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The Herald

Edited and Compiled by

ROBERT H. COLEMAN

Compiler of

THE EVANGEL
THE NEW EVANGEL
THE WORLD EVANGEL

A Song Book With a Message

Printed in Round and Shaped Notes

PRICES:

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Hera A

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A Brief Foreword

It is a distinct pleasure to me to speak a very hearty word for the new song book the "Herald," just compiled by Mr. Robert H. Coleman.

The vast and vital influence of music has been abundantly attested in all lands and times, and among all peoples.

The demand for the right kind of music in all Christian work and workship is as vitally insistent today as ever before.

It would be a result inexpressibly blessed if there might at once and everywhere be a genuine revival of serious attention to the right kind of music in every religious gathering.

The compiler of the "Herald" has had large experience in song book compilation and circulation, his three former books having reached the enormous circulation of one and one half million copies, at the time this fourth one goes to press.

This last book is an unusually careful compilation of hymns, both old and new, a number being entirely new, and destined, I think, to be received with warm favor by all lovers of simple, soulful, truthful music.

A careful regard has been had by the compiler to the present day needs of Churches, Sunday Schools, Conventions, and all other religious assemblages, to the end that the most vital truth and the most spiritual worship may be voiced in song.

It is earnestly believed that the "Herald" has a blessed message and mission for the good of the people and the glory of God, and it is as earnestly hoped that it may therefore receive a very generous welcome at the hands of the public.

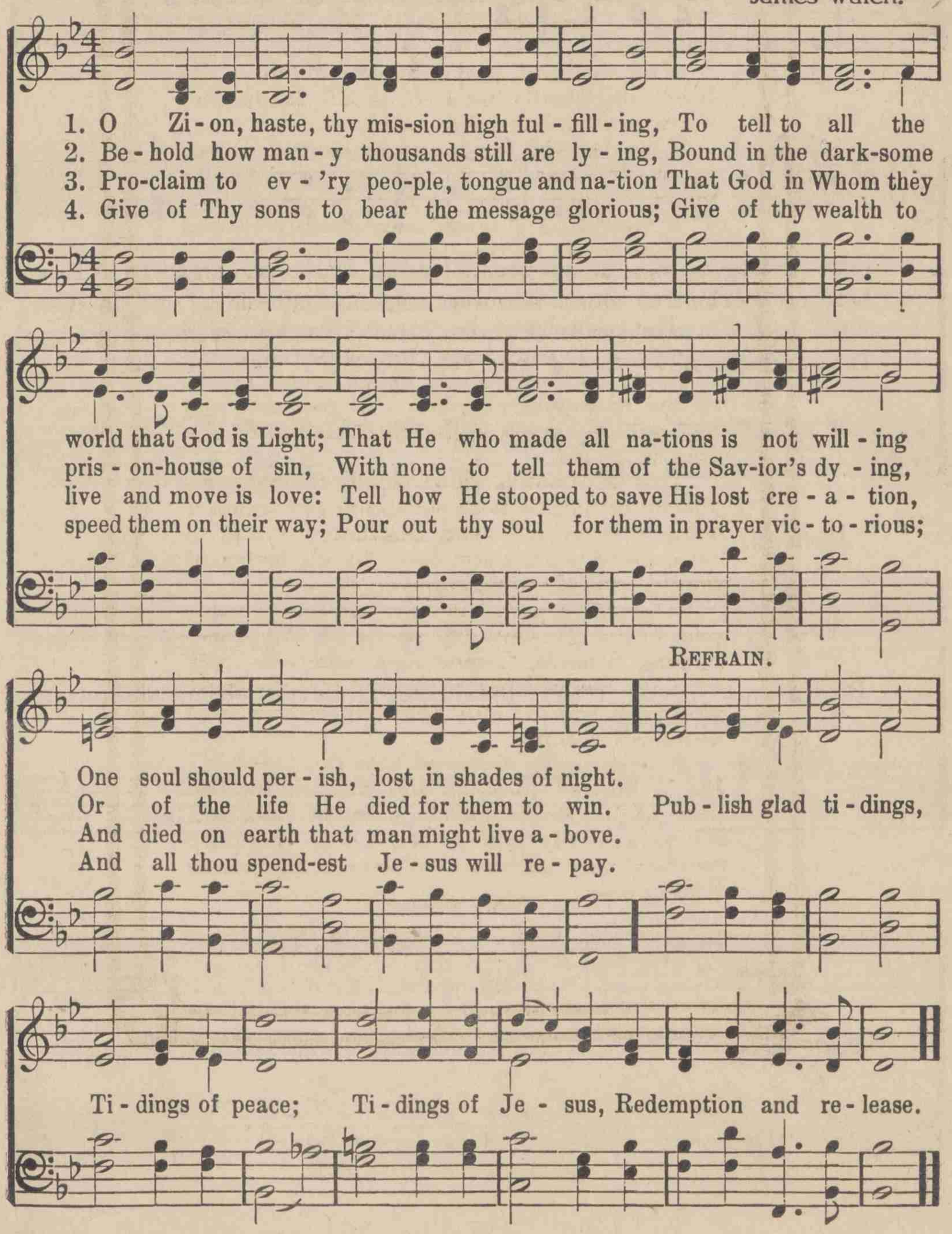
Very sincerely,

Dallas, Texas. GEO. W. TRUETT.

HERALD

No. 1. O Zion, Haste.

James Walch.



No. 2. I am Thine, O Lord.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL.
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F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

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

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

REFRAIN.

Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
near-er, near - er,

Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

No. 3. Jesus Will Sustain You.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.

1. Does the world no rest af - ford? Would you have your strength re-stored?
2. Are you tempt-ed by the foe? Has your bur - den laid you low?
3. Are you wear - y of the fray? Have you fall - en by the way?
4. Dark with sin your past may be, Je - sus waits to hear your plea,

Cast your bur - den on the Lord, Je - sus will sus - tain you.
To the one true Help - er go, Je - sus will sus - tain you.
Make the Sav - ior yours to - day, Je - sus will sus - tain you.
Glad - ly He will set you free; Je - sus will sus - tain you.

CHORUS.

Je - sus will sus - tain you, Je - sus will sus - tain you;

When you need a Friend to help you, Je - sus will sus - tain you.

No. 4. As a Volunteer.

W. S. Brown.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A call for loy-al soldiers Comes to one and all; Sol-diers for the con-flict,
2. Yes, Jesus calls for soldiers Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve Him
3. He calls you, for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was broken,
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry won, When the true and faith-ful

Will you heed the call? Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read-y cheer,
Ev-'ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near;
Bro-ken for man-kind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in ac-cents clear,
Gath-er one by one, He will crown with glo-ry All who there ap-pear;

D. S.—*Je-sus is the Cap-tain, We will nev-er fear;*

FINE. CHORUS.

Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A vol-un-teer for Je-sus,

Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer?

D. S.

A sol-dier true! Oth-ers have en-list-ed, Why not you?

Oh, why not?

No. 5. The Touch of His Hand on Mine.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Jessie Brown Pounds. **Henry P. Morton.**

1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my
2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road, That for ways of the
3. When the way is dim, and I can-not see Thro' the mist of His
4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a-lone Where the pow-ers of

Friend Di-vine; But tho' dark-ness hide, He is there to guide
world I pine; But He draws me back to the up-ward track
wise de-sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re-turns
death com-bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul

FINE. CHORUS.

By the touch of His hand on mine. Oh, the touch of His hand on mine,
on mine,

D. S.—*In the touch of His hand on mine.*

D. S.

Oh, the touch of His hand on mine! There is grace and pow'r, in the trying hour,
on mine!

No. 6. God's Way Is Best.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. In hum - ble faith at Je - sus' feet, O may I learn a les-son sweet,
2. His way may lead thro' sun-ny vales, O'er rock - y steeps, 'mid stormy gales;
3. He nev - er bids me go a - lone; His lov - ing arms around me thrown,
4. So, step by step, in faith and love, I'll walk the path that leads a - bove,

That wheth-er sun or rain I see, God's way is al-ways best for me.
The tru - est course His eye can see; God's way is al-ways best for me.
My Guide, my Keep-er, He will be; God's way is al-ways best for me.
Till day shall break, and shadows flee; God's way is al-ways best for me.

CHORUS.

God's way is best for you, for me; O, may we all more trust-ful be,

Un - til, be-yond the part-ing sea, I'll sing, God's way was best for me.

No. 7. Kept for Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Edith G. Cherry. I. Allan Sankey.

1. Oh, to be "Kept for Je - sus!" Kept, by the pow'r of God;
2. Oh, to be "Kept for Je - sus!" Serv - ing as He shall choose;
3. Oh, to be "Kept for Je - sus!" Kept from the world a - part;
4. Oh, to be "Kept for Je - sus!" Oh, to be all His own!

Kept from the world un - spot - ted, Tread - ing where Je - sus trod.
"Kept" for the Mas-ter's pleas - ure; "Kept" for the Mas-ter's use.
Low - ly in mind and spir - it, Gen - tle and pure in heart.
Kept, to be His for - ev - er, Kept, to be His a - lone!

CHORUS.

Oh, to be "Kept for Je - sus!" Lord, at Thy feet I fall;

rit.

I would be "nothing, nothing, nothing;" Thou shalt be "all in all."

No. 8. Take the Name of Jesus With You.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. **W. H. Doane.**

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev-'ry snare;
3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing prostrate at His feet,

It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then, where'er you go.
If temp - ta - tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
When His lov - ing arms re-ceive us, And His songs our tongues em-ploy!
King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.

CHORUS.

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

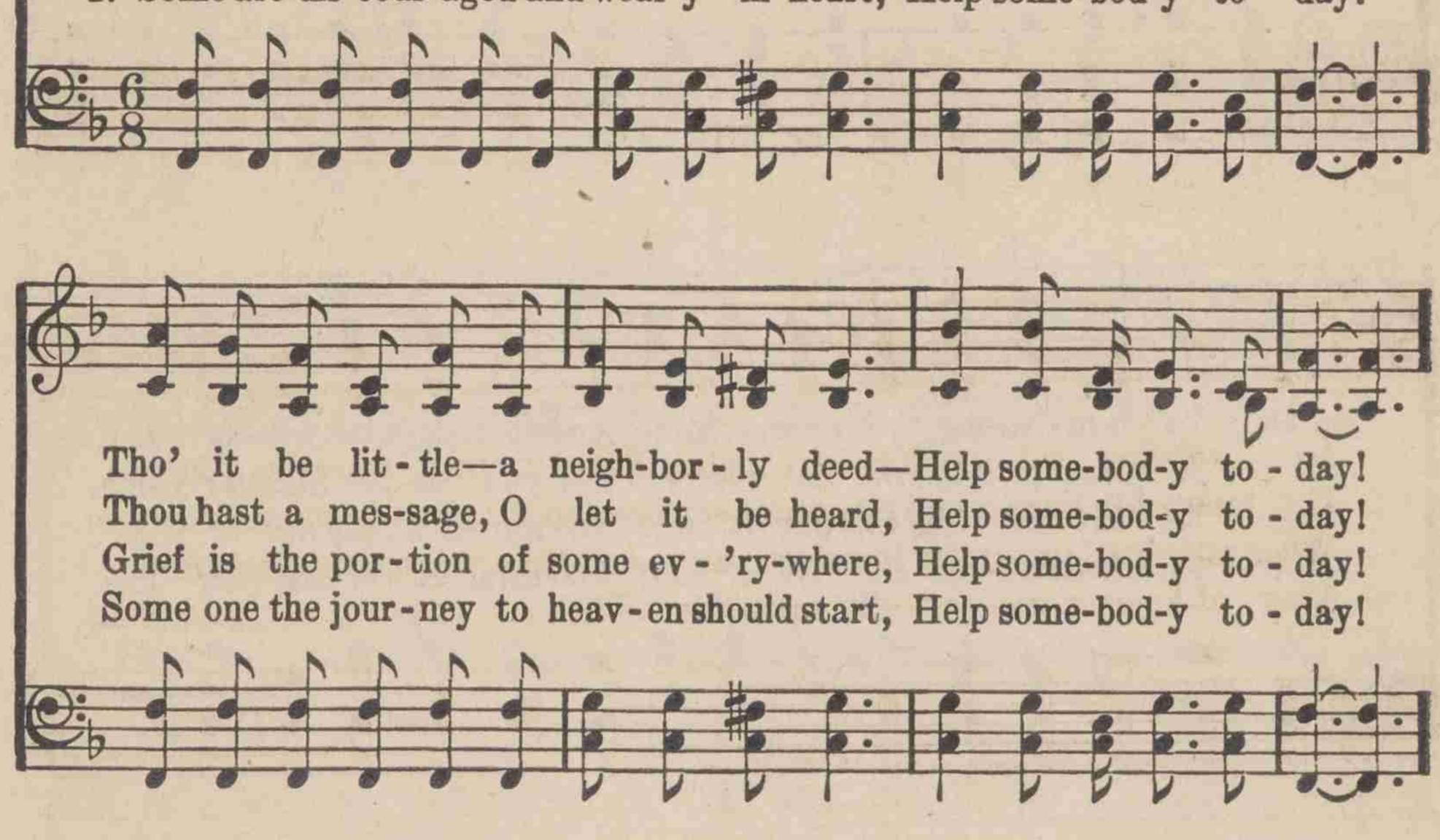
No. 9. Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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



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

CHORUS.

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

sor-row be end - ed, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to - day!

No. 10. Come to the Feast.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHARLES H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Charlotte G. Homer. **W. A. Ogden.**

1. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, for the ta-ble now is spread; Ye fam-ish-ing, ye wear-y, come, And thou shalt be rich-ly fed.
2. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, for the door is o-pen wide; A place of hon-or is reserved For you at the Mas-ter's side.
3. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, while He waits to welcome thee; De-lay not while this day is thine, To-mor-row may nev-er be.
4. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Leave ev-'ry care and worldly strife; Come, feast up-on the love of God, And drink ev-er-last-ing life.

CHORUS.

Hear . . . . the in-vi-ta-tion, Come, "who-so-ev-er will;" . . .
Hear the in-vi-ta-tion, "Who-so-ev-er will," Hear the in-vi-ta-tion, "Who-so-ev-er will;"

Praise God . . . . . for full sal-va-tion For "who-so-ev-er will."
Praise God for full sal-va-tion For "who-so-ev-er will,"

No. 11. Go Tell Of His Love To-day.

D. R. W.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN.

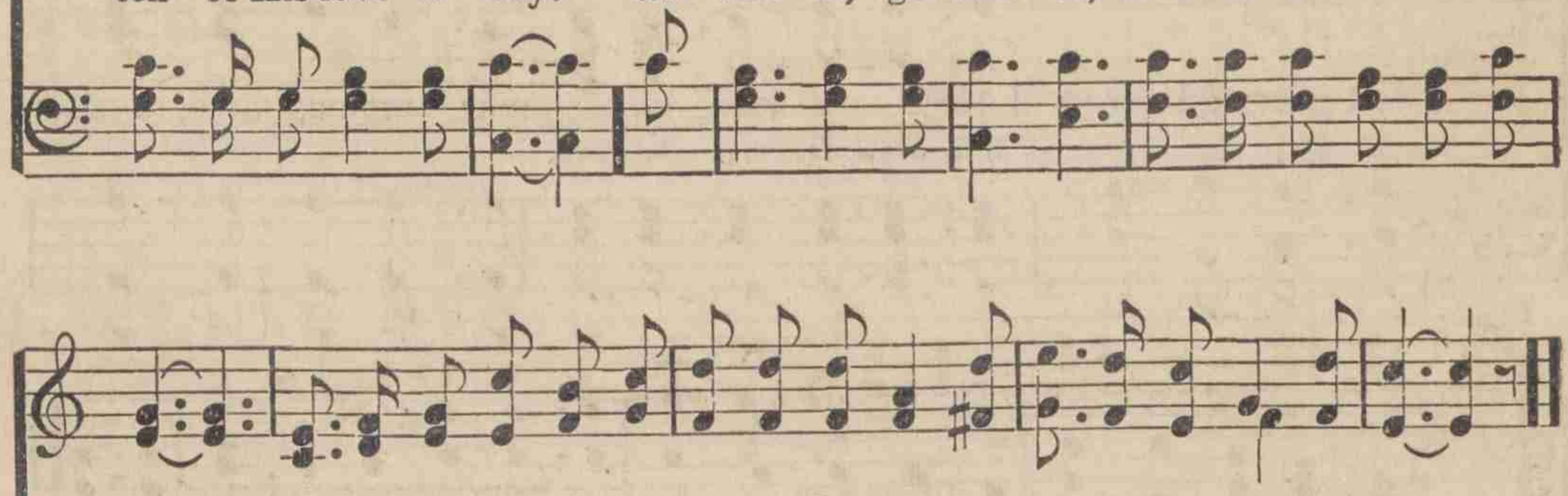
Daniel R. Wade.

1. If the dear Sav - ior is pre-cious to you, Go tell it to - day, go
2. Tell of the Sav - ior who rose from the grave, Go tell it to - day, go
3. If when in sor - row He comforts your soul, Go tell it to - day, go
4. When Je - sus gave up His life on the cross, Go tell it to - day, go

tell it to - day; Tell what His love un - to oth - ers will do, Go
tell it to - day; Tell how He suf-fered dear sin - ners to save, Go
tell it to - day; Tell how He guid - ed you in - to His fold, Go
tell it to - day; That by His dy-ing, death's pow - er was lost, Go

CHORUS.

tell of His love to - day. Go tell it, go tell it, Tell of His won-der-ful



love; Tell what the Savior is do-ing for you, Go tell of His love to - day.

No. 12. O Wonderful Love.

I. E. R.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS.

I. E. Reynolds.

1. O won - der - ful love of God so free, So rich in its
2. O won - der - ful love of God so sweet, O love so a-
3. O won - der - ful love of God di - vine, O love so a-
4. O won - der - ful love of God so pure, A love so sub-

flow for you and me; O won - der-ful love of God so true,
maz - ing and com-plete; O won - der-ful love of God so great,
bun - dant, so be - nign; O won - der-ful love of God so full,
lime 'twill Heav'n pro-cure; O won - der-ful love of God sin - cere,

CHORUS.

O won - der - ful, won - der - ful love. Love, love,
Won - der - ful, won - der - ful,
won - der - ful love, Love, love, mar - vel-ous love, Such
Mar - vel-ous, mar - vel - ous,
fathomless love, unbounded, complete, O won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.

No. 13. Just When I Need Him Most.

Rev. Wm. Pool.

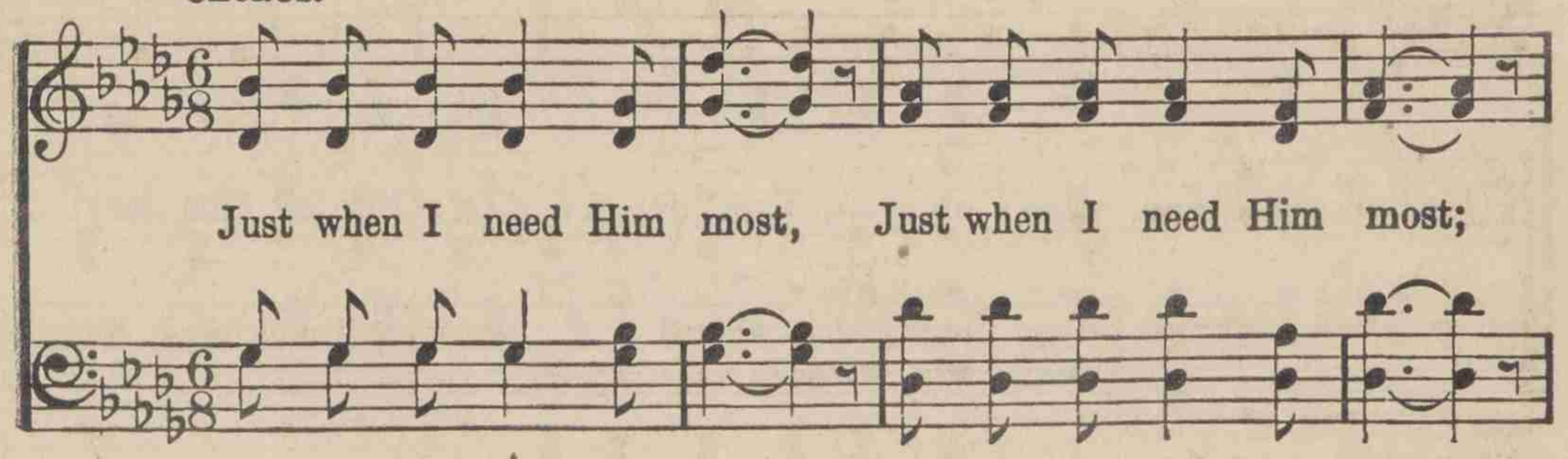
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

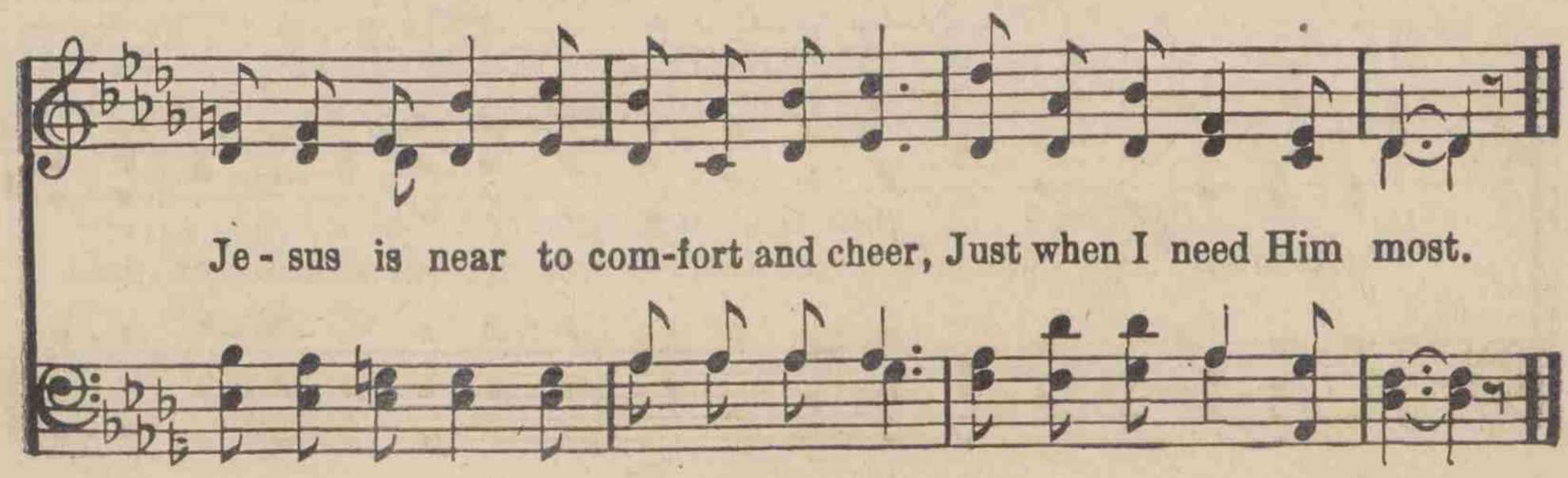
1. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is near, Just when I fal-ter, just when I fear;
2. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is true, Nev-er for-sak-ing all the way thro';
3. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is strong, Bearing my bur-dens all the day long;
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An-swer-ing when up-on Him I call;

Read-y to help me, read-y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
Giv-ing for bur-dens pleasures a-new, Just when I need Him most.
For all my sor-row giv-ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.

CHORUS.



Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;



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

No. 14. God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN A. DAVIS.
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C. D. Martin. **W. S. Martin.**

1. Be not dis- mayed what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear - y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.

CHORUS.

God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;

He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . .
take care of you.

No. 15 I Would Be Like Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.

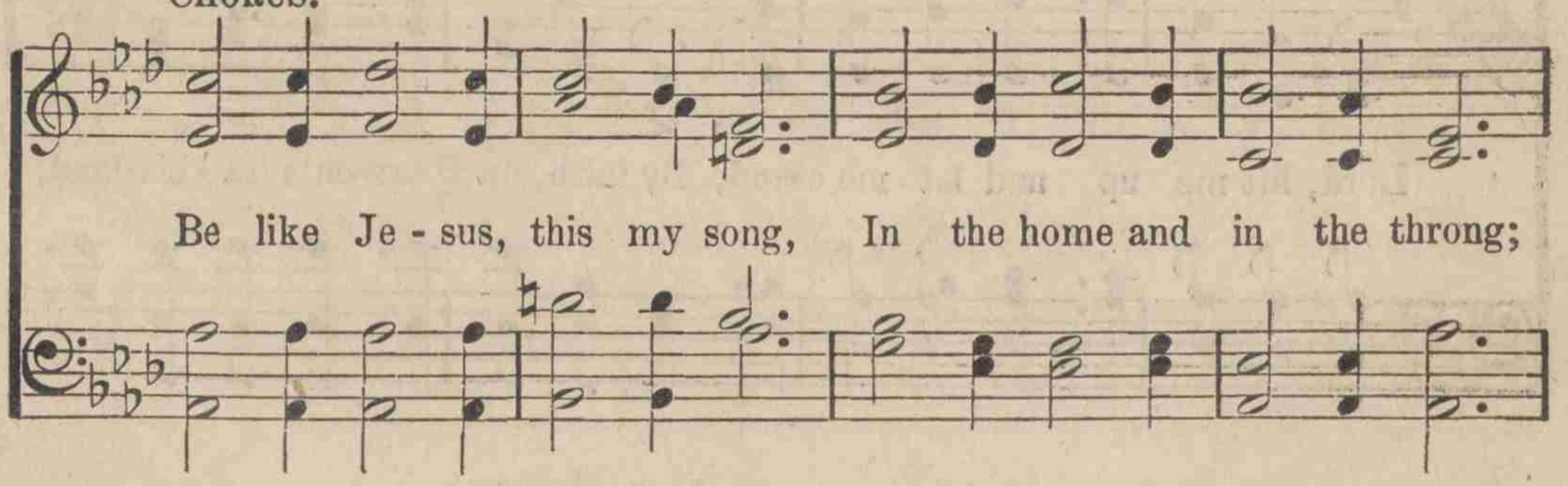
1. Earth-ly pleas-ures vain - ly call me; I would be like Je - sus;
2. He has bro - ken ev - 'ry fet - ter, I would be like Je - sus;
3. All the way from earth to Glo - ry, I would be like Je - sus;
4. That in Heav - en He may meet me, I would be like Je - sus;

would be like Je - sus;

Noth - ing world - ly shall en-thrall me; I would be like Je - sus.
That my soul may serve Him bet - ter, I would be like Je - sus.
Tell - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, I would be like Je - sus.
That His words "Well done" may greet me, I would be like Je - sus.

would be like Je - sus.

CHORUS.



Be like Je - sus, this my song, In the home and in the throng;

Be like Je - sus, all day long! I would be like Je - sus.

No. 16. Higher Ground.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.
JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the ut-most height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 17 Saved By the Blood.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN. **Daniel R. Wade.**

1. Je - sus has ta - ken the sins from my soul, Saved, saved by the blood!
2. Pleasures no lon - ger can lead me a - stray, Saved, saved by the blood!
3. E - vil com-pan-ions now tempt me in vain, Saved, saved by the blood!
4. Some hap-py day I shall go to my King, Saved, saved by the blood!

Sweet-ly I sing, for I'm hap-py and whole, Saved, saved by the blood!
Now I am tread-ing the heav-en - ly way, Saved, saved by the blood!
Life's blessed crown I am try-ing to gain, Saved, saved by the blood!
Then thro' the a - ges this song I shall sing: Saved, saved by the blood!

CHORUS.

Saved by the blood that was shed for me, Saved by the flood on Cal - va - ry;

This thro' the a - ges my song shall be: Saved, saved by the blood!

No. 18. Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

USED BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON ESTATE,
EAST LIVERPOOL, O.

Will L. Thompson.

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

See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

CHORUS.

Come home, come home, Ye who are wear-y, come home,
Come home, come home,
Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je - sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

rit.

No. 19. We Shall Be More Like Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

James Rowe. **D. B. Ackley.**

1. If we are faith-ful in word and deed, We shall be more like Je - sus;
2. If we a - bide in His sav - ing love, We shall be more like Je - sus;
3. If we but trust in Him day by day, We shall be more like Je - sus;
4. Then in that beau-ti - ful home a - bove, We shall be more like Je - sus;

If His commandments we tru - ly heed, We shall be more like Him.
If we lead oth-ers to realms a - bove, We shall be more like Him.
If we but fol - low Him all the way, We shall be more like Him.
Sharing with an-gels His matchless love, We shall be more like Him.

CHORUS.

We shall be more like Je - sus! More like the lov - ing Je - sus!

If we but do His will and be true, We shall be more like Him.

No. 20. Just for To-day.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., NEW YORK.

Eben E. Rexford. Victor H. Benke.

1. My Fa - ther, this I ask of Thee; Know-ing that Thou wilt grant the plea,— For this, and on - ly this, I pray,
2. I do not ask a lift - ed load, Nor for a smooth and thorn - less road; Sim - ply for strength e - nough to bear
3. Strength for the pres - ent hour and need— This giv - en, then I'm blest in - deed, For each day, as it comes, will bring
4. Strength for to - day, that I may make Some sad souls glad, for Je - sus' sake; Then they, with me, at eve shall say,

CHORUS.

Strength for to - day— just for to - day.
Life's dai - ly bur - dens an - y - where. Strength for each tri - al
Suf - fi - cient strength for an - y - thing.
Thank God for strength He gave to - day.

and each task, What more, my Fa - ther, should I ask? Just as I need it, day by day, Strength for my weak-ness,—this I pray.

No. 21. More Than These.

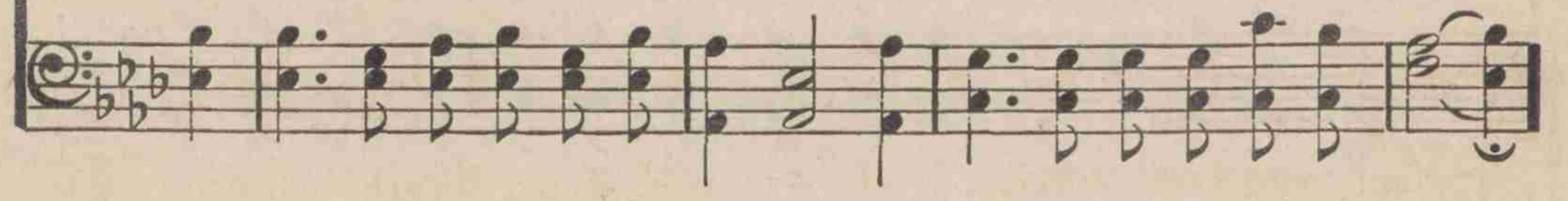
Ina Duley Ogdon. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. **B. D. Ackley.**

1. I need not trouble for the mor-row, For I am in my Fa-ther's care;
2. I need not ei-ther thirst or hun-ger; His grace will nev-er be de-nied;
3. I need not an a-bid-ing cit-y, For "I can tar-ry but a night;"
4. O may my faith increase be-fore Him, My serv-ice here His blessing gain;

He will go with me as I jour-ney, For all my need He will pre-pare.
He leads me to the liv-ing wa-ters; His dai-ly man-na is sup-plied.
My heart, my treasures, are in Heav-en, My rai-ment is a robe of white.
Let me seek first my Fa-ther's kingdom, For all be-side must be in vain!

CHORUS.

I know that He provides the lil-ies, His eye each fall-ing spar-row sees;



And so my soul will fear no e-vil, For I am more to Him than these.

No. 22. It Was His Love.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. It was His love that reached my soul, It was His grace that made me whole,
2. It was His love, so boundless, free, That moved the Lord to par-don me
3. It was His love impelled my heart To turn from self and sin a part,
4. It was His great a-maz-ing love So well displayed from Heav'n a-bove,

And now He keeps me day by day, And safe-ly leads me all the way.
And own me for His ransomed child, Redeemed, renewed and rec-on-ciled.
And find in Him the wondrous power A Christian life to live each hour.
That bro't to me such peace and rest, And made me so su-preme-ly blest.

CHORUS.

O wondrous and a-maz-ing love! O grace that saved and ransomed me!

My heart and life shall sing of Thee In time and in e-ter-ni-ty.

No. 23.

Love Is the Theme.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

To my friend, L. E. Jones.

A. C. F. Albert C. Fisher.

1. Of the themes that men have known, One su-preme-ly stands a - lone; . .
2. Let the bells of Heav - en ring, Let the saints their trib-ute bring, . .
3. Since the Lord my soul un - bound, I am tell - ing all a - round . .
4. As of old when blind and lame To the bless - ed Mas - ter came, . .

Thro' the a - ges it has shone,—'Tis His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
Let the world true prais-es sing For His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
Par - don, peace and joy are found In His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
Sin - ners, call ye on His name,—Trust His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.

CHORUS.

Love is the theme, Love is su-preme; Sweeter it grows, Glo-ry be - stows;

Bright as the sun Ev - er it glows! Love is the theme, E-ter-nal theme!

No. 24. O Why Not To-night?

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY J. H. HALL.

J. Calvin Bushby.

1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit-y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite?
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to Him their souls u-nite;

Poor sin-ner hard-en not your heart, Be saved, O to-night.
This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, O to-night.
Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, O to-night.
Be-lieve, o-bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to-night.

CHORUS.

O why not to-night? O why not to-night?
O why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?

Wilt thou be sav'd? Then why not to-night?
Wilt thou be sav'd, wilt thou be sav'd? Then why not, O, why not to-night?

No. 25. Constraining Love.

J. T. M. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY JOHN T. MASON, MEXICO, MISSOURI. John T. Mason.

Effective as a Solo or Duet.

1. The Con-strain-ing Love of Je - sus Looks with mer - cy on the lost;
2. The Con-strain-ing Love of Je - sus Gives man new life for the old;
3. The Con-strain-ing Love of Je - sus Keeps the Chris-tian free from strife;
4. The Con-strain-ing Love of Je - sus Calls the Saint to yon - der shore,

It pro-vides com-plete re-demp-tion At a great and fear - ful cost.
And pre-pares him for God's serv-ice In this world where sin is bold.
It sup-plies him strength from Heaven For the toils and cares of life.
And con-ducts him in - to glo - ry To a - bide for - ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Glorious Love, Constraining Love, Thou dost bring the Lord to me,
Glorious Love, Con - strain-ing Love, Thou dost bring the Lord to me,

rit.

And a-chieve my full sal - va - tion By His death up-on the Tree.
And achieve my full sal - va - tion By His death up - on the Tree.

No. 26. I Am Resolved.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY FILLMORE BROS.
USED BY PER.

Palmer Hartsough. J. H. Fillmore.

1. I am resolved no long-er to lin-ger, Charmed by the world's delight;
2. I am resolved to go to the Sav-ior, Leav-ing my sin and strife;
3. I am resolved to fol-low the Sav-ior, Faith-ful and true each day;
4. I am resolved to en-ter the kingdom, Leav-ing the paths of sin;

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 27. The Gifts of God.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

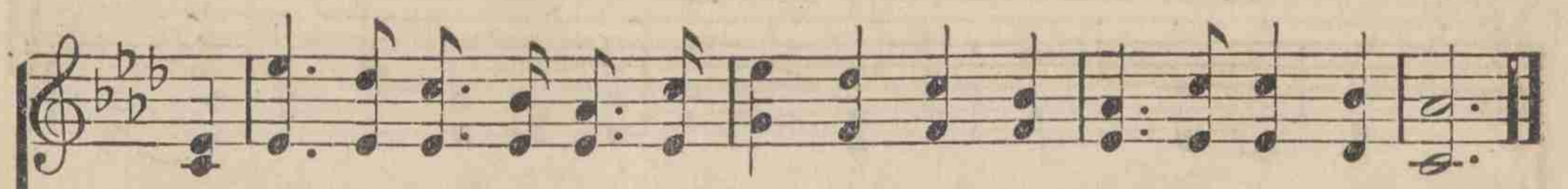
E. O. Excell.

1. His gifts are great-er than my dreams, The gifts of God to me;
2. I ask a part, He gives the whole—Him-self, and all be-side;
3. "His ways are ways of pleas-ant-ness, His paths are paths of peace;"
4. With-in my heart He shall have place To rule and reign su-preme;

As count-less as the sun-set's gold-en beams, As bound-less as the sea.
His lov-ing-kind-ness o-ver-flows my soul, In-rush-ing as the tide.
His hand is ev-er reaching out to bless; He bids each sor-row cease.
My voice will ev-er praise Him for the grace Of which I ne'er could dream.

CHORUS.

His gifts are greater than my dreams, The gifts of Him who set me free;
His gifts are great-er, they are greater than my dreams.



And more and more a-bun-dant dai-ly seems The grace of God to me.

No. 28. "The Will of the Lord be Done."

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

T. O. Chisholm. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Once I loved to choose my way, Now for grace and strength I pray,
2. I am blind but He can see, He will choose my path for me,
3. If my treas-ures He must take, I will yield them for His sake,
4. He would not af - flict in vain, Cause His child a need-less pain;
5. O what per-fect peace is mine! O what rest and joy di - vine!

Ev - er in my heart to say "The will of the Lord be done!"
Guide me safe - ly, con - stant-ly,—"The will of the Lord be done!"
E - ven if my heart should break,—"The will of the Lord be done!"
What seems loss must prove my gain,—"The will of the Lord be done!"
As I all to Him re-sign,—"The will of the Lord be done!"

CHORUS.

His will is best, In that I rest, In shad-ow or in sun; . .
in sun;

So, come what may, Yet will I say "The will of the Lord be done!"

No. 29. What Wondrous Love.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.

John Newton. **E. O. Excell.**

1. I saw One hang-ing on a tree, In ag - o - ny and blood;
2. Sure, nev - er, till my lat - est breath, Can I for - get that look:
3. My conscience felt and owned the guilt, And plunged me in de - spair;
4. A - las! I knew not what I did,—But now my tears are vain:
5. A sec - ond look He gave, which said, "I free - ly all for - give:

He fixed His lan - guid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
I saw my sins His blood had spilt And helped to nail Him there.
Where shall my trem-bling soul be hid? For I the Lord have slain.
This blood is for thy ran - som paid, I die that thou may'st live."

CHORUS.

What wondrous love! Thy life to give That I might ran-somed be;

Had I a thou-sand lives to live I'd live them all for Thee.

No. 30. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY H. L. GILMOUR.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
3. If there's a tem-pest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come
4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come

in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
in - to your heart; Fountains for cleansing are flow - ing near by,
in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the mansions of rest,

CHORUS.

Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your

doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw

o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.

No. 31. How Marvelous That He Lifted Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX.

Katharine Atherton Grimes. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. When waves of sin had drift-ed me Far out in-to the night,
2. When e-vil's pow'r was thrall-ing me, And storms were 'round my head,
3. In-to the dark a prayer I sent, A fee-ble, fal-t'ring word;
4. Where waves of sin had drift-ed me Far in the dark a-lone,

The Sav-ior came and lift-ed me In-to a world of light.
I heard my Sav-ior call-ing me; His hand on mine was laid.
But tho' by grief my voice was spent, The bless-ed Sav-ior heard.
My Sav-ior came and lift-ed me, And claimed me for His own.

CHORUS.

How mar-vel-ous that He lift-ed me, That He lift-ed me,
in mer-cy lift-ed me; How mar-vel-ous that He
lift-ed me, In mer-cy lift-ed, lift-ed e-ven me.

rit.

No. 32. There is Pow'r in the Blood.

L. E. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J.
USED BY PERMISSION.

L. E. Jones.

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

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

CHORUS.

There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
there is

Wonder-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is
in the blood of the Lamb;

pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
there is pow'r,

No. 33. We Shall See the King Some Day.

L. E. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

L. E. Jones.

1. Tho' the way we jour-ney may be oft - en drear, We shall see the
2. Aft - er pain and an-guish, aft - er toil and care, We shall see the
3. Aft - er foes are conquered, aft - er bat - les won, We shall see the
4. There with all the loved ones who have gone be-fore, We shall see the

King some day (some day); On that bless-ed morning clouds will dis - ap-pear;
King some day (some day); Thro' the end-less a - ges joy and blessing share,
King some day (some day); Aft - er strife is o - ver, aft - er set of sun,
King some day (some day); Sor-row past for-ev - er, on that peaceful shore,

CHORUS.

We shall see the King some day. We shall see the King some day (some day),

We will shout and sing some day (some day); Gathered round the throne,

Wher. He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day.

No. 34. Growing Dearer Each Day.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 35. Somebody Loves You: 'Tis Jesus.

Laurene Highfield.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY S. W. BEAZLEY.
OWNED BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN.

Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Though you are help - less and lone - ly and poor, Some-bod - y
2. Though you are wear - y and tri - als come fast, Some-bod - y
3. Though you have grieved Him and sad-dened His heart, Some-bod - y
4. Though you are friend - less and dark seems the way, Some-bod - y

loves you: 'tis Je - sus; Tho' bit - ter sor-rows you have to en - dure,
loves you: 'tis Je - sus; His strength will comfort you un - to the last,
loves you: 'tis Je - sus; You in His ten - der - ness still have a part,
loves you: 'tis Je - sus; There is one Friend who for - ev - er will stay,

CHORUS.

Some-bod - y loves you: 'tis Je - sus. Some-bod - y loves you wher-

ev-er you are; Tho' from life's battles you've many a scar, Tho' in strange

by-ways you've wandered a - far, Some-bod - y loves you: 'tis Je - sus.

No. 36. He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS. *Faster.*

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

so

pre-cious to me, so pre-cious to me;

me, . . . For He is so pre-cious to me; . . . 'T is heaven be-

rit. - - -

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

No. 37. The Light of the World.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Tell it o'er mountain, and tell it o'er plain,
2. Tell the poor sin-ner in darkness and woe, Christ is the Light of the
3. I-dols of gold, wood and sil-ver give way, Christ is the light, the
4. Then let us fol-low in patience and love—

Mil-lions are wait-ing to catch the re-frain—
world! . . . Shout the glad ti-dings wher-ev-er you go—
Light of the world! Dark-ness is changed in-to beau-ti-ful day—
That we may prove, in the man-sions a-bove,

CHORUS.

Christ is the Light of the world! . . The Light of the world, the
Christ is the Light, the Light of the world!
Light of the world, Christ is the Light, the Light of the world; Lift high ev'ry
voice, oh, sing and re-joice, For Christ is the Light of the world!

No. 38. Alone With God.

G. H. C.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

George H. Carr.

1. I love to be a-lone with God, And to lis - ten to His lov-ing voice;
2. I tell Him of my doubts and fears, And He stills the tempest in my breast,
3. I tell Him of my weak-ness-es, Of my sins, my hopes, my fond de-sires;
4. Then let me nev-er seek to know Sweeter friendship than with Him I find,

As He bids my ev' - ry care depart, How His presence makes my heart rejoice!
Bids the raging storms of passion cease, Calms my anxious tho't with quiet rest.
And He cheers my heart to onward press To gain the goal my soul as-pires.
As I choose the qui-et hours with Him, Leav-ing all the bus-y world be-hind.

CHORUS.

A - lone with God, No oth - er friend so dear, A - lone with
A - lone with God, A-

God, What joy when He is near! My heart with rap - ture thrills,
lone with God,

My cup of bless - ing fills, When all a - lone with God.
When all a - lone with God.

No. 39. Loyalty to Christ.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 40. Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

H. G. S. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY H. G. SMYTH. OWNED BY R. A. TORREY. H. G. Smyth.

1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is the love of God flow-ing thro' you? Are you tell - ing the lost of the Sav - ior? Are you read - y His serv-ice to do?
2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Are you bur - dened for those that are lost? Have you urged up - on those who are stray - ing, The Sav - ior who died on the cross? Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day,
3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is it dai - ly tell - ing for Him? Have you spo - ken the word of sal - va - tion To those who are dy - ing in sin?
4. We can not be chan-nels of bless - ing If our lives are not freed from known sin; We will bar - ri - ers be and a hin - drance To those we are try - ing to win.

CHORUS.

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

rit.

No. 41. Servant of God, Awake.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Charlotte G. Homer. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Serv - ant of God, a - wake un - to thy du - ty; Why will ye
2. Wide are the plains that glimm'ring lie be - fore thee Ripe un - to
3. Up! in the name of Him who died to save you; Seek for the
4. "He that en - dur - eth," is the word re - cord - ed, Shall joy and

doubt, why fal - ter, why de - lay? Look on the fields that wave in gold - en
har - vest; thrust the sick-le in! High in the heav'ns the sun is burn - ing
err - ing as He sought for you! Al - ways re-mem - ber what in love He
ev - er-last-ing life ob - tain; To him a crown at last shall be a -

beau - ty, While thou art dream - ing pre - cious hours a - way.
o'er thee,—Still thou art i - dle! Now the work be - gin.
gave you, And be a serv - ant loy - al, brave, and true.
ward - ed, Thro' Christ the Lord, who was for sin - ners slain.

CHORUS.

Serv - ant of God, a - rouse ye, a - wake! Je - sus is call - ing! Go,
la - bor for His sake! Je - sus is call - ing! Go, la - bor for His sake!

No. 42. Jesus Saves.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK,
IN RENEWAL.

Priscilla J. Owens. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Let the na - tions now re - joice,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea; Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;

On - ward!—'tis our Lord's com-mand; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

No. 43. Jesus is All the World to Me.

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

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

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

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

When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can
He sends the sun - shine and the rain, He sends the har - vest's
Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, He watch - es o'er me
Beau - ti - ful life with such a Friend; Beau - ti - ful life that

cheer me so; When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my Friend.
gold - en grain; Sun-shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my Friend.
day and night; Fol-low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my Friend.
has no end; E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my Friend.

No. 44. I Must Tell Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO.

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

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

bur-dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
pas-sion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
bur-dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
tempted to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

D. S.—*I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus!*

FINE. CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
Make of my troub - les quick - ly an end. I must tell Je - sus!
He all my cares and sor - rows will share.
O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

D. S.

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

No. 45. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.
USED BY PER. OF W. H. DOANE.

W. H. Doane.

1. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low - ly bend, And we gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav - ior and Friend; If we come to Him in
2. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the Sav - ior draws near, With a ten - der com - pas - sion His chil - dren to hear; When He tells us we may
3. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the Sav - ior who loves them their sor - row con - fide; With a sym - pa-thiz - ing
4. At the bless - ed hour of prayer, trust-ing Him, we be - lieve That the bless - ing we're need-ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive; In the full-ness of this

faith, His pro - tec - tion to share, What a balm for the wear - y!
cast at His feet ev - 'ry care, What a balm for the wear - y!
heart He re-moves ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wear - y!
trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wear - y!

D. S.—*What a balm for the wear - y!*

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

O how sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of prayer, bless-ed hour of prayer;

O how sweet to be there!

No. 46.

A Little Bit of Love.

To my Friend, Marion Lawrance.

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

1. Do you know the world is dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love? Ev-'ry-
2. From the poor of ev-'ry cit-y, For a lit-tle bit of love, Hands are
3. Down be-fore their i-dols fall-ing, For a lit-tle bit of love, Man-y
4. While the souls of men are dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love, While the

where we hear the sigh-ing For a lit-tle bit of love; For the love that rights a
reach-ing out in pit-y For a lit-tle bit of love; Some have burdens hard to
souls in vain are call-ing For a lit-tle bit of love; If they die in sin and
chil-dren, too, are cry-ing For a lit-tle bit of love, Stand no lon-ger i-dly

wrong, Fills the heart with hope and song; They have waited, oh, so long, For a
bear, Some have sorrows we should share; Shall they falter and de-spair For a
shame, Some one sure-ly is to blame For not go-ing in His name, With a
by, You can help them if you try; Go, then, saying, "Here am I," With a

D. S. each verse.

FINE. REFRAIN.

lit-tle bit of love. For a lit-tle bit of love, For a lit-tle bit of love.
lit-tle bit of love? For a lit-tle bit of love, For a lit-tle bit of love.
lit-tle bit of love. With a lit-tle bit of love, With a lit-tle bit of love.
lit-tle bit of love. With a lit-tle bit of love, With a lit-tle bit of love.

No. 47. Jesus, Friend of Sinners.

Charles Irvin Junkin. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY CHARLES IRVIN JUNKIN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. **Geo. C. Stebbins.**

1. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Hast Thou love for me?
2. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Thou hast read my heart,
3. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Thou hast touched my soul,
4. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Bid me fol - low Thee,
5. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Hold me by Thy side,

Son of God the Ho - ly, Man of mys - ter - y,
Searching its re - cess - es, With a lov - er's art;
Not with scorn - ful pit - y, Not with beg - gar's dole;
O'er the rug - ged high - ways, E'en to Cal - va - ry;
Till the shad - ows deep - en Tow'rd the e - ven - tide:

Lov - er of the chil - dren, Teach - er of the wise,
Naught have I with - hold - en, Noth - ing hid from Thee,
Thou hast not de - spis - ed Men that faint or fall,
Let me know Thy Spir - it, Sweet, and strong, and wise;
To Thy strength and beau - ty I would ev - er bend,

Let me read the se - cret In Thy friend - ly eyes.
Waste, or want, or fol - ly, Things that should not be.
Ten - der - er than broth - er, For Thou know - est all.
I would win the friend - ship In Thy lov - ing eyes.
Till, in dawn e - ter - nal, Friend shall be as Friend!

No. 48. Throw Out the Life-Line.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. NEW YORK. USED BY PER.

Rev. E. S. Ufford. **E. S. U. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.**

1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave; There is a broth-er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar - ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink - ing in an-guish where
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-

some one should save; Some-body's broth-er! oh! who then, will dare To
lin - ger so long? See, he is sink - ing; oh, has - ten to - day— And
you've nev - er been; Winds of temp-ta - tion and bil - lows of woe Will
ter - ni - ty's shore; Haste then, my broth-er, no time for de - lay, But

throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?
out with the Life-Boat! a - way, then a - way! Throw out the Life-Line!
soon hurl them out where the dark wa - ters flow.
throw out the Life-Line, and save them to - day.

CHORUS.

Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drifting a - way; Some one is sinking to - day.

No. 49. Rescue the Perishing.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF W. H. DOANE.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Fanny J. Crosby. **William H. Doane.**

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 50. His Plan.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. ELMER BAILEY. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

Sopranos & Tenors.

Altos & Basses.

1. There's on - ly one way that this lost world can know That Je - sus for
2. If Christ's first dis - cip - les had si - lent - ly gone, And been to their
3. Tell oth - ers what Je - sus has done for your soul, Of sins thro' His
4. Dear Mas - ter, we has - ten the sto - ry to tell, And pass on the

sin - ners hath died: . . To spread the glad tidings He's bid-den us go,
great trust un - true; . . God's plan of sal-va-tion we could not have known—
blood washed a-way; . . And bid them on Him ev - 'ry bur-den to roll,
life - giv - ing word; . . Then they must tell oth-ers, and they, oth-ers still,

CHORUS.

And no oth-er way doth pro - vide. .
His mer - cy for me and for you. . He's counting on us the
And taste His sal - va - tion to - day. .
Till all the glad mes-sage have heard. .

sto - ry to tell, His scheme of re-demp-tion for man; . . He's
for man;

count-ing on you, He's counting on me, The Mas-ter has no oth-er plan.

No. 51. Saved to the Uttermost.

COPYRIGHT, 1875 AND 1903, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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

va - tion af - fords; Gives me His Spir - it a wit - ness with - in,
cast-eth out fear; Trust - ing His prom - is - es, how I am blest;
now it is day; Beau - ti - ful vi - sions of glo - ry I see,
Je - sus my King! Ran-somed and par - doned, re-deemed by His blood,

REFRAIN.

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

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

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

No. 52. We've a Story to Tell.

Colin Sterne. **H. E. Nichol.**

Voices in Unison.

1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall turn their hearts to the right, A sto - ry of truth and sweet - ness,
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall lift their hearts to the Lord; A song that shall con-quer e - vil
3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the Lord Who reigneth a - bove, Hath sent us His Son to save us,
4. We've a Sav - ior to show to the na - tions, Who the path of sor - row has trod, That all of the world's great peo - ple

A sto - ry of peace and light, A sto - ry of peace and light.
And shat-ter the spear and sword And shat - ter the spear and sword.
And show us that God is love, And show us that God is love.
Might come to the truth of God, Might come to the truth of God!

REFRAIN.

For the darkness shall turn to dawn-ing, And the dawning to noon-day bright,

And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth, The king-dom of love and light.

No. 53. The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.

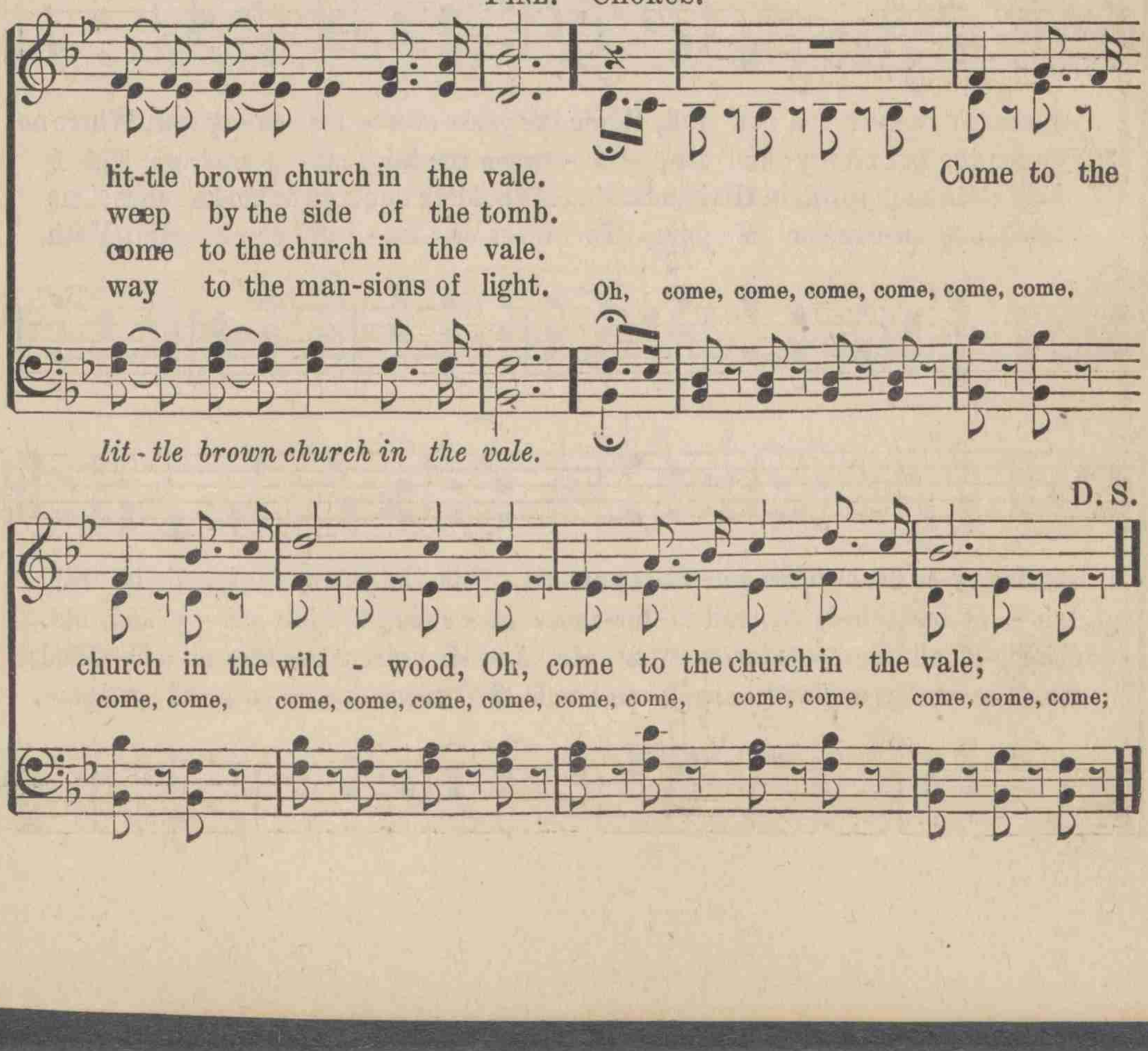
Dr. William S. Pitts.

1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No love-li-er
2. Oh, come to the church in the wild-wood, To the trees where the
3. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morn-ing To list to the
4. From the church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, When day fades a-

spot in the dale; No place is so dear to my child-hood As the
wild flow-ers bloom; Where the part-ing hymn will be chant-ed, We will
clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing, Oh,
way in-to night, I would fain from this spot of my child-hood Wing my

D. S.—*No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the*

FINE. CHORUS.



lit-tle brown church in the vale.
weep by the side of the tomb.
come to the church in the vale.
way to the man-sions of light.

Come to the

Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,

lit-tle brown church in the vale.

D. S.

church in the wild-wood, Oh, come to the church in the vale;
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

No. 54. Home of the Soul.

USED BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates. **Philip Phillips.**

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The far a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no
2. Oh, that home of the soul in my vi-sions and dreams, Its bright, jasper walls I can see; Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the vail in - ter-venes Be- tween the fair cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; Till I
3. That un-change-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je - sus of Naz - a-reth stands; The King of all kingdoms for-ev - er is He, And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands; The
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land, So free from all sor - row and pain; With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth - er a - gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; With

storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-ter-ni - ty roll.
fan - cy but thin-ly the vail in - ter-venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.
King of all kingdoms for-ev-er is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain.

No. 55. When I Go Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Jennie Ree. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A lit - tle while and then the sum - mer Day, When I go Home;
2. Work ceas-es not in sun-shine or in show'r, Till I go Home;
3. All will be well, and all be hap - pi - ness, When I go Home;
4. I'll meet the loved ones I have lost a - while, When I go Home;

'T is lone-some win - ter now, but 't will be May, When I go Home; Be-
But in the still - ness of the twi - light hour, I dream of Home; And
The wan - der - ings all o'er, and lone - li - ness, When I go Home; There
And, best of all, I'll see my Sav - ior smile, When I go Home; Oh,

yond the gloom of moor and fen I see The wel - come warm of
when the night-wind moans a - cross the wold I feel no dread of
will be light at e - ven - tide for me, The light that nev - er
what a joy thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, To sing the praise of

those who wait for me, When I go Home, when I go Home.
dark, or chill of cold— I dream of Home, I dream of Home.
was on land or sea, When I go Home, when I go Home.
Him who died for me, When I go Home, when I go Home.

No. 56. When I Get to the End of the Way.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Charlie D. Tillman.

1. The sands have been washed in the foot - prints Of the Stran-ger on
2. There are so man-y hills to climb up - ward, I oft - en am
3. He loves me too well to for - sake me, Or give me a
4. When the last fee - ble step has been ta - ken, And the gates of that

D. C.—*And the toils of the road will seem noth-ing, When I get to the*
Last verse.—*Then the toils of the road, etc.*

Gal - i - lee's shore— And the voice that sub-dued the rough bil - lows
long - ing for rest; But He who ap-points me my path - way,
tri - al too much; All His peo - ple have been dear - ly pur - chased,
cit - y ap - pear, And the beau - ti - ful songs of the an - gels

end of the way; And the toils of the road will seem noth-ing,

FINE.

Will be heard in Ju - de - a no more. But the path of that
Knows just what is need - ful and best. I know in His
And Sa - tan can nev - er claim such. By and by I shall
Float out on my lis - ten - ing ear; When all that now

When I get to the end of the way.

D. C.

lone Gal - i - le - an With joy I will fol - low to - day;
word He hath prom-ised That my strength "it shall be as my day;"
see Him and praise Him, In the cit - y of un - end - ing day;
seems so mys - te - rious Will be bright and as clear as the day;

No. 57. Jesus, I Come.

W. T. Sleeper. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY IRA D. SANKEY. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Out of my bond-age, sorrow and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2. Out of my shameful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;

In-to Thy free-dom, gladness and light, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to Thy bless-ed will to a-bide, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the joy and light of Thy home, Je-sus, I come to Thee;

Out of my sick-ness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in-to Thy calm,
Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair in-to raptures a-bove,
Out of the depths of ru-in un-told, In-to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,

Out of my sin and in-to Thy-self, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis-tress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Ev-er Thy glo-rious face to be-hold, Je-sus, I come to Thee.

No. 58. Have Faith in the Blood.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY DANIEL R. WADE.
ROBT. H. COLEMAN, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

James Rowe. Daniel R. Wade.

1. Have faith in the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One, For tru - ly it
2. Your Sav - ior has died that your soul may be free, His life-blood was
3. So far from the right you have wandered a - way, Come now, let your
4. Don't wait till the gate of the fountain shall close, And shut you for-

ban - ish - es sin; Your sins may be man - y, but soon shall be gone;
giv - en for you; O come to the fountain that cleansed you may be,
wan-der - ing cease; The Lord will re-move your transgressions to - day,
ev - er out - side; O come to the Lord, on His bos - om re - pose,

CHORUS.

The foun - tain is wait-ing, step in.
Let Je - sus your spir - it re - new. Have faith in the blood that
And fill you with glad-ness and peace.
And there, free and sin - less, a - bide.

ban-ish - es sin; Come now to the soul-cleansing flood; There's cleansing for

molto rit.

all who have faith to step in; Have faith, O, have faith in the blood. . .

in the blood.

No. 59. O His Love Reaches Even Me.

N. P. C.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS.

Nellie Place Chandler.

1. O the won-der-ful love of my Sav-ior, Reaching down (Reaching down) un-to
2. O His mer-cy and love are about me, Then what harm (Then what harm) shall I
3. O how pre-cious to me is my Sav-ior! He can save (He can save) e-ven
4. Wondrous love, bringing blessings unnumbered, Ev-'ry day, (Ev-'ry day) ev-'ry

me, (un-to me,) And His goodness still comes without meas-ure Like the
fear? (shall I fear?) For tho' e-vil may seek to al-lure me, I shall
me, (e-ven me,) And can keep by His pow-er un-tir-ing; O His
hour, (ev-'ry hour,) I will ev-er a-dore and sing prais-es, For I'm

CHORUS.

wa-ters that cov-er the sea.
know that my Sav-ior is near. O His love reach-es e-ven
love shall my guide ev-er be.
kept by His love and His pow'r.

me, (e-ven me,) O His love reach-es e-ven me; (e-ven me;) It is
joy di-vine to this soul of mine That His love reaches e-ven me.

No. 60.

Win One To-Day.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY J. P. SCHOLFIELD.
ROBT. H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

M. E. Dodd. J. P. Scholfield.

1. Great mul - ti - tudes of men are wide - ly stray-ing, Out up - on life's des - ert sands far, far a - way;
2. Deep pits of sin be - fore their feet are ly - ing; Snares and per - ils ev - 'ry-where they're sure to meet;
3. For them the Sav - ior gave His life a ran - som, And for you has ta - ken all your sins a - way;

O child of God, are you for such ones pray-ing?
In dark-ness wand'ring on to cer-tain dy - ing,
Your love for Him and for their sad con- di - tion,

In God's name go aft - er them, win one to - day!
Un - less you, O child of God, win one to - day!
Call you forth in - to the fray; win one to - day!

CHORUS.

Win one to-day, for the glo-ry of your Master! Your gentle touch and word will show some one the way;

1

2

There are man-y far a-stray, win one to-day.

rit.

No. 61. Love Lifted Me.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. Howard E. Smith.

1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep-ly
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev-er to Him I'll cling, In His blessed
3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je-sus completely saves; He will lift you

stained within, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
pres - ence live, Ev - er His prais - es sing. Love so might-y and so true
by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,

Heard my despairing cry, From the wa-ters lift-ed me, Now safe am I.
Mer-its my soul's best songs; Faithful, lov-ing service, too, To Him be - longs.
Bil - lows His will o - bey; He your Savior wants to be—Be saved to - day.

CHORUS.

Love lift - ed me!..... Love lift - ed me!.....
e - ven me! e - ven me!

When nothing else could help, Love lift - ed me. Love lift-ed me.

No. 62. In His Sunlight.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.

1. In the light and glo - ry of His life and sto - ry There is
2. O my bless - ed Sav - ior! He is mine for - ev - er, And will
3. Oh, the peace and pleas - ure, oh, the price - less treas - ure Of the

ev - 'ry-thing that I can need; That is why I'm cling - ing and His
be my near - est, dear - est Friend; That is why I love Him, hav - ing
love of Him who died for me! Thro' that day e - ter - nal, in the

CHORUS.

prais - es sing-ing, As the lost to Him I lead.
naught above Him, And shall trust Him to the end. In His sunlight, His precious
world su - per-nal, Love Di-vine my song shall be.

sun - light, I am al - ways hap - py, yes, in - deed! In His sun - light,

His pre-cious sun - light, There is ev - 'ry - thing I need.

No. 63. "At Calvary."

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
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Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. By sin's con - dem - na - tion my heart was op-pressed, No peace could I find, and no com - fort, no rest, Till Je - sus' voice whis-pered so sweet-ly to me, "Come lay down your bur - den at Cal - va - ry."
2. I plunged in the foun-tain, the rem - e - dy sure For sin and un- clean-ness,—the un - fail - ing cure: My bur - den fell off,—and to- day I can see There's per - fect sal - va - tion at Cal - va - ry.
3. Oh, won - der - ful cross with its arms stretching wide For you and for me, and the whole world be - side: No one is ex - clud - ed, and mer - cy is free For ev - 'ry lost sin - ner at Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.

At Cal - va-ry, at Cal - va-ry, My burdens fell off and from sin I was free; To Je - sus for-ev - er the glo - ry shall be; I lost all my bur-dens at Cal - va - ry.

cres.

No. 64. He Loves Everybody.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

B. D. Ackley.

1. In the hour of troub-le, it is sweet to have a friend, Some one who is al - ways glad a help-ing hand to lend; One up-on whose faith-ful-ness we
2. When the storm is sweeping, and the world seems most unjust, When some great mis- for-tune comes and fail you think you must, There's a strong De-fend-er we may
3. When our souls are tempted, when we reach the sink-ing sand, And our hearts are long-ing for a kind, up-lift-ing hand, Look-ing for a Help-er who will

ev - er may de - pend; Such a friend is al-ways found in Je - sus.
safe-ly, sure - ly trust; Such a friend is al-ways found in Je - sus.
give us strength to stand; Such a friend is al-ways found in Je - sus.

CHORUS.

He loves ev-'ry-bod-y, He loves you; He loves ev-'ry-bod-y, you should too;
There will nev-er be a friend more true; He loves ev-'ry-bod-y, He loves you.

No. 65. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

leads home, leads home;

No. 66. I Know I Shall See Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. E. Hewitt. B. D. Ackley.

1. Sometimes, to my heart comes a vi - sion of joy, When Je - sus my
2. How blest are the moments when faith can be - hold The foot-steps of
3. How sweet the com - mun-ion we have with Him here; Un - seen, yet so

Sav - ior draws near;..... He gives me the peace that no ill can de-stroy;
Christ in the way!..... But O, we look for - ward to rap - ture un - told,
pre - cious is He;..... Some day, face to face, where there cometh no tear,

(1) draws near;

CHORUS.

His voice I seem almost to hear. I know I shall see Him on
Where shin-eth the shad-ow-less day!
Our King in His beau-ty we'll see. shall

high,..... I know I shall see Him on high;..... When faith yields to
see Him on high, shall see Him on high;

sight in the land of de - light, I know I shall see Him on high.

No. 67. Christ Shall Be King.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

W. C. Poole. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Christ shall be King of the whole wide world, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!
2. Christ shall be King o - ver land and sea, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!
3. Christ shall be King in my heart to - day, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!

Un-der His banner of love unfurled, There shall be gathered the whole wide world,
He who redeemed us and made us free, King of the world shall for-ev - er be,
O-ver each tho't and each purpose sway, All that I have shall be His al - way,

CHORUS.

rit.

And Christ shall be the King. O - ver all the world Christ shall be the King;
Yes, Christ shall be the King.
For Christ shall be the King. O - ver all the world Christ shall be the King;

O - ver all the world let His praises ring; Ev'ry land and nation Shall
O - ver all the world let His prais-es ring;

know His great sal-va-tion; Christ shall be the King, He shall be the King.

No. 68. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF W. H. DOANE.
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W. H. Doane.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care,
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;

CHO.—*Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,*

FINE.

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;

D. C. for Chorus.

O - ver the fields of `glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears!
Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.

No. 69. Faith Will Bring the Blessing.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. BIEDERWOLF.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.

1. If you need up - lift-ing, if you need a song, Strength to help your soul to
2. In some hour un-guard-ed, if the foe as - sail, Tho' you feel your weakness,
3. On the Lord de-pend-ing, sing a - long the way, Naught can ev-er harm you

tri-umph o - ver wrong, Put your faith in Je - sus, He is true and strong;
let not cour-age fail; Trust in Je - sus on - ly and you shall pre - vail;
if He is your stay; Lean up - on His promise till the bet - ter day;

CHORUS.

Faith will bring the blessing ev-'ry time . . Faith will bring the blessing
yes, ev'ry time.

ev'ry time, Tho' your faith be simple or sublime; For the Savior knows the heart,

Ev-'ry need He will impart; Faith will bring the blessing ev'ry time. . .
ev-'ry time.

No. 70. "Whosoever Will."

THE JOHN CHURCH CO., OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.
USED BY PBR.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Who-so-ev - er heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the bless-ed ti - dings
2. Who-so-ev - er com - eth need not de - lay, Now the door is o - pen,
3. "Who-so-ev - er will," the prom - ise se - cure, "Who - so - ev - er will," for

all the world a - round; Spread the joy - ful news wher - ev - er man is found:
en - ter while you may; Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way:
ev - er must en-dure; "Who - so-ev - er will," 'tis life for - ev - er-more:

CHORUS.

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

Send the proc-la - ma - tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov - ing Fa-ther

calls the wan - d'rer home: "Who - so - ev - er will, may come."

No. 71. With Me All the Way.

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

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

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

vic-tor's song,

way; (my way;) For I've found a Friend and Guide, and, what-ev-er may be-tide,
just; (and just;) And I do not walk a-lone, since He's called me for His own,
strong; (and strong;) Tho' temptations may as-sail, in His name I shall pre-vail,

D. S.—*Then what e-vil shall I fear, With my Friend and Guide so near?*

FINE. CHORUS.

He has promised to be with me all the way. For my Sav-ior will be with me all the
He has promised to be with me all the way. For my Sav-ior will be

D. S.

way! . . . Is the song my heart is sing-ing all the day; . . .
with me all the way! Is the song my heart is sing-ing all the day;

No. 72. My Heart Keeps Right.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Lizzie DeArmond. B. D. Ackley.

1. There's a song of joy, I sing it ev-'ry day, For my ev-'ry sin the
2. As I live for Him each burden seems so light; While He walks with me my
3. All my doubts are past, I am se-cure at last; Tho' my strength may fail, my

Lord has washed away; Trusting in His word, I yield to His con-trol,
heart is keep-ing right; In the nar-row way I'm pressing tow'rd the goal,
an-chor hold-eth fast; Tho' I once was lost, His grace hath made me whole,

CHORUS.

Since the lov-ing Je-sus saved my soul..... My heart keeps right since
Since Jesus saved my soul.

Je-sus saved my soul; My ev-'ry tho't is un-der His control; With songs of

joy I'm pressing tow'rd the goal; My heart keeps right since Jesus saved my soul.

No. 73. The Persuasive Voice.

H. Bonar, D. D. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS. Old English Air.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;

Lay down, thou wear-y one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."
The liv - ing wa - ter—thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."

I came to Je - sus as I was—Wear-y and worn and sad;
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life-giv - ing stream;
I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
And in that light of life I'll walk Till trav'ling days are done.

No. 74. All the Way.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN. **Daniel R. Wade.**

DUET.

1. Leaning on the prom-is - es of Je - sus, on I go, Fighting for His glo - ry, nev - er yield-ing to the foe; Hap-py songs I car - ol in His praise, for this I know: He is with me all the way.
2. Clo - ser than a broth-er is my Sav - ior dear to me; More and more the treasures of His love each day I see; To the gold - en cit - y my Com- pan - ion He will be,— He is with me all the way.
3. Faith-ful to His prom-is - es will be the Ho-ly Dove, Till I share His glo - ry with the an - gels fair a - bove; Guid-ing and up-hold-ing me in mer - cy and in love, He is with me all the way.

CHORUS.

All . . the way He walks with me, Night . . and day He talks with me,
All the way, Night and day,
Keep - ing me from day to day, He is with me all the way.
Keep-ing, keep-ing,

No. 75. A Pilgrim Traveling Homeward.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX.

Julia H. Johnston. **M. J. Babbitt.**

1. A pil-grim trav'ling homeward, I cheer the way with song; With Jesus ev-er near me, The way is nev-er long: 'Tis He, my Guide and Sav-ior, Who
2. My grateful heart remembers The day I passed the cross, Where Jesus bore my bur-den, And suffered shame and loss: His cross is all my glo-ry, As
3. The darkness lies be-hind me, I has-ten tow'rd the light; I join the pil-grim cho-rus That sounds His love and might: 'T is He, the great Re-deem-er, That

bro't me hith-er-to; He nev-er will forsake me, My Lord is ev-er true.
on-ward still I press; The Lord is my sal-va-tion, My hope and righteousness.
saves and keeps His own, And soon our hal-le-lu-jahs Shall ech-o round the throne.

CHORUS.

Bright-er as the days go by, Fair-er as the home draws nigh,
days go by, home draws nigh.

Bright - er, fair-er shines the pathway homeward, Brighter as the days go by.
Bright-er still and fair-er

Bright - - er,

No. 76. Don't Forget to Pray.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Miriam E. Arnold. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. When the day is dark and lone - ly, Don't for - get to pray;
2. When the sun is bright - ly shin - ing, Don't for - get to pray;
3. O the bliss this won-drous friend-ship Will your soul af - ford,

Prayer will make your path - way bright - er, Drive the clouds a - way.
Let the Sav - ior share your glad - ness, On your pil - grim way;
Dwell - ing thus in close com-mun - ion With your lov - ing Lord;

For your lov - ing heav'n - ly Fa - ther Lis - tens when you call,
For He longs to walk be - side you, Your most trust - ed Friend,
Till in Heav'n you shall be - hold Him, See Him face to face,

And in mer - cy He will an - swer, Trust Him for it all.
And a - bide thro' storm and sun - shine To your jour - ney's end.
And thro'-out e - ter - nal a - ges Praise Him for His grace.

FINE.

D.S. –"*In the se - cret of His pres - ence,*" *Don't for - get to pray.*

CHORUS.

Tell Him all your sor - rows, He will turn your night to day,

D. S.

No. 77. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

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

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

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

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

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

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

REFRAIN. D. S.

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

No. 78. O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

Rit.

CHORUS.

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

glo - ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace

rit.

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

No. 79. The Home of Endless Years.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY JOHN R. CLEMENTS.
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John R. Clements. John R. Sweney.

1. Tho' bur - dens heav - y we here must bear, And the eyes are made
2. With toil - some ef - fort in faith we sow, Tho' no har - vest our
3. We'll la - bor with a smile and a song, And we'll give to the

dim with tears, There'll be naught of sor - row "o - ver there" In the
vi - sion cheers; We will not lose heart, 'twill all be plain, In the
winds our fears, For the day of tri - als can't be long, Soon the

CHORUS.

"home of the end - less years." In the bet - ter land, In that sun - ny land,

In that E - den land, safe by and by; In that bet - ter land,

In that sun - ny land, In that E - den land, safe by and by.

No. 80. The King's Business.

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

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

1. I am a stran-ger here, with - in a for - eign land; My home is far a-way, up - on a gold - en strand; Am-bas - sa - dor to be of
2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev - 'ry-where, Re-pent and turn a-way from sin's se - duc - tive snare; That all who will o-bey, with
3. My home is bright - er far than Shar-on's ro - sy plain, E - ter - nal life and joy thro'-out its vast do - main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how

CHORUS.

realms be - yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the
mor - tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.

mes - sage that I bring, A message angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye reconciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God."

No. 81. Where He Leads I'll Follow.

W. A. O. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. A. OGDEN. W. A. Ogden.

1. Sweet are the prom - is - es, Kind is the word; Dear - er far than
2. Sweet is the ten - der love Je - sus hath shewn, Sweet-er far than
3. List to His lov - ing words, "Come un - to me!" Wear - y, heav - y -

an - y mes-sage man ev - er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ,
an - y love that mor - tals have known; Kind to the err - ing one,
lad - en, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in His prom - is - es,

Sin - less, I see; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.
Faith-ful is He; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.
Faith-ful and sure; Lean up - on the Sav - ior, and thy soul is se-cure.

CHORUS.

Where . . . . He leads I'll fol - - - low,
Where He leads I'll fol - low, Where He leads I'll fol - low,

1 2

Fol - - low all the way; Follow Jesus ev - 'ry day.
Fol - low all the way, yes, fol - low all the way;

No. 82. There's a Great Day Coming.

W L. T.

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

Will L. Thompson

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

CHORUS.

m pp m

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

No. 83. Working, Watching, Praying.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY POWELL G. FITHIAN.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Powell G. Fithian.

1. Go forth! Go forth for Je - sus now, Be work - ing! Be watch - ing! The
2. Go forth! Go forth to all the world, O stay not! De - lay not! But
3. Go forth! Let heart and hand be strong! Be work - ing! Be watch - ing! O

Go forth! Go forth!

Lord Him-self will teach you how To watch and pray. 'Tis not for thee thy
let love's ban-ner be unfurled, And grace be told. O let re-deem-ing
stay the mighty pow'r of wrong Wher-e'er ye may. Equipped with love and

field to choose; No work He gives must thou re-fuse; Be work - ing! Be watch-ing!
love be sung, A song of joy on ev-'ry tongue; Be work - ing! Be watch-ing!
strength divine, The vic - to - ry is sure - ly thine; Be work - ing! Be watch-ing!

CHORUS.

Be pray - ing! Go forth to work, to watch and pray! 'Tis Je-sus who calls thee;

Go forth! Go forth!

The har - vest waits for thee to - day, Go bring some sheaves for God.

No. 84. You Ought to Know Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

H. O. Devah. Wm. Edie Marks.

1. I have a friend—you ought to know Him, He is a Sav - ior
2. I have a friend—you ought to know Him, He is a faith - ful
3. I have a friend—you ought to know Him, Will you not let Him

ten - der and true; Je - sus, my King— how I a - dore Him!
Shep-herd and Guide; Sor - row He shares, bur - dens He light - ens,
en - ter your heart? Peace He will give you with - out meas - ure,

CHORUS.

And He should be as pre-cious to you.
Ev - 'ry good thing by Him is sup-plied. I have a friend—you ought to
Blessing un - told, that will not de - part.

know Him, Will you re - ceive His greet-ing to - day? Wait-ing He stands,

ten - der - ly plead - ing:—"I am the Life, the Truth, and the Way."

No. 85. Will There Be Any Stars?

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

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

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His

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

CHORUS.

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

stars in my crown When at evening the sun go-eth down? . . . When I
go-eth down?

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

No. 86. A Savior of Love.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

Ina Duley Ogdon. B. D. Ackley.

1. How grate-ful the prais-es we of-fer to-day, To Christ the Re-
2. What pa-tience to lift us a-gain and a-gain, Tho' oft-en we
3. O Giv-er of faith that in-creas-es our sight, O Rock that shall

deem-er we prove; Our sins, tho' as scar-let, are ta-ken a-way,
stum-ble and fall; With strength for our weakness, and sol-ace for pain,
nev-er re-move, The en-trance a-bun-dant to Glo-ry and Light;

CHORUS.

For He is a Sav-ior of Love. . . .
His grace is suf-fi-cient for all. . . . . For He is a Sav-ior of
For He is a Sav-ior of Love. . - .

a Sav-ior of Love. a

Love, . . A won-der-ful Sav-ior of Love; , . O come and par-

Sav-ior of Love, a Sav-ior of Love;

take of His mer-cy to-day, For He is a Sav-ior of Love. . . .

a Sav-ior of Love.

No. 87. His Grace is Enough for Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY J. BRUCE EVANS, SOUTH PASADENA, CAL.

J. B. E. J. Bruce Evans.

1. Just when I am disheartened, Just when with cares oppressed, Just when my way is dark-est, Just when I am dis - tressed—Then is my Sav-ior near me,
2. Just when my hopes have vanished, Just when my friends forsake, Just when the fight is thick-est, Just when with fear I shake—Then comes a still, small whisper,
3. Just when my tears are flowing, Just when with anguish bent, Just when temp-ta-tion's hardest, Just when with sadness rent— Then comes a tho't of comfort,

He knows my ev'ry care; Je-sus will never leave me, He helps my burdens bear.
"Fear not, My child, I'm near." Jesus brings peace and comfort, I love His voice to hear.
"I know my Father knows;" Je-sus has grace suf-fi-cient To conquer all my foes.

CHORUS.

His grace is e-nough for me, for me, His grace is e-nough for me;
Thro' sor-row and pain, Thro' loss or gain, His grace is e-nough for me.

No. 88. Lift Me Higher.

Julia H. Johnston. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX. **M. J. Babbitt.**

SOPRANO AND TENOR.

1. Lift me high - er, lov - ing Je - sus, Far a - bove this earth-ly strife;
2. Lift me high - er, lest my gar-ments, Trail-ing gar-ments of the flesh,
3. Lift me high - er, lead me homeward, Let my bur - den gen - tly fall;

Let Thy peace pos - sess my spir - it, Grant Thy gift of end - less life.
In the sor - did, earth-ly path-way, Bring re-proach on Thee a - fresh.
Let me face Thee, let me lis - ten For Thy soft - ly whis-pered call.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

Guilt - y, lost, and un - de - serv - ing, Lord, I claim Thy par - don free;
Lift me, Lord, a - bove temp-ta - tion, Let me tri - umph by Thy grace;
Look-ing up - ward, till the dawn-ing Of the light ce - les - tial gleams,

Now, in Thine a - ton - ing mer - cy, Lift me near - er, near - er Thee.
Draw me near - er, that, un - hin-dered, I may gaze up - on Thy face.
Let me lean up - on Thy bos - om, Where the ra - diant glo - ry beams.

CHORUS.

Lift me high - er, ten - der Sav - ior, To the ref - uge of Thy breast;

Lift Me Higher.

No. 89. Just When I Need Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.
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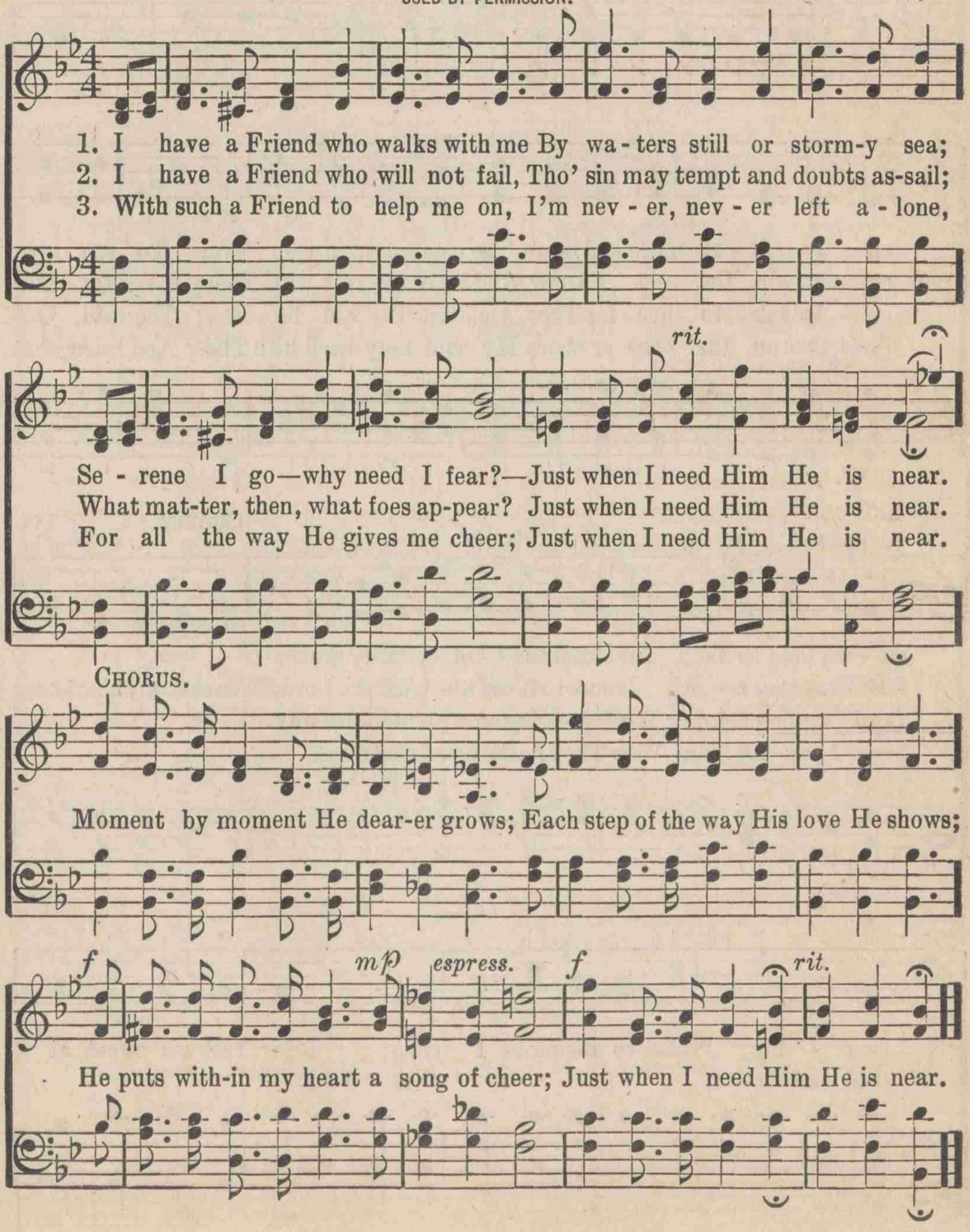
Florence Jones Hadley. Samuel W. Beazley.



No. 90. The Eye of Faith.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. NEW YORK. USED BY PER.

Rev. J. J. Maxfield. W. A. Ogden.

1. I do not ask for earth-ly store Be-yond a day's sup-ply; I
2. I care not for the emp-ty show That tho't-less worldlings see; I
3. Whate'er the cross-es mine shall be, I will not dare to shun; I
4. And when at last, my la-bor o'er, I cross the nar-row sea, Grant,

on-ly cov-et more and more, The clear and sin-gle eye, To see my
crave to do the best I know, And leave the rest with Thee;—Well sat-is-
on-ly ask to live for Thee, And that Thy will be done; Thy will, O
Lord, that on the oth-er shore My soul may dwell with Thee; And learn what

CHORUS.

du-ty face to face, And trust the Lord for dai-ly grace.
fied that sweet reward Is sure to those who trust the Lord. Then shall my heart keep
Lord, be mine each day, While pressing on my homeward way.
here I can-not know, Why Thou hast ev-er loved me so.

sing-ing, While to the cross I cling; For rest is sweet at
sing-ing, sing-ing, cling, I cling;

The Eye of Faith.

No. 91. Take Time to be Holy.

W. D. Longstaff. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY IRA D. SANKEY. George C. Stebbins.

USED BY PERMISSION OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.

No. 92. Waiting For the King.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. I am wait-ing for the hour When the King in all His pow'r, With a mighty shout from Heaven shall descend: Those who love Him shall rejoice When they hear His bless-ed voice, And with Him shall reign thro' a-ges with-out end.
2. Thro' the spa-cious hills of time An-gels sing their songs sublime, Till the rocks and hills and valleys catch the strain; Worlds flung into space a-far, Sun and moon and glittering star, Ech-o back in joy-ous rap-ture the re-frain.
3. In a moment changed complete, Lift-ed to a land re-plete With His per-fect touch of love, no blemish there; Ev-'ry mys-ter-y made plain, Ev-'ry loss my rich-est gain, Full-est joy and matchless splendor ev-'ry-where.

CHORUS.

I am wait-ing, I am wait-ing, I am wait-ing, I am wait-ing, I am wait-ing, I am wait-ing, I am wait-ing, I am wait-ing, wait-ing for the com-ing of the King; For that great and glorious day for the com-ing of the King;

Waiting For the King.

When the clouds are rolled away, I am waiting for the coming of the King.....
for the coming of the King.

No. 93. I'm the Child of the King of Kings.

I. E. R. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX. I. E. Reynolds.

1. I'm the child of the King of kings, Who reigns in the realm a - bove;
2. I'm the child of the King of kings; How true is His friend-ship sweet!
3. I'm the child of the King of kings, And true to Him I will be;

Joy and peace to my heart it brings, Just trusting in His great love.
Day by day my heart ev - er sings, So hap - py in Him com - plete.
I'm a - wait-ing the time which brings The man-sion prepared for me.

CHORUS.

I'm the child of the King of kings,.... The child of the King of kings;....
the King of kings, the King of kings;

I'll sing of His love so true and so great, I'm the child of the King of kings.....
the King of kings.

No. 94. There's Some One Who Cares.

COPYRIGHT, 1910 & 1912, BY J. P. LOWRY.
CONTROLLED BY E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. P. L. J. P. Lowry.

1. When by friends I'm for - sak - en There's some One who cares; When by
2. When my hopes turn to ash - es There's some One who cares; When the
3. When my heart is re - pent-ing There's some One who cares; When my

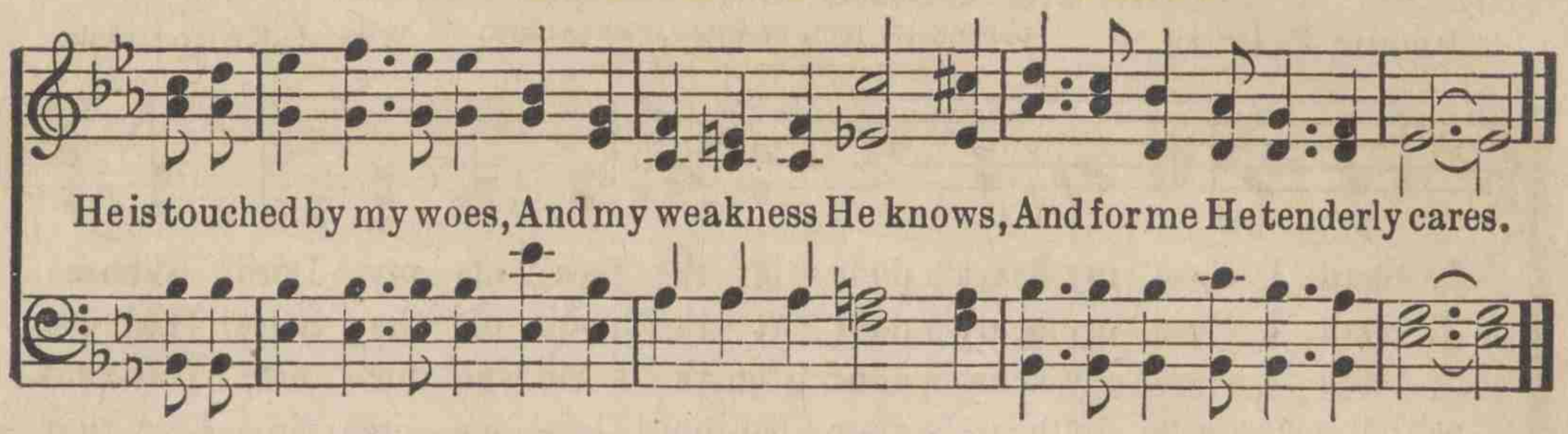
sin o - ver - tak - en There's some One who cares; When the world turns a-
wild tem-pest lash - es There's some One who cares; When my heart cries with-
will is re - lent - ing There's some One who cares; When I fall at His

way, And I scarcely can pray, I know there is some One who cares.
in, All be-cause of my sin, I know there is some One who cares.
feet, And my sto - ry re-peat, 'Tis Je - sus my Sav - ior who cares.

CHORUS.

There's some One who cares, There's some One who cares, My joys and my sorrows He shares;
Jesus shares;

There's Some One Who Cares.



No. 95. Beautiful River.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
USED BY PERMISSION.

R. L. Rev. Robert Lowry.

No. 96. Shall I Close My Heart's Door?

Juliette E. Perry. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

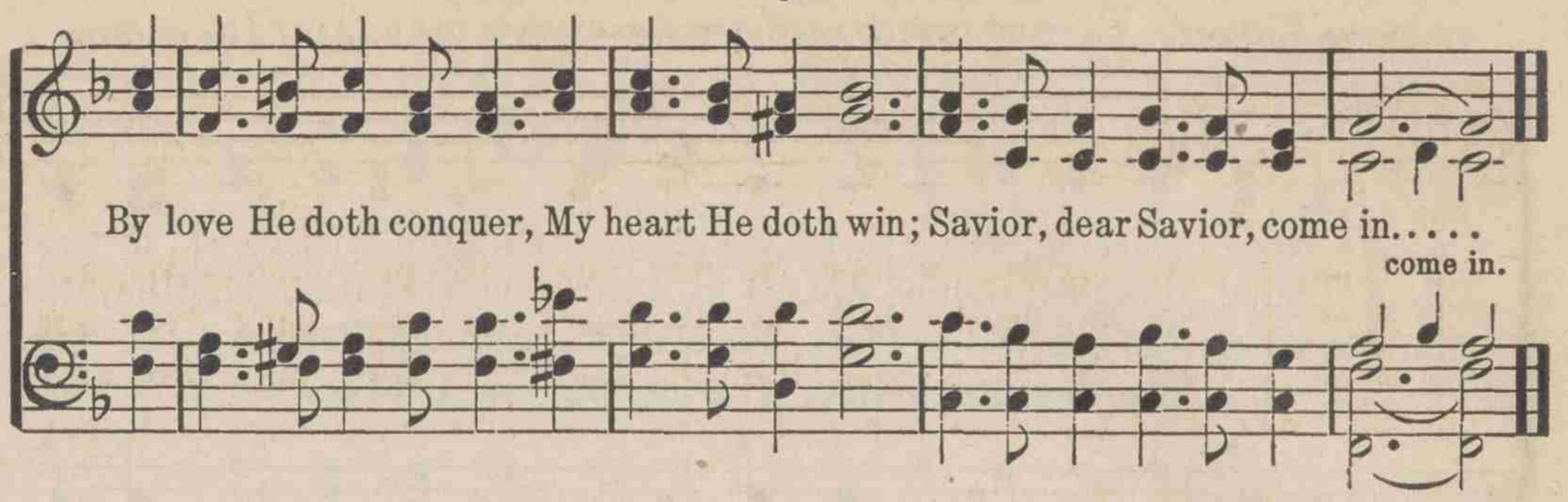
1. Shall I close my heart's door in the face of my Lord, Whose brow wore the thorn-crown for me? At the thres-hold He stands wait-ing now to come in, My heart's wel-come guest He would be.
2. Shall I close my heart's door at the knock of the hand That was nailed to the cross for my sin— To that hand still outstretched, pleading gen-tly to-day, My heart's best af-fec-tion to win?
3. Shall I close my heart's door from the Lord who for me, Bro-ken-heart-ed, on Cal-va-ry died? Shall I spurn His dear voice, that so ten-der-ly calls? Shall I turn His en-treat-y a-side?
4. I'll swing wide my heart's door, bid-ding Je-sus come in, Lest that time make it hard to un-do; Lest the Sav-ior be grieved and for-ev-er I mourn The loss of His friend-ship so true.

CHORUS. *A little faster.*

I will o-pen my heart's door wide,.... I will bid my dear Lord come in;.....

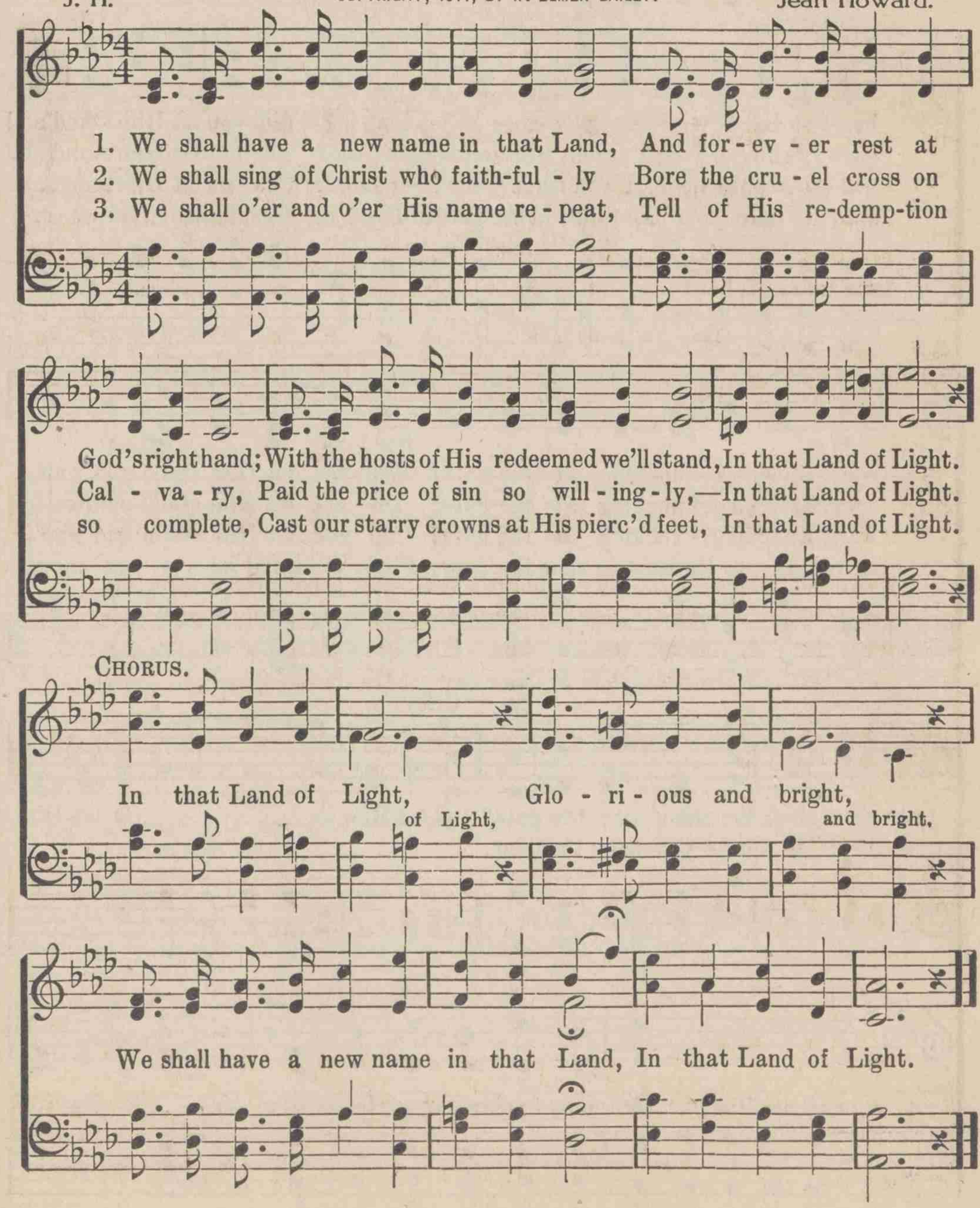
I will o-pen my heart's door wide, I will bid my dear Lord come in;

Shall I Close My Heart's Door?



No. 97. In That Land of Light.

J. H. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. ELMER BAILEY. Jean Howard.



No. 98. Knocking, Knocking.

J. O. Barnhart. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX. I. E. Reynolds.

1. Knocking, knocking, who is there? Do you hear Him, do you care? Is your
2. Knocking, knocking, waiting still, O how can you treat Him ill, Him, who
3. Standing, standing, sad and lone, Pleading in such ten-der tone, O-pen
4. Knocking, knocking, still to-day, If you turn the Lord a-way, You will

heart so full of sin That you can-not let Him in? "Will you let Him stand and
gave His life for you, Pardon free and blessing too? "Do not let Him stand and
wide to Me the door, I will leave you nev-er-more:"Can you let Him stand and
stand all unforgiv'n,Some day at the gate of Heav'n;"Find it barred for-ev-er-

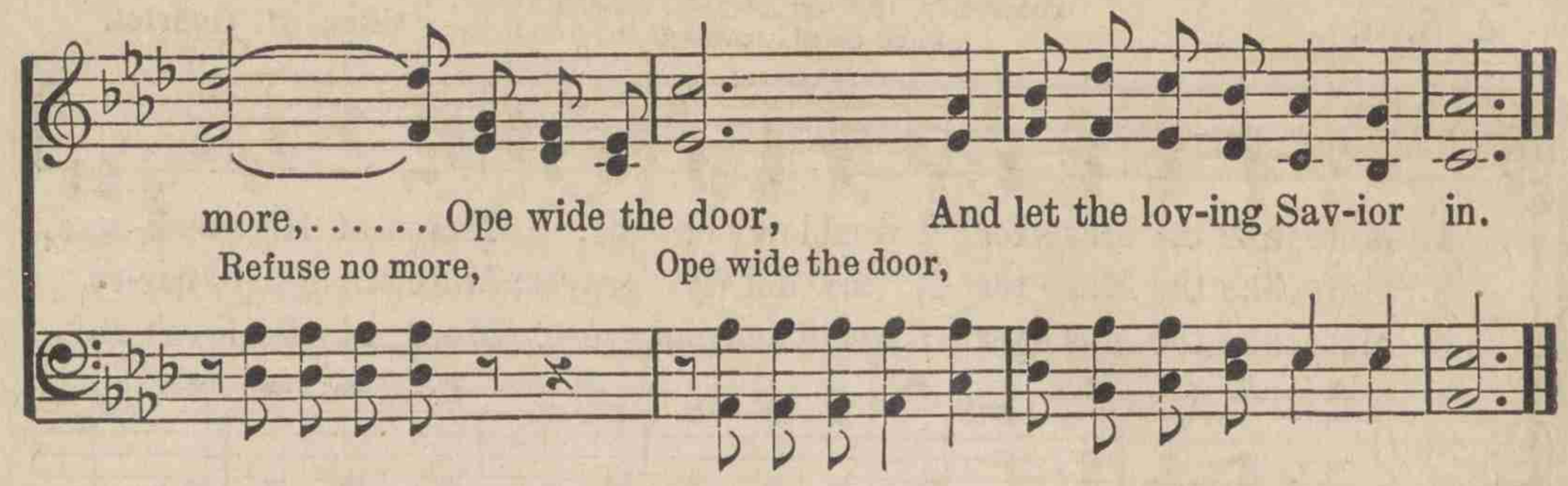
wait, Knocking, knocking at the gate? Will you let Him stand and wait,
wait, Knocking, knocking at the gate; Do not let Him stand and wait,
wait, Knocking, knocking at the gate? Can you let Him stand and wait,
more, If to Christ you shut the door; Find it barred for-ev-er-more,

CHORUS.

1–3. Knocking, knocking at the gate?" O let Him in, ... O let Him
4. If to Christ you shut the door." O let Him in,

in, (O let Him in,) He came to cleanse your heart from sin; ... Re-fuse no

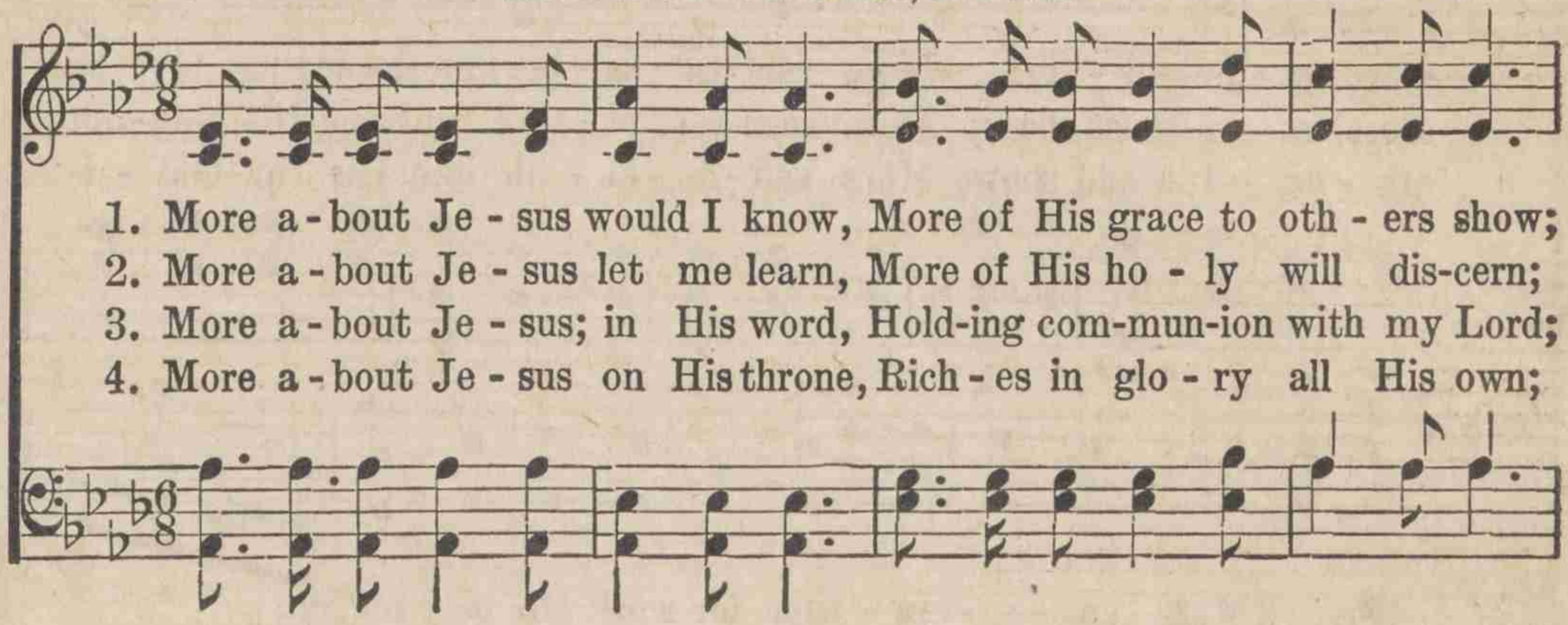
Knocking, Knocking.

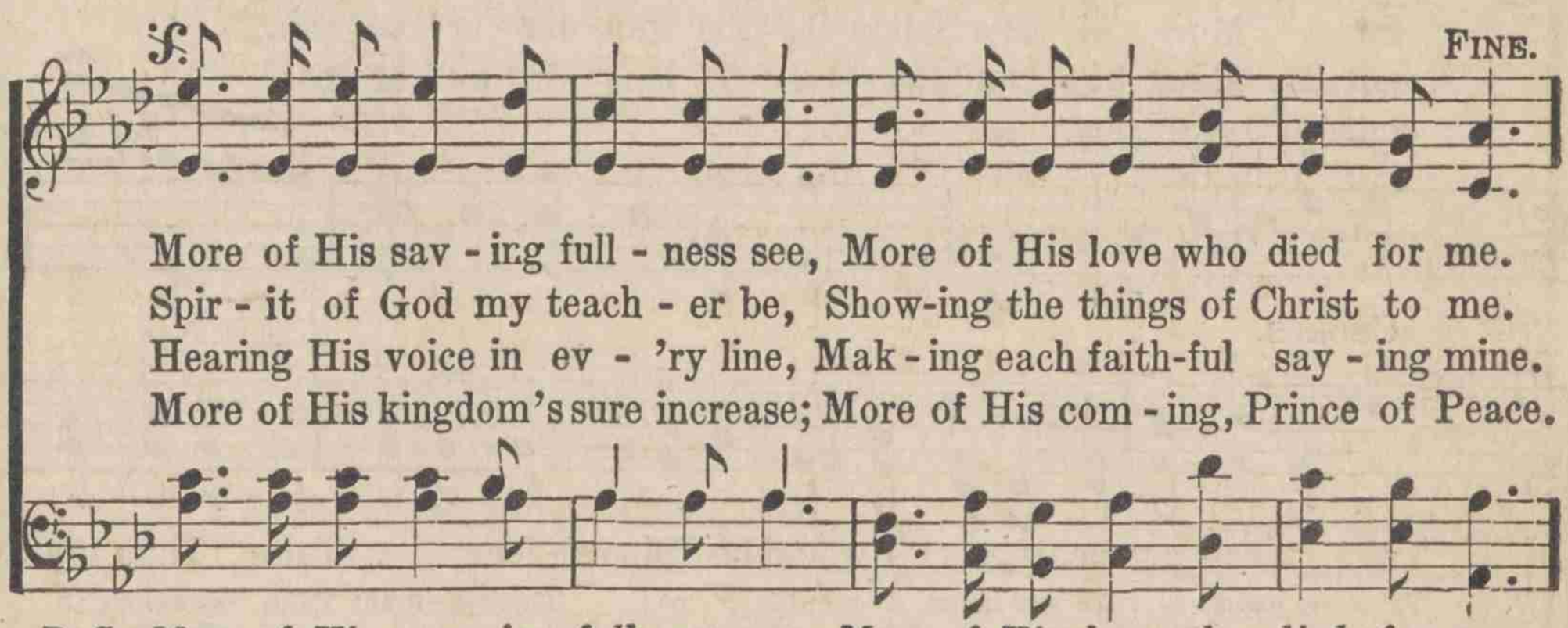


No. 99. More About Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

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





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

No. 100. More Like the Master.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. More like the Mas - ter I would ev - er be, More of His meek-ness,
2. More like the Mas - ter is my dai - ly prayer; More strength to car-ry
3. More like the Mas - ter I would live and grow; More of His love to

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

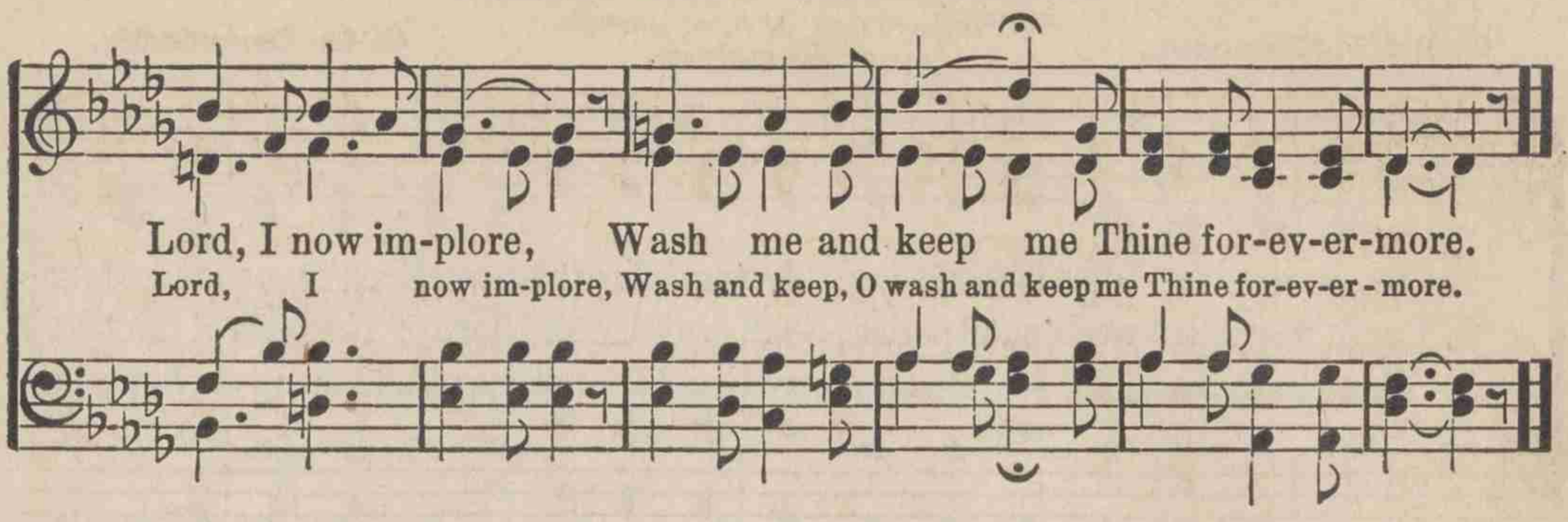
true, More con - se - cra - tion for work He bids me do.
in; More of His Spir - it, the wan - der - er to win.
lee, More like the Mas - ter I long to ev - er be.

CHORUS.

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

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

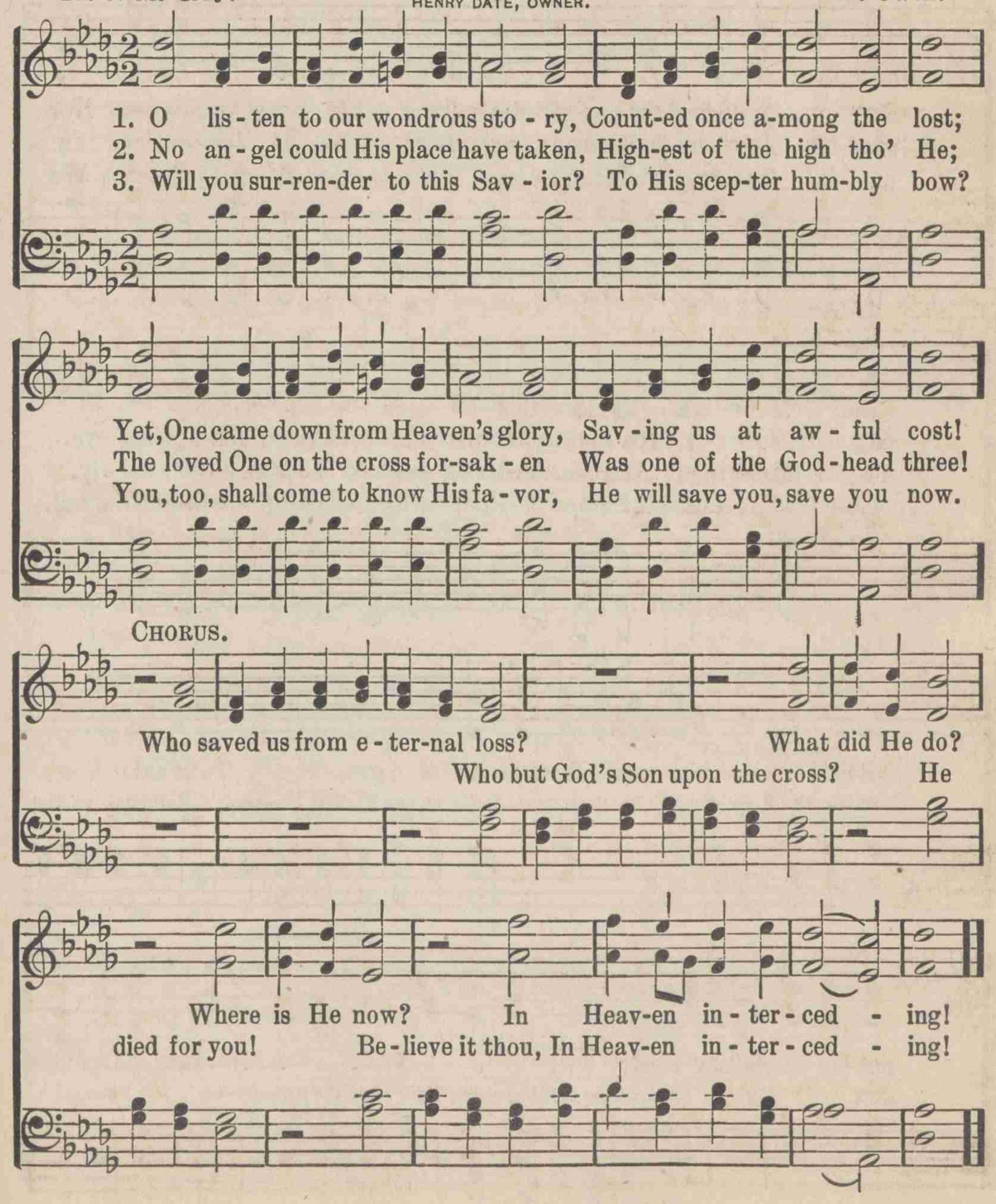
More Like the Master.



No. 101. What Did He Do?

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE WINONA PUBLISHING CO.
HENRY DATE, OWNER.

Dr. J. M. Gray. W. Owen.



No. 102. The Sure Foundation.

Luella McCutcheon.

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

C. L. Chamberlin.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

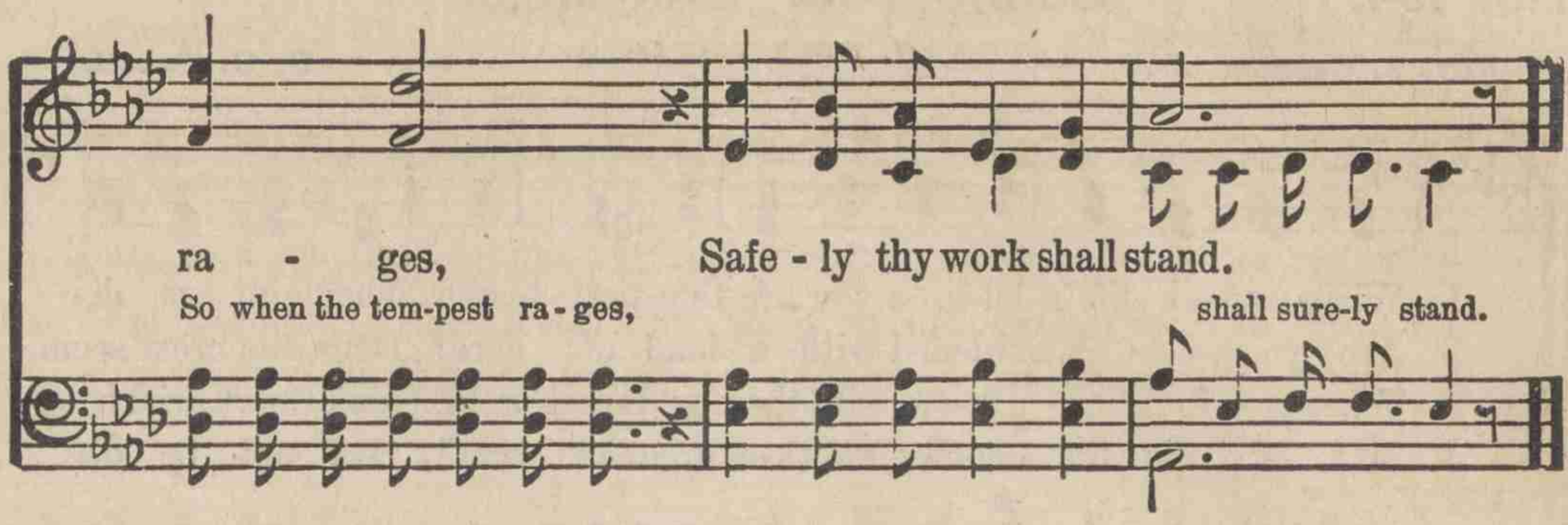
Build . . . . on the Rock of A - ges, Build

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

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

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

The Sure Foundation.



No. 103. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PER.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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

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

No. 104. Count Your Blessings.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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

E. O. Excell.

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

couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your man-y blessings, name them one by
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y blessings, ev - 'ry doubt will
promised you His wealth un-told; Count your man-y blessings, mon-ey can not
couraged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y blessings, an - gels will at-

CHORUS.

one, And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.
fly, And you will be singing as the days go by. Count your blessings, Name them
buy Your reward in heaven, nor your home on high.
tend, Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.

Count your many blessings,

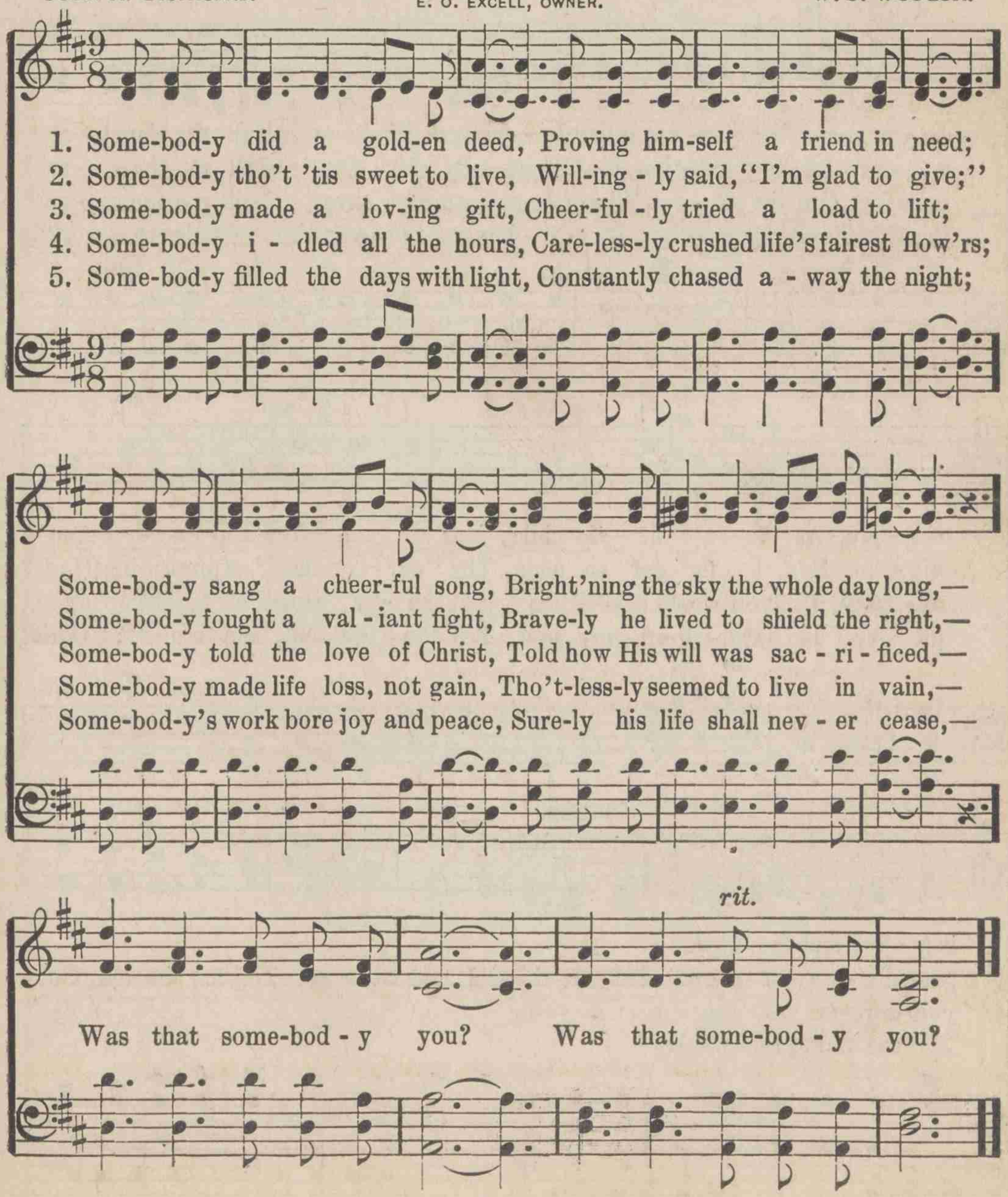
one by one; Count your blessings, See what God hath done; Count your
Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done; Count your many

Count Your Blessings.

No. 105. Somebody.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. S. WEEDEN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

John R. Clements. W. S. Weeden.



No. 106. Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Kate Hankey. USED BY PERMISSION. **W. H. Doane**

1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. Tell me the sto - ry, slow - ly, That I may take it in— That
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear - nest tones and grave; Re-
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That

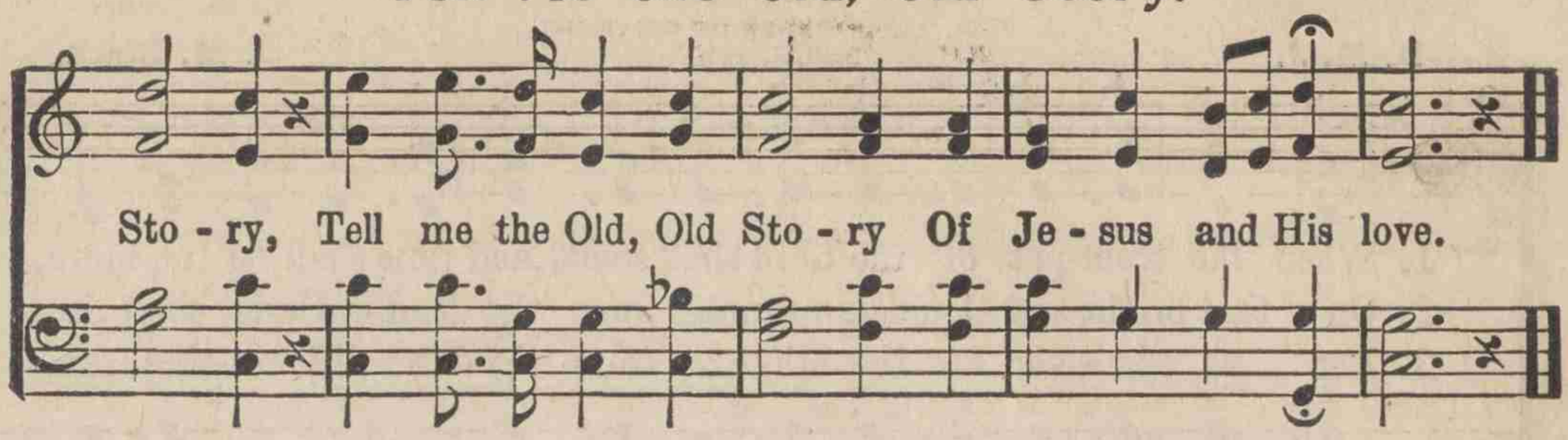
Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry
won-der - ful re-demp-tion, God's rem-e-dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry
mem-ber I'm the sin - ner Whom Je-sus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry
this world's empty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's

sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wear-y, And
oft - en, For I for-get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn-ing Has
al - ways, If you would real-ly be, In an - y time of troub-le, A
glo - ry Is dawn-ing on my soul, Tell me the old, old sto - ry: "Christ

CHORUS.

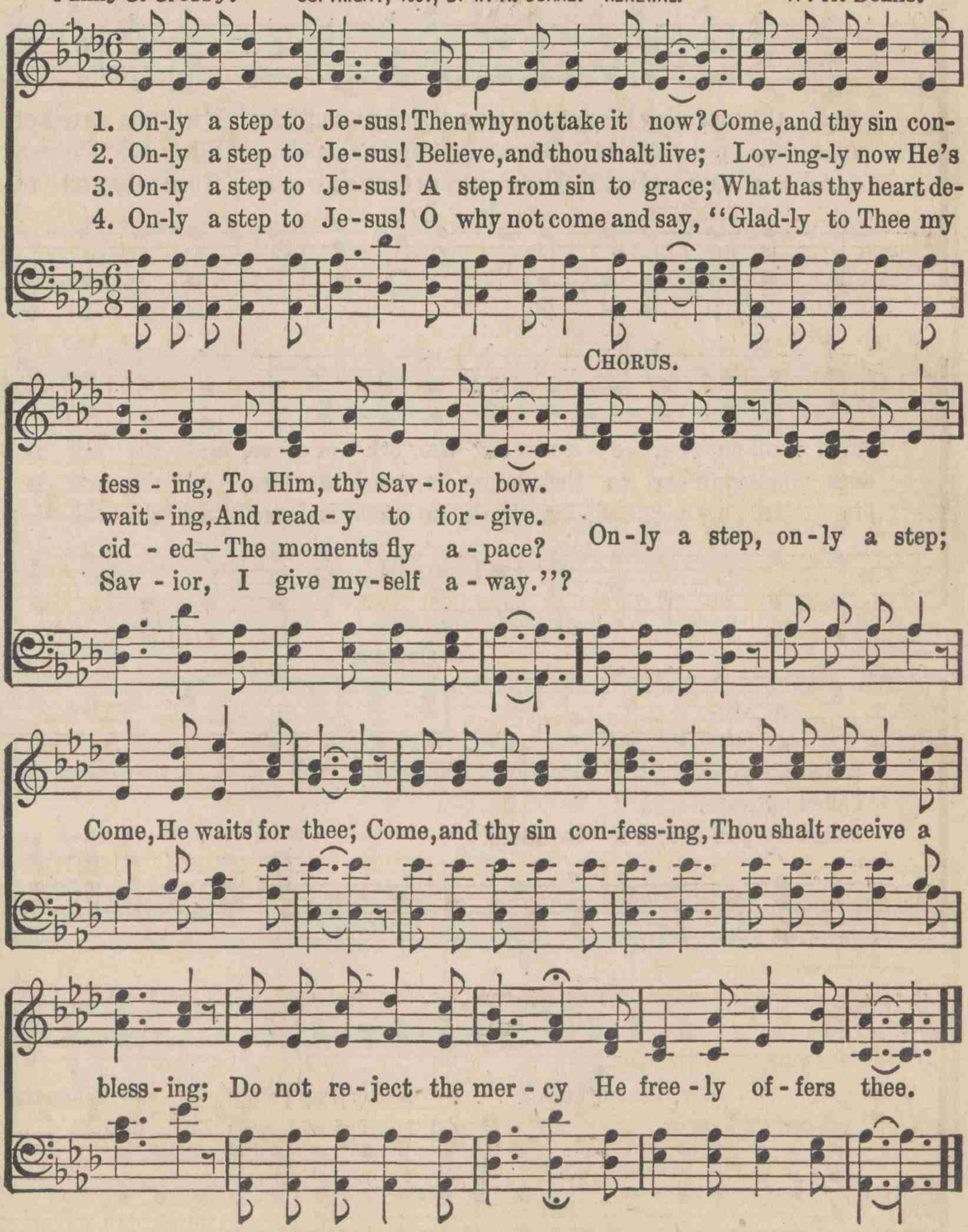
help - less and de - filed.
passed a - way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old
com-fort-er to me.
Je - sus makes thee whole."

Tell Me the Old, Old Story.



No. 107. Only a Step.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL. **W. H. Doane.**



No. 108. When the Roll is Galled Up Yonder.

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

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

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

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

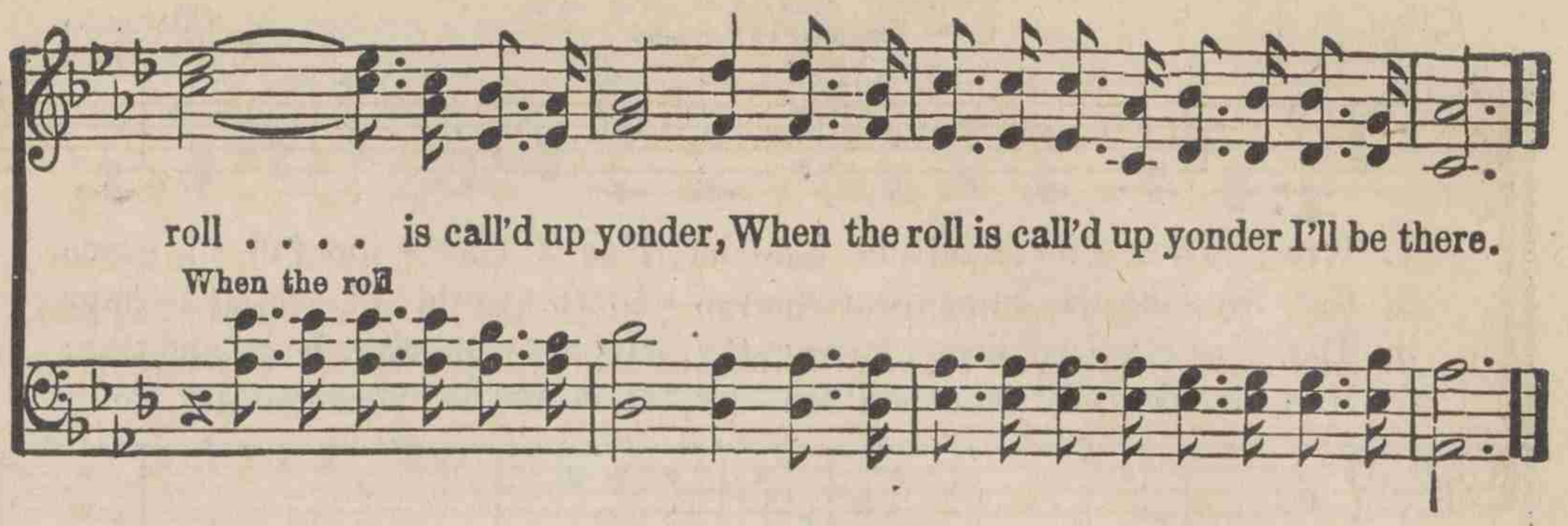
earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is
ones shall gath - er to their home be - yond the skies, And the roll is
life is o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is

CHORUS.

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

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

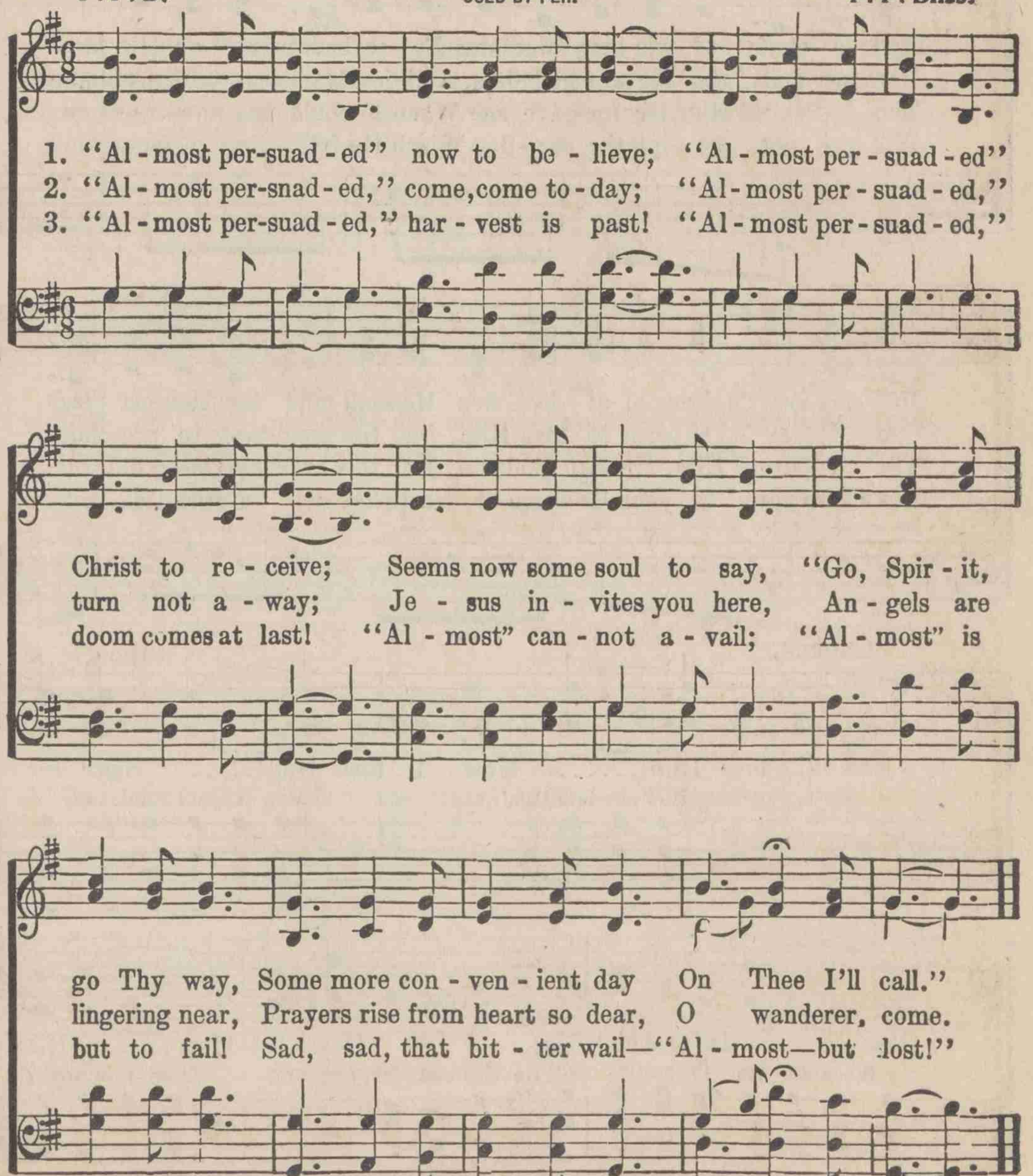
When the Roll is Called.



No. 109. "Almost Persuaded."

COPYRIGHT, 1902 BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PER.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



No. 110. My Savior.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY FILLMORE BROS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Chas. M. F. Chas. M. Fillmore.

1. I've a Sav - ior, kind and ten - der, I've a Sav - ior full of grace,
2. For my sake He came from Heaven To this world of sin and shame;
3. Tho' I've oft - en been un - wor-thy, He has con-stant been, and true;
4. I've a Sav - ior, kind and ten - der, He would be your Sav-ior, too;

And a smile of win-ning sweetness Ev - er beams up - on His face.
Bore my guilt, tho' He was guilt-less, And tho' blameless, took my blame.
Tho' I wronged Him, He for-gave me When I would my vows re - new;
Will you not ac-cept the par - don Which He free - ly of-fers you?

In my heart's shrine of af - fec - tion He shall hold the high-est place.
Can I ev - er cease to love Him, And His good-ness to pro-claim?
Tho' I spurned Him, He with kindness My re - bel - lious heart did woo.
Take Him now as your Re-deem-er, Earth has not a friend so true.

CHORUS.

How I love Him!..... How I love Him!..... Since for
How I love Him! How I love Him!

me..... He bled and died; How I love..... Him!
Since for me He bled and died; How I love Him!

My Savior.

No. 111. Near the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1890 BY W. H. DOANE.
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. H. Doane.

No. 112. Watching For the King.

Julia H. Johnston.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX.

M. J. Babbitt.

UNISON. *Not too fast.*

1. As I fare on my way to my dai - ly task, "What, O
2. He will come as He said, for His word is sure; In the
3. With my hand on the latch, with my task well done, I must

Lord, shall I do?" I would now Thee ask, For I know He will come—
prom-ise of God we may rest se - cure; But the soul that with glad-
wait for the step of the Com-ing One; Tho' He tar - ry, I'll wait:

some bright, hap-py day, When He call - eth, what shall His servants say?
ness the King would meet, Must be watch-ing, waiting His face to greet.
He has left for me Work to fin - ish ere His dear face I see.

CHORUS. PARTS.

Watch-ing, watch-ing each day for my Sav-ior's call; . . Wait-ing, wait-ing for

Sav-ior's call;

Him who is all in all; . . . . . Trust - ing, trust-ing my Lord as my

is all in all;

Watching For the King.

song I sing, Watching, wait-ing, trusting my Lord and King.

my song I sing,

No. 113. All So Free.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS.

I. E. R. I. E. Reynolds.

1. Go tell the glad sto - ry of Christ and His love, All so free;
2. Let's try to win lost ones to know His great peace, All so free;
3. He's gone to pre - pare us a home o - ver there, All so free;

His leav - ing His home in the cit - y a - bove, All so free.
Then all thro' the a - ges their joy shall not cease, All so free.
Let's try to prove worthy His glo - ry to share, All so free.

CHORUS.

All so free, All so free; His
All, yes, all so free, All, yes, all so free;

ad lib.

love so a - bun-dant for you and for me, All so free.

No. 114. Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

R. H. McDaniel. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. What a won-der-ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je-sus came in-to my heart! I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go-ing a-stray, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart! And my sins, which were man-y, are all washed a-way,
3. I'm pos-sessed of a hope that is stead-fast and sure, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart! And no dark clouds of doubt now my path-way ob-scure,
4. There's a light in the Val-ley of Death now for me, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart! And the gates of the Cit-y be-yond I can see,
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit-y, I know, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart! And I'm hap-py, so hap-py, as on-ward I go,

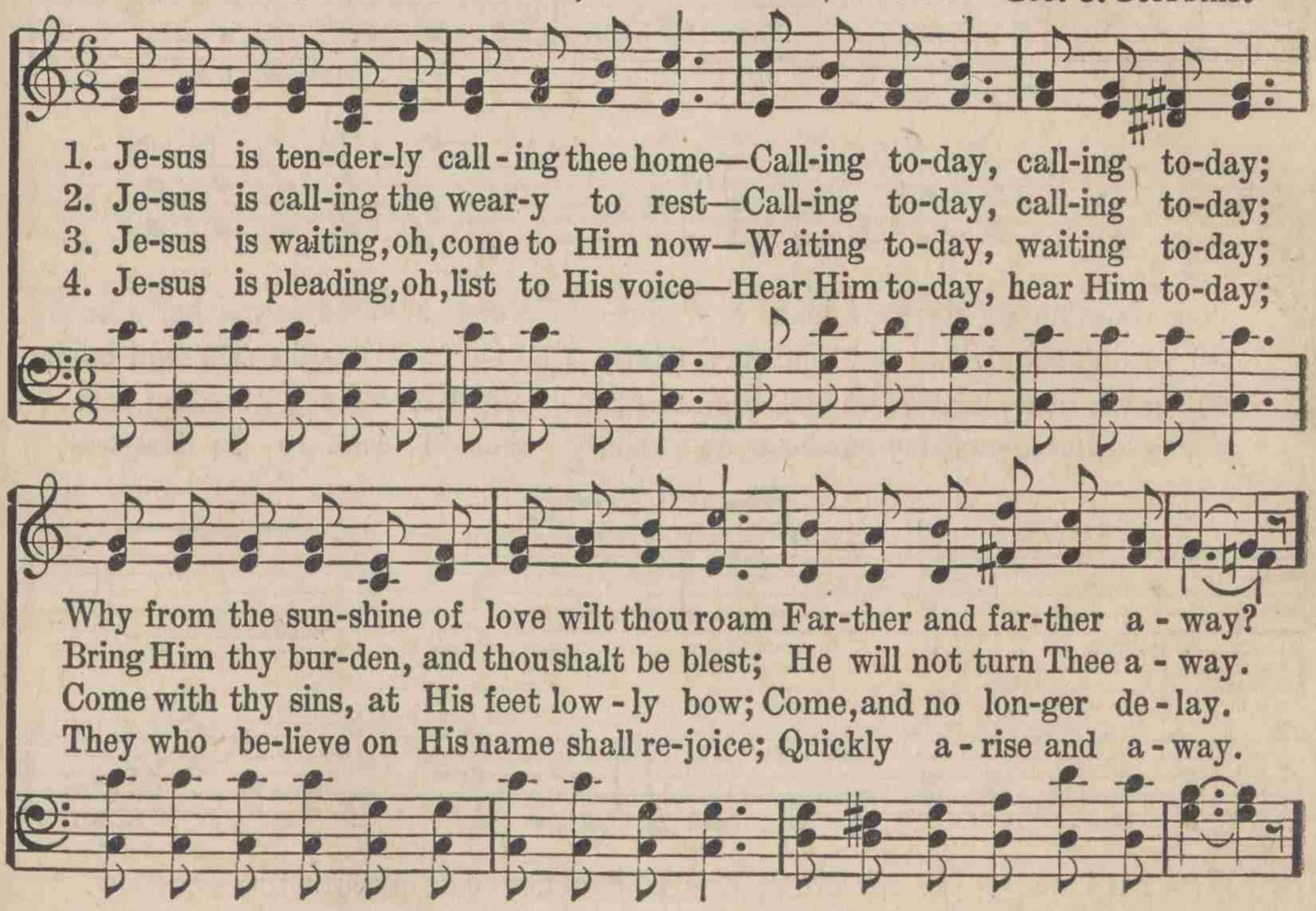
CHORUS.

Since Je-sus came in-to my heart! Since Je-sus came in-to my heart, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart, Floods of
Since Je-sus came in, came in-to my heart, Since Je-sus came in, came in-to my heart,

Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

No. 115. Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS, RENEWAL. **Geo. C. Stebbins.**



CHORUS.

No. 116. My Mother's Bible.

M. B. Williams. COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. Charlie D. Tillman.

DUET.

1. There's a dear and precious Book, Tho' it's worn and fad-ed now, Which re-
2. As she read the sto-ries o'er, Of those might-y men of old, Of
3. Then she read of Je-sus' love, As He blest the chil-dren dear, How He
4. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem-'ry lin-gers still, And the

calls those happy days of long a-go; When I stood at mother's knee,
Jo-seph and of Dan-iel and their trials; Of lit-tle Da-vid bold,
suf-ferod, bled and died up-on the tree; Of His heav-y load of care,—
dear old Book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will,

With her hand up-on my brow, And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.
Who be-came a king at last; Of Sa-tan with his man-y wicked wiles.
Then she dried my flowing tears With her kiss-es as she said it was for me.
As my mother taught me then, And ev-er in my heart His words a-bide.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed Book, pre-cious Book, On thy dear old tear-stained

Blessed Book, precious Book,

My Mother's Bible.

leaves I love to look;(love to look;)Thou art sweeter day by day, As I

walk the nar-row way That leads at last to that bright home a - bove.

No. 117. Come, Great Deliverer, Come.

Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. DOANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. H. Doane.

1. O hear my cry, be gracious now to me,
2. I have no place, no shel-ter from the night,
3. My path is lone and wear-y are my feet,
4. Thou wilt not spurn con-tri-tion's bro-ken sigh,

Come, Great De-liv-'rer, come;

My soul bowed down is longing now for Thee,
One look from Thee would give me life and light,
Mine eyes look up Thy lov-ing smile to meet,
Re-gard my prayer and hear my hum-ble cry,

Come, Great De-liv-'rer, come.

D.S.–*O take me now, and bring me to Thy fold, Come, Great De-liv-'rer, come.*

CHORUS.

I've wandered far away o'er mountains cold, I've wandered far away from home;

No. 118. Winning Souls.

M. J. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN.

M. J. Babbitt.

1. Christ com - mands ev - 'ry one souls to win each day;....
2. As we're win-ning lost souls for our Lord and King,...
3. As the days come and go, as we work for Him, ...

Let us do His will, since He leads the way;....
He'll not let us fall if we trust in Him;....
He will, some sweet day, bid us en - ter in;.....

If we fol - low our Lord in His serv - ice sweet,.....
Tho' the way may seem long, yet in Him we'll hide,.....
With His hand guid - ing us all the way a - long,.....

We shall our crown re - ceive at His bless - ed feet.
Trust - ing our bless - ed Lord, Who is our Friend and Guide.
We shall con - tent - ed be, serv - ing Him all day long.

CHORUS.

Win - ning, win-ning lost souls for our Lord and King, Trust - ing

Winning Souls.

Je - sus who'll help us to bring them in; Win - ning, win-ning lost
souls from the depths of sin, Win-ning, win-ning souls for our Lord and King.

No. 119. Why Do You Wait?

COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

G. F. R. Geo. F. Root.

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

Your Sav-ior is waiting to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
Oh, why not accept His sal - va - tion, And throw off thy bur - den of sin?
Your Sav-ior is longing to bless you, There's danger and death in de - lay.

CHORUS.

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

No. 120. The Fight Is On.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trump - et sound is ring - ing out, The cry "To arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is
2. The fight is on, a - rouse, ye sol - diers brave and true! Je - ho - vah leads, and vic - t'ry will as - sure; Go, buck - le on the
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry; The bow of prom - ise spans the east-ern sky; His glo-rious name in

march-ing on to vic - to - ry, The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
ar - mor God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en-dure.
ev - 'ry land shall honored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

The fight is on, O Christian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-ray, With ar-mor

Harmony.

gleaming, and colors streaming, The right and wrong engage to-day! The fight is

The Fight Is On.

on, but be not wear - y; Be strong, and in His might hold fast; If God be

for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last!
Vic - t'ry, Vic - t'ry,

No. 121. Room At the Cross.

W. B. B. Wm. B. Blake.

1. Room at the cross for a trem - bling soul, Room at the cross for you;
2. Room at the cross for a break - ing heart, Room at the cross for you;
3. Room at the cross for earth's weary and worn, Room at the cross for you;

Where the sin - lad - en may be made whole, Room at the cross for you.
Choose, then, like Ma-ry, the bet - ter part; Room at the cross for you.
Come, then, O has-ten, ye souls who mourn, Room at the cross for you.

REFRAIN.

1 2

{ Room, room, room at the cross, Room at the cross for you;
{ Room, room, room at the cross, [*Omit . . . .*] Room at the cross for you.

No. 122. Faith is the Victory.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.
NEW YORK. USED BY PER.

Rev. John H. Yates. Ira D. Sankey.

1. En-camped a - long the hills of light, Ye Chris - tians sol - diers, rise,
2. His ban - ner o - ver us is love, Our sword the word of God;
3. On ev - 'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar - ray;
4. To him that o - ver-comes the foe, White rai-ment shall be giv'n;

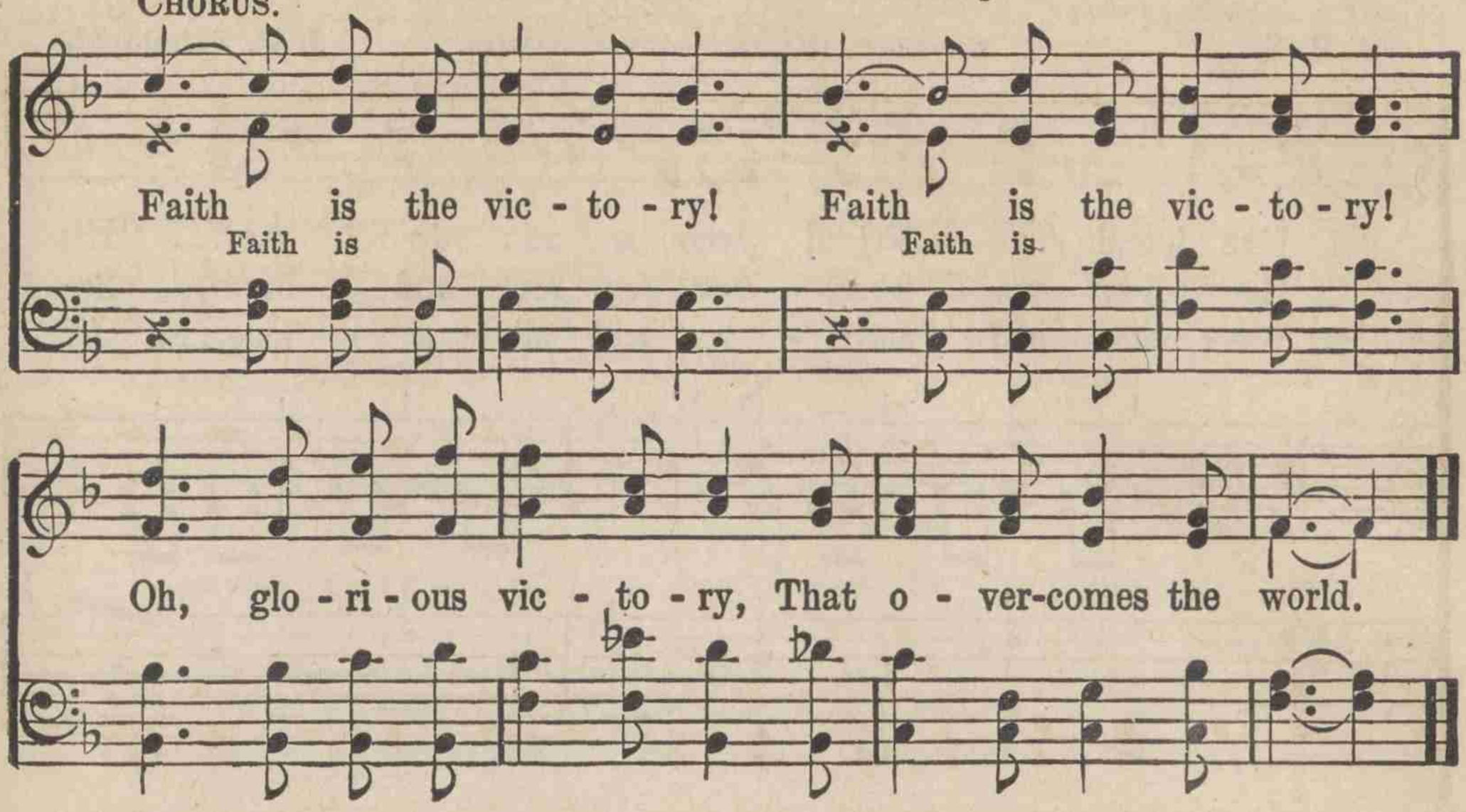
And press the bat - tle ere the night shall veil the glow - ing skies;
We tread the road the saints a - bove With shouts of tri - umph trod;
Let tents of ease be left be - hind, And on - ward to the fray;
Be - fore the an - gels he shall know His name con-fessed in Heav'n;

A - gainst the foe in vales be - low, Let all our strength be hurled;
By faith they, like a whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev - 'ry field;
Sal - va - tion's hel - met on each head, With truth all girt a - bout,
Then on - ward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a - flame;

Faith is the vic - to - ry, we know, That o - ver-comes the world.
The faith by which they conquered Death Is still our shin - ing shield.
The earth shall trem - ble 'neath our tread, And ech - o with our shout.
We'll van-quish all the hosts of night, In Je - sus' con - q'ring name.

Faith is the Victory.

CHORUS.



No. 123. Why Not Now?

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY C. C. CASE.
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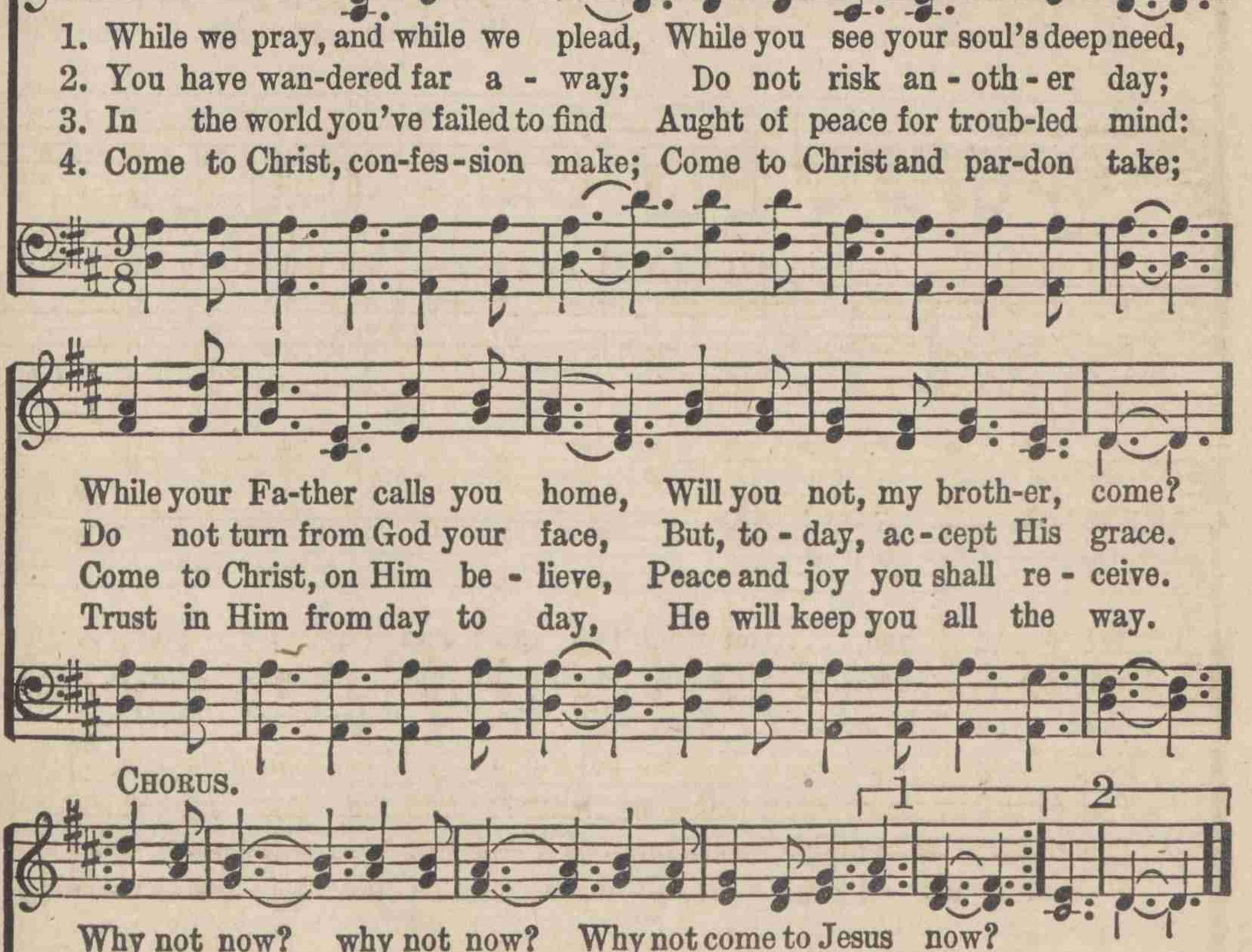
El Nathan. C. C. Case.



CHORUS.

No. 124. Saved! Saved!

J. P. S. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. J. P. Scholfield.

1. I've found a Friend who is all to me,... His
2. He saves me from ev - 'ry sin and harm,.. Se-
3. When poor and need - y, and all a - lone,... In

love is ev - er true;..... I love to tell.. how He
cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean - ing strong on His
love He said to me,..... "Come un - to Me... and I'll

lift - ed me, ...And what His grace can do for you....
might - y arm;.. I know He'll guide me all the way...
lead you home,.. To live with Me e - ter - nal - ly."...

Saved! Saved!

CHORUS.

Saved..... by His pow'r di-vine, Saved..... to new life sub-lime!
Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life.

cres. rit.

Life now is sweet and my Joy is com-plete, for I'm Saved, saved, saved!

No. 125. Come, Sinner, Come!

W. B. Witter. COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY H. R. PALMER. H. R. Palmer.

1. While Je - sus whisp - ers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav - y lad - en? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead-ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re -

pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your bur-den, Come, sin - ner come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you,
reive the blessing, Come, sin - ner come! While Je - sus whisp - ers to you,

Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin - ner come!
Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now re-deem you, Come, sin - ner come!
Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner come!

No. 126. Jesus Needs You To-day.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Je - sus, the ten-der Shep-herd, Needs you the lost to seek, Needs you to
2. Needs you to feed the hun - gry, From His a - bun-dant store; Bind up the
3. Needs you to tell the sto - ry, Old, and yet al-ways new; Some one will

lift the fall - en, Strengthen and help the weak. Some of His lambs are wand'ring
bro-ken-hearted; Vis - it the sick and poor: Needs you to scat-ter sun-shine,
fail to hear it, Un-less 't is told by you; Read-y for an - y serv-ice,

Out on the hills a - stray; To gath-er them in from the fields of sin,
All a-long life's rough way; Some hearts to make glad, that are lonely and sad,
Close by His side to stay; The sick-le to wield in life's har - vest-field,

CHORUS.

Je - sus needs you to - day. Je - - - sus needs you to - day,
Je - sus needs you, needs you to - day,

Je - - - sus needs you; . . Not some oth-er, but you, my broth-er, A-
Je - sus needs you, needs you to - day;

Jesus Needs You To-day.

rise, and a - way! Je - sus needs you, . . Je - sus needs
Je - sus needs you, needs you,

you; Not some other, but you, my brother, Yes, Je-sus needs you to-day.

No. 127. Jesus Satisfies Me.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

B. D. Ackley.

1. World-ly pleasures charm no more; Je-sus sat-is - fies me: Sin - ful days and
2. Day by day, He bends a - bove; Je-sus sat-is - fies me: Whisp'ring courage,
3. O - ver-flow-ing with His praise, Je-sus sat-is - fies me: At His side I'll

CHORUS.

nights are o'er; Je - sus sat - is - fies me. Je - sus sat - is - fies me, Al-ways
cheer and love; Je - sus sat - is - fies me.
spend my days; Je - sus sat - is - fies me.
Je - sus sat-is-fies me.

His I'll be; Naught shall ev - er sep - a-rate us Thro' e-ter - ni - ty.
I'll be;

No. 128. Sing Praise Unto the Prince of Peace.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX.

N. P. C. **Nellie Place Chandler.**

1. Sing praise, sing praise, Un - to the Prince of Peace,
2. Sing praise, sing praise, Un - to the Prince of Peace,
3. Sing praise, sing praise, Un - to the Prince of Peace,

Sing praise, sing praise, the Prince of Peace,

Sing praise, sing praise, Whose reign shall nev - er cease;
Sing praise, sing praise, For wars and strife must cease;
Sing praise, sing praise, His pow'r and might in - crease;

Sing praise, sing praise,

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

Let an - gel hosts a - dore Him, Let men and an - gels sing
He comes to bring sal - va - tion, He comes to reign in love,
And men must bow be - fore Him, Be con - quered by His love,

ALL.

Their praise in songs of tri - umph To Him who is their King.
His grace can make men broth - ers, Lead them to heav'n a - bove.
And right shall rule for - ev - er, In earth as heav'n a - bove.

CHORUS.

Praise Him ev - er, O praise Him, sons of men; Praise Him

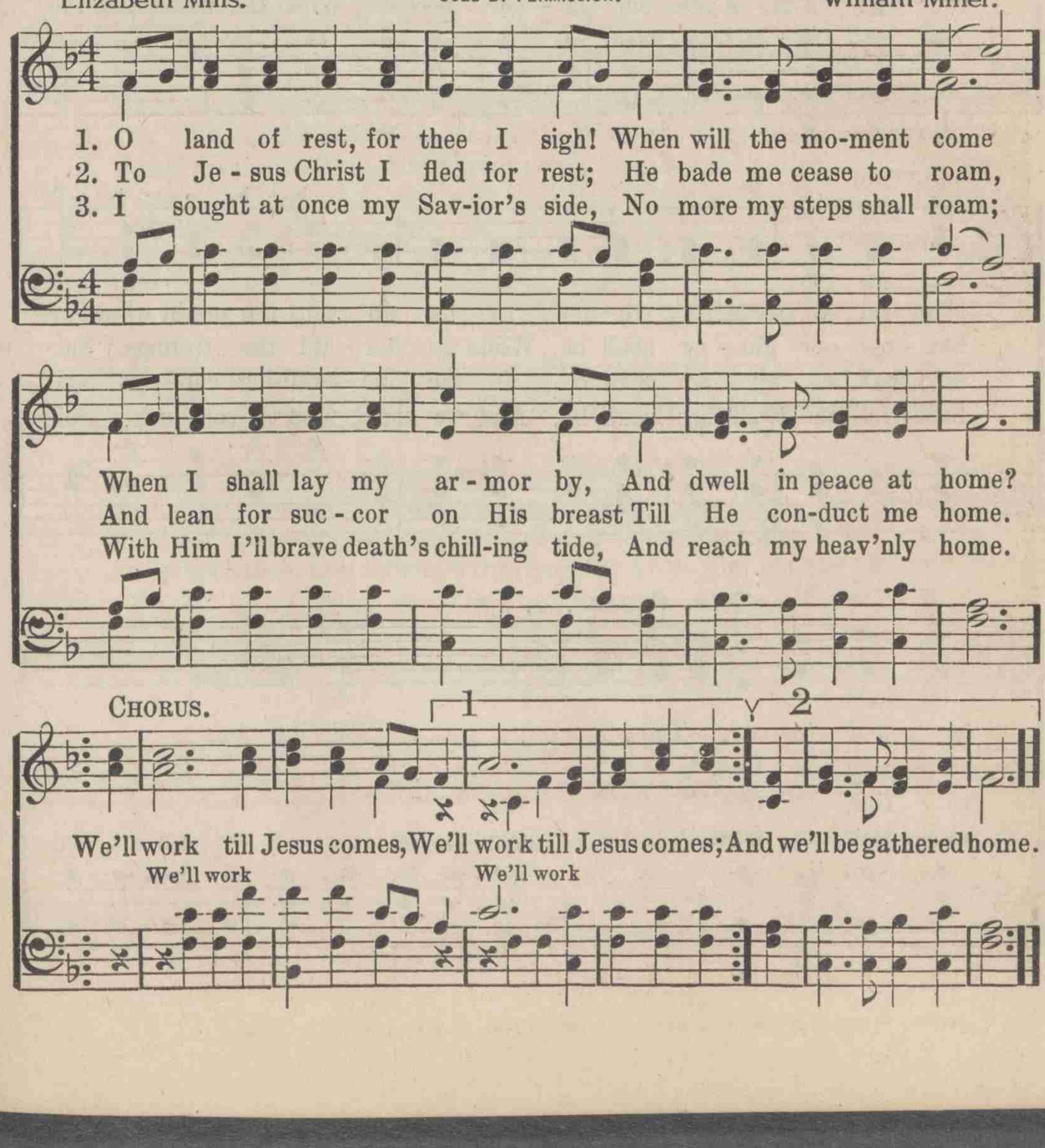
Praise, O praise Him now and ev - er, O praise Him, sons, ye sons of men, Praise, O praise Him now and

Praise Him, praise Him ev - er, O praise Him, sons of men; Praise Him

Sing Praise Unto the Prince of Peace.

No. 129. We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Mills. USED BY PERMISSION. William Miller.



No. 130. To the Work.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. **W. H. Doane.**

1. To the work! to the work! we are serv - ants of God, Let us fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the balm of His
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the foun - tain of life let the wear - y be led; In the cross and its
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all; For the king - dom of dark-ness and er - ror shall fall; And the name of Je-
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a robe and a crown shall our la - bor re-ward; When the home of the

coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us do with our might what our hands find to do. Toil-ing on, toil - ing on,
ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the ti-dings, "Sal- va - tion is free!"
ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be, In the loud - swell-ing cho - rus, "Sal- va - tion is free!"
faith - ful our dwell - ing shall be, And we shout with the ransomed, "Sal- va - tion is free!"

CHORUS.

Toil - ing on, toil - ing on,

To the Work.

Toil - ing on, toil - ing on; Let us hope,
Toil - ing on, toil - ing on; and trust,
let us watch, And la - bor till the Mas - ter comes.
and pray,

No. 131. Faith of Our Fathers!

Frederick W. Faber. H. F. Hemy, adpt.

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword:
2. Our fathers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
3. Faith of our fa - thers, God's great pow'r Shall soon all nations win for thee;
4. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,

O how our hearts beat high with joy, Whene'er we hear that glorious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them, could die for thee!
And thro' the truth that comes from God, Mankind shall then be tru - ly free.
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and virtuous life.

Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

No. 132. Lo! A Mighty Army.

H. G. Jackson.

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

Arr. by Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

For-ward, for-ward march, ye sol-diers,

With His ban - ner o'er you, Charge the foe be - fore you; Val - iant - ly

For - ward, for - ward march, ye sol - diers: For - ward march, ye

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

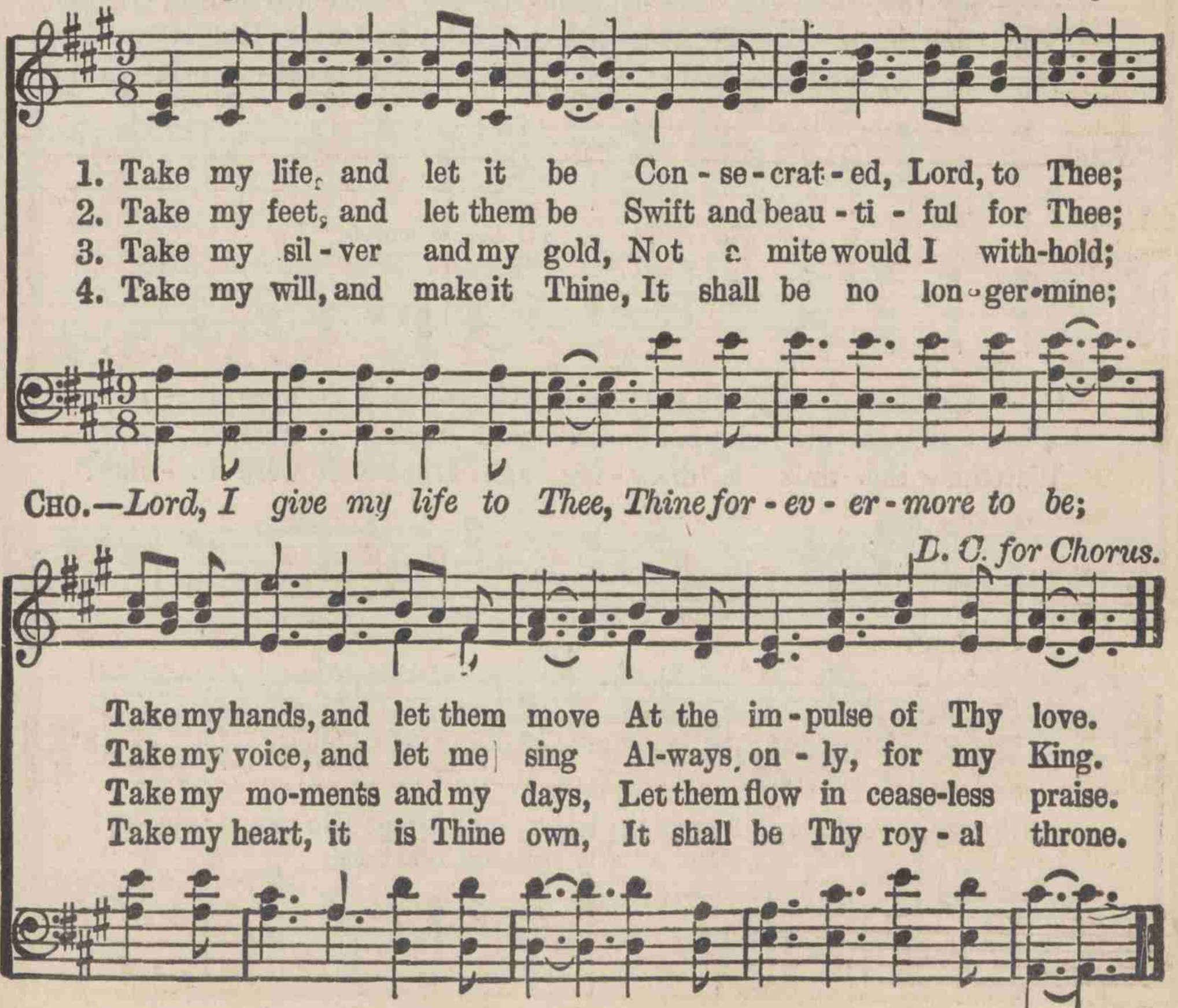
sol - diers, for - ward,

For-ward, for-ward

Lo! A Mighty Army.

No. 133. Take My Life, and Let it Be.

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



No. 134. What if it Were To-day?

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Je - sus is com-ing to earth a - gain, What if it were to - day?
2. Sa - tan's do-min - ion will then be o'er, O that it were to - day!
3. Faith-ful and true would He find us here If He should come to - day?

Com-ing in pow-er and love to reign, What if it were to - day?
Sor - row and sigh-ing shall be no more, O that it were to - day!
Watching in glad-ness and not in fear, If He should come to - day?

Com-ing to claim His cho - sen Bride, All the re-deemed and pu - ri - fied,
Then shall the dead in Christ a - rise, Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
Signs of His com - ing mul - ti - ply, Morn-ing light breaks in east-ern sky.

rit. *a tempo.*

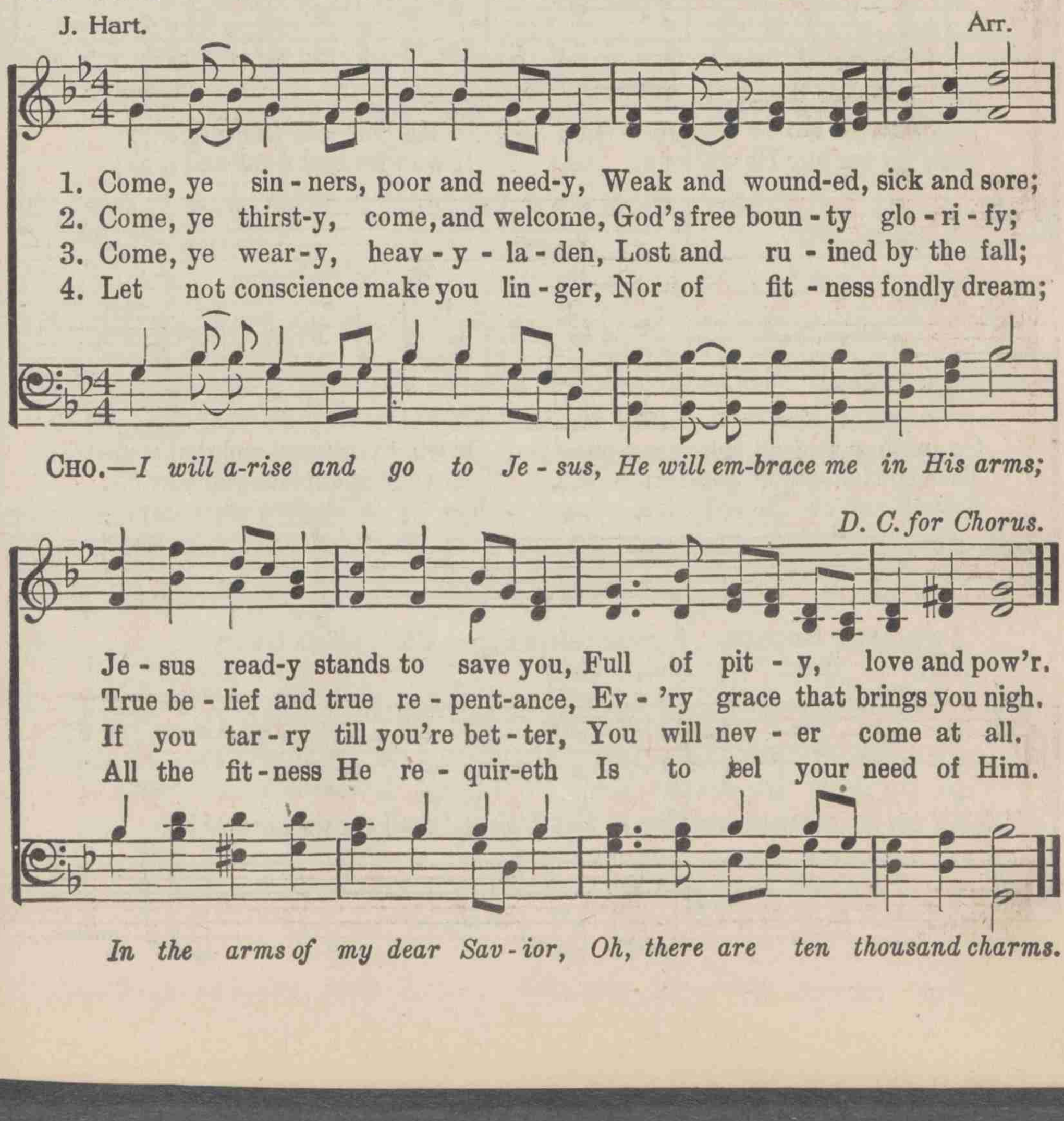
O - ver this whole earth scat-tered wide, What if it were to - day?
When shall these glo - ries meet our eyes? What if it were to - day?
Watch, for the time is draw - ing nigh, What if it were to - day?

CHORUS.

Glo - ry! glo - ry! Joy to my heart 'twill bring; Glo - ry, glo - ry!
Joy to my heart 'twill bring;

What if it Were To-day?

No. 135. I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.



No. 136. "Zeal" Our Watchword.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX.

S. W. B. Samuel W. Beazley.

Unison.

1. On to the work He has giv - en, On with a true, will-ing heart;
2. Zeal for the Master in - creas - ing, As you pur-sue the right way;
3. Zeal for His cause is re - ward - ed By the re-sults we at - tain

Read-y to help where you're need-ed, Ear-nest-ly do-ing your part.
Zeal in His good ways of serv - ice, Lis-t'ning for what He may say;
In the in-crease of His king - dom, Thro'-out His earthly do - main;

Boys.

All of one mind and u - nit - ed, Putting forth efforts that tell;
Yielding your ev-'ry e - mo - tion To His com-pas-sion-ate will;
Souls for our hire He will lend us, If we with zeal work and pray;

Girls.

Go with a zeal all con-sum - ing— Do what you may, and that well.
Thus to His wisdom con-form - ing, That your right place you may fill.
And aft-er all He will give us Glo - ry in Heaven some day.

TWO-PART CHORUS. *Female voices upper, Male voices lower.*

Zeal, zeal, zeal, zeal,

"Zeal" for the cause of our Mas - ter, "Zeal" shall our watchword be; . .

"Zeal" Our Watchword.

Zeal, zeal, zeal, zeal,

"Zeal" for the work He's assigned us, "Zeal" worthy others should see—

Zeal, zeal, zeal, zeal,

This is what Je-sus would have us Show in His work here be-low; . .

Then with a zeal nev-er dy - ing, On in His serv-ice we go. . . .

No 137. I Am Trusting Lord in Thee.

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

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with - in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time and earth - ly store;

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

I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,— "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y Thine to be, Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er - more.

Humb - ly at Thy cross I bow, Save me Je - sus, save me now.

No. 138. Praise the Lord.

I. E. R. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS. I. E. Reynolds.

1. Praise the Lord for all His goodness To His creatures here be - low: Oft - en we do seem so thankless For the love He doth be-stow. Praise the Lord for all His goodness, Giv-ing up Him-self to die; 'Tis so great, His lov-ing- all His goodness, For the home prepared a - bove, For the crown with all its kindness, He a - lone can jus - ti - fy.

2. Praise the Lord for all His goodness, For His pow'r to keep from sin; We shall ne'er for-get the sweetness Of the peace we have with-in. Praise the Lord for all His goodness, Praise the Lord for all His brightness, Giv - en those who trust His love.

rit.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord..... for all His goodness, Praise the Lord for all His good-ness, Praise the Lord..... for all His goodness, Praise the Lord for all His good-ness, Praise the Lord for all His goodness,

Praise the Lord.

Lord..... for all His goodness,

Praise the Lord for all His goodness, Praise His great and ho - ly name;
Praise His great, His great and ho - ly name;

Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,

Praise Him for His goodness, praise the Lord, Praise Him for His goodness, Praise the Lord,

Praise the Lord,

Praise Him for His goodness, praise the Lord, Praise His great and ho - ly name.

No. 139. Enough for Me.

E. A. H. USED BY PERMISSION Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. O love surpassing knowledge! O grace so full and free! I know that Jesus saves me,
2. O won-der-ful salvation! From sin He makes me free! I feel the sweet assurance,
3. O blood of Christ so precious, Poured out on Calvary! I feel its cleansing pow-er,

D. S.—*I know that Je-sus saves me,*

FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.

And that's enough for me! And that's enough for me, And that's enough for me!

And that's enough for me!

No. 140. We'll Crown Him King.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus our bless-ed Re - deem - er;
2. Praise Him! praise Him! With His own life-blood He bought us;
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Wor-ship the King in His beau - ty;

Hail Him! hail Him! Whom angels in glo - ry a - dore:
Hail Him! hail Him! 'Tis Je-sus the Lamb that was slain:
Hail Him! hail Him! A per-fect sal-va - tion He brings:

Com-ing to earth as a stran-ger, Cra-dled in Bethlehem's man - ger,
An - gels be-hold Him with won-der, Death's chains are broken a - sun - der;
Sing it for - ev - er, ye mor - tals, Opened are Heaven's bright por-tals;

Crown Him! crown Him! Our Sav-ior and King ev - er - more.
Crown Him! crown Him! He liv - eth, for - ev - er to reign.
Crown Him! crown Him! For He is the King of all kings.

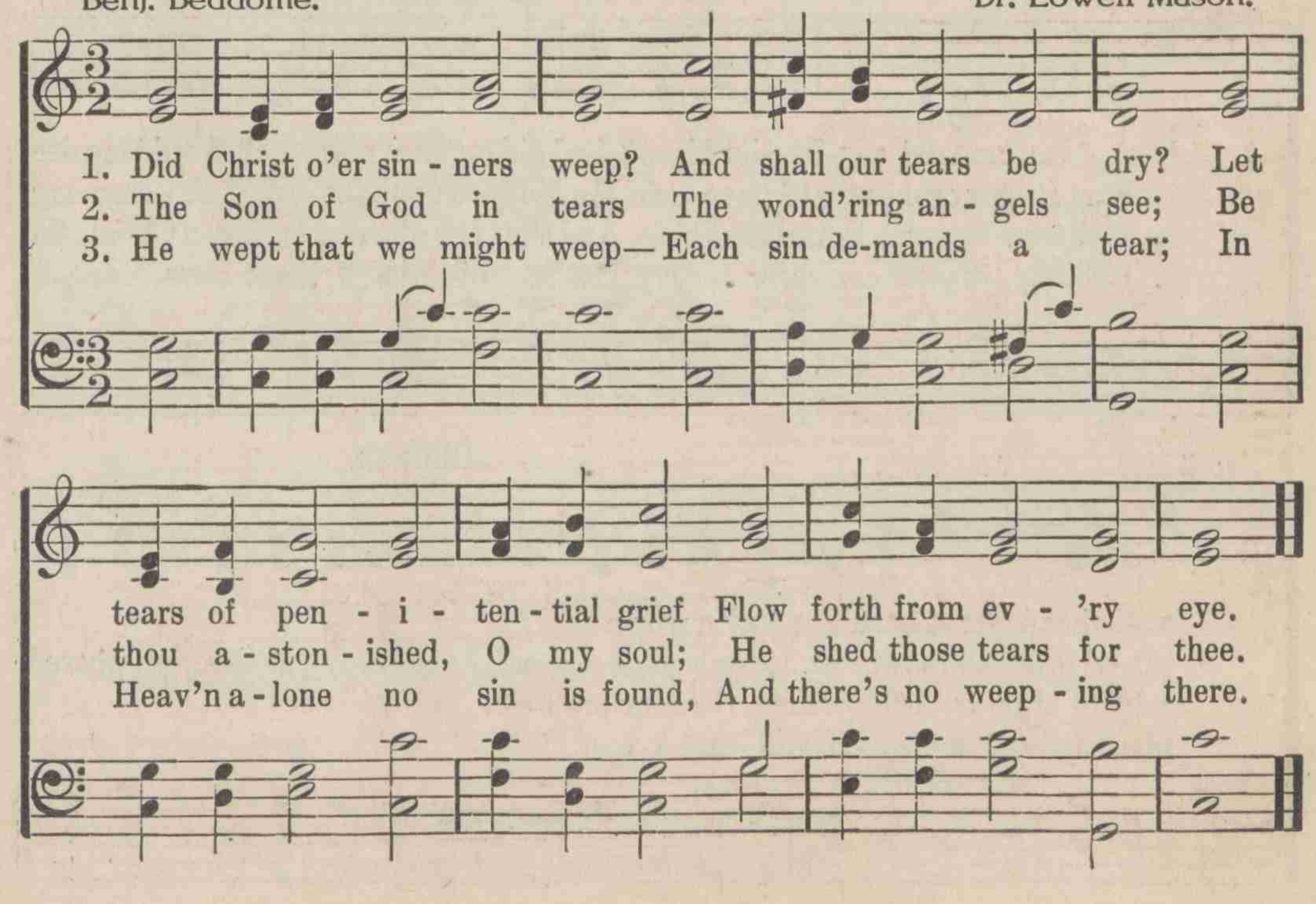
CHORUS.

Glo - ry to God..... in the highest, ex - ult-ing-ly sing;.....
Glo-ry to God! Glo - ry to God! Prais - es ex - ult-ing-ly sing;

We'll Crown Him King.

No. 141. Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

Benj. Beddome. Dr. Lowell Mason.



No. 142. Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly.

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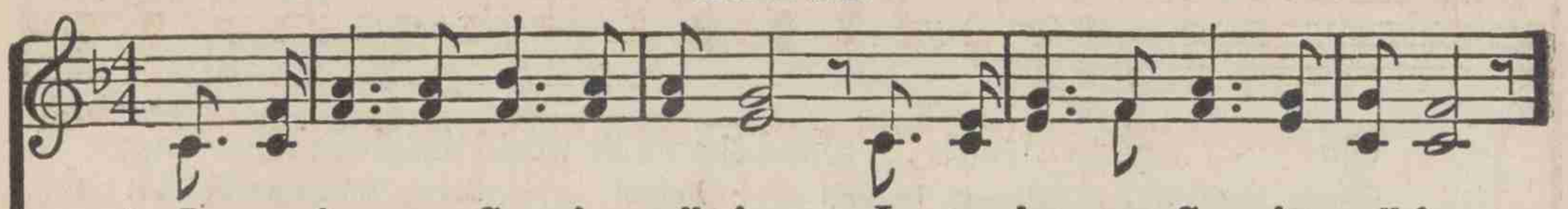
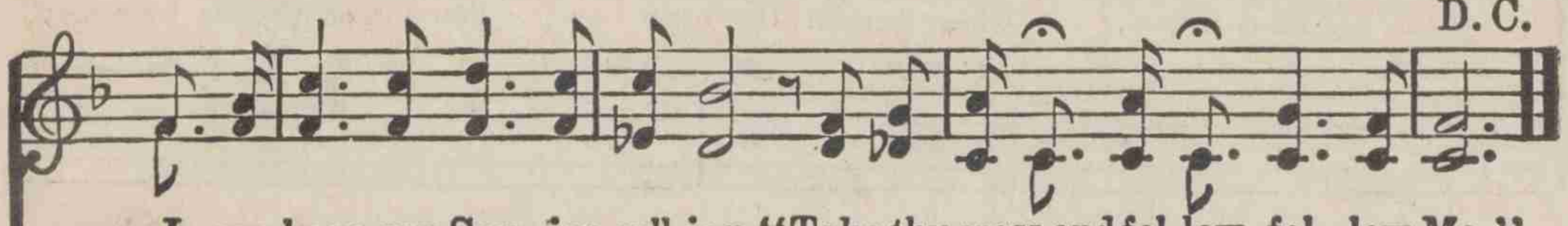
J. S. Norris.



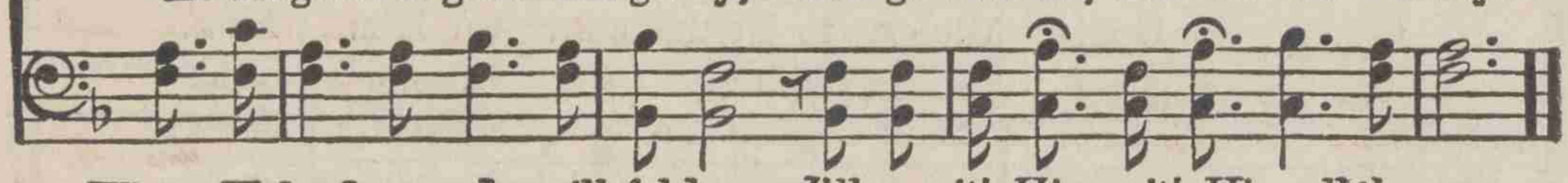
1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

D.C.—*Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,*

D. C.



I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol - low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.



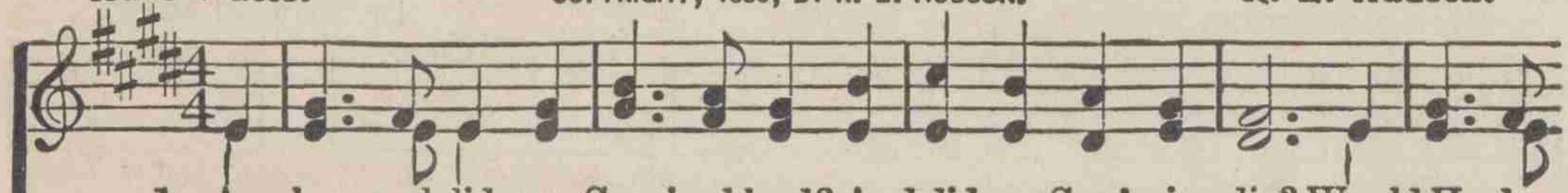
Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 143. At the Cross.

Isaac Watts.

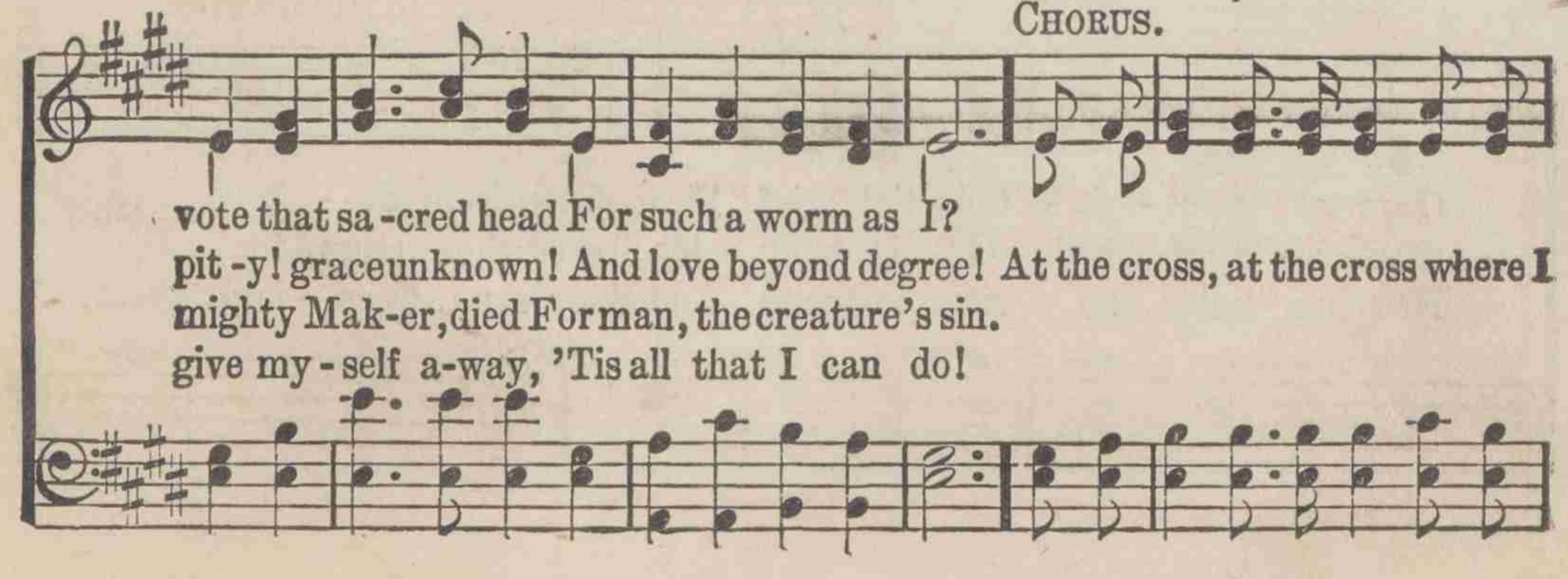
COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY R. E. HUDSON.

R. E. Hudson.



1. A - las, and did my Sav-ior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would He de-
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree? A - maz-ing
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut His glo-ries in, When Christ, the
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe: Here, Lord, I

CHORUS.

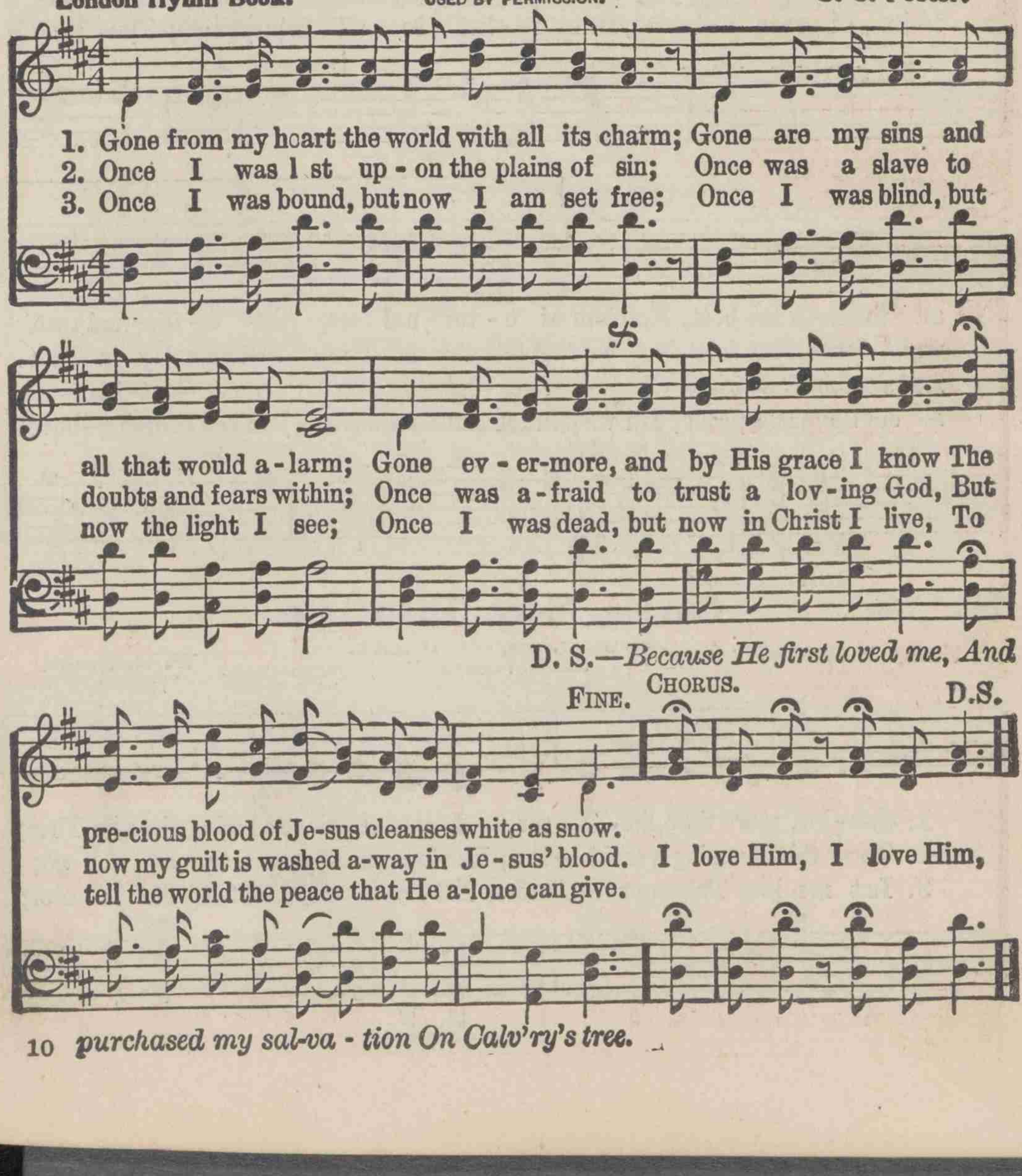


vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
pit-y! grace unknown! And love beyond degree! At the cross, at the cross where I
mighty Mak-er, died For man, the creature's sin.
give my - self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do!

At the Cross.

No. 144. I Love Him.

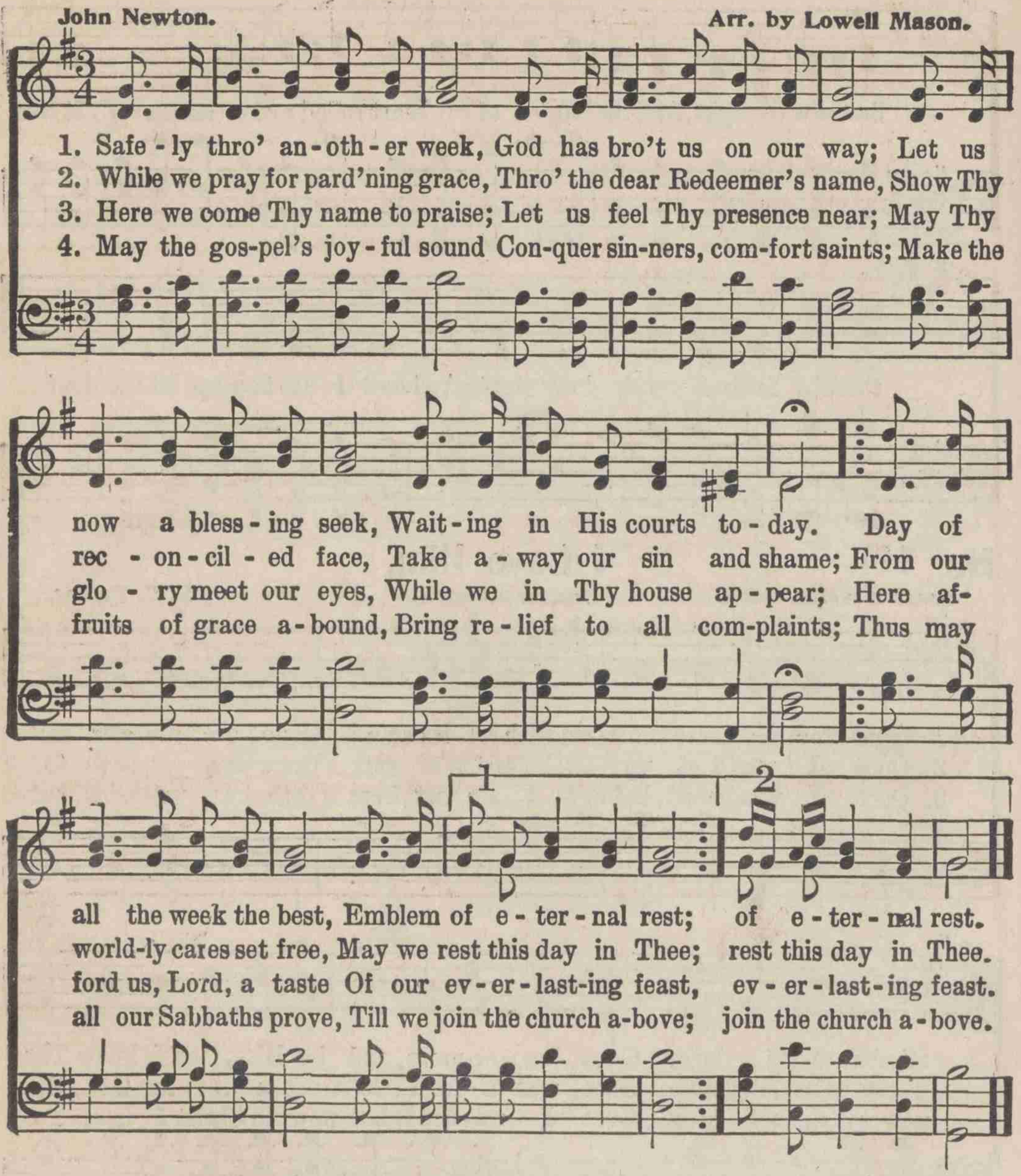
London Hymn Book. USED BY PERMISSION. S. C. Foster.



 purchased my sal-va - tion On Calv'ry's tree.

No. 145. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. Arr. by Lowell Mason.



No. 146 Savior, More Than Life.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE.
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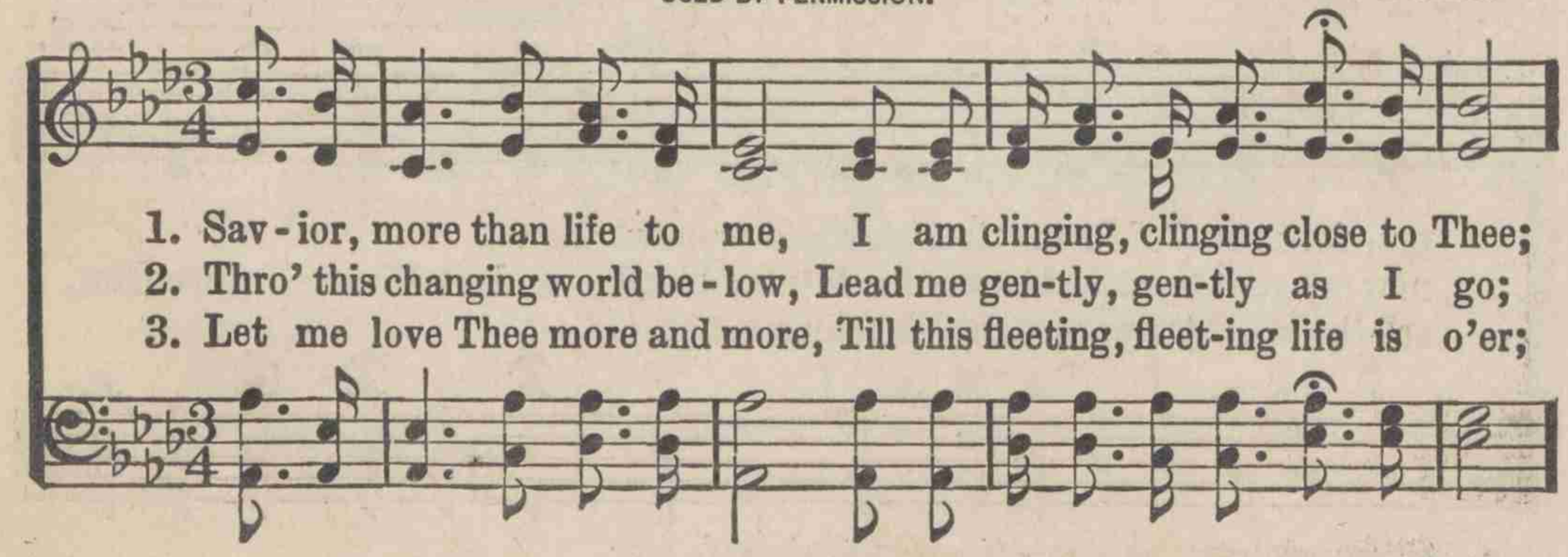
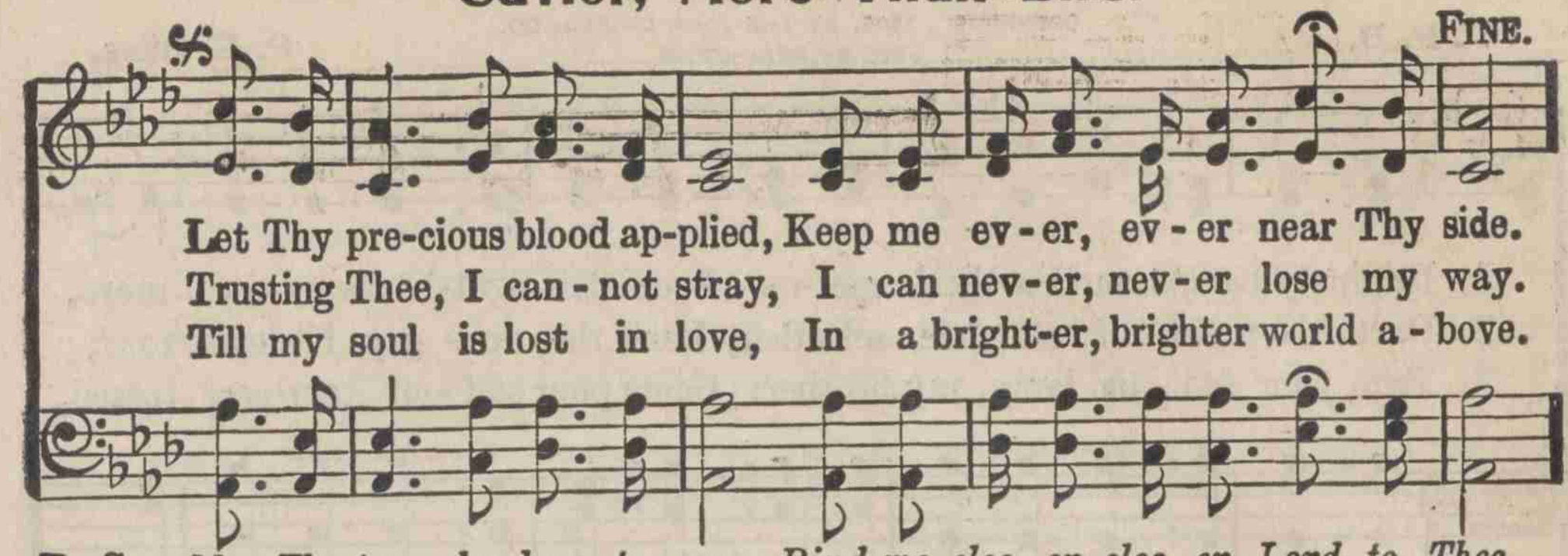
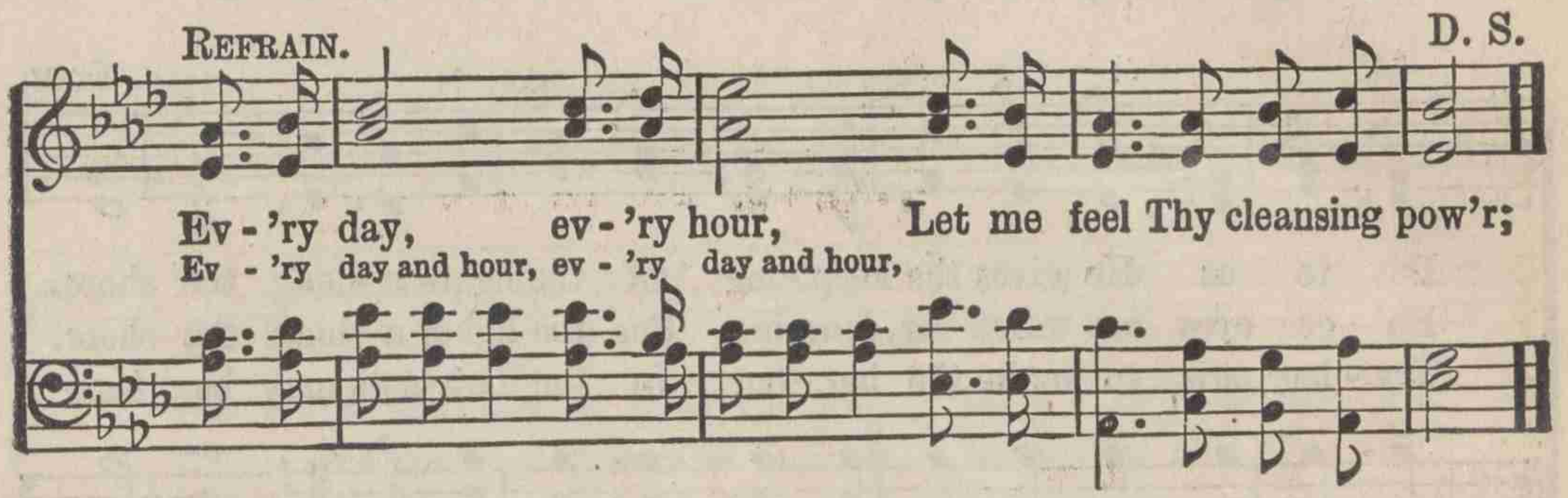
Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



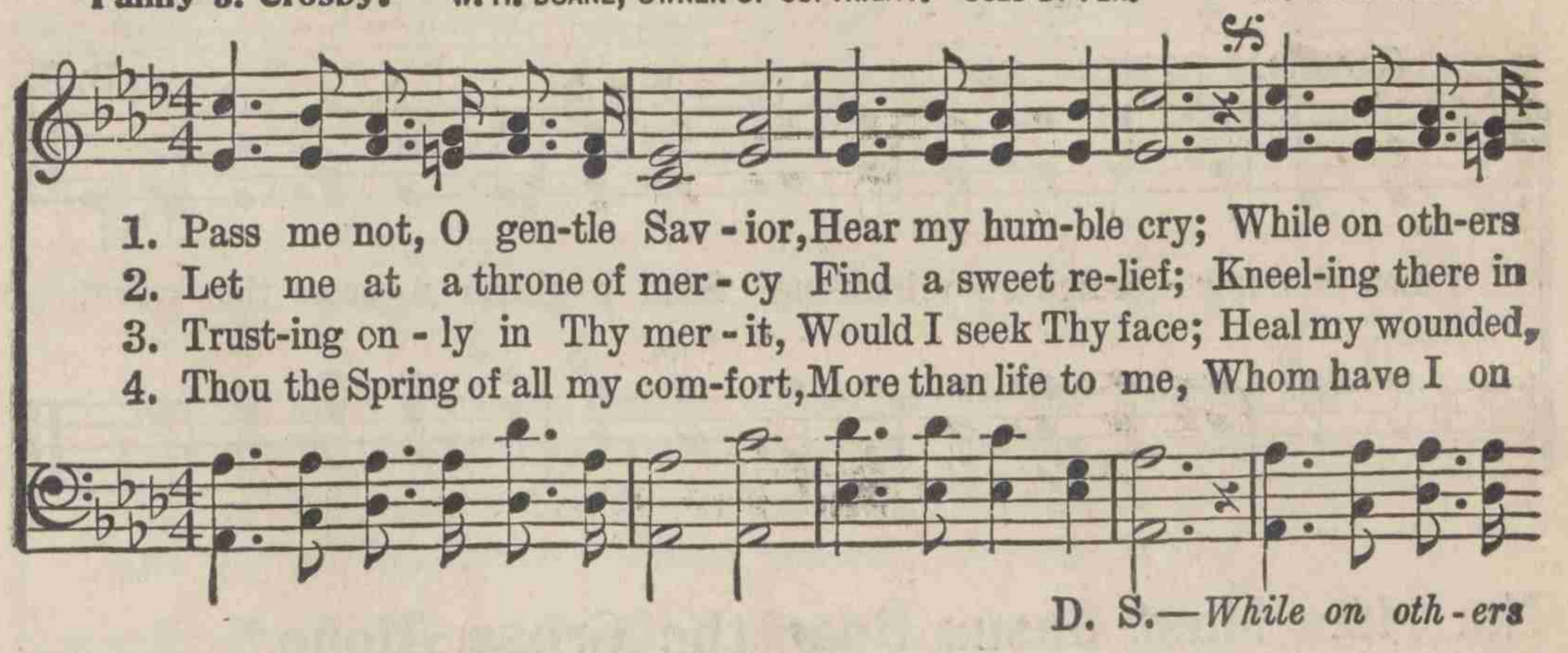
Savior, More Than Life.





No. 147. Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. DOANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. USED BY PER. W. H. Doane.



No. 148. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev - er more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my brother: Some poor sail - or tem-pest tossed,

But to us He gives the keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

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

CHORUS. D. S.

Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!

No. 149. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. Geo. N. Allen.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free,
3. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierc-ed feet,
4. O pre-cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!

Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

No. 150. Jesus is Passing By.

E. A. H.

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

Rev E A. Hoffman.

Children's Songs

No. 151. Dear Little Stranger.

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

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

1. Low in a man - ger—dear lit - tle Stran-ger, Je - sus, the won-der - ful
2. An - gels de-scend - ing, o - ver Him bend - ing, Chant-ed a ten-der and
3. Dear lit - tle Stran - ger, born in a man - ger, Mak-er and Monarch, and

Savior, was born; There was none to receive Him, none to believe Him, None but the si - lent refrain; Then a won-der - ful sto - ry told of His glo - ry, Un - to the Sav-ior of all; I will love Thee for-ev - er! grieve Thee? no, never! Thou didst for

CHORUS.

an-gels were watching that morn. shepherds on Bethlehem's plain. me make Thy bed in a stall.

{ Dear lit - tle Stranger, slept in a man-ger, But with the poor He slumbered se-cure, The

1. 2.

No down - y pil - low un - der His head; dear lit - tle Babe in His bed.

No. 152. Be a Little Sunbeam.

Rev. Thomas C. Harper.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. Owen Long.

1. Be a lit - tle sunbeam, Ra - di - ant and bright, Chasing all the darkness,
2. Be a lit - tle sunbeam, Warming with your glow, Hearts so cold and dreary,
3. Be a lit - tle sunbeam, Ra - di - ant and bright, Lift-ing drear-y shad-ows,

Flooding earth with light; Bright'ning ev'ry moment, Cheering hearts of woe,
In this world be - low. Car - ry hope and comfort, In your cheering ray,
Scat - ter - ing the night; In - to homes of sad-ness, En - ter with your cheer,

FINE. CHORUS.

D.S.—Be a lit - tle sunbeam, Ev'rywhere you go. Sun - beam, sun-beam,
Be a lit - tle sunbeam, Ev-'ry live-long day.
Be a lit - tle sunbeam, Shining all the year. Be a lit - tle sun - beam,

Ra - di - ant and bright, Sun - beam, sun-beam, Flooding earth with
So bright, Be a lit - tle sun - beam,

light; Sun - beam, sun - beam, Cheering hearts of woe,
with light; Be a lit - tle sun - beam, of woe,

D. S.

No. 153. Let the Sunshine In.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Ada Blenkhorn. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con-flict win? Is it dark with-
2. Does your faith grow faint-er in the cause you love? Are your prayers un-
3. Would you go re-joi-cing in the up-ward way, Know-ing naught of

out you—dark-er still with-in? Clear the dark-ened windows, o-pen
an-swered by your God a-bove? Clear the dark-ened windows, o-pen
dark-ness, dwell-ing in the day? Clear the dark-ened windows, o-pen

CHORUS.

wide the door, Let a lit-tle sun-shine in. Let a lit-tle sun-shine
the
in, ... Let a lit-tle sun-shine in; . . . . Clear the dark-ened
sun-shine in, the sun-shine in;

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

No. 154. I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 155. Jesus Bids Us Shine.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL,
IN RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell.

1. Je - sus bids us shine, With a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle
2. Je - sus bids us shine, First of all for Him; Well He sees and
3. Je - sus bids us shine, Then, for all a - round Man - y kinds of
4. Je - sus bids us shine, As we work for Him, Bring-ing those that

can - dle Burn - ing in the night; In this world of dark - ness
knows it If our light is dim; He looks down from Heav - en,
dark-ness In this world a - bound,—Sin and want and sor - row;
wan - der From the paths of sin; He will ev - er help us,

We must shine, You in your small cor-ner, And I in mine.
Sees us shine, You in your small cor-ner, And I in mine.
We must shine, You in your small cor-ner, And I in mine.
If we shine, You in your small cor-ner, And I in mine.

No. 156. His Holy Temple.

(To be sung before prayer.)

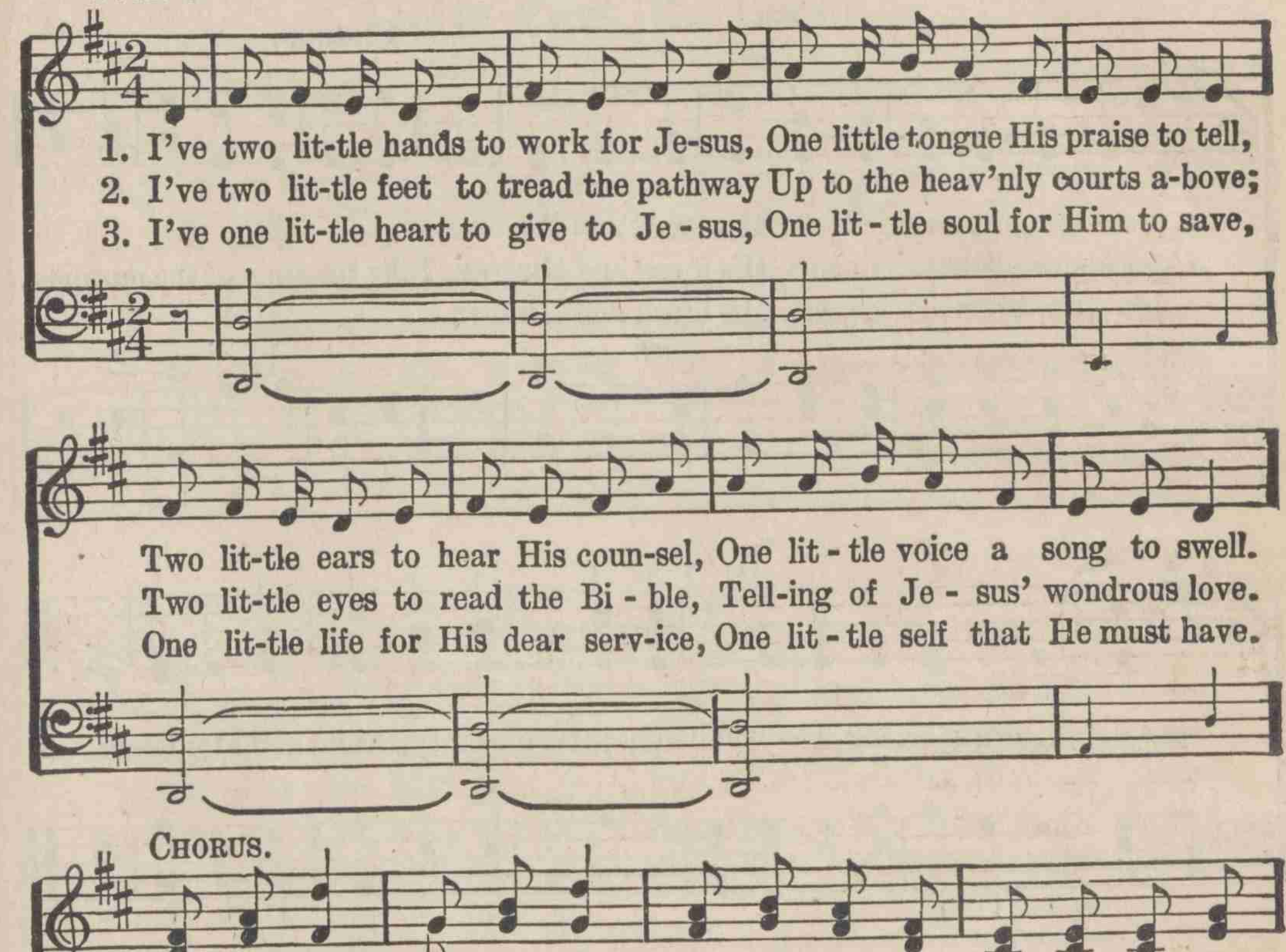
E. O. E.

The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple, Let all the

His Holy Temple.

No. 157. Two Little Hands.

W. A. O. BY PERMISSION OF DAVID C. COOK. W. A. Ogden.



No. 158. Jewels.

W. O. Cushing.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Geo. F. Root.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 159. Hear Our Prayer.

Anon.

John Adcock.

1. Hear us, heav'nly Fa-ther, Thou whose gentle care Tends the young and
2. Par - don our of - fen - ces; Guard us from all ill; Make us, like true
3. Let not sin be-guile us From Thy paths to stray; But with Thy great

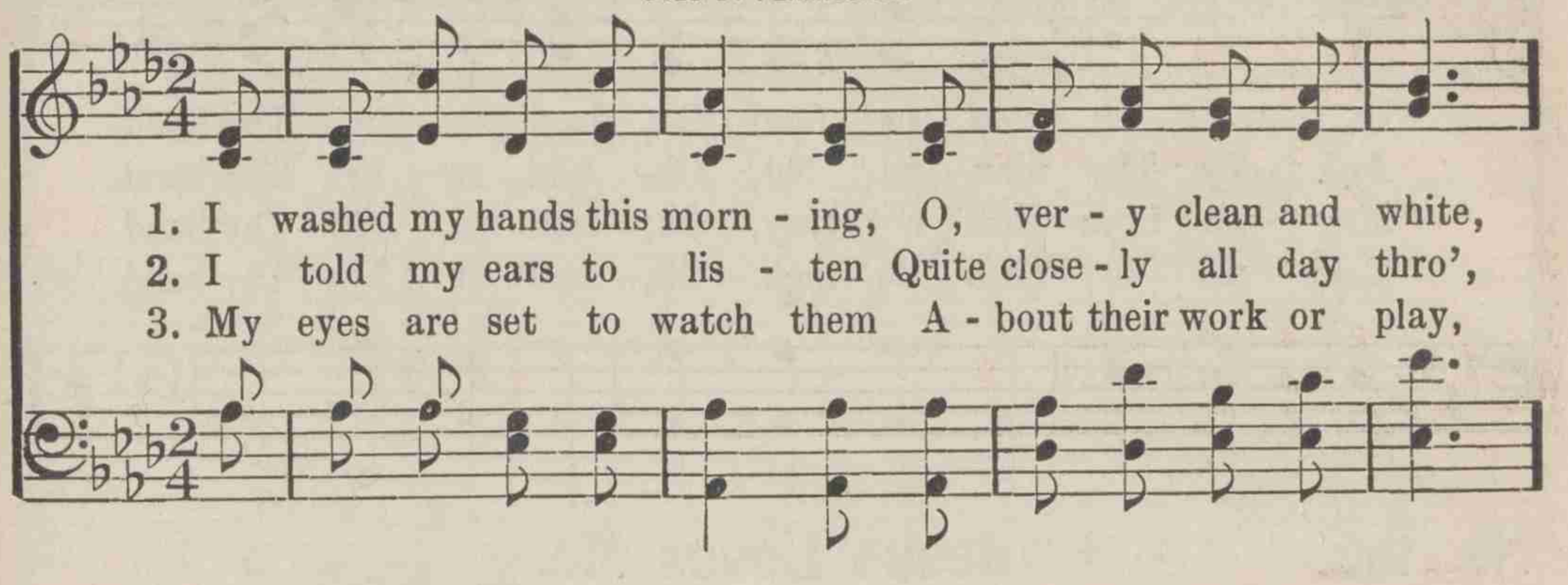
Hear Our Prayer.

No. 160. Little Feet, Be Careful.

Mrs. L. M. Bateman.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY FILLMORE BROS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

J. H. Rosecrans.



CHORUS.

No. 161. Lead Us By Thy Hand.

J. M. D.

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

J. M. Dungan.

1. Je - sus, Thy strength we need, Sow - ing Thy pre - cious seed;
2. May we this hour be led In right - eous paths to tread;
3. As this brief fleet - ing day Pass - es so swift a - way,
4. And when the hour draws nigh When death shall dim our eye,

In tho't, or word, or deed, Oh, lead us by Thy hand.
And, by Thy man - na fed, Oh, lead us by Thy hand.
May we from Thee not stray,—Oh, lead us by Thy hand.
Take us to Thee on high,—Oh, lead us by Thy hand.

No. 162. Jesus Loves Me.

Anna B. Warner.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so: Lit - tle
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died Heaven's gates to o - pen wide; He will
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill; From His
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be-side me all the way; If I

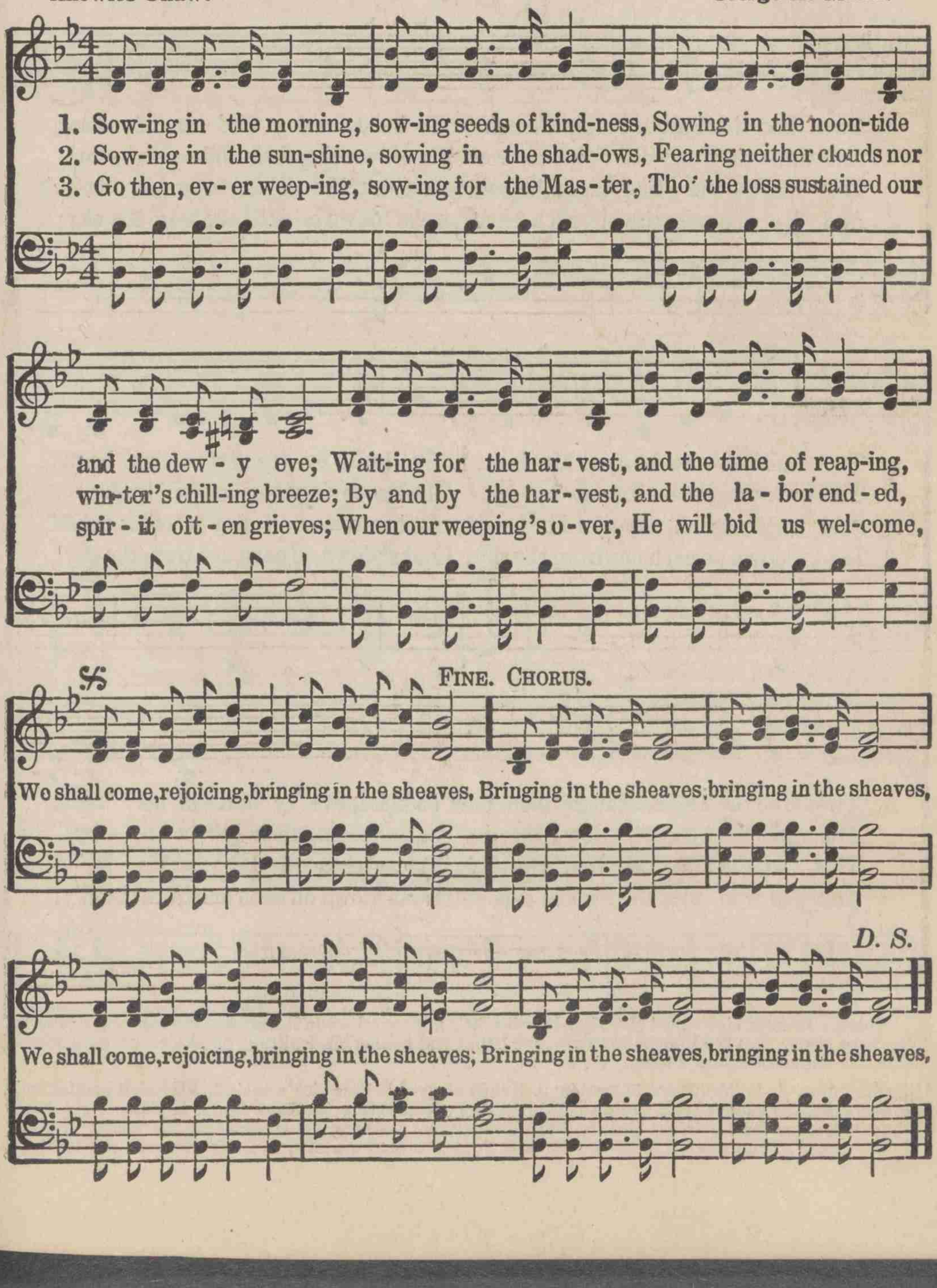
CHORUS.

ones to Him be-long; They are weak, but He is strong.
wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je-sus loves me,
shin-ing throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
love Him, when I die He will take me home on high.

Jesus Loves Me.

No. 163. Bringing In the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. **George A. Minor.**



No. 164. The Birds' Nest.

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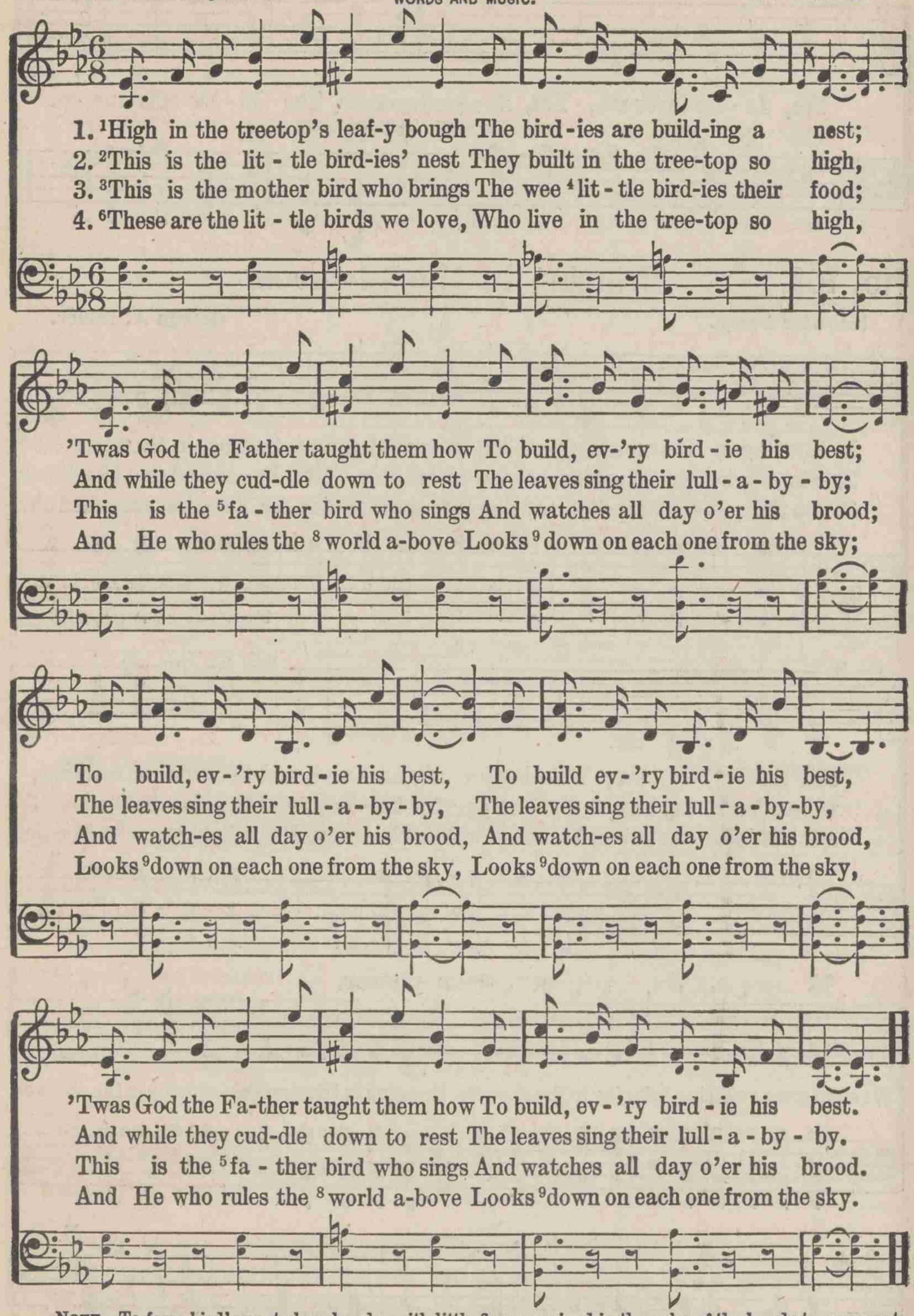
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. B. B. Selby, Arr. E. O. Excell.



NOTE—To form bird's nest clasp hands, with little fingers raised in the palm of the hands to represent the baby birds. Let the thumbs represent the father and mother bird sitting on the forefingers which form the edge of the bird's nest.

MOTIONS—1, Point upward to treetop; 2, Hands clasped to form bird's nest; 3, Raise left hand thumb to represent the mother bird; 4, Raise little fingers representing the baby birds; 5, Raise right hand thumb representing the father bird; 6, Raise little fingers and thumbs representing the family of birds in the nest; 7, Point upward to treetop; 8, Look upward toward the sky; 9, Look down on the birds in the nest.

Special Selections

No. 165. Happy Song-Land.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY E. O. EXCELL.

C. A. H. C. A. Havens.

Melody prominent.

No. 166. No Night There.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

John R. Clements. H. P. Danks.

Solo or Semi-Chorus.

1. In the land of fade-less day Lies the "cit - y four-square;"
2. All the gates of pearl are made In the "cit - y four-square;"
3. And the gates shall nev - er close To the "cit - y four-square;"
4. There they need no sun-shine bright, In the "cit - y four-square;"

It shall nev - er pass a - way, And there is "no night there."
All the streets with gold are laid, And there is "no night there."
There life's crys - tal riv - er flows, And there is "no night there."
For the Lamb is all the light, And there is "no night there."

CHORUS.

God shall "wipe a-way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
God shall "wipe a - way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;

f *dim.* *mf*

And they count not time by years, For there is "no night there."
And they count not time by years, by years, For there is "no night there."

No. 167. Saved by Grace.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., NEW YORK. USED BY PERMISSION.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day when fades the gold-en sun Beneath the ro - sy - tint - ed west,
4. Some day, till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,

But O, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal-ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in Heav'n for me.
My bless-ed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
That when my Sav - ior ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.

CHORUS.

And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the story—Saved by grace;

shall see to face,

And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto-ry—Saved by grace.

rit.

shall see to face,

No. 168. Able, Willing, Mighty.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY J. P. SCHOLFIELD.
ROBERT JOLLY, OWNER.

J. P. S. J. P. Scholfield.

1. Je-sus is a-ble to save from sin, Will you receive Him to - day?
2. Je-sus is willing to save your soul, Will you receive Him to - day?
3. Je-sus is mighty to hold you fast, Why not accept Him to - day?

A - ble to plant the new life with-in, Will you re-ceive Him to - day?
Willing to take you and make you whole, Je - sus is will-ing to - day.
Mighty to keep you un - to the last; Je - sus is might-y to save.

CHORUS. *Unison.* *Parts.* *Unison.*

A - ble, a - ble, Je-sus is a-ble to save; .... Will - ing, will-ing,
Je - sus is a-ble to save;

Parts. *Unison.* *Parts.*

Je-sus is will-ing to save; .... Might-y, might-y, Je - sus is mighty to
Je - sus is willing to save; Je - sus is

save; .... Might-y, He's might - y, Je-sus is mighty to save.
might-y to save; yes, Je-sus is mighty,

No. 169. Victory!

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. DeLoss Smith.

1. Hear the shouts that rend the air, Vic - to - ry! the cry; Banners wave and
2. Sol - diers true are pressing on, Vic - to - ry! they cry; Precious souls for
3. Na - tions love the light at last, Vic - to - ry! they cry; Un - be - lief is

trumpets blare, Vic - to - ry is nigh: Christians have not fought in vain,
Christ are won, Vic - to - ry is nigh: Sa-tan's ar-mies take to flight,
flee - ing fast, Vic - to - ry is nigh: Conquered souls are com-ing in

For from hill and vale and plain Comes the glad, triumphant strain, Vic - to - ry!
Chris - tian soldiers win the fight, They are shouting with delight, Vic - to - ry!
From the fields of doubt and sin; Soon the world the Lord will win, Vic - to - ry!

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Sing with joy the tri-umph-song To the hap - py, wait - ing throng;

rit.

Let it ring the whole day long, Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry! vic - to - ry!

No. 170. Homeward.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
USED BY PERMISSION OF HENRY DATE, OWNER.

Ada Powell. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Homeward I go re - joic - ing! O love - ly prom-ised land!
2. Homeward to meet the Sav - iour On that e - ter - nal shore;
3. Homeward I go be - liev - ing That there shall be no night

Far in the dis - tance gleam - ing I see thy shin - ing strand.
Won-der - ful land of Ca - naan, Where sor-rows come no more.
In that e - ter - nal cit - y, Where God him - self is light.

CHORUS.

Homeward! to join the ransom'd, Beyond the bor-ders of the crys-tal sea;
Home-ward bound to join the ran-som'd ones, We're

Home-ward! to joys e - ter - nal, And O how sweet the rest will be!
Home-ward bound to joys, e - ter - nal joys,

No. 171. My Father Holds My Hand.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. ELMER BAILEY. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

SOLO.

1. My Fa - ther holds my hand, My Lord who loves me so;
2. Se - cure in Him I trust My all from day to day;
3. His love can nev - er fail; His mer - cy knows no end;
4. He knows the way I take; My life by Him was planned;

His grace en - a - bles me to stand; He will not let me go. . .
'Mid good or seem-ing ill I rest, Be - cause He knows the way. . .
Tho' tempt-ed oft, I shall pre-vail; He will my soul de - fend. . .
Tho' friends may fail and earth-ties break, He still will hold my hand. . .

CHORUS.

My Fa-ther holds my hand; . . No fear my heart shall know; . .
My Heav'n - ly Fa - ther holds my hand; shall know;

He'll bring me safe to Glo - ry - land, He will not let me go. . .

No. 172. Is It Not Wonderful?

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

S. L. Scott Lawrence.

1. I heard a voice saying, "Come unto Me," Is it not won-der - ful? . .
2. When I am tempted, to Je-sus I go; Is it not won-der - ful? . .
3. I have not found such a friend an-y-where; Is it not won-der - ful? . .

"I have redeemed thee, from sin set you free;" Is it not won-der - ful? . .
Strength He doth give me to conquer each foe; Is it not won-der - ful? . .
He nev-er leaves me lest I should despair; Is it not won-der - ful? . .

CHORUS.

Is it not won-der - ful? . . Is it not won - der - ful? . . His

dy-ing for me, From my sins set me free, Is it not won-der - ful?

No. 173. Better Than I Know.

Ina Duley Ogdon.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

B. D. Ackley.

1. Christ found me lost in sor-row's night, Up - on my soul a crim-son blight;
2. He drew me to His lov - ing heart, And bade me nev - er-more de - part;
3. When I, in weak-ness, al - most fail, Still does His love for me pre - vail,

My stain of sin He made as snow,—He loves me bet - ter than I know.
No love like His, a - bove, be - low,—He loves me bet - ter than I know.
Still does He grace and mer - cy show; He loves me bet - ter than I know.

CHORUS.

He loves me bet - ter than I know; Wher-e'er I stray His love will go—

There is no oth - er loves me so, He loves me bet - ter than I know.

No. 174. He Thought of Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Lizzie DeArmond. B. D. Ackley.

✷ DUET.

1. O love di-vine! He tho't of me When on the cross of Cal-va-ry:
2. He tho't of me 'mid pain and scorn, When pierced His brow with crown of thorn;
3. He tho't of me, the Son of God When thro' the vale of death He trod;

The sin that bowed His head so low, Should make my tears for-ev-er flow.
Up-on His sin-less soul was laid The ransom price, so free-ly paid.
Tho' reigning now in Heav'n is He, I know my Sav-ior thinks of me.

CHORUS.

O love di-vine! how can it be He tho't of you, He tho't of me?

Up-on the cross of Cal-va-ry My bless-ed Sav-ior tho't of me!

*Play the upper grace notes with the large notes on the G Clef and the grace notes on the F Clef for Accompaniment, if used as a Soprano Solo or as a Soprano and Alto Duet.

Play the lower grace notes with the large notes on the G Clef and the grace notes on the F Clef for Accompaniment, if used as a Tenor Solo or as a Tenor and Alto Duet.

No. 175. He Loves Even Me.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

S. L. Scott Lawrence.

1. When I think of my Sav-ior's great love, In com-ing from Heav-en a-
2. When I think of the thorns on His brow, Seems as if I can see Je-sus
3. When I think how He saves me from sin, Though oft-en un-grate-ful I've

bove, To die on the tree For a sin-ner like me, I am sure that He
now, As He suf-fered for me, That my soul might be free: I am sure that He
been, My vow I re-new, "To be faith-ful and true;" I am sure that He

CHORUS.

loves e-ven me. I am sure that He loves e-ven me, . . .

I am sure that He loves e-ven me; . . . . And His love is so

sweet, Makes my joy so complete When I think how He loves e-ven me. . . .

No. 176. Jesus Will!

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Ina Duley Ogdon. **B. D. Ackley.**

DUET.

1. Who will o - pen mer-cy's door? Je-sus will! Je-sus will!
2. Who can take a - way my sin? Je-sus will! Je-sus will!
3. Who can conquer doubts and fears? Je-sus will! Je-sus will!
4. Who will be my dear-est Friend? Je-sus will! Je-sus will!

As for par-don I im-plore? Je-sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Make me pure, with-out, with-in? Je-sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Share my joys and dry my tears? Je-sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Love and keep me to the end? Je-sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!

CHORUS.

Je - sus will, Je - sus will! Yes, your lov-ing Sav-ior will;
sure - ly will;

He will each and ev - 'ry need ful - fill, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!

No. 177. I Am Happy in Him.

E. O. E.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so precious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wand'ring afar from the fold;
3. His love and His mer-cy surround me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down;

His voice it is music to hear it, His face it is heaven to see.
Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures untold.
His Spir - it, to guide and to comfort, Is with me wher-ev-er I go.
Till then I will ev-er be faith - ful, In gath - er-ing gems for His crown.

CHORUS.

I am hap-py in Him, . . I am hap-py in Him; . .
I . . . . am hap-py in Him, I . . . . am hap-py in Him;

My soul with de-light He fills day and night, For I am hap-py in Him.

No. 178. All Hail, Immanuel!

D, R. Van Sickle.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, We cast.....our crowns be-
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, The ran - - somed hosts sur-
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, Our ris - - en King and

fore Thee; Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - 'ry voice a-
round Thee; And earthly monarchs clamor forth Their Sov - 'reign, King to
Sav - ior! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om - nip - o - tent for-

dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior, King, The vi-brant chords of
crown Thee. While those redeemed in a - ges gone, As-semb-led round the
ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa-tan's pow'r is

heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might - y strain: All
great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song: All
burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name: All

hail! all hail! All hail, all hail, Im - man - u - el!

All hail! all hail!

All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.

Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,

Hail! . . . . . .

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!

Hail, Im - man - u - el!

Hail! . . . . . .

Glo-ry and hon-or and maj-es-ty,

Glo - - ry and maj-es-ty,

Wis-dom and pow-er be un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more!

Wis - - dom be un - to Thee,

Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,

Hail! . . . . . .

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!

Hail, Im - man - u - el!

Hail! . . . . . .

King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u-el!

No. 179. Draw Nigh, Immanuel.

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ROBT. H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

Charlotte G. Homer. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

f INTRO.

1. Draw nigh to us, O God of hosts, And fill us to the ut - ter-most
2. Draw nigh to us, O Might - y One! Our shel-ter be from sun to sun;
3. Draw nigh to us, Im-man - u - el, Thou Mighty God of Is - ra - el!

With zeal to work for Thee to - day, In Thine all - wise ap-point - ed way;
Our Al - pha and O - me - ga Thou Be-fore whom ev - 'ry knee shall bow;
Once more from Si-nai's flam-ing height Speak, that we may be led a-right;

Re - veal Thy will in us, and show Thy hand di - vine, that we may know
De - liv - er us from ev - 'ry sin; In us a might - y work be-gin;
Al - might - y, ev - er - last - ing King of kings, with contrite hearts we sing,

We are Thy children, Thou our Guide And hid-ing-place, what-e'er be-tide.
In - crease our faith, our strength renew, Fit us a might - y work to do.
The righteous maj - es - ty and love Of Him who built the heav'ns a-bove.

Draw Nigh, Immanuel.

CHORUS.

Draw nigh, draw nigh, Im - man - u - el, In

Draw nigh, draw nigh, Draw nigh Im - man - u - el,

Unison.

grandeur and in maj - es - ty re - veal Thyself to-day; Re - joice, re-

joice, O Is - ra - el, Thy God Omnipotent shall reign with

u - ni-ver-sal sway: In grandeur and in maj - es - ty re - veal Thyself to-

day; Thy God Om-nip - o - tent shall reign with u - ni - ver - sal sway.

No. 180. To the Harvest-Field.

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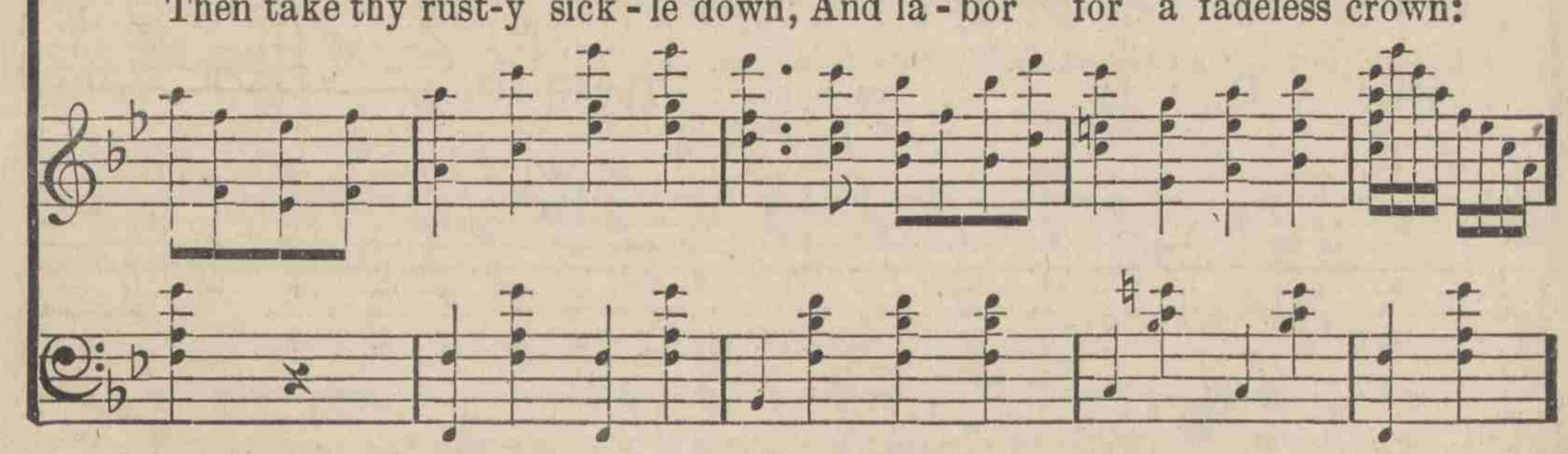
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN, OWNER.

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

Unison.

1. A band of faith-ful reap-ers we, Who gather for e - ter - ni - ty
2. We are a faith-ful gleaning band, And la-bor at our Lord's command,
3. The golden hours like moments fly, And harvest days are passing by;

The golden sheaves of ripened grain From ev-'ry val-ley, hill and plain:
Un-yield-ing, loy-al, tried and true, For lo! the reapers are but few:
Then take thy rust-y sick - le down, And la - bor for a fadeless crown:



Our song is one the reapers sing, In hon-or of the Lord and King–
Be - hold the waving har-vest-field Abundant with a gold-en yield;
Why will you i - dly stand and wait? Behold, the hour is grow-ing late!

To the Harvest-Field.

The Master of the harvest wide, Who for a world of sinners died.
And hear the Lord of harvest say To all, "Go reap for Me to-day."
Can you to judgment bring but leaves, While here are waiting golden sheaves?

CHORUS.

To the har-vest-field a-way, For the Master call-eth; There is work for

all to-day, Ere the darkness fall-eth. Swift-ly do the moments fly,

Harvest days are go-ing by, Go-ing, go-ing, go-ing, go-ing by.

No. 181. Evangelize the World.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX.

S. W. B. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Go forth, ye Chris - tian work-ers, With more de - ter-mined will,
2. Say not that you may wav - er, When Sa - tan's co - horts stand
3. Up - on you Chris - tian work-ers De - pends how soon the day

To spread a - broad the gos - pel, And God's in - tent ful - fill;
In sol - id phal - anx, read - y To take from us the land;
Will come when all shall know Him, "The True and Liv - ing Way;"

With cour - age still un-daunt - ed, Do more lost souls to win,
Be - lieve in Je - sus' pow - er To give the vic - to - ry,
Go out as His e - van - gels, Be - liev - ing in His word;

And "bring to pass the king - dom" With - in the hearts of men.
If you will do your du - ty, And stand more man - ful - ly.
In ev - 'ry place pro-claim it, Till all the world has heard.

CHORUS.

E - van - gel-ize the world! Let men be stirred; E - van - gel-ize the

E - van - gel - ize the world! Let hearts of men be stirred; E - van - gel-

Evangelize the World.

No. 182. Reapers Are Needed.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN, OWNER.

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

1. Standing in the mar-ket pla-ces all the sea-son thro', I - dly say - ing,
2. Ev - 'ry sheaf you gath-er will be-come a jew - el bright In the crown you
3. Morning hours are pass-ing and the eve-ning fol-lows fast; Soon the time of

"Lord, is there no work that I can do?" O how man-y loi - ter, while the
hope to wear in yon-der world of light; Seek the gems im-mor - tal that are
reap - ing will for - ev - er-more be past; Emp-ty-hand-ed to the Mas-ter

Mas - ter calls a - new, "Reapers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"
pre - cious in his sight! "Reapers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"
will you go at last? "Reapers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"

CHORUS.

Lift thine eyes and look up - on the fields that stand
Lift thine eyes and look up - on the fields that stand all read - y,
Lift thine eyes to fields that stand all
Ripe and read - y for the will - ing gleaner's hand,
Ripe and read - y for the will - ing gleaner's hand, O rouse ye,
Read - y for the glean - er's hand, O

Reapers Are Needed.

No. 183. O How I Love Him.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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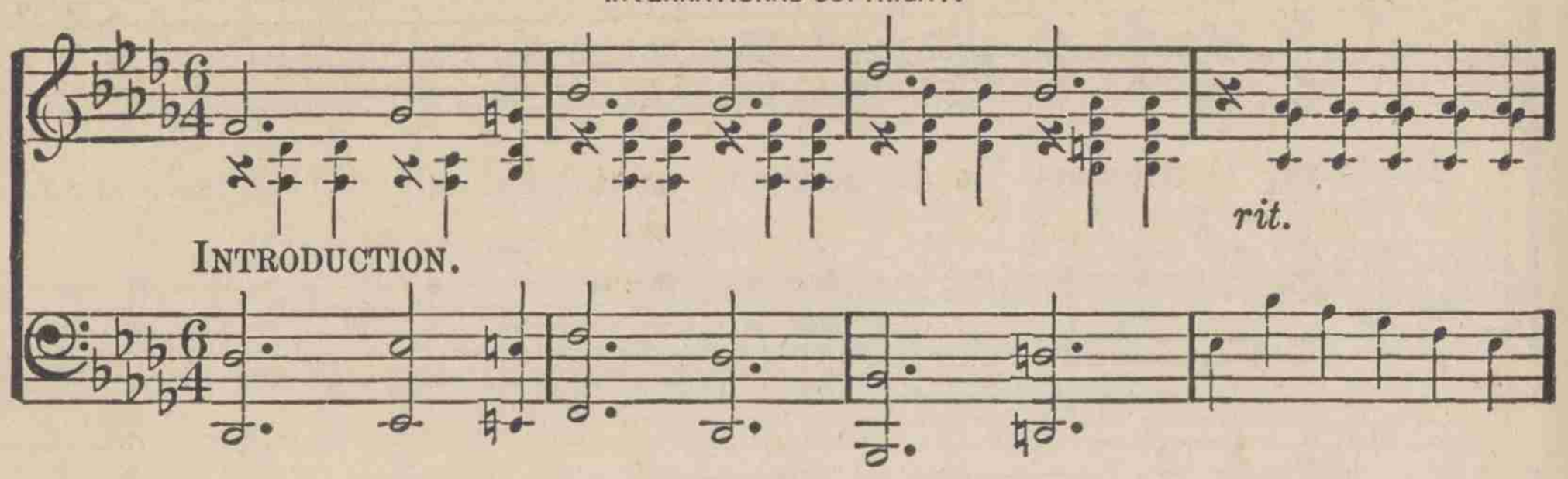
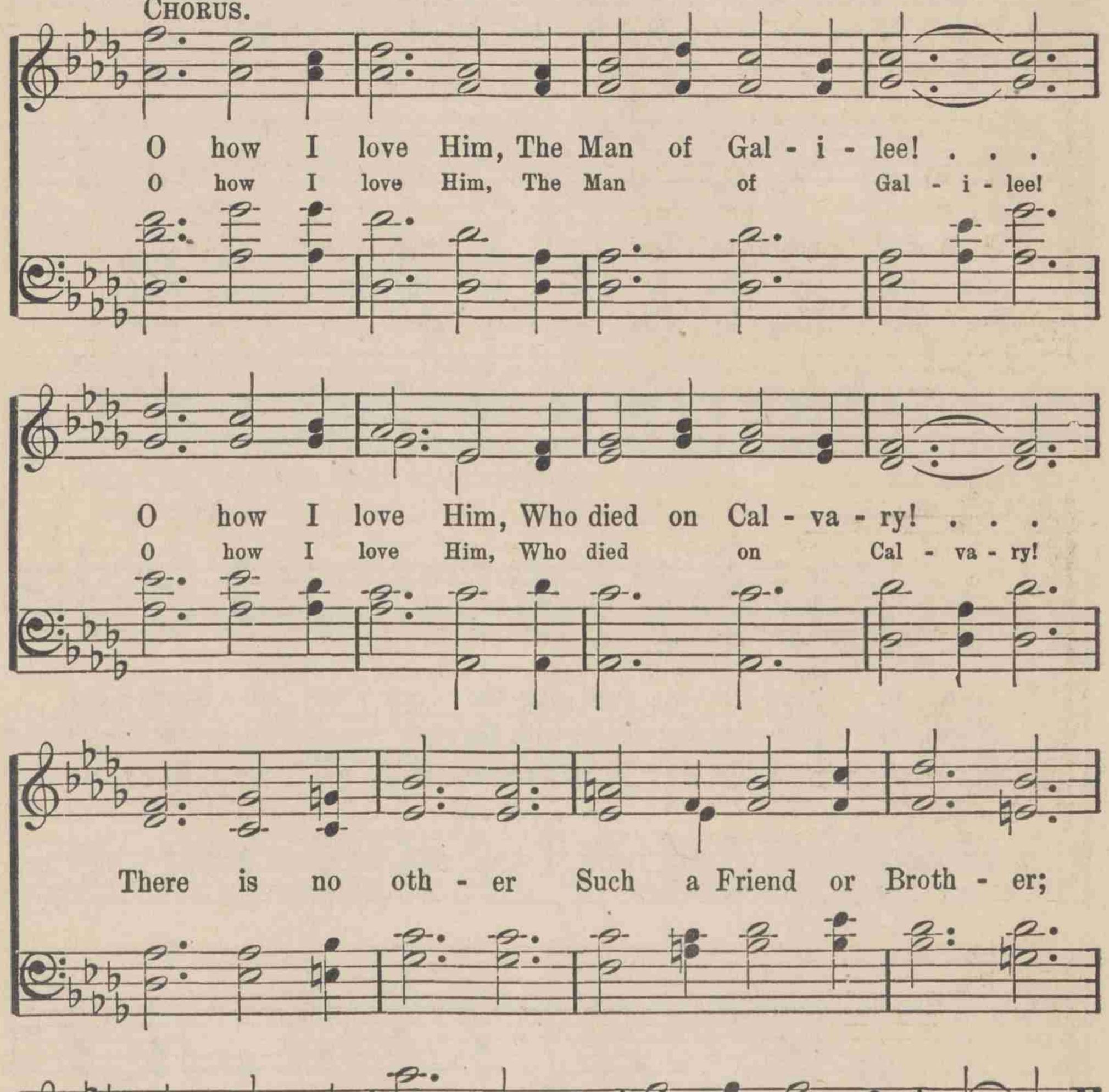
B. D. Ackley.



O How I Love Him.

CHORUS.



No. 184. A Song of Victory.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Charlotte G. Homer **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Loud - ly un - to the world is a cho - rus re - sound - ing,
2. Press - ing on to the bat - tle, each sol - dier re - joic - es,
3. Glo - ry! glo - ry to God in the high - est for - ev - er!

From the hosts of the Lord as they march a - long,
Sing - ing joy - ful - ly un - to the gra - cious King,
For the King in His beau - ty shall yet ap - pear;

Rich in har - mo - ny, send - ing the ech - oes re - bound - ing,
Earth is join - ing her praise with the tu - mult of voic - es,
Shout a - loud, for Je - ho - vah, our God, will de - liv - er;

Swell - ing might - i - ly from the vic - to - rious throng.
While the arch - es of heav - en with mu - sic ring.
His the bat - tle, and vic - to - ry draw - eth near.

A Song of Victory.

CHORUS.

No. 185. Nothing Between.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY C. A. TINDLEY.

Words and Music by C. A. Tindley. Arr. by F. A. Clark.

1. Noth-ing be-tween my soul and the Sav - ior, Naught of this world's de-
2. Noth-ing be-tween like world - ly pleas-ure; Hab - its of life, tho'
3. Noth-ing be-tween, like pride or sta-tion; Self or friends shall
4. Noth-ing be-tween, e'en man - y hard tri - als, Tho' the whole world a-

lu - sive dream: I have re-nounced all sin - ful pleas-ure,
harm-less they seem, Must not my heart from Him ev - er sev - er,—
not in - ter - vene; Tho' it may cost me much trib - u - la - tion,
gainst me con - vene; Watching with prayer and much self - de - ni - al, I'll

D. S.—*the least of His fa - vor,*

FINE. CHORUS.

Je - sus is mine; there's nothing be-tween.
He is my all, there's nothing be-tween. Nothing between my soul and the
I am resolved, there's nothing be-tween.
triumph at last, with nothing be-tween.

Keep the way clear! Let noth-ing be-tween.

D. S.

Sav-ior, So that His bless-ed face may be seen; Noth-ing pre-vent-ing

Devotional Hymns

No. 186. Joy to the World.

Isaac Watts. G. F. Handel.

No. 187. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. **Felice Giardini.**

1. Come, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa-ther all-
2. Come, Thou in-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword, Our prayer attend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa-cred wit - ness bear In this glad hour; Thou who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The highest prais - es be Hence, ev-er-more! His sov'reign

glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic - to - ri-ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An-cient of days!
peo - ple bless, And give Thy word success: Spir-it of ho - li-ness, On us de-scend!
might-y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir - it of pow'r!
maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

No. 188. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. **William F. Sherwin.**

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea.
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal-i - lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On-ly for Thee, As Thy dis - ci-ples lived In Gal - i - lee;

Be - yond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir-it pants for Thee, O liv-ing Word!
Then shall all bondage cease, All fet-ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My all in all.
Then, all my struggles o'er, Then, vict'ry won, I shall behold Thee, Lord, The living one.

No. 189. Sun of My Soul.

John Keble. **Peter Ritter.**

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wear-ied eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;
4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;

Oh, may no earth - born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.
Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For-ev - er on my Sav - ior's breast.
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
Till, in the o - cean of Thy love, We lose our-selves in heav'n a - bove.

No. 190. Jesus Shall Reign.

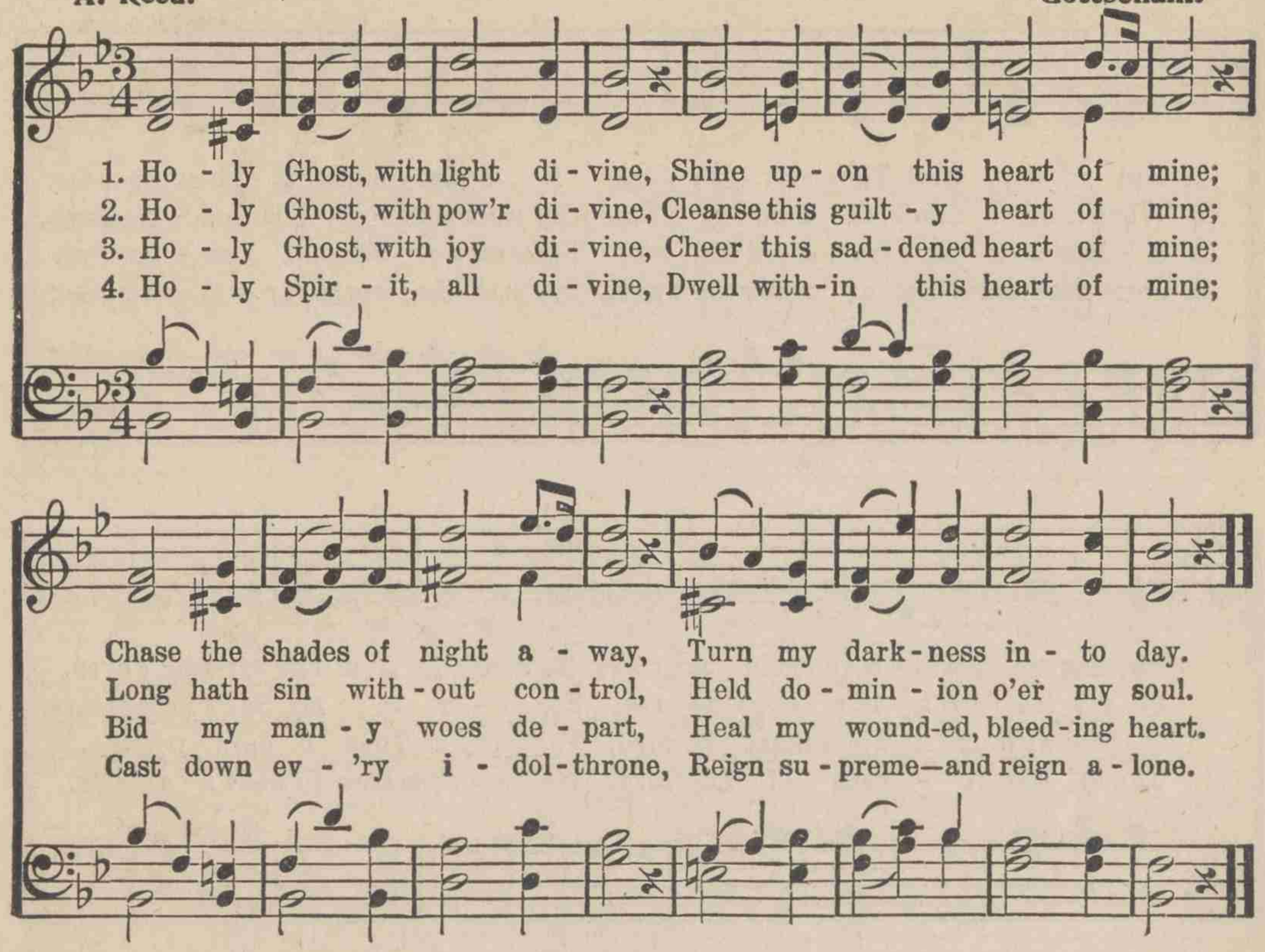
Isaac Watts. **John Hatton.**

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does His suc-ces - sive jour - neys run;
2. From north to south the princ - es meet, To pay their homage at His feet;
3. To Him shall end - less prayer be made, And end-less prais-es crown His head;
4. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet - est song,

His king-dom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
While western em - pires own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at - tend His word.
His name like sweet per-fume shall rise With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
And in - fant voi - ces shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His name.

No. 191. Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

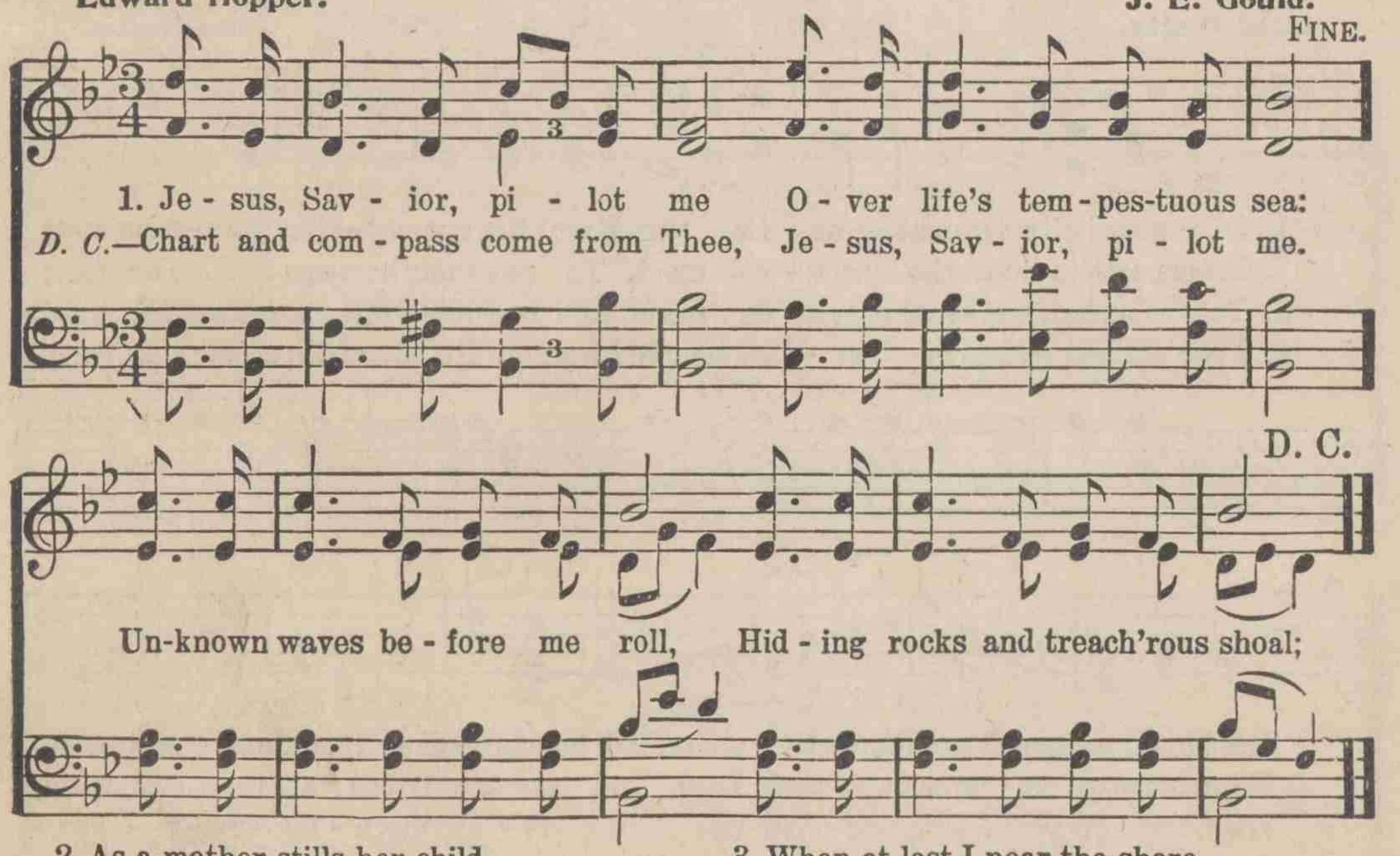
A. Reed. Gottschalk.



No. 192. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. J. E. Gould.

FINE.



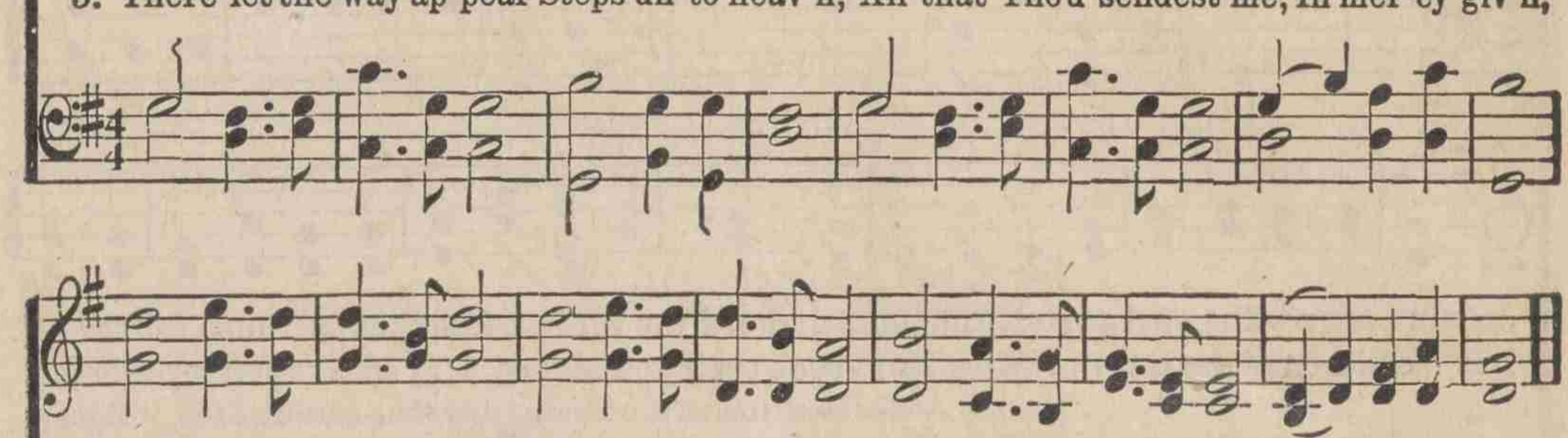
2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 193. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. **Lowell Mason.**

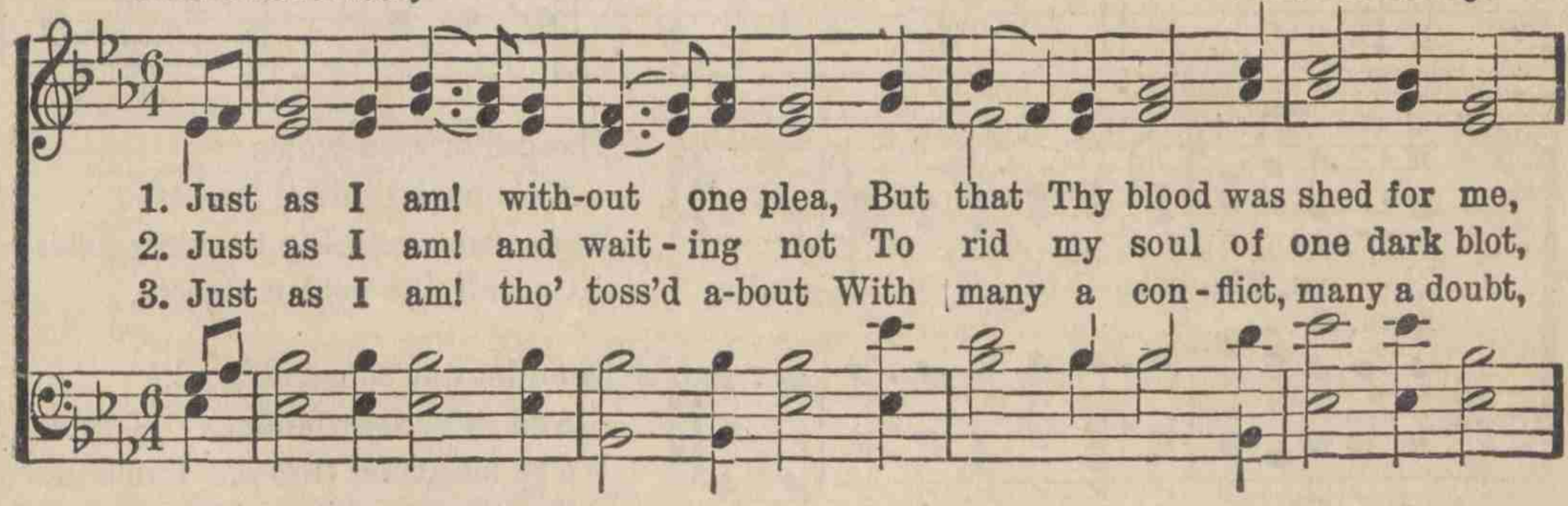
1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me;
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;



Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
An-gels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

No. 194. Just as I Am.

Charlotte Elliott, **Wm. Bradbury.**



1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
Fight-ing and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

No. 195. We're Marching to Zion.

Rev. I. Watts.

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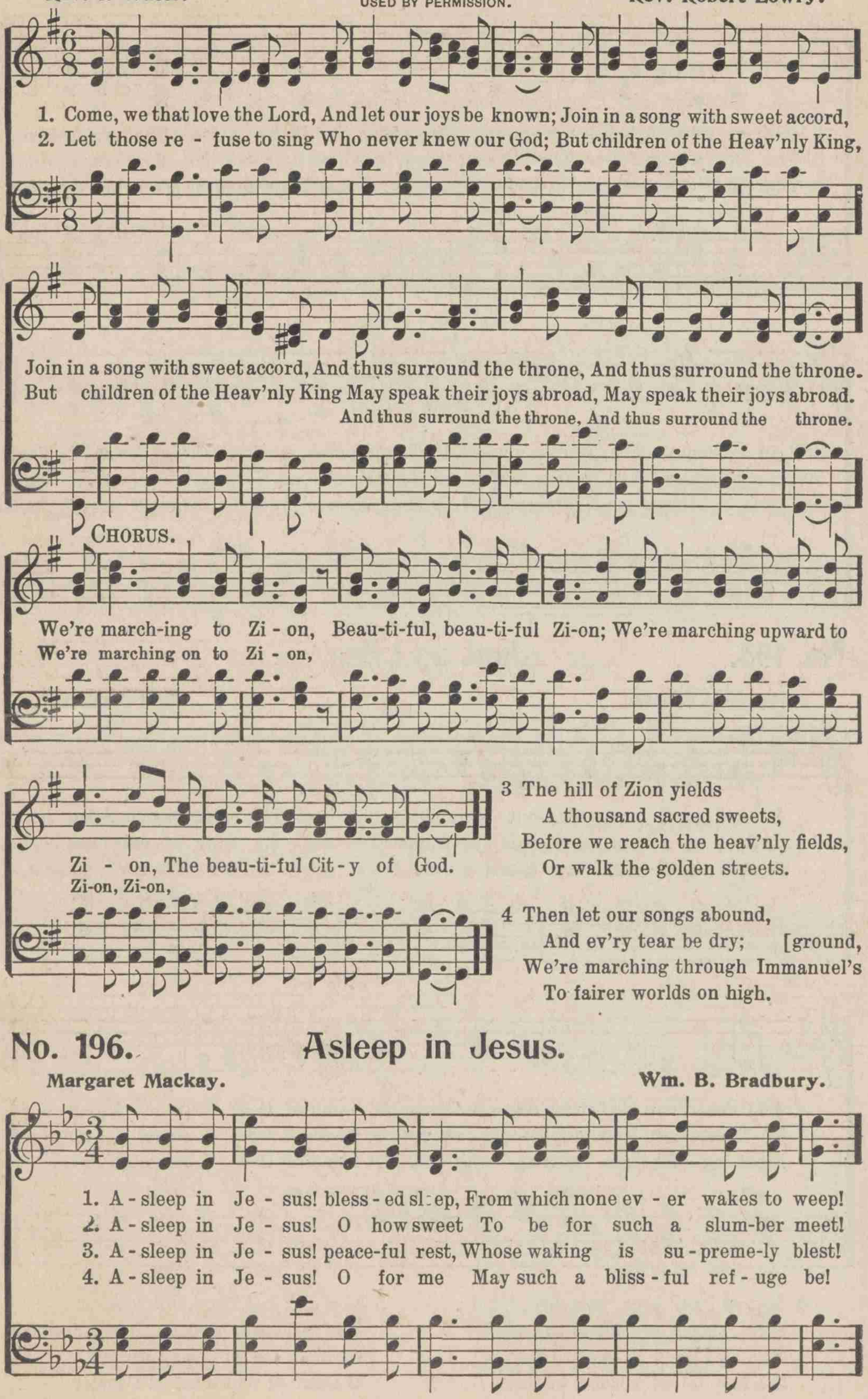
Rev. Robert Lowry.



3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

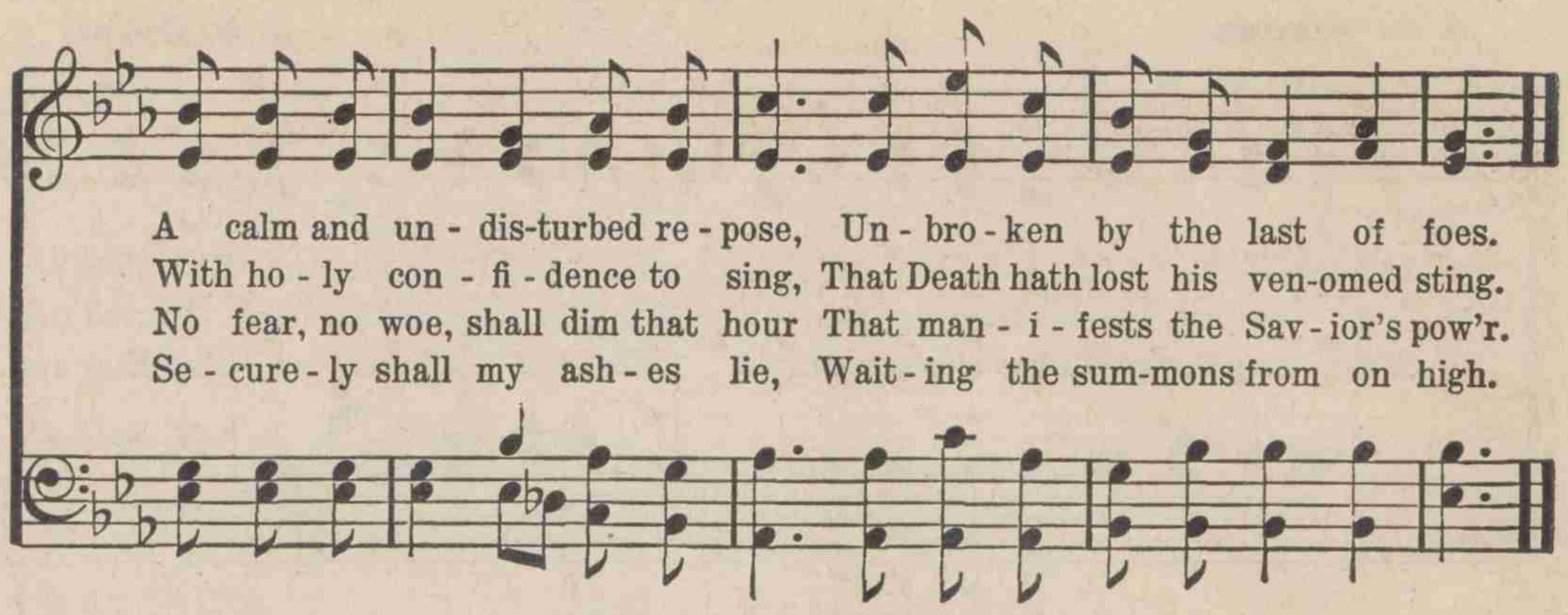
4 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

No. 196. Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay.

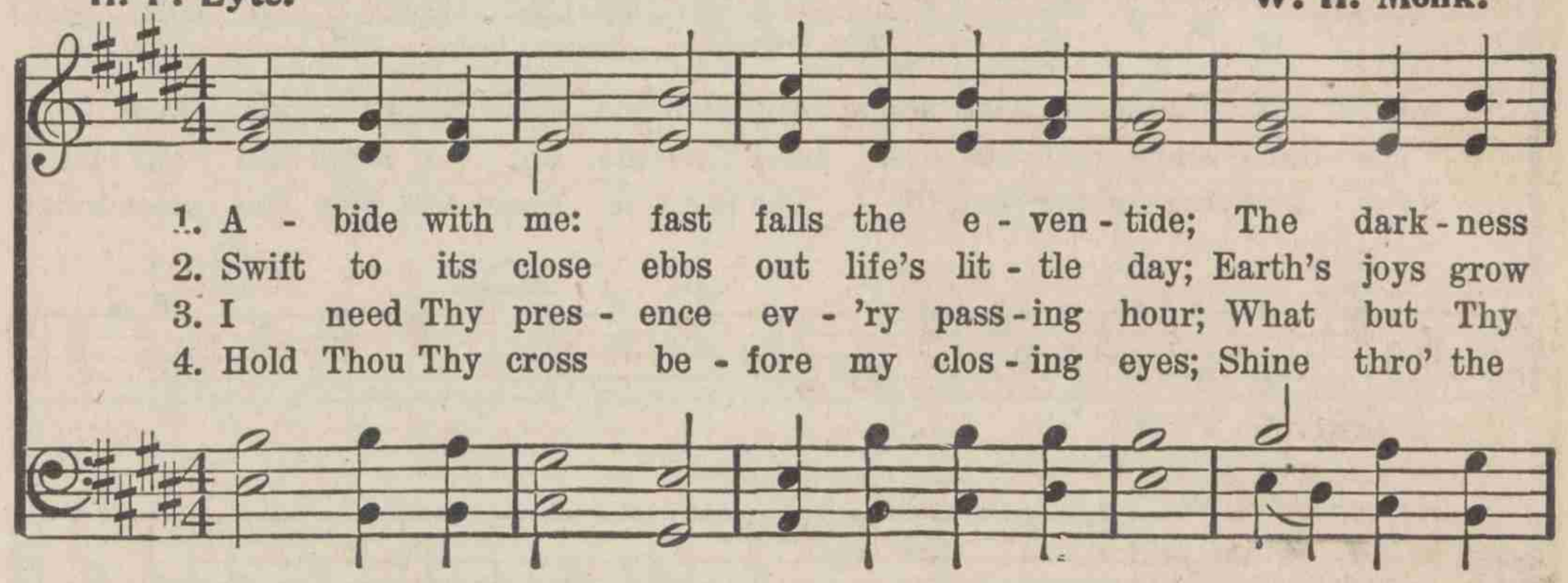
Wm. B. Bradbury.

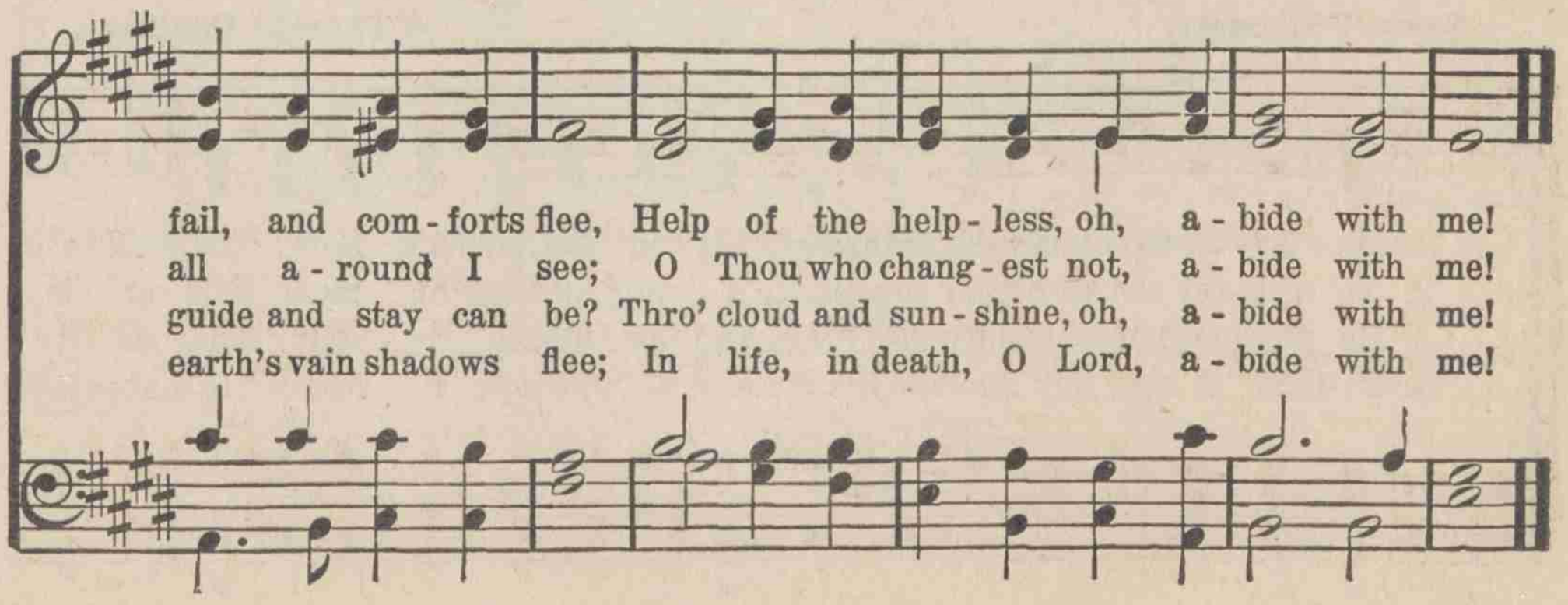
Asleep in Jesus.



No. 197 Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. W. H. Monk.





No. 198. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. J. B. Dykes.

1. Lead, kindly Light, a - mid th' encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The dis - tant scene,—one step e - nough for me.
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Re-mem-ber not past years.
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those an - gel - fa - ces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

No. 199. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Sav-ior's brow; His head with
2. No mor - tal can with Him com-pare, A - mong the sons of men; Fair - er is
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me

Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

ra - diant glories crowned, His lips with grace o erflow His lips with grace o'er-flow.
He than all the fair That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
bore the shameful cross, And car - ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.
tri-umph o - ver death, And saves me from the grave And saves me from the grave.

No. 200. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. **John B. Dykes.**

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
gold-en crowns a-round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see: On - ly Thou art ho - ly;

mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.

No. 201. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.

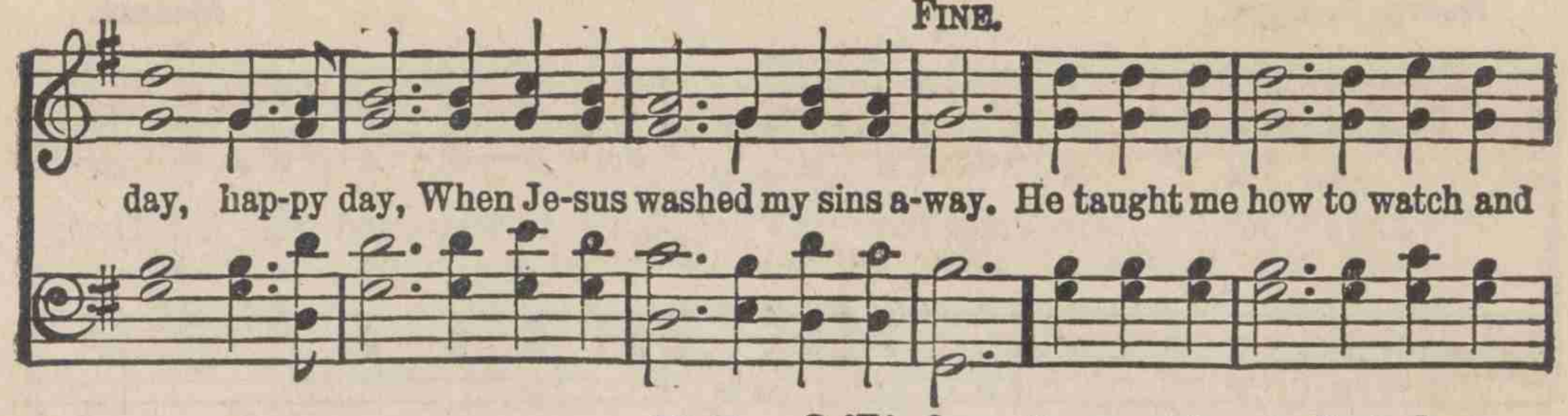
2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 202. O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.

O Happy Day.



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

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

No. 203. Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett.

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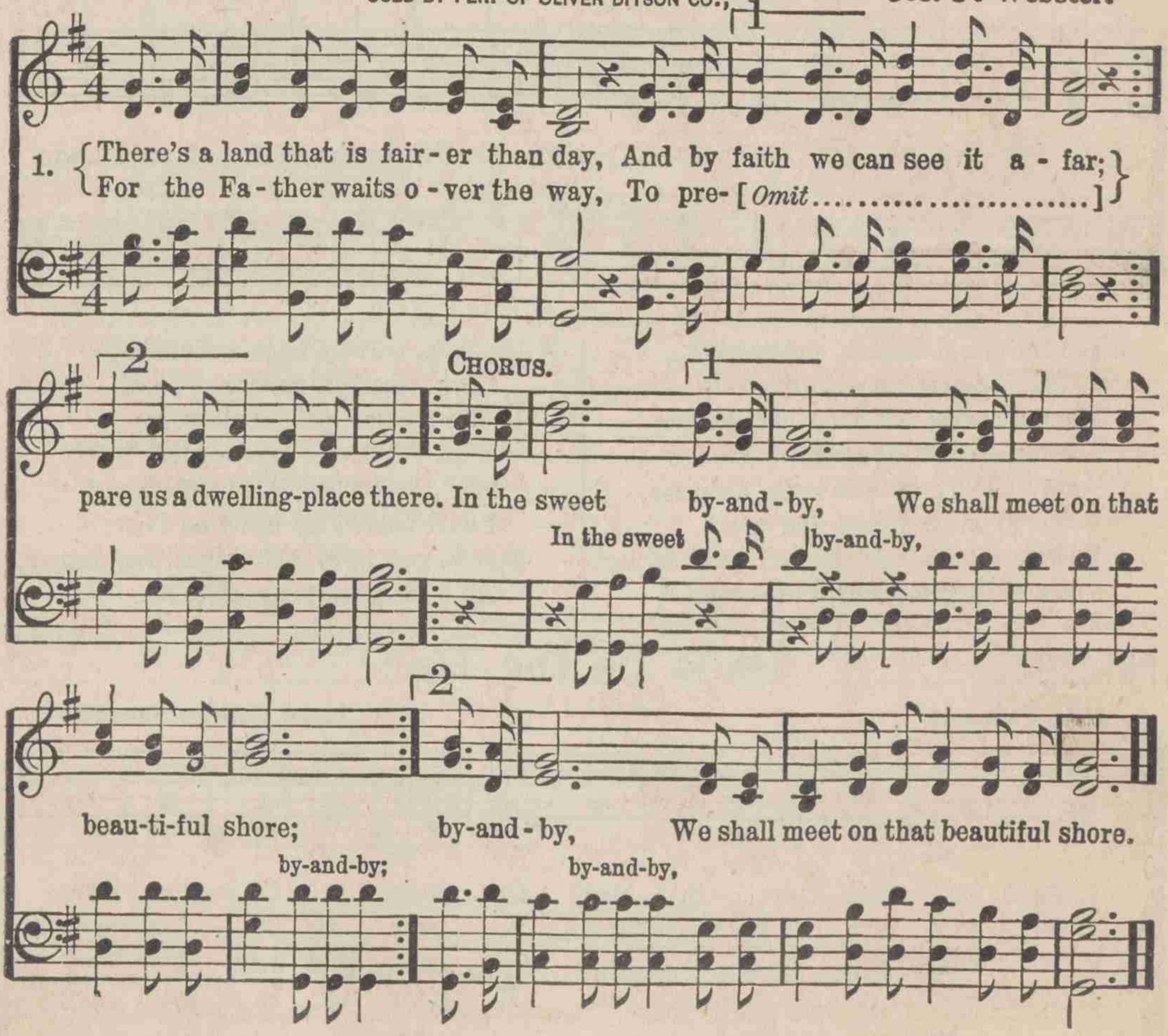
Jos. P. Webster.

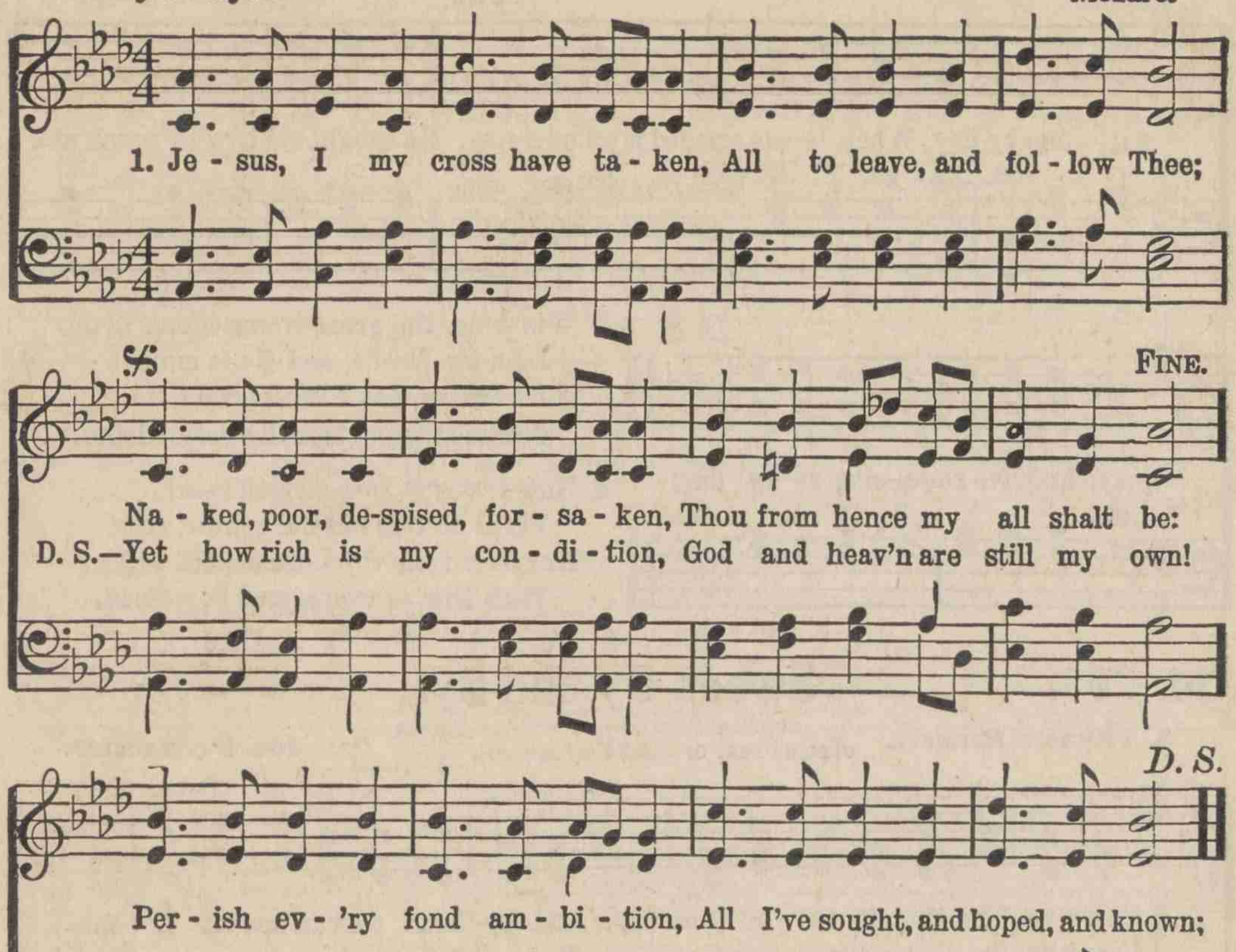


2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

No. 204. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. **Mozart.**



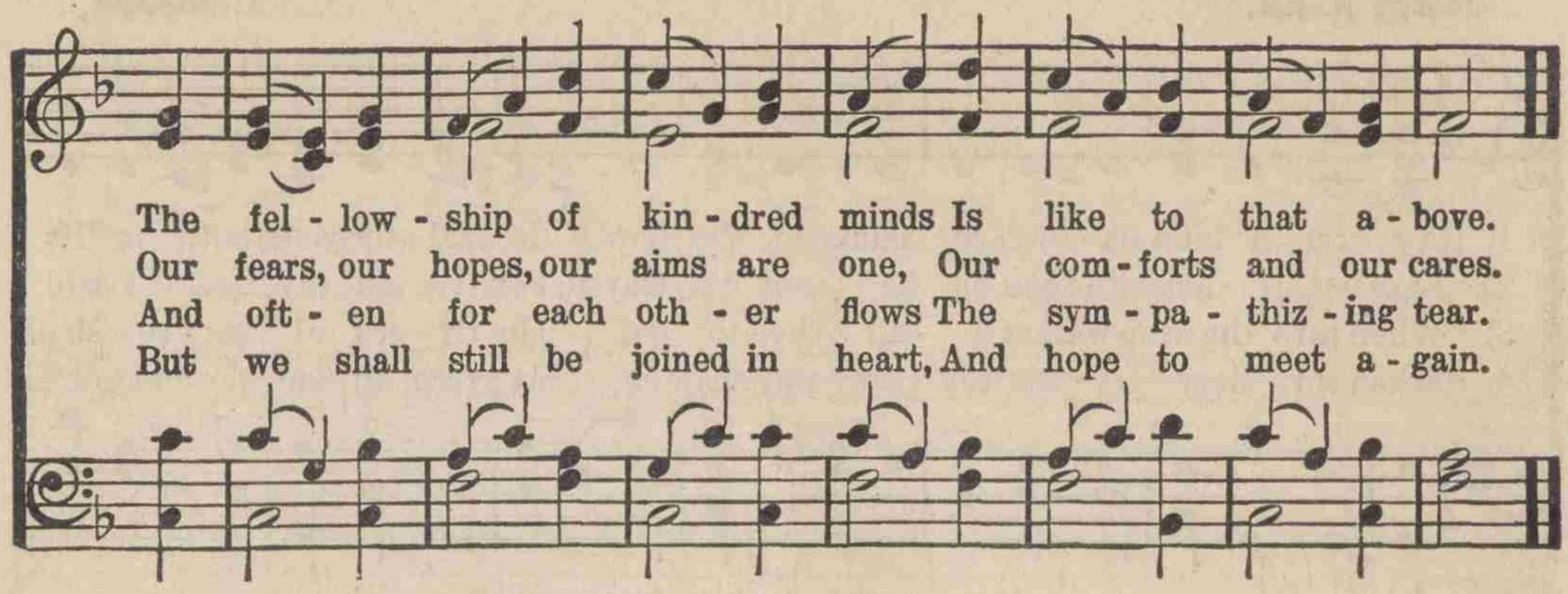
2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba, Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

No. 205. Blest Be the Tie.

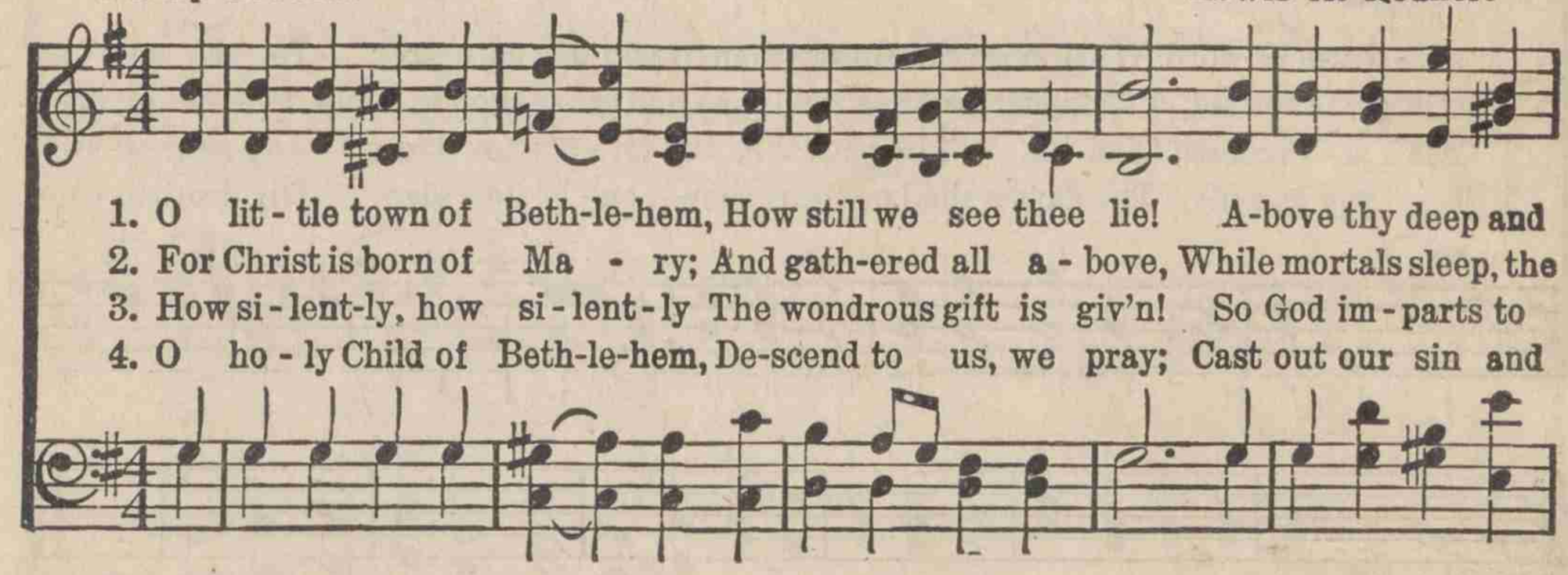
John Fawcett. **Hans George Naegeli.**

Blest Be the Tie.



No. 206. O Little Town of Bethlehem.

Phillip Brooks. **Lewis H. Redner.**



No. 207 How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. **Unknown.**

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my
3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy
4. "When thro' fiery tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply, The flames shall not hurt thee; I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-

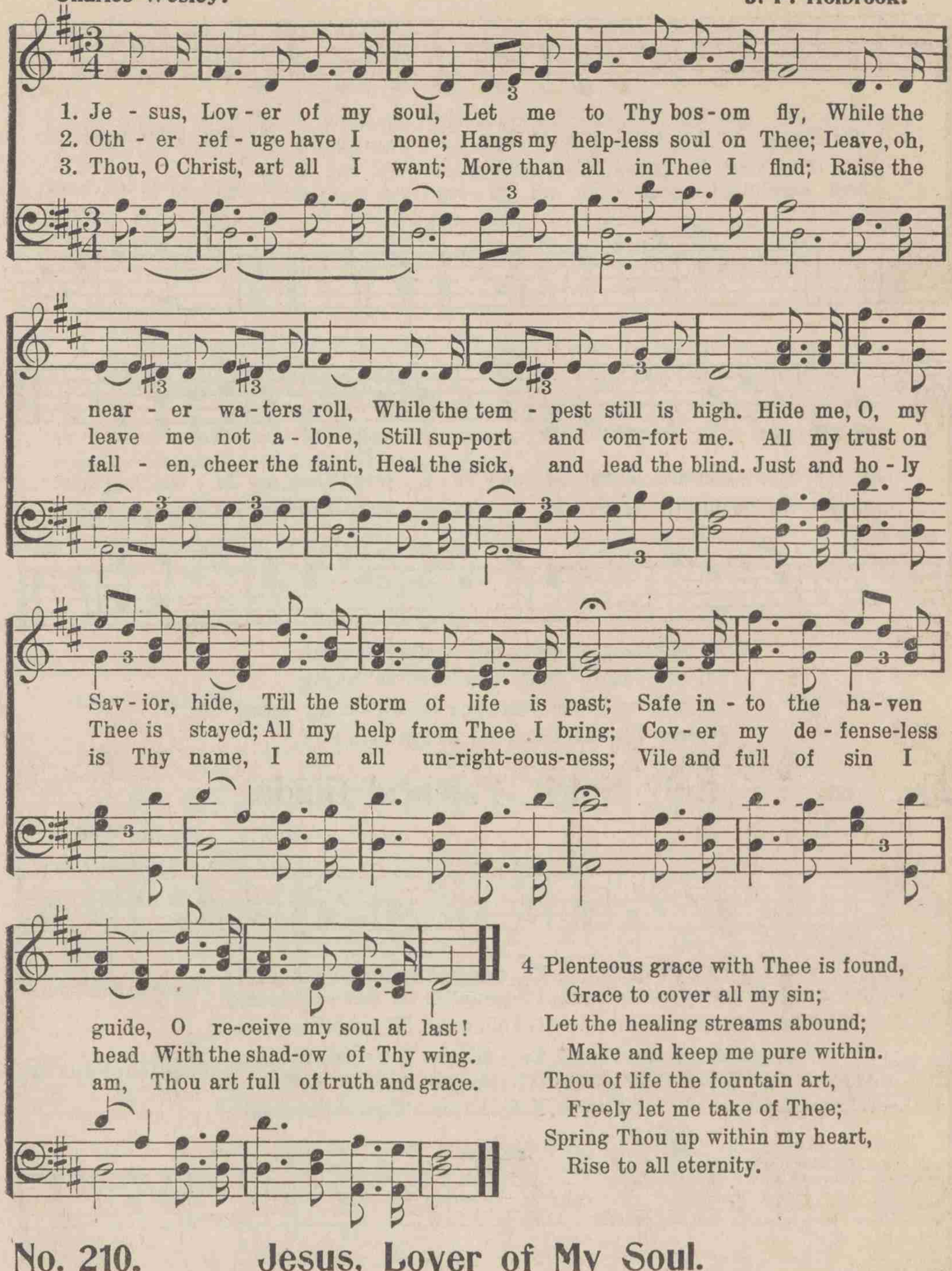
ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
to thee thy deep-est dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
sume, and thy gold to re-fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine."

No. 208. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *(Second tune.)* **Anne Steele.**

No. 209. Refuge.

Charles Wesley. J. P. Holbrook.



4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 210. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

S. B. Marsh.

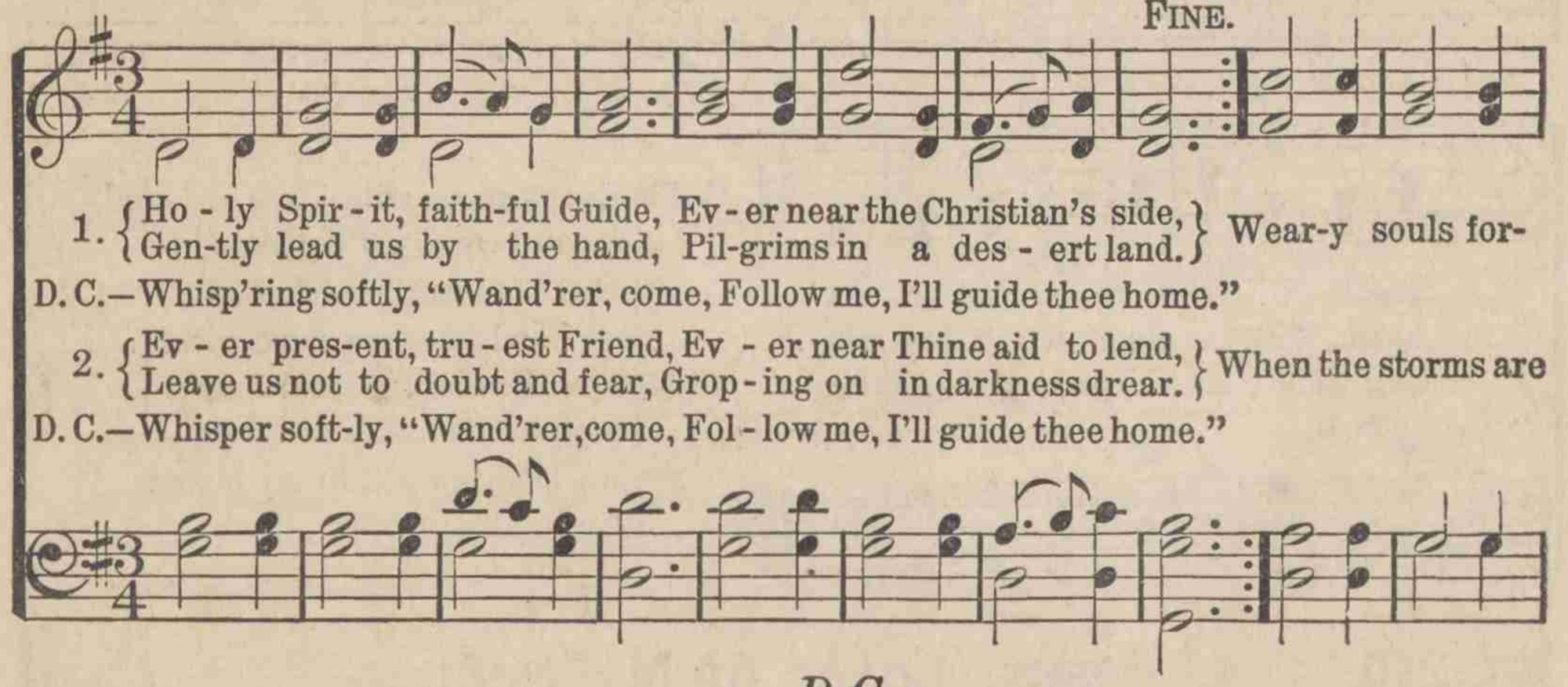
No. 211. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

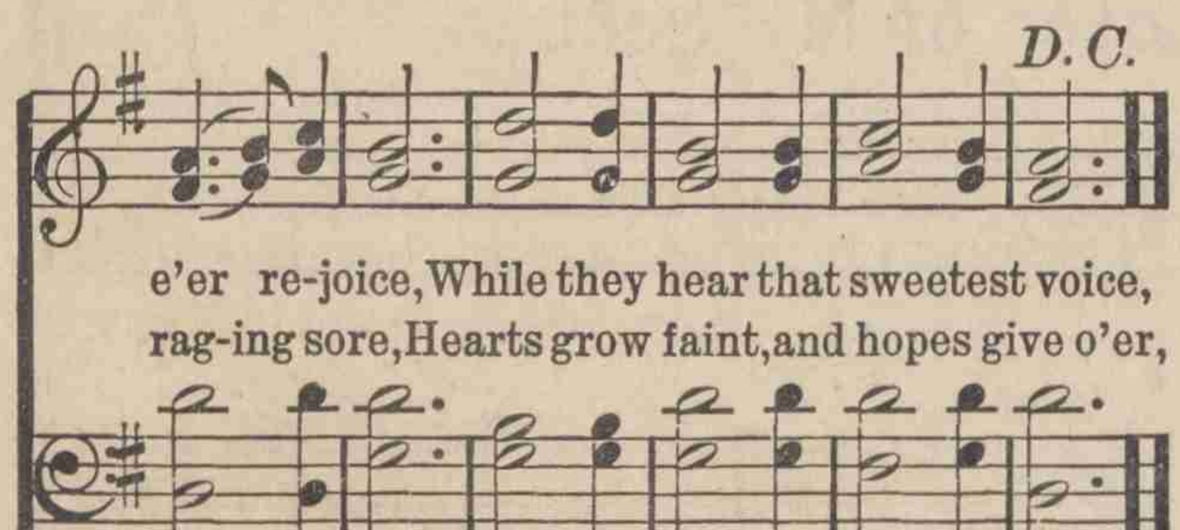
London Hymn Book. **A. J. Gordon.**

3 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

No. 212. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. **M. M. Wells.**





3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

No. 213. In the Cross.

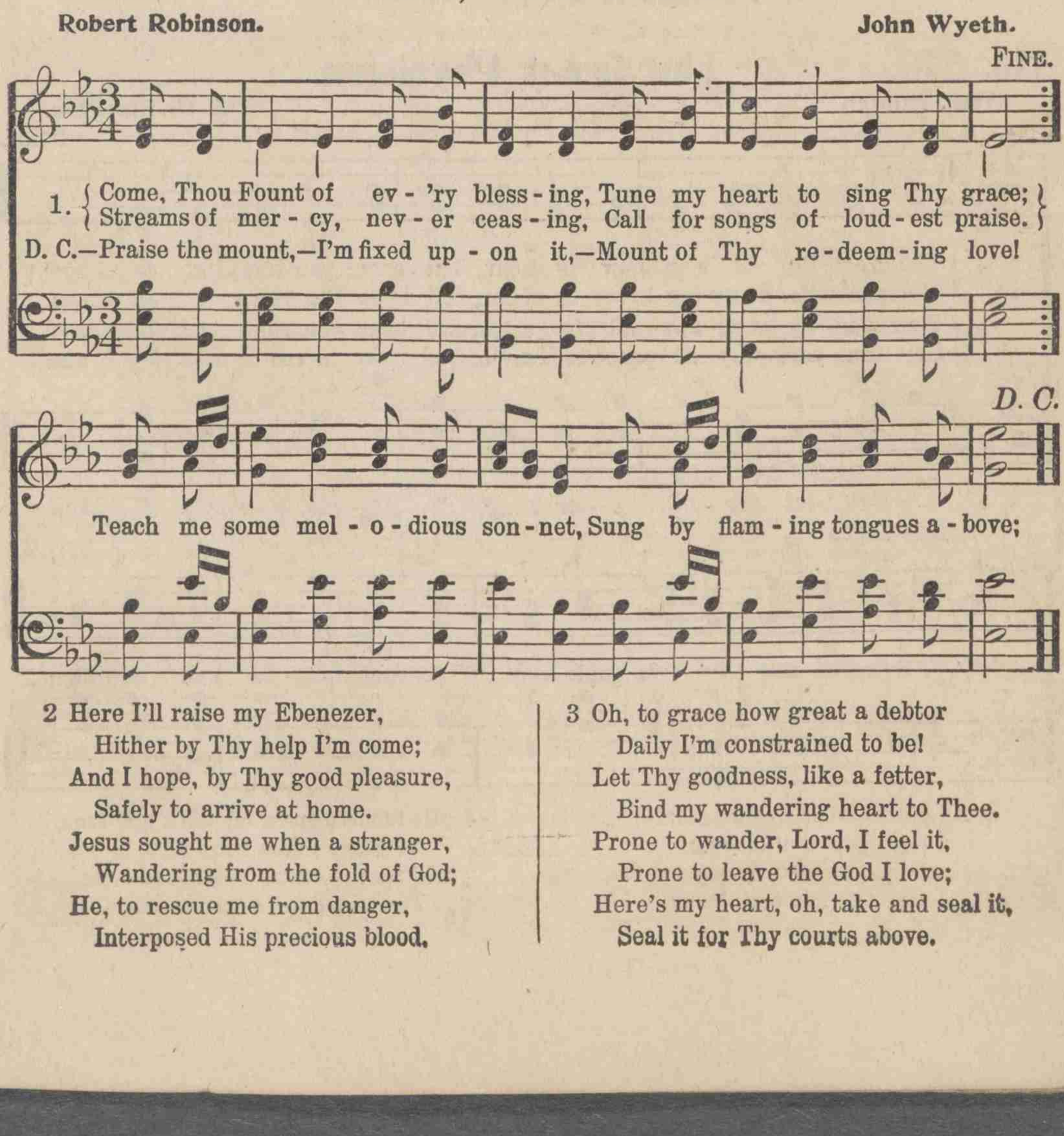
John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 214. Come, Thou Fount.

Robert Robinson. John Wyeth.

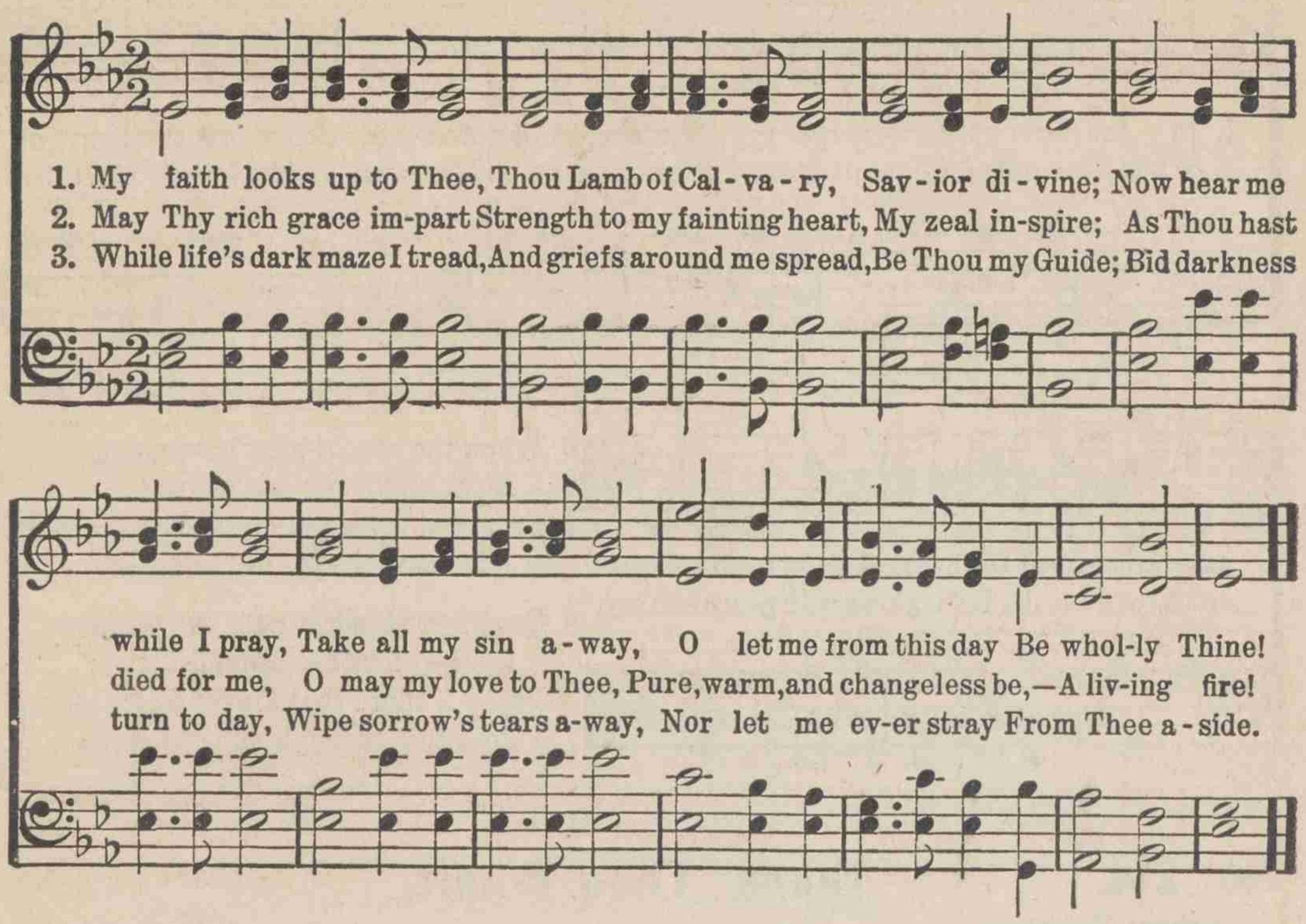


2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

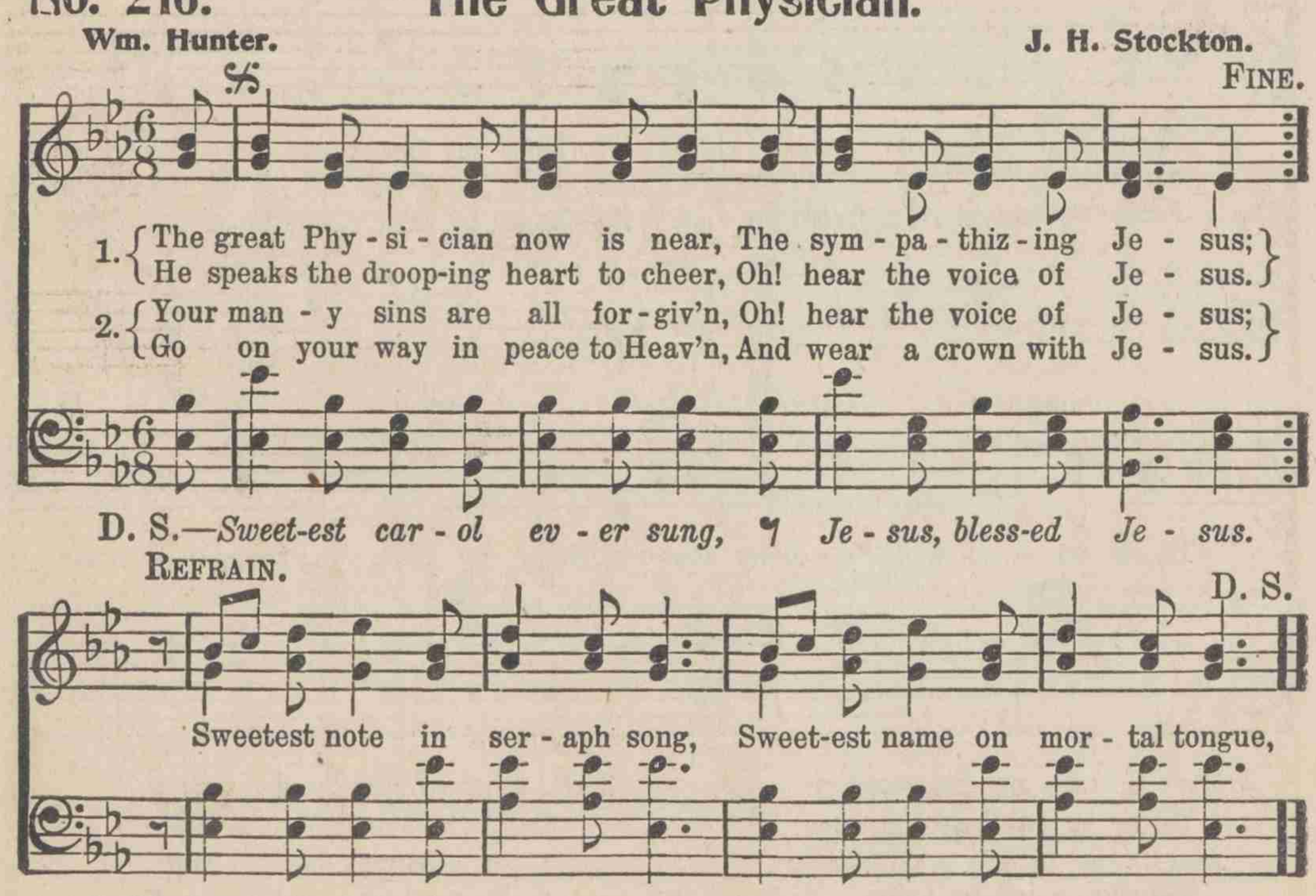
No. 215. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. **Lowell Mason.**



No. 216. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. **J. H. Stockton.**



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

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

No. 217. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Baring-Gould. **Arthur Sullivan.**

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

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

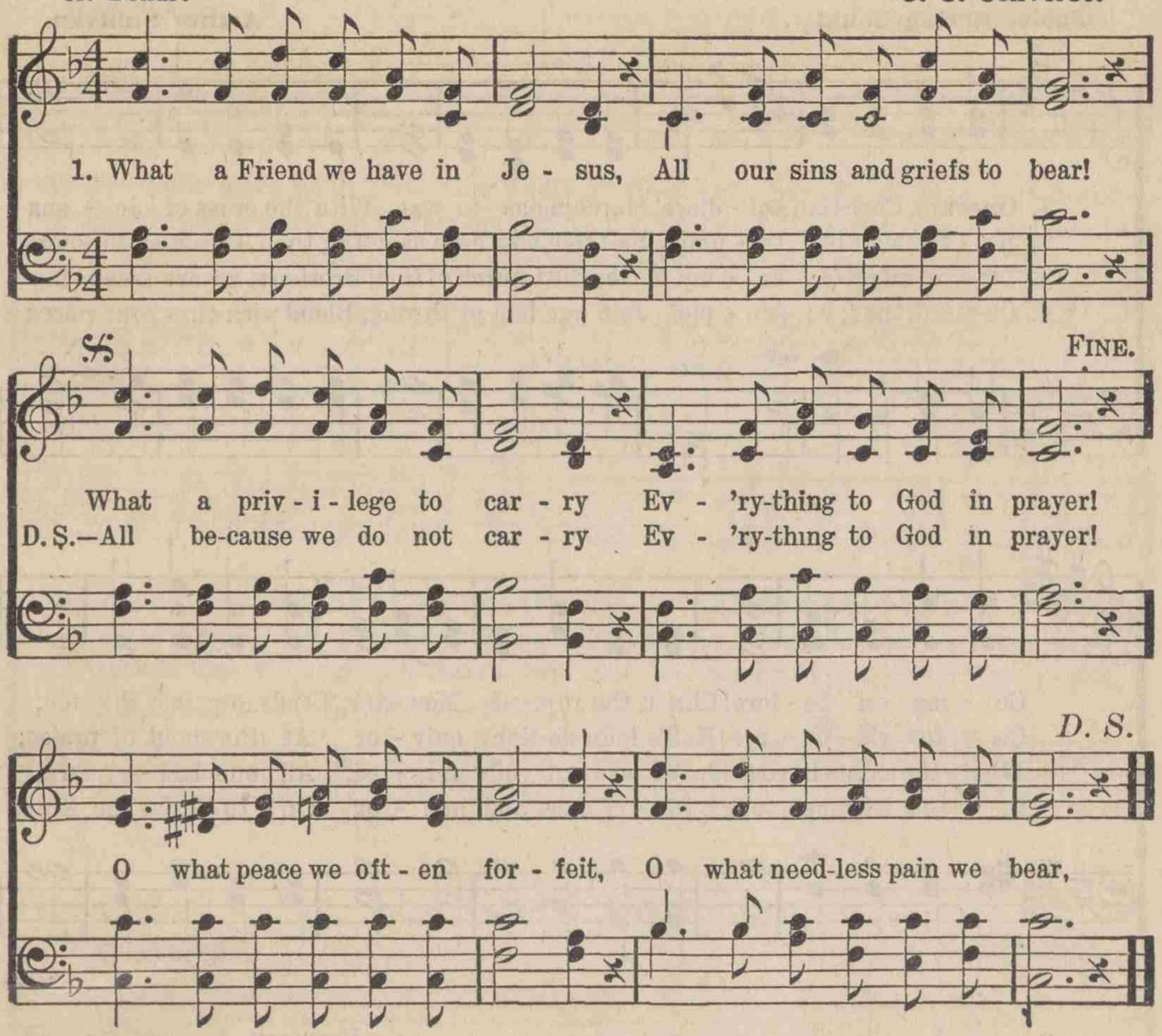
REFRAIN.

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

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

No. 218. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.



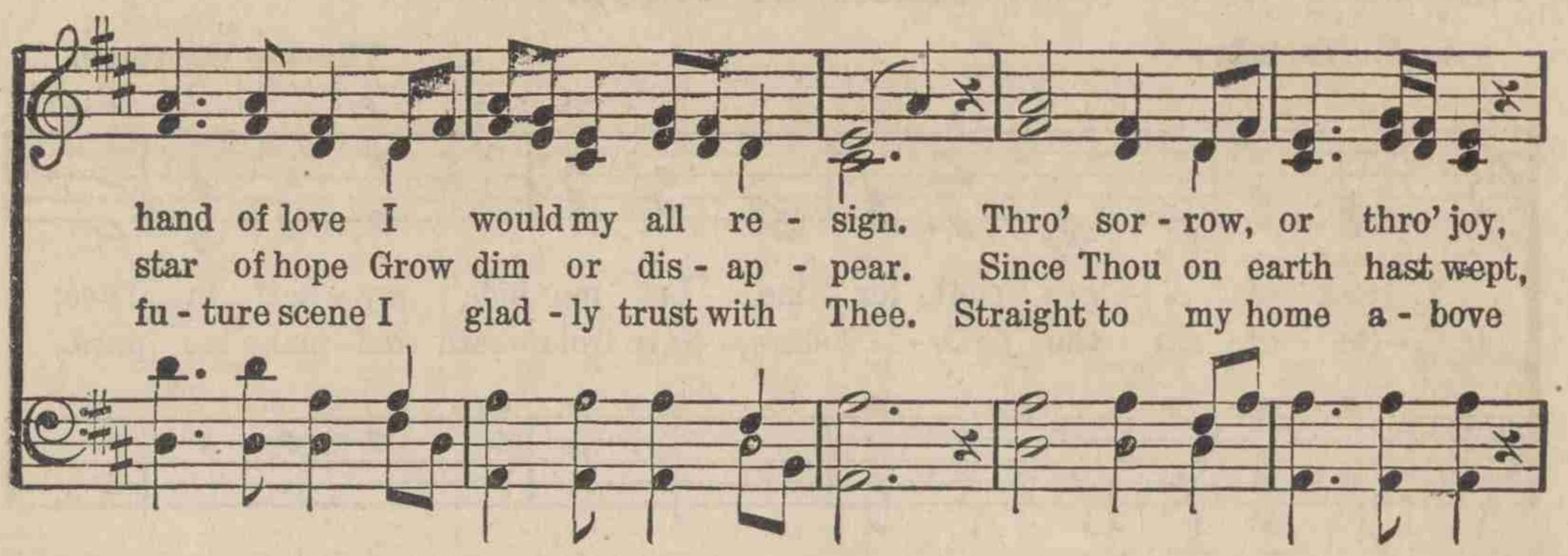
2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

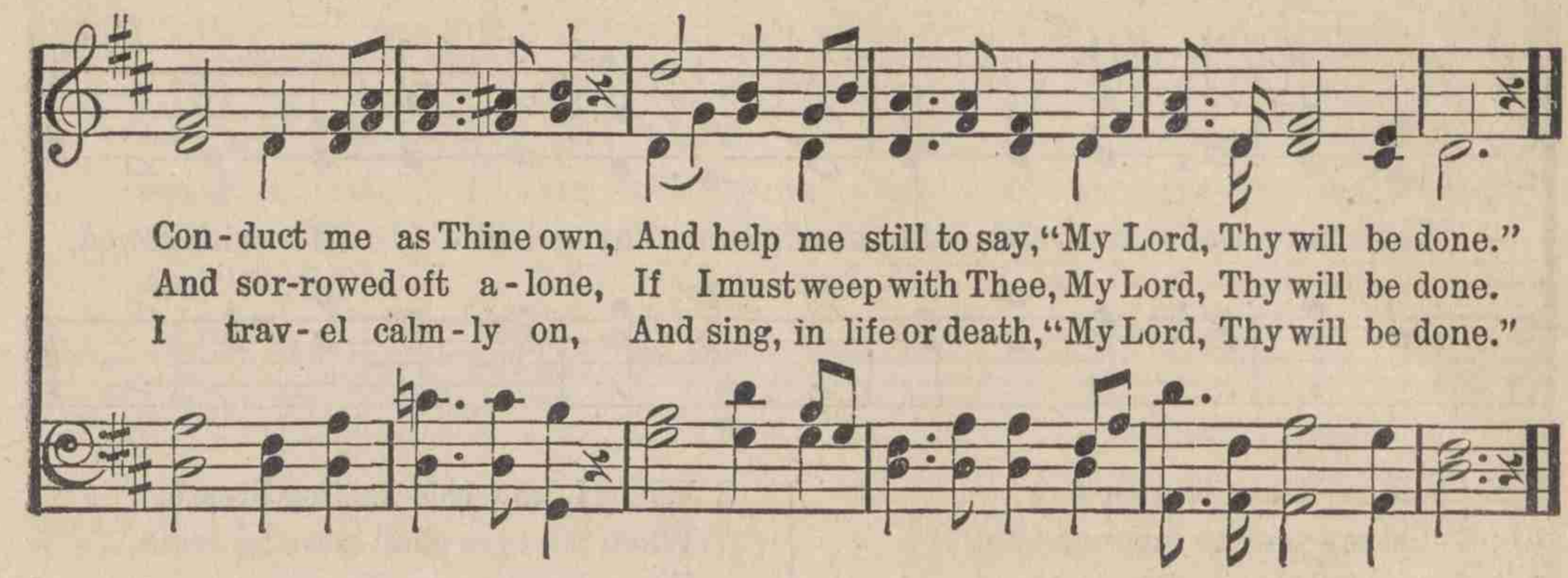
3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 219. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

Benjamin Schmolke. Carl M. von Weber.

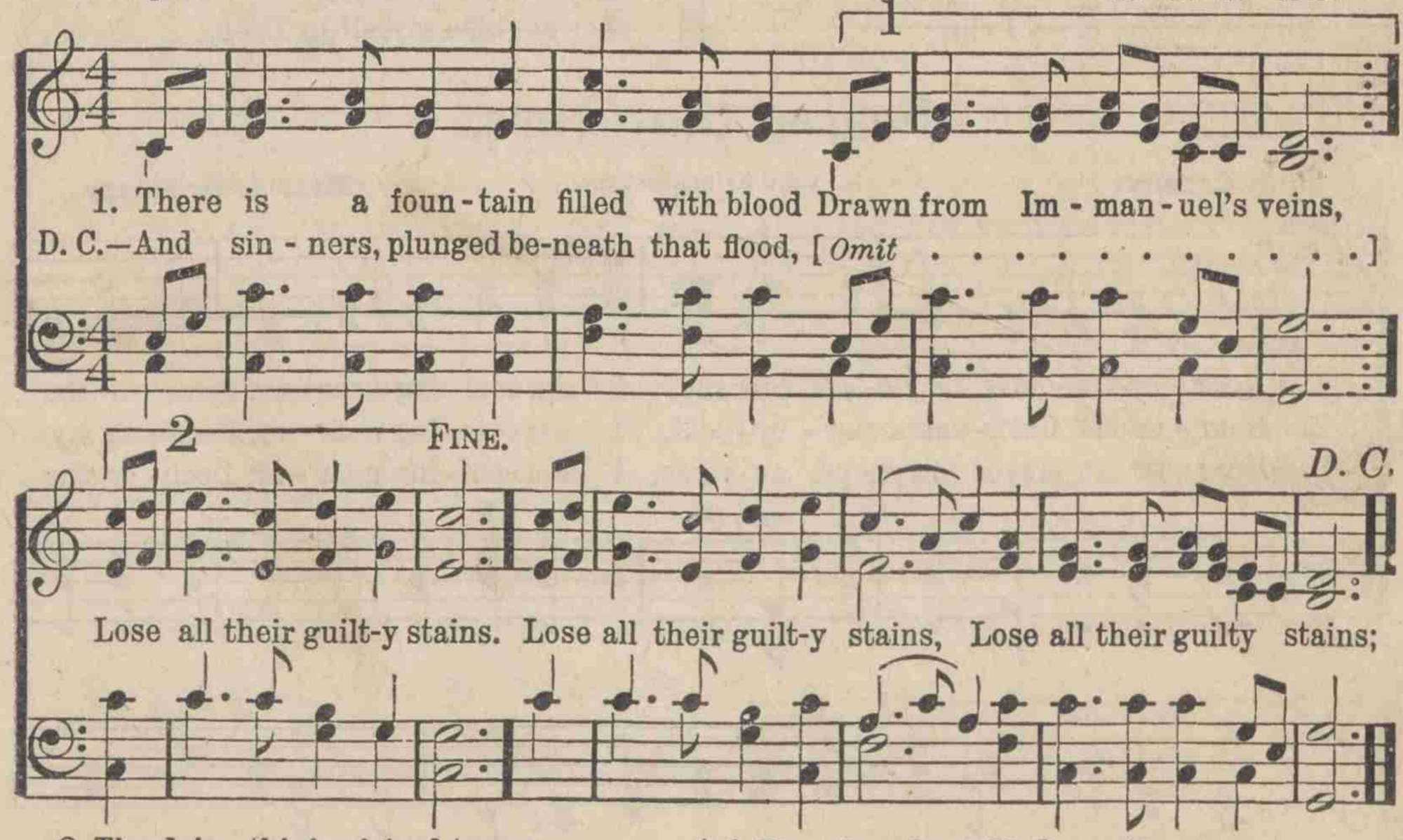
My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.





No. 220. There is a Fountain.

Cowper. E. O. E. Arr.



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

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

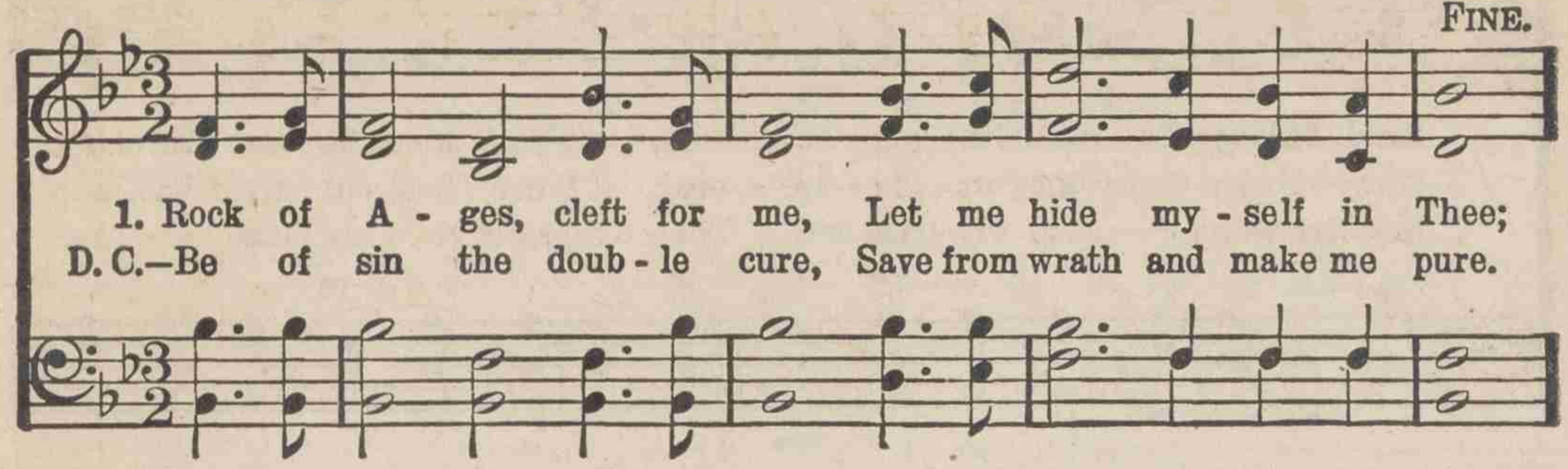
4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

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

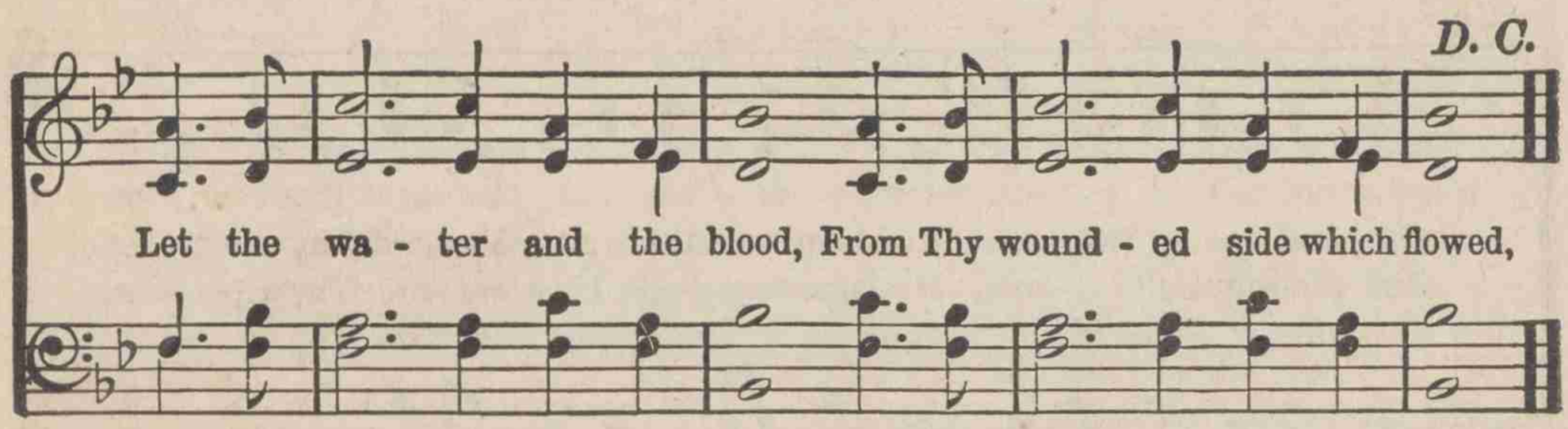
No. 221. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. **Thomas Hastings.**

FINE.



D. C.



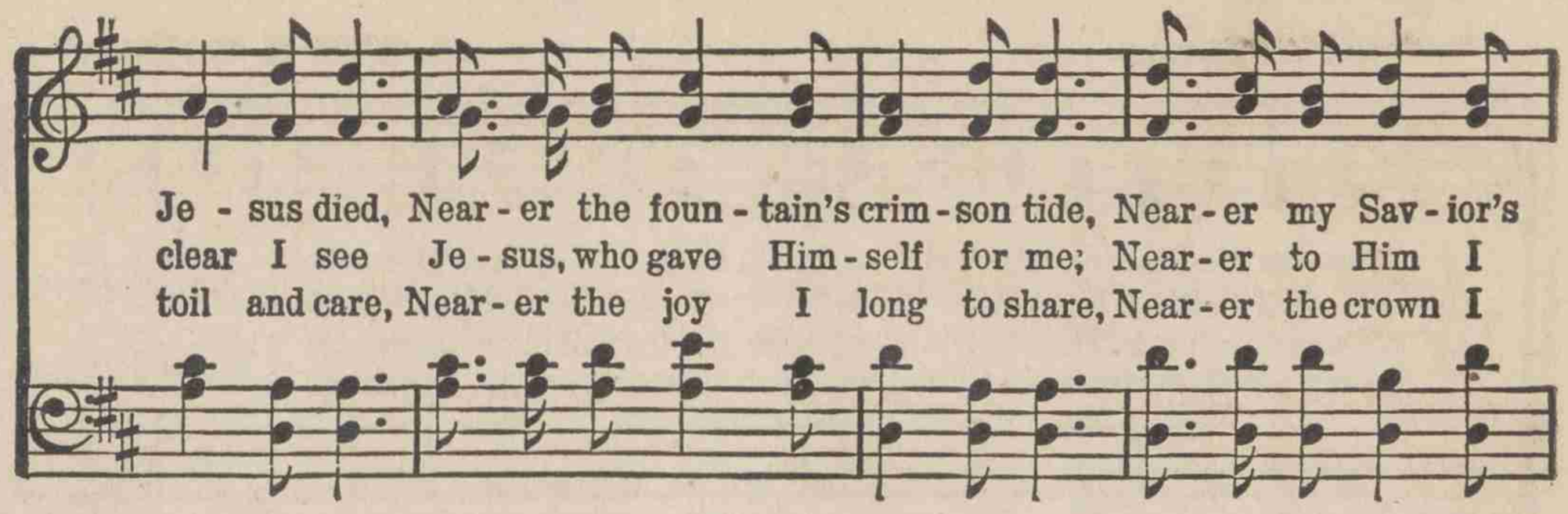
2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 222. Nearer the Cross.

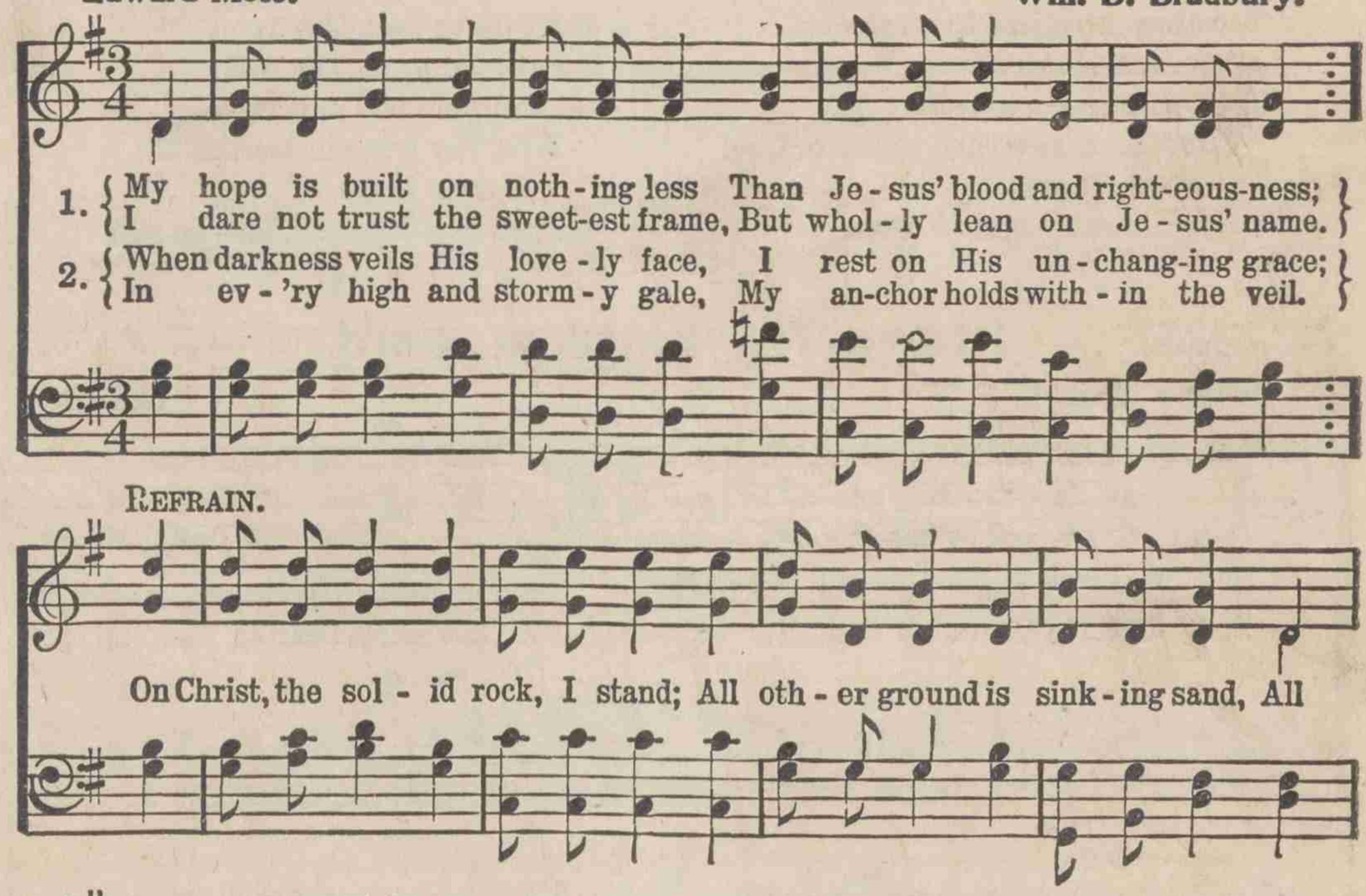
F. J. Crosby. USED BY PERMISSION. **Mrs. J. F. Knapp.**

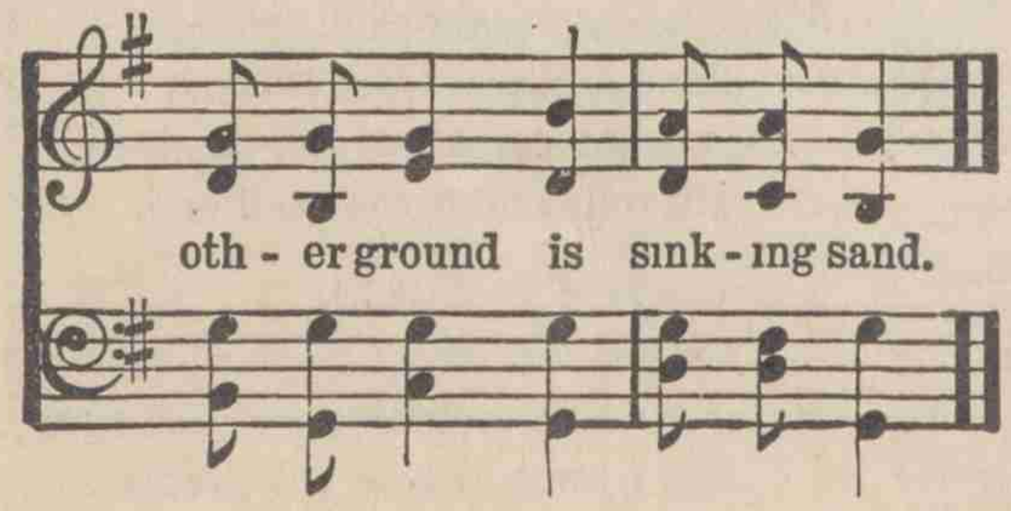
Nearer the Cross.



No. 223. My Hope is Built.

Edward Mote. **Wm. B. Bradbury.**





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

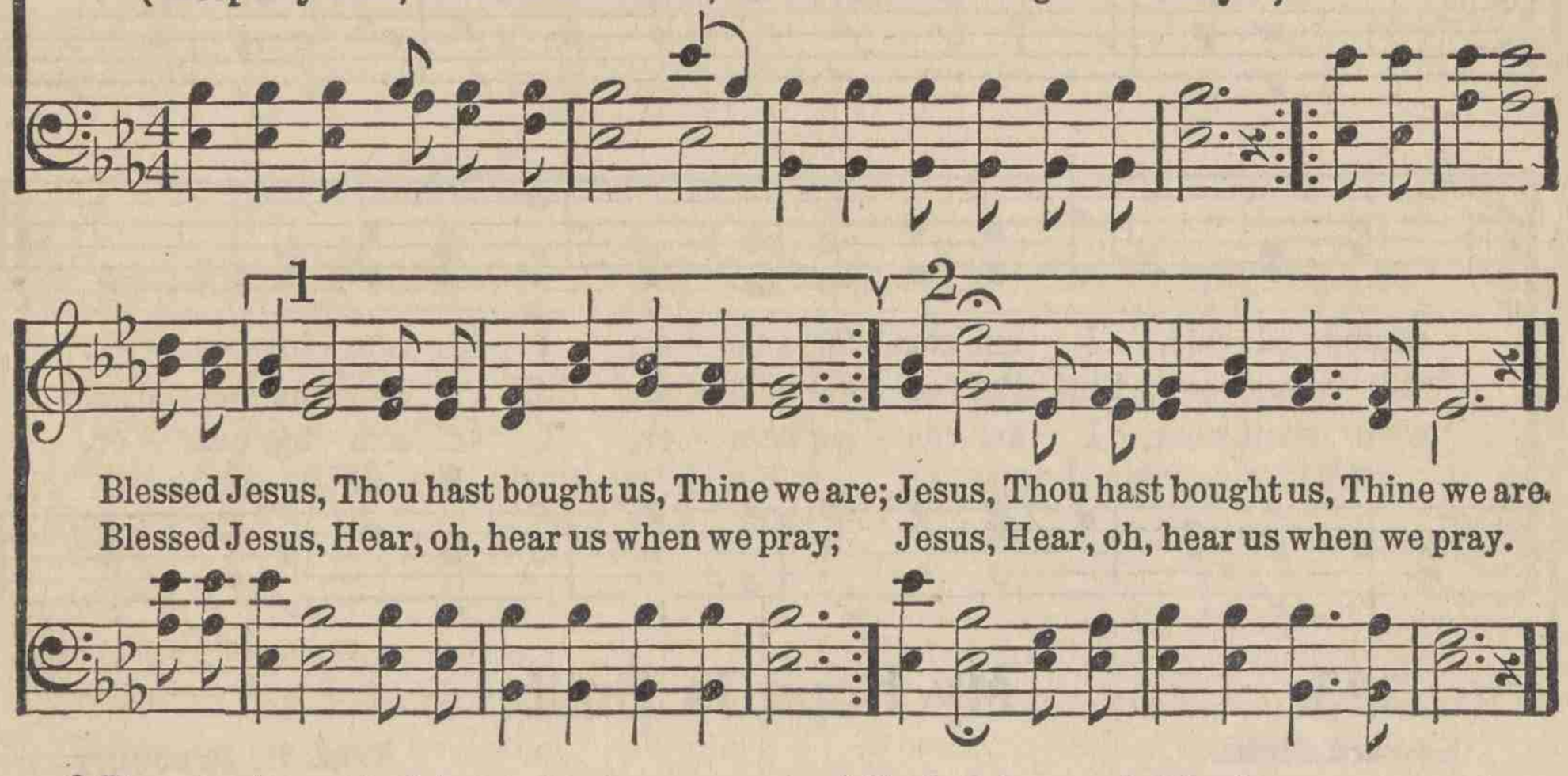
4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
Oh, may I then in Him be found;
Dressed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

No. 224. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. William B. Bradbury.

1. { Sav-ior, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care; / In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare: } Blessed Je-sus,

2. { We are Thine; do Thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way; / Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go a-stray: } Blessed Je-sus,



Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Blessed Jesus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray; Jesus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 225. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight. Handel.

1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a-bode; The Church our blest Re-
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be-fore Thee stand, Dear as the ap-ple

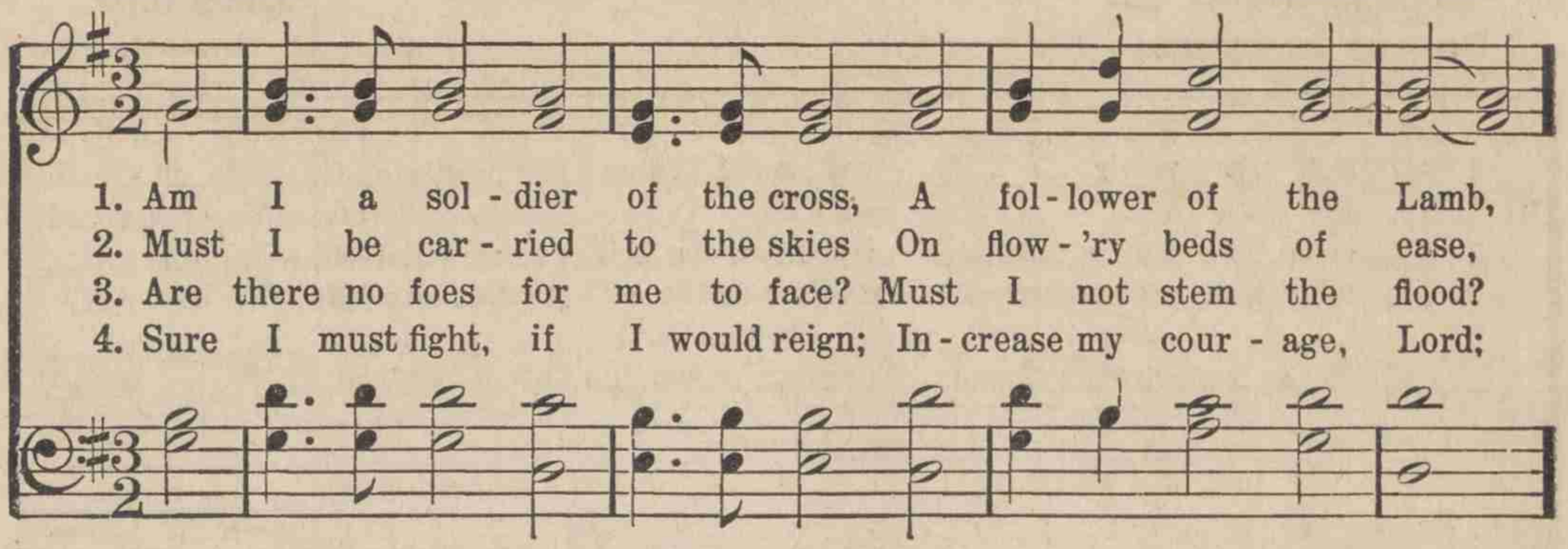
deem-er saved With His own precious blood.
of Thine eye, And gra-ven on Thy hand.

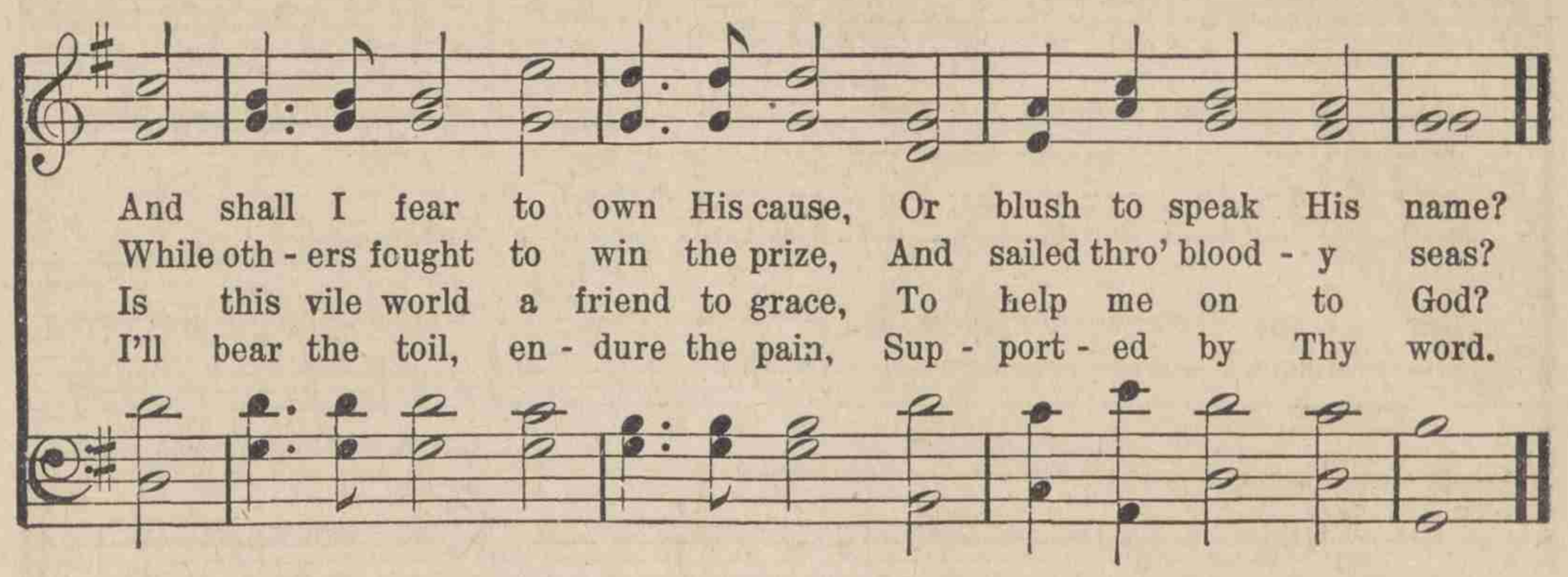
3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toil be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

No. 226. Am I a Soldier?

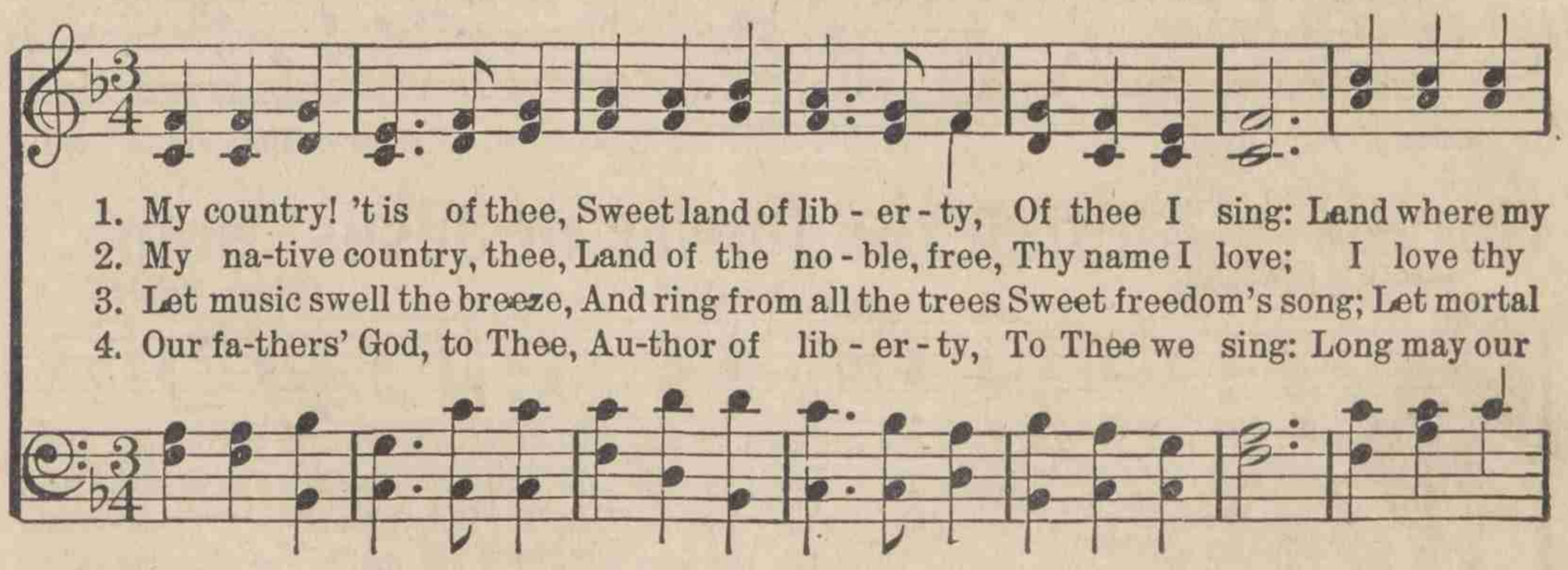
Isaac Watts. **Thomas Arne.**

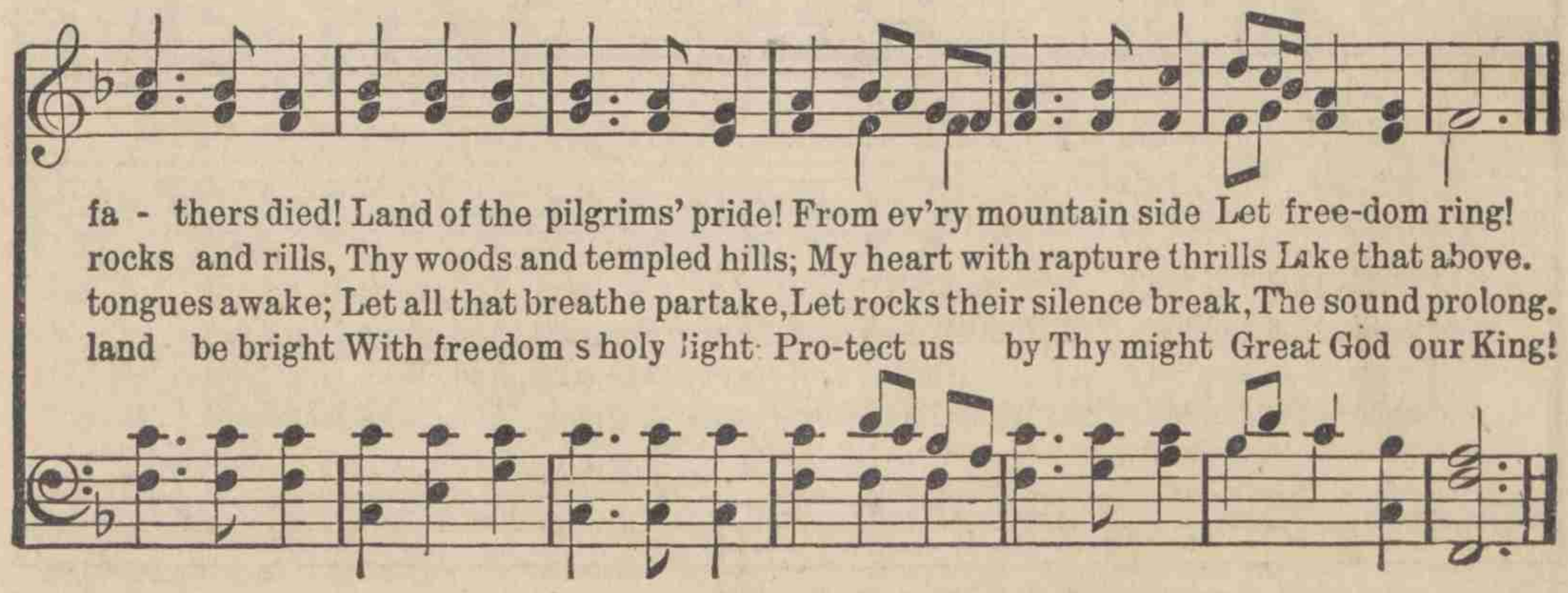




No. 227. America.

S F. Smith. (MY COUNTRY. 'T IS OF THEE) **English.**





No. 228. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. (DIADEM.) James Ellor.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall, Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him,
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall, Ye ran-somed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall, We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,

And crown . . . . . Him, crown Him, crown Him,
And crown . . . . . Him, crown Him, crown Him,
crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all, crown Him;
. . . . . Him, Crown Him, crown . . . . Him;
crown Him Crown . . . . . Him;

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

No. 229. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. (CORONATION.) Oliver Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball, To Him all maj-es - ty as - cribe,
4. O that with yon-der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song,

And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; We'll join the ev - er-last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!

No. 230. He Leadeth Me.

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

1. He lead-eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, wher-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine, Con - tent, what-ev - er
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I

CHORUS.

e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
troub-led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own
lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.

hand He lead-eth me; His faith - ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

No. 231. Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.

1. { There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
   { He has been there oft be - fore, [*Omit . . . . .] Let Him in;

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

D. S.—*Let Him in.*

D.S.

Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One, Je-sus Christ, the Father's Son,

2 Open now to Him your heart,
Let Him in;
If you wait He will depart,
Let Him in;
Let Him in, He is your Friend,
He your soul will sure defend,
He will keep you to the end,
Let Him in.

3 Hear you now His loving voice?
Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice,
Let Him in;
He is standing at your door,
Joy to you He will restore,
And His name you will adore,
Let Him in.

4 Now admit the heavenly Guest,
Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast,
Let Him in;
He will speak your sins forgiven,
And when earth-ties all are riven,
He will take you home to heaven,
Let Him in.

No. 232. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O.

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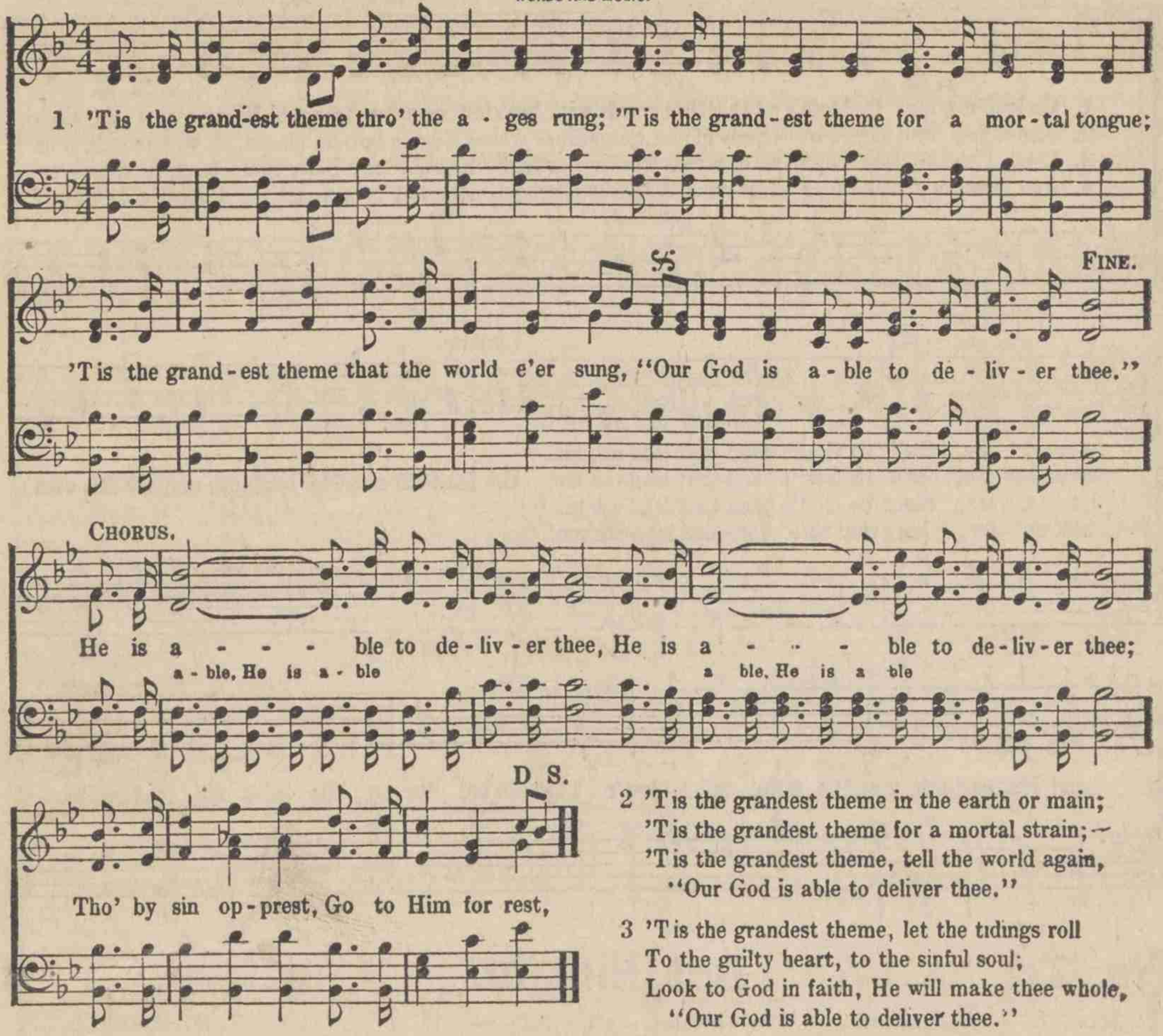
WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. Ogden.



2 'T is the grandest theme in the earth or main;
'T is the grandest theme for a mortal strain;—
'T is the grandest theme, tell the world again,
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

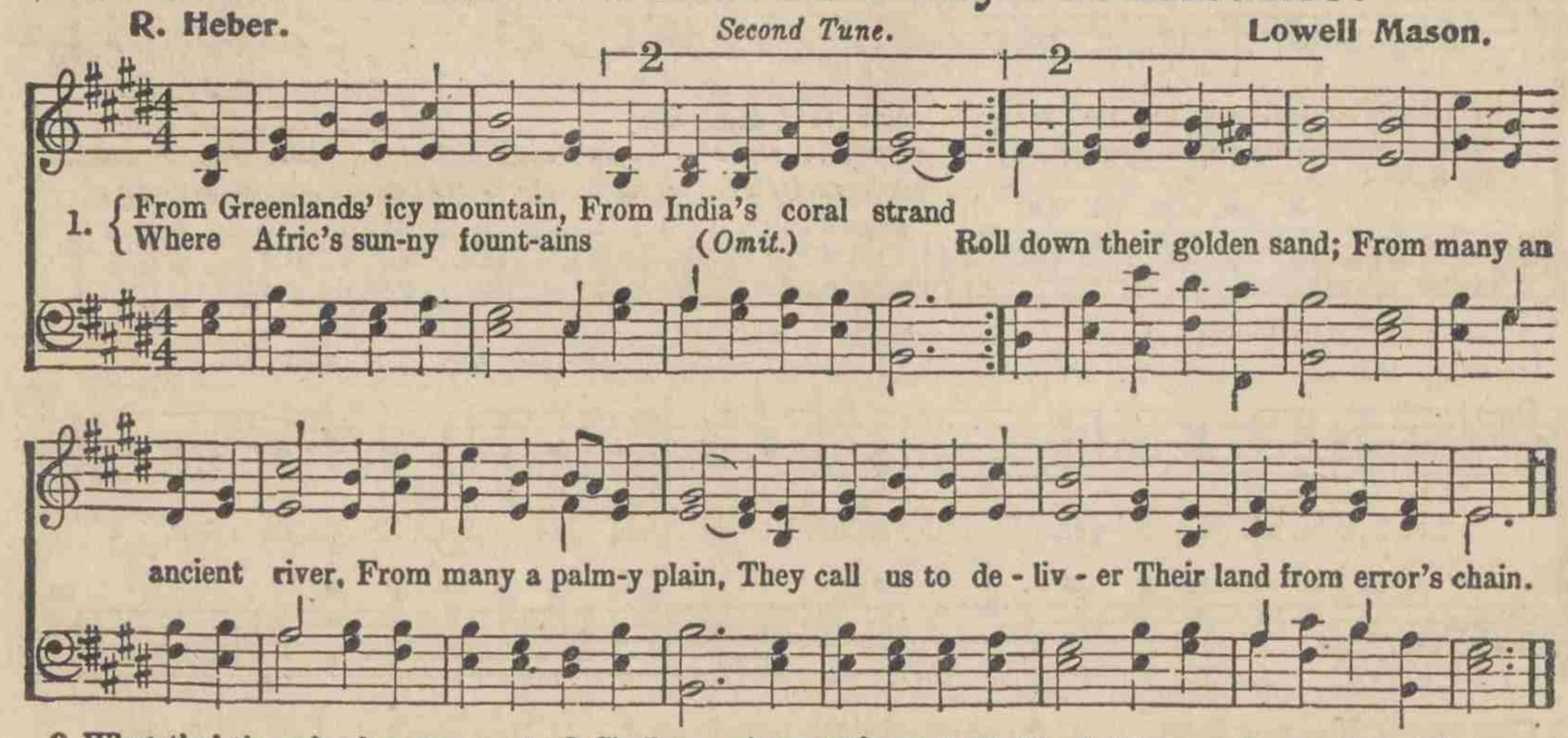
3 'T is the grandest theme, let the tidings roll
To the guilty heart, to the sinful soul;
Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

No. 233. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber.

Second Tune.

Lowell Mason.



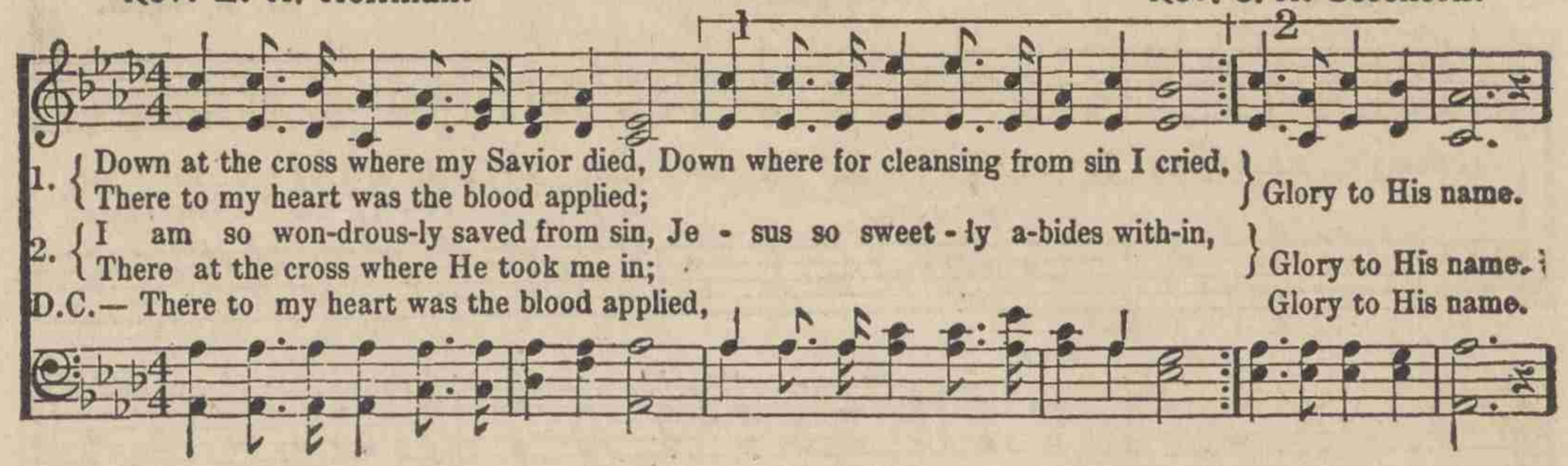
2 What tho' the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Tho' every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

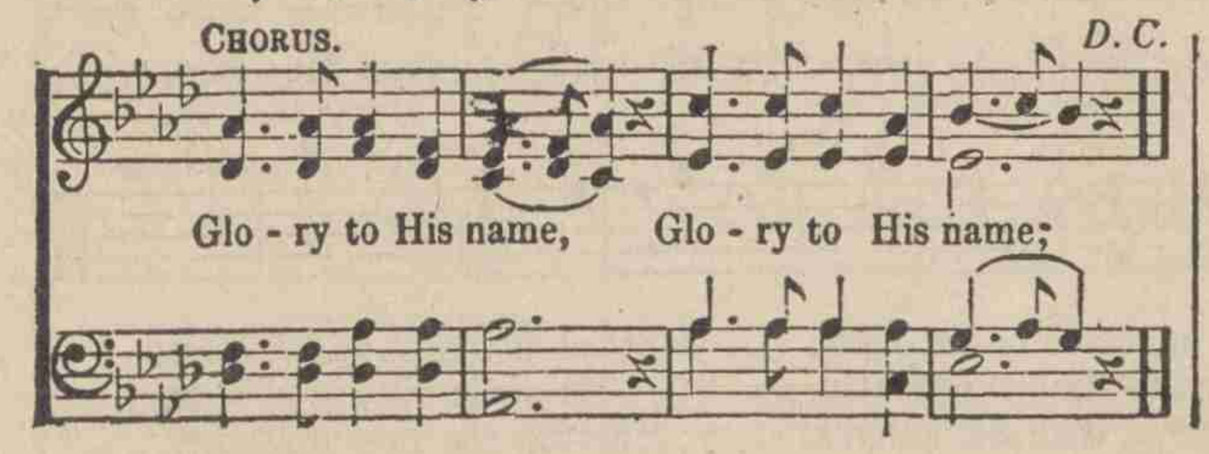
3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 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. 234. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.



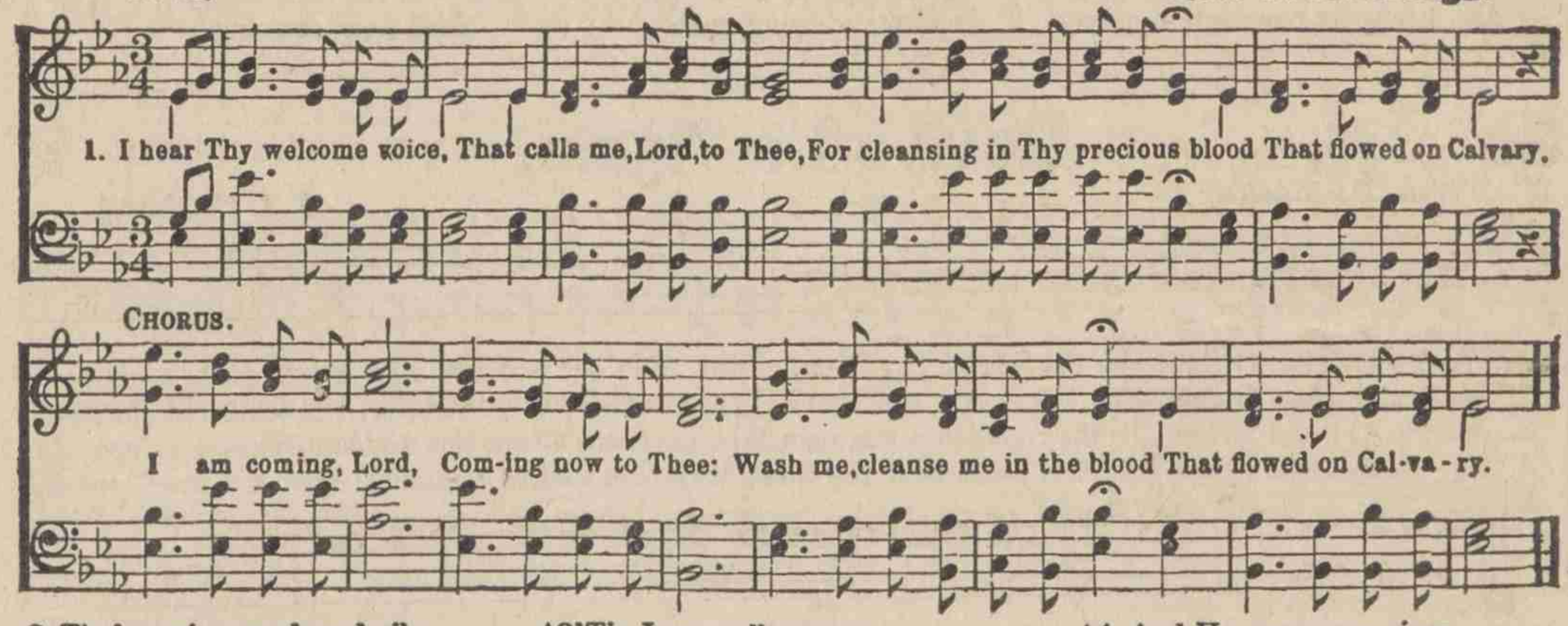


3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

No. 235. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. M. Rev. L. Hartsough.



2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heav'n above.

4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.

No. 236. Jesus Call Us.

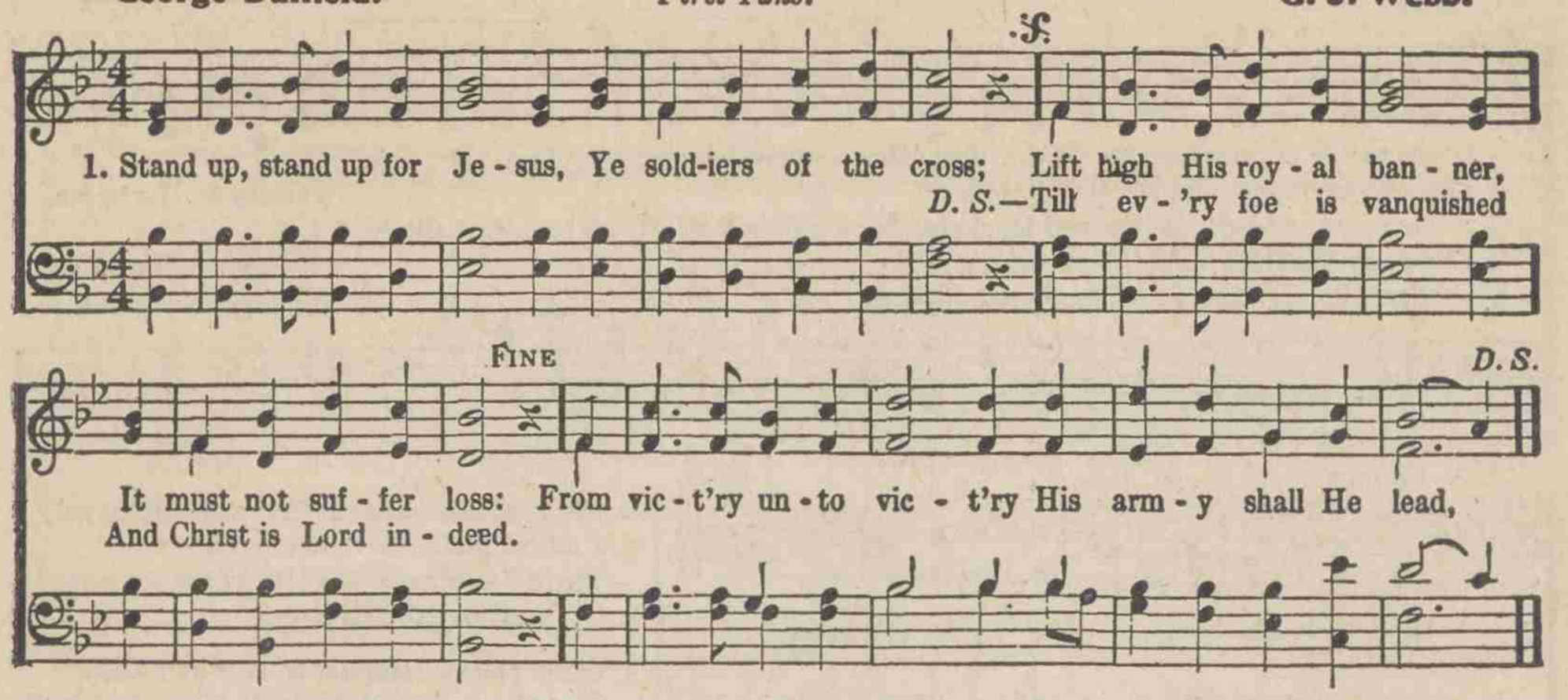
Cecil F. Alexander. W. F. Jude.

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 237. Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield. *First Tune.* G. J. Webb.



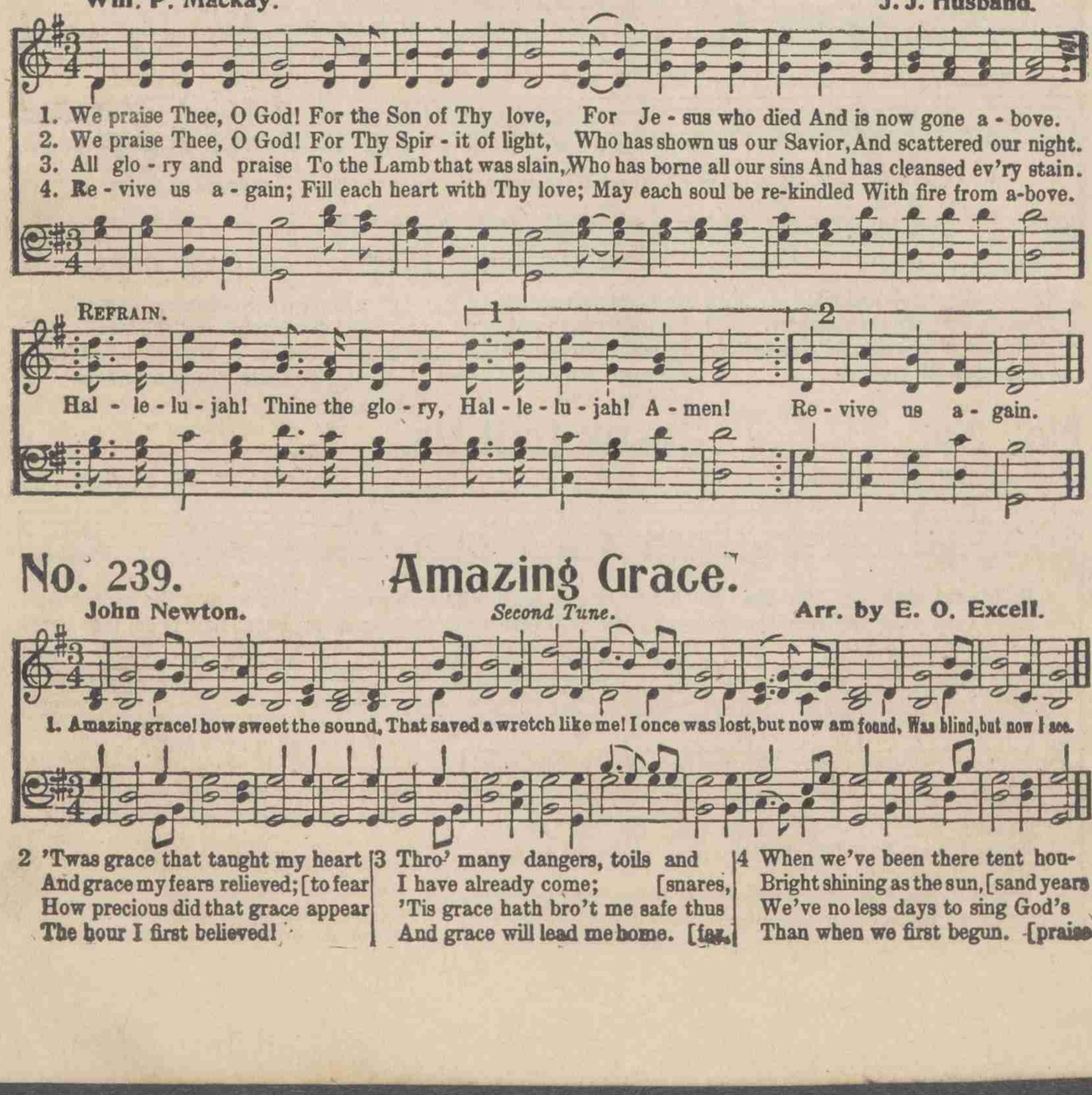
2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

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

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

No. 238. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.



No. 239. Amazing Grace.

John Newton. *Second Tune.* Arr. by E. O. Excell.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus far.
And grace will lead me home.

4 When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

No. 240. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. — J. H. Stockton.

1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest By
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where

trust-ing in His word.
wash-es white as snow.
you are ful - ly blest.
joys im-mor-tal flow.

On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you, He will ..... save you now.

No. 241. Oh, How I Love Jesus.

1. There { is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It
sounds like mus-ic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth,

{ Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus,
Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be- cause He first loved me.

2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood;
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And tho' I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

No. 242. The Old Time Religion.

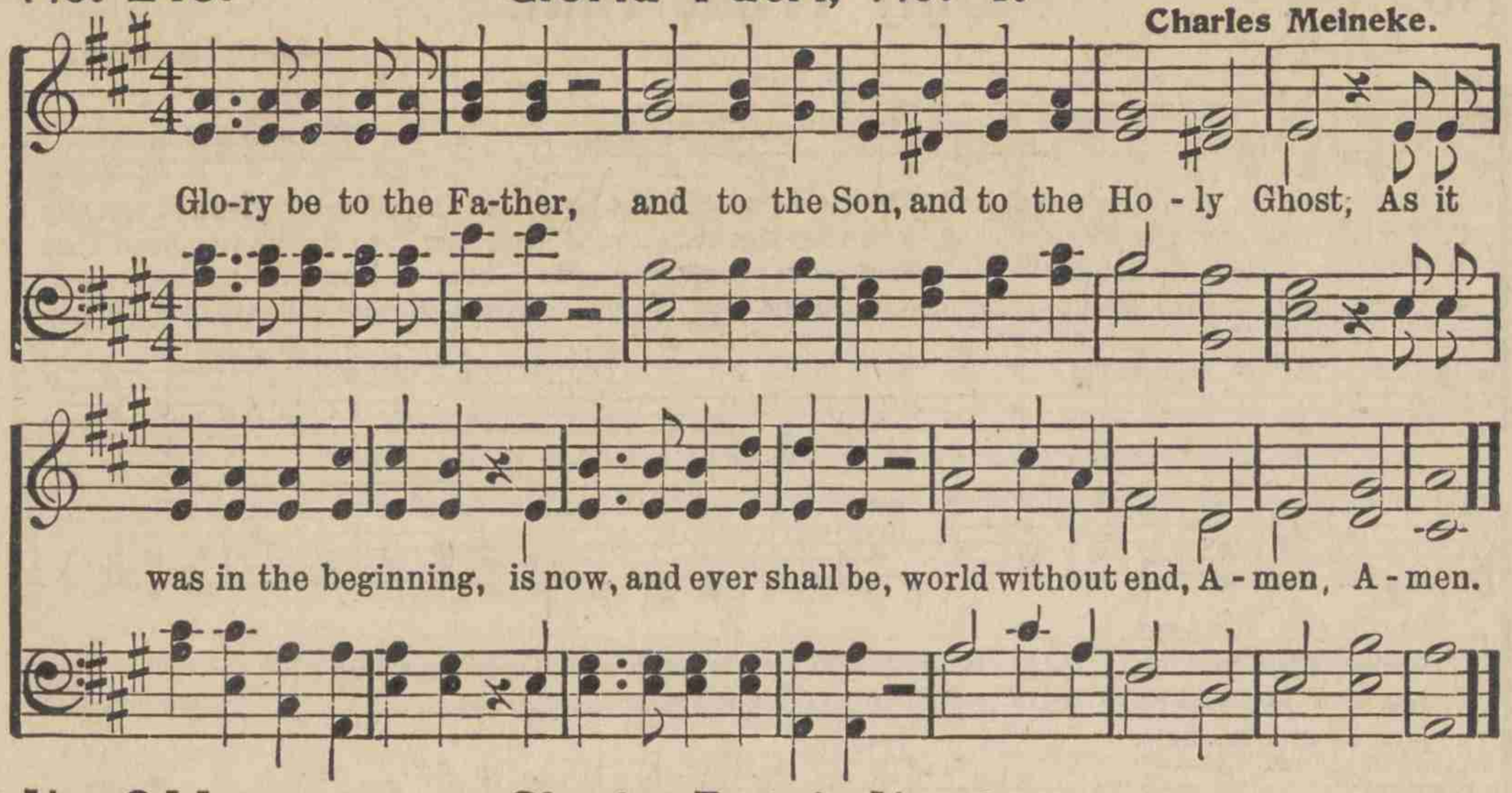
Unknown. — E. O. E. Arr.

CHO—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, And it's good enough for me.
1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, And it's good enough for me.

2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It will take us all to heaven.

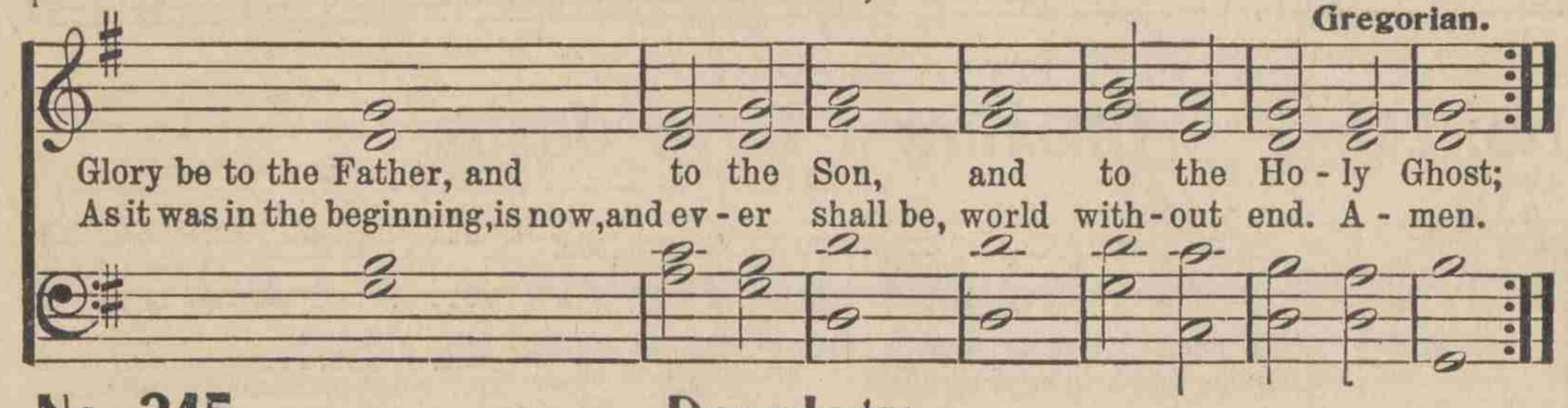
No. 243. Gloria Patri, No. 1.

Charles Meineke.



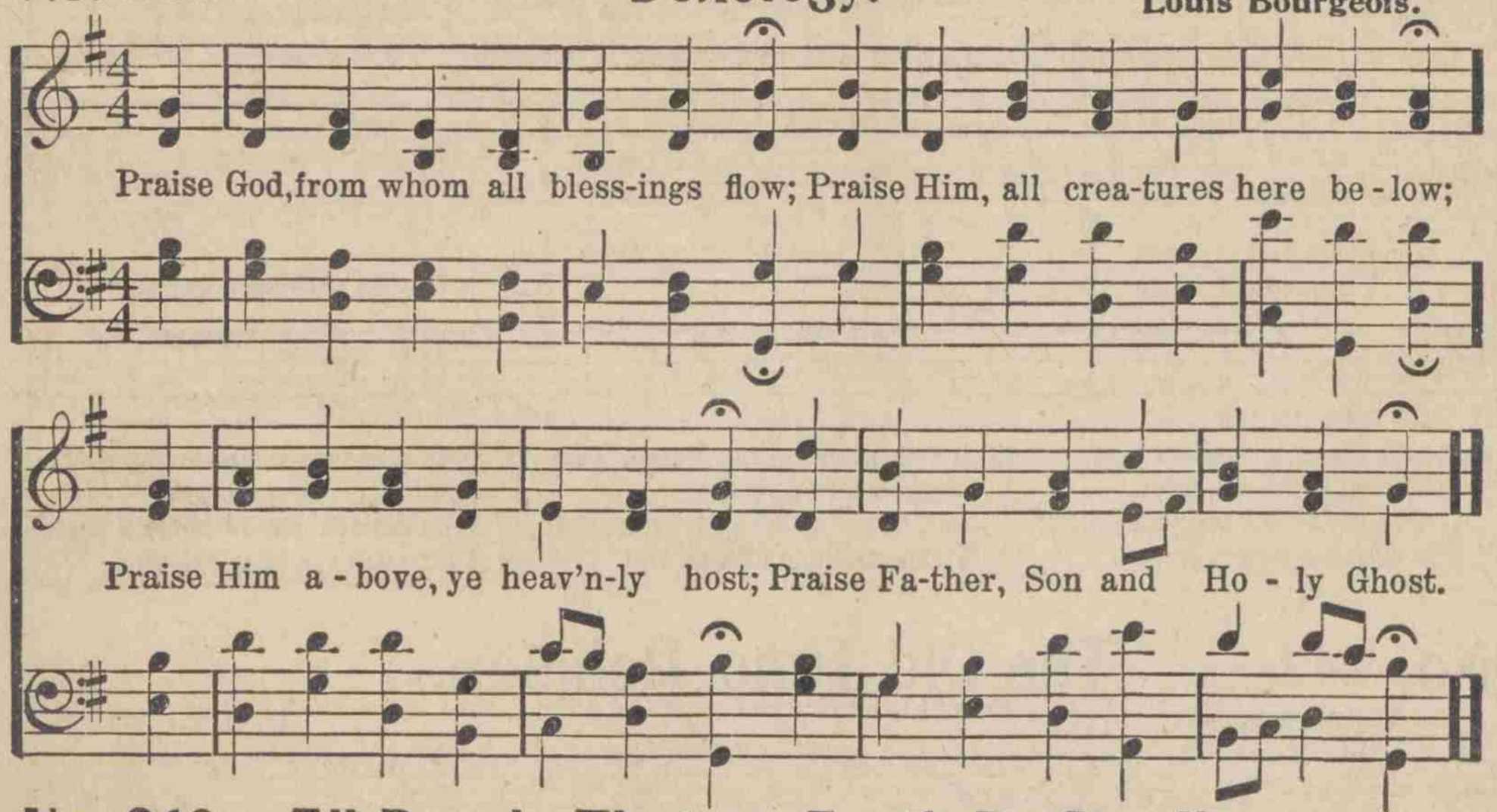
No. 244. Gloria Patri, No. 2.

Gregorian.



No. 245. Doxology.

Louis Bourgeois.



No. 246. All People That on Earth Do Dwell.

Psalm 100.

1 All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with joy;
Within His courts His praise proclaim;
Let thankful songs your tongues employ;
O bless and magnify His name.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

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HERALD

ROUND NOTE EDITION