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Zion, city of our God:

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SONGS of EVANGELISM

for

REVIVAL AND EVANGELISTIC
SERVICES; BIBLE SCHOOLS,
YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS
AND ALL OCCASIONS

of

CHRISTIAN WORK AND WORSHIP

Edited by

H. R. CHRISTIE

Printed in both Round and Character Notes

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CINCINNATI, OHIO
THE STANDARD PUBLISHING COMPANY
1911

Hymn
1911
Song

27
C463

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The Standard Publishing Company
Cincinnati, O.

PREFACE

WHILE it has been primarily the purpose in bringing forth this collection of standard hymns and gospel songs to furnish a book more fully adapted to revival and evangelistic services, it will be seen by reference to the Topical Index the hymns have been arranged under fifty general headings or subjects, with a specific classification comprising 470 phases; rendering it equally available for use in Sunday-schools, young people's meetings and all occasions of Christian work and worship.

Great care has been used both as to the hymnology and the music, and the copyrighted material, embracing both national and international, is the most valuable obtainable; many of the best known songs have been translated into various foreign languages and sung by missionaries and singing evangelists around the world.

The more recent songs, together with the new hymns and songs written expressly for the collection, are by quite a number of the best hymn-writers and music-composers and are destined to rank with the best songs of the book.

Special attention is called to the great variety of solos which may be sung with telling effect by the individual singer or congregation: likewise to a large number of special pieces for the use of choirs and choruses.

"Songs of Evangelism" is sent forth with a prayer that it may be helpful in winning souls to Christ, that it may encourage believers, and that God's richest benedictions may rest on all who may use it in his service.

THE EDITOR AND PUBLISHERS.
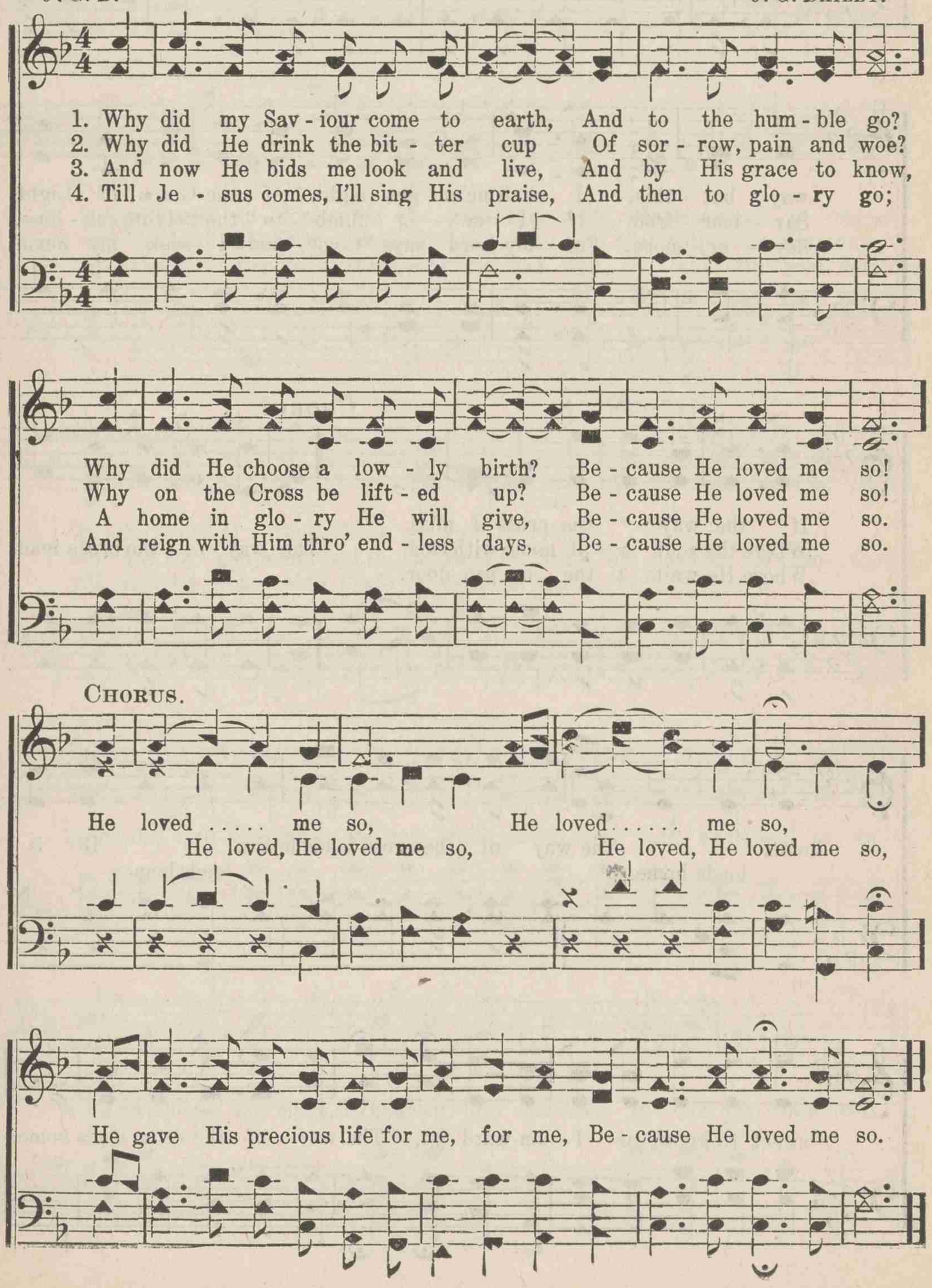
PREFACE

Songs of Evangelism.

1. He Loved Me So.

Copyright, 1892, by J. G. Dailey. Used by per.

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



2. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Copyright, 1906, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
Copyright, 1907, by E. O. Excell.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it.

way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
Sav - iour trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
nev - er - more: For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

CHORUS.

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

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

3. We Have an Anchor.

Copyright, 1882 and 1908, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS, alt. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. What a hope we have! it is strong and sure, Tho' the bil - lows roar,
2. Firm this an - chor holds in the rag - ing storm, For the prom - ise-pledge
3. To the Sav - iour cling! in the tem - pest shock, Let your an - chor down

it will still en - dure! 'Tis the hope that rests, whether shade or shine,
will the Lord per-form; He will keep the soul that will trust His care,
to the Liv - ing Rock; Tides may rise and fall, it will still hold fast,

CHORUS.

On the Word of God, Rock of truth di - vine!
Till the voy - age shall end in the hav - en fair. We have an an - chor that
Till with joy you sing, "safe at home at last!"

keeps the soul Steadfast and sure while the bil - lows roll; Fastened to the

Rock which can not move, Ground-ed firm and deep in the Sav-iour's love.

4. More Like the Master.

Copyright, 1906, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
E. O. Excell, owner.

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

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

meek-ness, more hu - mil - i - ty; More zeal to la - bor, more cour-age
car - ry cross - es I must bear; More earn-est ef - fort to bring His
love to oth - ers I would show; More self - de - ni - al, like His in
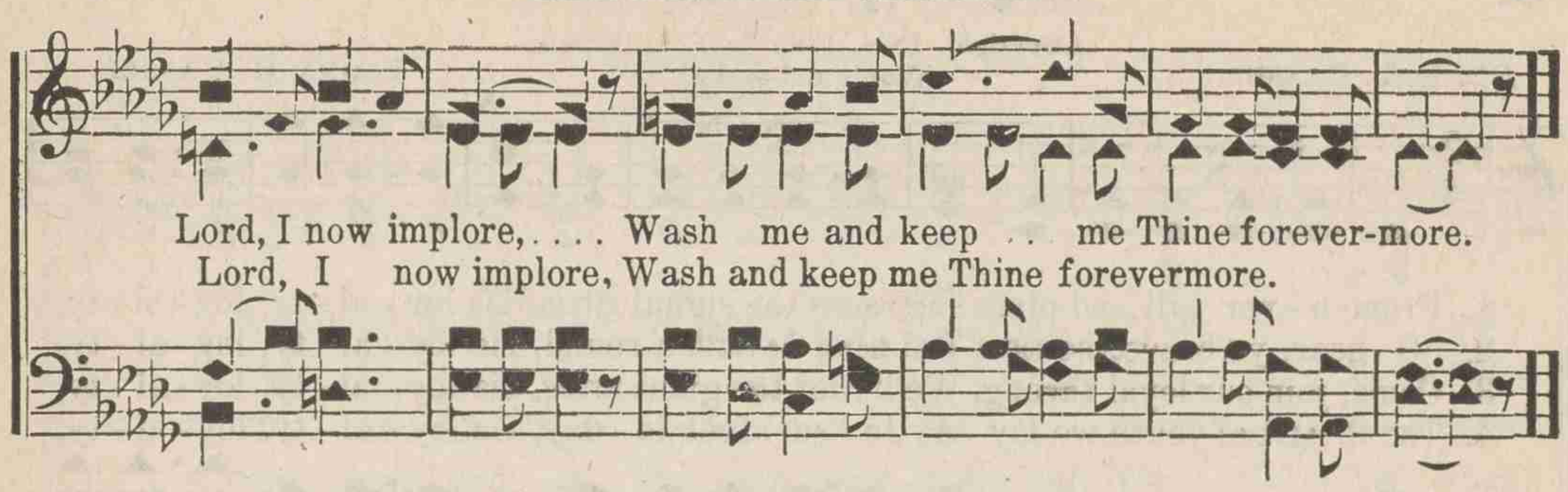
to be true, More con - se - cra - tion for work He bids me do.
king-dom in, More of His Spir - it, the wan-der-er to win.
Gal - i - lee, More like the Mas - ter I long to ev - er be.

CHORUS.

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

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

More Like the Master.

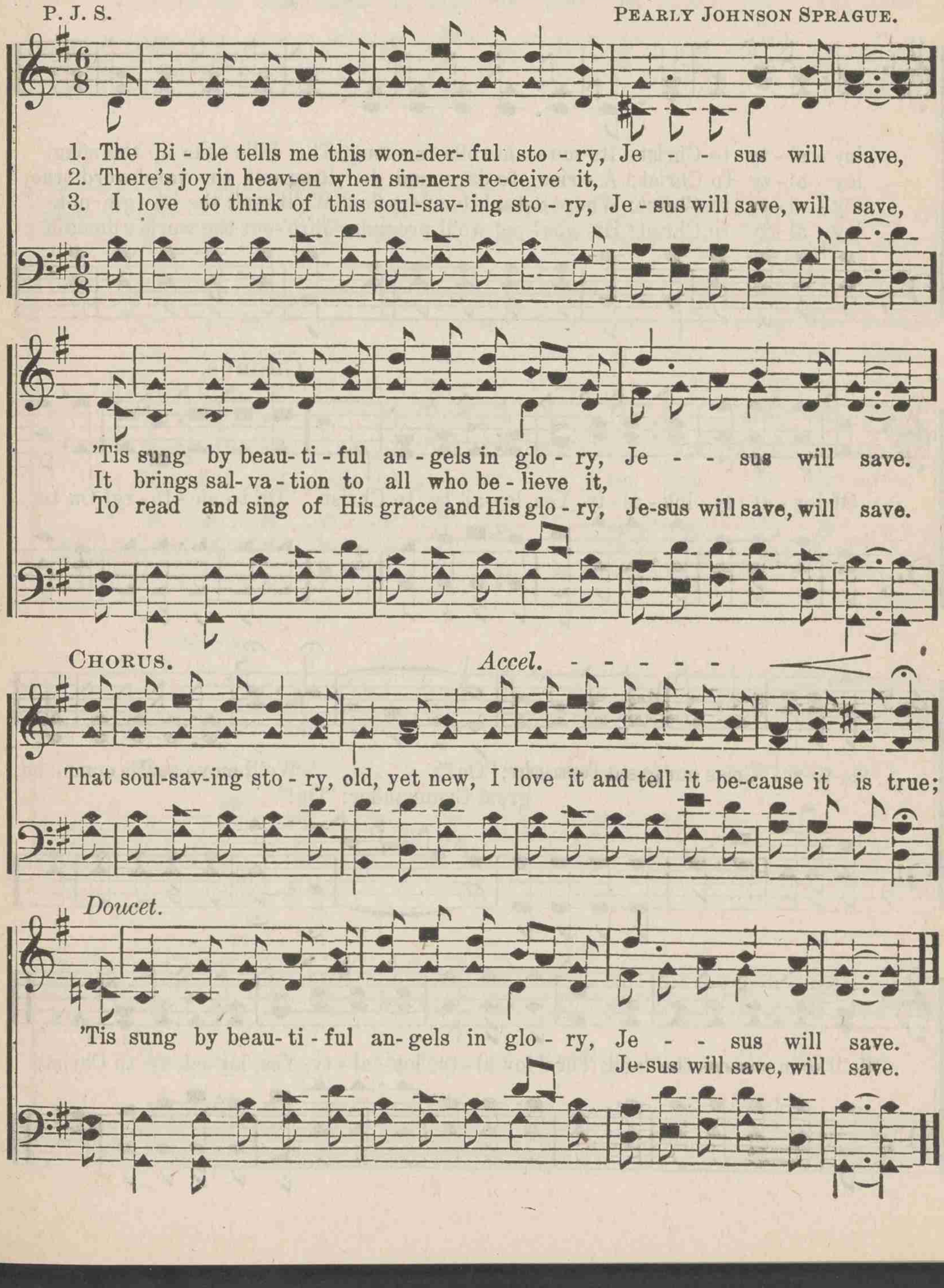


5. The Soul=Saving Story.

"By which ye are saved, if you keep in memory."

Copyright, 1906, by P. J. Sprague. Used by per.

P. J. S. PEARLY JOHNSON SPRAGUE.



6. Loyalty to Christ.

Copyright, 1894, 1896, by E. O. Excell.

DR. E. T. CASSEL. Words and music. FLORA H. CASSEL.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

vic-to-ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" . . . . . We'll move at His command,
great Commander; "On!"

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

7. Footsteps of Jesus.

By per. The Standard Pub. Co,
Owners of copyright.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Sweet- ly, Lord, have we heard Thee call - ing, Come, fol - low me!
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold dark mountains, Seek - ing His sheep;
3. If they lead thro' the tem - ple ho - ly, Preach- ing the word;
4. Tho', dear Lord, in Thy path - way keep - ing, We fol - low Thee;
5. If Thy way and its sor - rows bear - ing, We go a - gain,
6. By and by, thro' the shin - ing por - tals, Turn - ing our feet,
7. Then at last, when on high he sees us, Our jour - ney done,

And we see where Thy foot-prints fall - ing, Lead us to Thee.
Or a - long by Si - lo - am's foun - tains Help - ing the weak.
Or in homes of the poor and low - ly, Serv - ing the Lord.
Thro' the gloom of that place of weep - ing, Geth - sem a - ne!
Up the slope of the hill - side, bear - ing Our cross of pain.
We shall walk with the glad im - mor - tals, Heav'n's gold - en streets.
We will rest where the steps of Je - sus End at His throne.

CHORUS.

Foot - prints of Je - sus, that make the path - way glow;

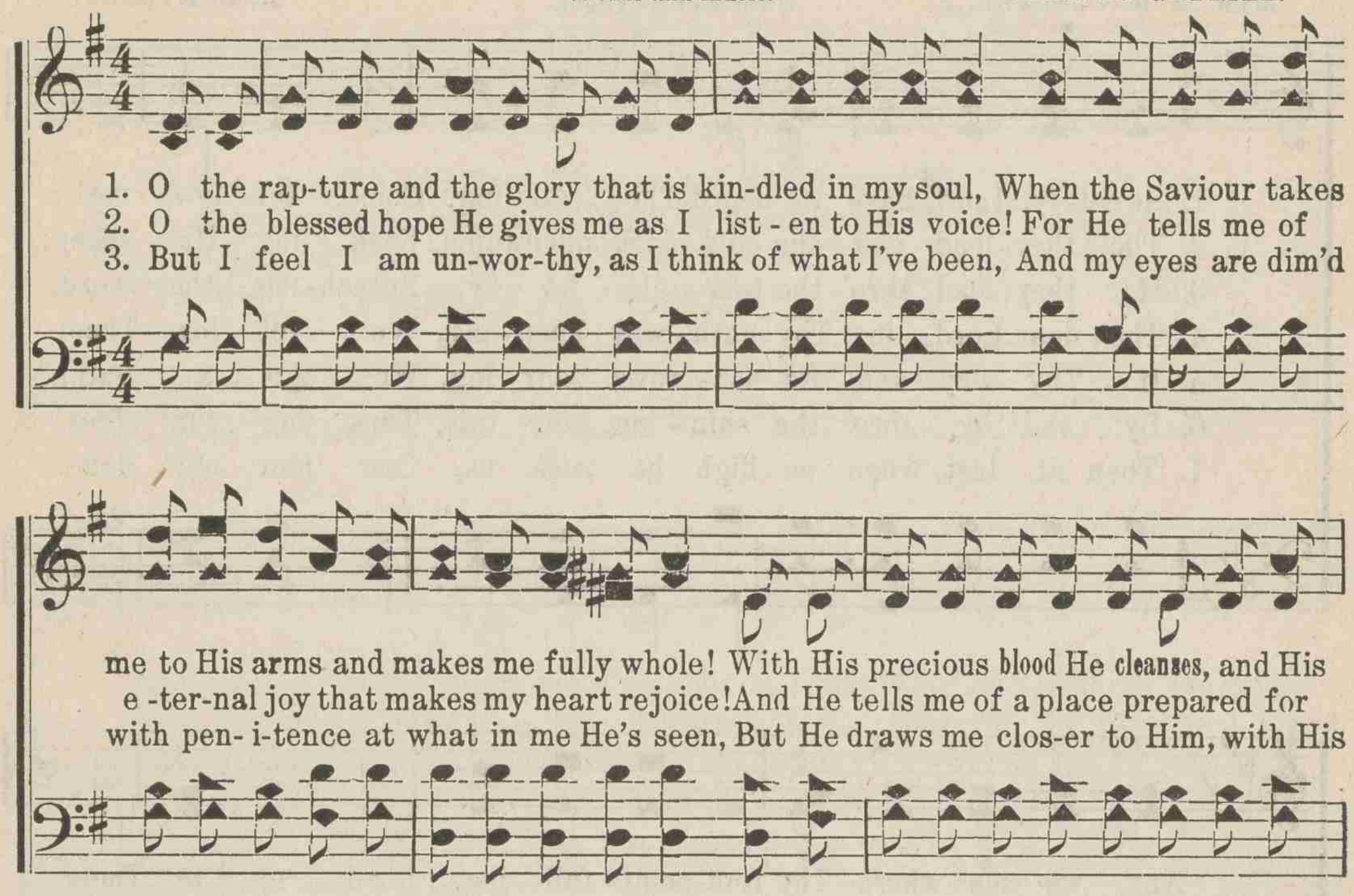
We will fol - low the steps of Je - sus where - e'er they go.

8. The Precious Saviour.
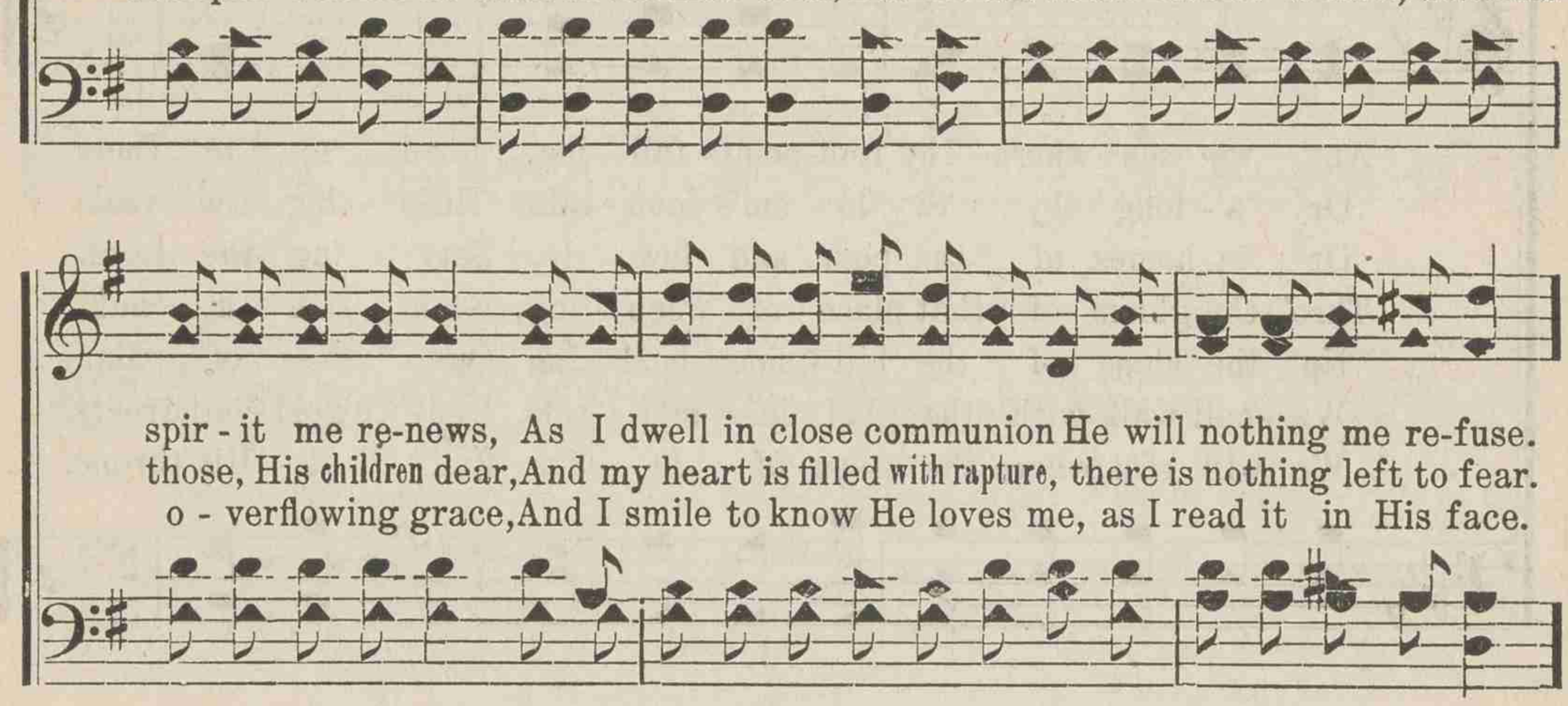
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C. McKIBBIN — Words and music. — CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

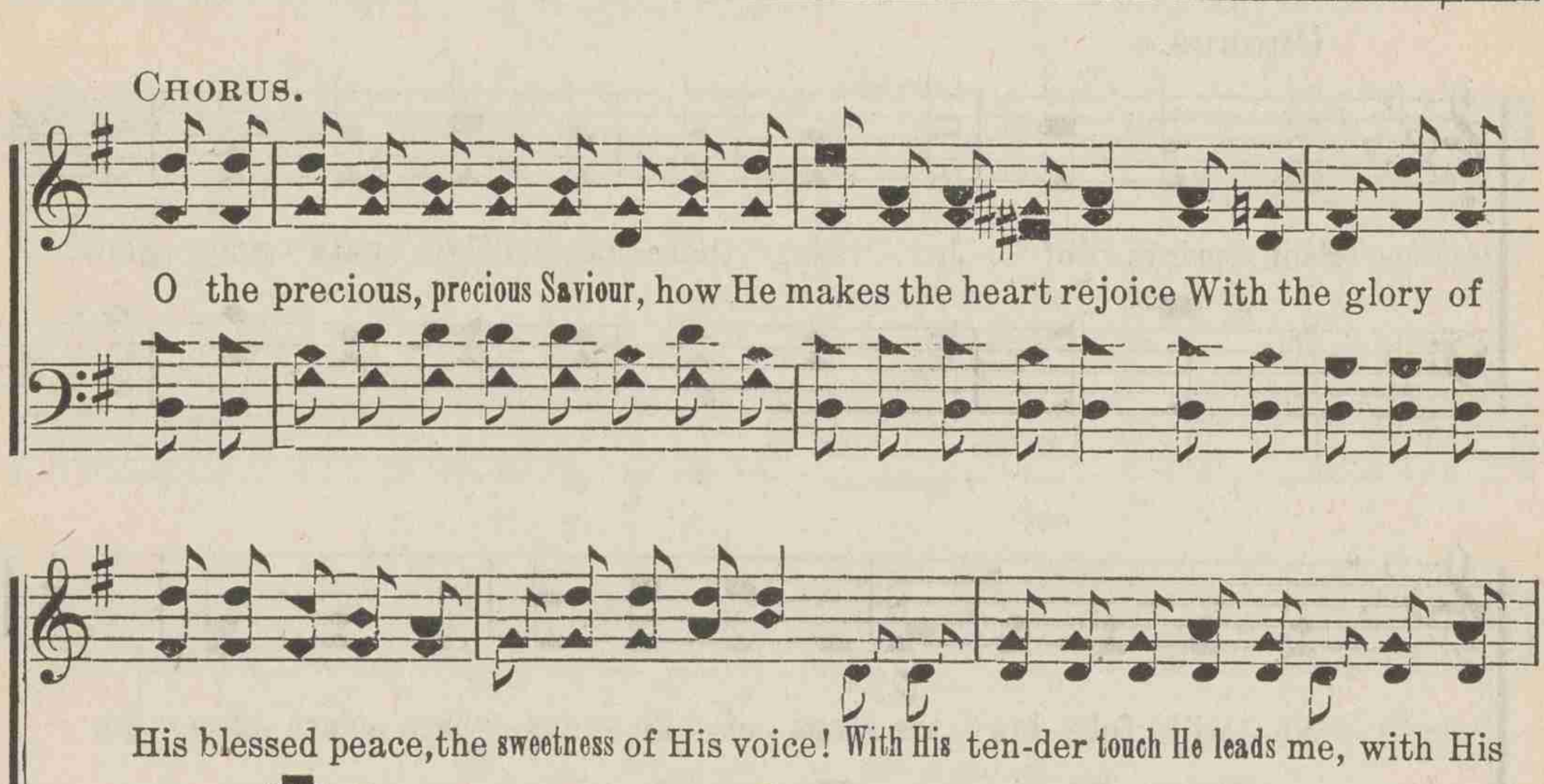
1. O the rap-ture and the glory that is kin-dled in my soul, When the Saviour takes
2. O the blessed hope He gives me as I list - en to His voice! For He tells me of
3. But I feel I am un-wor-thy, as I think of what I've been, And my eyes are dim'd



me to His arms and makes me fully whole! With His precious blood He cleanses, and His
e -ter-nal joy that makes my heart rejoice!And He tells me of a place prepared for
with pen- i-tence at what in me He's seen, But He draws me clos-er to Him, with His
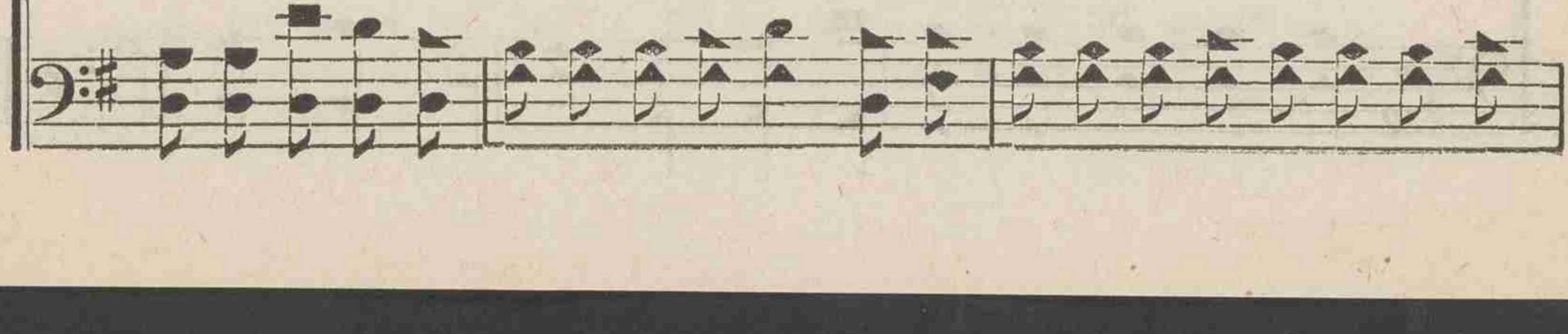


spir - it me re-news, As I dwell in close communion He will nothing me re-fuse.
those, His children dear,And my heart is filled with rapture, there is nothing left to fear.
o - verflowing grace,And I smile to know He loves me, as I read it in His face.
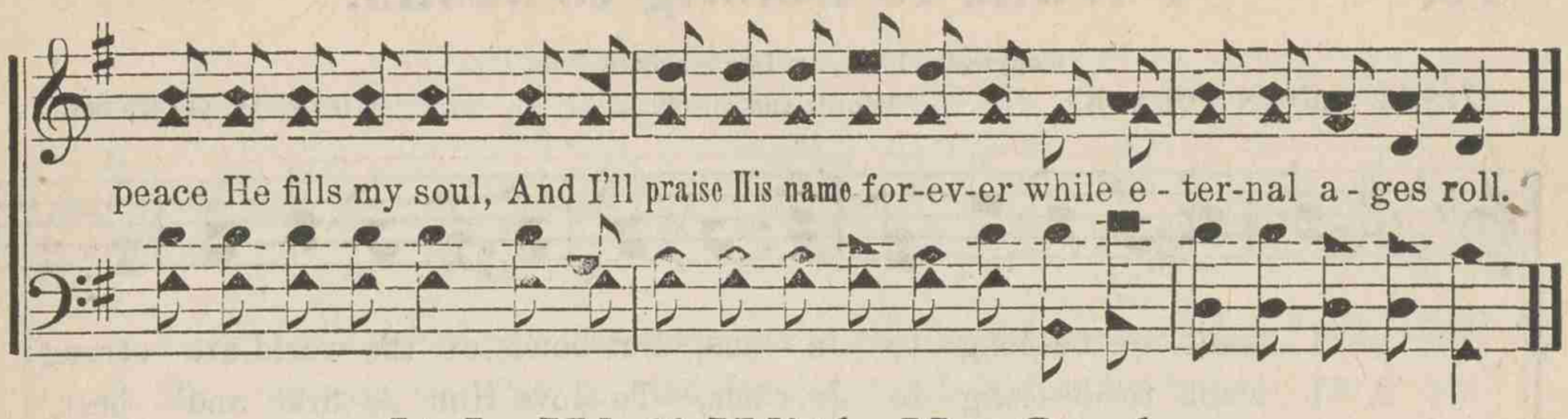


CHORUS.

O the precious, precious Saviour, how He makes the heart rejoice With the glory of



His blessed peace,the sweetness of His voice! With His ten-der touch He leads me, with His

The Precious Saviour.
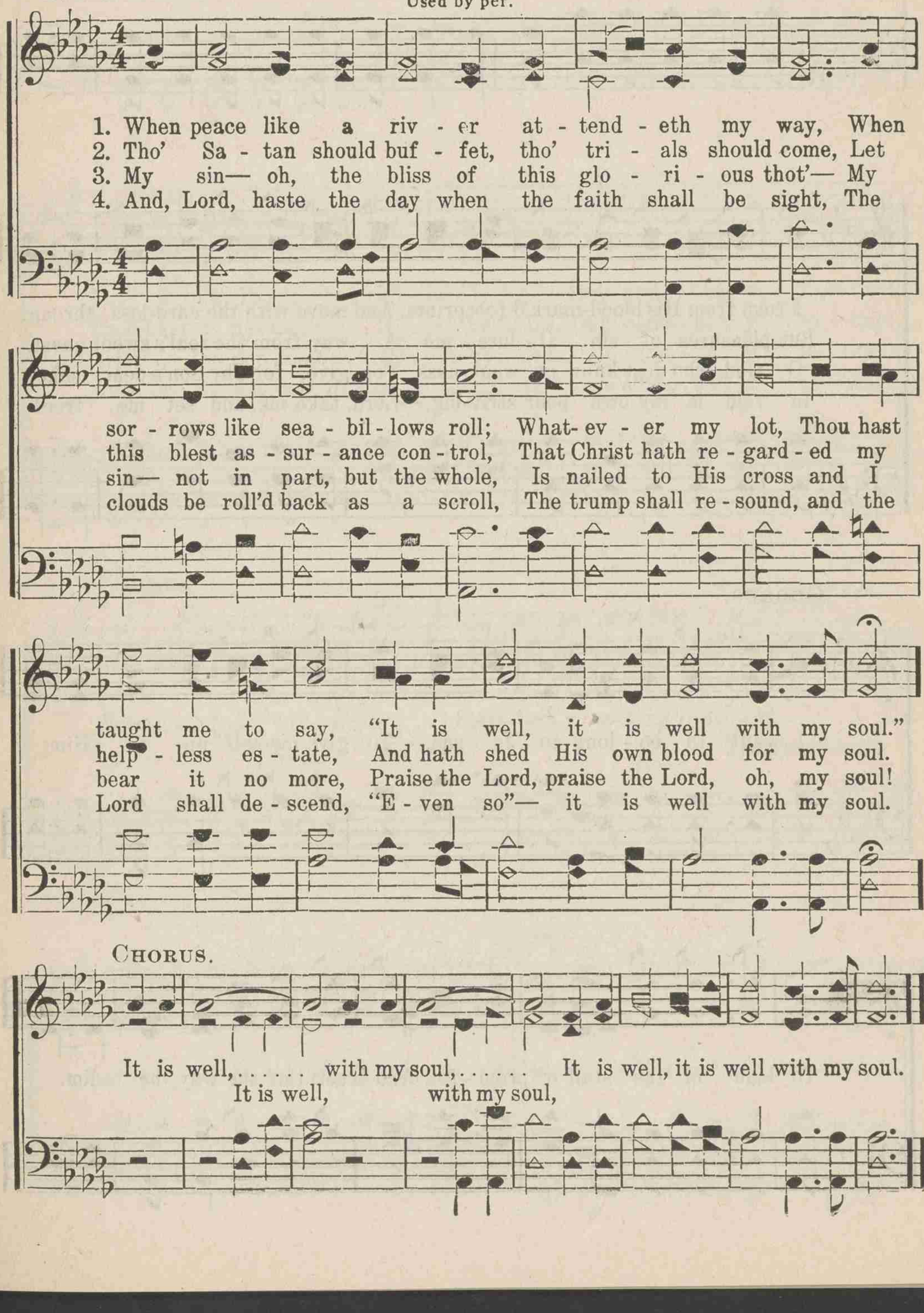


9. It Is Well With My Soul.

Copyright, 1902, by The John Church Co.

H. G. SPAFFORD. P. P. BLISS.

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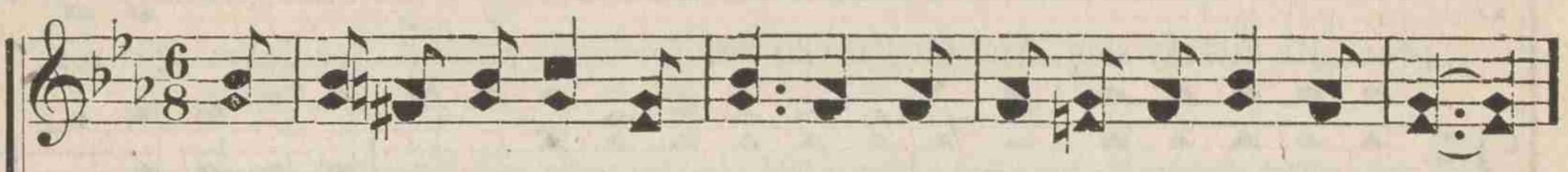


CHORUS.

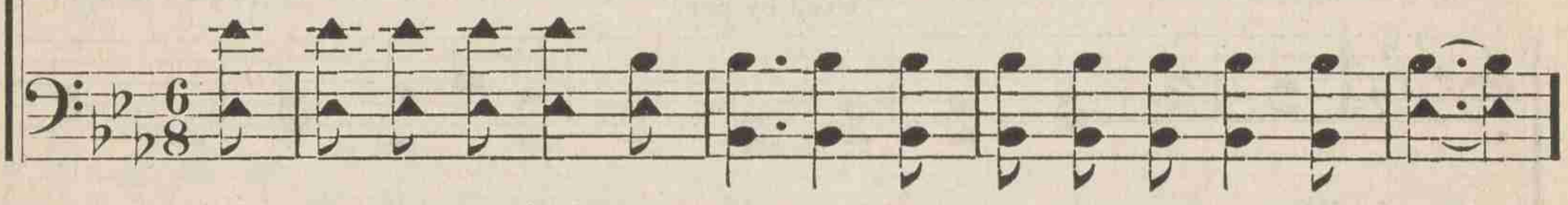
10. I Want to Belong to Jesus.
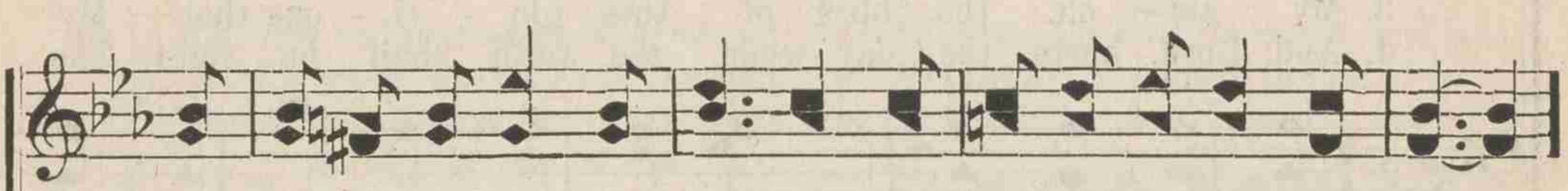
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JESSIE BROWN-POUNDS. Words and music. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
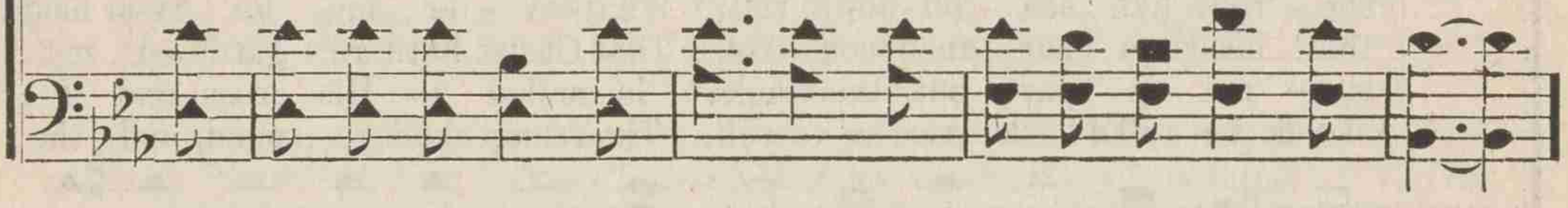


1. I want to be-long to Je - sus, But bonds of the world are strong;
2. I want to be-long to Je - sus,—To love Him as first and best,
3. I want to be-long to Je - sus,—He on - ly my bonds can break;
4. I give my-self up to Je - sus, To be what He bids me be;
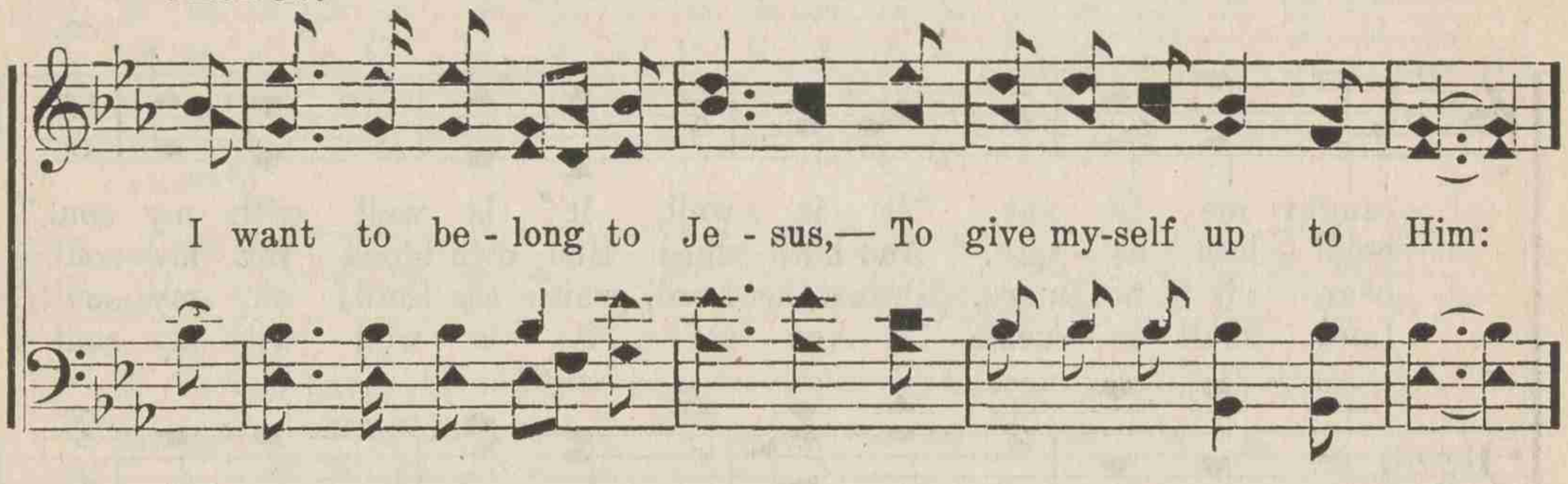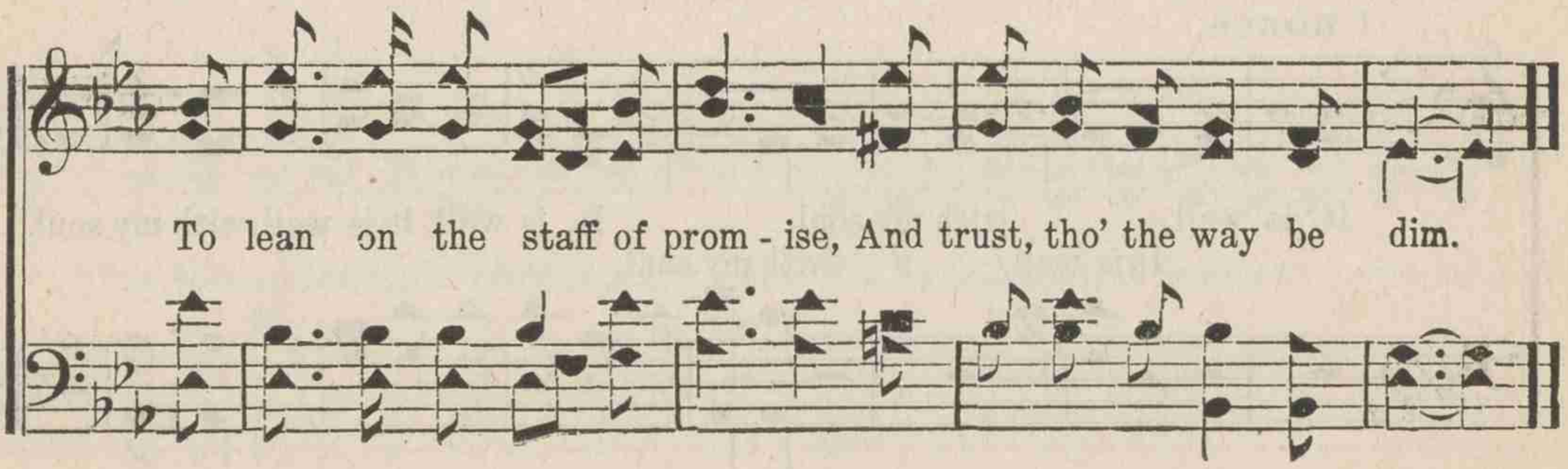




I turn from His blood-mark'd footprints, And move with the care-less throng.
But pleasures of sin al - lure me. A - way from the soul's sweet quest.
O God, who dost know my weak-ness, For- give, for Thy Son's dear sake!
In vain is my own poor striv-ing,—Lord, take me, and set me free!



CHORUS.



I want to be - long to Je - sus,— To give my-self up to Him:



To lean on the staff of prom - ise, And trust, tho' the way be dim.

11. Help Somebody To=day.

Copyright, 1904, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. Copyright, 1909, by E. O. Excell. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

sor-row be end-ed, The friend-less befriended, Oh, help somebod-y to - day!

12. Wonderful Love.

Copyright, 1910, by Chas. H. Gabriel. Used by per.

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

1. With Cal - va - ry stand-ing be - fore me, I look, And One there- on hang - ing I see; Who speaks, and His words are as fire to my soul—"Be-
2. The hal - low di - vine o - verhang-ing His brow, Speaks love which the world nev- er knew, For, hark! He is pray-ing the Fa- ther a - bove—"For-
3. A - gain, as I look, lo! a dark-ness descends, His face from my vis - ion to hide; And there in that hour with my mouth I confessed—"It
4. In an - guish I cried from the depths of my soul: "Lord Je - sus have mer - cy on me! I come, leav - ing all at the foot of Thy cross, Thine

CHORUS.

lov - ed, I suf-fer for Thee!" Won - - derful love of the Cru-ci-fied!
give, they know not what they do!"
was for my sin that He died!"
Lord, Thine for-ev - er to be!" Won-der-ful love of the Cru-ci-fied!
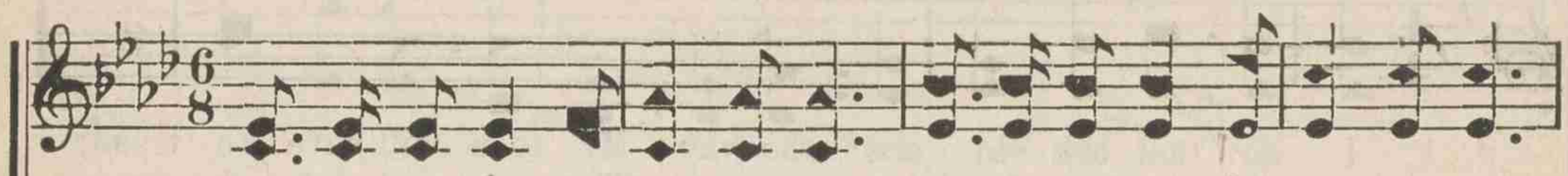
Won - - der- ful love of the one de-nied! Oh, won - - - der - ful
Won-der-ful love of the One de - nied! Oh, won- der - ful, won-der-ful

love, that for me He died, Won - - - der - ful, won- der - ful love.
love that for me He died, Won-der- ful love, won - der - ful love.
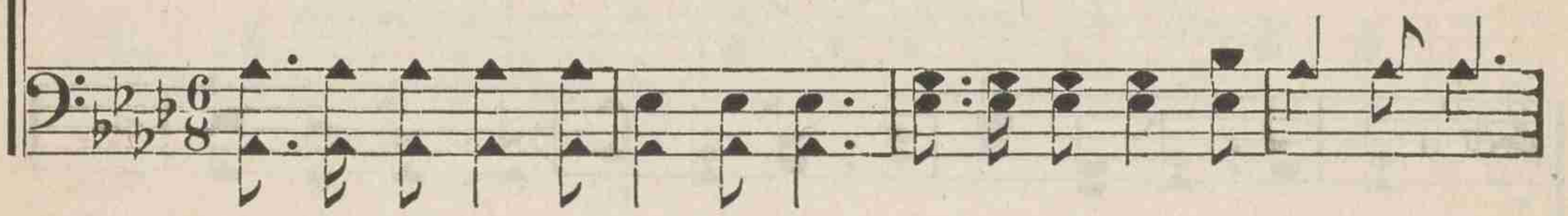
13. More About Jesus.
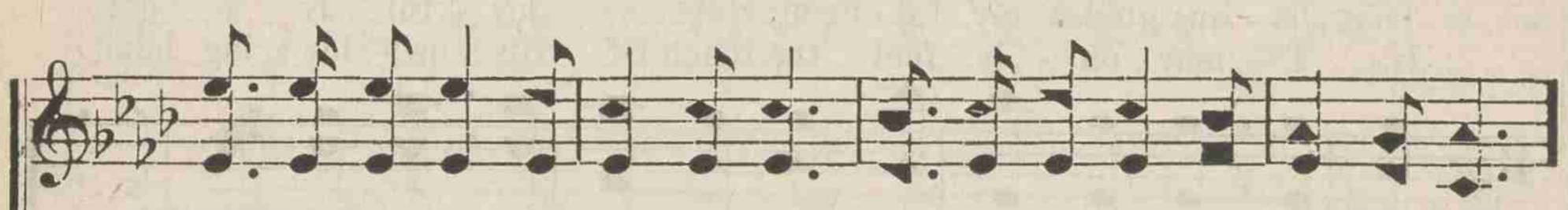
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E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

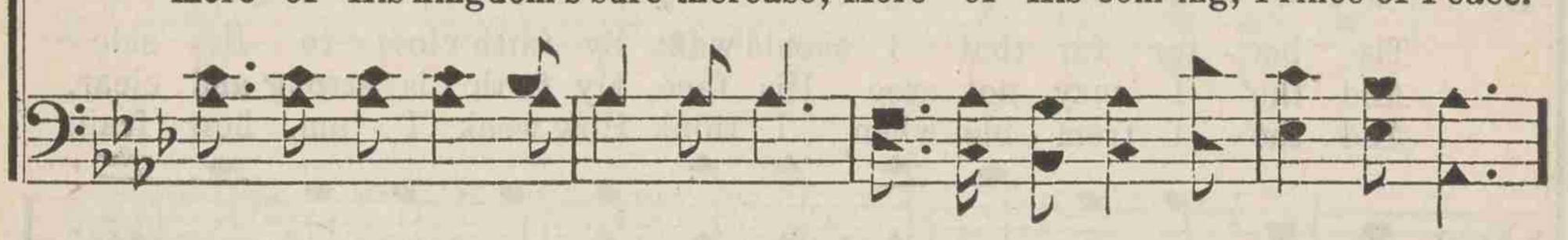


1. More a - bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;
2. More a - bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis - cern,
3. More a - bout Je - sus; in His word, Holding com-mun-ion with my Lord;
4. More a - bout Je - sus; on His throne, Rich - es in glo - ry all His own;
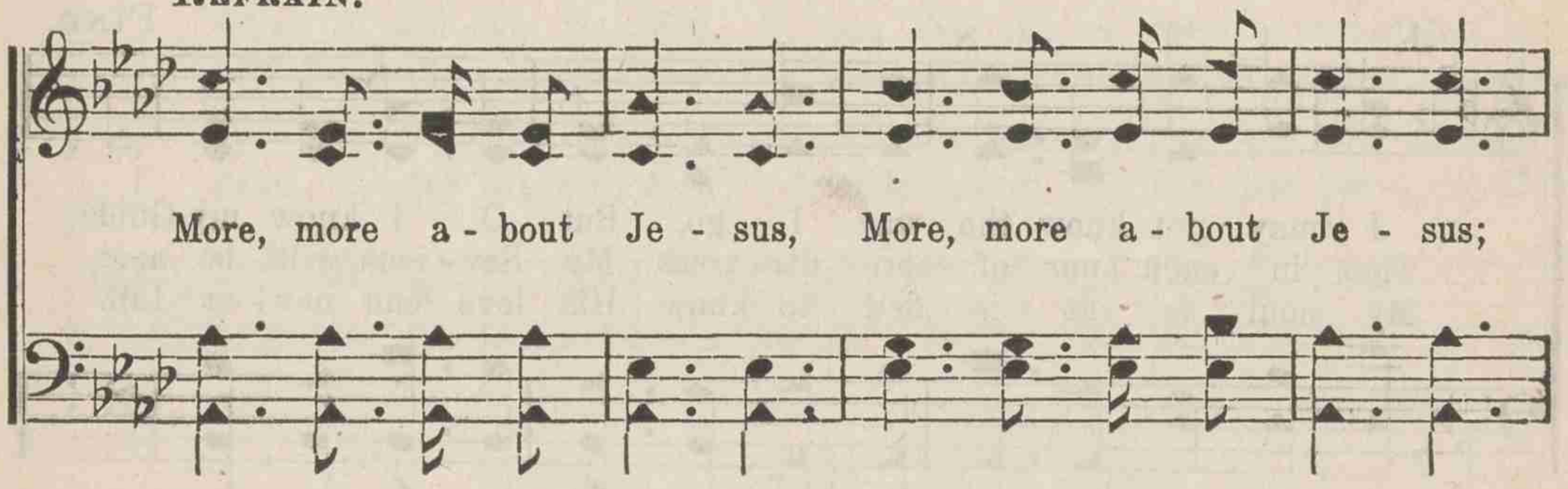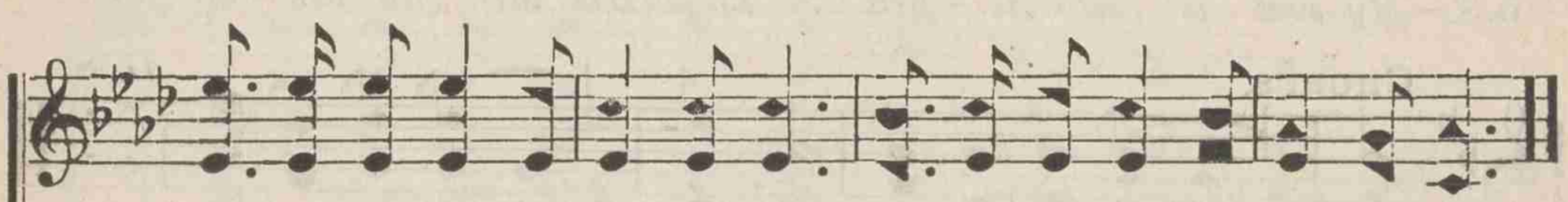




More of His sav - ing full- ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear- ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak - ing each faith-ful say- ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure increase; More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.
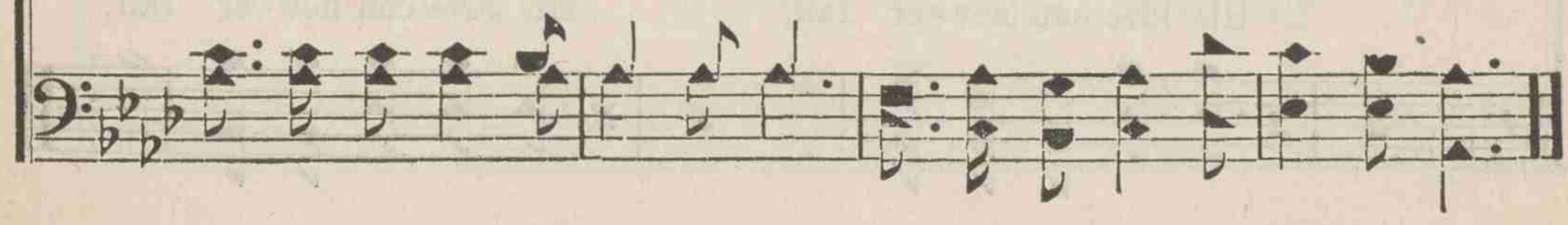


REFRAIN.



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



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



14. His Love Can Never Fail.

Copyright, 1897, by E. O. Excell.
Words and music.

E. S. HALL. E. O. EXCELL.

1. I do not ask to see the way My feet will have to tread;
2. And if my feet would go a-stray, They can not, for I know
3. I will not fear, tho' dark-ness come A-broad o'er all the land,

But on-ly that my soul may feed Up-on the liv-ing bread.
That Je-sus guides my fal-t'ring steps, As joy-ful-ly I go.
If I may on-ly feel the touch Of His own lov-ing hand.

'Tis bet-ter far that I should walk By faith close to His side,—
And tho' I may not see His face, My faith is strong and clear,
And tho' I trem-ble when I think How weak I am, how frail,

FINE.

I may not know the way I go, But O I know my Guide.
That in each hour of sore dis-tress My Sav-iour will be near.
My soul is sat-is-fied to know His love can nev-er fail.

D.S.—*My soul is sat-is-fied to know His love can nev-er fail.*

CHORUS. D. S.

His love..... can nev-er fail, His love..... can nev-er fail;
His love can nev-er fail, His love can nev-er fail;

15. Jesus is All the World to Me.

Copyright, 1904, by Will L. Thompson, East Liverpool, O.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

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

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

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

f *pp*

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

16. Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Used by permission.

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

1. What a fel - low-ship, what a joy di- vine, Lean - ing on the ev - er-
2. O how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean - ing on the ev - er-
3. What have I to dread, 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; O how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing arms; I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

REFRAIN.

Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - - - ing,
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,

17. Blessed Assurance.

Copyright, 1873, by Jos. F. Knapp.

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

1. Bless - ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O what a fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of His
2. Per - fect sub- mis - sion, per - fect de - light, 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 - iour am hap - py and blest, Watching and wait-ing, look- ing a - bove, Filled with His

CHORUS.

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

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

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

18. The King's Business.

Copyright, 1902, by E. O. Excell.
Words and music.

E. T. CASSEL. FLORA H. CASSEL.

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

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

CHORUS.

realms be-yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the
mor - tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.
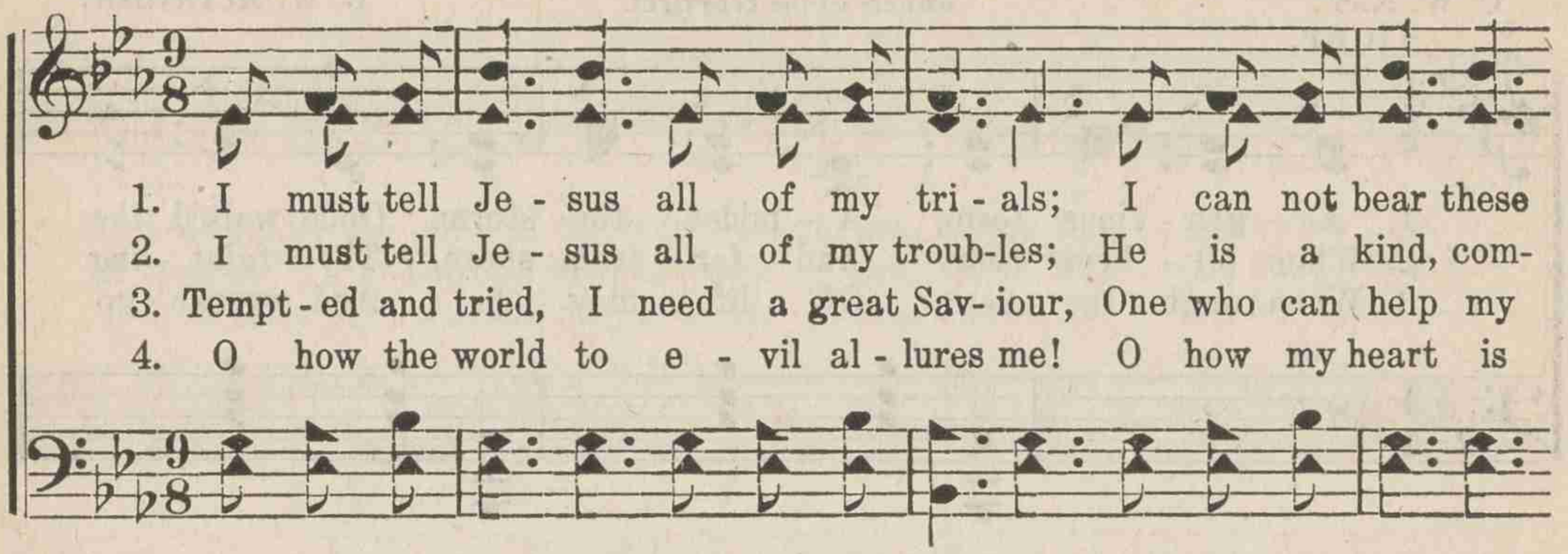
mes - sage that I bring, A mes-sage angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye
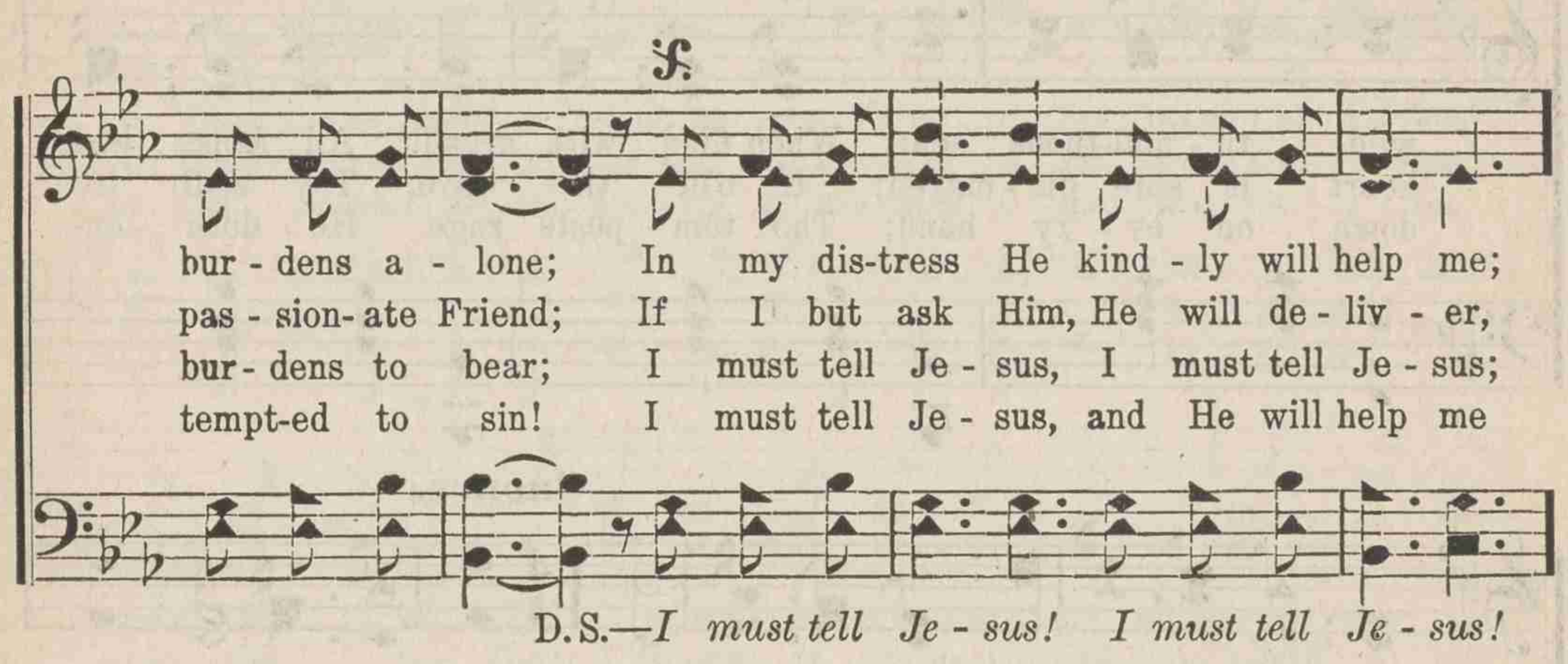
reconciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God."
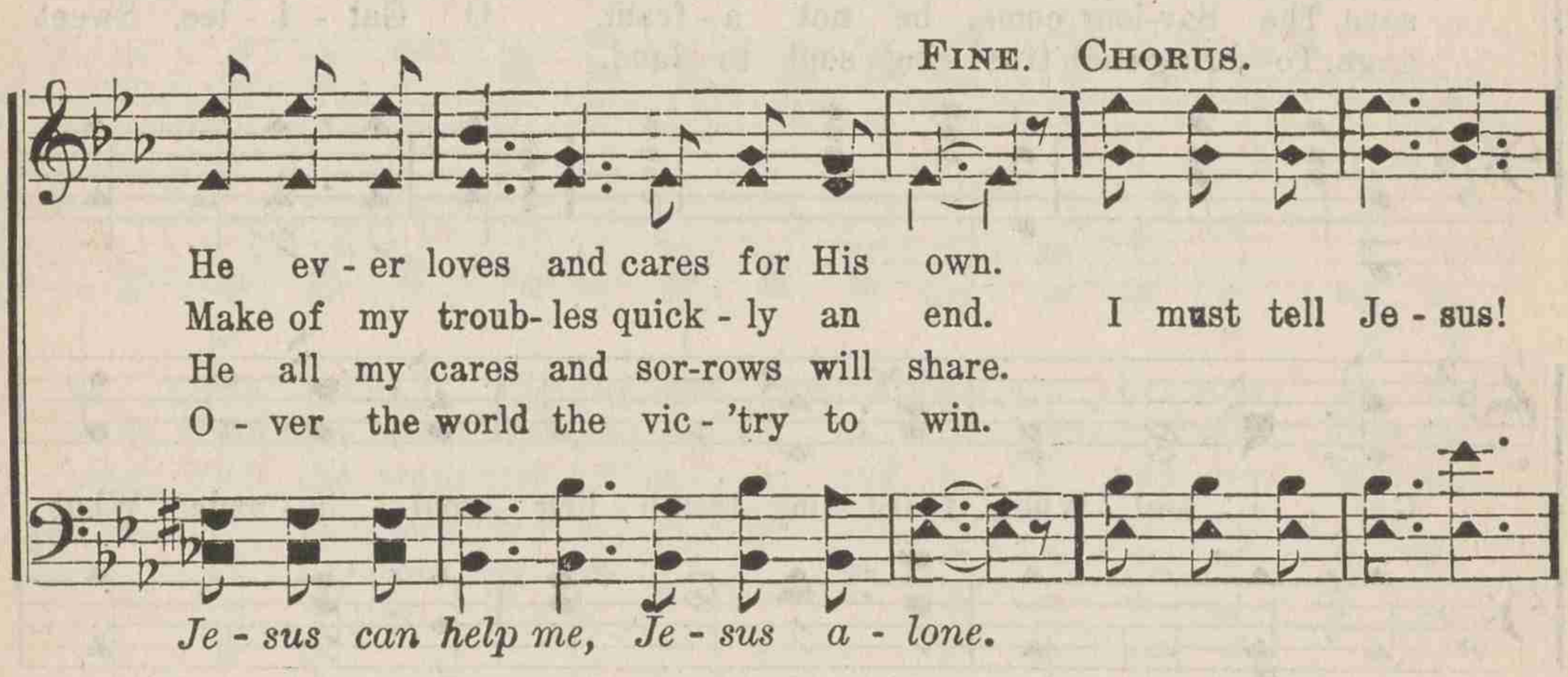
19. I Must Tell Jesus.
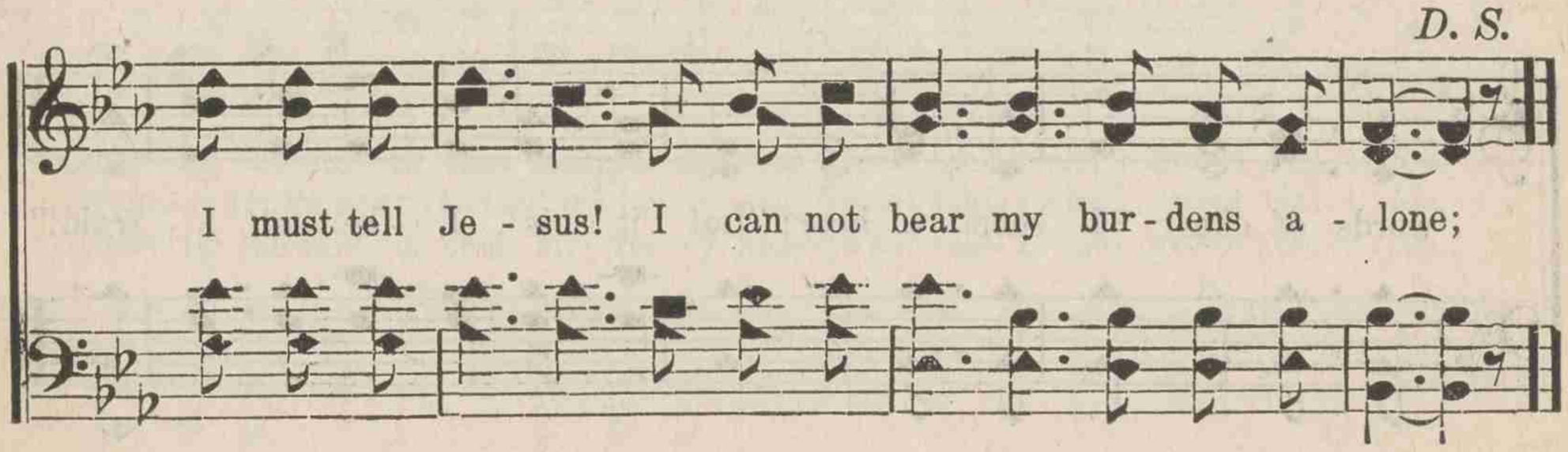
Copyright, 1893, by The Hoffman Music Co.

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









20. Galilee.

By per. The Standard Pub. Co.,
owners of the copyright.

C. W. RAY. R. M. MCINTOSH.

DUET.

1. A gra - cious form, A - midst the storm, Once walk'd the
2. When bil - lows roar, And far from shore, Thy faint - ing
3. When rough the sea Of life may be, And wrecks go

wild tu - mul-tuous sea; When fill'd with dread, All hope had
heart is sore dis - mayed; If o'er the wave, Thy soul to
down on ev - 'ry hand; Tho' tem - pests rage He doth en-

CHORUS.

fied, From ev - 'ry heart on Gal - i - lee.
save The Sav-iour come, be not a - fraid. O Gal - i - lee, Sweet
gage, To bring each trust - ing soul to land.

Gal - i - lee! When fears my tremb - ling soul in - vade, What

words of cheer I seem to hear: "Lo! it is I, be not a - fraid!"

21. Sweet Galilee.

Words and music copyright, 1903, by E. O. Excell.
International copyright secured.

NEAL A. MCAULEY. E. O. EXCELL.

1. I stood by the side of the mur-mur-ing sea, Sweet Gal- i - lee, sweet Gal - i-
2. I sailed in a ship on that bil - low - y sea, Sweet Gal- i - lee, sweet Gal - i-
3. I love to re - call the bright sil-ver - y sea, Sweet Gal- i - lee, sweet Gal - i-

lee; When the sunshine in beau - ty revealed un - to me, Sweet Gal - i - lee,
lee; While the voice of the tem-pest was say - ing to me, Sweet Gal - i - lee,
lee; For its won - der-ful sto - ry is pre-cious to me, Sweet Gal - i - lee,

sweet Gal - i - lee; Then I thought of my Sav - iour who years long a-
sweet Gal - i - lee; Then I thought of the hearts who once tossed on the
sweet Gal - i - lee; As it tells of my Sav - iour who came from a-

go Came to tell the glad sto - ry, His love to be - stow, As He
wave, When they cried in their per - il to Him who could save; How the
bove, With the treas-ures of mer - cy and in - fi - nite love, Standing

stood by the side of that murmuring sea, Sweet Gal- i - lee, sweet Gal- i - lee.
Mast -er spoke peace to that bil-low -y sea, Sweet Gal- i - lee, sweet Gal- i - lee.
there by the side of that sil - ver - y sea, Sweet Gal- i - lee, sweet Gal- i - lee.

22. Onward Into Galilee.

Copyright, 1911, by The Standard Pub. Co.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. Words and music. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Would you hear the Mas - ter speak - ing? Do you long His face to see?
2. Fur - ther on your Lord will meet you, On - ward, then, His call o - bey!
3. Yon - der lies the Mount of Vis - ion, There His glo - ry you shall see,

Broth - er, Je - sus goes be - fore you,—
Dare not seek to - mor - row's bless - ing,
Leave the past and front the fu - ture,—

CHORUS.

On - ward press to Gal - i - lee.
Where you heard His voice to - day.
On - ward press to Gal - i - lee.

On - ward, on - ward in - to Gal - i - lee! On - ward, on - ward in - to Gal - i - lee! Christ the Mas - ter goes be - fore you, On - ward in - to Gal - i - lee.

23. He Leadeth Me.

By per. The Standard Pub. Co.,
owners of the copyright.

JOSEPH H. GILMORE. MRS. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. He lead - eth me! O blessed thought! O words with heav'nly comfort
2. Sometimes, 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes, where Eden's bowers
3. Lord, I would place my hand in Thine, Nor ev - er murmur nor re-
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's

fraught! What-e'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!
bloom, By wa-ters still o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me!
pine; Con - tent whatever lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!
won, E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me!
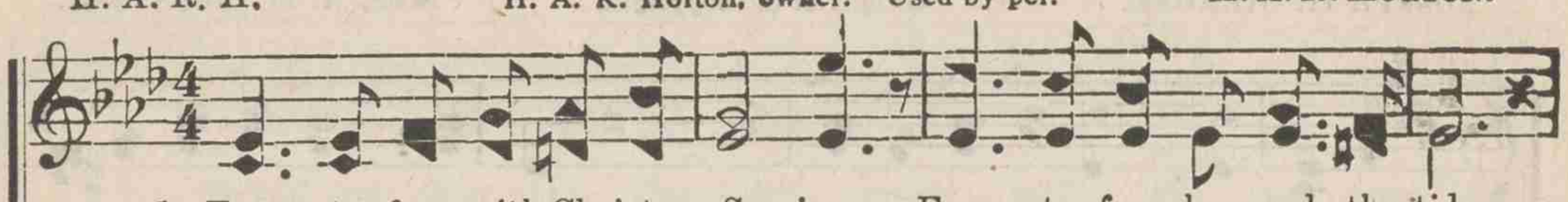
CHORUS. *Repeat chorus pp.*

He leadeth me, leadeth me, He leadeth me, By His own hand He leadeth me.
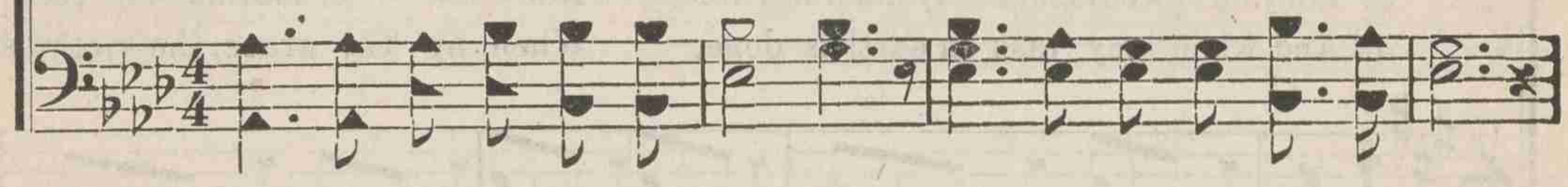
24. I Shall See Him Face to Face.
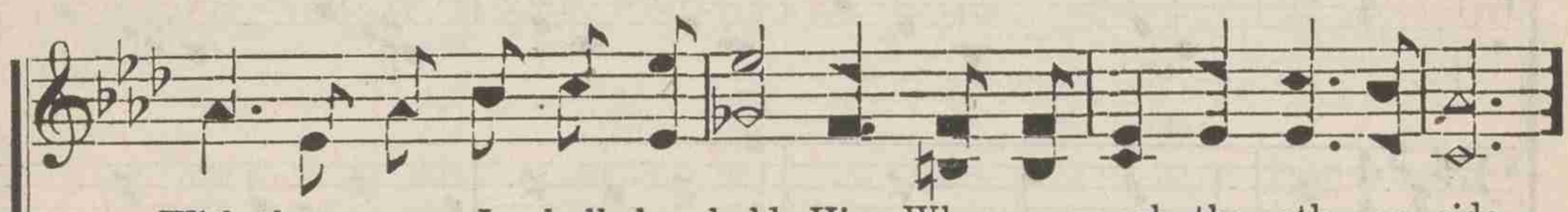
"For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face."—1 COR. 13: 12.

H. A. R. H. H. A. R. Horton, owner. Used by per. H. A. R. HORTON.
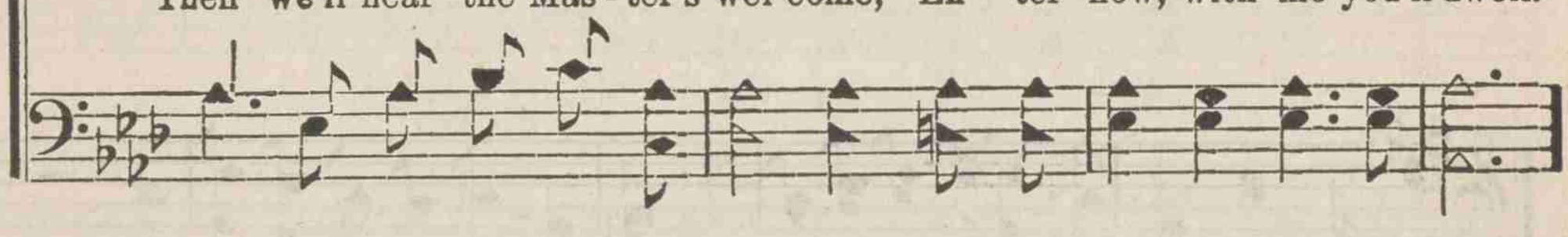


1. Face to face with Christ my Sav-iour, Face to face be-yond the tide,
2. Dim - ly now by faith I see Him Thro' life's shadows here be- low;
3. Face to face with my Re-deem - er When we reach that home on high;
4. When we stand at heaven's por - tals, Saved from sin and death and hell;
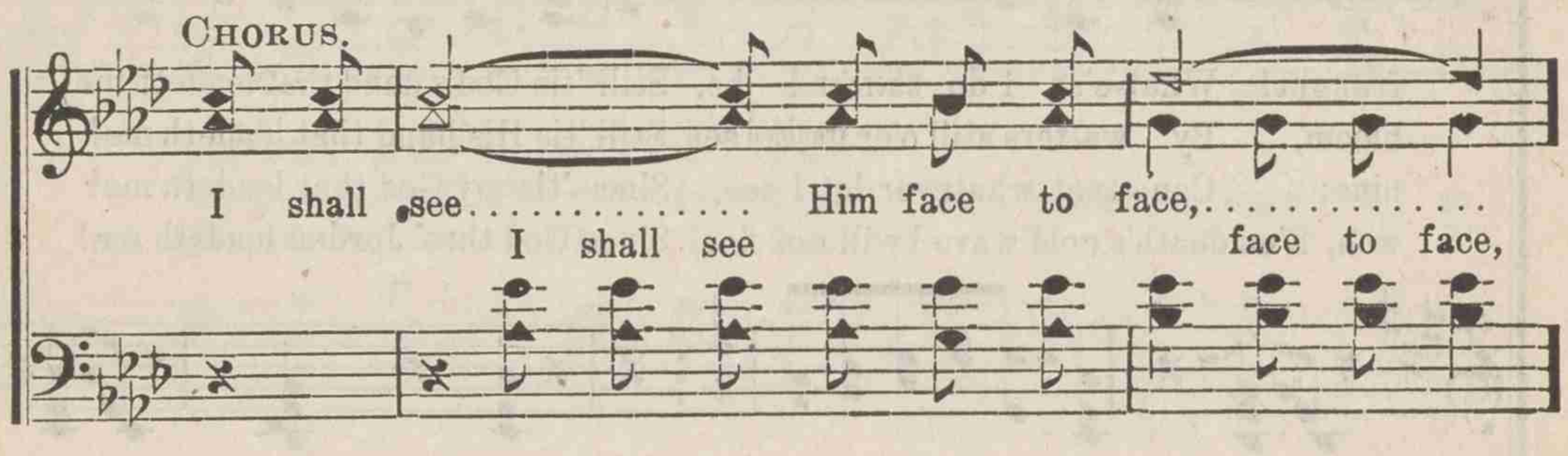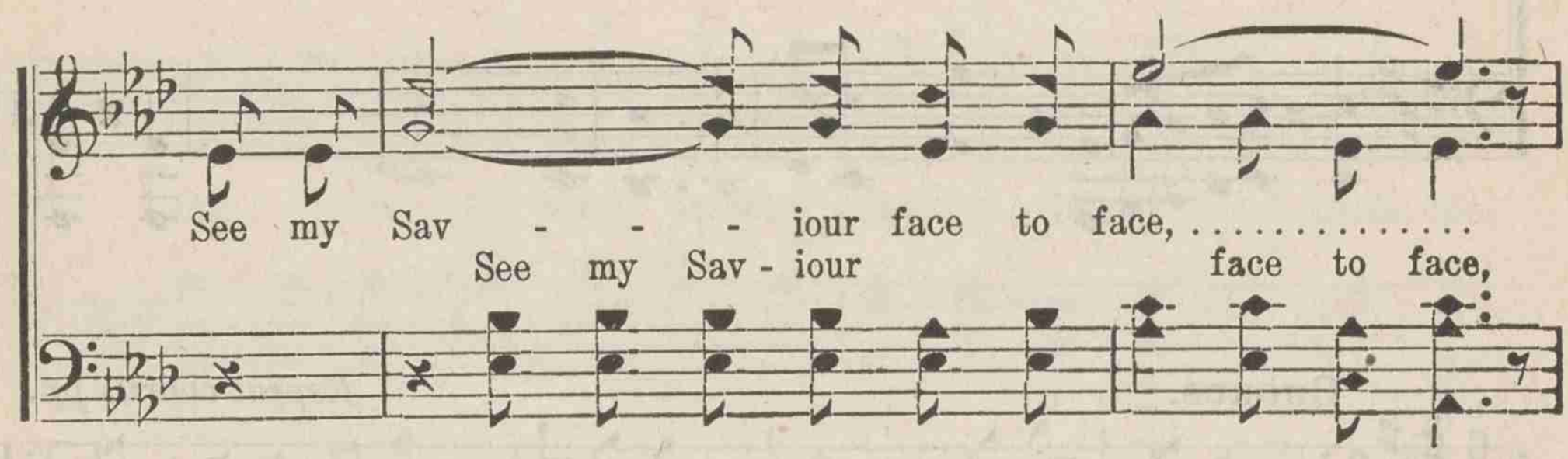




With these eyes I shall be - hold Him, When we reach the oth - er side.
When these blind-ed eyes shall o - pen, Face to face I'll see and know.
Face to face with Christ in glo - ry; I shall see Him by and by.
Then we'll hear the Mas - ter's wel-come, "En - ter now, with me you'll dwell."
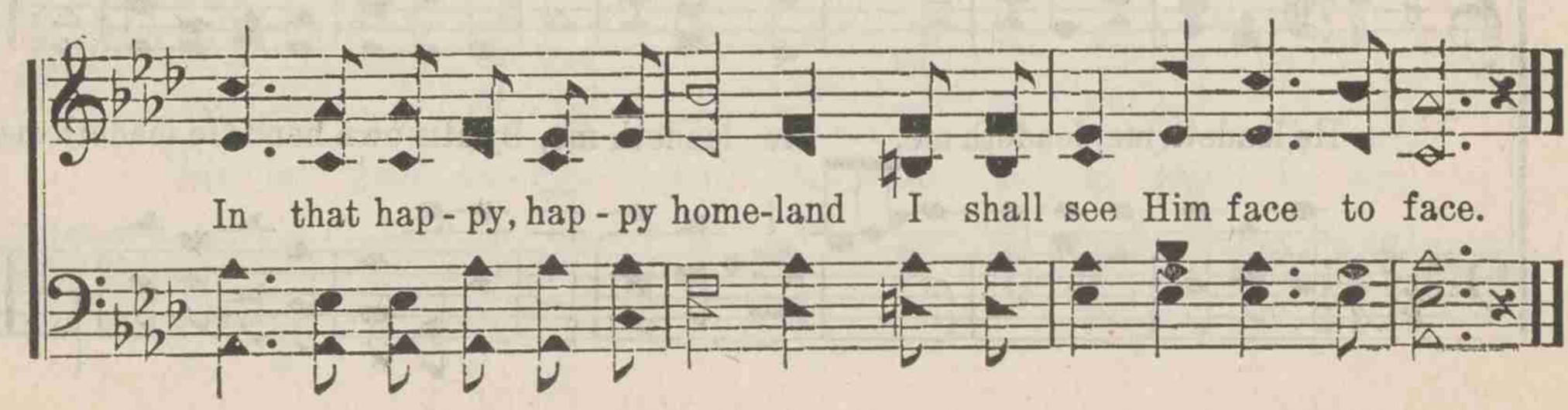


CHORUS.



I shall see..... Him face to face,.....
I shall see face to face,



See my Sav - - - iour face to face,.....
See my Sav - iour face to face,



In that hap - py, hap - py home-land I shall see Him face to face.

25. My Father Knows.

Copyright, 1897, by E. O. Excell, words and music. Used by per.

S. M. I. HENRY. E. O. EXCELL.

1. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The storms that would my way op-pose;
2. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes,
3. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes,
4. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The hour my jour-ney here will close,

But He can drive the clouds a-way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day,
And with His touch of love di- vine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine,
But He my cause will e'er de-fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end,
And may that hour, O faithful Guide, Find me safe sheltered by Thy side,

CHORUS.

And turn my dark-ness in - to day. He knows, He
He heals this wounded soul of mine.
Up - hold and keep me to the end.
Find me safe sheltered by Thy side. My Fa-ther knows,

knows The storms that would my way op - pose; He
I'm sure He knows that would my way op-pose;

knows, He knows, And tempers ev-'ry wind that blows.
My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows, the wind that blows.

26. O That Will Be Glory.

Copyright, 1900, by E. O. Excell.
Words and music.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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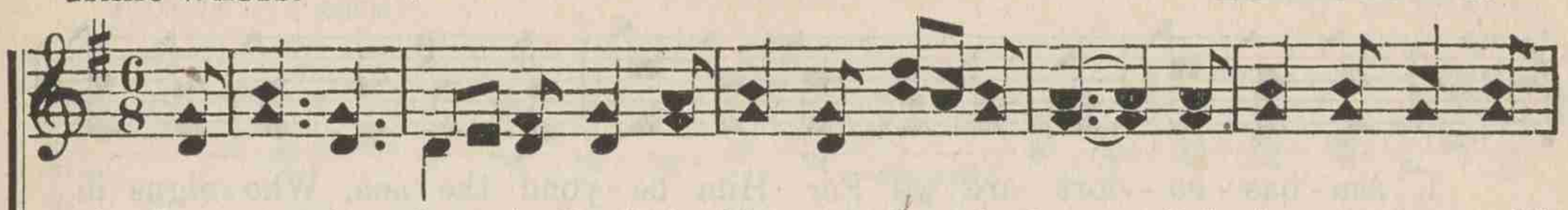
glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me; When by His grace
be glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me;.....

I shall look on His face, That will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for me.
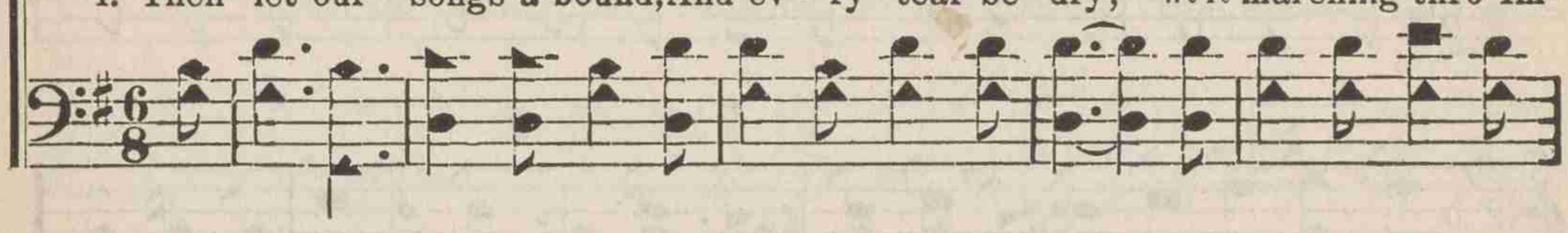
27. We're Marching to Zion.

Copyright property of Mary Runyan Lowry. Used by per.
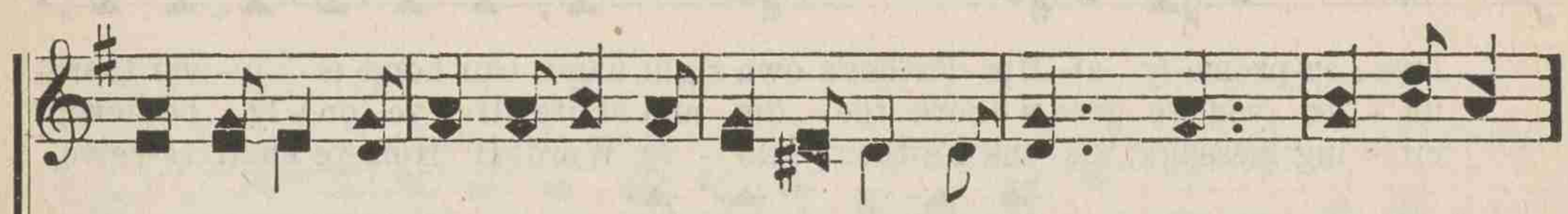
ISAAC WATTS. ROBERT LOWRY.

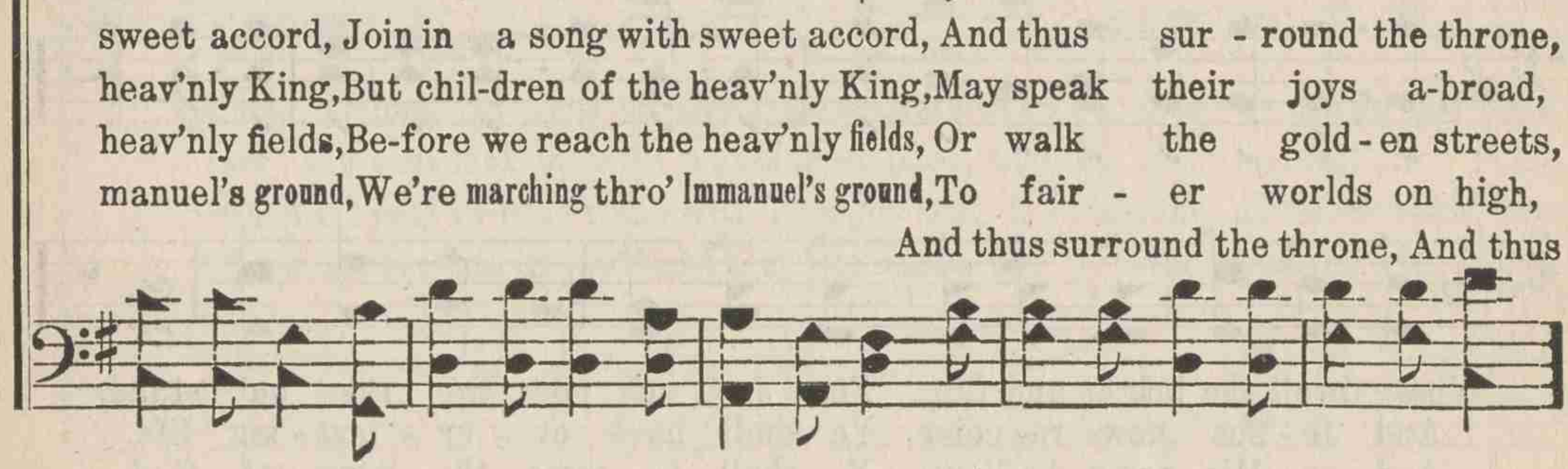


1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God; But children of the
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets,Be-fore we reach the
4. Then let our songs a-bound,And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Im-
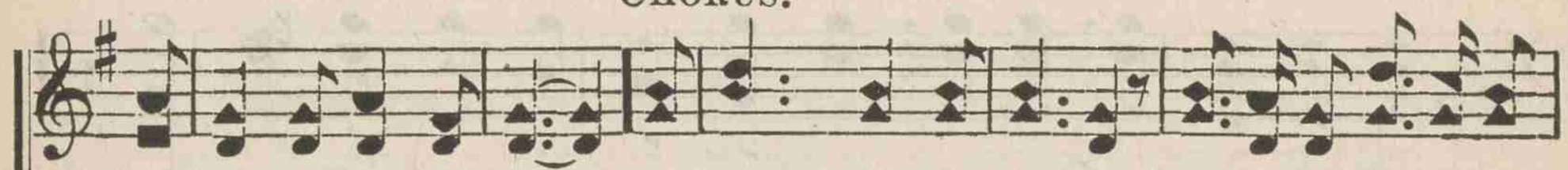


sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus sur - round the throne,
heav'nly King,But chil-dren of the heav'nly King,May speak their joys a-broad,
heav'nly fields,Be-fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets,
manuel's ground,We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,To fair - er worlds on high,
And thus surround the throne, And thus
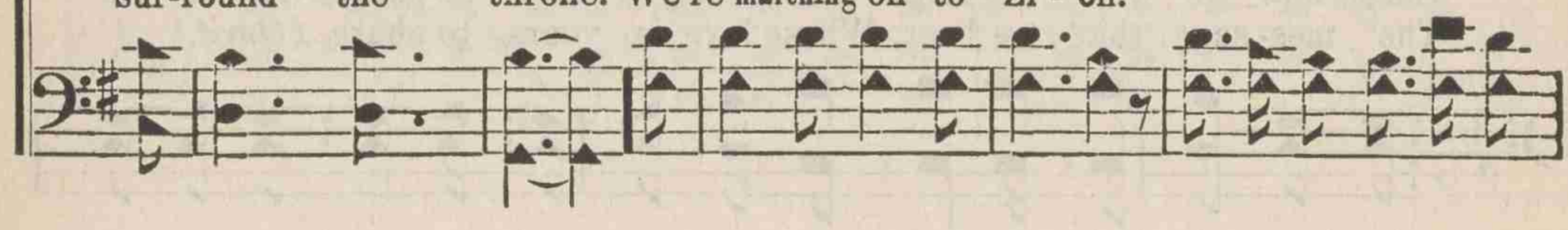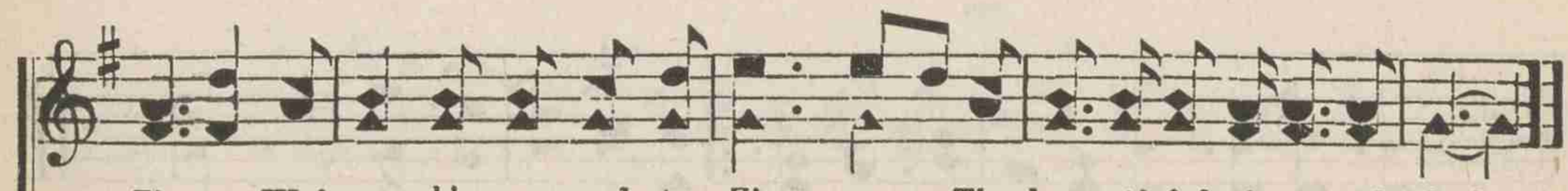




CHORUS.
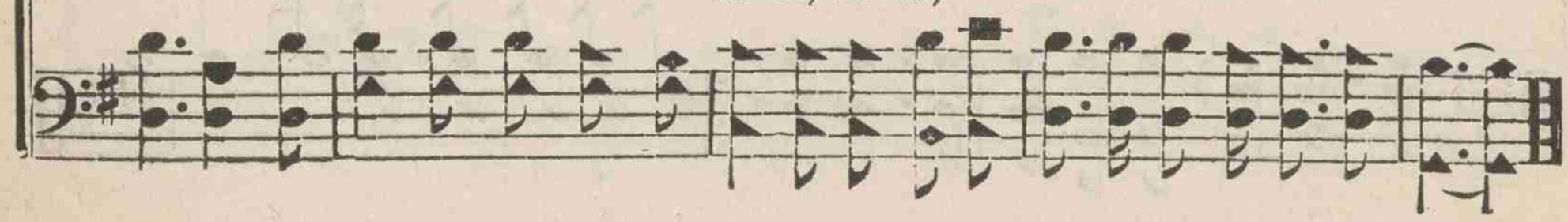


And thus surround the throne.
May speak their joys abroad. We're march- ing to Zi - on, Beau-ti-ful, beautiful
Or walk the gold-en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high.
sur-round the throne. We're marching on to Zi - on.





Zi - on; We're marching upward to Zi - on, The beau-ti-ful cit - y of God.
Zi- on, Zi- on,



28. Ambassadors for Christ.

Copyright, 1911, by H. R. Christie.

GLADYS CLARK. Words and music. H. R. CHRISTIE.

1. Am - bas - sa - dors are we For Him be - yond the sea, Who reigns in
2. This mes-sage now we bear From Him whose love we share, This mes- sage
3. Thus Christ our heav'n-ly King Now bids us to you bring This rec - on-

love su-preme-ly at His Father's own right hand; Our home is o - ver there,
un - to you we give a - bove the din and strife; If ye on - ly be-lieve,
cil - ing message, 'tis the Fa-ther's Ho - ly Word; If Him ye shall re-ceive,

Where dwell the bright and fair, For Je - sus now we take our stand.
And Je - sus now re- ceive, Ye shall have ev - er - last - ing life.
And on His name be-lieve, Ye shall be - come the sons of God.

CHORUS.
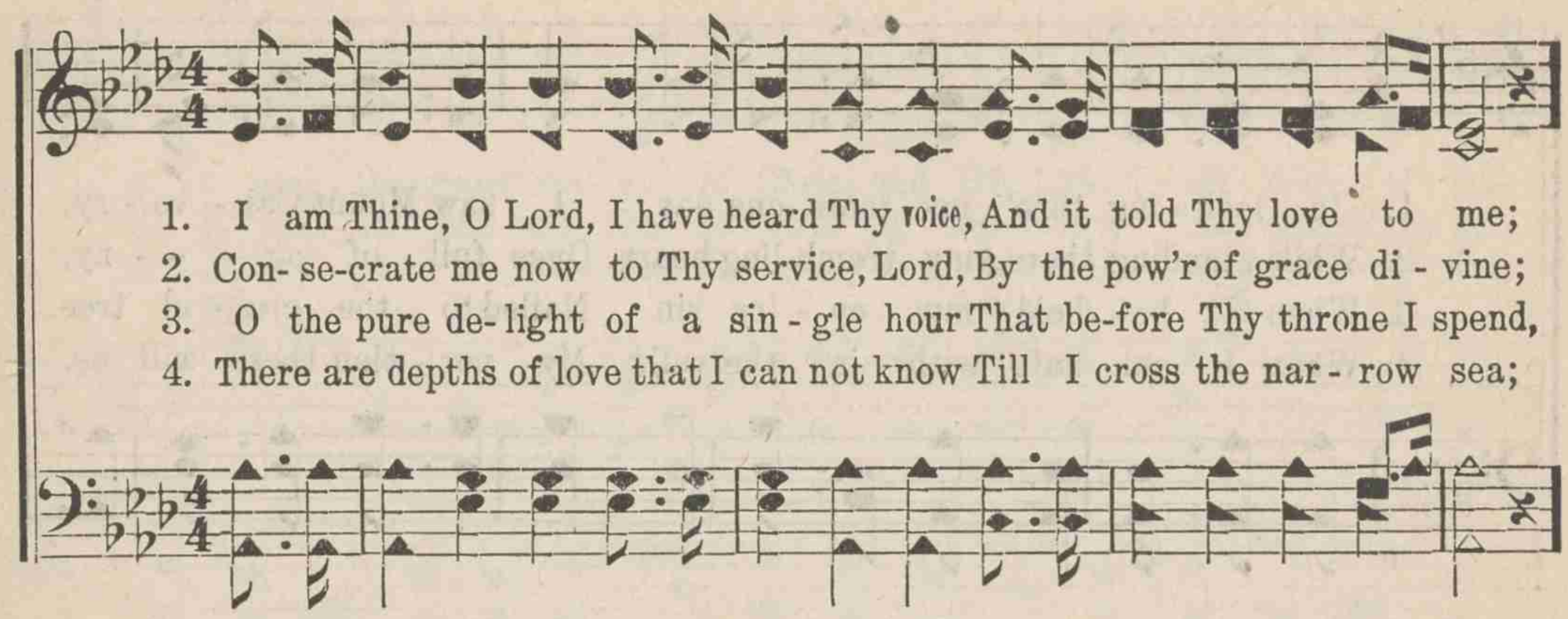
Christ now we rep - re- sent, He bids you now re-pent, He is the
The mes- sage that we bear, Whose love is yours to share, (*Omit.*) . . . . .

heav'nly King, Whose glory we will sing. If ye be rec - on-ciled to God.
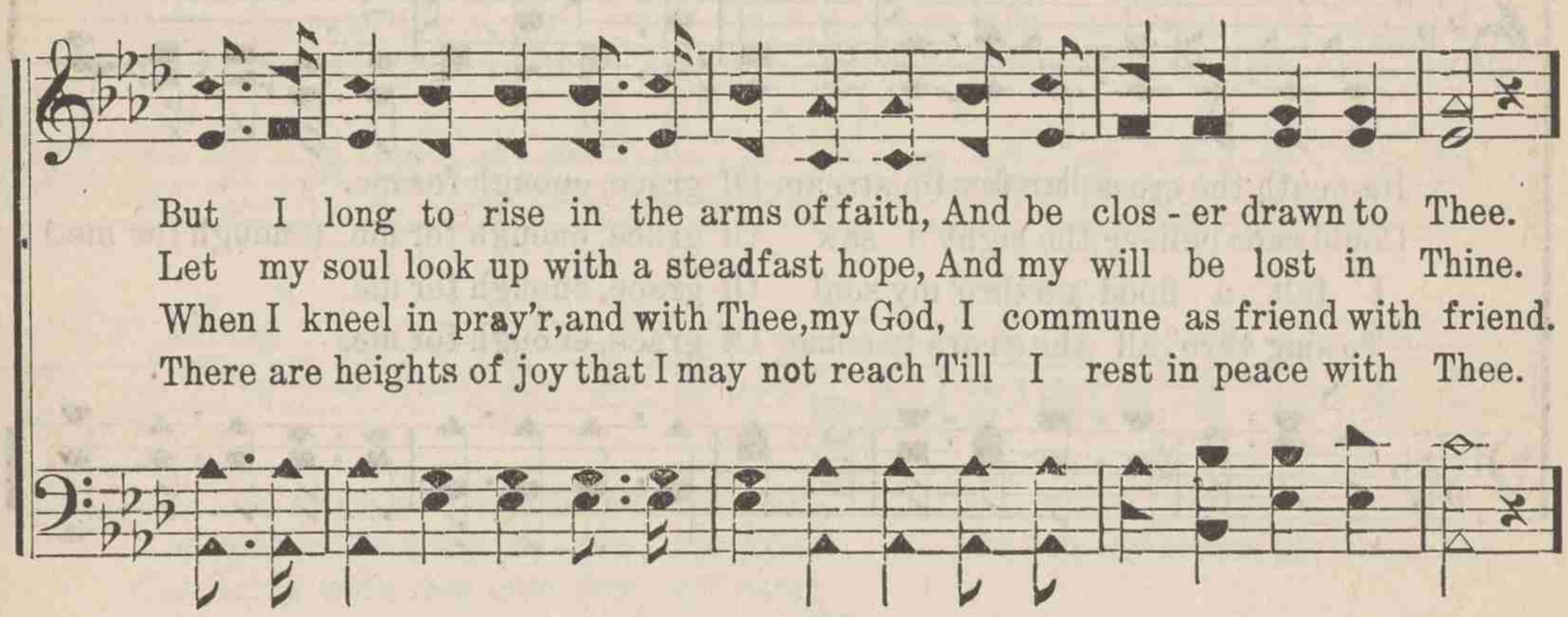
29. Draw Me Nearer.

Copyright, 1903, by W. H. Doane. Used by per.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.
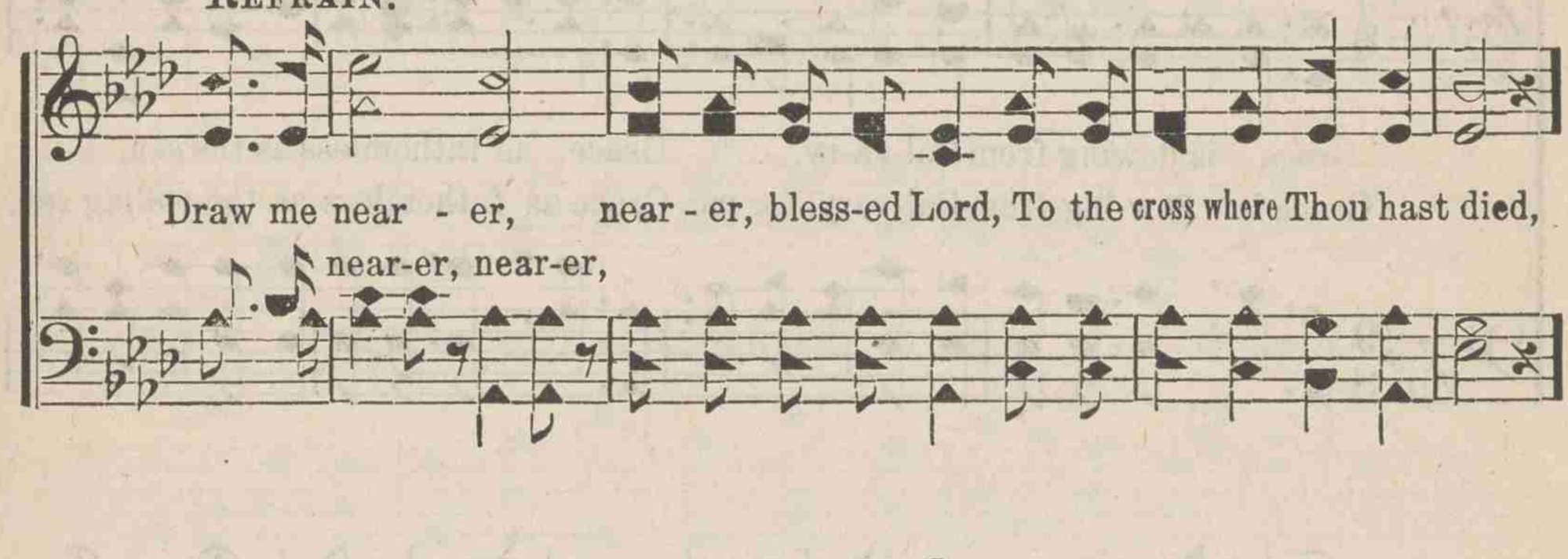


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con- se-crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. O the pure de- light of a sin - gle hour That be-fore Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can not know Till I cross the nar - row sea;
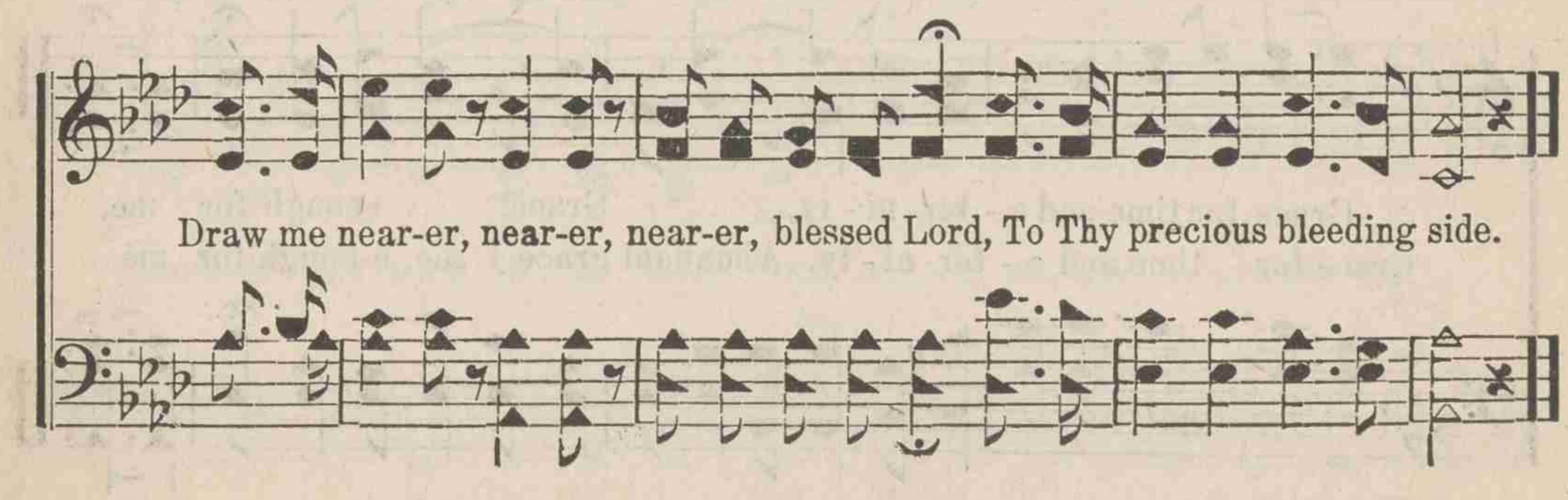


But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

REFRAIN.



Draw me near - er, near - er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died,
near-er, near-er,



Draw me near-er, near-er, near-er, blessed Lord, To Thy precious bleeding side.

30. Grace, Enough for Me.

Words and music copyright, 1905, by E. O. Excell.
International copyright secured.

E. O. E. E. O. EXCELL.

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

Cres.

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

CHORUS.

Grace is flowing from Cal-va-ry,.... Grace as fathomless as the sea,....
Grace is flow-ing from Cal-vary, for me, Grace as fathomless as the rolling sea,

Grace for time and e - ter- ni - ty,..... Grace,.... enough for me,
Grace for time and e - ter- ni - ty, Abundant grace I see, e-nough for me.

31. The Story so Strange.

Copyright, 1906, by E. A. Hoffman. Used by per.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I sing the sweet sto - ry of Christ and His love, So beau - ti - ful
2. It sat - is - fies all the de - sires of my heart, And com-forts as
3. I tell it to oth - ers, the sto - ry so sweet, And glad - ly the

strange, yet so true, And tho' 'tis re - peat - ed a - gain and a - gain,
naught else can do; It fills all my days with con-tent-ment and peace,
mes - sage they hear, For no oth - er word which their ears ev - er heard

CHORUS.

It al-ways seems precious and new.
And makes life seem joy - ous and new.
Can bring such real com- fort and cheer.

The sto - ry seems precious and

new, . . . The sto - ry so strange and so true; . . . . 'Tis sweet-er and

sweet-er the more it is told, And, nev -er, no, nev - er grows old.

32. Wonderful Story of Love.

Used by permission.

J M. D. J. M. DRIVER.

1. Won- der- ful sto - ry of love: Tell it to me a - gain; Won- der- ful
2. Won- der- ful sto - ry of love: Tho' you are far a - way; Won- der- ful
3. Won- der- ful sto - ry of love: Je - sus provides a rest; Won- der- ful

sto - ry of love: Wake the im- mor - tal strain! An-gels with rapture an-
sto - ry of love: Still He doth call to - day; Call-ing from Cal- va -ry's
sto - ry of love: For all the pure and blest; Rest in those mansions a-

nounce it, Shepherds with wonder receive it; Sin- ner, O! wont you be- lieve it?
moun-tain, Down from the crystal-bright fountain, E'en from the dawn of cre - a - tion,
bove us, With those who've gone on before us, Sing- ing the rap- tur- ous chor - us,

CHORUS.

Won - der- ful sto- ry of love. Won - - der - - ful! Won - -
Won-der-ful sto- ry of love: Won- der- ful

der - - ful! Won - - der - - ful! Won-der-ful sto- ry of love!
sto-ry of love: Won-der-ful sto- ry of love:

33. The Story Never Old.

Words and music copyright, 1906, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
E. O. Excell, owner.

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

1. The sweet - est sto - ry told on earth, Or heard in heav'n a - bove,
2. He took up - on Him-self the guilt Of all my sins and thine,
3. "There was no oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin;
4. "O dear - ly, dear - ly hath He loved, And we must love Him too,

Is told of Je - sus and His birth, Of Je - sus and His love.
And on the cross of Cal - va - ry He paid thy debt and mine.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in."
And trust in His re - deem - ing love, And try His works to do."

CHORUS.

O sto - ry nev - er old, The sweetest ev - er told! Un - til the
O sto - ry nev - er old, The sweetest ev - er told! Un - til the

gates of gold swing back for me;..... I'll tell it o'er and o'er, And
gates of gold swing back for me; I'll tell it o'er and o'er, And

then on yon - der shore It still for ev - er-more my song shall be.
then on yon - der shore It still for ev - er- more my song shall be.

34. Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Copyright, 1909, by E. O. Excell.

BIRDIE BELL. Words and music. E. O. EXCELL.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell it, for 'tis al - ways new,
2. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell it, for it is so sweet,
3. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell it, I would not for - get;

Tell me of a Sav-iour's par - don, Tell it for I know 'tis true;
Tell me why He came from heav- en, Tell it, ev - 'ry word re - peat;
Tell me tho' I oft of - fend Him, Tell it, that He loves me yet;

Tell me how He died for sin - ners, Tell it to me o'er and o'er,
Tell me 'tis my on - ly com- fort, Tell it, for I love it so,
Tell me when in deep - est sor - row, Tell it, He will be my stay,

FINE.

I am long- ing so to hear it, Long-ing for it more and more.
I will tell it then to oth - ers, Tell it ev - 'ry-where I go.
And when I am safe in glo - ry I will tell it there for aye.

D. S.— *I am long-ing so to hear it, Long-ing for it more and more.*

CHORUS. D. S.

Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell it to me o'er and o'er;

35. I Love to Tell the Story.

KATE HANKEY. Used by permission. WM. G. FISCHER.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

noth- ing else can do.
tell it now to Thee. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in
God's own ho - ly word.
I have loved so long.
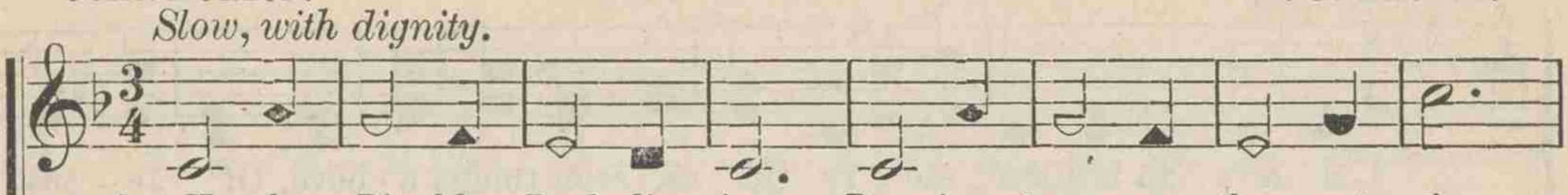
glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

36. Holy Bible, Book Divine.
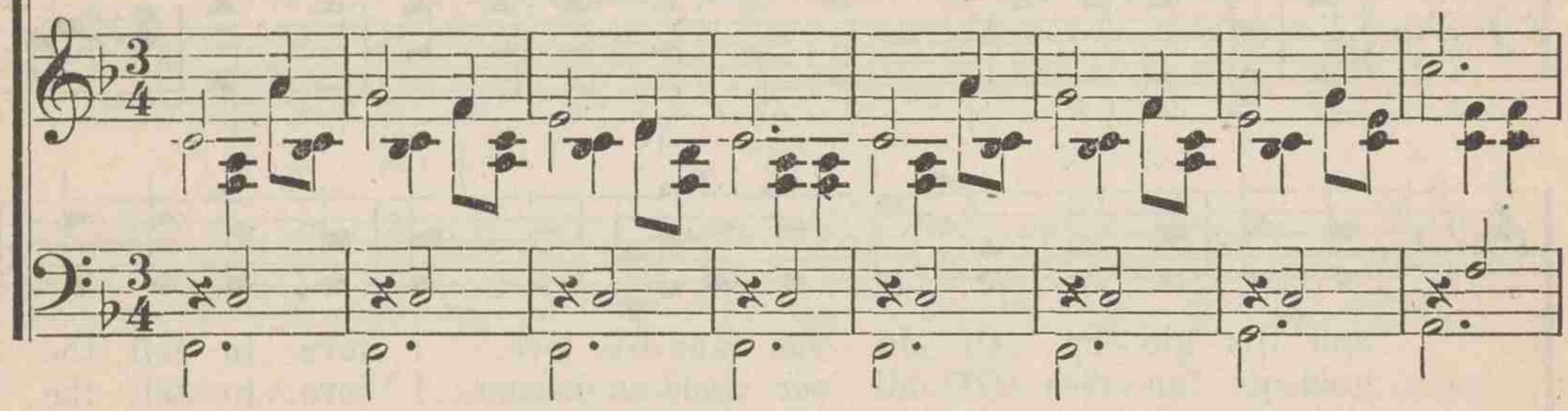
Copyright, 1900, by E. O. Excell.

JOHN BURTON. E. O. EXCELL.

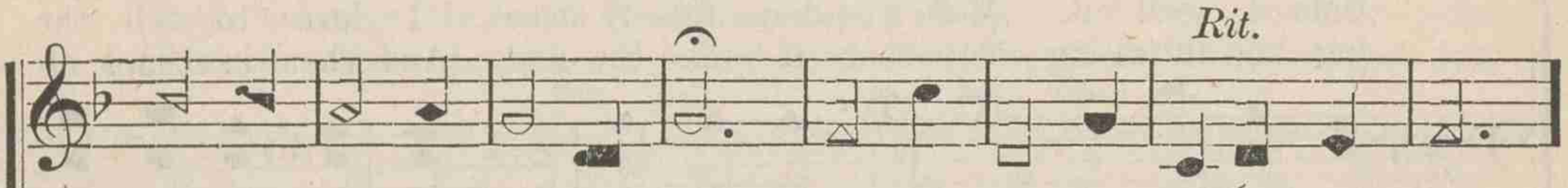
Slow, with dignity.



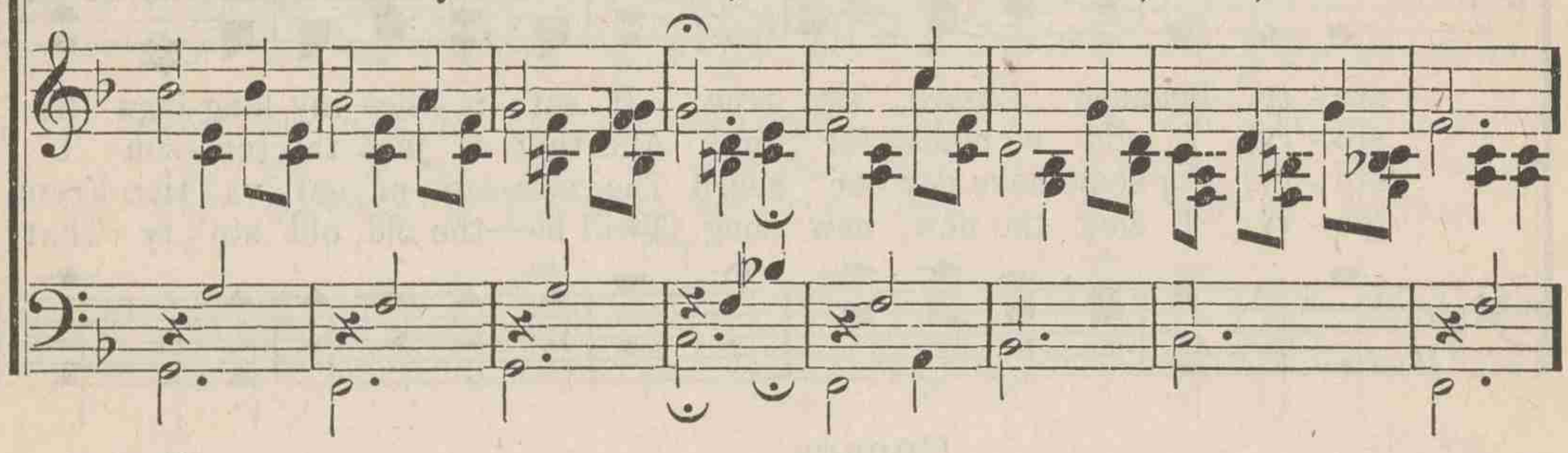
1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, Book di - vine, Pre-cious treas-ure, thou art mine,
2. Mine to chide me when I rove, Mine to show a Sav-iour's love,
3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, Suff-'ring in this wil - der - ness;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sin - ner's doom;
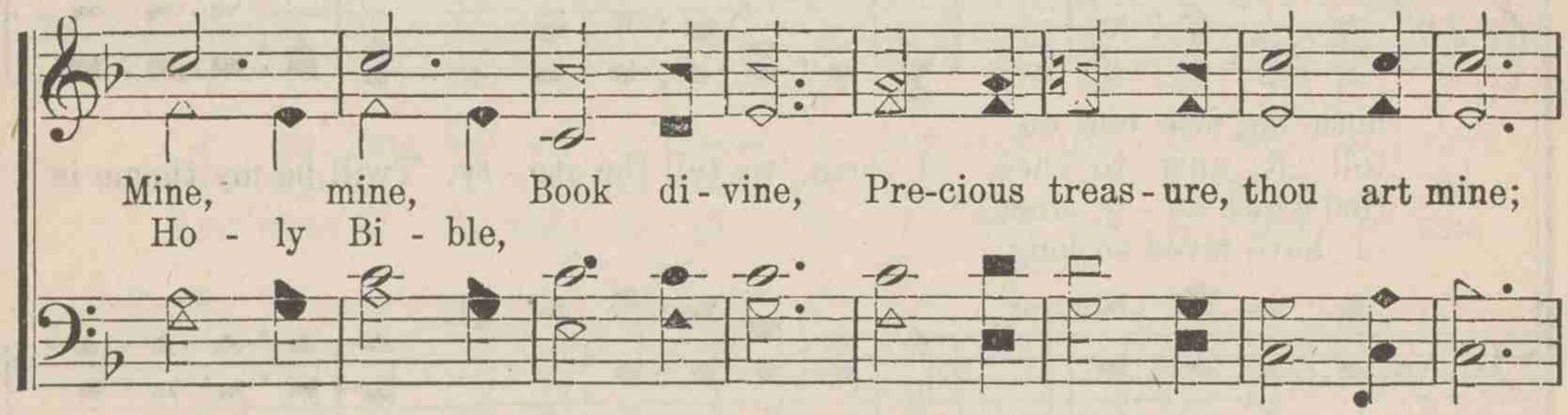


Rit.
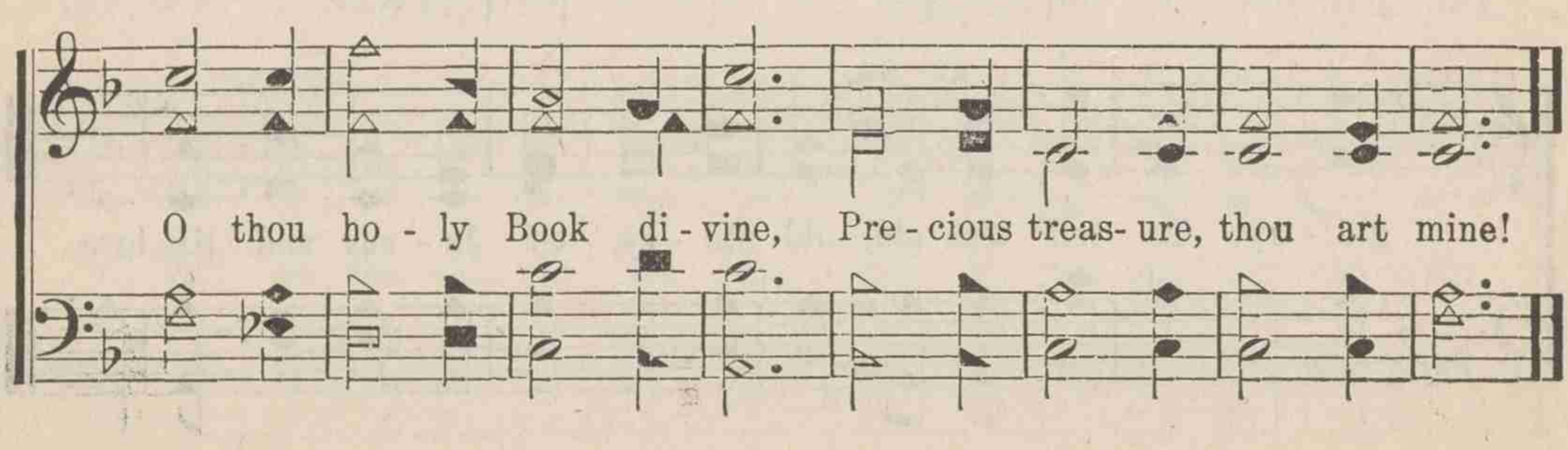


Mine to tell me whence I came, Mine to tell me what I am!
Mine thou art to guide and guard, Mine to pun - ish or re - ward.
Mine to show, by liv - ing faith, Man can tri-umph o - ver death.
O thou ho - ly book di - vine, Pre- cious treas-ure, thou, art mine!



CHORUS.



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



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

37. Precious Words.

By per. The Standard Pub. Co., owners of the copyright.

MRS. LOULA A. ROGERS. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. Pre - cious for - ev - er! O won - der - ful words, Teach me the
2. Free - ly He of - fers their prom - ise to all, "Come un - to
3. Wouldst thou re - fuse the sweet sol - ace He gives, In the mid-

path - way of du - ty; Lead me be - side the still wa - ters of life,
me who - so - ev - er, Sin - ners oppressed with a bur - den of woe,
night of thy sor - row? Wouldst thou go on in the dark-ness of sin,

REFRAIN.

Flow - ing through val - leys of beau - ty.
Drink of the boun - ti - ful riv - er. Pre - cious for - ev - er to
Long - ing for no bright to - mor - row.

you and to me, Words that our Sav-iour has spok - en, Bear - ing sal-

va - tion far o - ver the sea, Heal - ing the hearts that are bro - ken!

38. The Bible In the Cabin.

Copyright, 1903, by A. J. Showalter. Used by per.

W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY.

1. There is a pre-cious vol - ume all fin - ger-worn and old, In the lit - tle log - cab - in by the sea; It is the old, old, Bi - ble,
2. How oft - en have I listened at the tempest howl and rave, Round that lit - tle log - cab - in by the sea; While my mother read of Je - sus
3. How oft - en, O how oft - en she read the glowing word, Read a mes-sage from the precious word of God; It told of faith-ful Dan - iel
4. There is no oth - er vol - ume so pre - cious as this book, It tells me how in liv - ing how to die; It tells me of that cit - y,
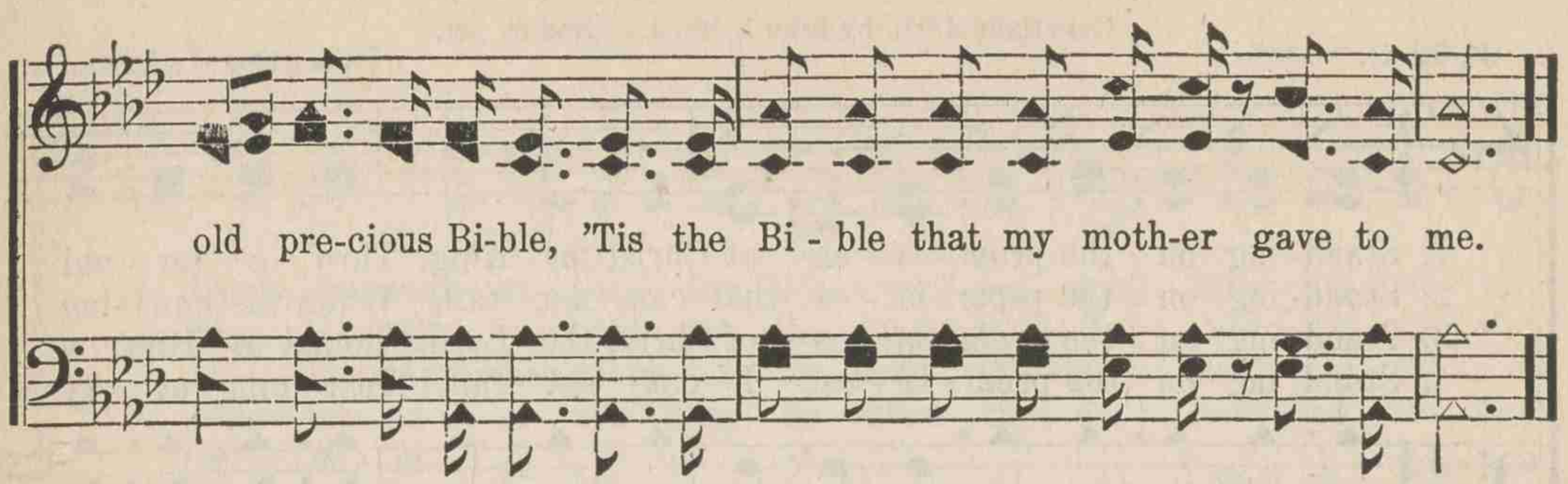
more precious now than gold, 'Tis the Bi- ble that my moth-er gave to me.
who walk'd up- on the wave, How Je - sus calm'd the stormy Gal - i - lee.
who trust - ed in the Lord, While she led me in the path-way that He trod.
O wondrous, wondrous book, And that I'll meet the lov'd ones by - and - by.

REFRAIN.

'Tis the old pre-cious Bi - ble, bless-ed Bi - - ble, That she read in the cab- in by the sea;..... 'Tis the old-fashioned Bi- ble, the

Bi - ble, bless-ed Bi - ble, by the sea;

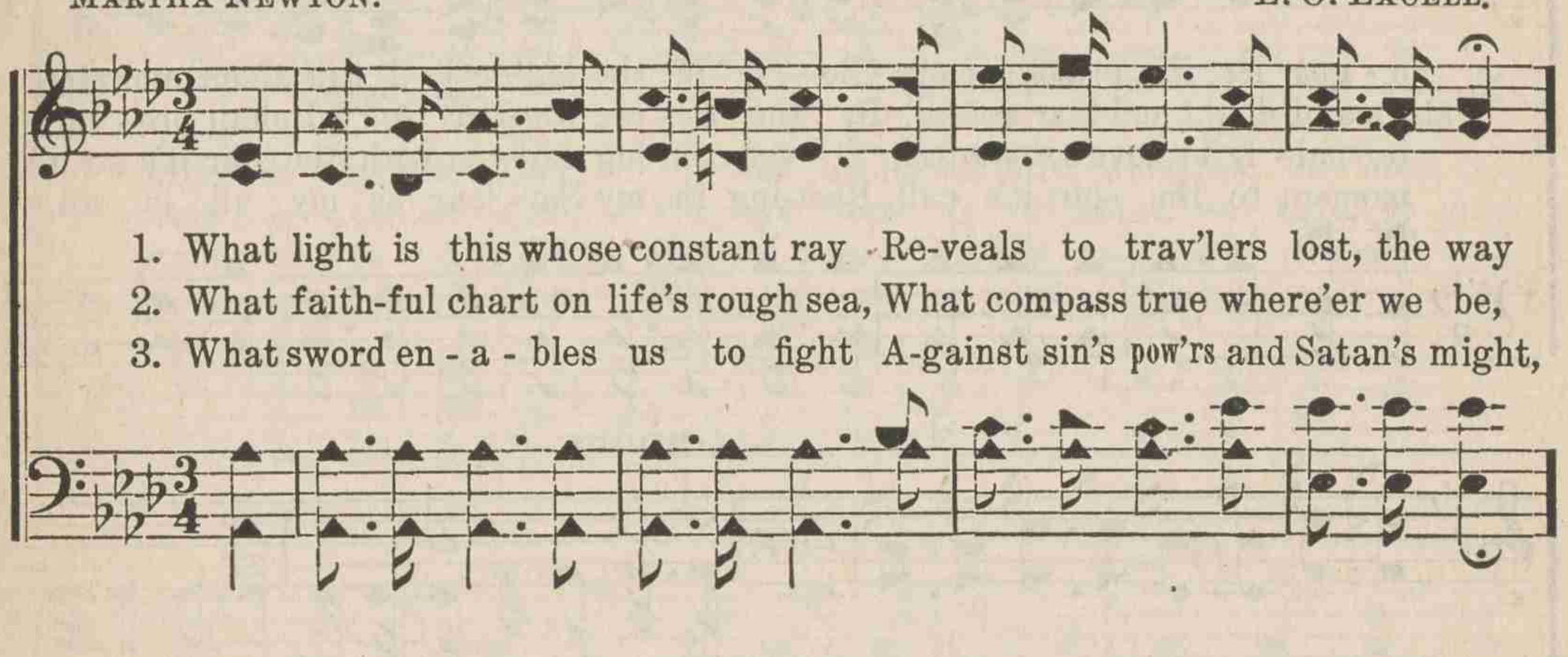
The Bible In the Cabin.
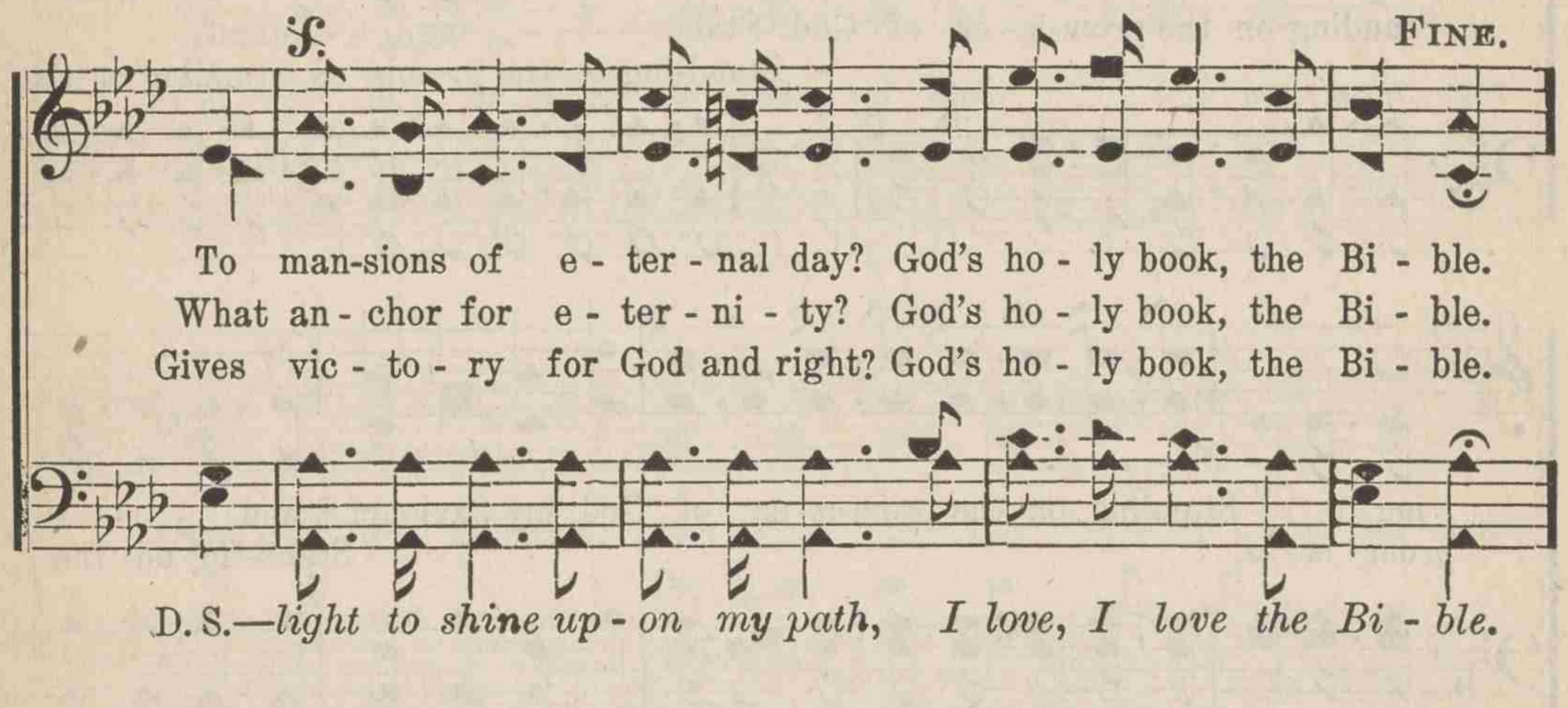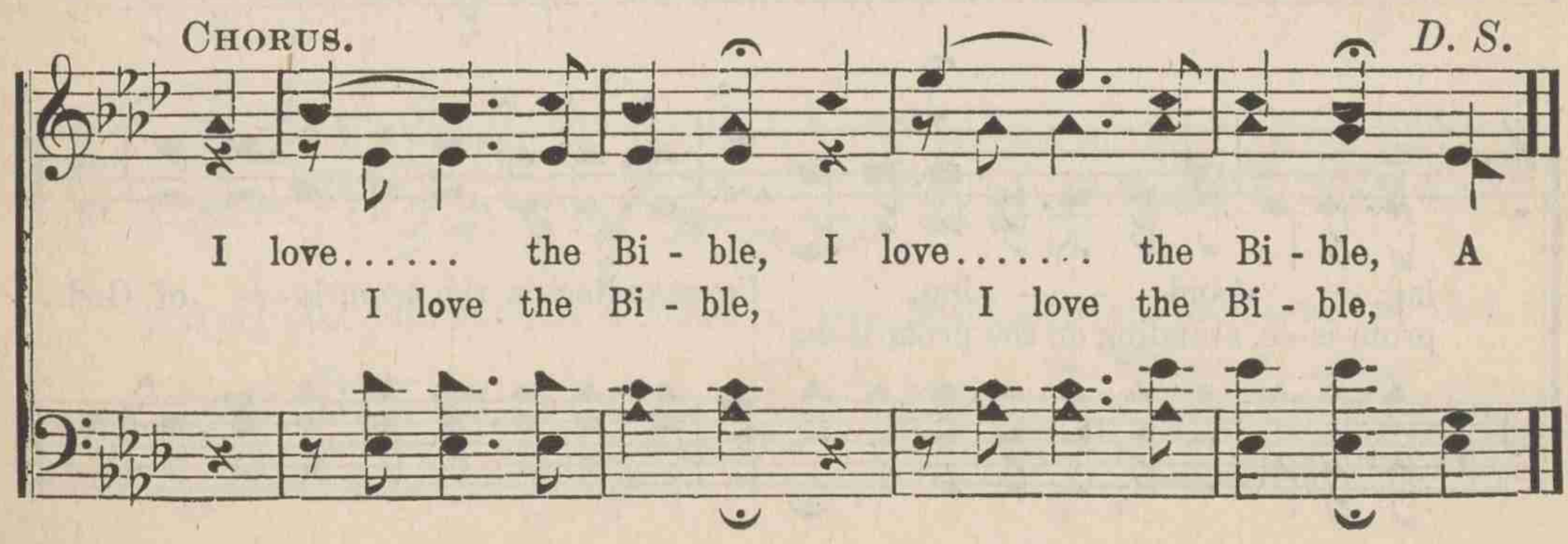


39. God's Holy Book.

Copyright, 1897, by E. O. Excell. Words and music.

MARTHA NEWTON. E. O. EXCELL.







40. Standing On the Promises.

Copyright, 1886, by John J. Hood. Used by per.

R. K. C. R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Stand- ing on the prom - is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges let His prais-es ring; Glo - ry in the high-est I will shout and sing,
2. Stand- ing on the prom - is - es that can not fail, When the howl -ing storms of doubt and fear as-sail, By the liv - ing word of God I shall pre - vail,
3. Stand- ing on the prom - is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e- ter-nal - ly by love's strong cord, O - ver-com-ing dail - y with the spir-it's sword,
4. Stand- ing on the prom - is - es I can not fall, List -'ning ev - 'ry moment to the spir- it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav- iour as my all in all,

CHORUS.

Standing on the prom-is - es of God. Stand - - ing, stand - - ing, Stand-ing on the promis- es, standing on the prom - is - es, Standing on the prom-is- es of God, my Saviour; Stand - - - ing, Stand-ing on the prom-is-es, standing on the prom-is-es, I'm standing on the prom-is - es of God.

41. Resting On the Promise.

Copyright by Jos. F. Butler. Used by per.

E. A. HOFFMAN. JOS. F. BUTLER.

1. There is sweet re - pose for the trust - ing soul, Rest - ing on the
2. Then I will re - joice as the days go by, Rest - ing on the
3. I can smile when troub - les my soul as - sail, Rest - ing on the
4. Who - so - ev - er will may be saved to - day, Rest - ing on the

prom - is - es of God; I am sheltered safe when the bil - lows roll,
prom - is - es of God; For my hope is an-chored se - cure on high,
prom - is - es of God; While I trust, temp-ta - tions can not pre - vail,
prom - is - es of God; Who - so - ev - er trusts, will be kept al - way,

CHORUS.

Rest - ing on the prom - is - es of God. I am safe and

free from all a - larms, Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms,

And my soul doth prove His a-bound-ing love, Resting on the promis-es of God.

42. Tell the Promises Over to Me.

Copyright, 1902, by E. O. Excell.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. Words and music. VICTOR H. BENKE.

1. When the bur- den is heav - y and cour - age is faint, Tell the prom-is - es
2. When the tempter is press-ing, and threatens my soul, Tell the prom-is - es
3. When the shadows are fall - ing and part-ings are near, Tell the prom-is - es

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

43. I Will Not Forget Thee.

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.
Words and music.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

get thee or leave thee, In my hands I'll hold thee, in my arms I'll fold thee, I.....
I will never leave thee, I will not for-

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

44. We Shall Gather 'Round the Throne.

"And before them shall be gathered all nations.'

Copyright, 1906, by Frank C. Huston. Used by per.

F. C. H. FRANK C. HUSTON.

1. When our toil - ing here is o'er and we cross the tide, Where with
2. O the joys that there a - wait! nev - er - more we'll roam, When at
3. There our loved ones we will meet and we'll part no more, There we'll
4. Let us then to Christ be true with a heart of love, Ev - er

Je - sus we shall be on the oth - er side; We shall sing up - on that shore,
last with-in the gate of our Fa-ther's home; With the glo - ri - fied we'll sing
share com-mun-ion sweet on that bliss-ful shore; There from sin and sor-row free,
point-ing by our lives to the home a - bove; That when storms of life are past
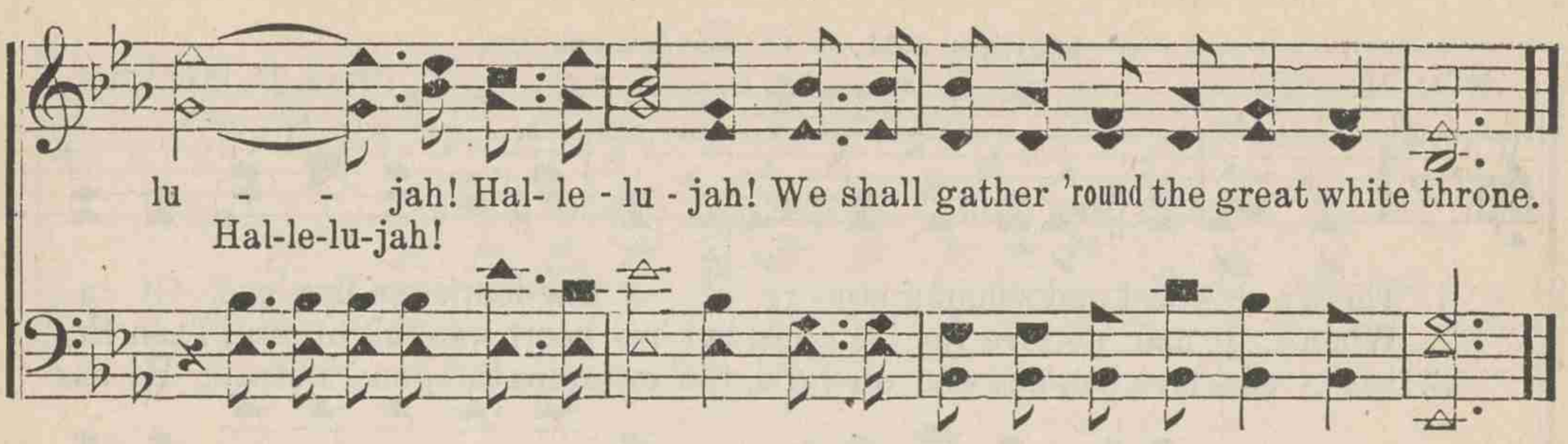
Prais-ing Him for ev - er- more, When we gath - er 'round the great white throne.
Prais - es to our Saviour King, When we gath - er 'round the great white throne.
We with Christ shall ev-er be, When we gath - er 'round the great white throne.
We shall reach that home at last, And be gath-ered 'round the great white throne.

CHORUS.

We shall gath - - - er 'round the throne, ...
We shall gath - er the great white throne,

We shall worship at His feet, In a fel - low - ship com-plete, Hal - le-
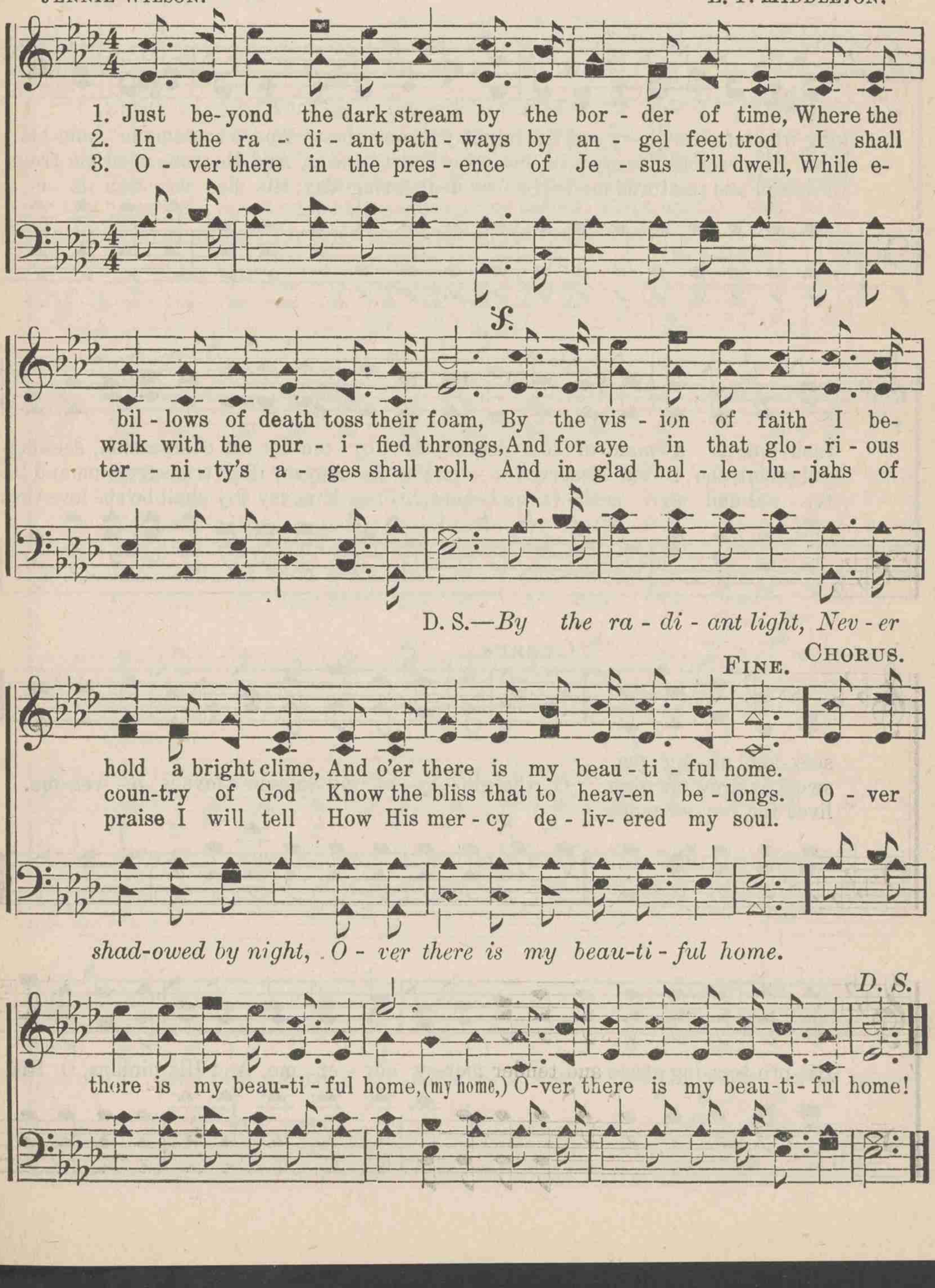
We Shall Gather 'Round the Throne.



45. Over There Is My Beautiful Home.

Copyright, 1910, by L. T. Middleton. Used by per.

JENNIE WILSON. L. T. MIDDLETON.



46. My Saviour's Love is Over Me.

Copyright, 1911, by The Standard Pub. Co.

W. C. MARTIN. Words and music. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
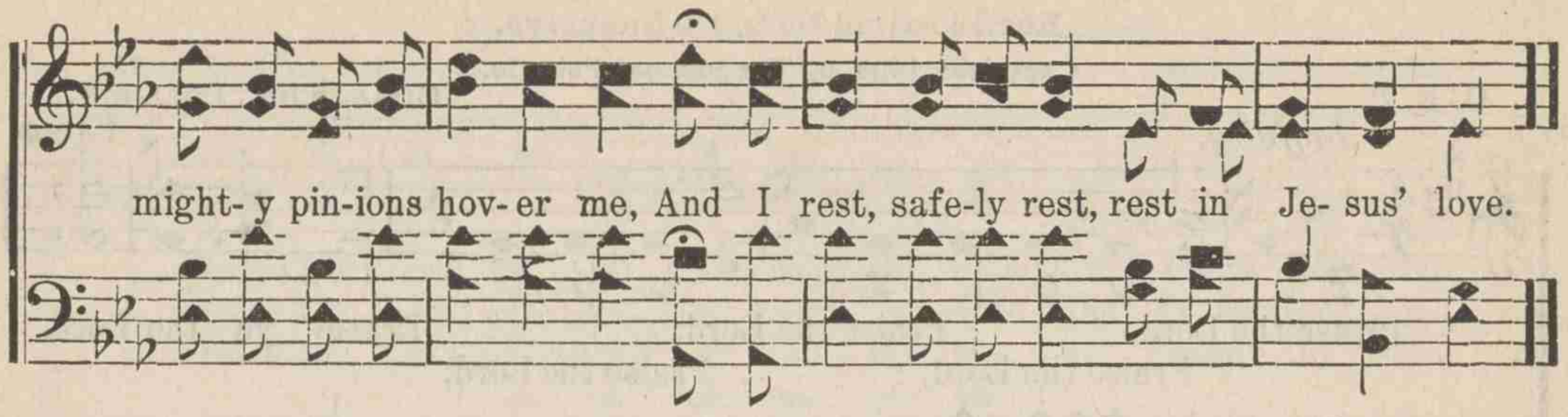
1. There's a sweet and winning sto - ry of a Sav-iour's ten-der love, Of a king who left His glo-ry and His might-y throne above, And who came in hum-ble fash- ion, as a man of low degree, Moved by ten-der-est compassion, seeking,
2. When I had no love for Je - sus, but my heart was full of sin, Then He gave His precious life my poor unworthy heart to win, And He ransomed me from judgment, tho' I but deserved to die, Put a - way my dark transgression and He
3. Je - sus' love has nev - er wa-ver'd, tho' my steps have gone a-stray; He has fol-lowed and re-stored me in His own dear loving way; His de - vo - tion is e- ter - nal and up - on the farther shore, Still as here my joy shall be the love that

CHORUS.

seek-ing af - ter me.
sweet-ly drew me nigh. O, the glo - ry of my Saviour's love is o - ver me,
lives for ev - er-more.

His pro-tect-ing grace and tender mer-cy cov - er me, And His pinions, O His
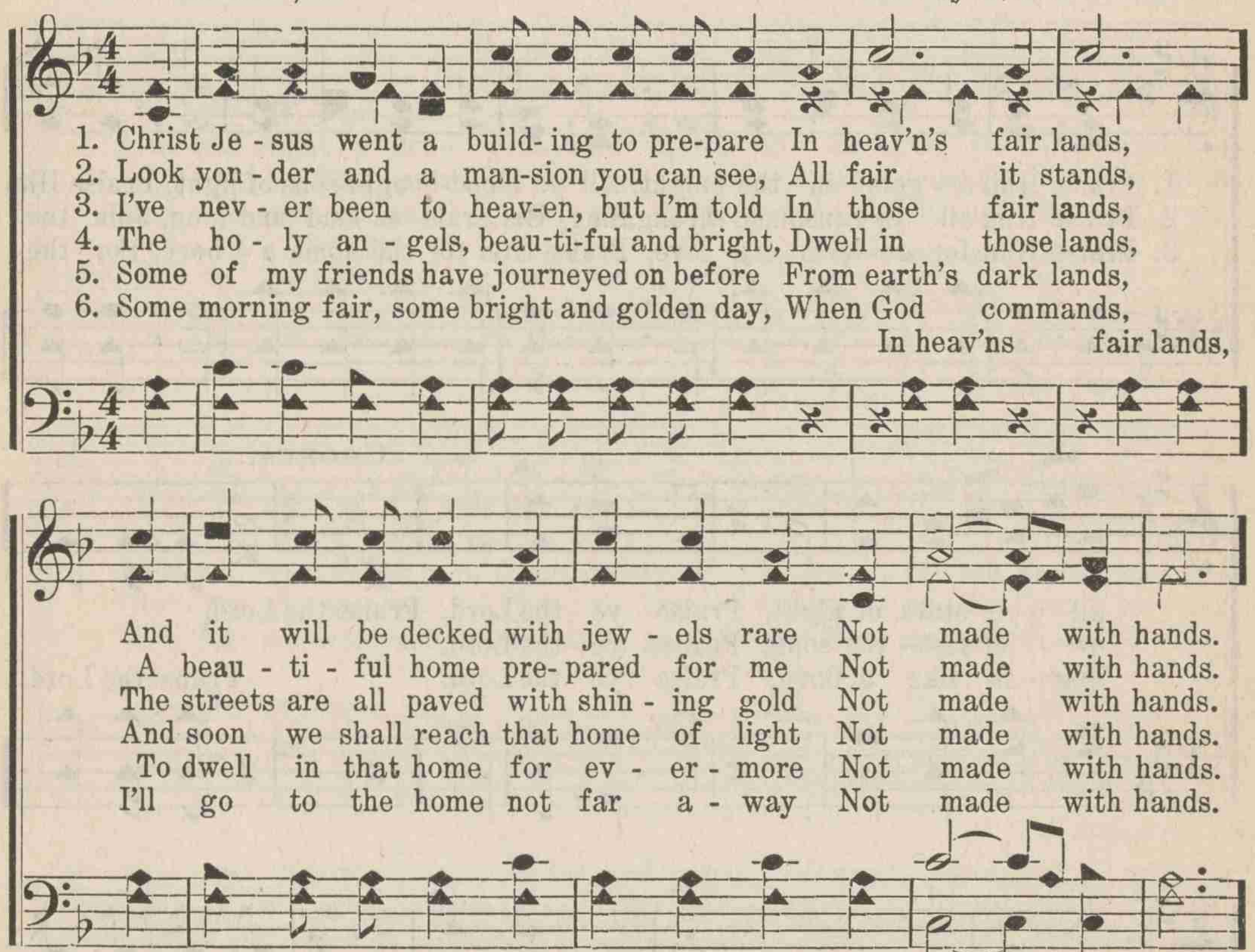
My Saviour's Love is Over Me.



47. Not Made With Hands.

Copyright, 1903, by E. A. Hoffman. Used by per.

E. A. FERGERSON, arr. Arr. by E. A. HOFFMAN.



CHORUS.

48. Praise the Lord.

Read Psalms 146 to 150 inclusive.

Copyright, 1906, by The Standard Pub. Co.

C. E. P. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Joyfully. FINE.

Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise ye the Lord.
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,

1. Praise Him an- gels in the height, All ye blood-bought sons of light, Praise Him
2. Praise Him all ye ransomed throng, Sing His prais- es loud and long, Join the
3. Praise Him for re-deem - ing love, Praise Him for the home a - bove, For the

CHORUS.

all ye stars of night, Praise ye the Lord. Praise the Lord,
ev - er-last - ing song, Praise ye the Lord.
"Spir - it like a dove," Praise ye the Lord. Praise the Lord,

Praise the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Make a joy - ful
Praise the Lord,

D. C.

noise un - to the Lord, all ye lands. Serve the Lord with glad - ness.

49. Praise Ye the Lord.

Words and music copyright, 1905, by E. O. Excell.

EBEN E. REXFORD. International copyright secured. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. Praise the Lord for all His lov - ing kind - ness, Praise His name with
2. Praise the Lord! with grate- ful hearts a - dore Him: Praise the Lord, who
3. Praise the Lord, whose mer - cy fail - eth nev - er; Praise the Lord, who

glad and might - y song; Praise the Lord, no lon - ger let sin's blind-ness
reign-eth on His throne; Praise the Lord with saints who stand be-fore Him;
sent His son to save; Praise the Lord, and trust His love for - ev - er,

f CHORUS.

Lead us in the paths of doubt and wrong. { Praise ye the Lord to - day,
Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Him a - lone! { Praise ye the Lord to - day,
Who for sin-ners such a ran - som gave. Praise Him, praise the Lord to - day,

Bells in ev - 'ry steeple; Praise Him, all ye peo- ple; Earth lifts her voice to say,
Wor-ship Him with gladness, Lift the soul from sadness; Up, up to [*Omit.*]
Praise Him, praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him,

"Sing ho-san- na to our King!" heav-en's gate Let the joy-ful cho-rus ring.

50. Praise the Lord.

Copyright, 1907, by A. J. Showalter. Used by per.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Praise the Lord in ho - ly song, Un - to Him doth praise belong, Let His
2. Praise the Lord with skillful hand, On a harp or or - gan grand, Let His
3. Praise the Lord who reigns a-bove, While your hearts o'erflow with love, Let His

praise..... ev - er roll;..... Praise the Lord, ye saints of light,
praise..... mount the sky;..... With all heav - en now re - joice,
praise..... now as-cend;..... Till you meet Him face to face,
Let His praise ev - er roll;
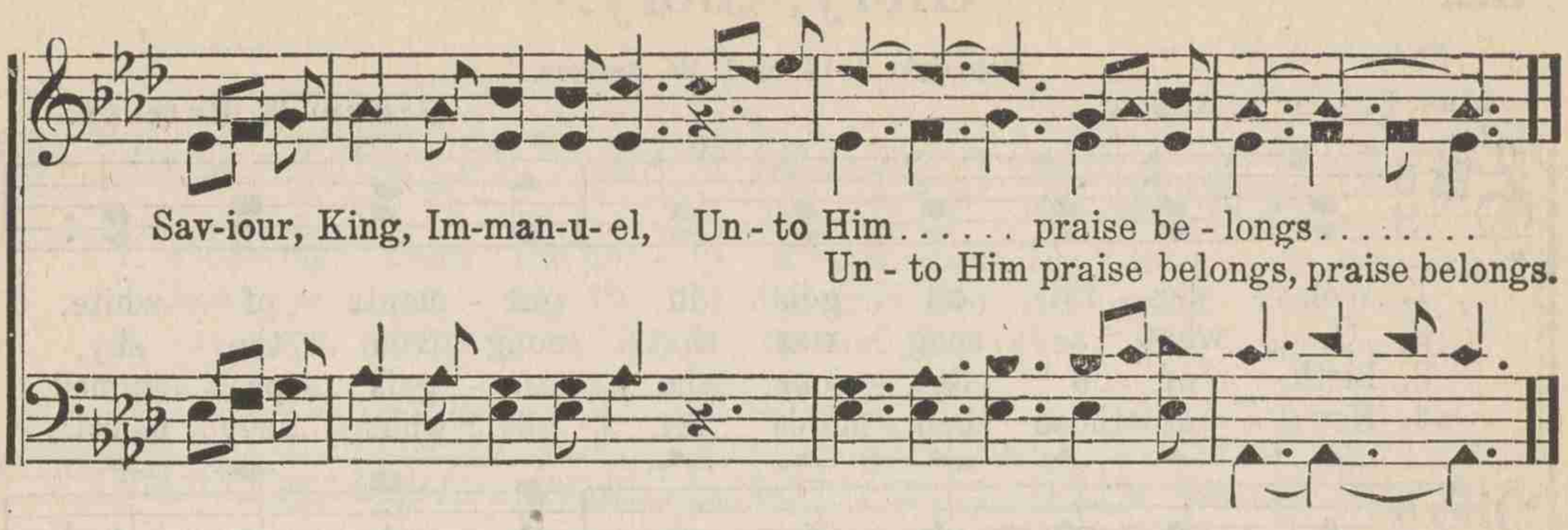
Praise His name both day and night, Bless the Lord,.... O my soul. (my soul.)
Un - to Him lift up the voice, Praise the Lord.... God most high. (most high.)
Praise Him for His sav- ing grace; May His praise.... have no end. (no end.)
Bless the Lord,

REFRAIN.

Let us praise His name, Let us praise His name, Praise the
Let us praise His name, Let us praise His name, Praise the

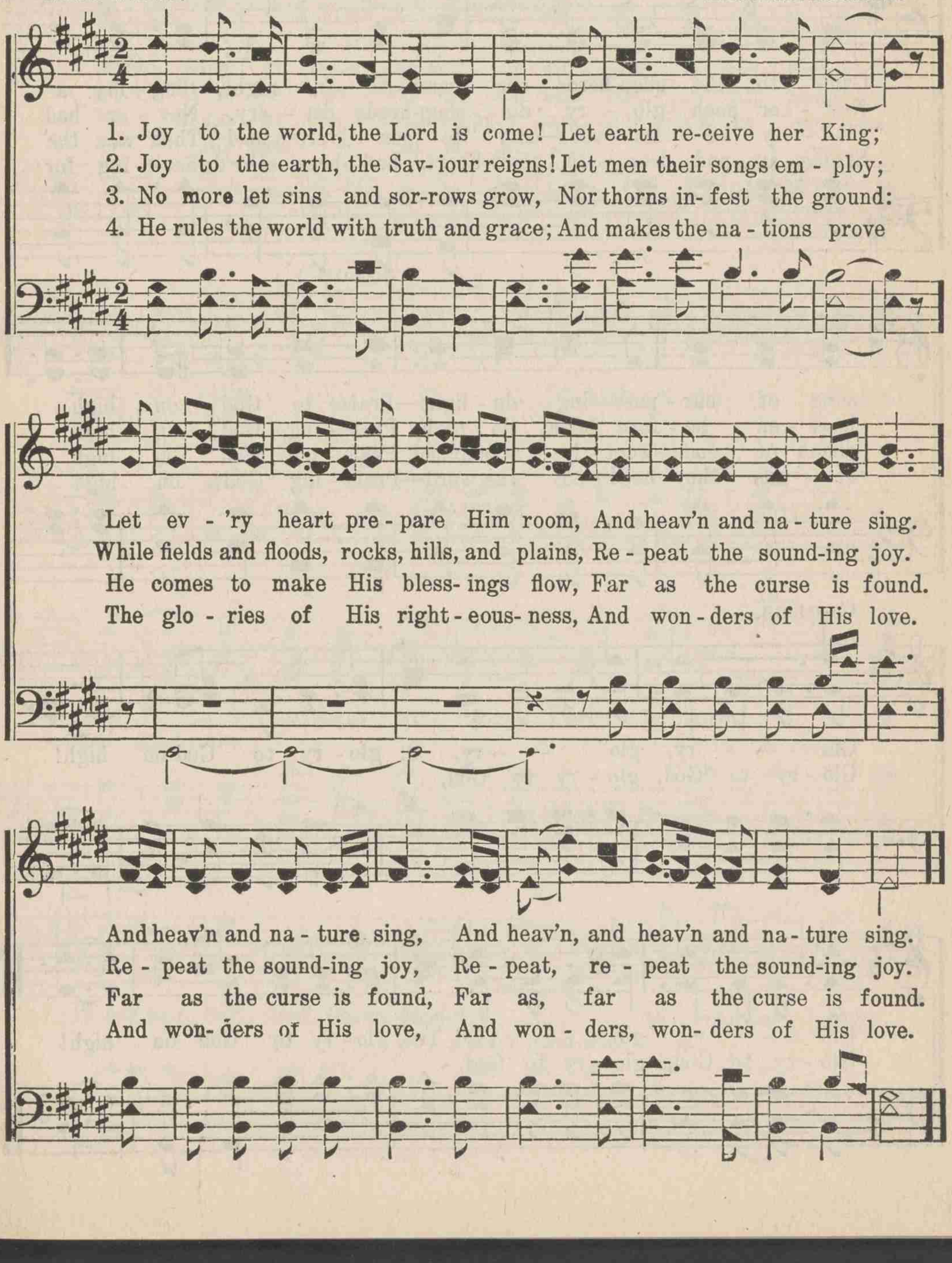
Lord our God in ho - ly songs;..... Long and loud His prais- es swell,
Lord our God in ho - ly, ho - ly songs;

Praise the Lord.



51. Joy to the World.

ISAAC WATTS. ARR. from HANDEL.



52. Glory, Glory.

Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Won - der - ful an - gels in gar - ments of white,
2. O, what a song was that song from the sky,
3. Birth of a Sav - iour the an - gels pro - claimed,
4. Nev - er those shep - herds for - got what they heard:

Came to the shep-herds one beau - ti - ful night, Sing - ing a
Nev - er such glo - ry did shep-herds dis - cry, Nev - er had
"Cit - y of Da - vid"—and "Je - sus"—were nam'd—Then was the
Strong - ly and deep - ly their hearts had been stirr'd; Seek - ing for

song of sur - pass - ing de - light—Praise to God on high.
heav - en be - fore been so nigh, Prais - ing God on high.
chant of peace sweet - ly ac-claimed, Prais - ing God on high.
Je - sus— they heed - ed the word—Prais - ing God on high.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, O, glo - ry to God on high!
Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God,

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Yes, glo - ry to God on high!
Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God,

53. Glory in the Highest.

M. V. ZIMMERMAN. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Float- ing down the mis - ty a - ges, Hear the clear un- ceas- ing
2. Hear ye not the lit - tle chil-dren, List His name who bless-ing
3. Je - sus, Lord, Thou King e - ter - nal, Let us Thy sal - va - tion

strain, Sung at first by shin - ing an - gels, O - ver Bethlehem's
gave, Hear ye not the old con- fess - ing, All His might - y
see, Reign in us, Thou might- y Sav - iour , Hold us clos - er,

CHORUS.

moon - lit plain. Glo - ry in..... the high- est, glo - ry, Lo! glad
pow'r to save.
Lord, to Thee. Glo - ry in

news..... to earth we bring, Christ is born..... a
Lo! glad news Christ is born

Prince and Sav - iour, Peace, good-will ..... to men we sing.
Peace, good-will

54. We Shall Stand Before the King.

Copyright, 1884, by E. O. Excell.

E. O. E. Words and music. E. O. EXCELL.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

lu . . - jah! hal-le-lu - jah! We shall stand . . . . . before the King.
Hal - le- lu- jah! hal- le-lu- jah! we shall stand

55. Keep the Heart Singing.

Copyright, 1902, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
Copyright, 1907, by E. O. Excell.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

FINE. D.S.

56. Let the Golden Sunlight In.

Copyright, 1911, by The Standard Pub. Co,
Words and music.

ROBT. H. WALTON. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Let the gold- en sun- light shine in - to your heart, It will make you hap- py,
2. Let the gold- en sun- light shine out from your face, If you have a sor - row
3. Wel-come gold-en sun-light, shin-ing from a - bove, Wonder- ful in brightness,

bless - ings will im-part; In the ear - ly morn-ing, with the day be - gin,
joy will take its place; Brighter days are com- ing as you con-quer sin,
show- ing forth God's love, If your heart is bur-dened on ac-count of sin,

CHORUS.

Let the gold- en sun-light in, Let the gold-en sun-light in,
sun-light in,

Let the gold - en sun- light in; Bright - en up the path - way,
sun- light in,

In this world of sin, Let the gold- en sun- light in.
sun-light in.

57. Let the Sunshine In.

Copyright, 1895, by Chas. H. Gabriel. E. O. Excell, owner.

ADA BLENKHORN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con-flict win? Is it dark without you—
2. Does your faith grow fainter in the cause you love? Are your pray'rs unanswered
3. Would you go re - joic- ing on the up-ward way, Knowing naught of darkness—

dark - er still with - in? Clear the darkened windows, o - pen wide the door,
by your God a - bove? Clear the darkened windows, o - pen wide the door,
dwell- ing in the day? Clear the darkened windows, o - pen wide the door,

CHORUS.

Let a lit - tle sun-shine in. Let a lit - tle sunshine in,.....
the sun-shine in,

Let a lit - tle sun- shine in;..... Clear the darkened
the sun - shine in;

win-dows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun- shine in.

58. Let it Shine in Your Soul.

Copyright, 1906, by H. R. Christie.

E. A. HOFFMAN. H. R. CHRISTIE.

1. If you can not see the way be - fore you, Trust the Lord to lead your soul a - right; He will ban - ish all the gloom and dark- ness,
2. If you can not see the way for sor - row, And a - round you hangs the pall of night, Look to heav - en, and your path will bright-en
3. In the bless - ed Lord there is no dark - ness, Where He dwells there is un - hindered sight, And the soul is cheered to joy and glad - ness

CHORUS.

With the shin-ing of the heav'nly light. Let it shine, shine brightly in your soul, And scat-ter all the clouds a-way;..... And your
Shine bright-ly in your soul, Yes, scatter the clouds away,

life, when hid with Christ in God, Will be one eternal cloudless day.
a cloudless day.

59. Scatter Sunshine.

Copyright, 1902, by E. O. Excell.

LANTA WILSON SMITH — Words and music. — E. O. EXCELL.

1. In a world where sor - row Ev - er will be known, Where are found the
2. Slightest ac-tions oft - en Meet the sor - est needs, For the world wants
3. When the days are gloom- y, Sing some hap- py song, Meet the world's re-

need - y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and com - fort
dai - ly Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; O, what care and sor - row
pin - ing, With a cour - age strong; Go with faith un - daunt - ed

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

CHORUS.

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

1 2 *Rit.*

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

60. A Sinner Made Whole.

Copyright, 1906, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
Copyright, 1907, by E. O. Excell.

W. M. LIGHTHALL. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

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

CHORUS.

For I was a sin-ner, but Christ made me whole. A sin-ner made whole! a sinner made whole! The Saviour hath bought me and ransomed my soul! My heart it is sing-ing, the an-them is ringing, For I was a sin-ner, but Christ made me whole.

Rit.

Rit.

61. Since I Have Been Redeemed.

Copyright, 1884, by E. O. Excell.

E. O. E. Words and music. E. O. EXCELL.

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

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

CHORUS.

Since I . . . . . have been redeem'd, Since I have been redeem'd,
Since I have been redeem'd, since I have been redeem'd,

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

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

62. Beyond the Bar.

Copyright, 1909, by E. O. Excell.
Words and music.

T. M. EASTWOOD. FRED. H. BYSHE.

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

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

CHORUS.

I'll need no light of sun or star, When I my Sav-iour's face shall see;..... That will be light e-nough for me, Throughout a
Need no light of sun or star, When my Saviour's face I see; light e-nough, e-nough for me,

blest e-ter-ni-ty, Be-yond the bar, be-yond the bar.
Thro' a blest e-ter-ni-ty,

63. He Knows It All.

By per. The Standard Pub. Co.,
owners of the copyright.

H. R. CHRISTIE.

1. He knows the bit - ter, wea - ry way, The end - less striv - ing
2. He knows how hard the fight has been, The clouds that come our
3. He knows, when, faint and worn, we sink, How deep the pain, how
4. He knows! O thought so full of bliss! For tho' on earth our

day by day, The souls that weep, the souls that pray— He
lives be-tween, The wounds the world has nev - er seen— He
near the brink Of dark de - spair we pause and shrink—He
joys we miss, We still can bear it, feel - ing this— He

knows it all, He knows it all, He knows it all, The
knows it all, He knows it all, He knows it all, The
knows it all, He knows it all, He knows it all, Of
knows it all, He knows it all, He knows it all, We

souls that weep, the souls that pray, He knows it all.
wounds the world has nev - er seen, He knows it all.
dark de - spair we pause and shrink, He knows it all.
still can bear it, feel - ing this, He knows it all.

64. All the Way.

Copyright, 1899, by E. O. Excell.

J. OATMAN, JR. Words and music. E. O. EXCELL.

1. Since I start-ed for the cit - y o - ver in the Promised Land, I have tri - als and temp-ta-tions ev - 'ry day; But I find my - self supported by a strong and loving hand, For I have the Saviour with me all the way.
2. There are ma - ny snares and pitfalls all a - long the pilgrim road, I can o - ver-come them if I watch and pray. In the hour of pain and sorrow, grace suf-fi-cient is bestowed, For I have the Saviour with me all the way.
3. When the clouds of darkness gather and the sunshine all has fled, Then He guides my falt'ring footsteps lest I stray, And the bless-ed light of heav-en o - ver all my path is spread, For I have the Saviour with me all the way.
4. When I reach the si - lent riv - er, with its cold and chilling tide, Je - sus will be there, my help-er and my stay. I will sail a - way tri-umph-ant, land my soul on Canaan's side, For I have the Saviour with me all the way.

REFRAIN.

All the way, all the way, For I have the Saviour with me all the way;
All the way, all the way,
all the way.
All the way, all the way, For I have the Saviour with me all the way.
All the way,
all the way,

65. The Valley Won't Be Dark.

"Tho' I walk thro' the valley of the shadow . . Thou art with me."

J. B. H. Copyright, 1906, by J. B. Hardin. Used by per. JESSE B. HARDIN.

1. O, the val - ley won't be dark when our soul must quit this clay,
2. Keep your lamps all burn - ing bright, and be watch- ing ev - 'ry day,
3. If we're faith-ful work - ers here, we'll not cross the stream a - lone,

If we're robed and read - y when Je - sus comes; If we're
For the Sav - iour soon will bid us come home; But we
For we know that He our suf - f'rings will share; He will

armed with gos - pel grace, and the Lord is ev - er nigh, O, the
know we'll have the light, 'twill be shin - ing on the way, And the
help us o'er death's stream, and will give to us a home, And the

lay our ar - mor down, and put on a shin - ing crown, And the

D. S.—*Then we'll*

FINE. REFRAIN.

val- ley won't be dark when He comes. . . . . We will take. . . . . up the
when He comes. We will take,

val-ley won't be dark when He comes.

D. S.

cross, ... And be read - y for the Sav-iour when He comes; . . . . . .
take up the cross, when He comes;

66. Jesus Loves Even Me.

"God is love."—1 John 4; 8.

P. P. BLISS. Copyright, 1902, by The John Church Co. Used by permission. P. P. BLISS.

1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the
2. Tho' I for - get Him and wan - der a - way, Still He doth love me wher-
3. O, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His beau - ty I

Book He has giv'n, Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see;
ev - er I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing arms would I flee,
see the Great King, This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be:

CHORUS.

This is the dear - est, that Je - sus loves me.
When I re - mem-ber that Je - sus loves me. I am so glad that
"O what a won - der that Je - sus loves me."

Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me,

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

67. He is So Precious to Me.

Copyright, 1902, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
Copyright, 1907, by E. O. Excell.

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

1. I'm hap- py in Je - sus, my Sav-iour, my King, And all the day long of
2. He stood at the door a - mid sunshine and rain, So pa - tient-ly wait - ing
3. I stand on the mountain of sun-shine at last, No cloud in the heav- ens
4. I praise Him, because He ap-point- ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in

His good-ness I sing; To Him in my weak-ness I lov - ing - ly cling,
an en-trance to gain; What shame that so long He en- treat- ed in vain,
a shad - ow to cast; His smile is up - on me, the val - ley is past,
His mar- vel-ous grace, My eyes shall be-hold Him—shall look on His face,

CHORUS.

For He is so precious to me. For He is so pre-cious to
me,..... For He is so precious to me,..... 'Tis heav-en be-
precious to me, so precious to me,
low My Re-deem - er to know, For He is so precious to me.

68. The Hero of the Cross.

Copyright, 1908, by J. G. Dailey.

JOHN BAKEWELL. Music and Chorus by J. G. DAILEY.

UNISON. *Majestically.*

1. "Hail, Thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus! Hail, Thou
2. Je - sus, hail! enthroned in glo - ry There for-
3. There, for sin - ners, Thou art plead - ing— There Thou
4. Wor - ship, hon - or, pow'r and bless - ing— Thou art

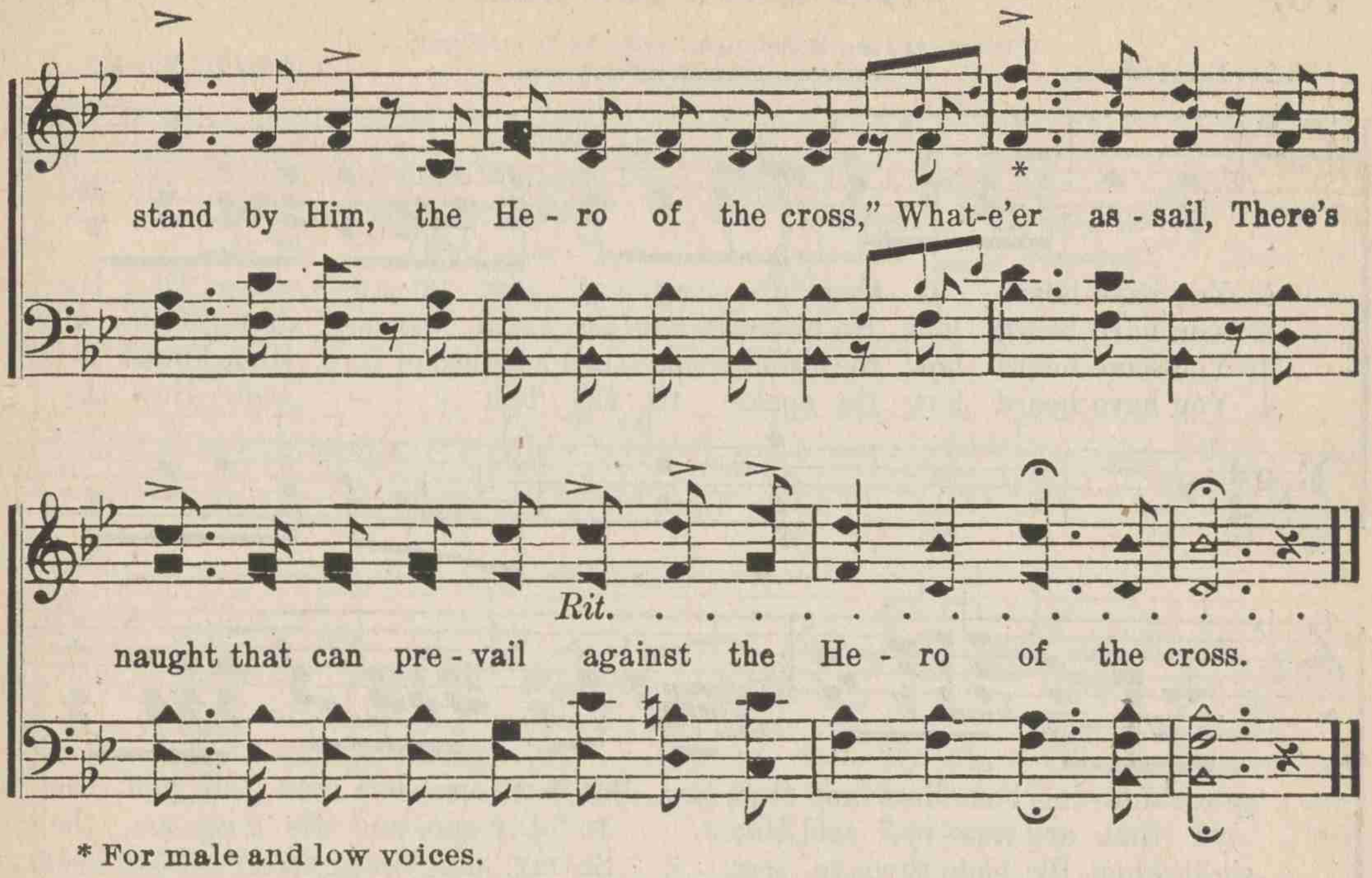
Gal - i - le - an King, Thou didst suf - fer to re-
ev - er to a - bide— All the heav'n - ly hosts a
dost our place pre - pare— Ev - er for us in - ter-
wor - thy to re - ceive. Loud - est prais - es with - out

TUTTI.

lease us, Thou didst full sal - va - tion bring.....
dore Thee, Seat - ed at Thy Fa - ther's side.....
ced - ing, Till in glo - ry we ap - pear.....
ceas - ing, Meet it is for us to give.....

"Ill stand by Him, the He - ro of the cross, I'll

The Hero of the Cross.
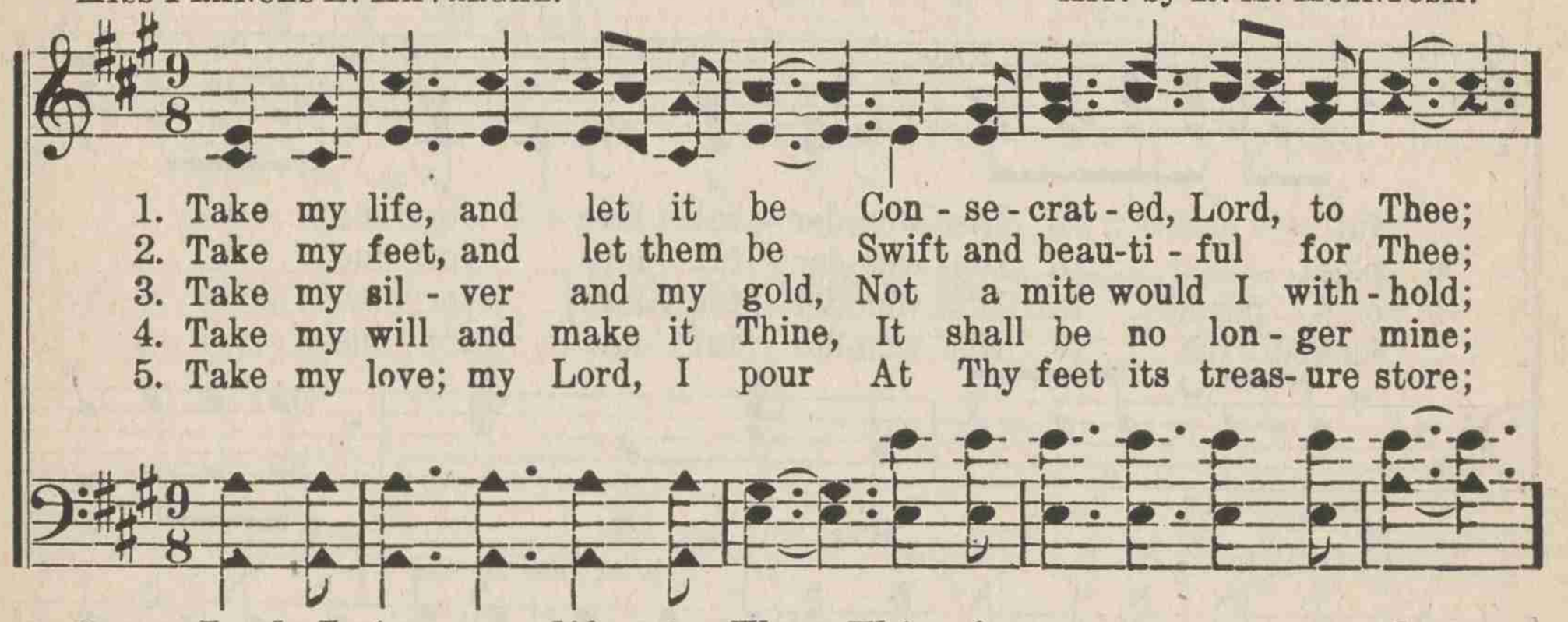


* For male and low voices.
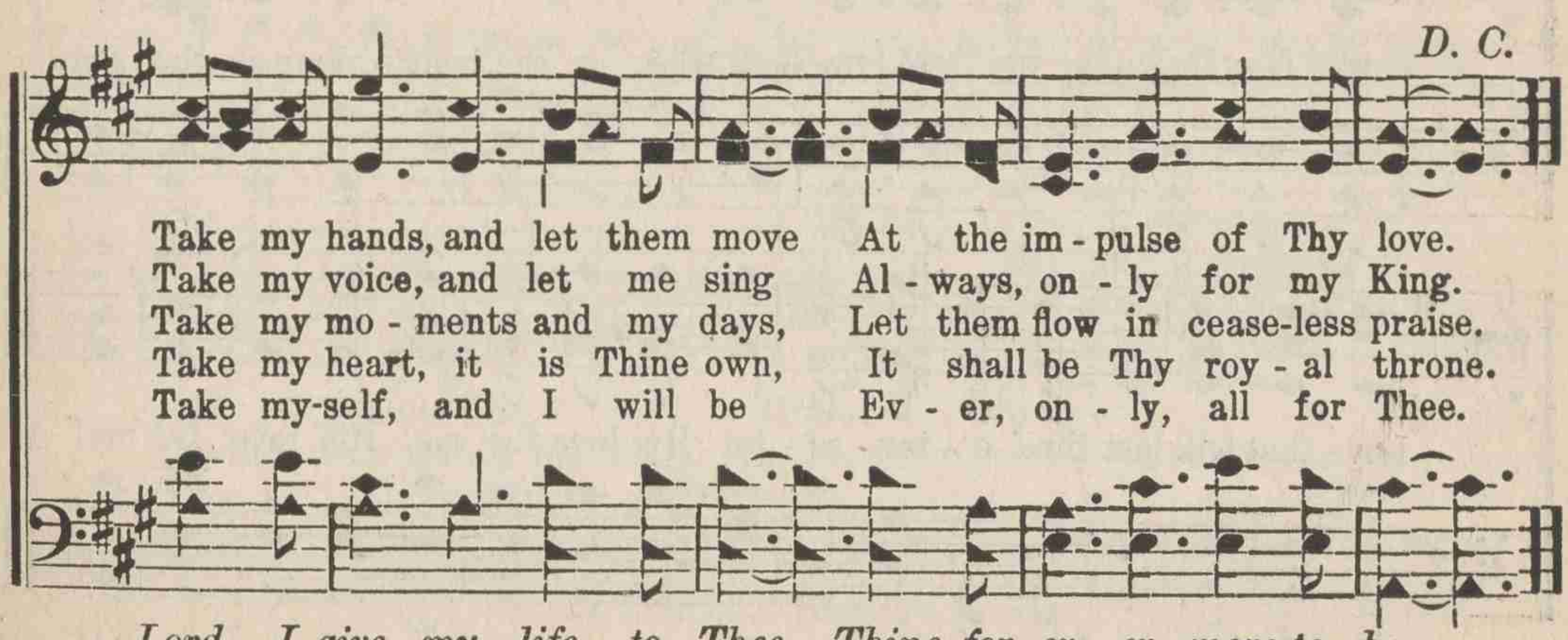
69. Take My Life, and Let It Be.

By per. The Standard Pub. Co.

MISS FRANCES E. HAVERGAL. Arr. by R. M. MCINTOSH.



CHO.—*Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for ev - er - more to be;*



Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for ev - er - more to be.

70. His Love for Me.

Words and music copyright, 1908, by E. O. Excell.
International copyright secured.

F. M. EASTWOOD. FRED. H. BYSHE.

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

ful - ness Of His won-der - ful love for me.....
bless - ing Of His won-der - ful love for me.....
o - pened By His won-der - ful love for me.....
longed for In His won-der - ful love for me.....

CHORUS.

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

71. He Will Hide Me.

Words and music copyright, 1909, by E. O. Excell.
International copyright secured,

JAMES ROWE. E. O. EXCELL.

1. When by storm my bark is driv-en Wild - ly o'er the troub-led
2. When by sins dark clouds surrounded And I seem to all but
3. When my soul longs for the morrow, When I try but can not

tide; Christ, whose heart by me was riv-en, Will my soul in
fail; He whose hands and feet I wounded, He will hide me
sing; He whose head I bowed in sorrow, He will hide me

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

safe - ty hide. He will hide me, safe - ly hide me,
from the gale.
'neath His wing. He will hide me, safely hide me, He will hide me, safely hide me,

Till my tri - als all are o'er; He will hide me,
Till my tri-als, till my tri-als all are o'er, all are o'er; He will hide me, safely hide me,

safe - ly hide me, In His love for ev - - - er - more
He will hide me, safely hide me, In His love for evermore, for evermore, for evermore.

72. I Know He Cares for Me.

Copyright, 1906, by Frank C. Huston.
Words and music.

F. C. H. FRANK C. HUSTON.

1. I have a Sav - iour so kind and ten - der, A won-drous Sav- iour, so
2. When o'er my path-way dark clouds may gather, Naught can af - frigt me when
3. My bless - ed Sav- iour some day shall call me Beyond the riv - er, on

dear to me; He loves me dear - ly, and so sin- cere - ly, He died on
He is near; When foes would press me, and cares dis-tress me, My bless - ed
Ca-naan's side; Till then I'll praise Him, in life up- raise Him And He will

CHORUS.

Cal - v'ry to set me free.
Je - sus ne'er fails to cheer. I know He cares for me, He died to
bear me safe o'er the tide.

set me free; I trust Him ev - er; He fails me nev - er; He guides me day by
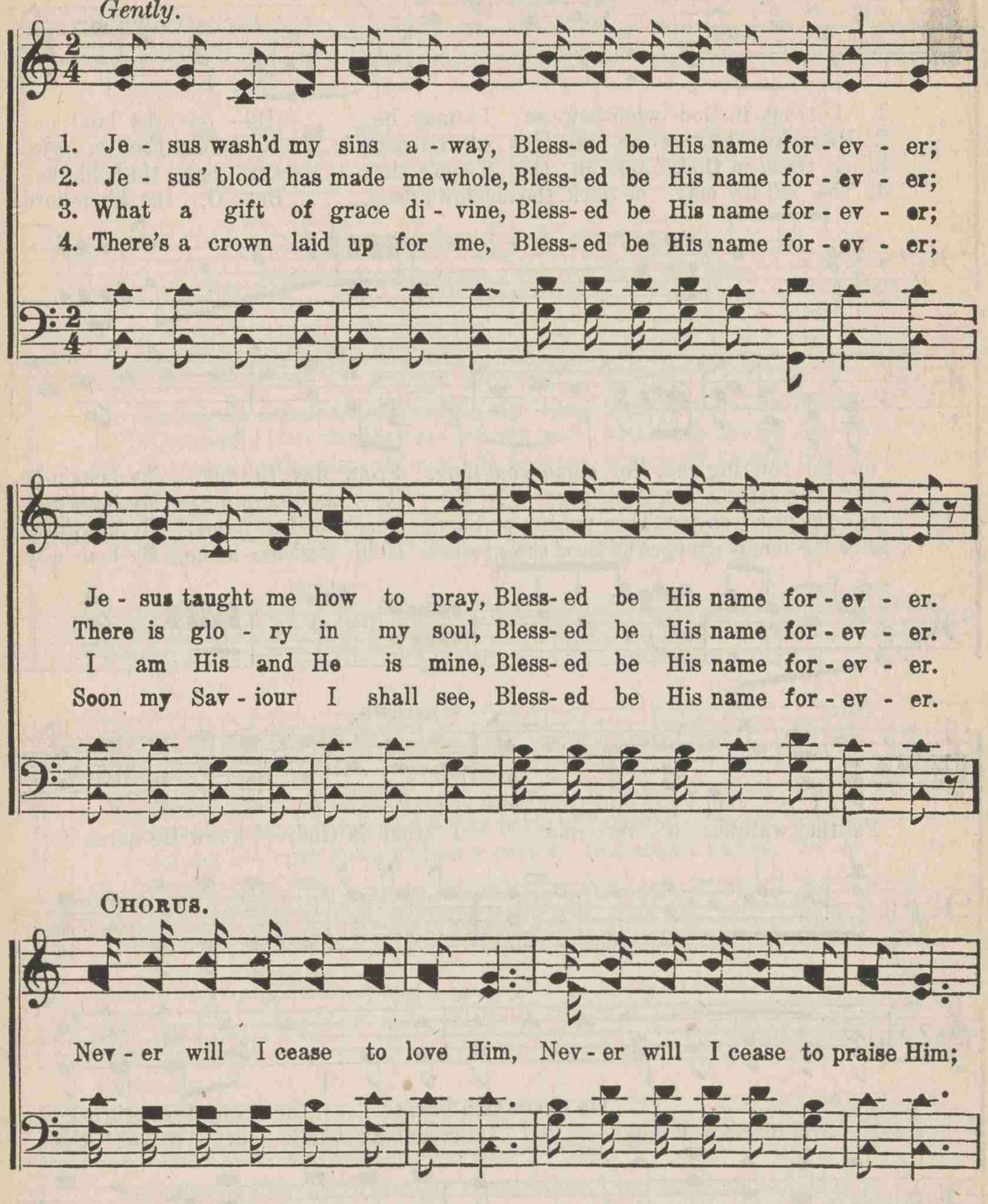
day, He cheers me all the way, My bless - ed Je - sus, so dear to me.

73. Never Will I Cease to Love Him.

"We love Him because He first loved us."—1 John 4: 19.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Copyright, 1899, by W. H. Doane. Used by per. W. H. DOANE.

Gently.



1. Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way, Bless- ed be His name for - ev - er;
2. Je - sus' blood has made me whole, Bless- ed be His name for - ev - er;
3. What a gift of grace di - vine, Bless- ed be His name for - ev - er;
4. There's a crown laid up for me, Bless- ed be His name for - ev - er;

Je - sus taught me how to pray, Bless- ed be His name for - ev - er.
There is glo - ry in my soul, Bless- ed be His name for - ev - er.
I am His and He is mine, Bless- ed be His name for - ev - er.
Soon my Sav - iour I shall see, Bless- ed be His name for - ev - er.

CHORUS.

Nev - er will I cease to love Him, Nev - er will I cease to praise Him;

Nev - er will I cease to love Him, Be - cause He first loved me.

74. My Father Watches Over Me.

W. C. MARTIN. Copyright, 1910, by Chas. H. Gabriel. CHAS. H. GABRIEL

SOLO OR UNISON.

1. I trust in God wher-ev-er I may be,.....Up-on the land or
2. He makes the rose an ob-ject of His care,.....He guides the ea-gle
3. I trust in God, for in the li-on's den,.....On bat-tle-field, or
4. The val-ley may be dark, the shadows deep,.....But O, the Shep-herd

on the roll-ing sea, For, come what may, From day to day, My heav'n-ly
thro' the pathless air, And sure-ly He Re-mem-bers me,— My heav'n-ly
in the pris-on pen, Thro' praise or blame, Thro' flood or flame, My heav'n-ly
guards His lonely sheep; And thro' the gloom He'll lead me home, My heav'n-ly

Rit.

CHORUS.

Fa-ther watches o-ver me. I trust in God,—I know He cares for
me,..... On moun-tain bleak or on the storm-y
He cares for me, On mount-ain bleak or on the
sea;..... Tho' bil-lows roll,..... He keeps my
sea, the storm-y sea; Tho' bil-lows roll, He

My Father Watches Over Me.

Rit.

soul,—..... .. My heav'n-ly Fa-ther watch-es o-ver me.
keeps my soul,

75. Somebody Knows.

Words and music copyright, 1908, 1909, by F. G. Fischer.

ALFRED H. ACKLEY. E. O. Excell, owner. B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Fail-ing in strength when opprest by my foes, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
2. Why should I fear when the care-billows roll? Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
3. Wounded and helpless and sick with distress, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;

Wait-ing for some one to ban-ish my woes. Somebod-y knows, 'Tis Je - sus.
When the deep shadows sweep over my soul, Somebod-y knows, 'Tis Je - sus.
Long-ing for home and a mother's caress, Somebod-y knows, 'Tis Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Some-bod-y knows, Somebody knows When I am tempted and tried by my foes;

Rit.

He is the One who will keep me—Some-bod - y knows, 'Tis Je - sus.

76. His Love is All I Need.

Copyright, 1908, by E. O. Excell.
International copyright.

E. O. E

E. O. EXCELL.

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

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

Rit.

CHORUS.

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

Rit.

77. Whom Having Not Seen, I Love.

Copyright, 1908, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
Copyright, 1909, by E. O. Excell.

MAND FRAZER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

78. Is It Nothing to You?

Copyright, 1896, by May Whittle Moody. Used by per.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

1. Is it noth-ing to you that heav-en's King Came down to this
2. Is it noth-ing to you that by and by You must trav-el
3. Is it noth-ing to you that some sweet day, In the heav-en-ly

world of woe, That He suffered and bled, and rose from the dead,
death's dark vale, Where Jor-dan's wave the path-way laves,
land so fair, You may join the song that the ran-somed throng

REFRAIN.

That e-ter-nal life you might know?
And all but Christ doth fail? Is it noth-ing to you that
Are for-ev-er sing-ing there?

grace is free, And that God in His love doth call? Is it noth-ing to you?

Is it noth-ing to you? Is it noth-ing, noth-ing to you?

79. Is Thy Heart Right With God?

Used by per. of E. A. Hoffman.
Owner of copyright.

E. A. H. REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have thy af-fec-tions been nail'd to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do- min- ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un-der Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?

Dost thou count all things for Je-sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O - ver all e - vil without and with- in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je - sus rule in the tem-ple with - in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does He each mo-ment a- bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?

CHORUS.

Is thy heart right with God, Wash'd in the crim-son flood, Cleans'd and made

ho - ly, hum - ble and low - ly, Right in the sight of God?.....
of God?

80. Going Unprepared.

Copyright, 1909, by H. N. Lincoln. By per.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Go - ing un - prepared to the judg - ment throne, Go - ing to be
2. Go - ing rash - ly on in your guilt and sin, Care-less - ly a
3. Go - ing fast as mo-ments can bear you on, Know-ing that your

tried at the bar a - lone, Go - ing up unsaved thro' the precious blood,
long, naught of peace with - in, Trampling on the ten - der Re-deem-er's blood,
days will be quick - ly run, Soon will lay your bod - y beneath the sod,

REFRAIN.

Go - ing un - pre-pared to meet your God.
Go - ing all a - lone to meet your God. Go - ing un - pre-pared,
Go - ing un - pre-pared to meet your God.

go - ing un-prepared, Go - ing un - prepared to the judg-ment seat; Go - ing

un-prepared, go-ing un- prepared, Go- ing un-prepared the Lord to meet.

81. To the Rescue.

Copyright, 1906, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. To the res- cue! to the res- cue! Souls are drift-ing with the tide;
2. Who will tell of this sal- va - tion Bless - ed life- boat close at hand,
3. Some are conscious of their danger, And for suc - cor loud - ly cry;
4. Hu - man wrecks are all a - bout us, Vic - tim's of the temp-ter's pow'r;

On - ward t'ward the rocks be - fore them With the cur-rent swift they glide.
Ere their barks are wreck'd and scatter'd Far and near up - on the strand?
Cut the shore-lines, hast - en to them, Ere in sin they sink and die.
O the joy be - yond all tell - ing, Could we res - cue one this hour.

mf CHORUS. *p*

Farther and far-ther a - way!..... Farther and farther a - way!.....
drifting away, drifting a-way,

Cres.

With the cur - rent drift - ing by, To the res - cue quick - ly fly,
With the current drifting, drifting by, To the rescue quickly, quickly fly,

God will help us if we try,.... Help to save some one to - day.
God will help us if we on - ly try,

82. That Means Me.

Copyright, 1911, by H. R. Christie.

MATTIE M. BOTELER. Words and music. H. R. CHRISTIE.

1. I'm glad when in the bless - ed book My Lord I see, The
2. I'm glad He calls, as once He called, By Gal - i lee, To
3. I'm glad that by the Fa- ther's throne He makes His plea, For
4. I'm glad He says that all His own At last shall be With

REFRAIN.

friend of all that need His help, For that means me.
all who will to fol - low Him, For that means me. That means me!
those who ask for par- don sweet, For that means me.
Him in glo - ry up a - bove, For that means me.

That means me! Christ has bid - den all to come, And that means me.

83. I'll Live for Him.

Copyright, 1882, by R. E. Hudson.
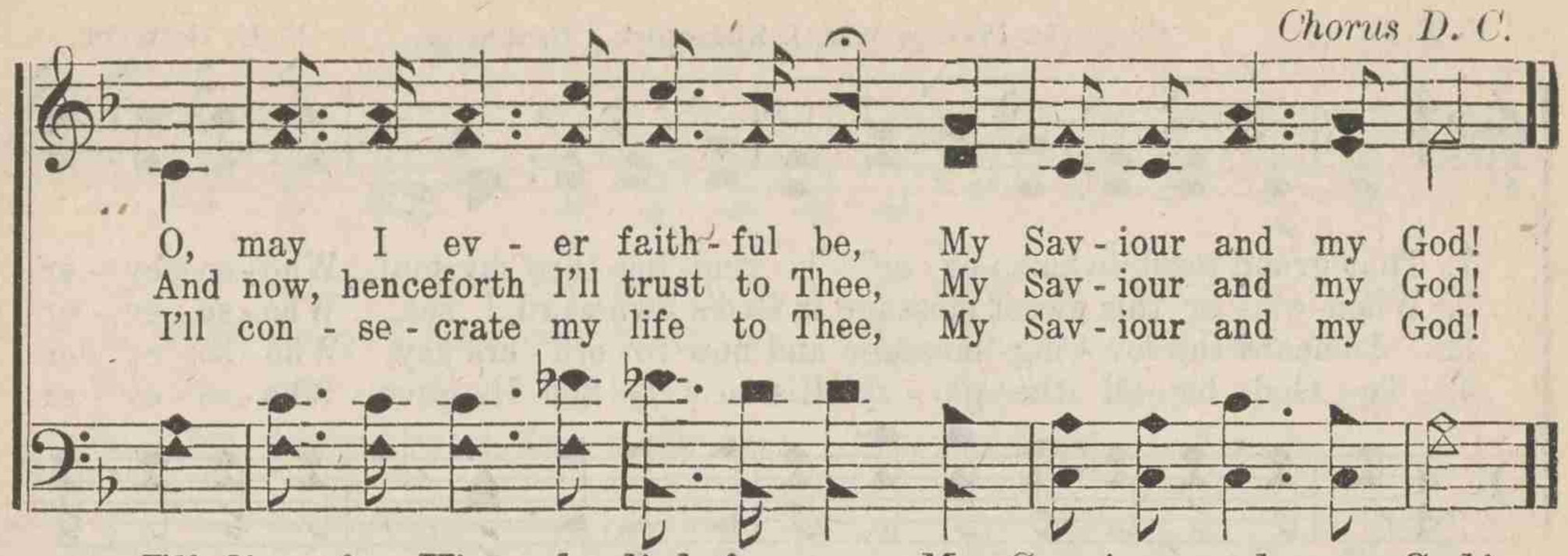
R. E. HUDSON. C. H. DUNBAR.

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 happy then my life shall be!*

I'll Live for Him.
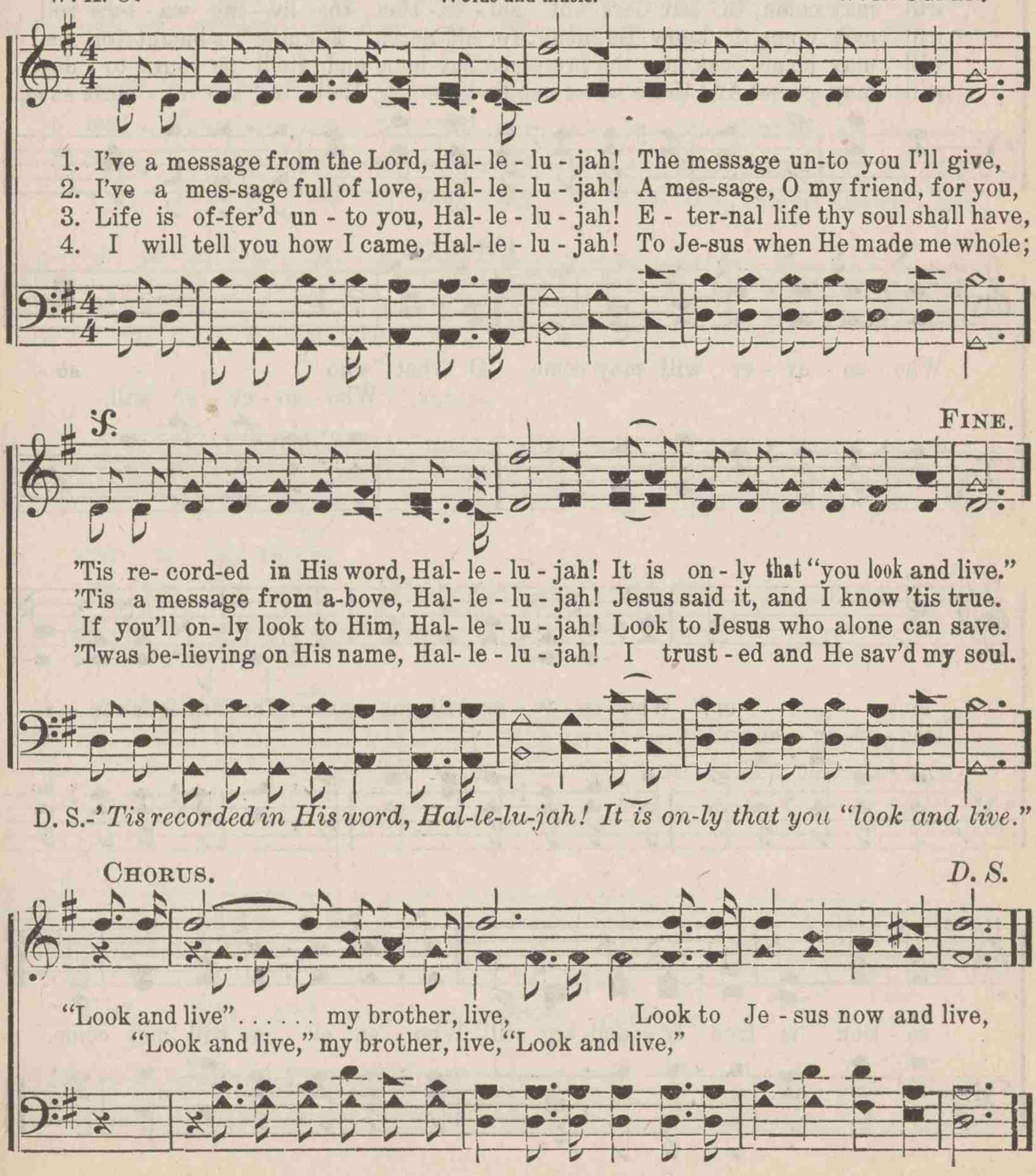
Chorus D. C.



84. Look and Live.

Copyright, 1887, by E. O. Excell.

W. A. O. Words and music. W. A. OGDEN.



85. That Grand Word, Whosoever.

E. E. E. Copyright, 1899, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per. E. E. HEWITT.

1. That grand word "who-so-ev - er" is ring- ing thro' my soul, Who - so - ev - er
2. When- ev - er this sweet message in God's own word I see, Who - so - ev - er
3. I heard the lov - ing message and now to oth - ers say, Who - so - ev - er
4. To God be all the glo - ry! His on - ly Son He gave, Who - so - ev - er

will may come; In riv - ers of sal - va - tion the liv - ing wa - ters roll,
will may come, I know 'tis meant for sin-ners, I know 'tis meant for me,
will may come; Seek now the pre-cious Sav-iour, and He'll be yours to - day,
will may come; And those who come be-liev - ing, He'll to the ut - most save,

CHORUS.

Who - so - ev - er will may come. O that "who - - - - so -
Who - so - ev - er will,

ev - - - er!" Who - so - ev - er will may come; The Sav-iour's in - vi-
who - so- ev - er will,

ta - tion is free - ly sound- ing still, Who - so - ev - er will may come.

86. Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R. Copyright, 1906, by The John Church Co. Used by per. G. F. ROOT.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, O, why do you tar - ry so
2. What do you hope, dear broth - er, To gain by a fur - ther de-
3. Do you not feel, dear broth - er, His Spir - it now striv - ing with-
4. Why do you wait, dear broth - er? The har - vest is pass - ing a-

long? Your Sav - iour is wait - ing to give you A place in His
lay? There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er
in? O, why not ac - cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off thy
way; Your Sav - iour is long - ing to bless you, There's dan-ger and

CHORUS.

sanc - ti - fied throng.
way but His way. Why not? why not? Why not come to Him
bur - den of sin?
death in de - lay.

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

87. Come Unto Me.

By per. The Standard Pub. Co.,
owners of the copyright.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Hark! the gen - tle voice of Je - sus fall - eth Ten - der - ly up-
2. Take His yoke, for He is meek and low - ly, Bear His bur - den,
3. Then, His lov - ing, ten - der voice o - bey - ing, Bear His yoke, His

on your ear; Sweet His cry of love and pit - y call - eth;
of Him learn; He who call - eth is the Mas - ter, ho - ly,
bur - den take; Find the yoke His hand is on you lay - ing,

CHORUS.

Turn and list - en, stay and hear.
He will teach if you will learn. Ye that la - bor and are heav- y la - den,
Light and eas - y for His sake.
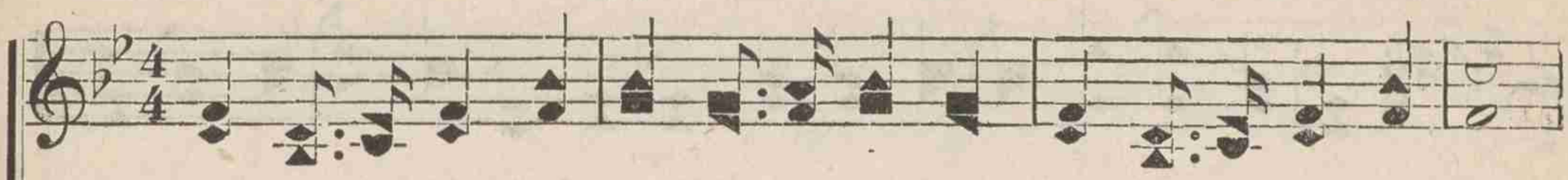
Lean up - on your dear Lord's breast; Ye that la - bor and are

heav - y la - den, Come, and I will give you rest.
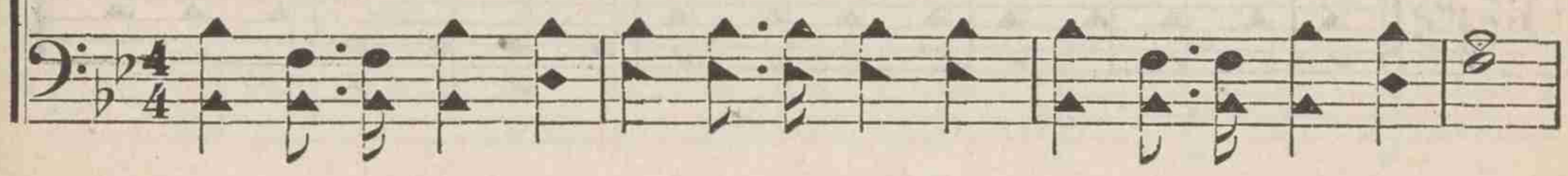
88. I Am Resolved.
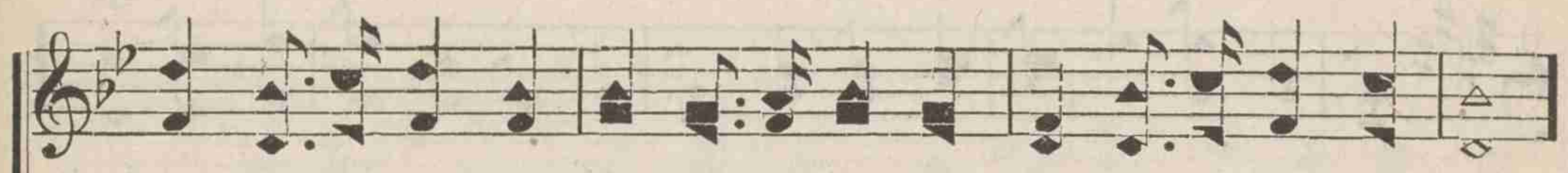
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By per. of J. A. Lee, owner.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.
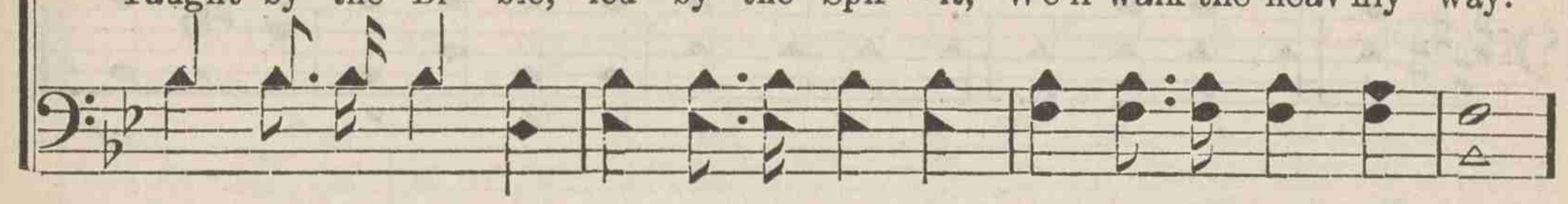


1. I am resolved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charm'd by the world's de-light;
2. I am resolved to go to the Sav- iour, Leav- ing my sin and strife;
3. I am resolved to fol - low the Sav-iour, Faith- ful and true each day,
4. I am resolved to en - ter the kingdom, Leav - ing the paths of sin;
5. I am resolved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, without de - lay,

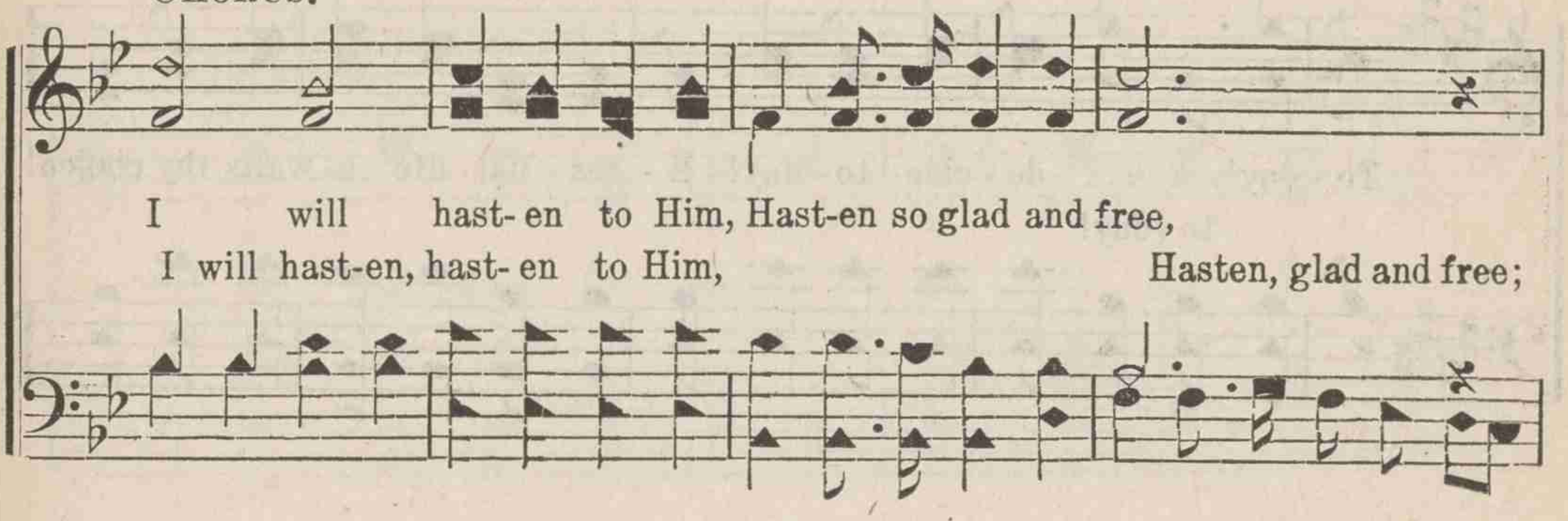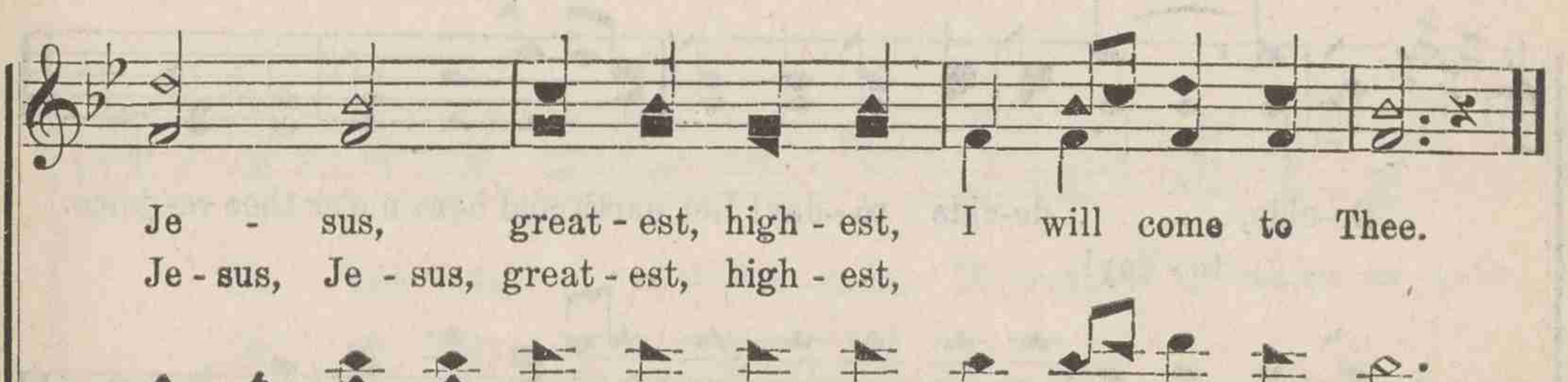




Things that are high - er, things that are no- bler, These have al-lured my sight.
He is the true one, He is the just one, He hath the words of life.
Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth, He is the liv - ing way.
Friends may op-pose me, foes may be - set me, Still will I en - ter in.
Taught 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, Hasten, glad and free;



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

89. Decide To-day.

Copyright, 1906, by The Standard Pub. Co.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. The Sav-iour calls with lov- ing voice! He speaks to thee, turn not a - way;
2. Bid earth's allurements call in vain While Jesus pleads from Calv'ry's cross;
3. The saints and an-gels round the throne Thy choice await with long-ing love;
4. To- day is God's ac-cept - ed time, Thy peace and par-don, why de - lay?

O wait - ing soul, what is thy choice? De - cide to - day, de - cide to - day!
What prof - it if the world then gain? O for His sake count all but loss
On high the tid- ings shall be known, And fill with joy the courts a - bove
For thee the bells of heav'n shall chime If thou de- cide for Christ to - day.

CHORUS.

To - day!..... de - cide to - day! E - ter - nal life a- waits thy choice!
to - day!

De-cide,..... de-cide to - day! Let earth and heav'n o'er thee re- joice.
to - day!

90. All to Christ I Owe.

By permission.

MRS. ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Sav - iour say, Thy strength in - deed is small;
2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone,
3. For noth - ing good have I Where - by Thy grace to claim—
4. When from my dy - ing bed My ran - somed soul shall rise,
5. And when be - fore the throne I stand in Him com - plete,

Child of weak-ness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.
Can change the lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
I'll wash my garments white In the blood of Cal-vary's Lamb.
Then "Je - sus died for me" Shall rend the vault - ed skies.
I'll lay my troph - ies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

CHORUS.

Je - sus died for me, All to Him I owe;
Sin had left crim - son stain; He washed it white as snow.

91. Let Him Come In.

By per. The Standard Pub. Co., owners of the copyright.

C. W. RAY. H. R. CHRISTIE.

1. To thy barred and bolt - ed door, Gen - tly a- a woo - ing dove,
2. Haste to o - pen wide the door, Ban - ish ev 'ry tho't of sin;
3. He a roy - al feast will spread, He will bring a bound-less store;
4. He is knock - ing, wait - ing still; Why in mad - ness yet de - lay?

Je - sus comes as oft be - fore, Plead- ing in His ten - der love.
Why re - fuse and grieve Him more; Quick - ly rise and let Him in.
Thou shalt taste "The Liv - ing Bread," And be blest for ev - er - more.
Why re - fuse His mer - cy till He ag-grieved shall turn a - way?

REFRAIN.

Let Him in; Let Him in; Sin- ner, why not make Him room?
Let Him in; Let Him in;

Let Him in; Let Him in; Lest He nev-er- more may come.
Let Him in; Let Him in;

92. Let Him In.

Copyright, 1881, by John J. Hood.
Copyright, 1909, by E. O. Excell. Renewal.

J. B. ATCHINSON. E. O. EXCELL.

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

Let the Saviour in, Let the Saviour in;

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

Let the Saviour in, Let the Saviour in;

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

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

Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in;

93. Won't You Come?

By per. The Standard Pub. Co.,
owners of the copyright

MATTIE M. BOTELER. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. Do you think when you turn from your Sav - iour, How lit - tle He asks you to do? Just to come and con-fess and o - bey Him,
2. Do you think when you turn from your Sav - iour, How He grieves o'er your hard - ness and sin, How long at your heart He's been knock- ing,
3. Do you think when you turn from your Sav - iour, How He poured out His life - blood for you? O, sto - ry most won-drous and touch - ing,
4. Do you think when you turn from your Sav - iour, Let me ask, have you count - ed the cost? Tho' you gain all of earth's fleet - ing treas - ure,

REFRAIN.

Af - ter all He has giv - en to you. Won't you come? Won't you
And yet you will not let Him in?
And you know that the sto - ry is true!
If your soul in the end should be lost! Won't you come?
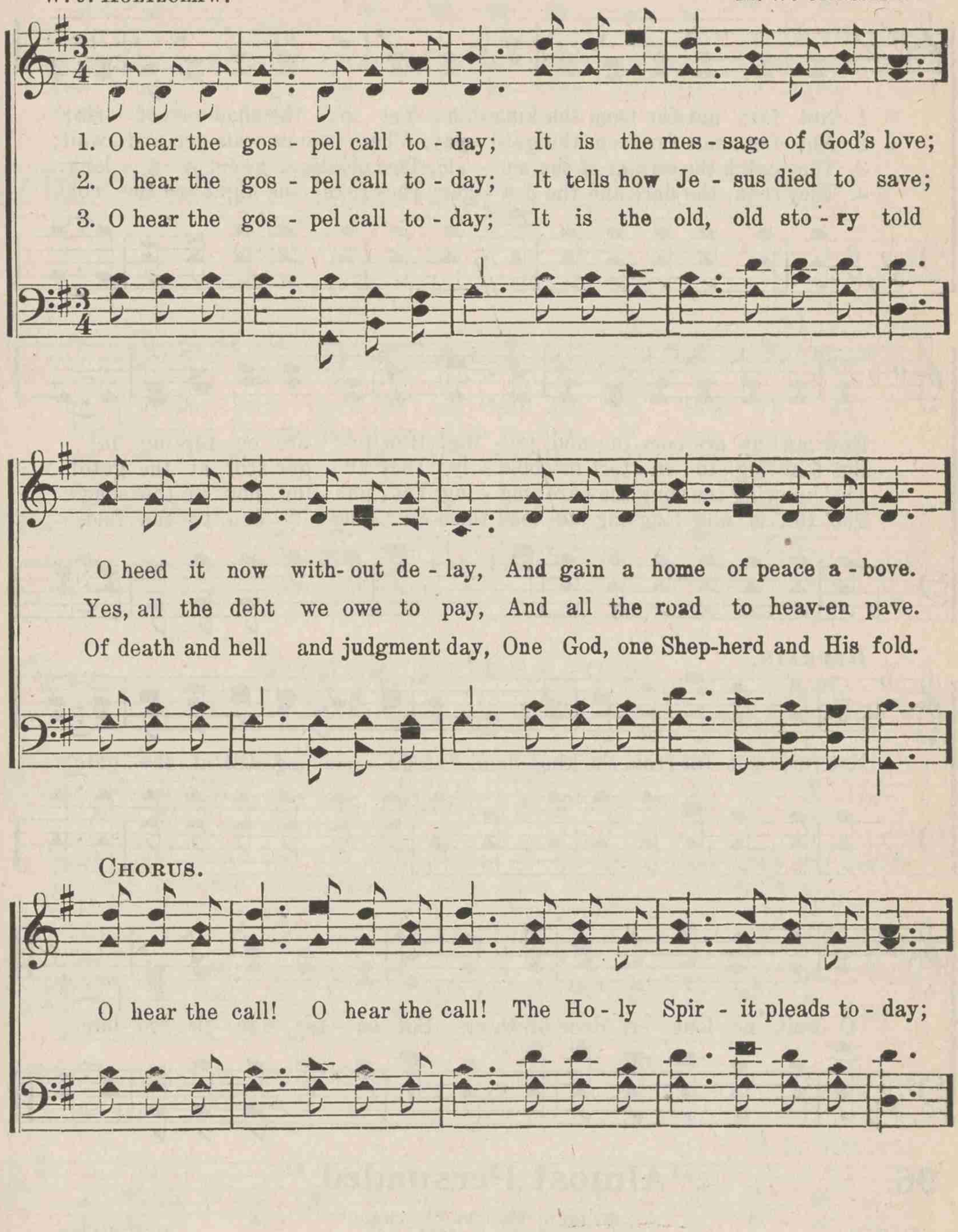
come? Won't you come and con-fess and o - bey? The
Won't you come? and o - bey?

time is so short for His serv - ice, And no time is yours but to - day!

94. Hear the Gospel Call.

Copyright, 1906, by H. R. Christie.

W. J. HOLTZCLAW. M. W. CHRISTIE.



95. Not Far From the Kingdom.

Copyright. 1895, by The R. M. McIntosh Co. The Standard Pub. Co., owners of the copyright.

Words arr. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Not far, not far from the king-dom, Yet in the shad-ow of sin;
2. Not far, not far from the gate - way, Where voic-es whis-per and wait;
3. They catch the strains of the mu - sic, That floats so sweet-ly a - long;
4. They're in the dark and the dan - ger; They're in the night and the cold,

How ma - ny are com-ing and go - ing! How few are en - ter-ing in!
But fear-ing to en - ter in bold - ly, They lin - ger still at the gate!
Tho' knowing the song they are sing - ing, Yet join - ing not in the song.
Tho' He is now long-ing to lead them So kind - ly in - to the fold.

REFRAIN.

Not far, not far from the king- dom, Yet lin - ger - ing still at the gate;

O wait no long - er, dear broth-er, But en - ter e're 'tis too late.
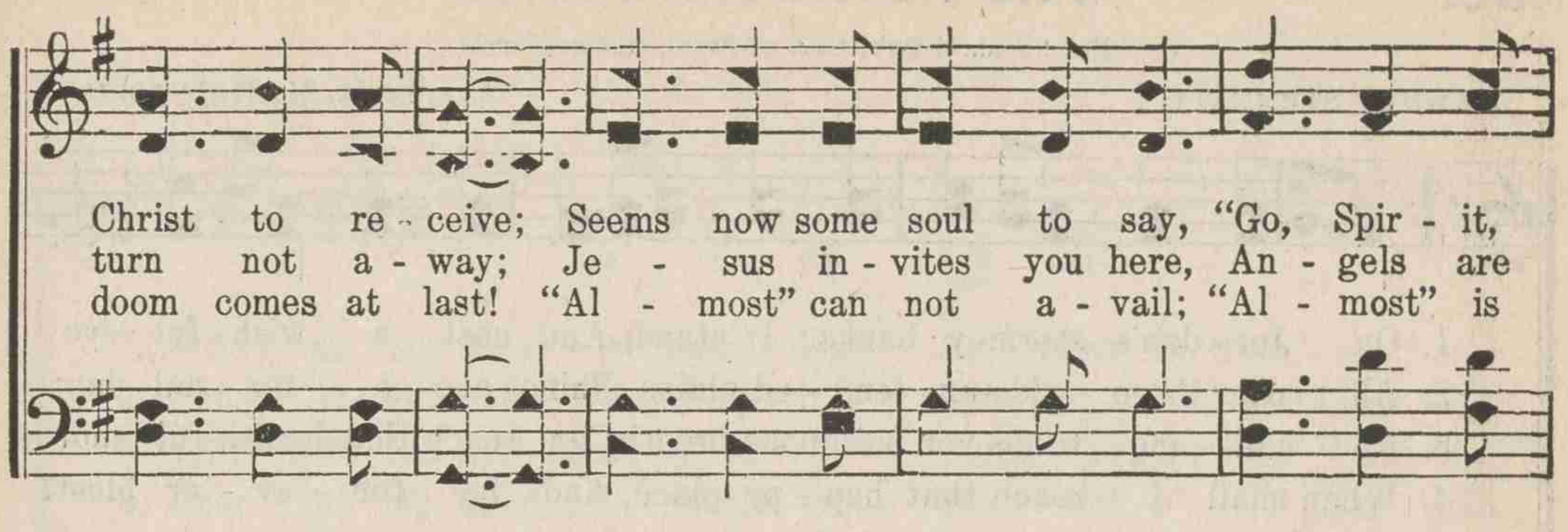
96. "Almost Persuaded."
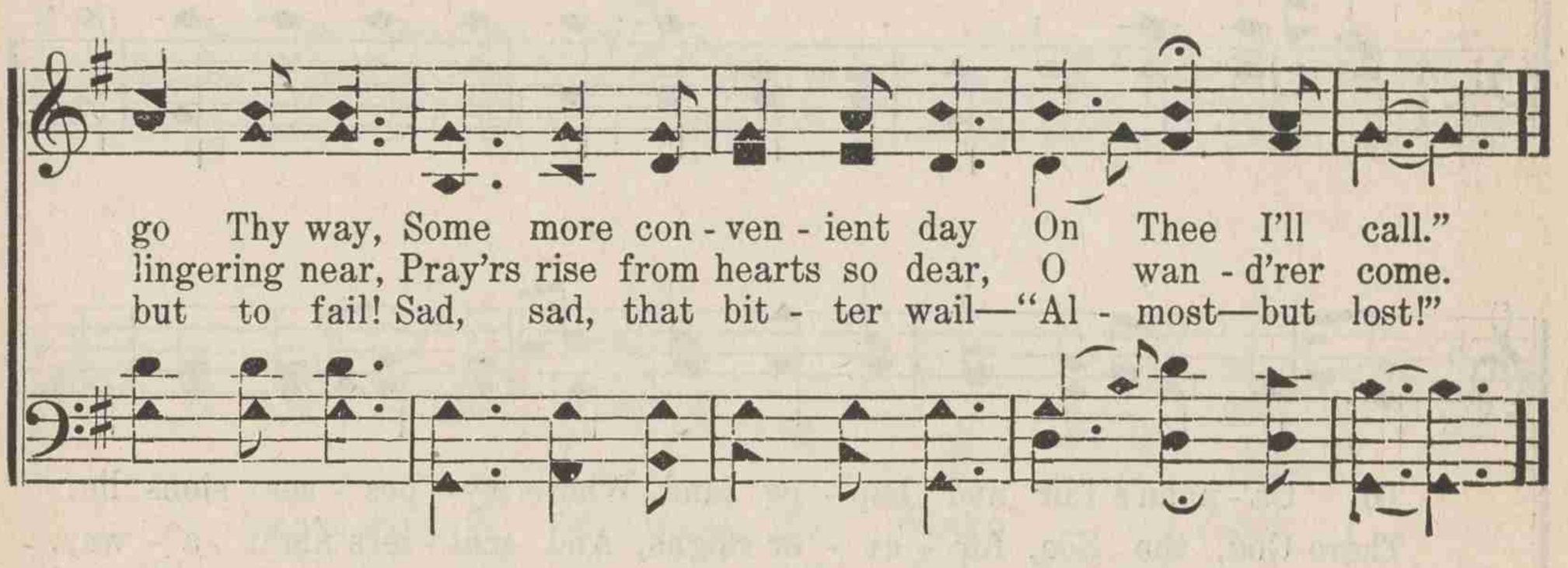
By per of The John Church Co.
Copyright, 1902.

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

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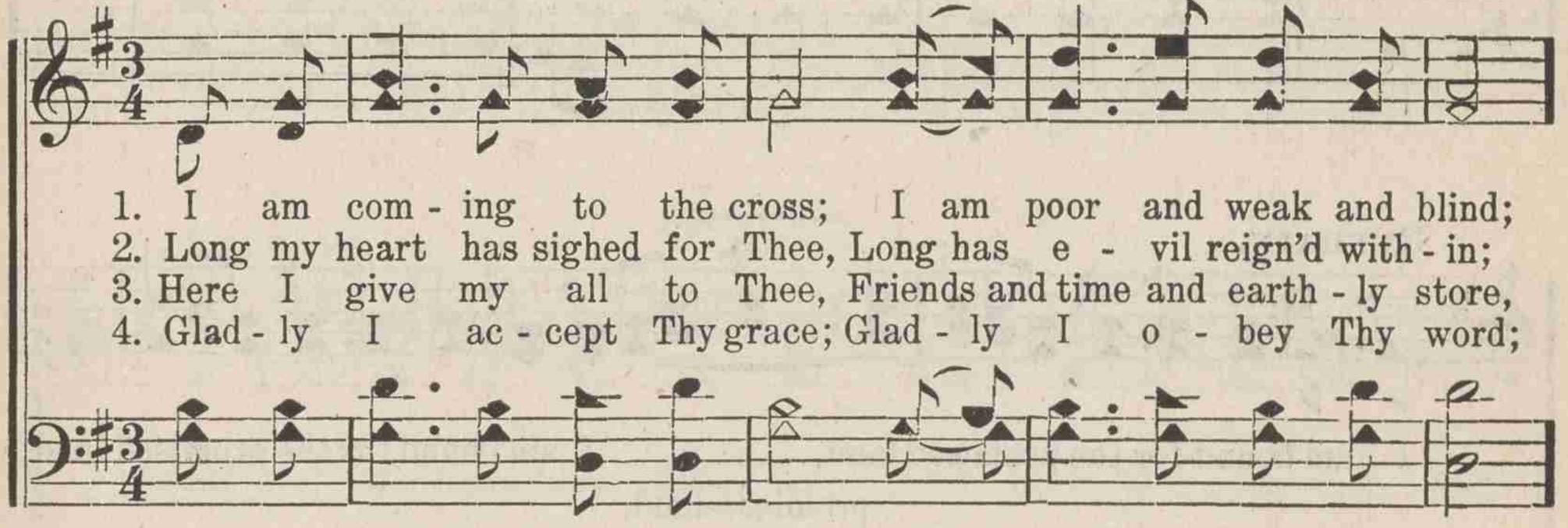
"Almost Persuaded."
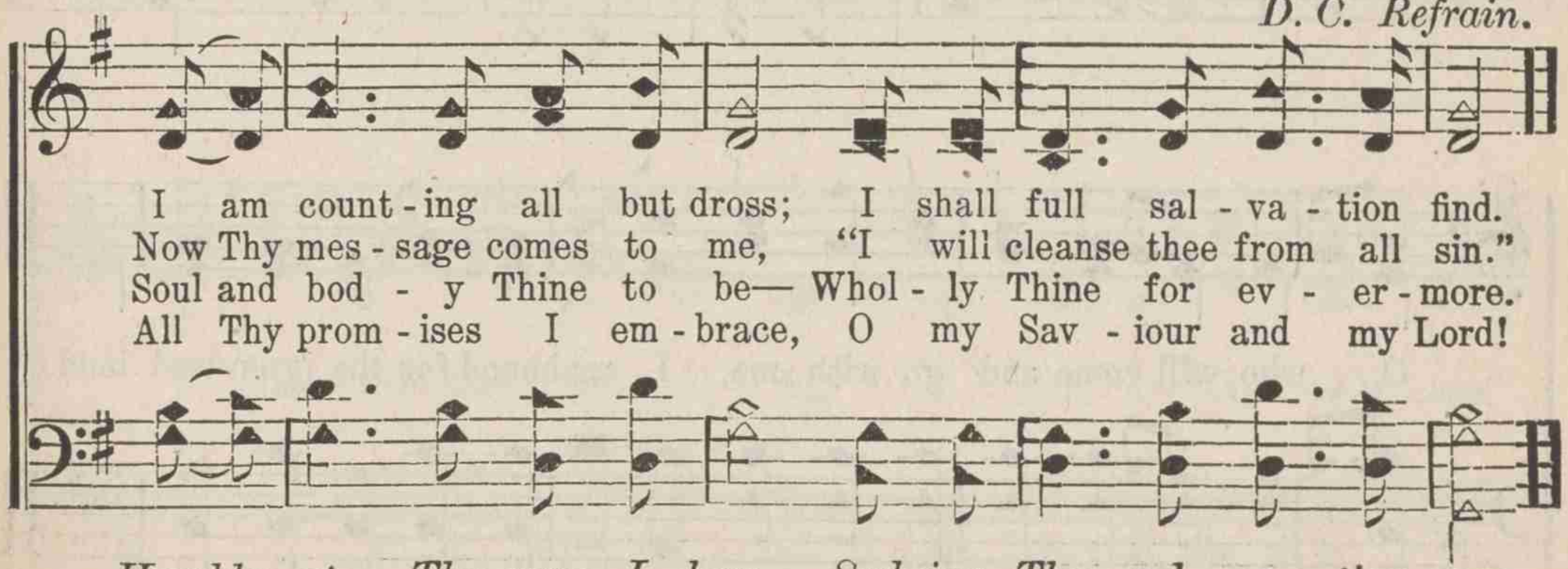




97. Coming to the Cross.

W. McDONALD. Used by permission. WM. G. FISCHER.



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

D. C. Refrain.



Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Seek-ing Thy sal - va - tion now.

98. The Promised Land.

The Standard Pub. Co., owners of the copyright.

SAMUEL STENNETT. Arr. by R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
2. All o'er those wide-ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. No chill - ing winds nor poisonous breath Can reach that health-ful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?

To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
There God, the Son, for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And in His bo - som rest?

REFRAIN.

I am bound for the promised land, ... I am bound for the promised land;
promised land,

O, who will come and go with me, I am bound for the prom-ised land.

99. Knocking At the Door.

By per. The Standard Pub. Co., owners of the copyright.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. A. B. EVERETT

1. Who at my door is stand - ing,— Pa - tient - ly draw - ing near,
2. Lone - ly with - out He's stay - ing: Lone - ly with - in am I,
3. All thro' the dark hours drear - y, Knock - ing a - gain is He,
4. Door of my heart, I hast - en! Thee will I o - pen wide,

En - trance with - in de - mand - ing? Whose is the voice I hear?
While I am still de - lay - ing, Will He not pass me by?
Je - sus, art Thou not wea - ry, Wait - ing so long for me!
Though He re - buke and chas - ten He shall with me a - bide.

REFRAIN.

Sweet - ly the tones are fall - ing:— "O - pen the door for Me!

If thou wilt heed My call - ing, I will a - bide with thee."

100. Calling the Prodigal.

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.
Words and music.

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

1. God is call- ing the prod - i- gal, come with-out de - lay, Hear, O
2. Pa - tient, lov - ing, and ten- der - ly still the Fa - ther pleads, Hear, O
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Fath - er, and to spare, Hear, O
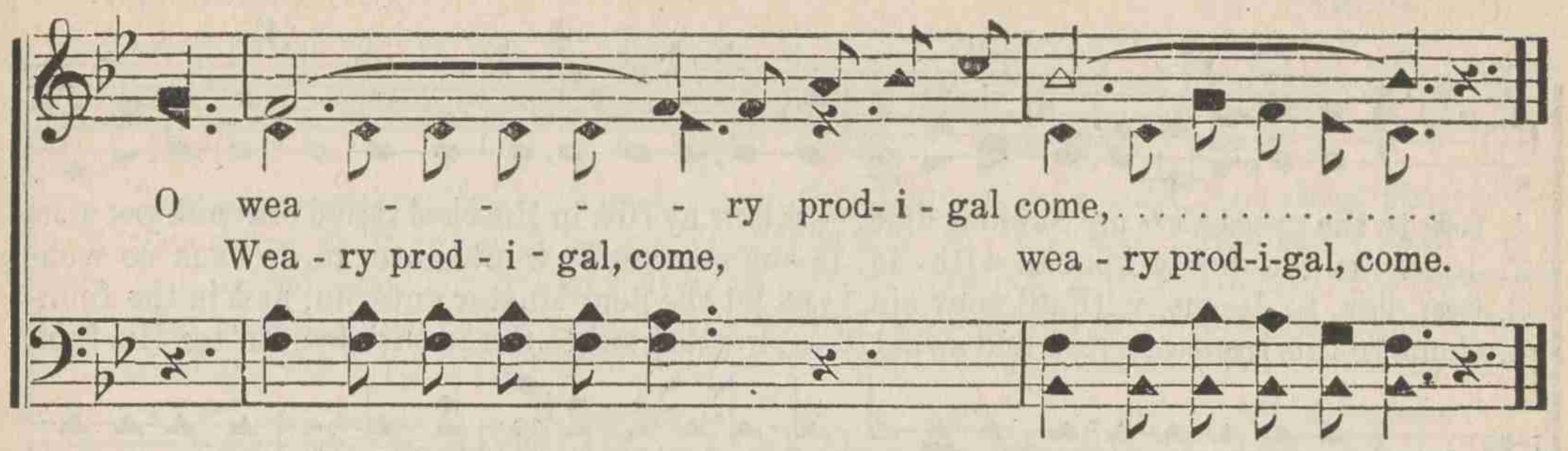
hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee; Tho' you've wander'd so
hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee; O! re - turn while the
hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee; Lo! the ta - ble is
for thee;

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

CHORUS.
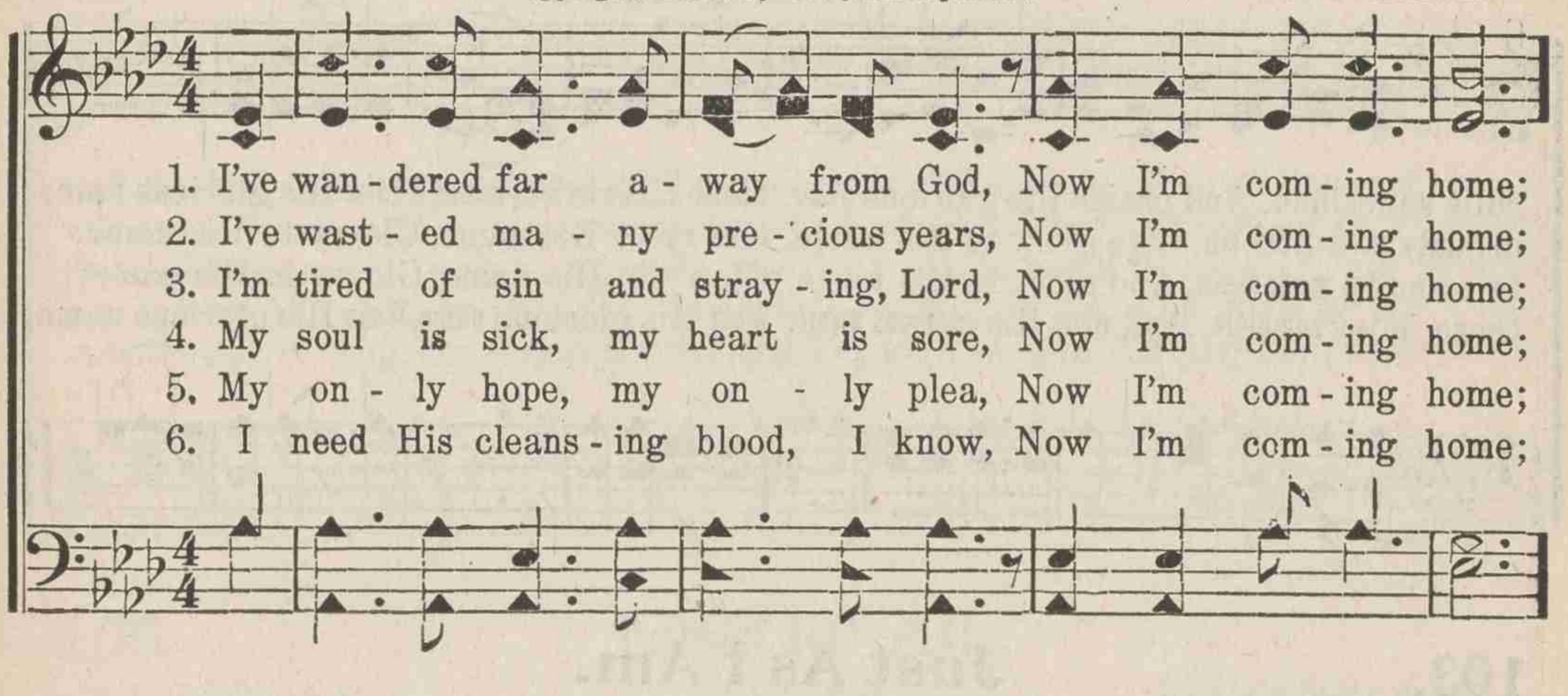
Call - - ing now for thee, ... O wea - - - ry prod-i-gal,
Calling now for thee, calling now for thee, Weary prod-i-gal come,
come; ..... Call - - - ing now for thee, ...
wea-ry prod- i- gal, come; Call-ing now for thee, calling now for thee,
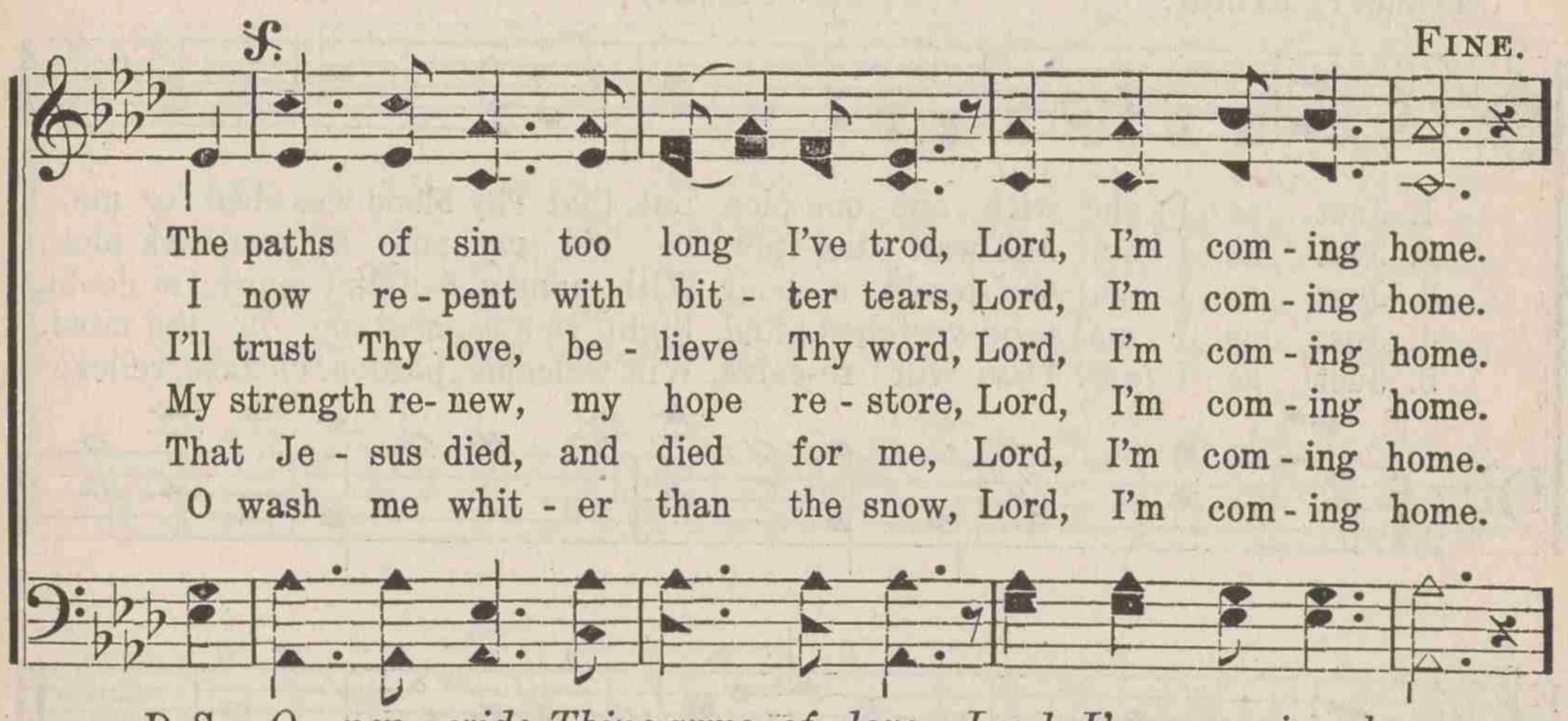
Calling the Prodigal.

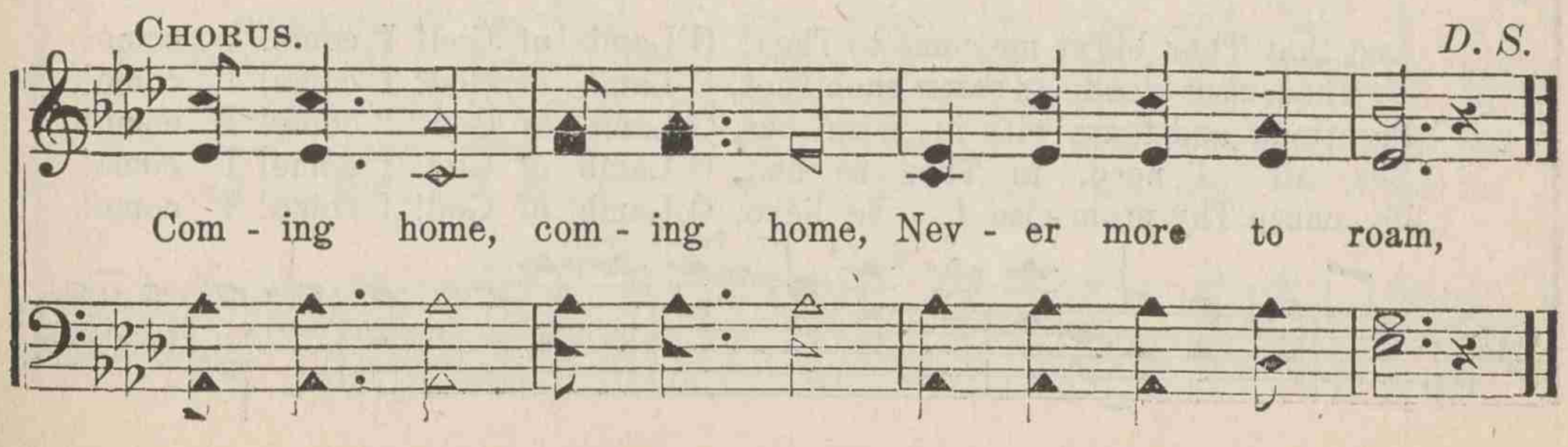


101. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. Copyright, 1892, by W. J. Kirkpatrick. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

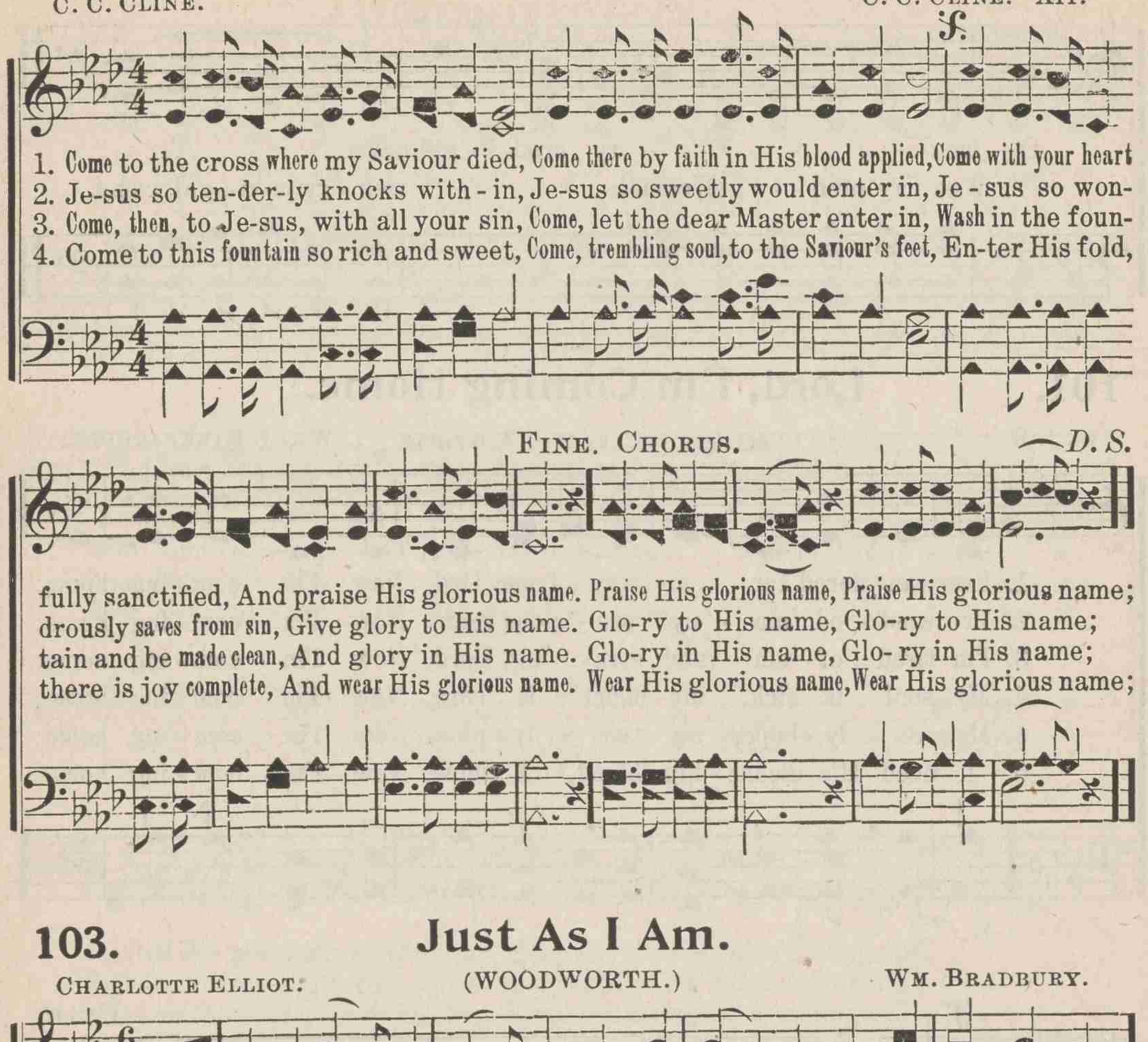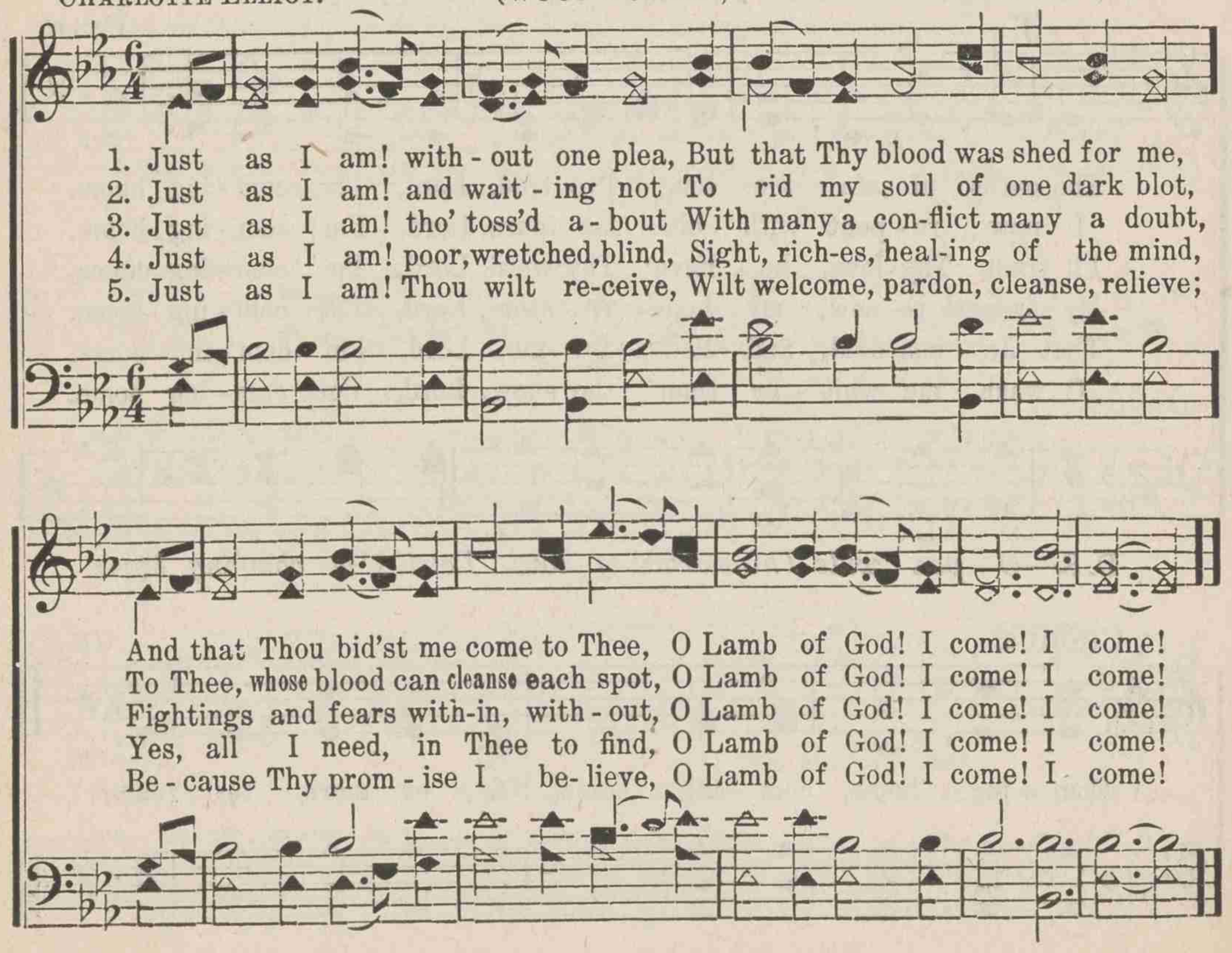






102. Come to the Cross.

C. C. CLINE. C. C. CLINE. ARR.



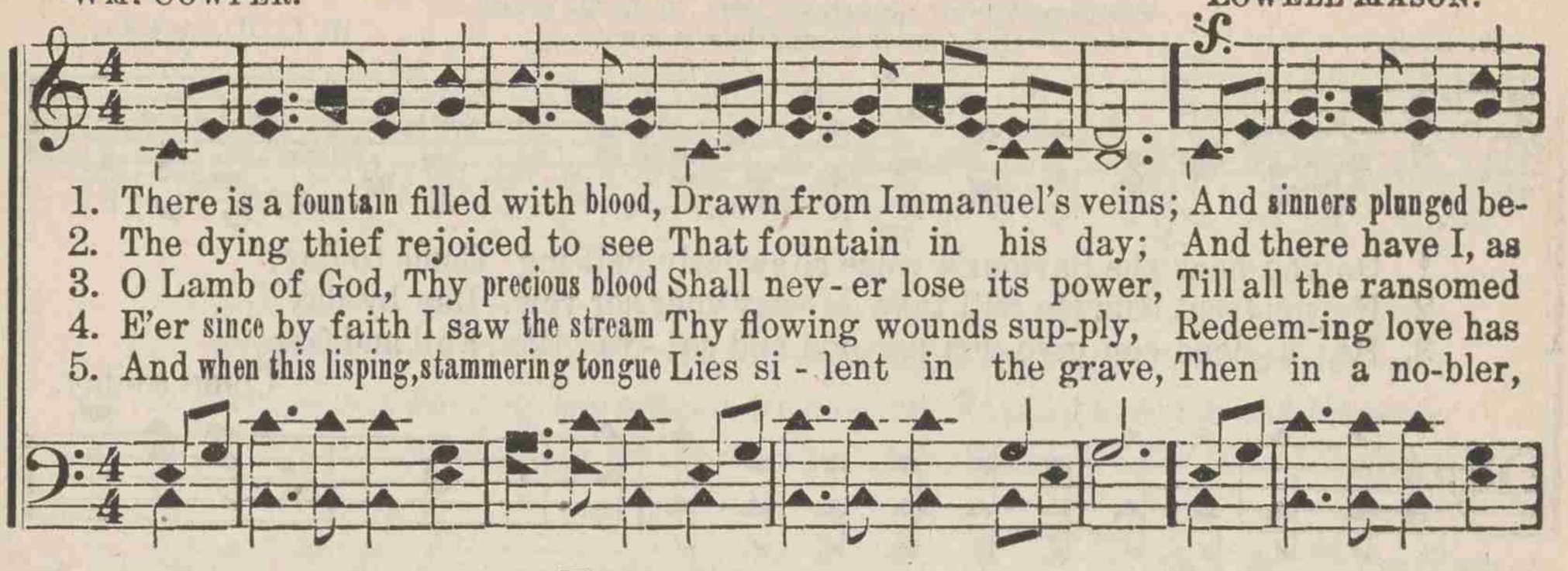
103. Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. (WOODWORTH.) WM. BRADBURY.
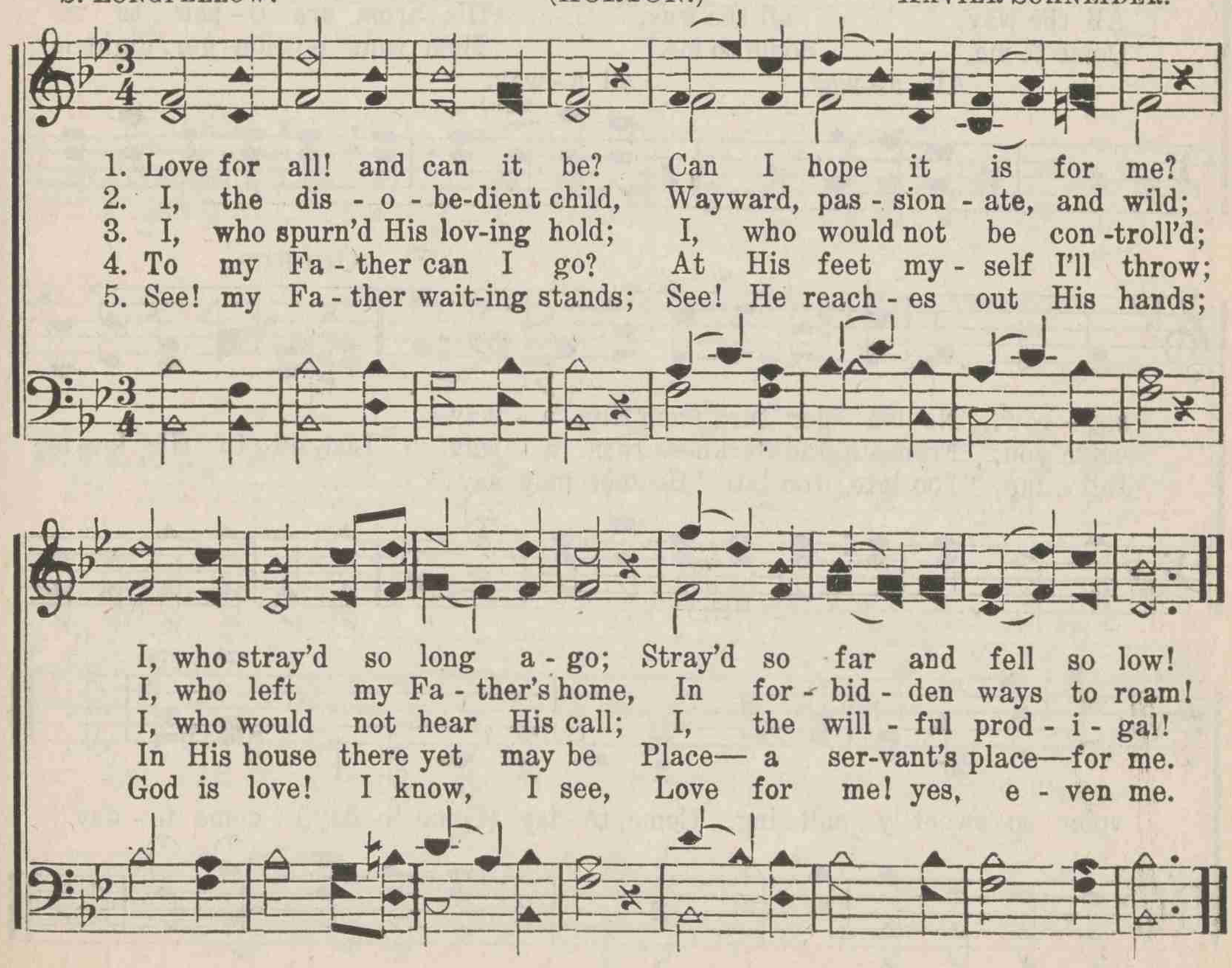


104. There Is a Fountain.

WM. COWPER. LOWELL MASON.



105. Love for All.

S. LONGFELLOW. (HORTON.) XAVIER SCHNEIDER.



106. Come To-day.

Words and music copyright, 1905, by E. O. Excell.
International copyright secured.

R. L. B. R. L. BLOWERS.

1. Do you hear the Saviour's voice so sweetly call-ing, Come to-day,
2. If you trust Him He will take a - way your sor-row, Day by day,
3. He a - lone can give you par-don and sal - va - tion, Full and free,

Come to-day,

come to-day;
day by day;
full and free;

He will wipe the tear-drops now so swift-ly fall- ing,
And in safe- ty lead you to that bright to-mor-row,
"Who-so- ev - er," is the bless- ed in - vi - ta - tion,

come to - day;

All a - way, all a- way.
All the way, all the way.
"Come to me, come to me."

Come to Him now with all your
His arms are o - pen to re-
Then wait no lon- ger, night is

All a - way, all a - way.

CHORUS.

sor - row, No lon - ger turn from Him a - way.
ceive you; From sin and darkness turn a - way.
fall - ing, "Too late, too late," He soon may say.

List- en to His lov- ing

voice so sweet-ly call - ing, "Come, to -day, (Come to- day,) come to - day."

107. For You and for Me.

By per. The Will L. Thompson Co., E. Liverpool, O

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft- ly and ten-der-ly Je- sus is call-ing, Call- ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Je-sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O, for the wonder-ful love He has promis'd, Promis'd for you and for me;

See on the por-tals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me.
Shadows are gather- ing,deathbeds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd He has mer-cy and pardon, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS. *m* *Cres.*

Come home,.... Come home;..... Ye who are wea-ry, come home,
Come home, Come home;
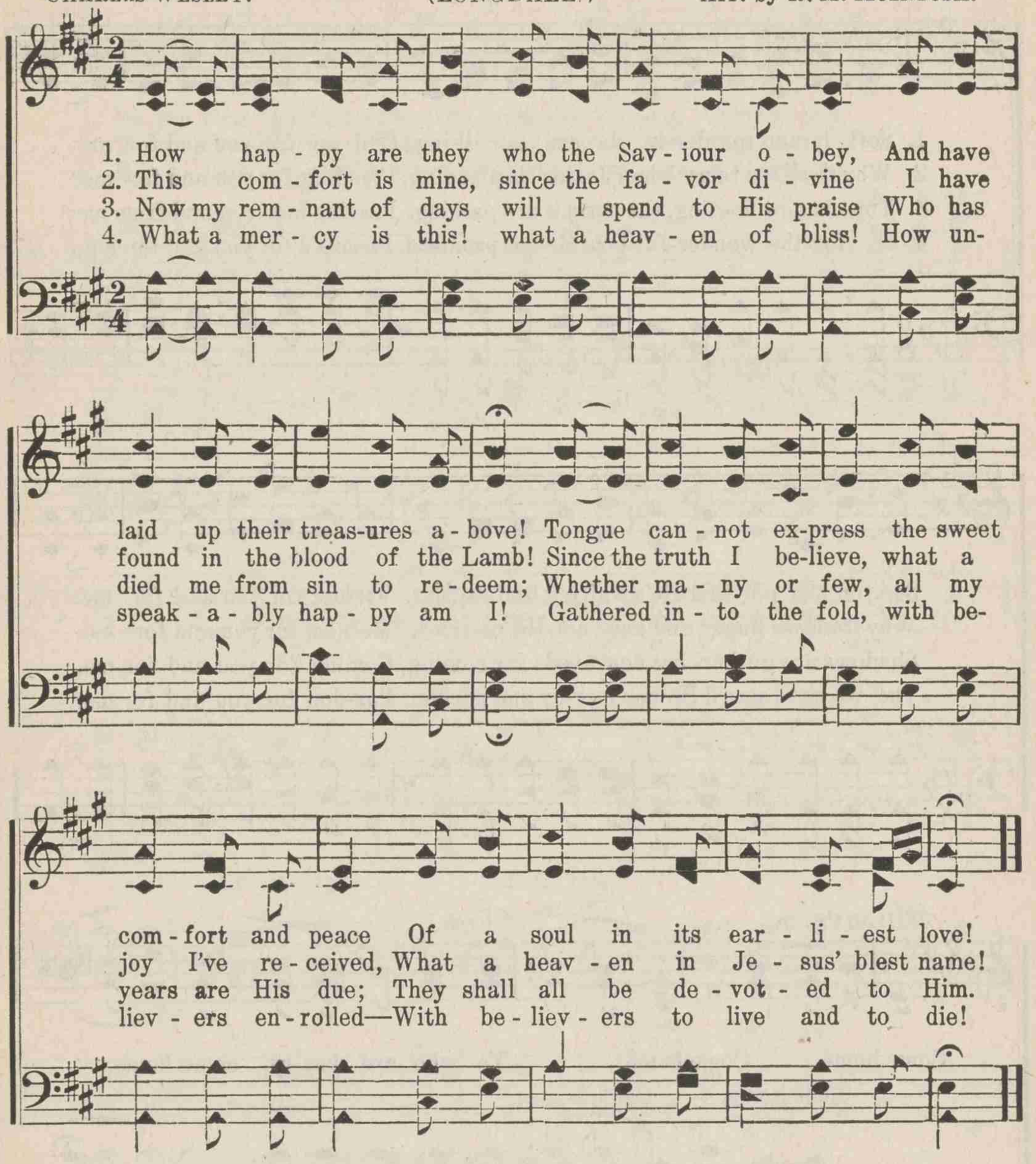
pp *ppp* *Rit.* *pp*

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

108. How Happy Are They.
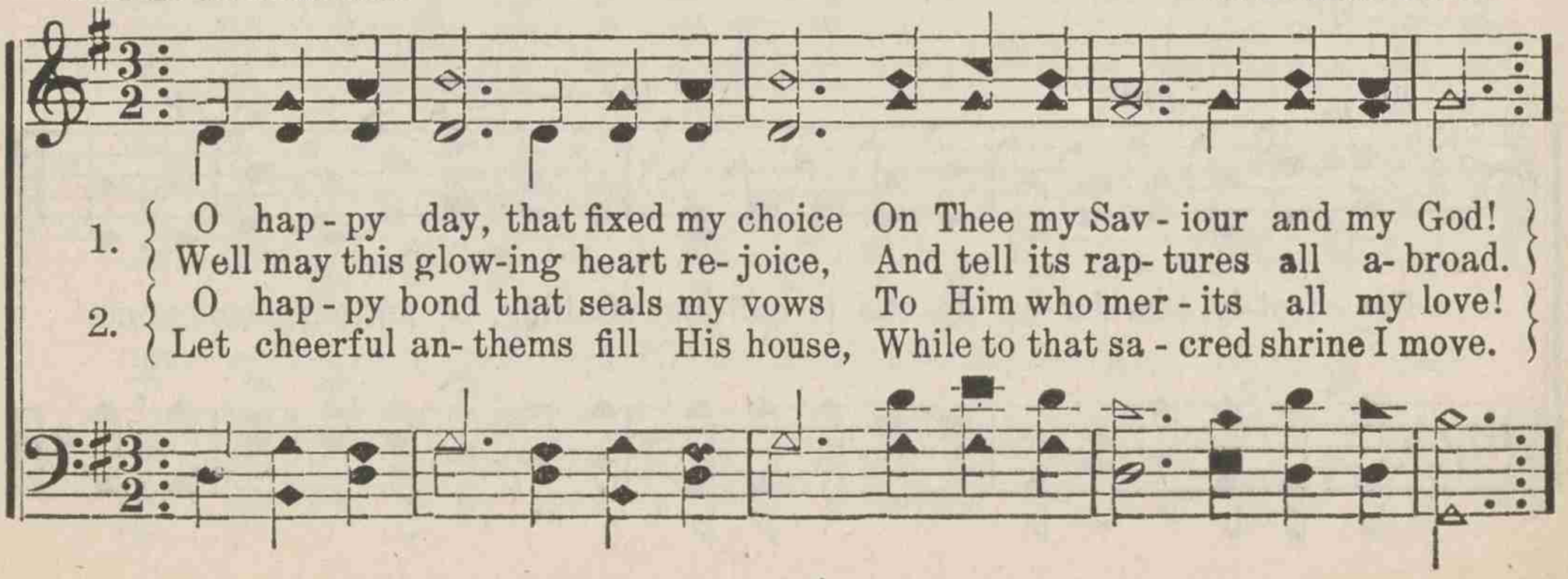
Copyright, 1895, by The Standard Pub. Co.

CHARLES WESLEY. (LONGDALE.) Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



109. Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.



Happy Day.

f. CHORUS. FINE.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!

D.S.—*Hap-py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!*

D. S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day;

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

110. O for a Heart.

C. WESLEY. (SPRING.) L. C. EVERETT.

1. O 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. O for a low - ly, con - trite heart, Con - fid - ing, true, and clean,
4. A heart in ev - 'ry thought re - newed, 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 is Love!

111. 'Tis so Sweet to Trust In Jesus.

Copyright, 1882, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word;
2. Oh, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Sav-iour, Friend;

Just to rest up - on His prom - ise, Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleans-ing flood.
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!

Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more!

112. There is Joy.

Copyright, 1892, by R. M. McIntosh.

MARGARET MOODY. The Standard Pub. Co., owners. W. A. OGDEN.

1. When a sin - ner comes, as a sin - ner may, There is joy, ... there is
2. When a soul is born in the kingdom bright, There is joy, ... there is
3. When a pil - grim comes to the riv - er wide, There is joy, ... there is

There is joy,

joy, ... When he turns to God in the gos - pel way, There is
joy, ... When it walks by faith in the gos - pel light, There is
joy, ... When he dwells se - cure on the oth - er side, There is
there is joy,

REFRAIN.

joy, ... there is joy. There is joy a- mong the an - gels,
joy, ... there is joy.
joy, ... there is joy. When a sin - ner comes re - pent - ing,
there is joy,

1 2

And their harps with mu - sic ring, ...
mu - sic ring,
(*Omit* . . . . . .) Bend-ing low be - fore the King.

113. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing
4. On-ward, then, ye peo-ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices

Go - ing on be-fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-dations quiv - er At the shout of praise,
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
In the triumph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King,

REFRAIN.

Forward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Brothers, lift your voice-es, Loud your anthems raise. Onward, Christian sol-diers!
One in hope and doc-trine, One in char- i - ty.
This thro' count-less a - ges Men and an-gels sing.

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

114. Will There Be Any Stars?

Copyright, 1897, by Jno. R. Sweney.
Used by per. of L E. Sweney. Executrix.

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

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

CHORUS.

be an - y stars in my crown?
praise like the sea-bil-lows roll. Will there be an - y stars, an-y stars in my crown,
be an - y stars in my crown.

When at even-ing the sun go - eth down?. . . . . When I wake with the blest go-eth down?

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

115. White Harvest Fields.

Copyright, 1908, by Chas. H. Gabriel. E. O. Excell, owner

ELEANOR W. LONG. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. The fields are white to har-vest, but the la - bor - ers are few,
2. The fields are white to har-vest, but the la - bor - ers are few,
3. The fields are white to har-vest, but the la - bor - ers are few,

Do not i - dle, do not loit - er by the way; Lo, the Mas-ter calls for
See, the sun is in the ze-nith—haste a - way! There are sheaves which must be
Shadows lengthen, soon will come the close of day; If the Sav-iour's blessing
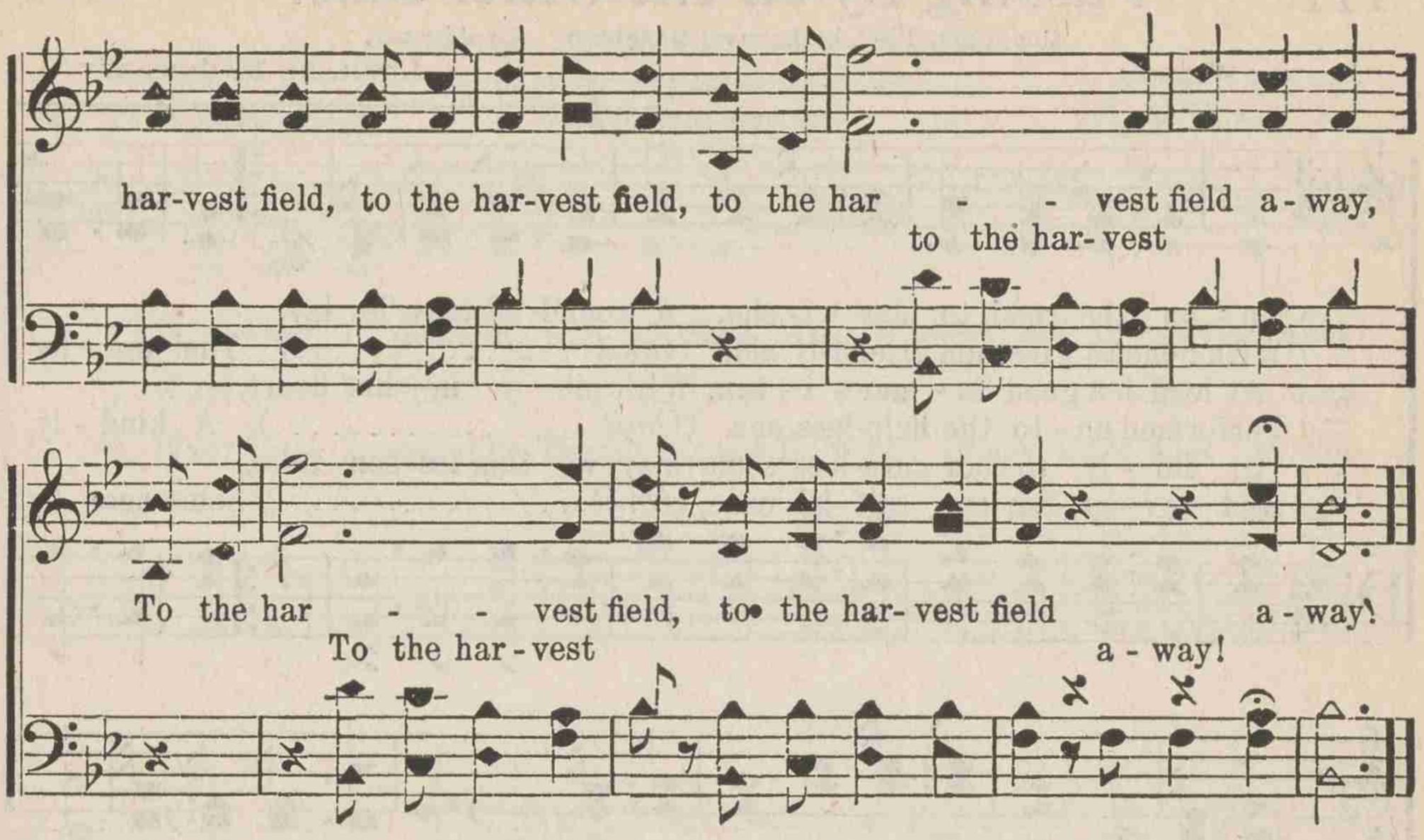
reap - ers and the Mas - ter calls for you, "Go la - bor in my har- vest
garnered, there is work for all to do, Go la - ber in the har- vest
you would win when tasks and toils are thro' Go la - bor in the har- vest

CHORUS.

field to -day." To the har-vest field a - way! There is dan-ger in de-
field to -day.
field to -day. har - vest field a- way! dan - ger
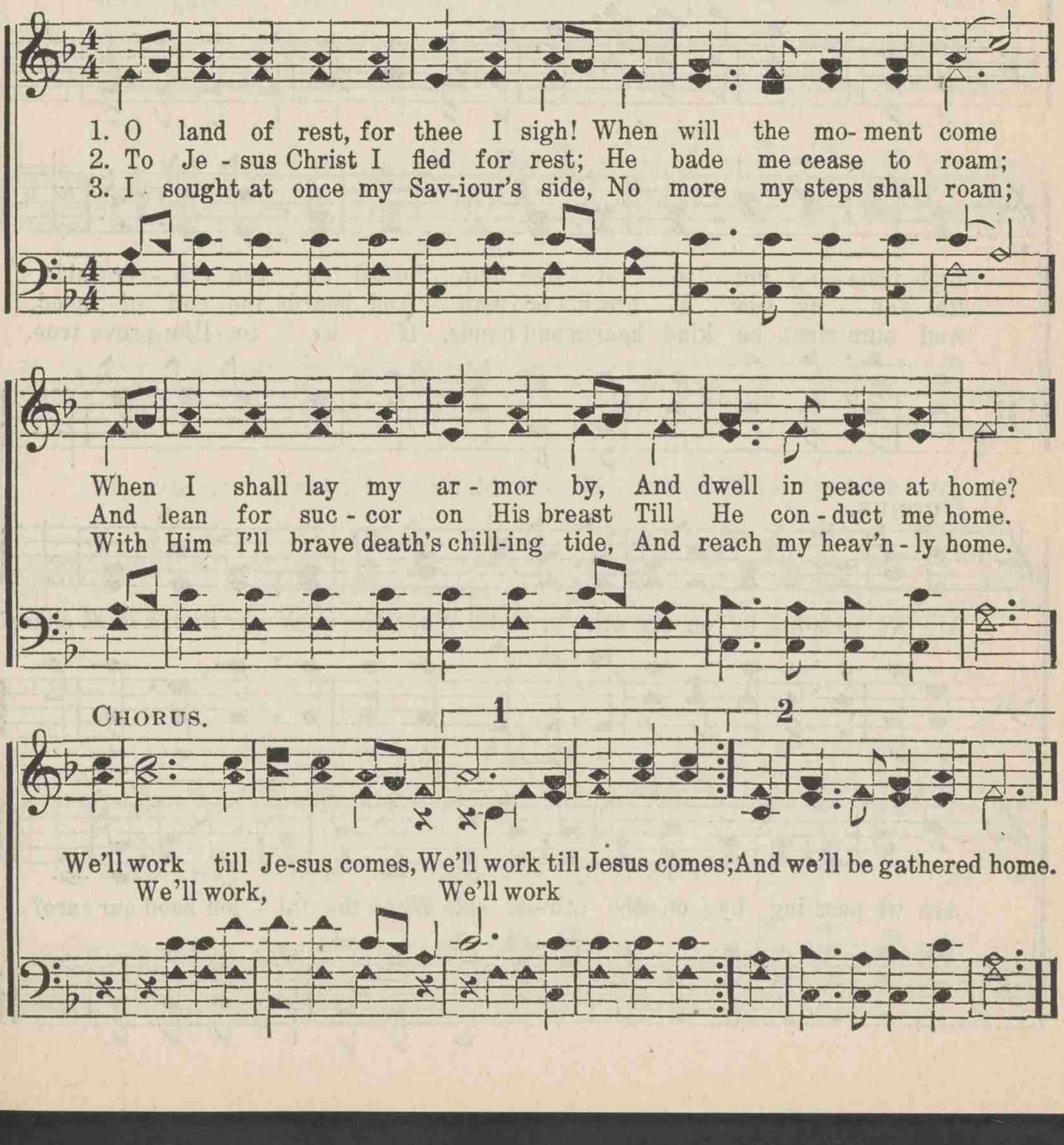
lay! Day soon is past,— night falls so fast—To the
in de - lay, for

White Harvest Fields.



116. We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

ELIZABETH MILLS. WILLIAM MILLER.



117. Passing By on the Other Side.

Copyright, 1902, by Leonard Daugherty Used by per.

JENNIE WILSON. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. Up - on the road to Jer - i - cho, A wound- ed trav-'ler lay,
With none to give him friend-ly aid, (*Omit* . . . . . .) Tho' ma - ny

2. At length a good Sa - mar - i - tan, With pit - y in his heart,
Performed un - to the help-less one (*Omit* . . . . . .) A kind - ly

3. O, dai - ly to our care-less souls may we this les- son take,
And nev - er, for our self -ish ease, (*Omit* . . . . . .) Some near- by

came that way; Proud priest and Le - vite saw Him there But cared not if He died,
neighbor's part; For-got - ten was their dif- fer-ence Of na - tion and of creed,
task for-sake. Our Sav-iour taught us that He notes Each lov - ing deed we do,

And paus - ing not to of - fer help, Passed on the oth - er side.
He on - ly saw a broth - er man And heard the call of need.
And ours must be kind hearts and hands, If we to Him prove true.

CHORUS.

Are we pass-ing by on the oth - er side, When the weak our strength should share?

Are we pass-ing by on the oth - er side When the fal - len need our care?

118. What Have I Done To-day?

Copyright, 1895, by The R. M. McIntosh Co.
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owners of the copyright.

LUCIE S. RIDGEWAY. H. R. CHRISTIE.

1. What have I done, my soul, to-day? May I, dear Lord, in meek-ness say,
2. What have I done? so lit - tle, Lord, It ne'er can mer - it Thy re-ward,
3. What have I done? be Thou my guide, Help me to say while near Thy side,

What have I done to - day, to - day? What have I done to - day?
What have I done to - day, to - day? What have I done to - day?
What have I done to - day, to - day? What have I done to - day?

REFRAIN.

What have I done? Lead Thou the way, My hand in Thine, teach me to say,

What have I done to - day, to - day? What have I done to - day?

119. Stand In Your Place.

Copyright, 1911, by The Standard Pub. Co.

M. M. BOTELER. Words and music. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. The hosts of the Lord are as-semb-ling, The con-flict is com-ing a-
2. While ma-ny have fal-tered and fal-len, Dismayed by the en-e-my's
3. The world with its rich-es may tempt you To serve in the cause that is
4. While oth-ers are own-ing the Mas-ter, Who saved you thro' wonder-ful

pace; Un-furl-ing your col-ors, be loy-al, And stand in your place!
face, Make known that you're still in the conflict, And stand in your place!
base; But face the de-ceiv-er with courage, And stand in your place!
grace, Be hum-ble and bold-ly con-fess Him, And stand in your place!

CHORUS.

Stand . . . . . in your place! . . . . .
Stand in your place! Stand in your place!

Stand . . . . . in your place! . . . . . That the
Stand in your place! Stand in your place!

hosts of the Lord may be count-ed, Come, stand in your place!

120. Let the Song Ring Out.

Copyright, 1908, by Will L. Thompson. By per.

MAUD FRAZER. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. 'Neath the King's command let us march a - long, With a cheer- ful step
2. Now with glad-some hearts let us serve our King; As we do His will
3. Let the song ring out, and be not dis-mayed, Tho' the hosts of sin
4. O, re-joice! re - joice! let us grate - ful be For sal - va - tion of-

and a cour- age strong; God has filled our hearts with a sweet new song;
ev - er praise and sing; For our song may souls to the Sav- iour bring,
are in might ar-rayed; God's our Strength and Shield, He will give us aid;
fered so full, so free; There is life e - ter - nal, for you, for me,—

CHORUS.

Let the song ring out to - day. Let the song..... ring
Let the song

out, An - gels hov - er..... round a - bout,
ring out, An-gels, hov - er round a - bout,

Re-joice! re-joice and praise the Lord; Let the joy - ful song ring out.

121. While You Wait.

Copyright, 1911, by The Standard Pub. Co.

MATTIE M. BOTELER — Words and music. — CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Hear the call that's ev-er sounding, From the dawn till late; For the bread of
2. Lov -ing words may seal for glo- ry, Some poor wand'rer's fate; Haste the moments
3. Do you stand without the portals? Don't pro-cras-tin - ate: Flee to Him who'll
4. Sweet the voice of love is call-ing. Now from heaven's gate; But it will not

heav - en cry- ing, Many a soul in sin is dy-ing, While you wait, while you wait.
brief to cher-ish, Lest a pre-cious soul may perish, While you wait, while you wait.
not for-sake you, Lest the night may o-ver-take you, While you wait, while you wait.
last for - ev - er; Death the sil-ver cord may sev-er, While you wait, while you wait.

CHORUS.

While you wait, O time is pass- ing! And the hour is grow-ing late;

You are los - ing heav'n - ly rich - es, While you wait, while you wait.

122. When the Harvest All is In.

Copyright, 1892, by R. M. McIntosh. The Standard Pub. Co.,
owners of the copyright.

E. R. LATTA. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Would you stand a- mong the toil - ers, When the har-vest all is in?
2. Would you join the song of glad-ness, When the har-vest all is in?
3. Would you have some sheaves to of - fer, When the har-vest all is in?
4. Would you have a crown e - ter - nal, When the har-vest all is in?

For the bless- ed Lord and Mas-ter, You must here the work be - gin.
You must be a faith- ful glean- er In the haunts of woe and sin.
From the husks of want and fol - ly, Strive the prod - i - gals to win.
Seek to swell the heav'n- ly gar-ner, Ere it be too late to glean.

CHORUS.

When the har - vest all is in, When the har - vest all is in,

What a meet - ing of the reap - ers, What a

shout - ing of ho - san - nas, When the har - vest all is in.

123. For a Smile.

Copyright, 1909, by E. O. Excell.

JAMES ROWE. Words and music. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. In this world of sin and strife, In this cold and storm-y life, Where we
2. Friends to help them they have had, Whose sweet voices made them glad, As their
3. Heav - y bur-dens press them down, Storm-y skies a-bove them frown, And the

see so much of troub-le all the while; There are those who, day by day,
mu - sic would the wea - ry hours be-guile; One by one they all have gone,
path seems growing dark - er ev - 'ry mile; No one points them to the throne,

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

CHORUS.

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

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

124. Conquer the World in His Name.

Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley. Used by per.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

UNISON. *March time*

1. March on, there is no time to lose, For Christ is call - ing thee;
2. "Go ye to all the world," He bids; His bless - ed gos - pel spread;
3. March on and lift the en - sign high, The ban - ner of the cross;
4. March on, be brave to do and dare As ser- vants of the King

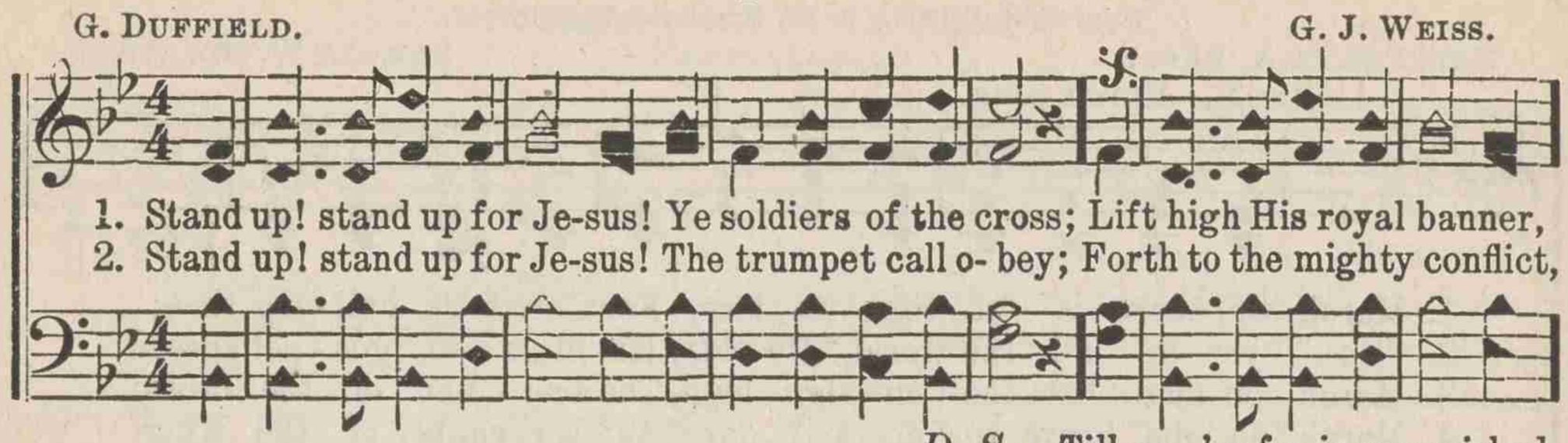
For faith- ful vol - un- teers He hath need, Who will His ser-vants be?
Go with the Light that shin-eth for all, Till dark-ness all has fled.
Fail not, fear not, what - ev - er may come Of toil and pain and loss.
The King who watches o - ver us all, And will our vic - t'ry bring.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

March on, ... Who might - i - ly
march on to the call of Christ,
sin o - ver-came, March on .....
o - ver- came, march on in the
..... And con - quer the world in His name.
path He trod,

125. Stand Up for Jesus!

G. DUFFIELD. G. J. WEISS.
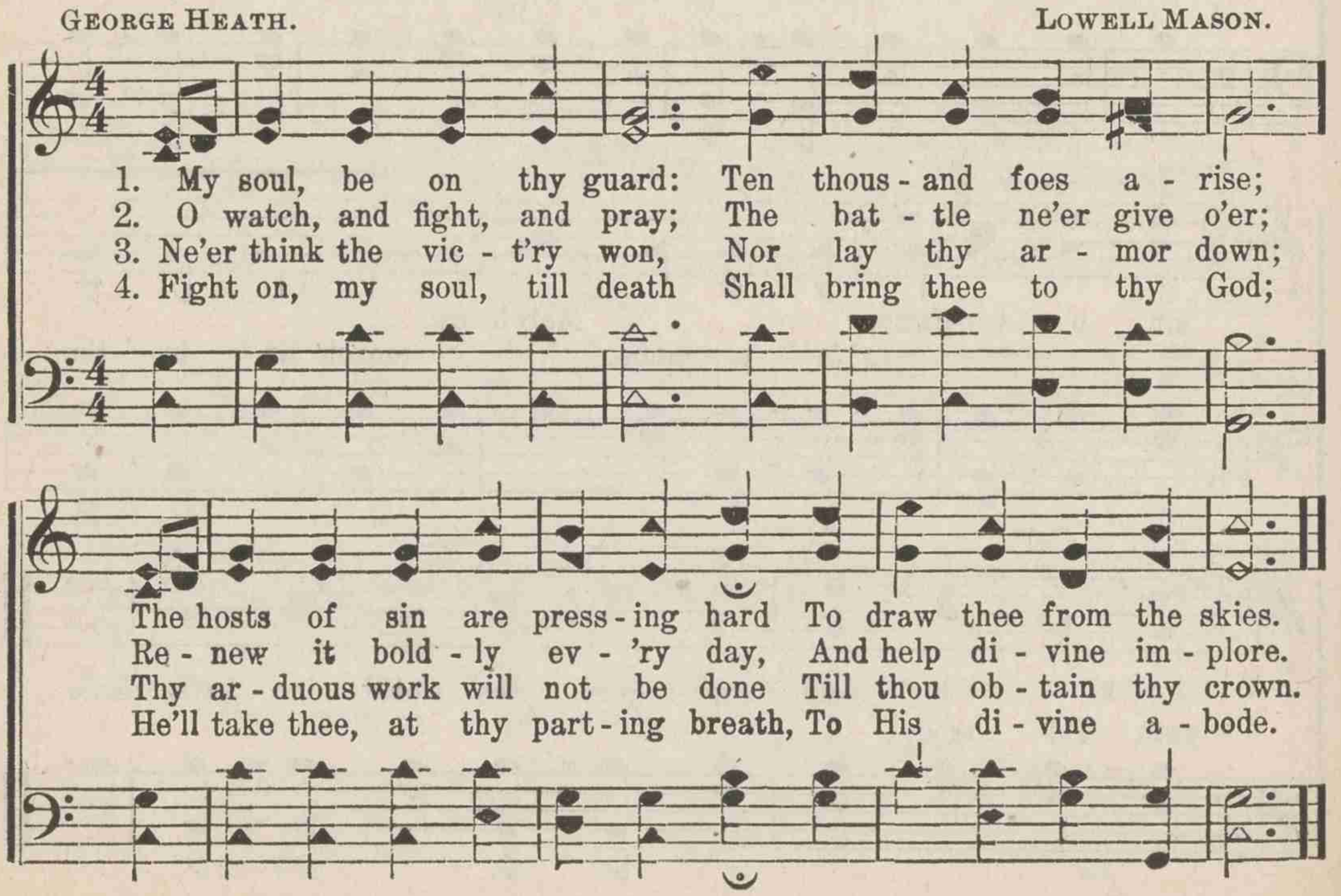


3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

126. My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

GEORGE HEATH. LOWELL MASON.



127. At the Beautiful Gate.

By per. The Standard Pub. Co., owners of the copyright.

J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. I think I should mourn o'er my sor - row - ful fate, If sor - row in heav - en can be.
   If no one should be at the beau - ti - ful gate, There wait-ing and watching for me.

2. How sad - ly I'd feel in the heav - en - ly state, If sad - ness in glo - ry by me.
   If no one should be at the beau - ti - ful gate, Con-duct - ed to souls un - to Thee.

3. O Lord, I be-seech Thee for wis - dom and grace, In win- ning lost joic - ing to me.
   That ma - ny may be in that beau - ti - ful place, A crown of re-

CHORUS.

Yes, wait - - - ing and watching for me,
Yes, wait-ing and watch-ing for me, for me,

Yes, wait - - - ing and watch- ing for me; May ma - ny of those at the beau - ti - ful gate Be wait- ing and watching for me.
Yes, wait - ing and watch-ing for me, for me;

128. I Shall Have Stars in My Crown.

Copyright, 1906, by H. R. Christie

GLADYS CLARK. H. R. CHRISTIE.

1. When my day's work is end - ed, Oft I view the set - ting sun,
2. When the night com - eth on and I am wea - ry for a rest,
3. When I wake in that morn-ing, And shall mount the glow - ing skies,

And I think of the beau- ties that a - wait For my vis - ion in
Thus re - mind - ed when lain my ar - mor down; And in glo - ry e-
While en - rap-tured be - hold the saints a - round; Those a-wake changed to' im-
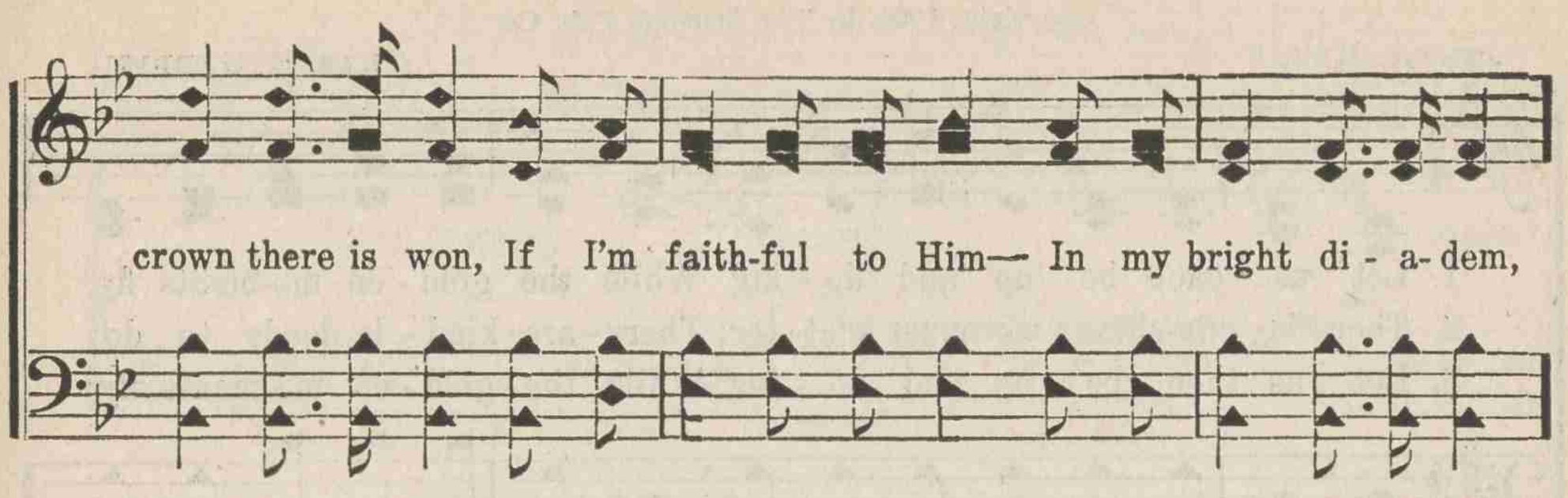
glo - ry When my heav'n - ly crown s won, And I pass to my
ter - nal, There, up - on my Sav - iour's breast, He shall give me a
mor - tal, While the dead in Christ shall rise, And in glo - ry for-

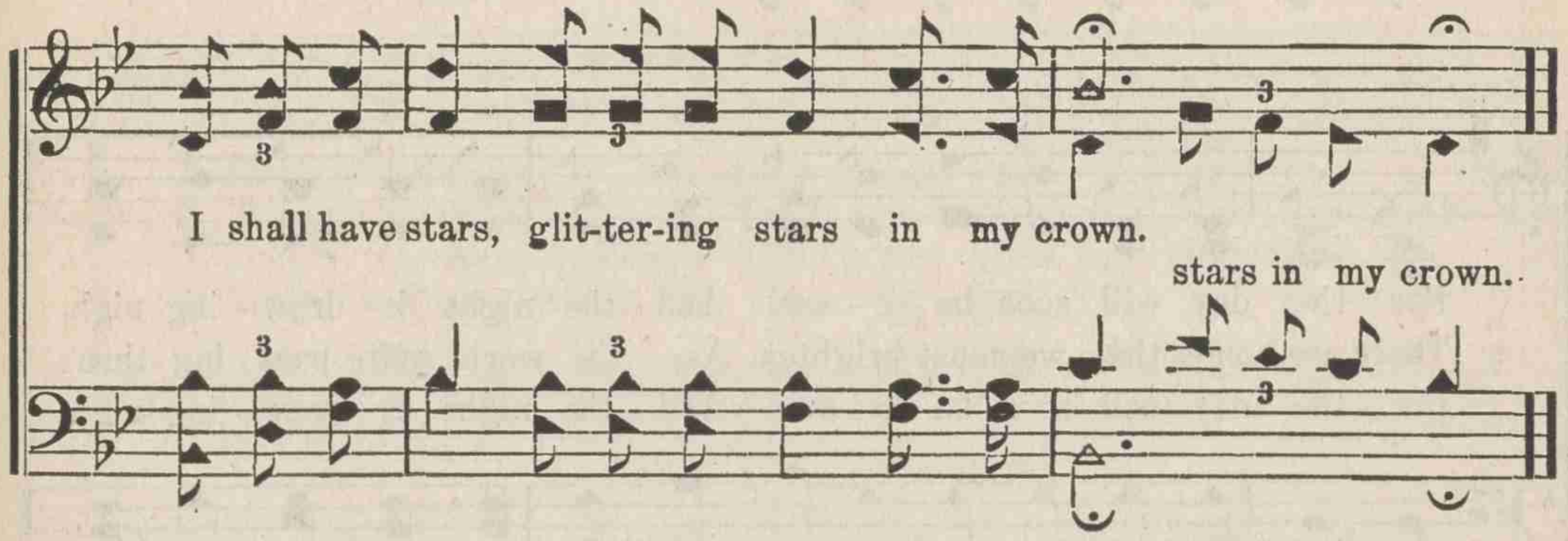
CHORUS.

home with - in that gate. I shall have stars in my
bright and glo-rious crown.
ev - er shall be crowned. glit - ter-ing stars

crown o - ver there, I shall have stars When my
glit - ter - ing stars

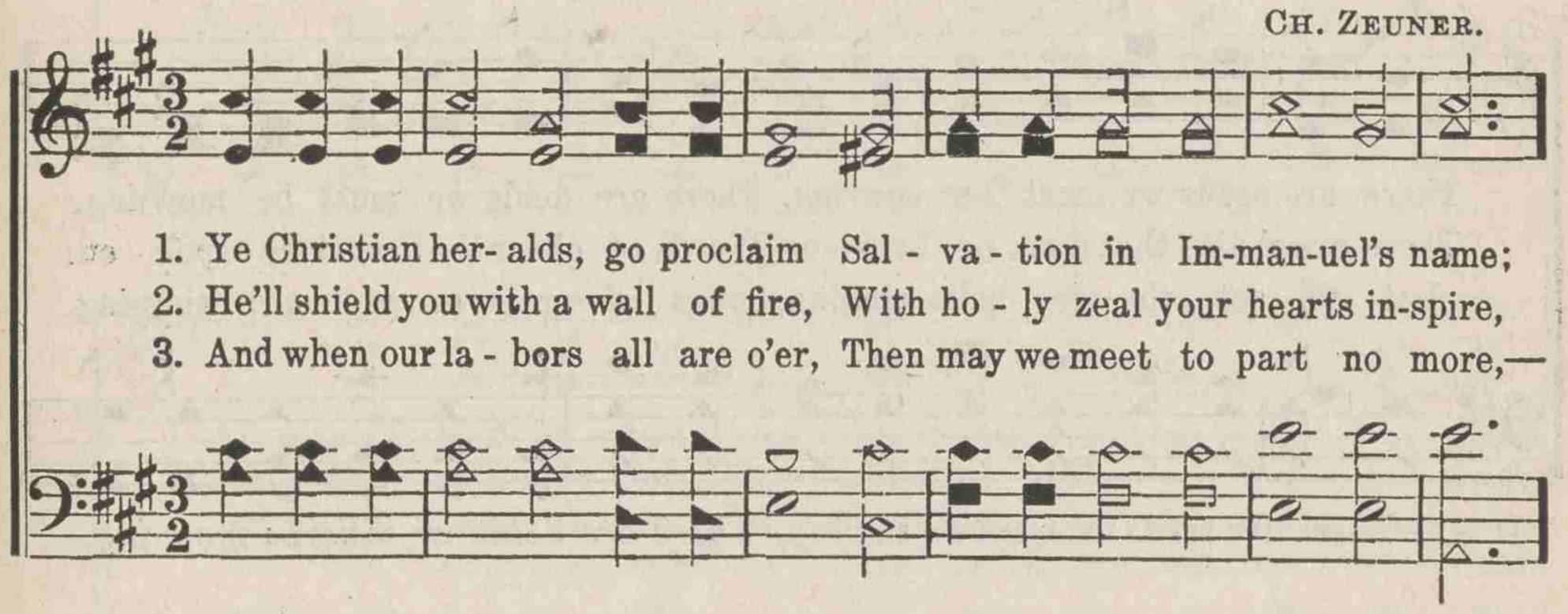
I Shall Have Stars in My Crown.

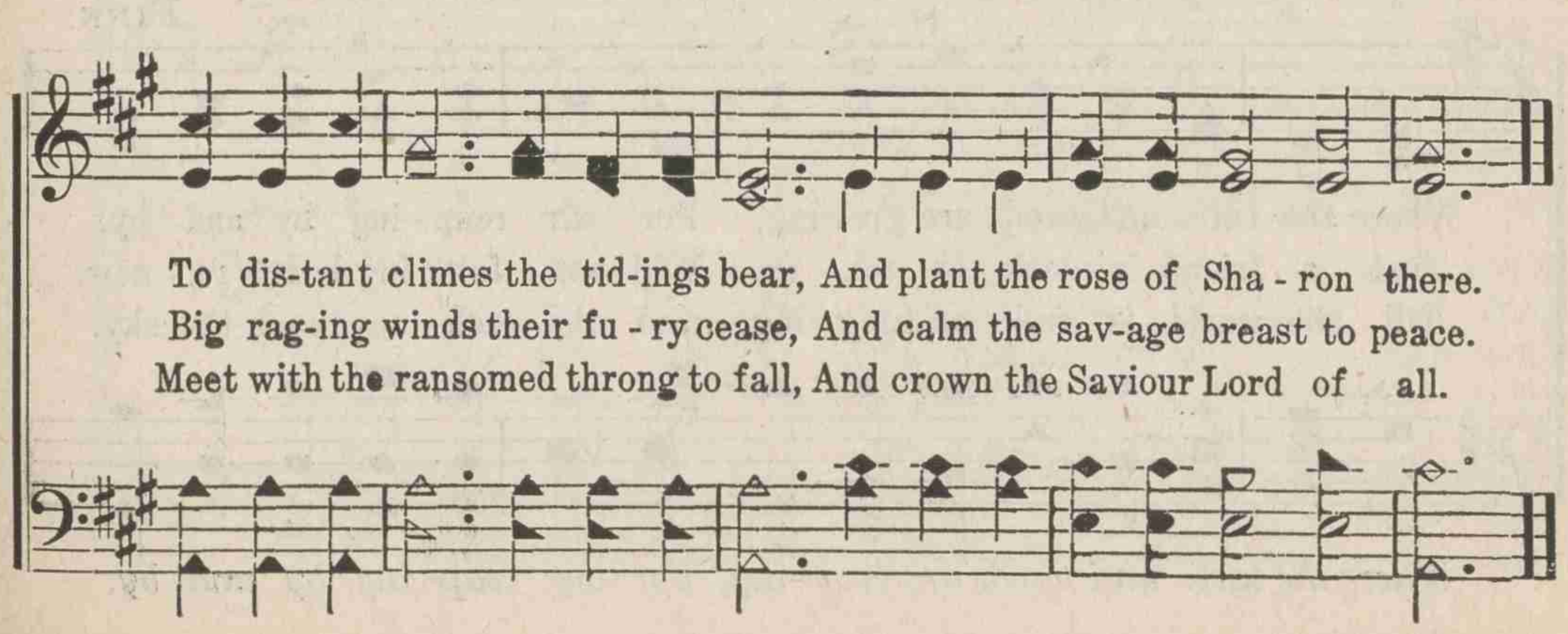




129. Missionary Chant.

CH. ZEUNER.





130. Be Up and Doing.

Copyright, 1906, by The Standard Pub. Co.

JENNIE REE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Let us each be up and do - ing While the gold - en mo-ments fly,
2. There is sun-shine we must scat- ter; There are kind - ly deeds to do;
3. Let us then be up and do - ing, While the gold - en mo-ments fly;

For the day will soon be o - ver, And the night is draw - ing nigh.
There are homes that we must brighten, As the world we're pass - ing thro'.
For the day will soon be o - ver, And the night is draw - ing nigh.

There are seeds we must be sow-ing, There are fields we must be mow-ing,
There are chains that must be brok-en; Words of cheer that must be spok - en;
Let us set the joy -bells ringing, Songs of prais- es up- ward wing-ing,

D. S.—*There are seeds we must be sowing, There are fields we must be mow-ing,*

FINE.

Where the tares and weeds are growing, For our reap - ing by and by.
Just a friend- ly look or tok - en Will some faint-ing heart re - new.
Till the world is full of sing - ing, And the ech - oes reach the sky.

Where the tares and weeds are grow-ing, For our reap- ing by and by.

Be Up and Doing.

CHORUS. D. S.

Then a-wake, O a-wake, For there is so much to do,
Then a-wake, O a-wake, so much to do,

131. Missionary Hymn.

REGINALD HEBER. LOWELL MASON.

1. From Greenland's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand;
2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle,
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And, you, ye wa - ters, roll,

Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand;
Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile?
Shall we, to men be - night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;

From many an an- cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strewn;
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ran- somed na - ture, The Lamb for sin - ners slain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The heath - an, in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.
Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.
Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

132. A Call Comes Ringing to Me.

Copyright, 1911, by H. R. Christie.

MATTIE M. BOTELER. Words and music. H. R. CHRISTIE.

1. When I hear the sto - ry of Je - sus, It mat-ters not where I may be; When I think of His life of de - vo - tion,
2. When the needy, the sick and the sin - ful, A - long my path - way I see, And I think of the words of the Mas - ter,
3. When I hear of the na - tions in dark - ness, Be - yond the roll of the sea, And think of His part - ing com - mis - sion,
4. When I look up- on Cal - va - ry's moun - tain, Where Je - sus was nailed to the tree, And know that He suf - fered to save me,
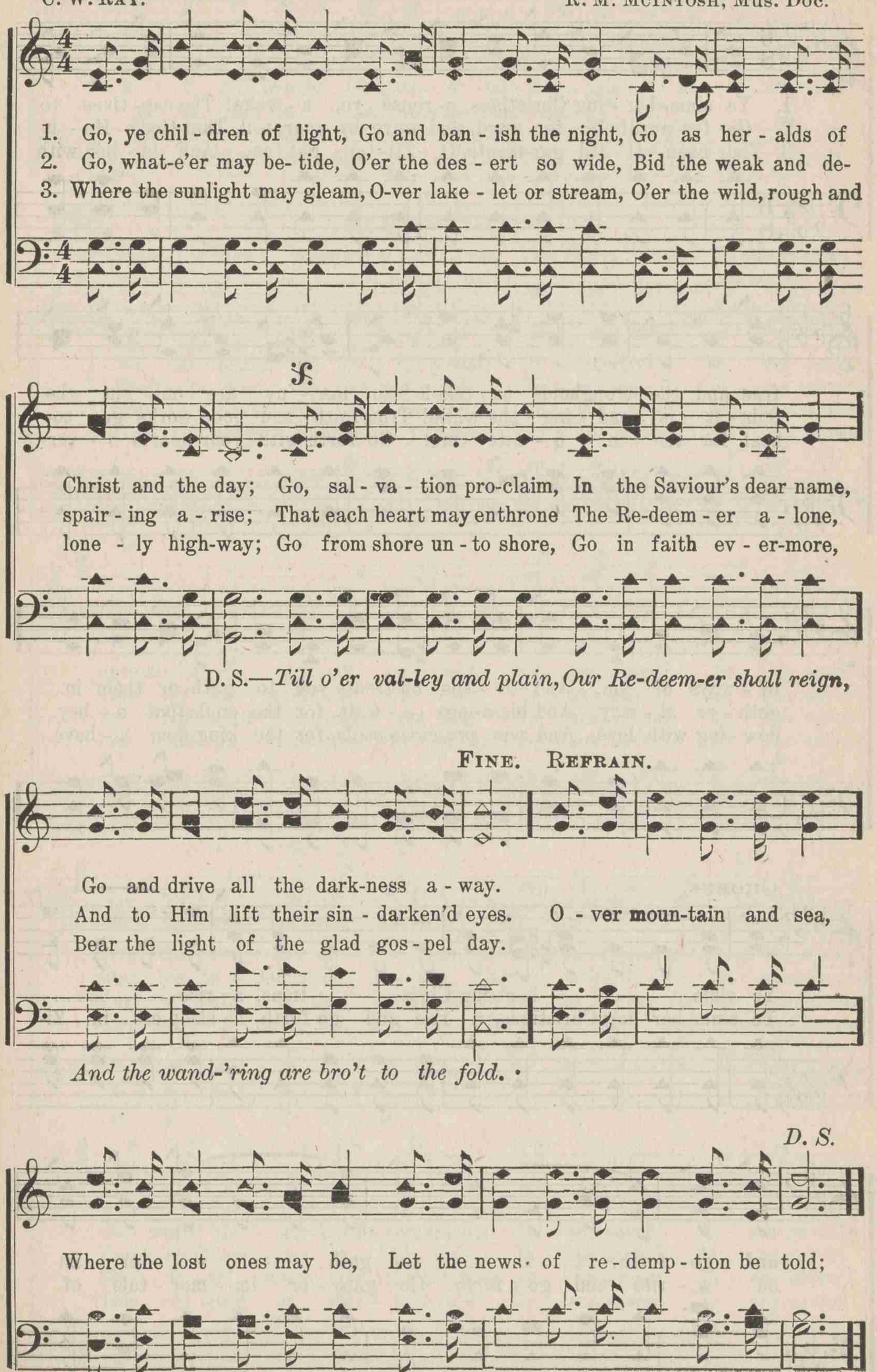
REFRAIN.

A call comes ring - ing to me. A call comes ring - ing to me. A call comes ring - ing to me. . . . . A call comes ring-ing to me! . . . . . To ring - ing to me! Comes ring - ing to me, rise and walk in His foot - steps, A call comes ring-ing to me.

133. Go Banish the Night.

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C. W. RAY. R. M. MCINTOSH, Mus. Doc.



134. Arouse Ye, Awake!

Copyright, 1906, by The Standard Pub. Co.

MRS. H. E. JONES. CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. Ye slum- ber - ing Christians, a- rouse ye, a - wake! The cap- tives to
2. Go for-ward! go for- ward, and prove by your toil, That God's Ho - ly
3. Your beau - ti - ful gar-ments, O Zi - on, put on, And la - bor with

free and the strongholds to take! So ma - ny are out in the
Spir - it is lead - ing the while! True faith and good works go to-
zeal for the in - fi - nite One! Go forth with your hearts o - ver-
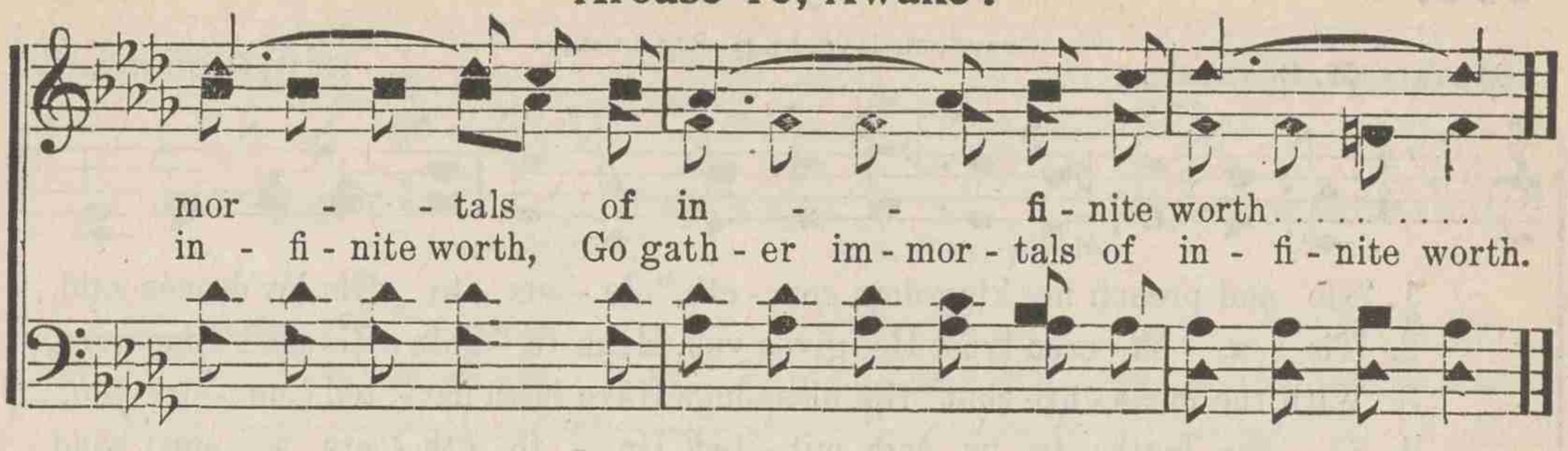
by - ways of sin, And Je - sus en-treats you to gath- er them in.
geth - er al - way, And bless-ings a - wait for the souls that o - bey.
flow - ing with love, And win pre-cious souls for the king-dom a - bove.

CHORUS.

Ye slum - - ber - ing Chris - tians, a - rise.....
Ye slum- ber - ing Christians, a - rise and go forth, Ye sleep-ers in Zi-

and go forth, ... Go gath - - er im·
on a - rise and go forth. Go gath - er im - mor - tals of

Arouse Ye, Awake!
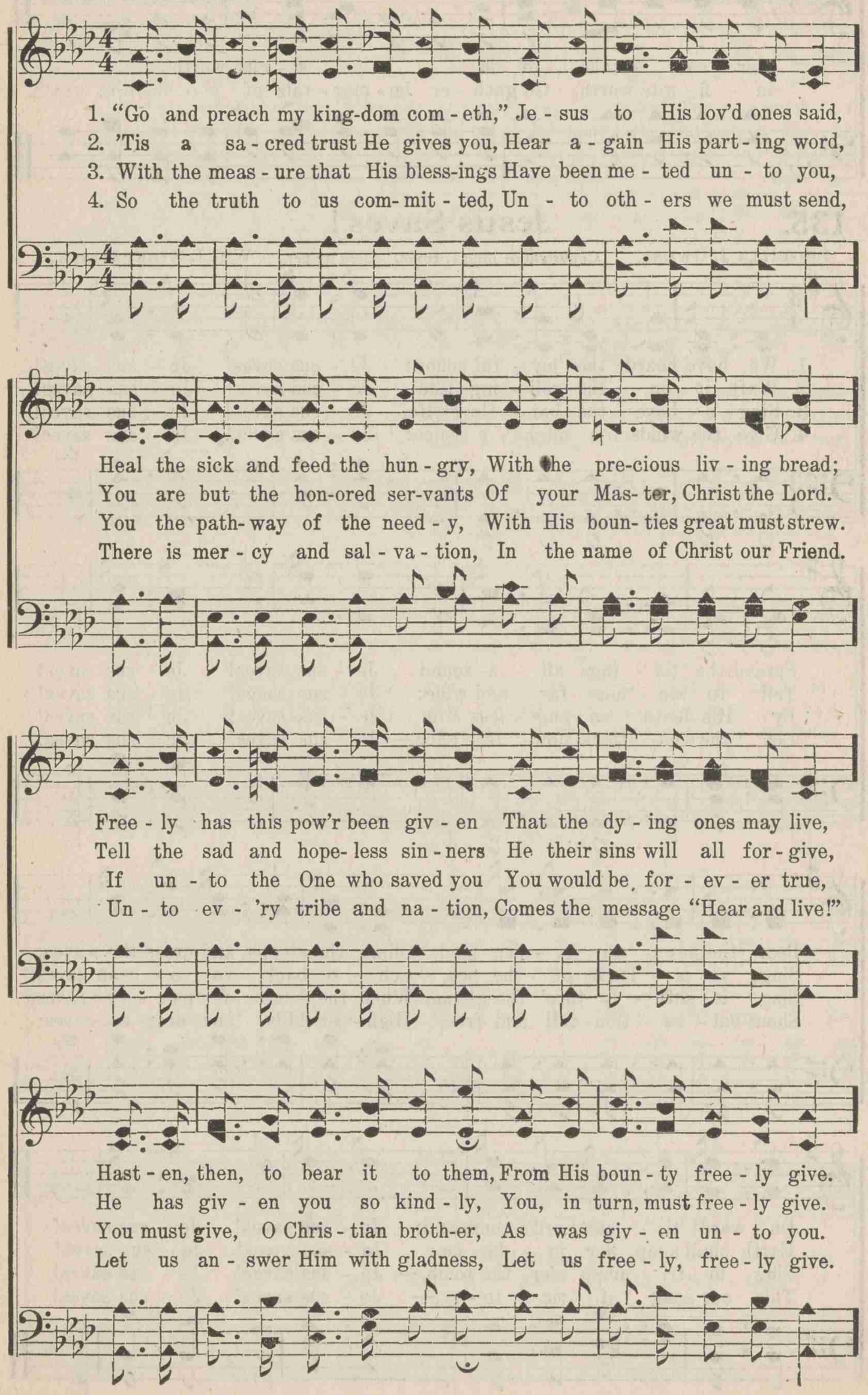


135. Jesus Saves!

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. Copyright of John J. Hood. Used by per. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

136. Freely Give.

Copyright, 1906, by H. R. Christie.

MATTIE M. BOTELER. H. R. CHRISTIE.



CHORUS. **Freely Give.**

Free - ly give, free- ly give, He to you hath free-ly
O free- ly give, yes, free-ly give,

giv-en Of the precious bread of heav-en, Free-ly give, free-ly
O free-ly give,

give, Of the precious bread of heav-en free-ly give,
yes, free-ly give, freely give.

137. In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

JOHN BOWRING. (RATHBUN.) I. CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tower-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing pain, and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath- er round His head sub - lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds new lus - tre to the day.
Peace is there that knows no meas - ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

138. Ah, 'tis the Old, Old Story.

Copyright, 1908, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. Ah, 'tis the old, old sto - ry, Tempt-ed and led a - stray,
2. Robbing the heart of light - ness, Los - ing the bloom of youth,
3. But in an old, old sto - ry, Full of a grace di - vine,

Leav-ing the path of du - ty, Choos- ing the e - vil way;
Dimming the eye's glad brightness, Still - ing the voice of truth;
There is a - bund - ant par - don, E - ven for sin like thine;

Break - ing the hearts of mothers, Slight- ing the fer - vent pray - ers,
Miss - iag the pride of manhood, Miss - ing a no - ble aim,
Now, with a con-trite spir - it, Turn from the ways of sin,

Poco rit.

Sow - ing the seed which bring - eth On - ly a wealth of tares.
Gain- ing a shipwreck'd na - ture, Gain-ing a sul - lied name.
Knock at the gate of heav - en, Entrance thy soul shall win.

CHORUS.

Ah, 'tis the old, old sto - ry, Ah, 'tis the old, old sto - ry,

Last chorus.

Yes, 'tis the old, old sto - ry, Yes, 'tis the old, old sto - ry,

Ah, 'tis the Old, Old Story.

Ad lib.

Ah, 'tis the old, old sto - ry, Tempt - ed and led a - stray.
Yes, 'tis the old, old sto - ry, Full of a grace di - vine.

139. Rescue the Perishing.

Copyright property of W. H. Doane. Used by per.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WILLIAM H. DOANE.

1. Res - cue the per - ish-ing, Care for the dy- ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feel- ings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per- ish - ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re-ceive; Plead with them earn- est - ly, Plead with them gen- tly:
grace can re-store; Touch'd by a lov - ing heart, Wakened by kind - ness,
Lord will pro-vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient-ly win them;

CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus, the might - y to save.
He will for- give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish-ing,
Chords that are brok- en will vi- brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - iour has died.

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

140. Tell Mother I'll Vote Dry.

May be used as solo and chorus.

J. E. RAMSEY. Copyright, 1909, by Chas. M. Fillmore CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. The day I left the dear old home, my mother kissed my brow, And whispered,
2. A stranger far a- way from home,an eas -y prey I fell, The bar-room
3. I played with hell's temptations till my life was almost wrecked,For wine and
4 A bar-room slave,I fought and prayed and struggled to be free,Till God, in
5. O, if you love your mother, boys,come then and vote with me,And an - swer
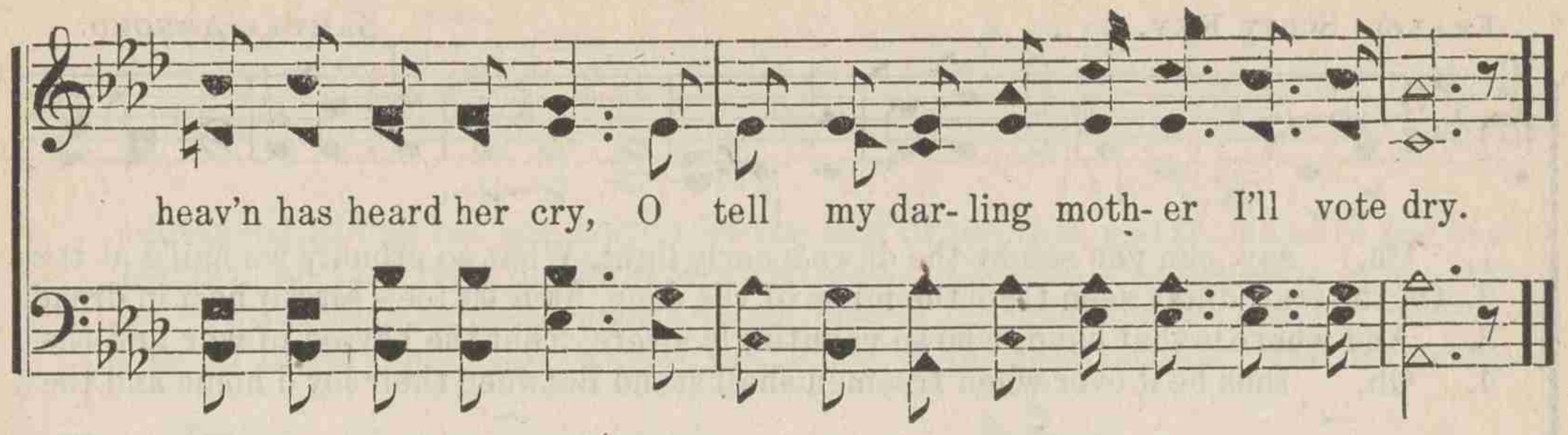
"Son, God bless you;" I can hear that sweet pray'r now; I promised her I'd nev- er
seemed enchanted, O, its pow'r,what tongue can tell? It stung me till I oft - en
beer and whiskey bar-tered hon- or and re-spect—I trampled on my mother's
ten - der mer-cy, heard my mother's pray'r for me, For her dear sake,while she a-
now the pray'r she makes to heav'n on bended knee; Or if she waits up yon-der

drink, as then we said good-bye, O, tell my dar- ling moth-er I'll vote dry.
pray'd that God would let me die, O, tell my precious moth-er I'll vote dry.
pray'rs,but heav'n has heard her cry, O, tell my precious moth-er I'll vote dry.
waits the an-swer from on high, O, tell my dar- ling moth-er I'll vote dry.
send the mes-sage to the sky— O, boys,let's tell our mothers we'll vote dry.

CHORUS.

Tell moth-er I'll vote dry, tell moth-er I'll vote dry, Then wipe the anxious
tear-drops from her eye, Tell moth-er I'll vote dry, high
from her eye,
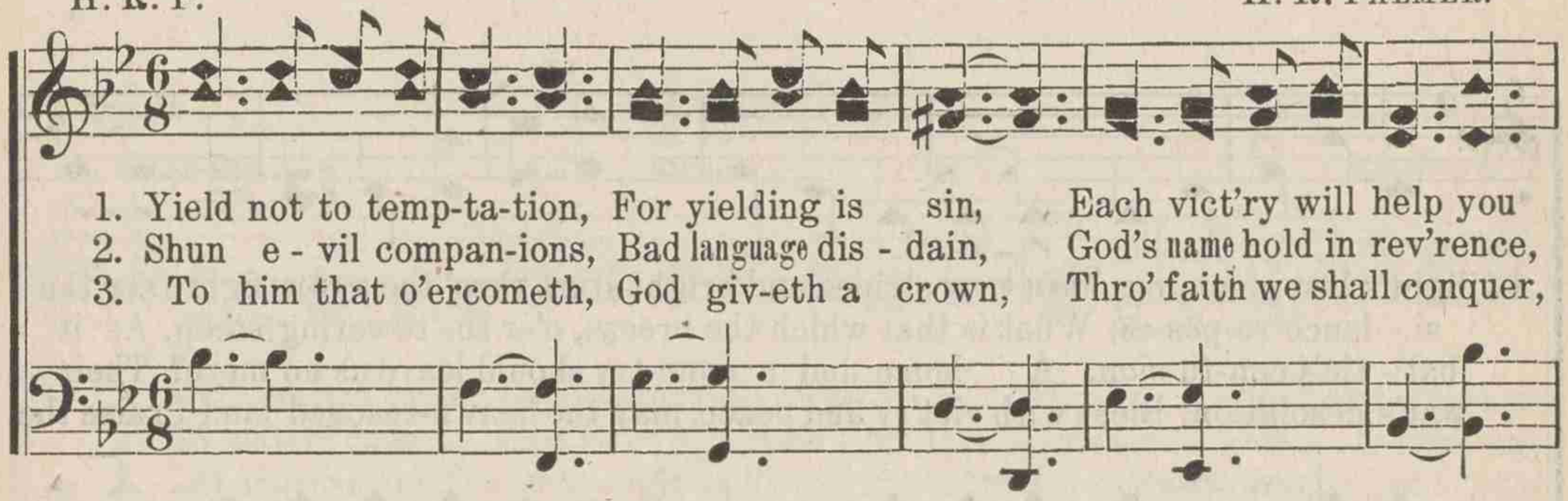
Tell Mother I'll Vote Dry.



141. Yield Not to Temptation.
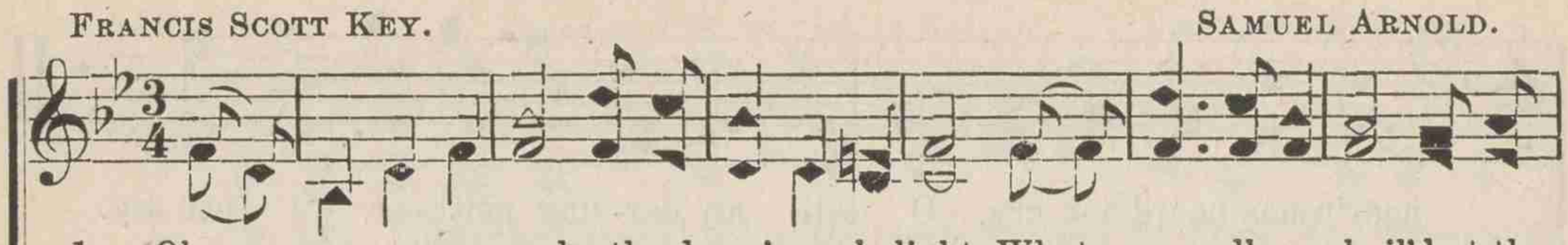
Re-entered 1897, by H. R. Palmer. Used by per.

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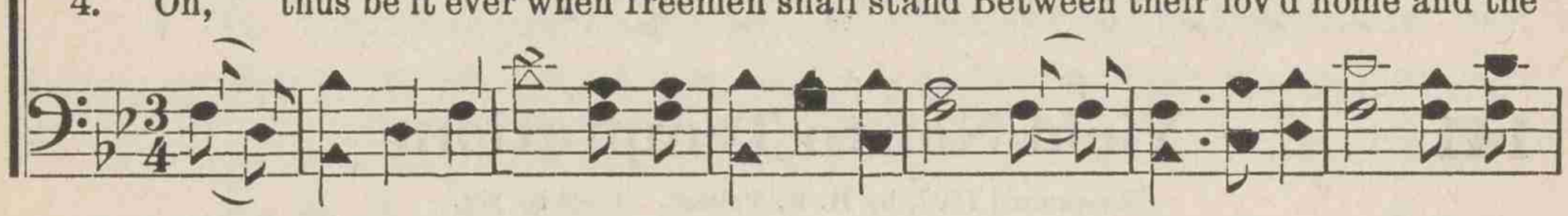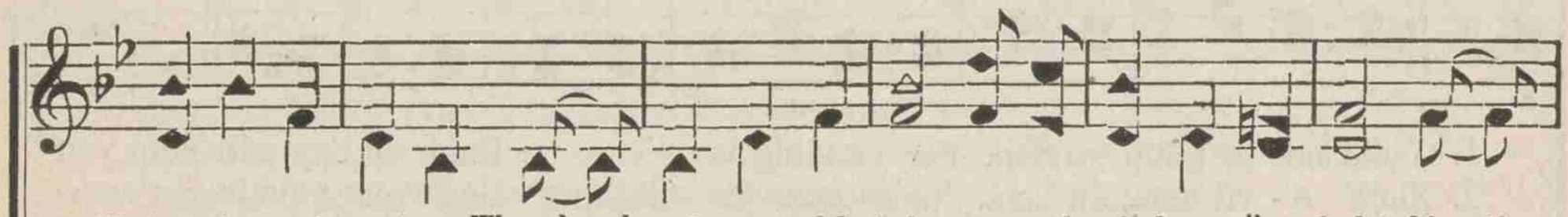


142. The Star-Spangled Banner.*

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY. SAMUEL ARNOLD.
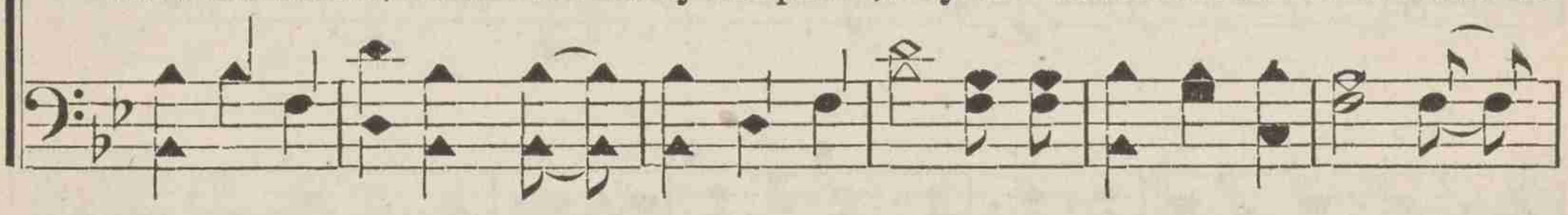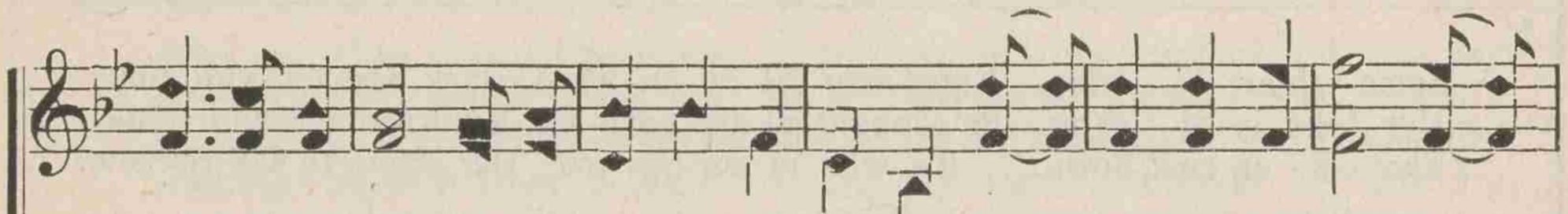


1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hail'd at the
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore, That the hav-oc of war and the
4. Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand Between their lov'd home and the



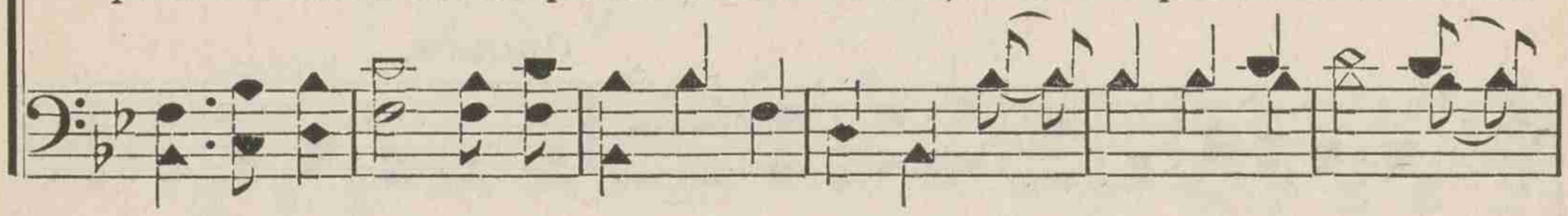


twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight O'er the
si - lence re-pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep, As it
bat - tle's con-fu-sion, A home and a coun-try should leave us no more? Their
war's desolation; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the
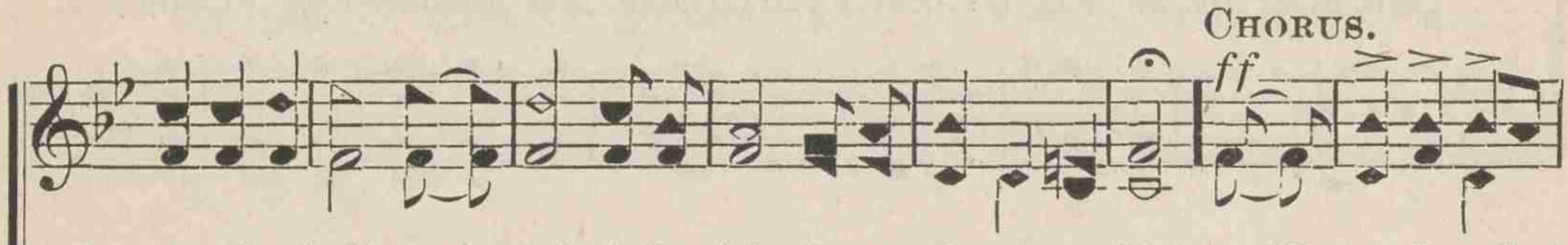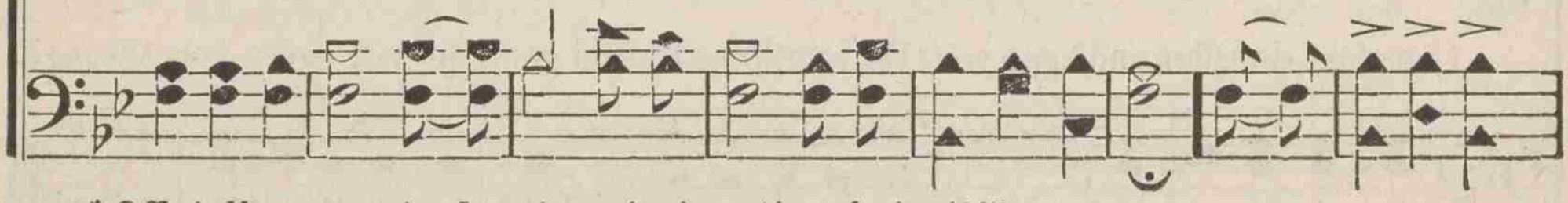




ram-parts we watch'd, were so gallantly stream-ing? And the rockets red glare, the bombs
fit - ful-ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catches the gleam of the
blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pol-lu-tion, No ref-uge could save the
pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na-tion, Then con-quer we must, when our



CHORUS.
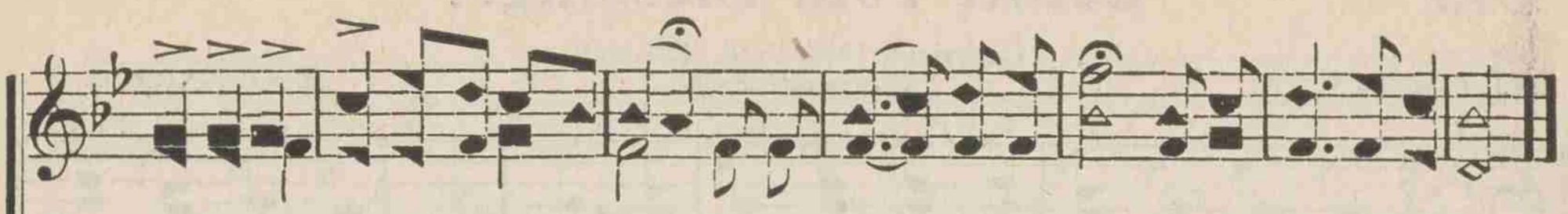


bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say does that
morning's first beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream; 'Tis the star-spangled
hireling and slave, From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave; And the star-spangled
cause it is just, And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled
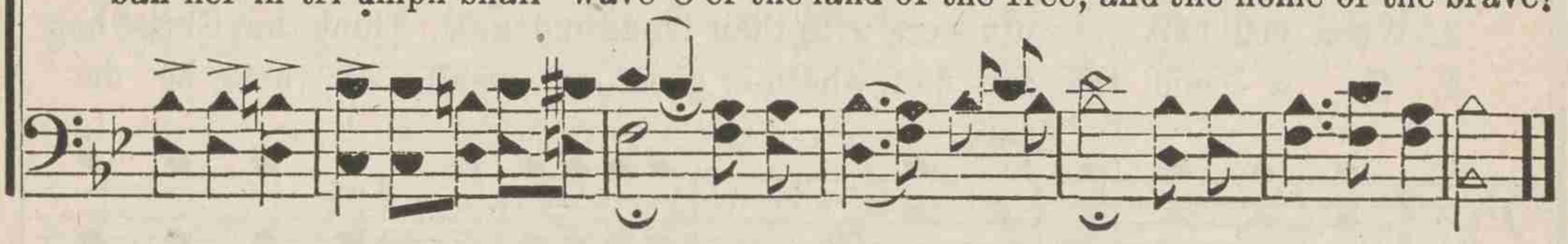


* Officially recognized as America's national air, 1907.

The Star-Spangled Banner.
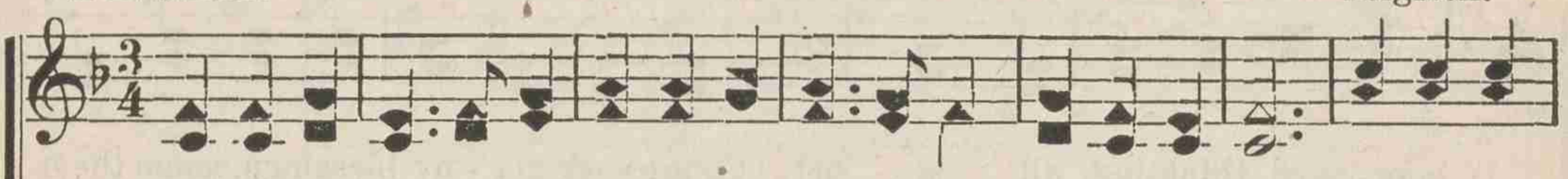


star-spangled ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
ban-ner; oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
ban-ner in tri-umph doth wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
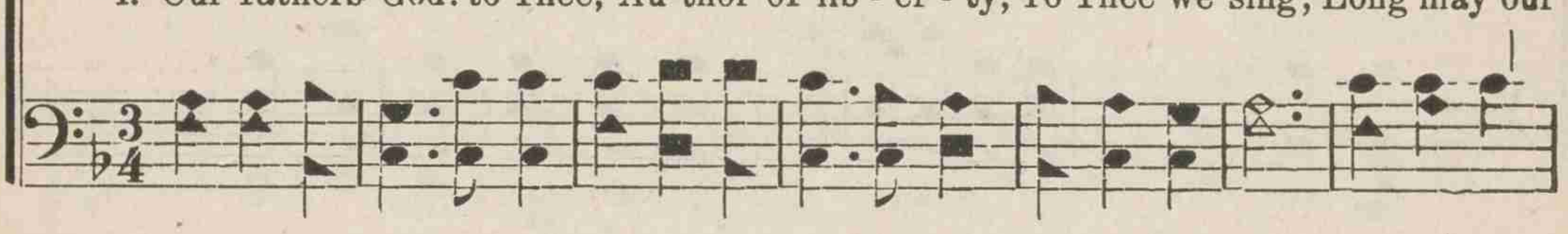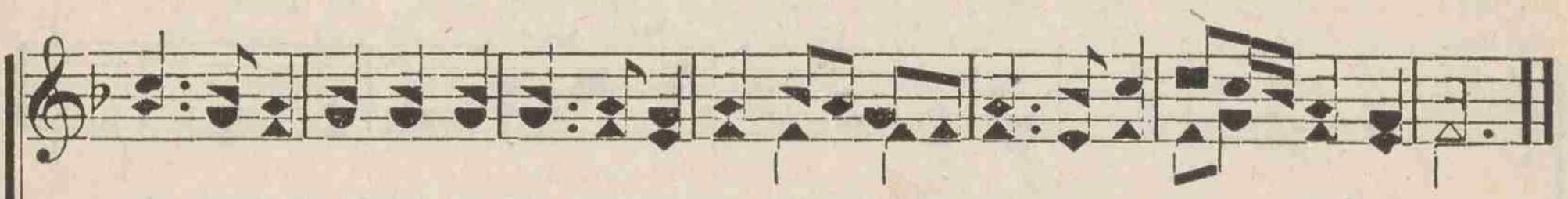


143. America.

S. F. SMITH. English.
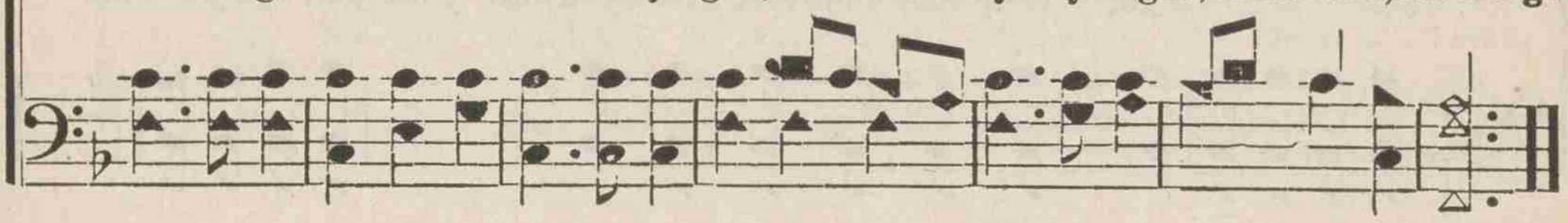


1. My country! 'tis of thee,Sweet land of lib-er- ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My native country, thee,Land of the no - ble,free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our fathers' God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our





fathers died,Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side, Let freedom ring!
rocks and rills,Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake,Let rocks their silence break,The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might,Great God,our King!



144. God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain.

1
God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King:
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

2
Thro' every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve our King,
Long may he reign;
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above,
And in a nation's love
His throne maintain.

3
Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

145. Count Your Blessings.

Copyright, 1897, by E. O. Excell.

J. OATMAN, JR. Words and music. E. O. EXCELL.

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

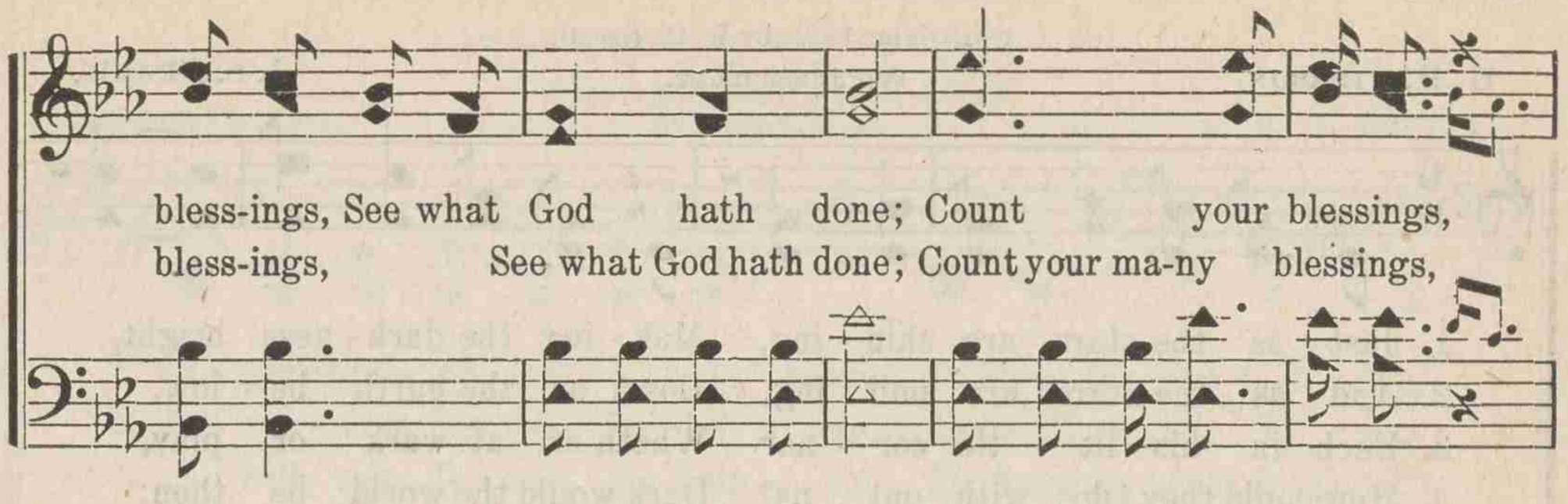
cour- aged, think-ing all is lost, Count your ma - ny blessings, name them
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your ma - ny bless - ings, ev - 'ry
prom- ised you His wealth un - told; Count your ma - ny bless - ings, mon- ey
cour- aged, God is o - ver all; Count your ma - ny bless - ings, an - gels
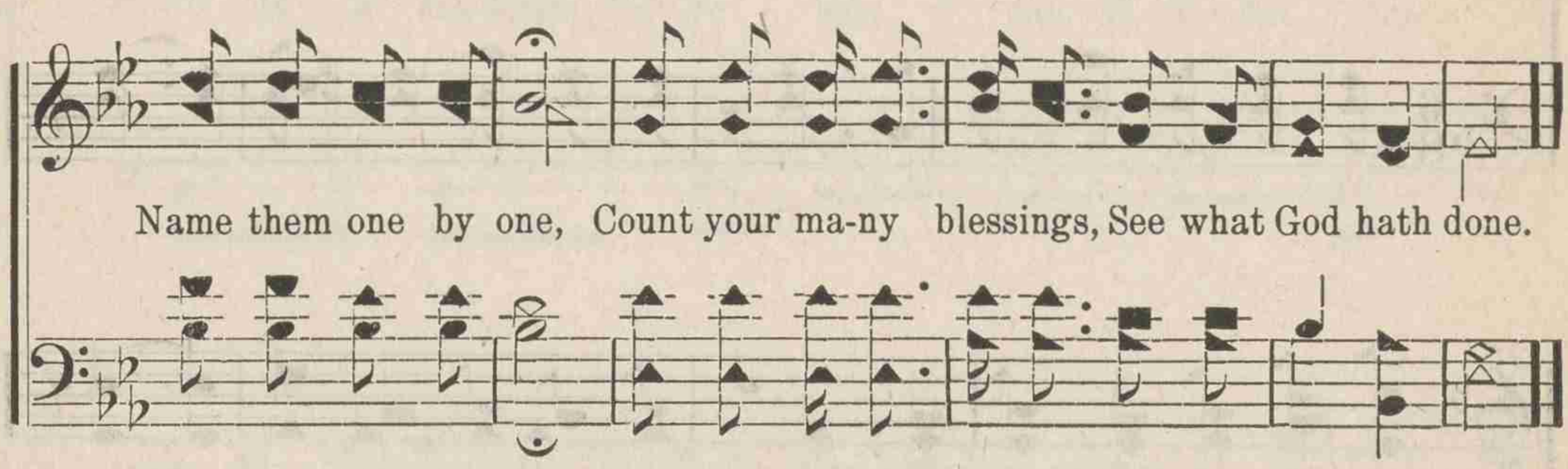
one by one, And it will sur-prise you, what the Lord hath done.
doubt will fly, And you will be sing - ing as the days go by.
can not buy Your re - ward in heav - en, nor your home on high.
will at - tend, Help and com-fort give you to your jour - ney's end.

CHORUS.

Count your blessings, Name them one by one, Count your
Count your ma-ny blessings, Name them one by one, Count your ma-ny

Count Your Blessings.
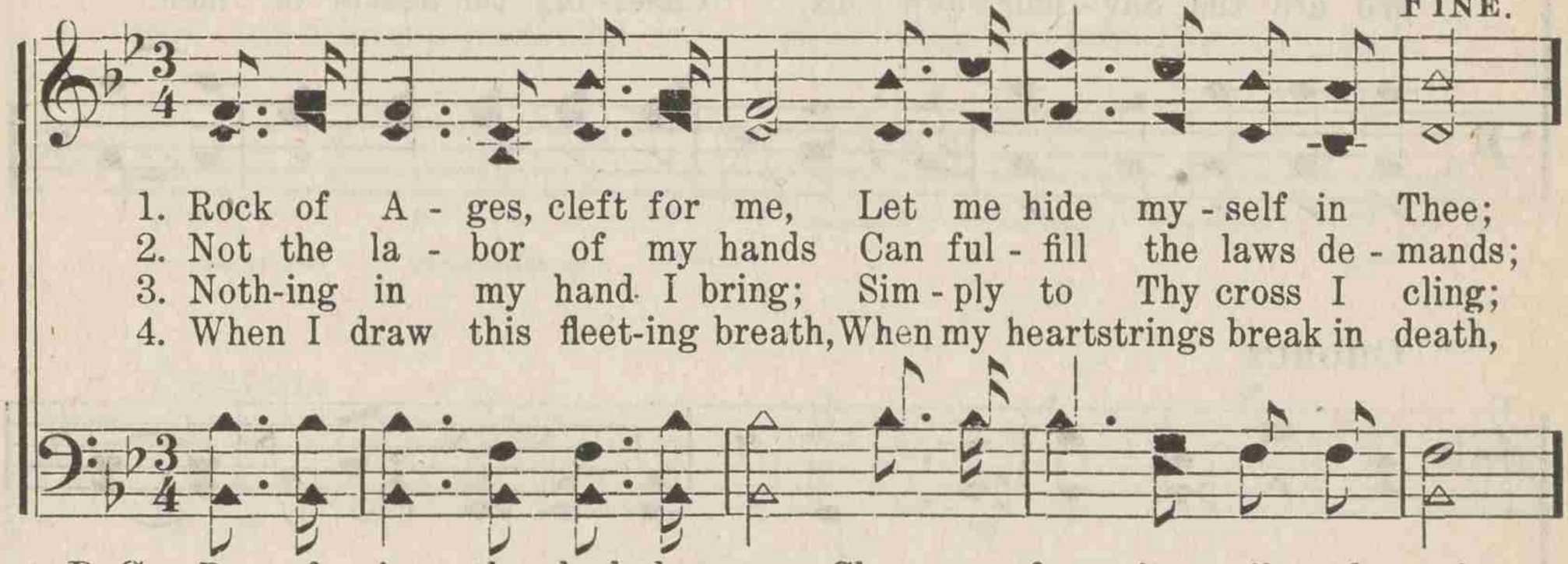




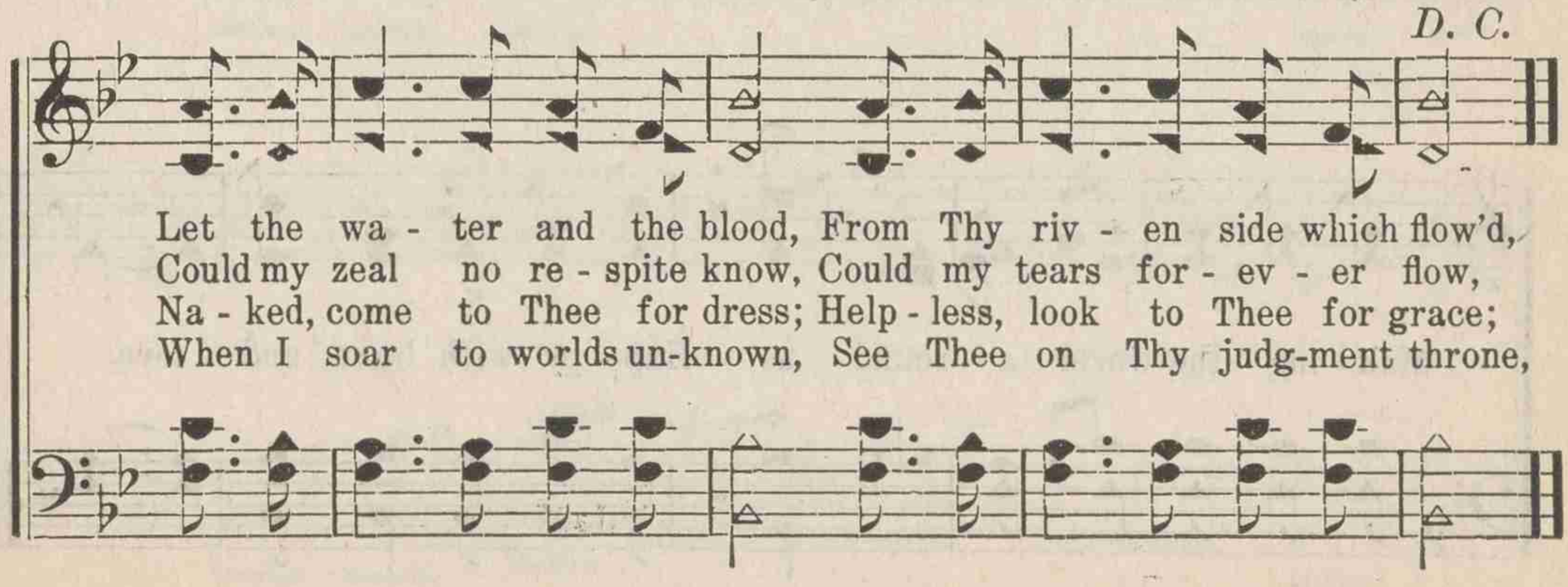
146. Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. THOS. HASTINGS.

FINE.



D. C.



147. Little Stars.

Copyright, 1902, by E. O. Excell.

H. H. PIERSON. Words and music. J. S. FEARIS.

1. Just as the stars are shin - ing, Mak - ing the dark - ness bright,
2. And as the stars are smil - ing, Down on the earth be - low,
3. Each in his lit - tle cor - ner Wheth-er at work or play,
4. How could they do with - out us? Dark would the world be then;

So we are shin - ing, shin - ing, Shed-ding our gold - en light.
We may re - flect the sun - light, Shin - ing wher - e'er we go.
We would be al - ways shin - ing, Turn - ing the night to day.
We are the Sav - iour's jew - els, Cheer- ing the hearts of men.

CHORUS.

Shin - ing, shin - ing, shin - ing, Just like the stars a - bove,
Mak - ing the world a - round us Hap - py with light and love.

148. I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

Copyright, 1900, by E. O. Excell.

NELLIE TALBOT. Words and music. E. O. EXCELL.

1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin;
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;

In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Show-ing how pleas-ant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect-ing His good - ness, And al - ways shine for Him.
Serv - ing Him mo- ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.

CHORUS.

A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam;

A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun-beam for Him.

149. Sunday-School Cadets.

Copyright, 1902, by E. O. Excell.
Words and music.

C. B. A. MRS. CARRIE B. ADAMS.

1. We're ca - dets that want to bat - tle for the right, you see;
   For our watchword we have chos - en "Hon - or bright!" you see,
2. We're de - ter - mined that we'll nev - er know de - feat, you see.
   For our Lead - er nev - er taught us to re - treat, you see,

1 2

That is why we band ourselves to-geth-er; And we'll keep it up in
If we fight for right, we'll win the bat-tle; No mat - ter how the

ev - 'ry kind of weath-er. For the right, then; Hon - or bright, then;
guns and sa-bers rat-tle. We'll be strong, then, 'Gainst the wrong, then,

We will march on our jour-ney thro' the world; Col - ors fly - ing,
And we'll work till the set - ting of the sun; Col - ors fly - ing,

Ev - er try - ing To be true, as our ban - ner is un-furled
Ev - er try - ing To be faith - ful un - til the vic-t'ry's won.

Sunday-School Cadets.

CHORUS.

1

{ Then see us marching, as to war, With purpose stead-y, Our hearts are
{ Our gallant Lead - er goes be- [*Omit*]

2

read - y; fore; Then see us march! We're the Sunday-School cadets!

150. Jewels.

W. O. CUSHING. By permission. GEO. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

1. When He com- eth, when He com- eth To make up His jew - els, All His
2. He will gath- er, He will gath- er the gems for His kingdom: All the
3. Lit - tle chil-dren, lit - tle chil-dren Who love their Re-deem - er, Are the

CHORUS.

jew - els, precious jewels, His loved and His own.
pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own. Like the stars of the morning,
jew- els, precious jew - els, His loved and His own.

His bright crown adorning, They shall shine in their beauty, Bright gems for His crown.

151. Little Pilgrims.

Copyright, 1897, by Chas H. Gabriel.
E. O. Excell, owner.

IDA M. BUDD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We are lit - tle pil-grims, Walking in the light, Bear-ing ti - ny cross-es,
2. Keep-ing close to Je - sus, Trust-ing in His care, All our lit - tle cross-es
3. Keep-ing close to Je - sus, Some day, by and by, We shall find a coun-try

Wear-ing garments white.
He will help us bear.
Far be-yond the sky.

Keeping close to Je - sus In the narrow way,
He will keep our white robes Spotless, pure and clean,
And in some bright mansion Of that land so fair,

CHORUS.

Go-ing home to heav-en, And e-ter-nal day.
He will make us ev- er Free from guilt and sin.
We shall dwell forever, Safe with Jesus there.

We are lit- tle pilgrims,

1

8va

March, march, march! Keep-ing close to Je - sus, March, march, march!

2

Robed in garments white, Keep- ing close to Je - sus, Walk-ing in the light.

152. Sunshine and Rain.

Words and music copyright, 1902, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

C. H. G. E. O. Excell, owner. 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,
bur- den of our sin,
days are dark and drear?

Would we scat-ter seed up - on the fal- low
Would we know the sweetness of His love and
Can we hope for pleasures, yet de - ny the

CHORUS.

ground, And hope to gath- er flow-ers, fruit and grain?
care, Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win? Sun - shine and rain re-
pain, Or share the joys of life with-out the tear?

freshing, re-viv - ing rain, Light of faith and love, Showers from above! Sunshine and

rain, to nour-ish the growing grain, Send us, Lord, the sunshine and the rain.

153. The Children's Hosanna.

Copyright, 1902, by E. O. Excell.

NEAL A. MCAULEY. Words and music. J. S. FEARIS.

1. I dreamed one night, not long a - go, Of mansions in the skies, Where those who
2. And, as I mused, I heard a voice, In sweet-er tones than all, Di - rect - ing
3. And when from slumber I a - rose, To serve my Lord and King, I felt that

love the Lord ob- tain A rich and glo-rious prize; I saw a - mong the
Christian work-ers here, In words I now re - call: "For-bid them not," He
I the lit - tle lambs To Christ in love might bring; And then I cried for

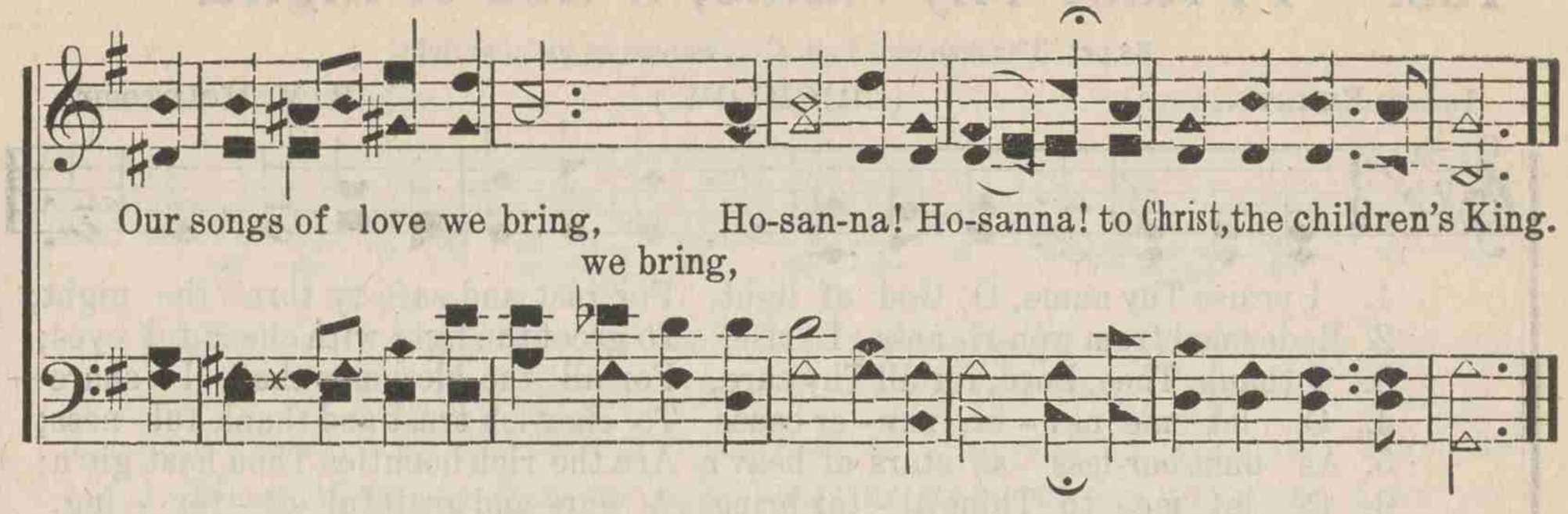
hap - py throng The children bright and fair; I heard their voic-es clear and sweet
gen - tly said, "The children bring to me, Their portion in the World of Light
dai - ly grace Their precious souls to cheer, Till they could sing like yonder choir,

REFRAIN. *Faster.*

With mu - sic fill the air.
Redeemed shall ev - er be." Hosanna! Hosanna! Our songs of love we bring,
Ho - san - na! bright and clear.
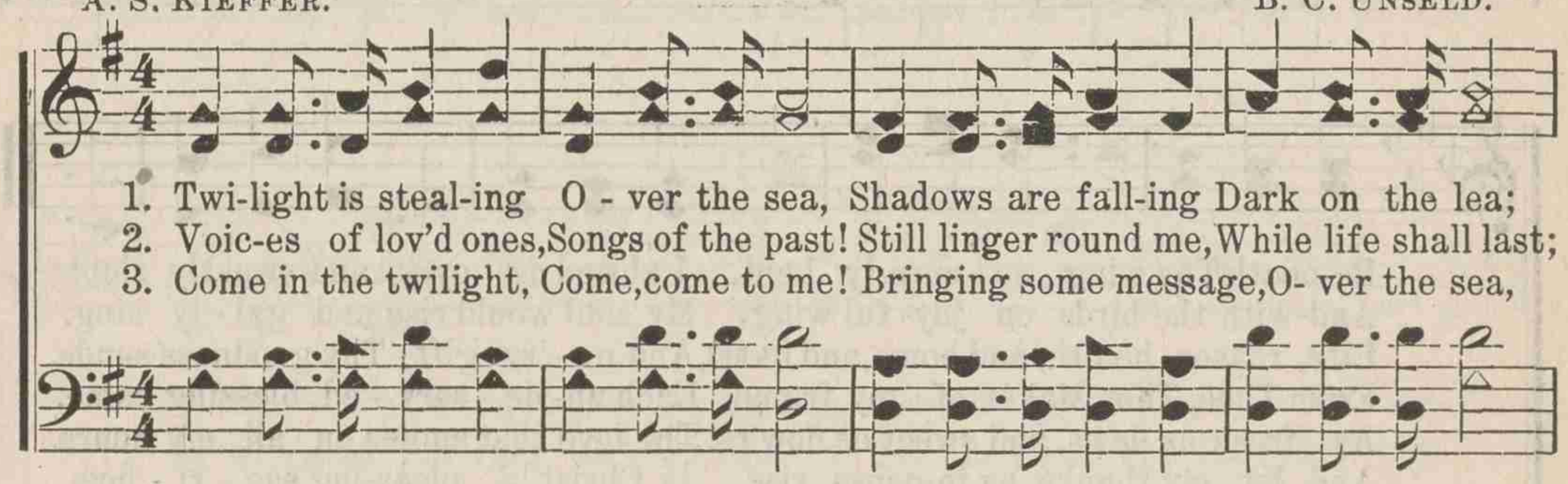
Ho - san - na! Ho - san- na! To Christ, the children's King; Ho-san-na! Ho - san- na!
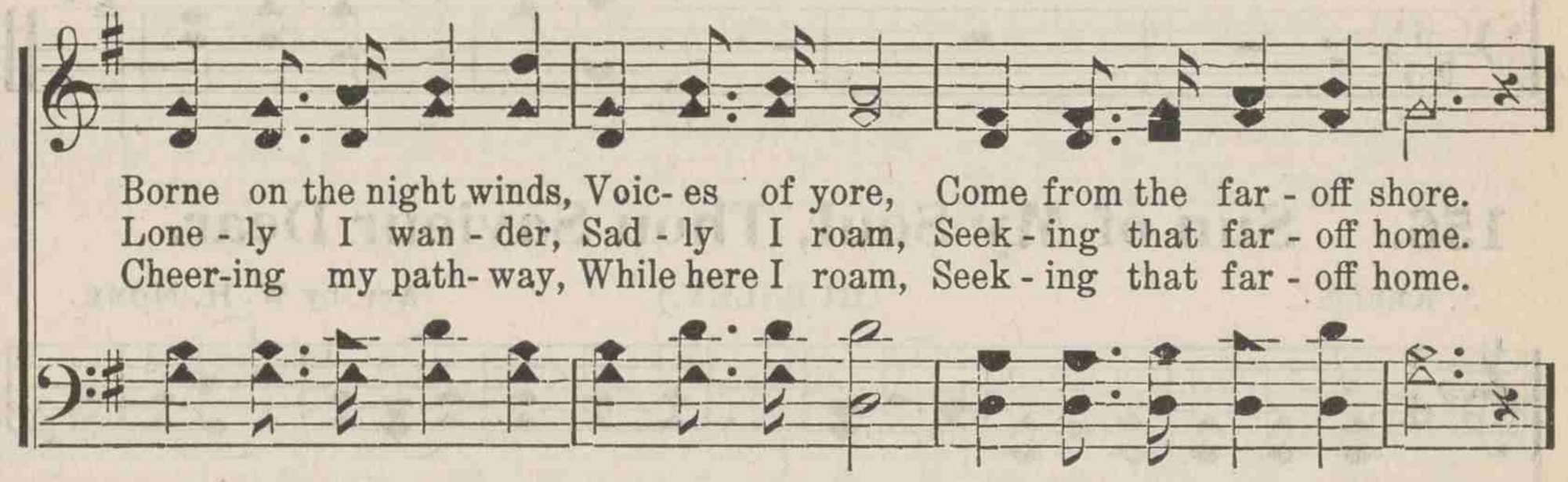
The Children's Hosanna.
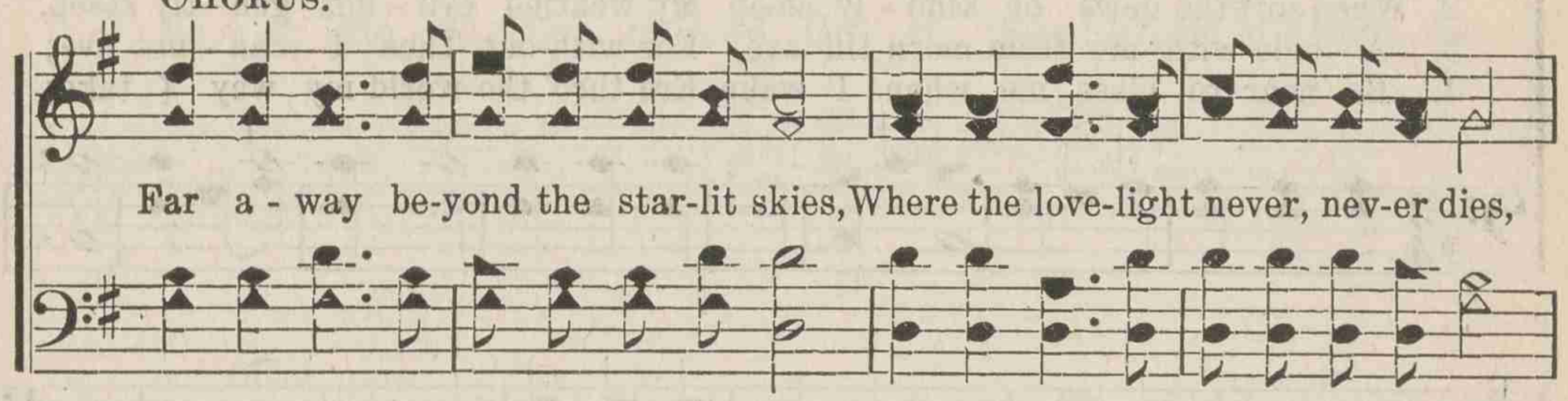


154. Twilight is Stealing.
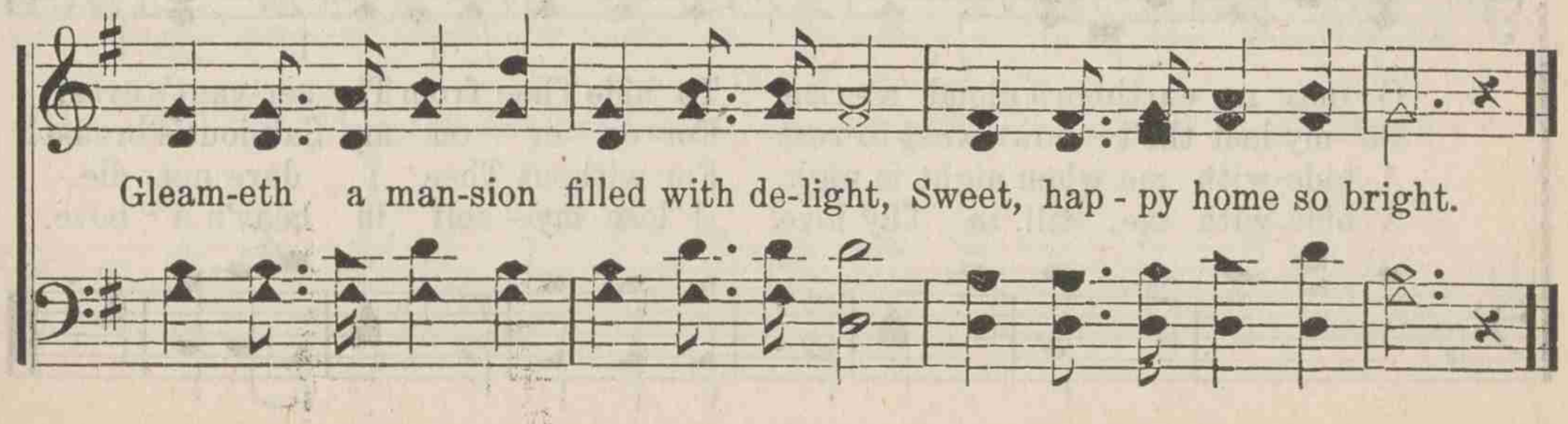
A. S. KIEFFER. B. C. UNSELD.





CHORUS.
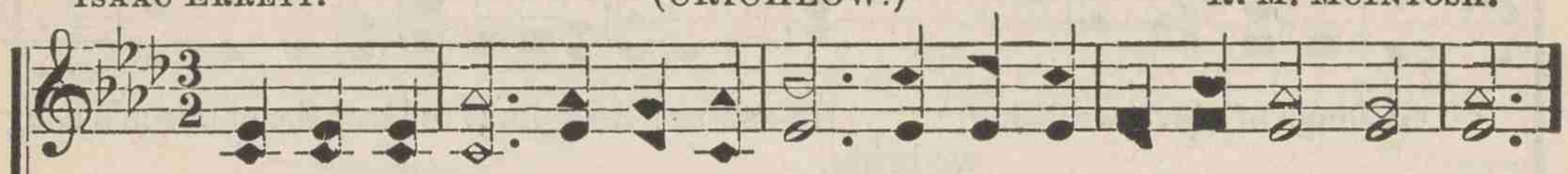




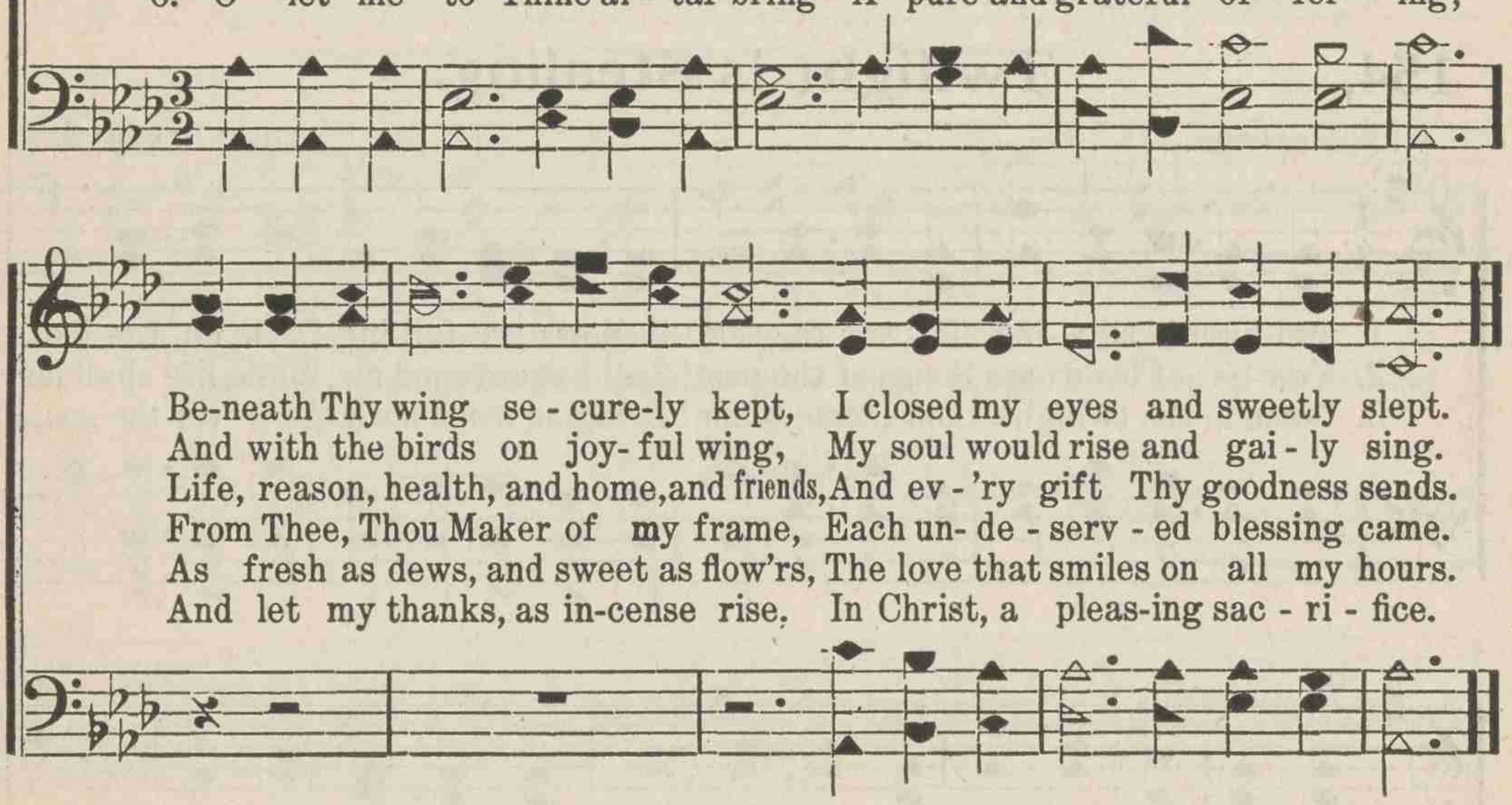
155. I Praise Thy Name, O God of Light.

By per. The Standard Pub. Co., owners of the copyright.

ISAAC ERRETT. (CRICHLOW.) R. M. MCINTOSH.



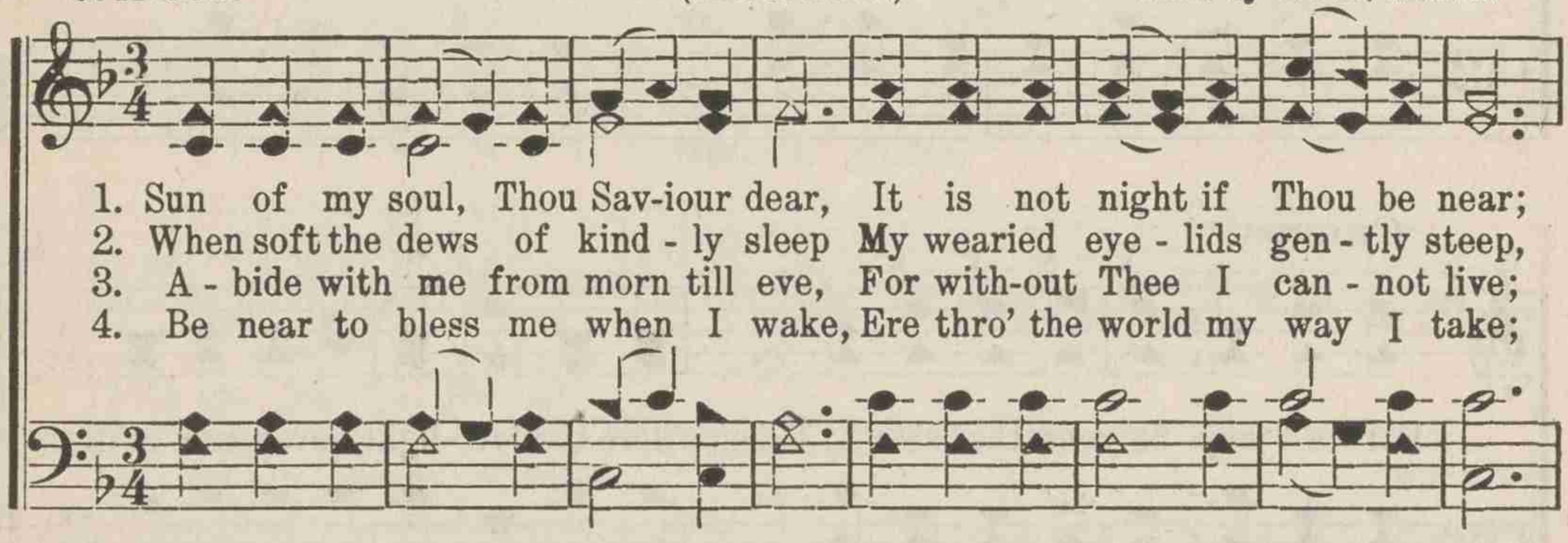
1. I praise Thy name, O God of light, For rest and safe-ty thro' the night;
2. Redeemed from wea-ri- ness, I rise, To greet the light with cheer-ful eyes;
3. I thank, Thee, Lord, for all Thy care, For all the blessings that I share—
4. O let me nev - er, nev - er cease To cher-ish trust and thank-ful - ness;
5. As num-ber-less as stars of heav'n Are the rich bounties Thou hast giv'n;
6. O let me to Thine al - tar bring A pure and grateful of - fer - ing;
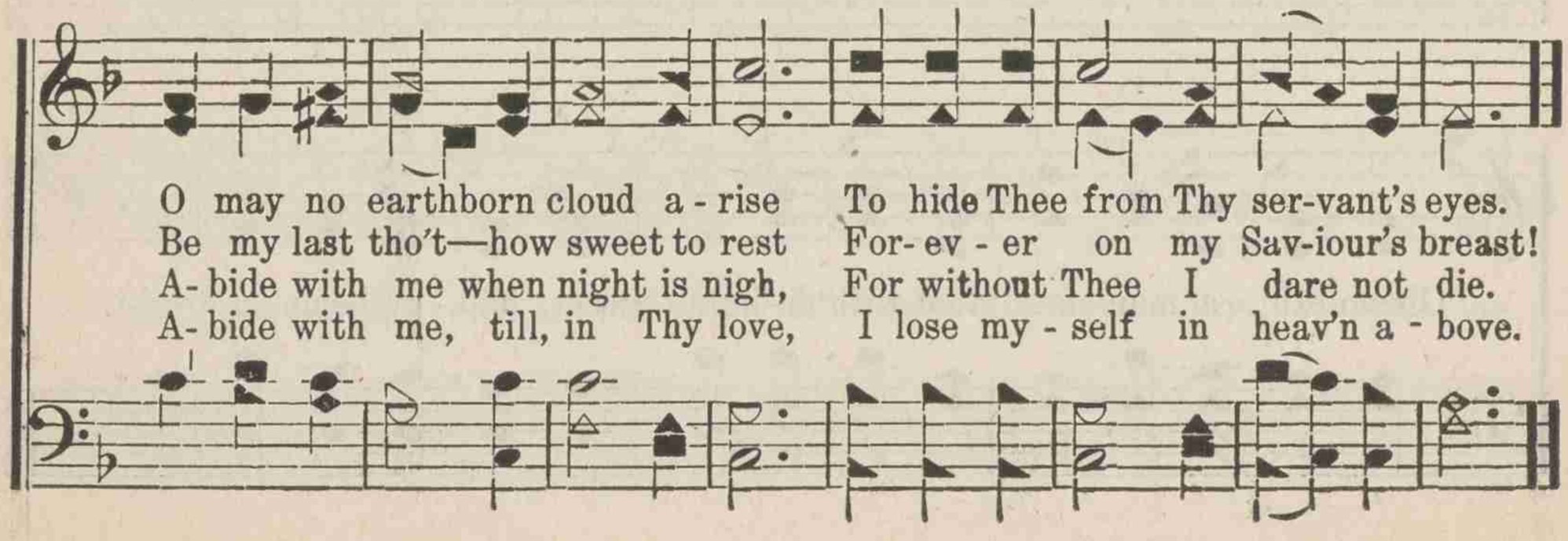


Be-neath Thy wing se - cure-ly kept, I closed my eyes and sweetly slept.
And with the birds on joy- ful wing, My soul would rise and gai - ly sing.
Life, reason, health, and home, and friends, And ev - 'ry gift Thy goodness sends.
From Thee, Thou Maker of my frame, Each un- de - serv - ed blessing came.
As fresh as dews, and sweet as flow'rs, The love that smiles on all my hours.
And let my thanks, as in-cense rise. In Christ, a pleas-ing sac - ri - fice.

156. Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear.

J. KEBLE. (HURSLEY.) Arr. by W. H. MONK.



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When soft the dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gen - tly 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;



O may no earthborn cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.
Be my last tho't—how sweet to rest For- ev - er on my Sav-iour's breast!
A- bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
A- bide with me, till, in Thy love, I lose my - self in heav'n a - bove.

157. Day is Dying in the West.

Copyright, 1877, by J. H. Vincent.

MARY ANN LATHBURY. WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touch-ing earth with rest; Wait and wor-ship while the night Sets her evening lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.
2. Lord of life, beneath the dome Of the u - ni- verse, Thy home, Gath- er us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en- fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.
4. When for- ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morn-ing rise, And shad-ows end.

REFRAIN.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High!

158. How Goes the Battle?

Copyright, 1911, by The Standard Pub. Co.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. Words and music SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. How goes the bat- tle where the fight is long? How fight the ma - ny sol-diers who en - list? Are hearts still brave? Are wil- ling hands still strong? Are
2. How goes the bat- tle? Are the ramparts down? What gi - ant foes are vanquished on the way? Are sol - diers true—re-mem- ber - ing the "crown?" En-
3. How goes the bat- tle? Where is greatest need? Are sol-diers win-ning trophies on the field? Who guards the tow'rs? Who giv-eth earn - est heed, That
4. How goes the bat- tle? Is the Captain near? How ful - ly do they trust Him who can save? Do some for - get, and yield to doubt and fear? Or

CHORUS.

some dis-cour-aged—halt-ing, tempted, missed?
dur - ing dan-gers, hard-ships, day by day? How goes the bat - tle? How
might- y foes shall nev - er make them yield?
do they ral - ly where the ban-ners wave?

ma - ny are the brave? How goes the bat - tle? Where does the banner wave? How

goes the bat- tle? How goes the bat-tle? Where does the vic -t'ry ban-ner wave?

159. Victory in Jesus.

Copyright, 1900, by Lizzie E. Sweney.
E. O. Excell, owner.

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

1. Sol-diers of King Je- sus, raise the shout a- gain, Vic - to - ry in Je - sus,
2. O'er the pow'rs of darkness, o'er the hosts of sin, Vic - to - ry in Je - sus,
3. Send the hap - py watchword all a-long the line, Vic - to - ry in Je - sus,
4. For His church and kingdom, for each trusting soul, Vic - to - ry in Je - sus,

vic - to- ry! March-ing to the mu- sic of the glad re-frain, Vic - to - ry in
vic - to- ry! Trust- ing,watching,praying,we shall sure-ly win, Vic - to - ry in
vic - to- ry! Let all er- ror per- ish, lives the truth di- vine, Vic - to - ry in
vic - to- ry! From the courts of heaven joy - ful pæ - ans roll, Vic - to - ry in

CHORUS.

Je - sus ev - er-more. Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry in Je - sus!

Sing His o - ver-com-ing blood, Sing the grace that frees us; Ring it out more

bold - ly, Song of faith and cheer, Till the whole wide world shall hear.

160. Jesus is Leading.

Copyright, 1911 by The Standard Pub. Co.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. Words and music SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Thro' this world of sin and woe, Je - sus is lead - ing,
2. What care I if clouds ap - pear, Je - sus is lead - ing,
3. What tho' strange may be the road? Je - sus is lead - ing,
4. To that home be - yond the skies Je - sus is lead - ing,

ten - der - ly lead - ing; Dai - ly, where - so - e'er I go,
ten - der - ly lead - ing; Wheth - er skies be dark or clear,
ten - der - ly lead - ing; This tho't helps me bear my load,
ten - der - ly lead - ing; Tho' He's veiled from mor - tal eyes,

CHORUS.

Je - sus is lead - ing al - way. All the way

Je - sus is lead - ing, Ten - der - ly lead - ing, lov - ing - ly lead - ing;

Dark or light, both day and night, Je - sus is lead - ing al - way.

161. We are Going Down the Valley.

Copyright, 1890, by Fillmore Bros. Used by per.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. We are go- ing down the val-ley, one by one, With our fa - ces t'ward the
2. We are go- ing down the val-ley, one by one, When the la - bors of the
3. We are go- ing down the val-ley, one by one, Hu - man com-rade you or

set- ting of the sun; Down the val- ley where the mournful cypress grows, Where the
wea-ry days are done; One by one, the cares of earth for- ev - er past, We shall
I will there have none, But a ten - der hand will guide us lest we fall, Christ is

stream of death in si-lence on-ward flows.
stand up - on the riv - er bank at last. We are go - ing down the val - ley,
go - ing down the val- ley with us all.

CHORUS.

go- ing down the val- ley, Go- ing t'ward the set-ting of the sun; We are go-ing

down the valley, go-ing down the valley, Go- ing down the val-ley, one by one.

162. When I Shall Fall Asleep.

Words and music copyright, 1904, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

MOSES GAGE SHIRLEY. E. O. Excell, owner. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Some day the sun of life will set, and I shall fall a- sleep, And, leaving all that I hold dear, will find the si - lence deep, That myster - y which, still un-
2. Some day the cares of life will cease, and I shall fall a- sleep, And, passing from you, I shall see a - far the gold - en street, And sainted forms of those who
3. Some day my work will all be done, and I shall fall a- sleep, But O what joy to know that I shall wake to nev - er weep! For where I go we know that

solved, God and His an - gels know, And those who walk by crys - tal streams where heav'n-ly breez - es blow, Where grief nor sor - row ev - er come, nor troub- le's
dwell up - on the oth - er shore, Be - hold the lov'd ones who from us a while have gone be - fore; Where soft and cool - ing pathways lie, where none shall
God has promised per - fect rest And peace for ev - 'ry ach-ing heart, and ev - 'ry troub- led breast; And love more last - ing than our own He'll give to

Rit.

bil-lows sweep; Some day the Reap-er will ap - pear, and I shall fall a- sleep.
ev - er weep—Some day the hour for me will come, and I shall fall a- sleep.
me to keep, When all my bur-dens are laid down, and I have gone to sleep.

163. Drifting.

Copyright, 1902, by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co, Used by per.

W. H. R. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

1. Drift - ing a - way to the ha - ven of rest, Sail - ing to
2. Drift - ing a - way far be - yond the blue sea, Val - ley of
3. Drift - ing a - way to that beau - ti - ful home, End - ed earth's

port with the hap - py and blest, Voic - es of loved ones are
E - den, we dream oft of thee; Songs of the ran-somed float
toils where no part - ing days come, Storms are all past, and all

call - ing us there— Call - ing the wea - ry to rest.
down to us here, Call - ing us o - ver the sea.
tears wiped a - way There in that beau - ti - ful home.

CHORUS.

Organ. drift - ing, drift - ing, Drift - ing a

Drift - ing a - way, Drift - ing a - way,

way, Drift - ing a - way, we are drift - ing a - way.

164. Eternity.

Copyright, 1908, by E. O. Excell.

F. A. S. Words and music. FRANK A. SIMPKINS.

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

streets . . are paved with gold; . . . A home prepared. . . for you and
lu - - jahs loud and long, . . . Come float - ing o'er . . . . the might - y
us. . . . . to that bright shore; . . That we may from. . . . our cares be
gen - - tly rise and fall; . . . . And He will say. . . . . "Come home with
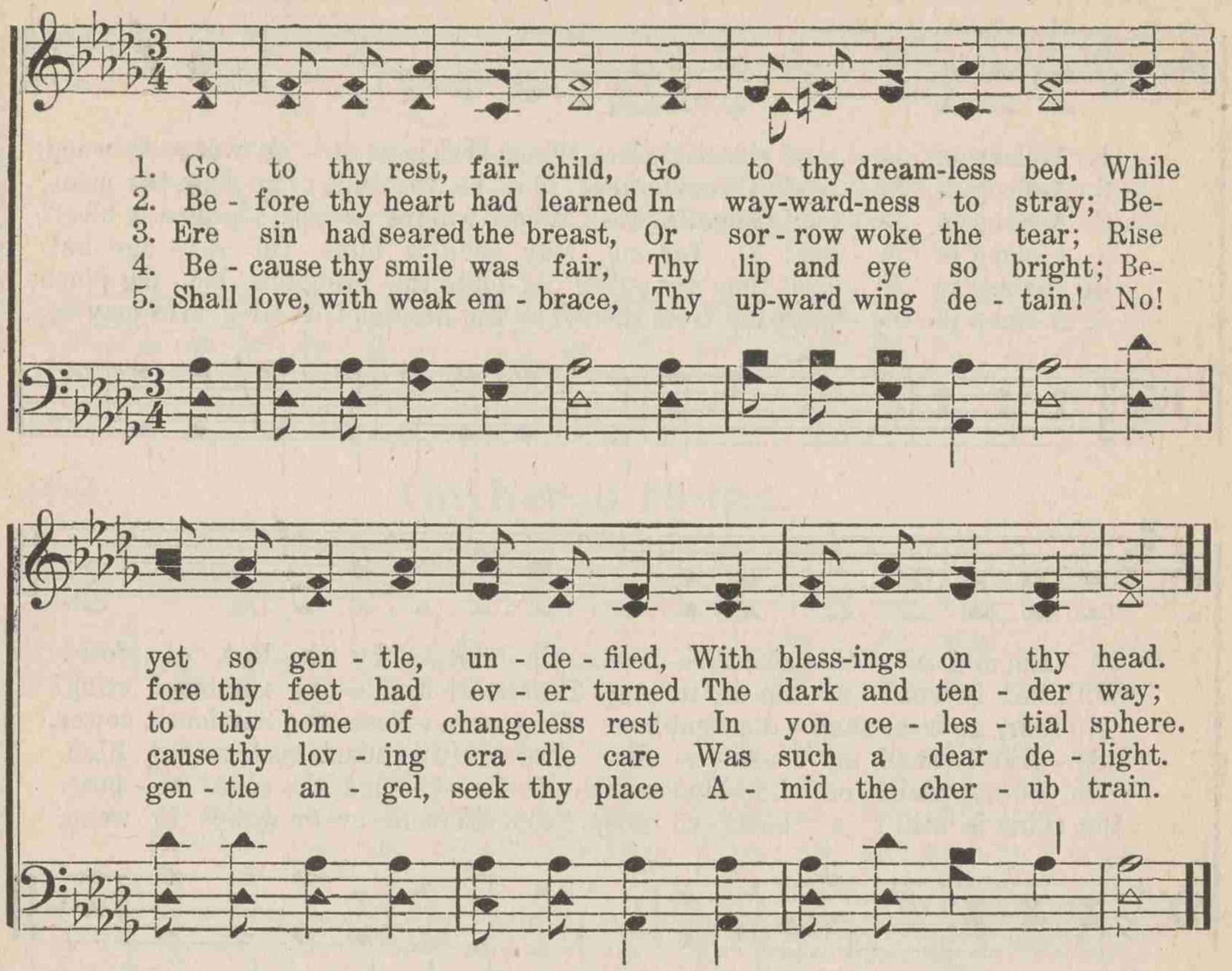
me, Where we may spend e - ter - ni - ty. . . . . E - ter - ni-
sea, A mes - sage from e - ter - ni - ty. . . . . E - ter - ni-
free, And sing thro' all . . e - ter - ni - ty. . . . . E - ter - ni-
me, To dwell in blest e - ter - ni - ty." . . . . . E - ter - ni-

E - ter - ni - ty

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

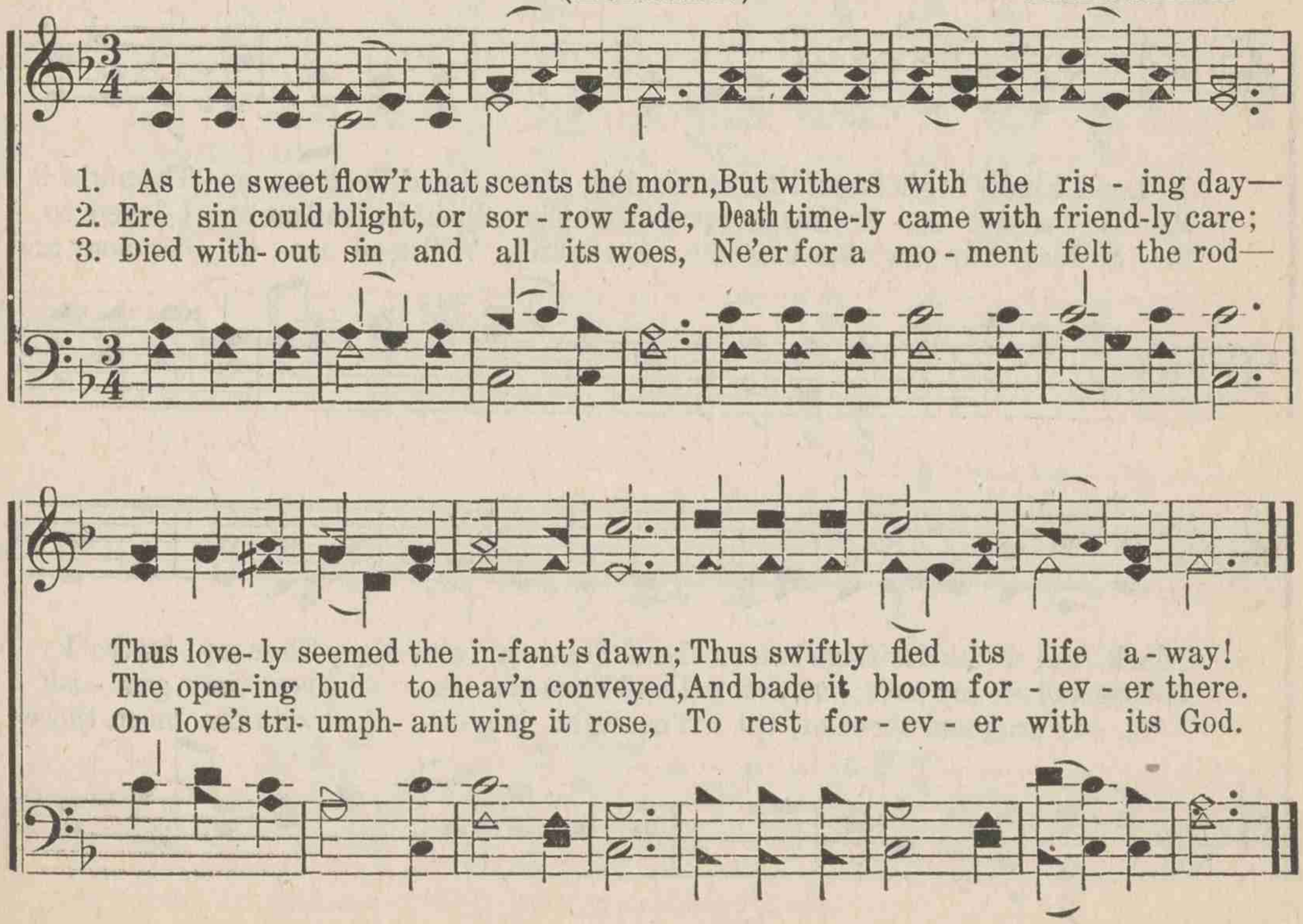
165. Go to Thy Rest, Fair Child.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY (BURBER) J. H. TENNEY.
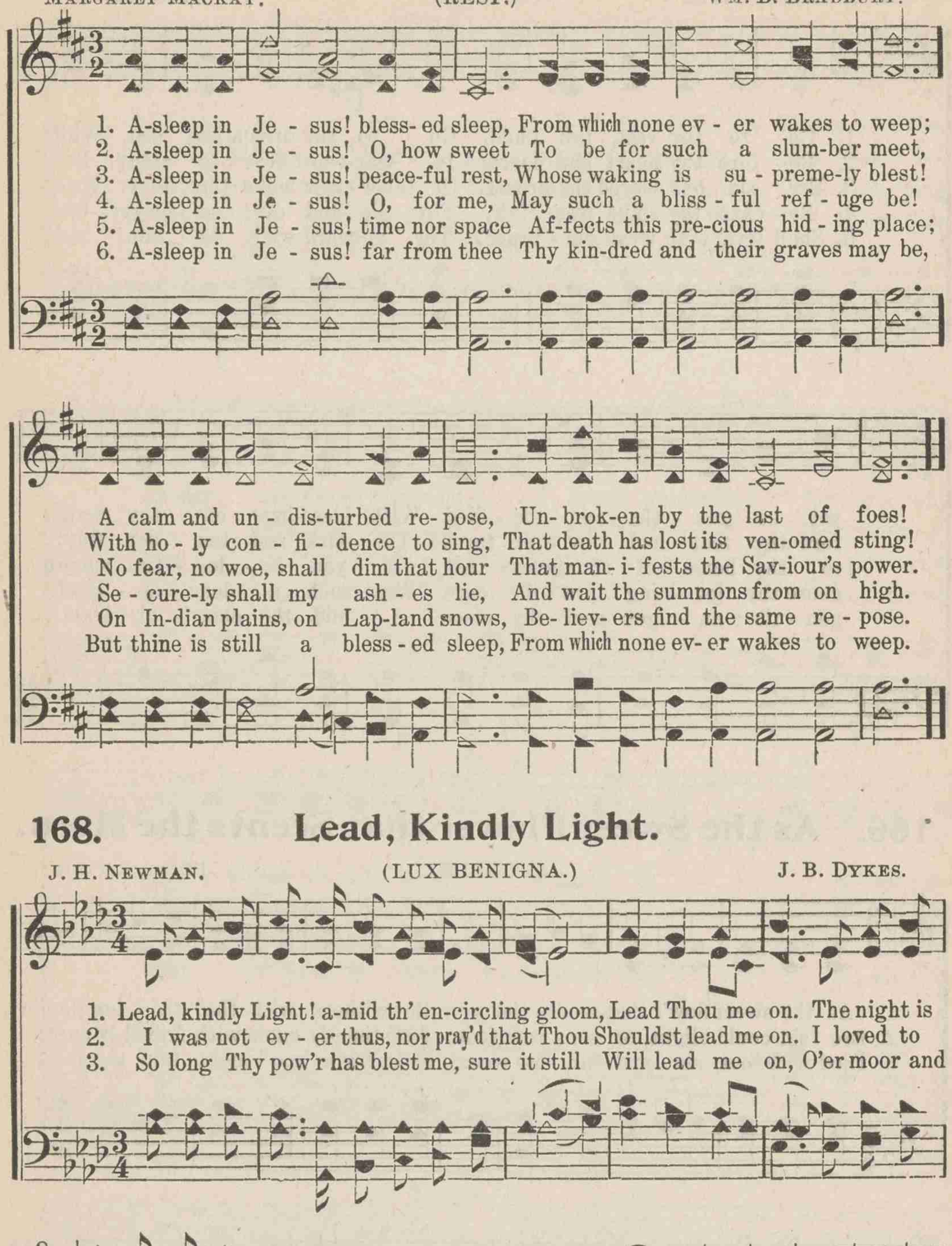


166. As the Sweet Flower that Scents the Morn.

(HURSLEY.) PETER RITTER.
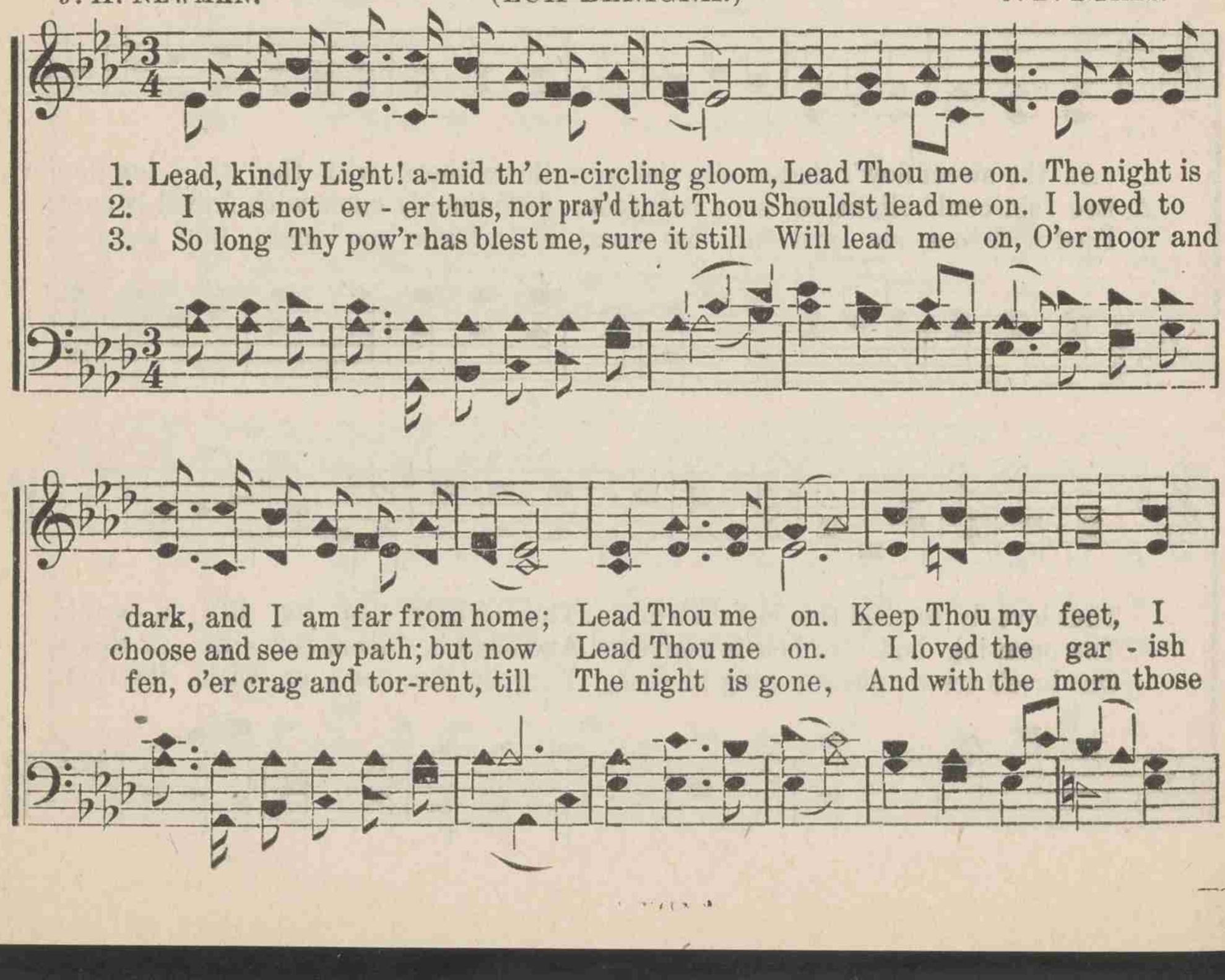


167. Asleep in Jesus!
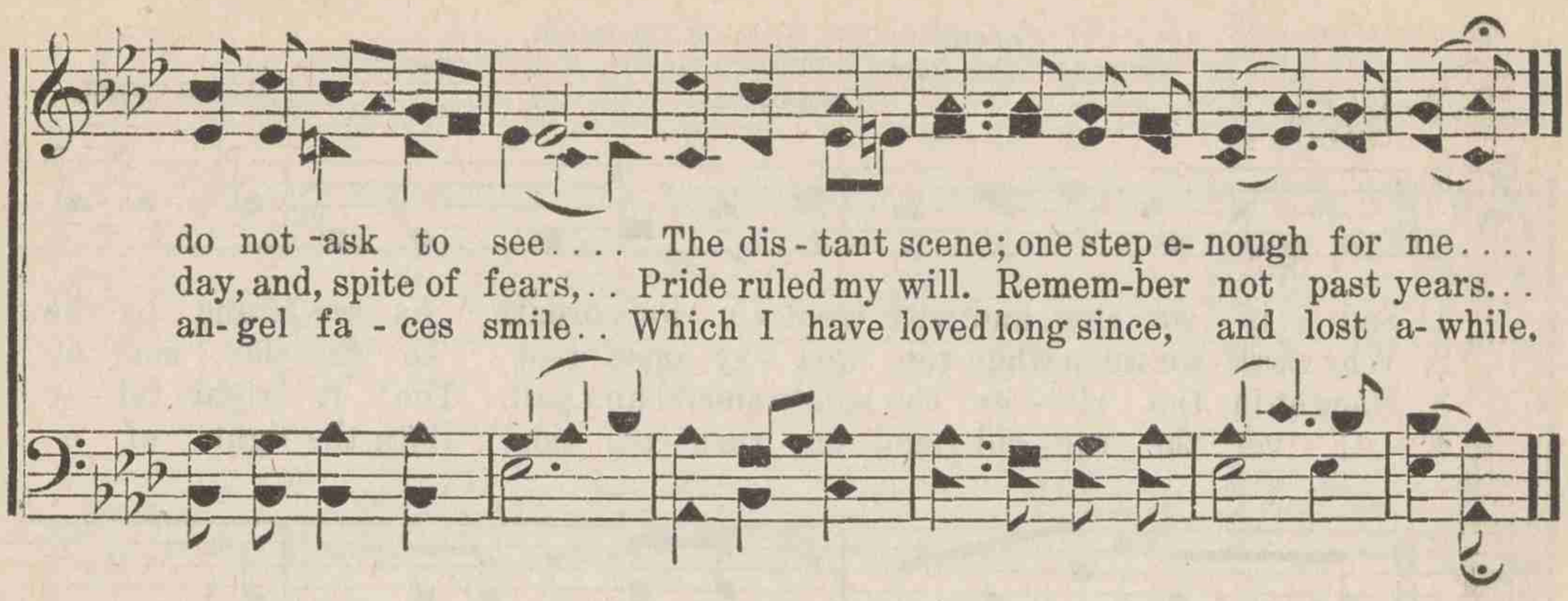
MARGARET MACKAY. (REST.) WM. B. BRADBURY.



168. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. NEWMAN. (LUX BENIGNA.) J. B. DYKES.
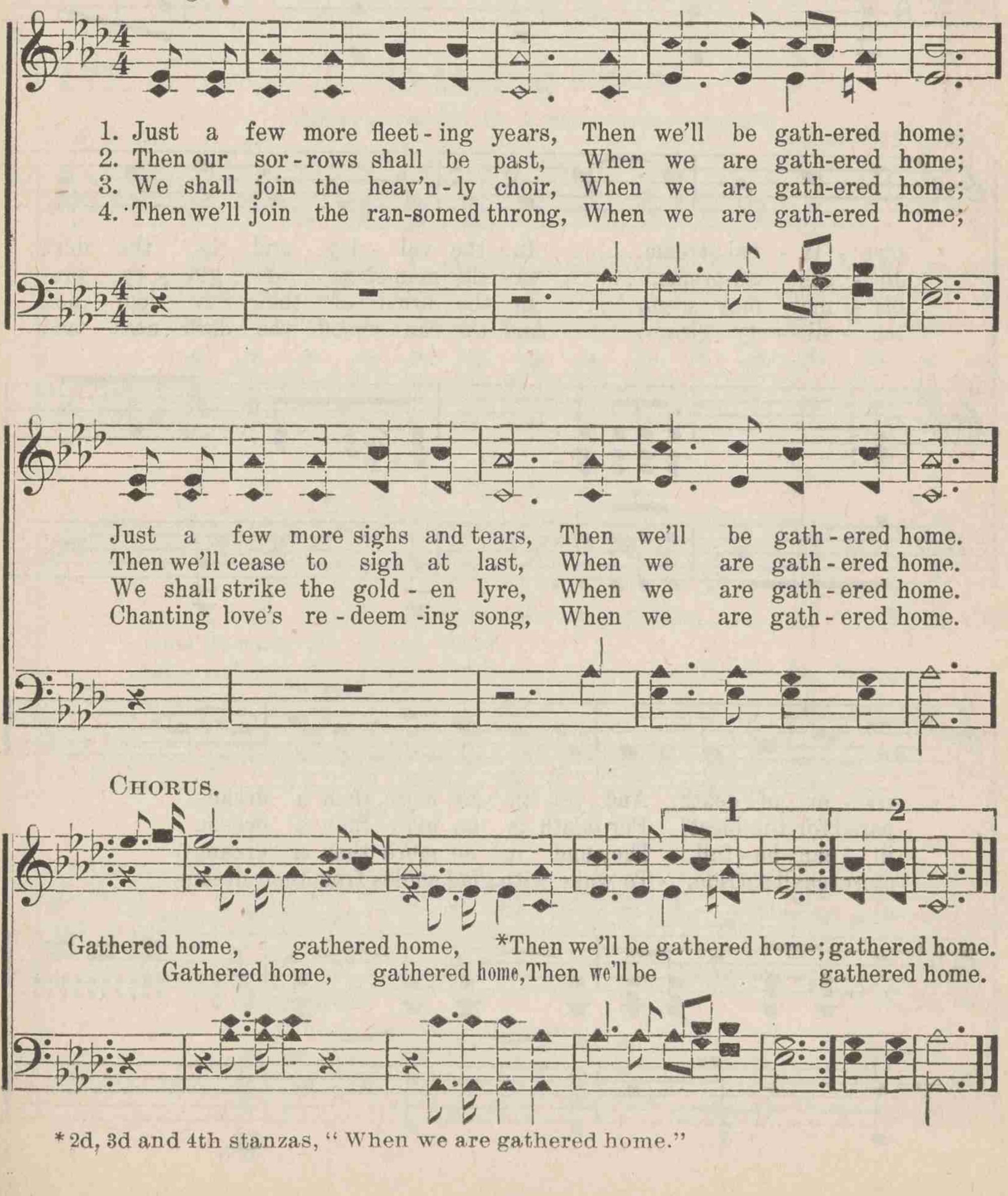




169. Gathered Home.

"Gathering together unto him."—2 THESS. 2: 1.

Words arranged. W. T. DALE.



CHORUS.

*2d, 3d and 4th stanzas, "When we are gathered home."

170. Death is Only a Dream.

Copyright, 1892, by R. M. McIntosh.
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Used by per.

C. W. RAY. A. J. BUCHANAN.

SOLO.

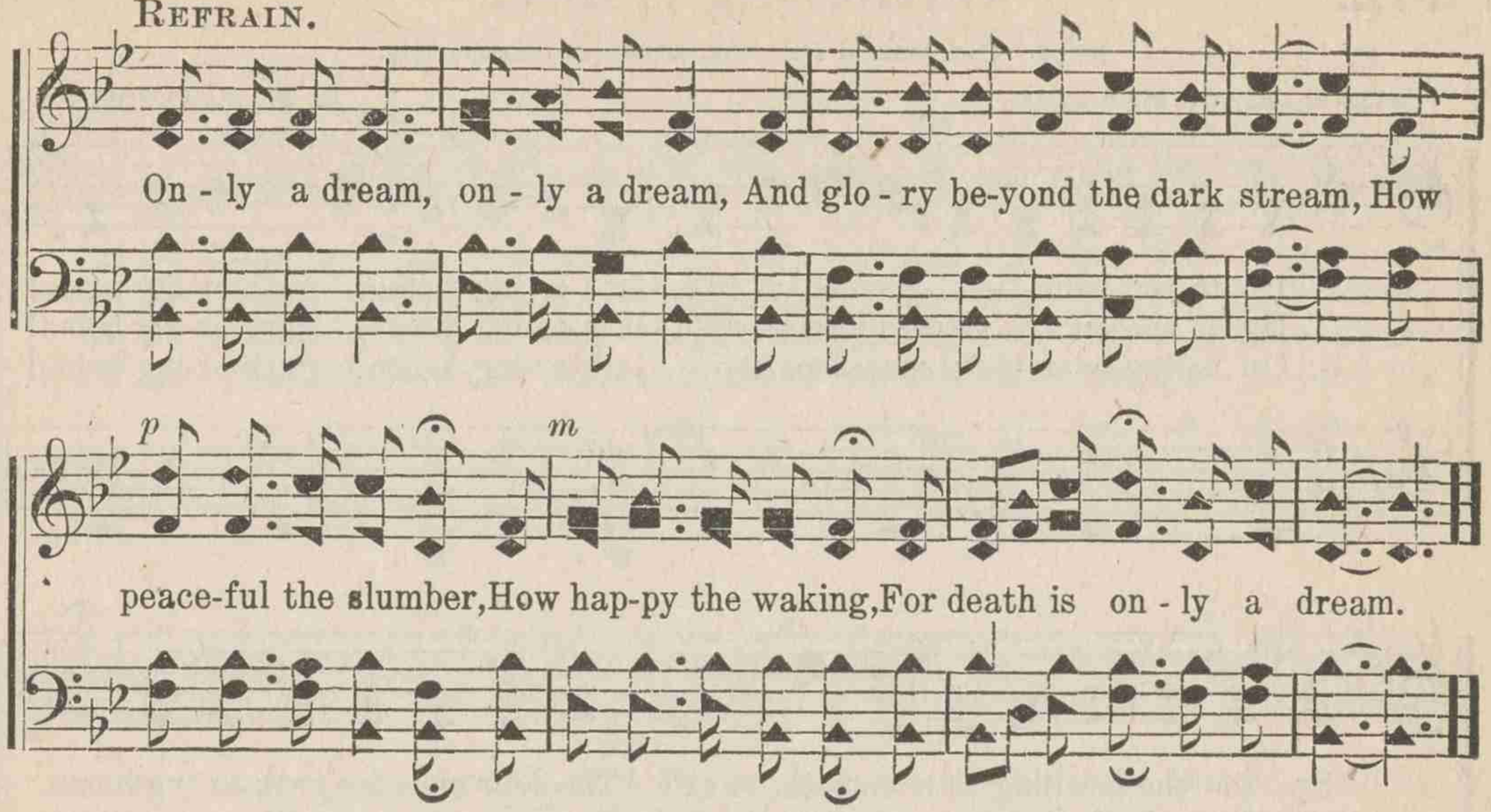
1. Sad - ly we sing, and with trem - u - lous breath, As we stand by the
2. Why should we weep when the wea - ry ones rest In the bo - som of
3. Naught in the riv - er the saints should ap - pall, Tho' it fright- ful - ly
4. O - ver the tur - bid and on - rush - ing tide, Doth the light of e-

mys - ti - cal stream,..... In the val - ley and by the dark
Je - sus su-preme,..... In the man-sions of glo - ry pre-
dis - mal may seem,..... In the arms of their Sav - iour no
ter - ni - ty gleam;..... And the ran - somed the dark - ness and

riv - er of death, And yet 'tis no more than a dream.
pared for the blest? For death is no more than a dream.
ill can be - fall, They find it no more than a dream.
storm shall outride, To wake with glad smiles from their dream.

Death is Only a Dream.
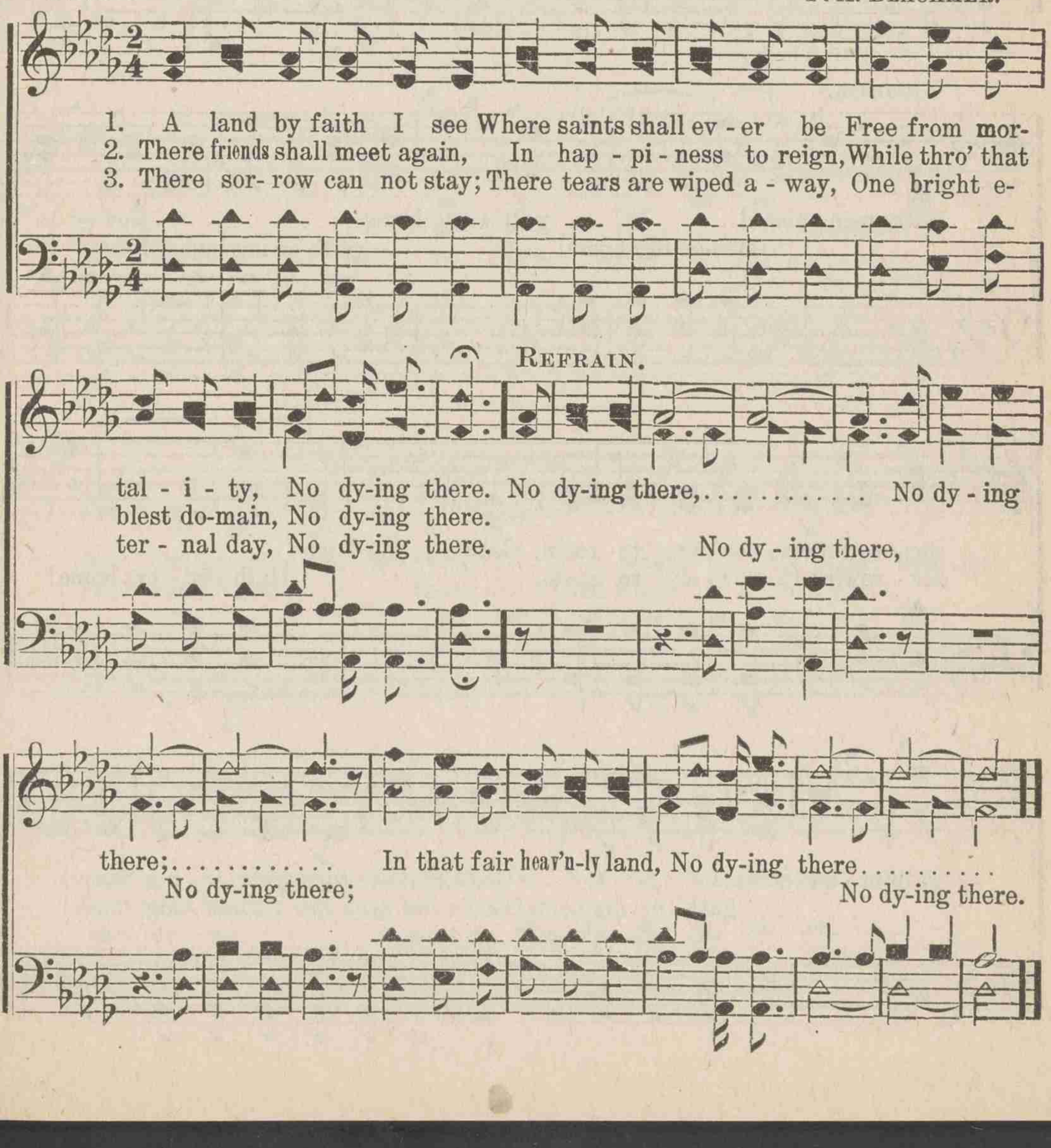
REFRAIN.



171. No Dying There.

Used by per. of Mrs. W. A. Penn, owner of copyright.

F. A. B. F. A. BLACKMER.



172. Gathering Home.

By per. The Standard Pub. Co., owners of the copyright.

MISS MARIANA B. SLADE. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. Up to the boun-ti-ful giv - er of life, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
2. Up to the cit - y where falleth no night, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
3. Up to the beau-ti-ful mansions above, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!

Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife, The dear ones are gath-er-ing home.
Up where the Saviour's own face is the light, The dear ones are gath-er-ing home.
Safe in the arms of His in - fi-nite love, The dear ones are gath-er-ing home.

CHORUS.

Gath-er-ing home!..... gath-ering home!..... Nev-er to
Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home, Nev-er to
sor - row more, nev - er to roam, Gath- er - ing home!.....
sor - row more, nev - er to roam, Gath - er - ing home!

gath-er - ing home!..... God's chil-dren are gath-er - ing home!
gath - er- ing home! God's chil-dren are gath-er - ing home!

173. Summer Land.

By per. The Standard Pub. Co., owners of the copyright.

M. B. C. SLADE. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Be - yond this land of part - ing, los - ing and leav - ing, Far be- yond the
2. Be - yond this land of toil - ing, sow - ing and reap- ing, Far be- yond the
3. Be - yond this land of sin - ning, faint-ing and fall - ing, Far be- yond the
4. Be - yond this land of wait - ing, seek - ing and sigh - ing, Far be- yond the

loss - es, dark - en- ing this, And far be-yond the tak- ing and the be- reav- ing
shad-ows dark- en - ing this, And far be-yond the sigh-ing, moaning and weeping
doubtings dark-en - ing this, And far be-yond the griefs and dangers be- fall - ing
sor - rows darken - ing this, And far be-yond the pain and sick-ness and dy - ing

REFRAIN.

Lies the sum - mer land of bliss. Land be - yond,..... so
Land be - yond, so

fair and bright! Land be - yond,..... where is no night! Sum- mer
fair and bright! Land be - yond where is no night!

land,..... God is its light, O, hap - py sum- mer land of bliss!
Sum - mer land,

174. Beautiful Homeland.

Copyright, 1902, by Geo. B. Holsinger. Used by per.

LAURA E. NEWELL. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. A cit - y a - waits us we soon shall be - hold, Whose walls are of
2. The friends that we love who have gone on be - fore Now wait for our
3. O homeland! dear homeland! tho' eye hath not seen, And sometimes the

jas - per, whose streets are of gold; Not half of its glo - ries have
com - ing on yon - der bright shore, Where day nev - er fades, tears may
shad - ow - y clouds in - ter - vene, Thy light we'll be - hold, and thy

f. *Rit.* FINE.

ev - er been told, Bless-ed homeland, dear homeland, sweet home of the soul.
fall nev - er - more, Bless-ed homeland, dear homeland, sweet home of the soul.
pas-tures so green, Bless-ed homeland, dear homeland, sweet home of the soul.

REFRAIN.

O I long, yes, I long there to dwell, (there to dwell,) 'Mid the pleas-ures no

D. S.

mortal can tell,..... In the place our dear Saviour has gone to pre-pare,
no mor-tal can tell,

175. Home of the Soul.

Copyright, 1865, by Philip Phillips. By per.

MRS. ELLEN H. GATES. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land,
2. O that home of the soul in my vis - ions and dreams,
3. That un - chang - a - ble home is for you and for me,
4. O, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land,

The far a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev- er
Its bright, jas - per walls I can see; Till I fan - cy but
Where Je - sus of Naz - a - reth stands; The King of all
So free from all sor - row and pain; With songs on our
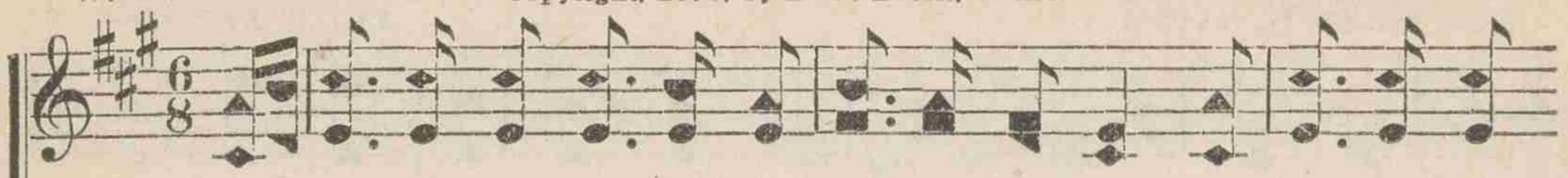
beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty
thin - ly the veil in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and
king-doms for - ev - er is He, And He hold - eth our crowns in His
lips, and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a-

roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; ter - ni - ty roll.
me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; cit - y and me.
hands, And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands; crowns in His hands.
gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; oth - er a - gain.
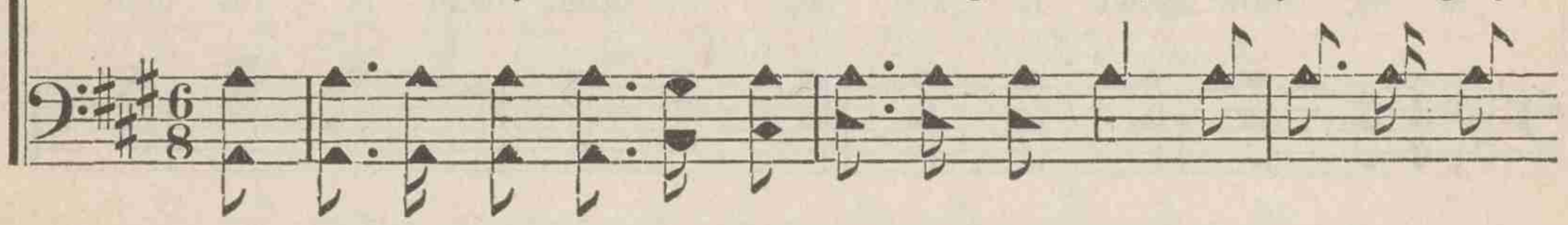
176. Where We'll Never Grow Old.
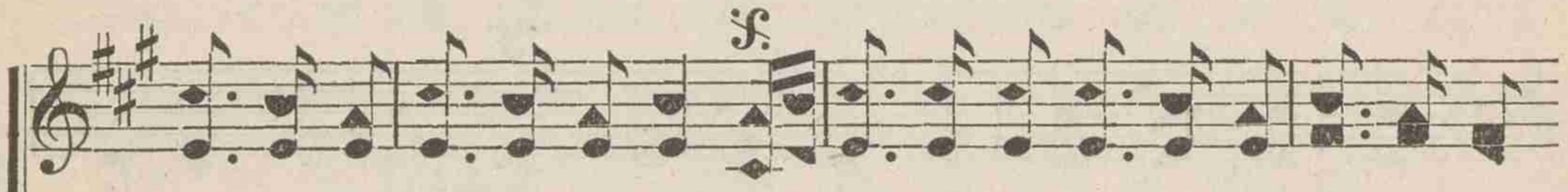
Copyright, 1885, by I. N. McHose.
Copyright, 1894, by E. O. Excell, owner.

W. W. BAILY. I. N. McHOSE.
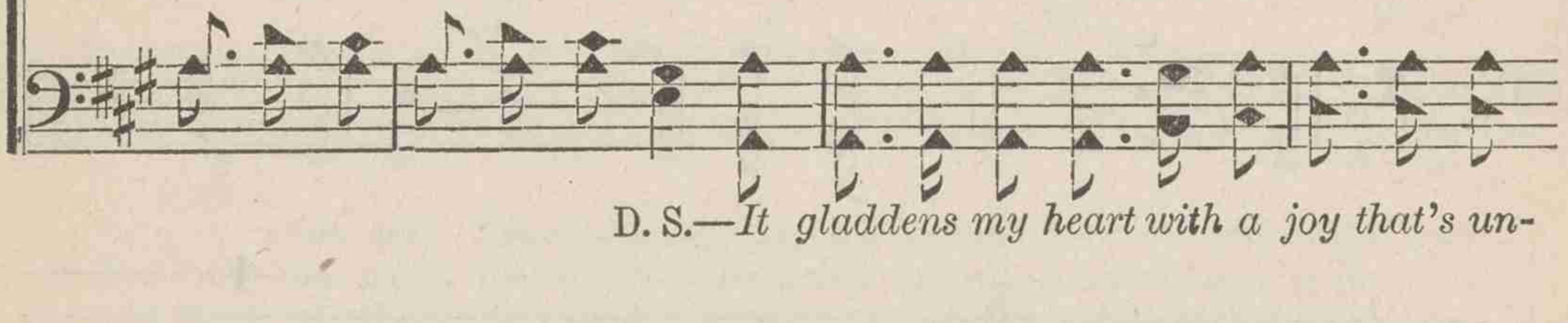


1. O have you not heard of that coun - try a - bove, The name of its
2. A man- sion of won - der - ful beau- ty is there, And Je - sus that
3. They tell me its friendships and love are so pure, Its joys nev - er
4. In life's wea - ry con-flicts there's fainting and care, Each year the gray
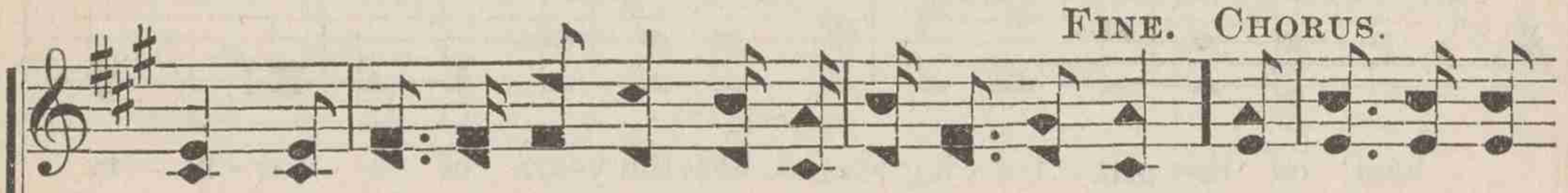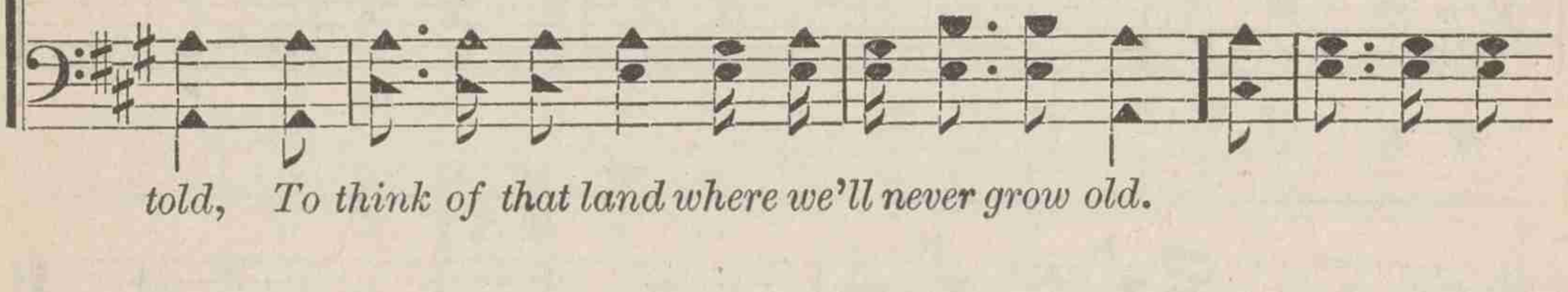




King and His in - fi- nite love? His chil- dren are deathless and hap - py I'm
man-sion has gone to pre-pare; Its bright jas- per walls how I long to be-
die, and its treasures are sure; And loved ones de-part - ed, so si - lent and
deep- ens a shade in the hair; But in the blest book where my name is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



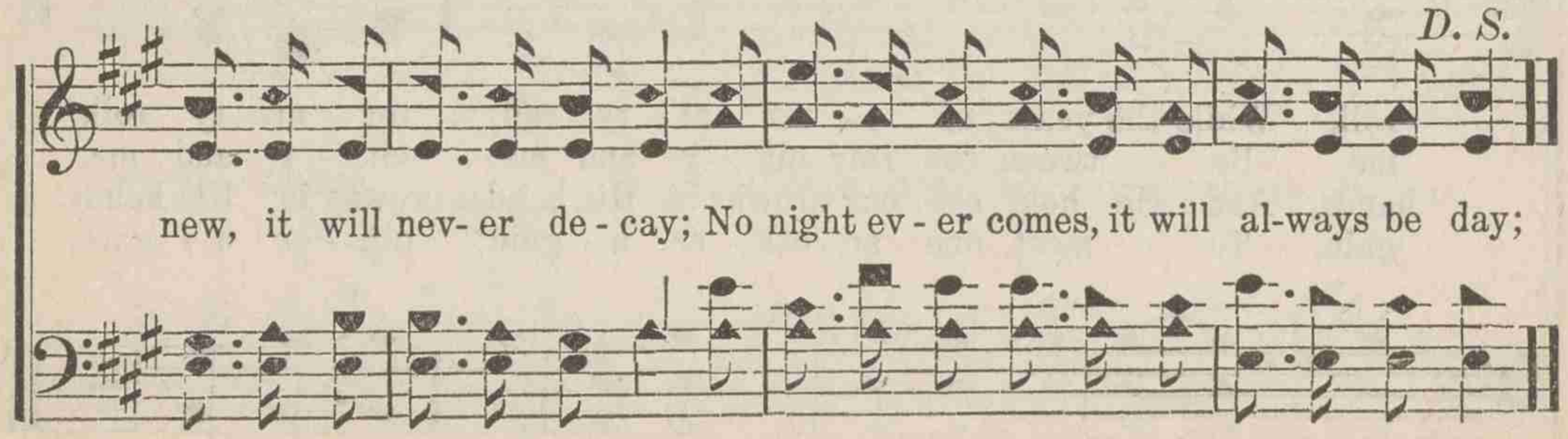
D. S.—*It gladdens my heart with a joy that's un-*



told; O, will it a - bide—will we nev - er grow old?
hold, And join in the song that will nev-er grow old. 'Twill al-ways be
cold, Will greet us a - gain where we'll nev-er grow old.
rolled, I read of that land where we'll nev-er grow old.



told, To think of that land where we'll never grow old.



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

177. Some Day when We Get Home.

Copyright, 1904, by T. C. Neal.
Will L. Thompson, owner, East Liverpool, O.

T. C. N. T. C. NEAL.

1. Some day the clouds will pass a - way for - ev - er, Some day, when
2. Some day we'll meet with loved ones gone be - fore us, Some day, when
3. Some day the cross will bring the crown of heav - en, Some day, when

we get home; Some day with joy we'll meet our bless- ed Sav - iour,
we get home; Some day we'll join the might-y heav'nly cho - rus,
we get home; Some day "well done," will be the welcome giv - en,

CHORUS.

Some day, when we get home! O, the songs as - cend- ing, O, the

joy un - end-ing, Some day, when we get home! How we'll tell the sto- ry,

Of our Sav- iour's glo - ry, Some day, when we get home.

178. My Saviour First of All.

Copyright, 1904, by Jno. R. Sweney. Used by per. of L. E. Sweney, Executrix.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life-work is end - ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the bright and glorious morning I shall see, I shall know my Redeem-er when I reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rapt-ure, when I view His bless-ed face, And the lus - ter of His kind-ly beaming eye, How my full heart will praise Him for the mer - cy, love, and grace, That pre-pare for me a man-sion in the sky.
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our parting at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Sav - iour first of all.
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y, in a robe of spotless white, He will lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall min - gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav - iour first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know. . . . Him, I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand;
I shall know Him,
I shall know. . . . Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
I shall know Him,

179. Land of the Unsetting Sun.

Copyright, 1908, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

W. C. MARTIN. Copyright, 1909, by E. O. Excell. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

180. Pilgrims to the Pearly Gates.

Copyright, 1895, by The R. M. McIntosh Co. The Standard Pub. Co., owners.

C. W. RAY. REV. 21: 21. T. H. R. CHRISTIE.

1. Heirs of God with Christ our King, We are pil - grims to the
2. Thro' the drear - y des - ert wide, We are pil - grims to the
3. Heirs to "Ma - ny Man - sions" fair, We are pil - grims to the
4. Soon we'll walk each gold-paved street, We are pil - grims to the

beau - ti - ful pearl - y gates; As we jour - ney let us sing,
beau - ti - ful pearl - y gates; Trust - ing in our Sav - iour guide,
beau - ti - ful pearl - y gates; Songs of wel - come wait us there,
beau - ti - ful pearl - y gates; Soon find rest for toil - worn feet;

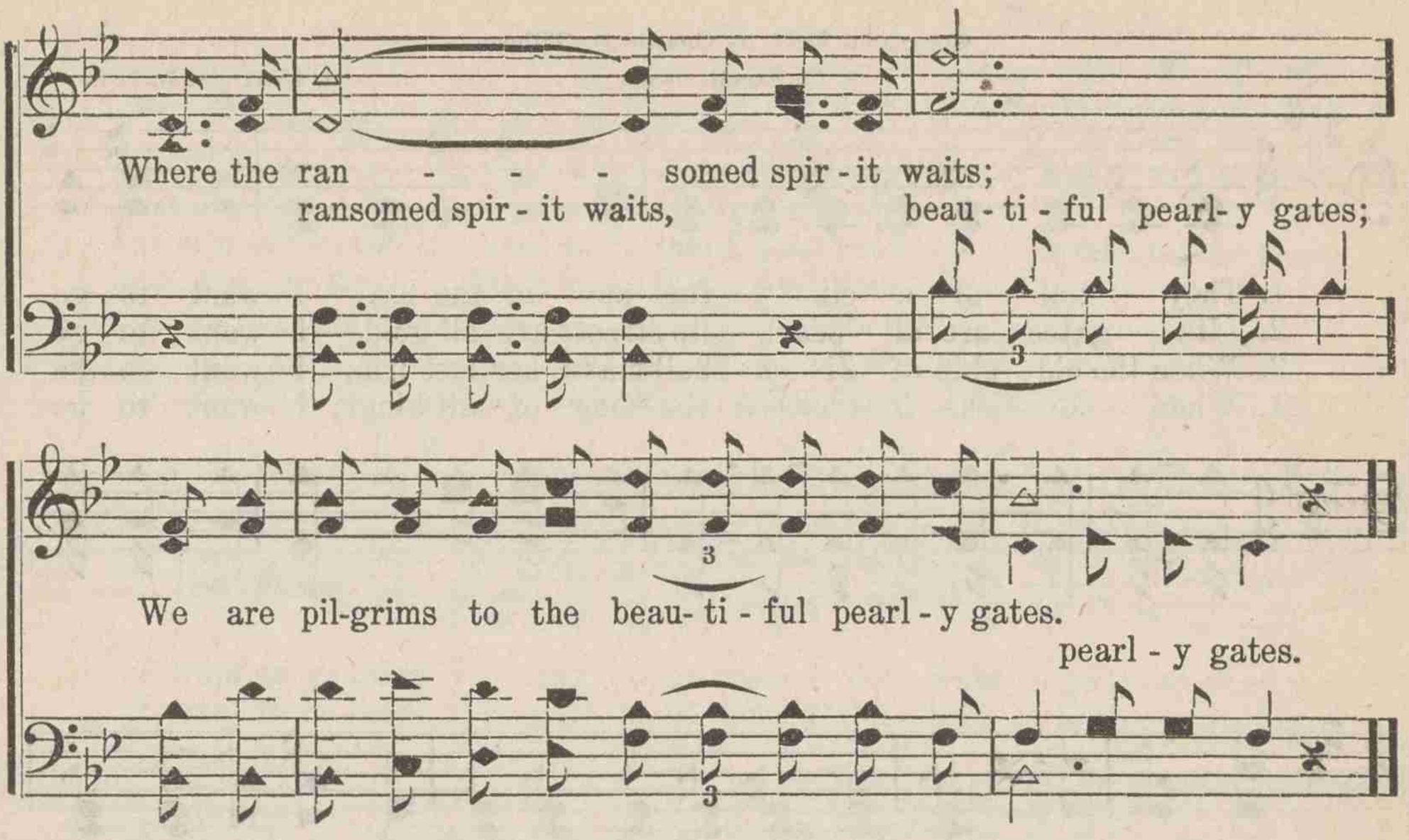
We are pil - grims to the beau - ti - ful pearl - y gates.

REFRAIN.

We are pil - - - grims to the gates,
pil-grims to the gates, beau - ti - ful pearl - y gates,
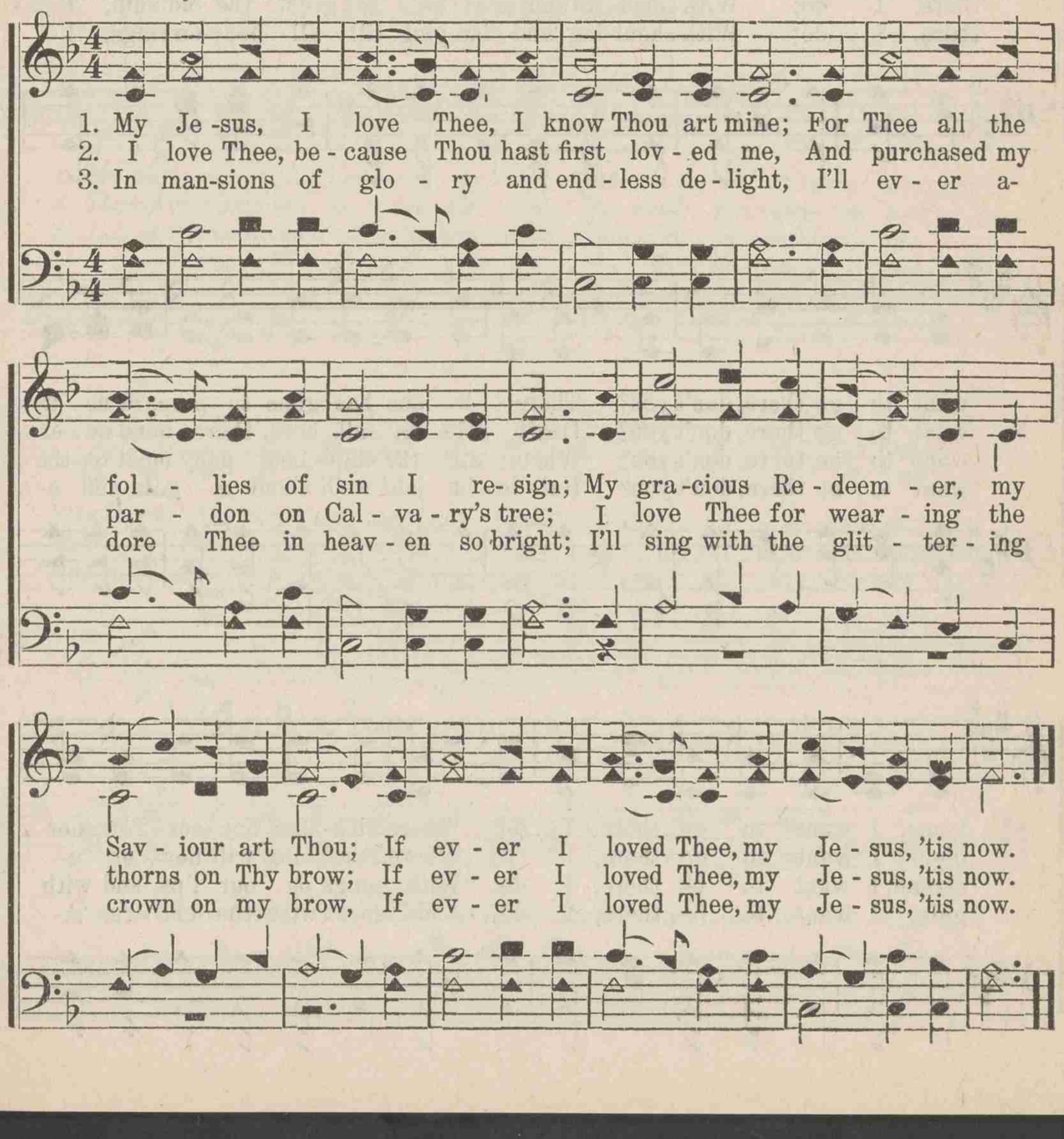
To the won - - - drous pearl - y gates,
won-drous pearl - y gates, beau - ti - ful pearl - y gates,

Pilgrims to the Pearly Gates.



181. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book — A. J. Gordon.



182. I Want to Go There.

Copyright, 1899, by Charlie D. Tillman.
E. O. Excell, owner.

D. S. DAVID SULLINS.

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

want to go there, don't you? There Je - sus has gone to prepare us a
want to go there, don't you? Death robs us all here, there none ev - er
want to be there, don't you? When all the ship's com - pany meet on the
want to be there, don't you? Hal - le - lu - jah! we'll shout a - gain and a-

home, I want to go there, I do; Where sick-ness nor sor - row, nor
die, I want to go there, I do; Where loved ones will nev - er a-
strand, I want to be there, I do; "With songs on our lips, and with
gain, I want to be there, I do; And close with the cho - rus, A-

I Want to Go There.

REFRAIN.

death ev - er come, I want to go there, don't you? 1-2 I want to go there,
gain say good-bye, I want to go there, don't you?
harps in our hands," I want to be there, don't you? 3-4 I want to be there,
men, and A - men, I want to be there, don't you?

1 2

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

183. The Shining Shore.

DAVID NELSON. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And a pil-grim stran - ger,
2. Should coming days be dark and cold, We need not cease our sing - ing;
3. Let sor-rows's rud - est tempests blow, Each cord on earth to sev - er;

f. FINE.

Would not de - tain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan - ger.
That per - fect rest naught can mo-lest, Where gold - en harps are ring - ing.
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home, For - ev - er, O, for - ev - er!

D. S.—*just be - fore, the shin- ing shore We may al - most dis- cov - er.*

CHORUS. D. S.

For O! we stand on Jor-dan's strand, Our friends are pass-ing o - ver; And

184. The Open Gate.

By permission of the Author.

MRS. LIZZIE UNDERWOOD. S. C. HANSON.

1. I've heard them sing a - gain and again, Of a gate that stands a-jar,
2. With songs of joy will the an - gels wait, The ho - ly an-gels bright,
3. The sin-ner's Friend, as He reach - es down, With a Saviour's wondrous love,

Of a sun - ny clime, and gold-en plain, And a sin - less land a - far.
To welcome us home at the o - pen gate Of the cit - y crowned with light.
Who pre-pares a man-sion, harp and crown, In His shin - ing courts a-bove,

But when I've passed the chil - ly tide, To en - ter my home a - bove,
We may not know of the joy un-told, The bliss of the oth-er side,
Will gath-er His flock in - to the fold,—The fold be-yond the tide,

FINE.

I be - lieve the gate will o - pen wide, On its gold - en hinge of love.
But when I come to the gate of gold, I be - lieve 'twill o - pen wide.
As they near the gate, the gate of gold, I be - lieve 'twill o - pen wide.

D. S.—*rest in peace on the oth - er side; It will o - pen wide for me.*

CHORUS. D. S.

It will o-pen wide, yes, o-pen wide, I'll pass thro' its por - tals free, And

185. Going On.

Copyright, 1900, by The Standard Pub. Co.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. The fires of the sun shall be quench'd at last, And the stead-fast
2. As souls that re - mem - ber and feel and thrill, We shall live when
3. From glo - ry to glo - ry our path shall be, And from grace to

stars be gone; But souls of the ransomed shall live in strength, And they
seas are dry; As sep - a - rate be - ings, to love and will, We shall
per - fect grace; Thro' all the wide years of e - ter - ni - ty, We shall

REFRAIN.

still shall be go - ing on. Go - ing on,..... go - ing on,.....
live, nev - er-more to die.
look on our dear Lord's face. Go-ing on, go-ing on,

* They still shall be go - ing on;..... For - ev - er and aye,
go - ing on;

thro' e - ter - nal day,*They still shall be go - ing on, (go - ing on.)

* Use word *we* after 2d and 3d verses.

186. There's a Great Day Coming.

By per. Will L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com - ing, a great day com - ing, There's a great day
2. There's a bright day com - ing, a bright day com - ing, There's a bright day
3. There's a sad day com - ing, a sad day com - ing, There's a sad day

com - ing by and by, When the saints and the sin - ners shall be
com - ing by and by, But its bright - ness shall on - ly come to
com - ing by and by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "de-

part - ed right and left; Are you read-y for that day to come?
those who love the Lord; Are you read-y for that day to come?
part, I know ye not;" Are you read-y for that day to come?

m CHORUS. *pp* *m*

Are you read-y, are you read- y, Are you read-y for the judgment day?

m *pp* *m*

Are you read - y, are you read - y, For the judg-ment day?
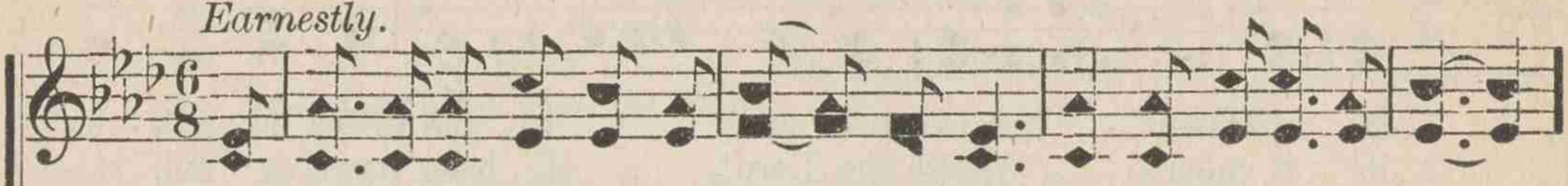
187. I'll Be Ready.

Copyright, 1906, by The Standard Pub. Co.
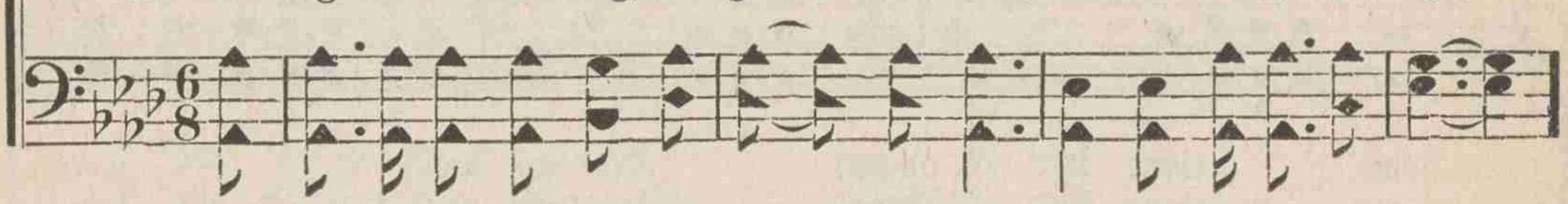
"Be ye therefore ready also: for the son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not."—LUKE 22: 40.

C. E. P. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Earnestly.

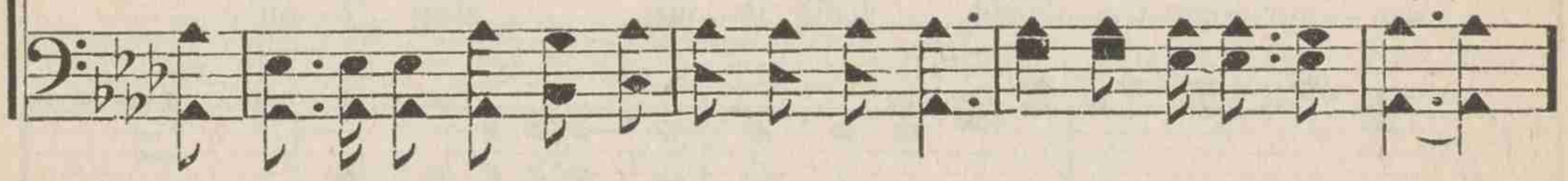


1. When Je - sus shall come again by and by, I'll be ready to go;
2. No matter what day or what hour it shall be, I'll be ready to go;
3. Should He come in the morning, or the noon-day, I'll be ready to go;
4. E'en should the Lord tarry till mid-night so late, I'll be ready to go;
5. I long for His com-ing, I sigh for sweet rest, I'll be ready to go;
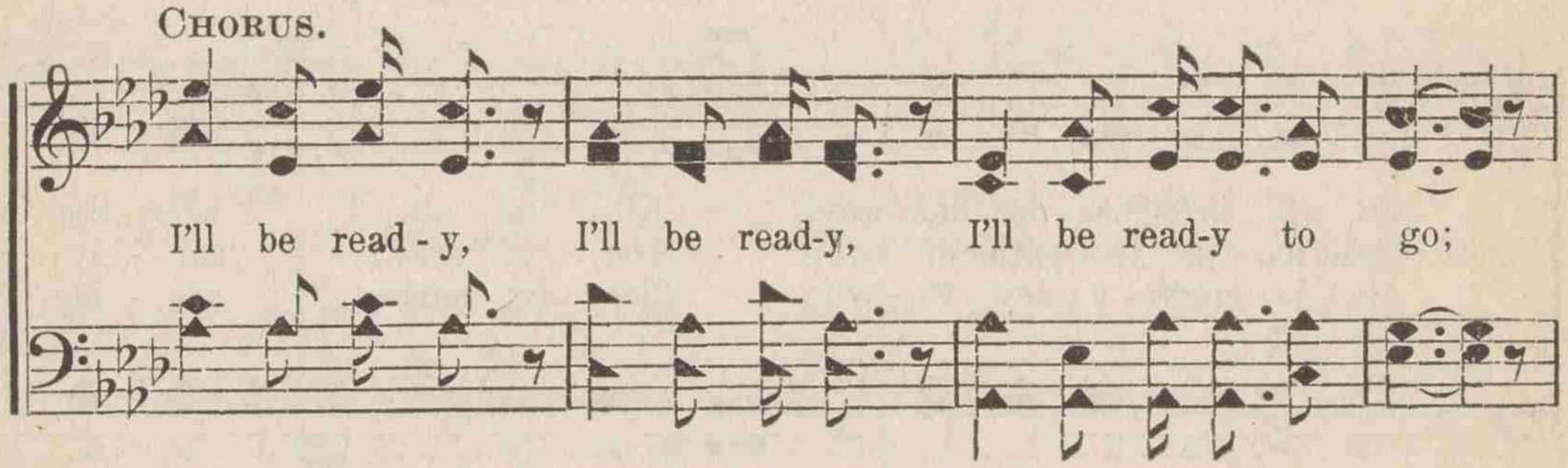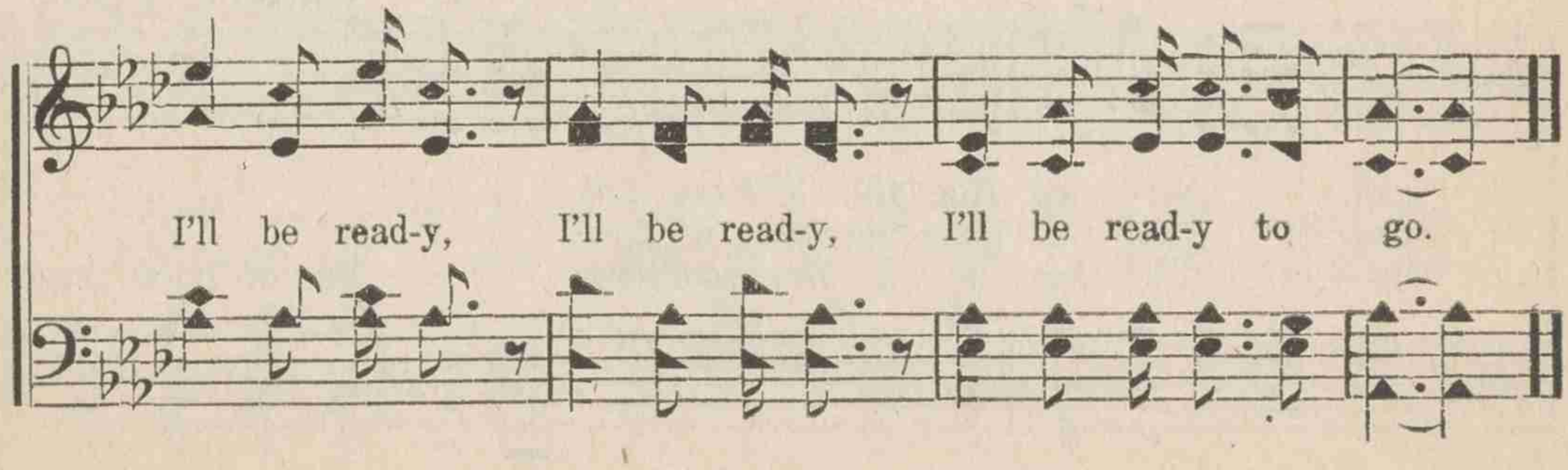




He's promised to gath-er His saints in the sky, I'll be ready to go.
The signs of His com-ing I'm watching to see, I'll be ready to go.
Or late in the eve as the light fades a-way, I'll be ready to go.
With lamp trimmed and burning will patiently wait, I'll be ready to go.
He'll take me to heaven, the home of the blest, I'll be ready to go.



CHORUS.



I'll be read - y, I'll be read-y, I'll be read-y to go;



I'll be read-y, I'll be read-y, I'll be read-y to go.

188. Be of Cheer.

Copyright, 1911, by The Standard Pub. Co.

E. E. HEWITT. Words and Music. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Be of cheer, ran-somed soul; In the world is trib - u -
2. Be of cheer; praise the Lord! He hath wrought a full sal -
3. Bless His name, sav - ing name; Sing of hope and con - so -

la - tion; Be of cheer, Je - sus said, I have
va - tion; Be of cheer, Je - sus said, I have
la - tion; 'Tis for you, Je - sus said, I have
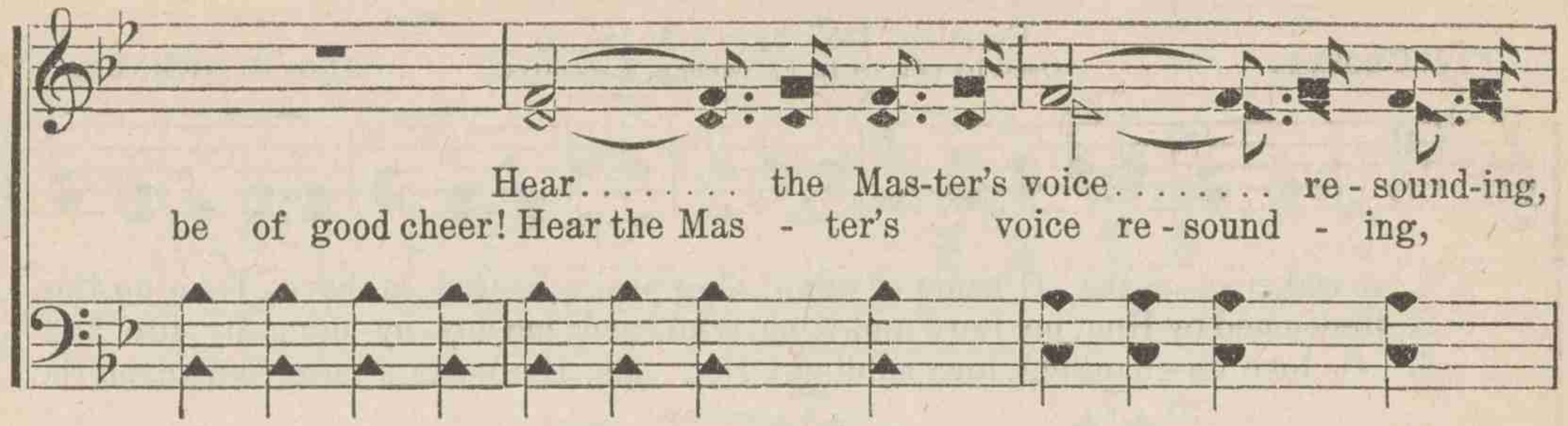
o - ver-come the world ... True to Him, come what may,
o - ver-come the world .... Let His word, pre - cious word,
o - ver-come the world .... Ring it out, sing it out,
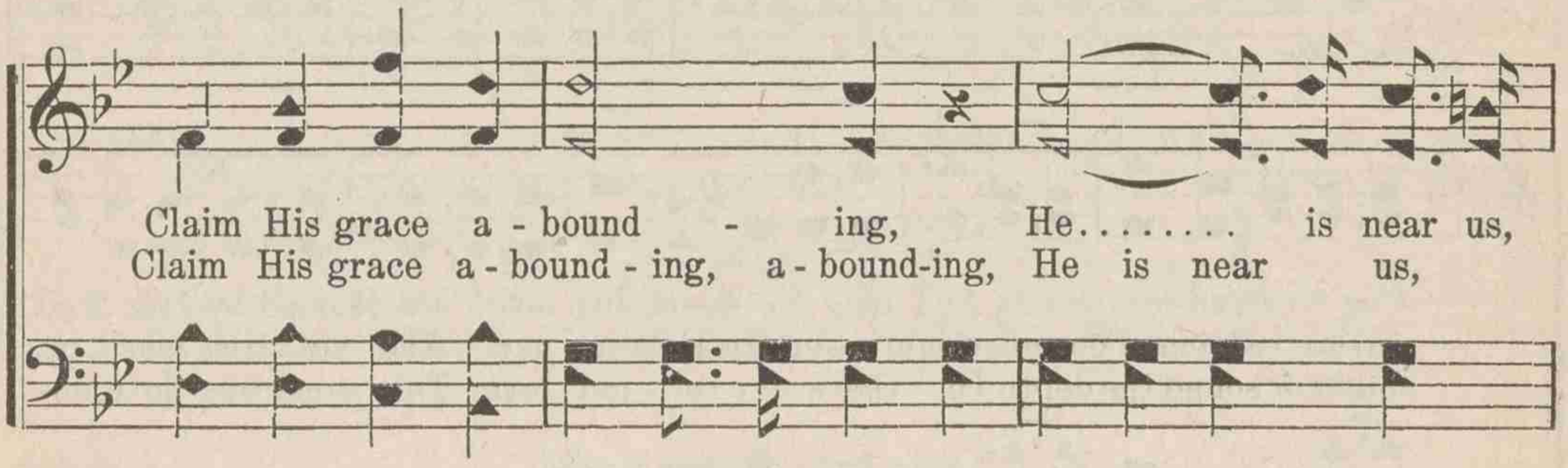
He will help us on our way; King of all, hear His
Lead us in the paths of love; And in pray'r, dai - ly
He is might - y now to save; Bless His name, sav - ing
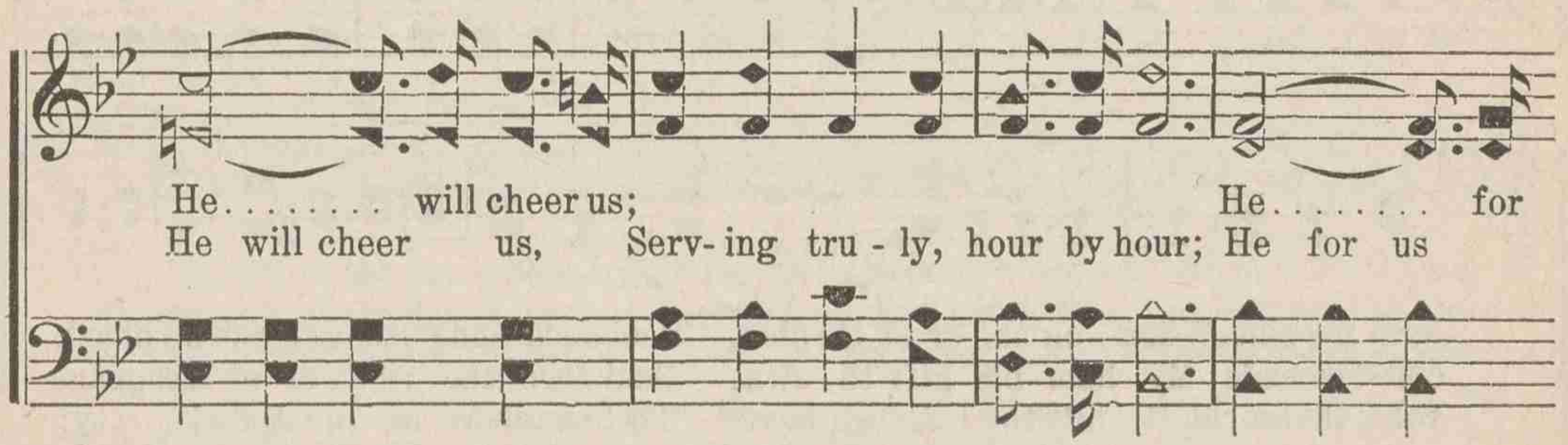
CHORUS. *Parts.*
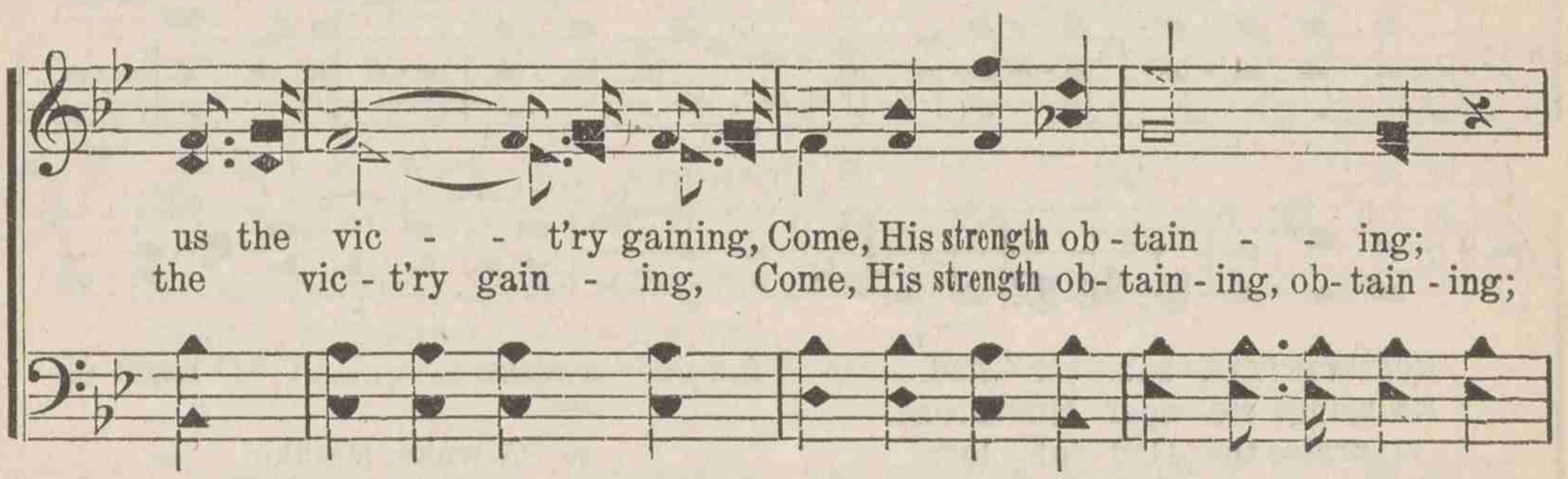
call, Serv - ing Him till e - ven - fall.
pray'r, Find a bless - ing from a - bove.
name, He for us a ran - som gave. Be of good cheer!
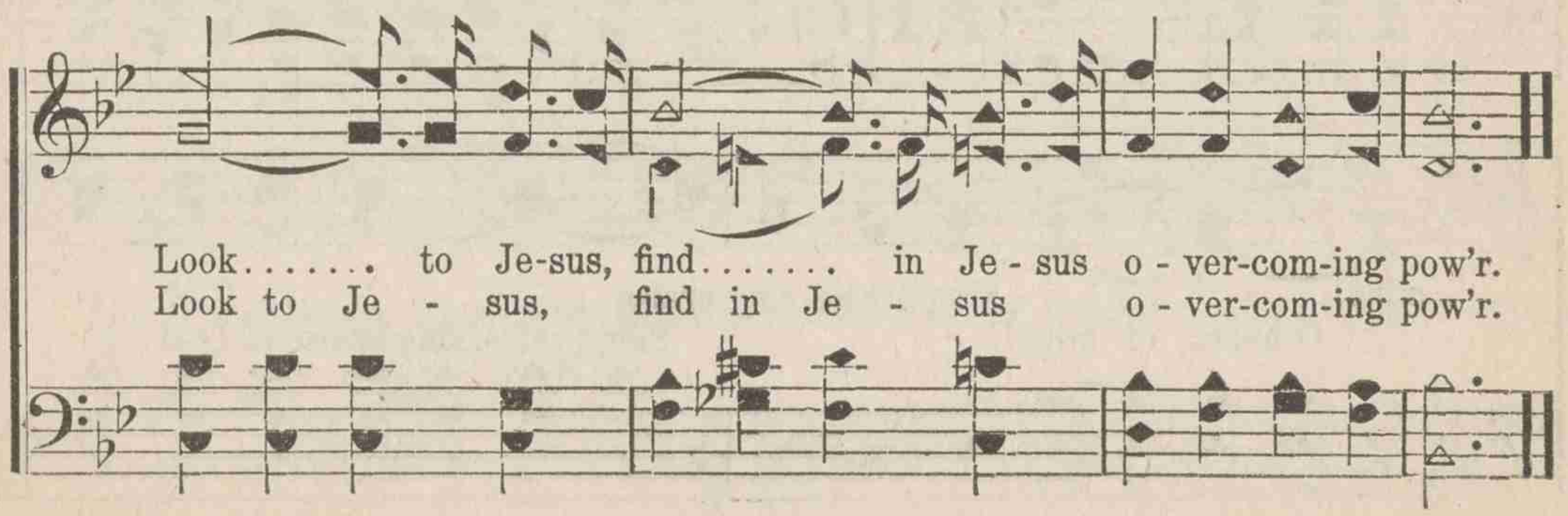
Be of Cheer.


Hear..... the Mas-ter's voice..... re-sound-ing,
be of good cheer! Hear the Mas - ter's voice re-sound - ing,


Claim His grace a-bound - ing, He..... is near us,
Claim His grace a-bound-ing, a-bound-ing, He is near us,


He..... will cheer us; He..... for
He will cheer us, Serv-ing tru-ly, hour by hour; He for us


us the vic - - t'ry gaining, Come, His strength ob-tain - - ing;
the vic-t'ry gain - ing, Come, His strength ob-tain-ing, ob-tain-ing;


Look..... to Je-sus, find..... in Je-sus o-ver-com-ing pow'r.
Look to Je - sus, find in Je - sus o-ver-com-ing pow'r.

189. Awake, Awake! O Heart of Mine!

"Awake and sing."—Isa. 26; 19.

Copyright, 1887, by Jno. R. Sweney.
Used by per. of L. E. Sweney, Executrix.

F. J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. A-wake, a - wake, O heart of mine! Sing praise to God a- bove; Take up the
2. Redeemed by Him, my Lord and King, Who saves me day by day; My life and
3. O love un-changing, love sublime! Not all the hosts a-bove Can reach the

song of end-less years, And sing re- deem- ing love! Re-deemed by Him who
all its ransomed powers Could ne'er His love re - pay. And yet His mer - cy
height or sound the depth Of God's e - ter - nal love. This wondrous love en-

bore my sins, When on the cross He died; Reeeem'd and purchas'd with His blood,
con-descends My hum- ble gift to own; And thro' the rich - es of His grace,
folds the world, It fills the realms a-bove; 'Tis boundless as e - ter - ni - ty;

Chorus.

Redeemed and sac - ti - fied. A-wake, a-wake, ... O heart of
He brings me near His throne.
O, praise the God of love. A-wake, a-wake,

mine! ..... Sing praise, sing praise ..... to God a-
O heart of mine! Sing praise, sing praise to God a-

Awake, Awake! O Heart of Mine!

bove;..... Take up the song..... of end - less
bove, to God a-bove; Take up the song

Rit.

years,..... And sing..... re - deem - ing love!.....
of endless years, And sing, and sing re-deeming love!

190. Beautiful Isle.

Copyright, 1897. by E. O. Excell.
Words and Music.

JESSIE B. POUNDS. J. S. FEARIS.

1. Somewhere the sun is shin-ing, Somewhere the song-birds dwell; Hush, then, thy sad re-
2. Somewhere the day is long- er, Somewhere the task is done; Somewhere the heart is
3. Somewhere the load is lift- ed, Close by an o- pen gate; Somewhere the clouds are

CHORUS.

pin - ing, God lives and all is well. Some - where, Some - where, Beau-ti-ful
stronger, Somewhere the guerdon won.
rift - ed, Somewhere the angels wait. Somewhere, beautiful, beautiful Isle,

Isle of Somewhere! Land of the true where we live anew, Beautiful Isle of Somewhere!

191. Were You There?

Arr. by T. M. T.

1st Tenor.

1. Were you there when they crucified my Lord? (were you there?) Were you there when they
2. Were you there when they nailed Him to the cross?(were you there?) Were you there when they

2d Tenor.

3. Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?(were you there?) Were you there when they
4. Were you there when He burst the bars of death?(were you there?) Were you there when He

1st Bass.

2d Bass.

cru - ci - fied my Lord? O..... sometimes, it caus - es me to
nailed Him to the cross? O..... sometimes, it caus - es me to

laid Him in the tomb? O..... sometimes, it caus - es me to
burst the bars of death? O..... sometimes, it fills my soul with

trem-ble, tremble, tremble, Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
trem-ble, tremble, tremble, Were you there when they nailed Him to the cross?

trem-ble, tremble, tremble Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?
rap-ture, rap-ture, rap-ture, Were you there when He burst the bars of death?

192. Somebody.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS. Copyright, 1901, by W. S. Weeden. E. O. Excell, owner. W. S. WEEDEN.

1st and 2d Tenors.

1. Some-bod-y did a gold-en deed, Prov-ing him-self a friend in need;
2. Some-bod-y tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will-ing-ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
3. Some-bod-y made a lov-ing gift, Cheerful-ly tried a load to lift:
4. Some-bod-y i-dle all the hours, Careless-ly crushed life's fairest flow'rs;
5. Some-bod-y filled the day with light, Constantly chased a-way the night;

1st and 2d Basses.

8va lower.

Some-bod-y sang a cheerful song, Bright'ning the skies the whole day long,—
Some-bod-y fought a val-iant fight, Bravely he lived to shield the right,—
Some-bod-y told the love of Christ, Told how His will was sac-ri-ficed,—
Some-bod-y made life loss, not gain, Tho'tlessly seemed to live in vain,—
Some-bod-y's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life shall nev-er cease,—

Was that some-bod-y you? Was that some-bod-y you?

193. The Tramp of the Host.

Copyright, 1908, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
Copyright, 1909, by E. O. Excell.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Like an ar - my we are march-ing Un-der a ban - ner grand and glo-rious,
2. Sin and er - ror are ap - pall - ing! Per-ish-ing souls are all a - round us;
3. Ma - ny dan - gers lie be - fore us, Wearisome march-es, sor-rows, loss - es;

Ev - 'ry sol - dier true and loy - al In the serv - ice of the King.
Hea-then na - tions on be - fore us For the gos - pel watch and pray.
Heav - y bur - dens, lone - ly vig - ils, To be kept by day and night;

For-ward ev - er on to bat - tle, Fol-low-ing Christ, who goes be- fore us,
Nothing daunted, noth-ing fear - ing, Joy- ful- ly on- ward to the res - cue,
Yet de-ter-mined and u - ni - ted, Sharing a- like in cares and sor - rows,

The Tramp of the Host.

194. In My Father's House.

By per. The Standard Pub., owners of the copyright.

ANTHEM. R. M. McINTOSH.

SOLO. *Baritone, or Mezzo-Soprano.*

In my Fa-ther's house are ma- ny man - sions: If it were

DUET. *Tenor and Alto.*

not so I would have told you. I go to pre - pare a

place for you, And if I go and pre- pare a place for you,

CHOIR.

I will come a-gain, I will come a-gain, I will come a- gain and receive you un-

In My Father's House.

to my- self, un - to myself; that where I am, that where I am, there ye may

be, there ye may be; there ye may be al - - so, al - so.

S. Choir and Congregation.

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar - ry, I can
2. Of that cit - y, to which I jour - ney; My Re-deem - er, my Re-
3. There the sunbeams are ev - er shin - ing, O . my long - ing heart, my

D. S.—*I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar - ry, I can*

FINE.

tar - ry but a night! Do not de - tain me, for I am
deem -er is the light; There is no sor - row, nor an - y
long- ing heart is there; Here in this coun - try, so dark and

tar - ry but a night!

go - ing To where the foun - tains are ev - er flow - ing.
sigh - ing, Nor an - y tears there, nor an - y dy - ing.
dear - y, I long have wan - dered for - lorn and wea - ry.

D. S.

195. Why Stand Ye Here Idle?

Copyright, 1892, by E. O. Excell. Used by per.

J. L. McDONALD. E. O. EXCELL.

DUET. *Soprano and Tenor.*

1. Why stand ye here i - dle? there's la - bor for all, The vine- yard needs
2. Why stand ye here i - dle? a broth-er's in need, His cries as - cend
3. Why stand ye here i - dle? a soul's be - ing lost, Speak, speak words of
4. Why stand ye here i - dle? O, la - bor each day, To lead men to
5. Why stand ye here i - dle? a harp and a crown Are wait - ing in

work- men, the weeds are grown tall, The ripe fruit is wast- ing for
heav'nward, then pray you, give heed; For food and for rai- ment he
warn - ing, what - ev - er the cost; The soul you may res - cue from
Je - sus, the Truth, Life and Way; The Spir - it has promised its
glo - ry for sons of re - nown Who la - bor and suf - fer for

lack of strong hands, Why stand ye here i - dle? the Mas - ter de-mands.
suf - fers to - night, Then ren - der as - sist-ance; O, dare to do right.
sin and from shame, And give to the Sav- iour to praise His dear name.
pres - ence to lend, To com - fort and strengthen, till la - bors shall end.
tru - est and best, Then la - bor and en - ter the ha - ven of rest.

CHORUS.

O, why..... stand ye i - dle?..... O,
O, why stand ye i - dle, so i - dle all day? O,

Why Stand Ye Here Idle?

why..... stand ye i - dle?..... O, why..... stand ye
why stand ye i - dle, so i - dle all day? O, why stand ye i - dle, so

i - dle,..... i - - - - dle all day?..... The
i - dle all day, i - dle all day, i - dle all day? The

har - - - - vest is pass - ing,..... The har - -
har - vest is pass - ing, is pass - ing a - way, The har - vest is

- vest is pass - ing,..... The har - - - - vest is
pass - ing, is pass - ing a - way, The har - vest is pass - ing is

pass - ing,..... pass - - - - ing a - way.....
pass - ing a - way, pass - ing a - way, pass - ing a - way.

196. Marching, Marching.

Copyright, 1896, by E. O. Excell.

C. H. G. Words and Music. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Beau - ti - ful songs we sing un - to our Sav - iour King, Spreading the joys of His won - der - ful sal - va - tion; Je - sus, the cru - ci - fied,
2. Tell - ing His won- drous love, point- ing to things a - bove, Scat - ter - ing sun - light up - on a world of sad - ness; Do - ing a kind - ly deed,
3. Seek - ing the lambs a - stray out on the broad high- way, Tell - ing a - gain and a - gain the wondrous sto - ry, How, in a low - ly stall,

He is our Friend and Guide, And with Him we can not go a - stray.
sow- ing the pre-cious seed, That will yield at last an hun - dred fold;
He, for the sins of all, Slept,—the King, Redeem - er, Prince of Peace,

Try - ing to do His will, and His commands ful - fill, Un - to His
Lift - ing a broth - er's load, point-ing him in the road, Cheering Him
Is a di - vine em - ploy,—is a de- light, a joy, Fill- ing the

name we will sing with ex - ul - ta - tion; Proud-ly floats our ban- ner o'er us,
on - ward with words of joy and glad - ness, Fills the heart with peace and pleasure
heart with His love, the soul with glo - ry! Now in ev - 'ry land and na - tion

Marching, Marching.

vic - t'ry lies be - fore us; Je - sus lead- ing, hap - py is the way!
vain words can not meas- ure, And a hap - pi - ness that is un - told.
of the whole cre - a - tion Let His praise be - gin, and nev - er cease.

CHORUS.

Gai - ly sing - ing, our voic - es ring - ing, We are a hap - py, hap - py

band of vol-un-teers, Marching, marching, up the narrow way;

Mu- sic swell- ing, the sto - ry tell - ing, We'll make the ev - er - last - ing

arch-es ring with cheer, Marching, marching, onward day by day.

197. Wake the Song of Jubilee.

Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley. Used by per,

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Wake the song, wake the song, Wake the song . . . . . of ju- bi-
Wake the song, wake the song, Wake the song

lee, ... lee, Let it ech- o, ... Let it
of ju-bi-lee; Let it ech-o o'er the sea, o'er the sea,

ech - o, ... Let it ech - o o'er the sea.
Let it ech - o o'er the sea, o'er the sea,

p Organ. Wake the song, wake the song, wake the song, wake the song,

Wake the song . . . . . of ju - bi - lee, ... Loud as
Wake the song of ju - bi - lee,

Wake the Song of Jubilee.

might - - y thunders roar, When it breaks . . . . . up- on the shore.
Loud as mighty thunders roar, When it breaks

{ See Je - ho-vah's ban-ner furled, Sheathed the sword, He speaks, 'tis done, }
{ Now the kingdoms of this world, Are the kingdoms of His Son, }

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le-
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah,
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah,

lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le-
hal - le - lu - jah, a - men, a- men, hal - le- lu - jah,
hal - le - lu-jah, hal - le - lu - jah,

lu - jah,
hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, a - men and a - men.
hal - le - lu - jah,

* Several high voices sing small notes.

198. The Tender Invitation.

Copyright, 1907, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

E. E. HEWITT. (DUET.) WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

With great expression.

1. Sweet- er than the woodland ech - oes, Soft - er than the ves- per chime,
2. Gra-cious Mas- ter, O, we thank Thee! We are glad to come to - day,
3. When the march of life is end - ed, When we lay our burdens down,

Comes the ten - der in - vi - ta - tion, Float - ing on the wings of time.
All our sin, our fear, and sor - row, At Thy wounded feet to lay.
From Thy lov - ing hands re-ceiv - ing Gold - en harp and star-ry crown;

Je - sus calls the weak and faint-ing, 'Neath a heav - y load op-pressed;
In Thine eyes we read our wel-come; Clasp, us, Saviour, to Thy breast;
Then, dear Saviour, in the glo - ry Of Thy hab - i - ta-tions blest,

"Come, ye wea- ry, heav - y - la - den; Come, and I will give you rest.
We have come to Thee, and, com - ing, Find in Thee our peace and rest.
We shall nev - er - more be wea - ry, There our ev - er - last - ing rest.

Tempo ad lib. *Rit.*

Come to me, come to me; Come, and I will give you rest."
Peace and rest, peace and rest; Lord, Thou art our peace and rest.
Rest, sweet rest, rest, sweet rest; There our ev - er - last - ing rest.

199. I Am Happy in Him.

Copyright, 1896, by E. O. Excell.
Words and Music.

E. O. E. E. O. EXCELL.

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

His voice—it is mu-sic to hear it; His face— it is heav-en to see.
Safe home in His arms He has bro't me To where there are pleasures un-told.
His spir - it, to guide and to com-fort, Is with me wher-ev-er I go.
Till then I will ev - er be faith-ful, In gath - er-ing gems for His crown.

CHORUS.

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

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

200. Crown Him King of Kings.

Copyright, 1909, by E. O. Excell.

E. E. REXFORD. Words and Music. DELOSS SMITH.

Introduction.

VOICES IN UNISON.

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

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

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

Crown Him King of Kings.

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

CHORUS.

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

201. Fearless, I'll Follow.

Copyright, 1907, by Fred. H. Byshe. International copyright secured.

JAMES LAWSON. E. O. Excell, owner. FRED H. BYSHE.

p *Rit.*

Andante con espressivo. Slowly.

1. I will fol - low Thee, my Sav - iour, Wheresoe'er my lot may be;.....
2. Tho' I meet with trib - u - la - tions, Sore-ly tempt - ed tho' I be,.....

Melody ben marcato.

ten. *Rit.*

Where Thou go - est, I will fol - low, Yes, my Lord, I'll fol - low Thee.
I re- mem - ber Thou wast tempt-ed, And re-joice to fol - low Thee.

Tho' 'tis lone, and dark, and drear - y, Cheer-less tho' my path may be,
Tho' to Jor-dan's roll - ing bil- lows, Cold and deep, Thou lead - est me,

p

Fearless, I'll Follow.

Con brio. *ten.*

If Thy voice I hear be- fore me, Fear- less - ly I'll fol - low Thee.
Thou hast crossed its waves be - fore me, And I still will fol - low Thee.

ff

CHORUS. *Spiritoso.* *Rall.*

I will fol - low Thee, my Saviour; Thou didst shed Thy blood for me;
I will follow Thee, my Saviour; Thou didst shed Thy blood for me;

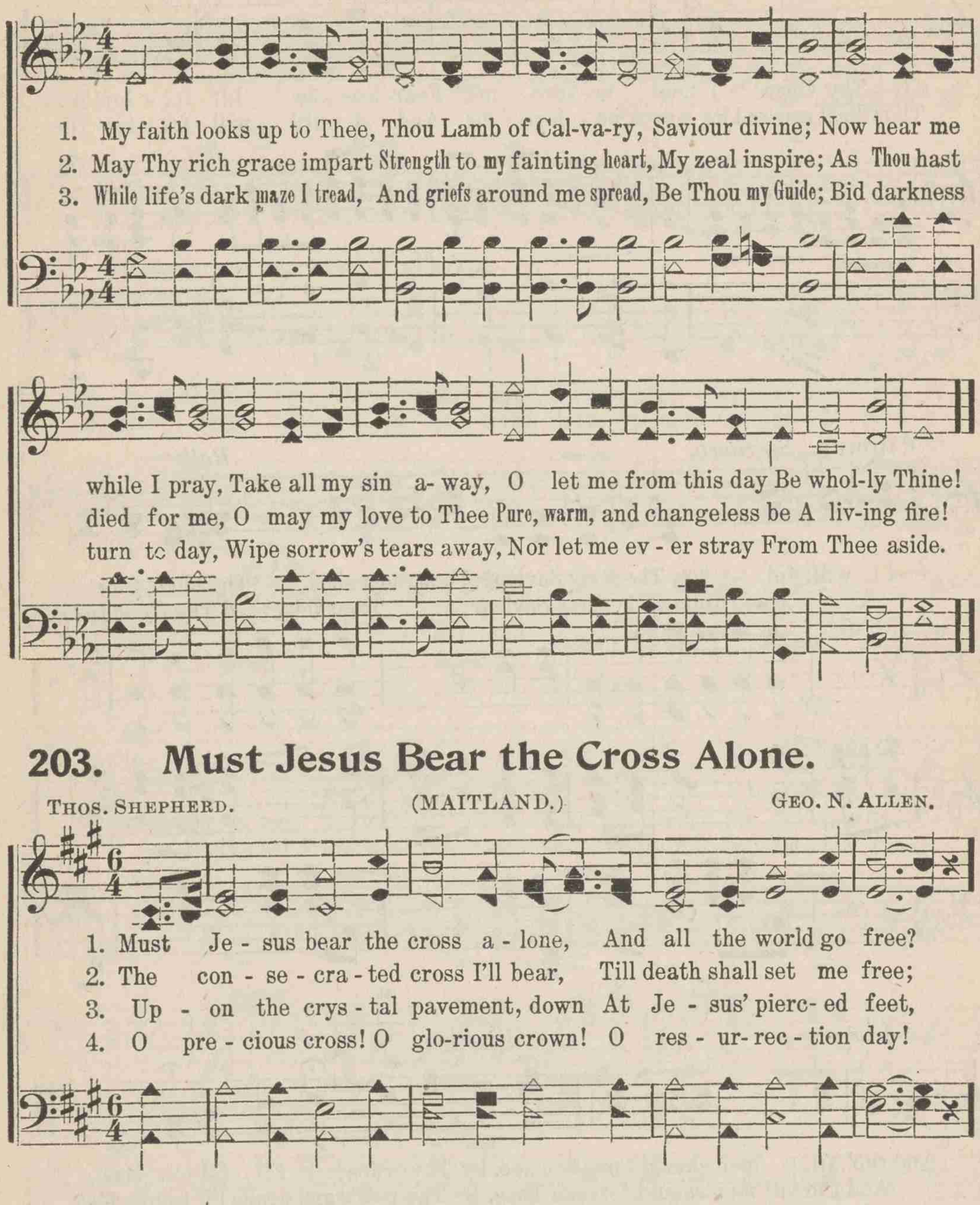
A tempo. *Risoluto.*

And tho' all men should forsake Thee, By Thy grace . . . . I'll fol-low Thee.
And tho' all men should forsake Thee, By Thy pow'r and grace I'll follow Thee.

ff *fz*

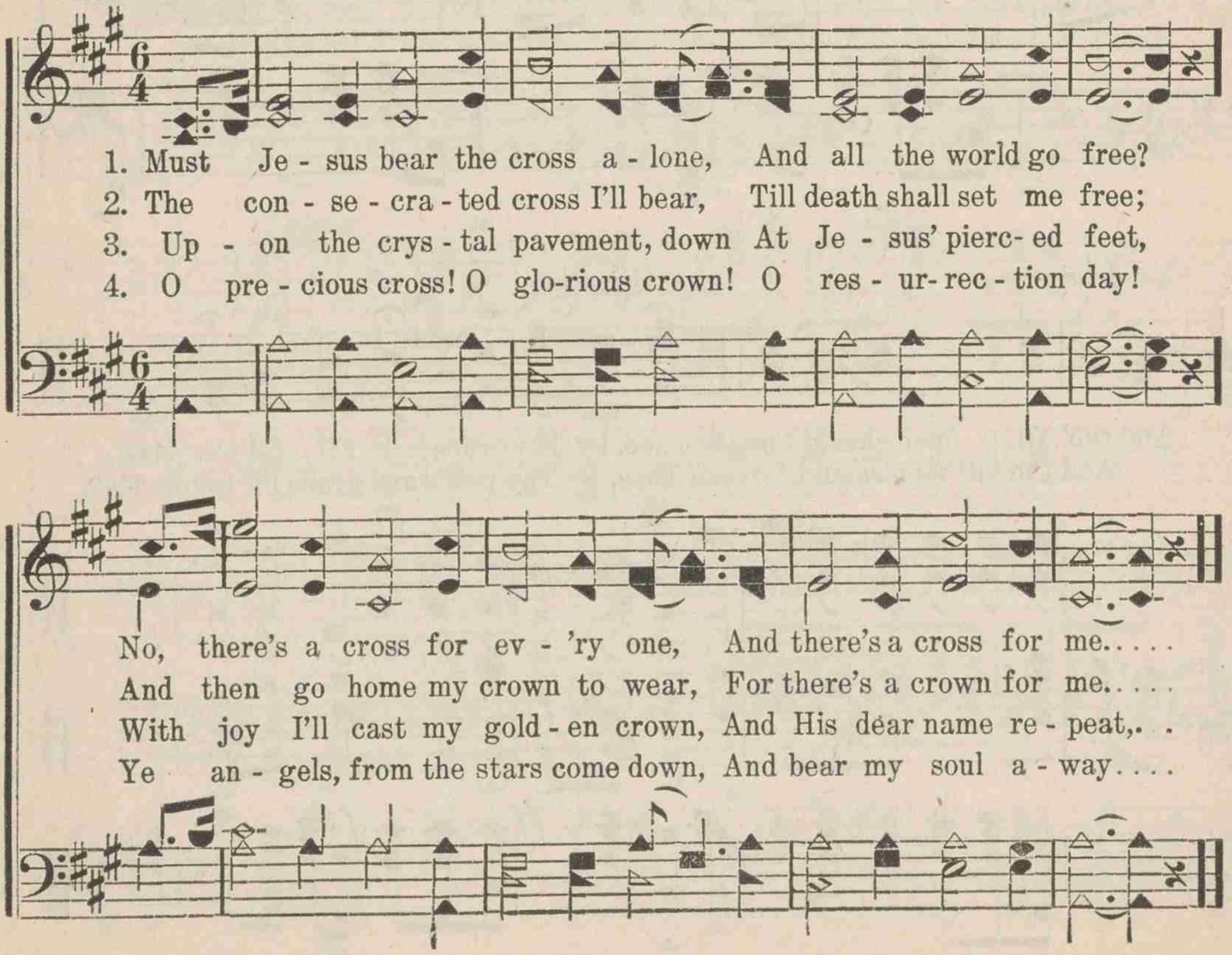
202. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. (OLIVET.) LOWELL MASON.



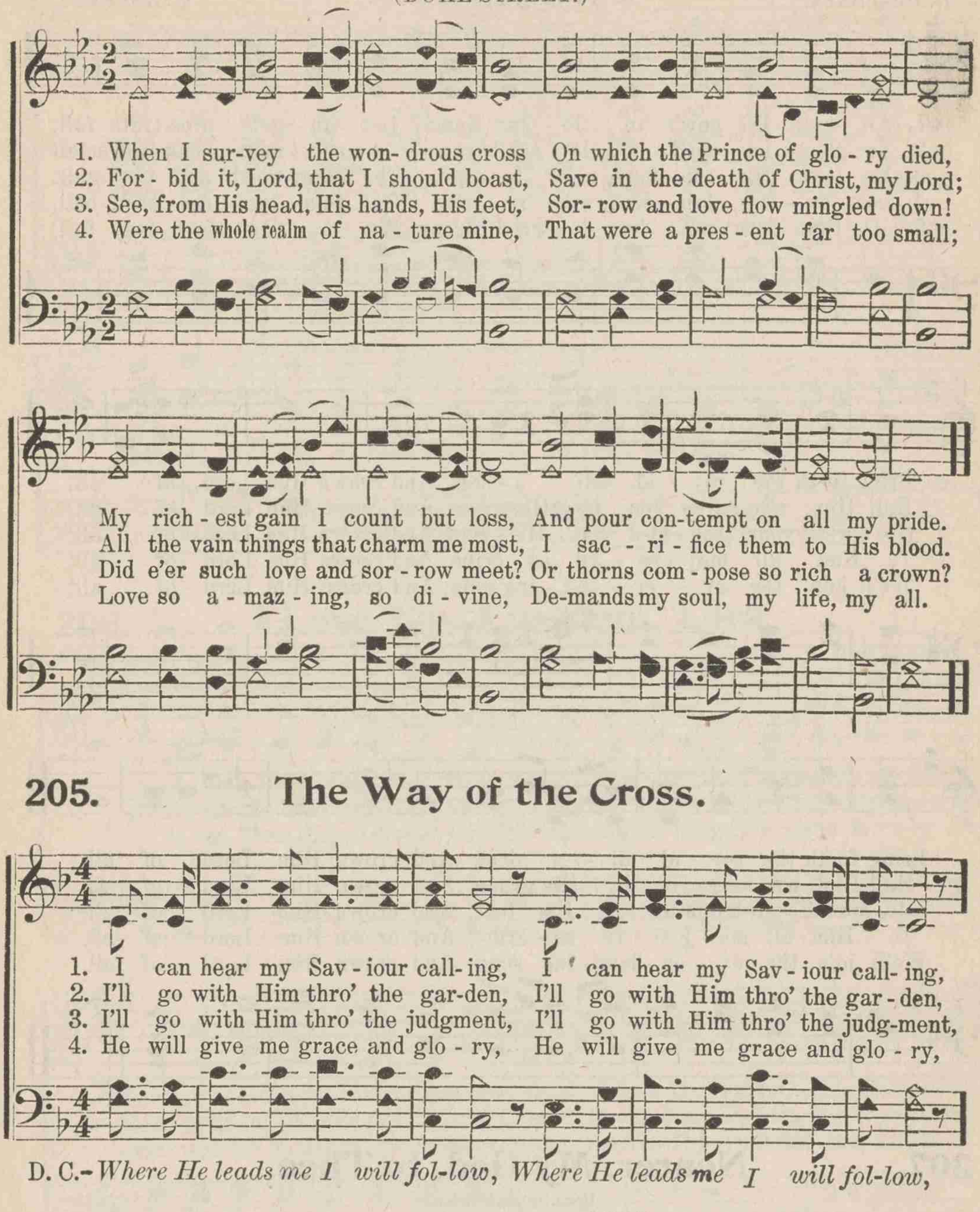
203. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone.

THOS. SHEPHERD. (MAITLAND.) GEO. N. ALLEN.
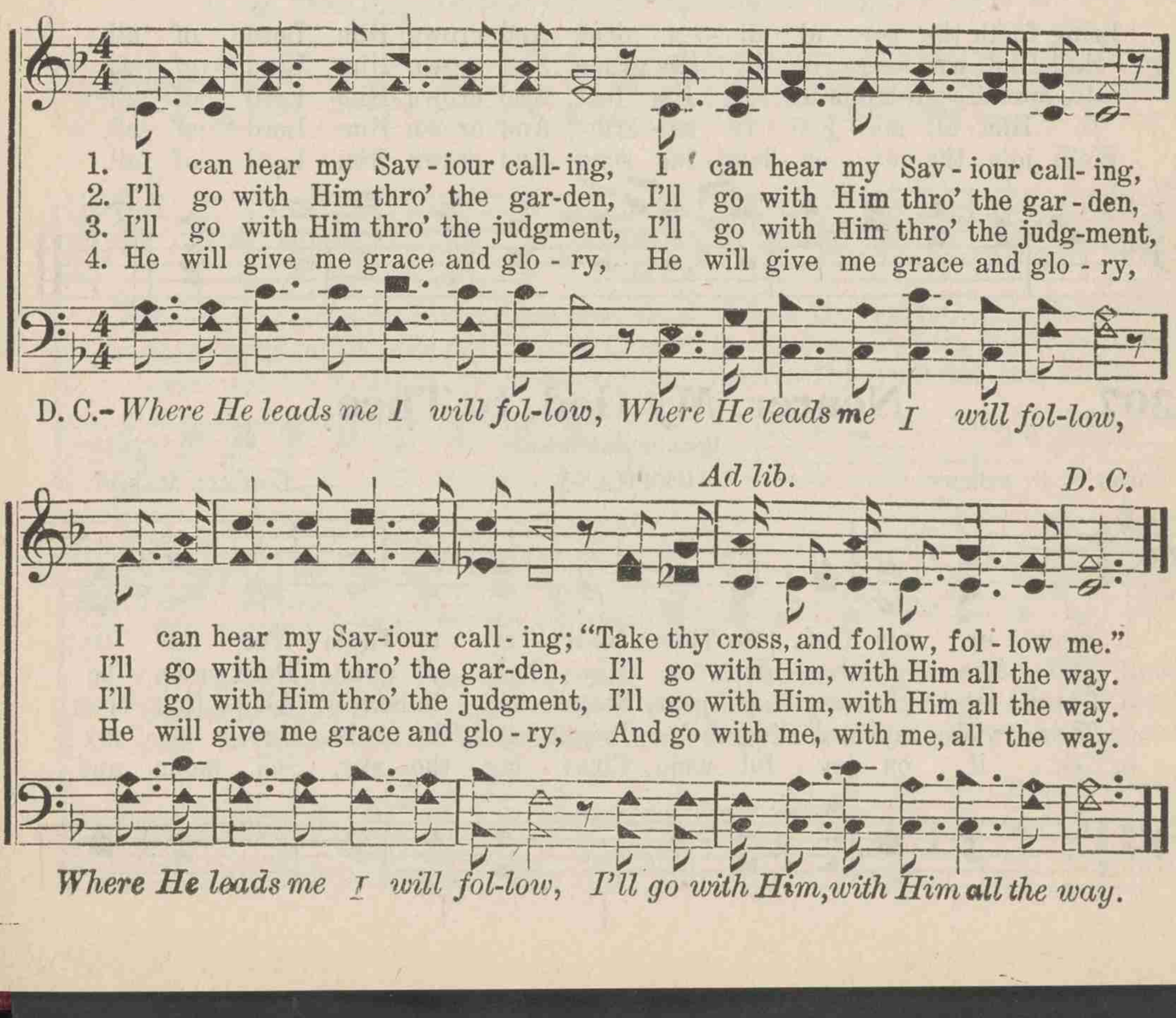


204. When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

(DUKE STREET.)



205. The Way of the Cross.



206. All Hail the Power of Jesus Name.

E. PERRONET. (CORONATION.) O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race— A rem - nant weak and small—
3. Ye Gen - tile sin - ners, ne'er for - get The worm-wood and the gall;
4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
5. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at His feet may fall,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
Go, spread your trop - hies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
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.
To Him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.
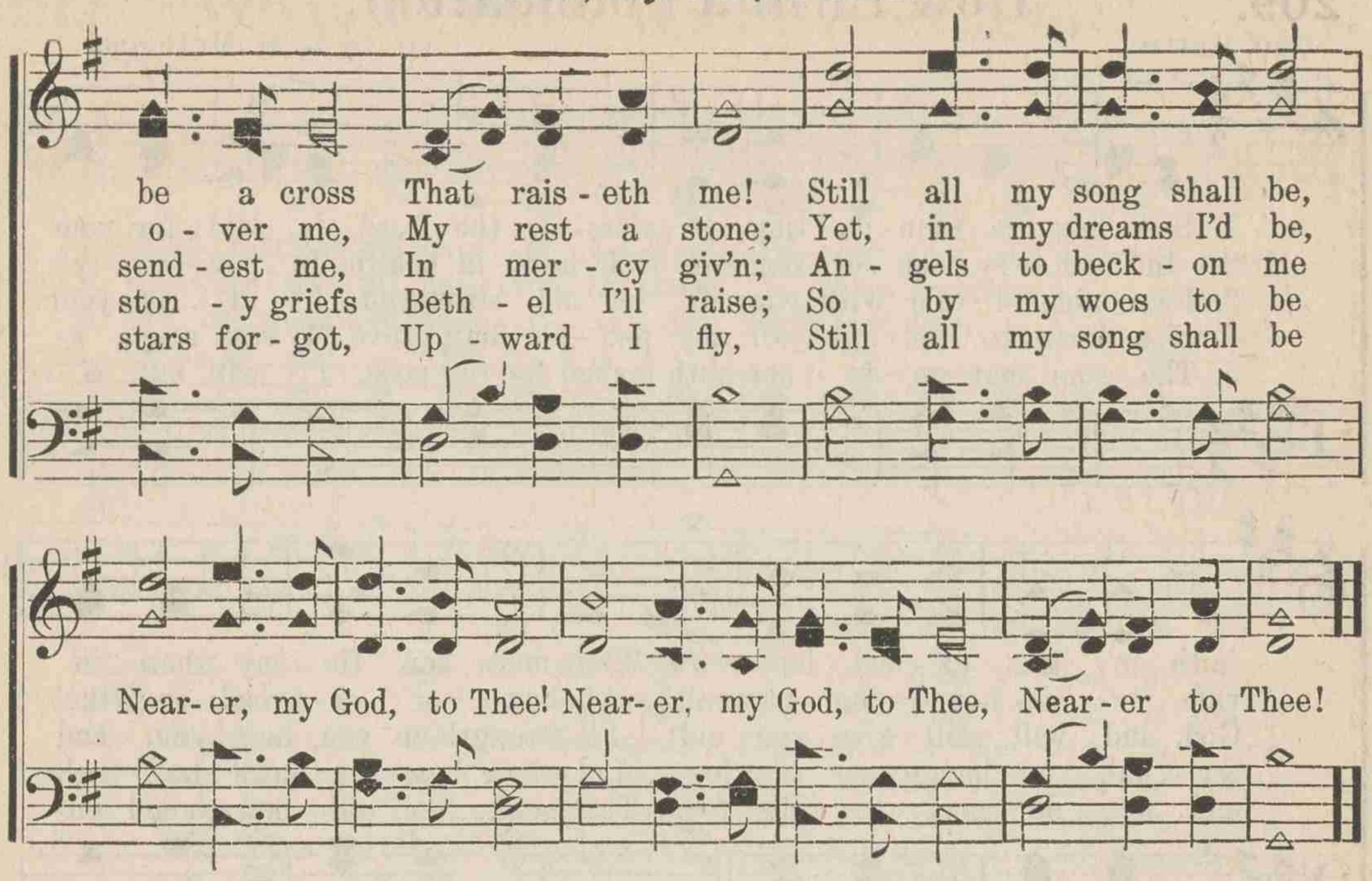
207. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Used by permission.

MRS. S. F. ADAMS. (BETHANY.) LOWELL MASON.
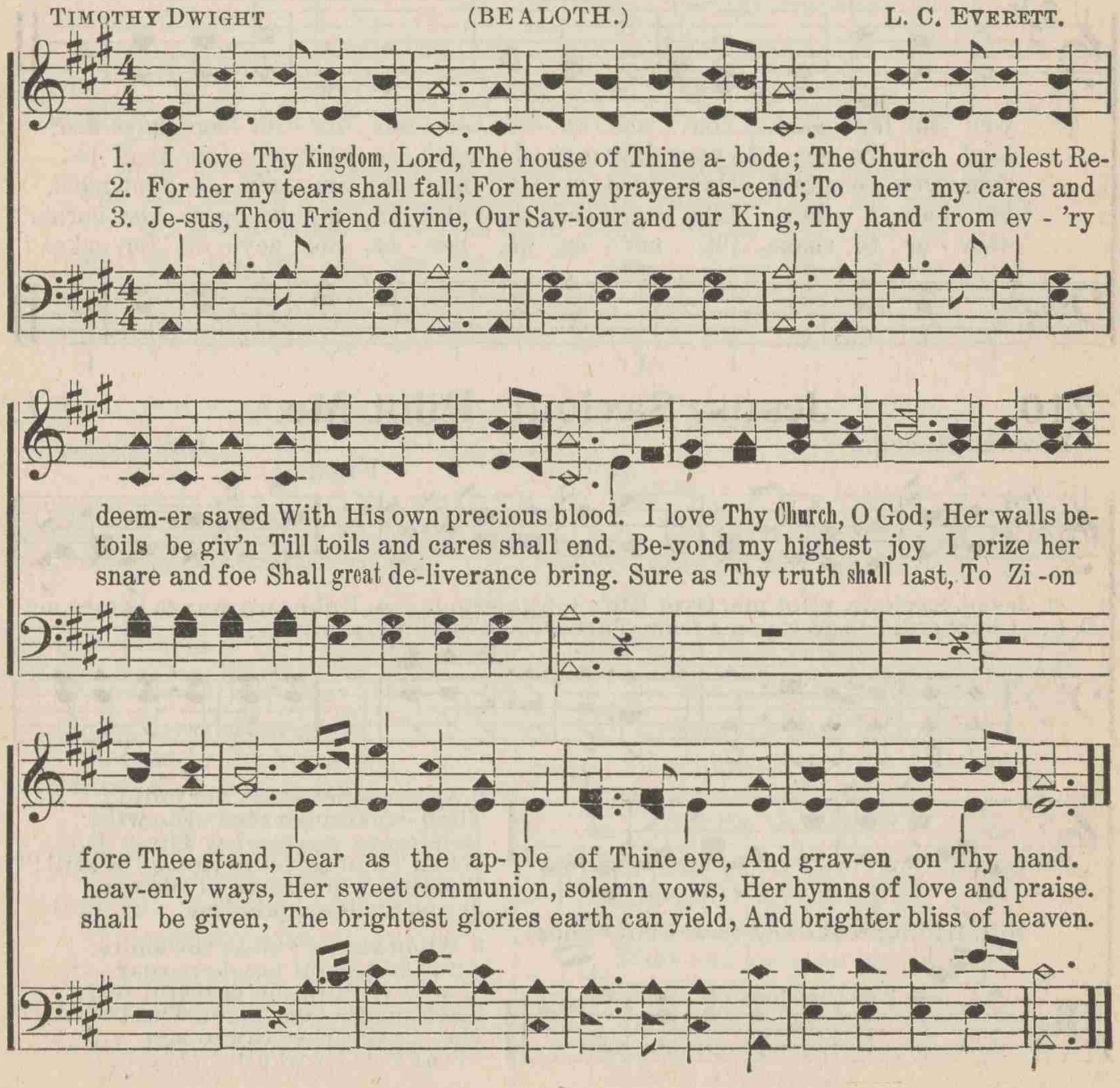
1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en tho' it
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, Day - light all gone, Dark - ness be
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou
4. Then, with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

Nearer, My God, to Thee.



208. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.
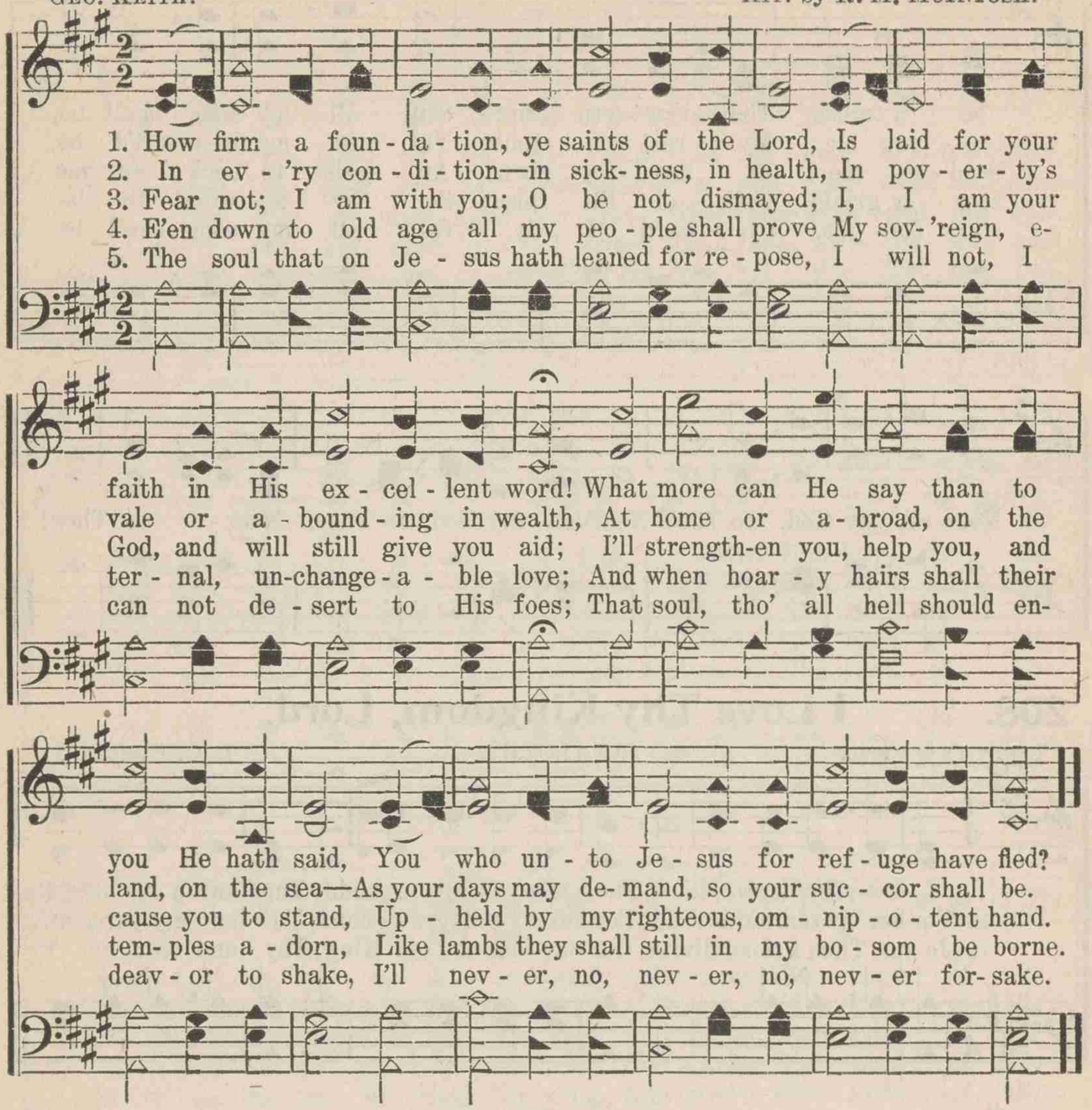
TIMOTHY DWIGHT (BEALOTH.) L. C. EVERETT.



209. How Firm a Foundation.

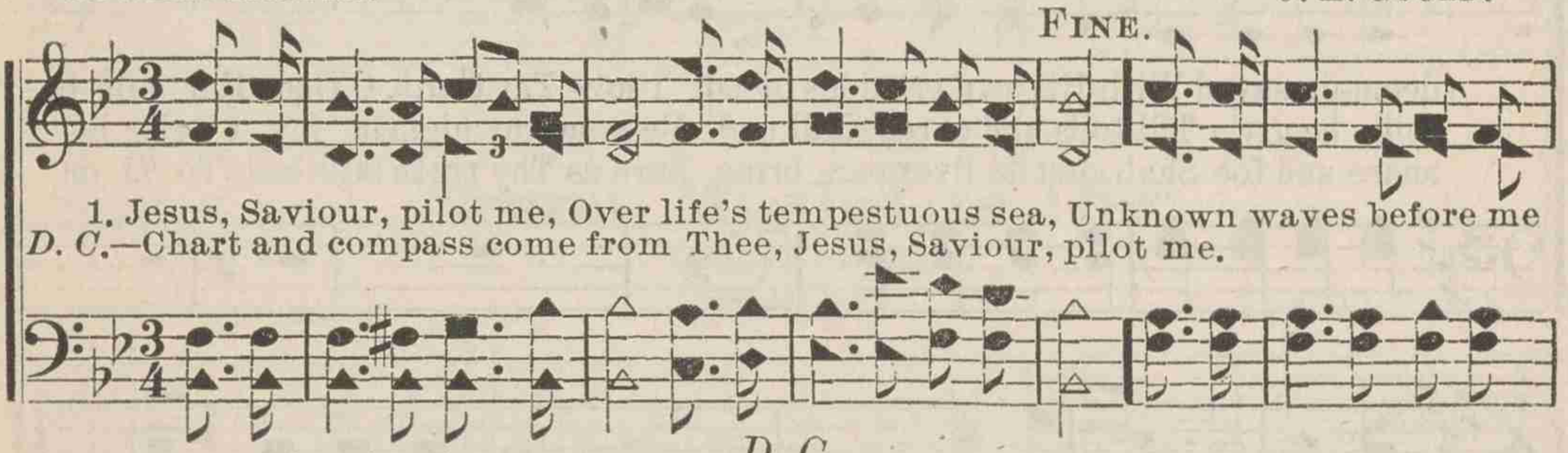
GEO. KEITH. ARR. by R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
2. In ev - 'ry con - di - tion—in sick- ness, in health, In pov - er - ty's vale or a - bound - ing in wealth, At home or a - broad, on the land, on the sea—As your days may de- mand, so your suc - cor shall be.
3. Fear not; I am with you; O be not dismayed; I, I am your God, and will still give you aid; I'll strength-en you, help you, and cause you to stand, Up - held by my righteous, om - nip - o - tent hand.
4. E'en down to old age all my peo - ple shall prove My sov- 'reign, e- ter - nal, un-change - a - ble love; And when hoar - y hairs shall their tem- ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bo - som be borne.
5. The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not, I can not de - sert to His foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en- deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for- sake.



210. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.



1. Jesus, Saviour, pilot me, Over life's tempestuous sea, Unknown waves before me roll, Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal; Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
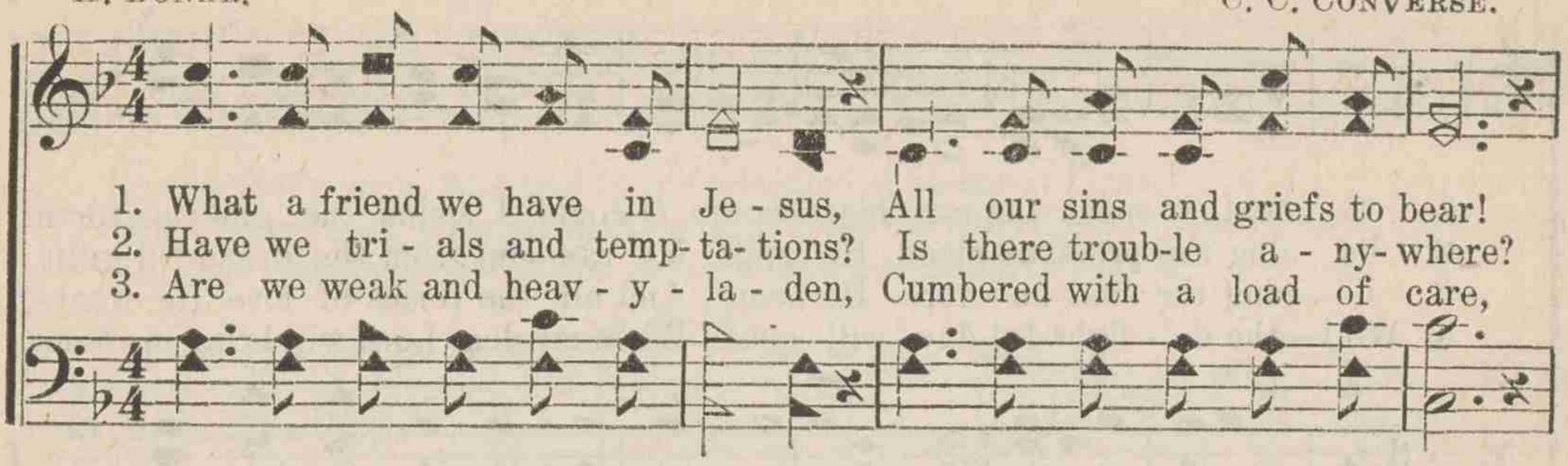
D. C.—

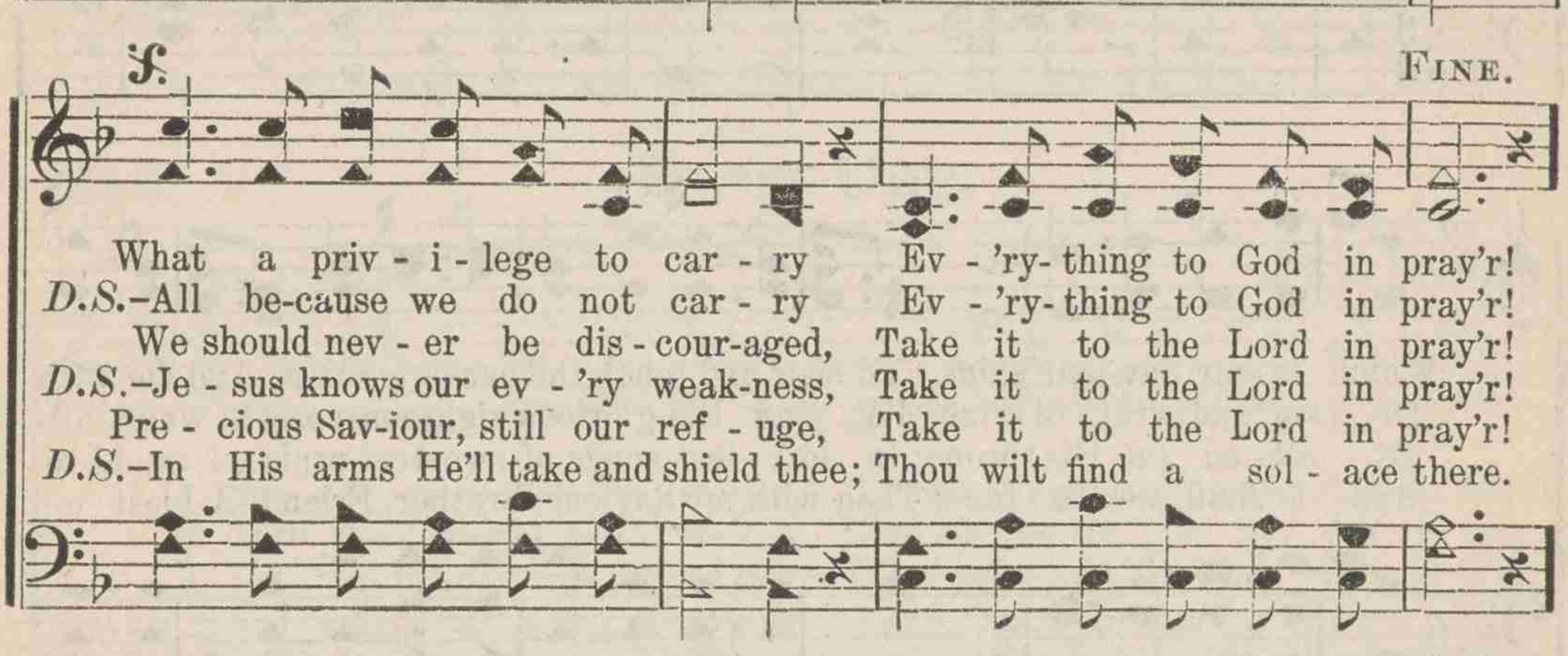
2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will,
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea,
Jerus, Saviour, pilot me.

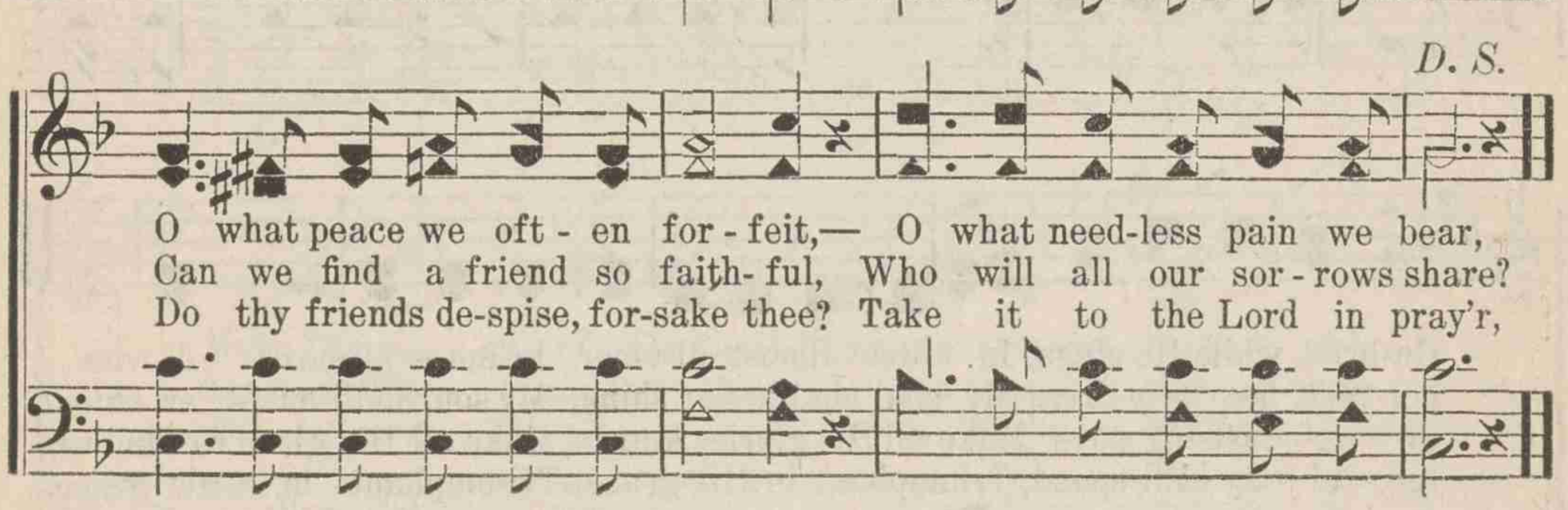
3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

211. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

H. BONAR. C. C. CONVERSE.
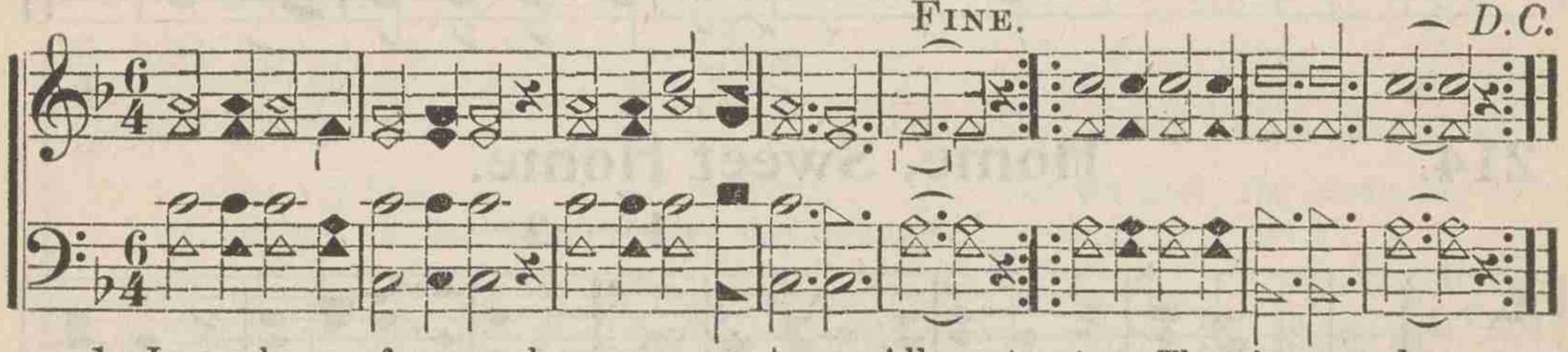






212. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. (MARTYN.)



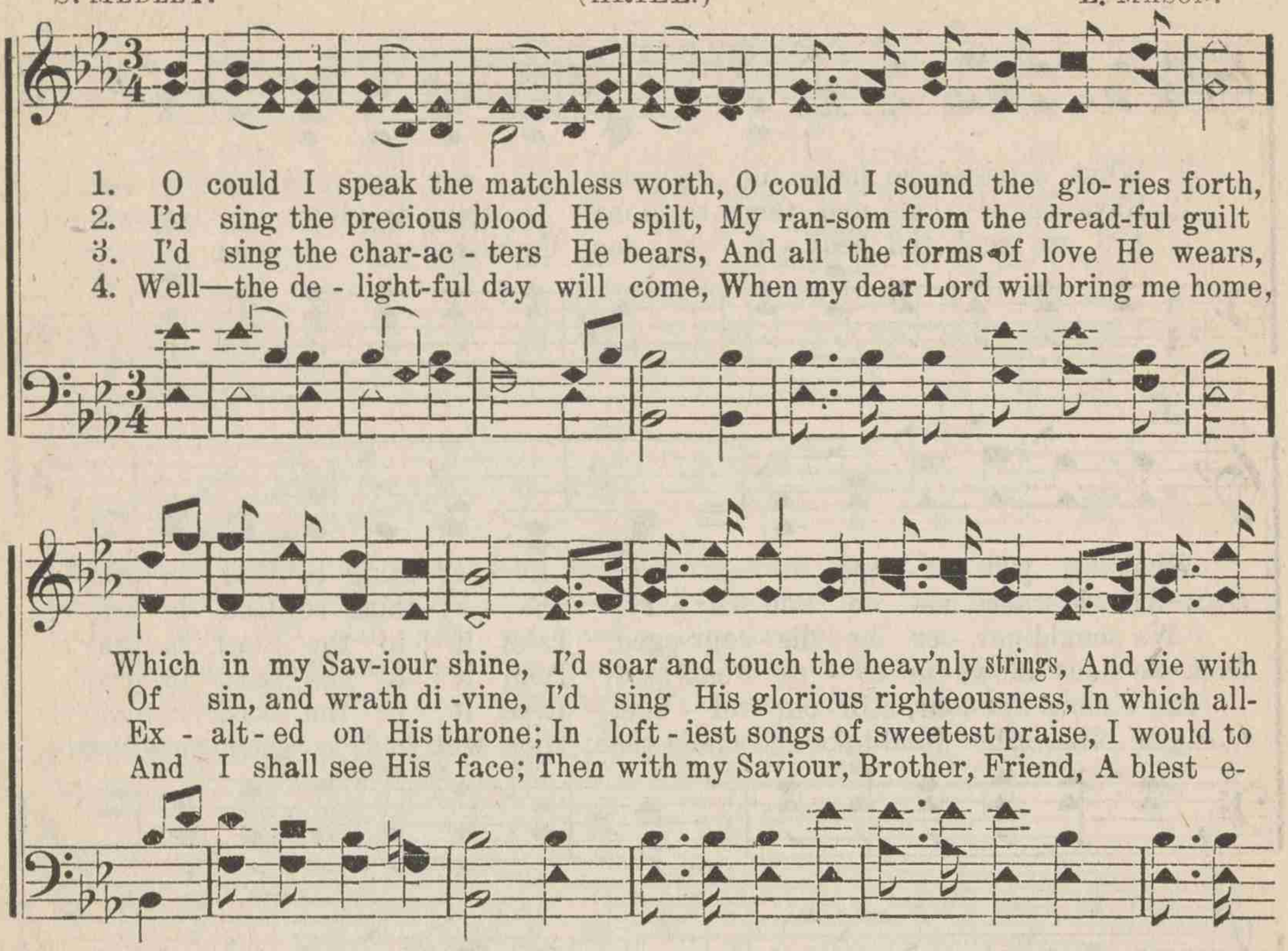
1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, O 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.
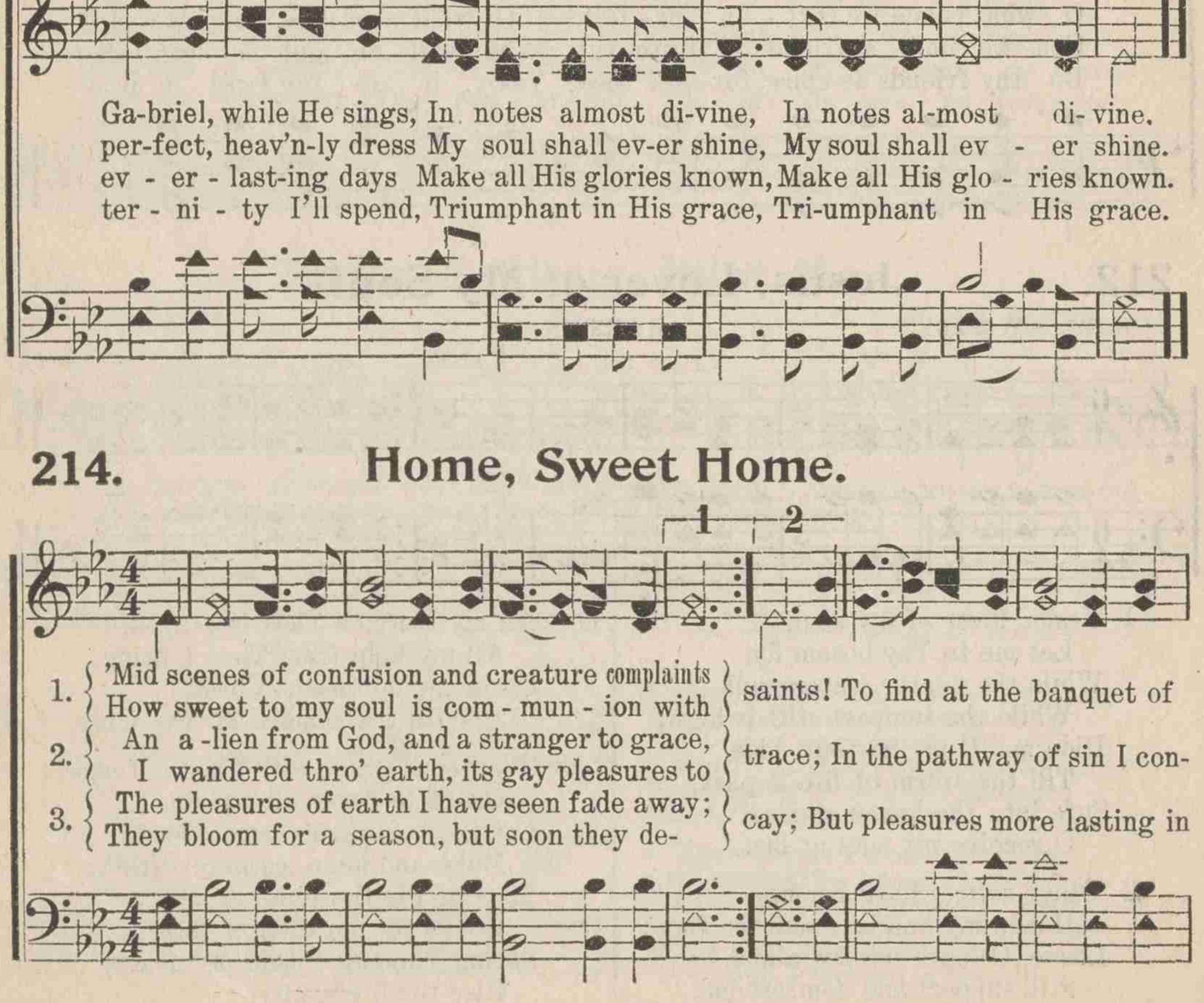
3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

213. O Could I Speak the Matchless Worth.

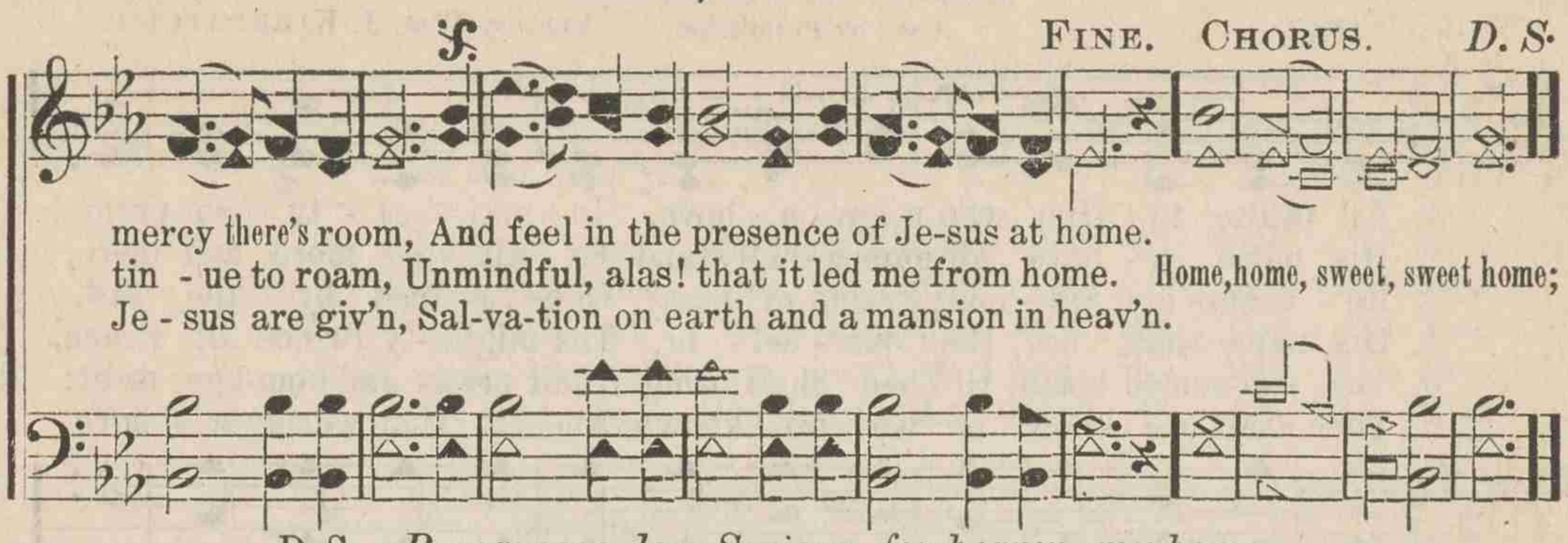
S. MEDLEY. (ARIEL.) L. MASON.



214. Home, Sweet Home.



Home, Sweet Home.
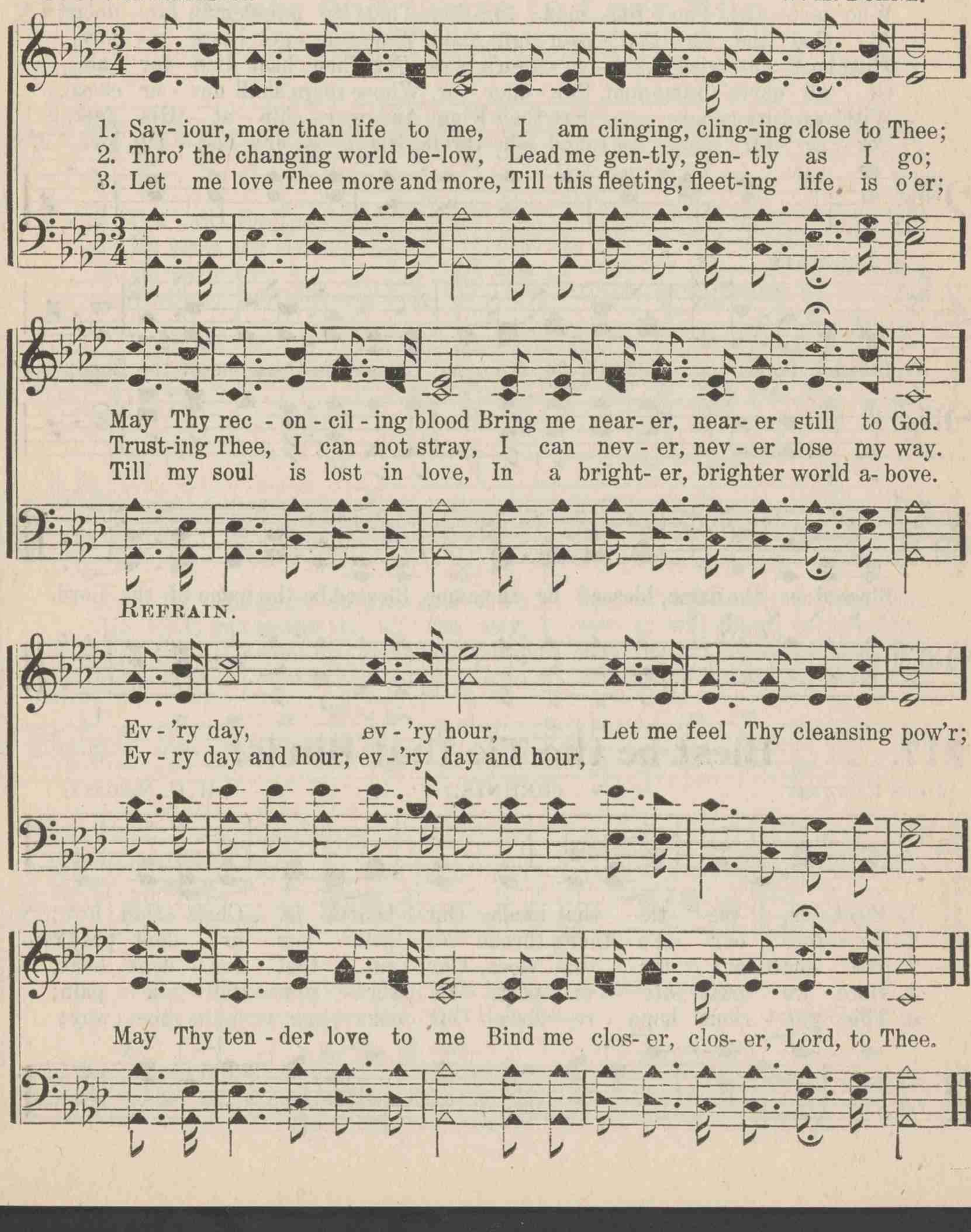


D. S.—*Prepare me, dear Saviour, for heaven, my home.*

215. Every Day.
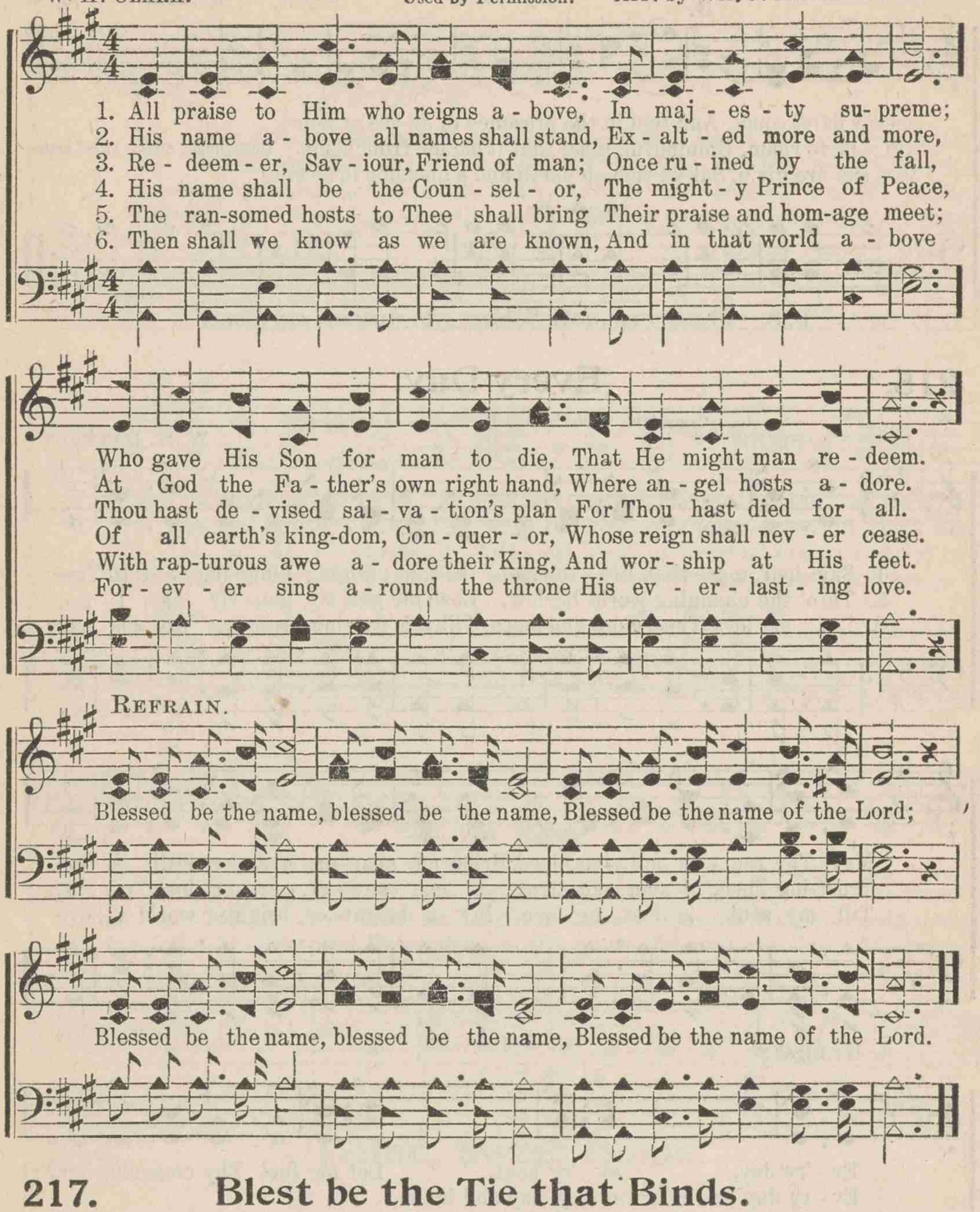
Copyright, 1906, by W. H. Doane. Used by per.

F. C. VAN ALSTYNE. W. H. DOANE.
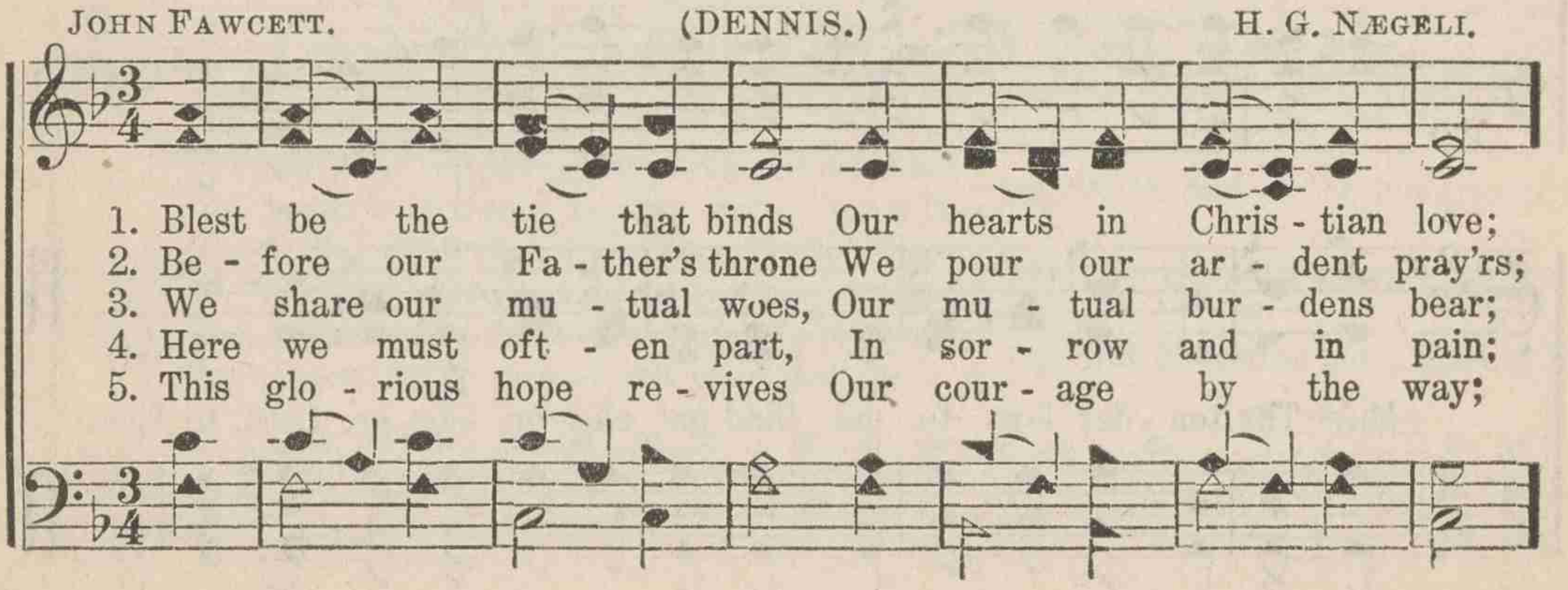


216. Blessed be the Name.

W. H. CLARK. Used by Permission. ARR. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

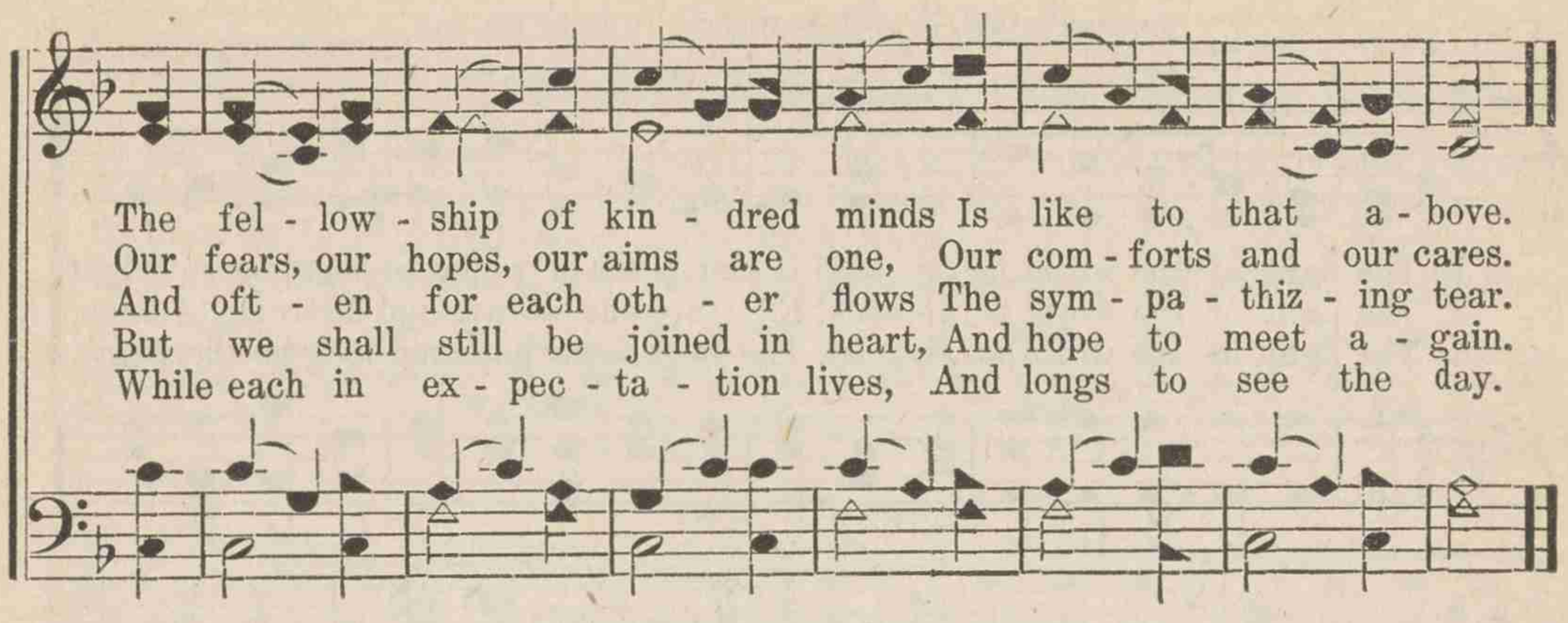


217. Blest be the Tie that Binds.

JOHN FAWCETT. (DENNIS.) H. G. NÆGELI.



Blest be the Tie that Binds.
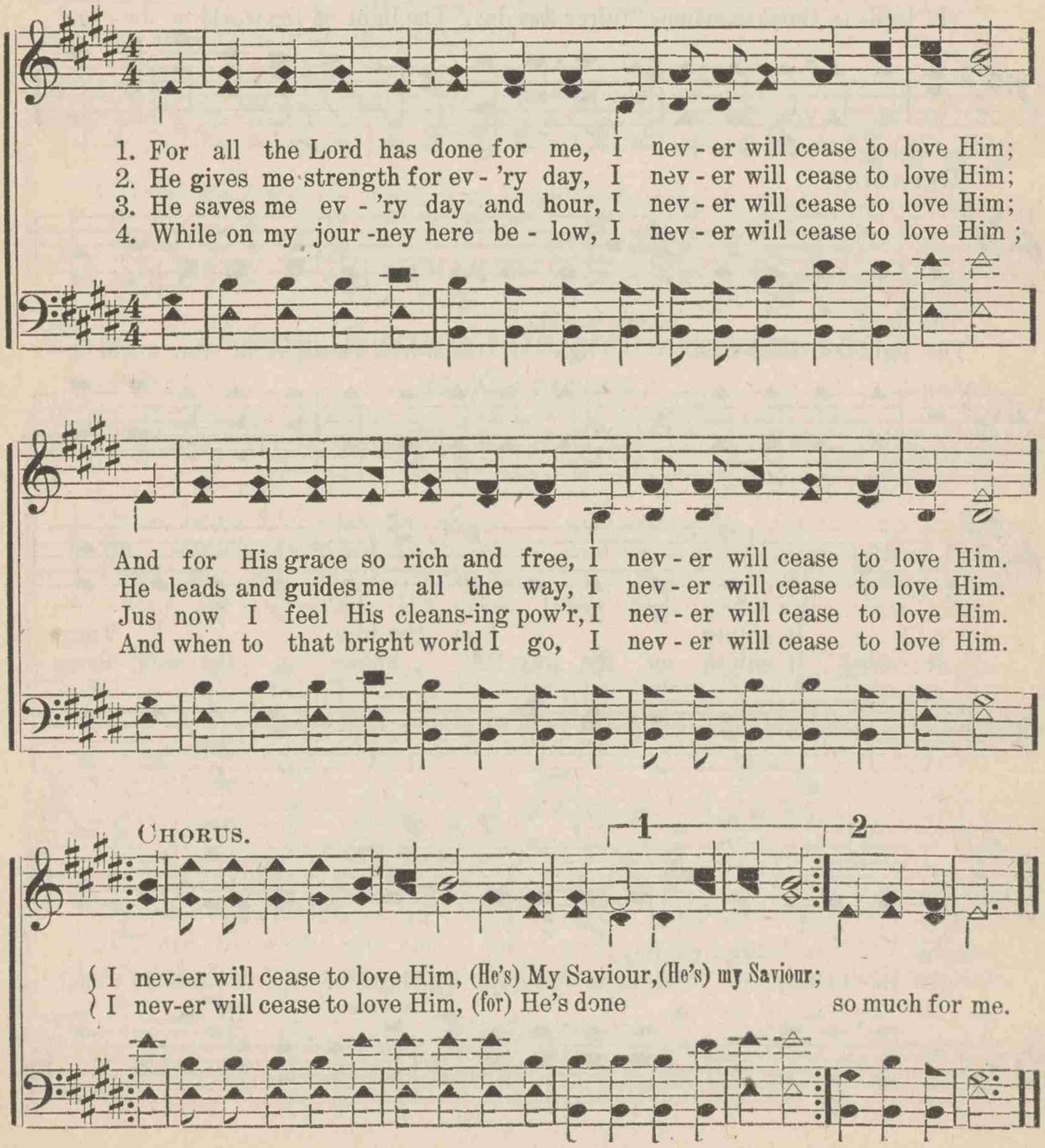


The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.
While each in ex - pec - ta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

218. I Never will Cease to Love Him.

Copyright, 1894, by E O. Excell.
Words and Music.

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



1. For all the Lord has done for me, I nev - er will cease to love Him;
2. He gives me strength for ev - 'ry day, I nev - er will cease to love Him;
3. He saves me ev - 'ry day and hour, I nev - er will cease to love Him;
4. While on my jour - ney here be - low, I nev - er will cease to love Him;

And for His grace so rich and free, I nev - er will cease to love Him.
He leads and guides me all the way, I nev - er will cease to love Him.
Jus now I feel His cleans-ing pow'r, I nev - er will cease to love Him.
And when to that bright world I go, I nev - er will cease to love Him.

CHORUS.

1 2

I nev-er will cease to love Him, (He's) My Saviour, (He's) my Saviour;
I nev-er will cease to love Him, (for) He's done so much for me.

219. The Light of the World is Jesus.

Copyright, 1903, by A. J. Showalter. Used by per.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. The light of the world is Je - sus! It shines with a radiance beaming so bright,
2. The light of the world is Je - sus! Ef - ful-gent its rays and lustrous its shine,
3. The light of the world is Je - sus! Tho' rough be my path and long be the way,

Dis-pell-ing the gloom and dark-ness of night, The light of the world is Je - sus!
No clouds can obscure its beams so di-vine, The light of the world is Je - sus!
It leads to those mansions "fairer than day," The light of the world is Je - sus!

REFRAIN.

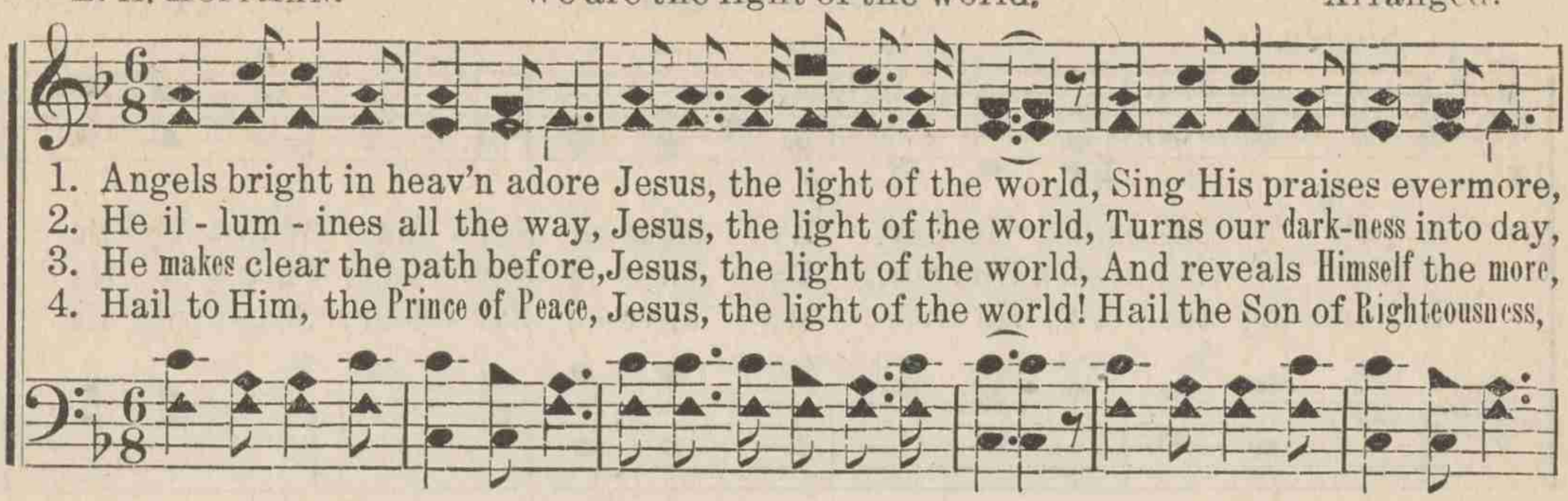
The light of the world,
The light of the world, light of the world, The light of the world is
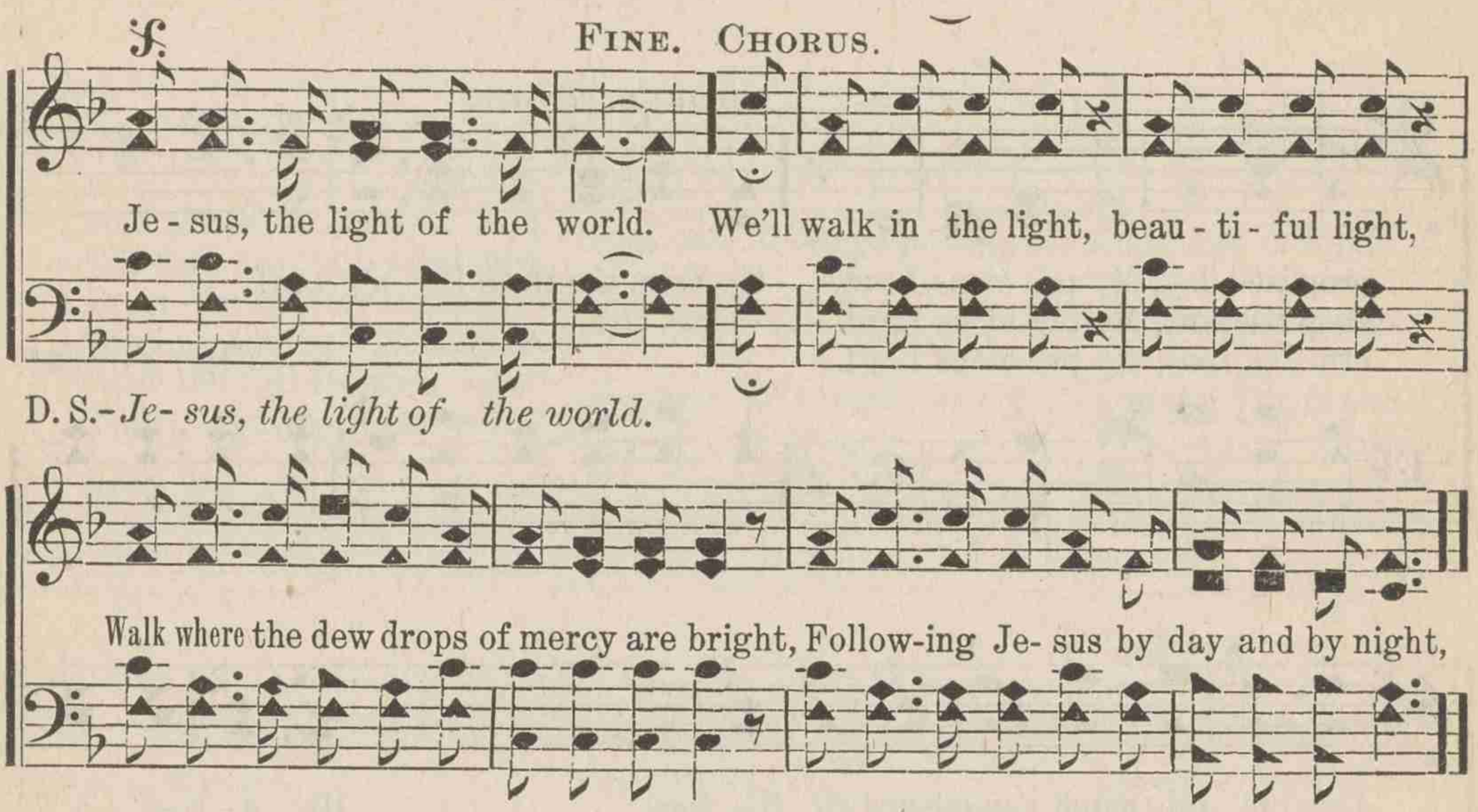
It shines on the way, Turns
Je - sus! It shines on the way, shines on the way, Turns

night in - to day,
night in - to day, night in - to day, The light of the world is Je - sus!

220. Jesus, the Light of the World.

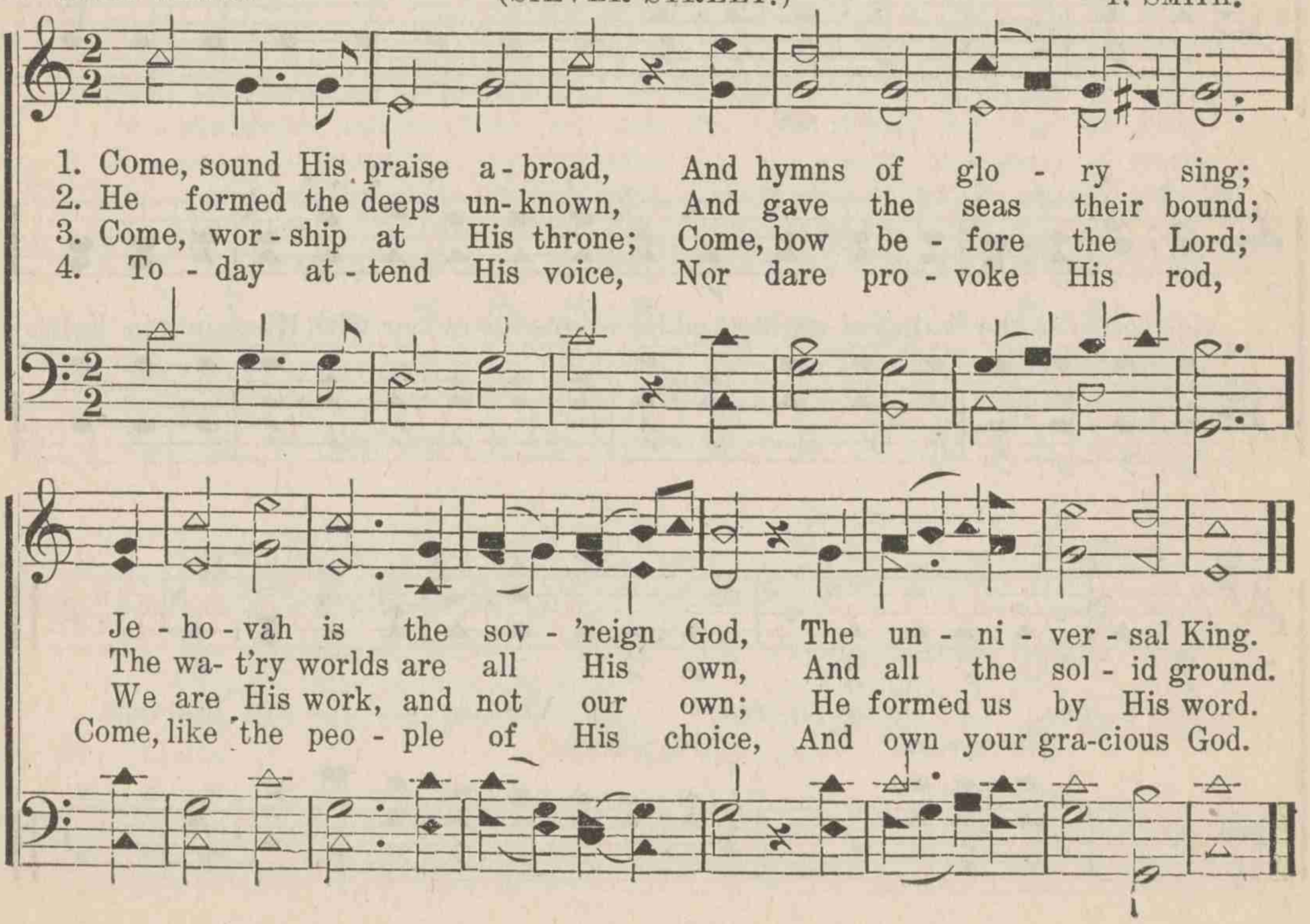
E. A. HOFFMAN. "We are the light of the world." Arranged.





221. Come, Sound His Praise Abroad.

ISAAC WATTS. (SILVER STREET.) I. SMITH.



222. He Arose.

G. C. H. By per. of the author. GEO. C. HUGG.

Slowly.

1. Low - ly en-tombed He lay, My bless-ed Sav - iour; Wait - ing the
2. Vain - ly they watch Him now, My bless-ed Sav - iour; Sure - ly He'll
3. Burst-ing the seal, He rose, My bless-ed Sav - iour; Scat-t'ring His

CHORUS. *Faster.*

promised day, My pre-cious Lord. Up from the tomb He a - rose!
keep His vow, My pre-cious Lord.
arm - ed foes, My pre-cious Lord. He a - rose!
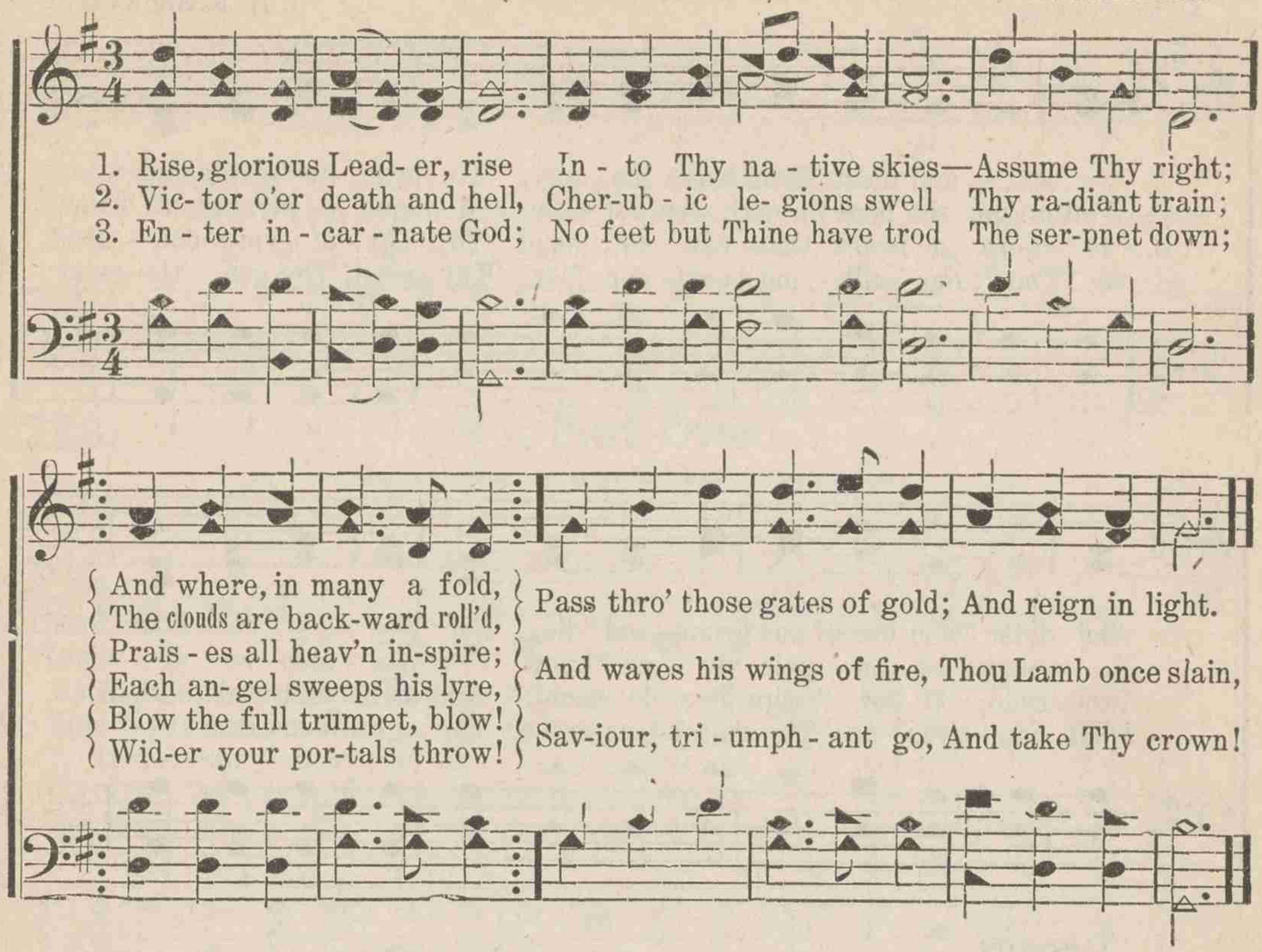
And in tri - umph vanquished all His foes, He a - rose a
all His foes,

vic - tor o'er the realms of night, And He reigns for-ev - er with His saints in light;

He a - rose, He a - rose Vic - tor o - ver all His foes.
He a-rose, He a-rose,
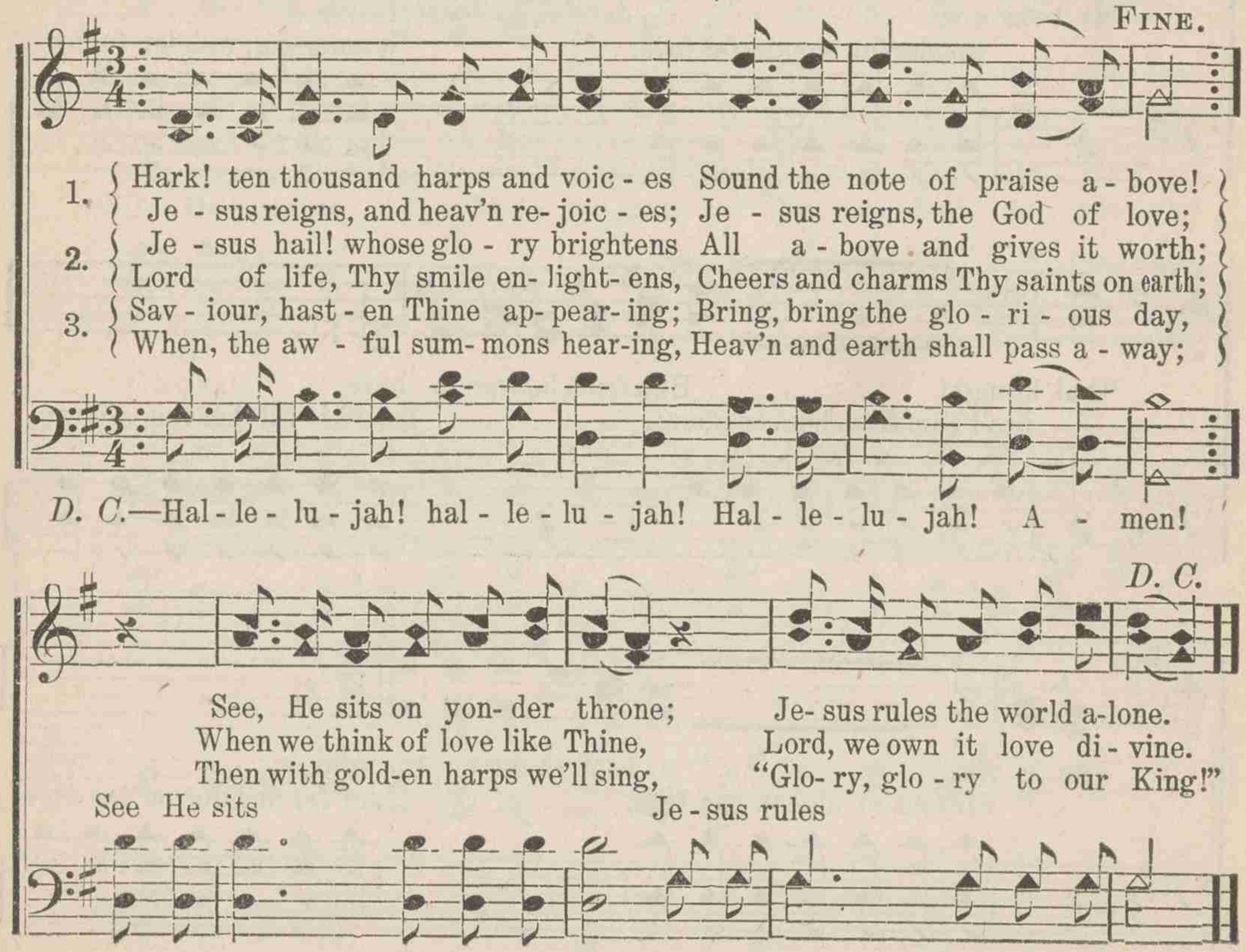
223. Rise, Glorious Leader, Rise.

M. BRIDGES. (ITALIAN HYMN.) F. GIARDINI.



224. Hark! Ten Thousand Harps and Voices.

THOMAS KELLY. (HARWELL.) LOWELL MASON.



225. Wonderful Love.

Copyright, 1890, by J. H. Rosecrans. Used by per.

ANNE STEELE. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Je - sus,— and didst Thou leave the sky, To bear our griefs and woes?
2. Well might the heav'ns with won-der view A love so strange as Thine!
3. Is there a heart that will not bend To Thy di - vine con - trol?
4. O may our will - ing hearts con- fess Thy sweet, Thy gen - tle sway;

And didst Thou bleed, and groan, and die, For Thy re - bel - lious foes?
Nc thought of an - gels ev - er knew Com-pas - sion so di - vine!
De - scend, O sov - 'reign love, de- scend, And melt that stub- born soul.
Glad cap - tives of Thy match-less grace, Thy right - eous rule o - bey.
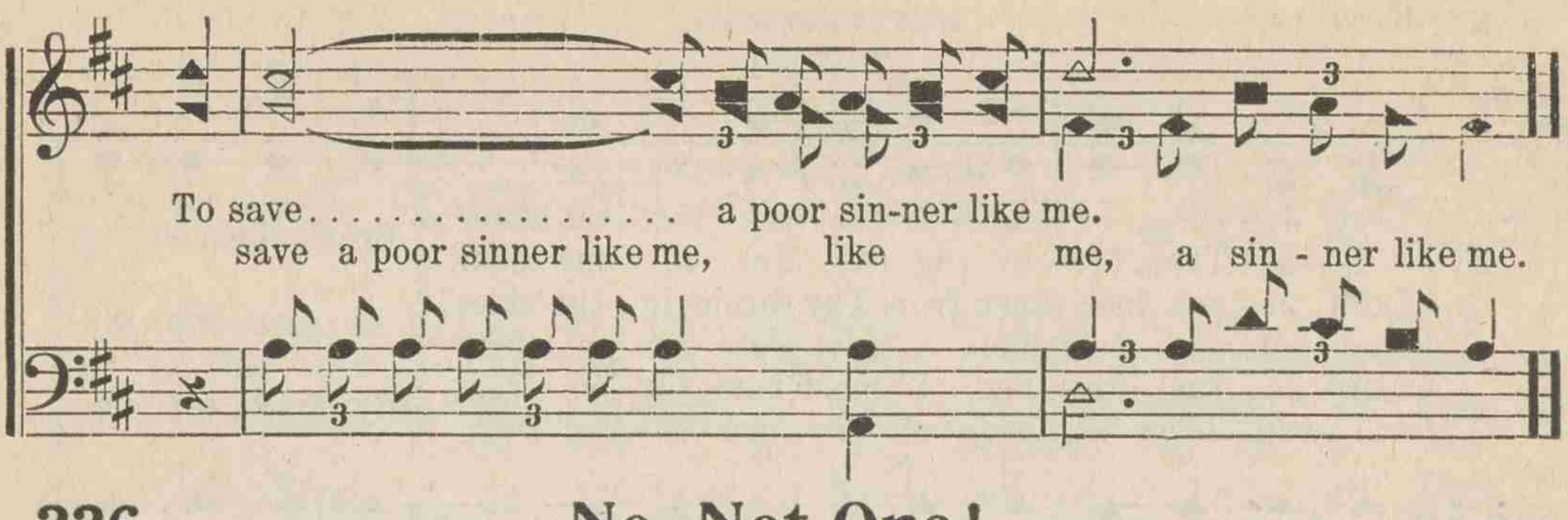
CHORUS.

O 'twas won - - - der-ful, wonderful love,
wonderful, wonderful love, wonder-ful, wonder-ful love,

That brought . . . . . Him from heaven a - bove,
bro't Him from heaven above, beau-ti - ful heaven a-bove,

As a ran - - - - som to die on the tree,
ransom to die on the tree, suf-fer and die on the tree,

Wonderful Love.
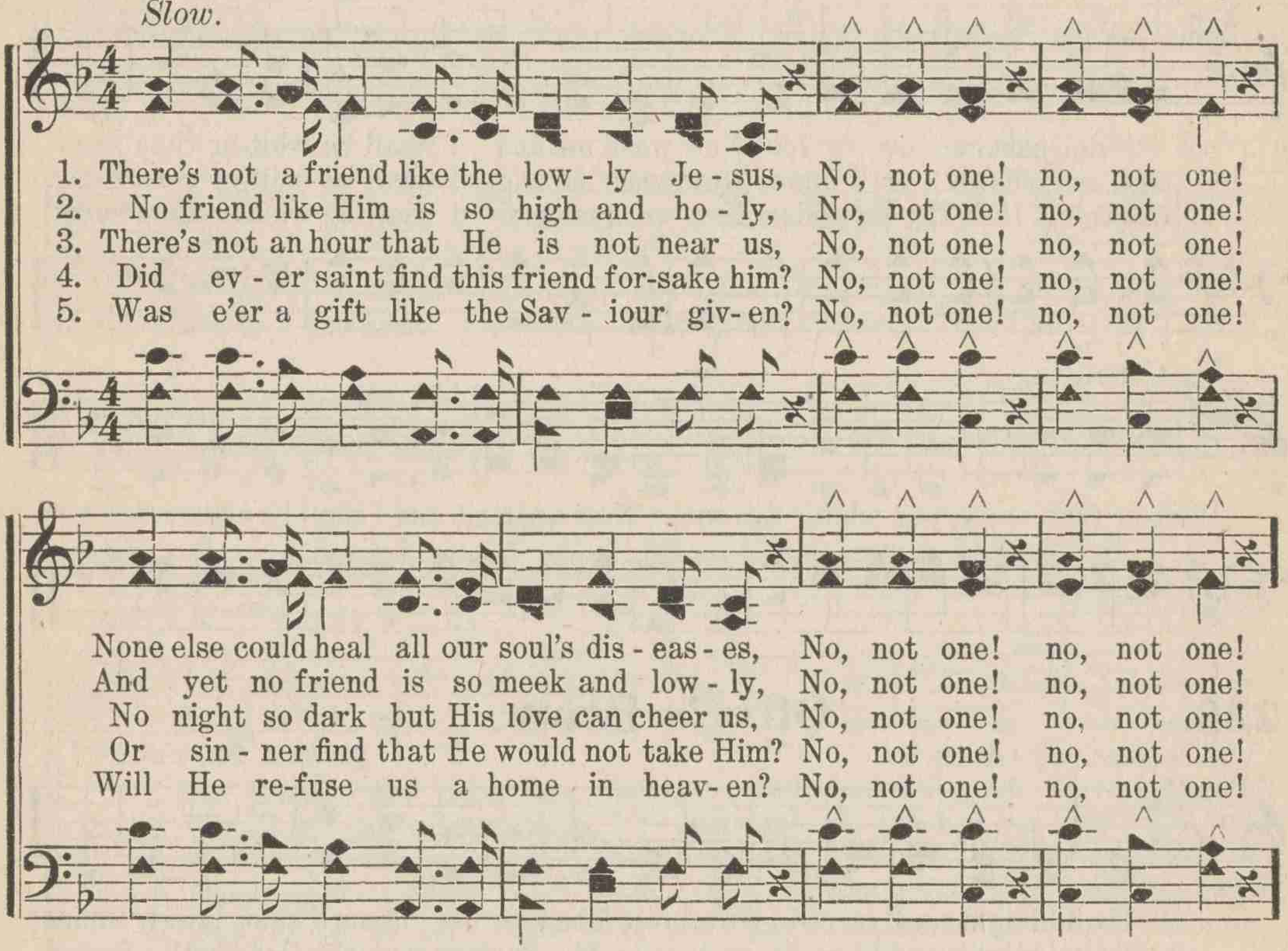


226. No, Not One!

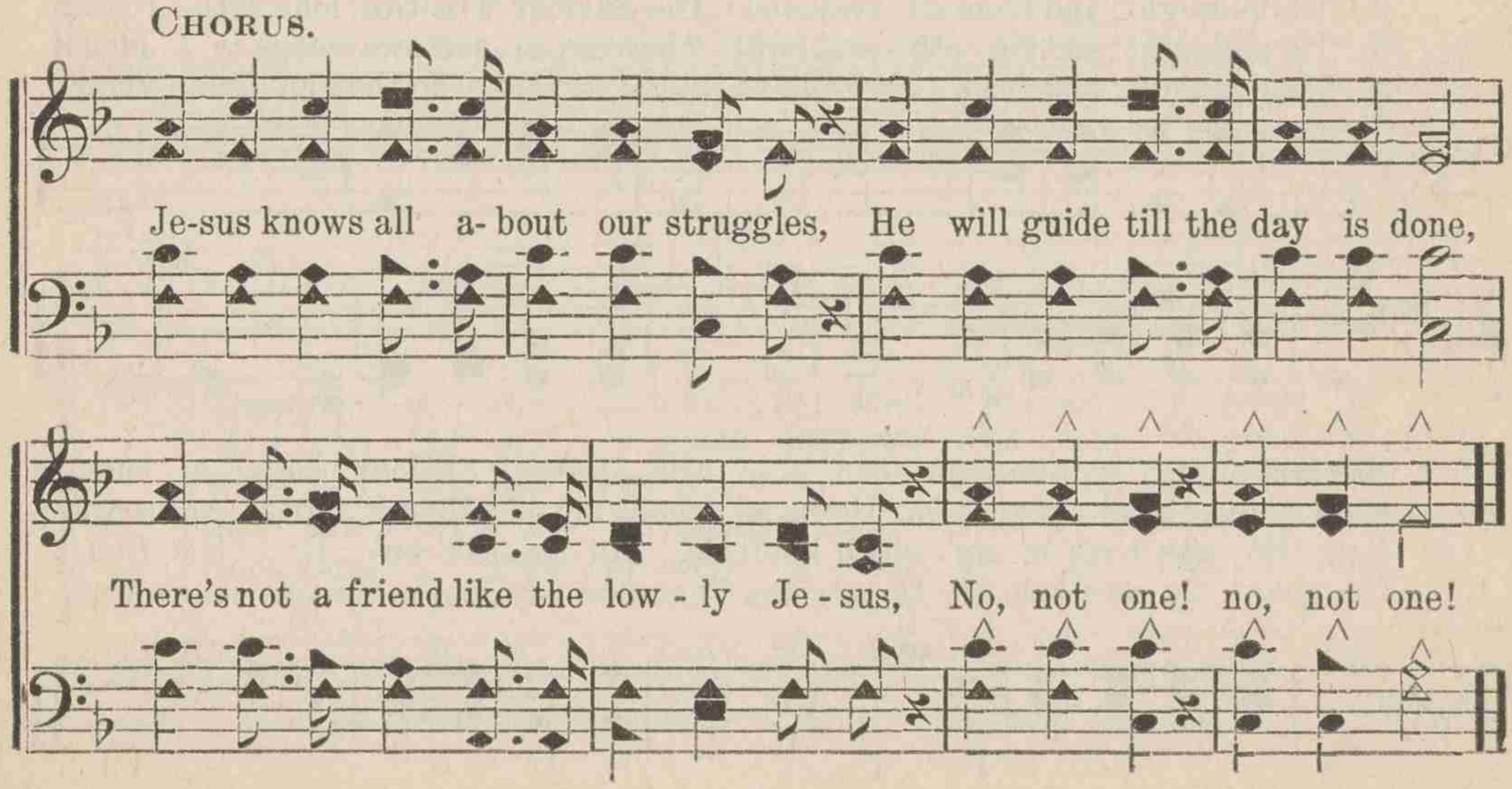
Copyright, 1895, by Geo. C. Hugg. Used by per.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG.

Slow.



CHORUS.



227. Whiter Than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON. Used by permission. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole;
   I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul,
   Break down ev - 'ry
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,
   And help me to make a com-plete sac - ri - fice;
   I give up my-
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum- bly en - treat,
   I wait, bless- ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet,
   By faith, for my

i - dol, cast out ev- 'ry foe; Now wash me and I shall be whit-er than snow.
self, and whatev - er I know, Now wash me and I shall be whit-er than snow.
cleansing, I see Thy blood flow, Now wash me and I shall be whit-er than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit-er than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

228. Olive's Brow.

WM. BINGHAM TAPPAN. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimm'd that late-ly shone;
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all removed The Saviour wrestles 'lone with fears;
3. 'Tis midnight; and for oth - ers' guilt, The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
4. 'Tis midnight; and from e-ther-plains Is borne that song that an- gels know;

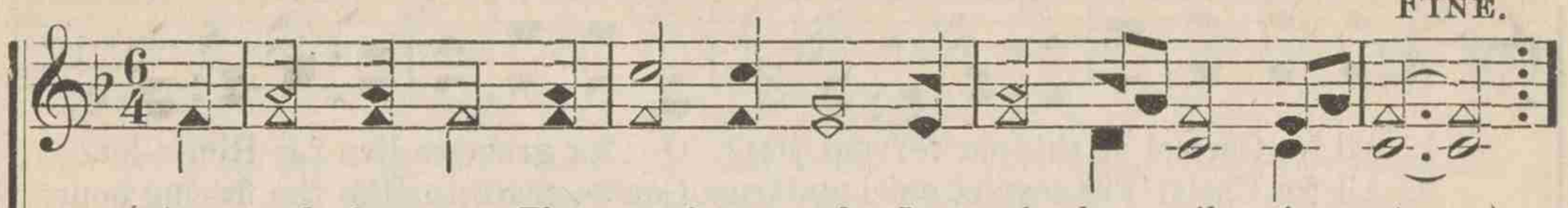
'Tis mid-night; in the gar - den now The suff'ring Saviour prays a - lone.
E'en that dis- ci - ple whom He loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
Yet He, who hath in an'- guish knelt Is not for- sak- en by His God.
Un- heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweet-ly soothe the Sav-iour's woe.

229. According to Thy Gracious Word.

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JAMES MONTGOMERY. (DE WITT.) Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

FINE.
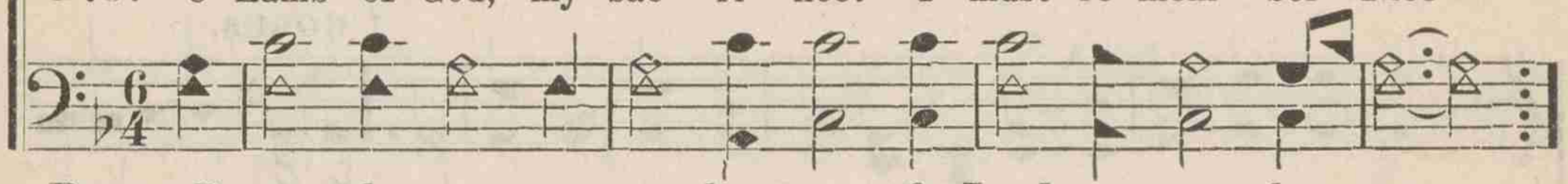


1. { Ac - cord - ing to Thy gra-cious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,
   { This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber Thee.

D.C.—Thy tes - ta - men - tal cup I take, And thus re-mem - ber Thee.
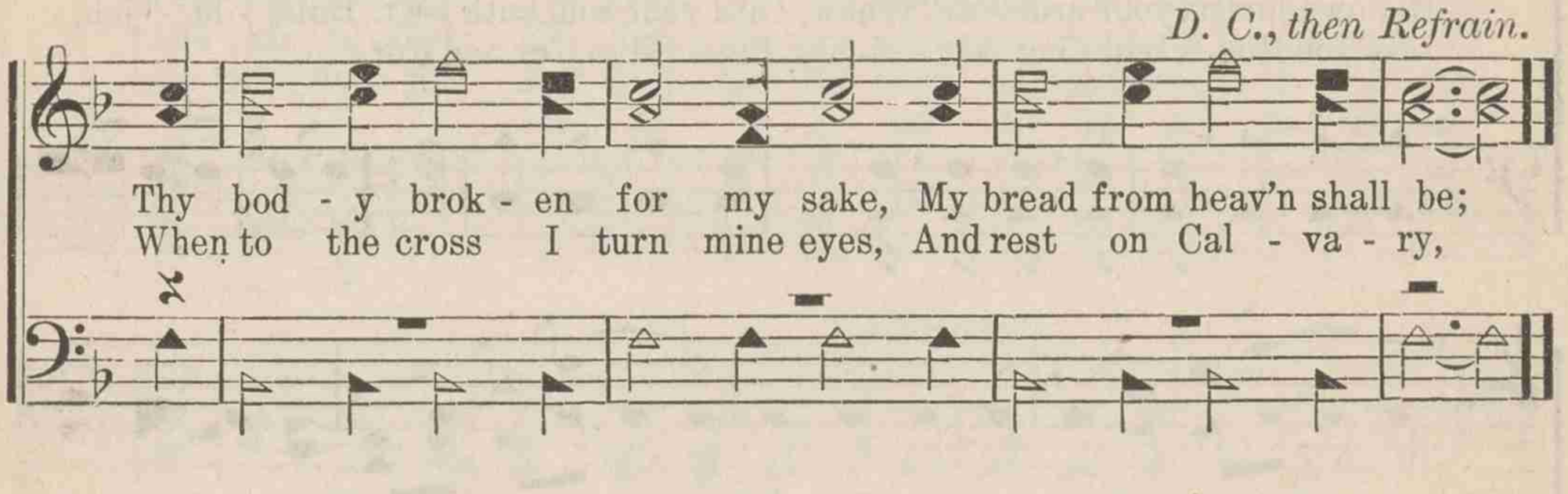
2. { Geth-sem - a - ne can I for - get? Or there Thy con - flict see,
   { Thine ag - o - ny and blood - y sweat, And not re- mem - ber Thee?

D.C.—O Lamb of God, my sac - ri - fice! I must re- mem - ber Thee—



REF.—*Re-mem- ber me, re- mem- ber me, O Lord, re-mem - ber me.*

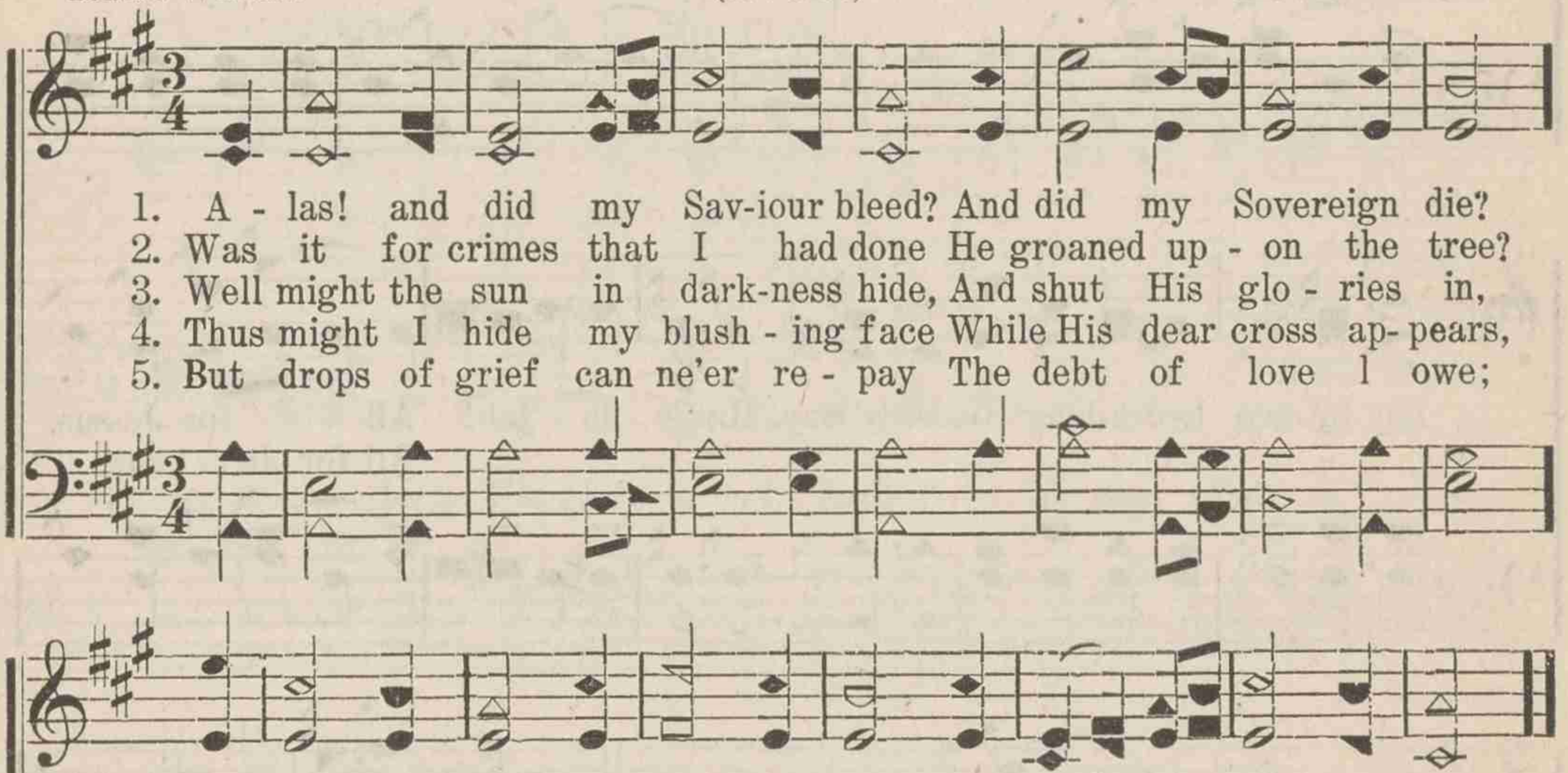
D. C., then Refrain.



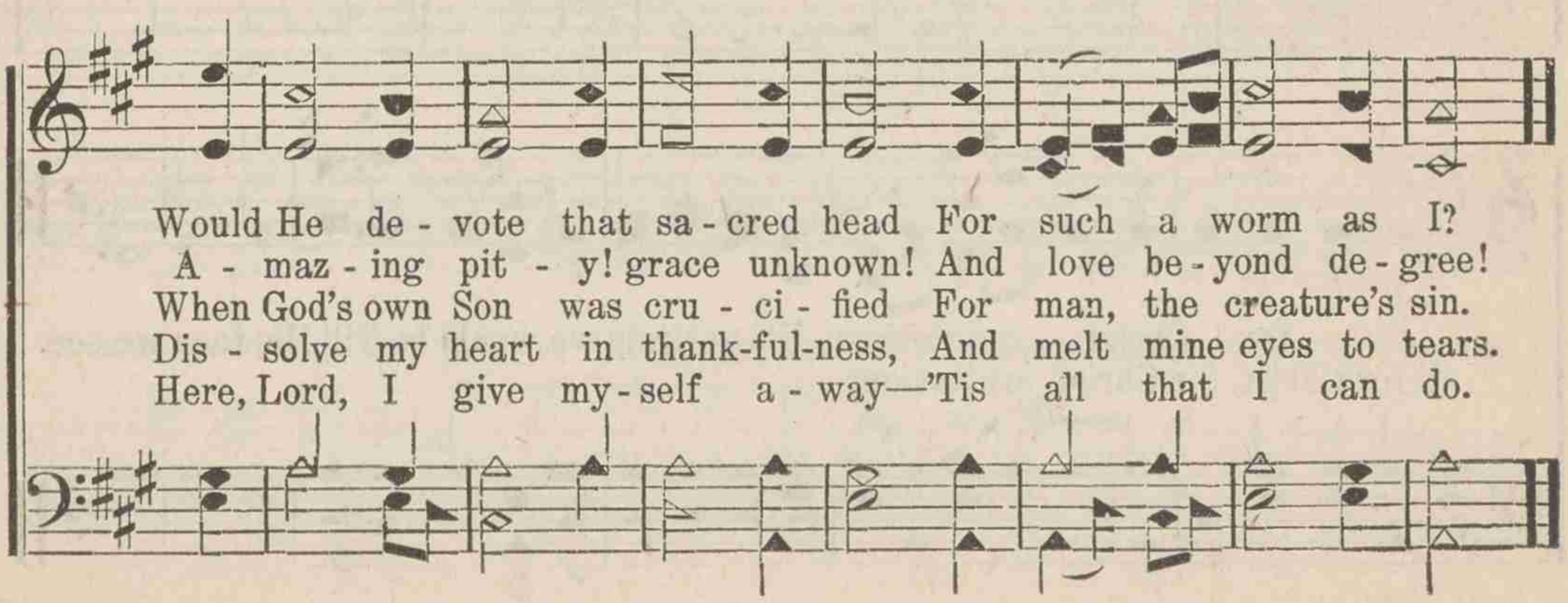
Thy bod - y brok - en for my sake, My bread from heav'n shall be;
When to the cross I turn mine eyes, And rest on Cal - va - ry,

230. Alas! and did My Saviour Bleed?

ISAAC WATTS. (AVON.) HUGH WILSON.



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



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

231. All for Christ.

Copyright, 1911, by The Standard Pub. Co.

E. E. HEWITT. Words and Music. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. All for Christ! be this our fervent pray'r; O for grace to live for Him a-lone;
2. All for Christ! with service good and true; Con-se-crate to Him the fly- ing hour;
3. Praise the Lord, who bought you with a price; Be His name ex- alt - ed ev - er-more;

CHORUS.

All for Him whose ev-er- lov- ing care Ev-'ry day has shown.
His own strength your ardor will renew, Gird your soul with pow'r. Halle - lu - jah,
Live for Him, a will - ing sac - ri-fice, Praise Him o'er and o'er.

all . . . . . for Je- sus, all for Christ, my Saviour; Life grows brighter
All for Je - sus, all for Christ, for Christ, my Sav-iour,

day by day, Led a-long His ho-ly way, Hal-le - lu - jah! All for Je-sus,
All for Je - sus,

all for Christ, my Saviour, His entirely we would be Till His face we see.
all for Christ, for Christ, my Saviour,

232. His Grace is Sufficient.

Copyright, 1901, by Edward C. Avis. Used by per.

E. C. A. E. C. AVIS.

1. The tri - als that oft - en have hin-dered my way, Have nev- er ex-
2. When ma - ny the cross - es, and heav - y to bear, Temp-ta - tions are
3. This mo- ment His blood cleanseth me from all sin, And makes me a
4. The light of His grace shin- eth bright- er each day, My heart with His

ceed - ed His grace; The shad- ows which oft - en have dark-ened the day,
press- ing me sore, The great - er the tri-umphs of faith do I share,
child un - to God; His Spir - it now gives me as - sur - ance with - in,
love more doth fill; And gen - tly He leads me each step of my way,

REFRAIN.

Have hid not my dear Saviour's face.
His grace I've a - bund - ant - ly more. The cross is not greater than the
And strengthens my faith in His word.
And tells me yet more of His will.

grace of my Lord, His grace is suf - fi-cient ev - 'ry day, And sin is not

strong-er than the pow - er of His blood, And Christ gives me vict'ry all the way.

233. God be With You.

Copyright, J. E. Rankin. Used by per.

J. E. RANKIN. 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 protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a- gain, When life's per-ils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a- gain, Keep love's ban-ner 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.

REFRAIN.

Till me meet,..... till we meet, Till me
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we

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

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

234. Shall We Gather at the River?

Copyright, property of Mary Runyon Lowry.
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R. L. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod?
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash- ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the sil - ver riv - er, Soon our pil- grim-age will cease;

With its crys - tal tide for- ev - er Flow- ing by the throne of God.
We will walk and wor-ship ev - er, All the hap - py gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The beau- ti- ful, the beau-ti - ful riv - er,

Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

235. Going Home, By and By.

Copyright, 1909, by Frank C. Huston.

F. C. H. Words and Music. FRANK C. HUSTON.

1. O this world is full of beau-ty, God has made it wondrous fair; But its joys are mixed with sorrows ev - 'ry- where, But I have a bless - ed home,
2. As I jour-ney to that cit - y, There are tri- als by the way; But I have my Lord to lead me, lest I stray, And tho' Sa - tan may as - sail,
3. I must have my Saviour with me, As I jour-ney to the throne, I could nev - er gain the vic - t'ry all a - lone, But my Sav-iour, day by day,
4. When I gain that bless-ed cit - y, I shall lay my ar- mor down; I shall there re-ceive a wel-come and a crown, There I'll see His bless-ed face,
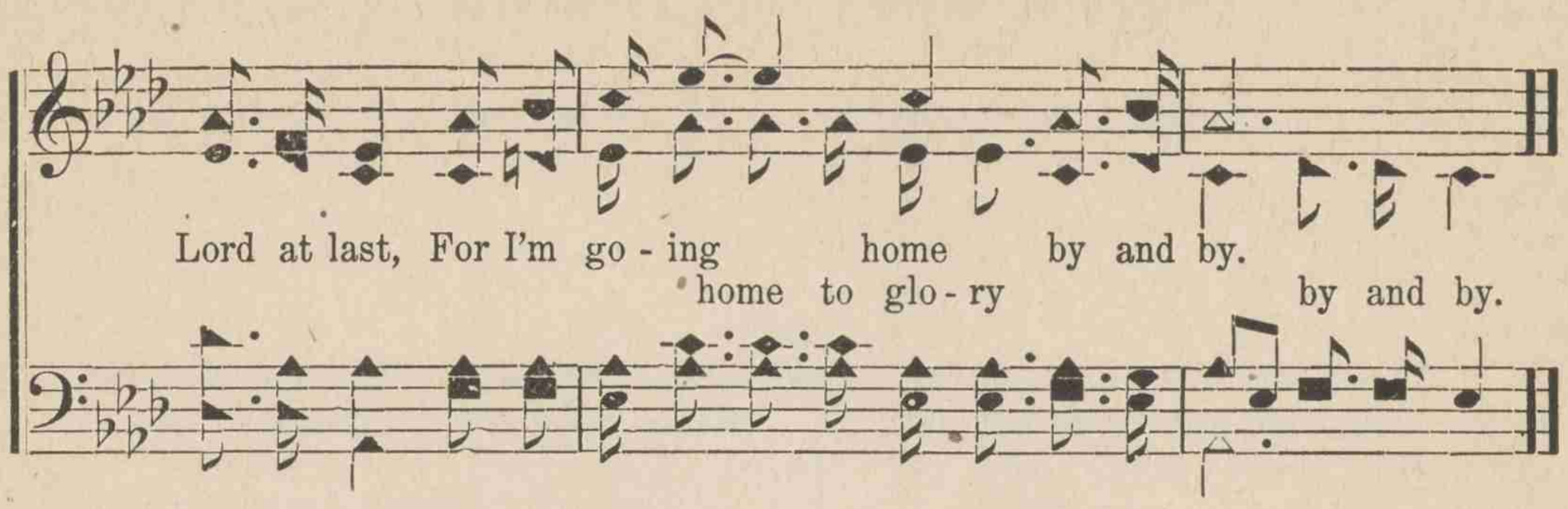
Where the shadows nev - er come, And I'm go - ing to that home by and by.
I shall with my Lord prevail, And I'm go - ing to that home by and by.
Gives me strength a-long the way, And I'm go - ing to that home by and by.
He who saves me by His grace, And I'm go - ing to that home by and by.

CHORUS.

Go - ing home by and by, I am go - ing home to
I'm go- ing home by and by,

glo - ry by and by, ... All the shadows will be past, And I'll see my
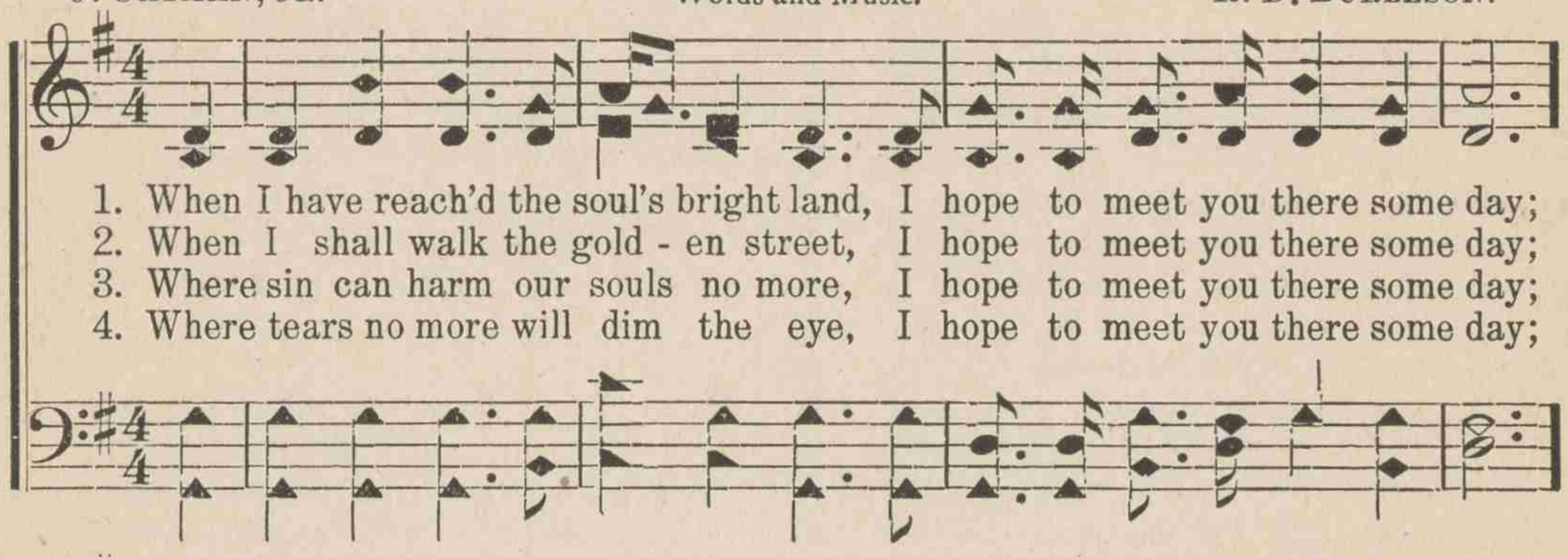
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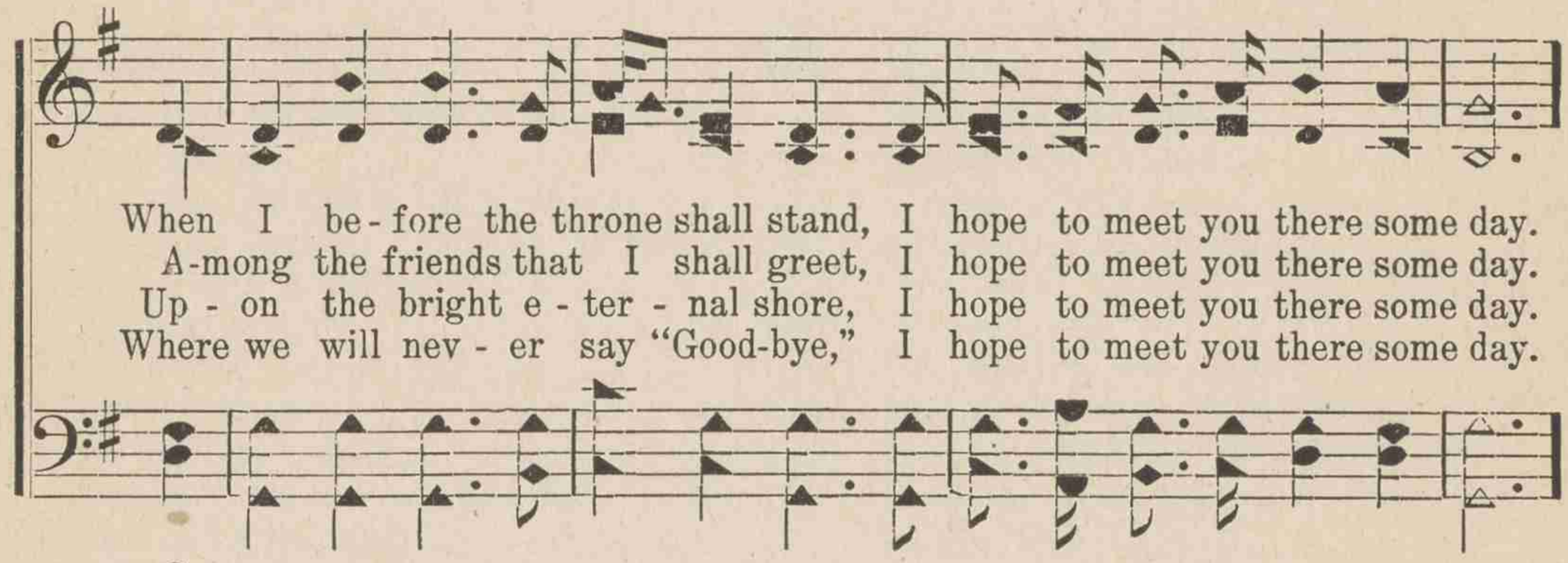


236. I Hope to Meet You There Some Day.
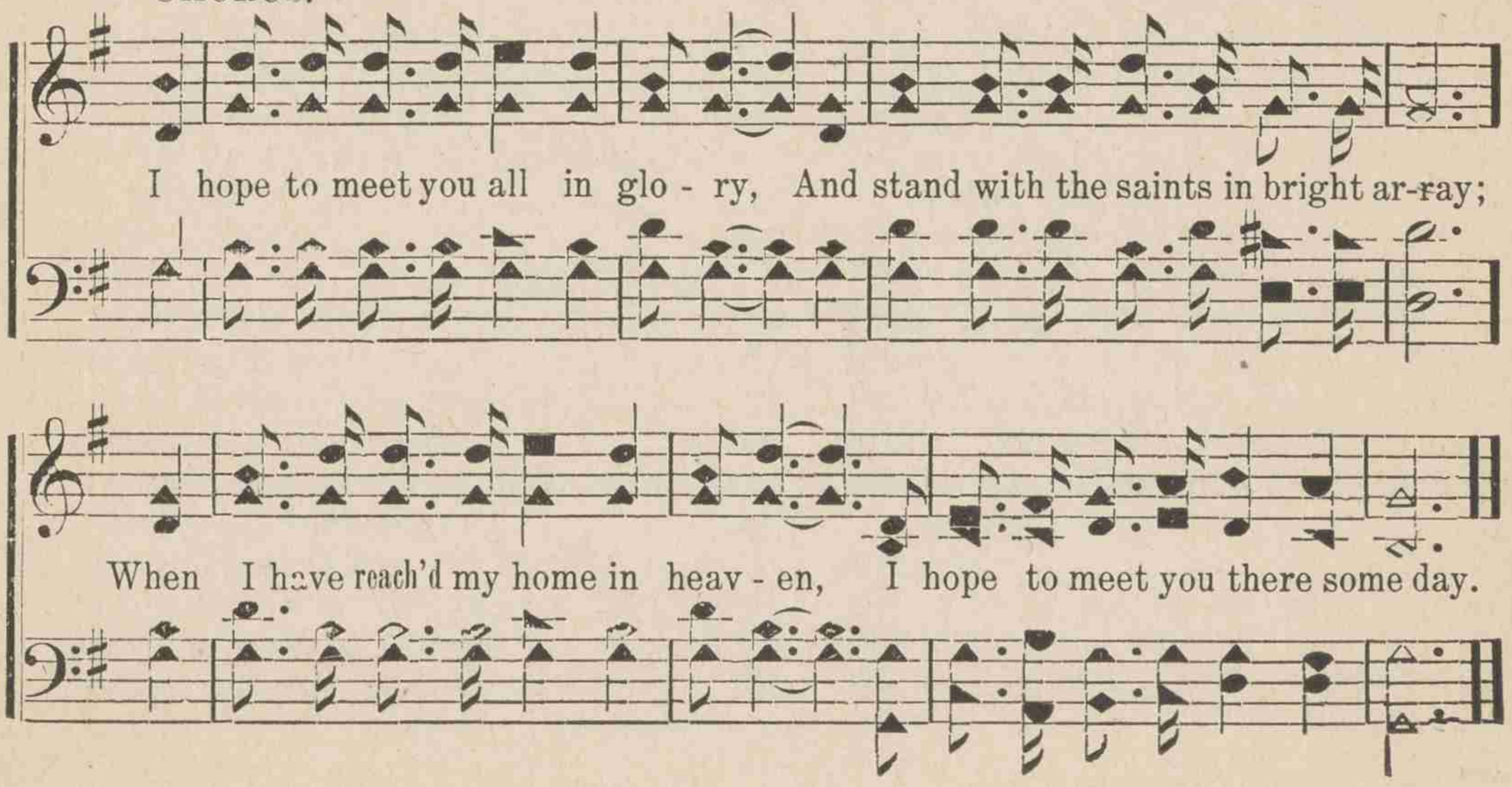
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J. OATMAN, JR. Words and Music. R. D. BURLESON.





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