BIBLE SONGS

EXACT COPY OF BROTHER KNAPP'S BIBLE.

OF

SALVATION AND VICTORY

Compiled by
M. W. KNAPP, T. E. McNEILL.

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Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, O.

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BIBLE SONGS

Of Salvation and Victory,

FOR GOD'S PEOPLE OF EVERY LAND.

Suitable for Revivals, the Church,

Sunday-Schools and the Home.

M. W. KNAPP, . . .
Editor.

R. E. McNEIL, . . .
Musical Editor.

GOD'S REVIVALIST OFFICE,
CINCINNATI, O.

PREFACE...

FOR some time God has been laying it upon our hearts to issue a new song book on FULL SALVATION lines, containing a number of entirely new pieces, also the very choicest selections from other books.

Therefore, we present to the public BIBLE SONGS OF SALVATION AND VICTORY with the confident assurance that it will meet the needs of Revivals, the Churches, Sunday-Schools and the Home.

If helped heavenward by these songs, kindly aid us in their circulation.

Yours in Jesus,

M. W. KNAPP,

R. E. McNEILL,

Cincinnati.

No. 1. Redeemed by the Blood.

"These are they which came out of the great tribulation, and they washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb,"—Rev. 7: 14.

M. W. KNAPP. Arranged by R. E. McNEILL.

1. John saw up-on Pat-mos, a vis-ion so bright; The saints from all nations in
2. Sal - va-tion and hon-or and wisdom and might And glo-ry and blessing, their
3. A few from the honored, and no-ble by birth, The most had been humble or
4. From great trib-u-la-tion they hith - er re-pair; And vic-tors for - ev-er, God's
5. For this they are honored, and serve day and night, And nearest the throne they re-
6. Their tears are all banished, God wipes them away, Enthroned in His presence for-

garments of light, With palms and re-joic-ing be - fore the white throne, They
voic - es u - nite; A-scrib-ing to Je - sus the Lamb that was slain, Soon
out-casts on earth, transformed by the Spirit, their an-thems they bring, And a-
glo - ry they share; From sword and from scaffold, from dungeon and stake, Naught
joice in His light; They hunger no more, by the Lamb they are fed; By
ev - er they stay, What reward and what hon-or for service so small! One

CHORUS.

gave all the glo-ry to Je - sus a - lone.
com-ing in glo-ry for - ev - er to reign.
dor-ing their Sav-iour u - nit - ed - ly sing. Re - deemed by the blood; re-
ev - er could move them their Lord to for-sake.
Him to the fountain of wat - ers are led.
hour of such blessing re - pays them for all.

Ad lib.

deemed by the blood; Arrayed in white garments, re - deemed by the blood.

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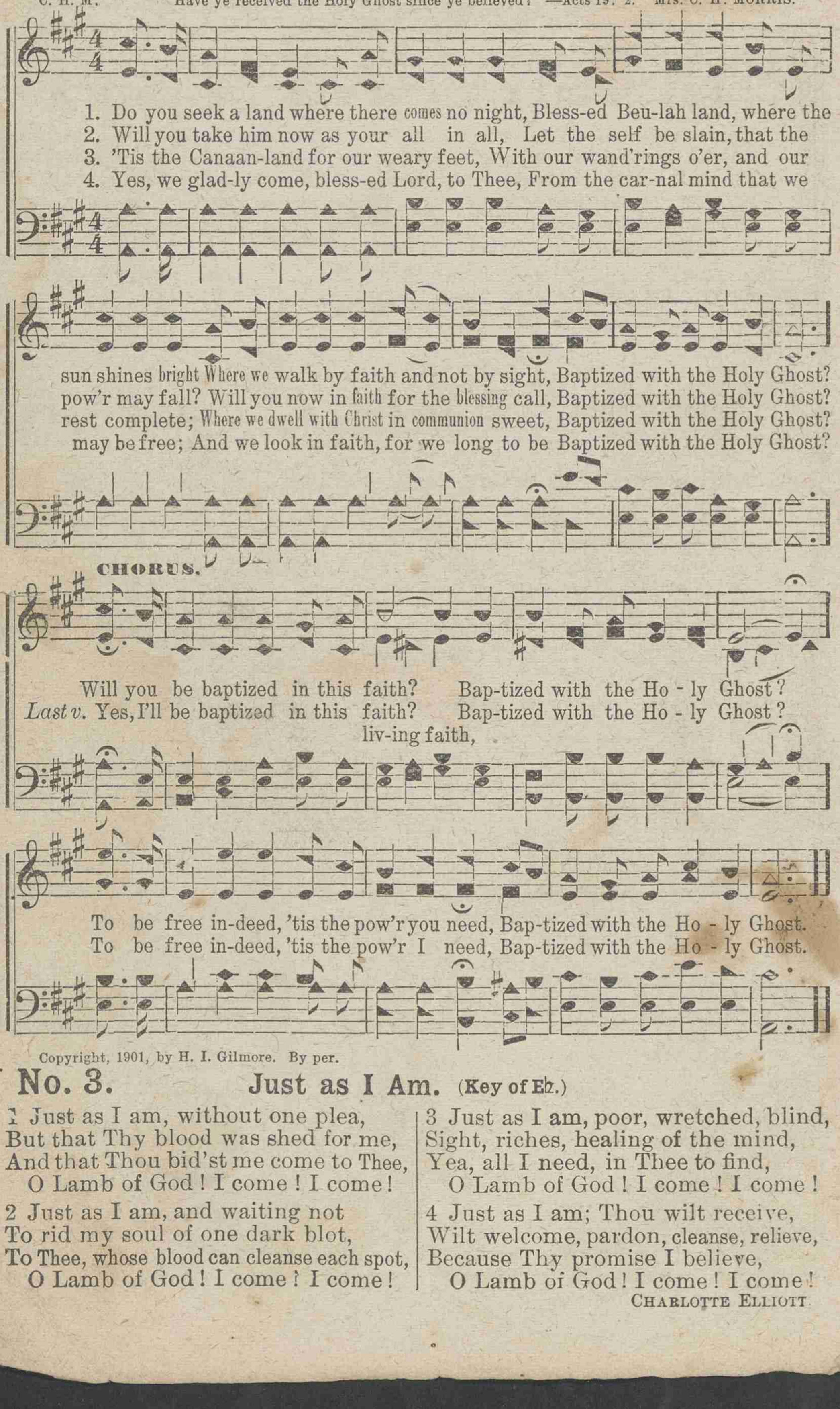
No. 2. Baptized With The Holy Ghost.

C. H. M. "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?"—Acts 19: 2. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



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No. 3. Just as I Am. (Key of E♭.)

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

3 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!

4 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!

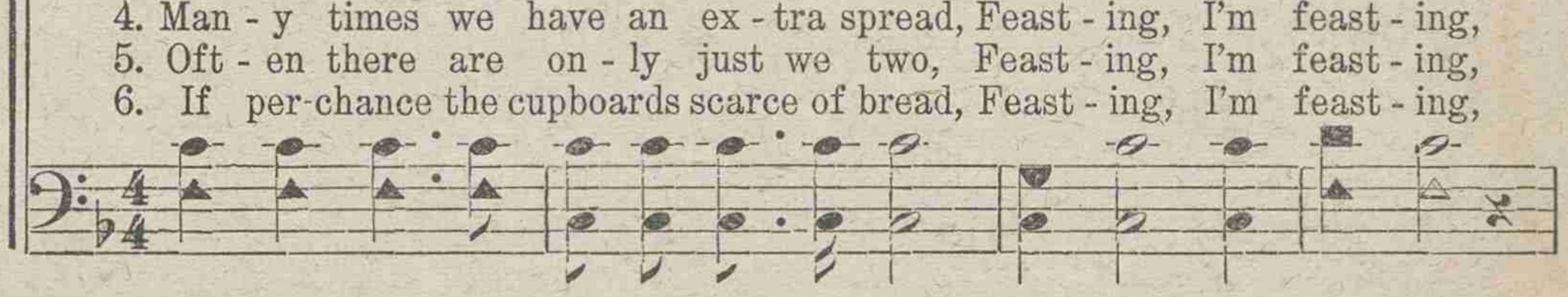
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

No. 4. Feasting With My Lord.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.—Isaiah 55: 2.

JOHN S. BROWN. L. O. BROWN.

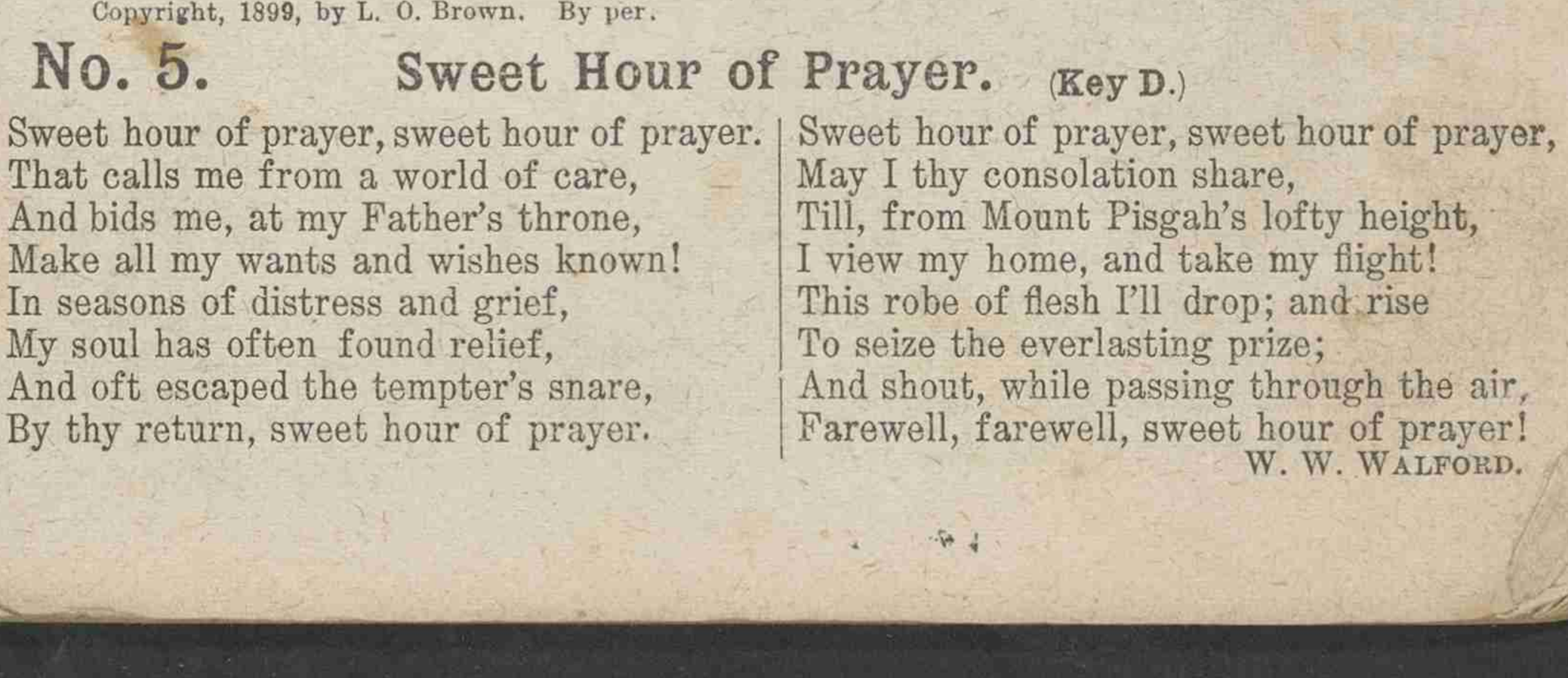
1. Since my soul is saved and sanc - ti - fied, Feast - ing, I'm feast - ing,
2. Feed - ing on the hon - ey and the wine, Feast - ing, I'm feast - ing,
3. Day by day we have a new sup - ply, Feast - ing, I'm feast - ing,
4. Man - y times we have an ex - tra spread, Feast - ing, I'm feast - ing,
5. Oft - en there are on - ly just we two, Feast - ing, I'm feast - ing,
6. If per-chance the cupboards scarce of bread, Feast - ing, I'm feast - ing,



In this land of Ca-naar I'll a - bide, Feast - ing with my Lord.
Gath - er - ing the clus-ters from the vine, Feast - ing with my Lord.
And the food is nev - er stale nor dry, Feast - ing with my Lord.
When to deep - er truths I have been led, Feast - ing with my Lord.
Then He tells me what He'd have me do, Feast - ing with my Lord.
On the hid - den man - na I am fed, Feast - ing with my Lord.

CHORUS.

Feast - ing, I am feast - ing, Feast - ing with my Lord; I'm



feast - ing, I am feast - ing On the liv - ing Word.

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No. 5. Sweet Hour of Prayer. (Key D.)

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer.
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight!
This robe of flesh I'll drop; and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

W. W. WALFORD.

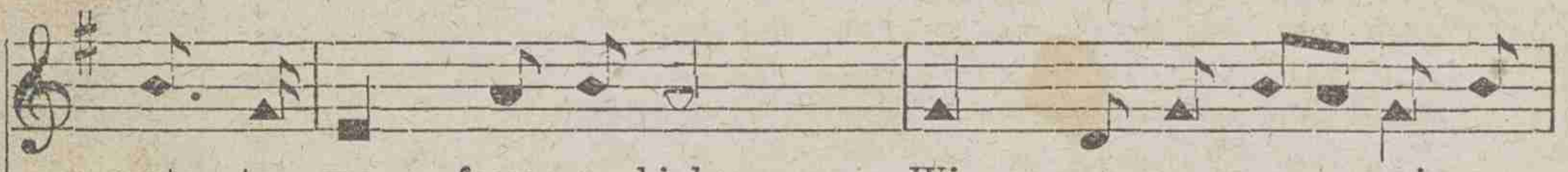
No. 6. My Power House.

"Tarry ye in the city, until ye be clothed with power from on high."—Luke 24; 49.

M. W. KNAPP. R. E. McNEILL.

SOLO.

1. I have a Pow - er House up in the sky; Down come its cur-
2. O - ver these wires comes the cur - rent that kills, O - ver them too
3. Trol - lies a - bove must be kept in their place, Pray'r must pre-vail
4. Linked to the Bat - ter - y all will be well, Sing - ing and shout-
5. Glo - ry to God,, for these cur-rents of love! Now com-ing down



rents to me from on high; Wi - res are run - ning
comes the Spir - it that fills, Sin is de - stroyed and the
at the throne of God's grace, Faith for the rails, you'll be
ing, the glad tid - ings tell; Hap - py in Je - sus, with
to my soul from a - bove. Glo - ry and praise to the

from it to my soul, Waves from its bat - ter - ies o - ver me roll.
old man is dead; Glo - ry to God; how the fire now will spread!
kept on the track, Trust-ing the blood you will nev - er turn back.
speed you will fly, Bring - ing your troph-ies with joy to the sky.
Lamb that was slain, Com - ing in glo - ry for - ev - er to reign.

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My Power House. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Are your wi - res all up to this house in the sky? Do the currents come

down to your soul from on high? Oh the peace and the joy that tri-

umph-ant - ly roll, As the Spir - it de-scends and is thril-ling my soul.

No. 7. I Can, I Will.

1. Re - fin - ing fire, go thro' my heart, Re - fin - ing fire, go thro' my heart.
2. Scat-ter thy life thro' ev - 'ry part, Scat-ter thy life thro' ev - 'ry part,
3. Oh, that it now from heav'n might fall, Oh, that it now from heav'n might fall,
4. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, for Thee I call, Come, Ho - ly Ghost, for Thee I call,

Cho. No. 1. I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve,
Cho. No. 2. I'm kneeling at the mer - cy seat, I'm kneel-ing at the mer - cy seat,

Re - fin - ing fire, go thro' my heart, Il - lum - i - nate my soul.
Scat - ter thy life thro' ev - 'ry part, And sanc - ti - fy the whole.
Oh, that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins con - sume.
Come, Ho - ly Ghost, for Thee I call, Spir - it of burn - ing, come.

I can, I will, I do be - lieve, That Je - sus saves me now.
I'm kneel - ing at the mer - cy seat, Where Je - sus an - swers pray'r.

No. 8. Freedom.

M. W. KNAPP. Arr. by R. E. M.

1. My heart is light and free, I'm glad as I can be; For Je - sus
2. His free and matchless grace, And shin- ing of His face, Re - joice, my
3. He is a Friend in - deed, The ver - y Friend I need, My sor - rows
4. While walking in the light, He puts my foes to flight, I o - ver
5. My cross I'll soon lay down, Re - ceive my star - ry crown, Ex - ult - ing

saves and sanc - ti - fies my soul; When sin - sick and dis-tressed, He
soul and glad - den ev - 'ry day; He hears me when I call, No
and my cares I on Him roll; The prom- ised "Morn-ing Star," That
come by pow - er of the blood; Be - cause I will not yield, The
where the mul - ti - tudes a - dore, The King by name will own, I'll

saved and sweet-ly blest, And now His pow'r doth make me ful - ly whole.
e - vil can be - fall His pres-ence guards and guides me all the way.
beam - eth bright and far, The "fair - est of ten thousand" to my soul.
dev - il leaves the field, All glo - ry, praise and hon - or be to God.
sit up - on His throne, With Him will dwell and reign for ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

All glo-ry.... all hon-or,.... Might and do-min-ion shall be to the Saviour;

He sought me, He bought me, Glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain.

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No. 9. He Hideth My Soul.

"I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and will cover thee with my hand."—Exodus 33: 22.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto.

1. A won - der-ful Sav - iour is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der - ful
2. A won - der-ful Sav - iour is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
3. With num-ber-less bless - ings each mo-ment He crowns, And fill'd with His
4. When clothed in his bright-ness trans-port - ed I rise. To meet Him in

Sav - iour to me, He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
bur - den a - way, He hold - eth me up and I shall not be moved,
ful - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap - ture, O, glo - ry to God,
clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va - tion, His won - der - ful love,

CHORUS.

Where rivers of pleas-ure I see.
He giv-eth me strength as my day. He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
For such a Re-deem-er as mine.
I'll shout with the millions on high.

That shadows a dry, thirs-ty land; He hid-eth my life in the depths of His love,

And cov - ers me there with His hand, And cov-ers me there with His hand.

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No. 10. Heavenly Sunlight.

"I am the Light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in the darkness."—John 8:12.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY. G. H. COOK.

1. Walk-ing in sun - light, all of my jour - ney; O - ver the moun-tains
2. Shad-ows a - round me, shad - ows a - bove me, Nev - er con - ceal my
3. In the bright sun - light, ev - er re - joic - ing, Press-ing my way to

thro' the deep vale; Je - sus has said I'll nev - er for - sake thee,
Sav - iour and Guide; He is the light, in Him is no dark - ness,
man - sions a - bove; Sing - ing His prais - es glad - ly I'm walk - ing

CHORUS.

Prom - ise di - vine that nev - er can fail.
Ev - er I'm walk - ing close to His side. Heav - en - ly sun - light,
Walk - ing in sun-light, sun - light of love.

heav - en - ly sun-light; Flooding my soul with glo - ry di - vine: Hal - le-

lu - jah, I am re - joic-ing, Sing-ing His prais - es, Je - sus is mine.

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No. 11. Coming, Lord Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT. "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."—Rev. 22: 20. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Com - ing, Lord, Je - sus, from glo - ry a - bove, Com - ing to
2. Com - ing, Lord, Je - sus, with com - fort a - new, Help so a-
3. Com - ing, Lord, Je - sus, with grace that I need, Sweet words of
4. Com - ing, Lord, Je - sus, we know not how soon; In the bright

save me, in won - der - ful love; Wel - come, dear Sav - iour, Thy
bun - dant the whole jour - ney thro'; Com - ing in tri - als, in
prom - ise that dai - ly I plead; Com - ing, it may be, to
morn - ing, at mid - night, or noon; With an - gel le - gions, while

cross is my plea, Come with Thy bless - ed sal - va - tion to me.
bless - ings of joy, When hap - py car - ols the glad lips em - ploy.
bid me a - rise, Seek - ing the home land be - yond earth - ly skies.
trum - pet notes ring, Com - ing in ma - jes - ty, glo - ri - ous King.

CHORUS.

Come to me now, come to me now, Sav - iour and Guide, with me a - bide;

Com-ing a - gain, might-y to reign, E - ven so, Je - sus, A - men, A - men.

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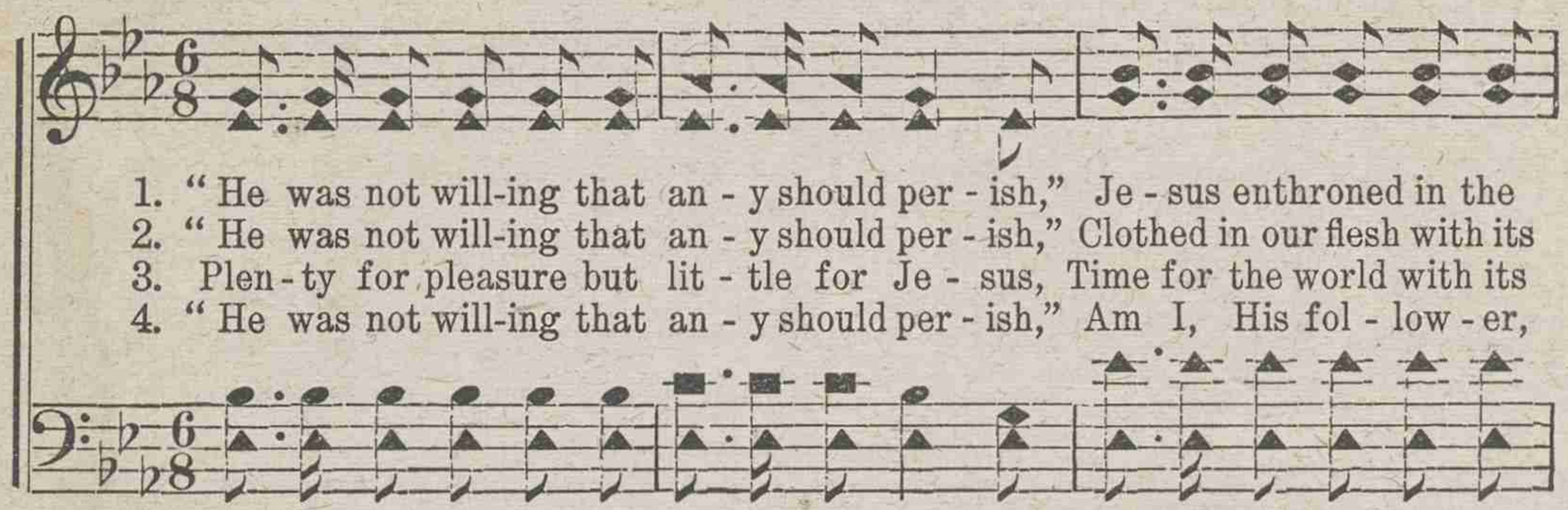
No. 12. He Was Not Willing.

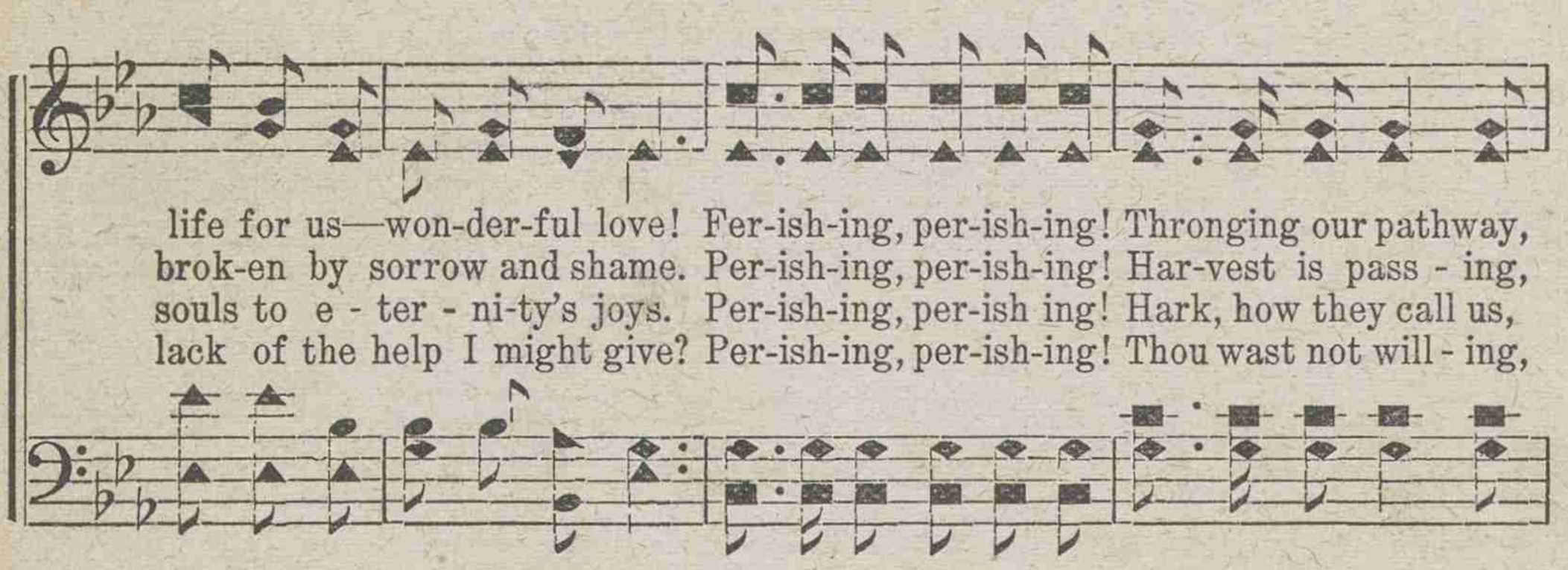
"The son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost."—Luke 19: 10.

L. R. M. LUCY RIDER MEYER.



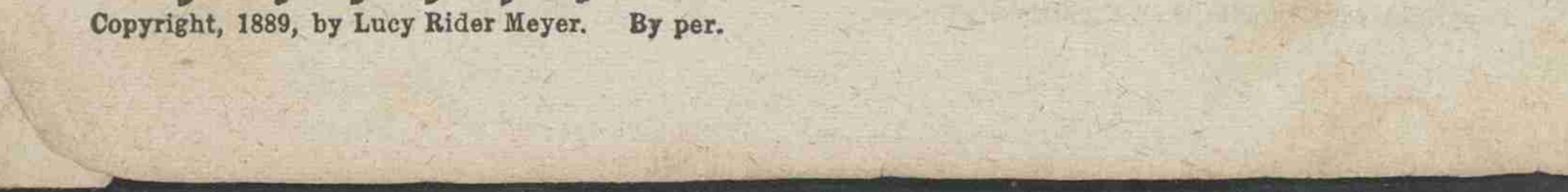
1. "He was not will-ing that an - y should per - ish," Je - sus enthroned in the
2. "He was not will-ing that an - y should per - ish," Clothed in our flesh with its
3. Plen - ty for pleasure but lit - tle for Je - sus, Time for the world with its
4. "He was not will-ing that an - y should per - ish," Am I, His fol - low - er,

glo - ry a - bove, Saw our poor fall-en world, pit-ied our sorrows, Poured out His
sor-row and pain, Came He to seek the lost, com-fort the mourner, Heal the heart
troubles and toys, No time for Je-sus' work, feeding the hun - gry, Lift-ing the
and can I live Long - er at ease with a soul go-ing downward, Lost for the



life for us—won-der-ful love! Fer-ish-ing, per-ish-ing! Thronging our pathway,
brok-en by sorrow and shame. Per-ish-ing, per-ish-ing! Har-vest is pass - ing,
souls to e - ter - ni-ty's joys. Per-ish-ing, per-ish ing! Hark, how they call us,
lack of the help I might give? Per-ish-ing, per-ish-ing! Thou wast not will - ing,

Hearts break with burdens too heav - y to bear, Je - sus would save, but there's
Reap - ers are few and the night draweth near; Je - sus is call - ing thee,
"Bring us your Sav-iour, oh, tell us of Him! We are so wea - ry, so
Mas - ter, for-give, and in - spire us a - new; Ban - ish our world - li - ness,



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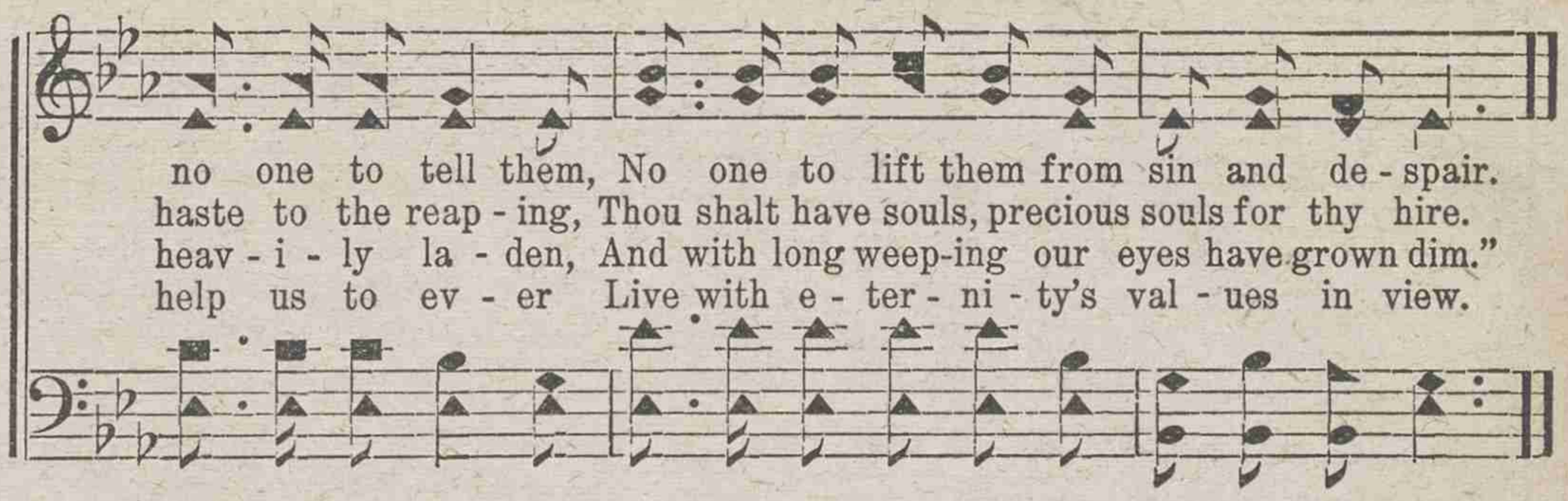
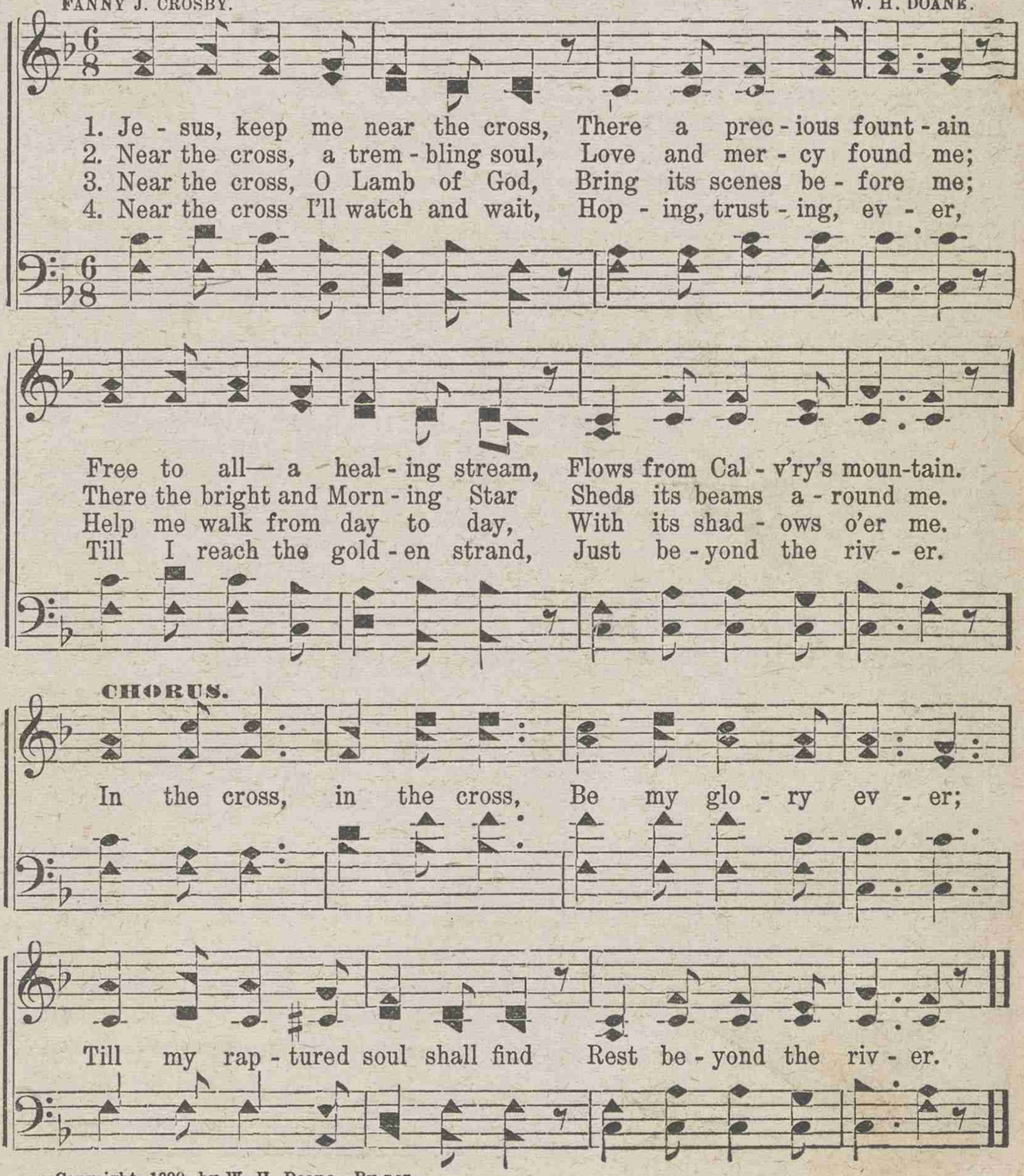
He Was Not Willing. Concluded.



No. 13. Near the Cross.

"Far be it from me to glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. 6: 14.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



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No. 14. Go On.

"He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved."—Matt. 10: 22.

C. F. W. Last verse by M. W. K. C. F. WEIGELE. Arr. by R. E. McNEILL.

1. If while fight-ing for our Sav - iour on the bat - tle - field be - low,
2. If some say we are pe - cu - liar, and don't do things just "their way,"
3. If you find your- self for - sak - en by your friends of oth - er days,
4, Soon our King will come tri-umph-ant, and will claim His wait - ing bride,

We find our-selves sur-round - ed by a strong and might - y foe;
They can - not un - der - stand us, neith - er what we do or say;
Re - mem - ber there are oth - ers who will do what Je - sus says;
His saints shall be pro - mot - ed, and will in His char - iots ride;

Let us fol - low our Com-mand-er, He will safe - ly bring us through,
There is One a - bove who knows us, And He keeps us pure with - in,
Look a - way to Cal - v'ry's mountain, Look to Him who loves you so,
We shall dwell by liv - ing fountains, And shall heav'nly man - sions own,

He will nev - er, nev - er leave us, What He prom-ised He will do.
When we "sing and shout, and leap for joy," He knows just what we mean.
And with songs and " shouts of tri-umph," Let us ev - er on - ward go.
We shall be and reign with Je - sus, And shall sit up - on His throne.

CHORUS.

Go on, go on, don't mur-mur or com-plain, Shout glo - ry hal - le-

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Go On. Concluded.

lu - jah! While we reap the golden grain; Go on, go on, on-ward, ev - er

on; Each day "the way" grows brighter, Soon our heav'n-ly home we'll gain.

No. 15. There's Power in Jesus' Blood.

"The blood of Jesus Christ, is son cleanseth us from all sin."—I John 1: 7.

HOPE TRYAWAY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. My hap - py soul re - joic - es, The sky is bright a - bove; I'll join the
2. I heard the bless - ed sto - ry, Of Him who died to save; The love of
3. His gra-cious words of par - don, Were mu - sic to my heart; He took a
4. I plunge be-neath this fountain, That cleanseth white as snow; It pours from
5. O crown Him King for - ev - er! My Sav - iour and my Friend; By Zi - on's

heav'n-ly voic-es, And sing re-deem-ing love.
Christ swept o'er me, My all to Him I gave.
way my bur - den, And bade my fears de-part.
Cal-v'ry's mountain; With bless-ing in it's flow.
crys-tal riv - er, His praise shall nev - er end.

CHORUS.

For there's pow'r in Je-sus' blood,
pow'r in Je-sus' blood; There's pow'r in Jesus' blood, To wash me white as snow.

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No. 16. Your Own.

"Ask of me and I will give thee the nations for thy inheritance."—Psalm 12: 8.

FANNY BIRDSALL.

1. What if your own were starv - ing, Faint - ing with fa - mine, pain,
2. What if your own were thirst-ing, And nev - er a drop would gain,
3. What if your own were dark-ened, With - out one cheer - ing ray,
4. What if your own were pris - oned, Far in a hos - tile land,

And you should know where gold - en grow, Rich fruits and rip - ened grain;
And you could tell where a spark-ling well Poured forth mel-o - dious rain;
And you a - lone could show where shone The pure, sweet light of day;
And the on - ly key to set them free, Was held at your com - mand;

Would you hear their wail as a thrice-told tale, And turn to your feast a - gain?
Would you turn a side while they gasped and died, And leave them to their pain?
Would you leave them there in their dark despair, And sing on your sun - lit way?
Would you breathe free air while they stifled there, And wait and fold your hands?

CHORUS.

They are Christ's own,..... they are your own,.....
They are Christ's own, they are your own,

Soon will their hopes be flown, Res - cue them ere they're gone.....
they're gone.

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No. 17. Quickly Coming.

"Surely I come quickly; Amen. Even so come Lord Jesus."—Rev. 22: 20.

M. W. KNAPP. Arranged.

1. Soon skies will rend and Christ descend, And ev - 'ry eye be - hold Him,
   His trum-pet sound will soon re-sound, Thro' earth and heav-en ring - ing,
2. We then shall rise, and in the skies, With heav'nly bliss and glo - ry,
   The graves shall quake, and coffins break, And saints a - rise to meet Him;
3. And when at last the rap - ture past, And marriage feast is end - ed,
   Then wars shall cease and per-fect peace O'er all the world pre - vail - ing,
4. Then Christ will reign and His do - main, From land to sea be giv - en,
   Oh, now a - wake! your sins for - sake, Re-pent, 'tis now or nev - er!
5. If you would share His king-dom fair, Be read - y, now He calls you,
   Too late, too late, if long you wait, His com - ing is im - pend - ing,

While an - gels bright in clouds of light, In ma - jes - ty en - fold Him;
His dead will wake, his bride he'll take, To mar-riage sup - per bring - ing.
Be - hold His face, oh won-drous grace! And sing the "old, old sto - ry."
When by and by the sods will fly, As we as - cend and greet Him.
The bri - dal train re - turns a - gain, By heav'n - ly hosts de - fend - ed;
And right-eous-ness the world shall bless. With not one prom - ise fail - ing.
His king-dom come, and will be done "On earth as 'tis in heav - en.
Oh trust His grace, the cross embrace, Or you are lost for - ev - er.
Oh to Him fly, while He is nigh, Be - fore His wrath be - falls you;
Like light-ning flash, and thun - der crash, He soon will be de - scend - ing.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Lamb for sin - ners slain, Oh how sweet the glad re - frain,

Com - ing soon as King to reign, Quick - ly come, Lord Je - sus!

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No. 18. I'm Going On.

"Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, to you have I given it."—Joshua 1: 3.

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

1. I'm o - ver in the good - ly land, I'm go - ing on, I'm go - ing on;
2. A land that flows with milk and wine, I'm go - ing on, I'm go - ing on;
3. Tho' gi - ants tall are in the way, I'm go - ing on, I'm go - ing on;
4. Oh bless-ed land I love so well, I'm go - ing on, I'm go - ing on;

Led by my Fa - ther's guid-ing hand, Bless God I'm go - ing on.
Its rar - est fruits are free - ly mine, Bless God I'm go - ing on.
My Fa - ther's hand is hard to slay, Bless God I'm go - ing on.
Thy won - drous beau - ties who can tell, Bless God I'm go - ing on.

Plains un - explored be - fore me spread, New mountain heights loom just ahead,
A bounteous ta - ble ev - er spread, With hon - ey from the rock I'm fed;
Tho' earth and hell my way op - pose, Je - ho - vah's mightier than my foes,
I'm in this glo-rious land to stay, Un - til my Sav-iour some sweet day,

Their sum - mits soon my feet shall tread, Bless God I'm go - ing on.
And fin - est wheat my dai - ly bread, Bless God I'm go - ing on.
Be - fore me in - to bat - tle goes, Bless God I'm go - ing on.
Shall call my soul from earth a - way, Bless God I'm go - ing on.

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I'm Going On. Concluded.

No. 19. The Ninety and Nine. (Key Ab.)

1 There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine
Has wandered away from me,
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that were lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray,
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE. 1868.

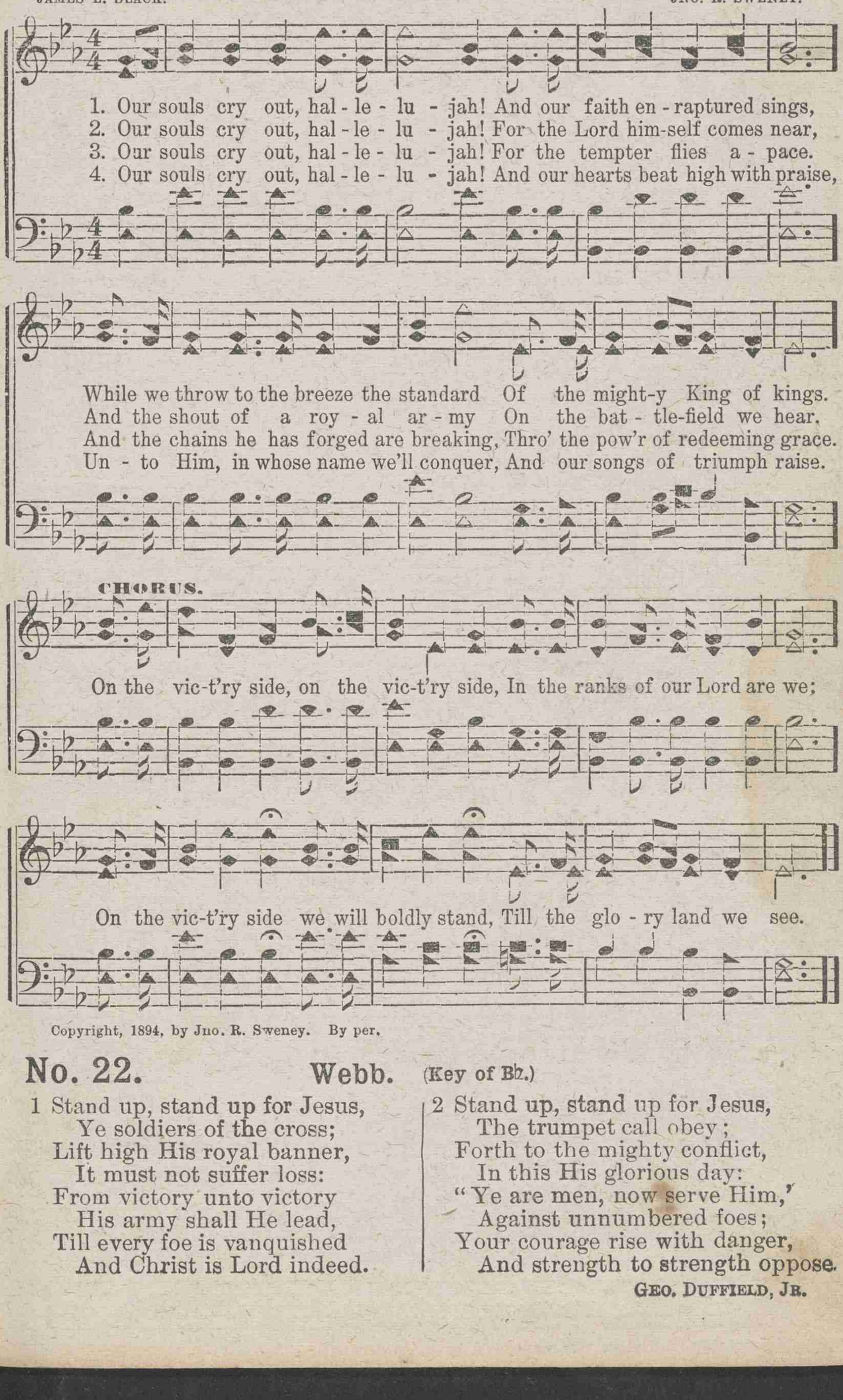
No. 20. God is Able.

"Unto him that is able to do exeeeding abundantly above all that we ask or think according to the power
M. W. KNAPP. that worketh in us, unto him be glory."—Eph. 3: 20.

No. 21. On the Victory Side.

"This is the victory that hath overcome the world, even our faith."—I. John 5: 4.

JAMES L. BLACK. JNO. R. SWENEY.



Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Sweney. By per.

No. 22. Webb. (Key of B♭.)

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 are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

GEO. DUFFIELD, JR.

No. 23. It is For Us All To-day.

"For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our Lord God shall call."—Acts 2: 39.

L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Have you ev - er felt the pow - er Of the Pen - te - cos - tal fire,
2. Je - sus of - fers this blest cleansing Un - to all His chil - dren dear,
3. Some have tho't they could not live it, While they dwell on earth be - low,
4. You may now re - ceive the Spir - it As a sanc - ti - fy - ing flame,

Burn - ing up all car - nal na - ture, Cleans - ing out all base de - sire,
Ful - ly, free - ly pu - ri - fy - ing, Ban - ish - ing all doubt and fear.
But in this they were mis - tak - en, For the Bi - ble tells us so,
If with all your heart you seek Him, Hav - ing faith in Je - sus' name;

Go - ing thro' and thro' your spir - it, Cleans - ing all its stain a - way;
It will help you, oh, my broth - er When you sing and when you pray;
And the Spir - it now is with us, He can keep us all the way;
On the cross He bought this blessing, He will nev - er say us nay;

Oh, I'm glad, so glad to tell you It is for us all to - day.
He is wait - ing now to give it, It is for us all to - day.
Then by faith why not re - ceive it? It is for us all to - day.
He is wait - ing now to give it, Why not claim it, friend, to - day?

CHORUS.

It is for..... us all to - day, If we
It is for us all, for us all to - day,

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It is For Us All To-day. Concluded.

trust..... and tru - ly pray, Consecrate to Christ your all,
If we trust, tru - ly pray,

And up - on the Saviour call, Bless God, it is for us all to - day, (all to-day.)

No. 24. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

"If ye love me, keep my commandments."—John 14:15. A. J. GORDAN.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a-

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - eth me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art Thou;
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow;
crown on my brow;

No. 25. Sweet Rest.

M. W. KNAPP. Arr. by R. E. McNEILL.

1. How sweet is the rest and the ho - ly com-mun-ion, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart to a - bide, His pres - ence so prec - ious, is
2. I tar - ried and trust - ed, as Je - sus com-mand-ed, The Spir - it de- scend-ed o'er - flow - ing my soul, And keep - ing each mo - ment He
3. Oh, I am so hap - py since He has betrothed me, His bride and com- pan - ion for - ev - er to be; In stars and in mount - ains, the
4. The blood of the Sav - iour my soul sanc - ti - fi - eth, My heart is now cleansed and made per - fect in love; When Sa - tan be - sets and his

balm to my spir - it, As swift - ly and sweet-ly the glad moments glide. My
takes full pos-ses-sion, And bil - lows of glo - ry and grace o'er me roll. He
birds and the flow-ers, In streams and the wildwood new beau-ty I see. What
sharp ar-rows fli - eth, I shout and sweep on to my man - sion a - bove, I'm

sins He has borne, and He car-ries my sor-rows, And all my in - i - qui - ties
comforts when tempted, and heals my dis-eas-es, And soon with His an - gels shall
exquis-ite pleasure, what joy and what gladness, Ex - ult-ant, my spir - it with
fed on the bread and the wine of the king-dom, My doubts and my fears have all

on Him were laid. How matchless the grace, and the deep con - de-scen sion,
come in the air, And reign on His throne in His soon com-ing king-dom,
mel - o - dy thrills, I soar like a bird that is freed in the mountains,
van-ished a - way, I'm go - ing to dwell with my Sav - iour for - ev - er,

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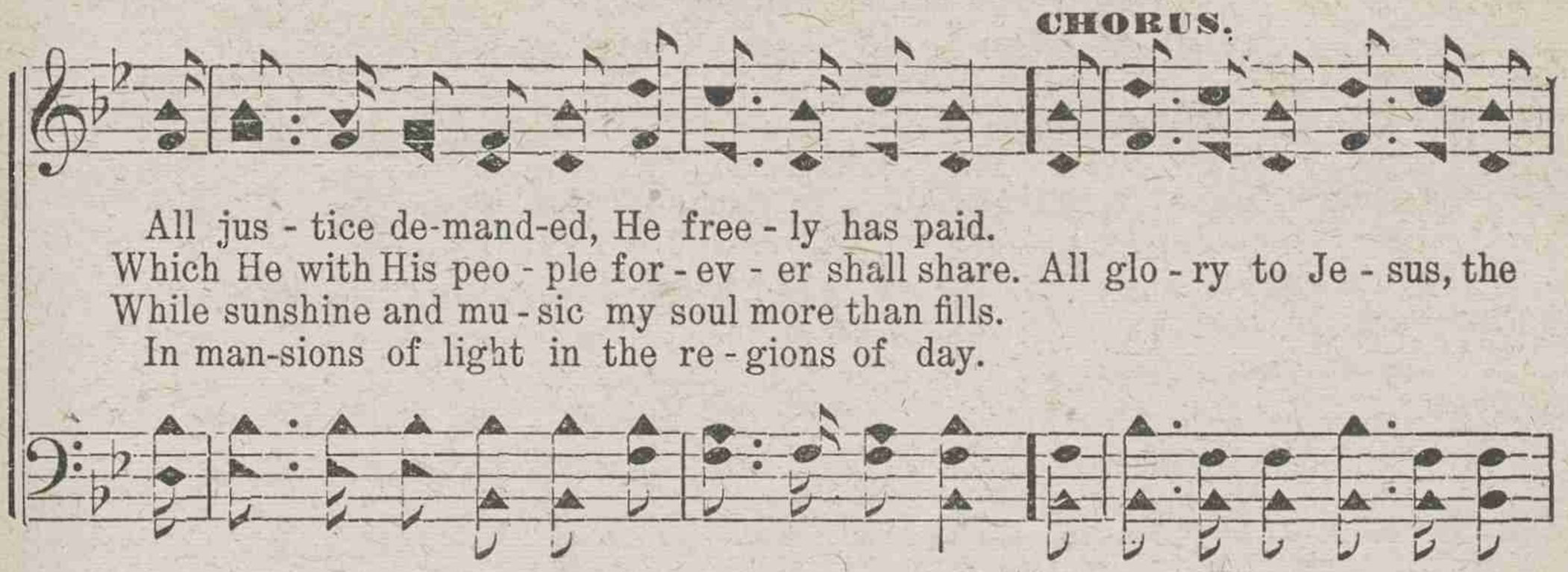
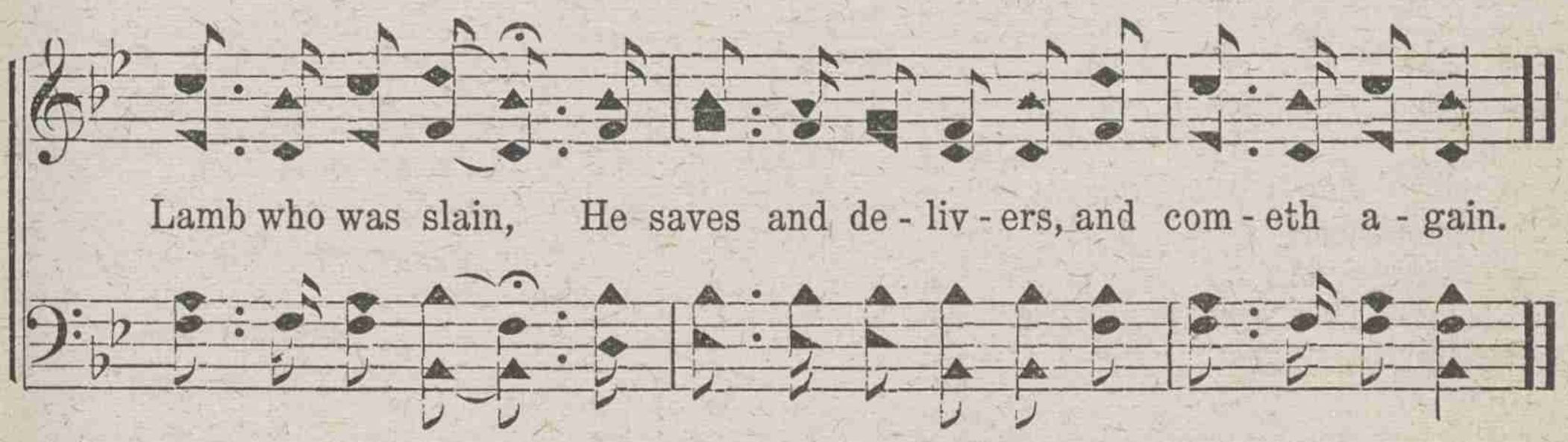
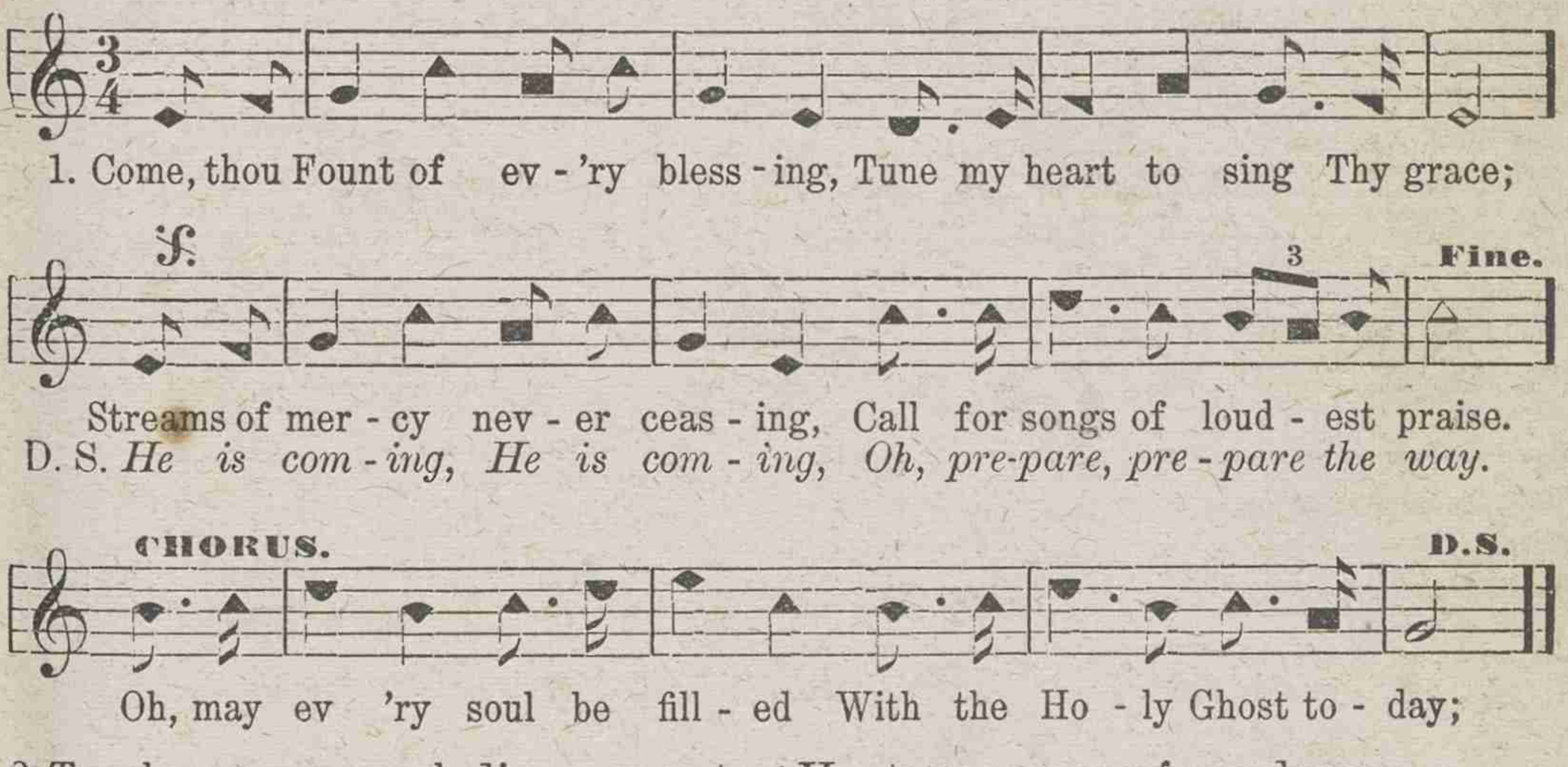
Sweet Rest. Concluded.





No. 26. May Every Soul Be Filled.

"Be filled with the Spirit."—Eph. 3: 18.



2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of Thy redeeming ove!

3 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

5 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:

6 Prone to love Thee, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to serve the God I love;
Here's my heart, Oh, take and seal it;
Seal it for Thy courts above.

ROBERT ROBINSON.

No. 27. We Walk by Faith.

"This is the victory that hath overcome the world, even our faith."—I. John 5: 4.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We walk by faith,..... and oh how sweet,..... The flow'rs that grow..... beneath our feet,..... And fragrance breathe... along the
2. We walk by faith,..... He wills it so,..... And marks the path ..... that we should go;..... And when at times..... our sky is
3. We walk by faith,..... di - vine - ly blest,..... On Him we lean..... in Him we rest;..... The more we trust..... our Shepherd's
4. And thus by faith,..... till life shall end,..... We'll walk with Him..... our dearest Friend; ..... Till safe we tread..... the fields of way..... that leads the soul..... to end - less day.....
dim,..... He gent - ly draws..... us close to Him.....
care,..... The more His love..... 'tis ours to share.....
light, ... Where faith is lost..... in per - fect sight .....

CHORUS. Express.

We walk by faith, but not a - lone, Our Shepherd's tender voice we hear,
And feel His hand with - in our own, And know that He is al - ways near.

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No. 28. On the Street.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow: though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."—Isaiah 1: 18.

H. L. HASTINGS. W. A. WILLIAMS. Rev. by R. E. M.

1. "On the street, on the street," To and fro with wea - ry feet;
2. "On the street, on the street," Still I walk with wea - ry feet;
3. "On the street, on the street," Late I walk with wea - ry feet;
4. "On the street, on the street," Might I *here* a Sav - iour meet!

Ach - ing heart and ach - ing head, Home-less, lack - ing dai - ly bread.
Lone - ly mid the cit - y's din, Sunk in grief and woe and sin;
Oh, that this sad life might end, Oh, that I might find one Friend;
From the bless - ed far - off years, Comes the sto - ry of *her* tears;

Lost to friends and joy and name, Sold to sor - row, sin and shame;
Far from peace and far from home, No one car - ing where I roam;
One who would not from me turn, Nor my pray'r of sor - row spurn;
Whose sad heart with sor - row broke, Heard the words of love He spoke—

Wet with rain and chilled by storm, Ru - ined, wretched, lone, for - lorn.
No kind hand stretched forth to save, No bright hope be - yond the grave.
Oh, that I that Friend could see, He would pity - ing look on me.
Heard Him bid her an - guish cease, Heard Him whis - per, "Go in peace!"

CHORUS.

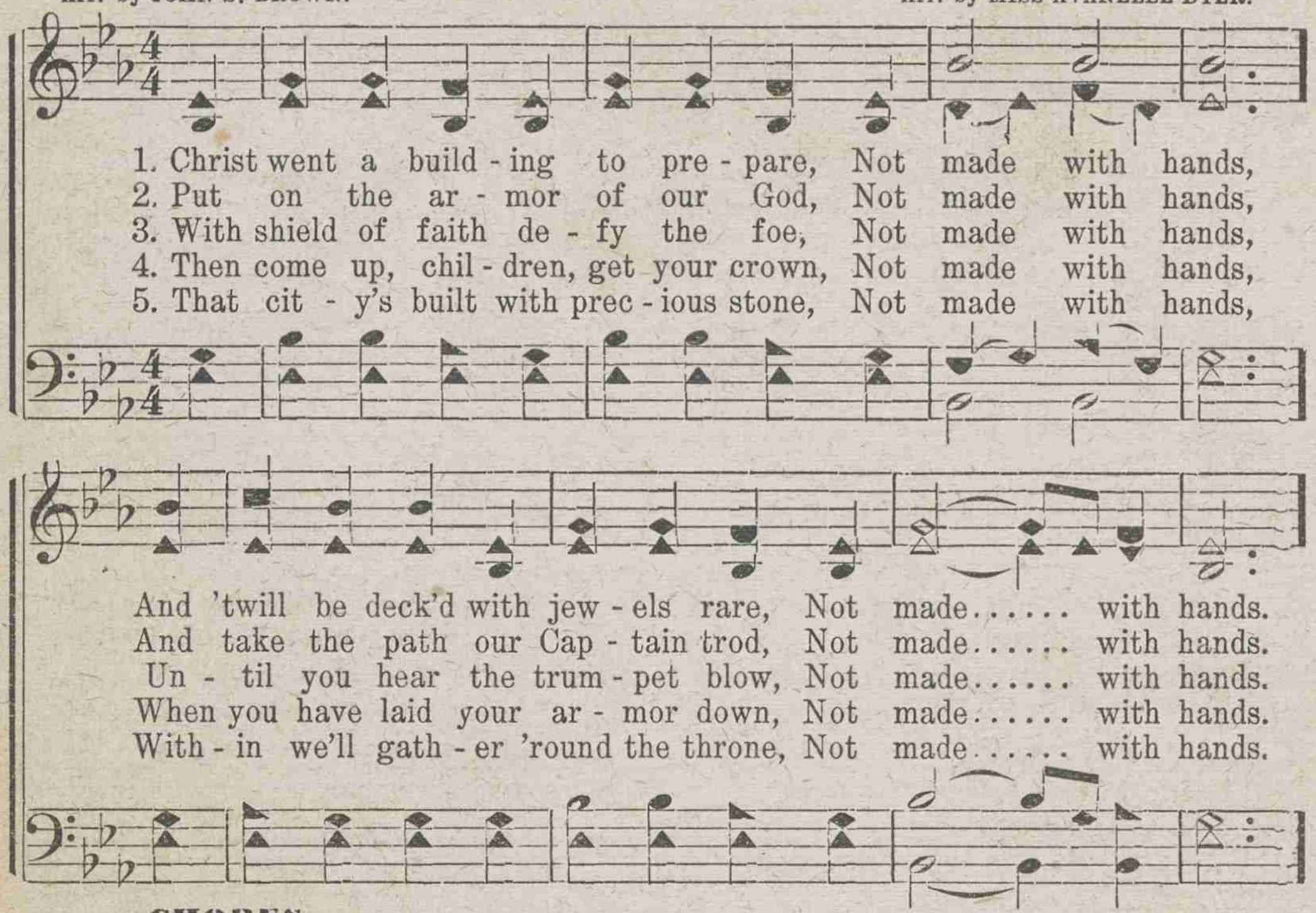
"On the street, on the street," Still I wan - der on the street.

By per.

No. 29. Not Made With Hands.

"He looked for the city which hath the foundations, whose builder and maker is God."—Heb. 11: 10.

Arr. by JOHN S. BROWN. Arr. by MISS AVANELLE DYER.



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No. 30. At the Cross. (Key Ab.)

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head,
For such a worm as I?

Cho.—At the cross, at the cross,
Where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away,
It was there by faith
I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

3 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!

I. Watts.

No. 31. Trusting Jesus.

M. W. KNAPP. Have faith in God. LOWELL MASON.

Trust, and you can not fail, "Scripture cannot be broken," Trust Him and prevail.

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No. 32. Jesus Commands. (Key F.) Music T. & T.

1 Jesus commands us to forgive
If we would be forgiv'n;
And Christians be while here on earth,
Or reign with Him in heav'n.

CHORUS.

I must forgive, I do forgive,
My every enemy;
For Jesus shed His precious blood
That He might pardon me.

2 Tho' deeply wronged we may have been,
Our wrongs do not exceed
The insults we have heaped on Him
Who for our sins did bleed.

3 He for His foes did suffer death,
And freely all forgave;
And perished on the cruel cross
That He their souls might save.

4 For those who pierced His hands and feet,
Our Saviour prayed "Forgive;"
His spirit we must all possess
If we with Him would live.

5 O God, Thy spirit now impart,
That I Thine own may be;
That all my foes I may forgive
As Thou forgivest me.

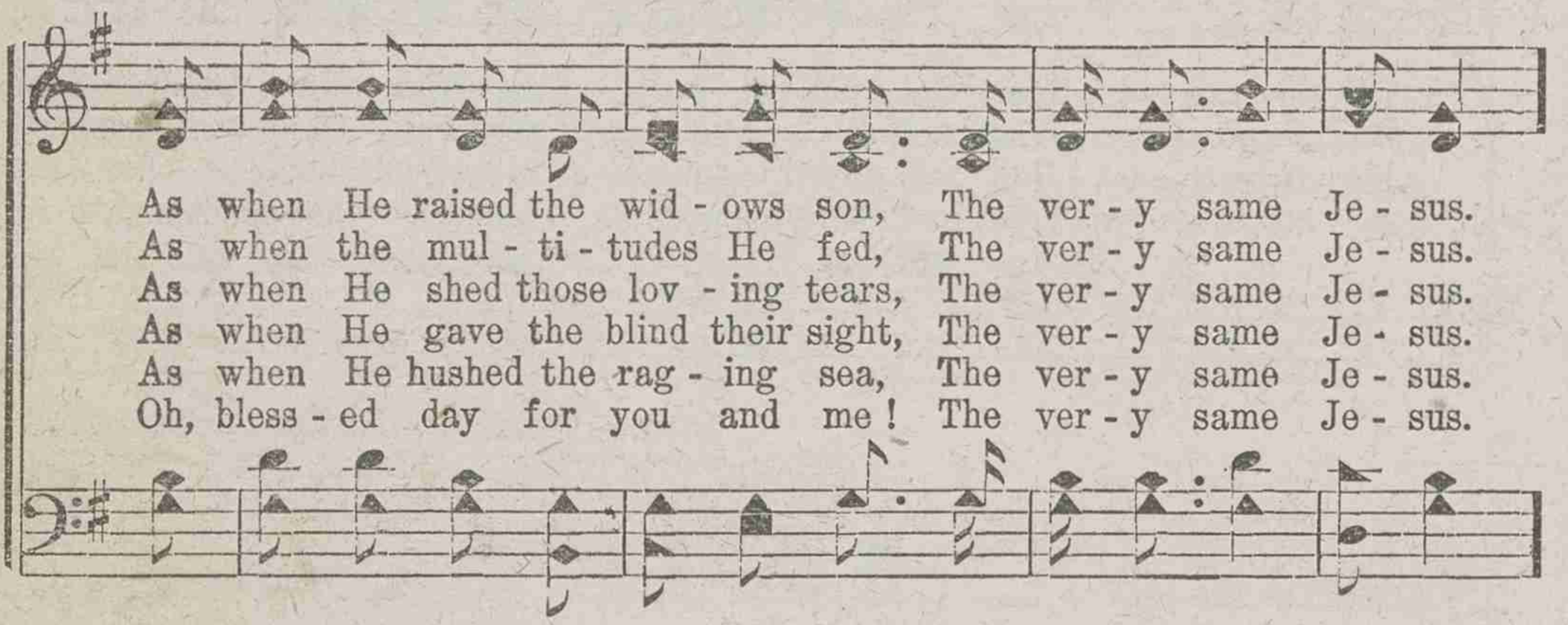
M. W. KNAPP.

No. 33. The Very Same Jesus.

"Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and to-day, yea and forever."—Hebrews 13: 8.

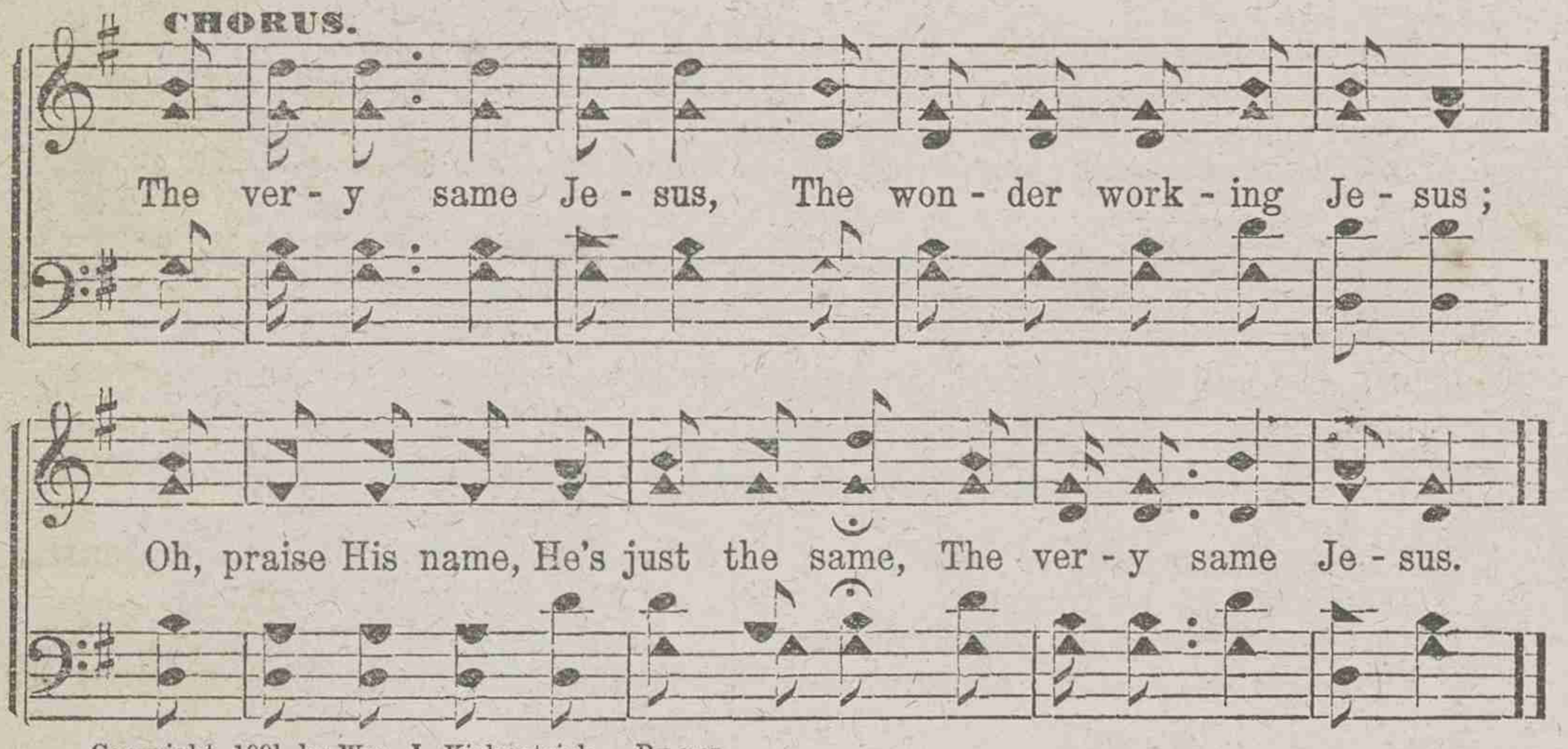
H. L. EDMUNDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Come, sin - ners, to the Liv - ing One, He's just the same Je - sus,
2. Come, feast up - on the "liv - ing bread," He's just the same Je - sus,
3. Come, tell Him all your griefs and fears, He's just the same Je - sus,
4. Come un - to Him for clear - er light, He's just the same Je - sus,
5. Calm midst the waves of trou - ble be, He's just the same Je - sus,
6. Some day our rap - tured eyes shall see, He's just the same Je - sus,



As when He raised the wid - ows son, The ver - y same Je - sus.
As when the mul - ti - tudes He fed, The ver - y same Je - sus.
As when He shed those lov - ing tears, The ver - y same Je - sus.
As when He gave the blind their sight, The ver - y same Je - sus.
As when He hushed the rag - ing sea, The ver - y same Je - sus.
Oh, bless - ed day for you and me! The ver - y same Je - sus.

CHORUS.



The ver - y same Je - sus, The won - der work - ing Je - sus;

Oh, praise His name, He's just the same, The ver - y same Je - sus.

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No. 34. Joy To The World. (Key Eb.)

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

REV. I. WATTS. 1719.

No. 35. Make Me a Blessing To-day.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. "And thou shalt be a blessing."—Gen. 12: 2. W. H. DOANE.

1. Oh soft - ly the Spir - it is whisp-'ring to me, With ten - der com-
2. Some heart may be long - ing for on - ly a word, Whose love by the
3. Some soul may be plunged in the dark - est de - spair, Whose shadows would
4. Come all ye that la - bor, ye wea - ry and worn, Come ye who in

pas - sion, with pit - y - ing plea; I hear His be - seech - ing, and
Spir - it is quick-ened and stirred; Now grant, bless-ed, Sav - iour, this
melt in the sun - light of pray'r; Oh, give me, dear Sav - iour, I
sor - row or sin - ful - ness mourn; With me this pe - ti - tion to

ear-nest - ly pray That Je - sus will make me a bless - ing to - day.
ser - vice to me, Of speak-ing a com - fort-ing mes-sage for Thee.
hum - bly im-plore, The sweet con - so - la - tion that soul to re - store.
Je - sus con - vey; O make me a bless - ing, dear Sav-iour, to - day.

CHORUS.

Lord make..... me a bless-ing to-day, A blessing to some one, I pray;
Lord make me a blessing, I pray;

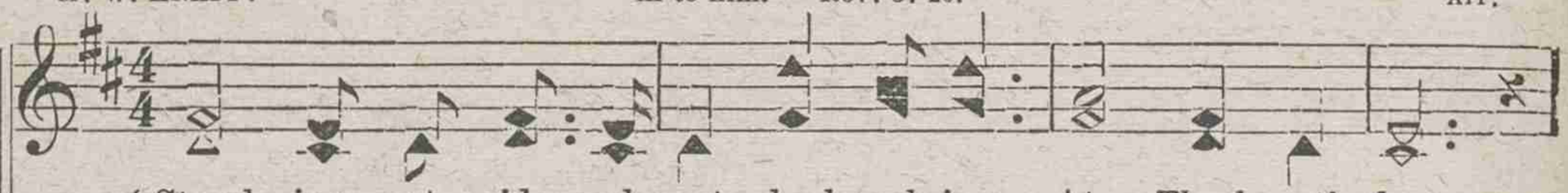
In all that I do, in all that I say, Oh make me a bless-ing to - day.

Copyright, 1899, by W. H. Doane. By per.

No. 36. Jesus Knocking.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him."—Rev. 3: 20.

M. W. KNAPP. Arr.



1. Stand - ing out - side and gent - ly knock-ing At Thy heart's door;
   Up - on the cru - el cross He suf-fered, Nailed to the tree;
2. Still, still He waits in lov - ing pa-tience, Weep - ing o'er thee.
   Turn, turn from sin and Sa - tan's ser - vice, Oh, yield to - day.
3. Oh, soon sal - va - tion's prec-ious har - vest, End - ed will be;
   Oh, heed the Spir - it's gen - tle plead - ing, Or else too late,

Thy Sav-iour waits and now would save thee, Grieve Him a - way no more.
From Sa - tan, sin and doom re - deem-ing,—All this for you and me.
Oh, shall His grace and ten - der mer - cy, Fruit - less for - ev - er be?
Oh come, and in your deep con - tri-tion, Trust Him, be-lieve, o - bey.
And you un - saved be lost for - ev - er—Doomed thro' e-ter - ni - ty.
Your soul will sink in bit - ter tor-ment; This be your aw - ful fate.

CHORUS.

He is call - ing, waits to win thee, Save thee from all sin,

Throw wide the por-tals, bid Him en - ter, And He will reign with-in.

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No. 37. Shall We Meet. (Key of Ab.)

1 Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?
Where in all the bright forever
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

Cho.—Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall we meet beyond the river?
Shall we meet beyond the river?
Where the surges cease to roll?

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the fair celestial shore?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

H. L. Hastings.

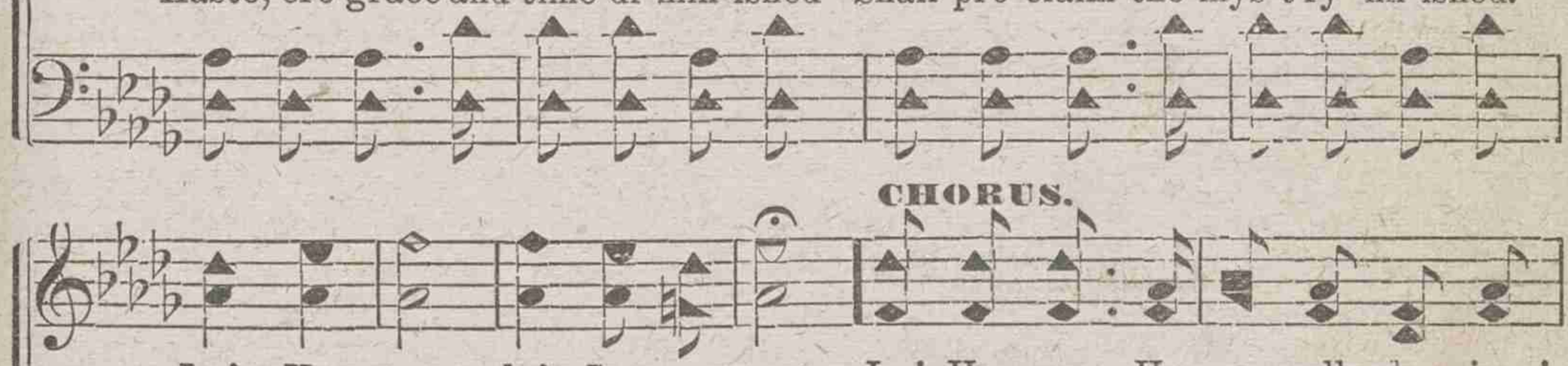
No. 38. Jesus Comes.

"Be ye also ready: for in an hour that ye think not, the son of man cometh."—Matt. 24: 44.

Mrs. PHŒBE PALMER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Watch, ye saints with eyelids wak-ing, Lo, the pow'rs of heav'n are shaking;
2. Lo! the prom - ise of your Sav-iour; Par-don'd sin and purchas'd fav - or,
3. Kingdoms at their base are crumbling, Hark, His chariot wheels are rumbling;
4. Nations wane, tho' proud and state-ly, Christ His kingdom hasteneth great-ly;
5. Lamb of God!—Thou meek and low-ly, Ju - dah's li - on!—high and ho - ly
6. Sin-ners, come, while Christ is pleading, Now for you He's in - ter - ced - ing;

Keep your lamps all trimm'd and burning, Read - y for your Lord's re-turn-ing.
Blood-wash'd robes and crowns of glo - ry; Haste to tell re-demp-tion's sto - ry.
Tell, oh tell of grace a-bound-ing, While the sev - enth trump is sounding.
Earth her lat - est pangs is sum-ming, Shout, ye saints, your Lord is com-ing.
Lo! thy Bride comes forth to meet thee, All in blood-wash'd robes to greet thee.
Haste, ere grace and time di-min-ished Shall pro-claim the mys-t'ry fin-ished.



CHORUS.

Lo! He comes, lo! Je - sus comes; Lo! He comes, He comes all glo - rious!

Je - sus comes to reign vic - to-rious, Lo! He comes, yes Je-sus comes.

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No. 39. Dennis. (Key F♭.)

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one.
Our comforts 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.

REV. JOHN FAWCETT. 1772.

No. 40. Calvary.

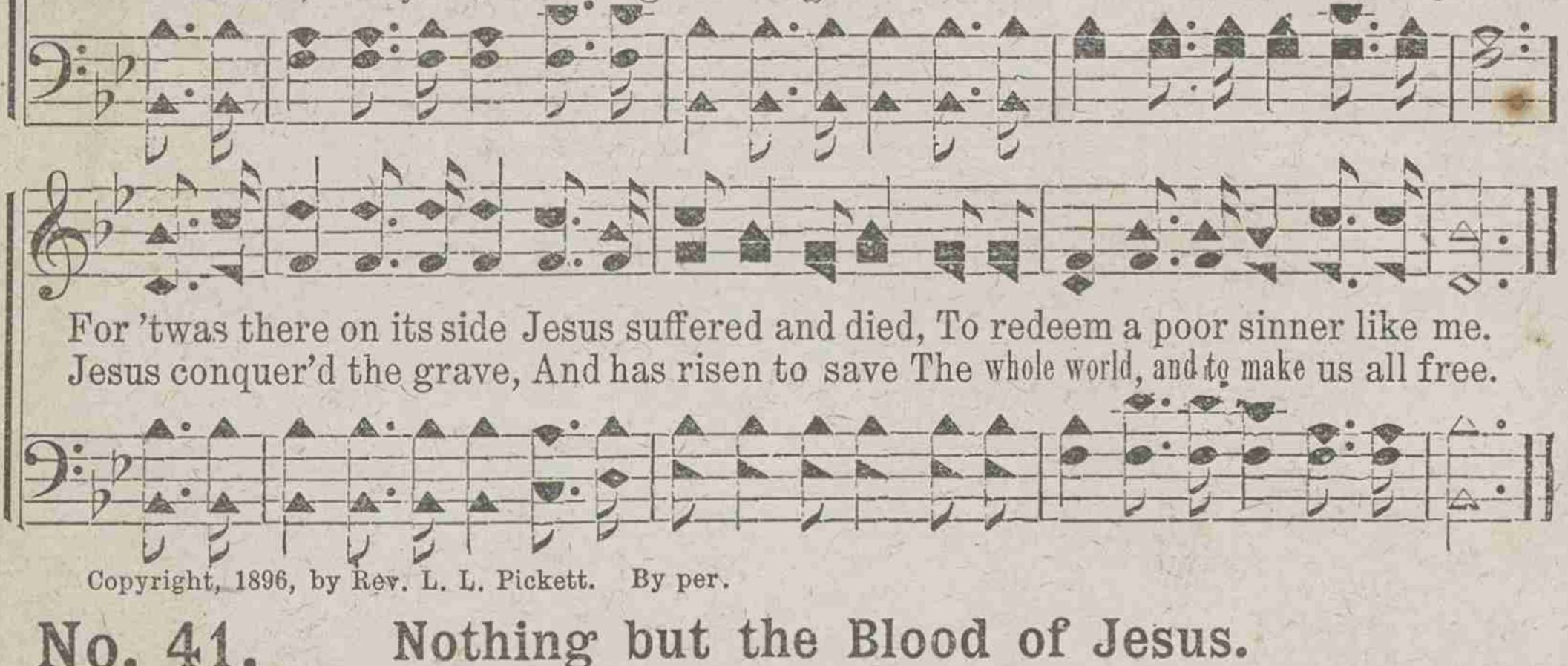
Rev. B. CARRADINE. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. There's a hill lone and gray, In a land far a-way, In a country beyond the blue sea,
2. Behold! faint on the road, 'Neath the world's heavy load, Comes a thorn-crowned Man on the way!
3. Hark, I hear the dull blow Of the hammer swung low, They are nailing my Lord to the tree!
4. How they mock Him in death To His last lab'ring breath, While his friends sadly weep o'er the way!
5. Then the darkness came down, And the rocks rent around, And a cry pierced the sad-lad-en air!
6. Let the sun hide its face, Let the earth reel apace, Over men who their Sav-iour have slain!

Where beneath that fair sky, Went a man forth to die, For the world and for you and for me.
With a cross He is bowed, But still on thro' the crowd, He's ascending that hill lone and gray.
And the cross they upraise While the multitude gaze On the blest Lamb of dark Calvary!
But tho' lonely and faint, Still no word of complaint, Fell from Him on the hillock of gray.
'Twas the voice of our King, Who received death's dark sting, All to save us from endless despair.
But, behold! from the sod Comes the blessed Lamb of God, Who was slain, but is risen a-gain.

CHORUS.

1–5. Oh, it bows down my heart, And the tear-drops will start, When in mem'ry that gray hill I see;
6. Shout aloud, then my soul, Let the glad tidings roll From the land to the end of the sea!



For 'twas there on its side Jesus suffered and died, To redeem a poor sinner like me.
Jesus conquer'd the grave, And has risen to save The whole world, and to make us all free.

Copyright, 1896, by Rev. L. L. Pickett. By per.

No. 41. Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

1 What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

CHO.—Oh, precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow;—
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

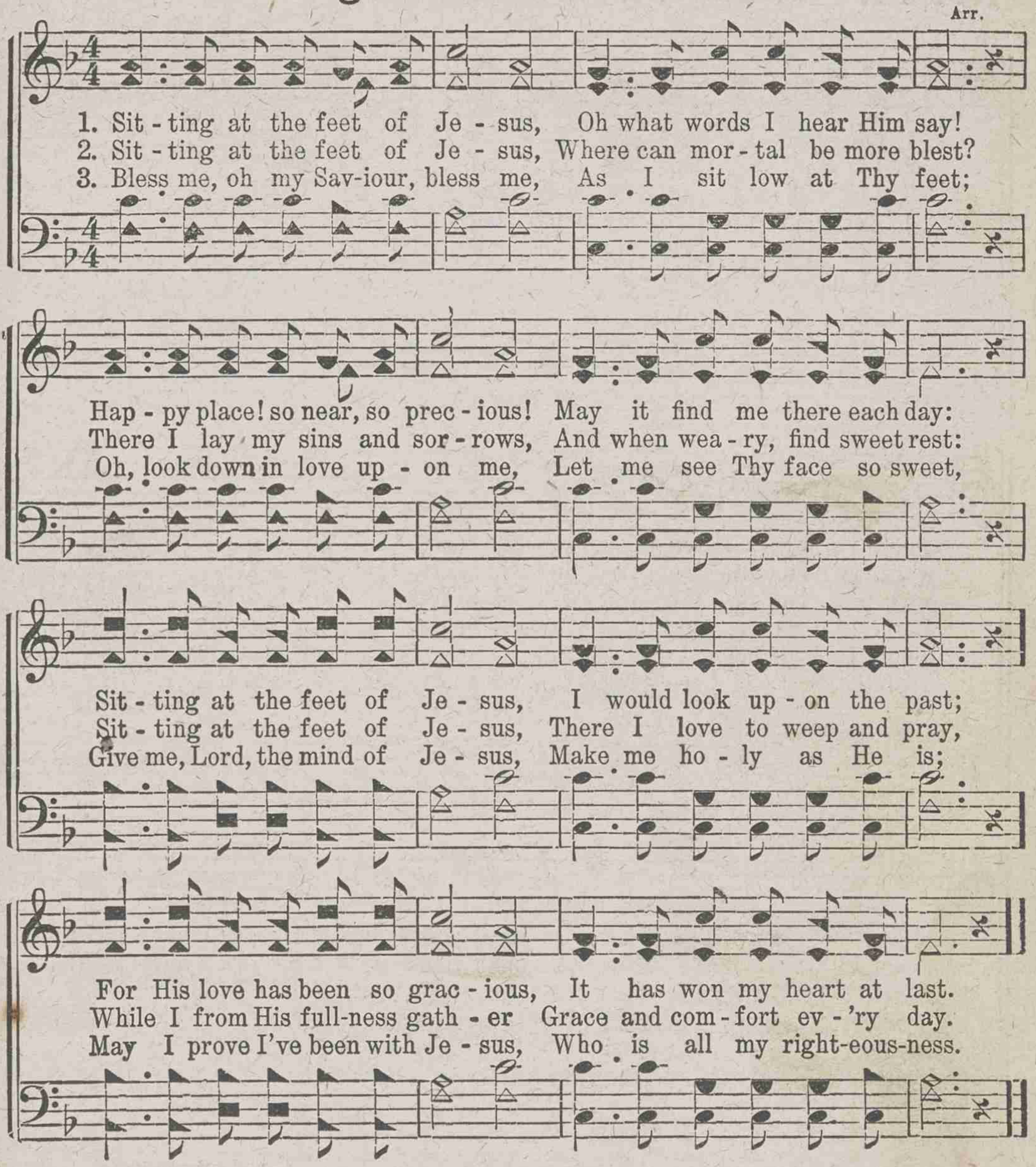
2 Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

3 This is all my hope and peace,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

REV. R. LOWRY. By per.

No. 42. Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.

Arr.



No. 43. Come, Ye Sinners Poor and Needy.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power.
‖:He is able, He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.:‖

Cho.—Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,
Sing the praise of His dear name,
Glory, honor and salvation,
Christ the Lord has come to reign.

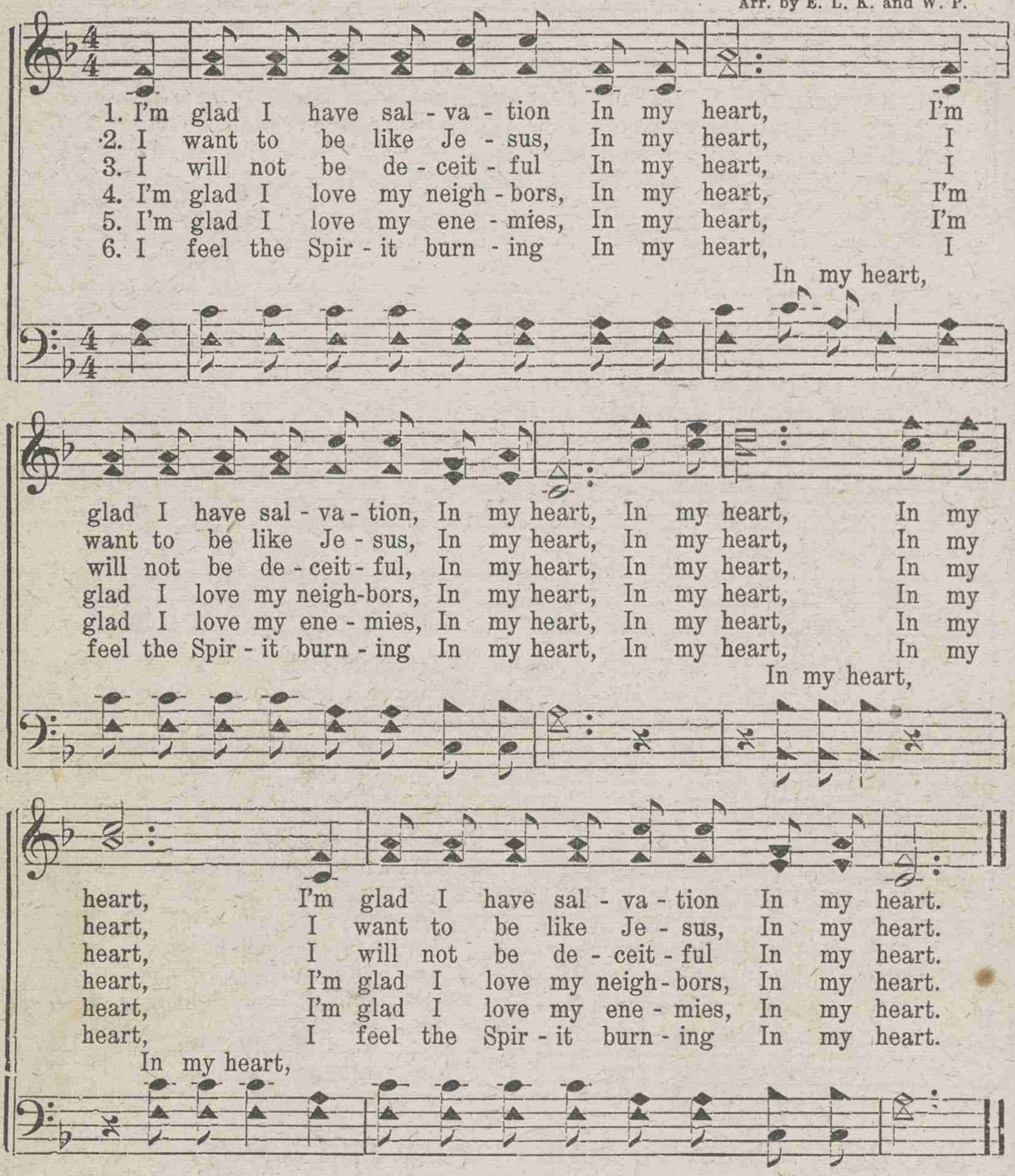
2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance—
Every grace that brings you nigh—
‖:Without money, without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.:‖

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.
‖:This He gives you, this He gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.:‖

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
‖:Not the righteous, not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to all.:‖

No. 44. Salvation in the Heart.

Arr. by E. L. K. and W. P.



No. 45. From Greenland's Icy Mountains. (Key F.)

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down the golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

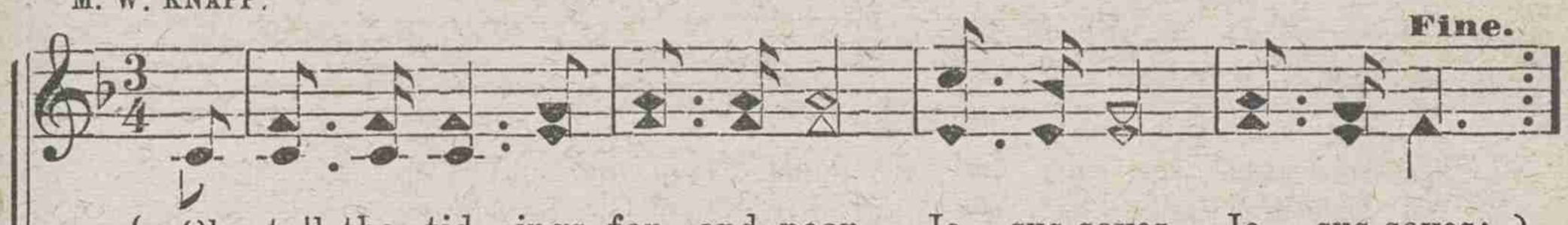
3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation!—Oh salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

R. Heber.

No. 46. Jesus Saves.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."—Mark 16:15.

M. W. KNAPP.



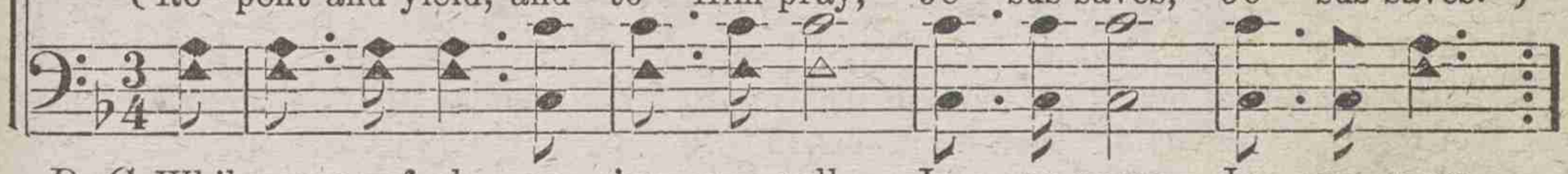
1. { Oh, tell the tid - ings far and near, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; }
   { Let men and an - gels pause and hear, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves. }

2. { He left His shin - ing home a - bove, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; }
   { For us to die, oh won-drous love, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves. }

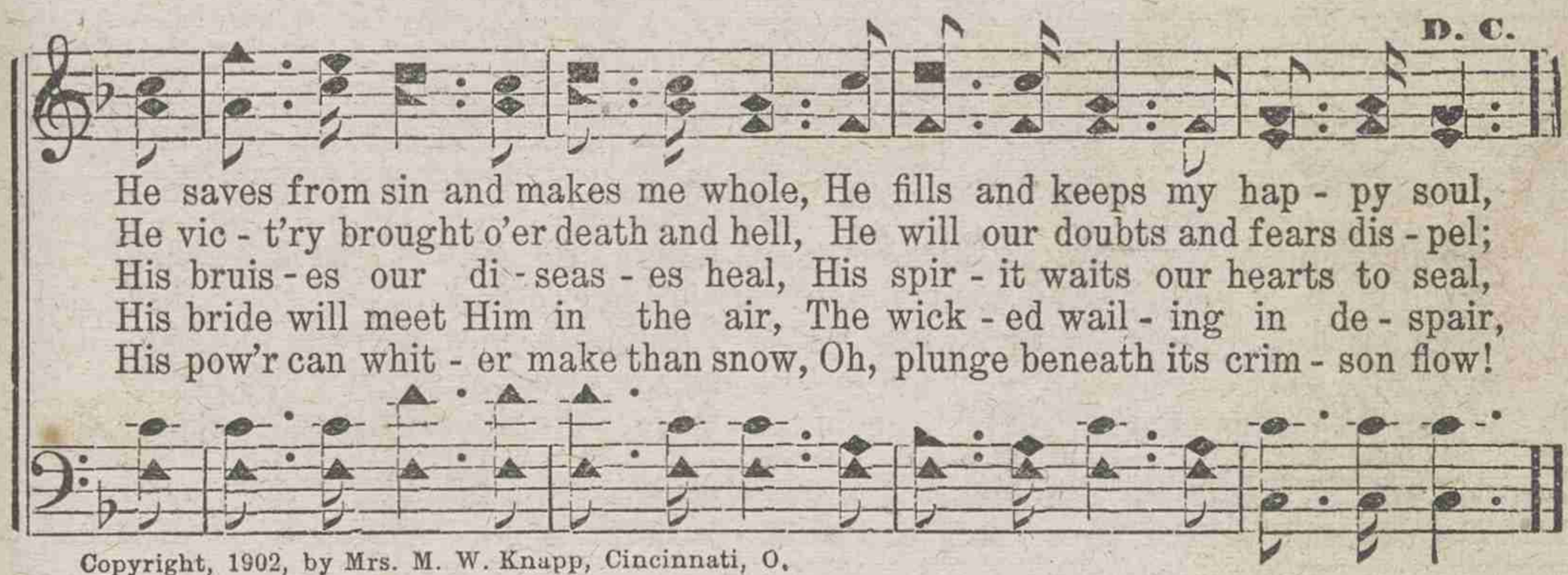
3. { He speaks the word and heals the soul, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; }
   { His touch can make our bod - ies whole, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves. }

4. { From heav-en soon, He will de - scend, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; }
   { The earth will quake, the rocks will rend, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves. }

5. { Oh, sin - ner, call on Him to - day! Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; }
   { Re - pent and yield, and to Him pray, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves. }



D. C. While waves of glo - ry o'er me roll, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Let all the joy - ful tid - ings tell, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
'Till we His full-ness know and feel, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
For that great day let all pre - pare, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
And all His sav - ing full - ness know, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.



He saves from sin and makes me whole, He fills and keeps my hap - py soul,
He vic - t'ry brought o'er death and hell, He will our doubts and fears dis - pel;
His bruis - es our di - seas - es heal, His spir - it waits our hearts to seal,
His bride will meet Him in the air, The wick - ed wail - ing in de - spair,
His pow'r can whit - er make than snow, Oh, plunge beneath its crim - son flow!

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No. 47. Steps Into The Fountain. (Key D.)

TUNE: Sweet By and By.

1 God commands that I holy should be,
And His word I sincerely believe,
Oh I long from my sin to be free,
And the Spirit of promise receive.

CHORUS.

Now I yield and believe,
That the blood washes whiter than snow,
Now by faith I receive,
Hallelujah, the blessing I know.

2 All my need I with weeping confess,
I am longing this cleansing to know;
And the gift of the Spirit possess,
And be washed and made whiter than snow.

3 I will seek till the gift I obtain,
I will knock till He open the door;
Come, oh come and remove every stain,
Fully cleanse and abide evermore.

4 On the altar I now place my all,
All my being forever resign;
And whatever my life may befall,
All the will of my God shall be mine.

5 Now I trust in the promise alone,
And this moment I fully believe,
That His blood does so fully atone,
That the Spirit just now I receive.

6 I'll confess that He cleanses my soul,
And will publish as onward I go,
That the Saviour has made fully whole,
That the blood washes whiter than snow.

M. W. KNAPP.

No. 48. God's Cable.

"Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and will show thee great things."—Jer. 33: 3.

M. W. KNAPP. REV. D. WILLIAMS.

1. There's a ca - ble laid by Je - sus, From my soul up to the sky;
2. All the mes - sag - es are paid for, Thro' the Sav-iour's prec - ious blood;
3. Who may use this won-drous ca - ble, Is so ver - y clear and plain;
4. All ob-struc-tions to this ca - ble Must be ev - er kept a - way;
5. Soon I think my heav'n-ly Fa - ther, Will get lone-some there for me,

Tel - e-grams of greatest mo - ment, O'er it oft and swift-ly fly, Bring-ing
Flowing forth from Cal-v'ry's fountain, In a pu - ri - fy - ing flood; Purchas-
Ev - il all must be for - sak - en, How - so - ev - er great the pain; And the
Brok-en vows, neg-lect - ed du - ties, Oft - en hin - der and de - lay. God is
And will tel - e - graph a mes - sage To for - ev - er with Him be; Then at

God and help and heaven, Now so ver-y, ver - y nigh, Oh, glo - ry to His name.
ing for all a pardon, And communion sweet with God, To Him be all the praise.
precious blood of Jesus, Cleanse the heart from ev-'y stain, It now a - vails for me.
watching very closely, All we think and do and say, He search es ev -'ry heart.
home with God in heaven, I shall spend e-ter - ni-ty, At the central office there.

CHORUS.

Telegraph, believe, He's hear - ing, Telegraph, re-ceive, He's cheer - ing;
Telegraph, re - joice, He's near - ing, Oh, glo - ry to His name.

No. 49. He Brought Me Out.

"He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God"—Ps. 49: 1-3.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY. Cho. by H. L. G. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. My heart was dis-tressed 'neath Je-ho-vah's dread frown, And low in the pit where my sins dragg'd me down; I cried to the Lord from the
2. He placed me up - on the strong rock by His side, My steps were es- tab - lished and here I a - bide; No dan - ger of fall - ing while
3. He gave me a song, 'twas a new song of praise, By day and by night its sweet notes I will raise; My heart's o - ver - flow - ing, I'm
4. I'll sing of His won - der - ful mer - cy to me, I'll praise Him till all men His good - ness shall see; I'll sing of sal - va - tion at
5. I'll tell of the pit, with its gloom and de-spair, I'll praise the dear Fa - ther, who an-swered my pray'r; I'll sing my new song, the glad

deep, mir - y clay, Who ten - der - ly bro't me out to gold - en day.
here I re - main, But stand by His grace un - til the crown I gain.
hap - py and free, I'll praise my Re-deem - er, who has res - cued me.
home and a - broad, Till ma - ny shall hear the truth and trust in God.
sto - ry of love, Then join in the cho - rus with the saints a - bove.

CHORUS.

He bro't me out of the mir - y clay, He set my feet on the rock to stay;
He puts a song in my soul to - day, A song of praise, hal-le - lu - lah.

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No. 50. Cry of a Lost Soul.

M. W. KNAPP. "In hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments."—Luke 16: 23.

mp **SOLO. Andante.**

1. All life's summer now is end - ed, And its har-vest too, is o'er, I must
2. Oft of yore the Spir-it plead-ed, Je-sus knocked, but all in vain, Pleasure
3. List-en! list - en to my warn - ing, Lest this place your doom shall be, Turn from
4. Soon will close thy brief probation, And the Spir - it strive no more, Soon be

mf

reap what I have scattered, Reap in hell for ev-er-more. Self deceived, my soul was lured, and business hur-ried, Oh, to hear His voice again. Once my heart was touched and sin, this ver-y mo-ment, Look a - way to Cal - va - ry. I too, lingered, oh what fixed thy soul's condition, And thy days of grace be o'er; Then too late, will be thy

bartered, Oh, the fearful, fear-ful cost; Sold to sin and Sa-tan's service, I am tender, To per-sua-sions warning voice, Once I trembled for the fu-ture, But I fol - ly; Whispered "some-time," "not to-day," 'Till my of - fer of sal - va-tion, Had for pleading, Then too late to en - ter in, Then too late thy wail of anguish, Then too

f **CHORUS.**

lost, for-ev - er lost.
made the fatal choice. God's call has ceased forever, It no more can reach my
ev - er slipp'd a-way.
late the crown to win.

soul, Lost to joy, and hope, and heaven, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll.

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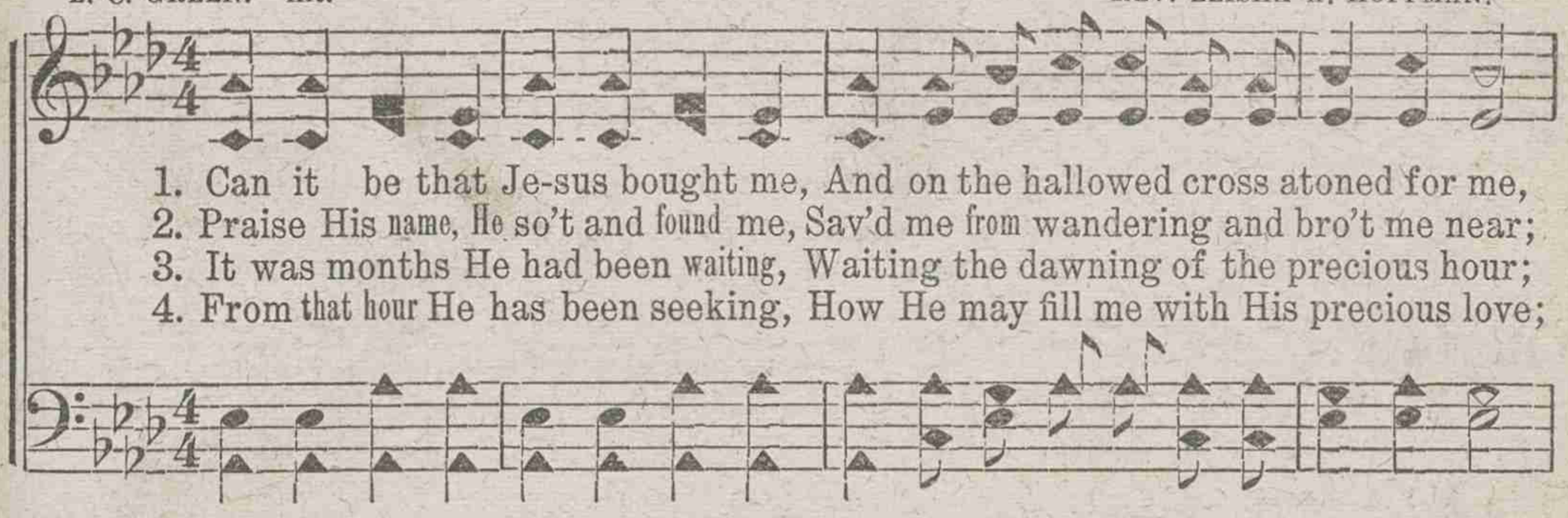
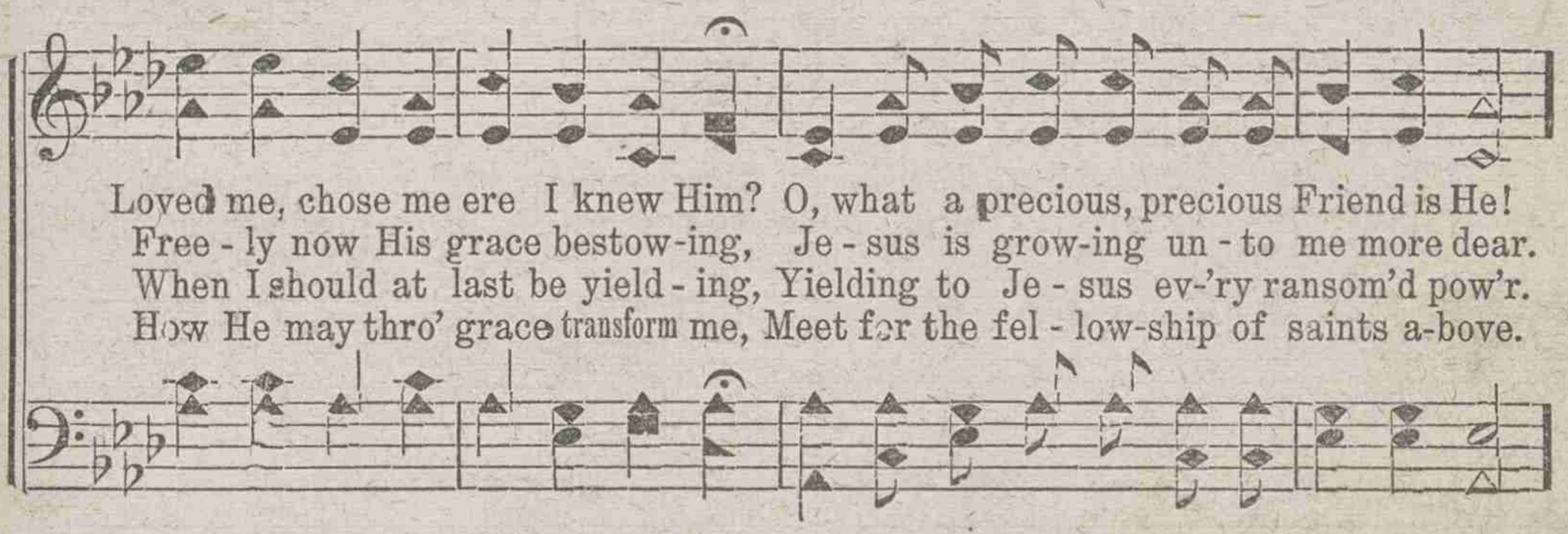
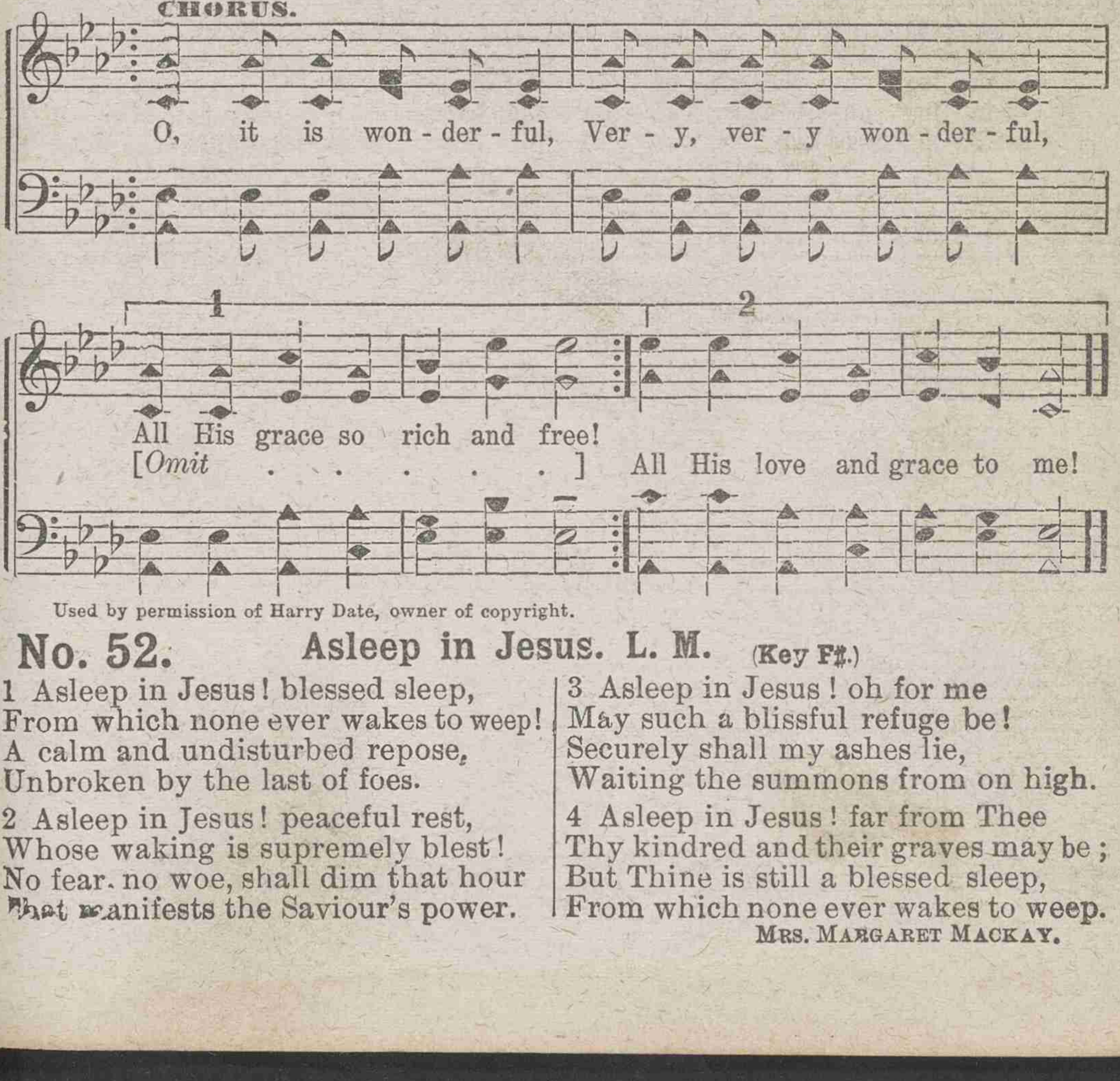
No. 51. O It Is Wonderful.

"O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God."—Rom. 11: 33.

E. C. GREEN. Alt. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.







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No. 52. Asleep in Jesus. L. M. (Key F♯.)

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep!
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

3 Asleep in Jesus! oh for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

4 Asleep in Jesus! far from Thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But Thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

MRS. MARGARET MACKAY.

No. 53. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

"The eternal God is thy dwelling place, and underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33: 27.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

lean - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms; Lean -
Lean - ing on Je - sus, Lean-ing on

ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms.
Je - sus, lean - ing on Je - sus,

No. 54. No Condemnation.

"Beloved, if our hearts condemn us not, we have boldness toward God."—I. John 3: 21.

MRS. F. G. BURROUGHS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There's no con - dem - na - tion to them in Christ Je - sus, That walk in the Spir - it a - lone; Their chains have been brok - en, Their free - dom is
2. There's no con - dem - na - tion and no sep - a - ra - tion From Je - sus our Lov - er di - vine; No death and no sor - row, No thought for to-
3. There's no con - dem - na - tion, oh bless - ed as - sur - ance, To sin - ners now sav'd by His grace; The law has no ter - ror, Truth triumphs o'er
4. There's no con - dem - na - tion, ring out the sweet sto - ry, To all who are long - ing for rest, That life in Christ Je - sus From sin and death

spok - en, And now Je - sus calls them His own.
mor - row, When all that is Je - sus' is mine. I'll praise Him, I'll
er - ror, Since Je - sus has stood in our place.
frees us, And urge them the prom - ise to test.

CHORUS.

praise Him Who saves me and calls me His own; There's no con - dem -
na - tion to them in Christ Je-sus That live by the Spir - it a - lone.

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No. 55. Song of Joy and Victory.

"Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—II. Cor. 15:57.

M. W. KNAPP

1. My joy I'll tell, since the Ho - ly Spir - it fell He fills, and my heart is so free; The stars shine bright and my path-way is so light, And my
2. The clouds that rise prove but blessings in dis-guise And help to the skies ev - 'ry day I up - ward press, and the Lord my soul doth bless, As I
3. This war will cease, and this world be filled with peace, Will bud and will bloom ev - er - more; The saints will reign, and the Sav-iour come a - gain, And His
4. Oh rapturous thrill, that my bound-ing heart will fill, When Je - sus, my King shall re - turn, The signs all show, and be - liev - ers all may know, If the

Saviour comes and dwells with me. His precious blood, with its pu - ri - fy - ing flood, A - vails now and cleans-es my soul, And per - fect love now comes
trust His word and watch and pray. When Sa - tan tries, and my soul he would sur- prise, And all of my pros-pects de - stroy, Then God doth fight, 'till the
king-dom be from shore to shore. Oh, spread the sound wher-ev-er a man is found, So eag - er the mes-sage to hear, Oh, do not wait, for it
tok - ens they will on - ly learn. Sin grow - ing bold, and be - liev-ers wax - ing cold, Pre-pare for the rap - ture, pre-pare, The trum-pet will blow, and we

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Song of Joy and Victory. Concluded.

No. 56. The Cry of the Heathen.

TUNE: There is a Happy Land.

1 Millions in heathen lands
Over the sea;
Wand'ring in sin and night,
And misery.
Oh hear their bitter cry!
Oh heed it e'er they die!
Oh quickly to them fly,
Their souls to save!

Boundless the love of God;
Mankind to win,
Yielding His only Son
To save from sin.
Oh, who the news will tell
That saves from sin and hell,
And will all fear dispel—
Oh, who will go?

Jesus commands to go
To every land,
From Greenland's gleaming snow
To Afric's strand.
No longer then delay,
Or needless waiting stay;
Oh, quickly speed away;
Oh, heed His word.

Jesus for them did bleed
On Calvary;
For them does intercede
Up in the sky.
He bids us quickly go,
That they His love may know,
And turn from sin and woe,
And now be saved.

Oh, how for help they cry
To you and me!
Jesus can satisfy.
He can set free.
Who will the tidings take?
Who will from sin awake?
Oh, who for Jesus' sake,
Will to them go?

M. W. KNAPP.

No. 57. Rescue the Perishing.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled,"—Luke 14:23.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.

No. 58. The Child of a King. (Key F.)

1 My Father is rich
In houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth
Of the world in His hands!
Of rubies and diamonds,
Of silver and gold
His coffers are full,
He has riches untold!

CHO.—I'm the child of a King!
The child of a King!
With Jesus, my Saviour,
I'm the child of a King.

2 A tent or a cottage,
Why should I care?
They're building a palace
For me over there.
Though exiled from home,
Yet still I may sing:
"All glory to God,
I'm the child of a King."

H. E. BUELL.

No. 59. O Trust His Grace.

"The Scripture cannot be broken."—John 10: 35.

M. W. KNAPP. Arranged.

1. There's not a care that we may know, Nor pain that we may feel,
2. All cares and bur-dens He has borne Up - on the cru - el tree,
3. Our sick - ness - es His pow'r can heal, Our pains with us He bears,
4. Then come to Je-sus, wea-ry one, Nor doubt His pow'r di - vine,

CHO. *O trust His grace and prove His pow'r, For ev - er - more the same;*

Fine.

That Je - sus does not sym-path-ize, That Je - sus can-not heal.
As there He paid the fearful price, To ran-som you and me,
And all of our in - firm-a - ties He kind - ly with us shares.
And seek just now His healing balm, His prom - is - es are thine,
He waits to bless this ver - y hour; O glo - ry to His name.

He died our sins to take a - way, Our sick - ness-es to cure. His
The fountain full was opened there, To save and sanc-ti - fy, To
What matchless grace, what love divine That for us in - ter - cedes; An-
"The pray'r of faith shall save the sick," His word declares it so; So

Repeat for Chorus.

word can nev-er bro-ken be; His prom - is - es are sure.....
heal the soul and bod-y, too, Then keep and glo - ri - fy.....
tic - i - pat-ing all our wants, Sup - ply - ing ev - 'ry need .....
come to Him and trust His grace, And thou His pow'r shalt know....

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No. 60. "Neither Do I Condemn Thee."

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3: 16.

LIDA M. KECK. J. M. BLACK.

1. By the proud wor - ship - pers, Scorned for her sin, Was the poor wan - der - er Rude - ly brought in, Scribes came and Phar - i - sees,
2. Told of her wan - der - ings, Mark - ing each flaw, Spoke they of pun - ish - ment, Quot - ing the law. Sat He un - heed - ing - ly,
3. Still cried the Phar - i - sees, "Pray, Mas - ter, pray, What shall we do with her What dost Thou say?" Spoke He re - buk - ing - ly,
4. Cheeks flushing red with shame, Turned each a - bout, And from His pres - ence went Si - lent - ly out. Then saw He stand - ing there,
5. Spoke He most ten - der - ly, "Pray, wo - man, pray," Hast thou ac- cus - ers none?" "Nay, Mas-ter, nay," Neith - er do I con - demn,

Eag - er to see, What the meek Naz - a - rene's, Ver - dict would be.
Head bow - ing low, Writ - ing the ground up - on, Sad - ly and slow.
"Let the first stone, Come from a sin - less hand, And thence a - lone."
Head bend - ing low, Her whom the world de-spised, Saw her tears flow.
Soul sick and sore, Go, for I par - don thee, Go, sin no more."

pp **CHORUS.** *p*

"Neither do I condemn thee," Precious words di - vine! Falling from lips of

Cres.

mer - cy. Like the sweetest chime, Won-der-ful words of Je - sus! Sing them

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"Neither Do I Condemn Thee." Concluded.

ff **Rit.**

o'er and o'er, "Neith-er do I condemn thee, Go, and sin no more."

No. 61. Some Mother's Child.

"The son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost."—Luke. 19: 18.

A. F. I. A. F. INGLER.

Slow, with feeling.

1. Some mother's child, out in the wild, Far from the dear Shepherd's fold;
2. Some mother's child, tarnished, defiled, Strayed from the old home a - way;
3. Some mother's child, head-strong and wild, Snared by the de - mon of drink;
4. Some mother's child, lost and beguiled, Je - sus is pass - ing this way—
5. Some mother's child, looked up and smiled, When the Sa - mar - i - tan came;

Bruised by the storm, sad and for - lorn, Lost in the dark-ness and cold.
Loved ones are there, plead - ing in pray'r, Pray-ing for you all the day.
Hell is your doom, dense is the gloom, Oh, sin-ner, stop now and think.
Seek - ing the lost, great tho' the cost, Turn-ing their night in - to day.
Great tho' the need, kind was the deed, Done in the Mas-ter's dear name.

CHORUS.

Some moth-er's child, out in the wild, Strayed from the fold a - way;

Ritard.

Loved ones are there, plead-ing in pray'r, Pray - ing for you all day.

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No. 62. The Second Rest.

"I will sprinkle clear water upon you, and ye shall be clean."—Ezek. 36: 25.

REV. WM. McDONALD. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. Je - sus, O Thou Prince of glo - ry, To Thy saints ap-pear to - day,
2. Large the promise, rich in bless - ing, Fills my hun-gry, thir - sty soul;
3. Oh, the bliss of trust - ing Je - sus, He has all my doubts re-moved,
4. Saints of God! take up the cho - rus, Shout it loud from pole to pole,

Teach-ing them the won-drous sto - ry, Wash-ing all their sins a - way;
Per - fect faith sees Je - sus on - ly; All my doubts and dark-ness roll
Filled my heart with joy and glad - ness, Per - fect-ed my soul in love.
Till the theme, so rich, so glo - rious, All a-round the earth shall roll;

Fill - ing them with joys ce - les - tial, Like a riv - er deep and wide,
Like as clouds when storms are o - ver; And the full-orbed sun ap - pears,
I re - joice in per - fect free - dom, I have found that sec-ond rest;
Ho - li - ness is God's ap - point-ment, Ho - li - ness is Christ's command,

Ris - ing to the life e - ter - nal, O - pened in Thy wound-ed side.
Fill - ing all my soul with brightness, Scatt'ring all my doubts and fears.
I am trust-ing Je - sus on - ly, Trust-ing, I am sweet - ly blest.
Ho - li - ness, the soul's a - dorn - ment, For the bright - er, bet - ter land.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! I am trust - ing, Trust - ing till the storms are o'er;

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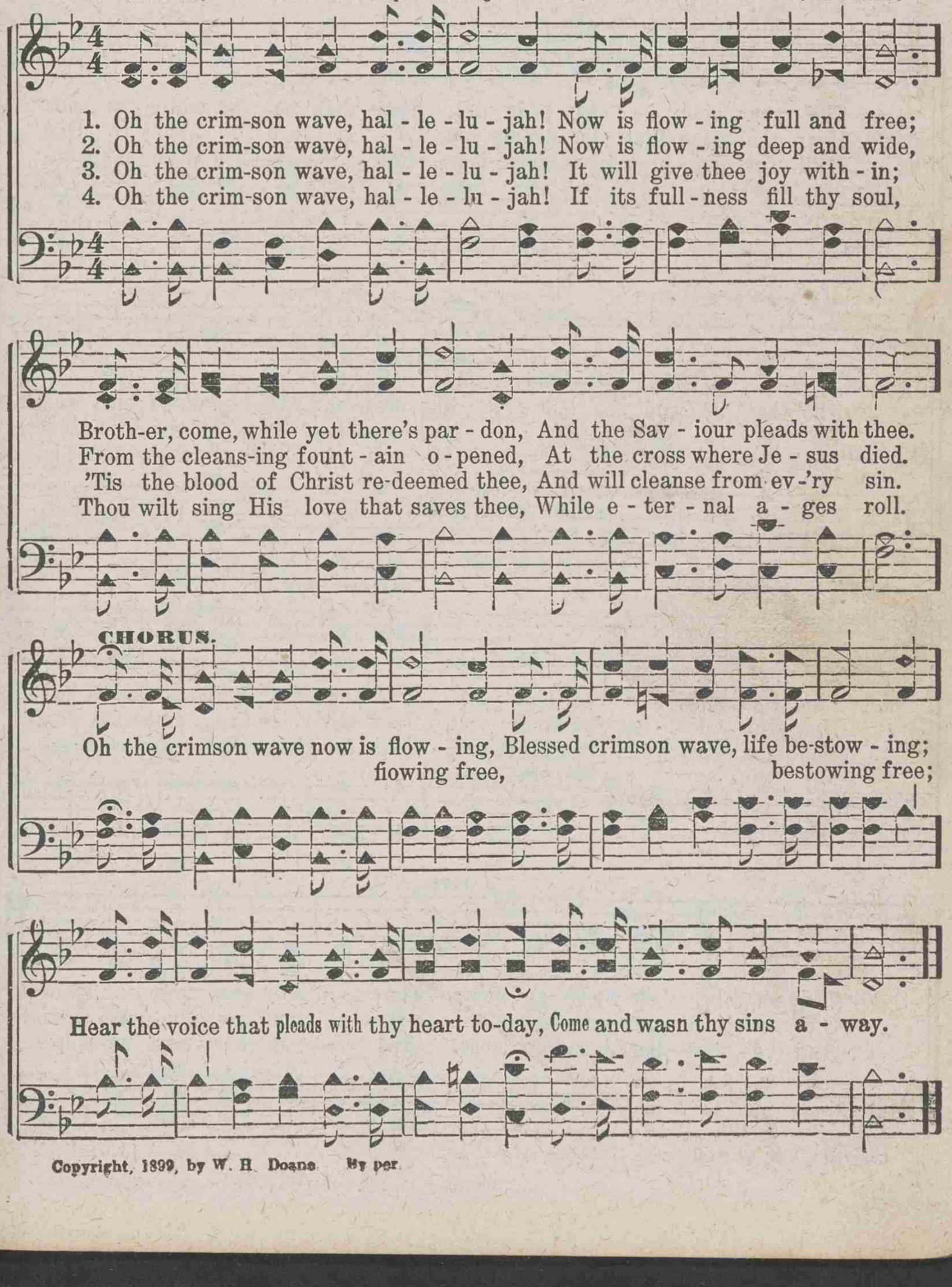
The Second Rest. Concluded.

No. 63. The Crimson Wave is Flowing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "We have redemption through his blood."—Col. 1: 14. W. H. DOANE.



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No. 64. Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

"Come now and let us reason together saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isaiah 1: 18.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

DUET. Gently.

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow;
2. Hear the voice that en - treats you, O re - turn ye un - to God!
3. He'll for - give your trans-gress-ions, And re - mem-ber them no more;

Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow;
Hear the voice that en - treats you, O re - turn ye un - to God!
He'll for - give your trans-gress-ions, And re - mem - ber them no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red..... like crim - son, They shall be as wool!"
He is of great..... com - pas-sion, And of wondrous love;
"Look un - to Me,..... ye peo - ple," Saith the Lord your God!

Tho' they be red

DUET. *p* **QUARTET.** *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
He'll for - give your transgressions, He'll for-give your transgressions,

f **Rit.**

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
O re - turn ye un - to God! O re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

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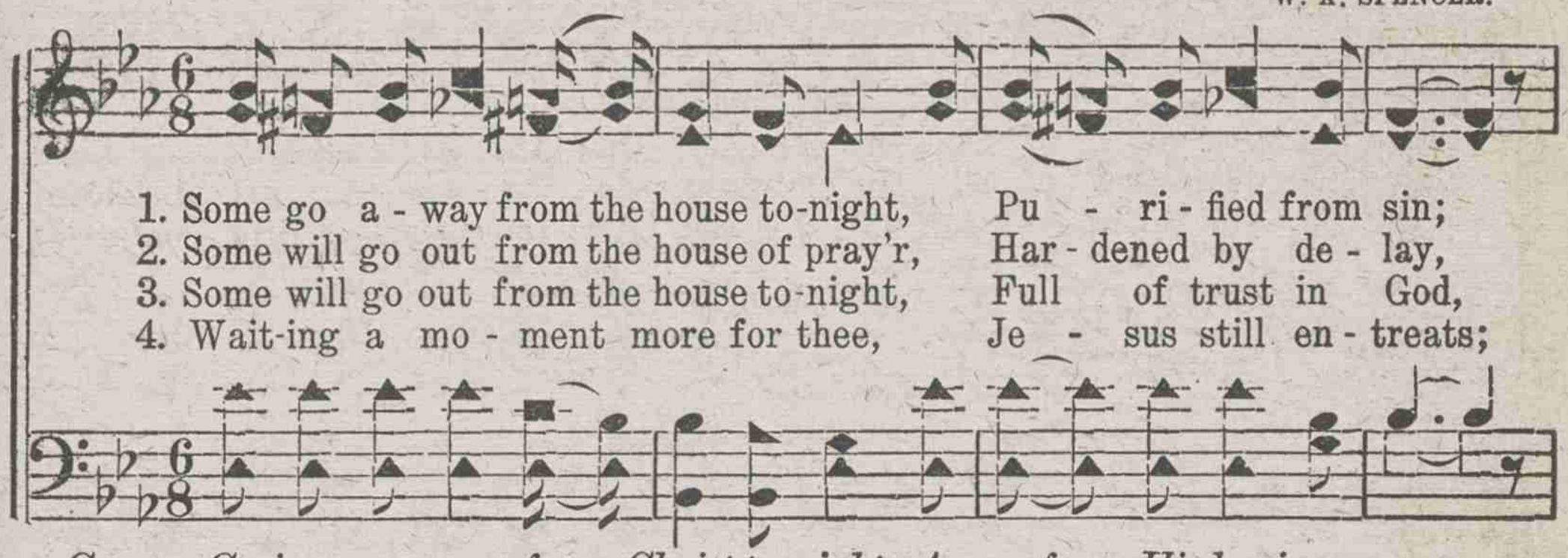
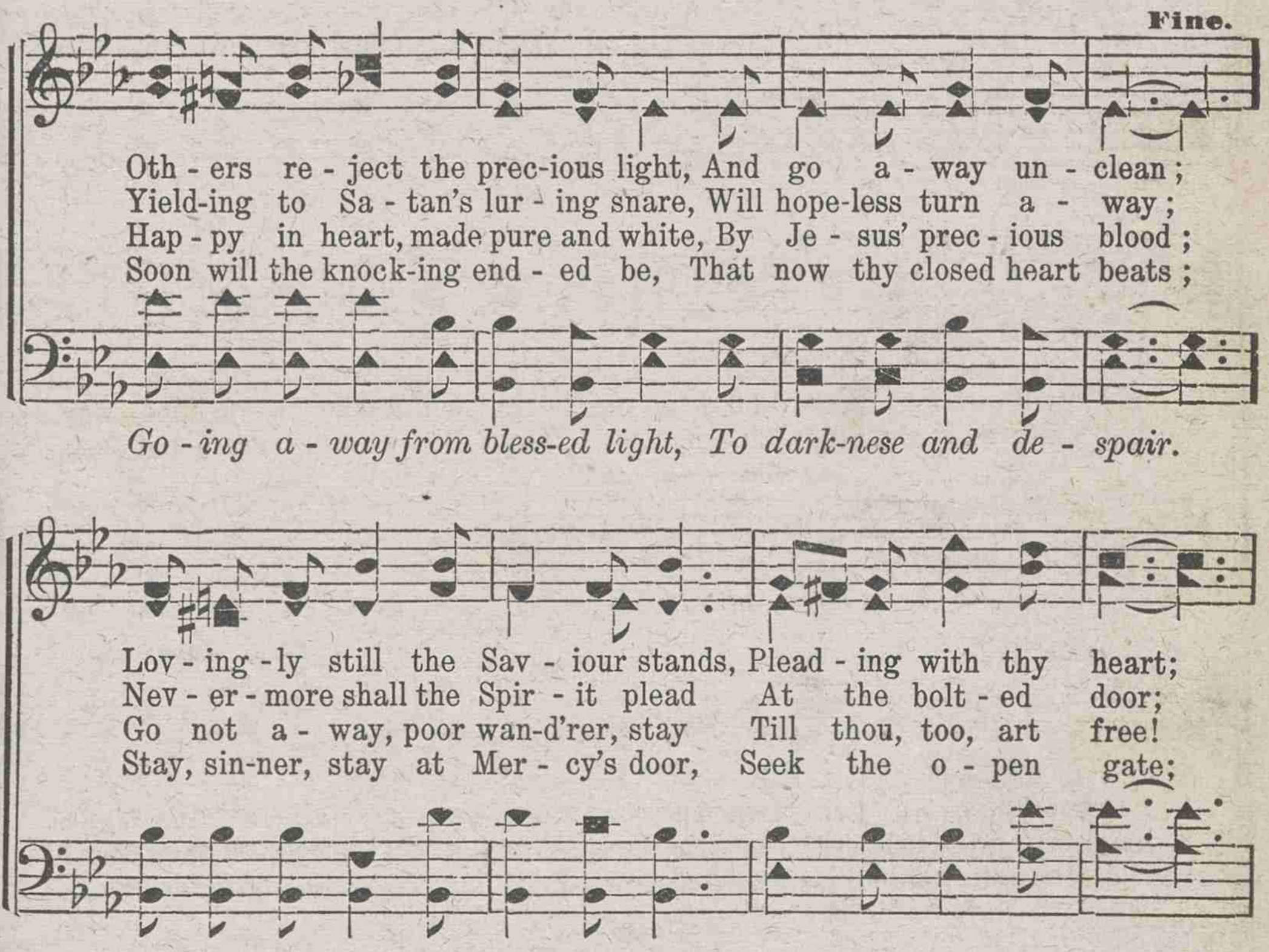
No. 65. Decide To-night.

"Thyself hath decided it, so will thy judgment be."

W. A. SPENCER.





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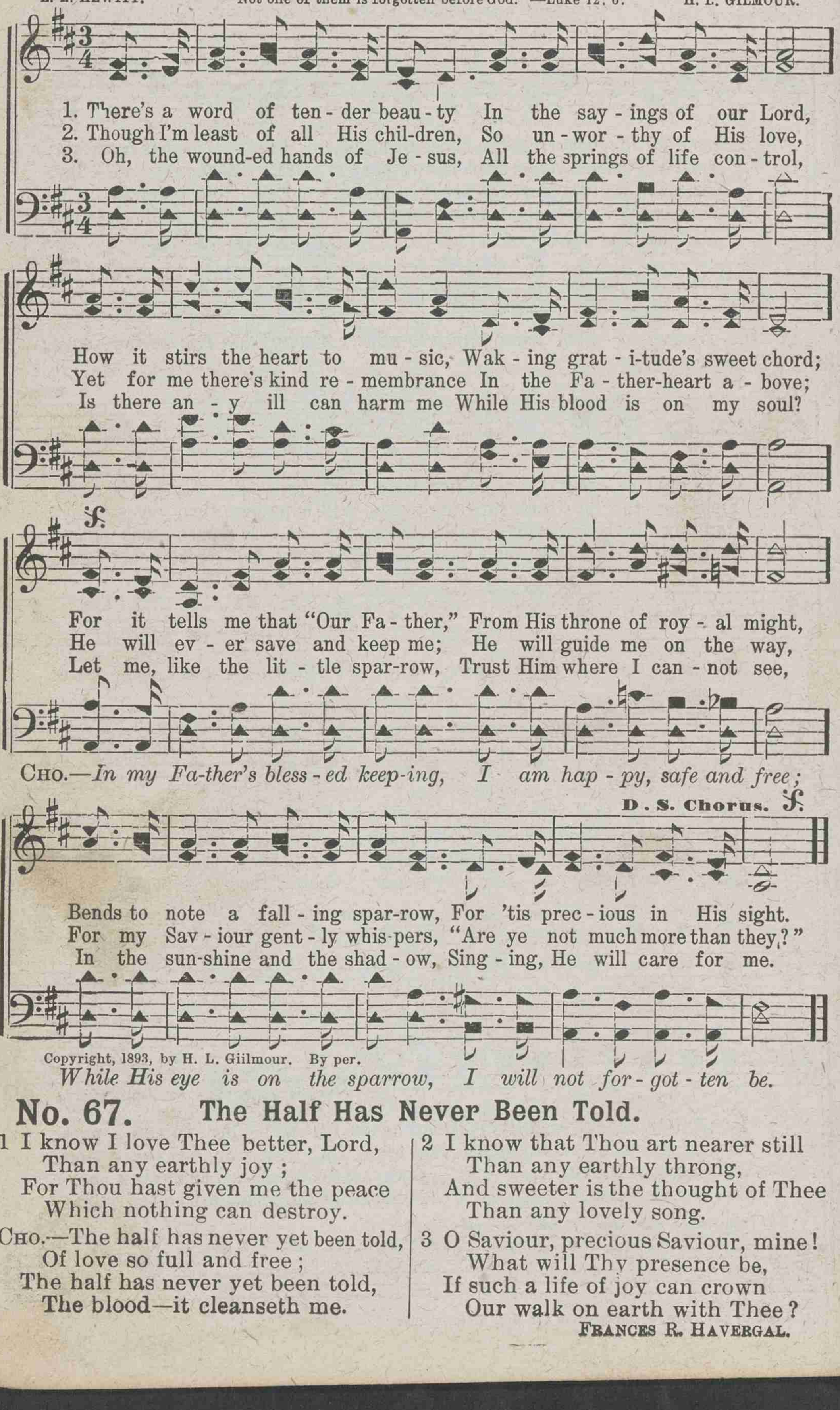
No. 66. Not One Forgotten.

E. E. HEWITT. "Not one of them is forgotten before God."—Luke 12: 6. H. L. GILMOUR.



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No. 67. The Half Has Never Been Told.

1 I know I love Thee better, Lord,
Than any earthly joy;
For Thou hast given me the peace
Which nothing can destroy.

Cho.—The half has never yet been told,
Of love so full and free;
The half has never yet been told,
The blood—it cleanseth me.

2 I know that Thou art nearer still
Than any earthly throng,
And sweeter is the thought of Thee
Than any lovely song.

3 O Saviour, precious Saviour, mine!
What will Thy presence be,
If such a life of joy can crown
Our walk on earth with Thee?

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

No. 68. Jesus, Saviour, Now is Calling.

"A broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."—Psalm 51: 17.

MARTHA ELERICK. L. J. BISHOP. Arr. by R. E. M.

1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, now is call - ing, Turn, O turn from sin a - way;
2. Je - sus, Sav-iour, now is wait-ing, To for-give your ev - 'ry sin;
3. Je - sus, Sav-iour, has com-mand-ed, "Be ye whol - ly sanc - ti - fied,"
4. Je - sus, Sav-iour, has as - cend-ed To the Father's realms so fair,
5. Je - sus, Sav-iour, how I love Thee, For the grace Thou dost be-stow;

He will all your bur-dens car - ry, Turn your dark-ness in - to day.
Haste, O has - ten to the fountain; How He bids you en - ter in.
On the day of His re - turn-ing, He will wel-come home his bride.
For His peo - ple pure and ho - ly, Heav'nly man-sions to pre-pare.
Now Thy pre-cious blood is cleans-ing Whit-er than the driv - en snow.

CHORUS.

It cleans-eth me,..... It cleanseth me,..... The precious
It cleanseth me, it cleanseth me,

blood..... now cleanseth me, "Pure, ex - haust - less ev - er
The precious blood now cleanseth me, "Pure exhaustless, ev - er

flow - ing," Precious blood,..... it cleanseth me. (cleanseth me).
ev - er flowing precious blood,

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No. 69. The Meeting in the Air.

"Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with him in the clouds to meet the

REV. J. M. ORROCK. Lord in the air."—I. Thess. 4: 71. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

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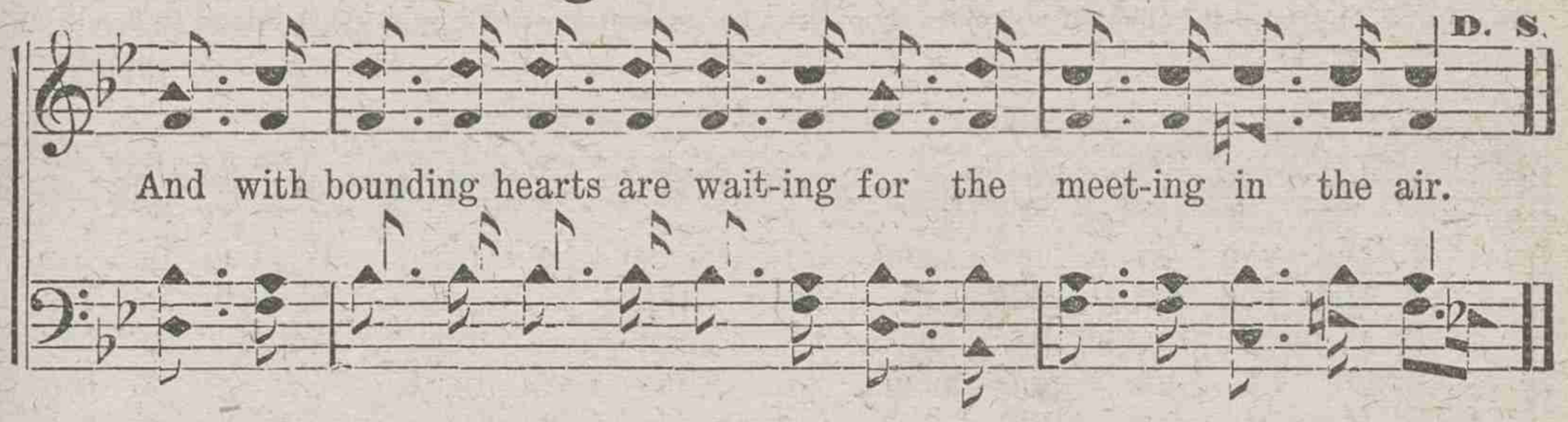
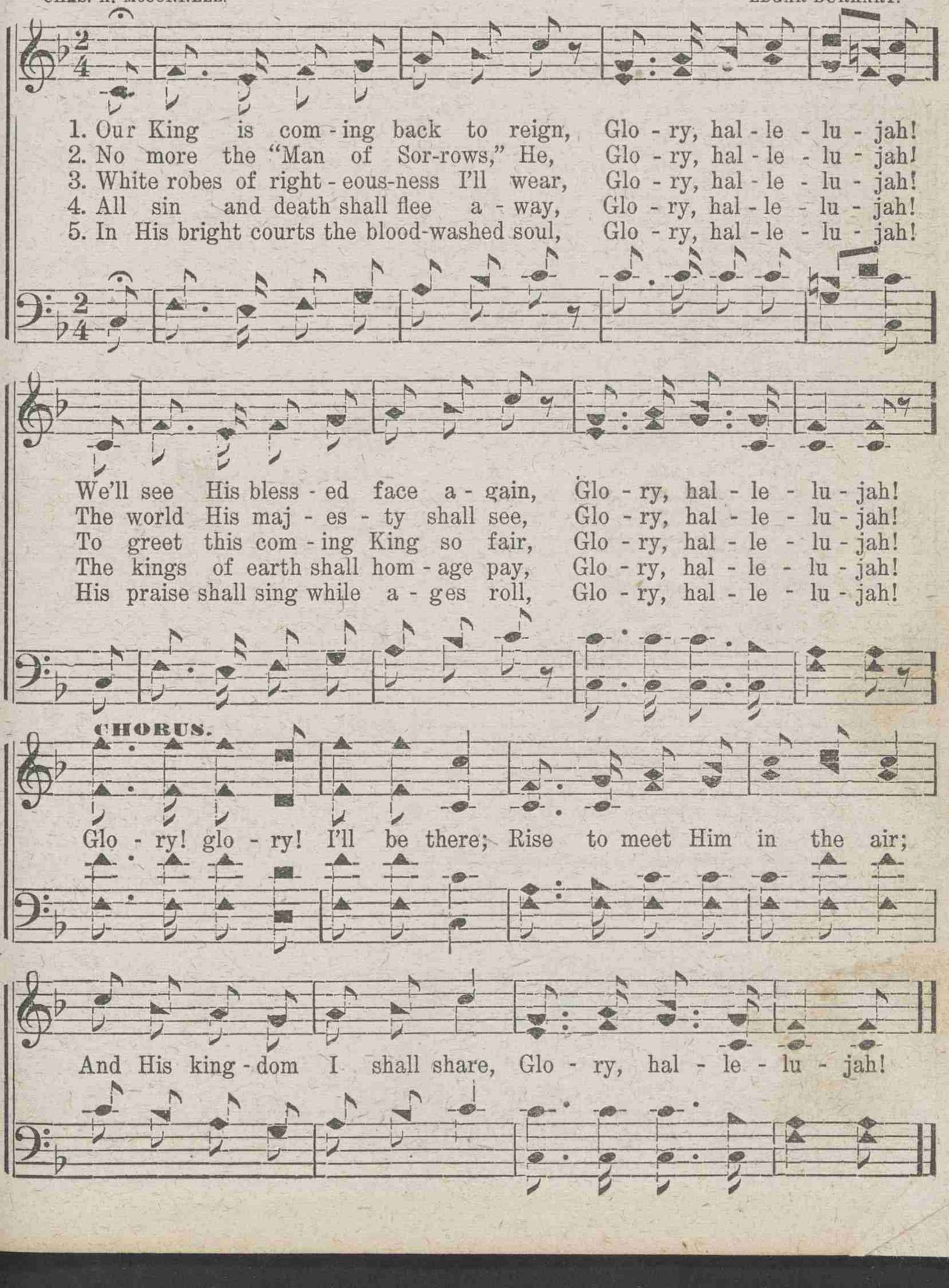
The Meeting in the Air. Concluded.



No. 70. Our King is Coming Back to Reign.

CHAS. A. McCONNELL. EDGAR BURKART.



No. 71. 'Tis a Glorious Church.

"That he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such things."—Eph. 5: 27.

Arr. by E. T. RINEHART.

1. Did you ev - er hear such words be - fore, Washed in the
2. Did you hear what Je - sus said to me, Washed in the
3. I have plunged be - neath the crim - son tide, Washed in the
4. O lift up your heads, ye sons of light, Washed in the
5. If I get there be - fore you do Washed in the
6. When that il - lus - tri - ous day shall rise, Washed in the

blood of the Lamb, As "go in peace and sin no more,"
blood of the Lamb, "Your sins are par - doned, you are free,"
blood of the Lamb, And now by faith I'm sanc - ti - fied,
blood of the Lamb, For Zi - on now is just in sight,
blood of the Lamb, How glad I'll be to wel - come you,
blood of the Lamb, In robes of vic - t'ry through the skies,

CHORUS.

Washed in the blood of the Lamb. 'Tis a glo - rious church with-

out spot or wrin - kle, Washed in the blood of the Lamb, 'Tis a

glo-rious church with-out spot or wrinkle, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

No. 72. Yielded to God.

"Yield yourselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead."—Rom. 6: 13.

J. M. K. JAS. M. KIRK.

1. I've yield-ed to God, and I'm saved ev-'ry hour; I've yield-ed to God, and I
2. I've entered the rest of the peo-ple of God, The ho - ly of ho-lies made
3. I've reckoned myself to be dead un - to sin, And risen with Christ, and now

feel His sweet pow'r; I've trust-ed His prom - is - es, not one has failed Of
pure by His blood; His law is with - in, I de - light in His will, I've
He lives with-in; "The life more a - bund-ant" He gives un - to me, This

CHORUS.

all His good word, tho' the temp - ter as - sailed.
learned how to wait up - on God and be still. Sweet. qui - et
o ver - flow life gives me full vic - to - ry.

yield - ed life, Bless - ed rest from all storm and strife; God's own

peace now fills my soul, As on Him my way I roll.

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No. 73. The Prophet's Call.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me."

THOS. H. NELSON. FANNIE BIRDSALL.

1. When the old proph-et - ic man - tle had up - on E - li - sha fell,
2. He at first would kiss his fa - ther, and his moth - er bid fare-well,
3. So he slew and boiled his ox - en on the splint-ers of his plow,
4. See him now—the swelling Jor - dan, in its on ward course is stayed,
5. If you'd have E - li-sha's pow - er, you must take the way he trod,

As he la - bored in the field be - hind the plow; And he
But E - li - jah said that road would lead to death; And
And made for all his poor - er friends a feast; Leav-ing
And the hard - ened piece of steel is made to swim; And the
Sell that thou hast and give it to the poor; Leave

felt that to the na - tions he the truth of God must tell,
when he saw his shrink-ing would send ma - ny souls to hell,
nought but bones and ash - es to be tempt - ed back to now,
spring of bit - ter wa - ter with a cruse of salt is healed,
not your treas - ures in this world to tempt you back from God,

He ap - peared to shrink the cross as men do now.
He said "No, I'll fol - low God till lat - est breath."
Ev - 'ry bridge is burned and God a - noints him priest.
And the wid - ow's pots with oil filled to the brim.
But lay them up on heav - en's last - ing shore.

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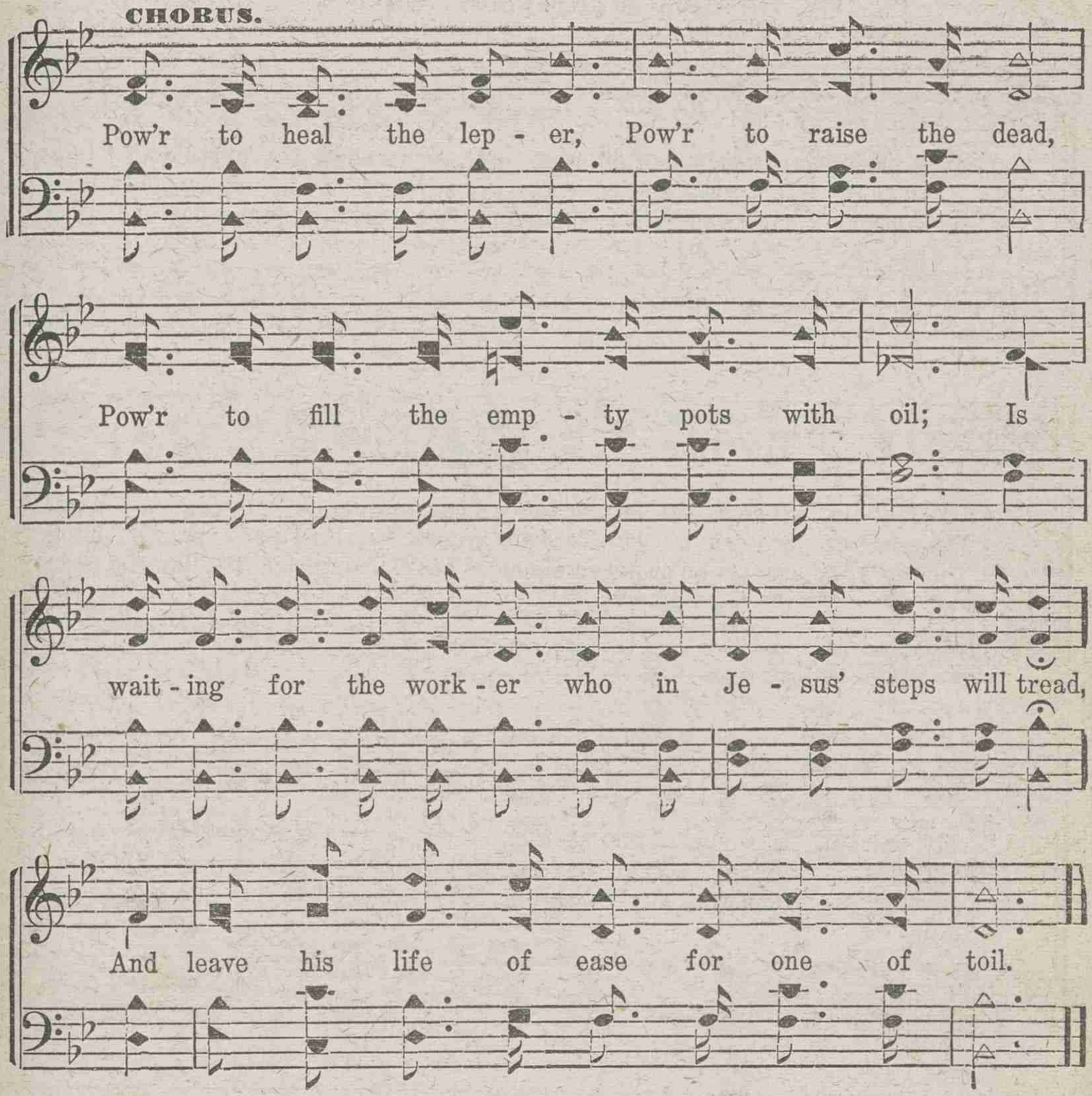
The Prophet's Call. Concluded.



No. 74. Yield Not to Temptation.

1 Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin,
Each vict'ry will help you some other to win,
Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue.
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

Cho.—Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen and keep you,
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through,

2 Shun evil companions, bad language disdain,
God's name hold in rev'rence, nor take it in vain,
Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer, though often cast down;
He who is our Saviour our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

No. 75. My Mother is Praying For Me.

"I will arise and go to my father."—Luke 15: 18.

A. N. MRS. FRIOLIN SLUESSY, Jr. Arr. by R. E. M.

1. A pray'r on the wings of an an - gel, Is borne to the portals of light,
2. I know I am weak and un - wor-thy, No mer - it of mine would I bring;
3. For long I have wandered un-heed-ing, The warnings so ten-der and true,

I feel in my heart the as - sur-ance That moth-er is pray-ing to - night.
The cross of my Lord is be - fore me, And there, tho' I per - ish, I'll cling.
The tears she has wept o'er my childhood, That fell on my cheeks like the dew.

My spir - it is wounded and brok-en, My sins with con-tri - tion I see,
Oh, yes I will go to my Sav-iour, His child from this moment I'll be,
And now while she kneels in her clos-et, When no one but Je - sus can see,

To Je - sus I'll go and confess them, While mother is pray-ing for me.
My faith shall look up and receive Him, While mother is pray-ing for me.
I'll ask for His lov - ing for-giv-'ness, While mother is pray-ing for me.

CHORUS.

My moth-er is pray - ing for me, My moth-er is pray-ing for me, To

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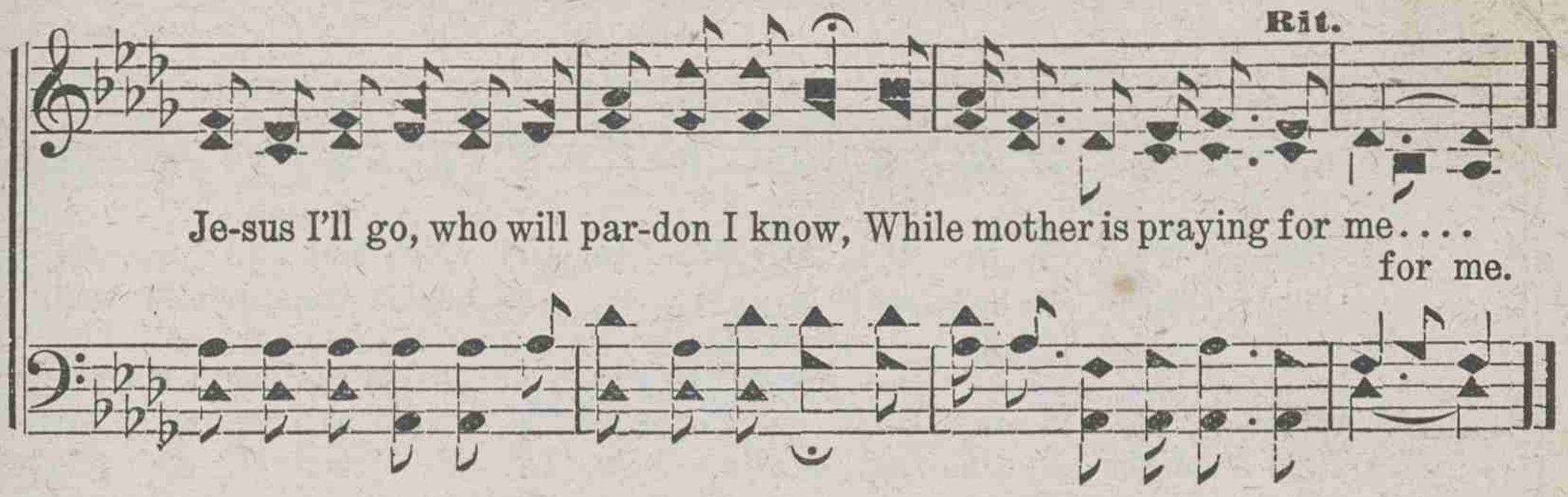
My Mother is Praying For Me. Concluded.



No. 76. I Look For His Appearing.

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."—II. Tim. 4: 8.

M. W. KNAPP. Arranged.

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No. 77. The Same To-Day.

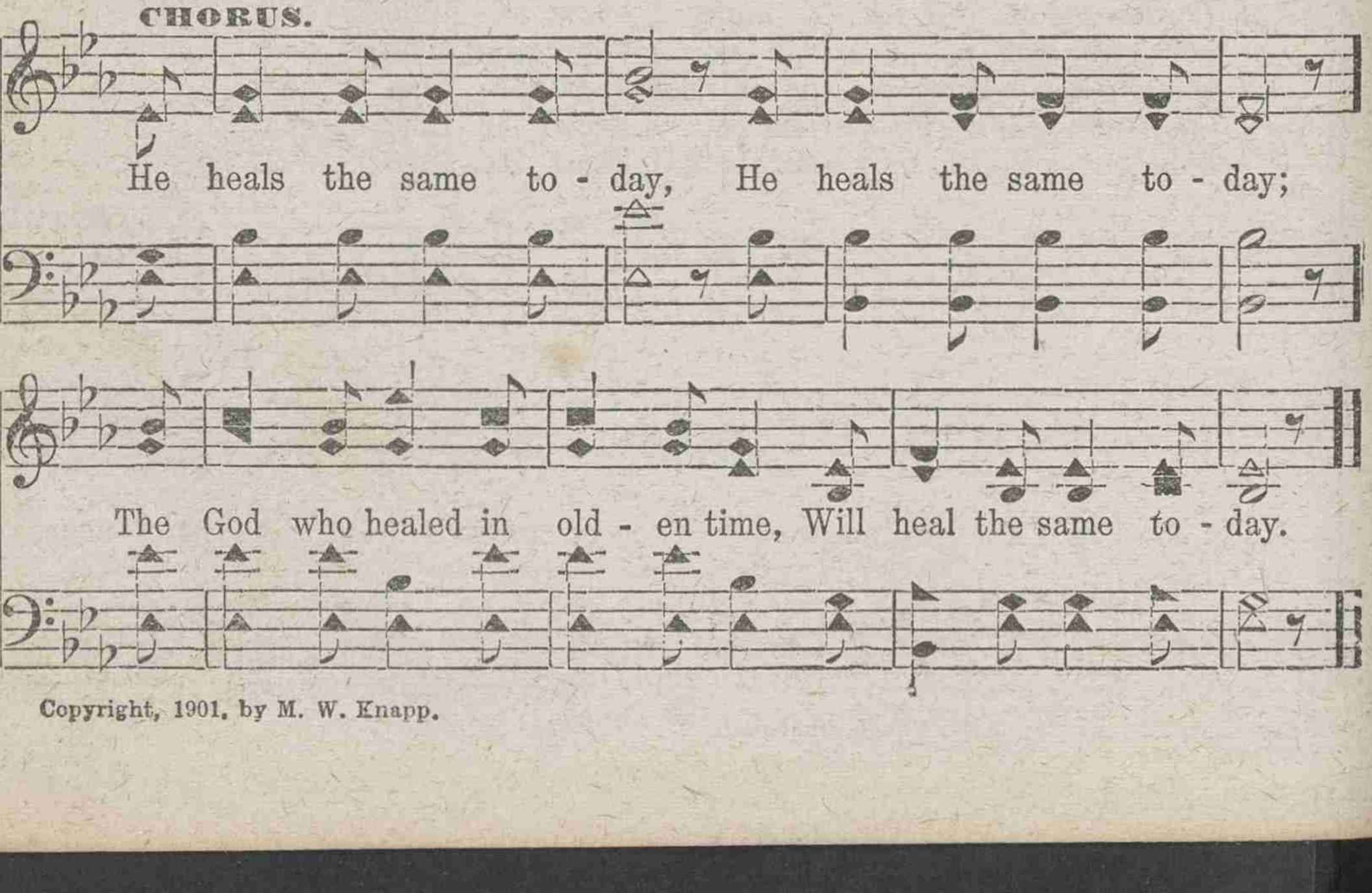
"He laid his hands on every one of them, and healed them."—Luke 4: 40.

M. W. KNAPP. Arranged.

1. When Is - ra - el in the wil - der-ness Did mur - mur and re - bel,
   God raised a ser - pent on a pole, And healed them by the way;
2. When He - ze - ki - ah sick to death, Was told he could not live,
   God list - ened to his pray'r of faith, And healed him right a - way,
3. When out to preach the liv - ing word The apos-tles forth were sent,
   They might di - vine from heav'n a-bove, Thro' Je - sus did dis - play,
4. When John and Pe - ter, Spir - it-filled, Went to the place of pray'r;
   They spake the heal - ing word to him, As help - less there he lay,
5. Then come to Je - sus, burdened ones, And test His heal - ing pow'r;
   Yield all to Him, His prom-ise trust, And look from self a - way;

God's judgments then in fear - ful might Up - on the peo - ple fell.
And He who healed in E-dom's land, Will heal the same to - day.
He strong - ly plead - ed with the Lord, New lease of life to give.
And the God who heard and answered pray'r, Is just the same to - day.
Then heal - ing pow - er from the skies, To each of them was lent.
And the God who blessed and sent them out, Will heal the same to - day.
And as they neared the tem - ple gate, Be - held the lame man there.
And Christ who healed the lame man then, Will heal the same to - day.
He waits to save and cleanse and heal; He will this ver - y hour.
For He who healed in old - en time, Will heal the same to - day.

CHORUS.



He heals the same to - day, He heals the same to - day;
The God who healed in old - en time, Will heal the same to - day.

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No. 78. Victorious Travelers.

B. S. BELLE STAPLES. Arr. by R. E. M.

1st Voice.

1. O trav-el-ers, where are you go-ing? You seem to be not of this land;
2. O trav-el-ers, what is your language? Its accents fall strange on our ears;
3. O trav-el-ers, what is your rai-ment? So strange it ap-pears to our sight;
4. O trav-el-ers, what is your di - et? You seem to be rich - ly sup-plied;

You seem to be pil-grims and strangers, A hap - py, vic - to - ri-ous band.
It fills us with dread con-ster-na - tion, With longings, with doubts and with fears.
Our garments are sin-stained and dingy, While yours are so spotless and white.
You seem to be feed-ing on dain - ties, O will you the se-cret con - fide.

2d Voice.

O yes, we are seeking a cit - y, Be-fore us the prophets have trod,
We're speaking the language of Ca-naan, A fruit-ful and beau - ti - ful land,
We're clad in the robe of sal - va - tion, The garment of praise, too, we wear,
We're feasting on manna from heav-en, We're eat-ing the good of the land;

A cit-y whose walls are sal-va - tion, Whose builder and mak-er is God.
Which drinketh the wa-ter of heav - en, Its gardens and vineyards are grand.
We fol-low the fashions of heav - en, Our treasures and mansions are there.
We're drinking the wine of the kingdom, The best that our Lord can com-mand.

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No. 79 Our Lord's Return.

"Behold, I come quickly."—Rev. 22: 7.

JAS. M. KIRK.

1. I am watch-ing for the com - ing of the glad mil - len - nial day,
2. Je - sus' com - ing back will be the an - swer to earth's sorrowing cry,
3. Yes, the ran-somed of the Lord shall come to Zi - on then with joy,
4. Then the sin and sor - row, pain and death, of this dark world shall cease,

When our bless - ed Lord shall come and catch His wait - ing Bride a - way;
For the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth and sea and sky;
And in all His ho - ly moun-tain noth - ing hurts or shall de-stroy;
In a glo - rious reign with Je - sus of a thou-sand years of peace;

Oh, my heart is filled with rap - ture as I la - bcr, watch, and pray,
God shall take a - way all sick - ness, and the suf-f'rer's tears will dry,
Per- fect peace shall reign in ev - 'ry heart, and love with-out al - loy,
All the earth is groan-ing, cry - ing for that day of sweet re - lease,

CHORUS.

For our Lord is com-ing back to earth a - gain.
When our bless - ed Je - sus shall come back a - gain.
Aft - er Je-sus shall come back to earth a - gain.
For our Je - sus to come back to earth a - gain.
} Oh, our Lord is com-ing back to earth a - gain, Yes, our Lord is coming back to earth a - gain,
is com-ing back to earth a-gain, is com-ing back to earth a-gain,

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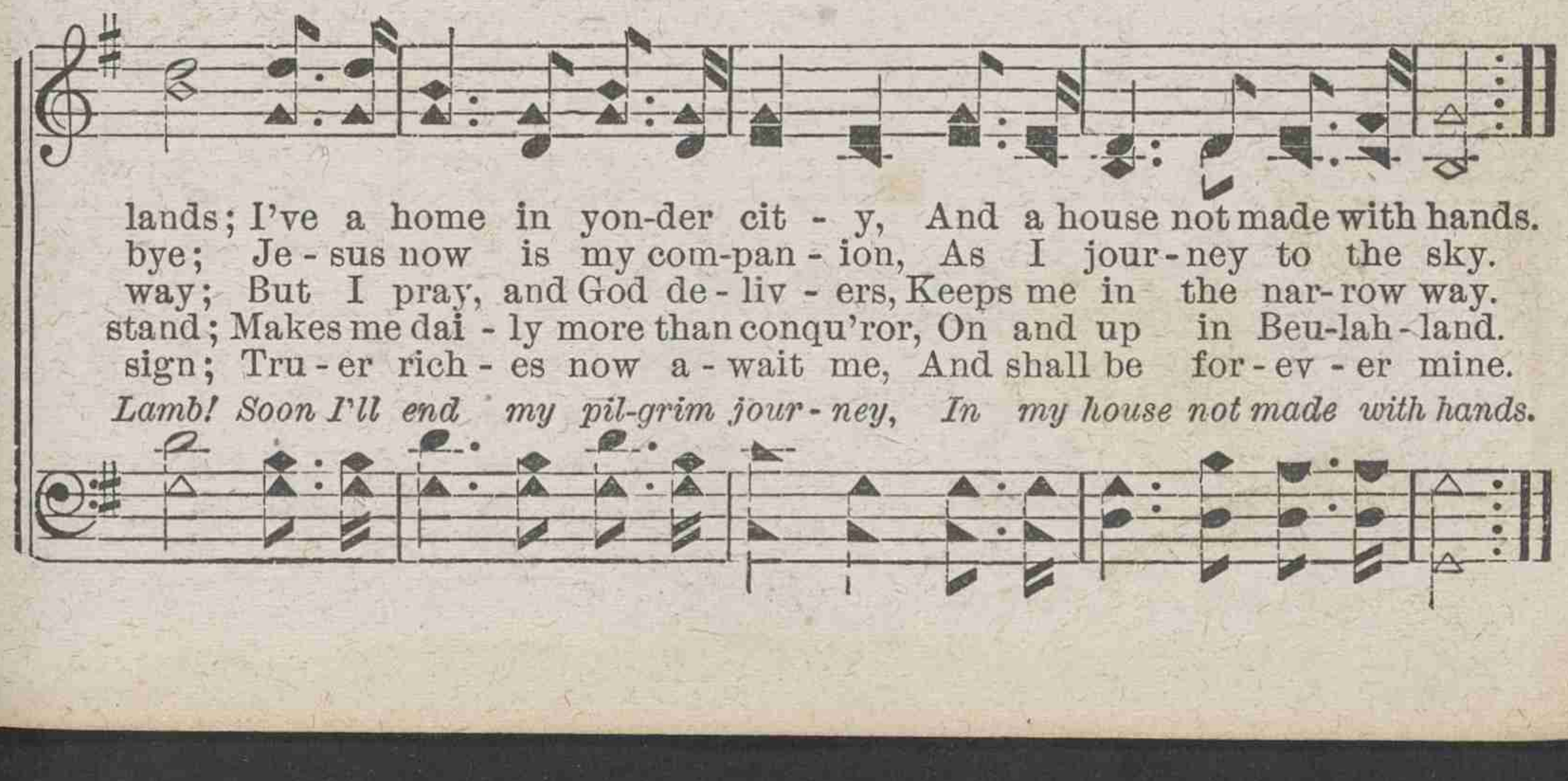
Our Lord's Return. Concluded.

No. 79. a Bound for Heaven.

"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you."—John 14: 2.

M. W. K. ARR.



No. 80. When to Be a Daniel.

"Perfect love casteth out fear."—1 John 4: 18.

THOMAS H. NELSON. FLORA B. NELSON.

1. It is safe to be a Dan - iel, And to e - ven join his band,
2. Cow - ards are as brave as Dan - iel, When they've figured out the fact
3. Oh, it's nice to be a Dan - iel, When the world is all a-greed
4. We can all be lit - tle Dan - iels When the li - ons cease to roar,

When earth's princes bow be - fore him, And the king ex-tends his hand;
That his cause is grow-ing pop - u - lar, They're Dan - iels then for tact;
That the cause he's been es - pous - ing Is the ver - y thing they need;
And his cause, proclaimed tri-um - phant, Shall re - sound from shore to shore;

When de-crees are made for Dan - iel, And a - far his fame is told,
When they know there's perfect safe - ty In es-pous - ing Dan - iel's views,
When Da - ri - us gets re - lig - ion, And does Dan - iel's God a - dore,
When i - dol - a - try and wick - ed - ness Take his place in the den,

Who would not be a Dan - iel then, And wear a chain of gold?
What hosts of Medes and Per - sians then Would be bap-tized as Jews.
We'll have a host of Dan - iels then We nev - er had be - fore.
Each cra - ven Bab - y - lo - ni - an Would be a Dan - iel then.

CHORUS.

We may dodge the is - sue now, Till the tem-pest's rage is o'er,

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When to Be a Daniel. Concluded.

Then at Dan-iel's al-tar bow, When the li-ons cease to roar.

No. 81. The Healing Touch.

"When she heard of Jesus, came in the press behind, and touched his garment."—Mark 5: 27.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. An ea-ger, rest-less crowd drew near, And round the Sav-iour pressed;
2. The mul-ti-tude, with cu-rious eyes, Just gazed up-on His face;
3. Oh, near to Christ the man-y came, In that most fa-vored hour!
4. Of all who throng His courts to-day, Who shall re-ceive His word?

But *one*, with warm and lov-ing faith, His heal-ing pow'r con-fessed.
But she glanced up with hope, and love, To feel His sav-ing grace.
But one stretched out the hand of faith, And touched His heal-ing pow'r.
Who shall reach forth with faith sin-cere, To touch the heal-ing Lord?

CHORUS.

She had touched the hem of His gar-ment, Trust-ing with all her soul;
4. Come and touch the hem of His gar-ment, Trust-ing with all your soul;

For ev-'ry touch of the lov-ing Je-sus Can make the wounded whole.

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No. 82. Tarry.

"Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be clothed with power from on high."

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Tar - ry till the prom-ised pow-er Bathes the brow and fills the soul;
2. Tar - ry for the Lord hath promised, And His word He can - not break;
3. Tar - ry till your want and weakness, He transforms to fear - less might;
4. Tar - ry till the Spir - it fall - ing Brings you per - fect love and joy;
5. Tar - ry un - til firm and fear-less, You can al - ways bold - ly stand;

And the might - y com - ing bil-lows Of sal - va - tion o'er you roll.
Hast - en, and the liv - ing wat - ers, Free - ly, ful - ly, glad - ly take.
Un - til all your sin and darkness Shall give place to love and light.
Till the light-ning bolts from heav-en, Shall car - nal - i - ty de - stroy.
Wit - ness - ing a - gainst the e - vils, That are reign - ing in the land.

Tar - ry for our Lord commands it, And His word we must o - bey;
Tar - ry till the crim-son cur-rent, All de - file-ment cleans-es out;
Tar - ry till the Spir - it's ful-ness, All your be - ing shall en - due;
Tar - ry till with per-fect free-dom, You can speak and sing and pray;
Tar - ry un - til pow'r is giv - en, "More than con-quer-ors" to be,

Speed un - to the up - per chamber Fast, and wait and watch and pray.
And the peace and joy of heav-en, Makes you laugh and sing and shout.
Lin - ger till the floods of heav-en, Shall de-scend and com-pass you.
Un - til ev - 'ry car - nal tem-per, Is for - ev - er washed a - way.
Claim it for 'tis sure - ly promised, And just now a - wait - ing thee.

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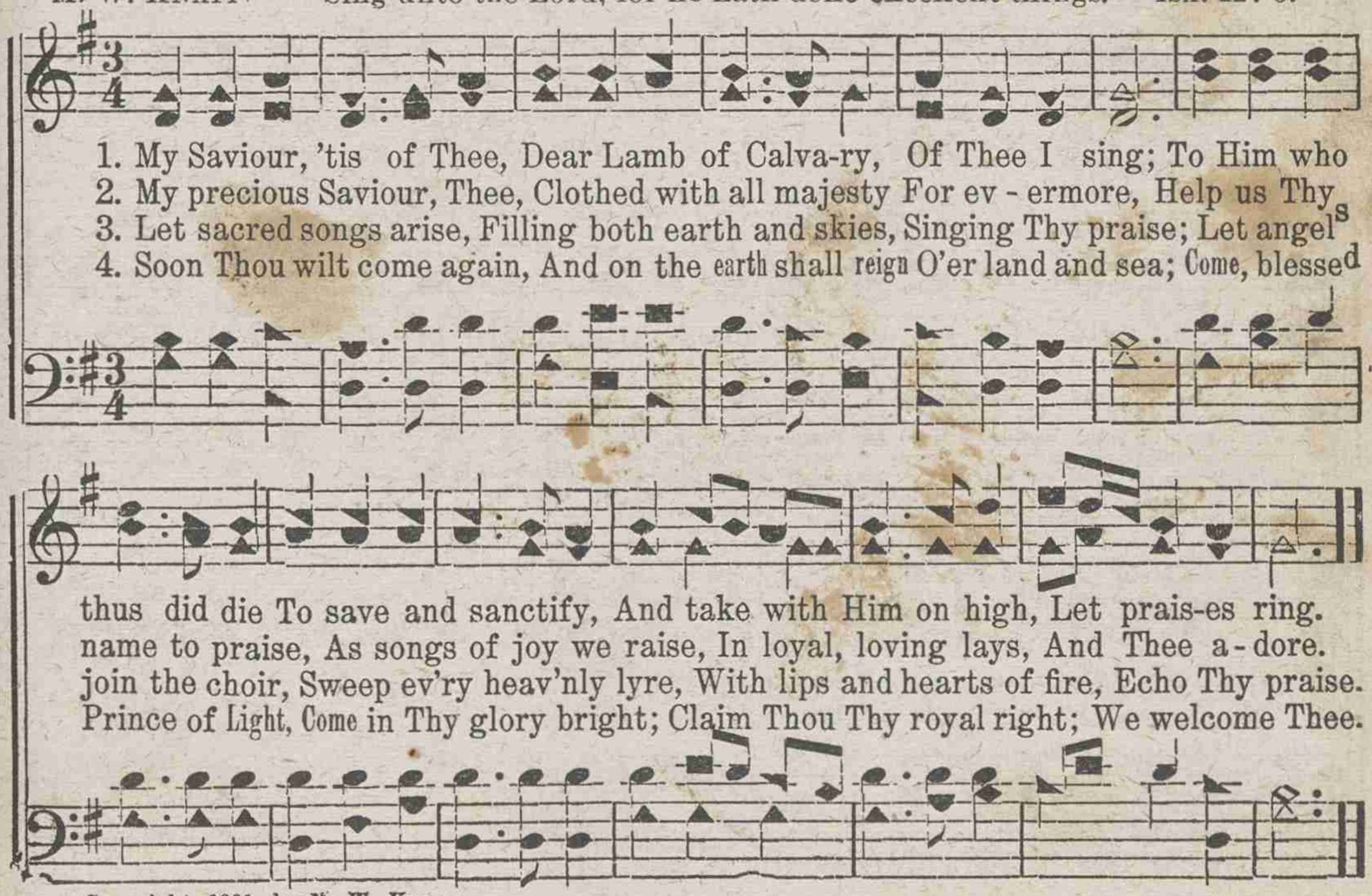
Tarry. Concluded.

No. 83. My Saviour, 'Tis of Thee.

M. W. KNAPP. "Sing unto the Lord, for he hath done excellent things."—ISA. 12: 5.



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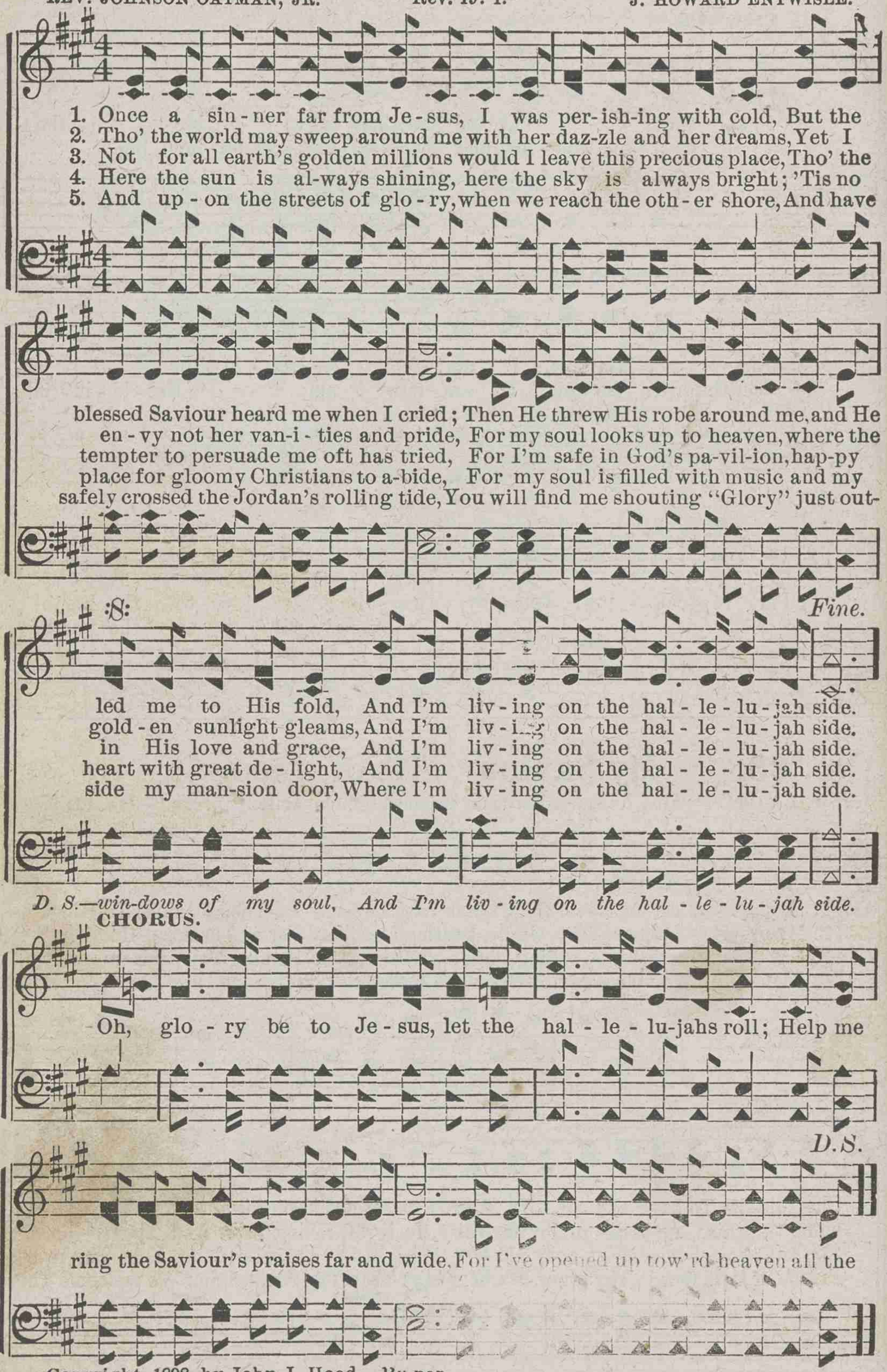
No. 84. The Hallelujah Side.

"Alleluia; salvation, and glory, and honor, and power, unto the Lord our God."—
REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. Rev. 19: 1. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



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No. 85. It Just Suits Me.

"O taste and see that the Lord is good."—Psalm 34: 8.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. What a won-der-ful sal - va-tion! For its length, and breadth, and height
2. Oh, this bless-ed "who-so-ev-er," Call-ing ev-'ry one who will,
3. Pre-cious prom-is-es of Je-sus, Sweeping ev-'ry hu-man need!
4. What a per-fect, pres-ent Sav-iour! What a true and lov-ing friend!

Far ex-cel the grandest knowledge Of the ser-a-phim in light;
To the sparkling, liv-ing wa-ters, Flow-ing ful-ly, free-ly still;
For the grace of our Re-deem-er Must our high-est tho't ex-ceed;
Can we ev-er praise Him right-ly? Tell how grace and glo-ry blend?

I can nev-er, nev-er fath-om Half its ho-ly mys-ter-y,
No, I know not why He loves me, But His blood is all my plea;
To the might-y, roy-al store-house Let me use the gold-en key;
Now the Prince of Peace is reign-ing, O-ver-rul-ing all I see;

CHORUS.

But I know it is for sin-ners, And it just suits me.
I can trust His "who-so-ev-er," For it just suits me.
Find the spe-cial, ten-der prom-ise That will just suit me.
So, what-ev-er lot he or-ders, May it just suit me.
} It just suits

me, It just suits me, This won-der-ful sal-va-tion, It just suits me.

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No. 86. Herald the Gospel.

"The time is shortened."—1 Cor. 7: 29.

M. W. KNAPP.

F L. POTTER.
ARR. BY R. E. M.

1. Wan-der-ing far from the Shepherd a-way, Per-ish-ing far from the fold,
2. Je-sus, to save them, from heaven came down; Suffered for them on the tree,
3. Speed with the Gospel, His mandate o-bey; Preach it to all of the world;
4. In - di-a's wait-ing the mes-sage to hear, Mes-sage of joy and of love;

Man - y the sheep that are dy - ing to - day, Dy - ing a-way in the cold.
Leaving His heav-en-ly mansion and crown; Wonderful! How could it be?
Her - ald it quick-ly, no long - er de - lay; Tell it to all of the world,
Af - ri-ca's wait-ing for Je - sus to cheer, Tidings from heaven a - bove;

Wandering out on the mountain so drear; Dying away from the Shepherd so dear;
Leav - ing His scepter and cit - y of gold; Welcoming sorrow and torture untold:
Preach it, eternity's night draweth near; Preach it, for news of His coming we hear;
Isles of the o-cean are waiting for light; Japan and China are merging from night,

Longing, it may be, His sweet voice to hear; Dy - ing a-way from the fold.
All to bring wander-ers back to the fold; Dy - ing for you and for me.
Preach it, for soon our Lord King will appear; Preach it to all of the world.
Wait-ing to welcome the heav-en - ly light, Coming from heaven a - bove.

CHORUS.

Per - ish - ing now, per - ish - ing now, Per - ish-ing far from the fold;

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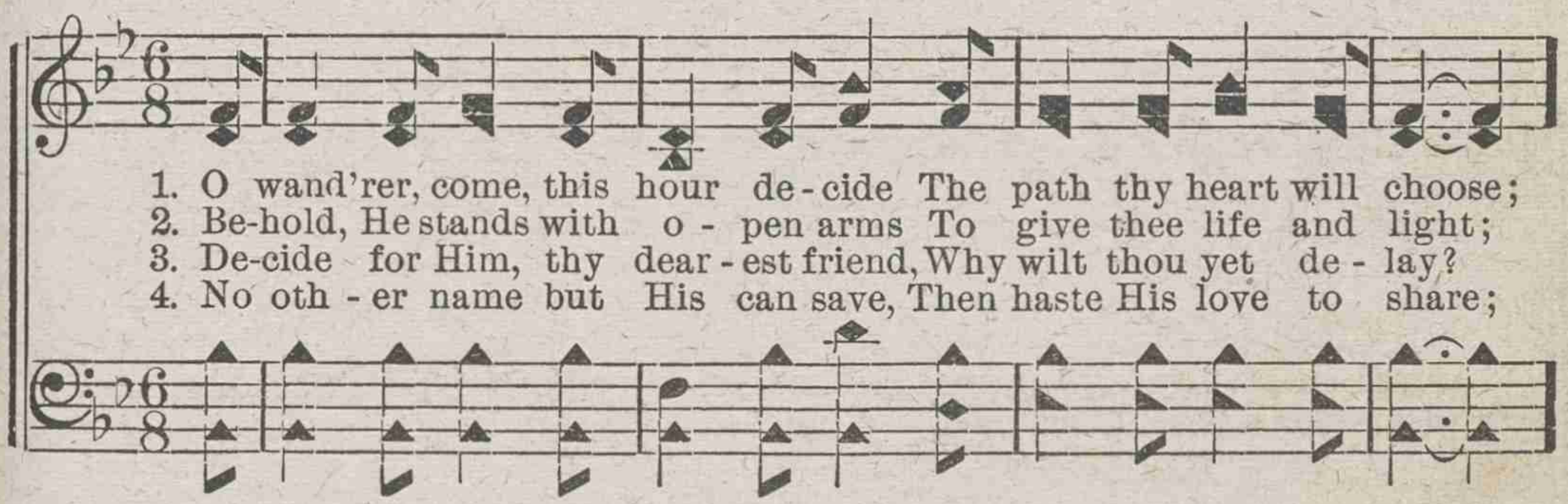
Herald the Gospel. Concluded.

No. 87. Decide Now.

"So shall thy judgment be."—1 Kings 20: 40.

* * *

W. H. DOANE.



CHORUS.

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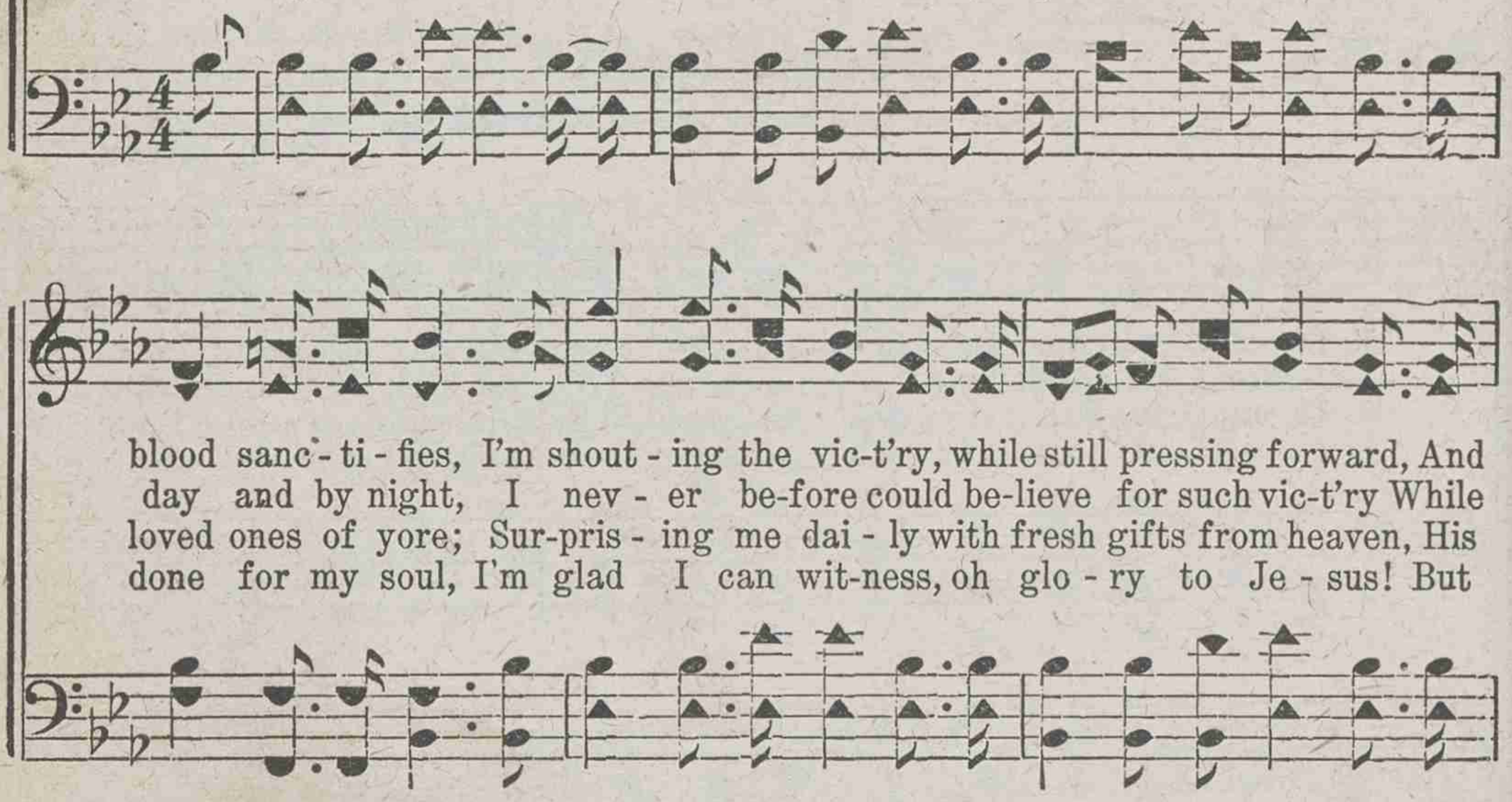
No. 88. The Conqueror's Tread.

"More than conquerors through him that hath loved us."—Matt. 8: 39.

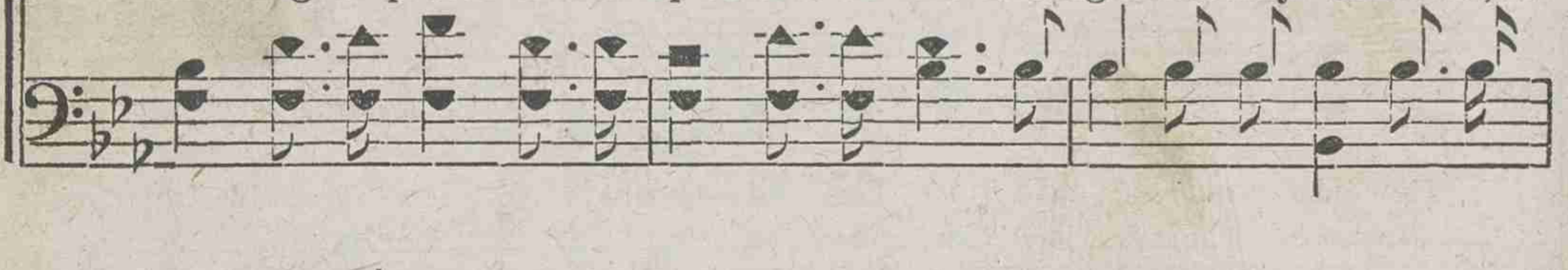
FLORENCE POTTER. R. E. McNEILL.

1. Oh, glo - ry to God! Halle - lu - jah to Je - sus! I'm liv - ing in Ca-naan, the
2. I've peace like a riv - er, be-yond un-derstanding, My soul is o'er-flow-ing by
3. Let all praise the Lord, for His goodness and mercy, He's more to me now than the
4. I sing and I shout, and endeav-or to tell it, Rejoice when I think what He's



blood sanc - ti - fies, I'm shout - ing the vic-t'ry, while still pressing forward, And
day and by night, I nev - er be-fore could be-lieve for such vic-t'ry While
loved ones of yore; Sur-pris - ing me dai - ly with fresh gifts from heaven, His
done for my soul, I'm glad I can wit-ness, oh glo - ry to Je - sus! But

on - ward and up-ward, as time swift - ly flies, Temp-tations are ma - ny and
press-ing the bat - tle down here in the fight. The wa-ters are wild and the
king - ly pro - vi - sion is mine more and more. The en - e - my roars and at-
noth - ing ex-press - es the rap-tures that roll. The righteous may "smite me," I



tri - als are plenty, But Je-sus is with me, I'm nev - er a-lone, The Com-fort-er
sea rough and stormy, The rocks often threaten my soul tempest tossed, The Spir - it of
tempts to destroy me, His plans newly laid are awaiting each day, A pilgrim, a
deem it "a kindness," Rebukes I can bear, they "will not break my head," I've put on the

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The Conqueror's Tread. Concluded.

fills me, my soul feels the glory, I'm thrilled and enraptured and jour-ney-ing home.
Je|- sus is out on the waters, He stil-leth their fu - ry till safe - ly I've crossed.
stranger, I face His re-vil-ings, Re-joice in the furnace and shout on my way.
" ar-mor," and Christ fights my battles, While I in my soul, feel the Conqueror's tread.

No. 89. "Knowing."

"He that believeth on the son of God, hath the witness in him."—I. John 5: 10.

M. W. KNAPP. ROBERT LOWRY. By per.

1. Do you know your sins for-giv - en? Has the bur-den roll'd a - way?
2. Do you know that Je - sus saves you? Is the witness clear and bright?
3. Do you have the sweet as-sur - ance, Such a - lone as God can give?
4. Are you changed in your be-hav - ior? Does the Spir - it dwell with-in?
5. Have you now a hope of heav - en, Like an an - chor firm and strong;

Does the Sav-iour's precious pres-ence Guard and guide you all the day?
Do you love the Fa-ther's chil-dren? Are you walk - ing in lhe light?
That you please Him ev - 'ry mo-ment; That you to His glo - ry live?
Does He ful - fy sanc - ti - fy you? Are you cleansed from in-bred sin?
Christ, your all suf - fi - cient por - tion, Joy, re-ward, and hope, and song.

CHORUS.

Yes, I know that Je-sus saves me, Re-mem-ber-ing my sins no more for-ev - er.
Yes, my name is now enrolled in heav - en, I am wash'd in the Saviour's blood.

No. 90. Like a Mighty Sea.

"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst."—
REV. H. J. ZELLEY. John 4: 14. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. My soul to-day is thirst-ing for liv-ing streams di-vine, To
2. I see the clouds a-ris-ing, the mer-cy clouds of love, That
3. The show'rs of grace are fall-ing, the tide is roll-ing in; The
4. It's com-ing, yes, it's com-ing, it's com-ing down this hour, A

sweep from highest heav-en to this poor heart of mine; I stand up-on the
come to bring re-fresh-ing down from the throne a-bove, The ear-nest of the
flood-tide of sal-va-tion, with pow'r to cleanse from sin; It's surging thro' my
tor-rent of sal-va-tion in sav-ing, cleansing pow'r; I hear the bil-lows

prom-ise, in Je-sus' name I plead; O send the gra-cious cur-rent to
show-er just now to us is giv'n, And now we wait ex-pect-ing the
be-ing, and takes my sin a-way; It keeps me shout-ing, glo-ry! thro'
sing-ing, I see them mount and roll; Oh, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! they're

CHORUS by CLARENCE B. STROUSE.

sat-is-fy my need.
floods of grace from heav'n.
all the hap-py day.
sweep-ing thro' my soul.

} Like a might-y sea, like a might-y sea,

Comes the love of Je-sus sweeping o-ver me; The waves of glo-ry roll, the

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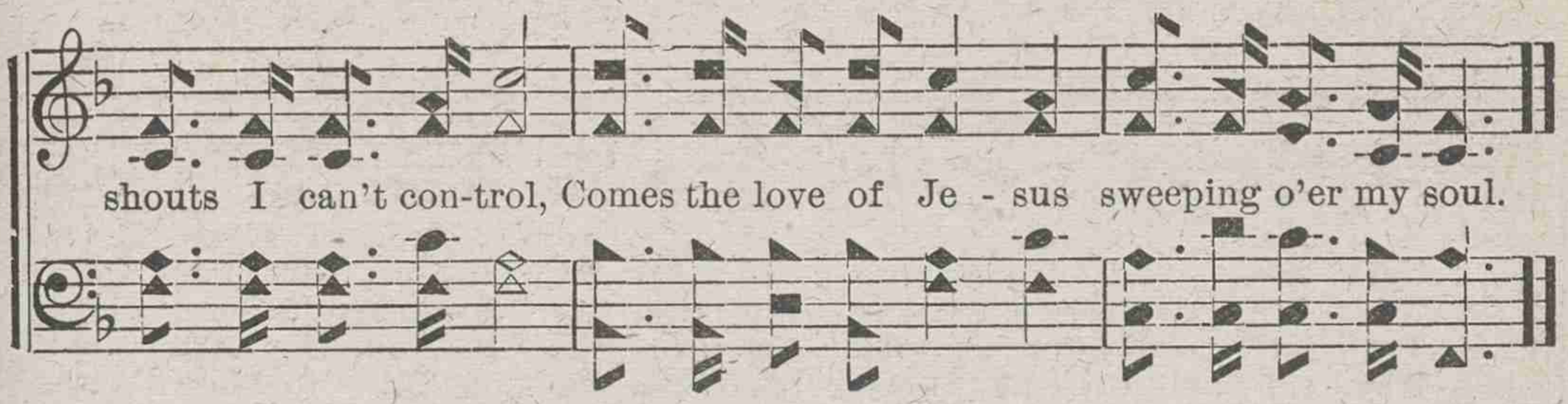
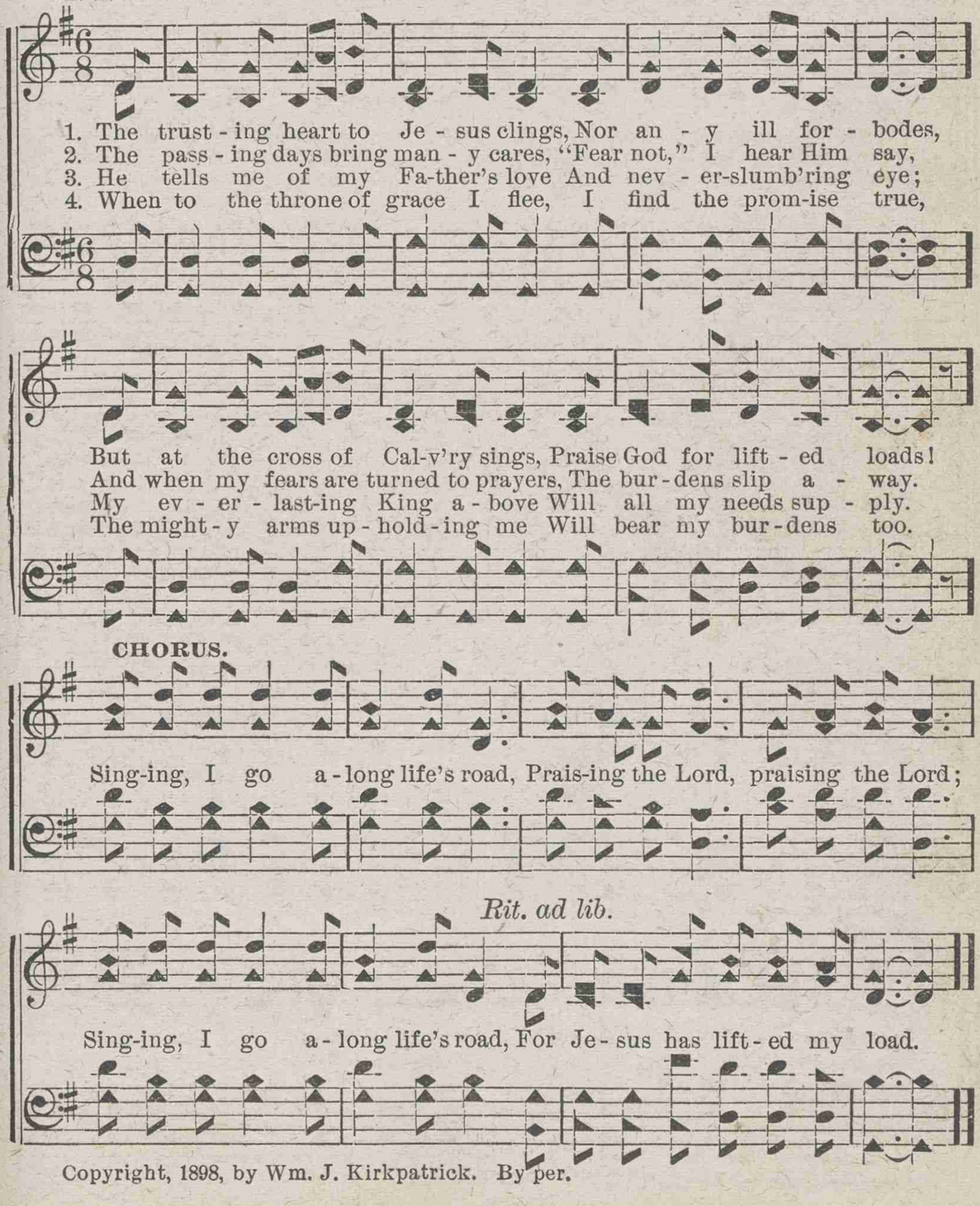
Like a Mighty Sea.



No. 91. Jesus Has Lifted the Load.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord."—Psalm 55: 22.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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No. 92. Reunion Song.

M. W. KNAPP. R. E. McNEILL.

1. All glo - ry, praise, and hon - or to the Lamb who once was slain! To
2. From cit - y and from coun-try we have gath-ered to this place, To
3. Temp-ta - tions have as-sailed us, and the dev - il pressed us sore, But
4. Ful - fill the Fa-ther's promise, pour the Spir - it from the sky. Con-
5. Thy gos - pel in its full-ness make Thy peo - ple all to know, With
6. And when at last the trump-et shall pro-claim Thy com - ing nigh, With

Him whose love and mercy now have bro't us here a - gain, Whose precious blood, a-
mag - ni - fy Thy goodness, power, love, and boundless grace, And tar - ry in the
Thou hast made us triumph, and Thou wilt for-ev - er-more; Thy grace has been suf-
vict, con-vert the sin-ner, heal, re-store, and sanc-ti - fy; The Spir-it's gifts and
love to God and oth-ers may our hearts and lives o'erflow, And man - y from this
lamps all trimmed and burning may we meet Thee in the sky, And meet with saints in

vail - ing, sanc - ti - fies from ev - 'ry stain; All glo - ry to the Lamb!
sun - shine of the pres - ence of Thy face— To Thee be all the praise!
fi - cient and Thy name we will a - dore; To Thee be all the praise!
gra - ces free - ly give us from on high; To Thee be all the praise!
al - tar to the dy - ing mil - lions go; All glo - ry to the Lamb!
glo - ry, where they nev - er say "Good-bye." A - men, "O quick-ly come!"

CHORUS.

Wor-ship, praise, and ad - o - ra - tion Be to Thee thro' all cre - a - tion,

For Thy full and free sal - va - tion, For - ev - er-more the same.

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No. 93. When the Bridegroom Comes.

"Then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven."—Matt. 24: 30.

E. R. LATTA. ALT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Will our lamps be filled and read - y, When the Bride-groom comes? And our
2. Shall we hear a wel-come sounding, When the Bride-groom comes? And a
3. Don't de - lay our prep - a - ra - tion Till the Bride-groom comes, Lest there
4. It may be a time of sor-row, When the Bride-groom comes; If our
5. Oh, there'll be a glo-rious meet-ing, When the Bride-groom comes! And a

lights be clear and steady, When the Bridegroom comes? In the night, ... that sol-emn
shout of joy resounding, When the Bridegroom comes? In the night, ... that sol-emn
be a sep - a- ra-tion, When the Bridegroom comes. In the night, ... that sol-emn
oil we hope to borrow, When the Bridegroom comes. In the night, ... that sol-emn
hal - le - lu-jah greeting, When the Bridegroom comes. In the night, ... that joy-ful

night (that sol-emn night), Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?
night (that sol-emn night), Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?
night (that sol-emn night), Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?
night (that sol-emn night), Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?
night (that joy - ful night), With our lamps all burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes.

CHORUS.

0 be read-y! 0 be read-y! 0 be ready when the Bridegroom comes!
0 be read-y! 0 be read-y! 0 be ready when the (*Omit.*) Bridegroom comes!

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No. 94. The Judgment Day.

"It is appointed unto men once to die, and after this cometh judgment."—Heb. 9: 27.

M. W. KNAPP. R. E. McNEILL.

1. Have you heard of the ap-point-ment which we all must sure - ly meet,
2. Ev - 'ry eye shall then be-hold Him, see the Judge up - on His throne,
3. Ev - 'ry deed you have com-mit - ted will ap-pear be - fore the throne,
4. Oh, the sol - emn, trag - ic hor - rors of that aw - ful day of days,
5. Then the dread - ed, aw - ful sen - tence shall at last from Him be heard,

When the fi - nal court as - sem-bles, with the Judge up - on His seat?
And the wick - ed quail be - fore Him, all their guilt compelled to own;
All your in - ner, hid - den se - crets then shall cer - tain - ly be known,
When the earth shall be on fire, and the heav - ens all a - blaze;
With no hope of a re - vers-al; He can nev - er change His word;

You have cer - tain - ly been summoned, for the Bi - ble tells me so,
Once de - rid - ed, now ex - alt - ed, ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow,
All the courts of heav'n as - sem-bled, what a gath - 'ring that will be!
When the wick - ed, in their fren - zy, on their knees shall wail - ing fall,
"Curs - ed souls, de - part for - ev - er! to the pun - ish-ment pre-pared,

Fine.

And what - ev - er your en-gage-ments, you must to the judg-ment go.
Man - y slight-ed, Christ re - ject - ed, what a fear - ful har - vest now!
If you are not saved and read - y, what a dread - ful day for thee!
And up - on the rocks and mountains, all in vain for help shall call.
For the dev - il and his an - gels," aw - ful doom, for - ev - er shared.

D. S.—To their aw - ful doom e - ter - nal, at the fi - nal judg-ment day.

CHORUS.

D. S

Oh, the weep-ing and the wail - ing, as the wick-ed turn a - way

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No. 95. Oh, A Friend in Need.

"All things whatsoever ye pray and ask for, believe that ye have received them, and ye shall have them."—Mark 11: 24.

M. W. KNAPP. C. F. WEIGELE. ARR. BY R. E. M.

1. What a *good* Friend I have in Je - sus! All my sins He washed a-way;
2. What a *true* Friend I have in Je - sus, While I sleep and while I wake;
3. What a *rich* Friend I have in Je - sus! His the sil-ver and the gold
4. What a *near* Friend I have in Je - sus! He is al-ways by my side,
5. What a *strong* Friend I have in Je - sus! He up-holds me by His might;
6. What a *kind* Friend I have in Je - sus! All my sor-rows He does feel;
7. What a *wise* Friend I have in Je - sus! Might-y Coun-sel-lor di-vine,

Sanc - ti - fies me day by day; Hears and an-swers when I pray.
Me He nev - er will for-sake, Nor a pre-cious prom-ise break.
Which the u - ni-verse doth hold; All the rich - es, vast, un - told.
And He claims me as His bride; Oh, how swift the mo-ments glide!
Turns my dark-ness in - to light; Puts my en - e - mies to flight.
All my sick-ness - es will heal; Nev - er chides when I ap - peal.
Glo - ry, hon - or, all be Thine; All my will is lost in Thine.

CHORUS.

Oh, a Friend in need, and a Friend in - deed, Is the Friend that I find in Je - sus! How His love in - spires, and His Spir - it fires; Oh, my soul is en - rap - tured with Je - sus!

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No. 96. Coming Home.

M. W. KNAPP. ARR. BY R. E. M.

1. My bur-dened heart was sad and sore; The things that charmed me, charmed no more; The pleasures that I once en-joyed Have left a sting,—my peace de-stroyed. I wan-dered
2. Tho' Sa-tan's hosts be-hind pur-sue, And threat-'ning seas a-head in view, Di-vine-ly led, I for-ward press, Till God my seek-ing soul shall bless. My Sav-iour
3. Let friends for-sake, and foes de-ride, It on-ly helps me to de-cide, Tho' I have sinned in heav-en's sight, I'm com-ing home this ver-y night. I see my

ver-y far a-way; In E-gypt I'll no long-er stay, In Father's house is bread to spare; He of-fers still to me a share. Coming home, yes, coming home, To
speaks: "I all for-give, O look a-way to me and live!" I look, and all my sins confessed, De-part as far as East from West. *Chorus for last verse.*
Fa-ther's welcome face; He par-dons all, O wondrous grace! My life of sin at last is o'er, I'm com-ing home, to roam no more. Home at last, yes, home at last; My

CHORUS.

Father's house I'm coming home; Jesus calls, I'm coming home, To Father's house, no more to roam
E-gypt life for-ev-er past; Jesus calls, and welcomes home, To Father's house, no more to roam.

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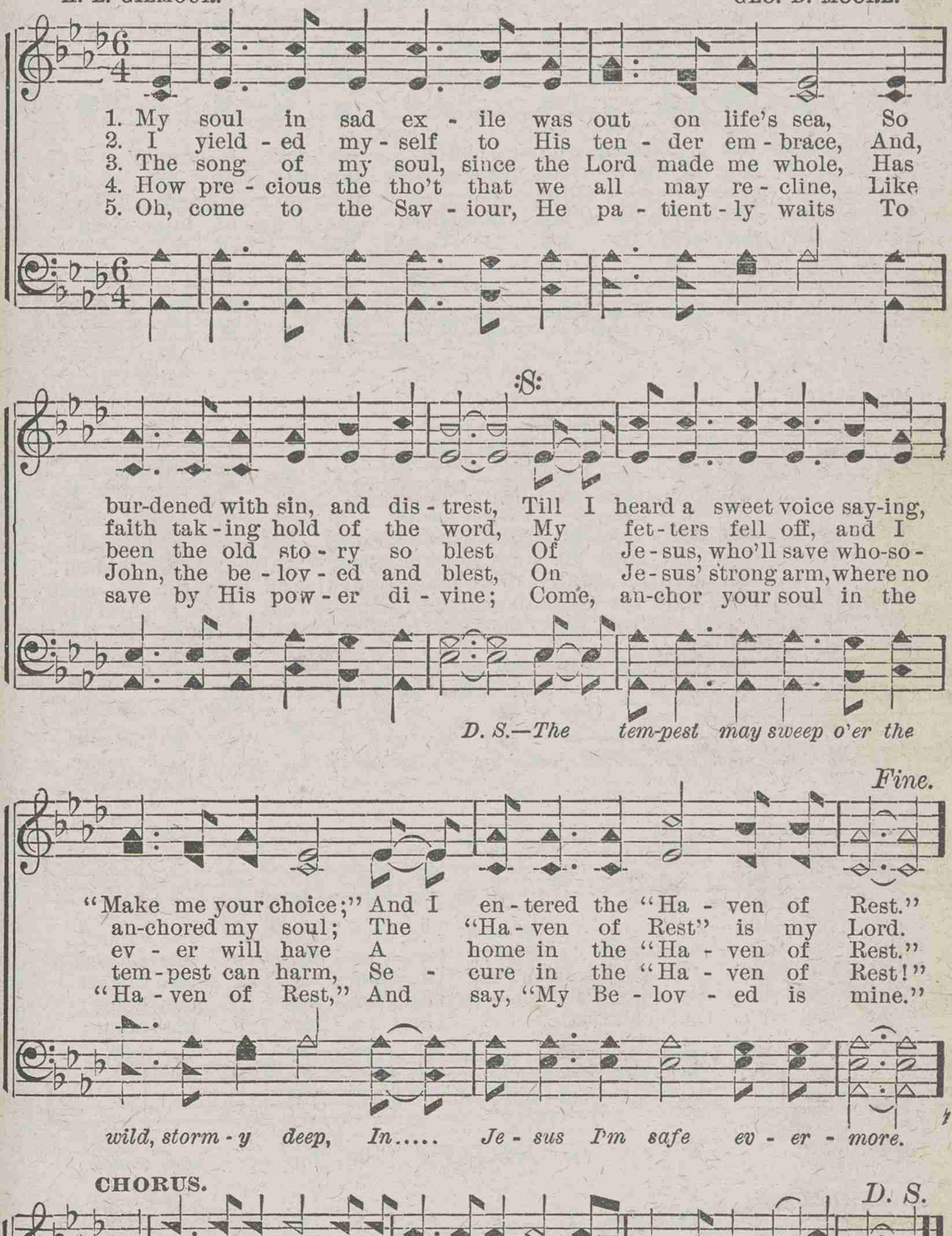
No. 97. The "Haven of Rest."

"For we which have believed do enter into rest."—Hebrews 4: 3.

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



CHORUS.

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

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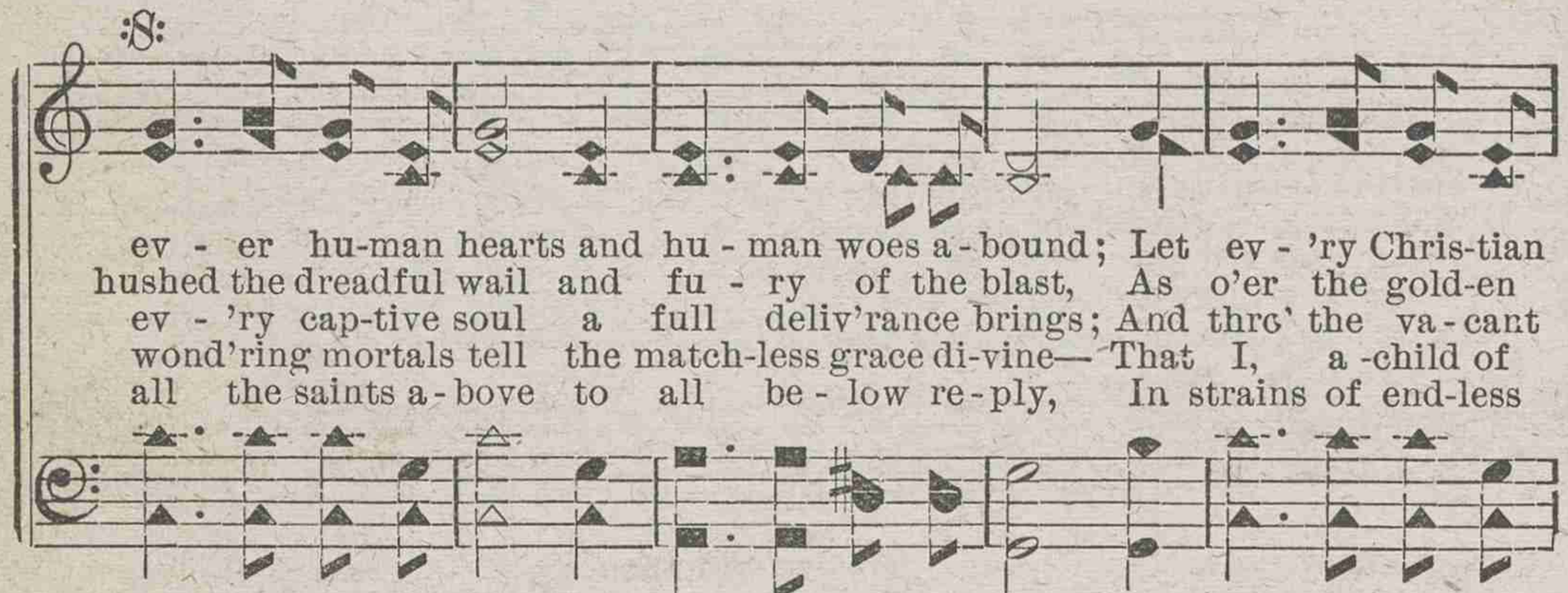
No. 98. The Comforter Has Come.

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever."—John 14: 16.

REV. F. BOTTOME, D. D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, spread the ti - dings round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And
3. 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
5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault - ed sky, And



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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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No. 99. His Way with Thee.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord."—Psalm 37: 5.

C. S. N. REV. CYRUS S. NUSBAUM.

1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be always pure and good? Would you walk with Him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your bur - den,
2. Would you have Him make you free, and follow at His call? Would you know the peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that
3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of per-fect rest? Would you prove Him true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor

CHORUS.

carry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
you need never fall? Let Him have His way with thee.
always at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.
} His pow'r can make you what you ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart, and make you free; His love can fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

Rit.

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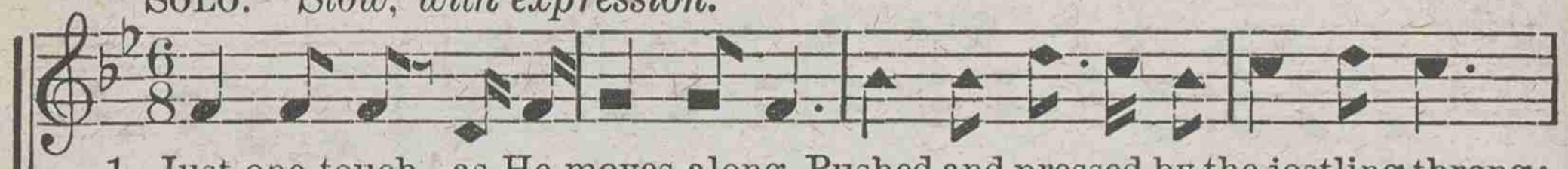
No. 100. Just One Touch.

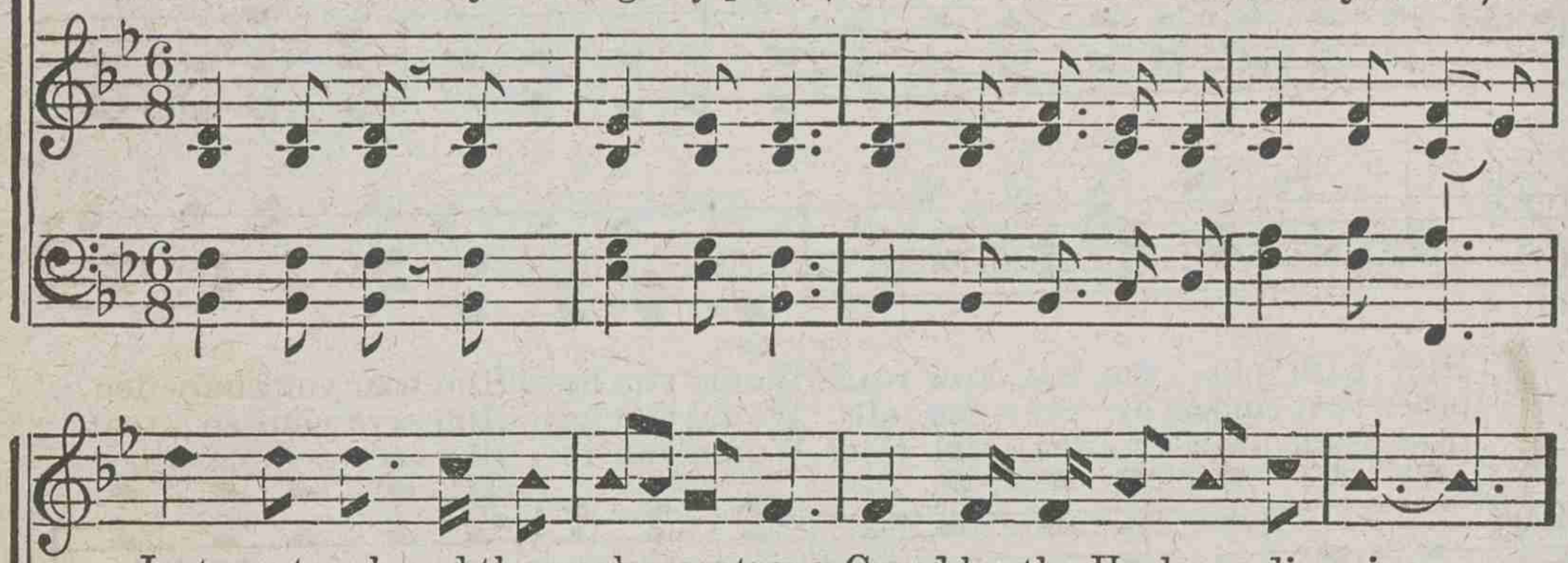
"I am the Lord that healeth thee."—Exodus 15: 26.

BIRDIE BELL. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO. *Slow, with expression.*



1. Just one touch as He moves along, Pushed and pressed by the jostling throng;
2. Just one touch, and He makes me whole, Speaks sweet peace to my sin-sick soul;
3. Just one touch! and the work is done, I am saved by the bless-ed Son;
4. Just one touch! and He turns to me, Oh, the love in His eyes I see!
5. Just one touch! by His might-y pow'r, He can heal thee this ver - y hour;



Just one touch, and the weak was strong, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.
At His feet all my bur-dens roll, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.
I will sing while the a - ges run, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.
I am His for He hears my plea, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.
Thou canst hear tho' the tem-pest low'r, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.

CHORUS.

Just one touch as He pass-es by, He will list to the faint-est cry;

Come and be saved while the Lord is nigh, Christ is the Heal-er divine (divine).

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No. 101. 'Tis Burning in My Soul.

"My servants shall sing for joy of heart."—Isaiah 65: 14.

DELIA T. WHITE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. God sent His might-y pow'r To this poor, sin-ful heart, To
2. Be-fore the cross I bow, Up-on the al-tar lay A
3. No good that I have done,— His prom-ise I em-brace; Ac-

keep me ev-'ry hour, And needful grace impart; And since His Spir-it came
will-ing off'ring now, My all from day to day; My Sav-iour paid the price,
cept-ed in the Son, He saves me by His grace; All glo-ry be to God!

To take supreme control, The love-en-kin-dled flame Is burning in my soul.
My name He sweetly calls; Up-on the sac-ri-fice The fire from heaven falls.
Let hal-le-lu-jahs roll; His love is shed a-broad, The fire is in my soul.

CHORUS.

'Tis burn-ing in my soul, 'Tis burning in my soul; The fire of heav'nly
Ho-ly Spir-it came, All glo-ry to His name! The fire of heav'nly

love Is burn-ing in my soul. The
love Is burn-ing [*Omit.* . . . . .] in my soul.
burn-ing in my soul. burn-ing in my soul.

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No. 102. Jesus, Thy Healer.

"Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases."—Psalm 103: 3.

TABOR. G. TABOR THOMPSON.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, has died on the tree, Bear-ing thy sick-ness, thus
2. In His a - tone-ment the work is com-plete, Sick-ness and sor - row are
3. Call for the eld-ers, they'll pray for thee now, A-noint thee with oil, while
4. Praise the Re-deem - er! I trust in His pow'r, His healing hand touched me,

mak - ing thee free: Oh! it is won - der - ful; how could it be?
un - der His feet; Fly to this ref - uge, for here thou wilt see
low - ly they bow; Prayer will be answered, 'twas an-swered for me;
and from this hour I go to thank Him for mak - ing me whole,

CHORUS.

Je - sus bro't heal-ing for thee.
Je - sus has heal-ing for thee.
Sick-ness and sor - row will flee.
Bod - y as well as my soul.

Heal-ing for thee, heal-ing for thee;

In His a - tone-ment is heal - ing for thee; Oh! it is

won - der - ful; how could it be? Je - sus bro't heal - ing for thee.

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No. 103. There is Power in the Blood.

"In Christ Jesus ye that once were far off are made nigh in the blood of Christ."—Eph. 2: 13.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

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No. 104. My Spirit is Free.

"If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."—John 8: 36.

W. A. S. REV. W. A. SPENCER.

1. I fol - low the footsteps of Je - sus my Lord, His Spir - it doth
2. A lep - er He found me, pol - lut - ed by sin, From which He a -
3. A cap - tive in woe to my pris - on of night, The Mas - ter hath
4. Proclaim it, 'tis done, full sal - va - tion is wrought For sin - ners from

lead me a - long; I walk in the pathway made plain by His word,
lone can set free; He spake in His mer-cy, "I will, be thou clean!"
o - pened the door; Shout a - loud of de - liv-'rance, ye an - gels of light,
sor - row and woe; Sing a - loud of His grace who my par-don has bought,

REFRAIN.

And He fills all my soul with this song.
And He in - stant - ly pu - ri - fied me.
Praise His name, O my soul, ev - er - more.
"For His blood wash - es whit - er than snow."

} Glo - ry to God, my spir - it is free, Glo - ry to God, He pu - ri - fies me; I'm walking the thorn-path, but joy-ful I'll be While fol - low-ing Je - sus, my Lord.

Used by per. of Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, for Mrs. E. S. Spencer.

No. 105. Mission War Song.

"And this is the victory that hath overcome the world, even our faith."—I. John 5: 4.

Welsh Air.

1. Christian, rouse thee! war is rag - ing, God with sin is bat - tle wag - ing,
Dare ye still lie fond - ly dream-ing, Wrapt in ease and world - ly schem-ing,

2. Lord, we come, and from Thee nev-er, Self nor earth our hearts shall sev - er,
To a world of reb - els dy - ing, Heav - en, and hell, and God defy - ing,

3. Hark! I hear the warriors shout-ing, Now the hosts of hell we're rout - ing,
See the foe be - fore us fall - ing, Sin - ners on the Sav - iour call - ing,

CHORUS.

Ev - 'ry ransom'd pow'r en-gag-ing, Break the tempter's spell. } Thro' the world re
While the mul-ti-tudes are streaming, Downwards in - to hell. }
Thine en-tire - ly, Thine for-ev - er, We will fight and die. }
Ev- 'rywhere we'll still be cry- ing, "Will ye per - ish, why?" }
Courage! onward! nev-er doubting, We shall win the day. }
Throwing off the bondage gall-ing, Join our glad ar - ray. }

sounding, Let the gos - pel sounding, Sum - mon all at Je - sus' call, His

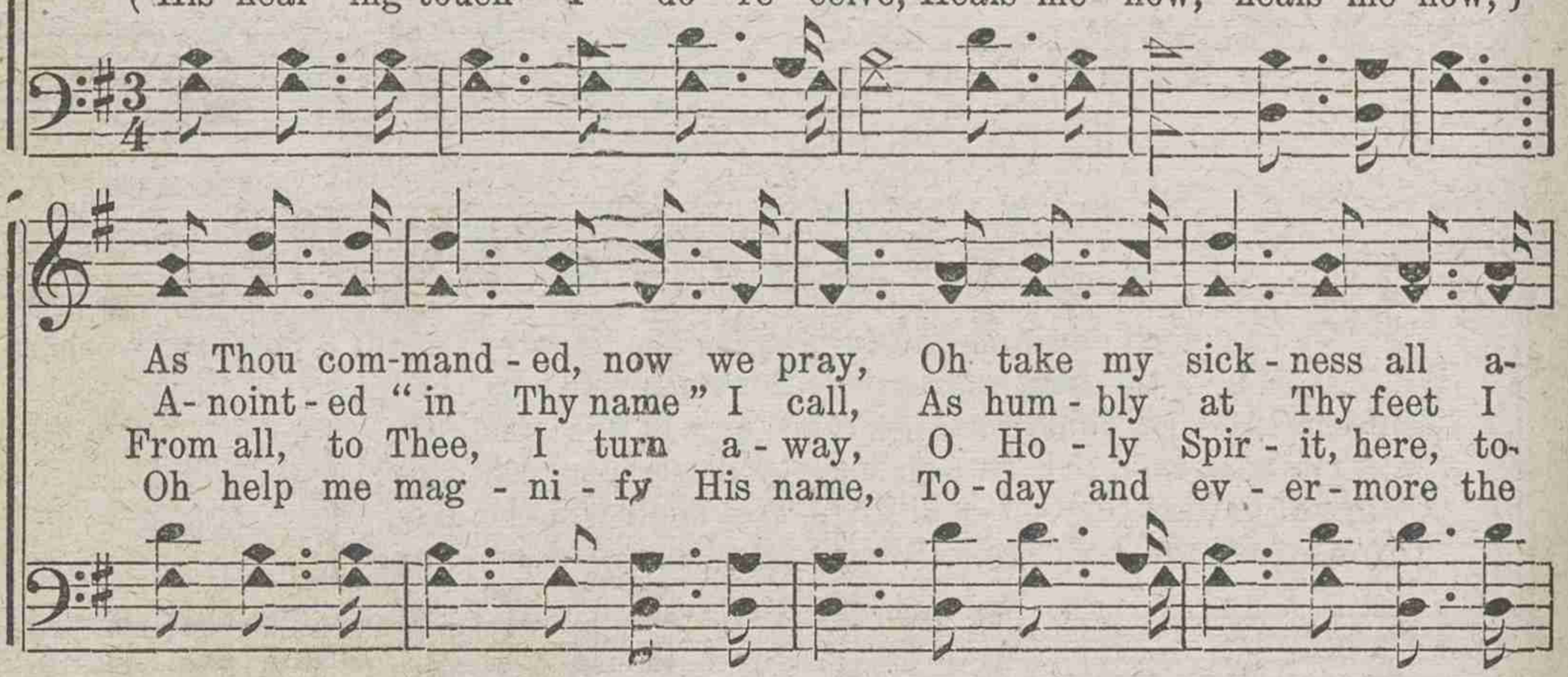
glo - rious cross sur-rounding, Sons of God, earth's trifles leaving, Be not faithless,

but be - liev-ing, To your conqu'ring Captain cleaving, Forward to the fight.

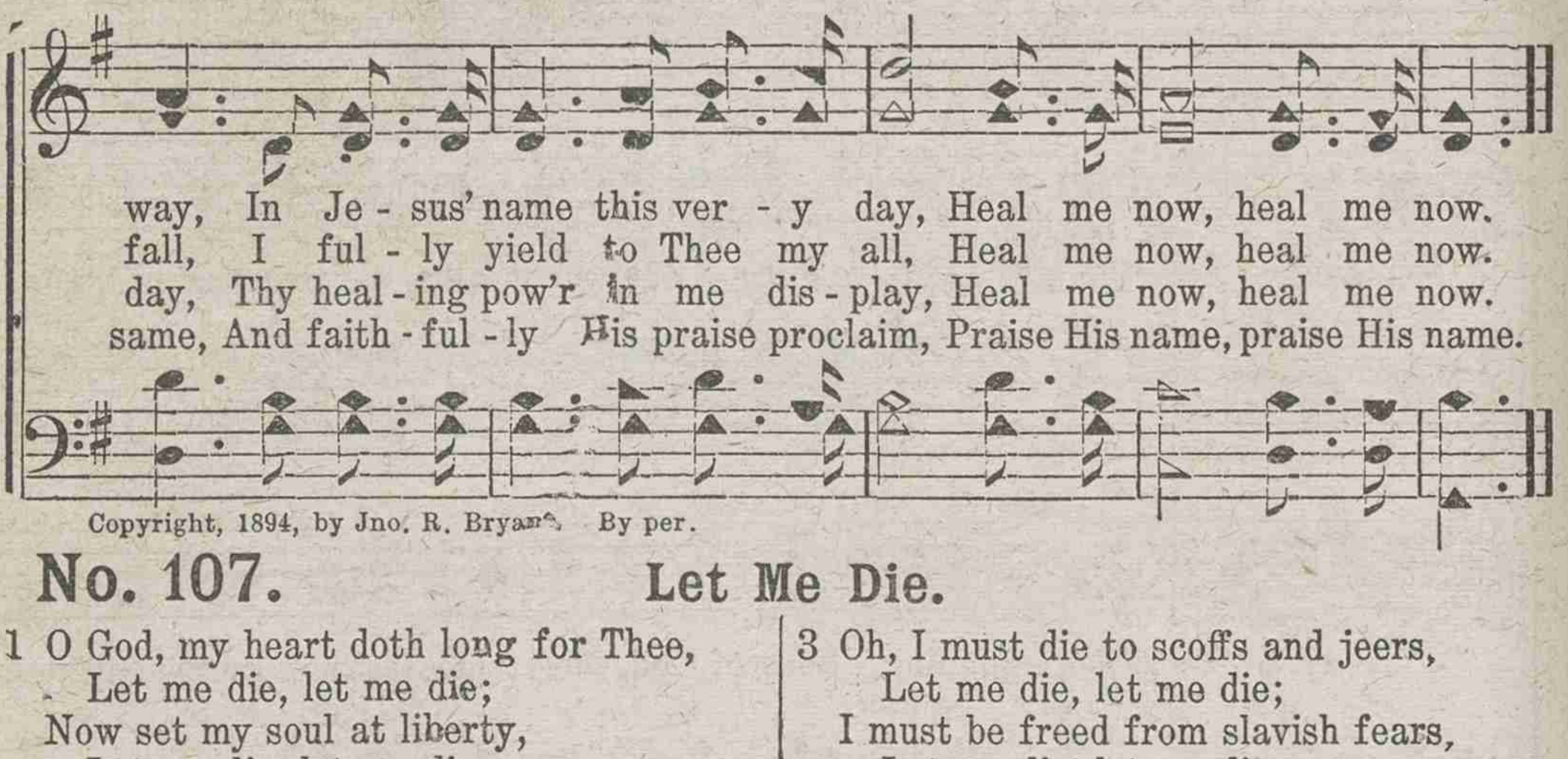
No. 106. Heal Me Now.

M. W. KNAPP. "Pray one for another that ye may be healed."—James 5: 16. Arranged.

1. { O Lord, my God, I come to Thee, Heal me now, heal me now; }
   { Ap - ply Thy heal - ing balm to me, Heal me now, heal me now. }
2. { Oh, is it not Thy ho - ly will, Heal me now, heal me now; }
   { Just now Thy prom - ise to ful - fil? Heal me now, heal me now. }
3. { That I may to Thy glo - ry live, Heal me now, heal me now; }
   { The "Faith for Heal - ing," Fa - ther, give, Heal me now, heal me now. }
4. { O Je - sus comes, I do be - lieve, Heal me now, heal me now; }
   { His heal - ing touch I do re - ceive, Heals me now, heals me now, }



As Thou com-mand - ed, now we pray, Oh take my sick - ness all a-
A - noint - ed "in Thy name" I call, As hum - bly at Thy feet I
From all, to Thee, I turn a - way, O Ho - ly Spir - it, here, to-
Oh help me mag - ni - fy His name, To - day and ev - er - more the



way, In Je - sus' name this ver - y day, Heal me now, heal me now.
fall, I ful - ly yield to Thee my all, Heal me now, heal me now.
day, Thy heal - ing pow'r in me dis - play, Heal me now, heal me now.
same, And faith - ful - ly His praise proclaim, Praise His name, praise His name.

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No. 107. Let Me Die.

1 O God, my heart doth long for Thee,
  Let me die, let me die;
Now set my soul at liberty,
  Let me die, let me die.
Die to the trifling things of earth,
Their now to me of little worth;
My Saviour calls, I'm going forth,
  Let me die, let me die.

2 Thy slaying power in me display,
  Let me die, let me die;
I must be dead from day to day,
  Let me die, let me die.
Dead to the world and its applause,
To all the customs, fashions, laws,
Of those who hate the humbling cross,
  Let me die, let me die.

3 Oh, I must die to scoffs and jeers,
  Let me die, let me die;
I must be freed from slavish fears,
  Let me die, let me die.
So dead that no desire shall rise
To pass for good, or great, or wise,
In any but my Saviour's eyes:
  Let me die, let me die.

4 When I am dead, then, Lord, to Thee,
  I shall live, I shall live;
My time, my strength, my all to Thee,
  I will give, I will give.
Oh, may the Son now make me free!
Here, Lord, I give my all to Thee,
For time and for eternity
  I will live, I will live.

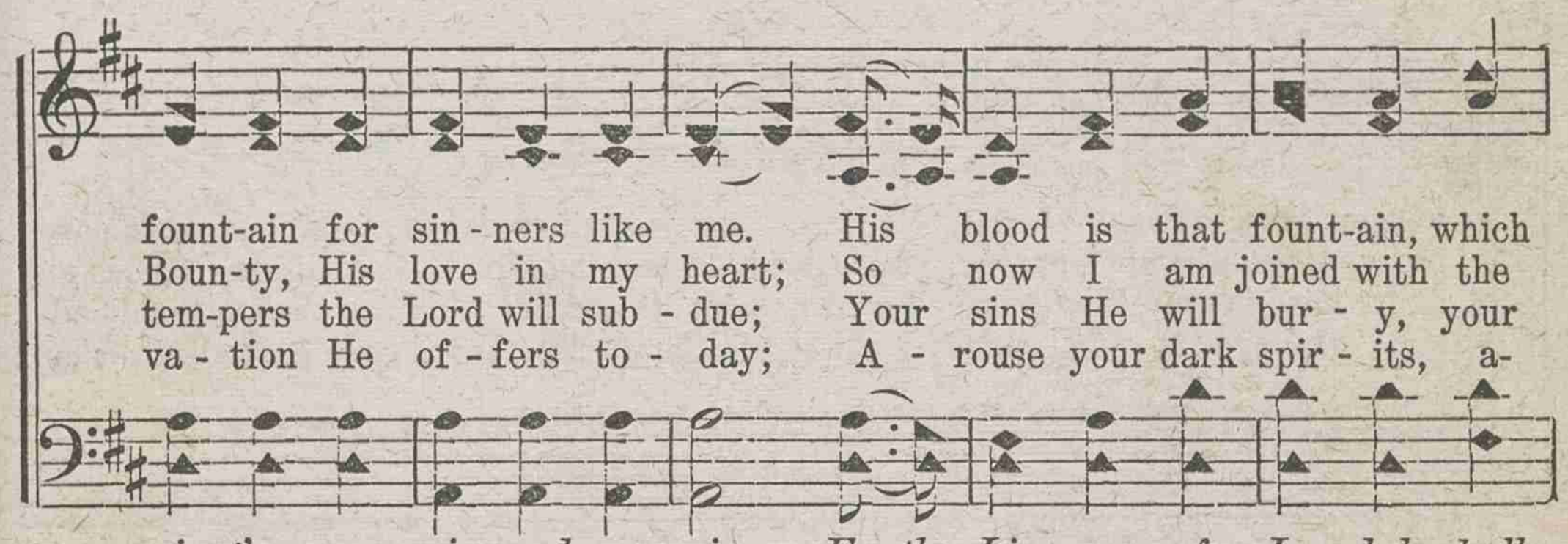
No. 108. Chains Broken.

"He hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised."—Luke 4: 18.

English Melody.

1. 'Twas Je - sus, my Sav-iour, who died on the tree, To o - pen a
2. And when I was will - ing with all things to part, He gave me my
3. O slaves of vile hab - its there's vic-t'ry for you, Your lusts and your
4. Come, sin-ners, to Je - sus no long - er de - lay, A full; free sal-

Cho.—*For the Li - on of Ju - dah shall break ev-'ry chain, And give us the*



fount-ain for sin - ners like me. His blood is that fount-ain, which
Boun-ty, His love in my heart; So now I am joined with the
tem-pers the Lord will sub - due; Your sins He will bur - y, your
va - tion He of - fers to - day; A - rouse your dark spir - its, a-

vic-t'ry a - gain and a - gain, For the Li - on of Ju - dah shall

par - don be - stows, And cleans-es the foul-est wher - ev - er it flows.
con - quer - ing band, Who are marching to glo - ry at Je - sus command.
yokes He will break, Your pas-sions will car - ry, your foes He will take.
wake from your dream, And Je - sus will save you, O come un - to Him.

break ev -'ry chain, And give us the vic-t'ry a - gain and a - gain.

No. 109. Rock of Ages.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, Alt.

1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

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.

4 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. 110. The Open Fountain.

"When I see the blood, I will pass over you."—Exodus 12: 13.

T. H. NELSON. FLORA B. NELSON.

1. I've found the o - pen fount - ain, The love of Christ is mine, I've
2. I'm dead to self for - ev - er, I'm hid with Christ in God; I've
3. Words can not tell the glo - ry, The free - dom from all care, I'm
4. I'm free from my sur round - ings, I'm liv - ing un - to God; With

learned the glorious se - cret, So sim - ple, yet di-vine; My car-nal works are
par-don, peace and cleansing, Thro' Christ's a-ton-ing blood; He heals and guides and
find - ing in my Sav-iour, Thro' this blest life of pray'r; Each tho't I yield - ed
sin - gle eye to Je - sus, I dwell in Christ the Lord; Peace past all un - der-

end - ed, By faith my soul is blest; I sing in joy for - er - er, I've
com-forts, And gives His life to me; In all my checkered fortunes, His
to Him, And ceased to choose my way; Then gloom was lost for - ev - er, In
standing's My por - tion ev - 'ry hour; The love of Christ, my Sav-iour, Does

CHORUS.

found God's perfect rest.
guiding hand I see. I have perfect peace and pardon thro' the blood,
His un-cloud-ed day. thro' the blood,
now my soul empow'r.

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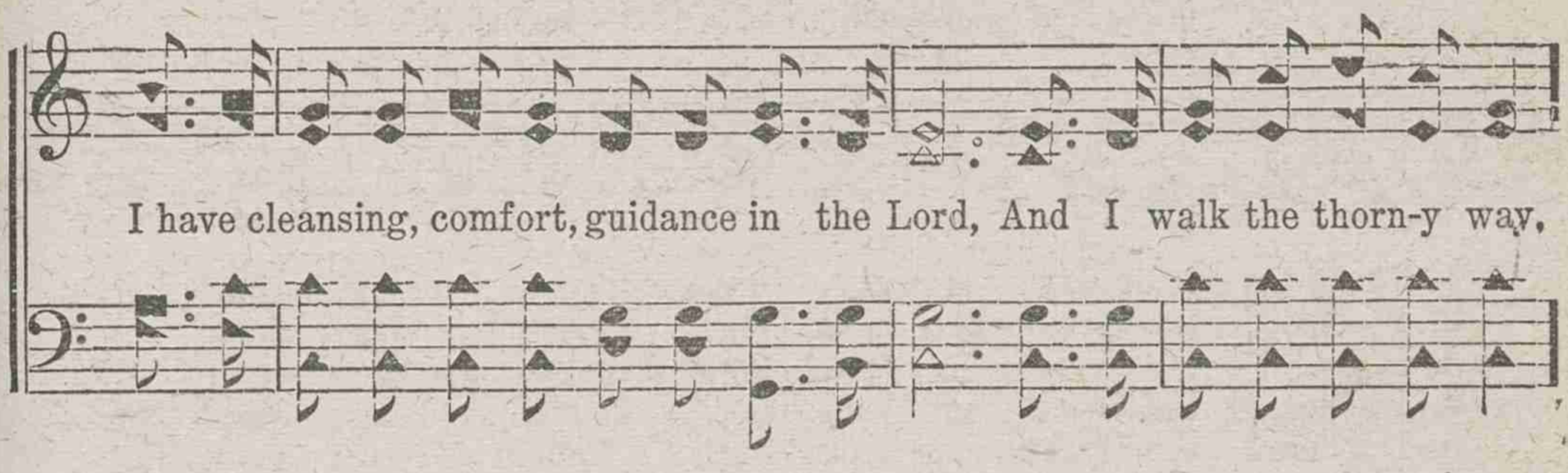
The Open Fountain. Concluded.



No. 111. Jesus, I My Cross.

HENRY F. LYTE. Chorus by M. W. K.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Poor, despised, by friends forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be;
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.

CHORUS.

Soon my Saviour, King, will call me,
To His mansions bright and fair,
Where no evil can befall me,
There His glory I shall share.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, 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.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

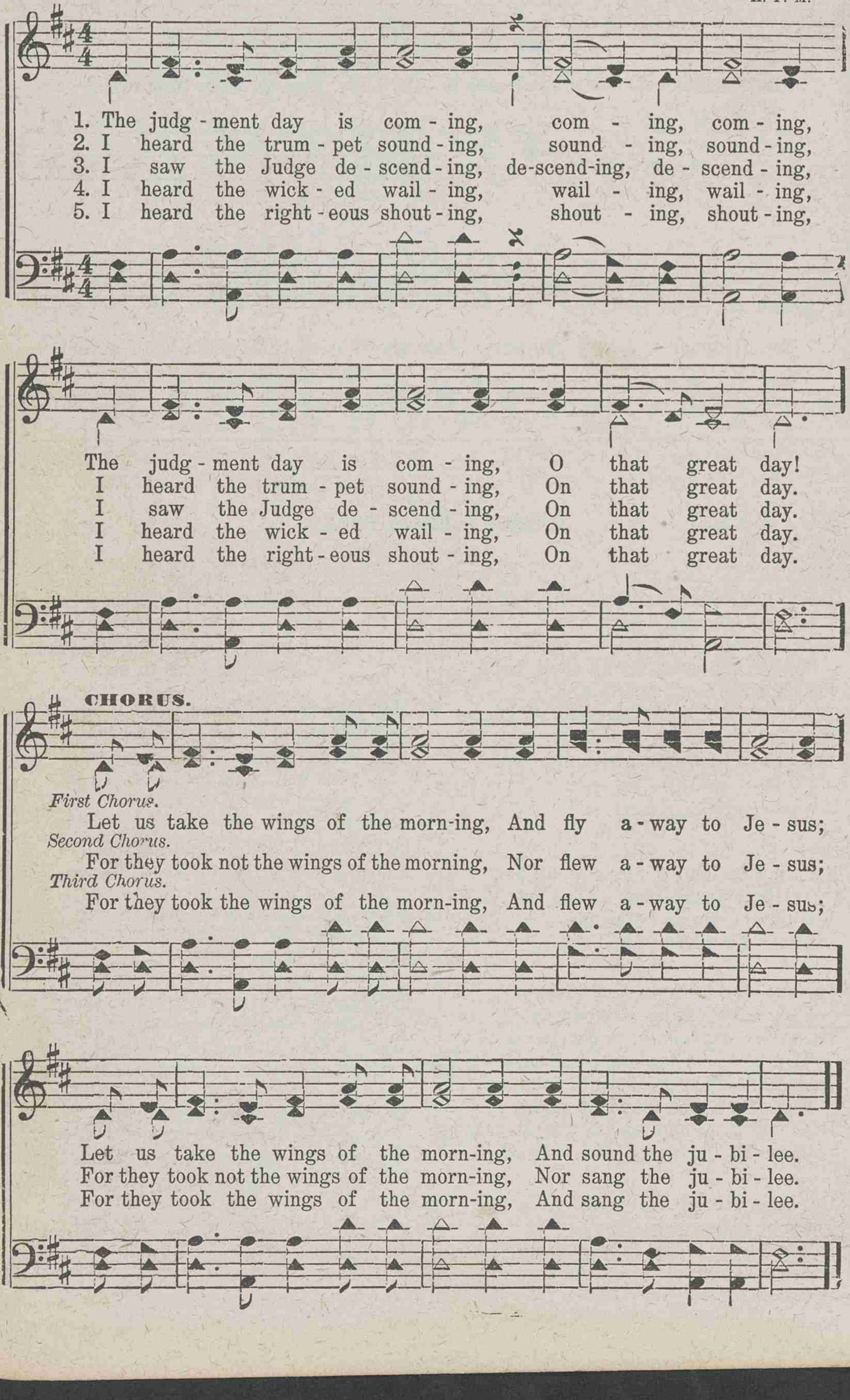
5 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by pray'r;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise

No. 112. Judgment Hymn.

"Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee."—Luke 19: 22.

H. P. M.



No. 118. Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "He is faithful that hath promised."—Heb. 10: 23. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1 Bless-ed as - sur -ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
2. Per-fect sub-mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of rap - ture now
3. Per-fect sub-mis - sion, all is at rest I in my Sav - iour am

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur-chase of God,
burst on my sight, An - gels de - scend-ing, bring from a - bove,
hap - py and blest, Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,

CHORUS.

Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood. This is my sto - ry,
Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love.
Fill'd with His good-ness, lost in His love.

this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long, This is my

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

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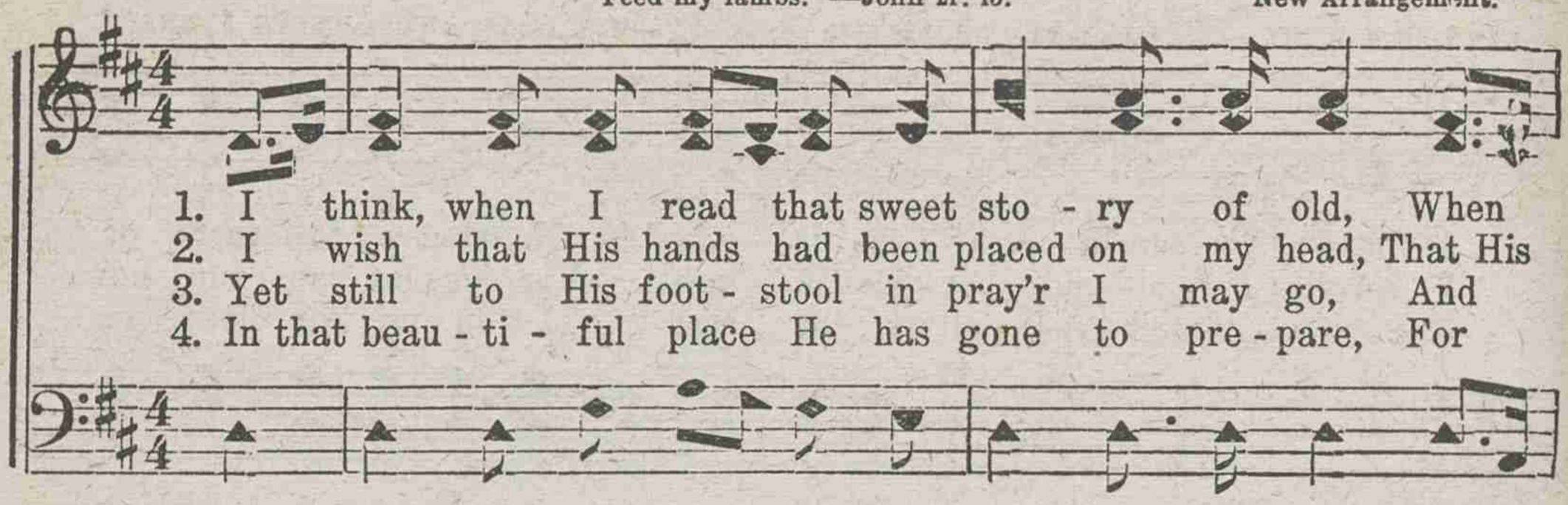
No. 114. Sweet Story.

"Feed my lambs."—John 21: 15. New Arrangement.



No. 115. Cleansing Fountain. C. M. (Key C.)

1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stam'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

COWPER.

No. 116. The Mercy-Seat.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

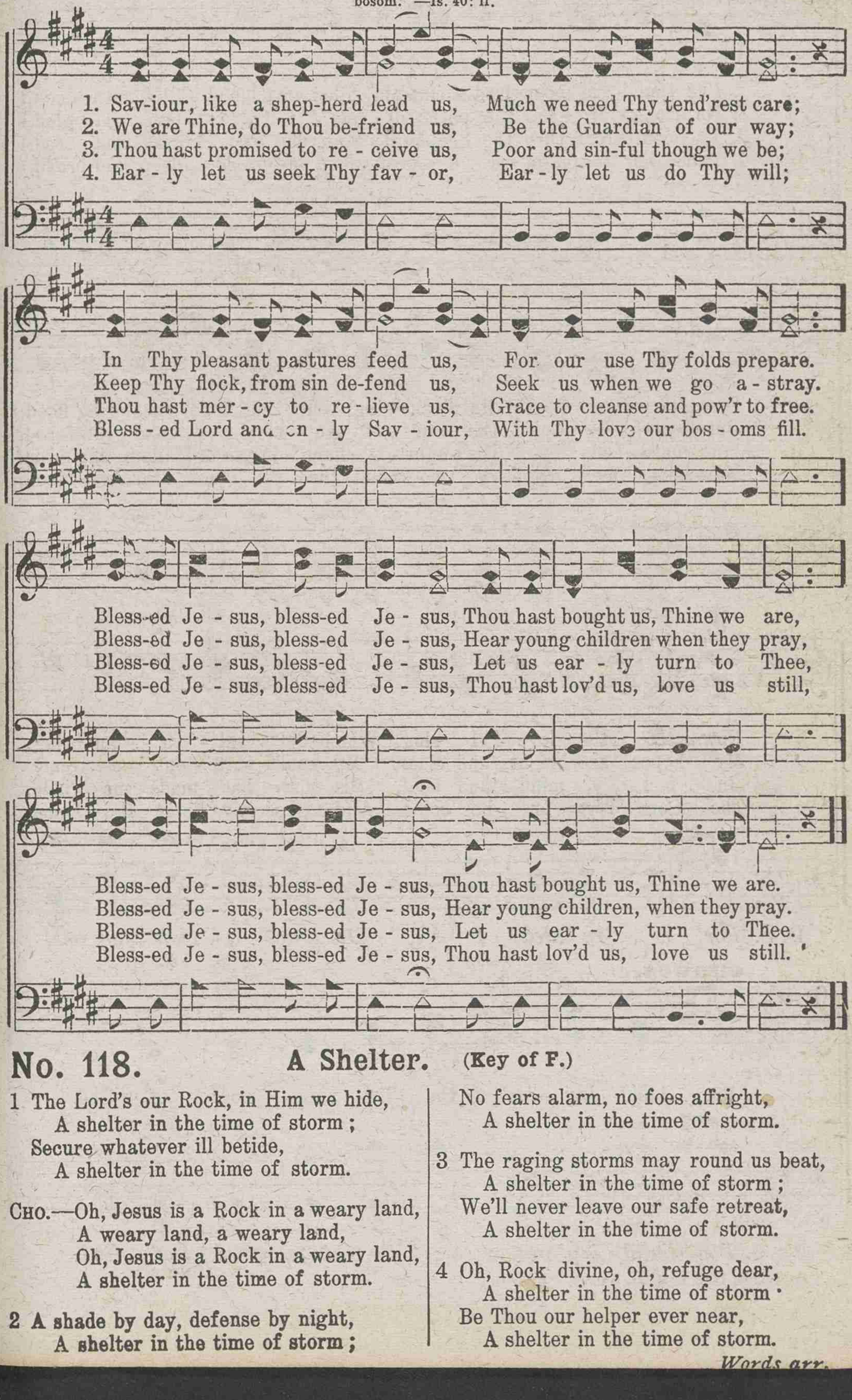
3 Ah! whither could we flee for aid.
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

HUGH STOWELL.

No. 117. Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

"He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom."—Is. 40: 11.



No. 118. A Shelter. (Key of F.)

1 The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide,
A shelter in the time of storm;
Secure whatever ill betide,
A shelter in the time of storm.

CHO.—Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A weary land, a weary land,
Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A shelter in the time of storm.

2 A shade by day, defense by night,
A shelter in the time of storm;
No fears alarm, no foes affright,
A shelter in the time of storm.

3 The raging storms may round us beat,
A shelter in the time of storm;
We'll never leave our safe retreat,
A shelter in the time of storm.

4 Oh, Rock divine, oh, refuge dear,
A shelter in the time of storm·
Be Thou our helper ever near,
A shelter in the time of storm.

Words arr.

No. 119. The Living Word of God.

T. H. NELSON. FLORA. B. NELSON.

1. I've found the prom-ised fount-ain filled with blood, (filled with blood,)
2. No long - er in the paths of sin I plod, (sin I plod,)
3. I've com - fort thro' the Shepherd's staff and rod, (staff and rod,)
4. Peace like a might - y o - cean, deep and broad, (deep and broad,)

I've plunged be - neath its cleans - ing, heal - ing flood, (heal - ing flood,)
But walk the way the Man of sor - rows trod, (sor - rows trod,)
I'm guard - ed by His might - y, flam - ing sword; (flam - ing sword,)
Now keeps me ev - 'ry mo - ment thro' the blood; (thro' the blood,)

Now of the love I sing, Which did sal - va - tion bring;
My hopes are bright and clear, My soul's with - out a fear,
In bod - y, mind and soul, His pow'r has made me whole,
The Com - fort - er has come, And makes my heart His home,

D. S. *For ev - 'ry need I see, His grace a - vails for me,*

CHORUS.

I'm build - ing on the liv - ing word of God.

I'm build - ing on the liv - ing word of God.

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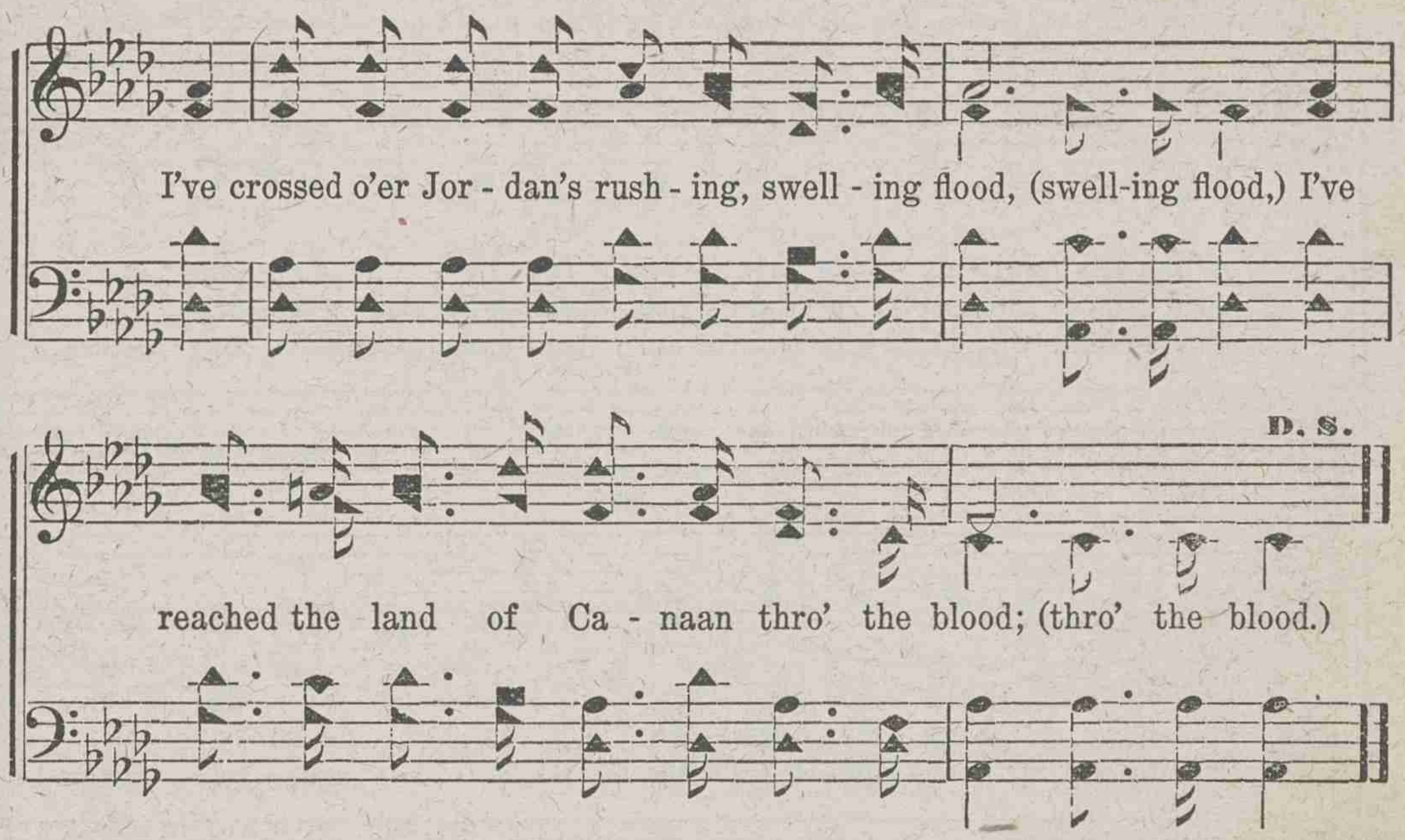
The Living Word of God. Concluded.



No. 120. Take Me As I Am.

1 Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry,
Unless Thou help me I must die;
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am!

REF.—Take me as I am,
Take me as I am,
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am.

2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt,
But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,
But take me as I am!

3 I thirst, I long to know Thy love,
Thy full salvation I would prove;
But since to Thee I cannot move.
Oh, take me as I am!

4 If Thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew,
And work both in and by me, too,
But take me as I am!

5 And when at last the work is done,
The battle o'er, the victory won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
Oh, take me as I am!

No. 120a. I Believe Jesus Saves.

TUNE: Sweet Bye and Bye.

1 I am coming to Jesus for rest,
Rest, such as the purified know;
My soul is athirst to be blest,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

CHO.—I believe Jesus saves,
And His blood washes whiter than snow,
I believe Jesus saves,
And His blood washes whiter than snow.

2 In coming, my soul I deplore,
My weakness and poverty show;
I long to be saved evermore,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

3 To Jesus I give up my all,
Every treasure and idol I know;
For His fulness of blessing I call,
Till His blood washes whiter than snow.

4 I am trusting in Jesus alone,
Trusting now His salvation to know;
And His blood does so fully atone,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

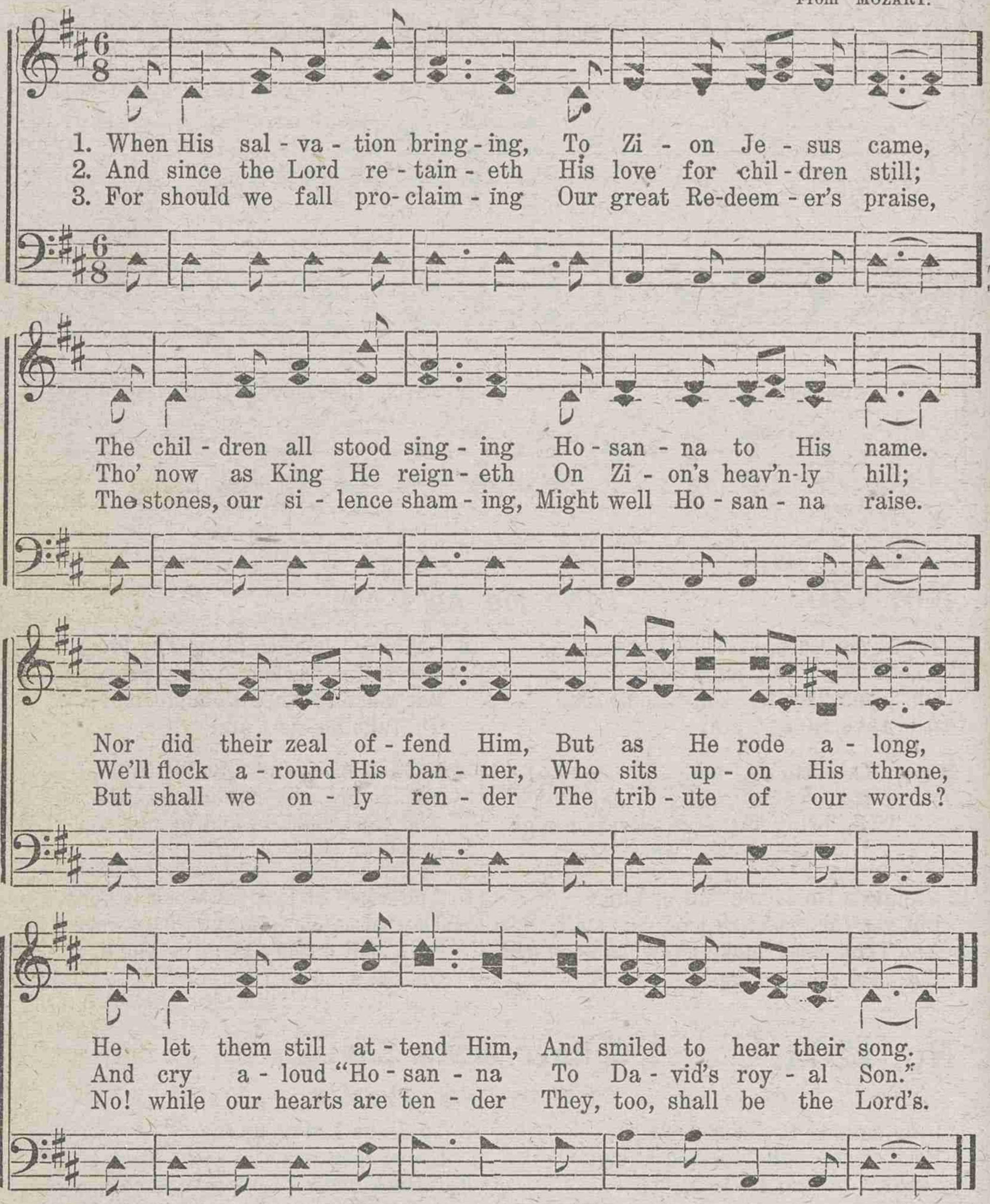
5 My heart is in raptures of love,
Love, such as the ransomed ones know,
I am strengthened with might from above,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

REV. WM. MCDONALD.

No. 121. When His Salvation Bringing.

"Let the little ones come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—Luke 18: 16.

From "MOZART."



No. 122. The Great Physician.

1 The great Physician now is here,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
O hear the voice of Jesus.

CHO.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
O hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

No. 123. Dedication.

M. W. KNAPP. R. E. McNEILL.

1. Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Spir - it Full of joy this hour we see,
2. We are glad beyond expression, That our eyes to - day be - hold,
3. Here the long ex-pect-ed Spir - it, In Thy peo-ple shall a - bide,
4. "Wisdom," "Faith" and heav'nly "Knowledge," Gospel "Pow'r" and "Prophecy,"
5. Here Thy ho-ly sons and daughters, As the proph-e - cy has said,
6. Names and creeds shall be forgotten, As the Spir - it from a - bove,

As we ded - i - cate this tem-ple, With thanksgiving un - to Thee.
Promised bil-lows of sal - va-tion, Which thro' all the land have rolled;
And Thy sons and waiting daughters Shall be ful - ly sanc - ti - fied;
"Tongues" and promised "Gifts of Healing," Here shall with Thy people be;
Free, shall preach a full sal-va-tion Thro' the blood for cleansing shed;
Ev - 'ry heart as one u - nit-ing, Blends in bonds of per-fect love.

With our songs of ho - ly glad-ness Now this of - fer - ing we make,
And we feel the crimson cur-rent Of the pur - i - fy - ing blood,
Here the promised "Gifts" and "Graces" Which Thou waitest to im - part,
True and quick and keen "Discernment," Them shall shield from error's might,
And the blessed, glorious kingdom, Of the ev - er - last-ing Son,
Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Spir - it, May our hearts be staid on Thee,

D. S. *On our hearts the Spir - it fall - ing, All this place with glo - ry fills,*

Feel-ing that Thou dost ac-cept it, Gracious Lord, for Je-sus' sake.
Sweeping on in might-y pow-er, Cleansing thousands in its flood.
Shall with gladness be ac- cept-ed, And shall come to many a heart.
And Thy gracious keeping fullness, Fill with love and joy and light.
Here shall come in all its pow- er, And Thy heav'nly will be done.
Ours the blessing, Thine the glo-ry, Now and ev - er-more shall be.

Hal - le - lu - jah! I can feel Him! How my soul with rap-ture thrills!

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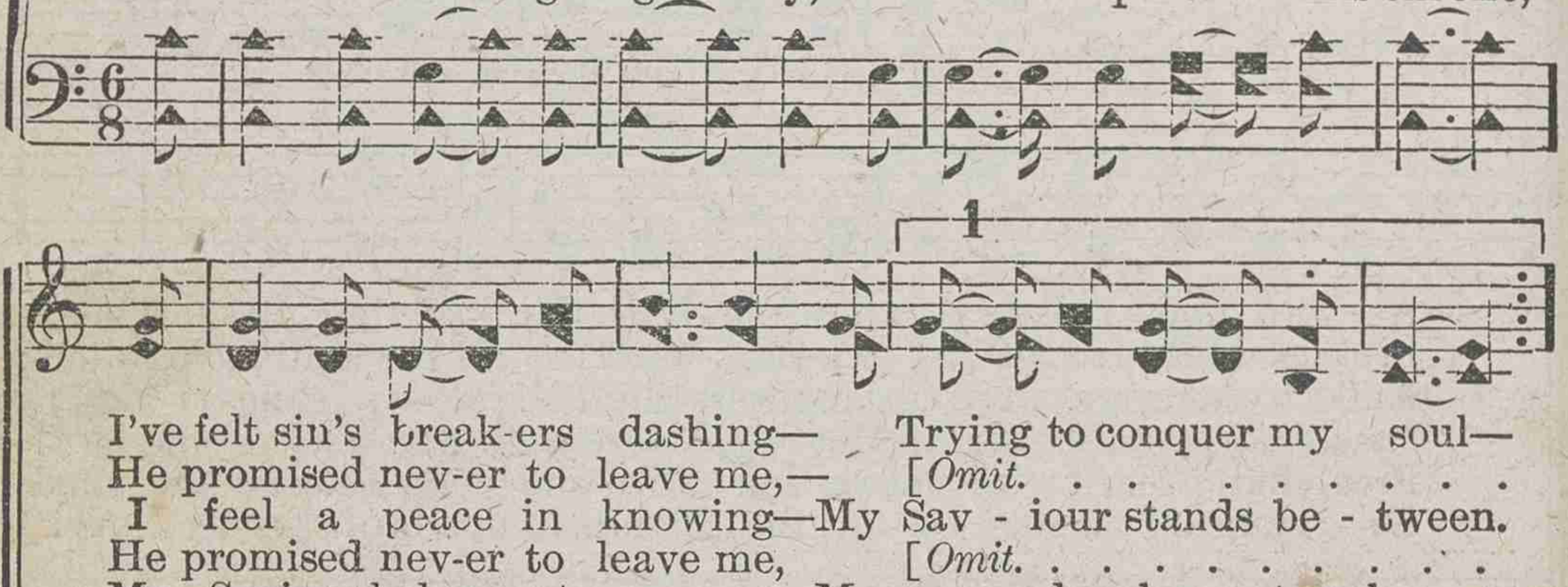
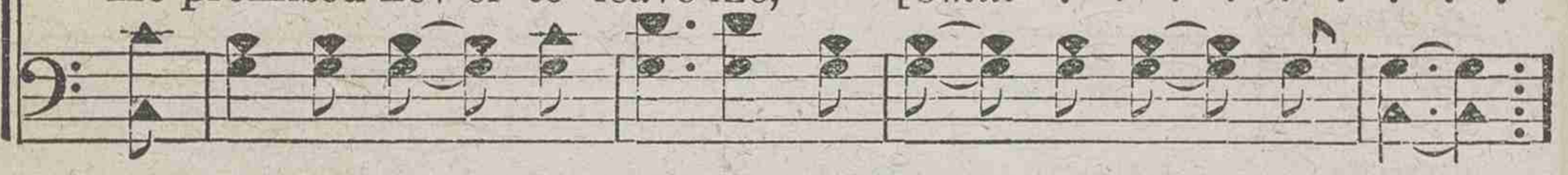
No. 124. Never Alone.

English. Arr. for this work.

1. { I've seen the lightning flash - ing, And heard the thunder roll—
   { I've heard the voice of Je - sus, Telling me still to fight on,
2. { The world's fierce winds are blowing Temp-ta-tions sharp and keen—
   { He stands to shield me from danger, When earth-ly friends are gone,
3. { When in af-flict - ion's val - ley I'm treading the road of care,
   { My feet en-tangl-ed with bri - ars Ready to cast me down,
4. { He died for me on the mountain—For me they pierced His side—
   { For me He's waiting in glo - ry, Seated up - on His throne,



I've felt sin's break-ers dashing— Trying to conquer my soul—
He promised nev-er to leave me,— [*Omit.* . . . . . .
I feel a peace in knowing—My Sav - iour stands be - tween.
He promised nev-er to leave me, [*Omit.* . . . . . .
My Saviour helps me to car-ry My cross when heavy to bear,
My Saviour whispers His promise: "I [*Omit.* . . . . . .
For me He opened that fountain, The crim-son, cleansing tide,
He promised nev-er to leave me, [*Omit.* . . . . . .



Nev-er to leave me a - lone.
Nev-er to leave me a - lone. No, never a - lone,— No nev-er a-
" Never will leave thee a-lone."
Nev-er to leave me a - lone.

lone, He promised never to leave me— Nev-er to leave me a-lone.

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May be had in sheet form, duet, of E. S. Fogg, Covington, Ky. Price, 30 cents.

No. 125. Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s D.

Use repeat for Chorus.

126. Foreign Missions.

1 From China's dark dominions
Unto Columbia free,
We've heard the cries of anguish
Which echo o'er the sea.
We've heard the royal summons
Of Jesus crucified,
To hasten to the rescue
Of those for whom he died.

CHORUS.

We're coming, yes, we're coming,
On wings of love we fly,
To bear the gospel message
Ere waiting millions die.

2 Our hearts with pain are bleeding
That we have been so slow,
To heed these pleading voices
And on our mission go.
Forgive us! oh, forgive us!
Ye nations far away,
Forgive us gracious Father!
In Jesus' name we pray.—CHO.

3 With songs of joy and gladness
Our offerings we give,
That all the heathen nations
May look to Christ and live.
Though deep the pain in parting,
Our children, too, may go,
And tell the thirsting millions
Where living waters flow.—CHO.

4 Then heathen nations bending
At Jesus' feet shall fall,
And join with saints and angels,
And crown Him Lord of all.
Till over earth triumphant
His ransomed Church shall reign,
When Jesus in His glory
With joy shall come again.—CHO.

Rev. M. W. Knapp.

127. Home Missions.

1 From California's vineyards
To Carolina's strand,
We hear the wail of anguish
That rises in our land.
From Maine to Mississippi,
We see the blight of sin,
And hear the groans of sorrow
Above our city's din.

CHORUS.

We'll heed the Saviour's summons,
On wings of love will fly,
And bear the gospel message
Ere at our door they die.

2 From Asia's dark dominions,
And Afric's burning sand,
Like mighty streams of water
They pour into our land.
From Europe's crowded cities,
They flow from year to year,
And bring their crimes and vices
And superstitions here.—CHO.

3 From many a haunt of evil,
From many a home of shame,
We must their souls deliver
From sin in Jesus name.
In many a street and alley,
They wander to and fro,
And swiftly down are sinking,
To realms of endless woe.—CHO.

4 Glad tidings of salvation
We thus shall speed along,
Till every place of sorrow
Becomes a place of song;
Till slaves of vice and folly
At Jesus' feet shall fall,
And claim His great salvation,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Rev. M. W. Knapp.

No. 128. Tell Them.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Go and tell the joy-ful tidings, Je-sus died to save, Rose a-
2. Tell them of the promised Spirit Falling from a-bove, Fill-ing
3. Tell them of the final judgment, Where we must appear, That the
4. Shout aloud the gospel tidings, Speed them on the way, Earnest-

gain in ho-ly triumph, Conquering the grave. Tell His pow'r to
ev-'ry true be-liev-er, Per-fect-ing in love. Tell them of the
per-fect love of Je-sus, Now can ban-ish fear. Tell them of the
ly proclaim the message Ev-'ry passing day. Be a her-ald

loose the captive, Set the pris'ner free, And proclaim to ea-ger
King's returning, Soon He'll come a-gain And receive His faithful
doom e-ter-nal That the lost must share, Of the crown and palms of
true and loy-al, Wav-er not nor wait, Keep not back a sin-gle

CHORUS

millions Glorious Ju-bi-lee.
people, And for-ev-er reign. Tell the tidings, speed the message,
vict'ry, Each thro' Christ may bear.
warning, Soon 'twill be too late.

Jesus died to save, Rose again in mighty triumph, Conquering the grave.

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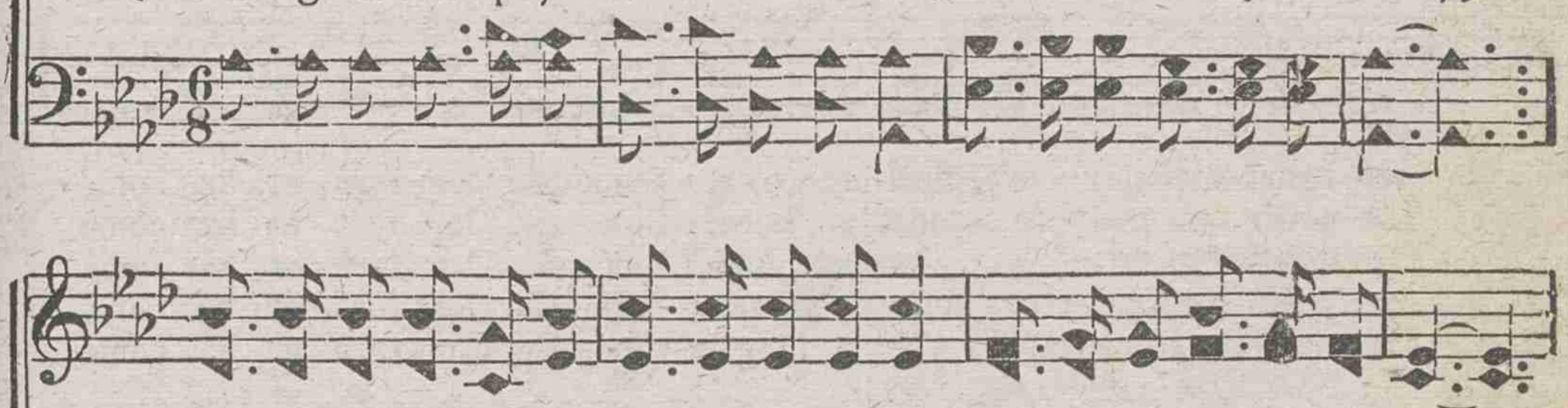
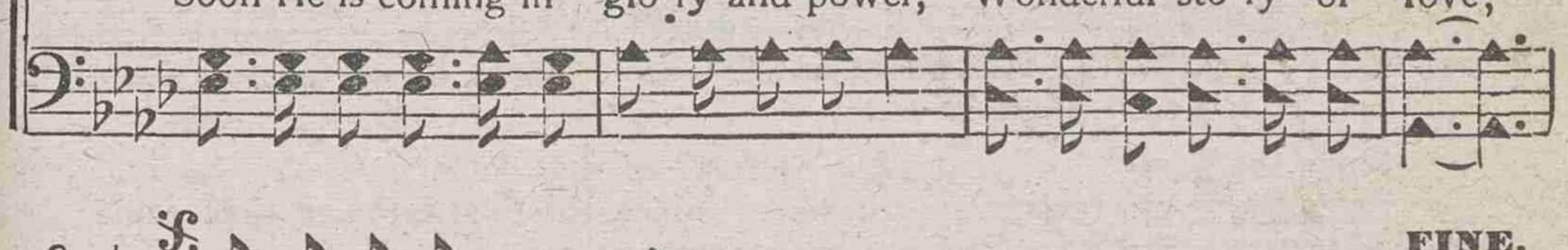
No. 129. Wonderful Story of Love.

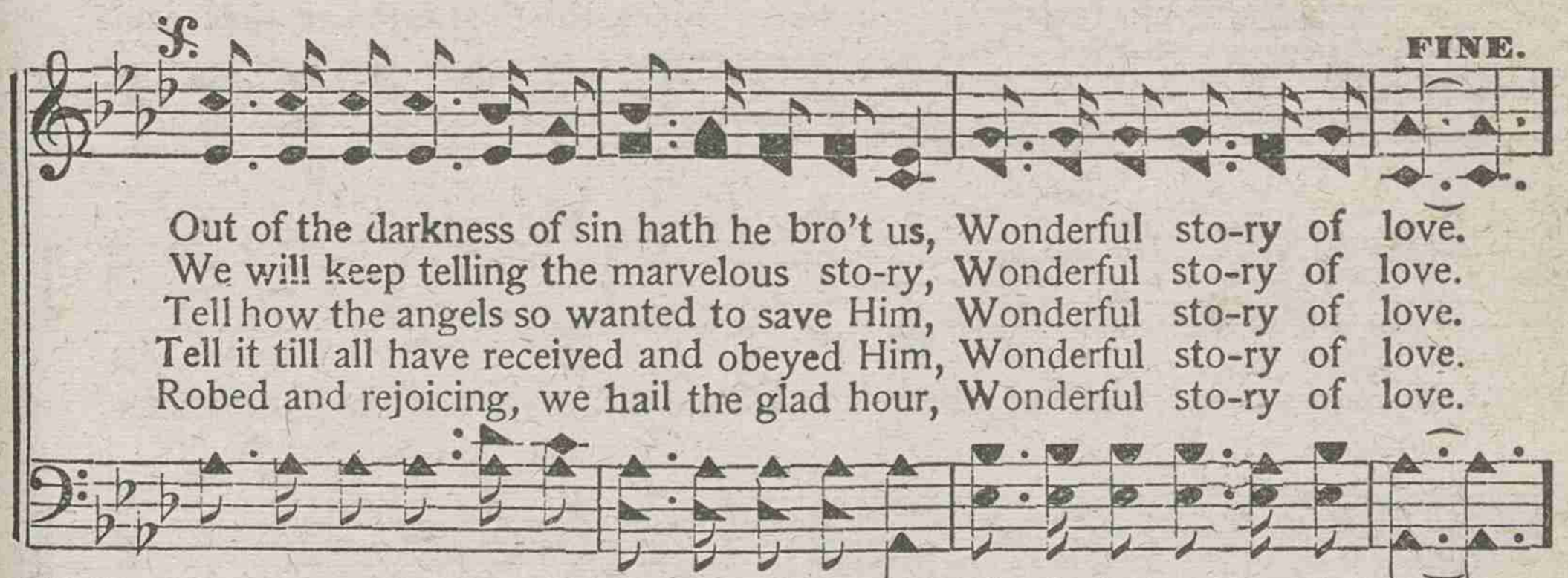
L. L P. L. L. PICKETT.

1. { Sing out the tid-ings that tell us of Je-sus, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
   Sing it to all that from sin He now frees us, Wonderful sto-ry of love; }
2. { Tell of His birth in the Bethlehem man-ger, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
   Tell how He came to redeem us from danger, Wonderful sto-ry of love; }
3. { Tell of the cross unto which they once nailed Him, Wonderful story of love;
   Tell how He pressed to where ev'ry friend failed Him, Wonderful story of love; }
4. { Tell of the tree upon which He did languish, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
   How for poor sinners He suffered in anguish, Wonderful sto-ry of love; }
5. { Tell how He rose from the grave and ascended, Wonderful story of love;
   Rose in great triumph, His sorrows all ended, Wonderful sto-ry of love; }



When we were straying, in pity He sought us, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
Came from the riches and crowns of His glory, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
Tell of the thorns in the crown which they gave Him, Wonderful story of love;
Tell of the tomb of the rich where they laid Him, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
Soon He is coming in glo-ry and power, Wonderful sto-ry of love;

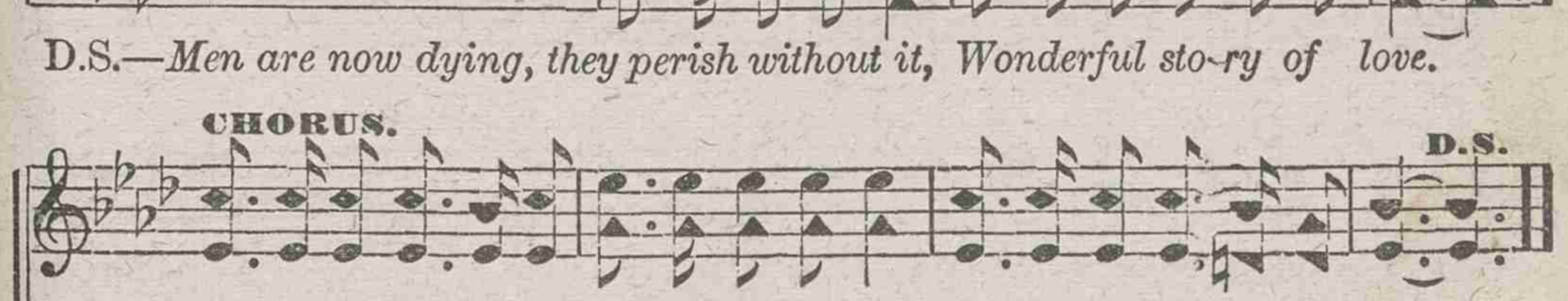




Out of the darkness of sin hath he bro't us, Wonderful sto-ry of love.
We will keep telling the marvelous sto-ry, Wonderful sto-ry of love.
Tell how the angels so wanted to save Him, Wonderful sto-ry of love.
Tell it till all have received and obeyed Him, Wonderful sto-ry of love.
Robed and rejoicing, we hail the glad hour, Wonderful sto-ry of love.

D.S.—*Men are now dying, they perish without it, Wonderful sto-ry of love.*

CHORUS.



Preach it and pray it and sing it and shout it, Wonderful sto-ry of love;

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No. 130. Since the Comforter Has Come.

J. M. K. JAS. M. KIRK.

1. I'm nev - er lone - ly an - y more, Since the Com-fort - er has come;
2. Oh, what have I to dread or fear, Since the Com-fort - er has come!
3. I'm liv - ing in a-bound-ing grace, Since the Com-fort - er has come;
4. Yes, I have grace and glo - ry here, Since the Com-fort - er has come;
5. I can do all things thro' His strength, Since the Com-fort - er has come;

My heart with joy is flow-ing o'er, Since the Com-fort - er has come
The pow'r of pen - te - cost is here, Since the Com-fort - er has come
I'm dwell-ing in "the se - cret place," Since the Com-fort - er has come.
And long for Christ to soon ap - pear, Since the Com-fort - er has come.
The vic - tor's crown I'll win at length, Since the Com-fort - er has come.

CHORUS.

Since the Com - - - fort - er has come,
Since the Com - fort-er has come, Since the Com-fort - er has come,

Slower.

Since the Com - fort - er has come, has come, Heaven has be-gun with me;

I am sat - is - fied and free, Since the Com - - - fort-
Since the Com - fort-er has come,

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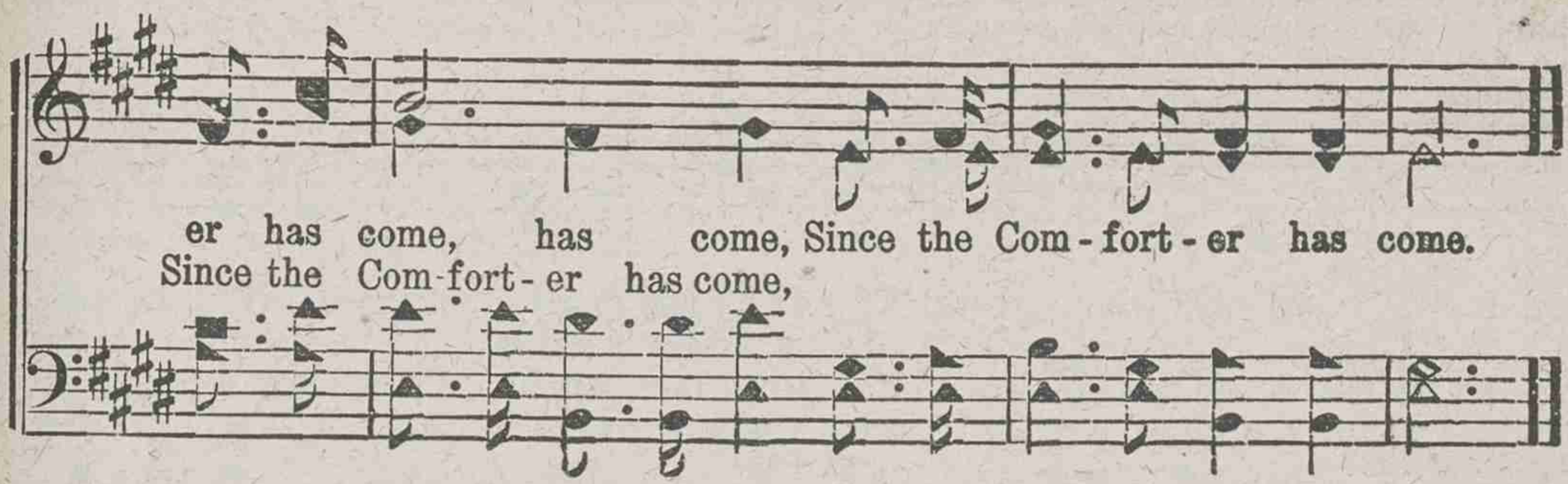
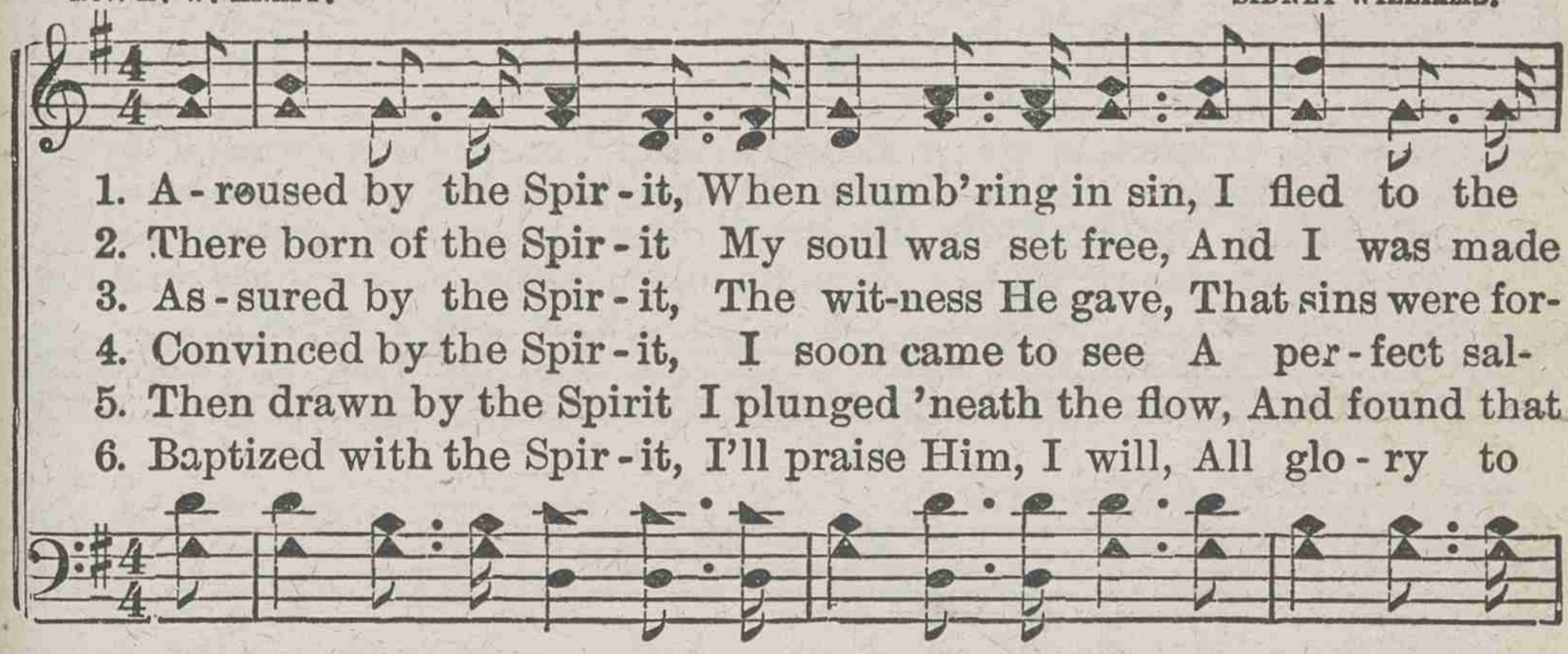
Since the Comforter Has Come. Concluded.



No. 131. The Spirit Received.

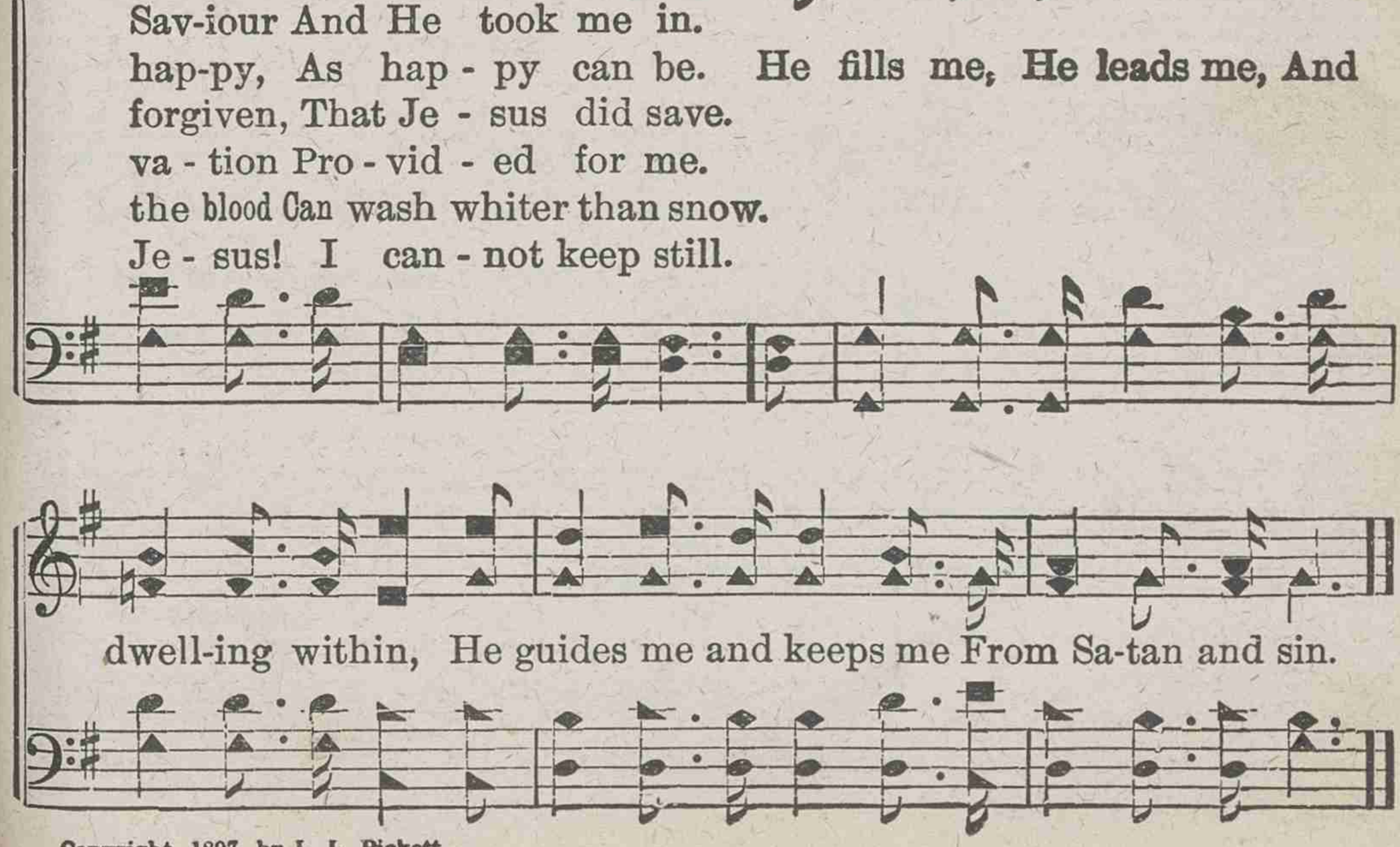
"For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.—Rom. 8: 14.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. SIDNEY WILLIAMS.



1. A-roused by the Spir-it, When slumb'ring in sin, I fled to the
2. There born of the Spir-it My soul was set free, And I was made
3. As-sured by the Spir-it, The wit-ness He gave, That sins were for-
4. Convinced by the Spir-it, I soon came to see A per-fect sal-
5. Then drawn by the Spirit I plunged 'neath the flow, And found that
6. Baptized with the Spir-it, I'll praise Him, I will, All glo-ry to

Sav-iour And He took me in.
hap-py, As hap-py can be. He fills me, He leads me, And
forgiven, That Je-sus did save.
va-tion Pro-vid-ed for me.
the blood Can wash whiter than snow.
Je-sus! I can-not keep still.



dwell-ing within, He guides me and keeps me From Sa-tan and sin.

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No. 132. I Have No Regrets.

Shortly before his translation Rev. S. A. Keen, the pastor evangelist and author said, "They think I have worked too hard; but I have now no regrets, and if I could I would do it all over again."

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. "I have now no regrets!" for the past is all clear, With its labor of love for my Sav-iour so dear; On His er-rands so sweet I have
2. "I have now no regrets!" what a comfort that day, As the scenes of this earth were all fad-ing a-way, To pos-sess the as-surance this
3. As the souls of the saved shall in glory appear, Who were rescued or filled thro' His labors while here; Who shall say but His song in glad
4. "I have now no regrets!" should the summons to-day, Which we all very soon must re-ceive and o-bey, Should it come, on our lips would the

sped with delight, All my pleasure by day and my song in the night:
blessing did bring, And while passing from earth so triumphantly sing:
notes full and free, To the mu-sic of heav-en for-ev-er shall be:
same message ring, Could we join the same song and as joyfully sing:

CHORUS.

"I have now no regrets!" bless the Lamb that was slain! "If I could I would do it all o-ver a-gain. o-ver a-gain."

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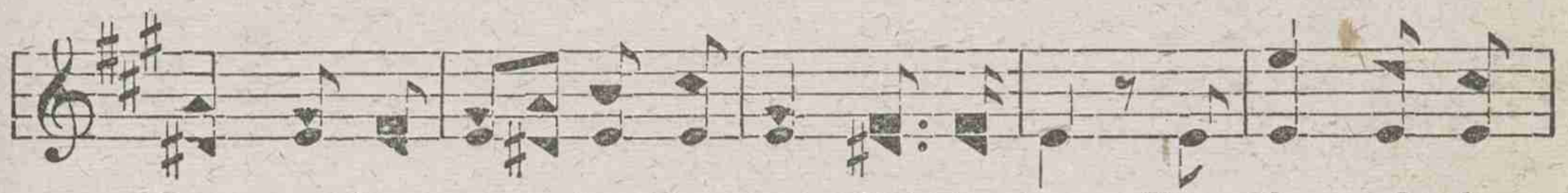
No. 133. Jesus, Our Physician.

"I am the Lord that healeth thee."—Exodus 15: 26.

M. W. KNAPP. J. READING.

1. When sick - ness af - fects and its fierce fe - vers burn, To
2. So win - ning, so lov - ing; so ten - der and kind; To
3. Con - fess - ing and yield - ing I come to Thee now; For
4. He heals me! He heals me! the balm is ap - plied; He



Je - sus how pre - cious for com - fort to turn; How bless - ed when
wel - come the weak - est, to com - fort the blind; So skill - ful and
heal - ing and bless - ing be - fore thee I bow; The prom - ise by
thrills me; He fills me, tho' scof - fers de - ride; By faith in His

Sa - tan op - press - es to know, That one who is might - y His
pa - tient; so might - ty and wise; The Sav - iour of mor - tals, the
faith in my Sav - iour I claim, And trust Him to heal me, all
prom - ise I now am made whole, And waves of re - joic - ing, sweep

plans can o'er-throw, That one who is might - y His plans can o'erthrow.
King of the skies, The Sav - iour of mor-tals, the King of the skies.
praise to His name, And trust Him to heal me, all praise to His name.
o - ver my soul, And waves of re - joic - ing sweep o - ver my soul.

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No. 134. How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition—in sickness, in health;
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad; on the land on the sea—
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strengh ever be.

3 "Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow,
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love
And when hoary hairs shall their temple adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,
I will not, I *will* not, desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake.
I'll never, *no*, *never*, NO, NEVER forake."

No. 135. Like the Snow.

J. W. WATSON. Arr. by M. W. KNAPP. F. L. POTTER. Arr. by R. E. McNEIL.

1. Once she was pure as the snow, but she fell, Fell like the snowflakes from heav'n to hell; Fell to be tramped like the filth of the street; Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat. Plead - ing, curs - ing, dreading to die,
2. Once she was fair as the beau - ti - ful snow; Eyes like its crys-tals—a heart like its glow; Once she was loved for her in - no-cent grace, Flattered and sought for the charm of her face. Fa - ther, moth - er, sis - ters and all,
3. Strange it should be that this beau-ti - ful snow Falls on a sin - ner with no-where to go! Strange 'twould not be when the night comes again, Snow and the ice strike her des-per-ate brain, Faint - ing, freez - ing, dy - ing a - lone,
4. Oh, there is One who is pur - er than snow, Stand-ing to-night by the lost and the low, Knowing the anguish, the heart's deepest cry, See - ing their foot-falls wher-ev - er they go, Lov-ing-ly, pa-tient-ly call-ing "come home!"

Sell - ing her soul to who - ev - er may buy. Deal-ing in shame for a
God and her-self she has lost by her fall. Wick-ed - est wretch that goes
Hope-less she feels and so wea - ry her moan. Ne'er could be heard in the
List to His pleadings and nev-er-more roam; "Come," there's forgiveness, there's

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Like the Snow. Concluded.

mor - sel of bread, Hating the liv - ing, yet fear-ing the dead. Mer- ci - ful
shiv - er - ing by, Takes a wide sweep lest she wan-der too nigh; All of her
crash of the town, Mad in its joy at the snow coming down, Ly - ing, and
mer - cy for thee, "Come," there is healing, sal-va - tion so free! Come to the

God! has she fall-en so low? And yet she was once like the beau-ti-ful snow.
vileness we read and we know, There's naught that is pure but the beau-ti-ful snow.
dy - ing, unknown in her woe; With a bed and a shroud of the beau-ti-ful snow.
Saviour! His graciousness know, His blood has redeemed and makes whiter than snow.

No. 136. What a Friend.

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

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 Saviour, 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. 137. Missionary Hymn. (Key F.)

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

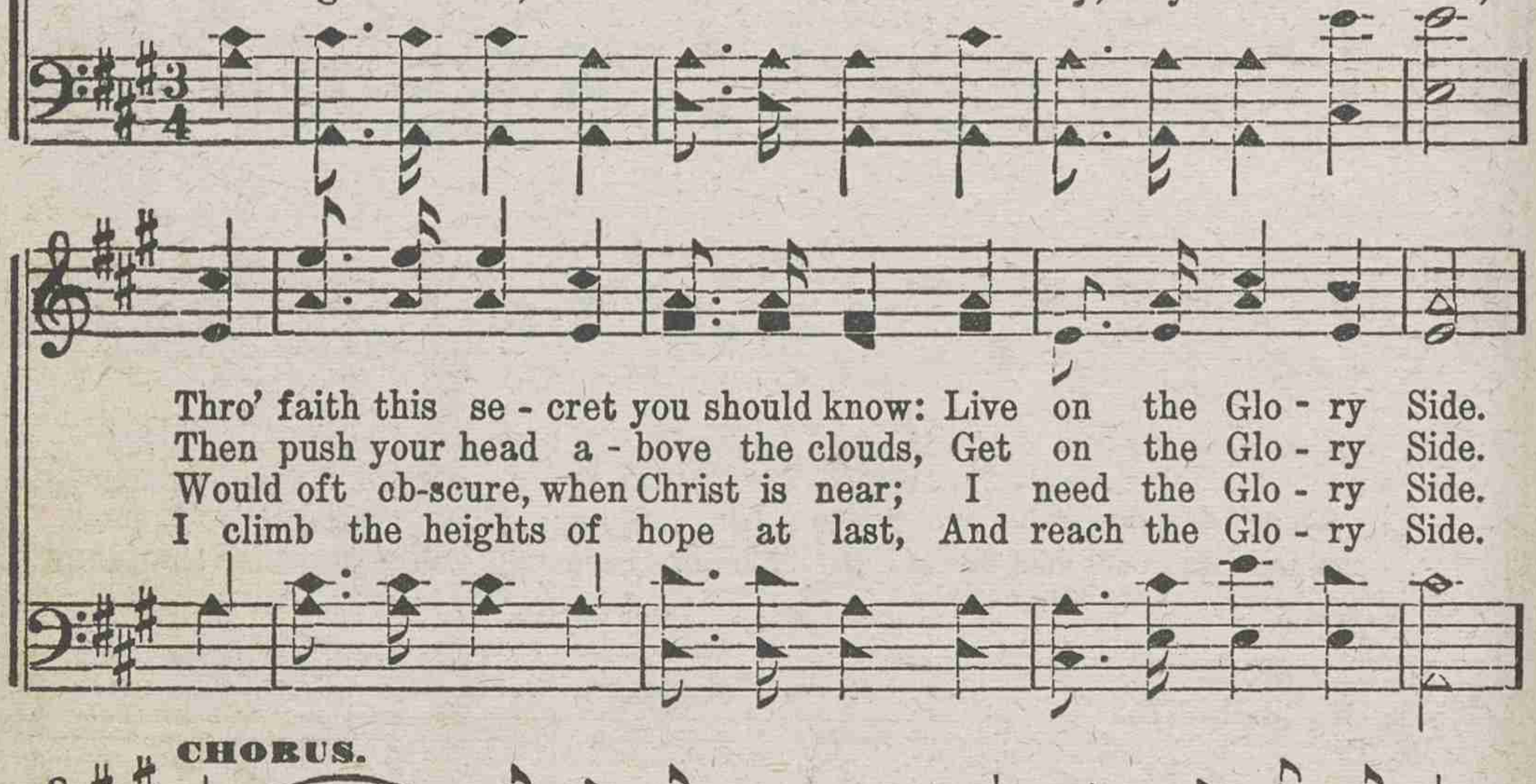
3 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator.
In bliss returns to reign.

No. 138. On the Glory Side.

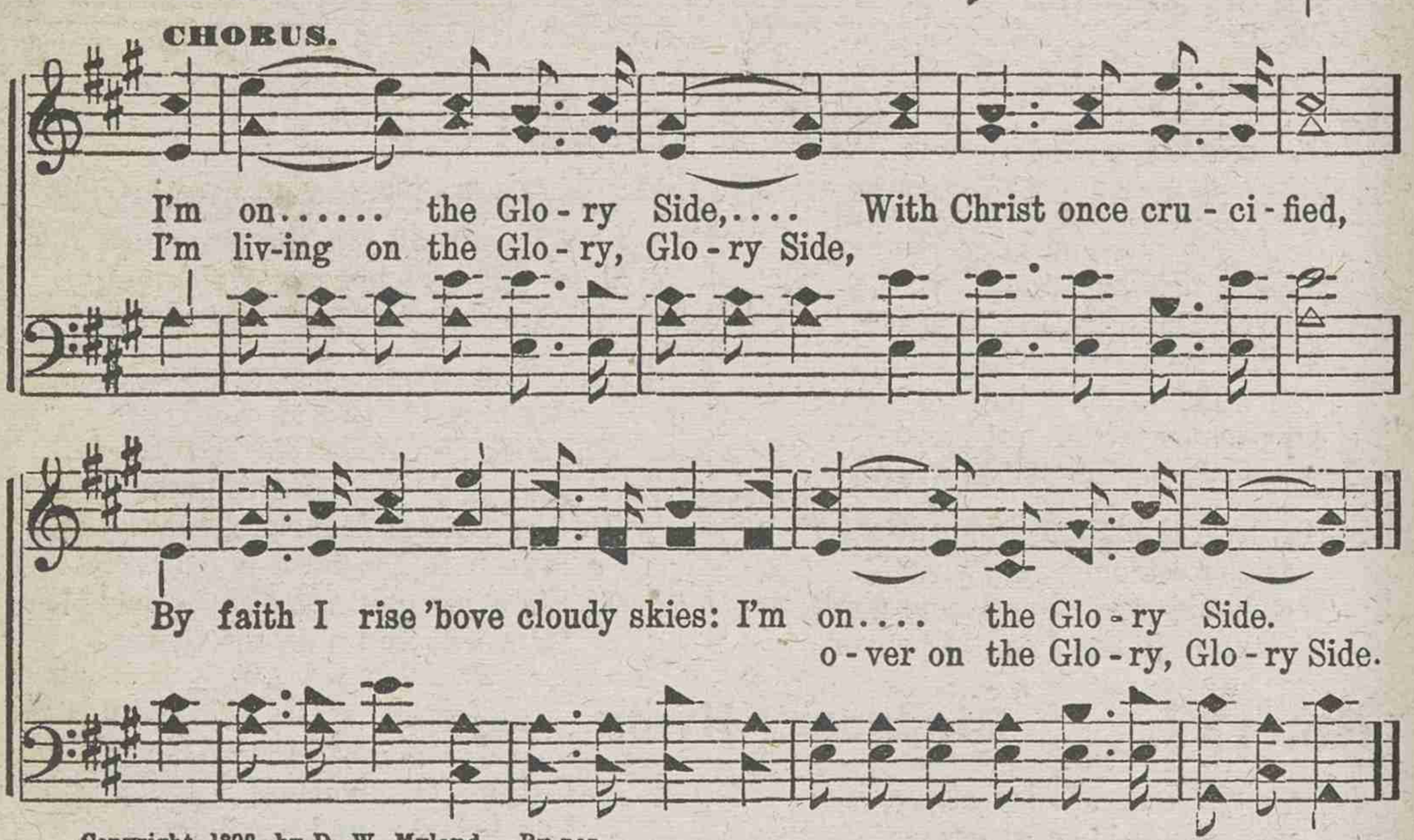
"Old things are passed away: Behold, all things are become new."—II. Cor. 4:17.

D. W. M. Rev. D. WESLEY MYLAND.

1. If, while you live 'mid sin be - low, You would in Christ a - bide;
2. Oft-times life's sky is hung with shrouds, Which Je - sus' face would hide;
3. The ris - ing fogs of doubt and fear, The mists of hu - man pride
4. This age is dark, storm-clouds o'er cast The sky, my sun to hide;



Thro' faith this se - cret you should know: Live on the Glo - ry Side.
Then push your head a - bove the clouds, Get on the Glo - ry Side.
Would oft ob-scure, when Christ is near; I need the Glo - ry Side.
I climb the heights of hope at last, And reach the Glo - ry Side.



CHORUS.

I'm on..... the Glo - ry Side,.... With Christ once cru - ci - fied,
I'm liv-ing on the Glo - ry, Glo - ry Side,

By faith I rise 'bove cloudy skies: I'm on.... the Glo - ry Side.
o - ver on the Glo - ry, Glo - ry Side.

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139. Christ Is Coming.

JOHN R. MACDUFF.

1 Christ is coming! let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase;
Christ is coming!
Come, thou blessed Prince of Peace!

2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of Thy bitter cross and pain;
She shall yet behold Thy glory
When Thou comest back to reign;
Christ is coming!
Let each heart repeat the strain.

No. 140. I'm Glad I Came Home.

"I will give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, and no one shall snatch them out of my hand."—John 10: 28.

C. F. W. CHAS. F. WEIGELE.

1. I was so lone - ly, so ver - y lone - ly, When I from my Sav - iour had wandered a - way, Now I am hap - py, so ver - y hap - py, Since I to my lay down to die;
2. I was so hun - gry, so ver - y hun - gry, When out in the des - ert I wandered a - lone; Since I'm in Ca-naan, liv - ing in Ca - naan, I've plenty of bread, oh, I'm glad I came home. I'm glad I came home, oh, so glad I came home.
3. I was so wea - ry, so ver - y wea - ry, When tired of my wand'ring I lay down to die; Je-sus came near me, so ver - y near me, When in my dis- tress un-to Him I did cry.

CHORUS.

Saviour have come home to stay.

From Je-sus my Sav - iour I'll nev-er-more roam, No more am I starv - ing, wea - ry or lone, Since Je-sus has found me, I'm glad I came home.

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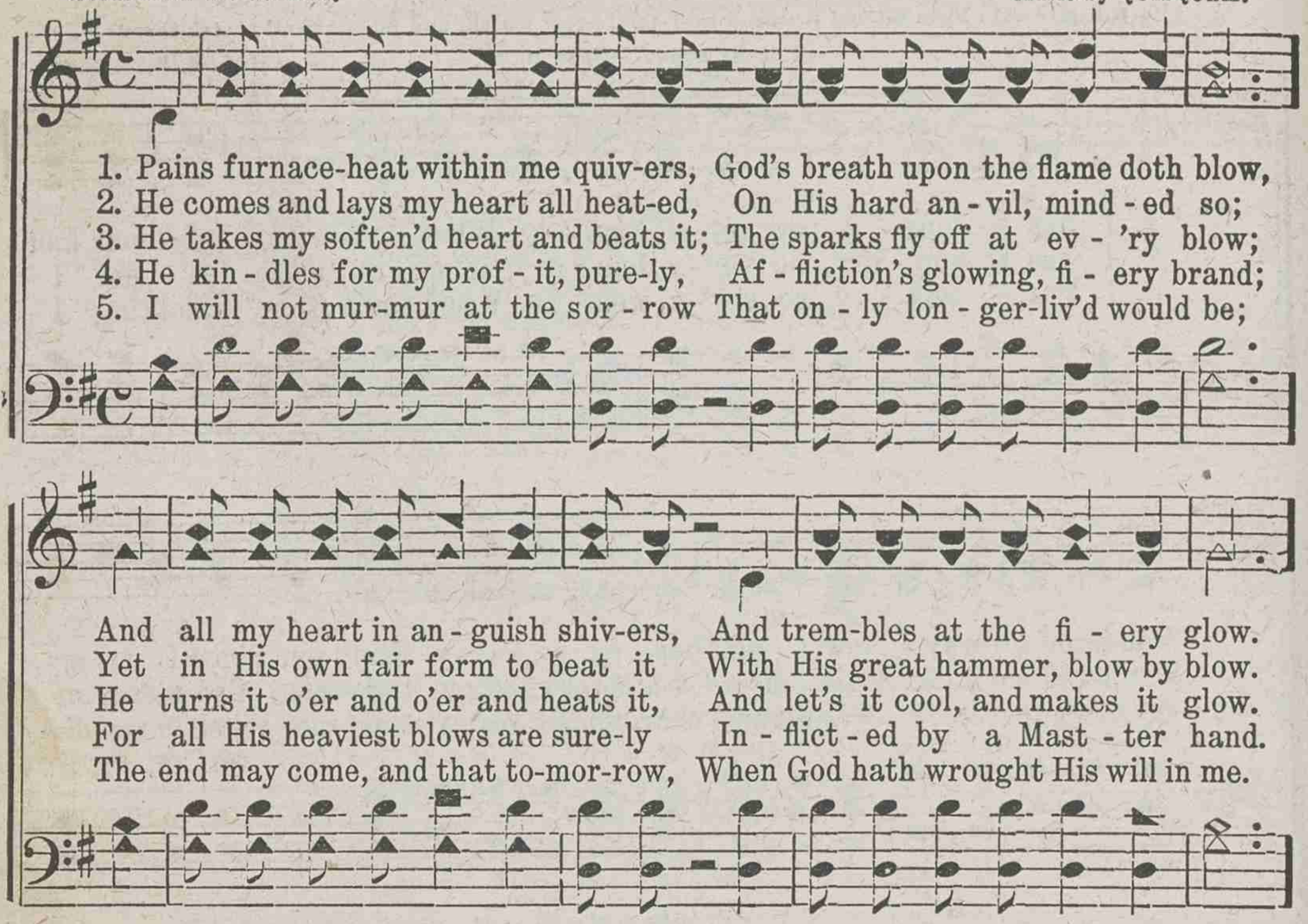
No. 141. God's Anvil.

"Fear none of these things which thou shalt suffer."—Rev. 2: 10.

Words from the German. Music by QUISQUAM.



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No. 142. I Am Coming to the Cross. (Key G.)

1 I am coming to the cross,
I am poor and weak and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

Cho.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee;
Blessed Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at the cross I bow;
Jesus saves me—saves me now.

2 In the promises I trust,
In the cleansing blood confide;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

3 Jesus comes, He fills my soul,
Perfected in Him I am,
I am every whit made whole,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!—

W. McDonald.

No. 143. Launch Out.

"Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God."—Rom. 8: 39.

A. B. SIMPSON, R. KELSO CARTER.

1. The mer - cy of God is an a - cean di - vine, A bound - less and fath - om - less flood; Launch out in the deep, cut a-
2. But ma - ny, a - las! on - ly stand on the shore, And gaze on the o - cean so wide; They nev - er have ven - tured its way the shore-line, And be lost in the full - ness of God.
3. And oth - ers just ven - ture a - way from the land, And lin - ger so near to the shore, That the surf and the slime that beat depths to ex - plore, Or to launch on the fath - om - less tide.
4. Oh, let us launch out on this o - cean so broad, Where the floods of sal - va - tion o'er - flow; Oh, let us be lost in the o - ver the strand, Dash o'er them in floods ev - er - more. mer - cy of God, Till the depths of His full - ness we know.

CHORUS.

Launch out . . . . . in - to the deep, Oh, let the shore-line go; Launch out, launch out in the o - cean di - vine, Out where the full tides flow.
Oh, launch out in the deep,

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No. 144. I Know God's Promise is True.

"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."—Matt. 24: 35.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

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No. 145. Walking in the Light.

"If we walk in the light."—I. John 1.

Arr. R. E. M.

1. I am walking in the light And my path is shining bright, Where there is no more of night I now dwell, This vain world I bid adieu, And its pleasures fade from view, All things now to me are new, All is well.
2. I have glo-ry for a prize And a crown beyond the skies When from earth we shall arise, Pure and white, I shall then with Jesus reign, And e-ter-nal hon-or gain, And be pure from ev'ry stain In His sight.
3. I have an-gel food to eat And no hon-ey is so sweet, It is most de-li-cious meat To the soul, On His promise I a-bide And my soul is sat-is-fied, For I feel the crimson tide O'er me roll.
4. I have garments wrought with gold And their val-ue is un-told, They have neither moth or mould, Bless the Lord, I have jew-els rich and rare, And a mansion bright and fair, For His will is written there, In His word.

CHORUS.

Je-sus saves day by day, Sweetly keeps all the way. All my burdens He bears, Ev-'ry care; Soon I'll lay my ar-mor down And at Je-sus' feet sit down And re-ceive a star-ry crown O-ver there.

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No. 146. Reckon.

"Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead unto sin, but alive unto God."—Rom. 6: 11.

A. B. S. A. B. SIMPSON.

1. There's a lit - tle word that the Lord has giv'n For our help in the hour of need,—Let us reck-on our-selves to be dead to sin, To be dead and
2. There's anoth - er word that the Lord has giv'n, In the ver - y same verse we read,—Let us reck-on our-selves as a - live in Him, As a - live and a-
3. While we trust in feel - ing or in-ward frames, We shall al-ways be tossed a bout, Let us an-chor fast to the Word of God, And reck - on a-
4. As the mar - i - ner, when the skies are dim, Sails on by his com - pass true; So our faith would cling to the prom - ise firm, And reck - on the
5. Oh how sweet it is to be an - chored fast To a hope that can nev - er fail; Let us reck-on on with a firm - er trust, Till we an - chor with-
6. You may claim the promise from ev - 'ry pain, You may know His pow - er to heal; But your faith must rest in His word a - lone, And reck - on rath-

CHORUS.

dead in-deed.
live in-deed. Let us reckon, reckon, reck-on, Let us reck-on rath-er than
way our doubt.
journey through.
in the vale.
er than feel.

feel; Let us be true to the reck-'ning, And He will make it real.

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No. 147. Promise of the Father.

"And, behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you."—Luke 24: 49.

M. W. KNAPP. Arr. by R. E. M.

Not too fast.

1. Precious prom-ise of the Fa-ther To His chil-dren, one and all
2. Precious prom-ise, long a-wait-ed, Sealed with Je-sus' crim-son blood,
3. Fa-ther, wilt Thou not this prom-ise In each long-ing heart ful-fill
4. Christian, do you claim this prom-ise Which the world can-not re-ceive?

D. C.—*Fa-ther, now ful-fill the prom-ise, I be-lieve and Thine I am;*

Fine.

That the gra-cious Ho-ly Spir-it, Should up-on be-liev-ers fall;
Which from Cal-v'ry's Sac-red Fount-ain, Flowed a pu-ri-fy-ing flood;
That we all with ho-ly glad-ness May de-light to do Thy will;
Ful-ly yield up all to Je-sus, And with all your heart be-lieve;

Hal-le-lu-jah! fire is fall-ing, Glo-ry! glo-ry! to the Lamb.

That the Pen-te-cos-tal fi-re, Burn-ing bright-ly in each breast,
Ho-ly Spir-it on us fall-ing, Thee we wel-come and a-dore,
May the Spir-it in His ful-ness Ev-er in our hearts a-bide,
Then the might-y heav'n-ly cur-rent Will de-scend up-on your soul,

D. C.

Melt-ing all in sweet sub-mis-sion, Should impart a-bid-ing rest.
Thine the glo-ry, ours the blessing, Now, henceforth, and ev-er-more.
Com-fort-er, and Faithful Teacher, Sanc-ti-fi-er, Friend and Guide.
Waves of rapt-ure, bliss and glo-ry, O'er your peace-ful Spir-it roll.

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No. 148. The Shelf Behind the Door.

RET. S. K. WHEATLAKE.

E. L. BOWYER,
Arr. by D. W. MYLAND.

1. I came to Je - sus long a - go all lad - en down with sin,
2. I tore it down and threw it out and then the bless - ing came;
3. So ma - ny peo - ple of to - day are des - ti - tute of power;
4. Some smoke and chew to - bac - co, and some love their fan - cy dress·
5. That lit - tle shelf be - hind the door will cause you much dis - tress;

I sought Him long for pard'ning grace He would not take me in.
But e'er I got the vic - to - ry and felt the ho - ly flame.
'Tis plain to see they can - not stand temp-ta-tion's try - ing hour.
Oth - ers have wronged their fel-low-men, re - fus - ing to con - fess.
Es - pe - cial - ly a - bout the time you think of be - ing blest.

At last I found the rea - son why as light came more and more;
Be - el - ze - bub came rush - ing up and said with aw - ful roar,
By way of an a - pol - o - gy "my weak-ness is their cry;
They won - der why they are not blest as in the days of yore;
While pleading for the vic - to - ry be - fore the Lord in prayer,

I had a shelf with i - dols on just in be - hind the door.
"You can - not live with - out a shelf right here be - hind the door.
'Tis all be-cause of i - dols that they are using on the sly.
The rea - son why is on the shelf just in be - hind the door.
How ma - ny times you think a - bout the i - dols hid - den there.

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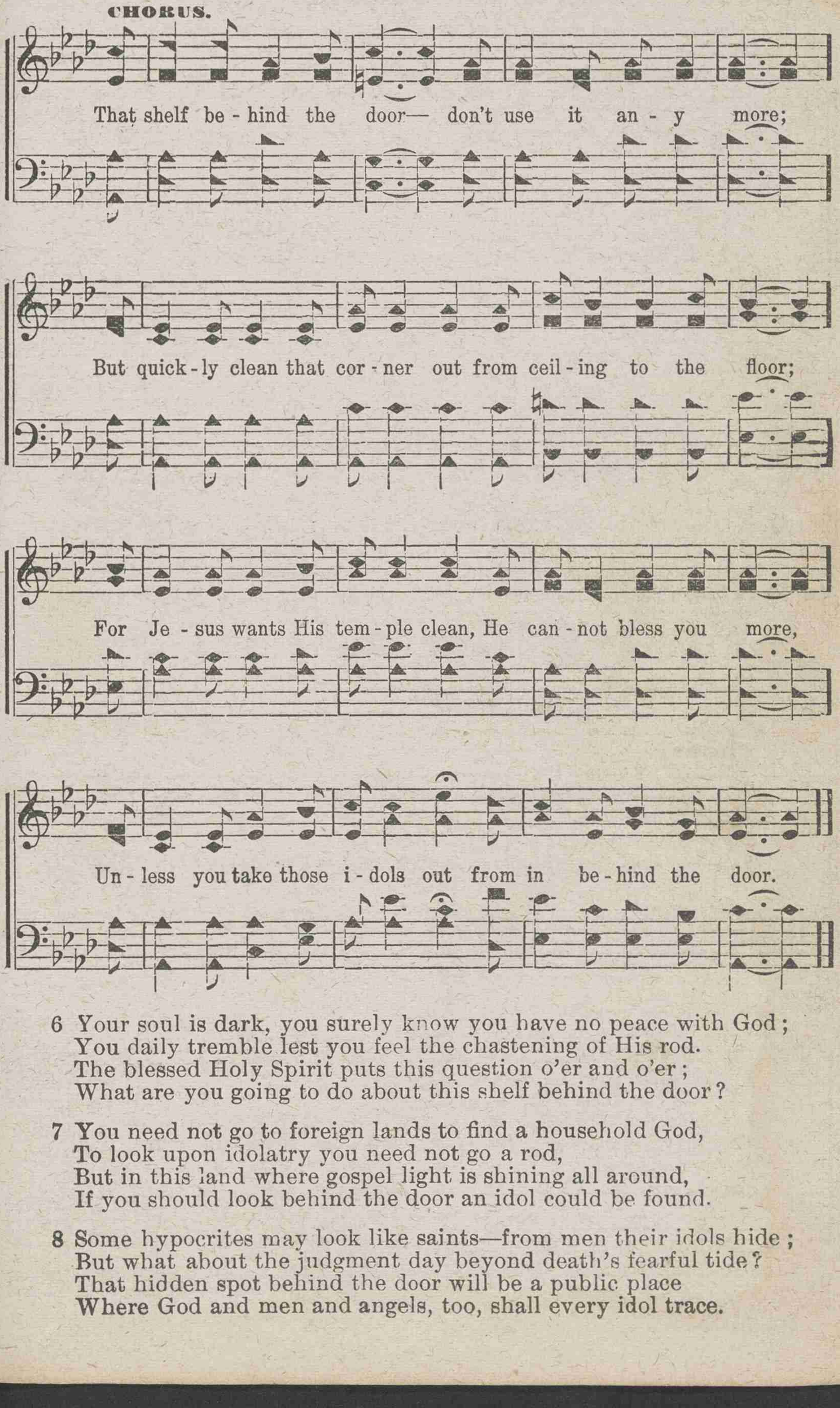
The Shelf Behind the Door. Concluded.



6 Your soul is dark, you surely know you have no peace with God;
You daily tremble lest you feel the chastening of His rod.
The blessed Holy Spirit puts this question o'er and o'er;
What are you going to do about this shelf behind the door?

7 You need not go to foreign lands to find a household God,
To look upon idolatry you need not go a rod,
But in this land where gospel light is shining all around,
If you should look behind the door an idol could be found.

8 Some hypocrites may look like saints—from men their idols hide;
But what about the judgment day beyond death's fearful tide?
That hidden spot behind the door will be a public place
Where God and men and angels, too, shall every idol trace.

No. 149. Nearer the Celestial City.*

"And the city had no need of the sun to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it."—Rev. 21: 23.

FANNY J. CROSBY. R. E. McNEILL.

Slow, and with great expression.

1. I am near - er, draw-ing near - er, Soon I'll an-chor on the shore,
2. I am near - er, draw-ing near - er, To the pear - ly gates of light,
3. I am near - er, draw-ing near - er, To the gold-en fields of rest,
4. I am near - er, draw-ing near - er, And the time will not be long,

Where the waves of joy are break-ing, And the shadows come no more.
Where my jour - ney will be end - ed, And my faith be lost in sight.
To the arms of my Re-deem - er, And the mansions of the blest.
When from "numbers without num - ber," I shall hear the wel - come song.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, My heart is glad to - day;

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, 'Tis sun - shine all the way.

*This song was given the writer while reading in "The Christian Standard" the testimony of Fanny J. Crosby, at Mountain Lake Park Camp Meeting, where she said: "I feel that I am standing near the gates of the Celestial City."

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150 Up In Heaven.

"He shall wipe away every tear from their eyes; and death shall be no more; neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain any more."—Rev. 21: 4.

B. S. BELLE STAPLES. Arr. by R. E. M.

1. Sometimes here the shad - ows fall, But in heav'n, but in heav'n,
2. Here our loved ones fade from sight, But in heav'n, but in heav'n,
3. Je - sus is the bless - ed light, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n,
4. Ho - ly an - gels pros - trate fall, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n,
5. On - ly those can en - ter in, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n,

Sad - ness nev - er comes at all, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n.
We shall meet on plains of light, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n.
Shin - ing in His glo - ry bright, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n.
Crown-ing Je - sus Lord of all, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n.
Who are saved and cleansed from sin, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n.

Sor - row there can nev - er stay, God shall wipe all tears a - way,
Walls of jas - per, streets of gold, Bliss that nev - er can be told,
Gates shall not be shut by day, Night for - ev - er passed a - way,
Soon we'll join that hap - py throng, Time is short, 'twill not be long,
Je - sus died that you might be Saved thro' all e - ter - ni - ty,

In that fair, e - ter - nal day, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n.
When the pear - ly gates un - fold, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n.
Oh, I'm go - ing there to stay, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n.
'Till we join the vic - tor's song, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n.
Won't you come and go with me, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n.

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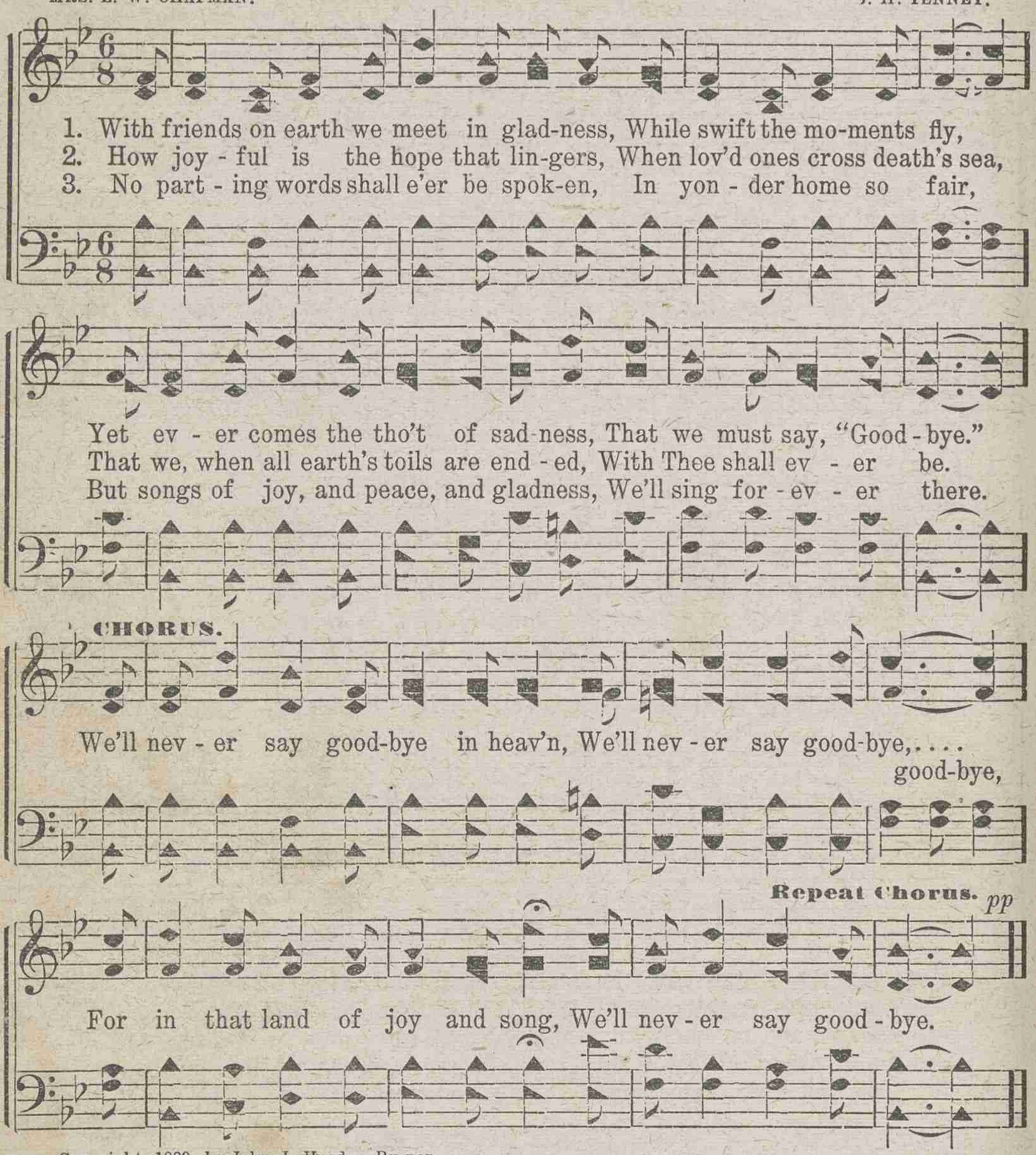
No. 151. We'll Never Say Good-bye.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.



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No. 152. Enter by the Blood.

TUNE: Nothing but the blood.

1 The holiest place stands open wide,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
The shadowing veil now hangs aside
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

CHO.—Beyond the second veil,
Pure love and joy prevail,
God's promise ne'er can fail,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

2 Enter now this holiest place,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
Here Christ shows His shining face,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

3 Here is cleansing full and free,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
God's shekinah you can see,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

4 Now by faith you may prevail,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
Pass beyond the second veil,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

5 Here you can be satisfied,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
This is why the Saviour died,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

REV. J. B. FOOTE.

No. 153. God Be With You.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. 16: 20

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun-sels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner float-ing o'er you,

With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai - ly ma - na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms un - fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

REFRAIN.

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet,
Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

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No. 154 Be Ready.

Arr. and partly composed by M. W. KNAPP from B. M.

L. L. PICKETT.

"Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." Matt. xxiv: 44.

SOLO with CHORUS.

1. It may be in the morning, When sun is bright and strong,
   And dew is glist'ning sharply, And day looks bright and long.
2. It may be in the evening, When work of day is done,
   While sit - ting in the twilight, You watch the evening sun.

You then may see Me com-ing, On clouds of glo-ry bright; Your waiting soul to
A - mong the vil - lage children, Who throng the bus - y street, It may be you will

CHORUS.

welcome To be with Me in light. O come, O
hear then, My swift - ly com- ing feet.

O come bless-ed Lord, Quickly

come, Quickly come, my Saviour. I'm

come, my Redeem-er, O come, quickly come, my Sav-iour, quickly come. I'm

read - y now for Thee I'm read - y now for Thee, And greet with joy the promise, And

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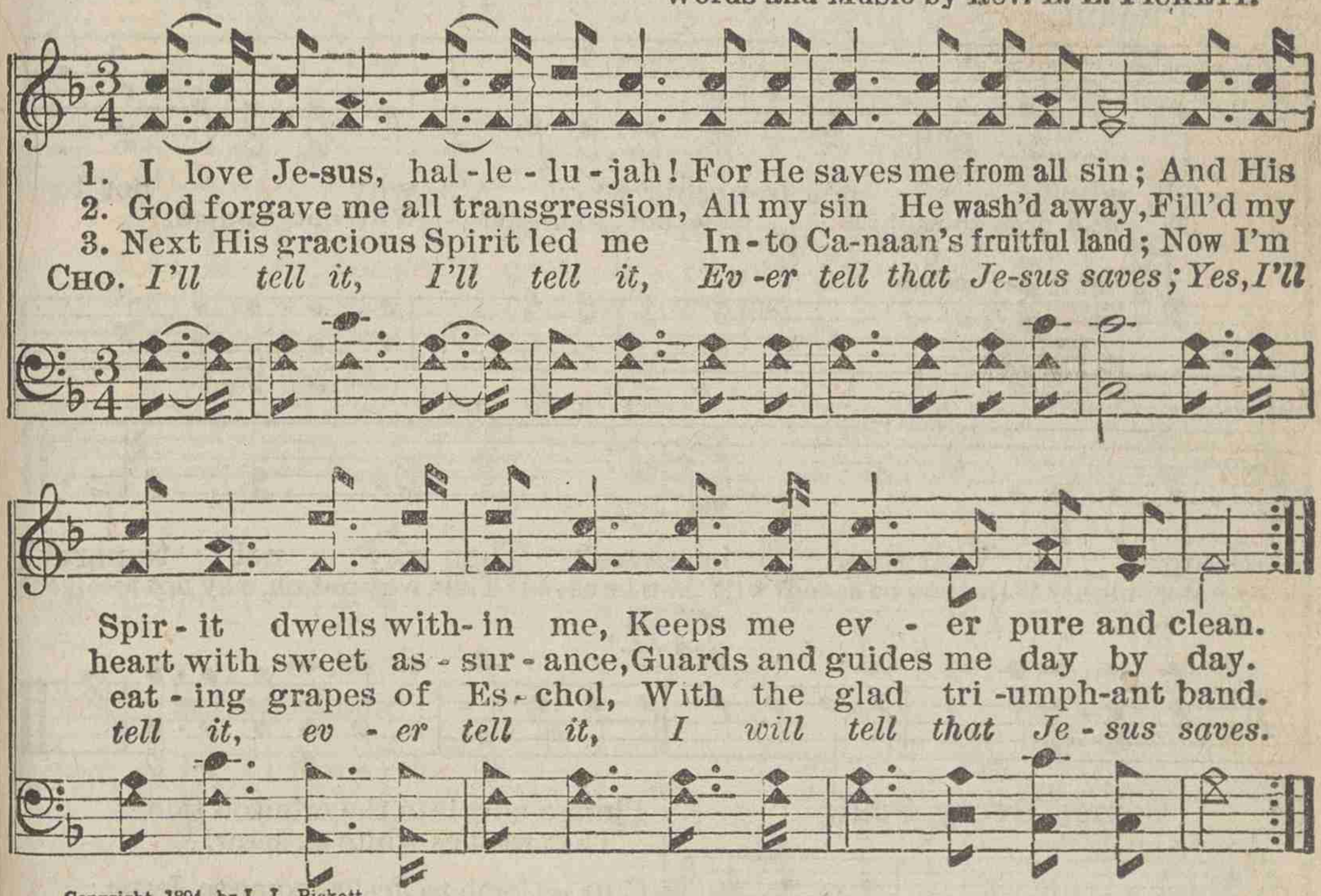
Be Ready. Concluded.

3 It may be when the midnight
Is heavy on the land,
The black waves lying dumbly
Along the dreary sand,
When moonless night draws closer
Above the sleeping sea,
When all are slumbering soundly,
And no one thinks of Me.

4 Be ready every moment,
Be robed and sanctified;
For quickly I will claim you
My own beloved bride.
In sweet and blessed union
We then shall ever be,
And dwell in bliss together
Through all eternity.

No. 155 I'll Tell it.

Words and Music by Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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4 From all darkness into sunlight,
Jesus led my fainting soul;
And He'll guide me, ever guide me,
While eternal ages roll.

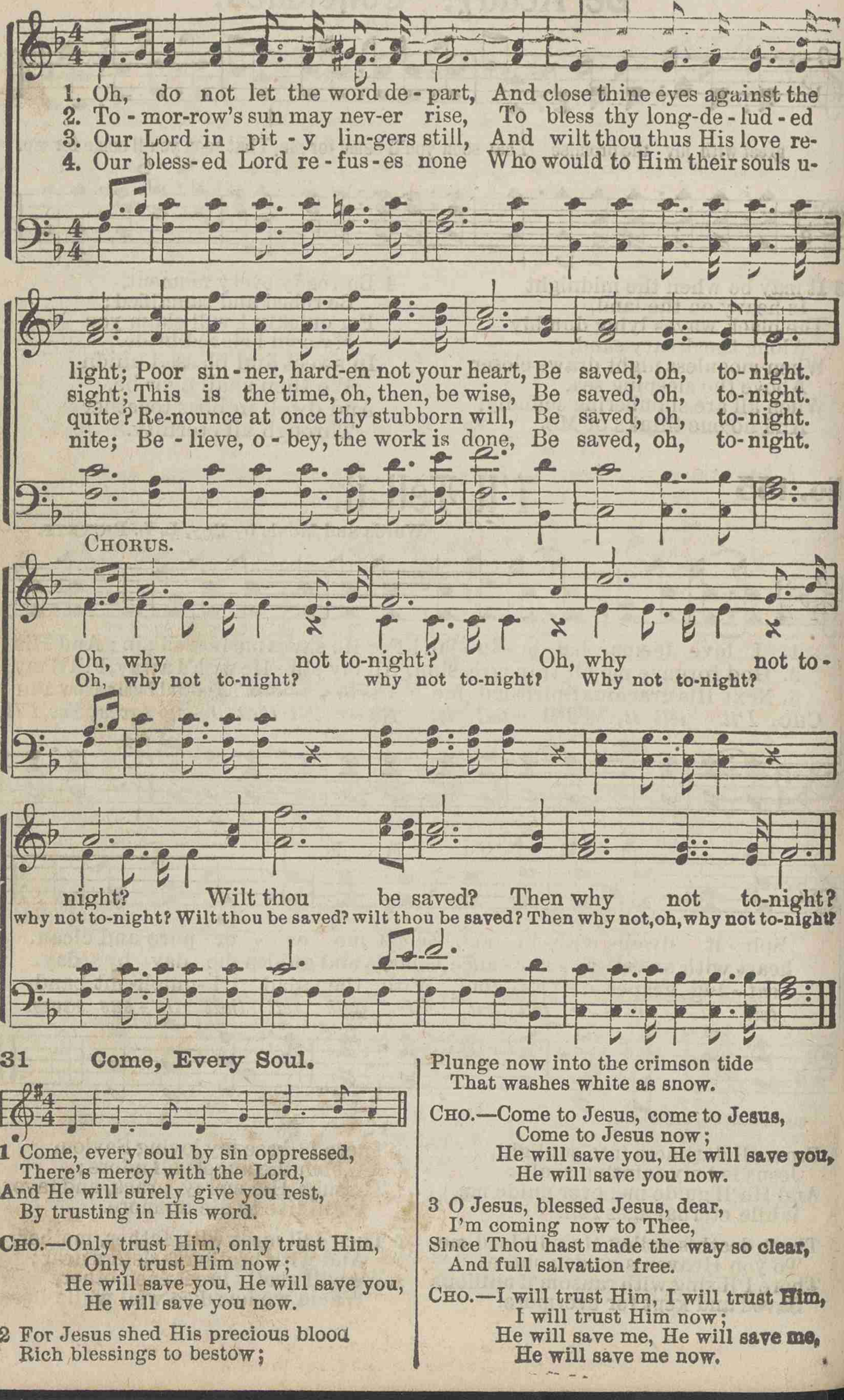
5 Thro' death's valley He will lead me,
To yon Heaven's golden shore;
There I'll sing with ransom'd millions
Saved and kept for evermore.

6 There I'll see my loving Saviour
Whom the angels all adore;
Through His mercy, grace, and favor,
I will live to die no more.

7 Then I'll meet with father, mother,
And with brothers, sisters dear;
We will gladly greet each other,
Whom we loved so well while here.

Oh, Why Not To-Night?

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.



31 Come, Every Soul.

1 Come, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.

CHO.—Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson tide
That washes white as snow.

CHO.—Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

3 O Jesus, blessed Jesus, dear,
I'm coming now to Thee,
Since Thou hast made the way so clear,
And full salvation free.

CHO.—I will trust Him, I will trust Him,
I will trust Him now;
He will save me, He will save me,
He will save me now.

No. 157 WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD.

JOHN. J. G. F.

1. Christ our Re-deem-er died on the cross, Died for the sin-ner,
2. Chief-est of sin-ners, Je-sus can save, As He has prom-ised,
3. Judg-ment is com-ing, all will be there, Who have re-ject-ed,
4. O. what com-pas-sion, oh bound-less love! Je-sus hath pow-er,

paid all His due; All who re-ceive Him need nev-er fear,
so will He do; Oh, sin-ner, hear Him, trust in His word,
who have refused? Oh, sin-ner, has-ten, let Je-sus in,
Je-sus is true; All who be-lieve are safe from the storm,

Chorus.

Yes, He will pass, will pass o-ver you.
Then He will pass, will pass o-ver you.
Then God will pass, will pass o-ver you.
Oh, He will pass, will pass o-ver you.

When I see the blood, When I see the blood, When I see the blood, When I see the blood, When I see the blood, When I see the blood, When I

rit.

blood, I will pass, I will pass o-ver you.
see the blood, o-ver you.

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No. 158

A Little Talk with Jesus.

"And behold there talked with Him two men." Luke ix: 30.

ANON. Arranged.

1. While fight-ing for my Sav-iour here, The dev-il tries me hard; He
2. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black, And stormy o-ver-head, And
3. When those who once were dear-est friends Be-gin to per-se-cute, And
4. And thus, by fre-quent lit-tle talks I gain the vic-to-ry; And

us-es all His might-y pow'r, My pro-gress to re-tard; He's
trials of al-most ev-'ry kind A-cross my path are spread; How
more who once pro-fessed to love, Have dis-tant grown, and mute, I
march a-long with cheer-ful song, En-joy-ing lib-er-ty; With

up to ev-'ry move, And yet through all I prove, A lit-tle talk with
soon I con-quer all, As to the Lord I call, A lit-tle talk with
tell Him all my grief, He quick-ly sends re-lief, A lit-tle talk with
Je-sus as my Friend, I'll prove un-til the end, A lit-tle talk with

D.S. *trials of ev-'ry kind, Praise God I al-ways find, A lit-tle talk with*

CHORUS.

Je sus makes it right, all right. A lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes it

Je-sus makes it right, all right.

D.S.

right, all right, A lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes it right, all right. In

No. 159 SOMETHING NEW.

"Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."—2 Cor. 5: 17.

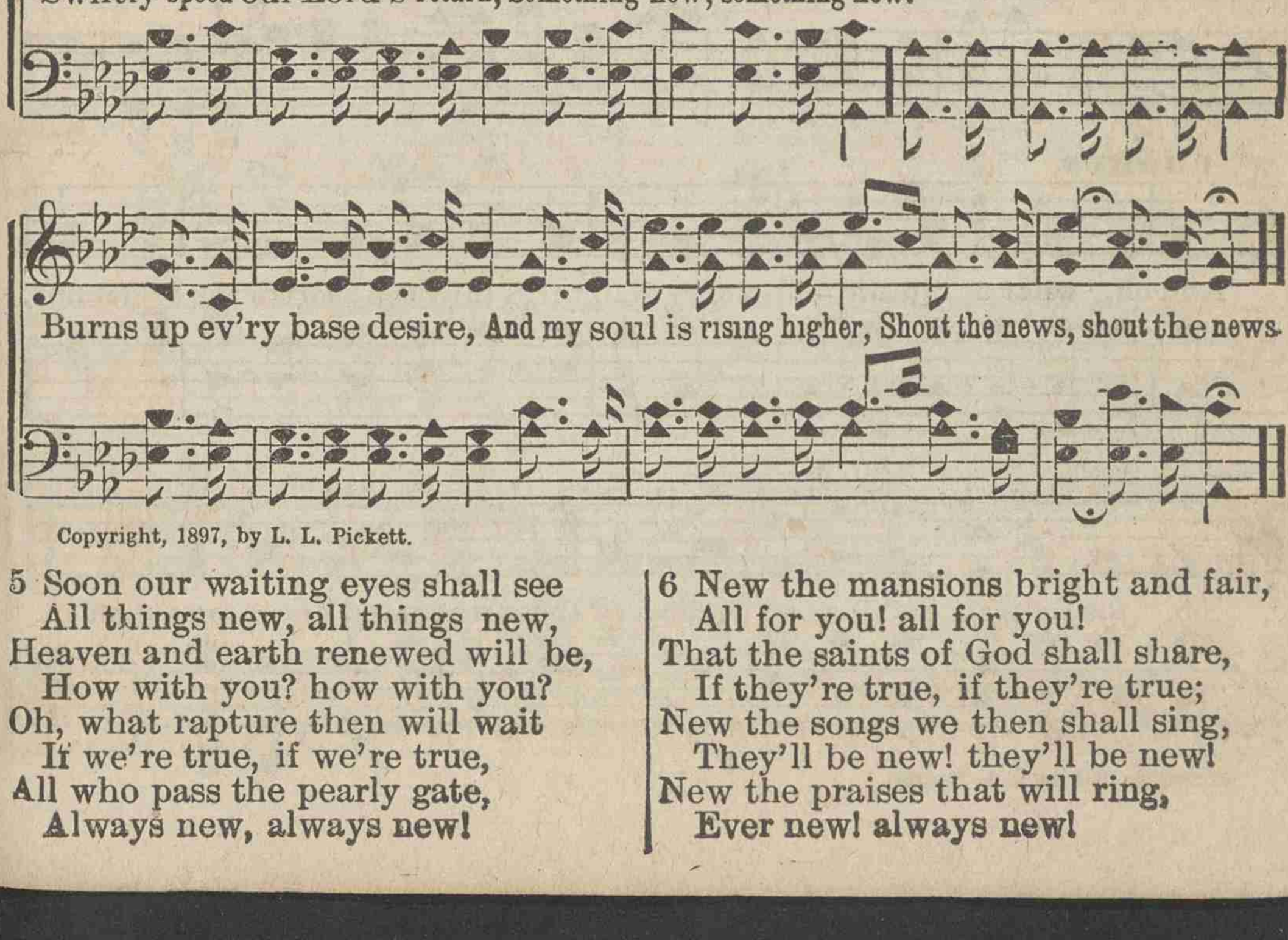
M. W. KNAPP. CHAS. A. HUMPHREY.

1. Something new I have to sing, Something new, something new, Christ the dead to life can bring,
2. Now His sanctifying fire, Thro' and thro', thro' and thro', Burns up ev'ry base desire,
3. His two works within my soul, Were sky blue, were sky blue, For He saved and made me whole,
4. Holiness shall win the day, It is true, it is true, Sin shall all be swept away,

It is true, it is true, By His grace my heart is new, Thro' and thro', thro' and thro',
This is new, this is new! All things old have passed away, All is new, all is new,
Does He you? does He you? Now He sweetly reigns within, Kind and true, kind and true,
Something new, something new, Holy fire fiercely doth burn, Thro' and thro', thro' and thro',

CHORUS.

He can do the same for you, Yes, for you, yes, for you.
New by night and new by day, Ever new, ever new. Now His sanctifying fire,
Ev'ry moment saves from sin, Something new, something new.
Swiftly speed our Lord's return, Something new, something new.



Burns up ev'ry base desire, And my soul is rising higher, Shout the news, shout the news.

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5 Soon our waiting eyes shall see
All things new, all things new,
Heaven and earth renewed will be,
How with you? how with you?
Oh, what rapture then will wait
If we're true, if we're true,
All who pass the pearly gate,
Always new, always new!

6 New the mansions bright and fair,
All for you! all for you!
That the saints of God shall share,
If they're true, if they're true;
New the songs we then shall sing,
They'll be new! they'll be new!
New the praises that will ring,
Ever new! always new!

No. 160 THE MIDNIGHT CRY.

"And at midnight there was a cry made, behold, the bridegroom cometh ; go e out to meet him."—Matt. 25: 10.

M. W. KNAPP. **Good for Solo.** L. L. PICKETT.

1. At midnight the summons will echo, "Awake, for the Bridegroom has come!"
   The wise thrill with joy at the tidings, The foolish with [*Omit.*
2. Then the Bridegroom in glory descending, Will appear with His host in the air,
   And His bride fly with gladness to greet Him, So beau-ti - ful, [*Omit.*
3. While the foolish are vain-ly inquiring, The Bridegroom will come with a shout,
   And the wise will go in to the marriage, But the foolish, re- [*Omit.*
4. Have you tak-en the oil in your vessels? Does the Spirit within you a-bide?
   Are you cleansed in the blood ev'ry moment? Are you watching and [*Omit.*

terror be dumb. Their lamps will be burning but dim-ly, "Give us of your oil"
holy, and fair. All the saints that have died thro' the ages, Will ascend from their graves
fused, be shut out. They will plead all in vain "open to us," No welcome will wait
now sanctified? Soon, too late, to prepare for the marriage, Or ev - er ad - mit-

be their pray'r, "Not enough, go and buy," be the answer, Too late, 'twill be then to pre-pare.
to the sky, And those who on earth then are living Will be changed in the flash of an eye.
them within, The Bridegroom, Himself will not know them, All stained be their garments with sin.
tance to gain; Soon the wise will with gladness have entered, And the foolish stand knocking in vain.

CHORUS.

And oh, what a rapture and glo-ry Will thrill thro' the heart of the Bride! But,

oh, the de-spair and the an - guish Of those who stand knocking out-side.

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No. 161 THE OPENED FOUNTAIN.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Once I lived in bit - ter bondage, But my Sav - iour set me free; Once I
2. Soon I felt in-dwell-ing e - vil Rise un - bid - den in my heart, Then I
3. When my all I yield-ed to Him, And to sin and self had died, Then by
4. Sweet and pre-cious is His ser-vice, And my soul is on the wing, While I
5. Oh, I long for His ap-pear-ing, For I know He 'll come again, And with

stumbled on in darkness, Once was blind, but now I see, Once I lived in condemnation,
looked a-gain to Je-sus, And He bade it all depart, Filled me with the Holy Spirit,
trusting in His promise I was ful - ly sanc-ti-fied. Now my will is lost in Je-sus,
trust Him ev'ry moment, As my Prophet, Priest, and King. And I feel that soon my body
all the saints and angels, On the earth with might shall reign. Then He 'll banish ev'ry evil,

Heavy burdened, day by day, But my Saviour brought salvation, Washed my many sins away.
Washed me whiter than the snow; Giving joy in all its fulness, Making earth a heav'n below.
He's my Strength, my Life, my Light. He's my Comfort when in sorrow, And is with me day and night.
Shall His glorious image bear, When in mansions bright, eternal, All His glory I shall share.
And will conquer ev'ry foe; And instead of thorns and briars Shall the rose and myrtle grow.

CHORUS.

O the Foun - tain opened wide, By my Sav - iour cruci - fied;
O, the Fountain opened wide, opened wide, By my Saviour crucified, crucified;

There I found . . this perfect cleansing, There I safe - ly now a - bide.
There I found this perfect cleansing, There I safely now a - bide.

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No. 162 WE'LL GIRDLE THE GLOBE.

"Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged, because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee." -- Isa. 60 . 5.

V. A. DAKE. IDA M. DAKE.

1. Behold the hands . . stretched out for aid, . . . Darkened by
2. In heathen lands . . . they watch and wait . . . And sigh for
3. Oh, flash the ti - - dings! shout the sound, . . . In darkest
4. The watchfires kin - - dle far and near, ... In ev-'ry

Behold the hands stretched out for aid,

sin . . . . . and sore dis - mayed; . . . Oh, will you
help . . . . . which comes so late, ... And grope in
lands . . . . . the world a - round, ... Till all the
land . . . . . let them ap - pear, ... Till burn-ing

Darkened by sin and sore dismayed,

to . . . their rescue go, . . . Lost wand'rers down to endless woe?
sin . . . and nature's night, . . . For-ev-er vain-ly seeking light.
earth . . from pole to pole, . . . Shall full Salvation echoes roll.
lines . . of gospel fire, . . . Shall gird the world and mount up higher.

Rit.

Oh will you to their rescue go, Lost wand'rers down to endless woe?

CHORUS.

We'll girdle the globe with salvation, With ho - li-ness un - to the Lord;

And light shall illumine each nation, The light from the lamp of His word.

From "Songs of the Reapers." By per. Pentecost Band Publishing Co., Indianapolis, Ind., owners of copyright.

No. 163 I WILL SAY YES TO MY SAVIOUR.

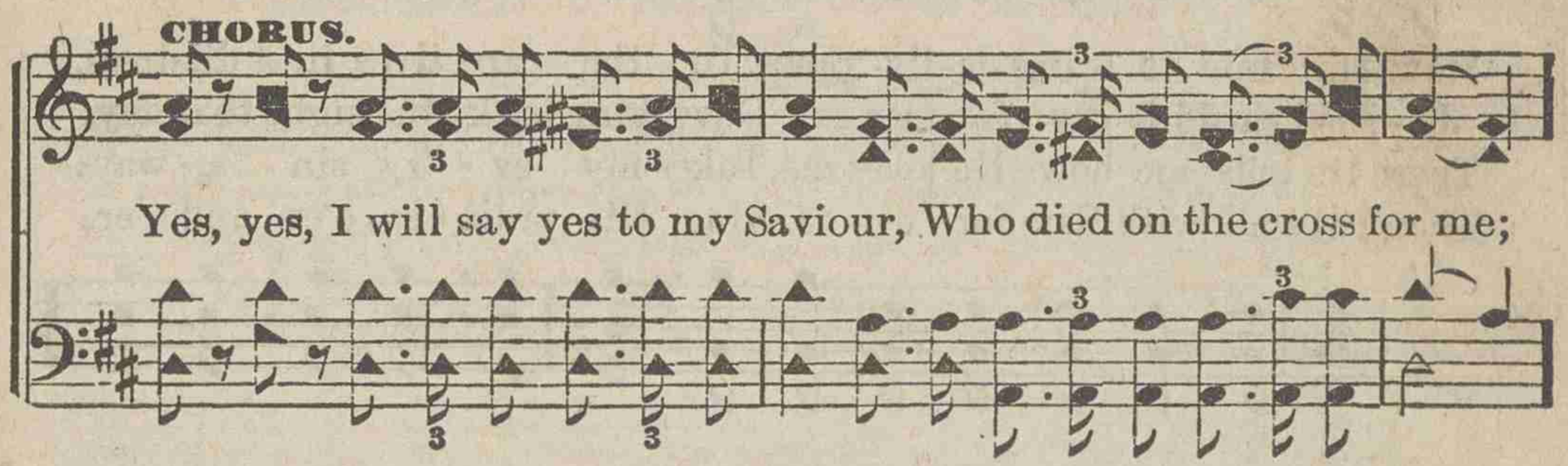
"If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."—John 14: 23.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

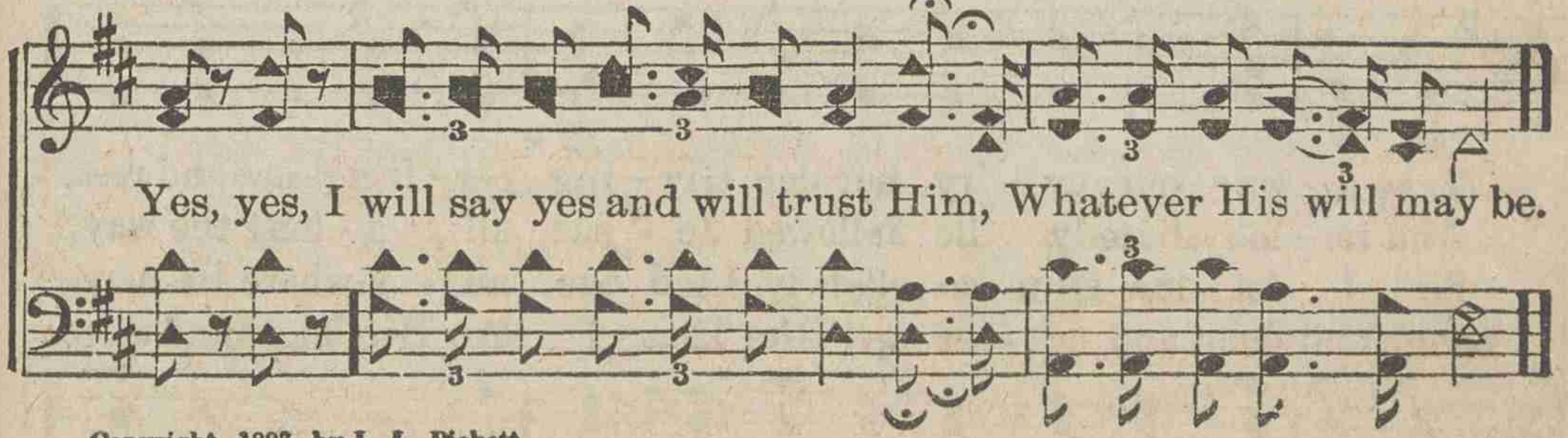
1. I will say yes to my Saviour, Down in the depths of my soul;
2. I will say yes to the Spir-it, Sent from my Saviour to me;
3. I will say yes to the Scripture Lamp shining ev-er and bright;
4. I will say yes to the tri-als, Yes, to the pain and the loss;
5. I will say yes to the fut-ure, Welcome whate'er He may send;
6. I will say yes when de-ri-sion, In-to my pathway shall fall;
7. I will say yes that the al-tar Now sanc-ti-fi-eth my soul;

To Him I ful-ly sur-ren-der, On Him my burdens I roll.
Com-fort-er, Guide and Reveal-er, Dwell Thou forev-er in me.
Yes to commandment and promise, Walking in all of its light.
Yes in the val-leys and tun-nels, Yes to the way of the cross.
Come what there may I will trust Him, Brother, Redeemer and Friend.
Ful-ly sub-mitting to Je-sus, Friends, repu-ta-tion and all.
Peace passing all un-der-stand-ing, O-ver me sweet-ly doth roll.

CHORUS.



Yes, yes, I will say yes to my Saviour, Who died on the cross for me;



Yes, yes, I will say yes and will trust Him, Whatever His will may be.

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I Love to Walk with Jesus.

Copyright, 1902, by C. F. Weigele. By per.

C. F. W. C. F. WEIGELE.

1. Oh, I love to walk with Je - sus, Like the pub - lic - ans of old,
2. Oh, I love to walk with Je - sus, Like the man of long a - go,
3. Oh, I love to walk with Je - sus, All the way to Calv'ry's brow,
4. Oh, some-time I'll walk with Je - sus, In the land of end - less day,

When He gath-ered them a - bout Him And the bless - ed ti-dings told,
Who had tar - ried by the way-side Near the gates of Jer - i - cho;
Gaze up - on that scene of suff'ring, While my tears of sor - row flow;
When our jour - ney here is o - ver And we've reached our home to stay;

How He came to bring de - liv-'rance To the cap - tives in dis-tress,
Je - sus heard his cry for mer - cy, Gave him back his sight that day,
There He tells me how He loves me, Takes my ev - 'ry sin a - way;
Then I'll walk with Him for - ev - er, Sing His prais - es o'er and o'er;

Take a - way our ev - 'ry bur-den, Giv - ing per - fect peace and rest.
And im - me - diate-ly he followed Je - sus all a - long the way.
So I fol - low Him so glad - ly, Lead me an - y-where He may.
Laugh and shout and ev - er tell Him That I love Him more and more.

I Love to Walk with Jesus—Concluded.

CHORUS.

I will fol-low where He lead-eth, I will pas-ture where He feed-eth,

I will fol-low all the way, Lord, I will fol - low Je-sus ev-'ry day.

No. 165 Heaven Is Not Far Away.

Copyright, 1903, by Brown Bros., Indianapolis, Ind.

Arr. by D. G. BACON.

1. Since the Sav-ior came to me, heaven is not far a-way; Since my
2. With this glo - ry in my soul, heaven is not far a-way; While the
3. When the blood has been ap-plied, heaven is not far a-way; And the
4. When your sins are all confessed, heaven is not far a-way; When you
5. When our race is al - most run, heaven is not far a-way; And our

CHO.—*Praise the Lord, I now can say, heav-en is not far a-way; When the*

soul has been made free, heav-en is not far a - way.
Sav- ior has con - trol, heav-en is not far a - way.
soul is sanc - ti - fied, heav-en is not far a - way.
find sweet peace and rest, heav-en is not far a - way.
work on earth is done, heav-en is not far a - way.

soul is right with Jesus, heav-en is not far [*Omit.*] a - way.

No. 166 Sweet Rest in Canaan.

M. W. KNAPP. Music by Rev. W. McDONALD.

Canaan is illustrative of union with Christ on earth. "Out of Egypt into Canaan," page 14.

5 All the Spirit's fruit and flowers,
In this lovely Canaan clime,
'Neath its sunshine and its showers,
Grow in beauty all the time.

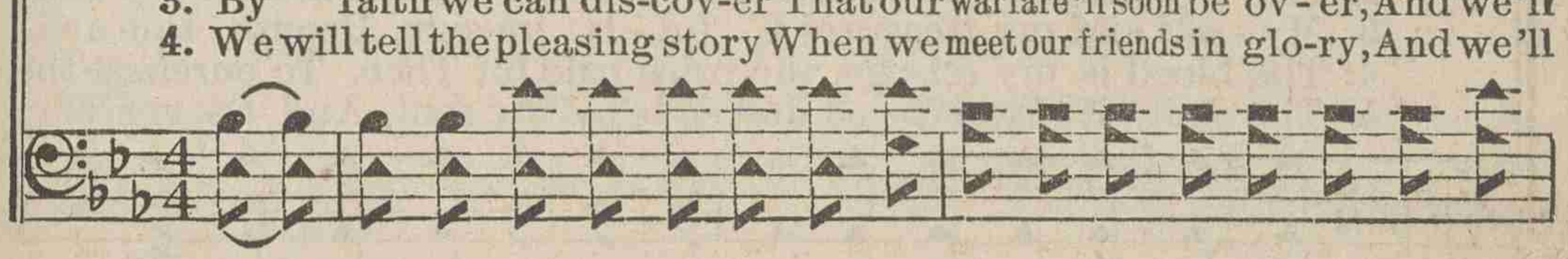
6 Shout your triumphs, heirs of glory,
Tell the tidings as you go,
Publish wide the wondrous story,
You have found a "heaven below."

No. 167

THE RESURRECTION.

G. R. STREET. By per. of A. S. KIEFFER.

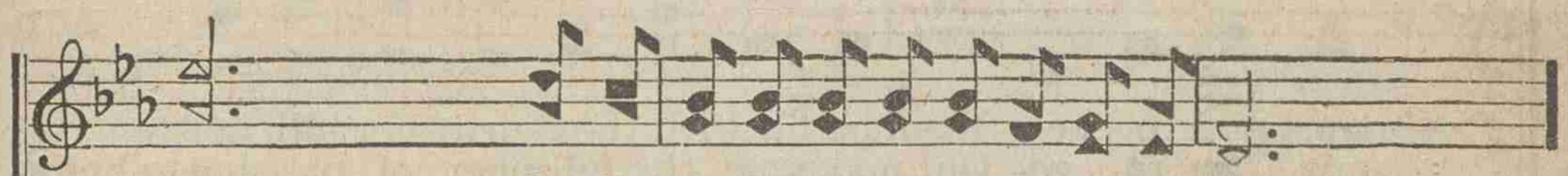
1. In the res-ur-rection morning We will see the Saviour coming, And the
2. We feel the ad-vent glory While the vision seems to tar-ry, We will
3. By faith we can dis-cov-er That our warfare 'll soon be ov-er, And we 'll
4. We will tell the pleasing story When we meet our friends in glo-ry, And we 'll



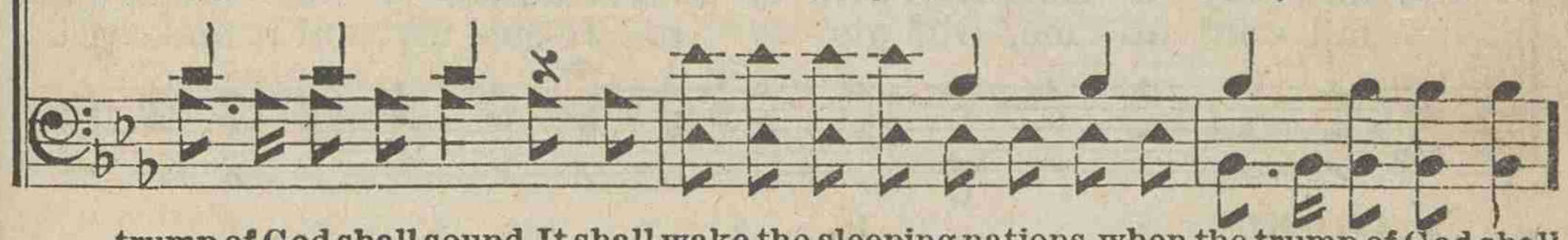
CHORUS.

sons of God a-shouting in the kingdom of the Lord. We shall rise, we shall
comfort one anoth-er with the words of Ho-ly Writ.
shortly hail each other on fair heaven's hap-py shore.
keep ourselves already for to hail the heav'nly King. Hal-le-lu-jah!

When the trump of God shall sound, When the



rise! In the resurrection morning we shall rise!
Praise the Lord, Hal-le - lu - jah, Praise the Lord, we shall rise!



trump of God shall sound, It shall wake the sleeping nations, when the trump of God shall sound.

We shall rise, we shall rise! In the resurrection morning we shall rise!
Halle-lujah! Praise the Lord,

The dead in Christ shall rise, dead in Christ shall rise,

No. 168 PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT.

"If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?—Luke 11: 13. "That we might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith."—Gal. 3 14.

M. W. KNAPP. SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

1. Bap-tize me, O Fa-ther, the promise I claim, And plead its ful-fill-ment in Je - sus' dear name, That thou, all be-liev-ers, who
2. Oh, fill me, my Fa-ther, for great is my need, I'm hun-gry and thirsty and earn-est - ly plead; I can - not, I will not per-
3. My - self and my treasures I ful - ly re-sign, Reputa - tion and pleasures for - ev - er are Thine; Complete - ly a - bandoned in
4. The blood is my ref-uge, the price paid for Thee, To purchase the gift which a - lone can set free; All oth - er re - li - ance I
5. The Spir - it ex-pect - ed descends to my soul, And o - ver me peaceful - ly love bil-lows roll; The bap - tism promised has

trust and o - bey, Wouldst fill with the Spirit, oh, fill me to-day.
mit Thee to go, Oh, make me the full-ness of blessing to know.
all things to Thee, I long to be lost like a drop in the sea.
now lay a - side, And safe - ly and steadfast - ly in it con-fide.
fall - en on me, Oh, glo - ry to Je-sus! my soul it makes free.

CHORUS.

I be-lieve, and re-ceive, and He fills me to - day, As He promised, He comes, while humbly I pray, Oh, glory to Je-sus, the

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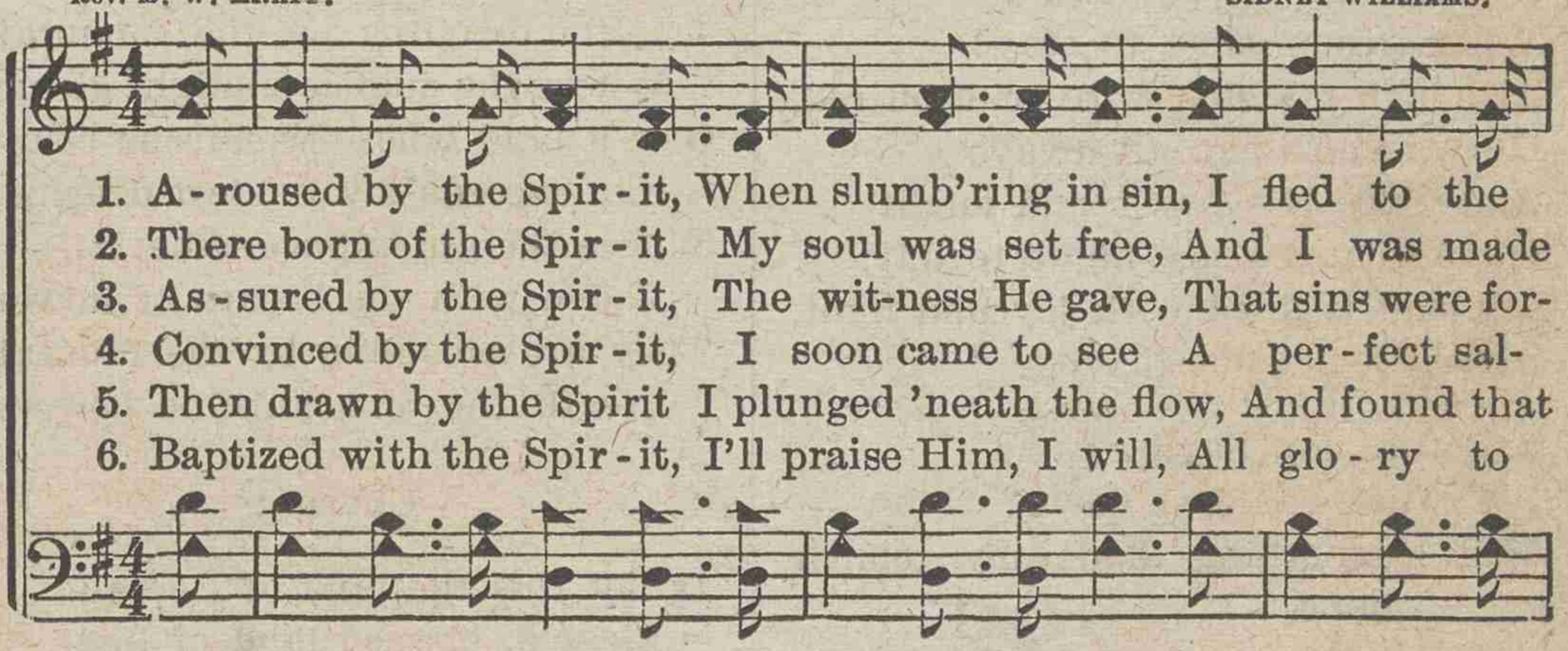
PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT. Concluded.

No. 169 A. THE SPIRIT RECEIVED.

"For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.—Rom. 8: 14.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. SIDNEY WILLIAMS.



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No. 169. Since Jesus Came to Stay

Key E Flat.

1 Come listen unto me,
A story I will tell,
How Jesus Christ, the Son of God,
Came in my heart to dwell;
He by His mighty pow'r
Has changed my night to day,
And now my life is filled with joy,
Since Jesus came to stay.

Chorus:

O bless the happy day,
When Jesus came to stay!
Although my sins were crimson red,
He washed them all away;
And since His pow'r and might
Have changed my night to day,
My soul is filled with joy and light,
Since Jesus came to stay.

2 Before my Savior came
I often was cast down;
The least thing made my temper flame,
And trifles made me frown;
But the devil has cleared out
And moved his traps away,
And now with joy I sing and shout,
Since Jesus came to stay.

3 Since Jesus came to stay,
The devil's got the slip;
I sail no more a sinking wreck,
But on the Gospel ship;
She's rigged in splendid style,
In true salvation way,
And all on board are singing now,
Since Jesus came to stay.

4 I know that I have found
The Lord so good and kind,
That none need feed on husks of sin
If the devil's left behind;
For since I've found this light
So precious day by day,
I shout and sing with all my might,
Since Jesus came to stay.

5 And by and by we'll meet
On that celestial shore,
And walk with joy the golden street,
And shout forever more;
And then again we'll raise
This happy, joyous, lay,
In everlasting songs of praise,
Since Jesus came to stay.

No. 170 The Land of Beulah

Key G.

1 I am dwelling on the mountain,
Where the golden sunlight gleams,
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty
Far exceeds my fondest dreams;
Where the air is pure, etherial,
Laden with the breath of flowers,
They are blooming by the fountain,
'Neath the amaranthine bowers.

Chorus:

Is not this the land of Beulah,
Blessed, blessed land of light,
Where the flowers bloom forever,
And the sun is always bright?

2 I can see far down the mountain,
Where I wandered weary years,
Often hindered in my journey
By the ghosts of doubts and fears;
Broken vows and disappointments
Thickly sprinkled all the way,
But the Spirit led, unerring,
To the land I hold to-day.

3 I am drinking at the fountain,
Where I ever would abide;
For I've tasted life's pure river,
And my soul is satisfied;
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
Nor adorning, rich and gay,
For I've found a richer treasure,
One that fadeth not away.

No. 171 The Hallowed Cross.

Key E.

1 The cross! the cross! the blood stained cross!
The hallowed cross I see!
Reminding me of precious Blood
That once was shed for me.

Chorus:

Oh, the Blood! the precious Blood!
That Jesus shed for me,
Upon the cross in crimson flood,
Just now by faith I see.

2 That cross! that cross! that heavy cross,
My Savior bore for me,
Which bowed Him to the earth with grief,
On sad Mount Calvary.

3 How light! how light! this precious cross,
Presented to my view;
And while, with care, I take it up,
Behold the crown my due.

4 The crown! the crown! the glorious crown!
The crown of victory!
The crown of life! it shall be mine,
When I shall Jesus see.

5 My tears, unbidden, seem to flow
For love, unbounded love,
Which guides me thro' this world of woe,
And points to joys above.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.

No. 172 Jesus Loves Me.

Key D.

1 Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so,
Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak, but He is strong.

Cho:—Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so.

2 Jesus loves me, He who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide,
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.

3 Jesus loves me, He will stay,
Close beside me all the way,
If I love Him when I die,
He will take me home on high.

No. 173 There's A Great Day Coming. Key G.

1 There's a great day coming,
A great day coming,
There's a great day com'g by and by
When the saints and the sinners
shall be parted right and left,
Are you ready for that day to come?

Chorus:

Are you ready? are you ready?
Are you ready for the judgment day?
Are you ready? are you ready?
For the judgment day?

2 There's a bright day coming,
A bright day coming,
There's a bright day coming by
and by,
But its brightness shall only come
to them that love the Lord,
Are you ready for that day to come?

3 There's a sad day coming,
A sad day coming,
There's a sad day coming by and by,
When the sinner shall hear his
doom,
"Depart, I know you not,"
Are you ready for that day to come?

No. 174 When the Saints are Marching In. Key A, Flat.

1 Thro' the shining gate, where the angels wait,
When the saints are marching in,
The redeemed shall come, and be crowned at home,
When the saints are marching in.

Chorus:

When the saints are marching in,
When the saints are marching in,
Joyful songs of salvation thro' the sky shall ring,
When the saints are marching in.

2 Parted friends shall meet on the golden street,
When the saints are marching in,
Spotless robes shall wear, victors' palms shall bear,
When the saints are marching in.

3 Every tongue and race shall extol God's grace,
When the saints are marching in,
And the blood washed throng shall repeat the song.
When the saints are marching in,

4 "To the Lamb once slain, but who lives again,
When the saints are marching in,
We shall offer praise thro' eternal days."
When the saints are marching in,

No. 175 Tune, Rapture. Key E.

1 O how happy are they,
Who the Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 'Twas a Heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

3 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all His salvation might see!
"He hath loved me," I cried,
"He hath suffered and died,
To redeem even rebels like me."

No. 176 Tune, Wellesley. Key C.

1 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

2 There is welcome for the sinner
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Savior;
There is healing in His Blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple.
We should take Him at His Word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord

No. 177 The Lily. Key F.

1 I've found a friend in Jesus,—
He's every thing to me;
He's the fairest of ten thousand
to my soul!
The "Lilly of the Valley," in
Him alone I see,
All I need to cleanse and make
me fully whole.
In sorrow He's my comfort, in
trouble He's my stay;
He tells me every care on Him
to roll;
He's the "Lilly of the Valley,"
the bright and morning Star;
He's the fairest of ten thousand
to my soul!

2 He all my grief has taken, and
all my sorrows born;
In temptation He's my strong
and mighty tower;
I've all for Him forsaken, I've
all my idols torn
From my heart, and now He
keeps by His power.
Though all the world forsake
me, and Satan tempts me sore,
Through Jesus I shall safely
reach the goal;
He's the "Lily of the Valley,"
the bright and morning Star;
He's the fairest of ten thousand
to my soul!

3 He'll never, never leave me, nor
yet forsake me here,
While I live by faith, and do His
blessed will;
A wall of fire about me, I've
nothing now to fear,
With His manna He my hungry
soul shall fill.
When crowned at last in glory,
I'll see His blessed face,
Where rivers of delight shall
ever roll,
He's the "Lily of the Valley,"
the bright and morning Star;
He's the fairest of ten thousand
to my soul.

No. 178 Standing On The Promise.

Key, B Flat.

1 Standing on the promises of
Christ my King,
Thro' eternal ages let His praises
ring;
Glory in the highest I will shout
and sing,
Standing on the promises of God.

Chorus:

Standing, standing,
Standing on the promises of God
my Savior;
Standing, standing,
I'm standing on the promises of
God.

2 Standing on the promises that
cannot fail,
When the howling storms of doubt
and fear assail,
By the living Word of God I shall
prevail,
Standing on the promises of God.

3 Standing on the promises I now
can see
Perfect, present cleansing in the
Blood for me;
Standing in the liberty where
Christ makes free,
Standing on the promises of God.

4 Standing on the promises of
Christ the Lord,
Bound to Him eternally by love's
strong cord,
Overcoming daily with the Spirit's
sword,
Standing on the promises of God.

5 Standing on the promises I can-
not fail,
Listening every moment to the
Spirit's call,
Resting in my Savior, as my all
in all,
Standing on the promises of God.

R. Kelso Carter.

No. 179 He Fully Saves Me Now.

Key E.

1 I came to Jesus with my sin,
He fully saves me now;
He washed away its ev'ry stain,
He fully saves me now.

Chorus:
He fully saves me now,
He freely saves me now;
He washed away sin's ev'ry stain,
He fully saves me now.

2 Once guilty fears oppprs'd my soul,
He fully saves me now;
His cleansing blood has made me whole,
He fully saves me now.

3 Sin's iron chains once held me fast,
He fully saves me now;
But I'm redeemed, I'm free at last,
He fully saves me now.

4 Once all was dark, but now there's light,
He fully saves me now;
He found me blind, He gave me sight
He fully saves me now.

5 The Sun of righteousness has risen,
He fully saves me now;
His beams have turned my hell to heaven,
He fully saves me now.

6 Converted first at Calvary's cross,
He fully saves me now;
My barque on many a wave was tossed,
He fully saves me now.

7 I sought again my Savior's side,
He fully saves me now;
In the upper room I was sanctified,
He fully saves me now.

8 His gracious spirit dwells within,
He fully saves me now;
His fire consumed indwelling sin,
He fully saves me now.

No. 180 Whiter Than Snow.

Key A.

1 Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole,
I want Thee for ever to live in my soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every foe,
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

Chorus:
Whiter than snow; yes, whiter than snow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Lord Jesus let nothing unholy remain,
Apply Thine own blood and extract every stain;
To get this blest cleansing I all things forego,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself and whatever I know—
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessed Lord at Thy crucified feet;
By faith, for my cleansing I see Thy blood flow—
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 181. Deliverance Will Come

Key F

1 I saw a wayworn trav'ler
  In tatter'd garments clad,
And struggling up the mountain,
  It seemed that he was sad;
His back was laden heavy
  His strength was almost gone,
Yet he shouted as he journeyed,
  Deliverance will come!

Chorus.

Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,
Palms of victory I shall bear.

2 The summer sun was shining,
  The sweat was on his brow,
His garments worn and dusty,
  His step seemed very slow;
But he kept pressing onward,
  For he was wending home;
Still shouting as he journeyed,
  Deliverance will come!

3 The songsters in the arbor,
  That stood beside the way,
Attracted his attention,
  Inviting his delay;
His watchword being "Onward!"
  He stopped his ears and ran,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
  Deliverance will come!

4 I saw him in the evening,
  The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain,
  And reached the vale below;
He saw the golden city,
  His everlasting home,
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
  Deliverance will come!

5 While gazing on that city,
  Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
  Came from the throne of God;
They bore him on their pinions
  Safe o'er the dashing foam,
And joined him in his triumph,
  Deliverance has come!

6 I heard the song of triumph
  They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us,
  To suffer nevermore:
Then, casting his eyes backward
  On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
  Deliverance will come!

No 182. Bringing in the Sheaves.

Key C.

1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
  Sowing in the noontide, and the dewy eves
Waiting for the harvest and the time of reaping,
  We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Chorus:

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
  Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze,
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
  We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
  Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over He will bid us welcome,
  We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 183. The Solid Rock.

Key G.

1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness
I dare not trust the sweetest frame
But wholly lean on Jesus name.

Chorus:

On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

4 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.

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

No. 184. Oh, For a Thousand Tongues.

Key A.

1 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread thro' all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrow cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His Blood can make the foulest clean;
His Blood avails for me.

No. 185. Tune, "Follow All the Way."

Key G.

1 ||: I have heard my Savior calling, :||
"Take thy cross and follow, follow me."

Chorus:

||: Where He leads me I will follow, :||
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

2 ||: Tho' He leads me thro' the valley, :||
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

3 ||: Tho' He leads me thro' the garden, :||
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

4 ||: He will give me grace and glory, :||
He will keep me, keep me all the way.

5 ||: Oh, 'tis sweet to follow Jesus,
And be with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 186 Tune, Coronation.

Key G

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 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. 187 Tell It to Jesus.

Key B Flat.

1 Are you weary, are you heavy hearted?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
Are you grieving over joys departed?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

Chorus:

Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus,
He is a Friend that's well known;
You have no other such a friend or brother,
Tell it to Jesus alone.

2 Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
Have you sins that to man's eye are hidden?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

3 Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sorrow?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
Are you anxious what shall be tomorrow?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

4 Are you troubled at the thought of dying?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sighing?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

J. E. Rankin.

No. 188 Revive Us Again. Key G

1 We praise Thee, O God for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

Chorus:

Hallelujah! Thine the glory,
Halelujah! Amen;
Hallelujah! Thine the glory:
Revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Savior and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

No. 189 There is Honey in the Rock. Key F.

1 O my brother, do you know the Savior,
Who is wondrous kind and true?
He's the "Rock of your salvation!"
There's Honey in the Rock for you.

Chorus:

Oh there's Honey in the Rock, my brother,
There's Honey in the Rock for you;
Leave your sins for the Blood to cover,
There's Honey in the Rock for you.

2 Have you "tasted that the Lord is gracious,"
Do you walk in the way that's true?
Have you drunk from the living Fountain?
There's Honey in the Rock for you.

3 Do you pray unto God the Father,
"What wilt thou have me to do?"
Never fear He will surely answer;
There's Honey in the Rock for you.

4 Then go out thro' the streets and byways,
Preach the Word to the many or few;
Say to ev'ry fallen brother,
There's Honey in the Rock for you.

F. A. Graves.

No. 190 I Love to Tell The Story.

Key A Flat.

1 I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above;
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love!
I love to tell the story!
Because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.

Chorus:

I love to tell the story!
'Twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the story!
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story!
It did so much for me,
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story!
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story!
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own Holy Word.

4 I love to tell the story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song,
'Twill be the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long.

Miss Kate Hankey.

No. 191 We're Marching to Zion.

Key G.

1 Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne,
And thus surround the throne.

Chorus:

We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heav'nly King,
But children of the heav'nly King,
May speak their joys abroad,
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields
Before we reach the heav'nly fields
Or walk the golden streets,
Or walk the golden streets.

4 Then let our songs abound
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high,
To fairer worlds on high.

No. 192 Where Jesus is 'Tis Heaven. Key A.

1 Since Christ my soul from sin set free,
This world has been a heav'n to me;
And, 'mid earth's sorrows and its woes,
'Tis heav'n my Jesus here to know.

Chorus:

O! hallelujah yes, 'tis heaven,
'Tis heav'n to know my sins forgiv'n;
On land or sea, what matters where,
Where Jesus is, 'tis heaven there.

2 Once heaven seemed a far off place
Till Jesus showed His smiling face;
Now it's begun within my soul
'Twill last while endless ages roll.

3 What matters where on earth we dwell?
On mountain top or in the dell?
In cottage, or a mansion far,
Where Jesus is, 'tis heaven there.

4 Dark clouds may o'er my pathway be,
I still rejoice if Christ I see;
His face illumines all the way,
And turns my darkest night to day.

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