The Evangel

Robert H. Coleman

and

W. Wistar Hamilton

Collators



ROUND NOTE EDITION.

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THE EVANGEL

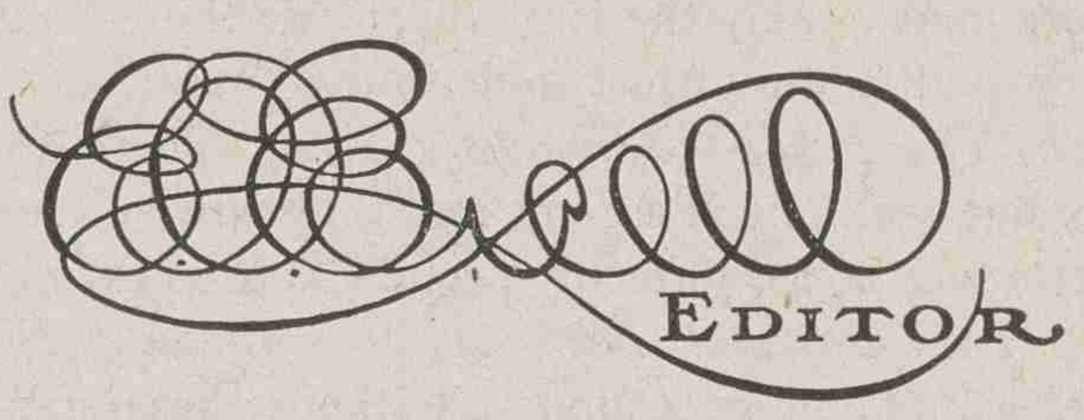
COMPILED BY

Robert H. Coleman AND W. W. Hamilton

ESPECIALLY PREPARED FOR USE IN

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING
THE EVANGELISTIC SERVICE
THE PRAYER MEETING
THE REGULAR CHURCH SERVICE

and all other Religious Gatherings



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PREFACE.

WE trust that *The Evangel* will be, as the name implies, "A Bearer of Good News." The book found its origin in the wish to have the very best, both of the old and new gospel songs, compiled into the very cheapest possible form. Having enjoyed large experience in Evangelistic services, in Sunday School work, in Young People's meetings, and in other departments of church work, we have endeavored to give to the Evangelical world a compilation that will find a hearty welcome.

We respectfully ask those who are selecting a new song-book, to notice:—

First, The New Songs. A number of these have never been used before, and many others have only recently appeared; but it is only a question of a very brief season when these new songs will be largely used.

Second, The Many Popular Modern Songs. These appeal to the popular taste, and will meet the large demand for such music in the Sunday School, the Young People's meeting, and the Evangelistic service. Care has been taken to eliminate trashy or unorthodox songs, and their "popularity" does not indicate that they are light or frivolous.

Third, The Numerous Evangelistic Songs. The thought of evangelistic words and music was constantly in mind when selections were made. May the Holy Spirit use these songs as a means of leading multitudes of lost souls to the Savior.

Fourth, The Two-page Chorus Pieces. There are only a few of these, but each one is a gem; and they will be found especially fine for Convention Chorus or special Choir work.

Fifth, The Unusual Number of Familiar Hymns. The Evangel would not be complete without these standard hymns, and each one found here is a special favorite.

Sixth, The Remarkably Low Price at which these 224 pages of the very best music are sold. From the very beginning of this work, we have looked forward to the day when this splendid collection of songs would be given out in a form so cheap that the churches would feel disposed to purchase a sufficient number of books to insist that "*All the people sing.*"

Trusting that *The Evangel* may accomplish the mission for which it is intended, and that the hearts and consciences of thousands may be quickened by its use, we send it out in the name of Him "who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

THE EDITOR AND COMPILERS.

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THE PUBLISHERS.

The Evangel.

No. 1. Joyfully Receive Him.

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

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

1. O what bless - ing Je - sus brings! Joy - ful - ly re - ceive Him;
2. He has come to save the lost, Joy - ful - ly re - ceive Him;
3. All your sin and need con - fessed, Joy - ful - ly re - ceive Him;
4. Light and life His pres - ence gives, Joy - ful - ly re - ceive Him;

His are nev - er - fail - ing springs, Joy - ful - ly re - ceive Him.
Let thy poor heart, tem - pest-tossed, Joy - ful - ly re - ceive Him.
Now to be Thy life - long guest, Joy - ful - ly re - ceive Him.
Sweet-est peace where Je - sus lives, Joy - ful - ly re - ceive Him.

CHORUS.

Ten - der - ly Je - sus comes this way, Joy - ful - ly wel-come Him to - day;
Has-ten to meet Him, do not de - lay; Joy - ful - ly re - ceive Him.

No. 2. Nothing Satisfies but Jesus.

C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

No. 3. With Me All the Way.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. OWNED BY R. H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX.

Mrs. N. P. C. Mrs. Nellie Place Chandler.

1. There's a song with-in my heart to-day (to-day), And re-joic-ing go I on my way (my way);
2. Oh, this song shall be a song of trust (of trust), For His ways are always right and just (and just);
3. Thro' His grace I'll sing the vic-tor's song, In His strength, for right be firm and strong (and strong);

vic-tor's song,

For I've found a Friend and Guide, and, what-ev-er may be-tide, And I do not walk a-lone, since He's called me for His own, Tho' temptations may assail, in His name I shall pre-vail,

FINE. CHORUS.

He has promised to be with me all the way. For my Sav-ior will be with me all the way! . . . . Is the song my heart is sing-ing all the day; . . . Then what e-vil shall I fear, with my Friend and Guide so near?

For my Sav - ior will be with me all the way! Is the song my heart is sing-ing all the day;

D. S.

No. 4. The Savior's Smile.

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

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. As the sunlight breaks thro' the clouds o'er head, When the storm has passed,
2. In the time of sor - row, and pain and grief, When I pray to Je -
3. When the morning beams with a joy - ful light, Or when dark and drear
4. So it mat - ters not what the years may bring, Whether win - ter's frosts,

and the winds have fled, So in hours of dark-ness, and fear and trial
sus, He sends re - lief, When temp-tations sore would my soul be-guile
fall the shades of night, As we're nearing home with each wea - ry mile
or the flowers of spring, If in faith I pray to Him all the while

FINE. CHORUS.

:8:

There is noth - ing so sweet as the Sav-ior's smile. There is noth - ing

D. S.—*There is nothing so sweet as the Sav-ior's smile.*

so sweet, there is noth - ing so sweet, As the smile He gives, when we

kneel at His feet, In the hour of grief, in the hour of trial,

D. S.

No. 5. He is So Precious to Me.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

rit. - - -

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

No. 6. What a Blessing is His Love!

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James Rowe. **Ira B. Wilson.**

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

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

FINE.

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

CHORUS.

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

D. S.

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

No. 7. For a Smile.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

James Rowe. **Wm. Edie Marks.**

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

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

CHORUS.

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

No. 8.

Beyond the Bar.

T. M. Eastwood.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Fred. H. Byshe.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 9. Growing Dearer Each Day.

(In appreciation of, and at his request, this song was written expressly for Gipsy Smith.)

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

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

1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'T is bound-less and deep as the sea; And
2. I know He is ev-er be-side me! E - ter - ni - ty on - ly will prove The
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor-row, or shadow, or sun; And
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To

best of it all, it is dai - ly Grow-ing sweet-er and sweeter to me.
height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in - fi - nite love.
tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweeter to me!

CHORUS.

Sweet - er and sweeter to me, ... Dear - er and
Sweet-er to me, grow - ing sweet-er to me, Dear-er each day,

dear - er each day; . . . Oh, won - - der - ful love of my
grow - ing dear-er each day; Oh, won-der-ful love, love of my

Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - - er each step of my way!
Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - er and dear - er each step of my way!

No. 10. Living All for Jesus.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 11. The King's Business.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

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

1. I am a stran-ger here, with - in a for - eign land; My home is far a-way, up - on a gold - en strand; Am-bas - sa - dor to be of
2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev - 'ry-where, Re-pent and turn a-way from sin's se - duc - tive snare; That all who will o-bey, with
3. My home is bright - er far than Shar-on's ro - sy plain, E - ter - nal 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 message angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye reconciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God."

No. 12. Just the Love of Jesus.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

James Rowe. **Wm. Edie Marks.**

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 13. Someone is Looking to You.

W. M. Lighthall.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 14. O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

Rit.

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; . . . .

rit.

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

No. 15. His Love is All I Need.

To my friend Rev. Parley E. Zartmann

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

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

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

rit.

CHORUS.

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

rit.

No. 16. Wonderful Jesus.

DOPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 17. Somebody Needs You.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

No. 18. I Will Not Forget Thee.

C. H. G.

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

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,

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

get thee or leave thee; In my hands I'll hold thee, in my arms I'll fold thee; I . .
I will nev-er leave thee;

I will not for-

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

No. 19. Safe in the Ark.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. O Je-sus, my rock, My ref-uge, my all, In Thee will I trust, On Thee will I call; I praise and I bless Thee, Tho' clouds may be dark, Thy right hand up-holds me, I'm safe in the ark.

2. Tho' lightnings may flash, And thunders may roll, The rain-bow of peace Still shines in my soul; The night may be wea-ry, The skies may be dark, Yet, un-der Thy watch-care, I'm safe in the ark.

3. I'm safe in the ark, All glo-ry to Thee! I look for a morn That's dawn-ing for me; A beau-ti-ful man-sion Pre-par-ing a-bove, And there I shall ev-er Re-joice in Thy love.

CHORUS.

Safe ..... in the ark, Safe in the ark, Safe ..... in the ark, Safe in the ark, I'm safe in the ark, Safe in the ark; Thy right hand up-holds me I'm safe ..... in the ark.....

Safe in the ark, Safe in the ark, Thy right hand up-holds me, Thy right hand up-holds me, I'm safe in the ark, I am safe in the ark.

No. 20. 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 sweet-est 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.

No. 21. Till the Boat Comes By.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY LIZZIE E. SWENEY.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. **Jno. R. Sweney.**

1. In the house of ma - ny man-sions, With its por-tals bright and fair,
2. I have seen it in the dis-tance As it bent its snow - y sail,
3. In the house of ma - ny man-sions Dwells my Sav - ior and my King;
4. Oh, that boat will soon be com - ing, It will bear me home, I know,

I am lay - ing up my treas-ures, And my heart has long been there.
To the mu - sic of the wa - ters And the whis-per of the gale.
I shall see Him in His beau - ty And His praise my tongue shall sing.
To the house of ma - ny man-sions, And the friends of long a - go.

CHORUS.

At..... the riv - er that..... di-vides me From my
At the flow - ing riv - er, riv - er that di - vides me From my

Fa - ther's house.... on high,.... I ..... am wait-ing,
Fa-ther's house, from my Fa - ther's home on high, I am wait - ing, wait - ing,

I..... am watching Till.... the boat comes by.....
I am watch-ing, watch - ing Till the boat, till the boat comes by.

No. 22, 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 faultless and pure by His throne, Transformed from my im - age conformed to His own; Then I shall find words for the song of my soul,
3. All the mu - sic of heav-en, so per-fect and sweet, Will blend with my song and will make it complete; Thro' a - ges un-end - ing the ech - oes will roll,

CHORUS.

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

Rit.

No. 23. In the Cleft of the Rock.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. J. S. Fearis.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

Hide me, safe - ly hide,

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

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

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

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

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

No. 24. Let Us Sing His Love.

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

E. A. Barnes. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Let us sing the love of Je - sus, Love that is so free - ly shown;
2. In His love He came to call us From the dark and sin - ful way;
3. In His love He came to seek us, Lost a - mid the wilds of sin;
4. In His love He came to save us, And the bless - ed hope to give;

Yield - ing up His life for sin - ners, Great-er love was nev - er known.
And in love He of - fers par - don, E - ven as He calls to - day.
And with love His fold is light - ed, And we all may en - ter in.
And in love His cross is lift - ed, That we all may look and live.

CHORUS.

Then, let us sing His love, For He is the sinner's dy-ing friend;
Then, let us sing His love,

Then let us sing,..... the love of Je - sus, Till our journey's end.
Then let us sing,

No. 25.

Grace, Enough for Me.

E. O. E.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E.O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

E. O. Excell.

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

cres.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 26. Standing Fast.

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

E. E, Hewitt. Jno. R Sweney.

1. Stand-ing fast in Je - sus, Bless-ed lib - er - ty! In His pow'r re-joic - ing,
2. Stand-ing fast in Je - sus, By His grace a-lone; 'Tis His word we're trusting,
3. Stand-ing fast in Je - sus, In His roy - al might, Walking in the Spir - it,

Pow'r that makes us free. Tak-ing His sal - va - tion, Guid-ed by His hand,
Nev - er-more our own. He will work with-in us All His ho - ly will,
Chil - dren of the Light. Fear will quick-ly van - ish, Doubt will flee a - way,

CHORUS.

Dai-ly strength re-new-ing, On - ly thus we stand.
Love's en-nobl-ing serv-ice Helping us ful-fill. Standing! standing fast in
Faith and hope grow brighter Till the "perfect day."

Je - sus, Stand-ing fast in Je - sus, Bless-ed lib - er - ty! Stand - ing!

stand-ing fast in Je - sus; In His pow'r re-joicing, Pow'r that makes us free.

No. 27. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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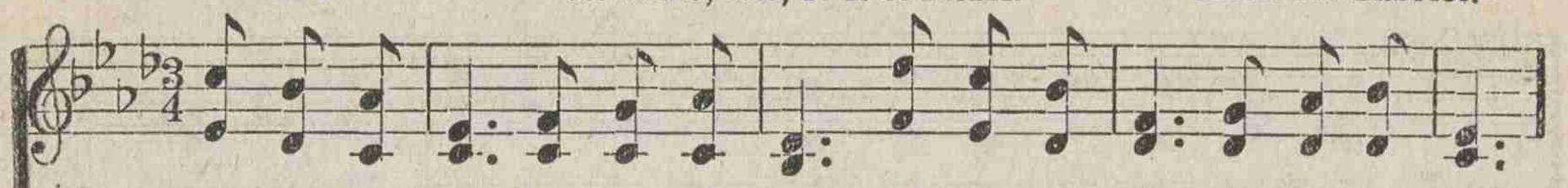
If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God.
Where He waits at the o - pen door.

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.

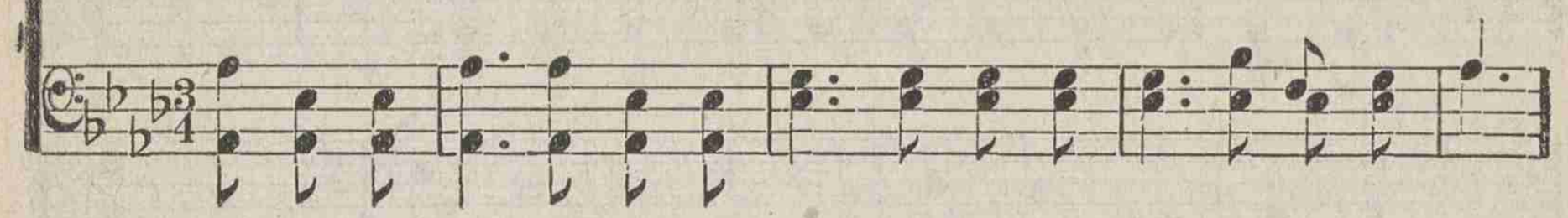
No. 28, O Love Divine.
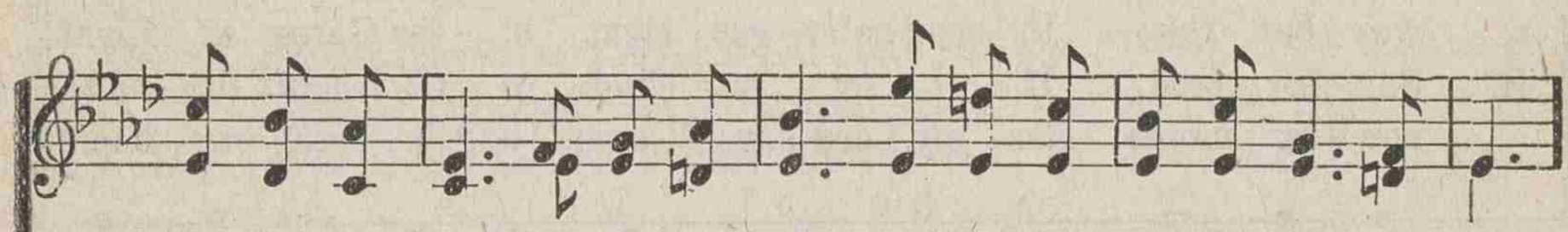
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COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Maud Frazer. Chas. H. Gabriel.
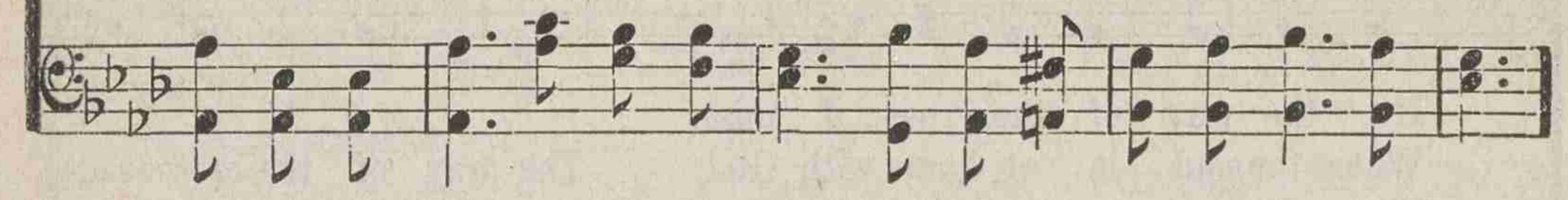


1. Dear Lord, my heart has heard Thy call! Be-fore Thy cross I prostrate fall
2. Thy plead-ing eyes have look'd on me, Thy sweet voice said, "I died for thee;"
3. I spurned Thy grace and far did stray, Yet "child, come home," I heard Thee say;
4. O Love, my star in sor-row's night, When foes as-sail,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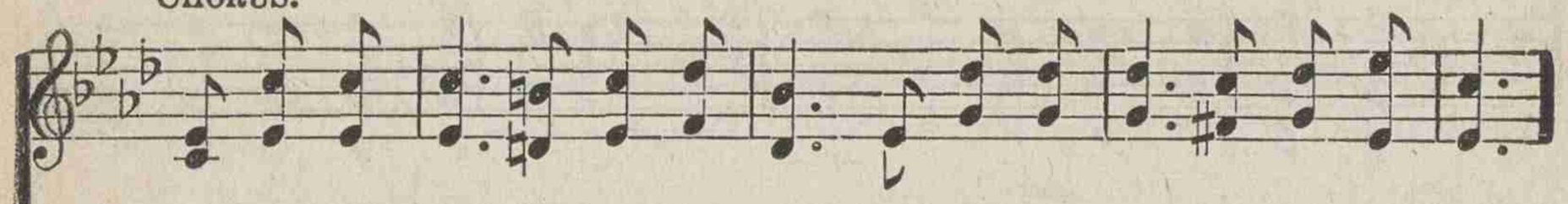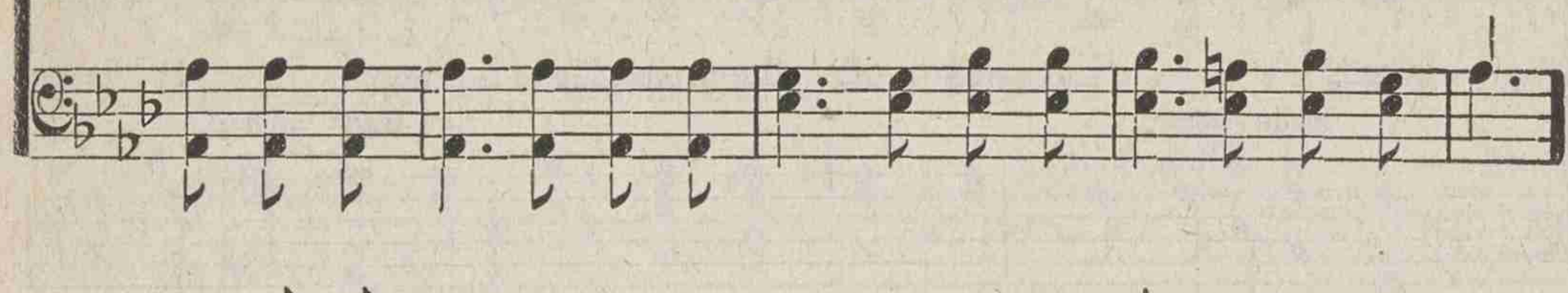




And un - to Thee sur-ren-der all, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!
No more a reb - el can I be, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!
Love came to meet me on the way, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!
O Love, my joy, my life, my light, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!
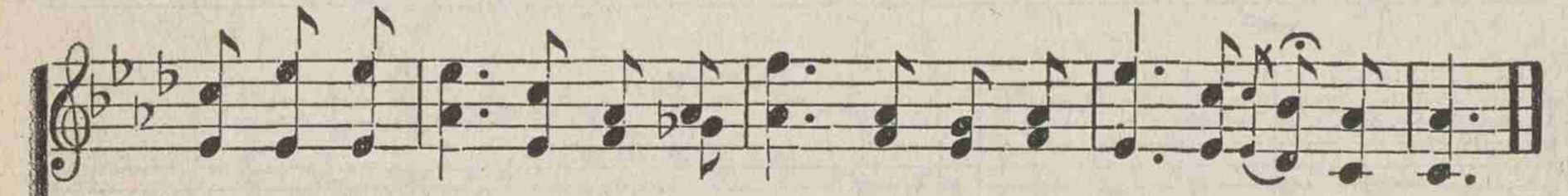


CHORUS.
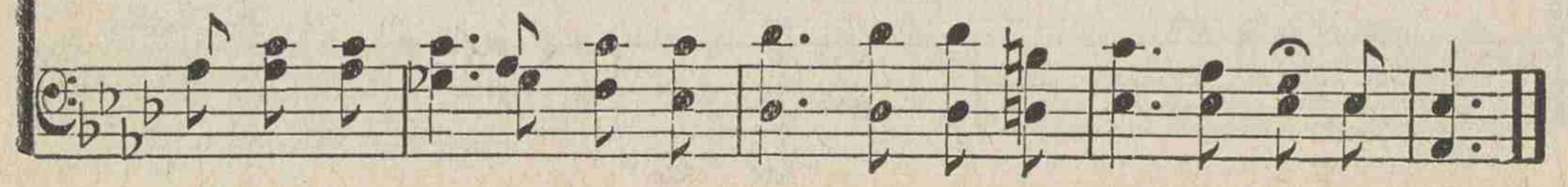


O Love di - vine, so full, so free, Thy wondrous pow'r has conquered me!
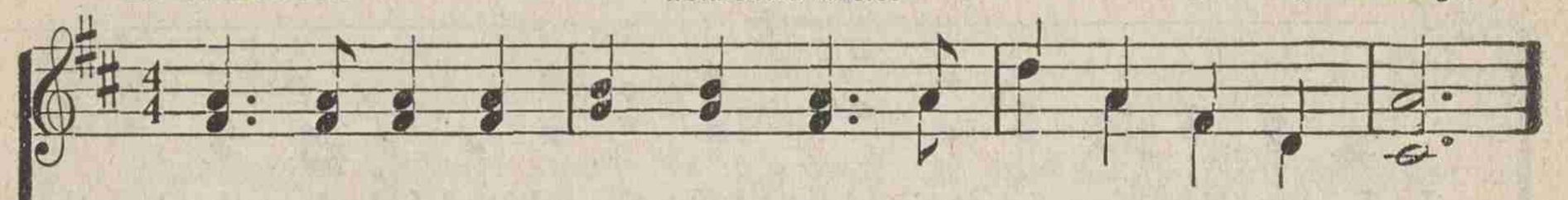




For ev - er - more my heart is Thine, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!
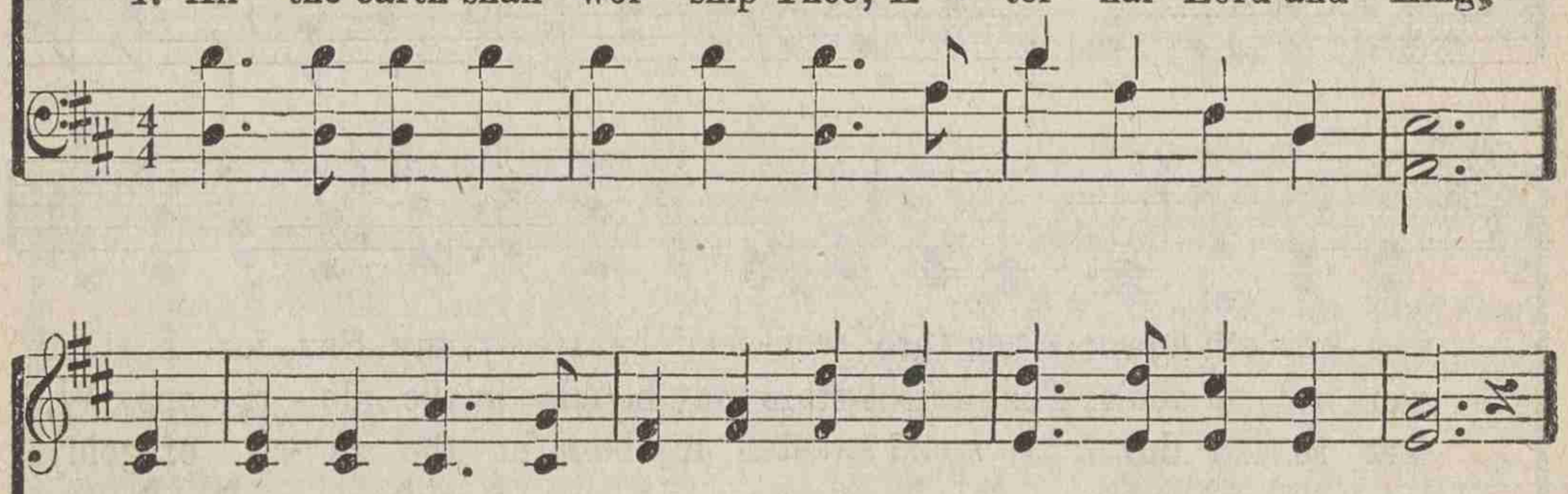


No. 29. All the Earth Shall Worship Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.
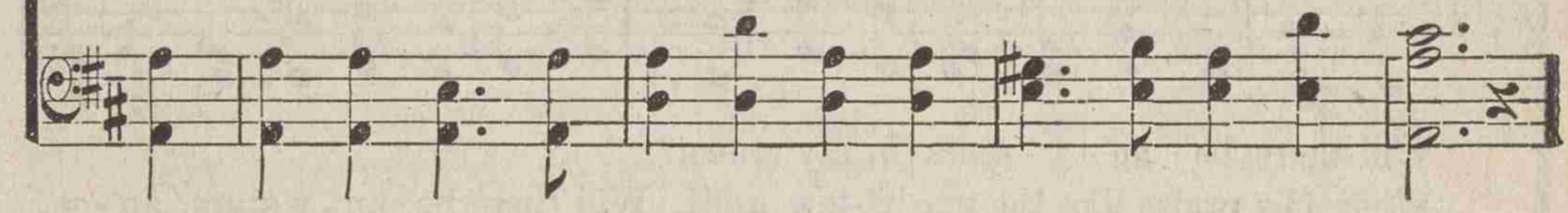
E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.



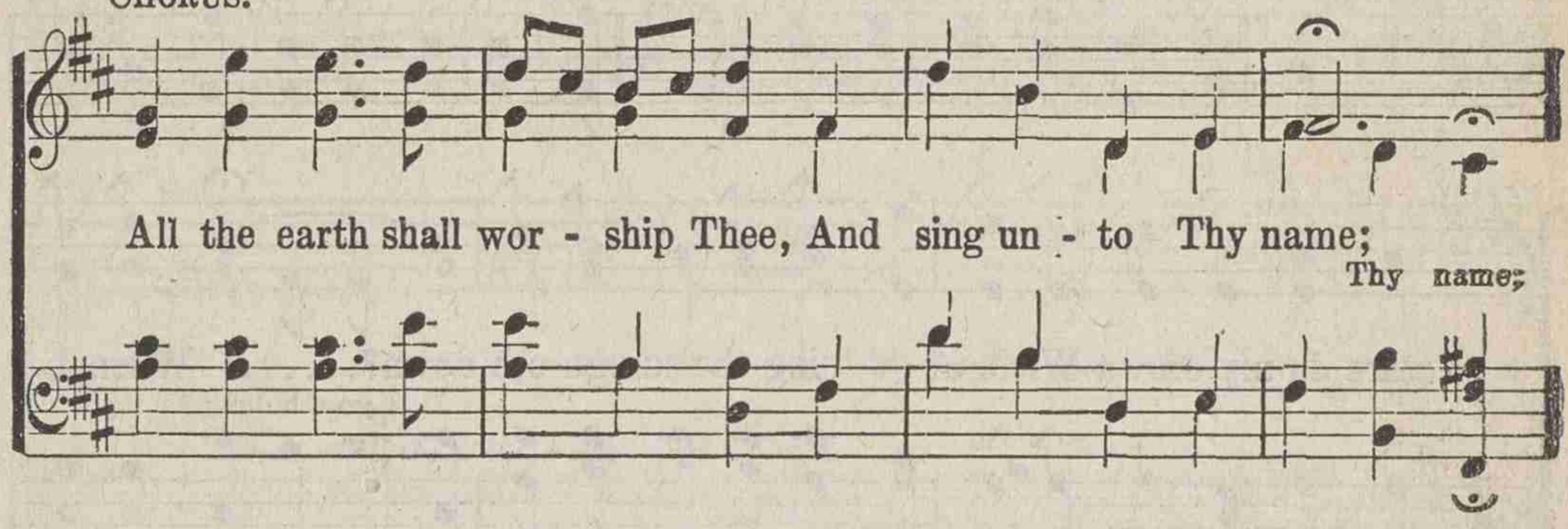
1. All the earth shall wor - ship Thee, While an - gels cry a - loud,
2. All the earth shall wor - ship Thee, The spring-time blossoms fair,
3. All the earth shall wor - ship Thee, The peo - ple far a - way,
4. All the earth shall wor - ship Thee, E - ter - nal Lord and King;



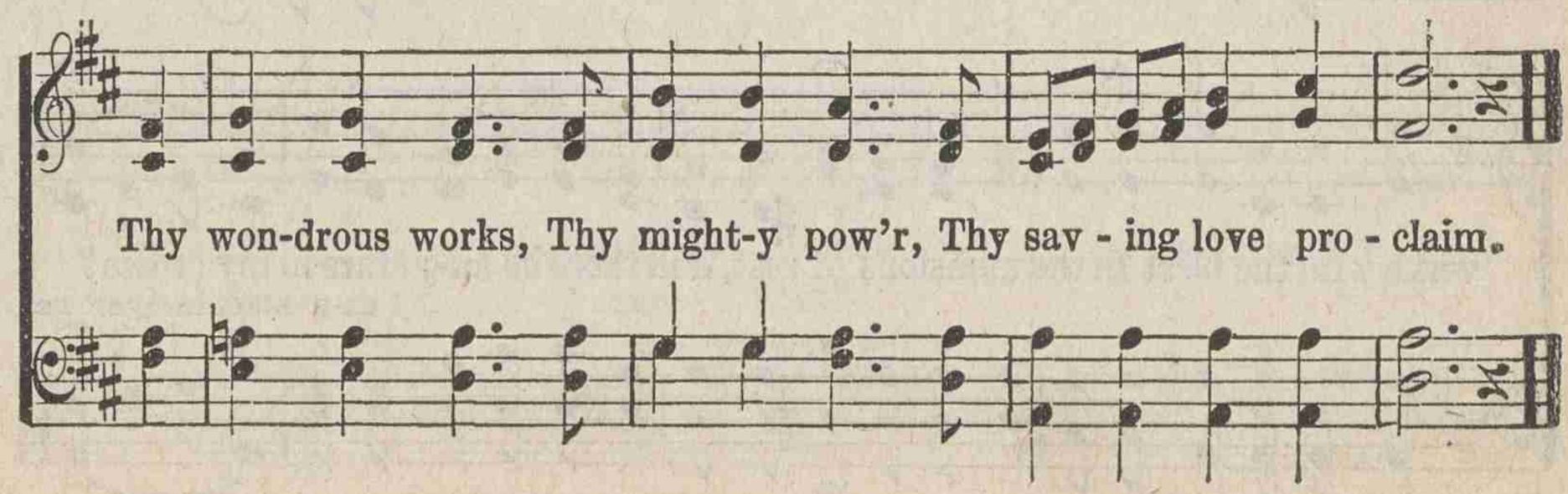
And meek - ly their bright fac - es veil, In a - do - ra - tion bowed.
The sum-mer fruits, the win - try snow, Thy gra-cious hand de - clare.
Shall see the Star of Bethlehem rise, And hail the gos - pel day.
Our lips re - peat the bless - ed song That heav'n - ly chor - als sing.



CHORUS.



All the earth shall wor - ship Thee, And sing un - to Thy name;
Thy name;



Thy won-drous works, Thy might-y pow'r, Thy sav - ing love pro - claim.

No. 30. 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
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His

sun go - eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav - ior I stand,
win - ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo - ri - ous day,
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit - y of gold,

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 31. His Word Was With Power.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY JOHN C. F. KYGER.
THE BROWN FRANKLIN CO., OWNERS.

E. E. Hewitt. **Howard E. Smith.**

1. There's pow'r, mighty pow'r in the word of the King; He speaks, and the
2. There's pow'r, mighty pow'r in His par - don - ing word; He said, "Go, and
3. There's pow'r, mighty pow'r in the word of the Lord, And strength He will

cap - tive is free; The lips of the dumb with re - joic - ing shall sing;
sin now no more!" How sweet was the hour when for - give - ness I heard,
give, when we pray, To fol - low His foot-steps, His good - ness re - cord,

CHORUS.

O speak, bless - ed Sav - ior, to me! O the pow'r, might - y pow'r,
And Mer - cy had o - pened the door!
And walk in love's beau - ti - ful way.

O the pow'r.

pow'r, In the word of my Sav - ior and King! O the

might - y pow'r.

pow'r, might-y pow'r! For Je - sus sal-va - tion shall bring.

O the pow'r, might - y pow'r!

No. 32. 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 gird-le day and night
2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con-trol, Sweetest mu-sic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin-dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,

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

CHORUS.

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

No. 33. Scatter Sunshine.

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

Lanta Wilson Smith. E. O. Excell.

1. In a world where sor - row Ev - er will be known, Where are found the
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; Oh, 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 sun-shine Ev-'ry-where you go.
You may help re-move, With your songs and courage, Sym-pa-thy and love.
Thro' the ills of life; Scat-ter smiles and sun-snine O'er its toil and strife.

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 34. I Know it Now.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Jesse P. Tompson. WORDS AND MUSIC. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. O praise the Lord! I know it now, By faith I touch the crimson tide;
2. O praise the Lord! His grace divine Has entered this poor heart of mine;
3. O praise the Lord! tho' I am weak, I hear my Sav-ior gen-tly speak;
4. O praise the Lord! I know His voice, No more my soul is filled with fear;

The seal of love is on my brow, The world and sin is cru - ci - fied.
My soul now peaceful looks a - bove, And rests on His un-chang-ing love.
A - bide in me, lean on my breast, And I will give thee per - fect rest.
With con-fi-dence I now re - joice, And feel His pres-ence ev - er near.

CHORUS.

O praise His name, His blood applied, Has driven Satan from my side;

O praise His name, His blood applied,

And sweetly now, by faith I see, Love's sacrifice was made for me.

And sweetly now by faith I see,

No. 35. I Would be of Use to Thee.

H. N. Lincoln.

USED BY PERMISSION OF H. N. LINCOLN,
OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

F. A. Blackmer.

1. In the vineyard of the Mas - ter Is there an - y work for me?
2. I would serve Thee, blessed Je - sus, At Thy feet I fain would be,
3. Win-ning souls for Thy dear king-dom; Un - de - serv-ing tho' I be,
4. O the joy of such a serv - ice,—Soon my Mas-ter's face I'll see;

Lord, ac - cept my grate-ful serv - ice, I would be of use to Thee.
Hum - bly learn-ing wis-dom's les - son,— I would be of use to Thee.
Let me ev - er be found faith - ful, I would be of use to Thee.
Till Thou call'st me, bless - ed Je - sus, I would be of use to Thee.

CHORUS.

I would be of use to Thee, I would be of use to Thee;
of use to Thee, of use to Thee;
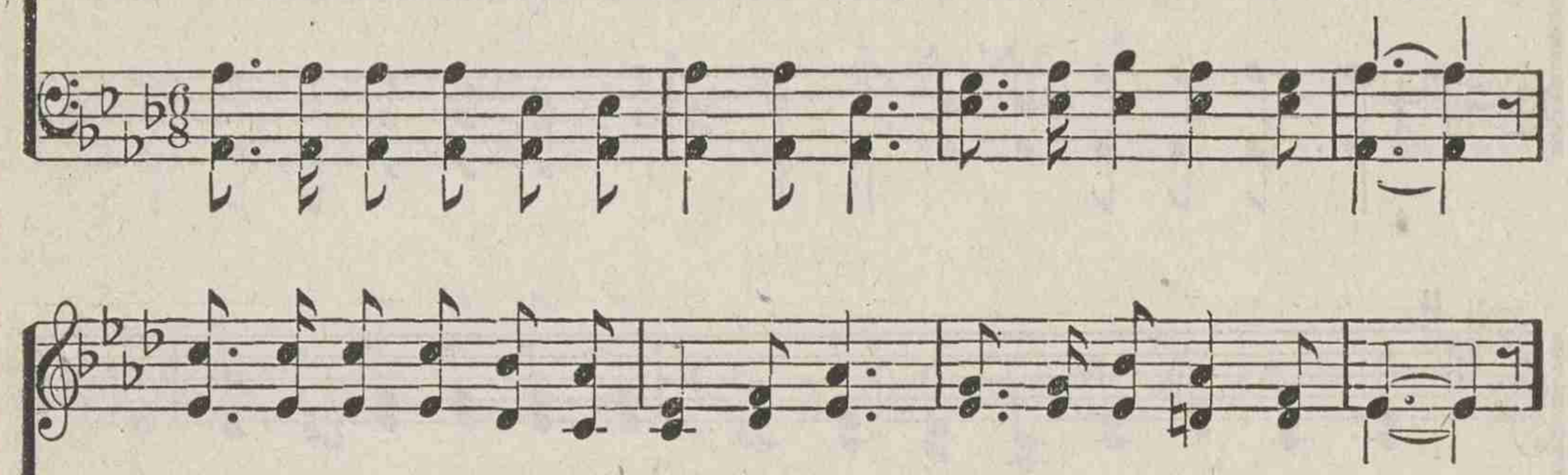
Lord, ac-cept my grateful serv - ice, I would be of use to Thee.
to Thee.

No. 36. The Hour of Prayer.
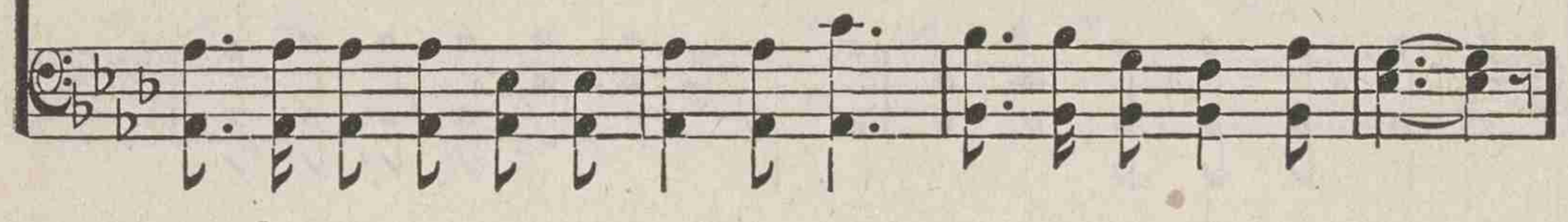
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WORDS AND MUSIC.

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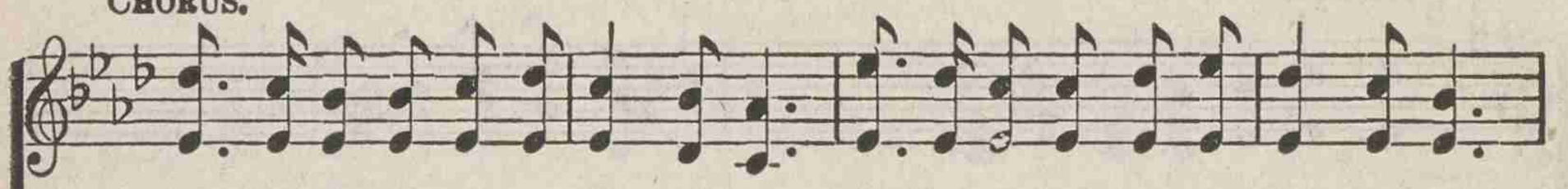
1. Glo - ry to God for the joy to meet, Here at the hour of prayer;
2. Far from the world we may turn a - way, Here at the hour of prayer;
3. Rich are the blessings that all may seek, Here at the hour of prayer;
4. O what a ho - ly and calm re-pose, Here at the hour of prayer;
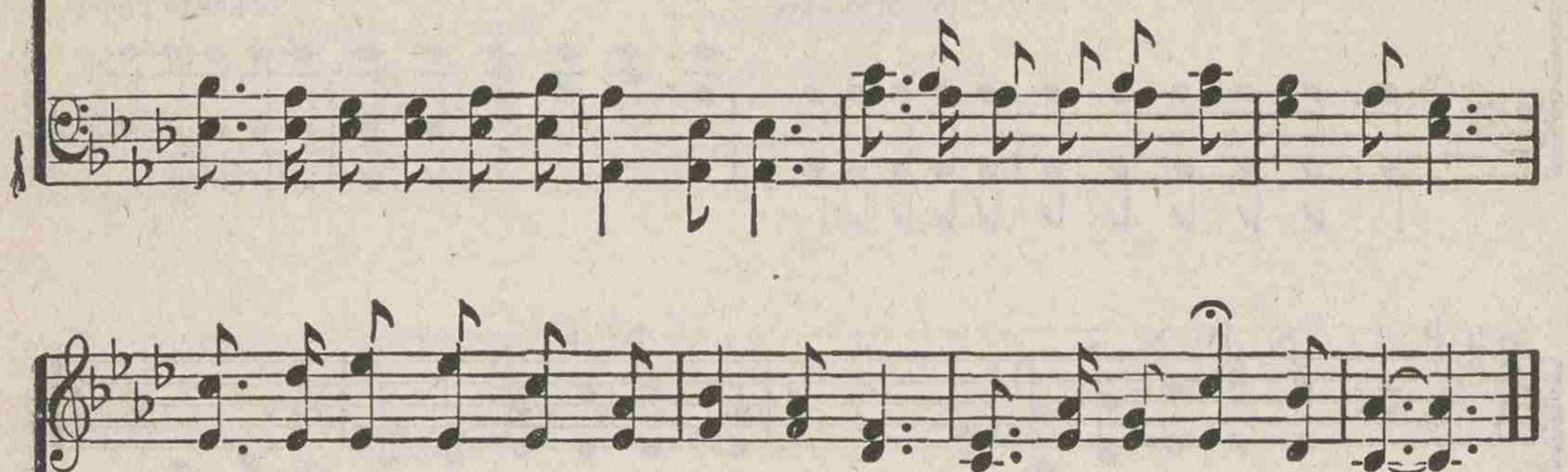


Wel - come the bliss of com-mun - ion sweet, Here at the hour of prayer.
Glad - ly we rest from the toils of day, Here at the hour of prayer.
Grace for the wea - ry, the faint, the weak, Here at the hour of prayer.
Love in its ful - ness the heart o'er-flows, Here at the hour of prayer.
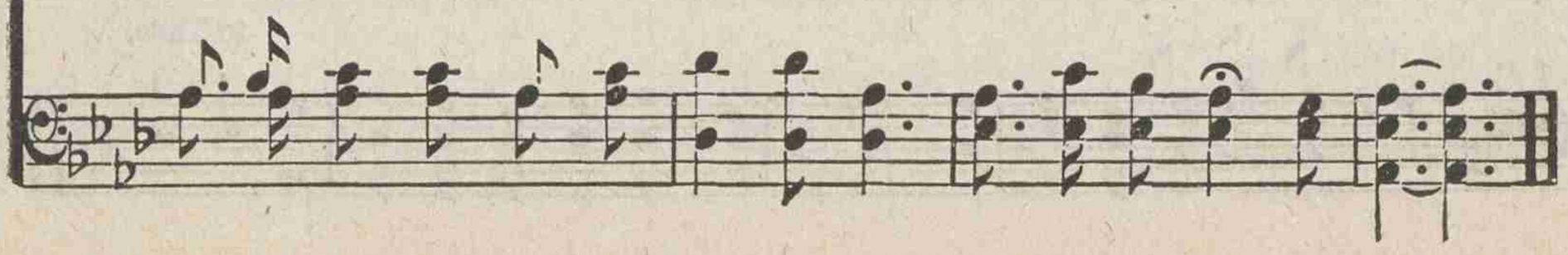


CHORUS.



Nearer the gate to the souls bright home, Nearer the vales where the faithful roam,



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



No. 37. Just When I Need Him Most?

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

No. 38. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 39. The Wonderful Story.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O sweet is the sto-ry of Je-sus, The won-der-ful Sav-ior of men,
2. He came from the brightest of glo-ry; His blood as a ran-som He gave,
3. His mer-cy flows on like a riv-er; His love is unmeasured and free;

Who suf-fered and died for the sin-ner,—I'll tell it a-gain and a-gain!
To pur-chase e-ter-nal redemption; And, O He is mighty to save!
His grace is for-ev-er suf-fi-cient, It reach-es and pu-ri-fies me.

CHORUS.

O won-der-ful, wonderful sto-ry, The dear-est that
O won-der-ful sto-ry, O won-der-ful sto-ry, The dear-est that ev- - -

ev-er was told; . . I'll re-peat it in glo-ry, The wonderful
er, that ev-er was told; I'll re-peat it in glo-ry. The

sto- - -ry, Where I . . . shall His beau-ty be-hold. . .
won-der-ful sto-ry, Where I shall His beau- - -ty, His beau-ty be-hold.

rit.

No. 40. He Promised Me.

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

John Crombie White. Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

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

FINE. CHORUS.

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

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

D. S.

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

No. 41. While He is Waiting.

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

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Wand'ring child, thy day is wan-ing, Soon the evening shades will fall;
2. Come by faith to Calvary's mountain, There is love and mer - cy free;
3. At the cross where, faint and wear-y, All thy weight of guilt He bore,
4. See, the fount of life is flow-ing From thy dear Re-deem-er's side;

Haste, while yet thy lamp is burning, Hear a - gain thy Sav - ior call.
Come, be-hold the "man of sorrows" Pour-ing out His life for thee.
Now He of-fers full sal-va-tion: Slight His pardoning grace no more.
Look to Him and live for-ev - er, Look to Him, the Cru - ci - fied.

D. S.—*Seek Him 'ere thy soul be lost.*

CHORUS.

While He is wait-ing thy heart to re-ceive, Fly to His arms and His

prom-ise be-lieve; Think of the price thy re - demp-tion hath cost;

FINE

D. S.

No. 42.

Wonderful Name.

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

Lida M. Keck. E. O. Excell.

1. There's a won-der-ful name, it is dear - er to me And grand-er than
2. There's a mag-ic - al balm in that won - der - ful name, That baf - fles men's
3. There's a mess-age for you in that won - der-ful name, A par - don, if

ti - tles of men; 'Tis Je - sus, the sweet-est, most beau-ti - ful name, That
cun-ning and art; It brings a sweet calm to the tem-pest-toss'd soul, And
par-don you crave; There's no oth - er way, and there's no oth-er name, But

CHORUS.

ev - er was writ - ten by pen.
fills with con-tent-ment the heart. Je - sus, won-der-ful name, Je - sus, the
Je - sus, the might-y to save.

Sav - ior of men; The ti - dings pro - claim,..... A ran - som He
the ti-dings pro-claim, A

came,.... Je - sus, the Sav - ior, Won-der-ful, won-der-ful name.
ran-som He came,

No. 43. Living in the Sunshine.

Mrs. W. J. Kennedy.

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J. F. Connell.

1. Liv - ing in the sun-shine of the love of God, Tell of Christ, thy Sav-ior,
2. Liv - ing in the sun-shine will dis - pel thy fears, Give thee songs of glad-ness,
3. Liv - ing in the sun-shine, in the light di-vine, Thou wilt have as-sur-ance

spread His praise abroad; Tell poor wear-y wan-d'rers of the world's Delight,
wipe a - way thy tears; Souls that now are wand'ring far in sin's dark night,
that the Lord is thine; Win-ning souls for Je - sus with thy shin - ing light;

REFRAIN.

Who'll dispel their darkness, drive away their night. Liv - ing in the sun-shine
Thou wilt guide to Je - sus with thy shining light.
For thy Sav-ior shin-ing thro' the darkest night. Living in the sun - shine

of a Savior's love, Brightness ever round thee, brightness from above; Liv - ing in the
Brightness ev - er round thee, Living in the

sunshine, liv-ing in the light, Ev - er shine for Jesus thro' the darkest night.
sun-shine. Ev-er shine for Je - sus

No. 44. Adopted.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

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

1. Oh, what a bless-ing, how can I ex-press it? Out of the ful-ness of
2. Oh, what a Fa-ther, how ten-der-ly gracious, Oh, what a Sav-ior to
3. Oh, the un-search-a-ble rich-es He giv-eth, Rich-es in-creasing from
4. When I have fin-ish'd the work He ap-points me, When I have end-ed my

rapt-ure I sing, Now by the Fa-ther re-ceiv'd and a-dopt-ed,
make me His care, Tho' I have slight-ed, re-ject-ed and griev'd Him,
day un-to day; Treasures in val-ue all oth-ers ex-cell-ing,
jour-ney be-low, Then to my Fa-ther and Je-sus my Sav-ior,

rit. ad lib. FINE. CHORUS.

I am a child and an heir to the King.
Still He permits me His kingdom to share. I am a-dopt-ed, O won-der-ful love,
Treasures that nev-er will rust or de-cay.
Home to a beau-ti-ful pal-ace I go.

D. S.-*I am a child and an heir to the King.*

D. S.

Heir to a her-it-age purchas'd a-bove; Tell it, my soul, and joy-ful-ly sing,

No. 45. What You Do for Jesus.

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

M. S. Brown. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

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

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

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

FINE. REFRAIN. *D. S.*
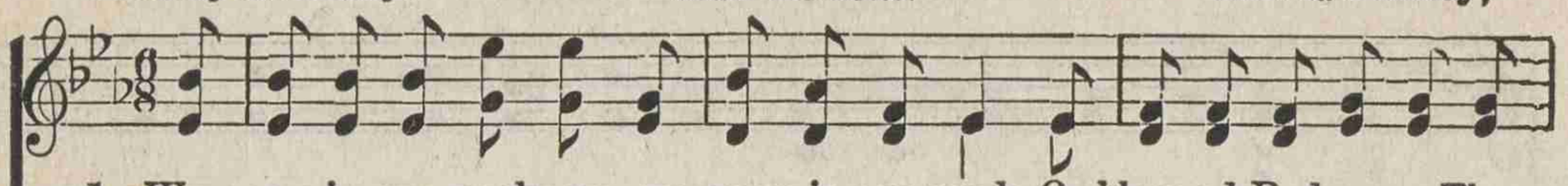
glo - ry by and by. Glo - ry by and by, Glo - ry by and by;
Glo - ry by and by, Glo - ry by and by;
glo - ry by and by.

No. 46 Revive Us.

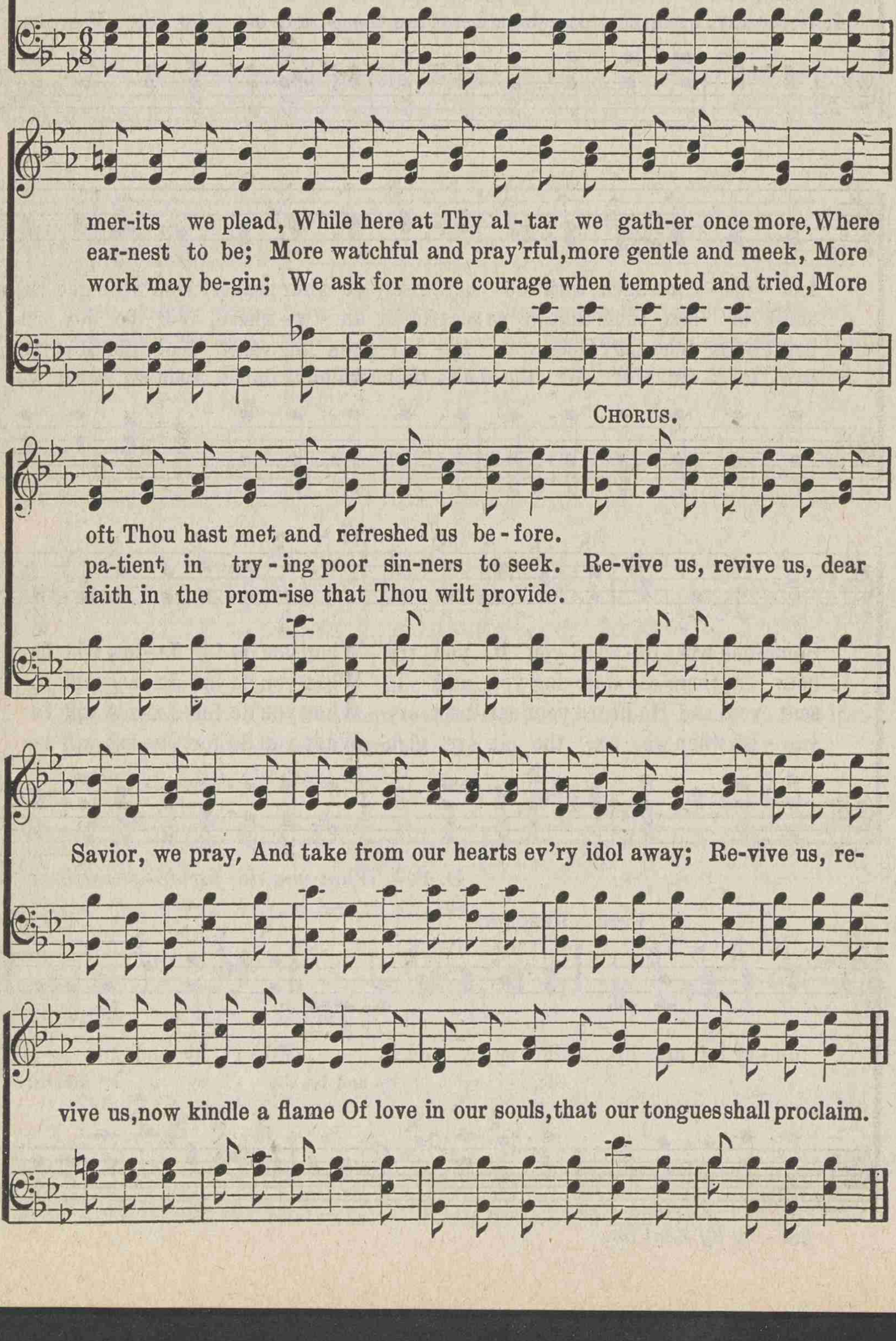
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney,



1. We come in our weakness, we come in our need; O bless-ed Redeemer, Thy mer-its we plead, While here at Thy al-tar we gath-er once more, Where oft Thou hast met and refreshed us be-fore.
2. Oh, give us more boldness to stand up for Thee, And help us in labor more ear-nest to be; More watchful and pray'rful, more gentle and meek, More pa-tient in try-ing poor sin-ners to seek. Re-vive us, revive us, dear
3. Oh, cleanse us a-new by Thy Spir-it with-in, We ask that this moment the work may be-gin; We ask for more courage when tempted and tried, More faith in the prom-ise that Thou wilt provide.



CHORUS.

Savior, we pray, And take from our hearts ev'ry idol away; Re-vive us, re-vive us, now kindle a flame Of love in our souls, that our tongues shall proclaim.

No. 47. Are You Following the Savior Daily?

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY H N. LINCOLN.
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E. R. Latta. H. N. Lincoln.

1. Are you fol-low-ing the Sav-ior dai-ly? Are you tread-ing in the nar-row way? Are you striv-ing in your ways to please Him?
2. Are you fol-low-ing the Sav-ior dai-ly? Are you jour-ney-ing to Zi-on's Hill? Are you con-quer-ing each e-vil hab-it?
3. Are you fol-low-ing the Sav-ior dai-ly? Do you feel that He your Shep-herd is? Have you cho-sen Him to be your por-tion?

REFRAIN.

Are you liv-ing for the judg-ment day?
Are you do-ing the Re-deem-er's will?
Do you feel that you by faith are His?

We are fol-low-ing the Sav-ior dai-ly, And His bless-ings on our way are shed; We are drink-ing of the liv-ing wa-ters, We are feast-ing on the liv-ing bread.

No. 48. Take the Cross.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Take the cross, the world for - sak-ing, In the name of Christ the Lord;
2. Take the cross, the Lord commands it, He Him - self will lead the way;
3. Take the cross, be firm and fear-less, Shout its tri - umphs as you go;
4. Take the cross, and tho' you suf - fer scorn, re-proach, for Him you love,

Take the cross and bear it no - bly; Truth pro-claim-ing thro' His name.
He will arm the soul for con - quest, Strength sup-ply-ing day by day.
Take the cross and trust-ing Je - sus, You shall con - quer ev - 'ry foe.
He will give, for He has prom - ised, Crowns of life and joy a - bove.

CHORUS.

Take the cross and bear it brave-ly O - ver land and o - ver sea;

Take the cross O - ver land

Take the cross and tell the sto - ry Of re - demp-tion full and free.

Take the cross

No. 49. Bring Peace to My Soul.

Helen M. Dungan. WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. J. M. Dungan.

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

tem-pest can my barque control, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.
ar-rows can-not lay me low, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.
sin with-in my heart have place, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.
chan-ges can-not harm me here, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 50. Open Thy Windows.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL,
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. E. Hewitt. John R. Sweney.

1. Glo - ry to God for His sun-shine is free, Light, blessed light in the
2. Won-der - ful light, for sal - va - tion it brings, Heal - ing and peace from its
3. Light of sal - va - tion, oh, wel-come its ray, Beau - ti - ful to-ken of

Sav - ior for thee; Wait - ing to ban - ish the dark-ness of sin,
life - giv - ing wings; Read - y this mo-ment its work to be - gin,
heav-en's bright day; O - ver all shad-ows the vic - t'ry 'twill win,

CHORUS.

O - pen thy windows and let it shine in. O - pen thy windows, the

light will shine In - to thy soul bring - ing glo - ry di - vine;

Let it shine in, Let it shine in, The sav - ing light of Je - sus.

No. 51. The Sunlight of His Love.

Miriam E. Arnold.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

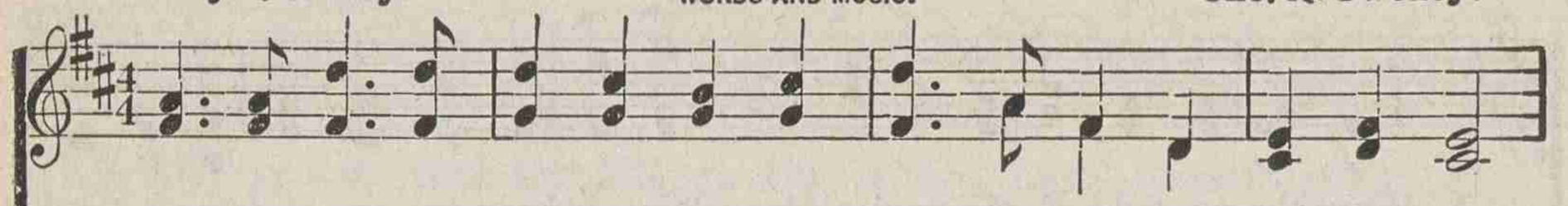
How it scat-ters doubt, and fear, and sin! How the shad-ows flee a-way,

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

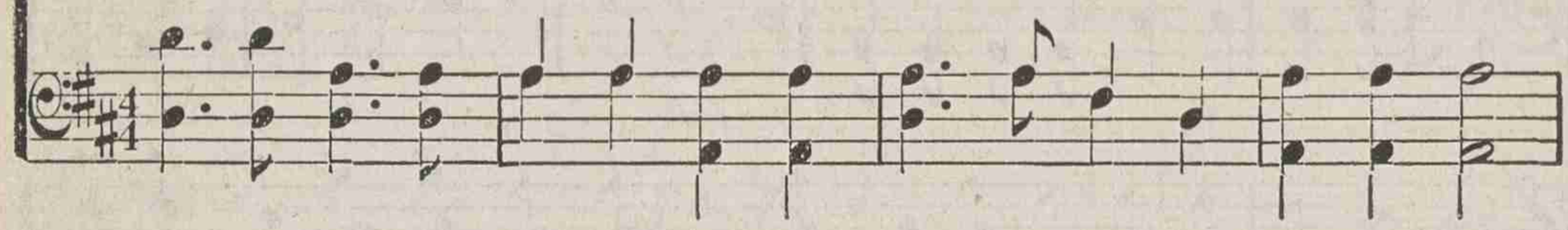
No, 52, Joyful News,

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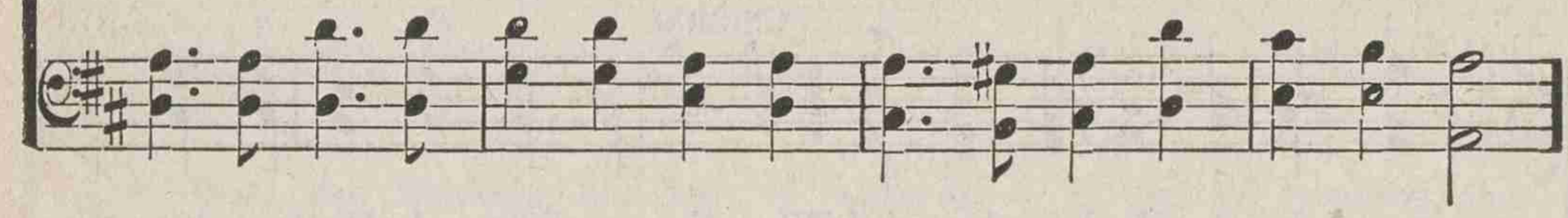
Fanny J. Crosby. WORDS AND MUSIC. Jno. R. Sweney.
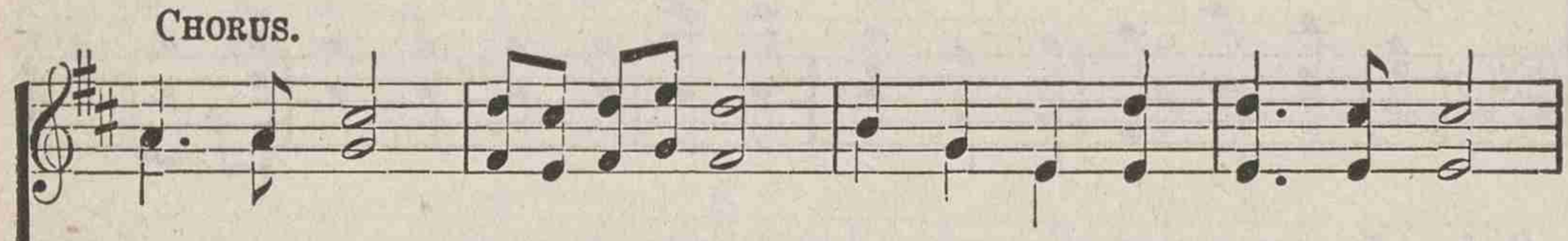


1. Round the cross like val-iant sol-diers Let us ral - ly one and all;
2. Boundless love, a - maz - ing mer-cy, Thus to leave His throne on high;
3. In the cross our hope is cen-tered, Thro' the great a-tone-ment made;
4. Bless-ed cross our glo-rious ref - uge, Bless - ed cross where par-don flows;
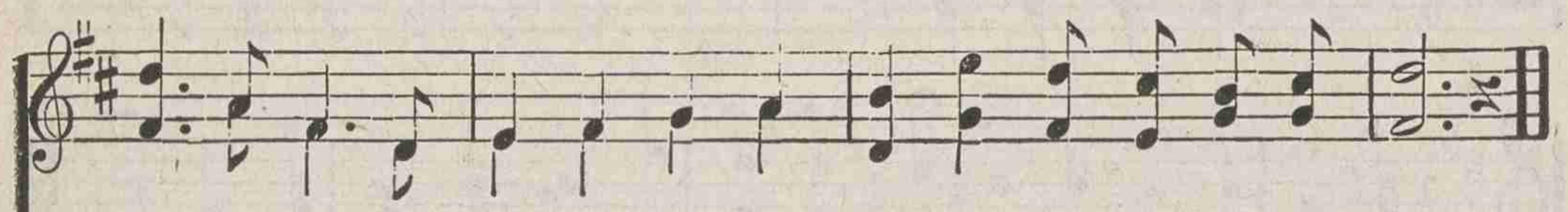


Sounding forth the bless-ed watchword, Live for Him who died for all.
Poor, de-spised, for man to suf - fer, And at last to bleed and die.
When He cried a - loud, "tis fin-ished," When the debt of sin He paid.
There a-lone the heav - y la - den Find a calm and sweet re - pose.
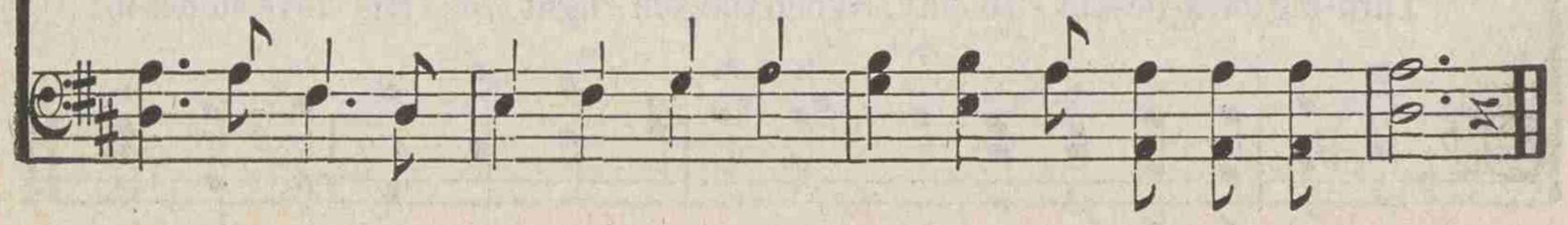


CHORUS.



Joy - ful news, joy - ful news! Christ the Lord has made us free;



In the cross of our Re-deem - er Shall our boast for-ev - er be.



No. 53. We Glory in the Cross.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Fannie J. Crosby. **Jno. R. Sweney.**

1. For Him who bore our guilt and sin And died up - on the cross,
2. He left His bright and shin - ing home, The lost to seek and save;
3. Redeem'd by grace and jus - ti - fied Thro' faith in Christ our Lord;
4. The cross, the cross our theme shall be, While here on earth we stay,

For Him who suf - fered once for all, We count the world but dross.
That we might have e - ter - nal life, His own He free - ly gave.
Our trust is sure, our hope se-cure, 'Tis an - chored on His word.
And lift - ing up our joy - ful eyes To realms of end - less day.

CHORUS.

We count the world but dross, And glo - ry in His cross;

We shout a - loud His won-drous love, And glo - ry in His cross.

No. 54. O What a Change!

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O what a change! From the darkness of night In - to the noon - tide of
2. O what a change! From my hun-ger for bread In - to the place where His
3. O what a change! From my bur-den of care In - to the rest He in-

God's shin - ing light; Out of my weak - ness to strength in His might,
chil - dren are fed, In - to the bless - ing of life from the dead,
vites me to share, In - to His joy from the sor - row I bear,

CHORUS.

O what a change! O what a change! O what a change in my

heart there has been! O what a change! O what a change! O what a

change, since the Sav - ior came in! O what a change! O what a change!

No. 55. Jesus is Calling.

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

F. S. H. F. S. Shepard.

1. Je - sus, the Sav - ior, is call - ing for thee, "Come, heav-y la - den one,
2. Ye who are wan-der - ing now far a - way, Heed the blest mes-sage, why
3. Je - sus still seeks thee a - far from the fold, Out on the mountain so

come un - to me; I will thy soul from its bur - dens set free"—Je - sus
long - er de - lay? Why from His pres-ence so long wilt thou stay? Je - sus
dark and so cold; Turn to Him now—in His arms He'll en - fold—Je - sus

REFRAIN.

is call - ing for thee! Je - sus is call - - - ing, ten - der - ly
Call - ing for thee

call - - - ing, Je - sus is call-ing, call-ing for thee; Je - sus is call - - -
call - ing for thee, Call - ing for

Rit.

ing, ten-der-ly call - - - ing, Je - sus is call - ing, call - ing for thee.
thee, call - ing for thee,

No. 56. There is Glory in My Soul.

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

Grace Weiser Davis. Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

No. 57. Victory in Jesus.

COBYRIGHT, 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! Marching to the mu-sic of the glad re-frain, Vic-to-ry in
vic- to- ry! Trusting, 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.

No. 58. Hosannah.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

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

1. Ho - san-nah to Je - sus who reign-eth for - ev-er, The Son of the
2. The mid-night of dark-ness now wanes in - to morn-ing That dawns on the
3. The Isles of the o - cean His praise are re - peat-ing, The cross and its

high-est, the bright Morning Star; His ar - mies are march-ing, His
mountain and smiles o'er the plain; The yoke of op - pres - sion, of
ban-ner re - joic - ing they see; And soon to the arms and the

king-dom ad-vanc-ing, The trump of the gos - pel pro-claims it a - far.
sor - row and bond-age, The Li - on of Ju - dah is break-ing in twain.
fold of the Shep-herd The sheep that were scattered u - nit - ed shall be.

D.C.Lord reigneth ev - er, The glad hal - le - lu - jahs of mill - ions we hear.

CHORUS.

Ho - san-nah! ho - san - nah! the Lord reign-eth ev - er, O shout for the

day of His tri - umph is near; Ho - san - nah! ho - san - nah! the

No. 59. I Cannot Help but Love Him.

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

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

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

pass-ing mo-ment I love Him more and more; He is so kind and
from temp-ta - tion, From bond-age sets me free; Each mo-ment is so
and cre - at - ing Their sin - ful hearts a - new; He makes the des-ert

D. S.—*He is so kind and*

pa-tient, So mer - ci - ful and true; 'Tis Je - sus, do you know Him; And
pre-cious, So full of joy and love; In - cess-ant - ly 'tis streaming From
plac-es To blos-som like the rose; His pres-ence like a riv - er Of

pa-tient, So mer - ci - ful and true; 'Tis Je - sus, do you know Him; And

FINE. CHORUS.

will you love Him, too?
heav'nly courts a - bove! I love Him, O I love Him! I'll tell it
joy a-round me flows.

will you love Him, too?

D. S.

o'er and o'er; I love Him, O I love Him Each mo-ment more and more!

No. 60. Coming to Thee,

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

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

1. Too long have I wandered, too long roamed afar, Un-heeding the beams of
2. Thy sweet in - vi - ta - tion is cheer-ing my soul, Like music from heav-en
3. I need the full cleans-ing of Cal - va - ry's tide; The robe, fair and spotless,
4. Oh, make me so steadfast, so true and sin - cere, I'll fol-low Thee whol-ly,

the bright Morning Star; But still its fair beau-ty is shin - ing for me, So
the soft ech-oes roll; Thy cross in my ref - uge, Thy promise my plea, For
Thy grace will pro-vide; Thy riches are boundless, Thy mer - cy is free, So
dis - miss - ing all fear; My strength and salvation, my vic - to - ry be, For

CHORUS.

now I am com - ing, my Sav - ior, to Thee. Com - - - ing to
Com - ing to Thee, I am

Thee, . . . Com - - ing to Thee; . . . . Whilst
com - ing to Thee, Com - ing to Thee, I am com - ing to Thee; Whilst Thou art

Thou art call - - ing me, I'm com-ing my Sav - ior, to Thee.
call - ing, art call - ing for me,

No. 61. Saved By the Blood.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. Daniel W. Milan.

1. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One, That flowed from His side as He
2. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One, All glo-ry to Je-sus for
3. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One, I know He is with me by
4. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One, I'm saved to serve Je-sus the

hung on the tree; He suf-fered and died there from sin to save me,
cleans-ing my soul; His mer-cy is boundless, His touch made me whole,
night and by day; He keeps me from fall-ing, from go-ing a-stray,
rest of my days; And when I reach Heav-en this song I will raise,

CHORUS.

I'm saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One. Saved..... by the
Saved by the blood,
blood,..... Saved..... by the blood,..... I'm saved by the
Saved by the blood, Saved by the blood, Saved by the blood,

blood of the Cru-ci-fied One, I'm saved by the blood of the Lamb!

No. 62. Follow On.

W. G. Cushing.

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

Robert Lowry.

1. Down in the val - ley with my Sav - ior I would go, Where the flow'rs are bloom-ing and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev-'ry-where He leads me I would
2. Down in the val - ley with my Sav - ior I would go, Where the storms are sweep-ing and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will
3. Down in the val - ley, or up - on the mountain steep, Close be-side my Sav - ior would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe - ly in the

fol - low, fol - low on, Walk-ing in His footsteps till the crown be won.
nev - er, nev - er fear, Dan - ger can-not fright me if my Lord is near.
path that He has trod, Up to where they gather on the hills of God.

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

REFRAIN.

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

No. 63. Let Us Come Boldly.

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

Dr. I. L. Mitchell. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. To the tem-ple of the Lord Let us come with one ac-cord, With grate-ful
2. In the qui - et of our home, Or as far a-way we roam, We'll praise Him
3. We may call up - on His name, And His ev - 'ry promise claim, If on Him

hearts to seek His lov - ing aid; In full con-fi-dence He'll hear With an
that our debt His blood has paid; While con - vers-ing face to face In the
ev - 'ry day our mind is stay'd; When this fleet - ing life is gone, He will

ev - er will - ing ear, Where none shall dare mo-lest, or make a - fraid.
bless-ed "se - cret place," Where none shall dare mo-lest, or make a - fraid.
lead us far-ther on, Where none shall dare mo-lest, or make a - fraid.

D. S.—With man - na He our hun-gry souls will feed.

CHORUS.

Come, oh, come, Let us there-fore bold-ly come Be - fore a throne of grace in
time of need; And mer - cy we shall find,—For He is good and kind,

No. 64. Wonderful Grace.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY E. O. EXCELL,
WORDS AND MUSIC.

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

1. Help me, Lord, to tell the sto - ry Of Thy won-drous love to me;
2. Help me tell the heav - y - la - den, Where my bur - den rolled a - way;
3. Help me tell the weak and stumbling, What a might - y Friend Thou art;
4. Help me, Lord, to tell the sto - ry Of Thy won-drous love to all;

Help me bear my hum - ble wit - ness To Thy grace so full and free.
Find - ing at the feet of Je - sus, Peace and com-fort, day by day.
Read - y to for - give the er - ring, A - ble to re - new the heart.
Love for ev - 'ry con - trite sin - ner, Love, to an - swer ev - 'ry call.

CHORUS.

Won-der-ful grace, won-der-ful love! Help me to lift hap-py prais-es a-bove;

Won-der-ful grace, so full and free, Won-der-ful love that cares for me.

No. 65. Since I Found My Savior.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER.

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

1. Life wears a dif - ferent face to me, Since I found my Sav - ior;
2. He sought me in His wondrous love, So I found my Sav - ior,
3. The pass-ing clouds may in - ter - vene, Since I found my Sav - ior,
4. A strong hand kind - ly holds my own, Since I found my Sav - ior,

Rich mer - cy at the cross I see, My dy - ing, liv - ing Sav - ior.
He brought sal-va - tion from a - bove, My dear, al - might-y Sav - ior.
But He is with me, though un - seen, My ev - er - pres - ent Sav - ior.
It leads me on - ward to the throne, O there I'll see my Sav - ior.

CHORUS.

Gold-en sun-beams 'round me play, Je - sus turns my night to day,
Heav - en seems not far a - way, Since I found my Sav - ior.

No. 66. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

Mary Brown. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL. USED BY PER. **Carrie E. Rounsefell.**

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per - haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,

It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark the rug - ged way,
So, trust - ing my all un - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me!

FINE.

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D.S.–*I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.*

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

No. 67. The Field is the World.

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

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

1. The reap - ers are loud - ly sing - ing, As out in the har - vest field
2. "The field is the world," O reap - er, There's plenty for all to do;
3. The Mas - ter hath all com-mand - ed, To la - bor and watch and pray;

They gath-er the grain from val-ley and plain, With will-ing and tire-less hands.
A - rise and be - gin the work that shall win For you an im-mor - tal crown.
To dil - i - gent be, and faith-ful, if we Would share in the vic-t'ries won;

The winds from a - far come bring - ing Glad news of a - bund-ant yield,
The Lord is thy guide and keep - er, With grace to car - ry you thro';
Then why will you emp - ty hand - ed Ap - pear, at the close of day,

:S: FINE.

Of work to be done, of souls to be won For God at His own com-mand.
He calls you to-day, then trust and o-bey, And reap till the sun goes down.
Ac - count-ing to give, and hope to re-ceive, A bless-ing for noth-ing done?

D.S.--And gath-er the grain from hill and from plain For garners be-yond the sky.
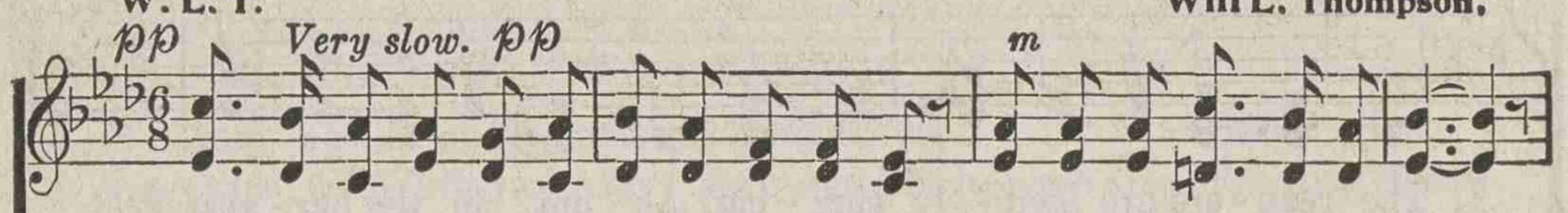
CHORUS. D. S.

Join ..... in the song ..... that is waft - - ed a - long, ...
Join in the song, Join in the song that is waft - ed a-long, waft-ed a - long,
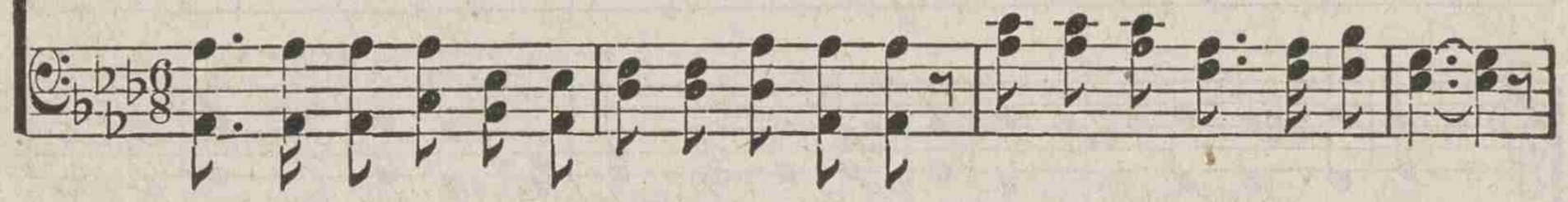
No. 68. Softly and Tenderly.
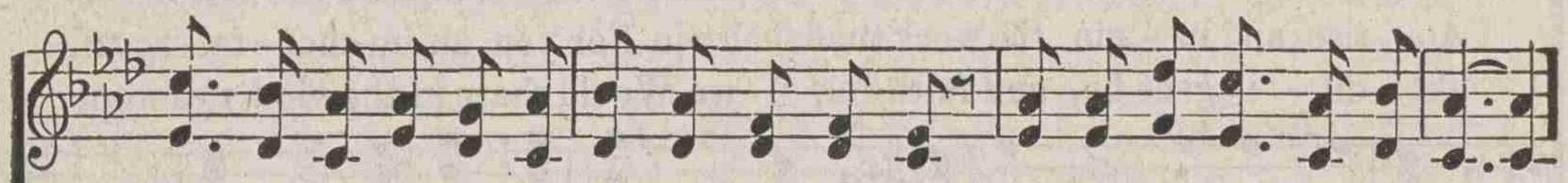
BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., E. LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.
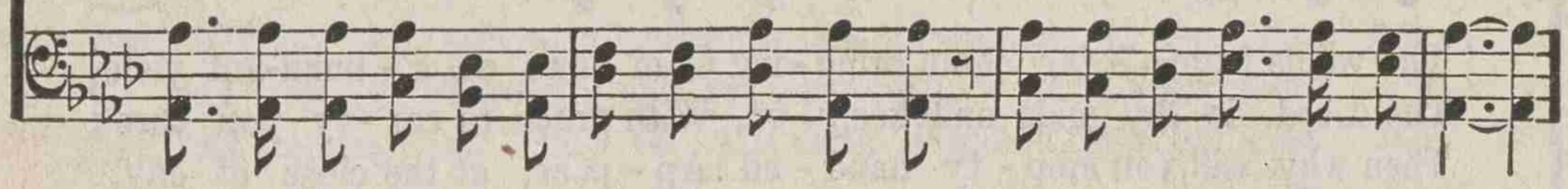


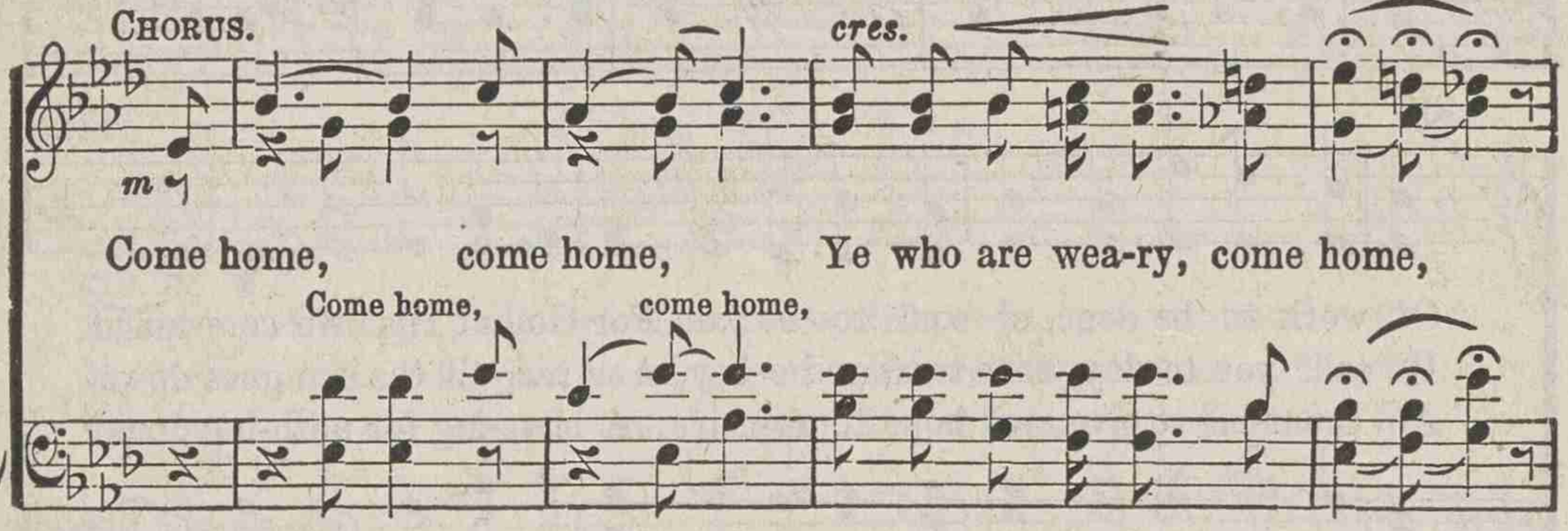
1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar-ry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you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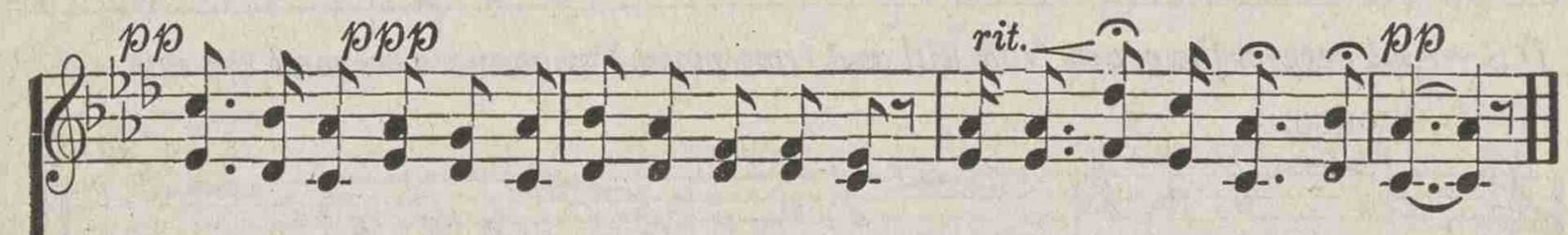




See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death beds are com-ing, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.
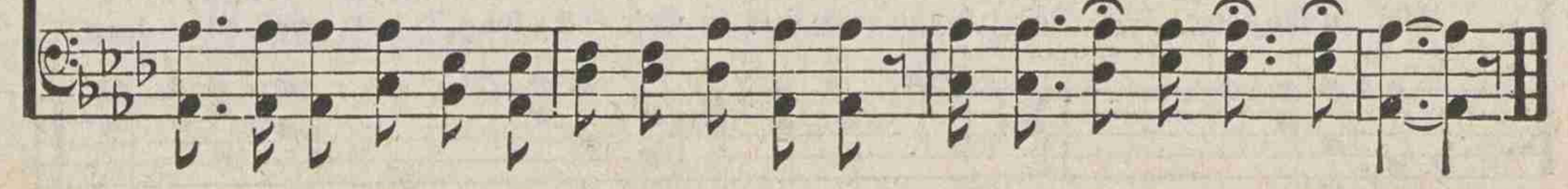




Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,
Come home, come home,
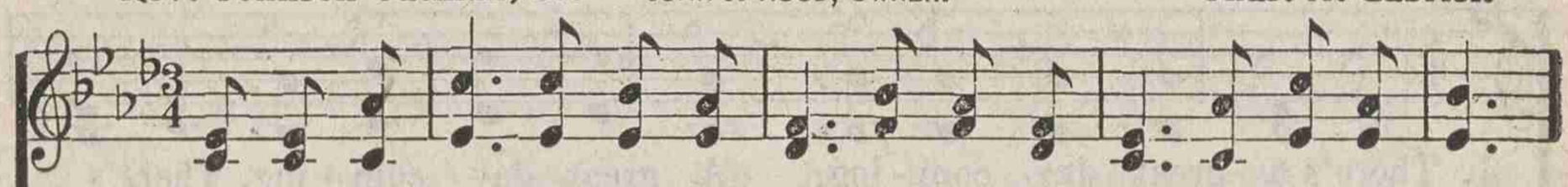


Ear-nest - ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin - ner, come home!
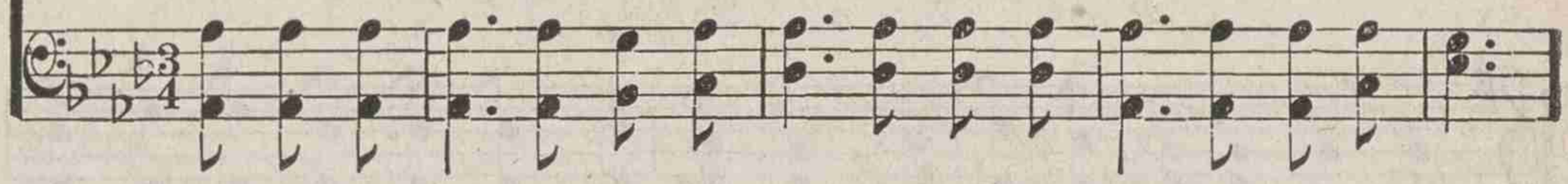


No. 69. Higher Ground.
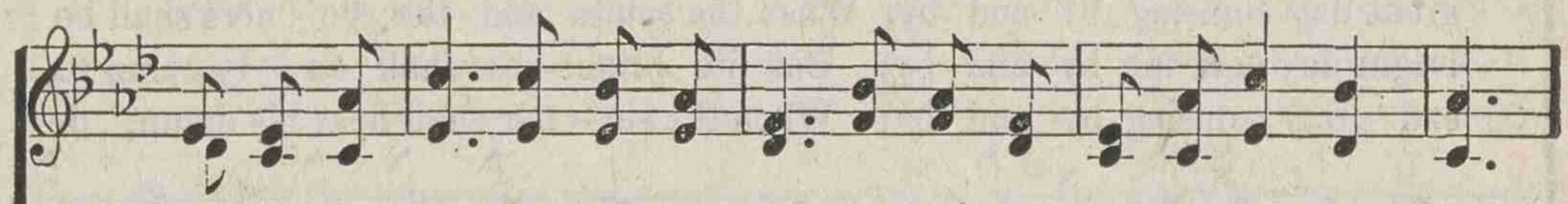
COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.
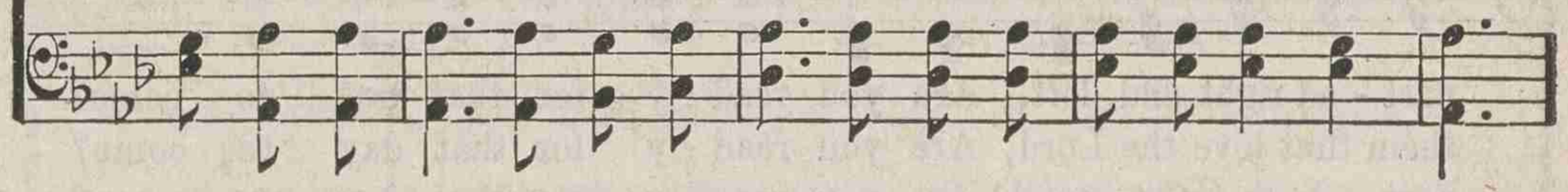


1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de - sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a - bove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurl'd;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo - ry bright;
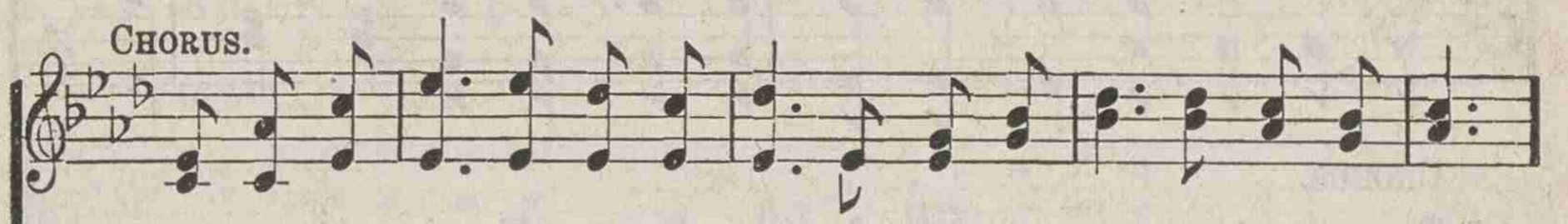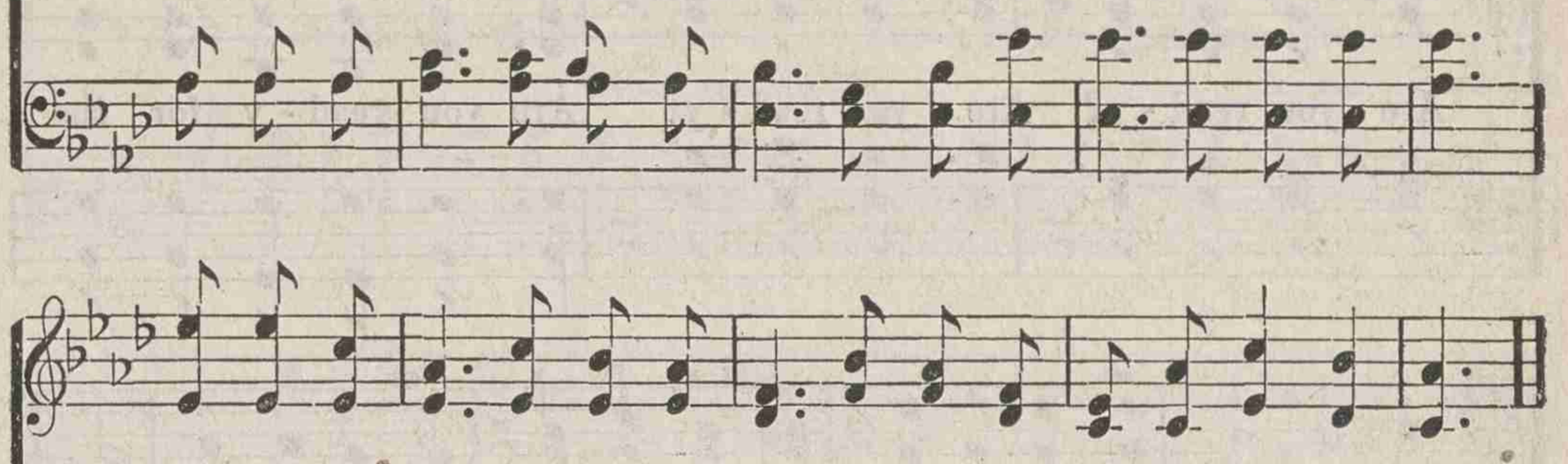




Still pray-ing as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim is high-er ground.
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground.
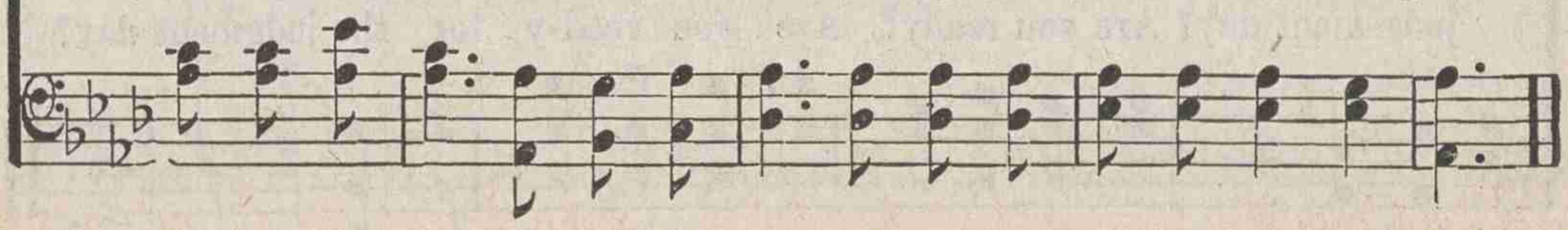


CHORUS.



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav-en's ta - ble-land;



A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high - er ground.



No. 70. There's a Great Day Coming.

W L. T.

USED BY PER W. L. THOMPSON & CO.
EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND CHICAGO.

Will L. Thompson

1. There's a great day com - ing, A great day com - ing, There's a great day com-ing by and by; When the saints and the sin - ners shall be part - ed right and left, Are you read - y for that day to come?
2. There's a bright day com - ing, A bright day com - ing, There's a bright day com-ing by and by; But its bright-ness shall on - ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you read - y for that day to come?
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 sin - ner shall hear his doom, "de- part, I know ye not," Are you read - y for that day to come?

CHORUS.

Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Are you read - y for the judg-ment day? Are you ready? Are you read-y for the judgment day?

No. 71. 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 with-out you—dark - er still with - in? Clear the dark - en'd win - dows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun - shine in.

2. Does your faith grow faint - er in the cause you love? Are your pray'rs un - an-swered by your God a - bove? Clear the dark - en'd win - dows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun - shine in.

3. Would you go re - joic - ing in the up - ward way, Know-ing naught of dark - ness, dwell - ing in the day? Clear the dark - en'd win - dows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun - shine in.

CHORUS.

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

Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a little sunshine in.

No. 72. The Bible.

COPYRIGHT, 1887. BY E. O. EXCELL.

B. Barton. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path when apt to stray;
2. Bread of our souls, where on we feed, True man - na from on high;
3. Word of the ev - er - last - ing God, Will of His glo-rious Son;
4. Lord, grant us all a - right to learn The wis - dom it im - parts,

Stream from the fount of heav'n - ly grace, Brook by the trav - 'ler's way.
Our guide and chart, where - in we read Of realms be - yond the sky.
With - out Thee how could earth be trod, Or heav'n it - self be won?
And to its heav'n-ly teach-ings turn With sim - ple, child - like hearts.

CHORUS.

Beau - - ti - ful Lamp; Bright-ly shine . . . on the way, . . .
Beau - ti - ful Lamp, Beau - ti - ful Lamp, Shine on the way, Shine on the way.

rit.

Guid - - ing the soul, . . . To the man - - . sions of day. . . .
Guid-ing the soul, Guid-ing the soul To the man-sions of day, To the man-sions of day.

No. 73. Why Not Now?

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

El Nathan. C. C. Case.

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

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

CHORUS

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

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

No. 74. Loyalty to Christ.

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 75. Land of the Unsetting Sun.

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

land of the Un - set - ting Sun. I shall dwell in the Land of De-

light ..... When my journey on earth has been run; .... In the land where there

of de-light jour - ney on earth h.. bee.. run;

com - eth no sor-row, no night, In the land of the Un - set - ting Sun.

No. 76. That's Enough for Me.

W. C. Martin.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 77. What More Can He Do.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rachel Rivers. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. O lost ones, in dan-ger no long-er re-main! The Sav-iour is call-ing a-gain and a-gain; Re-mem-ber the an-guish He suf-fered for you; His life paid your ran-som—what more can He do?
2. He calls thro' the Gos-pel, re-pent and be-lieve; He calls and en-treats you His grace to re-ceive; He of-fers full par-don, and on-ly de-mands Your lov-ing sub-miss-ion to all He commands.
3. He calls thro' His mer-cy, and still you de-lay; He calls by His Spir-it, you grieve Him a-way; Ah, soon your pro-ba-tion per-haps may be o'er, And then your Re-deem-er will call you no more!
4. O haste, He is wait-ing, you can-not re-fuse The way of sal-va-tion with glad-ness to choose! His blood of a-tone-ment is flow-ing for you, He of-fers it free-ly—what more can He do?

D. S.—*His life paid your ran-som—what more can He do?*

CHORUS.

What more can He do, what more can He do—His hands and His feet to the cross nailed for you? What more can He do, what more can He do—

No. 78. The Child of a King.

Hattie E. Buell. **Arr. by Rev, John B. Sumner.**

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

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

CHORUS.

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

ad lib.

King, The child of a King! With Je-sus, my Sav-ior, I'm the child of a King!

No. 79.

Loving Redeemer.

COPYRIGHT 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. O lov - ing Re - deem-er, what rapt-ure is mine, I rest in the
2. I fear not the tempter, I fear not his pow'r; Suf - fi-cient Thy
3. O lov - ing Re - deem-er, wher-e're I may be, How sweet is the
4. O lov - ing Re - deem-er, when safe - ly at last, My sails are all

light of Thy presence di-vine; Thro' paths that I know not, Thou guidest my
grace for each moment and hour If troubles o'er-take me or tri - als as-
tho't Thou art car - ing for me; Thou wilt not for-sake me, what-ev - er be-
furled, and my an - chor is cast; When songs that no an - gel or ser-aph can

D. S.—The wings of Thy mer - cy o'er-shad-ow my

CHORUS.

FINE.

way, And how can I ev - er Thy good-ness re-pay.
sail, I cling to Thy prom-ise that nev - er can fail. O lov-ing Re-
tide, But in Thy pa - vil - lion my soul Thou wilt hide.
sing, O then will I praise Thee, my Sav - ior and King.

way, While peace like a riv - er is flow-ing to - day.

D. S.

deemer, my Shepherd and Friend, The star that will shine till my journey shall end;

No. 80. Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
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Jno. R. Sweney.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

No. 81. Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

Arr. from Neumaster. COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY JAMES MC GRANAHAN. **James McGranahan.**

1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive: Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart con-demns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;

Who the heav'n-ly path-way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de-mand.
Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.

REFRAIN.

Sing it o'er . . . . . and o'er a - gain: . . . . . Christ re-
Sing it o'er a-gain, Sing it o'er a-gain: Christ re-

ceiv - - eth sin-ful men; . . . Make the mes - - sage
ceiv - eth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiv-eth sin - ful men; Make the message plain,

clear and plain: . . . Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
Make the mes-sage plain: Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.

No. 82. The Banner of the Cross.

El. Nathan. COPYRIGHT, 1884 AND 1887, BY JAMES MC GRANAHAN. James McGranahan.

1. There's a roy - al ban - ner giv - en for dis-play To the sol - diers
2. Tho' the foe may rage and gath - er as the flood, Let the stand-ard
3. O - ver land and sea, wher - ev - er man may dwell, Make the glo - rious
4. When the glo - ry dawns—'tis dawn-ing ver - y near— It is hast-'ning

of the King; As an en - sign fair we lift it up to - day,
be dis - played; And be - neath its folds as sol - diers of the Lord,
ti - dings known; Of the crim - son ban - ner now the sto - ry tell,
day by day— Then be - fore our King the foe shall dis - ap - pear,

CHORUS.

While as ransomed ones we sing.
For the truth be not dis - mayed! March-ing on! . . march-ing
While the Lord shall claim His own! March - ing on! on! on! march - ing
And the cross the world shall sway.

on! . . For Christ count ev - 'ry-thing but loss; . . . . And to
on! on! on! For Christ count ev - 'ry - thing, ev - 'ry-thing but loss: And to

crown Him King, toil and sing 'Neath the ban-ner of the cross.
crown Him King, we'll toil and sing Be - neath the ban - ner of the cross.

No. 83. Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

H. G. S. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY H. G. SMYTH. THE WINONA PUB. CO., OWNERS. H. G. Smyth.

1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is the love of God flow-ing thro' you? Are you tell - ing the lost of the Sav - ior? Are you
2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Are you bur - dened for those that are lost? Have you urged up - on those who are stray - ing, The
3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is it dai - ly tell - ing for Him? Have you spo - ken the word of sal - va - tion To
4. We can not be chan-nels of bless - ing If our lives are not free from all sin; We will bar - ri - ers be and a hin - drance To

CHORUS.

read - y His serv-ice to do?
Sav - ior who died on the cross? Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day,
those who are dy - ing in sin?
those we are try - ing to win.

Make me a chan - nel of bless - ing, I pray; My life pos - sess-ing,
my serv - ice bless - ing, Make me a chan-nel of bless - ing to - day.

rit.

No. 84. All for Jesus.

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

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

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

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

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

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

No. 85. Jesus is All the World to Me.

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

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

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

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

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

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

No. 86. The Haven of Rest.

H. L. Gilmour. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY JOHN J. HOOD. USED BY PER. George D. Moore.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So burdened with sin and distrest, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing, "make me your choice."
2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And, faith tak-ing hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I an - chored my soul;
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old sto - ry so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who-so - ev - er will have
4. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient - ly waits, To save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, anchor your soul in the hav - en of rest,

D. S.—*The temp-est may sweep o'er the wild storm - y deep,*

FINE. CHORUS.

And I en - tered the ha - ven of rest.
The ha - ven of rest is my Lord. I've an - chored my soul
A home in the ha - ven of rest.
And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."

In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

D. S.

in the hav - en of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

No. 87. The Comforter Has Come.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PER.

F. Bottome. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O spread the ti - dings 'round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last, And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
4. O bound-less love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To

ev - er hu-man hearts and hu-man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full de - liv'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace di - vine—That I, a child of

D. S.-*Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; O spread the ti-dings*

FINE.

tongue pro-claim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
hills the day ad-vanc - es fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
cells the song of tri-umph rings; The Com - fort - er has come!
hell, should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!

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

CHORUS. D. S.

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

No. 88. There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

El Nathan. James McGranahan.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 89. Let Him In.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No. 90. Sometime We'll Understand.

Furnished by El. Nathan.

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James McGranahan.

1. Not now, but in the com-ing years, It may be in the bet-ter land,
2. We'll catch the bro-ken threads a-gain, And fin-ish what we here be-gan;
3. We'll know why clouds instead of sun Were o-ver many a cherished plan;
4. Why what we long for most of all E-ludes so oft our ea-ger hand;
5. God knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with un-err-ing hand;

We'll read the meaning of our tears, And there, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.
Heav'n will the mys-ter-ies ex-plain, And then, ah, then we'll un-der-stand.
Why song has ceased when scarce begun; 'T is there, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.
Why hopes are crushed and castles fall, Up there, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.
Sometime, with tearless eyes we'll see; Yes, there, up there, we'll un-der-stand.

CHORUS. *A little faster.*

Then trust in God thro' all thy days; Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;
doth hold, doth hold thy hand;

a tempo primo. *cres.*

Tho' dark thy way, still sing and praise; Sometime, sometime, we'll understand.

No. 91. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

E. Perronet.

USED BY PERMISSION.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall,
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,

Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es ty as - cribe,
We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,

And crown . . . . . Him, Crown Him,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of

And crown . . . . . Him, Crown Him,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown . . . . . .

crown Him, crown Him;

all, crown Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

crown . . . . Him;

. . . . . Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

No. 92. He Knows It All.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
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Mrs. Ophelia Adams. C. M. Davis.

1. I love to think my Father knows Why I have missed the path I chose,
2. I love to think my Father knows The thorns I pluck with ev-'ry rose,
3. I love to think my Father knows The strength or weakness of my foes,

And that I soon shall clearly see The way He led was best for me.
The dai-ly griefs I seek to hide From the dear souls I walk be-side.
And that I need but stand and see Each conflict end in vic-to - ry.

REFRAIN.

He knows it all, ... He knows it all . . . . My Fa - ther
He knows it all, He knows it all,
knows . . . He knows it all; . . . Thy bit-ter tears . . . how
My Fa - ther knows, He knows it all; Thy bit - ter tears,
fast they fall!— He knows, My Fa - ther knows it all.
how fast they fall!—

No. 93. Eternity.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.

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

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

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

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

E - ter - ni - ty

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

No. 94. More Like the Master.

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

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

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

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

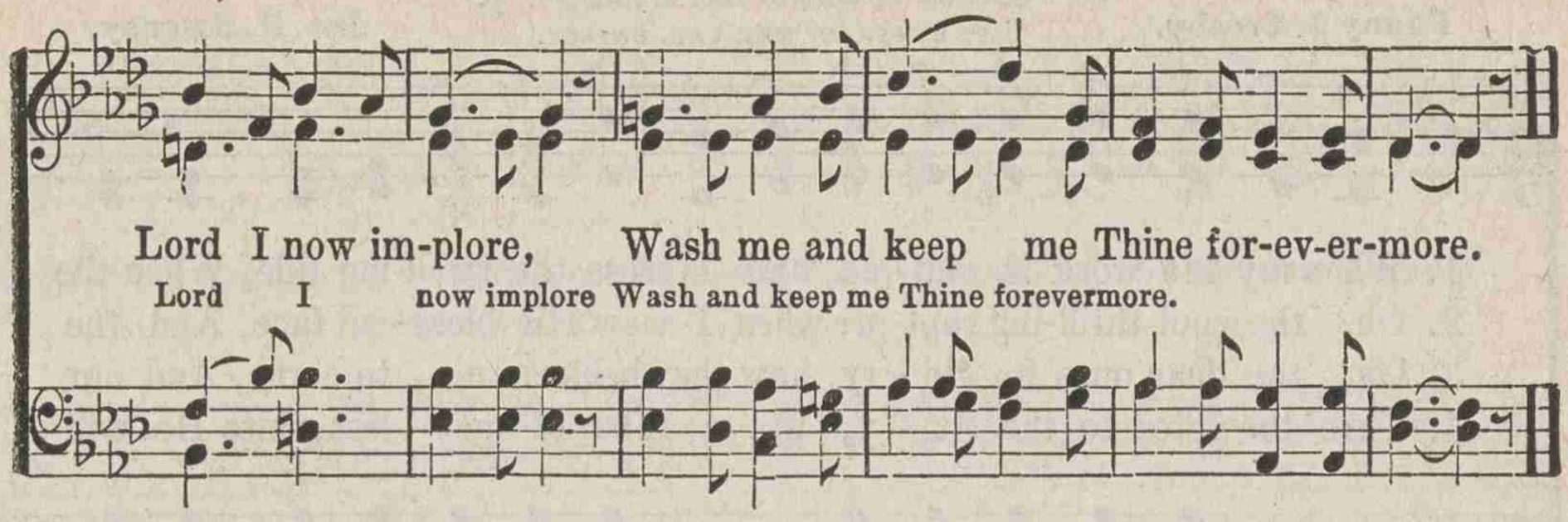
to be true, More con - se - cra - tion for work He bids me do.
king - dom in, More of His Spir - it, the wan - der - er to win.
Gal - i - lee, More like the Mas - ter I long to ev - er be.

CHORUS.

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

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

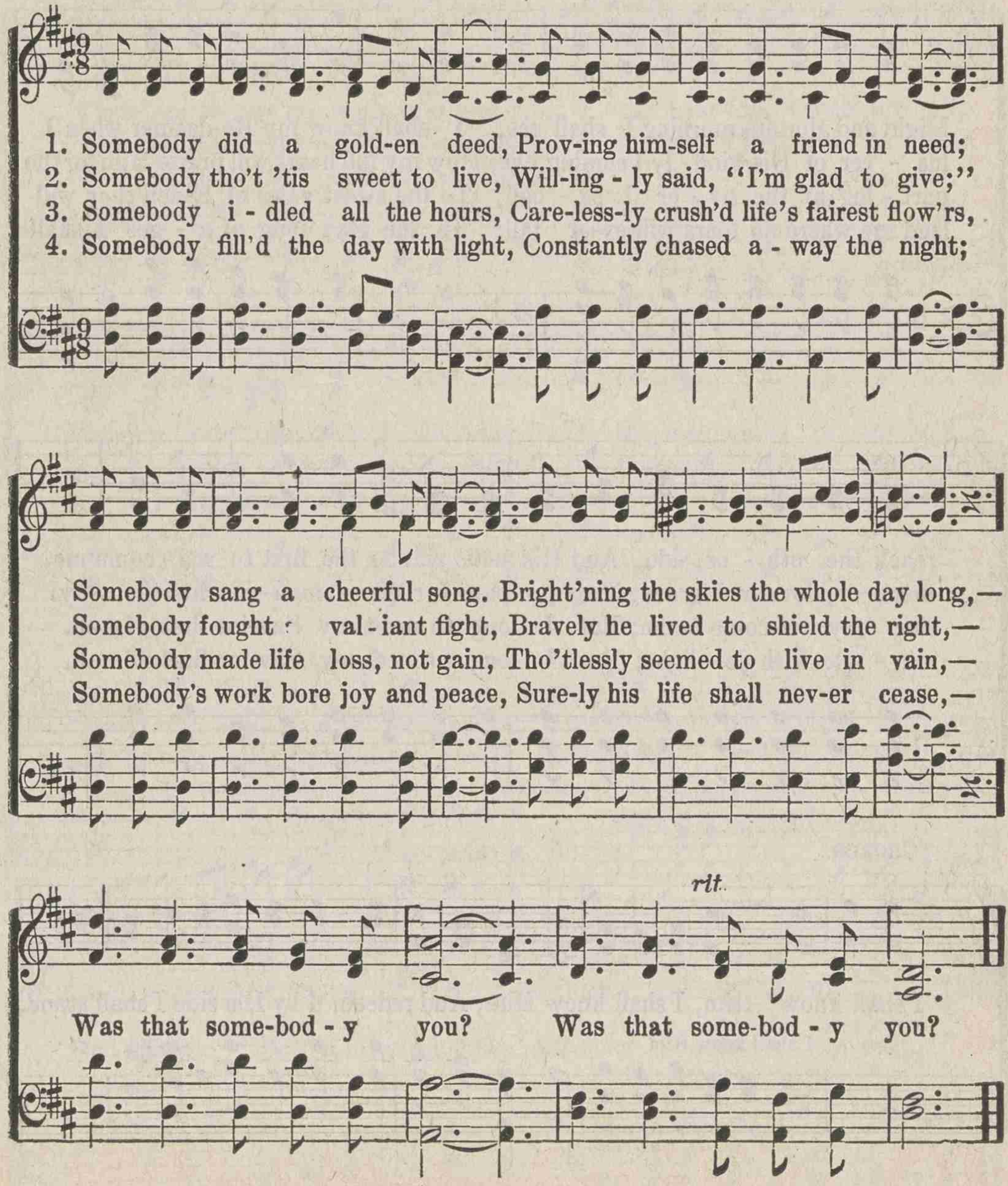
More Like the Master.



No. 95. Somebody.

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

John R. Clements. W. S. Weeden.



No. 96. My Savior First of All.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF MRS. L. E. SWENEY.

Fanny J. Crosby. **Jno. R. Sweney.**

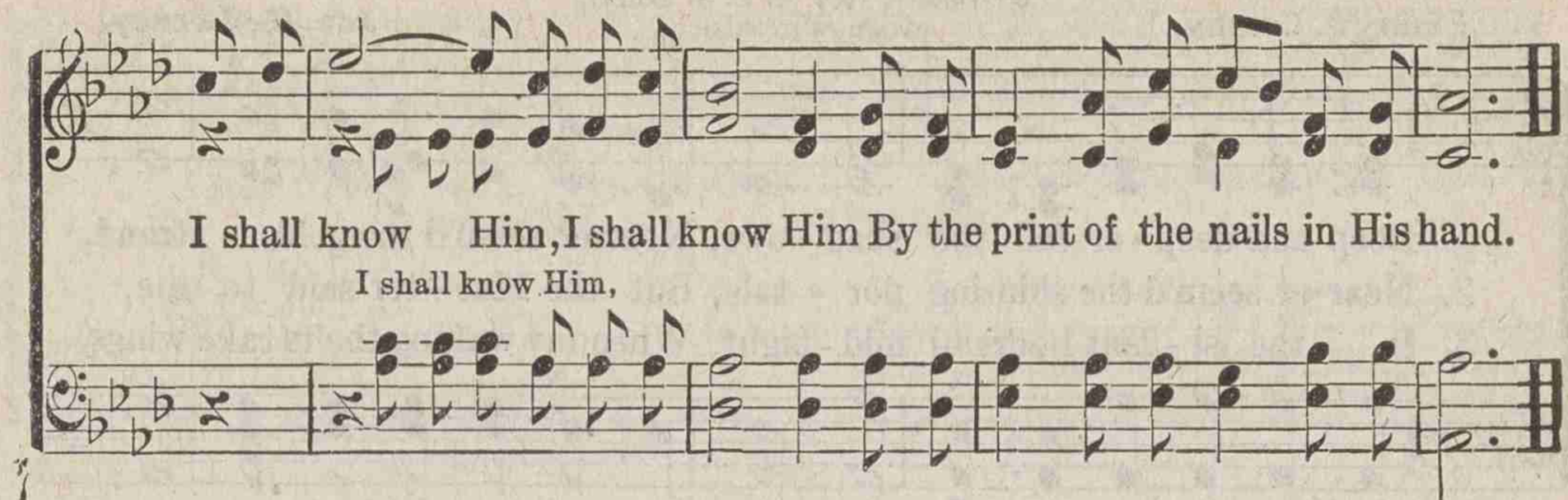
1. When my life work is end- ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the bright and glorious morning I shall see, I shall know my Re-deemer when I reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to wel - come me.
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rapt-ure when I view His bless - ed face, And the lus - 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 part - ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will sing my wel-come home; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y, in a robe of spot - less white He will lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall min - gle with de - light; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeem'd by His side I shall stand,

I shall know Him

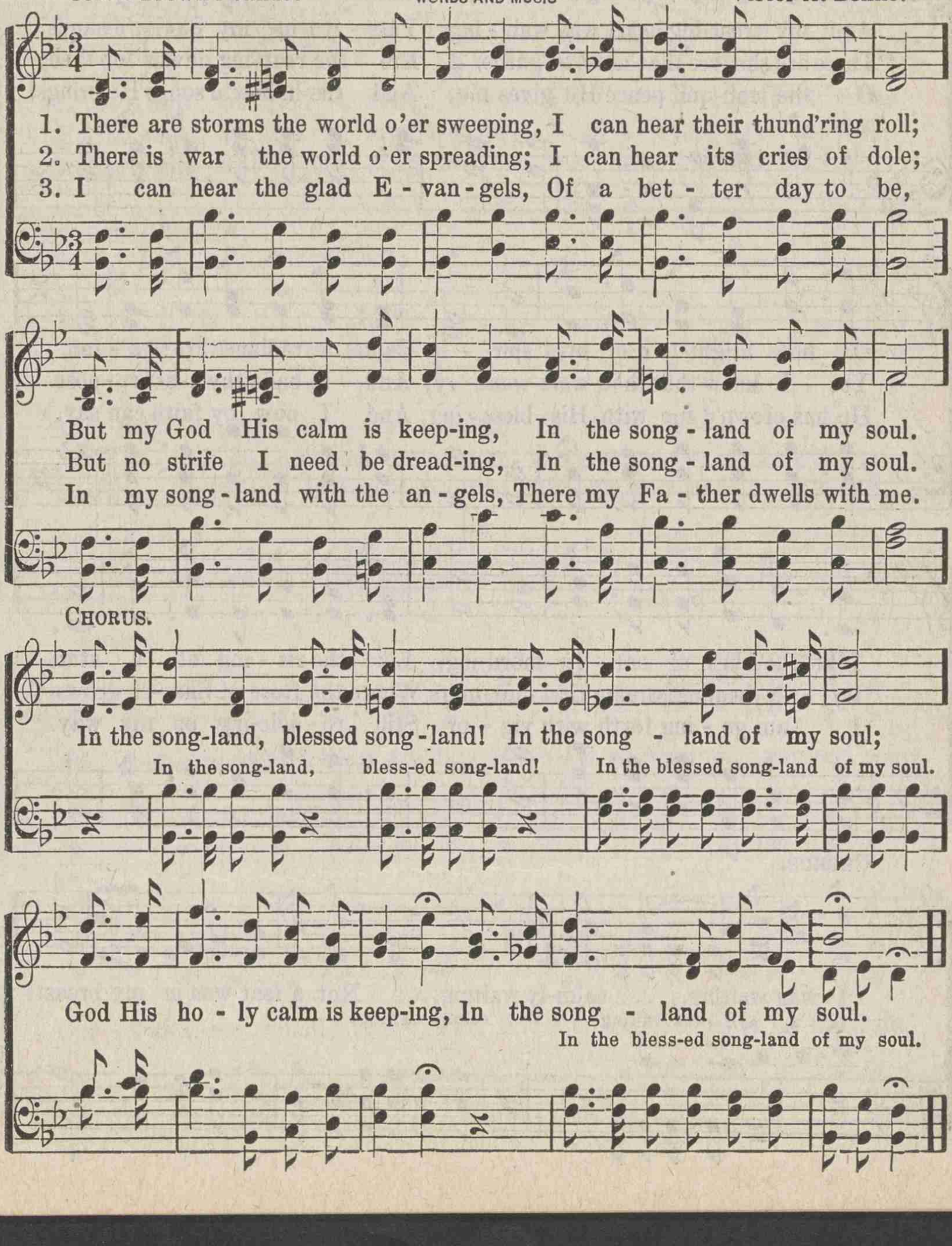
My Savior First of All.



No. 97. The Song-Land of My Soul.

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



No. 98. My Rest.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

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

1. Deep and deep - er fell the shad - ows, Near-er seem'd the gold-en strand,
2. Near-er seem'd the shin-ing por - tals, But the Mas - ter said to me,
3. In the si - lent hours of mid - night, When my waking tho'ts take wings,

And my trust-ing heart was wait - ing, Pass - ive in my Savior's hands;
"There are sheaves that must be garner'd Ere the reap-ing dawns for thee;
O the tran-quil peace He gives me, And the hallow'd songs He brings!

O how bright-ly o'er my spir - it Came a radiance from a - far,
Yet I knew that thou wert wea - ry, And I bade thy heart re - pose
He has crown'd me with His bless - ing, And I now by faith can say,
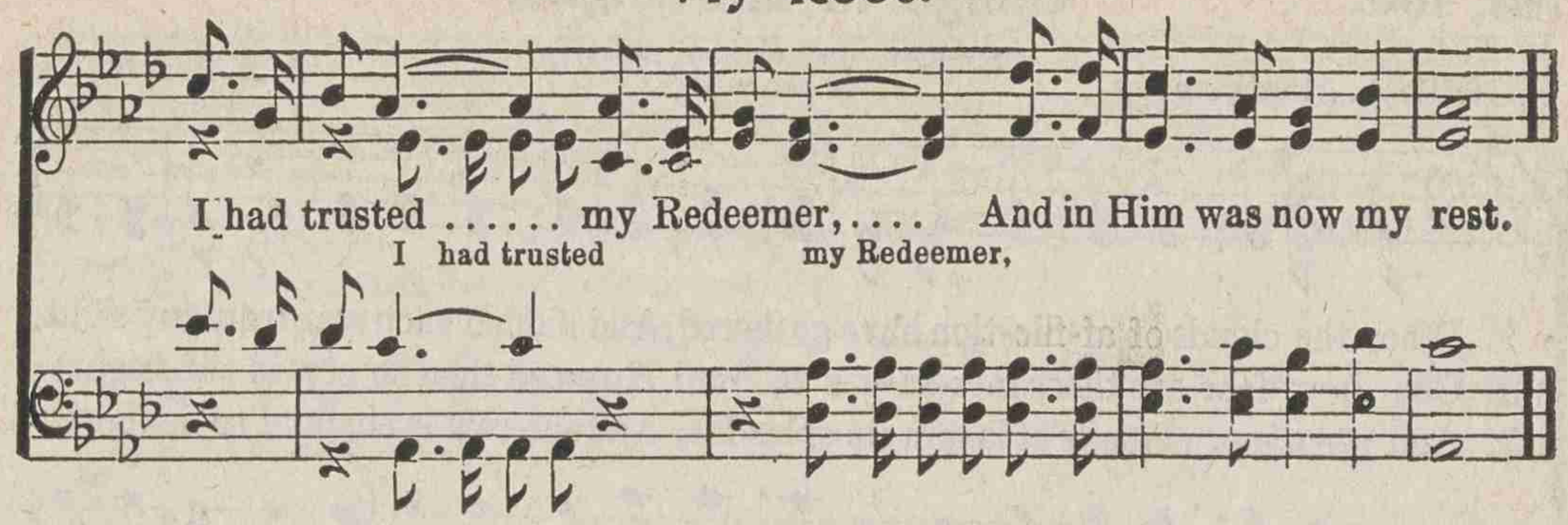
Like the blush of ear - ly morn-ing, Like the ris - ing of a star.
By a healing stream that mur-murs Where the Rose of Shar-on grows."
I am go - ing forth with vig - or, Still re - joic-ing on my way.

CHORUS.

I was waiting,..... calm-ly waiting,... Not a fear was in my breast;

I was waiting, calmly waiting,

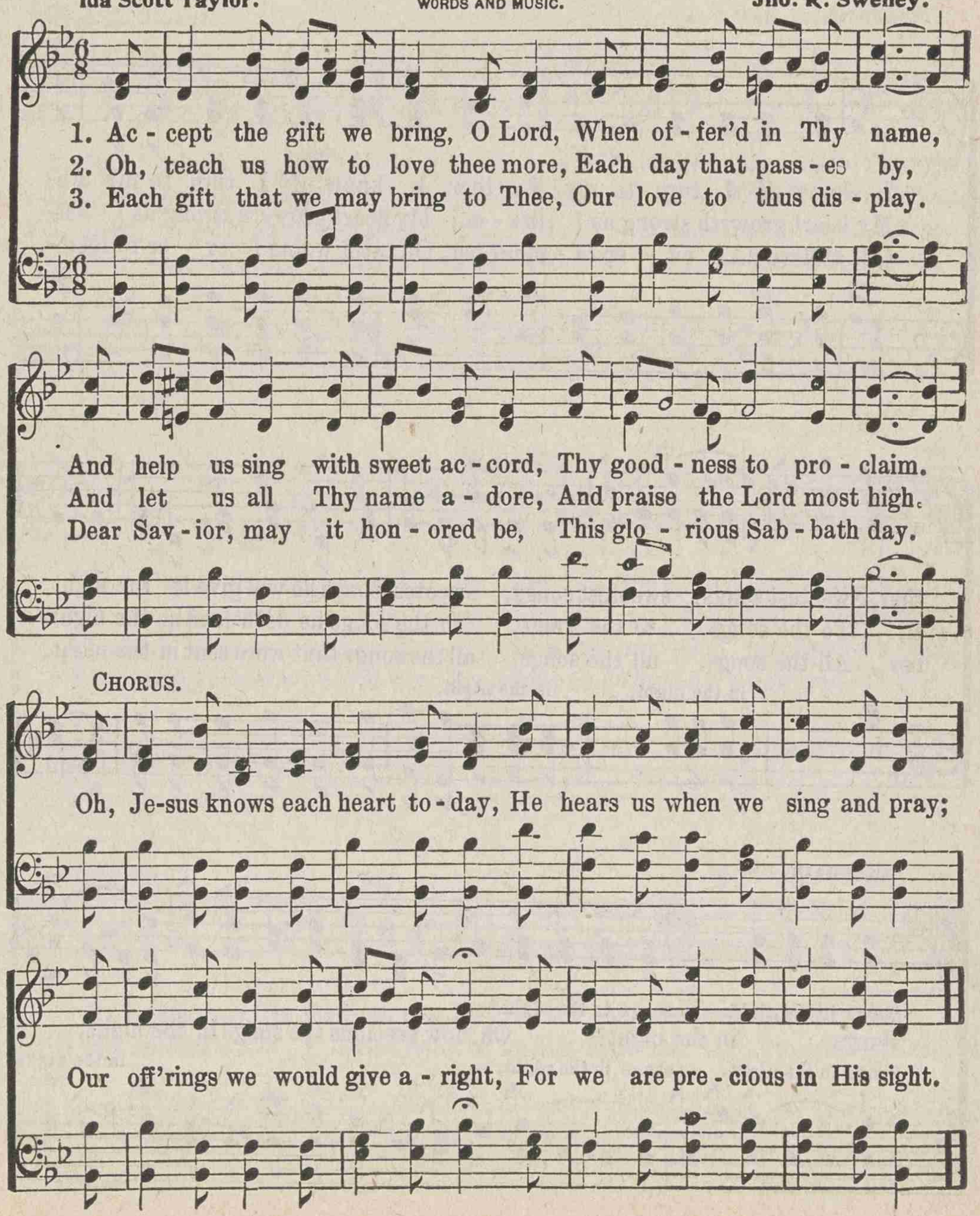
My Rest.



No. 99. Accept the Gift.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Ida Scott Taylor. WORDS AND MUSIC. Jno. R. Sweney.



No. 100. Songs in the Night.

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

Nellie A. Montgomery. **J. S. Fearis.**

1. When the clouds of af-flic-tion have gathered, And hidden each star from my sight,
2. Oh, how dear are those mes-sa-ges to me! No need then to cry in af-fright;
3. And when morn breaks at last in its splendor, And sor-row is chang'd to de-light,
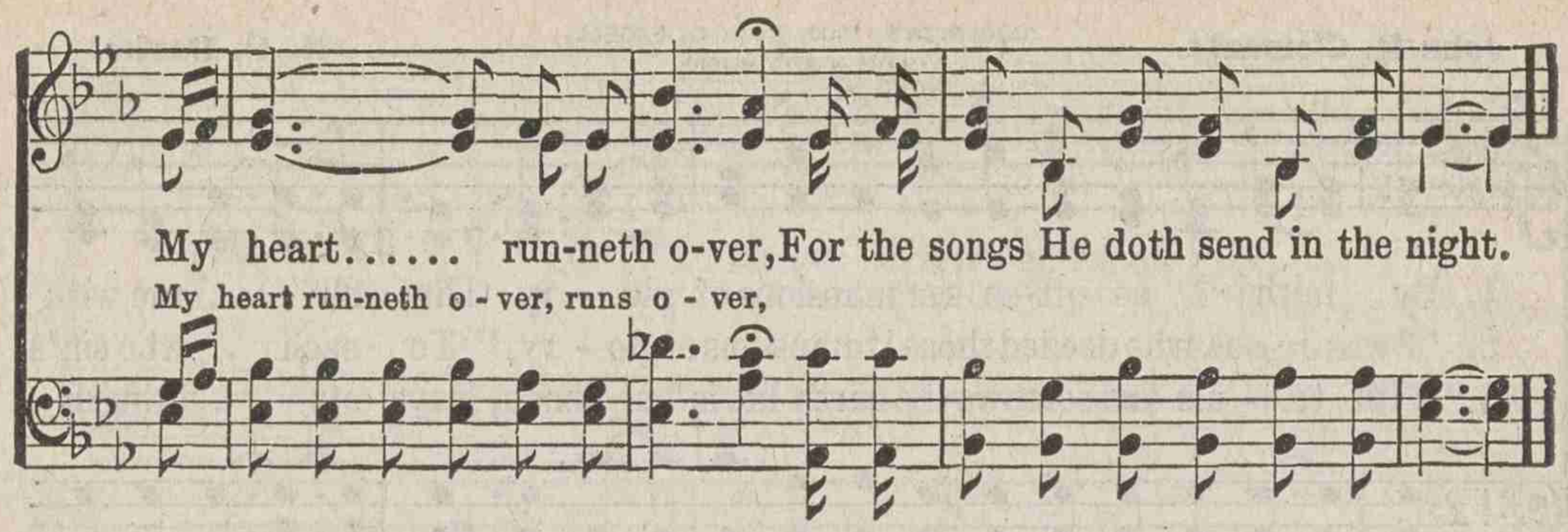
I know if I turn to my Fa-ther, I know if I turn to my Fa-
My heart groweth strong as I list-en, My heart groweth strong as I list-
Oh, still would I ev-er re-mem-ber, Oh, still would I ev-er re-mem-

ther, Sweetest songs, sweetest songs, sweetest songs he will give in the night.
en To the songs, to the songs, to the songs he doth send in the night.
ber All the songs, all the songs, all the songs that were sent in the night.
in the night, in the night,

REFRAIN.

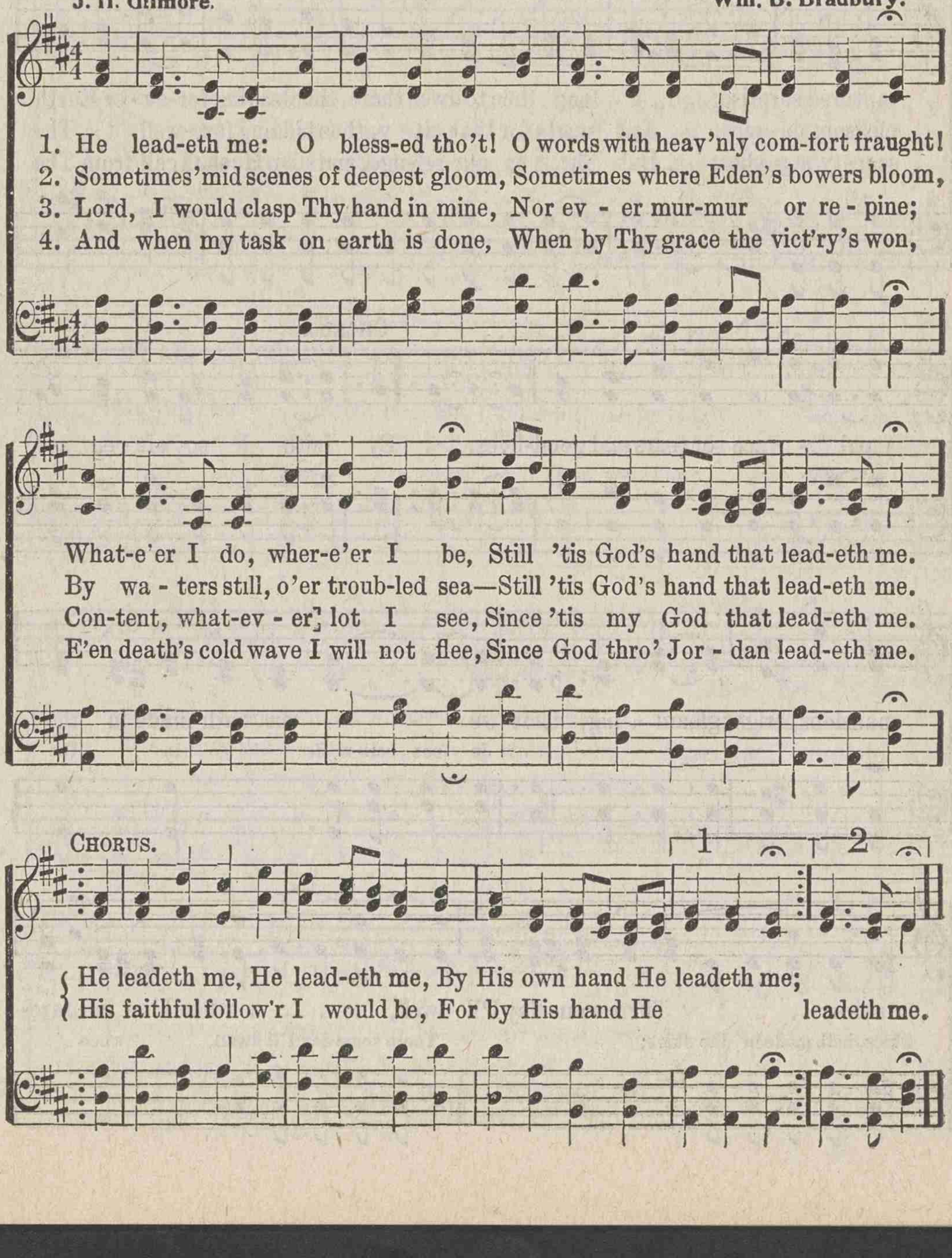
Songs in the night, songs in the night,
Songs in the night! Oh, how precious the songs in the night,
Songs in the night, songs in the night, in the night.

Songs in the Night.



No. 101, He Leadeth Me.

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



No. 102. I See Mansions of Glory.

John R. Clements. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL, WORDS AND MUSIC. **H. P. Danks.**
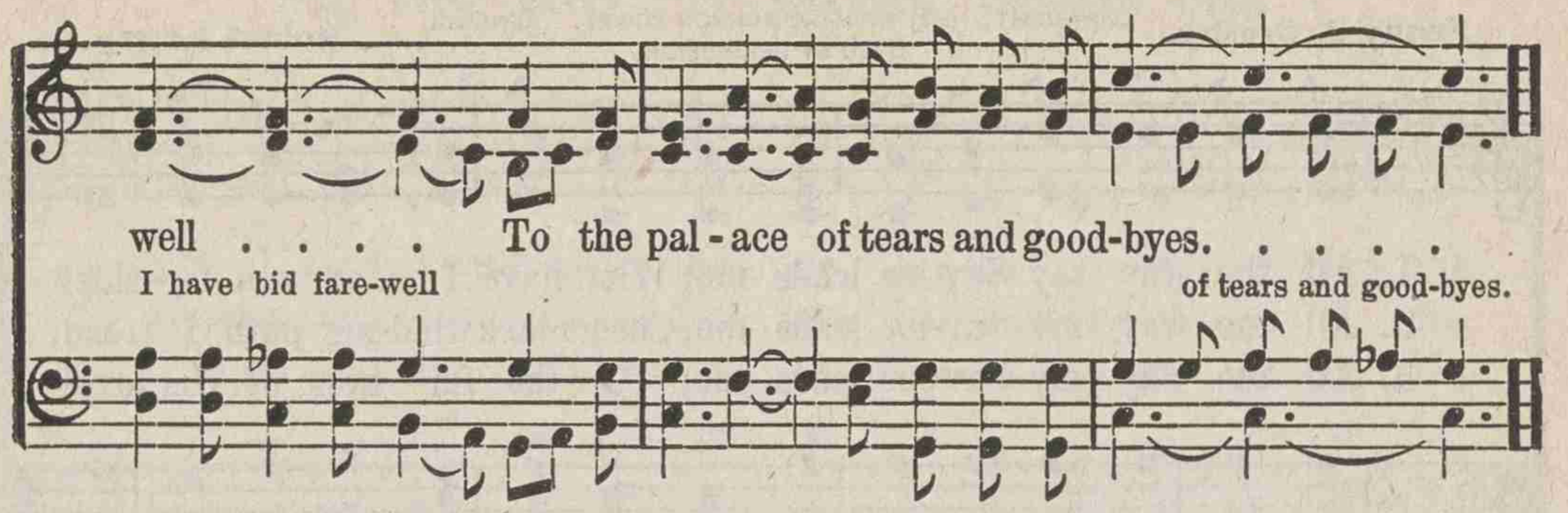
1. By faith I so oft-en see mansions of glo - ry That fill . . me with
2. 'T was Je-sus who deeded those "mansions of glo - ry," To each . who sin's
3. With tri - als and sorrows the earth-life is bur-dened, Days oft . . bring us

raptured surprise; . . I long then to dwell there, thus leaving for-ev - er Earth's
pleasure de - nies, . . And starts for that cit - y, thus bidding fare-well to The
scan-ty sup-plies; . . But Christ is our ref-uge, and soon He shall call from The

CHORUS.

pal - ace of tears and good-byes. . . By faith I so oft - en see
mansions, bright gleam - ing, That Je - - sus hath made in the
Je - sus hath made in the
skies; . . . . There some day I'll dwell, ... when I've bid fare-
skies, hath made in the skies: There some day I'll dwell, when

I See Mansions of Glory.



No. 103. There's a Beautiful Star.

Rossiter W. Raymond. USED BY PERMISSION. **Fred. Schilling.**

No. 104. All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL USED BY PERMISSION. **Robert Lowry.**
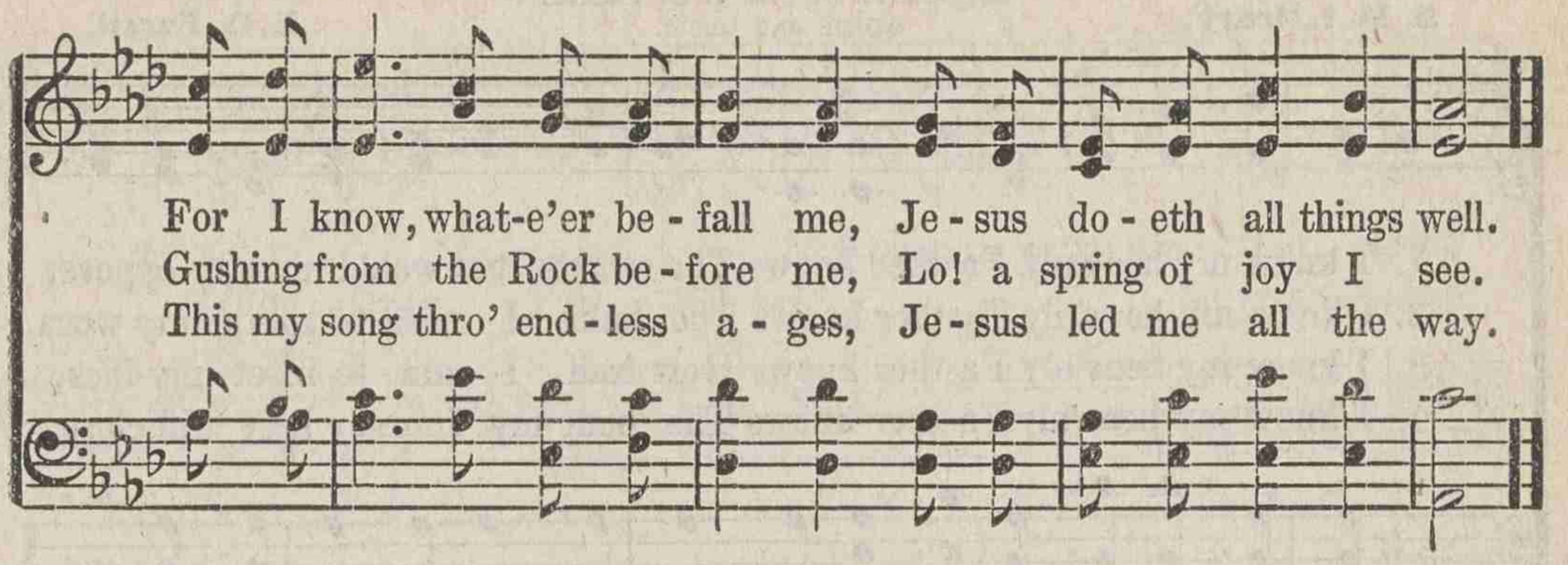
1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be - side?
2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, Cheers each wind-ing path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; O the ful - ness of His love!

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

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

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

All the Way My Savior Leads Me.
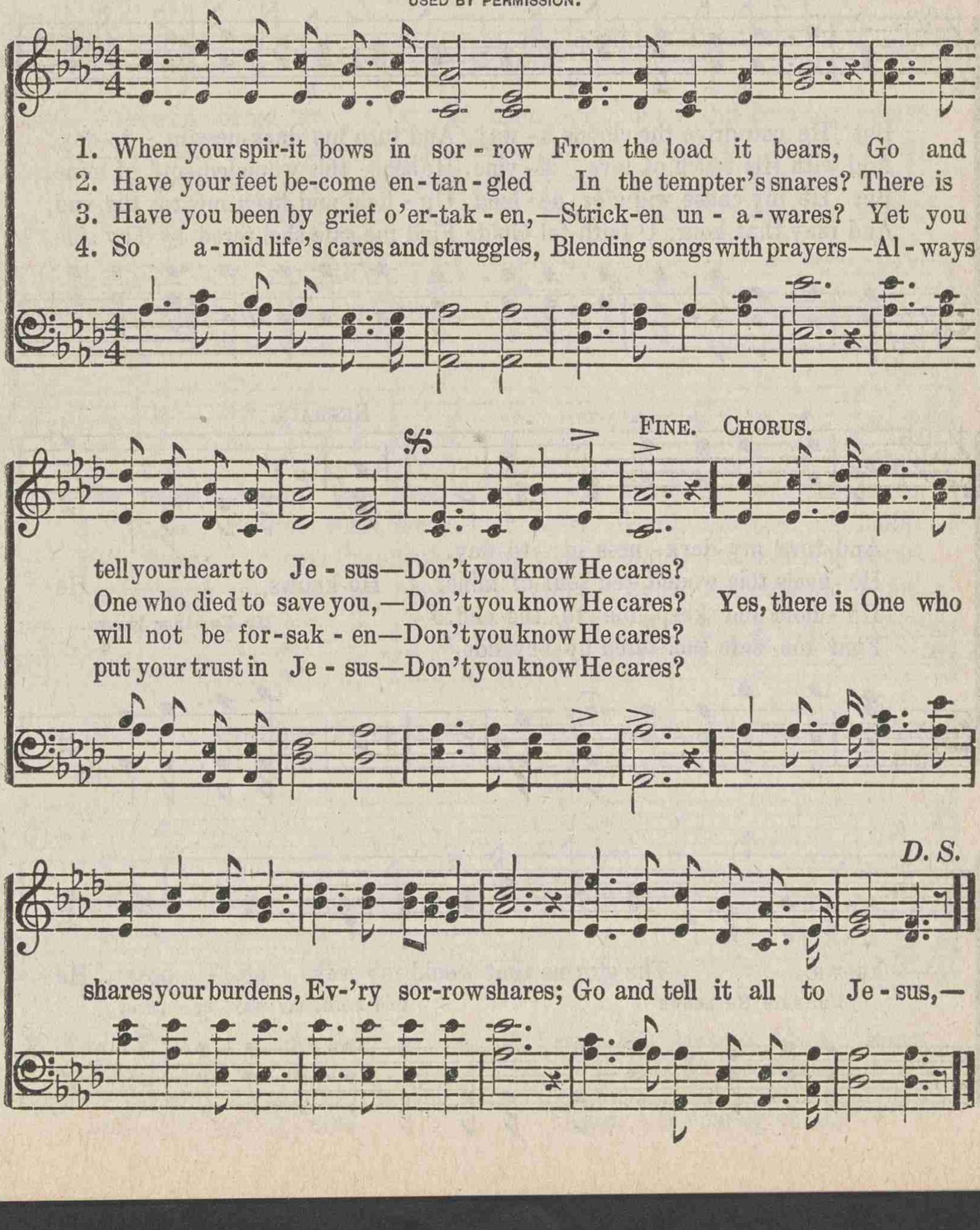


No. 105. Don't You Know He Cares?

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
USED BY PERMISSION.

J. Howard Entwisle.



No. 106. My Father Knows.

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

S. M. I. Henry. E. O. Excell.

1. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The storms that would my way oppose;
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 journey 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 wounded 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 faith-ful Guide Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side,
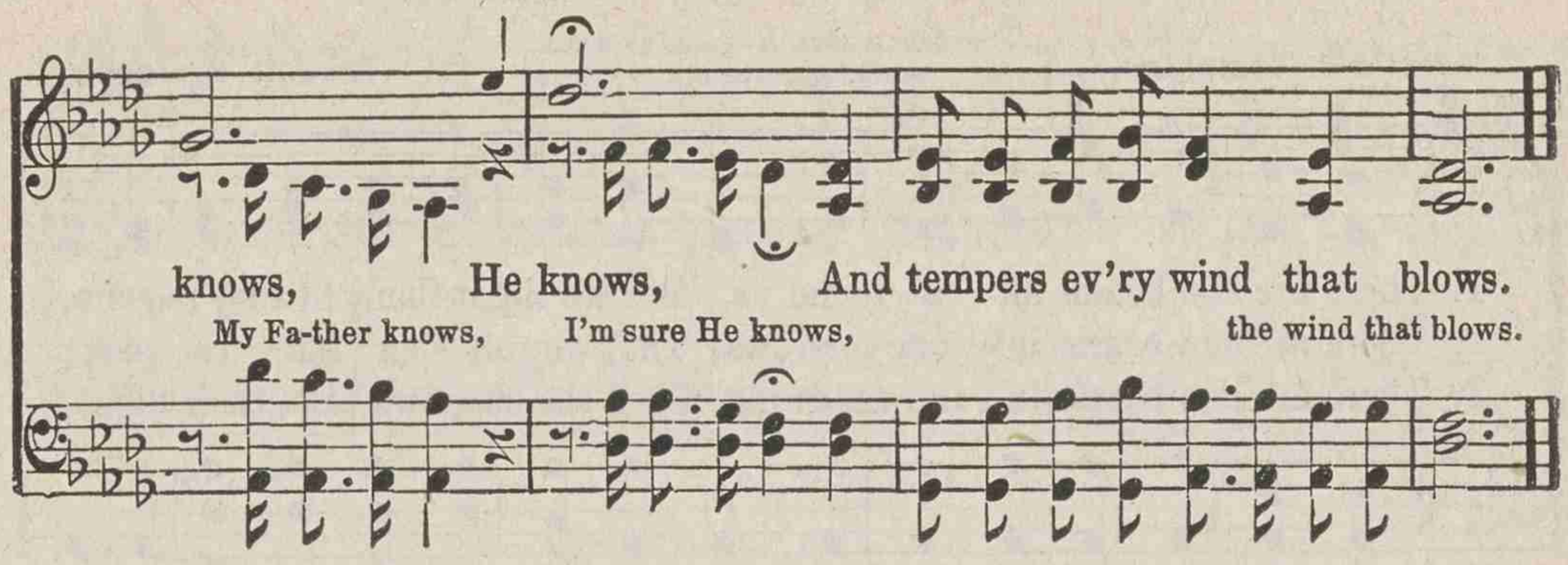
REFRAIN.

And turn my dark-ness in - to day.
He heals this wound-ed soul of mine. He knows, He
Up-hold and keep me to the end.
Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side.

My Fa-ther knows.
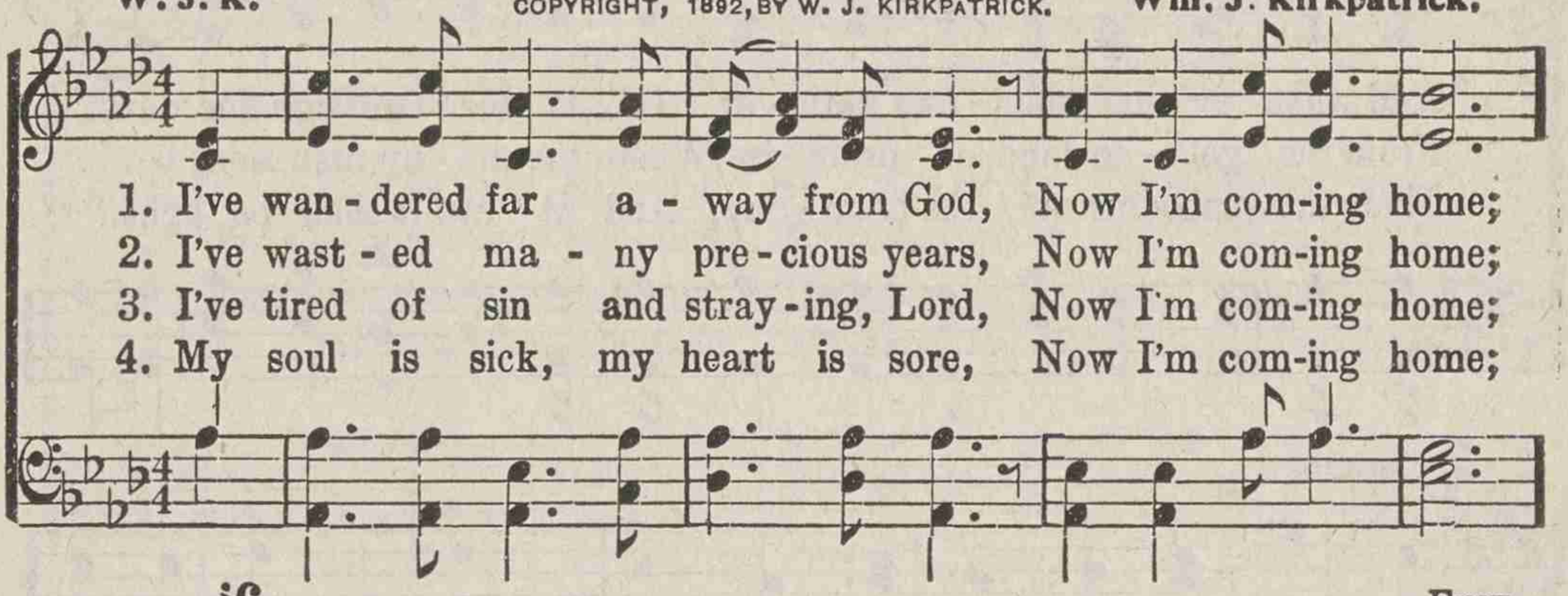
knows The storms that would my way op - pose; He
I'm sure He knows that would my way op-pose;
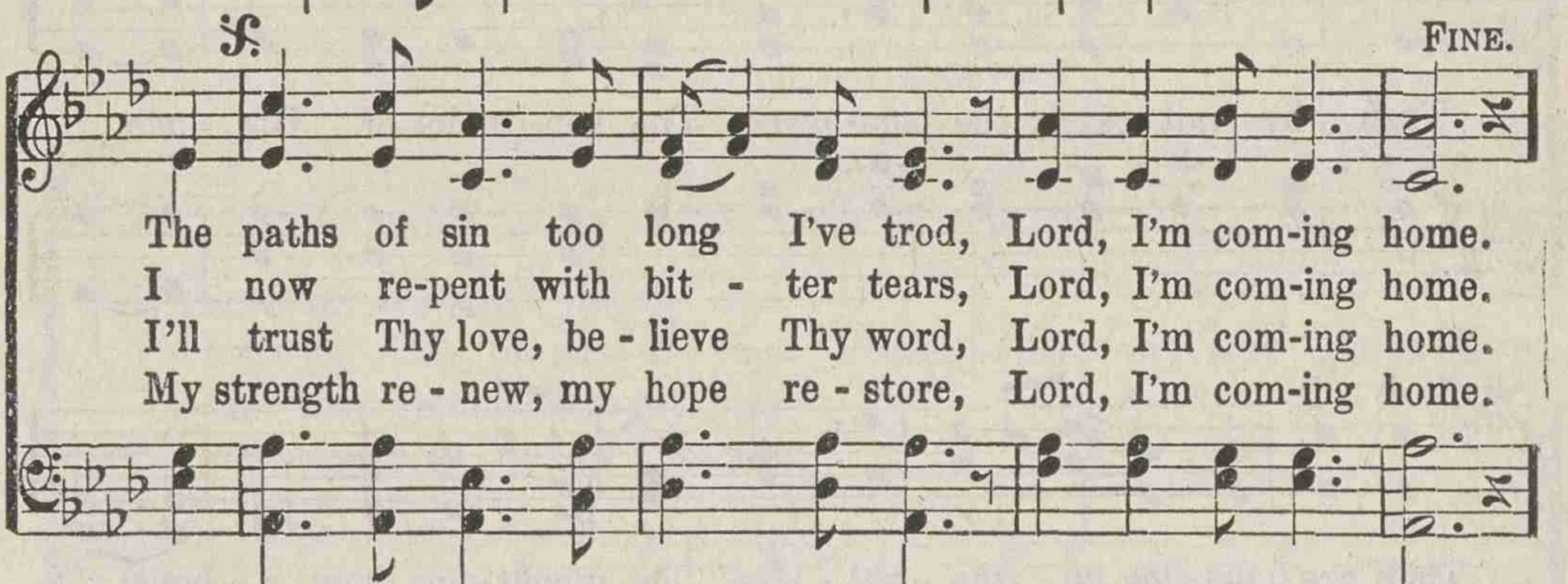
My Father Knows.



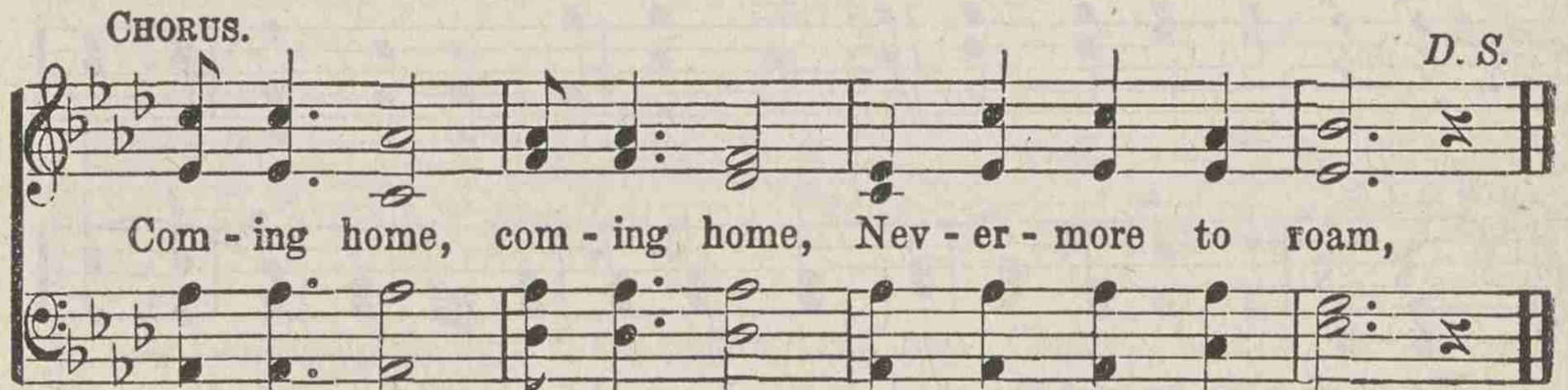
No. 107. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.





CHORUS.



5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

No. 108. Why Not Catch the Sunbeams?

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Jessie P. Tompkins. WORDS AND MUSIC. Jno. R. Sweney.

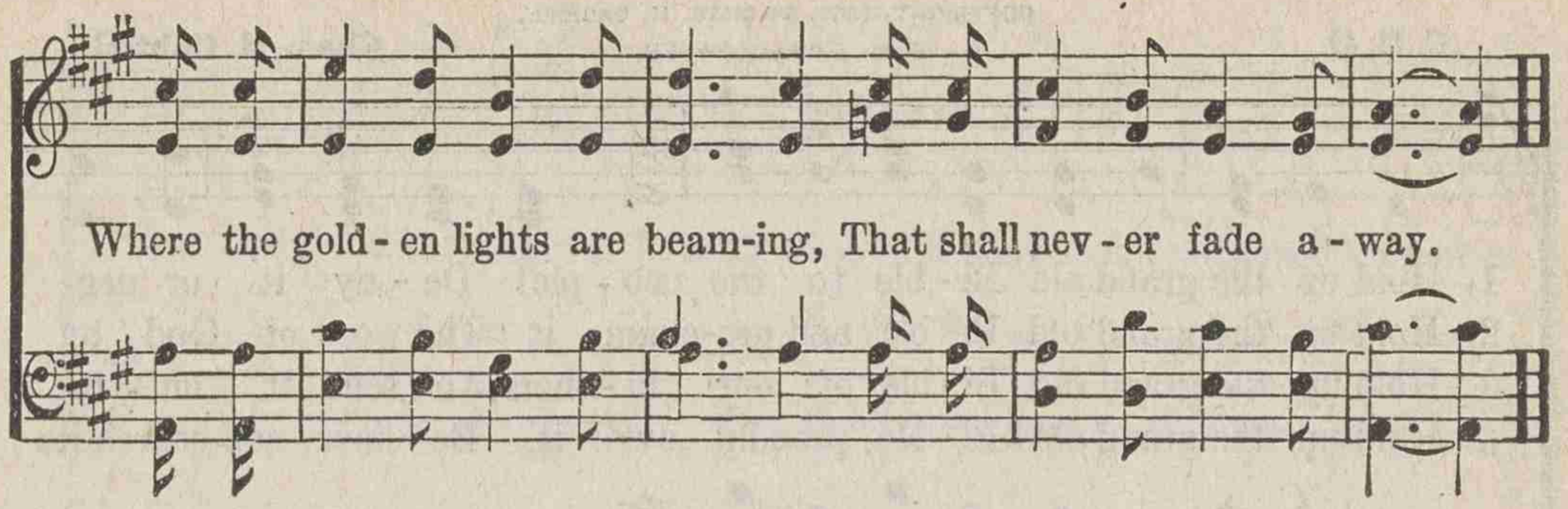
1. There are sun-beams all a-round us, But we slight them 'til they're gone,
2. There are sun-beams in our sor-rows, That we oft-en fail to see,
3. There are sun-beams in the morn-ing, When the shadows take their flight,

And when ev'ning shad-ows gath-er It is then we sigh for dawn.
From the gold-en land of prom-ise, Where the ma-ny man-sions be.
There are sunbeams at the noon-day, And at "eve it shall be light."

CHORUS.

Then why not catch the sun-beams? The sun-beams of His love,
They are light-ing up the val-leys, The mount-ains glow a-bove;
We shall soon be past the shad-ows In one bright e-ter-nal day,

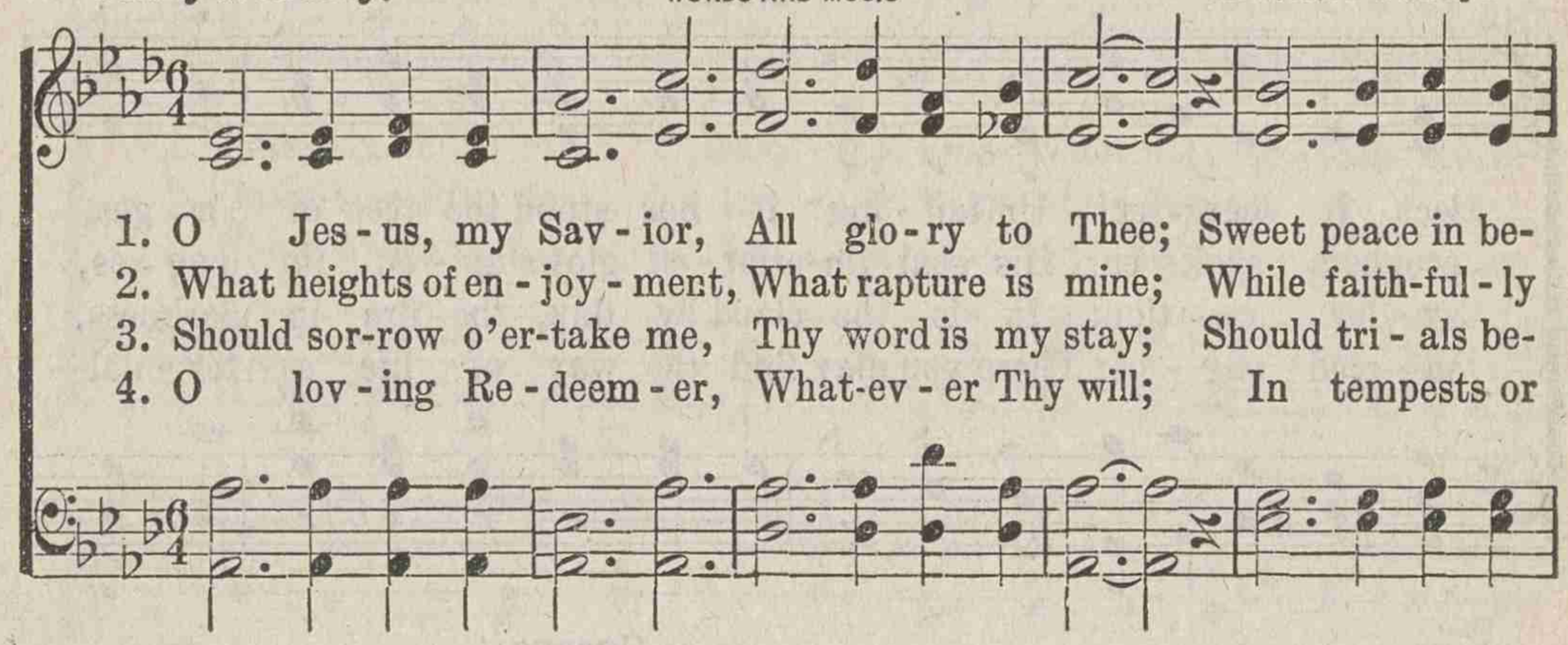
Why Not Catch the Sunbeams?

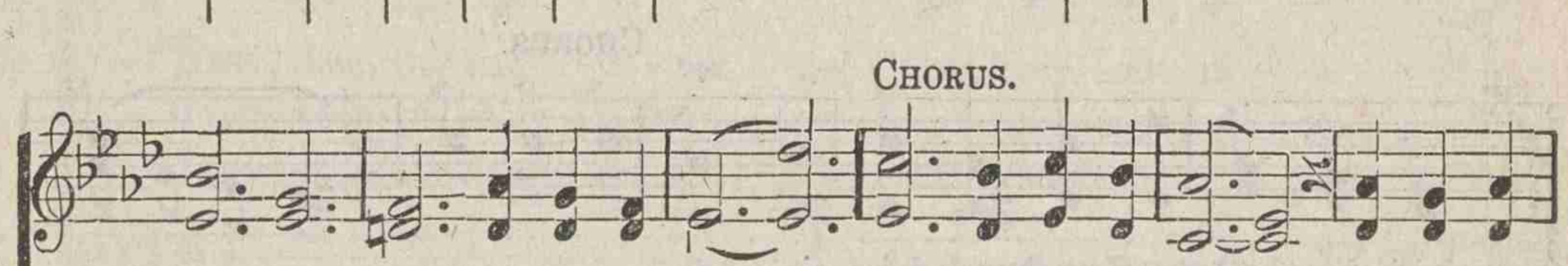


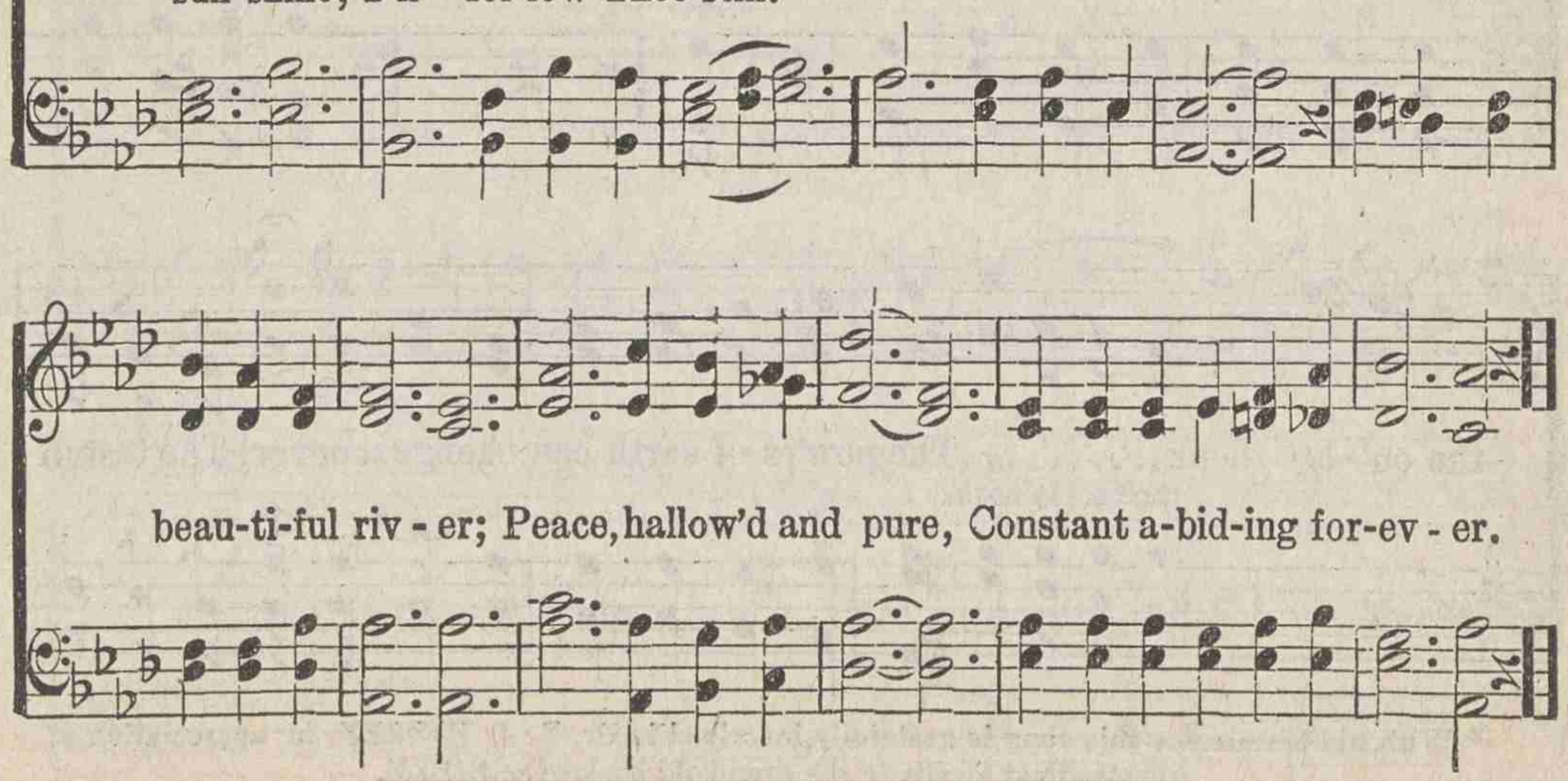
No. 109. Peace to My Soul.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.





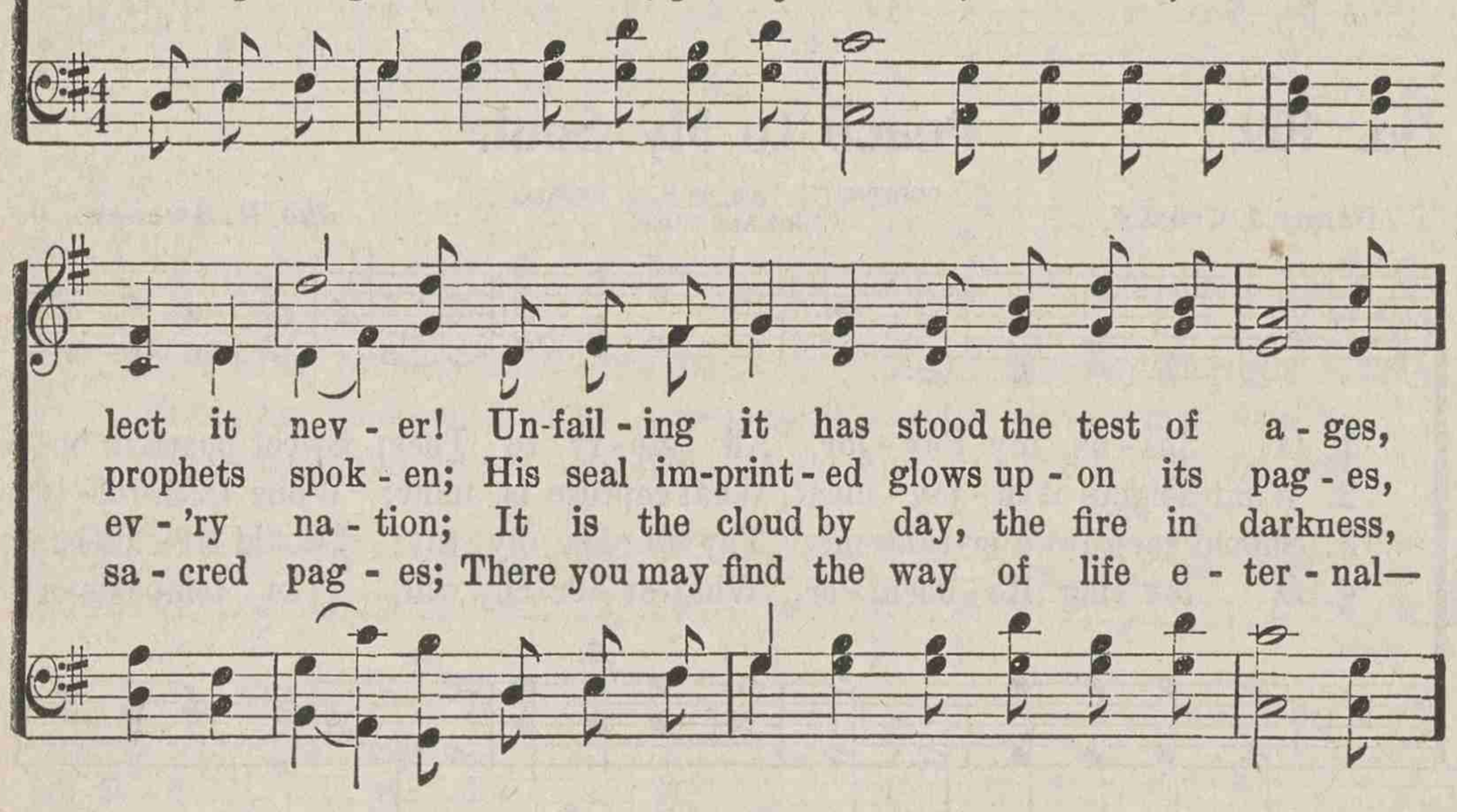


No. 110. The Grand Old Bible.

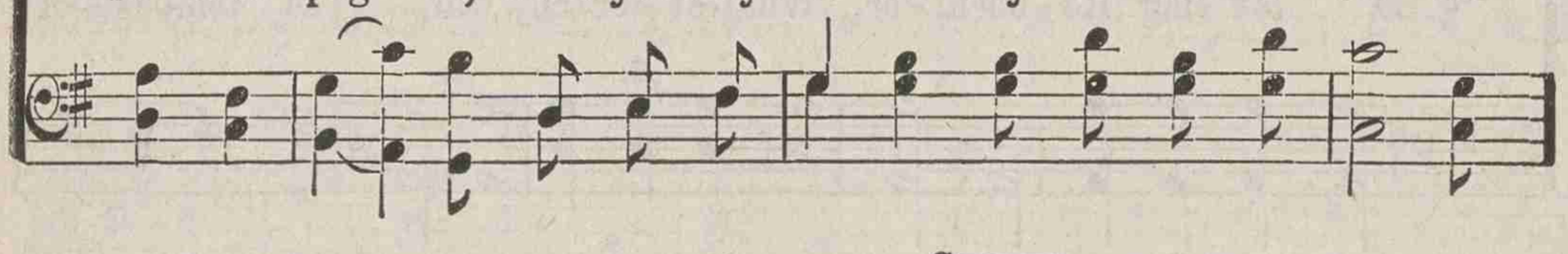
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

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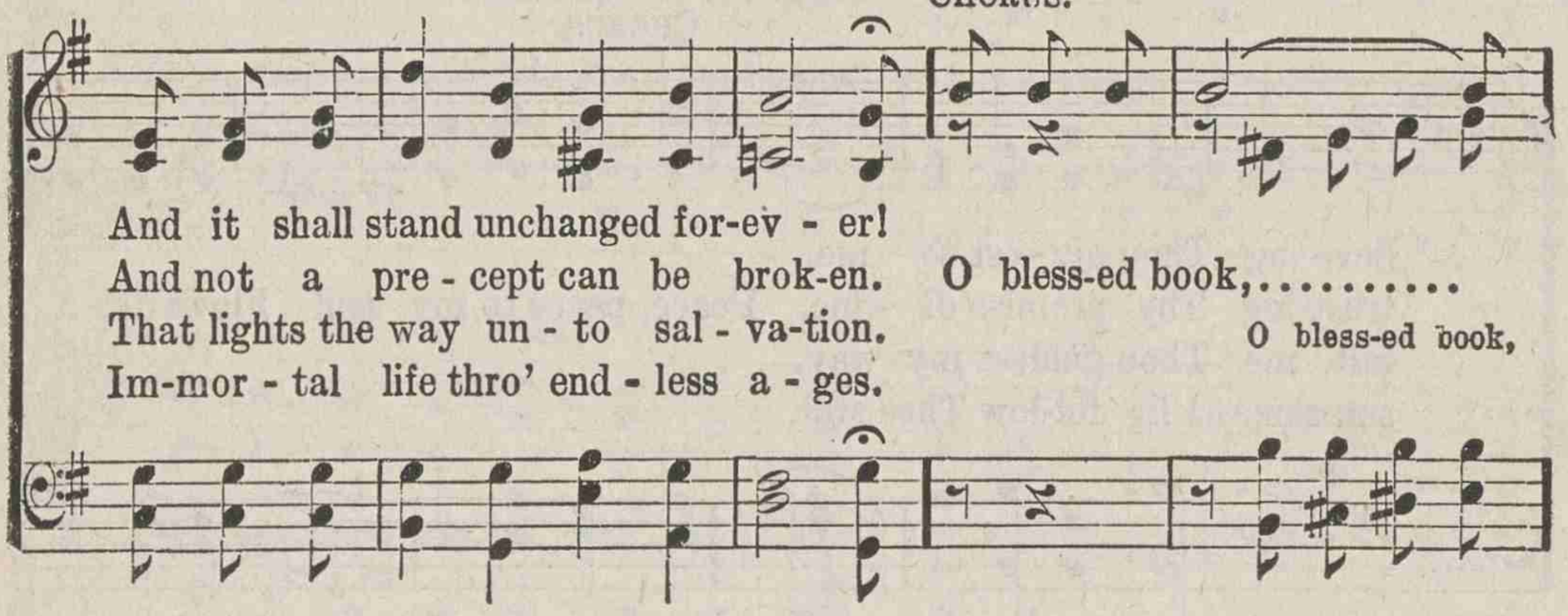
1. Hold up the grand old Bi - ble to the peo - ple! De - ny it or neg-
2. Hold up the grand old Bi - ble and pro-claim it The word of God by
3. Hold up the grand old Bi - ble of our fa - thers, And send it un - to
4. Hold up the grand old Bi - ble, proudly own it, Be - lieve, and search its



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

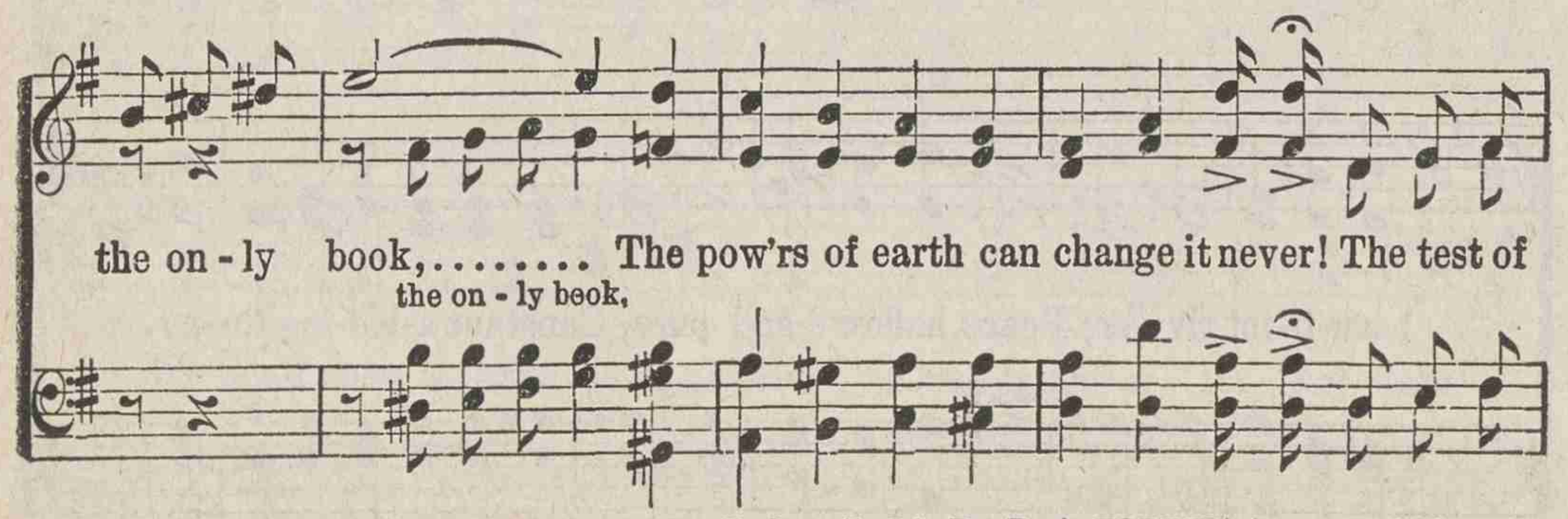


CHORUS.



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

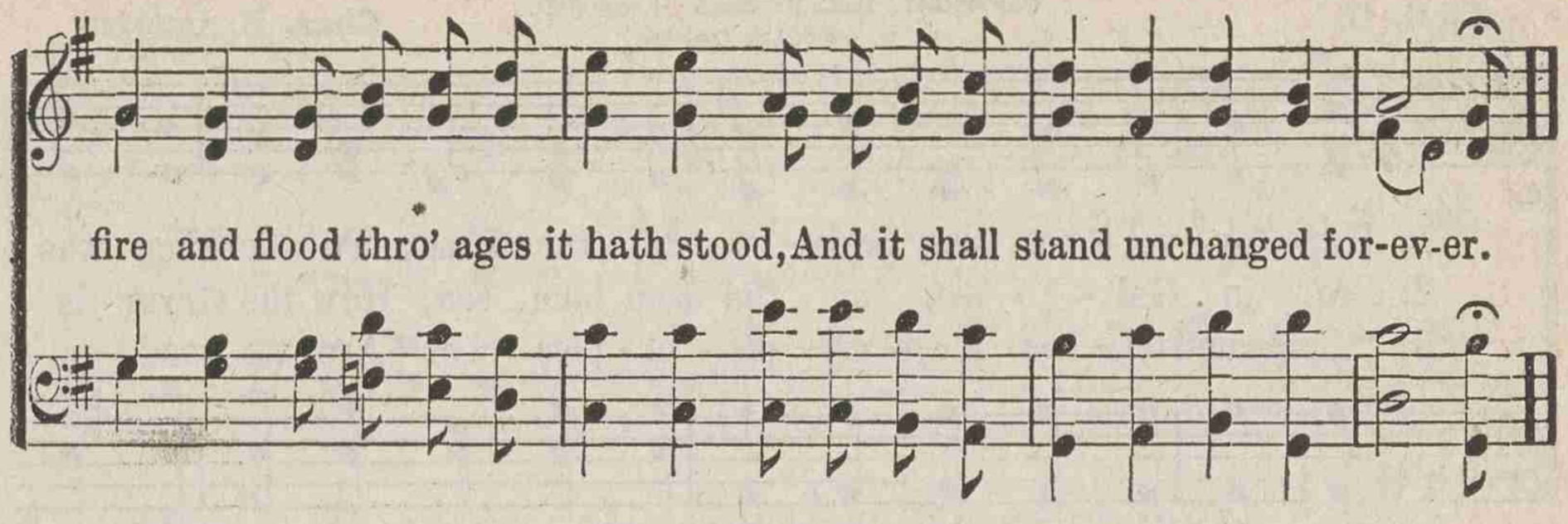
O bless-ed book,.....
O bless-ed book,



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

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

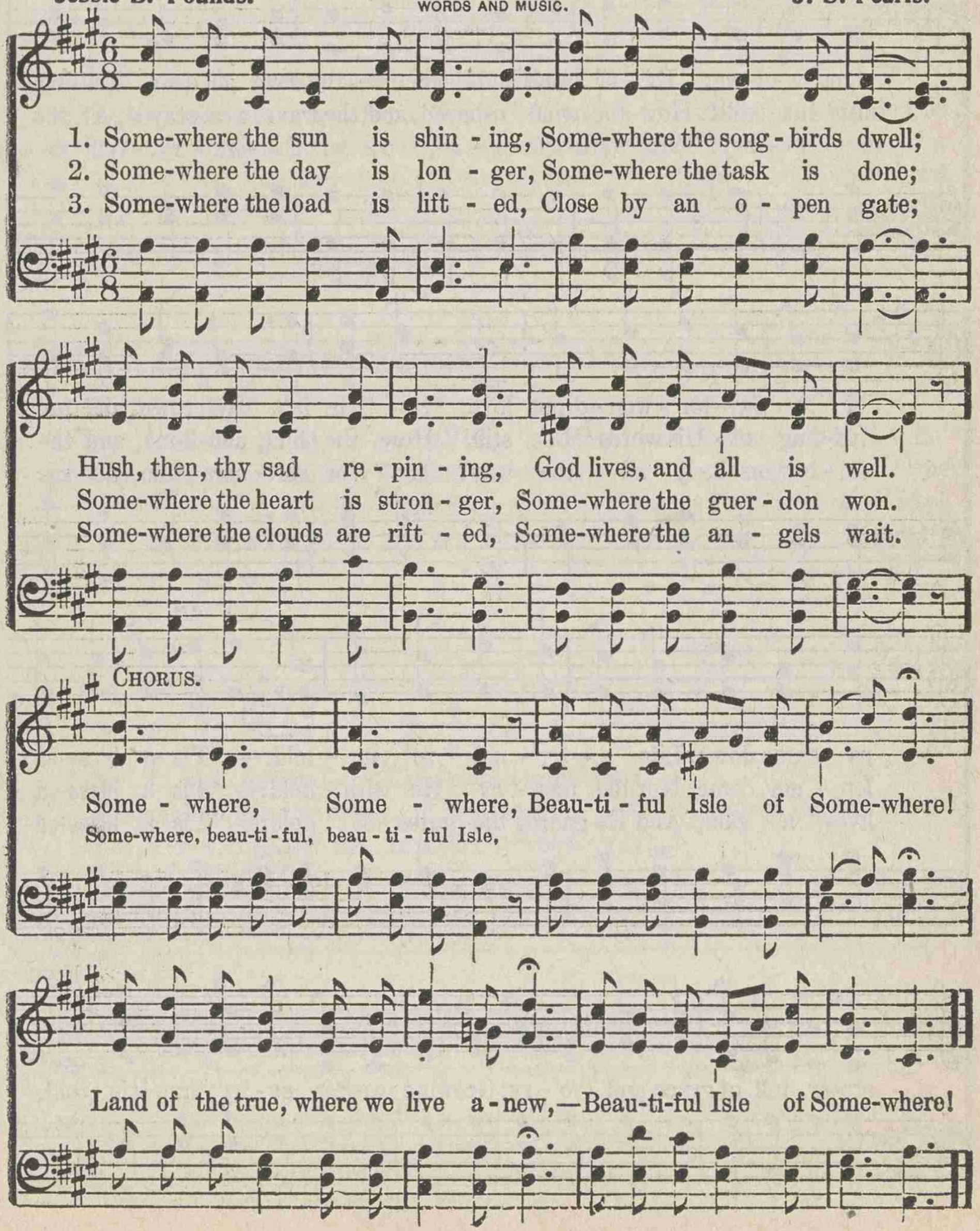
The Grand Old Bible.



No. 111. Beautiful Isle.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Jessie B. Pounds. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. S. Fearis.



No. 112, The Blessed Story.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
H. N. LINCOLN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Hap - py voi - ces sing prais - es to the King, To the King who reigns a - bove; Ev - er sweet and clear comes the song so dear, Tell-ing of a Sav - ior's won - drous love; How He left His crown, and for us came down, Life e - ter - nal to un - fold;— 'Tis a bless-ed sto-ry, full of grace and glo - ry, Growing sweeter ev - 'ry time 'tis told.

2. See in Gal - i - lee, on the deep blue sea, How the storm is hushed at will! How the wind o-beyed, and the waves were stayed, At the bid-ding of His words "Be still!" How the blind, and lame, and the lep - ers came, Nor did mer - cy He with - hold;— 'Tis a bless-ed lives a - gain, And He guards the gates of gold;— 'Tis a bless-ed sto-ry, full of grace and glo - ry, Growing sweeter ev - 'ry time 'tis told.

3. "Come and fol - low me,—my dis - ci - ples be." Are we read - y to o - bey? Thro' Geth-sem - a - ne, o - ver Cal - va - ry, Will we fol - low meek - ly all the way? Tho' for sin - ners slain, Je - sus

FINE.

The Blessed Story.

REFRAIN. D. S.

Sing the sto - ry, full of glo - ry, That nev - er grow-eth old;
Sing the bless - ed sto - ry, full of grace and glo - ry,

No. 113 Patient 'Neath Thy Hand, Lord.

Flora Kirkland. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX. **Howard E. Smith.**

1. Patient 'neath Thy hand, Lord, Ev-er let me lie; Thou the heav'nly Worker,
2. On-ly Thou canst cleanse me From my sins' dark blight; Only Thou canst fashion
3. Read-y for Thy serv-ice If Thou choosest so; Read-y but to wait, Lord,

Clay to mold am I. As the clay is fash-ioned By the pot-ter's will,
Ves - sels pure and white. "Ves-sels un - to hon - or" Some bright souls shall be;
Till Thou say-est, "Go!" O that Thou wouldst choose me For Thy work to - day!

CHORUS.

So I wish to be, Lord, Calm, sub-mis-sive still.
In some hum-ble sta-tion, Lord, find place for me. I am in Thy hand, Lord,
But, if not, then use me In Thine own best way.

And would not re - bel, For I sure - ly know Thou Do-eth all things well.

No. 114. All the Way.

To the Singing Bishop C. C. McCabe,

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

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

1. Since I start-ed for the Cit-y o - ver in the Promised Land, I have
2. There are ma-ny snares and pit-falls all a - long the pil-grim road, I can
3. When the clouds of darkness gather and the sunshine all has fled, Then He
4. When I reach the si - lent riv-er, with its cold and chilling tide, Je - sus
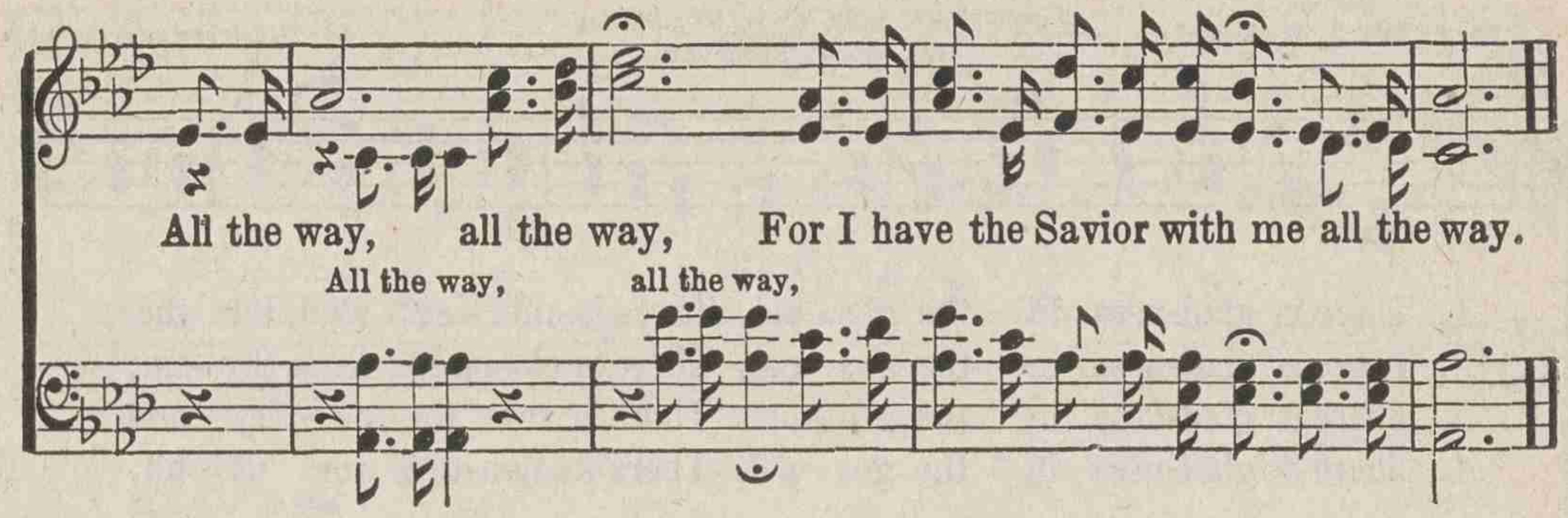
tri - als and temp-ta-tions ev - 'ry day; But I find my-self sup-port-ed
o - ver-come them if I watch and pray; In the hour of pain and sor-row,
guides my falt'ring footsteps lest I stray, And the bless-ed light of heav-en
will be there, my helper and my stay; I will sail a - way tri-um-phant,

by a strong and lov-ing hand, For I have the Savior with me all the way.
grace suf-fi-cient is be-stow'd, For I have the Savior with me all the way.
o - ver all my path is spread, For I have the Savior with me all the way.
land my soul on Canaan's side, For I have the Savior with me all the way.

CHORUS.

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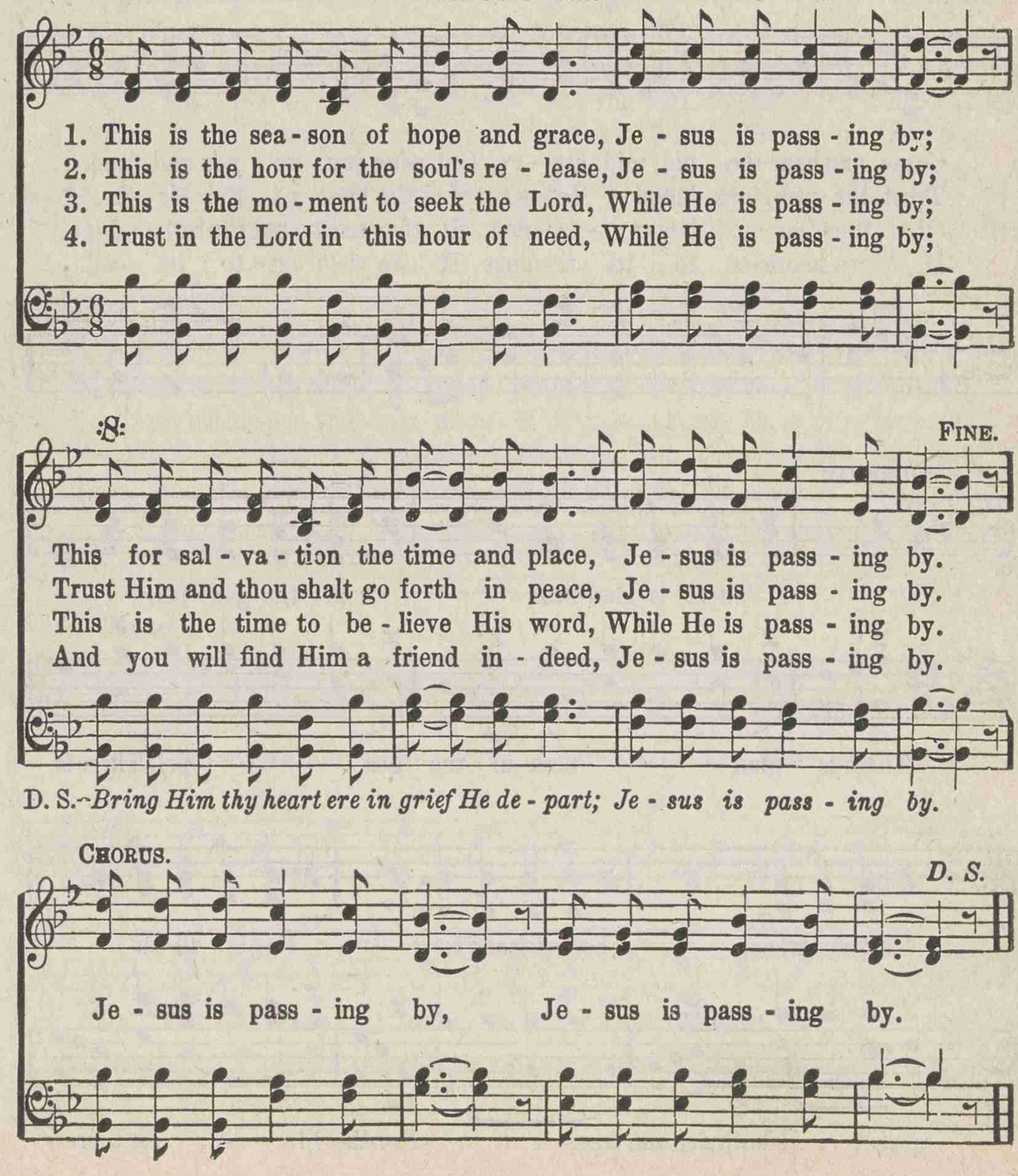
All the Way.



No. 115 Jesus is Passing By.

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

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



No. 116. There is Gladness.

Mrs. W. J. Kennedy.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY H. N. LINCOLN.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

H. N. Lincoln.

1. There is glad-ness in the gos - pel, There is mer - cy, soul, for thee;
2. There is glad-ness in the gos - pel, There is cleans-ing from thy sin;
3. There is glad-ness in the gos - pel, There is rest for ev - 'ry one
4. There is glad-ness in the gos - pel, There's salva-tion for us all,

Come, and hear the old, old sto - ry, Bring-ing joy to you and me.
Trust the pre-cious blood of Je - sus, Let the bless - ed Spir - it in.
Of the wear - y, heav - y - la - den, If they trust what Christ has done.
If we heark-en to its ti - dings, If we yield un - to its call.

REFRAIN.

There is glad-ness in the gos - pel,

There is glad - - ness in the gos - - pel, There is

There is grace, both rich and free; For the vil-est

grace, . . both rich and free; . . . For the vil - est there is

There is Gladness.

there is mer - cy, There is gladness, soul, for thee. . .
for thee.

mer - cy, There is glad - ness, soul, for thee. . .

No. 117. Nothing But the Blood.

R. L.

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

Robert Lowry.

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my par-don, this I see— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth-ing can for sin a - tone,—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;

What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
For my cleans-ing, this my plea— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done,—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
This is all my right-eous-ness,—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

Oh! pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;

No oth - er Fount I know, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

No. 118. I Do Believe the Bible.

F. A. B.

USED BY PERMISSION OF H. N. LINCOLN.
OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

F. A. Blackmer.

1. I do be-lieve the Bi-ble, the bless-ed Word of God, And close un-to its prom-is-es I cleave; It points me to the path-way the saints and mar-tyrs trod, My Fa-ther is its author,—And I be-lieve.

2. It was my par-ents' coun-sel, to them its truths were grand, And mem'ry oft a picture sweet doth weave Of that "old-fashioned Bi-ble that lay up-on the stand," In life, in death, it cheered them,—And I be-lieve.

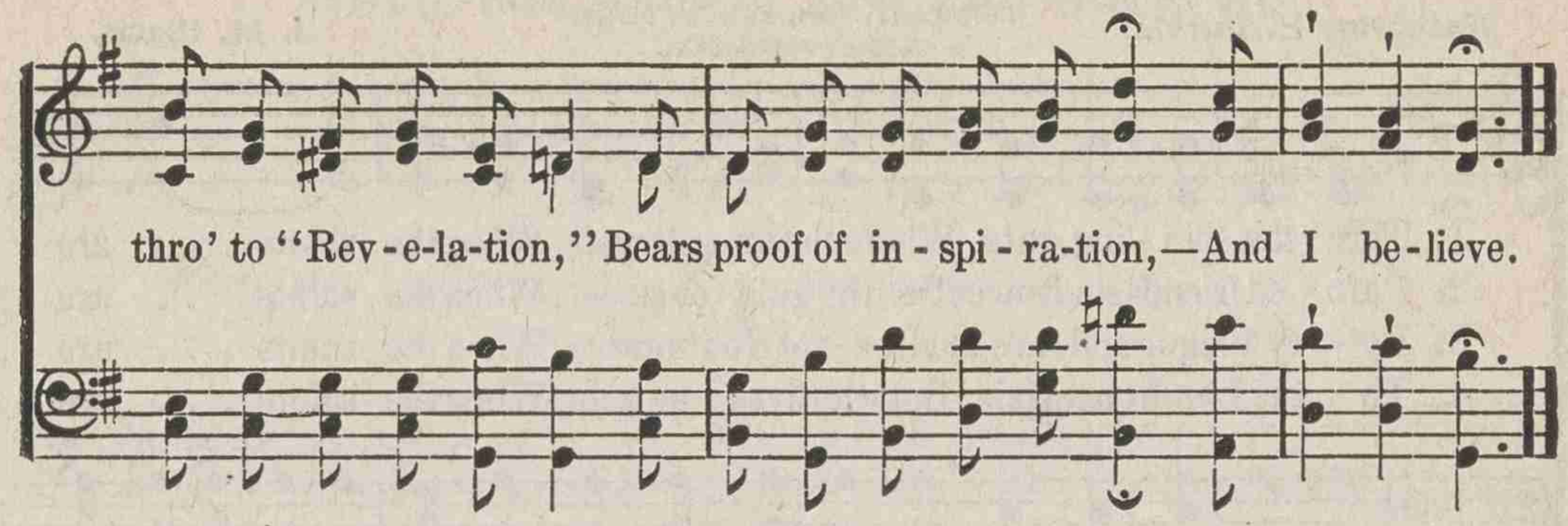
3. I once was lost, and dy-ing in dark-ness and de-spair, And o'er my lost con-di-tion long I grieved, Un-til I searched the Bi-ble and learned of Je-sus there, Who sweetly blest and saved me,—When I be-lieved.

4. Bold in-fi-dels may cav-il, and scorn the bless-ed Book, And with their groundless doctrines may deceive; Still all the while the Bi-ble brings peace to those who look With faith up-on its pa-ges,—And I be-lieve.

REFRAIN.

Yes, I be-lieve the bless-ed Word of God, It marks the path His peo-ple all have trod; The sto-ry, from cre-a-tion, All

I Do Believe the Bible.



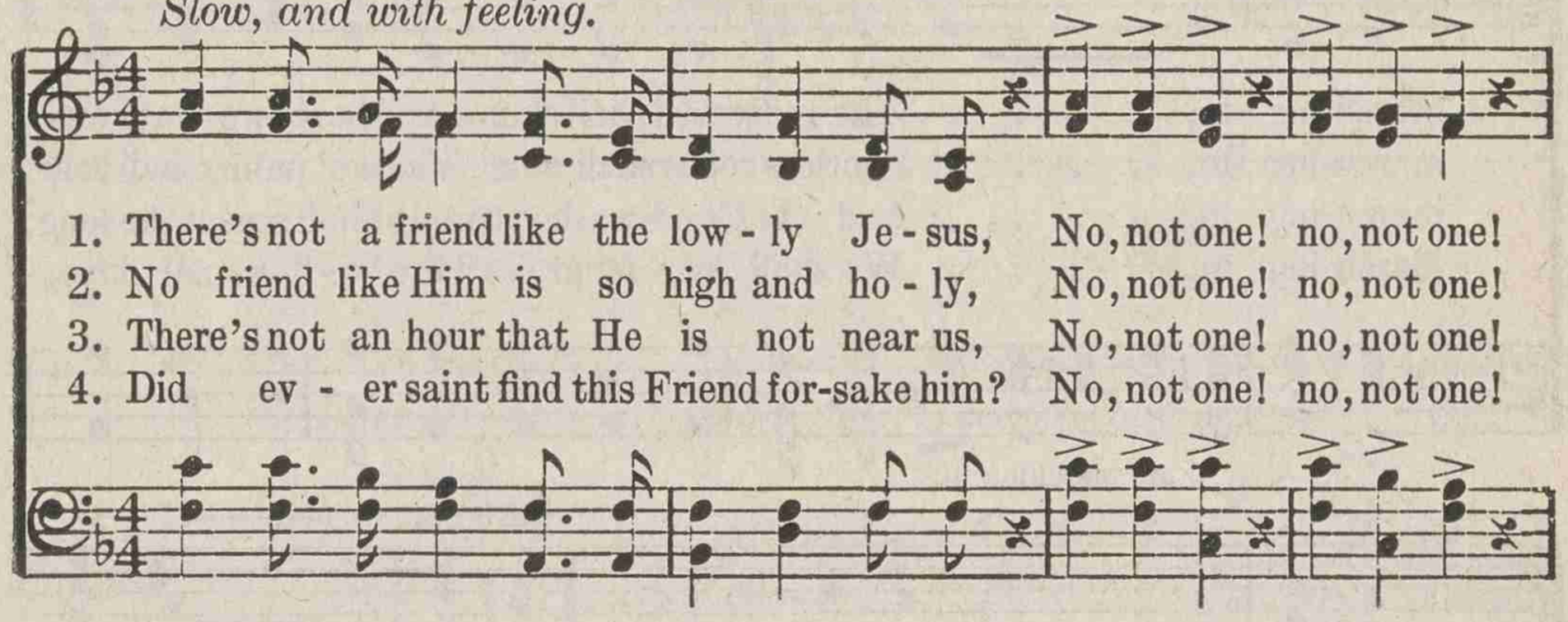
No. 119. No, Not One.

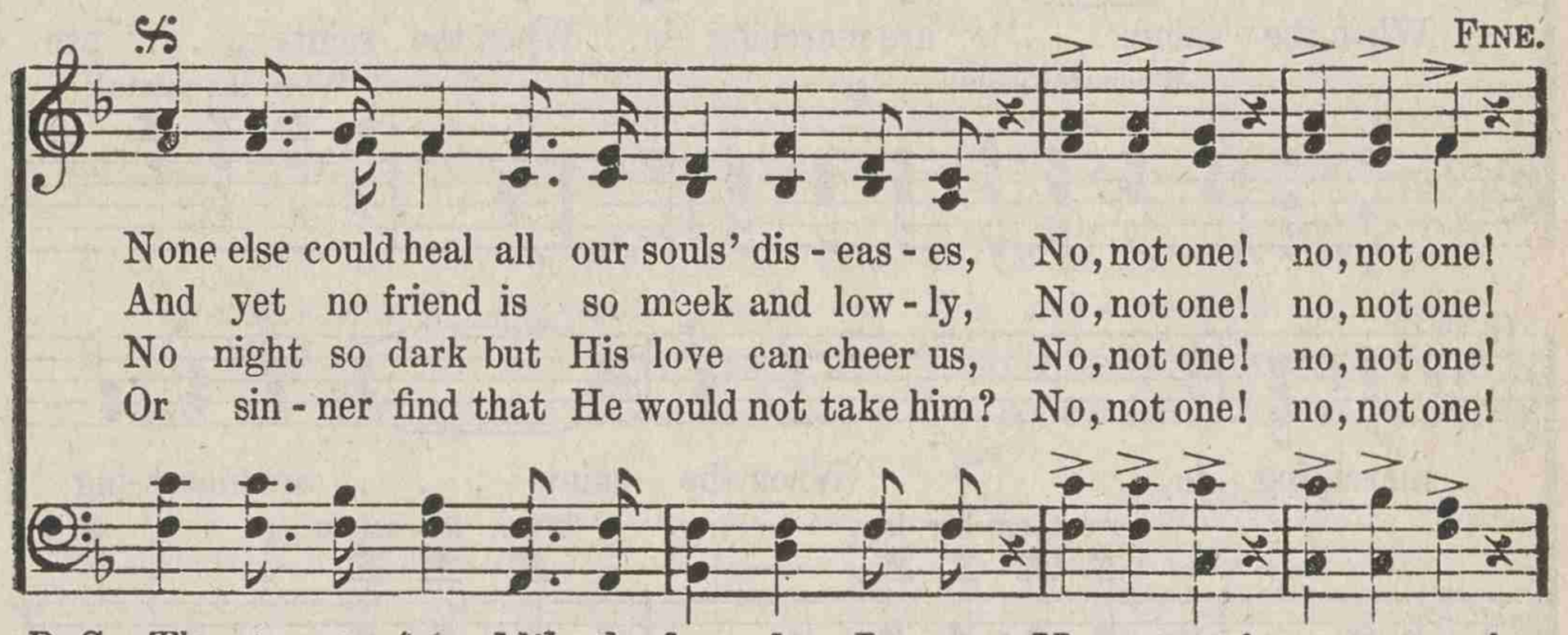
Johnson Oatman, Jr.
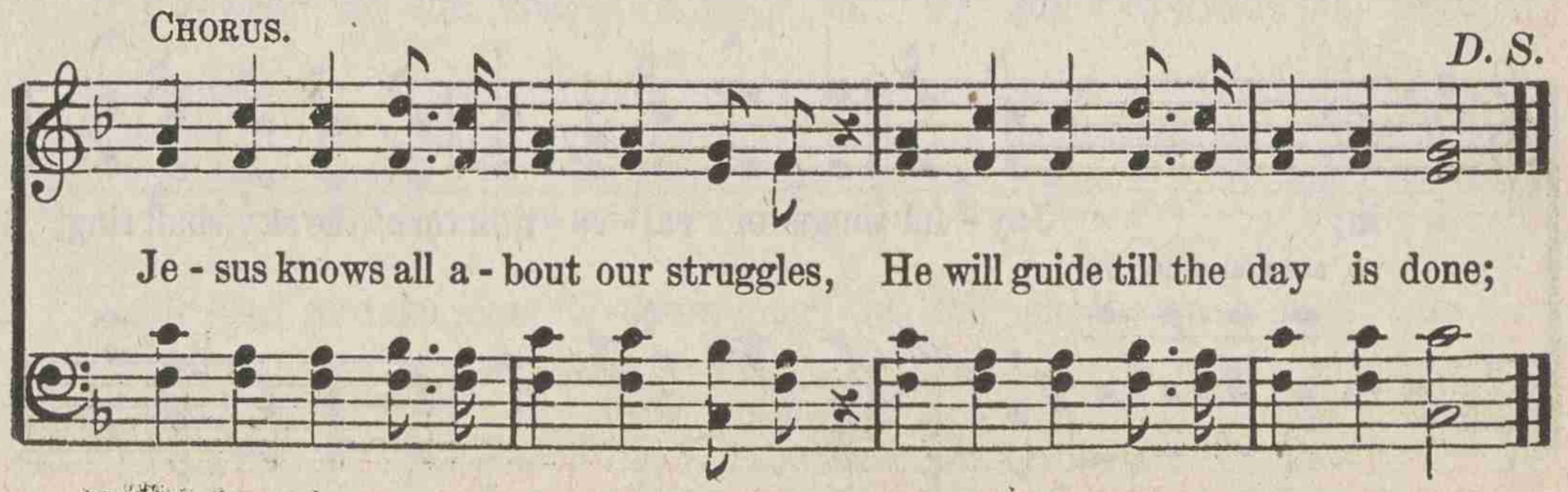
USED BY PERMISSION OF GEO. C. HUGG, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow, and with feeling.







No. 120. When the Saints are Marching In.

Katharine E. Purvis.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY J. M. BLACK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

J. M. Black.

1. Thro' the shin - ing gate, Where the an-gels wait, When the saints . . . are
2. Part - ed friends shall meet On the gold - en street, When the saints . . . are
3. Ev - 'ry tongue and race Shall ex - tol God's grace, When the saints . . . are
4. To the Lamb once slain, But who lives a - gain, When the saints . . . are

When the saints are

march-ing in, ... The redeemed shall come, And be crowned at home,
march-ing in, ... Spotless robes shall wear, Victors' palms shall bear,
march-ing in, ... And the blood-washed throng Shall repeat the song,
march-ing in, ... We shall of - fer praise Thro' e - ter - nal days,

are marching in,

CHORUS.

When the saints . . . are marching in. When the saints . . . are

When the saints

When the saints

march-ing in, When the saints . . . are march-ing

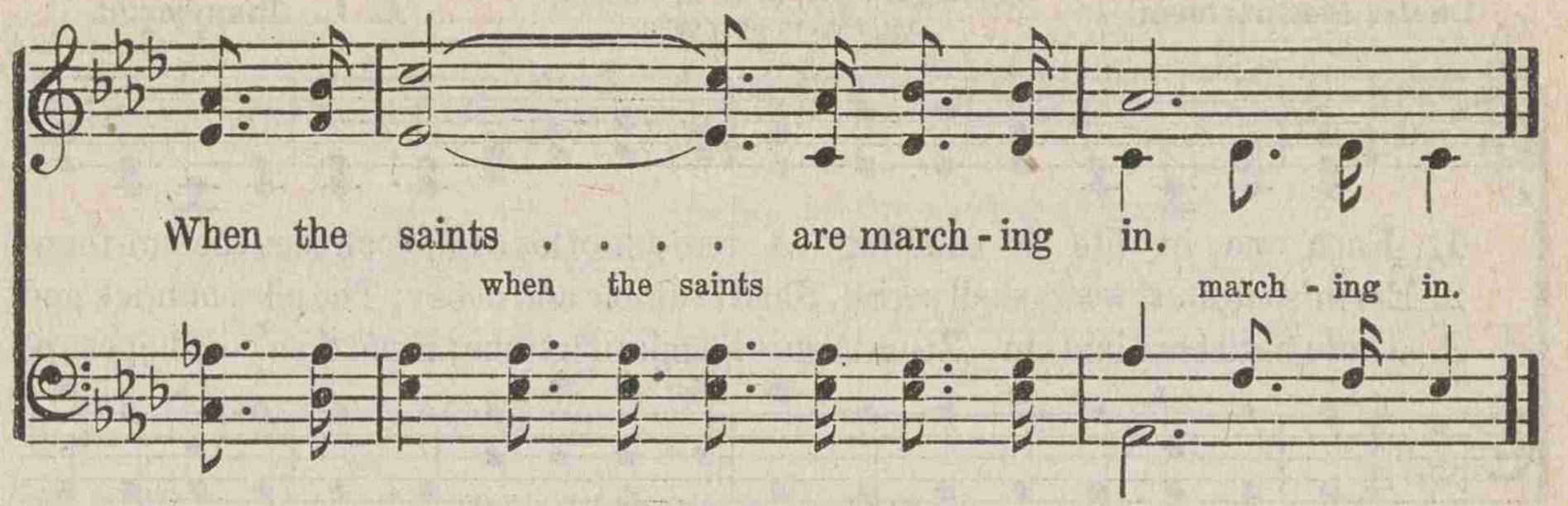
are march-ing in,

When the saints

in; Joy - ful songs of sal - va - tion thro' the sky shall ring,

are marching in;
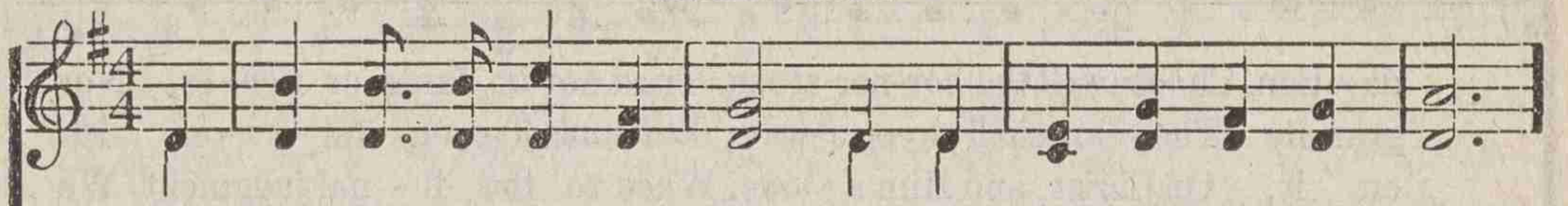
When the Saints are Marching In.



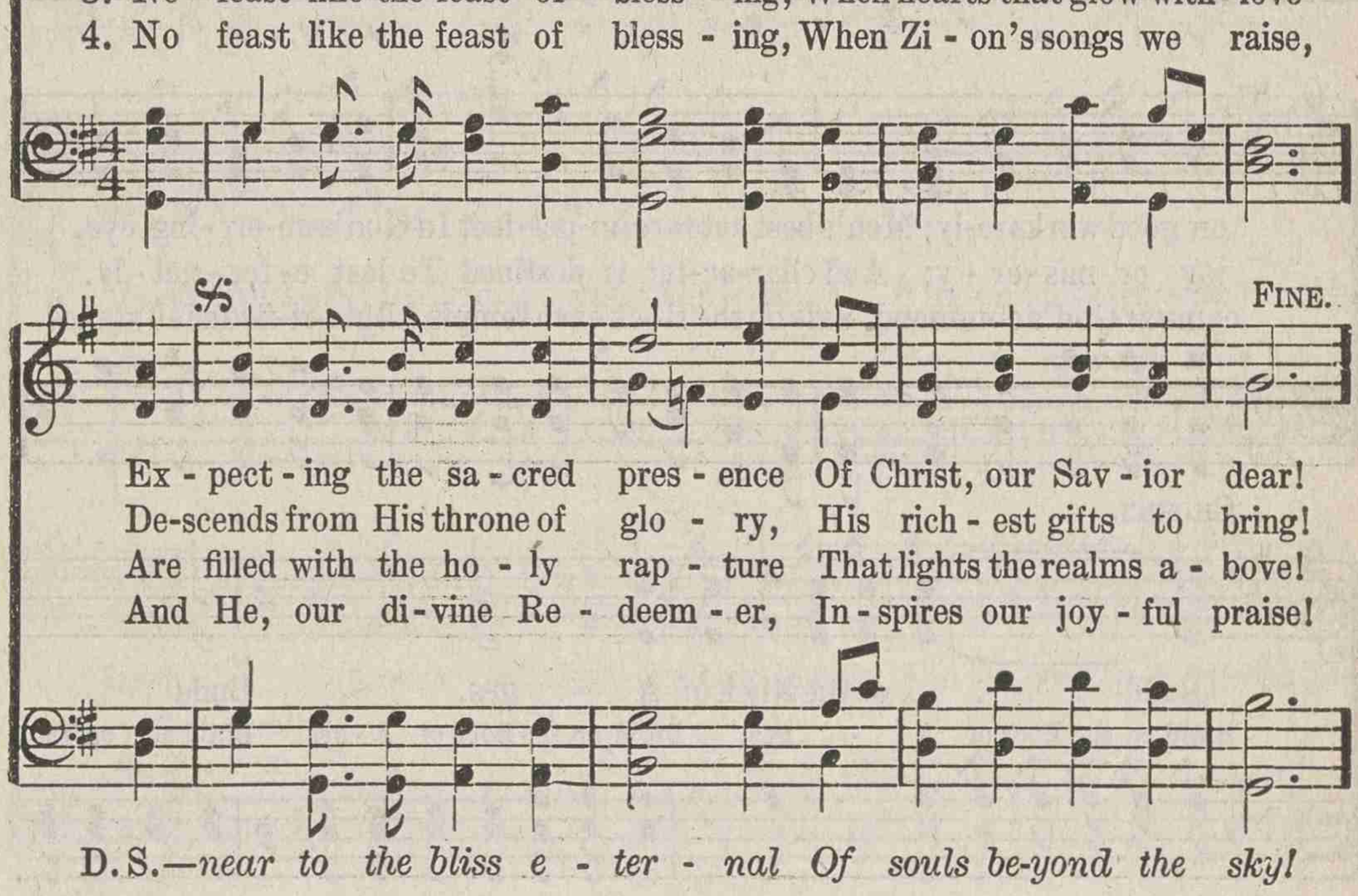
No. 121. The Feast of Blessing.

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

Willie P. Roe. **Jno. R. Sweney.**

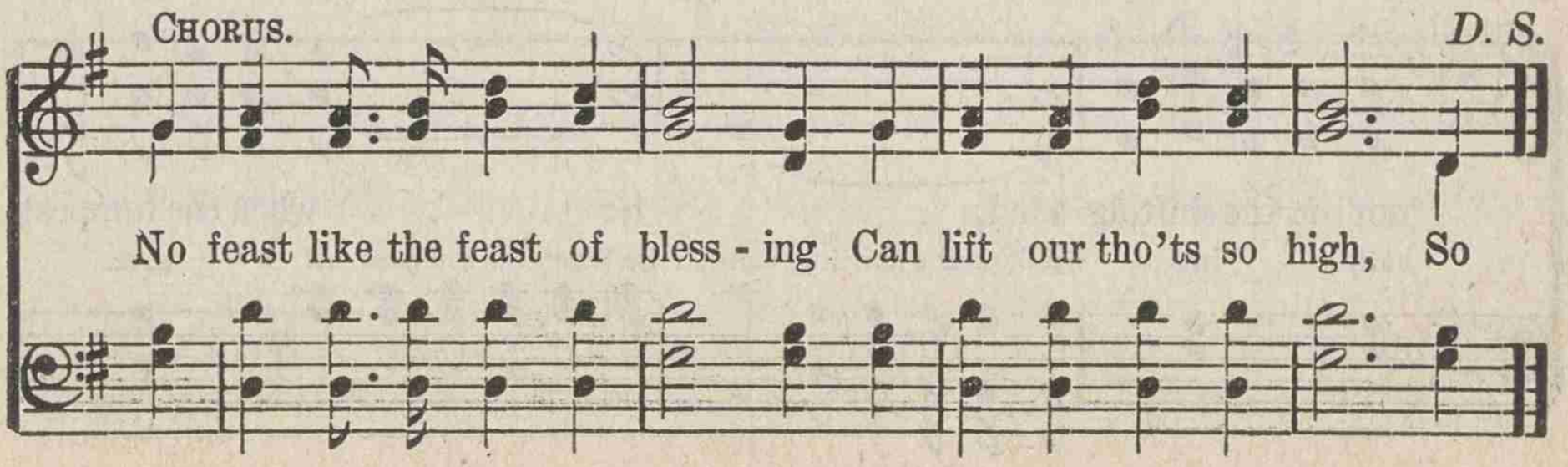


1. No feast like the feast of bless - ing, To which we now draw near,
2. No feast like the feast of bless - ing, When He, our Lord and King,
3. No feast like the feast of bless - ing, When hearts that glow with love
4. No feast like the feast of bless - ing, When Zi - on's songs we raise,



Ex - pect - ing the sa - cred pres - ence Of Christ, our Sav - ior dear!
De-scends from His throne of glo - ry, His rich - est gifts to bring!
Are filled with the ho - ly rap - ture That lights the realms a - bove!
And He, our di - vine Re - deem - er, In - spires our joy - ful praise!

D.S.—*near to the bliss e - ter - nal Of souls be-yond the sky!*



No feast like the feast of bless - ing Can lift our tho'ts so high, So

No. 122. The Sure Foundation.

Luella McCutcheon.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY H. N. LINCOLN.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

C. L. Chamberlin.

1. Each one in life is build-ing A tem-ple of his own; Seek then the sure foun-
2. Earth's mightiest works shall perish, Shall crumble and decay; The piles of brick and
3. There hath been laid in Zi-on A sure foundation stone; Build then your hopes up-

da - tion, Choose well the cor-ner-stone. Trust not in fame or rich - es, Nor
gran-ite The years shall sweep a-way; But souls live on for - ev - er, In
on it, On Christ, and Him a - lone. When to the fi - nal judgment We

on good works re-ly; Men's best acts are im-per-fect In God's un-err - ing eye.
joy or mis - er - y; And char-ac-ter is destined To last e - ter - nal - ly.
come at God's command, Safe on the Rock each temple All glo-ri-fied shall stand.

CHORUS.

Build . . . . on the Rock of A - ges, Build

Build on the Rock of A - ges, Build on the Rock of A - ges, Build not on the

not on the shifting sand; . . . . So . . . . when the tempest

shift - ing sand, on the shifting sand; So when the tempest ra - ges,

The Sure Foundation.

ra - ges, Safe - ly thy work shall stand.

So when the tem-pest ra - ges, shall sure-ly stand.

No. 123. Christ Arose.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL.
USED BY PERMISSION.

R. L. Robert Lowry.

1. Low in the ground He lay— Je - sus, my Sav - ior! Wait-ing the com-ing day—
2. Vainly they watch His bed— Je - sus, my Sav - ior! Vain - ly they seal the dead—
3. Death cannot keep his prey— Je - sus, my Sav - ior! He tore the bars a - way—

CHORUS.

Je-sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a-rose, With a mighty triumph o'er His

He a-rose,

foes; He arose a Victor from the dark domain, And He lives for-ev-er with His

He a-rose:

saints to reign: He a-rose! He a - rose! Hal-le - lu-jah! Christ arose!

He a - rose! He a-rose!

No. 124. The Whole Wide World for Jesus.

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

Will L. Thompson.

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

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

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

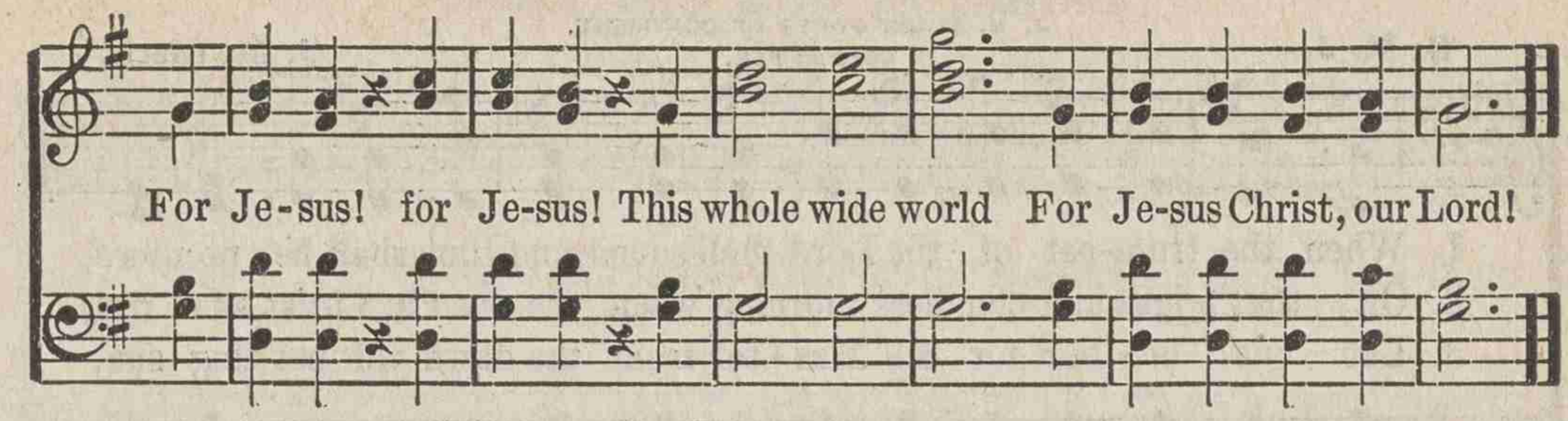
The whole wide world for Je - sus! Be this our bat - tle
From In - dia's vales and moun-tains, Thro' Per - sia's land of
The whole wide world for Je - sus! With prayer the song we'll

CHORUS.

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

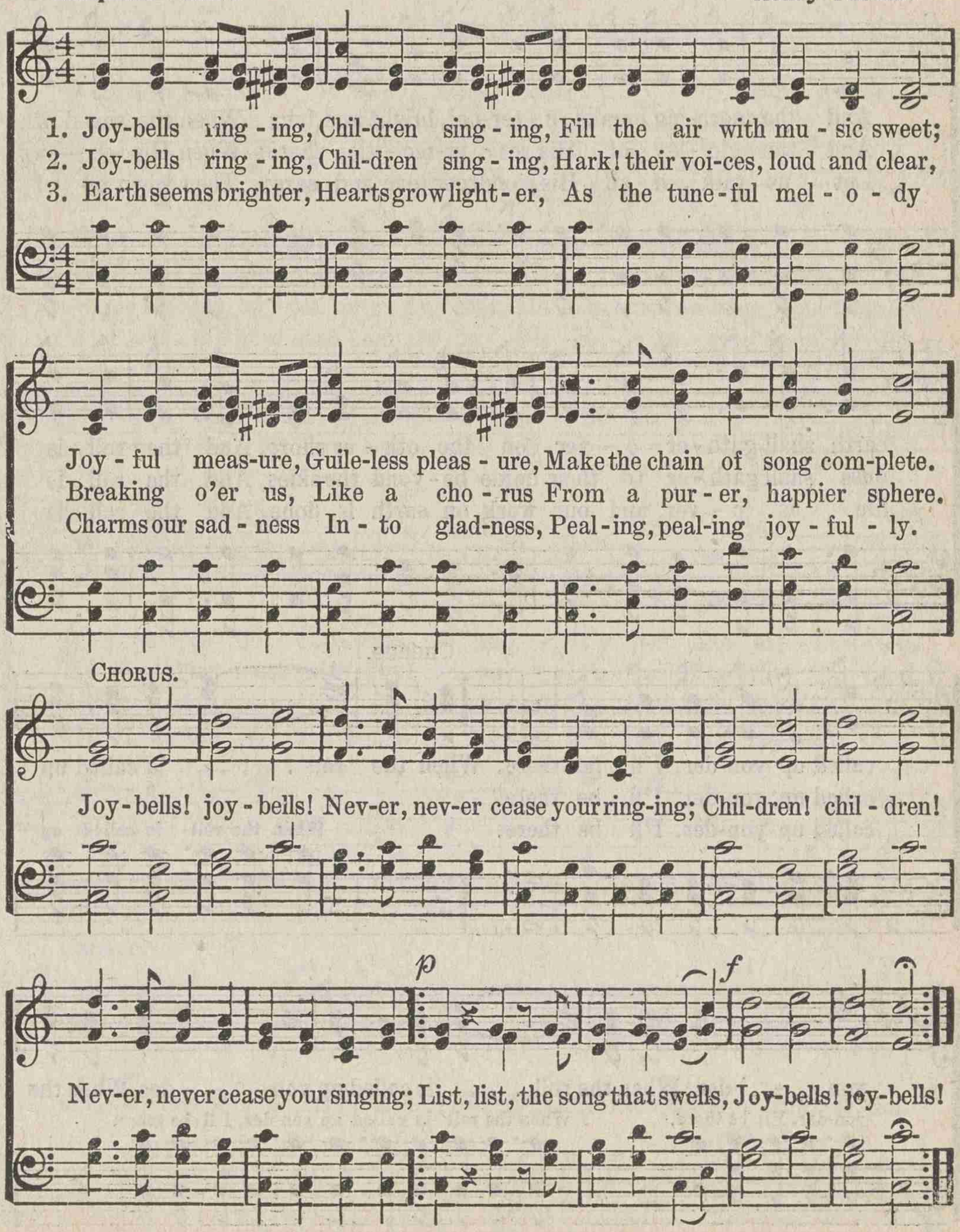
cry; . . shall con - quer,
bloom, Pal - es - ti - na,
wing, . . with la - bor,

The Whole Wide World for Jesus.



No. 125. Joy-Bells.

Josephine Pollard. USED BY PERMISSION. **Henry Tucker.**



No. 126. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

J. M. BLACK OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.
USED BY PER.

B. M. J. J. M. Black.

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

And the morn-ing breaks, e - ter-nal, bright and fair; When the saved of
And the glo - ry of His res - ur-rec - tion share; When His chos-en
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of

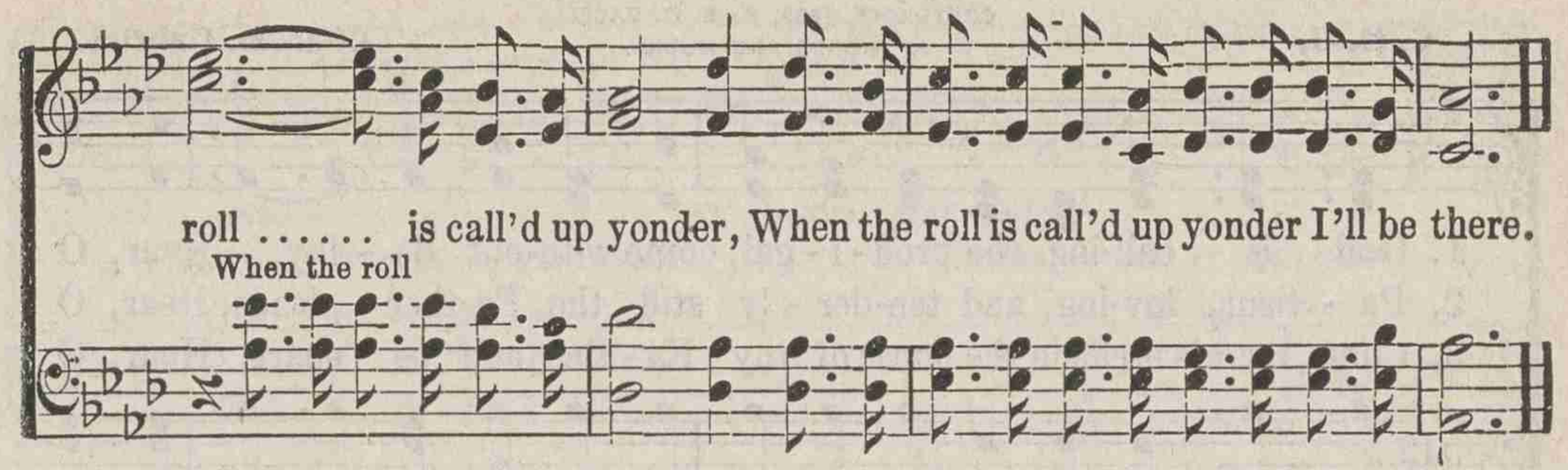
earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is
ones shall gath - er to their home be - yond the skies, And the roll is
life is o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is

CHORUS.

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

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

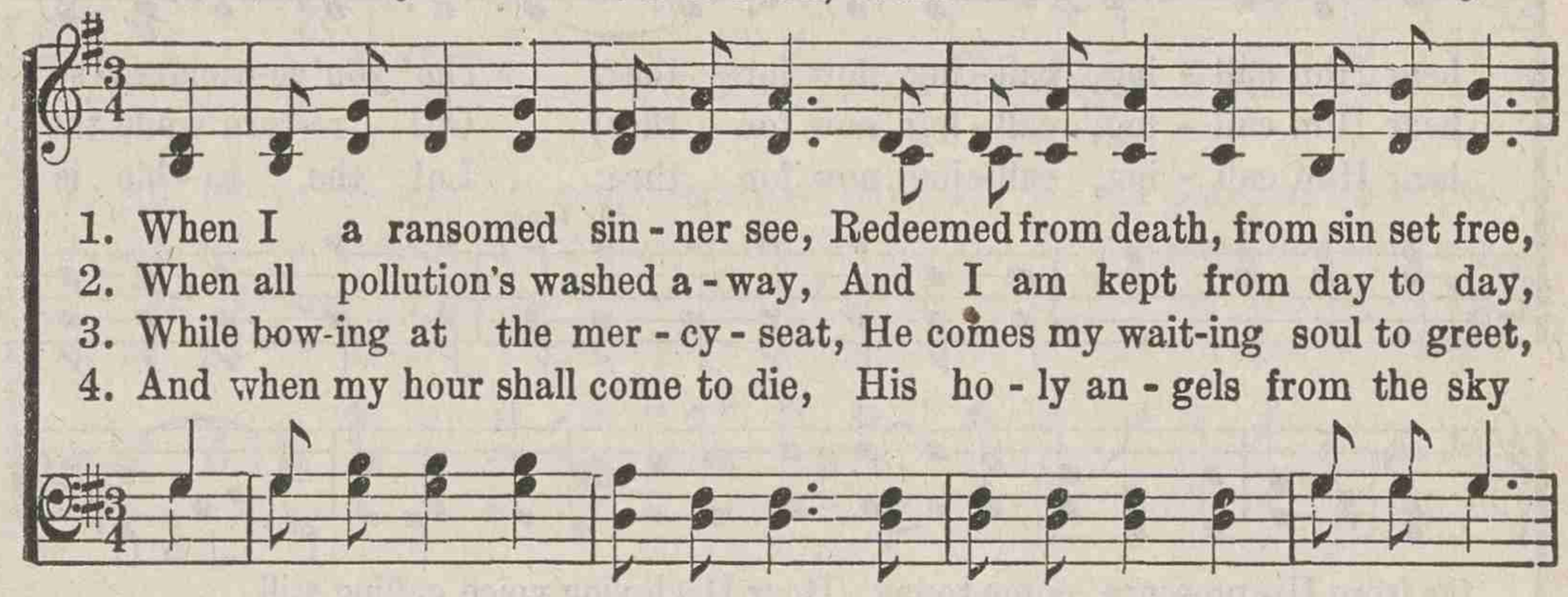
When the Roll is Called.

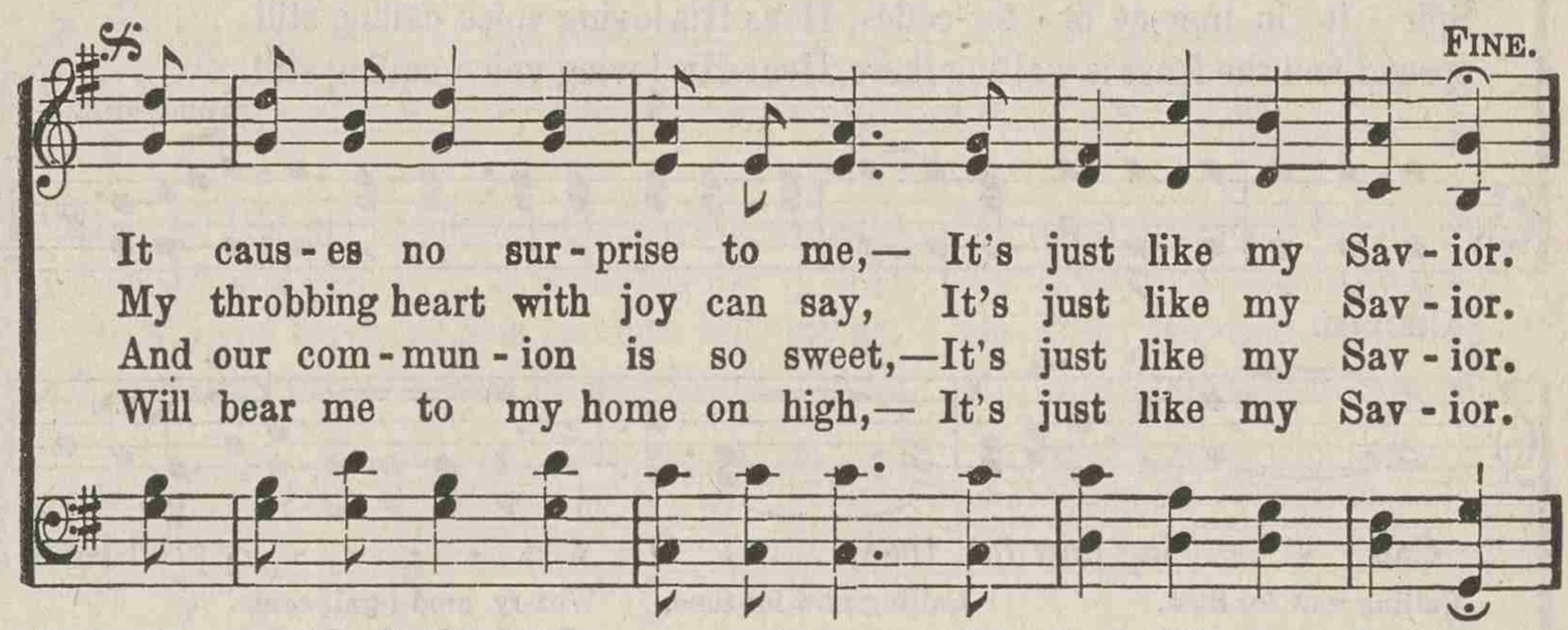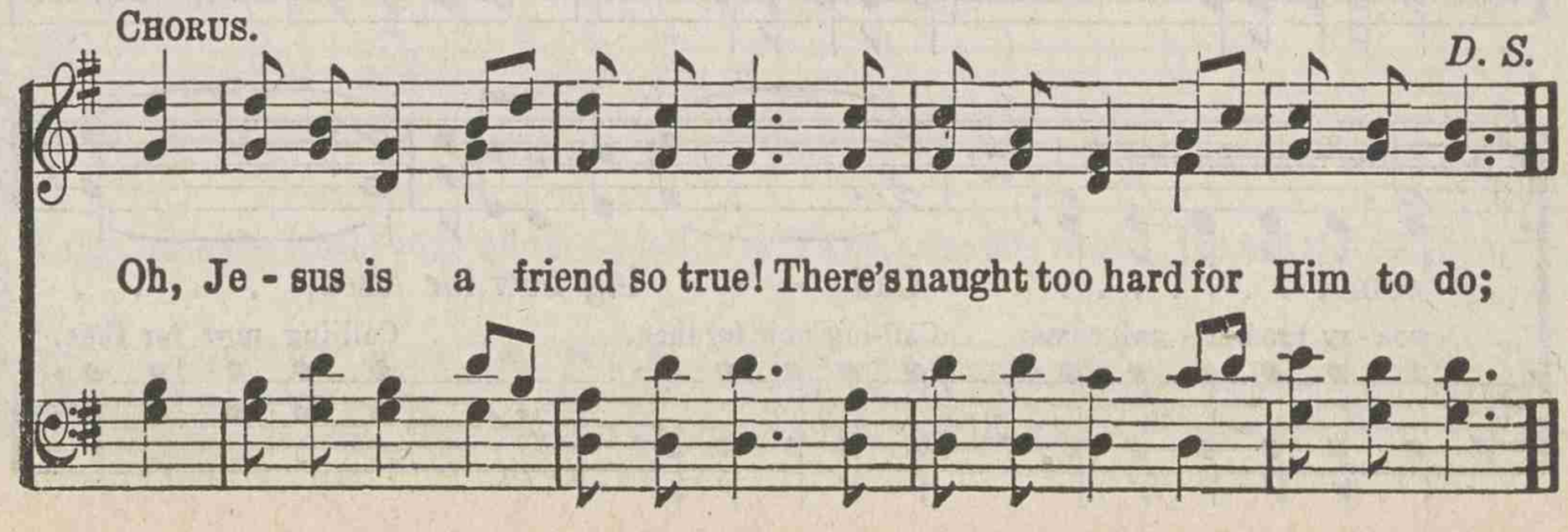


No. 127. It's Just Like My Savior.

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

Rev. H. J. Zelley. Jno. R. Sweney.







No. 128. Calling the Prodigal.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

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

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

hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee; Tho' you've wandered so
hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee; Oh! re-turn while the
hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee; Lo! the ta - ble is
for thee;
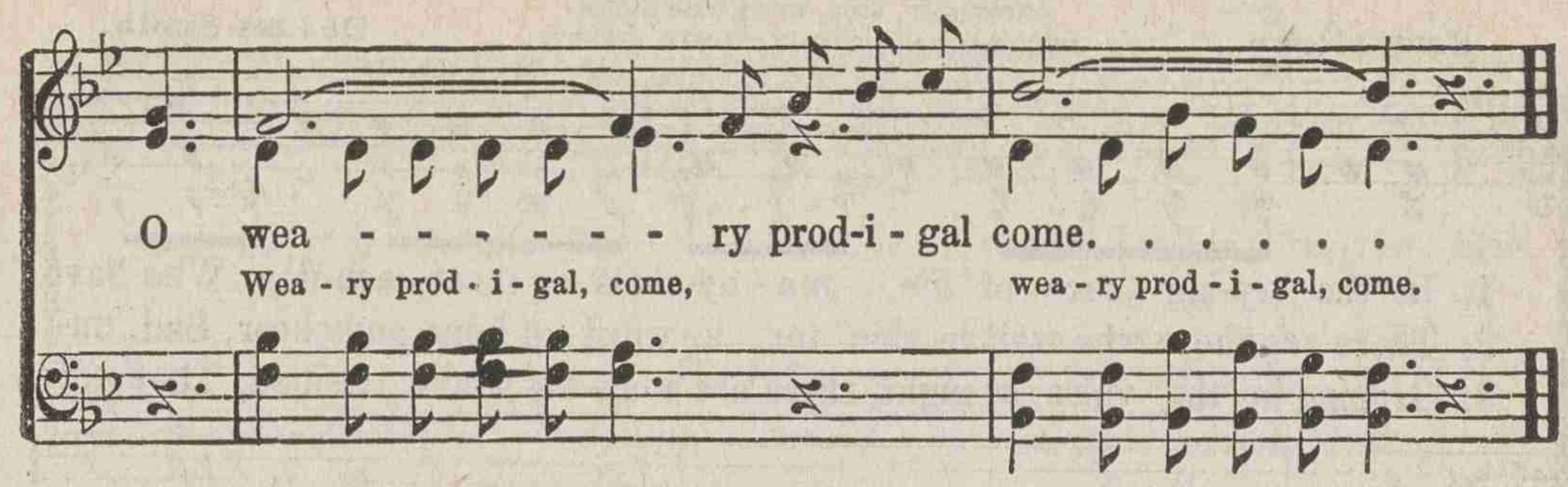
far from His presence, come today, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . .
Spir - it in mer-cy in - ter-cedes, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . .
spread and the feast is waiting there, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . .
calling still.

CHORUS.

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

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

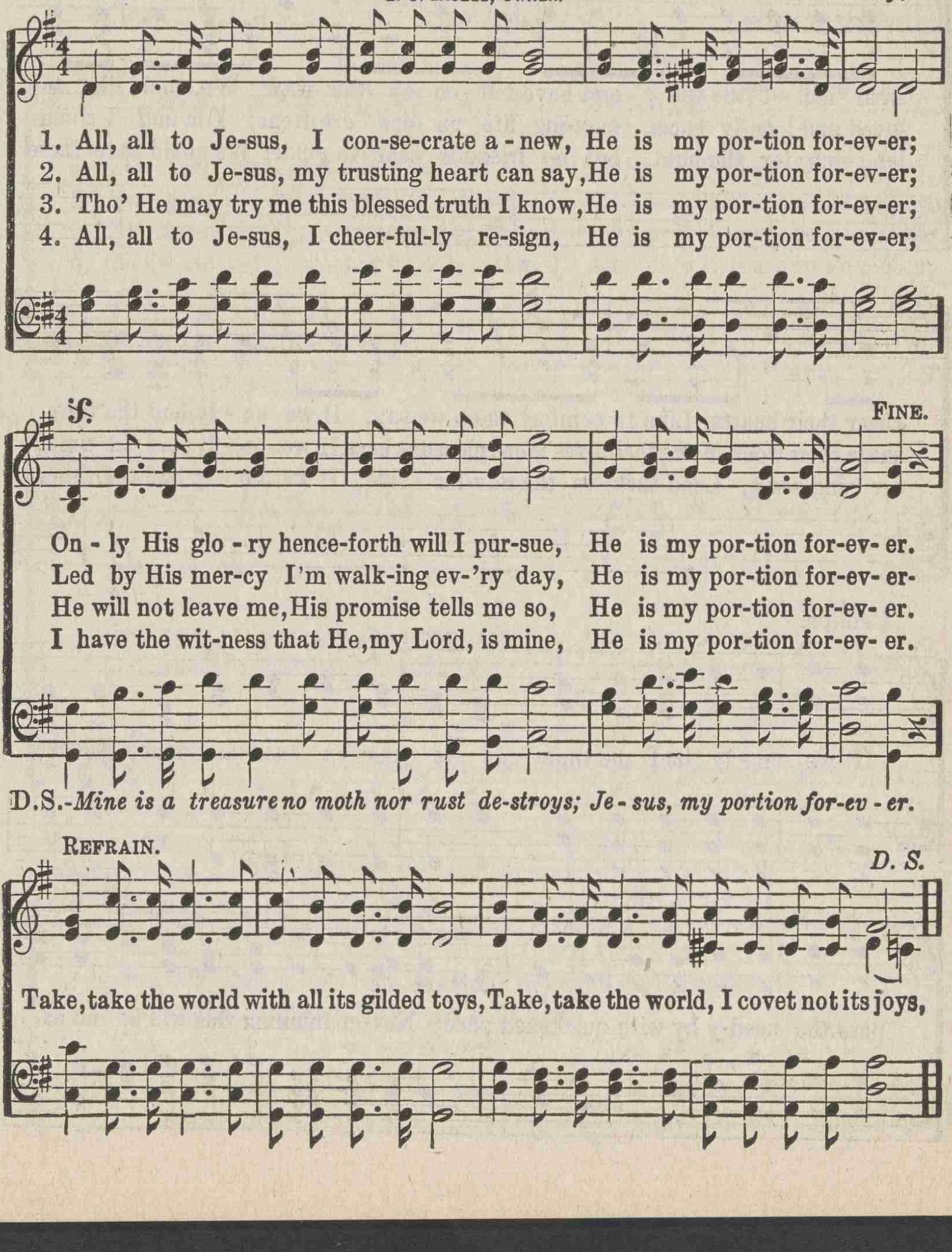
Calling the Prodigal.



No. 129. He is My Portion Forever.

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

Lizzie Edwards. Jno. R. Sweney.



No, 130. If We Only Had the Time.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY DE LOSS SMITH.
WORDS AND MUSIC, E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

James Rowe. De Loss Smith.

1. In the try-ing race of life, ma - ny souls we meet each day; Who have
2. There are those who wait in vain for a word of hope and cheer, Sad, un-
3. Groping in the vales of night, there are souls for whom He died; They are
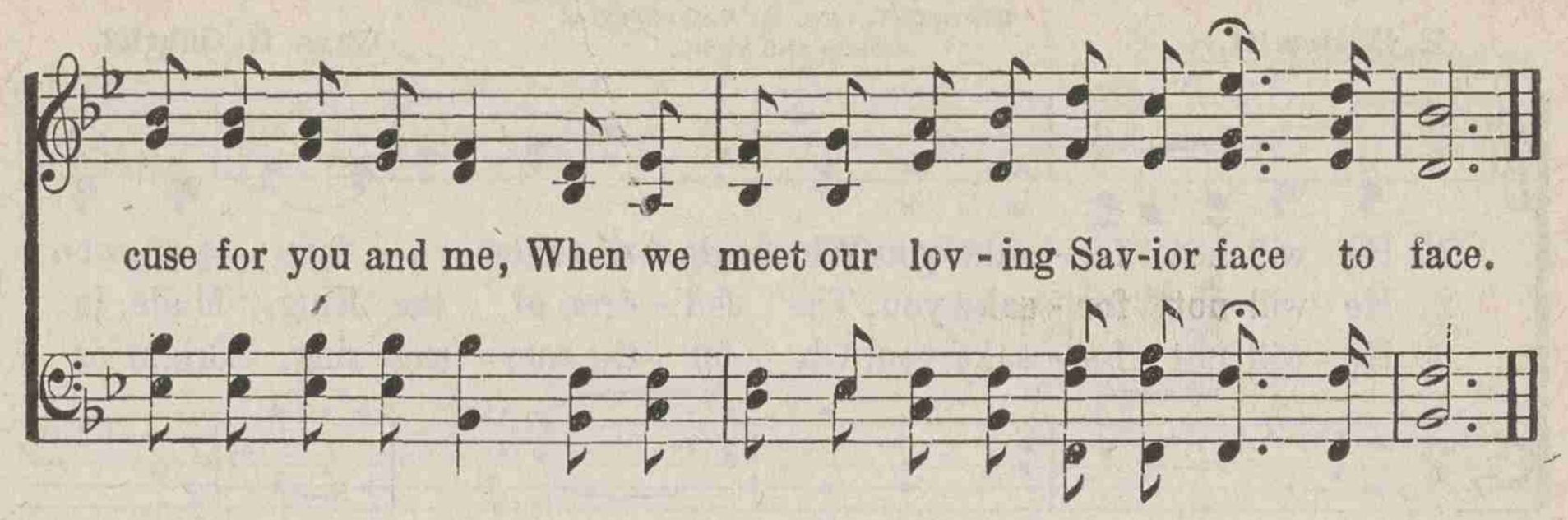
wear - ied of the run and have fall - en by the way; We would like to
loved and lone-ly souls, pass-ing life on des - ert drear; You and I could
long - ing for the light, but no friend is near to guide; We could save these

cheer their hearts, Like to comfort them we say, If we on - ly had the time.
share their woes, Make their lives more pleasant here, If we on - ly had the time.
err - ing souls, Lead them to the Sav-ior's side, If we on - ly had the time.

CHORUS.

If we on - ly had the time— It is your ex - cuse and mine, So we
pass the need-y by with quickened pace; Nev-er thinking this will be no ex-

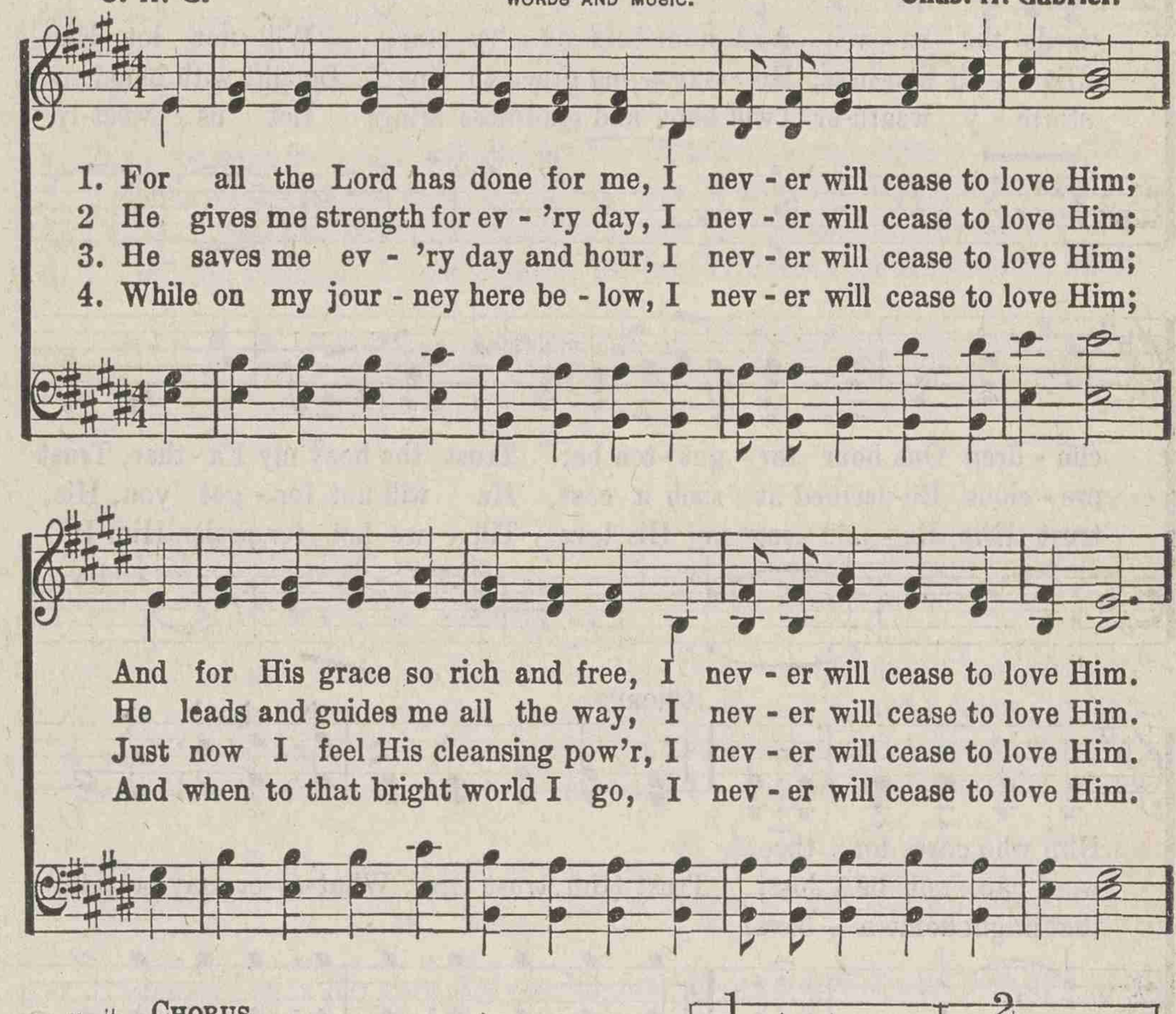
If We Only Had the Time.
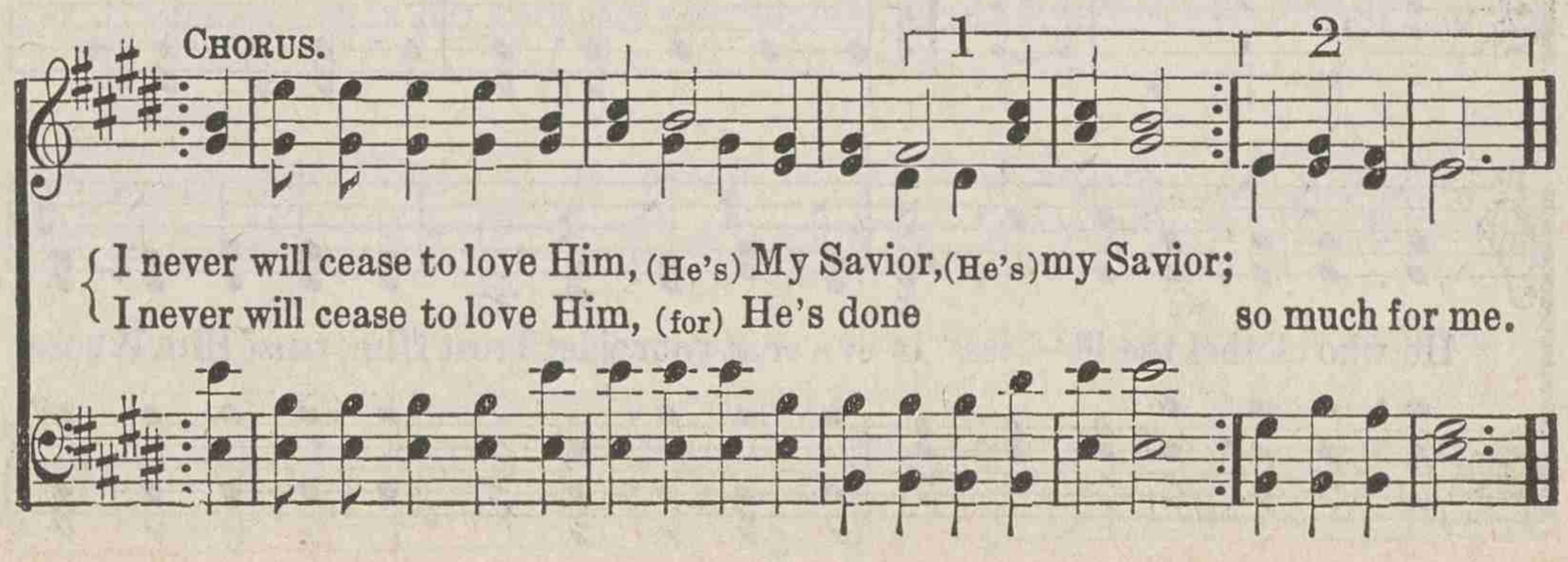


No. 131, I Never will Cease to Love Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.

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





No. 132. He Will Not Forsake You.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

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

1. He will not for - sake you Whose glo - ries shine a - far; He who
2. He will not for - sake you, The chil - dren of the King, Made in
3. He will not for - sake you; Oh let the mes - sage ring, Bright or

feeds the ra - ven, And num-bers ev - 'ry star, Will not let His
His own like-ness, His sav - ing grace to sing; Bought with blood so
storm - y weath-er 'Twill hope and glad-ness bring; Let us sweet-ly

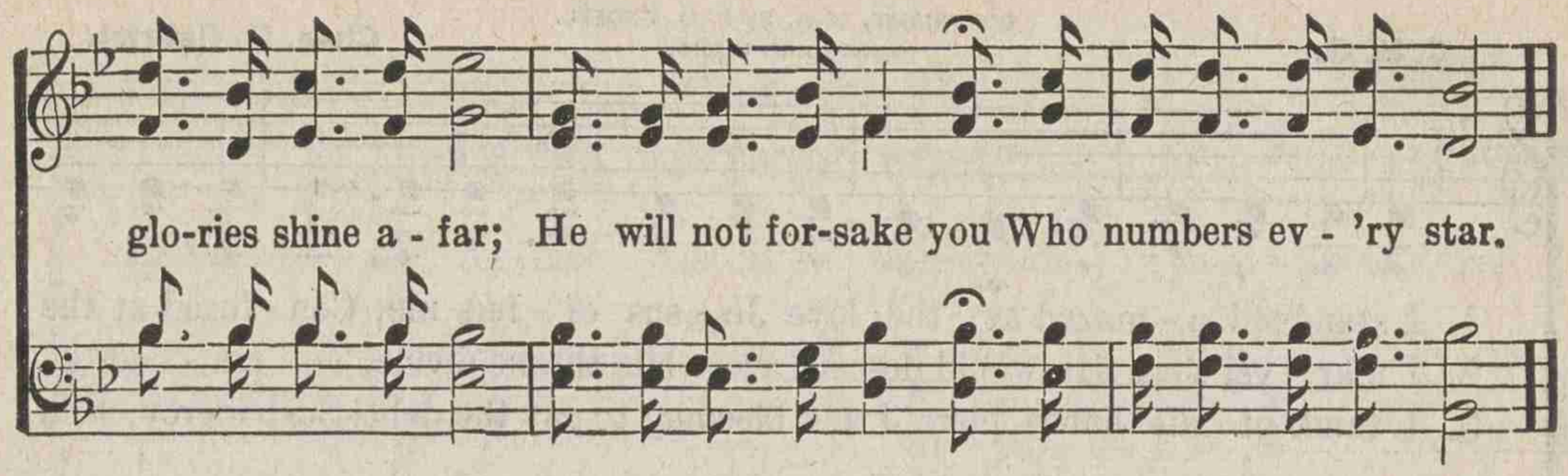
chil - dren One hour for - got - ten be; Trust the heav'nly Fa - ther, Trust
pre - cious, Re-deemed at such a cost, He will not for - get you, His
trust Him, Re - joic - ing in His love, Till we bet - ter praise Him In

CHORUS.

Him who cares for thee.
word can - not be lost. Trust Him, trust Him, What-ev-er may be-tide;
that bright home a - bove.

He who clothes the lil - ies Is ev - er at your side; Trust Him, trust Him Whose

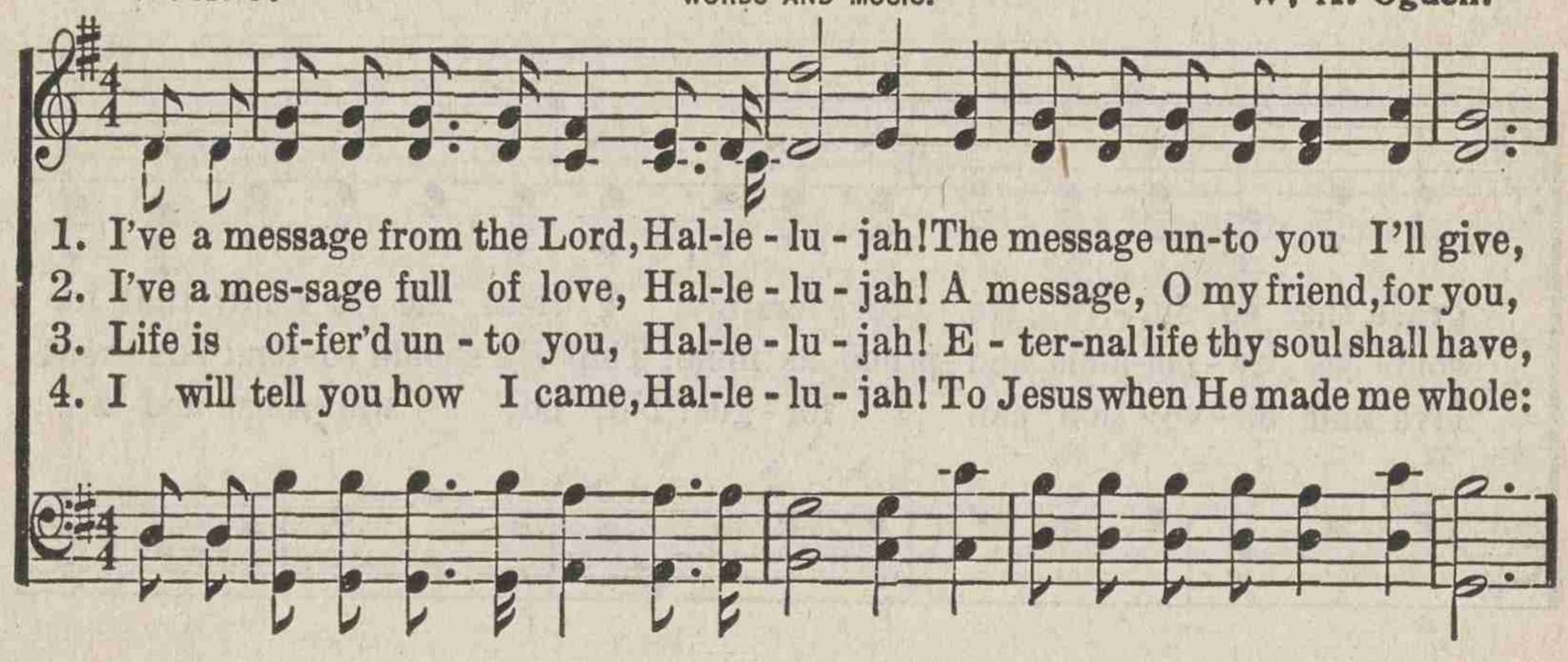
He Will Not Forsake You.
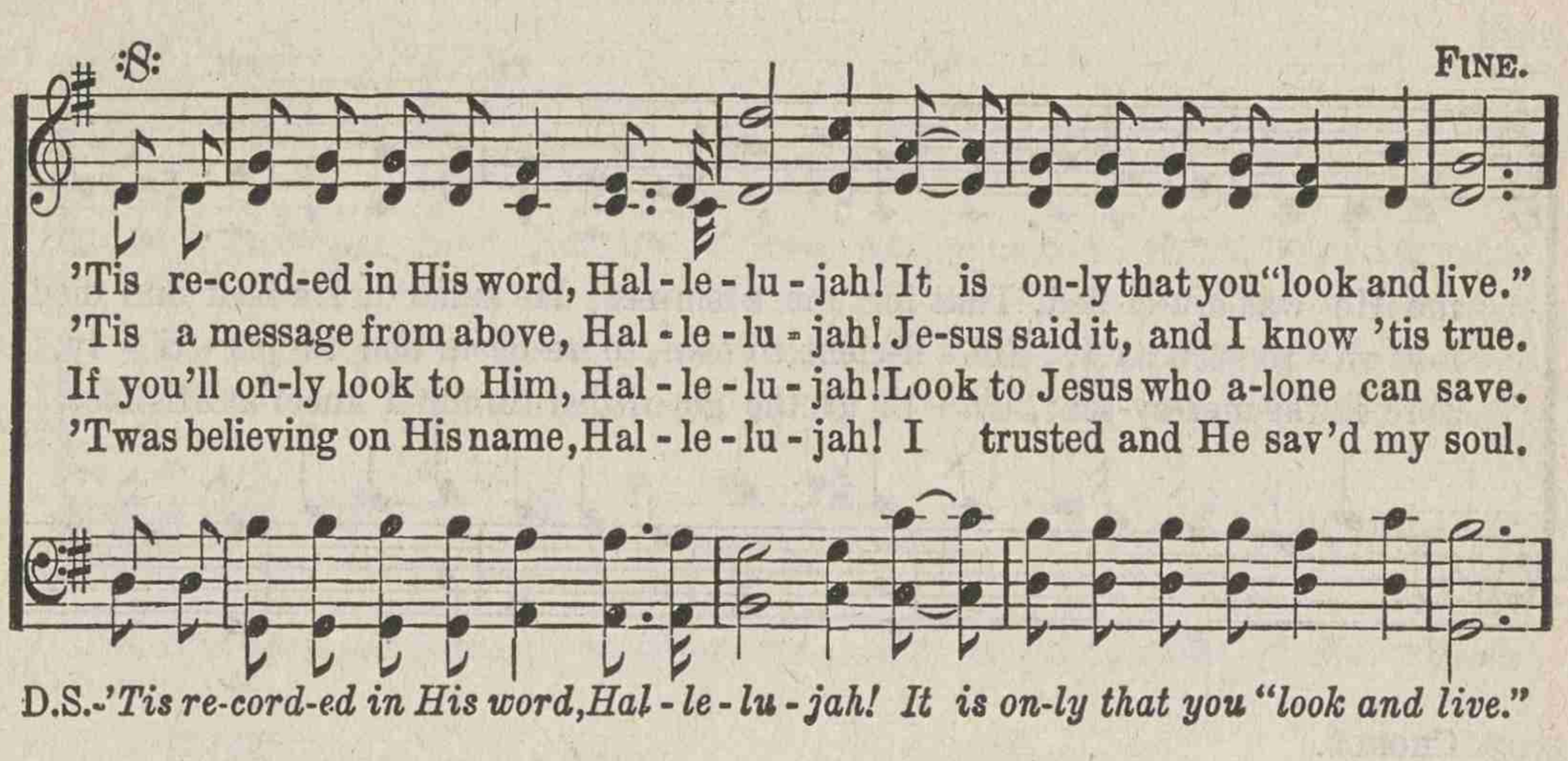


No. 133. Look and Live.

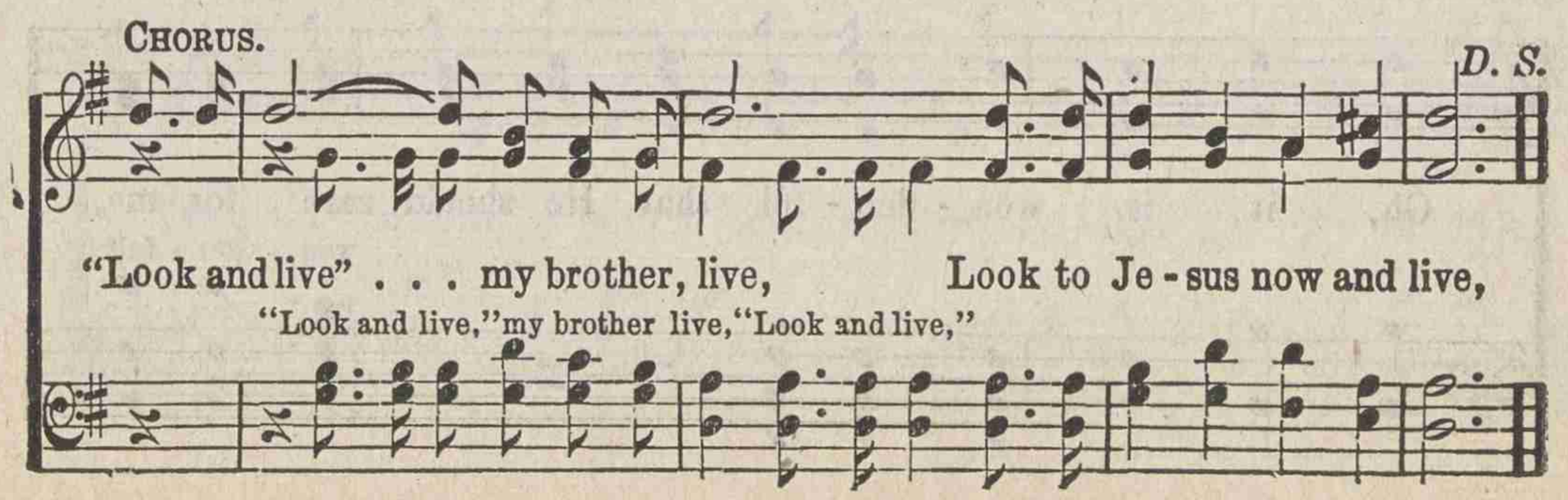
COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.





D.S.-*'Tis re-cord-ed in His word, Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."*



No. 134. Oh, it is Wonderful.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY E O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

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

1. I stand all a - mazed at the love Je - sus of - fers me, Con - fused at the grace that so ful - ly He prof - fers me; I trem - ble to know that for
2. I mar - vel that He would descend from His throne divine, To res - cue a soul so re - bel-lious and proud as mine; That He should ex-tend His great
3. I think of His hands, pierc'd and bleeding to pay the debt! Such mercy, such love and de - vo - tion can I for - get? No, no, I will praise and a -

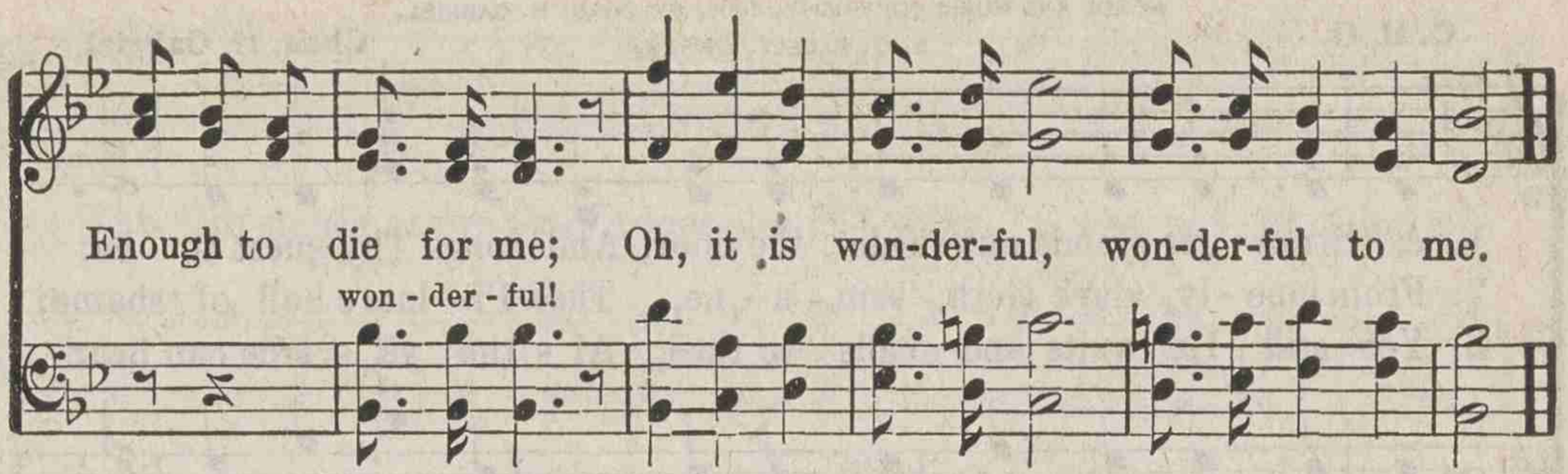
rit. *rit.*

me He was cru-ci-fied, That for me a sin-ner, He suffer'd, He bled and died.
love un - to such as I, Suf - fi-cient to own, to re-deem and to jus - ti - fy.
dore at the mer-cy-seat, Un - til at the glo-ri-fied throne I kneel at His feet.

CHORUS.

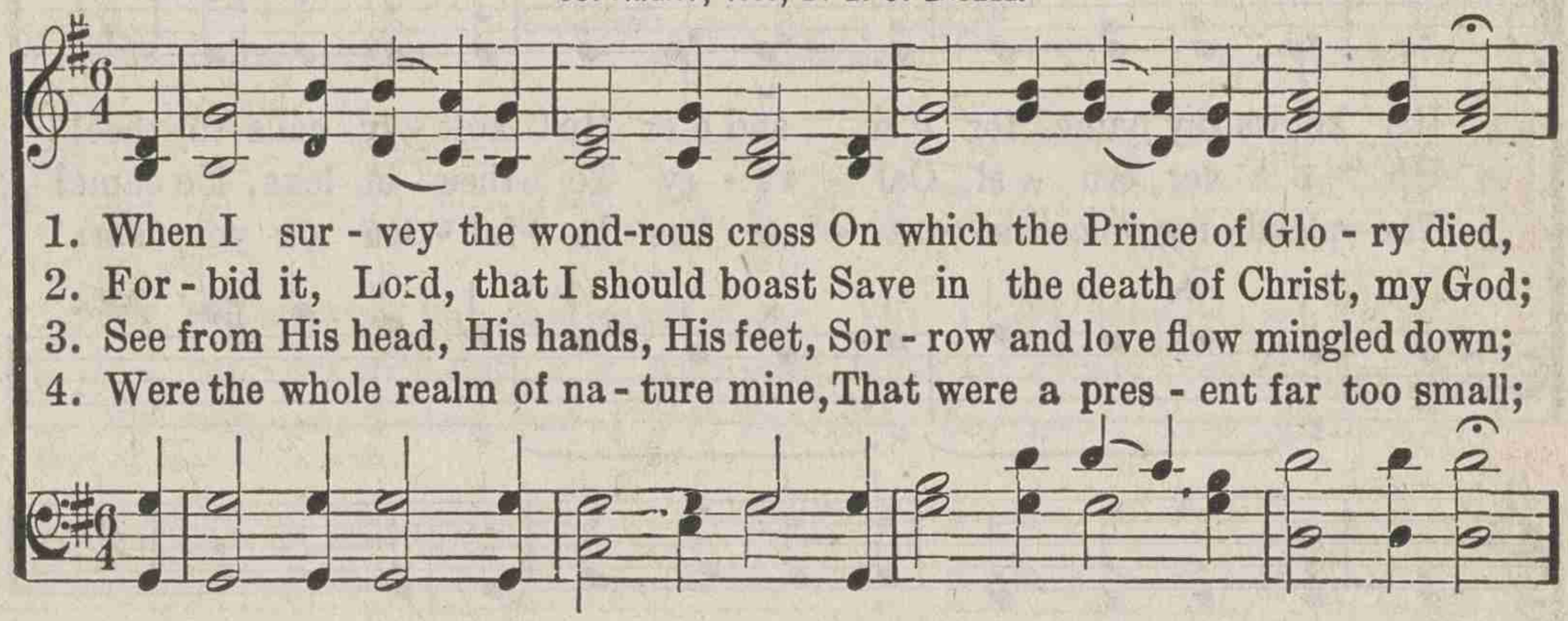
Oh, it is won - der - ful that He should care for me,
won - der - ful!

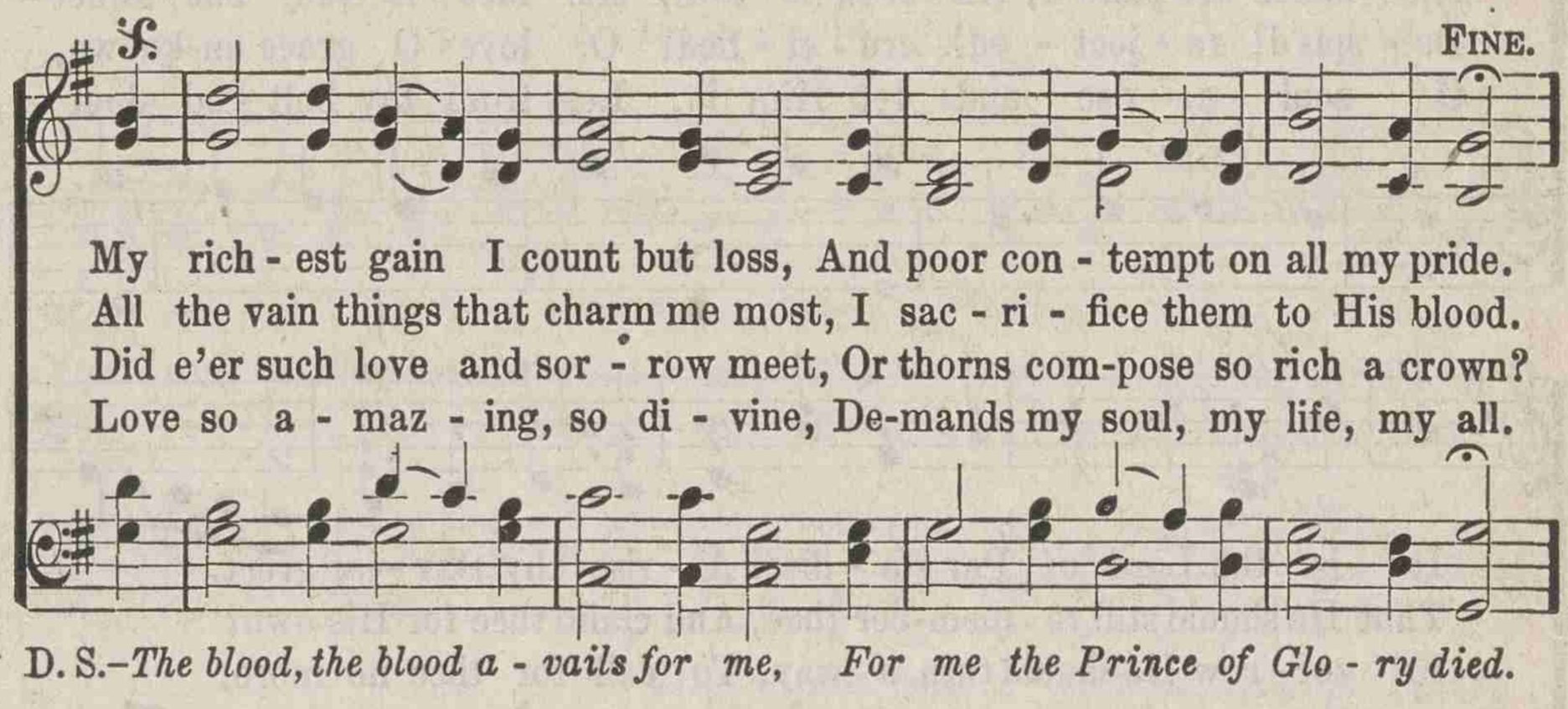
Oh, it is Wonderful.
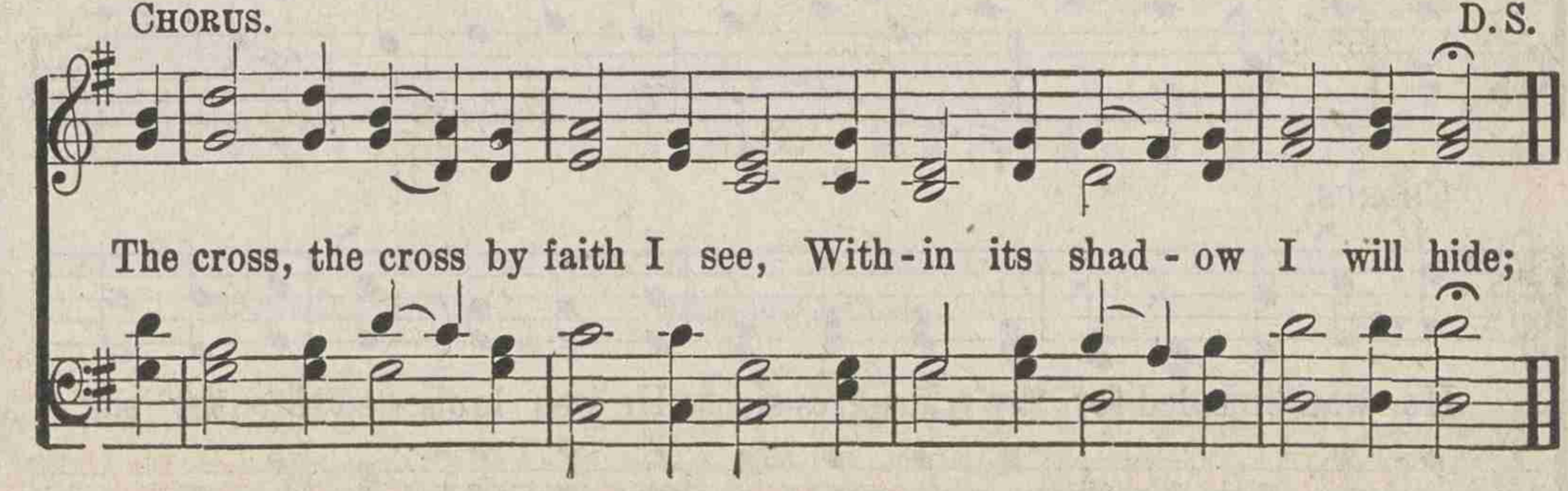


No. 135. The Wondrous Gross.

Isaac Watts. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.







No. 136. The Slighted Stranger.

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

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

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

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

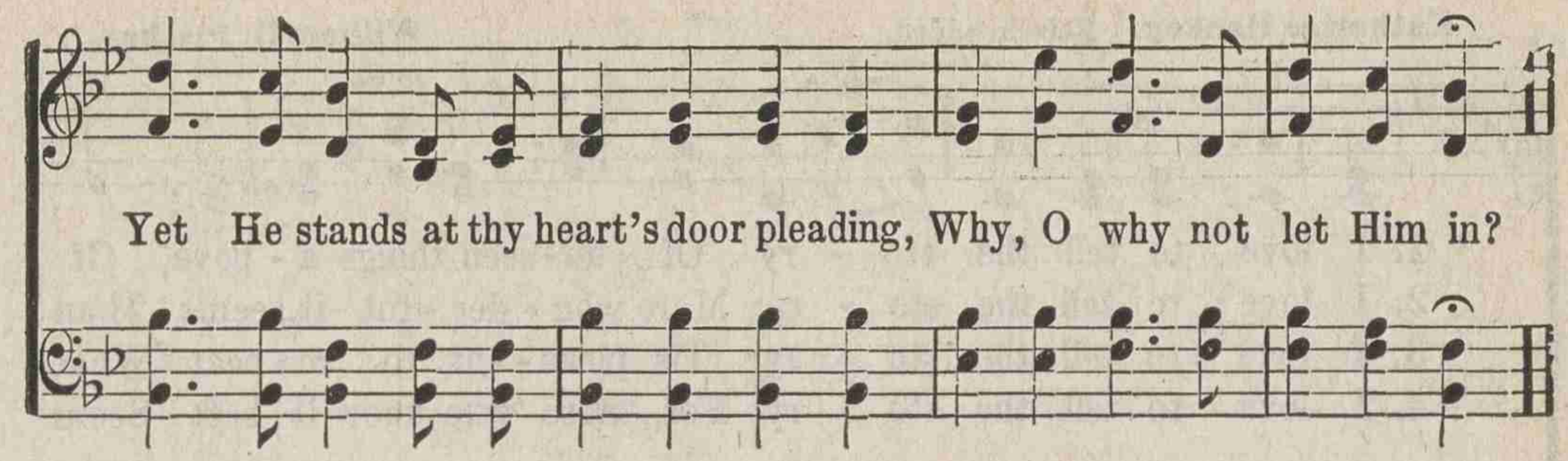
His hands are pierc'd, His brow is torn, His face is sad, but sweet—
De - spis'd! re - ject - ed! cru - ci - fied! O love O grace un-known,
O soul a - rise and let Him in, Lest from thy bolt - ed door

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

CHORUS.

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

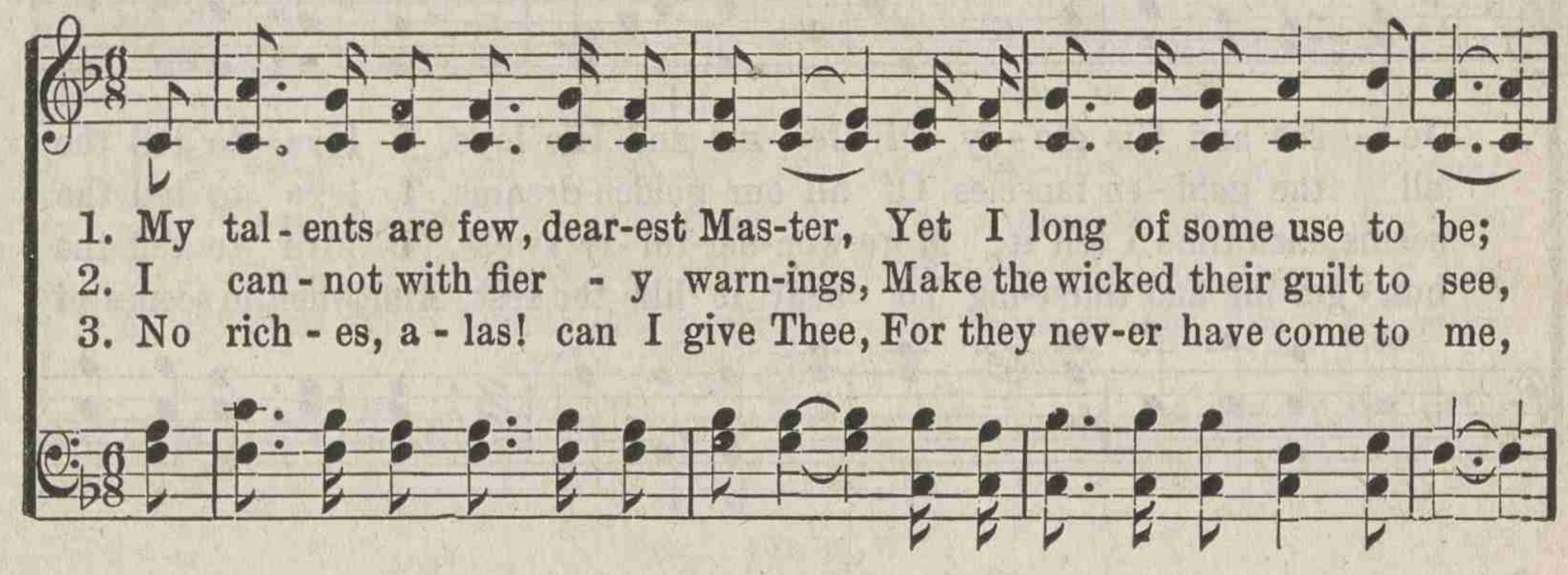
The Slighted Stranger.

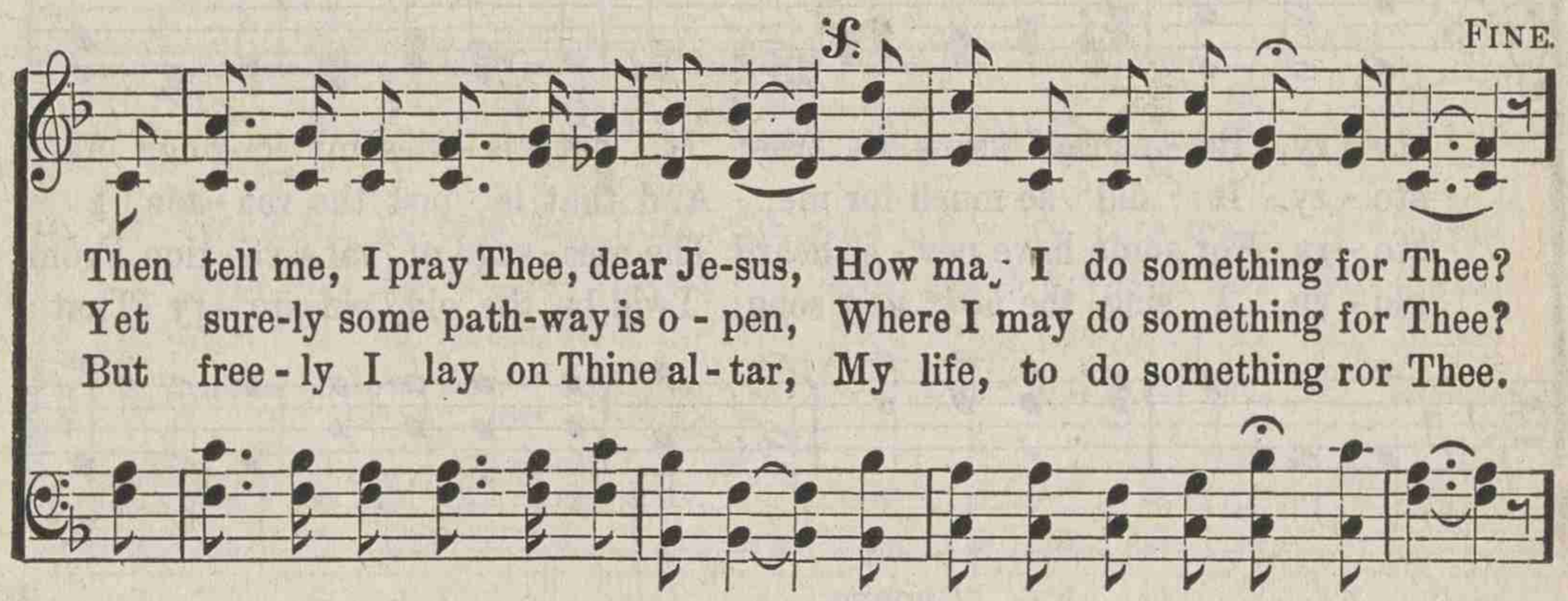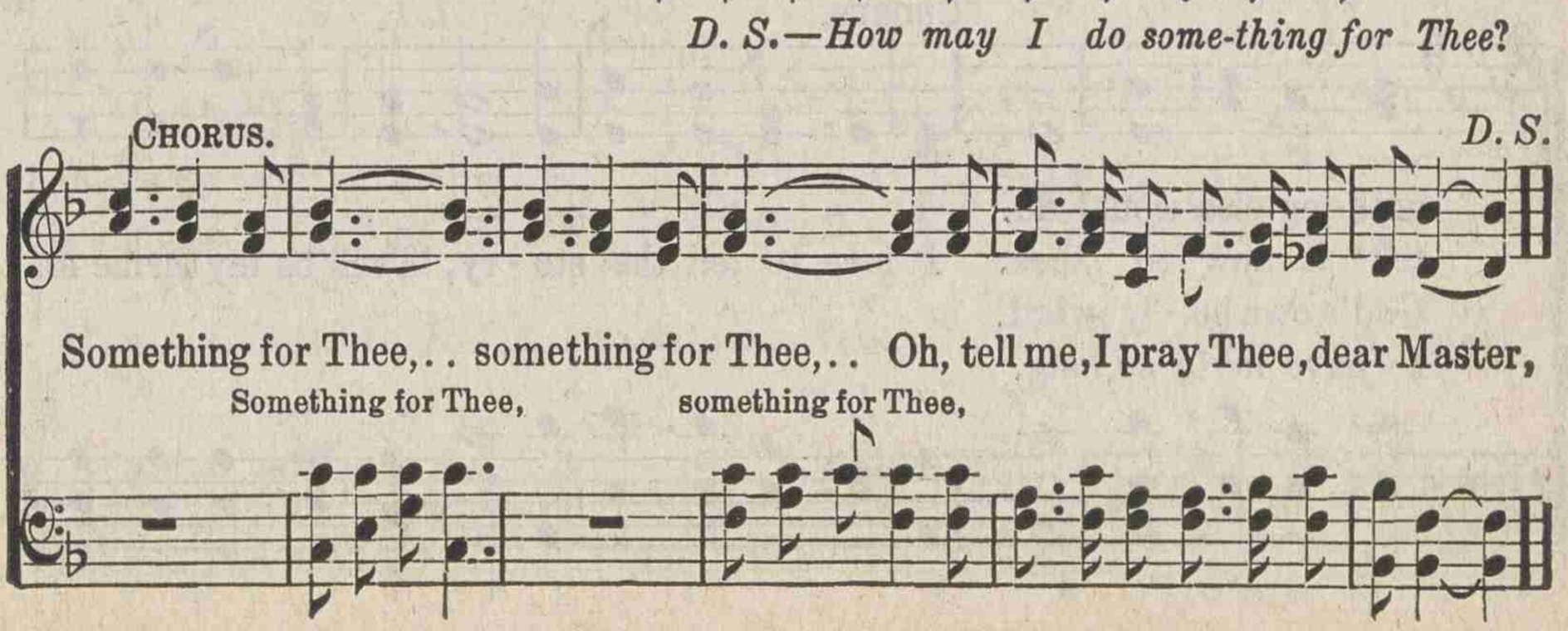


No. 137. Something for Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL.

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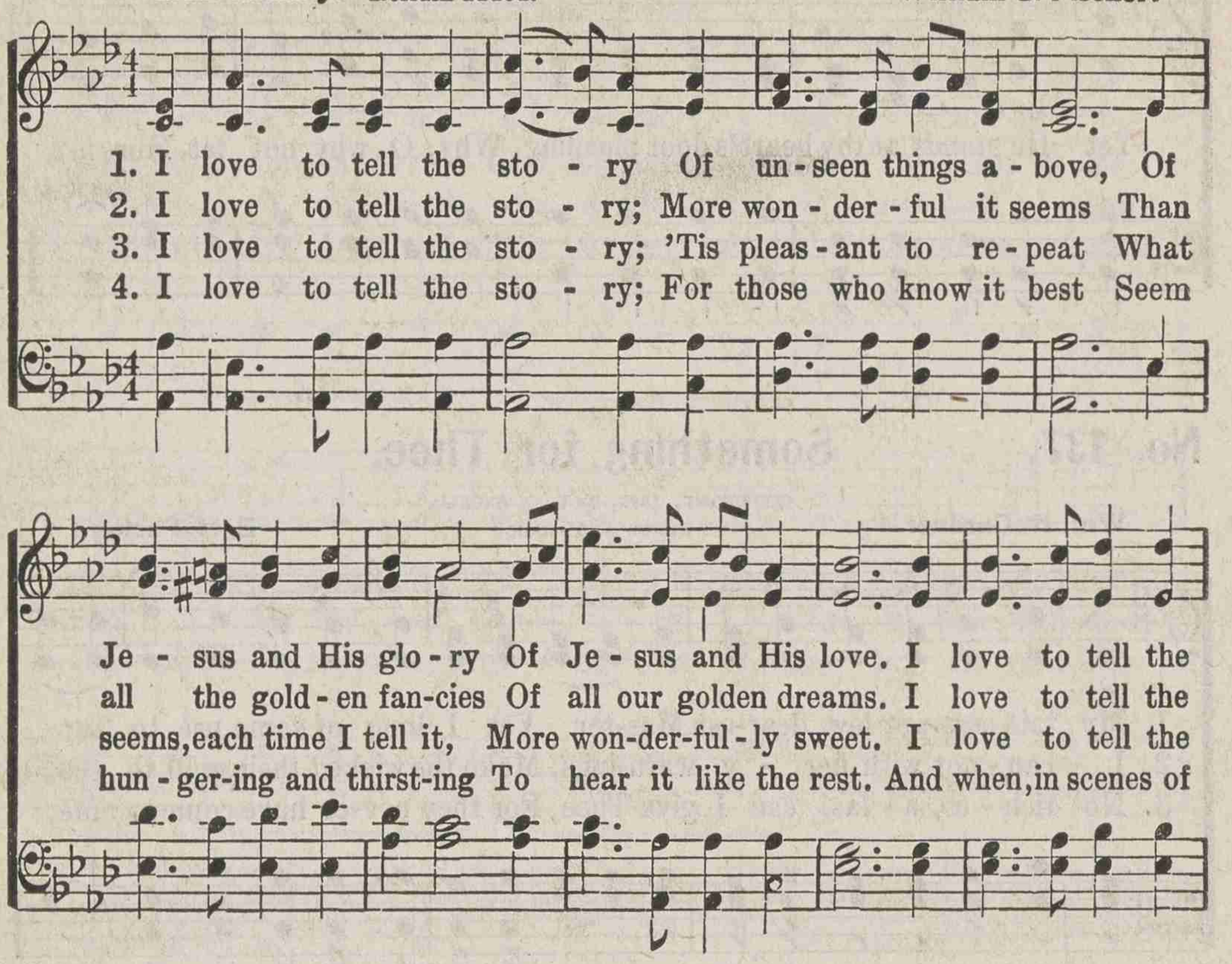




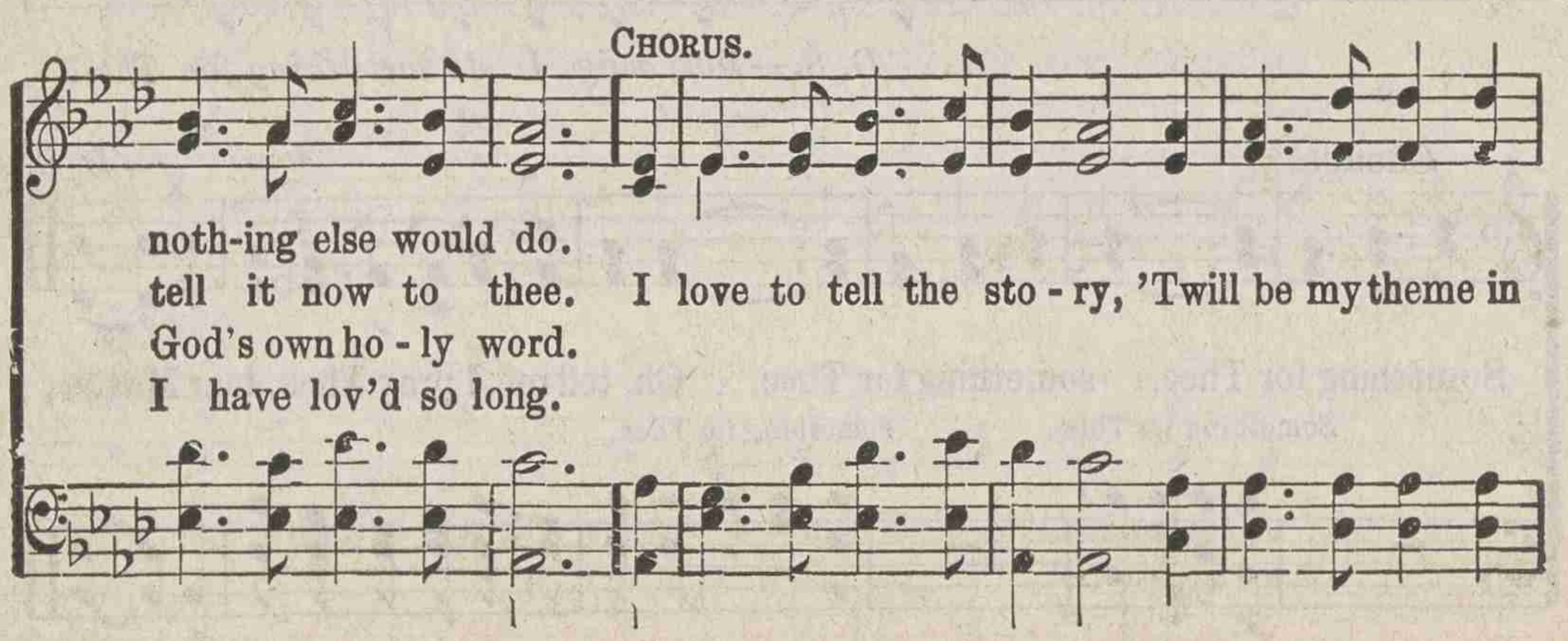


No. 138, I Love to Tell the Story.

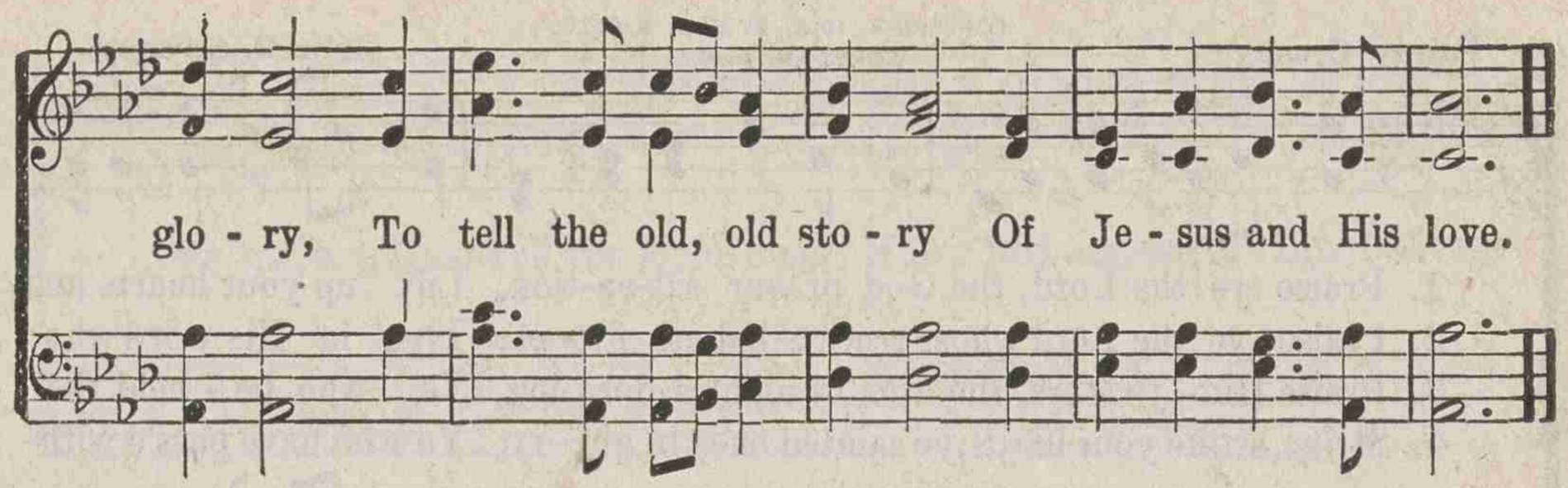
Katharine Hankey. **Refrain added.** **William G. Fischer.**



CHORUS.
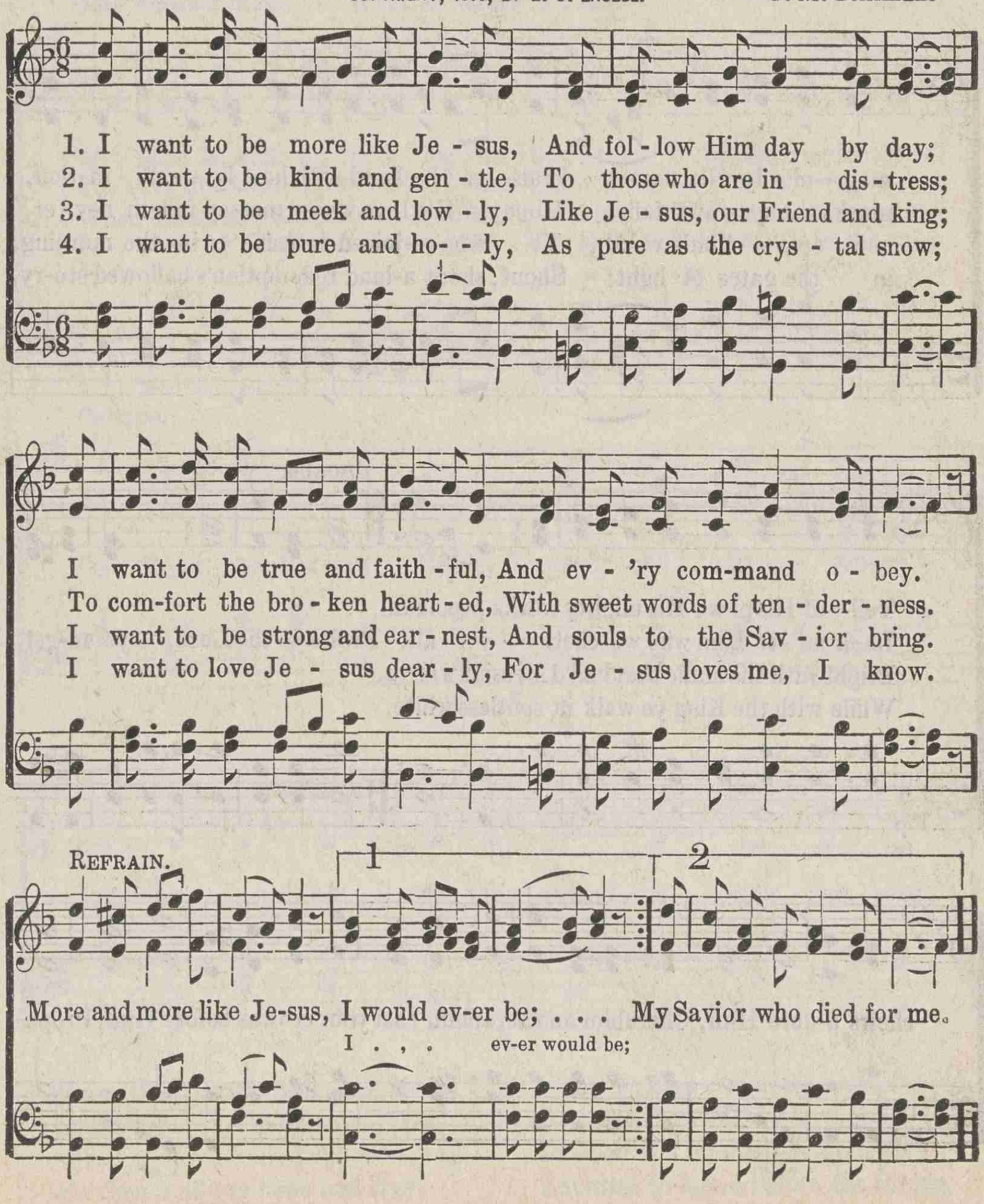


I Love to Tell the Story.



No. 139. More Like Jesus.

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COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL.
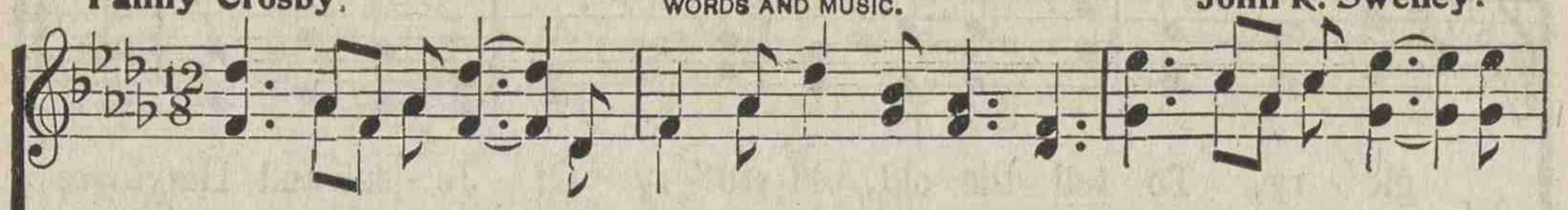
J. M. S. J. M. Stillman.
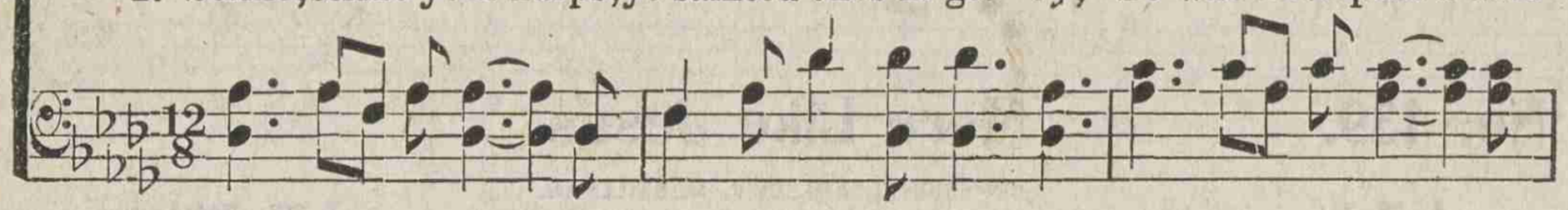


No. 140. Praise Ye The Lord.
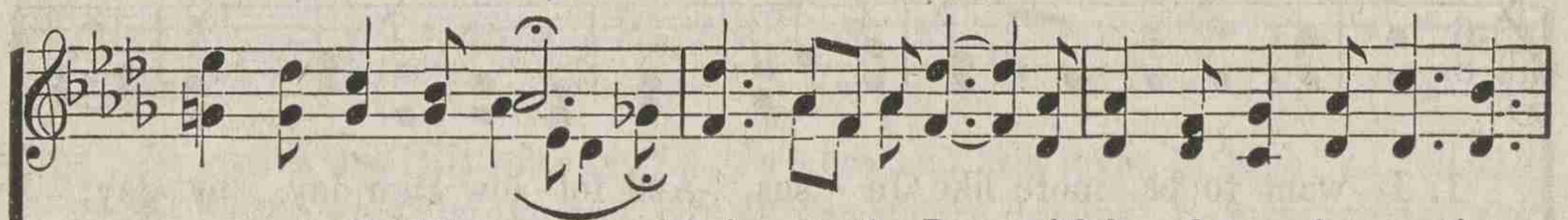
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL,
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Fanny Crosby. John R. Sweney.
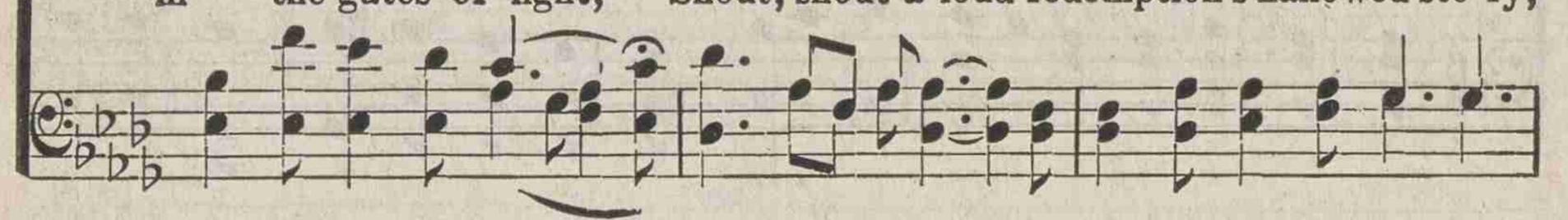


1. Praise ye the Lord, the God of our sal-va-tion, Lift up your hearts and
2. Praise ye the Lord whose truth a-bid-eth ev - er, Trust in His word who
3. Praise Him, ye stars, the arch of night a-dorn-ing, Ye who be - held the
4. Strike, strike your harps, ye sainted ones in glo - ry, Ye who have pass'd with-
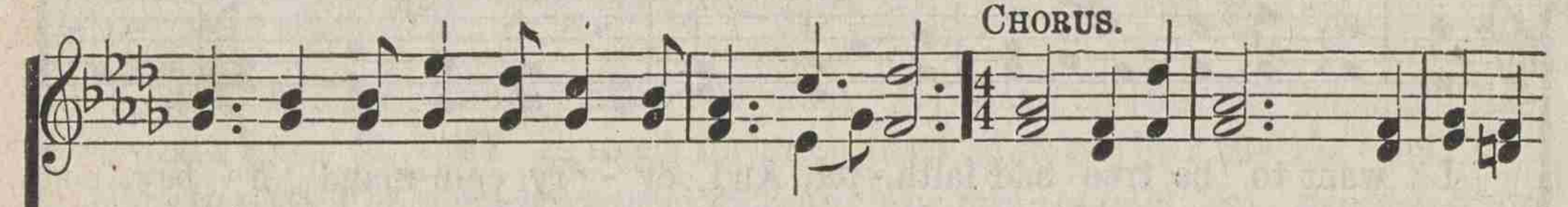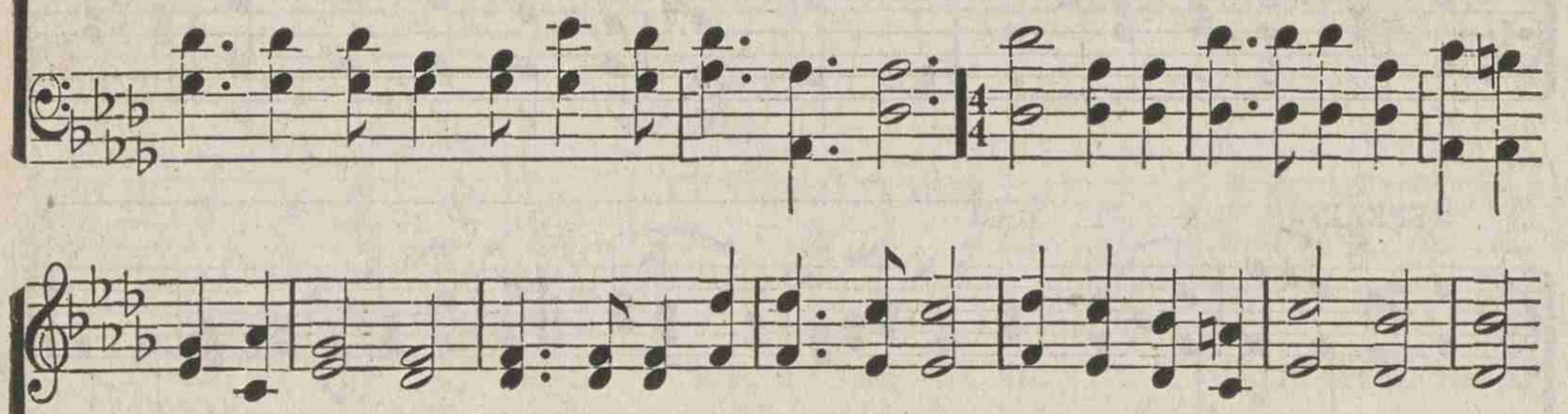




mag - ni - fy His name; Praise ye the Lord with ho - ly a - do - ra-tion,
marks the sparrows' fall; Hope in His love whose mer-cy faileth nev - er,
new cre - a - tion's worth; Ye who re-joiced to ush - er in the morning,
in the gates of light; Shout, shout a-loud redemption's hallowed sto-ry,
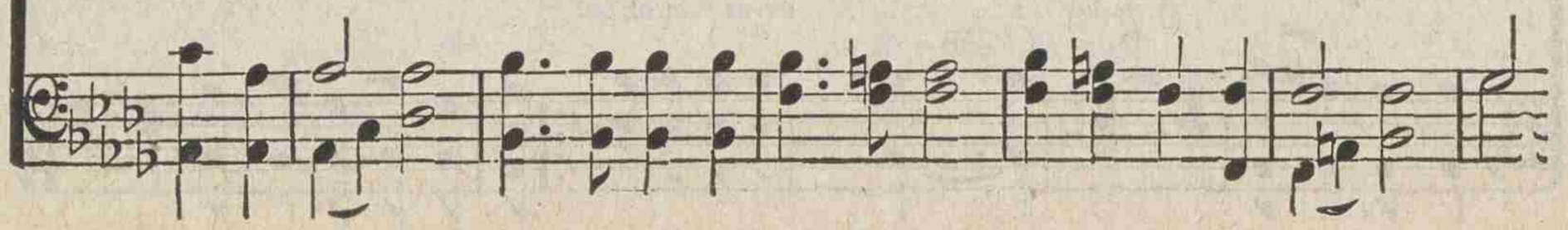


CHORUS.
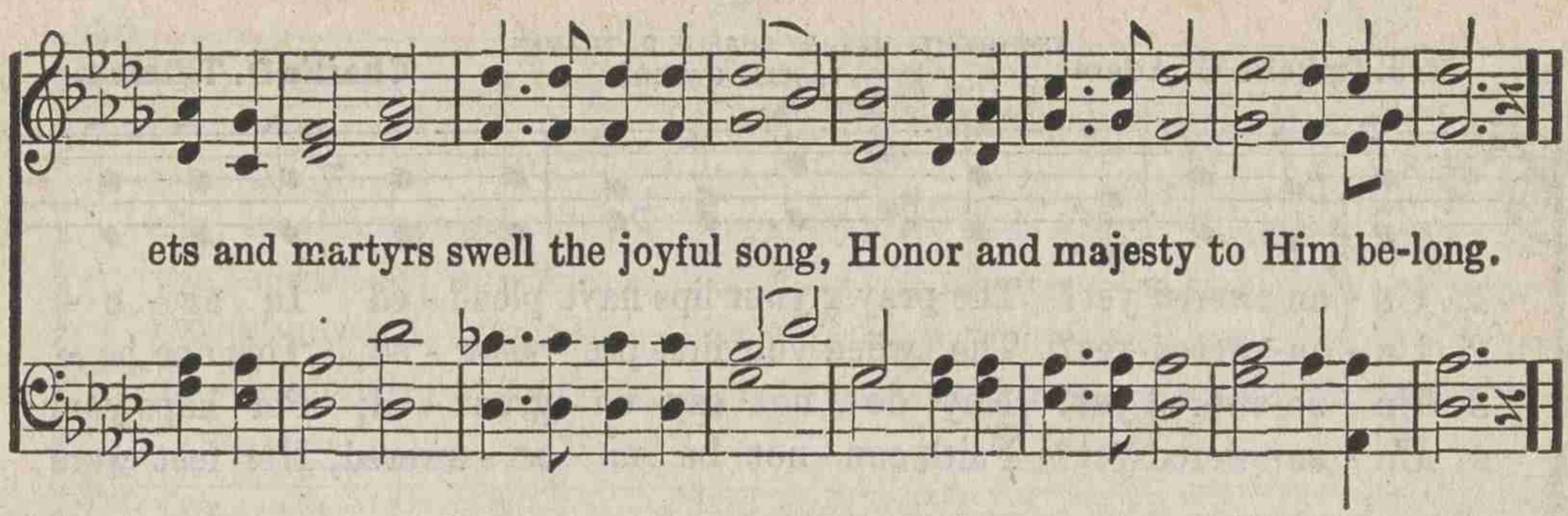


Tell of His pow'r His mighty works proclaim.
Look un - to Him who watcheth o - ver all. Praise ye the Lord, ye an-gel
Bright with the smile that hail'd Messiah's birth. the Lord,
While with the King ye walk in spotless white.



choirs a-dore Him, Cherubim and seraphim cast your crowns before Him; Proph-

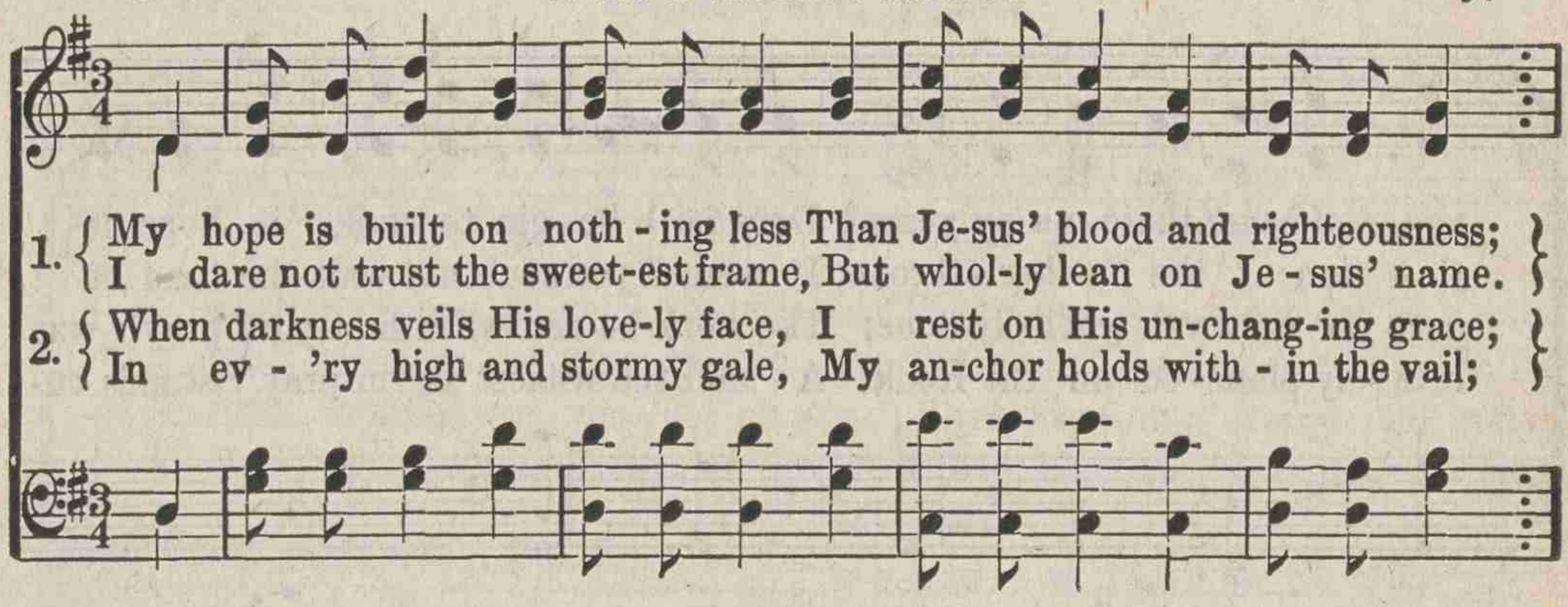


Praise Ye the Lord.



No. 141. The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote. BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. Wm. B. Bradbury.



3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
O may I then in Him be found;
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

No. 142. Sometime, Somewhere.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
E. O. EXCELL. OWNER.

Mrs. Ophelia G. Adams. **Charlie D. Tillman.**
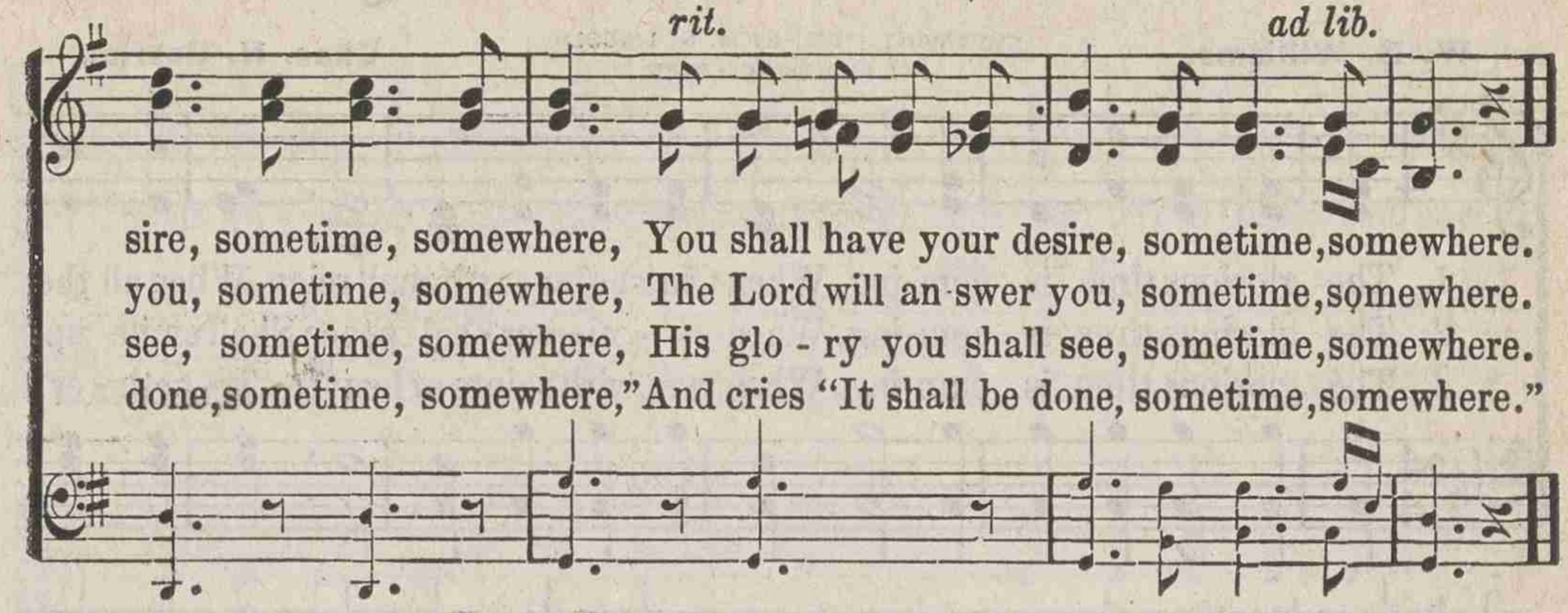
1. Un - an-swered yet? The pray'r your lips have plead - ed In ag - o -
2. Un - an-swered yet? Tho' when you first pre - sent - ed This one pe -
3. Un - an-swered yet? Nay, do not say un - grant - ed; Per - haps your
4. Un - an-swered yet? Faith can - not be un - an - swered; Her feet were

ny of heart these ma-ny years? Does faith be - gin to fail, is hope de-
ti - tion at the Fa-ther's throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of
part is not yet whol - ly done; The work be-gan when first your pray'r was
firm - ly plant - ed on the Rock; A - mid the wildest storm pray'r stands un-

part - ing, And think you all in vain those fall - ing tears? Say not the
ask - ing, So ur - gent was your heart to make it known. Tho' years have
ut - tered, And God will fin - ish what He has be - gun. If you will
daunt - ed, Nor quails be - fore the lond - est thun - der shock; She knows Om-

Fa - ther hath not heard your pray'r; You shall have your de -
passed since then, do not des - pair; The Lord will an - swer
keep the in - cense burn - ing there, His glo - ry you shall
nip - o - tence has heard her pray'r, And cries, "It shall be
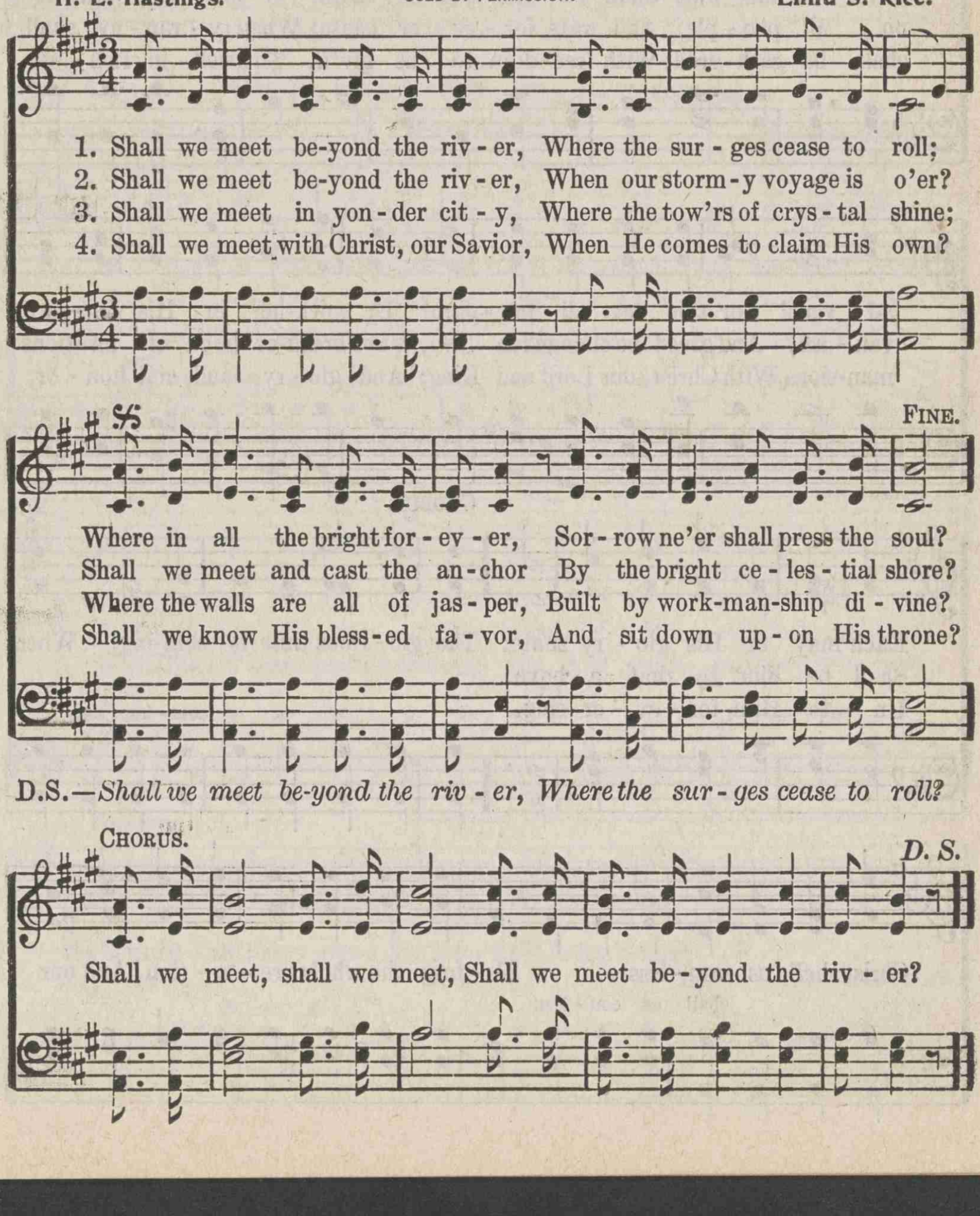
Sometime, Somewhere.



sire, sometime, somewhere, You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere.
you, sometime, somewhere, The Lord will an-swer you, sometime, somewhere.
see, sometime, somewhere, His glo-ry you shall see, sometime, somewhere.
done, sometime, somewhere," And cries "It shall be done, sometime, somewhere."

No. 143. Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings. USED BY PERMISSION. Elihu S. Rice.



1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll;
2. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon-der cit-y, Where the tow'rs of crys-tal shine;
4. Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior, When He comes to claim His own?

Where in all the bright for-ev-er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the an-chor By the bright ce-les-tial shore?
Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built by work-man-ship di-vine?
Shall we know His bless-ed fa-vor, And sit down up-on His throne?

D.S.—*Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?*

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er?

No. 144. The Glorious Time is Coming.

W. B. Williams.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY H. N. LINCOLN.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. The glorious time is com-ing, When Christ o'er earth shall reign, When all the world's do-min-ions Shall be His vast do-main: O has-ten, Lord, its ad-vent! For this let all pre-pare! By work-ing in His vine-yard
2. The glorious time is com-ing, When u-ni-ver-sal peace Shall smile up-on all peo-ple, And wars for-ev-er cease; When ty-ran-ny shall van-ish, And greed be changed to love, When broth-er-hood of na-tions
3. The glorious time is com-ing, When we, with saints of heav'n, To-geth-er shall be gath-ered; With free-dom to us giv'n, To dwell in rich-est man-sions With Christ, our Lord and King; And glo-ry, laud, and hon-or,

CHORUS.

Each may in His glo-ry share. The glo-rious time is com-ing, When Shall be like to that a-bove.
Un-to Him for-ev-er sing. com-ing on,

Christ shall us con-fess Be-fore the whole cre-a-tion, And our
shall us con-fess

The Glorious Time is Coming.

souls for-ev-er bless; The glo-rious time is com-ing, When Christ shall us con-
com-ing on. shall
fess Be-fore the whole cre-a-tion, Our souls for-ev-er bless.
us con-fess

No. 145. We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

1 2

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

No. 146 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 lab - or - ers are few,
2. The fields are white to har - vest, but the lab - or - ers are few,
3. The fields are white to har - vest, but the lab - or - ers are few,

Do not i - dle, do not loi - ter by the way; Lo, the Mas-ter calls for
See, the sun is in the zenith—haste a-way! There are sheaves which must be
Shadows lengthen, soon will come the close of day; If the Sav-ior's blessing

reap - ers and the Mas-ter calls for you, "Go la - bor in my har-vest
garnered, their is work for all to do, Go la - bor in the har-vest
you would win when tasks and toils are thro' Go la - bor in the har-vest

CHORUS.

field to - day."
field to - day. To the har-vest field a - way! There is dan-ger in de-
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.

harv-est field, to the har-vest field, to the har - - vest field a - way,
to the har-vest

To the har - - vest field, to the har-vest field, a - way!
To the har - vest a - way!

No, 147. God's Holy Book.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Martha Newton. WORDS AND MUSIC. **E. O. Excell.**

1. What light is this whose constant ray Re-veals to trav'lers lost, the way
2. What faith-ful chart on life's rough sea, What compass true where'er we be
3. What sword en - a - bles us to fight Against sin's pow'rs and Satan's might,

To man-sions of e - ter - nal day? God's ho - ly book, the Bi - ble.
What an - chor for e - ter - ni - ty? God's ho - ly book, the Bi - ble.
Gives vic - to - ry for God and right? God's ho - ly book, the Bi - ble.

D. S.—*light to shine up - on my path, I love, I love the Bi - ble.*

CHORUS.

I love the Bi - ble, I love the Bi - ble, A
I love the Bi - ble, I love the Bi - ble,

No. 148. On to the Land of Glory.

COPYRIGHT 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

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

1. On to the land of glo - ry, On to the home of light,
2. Loy - al to Christ our Lead - er, Trust - ing His boundless might,
3. On to the land of glo - ry, On to the home so dear,

Sing - ing the dear old sto - ry, On to the man-sions bright;
March-ing in Zi - on's ar - my, Bat - tling for God and right;
Help - ing each oth - er up - ward, On with a song of cheer;

Joy-ful - ly shout-ing ho - san - na, Prais-ing the name of our King,
Vic-to - ry on - ly thro' Je - sus, This is the watchword of faith,
Glo-ri - ous hopes are be - fore us, Yon - der the crown and the palm,

Fol-low-ing af - ter His ban - ner, Glad - ly our voic - es ring.
Cer-tain-ly He will be with us, With us in life and death.
Join in the ju - bi-lant cho - rus, Join the thanks-giv - ing psalm.

CHORUS.

On! on! on! On to the land of glo - ry! On! On!
Marching, marching, marching on, Marching, marching,

On to the Land of Glory.

on! On to the home of light! On! on! on! Singing the
marching on, Marching, marching marching on,

dear old sto - ry; On! on! on! On to the mansions bright.
Marching, marching, marching on,

No. 149. He First Loved Me.

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

F. A. S. F. A. Simpkins.

1. My Sav-ior sought me when astray, And brought me back in-to His way;
2. My way was dark, no friend, no guide, In whom I could my woe con - fide,
3. My heart was stained with sin and guilt, He told me how His blood was spilt

My soul from bondage He set free, I love Him for He first loved me.
He came my Com-fort-er to be, I love Him for He first loved me.
On Cal - va - ry, to make me free, I love Him for He first loved me.

CHORUS.

He first loved me.... He first loved me....I love Him for He first loved me.
He first loved me. He first loved me, I love Him for

No. 150. The Christian's Inheritance.

Mrs. Hannah M. Richards. COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY H. N. LINCOLN. **W. G. Cooper.**

1. Let the world have its diamonds, its sil - ver and gold, I am rich - er by far with the ti - tle I hold; I am heir to a king-dom, a crown and a throne, That shall stand when earth's kingdoms are all o-ver-thrown.
2. Let the world have its pot-tage, my birth-right I'll keep, For its pleasures or toys I'll not grov - el or creep; I'm a child of a King, I'll not bar - ter a crown For the tri - fles of earth, for its wealth or re-nown.
3. Let the world have its hon - ors, am - bi-tions and fame, In the Lamb's Book of Life has been writ - ten my name; When the world is on fire, still my name shall en-dure, And my king-dom and pal - ace will then be se-cure.
4. I am near - ing the cit - y, its spires I can see, And its pearl-y gates soon will be o - pened to me; With the shout of a vic - tor, I soon shall be crowned, While the arch-es of heav'n with ho - san - nas re-sound.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! my soul mounts up - ward and sings; Hal - le- lu - jah to Je - sus, the King of all kings! Hal - le - lu - jah! the

The Christian's Inheritance.

"king-dom to come" draweth nigh; What a crown-ing 'twill be in the

rit. ad lib.

sweet by-and-by, What a crown-ing 'twill be in the sweet by-and-by!

No. 151. Why Not Come to Him Now.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.

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

1. Sin - ner, why have you been straying? Why from the fold are you stay - ing?
2. Come, for the Sav - ior is call-ing, Come, e'er the night shades are fall-ing,
3. Come, for the moments are fly - ing, Come, sin's temptations de - fy - ing,
4. Friends whom you love are now sleeping, Oth-ers are pray-ing and weep-ing,

Loved ones for you have been praying,
Life without Him is ap - pall - ing, Will you not come to Him now?
While souls a-bout you are dy - ing,
An - gels their vigels are keep-ing, Will you not come to the Sav - ior now?
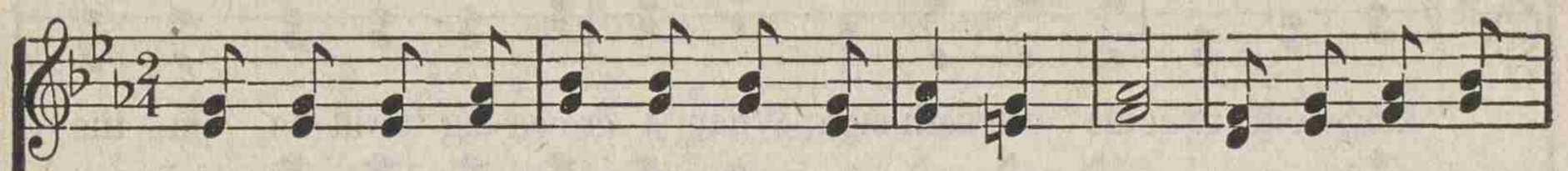
CHORUS.

Why not now? Why not now? Will you not come to Him now?
Why not now, O why not now? Why not now, O why not now?
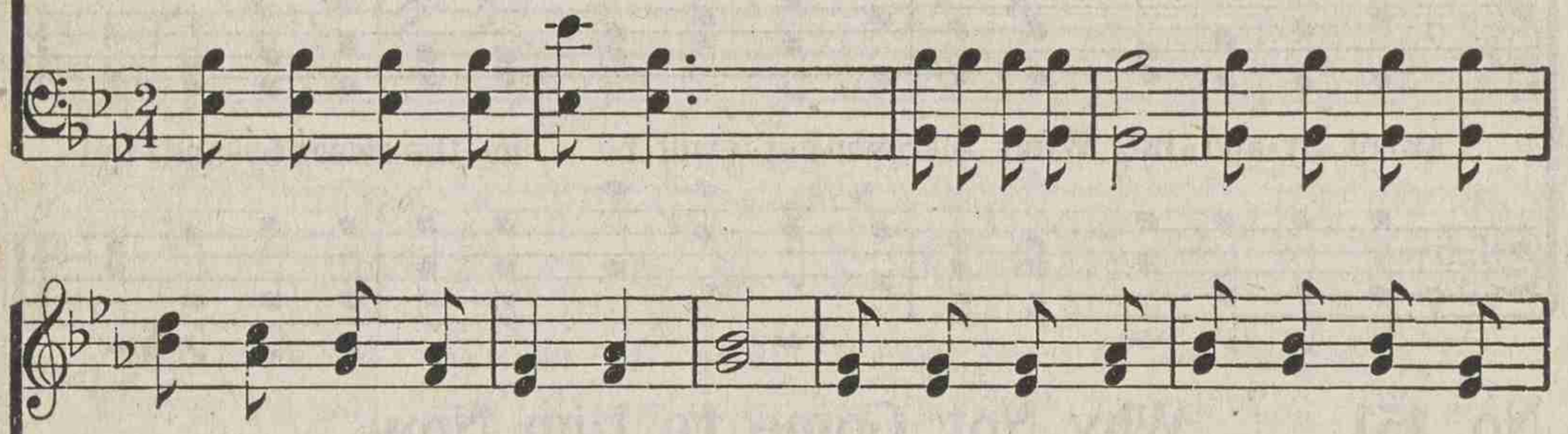
No. 152. Count Your Blessings.

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

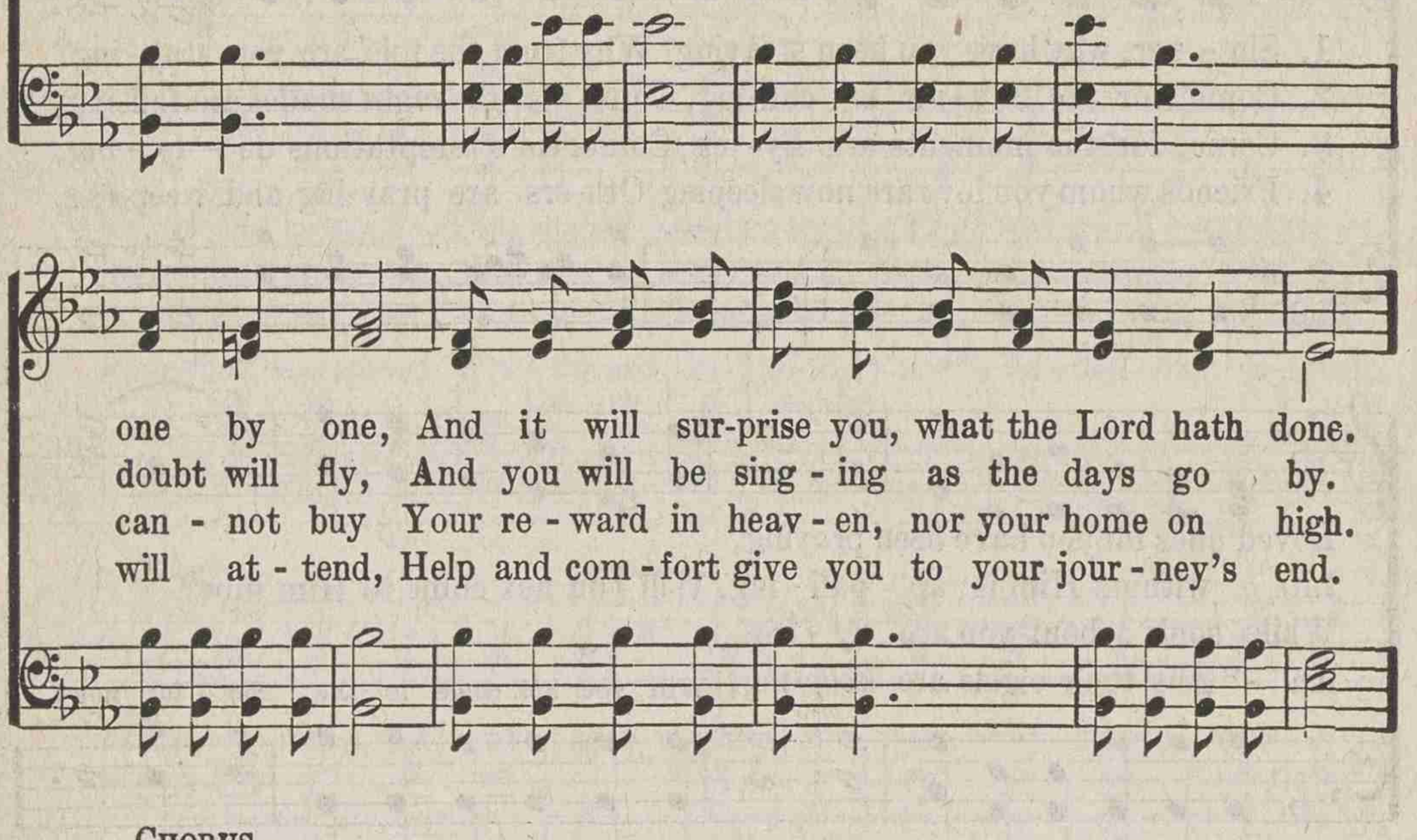
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. E. O. Excell.



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



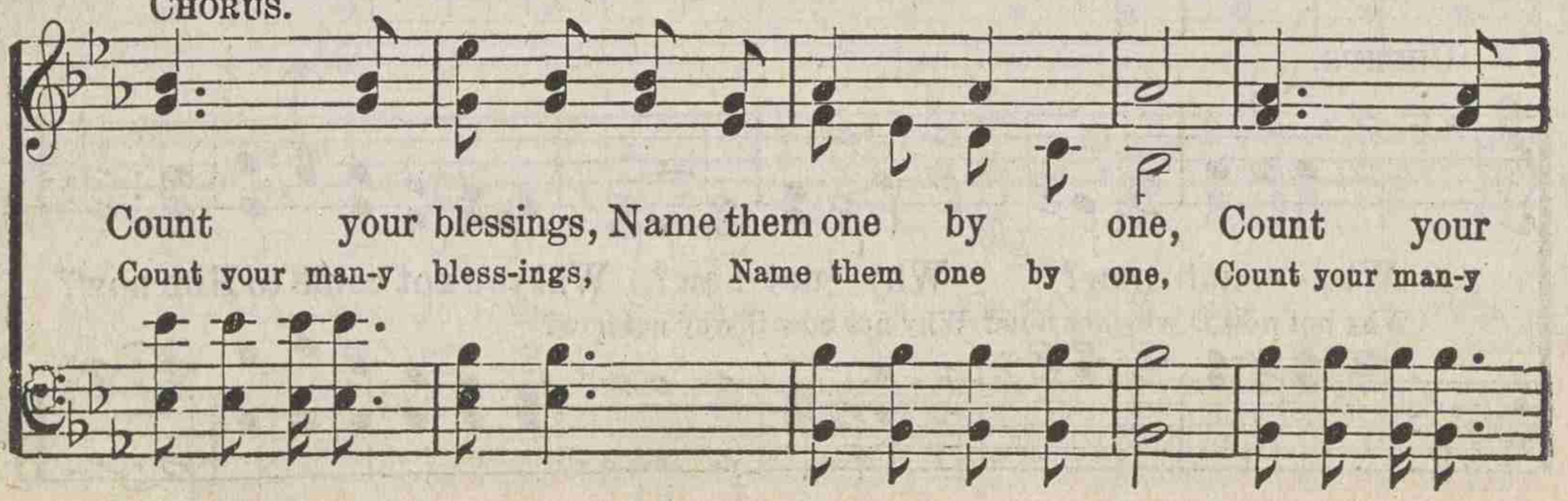
cour - aged, thinking all is lost, Count your man-y blessings, name them
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y blessings, ev - 'ry
prom - ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y blessings, mon - ey
couraged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y blessings, an - gels



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

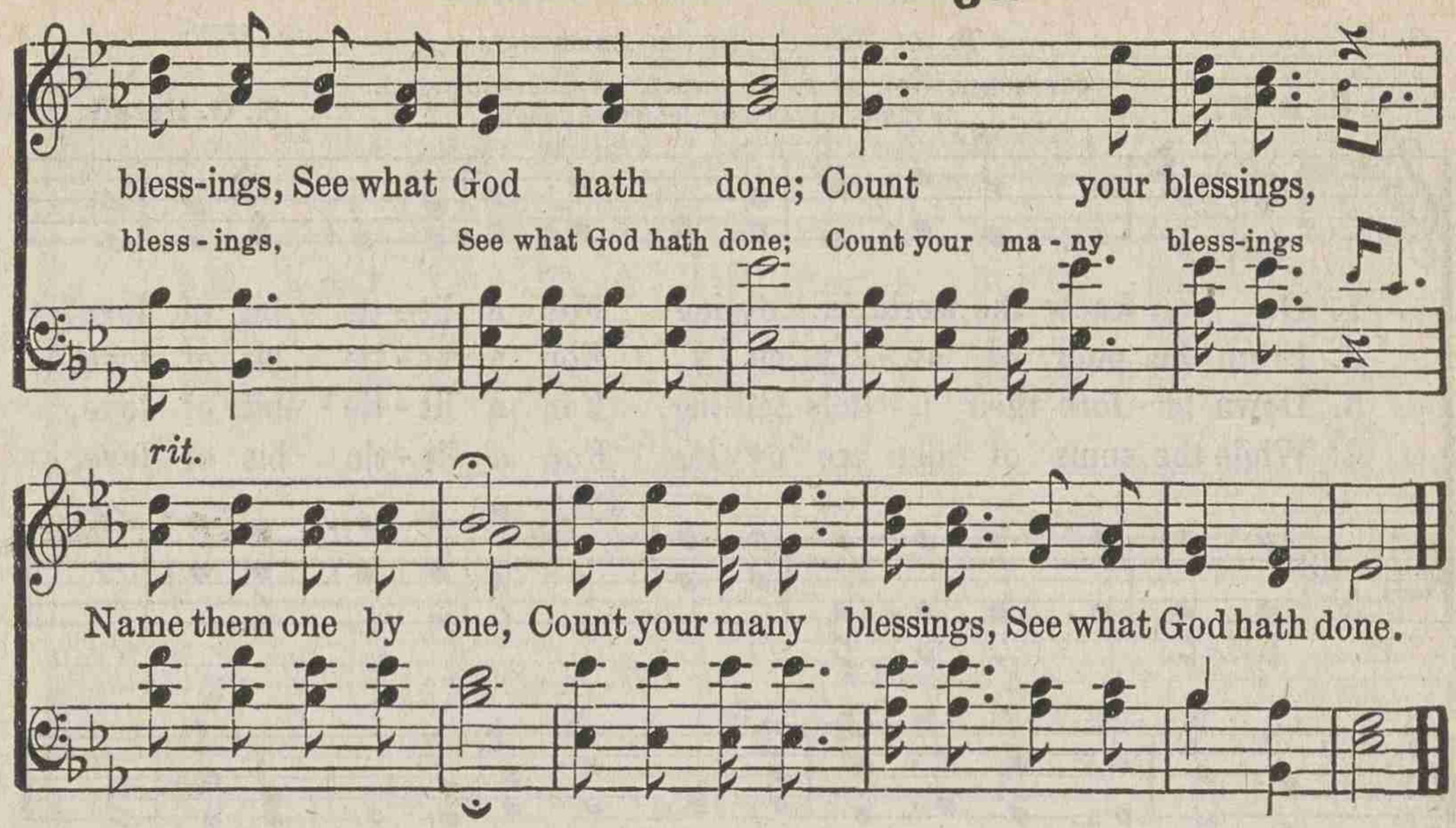


CHORUS.



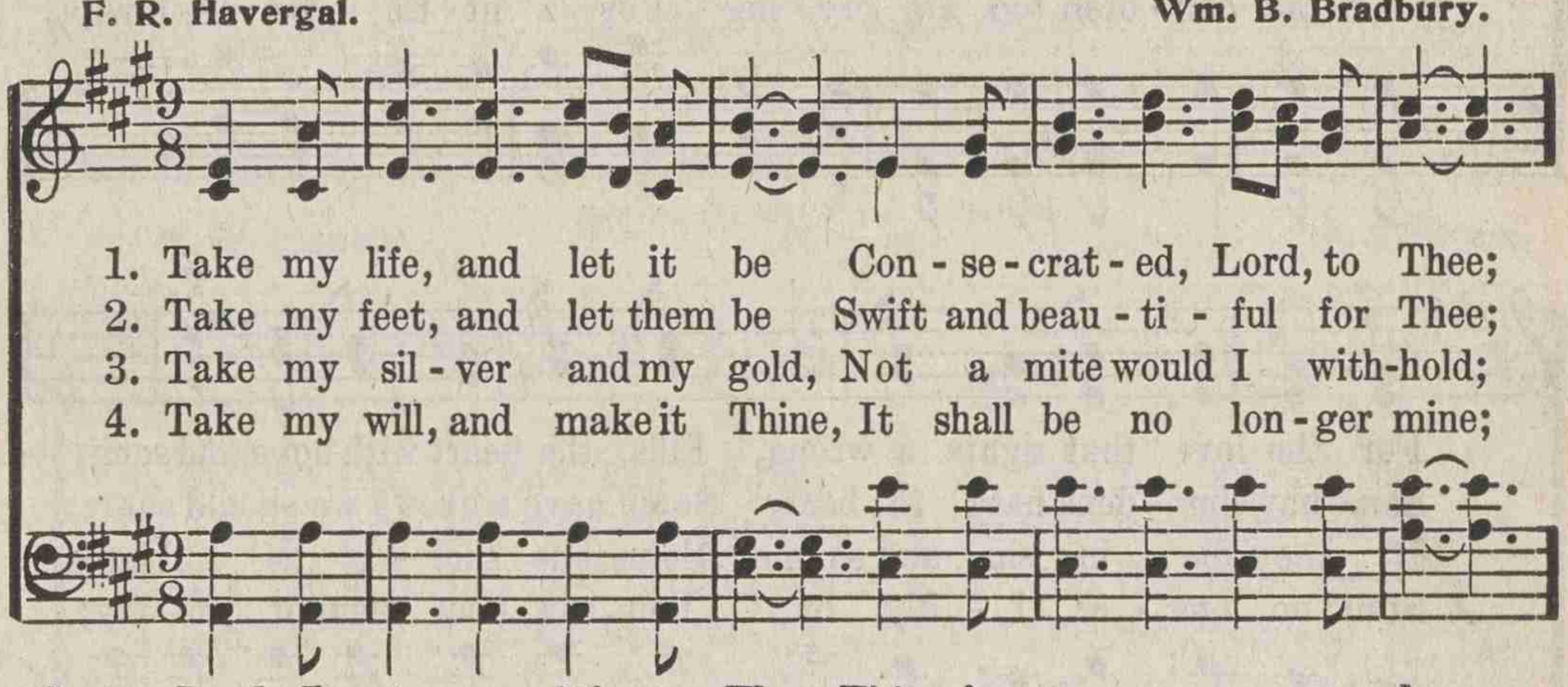
Count your blessings, Name them one by one, Count your
Count your man-y bless-ings, Name them one by one, Count your man-y
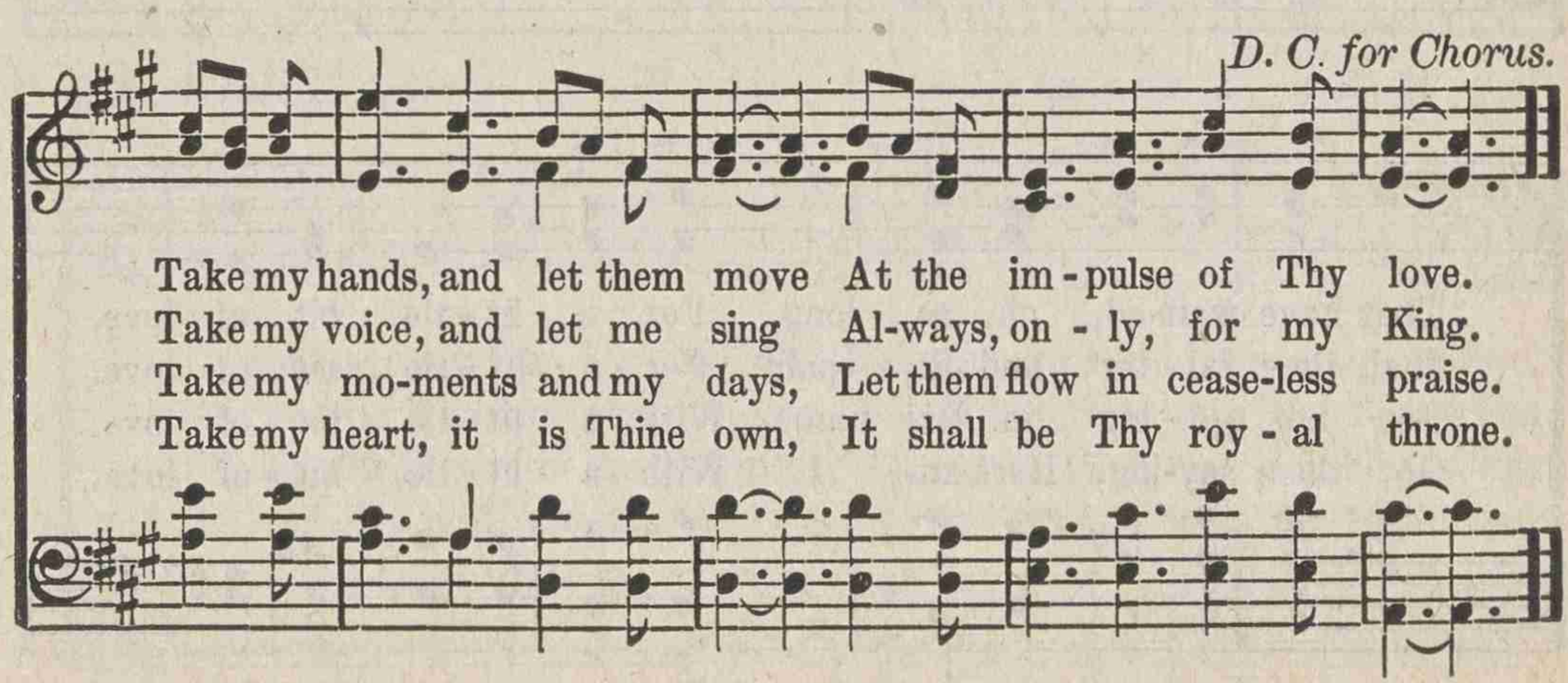
Count Your Blessings.



No. 153. Take My Life, and Let it Be.

F. R. Havergal. Wm. B. Bradbury.





No. 154. A Little Bit of Love.

To my Friend, Marion Lawrance.

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

1. Do you know the world is dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love?
2. From the poor of ev-'ry cit-y, For a lit-tle bit of love,
3. Down be-fore their i-dols fall-ing, For a lit-tle bit of love,
4. While the souls of men are dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love,
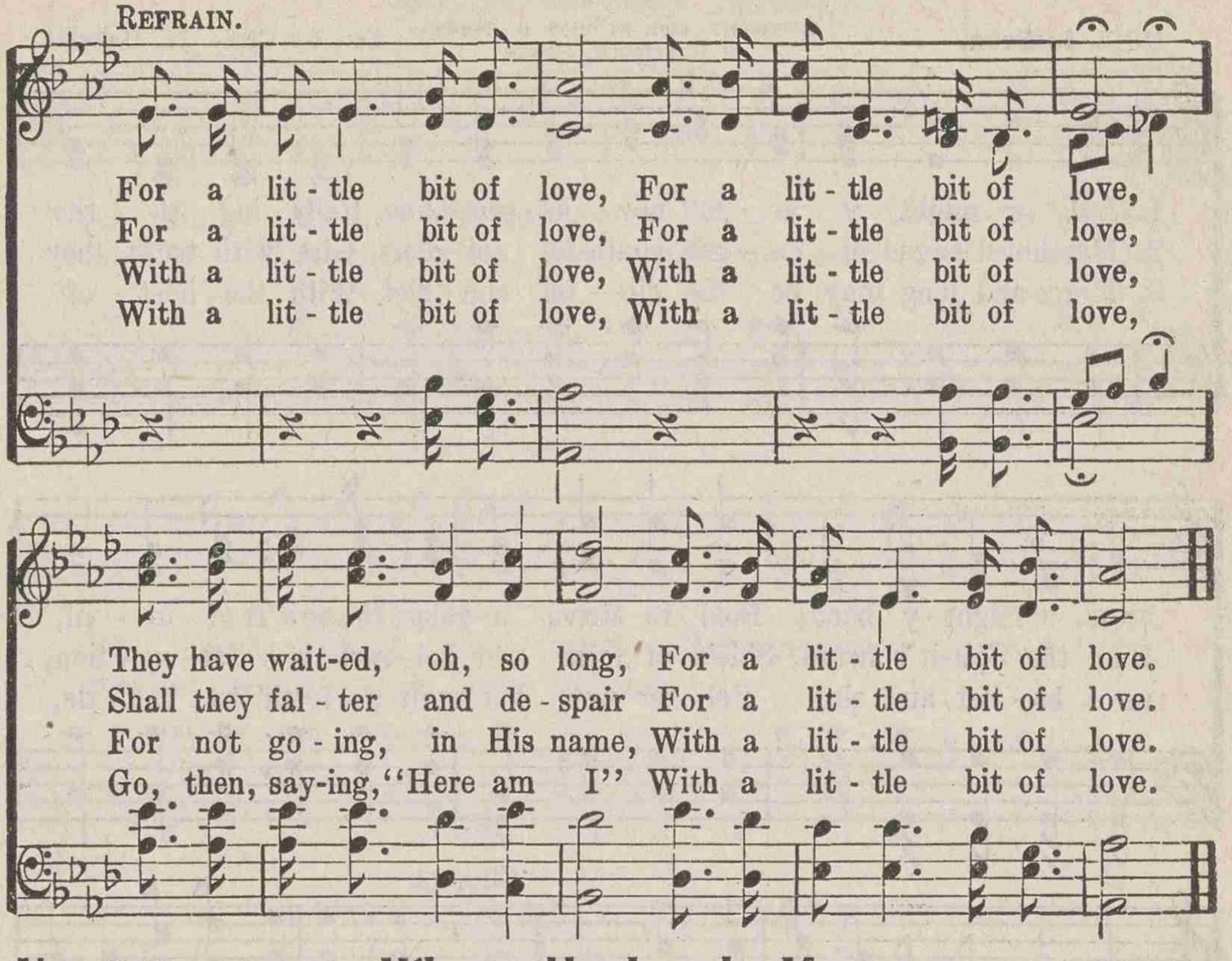
Ev-'ry-where we hear the sigh-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
Hands are reach-ing out in pit-y For a lit-tle bit of love;
Ma-ny souls in vain are call-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
While the chil-dren too are cry-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;

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

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

A Little Bit of Love.
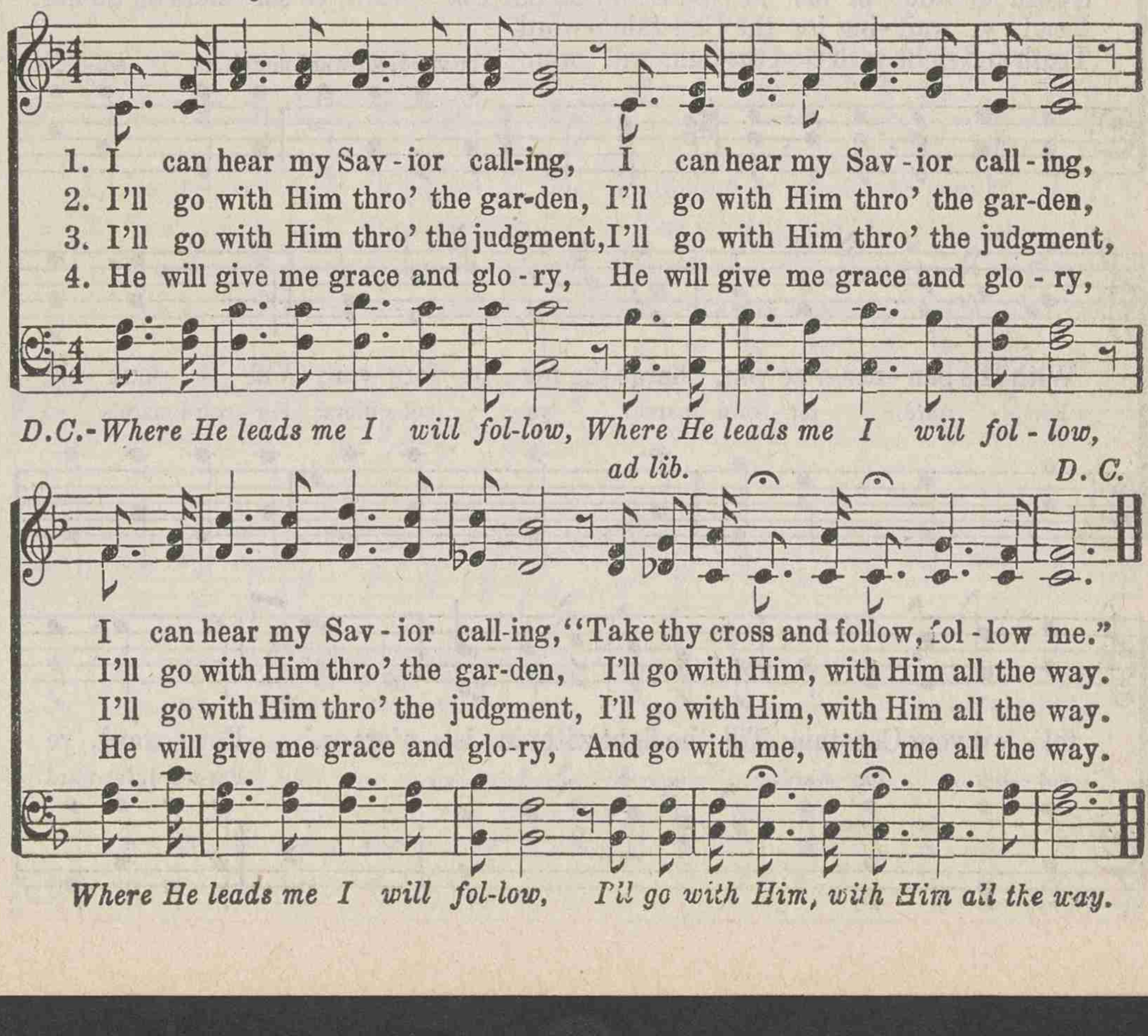
REFRAIN.



No. 155. Where He Leads Me.

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

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



No. 156. Lo! A Mighty Army.

H. G. Jackson.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY CHAS. H GABRIEL.
H N LINCOLN, OWNER

Arr. by Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Lo! a might - y ar - my now as - sem-bling, Rally - ing to the
2. Marshaled league of ea - ger, youth-ful sol - diers, Girt with truth they
3. Fierce and long may be the dire - ful con - flict With the host of

cross, a might - y band, Bold to strive a - gainst the pow'rs of e - vil,
bear the Spir-it's sword, Shield of faith and hel - met of sal - va - tion,
un - be - lief and sin; Fal - ter not, but swift go forth to bat - tle,

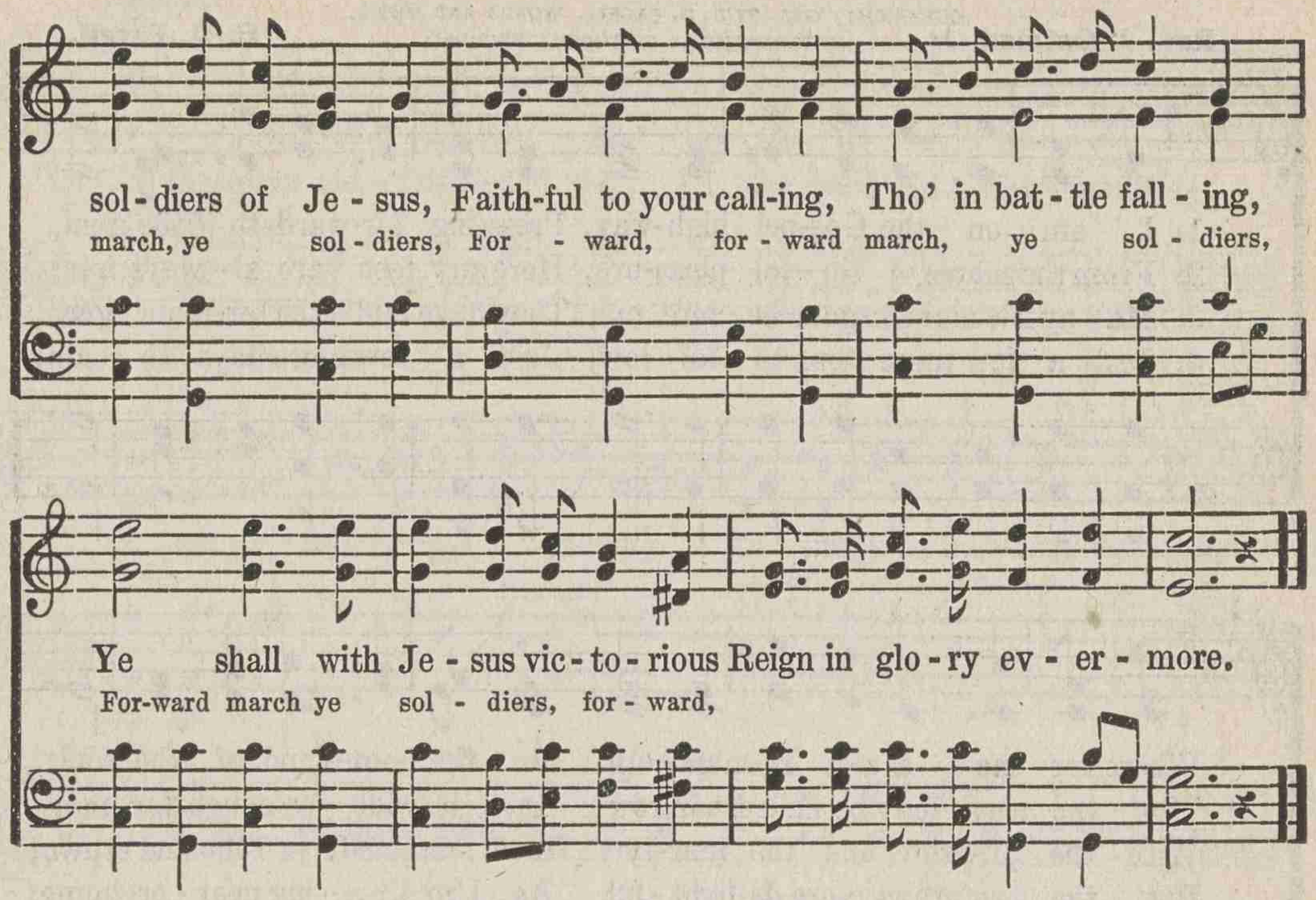
CHORUS.

Sworn to do or die at God's com-mand. For - ward, ye sol - diers of Je-sus,
Read - y, wait - ing for the Cap-tain's word.
Truth and right with God the fight will win. For-ward, for-ward march, ye sol-diers,

With His ban - ner o'er you, Charge the foe be - fore you; Val - iant - ly
For - ward, for - ward march, ye sol - diers: For - ward march, ye

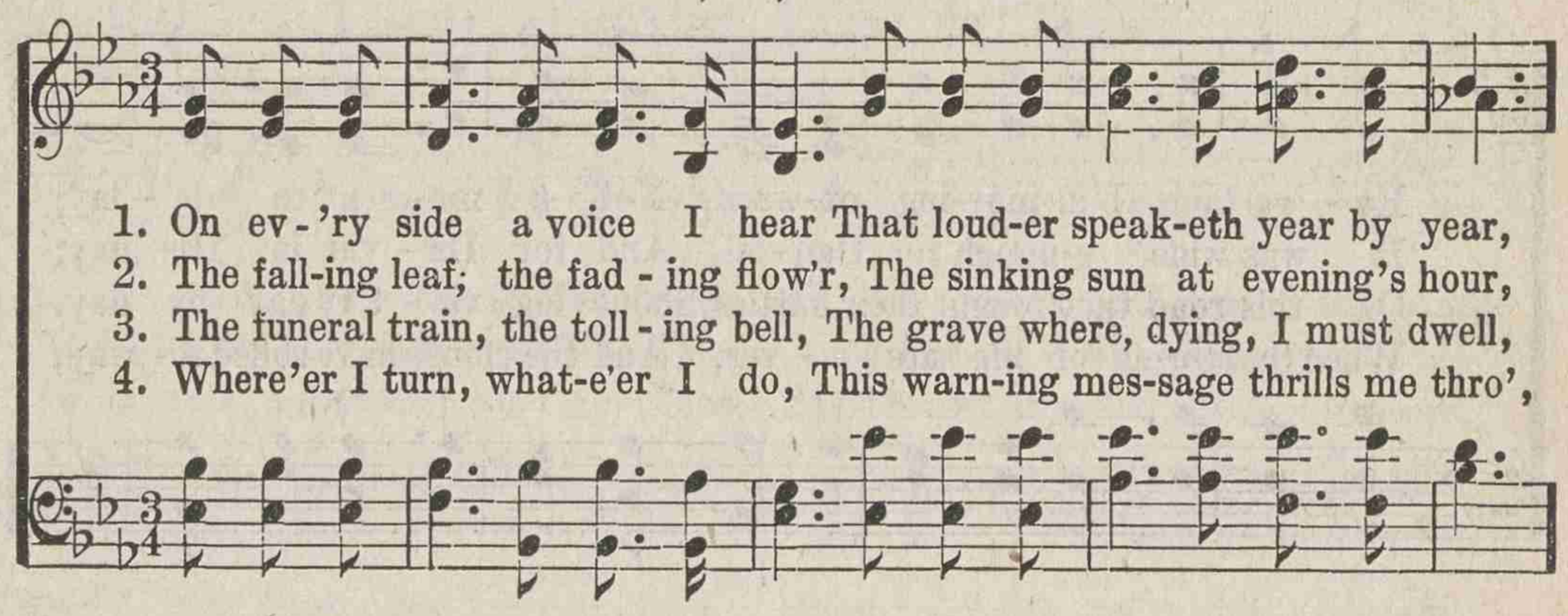
fol - low your Cap-tain, Till the fight with sin is o'er; For - ward, ye
sol - diers, for - ward, For-ward, for-ward

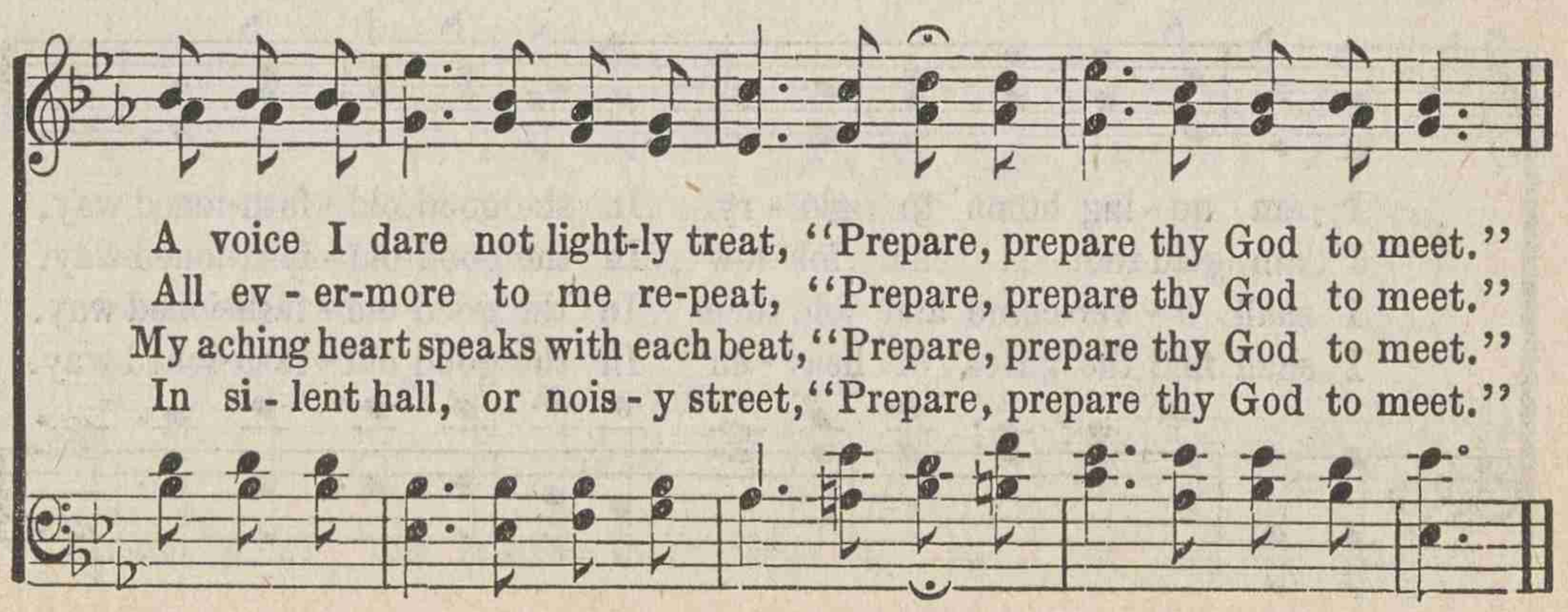
Lo! A Mighty Army.



No. 157. Prepare Thy God to Meet.

H. A. N. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. H. H. McGranahan.





No. 158. The Good Old-Fashioned Way.

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

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

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

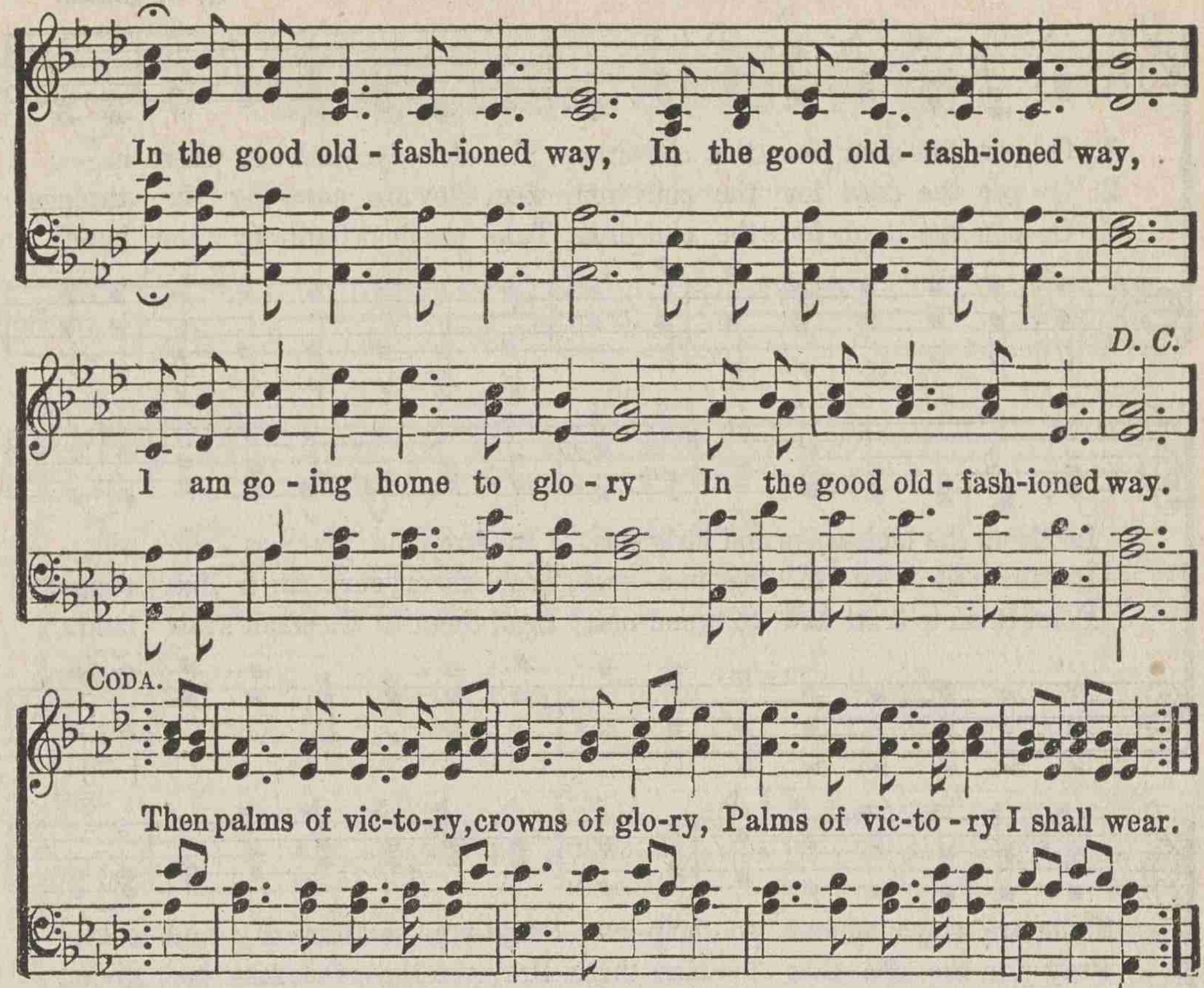
Where for me a rest re-main - eth In the home-land of the soul:
Tho' the way may be called nar-row, It is wide e-nough for me;
With the pil-grims and the mar-tyrs Have obtained a robe and crown;
But the way grows more de-light - ful As I'm draw - ing near - er home;

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

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

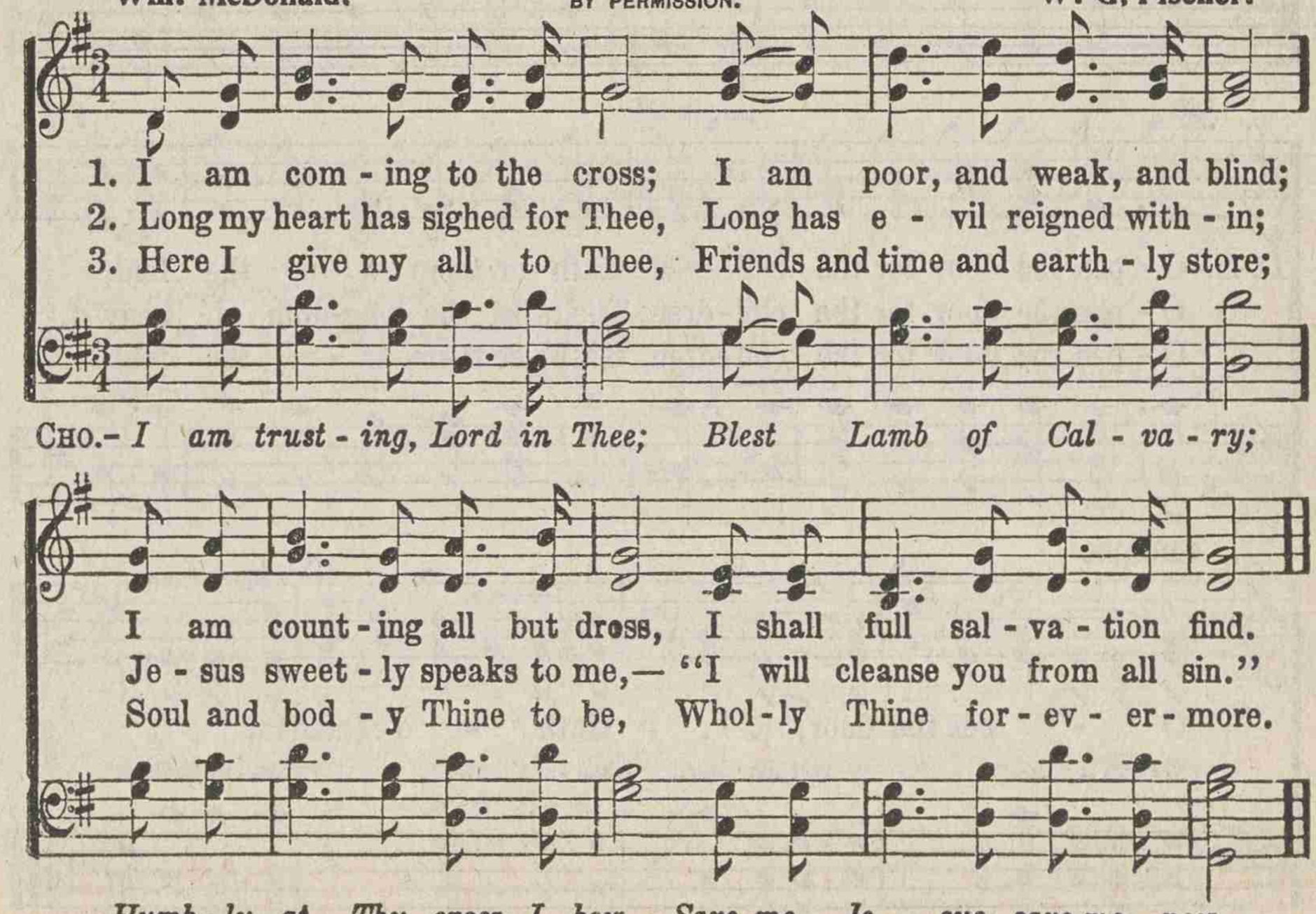
The Good Old Fashioned Way.

CHORUS.



No 159. I Am Trusting Lord in Thee.

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



No. 160. Open the Door for the Children.

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

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

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

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

FINE.

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

CHORUS. *D. S.*

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

Children's Songs.

No. 161. Dear Little Stranger.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

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

No. 162, I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

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

Nellie Talbot. **E. O. Excell.**

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 163. Little Stars.

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

H. H. Pierson. 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 - ior'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.

No. 164. Luther's Cradle Hymn.

Martin Luther.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A - way in a man-ger, No crib for His bed, The lit - tle Lord
2. The cat - tle were low-ing—The poor ba - by wakes: But lit - tle Lord
3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me for-

rit. *A tempo.*

Je - sus Lay down His wee head; The stars in the heav-ens Look'd
Je - sus, No cry - ing He makes: I love Thee, Lord Je - sus, Look
ev - er, And love me, I pray; Bless all the dear chil-dren In

down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, A-sleep on the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my cra-dle, To watch lul - la - by.
Thy ten - der care, And take us to heav-en, To live with Thee there.

CHORUS.

A - sleep, a - sleep, A - sleep, The Sav - ior, in a stall!
A - sleep, a - sleep,

A - sleep, a - sleep, A - sleep, The Lord of all! ....
A - sleep, a - sleep, The Lord of all!

No, 165. Little Sunbeams.

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

Eben E. Rexford, Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I think God gives the chil - dren, As thro' the land they go,
2. The clouds may hide the sun - shine Of heav - en from our sight,
3. Then let us live our mis - sion Of sun - beams day by day,

The most de - light - ful mis - sion That an - y one can know;
And life have much of sor - row To mar the heart's de - light;
And scat - ter joy and bright - ness A - bout us all the way;

He wants us to be sun - beams Of love, and hope, and cheer,
But if like faith-ful sun - beams, We chil - dren do our part,
Let's chase a - way life's shad - ows With lov - ing tho't and deed,

To bright - en up the shad - ows That oft - en gath - er here.
We'll bring a ray of bright - ness To ev - 'ry shadowed heart.
And be the sun - shine-mak - ers Of which the world has need.
D.S.–*In all life's shad - y pla - ces We shine as best we can.*

FINE.

CHORUS.

O we are lit - tle sun - beams, Sent down from God to man;

D. S.

No. 166. The Children's Hosanna.

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

Neal A. McAuley — J. S. Fearls.

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

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

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

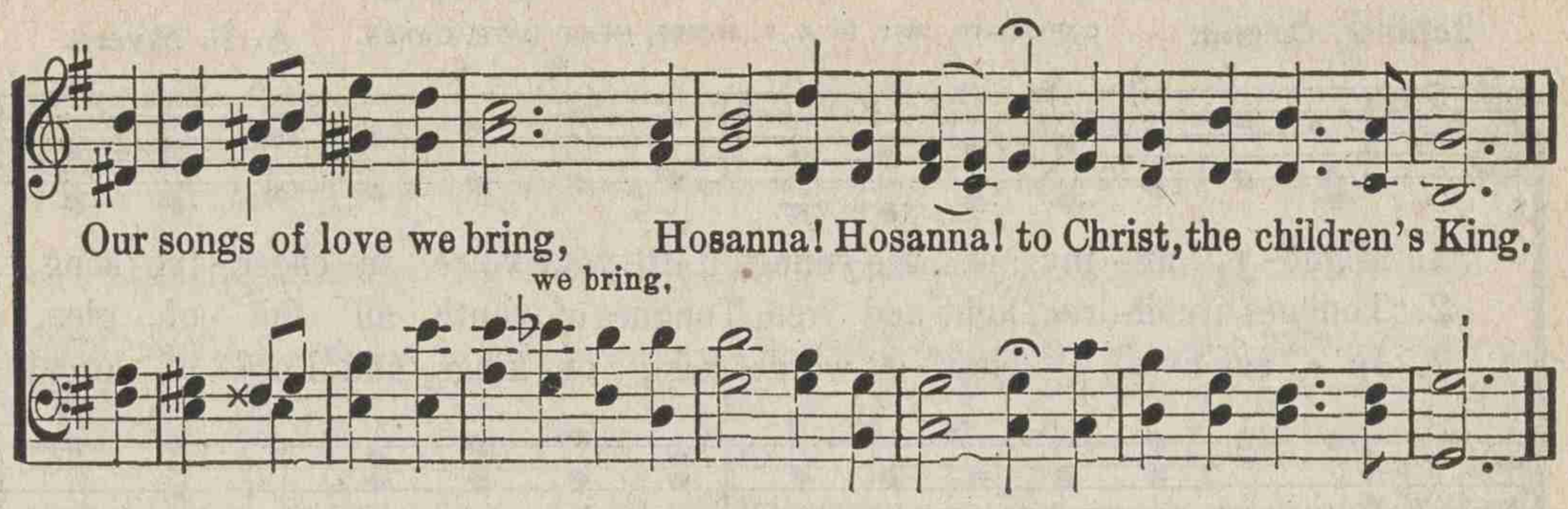
REFRAIN. *Faster.*

With mu - sic fill the air.
Redeemed shall ev - er be." Hosanna! Hosanna! Our songs of love we bring,
Ho-san-na! bright and clear.

we bring

Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na! To Christ, the children's King; Ho-san-na! Ho - san-na!

The Children's Hosanna.

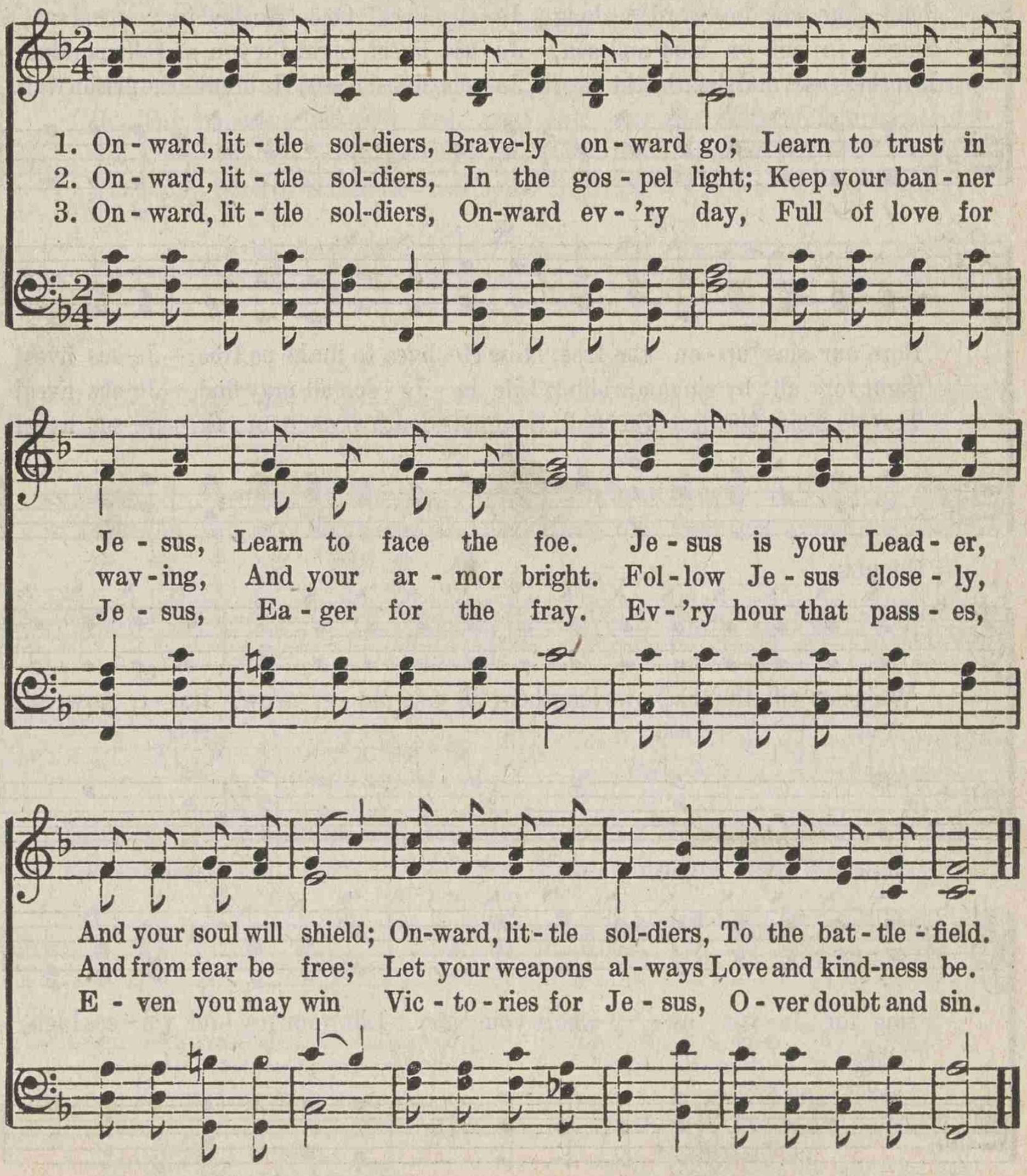


No. 167 Onward, Little Soldiers!

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Martin A. Elliott.



No. 168. Mighty Army of the Young.

John R. Colgan. COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY A. F. MYERS, HENRY DATE, OWNER. **A. F. Myers.**

1. Might-y ar-my of the young, Lift your voice in cheer-ful song,
2. Tongues of chil-dren, light and free, Tongues of youth, all full of glee,
3. Je-sus lives! O bless-ed words! King of kings, and Lord of lords!

Send the welcome word a-long, Je-sus lives! Once He died for you and me,
Sing to all on land and sea, Je-sus lives! Light for you, and all mankind,
Lift the cross, and sheathe the sword, Je-sus lives! See, He breaks the prison wall,

Bore our sins up-on the tree; Now He lives to make us free,—Je-sus lives!
Sight for all by sin made blind; Life in Je-sus all may find,—Je-sus lives!
Throws a-side the dreadful pall, Conquers death at once for all,—Je-sus lives!

CHORUS.

Wait not till the shad-ows lengthen, till you old-er grow, Ral-ly now, and

Wait not, Sing,

Wait not, wait not, Sing for
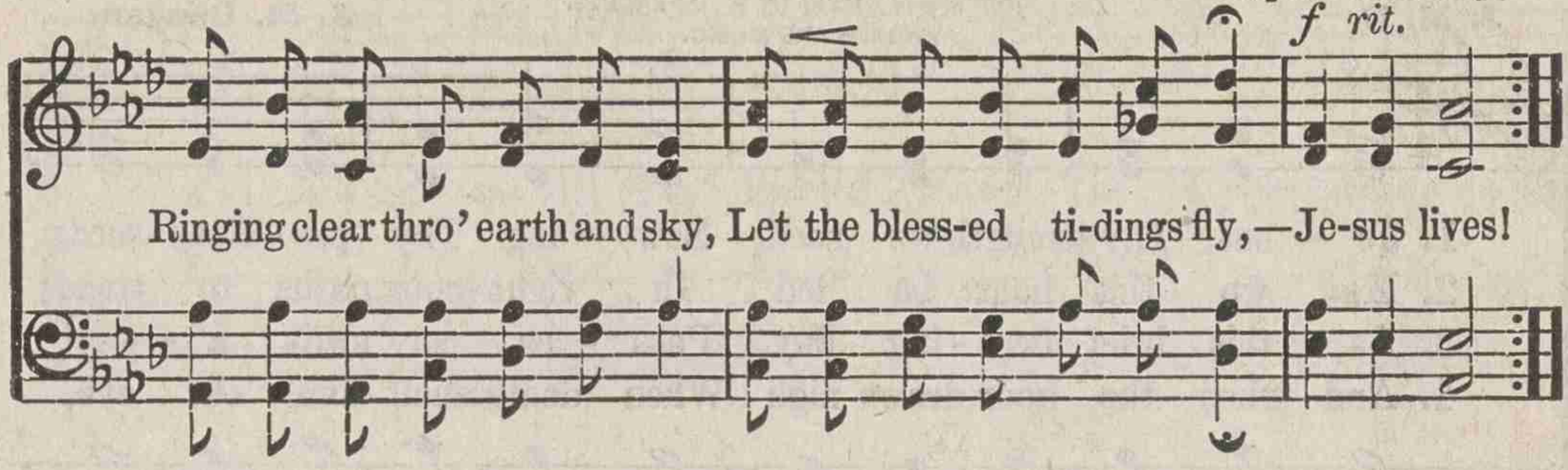
sing for Je-sus ev-'ry-where you go; Lift your joy-ful voi-ces high,

Sing,

Je-sus,

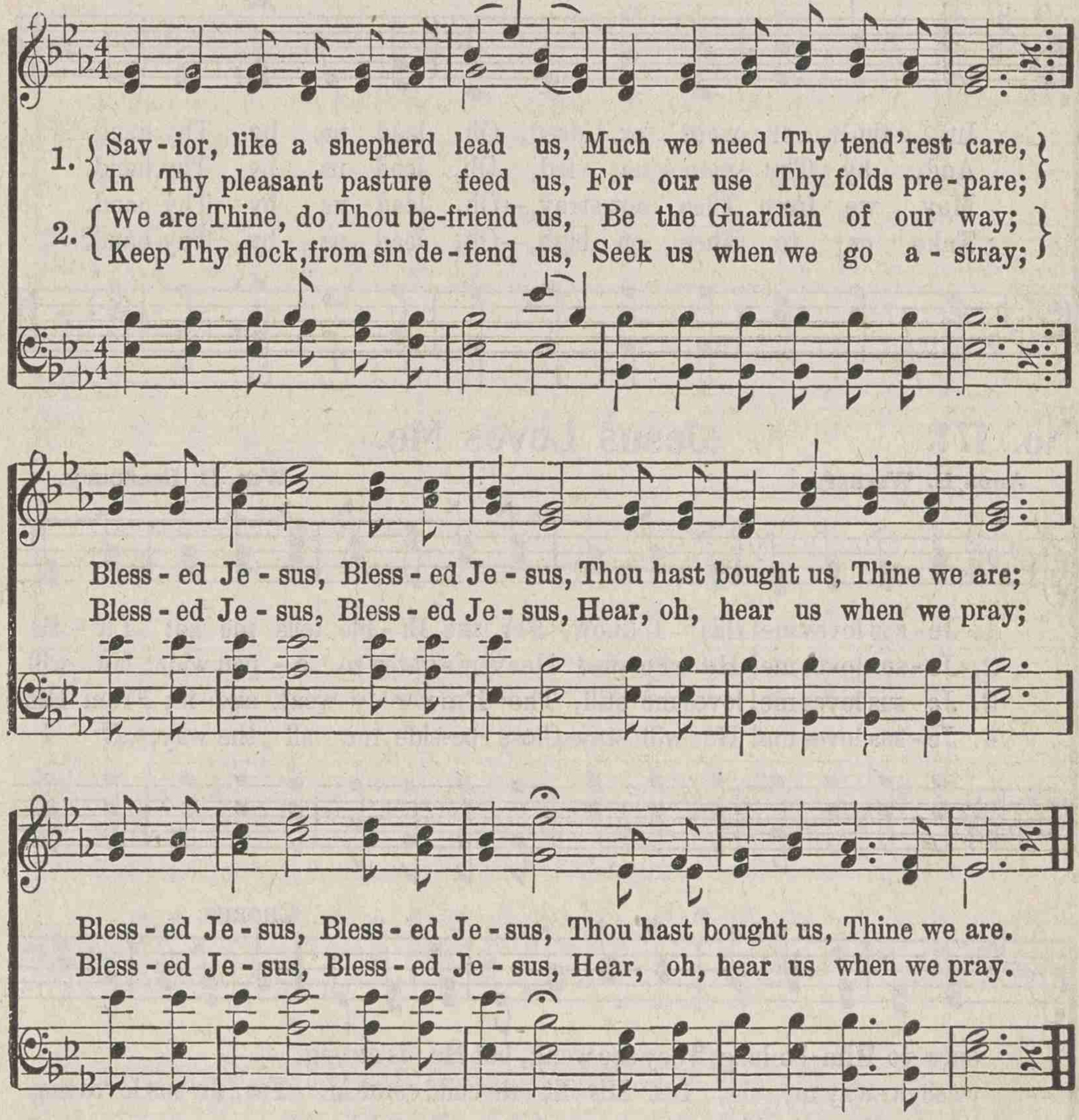
Mighty Army of the Young.

Repeat Chorus pp.



No. 169. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. **William B. Bradbury.**



3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us;
Grace to cleanse and power to free;
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill;
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 170. Lead Us By Thy Hand.

J. M. D.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY E O EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. M. Dungan.

1. Je - sus, Thy strength we need, Sow - ing Thy pre - cious seed;
2. May we this hour be led In right-eous paths to tread;
3. As this brief fleet - ing day Pass - es so swift a - way,
4. And when the hour draws nigh When death shall dim our eye,

In tho't, or word, or deed, Oh, lead us by Thy hand.
And, by Thy man - na fed, Oh, lead us by Thy hand.
May we from Thee not stray,—Oh, lead us by Thy hand.
Take us to Thee on high,—Oh, lead us by Thy hand.

No. 171. Jesus Loves Me.

Anna B. Warner.
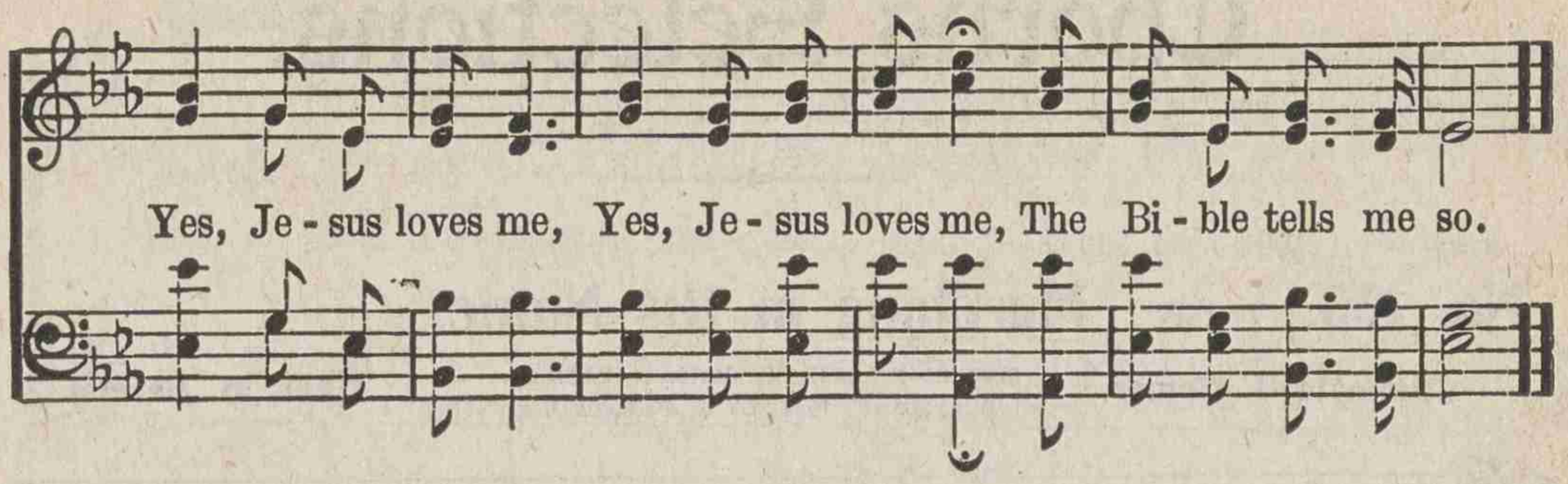
Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so: Lit - tle
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died Heaven's gates to o - pen wide; He will
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill; From His
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be-side me all the way; If I

CHORUS.
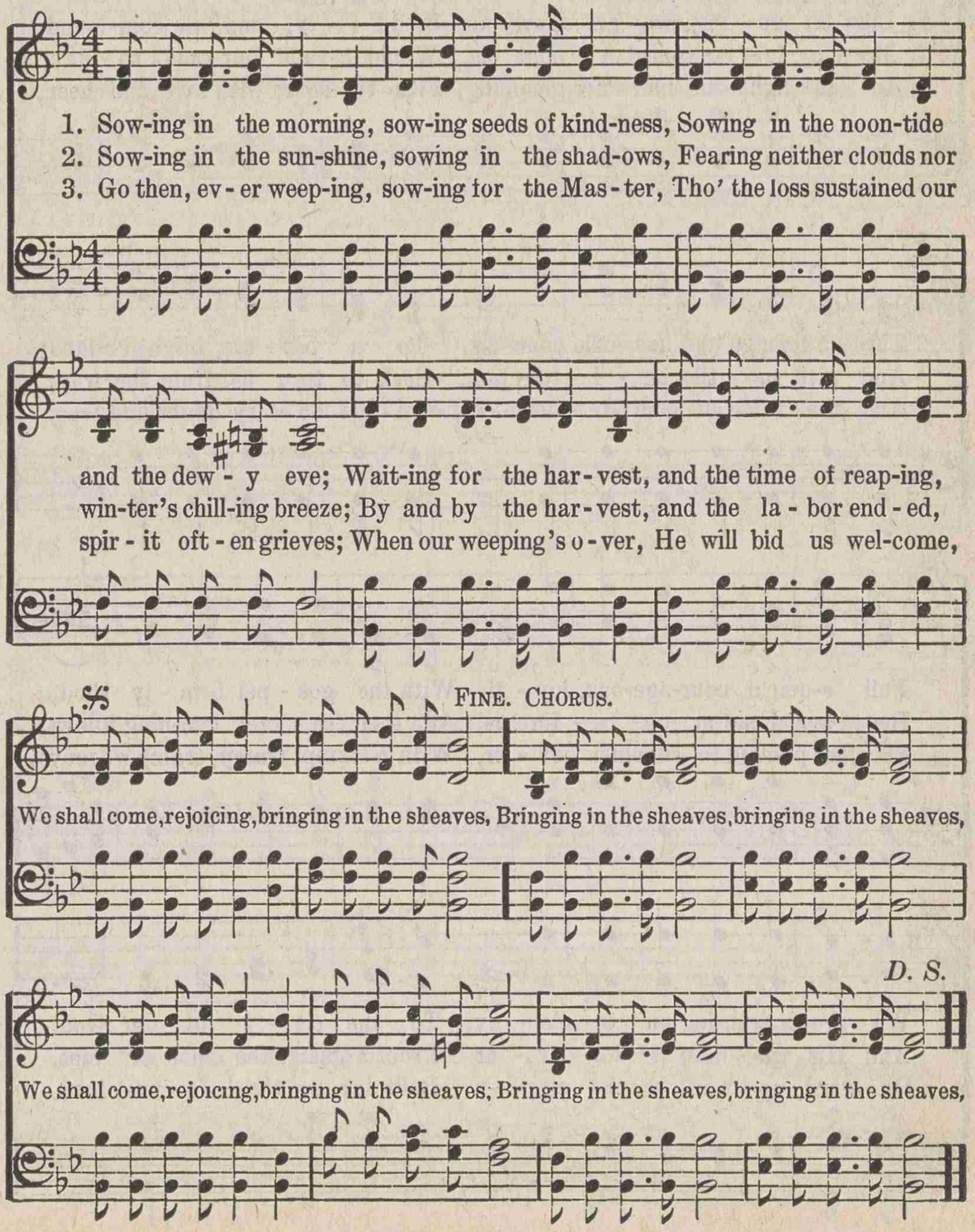
ones to Him be-long; They are weak, but He is strong.
wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je-sus loves me,
shin-ing throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
love Him, when I die He will take me home on high.

Jesus Loves Me.



No. 172, Bringing In the Sheaves.

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



Chorus Selections.

No. 173. Marching in His Name.

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

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

Marching in His Name.

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

land of cloud-less day,

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

No. 174. Reapers for the Harvest.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Eben Rexford. Samuel W. Beasley.

1. Lo! all read - y for the gath-'ring God's great har - vest stands;
2. "Great the need but few have answered," hear the Mas - ter say;
3. O ye i - dlers join the cho - rus of the har - vest song,

Hark! the reap - ers' song is ring - ing up and down the lands;
From the work of loy - al serv - ice will you turn a - way?
Let its mu - sic rise to heav - en all the hills a - long;

Hear you not the call for work - men sound-ing o - ver hill and val-ley?
O for love of Christ who calls you to be reap - ers in His har-vest,
Those who reap God's grain and bind it, and go glean - ing in the by-ways,

An - swer quick - ly, bring to serv - ice will - ing hearts and hands.
An - swer "Mas-ter, I will glad - ly work for you to - day."
Find that work done for the Sav - ior makes the weak - est strong.

CHORUS.

Lo! the harvest ripe and read - y stands to-day; See, the

Lo! the har-vest ripe and read - y stands to - day, to - day; See the Mas-ter

Lo! the har - vest stand - ing read - y, See the

Reapers for the Harvest.

Master cometh, and He comes this way, Seeking for reapers, let us

com - eth, and He comes, He comes this way,

Mas - ter comes this way; He seek - eth reap - ers;

answer one and all, For a great reward is offered if we heed His call.

quickly,

an - swer quick - ly,

A-wake, a-wake, the harvest waits on ev - 'ry hill and plain;

See, the har-vest waits on ev - 'ry hill, on hill and plain;

See, the har - vest waits for reap - ers;

Go, and gath-er in the sheaves of golden grain; Reap-ing and bind-ing

Go and gather in the sheaves of gold - en grain, quickly;

Go, and gath - er for the Mas - ter; Reap - ing, bind-

rit.

ere the harvest pass a - way, Answer quickly, "We will work to-day."

go ye,
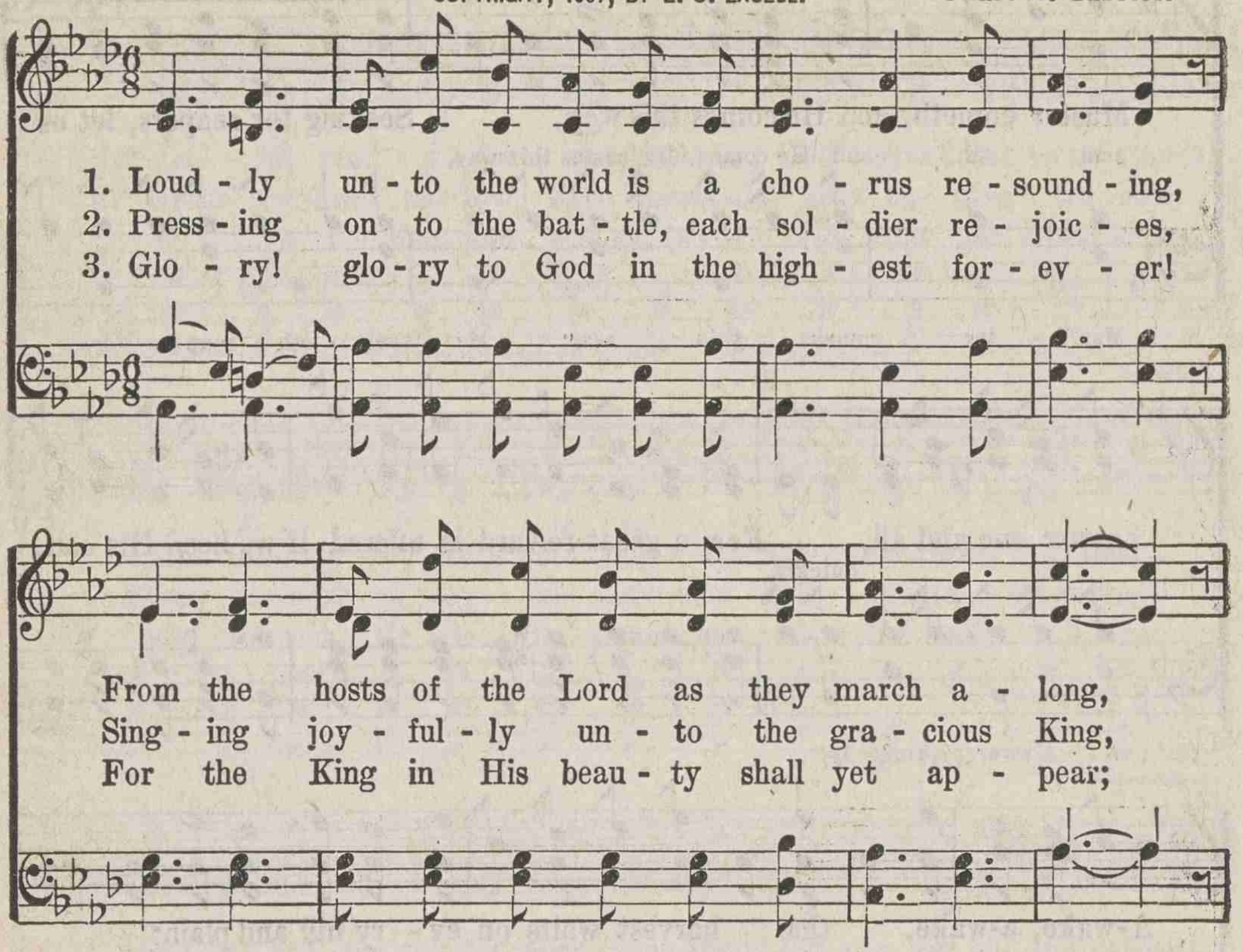
ing ere the harvest pass a - way.

No. 175. A Song of Victory.

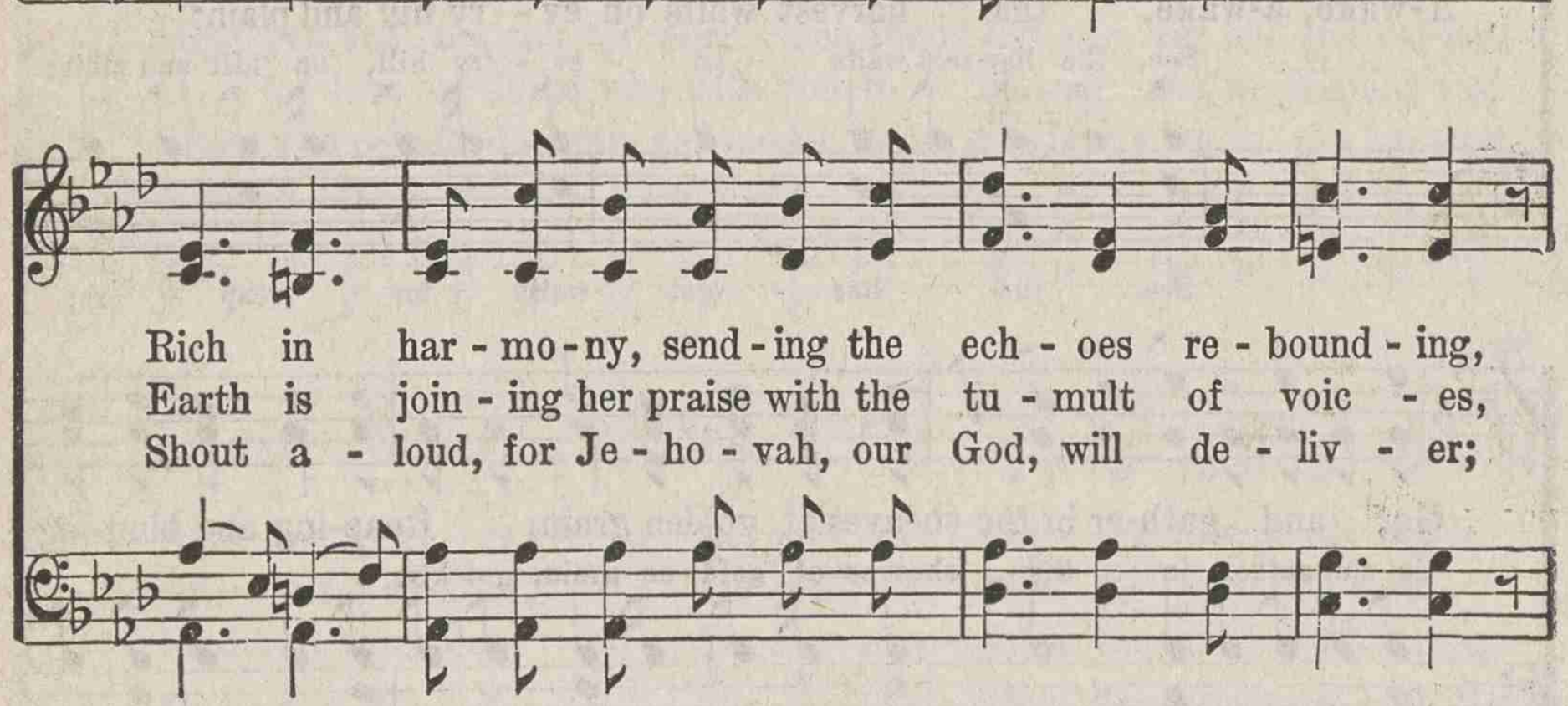
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COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

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

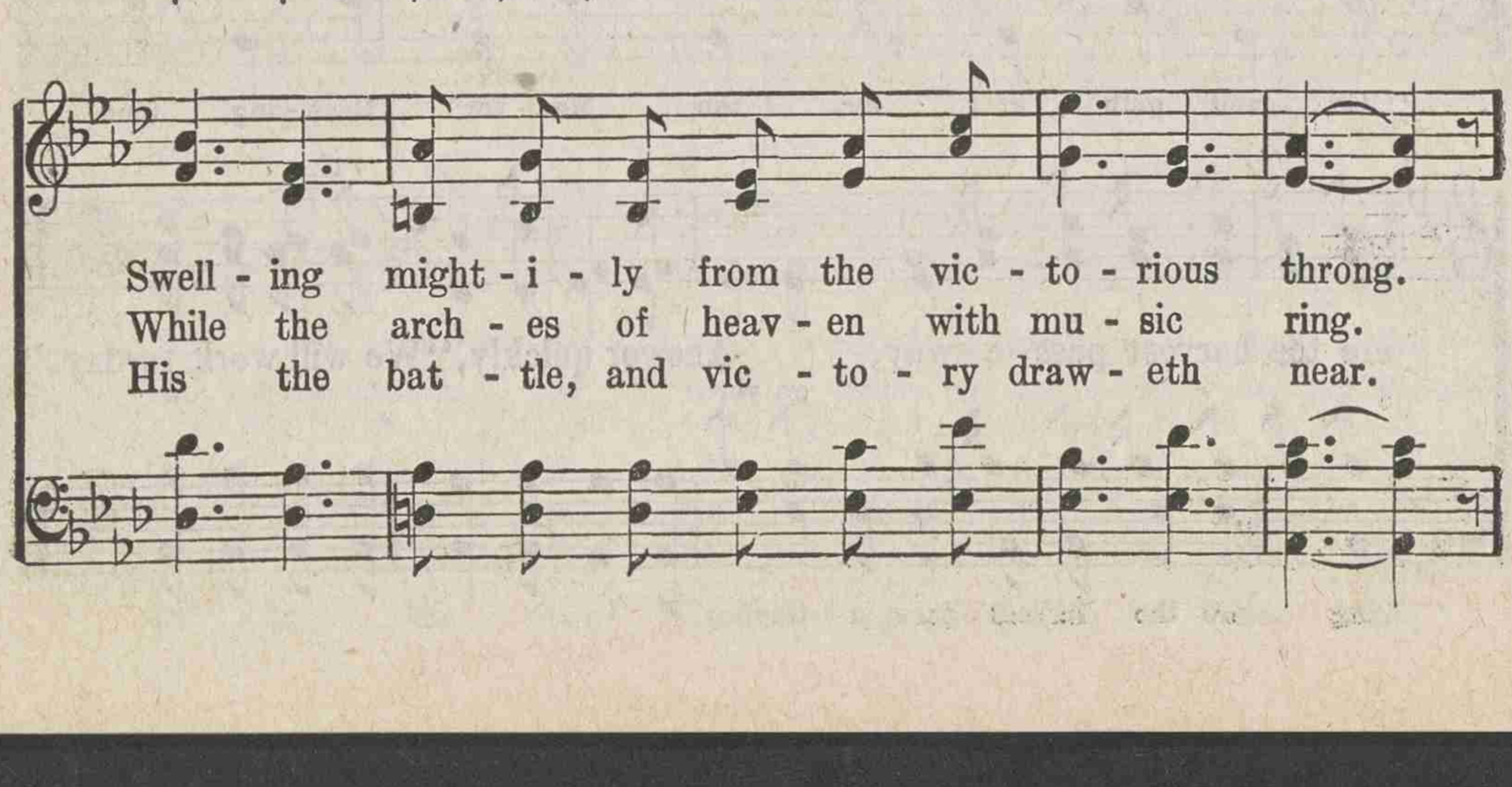
1. Loud - ly un - to the world is a cho - rus re - sound - ing,
2. Press - ing on to the bat - tle, each sol - dier re - joic - es,
3. Glo - ry! glo - ry to God in the high - est for - ev - er!



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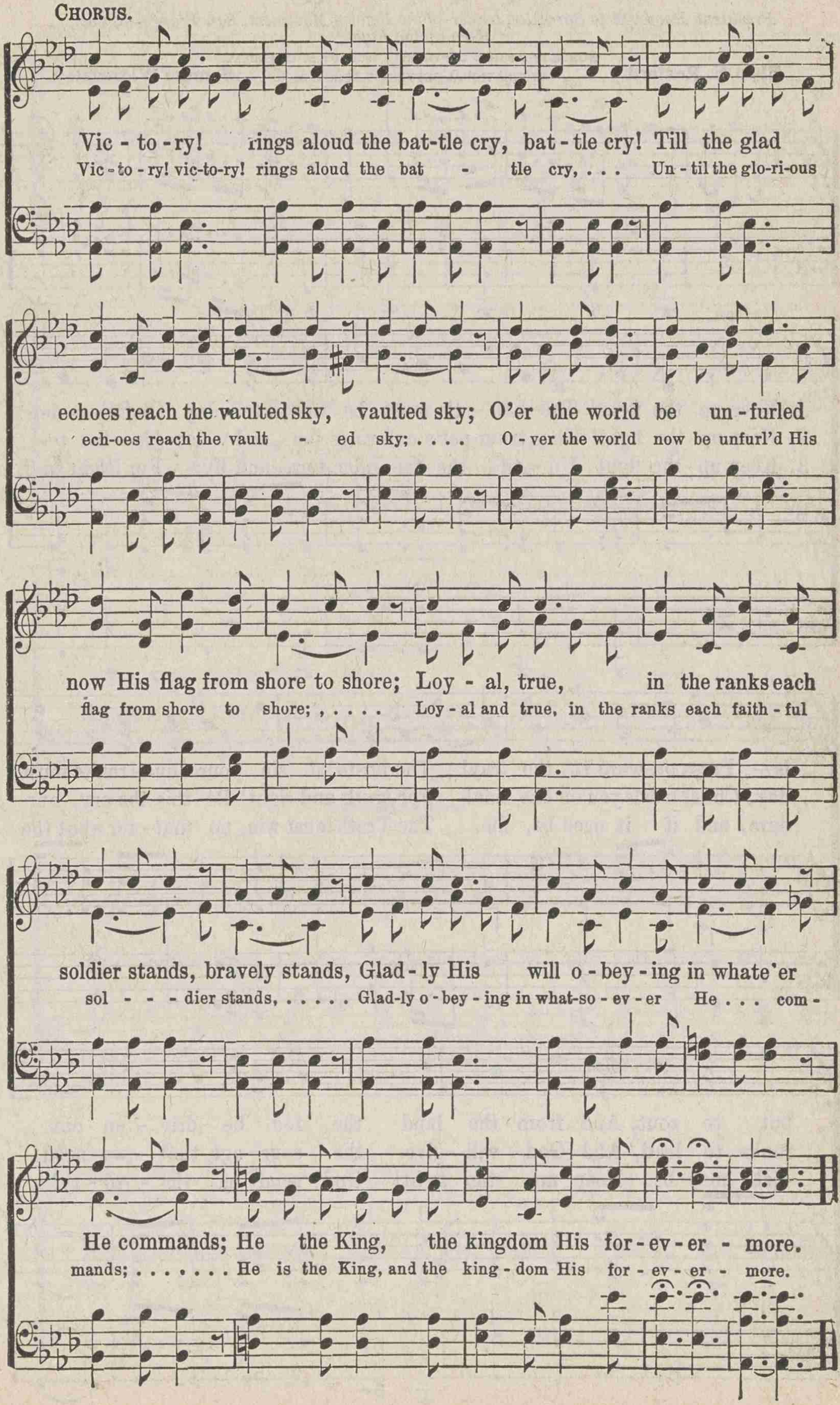


Rich in har - mo - ny, send - ing the ech - oes re - bound - ing,
Earth is join - ing her praise with the tu - mult of voic - es,
Shout a - loud, for Je - ho - vah, our God, will de - liv - er;



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

A Song of Victory.

CHORUS.



No. 176. Keep Up The Fight.

President Roosevelt to Spreckles, leader of the Reform Movement, San Francisco, Cal.,
"Keep up the Fight."

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

Eben E. Rexford. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Keep up the fight! The bat - tle must be won, to - day God's or - der
2. Keep up the fight! The trum-pet's call rings far and wide; En - list to-
3. Keep up the fight Un - til the foe - men turn and fly; For Right we'll

is— Press on-ward to the fray! The hosts of sin your loy-al ranks must
day, Christ needs you on His side! For truth and right! Be this the cry, our
dare, and if it need be, die. The Truth must win, no mat - ter what the

put to rout, And from the land the foe be driv - en out.
ranks to lead, And God will give the cour - age that we need.
cost may be. Keep up the fight! God send us vic - to - ry!

Keep Up the Fight.

CHORUS.

Keep up the fight for Truth and Right! Led on by Christ we'll win the

day. He goes be - fore us. His ban - ner o'er us To cer-tain

vic - t'ry points the way. Keep up the fight and fal - ter

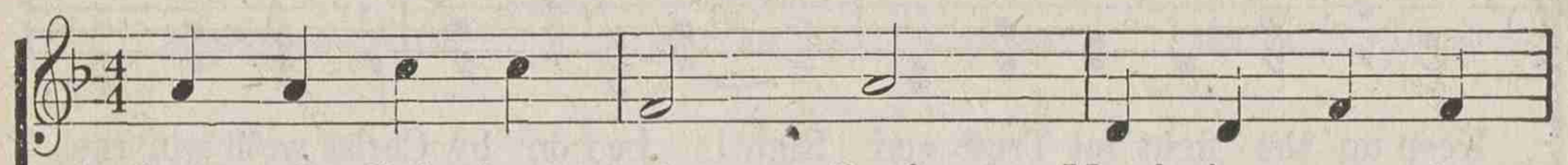
nev - er; For right will live and reign for - ev - er ; Our God is with us

to cour - age give us, Keep up the fight, keep up the fight!

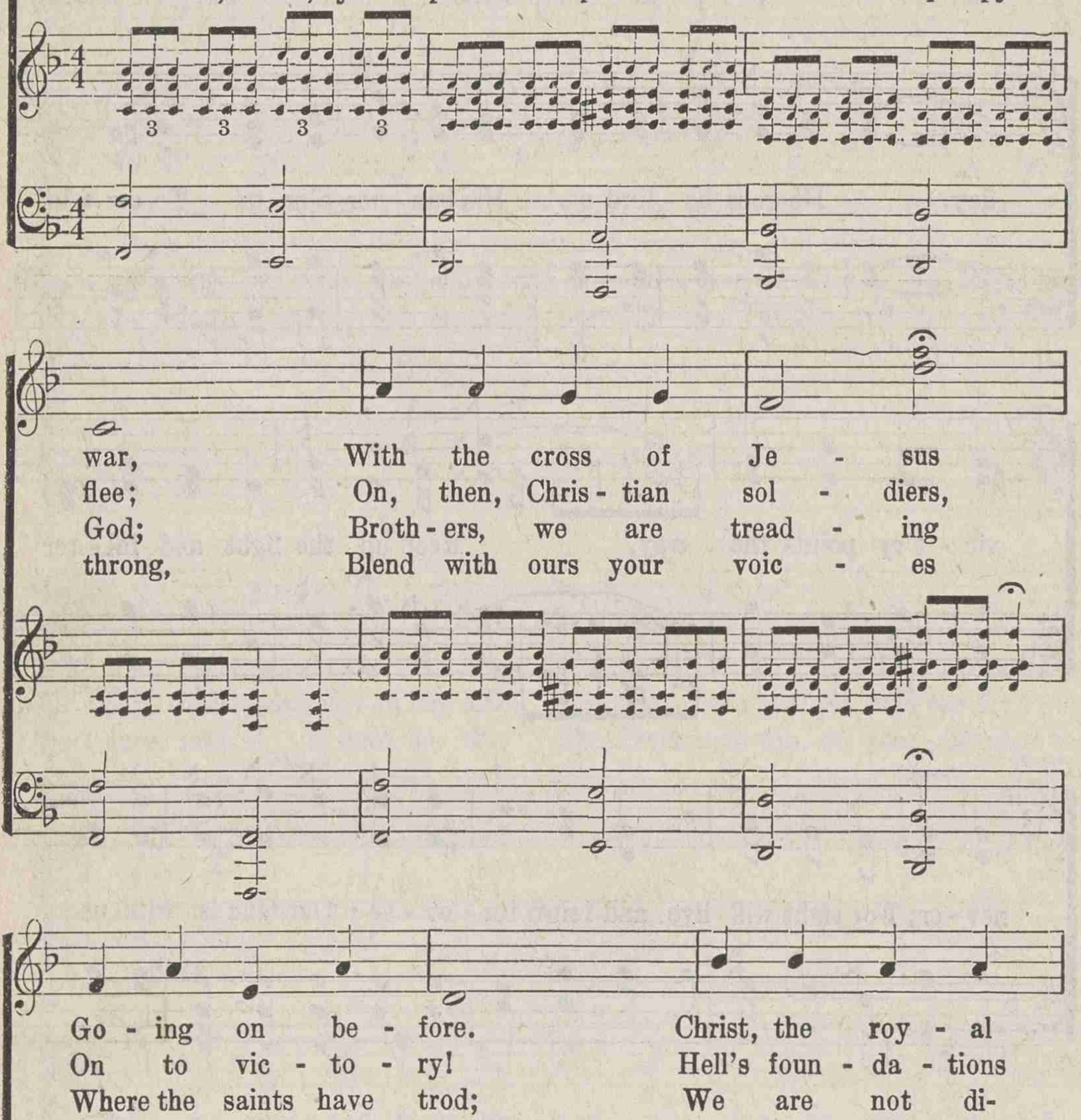
No. 177. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

To Prof. Chas. F. Allen.

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



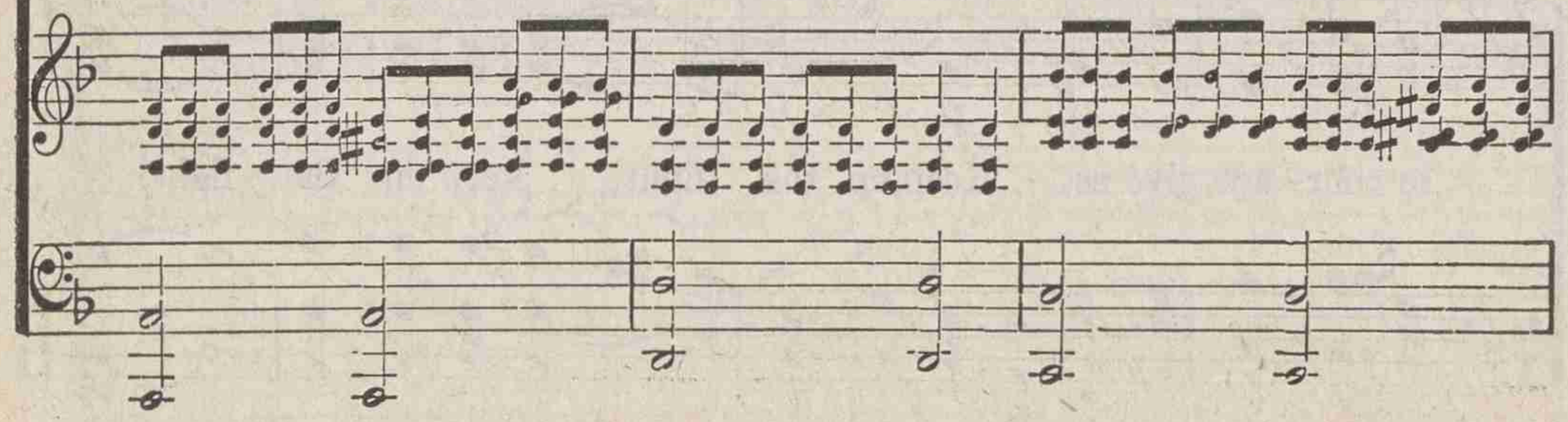
1. On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war,
2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa - tan's host doth flee;
3. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the church of God;
4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng,



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

Go - ing on be - fore.
On to vic - to - ry!
Where the saints have trod;
In the tri - umph song;

Christ, the roy - al
Hell's foun - da - tions
We are not di-
Glo - ry, laud, and



Onward, Christian Soldiers.

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

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

CHORUS.

Arthur S. Sullivan.

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

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

No. 178. Praise Ye the Father.

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

E. O. E.

C. Gounod.

Allegro Maestoso.

Introduction.

Praise ye the Father, let

ev-'ry na-tion join to sing; Praise ye the Father, let ev-'ry heart its tribute bring,

King ev-er-last-ing! The angels mag-ni - fy Thy name. King of all glo-ry? The

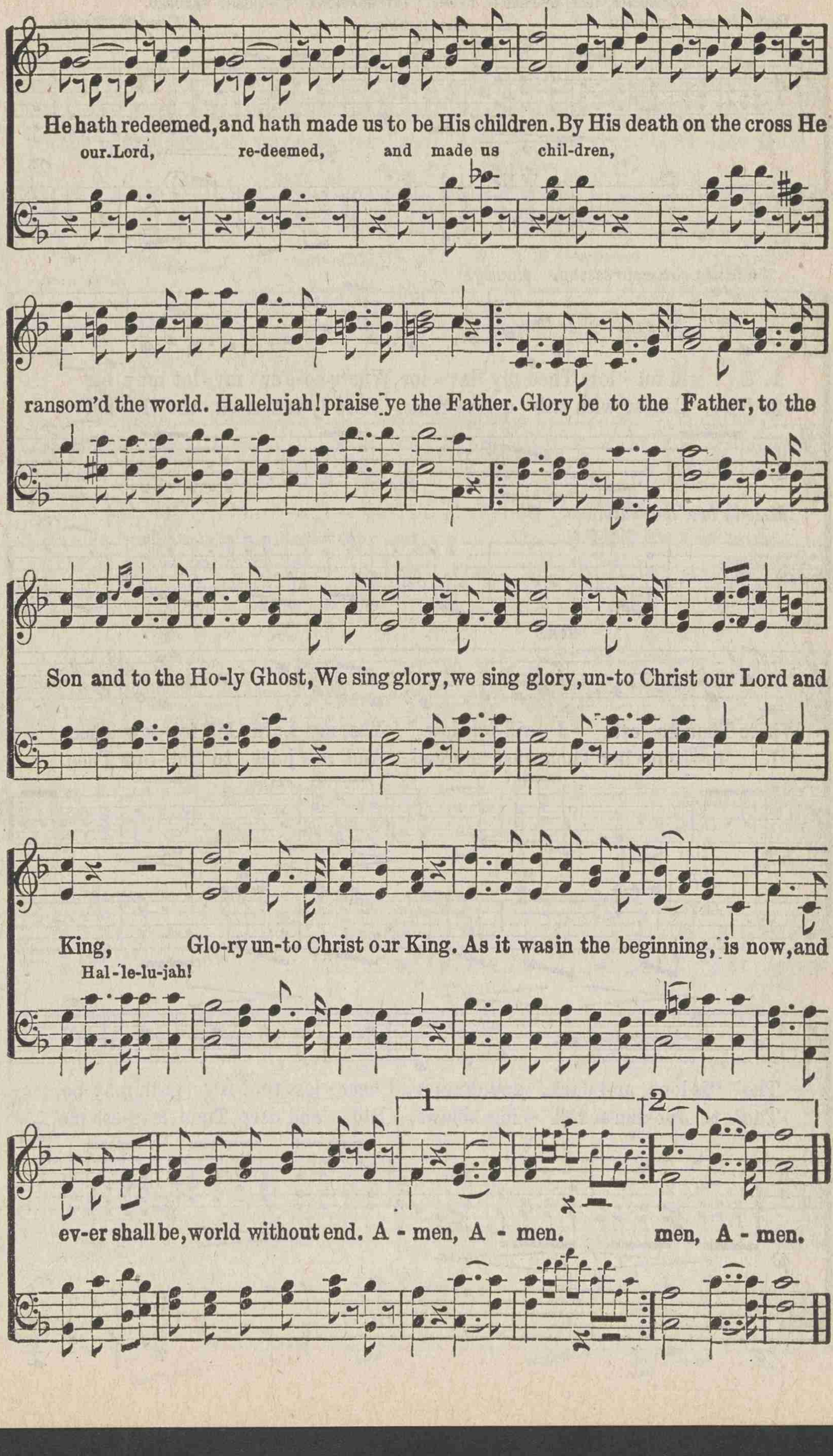
worlds Thy might and pow'r proclaim. Praise ye the Lord, ev-'ry heart break forth and

O praise, our God break forth,

sing, For He is good .... un-to all,.... and His mercy is ev-er - last - ing.

and sing. is good, to all, His mer-cy is ev - er-last-ing.

Praise Ye the Father.



No. 179. Fearless, I'll Follow.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY FRED H. BYSHE. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Rev. James Lawson. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. **Fred H. Byshe.**

p *rit.*

Andante con espressivo. slowly.

1. I will fol - low Thee my Sav - ior, Where-so-e'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 tempted, 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 billows, 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 Savior; Thou didst shed Thy blood for me;
I will follow Thee, my Sav - ior; 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 fol-low Thee.

ff *fz*

No. 180. As a Volunteer.

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

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

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

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

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

FINE. CHORUS.

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

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

D. S.

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

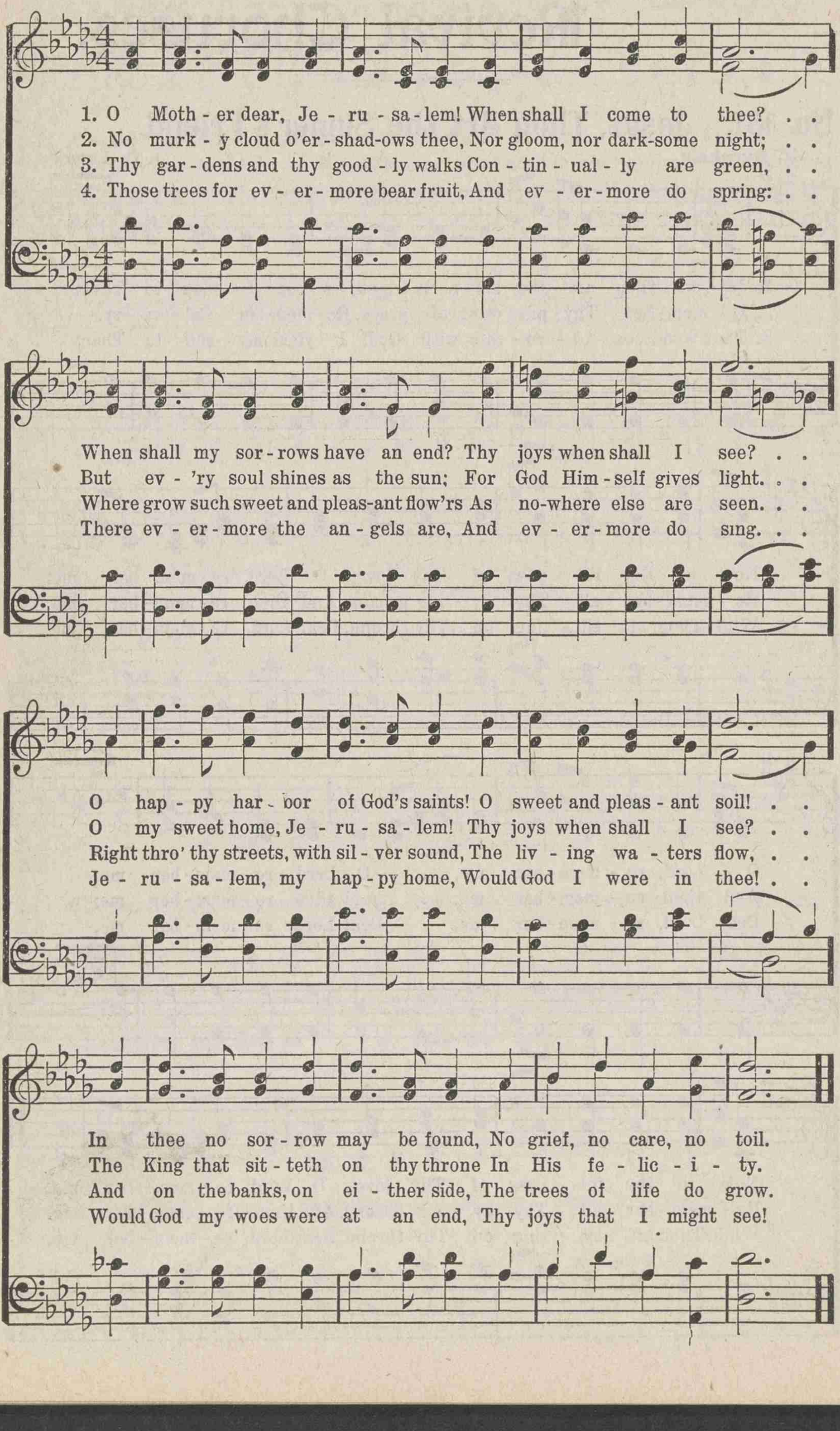
Church Hymns and Revival Choruses.

No. 181. Jesus, Thou Art the Sinner's Friend.

R. Burnham. J. C. Lowry.

No. 182, O Mother Dear, Jerusalem!

Unknown. **Samuel A. Ward.**



No. 183. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Baring-Gould. **Arthur Sullivan.**

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

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

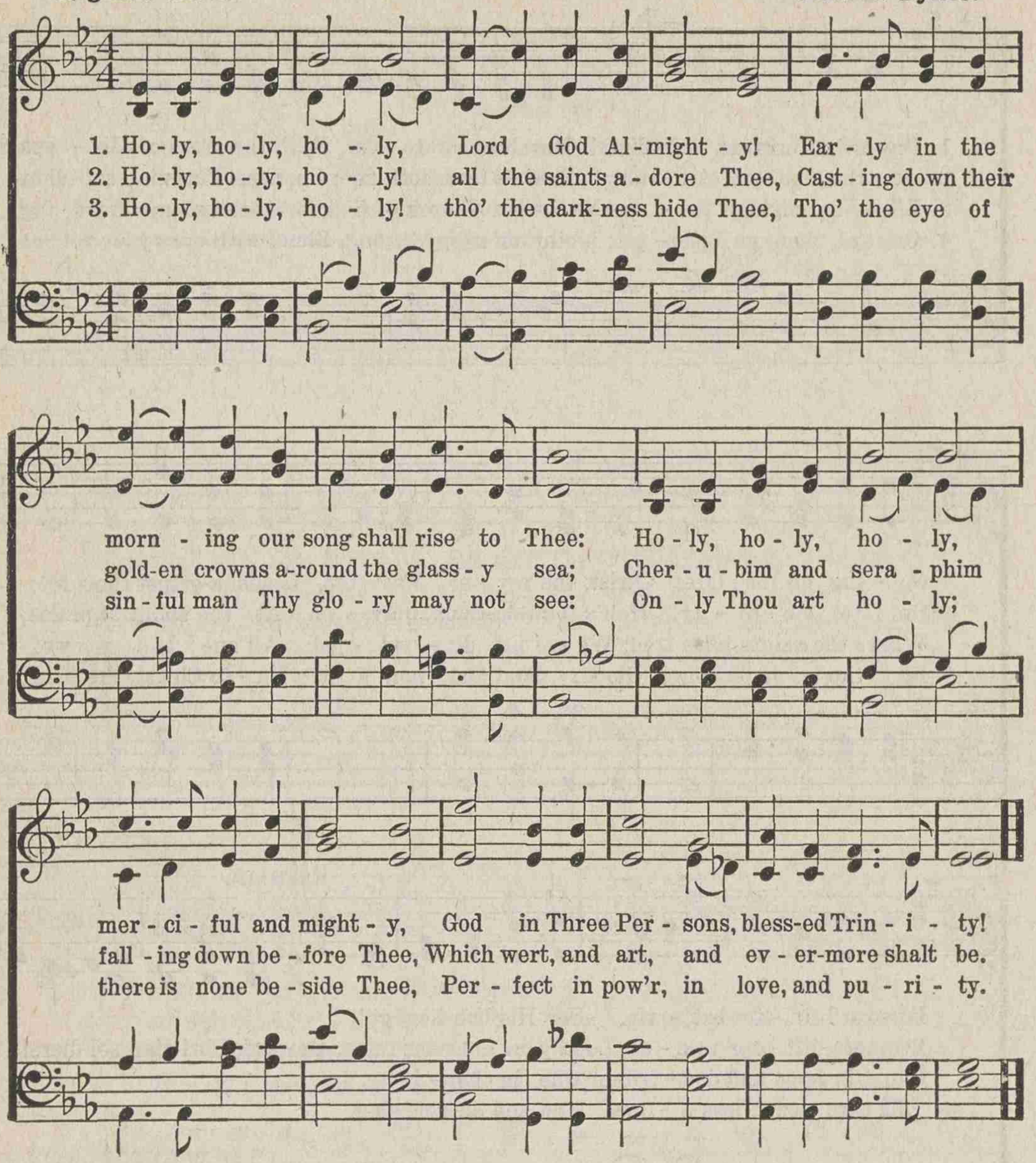
REFRAIN.

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

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

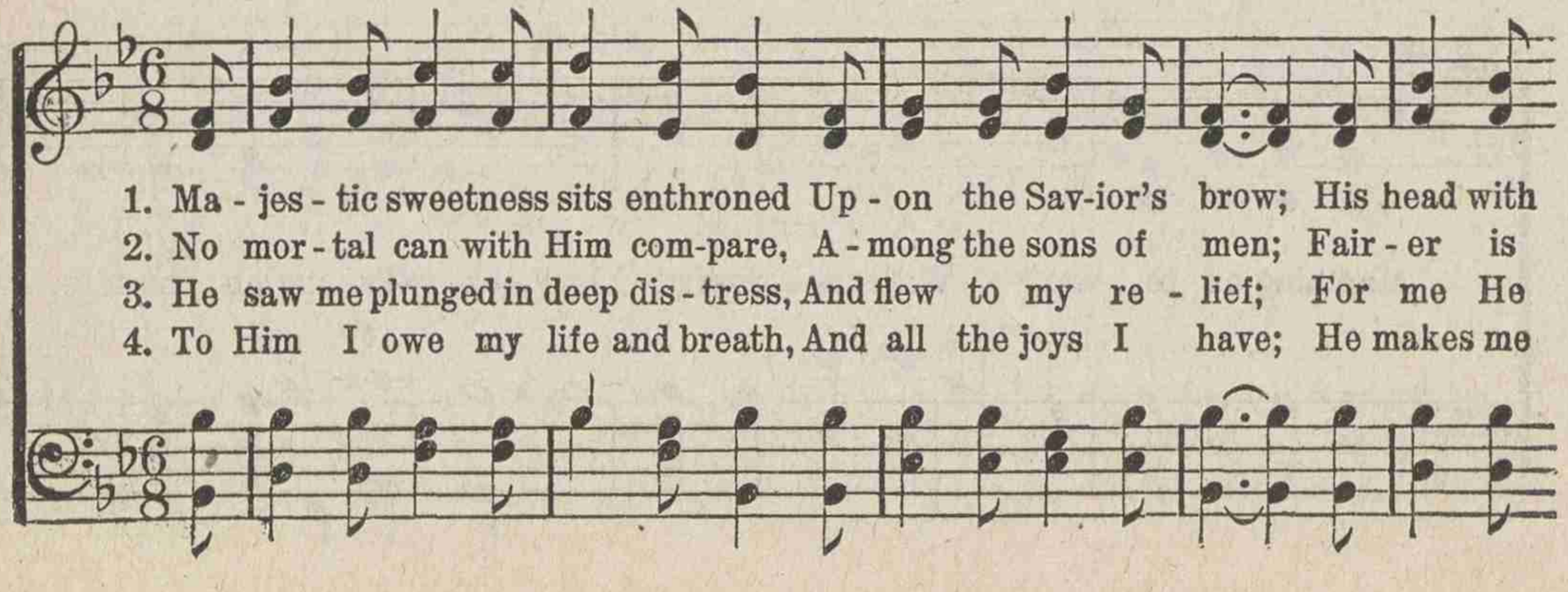
No. 184. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. **John B. Dykes.**

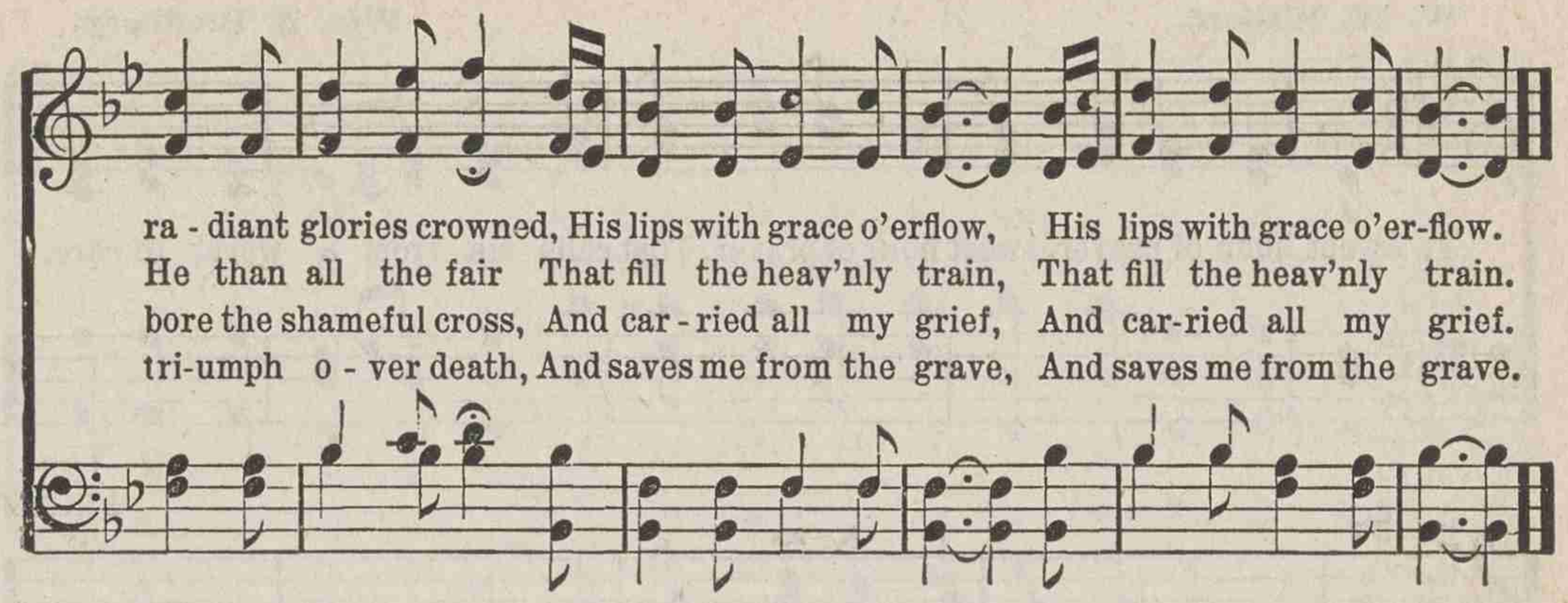


No. 185. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett. **Thomas Hastings.**
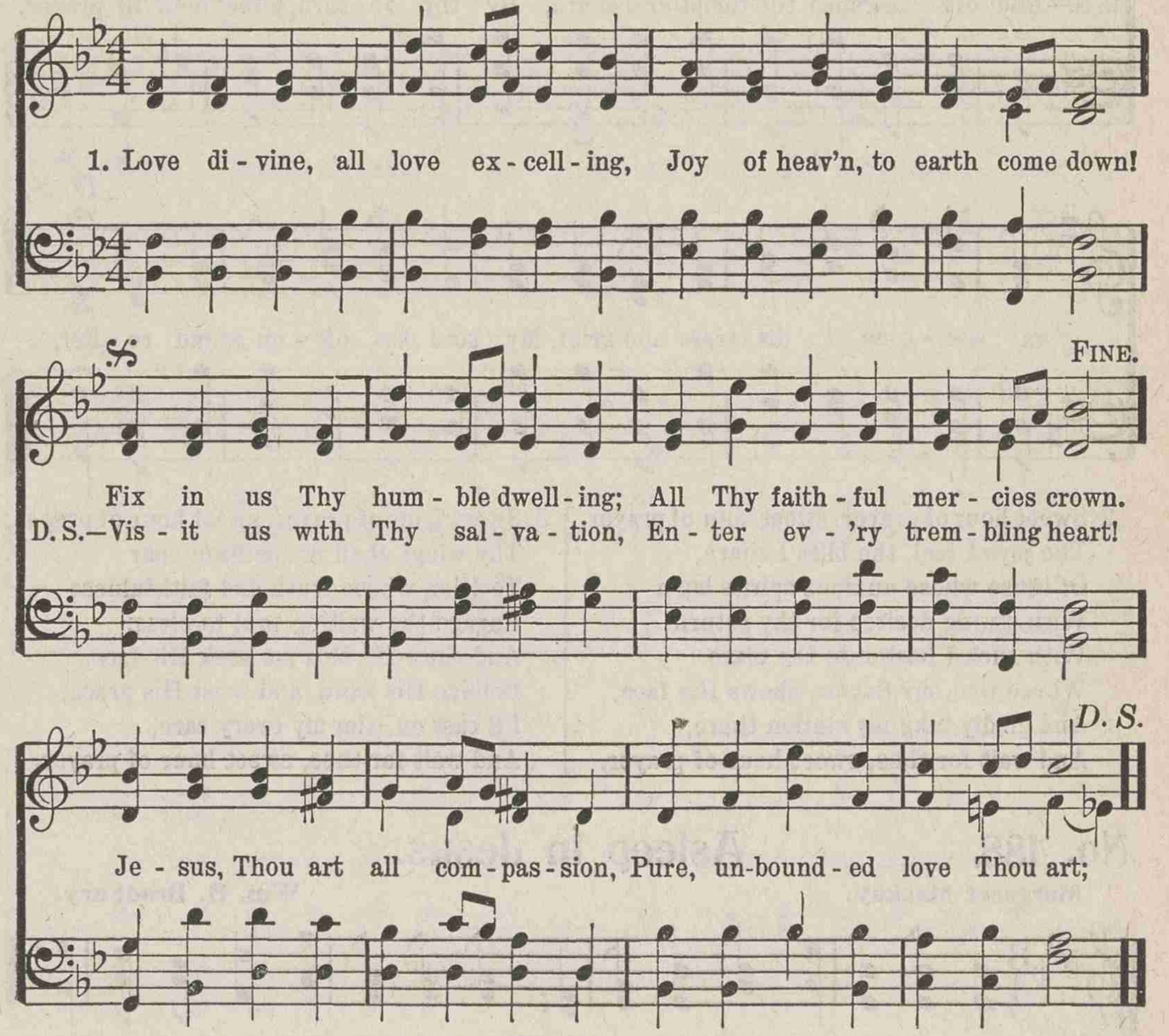


Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.



No. 186. Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. **John Zundel.**

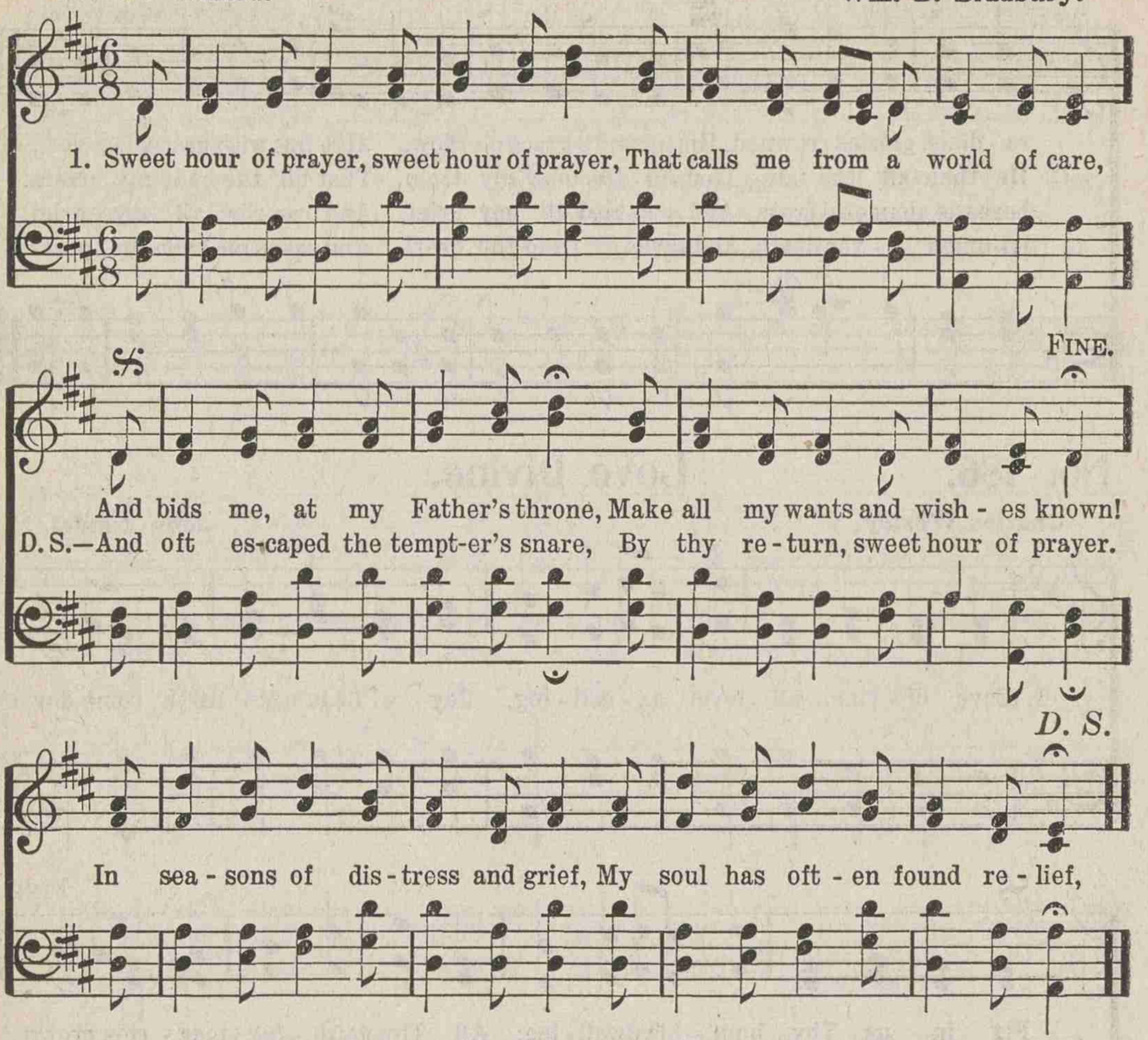


2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing.
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love!

No. 187 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.

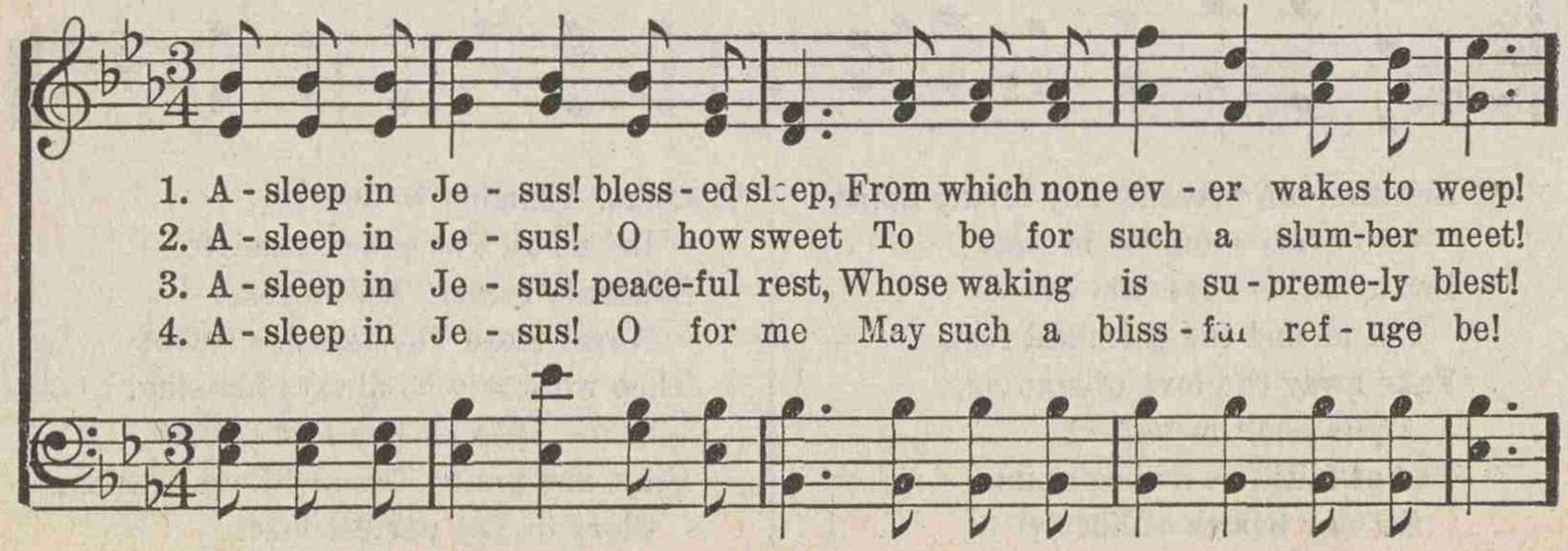


2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

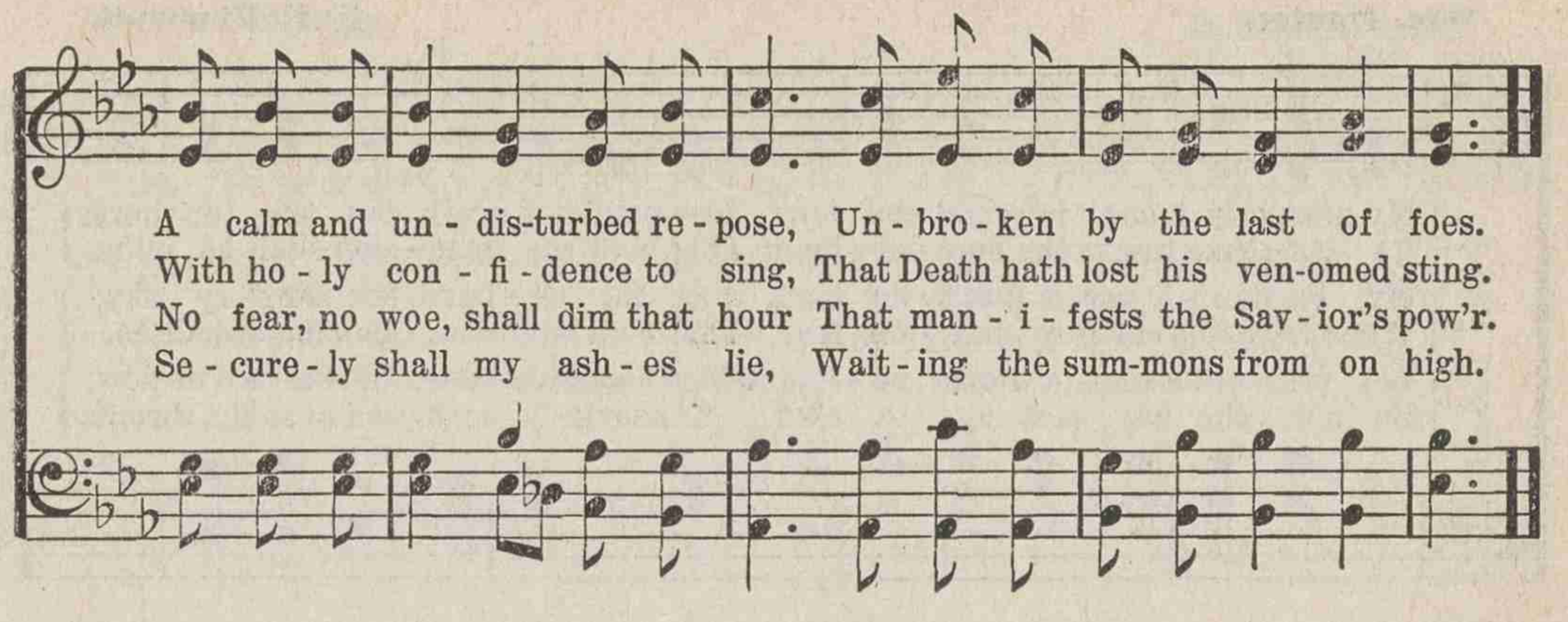
3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 188. Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. Wm. B. Bradbury.

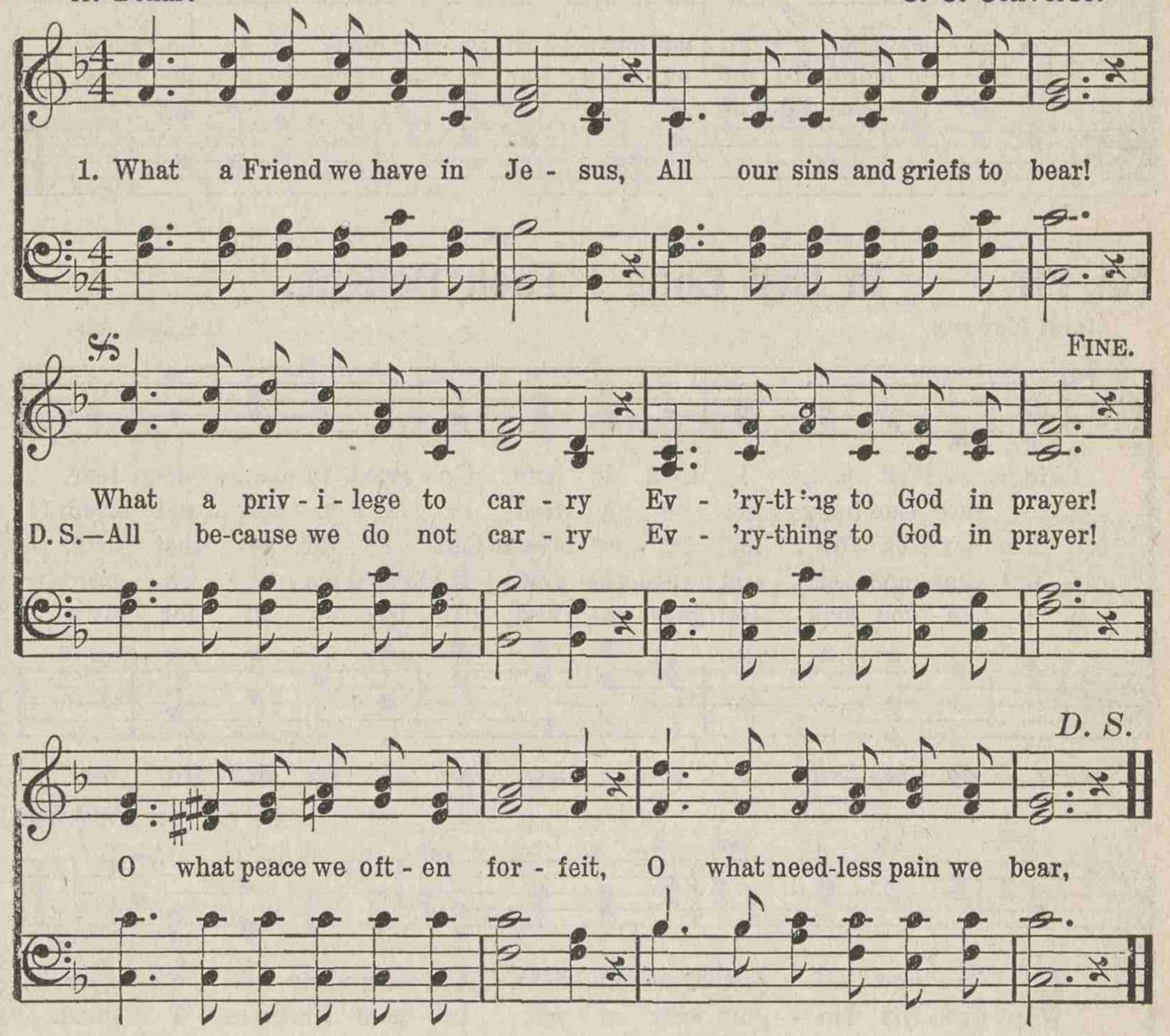


Asleep in Jesus.



No. 189. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.

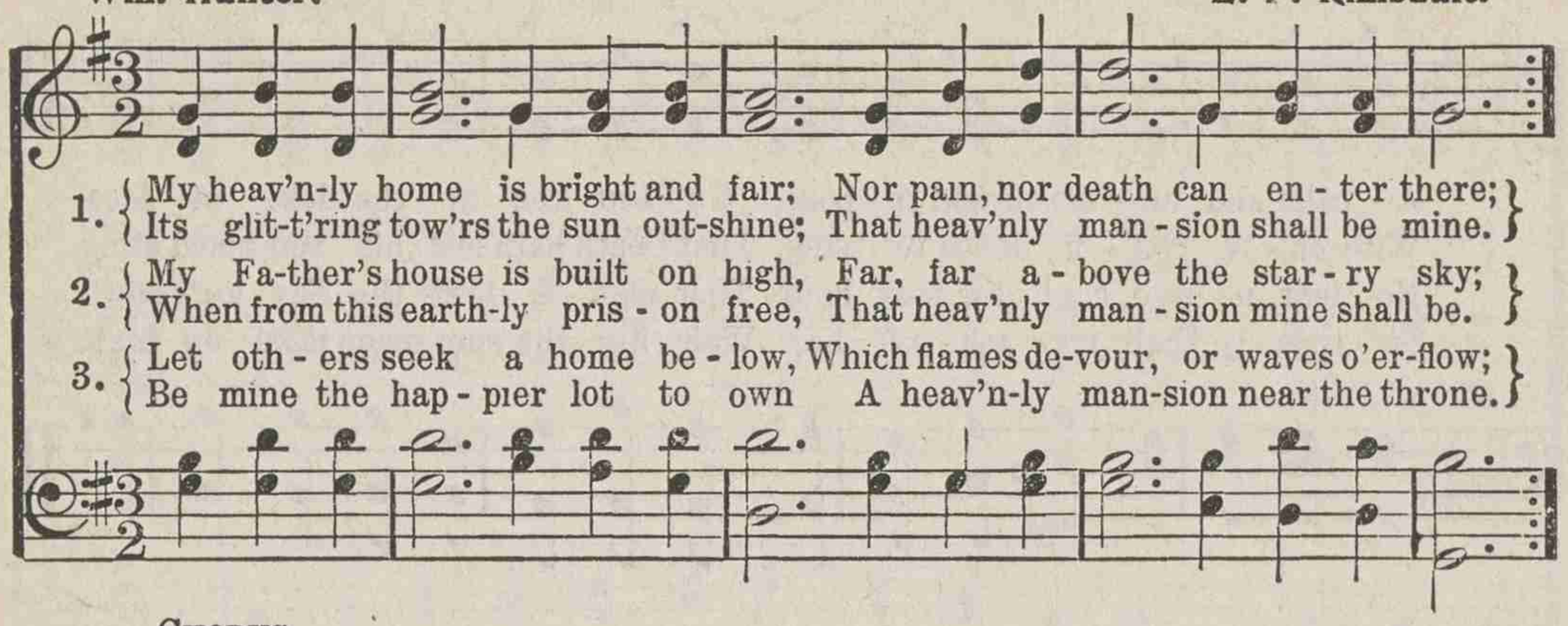


2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 190. My Heavenly Home.

Wm. Hunter. E. F. Rimbault.
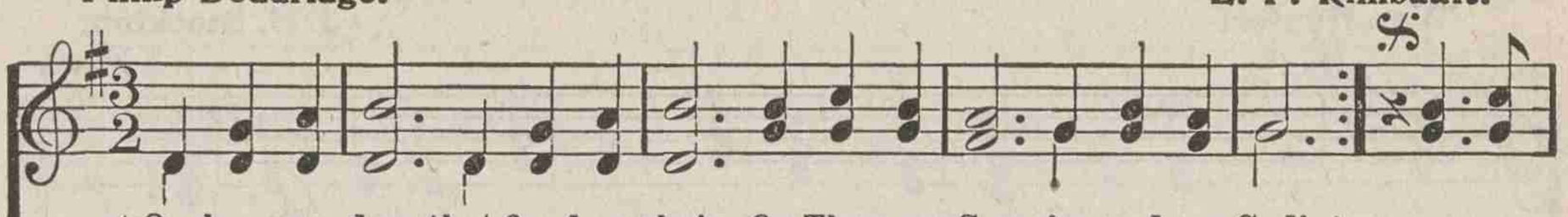


No. 191. In Evil Long I Took Delight.

John Newton. English Air.

No. 192, O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. **E. F. Rimbault.**

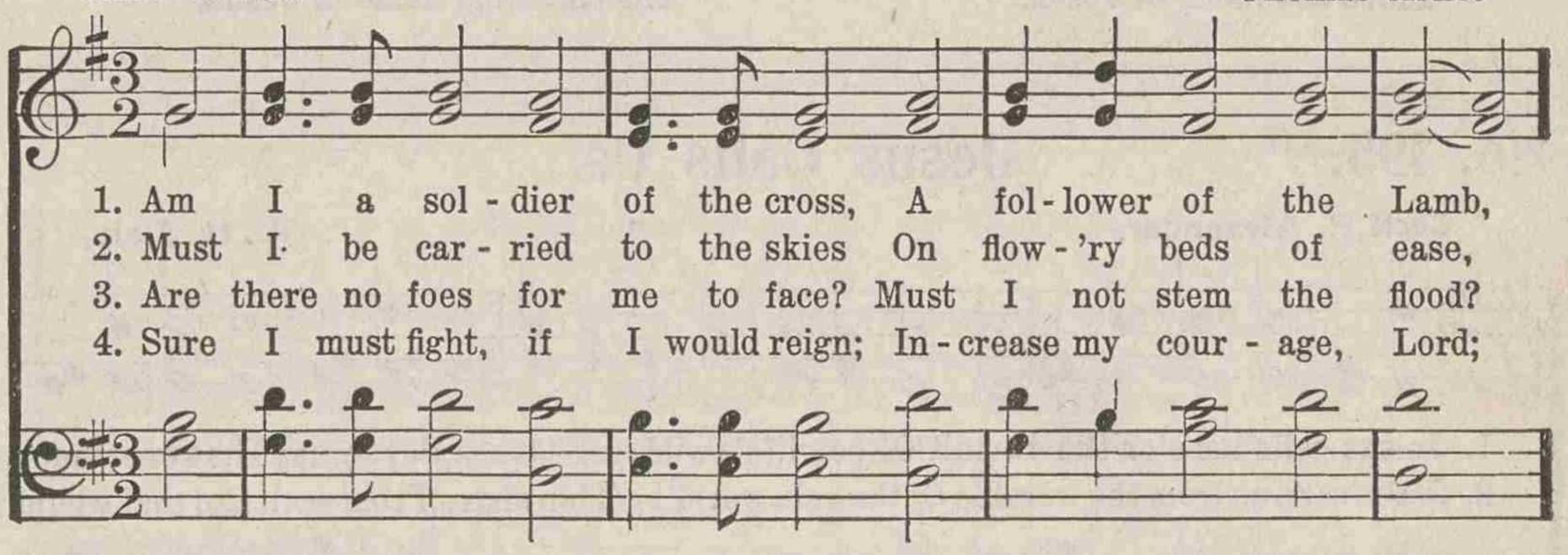


3 'T is done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.
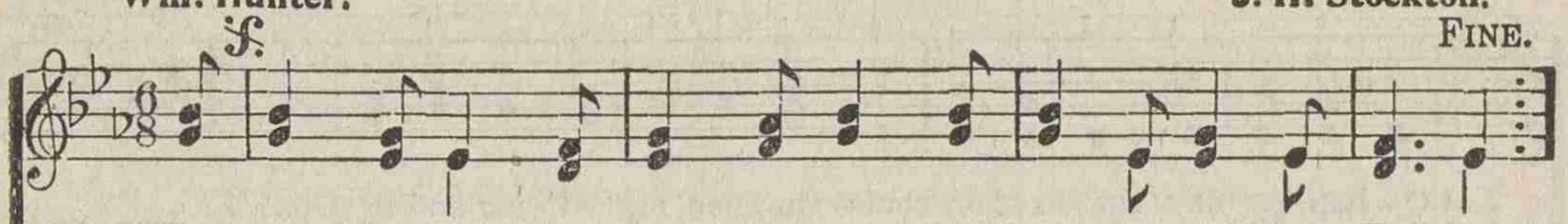
No. 193. Am I a Soldier?

Isaac Watts. **Thomas Arne.**
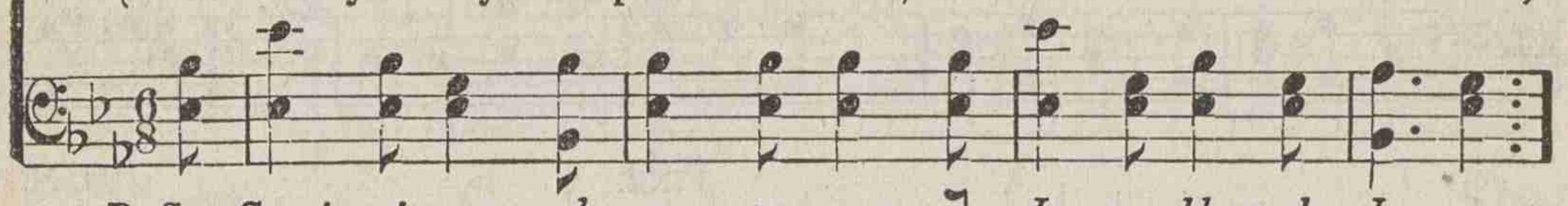


No. 194. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.
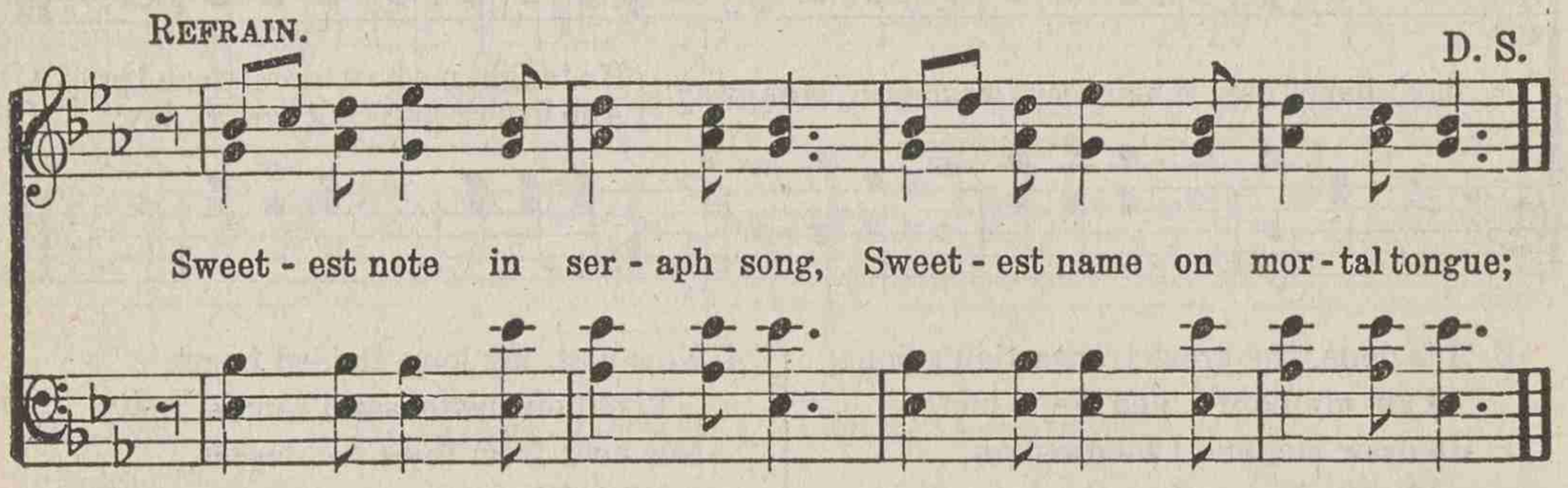


1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz-ing Je - sus,
   He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus.

2. Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus,
   Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.



D. S.—*Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung,* *Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.*

REFRAIN. D. S.
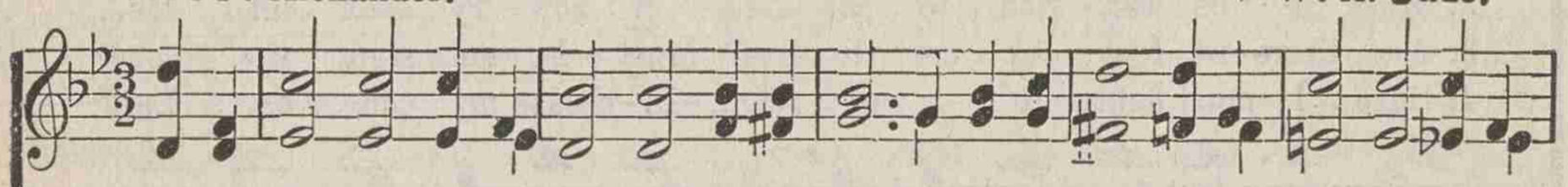


Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, Sweet - est name on mor - tal tongue;

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.
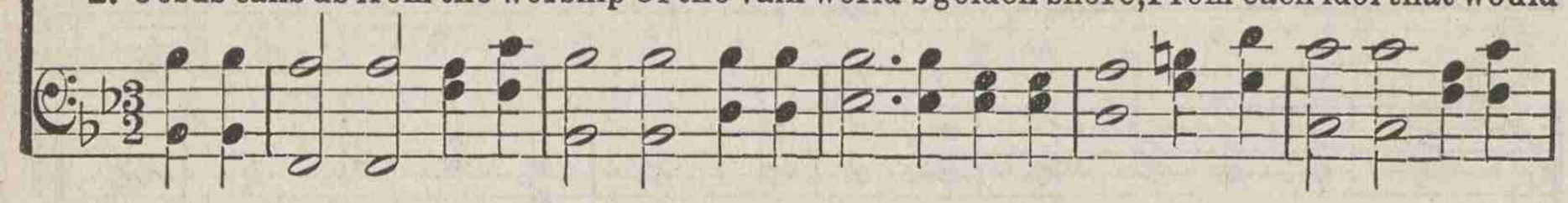
4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.
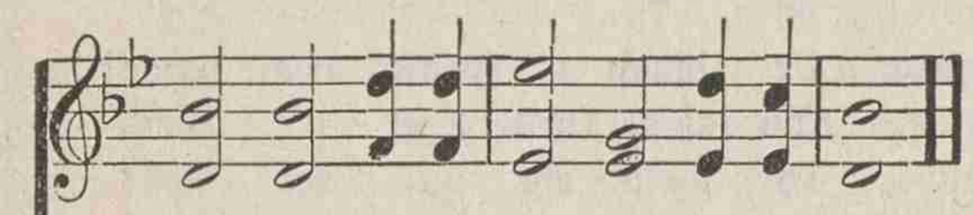
No. 195. Jesus Calls Us.

Cecil F. Alexander. W. H. Jude.
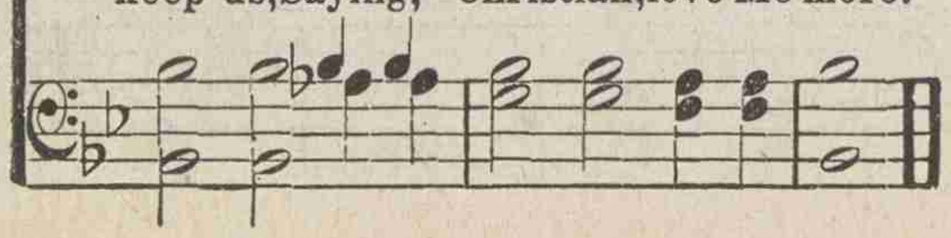


1. Je-sus calls us: o'er the tumult Of our life's wild restless sea, Day by day His sweet voice
2. Jesus calls us from the worship Of the vain world's golden shore; From each idol that would





soundeth, Saying, "Christian, follow Me."
keep us, Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

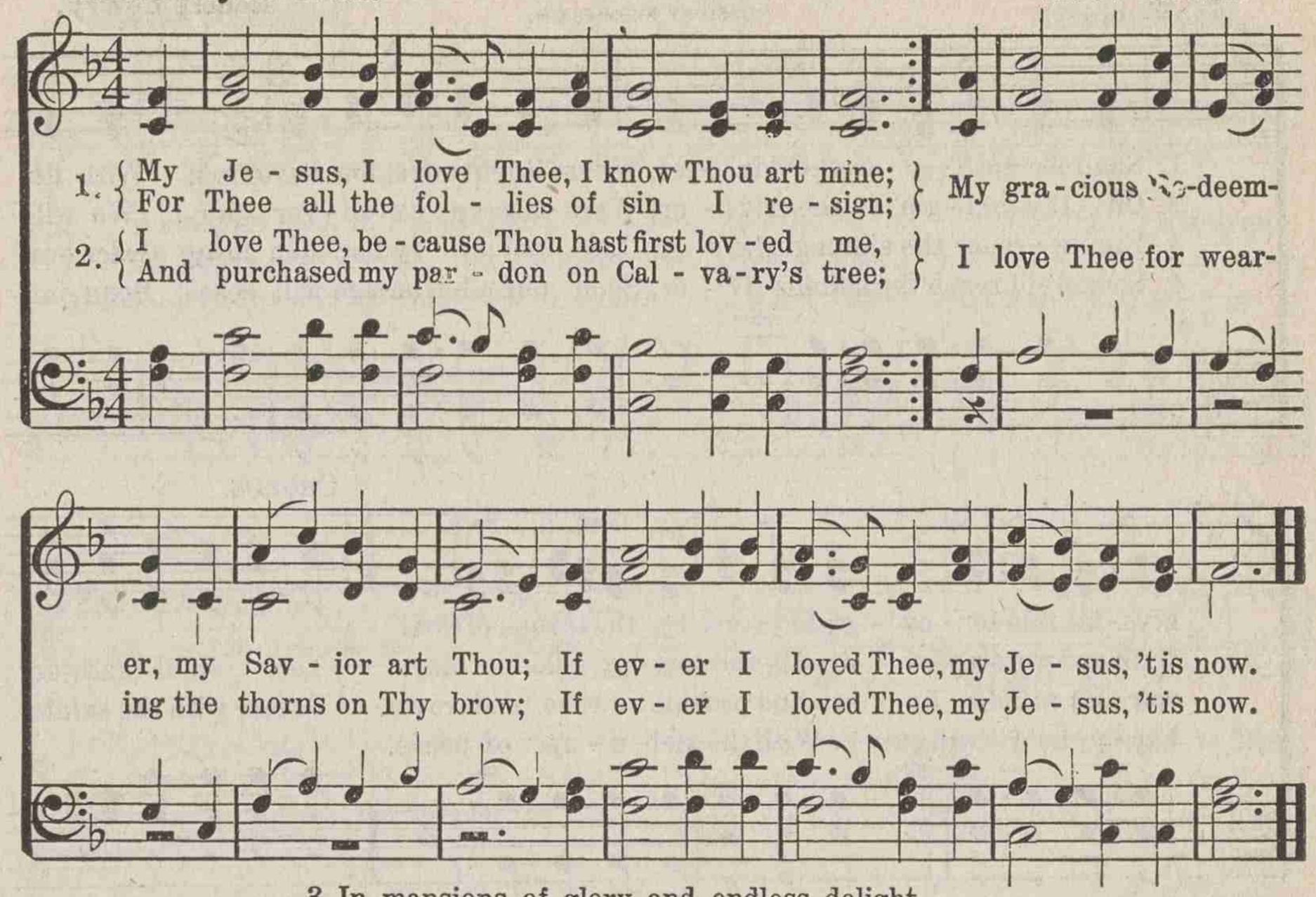


3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"That we love Him more than these.

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 196. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

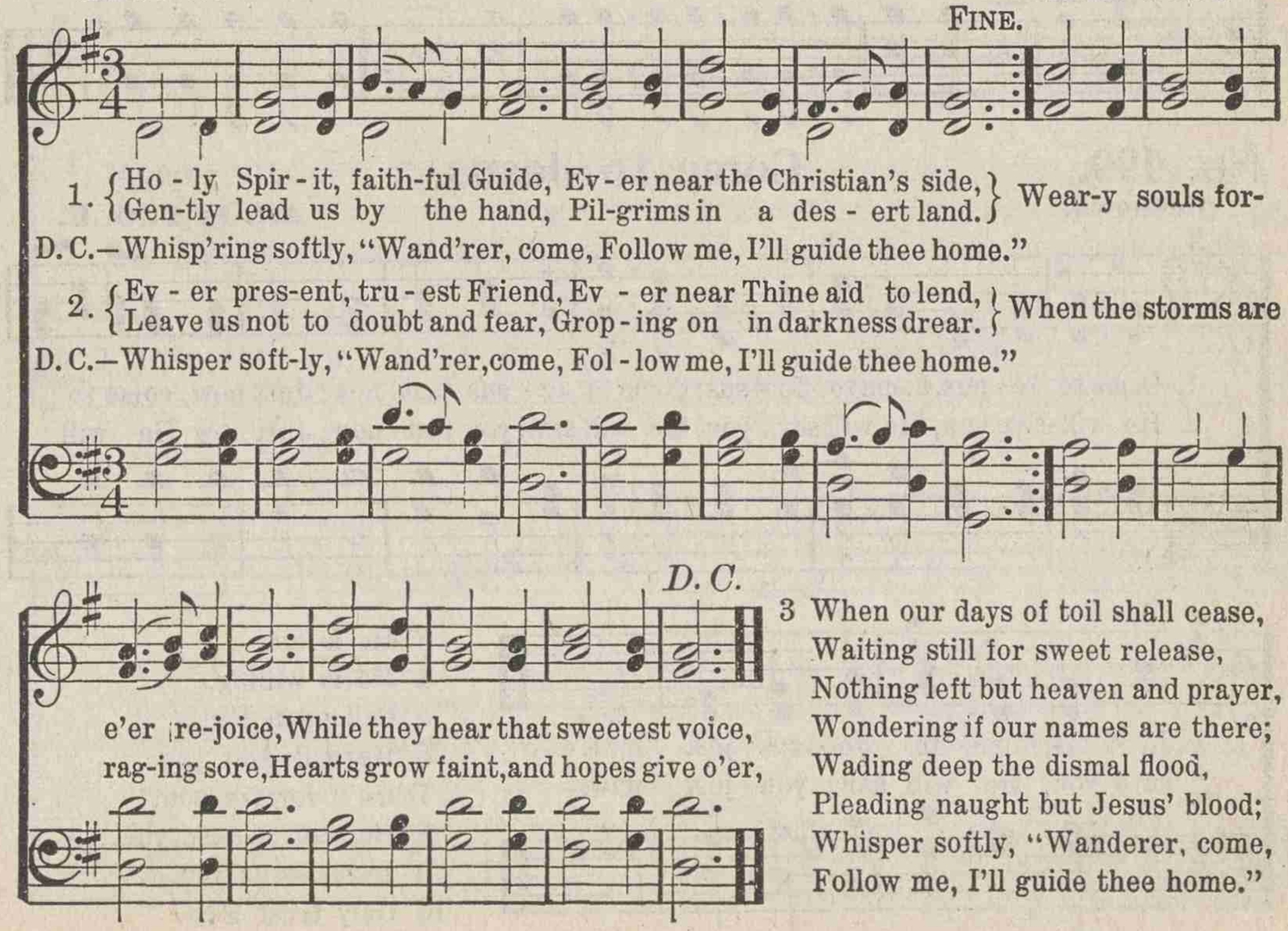
London Hymn Book. **A. J. Gordon.**



3 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

No. 197 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. **M. M. Wells.**
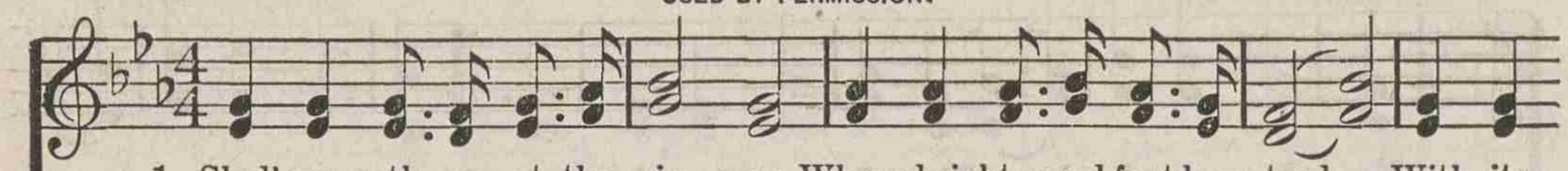


3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

No. 198. Shall We Gather at the River?
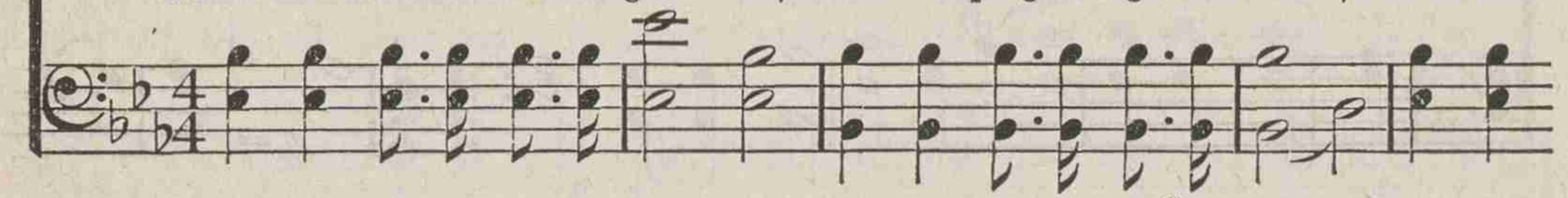
R. L.

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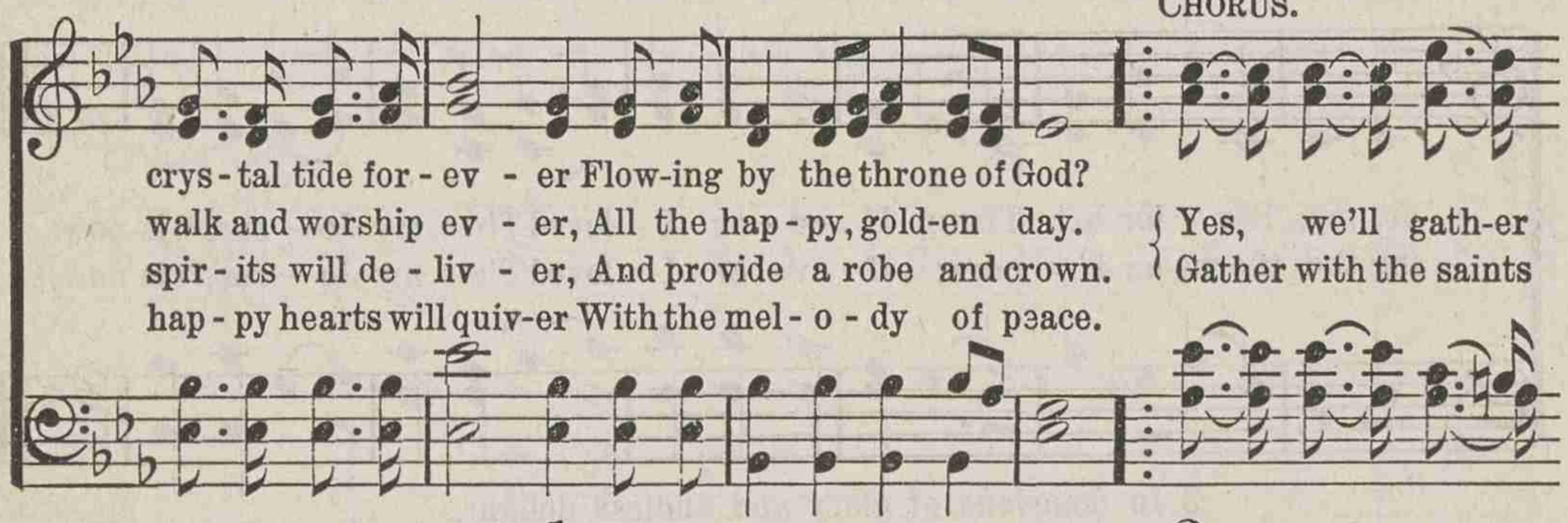
Robert Lowry.



1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright angel feet have trod; With its
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray, We will
3. Ere we reach the shining riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down; Grace our
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease; Soon our
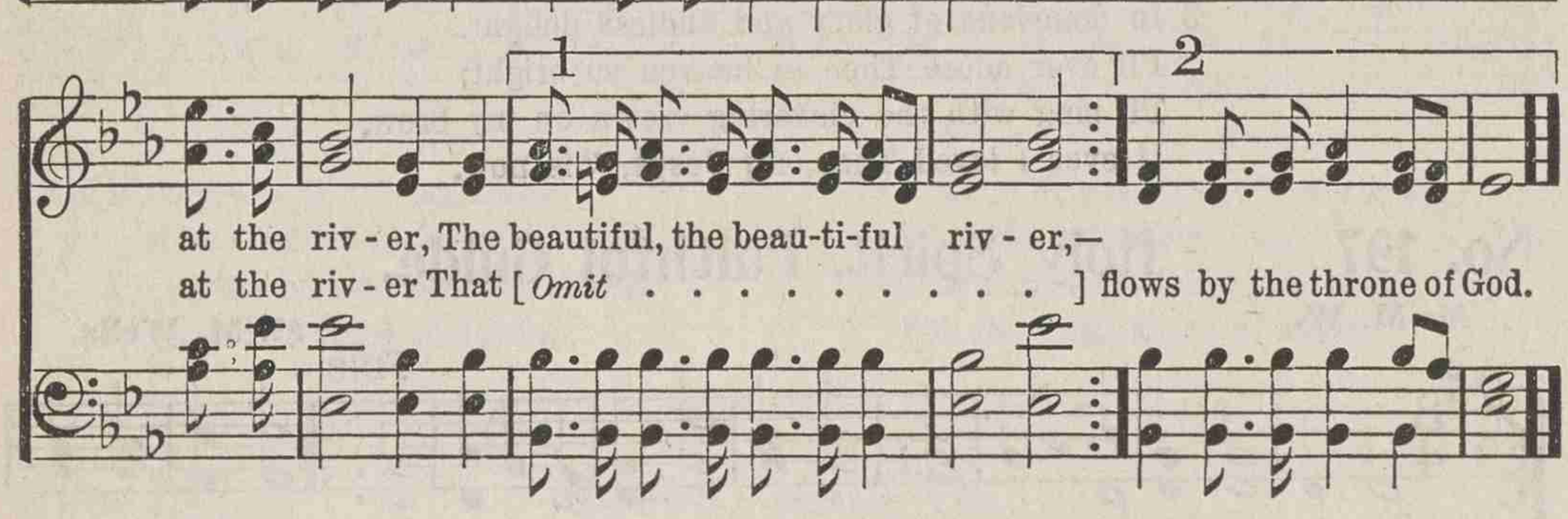


CHORUS.



crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
walk and worship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold-en day.
spir - its will de - liv - er, And provide a robe and crown.
hap - py hearts will quiv-er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

{ Yes, we'll gath-er
Gather with the saints
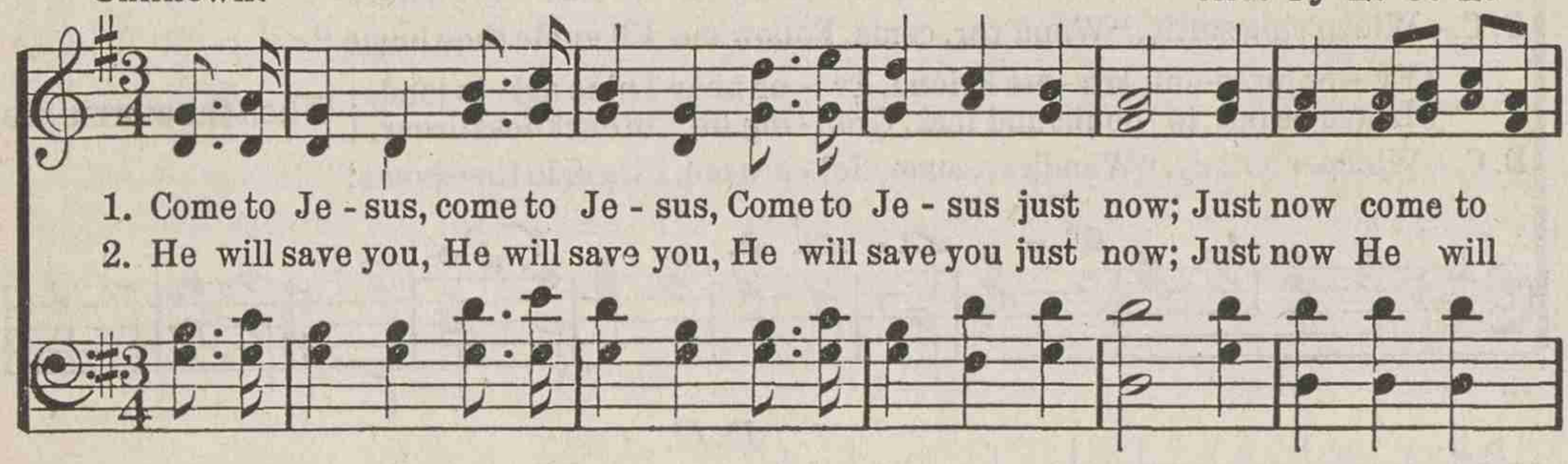


at the riv - er, The beautiful, the beau-ti-ful riv - er,—
at the riv - er That [*Omit* . . . . .] flows by the throne of God.

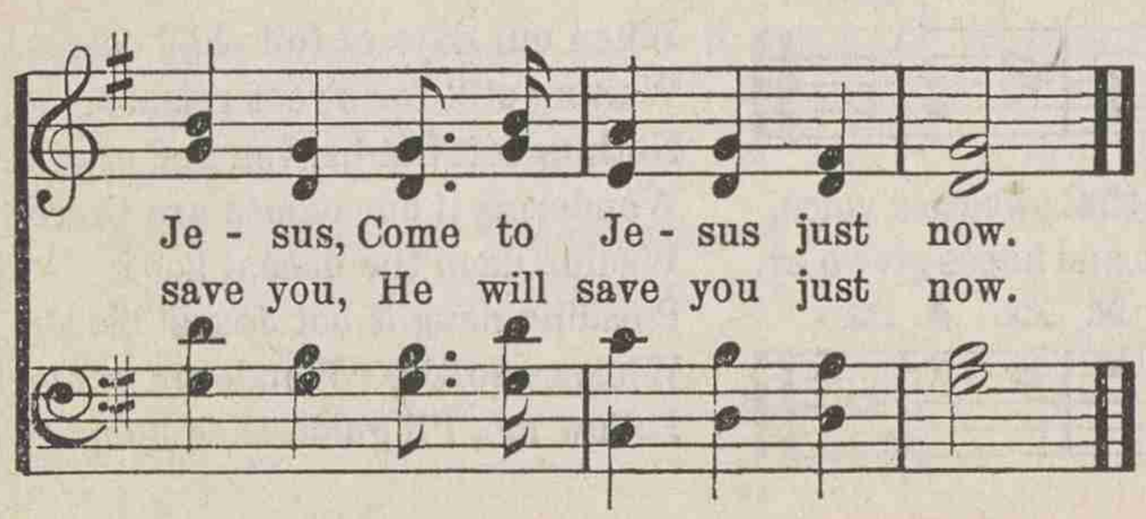
No. 199. Come to Jesus.

Unknown.

Arr. by E. O. E.



1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now; Just now come to
2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now; Just now He will
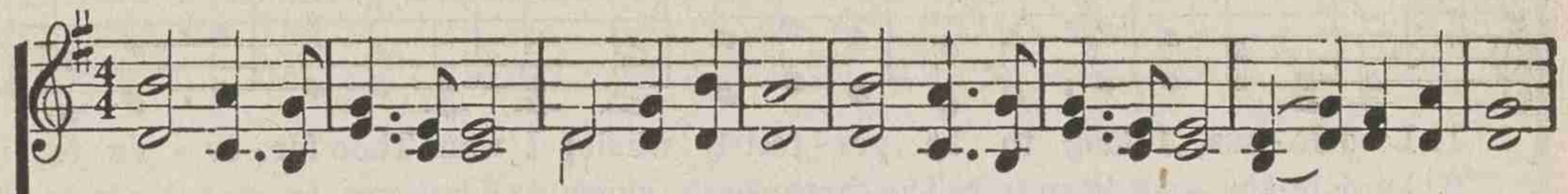


Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.
save you, He will save you just now.
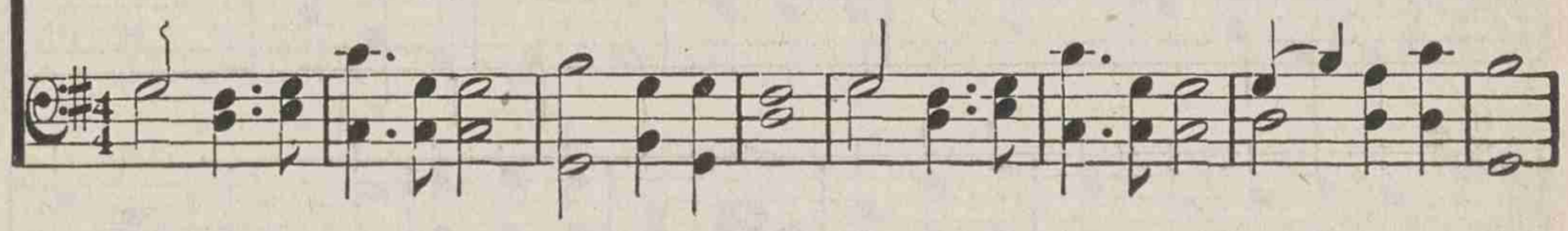
3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 Call upon Him.
6 He will hear you.
7 He'll forgive you.
8 He will cleanse you.
9 Jesus loves you.
10 Only trust Him.
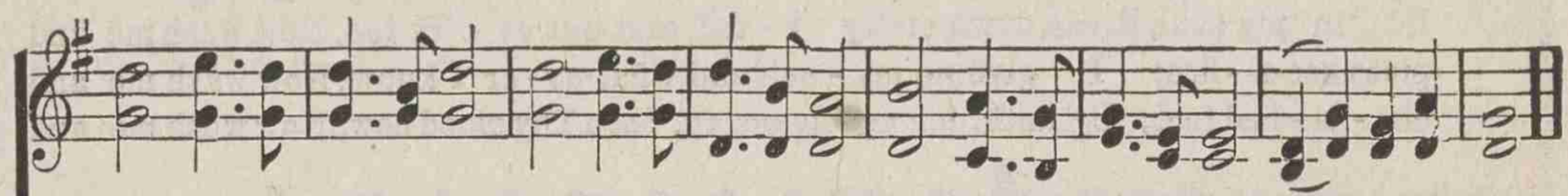
No. 200. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. **Lowell Mason.**
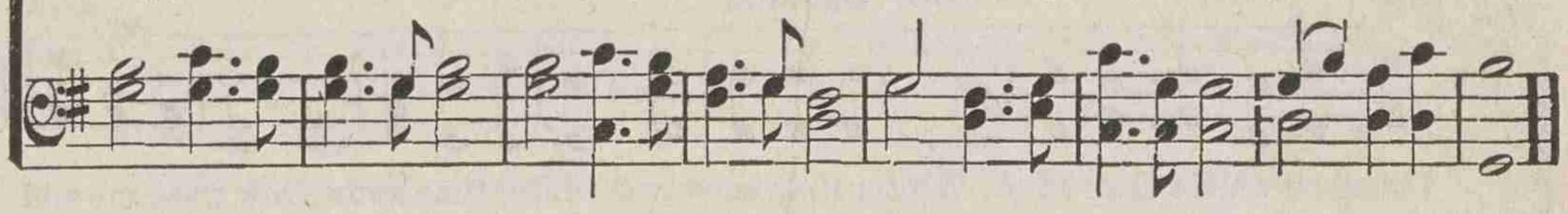


1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me;
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;
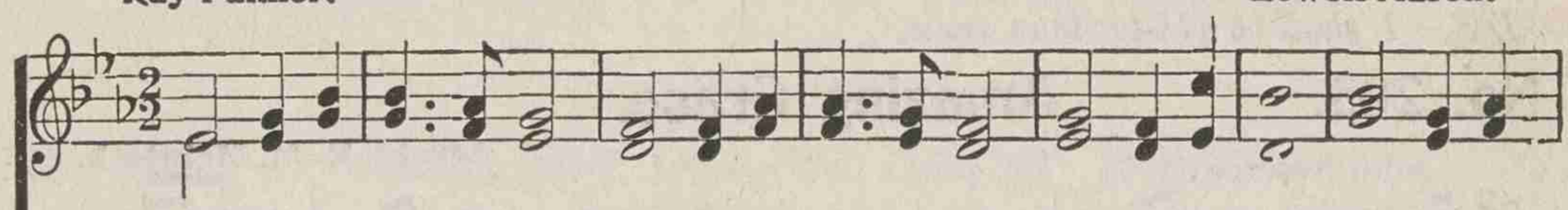




Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
An-gels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.
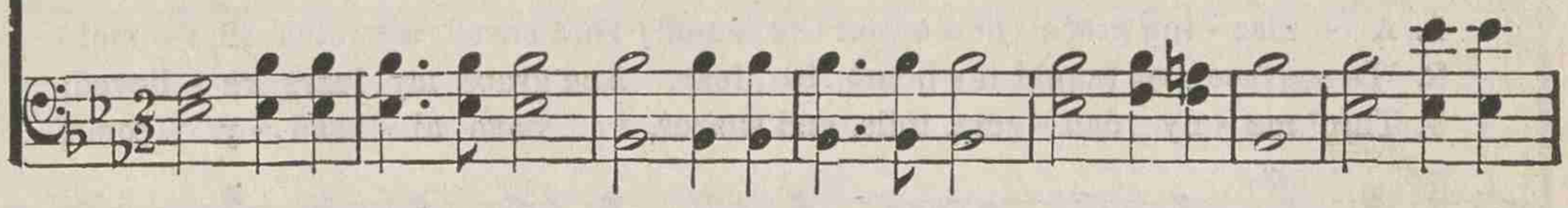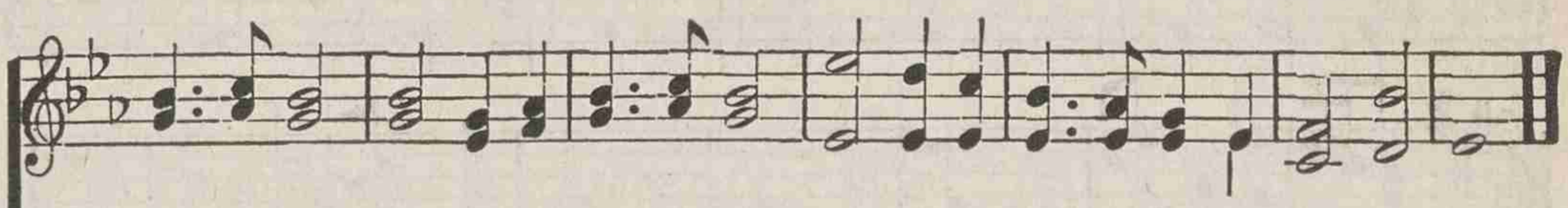


No. 201. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. **Lowell Mason.**

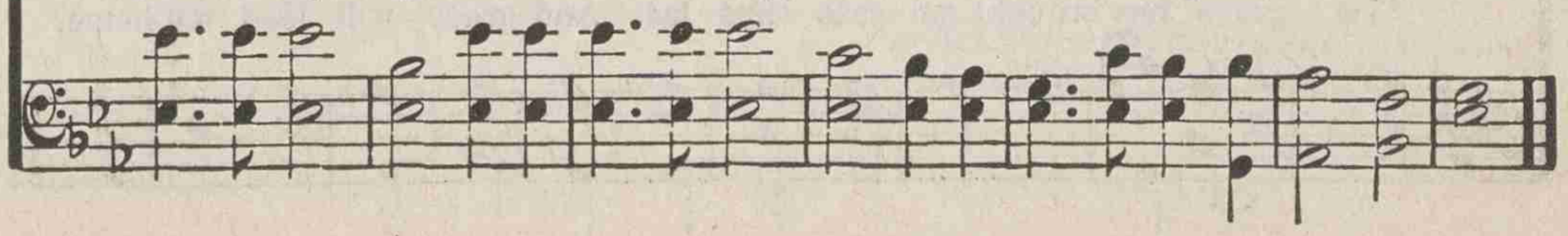


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-ior di-vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness





while I pray, Take all my sin a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be A living fire!
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee aside.



No. 202. Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. 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 i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe, Now wash me and
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 - self and what-ev - er I know, Now wash me and
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 cleansing, I see Thy blood flow, Now wash me and

I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me and

FINE CHORUS. *D. S.*

D.S.—I shall be whi-ter than snow.

No. 203. Amazing Grace.

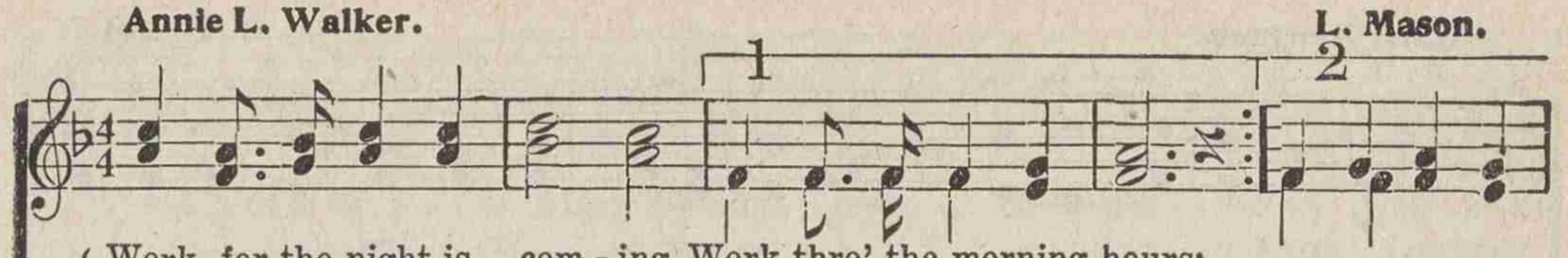
John Newton. Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.

1. A - maz - ing grace! (how sweet the sound!) That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come;
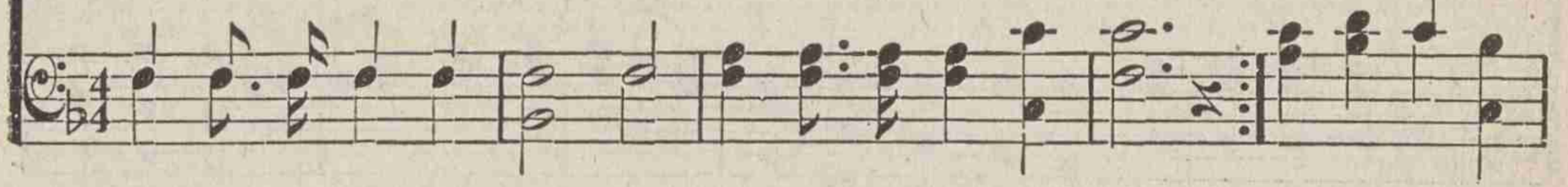
I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be-lieved!
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

No. 204. Work, for the Night is Coming.
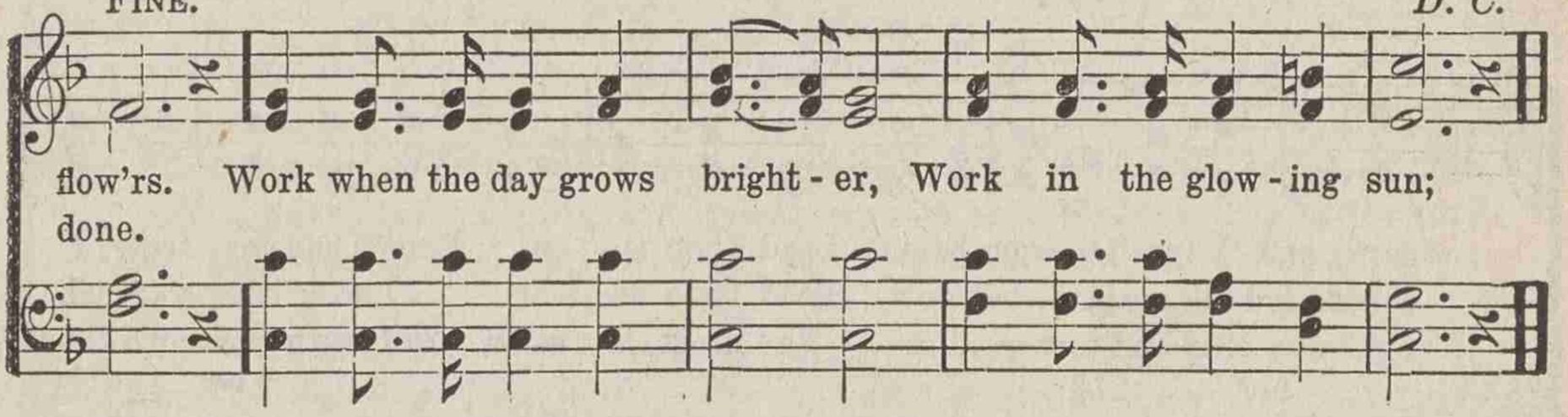
Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.



1. { Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
   { Work while the dew is spark-ling, Work 'mid springing
D. C.-Work for the night is com - ing, When man's work is



FINE. D. C.



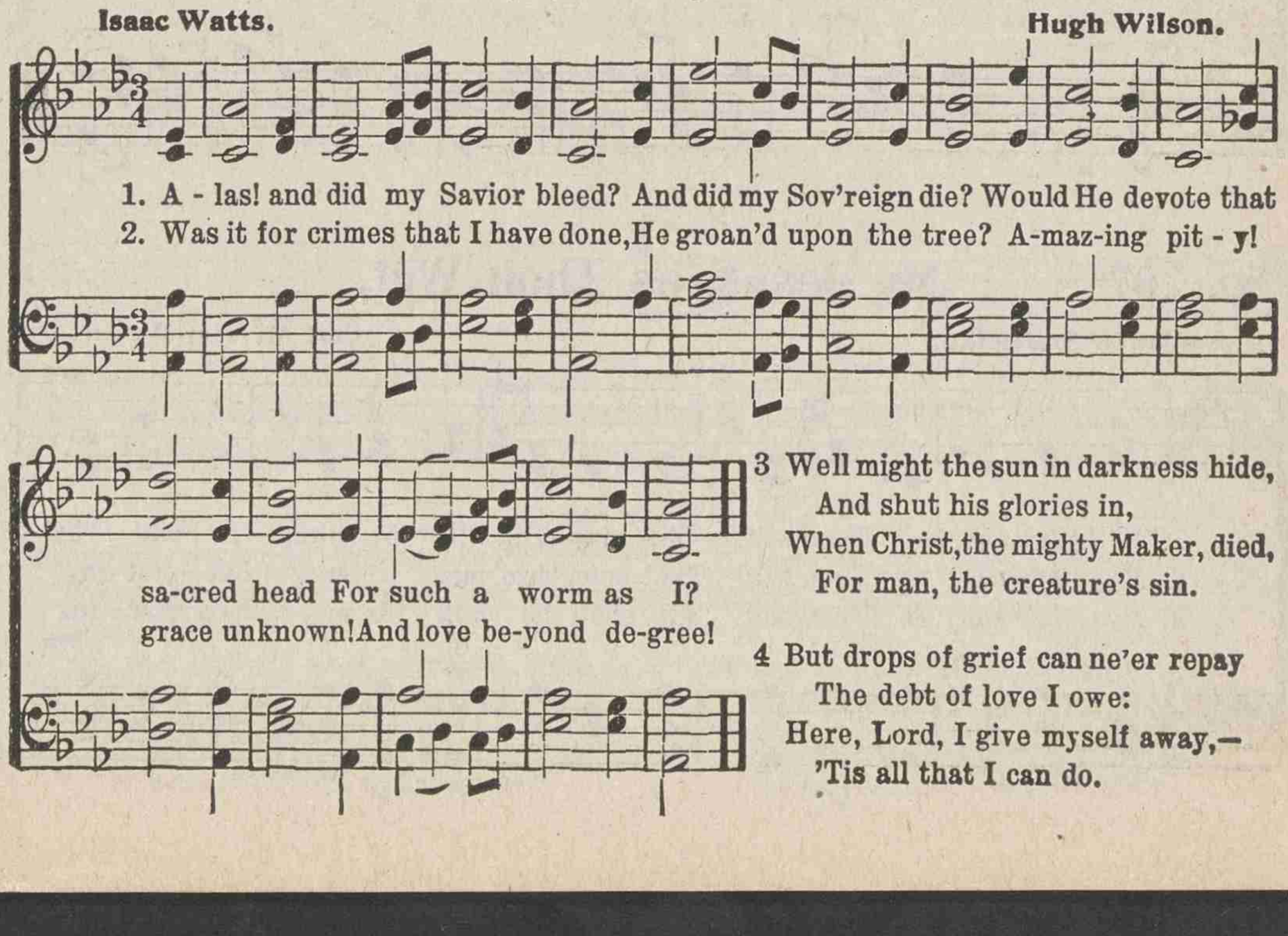
flow'rs. Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset sky;
While the bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 205. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts. Hugh Wilson.



1. A - las! and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would He devote that
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd upon the tree? A-maz-ing pit - y!

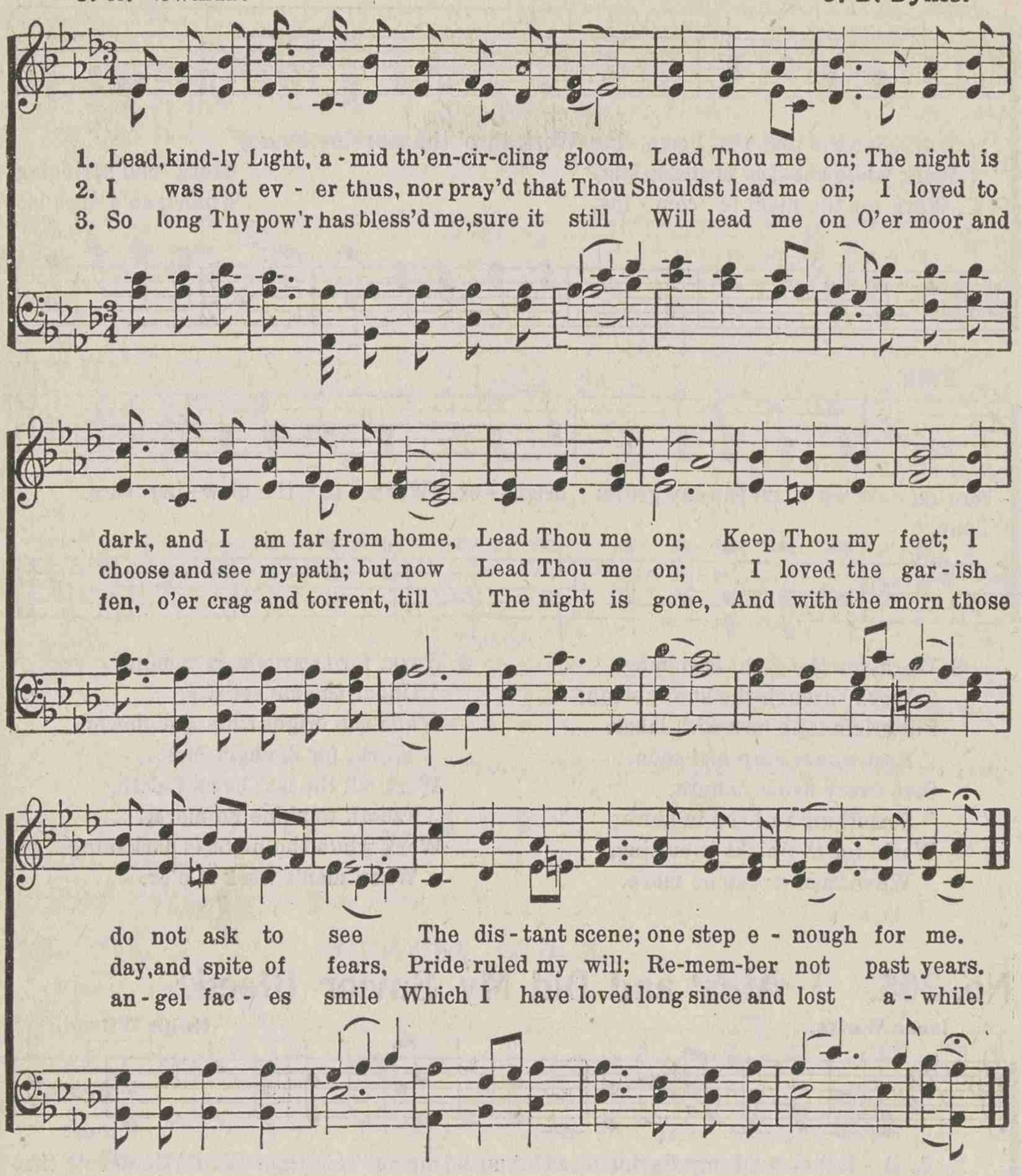
sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

No. 206. Lead, Kindly Light.

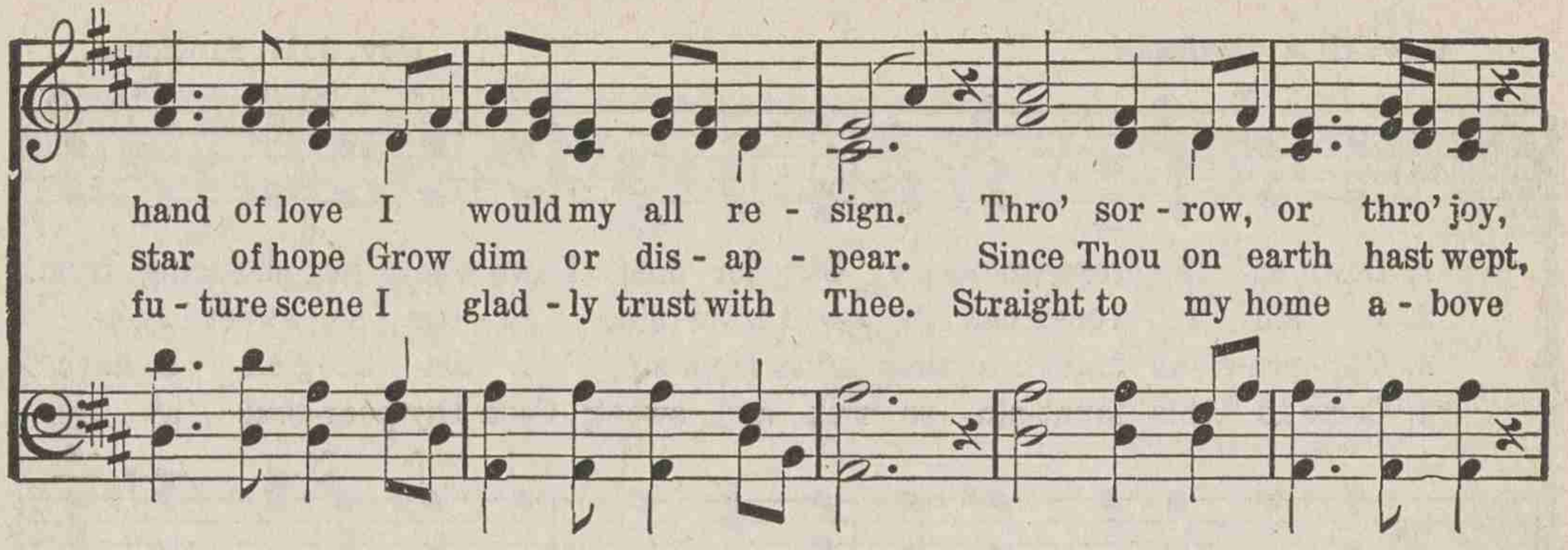
J. H. Newman. J. B. Dykes.

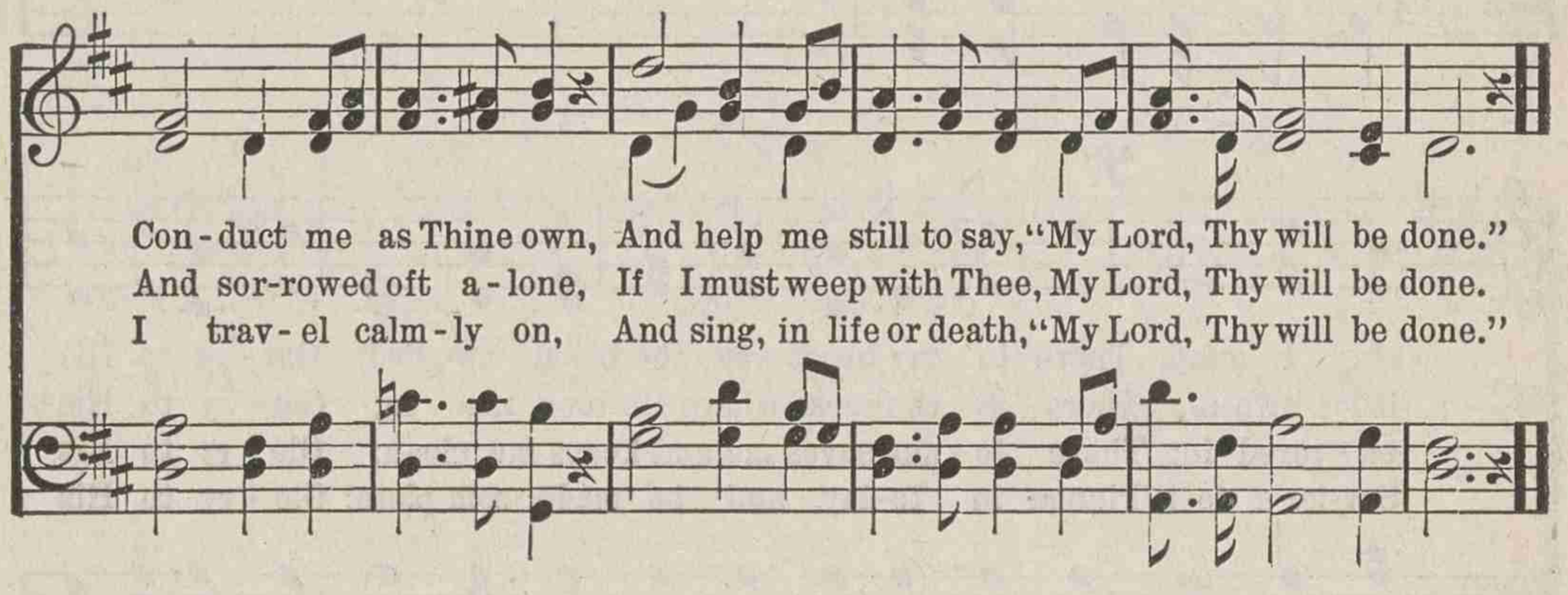


No. 207 My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

Benjamin Schmolke. Carl M. von Weber.

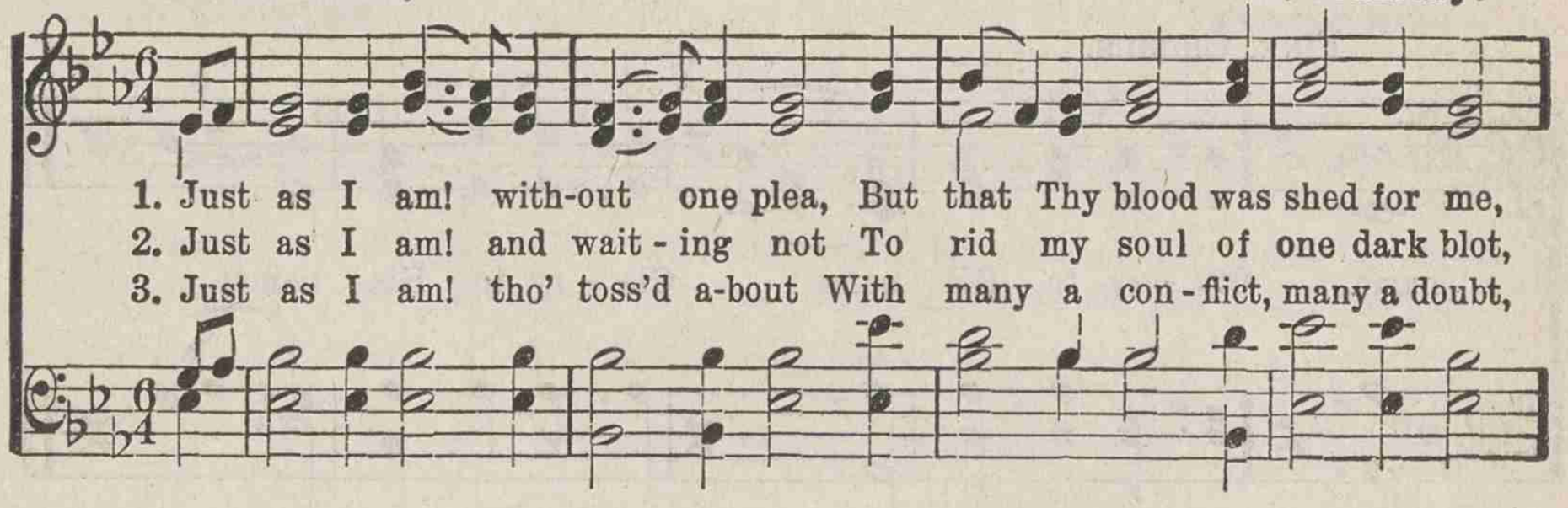
My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.
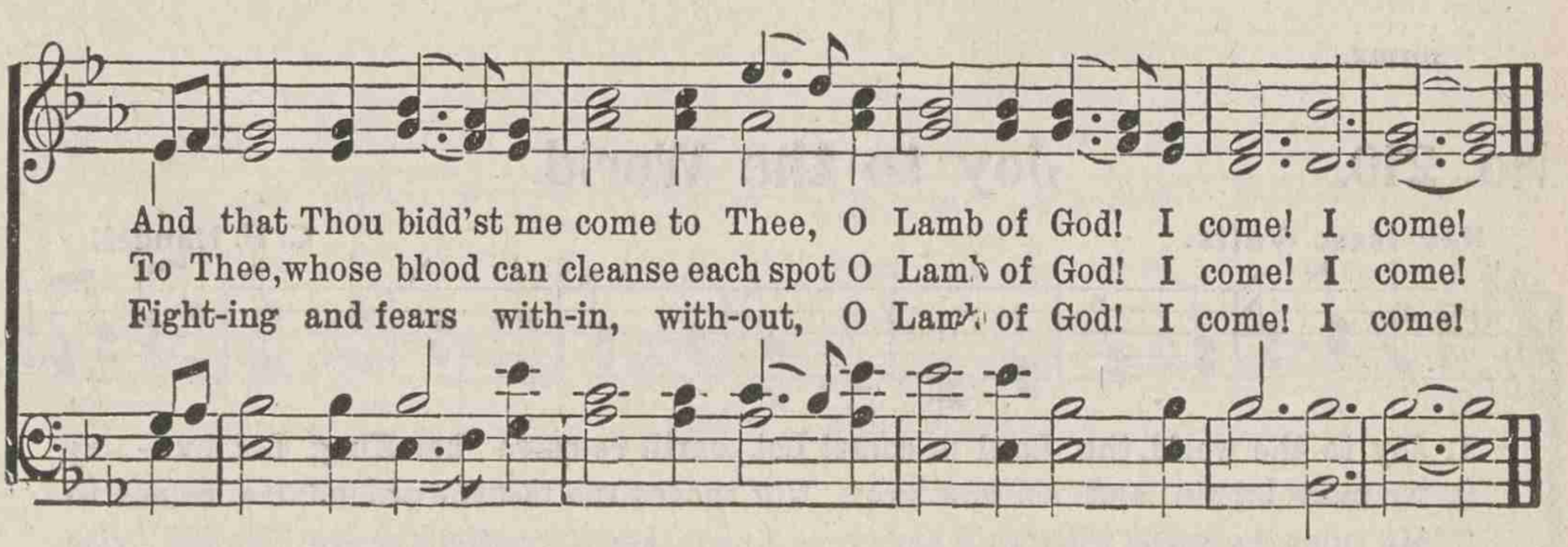




No, 208. Just as I Am.

Charlotte Elliott, Wm. Bradbury.
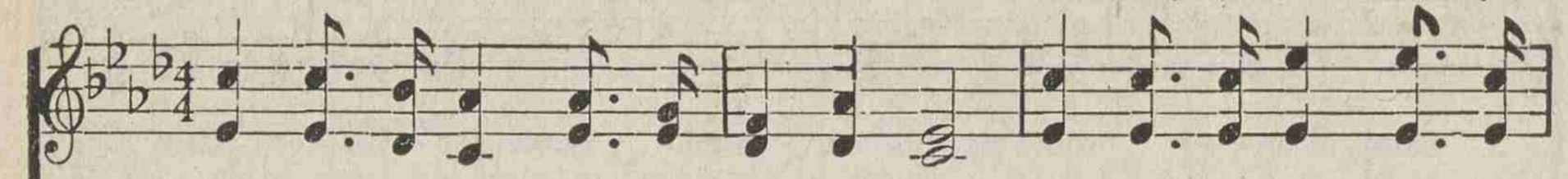




4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
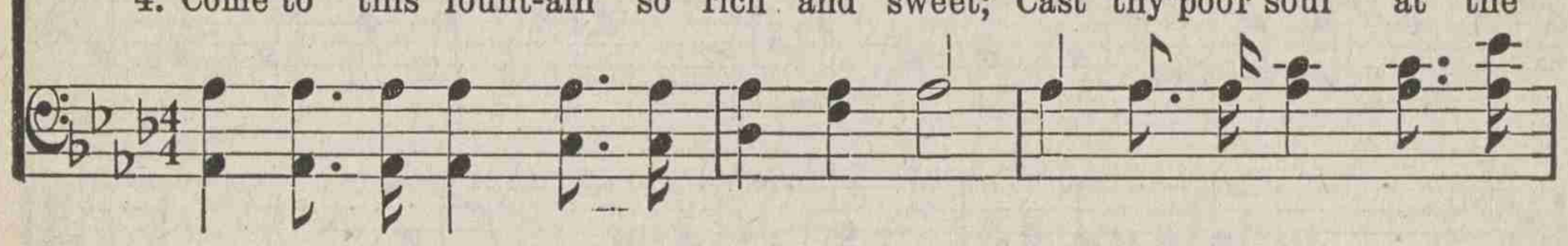
5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

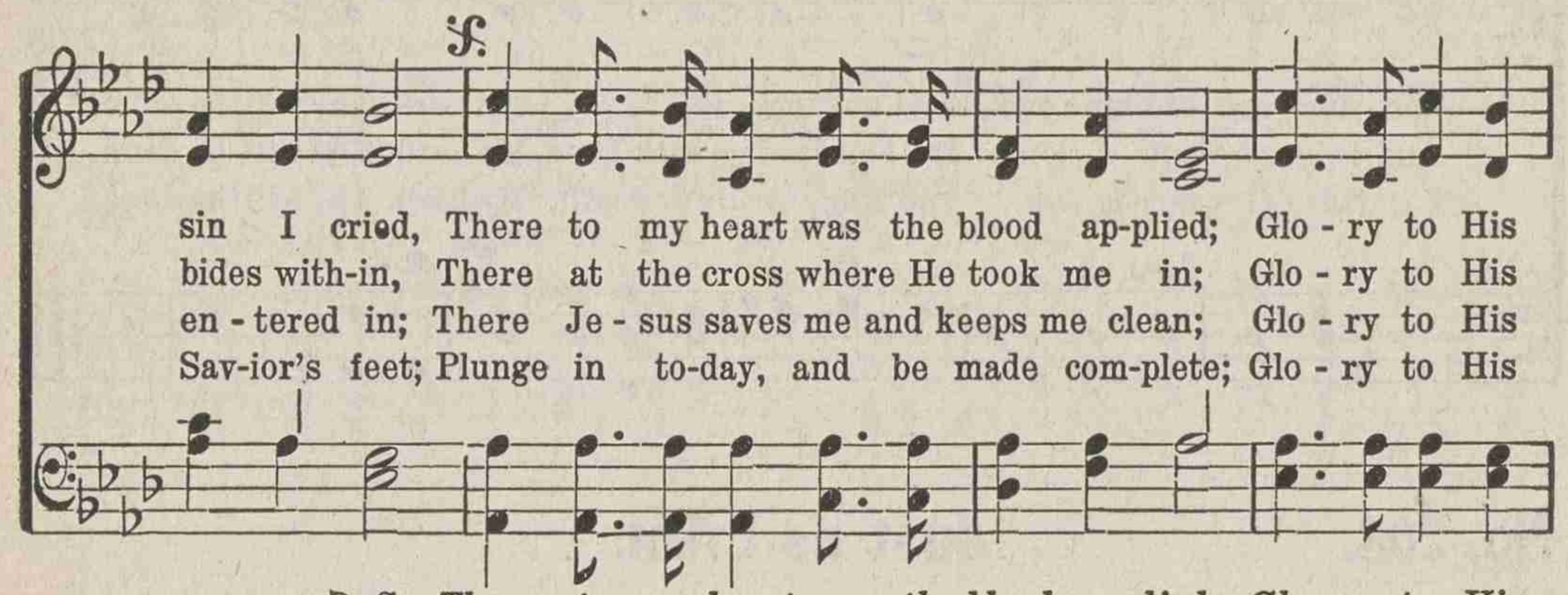
No. 209. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.



1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous - ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-
3. Oh, pre-cious fount-ain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fount-ain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the
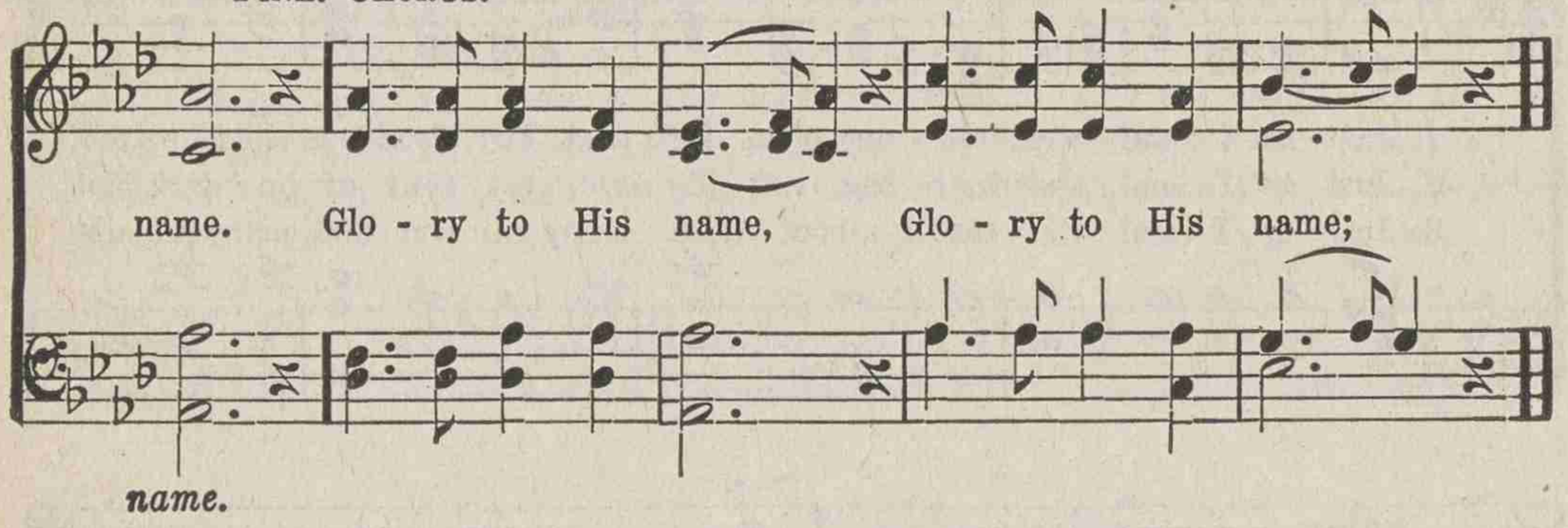




sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo - ry to His
bides with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His
en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to His
Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete; Glo - ry to His

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

FINE. CHORUS.

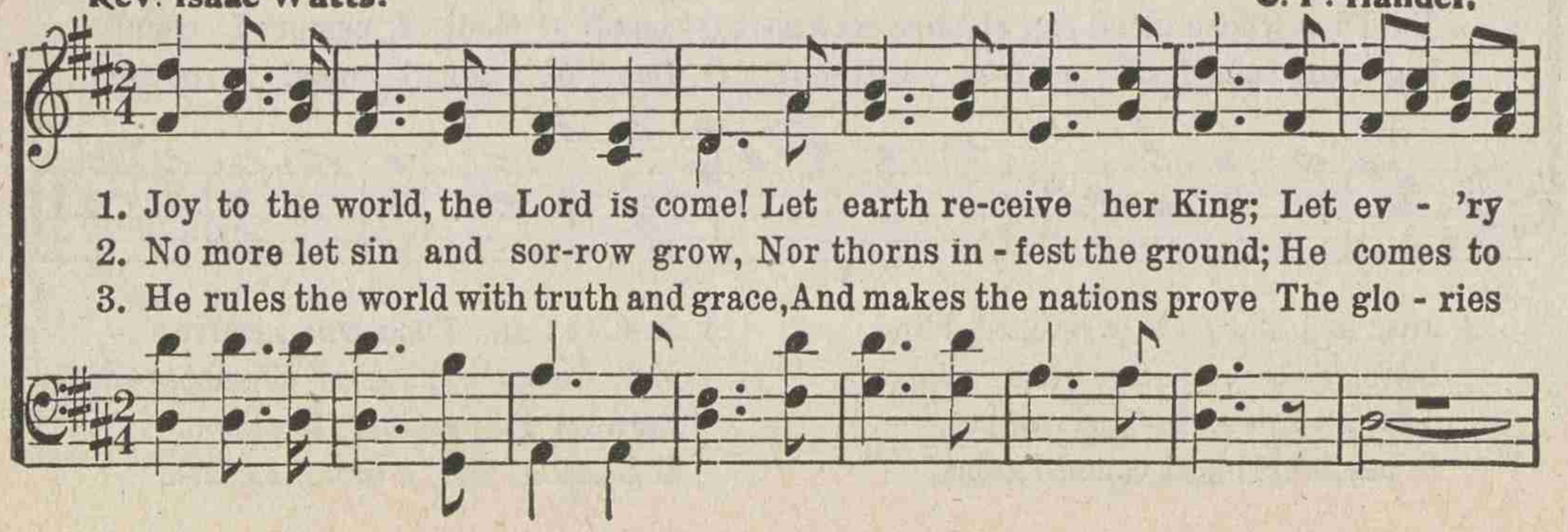


name. Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;

name.

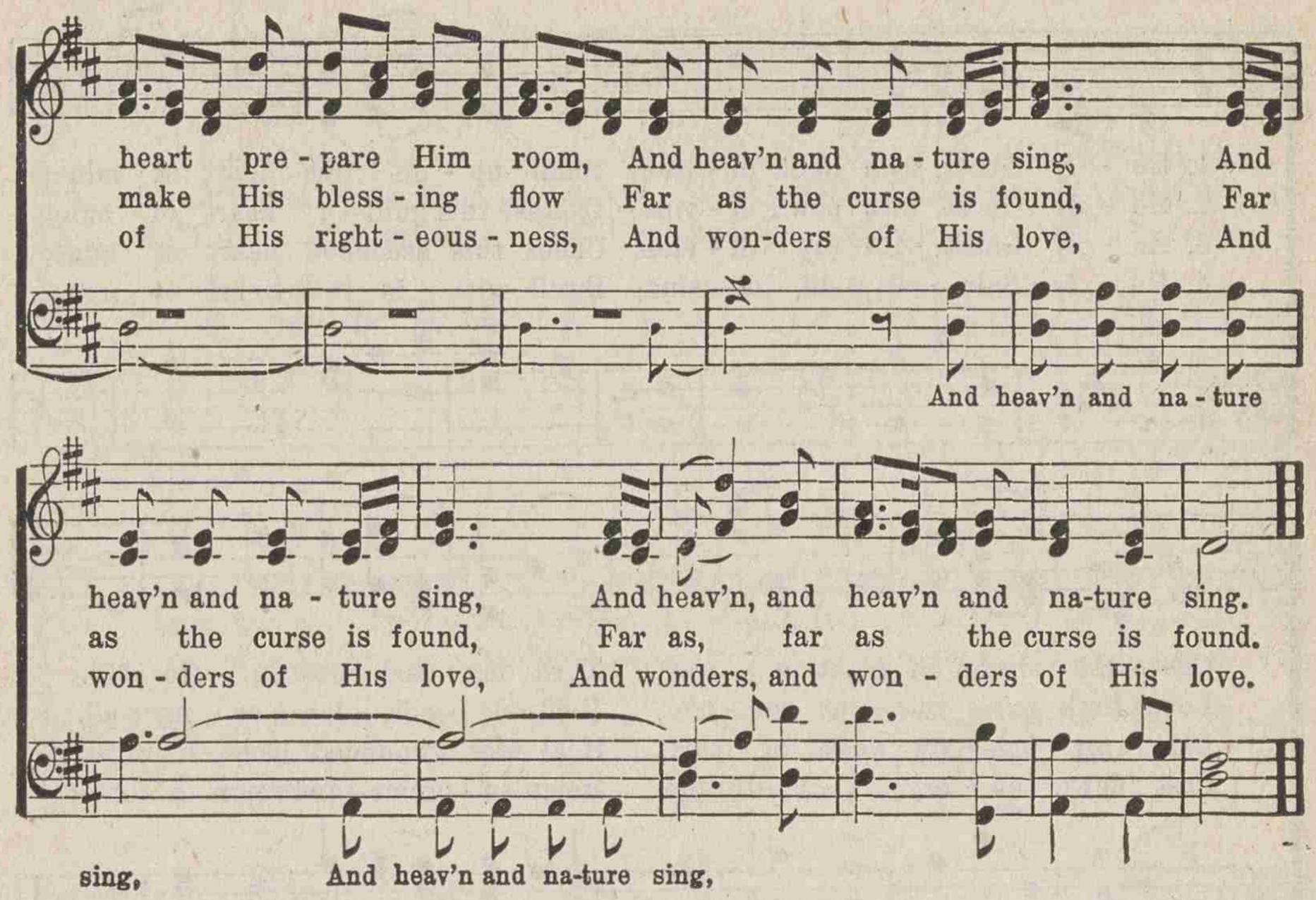
No. 210. Joy to the World.

Rev. Isaac Watts. C. F. Handel.

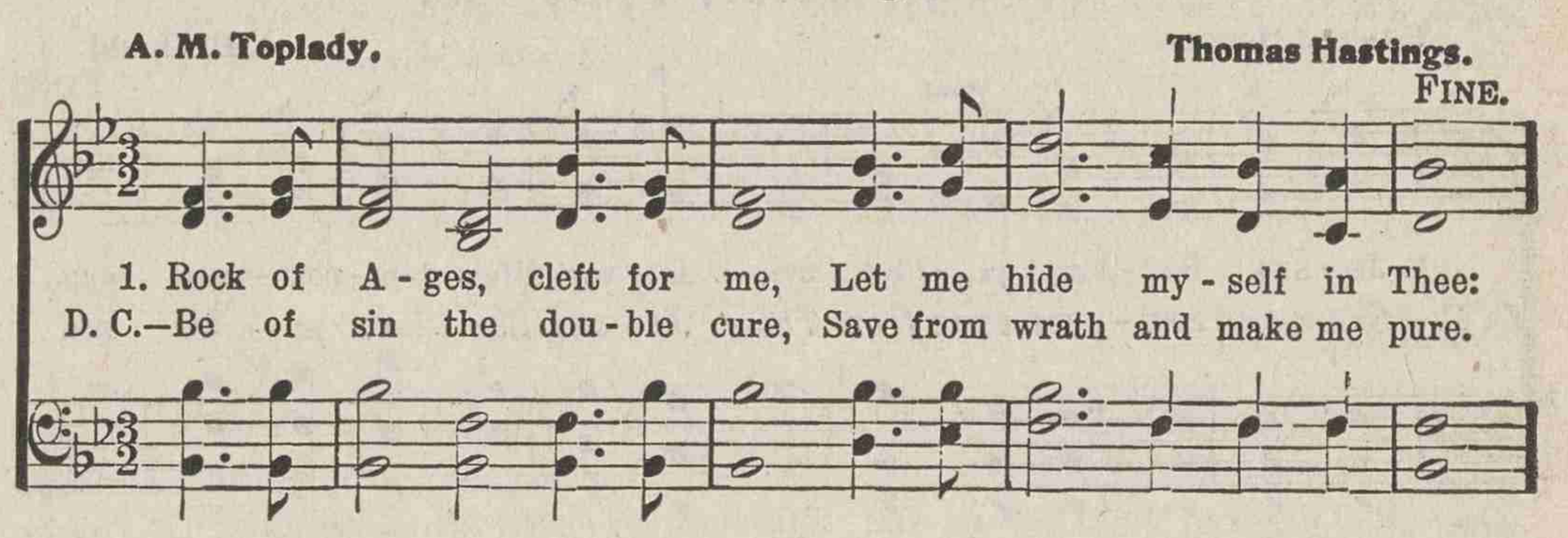


1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry
2. No more let sin and sor-row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground; He comes to
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glo - ries

Joy to the World.



No. 211. Rock of Ages.
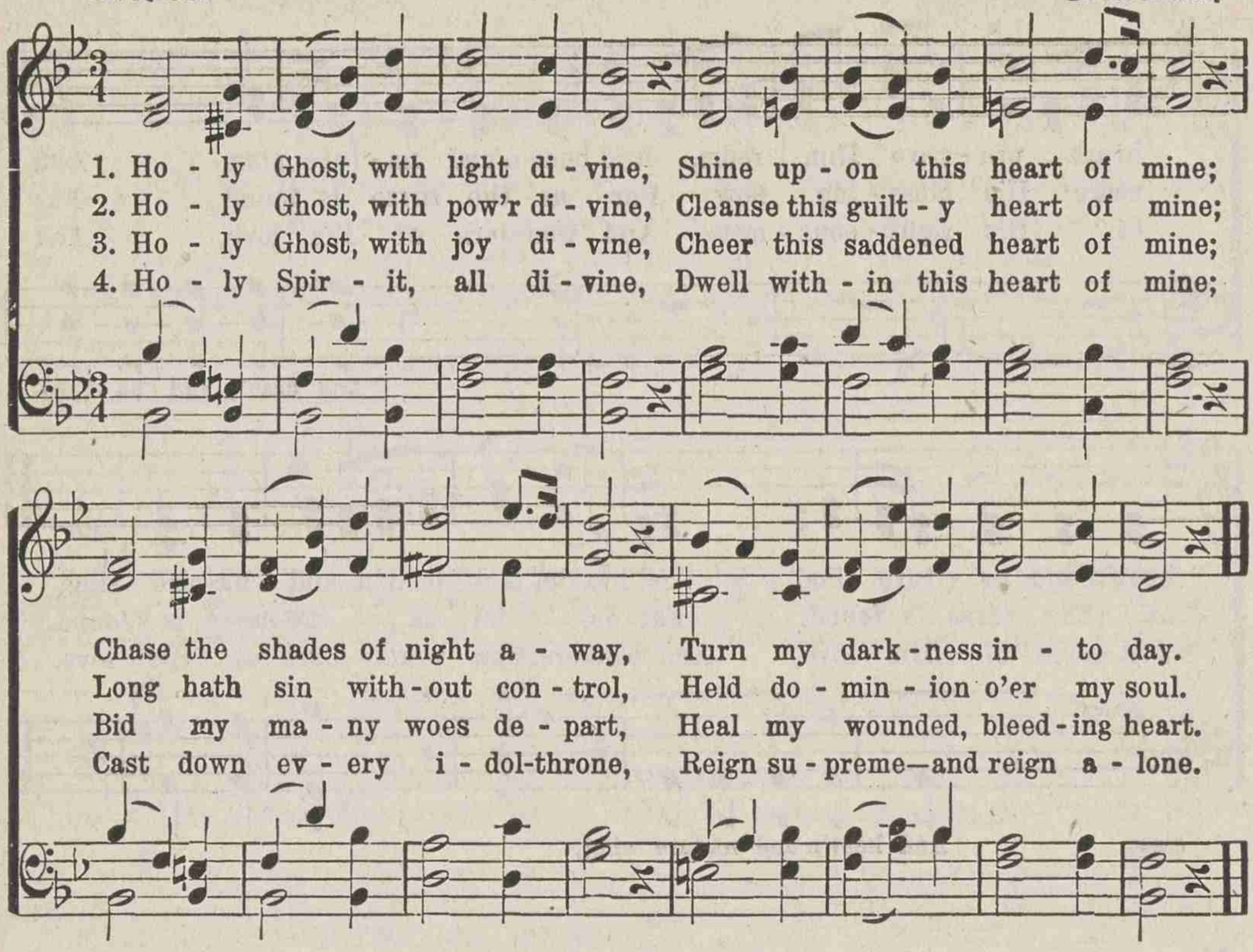


2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

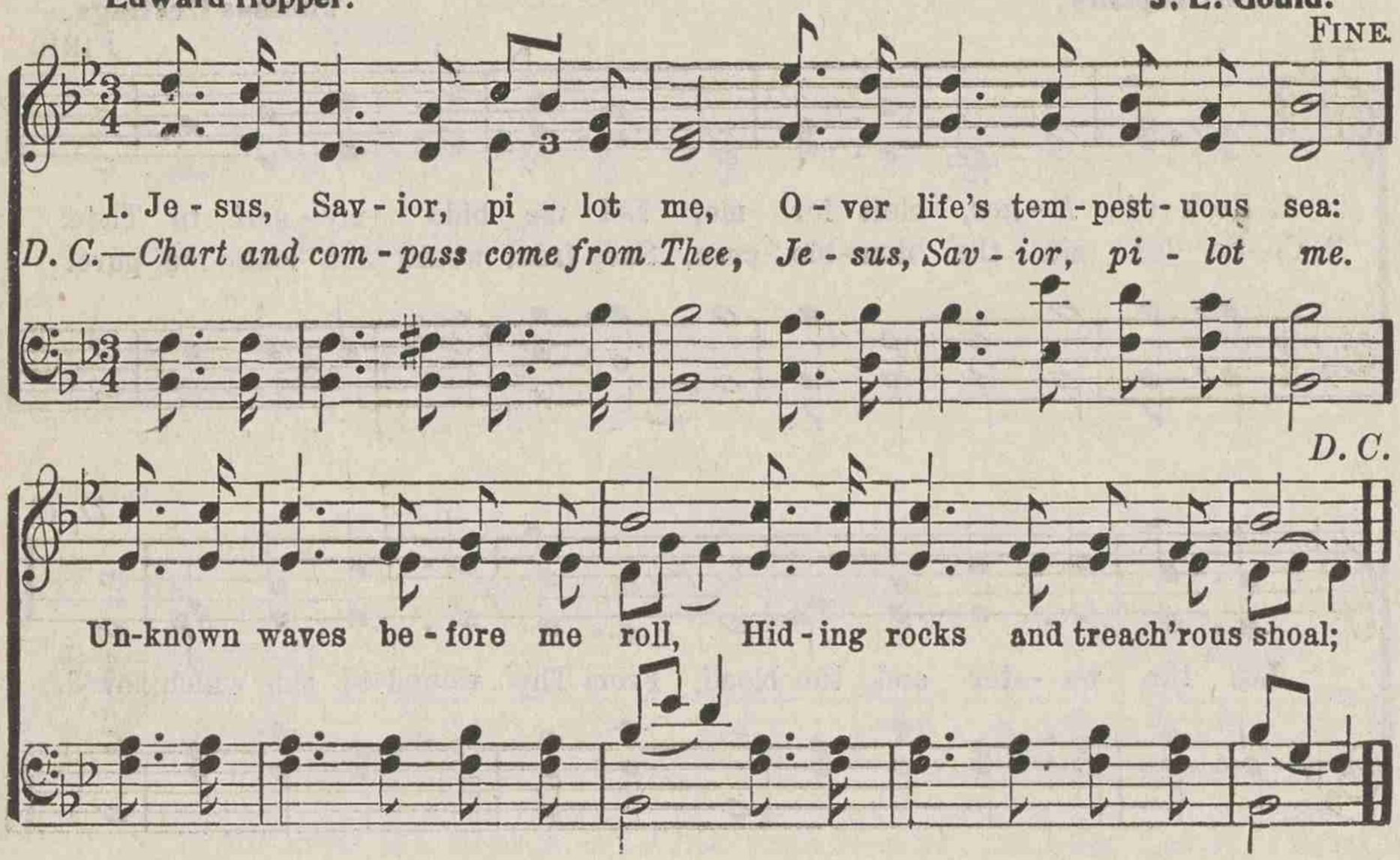
No. 212, Holy Ghost, With Love Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.



No. 213. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. J. E. Gould.

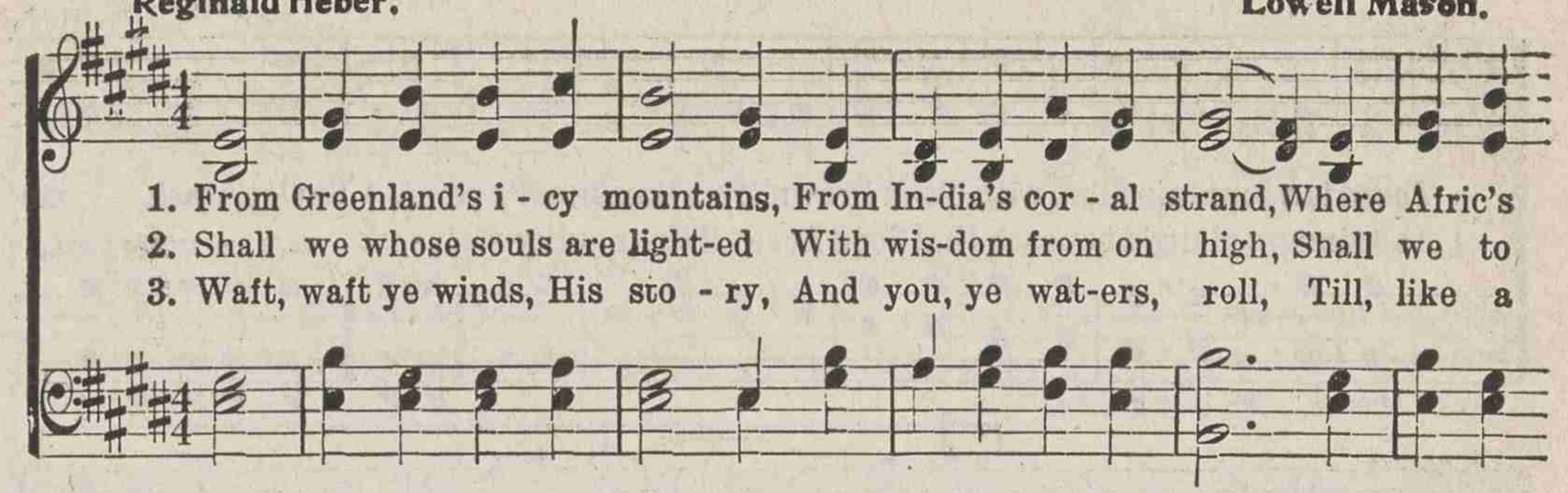


2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Chart and compass came from Thee;
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

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."

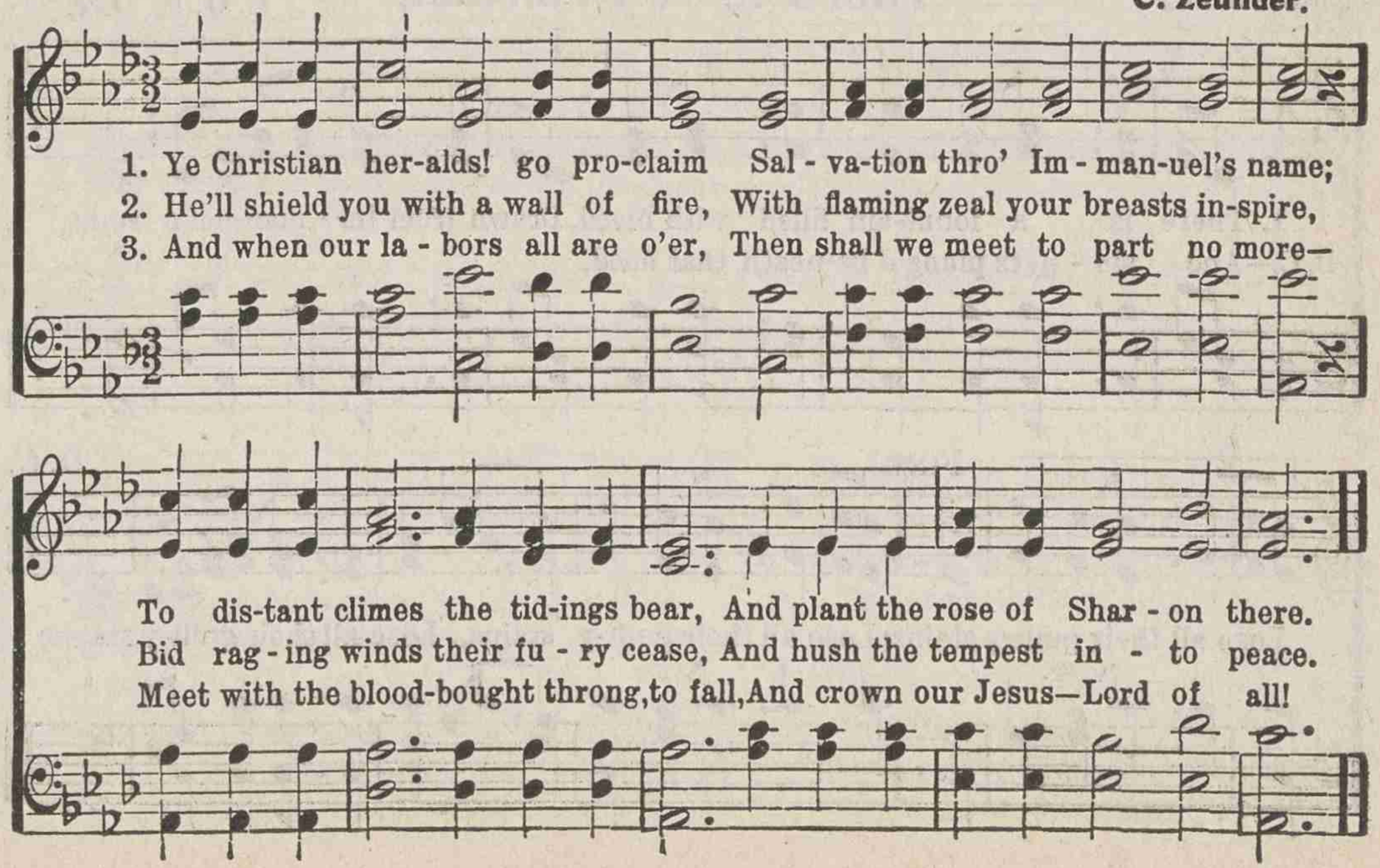
No. 214. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Reginald Heber. Lowell Mason.



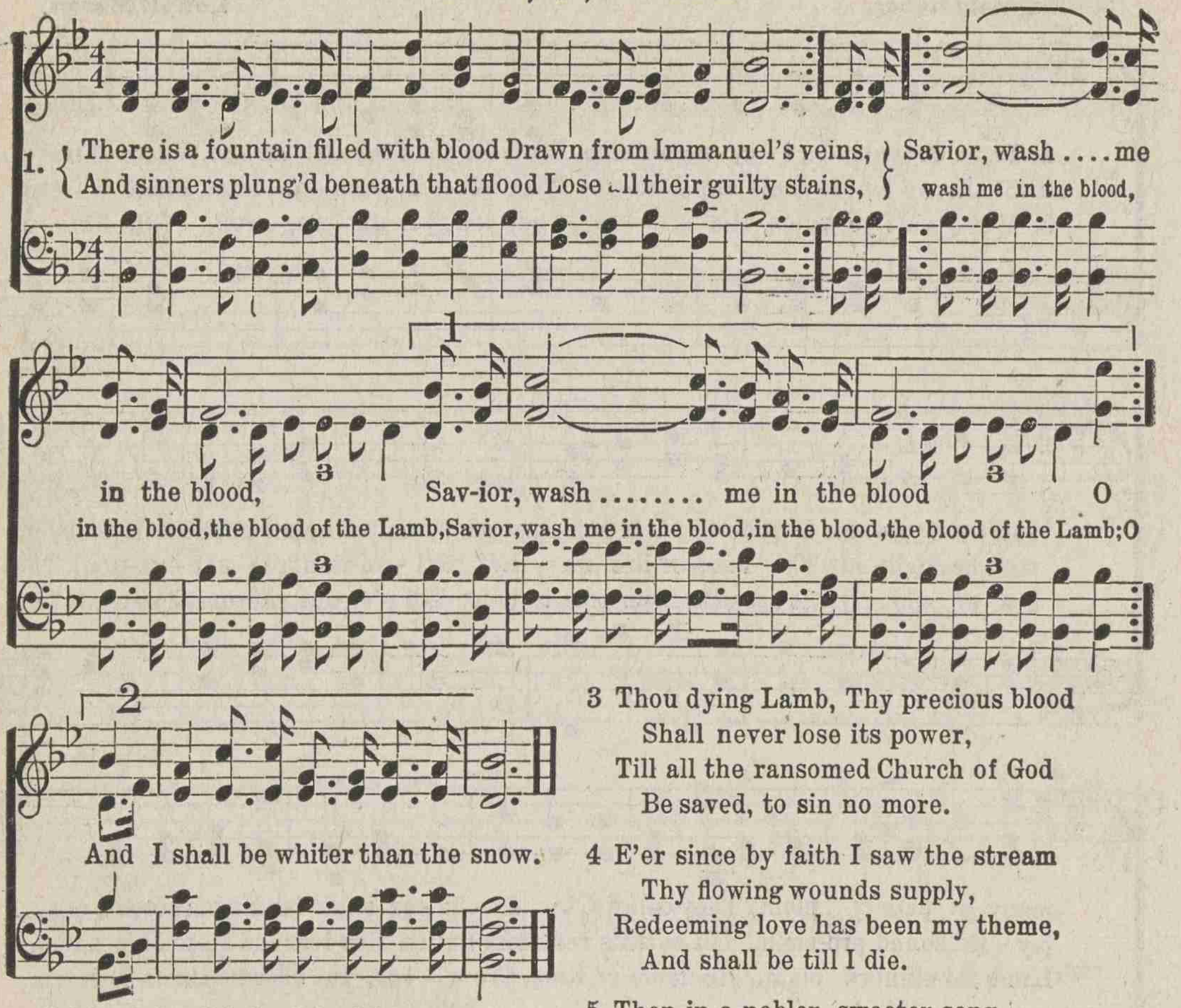
No. 215. Ye Christian Herald!

C. Zeunder.



No. 216. Savior, Wash Me in the Blood.

William Cowper. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. **E. O. Excell.**



2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day:
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

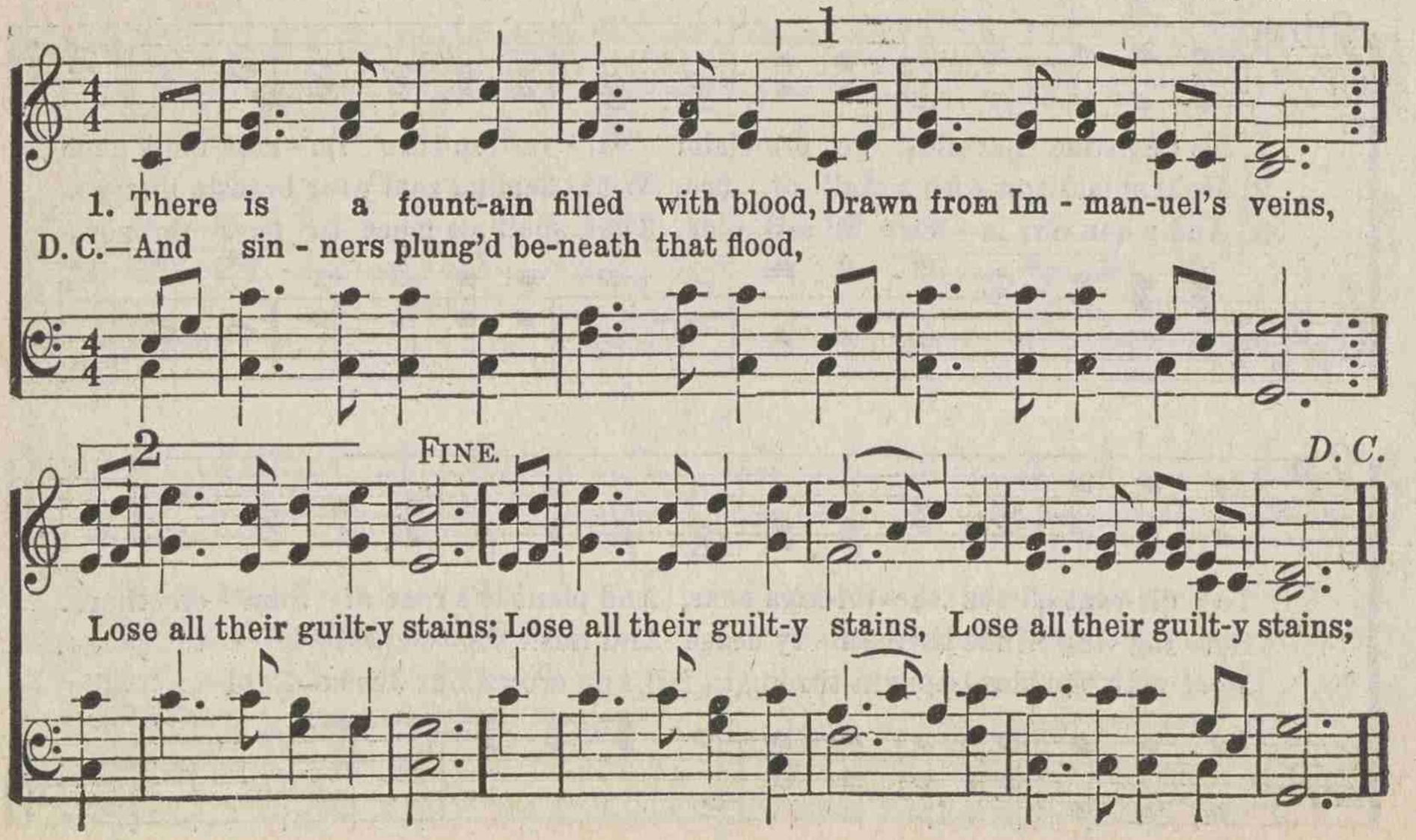
3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.
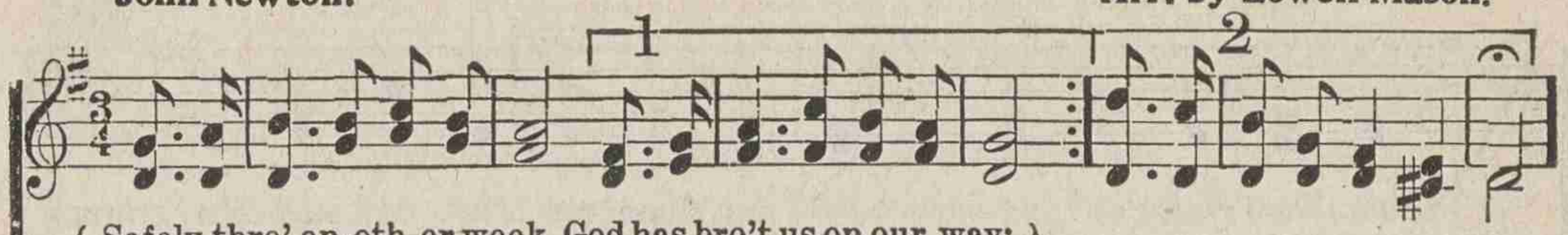
No. 217. There is A Fountain.

E. O. E. Arr.



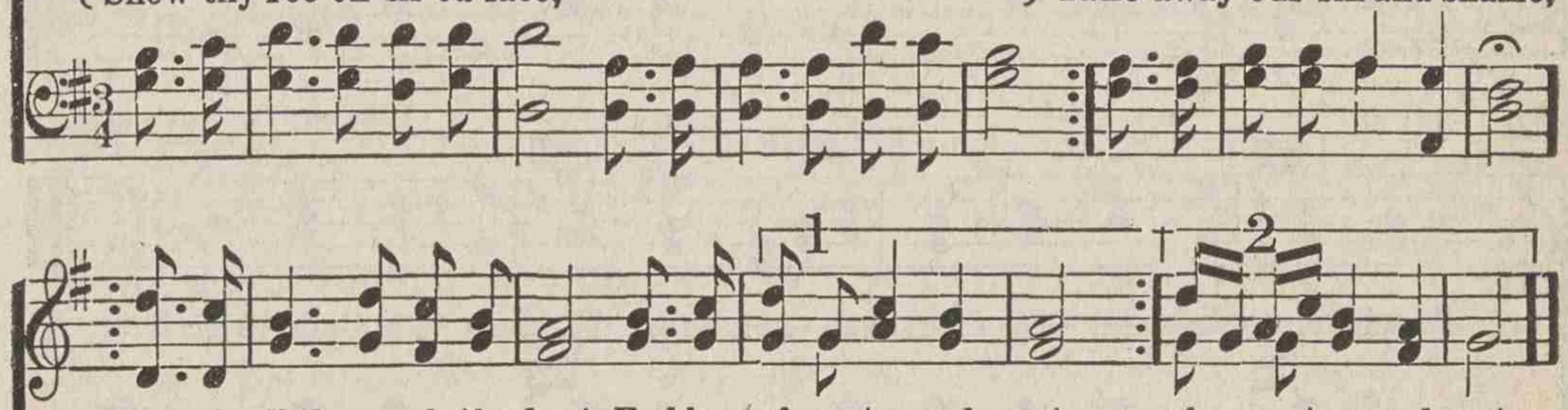
No, 218. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. **Arr. by Lowell Mason.**

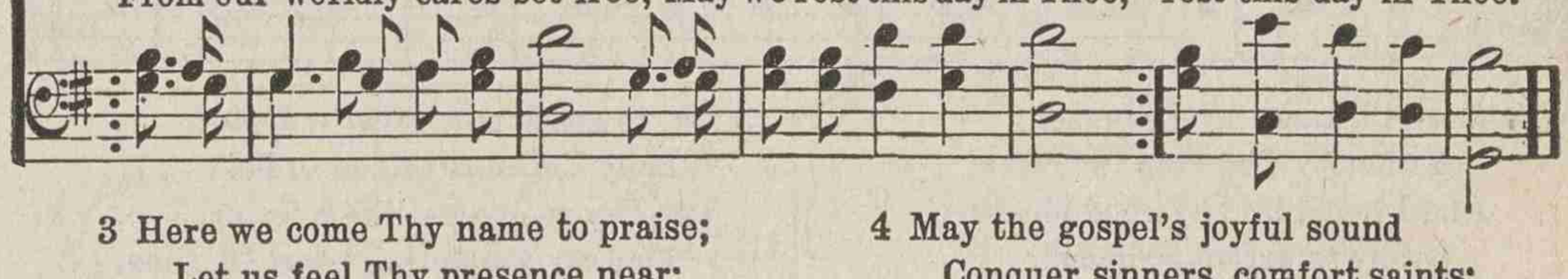


1. { Safely thro' an-oth-er week, God has bro't us on our way; Let us now a blessing seek, } Waiting in His courts today.

2. { While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name, Show thy rec-on-cil-ed face, } Take away our sin and shame;



Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e-ter-nal rest; of e-ter-nal rest.
From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee; rest this day in Thee.

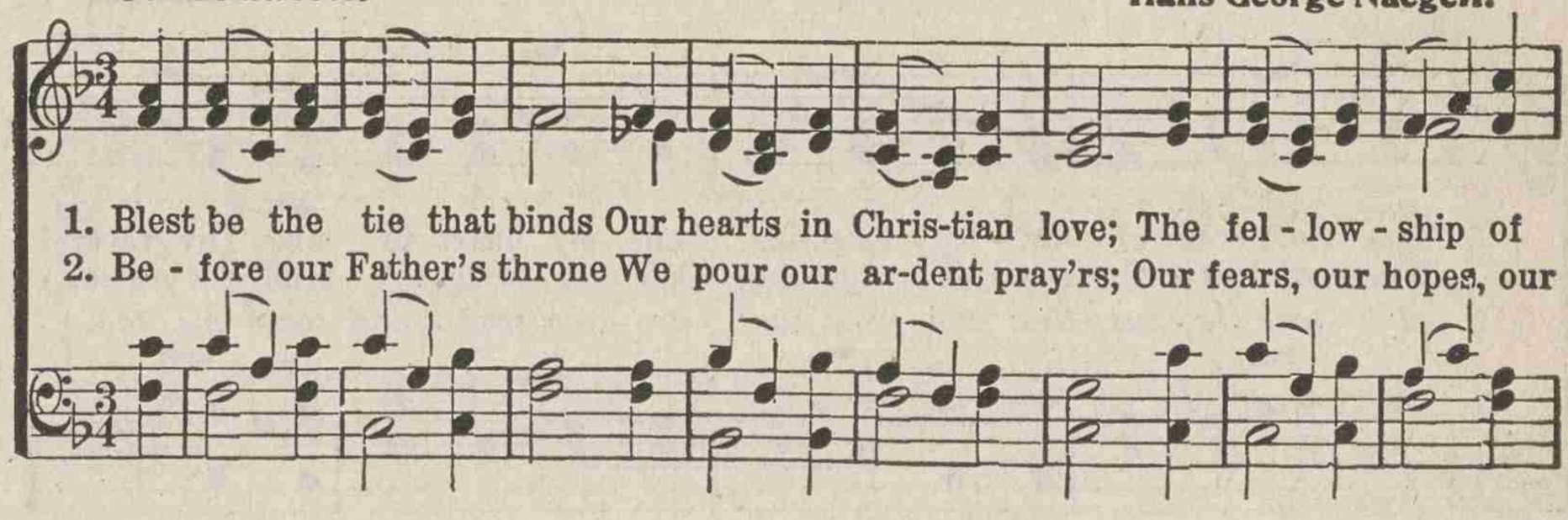


3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast,

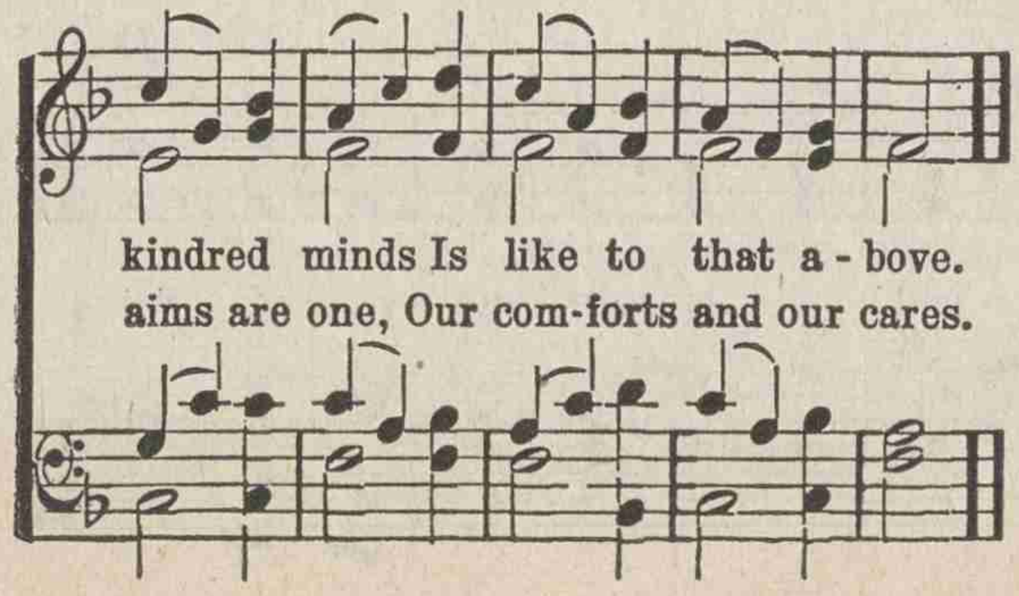
4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

No. 219. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. **Hans George Naegeli.**



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The fel-low-ship of
2. Be-fore our Father's throne We pour our ar-dent pray'rs; Our fears, our hopes, our



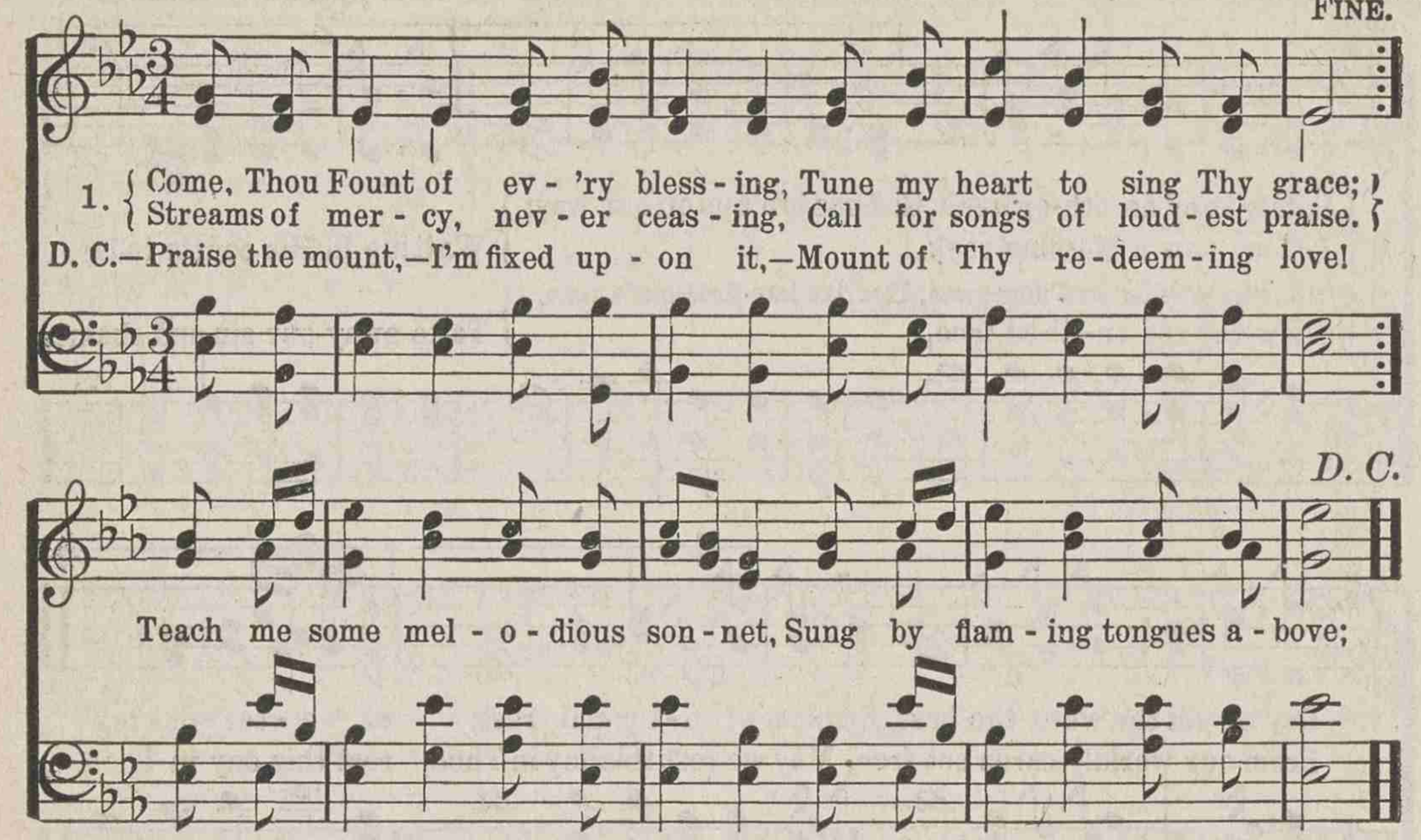
kindred minds Is like to that a-bove.
aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 220. Come, Thou Fount.

Robert Robinson. **John Wyeth.**

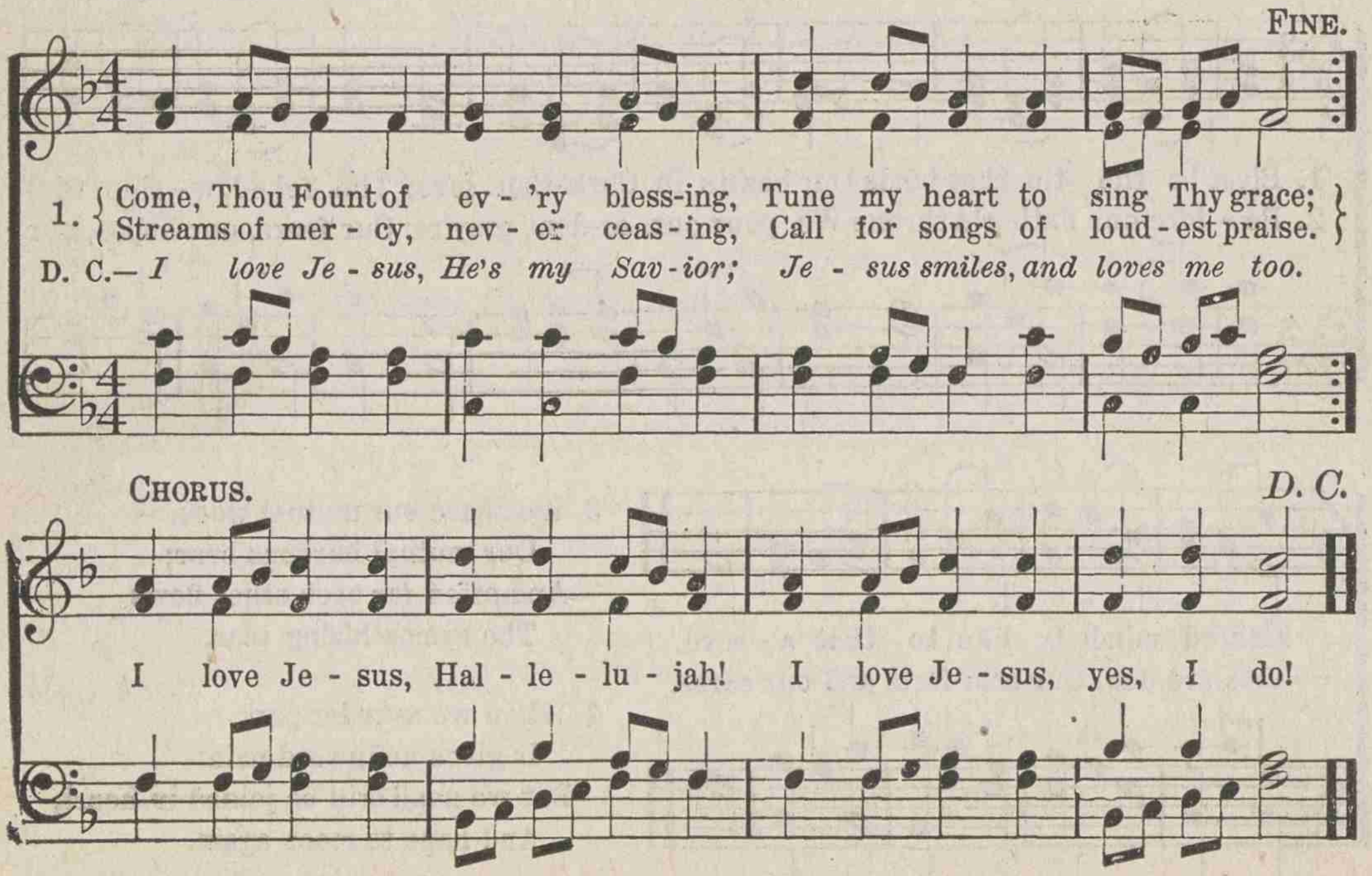


2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

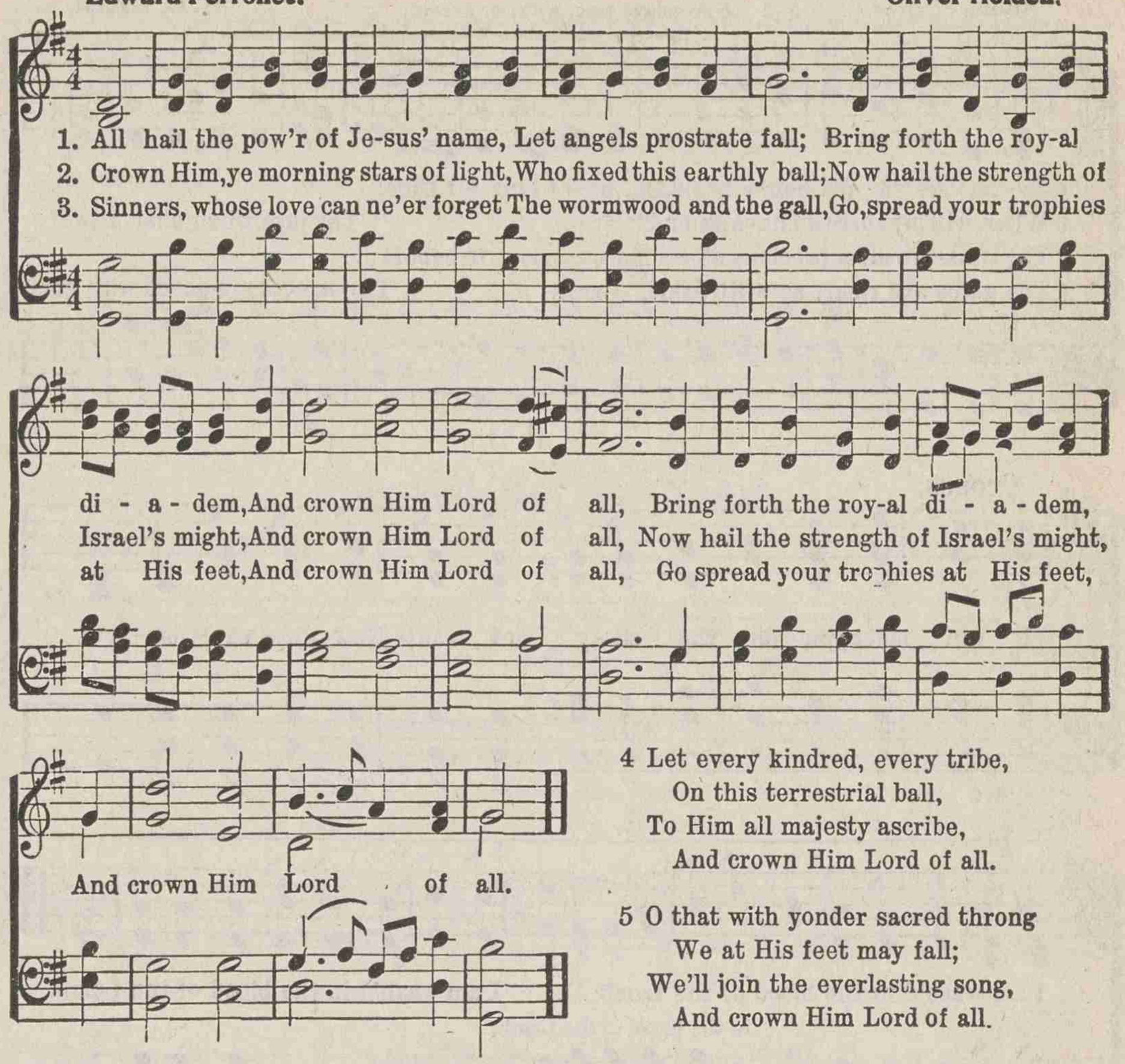
No. 221. I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

(Second Tune.) **J. J. Rousseau.**



No. 222, All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. **Oliver Holden.**

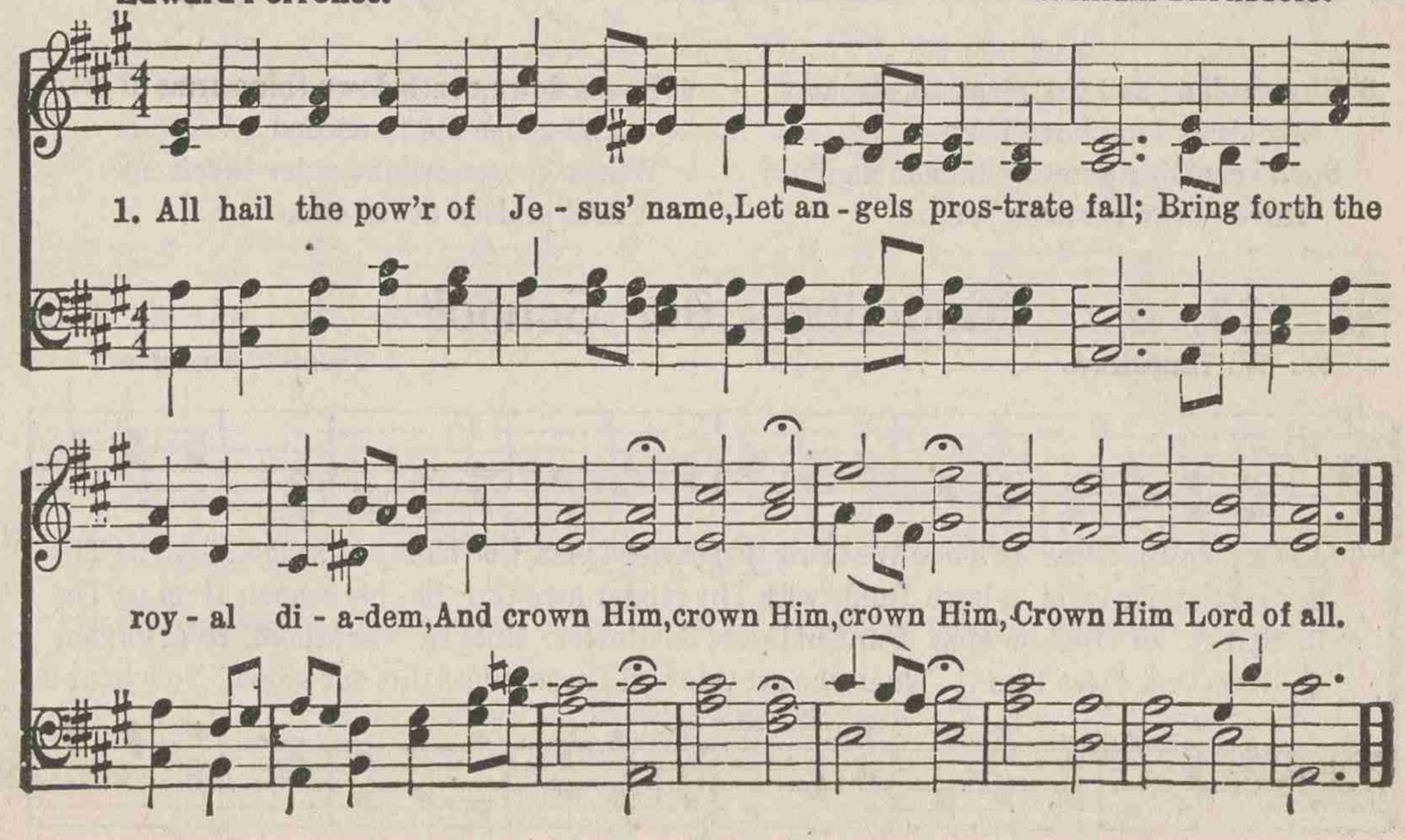


4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 223. All Hail the Power.
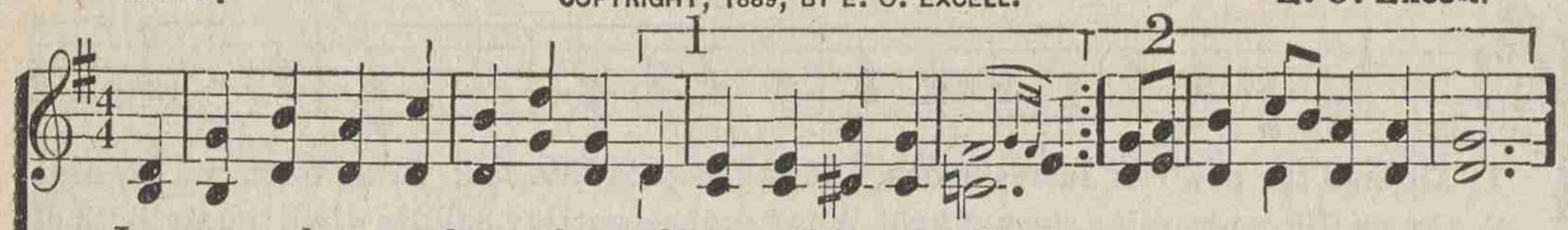
Edward Perronet. **William Shrubsole.**



No. 224.
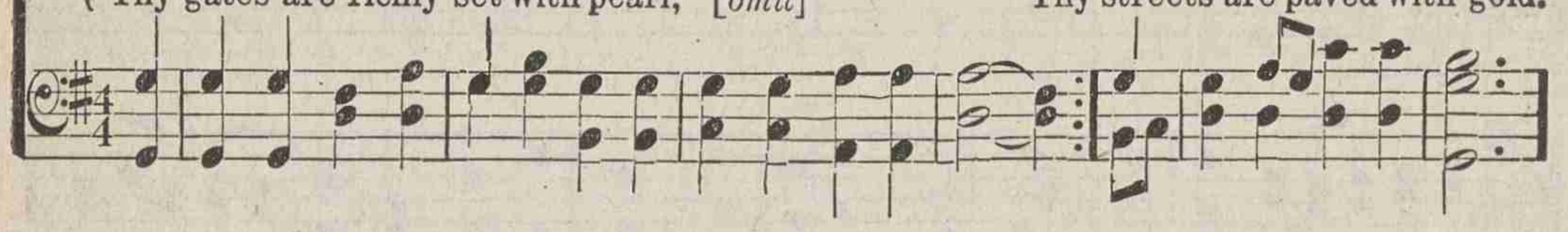
My Happy Home.

Anon. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. **E. O. Excell.**

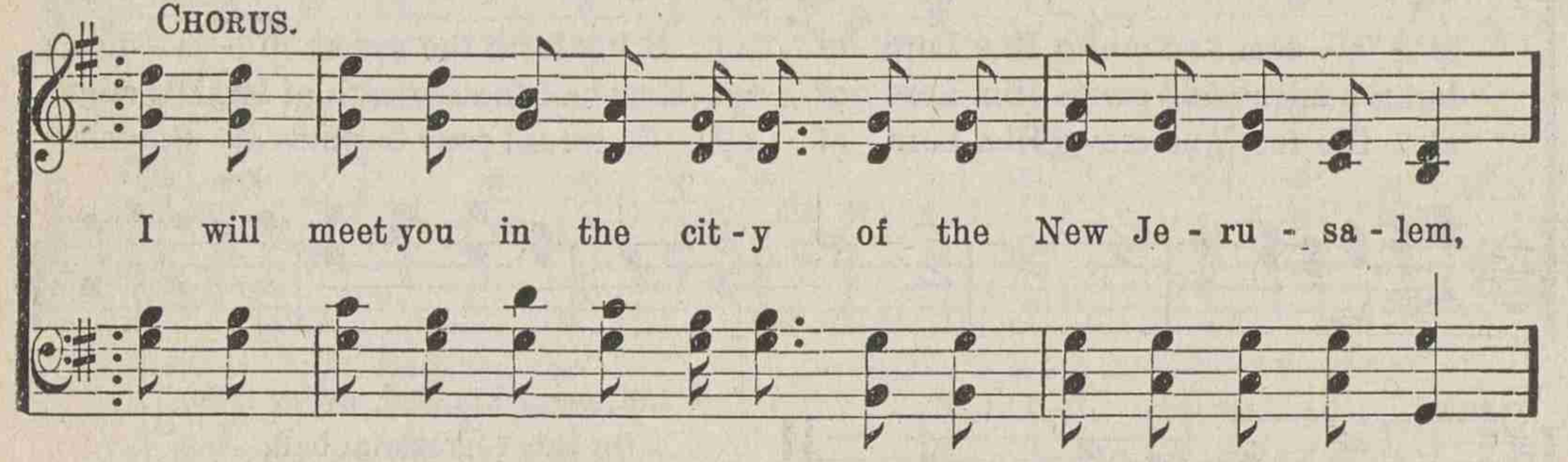


1. { Je - ru - sa-lem, my happy home, Oh, how I long for thee!
   { When will my sorrows have an end? [*omit*] Thy joys, when shall I see?

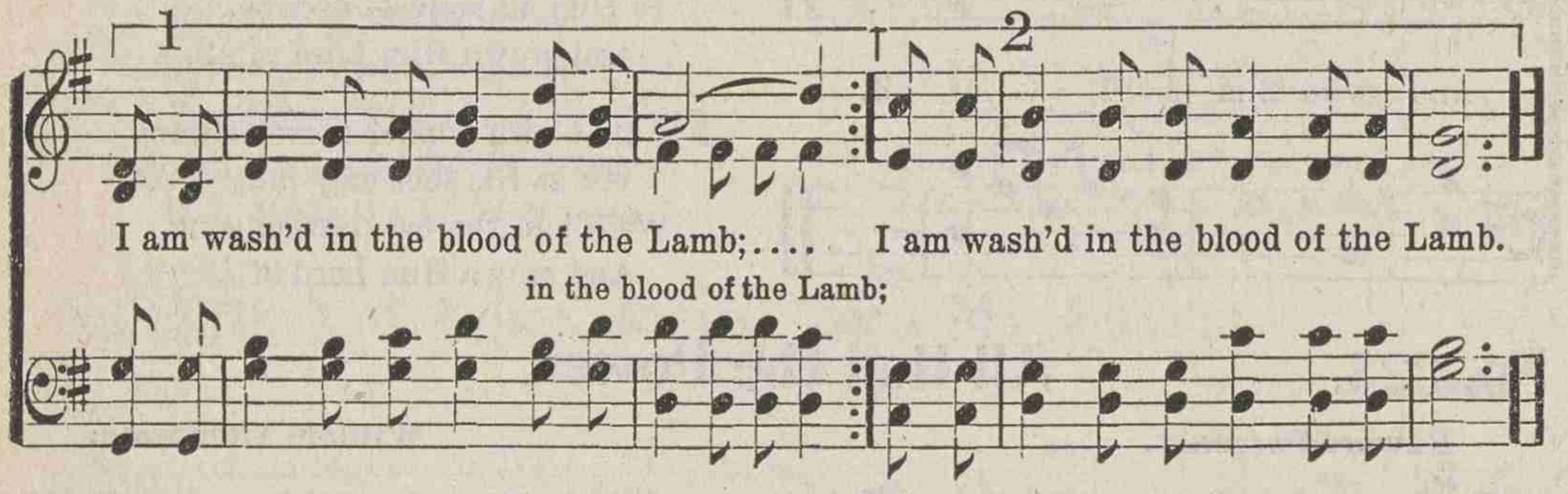
2. { Thy walls are all of precious stone Most glorious to behold
   { Thy gates are richly set with pearl, [*omit*] Thy streets are paved with gold.



CHORUS.



I will meet you in the cit - y of the New Je - ru - sa - lem,



I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;.... I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
in the blood of the Lamb;
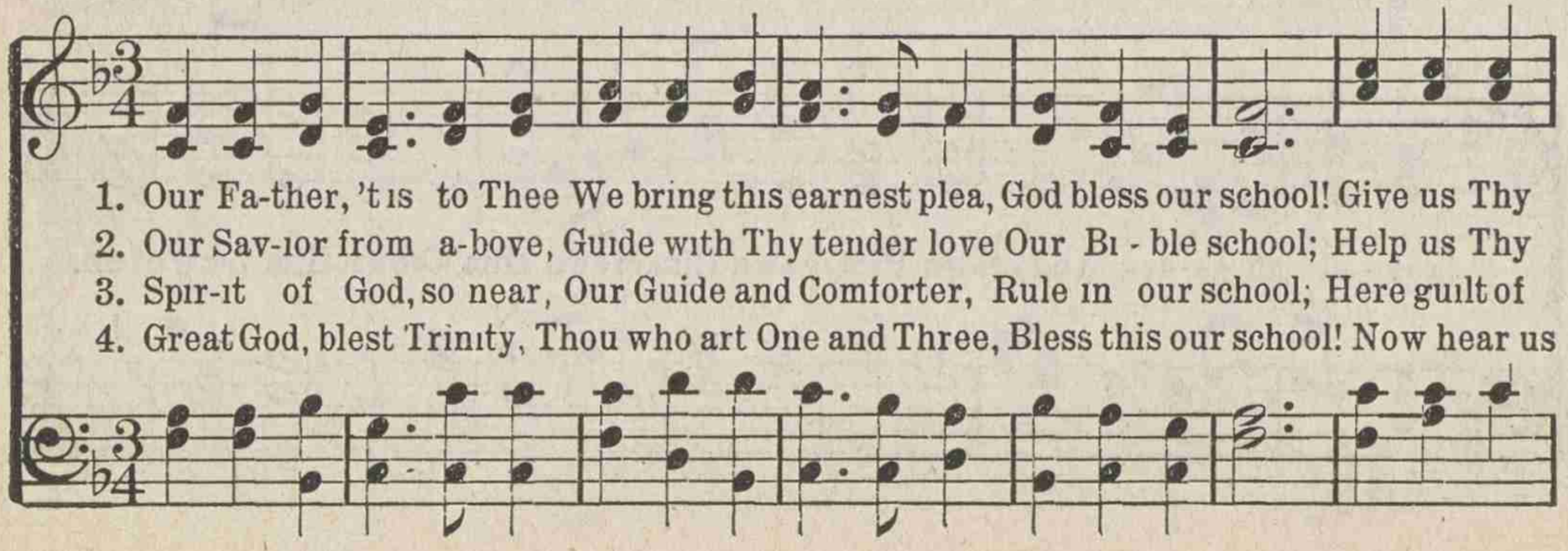
3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams
My study long have been—
Such sparkling gems by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

4 Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up
And praises never end,

No. 225.
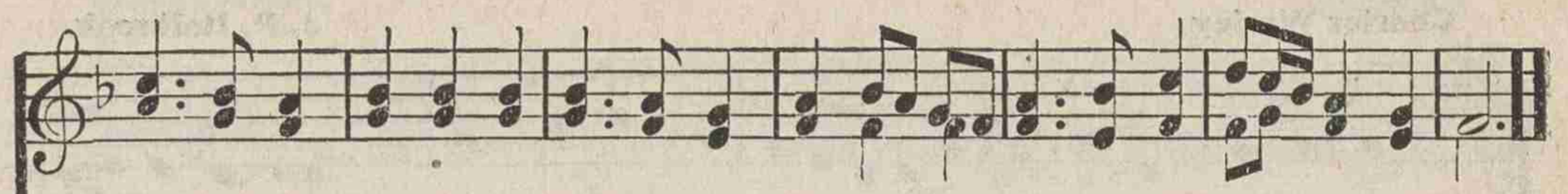
God Bless Our School!

W. W. Hamilton. *Tune*—"**America.**"
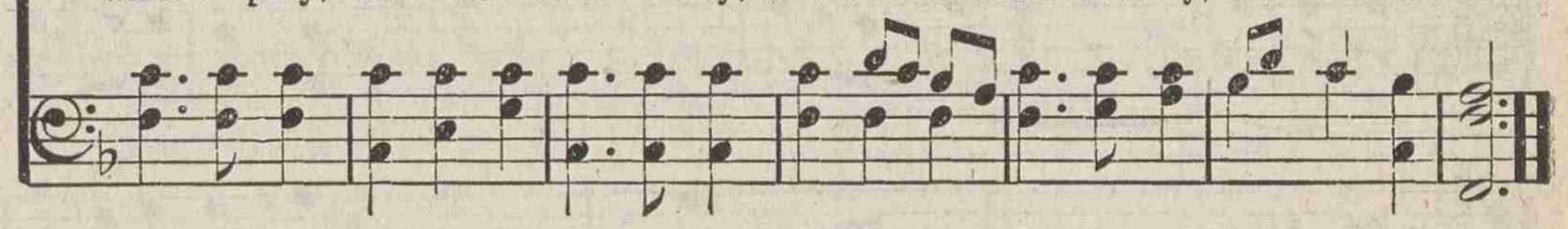


1. Our Fa-ther, 't is to Thee We bring this earnest plea, God bless our school! Give us Thy
2. Our Sav-ior from a-bove, Guide with Thy tender love Our Bi - ble school; Help us Thy
3. Spir-it of God, so near, Our Guide and Comforter, Rule in our school; Here guilt of
4. Great God, blest Trinity, Thou who art One and Three, Bless this our school! Now hear us

God Bless Our School!
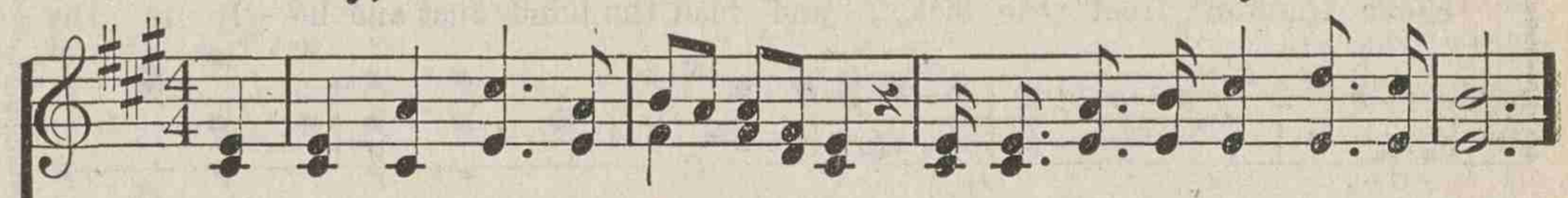


pres-ence here, Fill us with ho - ly fear, Make this a place most dear; God bless our school!
work to do, Our number large or few, Teach us to e'er be true; God bless our school!
sin be seen, Faith, hope, and love begin, Souls dead be born a - gain; God bless our school!
while we pray, Take all our sins a-way, Meet with us this Lord's Day; God bless our school!

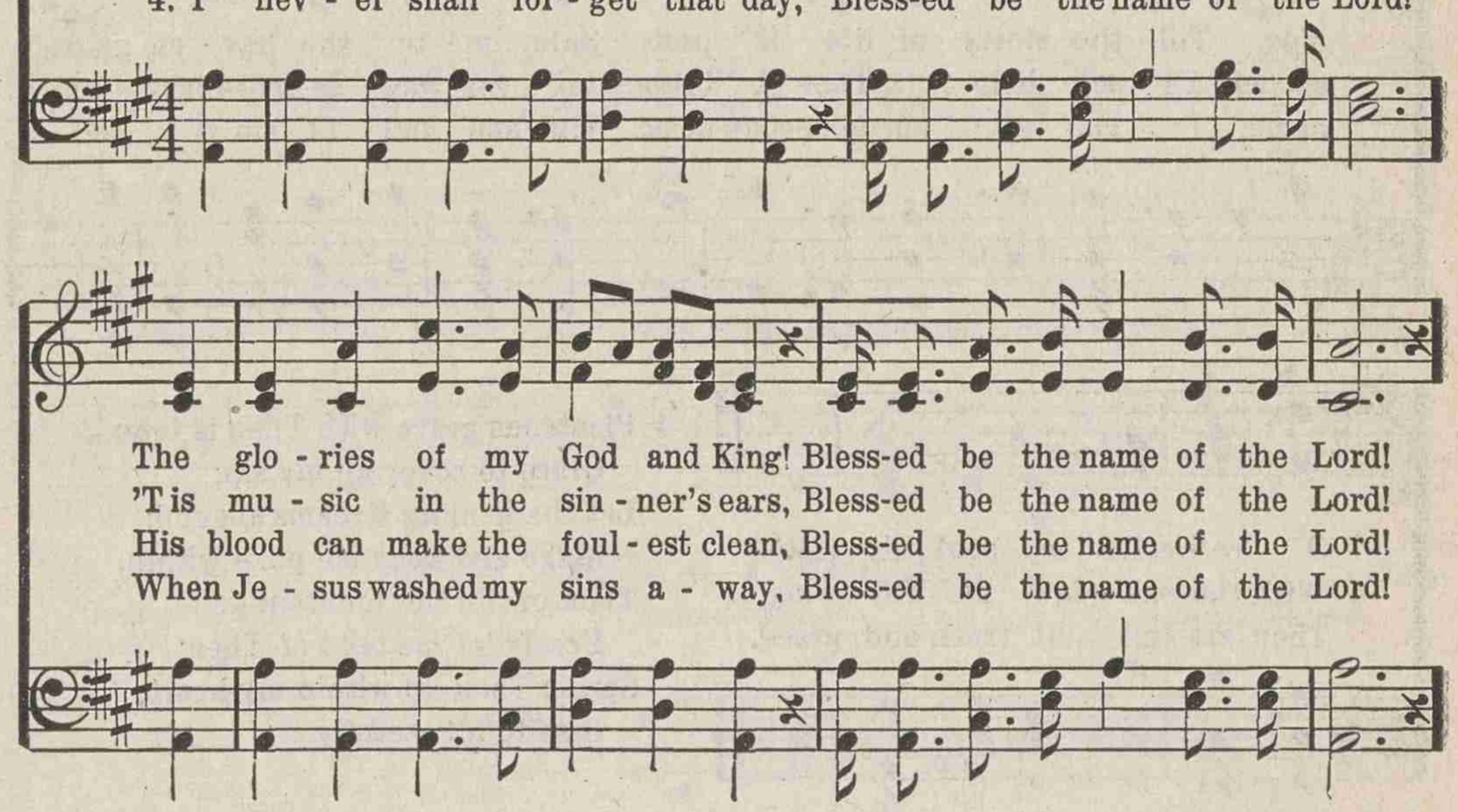


No. 226. Blessed Be the Name.

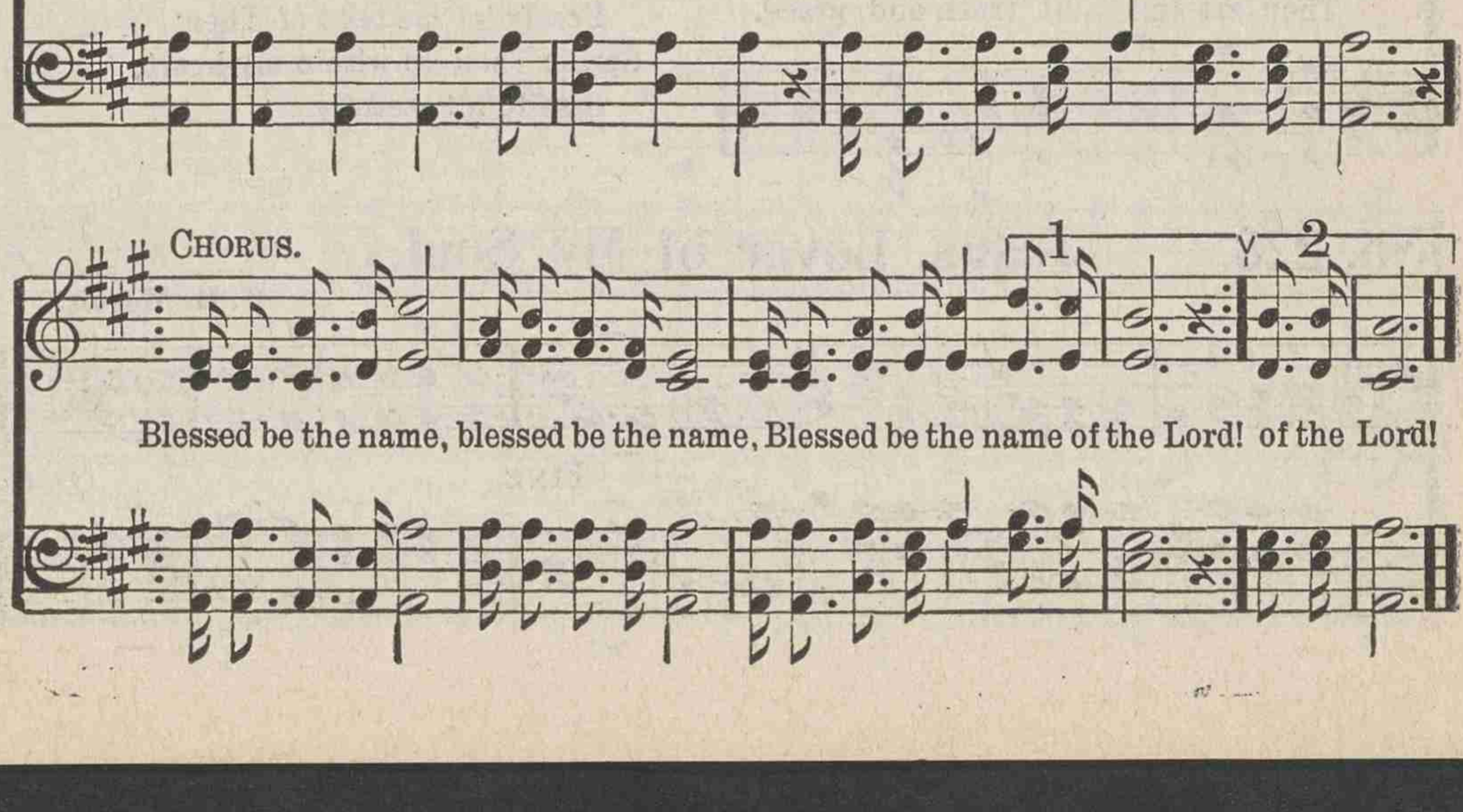
Charles Wesley, Alt. **Har. by J. M. Hunt.**



1. O for a thou-sand tongues, to sing, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
2. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
3. He breaks the pow'r of can - celed sin, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
4. I nev - er shall for - get that day, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!



The glo - ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
'T is mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
His blood can make the foul - est clean, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
When Je - sus washed my sins a - way, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!

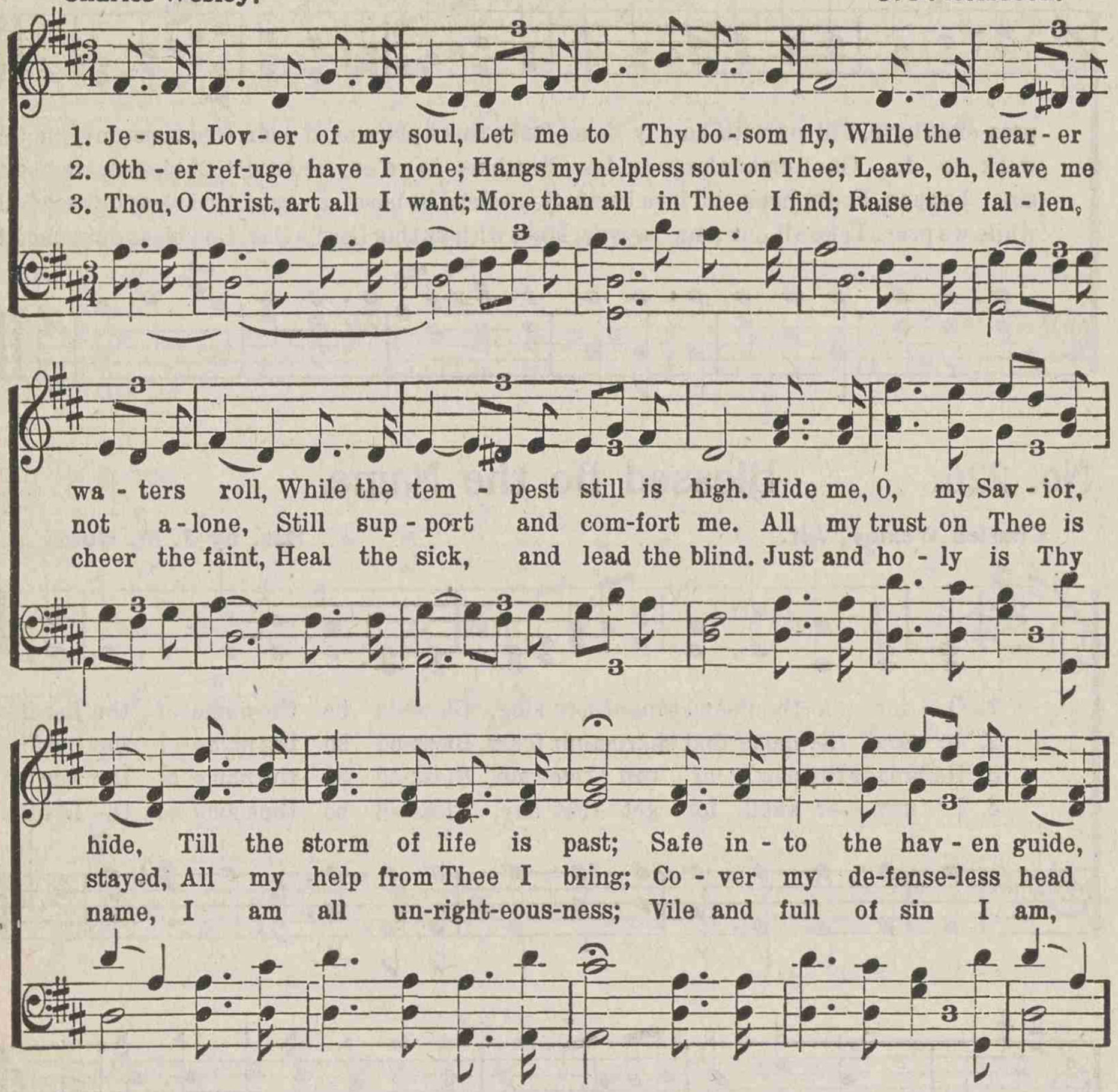


CHORUS.

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

No. 227, Refuge.
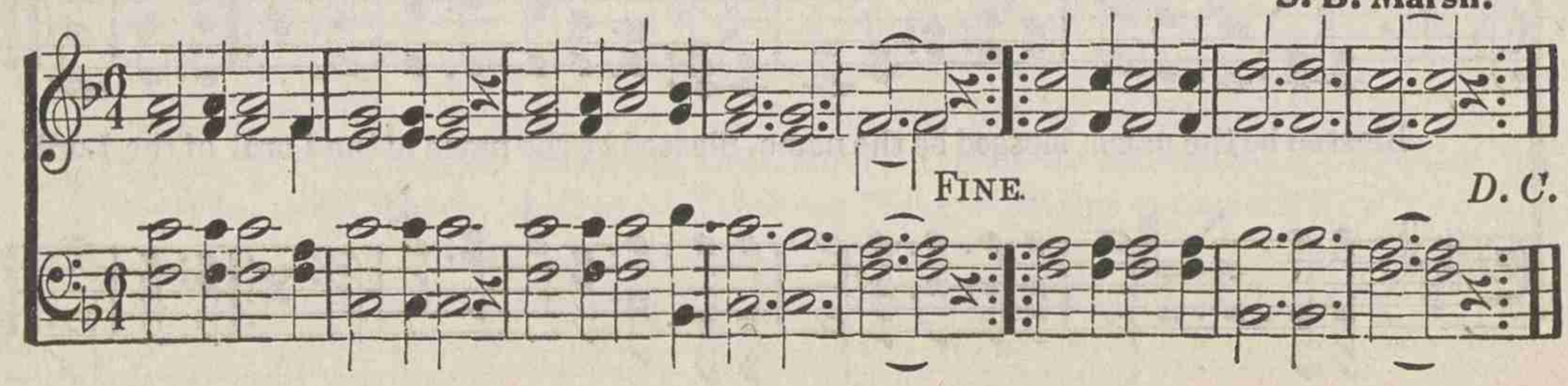
Charles Wesley. **J. P. Holbrook.**



4 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.

No. 228. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

S. B. Marsh.



No. 229. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. **Unknown.**

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will
3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall
4. "When thro' fiery tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-fi-cient, shall

ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my
not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy
be thy sup-ply, The flames shall not hurt thee; I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-
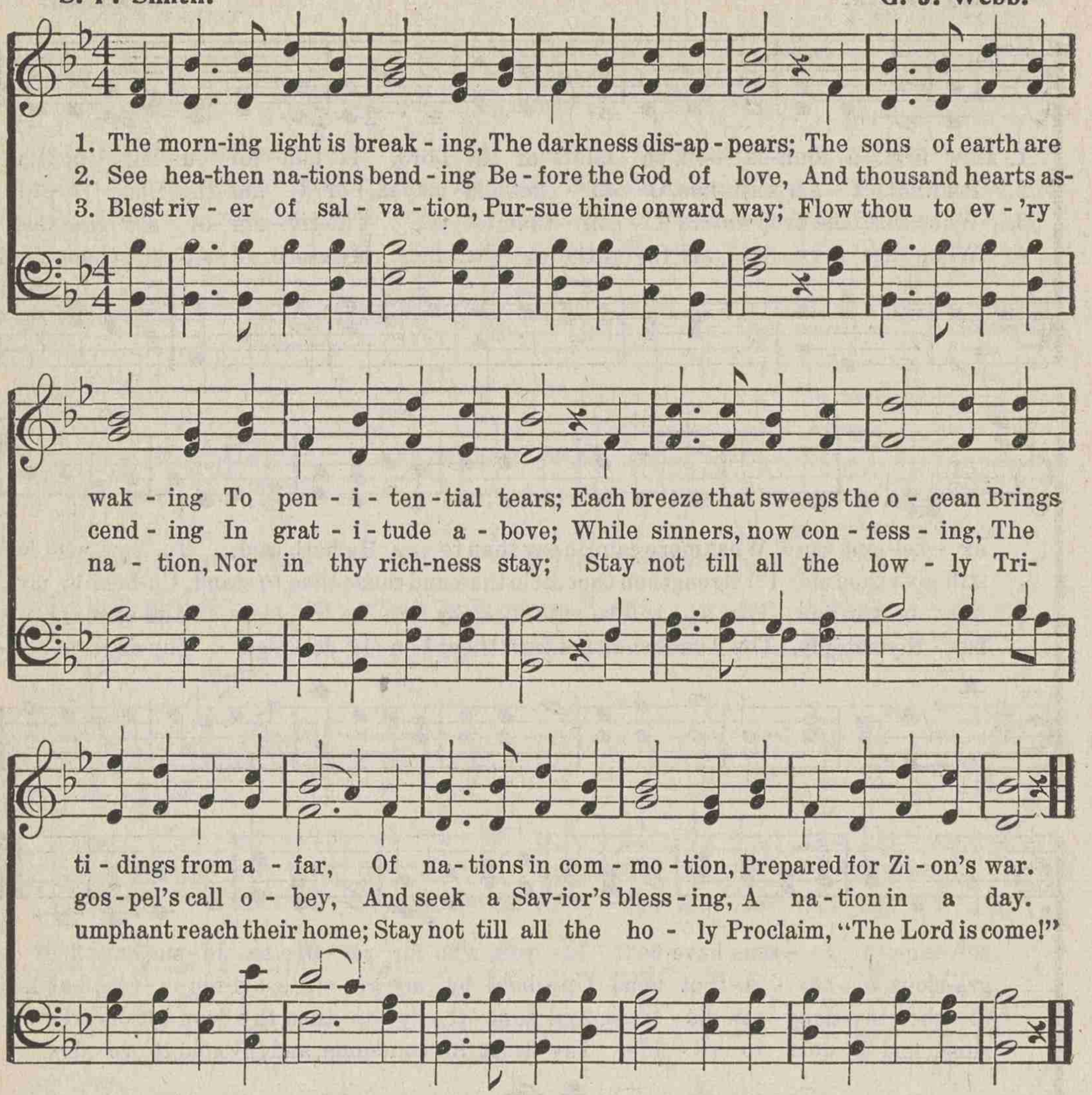
ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
to thee thy deep-est dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
sume, and thy gold to re-fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine."

No. 230. How Firm a Foundation. 82,

George Keith. *(Second tune.)* **Anne Steele.**

No. 231. The Morning Light is Breaking.

S. F. Smith. G. J. Webb.



No. 232. Stand Up for Jesus.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

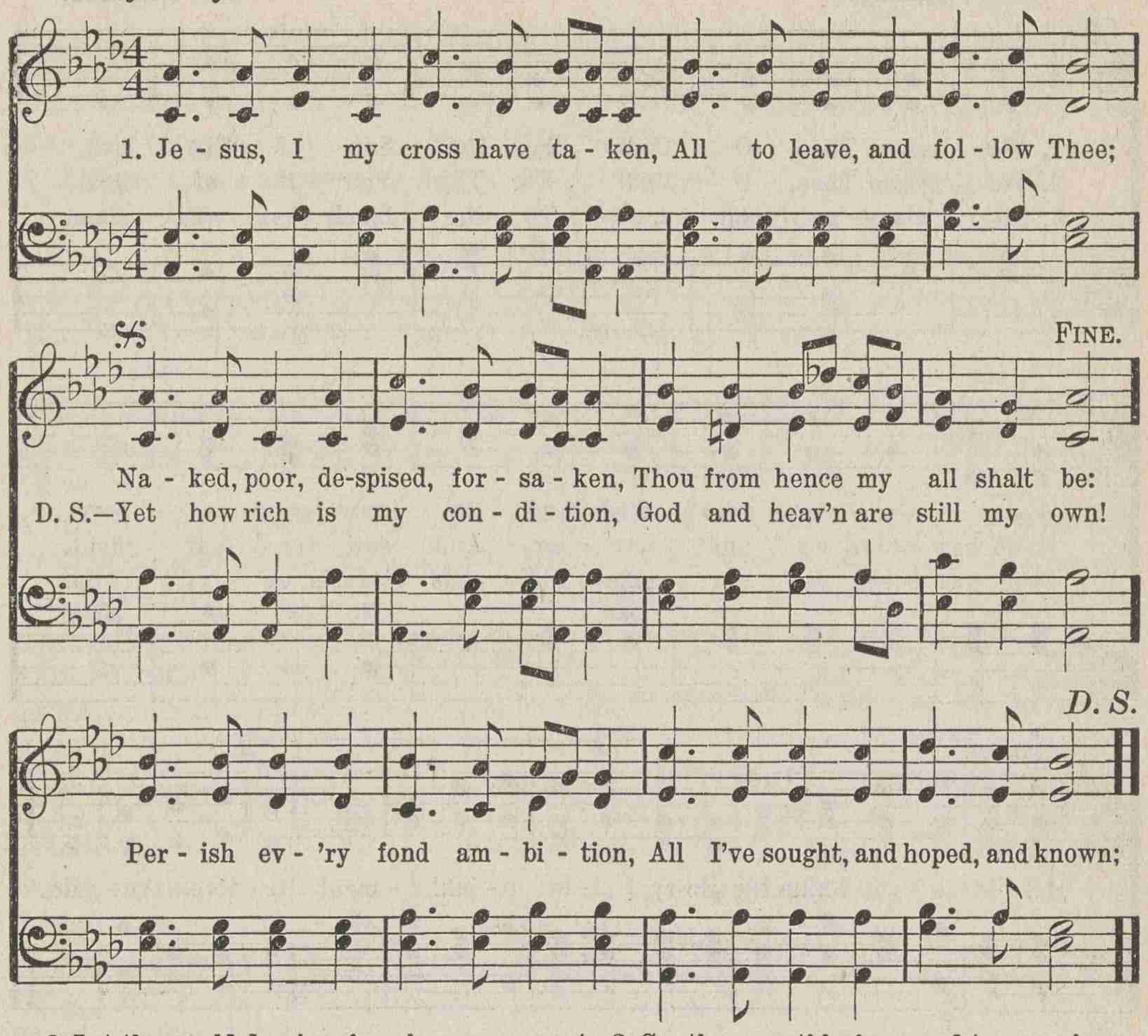
3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

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.

—*George Duffield.*

No. 233. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. Mozart.



2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba, Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

No. 234, Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

1 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me"?

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.

3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task He gives you,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

—*Daniel March.*

No. 235. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love,
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light,
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain,

For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove,
Who has shown us our Sav - ior And scat - tered our night.
Who has borne all our sins and has cleans'd ev - 'ry stain.

REFRAIN.

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

No. 236. Doxology.

Thos. Ken. G. Franc.

Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!

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