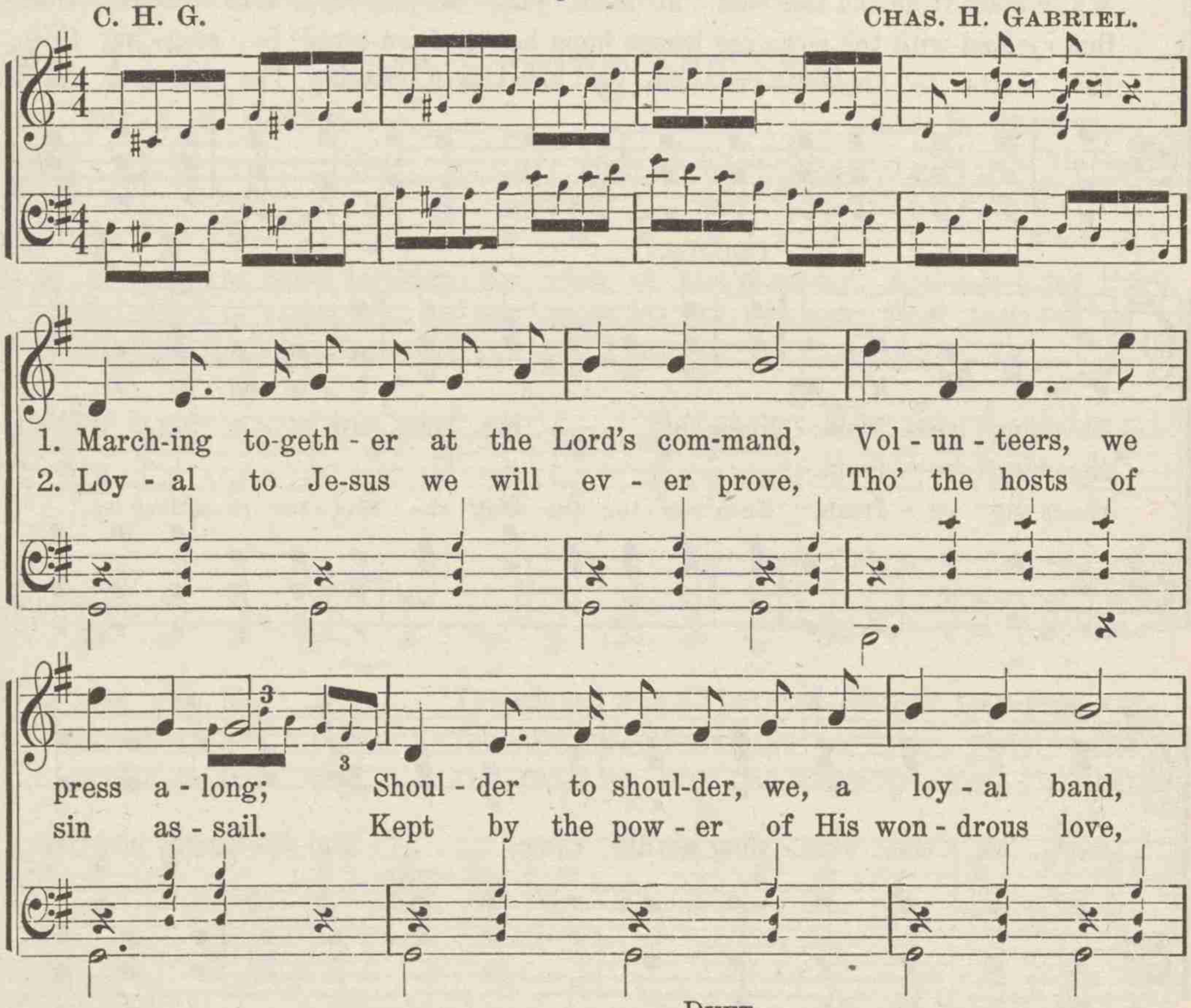
Remember that Jesus Christ of the seed of David was raised from the dead, according to my gospel:

Wherein I suffer trouble, as an evil doer, even unto bonds; but the word of God is not bound.

Therefore I endure all things for the elect's sake, that they may also obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory.

No. 115. A Loyal Host.

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



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A Loyal Host.

King; Hill and vale re - ech - o as we sing; Nev - er doubt - ing,
dure, Yet our crowns of glo - ry are se - cure; On - ward ev - er,

Ev - er sing - ing, shout-ing, We are hap - py as the day is long.
'Till be-yond the riv - er, We are safe at home for - ev - er more.

FULL CHORUS.

On-ward ev-er, with joy and sing-ing, On-ward ev-er, glad
On, on, marching a-long, tramp, tramp, marching a-long, On, on, cheer-ful-ly on,

voic-es ring-ing, Shout the sto - ry, tell the glo - ry,
with joy, praise and song, Shout the sto - ry of love and tell the glo - ry a - bove,

1

Of the Lamb for sin - ners slain;
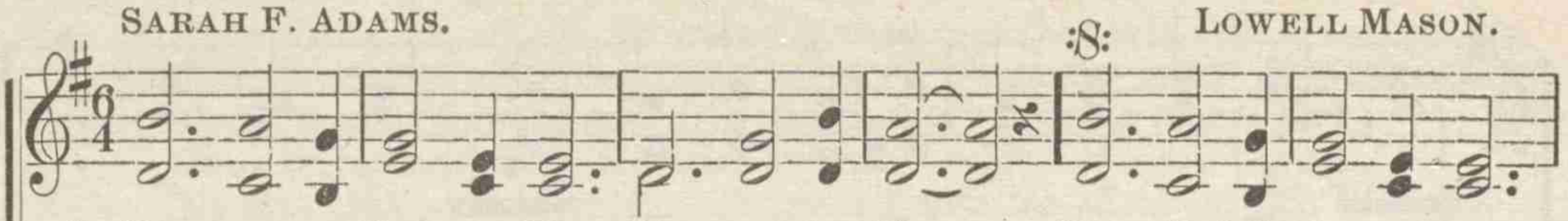
2

That for - ev - er He shall reign.
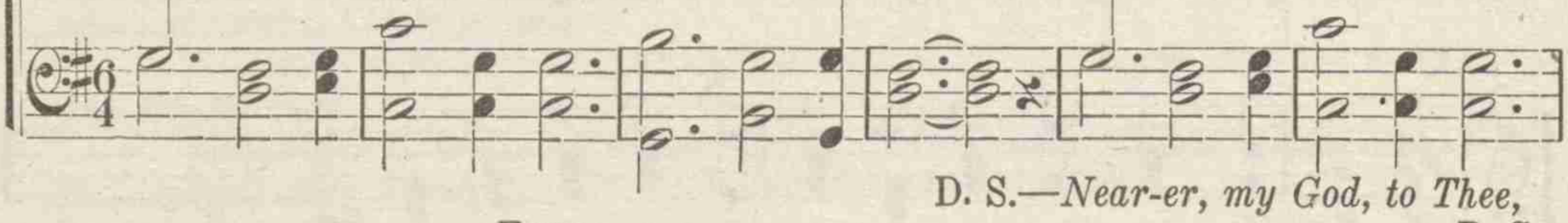
march on;

No. 116. Nearer My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.
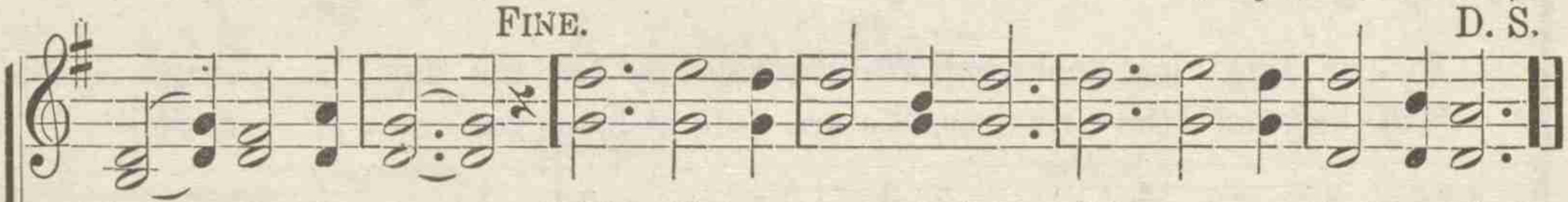


1. Near-er, my God to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n, All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston-y griefs,
5. Or if, on joy-ful wings, Cleav- ing the sky, Sun,moon,and stars for-got,

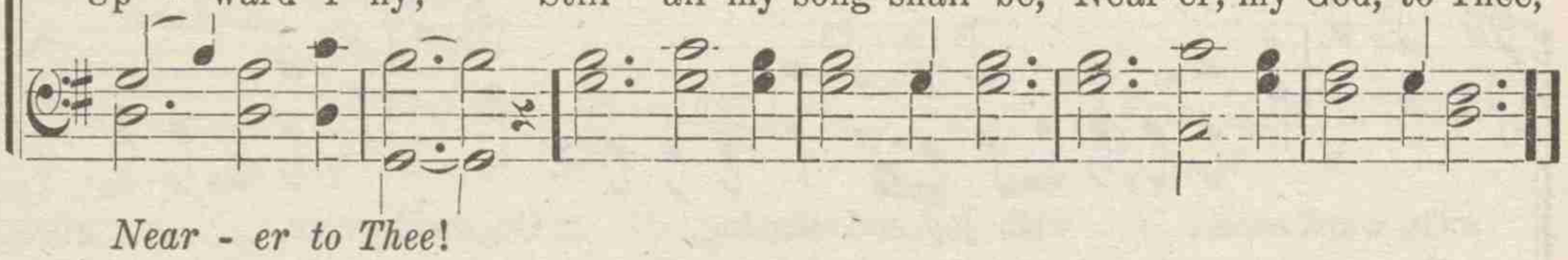


D. S.—*Near-er, my God, to Thee,*

FINE. D. S.



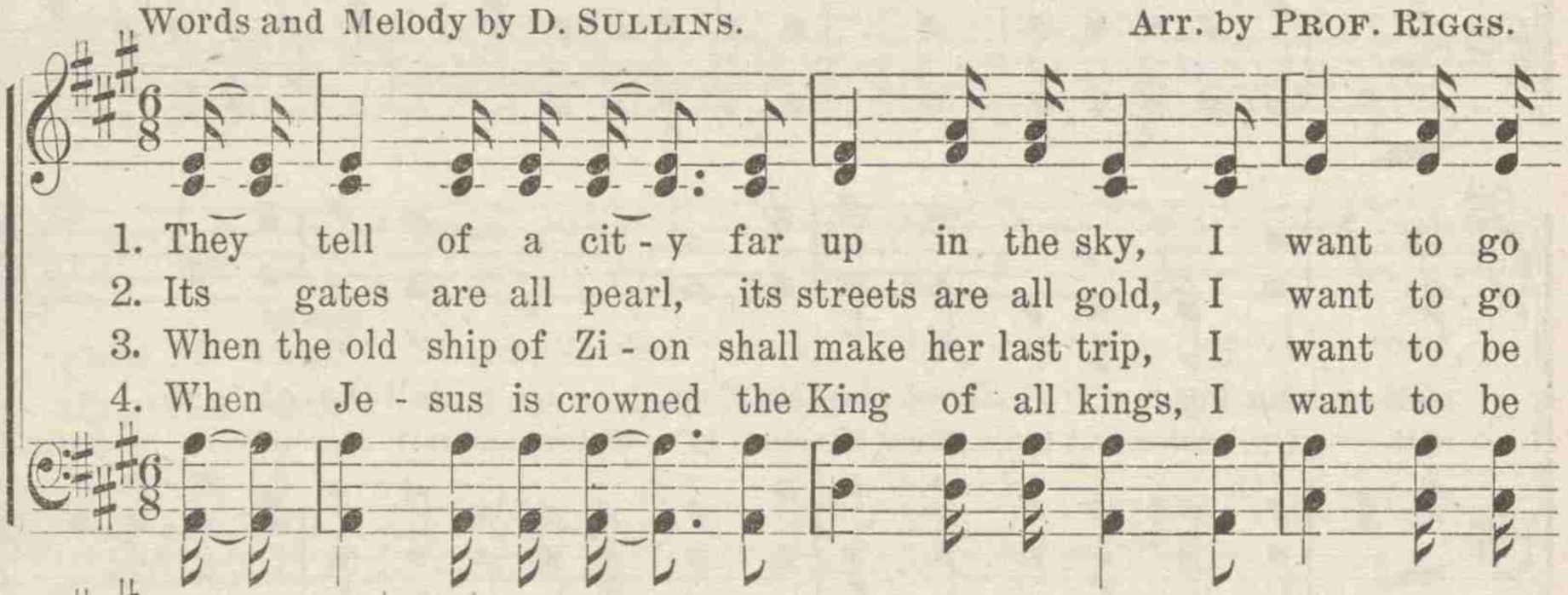
That rais-eth me; Still all my songs shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
In mer- cy giv'n; An - gels to beck-on me, Near-er, my God, to Thee.
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Up - ward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,



Near - er to Thee!

No. 117. I Want to Go There.

Words and Melody by D. SULLINS. Arr. by PROF. RIGGS.



1. They tell of a cit - y far up in the sky, I want to go there, I do;
2. Its gates are all pearl, its streets are all gold, I want to go there, I do;
3. When the old ship of Zi - on shall make her last trip, I want to be there, I do;
4. When Je - sus is crowned the King of all kings, I want to be there, I do;

'Tis built in the land of "the sweet by and by,"
The Lamb is the light of that cit - y we're told,
With heads all un - cov - ered to greet the old ship,
With shout - ing and clap - ping till all heav - en rings,

Copyright, 1899, by Charlie D. Tillman.

I Want to Go There.

1 want to go there, don't you? There Je - sus has gone to pre -
I want to go there, don't you? Death robs us all here, there
I want to be there, don't you? When all the ship's com-pany
I want to be there, don't you? Hal - le - lu - jah! we'll shout a-

pare us all homes, I want to go there, I do; Where sick-ness nor
none ev - er die, I want to go there, I do; There loved ones will
meet on the strand, I want to be there, I do; With songs on their
gain and a - gain, I want to be there, I do; And close with the

sor - row nor death ev - er comes, I want to go there, don't you?
nev - er a - gain say good - bye, I want to go there, don't you?
lips and harps in their hands, I want to be there, don't you?
cho - rus, *A - men, and A - men,* I want to be there, don't you?

CHORUS.

1. 2. I want to go there, I want to go there, I want to go there, I do;
3. 4. I want to be there, I mean to be there, I ex - pect to be there, I do;

I want to go there, I want to go there, I want to go there, don't you?
I want to be there, I mean to be there, I ex-pect to be there, don't you?

No. 118. 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 sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry to His
2. I am so won-drous - ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a- bides with-in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His
3. Oh, pre-cious fount-ain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to His
4. Come to this fount - ain so rich and sweet; Cast Thy poor soul at the Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to His

D. S.—*There to my heart was the blood ap - plied, Glo - ry to His*

FINE. CHORUS D. S.

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

name.

No. 119. Let Him Come In.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Oh, emp - ty heart, be - hold a heav'n - ly strang - er Stands at the
2. Hark! hear ye not how gen - tly He is knock - ing, Pa - tient - ly
3. Dark is the night, and cold the storm is beat - ing, Why long - er

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Let Him Come In.

door, en - treat-ing thee for room; Lone - ly art thou; with-out are
wait - ing thy de - layed re - ply; Soul, know ye not by sil - ence
thus thy Lord and Sav - ior grieve? 'Tis for thy soul im - mor - tal

dark - ness and dan-ger, Sor - row with - in— de - so - la - tion and gloom.
Him thou art mock-ing? Thrice be the shame, such a guest to de - ny!
thus He is plead-ing— O - pen the door, thy Re - deem - er re-ceive.

CHORUS.

Let Him come in, ... let Him come in, ...

Let Him come in, Oh, let Him come in,

1

Pa-tient-ly yet thy Sav - ior stands, Showing the nail-prints in His hands;

2

Grieve Him no more; un - do the door, Let Him come in, let Him come in!

No. 120. Gathering Home.

Words Arr. by L. H. JAMESON. W. A. OGDEN.

SOLO. CHORUS.

1. They're gath-er - ing homeward from ev - 'ry land, One by one, one by one;
2. They're gath-er - ing homeward from ev - ry shore, One by one, one by one;
3. We're hast - en - ing homeward to join the band, One by one, one by one:

SOLO. CHORUS.

Their feet are now press-ing the shin - ing strand, Yes, one by one.
To join with the faith-ful ones gone be - fore, Yes, one by one.
Who've en-tered their rest in the bet - ter land, Yes, one by one.

DUET.

Their labor-stained garments are all laid down, Their brows are adorned with a
Thro' great trib-u-la-tions they made their way From re-gions of dark-ness to
With angels we'll sweep thro' the pearly gates Of the city where Christ, the fore-

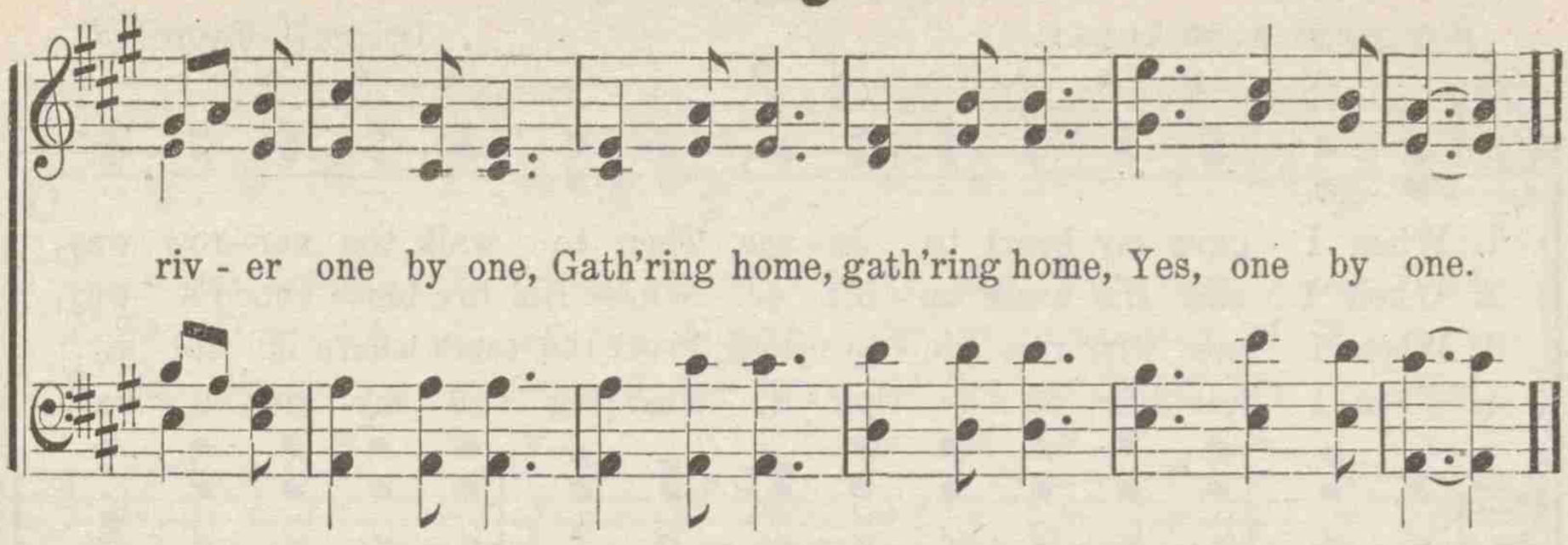
liv - ing crown, And clothed in white raiment, they rest on the shore Of the
end - less day; And now, in the pres-ence of God and the Lamb, They
run - ner, waits And join, with the millions a - round the white throne, In

CHORUS.

riv - er of life for - ev - er-more,
cease not to worship the great I AM. Gath'ring home, gath'ring home, Crossing the
hymning the praise of the Ho-ly One.

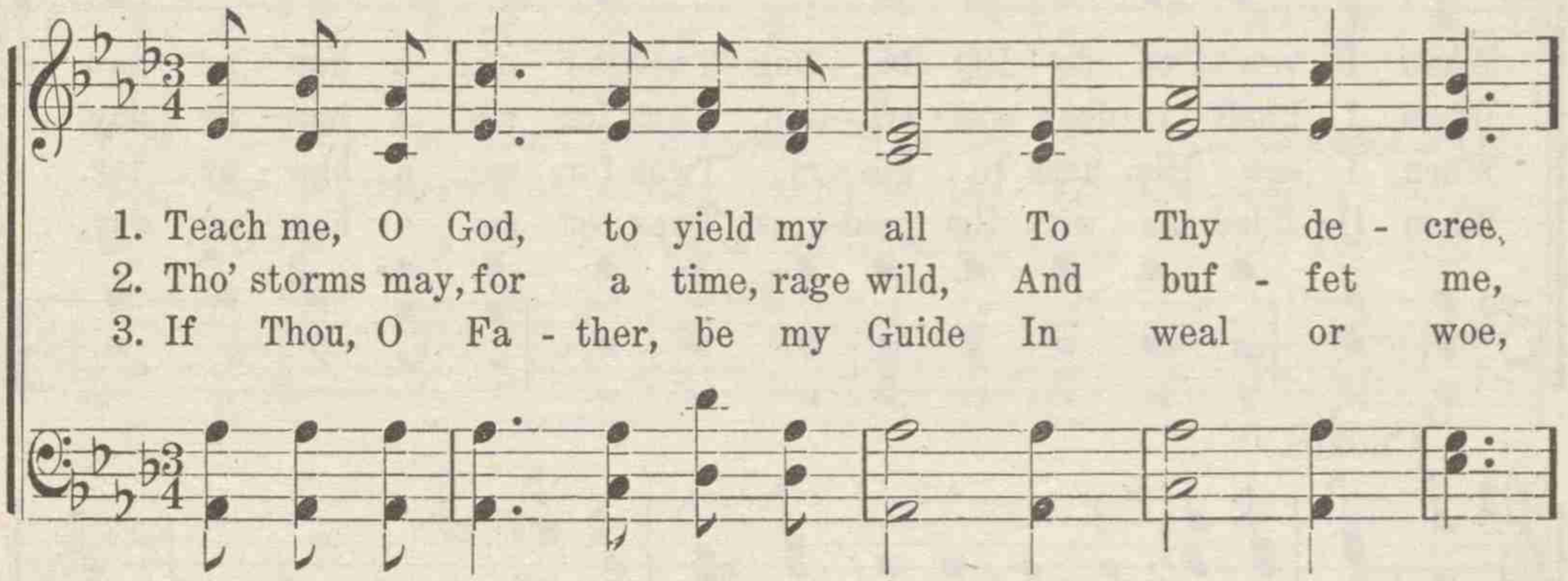
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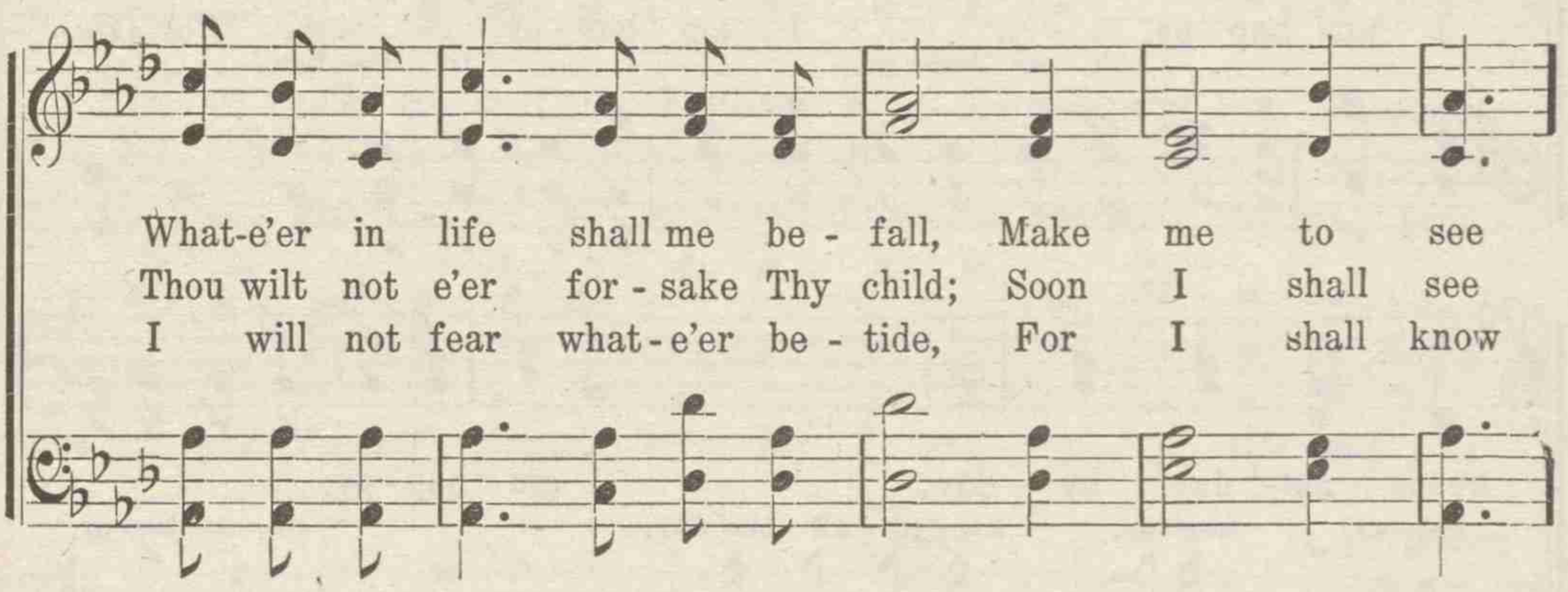
Gathering Home.



No. 121. Thy Way is Best.

DR. VICTOR M. STALEY. C. D. EMERSON.





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No. 122. A Happy Day.

Rev. NEAL A. McAULAY. Dr. S. B. JACKSON.

1. When I gave my heart to Je - sus, Then to walk the nar - row way,
2. When I saw His cross up - lift - ed, Where His life-blood ebbed a - way,
3. When I saw Him rise vic - to - rious, From the tomb where in He lay,
4. When I felt His ho - ly Spir - it, Wash-ing all my sins a - way,

When I vowed to do His bid - ding 'Twas for me a hap - py day.
When I knelt in deep con - tri - tion, 'Twas for me a hap - py day.
When I saw Him pass to glo - ry, 'Twas for me a hap - py day.
When He filled me with His good-ness, 'Twas for me a hap - py day.

CHORUS.

I am hap - py, . . . I am hap - py, ... For He
oh, so hap - py, in His love, ...

keeps me day by day; I am hap - py, . . .
hap - py, hap - py, hap - py all the day; oh, so hap-py,

I am hap - py, . . . Hap - py in the new and liv - ing way.
in His love,

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No. 123. Not One Forgotten.

E. E. HEWITT. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. There's a word of ten-der beau-ty In the say - ings of our Lord,
2. Tho' I'm least of all His children, So un - wor - thy of His love,
3. Oh, the wound - ed hands of Je - sus All the springs of life con - trol,

How it stirs the heart to mu - sic, Wak - ing grat - i-tude's sweet chord;
Yet, for me there's kind re-mem-brance In the Fa - ther-heart a - bove;
Is there a - ny ill can harm me While His blood is on my soul?

For it tells me that "Our Fa-ther," From His throne of roy - al might,
He will ev - er save and keep me, He will guide me on the way;
Let me, like the lit - tle spar-row, Trust Him where I can-not see,

CHO.–*In my Fa-ther's blessed keep - ing I am hap - py, safe and free;*

D. S. CHORUS.

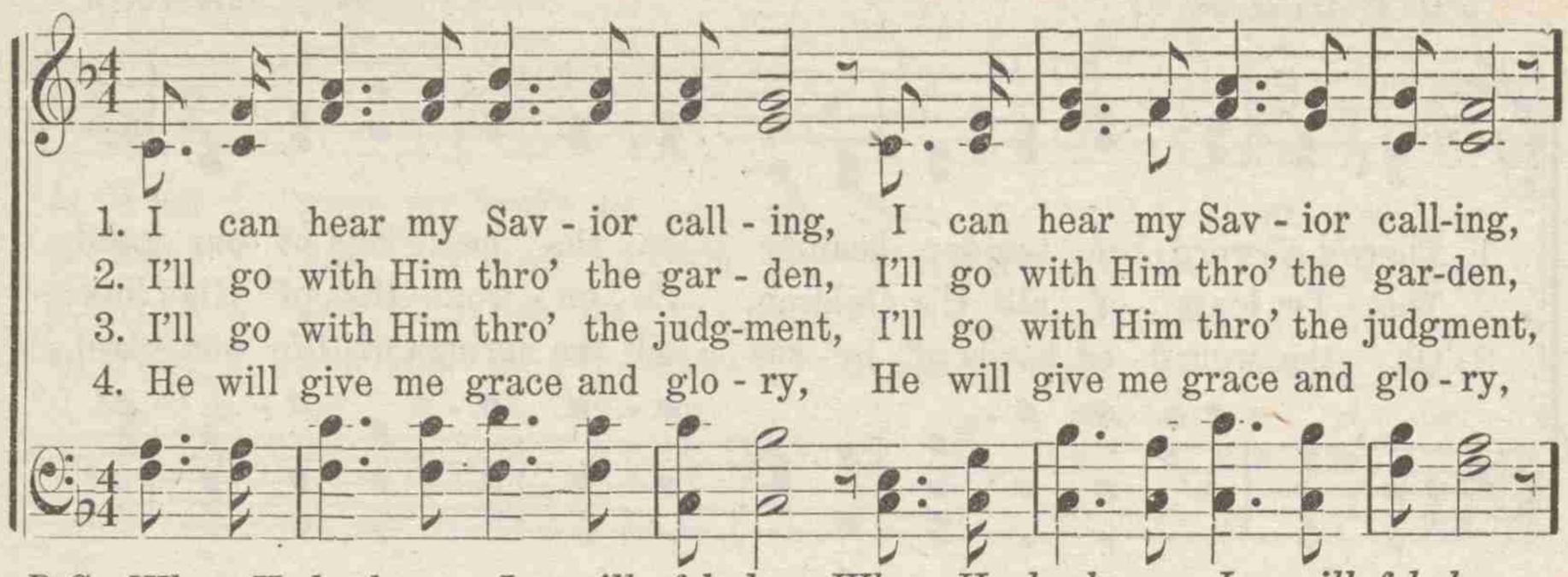
Bends to note a fall - ing spar - row, For 'tis pre - cious in His sight.
For my Sav - ior gen - tly whis-pers, "Are ye not much more than they?"
In the sun - shine and the shad - ow, Sing - ing, "He will care for me."

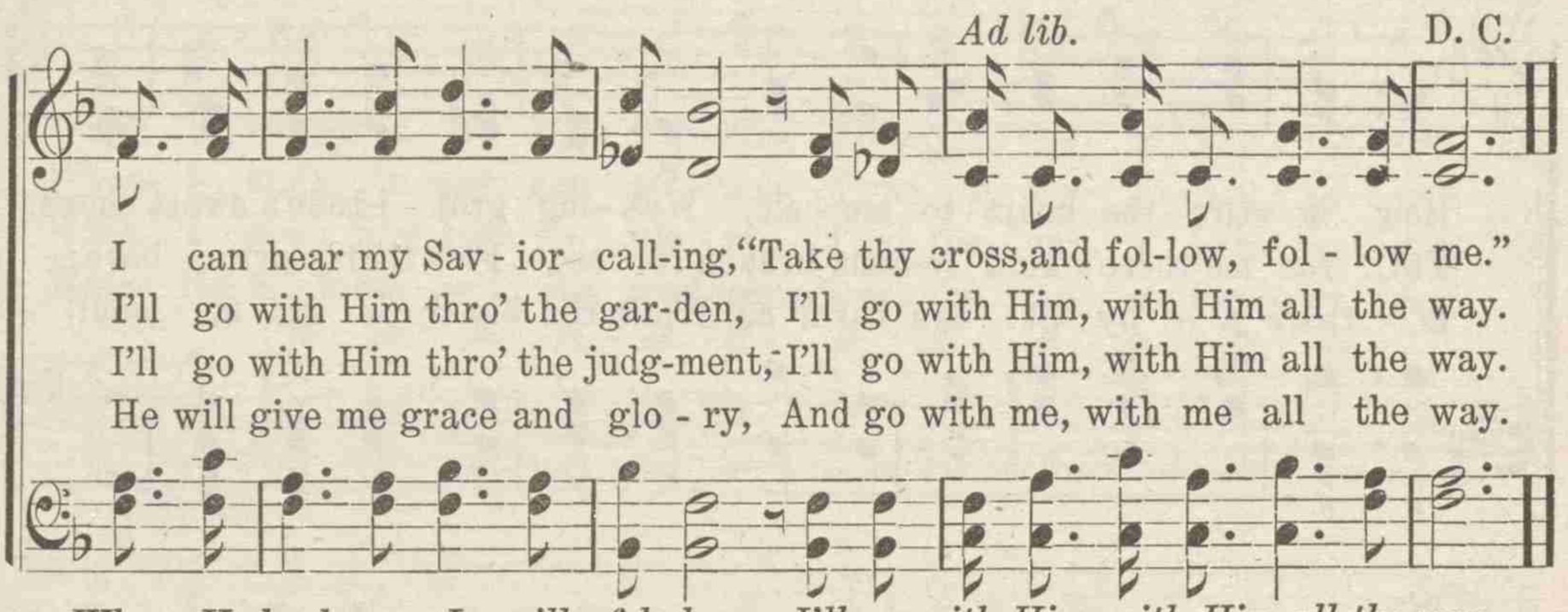
While His eye is on the spar-row I will not for - got - ten be.

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No. 124. The Way of the Cross.

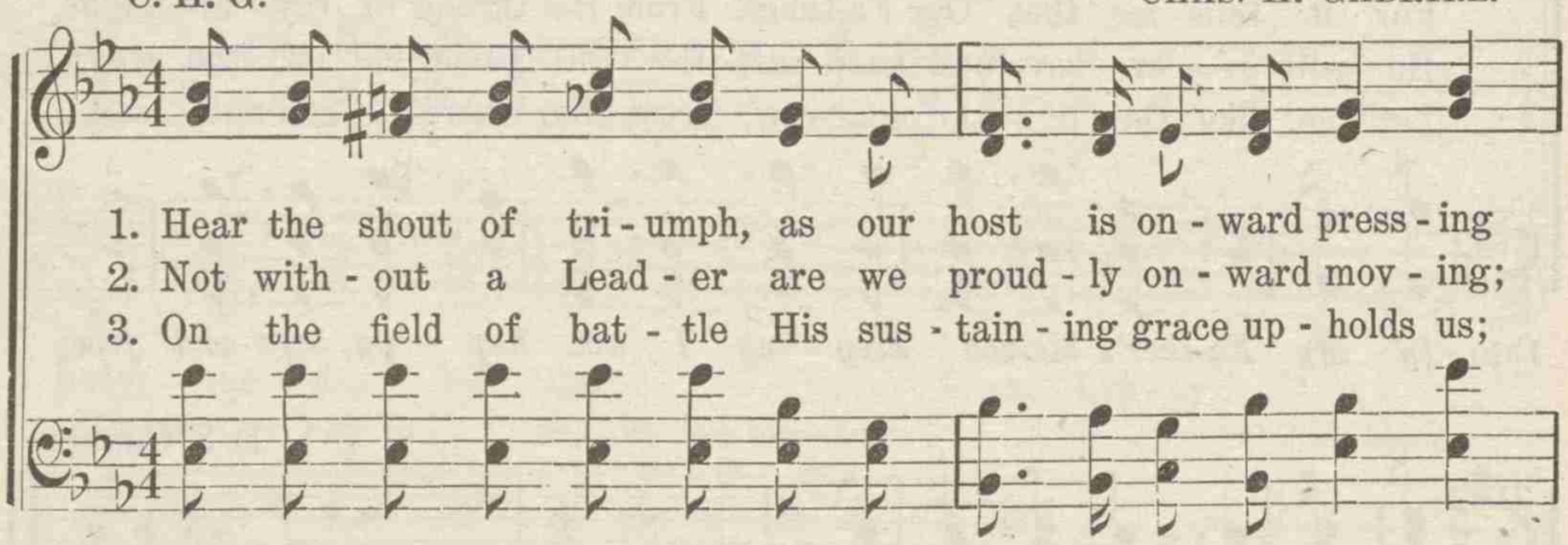
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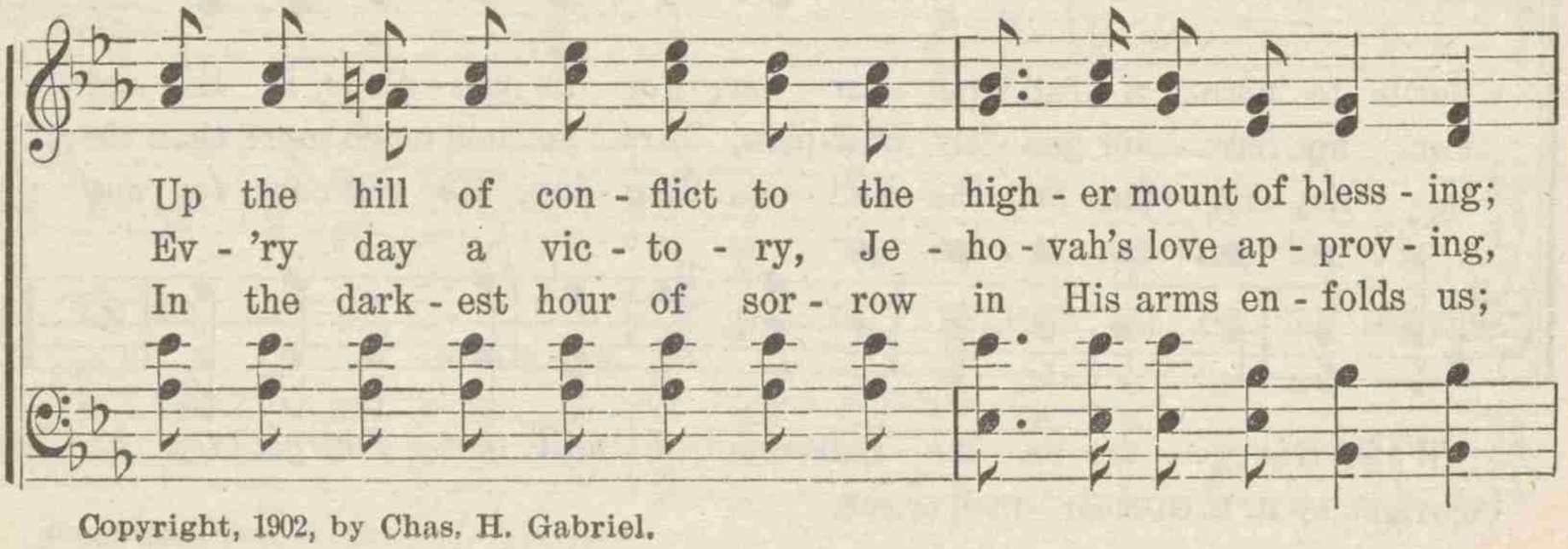




No. 125. Christ for the World.

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





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Christ for the World.

Cour - age, born of faith and love, the foe of souls de - fy - ing,
Fills the heart with love and trust in Him who goes be - fore us,
Days of wear - y march - ing make the heart the brav - er, strong - er;
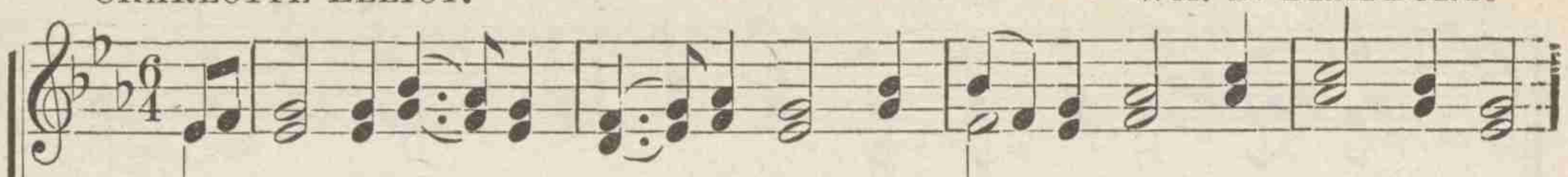
Fills the heart of ev - 'ry sol - dier on the Lord re - ly - ing.
Loy - al - ty in - spir - ing to the ban - ner wav - ing o'er us.
Cour - age, then, O sol - dier, faith - ful be a lit - tle long - er.

CHORUS.
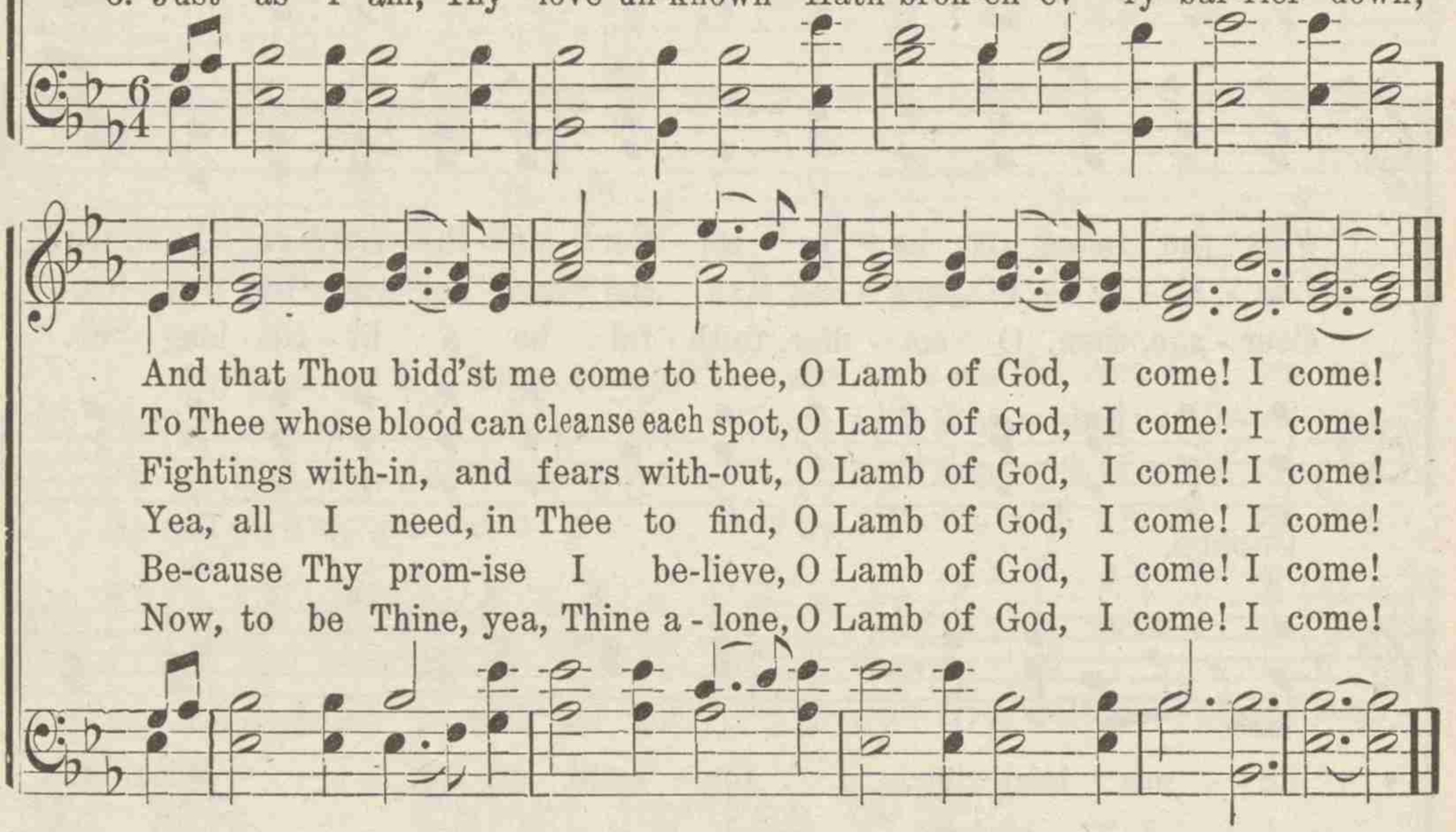
Je - sus lead - ing, for - ward we go, With the
for - ward, re - joic - ing,
ban - ner of the cross un - furl'd; Nev - er will we yield Nor fal - ter on the
field, Un - til the na - tions all are sing-ing, "Christ for the world!"

No. 126. Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. WM. B. BRADBURY.



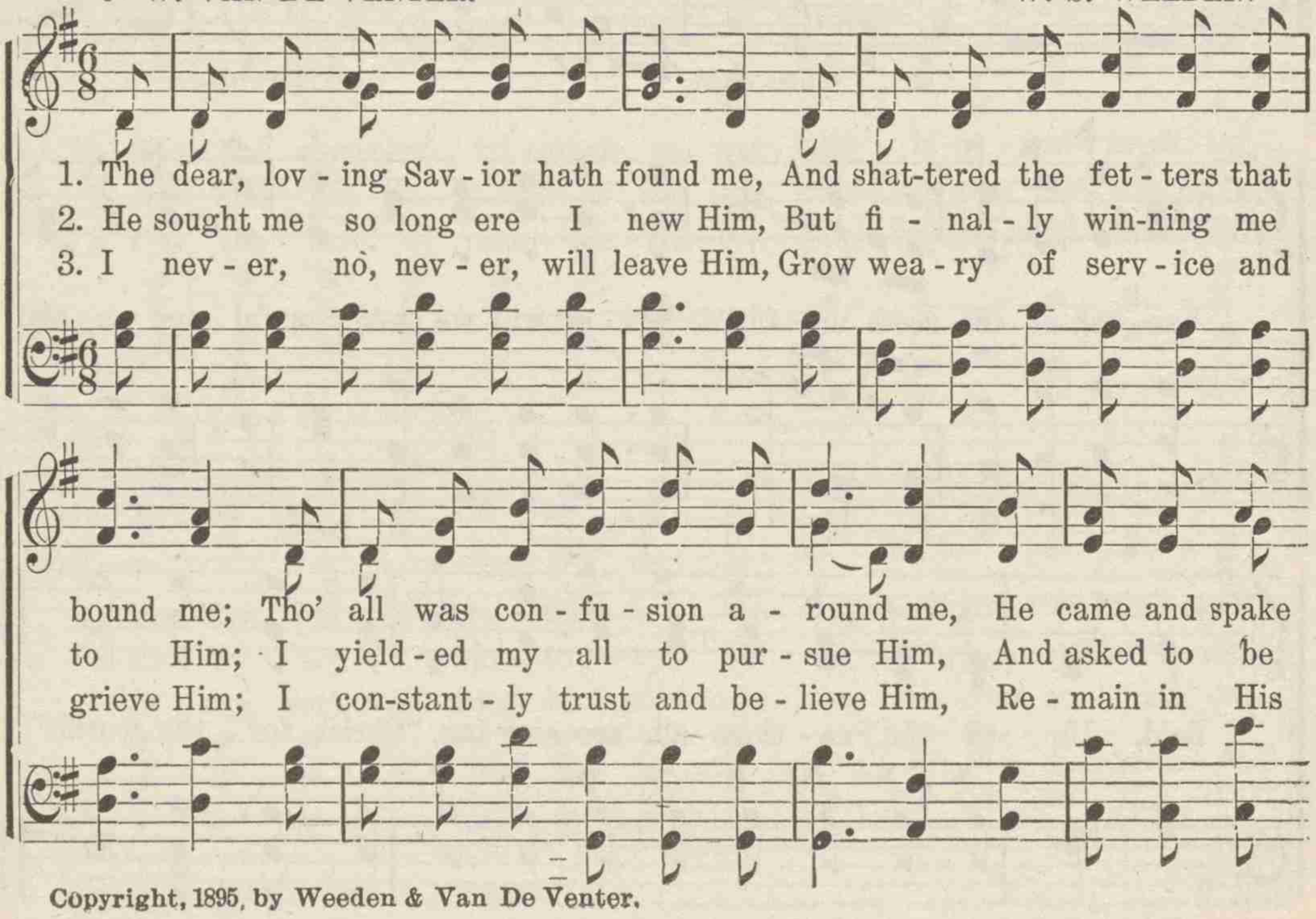
1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With ma-ny a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
6. Just as I am, Thy love un-known Hath brok-en ev - 'ry bar-rier down;



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

No. 127. He Saves Me.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.



1. The dear, lov - ing Sav - ior hath found me, And shat-tered the fet - ters that bound me; Tho' all was con - fu - sion a - round me, He came and spake
2. He sought me so long ere I new Him, But fi - nal - ly win-ning me to Him; I yield - ed my all to pur - sue Him, And asked to be
3. I nev - er, nò, nev - er, will leave Him, Grow wea - ry of serv - ice and grieve Him; I con-stant - ly trust and be - lieve Him, Re - main in His

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He Saves Me.

peace to my soul; The bless - ed Re-deem - er that bought me, In
filled with His grace; Al-though a vile sin - ner be - fore Him, Thro'
pres-ence di - vine; A - bid - ing in love ev - er flow - ing, In

ten - der - ness con-stant-ly sought me, The way of sal - va - tion He
faith I was led to im - plore Him, And now I re - joice and a-
knowledge and grace ev - er grow - ing, Con - fid - ing im - plic - it - ly,

CHORUS.

taught me, And made my heart per - fect - ly whole.
dore Him, Re-stored to His lov - ing em - brace. He saves me, He
know - ing That Je - sus, the Sav - ior is mine.

saves me, His love fills my soul, hal - le - lu - jah! Oh, glo - ry, oh, glo - ry,

1 2 *rit.*

His spir - it a - bid-eth with - in; His blood cleanseth me from all sin.

No. 128. Let Me Come to Thee.

Dr. M. VICTOR STALEY. ADOLPH JESREAL.

1. Je - sus, in Thy gen - tle mer - cy, O - pen wide Thine arms to me;
2. Friends may, one by one, de - sert me; One by one, my hopes de - part;
3. Oh, those blessed words of Je - sus—"Come thou un - to me and rest"

So wea - ry, lone, by all for-sak - en, Let, Oh, let me come to Thee.
And one by one mis-for-tunes gath-er, Till des-pair o'erwhelms my heart.
How **per-fect-ly** they soothe the spir - it, How they calm the troubled breast!

SOLO OR UNISON.

Long I've elsewhere sought for guidance, I have search'd, but all in vain.
But, when darkest gloom surrounds me, And my soul is sore oppressed,
Wild the storms may rage a - bout me, And the billows high may roll;

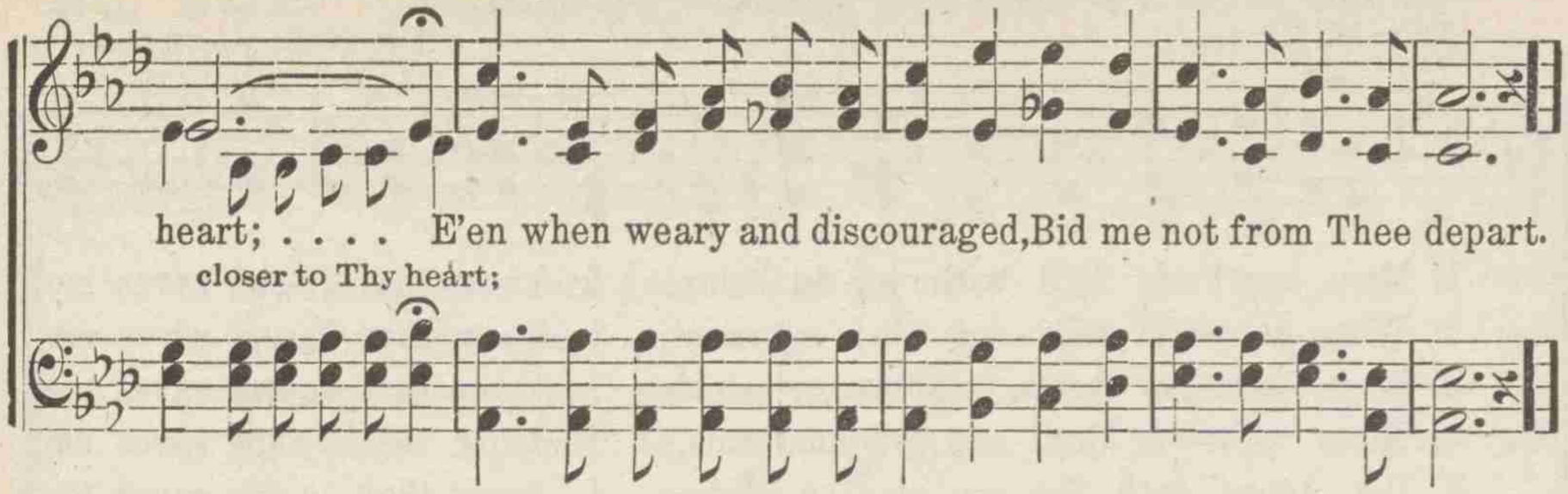
Thou a-lone, O Lord, canst comfort, And re-lieve this heart of pain.
I shall hear Thy kindly wel-come—"Come thou un - to me and rest."
Yet those words of sweetest comfort Shall be peace un - to my soul.

CHORUS.

O - pen wide thine arms, dear Sav - ior Fold me clos - er, clos - er to Thy
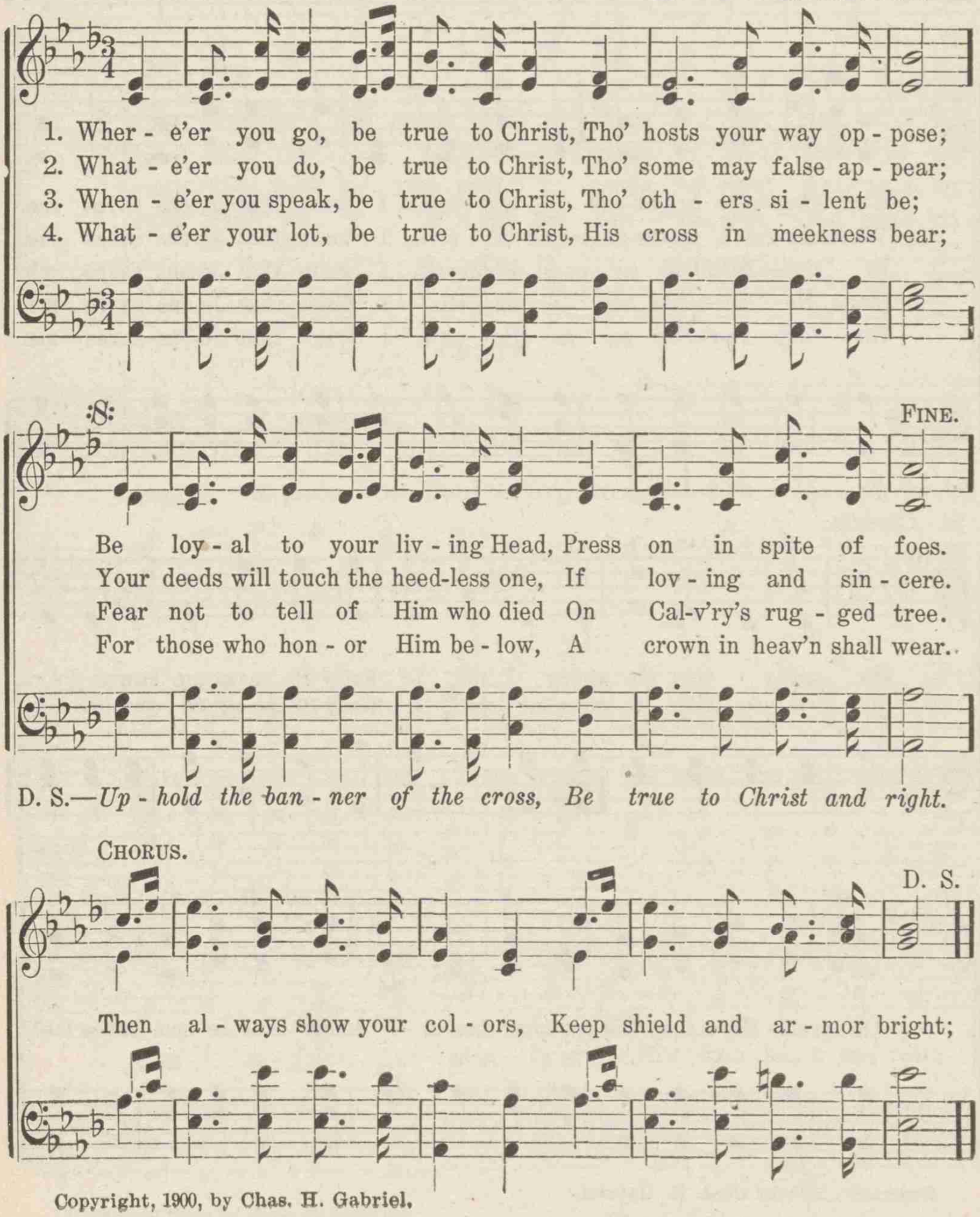
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Let Me Come to Thee.



No. 129. Always Show Your Colors.
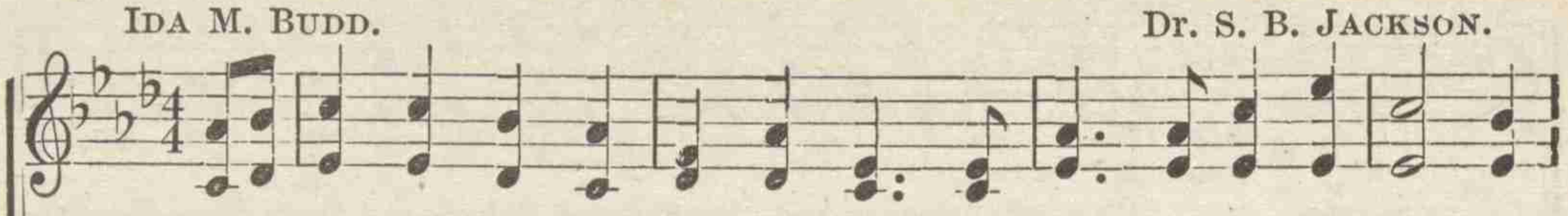
N. A. McA. Rev. Neal A. McAulay.
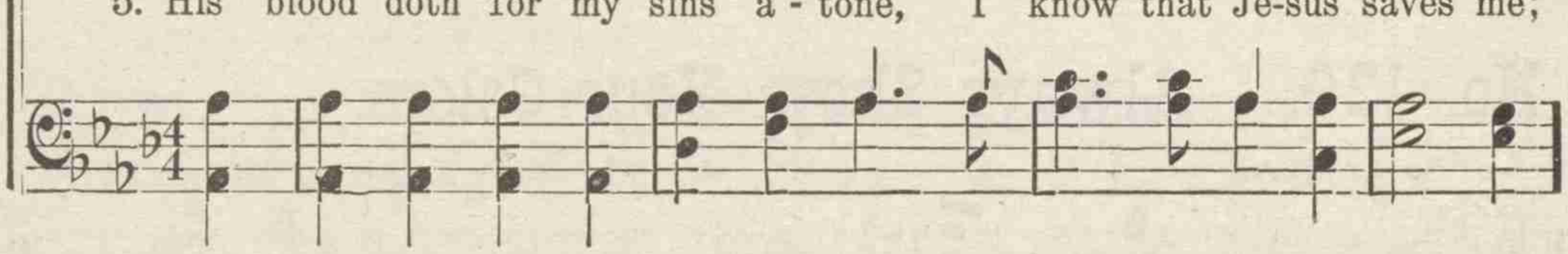


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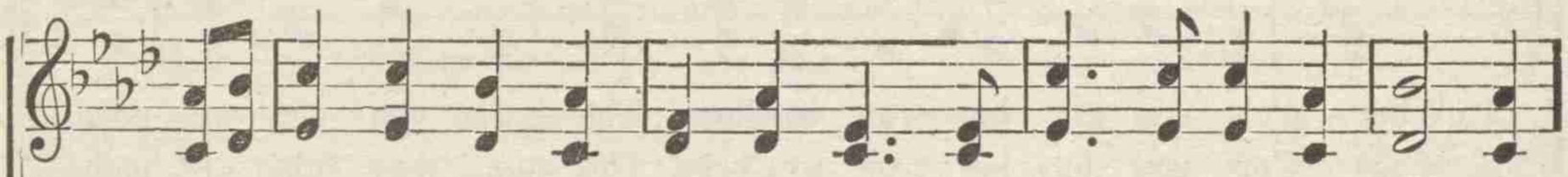
No. 130. I Know that Jesus Saves Me.

IDA M. BUDD. Dr. S. B. JACKSON.
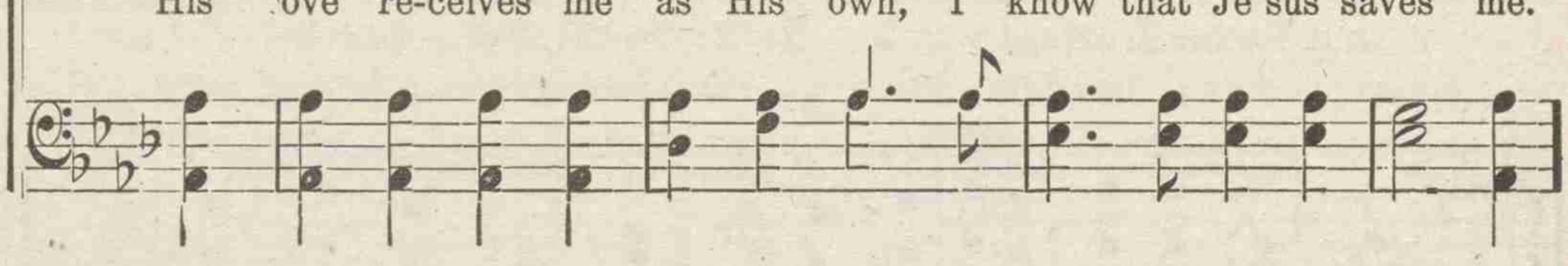


1. My heart is fill'd with joy to - day, I know that Je-sus saves me;
2. When peace is shin - ing in my soul, I know that Je-sus saves me;
3. In calm or storm, in shine or shade, I know that Je-sus saves me;
4. No oth - er joy can e - qual this, I know that Je-sus saves me;
5. His blood doth for my sins a - tone, I know that Je-sus saves me;

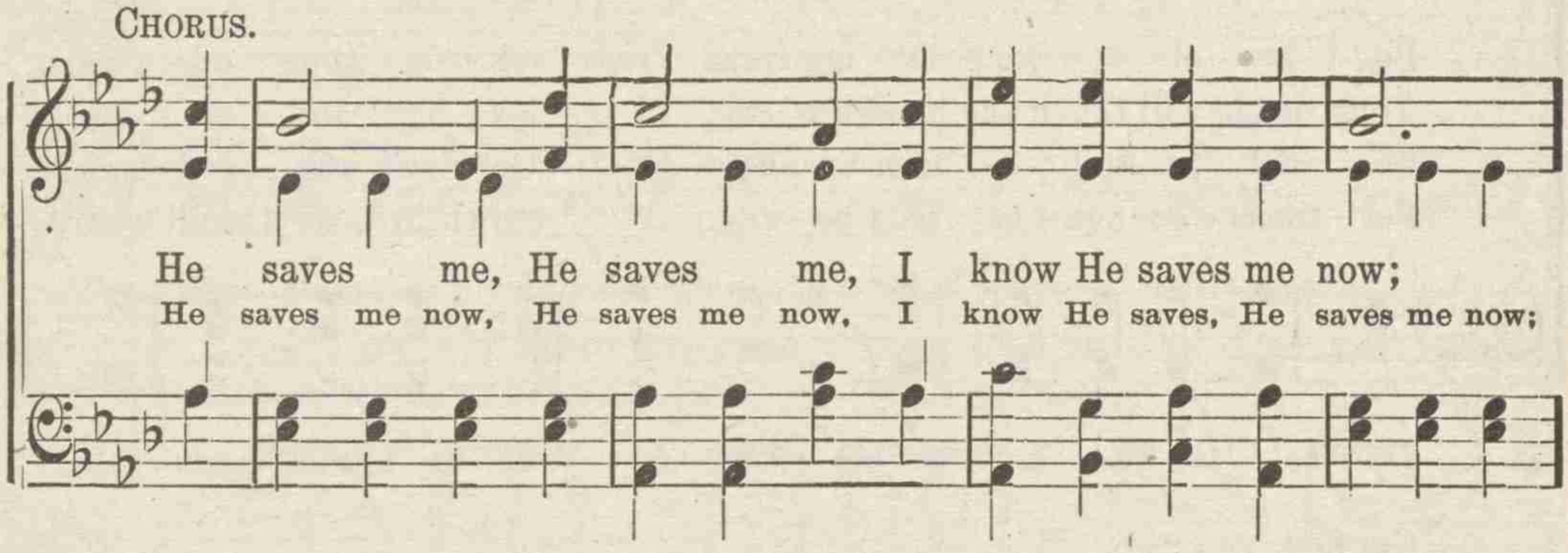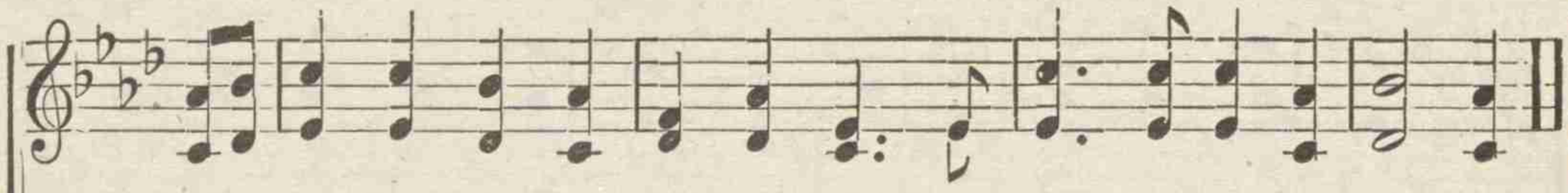




His pres-ence bright-ens all my way, I know that Je-sus saves me.
When sor-row's waves a - round me roll, I know that Je sus saves me.
In hope ful-filled or good de - layed, I know that Je-sus saves me.
Since He is mine and I am His, I know that Je-sus saves me.
His love re-ceives me as His own, I know that Je sus saves me.
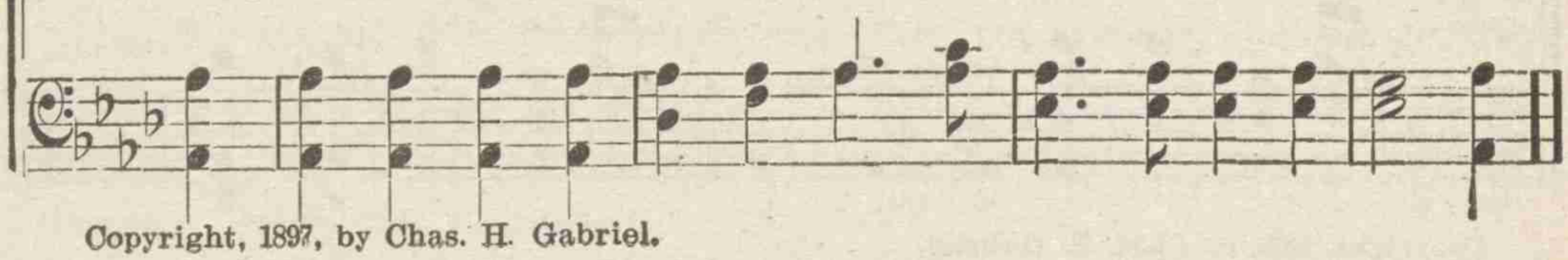


CHORUS.



He saves me, He saves me, I know He saves me now;
He saves me now, He saves me now, I know He saves, He saves me now;



Oh, praise His name, His pre-cious name, I know that Je - sus saves me!



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No. 131. With My Song I Will Praise Him.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. The Lord hath done great things for me, And with my song I will
2. From bar - ren fields my feet He led, And with my song I will
3. From cloud - y ways He led to light, And with my song I will
4. He gave a chart to be my guide, And with my song I will

praise Him! Thro' sin made blind, by Him I see, And with my
praise Him! Out in - to past - ures green, in - stead, And with my
praise Him! Drew me from wrong to paths of right, And with my
praise Him! By it I'll reach the oth - er side, And with my

CHORUS.

song I will praise Him. The Lord's my strength and my shield each day, My
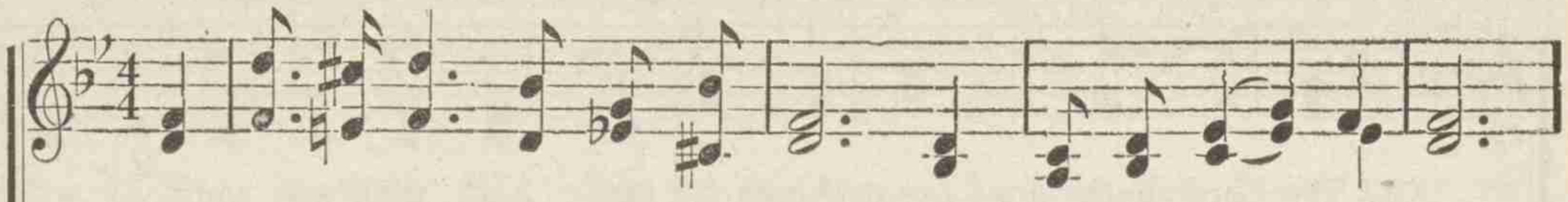
heart trust-eth in Him all the way; He leads, He guides me—in

Him I re - joice, And glad - ly praise Him with heart and voice.
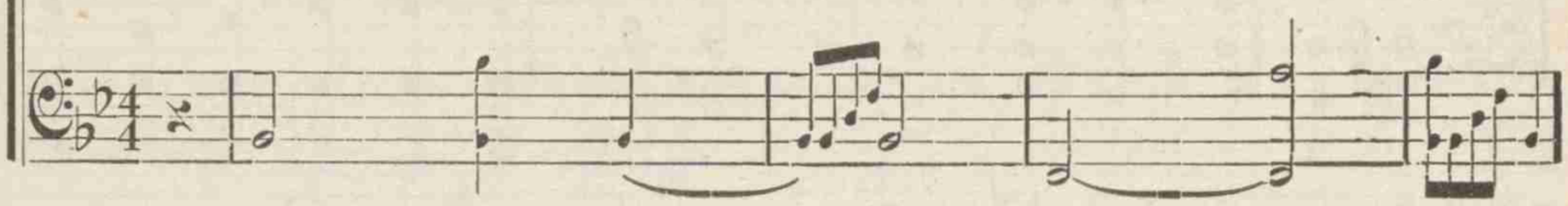
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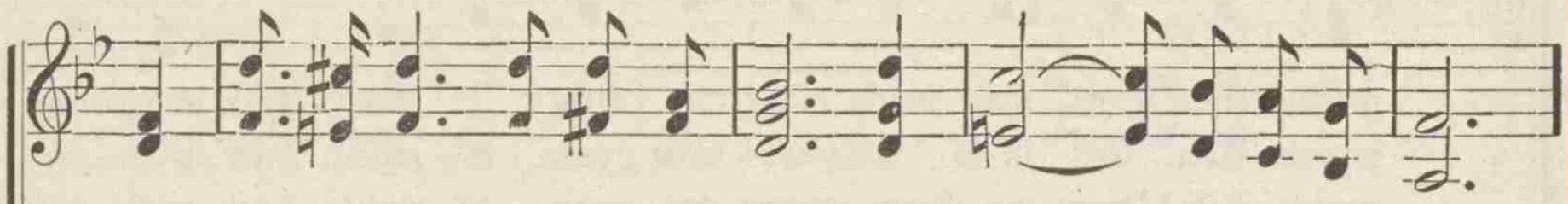
No. 132. The Day Will Come.

Rev. Neal A. McAulay. Geo. H. Crosby.



1. The day will come when I shall pass, Be - yond life's nar - row sea;
2. The day will come when all my thoughts, Will be re-called a - gain;
3. The day will come when all my words, Shall my at - ten - tion claim;
4. The day will come when all my deeds, Shall rise my soul to greet;
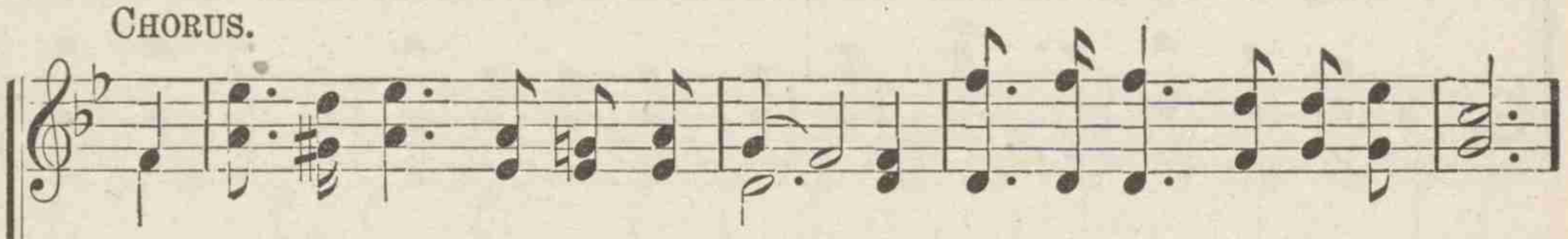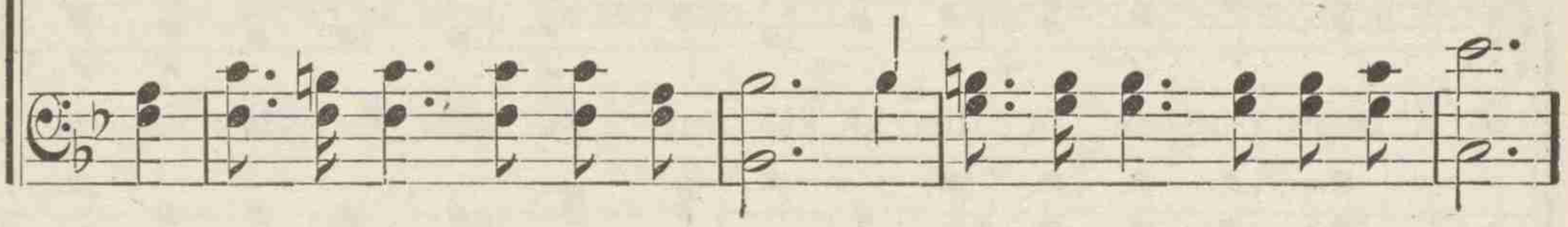




When all my thoughts,and words,and deeds, Shall show my des-ti - ny.
When God, my Judge,the books will bring, And mark each men-tal stain.
The good, in ten - der tones will speak, The bad, in blight and shame.
When God shall ev - 'ry ac - tion weigh, Be - fore His judgment seat.



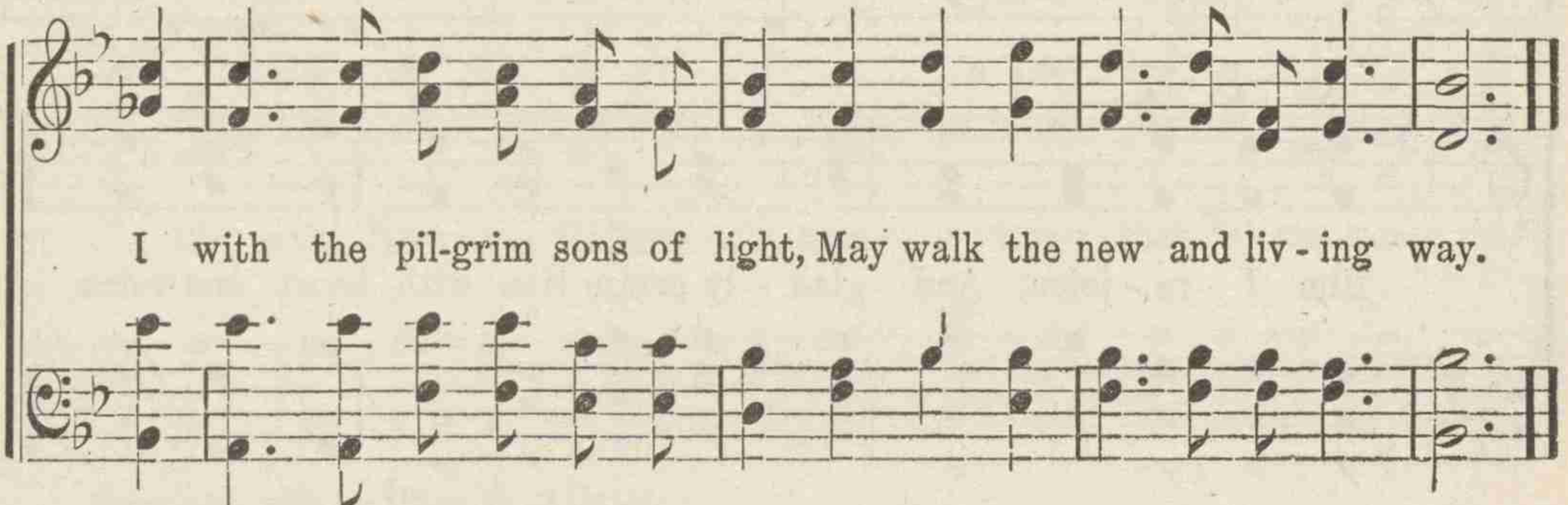
Chorus.



Then, oh, my liv - ing, lov - ing Head, Give me Thy grace, that ev-'ry day
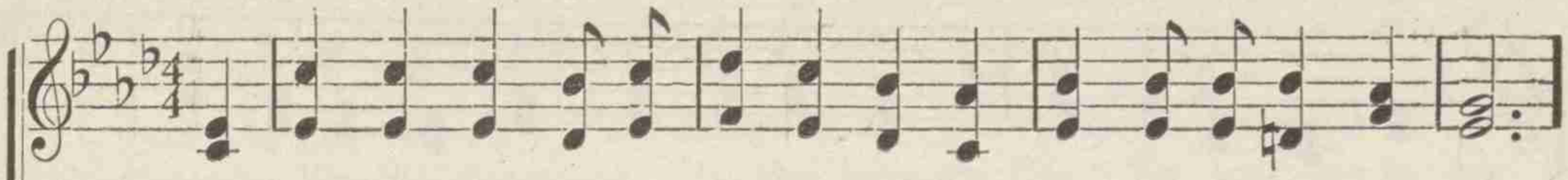


I with the pil-grim sons of light, May walk the new and liv - ing way.
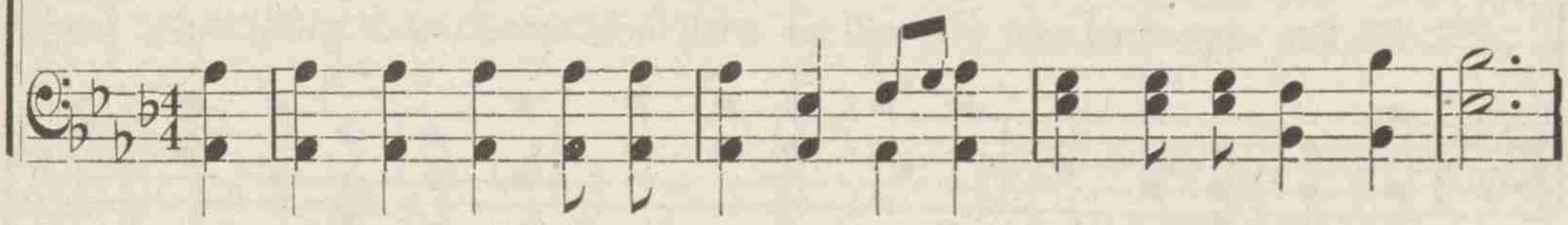


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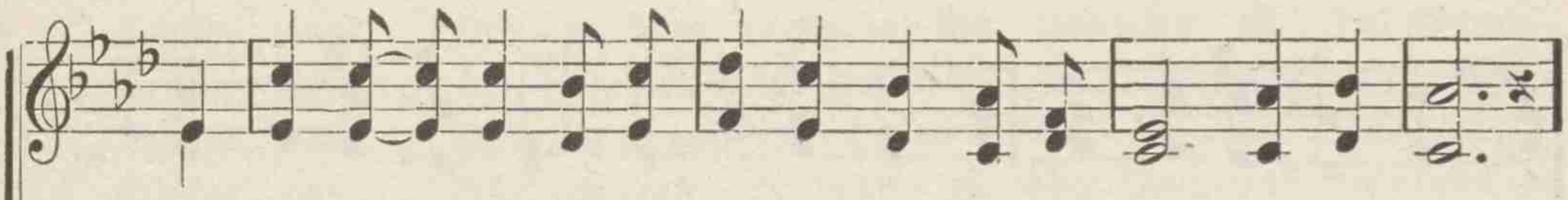
No. 133. There is no Love Like the Love of Jesus.

WILLIAM E. LITTLEWOOD. THEODORE E. PERKINS.
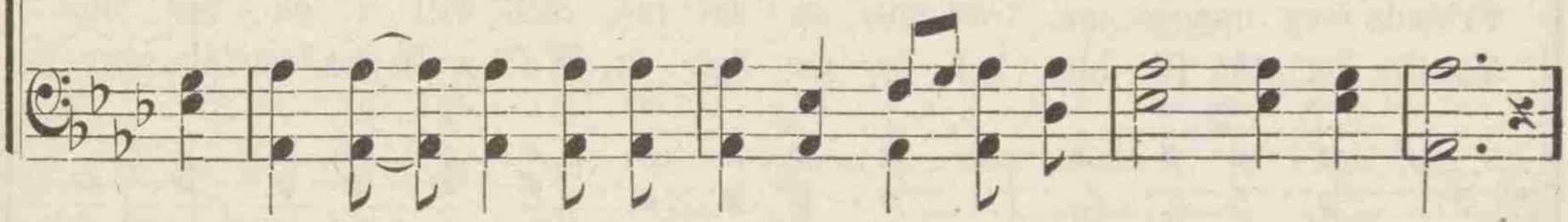


1. There is no love like the love of Je - sus, Nev - er to fade or fall,
2. There is no heart like the heart of Je - sus, Fill'd with a ten - der love;
3. Oh, let us hark to the voice of Je - sus; Oh, may we nev - er roam,
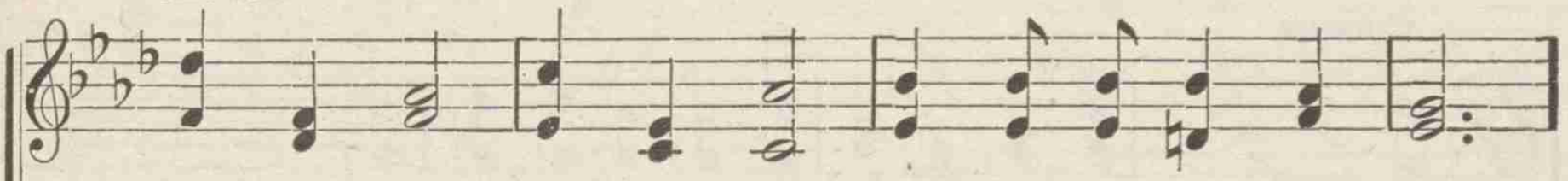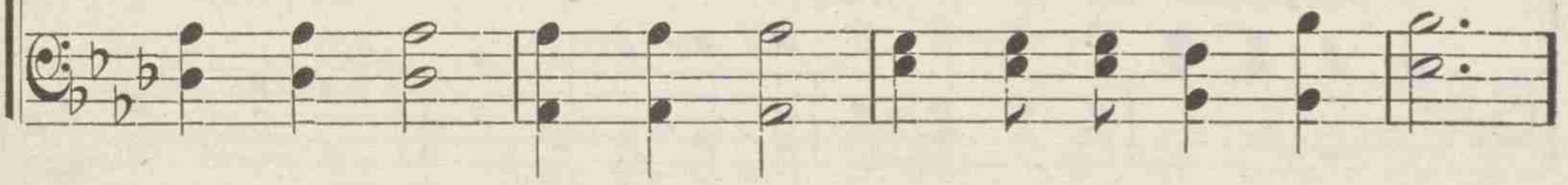




Till in - to the fold of the peace of God, He has gath-ered us all.
No throb nor throe that our hearts can know, But He feels it a - bove.
Till safe we rest on His lov - ing breast, In the dear heav'n-ly home.
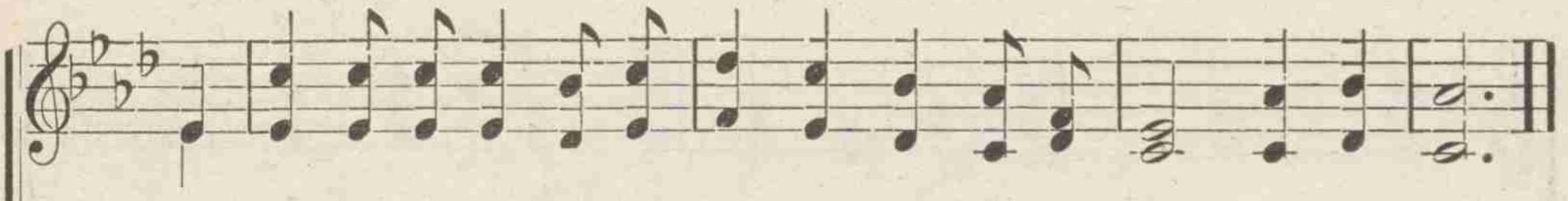


CHORUS.
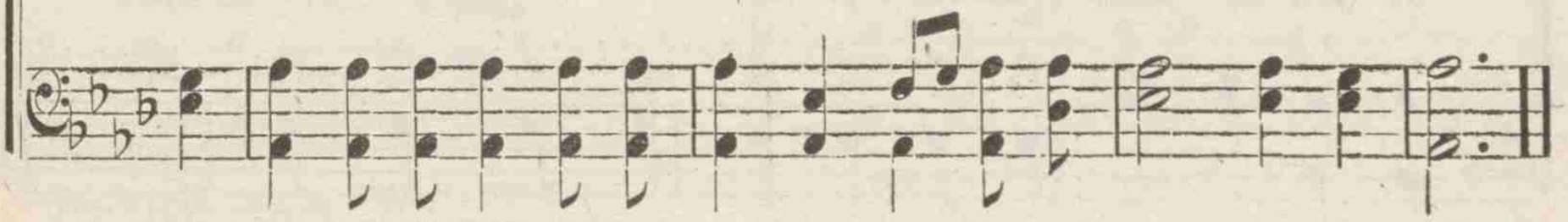


Je - sus' love, pre - cious love, Bound - less and pure and free;
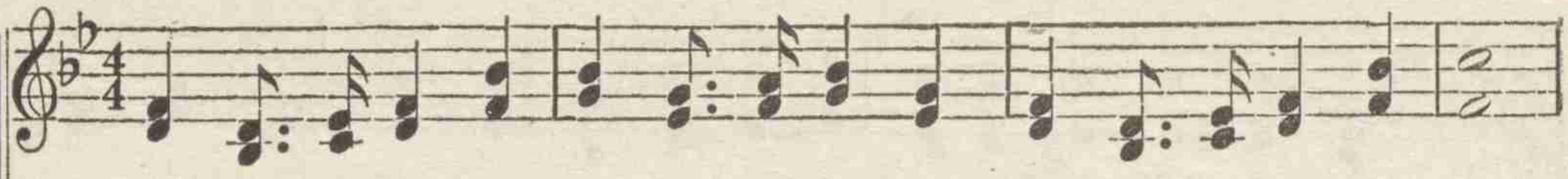




Oh, turn to that love, weary wand'ring soul, Je-sus plead-eth for thee!
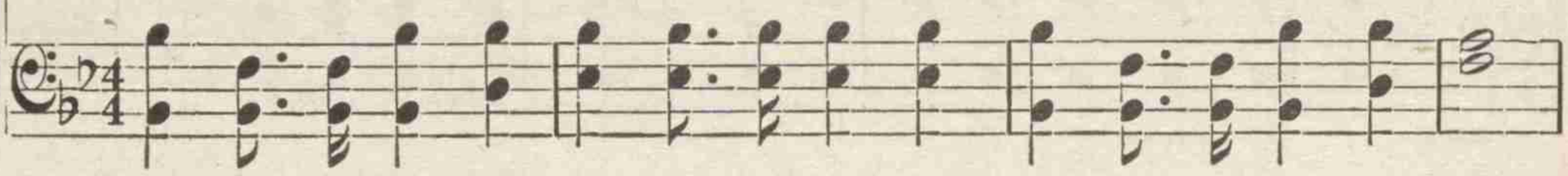


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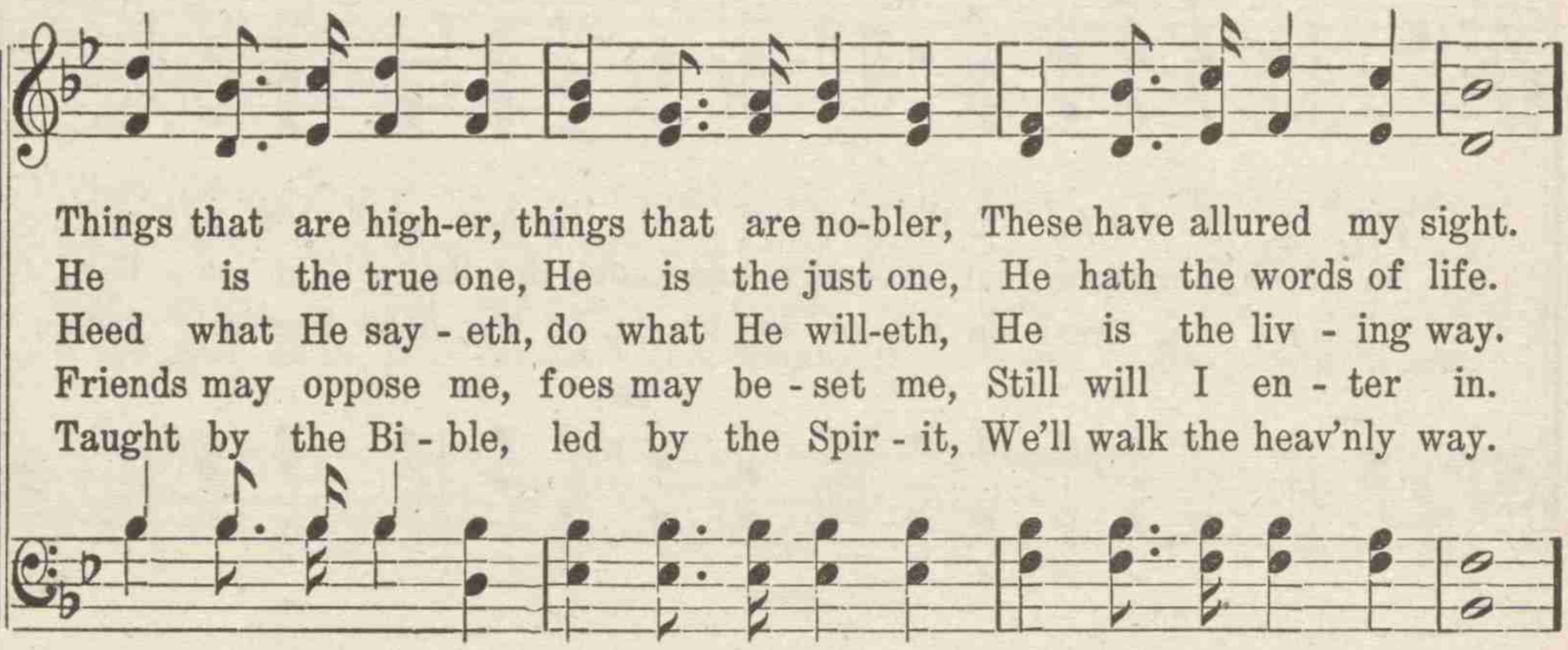
No. 134. I am Resolved no Longer to Linger.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.
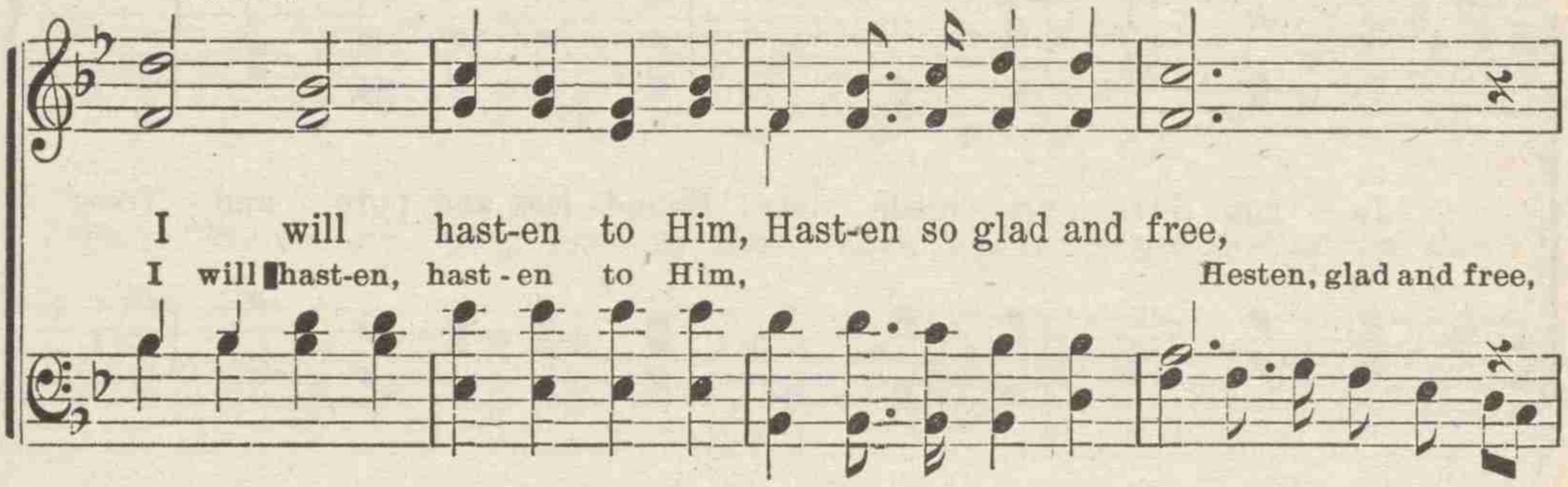


1. I am re-solved no long - er to lin-ger, Charm'd by the world's de-light;
2. I am re-solved to go to the Sav-ior, Leav - ing my sin and strife;
3. I am re-solved to fol - low the Sav-ior, Faith - ful and true each day,
4. I am re-solved to en - ter the kingdom, Leav - ing the paths of sin;
5. I am re-solved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with-out de - lay,



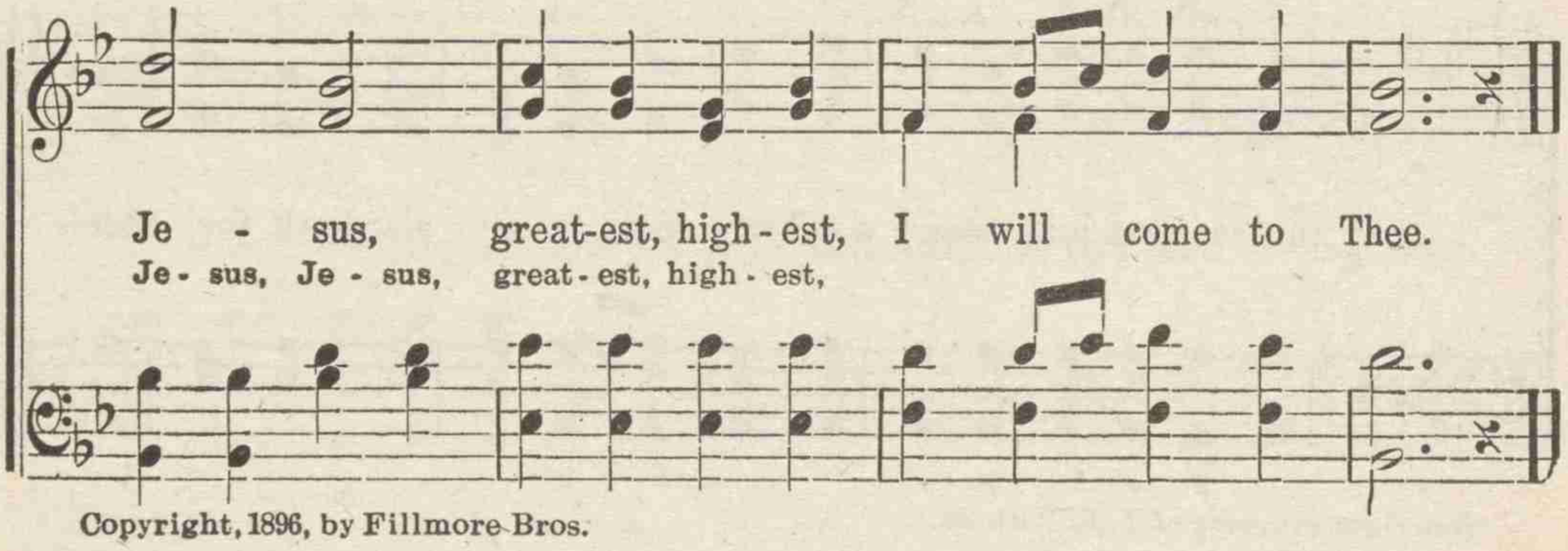


Things that are high-er, things that are no-bler, These have allured my sight.
He is the true one, He is the just one, He hath the words of life.
Heed what He say - eth, do what He will-eth, He is the liv - ing way.
Friends may oppose me, foes may be - set me, Still will I en - ter in.
Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it, We'll walk the heav'nly way.

CHORUS.



I will hast-en to Him, Hast-en so glad and free,
I will hast-en, hast - en to Him, Hesten, glad and free,



Je - sus, great-est, high - est, I will come to Thee.
Je - sus, Je - sus, great - est, high - est,

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No. 135. I'm Trusting in My Savior Now.

E. E. HEWITT. EDWIN GARDNER.

1. Look-ing un - to Je - sus," cling-ing to the cross, I'm trust-ing in my
2. Trust-ing Him for cleans-ing in the crim-son tide, I'm trust-ing in my
3. Trust-ing Him for guid - ance, trust-ing Him for pow'r, I'm trust-ing in my
4. Trust-ing in His mer - cy, trust-ing in His love, I'm trust-ing in my

Sav-ior now; Oth - er hope re-nounc - ing, count-ing all but dross,
Sav-ior now; In His "great sal - va - tion," ev - 'ry need sup - plied,
Sav-ior now; For His grace "suf - fi - cient," ev - 'ry day and hour,
Sav-ior now; Prais - es, hap - py prais - es wing their way a - bove,

CHORUS.

I'm trust - ing in my Sav - ior now. Trust - ing,
Trust - ing, trust - ing,
trust - ing, Sweet - ly, ful - ly trust - ing now;
sweet - ly trust - ing, trust - ing now;
Trust - ing, trust - ing, I'm trust-ing in my Sav - ior now.
Trust-ing, trust - ing,

Copyright, 1900, by John J. Hood.

No. 136. Can I Forget?

T. O. CHISHOLM. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. A - mid the toil . . . . . and cares of life . . . . . That press on
2. Can I for - get . . . . . how far He came . . . . . To find His
3. Can I for - get . . . . . Him as He hung . . . . . Up - on the
4. Can I for - get? . . . . . Nay, bless-ed Lord, ... My grate - ful

ev - 'ry side, ... Oh, ev - er may . . . . .
wand - 'ring sheep? . . . . . O'er mountains dark . . . .
cross and died? . . . . . From ev - 'ry wound . . . .
heart re - plies; . . . . . I'll mag - ni - fy . . . . .
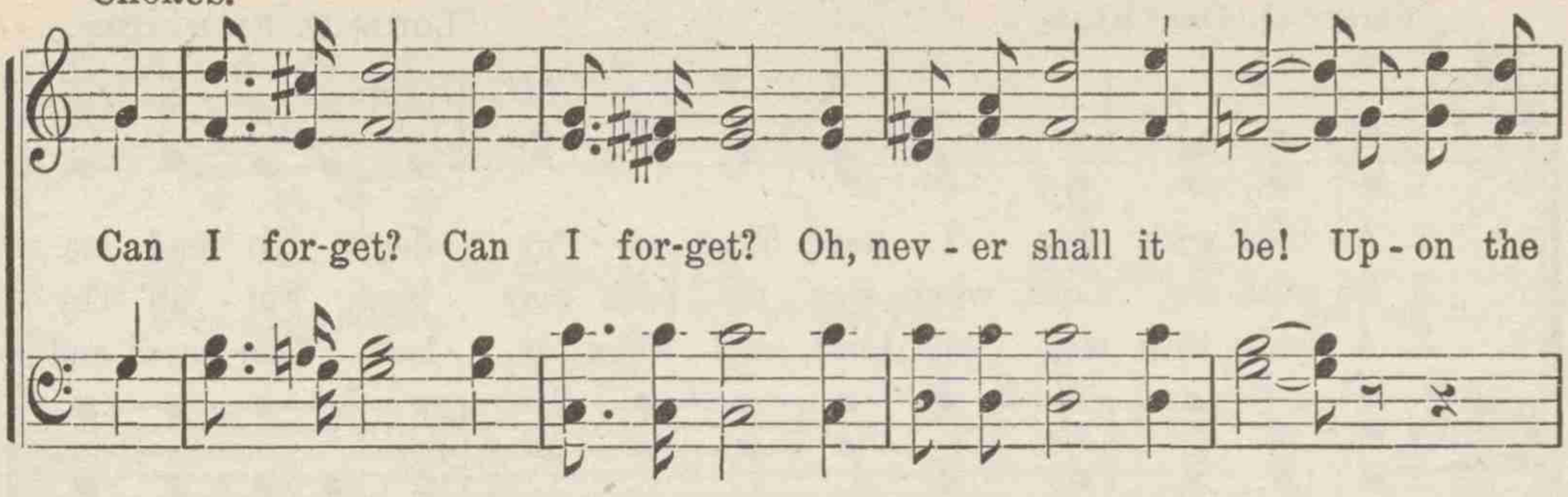
I fond-ly treas - ure That proof of love . . . . . beyond all
and dreadful, go - ing Where win-try winds . . . . . were mad-ly
His life-blood streaming, My guilt - y soul . . . . . from death re-
while breath is giv - en And cel - e - brate . . . . . a - new in
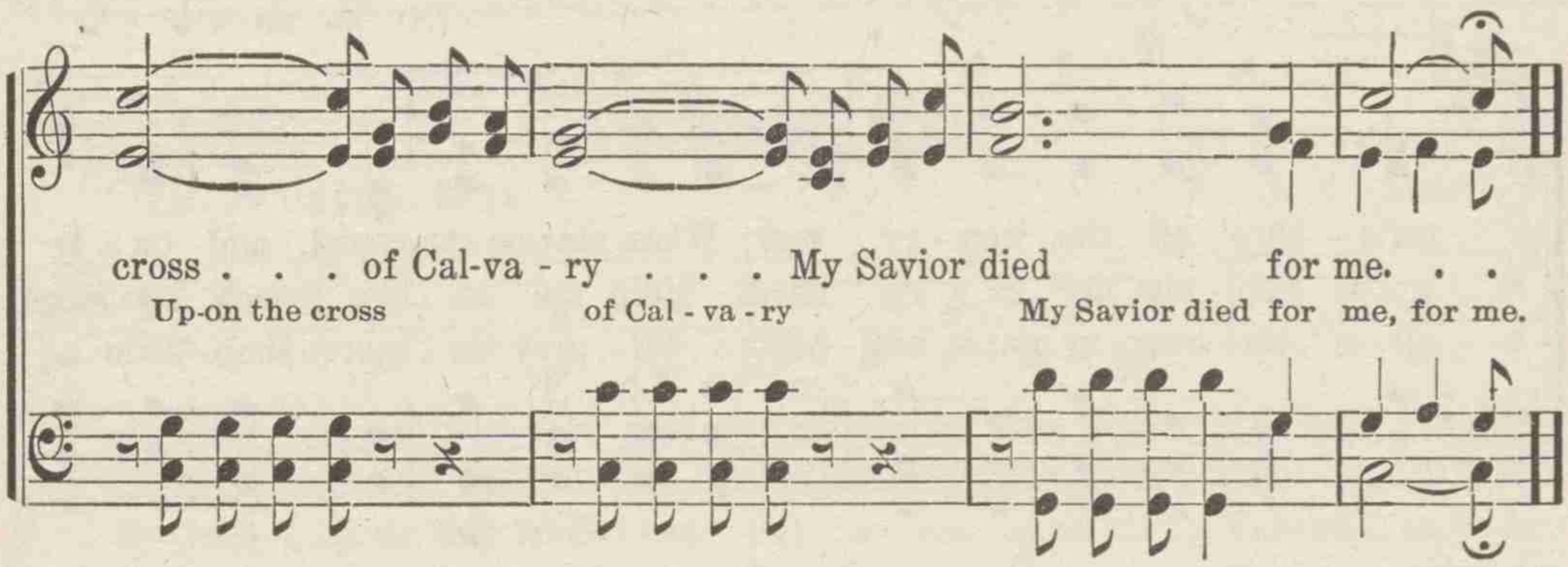
meas - ure, For me the Sav - ior died.
blow - ing, He found me fast a - sleep.
deem - ing, My Sav - ior, cru - ci - fied.
heav - en, Thy wond'rous sac - ri - fice.

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Can I Forget?

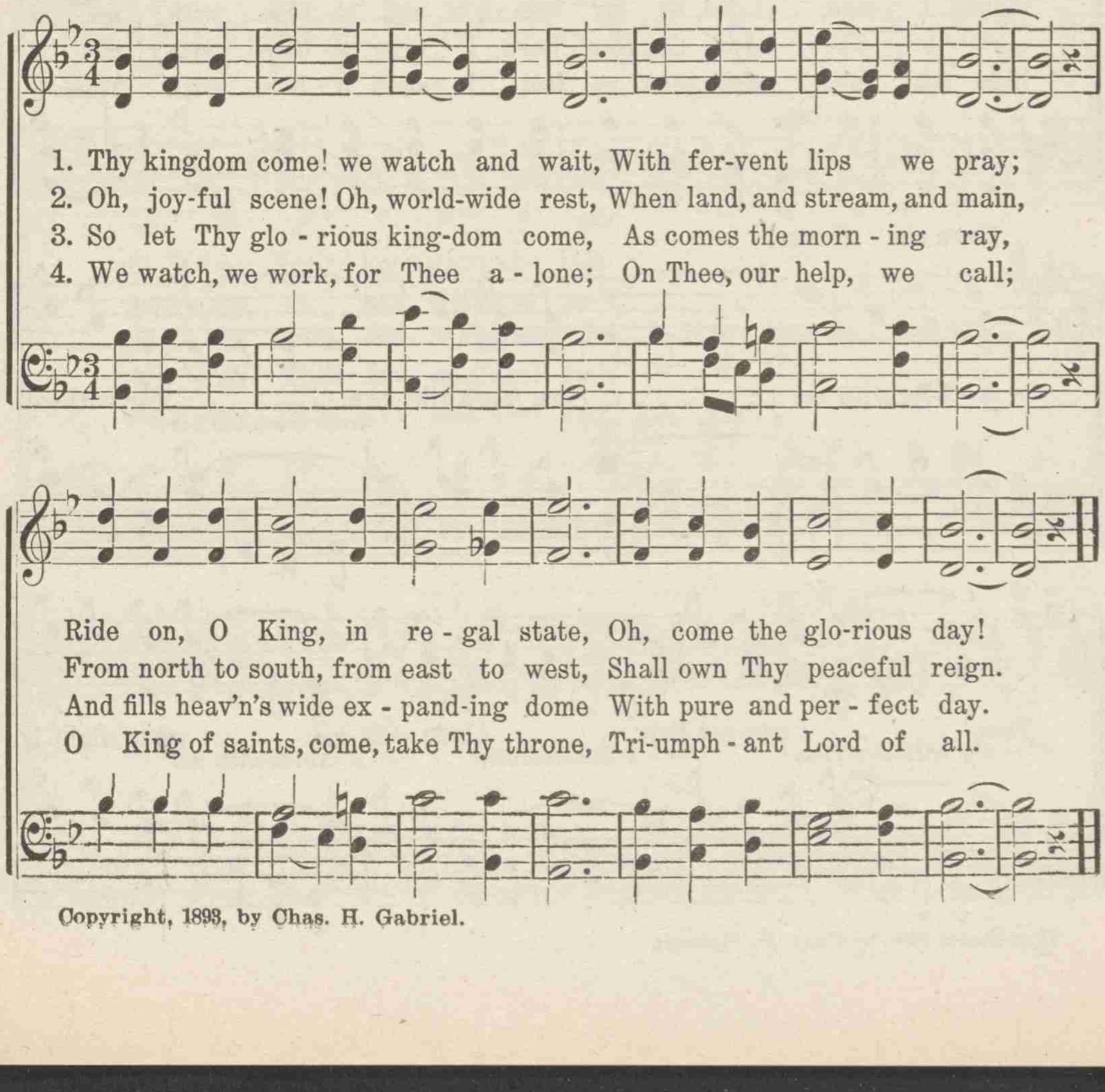
CHORUS.





No. 137. Thy Kingdom Come.

Rev. S. F. SMITH. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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No. 138. Abide With Me.

EMMA G. DIETRICH. LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

1. A - bide with me; I need Thee ev - 'ry day, To lead me
2. Be with me, Lord, wher - e'er my path may lead; Ful - fill Thy
3. A - bide with me, my Lord, and when at last, This earth and

on thro' all the wea - ry way; When storms sur-round, and on - ly
word, sup - ply my ev - 'ry need; Help me to live each day more
all its wea - ry cares are past; I'll pray no more that Thou a-

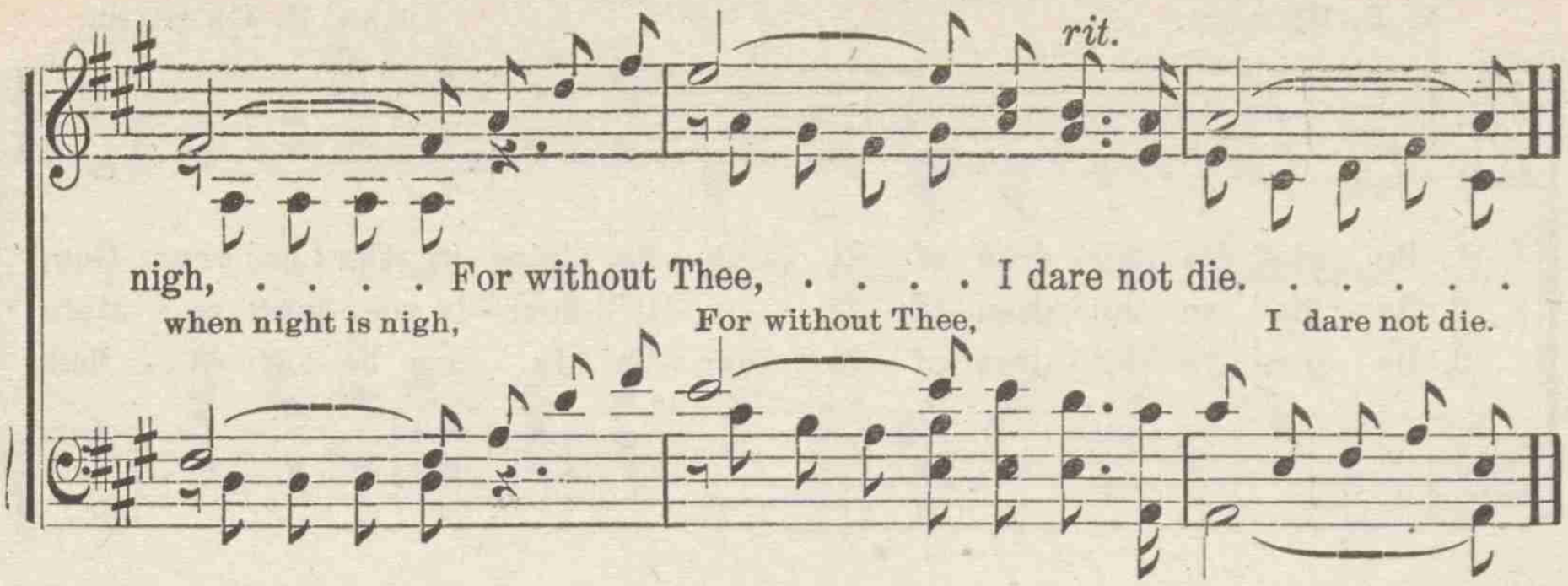
clouds I see, Lord, be my com - fort, and a - bide with me.
close to Thee, And, Oh, dear Lord, I pray, a - bide with me.
bide with me, For then, at last, I shall a - bide with Thee.

REFRAIN. *Faster.*

A - bide with me . . . . . from morn till eve, ... For without
A - bide with me, from morn till eve,
Thee . . . . I can-not live; . . . Abide with me . . . when night is
For with-out Thee I can-not live; Abide with me

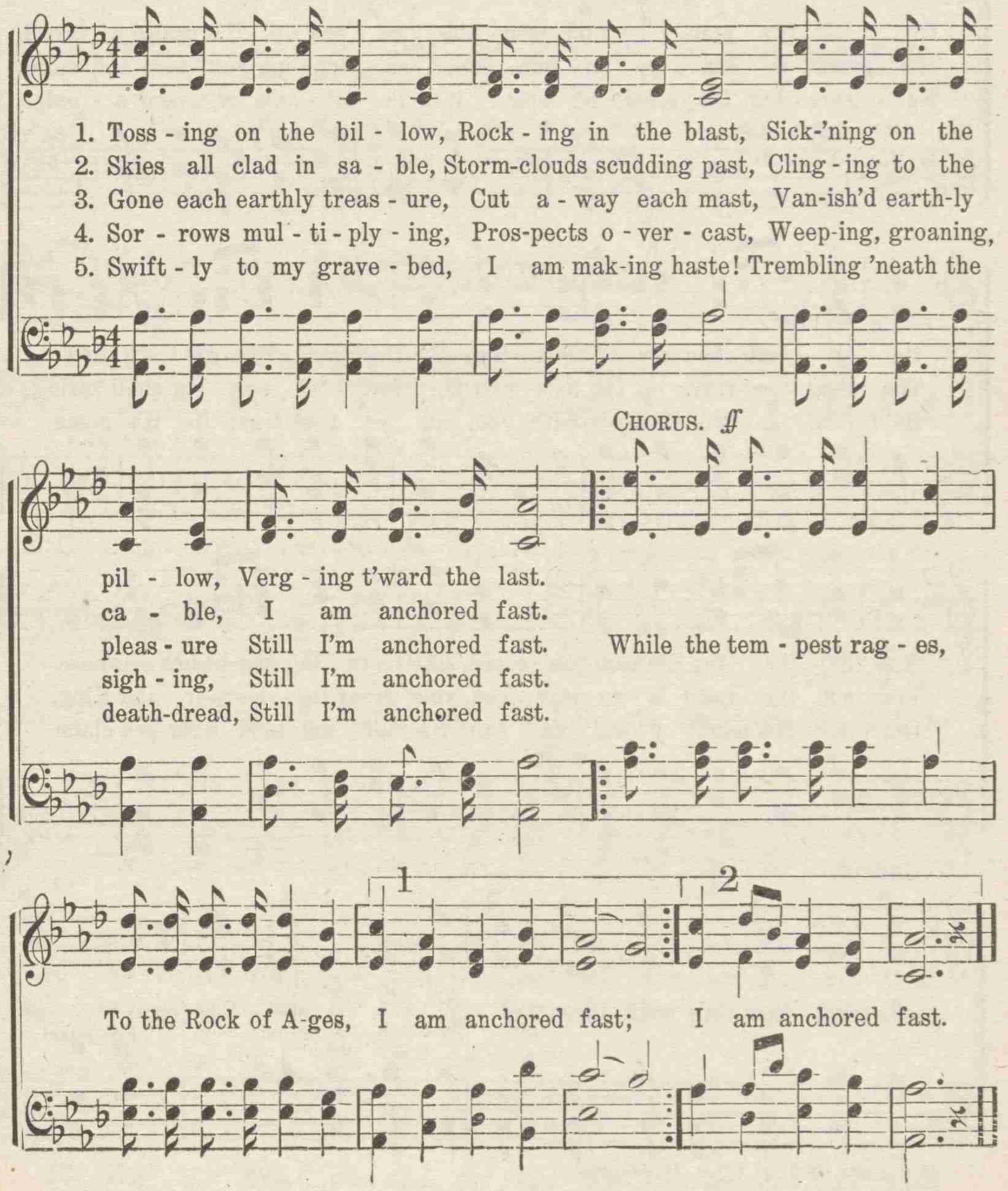
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Abide With Me.



No. 139. Anchored Fast.

WM. P. BREED, D. D. J. E. GOULD.



No. 140. Be Glad, Ye Children of Zion.

E. E. HEWITT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Be glad, ye chil - dren of Zi - on, re - joice in the Lord your God;
2. Be glad, ye chil - dren of Zi - on, He'll doub - ly your joys re - store,
3. Be glad, ye chil - dren of Zi - on, in Je - sus be sat - is - fied,

Oh, tell His man - i - fold mer - cies, re - ech - o His praise a - broad,
His grace is hap - py a - bun - dance, en - rich - ing you more and more;
Re - ceiv - ing His bless - ed Spir - it in ful - ness of peace a - bide;

He giv - eth show-ers of bless - ing, the fresh'ning, life - giv - ing dew,
The pleas - ant fruits of the har - vest from faith - ful serv - ing shall spring,
He'll deal so won-drous-ly with you, all ye that trust in His name,

And ev - 'ry day His com-pas - sions, like morn - ing sun-beams are new.
Fear not, the Lord is so near you, your great Re - deem-er and King.
Oh, tell His might - y sal - va - tion, His lov - ing kind - ness pro-claim.

CHORUS.

Be glad, then, ye chil - dren of Zi - on Re - joice! re-
Zi - on, re - joice! Re - joice!

Copyright, 1902, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

Be Glad, Ye Children of Zion.

joice! Oh, hear your Fa - ther's voice, . . . Be glad, then, ye
re - joice! re - joice!

chil - dren of Zi - on, Re - joice in the Lord, your God.
re - joice!

No. 141. I'll Live for Him.

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!*

D. C.

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 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. 142. The Money that Belongeth to Our King.

JOHN HOGARTH LOZIER. Solo and Chorus. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. If we on - ly had the money that be-long - eth to our king, If the
2. If we on - ly had the money, it would give Redemption's song To the
3. It would gild those saddened faces with the beams of Beth-le - hem; And the

reap - ers of God's bounties tri - bute tithes would on - ly bring, Then the
wear - y hearts now cry - ing out, "How long, O Lord, how long!" And the
"sol - i - tar - y plac - es" would "re - joice and shout for them;" Oh, ye

win-dows of the heav-ens would fly wide at His com - mand, And He'd
"Thirst-y land" would blossom, and the "Waiting Isles" would sing, If we
stewards, get ye read - y! Swift - ly comes the Reck - on - ing, When we'll

CHORUS.

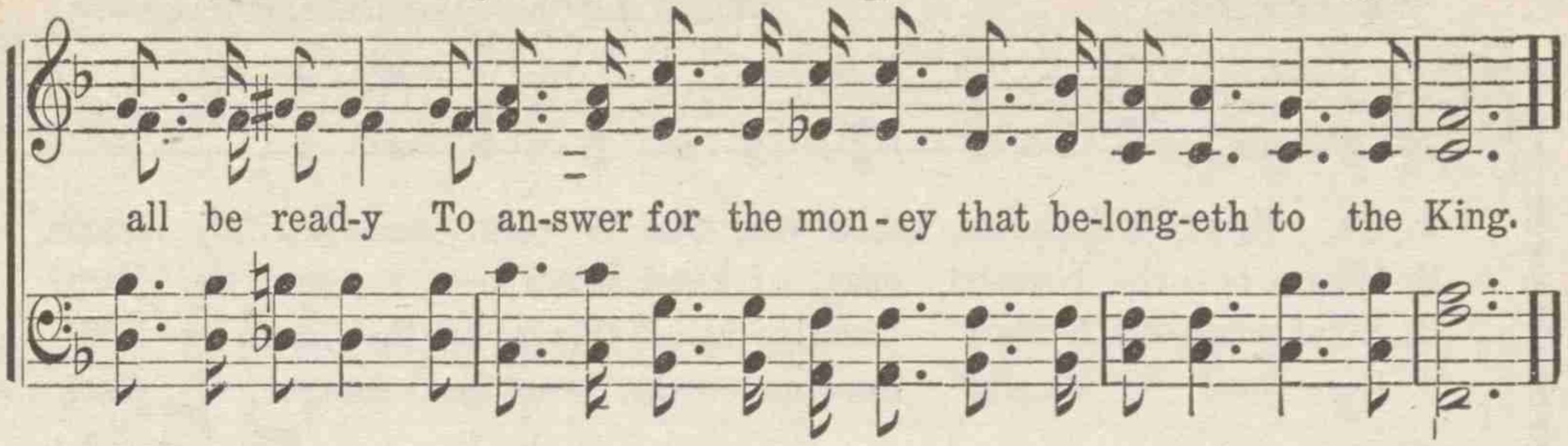
pour us out a blessing that would ov-er - flow the land.
on - ly had the money that be-long-eth to our King. Oh, let us all be
an - swer for the money that be-long-eth to our King.

pp f pp cres.

read - y, read - y! Oh, let us all be read-y, read-y! Oh, let us

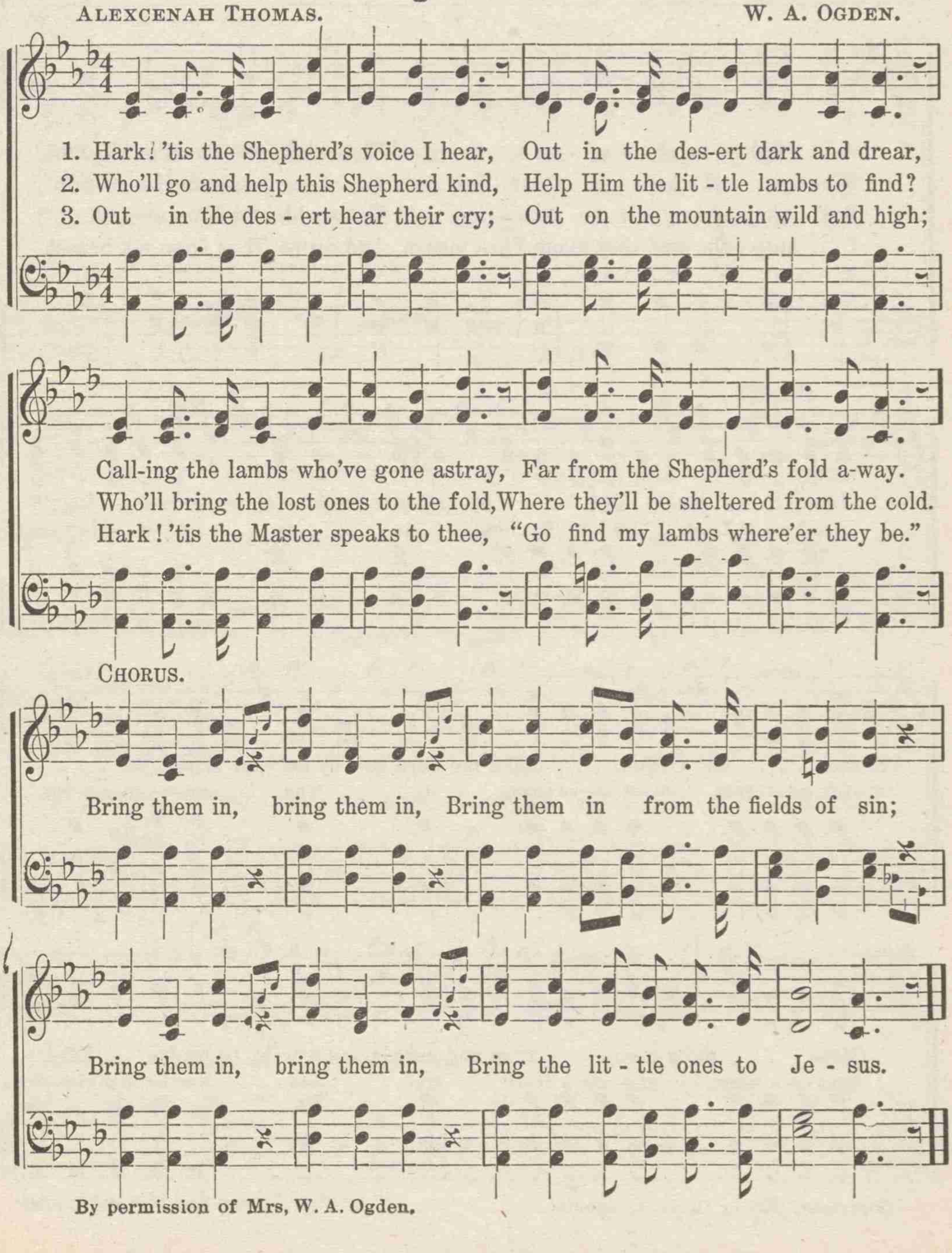
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The Money that Belongeth to Our King.



No. 143. Bring Them In.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.



By permission of Mrs, W. A. Ogden.

No. 144. Lead Me, O Lord.

WM. COWPER. Music and Chorus by Dr. S. B. JACKSON.

1. Oh, for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame,
2. Where is the bless-ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord?
3. What peace-ful hours I then en-joyed, How sweet their mem-'ry still!
4. Re - turn, O Ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet mes - sen-ger of rest;

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and His word?
But they have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.

CHORUS.

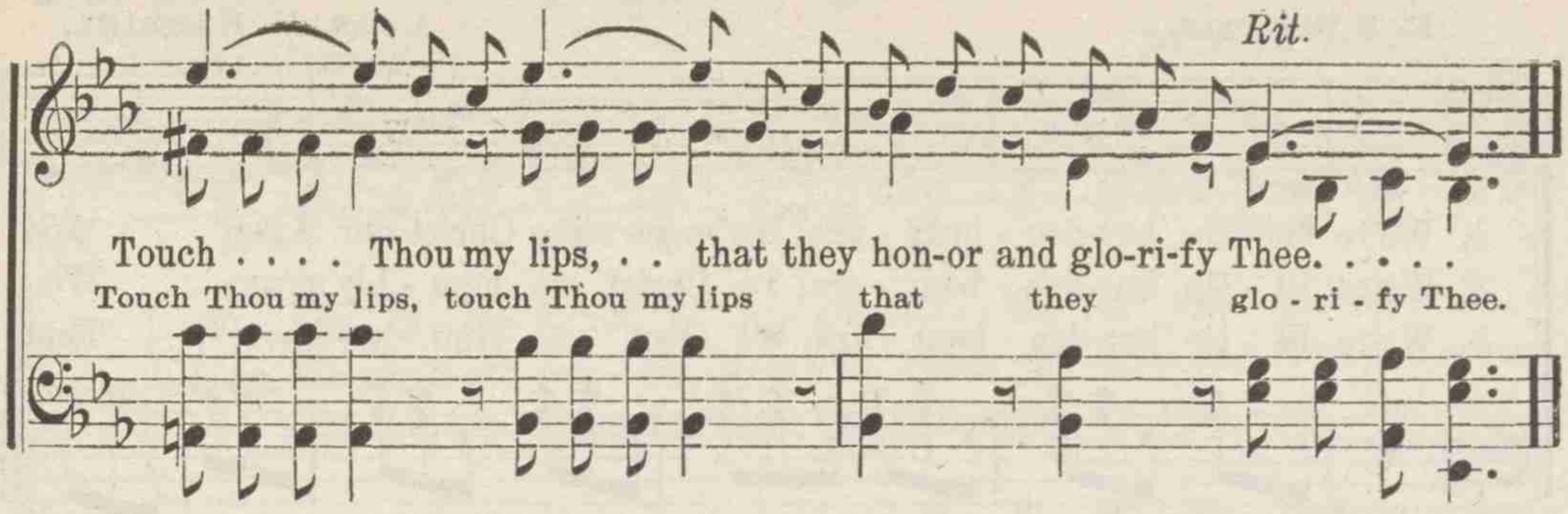
Lead . . . . me, O Lord, ... by Thy love in the way ev-er-last - ing;
Lead me, O Lord, lead, by Thy love, in the way ev - er-last - ing;

Search . . . . me, O God, . . . make me pure as Thy servant should be; . . .
Search me, O God, make me as pure, as Thy servant should be;

Give . . . me a heart . . . true and simple, and worthy to praise Thee,
Give me a heart, give me a heart true and worthy to praise Thee,

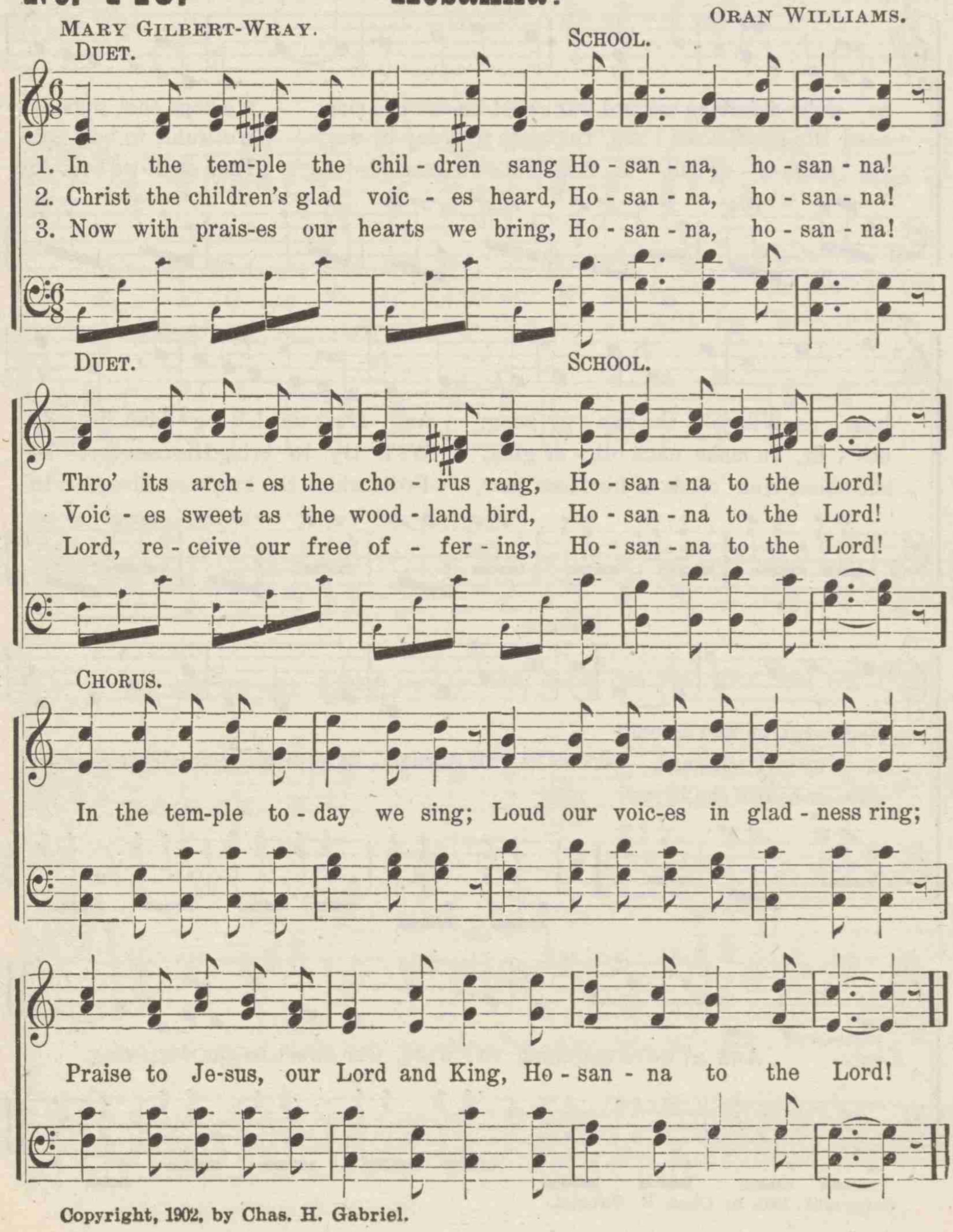
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Lead Me, O Lord.



No. 145. Hosanna!

MARY GILBERT-WRAY. ORAN WILLIAMS.



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No. 146. Little Burden-Bearers.

E. E. HEWITT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We're lit - tle bur-den - bear - ers, We're serv-ing Christ our King, And as we're marching onward, Our sweet ho-san-nas ring;
2. We're lit - tle bur-den - bear - ers; To Christ we hum - bly pray; We need His grace so of - ten, To please Him day by day;
3. We're lit - tle bur-den - bear - ers; We look to Him a - bove, That He may ev - er fill us With His own gracious love;

We hope that some who hear us Will join the hap - py song,
We want to help each oth - er, To make each oth - er glad;
Then shall we scat-ter sun-shine, And "seeds of kindness" sow,

And trust our lov-ing Sav - ior, So We'll try to bring His com-fort To From which the brightest blossoms In

CHORUS.

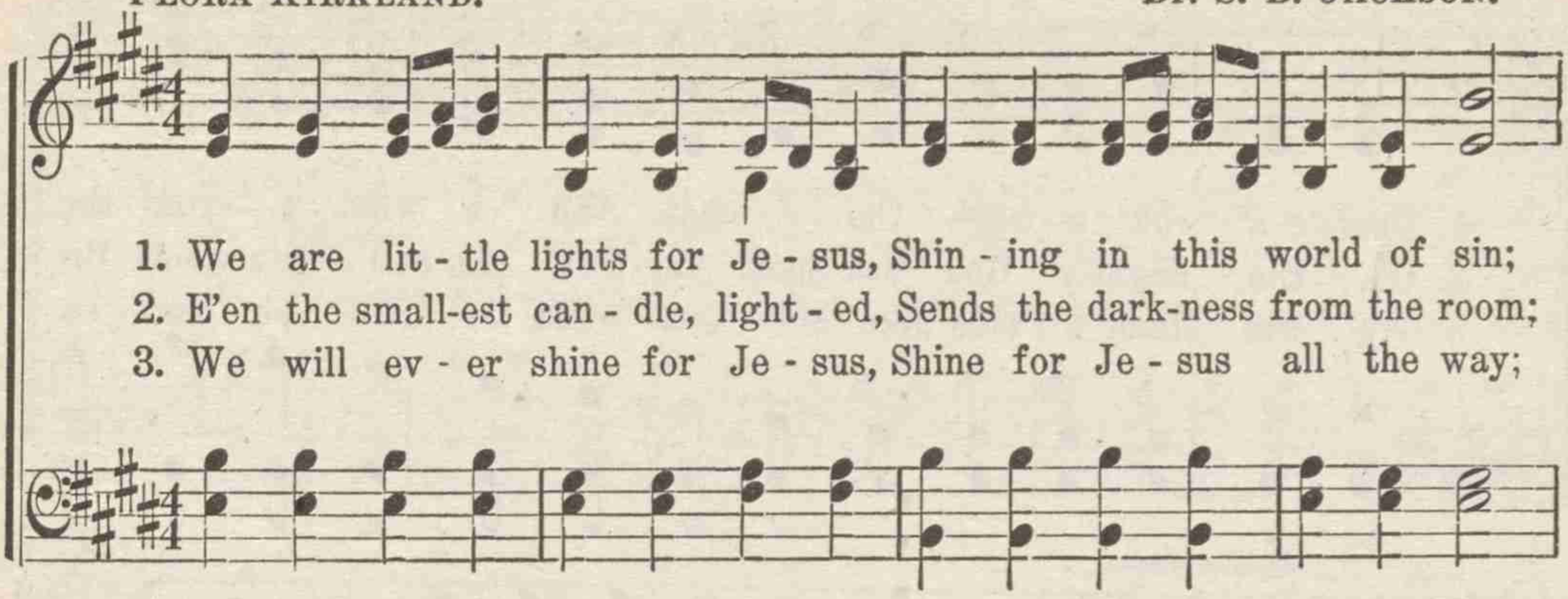
ten-der, true and strong.
a - ny who are sad. We're lit - tle burden - bearers, We're serving Christ our
oth - er hearts shall grow.

King, And as we're marching on - ward, Our sweet ho-san - nas ring.

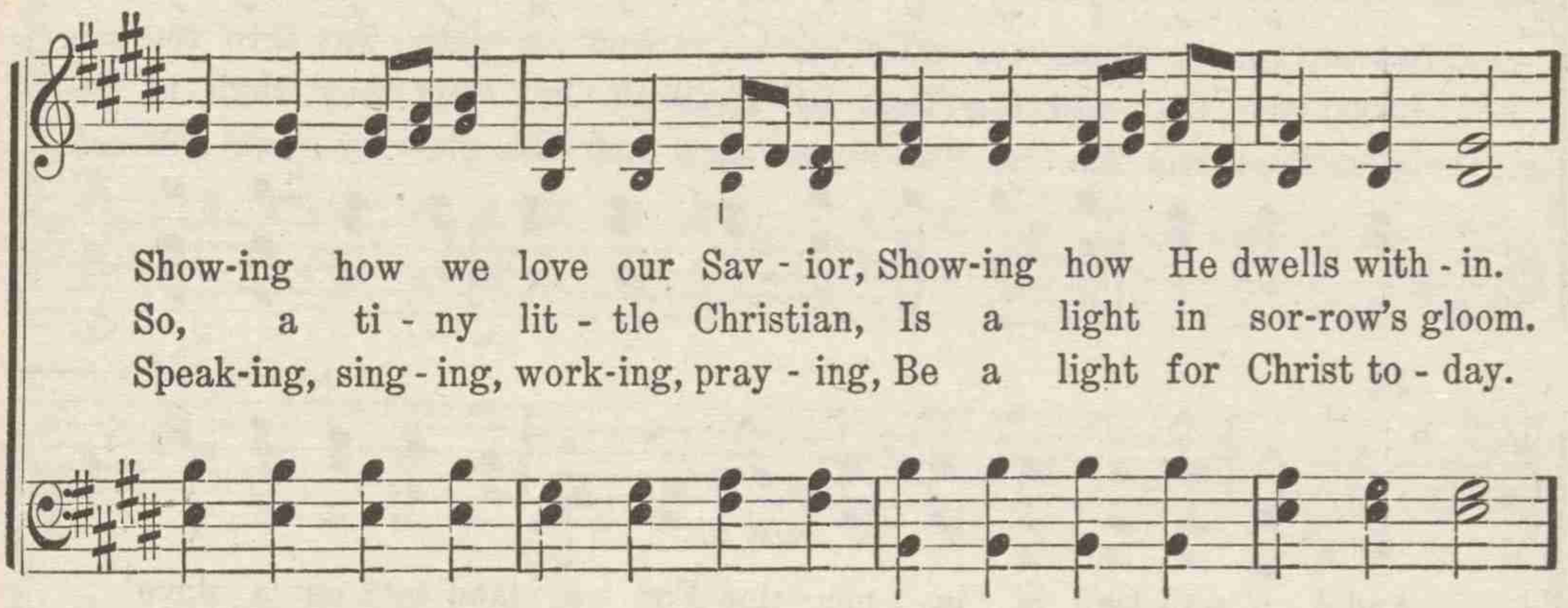
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No. 147. Little Lights.
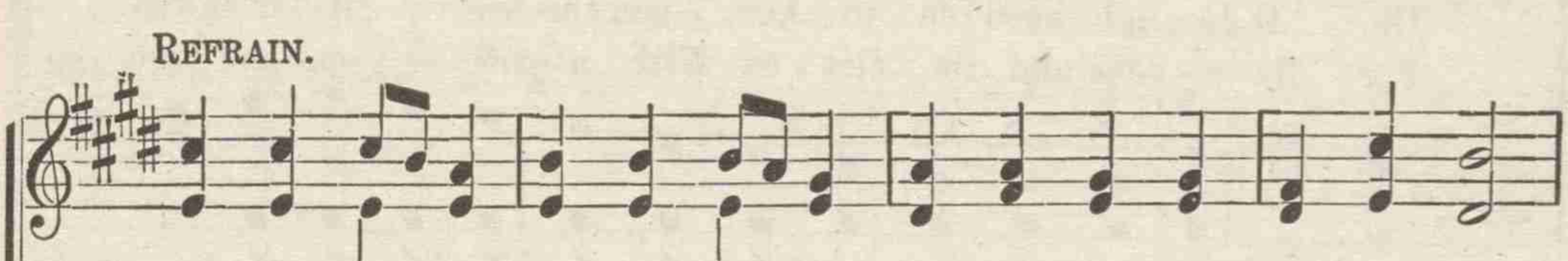
FLORA KIRKLAND. Dr. S. B. JACKSON.



1. We are lit - tle lights for Je - sus, Shin - ing in this world of sin;
2. E'en the small-est can - dle, light - ed, Sends the dark-ness from the room;
3. We will ev - er shine for Je - sus, Shine for Je - sus all the way;
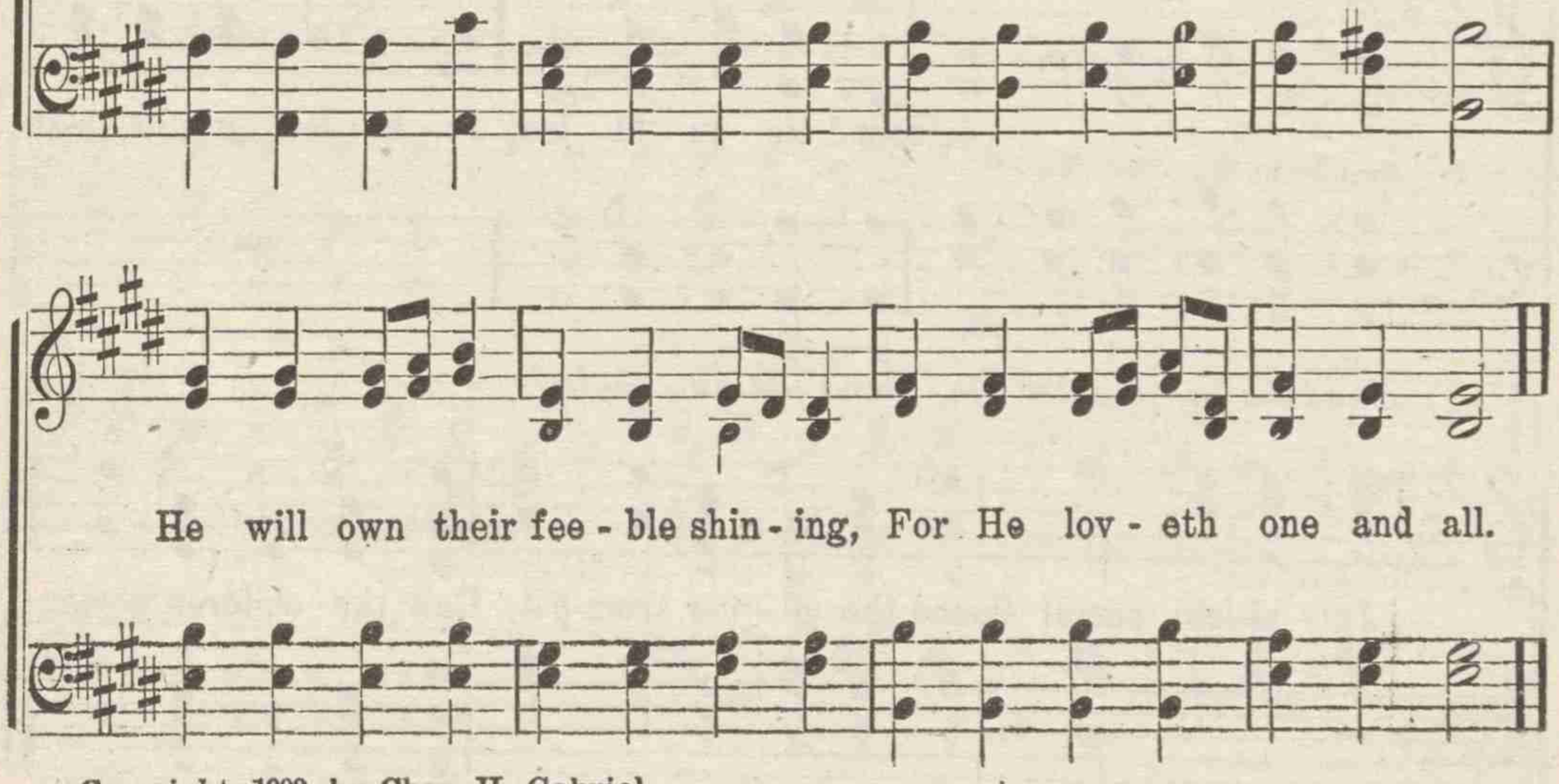


Show-ing how we love our Sav - ior, Show-ing how He dwells with - in.
So, a ti - ny lit - tle Christian, Is a light in sor-row's gloom.
Speak-ing, sing - ing, work-ing, pray - ing, Be a light for Christ to - day.



REFRAIN.

We will lift our lights for Je - sus, Hum - ble tho' they be, and small;



He will own their fee - ble shin - ing, For He lov - eth one and all.

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No. 148. Oh, Sound the Jubilee.

H. S. TAYLOR. J. B. HERBERT.

1. There's a rod a - bove the o - cean, And a wind a - cross the waves, (And a path - way thro' the sea,) And a path - way thro' the sea.
2. Oh, the might-y God has spok - en, For the chil - dren whom He loves, (He has said they shall be free!) He has said they shall be free!
3. We will stand a - side like Mo - ses, When Je - ho - vah pass - es by, (And His glo - ry we will see,) And His glo - ry we will see.

:S:

And a na - tion is in mo - tion For a land with-out a slave! . .
Up, O Ja - cob! heed the to - ken, When the fire - y pil - lar moves! . .
For He o - pens and He clos - es With a pow - er great and high, Oh!

D. S.—*For the yoke of Rum is bro - ken, And the peo - ple shall be free! Oh,*

FINE. CHORUS.

sound the ju - bi - lee! Oh, sound the ju - bi - lee! Ju - bi - lee! ju - bi - lee!

sound the ju - bi - lee! Oh, sound the ju - bi- lee!

D. S.

Ju - bi-lee! come! Sound the sil - ver trum-pet, Call the children home.

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No. 149. Following Our Guide.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. F. S. Shepard.

1. We will fol-low our Guide o-ver mountain, We'll fol-low Him o - ver the plain;
2. We shall nev-er go wrong, if we fol - low The Sav-ior we faith-ful-ly love;
3. Oh, we never will question His wisdom; Our lives have been placed in His care;

Yes, wher - ev - er He leads we will fol-low Thro' darkness and sorrow and pain.
And the thorn-i-est ways will but lead us To mansions of glo - ry a - bove.
We will trust Him in tri - als, well knowing His mer - cy and goodness are there.

Chorus.

Fol-low-ing our Guide, Fol - low - ing our Guide, With a true en-
faithful Guide, faith-ful Guide,
deavor, We will trust in Him for-ev-er; Fol-low-ing our Guide,
faith-ful Guide,
Following our Guide, Ev-er we will fol - low our Guide. . . . . .
faithful Guide, our faith-ful Guide.

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No. 150. Scripture Selection.

Then said Jesus unto His disciples, If any man will come after me let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.

For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.

If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be: If any man serve me, him will my Father honor.

Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven.

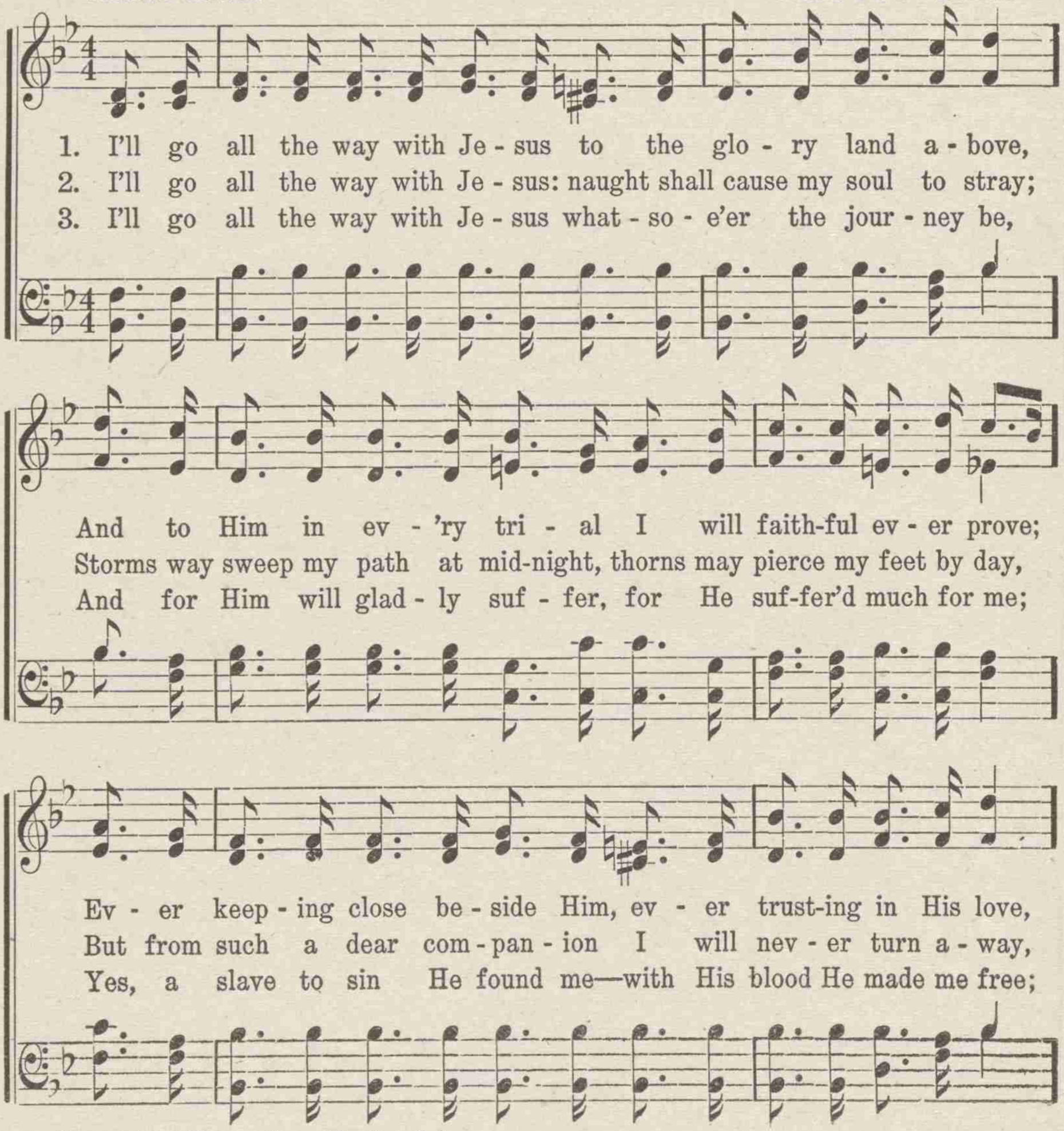
But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.

He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me.

For even hereunto were ye called; because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps.

No. 151. All the Way with Jesus.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



Copyright, 1902, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

All the Way with Jesus.

I'll go all the way with Je - sus to the glo - ry - land.
I'll go all the way with Je - sus to the glo - ry - land.
I'll go all the way with Je - sus to the glo - ry - land.

CHORUS.

All, all the way with Je - - sus, All the
All the way with Je - sus, glad - ly I will go,
way with my Re - deem - er hand in hand, Ev - er
hand in hand,
keep - ing close be - side Him, Ev - er trust - ing in His love, I'll go
all the way with Je - sus to the glo - ry - land.

No. 152. Jesus Loves Us.

Mrs. M. O. J. KREPS. H. A. HENRY.

1. Je-sus loves the lit - tle chil - dren, And tho' sin - ful I may be,
2. Oh, I want to be like Je - sus, Meek and gen - tle, pure and mild;
3. If I try to serve and praise, Him He will send an an - gel band

Yet He calls me, sweet-ly calls me, "Lit - tle one, come to me."
Soft - ly speak - ing, help-ing oth - ers, Just as a lit - tle child.
To pro - tect and guide me ev - er, Hold-ing me by the hand.

CHORUS.

Je-sus dear-ly loves us, He loves us, He loves us, The Bi-ble tells us so.

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No. 153. Swing the Lilies.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER, ADOLPH JESREAL.

1. Lil-ies, beau - ti - ful and white, Hearts o'er-flow-ing with de - light,
2. Like the lil - ies may we be, Pure and white, O Lord, in Thee;

Songs, the sweet-est, for our King, Are the off'rings we would bring.
Keep us as we old - er grow, Pure and spot-less as the snow.

Copyright, 1897, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

Swing the Lilies.

Je - sus died that we might live, Died, e - ter - nal life to give;
May our fa - ces bright - ly shine With Thy love and truth di - vine;

But in tri - umph He a - rose, Vic - tor o - ver all His foes.
Keep us un - der - neath Thy wing; This we ask, O Lord, our King.

CHORUS.

Swing the lil - ies, lil-ies pure and white; Sing the glad re-
Swing the lil - ies, pure white lil - ies, lil - ies pure and white; Sing the

frain, Je - sus lives a - gain! Spread the ti - dings!
glad re - frain that Je - sus lives a - gain! Spread the ti - dings! joy - ful ti-dings!

tell it with delight; Je-sus lives, our great Re-deem-er lives a - gain.
tell it with de - light; He lives a - gain.

No. 154. Where is Your Faith, My Brother.

T. O. CHISHOLM. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Where is your faith, my brother? This would the Master know, Ask - ing a -
2. Where is your faith, my brother? Do you in rich-es trust, What will your
3. Where is your faith, my brother? Do you on self re - ly, Hop - ing by
4. Where is your faith, my brother? Dreaming that life is long, Will you neg -
5. Where is your faith, my brother? Would you sal-va-tion gain? Trust in the

gain the ques - tion Spok - en so long a - go. Ques - tion of deep - est
gold a - vail you, When you have turned to dust? "Rich - es are not for -
good en - deav - or, Par - don and peace to buy? Not un - to him that
lect sal - va - tion, List - 'ning to pleasure's song? Oh, do not trust to -
name of Je - sus.—All oth - er hope is vain, Christ is the sure foun-

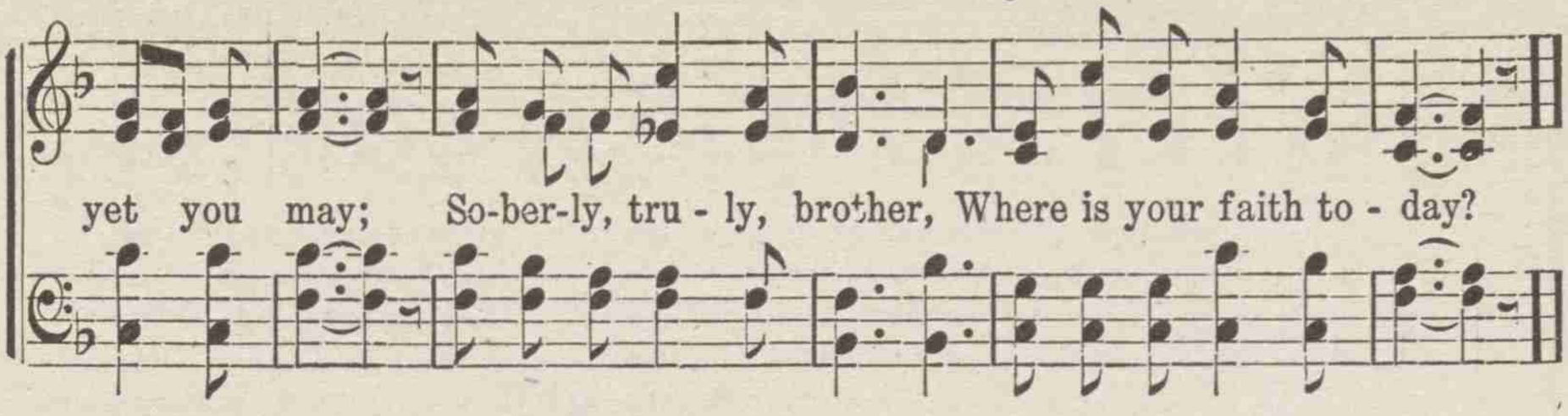
mean - ing Pon - der it well and say, So - ber - ly, tru - ly, broth - er,
ev - er" Thus do the Scriptures say; Ah! in the great here - af - ter
work - eth Prom-ise of life is giv'n; Nev - er may hu - man mer- it
mor - row, For it may nev - er come: E - ven this night, my broth-er,
da - tion, Firm a - mid wind and wave; "No oth - er name is giv - en."

CHORUS.

Where is your faith to - day?
What then will be your stay?
En - ter the gates of heav'n. Where is your faith, my broth-er? Answer while
You may be summoned home.
Je - sus a - lone can save.
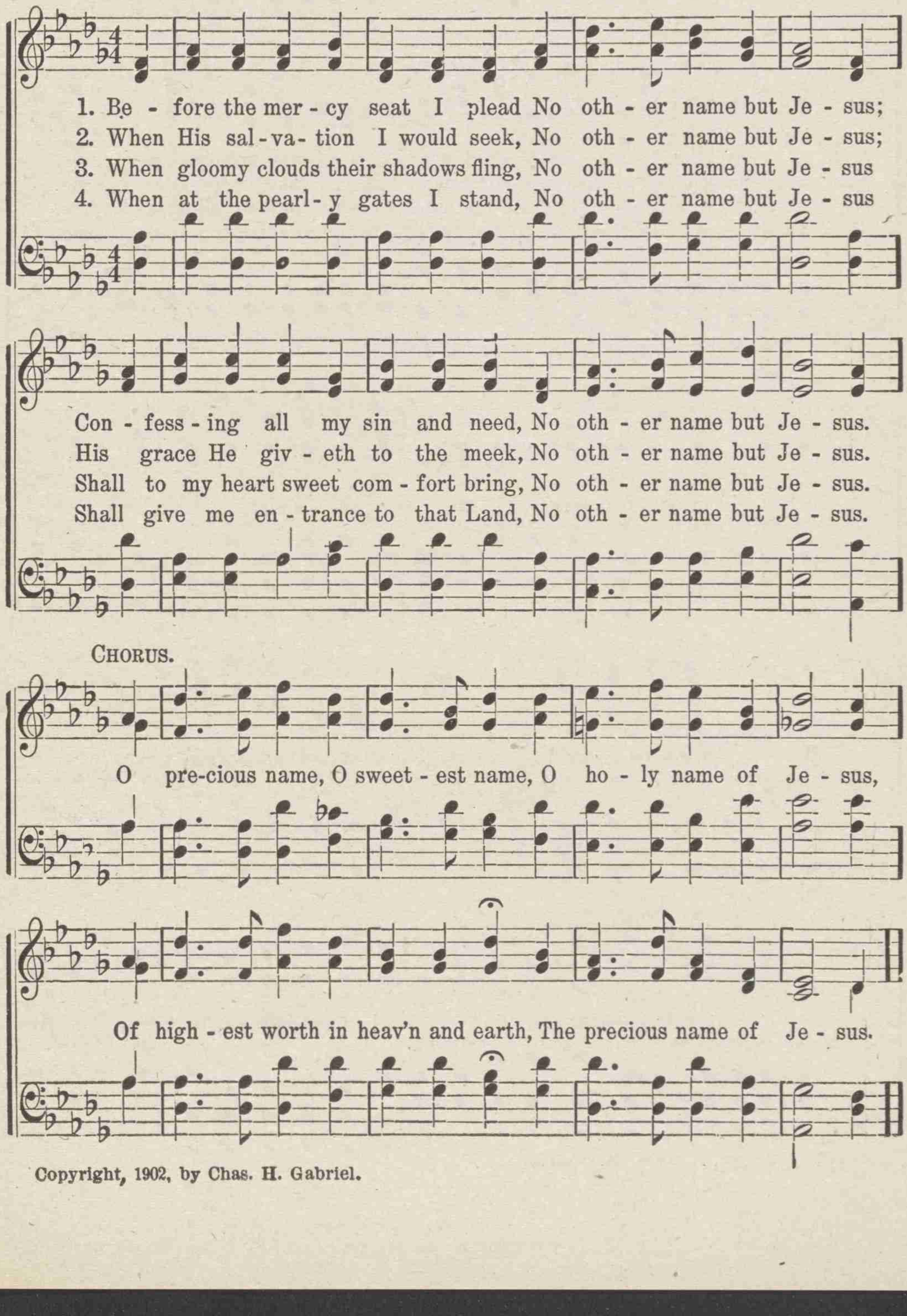
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Where is Your Faith, My Brother?



No. 155. No Other Name But Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT. GEO. H. CROSBY.



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No. 156. He Never Forsakes Me.

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

1. I have a Friend of all others the best, He nev-er forsakes me;
2. Trials may compass me,sorrows be mine, He nev-er forsakes me;
3. Tho' the world sever my tenderest ties, He nev-er forsakes me;
4. He thro' the valley my soul will attend, He nev-er forsakes me;

He nev - er forsakes, He nev - er forsakes me;

Trust - ing in Him, I am sweetly at rest, He nev-er forsakes me.
Clos - er the arms ev-er-last - ing entwine, He nev-er forsakes me.
Tho' the stars fail,and the light from the skies, He nev-er forsakes me.
Praise to His name, He'll be true to the end, He nev-er forsakes me.

He nev - er, no He

CHORUS.
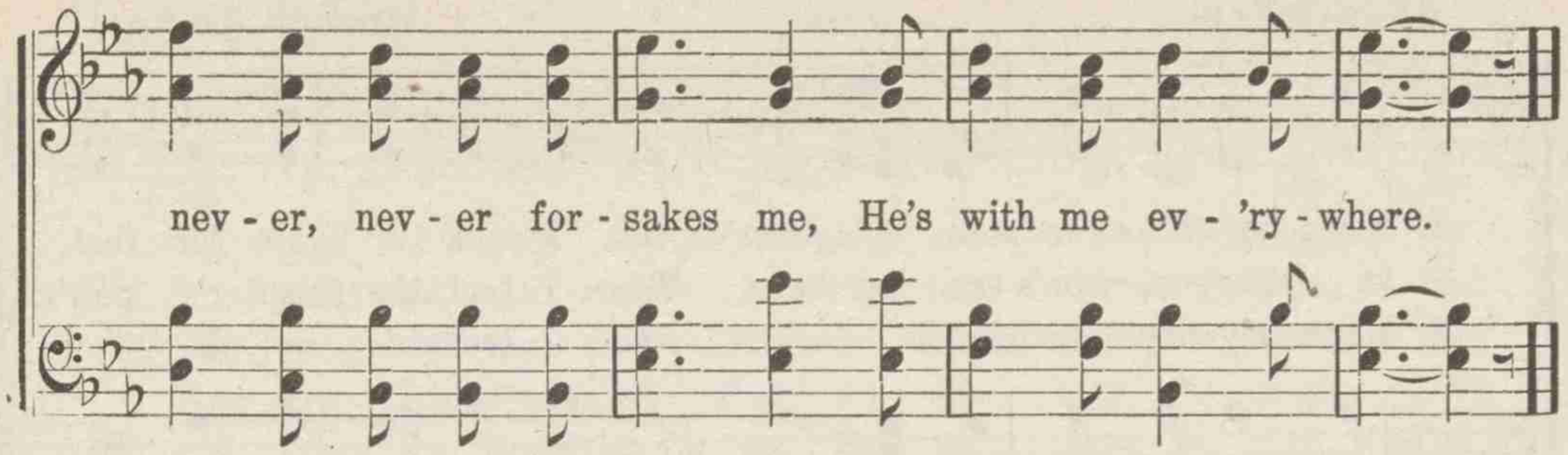
He never forsakes me, I am the child of His care;
Nev - er for-sakes, He nev - er for-sakes me, love and care; His

His arms are around me, Pleasure and sorrow to share;
arms are a-round me, ev - er a - round me, with me to share

Grace free-ly be-stow - ing, All of my burdens to bear, He
Grace to me free - ly, free - ly be-stow-ing, dai - ly bear,

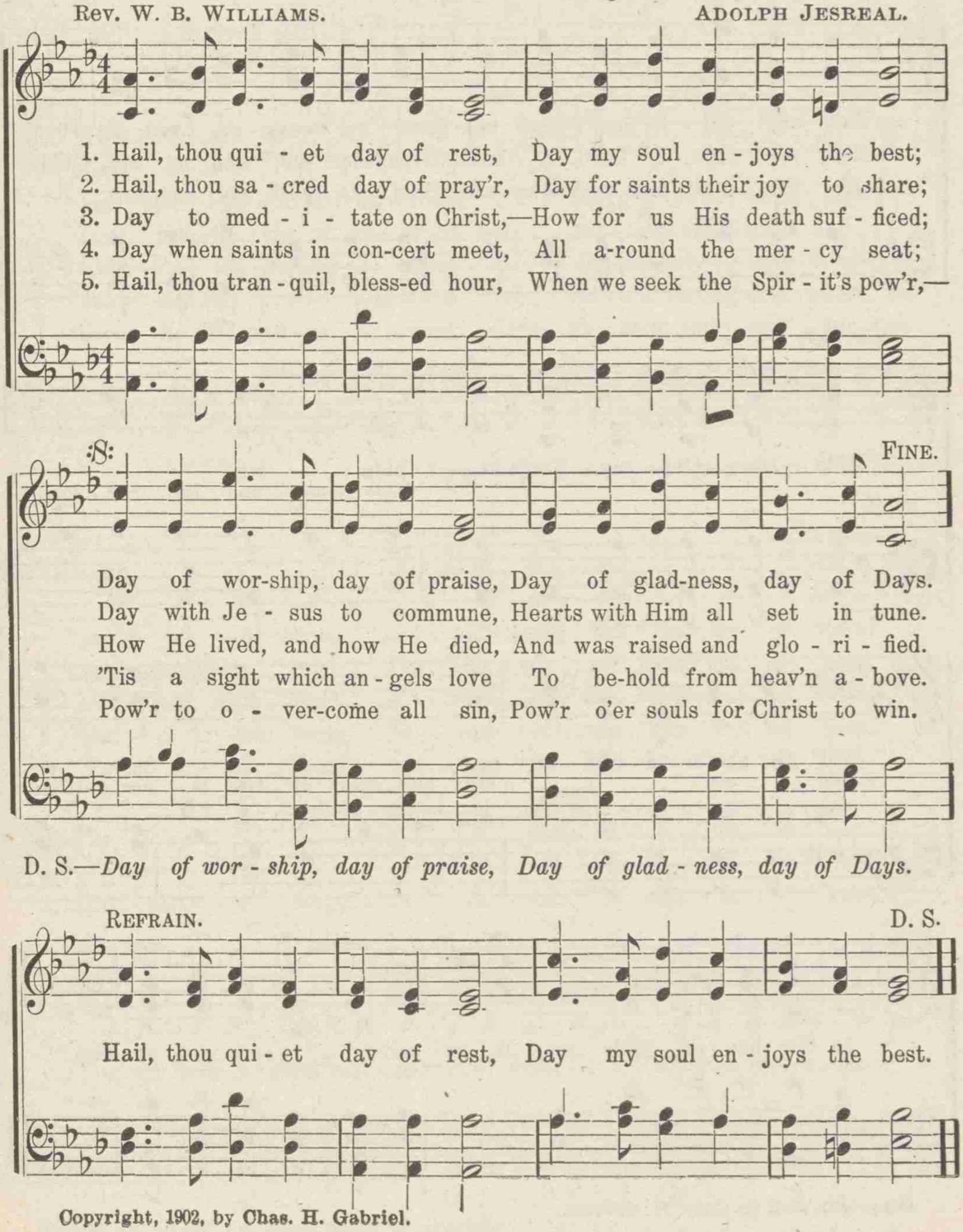
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He Never Forsakes Me.



No. 157. Hail, Sacred Day.

Rev. W. B. WILLIAMS. ADOLPH JESREAL.



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No. 158. Hide Me, Oh, My Savior!

JENNIE REE. ADOLPH JESREAL.

1. When my heart is sore op - press'd, And I seek in vain for rest,
2. In temp-ta - tion's try - ing hour, When I feel the tempter's pow'r,
3. When my day of life is o'er, And I trem-ble on the shore

This my dai - ly pray'r shall be, Draw me near - er, Lord, to Thee.
Near me then, O Lord, a - bide, Strengthen me, and be my Guide.
Of the dark and un-known sea, Then, O Lord, my com-fort be.

CHORUS.

"Hide me, Oh, my Sav - ior, hide me,
Hide me, oh, my Sav - ior,
'Till the storm of life is past,
hide me,
'Till the storm of life is past, Safe in-
to the hav - en guide me, Oh, re - ceive . . . my soul at last."
to
Oh, re - ceive

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No. 159. The Haven of Rest.

H. L. GILMOUR. GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
4. How pre - cious the tho't that we all may re - cline, Like
5. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient - ly waits To

bur - den'd with sin, and dis - trest, Till I heard a sweet voice say-ing,
faith tak-ing hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I
been the old sto - ry so blest Of Je - sus who'll save who - so-
John the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no
save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the

D. S.—*The tem - pest may sweep o'er the*

"made me your choice;" And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
an - chored my soul; The "Ha - ven of Rest" is my Lord.
ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest."
tem - pest can harm, Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest."
"Ha - ven of Rest," And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."

FINE.

wild, storm - y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

D. S.

I've anchor'd my soul in the Haven of Rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

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No. 160. Jesus is Calling.

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

1. Je - sus is call - ing, lov - ing - ly call - ing! Mo-ments are wast - ing and the har-vest is wide; Ma - ny are wait-ing, ma-ny are i - dle, Ma - ny are halt - ing, and a - wait - ing the tide.
2. Je - sus is call - ing, lov - ing - ly call - ing! Gath - er the jew - els that in plen - ty are found; Tell of sal - va - tion! tell it with glad-ness, Un - til the world shall with His glo - ry re - sound.
3. Je - sus is call - ing, lov - ing - ly call - ing! En - ter the field, joy - ful - ly sing-ing His love; Comfort the weak ones, res-cue the wand-'rer, Lead them in safe - ty to the mansions a - bove.

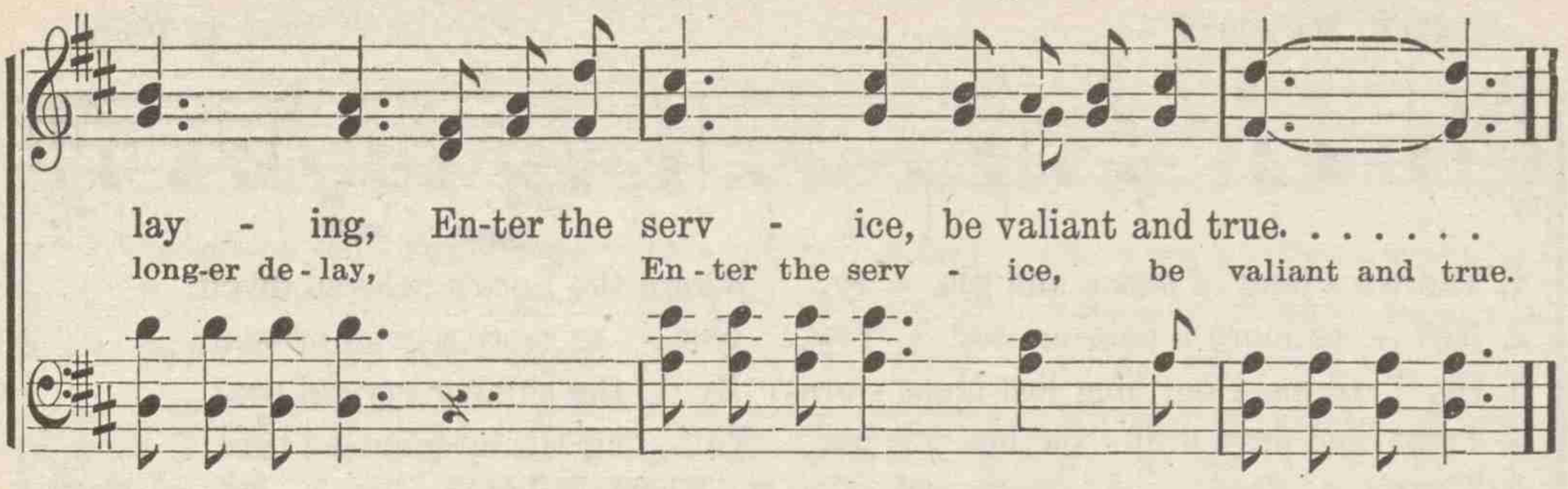
CHORUS.

Je-sus is call - ing, so lov - ing-ly call - ing, Enter the field, for there's plen-ty to do, ... Take up the cross, and, no longer de-

Je-sus is call - ing, hear Him to-day, En-ter the field for there's plen-ty to do, Take up the cross no

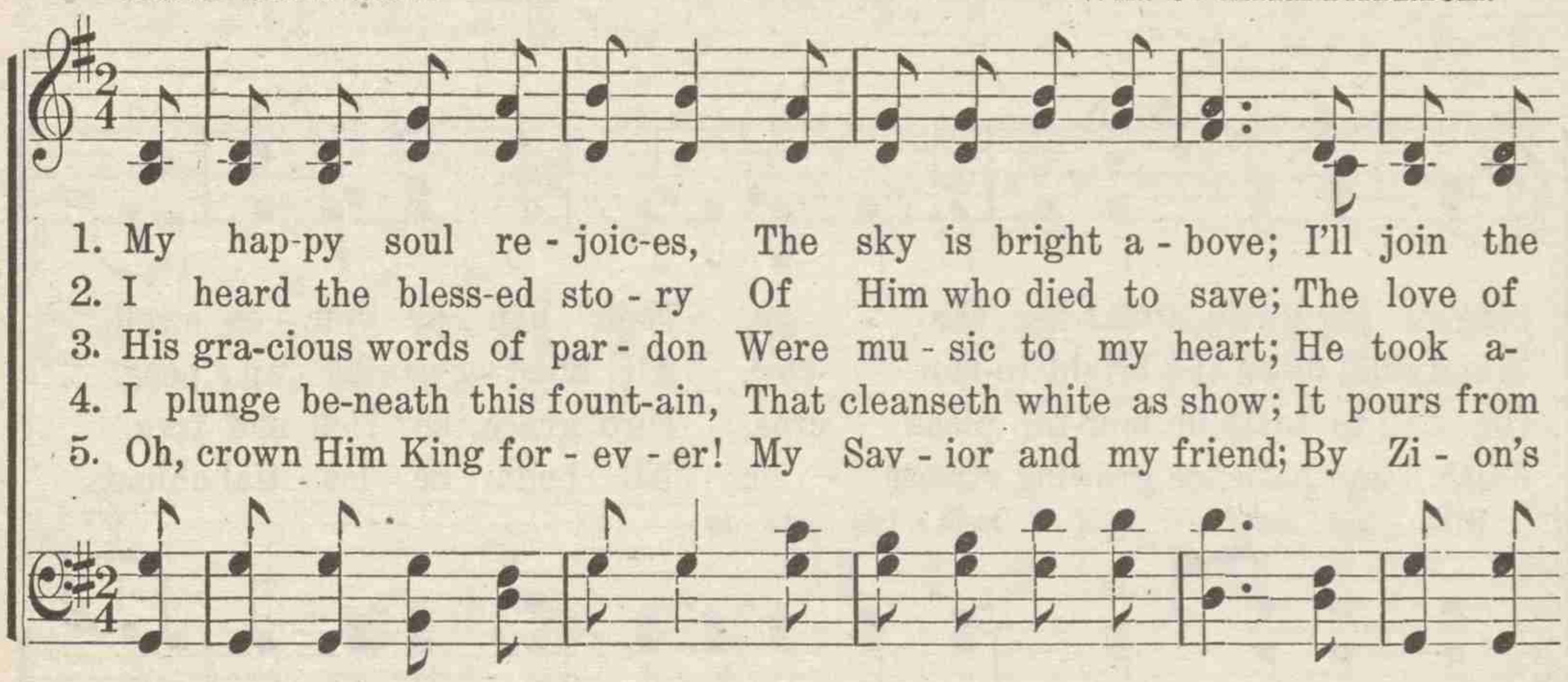
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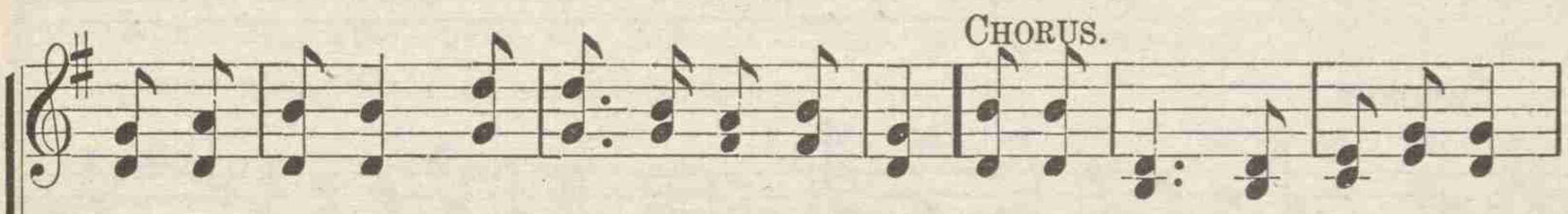
Jesus Is Calling,

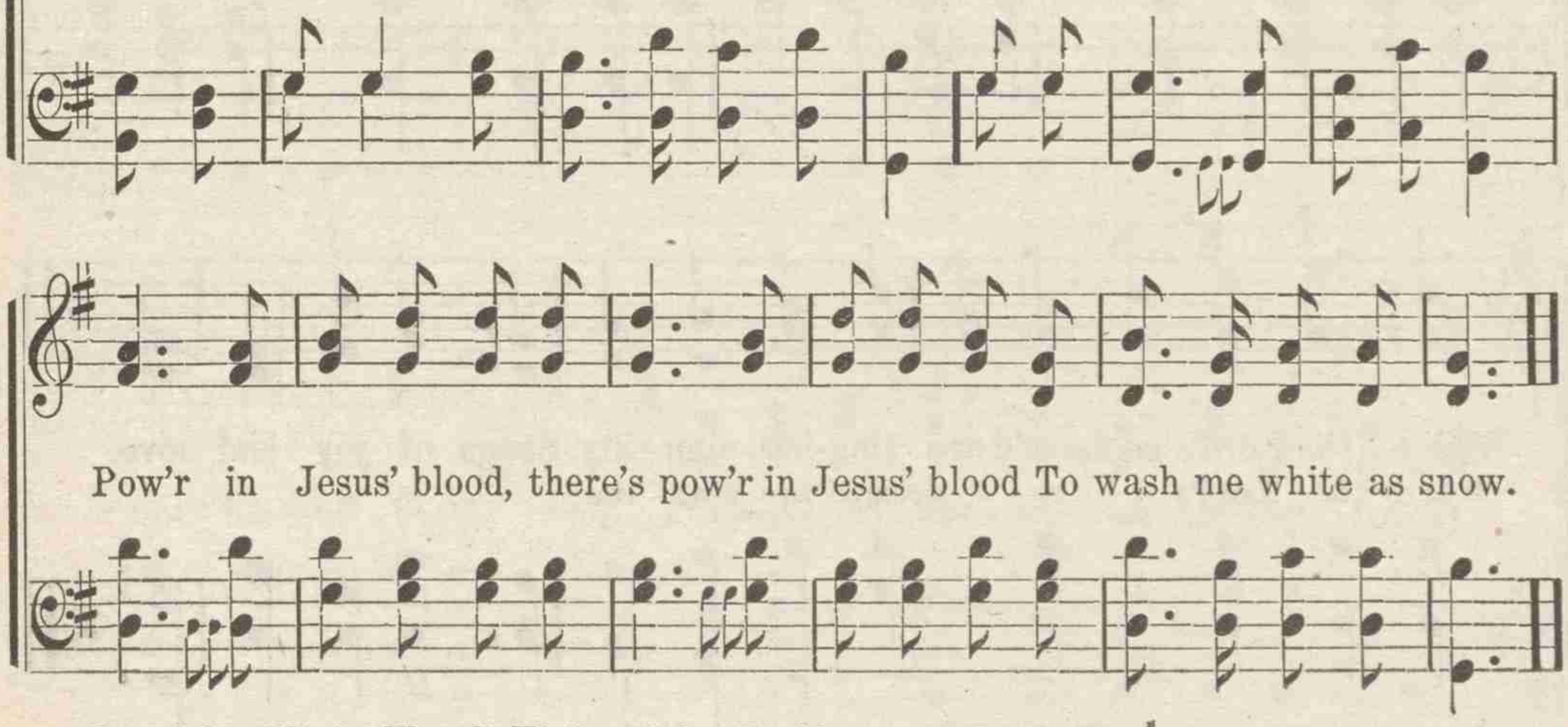


No. 161. There's Power In Jesus' Blood.

HOPE TRYAWAY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
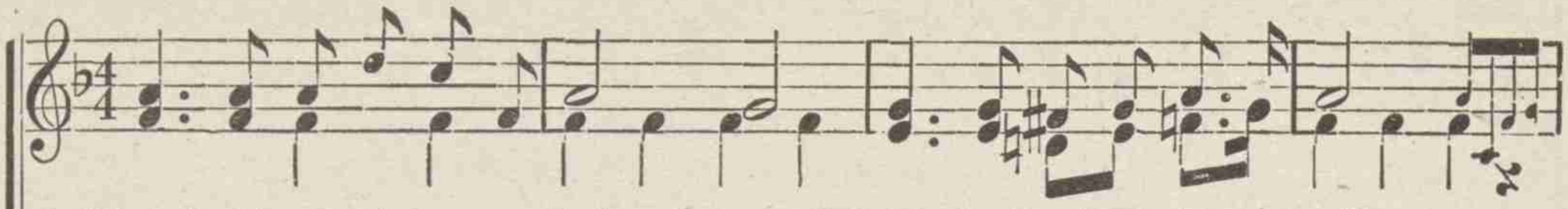






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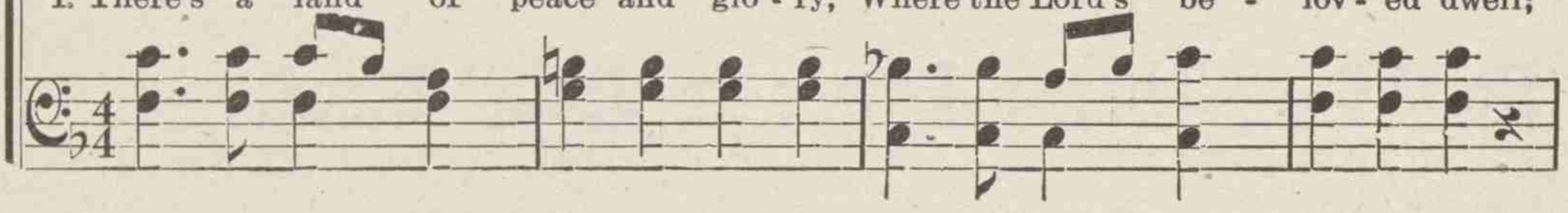
No. 162. Land of Peace and Glory.
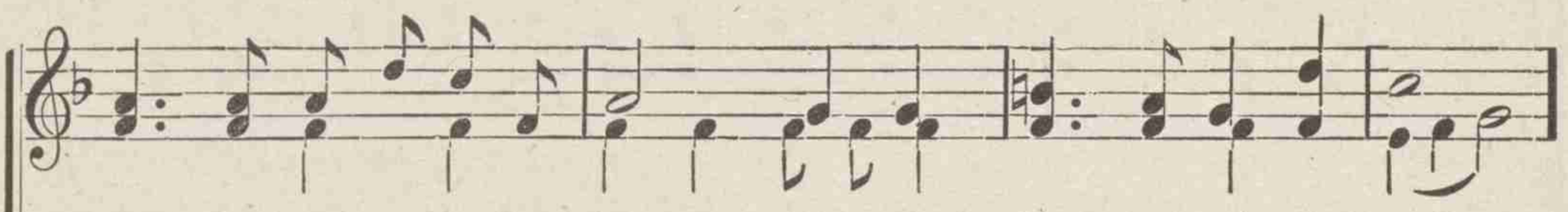
E. E. HEWITT. W. A. POST.



1. There's a land of peace and glo - ry, Where the Lord's beloved dwell;
2. Nev - er more a pain or sor - row, Nev - er more a grief or tear;
3. Oh, to meet our long lost treas - ures By the shining crystal sea;
4. Trust and pray a lit - tle lon - ger, Wait - ing His ap-point-ed time;
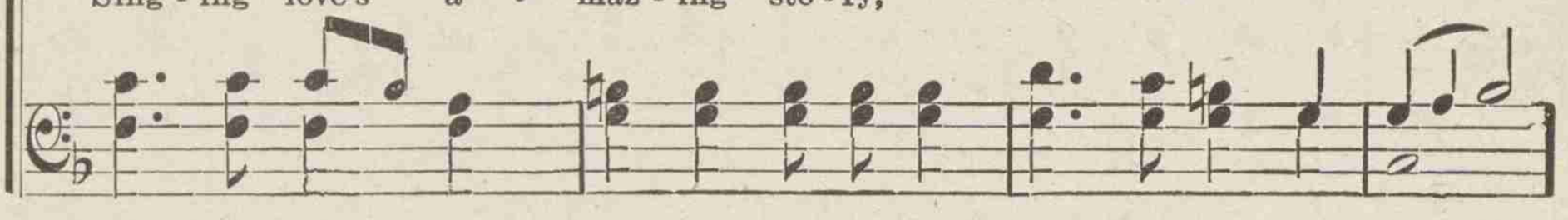
1. There's a land of peace and glo - ry, Where the Lord's be - lov - ed dwell;
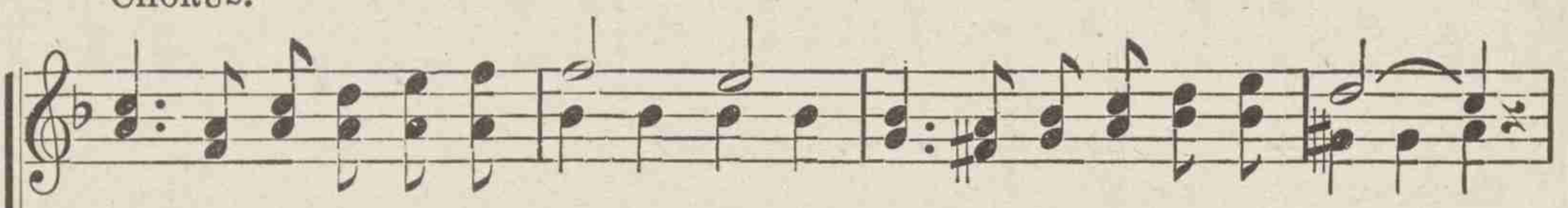




Sing - ing love's a-maz-ing sto - ry, Their hap - py voic - es swell.
When shall dawn the bright to-mor - row, All shad - ows dis - ap - pear.
Oh, to taste im-mor-tal pleas - ures, Thro' grace, so rich and free.
Faith and patience growing strong - er 'Till bells ce - les - tial chime.

Sing - ing love's a - maz - ing sto - ry,
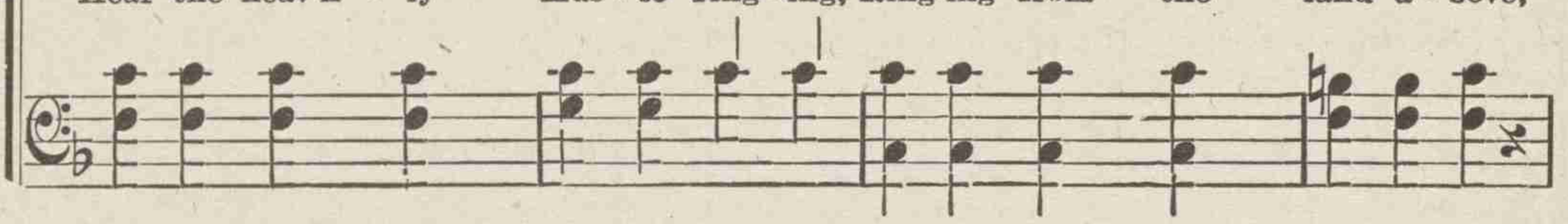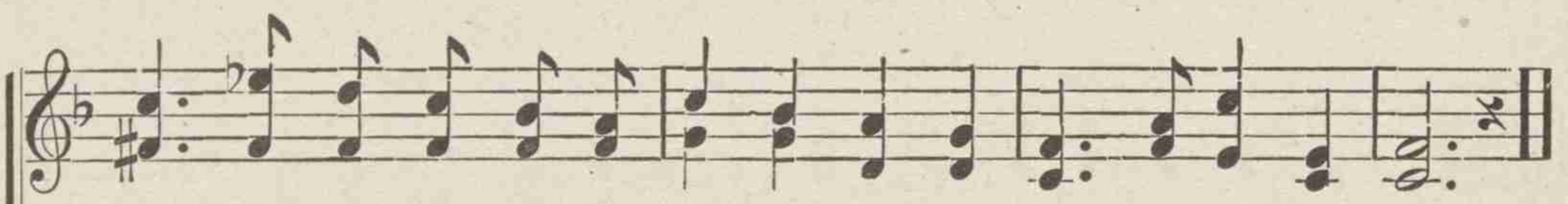


CHORUS.



Hear the heav'nly mus-ic ring - ing, Ring-ing from the land a - bove; . . .

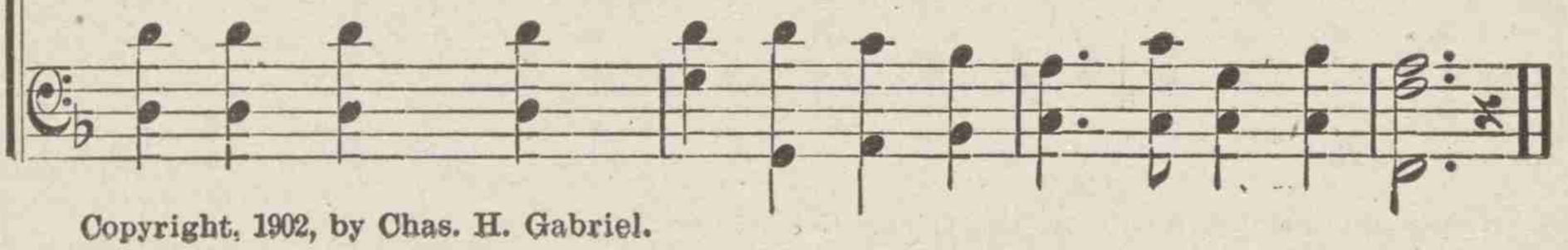
Hear the heav'n - ly mus - ic ring - ing, Ring-ing from the land a - bove;





Where the Lord's re-deem'd are sing-ing, sing - ing Songs of joy and love.

Where the Lord's re - deemed are sing - ing



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No. 163. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. CROSBY. MRS. J. F. KNAPP.

1. Bless - ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of His
2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per-fect de - light, Vis - ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight, An - gels de - scend-ing, bring from a - bove Ech - oes of
3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am hap - py and blest, Watching and wait-ing, look-ing a - bove, Fill'd with His

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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No. 164. I'll Be There By and By.

JAMES ROWE. H. A. HENRY.

1. There's a land far a - way in the Somewhere of time, Which, by faith, in the dis-tance I see; There beau - ty and love - li - ness on - ly are found,—What a
2. There are mil-lions of souls in that land far a - way, And from sor-row and pain they are free, For sigh-ing, and sickness,and death are un-known,—What a
3. In that land of the blest there are beau-ti - ful homes, Such as nev - er on earth we shall see, For ev - 'ry-one there is the child of a King,— What a

CHORUS.

won - der - ful land it must be! I'll be there, by and by, I'll be there by and by, For my Sav - ior has prom-ised me, . . . If His will I o- bey,Some sweet day,some sweet day, In this wonderful land I shall be. . . . . .

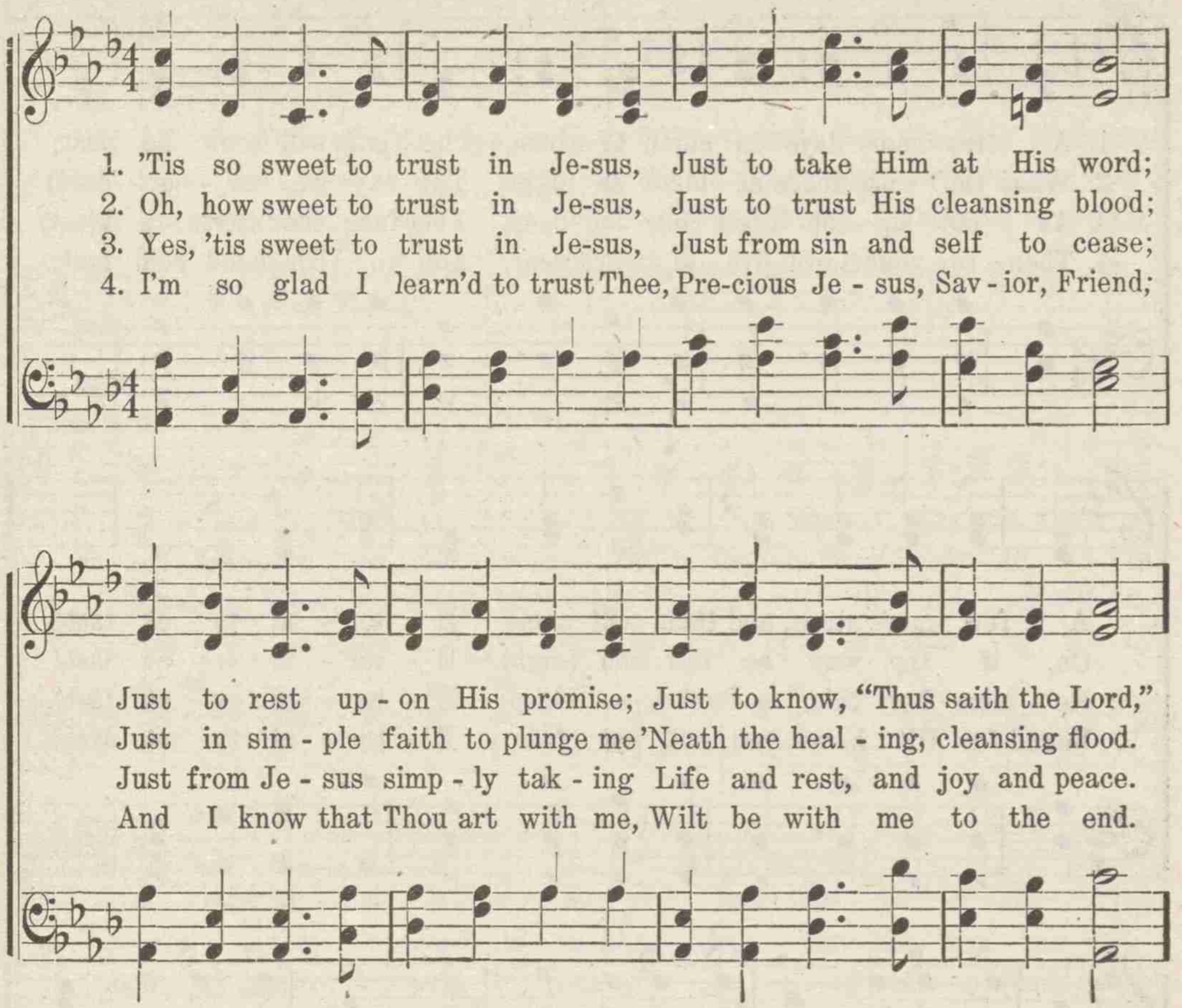
promised me,

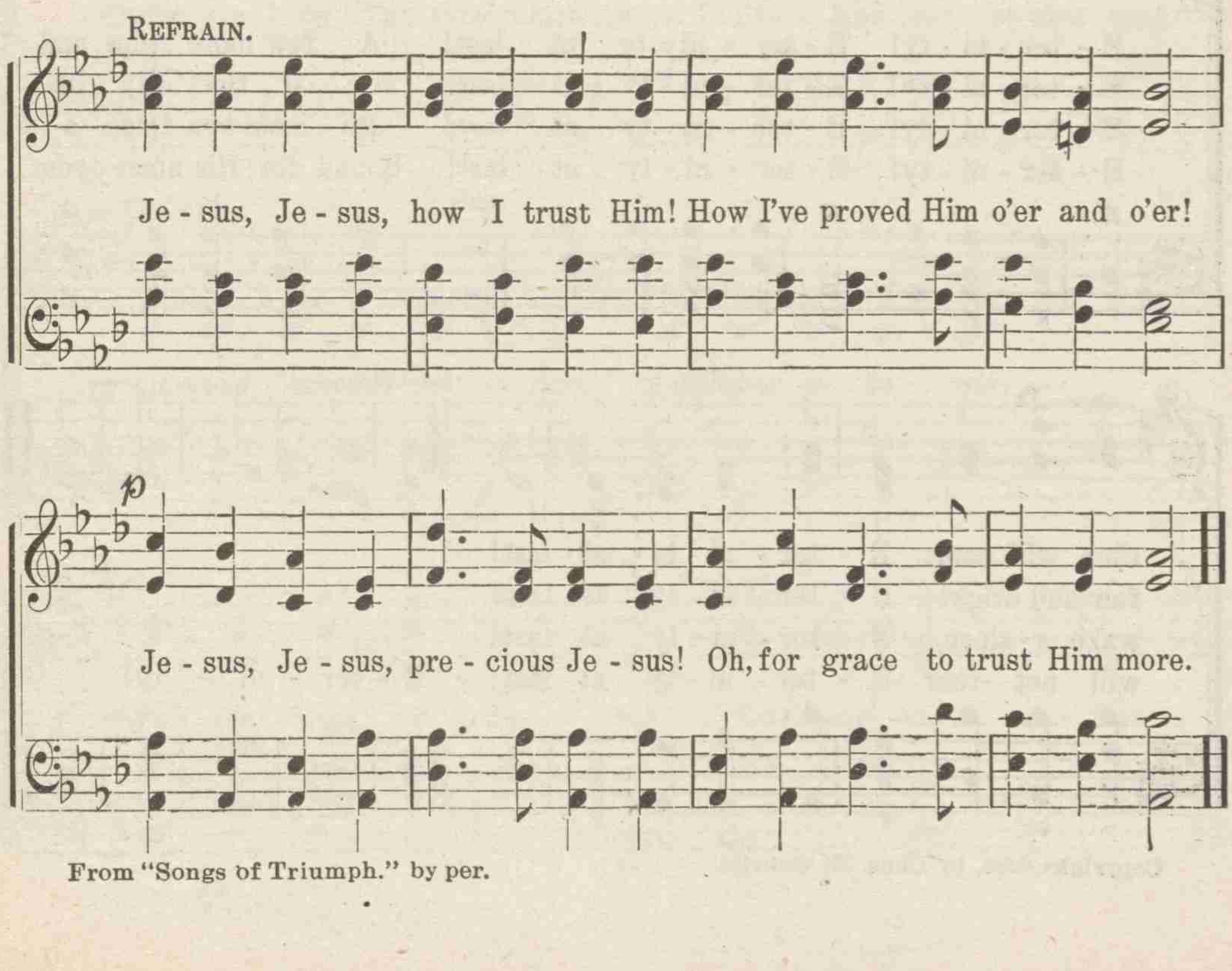
I shall be.

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No. 165. 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.





From "Songs of Triumph." by per.

No. 166. Eternity at Last!

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

1. A few more days on earth to roam,—The time will soon be past;
2. What tho' with clouds as black as night, Thy sky be ov - er - cast;
3. As out up - on life's roll - ing deep, You face the storm - y blast,
4. Then to your Lord live al - ways near, And to His hand hold fast;

A few more steps, and then will come E - ter - ni - ty at last!
Oh, if thy way be fair and bright— E - ter - ni - ty at last!
Re - mem - ber this, a - wake, a - sleep— E - ter - ni - ty at last!
Bound for His home you will not fear E - ter - ni - ty at last!

E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty at last! A few more steps, and
E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty at last! Or if thy way be
E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty at last! Re - mem-ber this, a-
E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty at last! Bound for His home you

CODA.

then will come E - ter - ni - ty at last!
fair and bright— E - ter - ni - ty at last!
wake, a - sleep,— E - ter - ni - ty at last!
will not fear E - ter - ni - ty at last! E - ter - ni - ty!

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No. 167. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

1. On-ward Christian sol - diers! marching as to war, With the cross of
2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa-tan's host doth flee; On then, Christian
3. Like a might-y ar - my moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-
sol - diers, On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the
tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one
voic - es In the triumph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to

grainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ner go!
shout of praise; Brothers, lift your voic - es, Loud your an-thems raise,
bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.

CHORUS.

On-ward, Christian sol - diers! March-ing as to war,

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

No. 168. Sow the Precious Seed.

HARRIET E. JONES. ORAN WILLIAMS.

1. We may bright-en paths of woe, And some precious seed may sow, With a smile, a time - ly word, or no-ble deed; We may scat - ter sun - ny rays
2. If His love is in the heart, We to oth - ers may im - part Much of com - fort in their dir - est time of need; We a help - ing hand may lend,
3. We some pre-cious souls may win From the drear-y ways of sin, By a read - y act of kind-ness, in their need: We may gath - er fade-less gems,

Thro' the man - y dreary ways, If we follow where the blessed Christ shall lead.
To an en - e - my, or friend, If we follow where the blessed Christ shall lead.
For our crowning di - a - dems, If we follow where the blessed Christ shall lead.

CHORUS.

Let us sow some precious seed, By the kindly word and deed, Thus to gather fadeless
We shall labor not in vain, But a crown of life will gain, (*omit*) . . . .

gems, For our crowning di - a-dems, If we follow where the blessed Christ shall lead.

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No. 169. The Story That Never Grows Old.

JOHN H. YATES. M. L. MCPHAIL

1. How dear to my heart is the sto - ry of old, The sto - ry that
2. It came to my heart when, all fet - tered by sin, I sat in the
3. It comes to my soul when the tempter is nigh With snares for my
4. When sor-row is mine, and on pil - lows of stone My ach - ing head
5. When down in the "val - ley and shad - ow of Death," I'll en - ter the

ev - er is new, The mes - sage that saints of all a - ges have told,
pris - on of doubt; Like an - gel of old, the glad sto - ry came in,
way - wea - ry feet; It tells of the Rock that is high - er than I,
seeks for re - pose, This sto - ry brings com-fort and peace from the throne,
gloom of the grave, I'll tell the old sto - ry with life's lat - est breath,

CHORUS.

The mes - sage so ten - der and true.
And led me tri - umph - ant - ly out.
And leads to its bliss - full re - treat. The sto - ry that nev - er grows
My des - ert blooms forth like the rose.
Of Christ and His pow - er to save.

old, ... Though o - ver and o - ver 'tis told: . . . . The
that nev - er grows old, 'tis told:

sto-ry so dear, bringing heav'n so near, Sweet sto-ry that nev - er grows old.

Copyright, 1898, by Henry Date.

No. 170. He's Calling Thy Name!

Rev. G. F. HOPKINS. A. M. W. A. POST.

1. Hearken, O wan-der-er, to your Lord, He wills thy soul to re-claim;(reclaim;)
2. Down thro' the a-ges, from long a-go, Those blessed tidings have come,(have come,)
3. Think of the won-der-ful price He paid, Yet, un - to you it is free;(is free;)
4. Trust in your Savior, Oh, heed His call, Join the tri-umph-ant ac-claim;(acclaim;)

Con-stant - ly wit - ness-ing in His word, Oh, list - en! He calls thy name.
Tell - ing His pur-pose, He loves thee so,—E'en now He doth call thee home.
Why not ac - cept of the gift He gave, Who died up - on Cal - va - ry.
Find Him this mo-ment, your all in all Oh, list - en! He calls thy name.

CHORUS.

Hear Him call - ing; He is the Light, the Truth, the Way;
Hear Him, list - en, He's call - ing thy name!

Hear Him call - ing; Give me thy heart to - day. . .
Hear Him, list - en! He's call - ing thy name to - day.

Copyright, 1902, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

No. 171. Go Work To-day.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Be-hold the whit - ened har-vest - field With rip-ened grain doth stand,
2. The gold - en hours of morn-ing fly, And noon is com - ing on;
3. The wait - ing Sav - ior pleads a-gain:—My grain must gath - ered be,

In - vit - ing you with bounteous yield; Why long - er i - dle stand?
The Mas-ter, who is wait - ing nigh For reap-ers, bids you come.
And souls of men be freed from sin; Oh! who will work for me?

CHORUS.

"Go work! go work in my vineyard to - day!" Go gath-er the gold-en grain!

If a soul you may turn from the downward way, Thy labor will not be in vain.

Coyyright, 1902, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

No. 172. Jesus Came, a Friend in Need.

Dr. M. VICTOR STALEY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I was wea - ry, and my heart was full of care;(was full of care;)All a-lone,by
2. When my wea - ry footsteps falter'd by the way,(the weary way,) He up-held me
3. Ev - er will I trust my Savior's liv-ing word,(His living word,)Ever will I

friends for-sak-en, in des-pair; (in dire despair;) In the midst of bit - ter tears,
and re-liev'd me day by day; (yes,day by day;) Ten-der - ly He stay'd my tears,
lean up - on my bless-ed Lord;(my blessed Lord;)He will wipe a - way all tears,

In the midst of gloom-y fears, Je - sus came and stood beside me, With His
Pa-tient - ly He calm'd my fears, Ev - er was the Sav-ior near me, With His
He will banish doubts and fears; Ev - er will He stand be-side me, With His

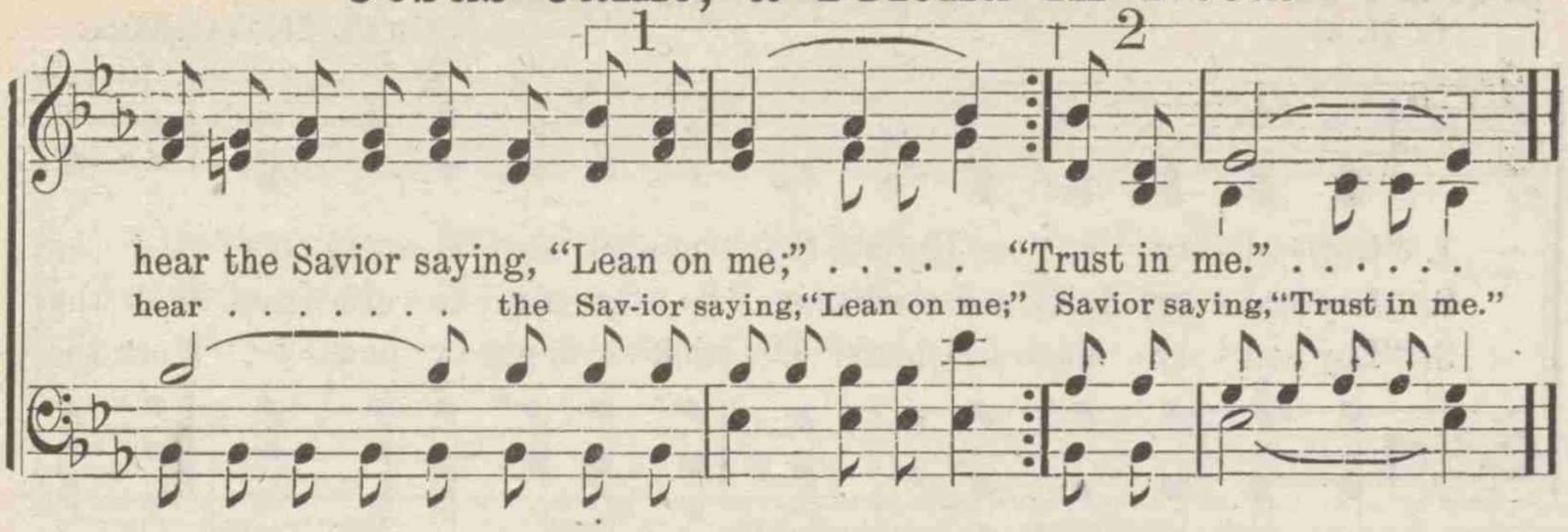
love He came to guide me, Say - ing kind - ly, "Lean on me, lean on me!"
gen - tle voice to cheer me, Say - ing kind - ly, "Trust in me, trust in me!"
presence cheer and guide me,Say - ing kind - ly, "Lean on me, trust in me!"

CHORUS.

{ Oft-en when the way is drear-y, Oft-en when my feet are wea - ry, I can
{ Oft-en when the eye is tear-ful, Oft-en when the heart is fear-ful, I can
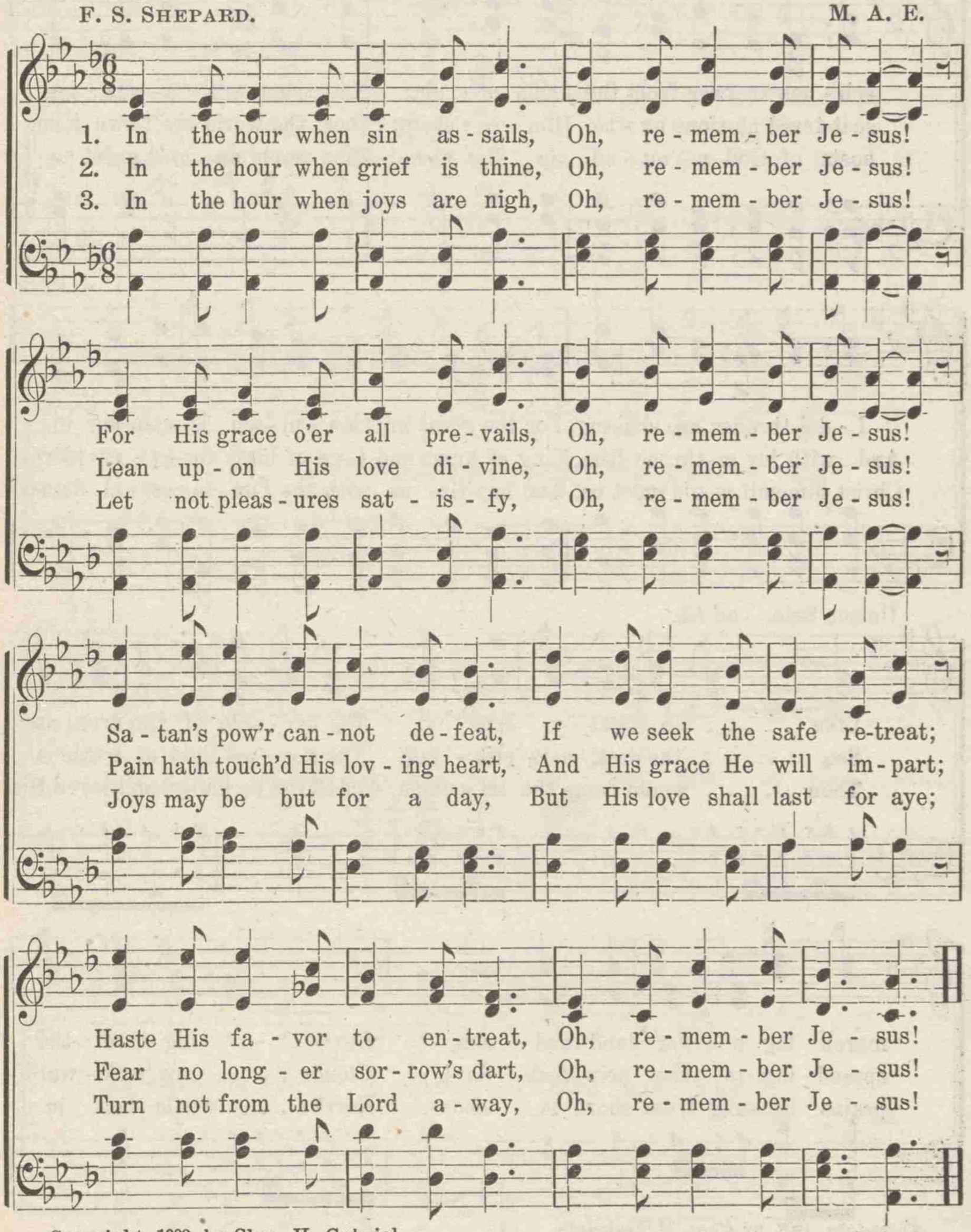
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Jesus Came, a Friend in Need.



No. 173. Remember Jesus.

F. S. SHEPARD. M. A. E.



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No. 174. Loyalty Unto Christ.

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

1. "Loy - al - ty un - to Christ" the trum-pet now is sound - ing, And the
2. Loy - al - ty, faith and works, in ho - ly con - se - cra - tion, Shall the
3. "Loy - al - ty un - to Christ!" O what a might - y pow - er, Were the

ech - oes an-swer from the fields of sin; Na - tions are a - wak - ing,
scat-tered na-tions un - to Him re - store; Then the world shall own Him,
hosts of God u - nit - ed in His name! Then would an - gels greet us,

FINE.

I - dol thrones are shaking, For the great mil - len - ni - um is com-ing in.
And with joy en-throne Him, King of kings and Lord of lords for-ev - er - more.
Christ him-self would meet us, And bap-tize us with the Pen - te-cost - al flame.

Unison Solo. *ad lib.*

Like . . . . . a might - y arm - y, The her - alds of the cross are
See . . . . . the dark - ness rift - ing! The gos - pel light of truth is
Then . . . . . would come the tri - umph, And Christ be known and loved, His

march - ing o - ver land and sea, Bear - ing thro' the
spread - ing to the per - fect day! Clouds . . . are back - ward
praise be sung from shore to shore; Earth . . . . would then, in

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Loyalty unto Christ.

dark - ness, The light that lead - eth to sal - va - tion, full and free.
drift - ing! Re - new en - deav - or! for the King pre-pare the way!
glo - ry, Be - come the king-dom of the Lord for - ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Long and loud, "Loy - al - ty un - to Christ" we sing; Till

ev - 'ry hu - man tongue, Shall hear His prais - es sung!

Let the hills, val - leys and de - sert plac - es ring, With

"Loy - al - ty un - to Christ, our Lord and King." . . . .

our King.

D. C.

No. 175. Brave Christian Soldier.

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

1. Brave Chris - tian sol - dier, re - joic - ing, march to vic - to - ry!
2. What tho' a host should en - camp a - gainst thee, have no fear;

Gird - ed for con - flict with Sa - tan and the world, Be faith-ful, un-
Lo! I am with thee, to keep thee, saith the Lord; His prom-ise is
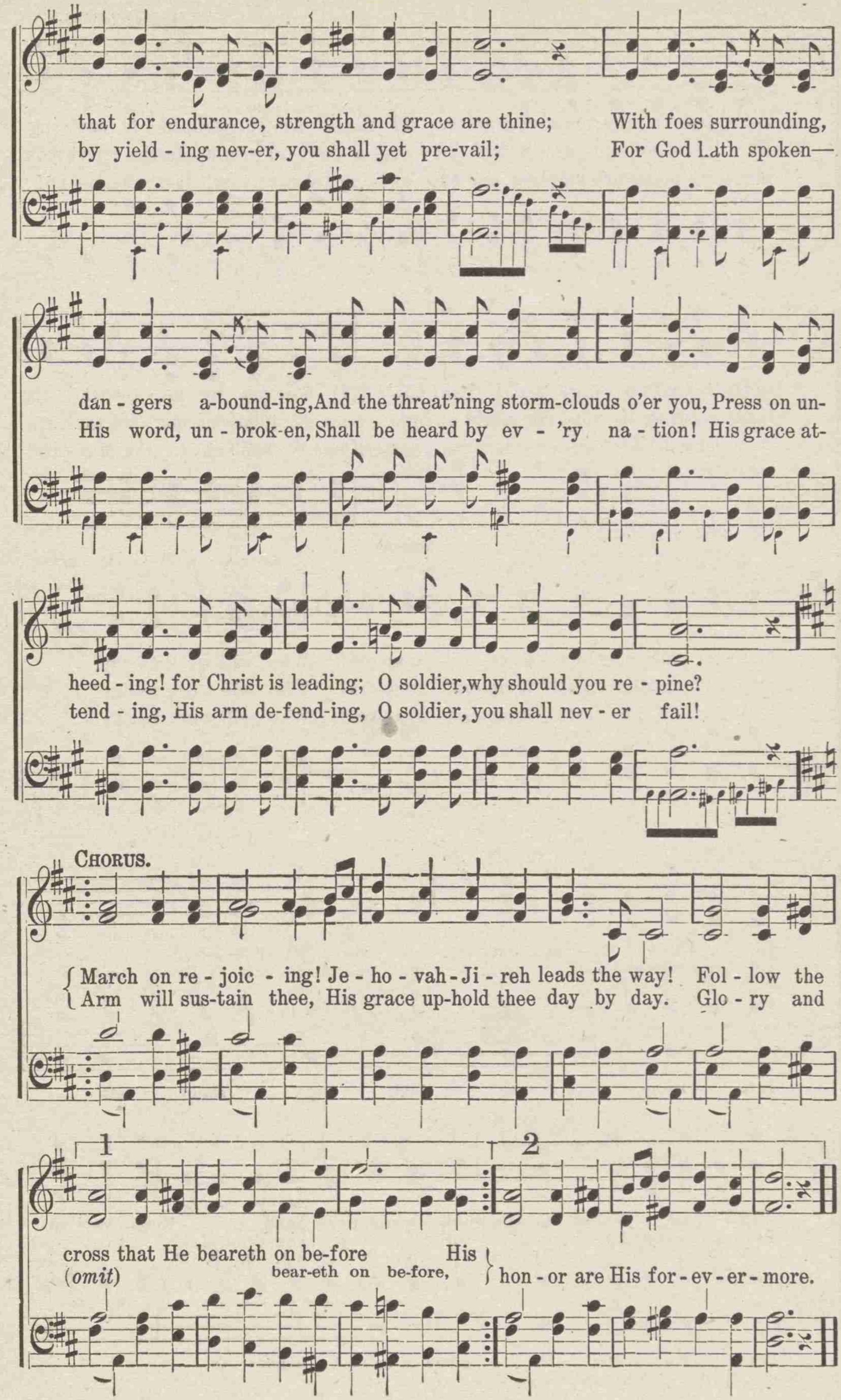
daunt - ed, pre-pared to meet in - iq - ui - ty, Go with the ban - ner of
faith - ful, His sav - ing presence ev - er near;— Who shall be a - ble to

peace and love un - furled. Be not a - wea-ry, with march-es drear-y,
stand a-gainst His word? With ar - mor gleaming, with ban - ner streaming,

Du - ty lies re - veal'd be - fore you; You have as - sur - ance,
Car - ry to the world sal - va - tion; By strong en - deav - or,

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Brave Christian Soldier.



No. 176. Reapers are Needed.

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

1. Stand-ing in the mark-et plac - es all the sea-son through, Id - ly say - ing
2. Ev - 'ry sheaf you gath-er will be - come a jew - el bright In the crown you
3. Morn-ing hours are pass-ing, and the ev-'ning fol-lows fast; Soon the time of

"Lord, is there no work that I can do:" O how ma - ny loi - ter, while the
hope to wear in yon - der world of light. Seek the gems im-mor - tal that are
reap-ing will for - ev - er - more be past. Emp - ty hand-ed to the Mas - ter

Mas - ter calls a - new—"Reap-ers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?
pre-cious in His sight! "Reap-ers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?
will you go at - last? "Reap-ers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?

CHORUS.

Lift thine eyes and look up - on the fields that stand
Lift thine eyes and look up - on the fields that stand all read - y
Lift thine eyes to fields that stand all
Ripe and read-y for the will-ing gleaner's hand, Rouse ye, O
Ripe and read-y for the will - ing gleaner's hand, O rouse ye,
Read - y for the glean - er's hand, O

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Reapers are Needed.

sleep-ers! Ye are need-ed as reap-ers! Who will be the first to answer, "Master

quick-ly

here am I." Far and wide the rip-ened

"Mas-ter here am I." O an-swer! Far and wide the rip-ened

Far and wide the

grain is bend-ing low, In the breez-es gen-tly

grain is bend-ing low, In breez-es, In the breez-es gen-tly

grain bends low, and In the breeze waves

wav-ing to and fro, Rouse ye, O sleep-ers! Ye are need-ed as
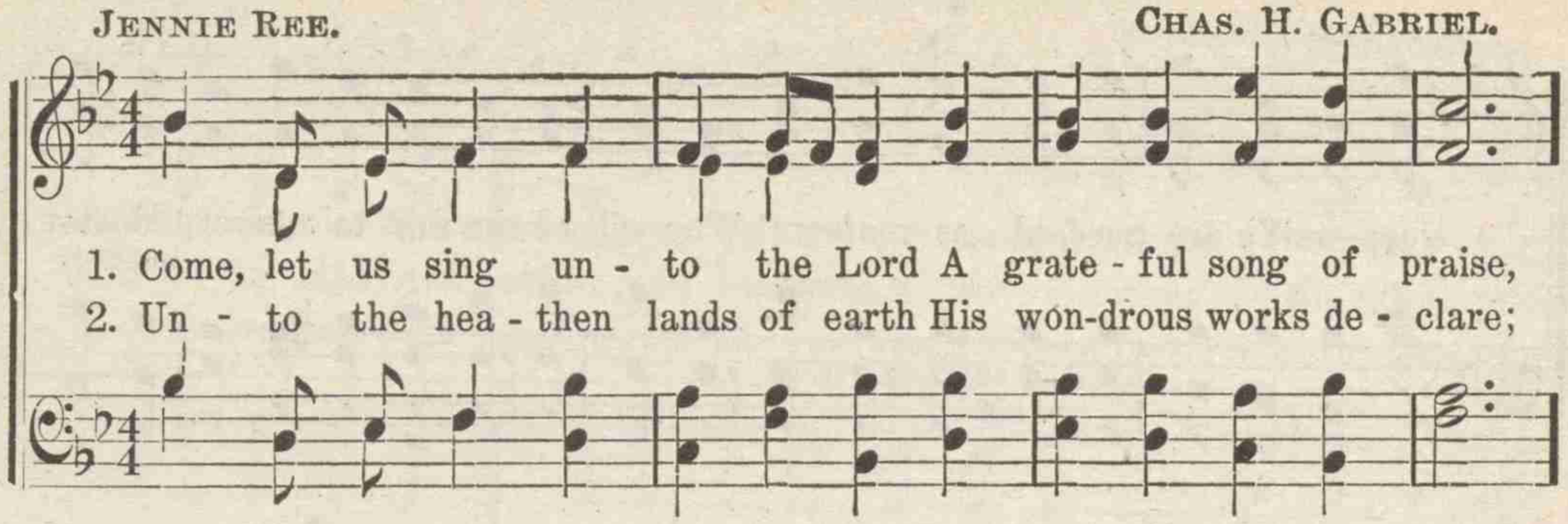
wav-ing to and fro, O rouse ye,

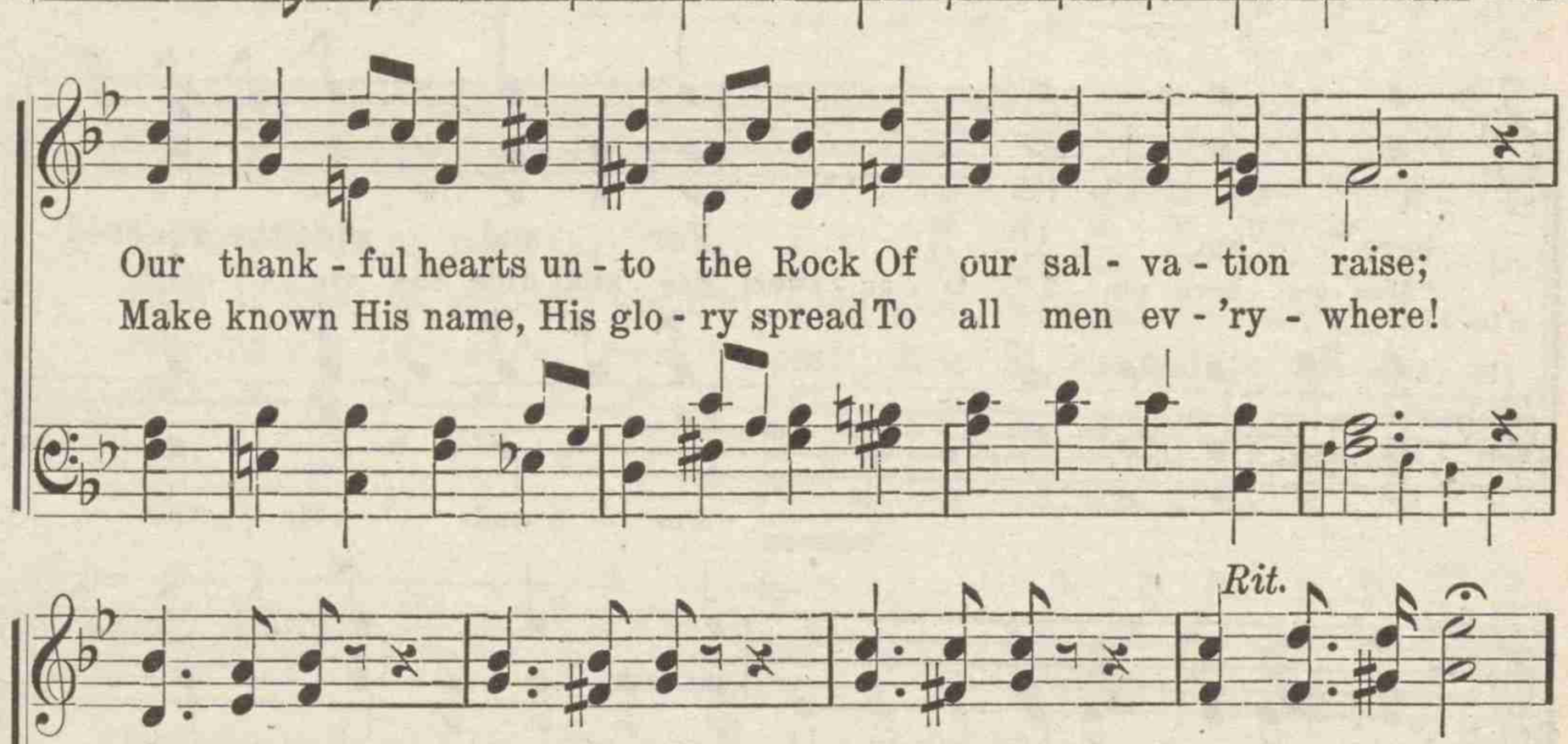
to and fro, O

reap-ers, And the gold-en har-vest days are swift-ly pass-ing by.

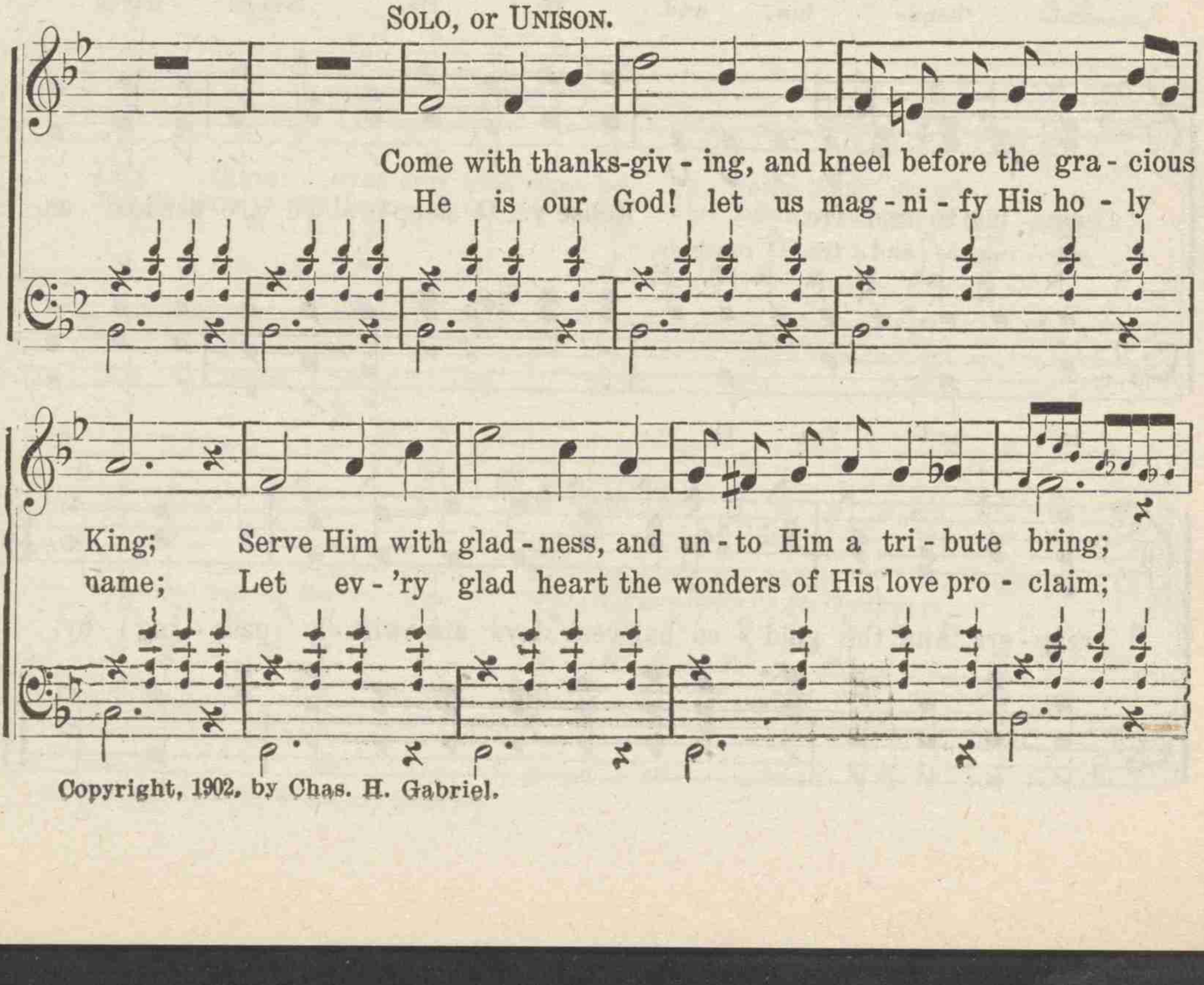
No. 177. Praise Ye the Lord.

JENNIE REE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.





SOLO, or UNISON.



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Praise Ye the Lord.

Our Lord is great, and a King a-bove all gods is He, For with His
Sing un - to Him! let the ech-oes bear the song a - way; Show His sal-

FULL CHORUS.

own hands He form'd and fash-ion'd land and sea. Come with thanks-giv - ing, and
va - tion to all the world from day to day. He is our God! let us

kneel before the gra-cious King; Serve Him with glad-ness, and un - to Him a
mag - ni - fy His ho - ly name; Let ev - 'ry glad heart the won-ders of His

Serve Him with glad - ness, and un - to

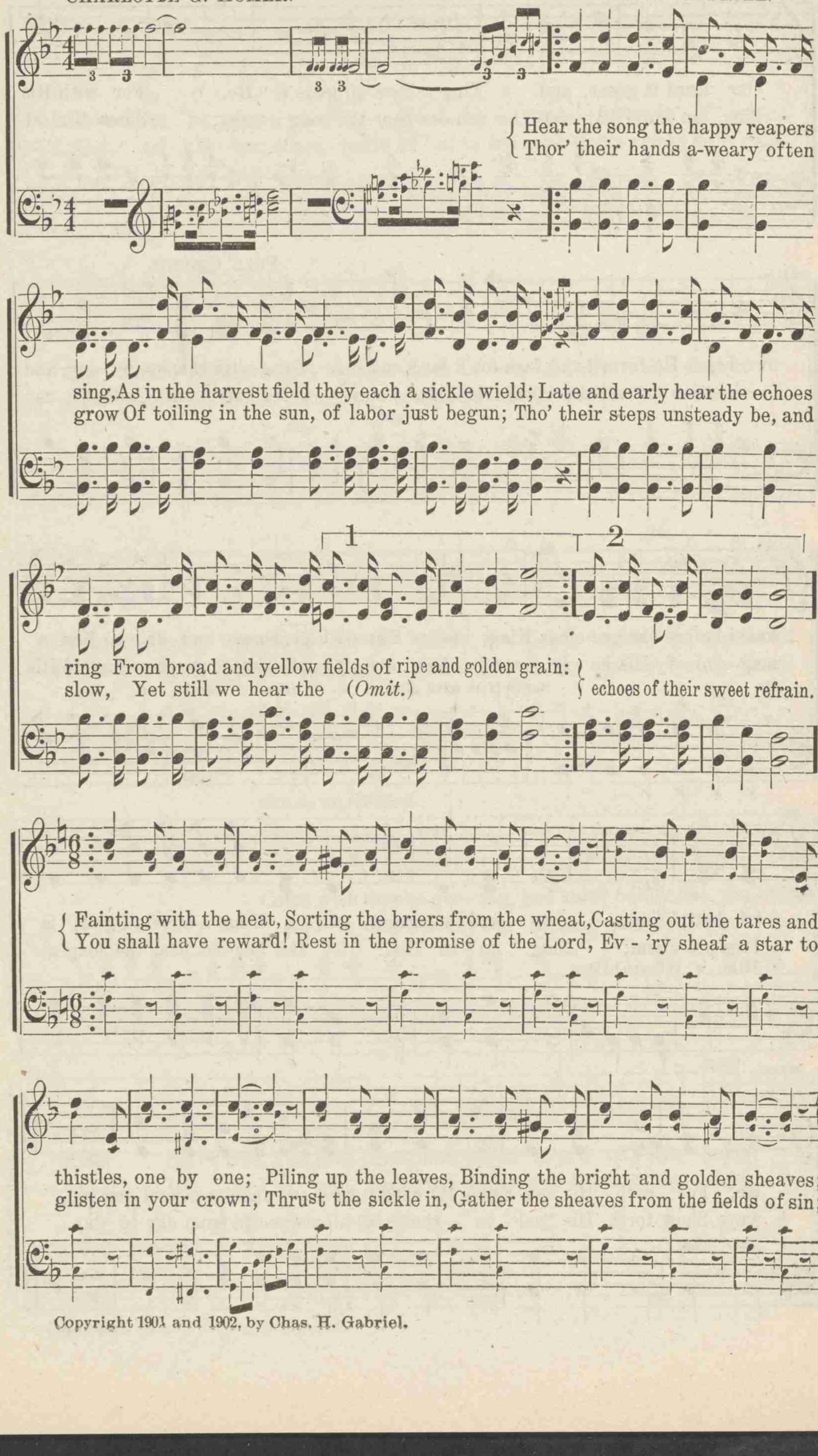
tri - bute bring; Our Lord is great, and a King a-bove all gods is
love pro-claim; Sing un - to Him! let the ech-oes bear the song a-

Him a tribute bring;

He, For with His own hands He hath form'd and fashion'd land and sea.
way; Show forth His sal - va - tion to all the world from day to day.

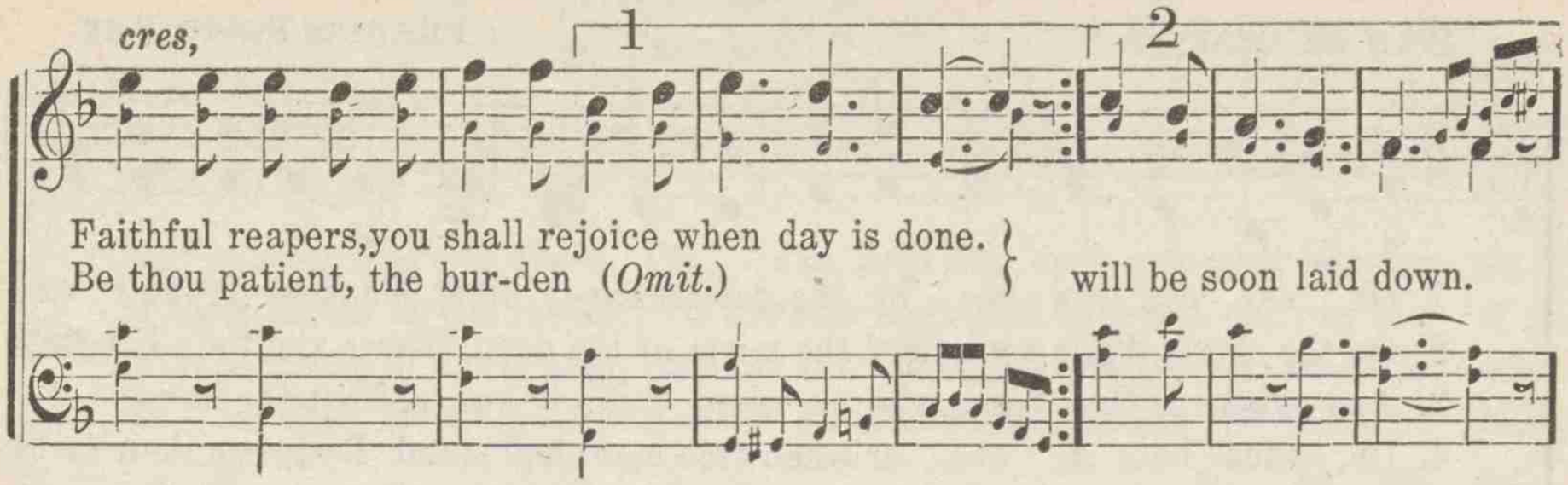
No. 178. The Song of the Reapers.

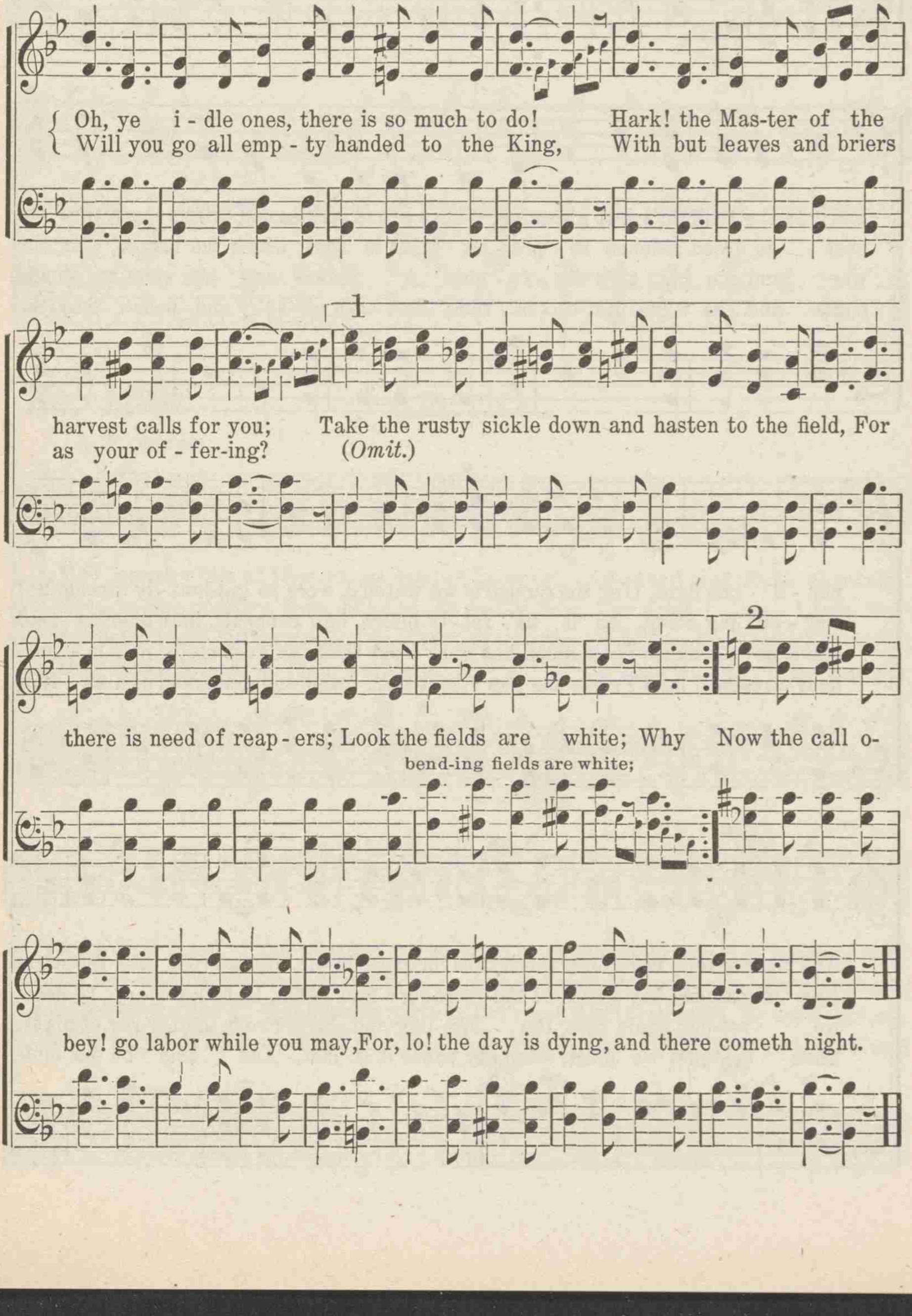
CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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The Song of the Reapers.





No. 179. The Star-Spangled Banner.

SOLO OR QUARTET. FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

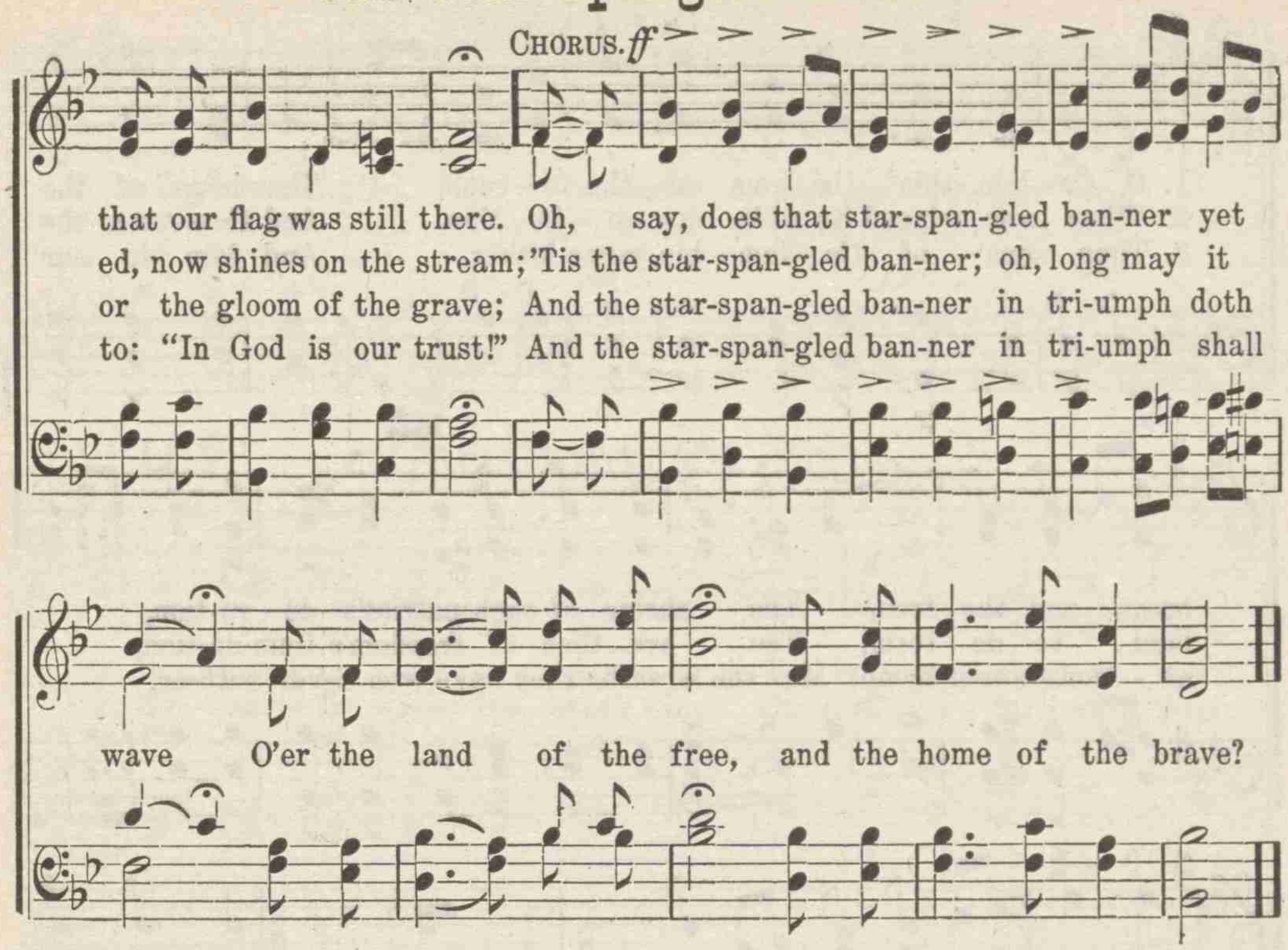
1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proudly we
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
3. And where is that band, who so vaunt - ing - ly swore, That the havoc of
4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when free-men shall stand Be-tween their lov'd

hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
host in dread si-lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion A home and a coun-try should
home and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the

per - il - ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gal-lant - ly streaming?
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos - es?
leave us no more? Their blood has wash'd out their foul foot-steps' pol - lu - tion,
heav'n-rescued land Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na - tion,

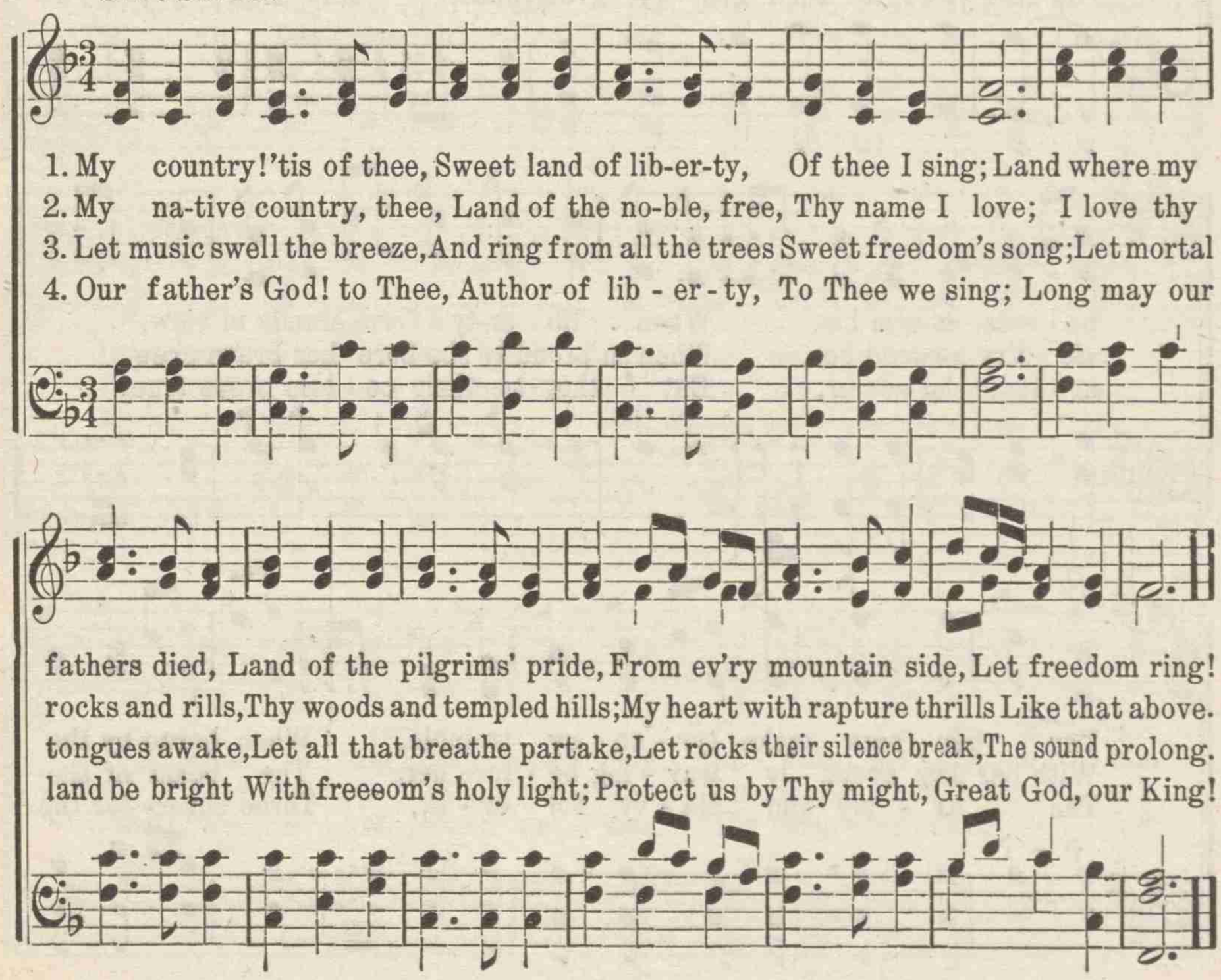
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re-flect-
No ref-uge could save the hire-ling and slave, From the ter-ror of flight,
Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is just, And this be our mot-

The Star-Spangled Banner.



No. 180. America.

S. F. SMITH.



No. 181. Red, White and Blue.

1. O Co - lum - bia! the gem of the o - cean, The home of the
2. When war winged its wide des - o - la - tion, And threatened the
3. Then sons of Co - lum - bia, come hither, And join in our

brave and the free, The shrine of each patriot's de - vo-tion,
land to de - form, The ark then of freedom's foun-da-tion,
na - tion's sweet hymn; May the wreaths they have won never with-er,

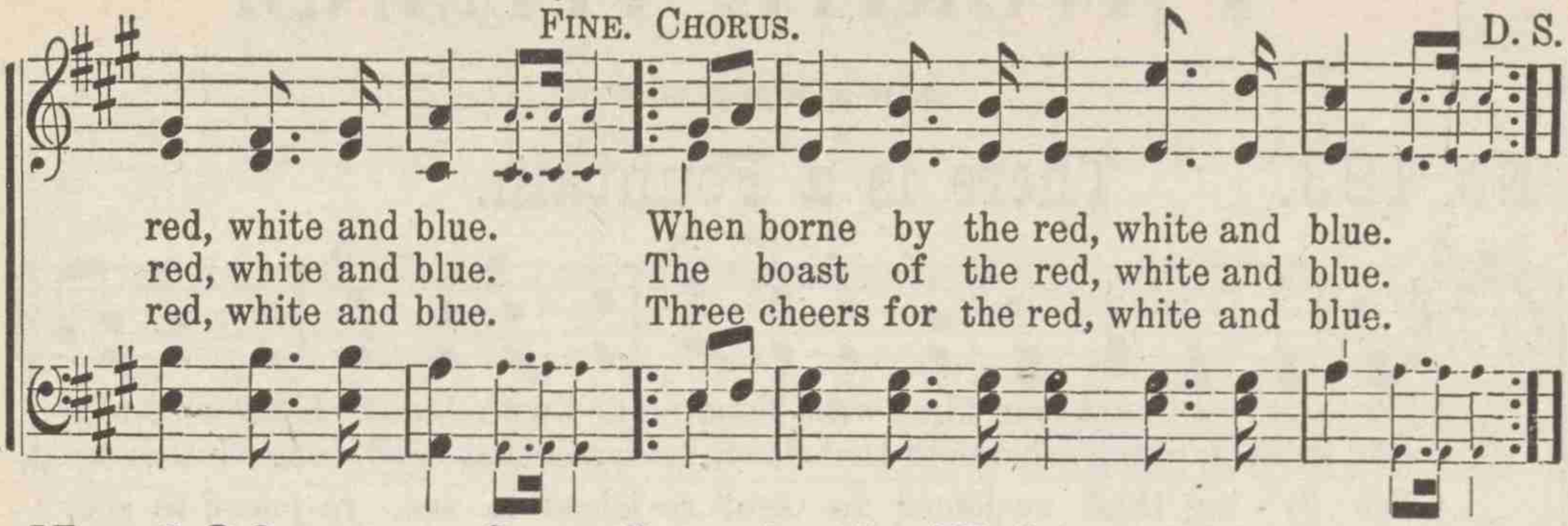
A world of - fers hom - age to thee. Thy man-dates make
Co - lum - bia, rode safe thro' the storm; With her gar-lands of
Nor the stars of their glo - ry grow dim! May the ser - vice u-

he - roes as-sem-ble, When . lib - er-ty's form stands in view,
vic - t'ry a-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew,
ni - ted, ne'er sev-er, But they to their co - lors prove true!

Thy ban - ners make tyr - an - ny tremble, When borne by the
With her flag proud - ly wav - ing be - fore her, The boast of the
The Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the
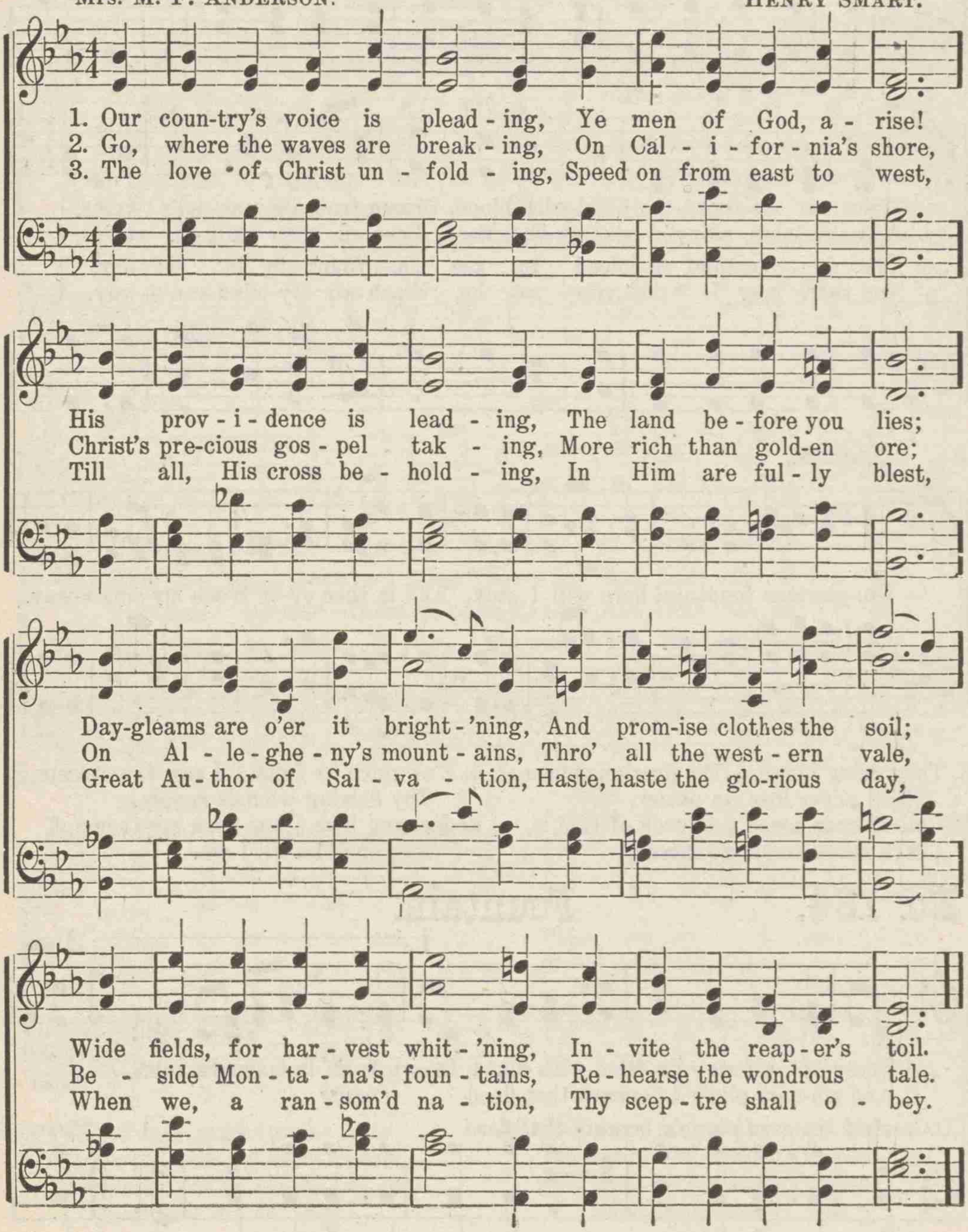
Red, White and Blue.

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.
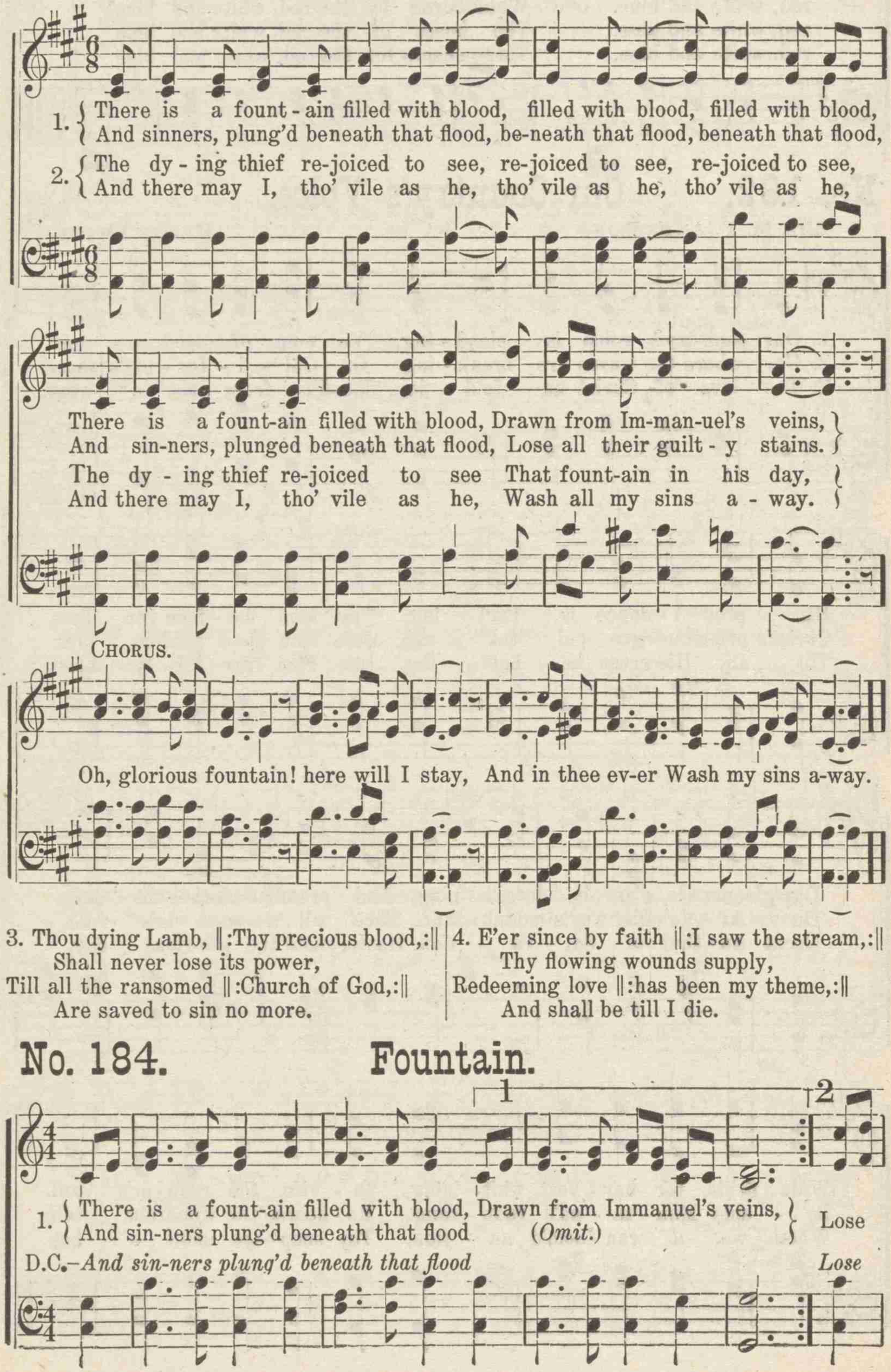


No. 182. Our Country's Voice.

MRS. M. F. ANDERSON. HENRY SMART.



FAVORITE HYMNS.

No. 183. There is a Fountain.

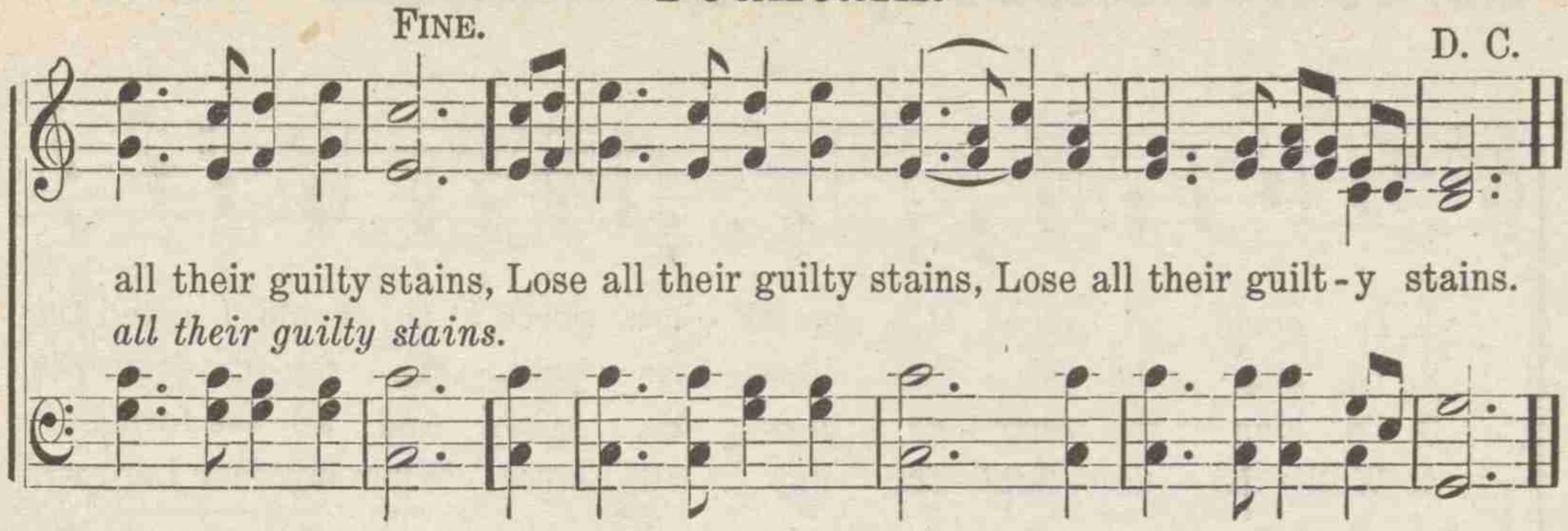


3. Thou dying Lamb, ‖:Thy precious blood,:‖
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed ‖:Church of God,:‖
Are saved to sin no more.

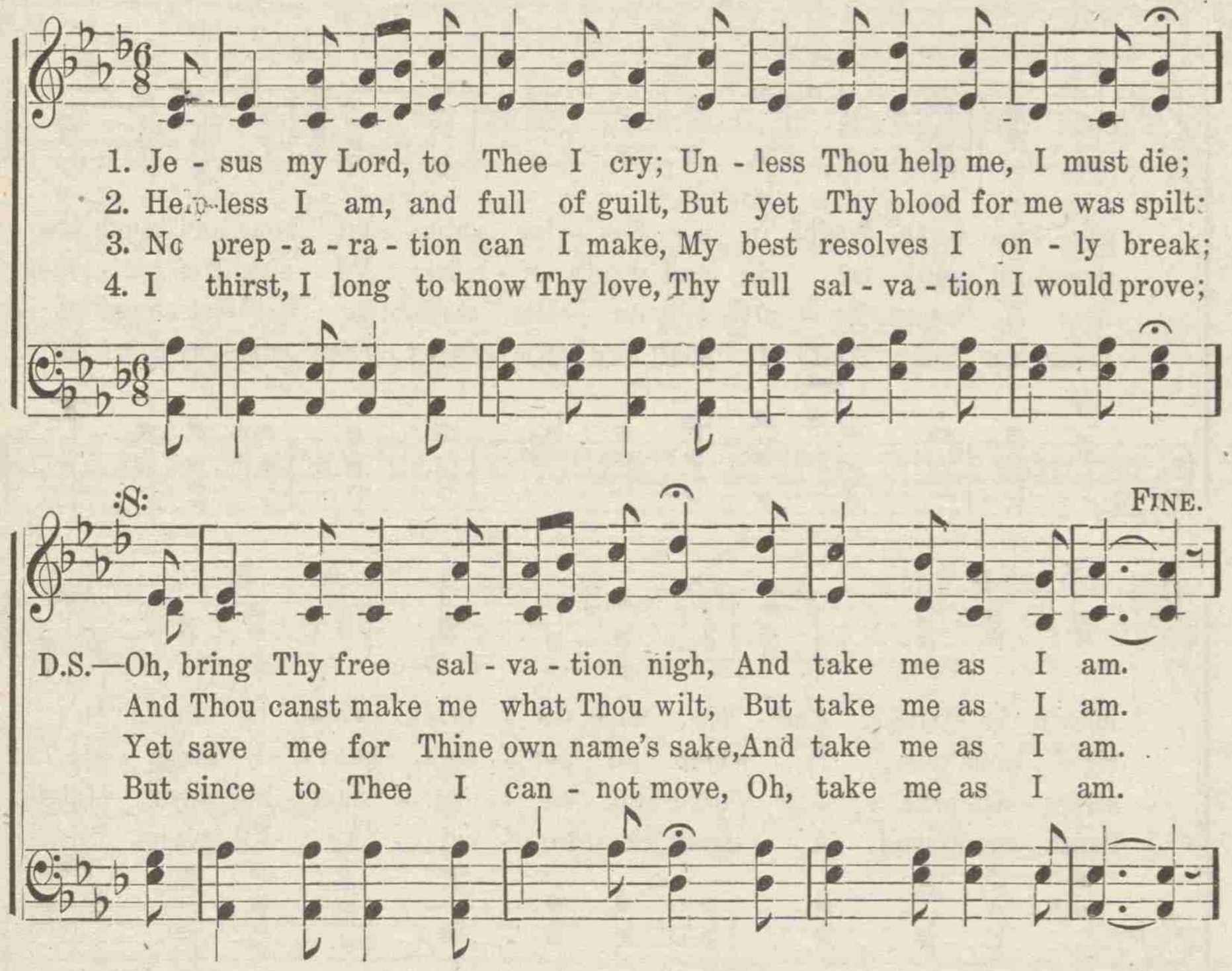
4. E'er since by faith ‖:I saw the stream,:‖
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love ‖:has been my theme,:‖
And shall be till I die.

No. 184. Fountain.

Fountain.



No. 185. Take Me As I Am.



5 If Thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew,
And work both in and by me, too,
And take me as I am!

6 And when at last the work is done,
The battle o'er, the vict'ry won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
Lord, take me as I am!

No. 186. O Could I Speak the Matchless Worth.

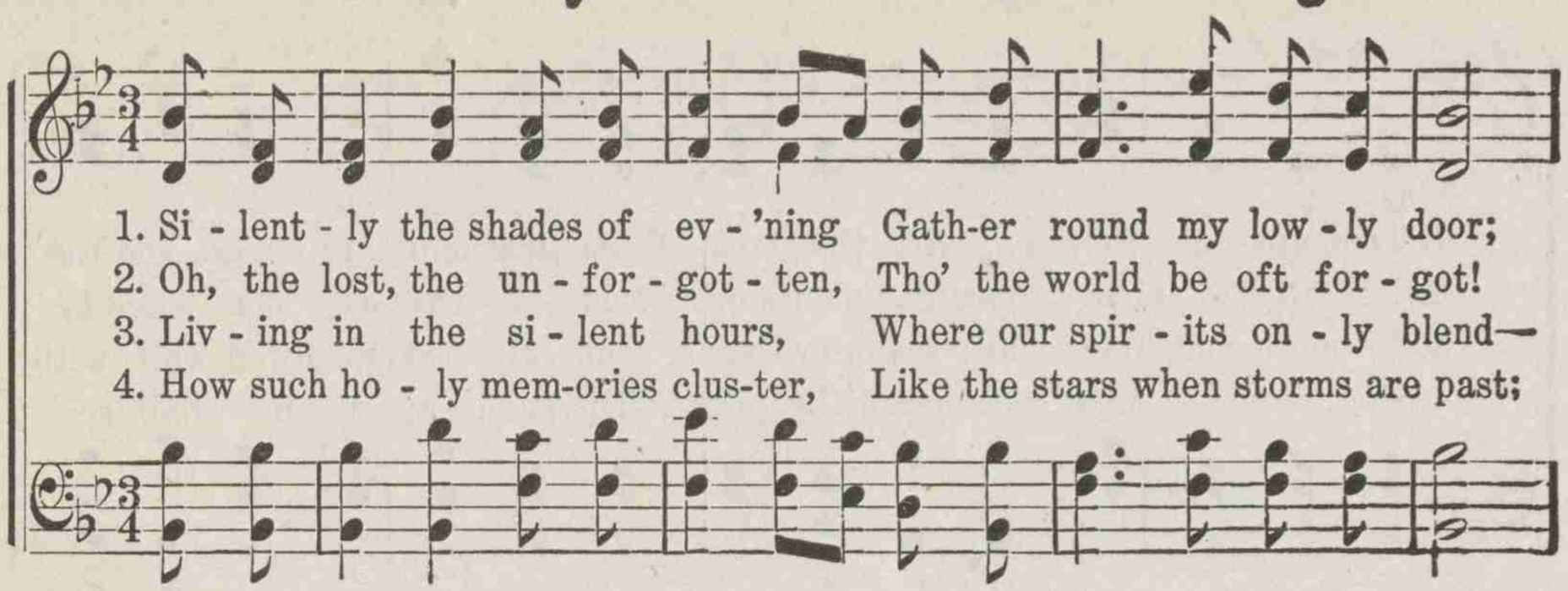
1. O could I speak the match - less worth, O could I sound the
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My ran-som from the
3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters He bears, And all the forms of
4. Well—the de - light - ful day will come, When my dear Lord will
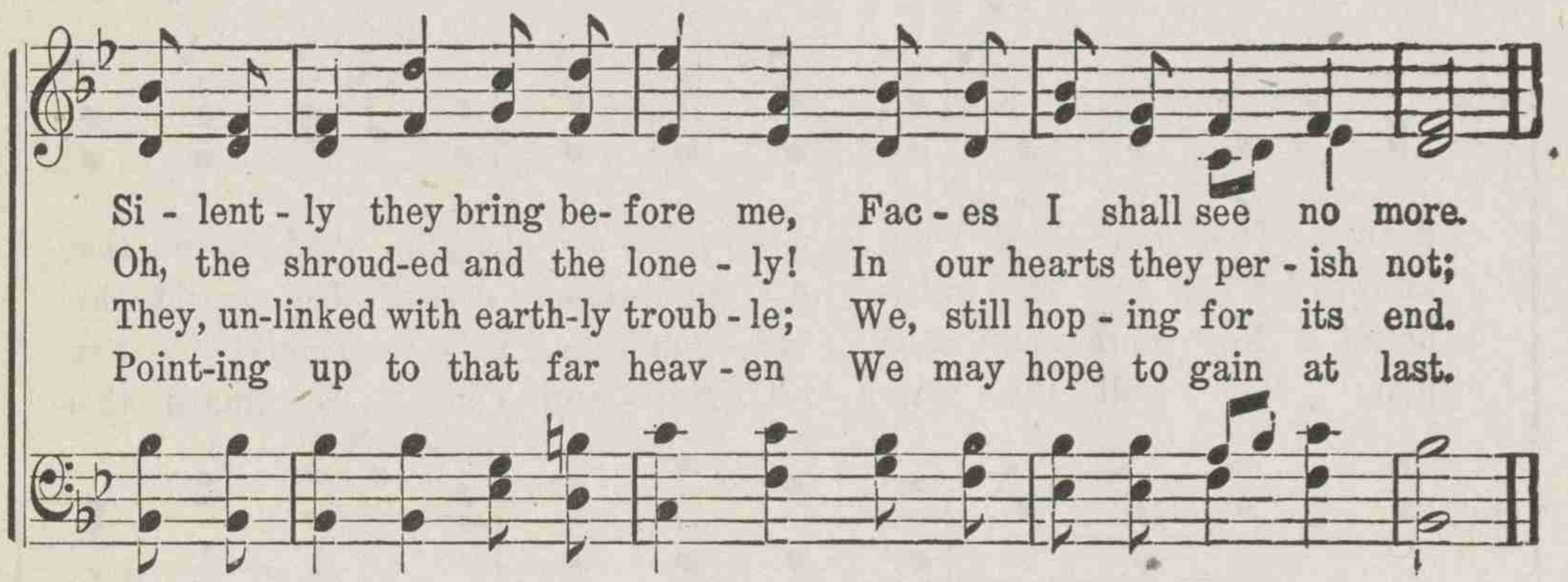
glo - ries forth, Which in my Sav - ior shine, I'd soar and touch the
dread-ful guilt Of sin, and wrath di - vine; I'd sing His glo - rious
love He wears, Ex - alt - ed on His throne; In loftiest songs of
bring me home, And I shall see His face; Then, with my Sav - ior

heav'n - ly strings, And vie with Ga - briel, while he sings, In
right - eous-ness, In which all per - fect, heav'n - ly dress My
sweet - est praise, I would to ev - er - last - ing days Make
Broth - er, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Tri-

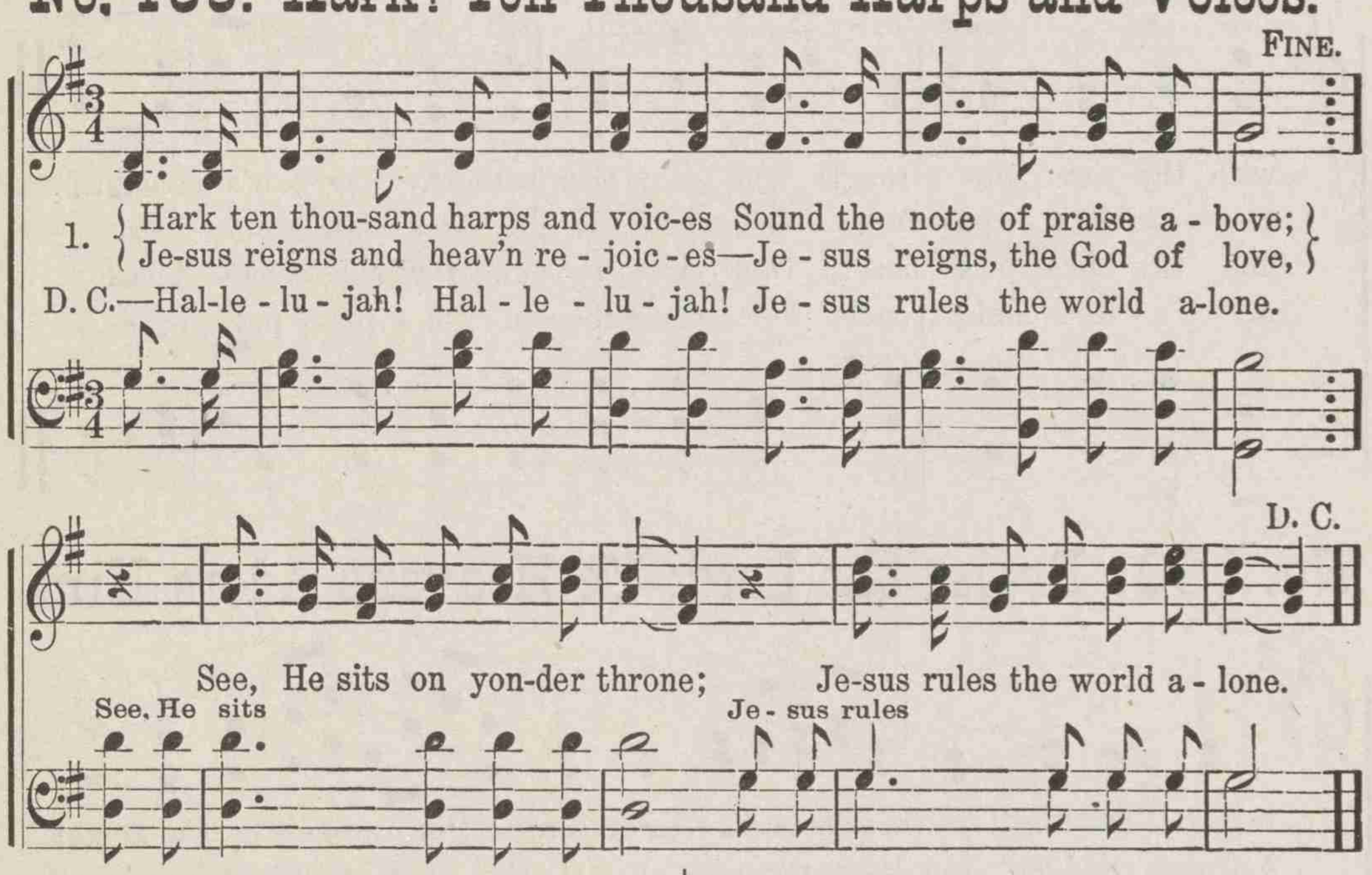
notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
all His glo - ries known, Make all His glo - ries known.
um - phant in His grace, Tri - um - phant in His grace.

No. 187. Silently the Shades of Evening.





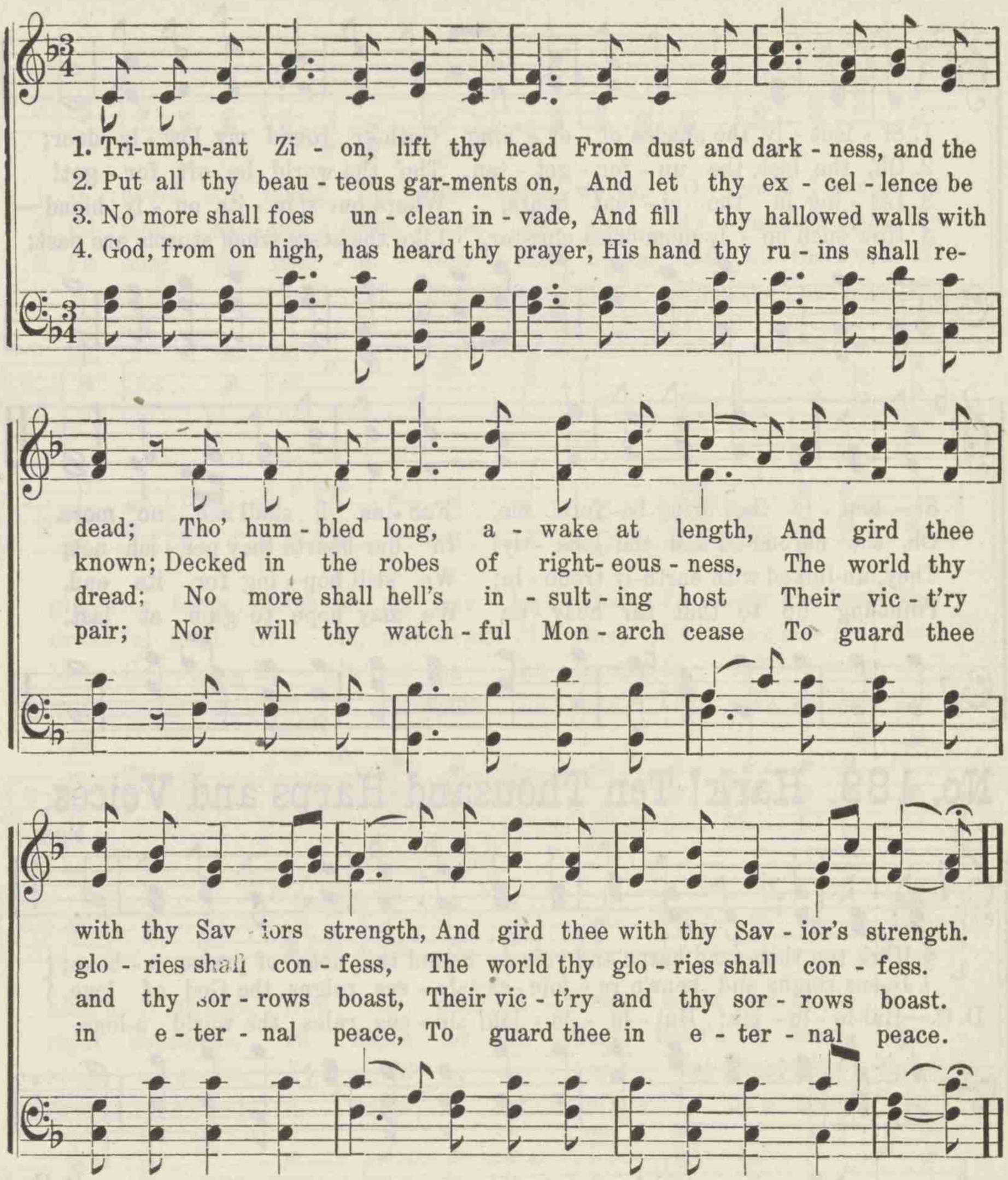
No. 188. Hark! Ten Thousand Harps and Voices.



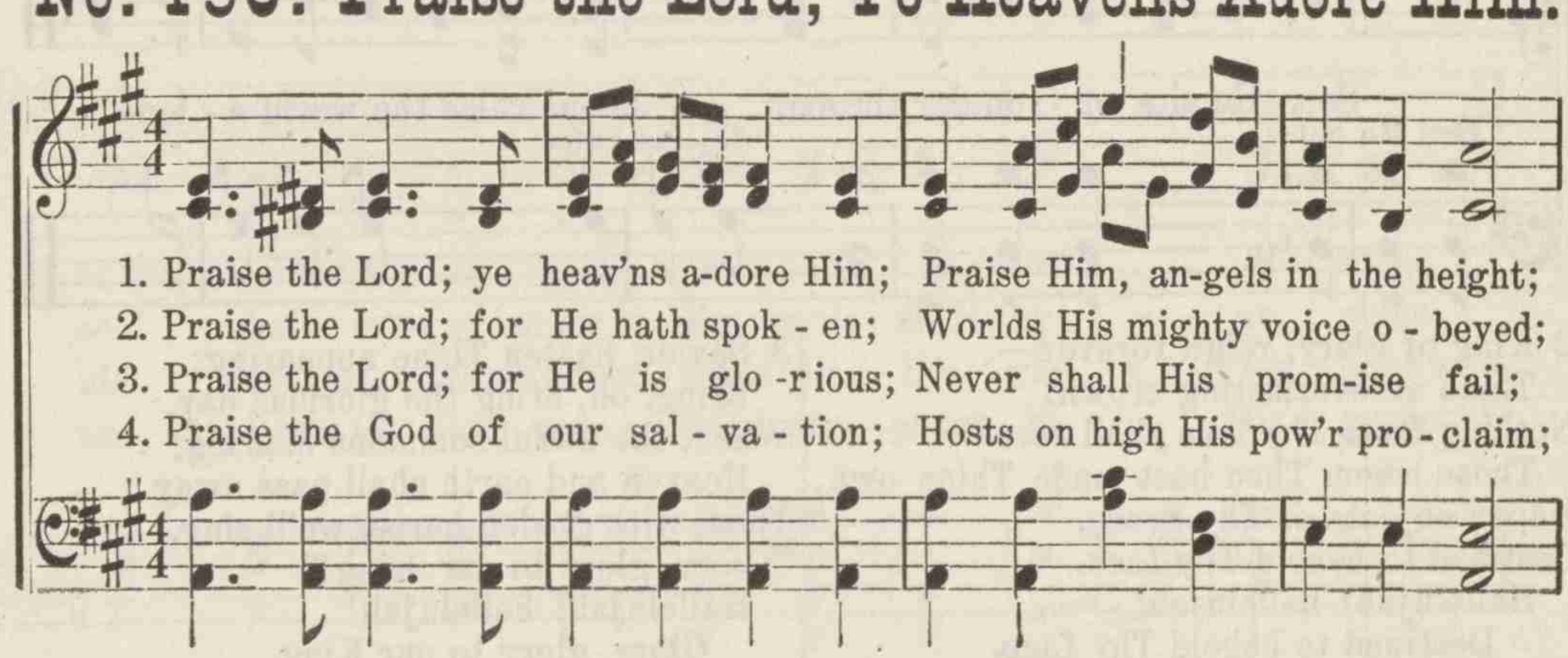
2 King of glory, reign forever—
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Destined to behold Thy face.

3 Savior, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away.
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Glory, glory to our King.

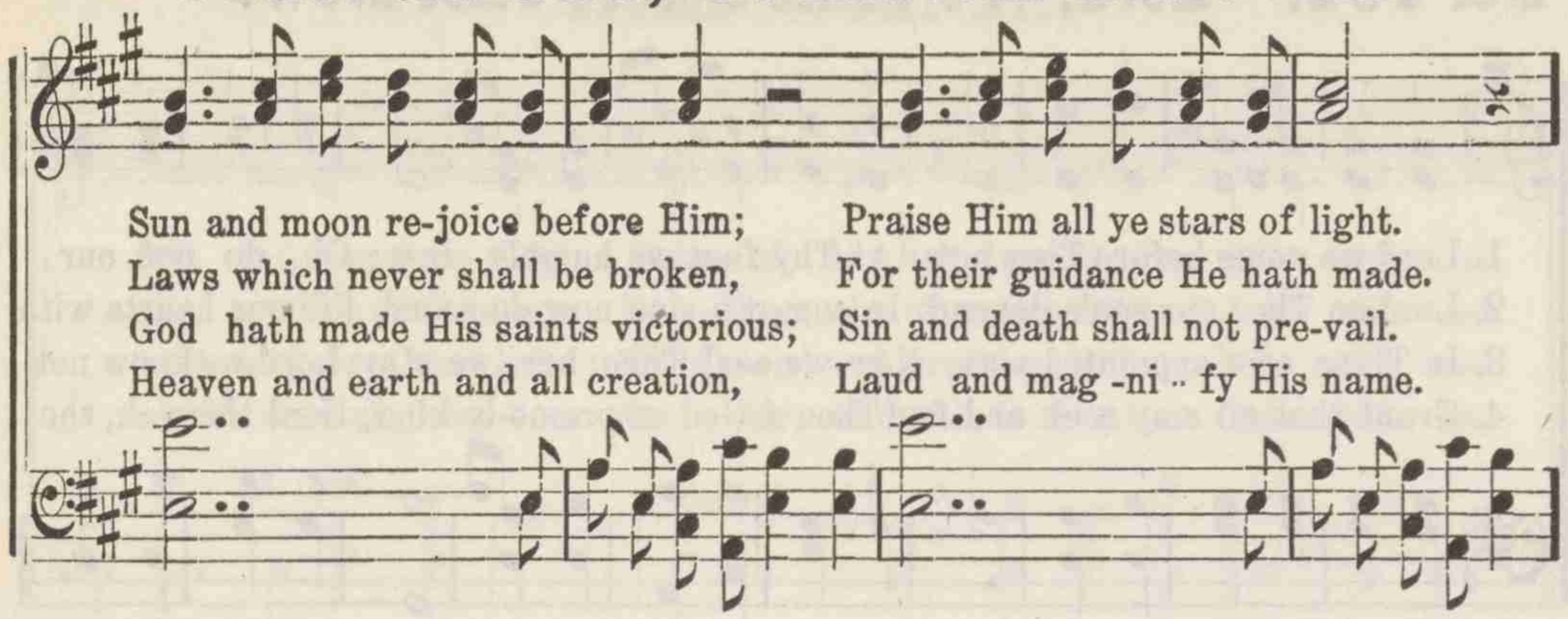
No. 189. Triumphant Zion, Lift Thy Head.
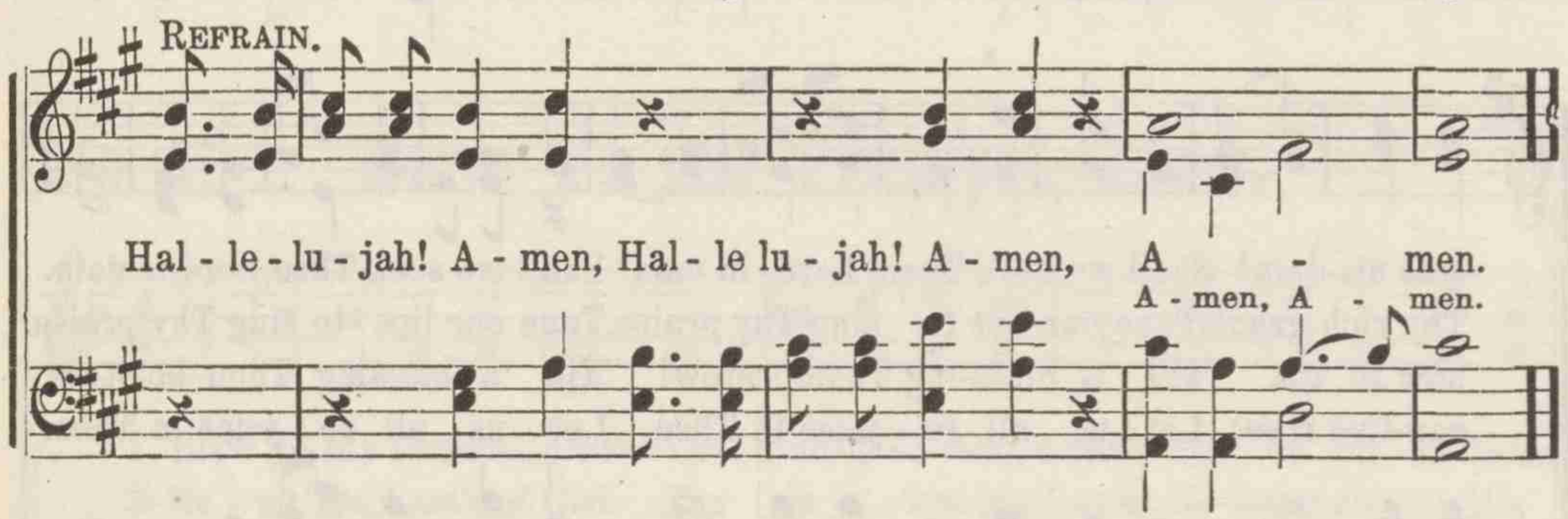


No. 190. Praise the Lord; Ye Heavens Adore Him.

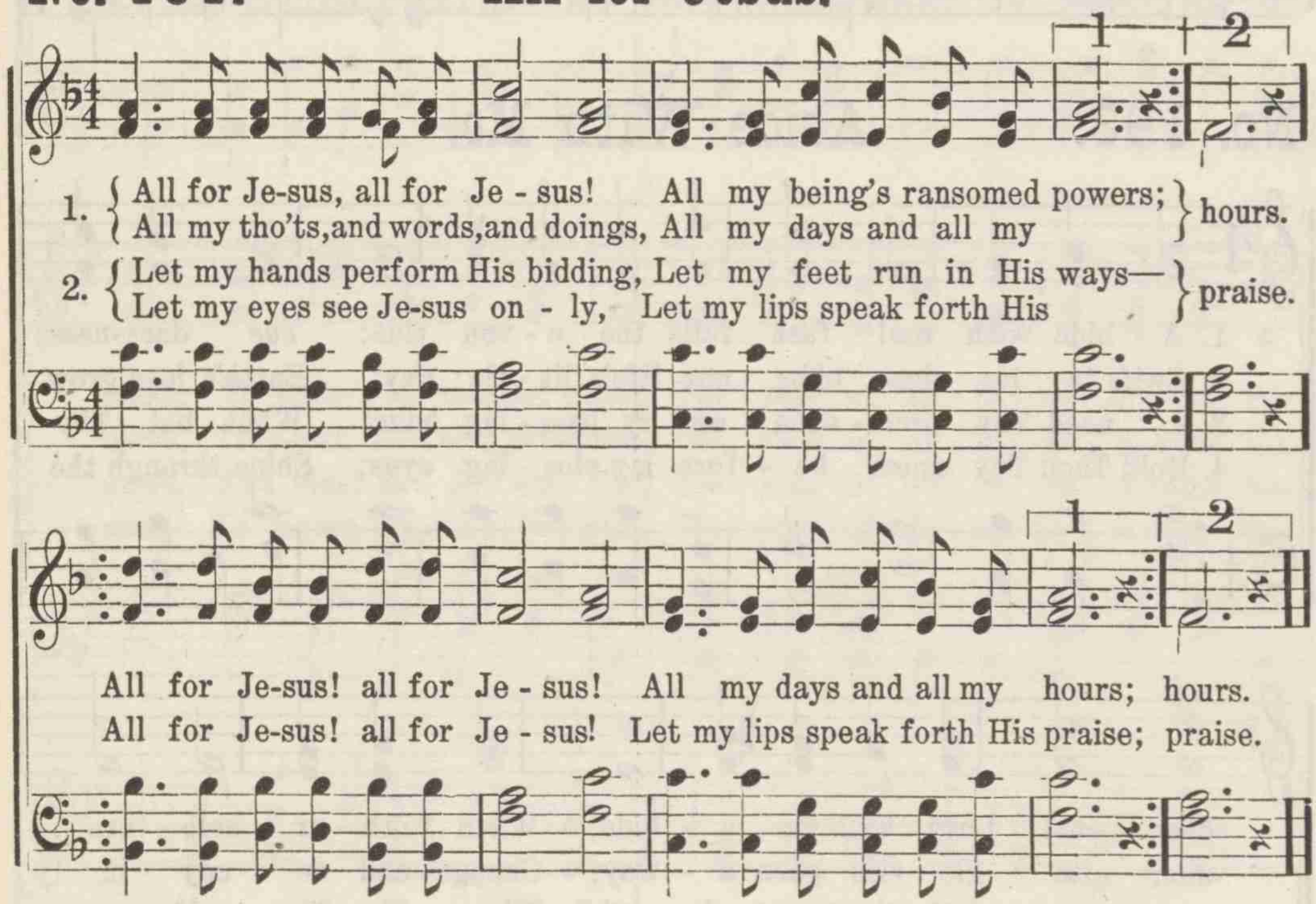


Praise the Lord; Ye Heavens Adore Him.





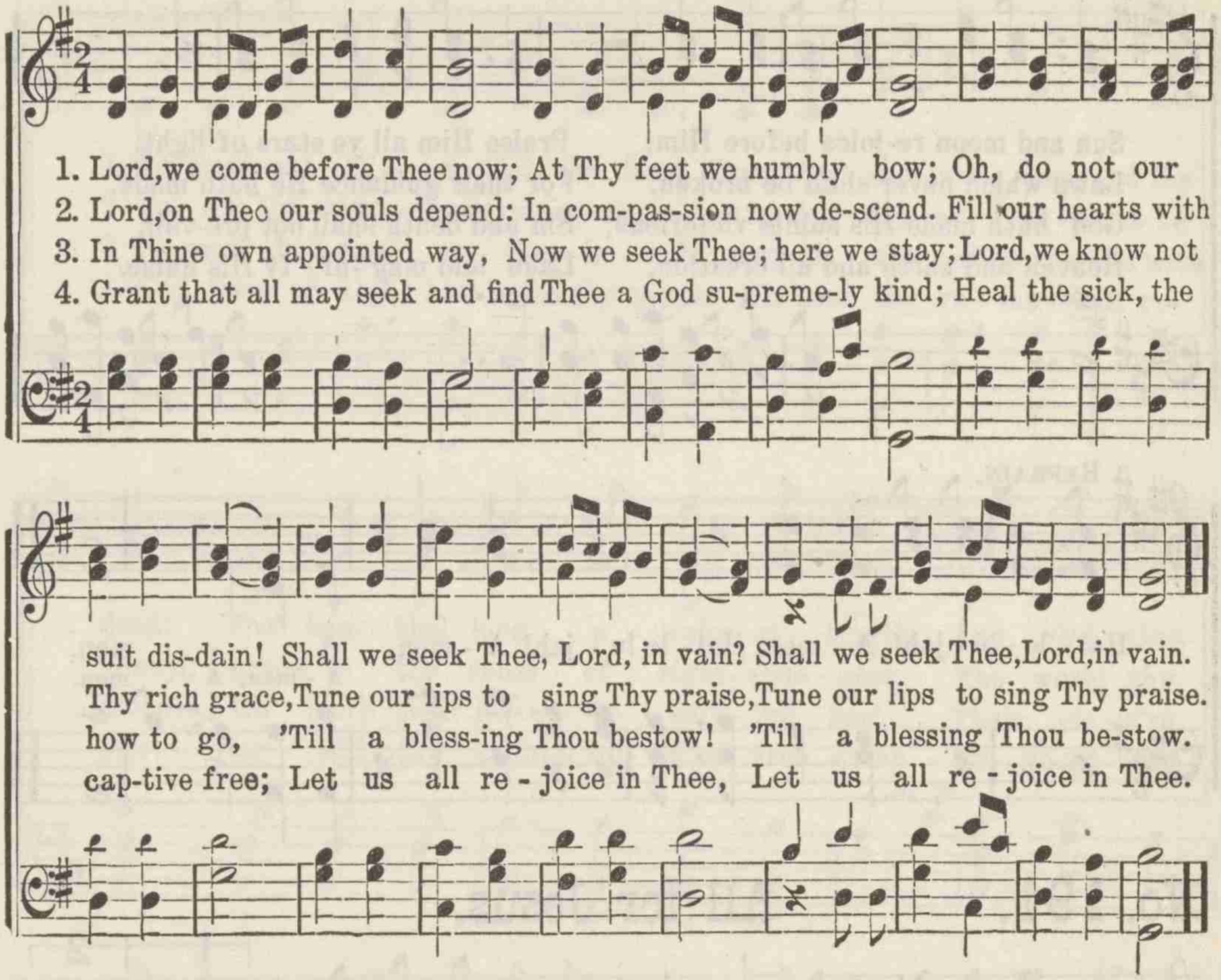
No. 191. All for Jesus.



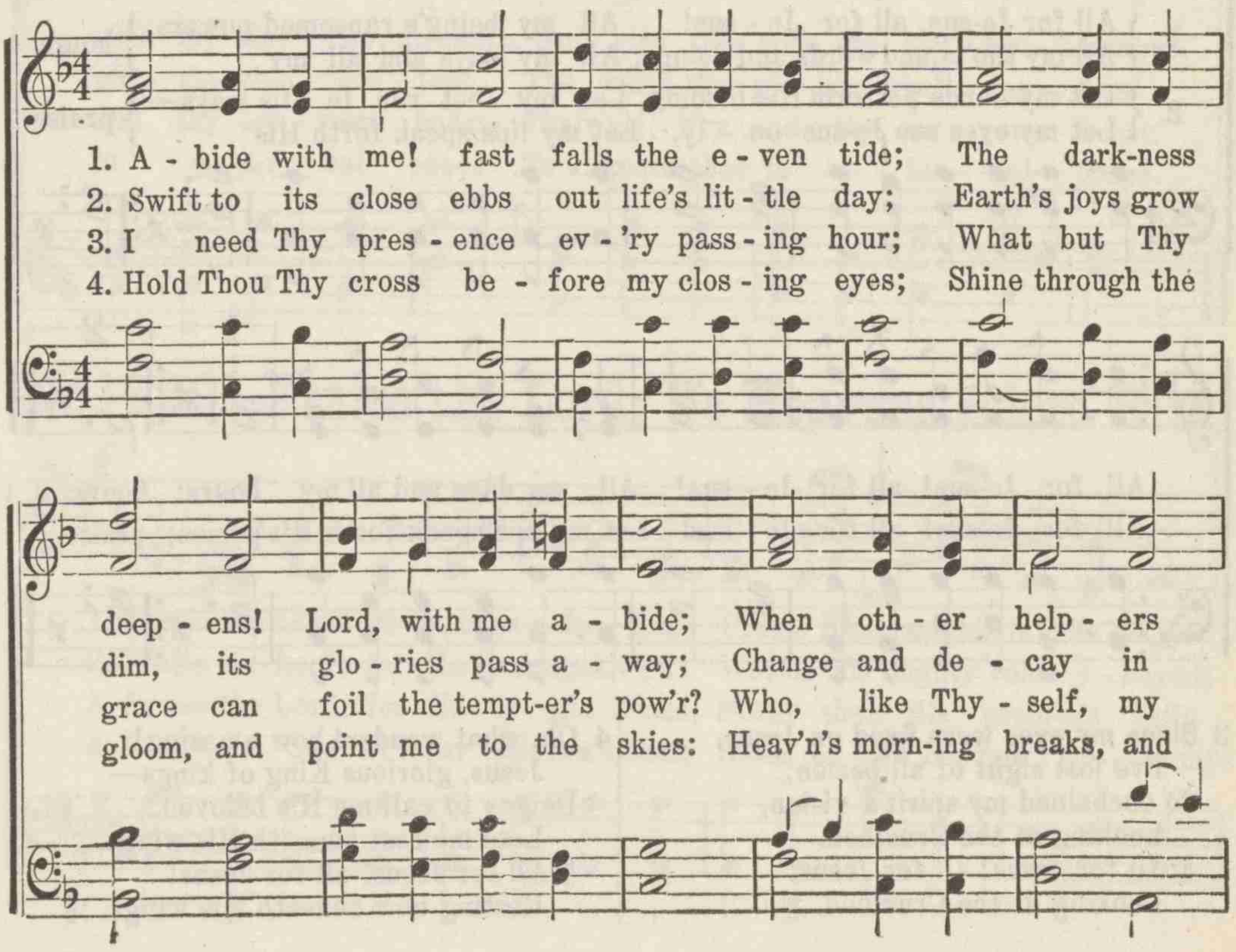
3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.
‖:All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the Crucified. :‖

4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Lets me rest beneath His wings.
‖:All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath His wings. :‖

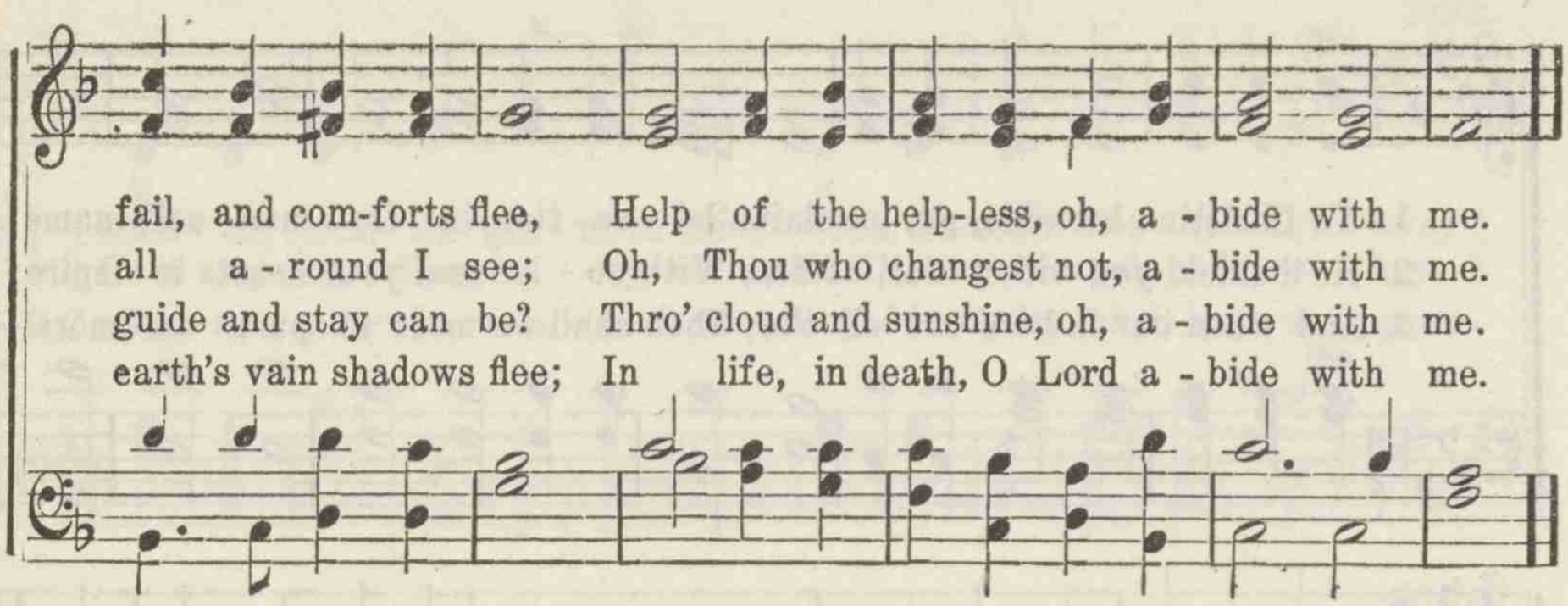
No. 192. Lord, We Come Before Thee Now.



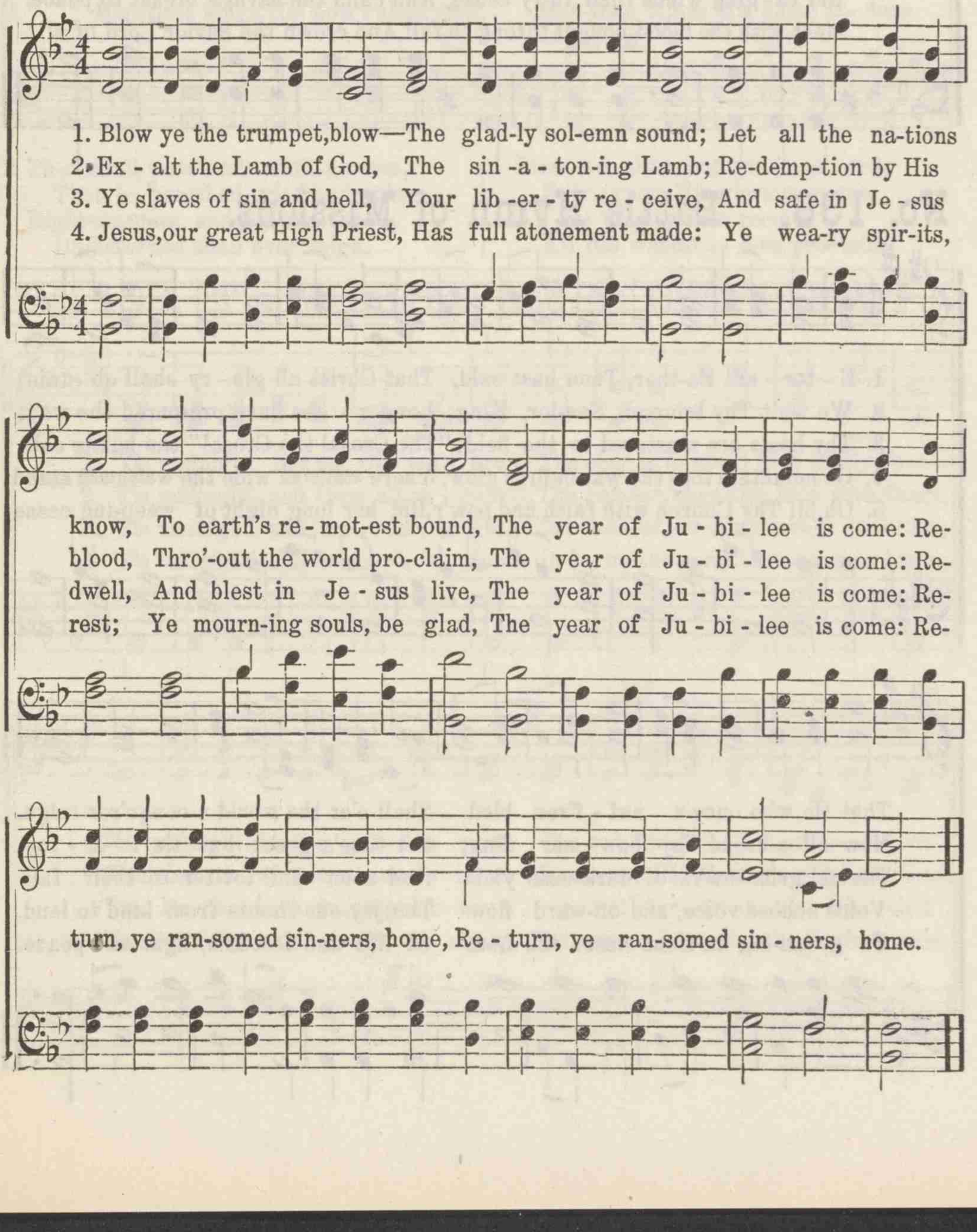
No. 193. Abide With Me.



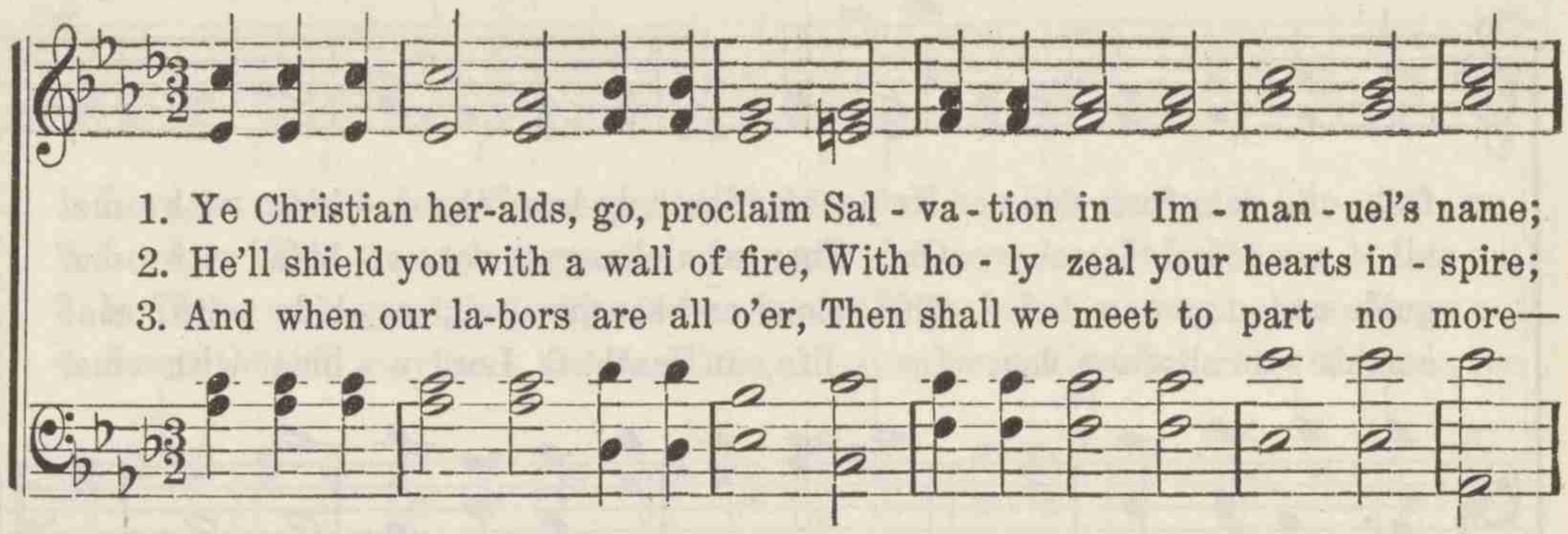
Abide With Me.
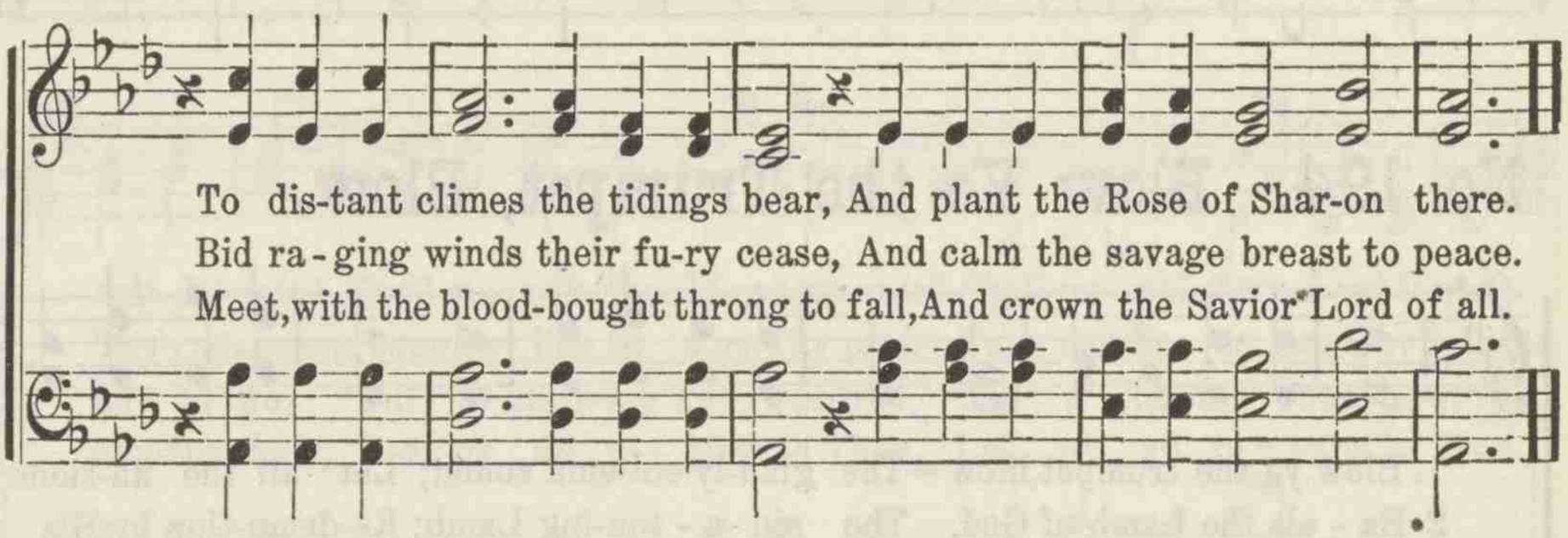


No. 194. Blow Ye the Trumpet, Blow.

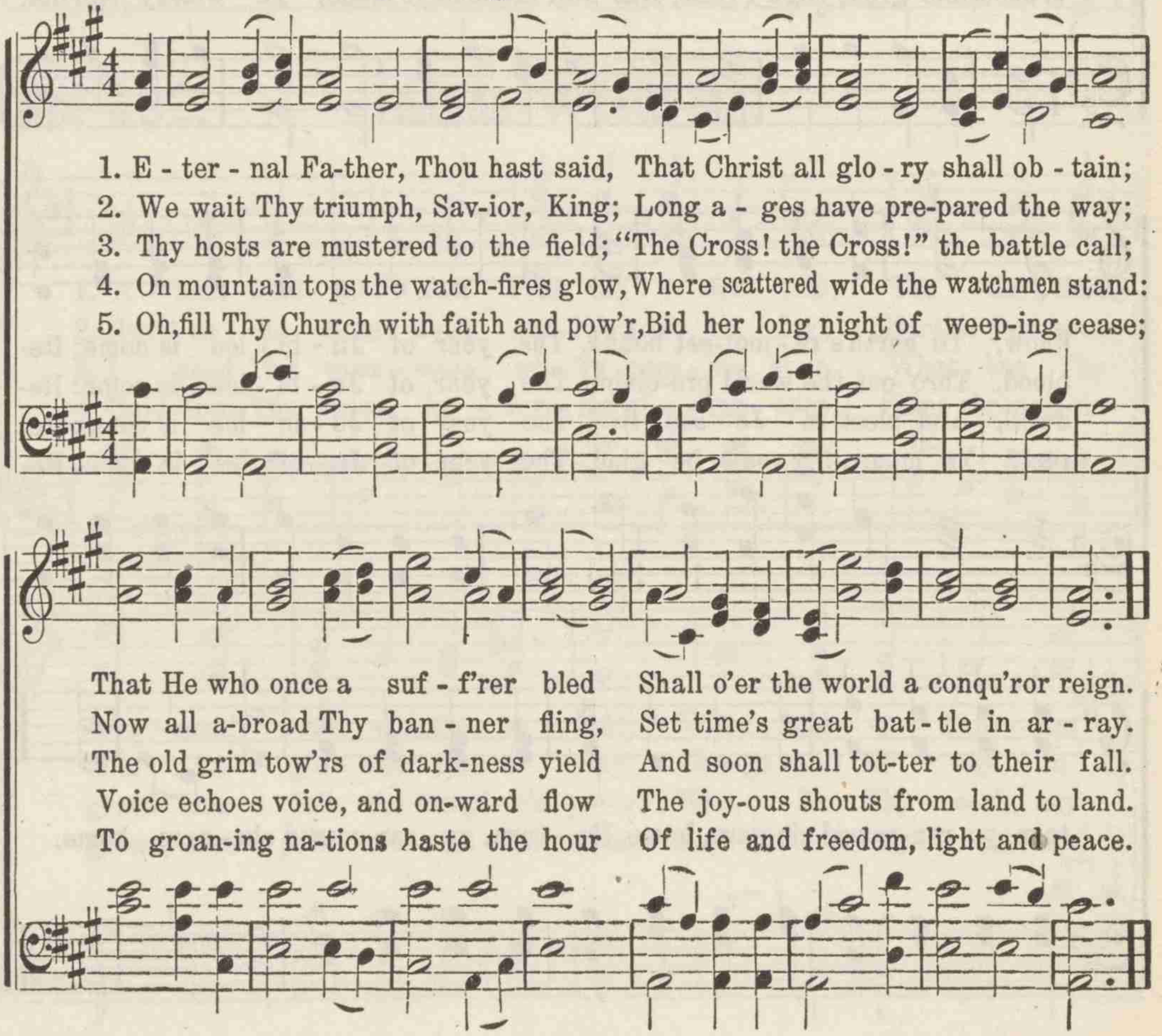


No. 195. Ye Christian Heralds, Go, Proclaim.

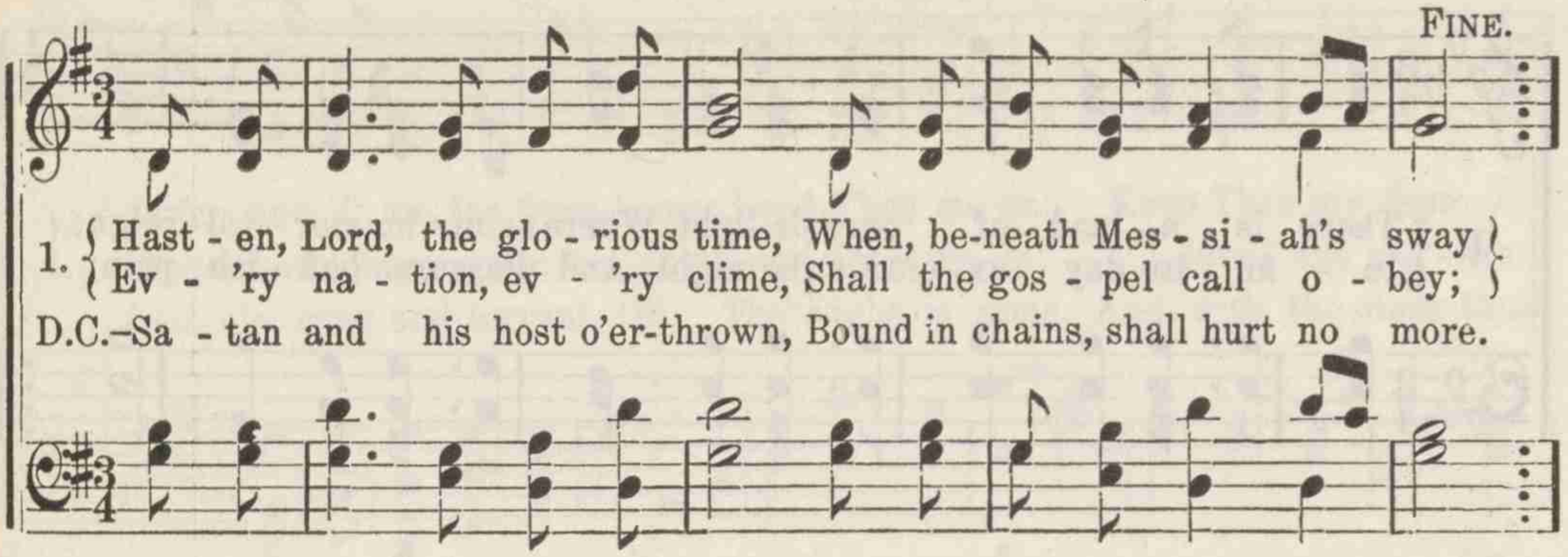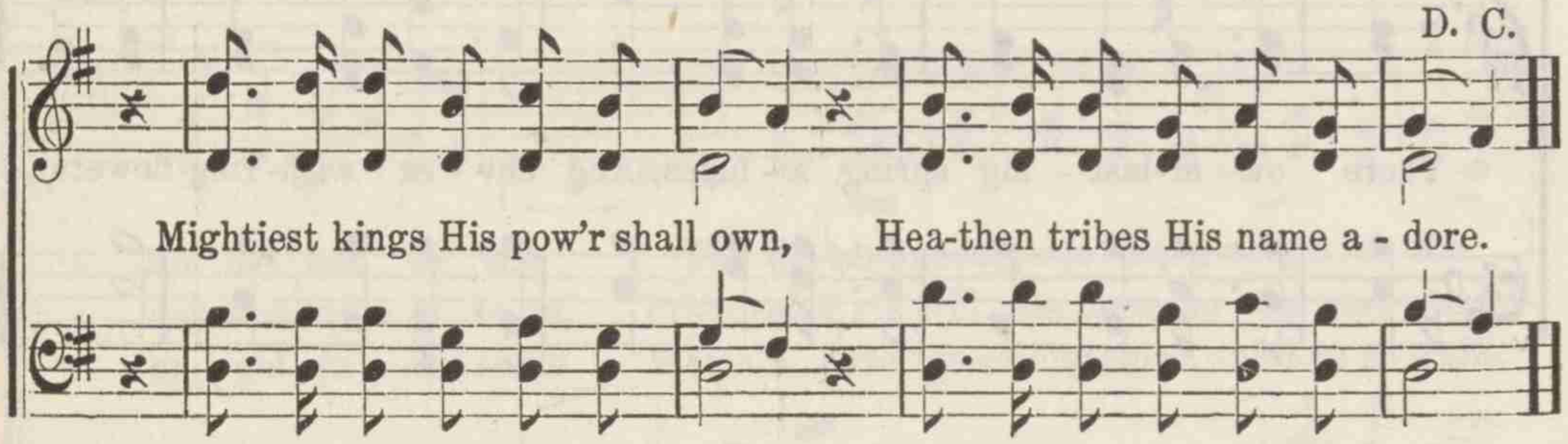




No. 196. Battle Hymn of Missions.



No. 197. Hasten, Lord; the Glorious Time.

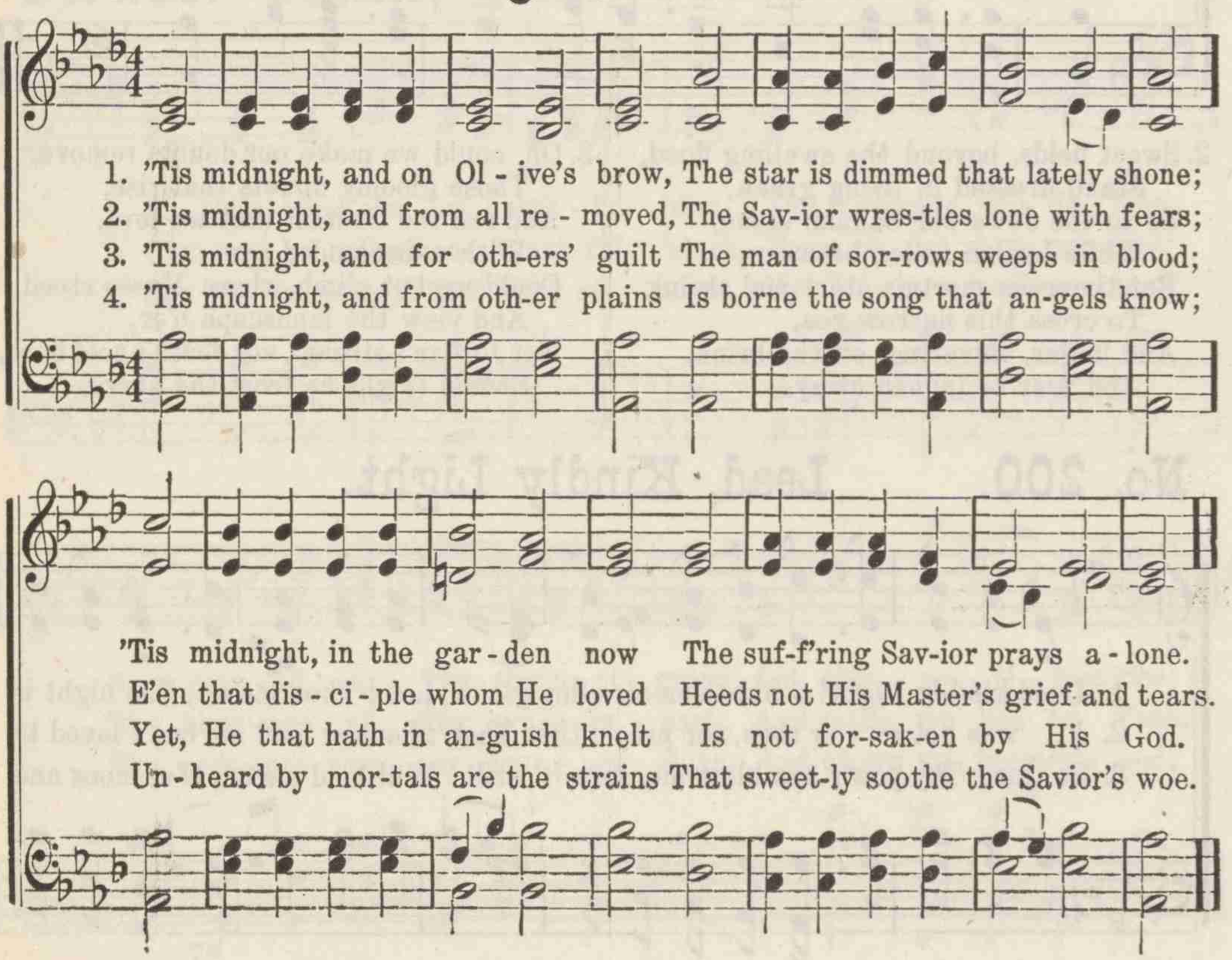




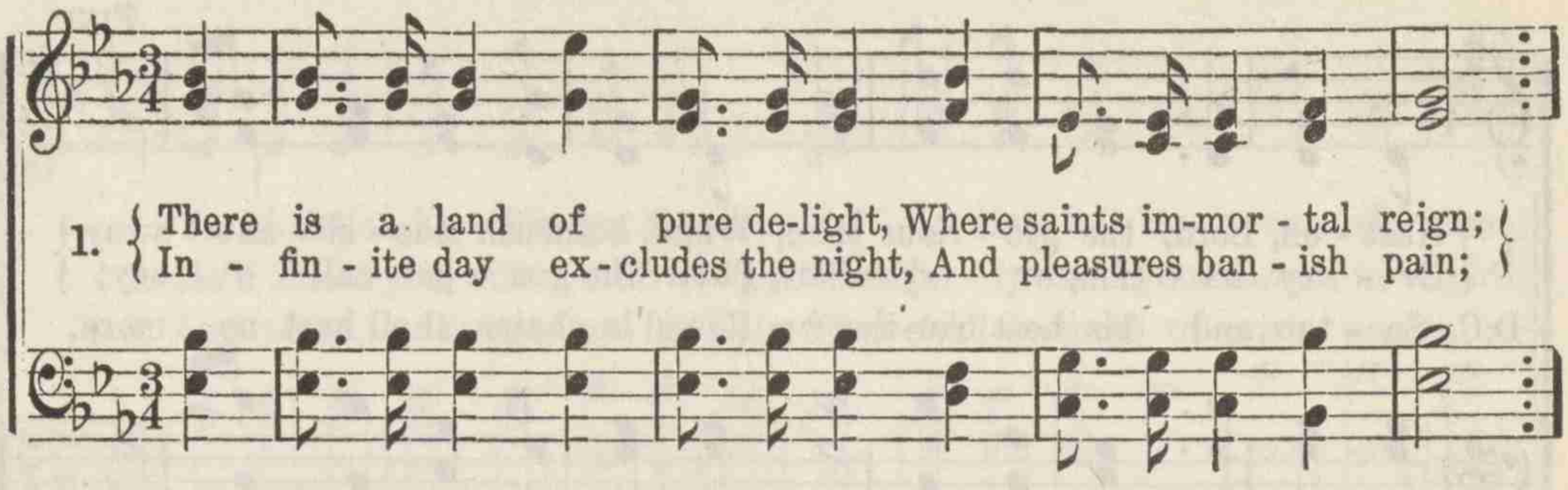
2 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

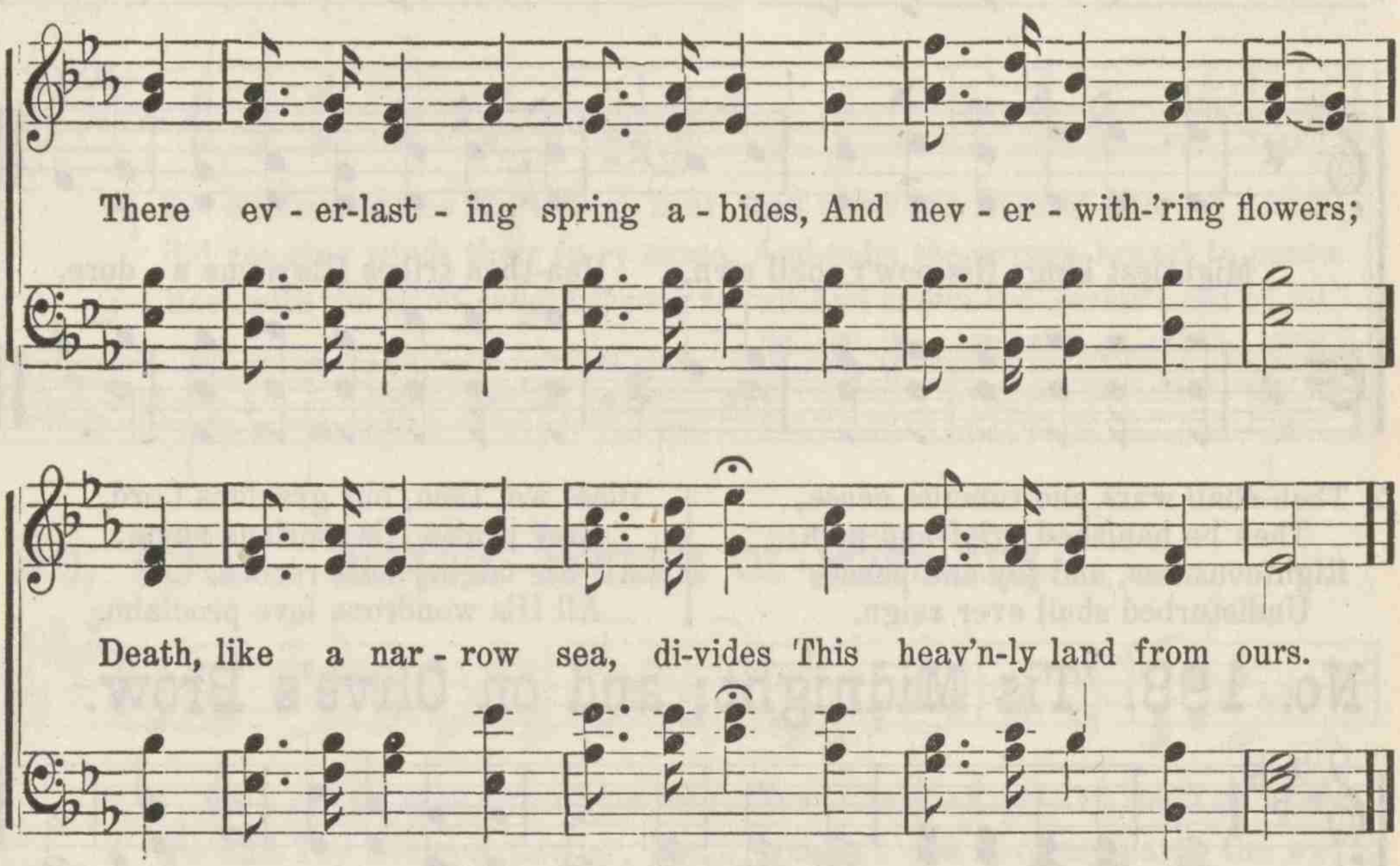
Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise His glorious name;
All His mighty acts record,
All His wondrous love proclaim.

No. 198. 'Tis Midnight; and on Olive's Brow.



No. 199. There Is a Land of Pure Delight.

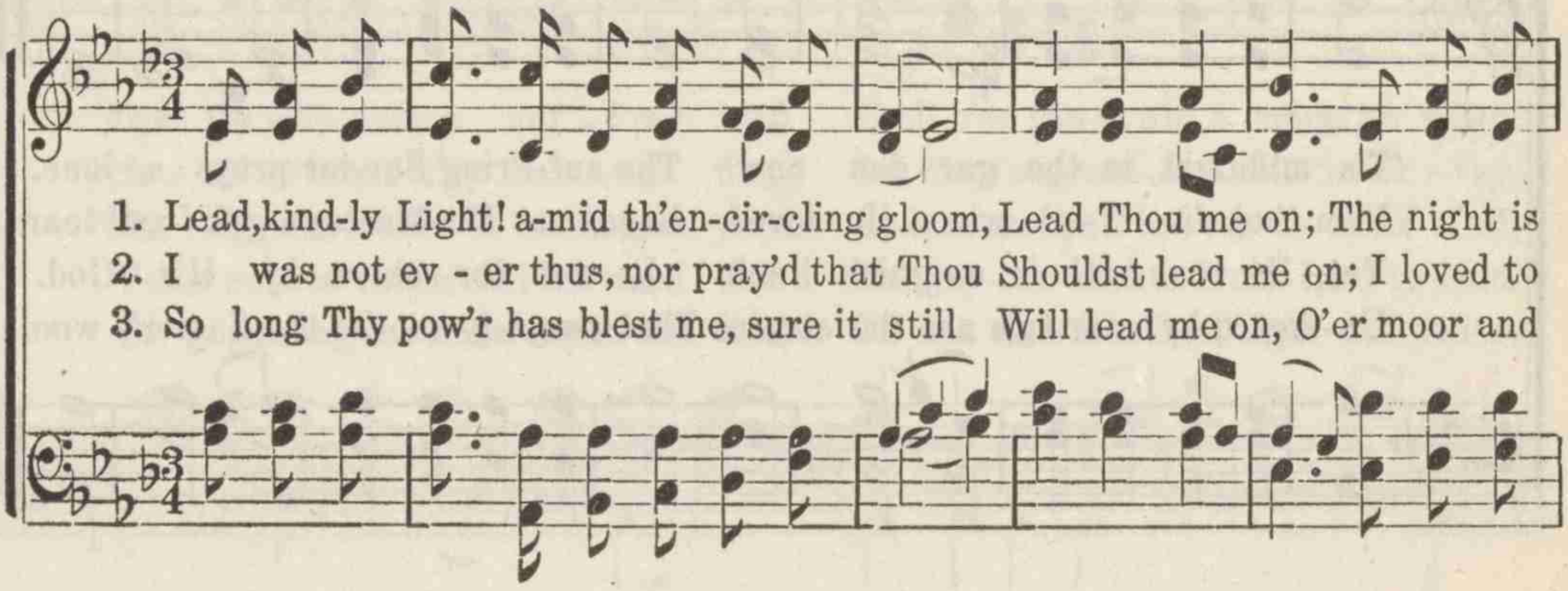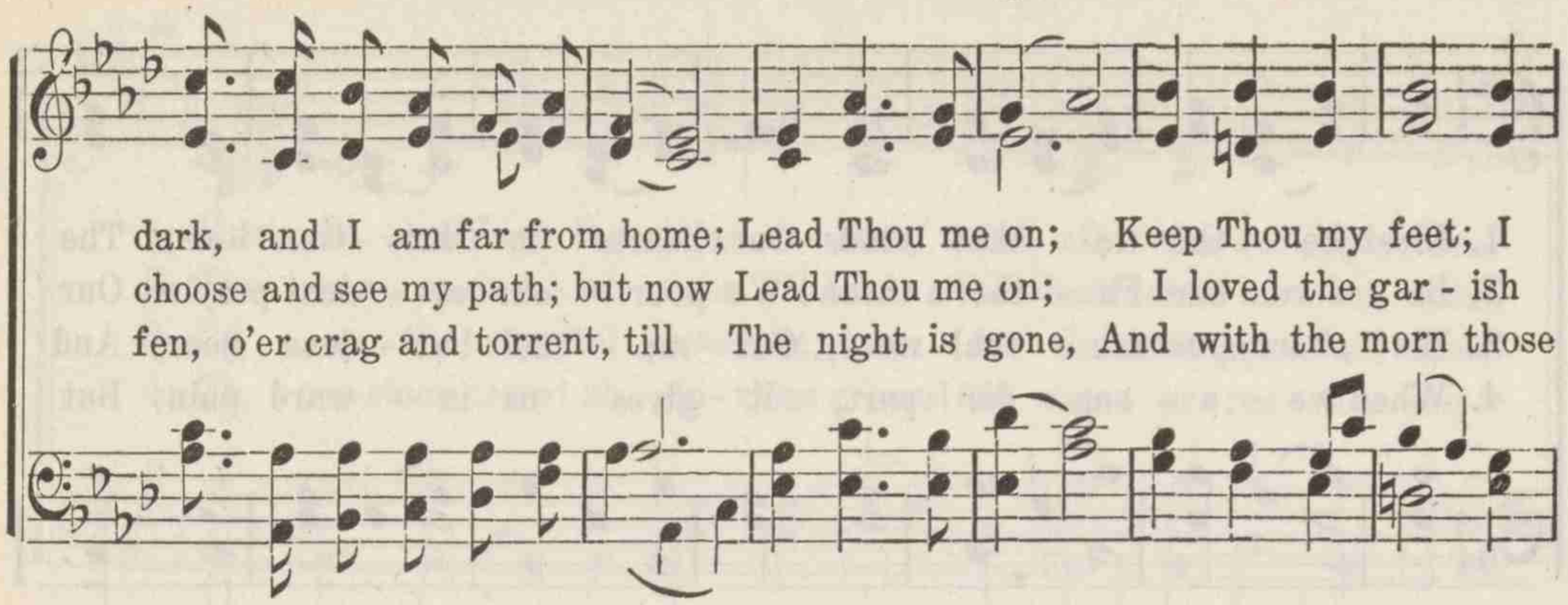




2. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between;
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3. Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.
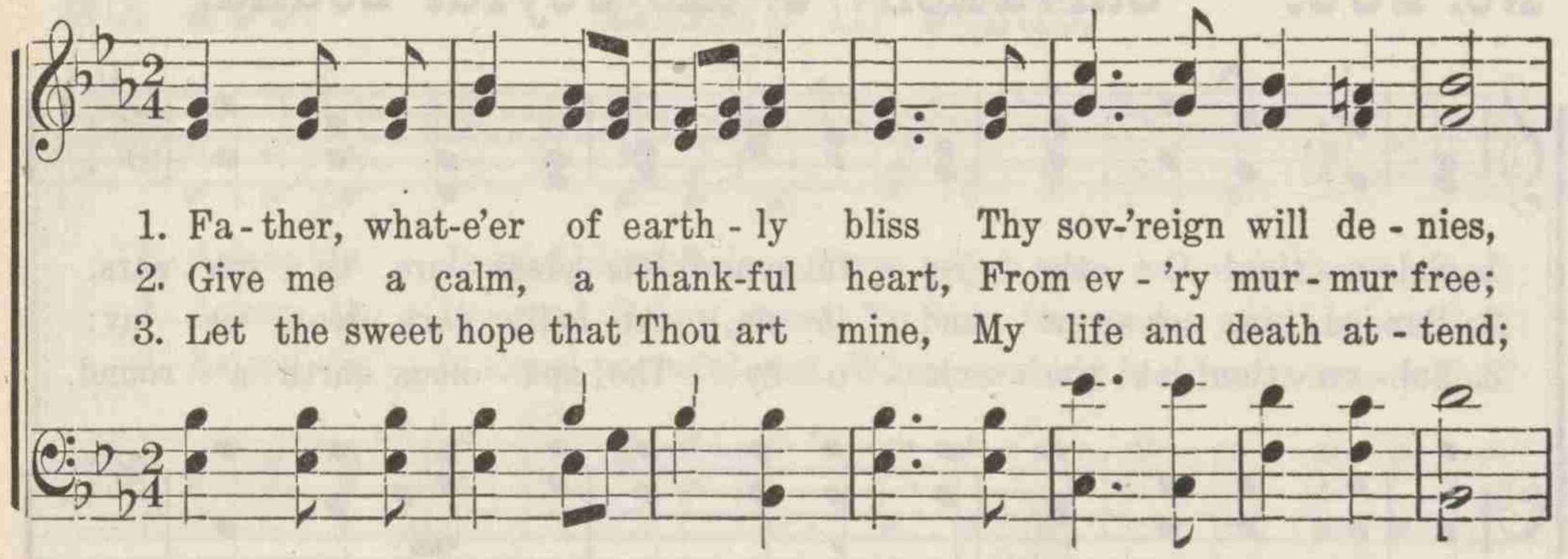
No. 200. Lead, Kindly Light.
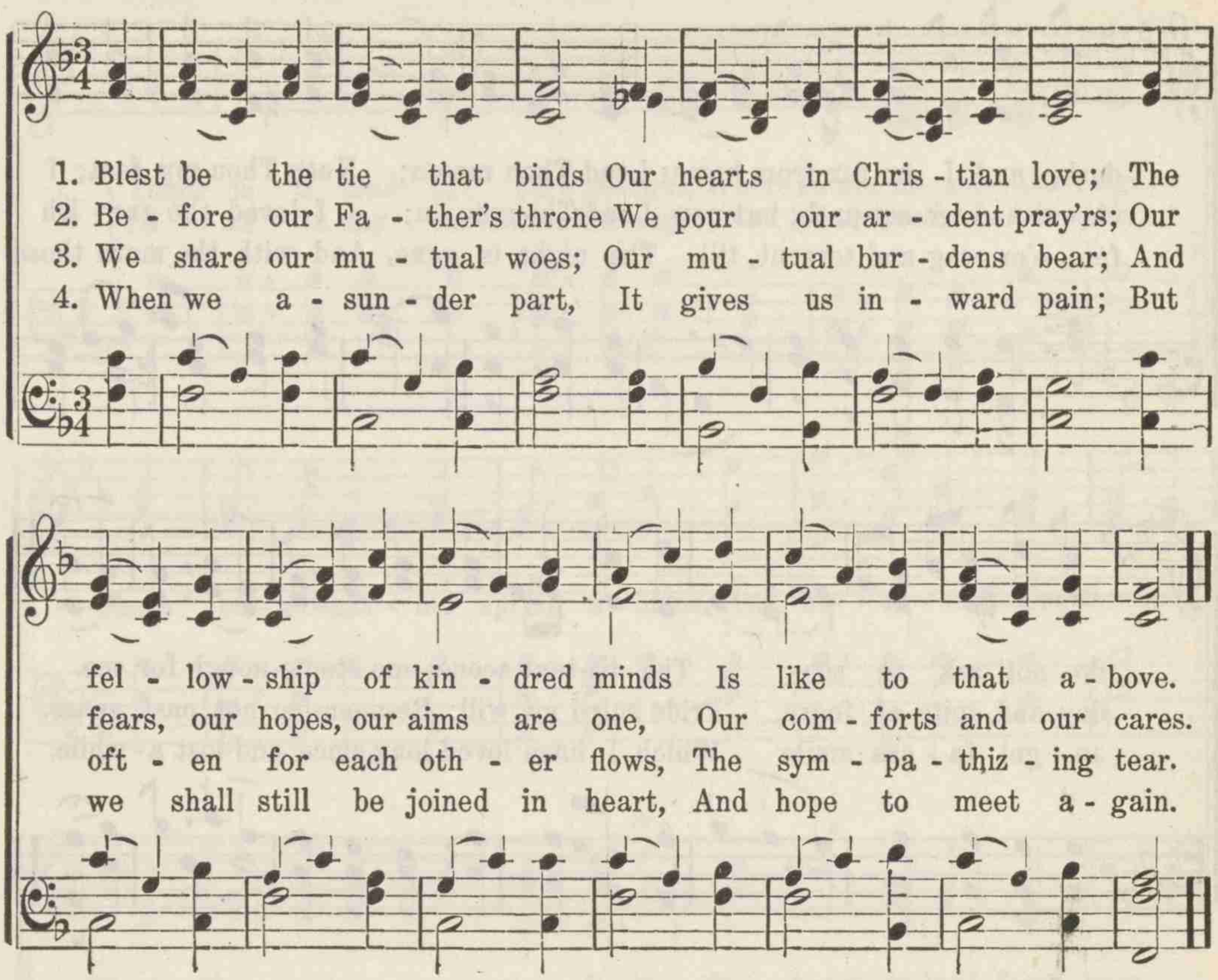


Lead, Kindly Light.
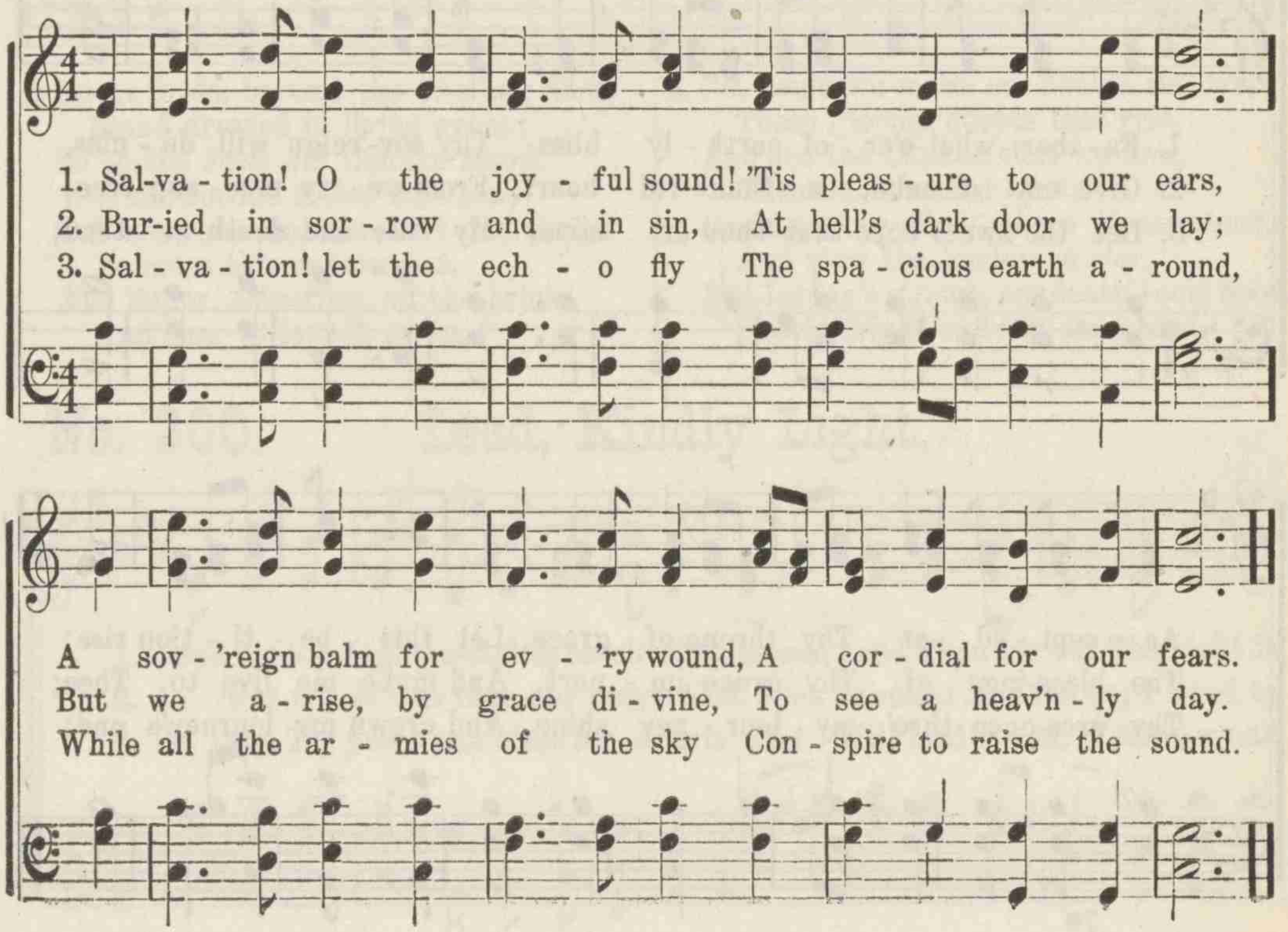


No. 201. Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss.



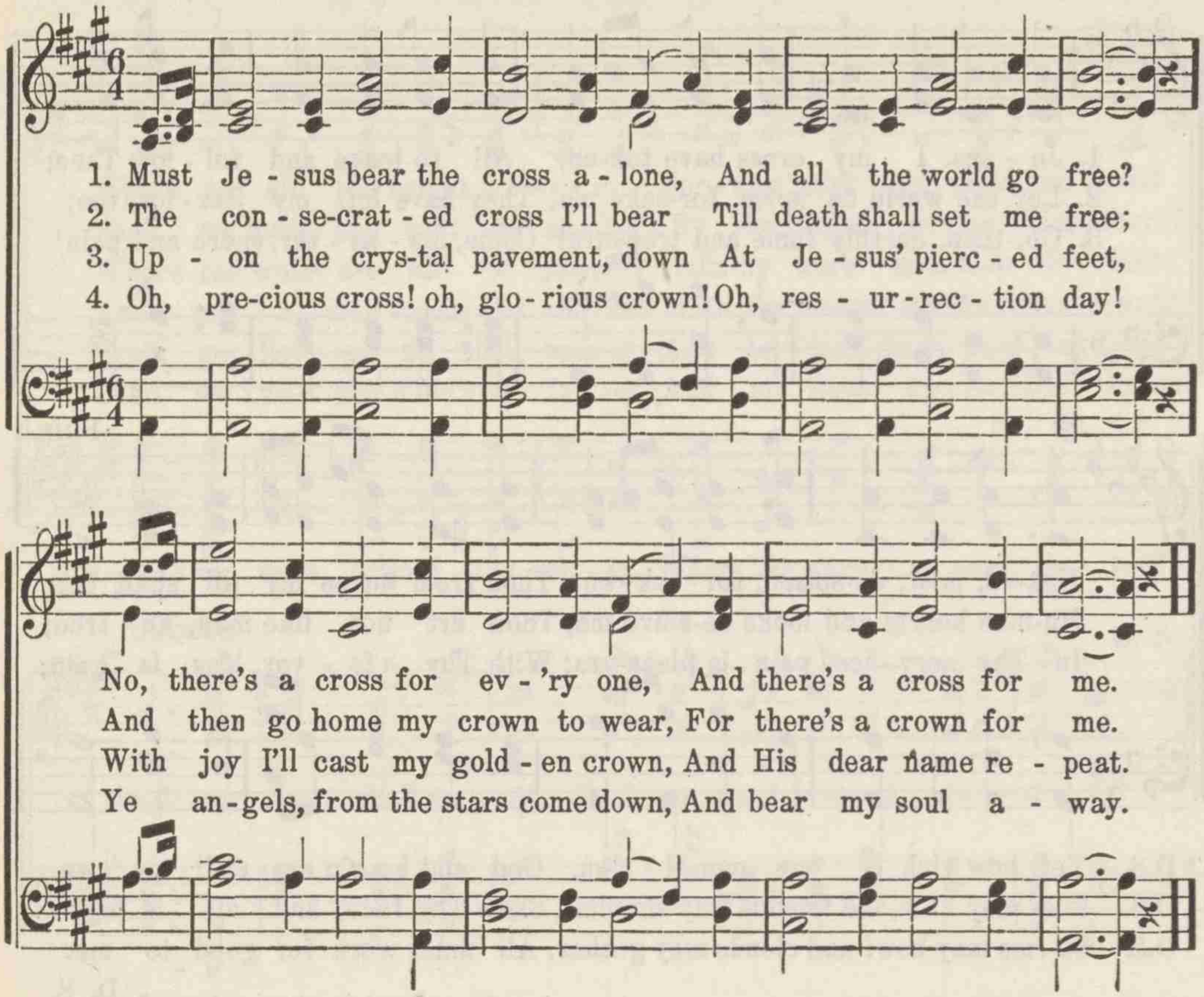
No. 202. Blest Be the Tie.



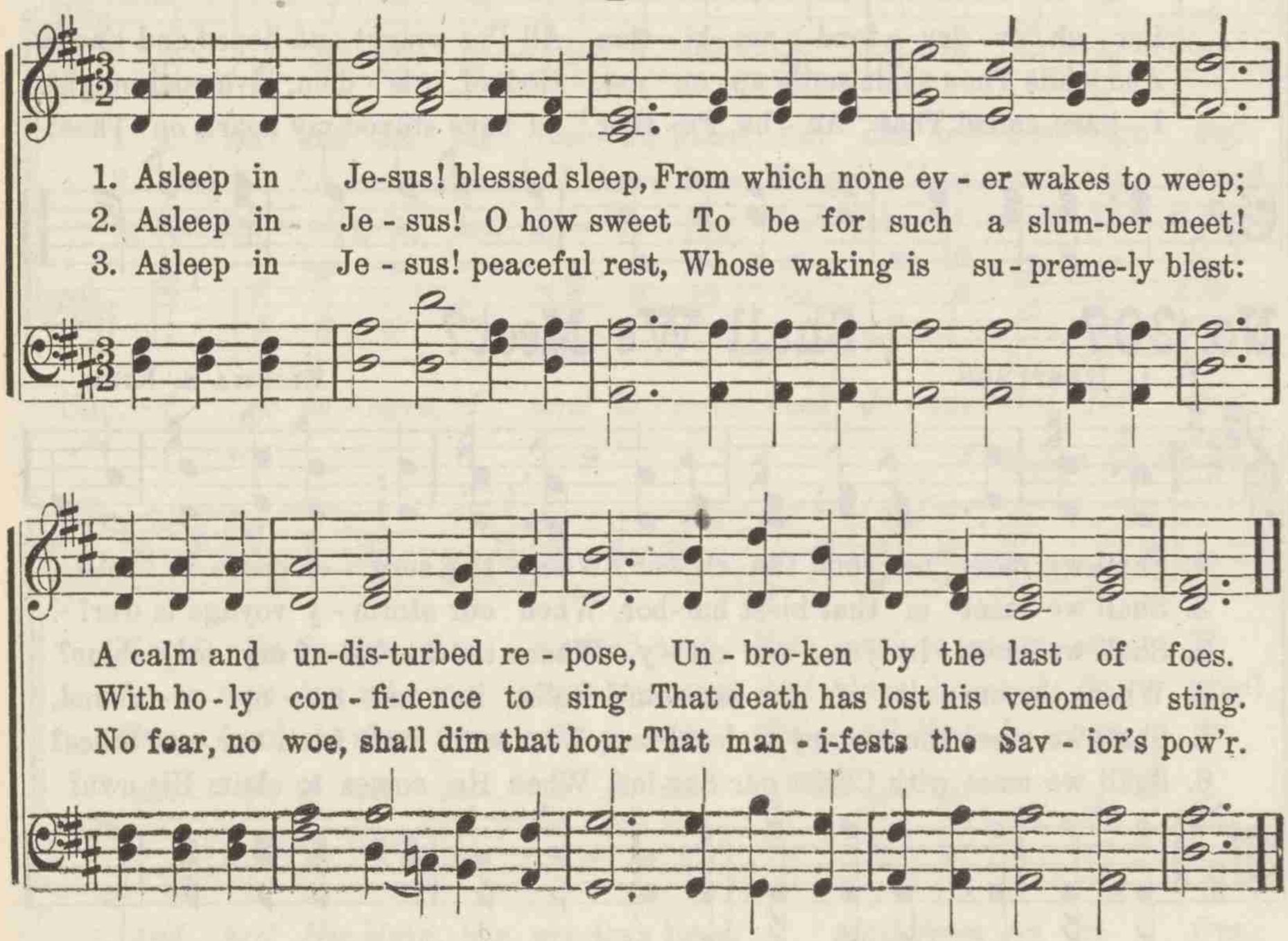
No. 203. Salvation! O the Joyful Sound.



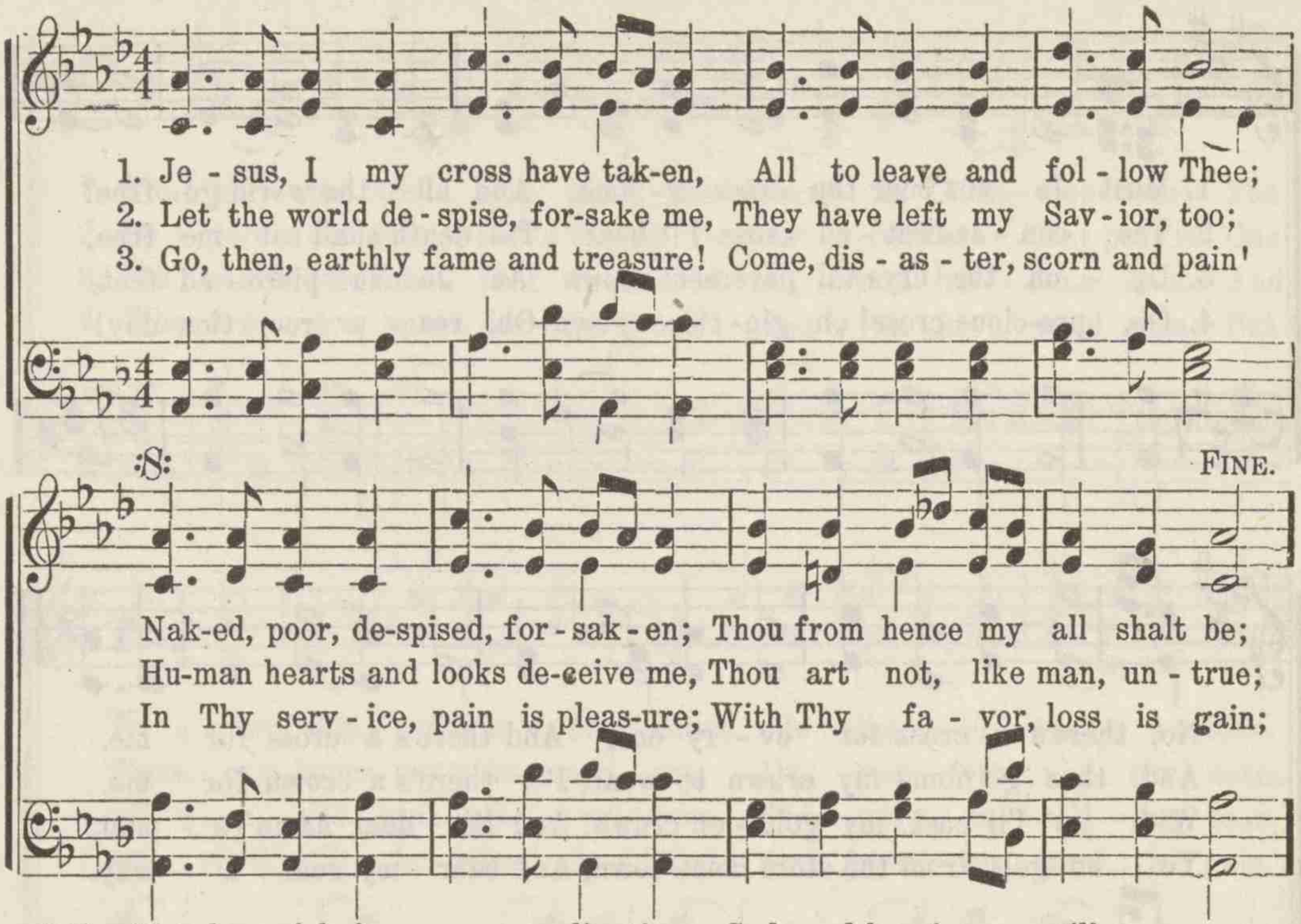
No. 204. Must Jesus Bear the Cross.



No. 205. Asleep in Jesus.

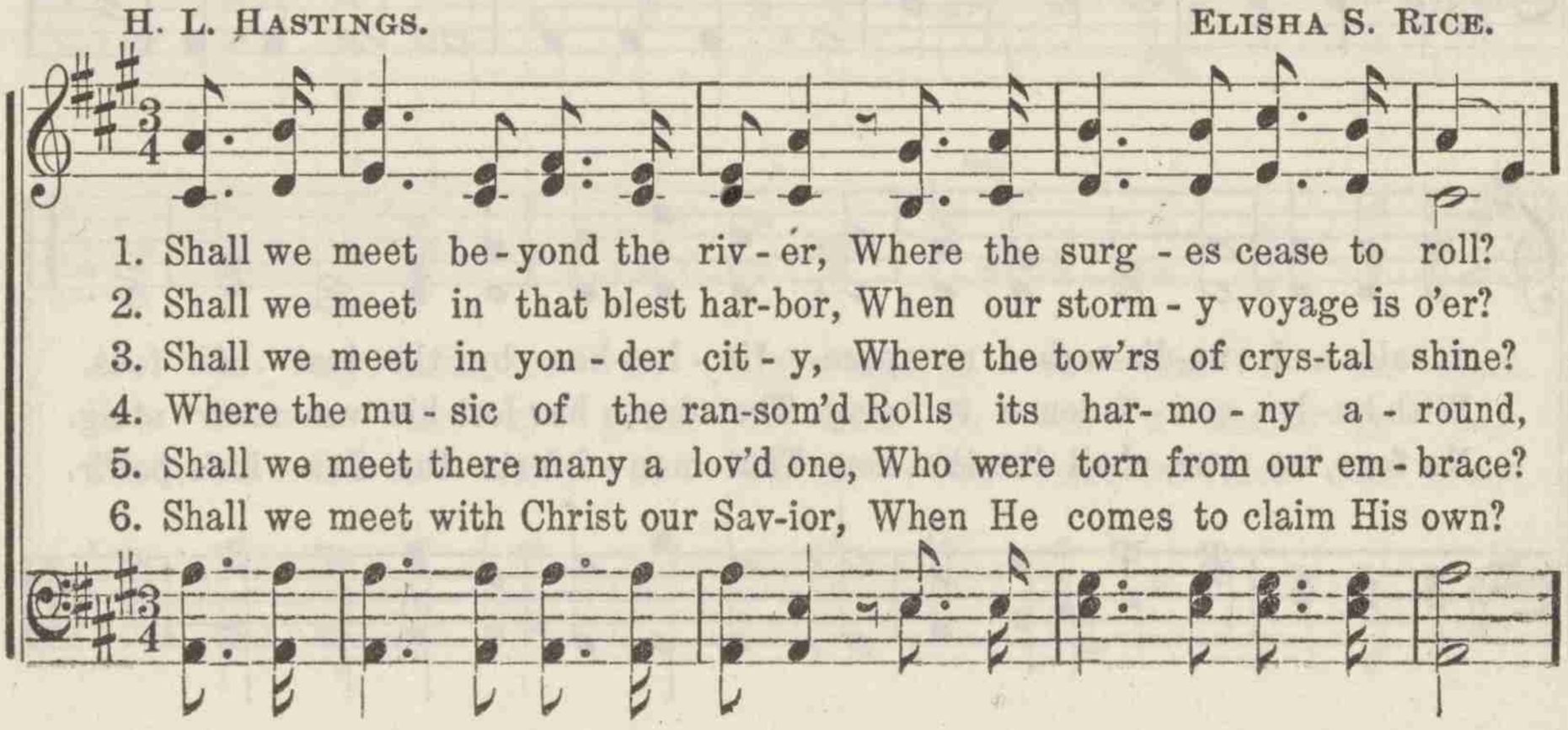


No. 206. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.
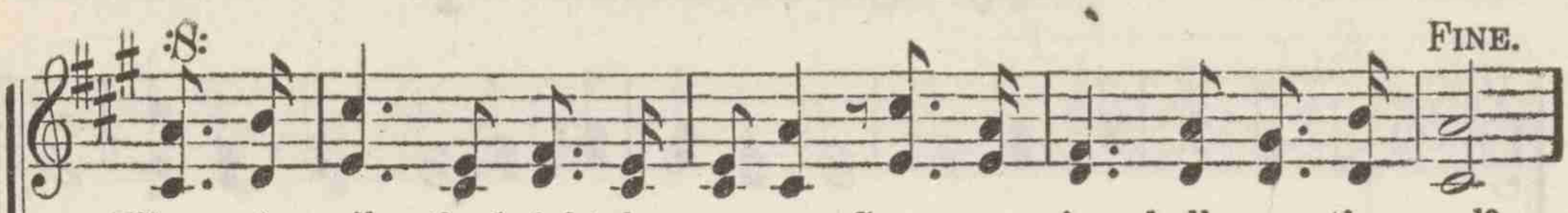


No. 207. Shall We Meet?
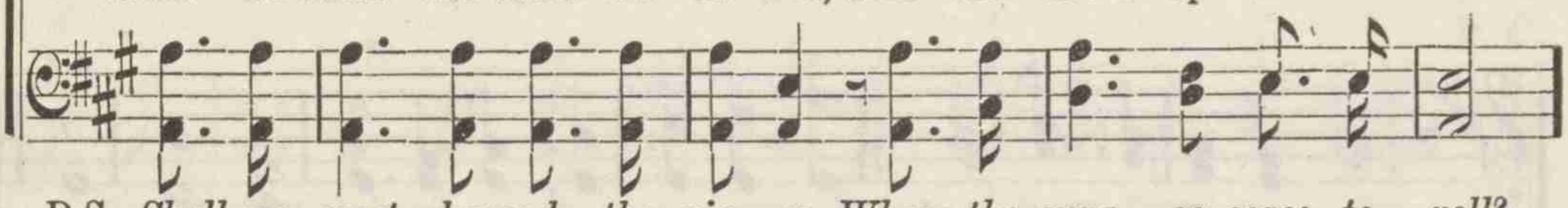
H. L. HASTINGS. ELISHA S. RICE.



Shall We Meet?
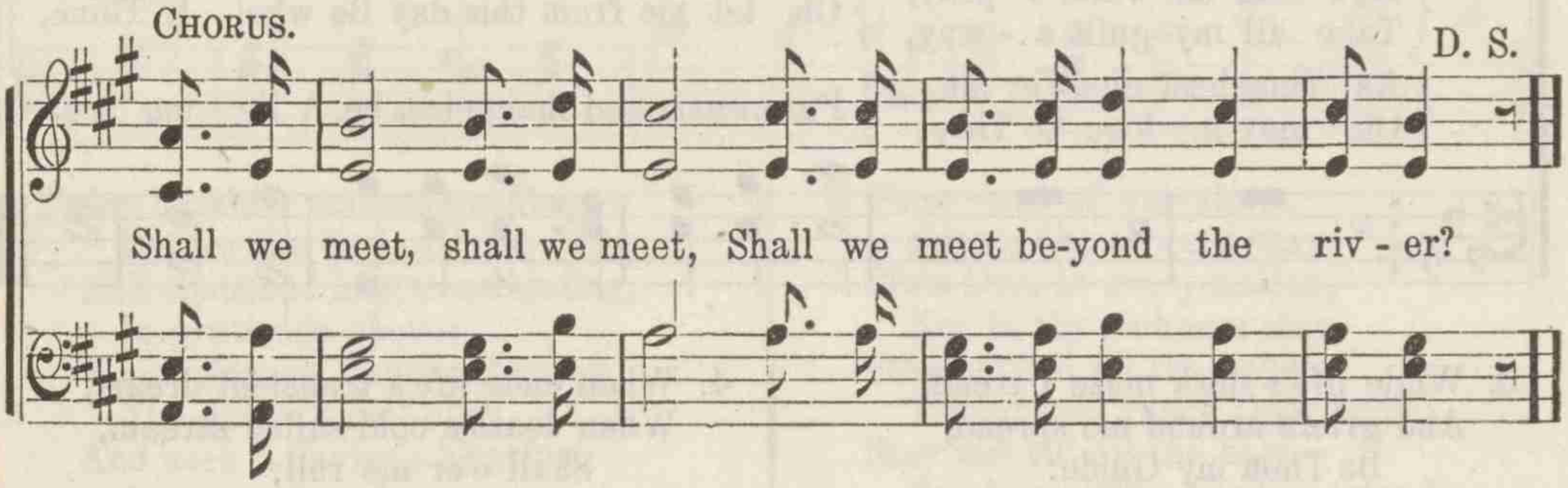


Where in all the bright for-ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the an-chor By the bright ce - les - tial shore?
Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built by work - man-ship di - vine?
And cre - a - tion swells the cho - rus With its sweet mel - o-dious sound?
Shall we list - en to their voic-es, And be - hold them face to face?
Shall we know His bless - ed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne?
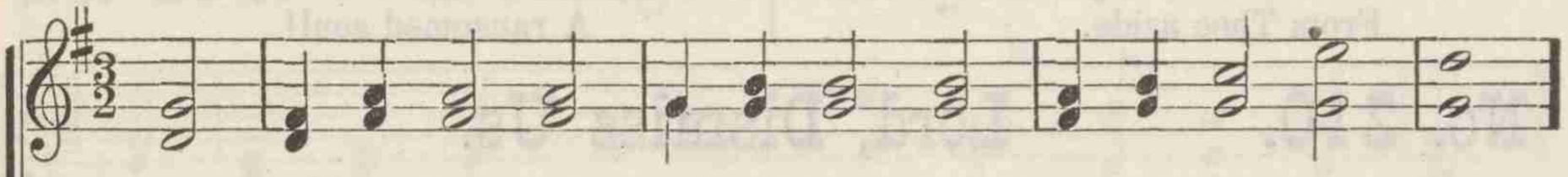


D.S.–*Shall we meet beyond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?*

CHORUS.

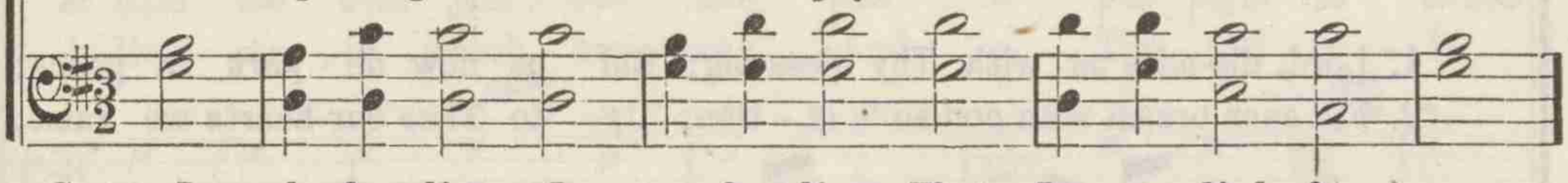


Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er?

No. 208. I Do Believe.

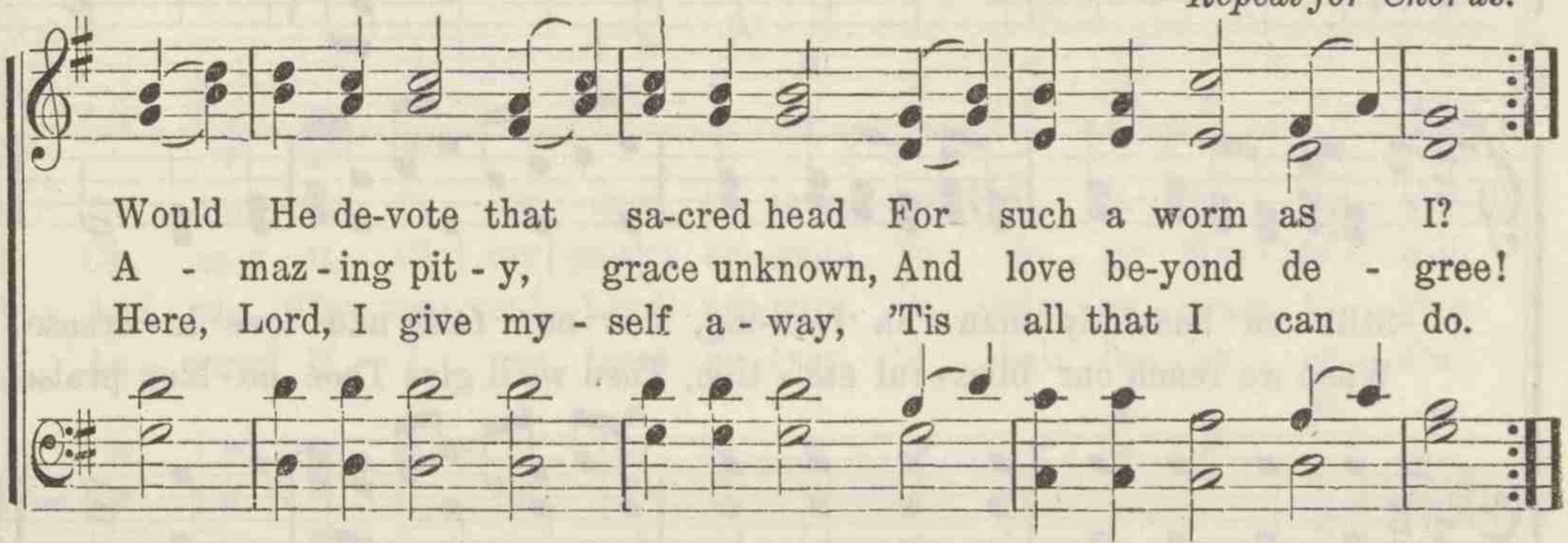


1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd up - on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe?



CHO.—*I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me;*
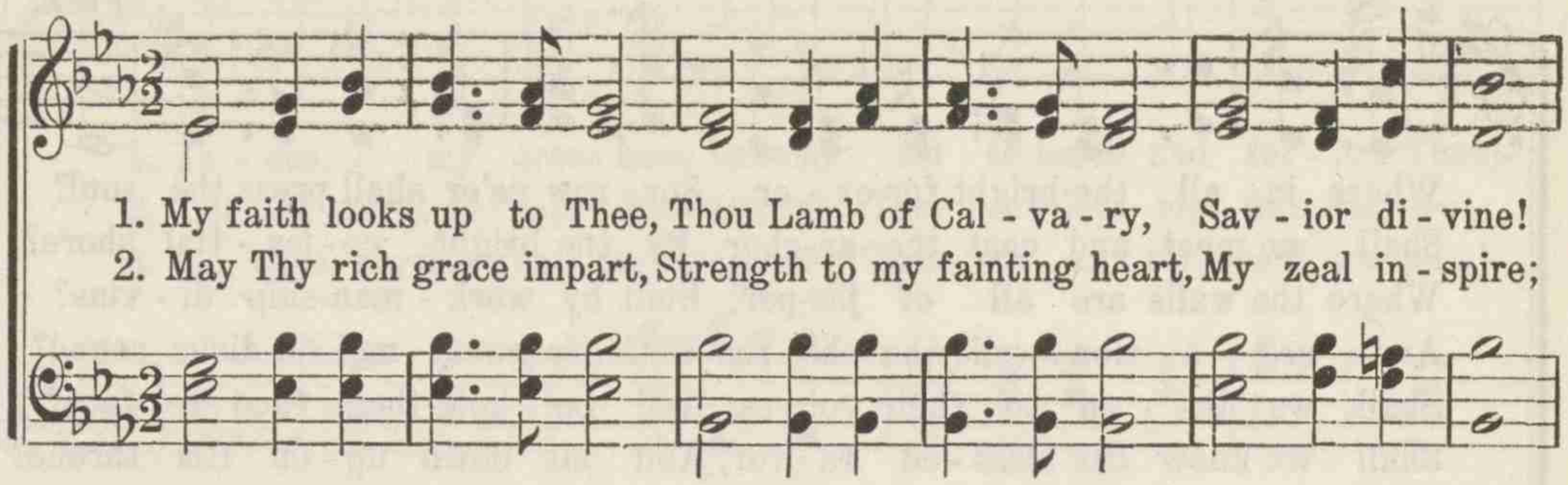
Repeat for Chorus.



Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be-yond de - gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

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

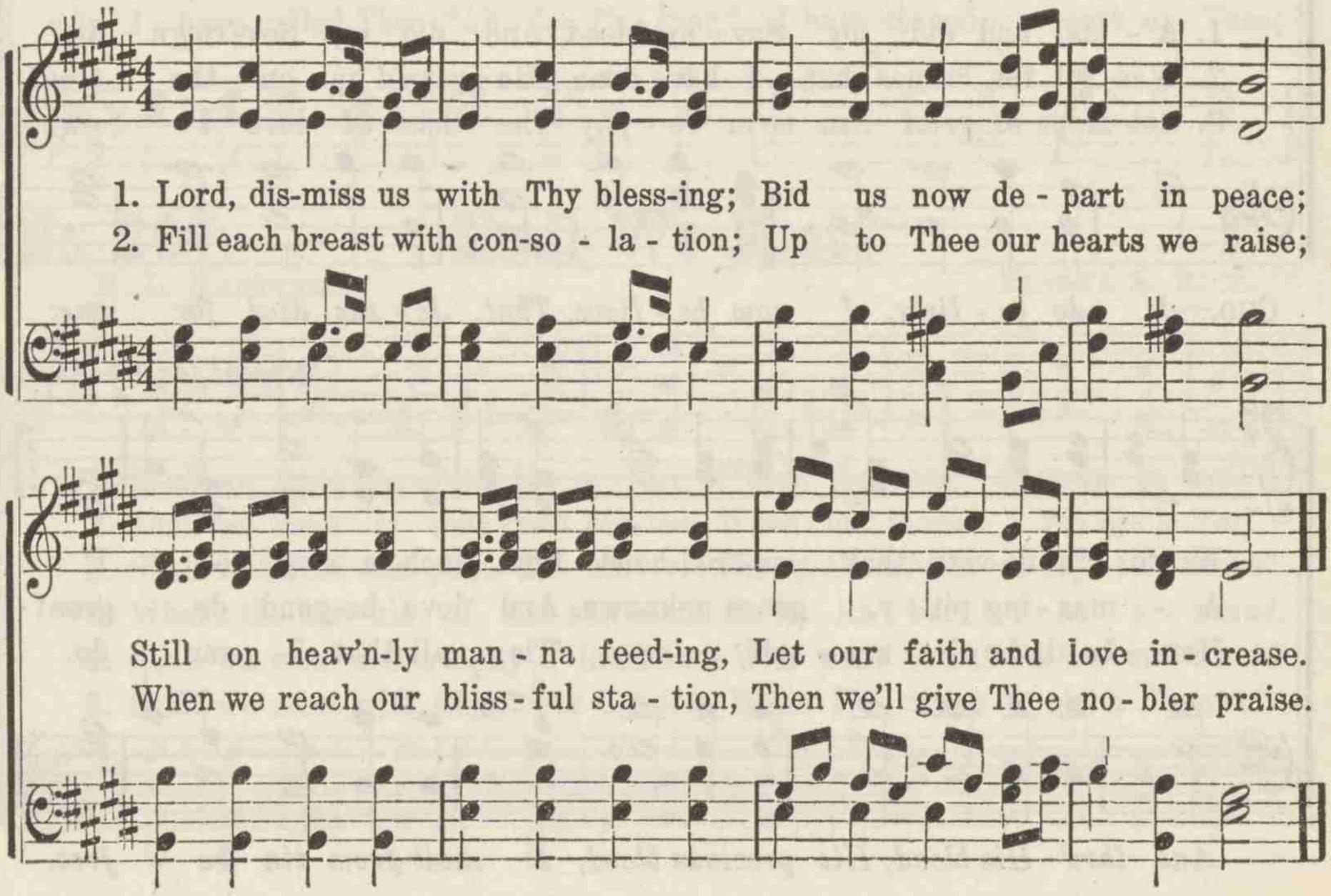
No. 209. My Faith Looks Up.



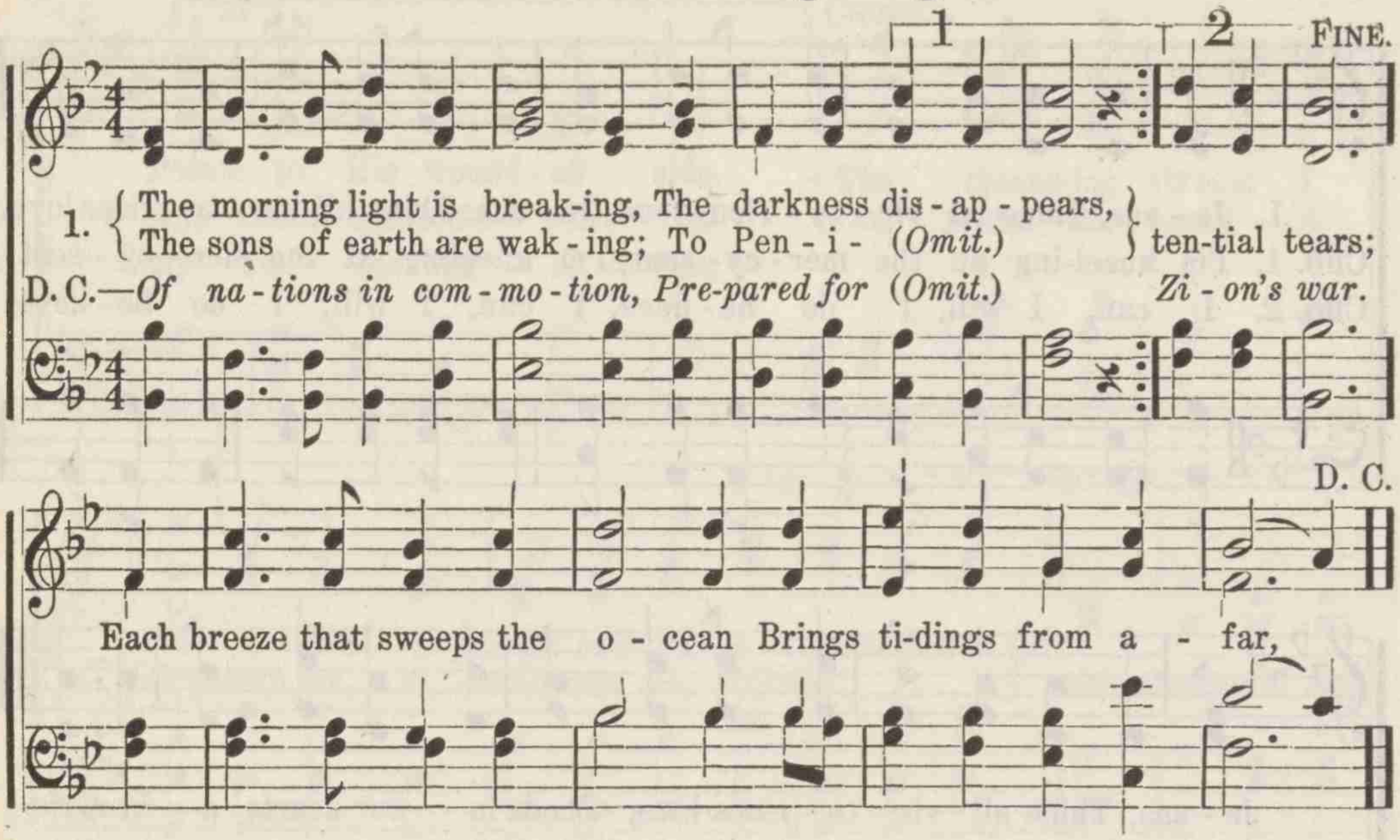
3. While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide:
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4. When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream,
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

No. 210. Lord, Dismiss Us.



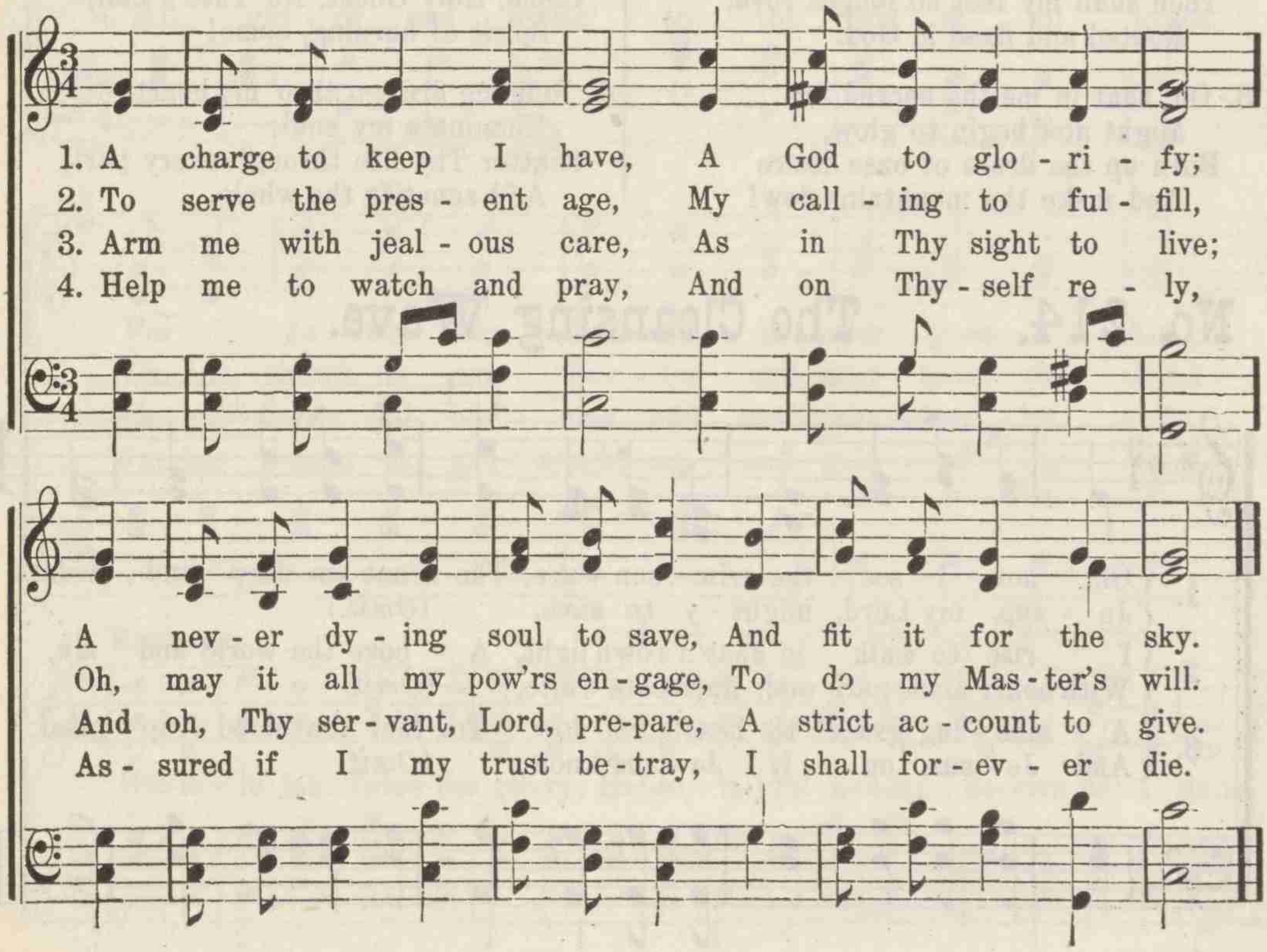
No. 211. The Morning Light.
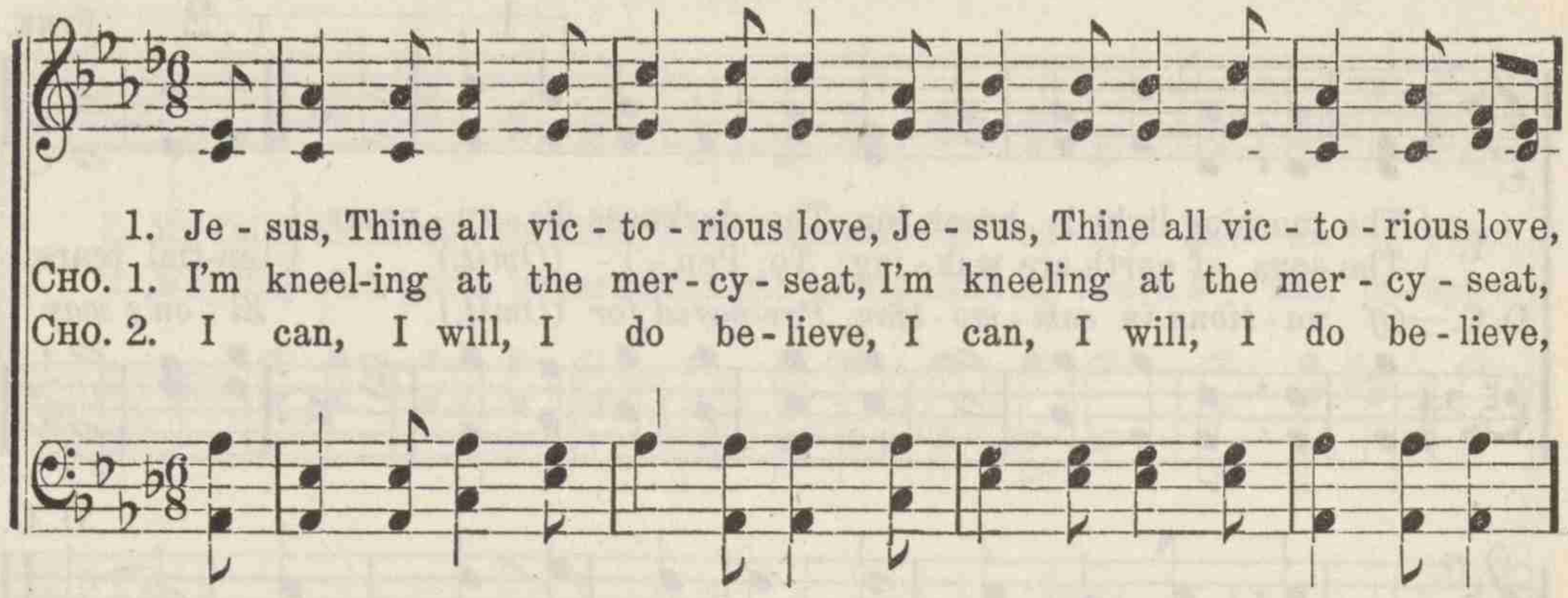


2 See heathen nations bending,
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending,
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.
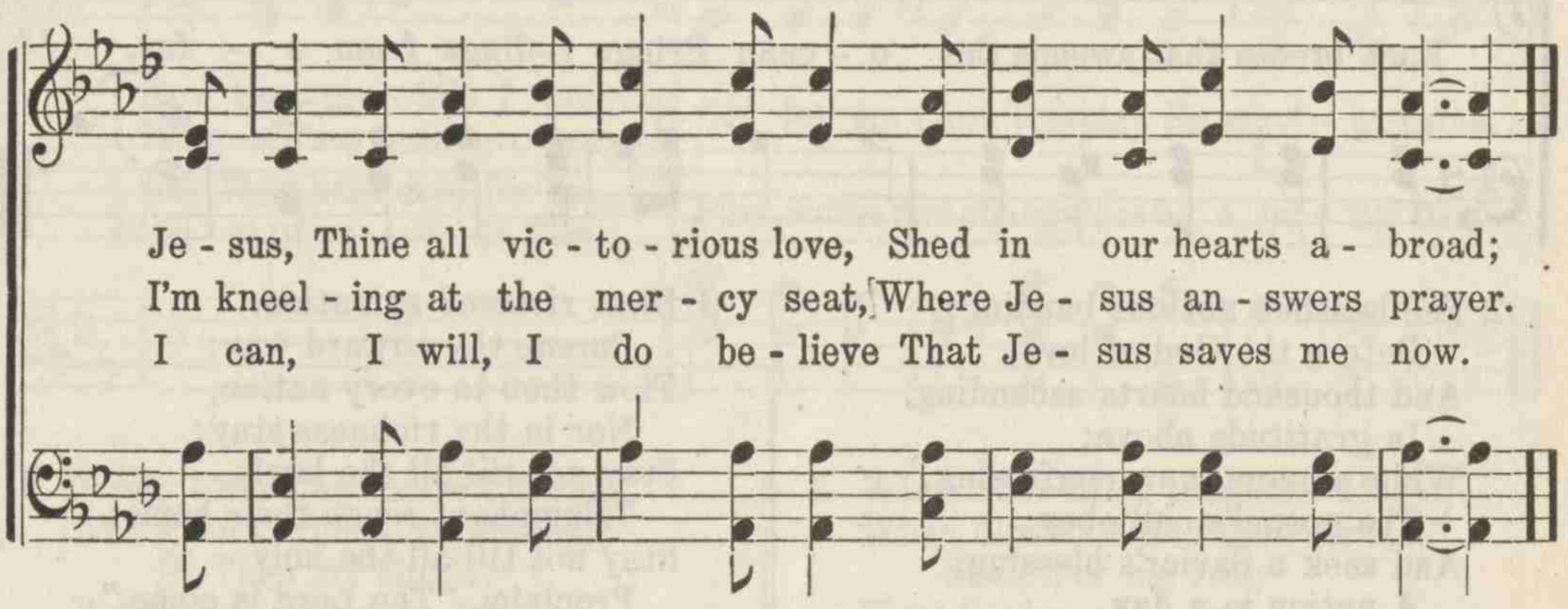
3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way:
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

No. 212. A Charge to Keep I Have.



No. 213. I'm Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.





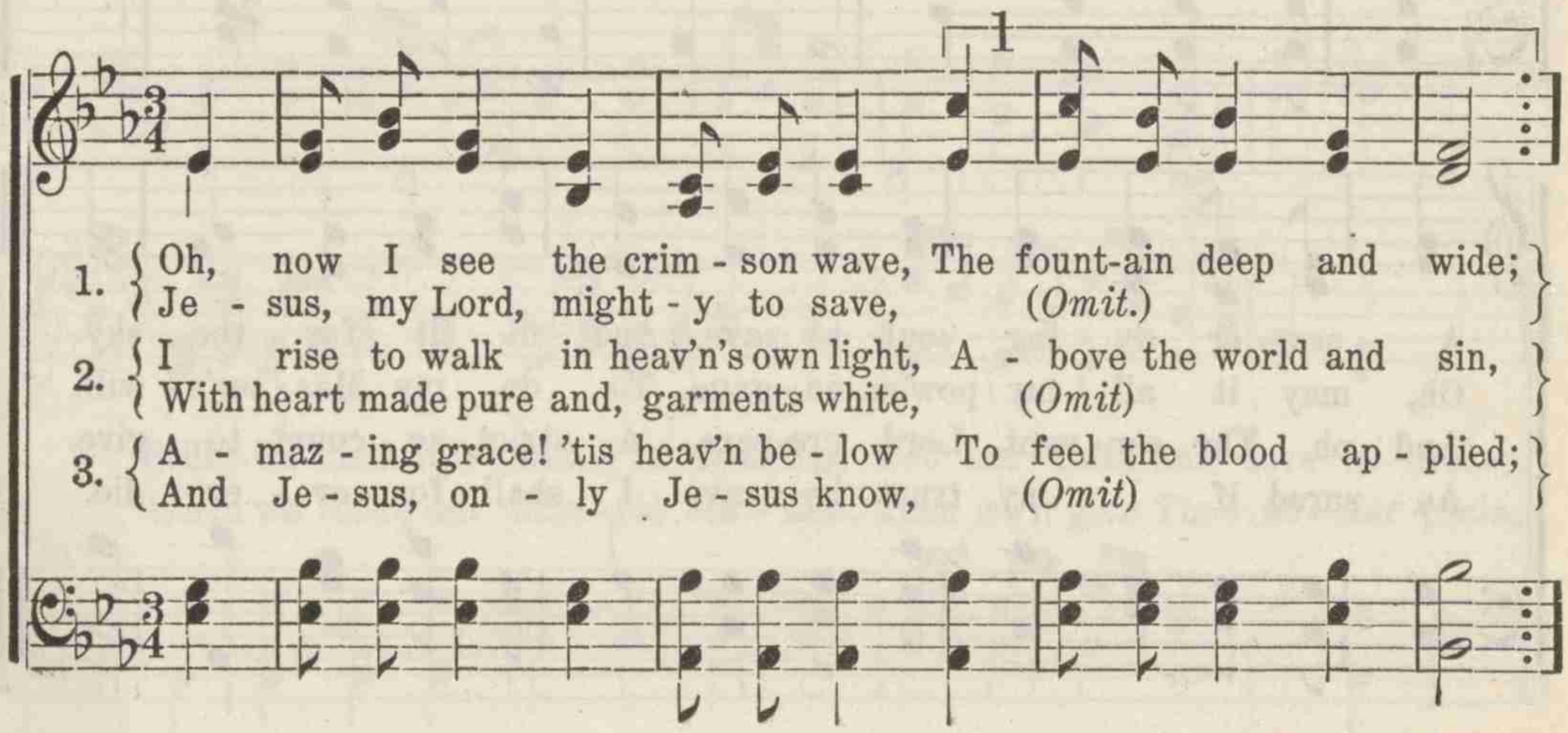
1. Jesus, Thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

3. Oh, that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire
And make the mountains flow!

3. Oh, that it now from heav'n might fall
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come!

4. Refining fire, go thro' my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

No. 214. The Cleansing Wave.



The Cleansing Wave.

2

Points to His wound - ed side.
And Christ enthron'd with - in.
My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

CHORUS.

The cleans-ing stream I see! I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me;
Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me, It cleans-eth me, (*Omit*) yes, cleanseth me.

No. 215. Revive Us Again.
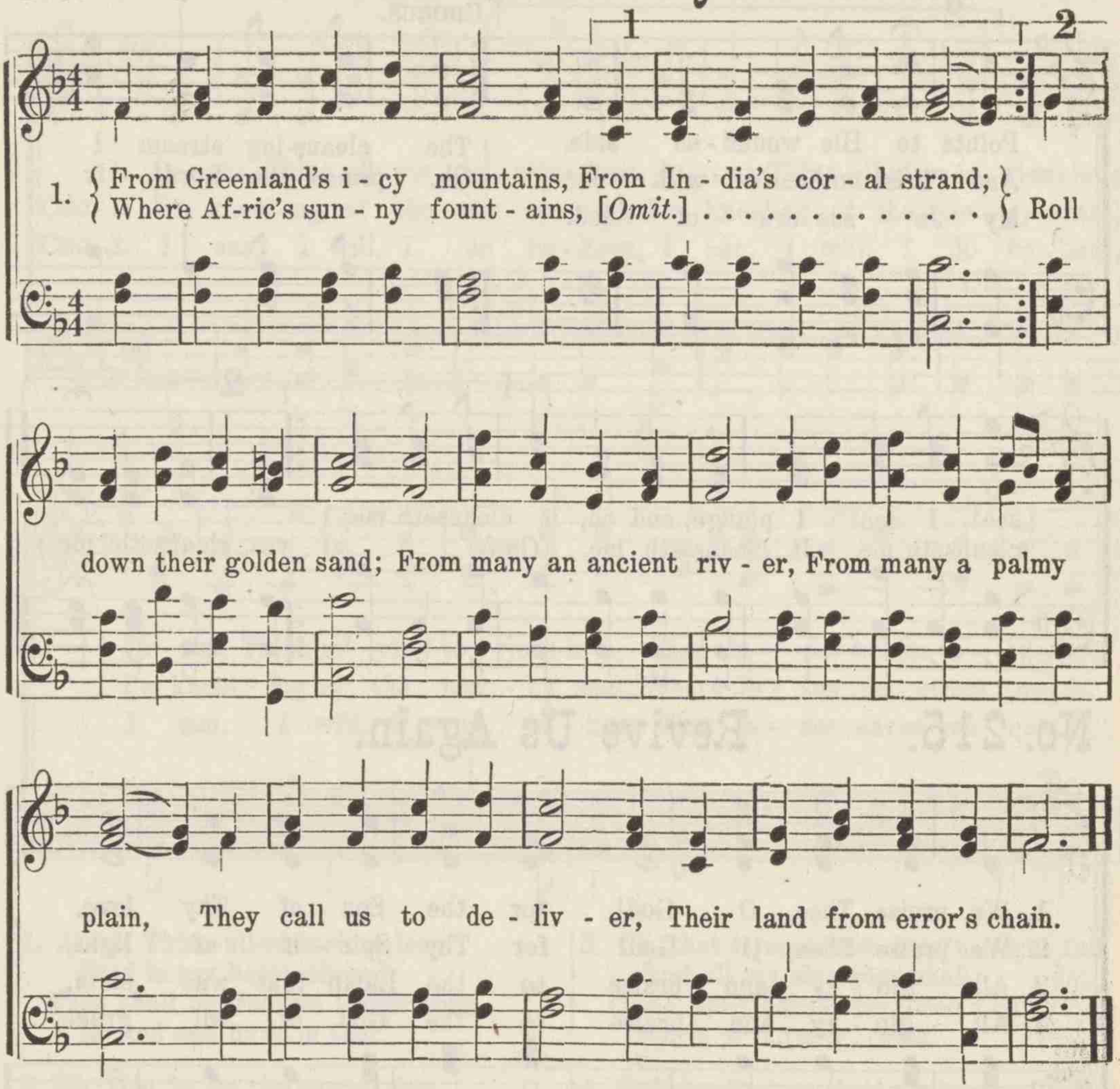
1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light,
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace,

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 cleansed ev - 'ry stain.
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guid - ed our ways.

REFRAIN.

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

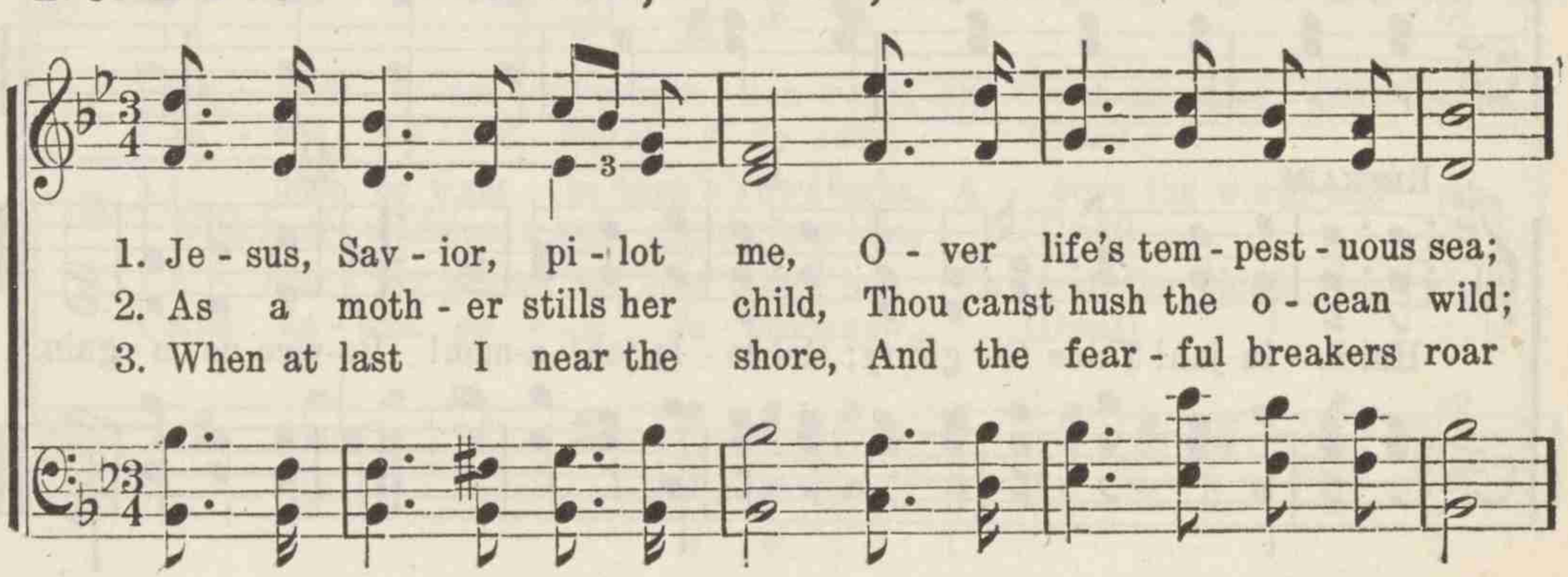
No. 216. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.
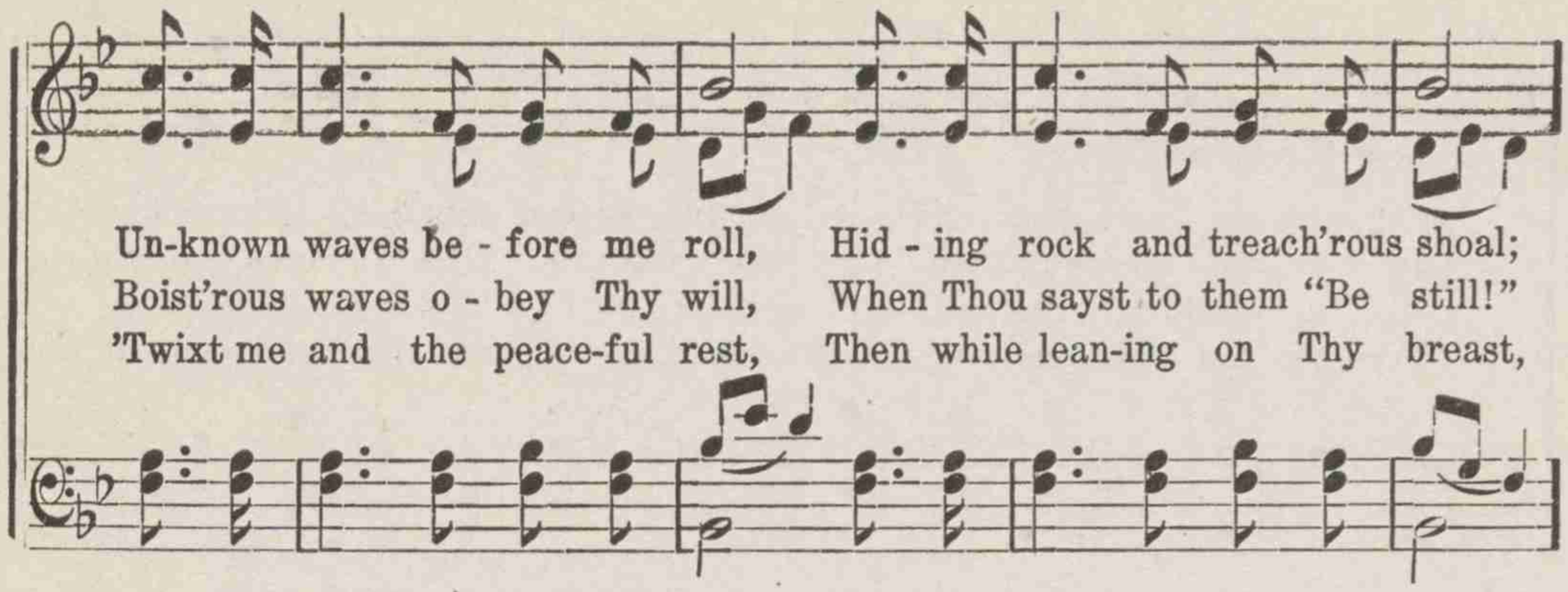


2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted,
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

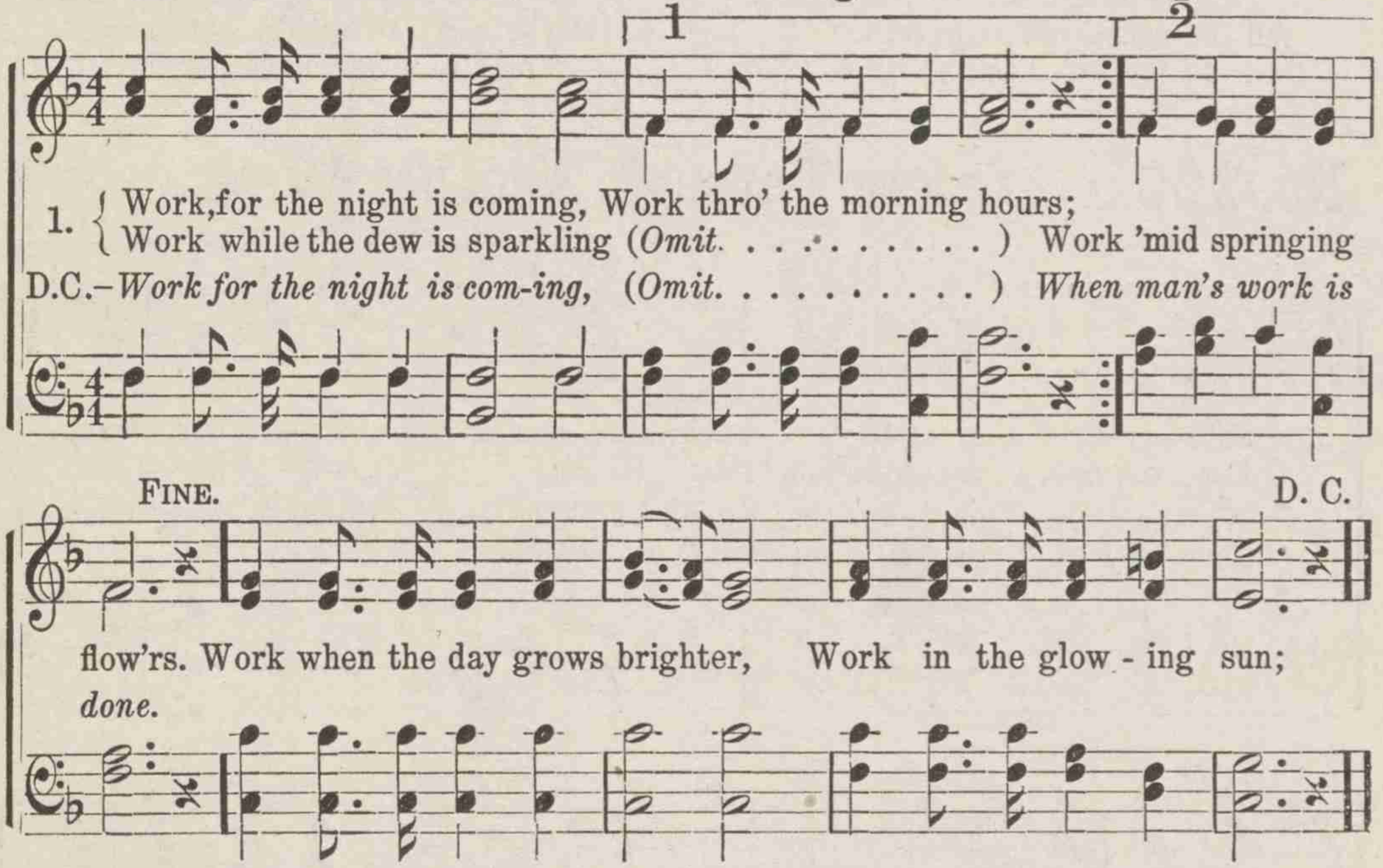
No. 217. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.



Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.



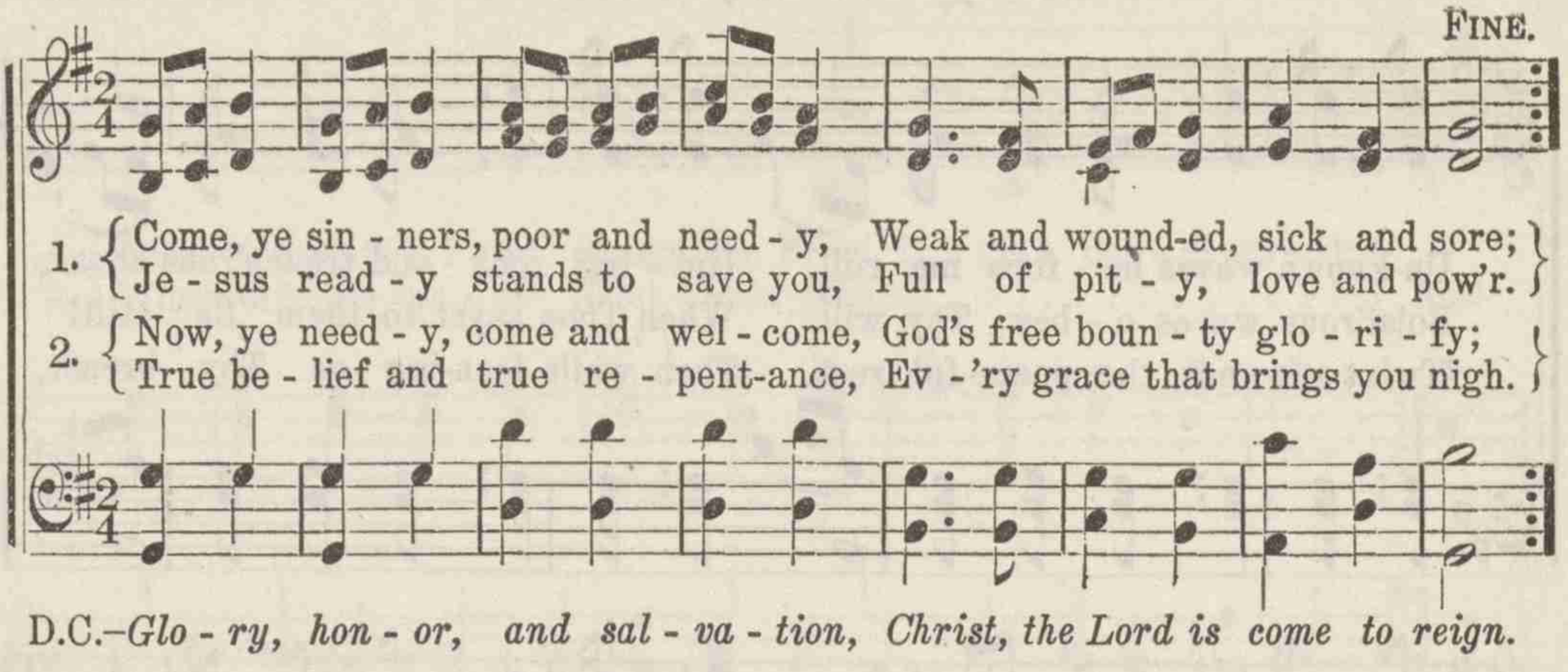
No. 218. Work, for the Night is Coming.
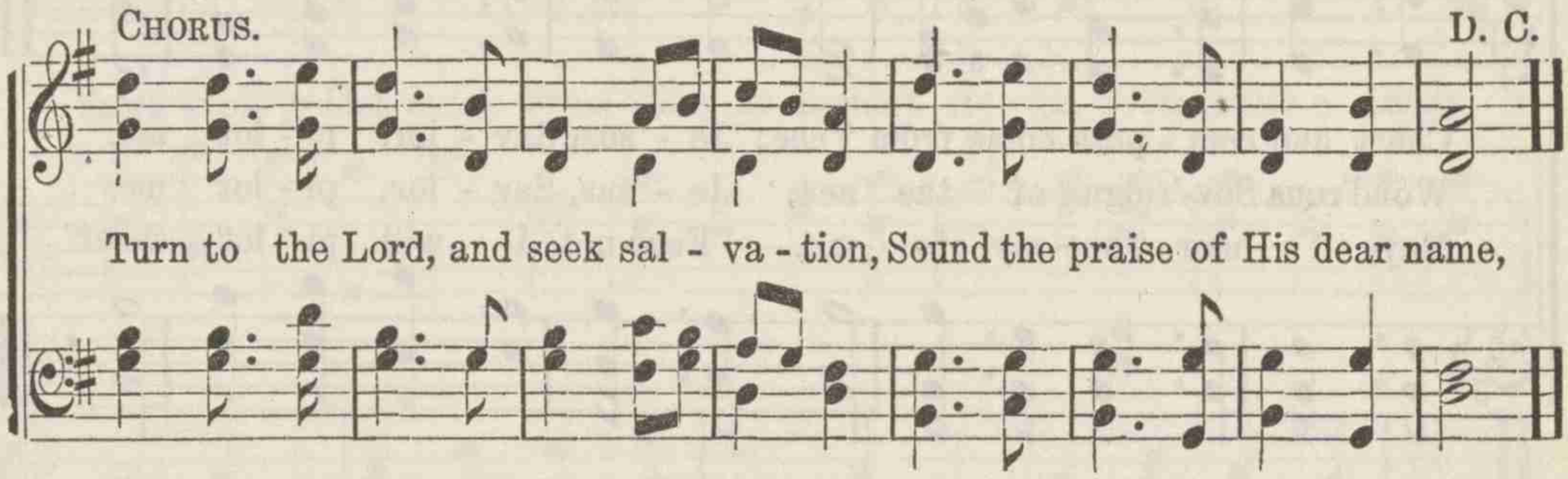


2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon,
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

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

No. 219. Come, Ye Sinners.



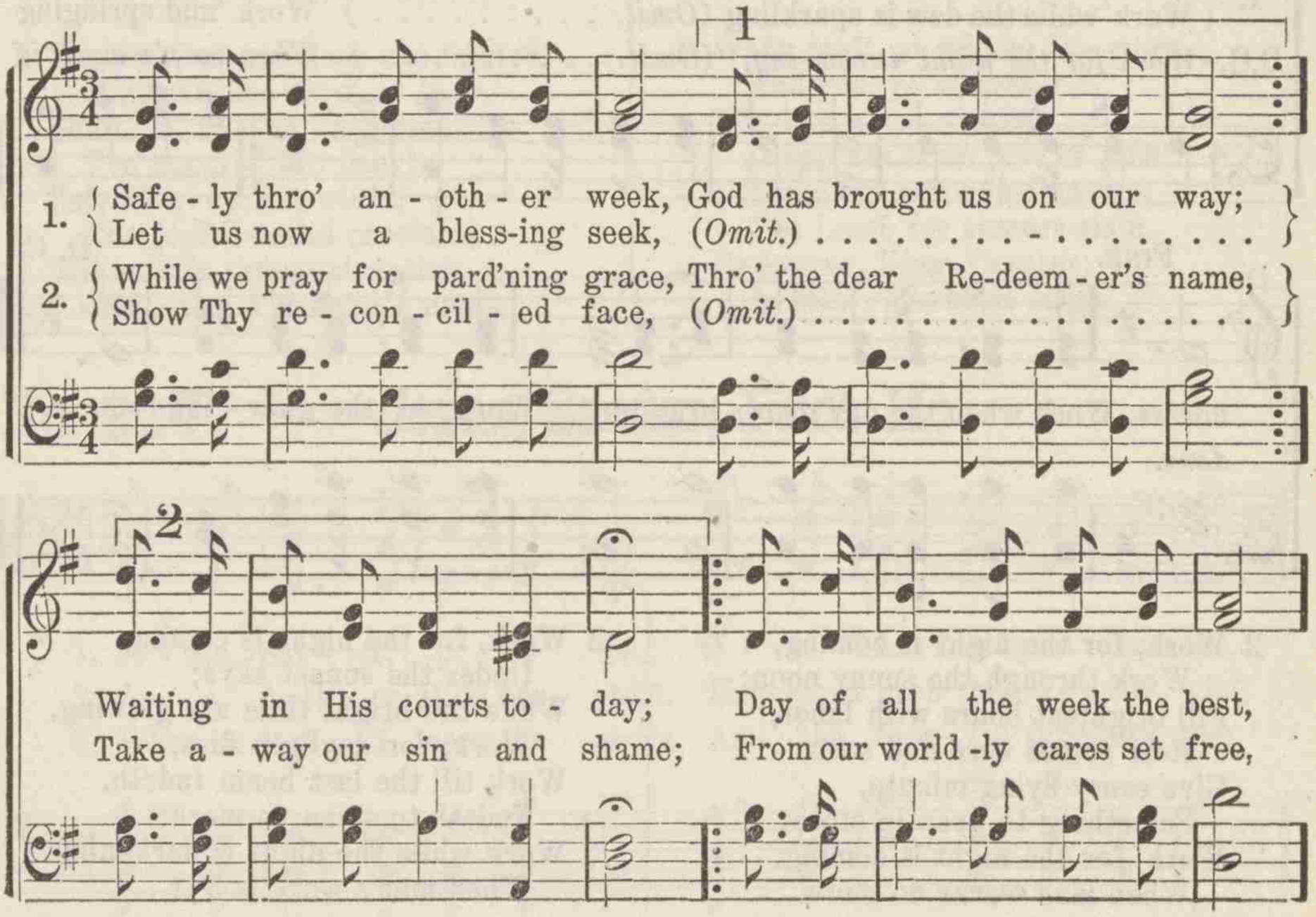
D.C.–*Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ, the Lord is come to reign.*
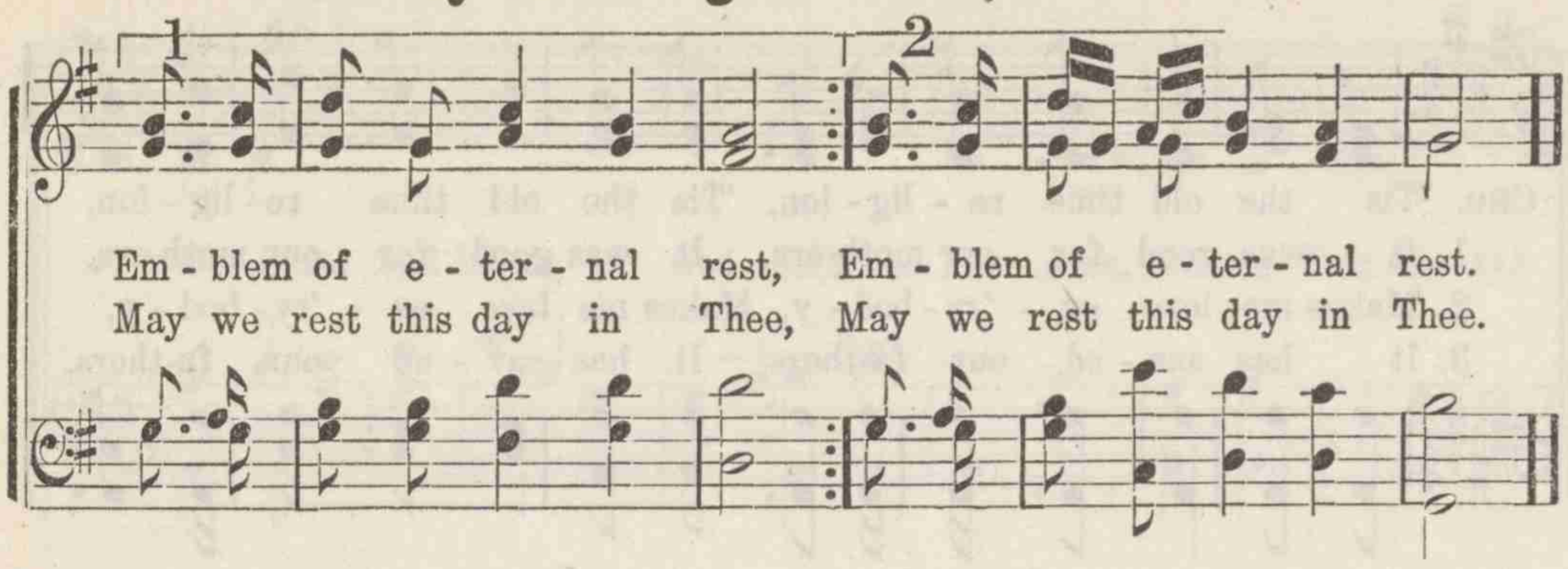


3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel our need of Him.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

No. 220. Safely Through Another Week.



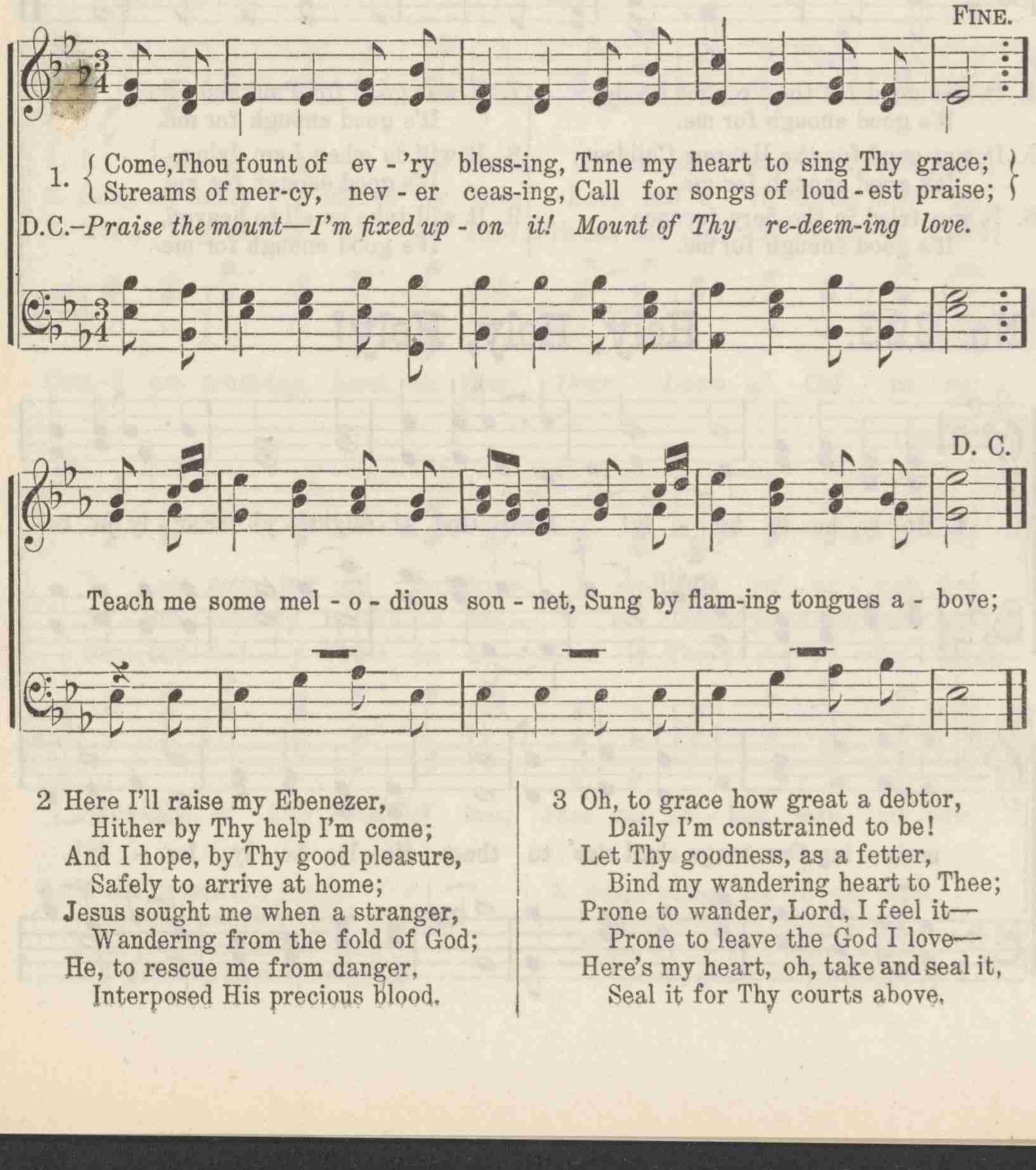
Safely Through Another Week.



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 for all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

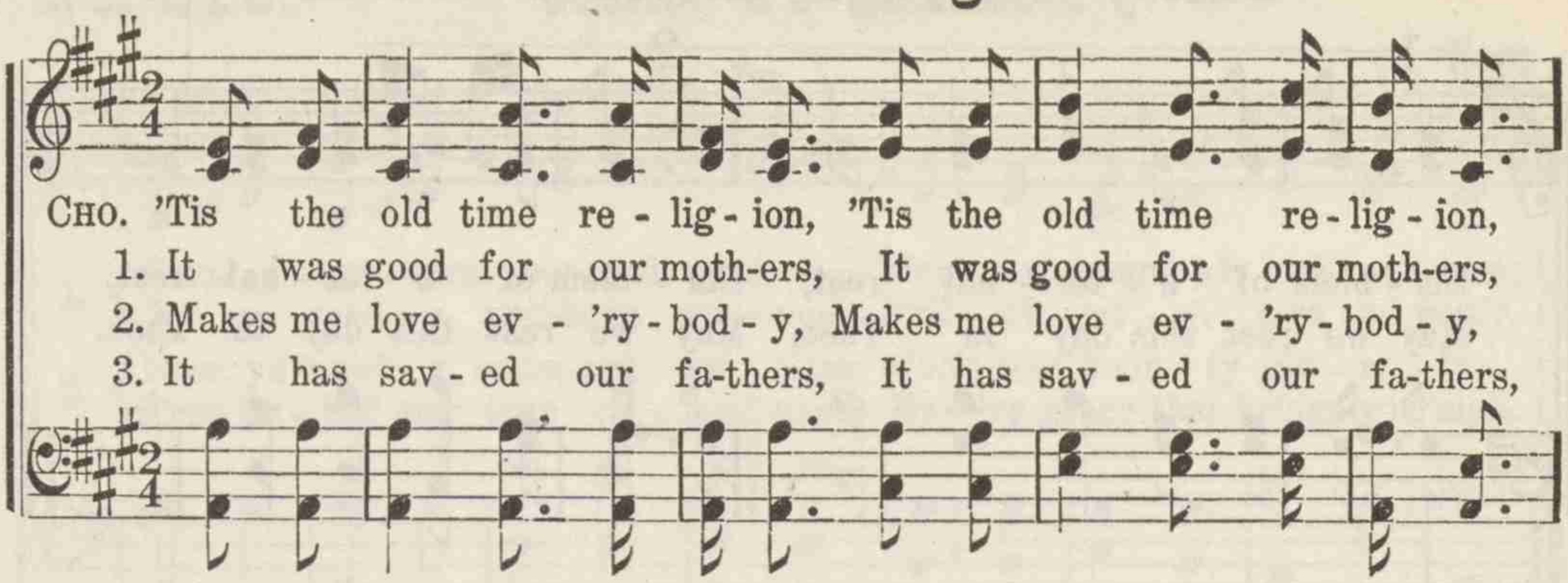
No. 221. Come, Thou Fount.

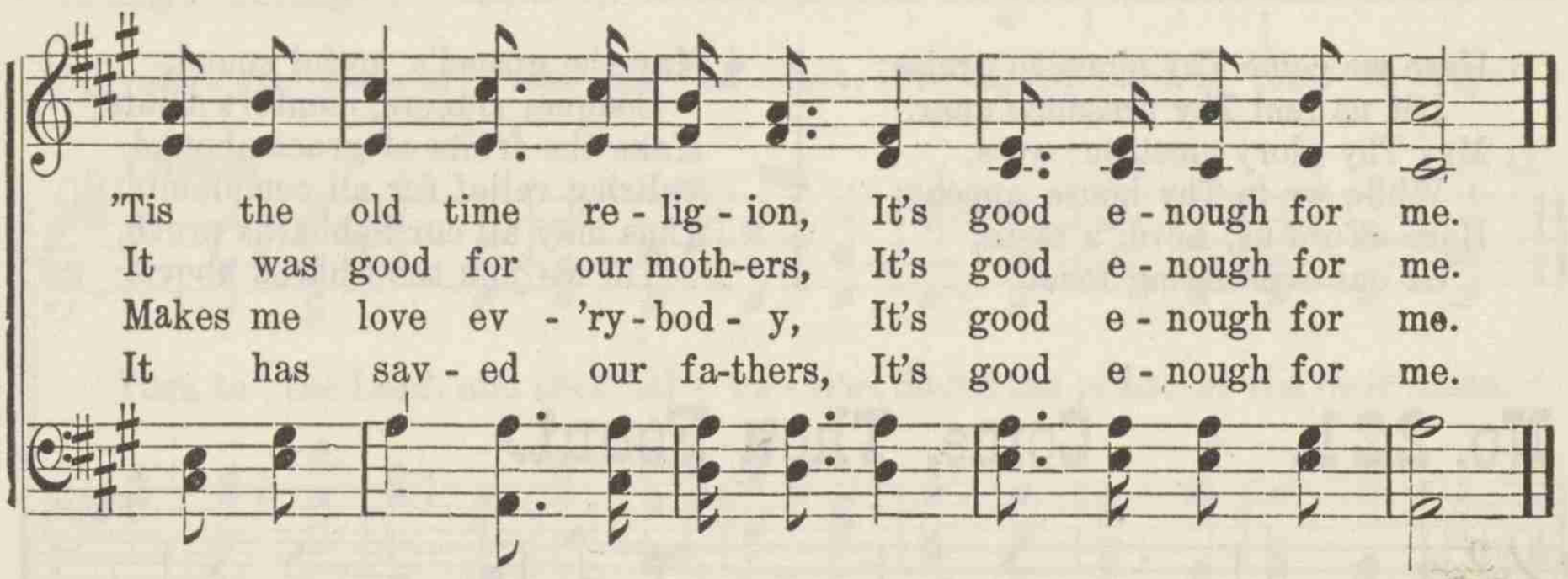


2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home;
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.
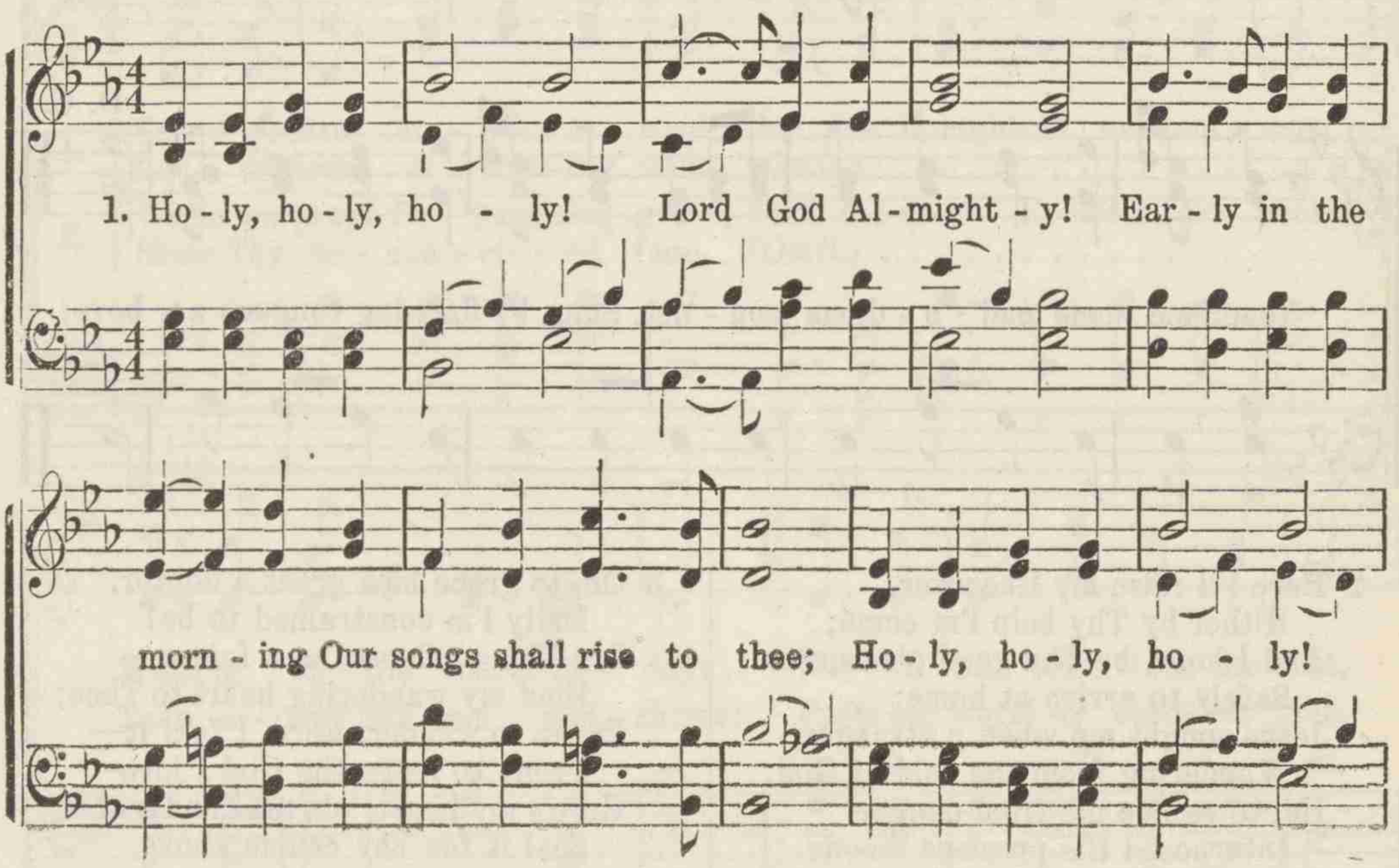
No. 222. Old Time Religion.



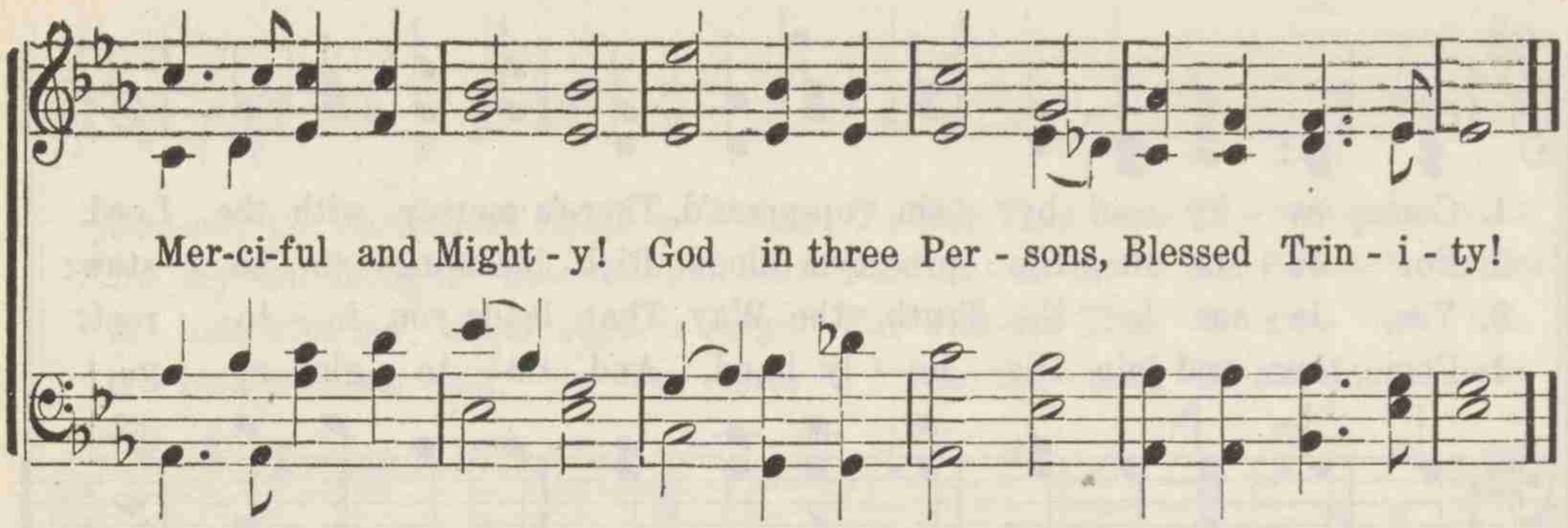


4. It was good for the Prophet Daniel,
   It's good enough for me.
5. It was good for the Hebrew Children,
   It's good enough for me.
6. It was tried in the fiery furnace,
   It's good enough for me.
7. It was good for Paul and Silas,
   It's good enough for me.
8. It will do when I am dying,
   It's good enough for me.
9. It will take us all to heaven,
   It's good enough for me.

No. 223. Holy, Holy, Holy!



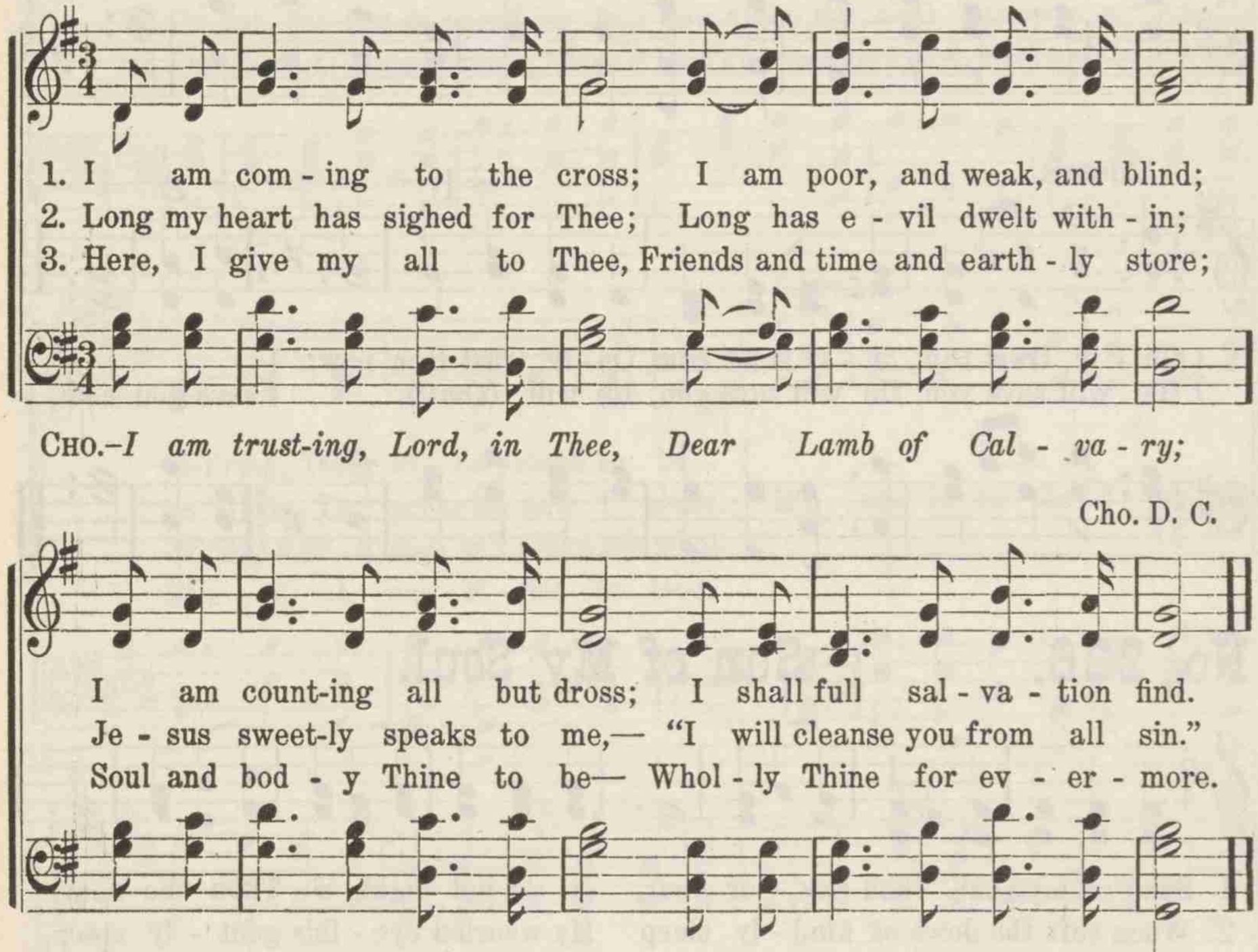
Holy, Holy, Holy!



2. Holy, Holy, holy!
All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns
Around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim
Falling down before Thee,
Which wert and art and
Evermore shalt be.

3. Holy, holy, holy!
Lord God Almighty!
All Thy work shall praise Thy name
In earth and sky and sea:
Holy, holy, holy!
Merciful and Mighty!
God in three Persons,
Blessed Trinity!

No. 224. I Am Coming to the Cross.



4. In the promises I trust;
In the cleansing blood confide;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.

5. Jesus comes, He fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

No. 225. Only Trust Him.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin op-press'd, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join His ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

And He will sure-ly give you rest By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

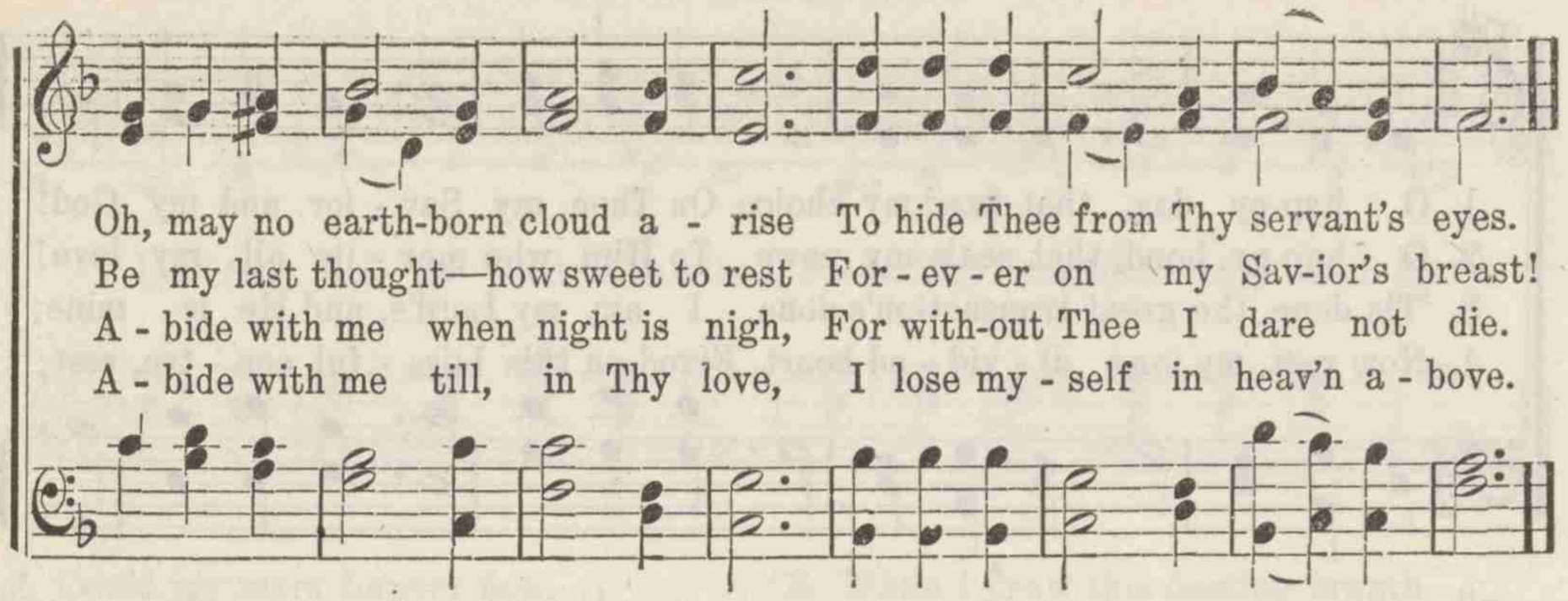
CHORUS.

{ On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;
{ He will save you, He will save you, He will (*Omit*) } save you now.

No. 226. Sun of My Soul.

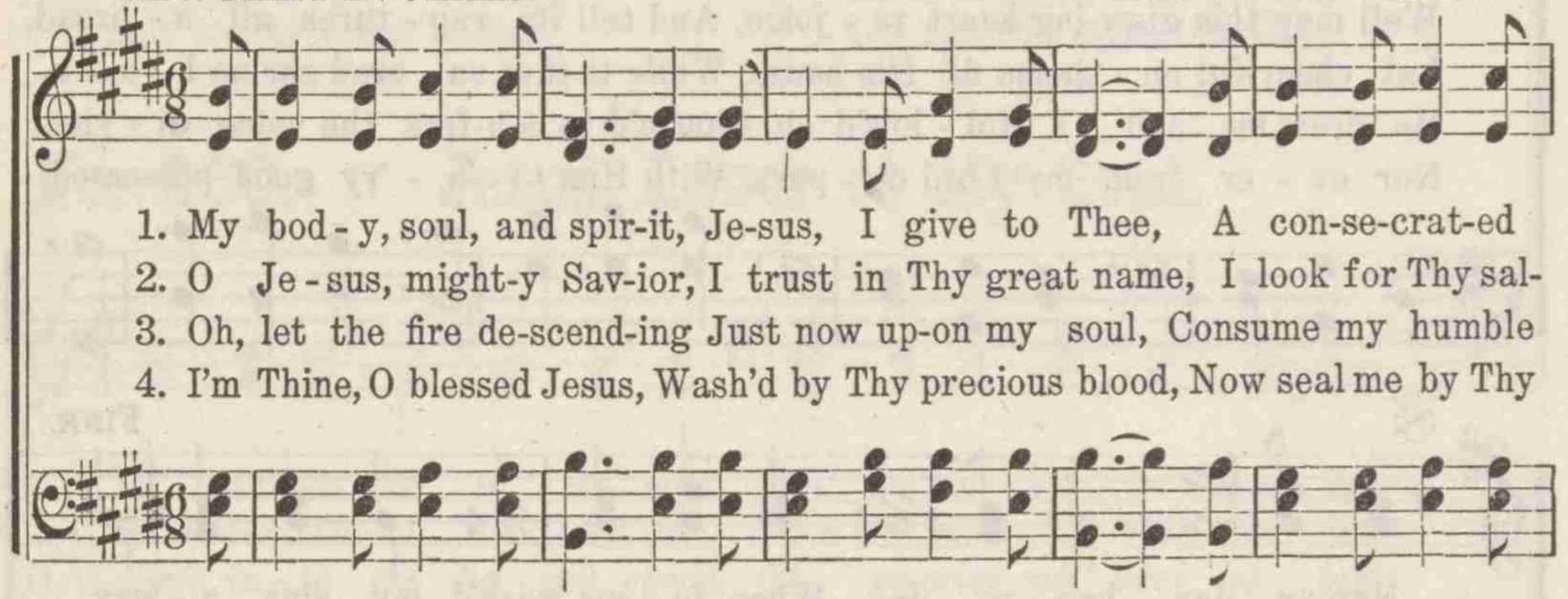
1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When soft the dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gent - ly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;
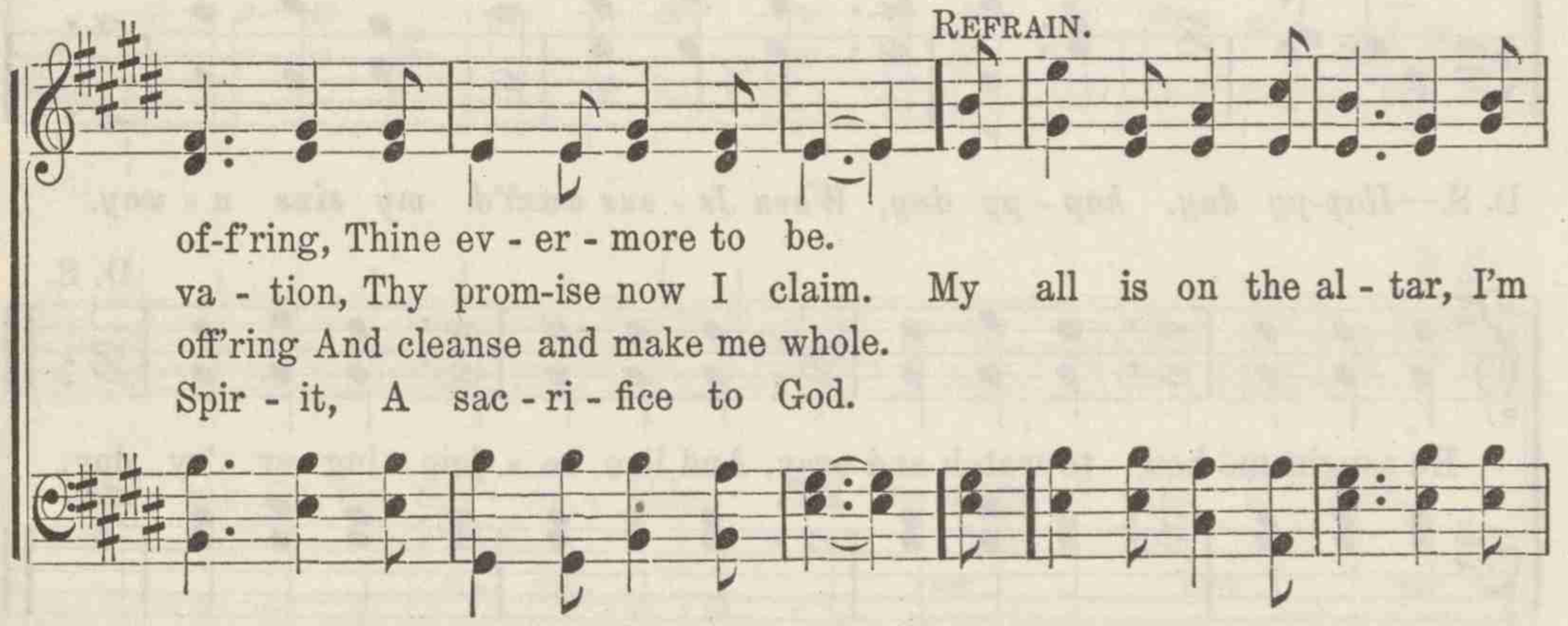
Sun of My Soul.

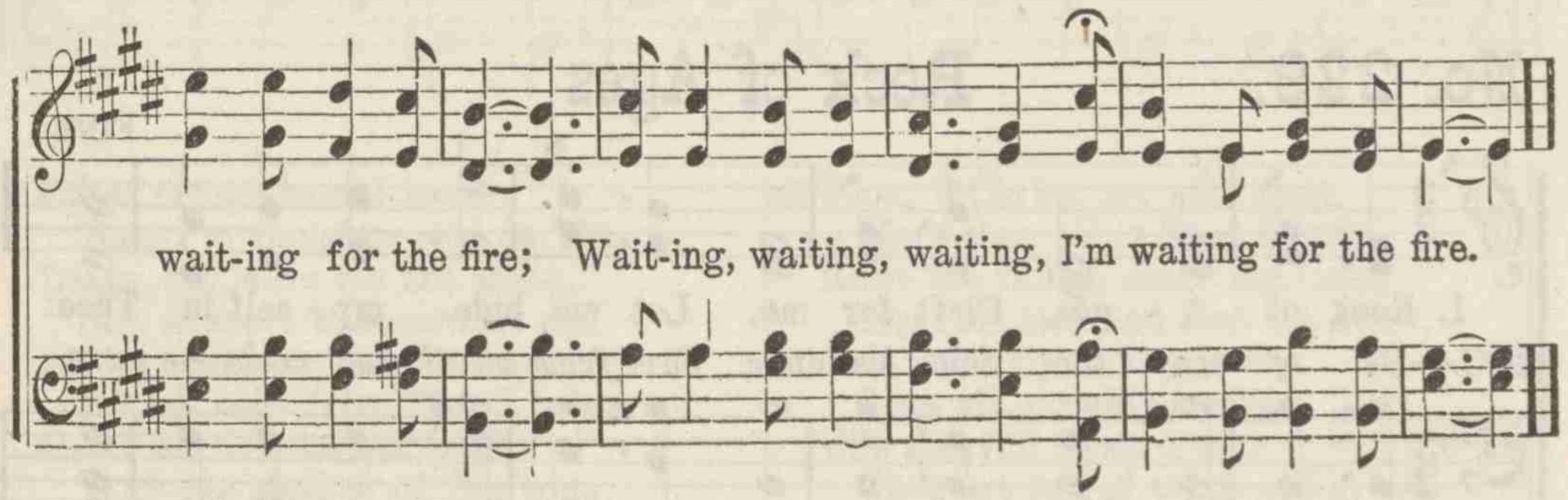


No. 227. Consecration.

Mrs. Mary D. James. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.







By permission.

No. 228. O Happy Day.

1. O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - ior and my God!
2. O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love!
3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done, I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
4. Now rest, my long di - vid - ed heart, Fixed on this bliss - ful cen - tre, rest;

Well may this glow-ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad,
Let cheer-ful an - thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
He drew me, and I fol - low'd on, Charm'd to con-fess the voice di - vine.
Nor ev - er from my Lord de - part, With Him of ev - 'ry good possessed.

FINE.

Hap-py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way.

D. S.—*Hap-py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way.*

D. S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev 'ry day;

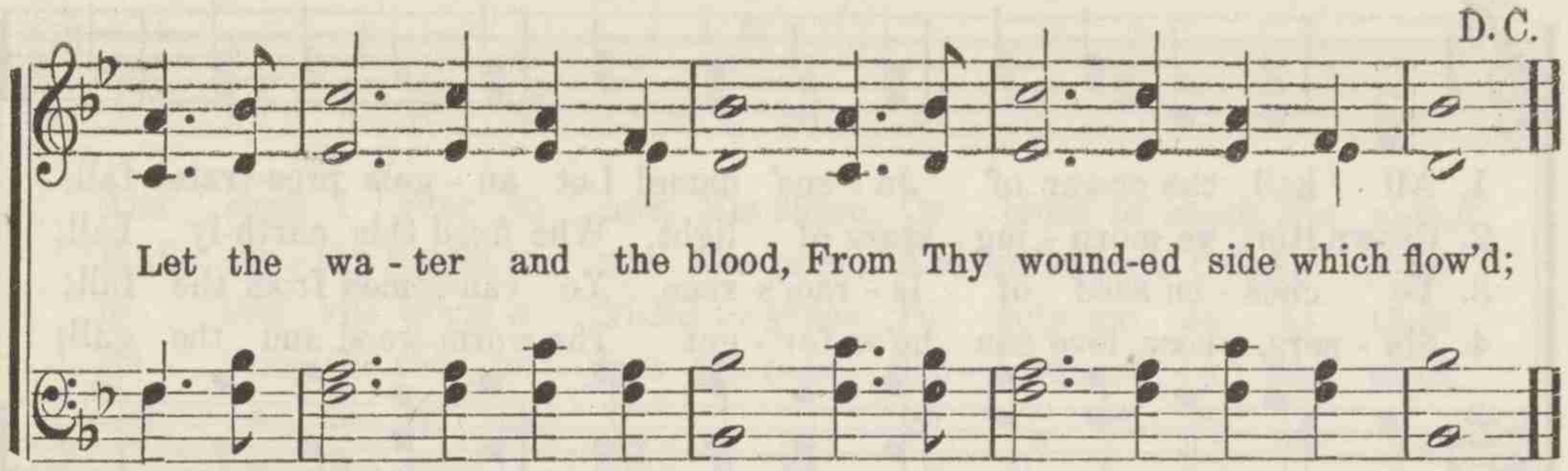
No. 229. Rock of Ages

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, Cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee:

D.C.—*Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.*

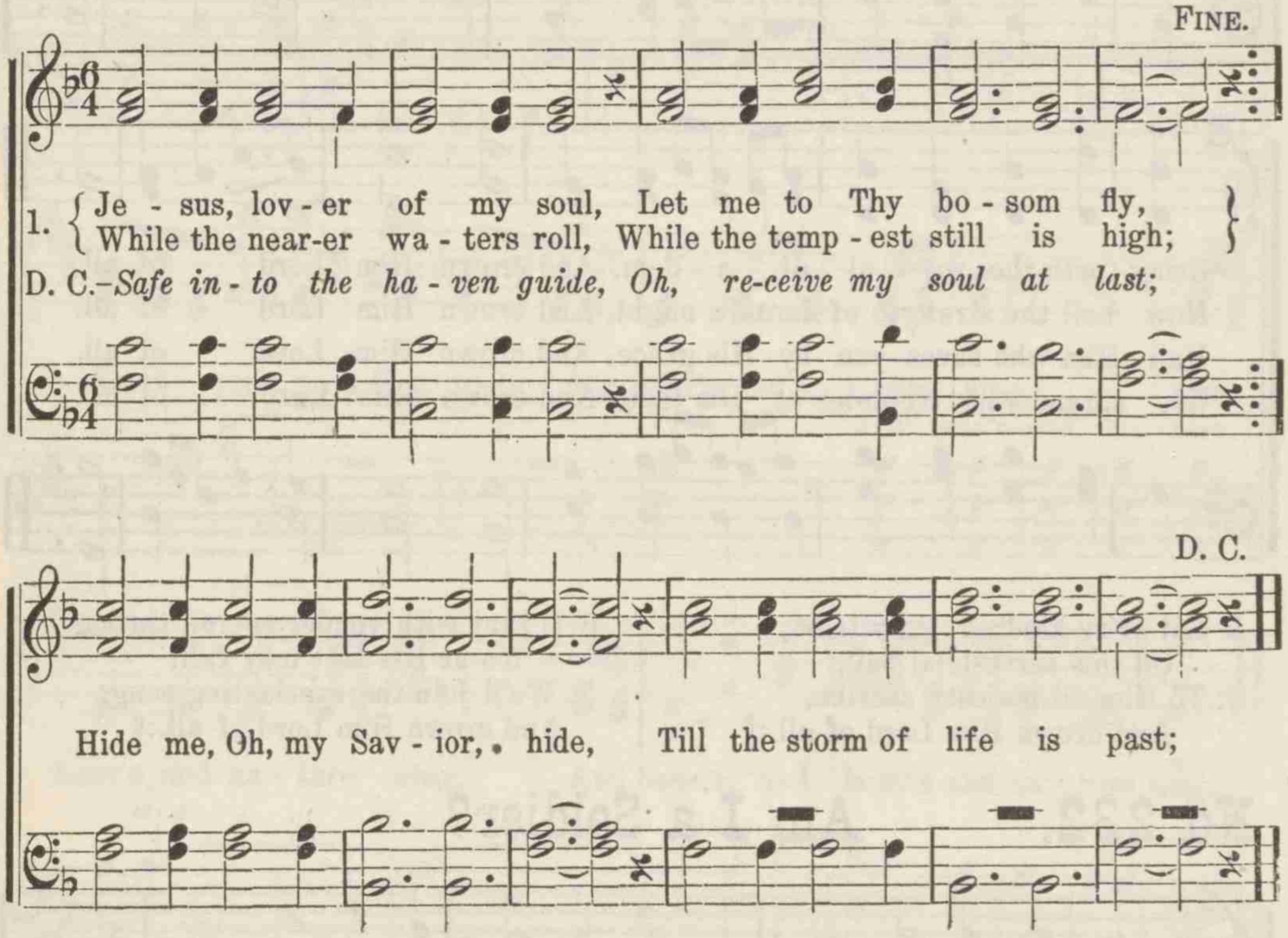
Rock of Ages.



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. 230. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.



2. Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind;
Just and holy is Thy name:
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

No. 231. All Hail the Power.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Crown Him, ye morn - ing stars of light, Who fixed this earth-ly ball;
3. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall;
4. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm-wood and the gall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Now hail the strength of Is-rael's might, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
Go, spread your troph-ies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
Go, spread your troph-ies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.

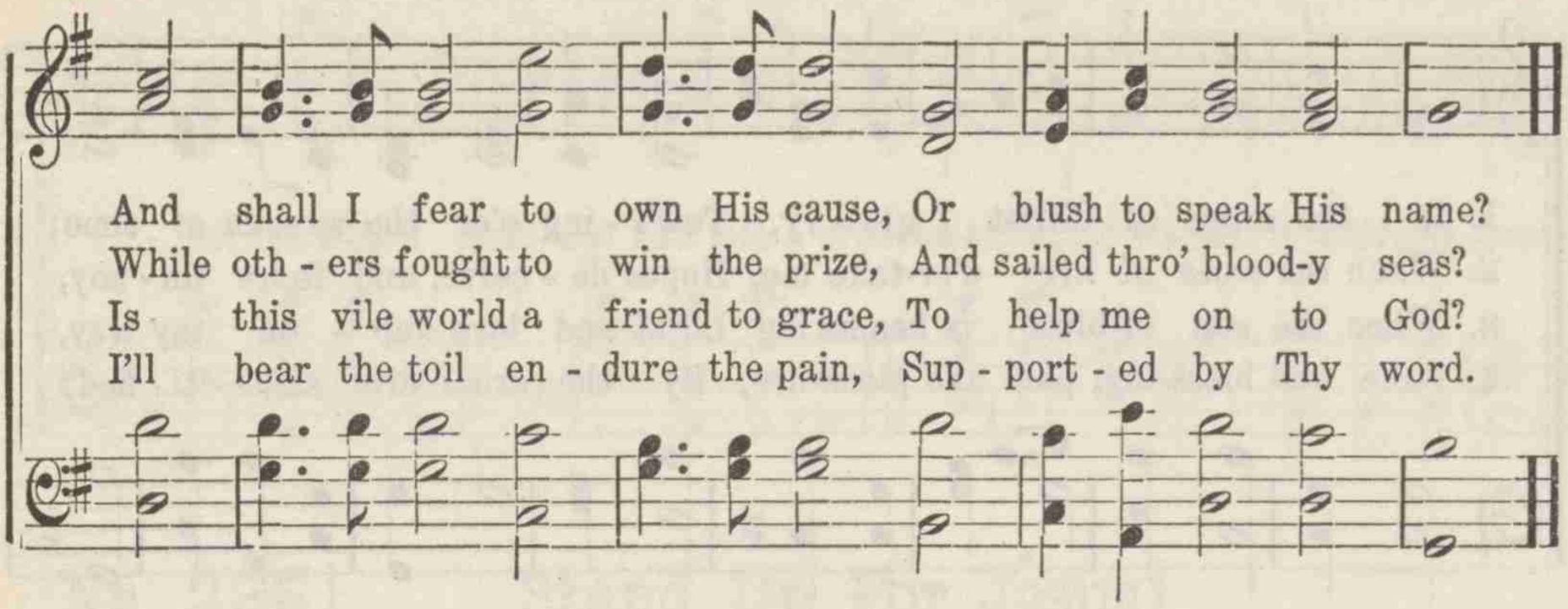
5 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
‖: To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.:‖

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
‖: We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.:‖

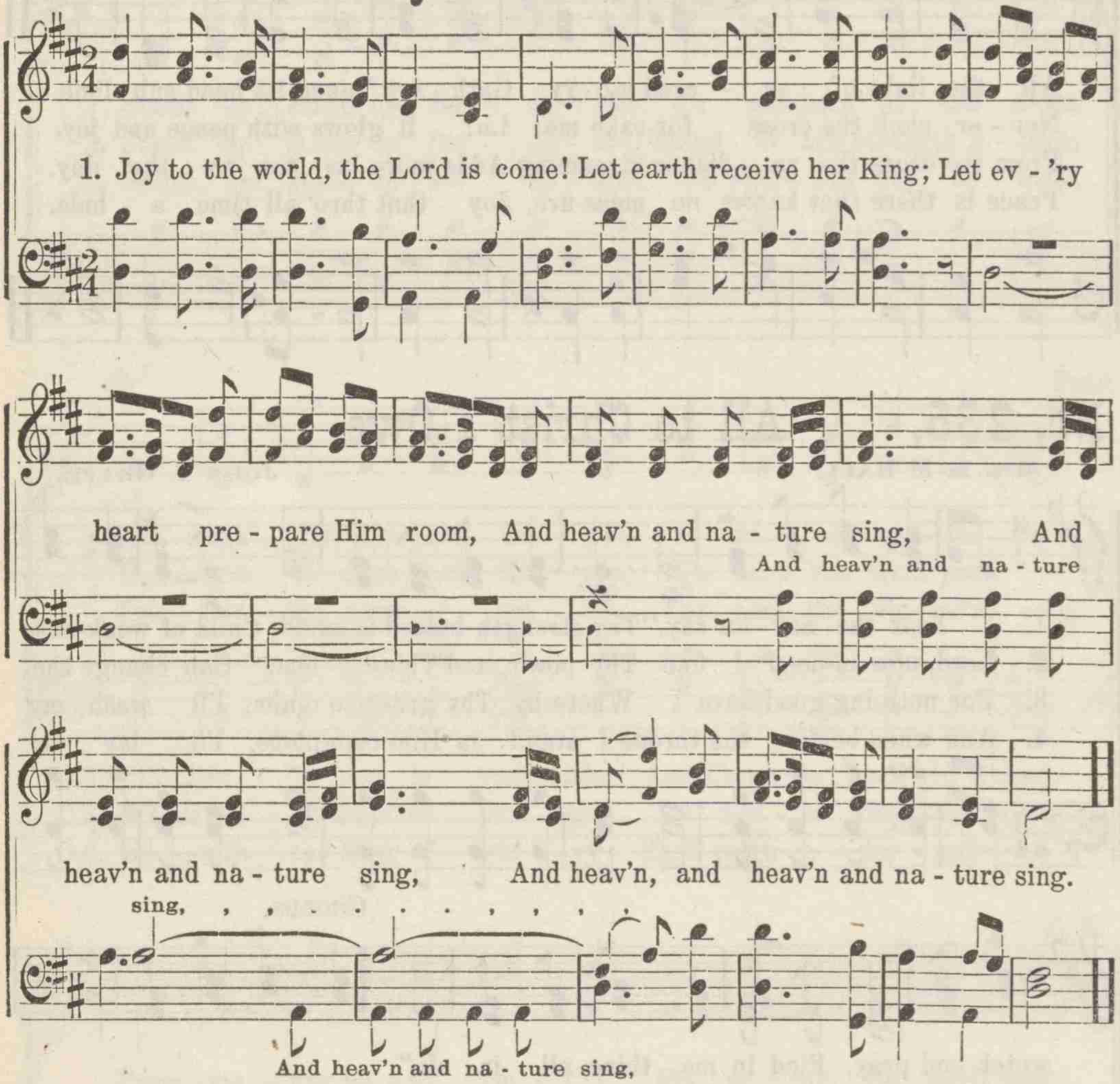
No. 232. Am I a Soldier?

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - low'r of the Lamb,
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow'r-y beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In - crease my cour-age, Lord;

Am I a Soldier?



No. 233. Joy to the World.

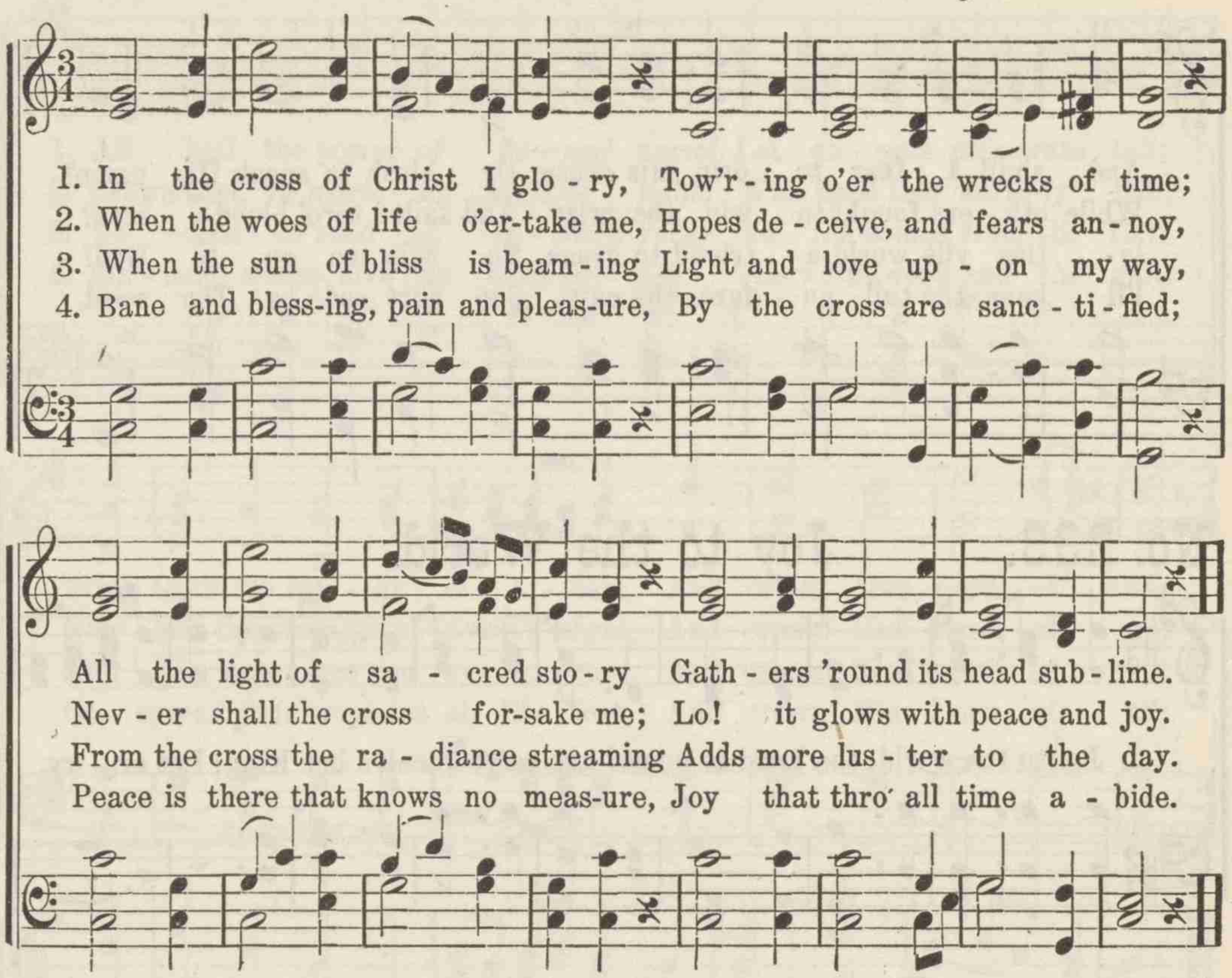


2 Joy to the world, the Savior reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

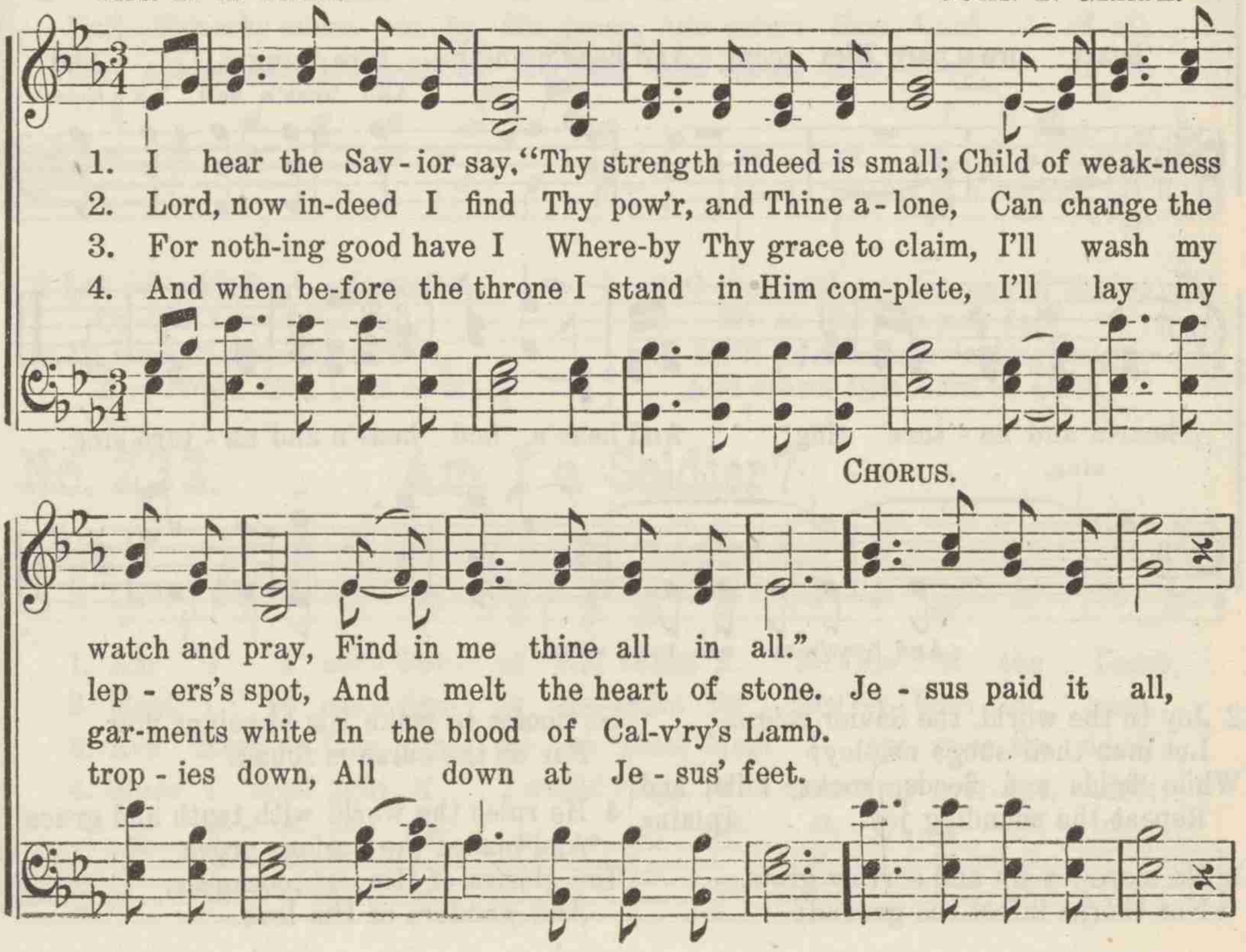
4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

No. 234. In the Cross of Christ I Glory.



No. 235. All to Christ I Owe.

Mrs. E. M Hall. John T. Grape.



All to Him I Owe.

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

No. 236. Stand Up For Jesus!

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol-diers of the cross;
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;
3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;
The arm of flesh shall fail you; Ye dare not trust your own;
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song;

D.S.–Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
D.S.–Where du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
D.S.–He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my He shall lead,
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And, watching un - to pray'r,
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

No. 237. My Heavenly Home.

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair, Nor pain nor death can en - ter there;
2. My Fa-thers house is built on high, Far, far a - bove the star - ry sky;
3. Let others seek a home be - low, Which flames de-vour,or waves o'er-flow;

CHO.—*I'm go - ing home, I'm go ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more!*

Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out shine, That heav'nly man - sion shall be mine.
When from this earthly pris - on free, That heav'nly man - sion mine shall be.
Be mine a hap - pier lot to own A heav'nly man - sion near the throne.
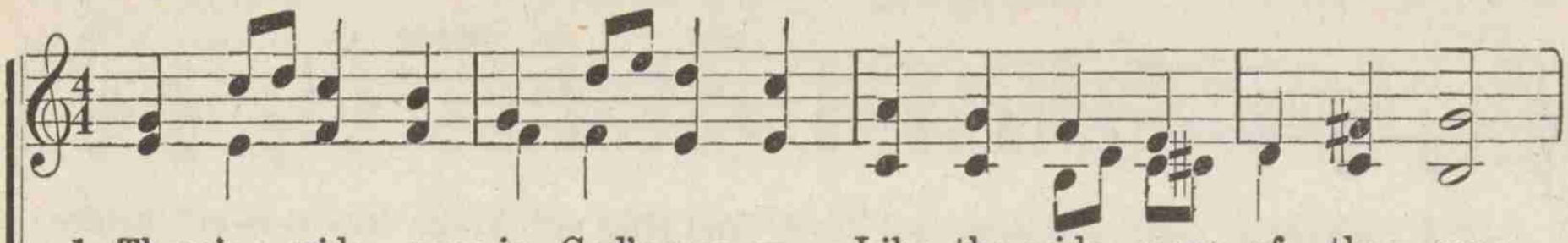
To die no more, to die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more.

No. 238. Thus Far the Lord.

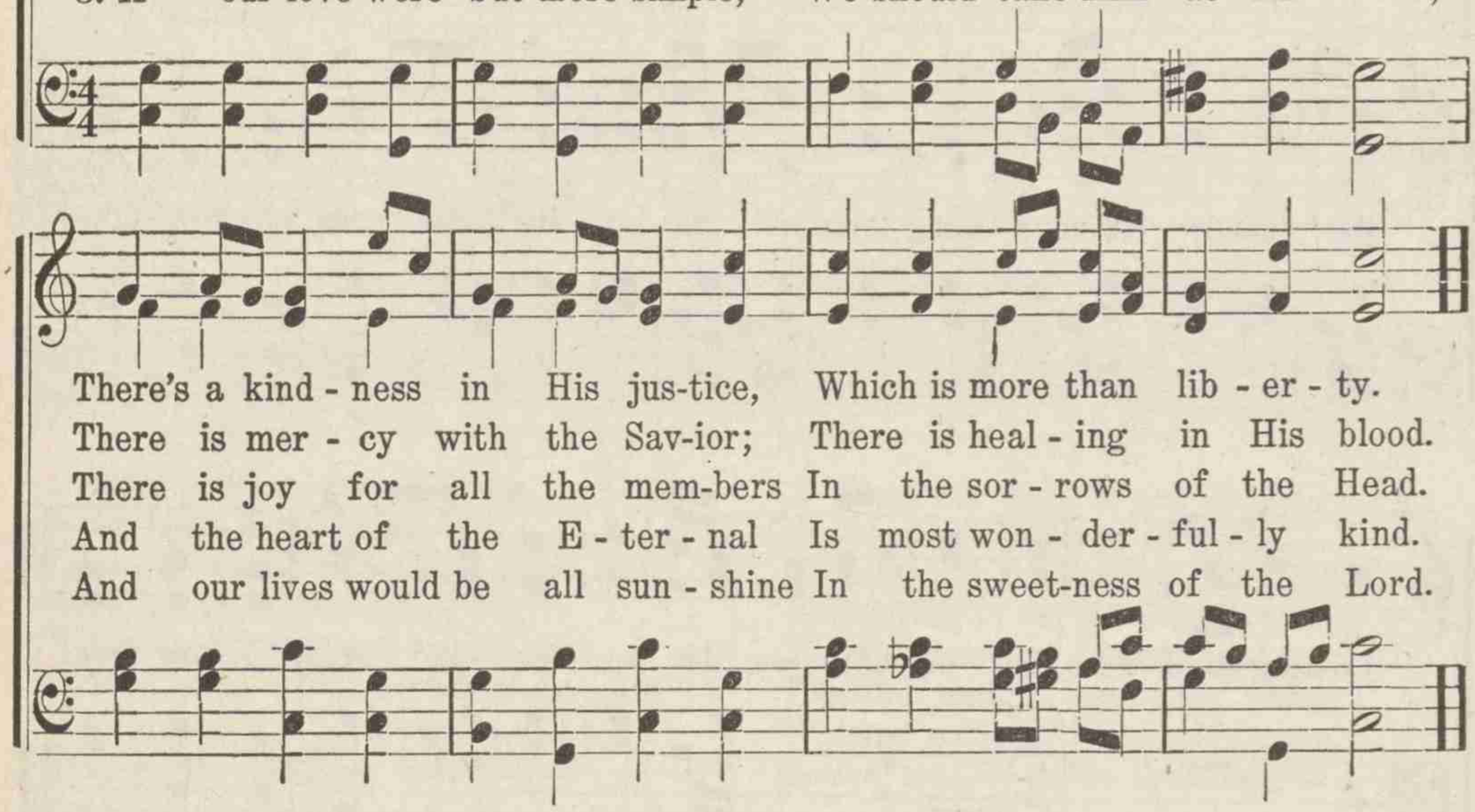
1. Thus far the Lord bas led me on, Thus far His pow'r pro - longs my days,
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home;
3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep; Peace is the pil - low for my head;

And ev - 'ry evening shall make known Some fresh me-mo-rial of His grace.
But He for-gives my fol-lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.
While well-ap-point - ed an - gels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.

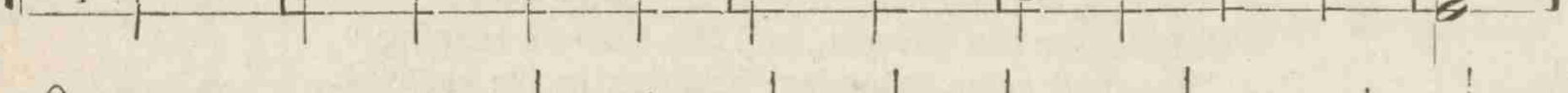
No. 239. There's a Wideness.



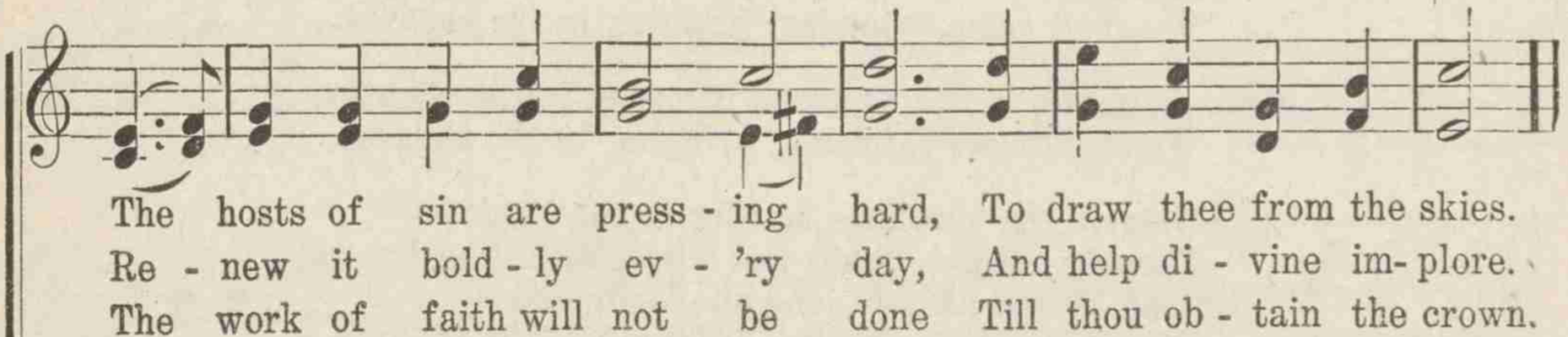
1. There's a wide - ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea;
2. There is wel - come, for the sin-ner, And more grac - es for the good:
3. There is plen - ti - ful re-demp-tion In the blood that has been shed;
4. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas - ure of man's mind;
5. If our love were but more simple, We should take Him at His word;



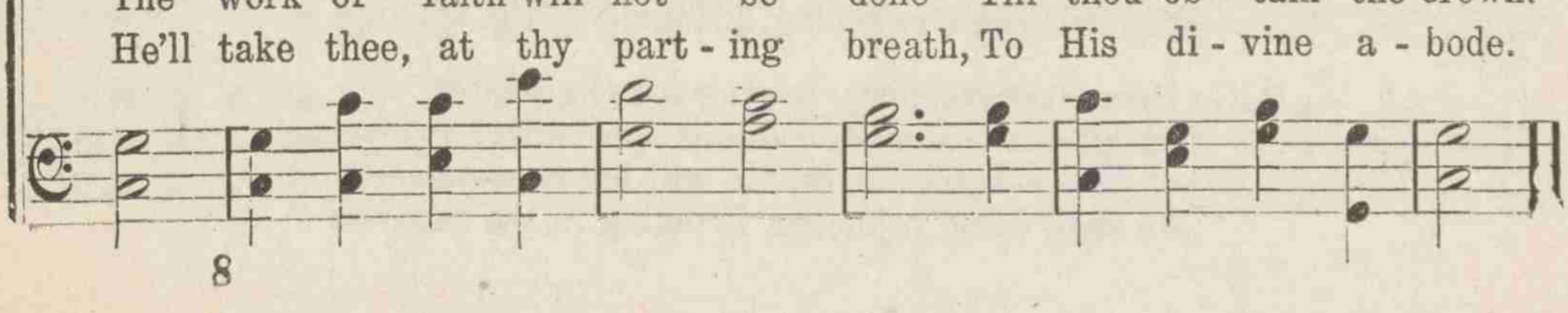
There's a kind - ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav-ior; There is heal - ing in His blood.
There is joy for all the mem-bers In the sor - rows of the Head.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun - shine In the sweet-ness of the Lord.



No. 240. My Soul Be on Thy Guard.

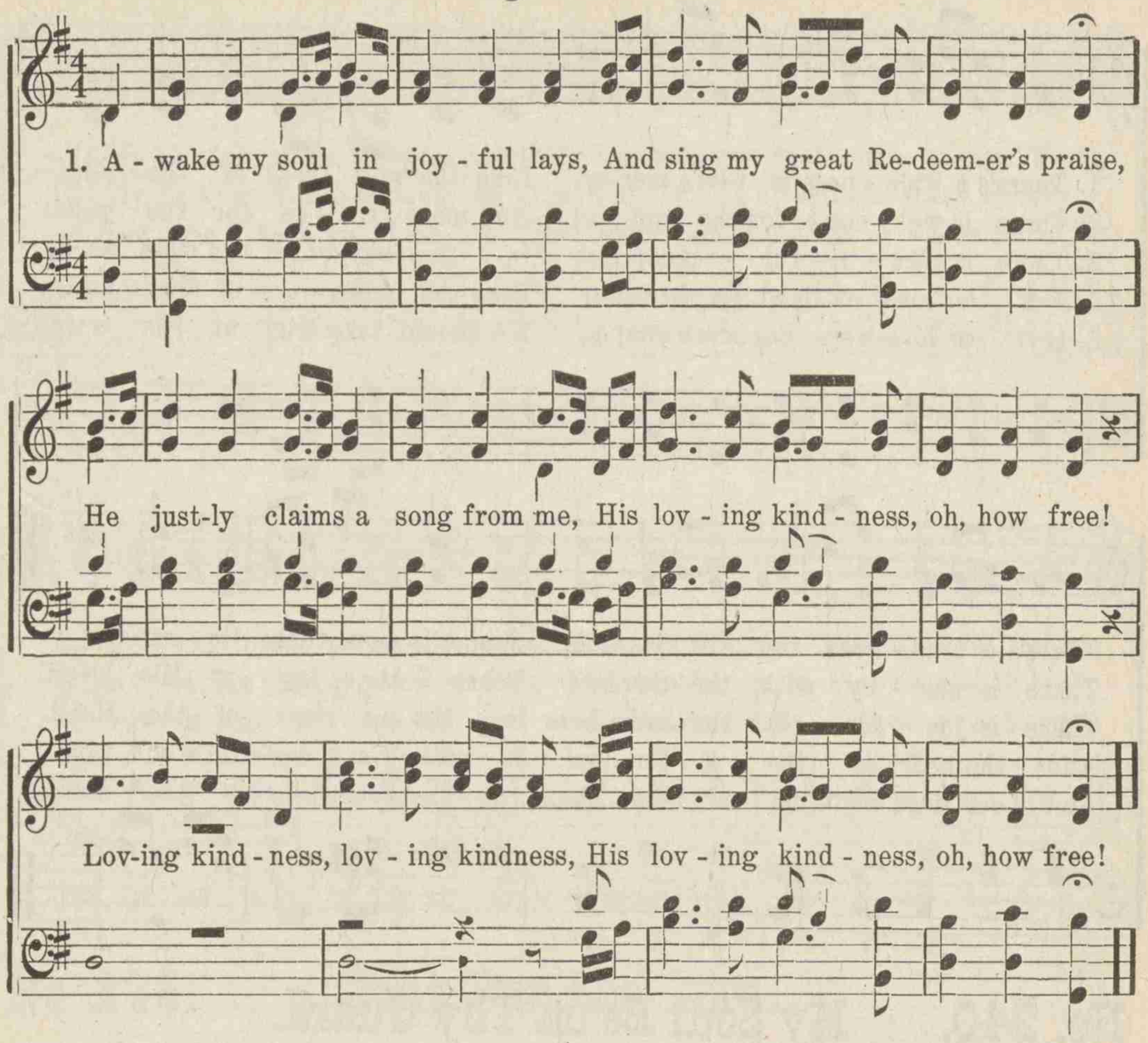


1. My soul be on thy guard, Ten thou-sand foes a - rise;
2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;
4. Fight on my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God



The hosts of sin are press - ing hard, To draw thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im- plore.
The work of faith will not be done Till thou ob - tain the crown.
He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To His di - vine a - bode.

No. 241. Loving Kindness.



2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me not withstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, oh, how great!
Loving kindness, loving kindness,
His loving kindness, oh, how great!

3 Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, oh, how strong!
Loving kindness, loving kindness,
His loving kindness, oh, how strong!

No. 242. Bringing in the Sheaves.

(*See music opposite.*)
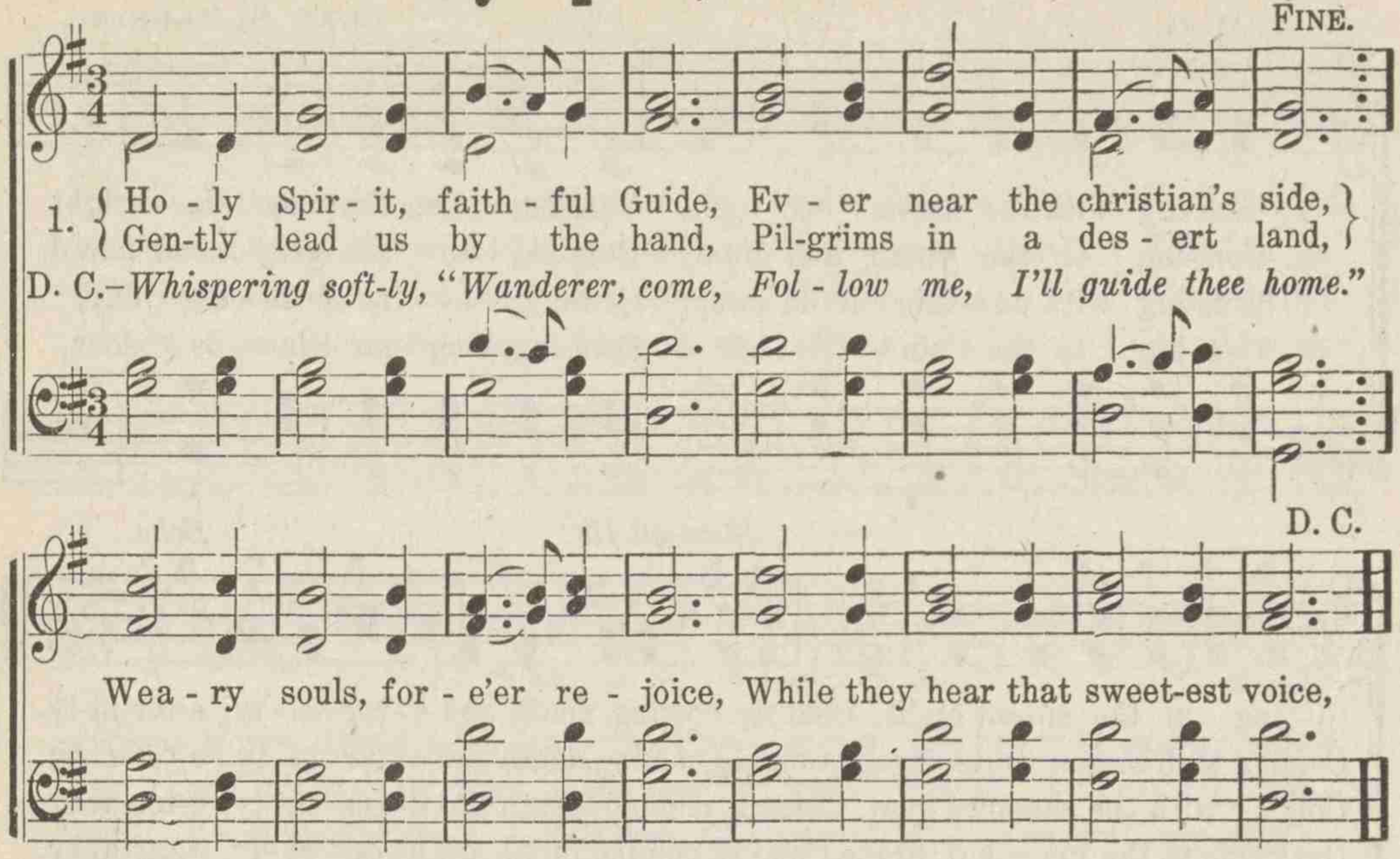
1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eves;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Cho.–Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

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

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

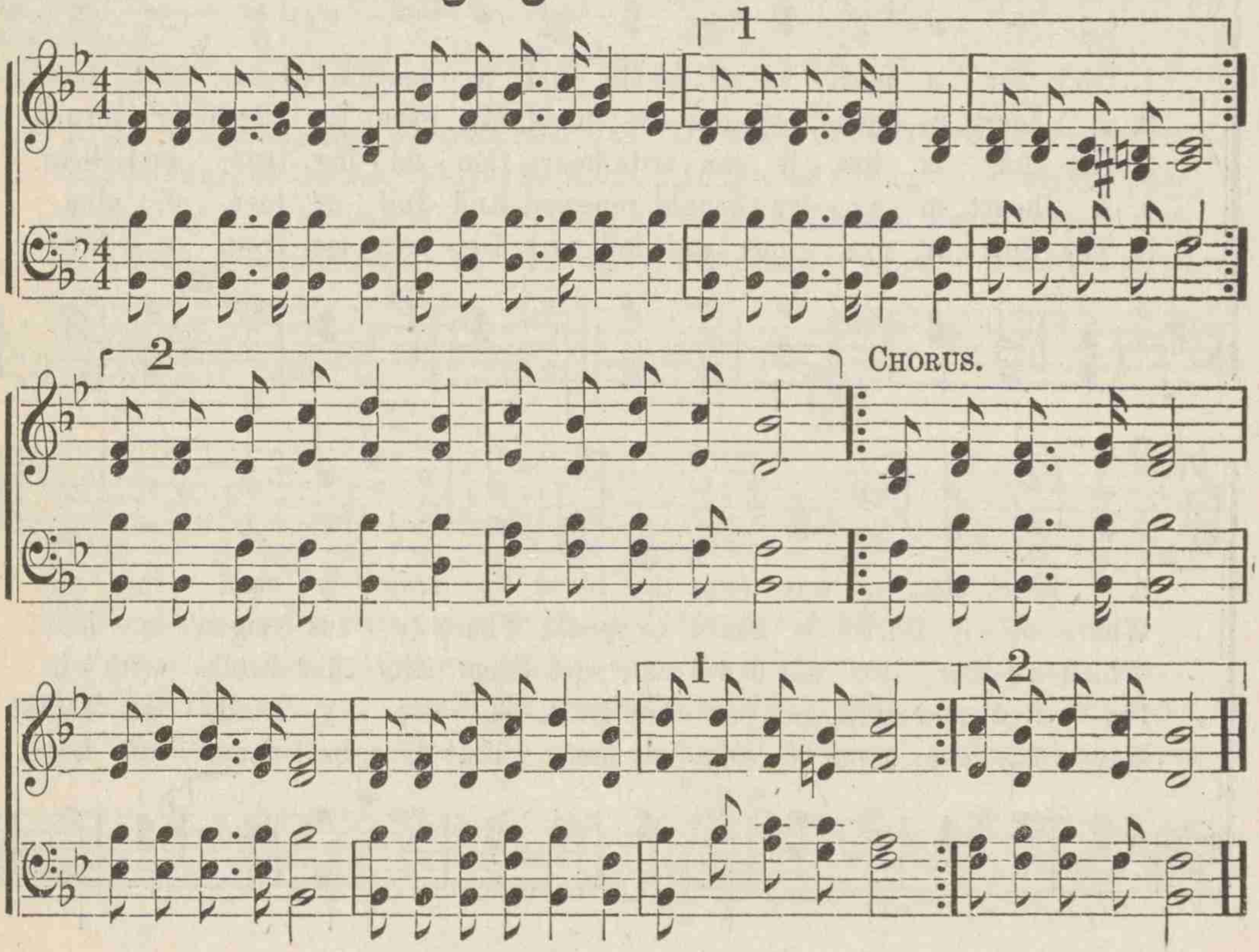
No. 243. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.



2 Ever present, truet Friend,
Ever, near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

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. 244. Bringing in the Sheaves.



No. 245. Death and Eternity.

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

1. Com-ing with the morn - ing light, Com-ing when the day is bright,
2. Com-ing to the young and proud, Com-ing to the gray head bow'd,
3. Com-ing with un - hin - dered sway, Com-ing ev - 'ry fleet - ing day,
4. Com-ing to the sin - ful one, Com-ing when our life is done,

Slow ad lib. *Echo.*

Coming in the si-lent night, Coming, coming, death and e - ter - ni - ty, e-ter-ni-ty.
Coming with a snow white-shroud, Coming, coming, death and e - ter - ni - ty, e-ter-ni-ty.
Coming with the shadows gray, Coming, coming, death and e - ter - ni - ty, e-ter-ni-ty.
Gath'ring to the judgment throne, Coming, coming, death and e - ter - ni - ty, e-ter-ni-ty.

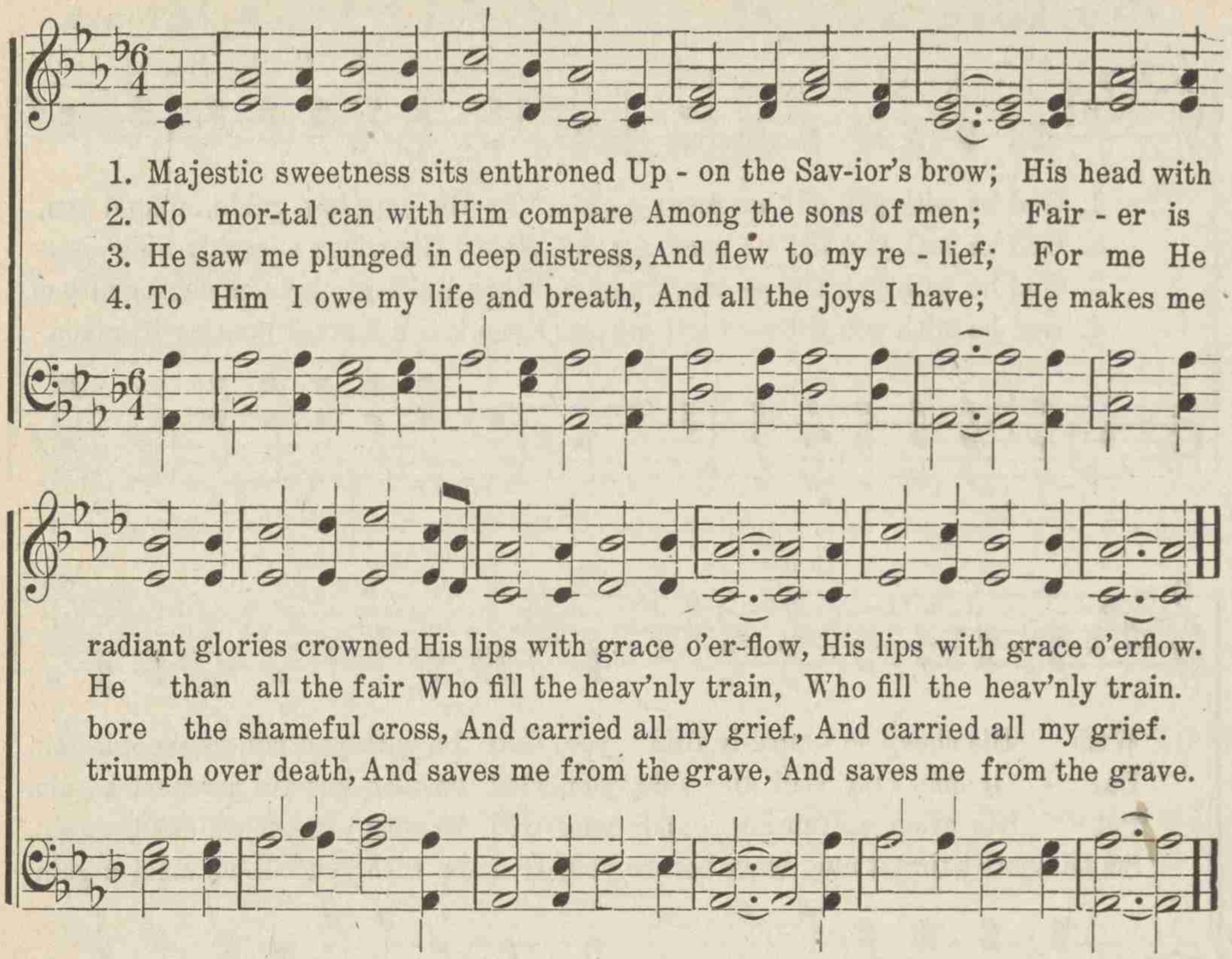
Chas. H. Gabriel, owner of copyright.

No. 246. Oh, For a Heart to Praise My God.

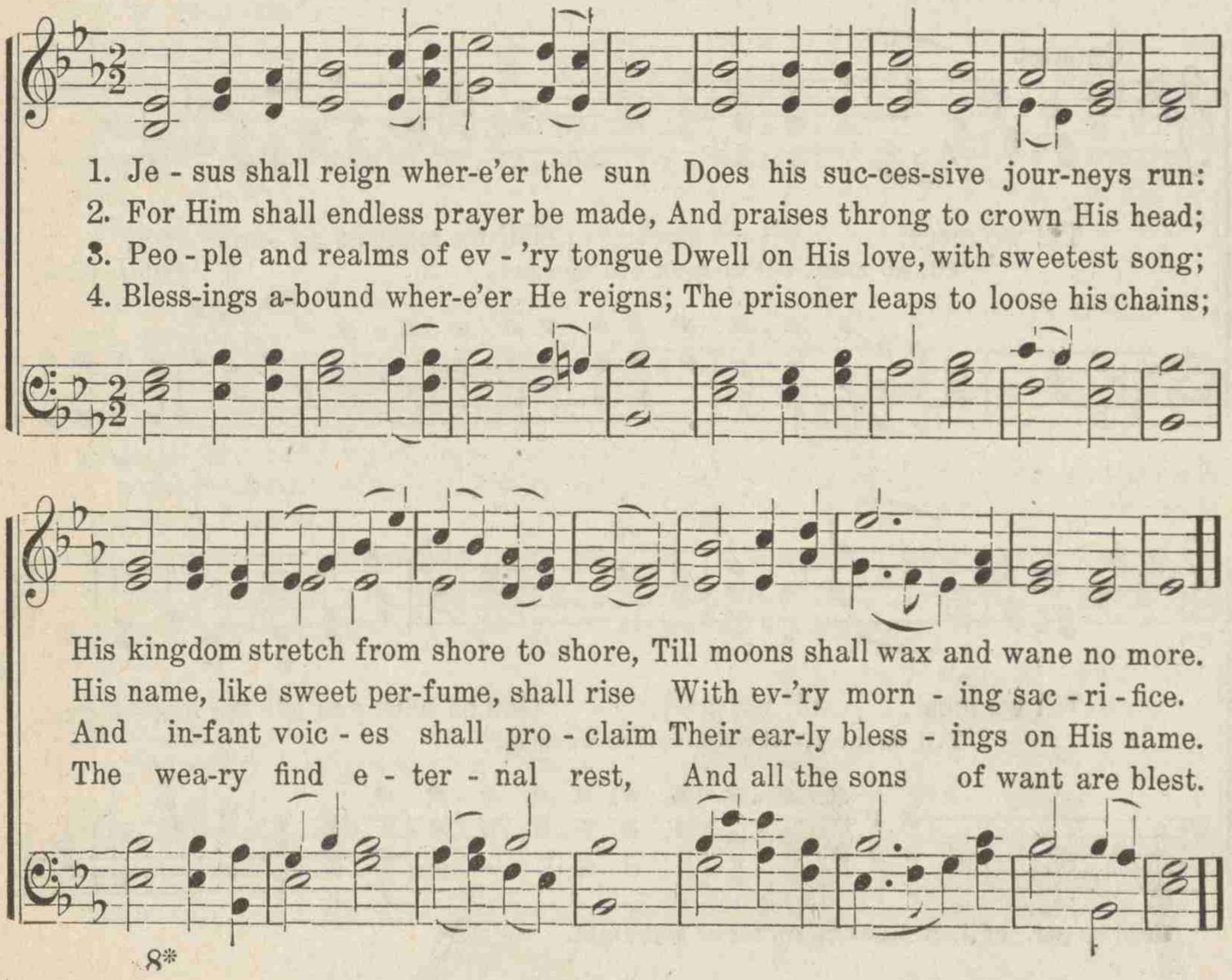
1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;
2. A heart re-signed, sub-mis-sive, meek, My great Re - deem - er's throne—
3. Oh, for a low - ly, con - trite heart, Con - fid - ing, true, and clean,
4. A heart in ev - 'ry thought renewed, And full of love di - vine,
5. Thy Spir - it, gra - cious Lord, im - part; Di - rect me from a - bove;

A heart that al - ways feels the blood So free - ly shed for me.
Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone!
Which nei-ther life nor death can part From Him that dwells with - in.
Per - fect and right, and pure and good, A cop - y, Lord, of Thine!
May Thy dear name be near my heart—That dear, best name of Love.

No. 247. Majestic Sweetness.



No. 248. Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun.



No. 249. God Be With You.

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

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings securely hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you.

With His sheep se - cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain
Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

CHORUS.

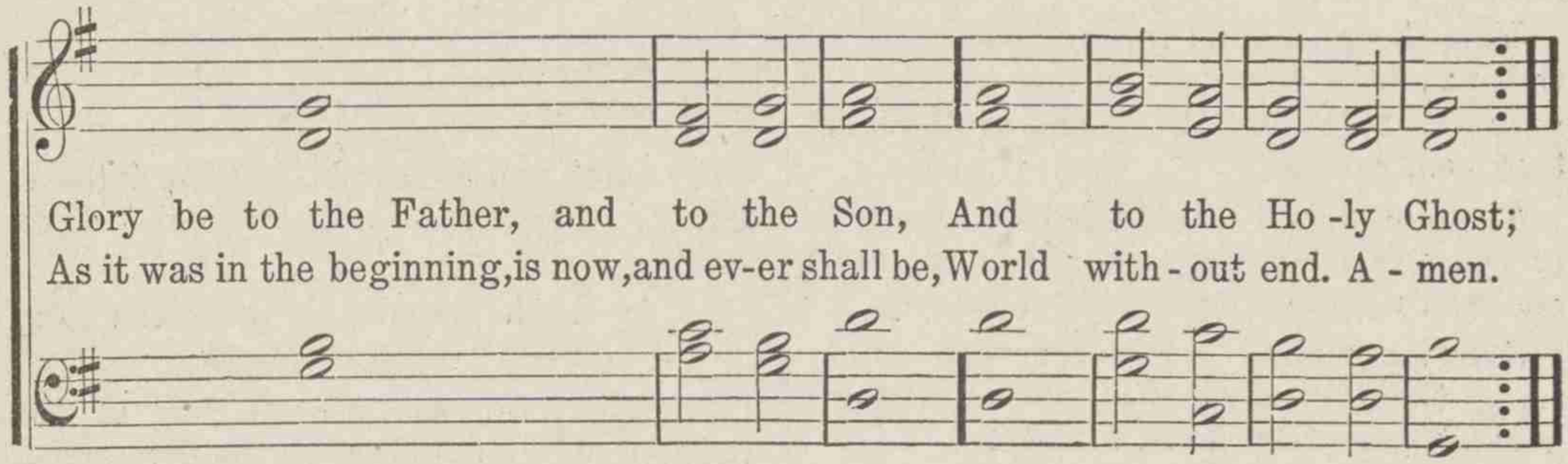
Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet,

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

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RESPONSIVE READINGS.

No. 250. Gloria Patri.



No. 251. Matt. 5.

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

No. 252. Heb. 13.

Let brotherly love continue.

Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.

Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them; and them which suffer adversity, as being yourselves also in the body.

Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have; for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.

So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me.

Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God: whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation.

Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever.

Be not carried about with divers and strange doctrines.

We have an altar, whereof they have no right to eat which serve the tabernacle.

Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate.

Let us go forth therefore unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach.

For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come.

By him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips giving thanks to his name.

No. 253. Psalm 23.

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

No. 254. Psalm 18.

I will love thee, O Lord, my strength.

The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower.

I will call upon the Lord, who is worthy to be praised: so shall I be saved from mine enemies.

The sorrows of death compassed me, and the floods of ungodly men made me afraid.

The sorrows of hell compassed me about: the snares of death prevented me.

In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried unto my God: He heard my voice out of his temple, and my cry came before him, even into his ears.

No. 255. Psalm 142.

I cried unto the Lord with my voice; with my voice unto the Lord did I make my supplication.

I poured out my complaint before him; I shewed before him my trouble.

When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path. In the way wherein I walked have they privily laid a snare for me.

I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me: refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul.

I cried unto thee, O Lord: I said, thou art my refuge and my portion in the land of the living.

Attend unto my cry: for I am brought very low; deliver me from my persecutors; for they are stronger than I.

Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name; the righteous shall compass me about, for thou shalt deal bountifully with me.

No. 256. Psalm 24.

The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

No. 257. Psalm 139.

O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me.

Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

No. 258. Psalm 27.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

No. 259. Psalm 15.

Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

He that backbiteth not with his tongue; nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

In whose eyes a vile person is contemned, but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

No. 260. Psalm 8.

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the Son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth!

No. 261. Psalm 1.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

No. 262. Psalm 34.

I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.

This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

O taste and see that the Lord is good: blecsed is the man that trusteth in him.

O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him.

No. 263. Psalm 46.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea:

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah.

There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved; God shall help her, and that right early.

The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Salah.

Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth.

He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

The Lord of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.

No. 264. Psalm 33.

Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous: for praise is comely for the upright.

Praise the Lord with harp: sing unto him with the psaltery and an instrument of ten strings.

Sing unto him a new song; play skillfully with a loud noise.

For the word of the Lord is right; and all his works are done in truth.

He loveth righteousness and judgment: the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.

No. 265. 1st Chron. 13.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

No. 266. 2d Cor. 5.

For we know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Therefore we are always confident, knowing that, whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord:

For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.

Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord, we persuade men; but we are made manifest unto God; and I trust also are made manifest in your consciences.

For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead.

And that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again.

Wherefore henceforth know we no man after the flesh; yea, though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we him no more.

Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.

And all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation;

To wit, that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation.

Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.

No. 267. Psalm. 89.

I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever: with my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations.

For I have said, Mercy shall be built up for ever: thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens.

I have made a covenant with my chosen, I have sworn unto David my servant,

Thy seed will I establish forever, and build up thy throne to all generations. Selah.

And the heavens shall praise thy wonders, O Lord; thy faithfulness also in the congregation of the saints.

For who in the heaven can be compared unto the Lord? who among the sons of the mighty can be likened unto the Lord?

God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints, and to be had in reverence of all them that are about him.

O Lord of hosts, who is a strong Lord like unto thee? or to thy faithfulness round about thee?

Thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them.

Thou hast broken Rahab in pieces, as one that is slain; thou hast scattered thine enemies with thy strong arm.

The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine: as for the world and the fullness thereof, thou hast founded them.

The north and the south thou hast created them: Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name.

Thou hast a mighty arm: strong is thy hand, and high is thy right hand.

Justice and judgment are the habitation of thy throne; mercy and truth shall go before thy face.

Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance.

In thy name shall they rejoice all the day: and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted.

For thou art the glory of their strength: and in thy favor our horn shall be exalted.

For the Lord is our defence: and the Holy One of Israel is our King.

Then thou spakest in vision to thy Holy One, and saidst, I have laid help upon one that is mighty; I have exalted one chosen out of the people.

I have found David my servant; with my holy oil have I anointed him:

No. 268. Psalm 86.

Bow down thine ear, O Lord, hear me; for I am poor and needy.

Preserve my soul; for I am holy: O thou my God, save thy servant that trusteth in thee.

Be merciful unto me, O Lord: for I cry unto thee daily.

Rejoice the soul of thy servant: for unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive; and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call npon thee.

Give ear, O Lord, unto my prayer; and attend to the voice of my supplications.

In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee, for thou wilt answer me.

Among the Gods there is none like unto thee, O Lord; neither are there any works like unto thy works.

All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord; and shall glorify thy name.

For thou art great, and doest wondrous things: thou art God alone.

No. 269. Psalm 86.

Teach me thy way, O Lord; I will walk in thy truth: unite my heart to fear thy name.

I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with all my heart: and I will glorify thy name for evermore.

For great is thy mercy toward me; and thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell.

O God, the proud are risen against me, and the assemblies of violent men have sought after my soul; and have not set thee before them.

But thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion, and gracious, longsuffering, and plenteous in mercy and truth.

O turn unto me, and have mercy upon me; give thy strength unto thy servant, and save the son of thine handmaid.

Shew me a token for good: that they which hate me may see it, and be ashamed: because thou, Lord, hast holpen me, and comforted me.

No. 270. Psalm 90.

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us: yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

No. 271. Psalm 91.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence,

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day.

Nor for the pesilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation.

There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him; I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

No. 272. Psalm 149.

Praise ye the Lord. Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise in the congregation of saints.

Let Israel rejoice in him that made him: let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

Let them praise his name in the dance: let them sing praises unto him with the timbrel and harp.

For the Lord taketh pleasure in his people: he will beautify the meek with salvation.

Let the saints be joyful in glory: let them sing aloud upon their beds.

Let the high praises of God be in their mouth, and a twoedged sword in their hand.

To execute vengeance upon the heathen, and punishments upon the people.

To bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron;

To execute upon them the judgment written: this honor have all his saints. Praise ye the Lord.

No. 273. Psalm 150.

Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.

Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp.

Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.

Praise him upon the loud cymbals: Praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.

Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

No. 274. Psalm 19.

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handywork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me; then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent of the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer.

No. 275. Psalm 5.

Give ear to my words, O Lord; consider my meditation.

Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King, and my God: for unto Thee will I pray.

My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.
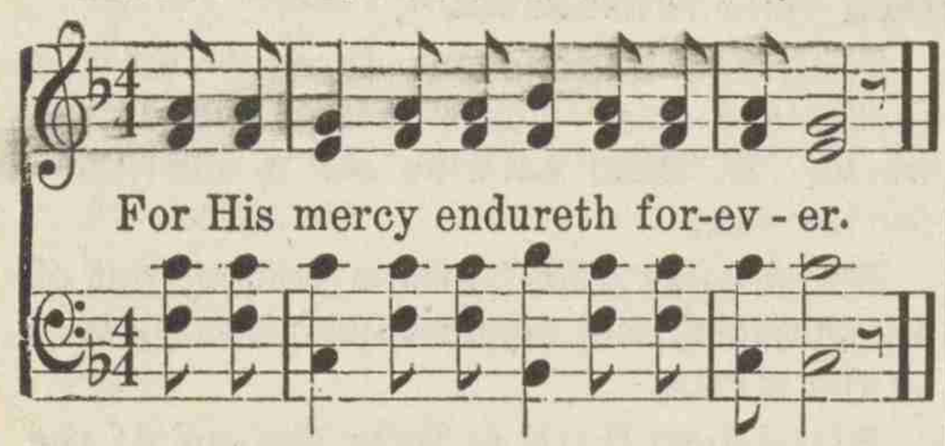
For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness; neither shall evil dwell with thee.

The foolish shall not stand in thy sight: Thou hatest all workers of iniquity.
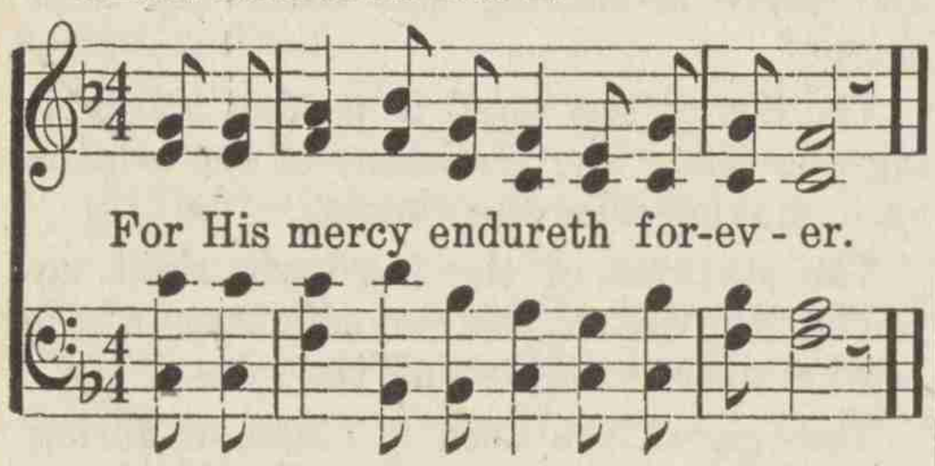
No. 276. Psalm 136.

Sing No. 1 *and* No. 2 *alternately after each verse of scripture.*

CHOIR RESPONSE No. 1.



CHOIR RESPONSE No. 2.



O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good:

Choir Response No. 1.

O give thanks unto the God of gods.

Choir Response No. 2.

O give thanks to the Lord of lords.

To him who alone doeth great wonders.

To him that by wisdom made the heavens.

To him that stretched out the earth above the waters.

To him that made great lights:

The sun to rule by day:

The moon and stars to rule by night:

To him that smote Egypt in their firstborn:

And brought out Israel from among them:

With a strong hand, and with a stretched out arm:

To him which divided the Red sea into parts.

And made Israel to pass through the midst of it.

But overthrew Pharaoh and his host in the Red sea.

To him which led his people through the wilderness.

To him which smote great kings.

And slew famous kings.

Sihon king of the Amorites.

And Og the king of Bashan.

And gave their land for a heritage.

Even a heritage unto Israel his servant.

Who remembered us in our low estate.

And hath redeemed us from our enemies.

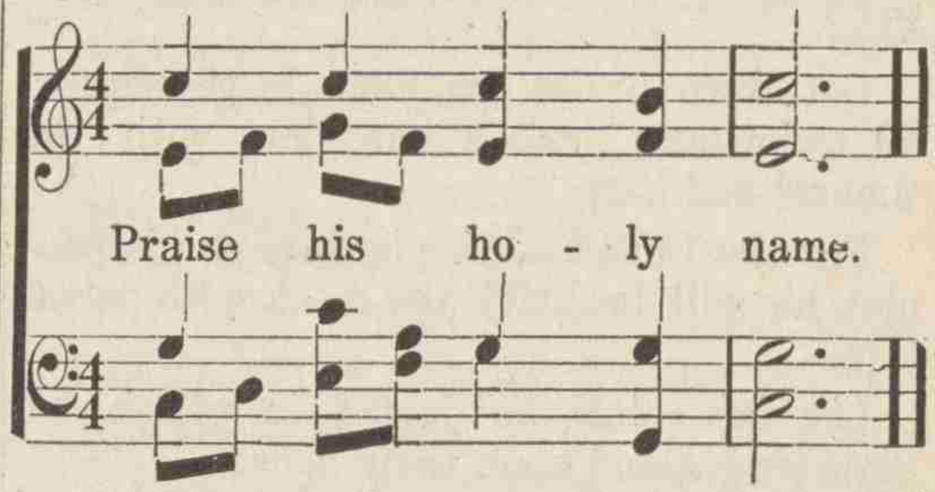
Who giveth food to all flesh.

O give thanks unto the God of heaven.

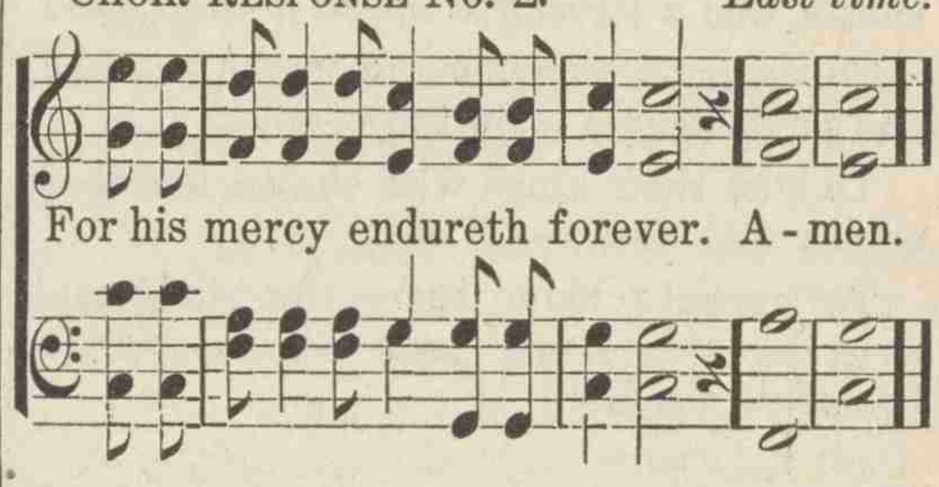
No. 277. Psalm. 135.

Sing No. 1 *and* No. 2 *alternately after each verse of scripture.*

CHOIR RESPONSE No. 1.



CHOIR RESPONSE No. 2. *Last time.*



The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.

Choir Responsive No. 1.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

Choir Responsive No. 2.
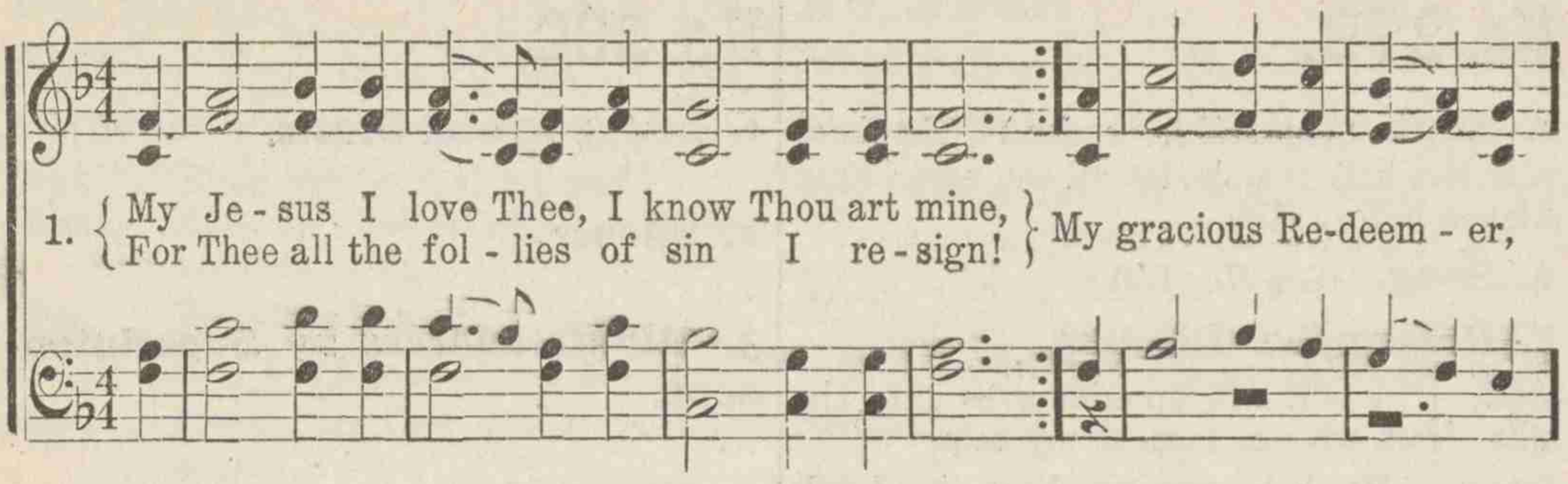
He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runeth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

No. 278. My Jesus, I Love Thee.



2. I love Thee, because Thou
Hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon
On Calvary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing
The thorns on Thy brow;
If ever I loved Thee,
My Jesus, '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.

Leader:—Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Serve Him with gladness, and magnify His name forever!

Response:—Give us, O Lord, the wisdom from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.

Leader:—Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding?

Response:—Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding.

Sing 1*st stanza of* No. 278.

Leader:—Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

Response:—The merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

Leader:—She is more precious than rubies.

Response:—And all things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

Leader:—Length of days is in her right hand: and in her left hand riches and honor.

Response:—Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

Sing 2*d stanza of* No. 278.

Leader:—She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her.

Response:—And beside this, giving all diligence, add to your knowledge temperance.

Leader:—And to temperance, patience.

Response:—And to patience, godliness.

Leader:—And to godliness, brotherly kindness.

Response:—And to brotherly kindness, charity.

Sing 3*rd stanza of* No. 278.

No. 279.

1. Supt. (*Tap bell for order.*) The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him.

2. Song. (See No. 149.)

3. Responsive Reading.

Supt. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

School. My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth.

Supt He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: He that keepeth thee will not slumber.

School. Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

Supt. The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

School. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

Supt. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; he shall preserve thy soul.

School. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even forever more.

Supt. The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.

School. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:

Supt. He leadeth me beside the still waters.

School. He restoreth my soul:

Supt. He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

School. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:

Supt. For thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

School. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:

Supt. Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

School. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

4. Invocation.

5. Song. (See No. 40.)

6. Remarks by Superintendent.

7. Gloria Patri. (See No. 250.)

8. Lesson.

No. 280.

1. Instrumental Music.

2. Silence.

3. Minute address by Superintendent.

4. Silence, Prayer.

5. All standing sing No. 82.

6. Responsive reading. (*Led by selected class.*)

Supt. And seeing the multitude, Jesus went up into a mountain; and when he was set, his disciples came unto him; and he opened his mouth and taught them, saying:

Class. Blessed are the poor in spirit;

School. For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Class. Blessed are they that mourn;

School. For they shall be comforted.

Class. Blessed are the meek;

School. For they shall inherit the earth.

Class. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness;

School. For they shall be filled.

Class. Blessed are the merciful;

School. For they shall obtain mercy.

Class. Blessed are the pure in heart;

School. For they shall see God.

Class. Blessed are the peacemakers;

School. For they shall be called the children of God.

Class. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake;

Supl. For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

7. Invocation.

8. Song. (See No. 243.)

9. Announcements, remarks, etc.

10. Song. (See No. 51.)

11. Classes.

No. 281.

Song.

Responsive Reading.

Supt. Bless the Lord, O my soul!
School. And all that is within me bless his holy name.
Supt. Bless the Lord, O my soul!
School. And forget not all his benefits.
Supt. Blessed are they who dwell in thy house;
School. They will always be praising thee.
Supt. Blessed are they who keep thy statutes,
School. And who seek thee with the whole heart.
Supt. Blessed are they whose ways are pure.
Sehool. Who walk in the path of thy commandments.
Supt. Blessed is the mam that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly.
School. Nor standeth in the way of sinners,
Supt. Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.
School. But his delight is in the law of the Lord.
Supt. And in his law doth he meditate day and night.
Supt. Blessed is he that considereth the poor;
School. The Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.
Supt. Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven,
School. Whose sin is covered.
Supt. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity.
School. And in whose spirit there is no guile.
Supt. Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord,
School. That delighteth greatly in his commandments.
Supt. Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust.

Song. (See No. 17.)

Repeat the Ten Commandments. (See page 2.)

Gloria Patri. (See No. 250.)

Remarks by Superintendent.

Song. (See No. 4.)

Lesson.

No. 282.

First Bell.—*Signal for order.*

Second Bell.—*Silent Prayer.*

Supt.—Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing.

School.—Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

Singing. No. 3.

Prayer. *Closing with the Lord's Prayer.*

Scripture.

Supt.—Rejoice in the Lord, Oh ye righteous: for praise is comely for the upright.

Female Classes.—Praise the Lord with harp: sing unto him with the psaltery and an instrument of ten strings.

Male Classes.—Sing unto him a new song; play skillfully with a loud noise.

Supt.—For the word of the Lord is right; and all his works are done in truth.

School.—He loveth righteousness and judgment; the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.

Supt.—By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.

School.—He gathereth the waters of the sea together as an heap; he layeth up the depth in storehouses.

Supt.—Let all the earth fear the Lord; let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.

School.—For he spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.

Male Classes.—The Lord bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought; he maketh the devices of the people of none effect.

Female Classes.—The counsel of the Lord standeth forever, the thoughts of his heart to all generations.

All.—Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord; and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

Singing. No. 9.

The Apostles' Creed. (See page 2.)

Marking Attendance and Collecting Offerings. (*Three minutes.*)

Singing. No. 102.

Reading of the Lesson. (*Standing.*)

Lesson Study.

No. 283.

Tap of bell for attention.

Supt.—Hear the words of the Lord!

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

Supt.—Jesus says unto him, I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me.—John xiv, 6.

School.—And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever; even the Spirit of Truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.—John xiv, 16, 17.

Desk Review.

Singing. No. 154.

Supt.—Therefore being justified by faith, by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.—Rom. v, 1, 2.

School.—And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.

Singing. No. 160.

Notices and Distribution.

Closing Hymn. No. 195.

The Lord's Prayer. *Standing.*

Closing with No. 285.

No. 284.

Song. No. 64.

Lesson Review.

Notices, Distribution.

Song. No. 49.

Supt.—For I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end.—Jer. xxix, 11.

Male Voices.—Then shall ye call upon me, and ye shall go and pray unto me, and I will hearken unto you.—Jer. xxix, 12.

Supt.—And he shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart,—Jer. xxix, 13.

Female Voices-—Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near.—Isaiah iv, 6.

School.—Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.—Isaiah lv, 7.

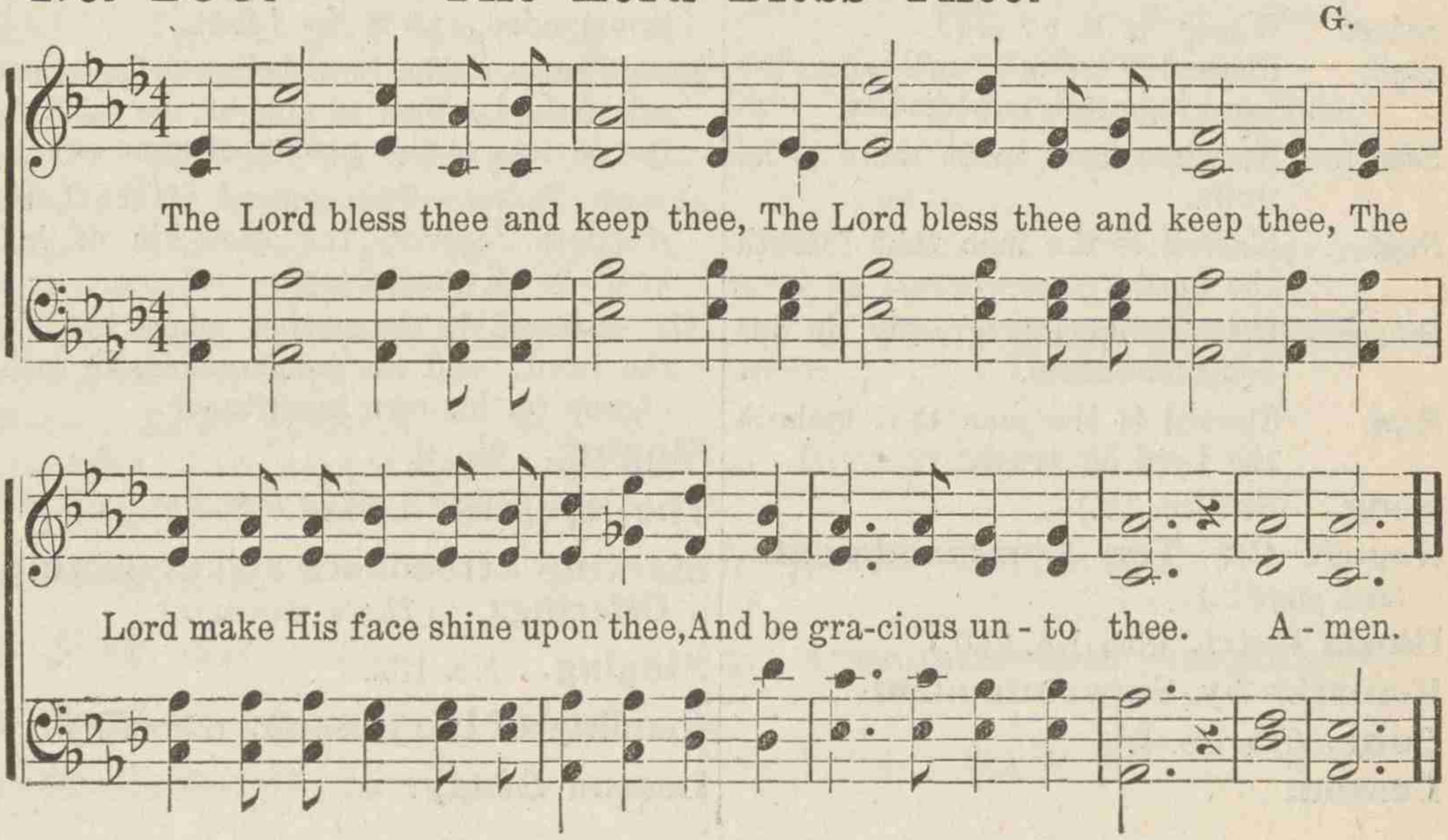
All.—Now unto him that is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.—Jude 24, 25.

Short Prayer.

Closing with No. 285.

No. 285. The Lord Bless Thee.

G.



No. 286.

Singing No. 110.

Supt.—If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

School.—If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

Supt.—If we say we have not sinned, we make him a liar, and his Word is not in us.

School.—Unto him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father: to him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen.—Rev. i, 5, 6.

Short review of lesson.

Singing No. 163.

Secretary's report, etc..

Supt.—Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.—Psalm xc, I.

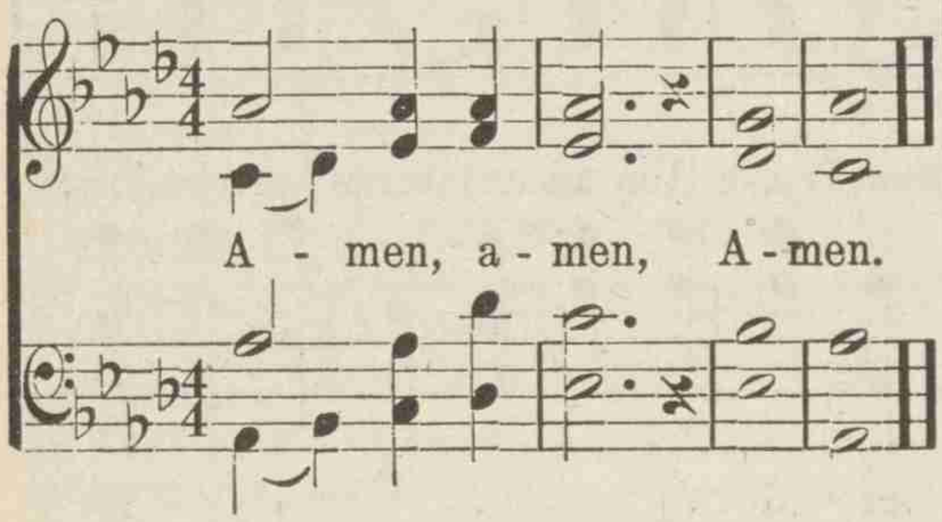
School,—Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to evertasting, Thou art God.

Notices, remarks, etc.

All—Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord my strength and my Redeemer.

Benediction.

CLOSING RESPONSE.



No. 287.

Singing No. 228.

Concert Reading.

Then said Jesus unto them,
Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep.
I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved.
The thief cometh not, but to steal, and to kill, and to destroy:
I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.
I am the good shepherd: The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.
I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine.
As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father:
And I lay down my life for the sheep.
And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd.

Short talk by Pastor.

Singing No. 33.

Reports, Notices, etc.

Pastor.—Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us.

Supt.—That we should be called the sons of God.

All Officers.—Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be:

School.—But we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.

Pastor.—And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure.

Supt.—Little children, let no man deceive you: he that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as he is righteous.

School.—In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil: whosoever doeth not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother.

Pastor.—For this is the message that ye heard from the beginning, that we should love one another.

Gloria Patri. No. 250.

Prayer. (*Closing with the Lord's Prayer.*

Closing Hymn. No. 202.

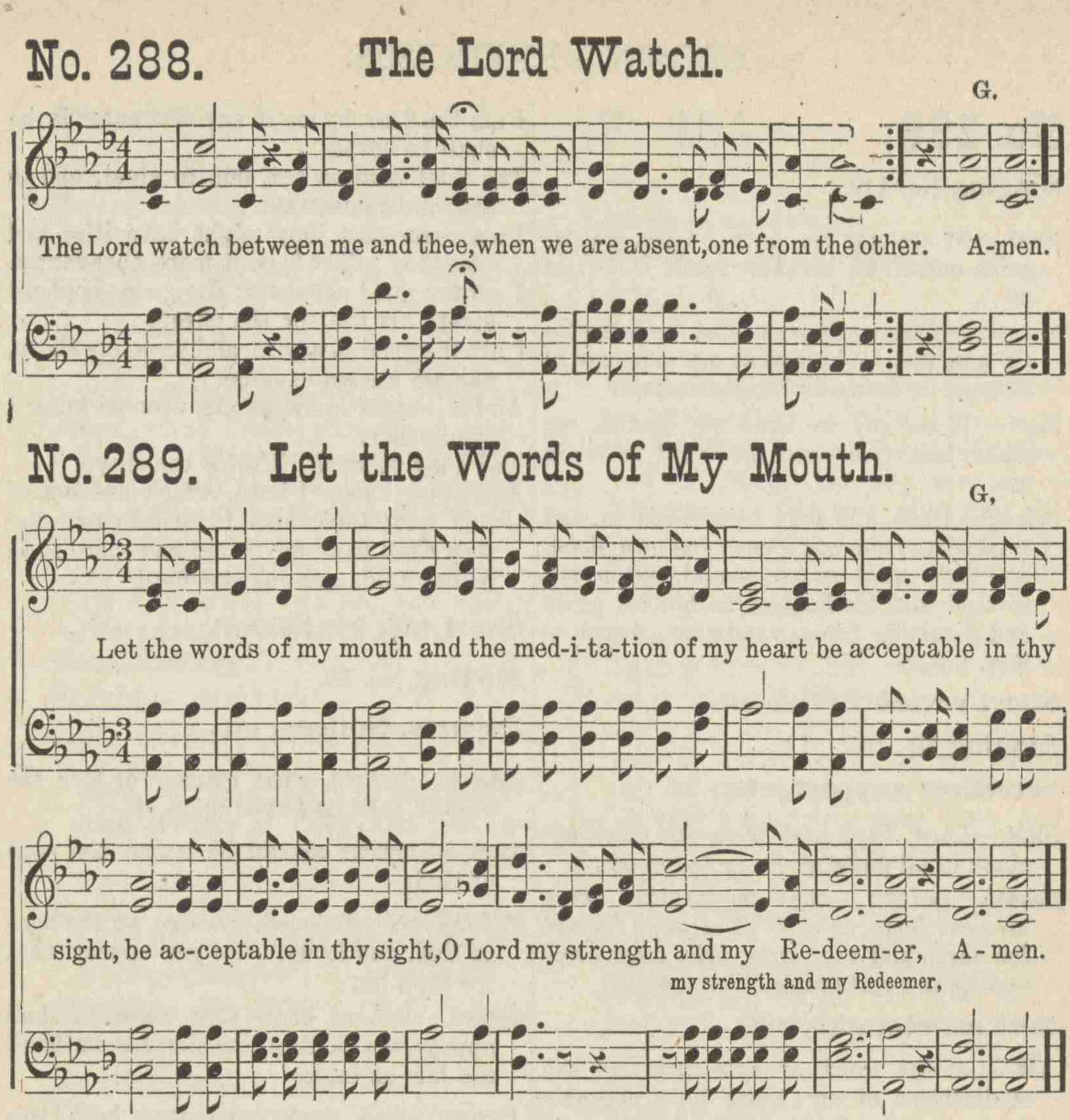
Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

No. 288. The Lord Watch.
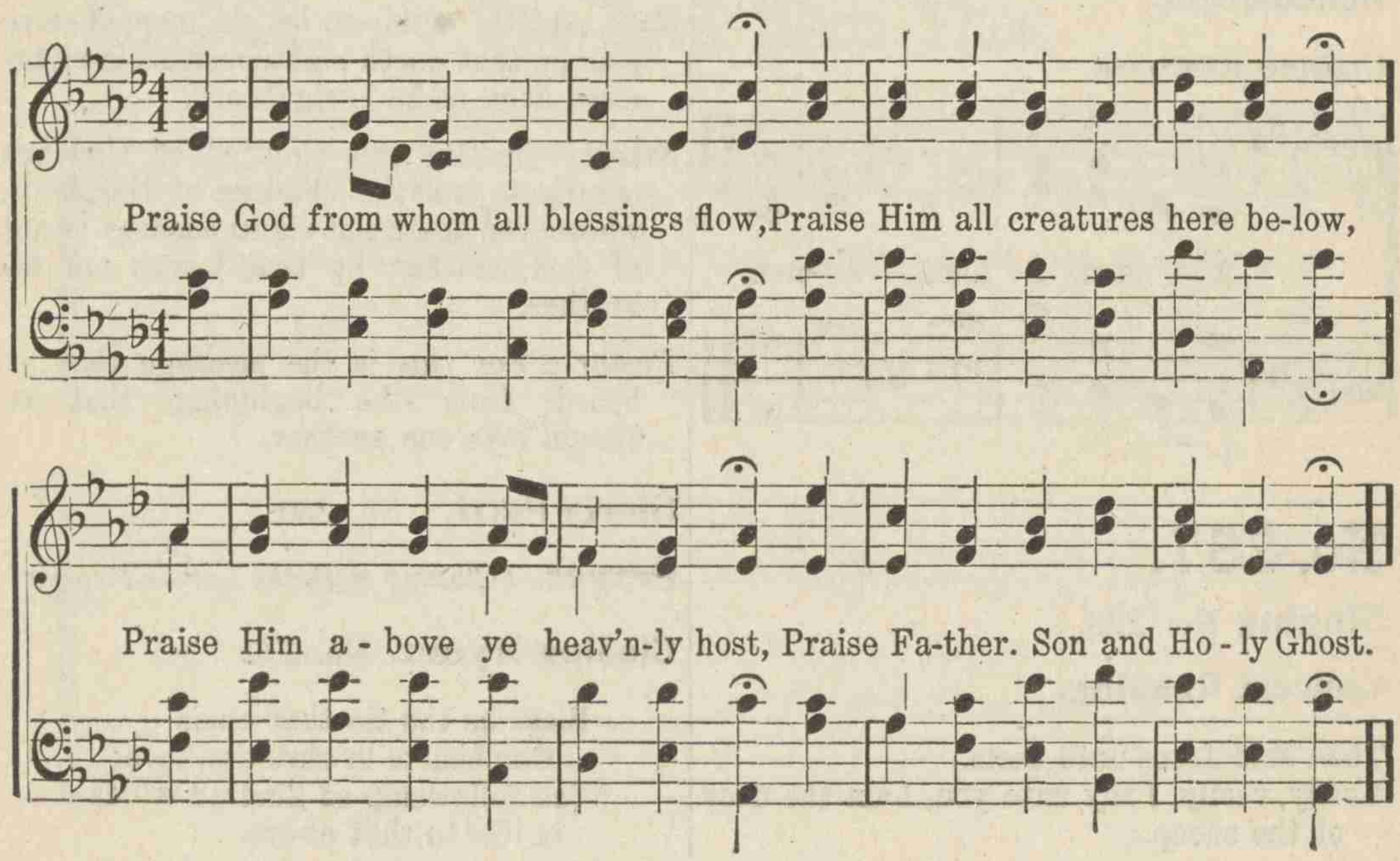
G.

No. 289. Let the Words of My Mouth.

G,



No. 290. Old Hundred.



INDEX.

Titles in Small Caps—First Lines in Roman.

	No.
ABIDE WITH ME	138
A HAPPY DAY	122
ALL FRIENDS ABOVE	34
ALL THE WAY WITH JESUS	151
A LOYAL HOST	115
ALWAYS SHOW YOUR COLORS	129
AMERICA	180
ANCHORED FAST	139
A SOUL IS COMING HOME	71
A few more days on earth	166
After the pleasure of life	101
A little while, and then	76
Amid the toil and cares	136
A miracle of saving	53
A ruler once came	43
Arouse Ye, Christian	36
A sower went forth	113
As through life you	87
Ask me not to count	65
BE A CHEERING LIGHT	87
BEAUTIFUL LAND OF REST	47
BECAUSE I LOVE JESUS	81
BE GLAD YE CHILDREN OF ZION	140
BEHOLD I KNOCK	109
BEHOLD THE LAMB	94
BLESSED ASSURANCE	163
BLESSED QUIETNESS	69
BLESSINGS	65
BRAVE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER	175
BRING THEM IN	143
Behold the whitening harv	171
CAN I FORGET?	136
CHRIST ALL AND IN ALL	79
CHRIST FOR THE WORLD	125
COME, HOLY SPIRIT	111
Christ is courage	79
Come let us sing unto	177
DEATH AND ETERNITY	245
DOWN THE VALLEY ALONE	74
Down at the cross	118
ETERNITY AT LAST	166
FOLLOW JESUS	106
FOLLOWING OUR GUIDE	149
Fierce is the tempest	22
From my Father's	1
GATHERING HOME	120
GATHER IN THE GRAIN	63
GENTLY, O MY SAVIOR	40
GLORIA PATRI	250
GLORY TO HIS NAME	118
GOD BE WITH YOU TILL WE	249
GOD LOVES THE BEAUTIFUL	84
GO WORK TO-DAY	171
Go gather in the golden	63
HAIL, SACRED DAY	157
HAVE A BLESSING READY	44
HAVE A HEART OF KINDNESS	33
HE'S ALL THE WORLD TO ME	80
HE'S CALLING THY NAME	170
HE IS SO PRECIOUS TO ME	2
HE'LL NEVER FORSAKE HIS OWN	12
HE LOVED ME ERE I KNEW HIM	68
HE NEVER FORSAKES ME	156
HE SAVES ME	127
HE WAITS FOR THEE	70
HE WILL OPEN THE GATE FOR ME	26
HIDE ME, O MY SAVIOR	158
HOMEWARD BOUND	1
HOSANNA	145
Had we only sunshine	4
Hail, thou quiet day	157

	No.
Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's	143
Hear the patter	83
Hear the shout of triumph	125
Hear the sweet voice	73
Hearken, O wanderer	170
He lives and loves	51
He was not willing	23
How beautiful the	84
I Am Praying for You	19
I Am Resolved No	134
I Am Walking in the Light	48
I Have a Savior	45
I Hope By His Grace	28
I Know that Jesus Saves Me	130
I Love to Hear about Jesus	20
I'll Be There By and By	164
I'll Live for Him	141
I'll Trust in My Savior	64
I'm Trusting in My Savior	135
I Must Tell Jesus	32
In Beulah Land	110
In the Covert of His Wings	18
Inside the Pearly Gate	62
I Shall See Him	46
It's Just Like Him	98
It is Safe to Follow Jesus	41
I Want to go There	117
I can hear my Savior	124
If we only had the money	142
I have a Friend of all	156
I have a Savior	19
I have had sweet dreams	46
I'll go all the way with	151
I may not know the	30
I'm dwelling now upon	110
I'm happy in Jesus	2
In the Christian warfare	55
In the hour when sin	173
In the temple the children	145
I see upon the rugged	94
Is there a heart that is	56
It is always safe	41
I've found a Friend, all	34
I've found a Friend in	80
I've found a Friend, oh	68
I've wandered far	95
I wandered in the shadow	25
I want to live just as	8
I was weary, and my	172
Jesus Came a Friend	172
Jesus is Calling	160
Jesus is Calling To-day	11
Jesus is Mine	99
Jesus is Mighty to Save	59
Jesus is Passing this Way	56
Jesus Loves Us	152
Joy of Forgiveness	5
Joy of the Soul	92
Just as He Wants Me to	8
Just as My Father	88
Jesus, in thy gentle	125
Joys are flowing like	69
Just as He wills, so	88
Keep Sowing	113
Keep the Banner Flying	55
Keep Your Heart Singing	10
Land of Peace and Glory	162
Lead Me	78
Lead Me, O Lord	144
Let Him Come in	119
Let Me Come to Thee	128
Let the Words of My Mouth	289
Lift Up Your Hearts	42
Little Burden-bearers	146
Little Lights	147
Lord, I'm Coming Home	95
Loving Words	49
Loyalty Unto Christ	174
Like the sound of soothing	49
Lilies beautiful and	153
Make Some Other Heart	31
Morning, Noon and Eve	75
Must I Go and Empty	7
Marching together at	115
My country, 't is of	180
My happy soul rejoices	161
My heart is sad	159
My heart is filled with	130
My life, my love	141
My path may be	81
My Savior shed his	58
Nearer the Cross	104
No, Not One	39
No One but Jesus	38
No One Forgotten	123
No Other Name but Jesus	155
Not Willing that Any	23
Once Again	24
Only a Step	73
On to Victory	61
Opening and Closing Ex's	279–286
Onward, Christian Soldiers	167
O Sound the Jubilee	148
Our Country's Voice	182
Our Savior King	51
O Columbia, the gem	181
O Empty Heart	119
O ever sweet and holy	16
Oh, have you not	90
Oh, I have read	98
O spread the tidings	9
O say, can you see	179

INDEX.

	No.
Passing Down Liee's Way	77
Praise Ye Jehovah	86
Praise Ye the Lord	177
Prayer of the Soul	96
Reapers are Needed	176
Red, White and Blue	181
Remember Jesus	173
Responsive Readings	250–278
Saved to the Uttermost	35
Scripture Selections	54, 108, 112, 114, 150
Seeking the Lost	21
Shoulder to Shoulder	66
Sow the Precious Seed	168
Speak to Me, Jesus	82
Star-Spangled Banner	179
Steer Toward the Light	29
Sunlight	25
Sunshine and Rain	4
Sweet are the Promises	107
Swing the Lilies	153
Speak to my soul	82
Standing in the market	176
Strive to make the day	77
Tell It with Gladness	57
Tell Me of Jesus	52
Tell Me more about	103
Tell Out the Glad Tidings	50
The Bible	102
The Call to Duty	36
The Comforter has Come	9
The Day will Come	132
The Dropping Rain	83
The Everlasting Arms	27
The Glad Good News	89
The Great Physician	67
The Haven of Rest	159
The Lord knows Why	30
The Lord Watch	288
The Love that Ransomed	105
The Master is Come	90
The Money that Belongeth	142
The Name of Jesus	22
The Name Supremely	16
The Song of the Reapers	178
The Story that Never	169
The Sun is Shining Somewhere	93
The Way of the Cross	124
The World's Great Need	3
There is no Love like	133
There is Power in the Blood	15
There shall be Showers of	17
There 's no One like My	85
There 's Power in Jesus' Blood	161
This Same Jesus	14
They're all Blotted Out	53
'T is so Sweet to Trust in	165
Thy Kingdom Come	137
Thy Way is Best	121
Thy Will Be Done	97
Trusting Him to Save Me	58
The bells of heaven are	71
The dear loving Savior	127
The Lord hath done great	131
The message blest again	103
There are foes that	61
There is a lamp	102
There is gladness in	5
There is glory in my soul	92
There 's a depth of	105
There 's a land far away	164
There 's a land of peace	162
There 's a word of tender	123
There 's not a Friend like	39
They are gathering home	120
They tell of a land far	117
Thy way, oh Lord, is,	97
Tossing on the billows	139
Unspeakably Precious to me	13
Upon the great highway	70
What a Friend is Jesus	6
What Then	101
When I Go Home	76
When the Roll is called	72
Where is Your Faith, My	154
Why not Now	37
With My Song I will Praise	131
Would You Know	100
We are little lights	147
We may brighten paths	168
We may lighten toil	10
We will follow our guide	149
We're little burden-bearers	146
What a fellowship	27
When clouds of sorrow	96
When I gave my heart	122
When my boat, I shall	26
When my heart is sore	158
When out in the conflict	30
When the call comes	28
When in the tempest	59
When the sky, clear and	18
When the trumpet of	72
Where're you go, be true	128
When we reach the land	47
While pressing on my	20
While through this world	12
While we pray and	37
Why stand ye idly gazing	14
"With an everlasting love"	89
Would you be free	15
Would you know earth's	31
Ye must be Born again	43

FAVORITE HYMNS.

	No.
Abide with me	193
A charge to keep	212
Alas! and did my Savior	91–208
All for Jesus	191
All hail the power of	231
All to Christ I owe	235
Am I a soldier of	232
Asleep in Jesus	205
Awake my soul	241
Blest be the tie	202
Blow ye the trumpet	194
Bringing in the sheaves	244
Come every soul by sin	225
Come, thou Fount of	221
Coming with the morning	245
Come, ye sinners	219
Consecration	227
Death and Eternity	245
Eternal Father, thou	196
Fade, fade each earthly	99
Father, what e'er of	201
Fountain	184
From Greenland's icy	216
Hark, ten thousand harps	188
Hasten Lord, the glorious	197
Holy, holy, holy	223
Holy Spirit, faithful	243
I am coming to the	224
I hear the Savior say	235
I 'm kneeling at the mercy	213
In the cross of Christ	234
Jesus, I my cross	206
Jesus, Lover of my	230
Jesus, my Lord, to	185
Jesus, Savior, pilot	217
Jesus shall reign	248
Jesus, thine all victorious	213
Joy to the world	233
Just as I am	126
Lead, kindly light	200
Lord, dismiss us	210
Lord, we come before thee	192
Loving kindness	241
Majestic sweetness sits	247
My body, soul and	227
My faith looks up	209
My heavenly home	237
My soul, be on thy	240
My Jesus, I love Thee	278
Must Jesus bear the	204
Nearer, my God, to thee	116
O, could I speak the	186
O, for a closer walk	144
Oh, for a heart to	246
Oh, now I see the crimson	214
O happy day	228
Old hundred	290
Old-time religion	222
Only trust Him	225
Praise the Lord, ye	190
Revive us again	215
Rock of ages	229
Safely through another	220
Salvation, O the	203
Shall we meet beyond	207
Silently the shades of	187
Sowing in the morning	242
Stand up for Jesus	236
Sun of my soul	226
Take me as I am	185
The cleansing wave	214
The morning light is	211
There 's a wideness	239
There is a fountain	183
There is a land of pure	199
Thus far, the Lord	238
'T is midnight, and on	198
'T is the old-time religion	234
Triumphant Zion, lift	189
We praise thee, O God	215
What a Friend we have	60
Work, for the night is	218
Ye Christian herald's	195