

Faith

Hope

Hymns
Worthy

Love

WELL, here are a few of the new songs that are making a great hit in Evangelists Ham and Ramsay's Great Revival Campaigns in Ryman Auditorium, Nashville, Tennessee. These songs are forerunners of Ramsay's New Song Book, which will be out soon—

“HYMNS WORTHY.”

Price of this pamphlet 20 cents single copy; \$18.00 per hundred; express not prepaid.

Order from

WM. J. RAMSAY,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

05023 SP-001688
No. 1. I Shall Leave the Old Cross.

Mrs. Ida C. Reid.

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Chattanooga, Tenn.

Wm. J. Ramsay.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful ev - er - green coun - try Far a - bove earth's
2. For the Sav-iour the cross I am bear - ing, For He stag-gered
3. I am bear-ing my cross un - com - plain - ing, For He died up-
4. I am bear-ing my cross, clear - ly show - ing Love for Him who
5. He will meet me, I know, at the por - tal Of the bless - ed

moon and her stars; And the King of that coun-try is Je - sus,
un - der the load; And was wea - ry and al - most de - spair - ing,
on it for me; Par - don full for my guilt - y soul gain - ing,
par-doned my past; And my soul is with joy o - ver - flow - ing,
cit - y a - bove; And will give to me glo - ry im - mor - tal,

CHORUS.

Whose hands bear the nail-prints and scars.
On Cal - va - ry's wea - ri - some road. I shall leave the old
That His ev - er - more I might be.
For I shall be - hold Him at last.
And rest in His won - der - ful love.

cross at the gate - way, Prais-ing Him for the bur-dens laid down; I shall

bear it no more, for in heav - en I'll exchange the old cross for a crown.

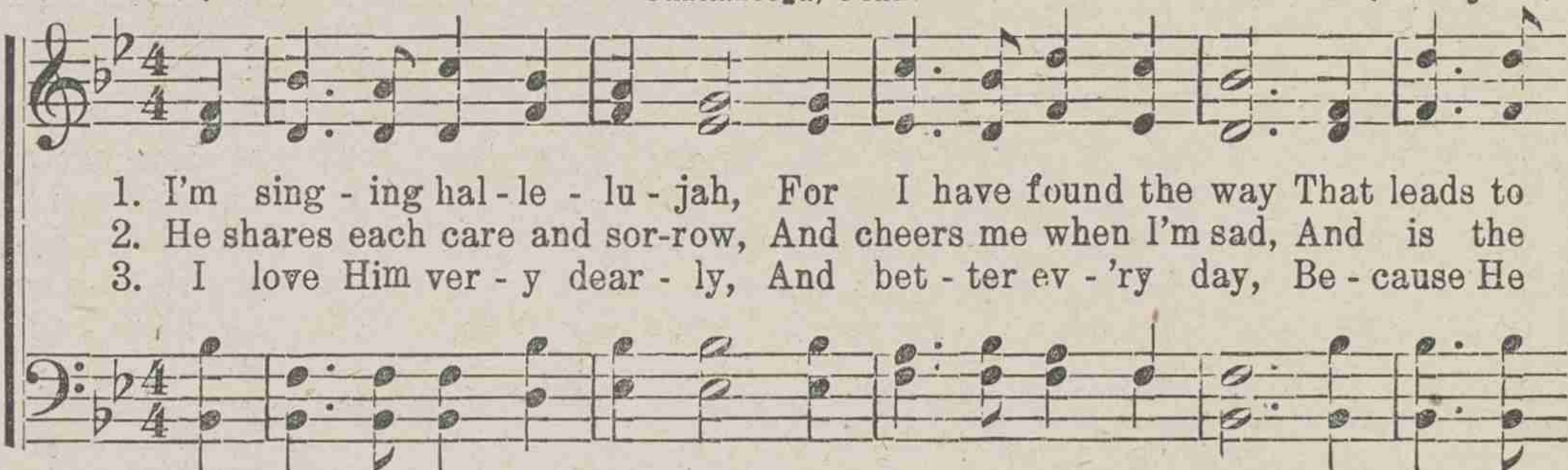
No. 2.

Going Home With Him.

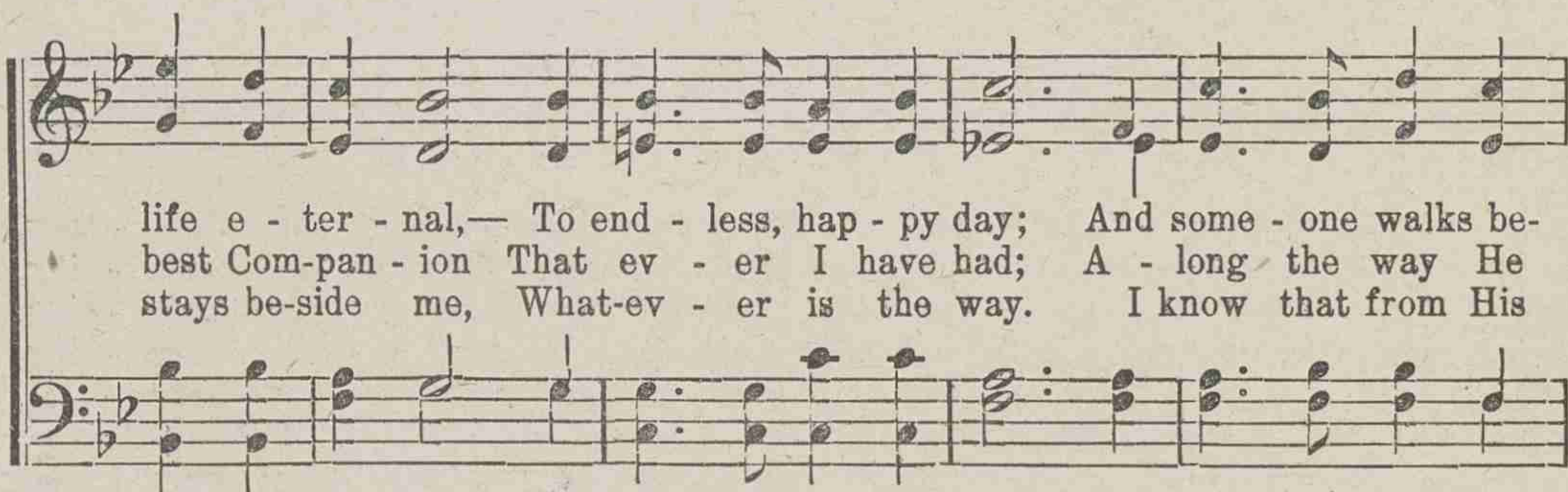
James Rowe.

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Chattanooga, Tenn.

Wm. J. Ramsay.



1. I'm sing - ing hal - le - lu - jah, For I have found the way That leads to
 2. He shares each care and sor-row, And cheers me when I'm sad, And is the
 3. I love Him ver - y dear - ly, And bet - ter ev - 'ry day, Be - cause He

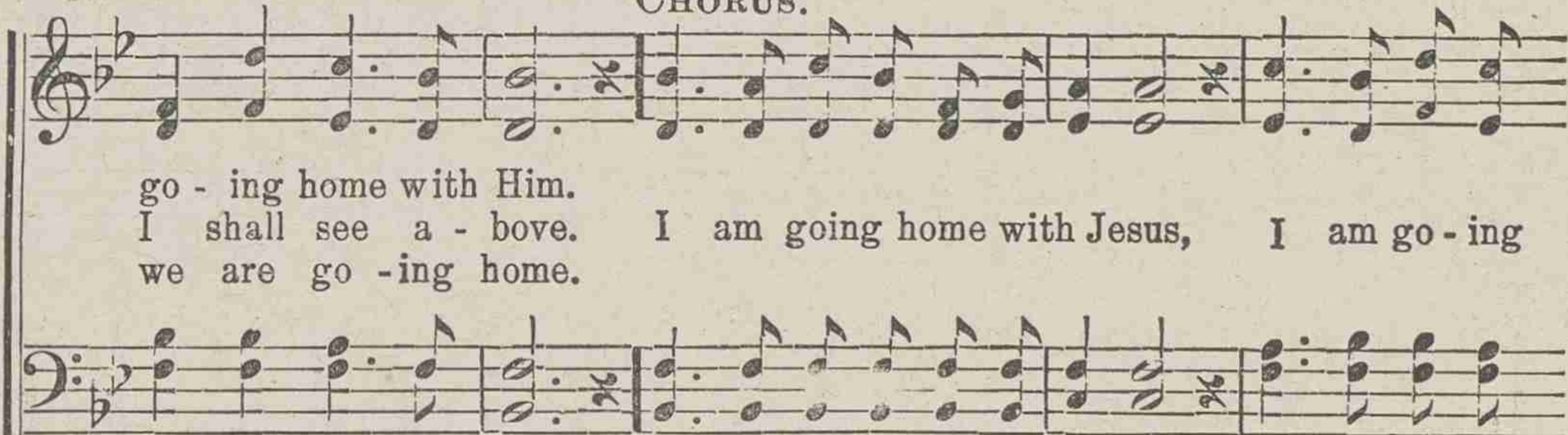


life e - ter - nal, — To end - less, hap - py day; And some - one walks be -
 best Com-pan - ion That ev - er I have had; A - long the way He
 stays be-side me, What-ev - er is the way. I know that from His



side me Thro' all the shadows dim; It is the bless-ed Sav-iour, I'm
 whispers Sweet mes-sag-es of love, And tells me of the won-ders That
 pres-ence No foe can make me roam, His hand my hand is hold-ing, And

CHORUS.



go - ing home with Him.
 I shall see a - bove. I am going home with Jesus, I am go - ing
 we are go - ing home.



home with Him; His hand my hand is hold-ing, And I'm go-ing home with Him

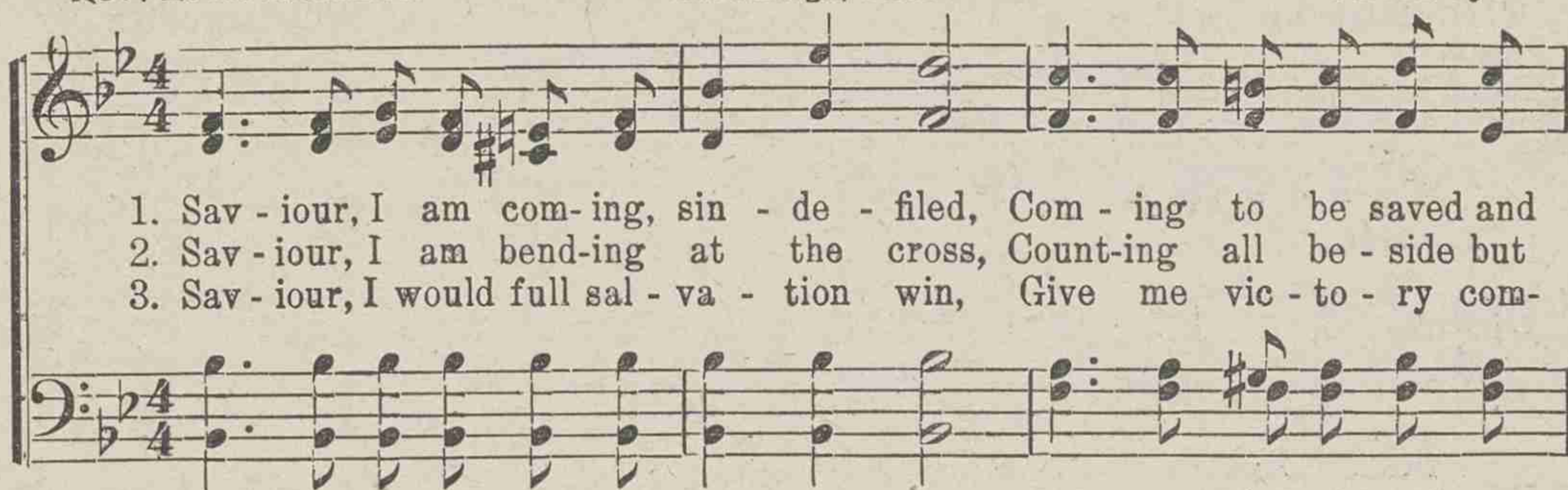
No. 3.

Coming To Be Saved.

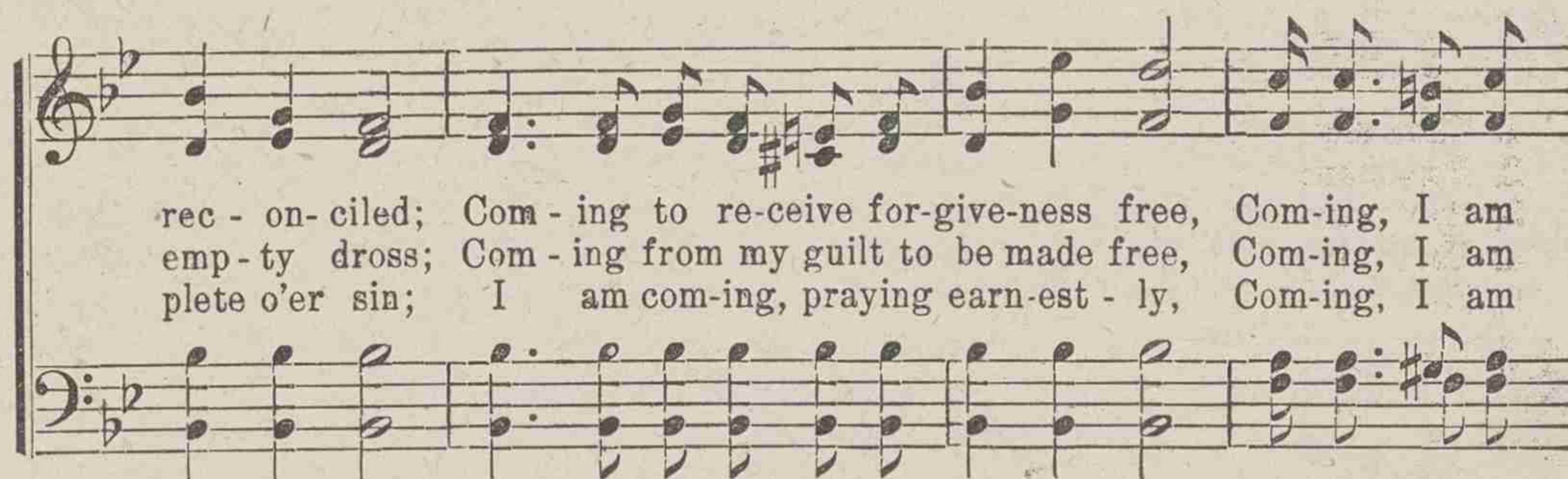
Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

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Samuel W. Beazley.




1. Sav - iour, I am com - ing, sin - de - filed, Com - ing to be saved and
2. Sav - iour, I am bend - ing at the cross, Count - ing all be - side but
3. Sav - iour, I would full sal - va - tion win, Give me vic - to - ry com -

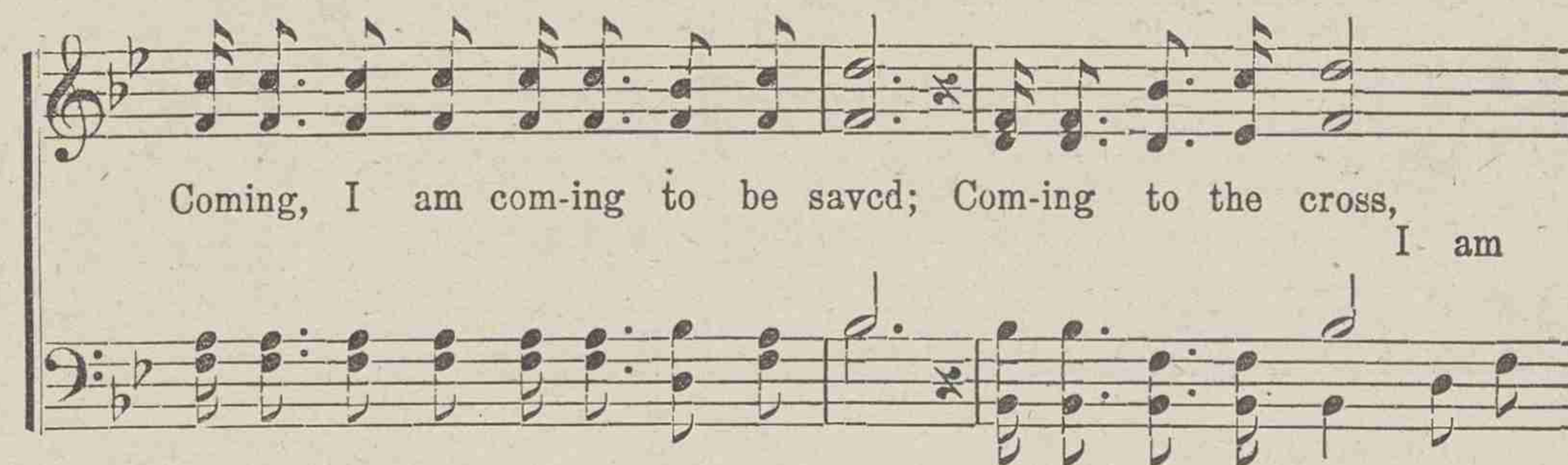


rec - on - ciled; Com - ing to re - ceive for - give - ness free, Com - ing, I am
emp - ty dross; Com - ing from my guilt to be made free, Com - ing, I am
plete o'er sin; I am com - ing, praying earn - est - ly, Com - ing, I am

CHORUS.



coming, Lord, to Thee. Com - ing to the cross, com - ing to the cross,
I am



Coming, I am com - ing to be saved; Com - ing to the cross,
I am



Com - ing to the cross, Com - ing, I am com - ing to be saved.

No. 4. God Give Thee Eyes to See.

T. O. Chisholm.

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Samuel W. Beazley.

Espress. *rit.*

SOLO. *Andante con espress.*

1. Thou say - est, "I am rich with goods, Of noth - ing I have need,"
2. Per-chance thou wise and learned art, Con-cern - ing things of earth,
3. By men thy name may be called great, On ev - 'ry tongue thy praise,
4. Thou hop - est some-how to es-cape The just de-mands of God,
5. He coun - sels thee to buy His gold, To wear His raiment white,

But if thou lack the grace of God, Then thou art poor in - deed.
Yet if thou know'st not the Lord, Thy lore is lit - tle worth.
But God doth see thee as thou art, Be - hold - eth all thy ways.
But thou shalt nev - er see His face, Save thro' a - ton - ing blood.
T'anoint thine eyes with healing balm, If thou would'st see His light.

CHORUS OR QUARTET.

O self de-ceived and blind-ed soul, God give thee eyes to see
to see

God Give Thee Eyes to See. Concluded.

Thy shame, thy need, thy wretchedness,
thy wretchedness, And Christ the rem-e - dy.

No. 5. Yet He Saved Me.

James Rowe.

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Wm. J. Ramsay.

1. A - maze-ment is mine when I think of the One Who made me free;
2. The sun, moon and stars, and the beau - ti - ful sky, The land and sea,
3. A - maze-ment is mine, for He died for my soul, On Cal - va - ry;

The Rul - er of heav - en, Je - ho - vah's own Son, Yet He saved me!
Were made by the won - der - ful Rul - er on high, Yet He saved me!
The mak - er of all things, whom an - gels ex - tol, Yet He saved me!

CHORUS.

Yet He saved me, Yes, He saved me!
Yet He saved me, yet He saved me, Yes, He saved me, yes, He saved me!

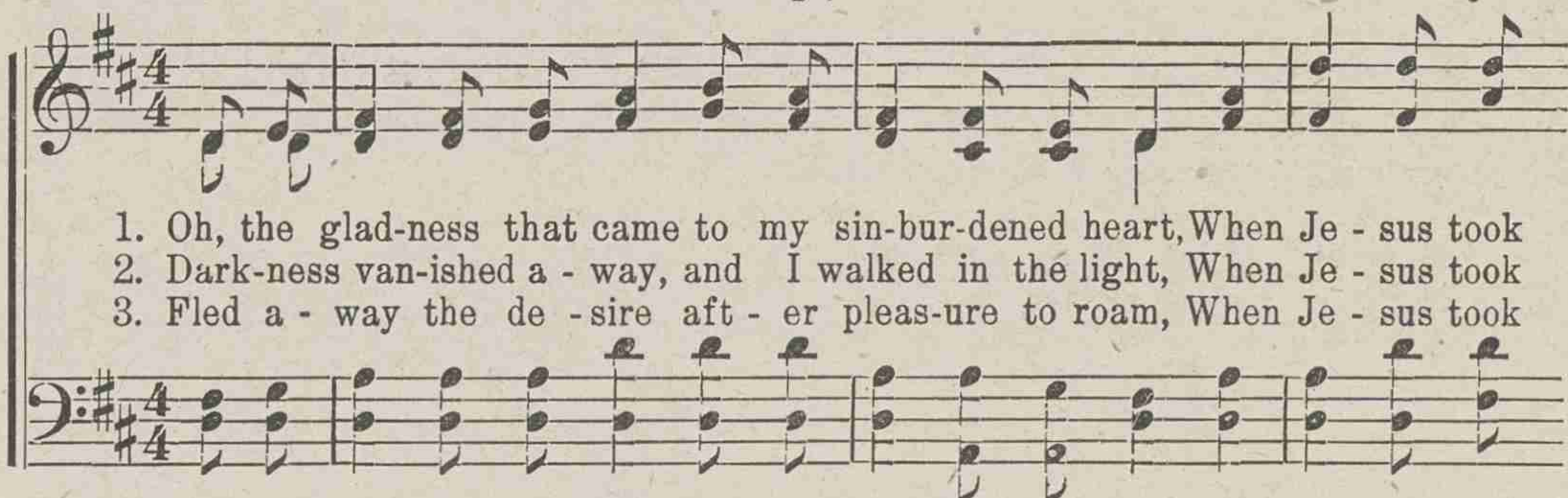
All pros - trate be - fore Him, the an - gels a - dore Him, Yet He saved me!

No. 6. When Jesus Took Hold of My Hand.

James Rowe.

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Wm. J. Ramsay.



1. Oh, the glad-ness that came to my sin-bur-dened heart, When Je - sus took
2. Dark-ness van-ished a - way, and I walked in the light, When Je - sus took
3. Fled a - way the de - sire aft - er pleas-ure to roam, When Je - sus took



hold of my hand; I could feel all the load from my spir - it de-part,
hold of my hand; I no more cared for sin, and the fu-ture looked bright,
hold of my hand; And to geth - er we walked in the path lead-ing home,

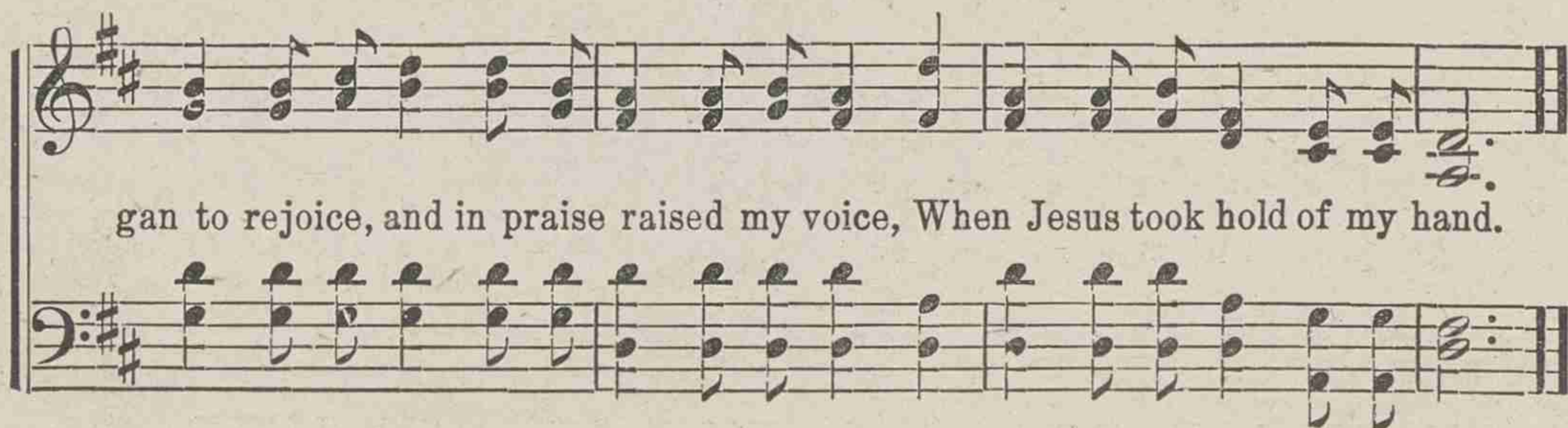
CHORUS.



When Je - sus took hold of my hand. When Je - sus took hold of my
When Je - sus took hold of my hand. took



hand, When Je - sus took hold of my hand, I be-
hold of my hand, took hold of my hand,



gan to rejoice, and in praise raised my voice, When Jesus took hold of my hand.

No. 7.

Satisfied.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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Wm. J. Ramsay.



1. I have sought for sat - is - fac - tion In the world both far and wide,
2. Tho' the sun may shine a - bove me, Or the clouds His face may hide,
3. All day long Christ walks be-side me, All night long He doth a - bide;
4. Tho' my friends may turn a - gainst me, Tho' my en - e - mies de - ride,
5. When I reach the mys - tic riv - er Christ will bear me o'er the tide,



But in vain, till I found Je - sus, Now I'm ful - ly sat - is - fied.
Yet with sun-shine or with shad - ow, I am al - ways sat - is - fied.
That is why I'm al - ways hap - py, That is why I'm sat - is - fied.
Still I have my bless - ed Sav - iour, And with Him I'm sat - is - fied.
And I know when I reach heav - en That I shall be sat - is - fied.



CHORUS.



Yes, I know that Je - sus loves me, For it was for me He died;



Yes, I know that Je - sus loves me, And my soul is sat - is - fied.




No. 8. Running the Christian's Race.



M. H. C.

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Wm. J. Ramsay.



1. A might-y cloud of wit-ness-es, Encompassed day by day,
2. He rose; and martyrs for the faith, They watch us as we run;
3. Be strong, O ye of lit-tle faith, Lift up your longing eyes,




And down from heaven's battlements They cheer us on our way; They
They note the progress that we make, The battles fought and won, And
For at the end-ing of the race There waits the glorious prize; A





tell of how they o-ver-came Thro' faith in Je-sus' precious name.
as they o-ver-came thro' grace, Bid us with pa-tience run the race.
home in that bright land above, Where all is peace, and joy, and love.



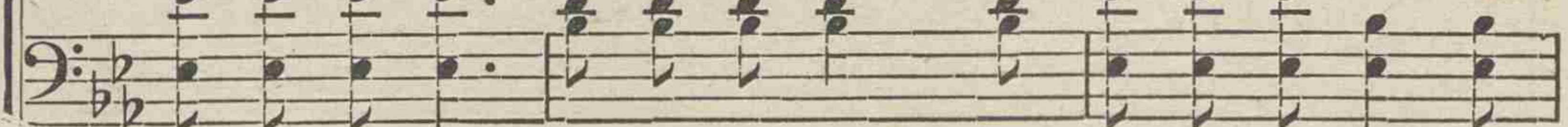
CHORUS.



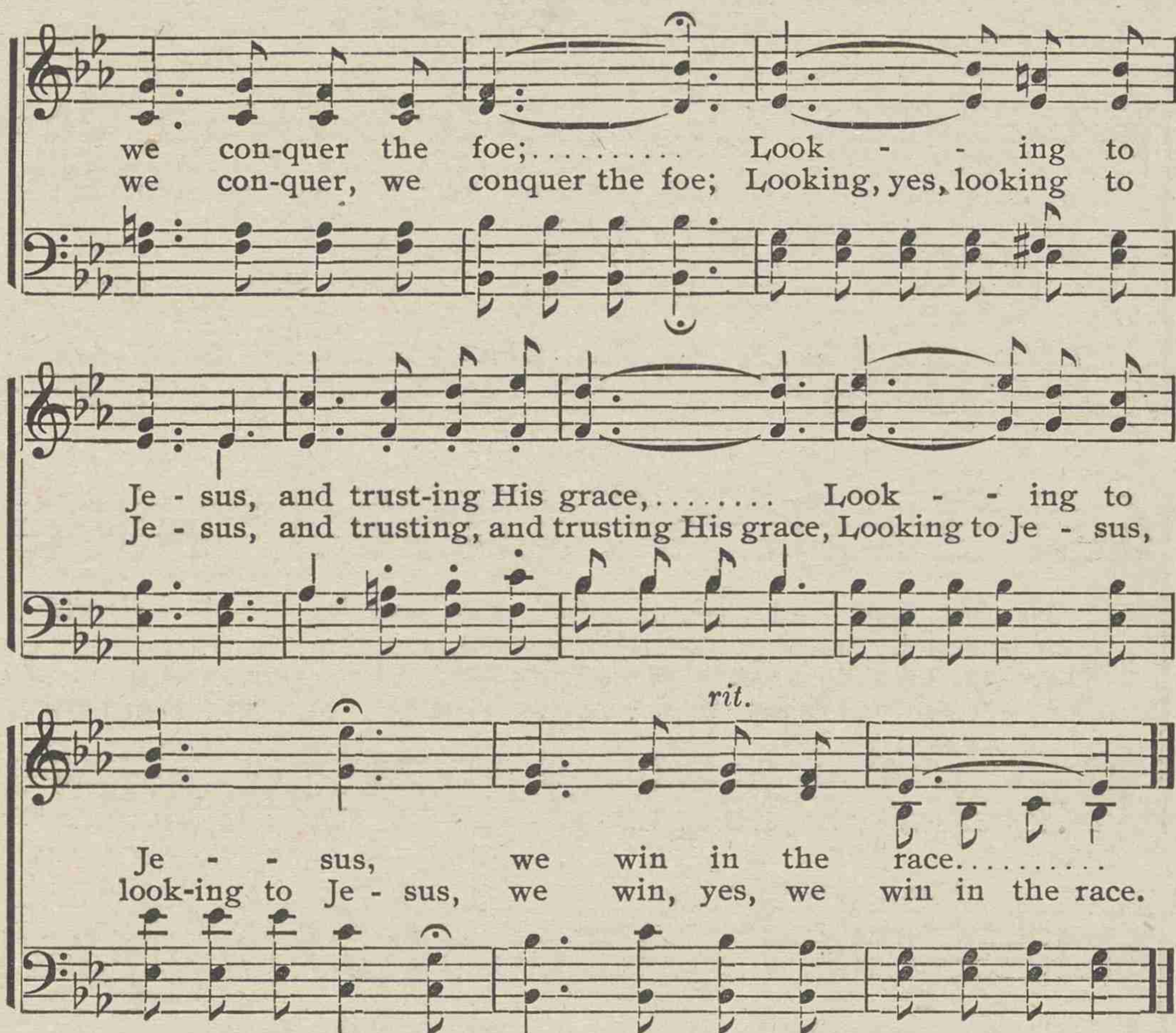
Look - - ing to Je - sus as on-ward we
Looking to Je - sus, looking to Je - sus as onward, as



go,..... Look - - ing to Je - - sus,
onward we go, Looking to Je - sus, look-ing to Je - sus,



Running the Christian's Race. Concluded.



we con-quer the foe;..... Look - - ing to
 we con-quer, we conquer the foe; Looking, yes, looking to

Je - sus, and trust-ing His grace,..... Look - - ing to
 Je - sus, and trusting, and trusting His grace, Looking to Je - sus,

rit.
 Je - - sus, we win in the race.....
 look-ing to Je - sus, we win, yes, we win in the race.

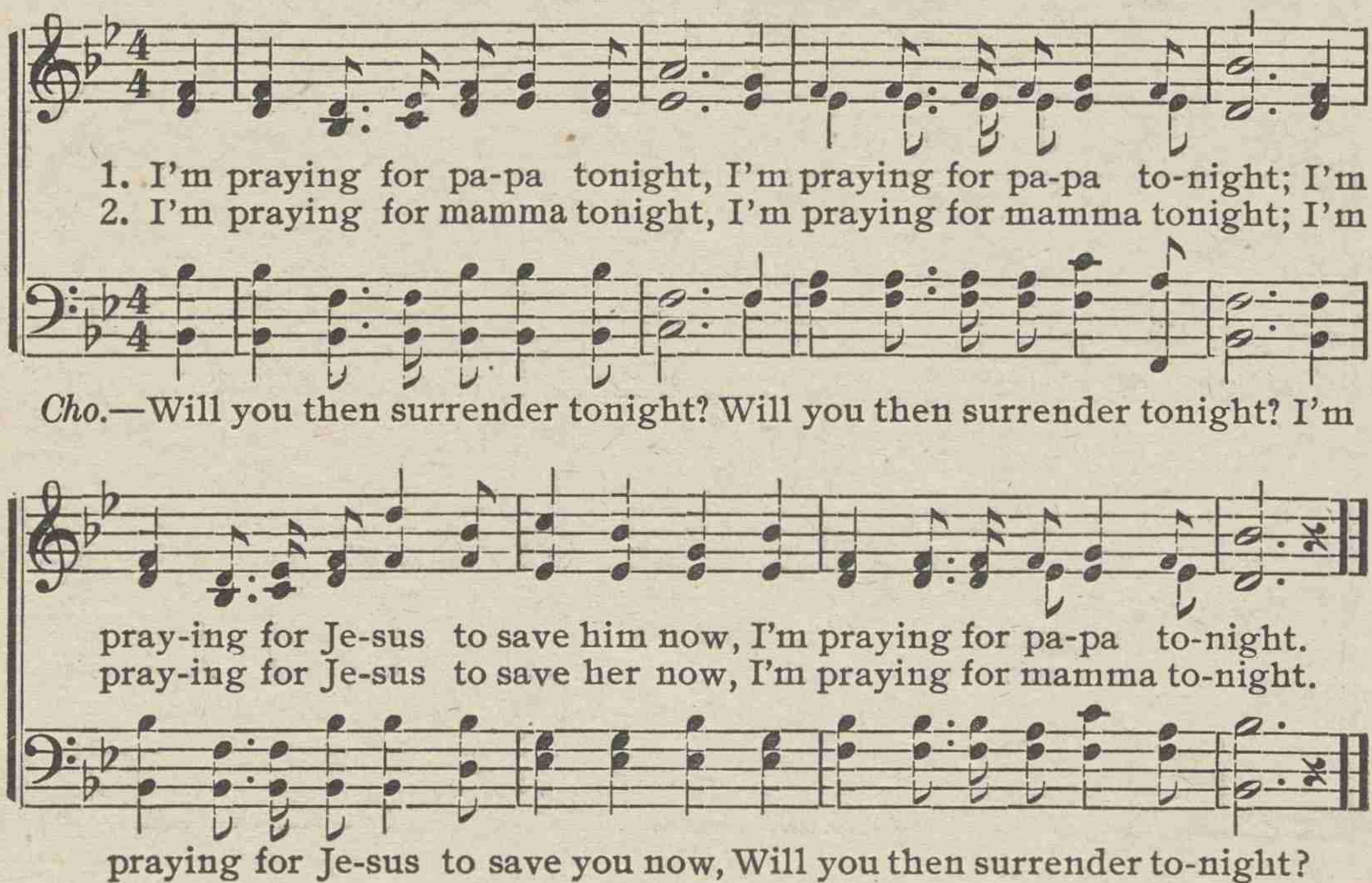
No. 9.

Prayer Song.

Wm. J. Ramsay.

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James V. Reid.



1. I'm praying for pa-pa tonight, I'm praying for pa-pa to-night; I'm
 2. I'm praying for mamma tonight, I'm praying for mamma tonight; I'm

Cho.—Will you then surrender tonight? Will you then surrender tonight? I'm

pray-ing for Je-sus to save him now, I'm praying for pa-pa to-night.
 pray-ing for Je-sus to save her now, I'm praying for mamma to-night.

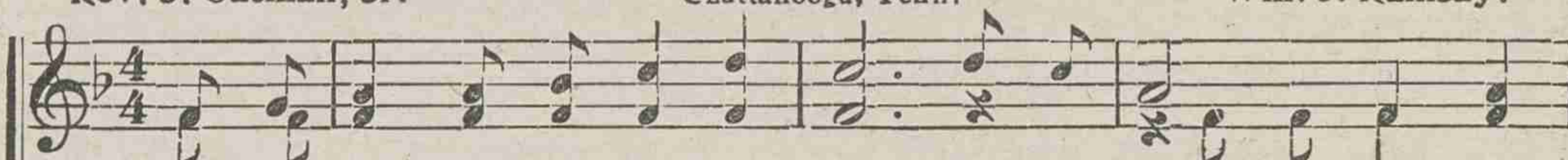
praying for Je-sus to save you now, Will you then surrender to-night?

No. 10. Talk It Over With Jesus.



Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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Wm. J. Ramsay.



1. When the bur - den is hard to bear, Talk it o - ver with
 2. If in sor - row you bow to - day,
 3. Would you work for the Mas - ter here?
 4. If at eve - ning you long to rest, Talk it o'er with

Je - sus; Hard and bit - ter the lot you share, Talk it o - ver with
 Je - sus; He will wipe ev - 'ry tear a - way,
 Je - sus; Would you lose ev - 'ry doubt and fear?
 Je - sus; Would you en - ter His mansions blest? Talk it o'er with



CHORUS.



Je - sus. Talk it o - ver with Je - sus;
 Je - sus. Talk it o - ver with Je - sus in earn - est pray'r;




He has prom - ised to meet you there: In your sor - row do




not de - spair; Talk it o - ver with Je - sus.
 do not de - spair; Talk it o'er with Je - sus.

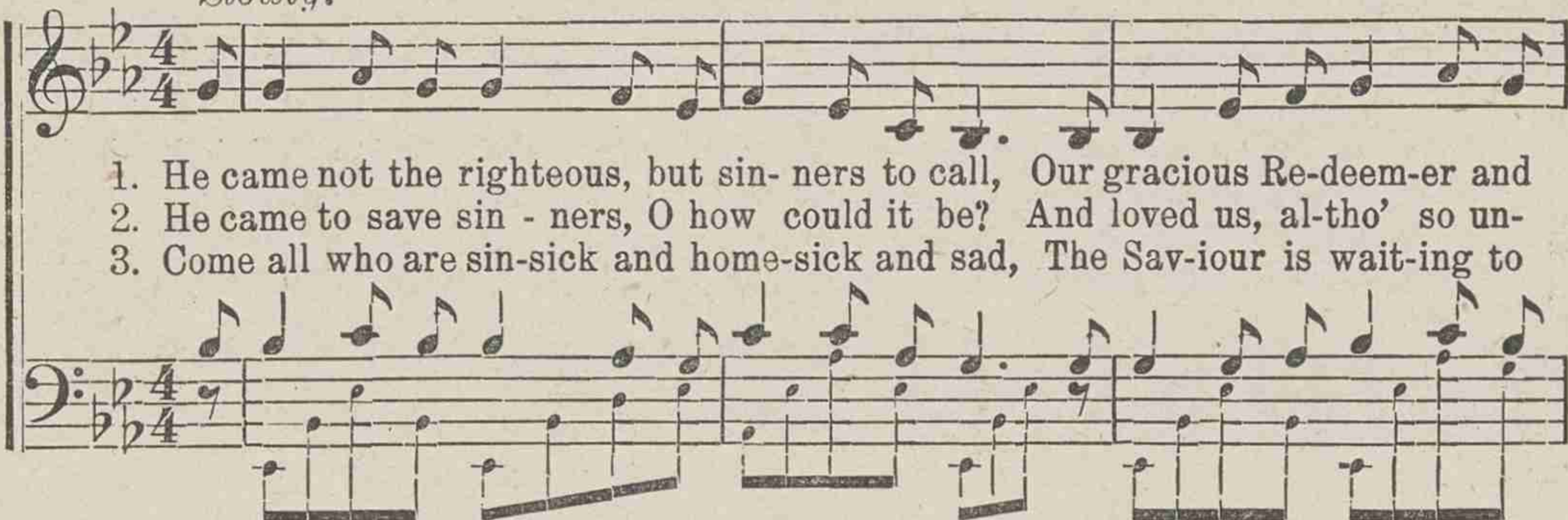


No. 11.

'Tis Wonderful to Me.

Mrs. C. H. M.
*Slowly.*Copyright, 1917, by Wm. J. Ramsay,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.



1. He came not the righteous, but sin-ners to call, Our gracious Re-deem-er and
 2. He came to save sin - ners, O how could it be? And loved us, al-tho' so un-
 3. Come all who are sin-sick and home-sick and sad, The Sav-iour is wait-ing to

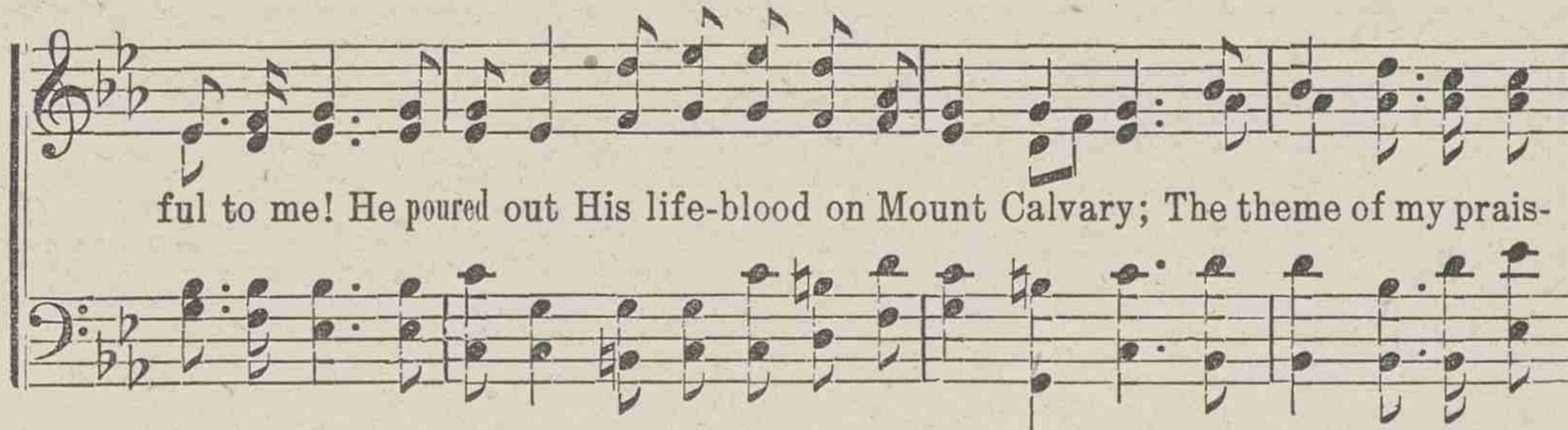


Sav - iour of all; The path-way of sor - row and suf - fer-ing trod, That
 love - ly were we, And poured out His life-blood our lost souls to win, He
 make your heart glad; The right-eous no part in re-demp-tion may have, To

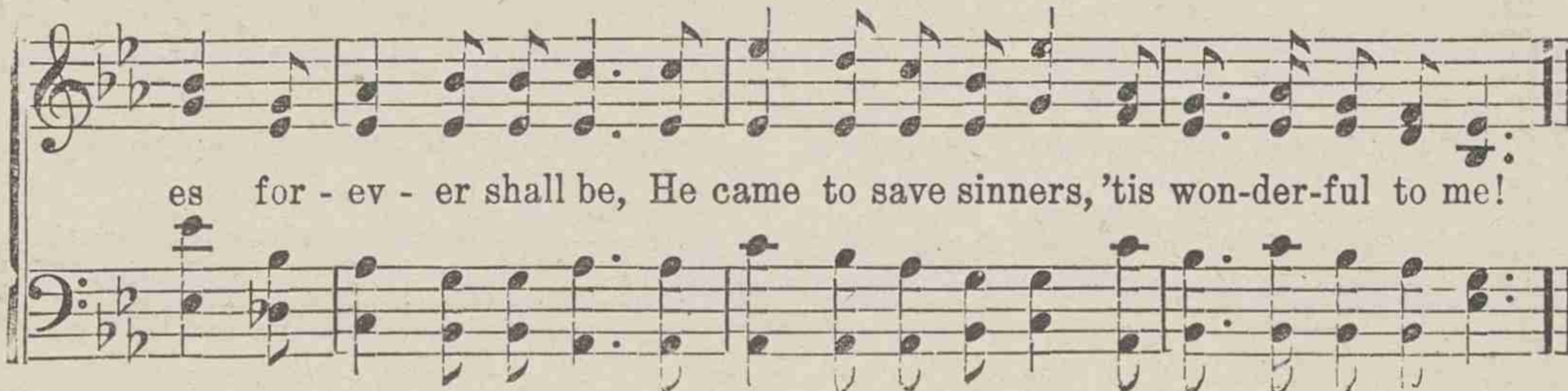
CHORUS.



we might be reconciled free - ly to God.
 yearned o'er the sinner while hating his sin. 'Tis wonderful to me! 'tis wonder-
 sin - ners He ev - er is might-y to save.



ful to me! He poured out His life-blood on Mount Calvary; The theme of my prais-



es for - ev - er shall be, He came to save sinners, 'tis won-der-ful to me!

No. 12. The Great Judgment Day.

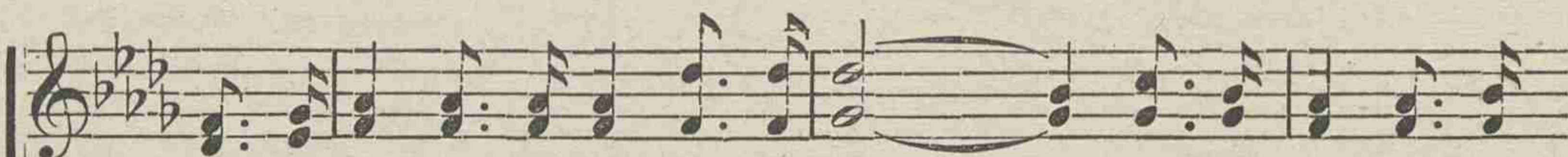
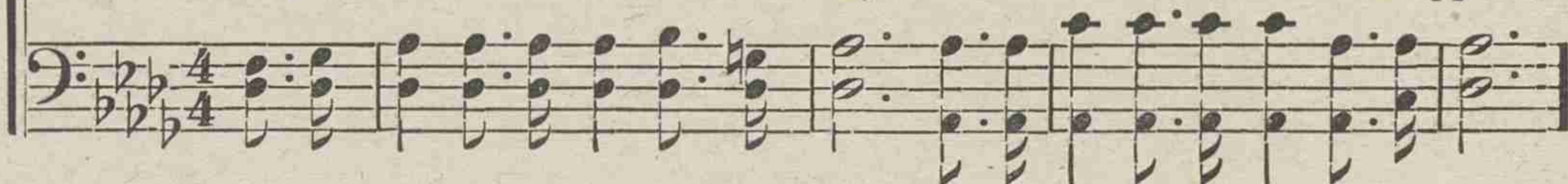
Mrs. C. H. M.

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Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.



1. In the Book of our Lord we are told Of a scene which we all shall behold,
2. When the dead shall arise, small and great, At the bar of God's justice to wait,
3. Some to life ev-er-last-ing to go, Some to death and e-ter-ni-ty's woe,
4. We are told that the time draweth near, When we all must before Him appear;



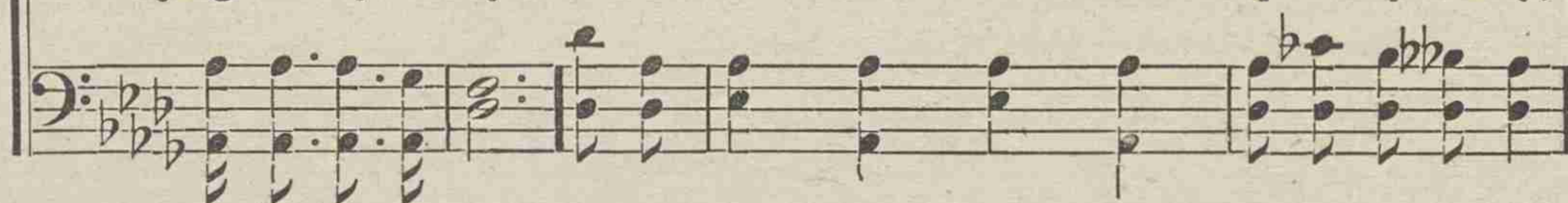
When the heav'ns shall to-gether be rolled,..... In that great day of
While in love He shall them sep - a - rate,..... In that great day of
There the wrath of a just God to know,..... In that great day of
Shall we meet Him with joy or with fear..... In that great day of
to-gether be rolled,



CHORUS.



judgment by and by. For the books shall all be opened by and by,.....
judgment by and by. For the books shall all be o-pened by and by,



By the records we'll be judged, you and I, May it be our lot to
By the rec - ords we'll be judged, you and I,



stand with the saved at God's right hand, In that great day of judgment by and by.

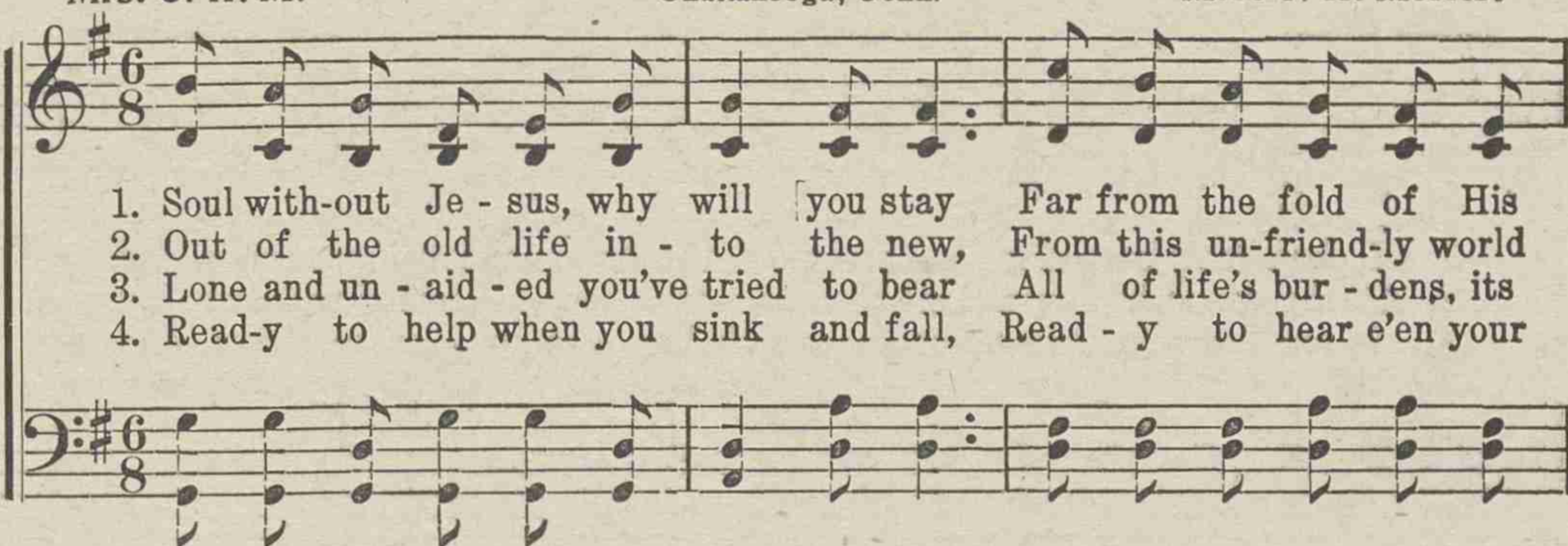


No. 13. You May Find Jesus To-night.

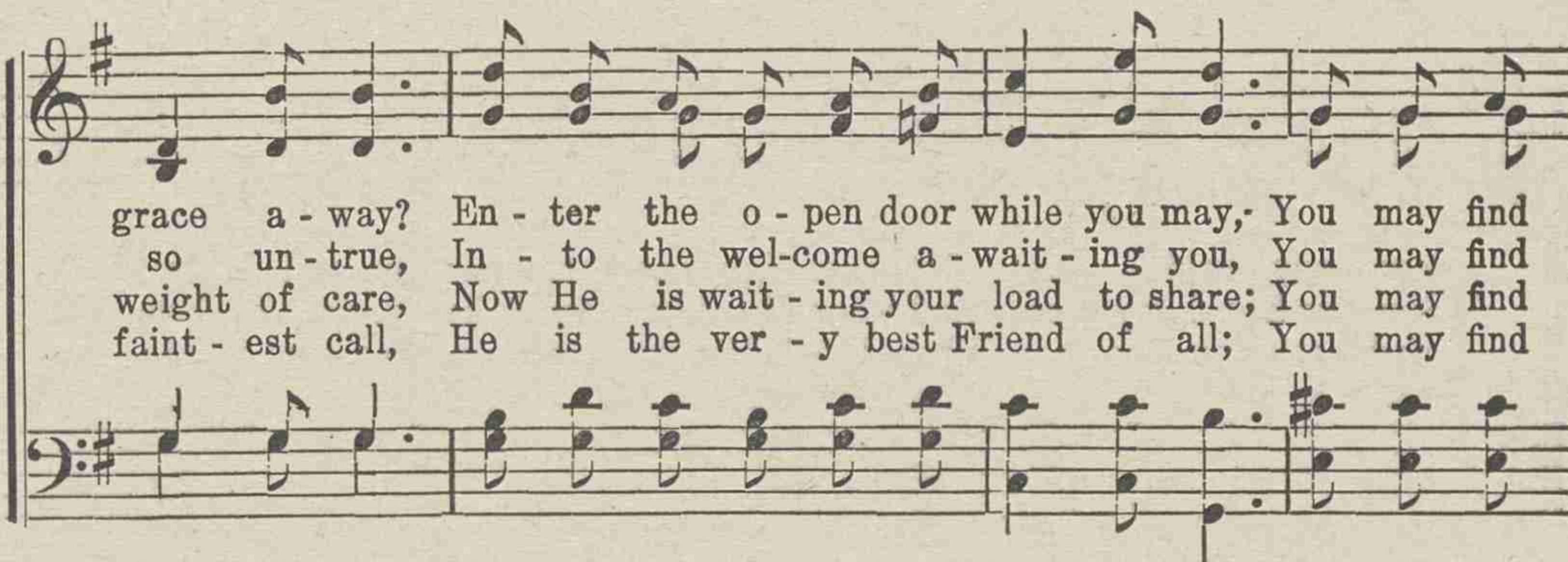
Mrs. C. H. M.

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Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.



1. Soul with-out Je - sus, why will you stay Far from the fold of His
2. Out of the old life in - to the new, From this un-friend-ly world
3. Lone and un - aid - ed you've tried to bear All of life's bur - dens, its
4. Read-y to help when you sink and fall, Read - y to hear e'en your



grace a - way? En - ter the o - pen door while you may, You may find
so un-true, In - to the wel-come a - wait - ing you, You may find
weight of care, Now He is wait - ing your load to share; You may find
faint - est call, He is the ver - y best Friend of all; You may find

CHORUS.



Je - sus to - night. You may find Je - sus to-night,
Je - sus to - night. You may find Je - sus, find Je - sus to-night,



This won-der-ful mes-sage is true, (is true,) While you have been
This won - der - ful mes - sage is true,



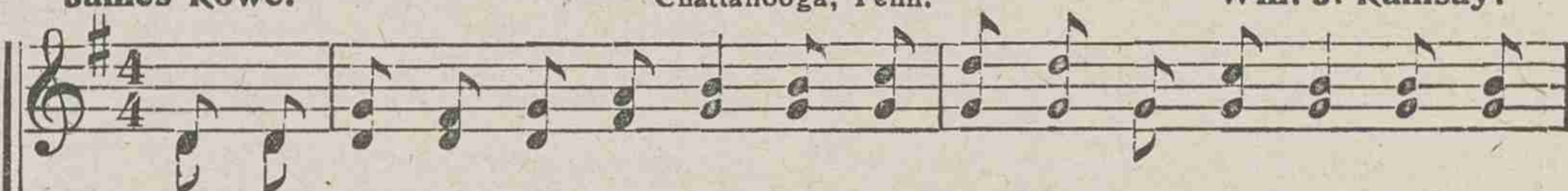
earn - est - ly seek-ing for Him, The Sav-iour's been seek-ing for you.

No. 14. 'Twas a Blessed Change.

James Rowe.

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Wm. J. Ramsay.



1. I had long been far a-stray on the drear-y down-ward way, Not a
2. All the world had turned me down, ev-'ry-bod-y seemed to frown, But the
3. I am go-ing home-ward now with His light up-on my brow, And as



love-ray could I see; But when light came streaming in, and I lost my
Sav-iour heard my plea, And when His dear voice I heard, and by love my
glad as one can be; When I took His out-stretched hand, and for Je-sus



CHORUS.



load of sin, 'Twas a bless-ed change for me.
soul was stirred, 'Twas a bless-ed change for me. 'Twas a great change for me when
took my stand, 'Twas a bless-ed change for me.



Je-sus came, 'Twas a great change for me, yes, bless His name; I was fettered,



I was sad, but He made me free and glad, 'Twas a bless-ed change for me.



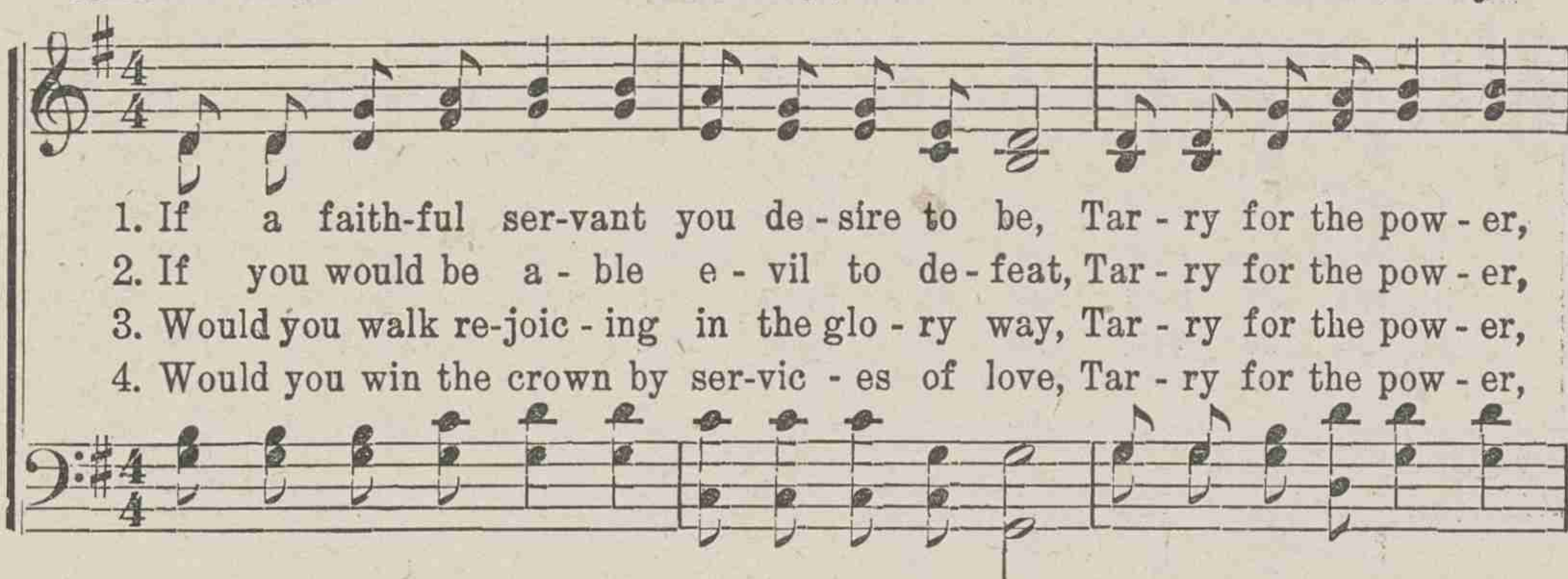
No. 15.

Tarry for the Power.

Mrs. Ida C. Reid.

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Wm. J. Ramsay.

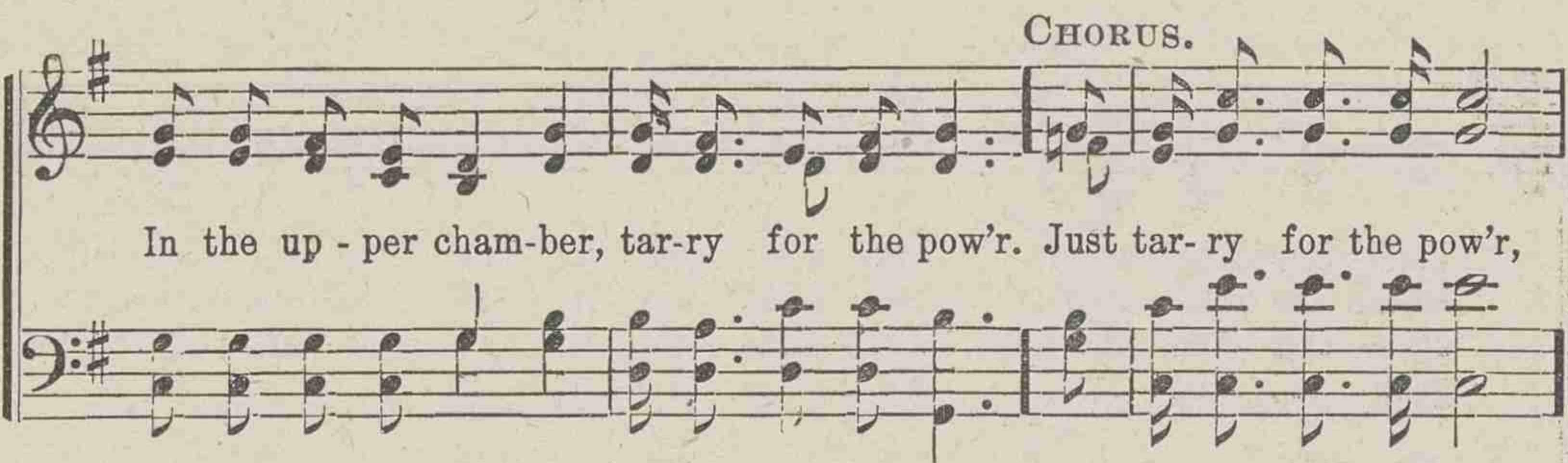


1. If a faith-ful ser-vant you de-sire to be, Tar-ry for the pow-er,
2. If you would be a-ble e-vil to de-feat, Tar-ry for the pow-er,
3. Would you walk re-joic-ing in the glo-ry way, Tar-ry for the pow-er,
4. Would you win the crown by ser-vic-es of love, Tar-ry for the pow-er,

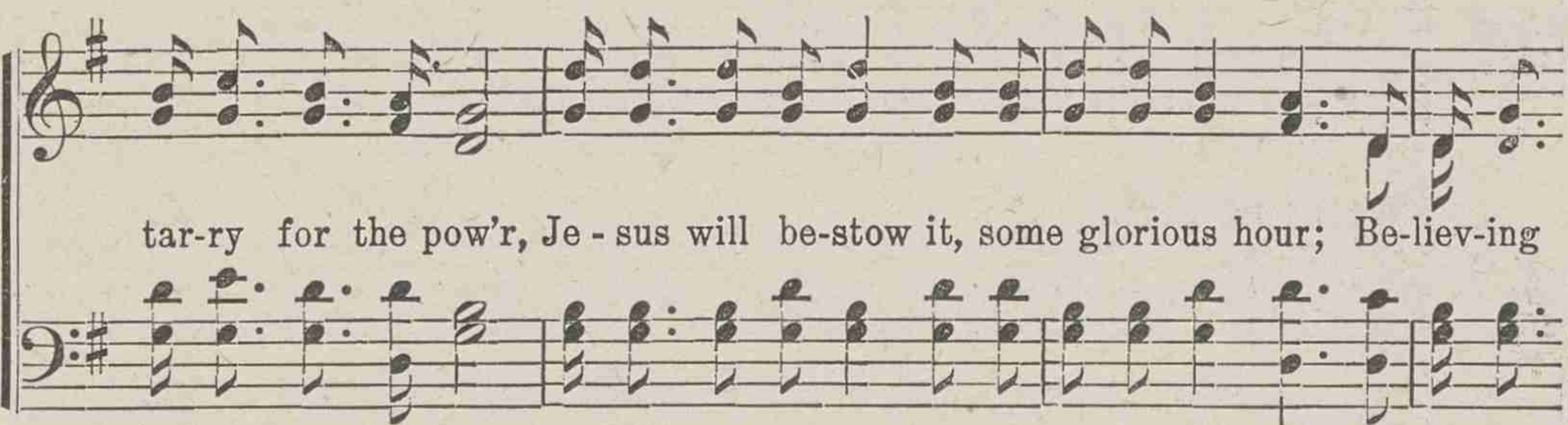


tar-ry for the pow'r; Would you spread the gospel o-ver land and sea,
tar-ry for the pow'r; Would you lead the lost ones to the mer-cy-seat,
tar-ry for the pow'r; If you would be more like Je-sus day by day,
tar-ry for the pow'r; Would you share His glo-ry in the world a-bove,

CHORUS.



In the up-per cham-ber, tar-ry for the pow'r. Just tar-ry for the pow'r,



tar-ry for the pow'r, Je-sus will be-stow it, some glorious hour; Be-liev-ing



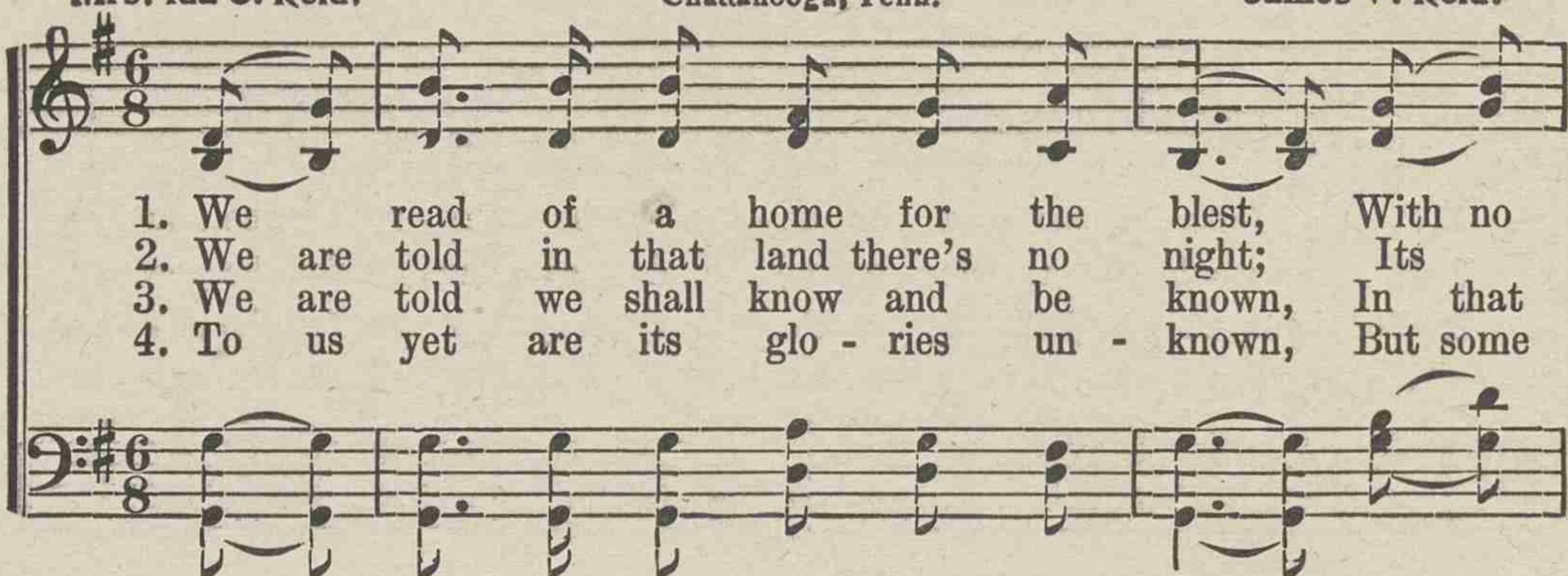
in His name, wait the living flame; Tarry till you're filled with the wonderful pow'r.

No. 16. Oh, What Will It Be to Be There!

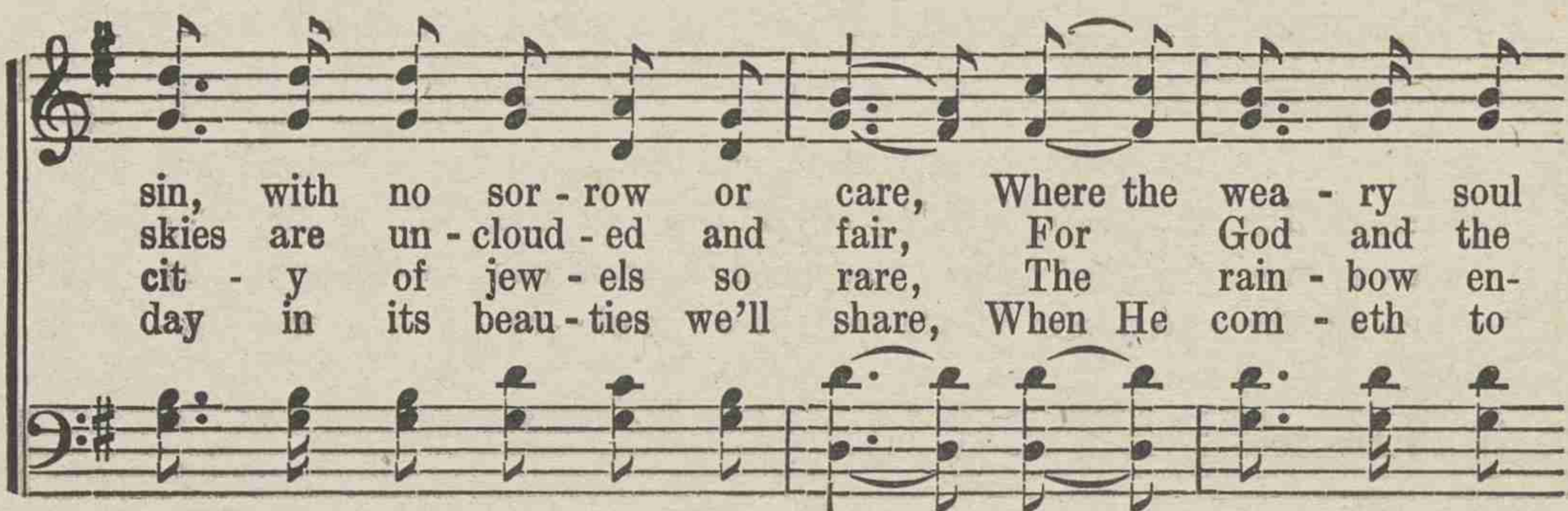
Mrs. Ida C. Reid.

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Chattanooga, Tenn.

James V. Reid.



1. We read of a home for the blest, With no
2. We are told in that land there's no night; Its
3. We are told we shall know and be known, In that
4. To us yet are its glo - ries un - known, But some

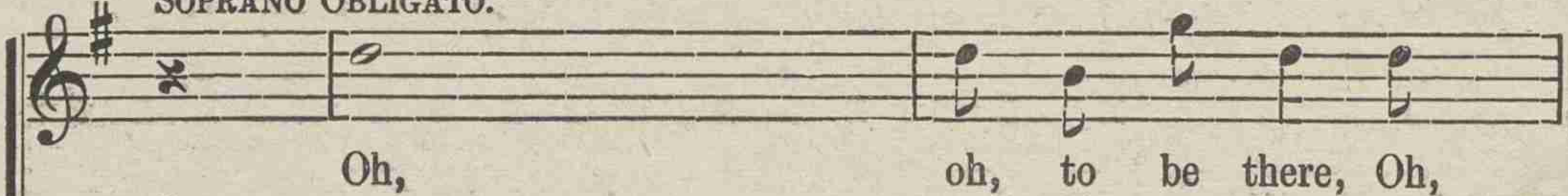


sin, with no sor - row or care, Where the wea - ry soul
skies are un - cloud - ed and fair, For God and the
cit - y of jew - els so rare, The rain - bow en -
day in its beau - ties we'll share, When He com - eth to



find - eth sweet rest; Oh, what will it be to be there!
Lamb are its light; Oh, what will it be to be there!
cir - cles the throne; Oh, what will it be to be there!
gath - er His own, We'll know what it is to be there!

SOPRANO OBLIGATO.



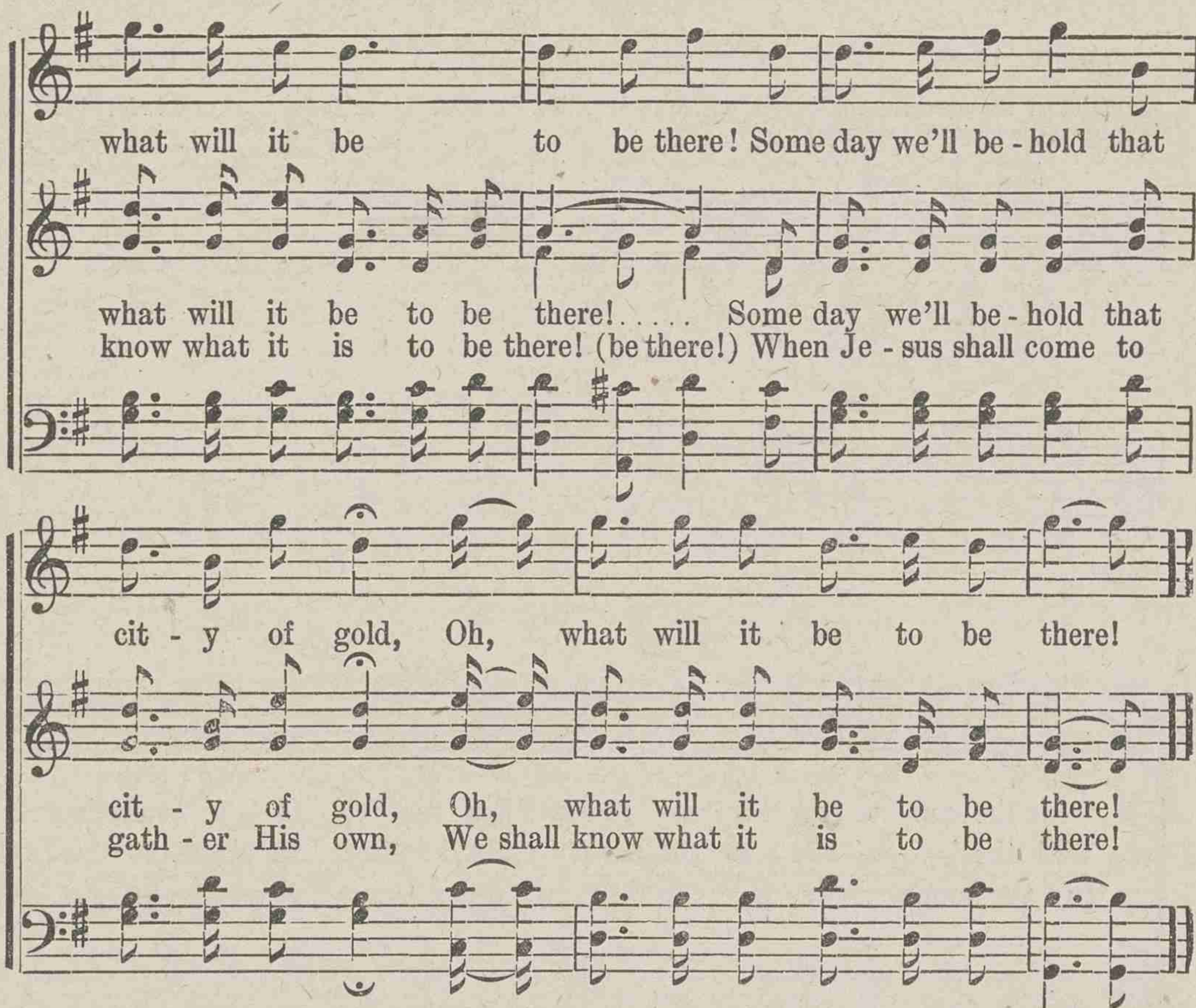
Oh, oh, to be there, Oh,

CHORUS.



Oh, what will it be to be there,..... Oh,
We shall know what it is to be there, (be there,) We shall

Oh, What Will It Be to Be There!



what will it be to be there! Some day we'll be - hold that

what will it be to be there! Some day we'll be - hold that
know what it is to be there! (be there!) When Je - sus shall come to

cit - y of gold, Oh, what will it be to be there!

cit - y of gold, Oh, what will it be to be there!
gath - er His own, We shall know what it is to be there!

No. 17. I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

J. Hart.

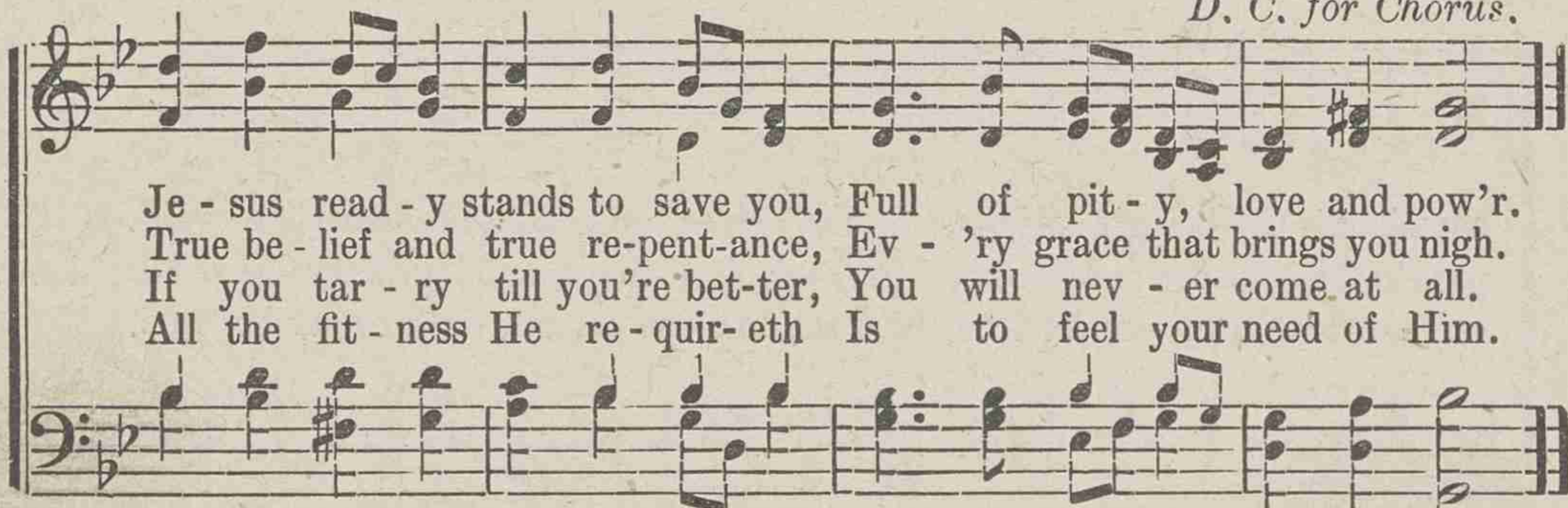
Arr.



1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound - ed, sick and sore
2. Come, ye thirst - y, come, and welcome, God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;
3. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, Lost and ru - ined by the fall;
4. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream

CHO.—I will a - rise and go to Je - sus, He will embrace me in His arms;

D. C. for Chorus.



Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
True be - lief and true re - pent - ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.
If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.
All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him.

In the arms of my dear Sav - ior, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

No. 18.

To the Colors.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

(United States army bugle call "to the colors," to be used as prelude and interlude, either by instrument, whistling, or both.)



1. Hear the call to the col - ors re-sound-ing to-day, O - ver mountain and
2. With the loy - al and true let the pla - ces be filled, In the ranks where the
3. In the name of Je - ho - vah then on, ev - er on, Tho' the years may be



val - ley and plain; While the na-tions are call-ing the peo-ple to war, Hear the
martyrs have stood; To the end they en-dured as the Master had willed, Tho' they
man - y or few; Till the bat - tle is fought and the vic - to - ry won, To the



sound of the bu - gle a - gain, (a - gain,) Hear the sound of the bu - gle a - gain.
passed thro' the fire and the blood, (the blood,) Tho' they passed thro' the fire and the blood.
col - ors we'll ev - er be true, (be true,) To the col - ors we'll ev - er be true.



To the Colors.

CHORUS.



To the colors for the King of kings! Sound it out to all the world to-day;
Then on, march on, on, march on, On, on, on, march on;



Glorious King Im-man-u-el, Of His goodness we will tell In the home-land, 'cross the
On, march on, on, march on;



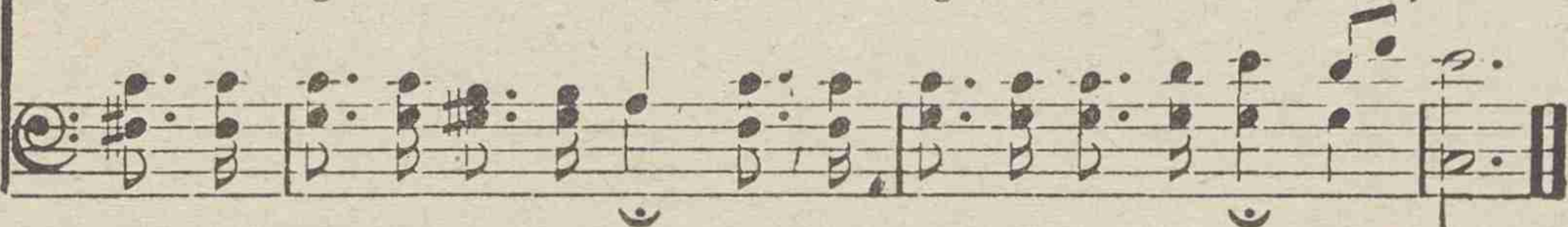
sea and far a-way. To the col-ors for the King of kings! Let the
a-way. the King of kings!



sound of bat-tle nev-er cease, Till in maj-es-ty and pow'r
nev-er cease,



Christ shall reign from shore to shore, In a reign of u-ni-ver-sal peace.



No. 19.

The Lord Shall Reign.

Georgie Tillman Snead.

Copyright, 1922, by Wm. J. Ramsay,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Roger M. Hickman.

1. The Lord shall reign, for He is King, Ye na-tions now your hom-age bring;
2. The Lord shall reign, let us de-clare His pow'r on earth, in sea, in air;
3. The Lord shall reign, peace like a dove Shall brood on earth, and perfect love;

Bow down, a-dore His Maj - es-ty; The Lord shall reign from sea to sea;
Oh, shout His tri-umph that shall be; The Lord shall reign from sea to sea;
From war's dread bondage we'll be free, When He shall reign from sea to sea;

Bow down, a-dore His Maj - es-ty; The Lord shall reign from sea to sea.
Oh, shout His triumph that shall be; The Lord shall reign from sea to sea.
From war's dread bondage we'll be free, When He shall reign from sea to sea.

CHORUS.

The Lord shall reign, The Lord shall reign; A - rise,
The Lord of Hosts shall reign, of Hosts A- rise, a-

a-rise, And see His advent in the skies; His king-dom come, be this our plea, That
rise, And see. . . .
king - dom come, That

The Lord Shall Reign. Concluded.



rit.

Christ may reign from sea to sea. The Lord shall reign! The Lord shall reign!

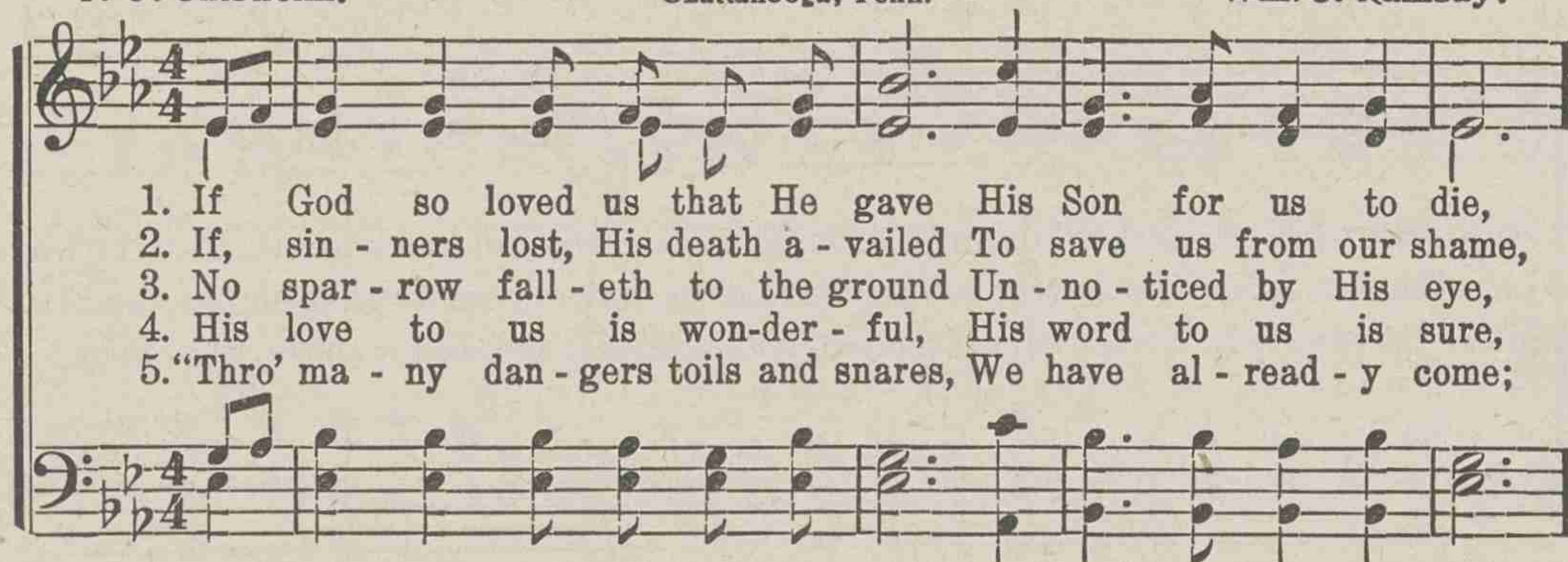
Christ may reign; The Lord of Hosts shall reign, The Lord

No. 20. Why Not Trust Him For All?

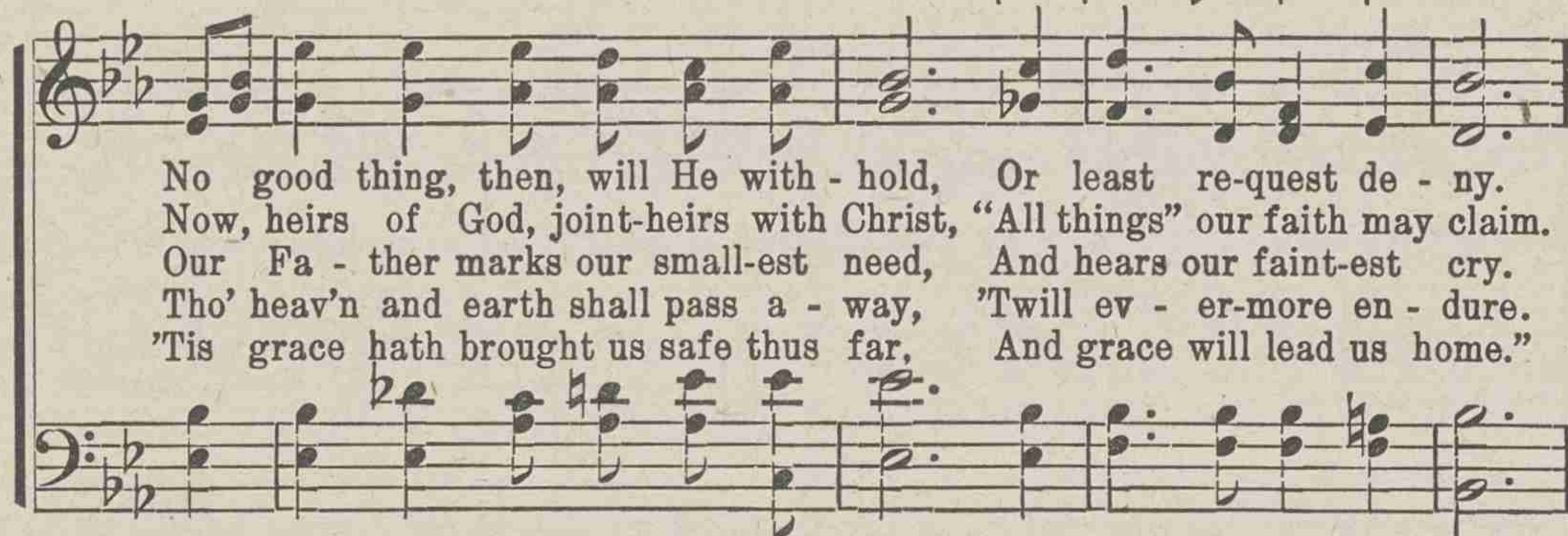
T. O. Chisholm.

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Chattanooga, Tenn.

Wm. J. Ramsay.



1. If God so loved us that He gave His Son for us to die,
2. If, sin - ners lost, His death a - vailed To save us from our shame,
3. No spar - row fall - eth to the ground Un - no - ticed by His eye,
4. His love to us is won - der - ful, His word to us is sure,
5. "Thro' ma - ny dan - gers toils and snares, We have al - read - y come;



No good thing, then, will He with - hold, Or least re - quest de - ny.
Now, heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ, "All things" our faith may claim.
Our Fa - ther marks our small - est need, And hears our faint - est cry.
Tho' heav'n and earth shall pass a - way, 'Twill ev - er - more en - dure.
'Tis grace hath brought us safe thus far, And grace will lead us home."

CHORUS.



Then why not trust Him for all? (for all?) Oh! why not trust Him for all? (for all?)

For He who would die, will all things sup - ply, Then why not trust Him for all?

No. 21.

Flag Song.

Arr. I. C. R.

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CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

James V. Reid.



1. Flag so bright, with thy colors waving o'er us, Dear old flag, thou didst help to set men free;
2. Bars of red, you can help to teach us courage, Bars of white, teach us that we must be pure;
3. Star-decked flag, we would never be forgetful Of the price that's been paid, thy stars to raise;



Spirits rise when we see thee floating o'er us, Thou dost speak of freedom on land or the sea
Loyal blue, may our lives be true and helpful, Let us show our colors while life shall endure.
May our lives e'er be worthy thy protection; We would give thee honor and love all our days.



CHORUS.



Heart and hand we'll stand by starry banner, High and long we'll wave her colors true;



While we live we'll serve with best endeavor, And e'er loyal be to the red, white and blue.



Red, White and Blue. (Voices.)



Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The



Accomp.
drum effect.

Flag Song.

ar-my and na - vy for-ev-er; Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

The first system of musical notation for 'Flag Song'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, march-like style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The lyrics 'ar-my and na - vy for-ev-er; Three cheers for the red, white and blue.' are written below the treble staff.

The Old Flag Has Never Touched the Ground.

The old flag has never touched the ground, boys, The old flag has never touched the ground;

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'The old flag has never touched the ground, boys, The old flag has never touched the ground;' are written below the treble staff.

Tho' shot and shell fell all around, boys, The dear old rag was never down. The

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues with a slight change in rhythm. The lyrics 'Tho' shot and shell fell all around, boys, The dear old rag was never down. The' are written below the treble staff.

old flag has never touched the ground, boys, Far to the front 'twas ever found; She's

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues with a slight change in rhythm. The lyrics 'old flag has never touched the ground, boys, Far to the front 'twas ever found; She's' are written below the treble staff.

been in many a fix since seventeen-seventy-six, But the old flag has never been on the ground.

The fifth and final system of musical notation on this page. The melody concludes with a final cadence. The lyrics 'been in many a fix since seventeen-seventy-six, But the old flag has never been on the ground.' are written below the treble staff.

No. 22. Not By Nail-Prints Only.

J. V. R.

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Chattanooga, Tenn.

James V. Reid.

DUET. *Tenderly.*



1. Oh, what love the Father placed up-on us, That we sons of God might be;
2. When my Lord shall come with saints and angels, When from clouds He calls for me;
3. When by grace we pass thro' heaven's portals, When a-gain we meet our own;
4. On the cross He pardoned my transgressions, And in dy-ing gave to me



But far greater glo-ry yet a - waits us, When the Lord of love we see.
Then I shall behold the wondrous glo-ry, Of the Christ who died for me.
Christ, my Lord, will be the central beauty; Reigning on His great white throne.
Power to become like Him, and beside Him, Reign thro'-out e-ter-ni - ty.



CHORUS. *Slowly.*



Not by the nail-prints on - ly, Nor by the mark of the spear,
Not by, Not by nail-prints only, of the spear,



But I shall see and know Him there, Because I have known Him here,
known Him here.



No. 23.

Where Art Thou?

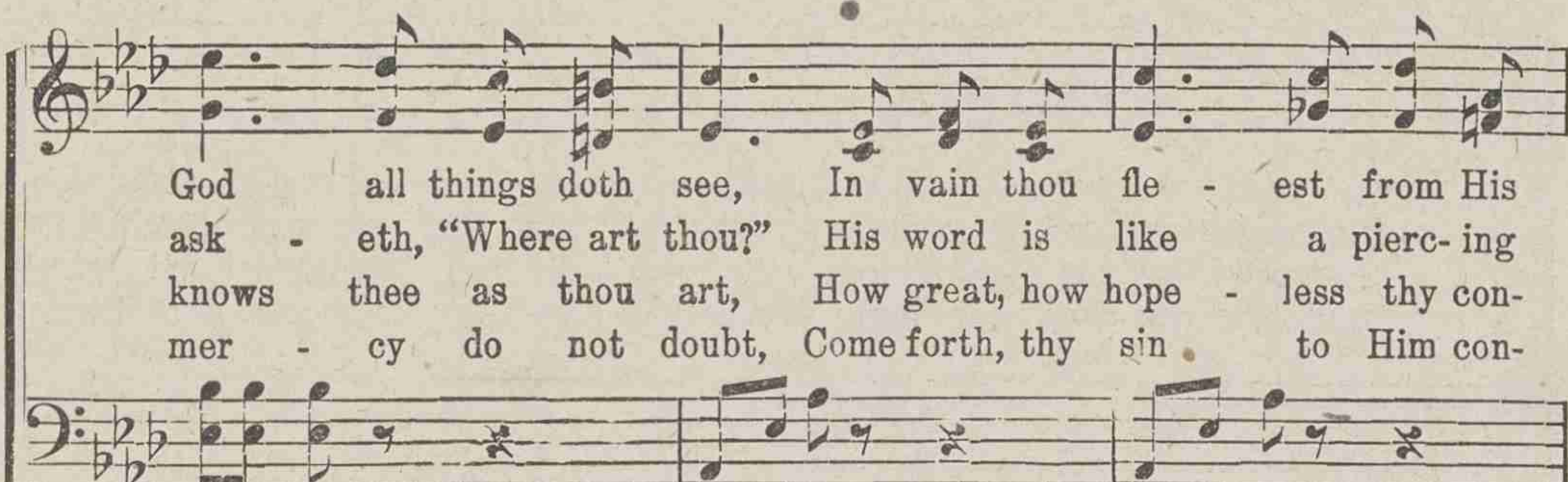
T. O. Chisholm.

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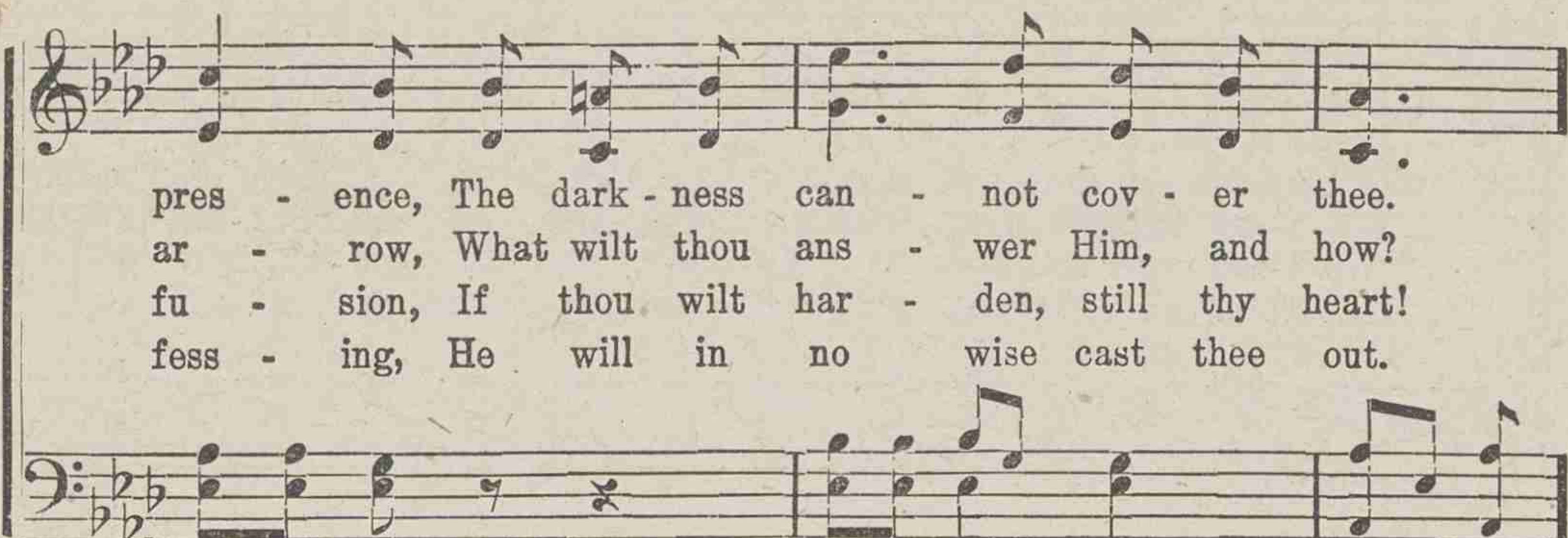
Samuel W. Beazley.



1. "Where art thou," soul in se - cret hid - ing? Re - mem - ber
2. O hark - en! God to thee is call - ing, He strait - ly
3. Still dost thou hide? oh! vain de - lu - sion! He sees thee,
4. Tho' sore a - shamed, His an - ger fear - ing, His love and

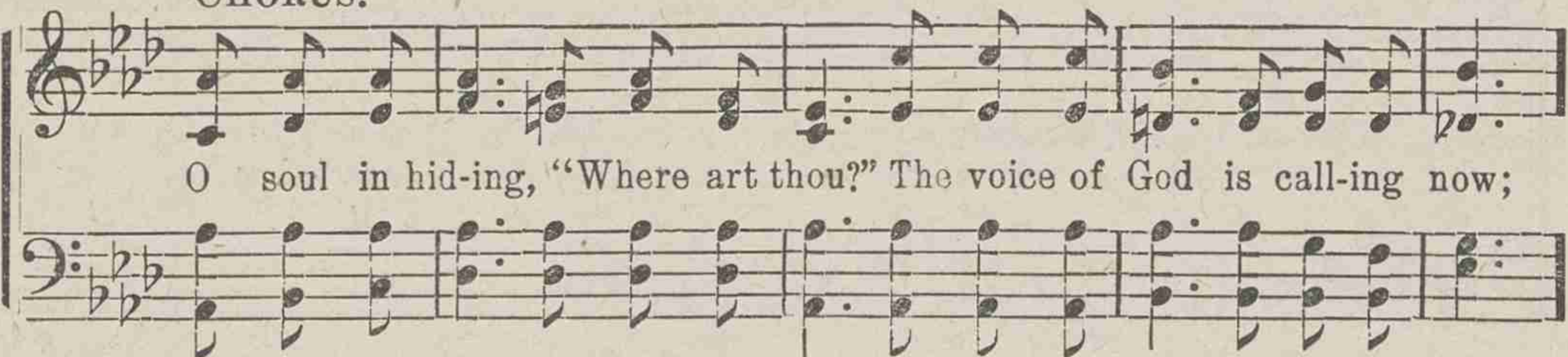


God all things doth see, In vain thou fle - est from His
ask - eth, "Where art thou?" His word is like a pierc - ing
knows thee as thou art, How great, how hope - less thy con -
mer - cy do not doubt, Come forth, thy sin to Him con -

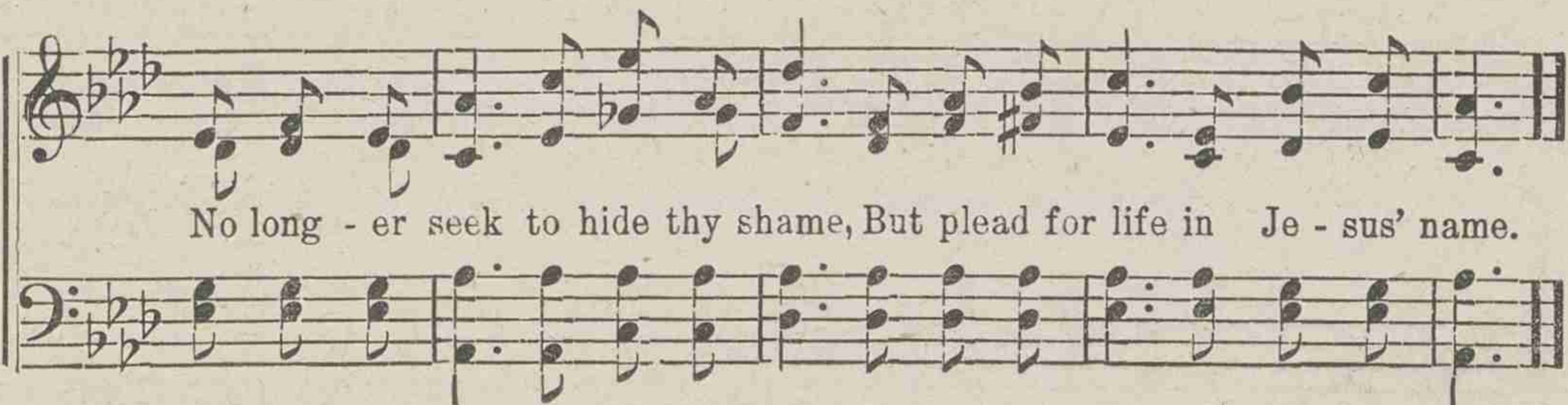


pres - ence, The dark - ness can - not cov - er thee.
ar - row, What wilt thou ans - wer Him, and how?
fu - sion, If thou wilt har - den, still thy heart!
fess - ing, He will in no wise cast thee out.

CHORUS.



O soul in hid - ing, "Where art thou?" The voice of God is call - ing now;




No long - er seek to hide thy shame, But plead for life in Je - sus' name.

No. 24. We're "On a Drive" for Souls.



Mrs. C. H. M.

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Chattanooga, Tenn.



Mrs. C. H. Morris.




1. From lands a - far a - cross the sea The din of war is borne to me,
2. They're rallied at their country's call, May God pro-tect them one and all,
3. In haunts of in - fam - y and woe, As up and down the world we go,
4. With sin we make no com-pro-mise, What Je - sus hates we too de-spise,

In thun - der tones it rolls; While near - er, clear-er, still it comes,
And with sal - va - tion bless; We for the God of bat - tles fight,
We tell of Je - sus' blood; On, ev - er on, with mar - tial tread,
And lift the ban - ner high; Nor will we lay our ar - mor down


With clash of arms and beat of drums, We're "on a drive" for souls.
De - nounc-ing wrong, de - fend - ing right, And on to bat - tle press.
We plead with sin - ners in His stead, "Be rec - on - ciled to God."
Till we've ob - tained the vic - tor's crown In realms be - yond the sky.




CHORUS.



"On a drive" for souls are we, March-ing on to vic - to -
"On a drive" for souls are we, March-ing on to

ry; From east to west it onward rolls, We're "on a drive" for souls.
vic-to - ry;

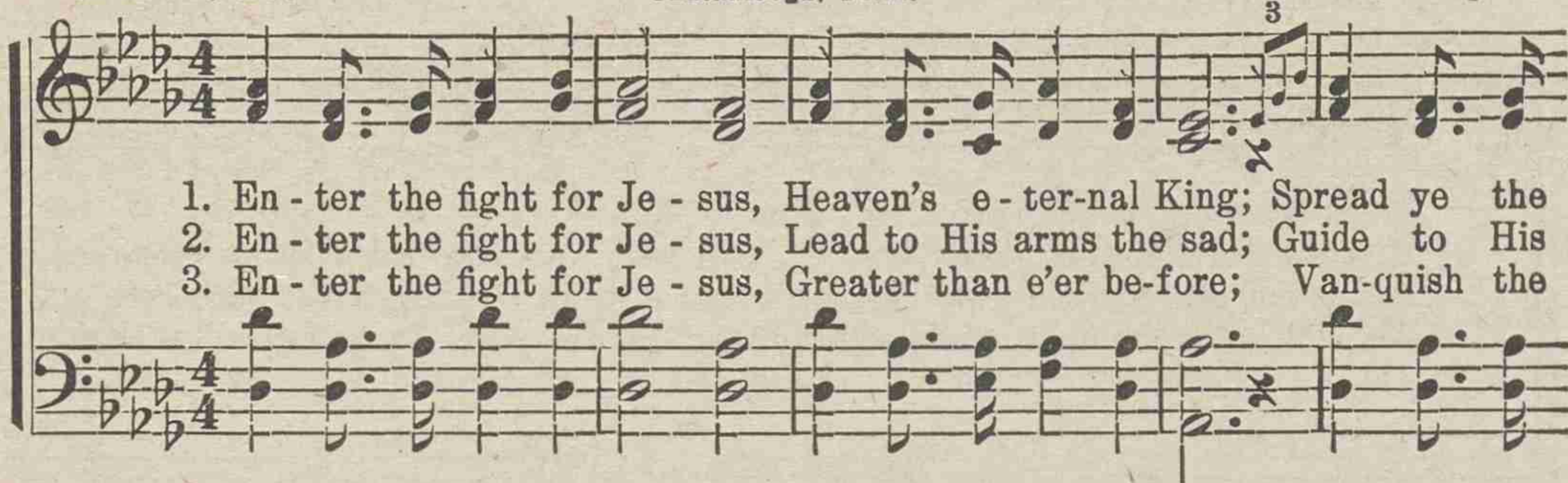


No. 25. Enter the Fight for Jesus.

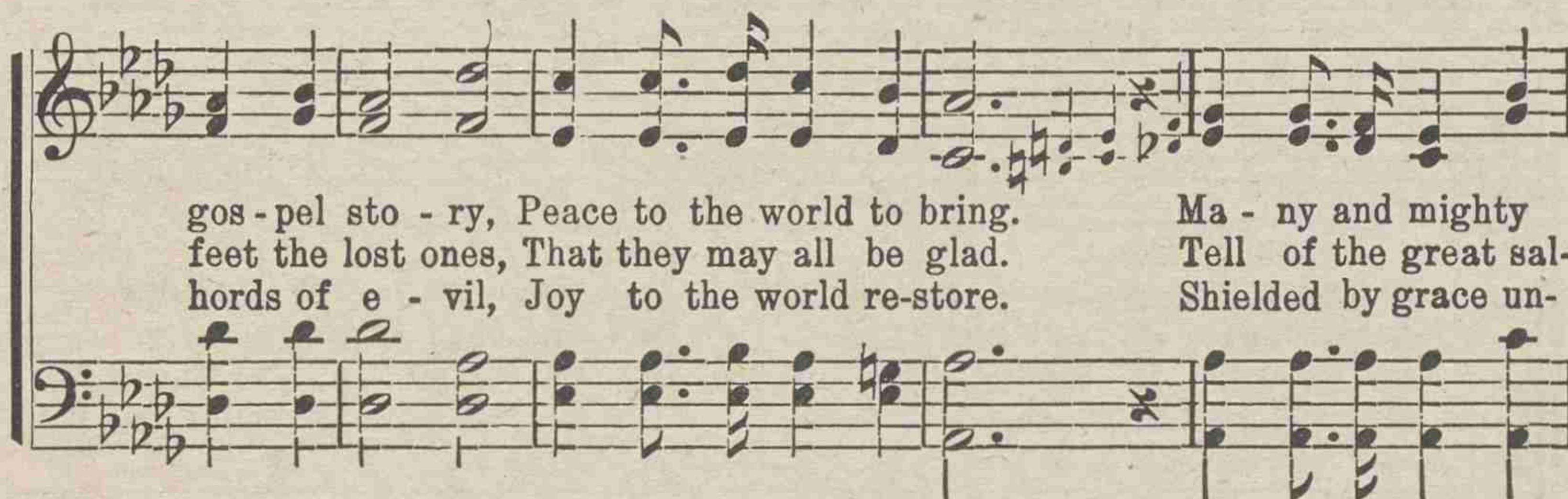
James Rowe.

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Wm. J. Ramsay.

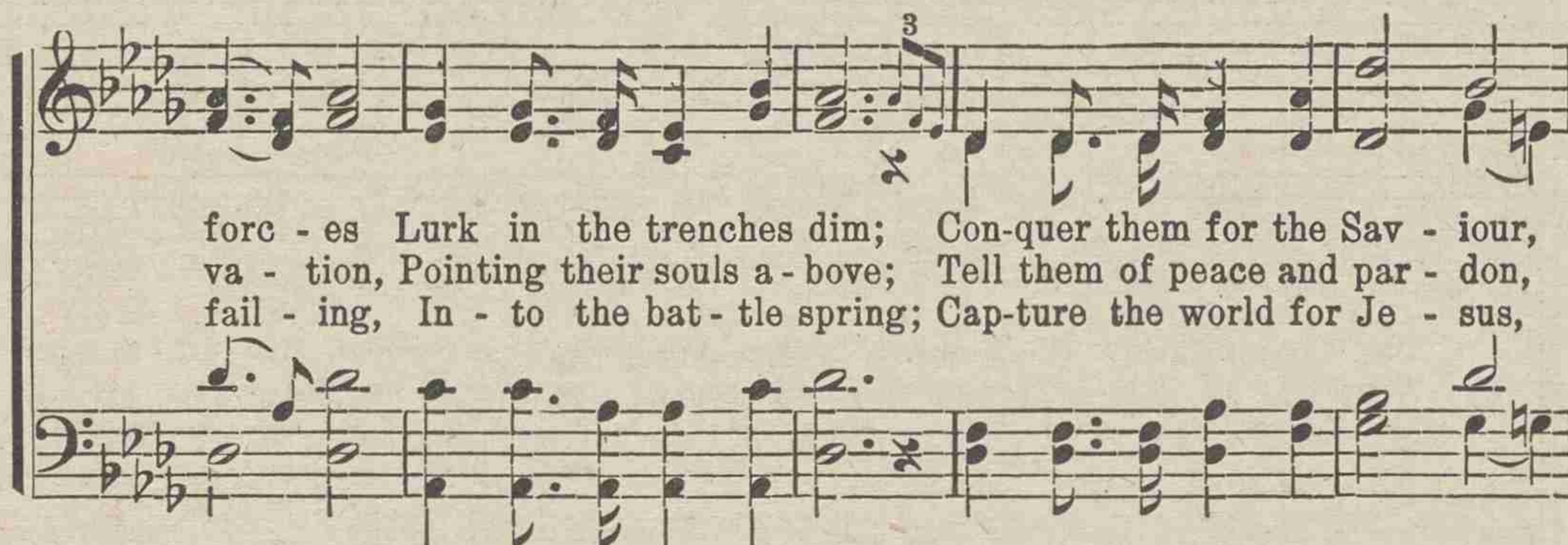


1. En - ter the fight for Je - sus, Heaven's e - ter-nal King; Spread ye the
2. En - ter the fight for Je - sus, Lead to His arms the sad; Guide to His
3. En - ter the fight for Je - sus, Greater than e'er be-fore; Van-quish the



gos - pel sto - ry, Peace to the world to bring.
feet the lost ones, That they may all be glad.
hords of e - vil, Joy to the world re-store.

Ma - ny and mighty
Tell of the great sal-
Shielded by grace un-




forc - es Lurk in the trenches dim; Con-quer them for the Sav - iour,
va - tion, Pointing their souls a - bove; Tell them of peace and par - don,
fail - ing, In - to the bat - tle spring; Cap-ture the world for Je - sus,

CHORUS.



Cap-ture the world for Him.
Tell them of boundless love. En - ter the fight for Je - sus, Un - der His
Our ev - er-last-ing King.



flag un-furled; Wearing the gospel ar - mor, Capture the wide, wide world.

No. 26.

The Book of the Ages.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

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Chattanooga, Tenn.

Wm. J. Ramsay.

SOPRANO AND ALTO DUET. *Con espressione.*

1. There's a bless-ed old book, how I love and re - vere it, With its precepts
2. 'Twas the joy and the com-fort of my saint-ed mother, 'Twas her chart and
3. Un - be - liev-ers may scoff and may seek to de-fame it, And the en - e-
4. O I love it, I love it, this bless-ed old Bi-ble, And the man of



and prom - is - es dear - er than gold; How my heart o - ver-flows day by
her com-pass for each wea - ry day; How she loved it and prized it a-
my darts at it still may be hurled, But we hast - en and now for a
my coun - sel I take it to be, Till I join with the mill - ions it



day as I hear it, And the truths there re-cord-ed be-fore me un - fold.
bove ev - 'ry oth - er, Altho' tear-stained and worn, 'cross her knees as it lay.
wit-ness pro-claim it, E - ven un - to the ut - ter-most parts of the world.
safe - ly has guid-ed In the home of the blest that a - waits you and me.

CHORUS. FOUR PARTS. *A little faster.*


'Tis the book of the a - ges, God's won-der - ful book; Scan its glo - ri-ous



pag - es, there is life for a look; For it tells us of Christ and His



The Book of the Ages. Concluded.



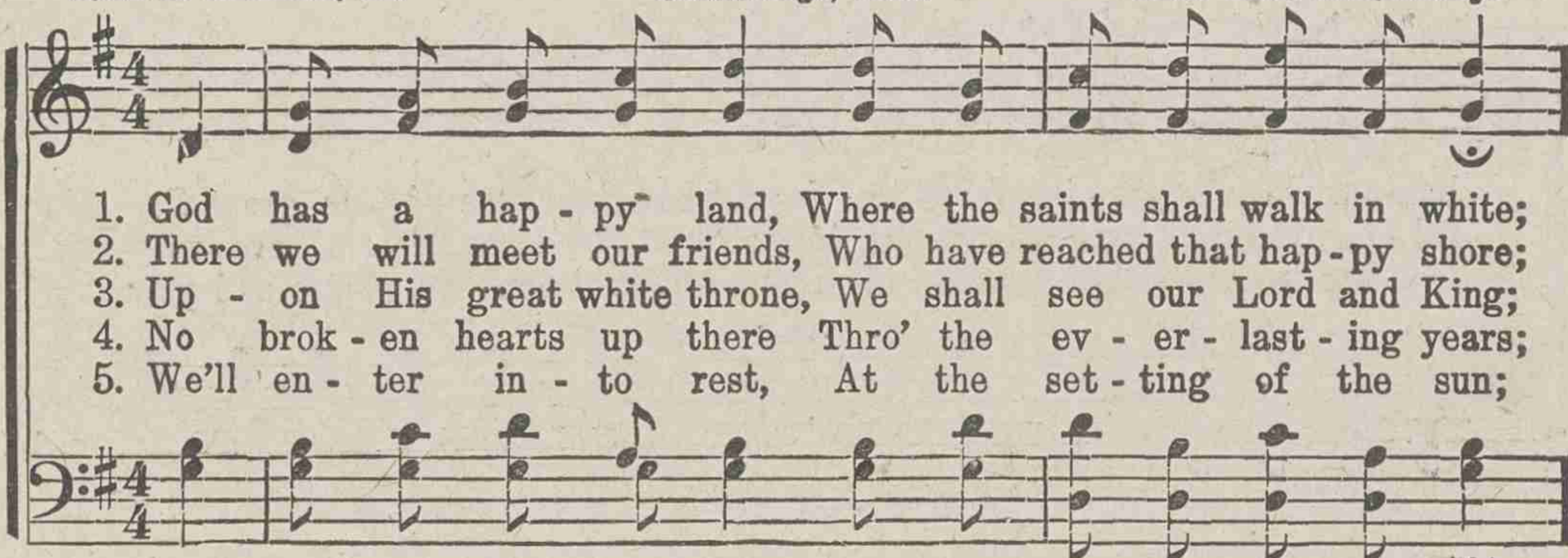
won-der - ful love, And it points out a path-way to man-sions a - bove.

No. 27. God Has a Happy Land.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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Chattanooga, Tenn.

Arr. Wm. J. Ramsay.

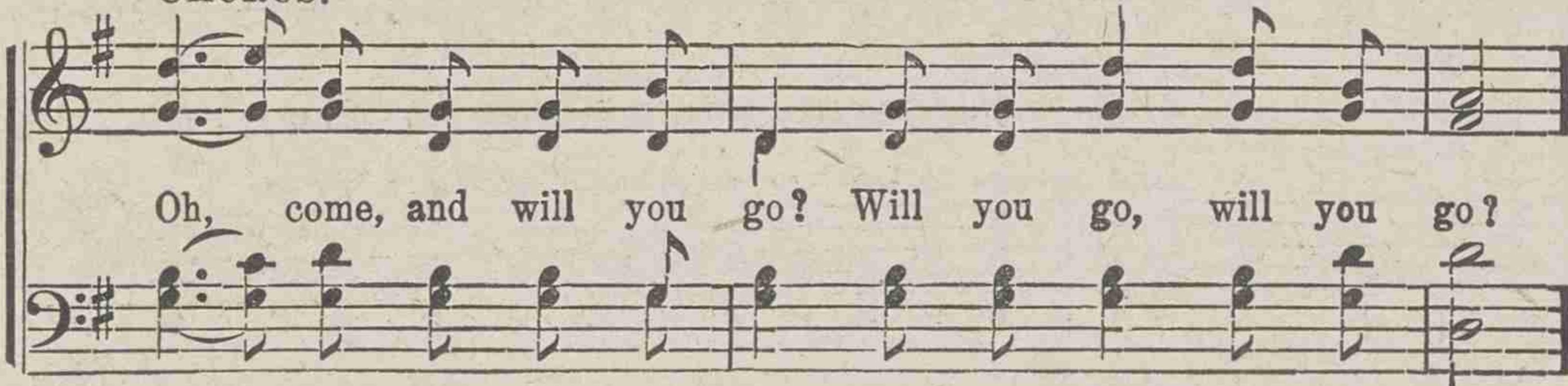


1. God has a hap - py land, Where the saints shall walk in white;
2. There we will meet our friends, Who have reached that hap - py shore;
3. Up - on His great white throne, We shall see our Lord and King;
4. No brok - en hearts up there Thro' the ev - er - last - ing years;
5. We'll en - ter in - to rest, At the set - ting of the sun;

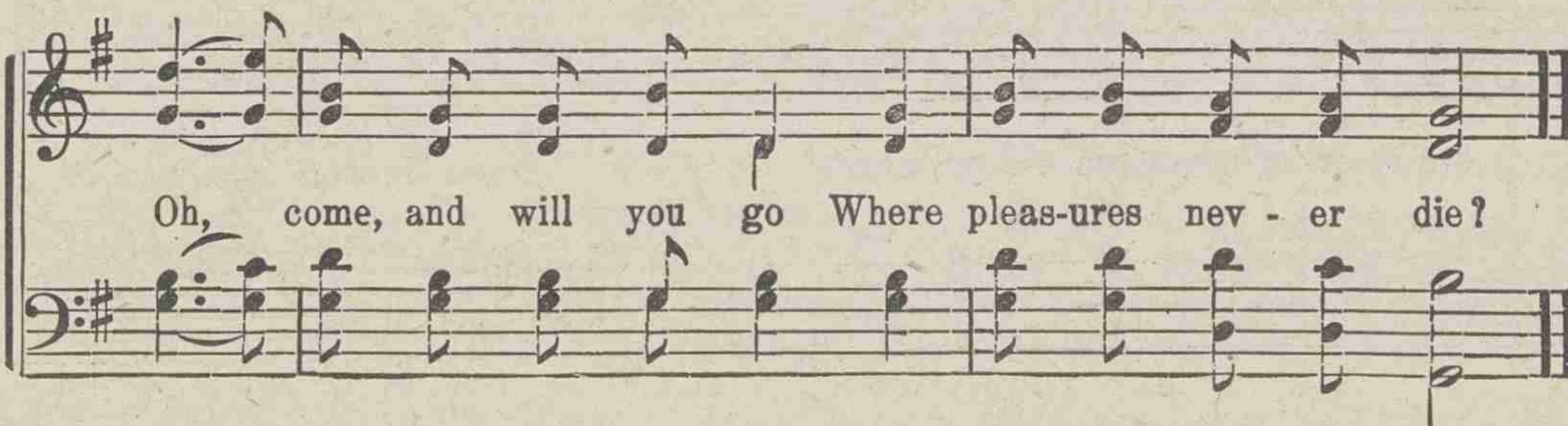


A land of peace and joy, And of ev - er - last - ing light.
U - nit - ed o - ver there, We will part with them no more.
We'll hear the gold - en harps, Hear the bless - ed an - gels sing.
But where the fount - ains play, God will wipe a - way all tears.
We'll hear the Sav - iour say, "Come, ye bless - ed ones, well done."

CHORUS.



Oh, come, and will you go? Will you go, will you go?



Oh, come, and will you go Where pleas - ures nev - er die?

No. 28.

The Great Victory.

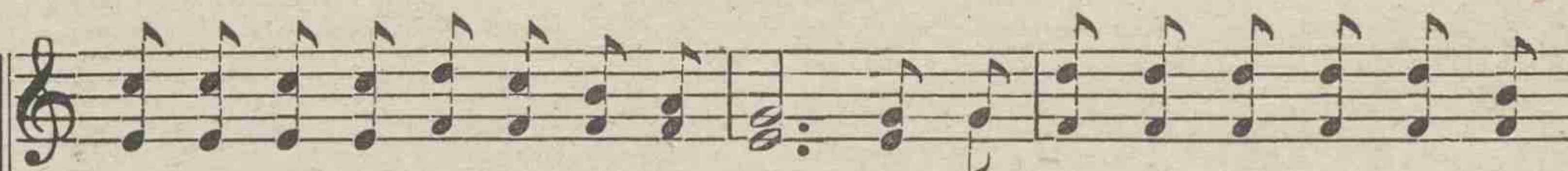
May M. Brewster.

Copyright, 1921, by Wm J Ramsay,
Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Wm. J. Ramsay.



1. To the might-y, might-y con-quest now as sol-diers of the cross, 'Neath Christ's
2. We will go wher-e'er He leads us, we will lift His cross on high, We'll not
3. When at last from ev'-ry na-tion souls redeemed their trib-ute bring, When His



ban-ner we are go-ing forth to-day: That the cause of our great Cap-tain
fal-ter, tho' the con-flict may be long; Tho' the hosts of sin are rag-ing,
love has been proclaimed from shore to shore, All the hon-or, praise and glo-ry



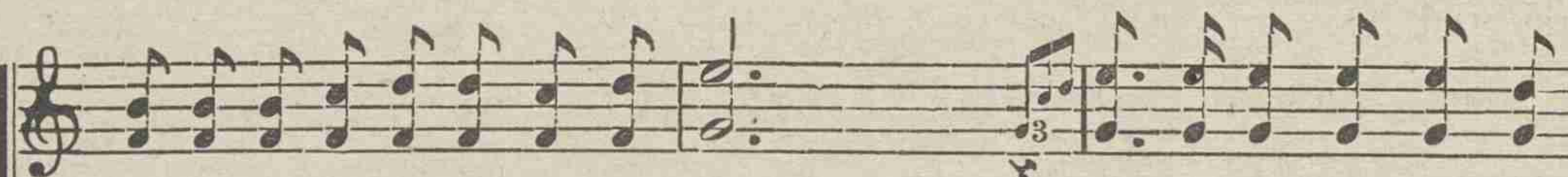
nev-er more shall suf-fer loss, Each command He gives, we'll has-ten to o-
on His might we will re-ly, Till in tri-umph we shall raise the vic-tor's
we shall give un-to our King, Who in maj-es-ty shall reign for ev-er



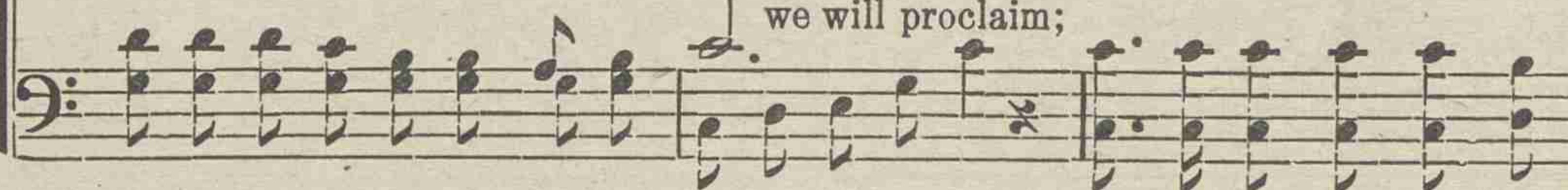
bey.
song.
more.

CHORUS.

"All the world for Jesus," this shall be our bat-tle cry, The old



sto-ry ev'-ry-where we will pro-claim; Then in won-drous pow-er
we will proclaim;



The Great Victory. Concluded.

He is com-ing by and by, And we'll share in that great vic-t'ry, praise His name.

No. 29. No Other Name But Jesus.

May M. Brewster.

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Chattanooga, Tenn.

Wm. J. Ramsay.

1. Je - sus, the name that is dear to me, Like sweetest mu - sic ring - ing,
2. No oth - er pow'r e'er can save from sin, No oth - er name is giv - en,
3. That all might know of the Father's love, Je - sus came down from glo - ry;
4. Je - sus, the hope of each con-trite soul: Come, and His word be-liev - ing,

Un - to my heart with its mel-o - dy, Joy ev - er-more is bring - ing.
Whereby the ransomed may en-ter in Thro' the bright gates of heav-en.
For us He now in - ter-cedes a - bove, Oh, 'tis a won-drous sto - ry.
Let Him your sin-bur-dened heart make whole, Par-don and peace re-ceiv - ing.

CHORUS.

No oth - er name but Je - sus, No oth - er name but Je - sus,

Breathe it in pray'r, He'll meet you there, No oth - er name but Je - sus.

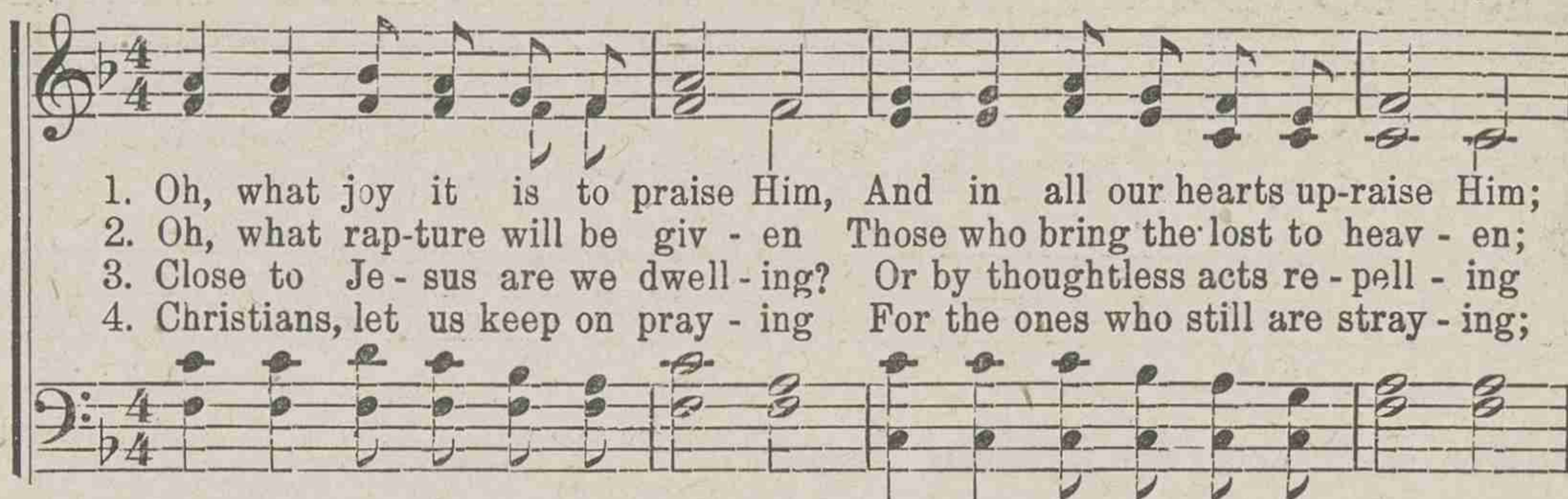
No. 30.

Win Souls for Him.

Wm. J. R.

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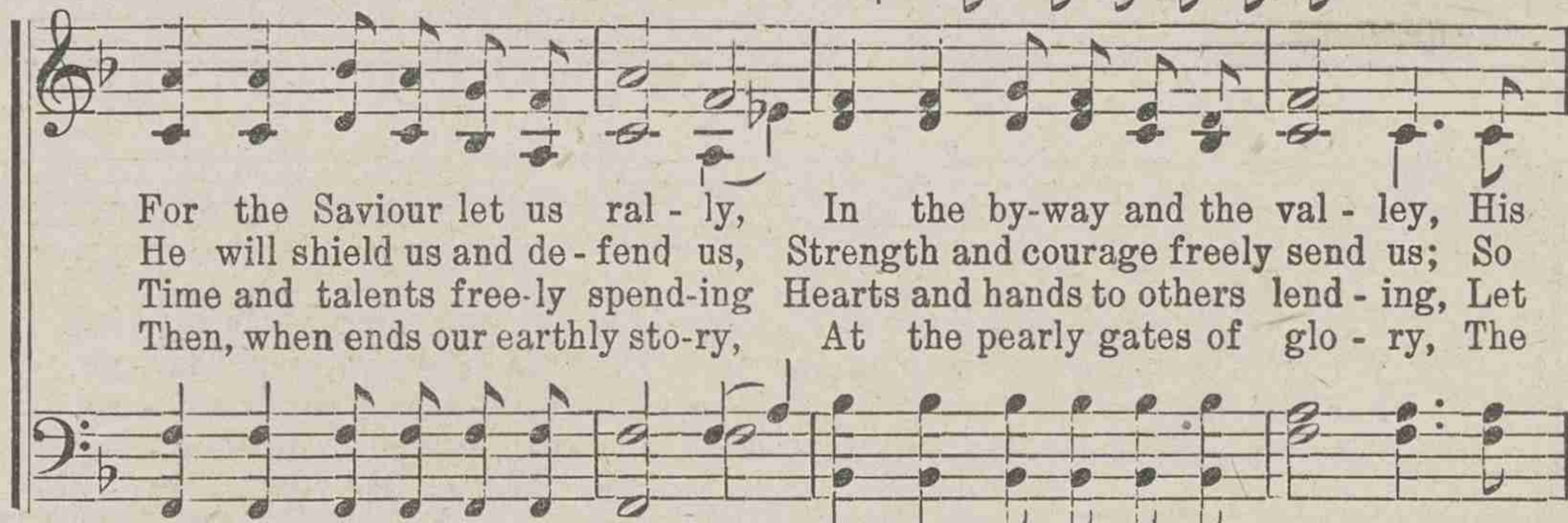
Wm. J. Ramsay.



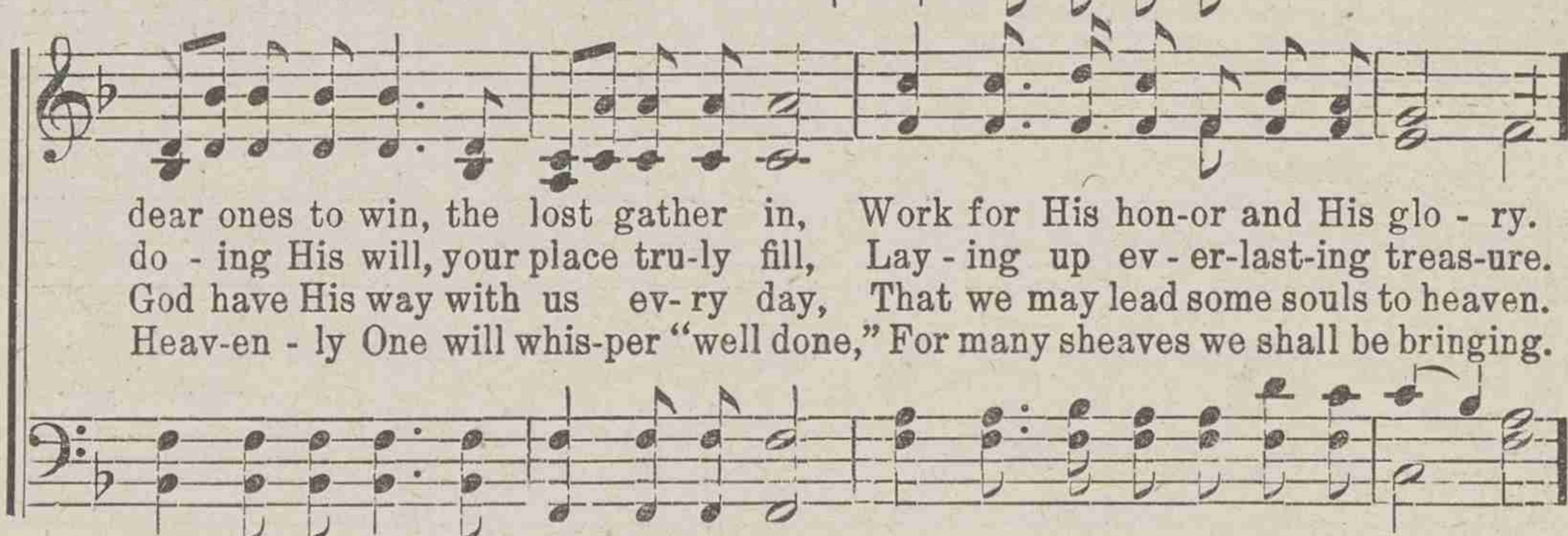
1. Oh, what joy it is to praise Him, And in all our hearts up-raise Him;
2. Oh, what rap-ture will be giv - en Those who bring the lost to heav - en;
3. Close to Je - sus are we dwell - ing? Or by thoughtless acts re - pell - ing
4. Christians, let us keep on pray - ing For the ones who still are stray - ing;



Brethren, a-way and la - bor to-day, Tell - ing the blessed gospel sto - ry.
Tell of His love and point them a - bove, Find - ing in Him your dai - ly pleas - ure.
Some that a word may win for the Lord Whose precious blood for them was given?
Nev - er a - fraid and nev - er dismayed, La - bor His prais - es sweetly sing - ing;

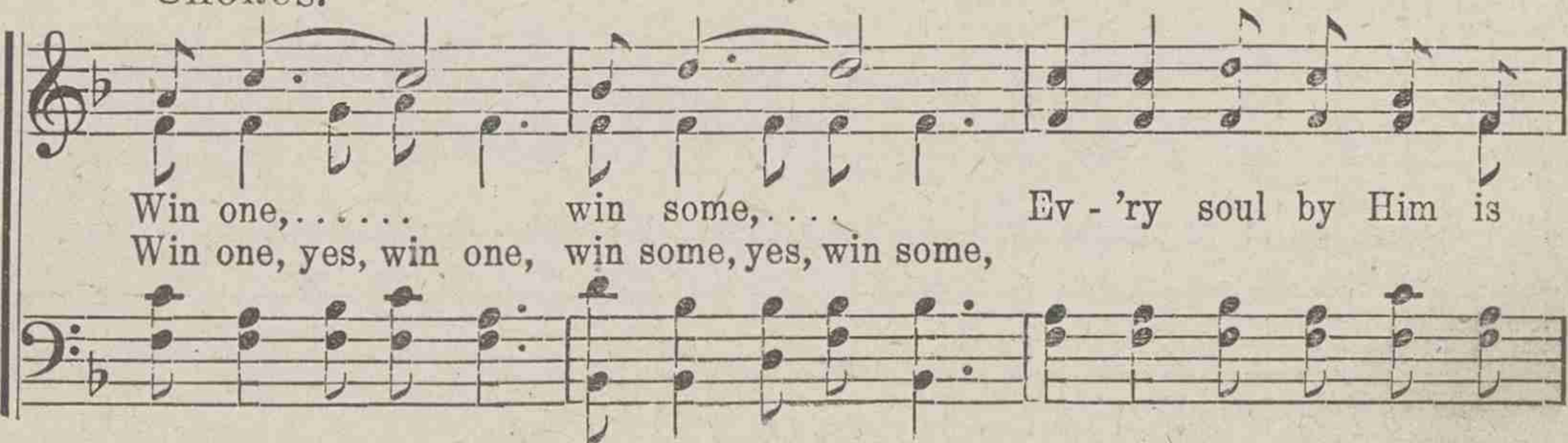


For the Saviour let us ral - ly, In the by-way and the val - ley, His
He will shield us and de - fend us, Strength and courage freely send us; So
Time and talents free - ly spend - ing Hearts and hands to others lend - ing, Let
Then, when ends our earthly sto - ry, At the pearly gates of glo - ry, The



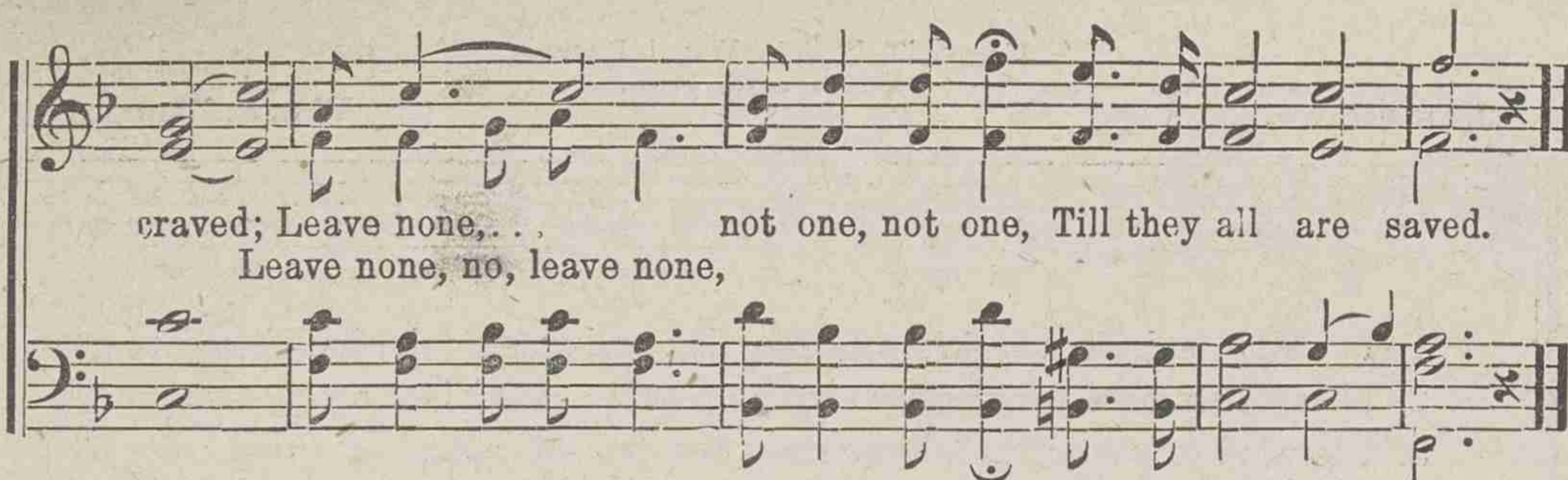
dear ones to win, the lost gather in, Work for His hon - or and His glo - ry.
do - ing His will, your place tru - ly fill, Lay - ing up ev - er - last - ing treas - ure.
God have His way with us ev - ry day, That we may lead some souls to heaven.
Heav - en - ly One will whis - per "well done," For many sheaves we shall be bringing.

CHORUS.



Win one, win some, Ev - 'ry soul by Him is
Win one, yes, win one, win some, yes, win some,

Win Souls for Him.



craved; Leave none, . . . not one, not one, Till they all are saved.
Leave none, no, leave none,

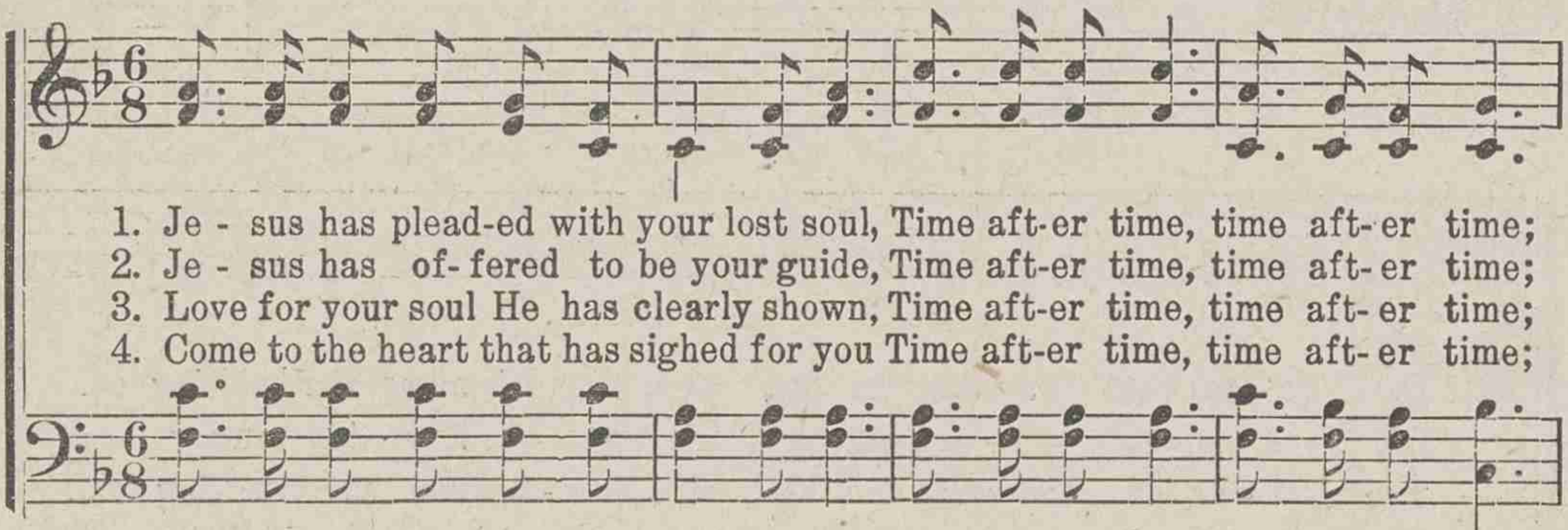
No. 31.

Time After Time.

James Rowe.

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Wm. J. Ramsay.




1. Je - sus has plead-ed with your lost soul, Time aft-er time, time aft-er time;
2. Je - sus has of-fered to be your guide, Time aft-er time, time aft-er time;
3. Love for your soul He has clearly shown, Time aft-er time, time aft-er time;
4. Come to the heart that has sighed for you Time aft-er time, time aft-er time;



Of-fered to par-don and make you whole, Wan-der-er, time aft-er time.
Yet you have driv-en Him from your side, Wan-der-er, time aft-er time.
Yet you have wept in the dark a-lone, Wan-der-er, time aft-er time.
Hope, strength and courage He will re-new, Wan-der-er, time aft-er time.

CHORUS.



Time aft-er time He has lingered near Of-fer-ing comfort and love and cheer;

Yet you have grieved the Re-deem-er dear, Wan-der-er, time aft-er time.

No. 32.

I'm Holding On.

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Chattanooga, Tenn.

James Rowe.

Wm. J. Ramsay.



1. I was a-drift on sin's wild sea, My soul was strained, all hope had gone,
2. I sigh no more for pleasures wrong, For Je - sus is my pleas-ure now;
3. The wind may roar, the billows rise, I'm un - der His di - vine con - trol;
4. I'm hold-ing on, as-sured that He Will bring me safe to heav-en's shore,



But Je - sus cast a line to me, And, bless His name, I'm hold-ing on.
His love is my un - end-ing song, His light of love is on my brow.
The Rul - er of the earth and skies, Will safe - ly keep my trust-ing soul.
Where I for all e - ter - ni - ty, His praise with rapture shall out-pour.



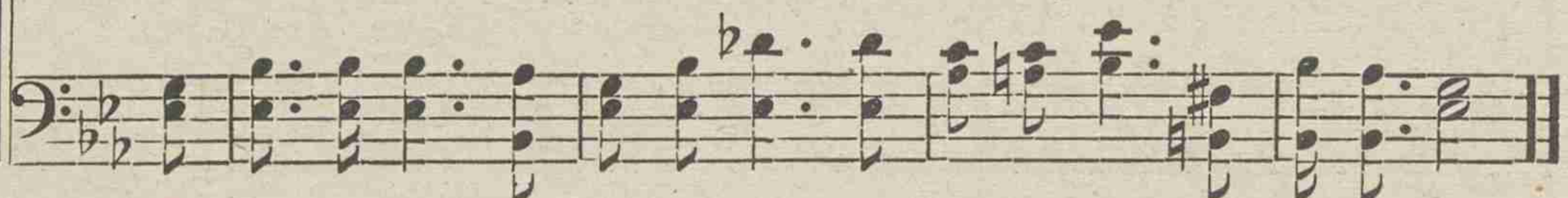
CHORUS.



I'm hold-ing on, I'm hold-ing on, My faith is firm, my fear has gone;



I know that He will res - cue me, And, bless His name, I'm hold-ing on.



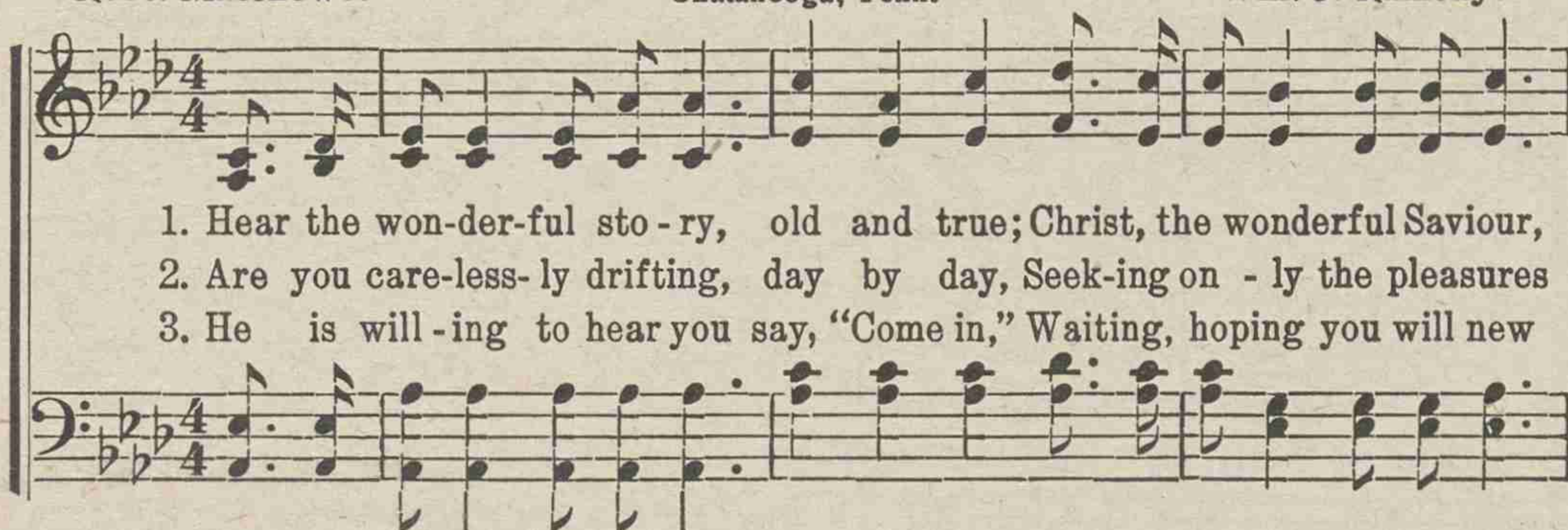
No. 33.

The Wonderful Story.

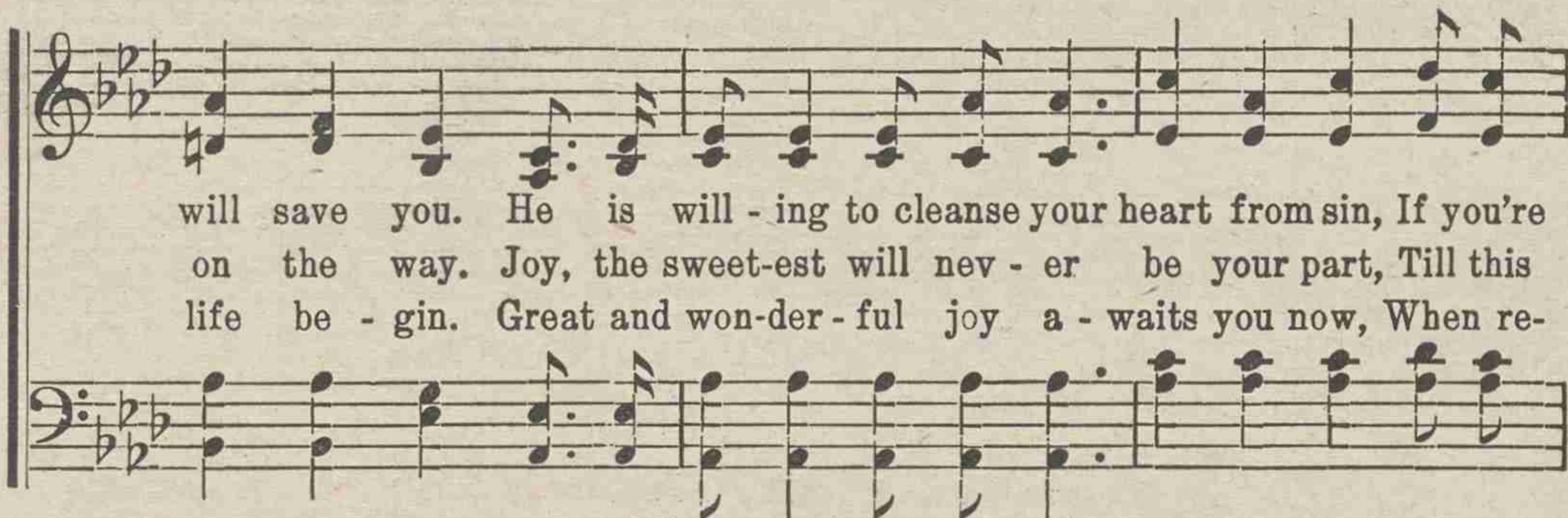
Robt. Matthews.

Copyright, 1918, by Wm. J. Ramsay,
Chatanooga, Tenn.

Wm. J. Ramsay.

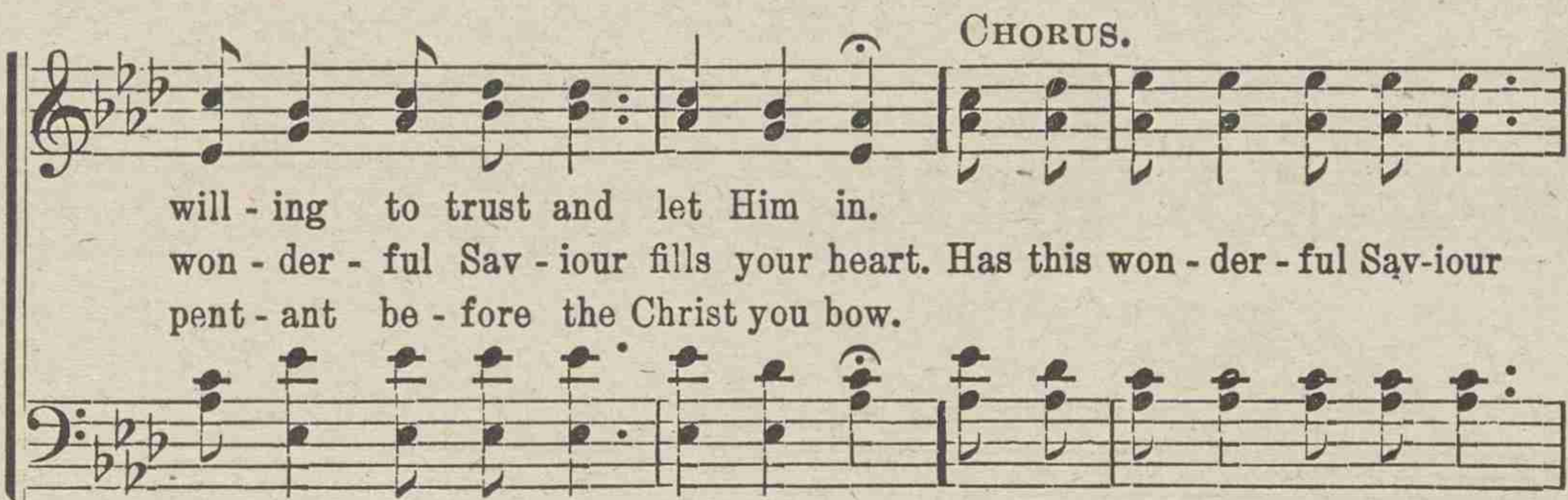


1. Hear the won-der-ful sto-ry, old and true; Christ, the wonderful Saviour,
2. Are you care-less-ly drifting, day by day, Seek-ing on - ly the pleasures
3. He is will-ing to hear you say, "Come in," Waiting, hoping you will new



will save you. He is will-ing to cleanse your heart from sin, If you're
on the way. Joy, the sweet-est will nev-er be your part, Till this
life be-gin. Great and won-der-ful joy a-waits you now, When re-

CHORUS.



will-ing to trust and let Him in.
won-der-ful Sav-iour fills your heart. Has this won-der-ful Sav-iour
pent-ant be-fore the Christ you bow.



saved you too? Has this won-der-ful Sav-iour saved you too? He will




comfort and guide you, keep you true, When this wonderful Saviour saves you too.

No. 34. O Come, Thou Saviour Dear.



Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

Copyright, 1918, by Wm. J. Ramsay,
Chattanooga, Tenn.


Wm. J. Ramsay.




1. Each mo - ment I the cross must bear, While in this vale I roam,
2. What-e'er my dai - ly lot may be, I know my Lord will share,
3. When sor - row spreads her sa - ble wings A - cross my pil - grim way,
4. I may not touch Him with my hands, I may not see His form,
5. And when my race on earth is run, And I am called to die,





Yet ev - er thus will be my pray'r, While on my jour-ney home.
Be - cause He comes and walks with me, In an - swer to my pray'r.
My soul looks up and sweet - ly sings As to my Lord I pray.
Yet Je - sus hears and un - der - stands My cry a - bove the storm.
I'll calm - ly face life's set - ting sun, And send this pray'r on high.




CHORUS.



O come, Thou Sav - iour dear, Come, let me feel Thee near,
O come, O come, Thou Saviour dear, Yes, come, and let me feel Thee near,



I will not fear life's dark - est night If Thou art by my side;
If Thou art ev - er by my side;



O Come, Thou Saviour Dear.

O come from heav'n a - bove, Fill me with per - fect love,
O come, O come from heav'n a - bove,

Then I'll be fit to live or die, If Thou with me a - bide.

*A few select voices will sing the small notes.

No. 35. Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

P. P. B.

MATT. 5: 16.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Brightly beams our Father's mercy, From His light-house evermore,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry billows roar;
3. Trim your feeble lamp, my brother: Some poor sailor tempest-tost,

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

D.S.—Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may res - cue, you may save.

CHORUS. D. S.
Let the low - er lights be burning! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!

No. 36. I Always Find a Promise.

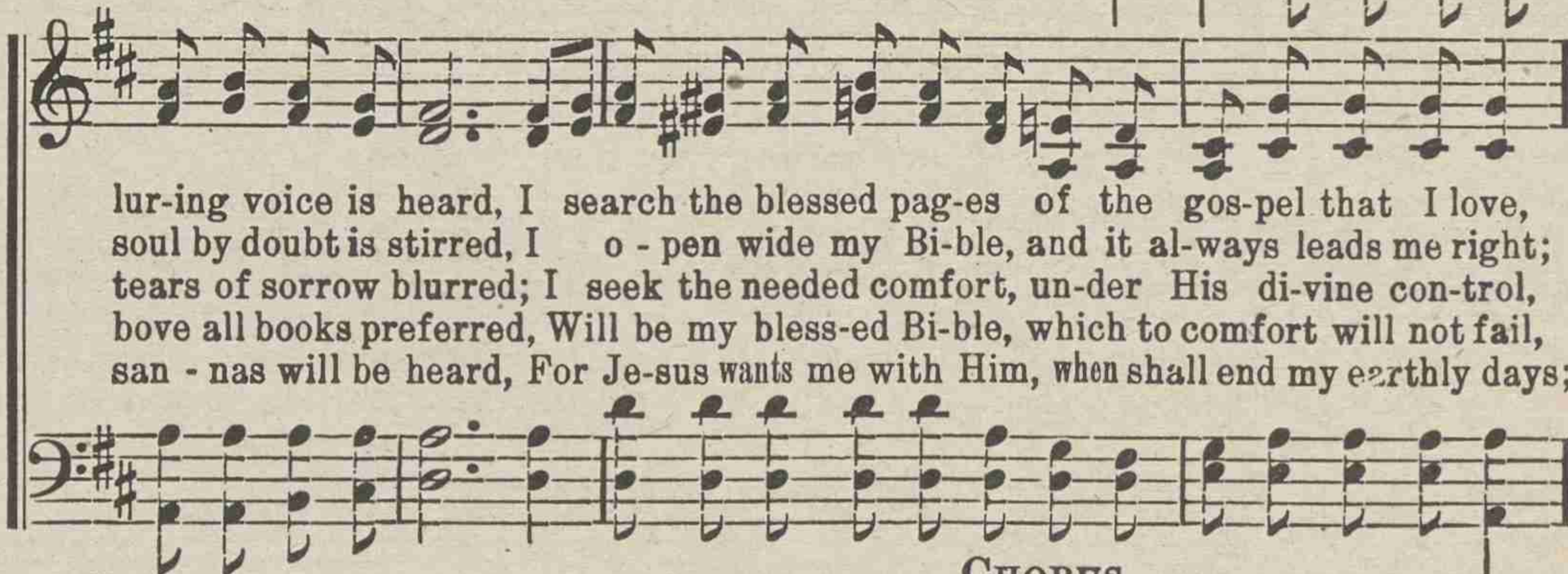
James Rowe.

Copyright, 1918, by William J. Ramsay,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

William J. Ramsay.



1. When thorn - y is my pathway, and I see no blue above, And when the foe's al-
2. Sometimes, when worldly pleasures would allure me from the light, And sometimes when my
3. Sometimes, when mighty trouble-waves are sweeping o'er my soul, Tho' vision is by
4. I know the time is coming when my feet will reach the vale, But still the Book a-
5. I know that where the angels sing my great Redeemer's praise, My voice in glad ho-



lur-ing voice is heard, I search the blessed pag-es of the gos-pel that I love,
soul by doubt is stirred, I o - pen wide my Bi-ble, and it al-ways leads me right;
tears of sorrow blurred; I seek the needed comfort, un-der His di-vine con-trol,
bove all books preferred, Will be my bless-ed Bi-ble, which to comfort will not fail,
san - nas will be heard, For Je-sus wants me with Him, when shall end my earthly days;

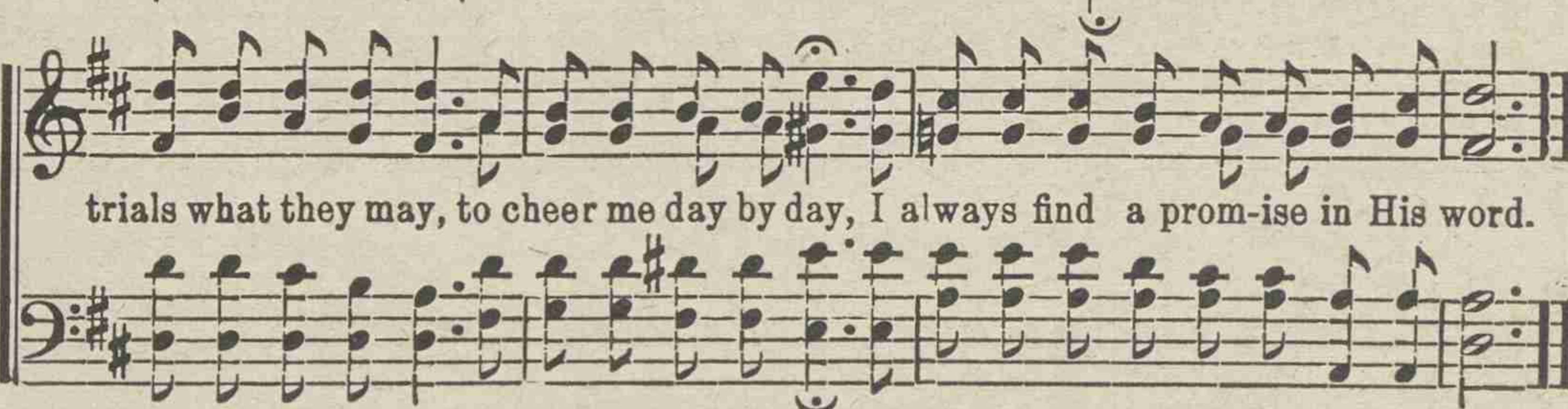
CHORUS.



And al-ways find a prom-ise in His word.
I al-ways find a prom-ise in His word.
And al-ways find a prom-ise in His word. I al-ways find a prom-ise in His
I still shall find a prom-ise in His word.
I al-ways find a prom-ise in His word.



word, I al-ways find a promise from the Lord; Be my
in His word, from the Lord;



trials what they may, to cheer me day by day, I always find a prom-ise in His word.


No. 37.

Just a Little Too Late!


James Rowe.

Copyright, 1918, by W. J. Ramsay,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

W. J. Ramsay.




1. { In the low-lands of sin you are liv - ing to - day, Seek - ing pleasures that
You in - tend to be saved, but your foe bids you wait,
2. { You have dear ones above who are wait - ing for you, They would welcome you
Yet you live for the world, face a ter - ri - ble fate,
3. { Turn a - way to the Lord, leave the tempter and sin, While the gates swing a -
Come to - day, lest you be in a sin - burdened state,



stain, in the shad - ow - y way; And at last you may be just a
there when your tri - als are thro'; For at last you may be just a
jar, and He whis - pers "Come in;" Just a lit - tle too late, just a

CHORUS. *f* *pp* As an echo effect.



lit - tle too late Just a lit - tle too late, just a lit - tle too late!



You are grieving the Lord, who may fasten the gate; Heed the Blessed One's plea,



lest at last you may be, Just a lit - tle too late, just a lit - tle too late.

No. 38. Under His Sheltering Wings.

Mrs. Ida C. Reid.

Copyright, 1918, by W. J. Ramsay,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

James V. Reid.



1. Why should I fear the tempest, When lightning its fier-y dart flings? What
2. Why should I dread the sor-row, The pain that the long night brings? I
3. Why should I shrink from temptation? My soul to my Sav - ior clings, And



if my nest should be shak-en? I'm un-der His shel-ter - ing wings.....
know He's watch-ing be-side me; I'm un-der His shel-ter - ing wings.....
He has prom-ised to keep me Safe un-der His shel-ter - ing wings.....



**Soprano Obligato.*



I know no harm can be-fall me, Tho' many a trial life brings;

CHORUS.



I know that no harm can befall me, Tho' many a tri-al life brings;



I nes-tle close up to the Fa-ther; I'm under His sheltering, sheltering wings.



I nes-tle close up to the Fa-ther; I'm un-der His sheltering wings.....
shel-ter-ing wings.




**Obligato for single voice.*

No. 39. We Are Going Through Together.



James Rowe.

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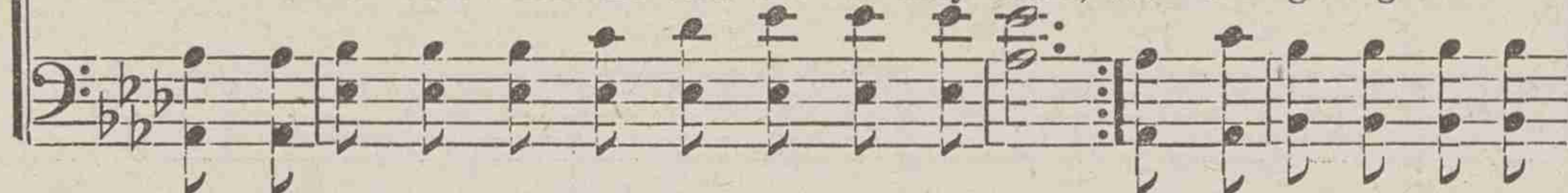
William J. Ramsay.



1. { I have turned a - way from e - vil at the bless - ed Mas - ter's plea,
He has prom-ised to pro-tect me till the gates of home I see,
2. { Foes, I know, will oft as - sail me, and the path will oft be dim,
And my strength and cheer and courage, day by day will come from Him;
3. { There's a life-crown waiting for me, just be - yond the gates a - bove,
If I on - ly tell to oth - ers the sweet sto - ry of His love:


And the bet - ter things of life are now my aim; And we're going thro' to -
But the Lord will help the soul for which He came; We are going thro' to -
There's a man - sion which He tells me I may claim, We are going thro' to -



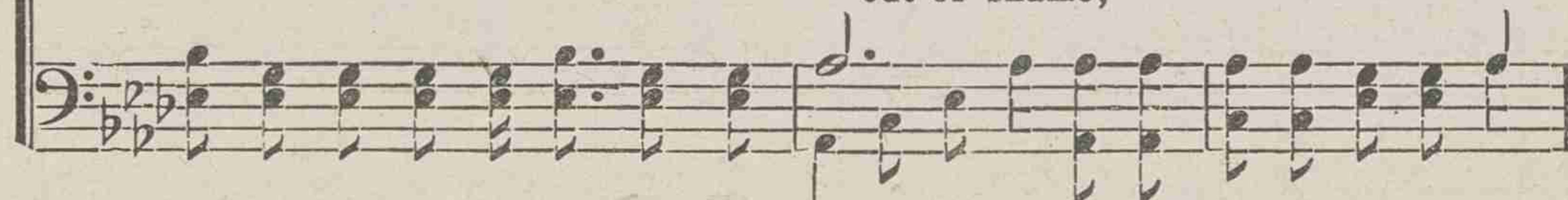
CHORUS.



gether, bless His name. We are going thro' together, bless His name, For by
bless His name,

grace I have been lift-ed out of shame; Hand in hand and side by side,
out of shame;




fear-ing naught that may betide, We are go - ing thro' to-gath-er, bless His name.



No. 40.

Jesus Has.

James Rowe.

Copyright, 1919, by Wm. J. Ramsay,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Wm. J. Ramsay.

1. Some-one has tak - en my sins a - way, Je - sus has,
2. Some-one has made me as white as snow, Je - sus has,
3. Some-one has begged me no more to roam, Je - sus has,
4. Some-one has of - fered to par - don you, Je - sus has,

Je - sus has; Some-one has made all my night like day,
Je - sus has; Some-one has shown me the way to go,
Je - sus has; Some-one has prom-ised to lead me home,
Je - sus has; Prom-ised to save you and keep you true,

CHORUS.
Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus has. Je - sus has, yes,

bless His name, This to do for me He came; Someone has

lift - ed me out of shame, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus has.

No. 41.

His Saving Grace.

James Rowe.

Copyright, 1919, by Wm. J. Ramsay,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Wm. J. Ramsay.



1. The foe that bound me no more can wound me, For sav-ing grace has
2. When ills be-tide me, with Christ be-side me, To show to me His
3. Some hap-py morn-ing, with light a-dorn-ing The soul for which the



made me free, And I'm re-joic-ing, sweet prais-es voic-ing To Him who
bless-ed smile, I still keep go-ing, true cour-age showing, His good-ness
Sav-iour died, Thro' heaven's por-tal, to joy im-mor-tal, I hope to

CHORUS.



does so much for me. Yes, sav-ing grace has made me free,.....
trust-ing all the while.
go, at His dear side. has made me free,



A cap-tive I no more shall be;..... I'm bound for
no more shall be;



glo-ry, O bless-ed sto-ry! The grace of God has made me free.

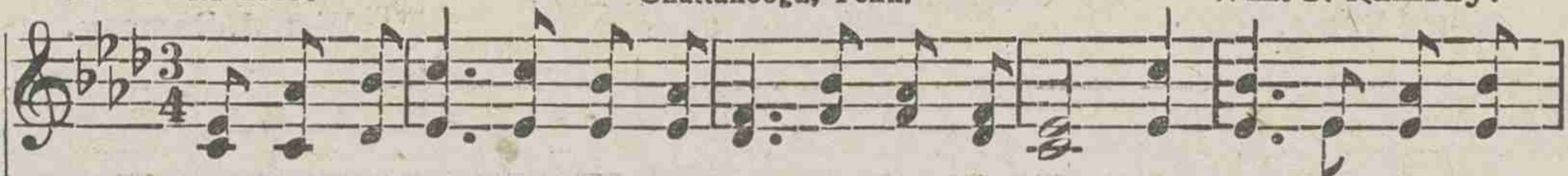
No. 42.

My Mother's Bible.

Geo. P. Morris.

Copyright, 1919, by Wm. J. Ramsay,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Wm. J. Ramsay.



1. This book is all that's left me now, Tears will un-bid - den start; With falt'ring
2. Ah, well do I re-mem-ber those Whose names these rec-ords bear, Who'round the
3. My fa-ther read this ho - ly book To brothers, sis-ters, dear, How calm was
4. Thou truest friend man ever knew, Thy con-stan-cy I've tried; Where all were



lip and throbbing brow I press it to my heart. For ma - ny gen - er -
 hearthstone used to close Af - ter the even - ing pray'r, And speak of what these
 my poor moth - er's look, Who leaned God's word to hear. Her an - gel face—I
 false I found thee true, My coun - sel - lor and guide. The mines of earth no



a - tions past, Here is our fam - ily tree; My mother's hand this Bi - ble clasped;
 pag - es said, In tones my heart would thrill! Tho' they are with the si - lent dead,
 see it yet! What thronging mem'ries come! A - gain that lit - tle group is met
 treasure give That could this vol - umn buy; In teaching me the way to live,



CHORUS.



She, dy - ing, gave it me. My mother gave this book to me, Be - fore her
 Here are they liv - ing still!
 Within the halls of home! (*Chorus for last verse only.*)
 It taught me how to die. My mother's hand this Bible clasped, She, dy - ing,



last good bye, She said 't'would teach me how to live And show me how to die.
 gave it me, With her, I hope, when life is past, To spend e - ter - ni - ty.



No. 43. What Is Christ to You?

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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Chattanooga, Tenn.

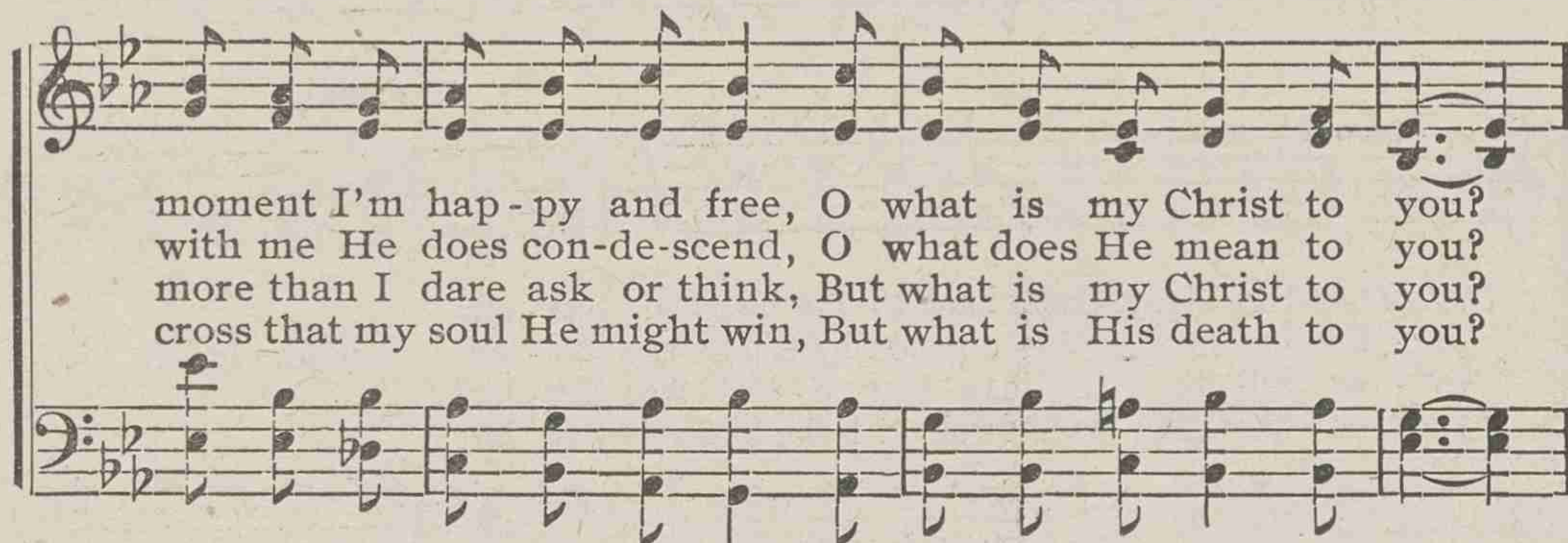
William J. Ramsay.



1. The Sav - iour is ev - 'ry - thing pre - cious to me, So
2. I find in my Sav - iour an ev - 'ry - day friend, He
3. To me He's my por - tion, my meat and my drink, My
4. He is my Re-deem - er, my Sav - iour from sin, With

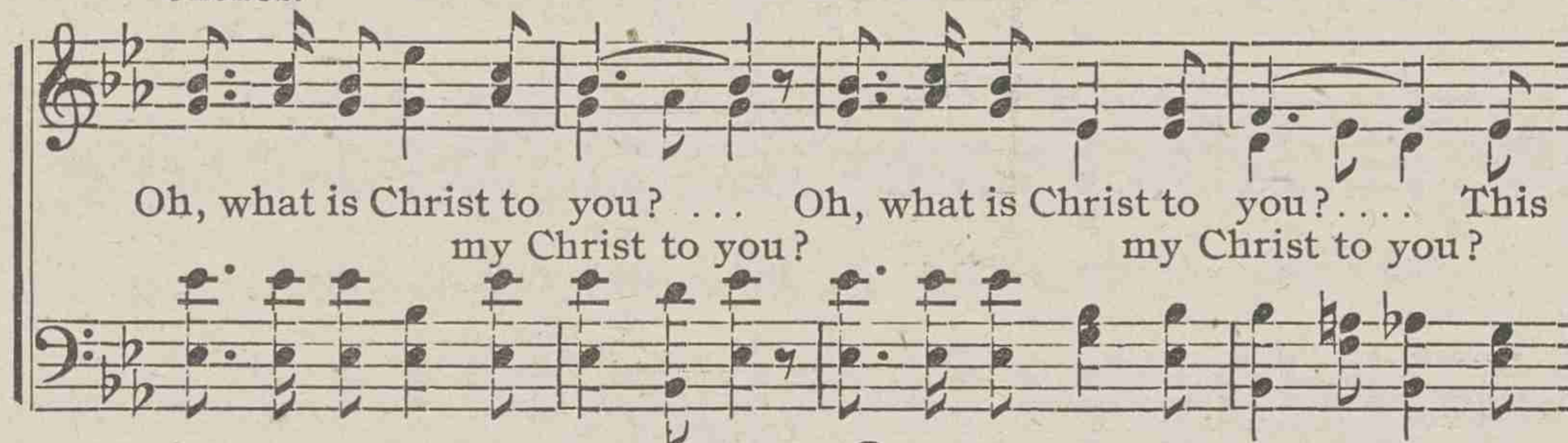


gra - cious, so ten - der, so true, In Him ev - 'ry
longs to be your Sav - iour too; But while to walk
hope when this jour - ney is through; To me He is
faith I His steps will pur - sue; He died on the

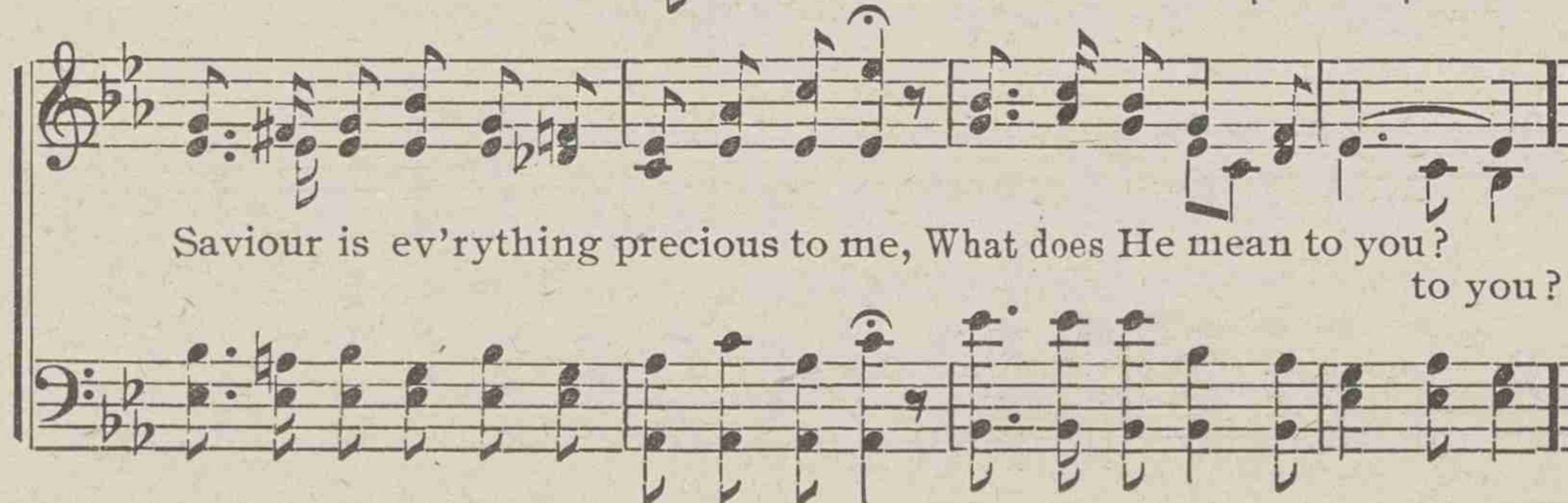


moment I'm hap - py and free, O what is my Christ to you?
with me He does con-de-scent, O what does He mean to you?
more than I dare ask or think, But what is my Christ to you?
cross that my soul He might win, But what is His death to you?

CHORUS.



Oh, what is Christ to you? ... Oh, what is Christ to you? ... This
my Christ to you? my Christ to you?




Saviour is ev'rything precious to me, What does He mean to you?
to you?

No. 44. Come to the Blessed Savior.



May M. Brewster.

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Chattanooga, Tenn.


Wm. J. Ramsay.



1. O lost one a - far from the Sav - ior to - day, So bur - dened thy
2. How oft He has called, thou hast heard Him be - fore, To - day His sweet
3. He bore all thy sins up - on Cal - va - ry's tree, His mer - cy and
4. And when thou hast en - tered this shel - ter - ing fold, Such peace thou shalt


heart and so drear - y thy way, Why far - ther and far - ther a -
voice is en - treat - ing once more; Oh, haste to make an - swer, and
par - don are bound - less and free, His grace all - suf - fi - cient for -
find, and such rich - es un - told; Then yon - der in glo - ry His





CHORUS.




way from Him stray, Come back to the bless - ed Sav - ior.
en - ter the door Now o - pened by Christ the Sav - ior. Ten - der - ly He is
ev - er will be, Oh, can you re - ject this Sav - ior?
face to be - hold, We'll dwell with the blessed Sav - ior.

call - ing, Je - sus to you is call - ing; Back from thy wand'ring, oh,

wea - ry one, come, Why should you longer a - way from Him roam? Now while in



Come to the Blessed Savior. Concluded.

mer - cy He calls you, come home, Oh, come to the bless - ed Sav - ior.

No. 45. Take the Way of the Cross.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Bear the cross for Je - sus, brother, Fear - ing not to trav - el on
2. Tho' the clouds of sor - row gath - er, And a - while ob - scure His face,
3. Bear the cross and fal - ter nev - er, Nor the chast'ning rod de - spise,
4. Foll'wing on as He shall lead us, Till the journey's end we see;

Where our bless - ed Lord and Mas - ter Ev - 'ry step be - fore has gone.
Trust your lov - ing, heav'n - ly Fa - ther, Ne'er the cross outweighs His grace.
For the way of glo - ry ev - er Is the way of sac - ri - fice.
In the hal - lowed cross of Je - sus Shall the Christian's glo - ry be.

CHORUS.

Take the way of the cross, take the way of the cross, Let the cru - el nails be driv'n;

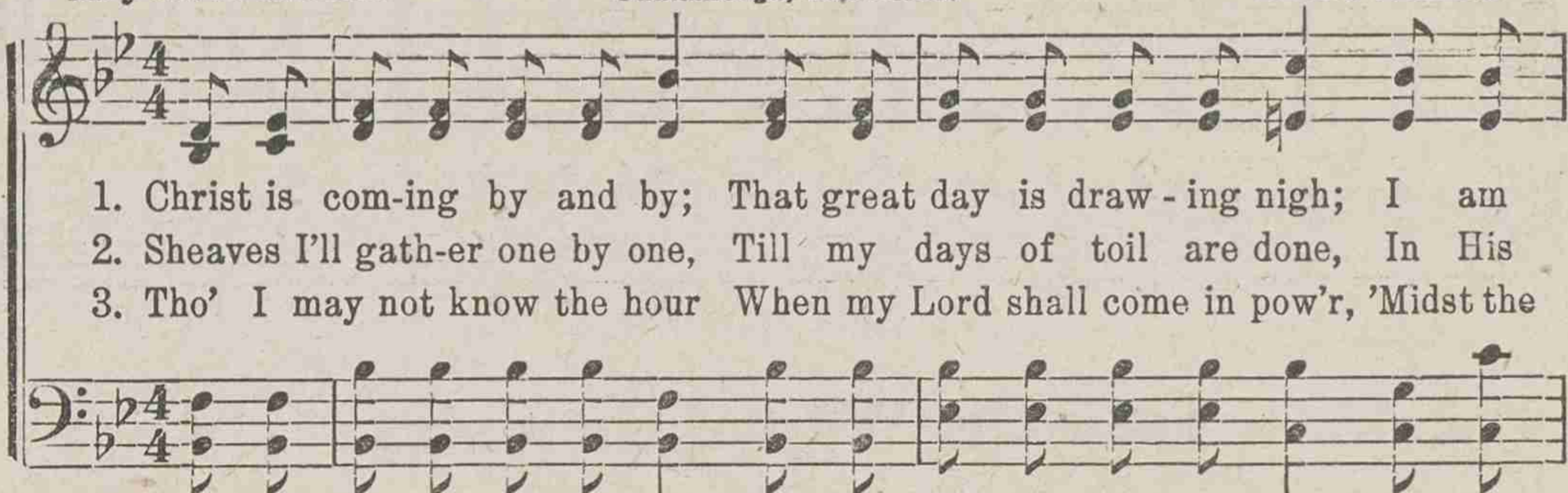
Tho' it may mean much that the world calls loss, Yet it leads to a home in heav'n.

No. 46. Till My Lord Shall Come.

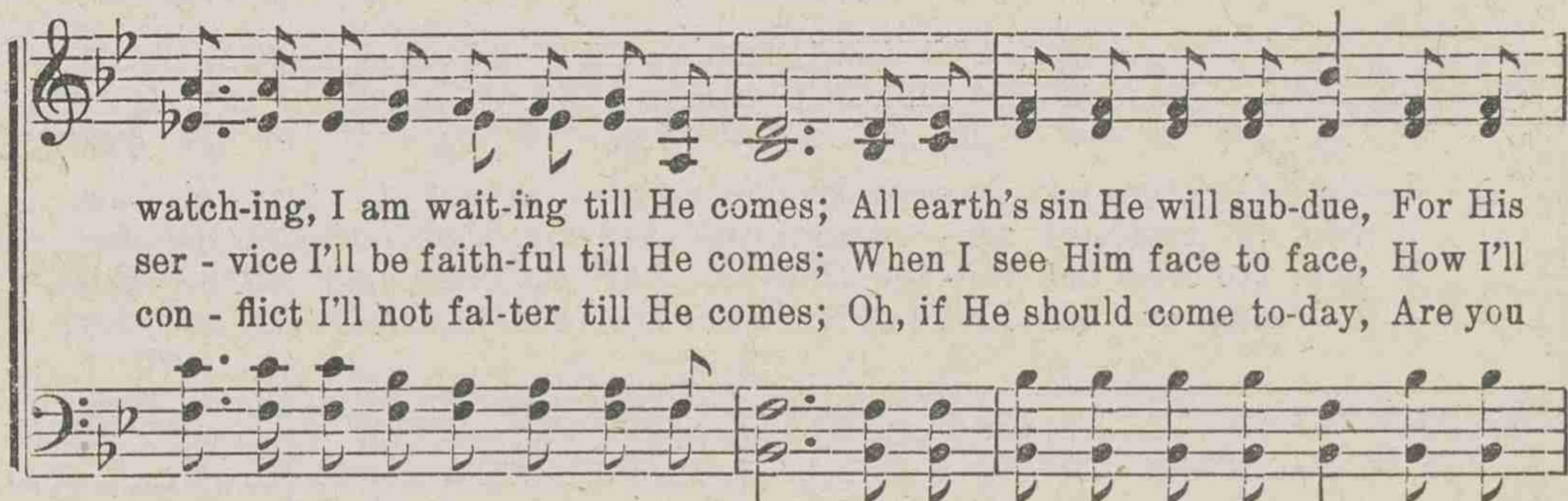
May M. Brewster.

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Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Ira B. Wilson.



1. Christ is com-ing by and by; That great day is draw-ing nigh; I am
2. Sheaves I'll gath-er one by one, Till my days of toil are done, In His
3. Tho' I may not know the hour When my Lord shall come in pow'r, 'Midst the

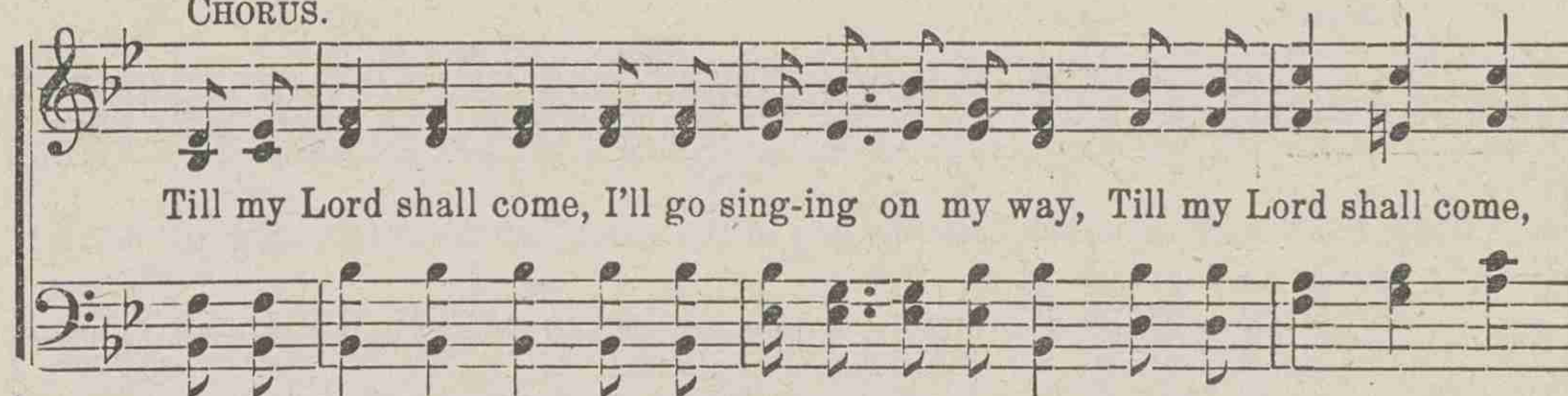


watch-ing, I am wait-ing till He comes; All earth's sin He will sub-due, For His
ser - vice I'll be faith-ful till He comes; When I see Him face to face, How I'll
con - flict I'll not fal-ter till He comes; Oh, if He should come to-day, Are you



promised word is true, I shall dwell with Him for - ev - er when He comes.
thank Him for His grace; Oh, my heart will glow with rap-ture when He comes.
read - y, can you say, "I'll go out with joy to meet Him, when He comes."

CHORUS.



Till my Lord shall come, I'll go sing-ing on my way, Till my Lord shall come,



I will watch and I will pray; I will tell the sweet old sto-ry, Till His

Till My Lord Shall Come. Concluded.

name resounds in glo-ry, Then I'll praise Him, praise Him on that glo-rious day.

No. 47.

Arise, My Soul, Arise.

Charles Wesley.

Arr. by W. J. R.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt-y fears; The bleed-ing
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter-cede; His all - re-
3. Five bleed-ing wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry; They pour ef-

Sac - ri-fice In thy be - half ap-pears; Before the throne my Surety stands,
deem - ing love His pre-cious blood to plead; His blood atoned for all our race,
fec - tual pray'rs, They strong-ly plead for me: "Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,

CHO.—His Spir-it answers to the blood,

D. S. for Chorus.

My name is writ-ten on His hands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
And sprinkles now the throne of grace, And sprin-kles now the throne of grace.
"Nor let the ransomed sin-ner die," "Nor let the ran - somed sin - ner die."

And tells me I am born of God, And tells me I am born of God.

4 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 To God I'm reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

No. 48. Does the Comforter Continually Abide?

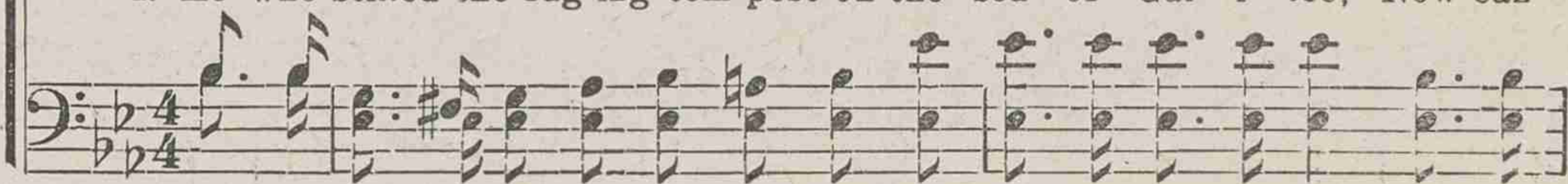
Mrs. Ida C. Reid.

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Chattanooga, Tenn.

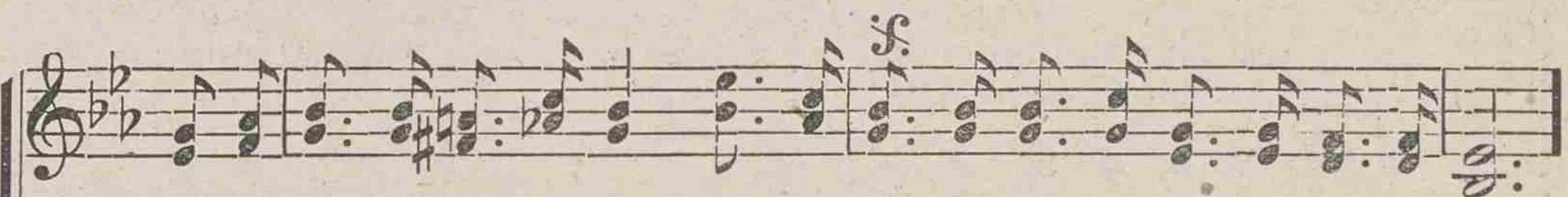
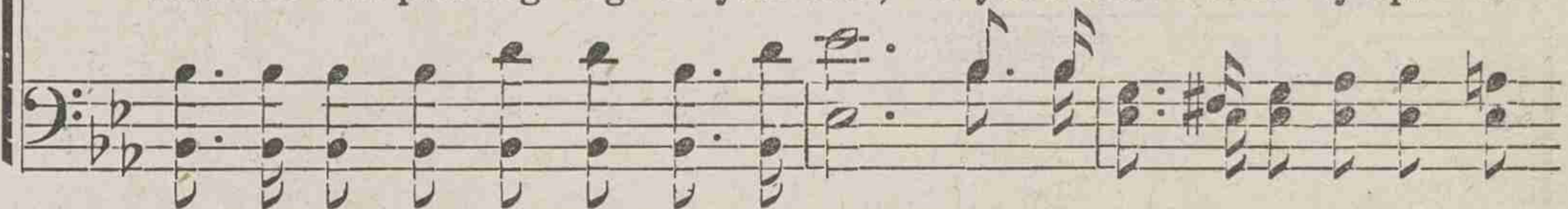
Wm. J. Ramsay.



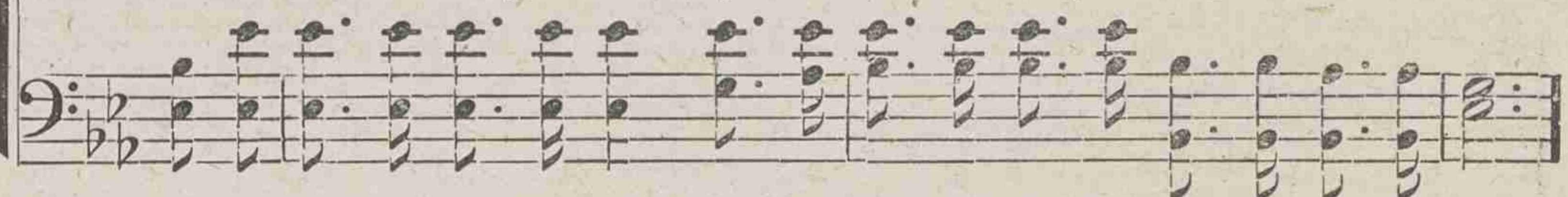
1. Do you seek for world-ly hon-or, seek to reach the heights of fame? Let the
2. You will nev-er have the vic - to - ry, nor have that per-fect rest, Un - til
3. Do you feel the Fa-ther list - ens, does He an-swer when you pray? Are the
4. He who stilled the rag-ing tem-pest on the sea of Gal - i - lee, Now can



Ho - ly Ghost burn out your sel-fish pride; God will then make you a blessing
self and car - nal lusts are cru-ci - fied; Per-fect peace can on-ly come to
long-ings of your heart all sat-is - fied? Is the Ho - ly Spir-it pres-ent
calm the tem-pest rag - ing in your soul; If you'll seek the Ho - ly Spir - it



while you work in Je-sus' name, And the Spir - it will con-tin - ual - ly a - bide.
fill the heart that is dis-tressed When the Ho - ly Spir-it comes in to a - bide.
in your heart both night and day? Does the Com-fort-er con-tin - ual - ly a - bide?
He will cleanse and set you free, If you'll let Him have pos-ses-sion and con-trol.

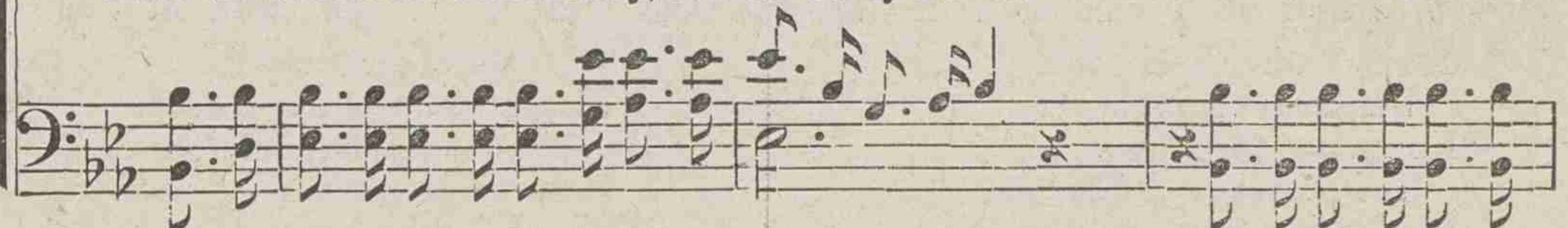


D. S.—Com-fort-er con-tin - ual - ly a - bide?

CHORUS.



Does the Com - - fort-er a-bide? Does the Com - fort-er a-
Does the Comforter continually, con-tin-ual-ly a-bide? Does the Comforter con-



Does the Comforter Continually Abide?

rit. *D. S.*

bide? Is the Holy Spirit present in your heart both night and day? Does the tin-ual-ly a-bide?

No. 49.

A Child of the King.

Hattie E. Buell.

Rev. John B. Sumner, arr.

1. My Fa-ther is rich in hous-es and lands, He hold-eth the wealth of the
 2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav-iour of men, Once wandered o'er earth as the
 3. I once was an out-cast strang-er on earth, A sin-ner by choice, an
 4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're building a pal-ace for

world in His hands! Of ru-bies and diamonds, of sil-ver and gold
 poor-est of men; But now He is reign-ing for-ev-er on high,
 al-ien by birth! But I've been a-dopt-ed, my name's writ-ten down,—
 me o-ver there! Tho' ex-il-ed from home, yet still I may sing:

CHORUS.

His cof-fers are full,—He has rich-es un-told.
 And will give me a home in heaven by and by. I'm a child of the King,
 An heir to a man-sion, a robe, and a crown.
 All glo-ry to God, I'm a child of the King.

ad lib.

A child of the King; With Je-sus, my Sav-iour, I'm a child of the King.

No. 50.

Come, Ye Sinners.

Hart. (*Adapted.*)Music copyright, 1917, by Wm. J. Ramsay,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Wm. J. Ramsay.



1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need-y, come and wel-come, God's free boun-ty glo - ri - fy;
3. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream;
4. Come, ye wea-ry, heav - y la - den, Bruised and man-gled by the fall;
5. Ag - o - niz - ing in the gar - den, Your Re-deem - er pros-trate lies;



Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and power.
 True be - lief and true re - pen - tance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.
 All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him.
 If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.
 On the blood - y tree be - hold Him, Hear Him cry be - fore He dies.



CHORUS.



Je - sus is call - ing you, poor sin - ner, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;



He will save, em-power and keep you, Cleanse and make you white as snow.



No. 51. There's Safety in Jesus' Blood.

Anon.

Copyright, 1917, by Wm. J. Ramsay,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Wm. J. Ramsay.



1. Safe in Je-ho-vah's keep-ing, Led by His glo-rious arm; God is Him-self my
2. Safe in Je-ho-vah's keep-ing, Safe in temp-ta-tion's hour, Safe in the midst of
3. Sure is Je-ho-vah's prom-ise, Naught can my hope as-sail; Here is my soul's sure



Ref-uge, A present help from harm. Fears may at times distress me, Grief may my
per-ils, Kept by al-might-y power. Safe when the tempest ra-ges, Safe tho' the
an-chor, En-tered with-in the veil. Blest in His love e-ter-nal, What can I



soul an - noy, God is my Strength and Portion, God my ex-ceed-ing joy.
night be long; E'en when my sky is dark-est, God is my Strength and Song.
want be-side? Safe thro' the blood that cleanseth, Safe in the Christ that died!



CHORUS.



His blood is cleans-ing for me; His blood is safe-ty for me;
His precious blood His cleansing blood



Safe thro' the blood that cleans-eth me; There's safe-ty in Je-sus' blood.




No. 52. On for the Harvest King.

Lizzie DeArmond.


Copyright, 1918, by Wm. J. Ramsay,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Wm. J. Ramsay.

UNISON. *Rapid tempo.*




1. Far and near the call is sound-ing loud and strong, Gold-en har-vests
Faithful la-bor for the Mas-ter while you may; Hill and vale with
2. In the joy of will-ing ser-vice we can share, Rich and roy-al
Rest will come to all the wea-ry by and by; Ral-ly e'er the




1



beck-on on-ward, haste a-long, Gar-ner in the treas-ure,
are His wag-es past com-pare, There's no place for sor-row

full abundant measure, Precious grain awaits the reaping, work to-day;
in the glad to-mor-row, Tho' the day seems long and dreary, night draws nigh,



2



shin-ing glo-ry bright-ly glow, Hap-py hearts are sing-ing,
morn de-clin-eth, heed the call, Faith-ful vig-il keep-ing,




joy-ful prais-es ringing, All the earth our loving Father's hand doth show.
soon will dawn the reaping, Lift your eyes and see the vis-ion, Christ for all.



On for the Harvest King. Concluded.

CHORUS. *Female voices in two parts.*

Har-vest home joy-ful sing, Sheaves of love glad-ly bring,

Toil-ing on day by day, Ere the light fades a-way.

ALL VOICES. *Four parts.*

Ral-ly, faith-ful la-bor, in the world's great field, On-ward,
Ral-ly, ral-ly great field, Onward, onward,

precious treas-ure fertile plains shall yield. Praise Him, now and
shall yield. Praise Him, praise Him,

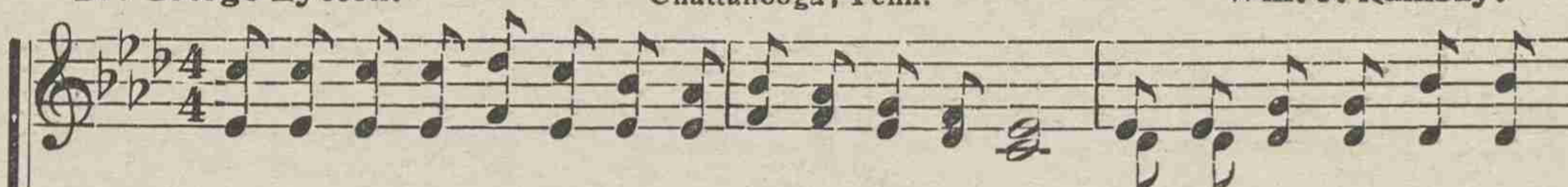
ev-er, Joyful singing, tribute bringing, Crown Him, hail the blessed Harvest King.

No. 53. Grace Divine Saves Anyone.

Dr. George Lytton.

Copyright, 1918, by W. J. Ramsay,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Wm. J. Ramsay.



1. Far your soul has wandered in the wilderness of sin, Lone and sad you are to-
2. Friends have turned against you; you are fighting all alone; Sore-ly you are tempt-ed
3. There are many others who have been where you are now, Many who have worn the



lay, with many stains within; But be not discouraged, for the Lord your help will be,
and the light of hope has flown; Still you may be rescued and made free and glad again,
mark of sin upon their brow, But they follow Jesus and are true and glad to-day;



CHORUS.



And if you will follow Him His grace will make you free.
If you will but follow Him who died for sin-ful men. Grace di-vine saves a - ny-
So if you will follow Him your sins shall flee a-way.



one, so that means you; Ev'-ry-bod-y has a chance, so you have, too. Fol-low Je-sus,



that is all you have to do; Grace divine saves anyone, so that means you.



No. 54. I'll Be There Anyway.

Suggested by a testimony giv-en by sister Eula Kopp, Fairview, Kan.
HERBERT BUFFUM. (Owned by R. E. Winsett, Clattanooga, Tenn.) R. E. WINSETT.



1. I hope to live till Je-sus comes Back to this earth a-gain, And catch-es
2. It may be at the midnight hour, The still hush of the night, While we so
3. Some say 'tis all an i - dle dream, Some vain de-lu-sion rare, To look for
4. So farewell friends if we should part On earth to meet no more, I'll meet you



up His chos-en Bride A thousand years ro reign; But should I die be-
sound-ly sleep in peace, There bursts the warning light; It may be in the
Je - sus soon to come, They say 'tis Sa-tan's snare, The Bi - ble said these
in the skies some day, When earthly tri'ls are o'er, And should I die be-



fore that time, I know the emp - ty clay Shall be caught up to meet the Lord,
ear - ly morn, Or at the bright mid-day, But tho' at morning noon and night
scof-fers would These ver-y same things say, No matter what the world declares
fore that time, And you're a-live that day, Just look for me for I in-tend



REFRIAN



And I'll be there an-y way.
I'll be there an-y way. O! praise the Lord for this great hope, That cheers me
I'll be there an-y way!
To be there an-y way!



day by day, For if I'm not caught up a-live I'll be there an - y way.

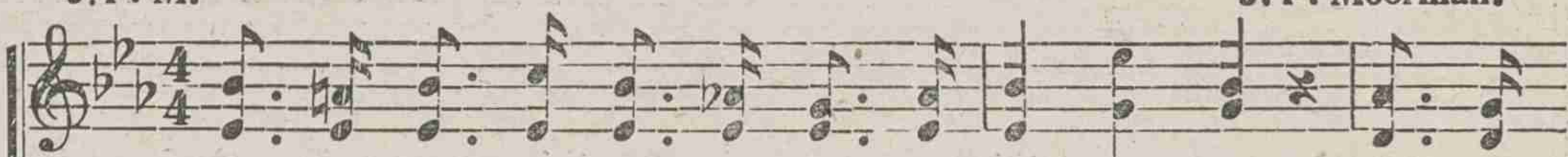


No. 55. Blessed Be the Name of Jesus.


Copyright, 1912, by Wm. J. Ramsay,
Chattanooga, Tennessee.

J. P. M.

J. P. Moorman.



1. I was once a sin - ner, but I've been made whole, Bless - ed
2. Far from God I'd wan - dered in the paths of sin, Bless - ed
3. He will not de - sert me when temp - ta - tions come, Bless - ed
4. I will ev - er praise Him for His love to me, Bless - ed





be the name of Je - sus! Je - sus came and found me, and He
be the name of Je - sus! With His lov - ing arms He reached and
be the name of Je - sus! But will walk be - side me till I'm
be the name of Je - sus! Thro' the end - less a - ges of e -



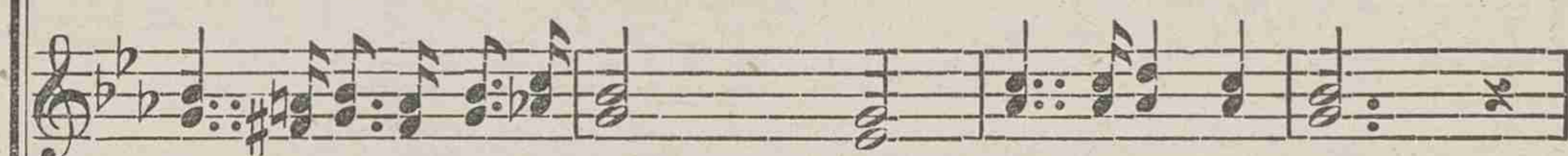

saved my soul, Bless - ed be His ho - ly name.
took me in, Bless - ed be His ho - ly name.
safe at home, Bless - ed be His ho - ly name.
ter - ni - ty, Bless - ed be His ho - ly name. (ho - ly name.)




CHORUS. *Soprano Obligato.*



Bless - ed, bless - ed be the name of Je - sus!



Bless - ed be the name of Je - sus, Bless - ed be His name,
Blessed, bless - ed be the name of Jesus, Bless - ed be His ho - ly name,



Bless - ed be the name of Je - sus,

Blessed Be the Name of Jesus.

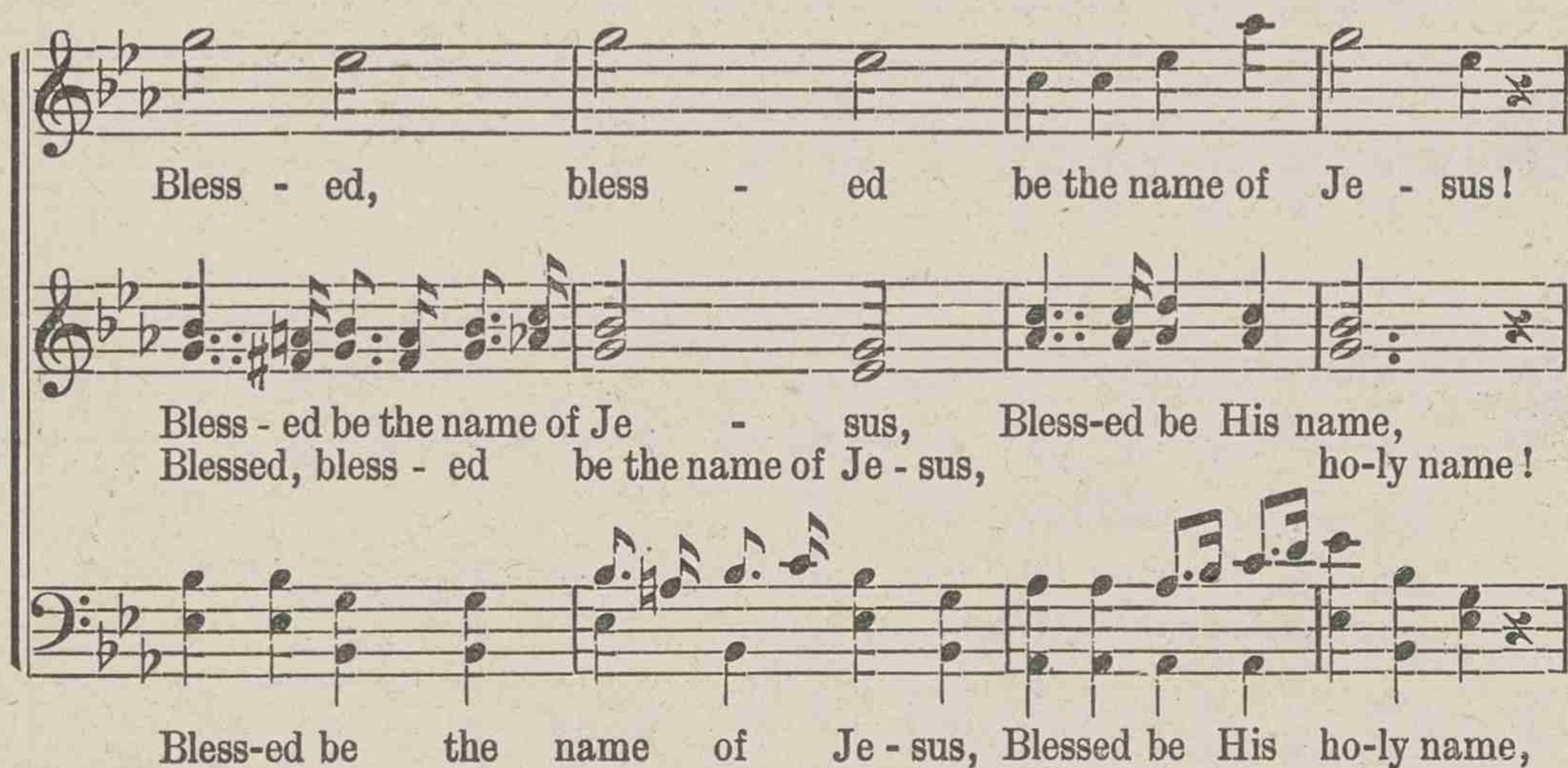


I will praise Him, Bless His ho - ly name.....

I will ev-er praise Him, Bless His ho - ly name.

I will ev-er praise Him, ho-ly name.

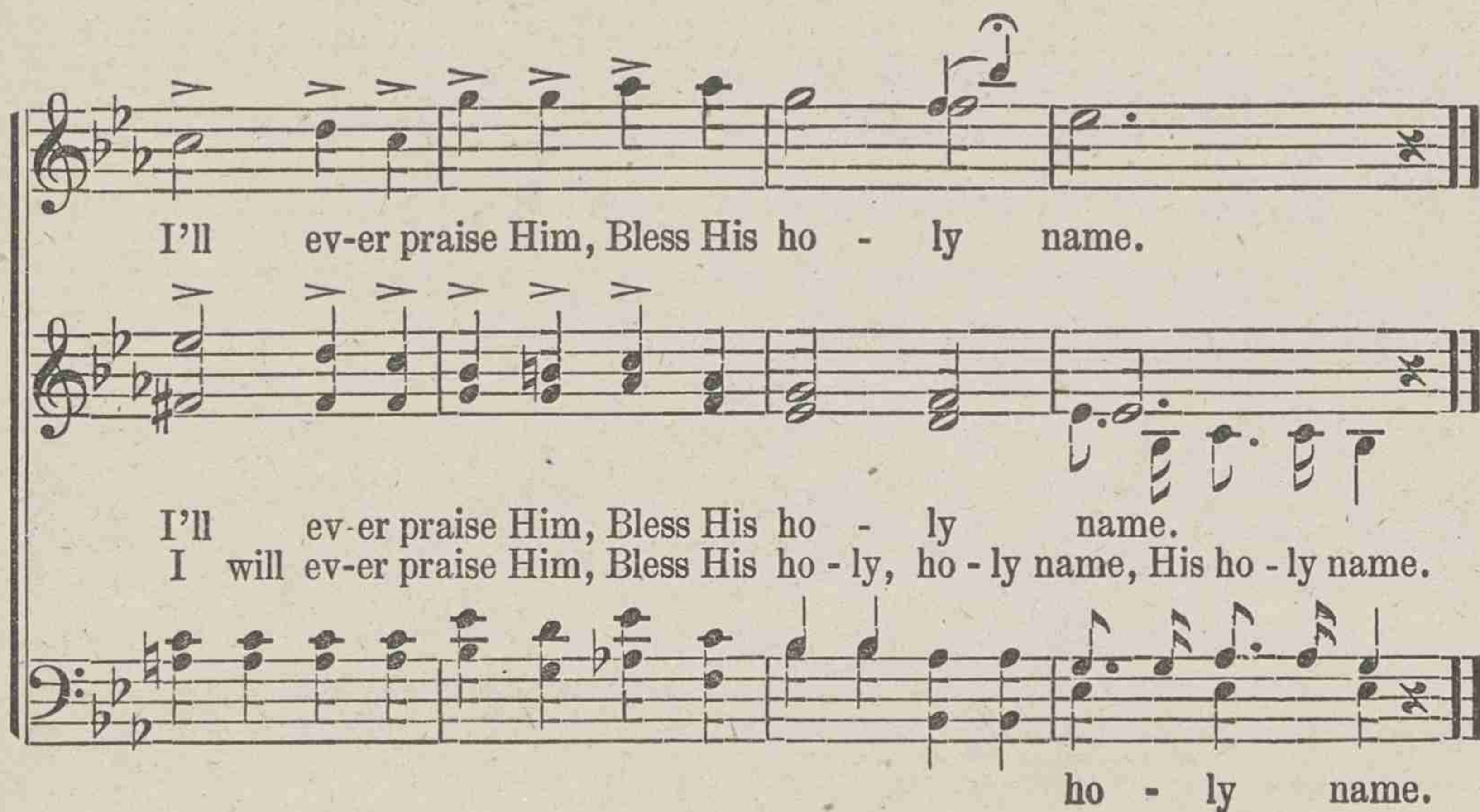
ev - er praise Him,



Bless - ed, bless - ed be the name of Je - sus!

Bless - ed be the name of Je - sus, Bless-ed be His name,
Blessed, bless - ed be the name of Je - sus, ho-ly name!

Bless-ed be the name of Je - sus, Blessed be His ho-ly name,



I'll ev-er praise Him, Bless His ho - ly name.

I'll ev-er praise Him, Bless His ho - ly name.
I will ev-er praise Him, Bless His ho - ly, ho - ly name, His ho - ly name.

ho - ly name.


No. 56.

And That Means Me.



Geo. O. Webster.

Copyright, 1921, by Wm. J. Ramsay,
Chattanooga, Tenn.


Ira B. Wilson.




1. A song keeps ring-ing with-in my heart, And I am sing-ing, though
 2. I can-not meas-ure the debt I owe In love, or treas-ure, He
 3. In Him con-fid-ing while life shall last; His love a-bid-ing shall


hot tears start; I think of Je-sus on Cal-v'ry's tree, He died for
 loved me so; The life He ransomed to Him I give, And al-ways,
 hold me fast; And when in glo-ry His face I see, I'll still keep




CHORUS.




sin-ners, and that means me.
 on-ly, for Him I'll live. He died for sin-ners, and that means me;
 sing-ing, "He died for me."




He died for sin-ners, and grace is free; His love and mer-cy are

bound-less as the sea, He died for sin-ners—He died for me.



No. 57.

O How He Loves.


Oswald J. Smith.

Copyright, 1922, by Wm. J. Ramsay,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Roger M. Hickman.



1. My Sav - ior bled and died for me Up - on the cross of
 2. He came with - in my heart to reign, And washed a - way its
 3. He gives me pow'r from day to day To firm - ly stand a -
 4. His grace suf - fi - cient meets my need, For His is life and



Cal - va - ry, And wrought sal - va - tion full and free—Oh, how He
 ev - 'ry stain; His grace the pow'r of sin has slain—Oh, how He
 mid the fray, For He Him - self is now my Stay—Oh, how He
 life in - deed, And so up - on Him - self I feed—Oh, how He

CHORUS.



loves!... Oh, how He loves, Oh, how He loves,
 Oh, how He loves, Oh, how



He bled, He died, He rose, He lives, And grace for ev - 'ry
 He loves,.....



tri - al gives; Oh, how He loves, Oh, how He loves!
 Oh, how He loves,

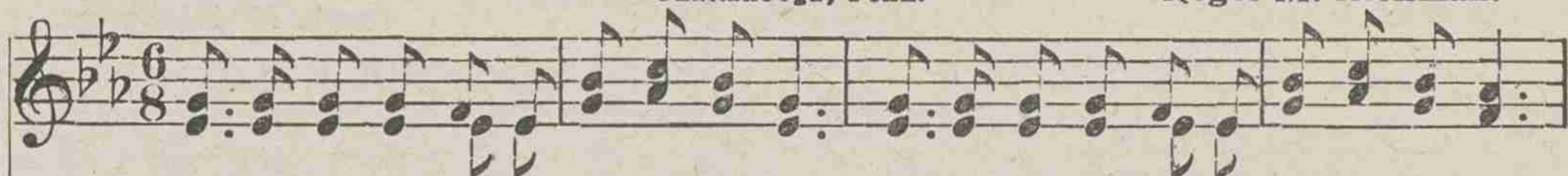
No. 58.

All the Day Long.

C. B. Hilton.

Copyright, 1922, by Wm. J. Ramsay,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Roger M. Hickman.



1. All the day long I have qui-et with-in, All the day long I am guarded from sin;
2. All the day long I will tell of His love, All the day long praise the Fa-ther above;
3. All the day long, and as well thro' the night, Surely the Fa-ther will guide me a-right;
4. All the day long, tho' the future be dim, All the day long I am trust-ing in Him;



Je-sus, my Mas-ter, a-bides at my side, He is my Help-er, what-ev-er be-tide;
He who cre-a-ted me knows I am dust, Yet He is pleased with a heart full of trust;
Always without Him my footsteps would stray Far from the path of the heav-en-ly way;
He who so graciously guarded my past, Will not forsake me while darkness shall last;



Fill-ing my mouth with a ju-bi-lant song, All the day long, all the day long.
Glo-ry and hon-or to Je-sus be-long All the day long, all the day long.
Firmly, yet kindly, He keeps me from wrong All the day long, all the day long.
Heaven still beckons with glad-ness and song All the day long, all the day long.



CHORUS.



All the day long there is glo-ry for me, All the day long I am hap-py and free;



Praise to the King will my heart ev-er sing, All the day long
All the day long, all the day long.



No. 59.

Jesus is Mine.

Jane C. Bonar.
Chorus by I. B. W.

Copyright, 1921, by Wm. J. Ramsay.
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Ira B. Wilson.



1. Fade, fade each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie,
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay,
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost is this dawning light,
4. Fare-well, mor-tal-i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel-come e - ter-ni - ty,



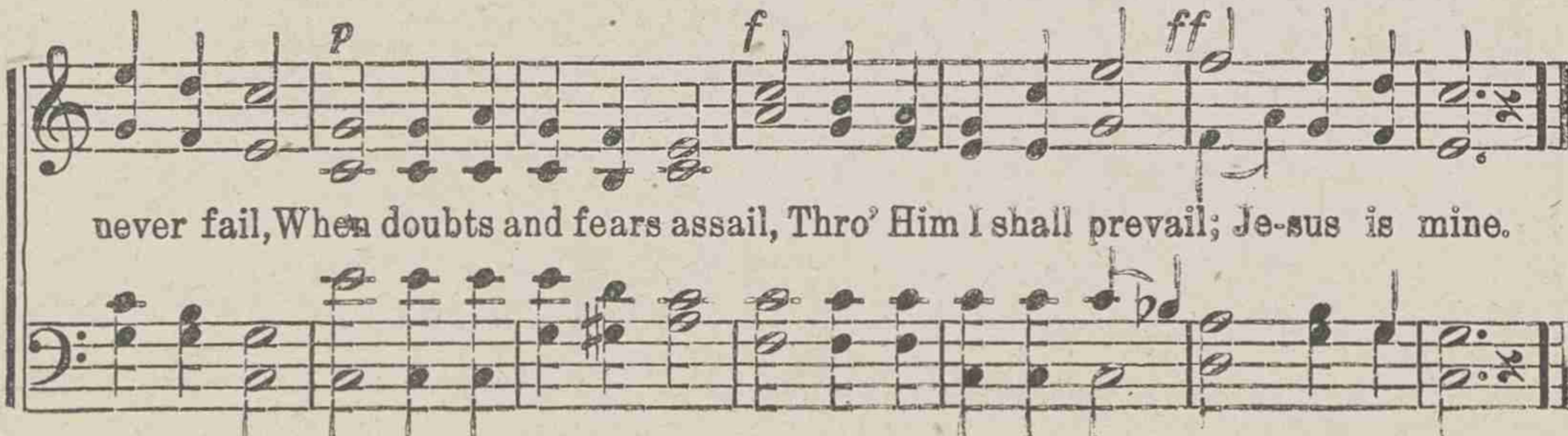
Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil-der-ness, Earth has no resting-place;
Je - sus is mine! Per - ish-ing things of clay, Born but for one brief day,
Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried, Left but a dis-mal void;
Je - sus is mine! Wel-come, O lov'd and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,



CHORUS. *f*
Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Pass from my heart a - way; Je - sus is mine! Je - sus is mine! All else I
Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Wel-come, my Sav-ior's breast, Je - sus is mine!



ff
leave to follow Jesus; Jesus is mine; And I have naught beside, but Jesus; His love can



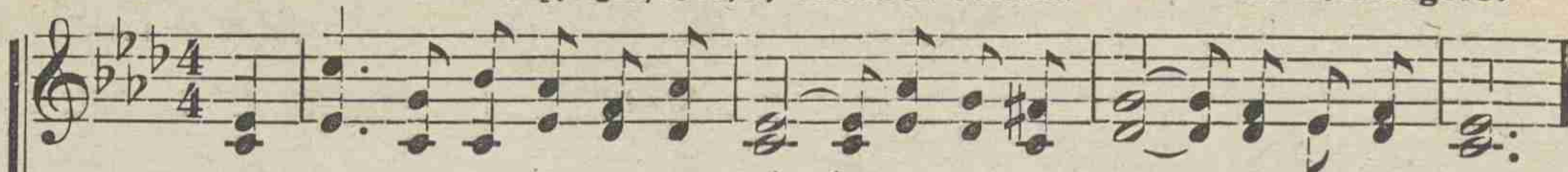
p *f* *ff*
never fail, When doubts and fears assail, Thro' Him I shall prevail; Je - sus is mine.

No. 60. Some Day, It Won't Be Long.

L. B. B.

Copyright, 1910, by Charlie D. Tillman.

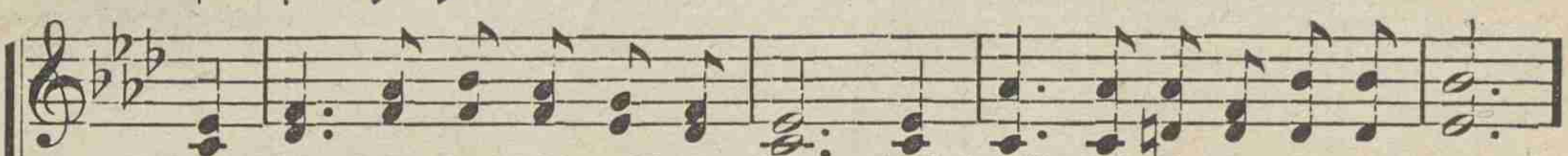
L. B. Bridgers.



1. Some day I'll cross the mystic stream, It won't be long, it may be soon;
2. Some day this mortal life shall cease, It won't be long, it may be soon;
3. He's com-ing back with glo-ry rare, It won't be long, it may be soon;
4. Then as you trav-el on life's way, Thro' waters deep, or bil-lows foam,



Some day I'll lay my burdens down, It won't be long, it may be soon;
Some day I'll see my Savior's face, It won't be long, it may be soon;
We'll rise to meet Him in the air, It won't be long, it may be soon;
You may have Je-sus as your stay, He'll walk with you and lead you home.



Some day I'll reach the gold-en shore, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more,
Some day I'll leave this vale of tears, For-get the struggles of long years,
If He should call me, this I know: I'm saved and read-y now to go,
O broth-er, will you let Him in? He'll save and keep you free from sin,



I'll meet the ones who've gone be-fore, It won't be long, it may be soon.
I'll know no sor-row, pain, nor fears; It won't be long, it may be soon.
I'm wait-ing with my heart a-glow; It won't be long, it may be soon.
Till heav-en's door you en-ter in; It won't be long, it may be soon.



Sing after last verse. FINE.

D. C.



There'll be no sorrow there. There'll be no sorrow there, In heav'n above, where all is love,
D. C. There'll be no sorrow there.



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