The Revival 6

By

Charlie D. Tillman

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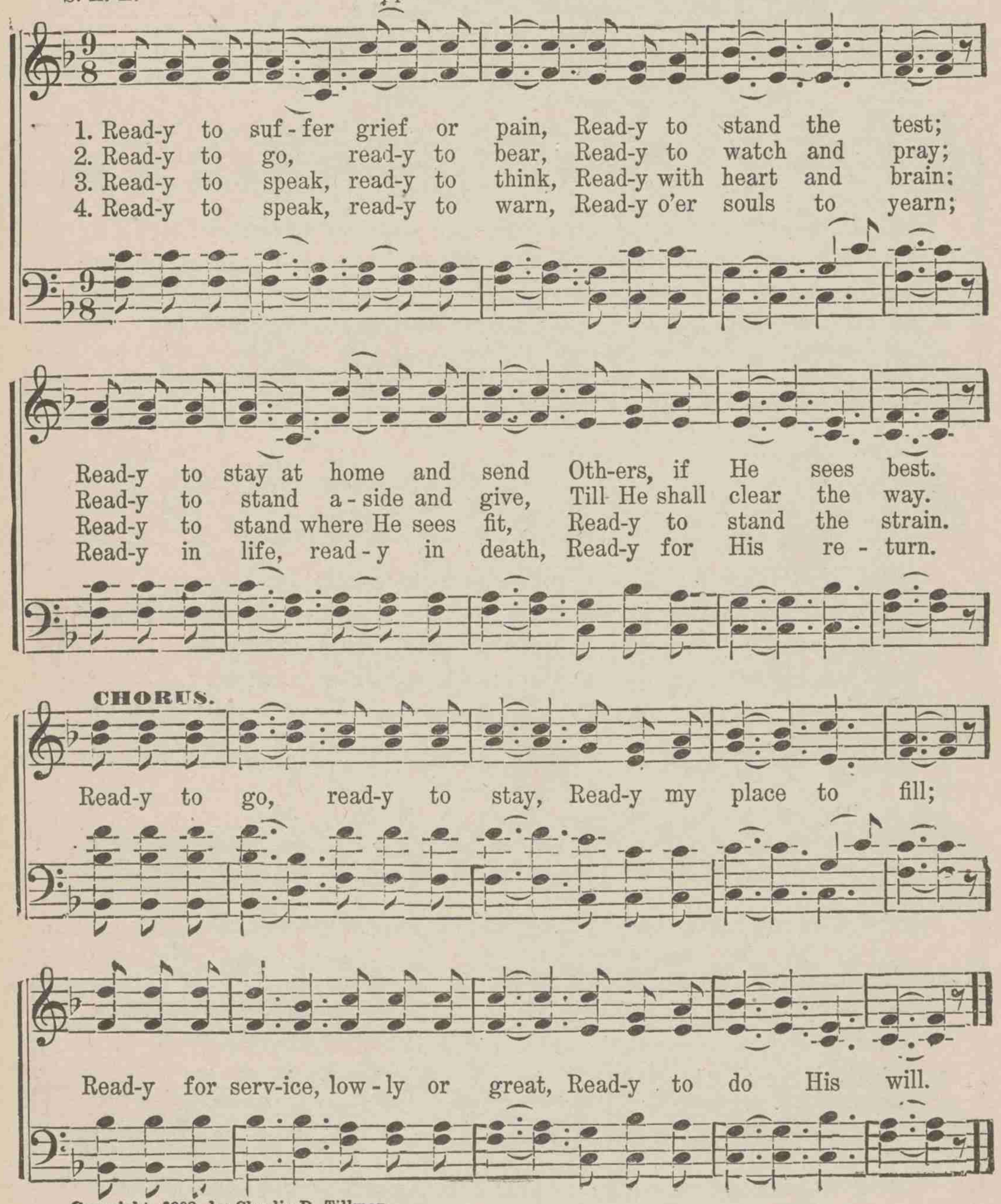
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REVIVAL NUMBER SIX.

1 Ready.

"Behold thy servants are ready to do whatsoever my Lord the King shall appoint."—II. SAM. 15:15.

S. E. L. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



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20049

2 The Upward Way.

L. B. B. (Dedicated to my friend Charlie D. Tillman.) L. B. BRIDGERS.

1. List - en broth - er while we sing As the bells of heav-en ring, Let us
2. If there's something else you need, He your hungry soul will feed, He will
3. You may think He will not come, But He will if there is room, So then
4. Say! I real - ly did not know, He could cleanse and fill me so; But by

tell to you the sto - ry of the cross; Je - sus died to set you free, That is
sanc-ti-fy and make the temple clean; He will come in to a-bide, Then you'll
broth-er open wide to Him the door; He will search you thro' and thro' Cleanse and
faith I launched far out away from shore; 'Tis so sweet to know and be Dead to

CHORUS.

what He did for me, As I press a - long the up-ward way.
sing what e'er be-tide, As you press a - long the up-ward way. Glo-ry to
make the heart a-new As you press a - long the up-ward way.
self from sin set free, As you press a - long the up-ward way.

God I'm on my journey home, Singing and I'm shouting as I march along, I am
going by and by, to the palace of the King, I am pressing on the upward way.

Coyyright, 1910, by Charlie D. Tillman.

3 Battle Hymn.

W. C. A. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Hark the tread of com - ing millions Marching on—the hosts of God;
2. God His pro-mise is ful-fil - ing To His well be - lov - ed Son:
3. Christ is see-ing of the tra - vail Of His loving, wait - ing soul,
4. Sol - diers of the cross, long waiting For the com - ing of this day—
5. When the long re-treat has sounded, And our Chieftain leads the way,
6. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!

Coming from the isles and na - tions, Ransom'd by the Sav-ior's blood.
Heathen nations to Him giv - ing, For a her - i - tage, His own.
In the tri-umphs of the gos - pel O - ver men, from pole to pole,
Toil-ing, weeping, watching, praying—Courage take and march a - way.
By His conqu'ring hosts surrounded, To the realms of end - less day;
All in earth and all in heav - en Sound the prais - es of His name!

Hear them shouting! Hear them shouting! "He hath wash'd us in His blood!"
See them com-ing! See them com-ing! All to wor - ship at His throne,
Hear their prais-es! Hear their prais-es! Like the voice of wa - ters roll,
"We have triumphed!" "We have triumphed!" Soon you'll hear our Captain say,
Then, how bless-ed! Oh, how bless-ed! To have fought to win the day,
Might - y Sav - ior! Might-y Sav - ior! We will con-quer in Thy name,

Hear them shouting! Hear them shouting! "He hath wash'd us in His blood!"
See them com-ing! See them com-ing! All to wor - ship at His throne.
Hear their prais-es! Hear their prais-es! Like the voice of wa - ters roll.
"We have triumphed!" "We have triumphed!" Soon you'll hear our Captain say.
Then, how bless-ed! Oh, how bless-ed! To have fought to win the day.
Might-y Sav - ior! Might-y Sav - ior! We will con - quer in Thy name.

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4 Speak the Savior's Name.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.—from A. B. S. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Oh speak the name of Je - sus, Tell it a - far and near, Tell how it
2. To heath-en millions send it—Tell them of Je-sus' love, The blessings
3. The i - dol God's will perish, Beneath the blessed sound, As news of

heals your sorrows, and dries the mouner's tear; Speak it to those around you
He will give them, The home He has above; Oh send His name so precious
Je - sus mercy, From lip to lip goes round; Homes will be filled with gladness

In your own happy land, But send the ti-dings farther— In ev - 'ry
To India's burning land, 'Twill heal the broken hearted; And raise the
And hearts for joy beat high, As the dear name of Je - sus; Floats in its

CHORUS.

clime and land.
fall - en hand. Speak the Savior's name, name of all most dear, Spread the glorious
sweetness by. holy name, O blessed name,

1. ban-ner Till all the earth shall hear;
2. banner Till all the earth shall hear.
all the earth shall hear;

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5 I'm Here on a Mission.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. DAN WARD MILAM.

1. I'm here on a mission, for Je - sus my King, His message of mercy
2. My mis - sion is roy-al, and great the re-ward, I share, in my service,
3. Vic - tor - i - ous Leader; my hope is in thee, And e'en as my Master, the

and par - don I bring; He calls me to serv-ice, He bids me re - peat
the joy of my Lord; His voice in the darkness, my spir - it has heard,
thy ser-vant would be; O this be my mission, on earth here be - low,

CHORUS.

The won-der-ful sto - ry, so bless-ed and sweet.
"Fear not, I am with you." I trust in His word. I'm here on a mission, I
To lead to my Sav-ior, His glo - ry to show.

haste on my way, His message is ur-gent, I dare not delay; My King, my Re-

deem - er has sent me to you, To you is His promise, so faithful and true.

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6 I've Been Redeemed.

L. B. B. L. B. BRIDGERS.

1. Since Je-sus my Savior spoke peace to my soul I've been re-deemed;
Since bil - lows of glo - ry did o - ver me roll, I've been r-edeemed;

2. I'm feast - ing on rich-es of Caanan's fair land, I've been re-deemed;
I'm feel - ing so rest - ed He's holding my hand, I've been re-deemed;

3. My soul is en-rapt-ured, my burden is light, I've been re-deemed;
Some day I shall see Him, with Him take my flight, I've been re-deemed;

4. Be - lov-ed why don't you step in-to this way? You've been re deemed;
Let Him cleanse the temple and come in to stay, You've been re-deemed;

I'm feast - ing with Je-sus, His fel-low-ship sweet, Sup-plies ev -'ry
I'm clean o - ver Jor-dan I'm press-ing my way, I'm rest-ing in
He's gone to pre-pare us a man-sion on high, He's com-ing in
The car - nal af-fect-ions will die and de- cay, The Spir - it will

longing and guideth my feet, I'm sanc-ti-fied wholly His promise still keeps,
Je - sus I'm o - ver to stay, I'll go thro' tho' rugged and stromy the way,
glo - ry in clouds of the sky, O glory He's coming, His day draweth nigh,
enter and then have His way, Come now let Him fill you, you need Him today
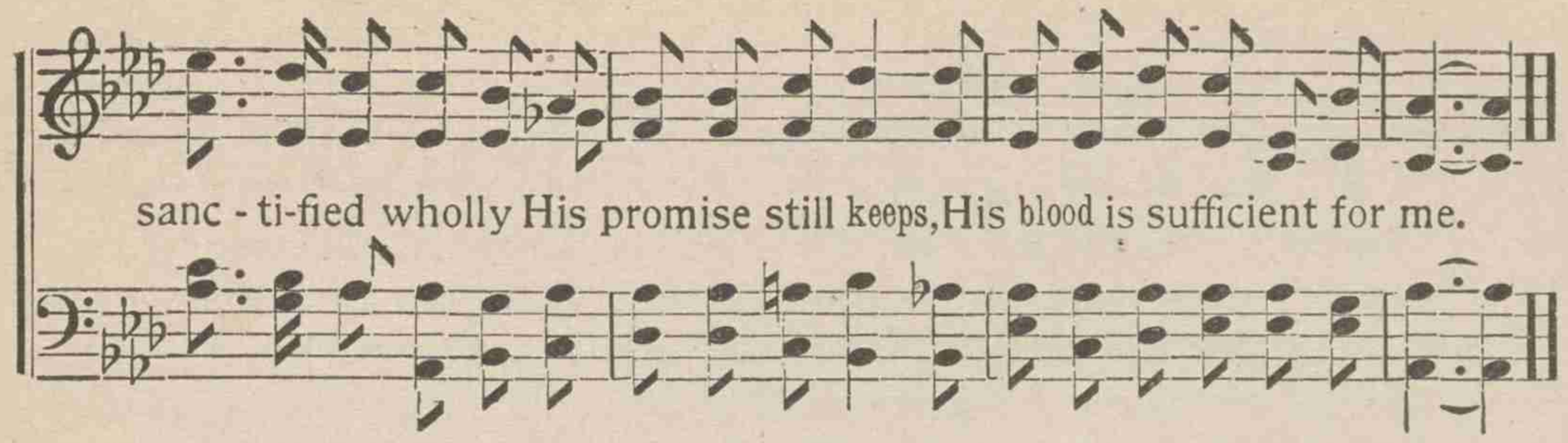
CHORUS.

His blood is suf - fi - cient for me. His blood is suf - fi - cient for

me, for me, His blood is suf - fi - cient for me, for me, I'm

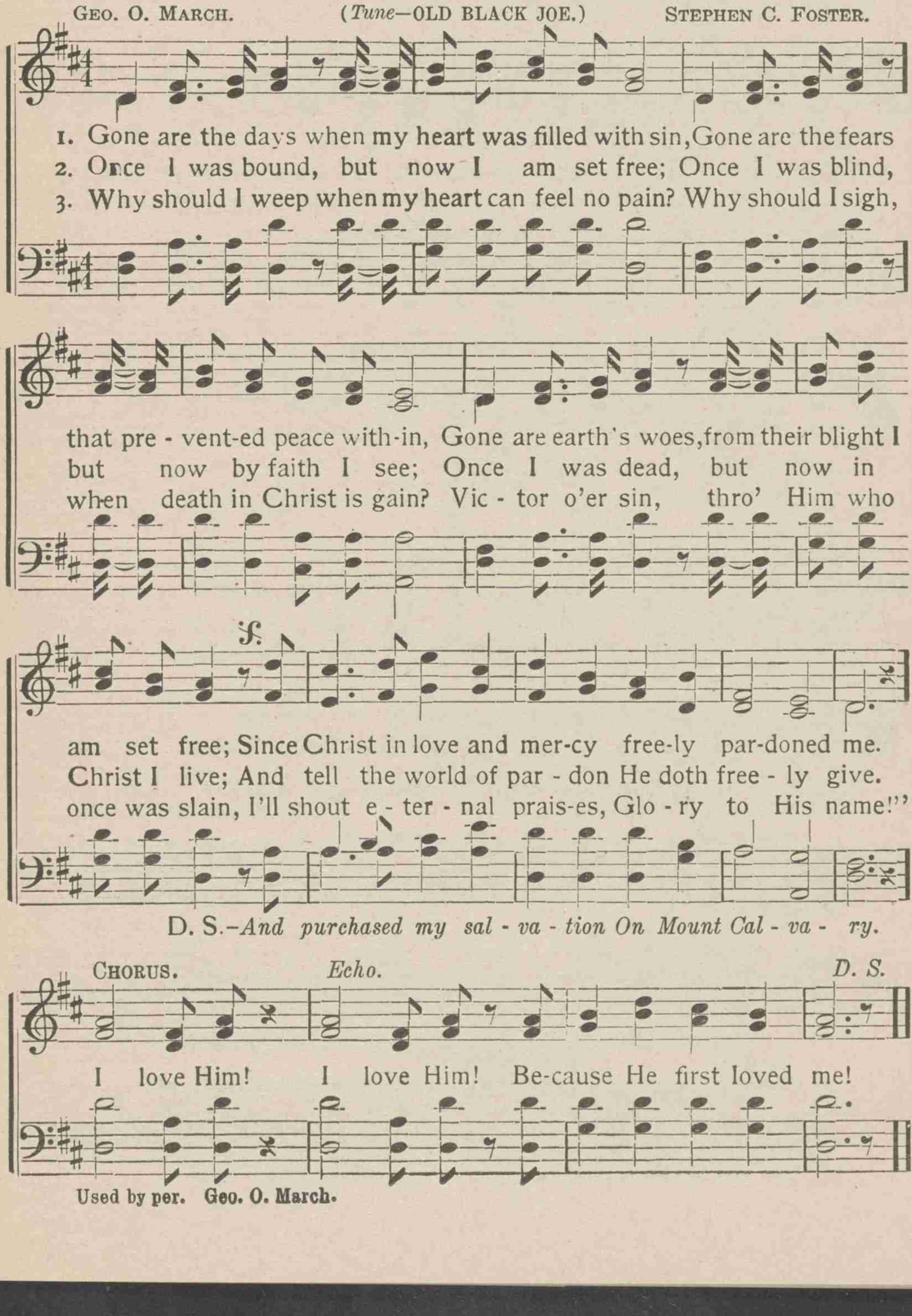
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I've Been Redeemed.



7 I Love Him.

GEO. O. MARCH. (*Tune*—OLD BLACK JOE.) STEPHEN C. FOSTER.



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8 Washed in the Blood.

C. P. JONES. C. P. JONES.

1. Washed in the blood, by the Spir-it sealed, Christ in His word is to
2. Once I was blind, but be-hold, I see; God from a - bove now hath
3. O that the world might the Sav-ior see, That bless-ed Sav - ior who
4. Washed in the blood! sin-ner, come to-day; Je - sus so free - ly the

me re - vealed; Glo - ry to God! in my soul doth shine God,
shined in-to me; Cleansed from all sin, in His word I be - hold Wealth
saved poor me! O how the lost ones would come shouting home, Never,
debt will pay; Come to His arms, to His arms of grace, Come,

CHORUS.

my sal - va-tion, and His life is mine!
which can never, be compared to gold. Washed in the blood, washed in the
nev-er, nev-er, nev-er-more to roam!
now in meekness seek the Savior's face.

O glo - ry!

blood! Washed in the blood, in the soul-cleansing blood! Washed in the

Hal - le-lu-jah! O glo - ry!
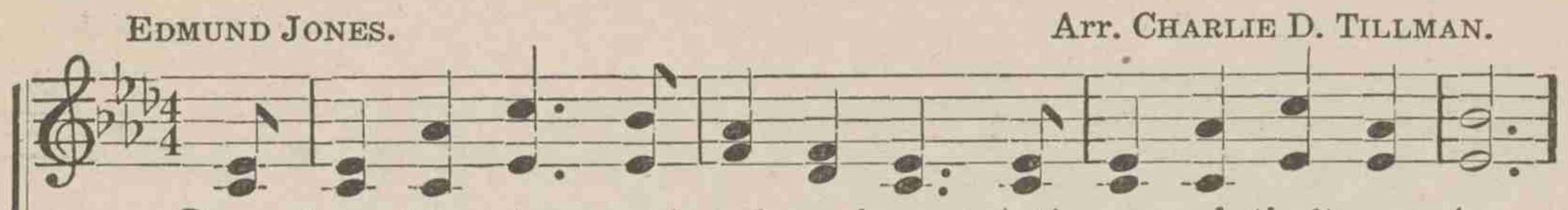
blood, washed in the blood! Sealed in the Spirit true, and washed in the blood.

O glo-ry! Hal-le-lu-jah!
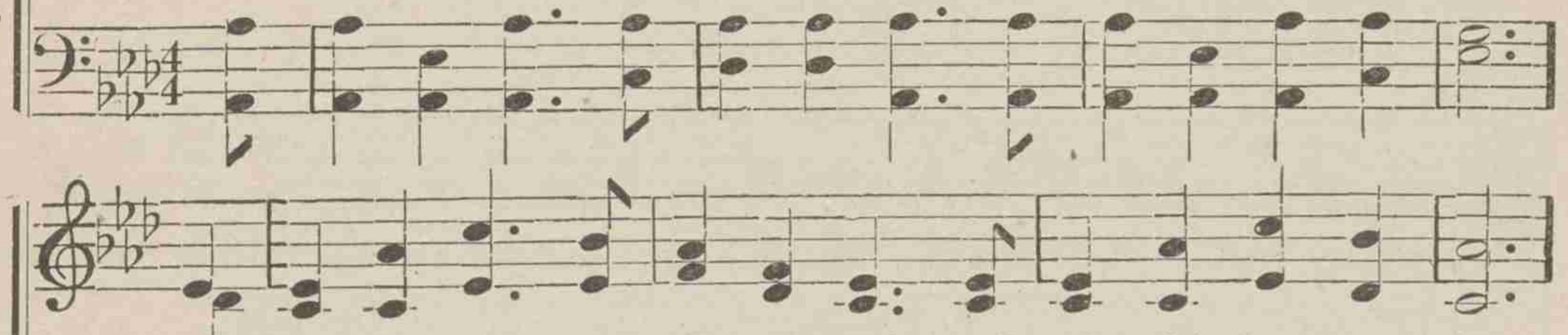
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9 Whosoever Will, Let Him Come.
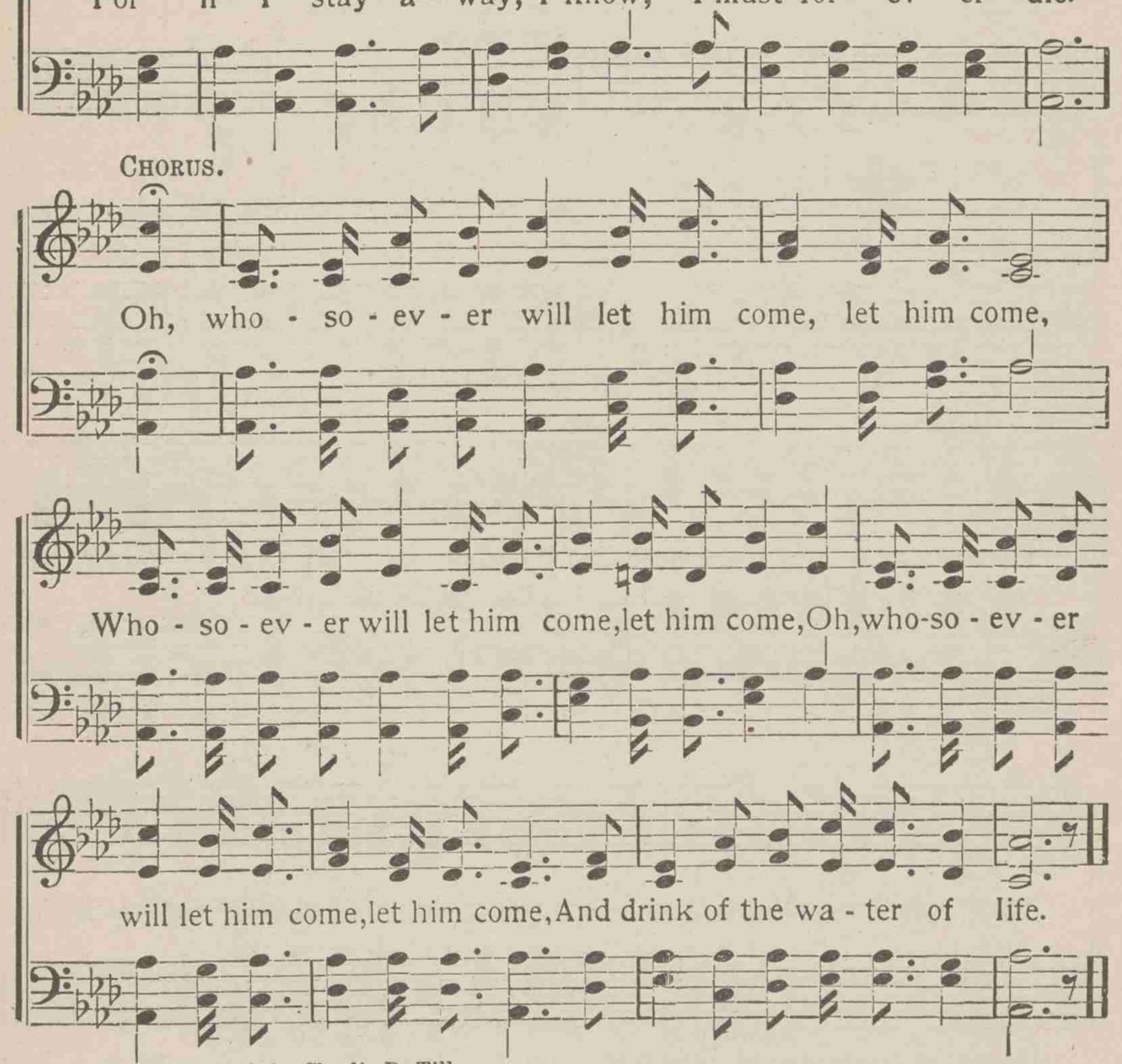
EDMUND JONES. Arr. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



1. Come hum-ble sin - ner in whose breast A thou-sand tho'ts revolve,
2. I'll go to Je - sus tho' my sin's, Hath like a mount-ain rose;
3. Pros-trate I'll lie be - fore His throne, And their my guilt con - fess;
4. Per - haps He will ad - mit my plea, Per - haps will hear my pray'r;
5. I can but per - ish if I go; I am re-solved to try;



Come with your guilt and fear oppressed; And make this last re - solve.
I know His courts I'll en - ter in; What ev - er may op - pose.
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un-done, With-out His sovereign grace.
But if I per - ish I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there.
For if I stay a - way, I know, I must for - ev - er die.



CHORUS.

Oh, who - so - ev - er will let him come, let him come,

Who - so - ev - er will let him come, let him come, Oh, who-so - ev - er

will let him come, let him come, And drink of the wa - ter of life.

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10 WE WILL FOLLOW THEE.

A. A. PAYN. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Trusting Je-sus, trusting ev'-ry day, Trusting Je-sus all a-long the way,
2. Lov-ing Je-sus, who in deep-est love Came in mer-cy from His throne above;
3. In a world of sor-row and distress, Bear-ing burdens that so heav-y press,

Trusting Him, we never can fall, He will hear when-ev-er we call; Swift to an-swer
Un-to Him we fer-vent-ly pray, As we jour-ney o-ver the way, We may love and
Cheerful words will brighten the way, Willing hands will lighten the day, "Ye have done it

is the King who rules us all.
serve Him better ev'-ry day.
un-to me," shall Je-sus say.

CHORUS.

We will fol-low Thee, We will fol-low Thee,

Tho' the way be rugged and steep, Tho' it leads us o-ver the deep; We will fol-low

Thee, We will fol-low Thee, Thou wilt guide in tenderest care and safe-ly keep.

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11 Praises.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Thankful hearts we bring, Songs of praise we sing To the King e-ter-nal
2. He hath mul - ti-plied Blessings un-de-nied, Like the dew up - on the
3. Clos-er things divine 'Round our hearts entwine, More completely are the

on His throne; We His name a-dore, And for - ev - er - more He shall
grass they fall; Then in grat - i - tude Be our thanks renewed To the
bat - tles fought; With His mighty arm Shielding us from harm; May His

CHORUS.

reign in ev - 'ry heart a - lone.
King of kings and Lord of all. Prais-es! prais - es! let the might-y
per - fect will in me be wrought!

chor-us rise, Ech - o - ing joy-ful - ly thro' the skies! Prais-es! prais-es!

Earth and heav'n u-nite to sing, Glo-ry and hon - or to Christ, our King.

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12 The Blood of Jesus.

F. M. Atkinson. Charlie D. Tillman.

1. What can ful - ly save to - day? Noth-ing but the blood,
2. What can make my path-way clear? Noth-ing but the blood,
3. What can give you peace with - in? Noth-ing but the blood,
4. It is flood - ing thro' my soul, Noth-ing but the blood,

Noth - ing but the blood; What can cleanse my guilt a - way?
Noth - ing but the blood; What can drive a - way all fear?
Noth - ing but the blood; What will help each vic - t'ry win?
Noth - ing but the blood; Pre - cious blood that makes me whole,

CHORUS.

Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus. The cleansing wave I

see, I see, Nothing but the blood, Nothing but the blood; The

healing stream now reaches me, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

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13 Jesus Is Passing This Way.

"He was to pass this way."—LUKE 19: 4.

ANNIE L. JAMES. W. H. DOANE.

Gently, not too fast.

1. Is there a heart that is wait-ing, Longing for par-don to-day?
2. Coming in love and in mer-cy, Quick-ly now un-to Him go;
3. Lis-ten, the Spir-it is call-ing, Je-sus will free-ly for-give,
4. He is so ten-der and lov-ing, He is so near you to-day;

Hear the glad message we bring you, Je-sus is pass-ing this way.
O-pen your heart to re-ceive Him, Pardon and peace He'll be-stow
Why not this moment ac-cept Him? Trust in God's mer-cy and live.
O-pen your heart to re-ceive Him, While He is pass-ing this way.

REFRAIN.

Je-sus is passing this way,..... This way..... to-day;.....
Je-sus is passing, is passing this way, Is passing this way, Is passing to-day;

Je-sus is passing this way,.... Is pass-ing this way to-day.
way to-day,

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14 Good Enough for Me.

N. E.
C. D. T.

E. L. O.
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. There's a way that leads to glo - ry, That long has stood the test, While some have boast-ed oth - er ways were ver - y much the best; Con -
2. This way is straight and narrow, And does not suit the world, And they, like Sa - tan, ev - 'ry-thing a - long this way have hurled; But
3. A - long this way re-joic-ing, While walking in the light, So ma - ny of - fers Sa - tan makes to lure me from the right; But

tent to fol - low Je - sus And His sal - va - tion see, I find this
when I think how ma - ny Have found this way to be A safe, and
trust-ing all to Je - sus From such I am set free, So the bless-ed

way our fathers trod Is good enough for me.
sure and happy way, It's good enough for me. It's good enough for me, it's
way our fathers trod Is good enough for me.

CHORUS.

good enough for me, The same old way our fathers trod Is good enough for me.

rall.

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15 The Whole Wide World for Jesus.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

With animation.

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

out the joy-ful watchword From ev'ry grateful heart. The whole wide world
all the South Sea Islands, To China's princely state; From India's vales
out again the watchword In loud and joyous tones. The whole wide world

All Parts.

for Je - sus! Be this our bat - tle cry;.... The Cru - ci-fied shall
and mountains, Thro' Persia's land of bloom,.. To sto - ried Pal - es-
for Je - sus! With pray'r the song we'll wing;.. And speed the pray'r with

The whole wide world for Je - sus! Be this our bat - tle - cry; . . . shall
From In - dia's vales and mountains, Thro' Per-sia's land of bloom. . . Pal - es -
The whole wide world for Je - sus! With pray'r the song we'll wing; . . with

CHORUS.

con-quer, And vic - to - ry is nigh.
ti - na, And Af - ric's des - ert gloom. The whole wide world For
la - bor, Till earth shall crown him King.

Je-sus! for Je-sus! This whole wide world For Je-sus Christ our Lord!

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16 Not Empty-Handed.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. He that, weeping, goeth forth to sow In life's harvest field so wide,
2. Dai - ly go-ing forth to seek the lost; Nev-er serv-ice was so sweet;
3. While the summer's sun is shining bright, Till the evening shadows dim,
4. Bringing to the gar-ner of the Lord Souls my la-bors here have won;

Doubtless shall the joy of reaping know, Joy that ev-er will a - bide.
Bringing them, whatever it may cost, To the dear Redeem-er's feet.
Toil - ing in the fields to harvest white, Winning precious souls for Him.
God's approving smile my rich reward, And His gracious "Child, well done!"

CHORUS.

Not emp - ty - hand - ed would I go
No, not emp - ty - hand - ed would I go
To meet my Lord who loves me so;
Forth to meet my Lord who loves me so;
Not emp-ty-hand-ed would I go, But la- den with golden sheaves.

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17 My Heart Shall Not Be Afraid.

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

1. Je - sus' blood was all - suf - fi-cient, All my sins to wash a - way,
2. When He calls me un - to tri - al, Which a - lone, I dare not face,
3. When the val-ley lies be - fore me, When the end is draw-ing near,
4. When I stand be-fore His pres-ence At the Judgment bar of God,

And the grace He free - ly giv-eth, Saves and keeps me day by day.
I shall not for - get the prom-ise, That He giv - eth plent'ous grace.
He will lead me thro' the shad-ows, And my heart shall know no fear.
This shall be my on - ly mer - it, I have trust - ed Je - sus' blood.

CHORUS.

My heart shall not be a - fraid, My
My heart shall not, shall not be a - fraid, My

heart shall not be a - fraid;..... I shall
heart shall not, shall not be a - fraid;

not for - get in whom I trust, My heart shall not be a - fraid.

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18 The Messiah of the Nations.

E. R. LATTA. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. The Mes - si - ah of the na - tions He shall come, And the dry and parched des - ert, it shall bloom; Je - sus is the world's de - liv - 'rer and its friend, priesthood ne'er shall end.
2. He hath borne our sorrows for us all a - lone, He shall be a priest for - ev - er for His own; Lo, the peo - ple par - don both re - ceive.
3. He shall judge among the heathen in his day, He shall lift the head that's drooping, by the way; If we serve Him Zi - on in the sky.

He shall come, it shall bloom, and its friend, ne'er shall end.

And His king-dom and His shall be will - ing to be - lieve, And they shall His peace and we shall see Him by and by, He will lead us to Mount

CHORUS.

Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him, praise Him for-ev-er-more, Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him for-ev-er-more.

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19 CHRIST IS CROWDED OUT.

J. H. W. SOLO. PROF. J. H. WEBER.

Slowly, with expression.

1. In the bus - y marts, in the crowd - ed street, The world goes hur - ry- ing on; It craves for wealth and pomp and show, And heeds the si - ren's song. It's pleas - ure first, it's self and gold,
2. We're bus - y at home with our friends and cares, And there's no time to pray; It's lodge, or club and world - ly things, In this gay world to - day: But death will come, and you will die,
3. The world, with its song, goes march - ing on, You join the glad re - frain; With soul and mind and ev - 'ry nerve, You plan for earth - ly gain. O stop! and think, some day you'll die,

And Christ is crowd - ed out, And Christ is crowd - ed out;

O what will you say in the judgment day, If Christ is crowded out?

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20 Jesus Stands on the Shore.

MARY B. WINGATE. FRED A. FILLMORE.

Unison.

1. Je - sus stood on the shore Of the blue Gal - i-lee, As when men whom he loved Sailed a - way on the sea; When the wild winds a-rose, And they
2. Je - sus stands on the shore Of a wide rolling sea, And his, "Be of good cheer," Reaches you, reach es me. Yes, he stands on the shore, He is
3. Je - sus stands on the shore Tho' our hearts may not know, When the loud billows roar And the hur - ri - canes blow; Yes, he stands on the shore, When we're
4. Je - sus stands on the shore, He is watching us still, When our feet wander down To the wa - ters so chill, Yes, he stands on the shore, He is

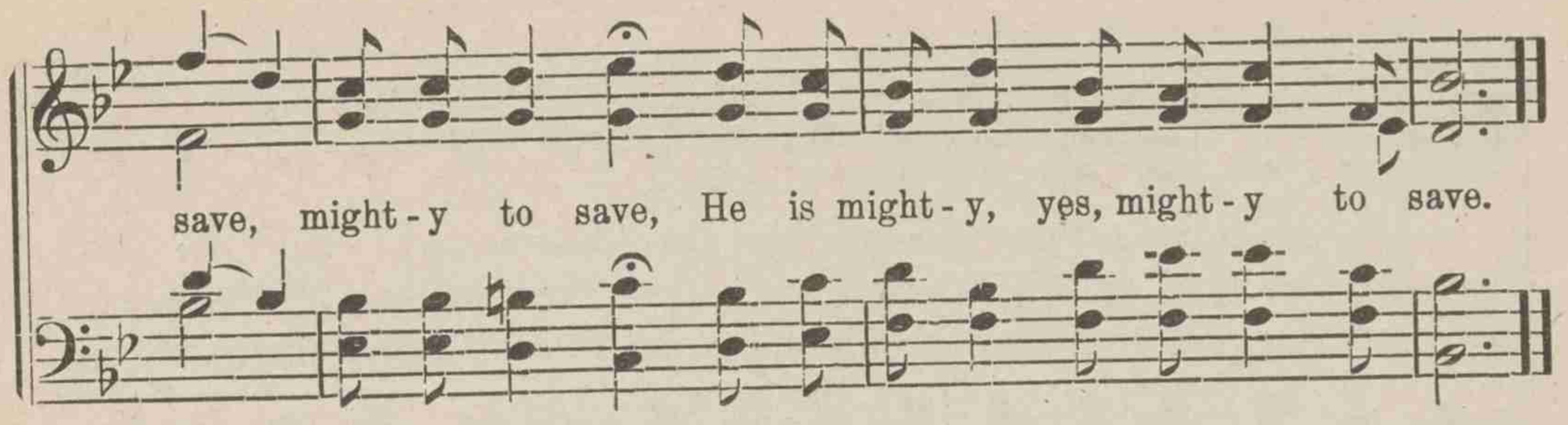
tossed on the tide, O'er the wa-ters so dark, Lo! he came to their side.
look - ing this way, He is watch-ing us now Thro' the mist and the spray.
tossed on the tide, When our hearts shrink with fear He will come to our side.
might-y to save, With his sweet "Peace, be still," He will come on the wave.

CHORUS.

Je - sus stands on the shore, Then, O sail - or, be brave; Tho' the bil - lows may roll, He is might-y to save, He is might - y to

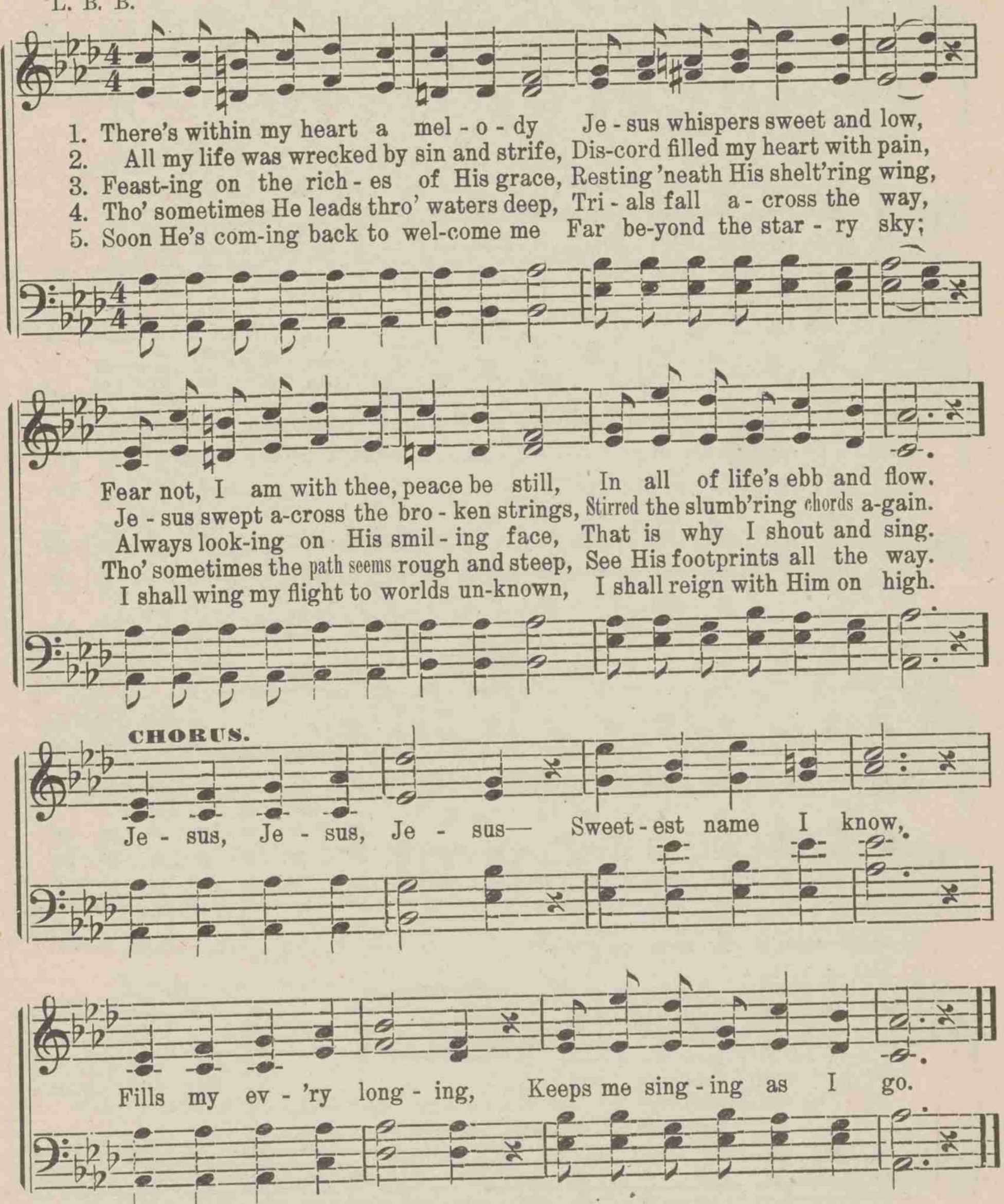
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Jesus Stands on the Shore.



21 He Keeps Me Singing.

L. B. B. L. B. BRIDGERS.



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22 Should He Now Appear.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Are you read - y for the Sav-iour should he come to - day? Are you read-y for the Sav - iour as the time draws near? Are your garments clean and white? Are you walking in the light? Are you read-y for the glo - ry bright? If at morning, noon or night? Are you read-y for the

2. Are you read - y for the Sav-iour should he come to-night? Are you read-y for the Sav - iour should he call your soul? Will you meet your God in peace When your work on earth shall cease? Are you read-y for the

3. Are you read - y for the Sav-iour should he come just now, Are you read-y for the Sav - iour should he come forth now In the clouds of glo - ry bright? Are you read-y for the

D.S.-Are you read-y for the Sav-iour should he now ap - pear?

FINE. CHORUS.

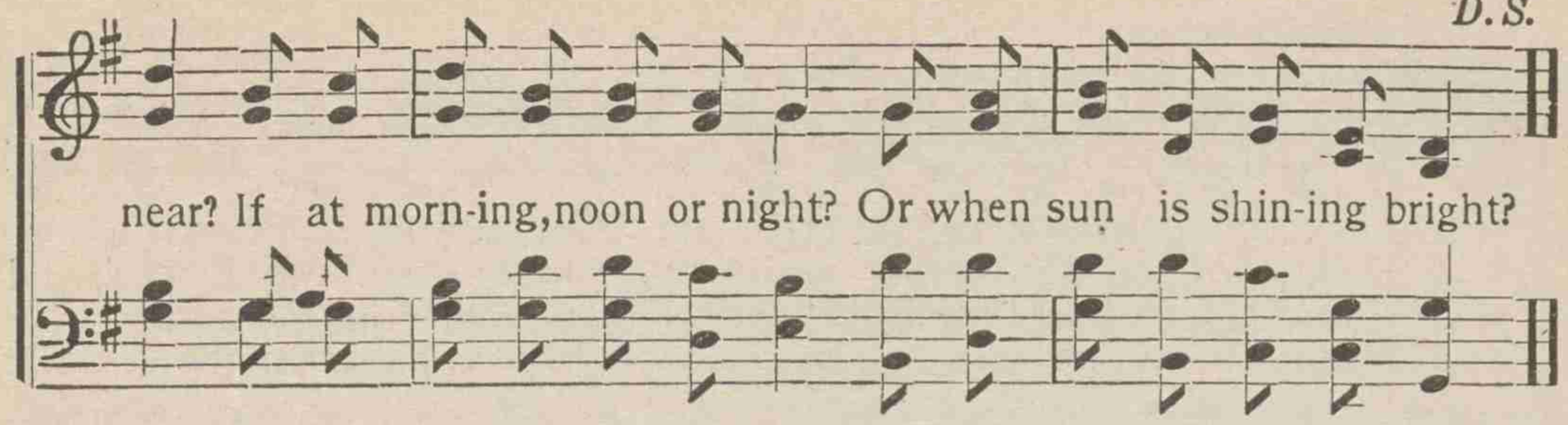
Sav-iour should he now ap - pear? Are you ready..... should he now ap - pear? Are you read - y..... as the time draws

for the Sav - iour, for the Sav - iour

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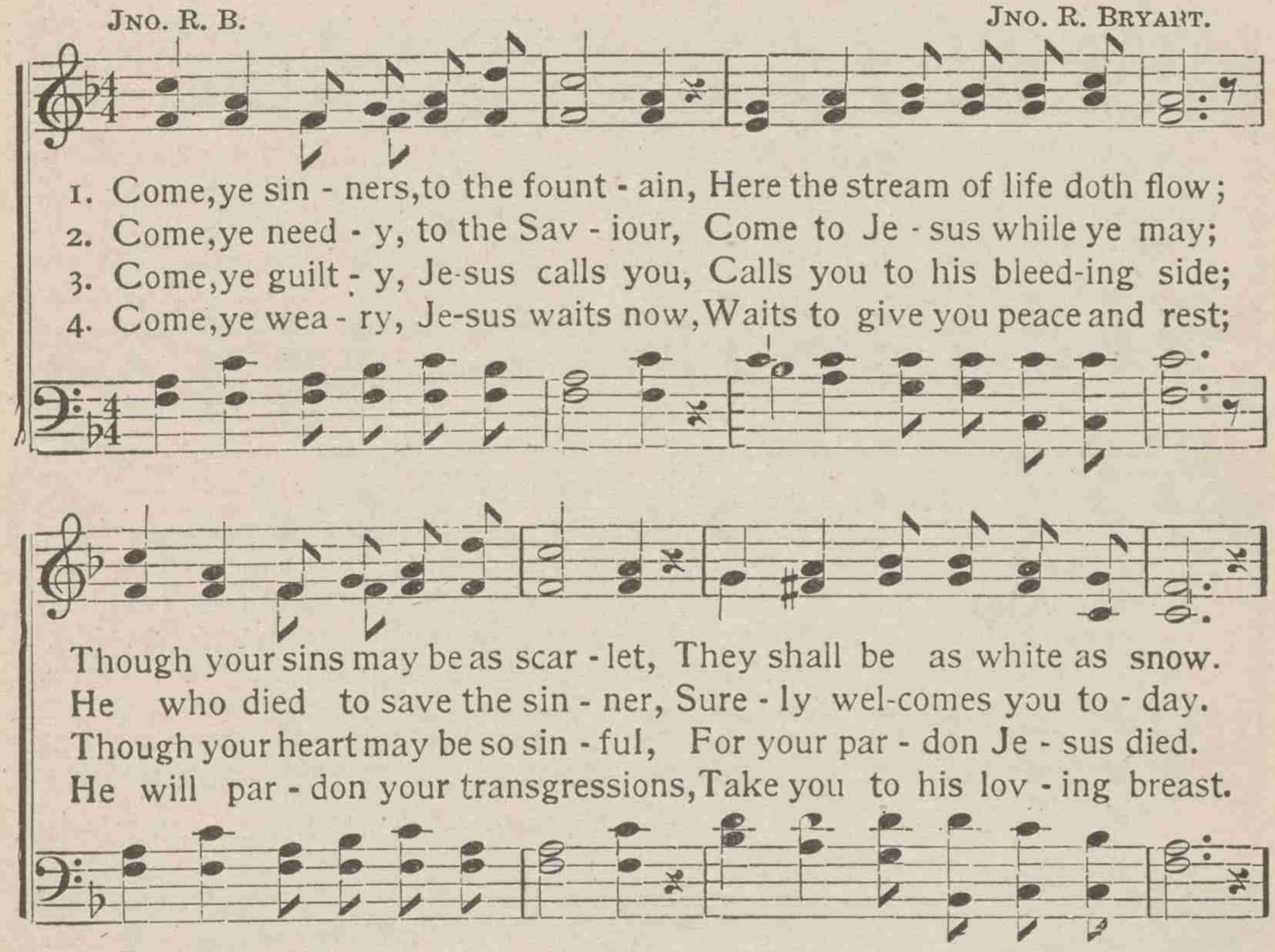
Should He Now Appear.

D. S.
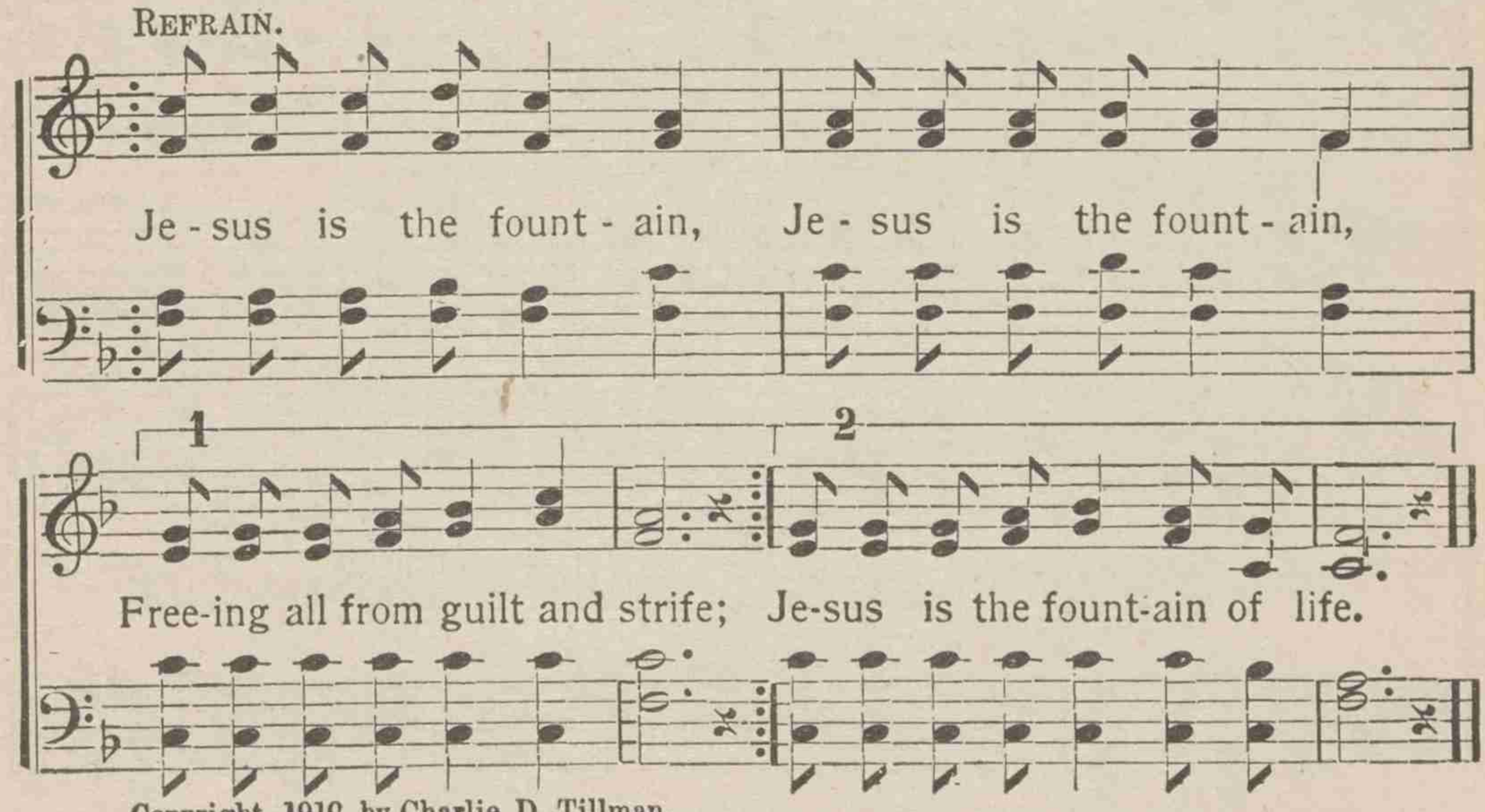


23 Jesus is the Fountain of Life.

JNO. R. B. JNO. R. BRYANT.



REFRAIN.



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24 Could I Tell It.

INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.

1. If I could tell of Je - sus, as I know Him, My Re-deem - er who has brightened all the way; If I could tell how pre-cious
2. If I could on - ly tell you how He loves you, And if we could thro' the lone - ly gar - den go, If I could tell His dy - ing
3. If I could tell how sweet will be His wel-come In that home whose wondrous beau-ty ne'er was told; And tell you how He waits and
4. But I can nev - er tell Him as I know Him; Human tongue can nev - er tell of love di - vine; I on - ly can en - treat you

is His pres - ence, I am sure that you would make Him yours to day.
pain and par - don, You would worship at His wounded feet, I know.
longs to save you, You would seek Him, and a-bide with - in His fold.
to ac - cept Him; Come and know the joy and peace for-ev - er-mine.

D.S. —sure that you would make Him yours to-day.

CHORUS.

Could I tell it, could I tell it, How the sunshine of His presence lights my way, I would tell it, I would tell it, And I'm

Could I tell it, yes, I would, Could I tell it as I should, I would tell you, yes I would, I would tell yon if I could,

D. S.

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25 Some Day, it Won't Be Long.

L. B. B. L. B. BRIDGERS.

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

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

Some day I'll reach the golden shore, And dwell with Jesus ev-er more,
Some day I'll leave this vail of tears, Forget the struggles of long years,
If He should call me, this I know: I'm saved and ready now to go,
O broth - er, will you let Him in? He'll save and keep you free from sin,

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

Sing after last verse. FINE. D.C.

There'll be no sor - row there. There' be no sorrow there; In heav'n above where all is love,

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24 Gould I Tell It.

INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.

1. If I could tell of Je - sus, as I know Him, My Re-deem - er
2. If I could on - ly tell you how He loves you, And if we could
3. If I could tell how sweet will be His wel-come In that home whose
4. But I can nev - er tell Him as I know Him; Human tongue can

who has brightened all the way; If I could tell how pre-cious
thro' the lone - ly gar - den go, If I could tell His dy - ing
wondrous beau-ty ne'er was told; And tell you how He waits and
nev - er tell of love di - vine; I on - ly can en - treat you

is His pres - ence, I am sure that you would make Him yours to day.
pain and par - don, You would worship at His wounded feet, I know.
longs to save you, You would seek Him, and a-bide with - in His fold.
to ac - cept Him; Come and know the joy and peace for-ev - er-mine.

D.S.—sure that you would make Him yours to-day.

CHORUS.

Could I tell it, could I tell it, How the sunshine of His
Could I tell it, yes, I would, Could I tell it as I should,

presence lights my way, I would tell it, I would tell it, And I'm
I would tell you, yes I would, I would tell yon if I could,

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L. B. B. L. B. BRIDGERS.

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

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

Some day I'll reach the golden shore, And dwell with Jesus ev-er more,
Some day I'll leave this vail of tears, Forget the struggles of long years,
If He should call me, this I know: I'm saved and ready now to go,
O broth - er, will you let Him in? He'll save and keep you free from sin,

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

Sing after last verse. FINE. D.C.

There'll be no sor - row there. There' be no sorrow there; In heav'n above where all is love,

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26 Come to the Savior.

Nina Clarke. Jno. R. Bryant.

1. Come, come to the Sav-ior, Make no de - lay, See, Je - sus is wait-ing
2. Come, come to the Sav-ior, List to the call, Soft - ly He is pleading
3. Come, come to the Sav-ior, Life giv - eth He, E'en un - to the vil - est

For you to - day; Je - sus will for - give you, And you re - ceive,
To one and all; Oh, hear Him now, sin-ner, He calls a - gain;
Cleansing may see; A home up in heav - en, Harp, robe and a crown;

CHORUS.

If you on the Sav - ior On - ly be - lieve.
Why lon-ger from Je - sus Will you re - main?
Come, come while His mercy Now may be found.

} Come, come while His mercy

Is flowing so free; Come, seeking salvation, It is for thee. He's a-ble to

save you, He will for - give; New life He will give you If you be-lieve.

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27 I Am Praying for You.

SAMUEL O'M. CLUFF. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I have a Sav - iour, He's plead-ing in glo - ry, A dear lov - ing
2. I have a Fa - ther: to me He has giv - en A hope for e -
3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splen-dent in white-ness, A-wait - ing in
4. I have a peace: it is calm as a riv - er— A peace that the
5. When Je-sus has found you, tell others the sto - ry, That my lov - ing

Saviour, tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch - ing in
ter - ni - ty bless - ed and true: And soon He will call me to
glo - ry my won - der - ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all
friends of this world nev - er knew: My Sav - iour a - lone is its
Sav - iour is your Sav-iour too; Then pray that your Sav - iour may

ten - der-ness o'er me, And oh, that my Sav - iour were your Saviour too!
meet Him in heav-en, But oh, that he'd let me bring you with me too!
shin-ing in brightness, Dear friend, could I see you re - ceiv-ing one too!
Au - thor and Giv-er, And oh, could I know it was giv - en to you!
bring them to glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!

CHORUS. *f* *p*

For you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing,

pp *rall.*

For you I am pray - ing, I'm pray - ing for you.

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28 "Sailing."

L. B. B. L. B. BRIDGERS.

1. We are on the ship of Zi - on—Make ho - san-ahs ring, We are
2. Watch the compass we are sail - ing, While the breez-es blow, We are
3. Tho' your sin's may be as scar - let, Je - sus died for you, We are

homeward bound; Sailing o'er the tide, All a - board! we're off for glo - ry
homeward bound; Sailing o'er the tide, Christ is build-ing us a man - sion,
homeward bound; Sailing o'er the tide, Zi - on's ship has land - ed thousands

Let us shout and sing, Till we safe - ly reach the oth - er side.
See the old ship go, He will soon say wel - come to His bride.
Faithful tried and true, She will stand the storm, what e'er be - tide
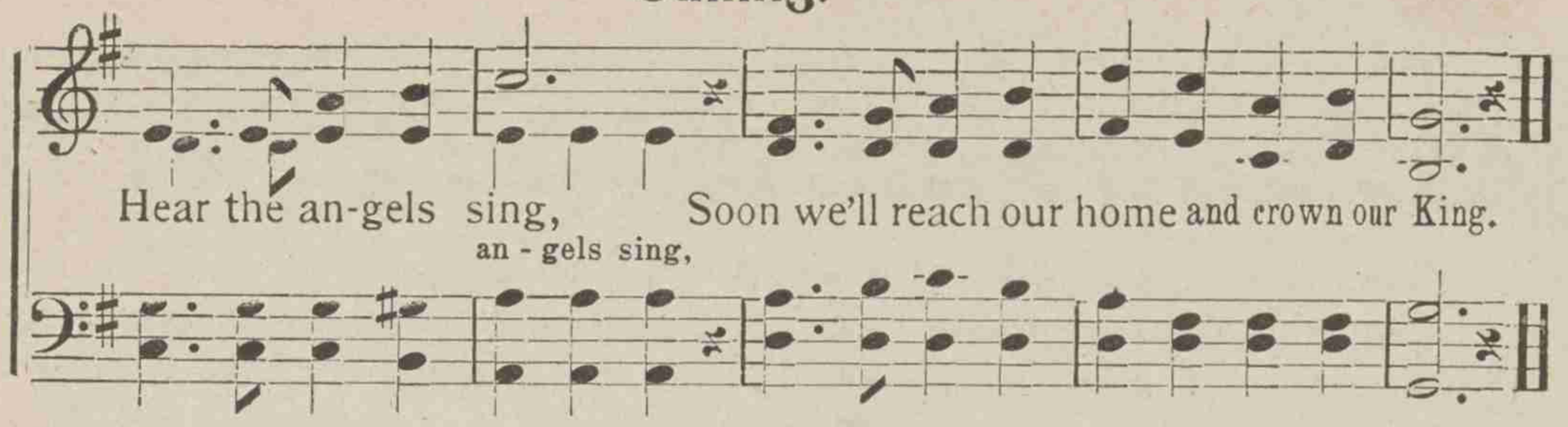
CHORUS. (*Much faster.*)

We are sailing o'er lifes o - cean, See the shining shore, Soon we'll cast with-
We are sail - ing, sail-ing o'er lifes o - cean, shin-ing shore,

in the vail, Yes, soon we'll cross the bar, See the loved ones wav-ing,
we'll cross the bar, wav-ing, wav-ing,

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"Sailing."



29 It is Not Mine.

Mrs. JULIA C. R. DORR. *Slowly.* CHAS. H. Marsh.

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30 "Perfect Trust."

MISS LULA ALEXANDER. L. B. BRIDGERS.

1. I may not al - ways know the way, Where-in God leads my feet, But this I know, that 'round my path His love and wisdom meet; And so I rest, con-
2. Sometimes above the path I tread, The clouds hang dark and low; But thro' the gloom, or thro' the night, My heart no fear can know; For close be - side me
3. I may not al - ways un-der-stand Just why He sends to me Some bitter grief, some heavy loss, But tho' I can - not see, I kneel and whisper know, my Fathers' love Is al - ways safe to trust; These things were dear to
4. My cherished plans and hopes may fail, My i - dols turn to dust; But this I know, my Fathers' love Is al - ways safe to trust; These things were dear to
5. Oh, precious peace within my heart! Oh, blessed rest, to know A Fa-ther's love keeps constant watch, A-mid life's ebb and flow; I ask no more than

tent to know, He leads my feet wher-e'er I go, And so I rest, con-
walks a Friend, Who whispers low un-to the end, For close be - side me
thro' my tears A pray'r for help, and know He hears, I kneel and whis - per
me, but still A-bove them all I love His will; These things were dear to
this, I rest Content, and know His way is best; I ask no more than

tent to know, He leads my feet wher-e'er I go, wher-e'er I go.
walks a Friend, Who whispers low unto the end, un - to the end.
thro' my tears A pray'r for help, and know He hears, and know He hears.
me, but still A-bove them all I love His will, I love His will.
this; I rest Content and know His way is best, His way is best.

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31 This is Like Heaven to Me.

J. E. F. J. E. FRENCH.

1. I find ma-ny peo - ple who can't un-der-stand Why I am so hay - py and free; I've cross'd over Jor - dan to Ca-naan's fair land,
2. I've heard the sweet music, the heav - en - ly chord From glo - ry land o - ver the sea; A soul-thrill-ing message from Je - sus our Lord,
3. I'm look-ing for Je - sus with glo - ry to come, The Je - sus who died on the tree; A cloud of bright an - gels will car - ry me home,

CHORUS.

And this is like heav-en to me. Oh, this is like heav-en to
And this is like heav-en to me. Oh, this is like, etc.
And that will be heav-en to me. Oh, that will be heav - en to

me;(to me;) Yes, this is like heav - en to me;(to me;) I've cross'd over
me;(to me;) Yes, that will be heav - en to me;(to me;) A cloud of bright

Jordan to Canaan's fair land And this is like heav-en to me,(to me.)
an- gels to car - ry me home, Yes, that will be heav - en to me,(to me.)

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32 Across the Border-Line.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. There is a land of corn and wine, A rich, sweet land of love;
2. There rest and peace are free-ly giv'n, There burdens roll a - way;
3. 'Tis thus by faith we en - ter in, By faith the gi - ants fall:
4. It is the bless - ed Beu - lah land; Its rich - es may be thine;

'Tis wa-tered by the streams of grace, Which flow from heav'n a-bove
There you may have a taste of heav'n, There live in love's sweet day.
By faith we gain the vic - to - ry, By faith we con-quer all.
'Tis on - ly just a step from here A - cross the bor - der line.

CHORUS.

A - cross the bor - der line We are fed on corn and wine,
This bless - ed land of love; A - cross the bor - der line The
liv - ing here is fine, Af - ter this, our home a - bove.

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33 Don't Forget the Old Folks.

(OLD HOME FRIENDS.)

"Honor thy father and thy mother."—Eph. 6: 2.

A. F. MYERS. By per.

Slow, with expression.

1. Don't for-get the old folks, Love them more and more, As they turn their
2. Don't for-get poor fa - ther, With his fail-ing sight, With his locks once
3. Don't for-get dear moth-er, With her furrowed brow, All the light of

longing eyes T'ward the golden shore; Let your words be tender, Lov-ing,
thick and brown, Scanty now and white; Tho' he may be childish, Still do
oth - er years, Time has fad-ed now; Mem-o - ry is wan-ing, Soon its

Cres.

soft and low, Let their last days be the best They have known below.
you be kind, Think of him as years a - go With his mas-ter mind.
light will fail, Guide her gen-tly till she stands Safe within the vale.

REFRAIN. **Cres.** **Dim.**

Don't for - get the old folks, Life will soon be o'er,

Guide them till their wea - ry feet Tread the gold - en shore.

34 Oh, Don't Stay Away.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. REV. W. J. STUART, A. M.

With expression.

1. Come, soul, and find thy rest, No long-er be distressed; Come to thy
2. Dark is the world, and cold, Her cares can-not be told; Come to thy
3. Come with thy load of sin, Christ died thy soul to win; Now He will
4. Time here will soon be past, Moments are fly-ing fast, Judgment will
5. Come, oh, we pray thee, come, Come, and no longer roam; Come now and

CHORUS.

Savior's breast, Oh, don't stay a-way.
Savior's fold, Oh, don't stay a-way.
take thee in, Oh, don't stay a-way. Pray'rs are as-cend-ing now, An-
come at last, Oh, don't stay a-way.
start for home, Oh, don't stay a-way.

gels are bending now, Both worlds are blending now, Oh, don't stay a-way.

rit.

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35 No, Not One,

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG.

f. **Slow and with feeling.** **Fine.**

1. { There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
   { None else could heal all our soul's dis-eas-es, No, not one! no, not one!
2. { No friend like Him is so high and ho-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
   { And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. { There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
   { No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. { Did ev-er saint find this Friend forsake him, No, not one! no, not one!
   { Or sinner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. { Was e'er a gift like the Sav-ior giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!
   { Will He re-fuse us a home in heaven? No, not one! no, not one!

D. C.—*There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!*

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No, Not One. Concluded.

CHORUS. D. C.

Je - sus knows all a-bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

36 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

EDWARD PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God, Who from His al - tar call;
3. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall;
4. Sin - ner, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm-wood and the gall;
5. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball,
6. Oh, that with yon-der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;
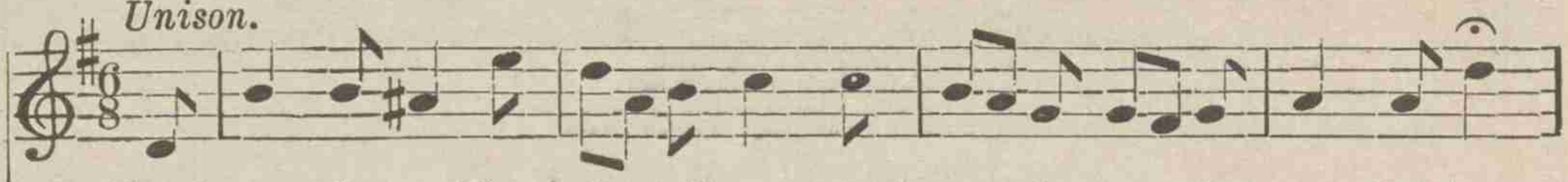
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

37 For Love of Me.
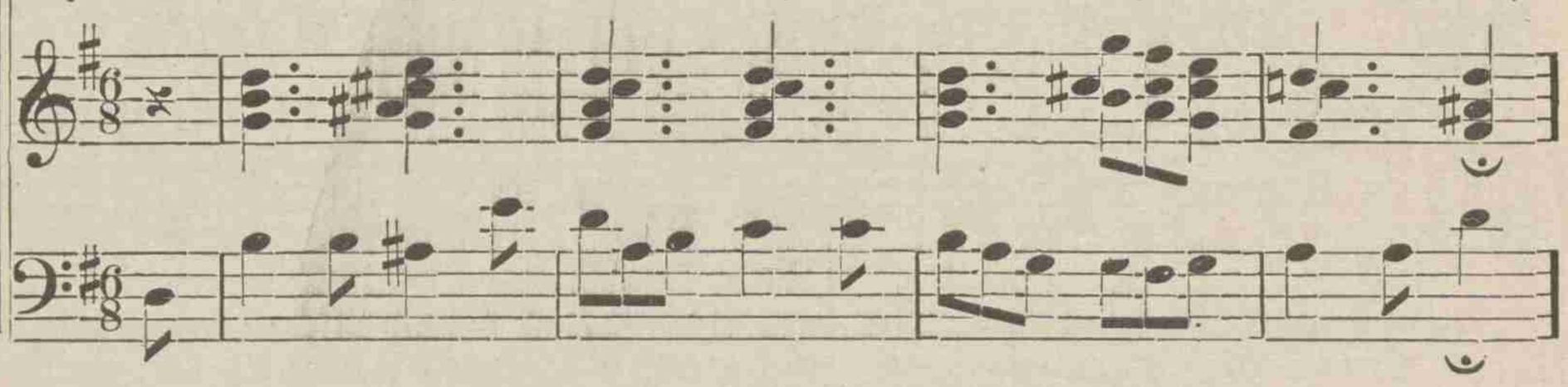
Who loved me and gave himself for me—Gal. 2: 20.
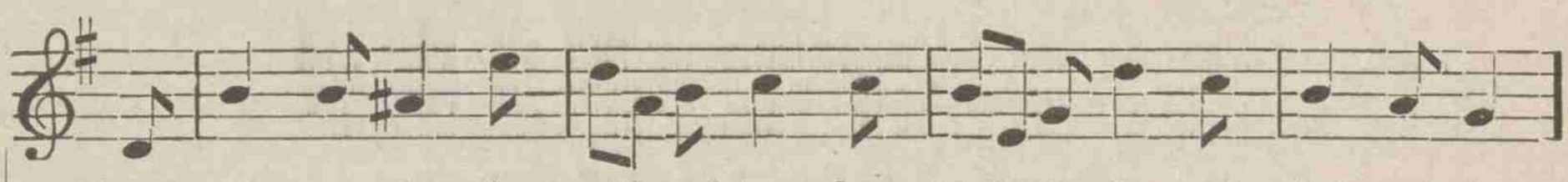
Rev. FRANK GRANSTAFF, D. D. CHAS. H. MARSH.

Unison.
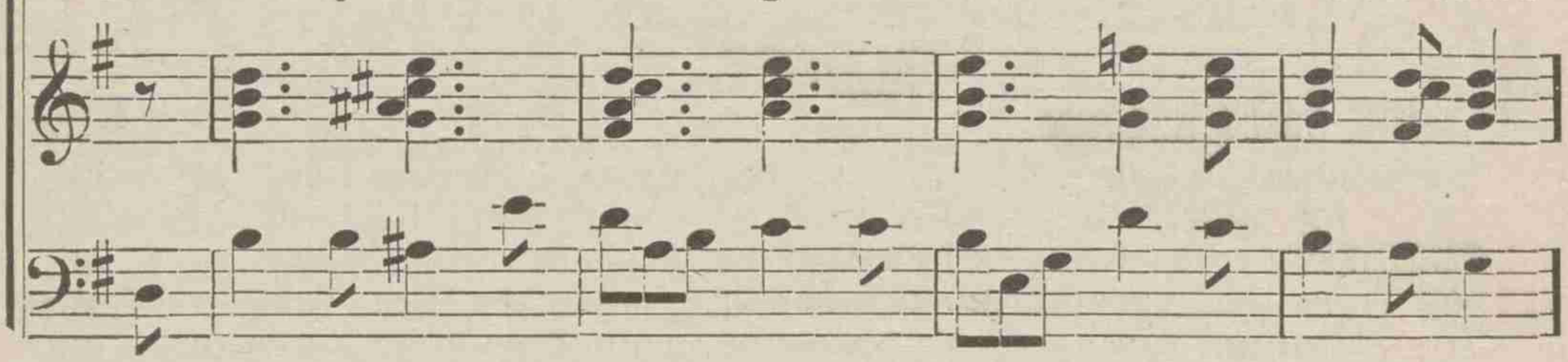


1. For love of me, He left a throne And came in con - de-scen-sion low;
2. For love of me, He took my name, That He to me might Sav - ior be;
3. For love of me, He went, thorn-crowned, To cru-el death up - on the tree;
4. Ex - alt - ed high, He now doth reign Lord o - ver all, the Prince of Life;
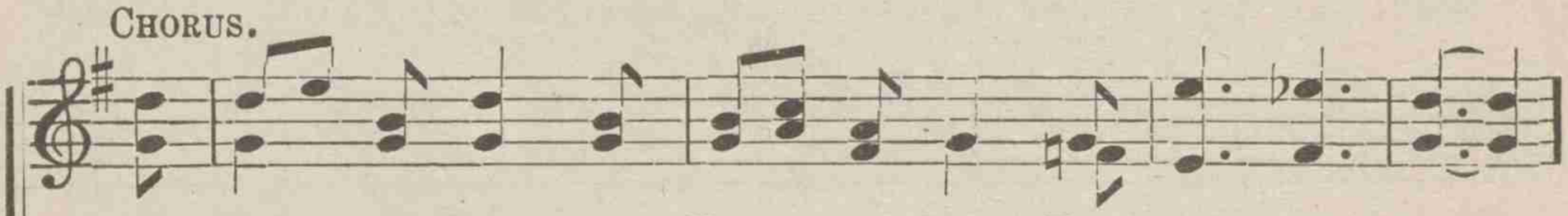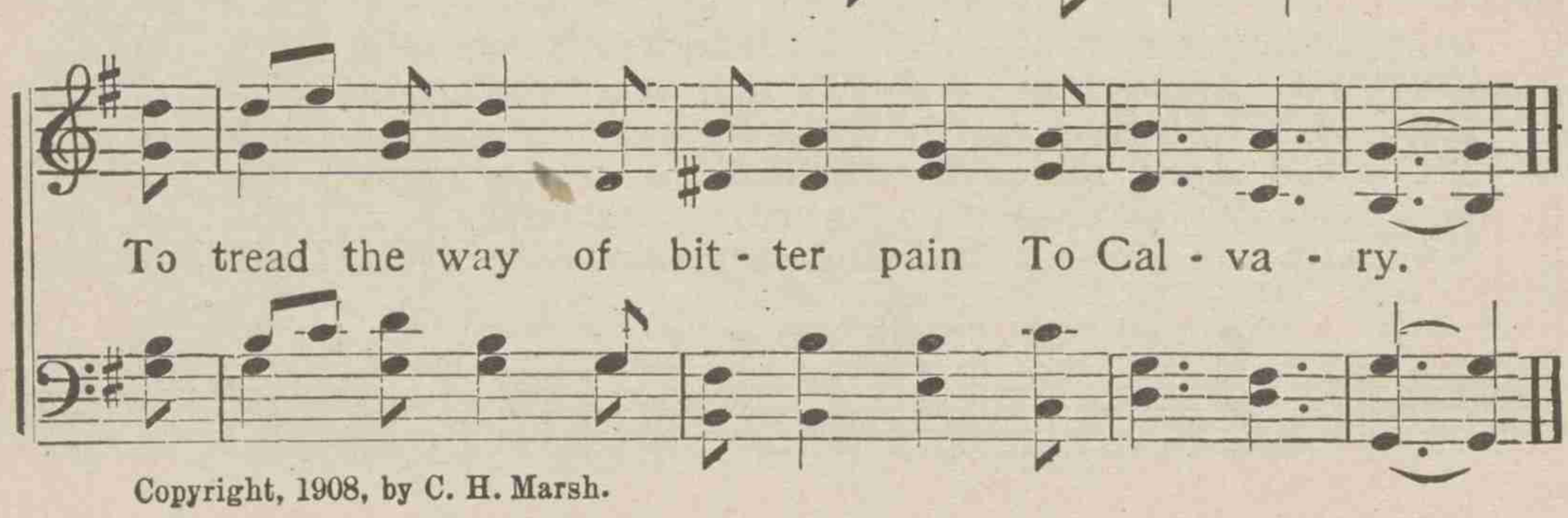




He sought me when I wandered lone In my dark sin and grief and woe.
En-dured the scorn, the grief, the shame, And, sinless, bore sin's pen-al - ty.
By foe re - viled, by friend disowned, And dy-ing, won the vic - to - ry.
Till He in pow'r shall come a - gain To ban - ish sin and end the strife.



CHORUS.



O match - less grace that He should deign, For love of me,



To tread the way of bit - ter pain To Cal - va - ry.

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38 The Old-Time Prayer.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Oh, how pre - cious the time in the dear long a - go, When at night to my moth - er I came, And she taught me to say, "Our
2. Oh, when tri - als and sor-rows press down on my heart, And anx- i - e - ties come all un - sought, It is bless - ed to say, "Our
3. And in times of temp-ta - tion what com - fort it is, To be sure of a Help - er so true, To "de - liv - er from e-vil" and
4. When af-flic-tions, and bur-dens are heav - y to bear, Then I think of the Com-fort - ing One, And I whis - per the words of that

Chorus.

Fa - ther in heav'n" And "hal-low-ed be Thy name!"
Fa - ther in heav'n" As Christ to His loved ones taught. Oh, this pray'r so
gi[illegible]ne His strength And help me His will to do.
bea[illegible] - ti-ful pray'r, "Our Fa - ther, Thy will be done."

bless-ed to thousands, I am glad mother taught me to pray; And the same precious pray'r, "Our Father in heav'n" Is my comforting pray'r to-day.

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39 Flowers Now.

W. C. A. Dedicated to Rev. Geo. R. Stuart. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. What care I for the pure white rose, Placed in my cold stiff hand? What care I for the words of praise, When I can't un - der-stand? I care not for the flow-ers heaped In wreaths upon my mound; I can-not scent their fragrance sweet, When I'm beneath the ground, When I'm beneath the ground.
2. What good will deeds of hon - or do, A - bove my life-less form, When I have an-chored in the veil, Safe sheltered from the storm? O give to me my ros - es now! Kind words of love I crave; Wait not till the touched my brow, And I am in the grave, And I am in the grave.
3. Be - yond the lone - ly si - lent tomb, I hope to find sweet rest; Speak now the words with comfort fraught, And calm my troubled breast; Wait not till songs of praise When once beyond the gate, When once beyond the gate.

death has borne me hence, Alas! 'twill be too late; For I'll not need your

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40 Jesus is my Friend.

PAUL GERHARDT. chorus by A. W. R. ALVIN W. ROPER.

1. Since Je - sus is my friend And I to Him be - long, be - long,
2. He whis - pers to my breast Sweet words of ho - ly cheer, sweet cheer,
3. O, I would fix mine eyes On Christ, the Lord I love, I love.

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Jesus is my Friend.

It mat - ters not what foes in - tent How ev - er fierce and strong.
How they who seek in God their rest, Shall ev - er find Him near.
And sing for joy of that which lies, Stored up for me a - bove.

For Je - sus is my Friend, Yes, He is my Friend.
my Friend, Je - sus my Friend.

41

Fill Me Now.

E. H. STOKES, D. D. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Hov-er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gracious Spir - it, Tho' I can - not tell Thee how;
3. I am weakness, full of weakness, At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;

f. FINE.

Fill me with Thy hallowed presence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
But I need Thee, great-ly need Thee, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
Blest, di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r and fill me now.
Thou art com-fort - ing and sav-ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

D.S. Fill me with Thy hal-lowed presence, Come, oh, come, and fill me now.

CHORUS. D. S.

Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus come and fill me now.

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42 The Layman's Call.

L. B. B. L. B. BRIDGERS.

1. The conquest now is on, Our Captain leads the way, The brave men
2. Lift up your eyes and look up - on the fields to - day, The Christless
3. The call a - cross the sea comes to you loud and plain, Ye men, say,
4. And when this gos-pel shall be preached in ev-'ry land, A wit - ness

strong and true, in bat - tle field ar - ray, The war - cry sounds a -
heathen souls bound for e - ter - ni - ty; God sends in all the
here am I, with mon - ey, heart and brain; I'll go or send the
of the Christ, who died to save from sin, Then shall our Lord re-

far, a - cross the storm - y sea, O, be ye rec - on - ciled to God.
world am-bas - sa-dors to say, O, be ye rec - on - ciled to God.
word, I'll sing the sweet refrain, O, be ye rec - on - ciled to God.
turn back to the earth a - gain, O, be ye rec - on - ciled to God.

CHORUS. *faster.*

Hear, ye lay-men strong and true, In the ranks there's need of you; In this
gen - er - a - tion take the world, We can and by His grace we will.

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No. 43. Just the Right Savior is Jesus.

Kittie Deason. MARK 15: 14. **Dan W. Milam.**

SOLO.

1. A Sav-ior once came from the mansions of light, He's just the right
2. This Sav - ior was lov-ing, so gen - tle and kind, He's just the right
3. Tho' He was despised and re - ject - ed of men, He's just the right
4. Once nailed to the cross, where He suffered and died, He's just the right
5. Tho' bur - ied, He rose from the gloom of the grave, He's just the right

Sav-ior for me; To save my poor soul from its darkness and night,
Sav-ior for me; No sin in His life could His en - e-mies find,
Sav-ior for me; He car - ried my sorrows, my griefs and my sin,
Sav-ior for me; The blood flowing down from His hands and His side,
Sav-ior for me; He's reign-ing in heav-en, my soul He can save,

CHORUS.

He's just the right Savior for me. He's just the right Savior for
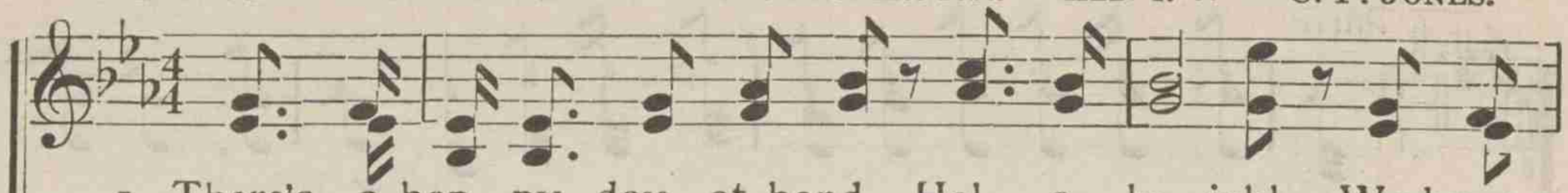
me (for me), My King and Redeemer is He (is He); Yes, just the right

Sav-ior is Je - sus, He's just the right Savior for me (for me).

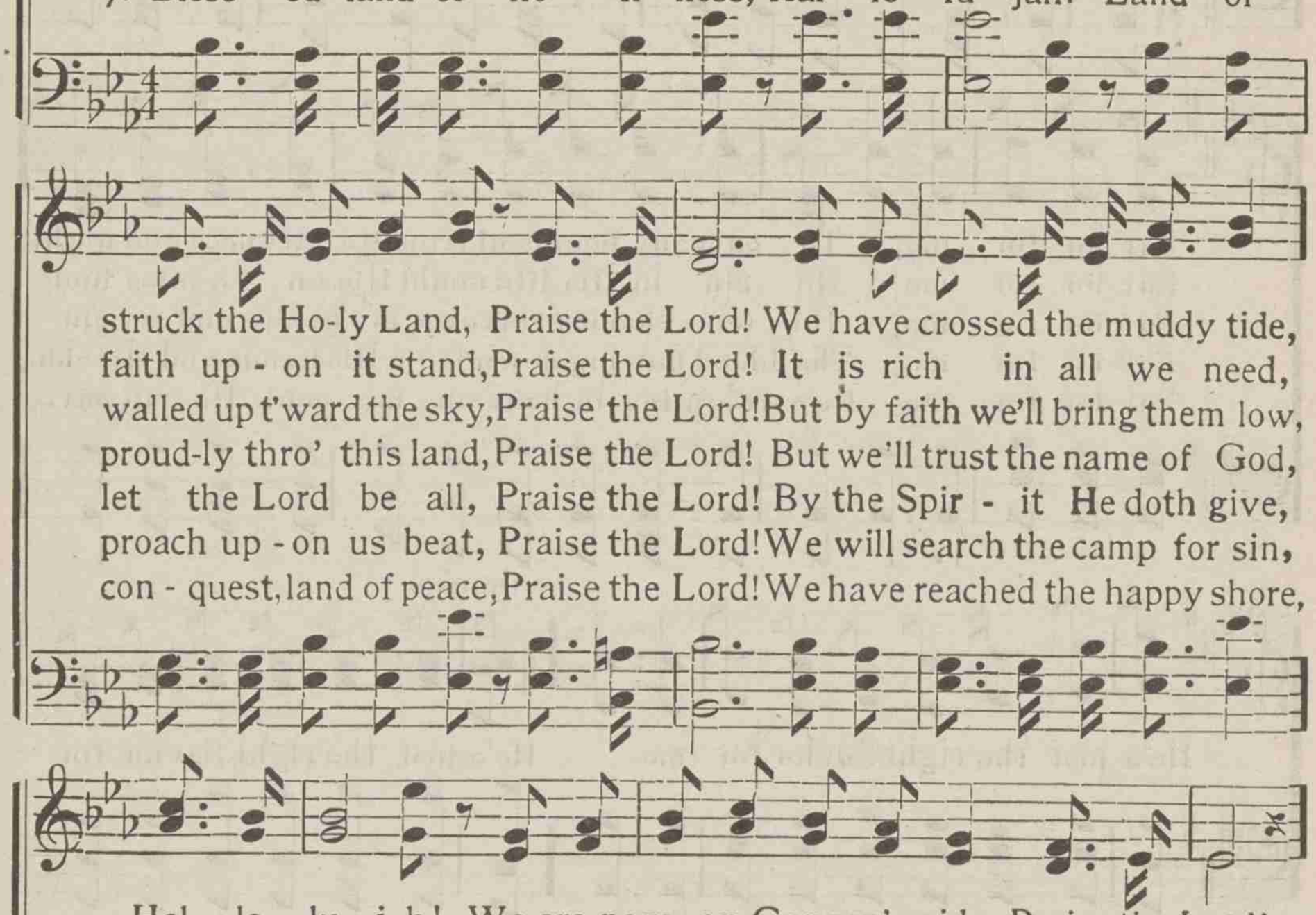
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44 There's a Happy Day at Hand.

C. P. J. "We which have believed do enter into rest."—HEB. 4: 3. C. P. JONES.

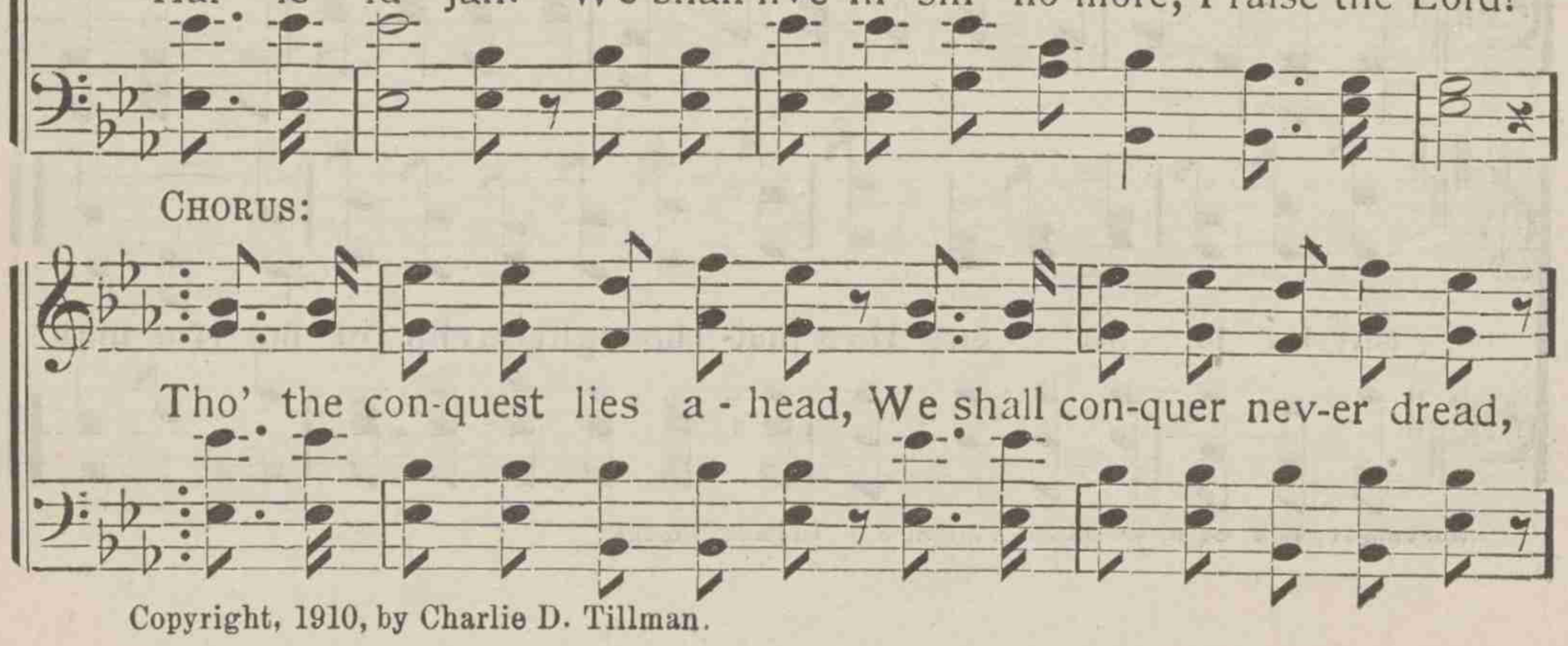


1. There's a hap - py day at hand, Hal - e - lu - jah! We have struck the Ho-ly Land, Praise the Lord! We have crossed the muddy tide,
2. 'Tis the milk and hon - ey land, Hal - le - lu - jah! We, by faith up - on it stand, Praise the Lord! It is rich in all we need,
3. There are cit - ies great and high, Hal - le - lu - jah! Strong and walled up t'ward the sky, Praise the Lord! But by faith we'll bring them low,
4. There are gi - ants tall and grand, Hal - le - lu - jah! Stalk-ing proud-ly thro' this land, Praise the Lord! But we'll trust the name of God,
5. Nev - er let your spir - it fall, Hal - le - lu - jah! On - ly let the Lord be all, Praise the Lord! By the Spir - it He doth give,
6. Though at A - i come de - feat, Hal - le - lu - jah! And re- proach up - on us beat, Praise the Lord! We will search the camp for sin,
7. Bless - ed land of ho - li - ness, Hal - le - lu - jah! Land of con - quest, land of peace, Praise the Lord! We have reached the happy shore,



Hal - le - lu - jah! We are now on Canaan's side, Praise the Lord!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Liv - ing wa - ter, liv - ing bread, Praise the Lord!
Hal - le - lu - jah! And Jehovah's pow'r we'll show, Praise the Lord!
Hal - le - lu - jah! And we'll bring them to the sod, Praise the Lord!
Hal - le - lu - jah! We shall con-quer while we live, Praise the Lord!
Hal - le - lu - jah! And re - new the fight a - gain, Praise the Lord!
Hal - le - lu - jah! We shall live in sin no more, Praise the Lord!
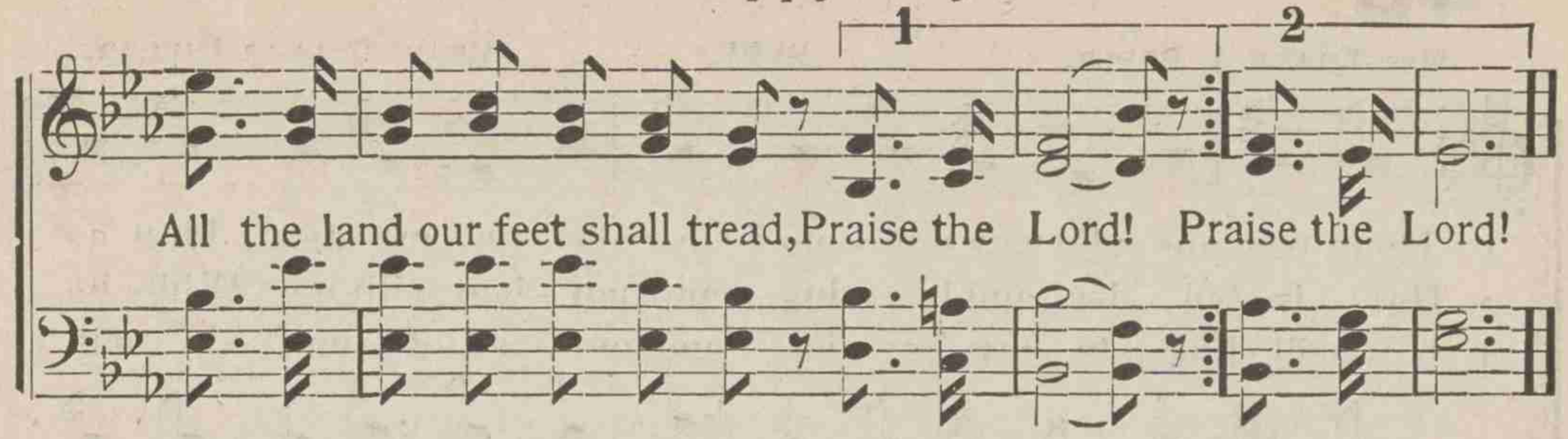
CHORUS:



Tho' the con-quest lies a - head, We shall con-quer nev-er dread,

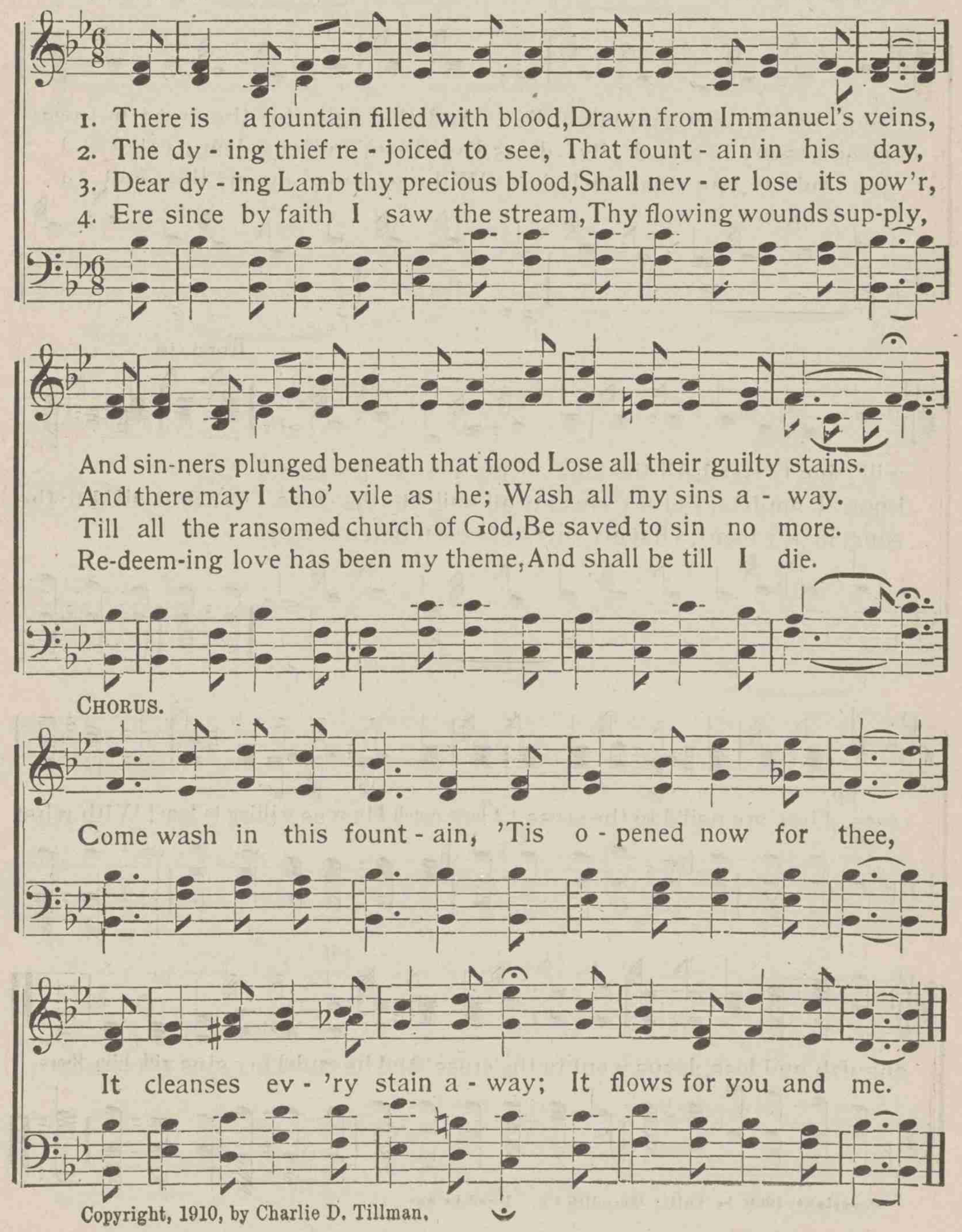
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There's a Happy Day at Hand.



45 Come, Wash in this Fountain.

W. COOPER. D. WARD MILAM.



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46 Nailed to the Cross.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. DUET. Grant Colfax Tullar.

1. There was one who was will - ing to die in my stead, That a
2. He is ten - der and lov - ing and pat - ient with me, While he
3. I will cling to my Sav - ior and nev - er de - part—I will

soul, so un-wor-thy, might live, And the path to the cross he was
cleans-es my heart of its dross, But "there's no con-dem-na-tion"—I
joy - ful - ly jour - ney each day, With a song on my lips and a

will - ing to tread, All the sins of my life to for-give.
know I am free, For my sins are all nail'd to the cross. They are nail'd to the
song in my heart, That my sins have been taken a-way.

Refrain.

pp

cross, They are nail'd to the cross, O how much He was willing to bear! With what

rit.

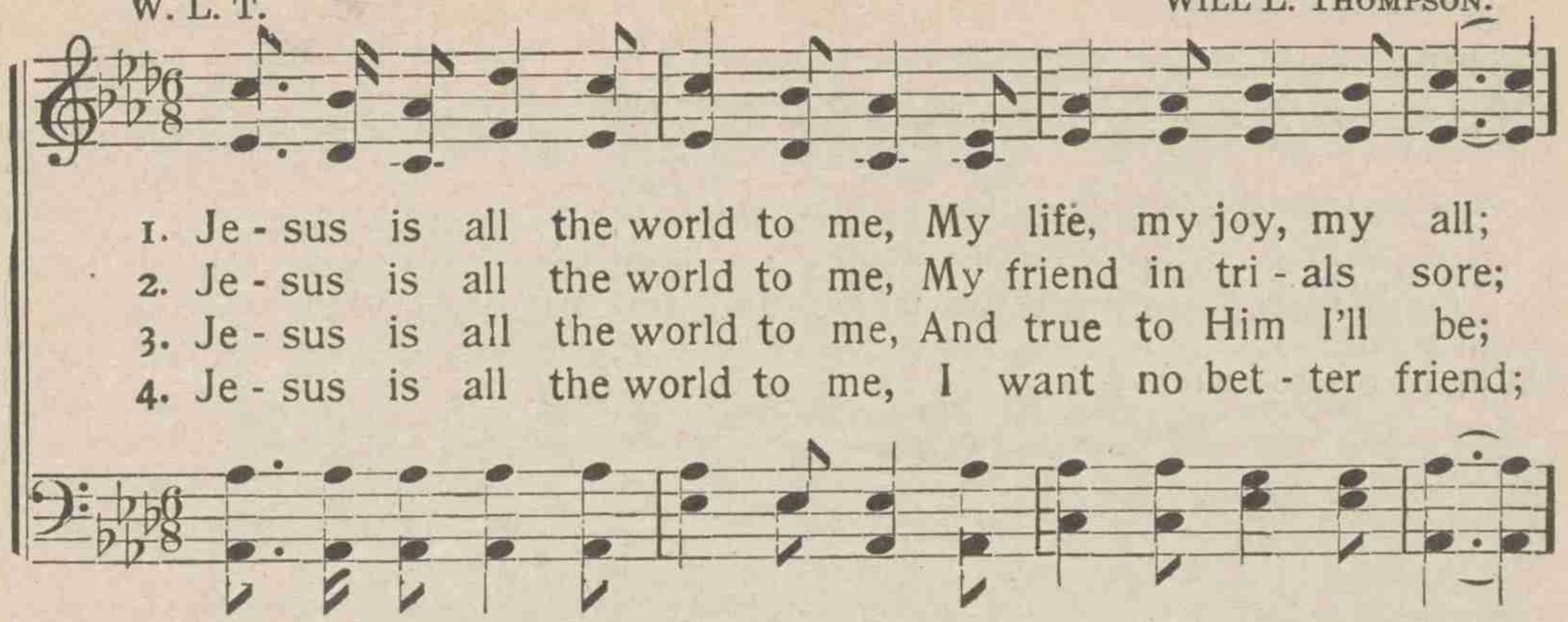
anguish and loss, Jesus went to the cross! And he carried my sins with him there.

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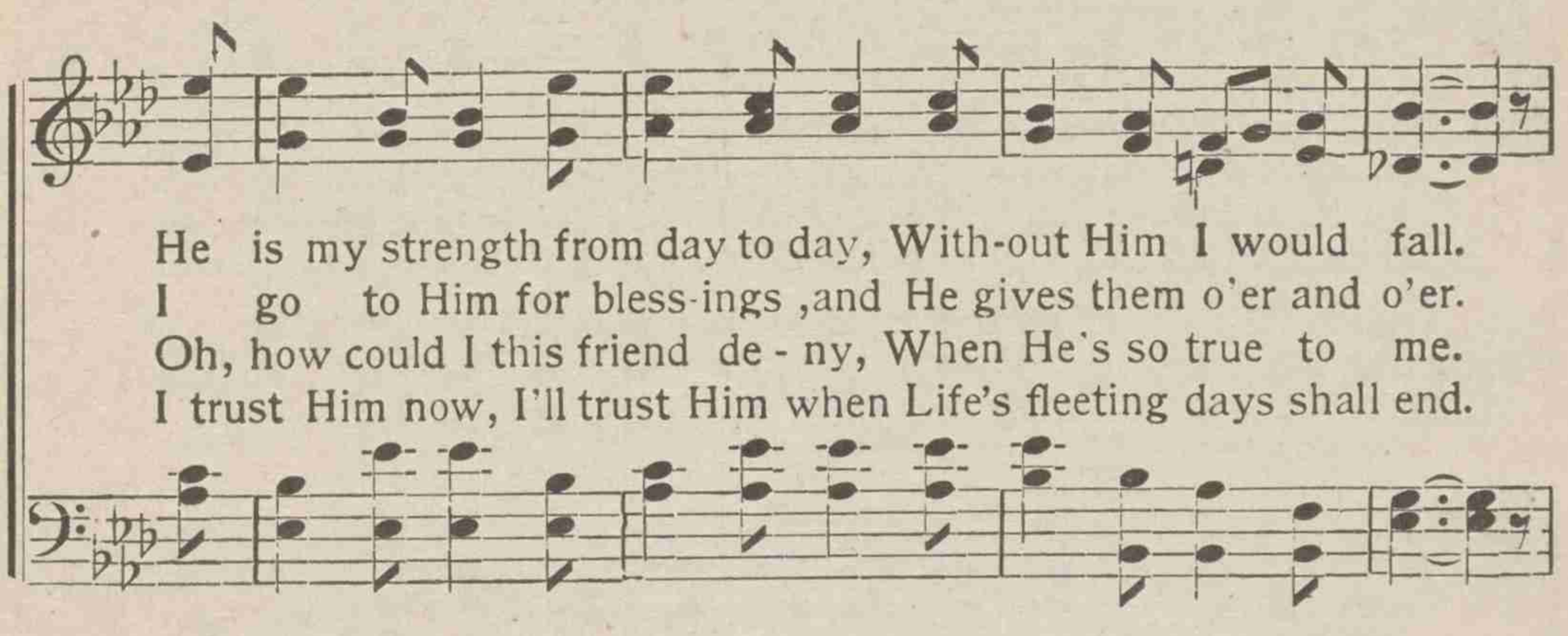
47 Jesus is All the World to Me.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

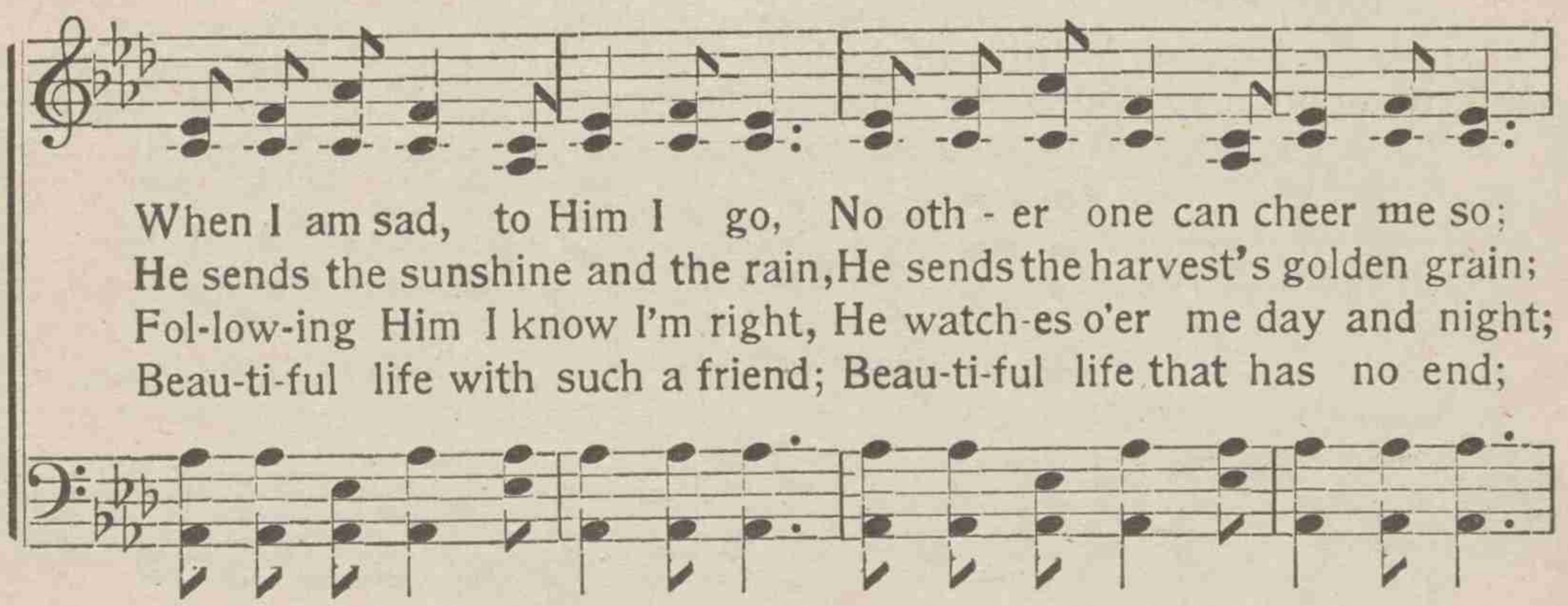
1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;



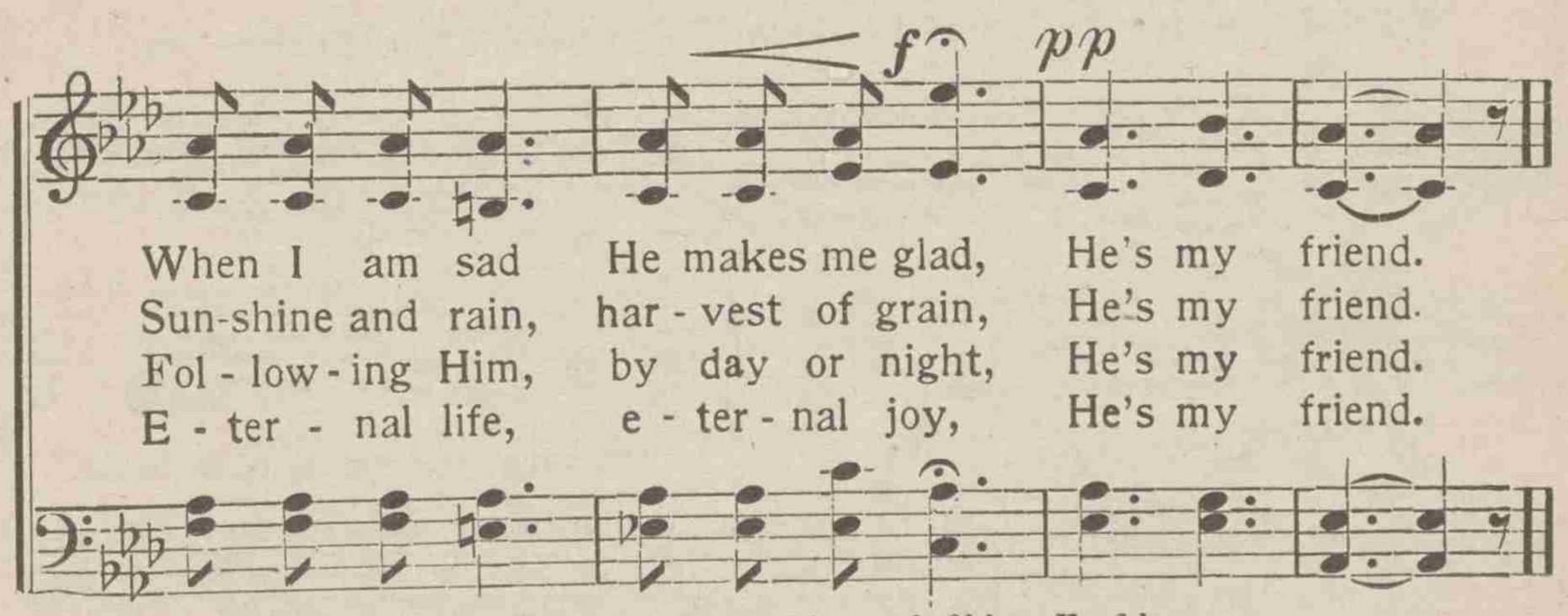
He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings ,and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me.
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleeting days shall end.



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



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



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48 Will I Be Remembered?

NEAL A. MCAULAY. CHARLES H. MARSH.

1. Will I be re-mem-ber'd when my work is done? Will I live for-
2. Will I be re-mem-ber'd with a love sin - cere? Will I leave be-
3. Will I be re-mem-ber'd in the voice of song? Will the joys of
4. Will I be re-mem-ber'd on that shin-ing shore? Will I see the

ev - er in the souls I've won? Will I leave be-hind me gold - en
hind me words of hope and cheer? Will the poor and need - y claim me
mu - sic to my name be-long? Will the friends that knew me kind-ly
ransomed that have gone before? Will my Sav - ior greet me with a

deeds of love, That shall lead the way-ward to the home a - bove?
as their friend, With a pre - cious fragrance that shall know no end?
tri - bute pay, When my work is end - ed and I pass a - way?
smile of love, When I rise im - mor - tal to that home a - bove?

D.S.— By the souls in glo - ry I have helped to save?

CHORUS.

Will I be re-mem-ber'd, will I be re-mem-ber'd, When my dust is sleep-ing
in the si-lent grave? Will I be re-mem-ber'd, will I be re-mem-ber'd,

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49 OUT OF TOUCH.

JEAN H. WATSON. J. H. STEPHENS.

1. On - ly a smile! yes, on - ly a smile That a wom - an o'er -
2. On - ly a word! yes, on - ly a word That the Spir - it's small
3. On - ly a note! yes, on - ly a note To a friend in a
4. On - ly a song! yes, on - ly a song That the Spir - it said
5. On - ly a day! yes, on - ly a day But oh! can you

burdened with grief, Ex - pect - ed from you, 'twould have giv-en her re-lief,
voice whispered speak; But the work-er passed on-ward, unblessed and weak
dis - tant land, The Spir - it said write, but then you had planned
"Sing to - night; Thy voice is Thy Mas-ter's by pur - chased right;"
guess my friend Where the influ-ence reach-es, and where it will end

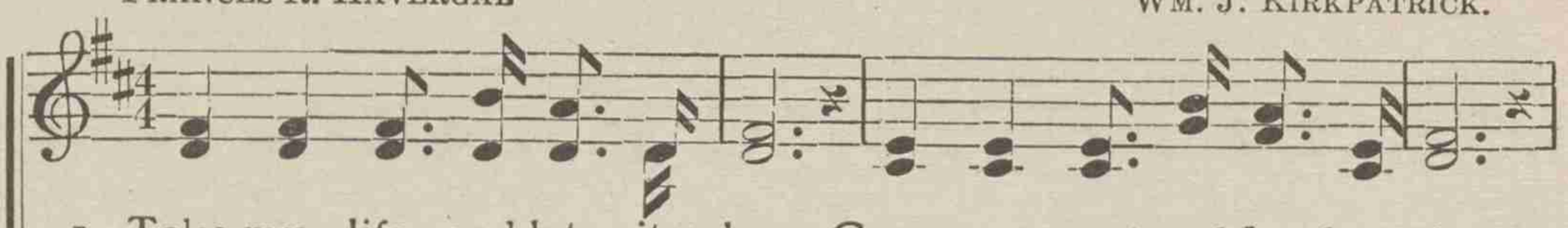
For her heart ached sore the while; But wea-ry and cheerless she went a - way,
Whom you were meant to have stirred To courage, de - vo-tion and love a - new
Some diff'rent work and you tho't It mattered lit - tle. You did not know
But you tho't, "Mid this motley throng I care not to sing of the Cit - y of gold;"
Of the hours you have frittered away? The Master's command is "Abide in me,"

Because as it happened that ve - ry day, You were out of touch with your Lord.
Because when the message came to you, You were out of touch with your Lord.
'Twould have saved a soul from sin and woe, You were out of touch with your Lord.
And the heart you might have reached grew cold, You were out of touch with your Lord.
And fruitless and vain, will your service be If You're out of touch with your Lord.
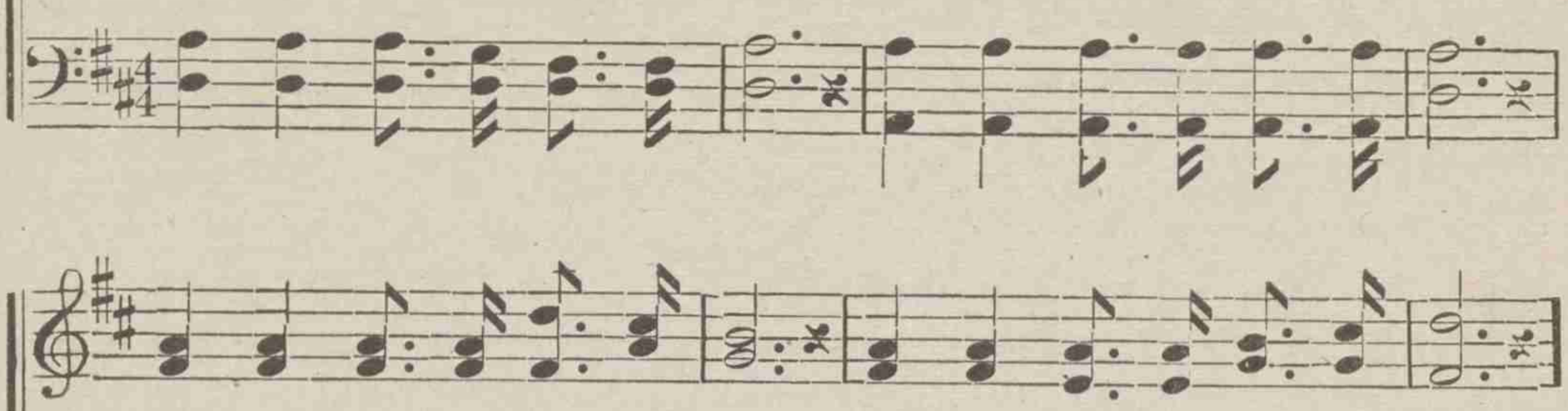
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50 Entire Consecration.
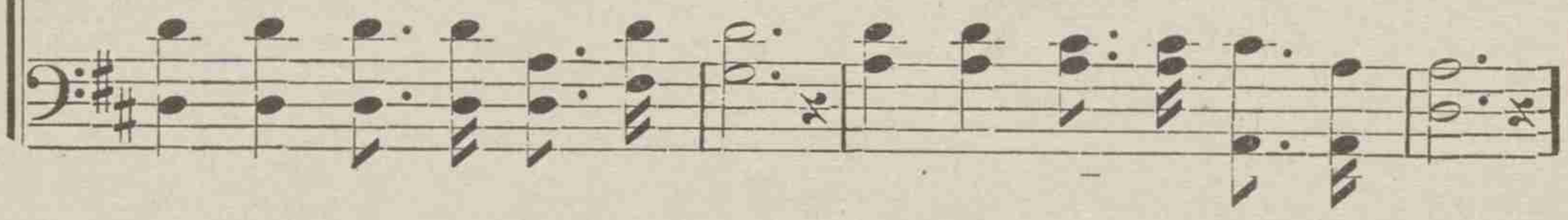
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
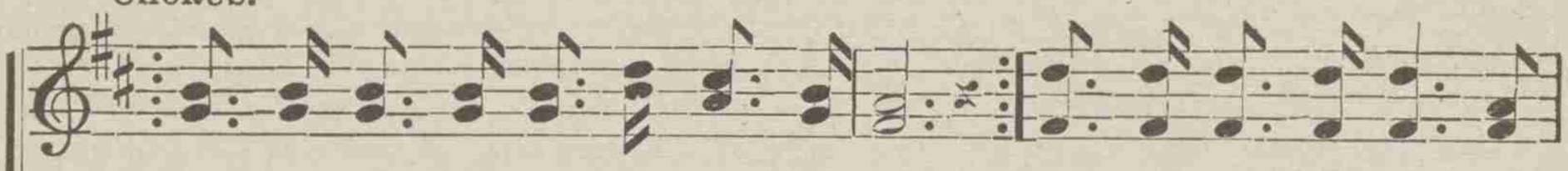


1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes-sag - es from thee;
4. Take my will, and make it thine, It shall be no long - er mine;
5. Take my love, my Lord, I pour [At thy feet its treas-ure store;
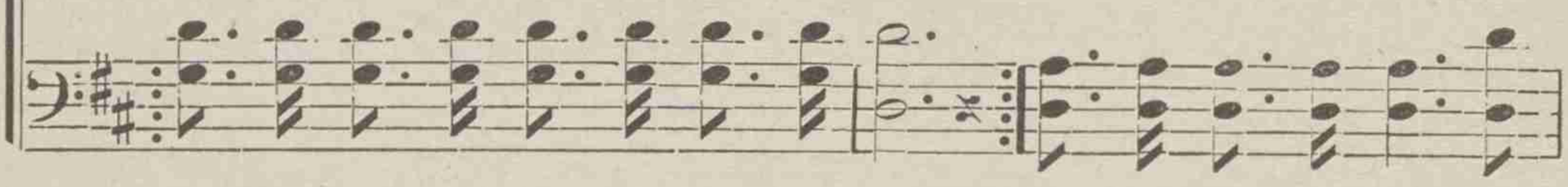


Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly for my King.
Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Take my heart, it is thine own, It shall be thy roy - al throne.
Take my self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for thee.

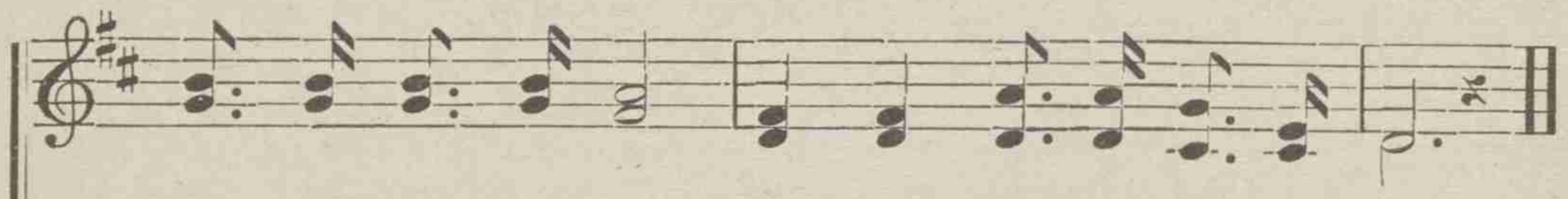


CHORUS.
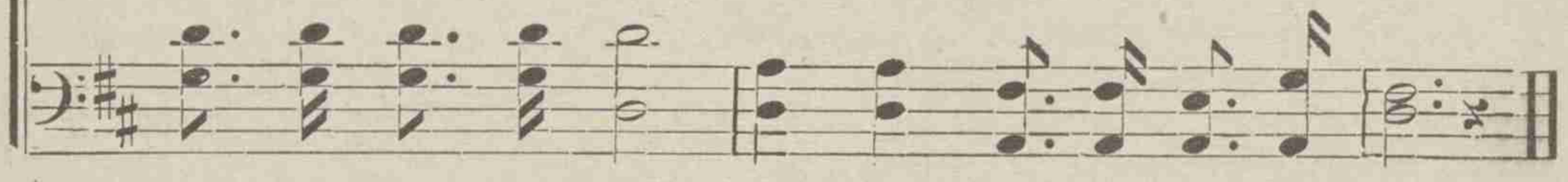


{ Wash me in the Sav-ior's precious blood, } Lord, I give to thee my
{ Cleanse me in its pur - i - fy - ing flood; }





life and all, to be Thine, hence-forth e - ter - nal - ly.



From "Ark of Praise." By per.

51 Jesus is Calling.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee home—Calling to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je-sus is calling the wea - ry to rest—Calling to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;

Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Farther and farther a - way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a-way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet lowly bow; Come, and no long-er de - lay.
They who believe on His name shall rejoice; Quickly a - rise and a - way.

CHORUS.

Call - ing to - day! Call - ing to - day!
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!

Je - sus is call - ing, is ten-der - ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten - der - ly call-ing to - day,

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52 THE SPIRIT IS CALLING.

L. E. JONES. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN,

1. The Spir-it is call-ing, oh, do not de-lay, But turn, quickly turn from the
2. The Spir-it is call-ing, in ten-der - est voice, Oh, hasten to-day and your
3. The Spir-it is call-ing, oh, do not say no, Escape from a service that's

danger-fraught way; There's safety nowhere but in Je - sus the Lord, So
heart shall rejoice, For with the Redeemer, the tried and oppressed, Shall
freighted with woe; Just come as you are to the foot of the throne And

CHORUS.

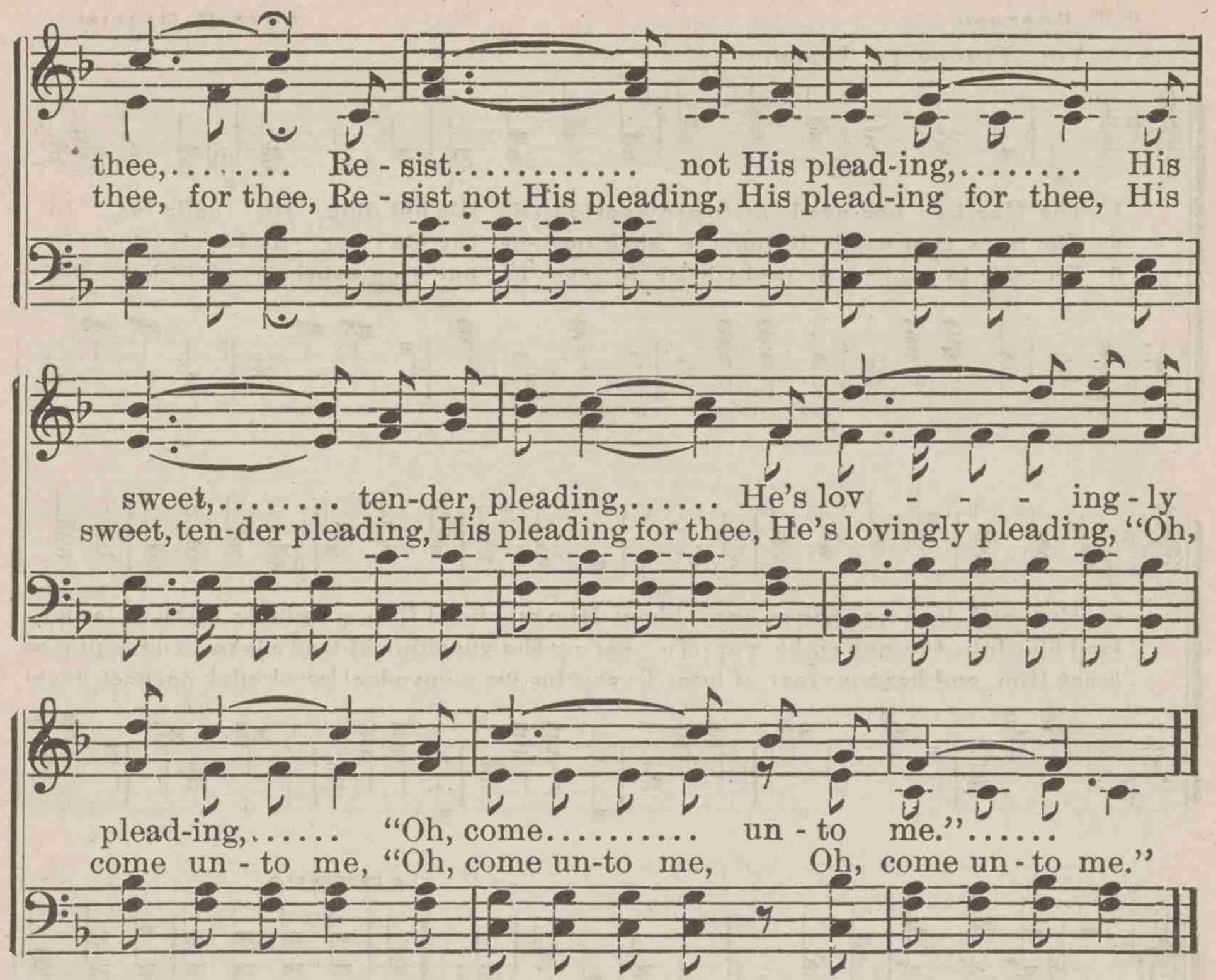
come to Him now and be-lieve in His word. The Spir - - - is
find a blest ha - ven of comfort and rest.
Christ will accept you and make you His own. The Spir-it is call-ing, is

call-ing, Is ten - - der - ly call - ing; . . The
call-ing for thee, Is ten - der - ly call-ing, "Oh, come unto me;" The

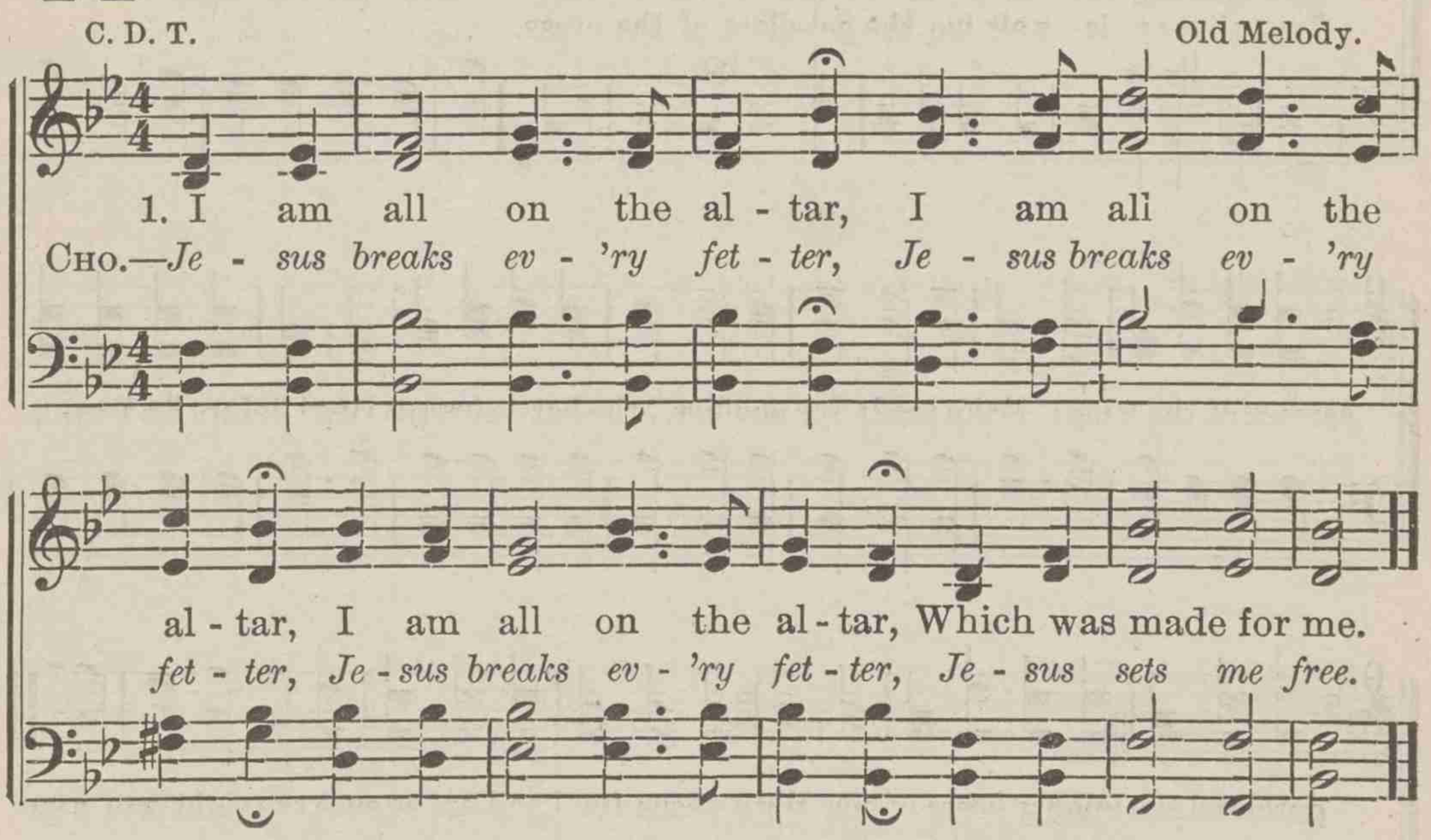
Spir - - - it is call - ing, . . Is call - - ing for
Spir-it is call - ing, is call - ing for thee, Is call-ing, is call-ing for

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The Spirit Is Calling. Concluded.



53 Jesus Breaks Every Fetter.



2 ‖: He accepts all I've brought Him,:‖
And that's even me.

3 ‖: I will never more doubt Him, :‖
For He cleanses me.

4 ‖: I will rest on His promise, :‖
Which was made for me.

5 ‖: Hallelujah! I will praise Him,:‖
For He sets me free.

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54 THE KING'S SERVICE.

E. E. REXFORD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

ALL VOICES IN UNISON.

1. The Mas-ter has need of brave hearts to do His bid-ding, He calls us to
2. The work that needs do-ing is seek-ing out the sin - ner, And striv - ing to
3. En - list in God's ar-my! Christ Je - sus be our Cap-tain! O fol - low and

service, and dare we answer nay? O hear Him and heed Him, go gladly forth to la-bor,
lead him into the one right way; To car-ry the sunshine of God's love to dark places,
trust Him, and have no fear of loss; To service, my comrades! brave-hearted, earnest, loyal,

CHORUS.

The Lord's work is waiting, be dil - i-gent to - day.
And mak-ing this old world a brighter one to - day. O hear the call to service, the
For vic-t'ry is wait-ing the sol-diers of the cross.

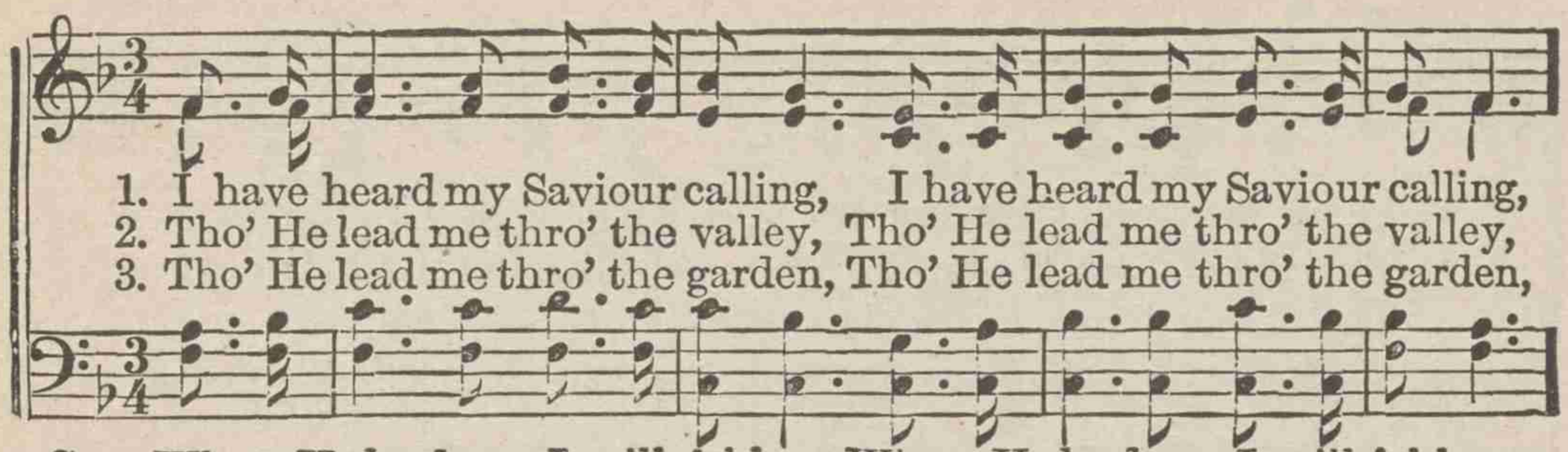
service of the King: "Make ready for conflict," the battle trumpets ring! Before God's camp is

gathered the mighty hosts of sin, With Jesus for Lead-er, be sure the right will win!

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55 I'll Go With Him.

GEO. W. COLLINS. Arr. for This Work.



Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

4 ‖:Tho' the path be dark and dreary,:‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

5 ‖:Tho' He lead me to the conflict,:‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

6 ‖:Tho' He lead thro' fiery trials,:‖
I I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

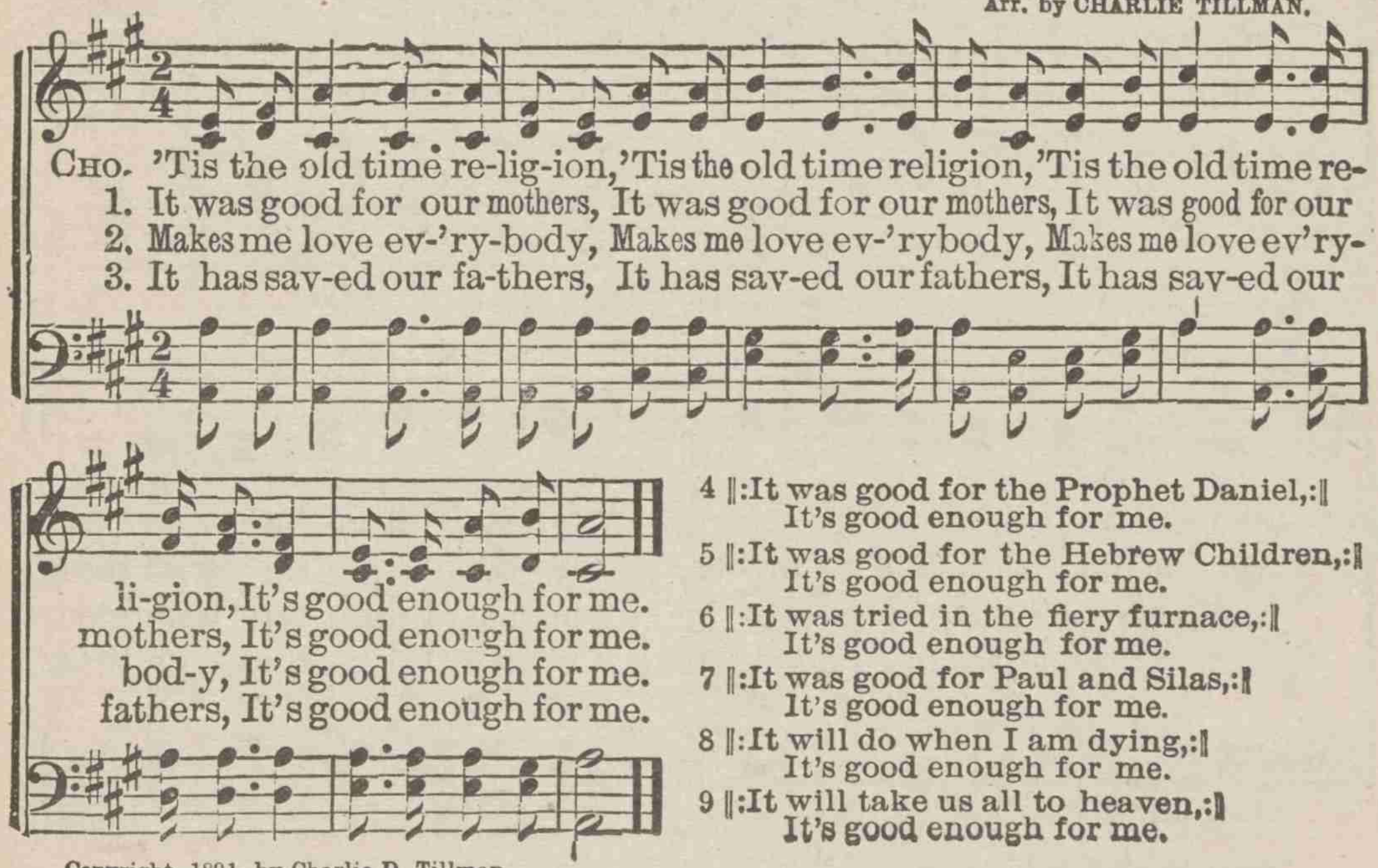
7 ‖:I will follow on to know Him,:‖
He's my Saviour, Saviour, Brother, Friend.

8 ‖:He will give me grace and glory,:‖
He will keep me, keep me all the way.

9 ‖:Oh, 'tis sweet to follow Jesus,‖
And be with Him, with Him all the way.

56 Old-Time Religion.

Arr. by CHARLIE TILLMAN.



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4 ‖:It was good for the Prophet Daniel,:‖
It's good enough for me.

5 ‖:It was good for the Hebrew Children,:‖
It's good enough for me.

6 ‖:It was tried in the fiery furnace,:‖
It's good enough for me.

7 ‖:It was good for Paul and Silas,:‖
It's good enough for me.

8 ‖:It will do when I am dying,:‖
It's good enough for me.

9 ‖:It will take us all to heaven,:‖
It's good enough for me.

57 Jesus I'll Go Through With Thee.

(Dedicated to Rev. C, O. McColloch, Central Illinois Conference.)

Mrs. E. E. WILLIAMS. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. I have made my choice for-ev - er, I will walk with Christ my Lord,
2. Tho' the gar-den lies be - fore me, And the scornful judgment hall,
3. Tho' the earth may rock and tremble, Tho' the sun may hide its face,
4. When the conflict here is end - ed, And the wea - ry jour-ney done,

Naught from him my soul can sev - er, While I'm trust-ing in his word;
Tho' the gloom of deep-est midnight Set - tles round me like a pall;
Tho' my foes be strong and ruthless, Still I dare to trust thy grace;
When the last grim foe is conquer'd, And the fi - nal vic - t'ry won;

I the lone - ly way have tak-en, Rough and toil-some tho' it be,
Darkness can affright me nev - er, From thy presence shadows flee,
Tho' the cross my path o'er shadow, Thou didst bear it once for me,
When the pearly gates swing o-pen, And an en-trance full and free

And although despised, for-sak-en, "Je - sus, I'll go thro' with thee."
And if thou wilt guide me ev - er, "Je - sus, I'll go thro' with thee."
And what-e'er the pain or per - il, "Je - sus, I'll go thro' with thee."
Shall be grant-ed to the vic-tors, "Je - sus, I'll go thro' with thee."

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58 I'll Tell the Sweet Story.

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

1. I'll tell the sweet sto-ry of Je - sus, To sinners where-ev-er I go;
2. I'll tell how they cruelly scourged Him, Of thorns that they placed on his head;
3. I'll tell them how up Calva'ry's mountain, His own heavy Cross He did bear;
4. I'll tell them, O yes, I will tell them, How it was for their sins and mine
5. I'll tell how His blood shed on Calv'ry Can make their sins whiter than snow,

His suff'ring to purchase redemption, The grief, and the pain, and the woe.
And may be their hearts will be softened, The tear of repentance be shed.
Of wounds in His side, and the nail-prints, And the words of that beau-ti-ful pray'r.
That thus the dear Savior should suffer, This wonderful Sav-ior di - vine.
If they will but trust in Him ful - ly, If but to the fount they will go.

CHORUS.

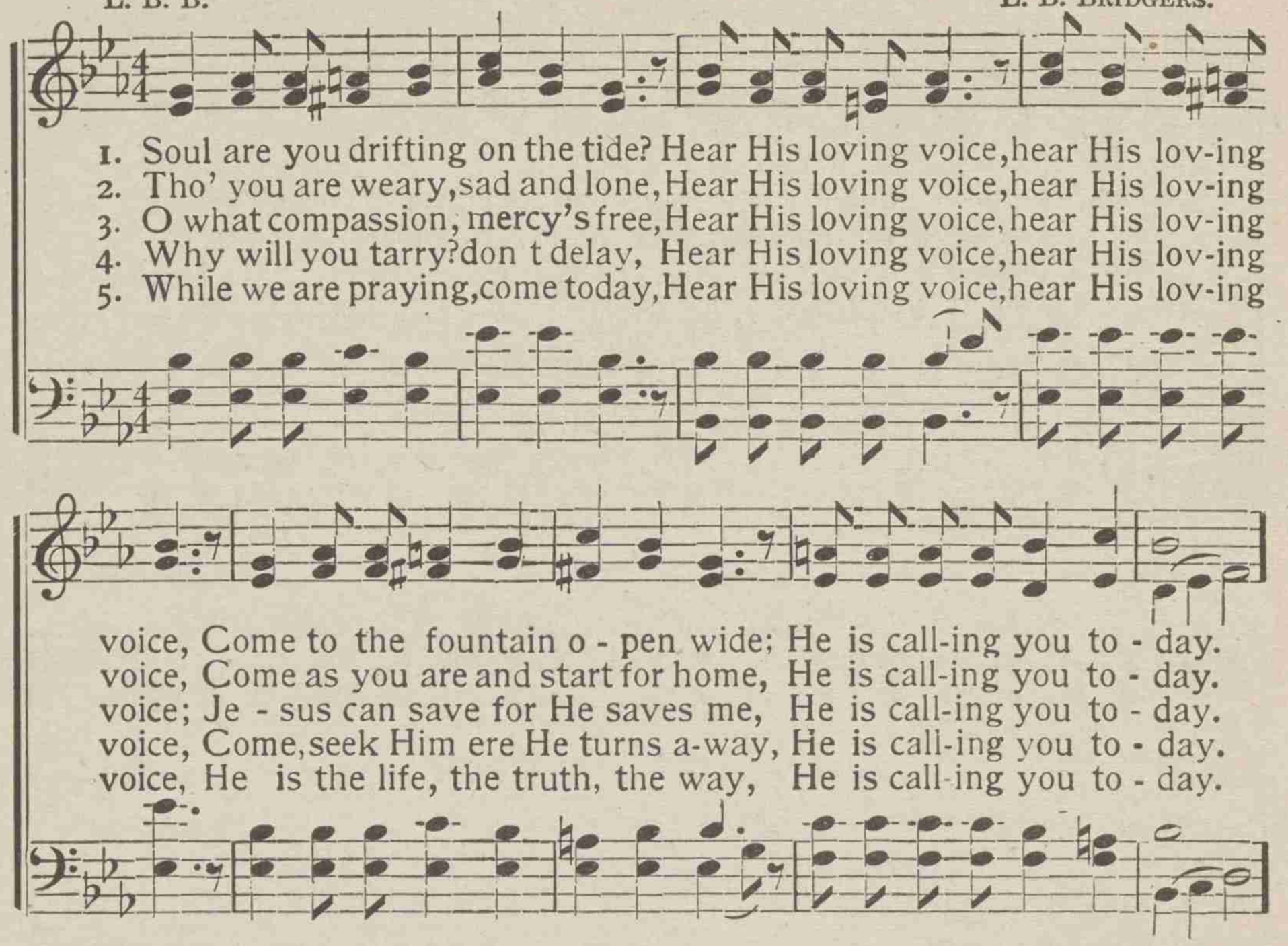
I'll tell it, I'll tell it, How Jesus came down from above;
I'll tell it, I'll tell it, the won-der-ful sto - ry,

I'll tell it, I'll tell it, The sto-ry of Christ and His love.
I'll tell it, I'll tell it, the won-der-ful sto-ry, His love.

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59 Calling You.

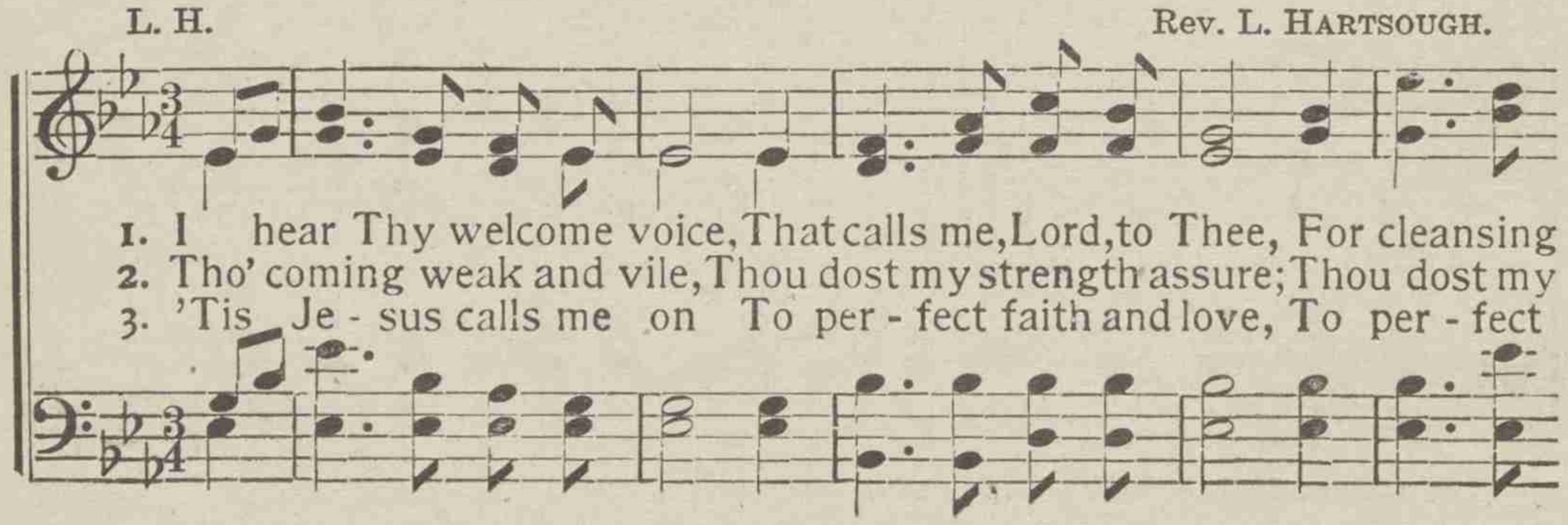
L. B. B. L. B. BRIDGERS.



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60 I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.



I Am Coming, Lord.

CHORUS.

in Thy precious blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.
vile-ness ful-ly cleanse, Till spotless all and pure. I am coming, Lord!
hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n above.

Coming now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Calvary.

61 I'm On the Rock.

Mrs. B. DAVIS. "God only is my Rock."—PSA. 62: 2. Arr. JNO. T. BENSON.

1. The pit-falls in sin's aw - ful path Once caught and held me fast,
2. Old Sa - tan led thro' mire and sand, And thorns be - fore me cast,
3. On sin's wild sea I'll sail no more, All dan - ger now is past,
4. I have es-caped the burn-ing sand, The des - ert's fier - y blast,

But Je-sus came and saved from wrath; I'm on the Rock at last.
But, by the Sav - ior's might-y hand, I'm on the Rock at last.
The rag - ing tem - pests all are o'er, I'm on the Rock at last.
I'm bound for heav - en's shining strand, I'm on the Rock at last,

D.S.—My feet have found a rest - ing place, I'm on the Rock at last.

CHORUS. D. S.

I'm on the Rock at last, at last, I'm on the Rock at last;

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62 He Loves Me.

Rev. Isaac Watts. Arr.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face While His dear cross ap - pears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de-gree!
When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died, For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way,—'Tis all that I can do.

D.S.—*He gave Him - self to die for me, Be - cause He loved me so.*

REFRAIN.

He loves me, He loves me, He loves me, this I know; (I know;)

63 Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel-ing
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me, Whom have

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Pass Me Not.

CHORUS.

oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con-tri - tion, Help my un - be-lief.
wounded, bro-ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
I on earth be-side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

} Sav - ior, Sav - ior,

Hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth-ers Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

64 Almost Persuaded.

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

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

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
Turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
Doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is

go Thy way, Some more con - ve - nient day On Thee I'll call."
ling'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear: O wan- d'rer, come!
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—*but lost!*"

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65 My Father Knows.

Dedicated to my friend Charles Elmer Furman.

JOHN JAMES. J. J. LOWE.

1. When all seems dark and pleasures flee, I turn to One who comforts me,
2. Sweet comfort to my heart it brings, That I may rest beneath His wings,
3. In trial or pain, in joy or grief, This promise gives me sweet re-lief;
4. Fear not, tho' all the way seems dark, His hand shall guide and keep thy bark,

And His sweet voice speaks to my soul, While upon me the bur-dens roll.
Se - cure and safe from all my foes; And sing with joy, my Father knows.
He cares for me with ten-der care, He will my bur-dens ev - er share.
When thro' the vail of death we go, E'en then His presence we shall know.

CHORUS.

My Father knows, My Father knows. O, yes, my Father knows, I'm

He knows.

sure that He doth know The burdens that my heart doth bear; O, yes, my

doth bear;

Father knows, I'm sure that He doth know, And He will all my sorrows share.

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66 Won't You Come To Jesus Now?

KATE ULMER. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Wea - ry soul, thy Sav - iour died, Yea, for thee was cru - ci - fied,
2. Crim - son tho' thy sins may be In the blood He shed for thee,
3. While the Spir - it plead-eth still, Yield, O yield to Him thy will,
4. Lin - ger not an - oth - er day, Make Him now thy life and stay,

Heav-en's gate He o - pened wide, Won't you come to Je - sus now?
There is cleansing full and free, Won't you come to Je - sus now?
Wondrous peace thy heart will fill, Won't you come to Je - sus now?
He will keep thee safe al - way, Won't you come to Je - sus now?

REFRAIN.

Won't you come to Je - sus now?
Won't you come to Je - sus, come just now?

Won't you come to Je - sus now? Come and
Won't you come to Je - sus, come just now? Come to Je - sus

low be - fore Him bow, Won't you come to Je - sus now?
and be - fore Him bow,

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67 AT THE ROLL CALL I'LL BE THERE.

E. C. A. E. C. Avis.

1. When the roll is called in heav'n a - bove, And the ma - ny
2. When the Sav - ior speaks for whom He died, And on Cal - v'ry's
3. When the saved of a - ges stand and sing Prais - es un - to
4. When the Lord shall come to take His own To a place pre-

saved thro' won - drous love, Shall be seen to stand all white and fair,
cross was cru - ci - fied, Of His fin - ished work I too shall share,
Christ, the Lord and King, 'Mid the heav'n - ly hosts all free from care,
pared of which we've known, With the saints as - cend - ing in the air,

REFRAIN.

At the roll call I'll be there. When the roll is called in
heav - en, When the roll is called in heav - en;
heav-en, I'll be there, heav - en, I'll be there;

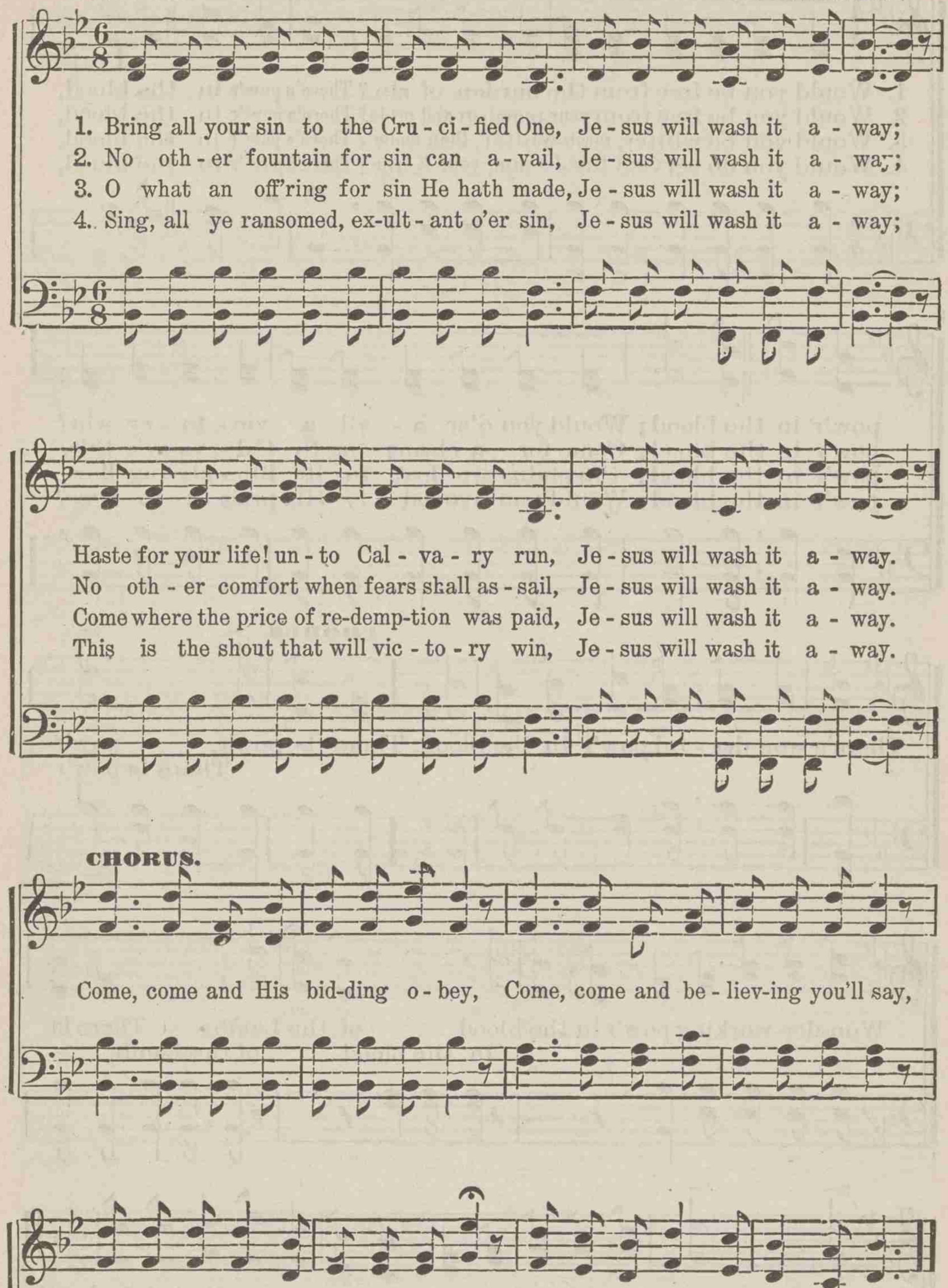
Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! At the roll call I'll be there.
hal - le - lu-jah! I'll be there,

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68 JESUS WILL WASH IT AWAY.

"Wash and be clean."—KINGS 5: 13.

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



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69 There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J. I. JOHN 1: 7. L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from the burden 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 whiter, much whiter, than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do service 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 pow'r

Won-der-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 precious blood of the Lamb.
There is pow'

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70 Tell It to Jesus Alone.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. Rev. E. S. Lorenz, by per.

1. Are you wea-ry, are you heav-y-heart-ed? Tell it to Je-sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je-sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sorrow? Tell it to Je-sus,
4. Are you troub-led at the tho't of dy-ing? Tell it to Je-sus,

Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev-ing o - ver joys de-part - ed?
Tell it to Je - sus Have you sins that to man's eyes are hid - den?
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx-ious what shall be to - mor-row?
Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sigh-ing?

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to

Je - sus, He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth - er

such a friend or broth - er; Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

71 I Am Resolved.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I am re-solved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the
2. I am re-solved to go to the Sav-iour, Leav - ing my
3. I am re-solved to fol - low the Sav-iour, Faith -ful and
4. I am re-solved to en - ter the king-dom, Leav - ing the
5. I am re-solved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with-

world's de - light; Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler,
sin and strife; He is the true one, He is the just one,
true each day, Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth,
paths of sin; Friends may oppose me, foes may be - set me,
out de - lay, Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it,

CHORUS.

These have al-lured my sight. I will hast-en to Him
He hath the words of life.
He is the liv - ing way.
Still will I en - ter in.
We'll walk the heav'nly way. 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,

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72 Power in the Blood.

J. H. W. Rev. J. H. WEBER.

1. There is pow'r in the blood, now, to wash your soul, There is pow'r in the blood to keep you whole, There is pow'r in the blood to help you win,
2. There is pow'r in the blood to make you white, There is pow'r in the blood to keep you right, There is pow'r in the blood to lead you on,
3. There is pow'r in the blood, it's a-ton-ing grace, There is pow'r in the blood for all the race, There is pow'r in the blood, just look on high,
4. There is pow'r in the blood, plunge beneath its wave, There is pow'r in the blood to keep and save, There is pow'r in the blood, be firm and true,

CHORUS.

There is pow'r in the blood to save from sin.
There is pow'r in the blood of God's dear Son. Glo-ry to the Lamb,
There is pow'r in the blood, 'tis draw-ing nigh.
There is pow'r in the blood to help, yes, you.

Glo-ry to the Lamb, for He shed His blood for thee, He will keep you

Repeat ad lib.

in the way and will nev-er let you stray, There is pow'r in the blood.

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73 Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. Blessed as - sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
2. Perfect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rapt-ure now
3. Perfect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va-tion, purchas'd of God, Born of His
burst on my sight, An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove, Ech - oes of
hap - py and blest, Watching and wait-ing, look-ing a - bove, Fill'd with His

CHORUS.

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

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

sto - ry this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long.

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74 Standing On the Promises.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.

1. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal
2. Standing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howl - ing
3. Standing on the prom-is - es, I now can see Per - fect, pres - ent
4. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-
5. Standing on the prom-is - es I can - not fall, Lis-t'ning ev - 'ry

a - ges let His prais-es ring; Glo - ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
storms of doubt and fear as-sail; By the liv - ing Word of God, I shall pre-vail,
cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the lib-er-ty where Christ makes free,
ter - nal - ly by love's strong cord; O - ver-com-ing dai - ly with the Spir-it's sword,
mo - ment to the Spir - it's call; Rest-ing in my Sav - ior, as my all in all,

CHORUS.

Standing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,
Standing on the promise, standing on the promise,
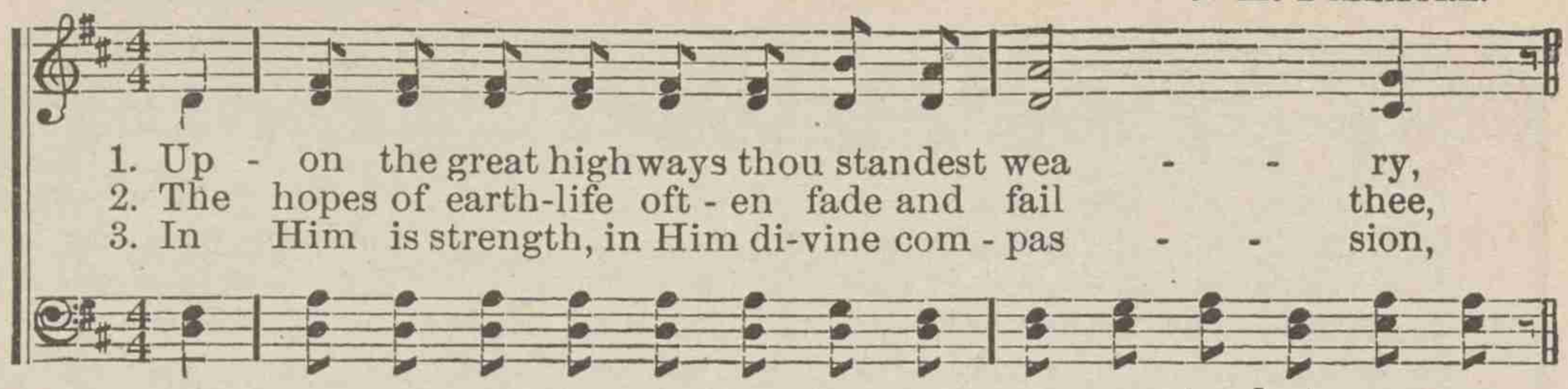
Standing on the prom-is - es of God, my Sav - ior; Stand - ing,
Standing on the promise,

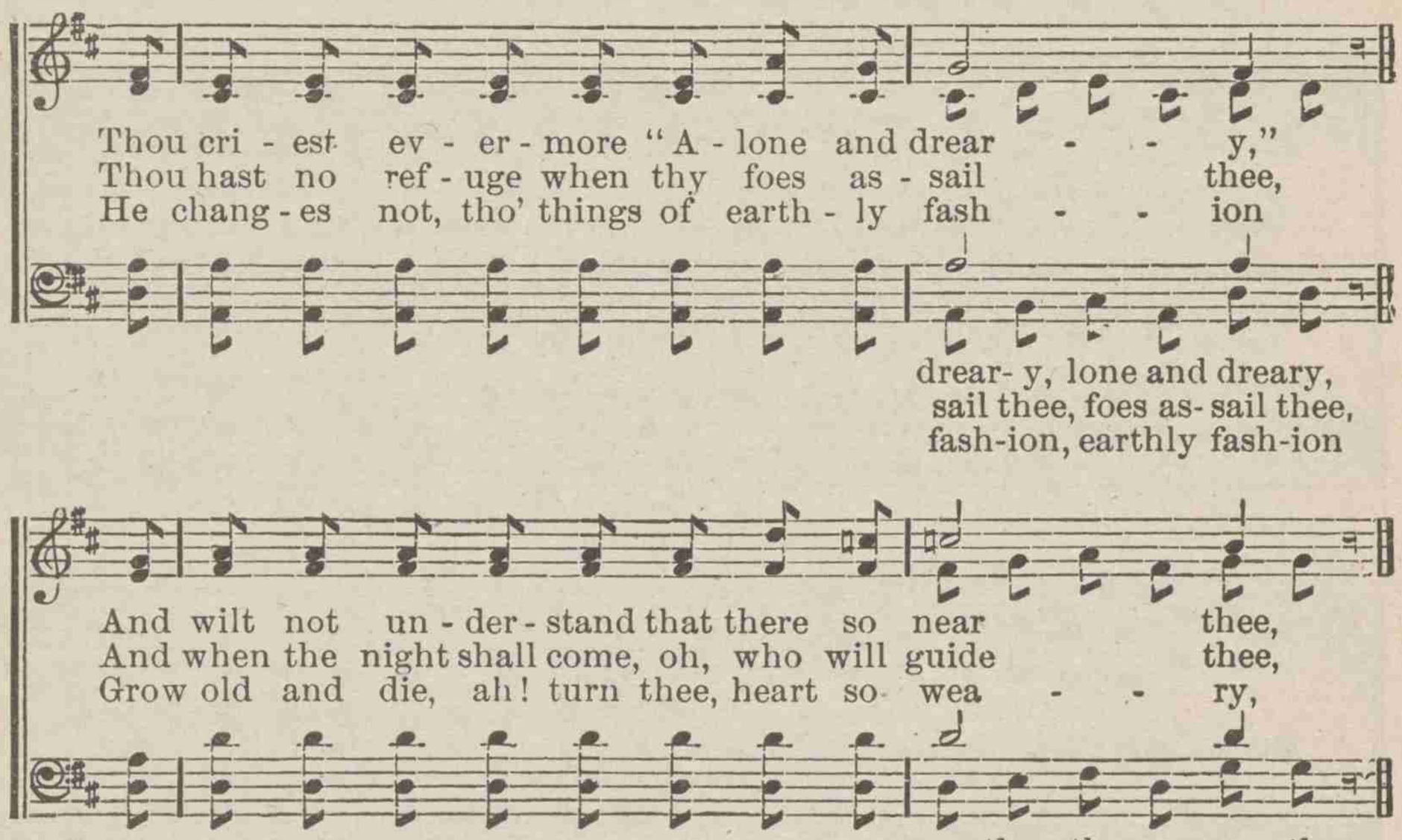
stand - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God.
standing on the promise,
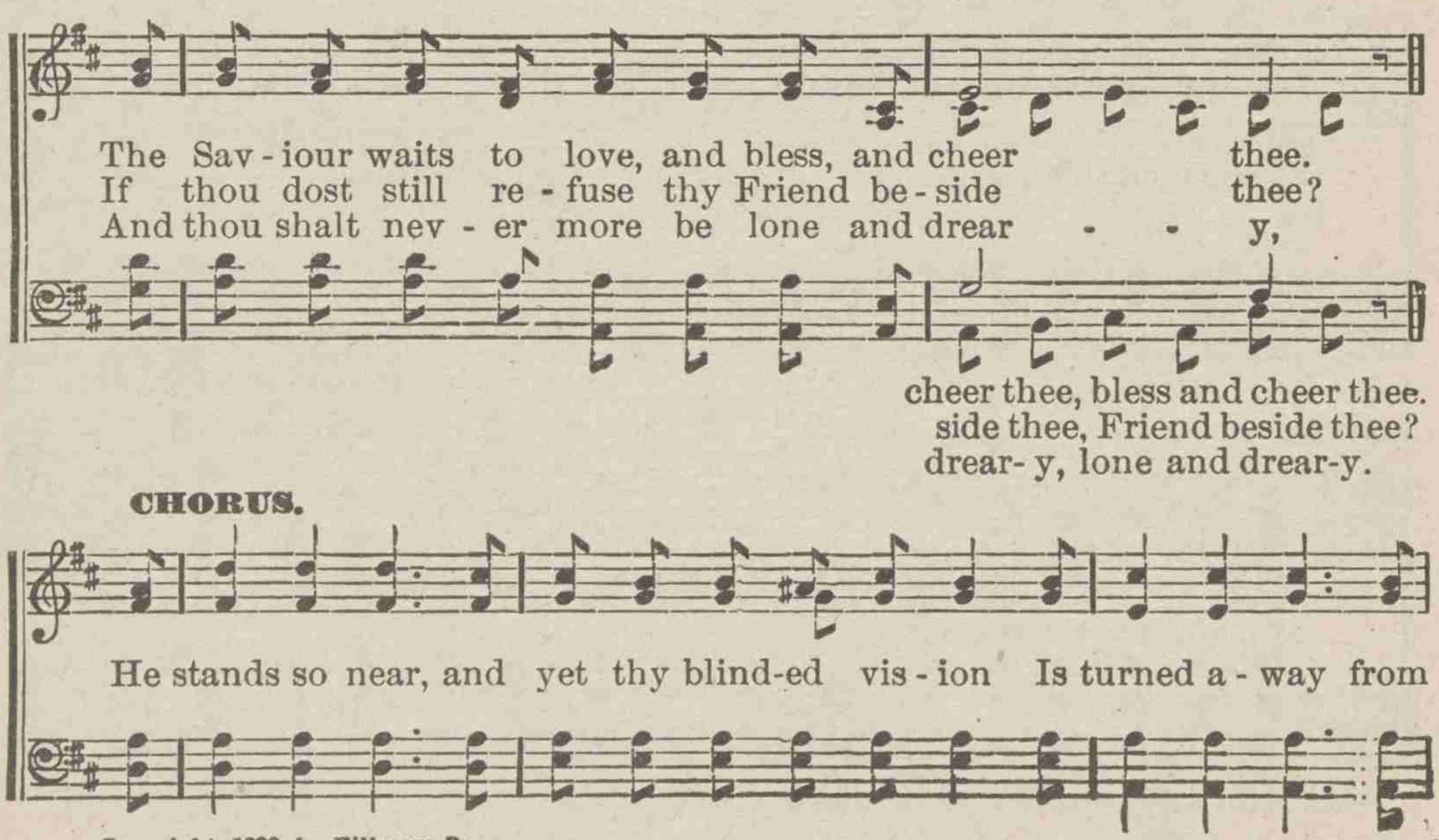
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75 HE STANDS SO NEAR.

Mrs. A. L. Davison. J. H. Fillmore.







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HE STANDS SO NEAR.

hope and light e - lys - ian, Thou wilt not see that 'tis for thee He car-eth,

For thee, for thee the heav - y cross He bear - - eth.

the heav-y cross He bear-eth.

76 Step Out on the Promise.

The Highway. E. F. MILLER.

1. O mour - ner in Zi - on, how bless - ed art thou, For Je - sus is
2. Oh, ye that are hun - gry and thirst-y re - joice: For ye shall be
3. Who sighs for a heart from in - iq - ui - ty free? Oh, poor troubled
4. The promise don't save, tho' the promise is true; 'Tis the blood we get

wait - ing to com - fort thee now; Fear not to re - ly on the
filled; do you hear that sweet voice In - vit - ing you now to the
soul! there's a prom - ise for thee; There's rest, wea-ry one, in the
un - der, that clean - es us through; It cleans-es me now, hal - le -

word of thy God. Step out on the promise, get un-der the blood.
ban-quet of God? Step out on the promise, get un-der the blood.
bos - om of God. Step out on the promise, get un-der the blood.
lu - jah to God! I rest on the promise, I'm un-der the blood.

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77 "I Go to Prepare a Place."

Dedicated to Rev. Russell H. Conwell, D, D.

E. E. HEWITT. J. L. GILBERT.
Arr. by H. L. GILMOUR.
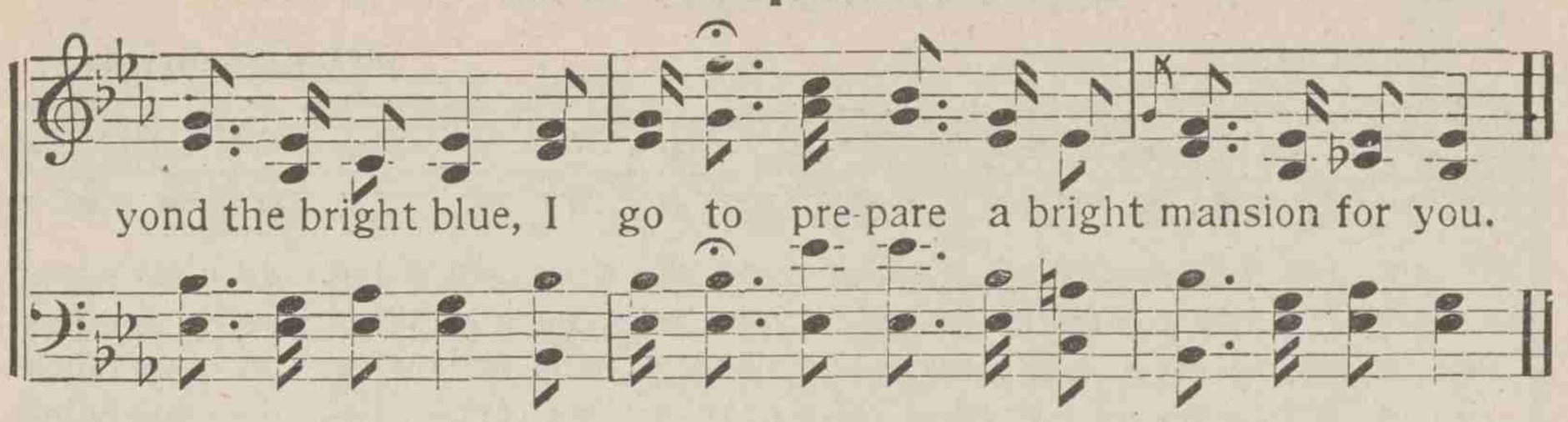
1. In the won-der-ful land where the weary shall rest, Which clouds never dark-en, nor part - ings mo - lest, Our home shall be furnish'd with ten - der - est care, "I go," said the Master, "a place to pre - pare."
2. He knows all our long-ings, provides for each need, The joys of that home all our hopes far ex - ceed; Sweet flow'rs and glad waters, crowns star - ry and bright, And songs ev-er ring-ing thro' por - tals of light.
3. He'll gath - er to - geth-er the lov'd ones we miss; They'll sweeten our pleasures and height-en our bliss; The treas-ures to ho - ly for earth's breaking clay, Shall shine in the glo-ry of heav - en's fair day.
4. The hands that once lov-ing - ly min - is-tered here, Are adding new beau-ties as friends shall draw near; The blossoms of E - den they joy - ful - ly bring, The sweet will ful-fill - ing of Je - sus our King.

CHORUS.

O prom-ise so sweet! O prom-ise so true! Made by our dear Sav - ior to com - fort us thro'; In that beau - ti - ful home-land be-

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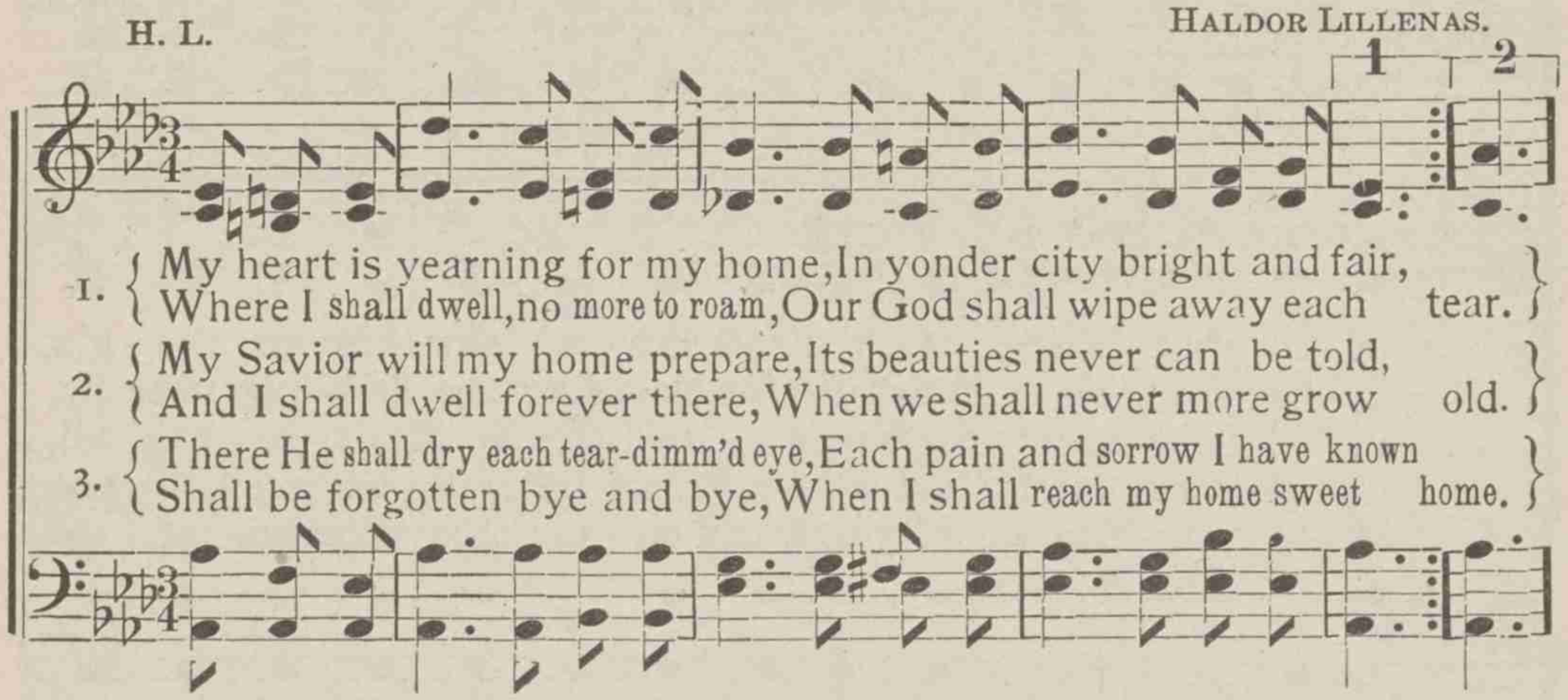
"I Go to Prepare a Place."



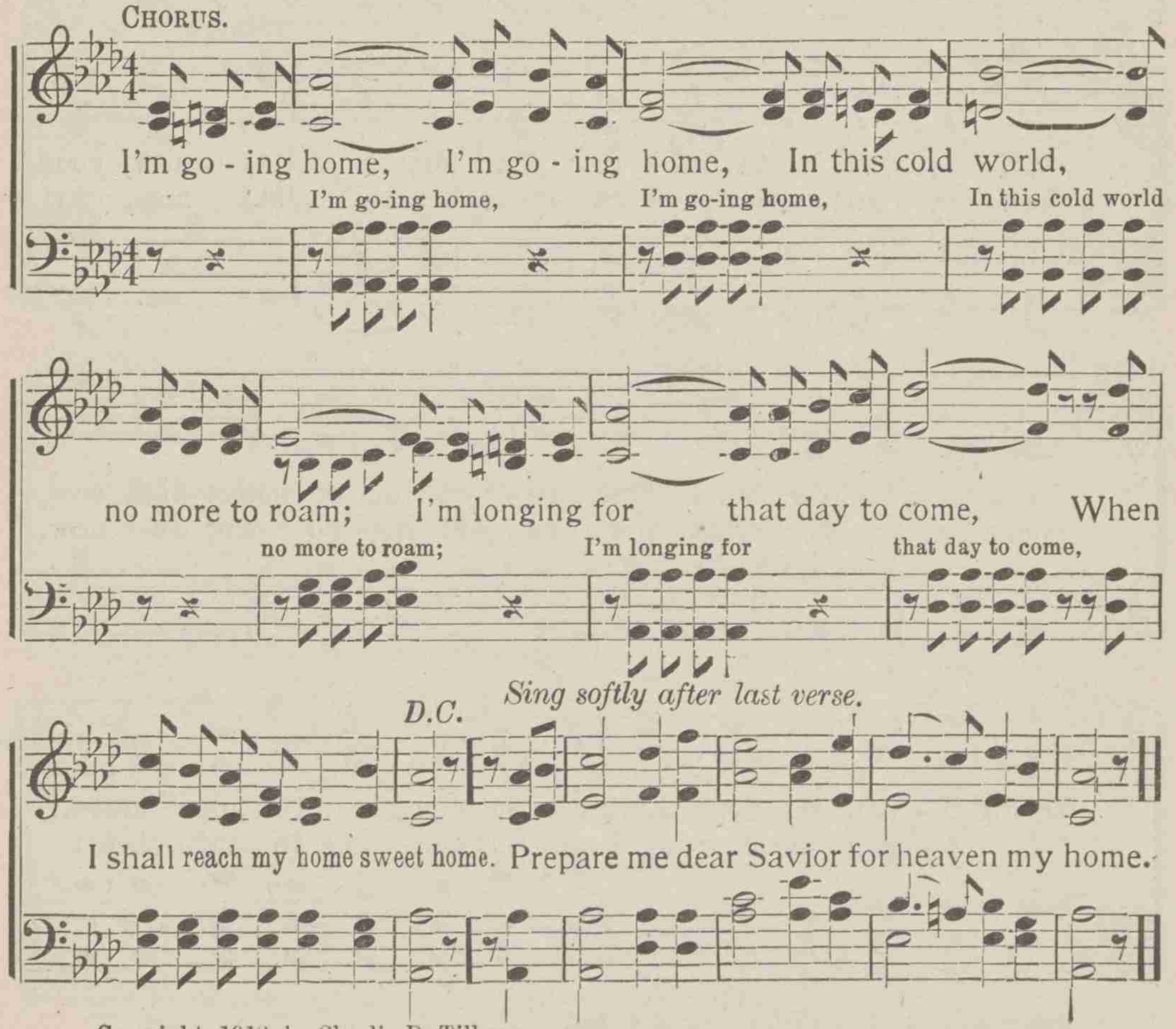
78 I'm Going to my Home.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.
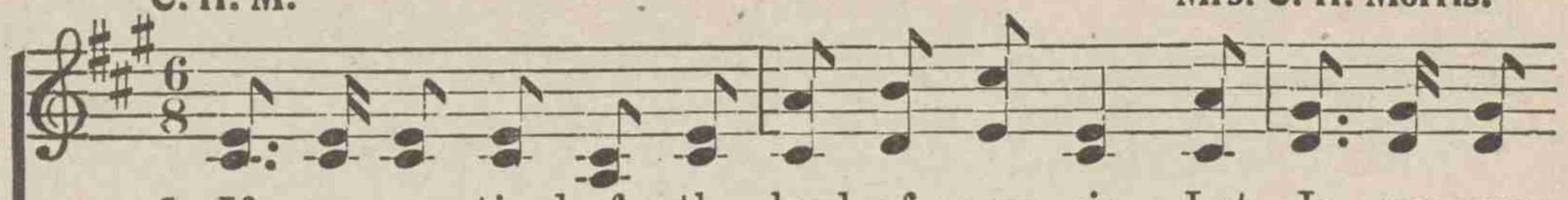


CHORUS.



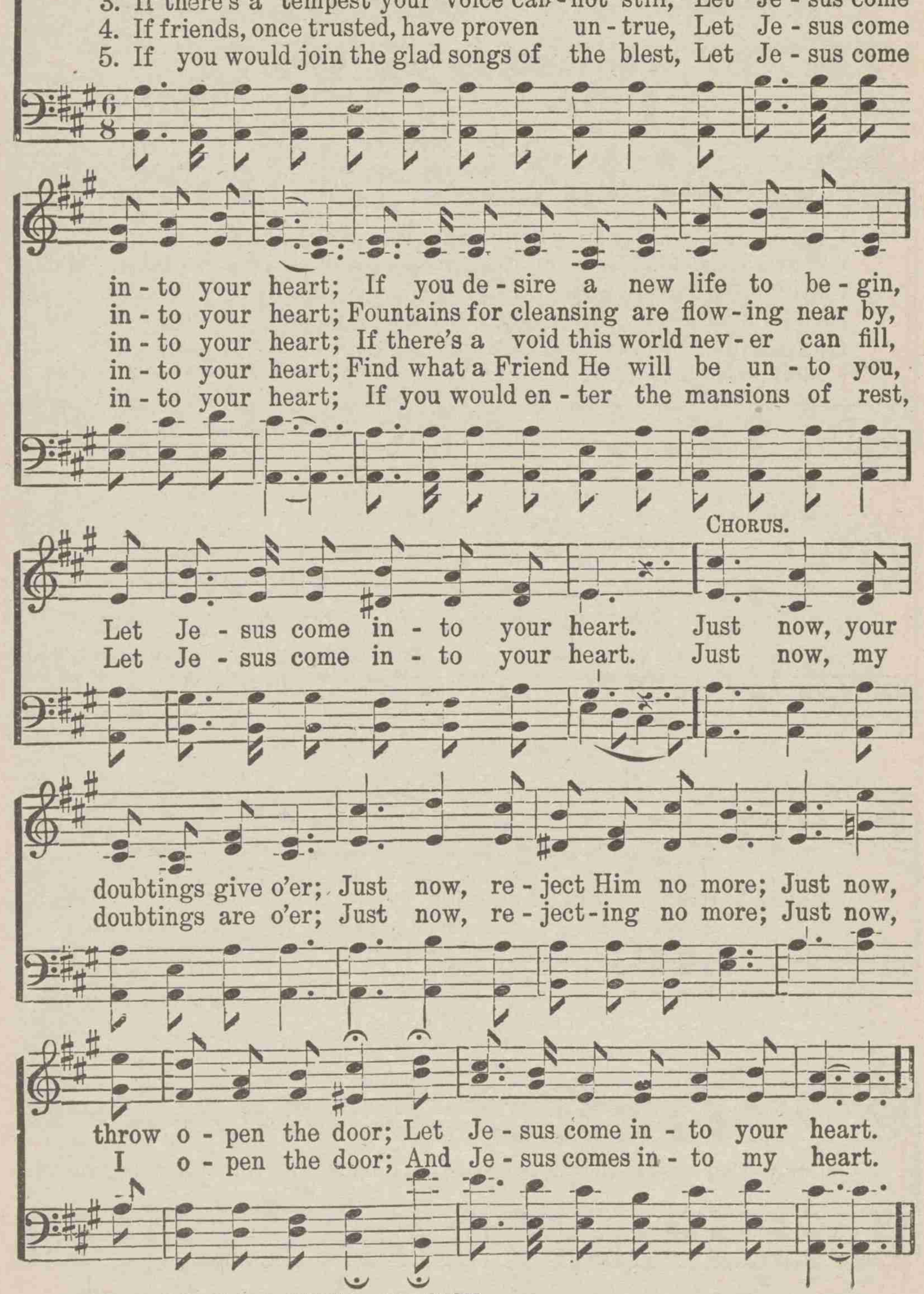
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79 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
2. If 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
3. If there's a tempest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven un - true, Let Je - sus come
5. 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; Find what a Friend He will be un - to you,
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
Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, my

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

throw o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
I o - pen the door; And Je - sus comes in - to my heart.

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80 Going to the Feast.

J. R. B. Jno. R. Bryant.

1. We have heard the in - vi - ta - tion, And are go - ing to the feast, For the
2. Would you stand among the number Of the heav'nly guests up there? You must
3. Then be read - y when the door is O-pened for that grand e - vent; Do not

Prince of glo - ry spreads a ta - ble rare; All His cho - sen ones are gath'ring
then a robe of righteousness put on; Those that en - ter with that company
let it find you lack-ing in the least; Should the door be opened suddenly?

FINE.

With the wedding garments on, For the marriage supper of the Lamb pre-pare.
Must cleanse their souls from stain, For your sins the blood of Je - sus doth a-tone.
And you be ush - ered in, Would you be pre-pared to cel-e-brate the feast!

D. S.–*Soon shall come the grand re-ception of our Lord.*

CHORUS.

We are go - - - - - ing, we are go - - - - - ing To the marriage sup-per
go - ing to the feast, go - ing to the feast,
of the Lamb of God! We are read - - - - y, ev - er read - - - y,
read-y ev - 'ry day, read-y ev - 'ry day,

D.S.

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81 Lord, I Believe.

Used by special repuest of Rev. Bud Robinson.

Harmony by R. E. W.
Arr. by F. M. G. and A. F. I.

1. When sor-row and storms are be - set - ting my track, And Sa - tan is whisp'ring "You'd bet-ter turn back," How oft I have proved it, tho'
2. How eas - y when sailing the sea in a calm, To trust in the strength of Je - ho - vah's great arm; But some-how I find when the
3. "I'll stand to the end," I have heard people say, "I'll fight till I die, and will ne'er run a - way," But when by temp-ta-tion so
4. And oth - ers there are, full of cour - age and zeal, Who go to the bat - tle like war - riors of steel; But right in the heat of the
5. Then let us re-mem-ber in run-ning this race, That faith is not feel - ing, and trust is not trace; And when all a - round us seems

dark be the way, A lit - tle believing drives clouds all a-way.
waves swamp the boat, It takes some be - liev - ing to keep things a-float.
fierce - ly as-sailed, They left off be - liev-ing, and ter - ri - bly failed.
con - flict with sin; In - stead of be - liev-ing they faint and give in.
dark as the night, We'll keep on be - liev-ing, and win in the fight.

REFRAIN.

Lord, I be-lieve, Lord, I be-lieve! Sav-ior, raise my faith in Thee, Till it can move a mountain; All my doubts are bu-ried in the fountain.

82 I'M HAPPY WITH JESUS ALONE.

C. P. J.

CHAS. P. JONES.

1. There's nothing so pre-cious as Je - sus to me, Let earth with its
2. When sin - ful and doomed to a life of de-spair, No light on my
3. When noth-ing but death for my ransom could pay, And make me ac-
4. 'Twas Je - sus who called me and showed me the way To peace up- on
5. Should fa - ther and moth-er for - sake me be - low, My bed up- on

treas-ures be gone; I'm rich as can be when my Sav-iour I see,
path-way to shine, 'Twas Je-sus who found me and made me an heir
cept - ed with God, 'Twas Je - sus who free - ly Him-self made a prey
earth and in heav'n; 'Tis Je - sus who teach-es me dai - ly to pray
earth be a stone, I'll cling to my Sav-iour, He loves me I know,

CHORUS.

I'm hap-py with Je - sus a - lone.
To mansions of glo - ry di - vine. I'm hap-py with Je - sus a-
And ransomed my soul with His blood.
And walk in the light He has giv'n.
I'm hap-py with Je - sus a - lone.

lone (alone), I'm hap-py with Je - sus a - lone (alone), Tho' poor and de-

sert - ed, thank God, I can say I'm hap-py with Je - sus a - lone.

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83 The Blood Has Never Lost Its Power.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.
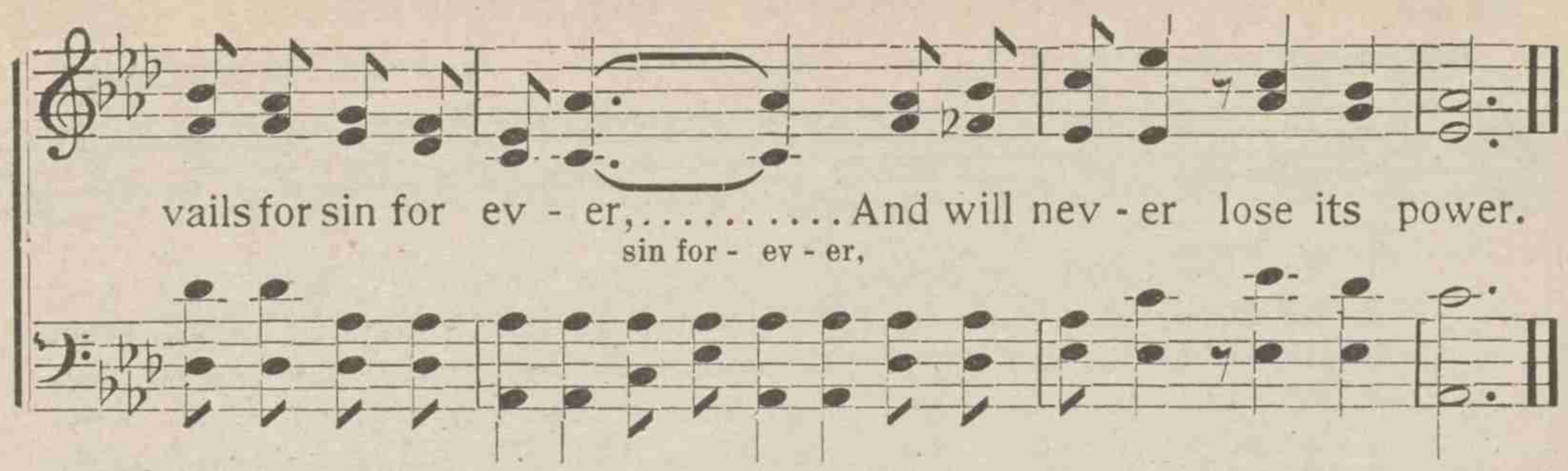
1. In the mist - y days of yore Je - sus' precious blood had pow r E'en the thief up - on the cross to save; Like a bird his spir - it flies to its
2. I was lost and steeped in guilt, but the blood for sinners spilt Wash'd a- way my sins and set me free; Now and ev - er-more the same, praise, O
3. God in mer - cy asks you why, brother sin-ner, will you die When such full re-demp-tion he pro-vides? You have but to look and live, life e - ful - ly save and sanc - ti - fy; From the wrath to come now flee, let your
4. Bring your burdens, come to-day, turn from all your sins a-way, He can home in Par - a - dise, Thro' the pow'r of Cal - v'ry's crimson wave. praise his ho - ly name! Will the cleans-ing stream a - vail - ing be. ter - nal he will give, For the pow'r of Cal - v'ry still a - bides. name re - cord-ed be With the blood-wash'd and re-deem'd on high.

Chorus.

And the blood has nev - er lost its pow'r, No,
And the pre-cious blood has nev - er, nev - er lost its pow'r,
nev - er,.....no, nev - er!..... Je - sus' blood a-
Nev - er lost its pow'r, nev - er lost its pow'r; Je - sus' blood a -
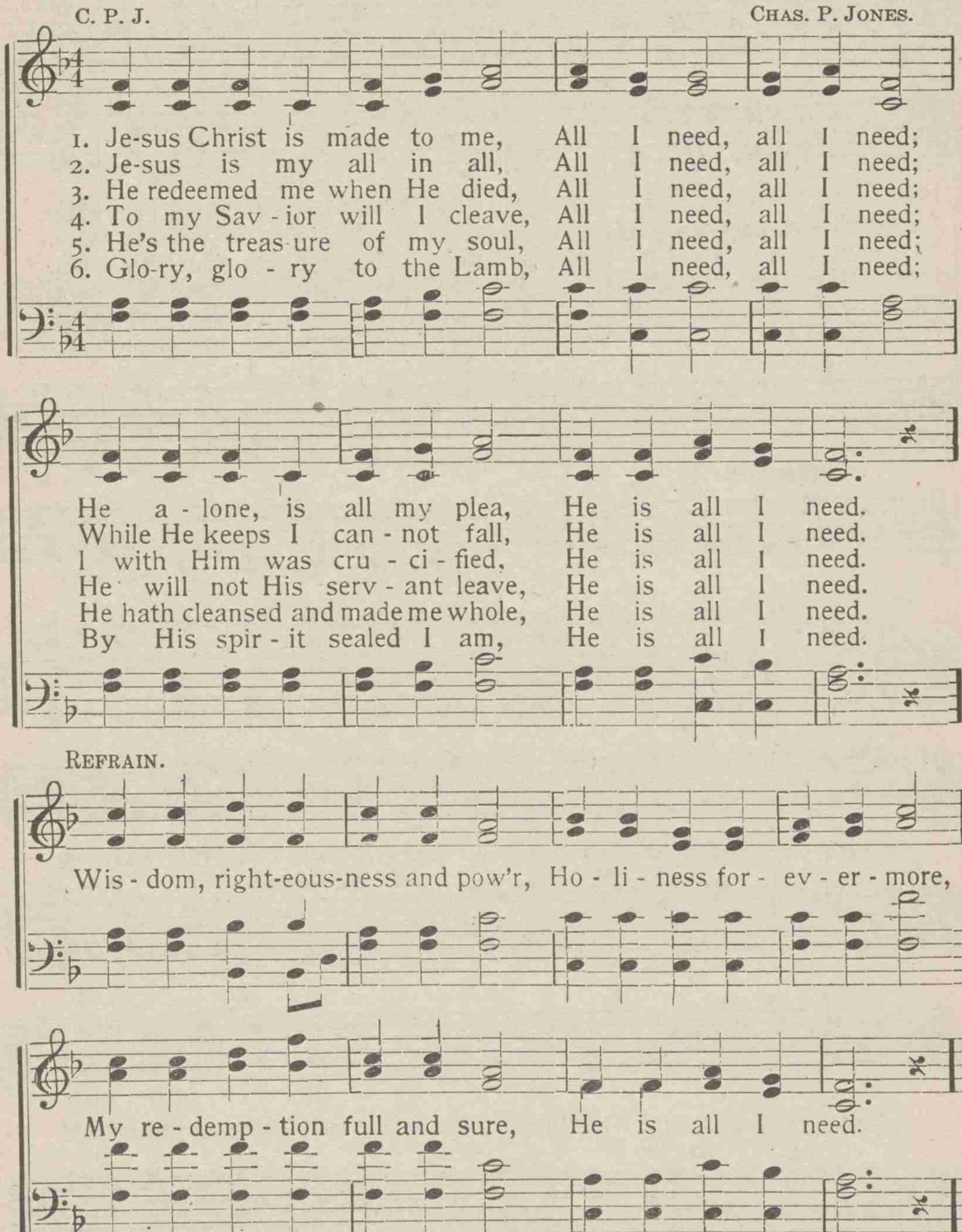
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The Blood Has Never Lost Its Power.



84 All I Need.

C. P. J. CHAS. P. JONES.



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85 IT IS TRULY WONDERFUL.

B. E. W. Is. 25 : 1. B. E. WARREN.

1. He par-doned my trans-gres-sions, He sanc-ti-fied my soul,
2. He keeps me ev-'ry mo-ment By trust-ing in His grace;
3. He brings me through af-flic-tion, He leaves me not a-lone;
4. He pros-pers and pro-tects me, His bless-ings ev-er flow;
5. He keeps me firm and faith-ful, His love I do en-joy,
6. There's not a sin-gle bless-ing Which we re-ceive on earth

He hon-ors my con-fes-sions, Since by His blood I'm whole.
'Tis through His blest a-tone-ment, That I may see His face.
He's with me in temp-ta-tion, He keeps me for His own.
He fills me with His glo-ry, He makes me white as snow.
For this I shall be grate-ful, And live in His em-ploy.
That does not come from heav-en, The source of our new birth.

CHORUS.

It is tru-ly won-der-ful What the Lord has done! It is
tru-ly won-der-ful! It is tru-ly won-der-ful! It is
tru-ly won-der-ful What the Lord has done! Glo-ry to His name

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86 Let Us Tarry Till the Blessing.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. We are thirsting for re-fresh-ing show'rs, We are yearning for His
2. We are hung'ring now to be made pure, We are long-ing more of
3. We are bending at the heaven's throne, We are pleading to be

grace to-day, Let us tar-ry till the bless-ing comes, Lo! the
love to know, Let us tar-ry till the bless-ing comes, And the
all-renewed; Let us tar-ry till the bless-ing comes, And with

CHORUS.

Sav-iour is not far a-way.
waves of full sal-va-tion flow. Let us tar-ry till the blessing comes,
pow-er we are all en-dued.

Let us go up-on our knees and pray, Yes, we'll wait un-til the

bless-ing comes, For the Sav-iour is not far a-way.

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87 Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A, J. Showalter.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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

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88 The Good Shepherd.

J. M. SLUSSER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When the wea - ry tasks of the day are done, And our spir - its welcome the set-ting sun, In the twilight hush, lo! the
2. Oh, the path was rough and our hearts are sore, For we lost the way, with the load we bore; Blessed shadows, fall, for the
3. Oh, the blind - ing dust and the cru - el thorn! Is there room for such a torn, blackened form? Hark! I hear my name, for the
4. Oh, He knows the thorns, for they pierced His brow; Yet He loved men then and He loves us now, Spite of stain and sin still the

REFRAIN.

good Shepherd stands call - ing, call-ing: "I am the door, I am the door, Ye are bruised, ye are thirsty, Come, be healed and refreshed, And go in and out,..... and find pasture."
And go in and out,

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89 I've Pitched My Tent in Beulah.

(Respectfully dedicated to the choir at Hollow Rock.)

M. J. H. MRS. M. J. HARRIS.

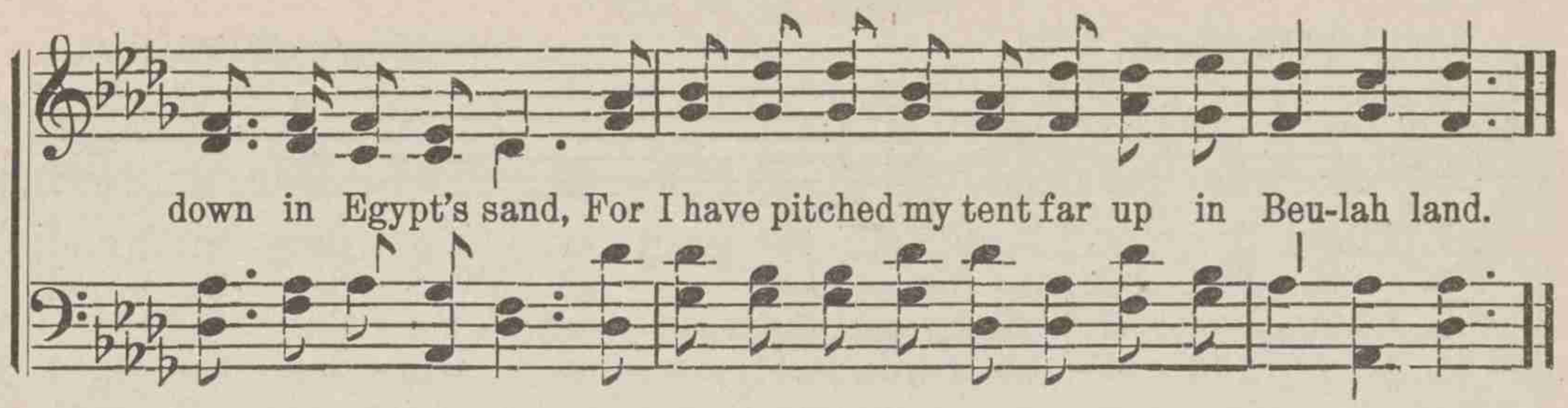
1. I long a - go left E-gypt for the promised land, I trusted in my Sav - ior and to His guiding hand; He led me out to vict'ry through the great Red Sea, I sang a song of triumph, and shouted I am free.
2. I followed close be-side Him and the land soon found, I did not halt or trem-ble, for Ca - naan I was bound; My guide I ful - ly trust-ed and He led me in, I shouted hal - le - lu - jah, my heart is free from sin.
3. I start-ed for the highlands where the fruits abound, I pitched my tent near He-bron, there grapes of Esh-col found; With milk and honey flowing, and new wine so free, I have no love for E-gypt, it has no charms for me.
4. My heart is so en-rapt-ured as I press a - long, Each day I find new blessings which fill my heart with song; I'm ev - er marching onward to that land on high, Some day I'll reach my mansion that's build-ed in the sky.

CHORUS.

You need not look for me, down in E-gypt's sand, For I have pitched my tent far up in Beu - lah land; You need not look for me,

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I've Pitched My Tent in Beulah. Concluded.



90 The New Life Song.

JOHN FAIR. Use first verse for Chorus. H. K. MOYER.

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91 Under the Blood of Jesus.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. MARVIN H. PRATHER.

1. There is a place of per - fect rest, Un - der the blood,
2. God saved His peo - ple long a - go, Un - der the blood,
3. Come, bur - y here your sin - ful past, Un - der the blood,
4. If you re - main till life is past, Un - der the blood,

un - der the blood; A hid - ing-place, su - preme - ly blest,
un - der the blood; He'll save and make you white as snow,
un - der the blood; Re - morse can ne'er a shad - ow cast,
un - der the blood, You'll find the gate of heav'n at last,

CHORUS.

Un - der the blood of Je - sus. O yes, there's safe - ty

un - der the blood, Un - der the blood, un - der the blood; The

Lord can save you un - der the blood, Un-der the blood of the Lamb.

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92 You Can Shine.

"YOU WILL SHINE."

C. D. T. Theme suggested by D. R. Pierce. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN

1. Tho' like oth-ers, you're not gifted. you can shine, Ev - 'ry cloud can soon be lift-ed, you can shine,
2. Tho' you can not be a lead - er, you can shine, Tho' sometimes you are not needed, you can shine,
3. When you are so tried and test-ed, you can shine, When you can-not be mo-lest-ed, you can shine,
4. Then when time is but a sto - ry, you will shine, In a land of wondrous glory, you will shine,

Jesus promised grace to aid you, you can shine,
You may sometimes be rejected, you can shine,
Trials may press hard upon you, you can shine,
Je-sus will be there to greet you, you will shine,

CHORUS.

Trusting all to Him who made you, you can shine.
If His light you have reflected, then you shine. When your heart with love is glowing,
If His tender love has won you, shout and shine.
Loved ones gone before will meet you, shout and shine.

you will shine, When His love you're daily showing, you will shine, Then this saddened world is brightened by the rays of light divine; If you really have the blessing you will shine.

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93 Look For Me.

A. A. PAYN. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When you get to heav-en, as you sure-ly will, If the Sav-ior's name you own, Af-ter you have greeted those you love the best, Who are
2. When you roam with friends across the heav'nly fields, Ev-er find-ing treasures new; When you stand in rapture on some star-ry height, Gazing
3. When you hear them singing round the great white throne, Songs of praise un- to the Lamb; When you hear the ransomed, with their harps of gold, Shouting
4. When you kneel in wor-ship to the King of kings, Who has saved you by His grace; When you see that Savior who has bro't you there, And with

stand-ing round the throne—
on some glorious view—
"Glo-ry to His name!"
joy be-hold His face—

CHORUS.

You may look for me, for I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there! You may look for me, for I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there!

Hallelujah!

look for me, for I'll be there! Glo-ry to His name!
I'll be there! precious name!

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94 AT THE CROSS.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die,
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay, The debt of love I owe;

Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love beyond de-gree!
Here Lord, I give my-self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the bur-den of my heart rolled away— It was there by faith rolled a - way,

I received my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

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95 He Went Farther Than the Cross.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. For me the Son of man came down to die up - on the tree,
2. His death made full a - tone-ment for the sins of all our race,
3. Geth-sam-a - ne, nor Pi - late's hall, not e - ven Cal - va - ry,

He gave Himself a ran-som that from sin I might be free;
Revealed the Fa - ther's mer - cy and His rec - on - cil - ed face;
With all their sor - rows were e-nough from sin to set me free,

But in the sto - ry of His grace in God's own book I see
But for a full re-demp-tion, in the rich - es of His grace,
But in His love and mer - cy, Oh, so won - der - ful to me,

CHORUS.

He went a lit - tle far - ther than the cross. He went a

lit - tle far-ther than the cross; He went a lit - tle
farther than the cross;

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He Went Farther Than the Cross. Concluded.

far - ther than the cross,..... Tri - um-phant from the grave He
far-ther than the cross,

came! He lives to save, For He went a lit - tle far-ther than the cross.

96 The Man of Galilee.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. (DUET AND QUARTET.) W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

(have you heard)

1. { Have you heard of that won-der-ful Man? Who lived in Gal - i - lee,
   { Who came down from the glo-ry a - bove To set earth's captives free. }
2. { Have you heard of His birth in the stall? The days of ten - der youth,
   { How He gave as the mes-sage of God The words of life and truth. }
3. { Have you heard when His garments they touched The sick at once were whole?
   { How in love He forgave men their sins, And healed the sin - sick soul. }
4. { Have you heard how for sin-ners He died Up - on the cru - el tree?
   { How He lives ev - er-more from the dead, To save e - ter - nal - ly. }

CHORUS.

He came to set me free,.... The Man of Gal - i - lee;..... I'll
He came to set me free, the Man of Gal - i - lee;

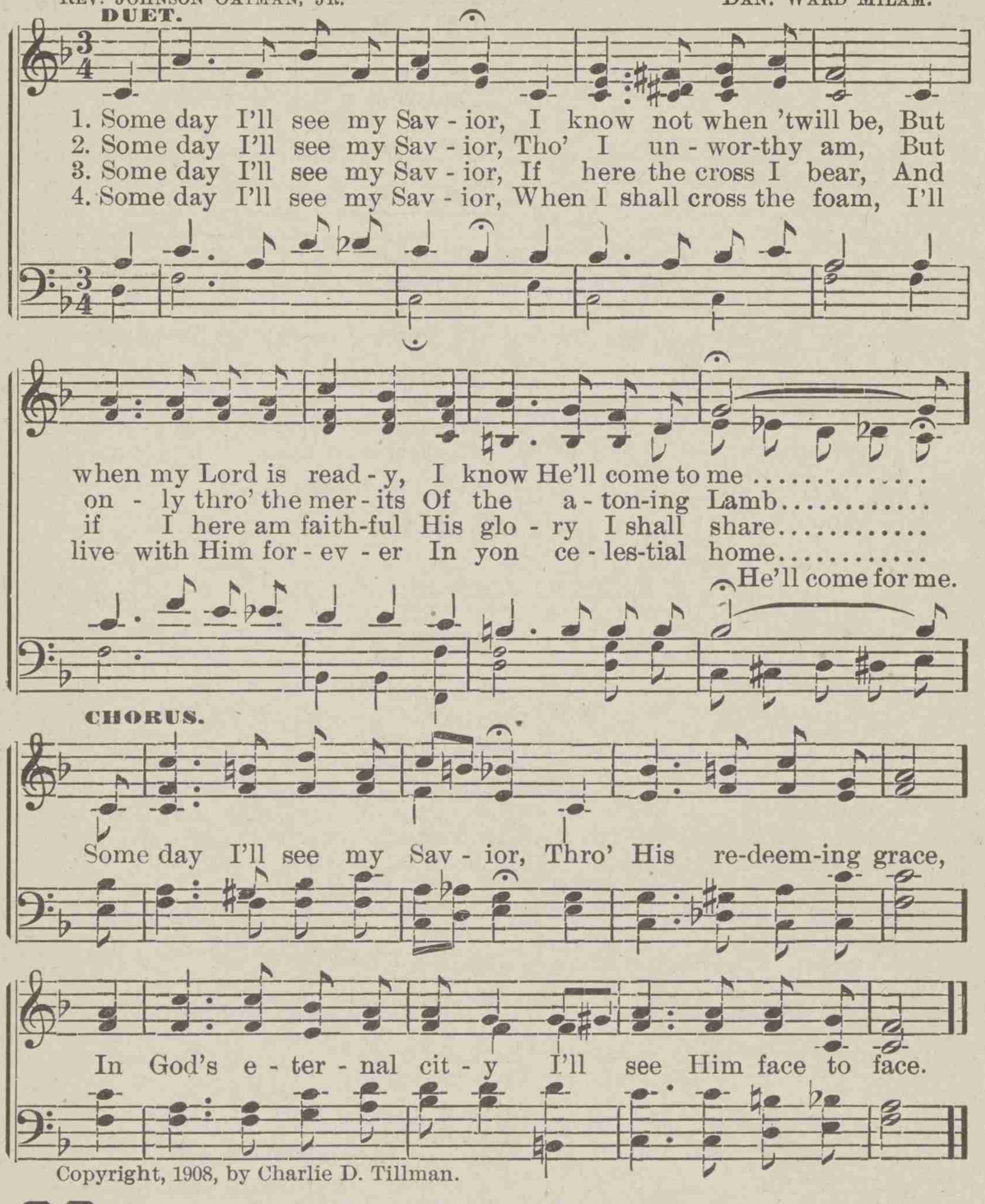
sing His great fame, And praise His dear name, My Savior and Lord is He.

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97 Some Day I'll See My Savior.

(Dedicated to Rev. J. M. Glenn, South Georgia Conference.)
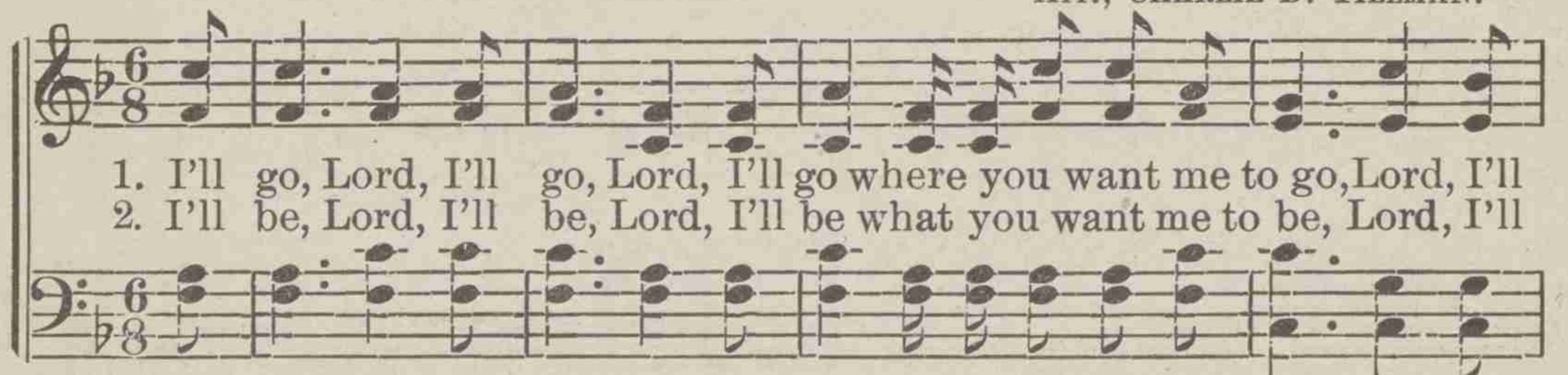
REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. DAN. WARD MILAM.



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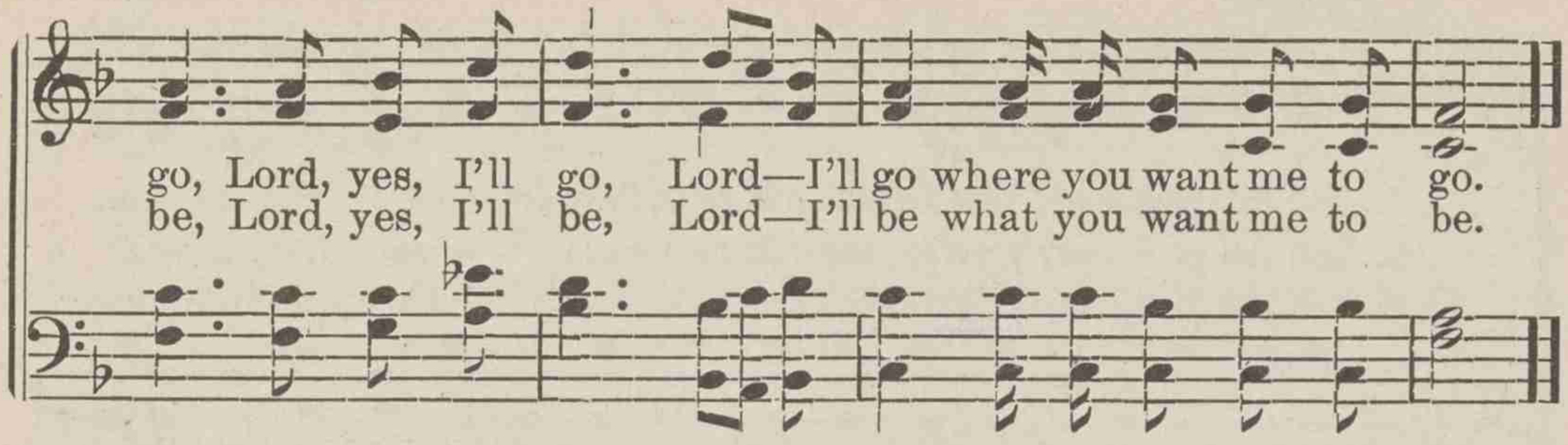
98 Anything, Lord.

ARR., CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



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Anything, Lord.



3 I'll say, Lord, I'll say, Lord,
I'll say what you want me to say, Lord,
I'll say, Lord, yes, I'll say, Lord,
I'll say what you want me to say.

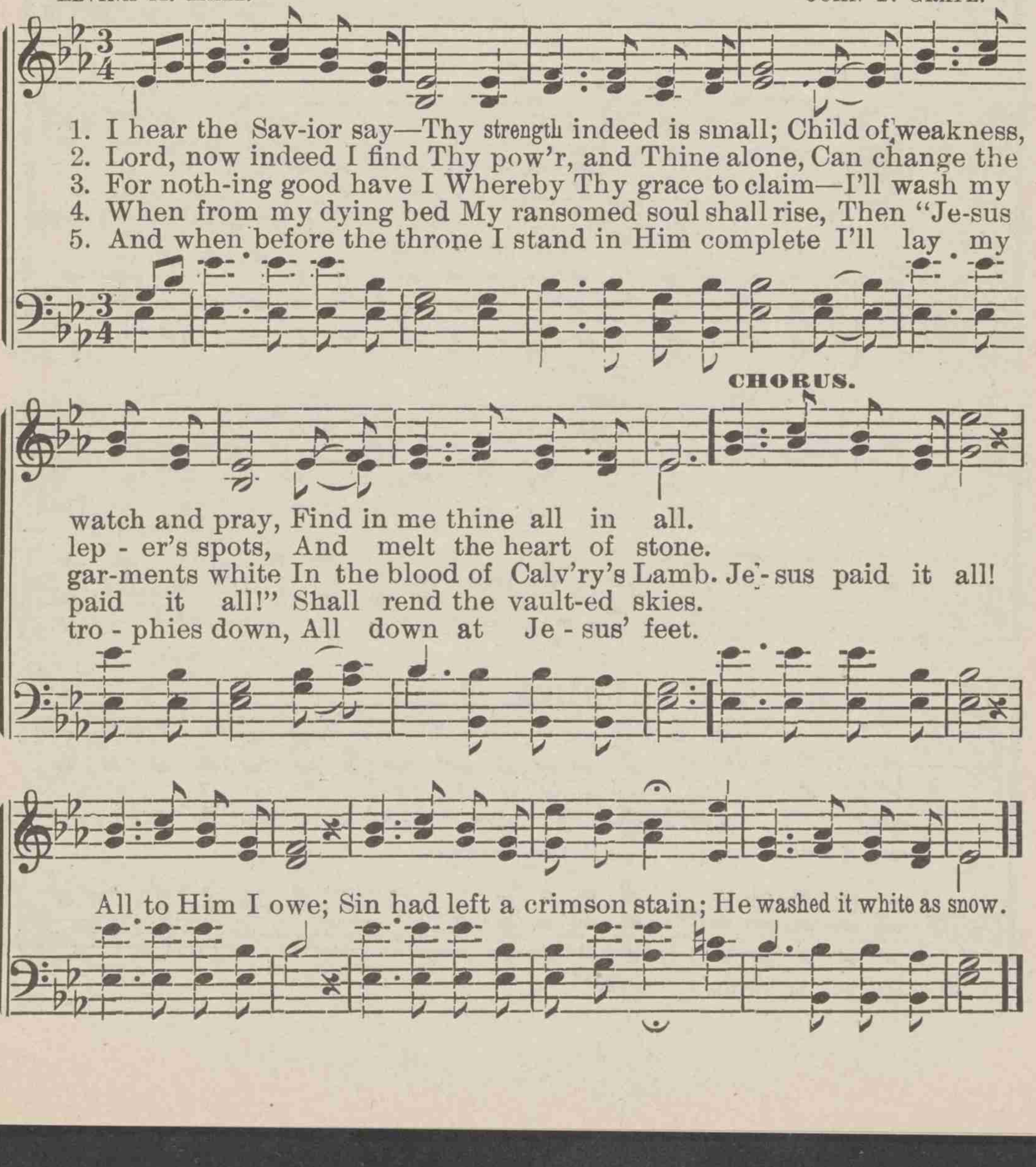
4 I'll pray, Lord, I'll pray, Lord,
I'll pray when you want me to pray, Lord,
I'll pray, Lord, yes, I'll pray, Lord,
I'll pray when you want me to pray.

5 I'll preach, Lord, I'll preach, Lord,
I'll preach if you want me to preach, Lord,
I'll preach, Lord, yes, I'll preach, Lord,
I'll preach if you want me to preach.

6 I'll shout, Lord, I'll shout, Lord,
I'll shout if you want me to shout, Lord,
I'll shout, Lord, yes, I'll shout, Lord,
I'll shout if you want me to shout.

99 All to Christ I Owe.

ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.



100 Glad Tidings of Salvation.

R. O. Smith. Charlie D. Tillman.

1. Tell the glad story how Je - sus can save, Save from all e - vil and woe,
2. Tell the glad story how Je - sus will save, Save ev - er-more from thy sin;
3 Tell the glad story how Je - sus has sav'd, Sav'd thro' His in - fi - nite grace;

And from the shadows of sin and the grave, Tell it wher-ev - er you go.
Yes, He will give you the par-don you crave, If you will bid Him come in.
Tak - en thy soul long by e - vil en-slaved In - to His lov - ing em - brace.

CHORUS.
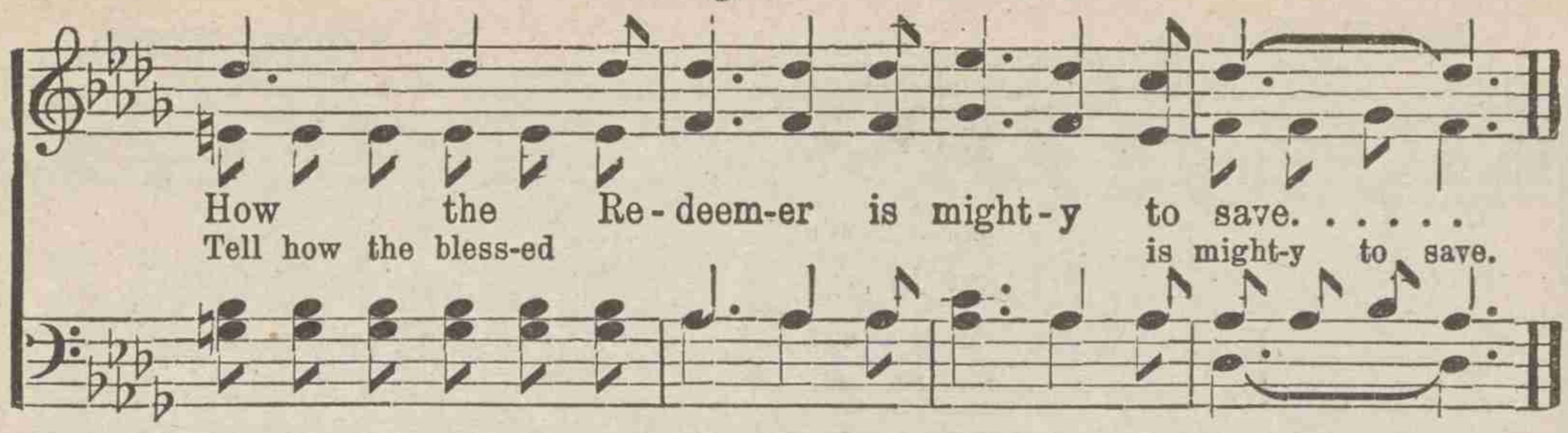
O tell . . . . the glad ti - dings, Tell of this great sal - va - tion,
O tell the glad ti - dings, tell the glad ti - dings,

Tell how the Sav - ior For us His life free-ly gave, Then

sing . . . . it with glad - ness, Shout it and sing it for - ev - er
sing it with gladness, sing it with glad-ness,

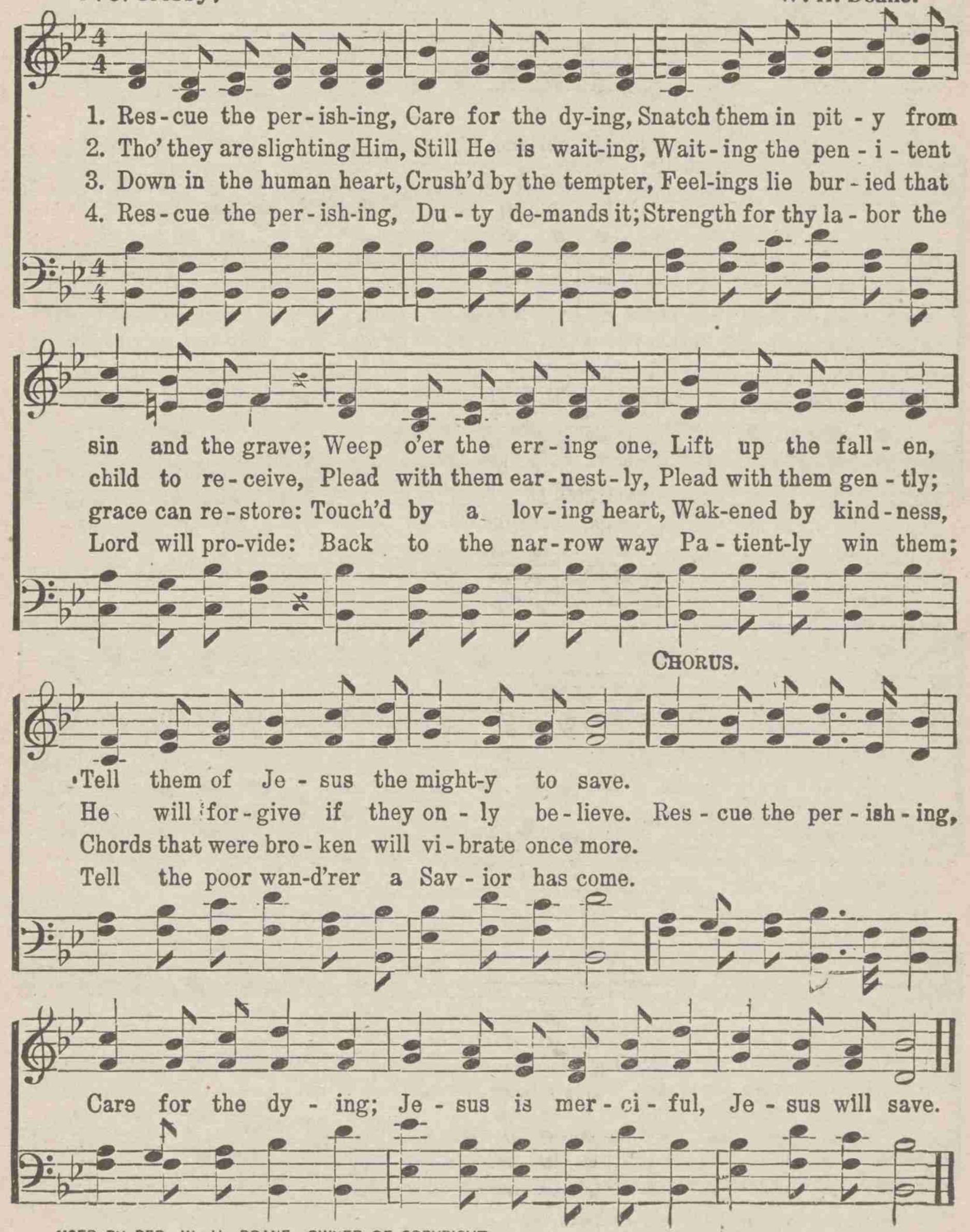
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Glad Tidings of Salvation.



101 Rescue the Perishing.

F. J. Crosby, W. H. Doane.



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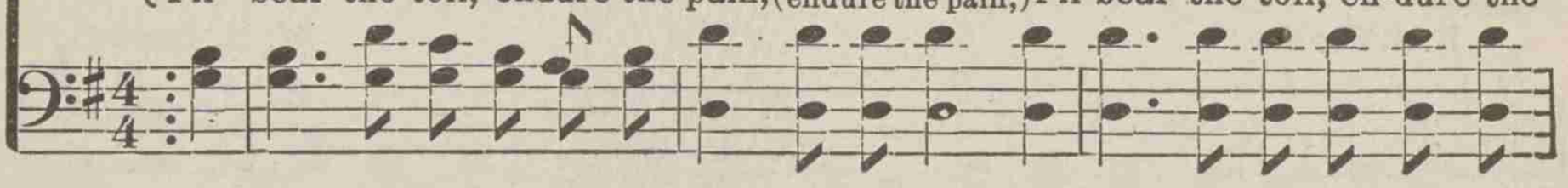
102 We Will Stand the Storm.
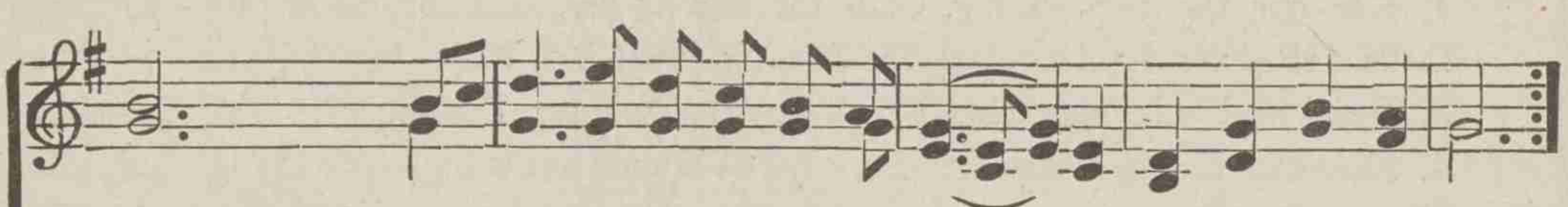
Isaac Watts. T. C. O'Kane. By per.

1. { Am I a sol-dier of the cross, (of the cross,) Am I a sol-dier of the
   { And shall I fear to own His cause, (own His cause,) And shall I fear to own His
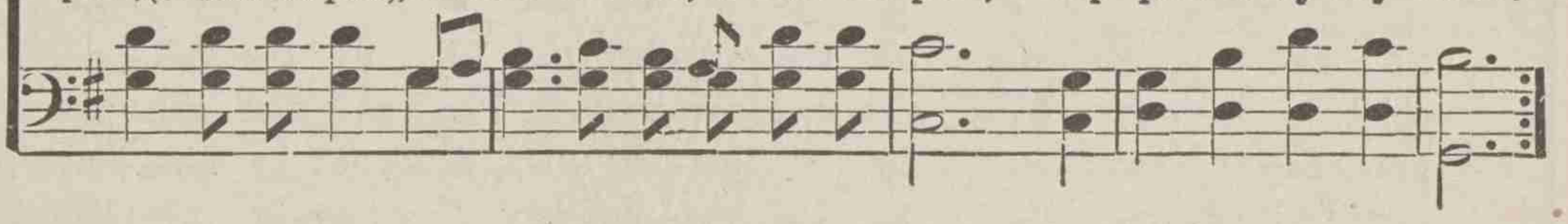
2. { Are there no foes for me to face, (me to face,) Are there no foes for me to
   { Is this vile world a friend to grace, (friend to grace,) Is this vile world a friend to

3. { Sure I must fight if I would reign, (I would reign,) Sure I must fight if I would
   { I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, (endure the pain,) I'll bear the toil, en-dure the
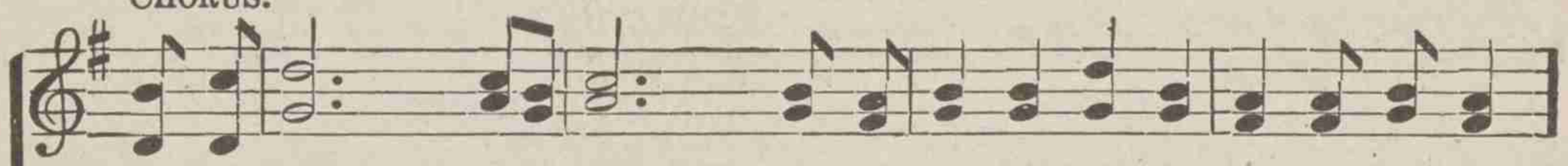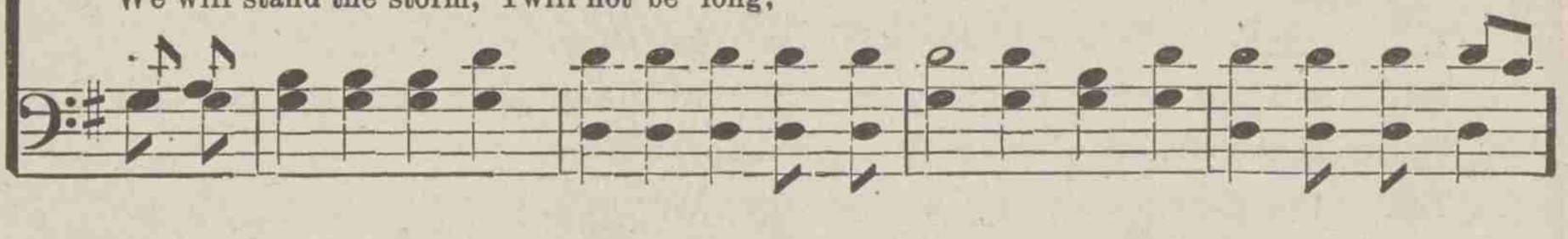




cross, (of the cross,) Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb?
cause, (own His cause,) And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
face, (me to face,) Are there no foes for me to face, Must I not stem the flood?
grace, (friend to grace,) Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
reign; (I would reign;) Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord!
pain, (endure the pain,) I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.
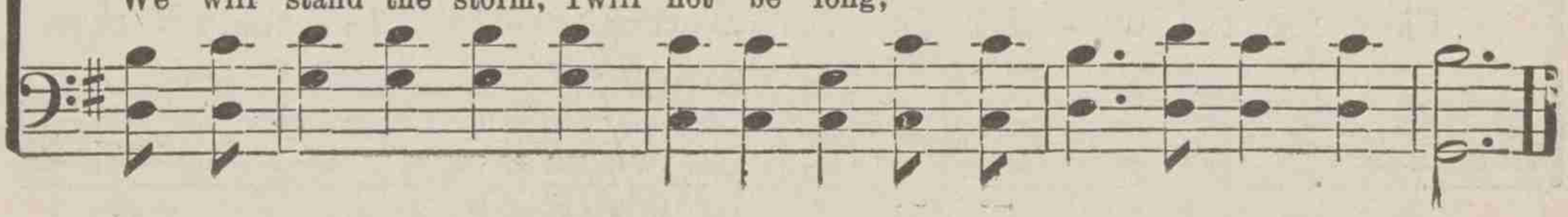


CHORUS.



We will stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by, by and by;
We will stand the storm, 'Twill not be long,



We will stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by.
We will stand the storm, 'Twill not be long,



103 Since He Came to Stay.

Fistoria Mieler. **Charlie D, Tillman.**

1. If you'll list - en un - to me, A sto-ry to you I'll tell, How Je - sus
2. Be - fore He came to stay I had my doubts and fears, I longed to
3. Yes, since my Sav-ior came With-in my heart to dwell, He helps me

Christ the Son of God Came in my heart to dwell; And by His
know the peace and joy I felt in oth - er years; Now Sa - tan
learn the liv - ing way, And do His bless - ed will; And when at

D. S.—*He's taken them all a - way, And by His*

might-y pow'r He's chang'd my night to day, And now I've a life that's
is cast out, And ev - 'ry pass - ing day God gives me strength my
last He sees My work on earth is done, I'll then go shout - ing

might-y pow'r, He's chang'd my night to day, And now I've a life that's

FINE. CHORUS.

filled with joy, Since Je - sus came to stay.
foes to meet, Since Je - sus came to stay. I bless the hap - py day When
home to God, To receive the crown I've won.

filled with joy, Since Je - sus came to stay.

D. S.

Je - sus came to stay, And tho' my sins were crim - son red,

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104 Calvary's Lamb.

John Newton. **Charlie D. Tillman,**
Chorus arranged.

1. In e - vil long I took de - light, Un - awed by shame or fear,
2. I saw One hang - ing on a tree In ag - o - nies and blood,
3. Sure nev - er till my lat - est breath Can I for - get that look,
4. My conscience felt and owned my guilt, And plung'd me in de - spair,
5. A sec - ond look He gave, which said, "I free - ly all for - give,
6. Thus, while His death my sin dis - plays In all its black - est hue,

Till a new ob - ject met my sight, And stopp'd my wild ca - reer.
Who fixed His lan - guid eyes on me, As near the cross I stood.
It seem'd 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.
This blood is for thy ran - som paid, I die, that thou may'st live."
Such is the mys - te - ry of grace, It seals my par - don too.

CHORUS.

Oh, the Lamb, the bleed - ing Lamb, The Lamb on Cal - va - ry,
The Lamb that was slain and liv - eth a - gain To in - ter - cede for me.

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105 Believe and Be Saved.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Oh, hear the mes - sage He speaks to - day, Be - lieve, be -
2. In love en-treat - ing He pleads with thee, Be - lieve, be -
3. Thy heart is yearn-ing from sin to turn, Be - lieve, be -
4. Lo! Je - sus knock-eth at thy heart's door, Be - lieve, be -

lieve and be saved; Turn now to Je - sus, oh, don't de - lay,
lieve and be saved; Oh, come, ac-cept Him, for mer - cy's free,
lieve and be saved; His ten - der pleading, oh, do not spurn,
lieve and be saved; Make Him your Sav - ior and sin no more,

CHORUS.

Be - lieve and be saved to - day. Be - lieve..... and be
Be - lieve

saved to-day, Be - lieve.... and be saved to-day, Be - lieve on the

Lord, He will save just now, Be - lieve..... and be saved.....
to-day.

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106 Will There Be Any Stars?

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

1. I am thinking to-day of that beautiful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me labor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. O what joy will it be when His face I behold, Liv-ing gems at His

sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Savior I stand, Will there
winner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day, When His
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the city of gold, Should there

CHORUS.

be a-ny stars in my crown?
praise like the sea-billows roll Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown
be a-ny stars in my crown?

When at evening the sun go-eth down? . . . When I wake with the blest,
go-eth down?

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

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107 THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE.

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-
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar-
3. Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men, Sinking in an-
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift

er whom some one should save: Some-bod - y's broth-er! oh,
ry, why lin - ger so long? See! he is sink - ing, oh,
guish where you've nev - er been: Winds of temp-ta - tion and
to e - ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste, then, my broth-er, no

who then, will dare To throw out the Life-Line, his per-il to share?
hast - en to - day And out with the Life-Boat, away, then, a - way!
bil - lows of woe, Will soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.
time for de - lay, But throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.

CHORUS.

Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drifting away;

Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sinking to-day.

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108 The Broken Vase.

D. G. McGaim.
C. D. T.

Charlie D. Tillman.

1. Long a bro-ken vase had wait-ed Near a lone-ly gar-den walk,
2. Years pass'd by; a love-ly lil-y Came in-to the gard'ner's care,
3. Then the lil-y bloom'd in beau-ty, And its fragrance filled the air,

Nursing loft-y as-pir-a-tions, How it wish'd that it could talk,
One that need-ed ten-der cul-ture To dis-play its beau-ty rare;
For the soil mixed with vase fragments Made it bloom beyond compare.

For it then would beg the gard'ner To give it a loft-y place,
Now the vase so long un-no-ticed, Bro-ken in-to fragments small,
May we ne'er become disheartened, Some must suf-fer here be-low,

For a ver-y high am-bi-tion Had this lit-tle bro-ken vase;
Took its place be-neath the lil-y, Say-ing, "Mas-ter, is this all?"
And some day our Lord will show us Why He ev-er willed it so;

For a ver-y high am-bi-tion Had this lit-tle bro-ken vase.
Took its place be-neath the lil-y, Say-ing, "Mas-ter, is this all?"
And some day our Lord will show us Why He ev-er willed it so.

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109 Roll the Stone Away.

ORA SAMUEL GRAY. CHARLES H. MARSH.

SOLO.

1. Je - sus was stand-ing be-side a grave Weeping, but knowing His pow'r to save;
2. Je - sus is speak-ing to you in song, Asking why have you delayed so long;
3. Je - sus is stand-ing by hearts of sin, Knocking and saying, "Let me come in."

"Take ye a-way now the stone from the door," And Christ will His power dis - play.
While men are ly-ing in grave-clothes of sin, For whom Jesus died on the cross.
Rouse, then, ye sleep-er, and o-pen the door, For Je-sus has pow-er to save.

CHORUS. Faster.

They rolled the stone a - way, For Christ was there that day, And called up -

on a man to leave the dark-ened grave; We'll roll the stone a - way, For

He is here to - day, And waits to show His mighty pow'r, His pow'r to save.

rit.

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110 He Took My Sins Away.

Mrs. M. J. H. Mrs. M. J. HARRIS.

1. I came to Je - sus, weary, worn, and sad, He took my sins a - way,
2. The load of sin was more than I could bear, He took it all a - way,
3. No con - dem-na - tion have I in my heart, He took my sins a - way,
4. If you will come to Je-sus Christ to-day, He'll take your sins a - way,

He took my sins a-way, And now His love has made my heart so glad,
He took it all a-way, And now on Him I roll my ev - 'ry care,
He took my sins a-way, His per - fect peace He did to me im-part,
He'll take your sins away, And keep you hap - py in His love each day,

CHORUS.

1-3. He took my sins a - way. He took my sins a - way,
4. He'll take your sins a - way.

He took my sins a-way, And keeps me sing-ing ev - 'ry day!

I'm so glad He took my sins a - way, He took my sins a - way.

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111 I'm Going Through.

As sung by W. B. YATES. Arr. by MRS. JOHN T. BENSON.

1. Lord, I have start-ed to walk in the light, Shin-ing up -
2. Ma-ny they are who start in the race, But with the
3. I'd rath-er walk with Je - sus a - lone, And have for a
4. Oh, brother, now will you take up the cross? Give up the

on me from heaven so bright; I bade the world and its follies a -
light they re-fused to keep pace; Oth-ers ac-cept it be - cause it is
pil-low, like Ja - cob, a stone; Liv - ing each moment with His face in
world, and count it as dross; Sell all thou hast, and give to the

CHORUS.

dieu, I've started in, Je-sus, and I'm go-ing thro'.
new, But not ver - y ma - ny expect to go thro'. I'm go-ing thro', yes,
view Than shrink from my pathway and fail to go thro'.
poor, Then go thro' with Je-sus and those who endure.

I'm go-ing through; I'll pay the price, what-ev-er oth-ers do, I'll take the

way with the Lord's despised few, I'm go-ing thro', Je-sus, I'm go-ing thro'.

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112 A Highway Shall Be There.

C. P. J. Isa. 35: 8-10. CHAS. P. JONES.

1. Hear, O hear the Ho - ly Spir - it, as it tells the Sav-ior's mer - it,
2. It is ev - 'ry step a high-way, not a nigh-way nor a by - way,
3. 'Tis a safe way, hal-le - lu - jah! on - ly let its light go thro' you,
4. Come, O come, let's walk this highway, I by grace have made it my way,

What a glo - rious promise He to men has giv'n! He des - cribes the
We must walk in ho - li - ness or not at all, For the un - clean
And you need not fear for all the world's a - larm, For no li - on
'Tis by faith we walk it in the strength of God; O this mo-ment

way to glo - ry, hear, O hear the wondrous sto-ry, And make sure your
can not walk it, and they need not try to talk it, But the one who
walks this highway, nor shall ravenous beast come nigh thee, And the Lord will
hear the message and for glo - ry take full pas-sage, And the Lord will
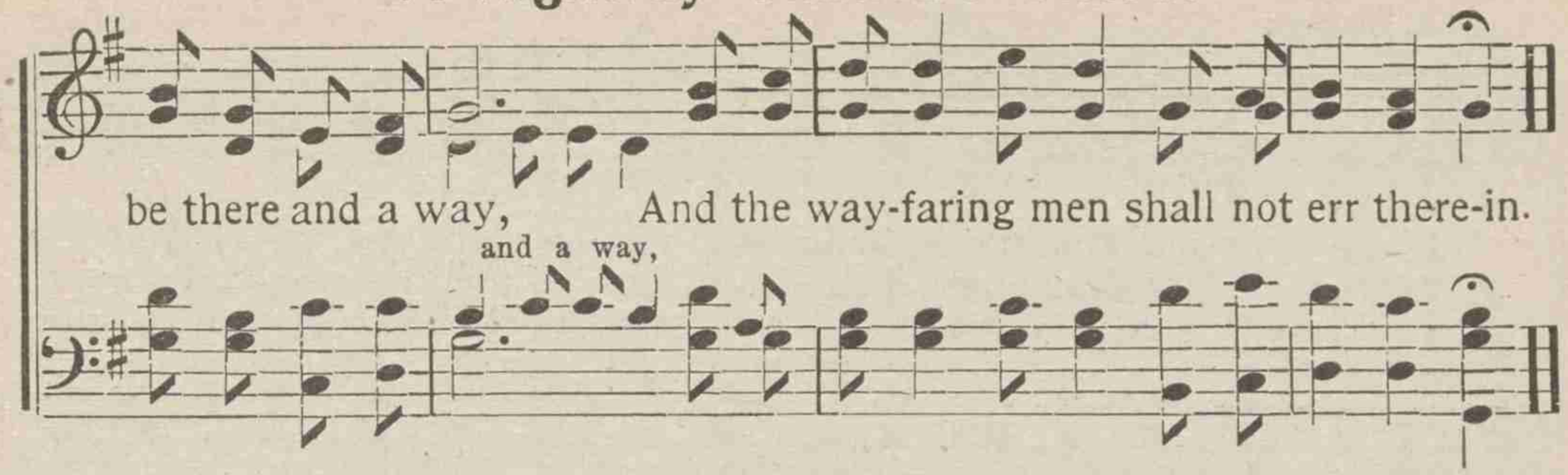
CHORUS.

feet are in the way to heav'n.
walks therein shall never fall. And a highway shall be there and a-way,
guard thee safely from all harm. and a-way,
bless you on this heav'nly road.

And it shall be called the way of ho - li - ness; And a high-way shall

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A Highway Shall Be There.



113 I'm to the Highlands Bound.

C. P. J. C. P. JONES.

1. Mine eyes are on the mount-ain top, I'm run - ning for my life;
2. The an - gel voice has come to me, And cautioned me to go;
3. The day I left they called me mad, They laughed at my a - larm;
4. Some start-ed with me and looked back, But forward yet I press;

I've left old Sod - om to the flames, With all its sin and strife.
And now, o - be - dient to His word, I leave this land of woe.
But I have heard the Sav - ior's voice, I'm run-ning from the storm.
I'm bound to reach the mountain top, In ho - li - ness and peace.

CHORUS.

I'm to the high-lands bound, I'm seek - ing high-er ground;
high - lands bound,

I can't re-main in all the plain, I'm to the high-lands bound.
highlands bound.

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114 Will the Lord Count You?

E. E. HEWITT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Ev 'ry soul that comes to Je - sus is to Him so dear, That He guards it as His treasure with a love sincere; Are you His with glad sur-
2. One of His shall chase a thousand thro' His saving might, Two shall o-ver-come ten thousand, putting them to flight; When His hosts go forth to
3. When this earthly toil is o - ver com-eth then the rest, In the hap - py home up yonder, with the pure and blest; When His ran-somed children ren-der, trust-ing Him a - new, When He writ - eth up the peo - ple bat - tle, are you read - y, too? When the trum-pet calls for serv - ice gath - er far a - bove the blue, When He mak-eth up His jew - els

CHORUS.

will the Lord count you? Count me, count me,
Count me, Lord, oh, count me,
Thine, yes, Thine a-lone would I ev - er be, Count me,
Count me, Lord,

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Will the Lord Count You? Concluded.

count me! When Thou writest up the people, blessed Lord, count me.
Oh, count me!

115 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

With feeling.

1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home;
6. I need His cleansing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home;

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm coming home.
My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm coming home.
That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm coming home.
Oh, wash me whit - er than the snow, Lord, I'm coming home.

CHORUS.

Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er more to roam;
O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com - ing home.

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116 Save One Soul for Jesus.

Rev, Elisha A. Hoffman. Charlie D. Tillman.

1. Try to save one soul for Je - sus, Some poor soul by sin de - filed; Bring him to the lov - ing Sav - ior,
2. Try to bring one soul to Je - sus From the wea - ry paths of sin; All will have a heart - y wel - come
3. Try to lead one soul to Je - sus, To the fount of life and light; He can cleanse from all de - file - ment,
4. Try to do some work for Je - sus, Try some pre - cious soul to win; Some poor wan - d'rer in the dark - ness,

CHORUS.

He will own him as His child.
Who a bet - ter life be - gin. He is call - ing now in
Make the sin-stained pure and white.
Waits for thee to bring him in.

ten - der-ness, Stand-ing read - y, wait - ing to for-give; He will

wel-come all who come to Him, He the sin - ner will re - ceive.

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117 BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

"The harvest is the end of the world."—MATT. 13: 39.

Words from "Songs of Glory." GEO. A. MINOR.

1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness,
2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad - ows,
3. Go, then, e - ven weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter,

Sow-ing in the noon-tide and the dew- y eves; Wait-ing for the har- vest,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har- vest,
Tho' the loss sustain'd our spir - it often grieves; When our weeping's over,

and the time of reap - ing, We shall come re - joic - ing,
and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come re - joic - ing,
He will bid us wel - come, We shall come re - joic - ing,

CHORUS.

bring-ing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves,

We shall come rejoic- ing, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoic - (*Omit.* . . . . .) ing, bringing in the sheaves.

From "Gospel Echoes," by per,

118 He is Waiting For Your Answer.

Charles F, Barrett, **Chas. H. Gabriel,**

1. When the world no long - er charms you And your soul for safe - ty yearns.
2. Had you list-ened ere sin bound you, Eas - ier far it would have been;
3. Give the an-swer while He lin - gers, While His spir - it pleads with you;

When the tears have wet your pil - low, And your heart to Je - sus turns,
Chains of ap - pe - tite or hab - it Could not now the vic - t'ry win;
Let it be, "I now sur - ren - der All to Thee, Thy will to do!"

Do you know the Sav - ior's wait - ing, Ask - ing that your will may bow?
Still to - day He of - fers par - don Thro' His blood's life-giv - ing flow;
Leav-ing all of sin be - hind thee, Catch a glimpse of heav'n be - low,

He is wait - ing for your an-swer, Give, O give it to Him now!

CHORUS.

He is wait - ing for your an - swer, He is wait - ing for your an-swer,

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He is Waiting For Your Answer.

Give it ere it is too late, Do not let Him long - er wait;

He is wait-ing for your an - swer, He is wait - ing for your an - swer,

He is wait - ing for your an-swer, Give, oh give it to Him now!

119 Just as I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. 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—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,
4. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;

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!
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be - cause Thy prom-ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

120 My Soul is Filled with Glory.

J. M. H. J. M. Harris.

1. Je - sus found me when a - far I wandered, Bro't me par - don from the
2. Thro' His word He taught me full sal-va-tion, How His blood could cleanse and
3. Tri - als ma - ny will be - set my path-way, And temp - ta - tions I shall

throne a - bove; Gave me peace that pass - eth un - der - stand-ing, Joy un-
sanc - ti - fy; Then by faith I plunged in - to the fount-ain; Now I'm
sure - ly meet; But my Sav - ior prom-ised grace to help me, Till I

CHORUS.

speak-a - ble and full of love. Praise the Lord! my soul is filled with glo - ry!
look - ing for that home on high. Praise the Lord! my soul is filled with glo - ry!
lay my trophies at His feet. Praise the Lord! my soul is filled with glo - ry!
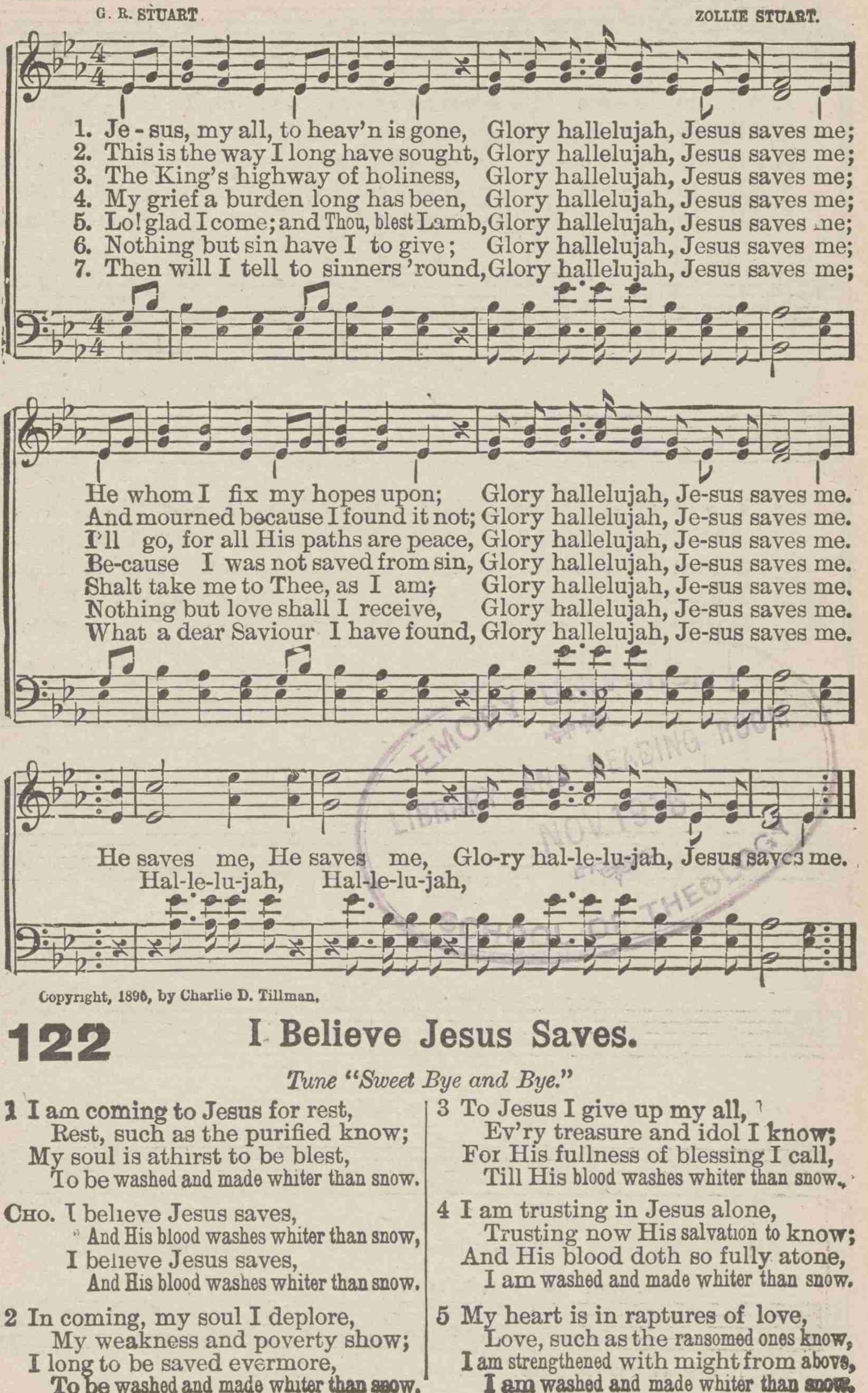
Praise the Lord! I love to tell the sto - ry, Of His grace that
Praise the Lord! I love to tell the sto - ry, Of His grace that
Praise the Lord! I love to tell the sto - ry, Of His grace that

jus - ti - fies me free - ly, And I'm shout-ing glo - ry! till I get home.
sanc-ti - fies me whol - ly, And I'm shout-ing glo - ry! till I get home.
keeps, and gives me vic - t'ry, And I'm shout-ing glo - ry! till I get home.

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121 Jesus Saves Me.

G. R. STUART. ZOLLIE STUART.



1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
2. This is the way I long have sought, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
3. The King's highway of holiness, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
4. My grief a burden long has been, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
5. Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
6. Nothing but sin have I to give; Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
7. Then will I tell to sinners 'round, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;

He whom I fix my hopes upon; Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.
And mourned because I found it not; Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.
I'll go, for all His paths are peace, Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.
Be-cause I was not saved from sin, Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am; Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.
Nothing but love shall I receive, Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.
What a dear Saviour I have found, Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.

He saves me, He saves me, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah, Jesus saves me.
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,

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122 I Believe Jesus Saves.

Tune "Sweet Bye and Bye."

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

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

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

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

4 I am trusting in Jesus alone,
Trusting now His salvation to know;
And His blood doth so fully atone,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.
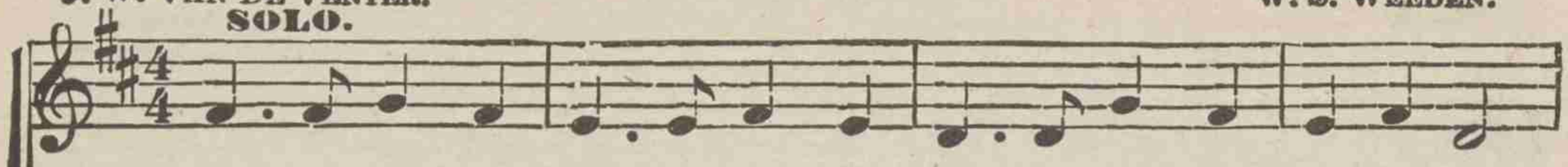
5 My heart is in raptures of love,
Love, such as the ransomed ones know,
I am strengthened with might from above,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

REV. WM. McDONALD.

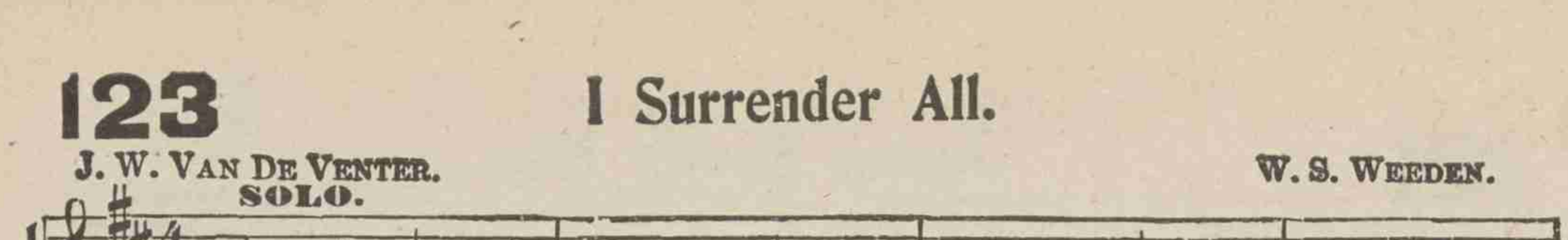
123 I Surrender All.
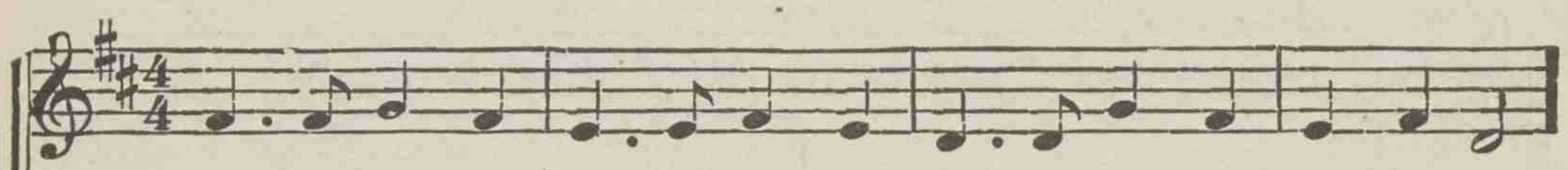
J. W. VAN DE VENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

SOLO.
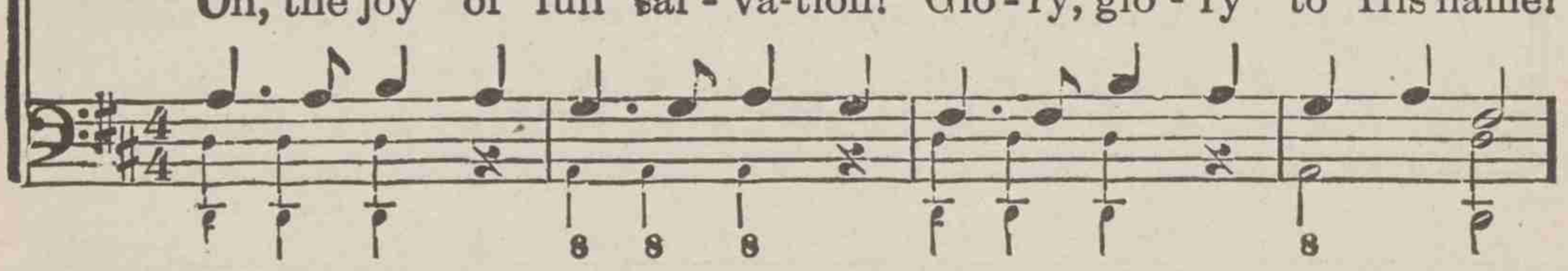


1. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, All to Him I free - ly give;
2. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Humbly at His feet I bow;
3. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Saviour, wholly Thine;
4. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Lord, I give my - self to Thee;
5. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Now I feel the sa-cred flame;

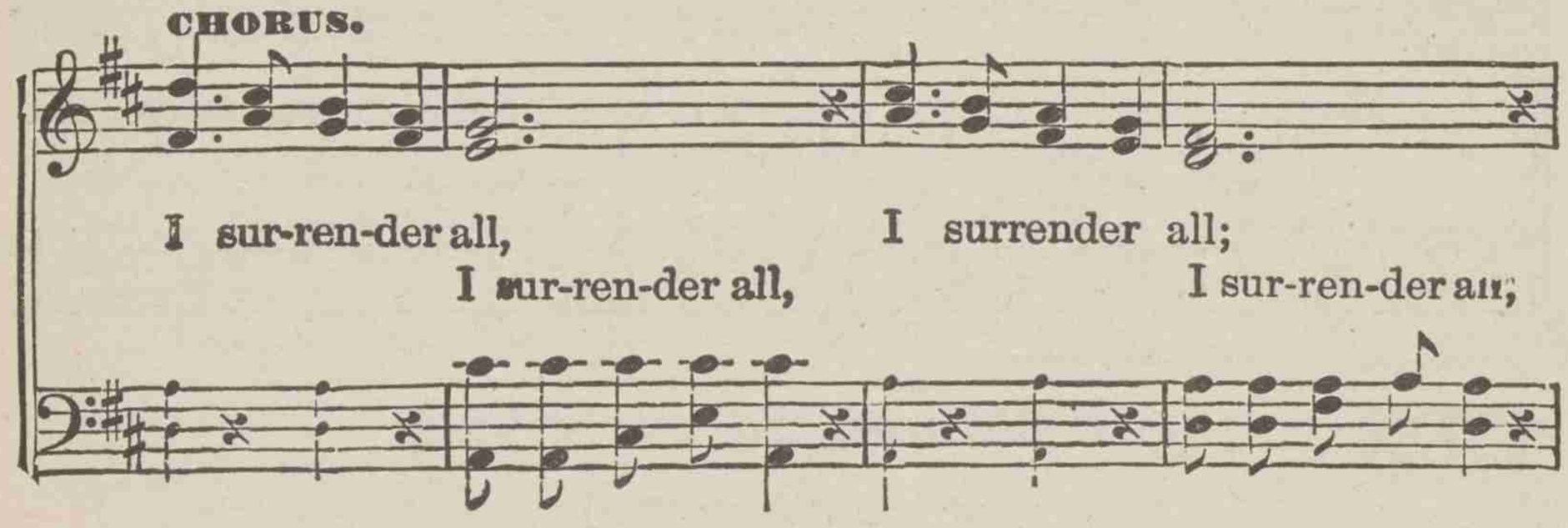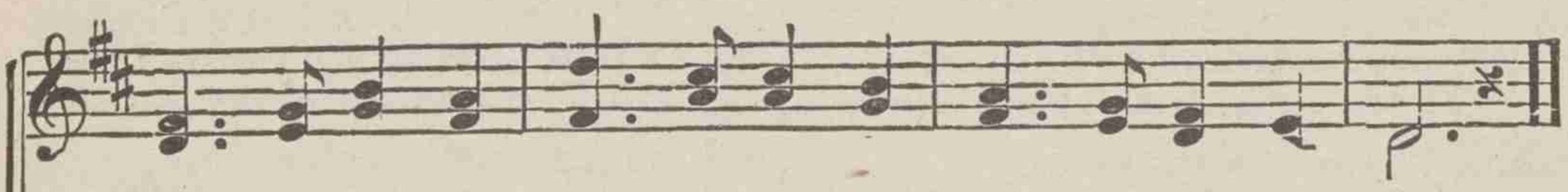




I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His presence dai - ly live.
Worldly pleasures all for-sak - en, Take me, Je-sus, take me now.
Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Truly know that Thou art mine.
Fill me with Thy love and pow-er, Let Thy blessing fall on me.
Oh, the joy of full sal - va-tion! Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name!



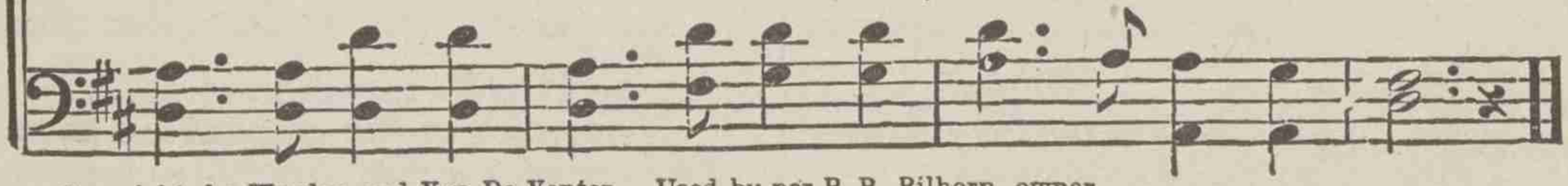
CHORUS.



I sur-ren-der all, I surrender all;
I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;
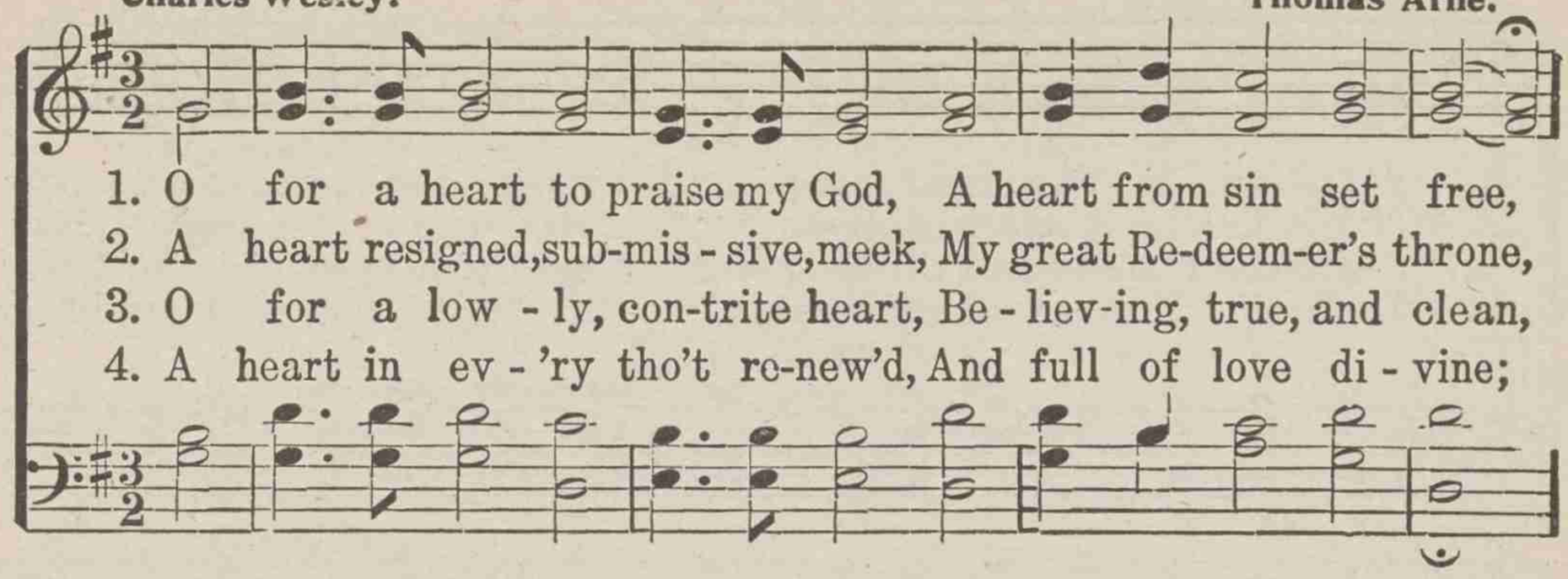


All to Thee my bless - ed Sav-iour, I sur-ren-der all.



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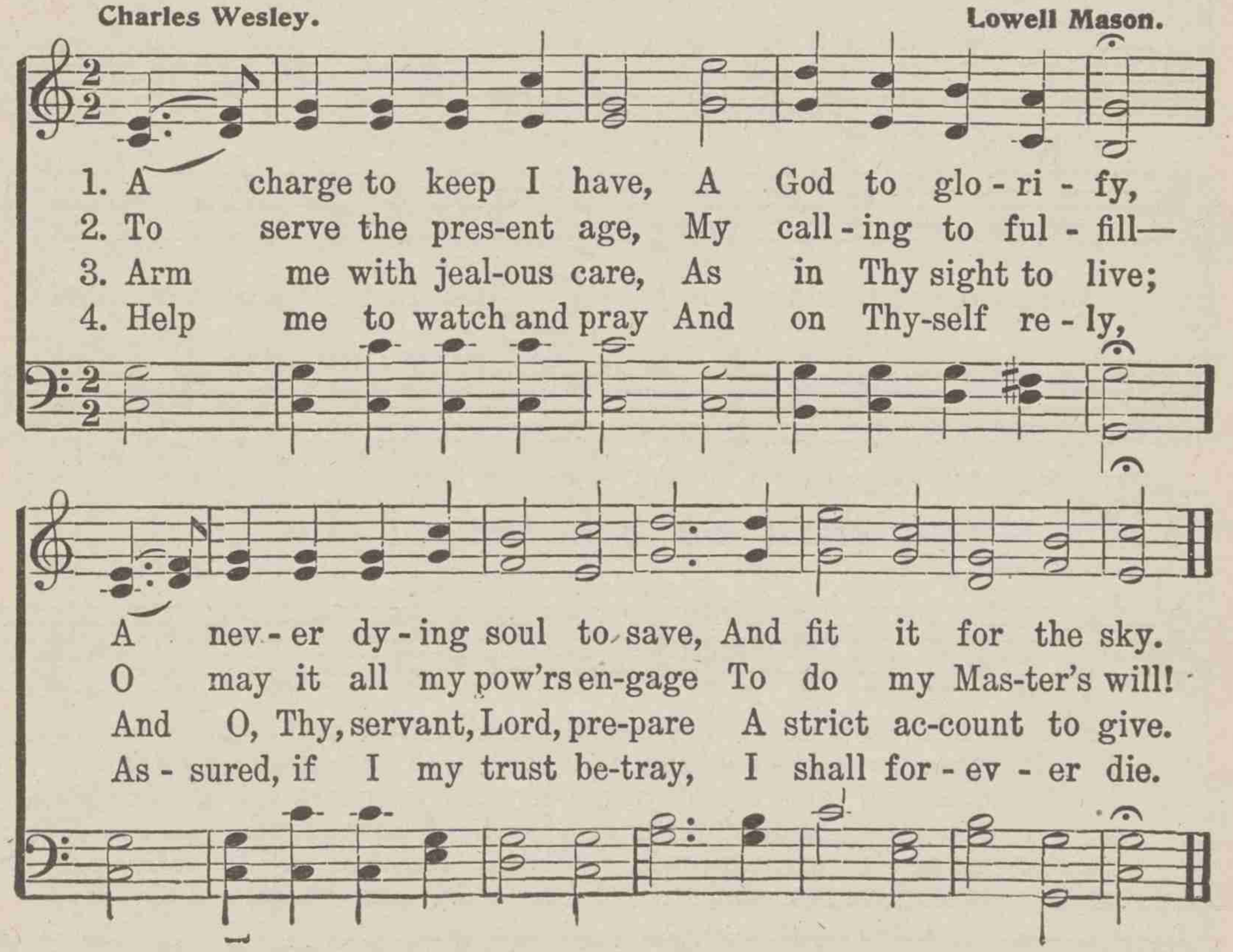
124 O For a Heart to Praise My God.

Charles Wesley. Thomas Arne.



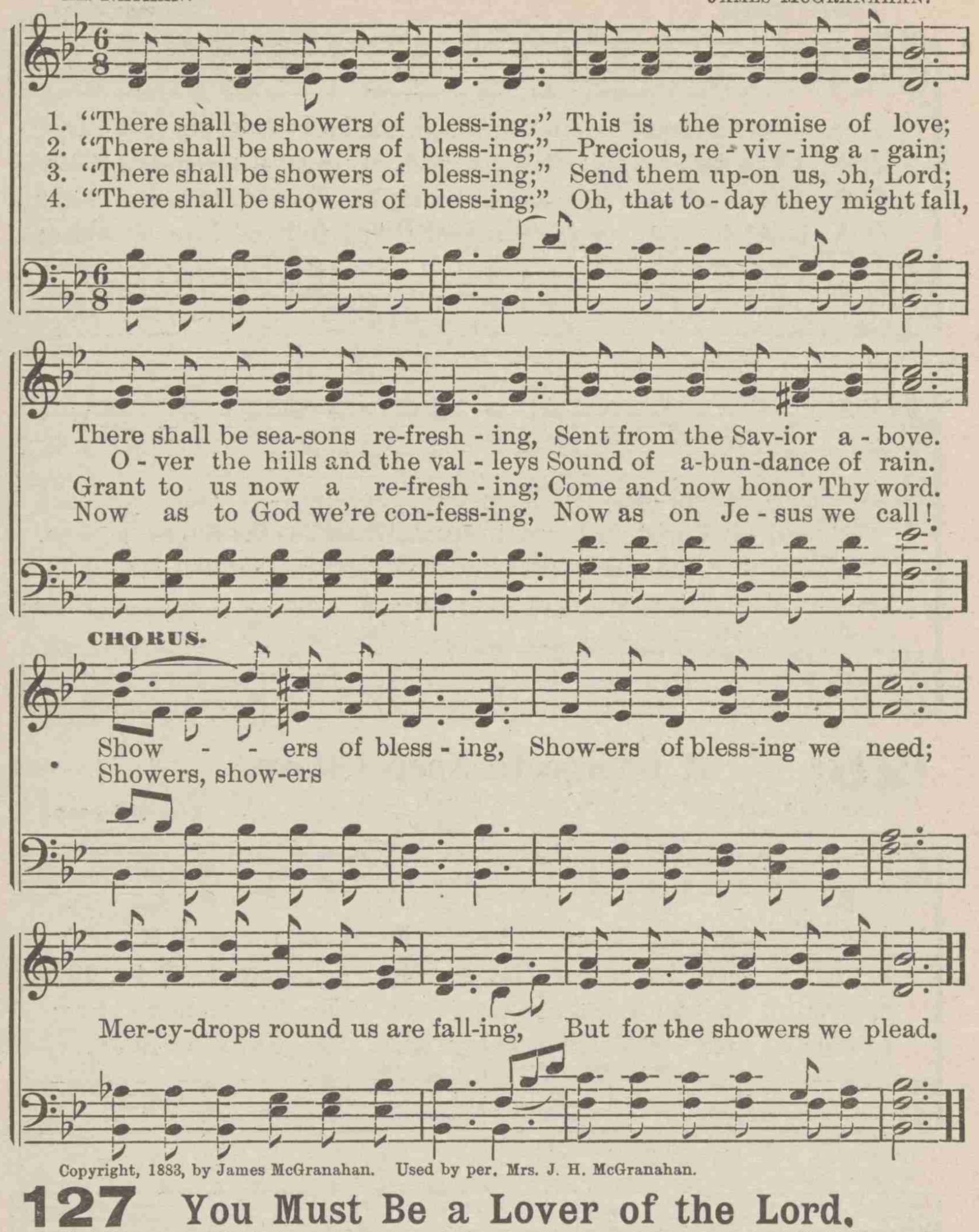
125 A Charge to Keep I Have.

Charles Wesley. Lowell Mason.



126 There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

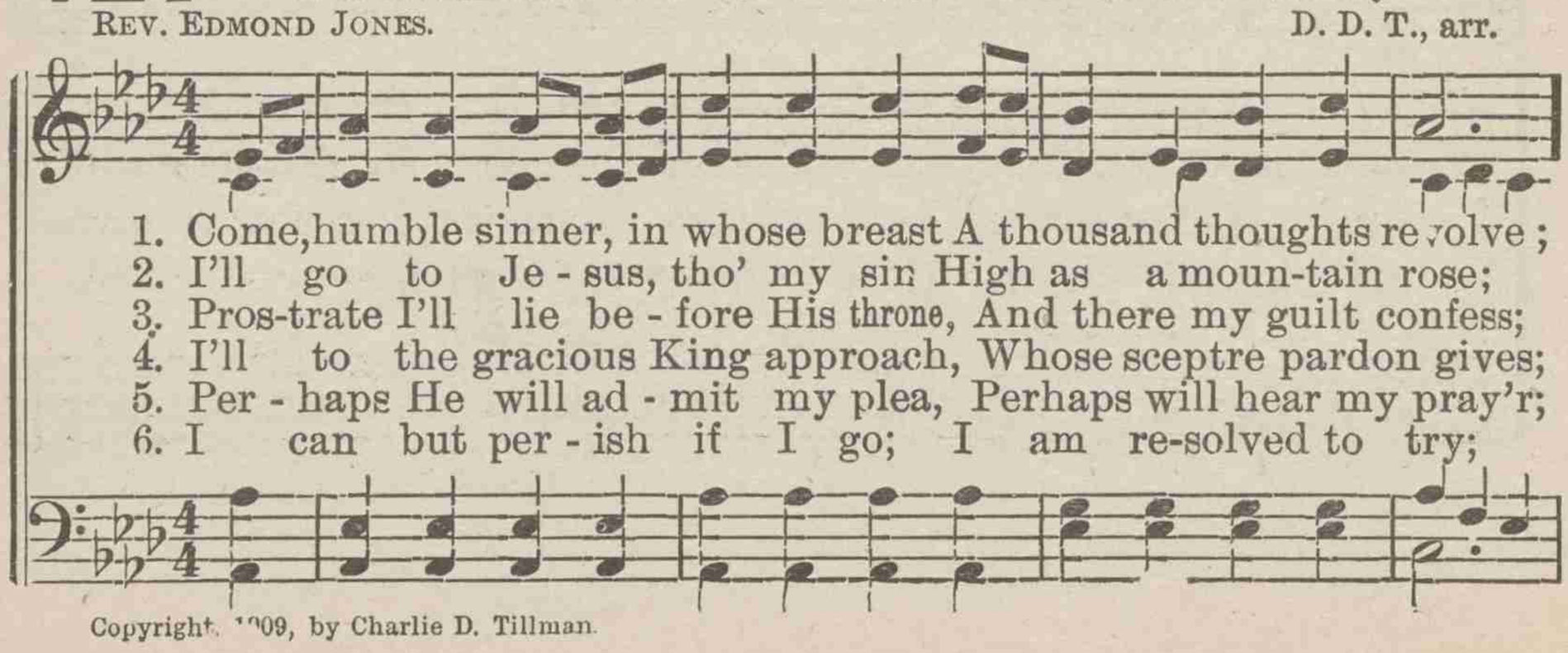
EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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127 You Must Be a Lover of the Lord.

REV. EDMOND JONES. D. D. T., arr.



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You Must Be a Lover of the Lord. Concluded.

Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last resolve.
I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What-ev - er may op - pose.
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone Without His sovereign grace.
Per-haps He may command my touch, And then the suppliant lives.
But if I per - ish, I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there.
For if I stay a - way, I know I must for - ev - er die.

CHORUS.

Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord, Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord,
Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord, Or you can't get to heaven when you die.

128 Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { Oh, hap-py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Savior and my God! / Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a-broad. }
2. { Oh, happy bonds, that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love; / Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. }
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. }

f. **CHORUS.** **Fine.**

D. S.—Hap-py day, hap - py day, When Jesus washed my sins a - way;

D. S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live rejoicing ev-'ry day

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
I am the Lord's and He is mine;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of ev'ry good possessed.

5 High Heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

129 The Promised Land.

Samuel Stennett. **Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.**

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

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

D. S.—*O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land.*

REFRAIN.

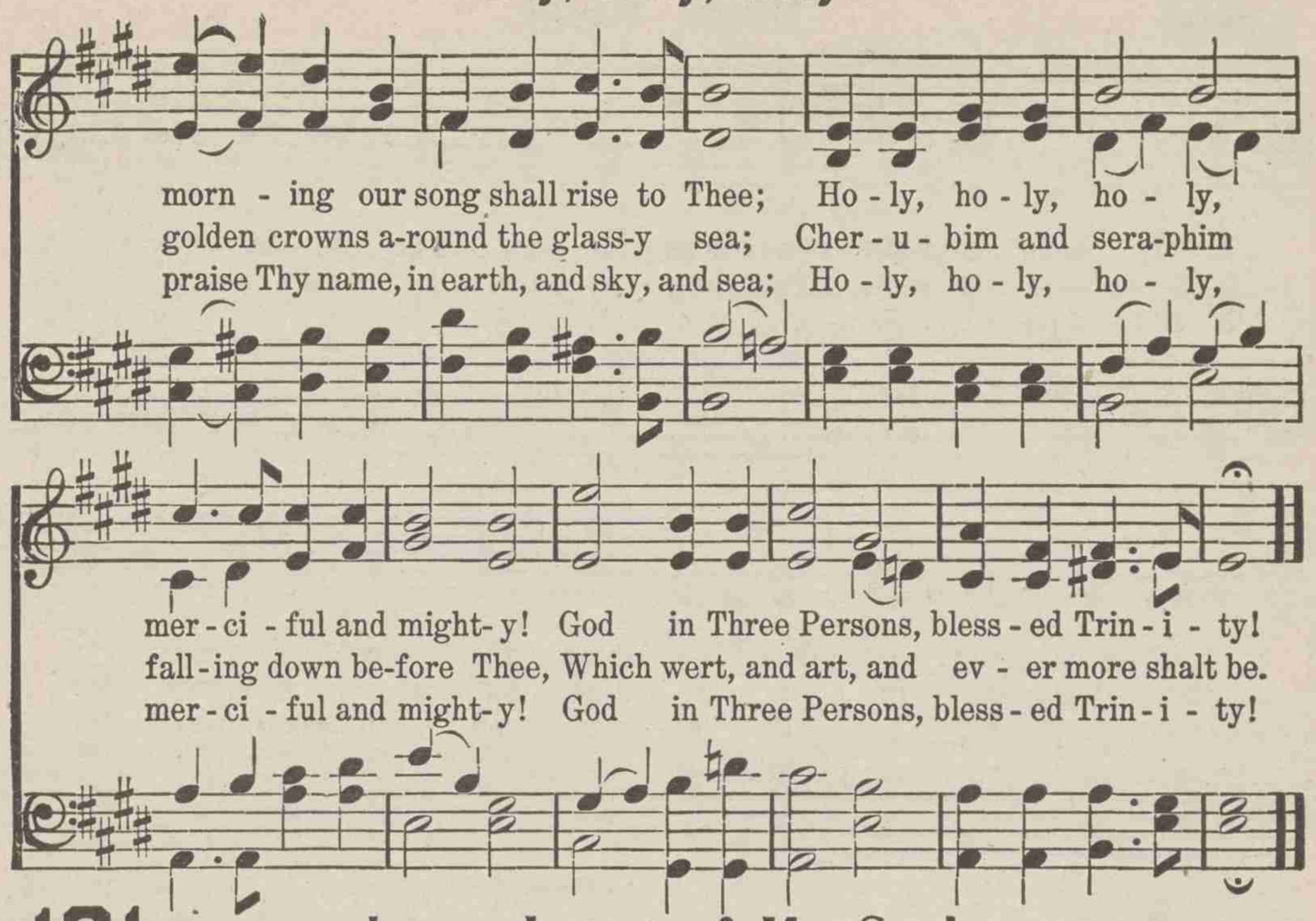
I am bound for the promised land, ... I am bound for the promised land;
promised land,

130 Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. **Rev. J. B. Dykes.**

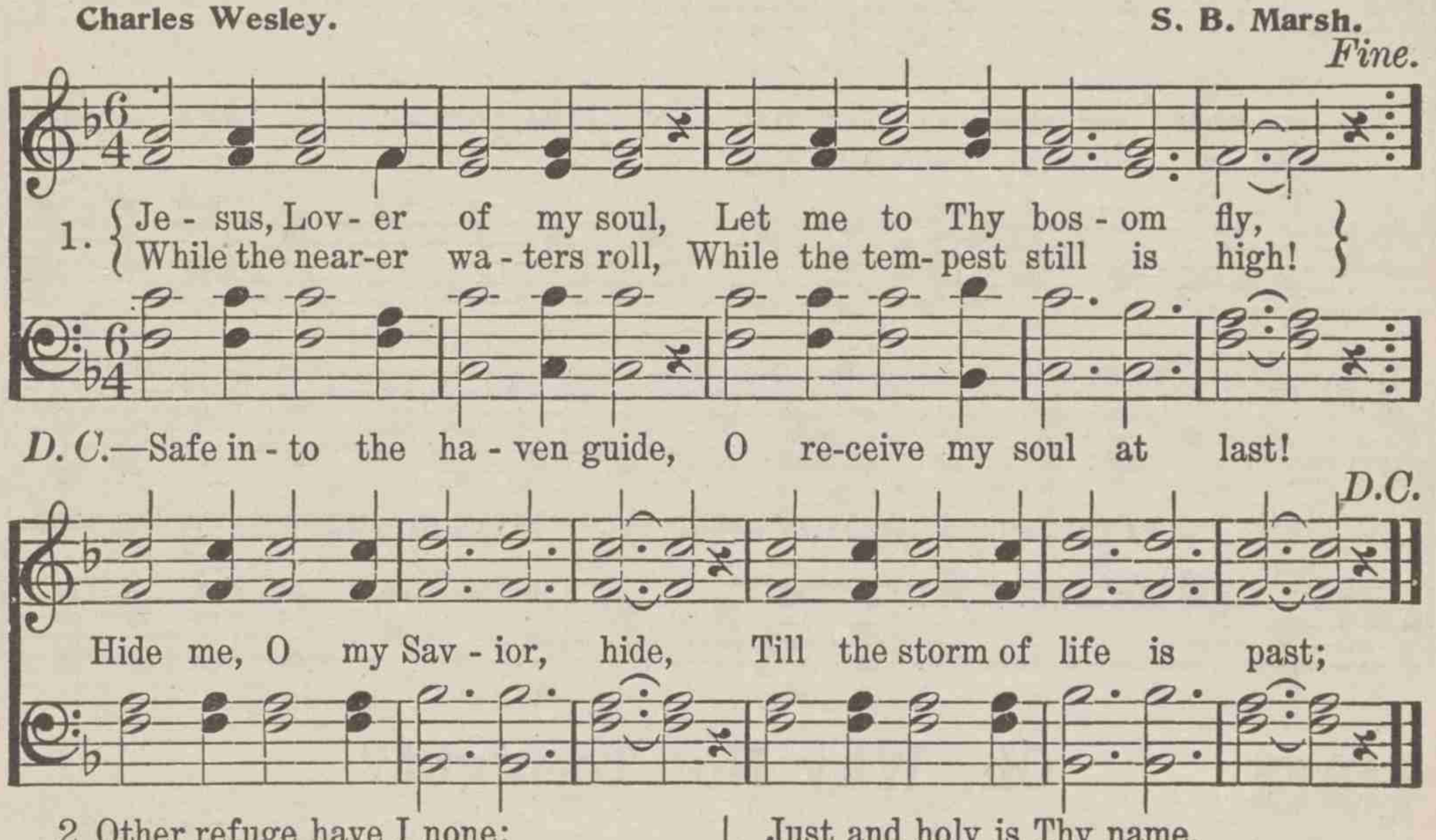
1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! all the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall

Holy, Holy, Holy.



131 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. **S. B. Marsh.**



2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

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.

132 Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE. W. B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and
2. When dark-ness veils His love - ly face, I rest on His un-
3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, and blood Sup - port me in the

right - eous - ness; I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But
chang - ing grace; In ev - 'ry high and storm - y gale, My
whelm - ing flood; When all a - round my soul gives way, He

whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.
an - chor holds with - in the veil. On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand,
then is all my hope and stay.

CHORUS.

All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink-ing sand.

133 Oh, Why Not To-night?

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes a-gainst 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;

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Oh, Why Not To-night?

CHORUS.

Poor sin - ner, harden not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night. Oh, why
This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.
Re-nounce at once thy stubborn will, Be saved, oh, to-night.
Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to-night. Oh, why not to-night?

not to-night? Oh, why not to-night?
why not to-night? Why not to-night? why not to-night?

Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved? wilt thou be saved? Then why not, oh, why not to-night?

134 Come to Jesus Just Now.

English Melody.
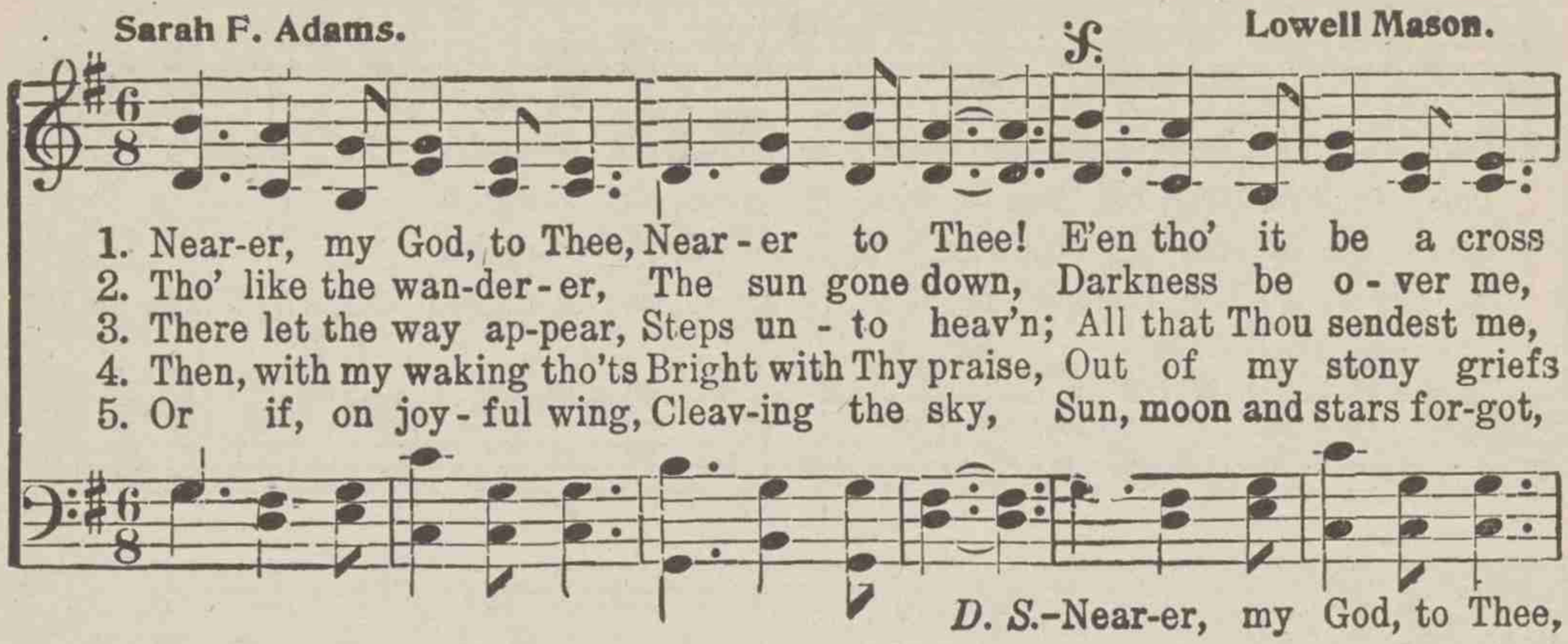
1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now;

Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

2 He will save you, etc.
3 He is able, etc.
4 He is willing, etc.
5 He is ready, etc.
6 He is waiting, etc.
7 He'll forgive you, etc.
8 If you trust Him, etc.
9 Oh, believe Him, etc.
10 Do not tarry, etc.
11 Don't reject Him, etc.
12 Hallelujah, etc.

135 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

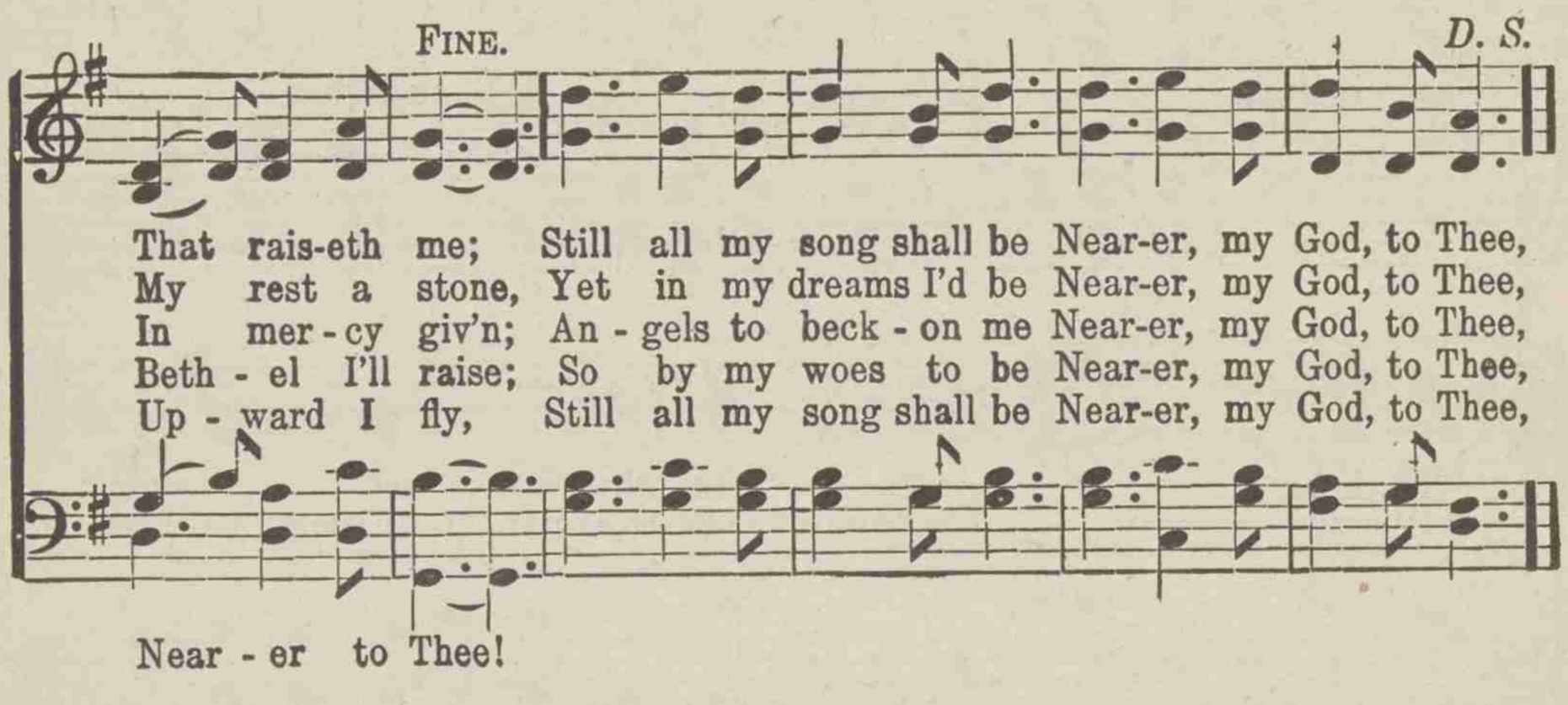
Sarah F. Adams. Lowell Mason.



1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan-der - er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my stony griefs
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon and stars for-got,

D. S.–Near-er, my God, to Thee,

FINE. *D. S.*

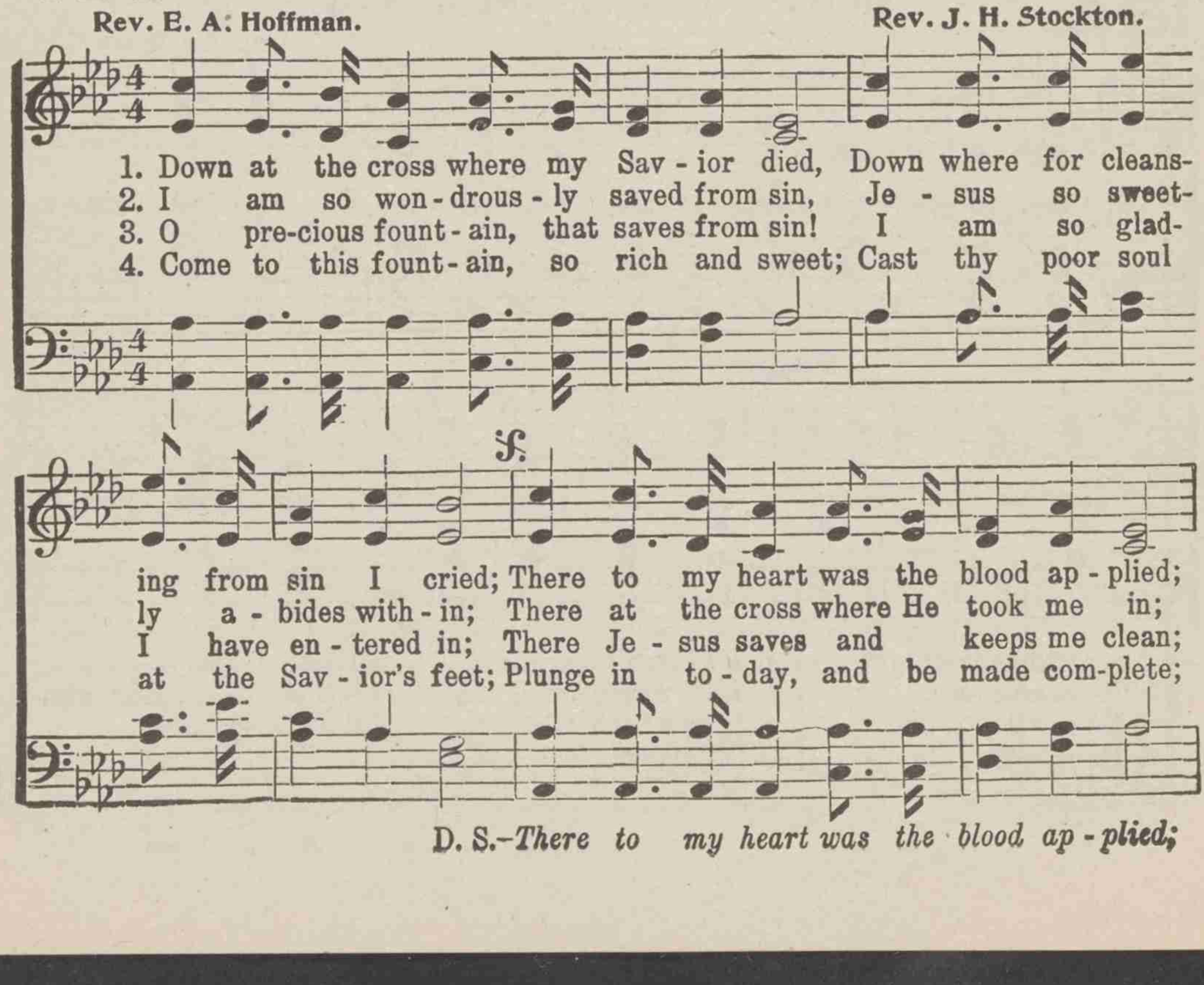


That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be Near-er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er to Thee!

136 Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.



1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleans-
2. I am so won - drous - ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet-
3. O pre-cious fount - ain, that saves from sin! I am so glad-
4. Come to this fount - ain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul

ing from sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap - plied;
ly a - bides with - in; There at the cross where He took me in;
I have en - tered in; There Je - sus saves and keeps me clean;
at the Sav - ior's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made com-plete;

D. S.–*There to my heart was the blood ap - plied;*

Glory to His Name:

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

Glo-ry to His name. Glo-ry to His name, Glo-ry to His name;

Glo-ry to His name.

137 There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper. **Lowell Mason.**

1. There is a fount-ain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im - man-uel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That fount-ain in his day;
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
5. Then, in a no - bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

And sin-ners plung'd be - neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Till all the ran-somed Church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
When this poor lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

FINE.
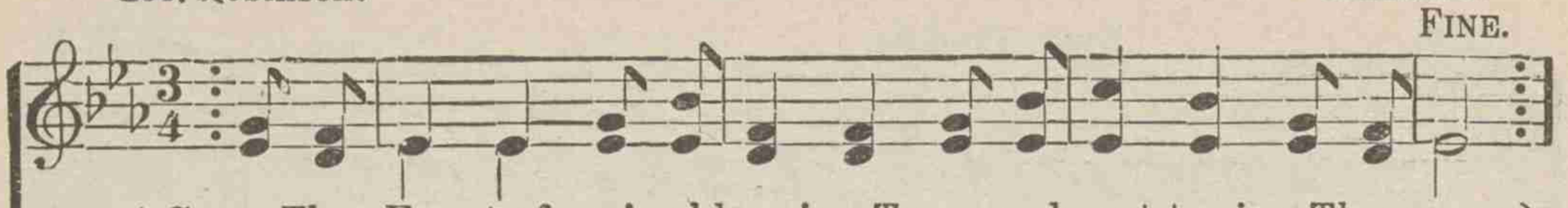
Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains,
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way,
Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more,
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die,
Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave,

D. S.
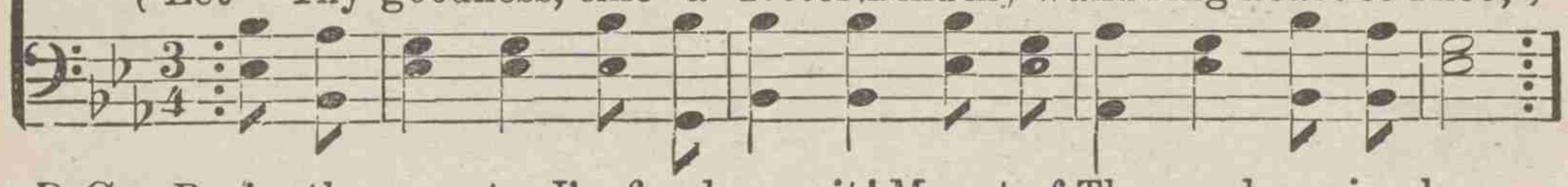
138 Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. Unknown.
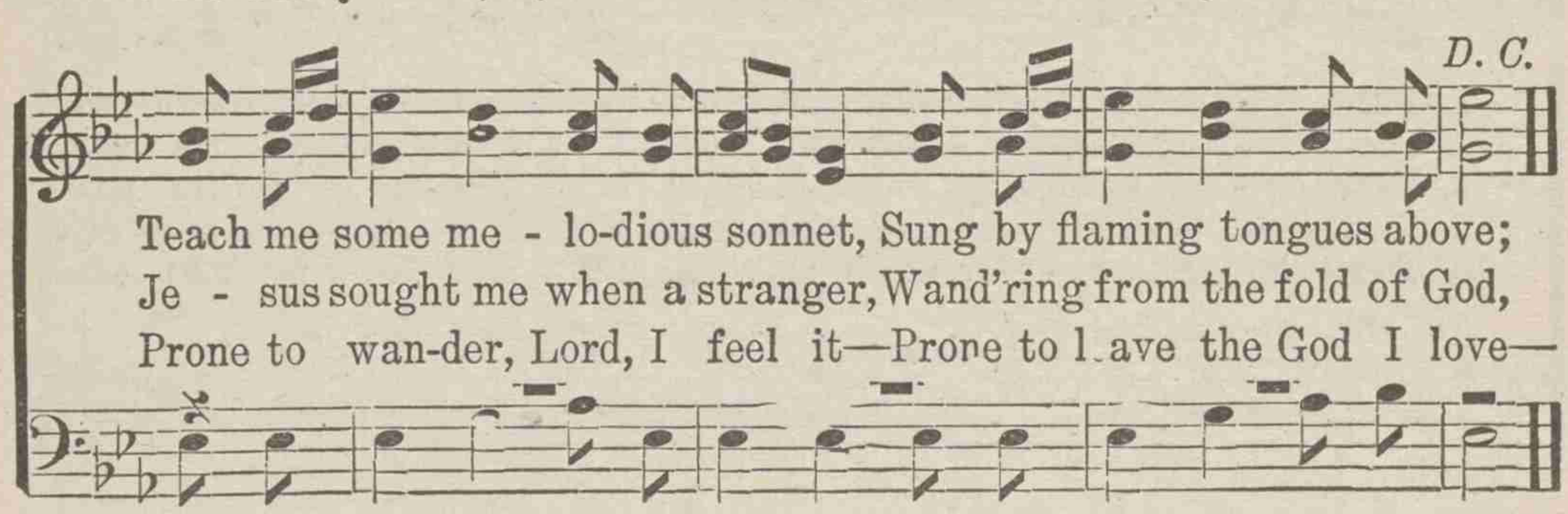
FINE.



1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace
   { Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise;
2. { Here I'll raise my Eb-e-nez-er, Hith-er by Thy help I'll come;
   { And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Sa-fe-ly to ar-rive at home.
3. { Oh, to grace, how great a debt-or, Dai-ly I'm constrained to be!
   { Let Thy goodness, like a f tter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee;



D.C.—Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it! Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.
D.C.—He to res-cue me from danger, In-terposed His precious blood.
D.C.—Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, Seal it for thy courts a-bove.
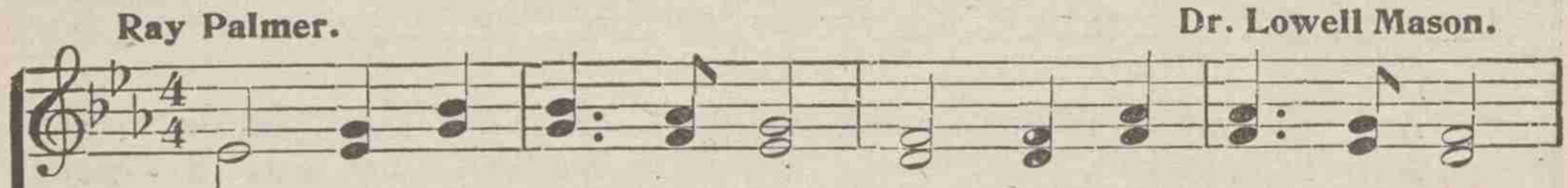


D. C.

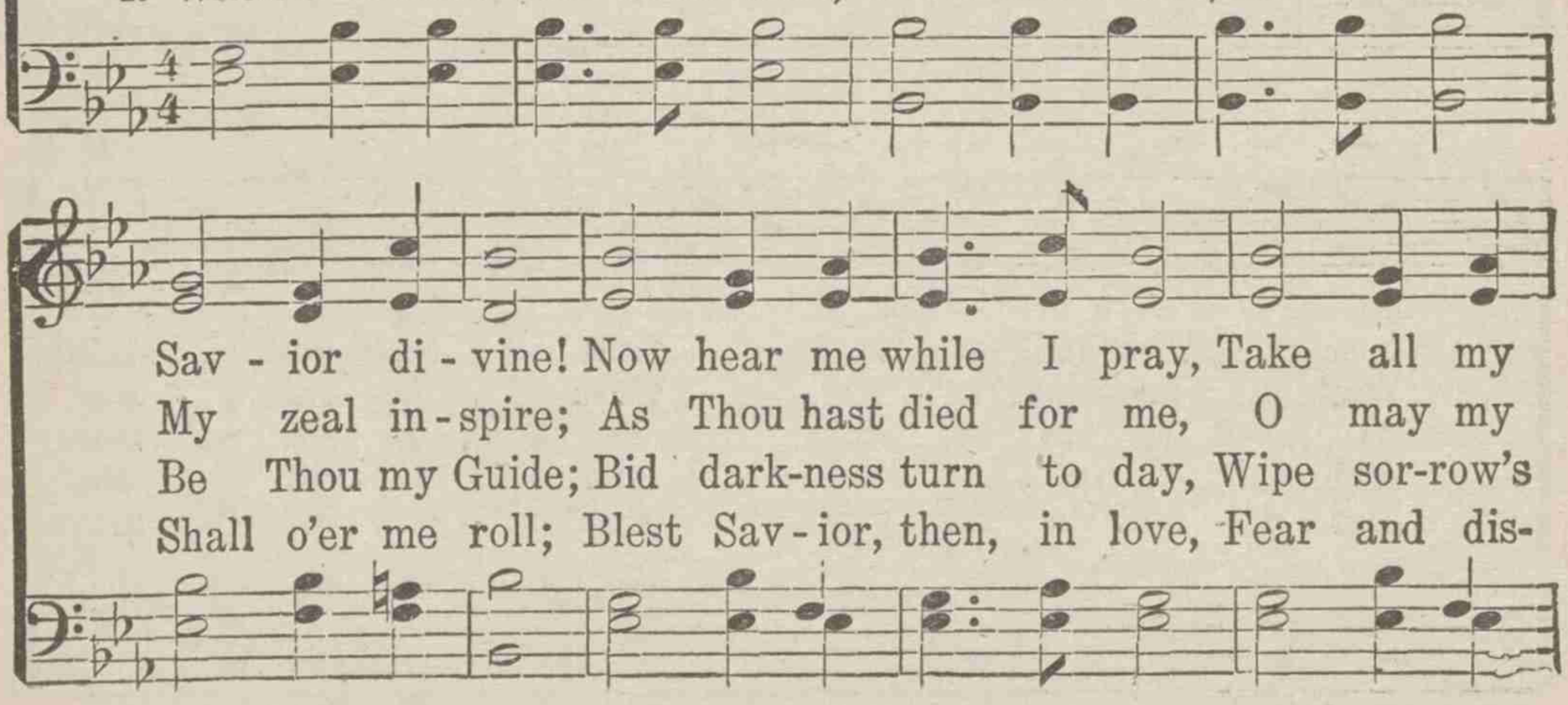
Teach me some me-lo-dious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above;
Je-sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God,
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it—Prone to l.ave the God I love—

139 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Dr. Lowell Mason.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint-ing heart;
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran-sient dream, When death's cold, sul-len stream



Sav-ior di-vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in-spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's
Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav-ior, then, in love, Fear and dis-

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

guilt a - way; O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be A liv - ing fire.
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
tress re-move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ran-somed soul.

140 I Would Not Be Denied.

C, P. J. Gen. 32: 24-28. C, P. Jones.

1. When pangs of death seiz'd on my soul, Un - to the Lord I cried,
2. As Ja - cob in the days of old, I wres-tled with the Lord,
3. Old Sa - tan said my Lord was gone And would not hear my pray'r,

Till Je - sus came and made me whole, I would not be de - nied.
And in-stant with a cour-age bold, I stood up - on His word.
But praise the Lord! the work is done, And Christ, the Lord is here.

CHORUS.

I would not be de-nied, I would not be de - nied,
de - nied, de - nied.
Till Je - sus came and made me whole, I would not be de - nied.
de-nied.

Charlie D. Tillman, owner.

141 How Firm a Foundation.

Geo. Keith. Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said,—You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
2. "In ev - 'ry con - di - tion—in sick-ness, in health, In pov - er - ty's vale, or a - bound - ing in wealth, At home and a - broad, on the land, on the sea— As your days may demand, shall thy strength ev-er be.
3. "Fear not: I am with thee: O be not dismayed; I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by my righteous, om - nip - o - tent hand.
4. "E'en down to old age all my peo - ple shall prove My sov-'reign, e- ter - nal, un - change - a - ble love; And when hoar - y hairs shall their tem - ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bos - om be borne.
5. "The soul that on Je - sus still leans for re - pose, I will not, I can - not de - sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en- deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for-sake."

142 Portuguese Hymn.

Geo. Keith. (Second Tune.) J. Reading.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is

Portuguese Hymn.

laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He

say than to you He hath said,— You who un - to Je - sus for

ref - uge have fled? You who un - to Je - sus for ref-uge have fled?

143

Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Dr. Thos. Hastings.

Fine.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
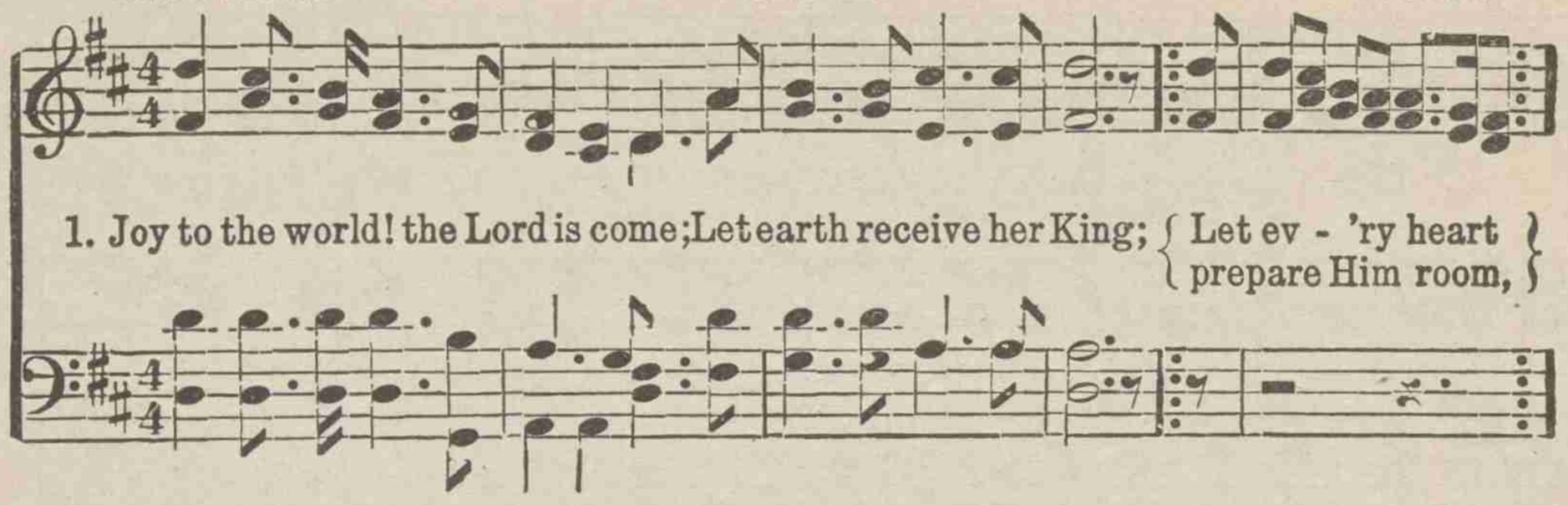
D. C.—*Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.*
In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.
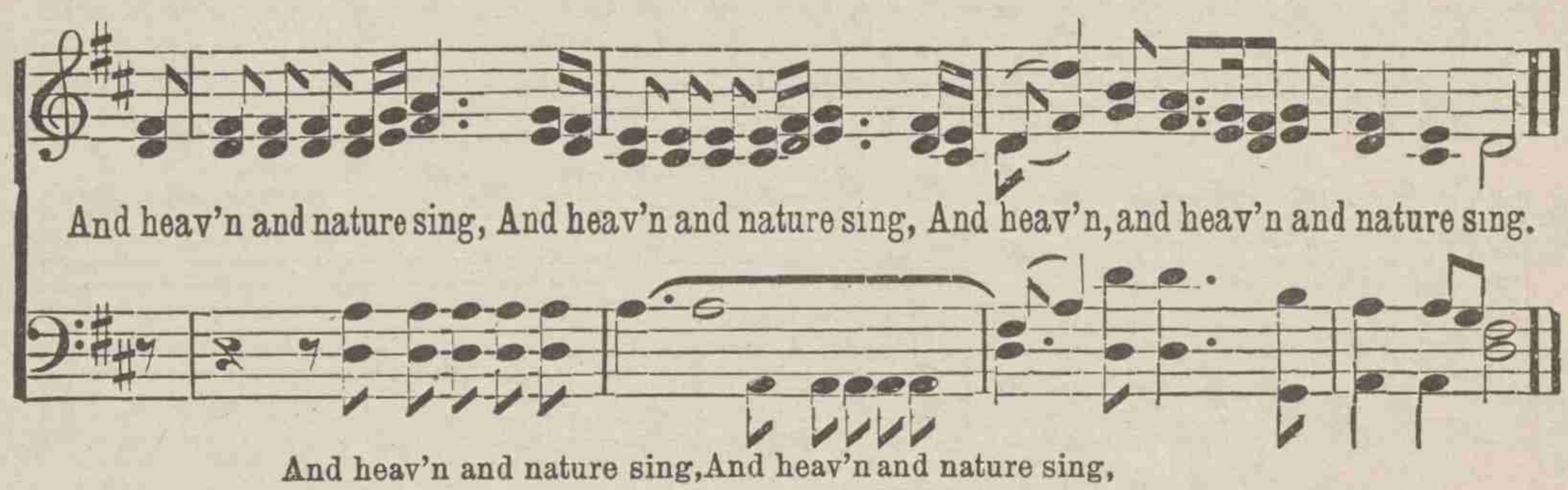
D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds unknown, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

144 Joy to the World.

Isaac Watts. ANTIOCH. **Handel.**





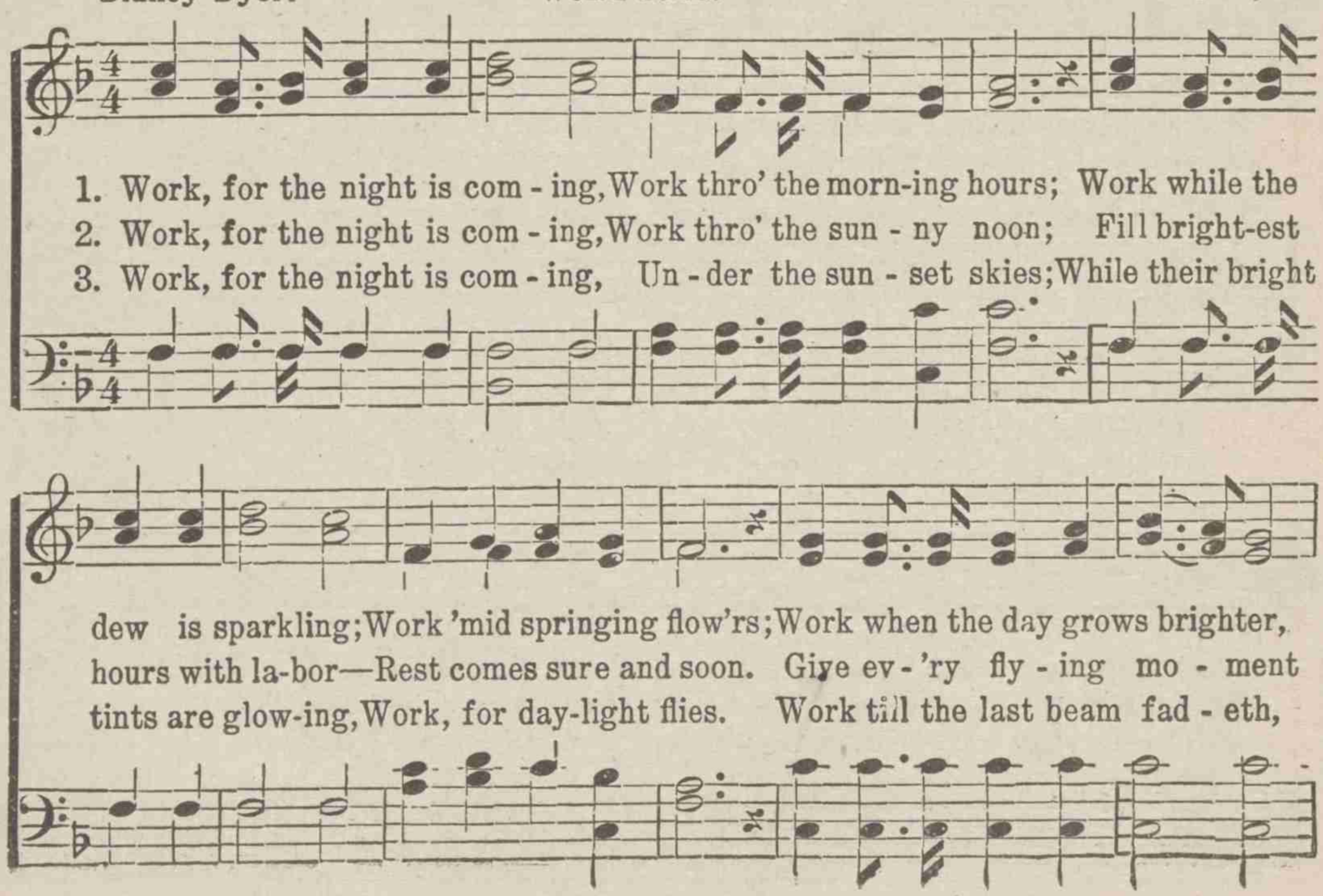
2 Joy to the earth! the Savior reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

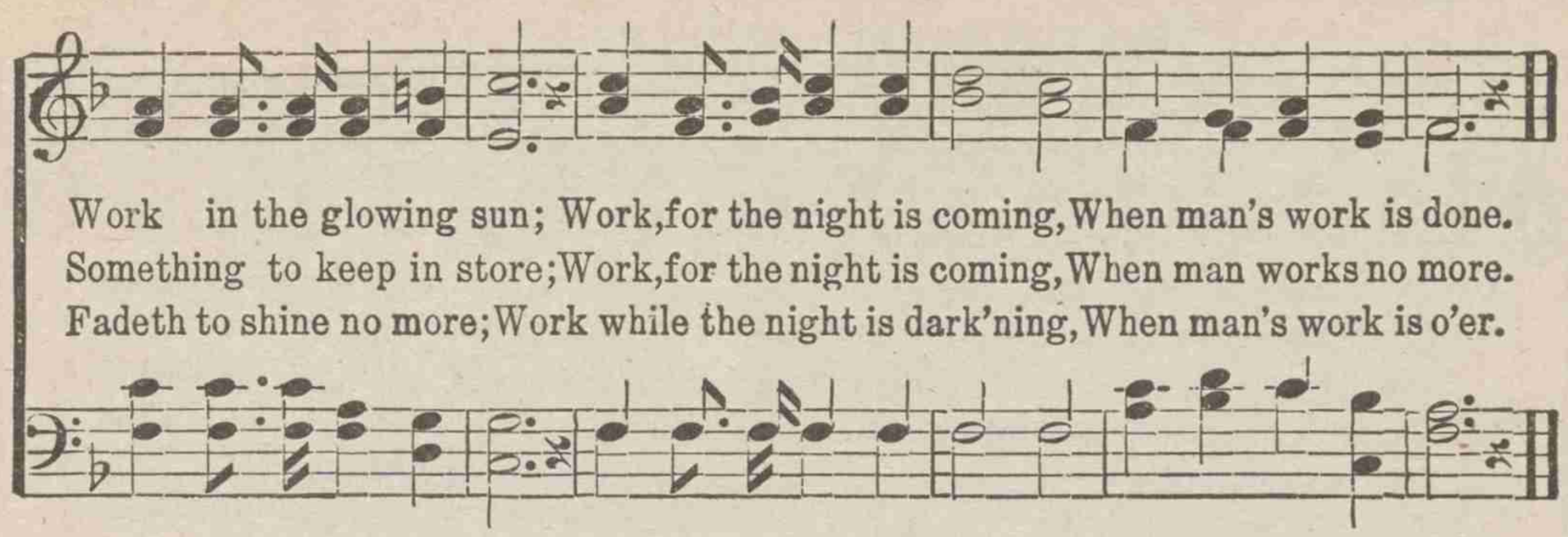
4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

145 Work, for the Night is Coming.

Sidney Dyer. WORK SONG. **Lowell Mason,**

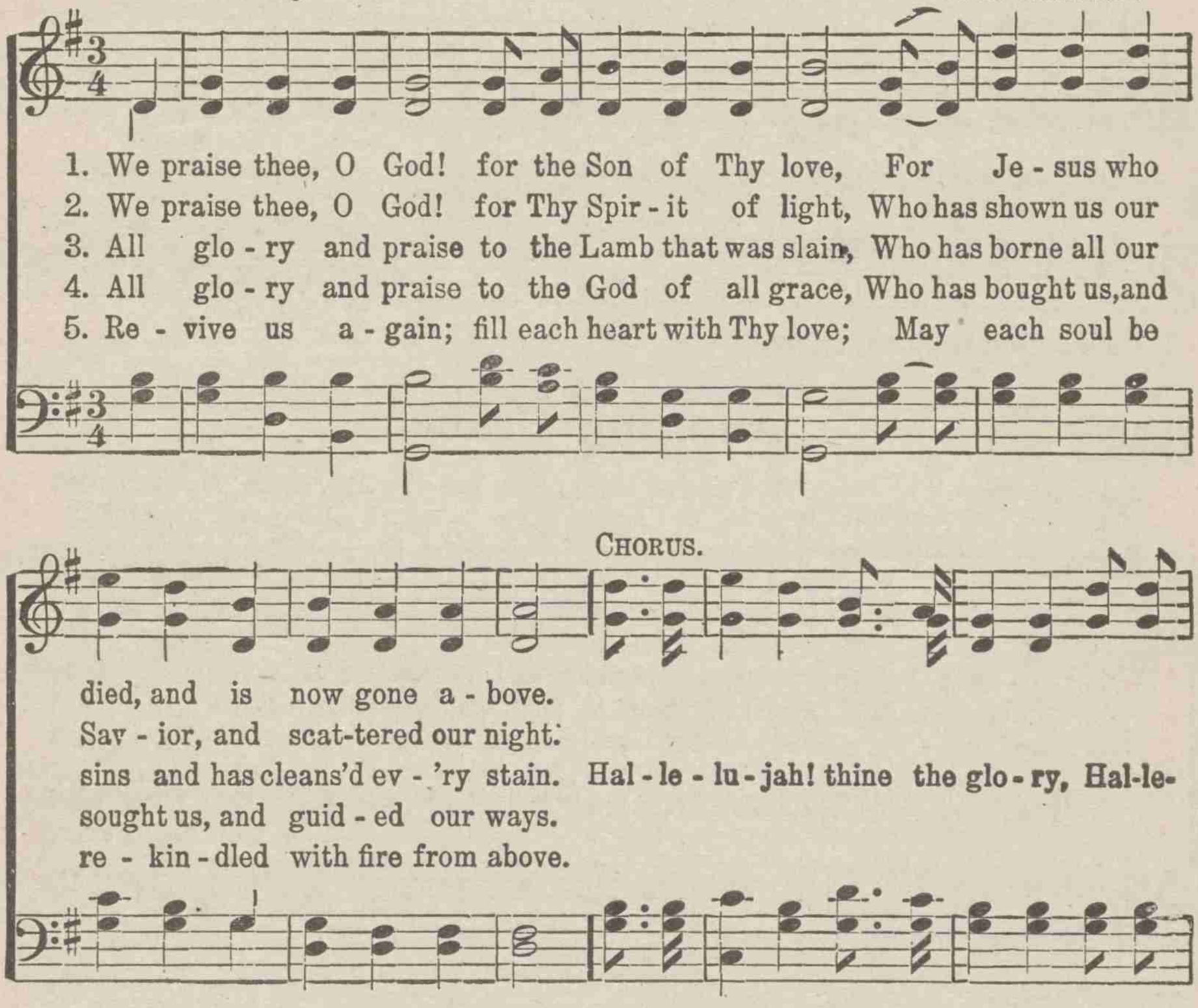


Work, For the Night is Coming.



146 We Praise Thee, O God.

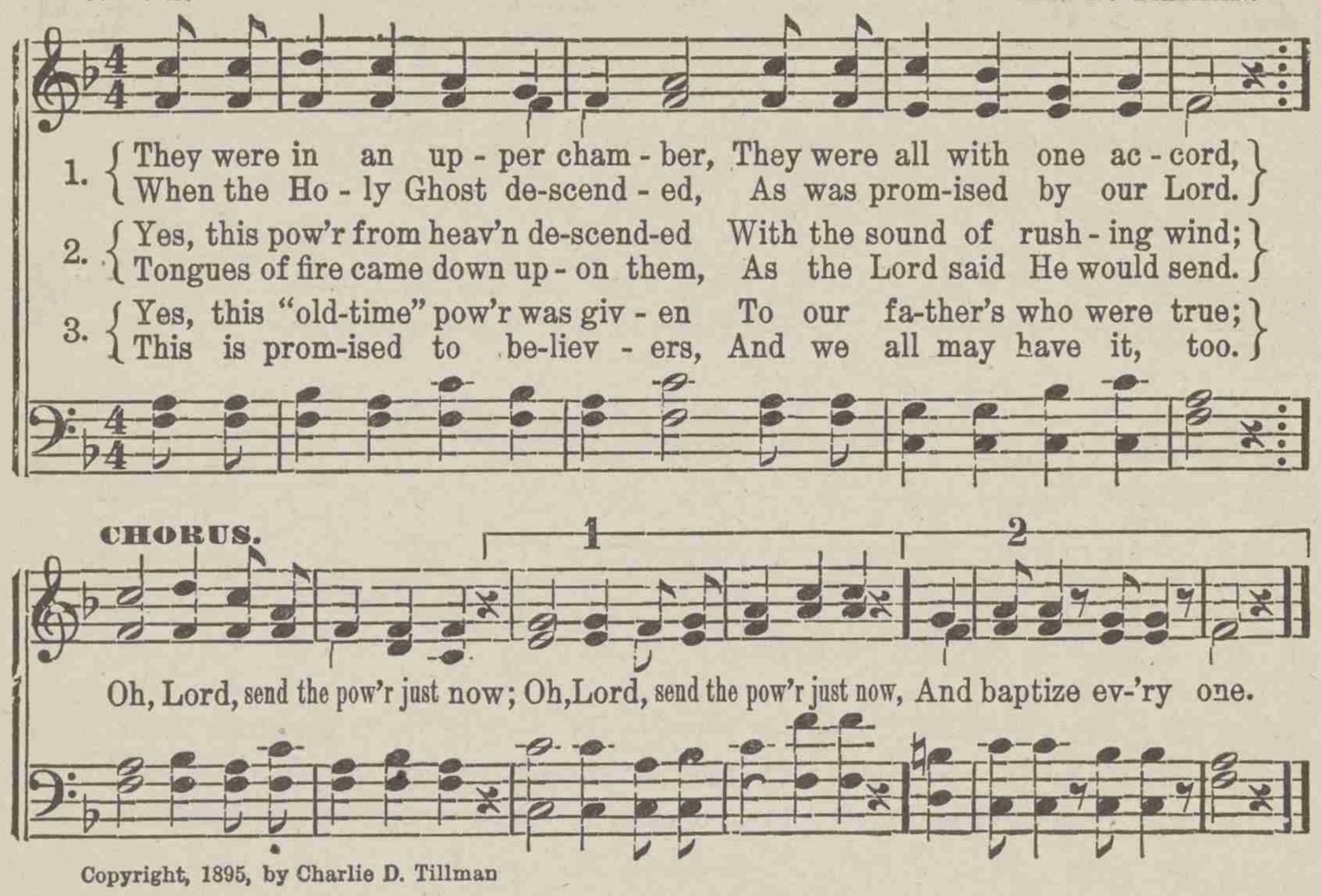
Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.



147 Old-Time Power.

"They were filled with the Holy Ghost."—ACTS 2: 4.

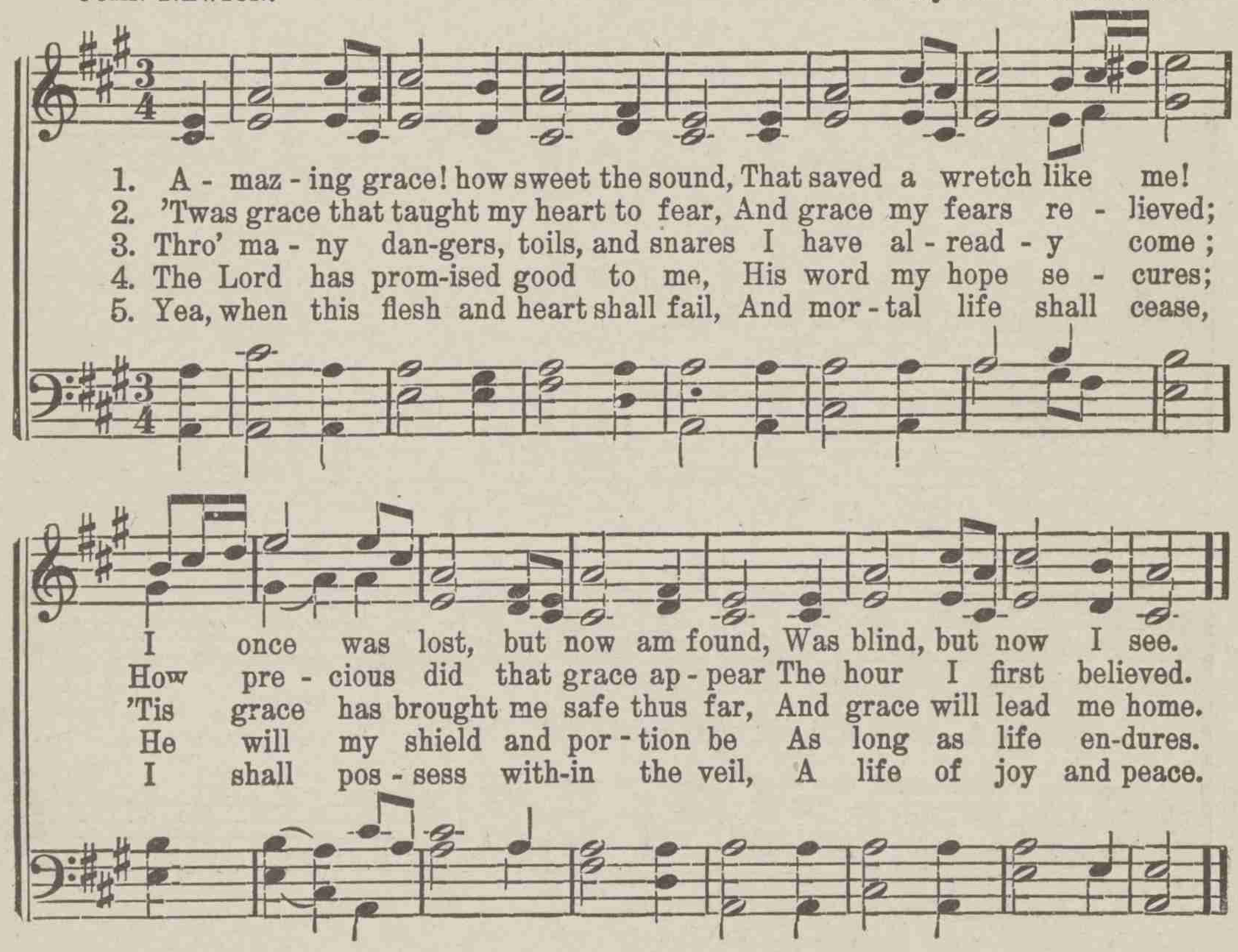
C. D. T. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



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148 Amazing Grace.

JOHN NEWTON. Arr. by R. M. MCINTOSH.



149 WHITER THAN SNOW.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole;
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat;
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou seest I pa - tient - ly wait:

I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul;
And help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice;
I wait, bless - ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet,
Come now, and with - in me a new heart cre - ate;

Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now
I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I know: O
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow: O
To those who have sought Thee, Thou nev - er said'st "No;" O

CHORUS.
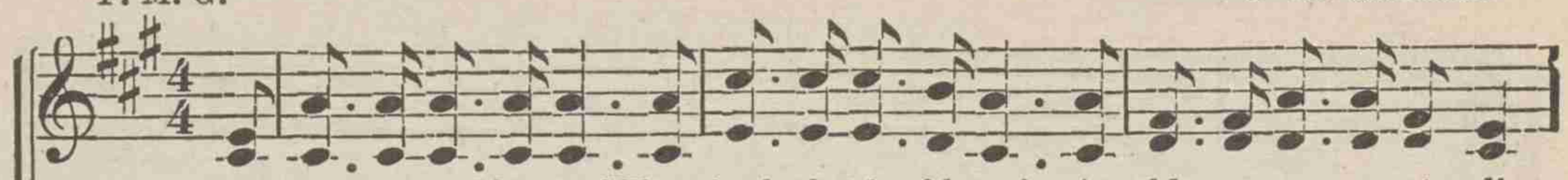
wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whiter than snow, yes,

whit - er than snow; O wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
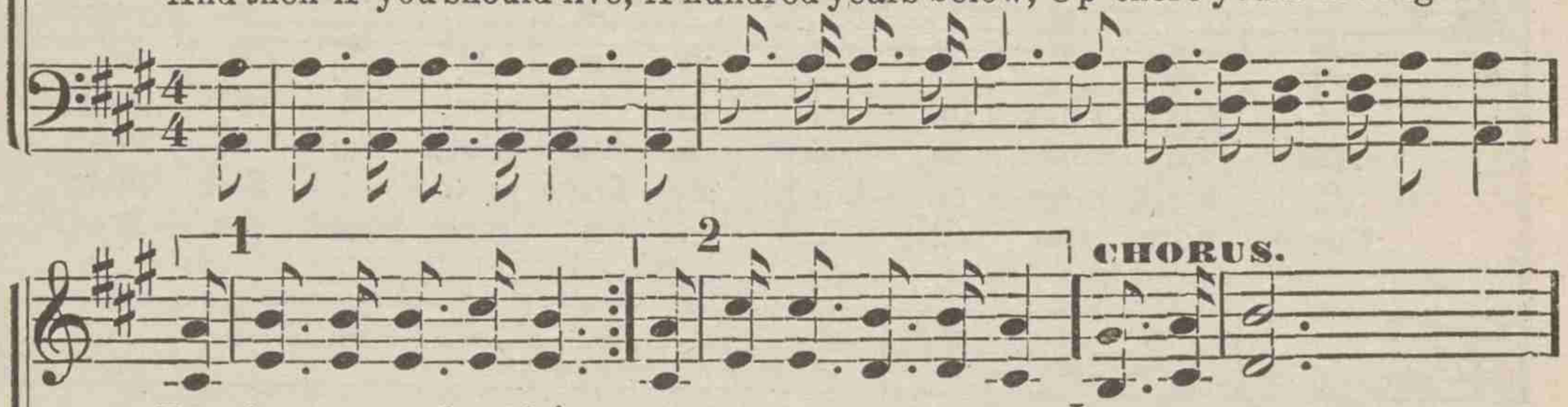
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150 THE OLD ACCOUNT SETTLED LONG AGO.

F. M. G. F M. GRAHAM.
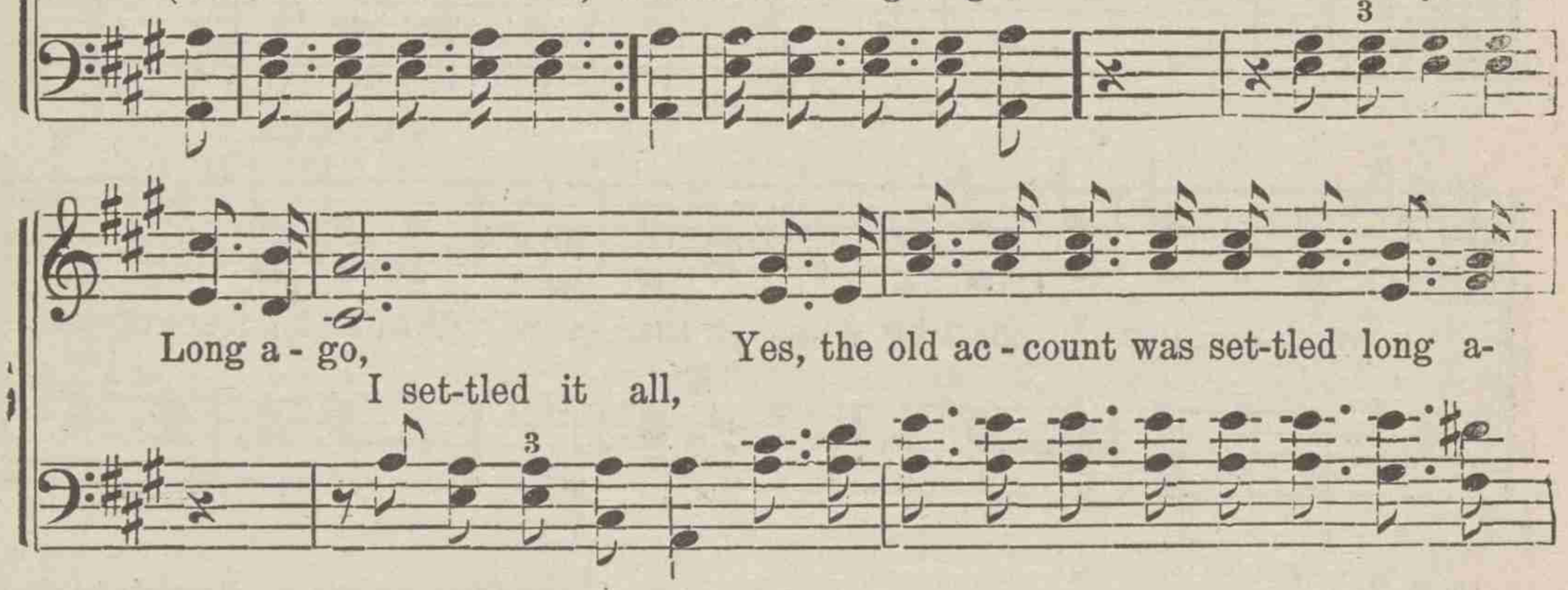


1. There was a time I know, When in the book of heav'n, An old account was standing,
   My name was at the top, And many things be-low, But I went to the keep-er,
2. The old account was large, And larg-er ev-'ry day, For I was always sinning,
   But when I looked ahead, And saw such pain and woe, I said that I would set-tle,
3. When at the judgment bar, I stand before my King, And He the book will open,
   Then will my heart be glad, While tears of joy will flow, Be-cause I had it set-tled,
4. When in that happy home, My Saviour's home above, I'll sing redemption's story,
   I'll not forget that book, With pages white as snow, Because I came and settled.
5. O sinner seek the Lord, Repent of all your sin, For thus He has com-mand-ed,
   And then if you should live, A hundred years below, Up there you'll not regret it
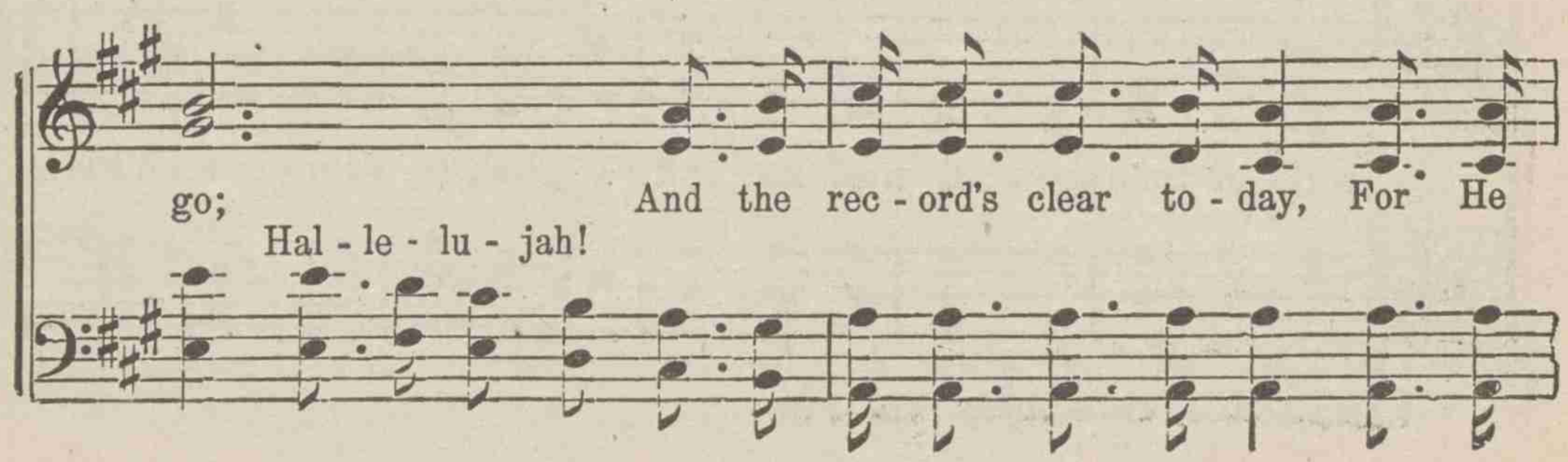


CHORUS.

For sins yet un-for-giv'n; Long a - go,
(*Omit* . . . . . .) And set-tled long a - go.
And nev-er tried to pay;
(*Omit* . . . . . .) And set-tled long a - go.
And can not find a thing;
(*Omit* . . . . . .) And set-tled long a - go.
And praise Him for His love;
(*Omit* . . . . . .) And set-tled long a - go.
If you would en-ter in;
(*Omit* . . . . . .) You set-tled long a - go. Down on my knees,

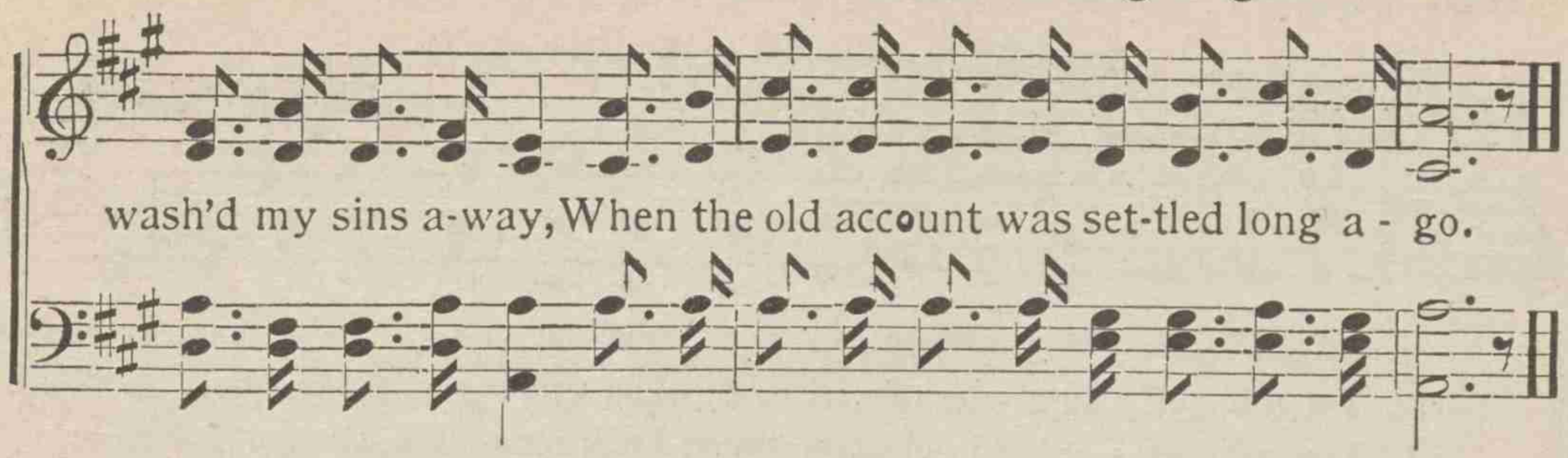


Long a - go, Yes, the old ac - count was set-tled long a-
I set-tled it all,



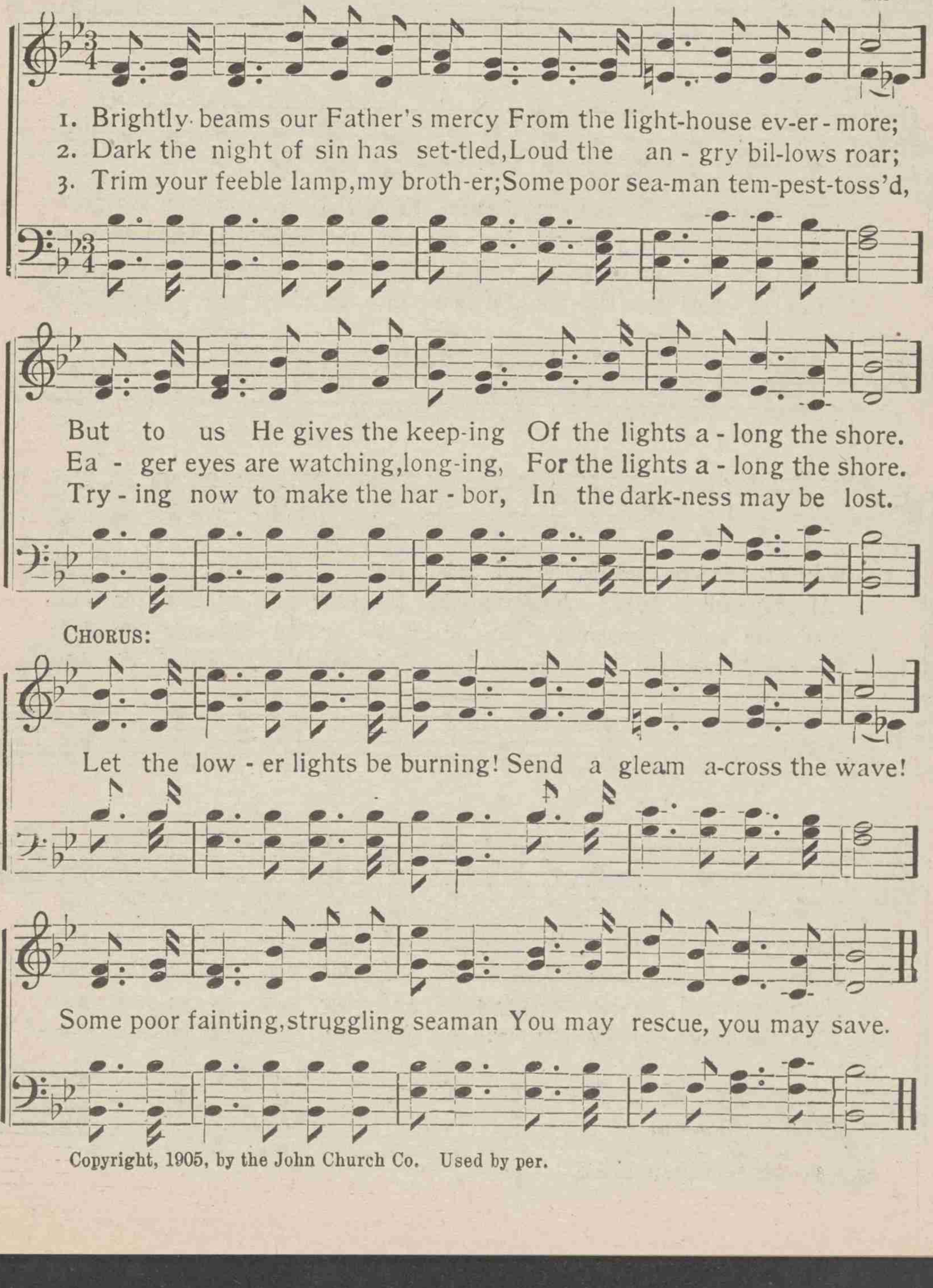
go; And the rec - ord's clear to - day, For He
Hal - le - lu - jah!

The Old Account Settled Long Ago.



151 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

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



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No. 152. LIFE'S RAILWAY TO HEAVEN.

Respectfully dedicated to the railroad men.

M. E. ABBEY. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

SOLO or DUET. Tempo ad lib.

1. Life is like a mountain rail - road, With an en - gi-neer that's brave;
2. You will roll up grades of tri - al; You will cross the bridge of strife;
3. You will oft - en find ob-struc-tions; Look for storms of wind and rain;
4. As you roll a - cross the tres - tle, Spanning Jor - dan's swell-ing tide,

We must make the run suc - cess-ful, From the cra - dle to the grave;
See that Christ is your con - duc - tor On this light-ning train of life;
On a fill, or curve, or tres-tle, They will al-most ditch your train;
You be - hold the Un - ion De - pot In - to which your train will glide;

Watch the curves, the fills, the tun - nels; Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er quail;
Al - ways mind - ful of ob - struc-tion, Do your du - ty, nev - er fail;
Put your trust a - lone in Je - sus; Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er fail;
There you'll meet the Su - perin-ten-dent, God, the Fa - ther, God, the Son,
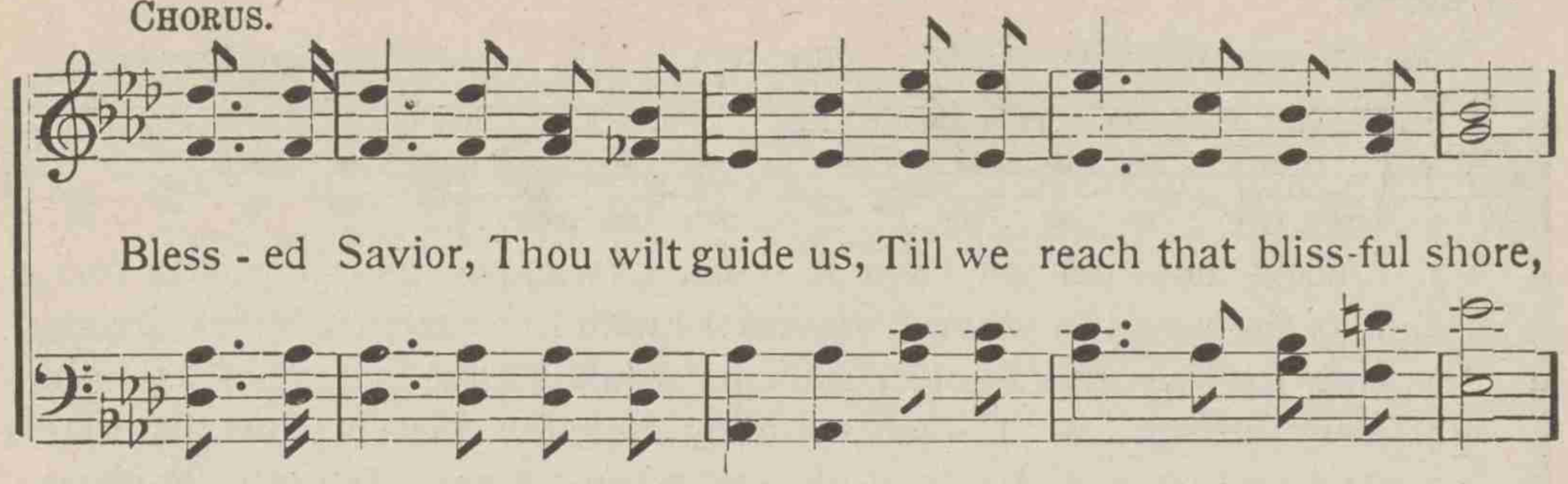
Rit.
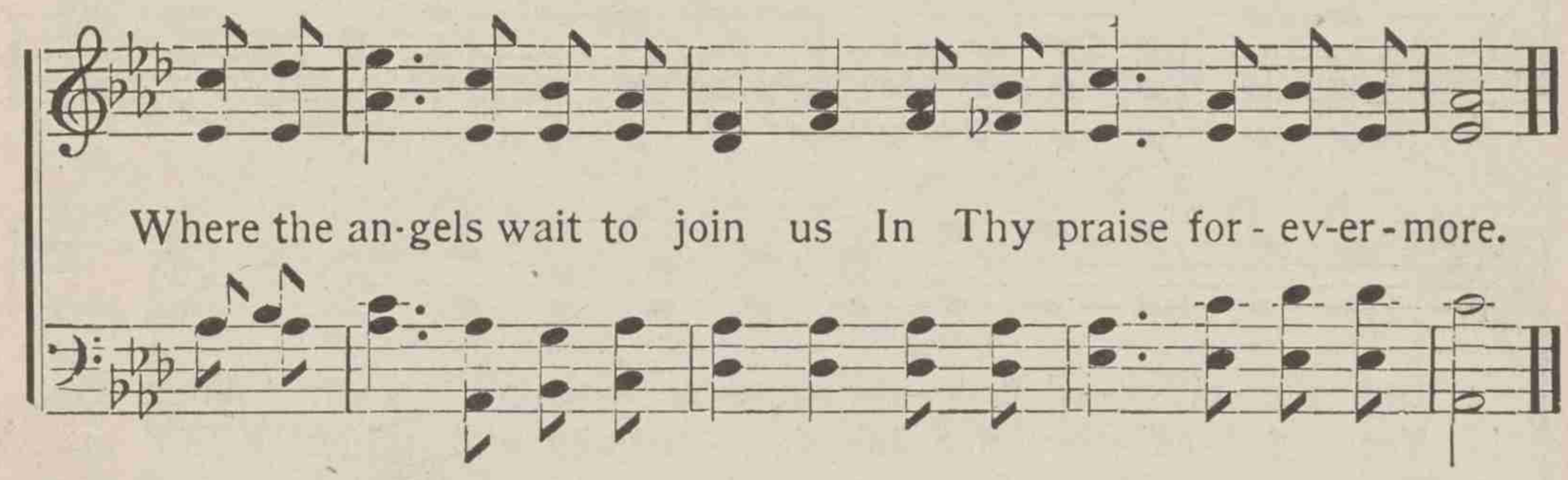
Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
With the heart - y, joy - ous plaud-it, " Wea - ry pil - grim, welcome home."

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Life's Railway To Heaven.

CHORUS.
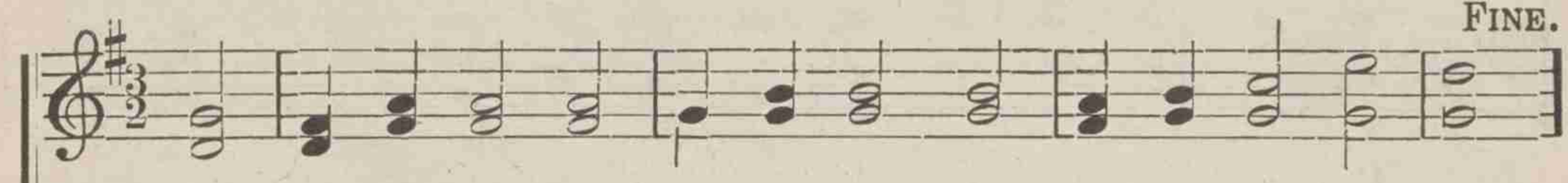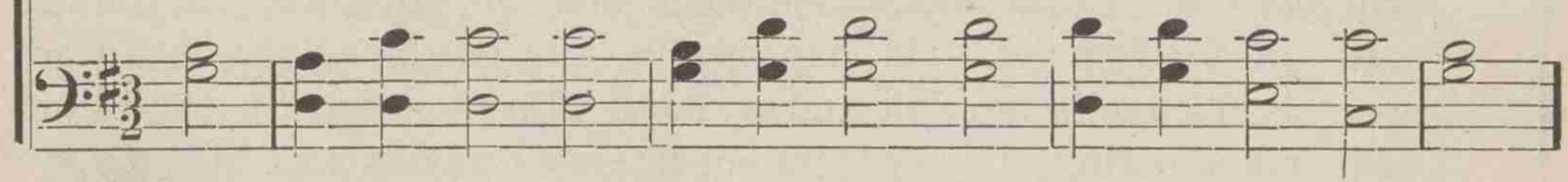




153 I Do Believe. C. M.

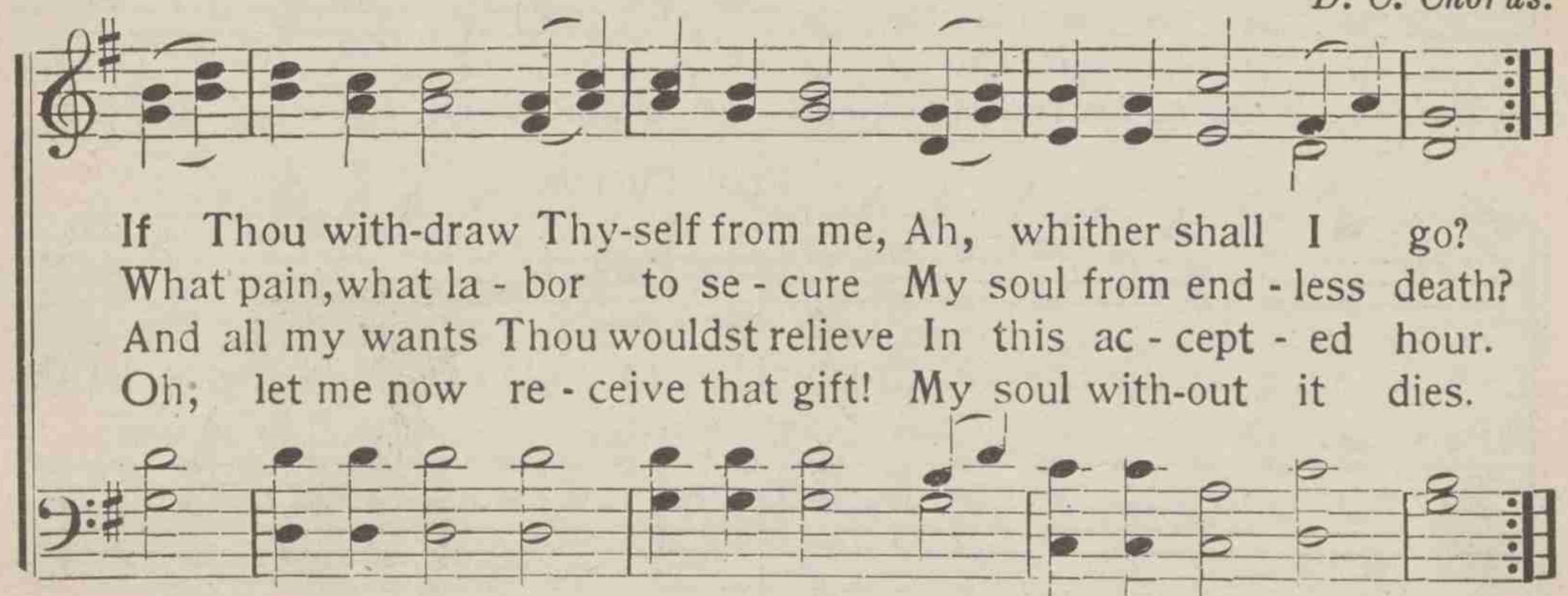
Rev. CHARLES WESLEY. UNKNOWN.

FINE.
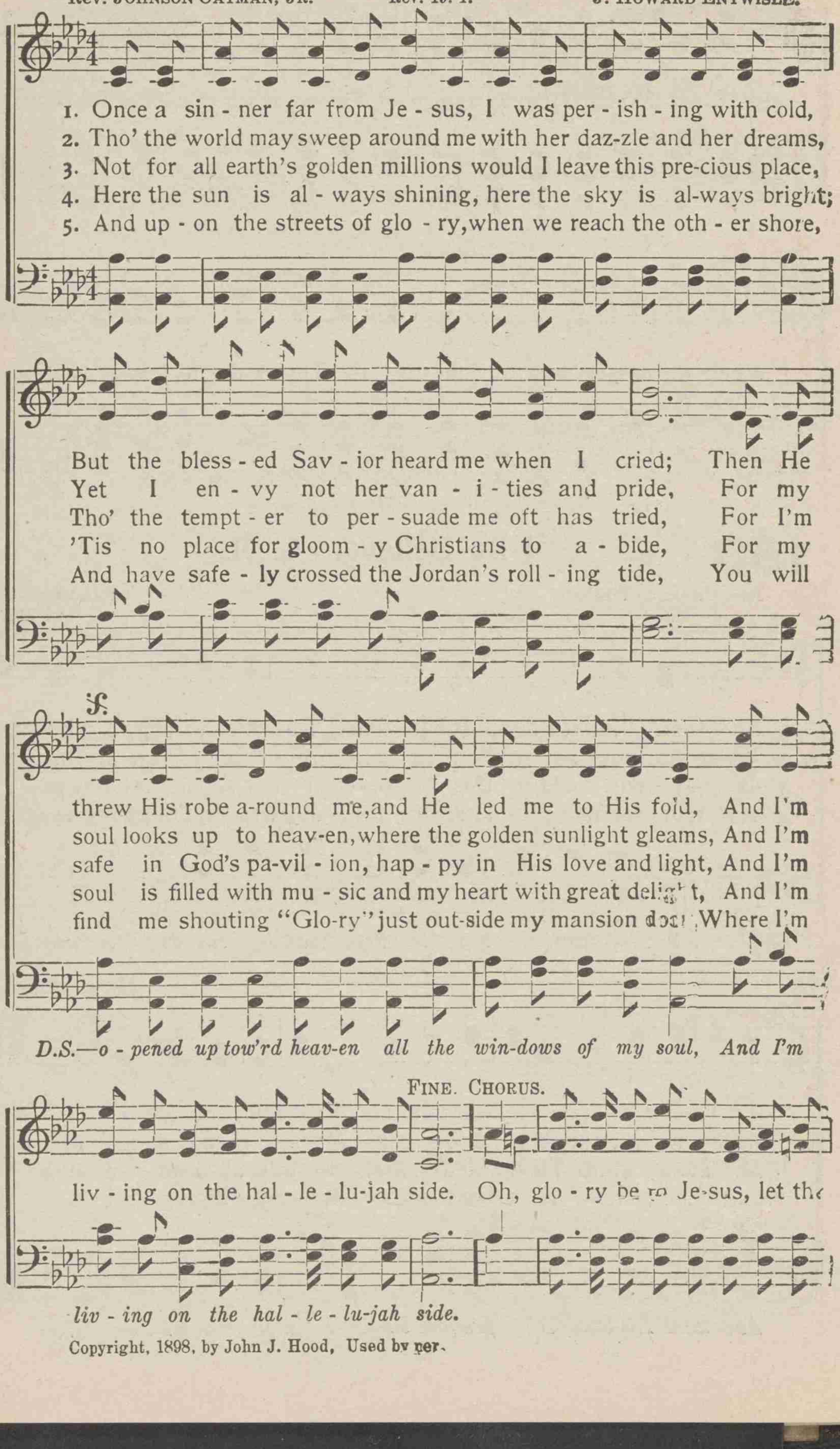




D. C. Chorus.



154 The Hallelujah Side.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. Rev. 19: 1. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



Copyright, 1898, by John J. Hood, Used by per.

D. S.

hal-le-lu-jahs roll; Help me ring the Savior's praises far and wide, For I've

155 His Yoke Is Easy.

"My yoke is easy and my burden is light."—MATT. 11: 30.

D. S. WARNER. B. E. WARNER.

1. I've found my Lord and He is mine, He won me by His love;
2. No oth - er Lord but Christ I know, I walk with Him a - lone;
3. He's dear - er to my heart than life, He found me lost in sin;
4. My flesh re - coiled be-fore the cross, And Sa - tan whispered there,
5. I've tried the road of sin, and found Its prospects all de - ceive;

FINE.

I'll serve Him all my years of time, And dwell with Him a - bove.
His streams of love for - ev - er flow, With-in my heart, His throne.
He calmed the sea of in - ward strife, And bade me come to Him.
"Thy gain will not re - pay the loss, His yoke is hard to bear."
I've proved the Lord and joys a-bound, More than I could be - lieve.

D.S.-His serv - ice is my sweet-est de-light, His bless-ings ev - er flow.

CHORUS. D. S.

His yoke is ea-sy, His burden is light, I've found it so, I've found it so:

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156 Come and Rest.

L, B. B. L. B. BIDGERS.

1. Are you so heav - y la - den, Toil-ing in life's rug - ged way?
2. Do not de-spair poor sin - ner, See-ing stains up - on your soul;
3. Be not dis-couraged, broth - er, Je - sus calls to you to - day;

Cease from your struggle, look to Him, Listen, and you'll hear Him say:
Lift up your eyes, be-hold the cross, Come and you will be made whole.
Faith sees His form in darkest storm, While you hear His voice, o - bey.

CHORUS.

"Come un - to me," says Je - sus, "Come un - to me and rest;
Lay thy bro - ken, con - trite heart Up - on my breast."

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157 I'll Go All The Way.

C. P. J. *Lively.* To Mrs. E. J. Staley. CHAS. P. JONES.

1. I'll go all the way with my Sav - ior, No mat - ter what the
2. I'll go all the way with my Sav - ior, Who died from sin to
3. I'll go all the way with my Sav - ior, The Spir - it will the
4. I'll go all the way with my Sav - ior, No mat - ter what the

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I'll Go All the Way.

cost may be; I'll give up the world for my Sav - ior,
set me free; He par - dons the sins of His serv - ant,
strength sup-ply; I'll give up my life for my Sav - ior,
rest may do; Tho' oth - ers may turn from His foot - steps,

CHORUS.

Yea, Lord, I give up all to Thee.
Hence-forth He shall my treas - ure be. I'll go all the
He'll take me to His house on high.
His ho - ly way I'll still pur - sue.
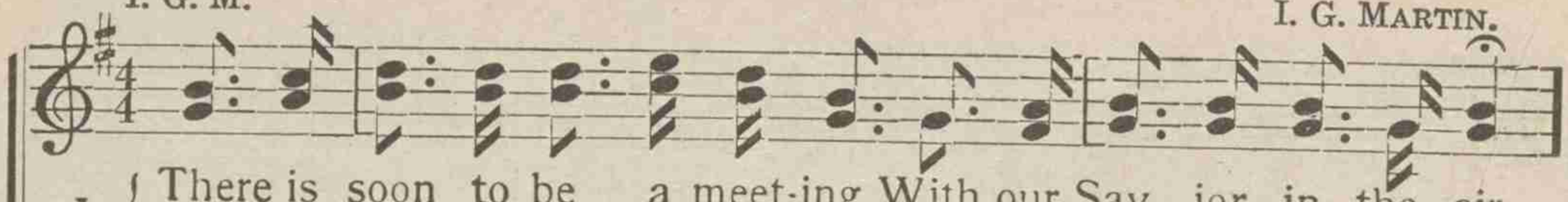
way with my Sav - ior, I'll serve Him ev - 'ry day, I'll

trust Him and o - bey; I'll go all the way with my
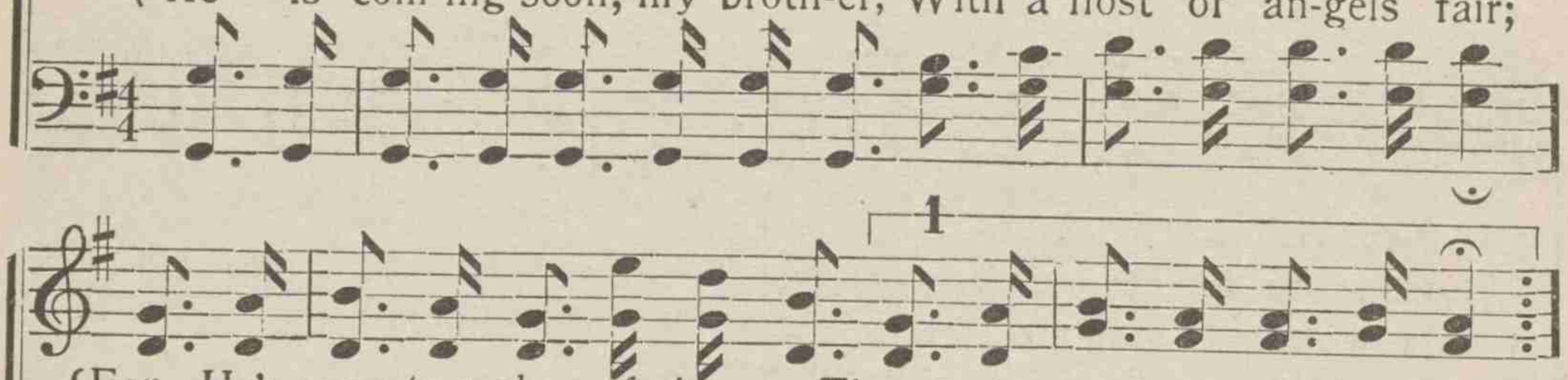
Sav - ior, I've de - ter-mined to go all the way. (all the way.)

158 The Meeting in the Air.
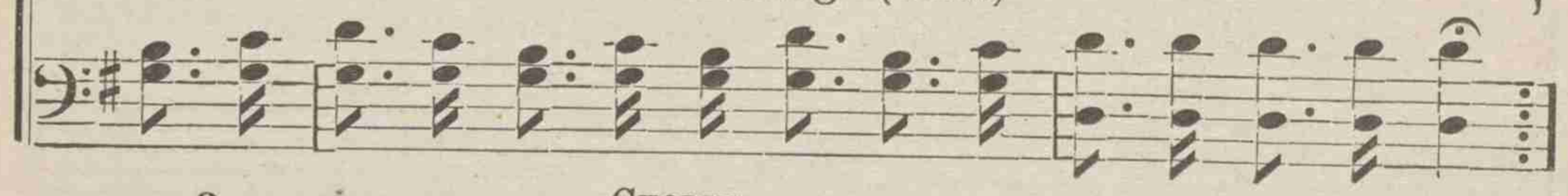
I. G. M. I. G. MARTIN.
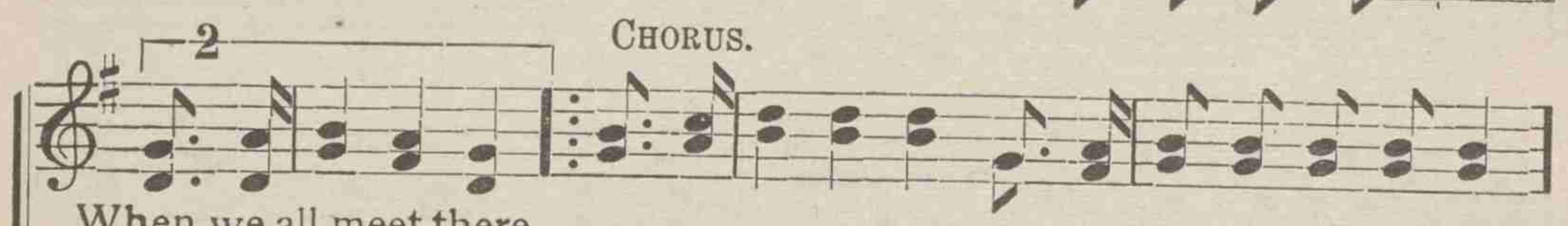


1. There is soon to be a meet-ing With our Sav - ior in the air,
   He is com-ing back to meet us With a host of an - gels fair,
2. See the pa-tri-archs and proph-ets Com-ing forth from bursting tombs,
   There comes A-bra-ham and Isaac With their kindred ev - 'ry-where,
3. There is Mo-ses from Mount Ne-bo, There is Dan - iel from the Cave,
   O what joy to see them com-ing To the meet - ing in the air!
4. Still they gather, see them com-ing, From the mis-sion fields a - far,
   See St. Paul the great a - pos - tle, In His robes made white and fair;
5. Are you read - y for the meet - ing With our Sav - ior in the air?
   He is com-ing soon, my broth-er, With a host of an-gels fair;



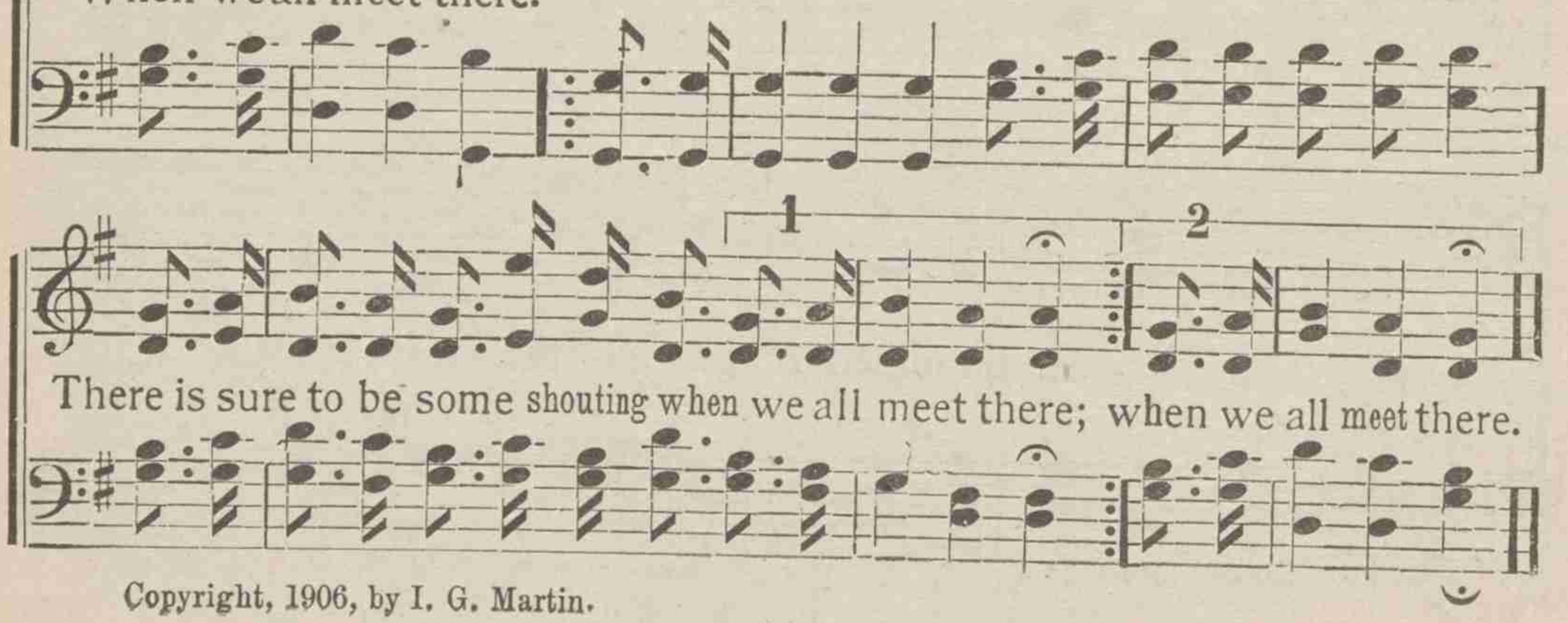
1 For He's gone to realms of glo - ry There our man-sions to pre - pare;
  And there's sure to be some shout-ing (*Omit.*)
2 They are com - ing to this meet - ing And they're com - ing ver - y soon,
  There is sure to be some shout-ing (*Omit.*)
3 They are march ing in the fore-front, While the hosts their banners wave;
  There is sure to be some shout - ing (*Omit.*)
4 With the pil - grims from all na - tions, And the mar - tyrs in the war;
  I am sure there'll be some shout-ing (*Omit.*)
5 If you have the "sec-ond bless-ing" You will be no strang-er there;
  And I'm sure there'll be some shouting (*Omit.*)





CHORUS.

When we all meet there.
When they all get there. When we all meet there, At the meeting in the air,
When they all get there.
When they all get there.
When we all meet there.



There is sure to be some shouting when we all meet there; when we all meet there.

Copyright, 1906, by I. G. Martin.

159 When I See the Blood.

JOHN. J. G. F.

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

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

CHORUS

Yes, He will pass, will pass o - ver you.
Then He will pass, will pass o - ver you. When I see the
Then God will pass, will pass o - ver you.
Oh, He will pass, will pass o - ver you. When I

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

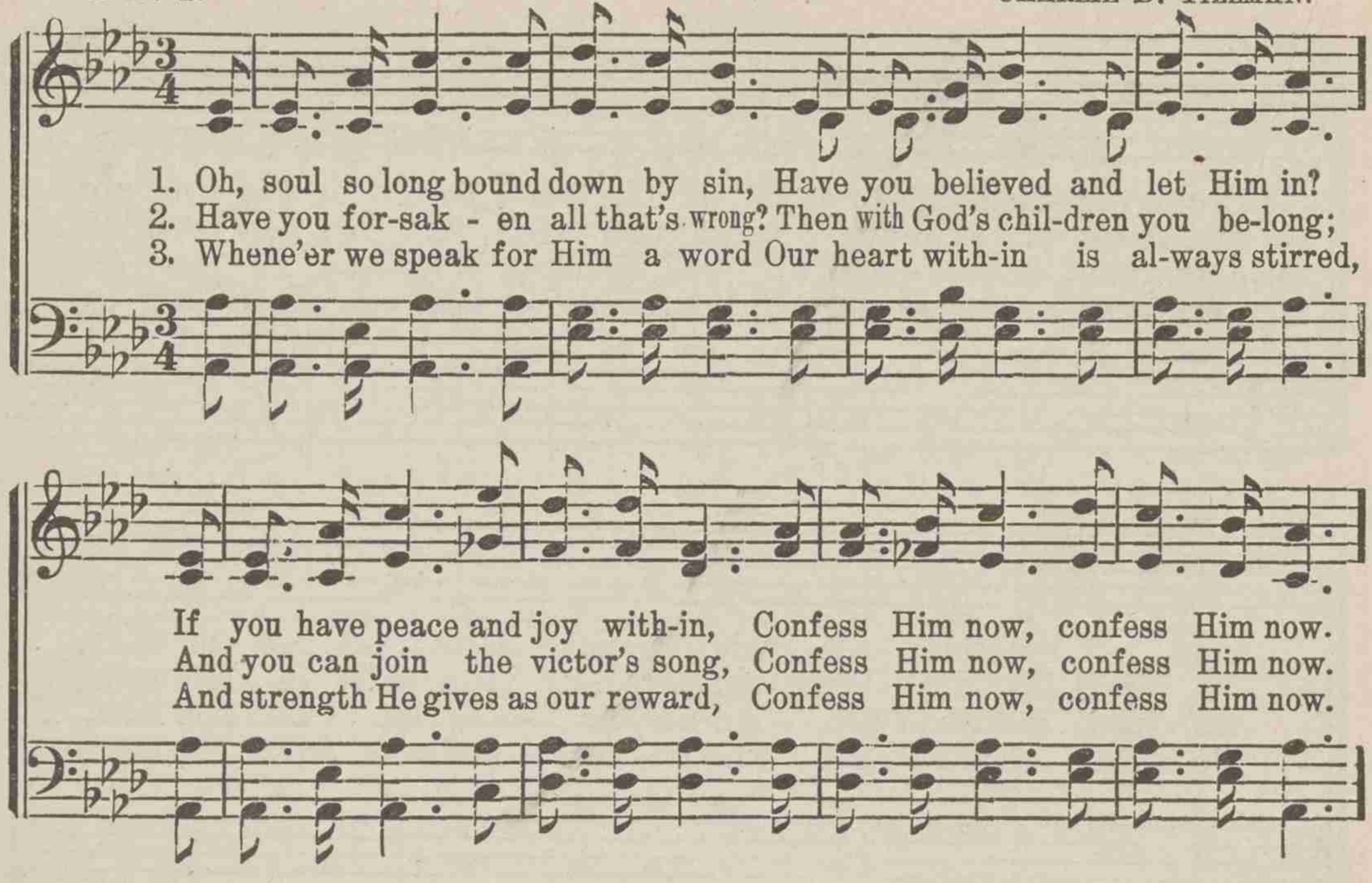
Rit

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

By Foote Bros., not copyrighted. Let no one do so. May this song ever be free to be published for the glory of God.

160 Confess Him Now.

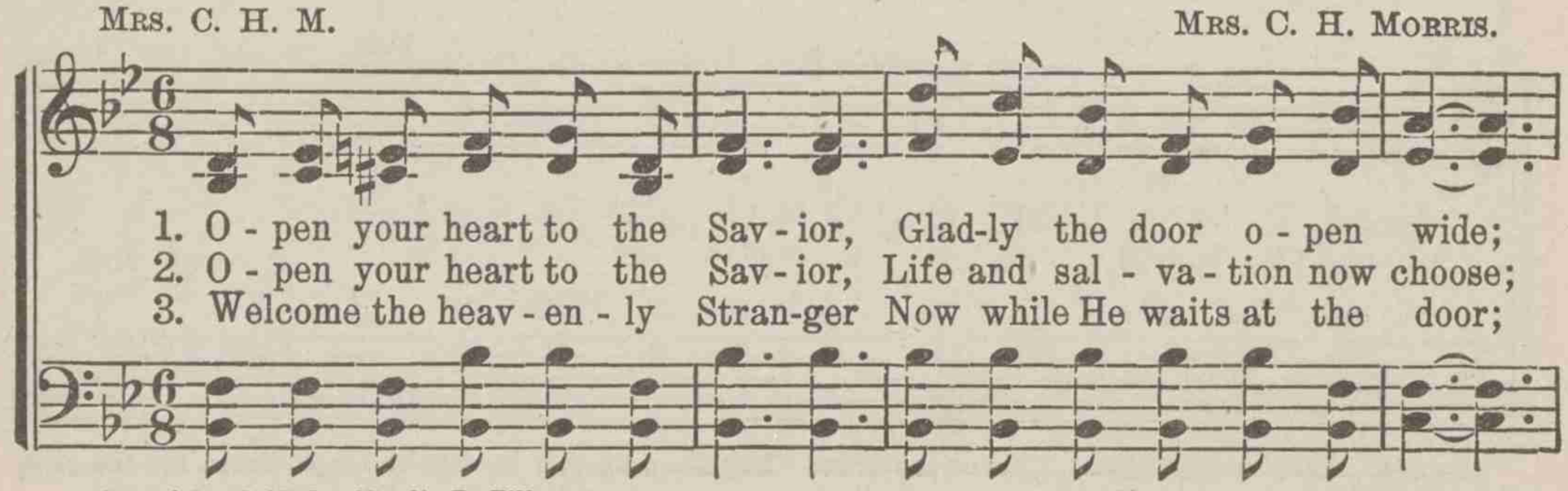
C. D. T. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



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161 Open Your Heart to the Savior.

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



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Open Your Heart to the Savior. Concluded.

Trust Him from sin to de - liv - er, Bid Him come in and a - bide.
Will you, for earth's fleeting pleas-ures Life ev - er - last-ing re - fuse?
Lest He should leave you in an - ger, And should return nev-er - more.

CHORUS.

O - pen your heart,..... O - pen your heart,.....
O - pen the door of your heart, O - pen the door of your heart,

O - pen your heart to the Sav - ior, He is the Friend you need.

162 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the fol - lies Of sin I re-sign! My gracious re - deem - er,
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou Hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my par - don On Cal - va-ry's tree; I love Thee for wear-ing
3. In mansions of glo - ry And end-less de-light, I'll ev - er a - dore Thee In heav-en so bright; I'll sing with the glittering

My Sav - ior art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee. My Je - sus, 'tis now.
The thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
Crown now on my brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.

163 With The Blood-Bought I'll Be There

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

1. Marching, marching, Jesus leading onward To the land that knows no sin;
2. Marching, marching, joyfully each moment, Praising Christ by day or night;
3. Marching, marching, on the way to glo - ry, To a cit - y built on high;

Where the an - gels fill the air with sing - ing While the saved march in.
Prais - ing him who guides my footsteps ev - er To the land of light.
In his pres - ence, where there is no sad - ness, I'll rest by and by.

CHORUS.

When the Mas - ter shall as-sem-ble his loved and own; When the ran-

When the Mas - ter When the

somed gath-er around the crystal throne; When the saved meet, freely to

ran-somed When the saved meet to

know as they are known; With the blood-bought company, I'll be there.
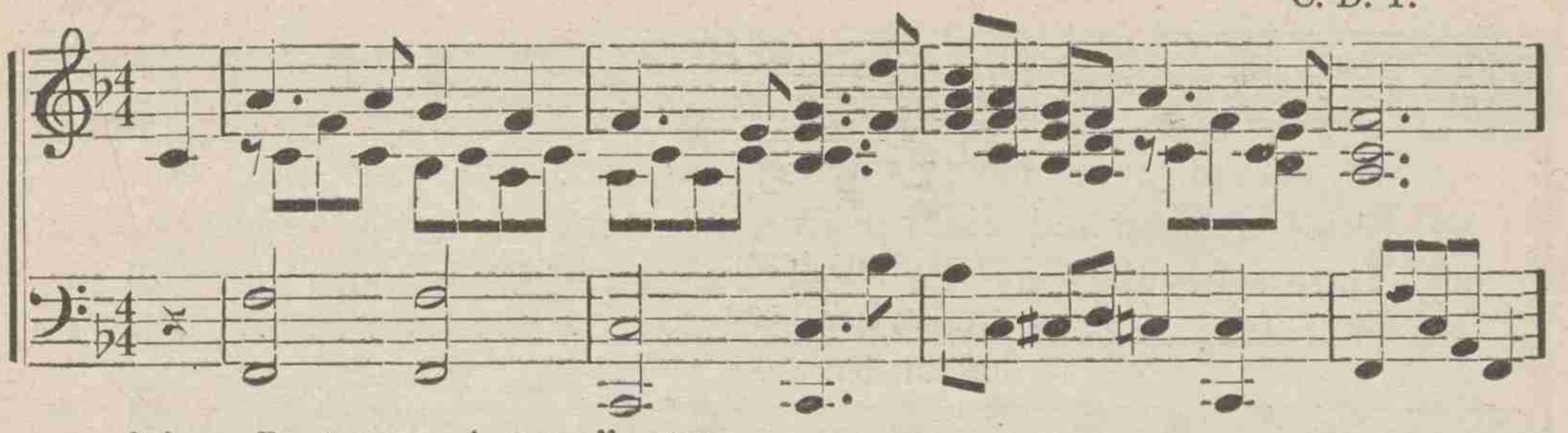
I'll be there.

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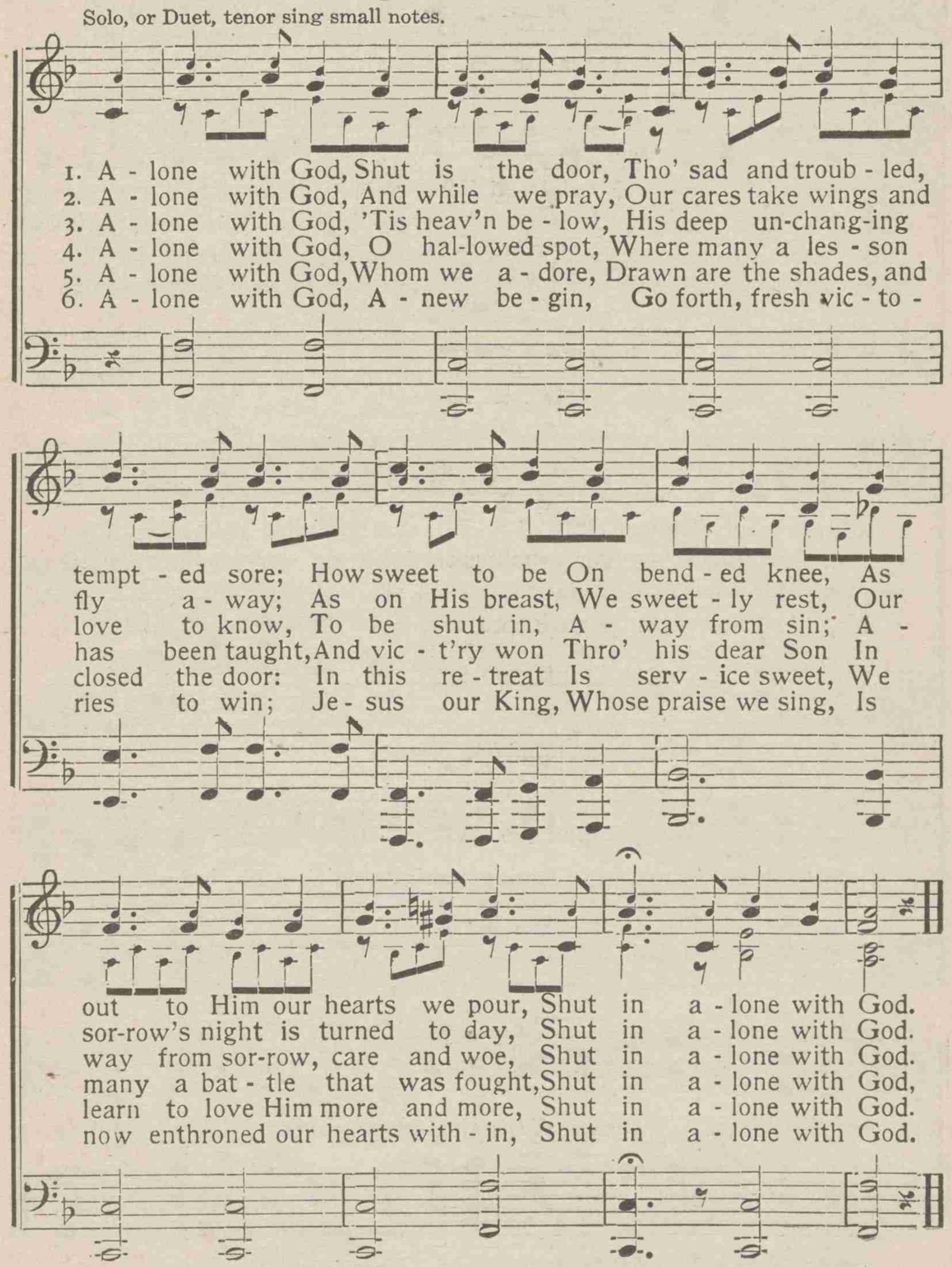
164 Shut in Alone with God.

BESSIE A. THOMPSON. (alt.)

J. H. STEPHENS.
C. D. T.



Solo, or Duet, tenor sing small notes.



1. A - lone with God, Shut is the door, Tho' sad and troub - led,
2. A - lone with God, And while we pray, Our cares take wings and
3. A - lone with God, 'Tis heav'n be - low, His deep un-chang-ing
4. A - lone with God, O hal-lowed spot, Where many a les - son
5. A - lone with God, Whom we a - dore, Drawn are the shades, and
6. A - lone with God, A - new be - gin, Go forth, fresh vic - to -

tempt - ed sore; How sweet to be On bend - ed knee, As
fly a - way; As on His breast, We sweet - ly rest, Our
love to know, To be shut in, A - way from sin; A -
has been taught, And vic - t'ry won Thro' his dear Son In
closed the door: In this re - treat Is serv - ice sweet, We
ries to win; Je - sus our King, Whose praise we sing, Is

out to Him our hearts we pour, Shut in a - lone with God.
sor-row's night is turned to day, Shut in a - lone with God.
way from sor-row, care and woe, Shut in a - lone with God.
many a bat - tle that was fought, Shut in a - lone with God,
learn to love Him more and more, Shut in a - lone with God.
now enthroned our hearts with - in, Shut in a - lone with God.

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165 Judgment Day is Coming.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Sin-ner spurn-ing mercy's hand, Judgment day is com - ing; Where O where then will you stand, Judgment day is coming; Fires of hell are burning
2. Skies are clear and bright to-day, Judgment day is com - ing; And your heart is light and gay, Judgment day is coming; Soon you'll hear the thunder
3. Ten - der-ly the Sav - ior pleads, Judgment day is com - ing; Still for you he in - ter-cedes Judgment day is coming; Will you spurn his loving
4. Will you lose your precious soul? Judgment day is com - ing; Soon the bells of death will toll, Judgment day is coming; O how swift the moments still, Aw-ful vengeance to ful - fil; Sin-ner yield your stubborn will
roll, Bringing an - guish to your soul; Writ-ing on a burn-ing scroll,
plea? "Sin - ner, I have died for thee; Heav-y la - den, come to me,"
fly, And how fleet the years go by; Soon 'twill be your time to die;

CHORUS.

Judgment day is com-ing. Coming, coming coming soon, Judgment day and hopeless doom; Cast in-to e - ter-nal gloom, Judgment day is coming.

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166 Where Shall I Be?

C, P. J.

Chas. P. Jones.

Moderato.

1. When judg-ment day is draw - ing nigh, Where shall I be?
   When east and west the fire shall roll, Where shall I be?

2. When wick - ed men His wrath shall see, Where shall I be?
   When hills and mountains flee a - way, Where shall I be?

3. When heav'n and earth as some great scroll, Where shall I be?
   When all the saints redeem'd shall stand, Where shall I be?

When God the works of men shall try, Where shall I be?
How will it be with my poor soul? Where shall I be?

And to the rocks and mount-ains flee, Where shall I be?
When all the works of men de - cay, Where shall I be?

Shall from God's an - gry pres - ence roll, Where shall I be?
For - ev - er blest at God's right hand, Where shall I be?

CHORUS.

O where shall I be when the first trum - pet sounds, O

where shall I be when it sounds so loud? When it sounds so loud

as to wake up the dead? O where shall I be when it sounds?

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167 There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

1. There's a great day com - ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
2. There's a bright day com - ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a
3. There's a sad day com - ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a

great day com-ing by and by; When the saints and the sinners shall be
bright day com-ing by and by; But its brightness shall on-ly come to
sad day com-ing by and by; When the sinner shall hear his doom, "de-

part - ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
part, I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

CHORUS.

m *pp* *m*

Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the
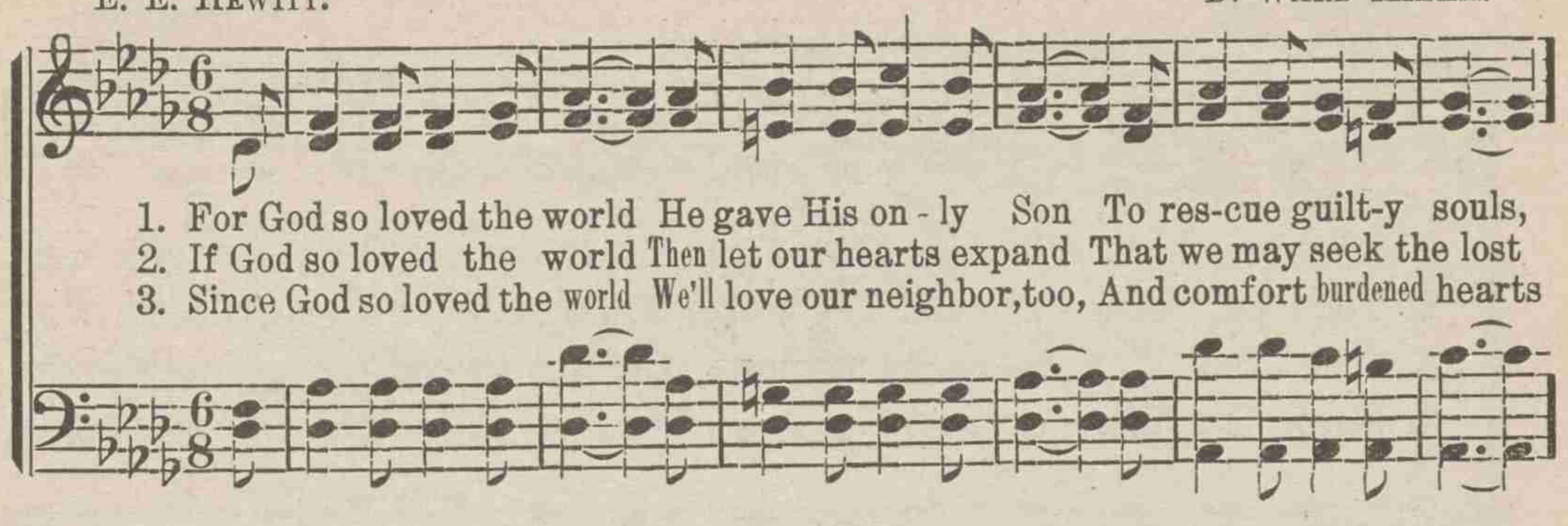
m *pp* *m*

judgment day? Are you ready? Are you ready for the judgment day?

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168 For God So Loved the World.

E. E. HEWITT. D. WARD MILAM.
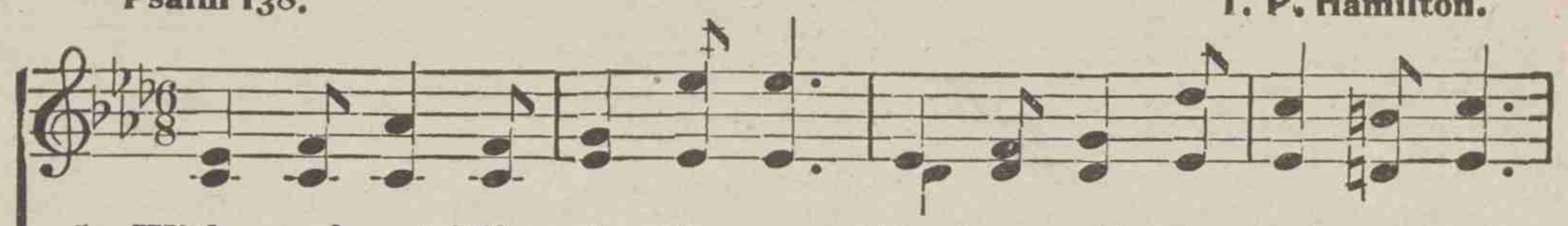


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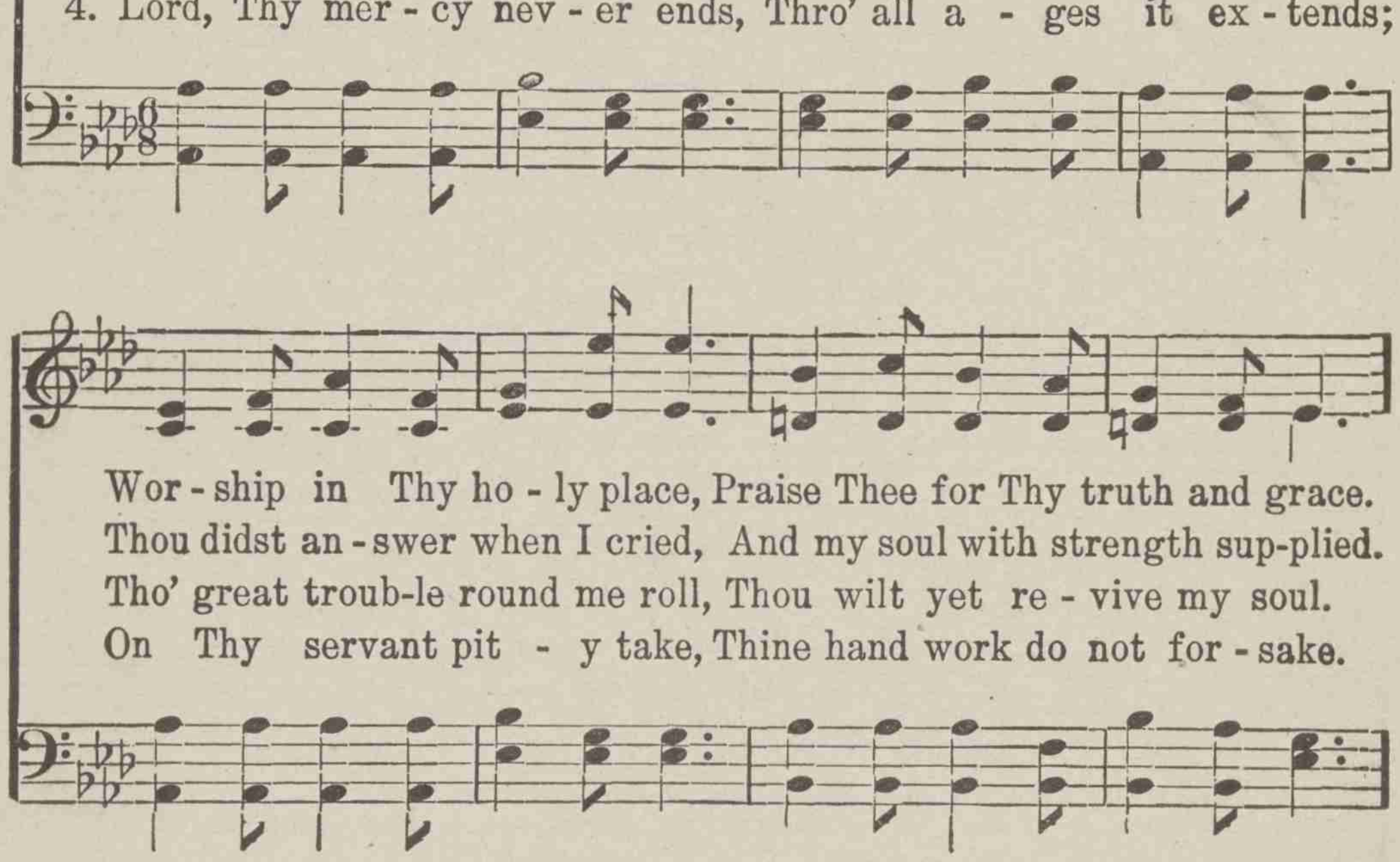
169 Great is Our King.

To my friend Charlie D. Tillman.

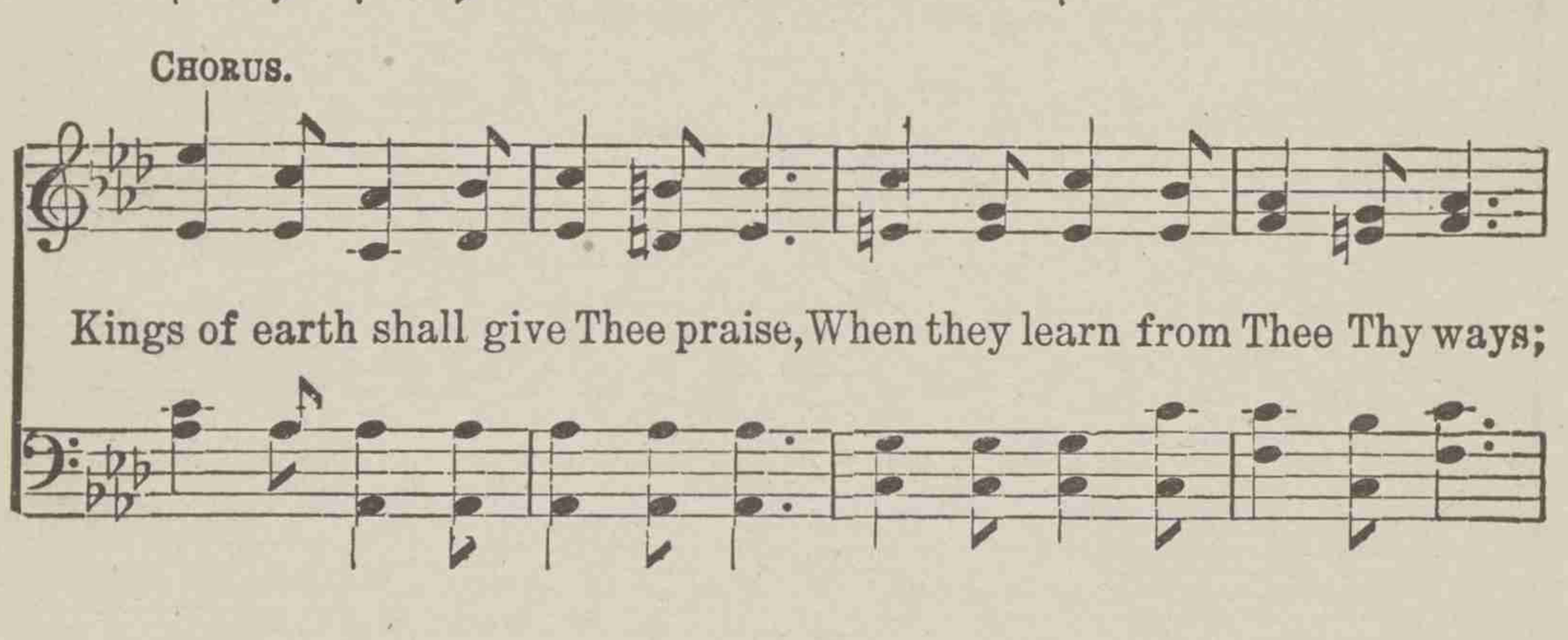
Psalm 138. T. P. Hamilton.



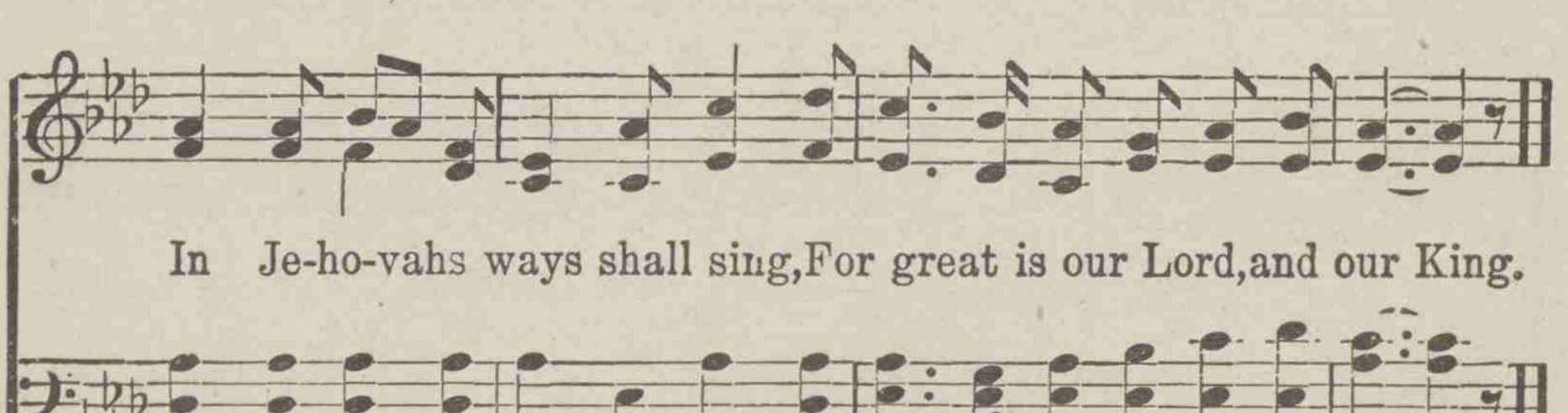
1. With my heart I'll praise Thy name, To the world Thy praise proclaim;
2. Thou hast mag - ni - fied Thy word, O'er Thy name Thou blessed Lord;
3. He tho' high re-spects the low, But the proud far off doth know;
4. Lord, Thy mer - cy nev - er ends, Thro' all a - ges it ex - tends;



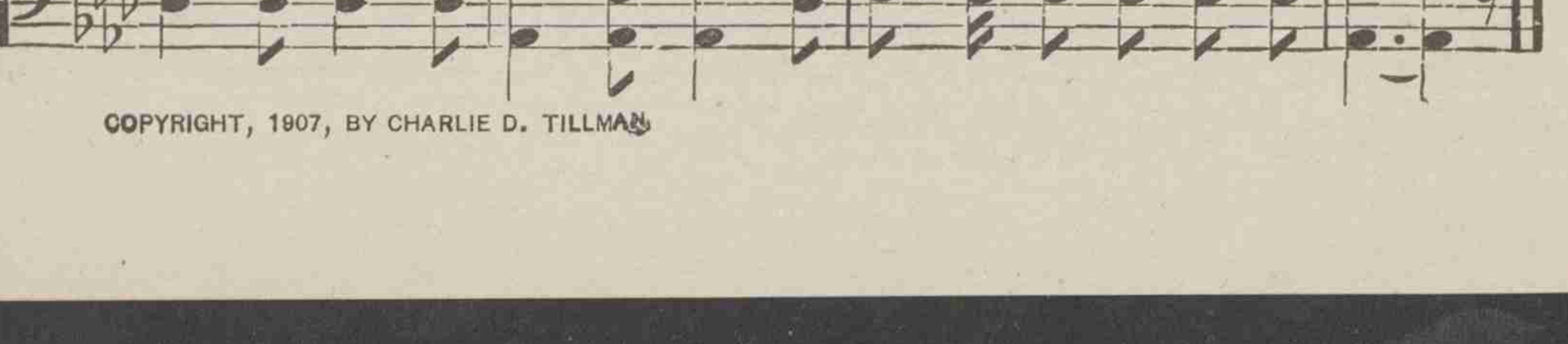
Wor - ship in Thy ho - ly place, Praise Thee for Thy truth and grace.
Thou didst an - swer when I cried, And my soul with strength sup-plied.
Tho' great troub-le round me roll, Thou wilt yet re - vive my soul.
On Thy servant pit - y take, Thine hand work do not for - sake.



CHORUS.



Kings of earth shall give Thee praise, When they learn from Thee Thy ways;



In Je-ho-vahs ways shall sing, For great is our Lord, and our King.

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170 Bring the Lost to Jesus.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Seek the lost ones, bring them un - to Je - sus, For He loves the dear ones a - stray; They who wan - der from the fold of safe - ty,
2. Find the stray - ing, they who walk in dark-ness, For they need the light from a - bove; Plead with those who still re - fuse the gos - pel,
3. Talk to those who seem to be in - diff-'rent, Point them to that home on high; Tell them of His pow'r to save a sin - ner,

Go and bring them back to Him to - day.
Tell to them the sto - ry of His love.
He'll re - ceive them and their needs sup - ply.

CHORUS.

Go and bring the lost to Je-sus, Those who are a - stray to - day;
Go and bring the lost to Je - sus, Those who are a - stray to - day;

They are faint - ing now with hunger: Lead them to the narrow way.
They are fainting now with hunger: Lead them to the narrow way.

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171 Let All the People Praise Thee.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. O mag - ni - fy the Lord with me Ye peo - ple of His choice,
2. O praise Him for His ho - li - ness, His wis-dom and His grace;
3. Had I a thousand tongues to sing The half could ne'er be told

Let all to whom He lend - eth breath Now in His name re - joice;
Sing prais - es for the pre - cious blood Which ransomed all our race;
Of love so rich, so full and free, Of bless-ings man - i - fold;

For love's blest rev - e - la - tion, For rest from con - dem-na - tion,
In ten - der-ness He sought us From depths of sin He brought us,
Of grace that fail - eth nev - er, Peace flow - ing as a riv - er,

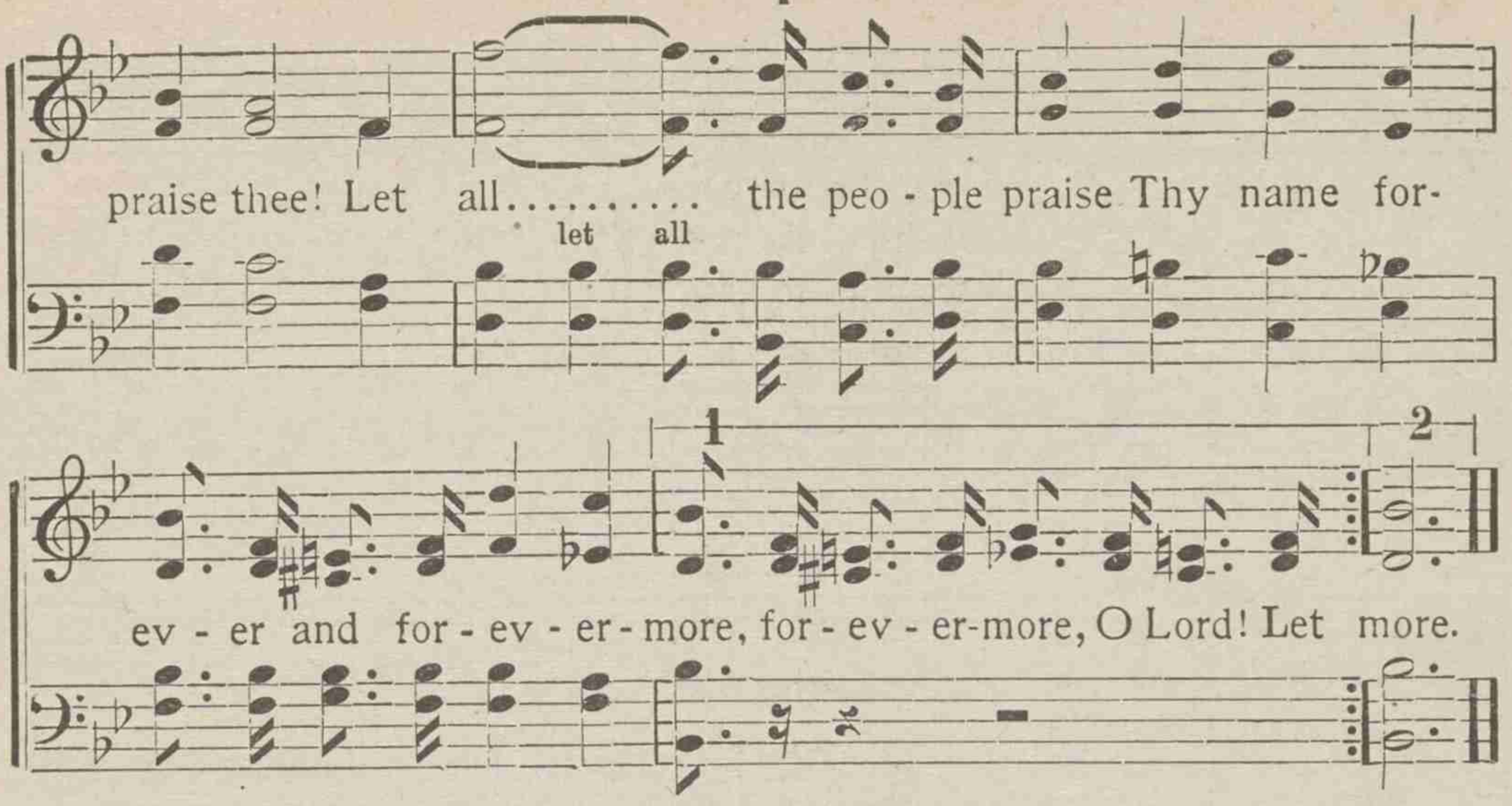
For ut - ter - most sal - va - tion, To Him give thanks.
The way of life then taught us, To Him give thanks.
From God the glo - rious giv - er, To Him give thanks.
to Him give thanks.

Chorus:
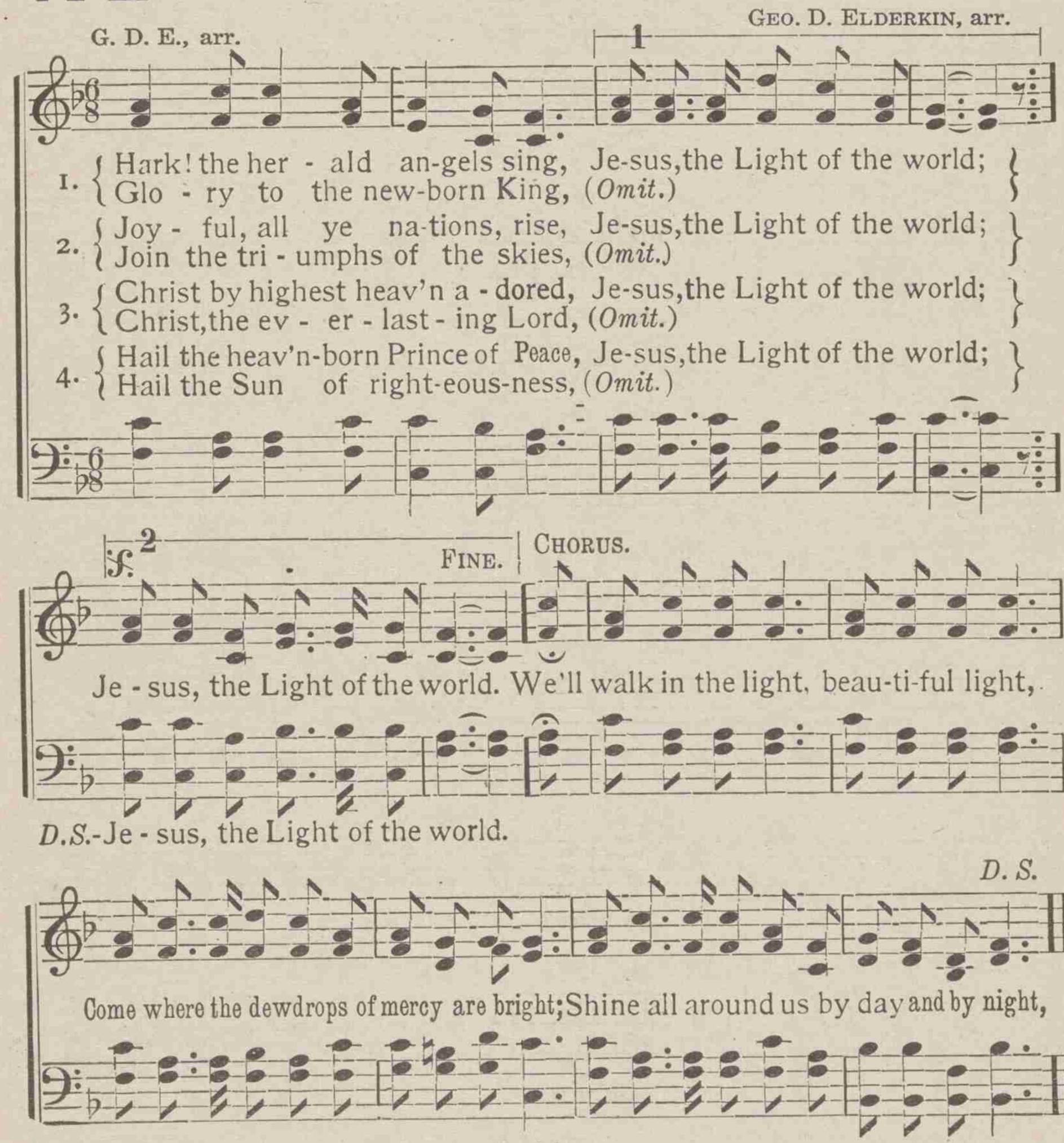
Let all..... the peo - ple praise Thee, Let all..... the peo - ple
let all let all

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Let All the People Praise Thee.



172 Jesus, the Light of the World.



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173 THE CLOUD AND FIRE.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. As of old, when the hosts of Is - ra - el Were compelled in the wil-der-ness to dwell,
2. To and fro, as a ship without a sail, Not a compass to guide them thro' the vale,
3. All the days of their wand'rings they were fed, To the land of the promise they were led;

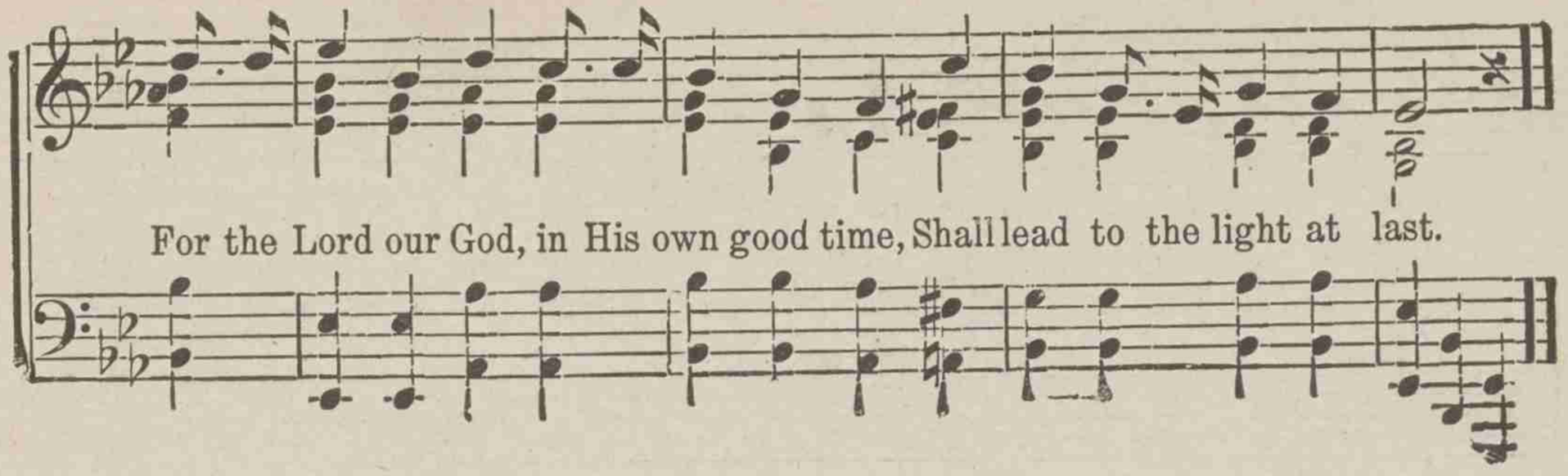
Trust-ing they in their God to lead the way To the light of per-fect day;
But the sign of their God was ev - er near, Thus their fainting hearts to cheer.
By the hand of the Lord in guidance sure, They were bro't to Ca-naan's shore.

CHORUS. Unison.

So the sign of the fire by night, And the sign of the cloud by day,
Hov'ring o'er, just be - fore, As they jour-ney on their way,
Shall a guide and a lead - er be, Till the wil-der - ness be past,

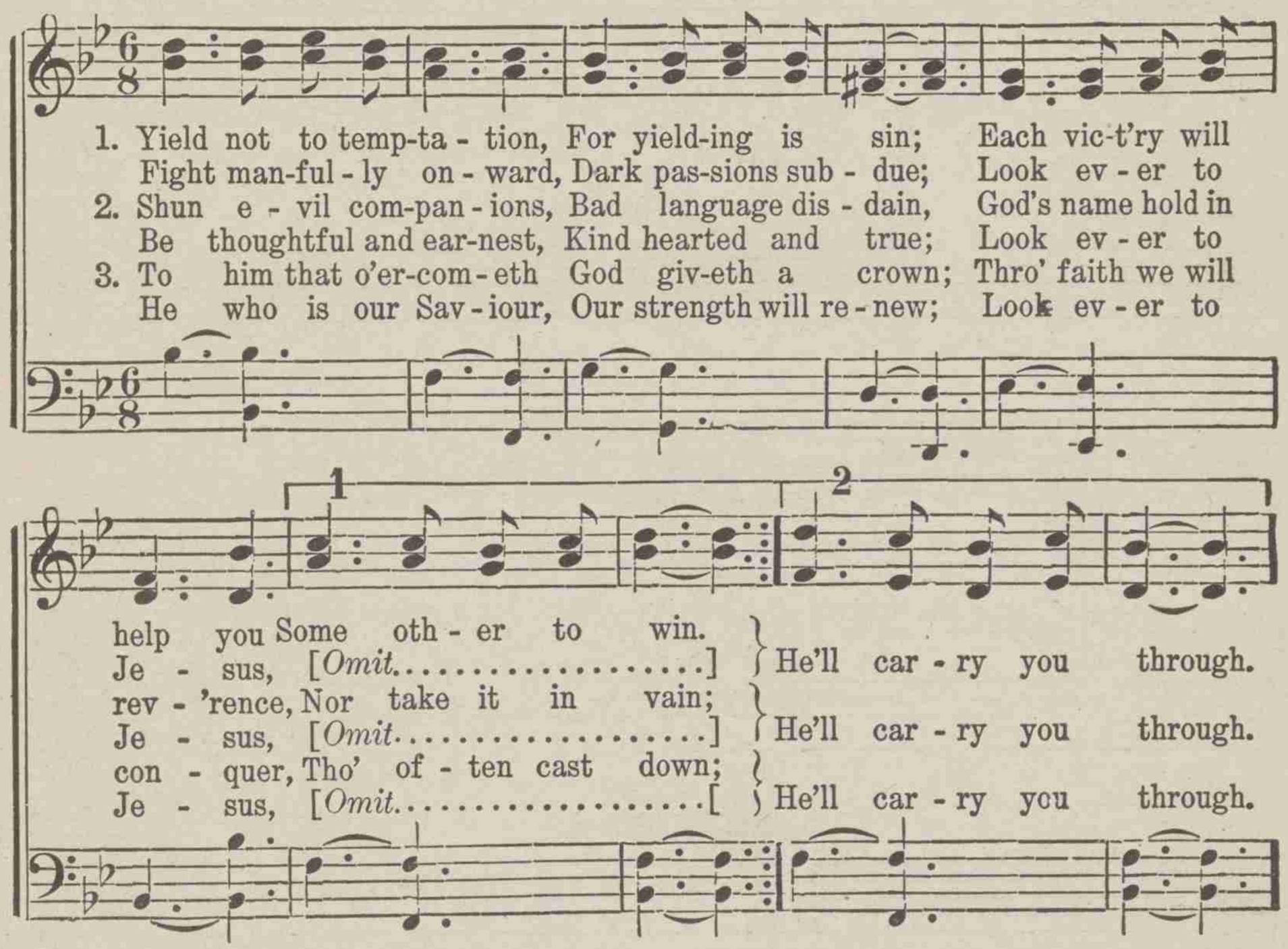
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THE CLOUD AND FIRE. Concluded.



174 YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

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



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175 If I Am Faithful to the End.

MRS. JULIA A. WILLIAMS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Mine eyes shall see the King in all His beau - ty o - ver there, The
2. In res - ur - rec - tion glo - ry will be giv - en un - to me A
3. Then fare thee on with Him, my soul—the jour - ney soon is o'er; He'll

shin - ing hosts of heav - en who His glo - ry ev - er share, The
crown of life, the spot - less robe of im - mor - tal - i - ty, An
guide thee safe - ly all the way to yon - der bliss - ful shore, And

mansions that our blessed Lord and Sav - ior doth prepare, If I am on - ly
un - de-filed in - her - it - ance thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, If I am on - ly
thou shalt sing His praises with the loved ones gone before, If thou art on - ly
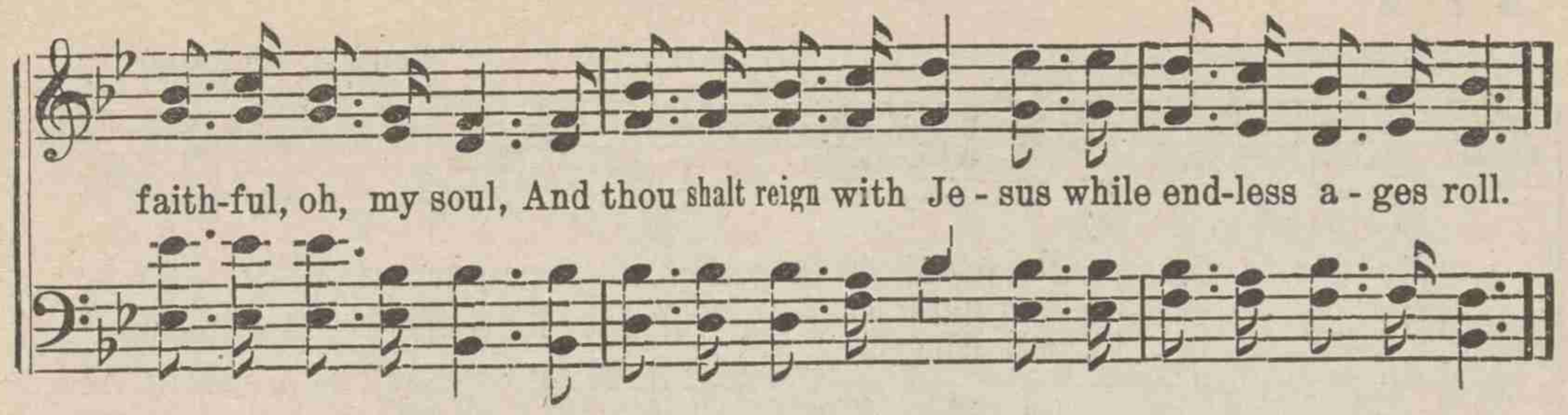
CHORUS.

faith - ful to the end. He that en - dur - eth to the end shall be saved!

He that en - dur-eth his name shall be engraved on the hands of God Be

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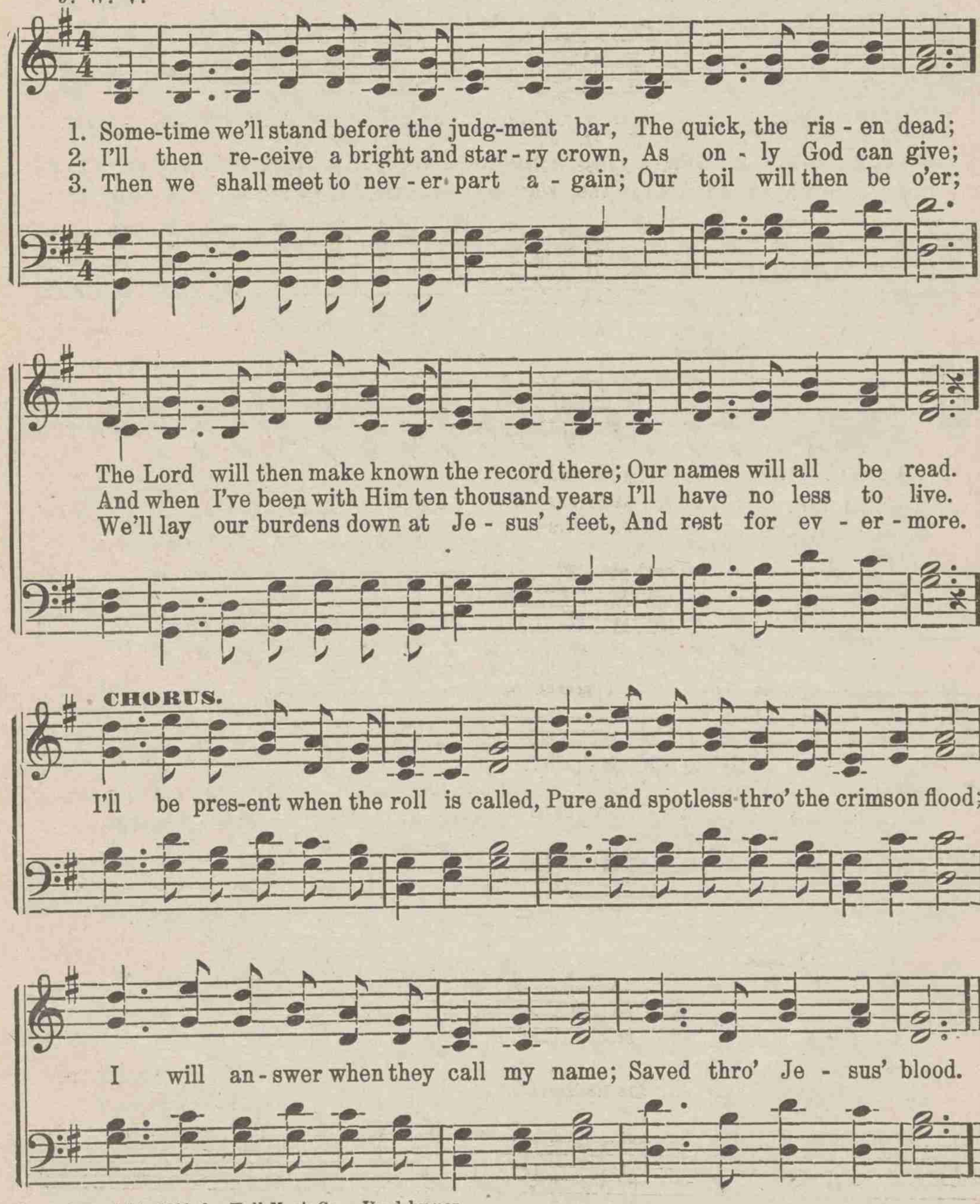
If I Am Faithful to the End. Concluded.



176 Saved Through Jesus' Blood.

J. W. V.

J. W. Van DeVenter.



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177 Glory to Jesus.

HARRIET E. JONES. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. Glo - ry to Je-sus, His word is true, My sins are pardoned my heart is
2. Glo - ry to Je-sus, who died to save, For poor lost sinners His life He
3. Glo - ry to Je-sus, whose name is love, The King of glory who reigns a-

new, I love the Sav - ior, He smiles on me, Glo - ry to Je - sus for
gave, Fount of all mer - cy, so full and free, My blest re-deem-er saves
bove, The blood-wash'd sinner, His home may share, Glo - ry to Je - sus my

CHORUS.
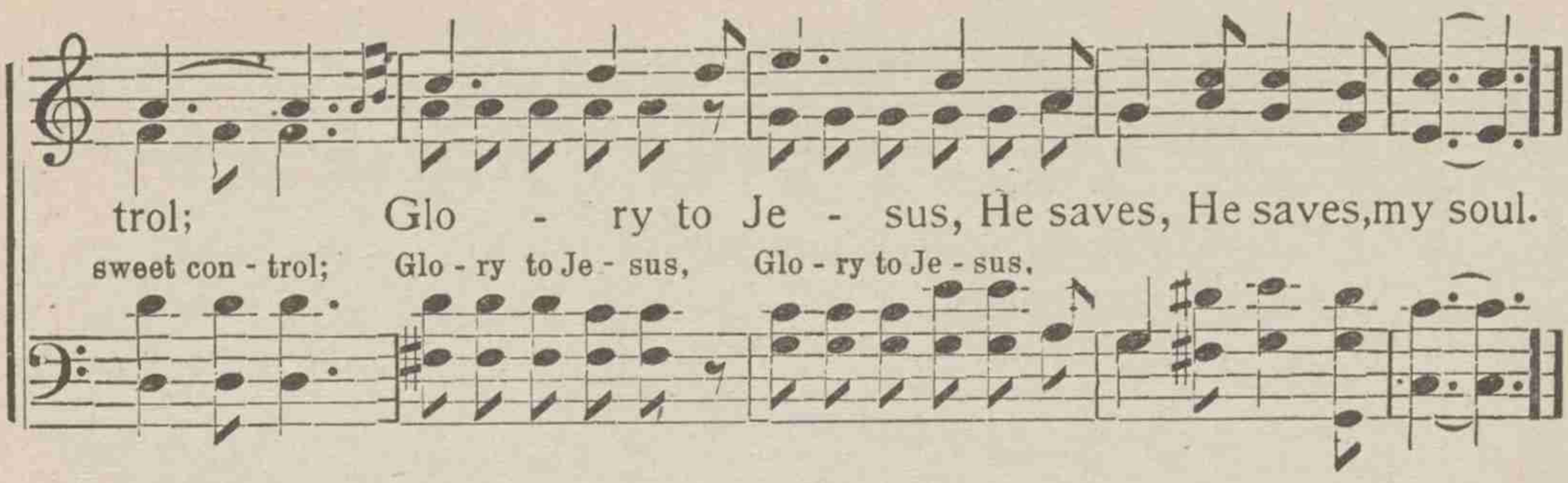
love so free.
é - ven me. Glo - ry to Je - - sus His love— O, how
name is there. Glo-ry to Je - sus, glo - ry to Je - sus, His love O, how sweet,

sweet, Fount of all bless - ing, Joy, joy com-
O, how sweet, Fount of all blessing, fount of all bless-ing, O, joy com-plete,

plete,..... His ho - ly spir - it holds sweet con-
joy com - plete, His ho - ly spir - it His ho - ly spir - it holds sweet control,

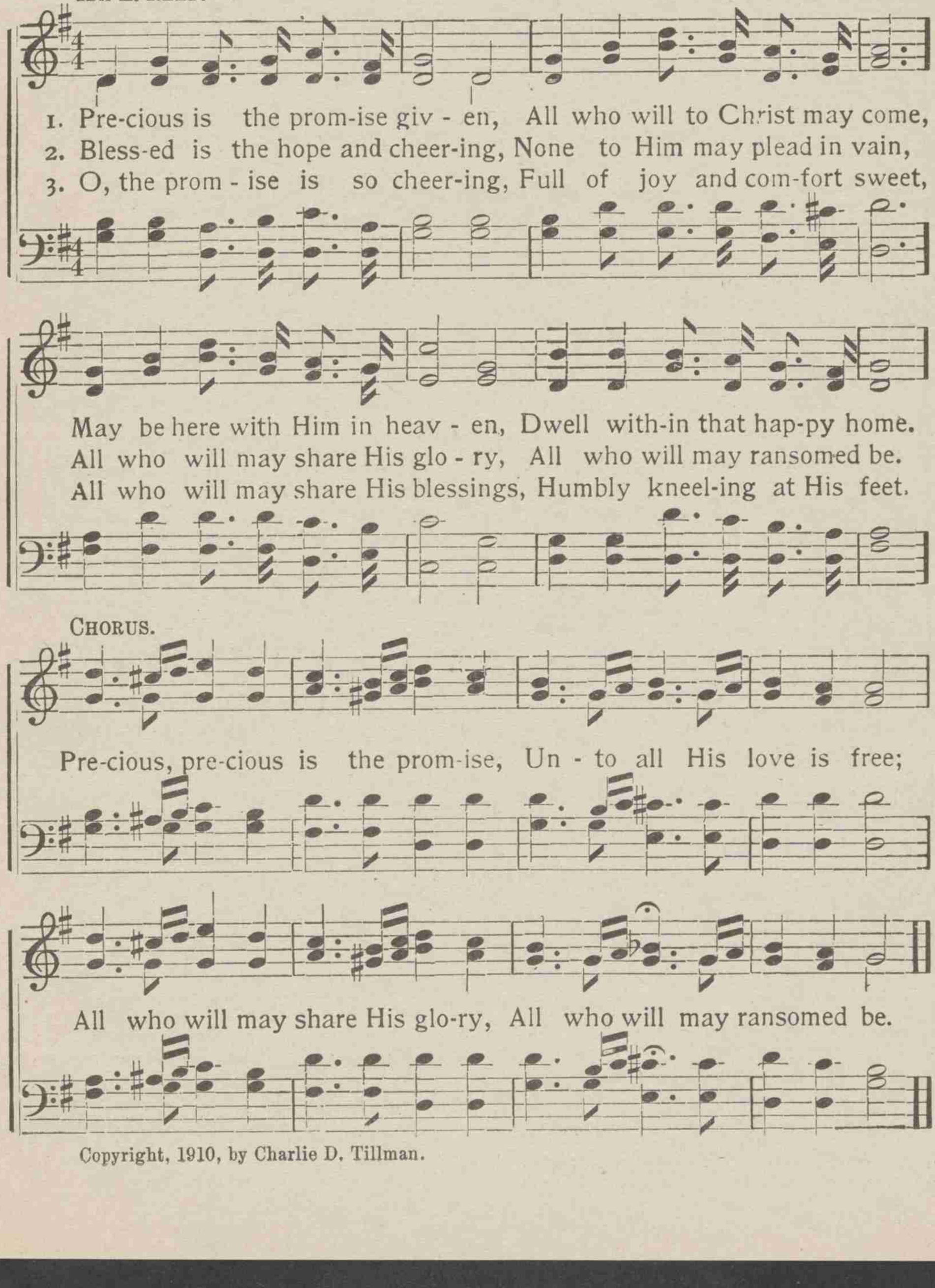
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Glory to Jesus.



178 Precious is the Promise.

IDA L. REED. FRED A. FILLMORE.



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179 Soldiers of the King.

L. R. M.

LILY RUTHERFORD MORRIS.

1. We are marching on, ten thousand strong, To bat - tle for the Lord;
2. Willing workers, come, let ev - 'ry one Step ont for God and love;
3. We are marching on, a gladsome throng Of Christian soldiers brave;

In His name we fight for the cause of right, Ac-cord-ing to His word;
Just a word in need, or a kind - ly seed, Makes vict'ry forward move;
To the front we go with our hearts aglow, O see our ban - ner wave;

Gath'ring up each day, a - long the way, Re-cruits for Him so true,
Nev - er fail to do what is asked of you, It may be just a smile,
Yes, the foe we'll meet, but oh, how sweet To conquer for the right!

O soldiers brave with cheer and hope to saue, O come there'r need of you.
'Twill help to win the fight that you are in, Your part is well worth while.
With hearts sincere, be there no need to fear, Suf - fi-cient in His might.

CHORUS.

Sing,..... O sing, Make glad hal-le-lu-jahs ring,
Sing glad hal-le-lu - jahs, sing, sing, sing, ring in joy - ful song,

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Soldiers of the King.

As we march a-long, let us shout in song The prais-es of our King; Yes,

sing,..... O sing, Make glad hal-le-lu - jahs ring;

sing glad hal-le-lu - jahs, sing as you march a-long,

So we march a-long, Shout His praise in song, O sol-diers of the King.

180 This World Is Not My Home.

(As sung by Misses Taylor & Jeanette.)

Arr. by Mrs. JOHN T. BENSON.

1. I have left the land of death and sin, The road that ma-ny trav - el in;
2. There are some who would my progess stay, And beg me not to fight or pray;
3. O sin - ner, come and go with me, And seek this land of lib - er - ty;

CHO.—*This world, this world is not my home, I seek a cit - y fair to come,*

D. C. Cho.

And if you ask the rea-son why, I seek a glorious home on high.
I dare not list - en to their cry, I seek a glorious home on high.
Oh, do not stay, but tell me why You do not seek this home on high?

This world is not my rest-ing place, This world, this world is not my home.

Copyright, 1908, by John T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

181 The Fight is On.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trum - pet sound is ring-ing out, The cry "To
2. The fight is on, a - rouse, ye soldiers brave and true! Je - ho - vah
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry; The bow of

arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing
leads, and vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go, buck-le on the ar - mor
prom - ise spans the eastern sky; His glo-rious name in ev - 'ry

on to vic - to - ry, The tri - umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en-dure.
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 a -

ray, With ar - mor gleaming, and col - ors streaming, The right and

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The Fight is On.

Harmony.

wrong en - gage to - day! The fight is on, but be not

wea - ry; Be strong, and in His might hold fast; If God be

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

182 When I Survey.

ISAAC WATTS. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glory died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down,
4. Were all the realm of nature mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;

My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or throns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

183 Be Ye Reconciled to God.

E. E. HEWITT. DAN. WARD MILAM.

1. In the name of the Sav - ior who died on the cross, Oh, be ye
2. By the blood our Re-deem-er on Cal - va - ry shed, Oh, be ye
3. We are am - bas - sa-dors for the King of all grace, Oh, be ye
4. He is will - ing to par - don the sins of the past, Oh, be ye

rec-on-ciled, be rec-on-ciled to God; For He died to re-deem you from
rec-on-ciled, be rec-on-ciled to God; Like a lamb to the slaugh-ter for
rec-on-ciled, be rec-on-ciled to God; While He calls to your heart, seek the
rec-on-ciled, be rec-on-ciled to God; He is a - ble to keep you while

sor - row and loss, Then be rec - on - ciled to God.
you He was led, Then be rec - on - ciled to God.
light of His face, Then be rec - on - ciled to God.
tri - als shall last, Then be rec - on - ciled to God.
be rec-on-ciled to God.
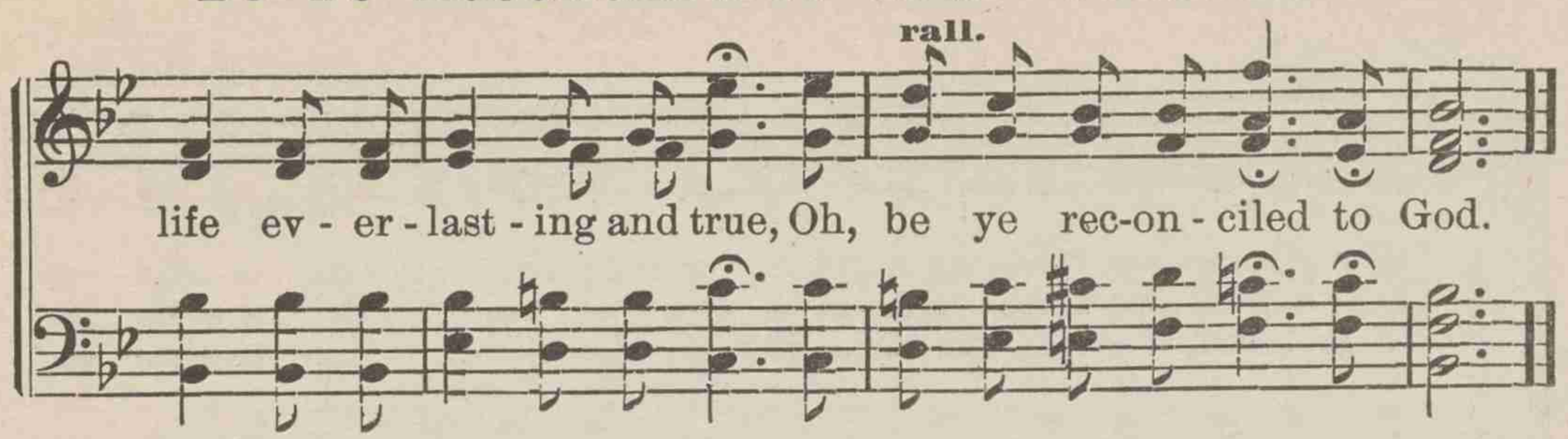
CHORUS.

As if God were be-seech - ing, we're plead-ing with you, Oh,

be ye rec -on-ciled, be rec - on-ciled to God; For in Je - sus is

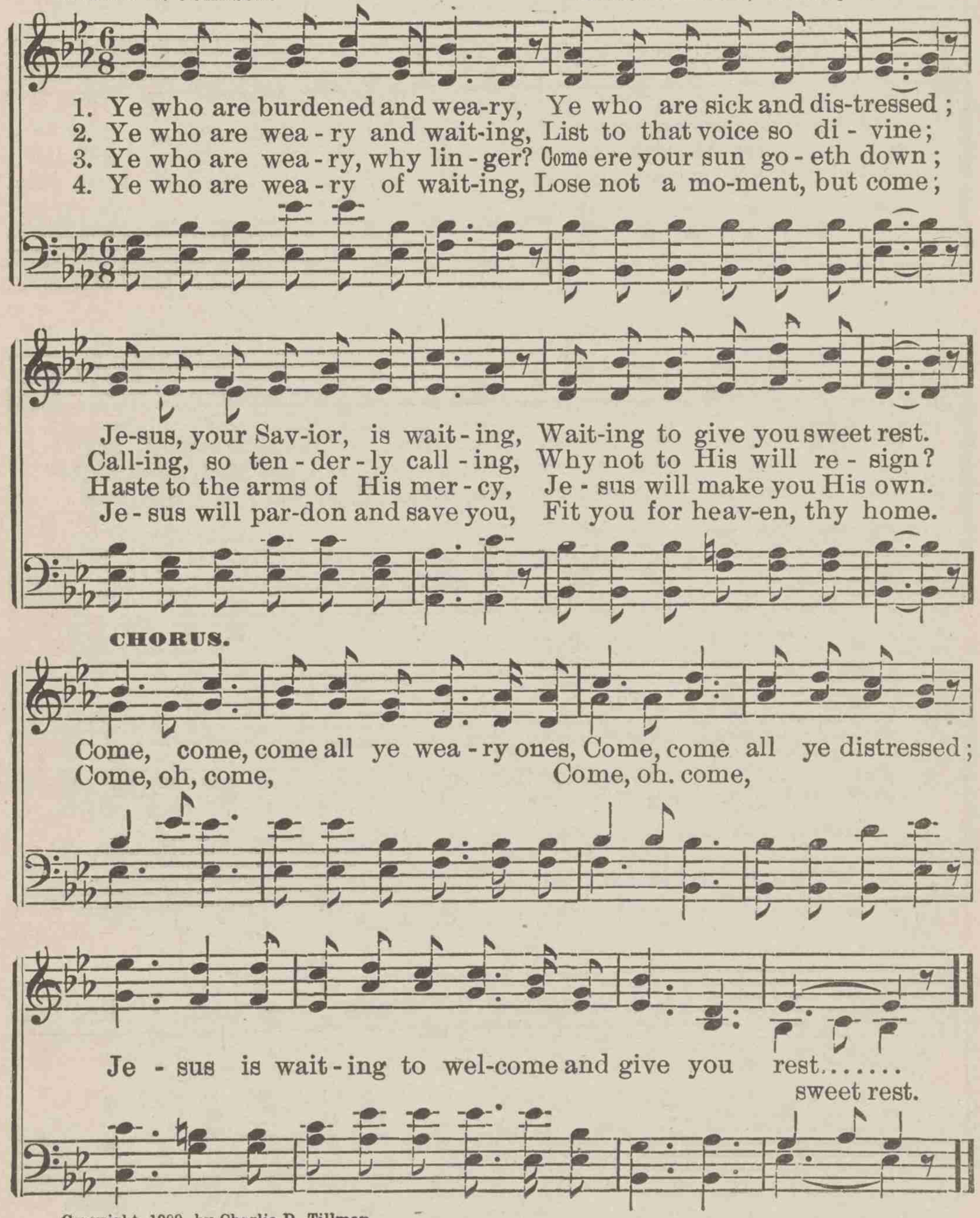
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Be Ye Reconciled to God. Concluded.



184 Come, All Ye Weary.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON. E. L. OZENDORFF, Arr. by C. D. T.



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185 This Is the Reaping Time.

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

1. Fields with har-vest bend-ing wait our hands to-day, God is reap-ers
2. To a weak-er broth-er reach a help-ing hand, By a smile as-
3. Win some souls for Je-sus while the sun is high; Har-vest time so

send-ing—bear some sheaves a-way; Gold-en har-vest wast-ing, la-bor-
sist him for the right to stand; Be a will-ing work-er, nev-er
pre-cious swift is pass-ing by; Go not emp-ty hand-ed forth your

ers are few, Hear the Mas-ter call-ing: "Christ hath need of you!"
du-ty shun, This re-ward suf-fi-cient, Je-sus' blest "Well done!"
Lord to meet, But with ripe sheaves laden'd lay them at His feet.
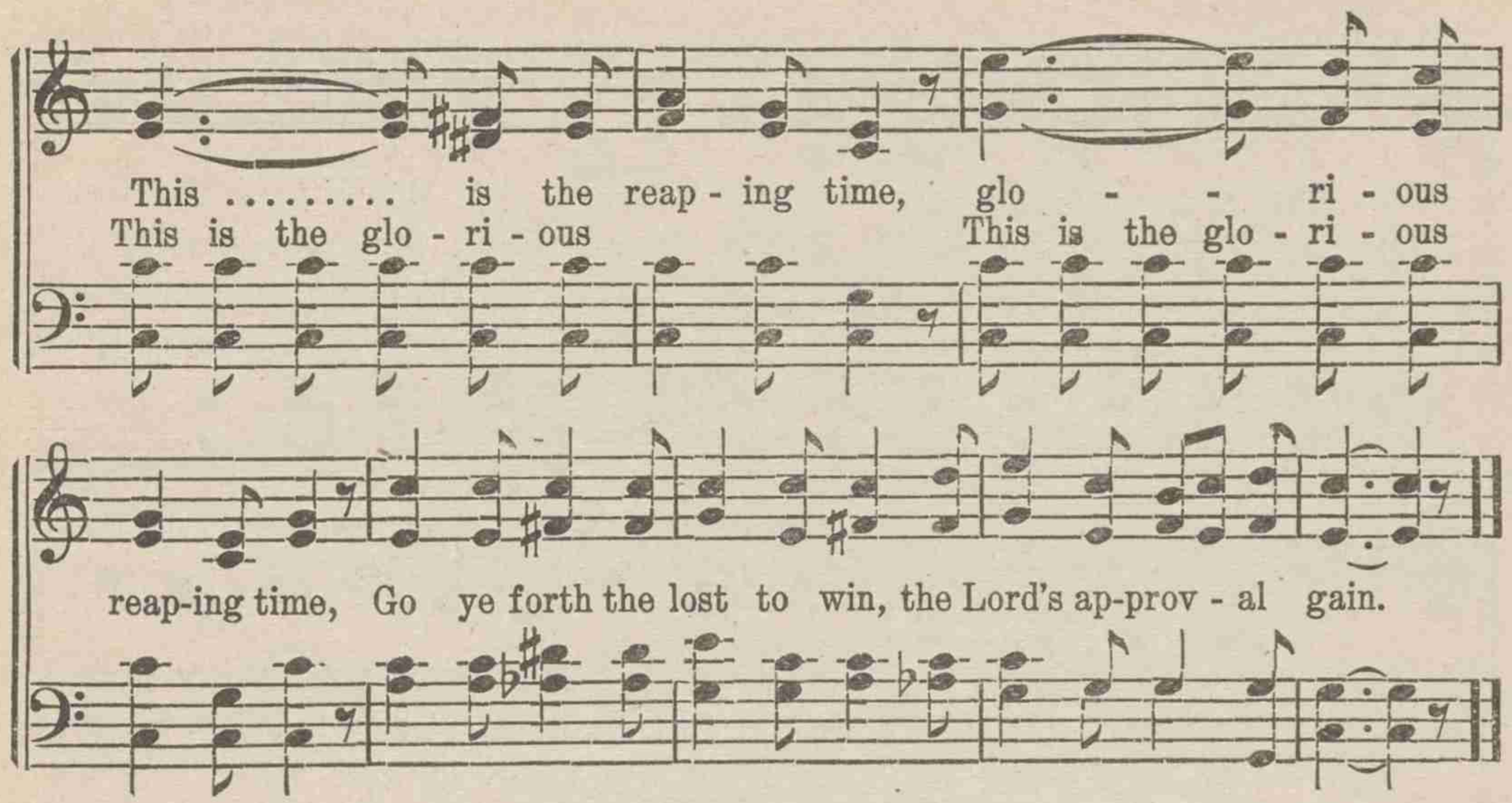
CHORUS.

This..... is the reap-ing time, glo - - ri-ous reap-ing time,
This is the glo-ri-ous This is the glo-ri-ous reap-ing time,

Thrust ye in the sick-le keen, and reap the gold-en grain,
reap the gold-en grain,

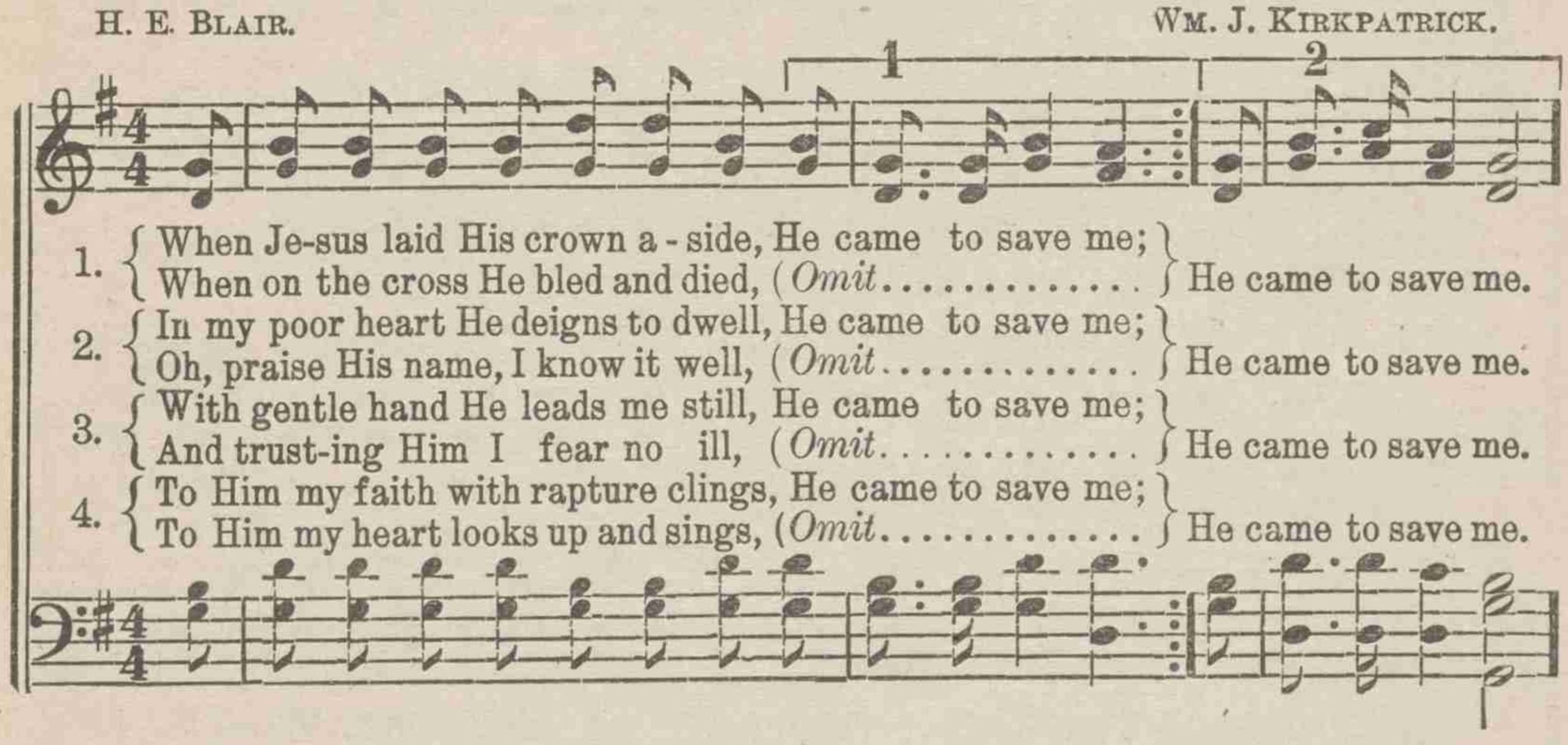
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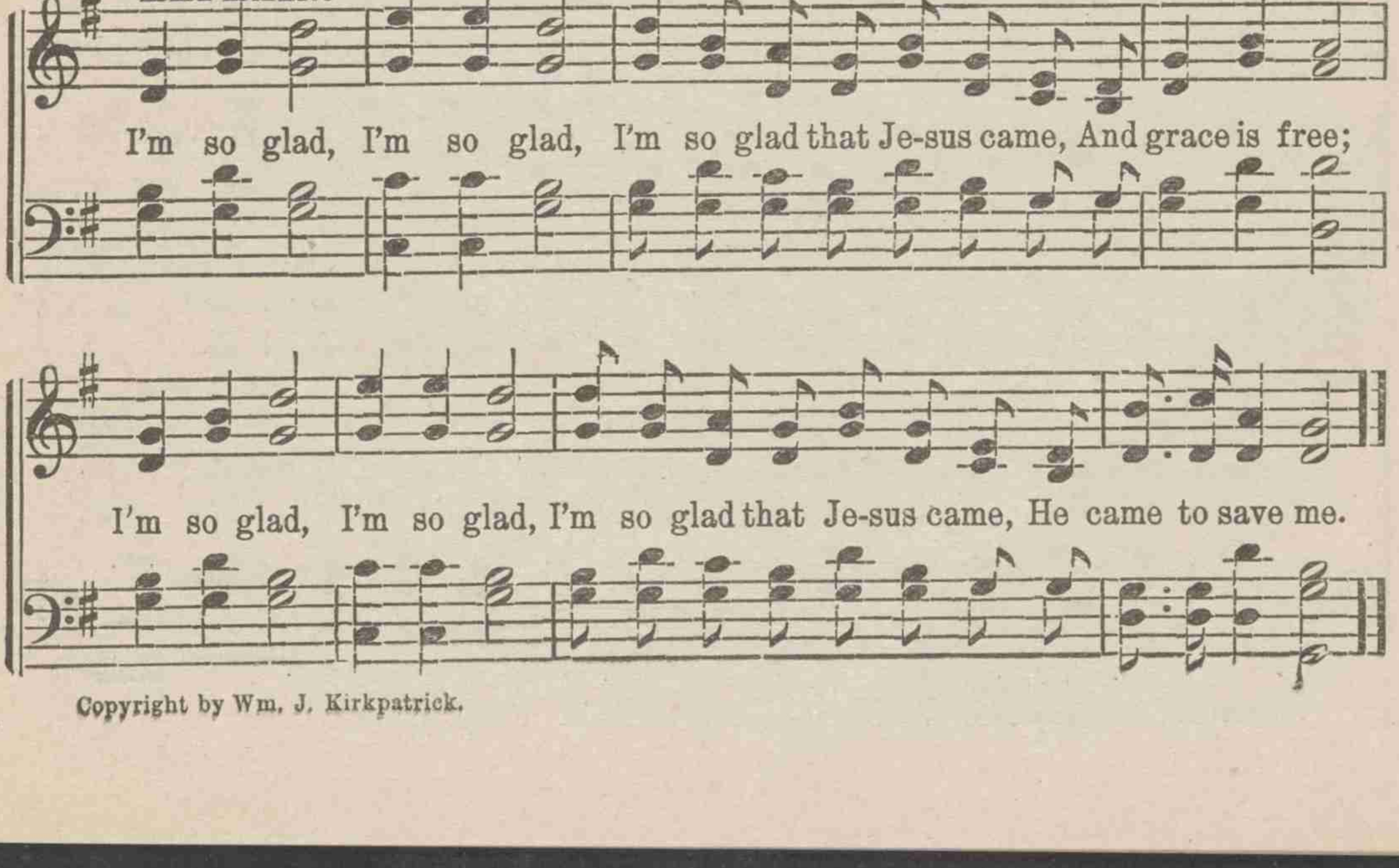
This is the Reaping Time. Concluded.



186 He Came to Save.

H. E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.





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187 Behold the Harvest Field.

E. E. HEWITT. DAN WARD MILAM.

1. The reap - ers are glad - ly sing - ing, While forth to the
2. So white are the fields of the har - vest; The Mas - ter in-
3. O, go forth to be a bless - ing Wher - ev - er His

har - vest they're go - ing, Gath - er - ing grain from the val-ley plain,
vites us to la - bor; Watch will He keep while you sow or reap;
Spir - it shall guide you; Tell of the love of the King a-bove,

While the bright day beams are glow-ing; A mes-sage is borne on
Cheer - ful - ly help - ing your neighbor; Go put in your sick - le
Faith - ful what ev - er be - tide you; His won - der-ful pow - er your

ev - 'ry breeze That o - ver the wave is blow ing; Work to be
while you may, And, trusting the Lords tender fav - or, Scat - ter kind
strength shall be, His grace He will dai-ly pro - vide you; Joy shall be

done, and souls to be won; All for the Lord of the har - vest.
deeds re - liev - ing sad needs; All for the Lord of the har - vest.
yours that ev - er en-dures, When comes the Lord of the har - vest.

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Behold the Harvest Field.

CHORUS.

Reap-ers for the Mas - ter, Behold the harvest field; Seeds that you have plant-ed, Shall rich abundahce yield; Onward press with singing, The Master's call o-bey. With gladness hear the Master say, Go work, go work to-day.

188 The Great Physician.

WM. HUNTER. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The great Phy-si - cian now is near, The sym pa-thiz-ing Je - sus;
   He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O, hear the voice of Je - sus.
2. Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, O, hear the voice of Je - sus;
   Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be - lieve in Je - sus;
   I love the bless - ed Sav-ior's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
4. And when to that bright world above, We rise to see our Je - sus,
   We'll sing around the throne of love His name, the name of Je - sus.

D.C.— *Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.*
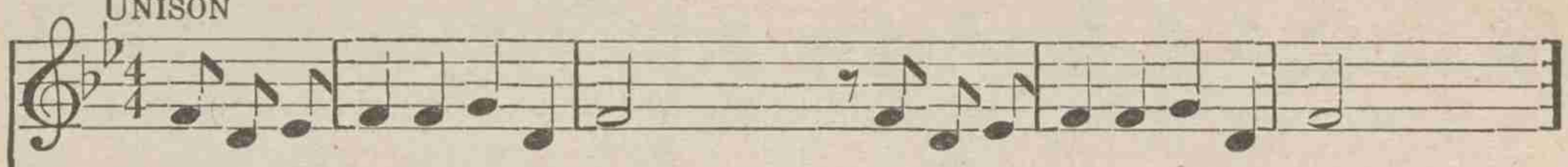
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Sweet - est note of ser - aph song, Sweetest name on mor - tal tongue, D. C.
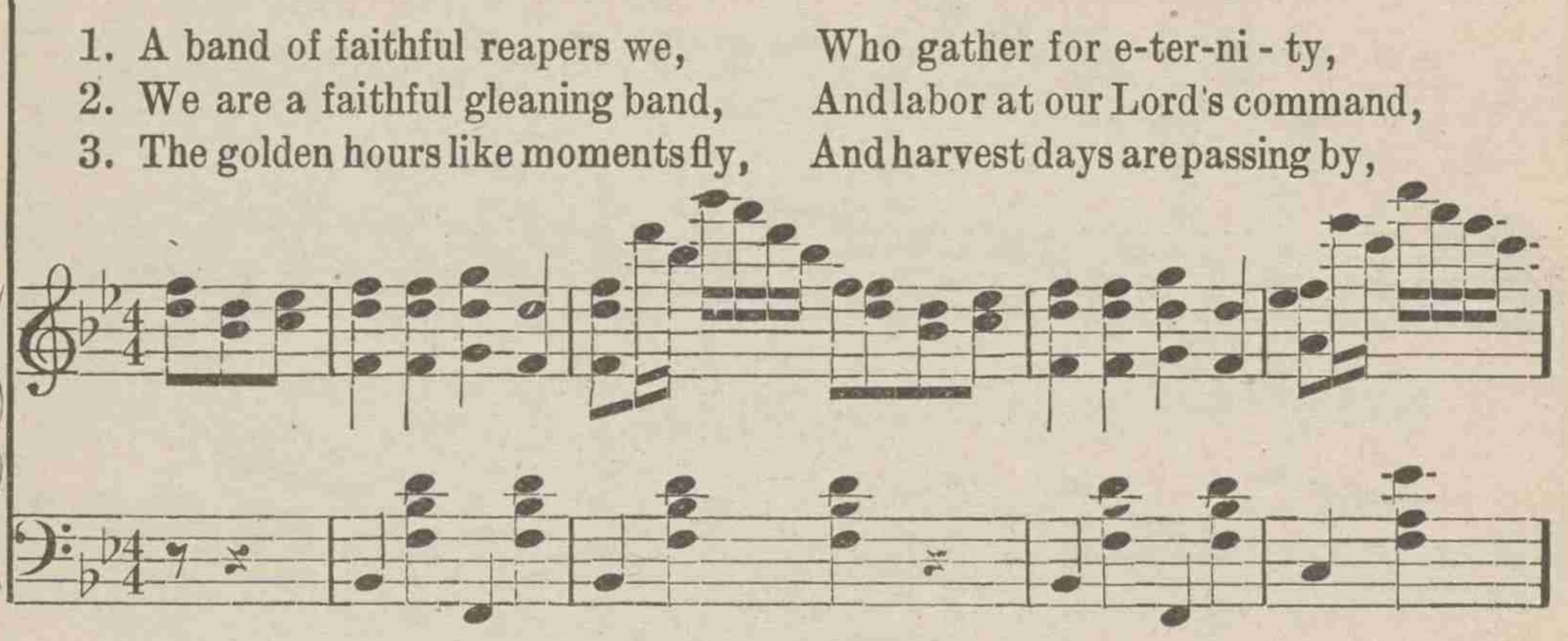
189 To the Harvest Field.
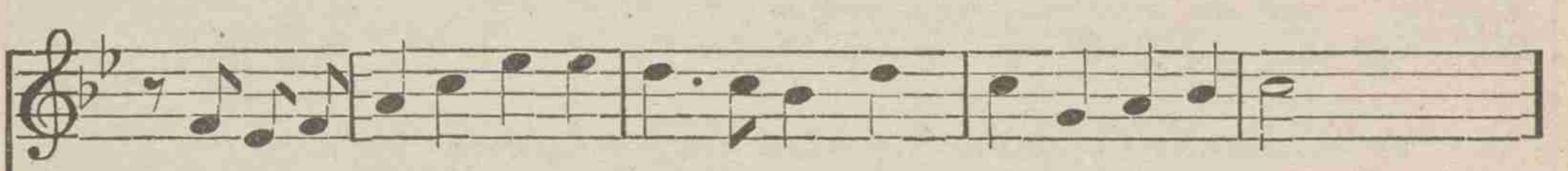
C. H. G.
UNISON

Chas. H. Gabriel.
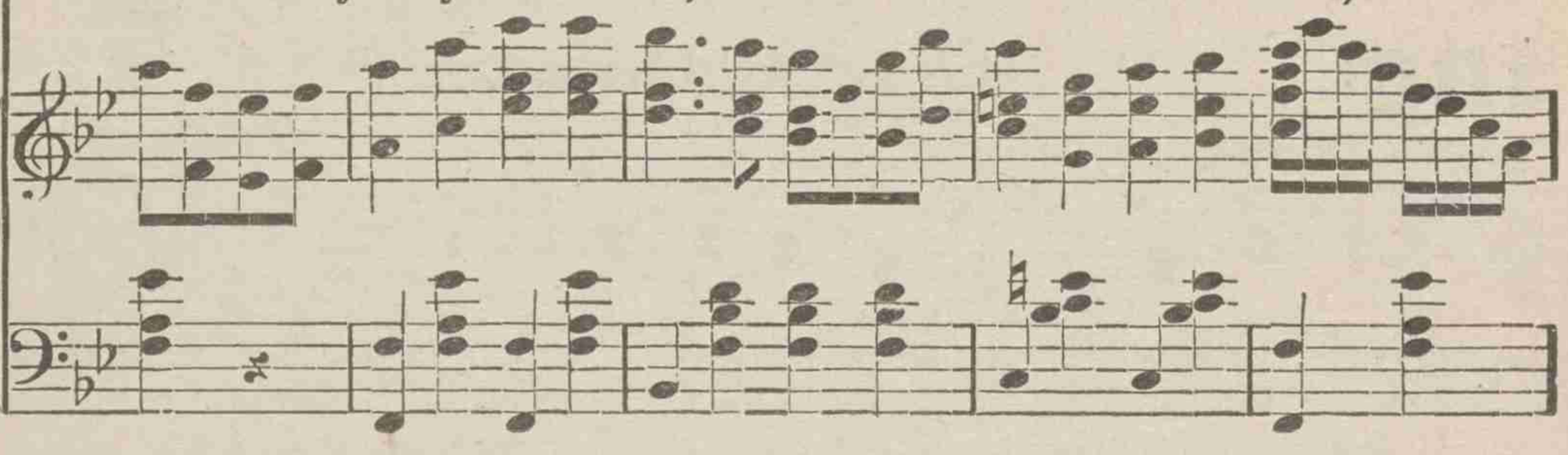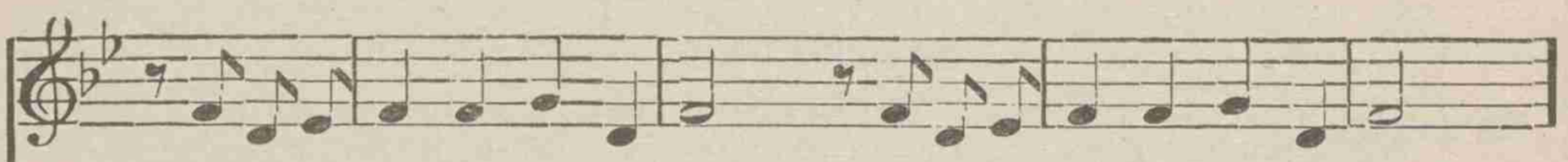


1. A band of faithful reapers we, Who gather for e-ter-ni - ty,
2. We are a faithful gleaning band, And labor at our Lord's command,
3. The golden hours like moments fly, And harvest days are passing by,
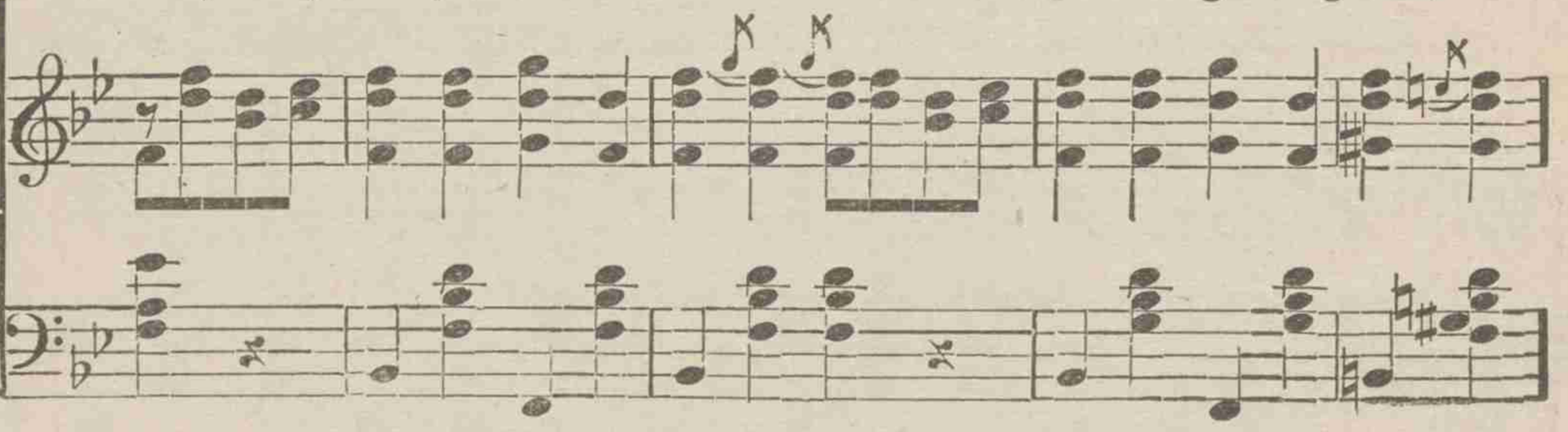




The golden sheaves of ripened grain From ev'ry valley, hill and plain;
Unyielding, loyal, tried and true, For lo! the reapers are but few;
Then take thy rusty sickle down, And la - bor for a fadeless crown;



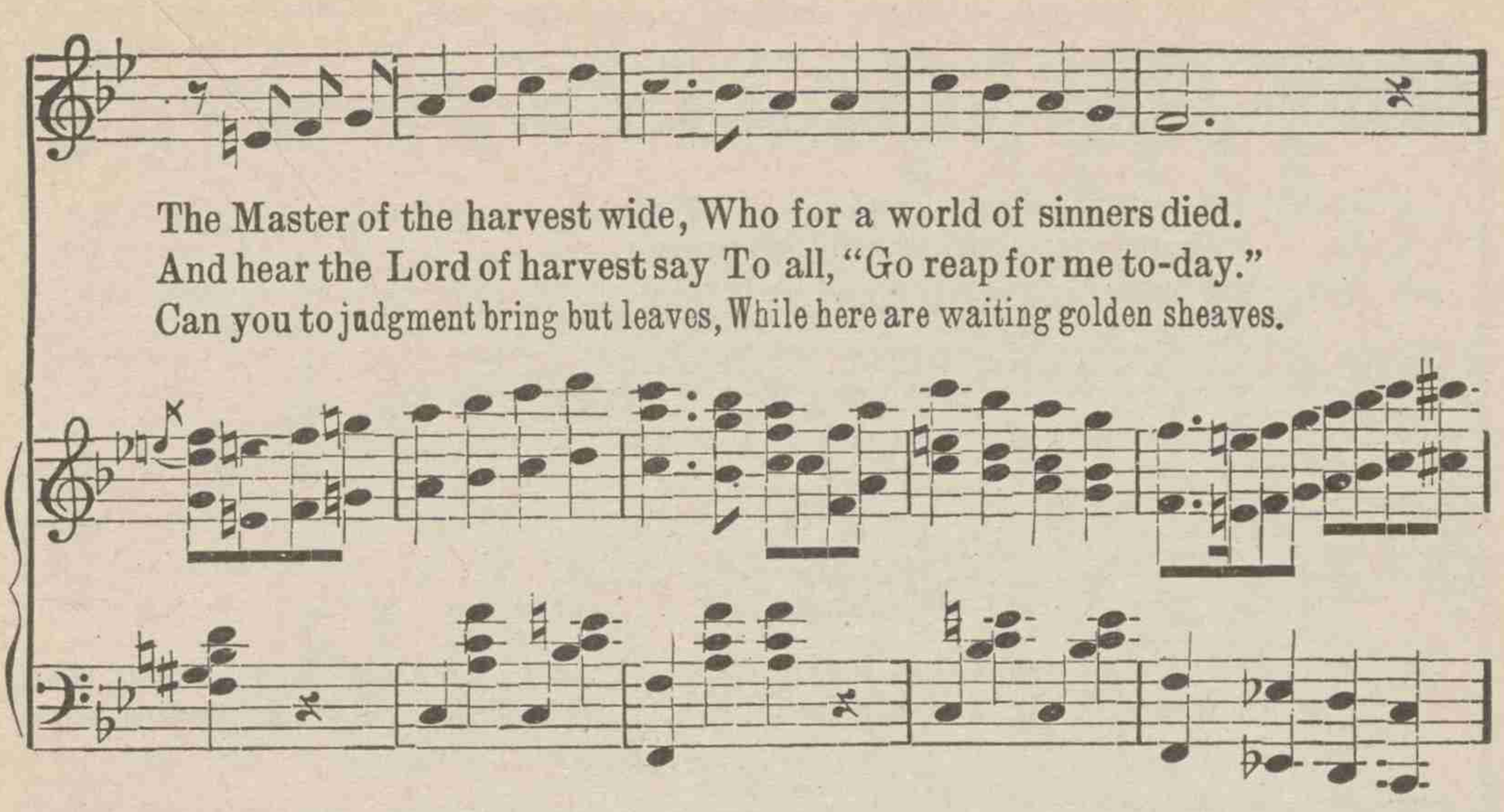


Our song is one the reapers sing, In honor of the Lord and King—
Be-hold the waving harvest field A-bundant with a gold - en yield;
Why will you idly stand and wait? Be-hold the hour is growing late!
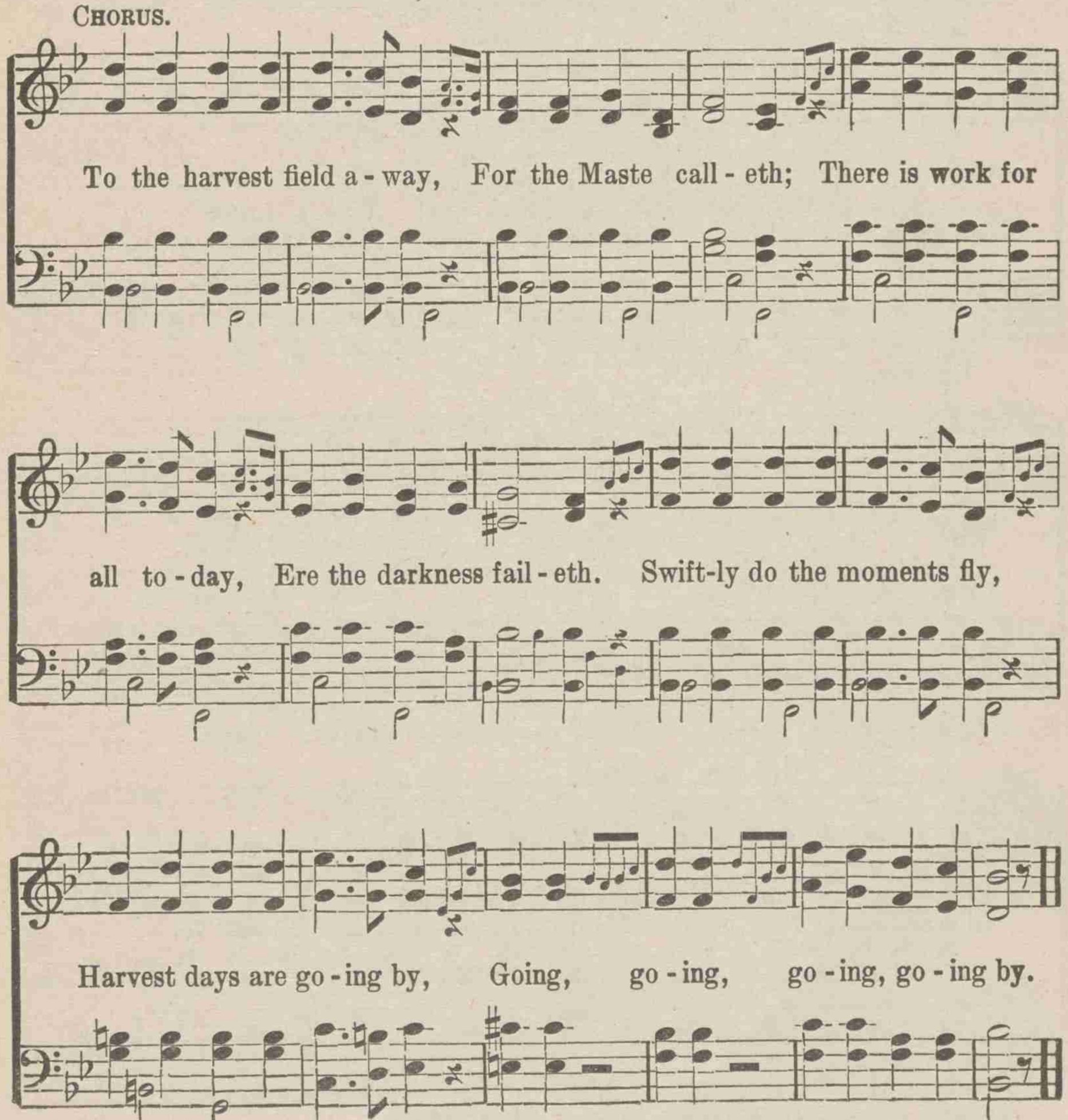


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To the Harvest Field.



CHORUS.



190 Reapers are Needed.

C. H. G.

The original imitation of which is attempted in some other books.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Stand-ing in the mark-et plac-es all the sea-son thro', Id-ly say-ing
2. Ev - 'ry sheaf you gath-er will be-come a jew-el bright In the crown you
3. Morn-ing hours are pass-ing and the ev'n-ing fol-lows fast; Soon the time of

"Lord, is there no work that I can do;" O how ma-ny 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 "Reap-ers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"
pre-cious in His sight! "Reap-ers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"
will you go at last? "Reap-ers! 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, Rouse ye, O
Ripe and read-y for the will-ing gleaner's hand, O rouse ye,

Read - y for the glean-er's hand, O

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Reapers are Needed.

sleep-ers! Ye are need-ed as reap-ers! Who will be the first to answer, "Mas-ter, quickly,

here am I." Far and wide the rip-ened

"Mas-ter, here am I." O an-swer! Far and wide the rip - ened

Far and wide the

grain is bend-ing low, In the breez-es gen-tly

grain is bend-ing low, In breez-es, In the breez-es gen - tly

grain bends low, and In the breeze waves

wav-ing to and fro, Rouse ye, O sleep-ers! Ye are need-ed as

wav-ing to and fro, O rouse ye,

to and fro, O

reap-ers, And the gold-en har-vest days are swift-ly pass-ing by.

191 SING FOR JOY.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. EASTER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Sing for joy, O sons of glo-ry, Sing of Him who came to save; Sing the sweet redemption sto-ry, Sing of vic-t'ry o'er the grave! Sing of Je-sus' lov-ing kind-ness, Of His life so pure and strong, Of His won-drous res-ur-rec-tion, And the way to heav'n is plain; Not the grave, nor guard, nor pris-on Long could hold our Je-sus slain. Who hath borne from death its sting, Praise the ris-en Lord of glo-ry, He hath tri-umphed! He is King!

2. Sing of love so great abounding, Fear of death could have no pow'r When the earth-quake echoes sounding, Told of tri-umph in death's hour. It is fin-ished, all is fin-ished And the grave is vic-t'ry won. Tri-umphs o'er the things of time. Praise the Lord! with glad-ness praise Him, Sing for joy, O sons of glo-ry, Sing of Him who came to save.
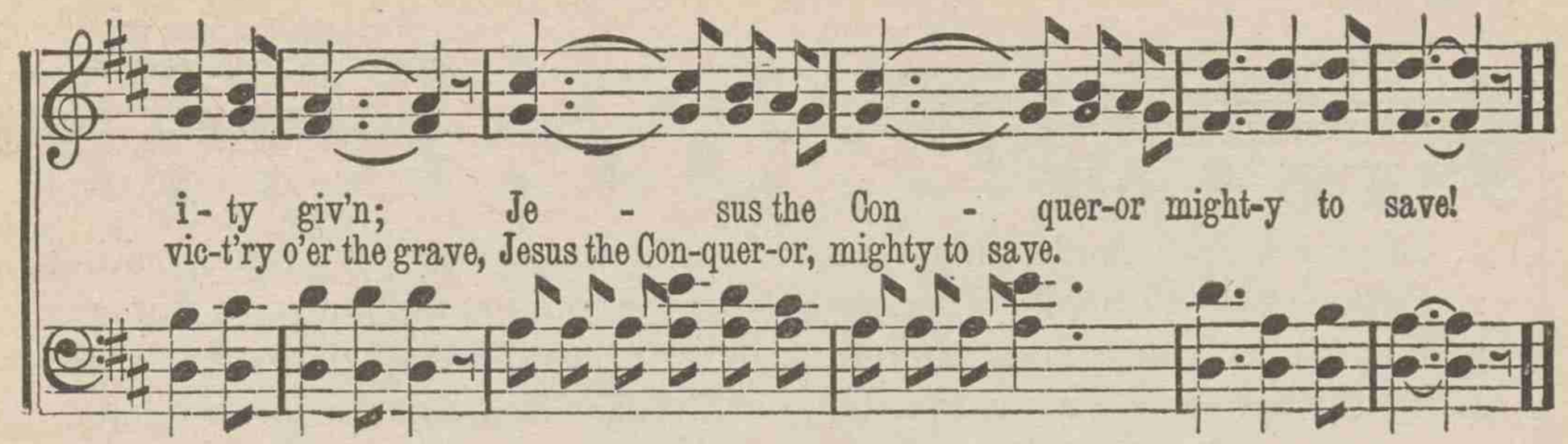
3. Oh, the joy of res-ur-rec-tion! Sing with mel-o-dy sublime! He who met with scorn, re-jec-tion, Tri-umphs o'er the things of time. Praise the Lord! with glad-ness praise Him, Sing for joy, O sons of glo-ry, Sing of Him who came to save.

CHORUS.

Sing for joy,..... O won-der-ful joy!....
Sing for joy, O won-der-ful joy, Joy on earth and joy in heav'n;
Sing of the blessed King of glo-ry! Un-to lost..... hu-man-
Un-to lost hu-man-i-ty giv'n Sing of His

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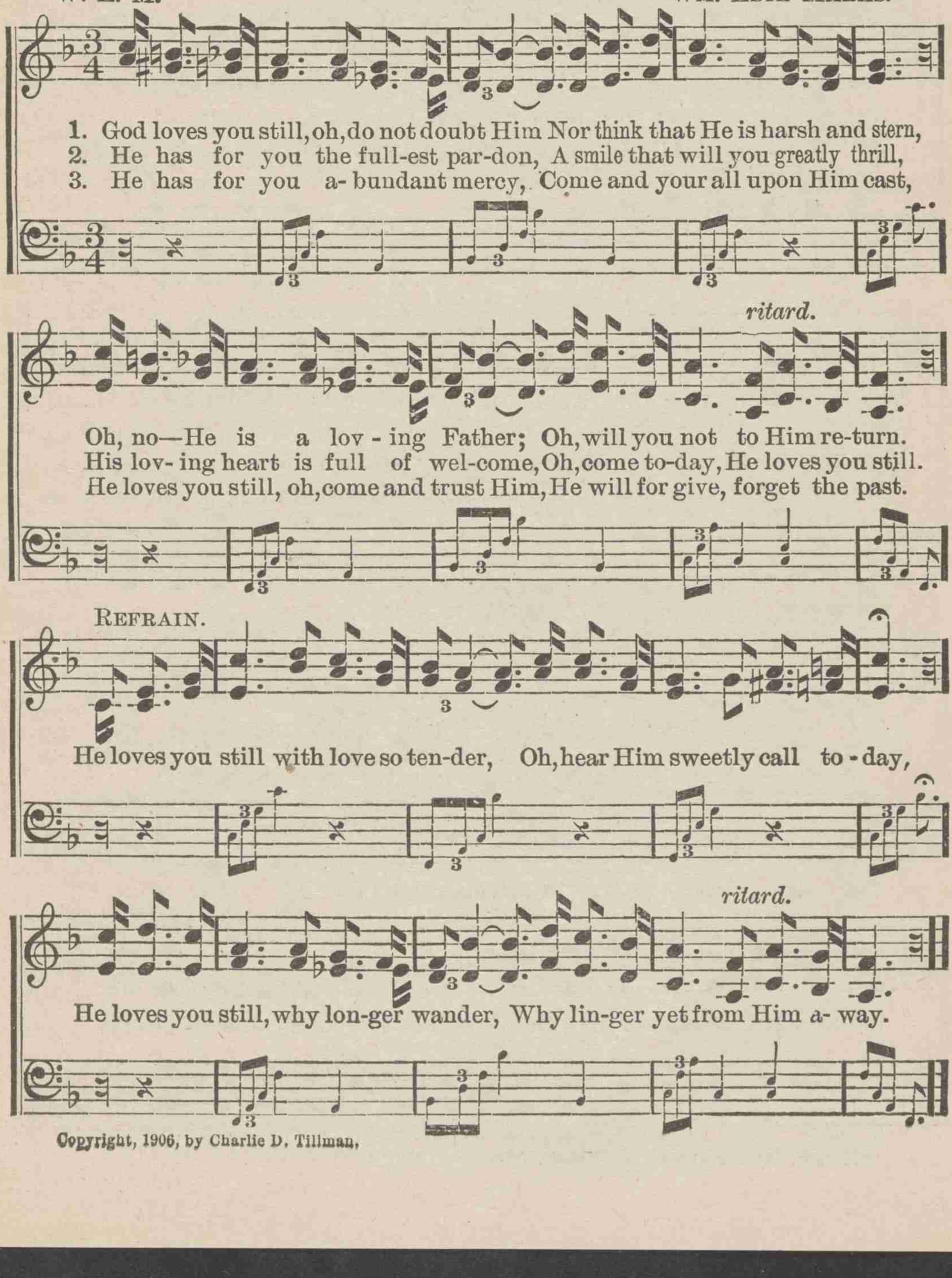
Sing For Joy.—Concluded.



192 HE LOVES YOU STILL.

DUET FOR SOPRANO AND ALTO.

W. E. M. WM. EDIE MARKS.



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193 Tell the Story.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.
Cho. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Have you seen the surging masses, As they wander ev-'ry where, Seeking
2. Far a - way in heathen darkness, Hear the teeming millions cry, For a
3. Can we leave them thus, un-noticed In their darkness and despair; Is there
4. To the res - cue we must hasten, For the dear Redeemer's sake, Spread a-

pleasure and contentment all in vain, In the world they seek enjoyment
ray of light to shine from heav'n above; They have never heard the sto-ry,
no one who will take the gospel light? Shall they nev-er hear of Je-sus
broad the glad good news of love divine, Then the darkness will disperse and

But they cannot find it there, And their hearts are filled with longing and with pain.
Of the One who came to die, Of the Sav-ior and His sat - is - fy - ing love.
Who their burdens came to bear, Must they per-ish in the gloom of dark-est night.
In their hearts the day will break, When the sun of righteousness will bright-ly shine.

CHORUS.

Tell the sto - ry of sal-va-tion, How the Savior came to die;
Tell the blessed tell it, How the blessed to die;
Tell the sto - ry of sal-va-tion, How the Sav - ior came to die;
Go and tell to ev - 'ry na - tion, How His love can sat - is - fy;
tell it,

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Tell the Story.

Tell oh tell the blessed sto-ry, How He sets the pris'ner free;
Tell the bless-ed sto - ry tell the sto - ry, tell it, How He sets the guilty pris'ner free;
Tell the bless - ed sto - ry, tell it, How He sets the pris'ner free;
Breaks ev'ry chain, tell it a - gain, Tell it o - ver land and sea.

194 Is Thy Heart Right With God?

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. { Have thy affections been nail'd to the cross? Is thy heart right with God? }
   { Dost thou count all things for Jesus but loss? Is thy heart right with God? }
2. { Hast thou dominion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God? }
   { O - ver all e - vil with-out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God? }
3. { Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God? }
   { Does Je-sus rule in the tem-ple with - in? Is thy heart right with God? }
4. { Are all thy pow'rs under Jesus' con - trol? Is thy heart right with God? }
   { Does He each moment a-bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God? }
5. { Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God? }
   { Is thy soul wearing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God? }

CHORUS.

Is thy heart right with God, Wash'd in the crimson flood, Cleans'd and made
ho - ly, hum - ble and low - ly, Right in the sight of God?.....
of God?

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195 The Sweet By and By.

(A SACRED PART-SONG FOR MALE VOICES.)

S. F. BENNETT. D. PROTHERO.
ARR., CHARLIE D. TILLMAN

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day (than day), And by faith we can see it a - far,.... For the Fa-ther waits o - ver the way To pre - pare us a dwell-ing place there, To pre-pare us a dwell-ing place there.
2. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a-bove (a-bove), We will of - fer a trib - ute of praise,... For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the bless-ings that hal - low our days, And the blessings that hal - low our days.
3. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore (that shore) The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest,... And our spir - its shall sor-row no more, Nor a sigh for the bless-ing of rest, Nor a sigh for the bless-ing of rest.

CHORUS.

In the sweet..... by and by..... We shall meet..... on that beau-ti - ful shore;..... In the
In the sweet by and by We shall meet beau-ti - ful shore;

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The Sweet By and By.

rit.

sweet..... by and by..... We shall
In the sweet by and by

Coda for last verse.

meet on that beau - ti - ful shore. In the sweet
In the sweet..... by and

by and by We shall meet on that
by..... We shall meet.....

beau - ti - ful shore, ... In the sweet
beau - ti - ful shore, In the sweet..... by and

rit.

Repeat ad lib. *pp*

by and by We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.....
by..... beautiful shore.

196 My Mother's Bible.

(MALE VOICES.)

M. B. Williams. Charlie D. Tillman.

DUET.

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

calls the hap - py days of long a - go; When I stood at moth-er's knee,
suf- fered, 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 gen - tle tones and low.
Then she dried my flowing tear With her kiss-es, as she said it was for me.
As my moth-er taught me then, And ev - er in my heart His words a-bide.

CHORUS.

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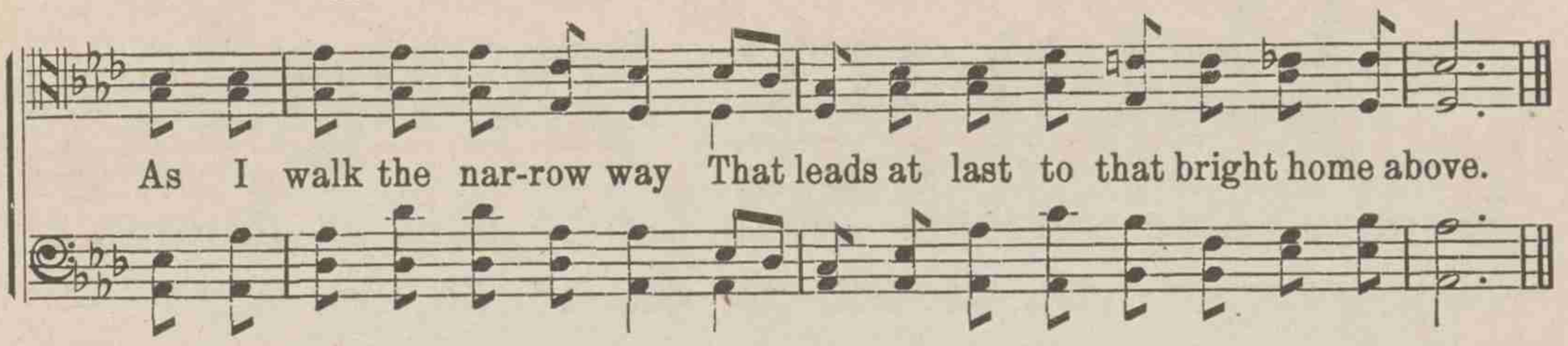
Bless - ed Book,..... pre-cious Book,..... On thy dear old tear-stained

I love to look;

leaves I love to look;..... Thou art sweet-er day by day,
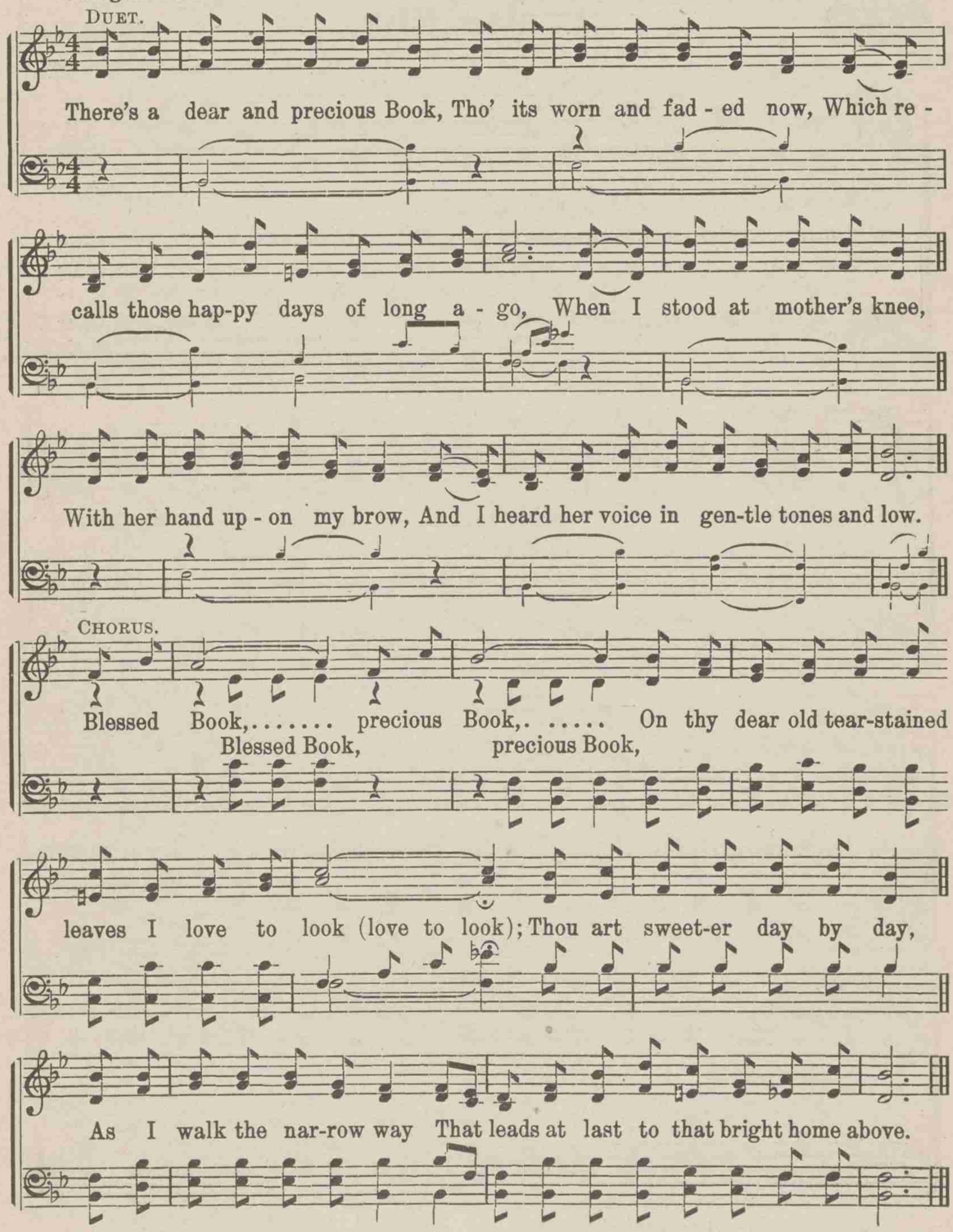
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My Mother's Bible. Concluded.



197 My Mother's Bible.

Evangelist M. B. Williams. Charlie D. Tillman.



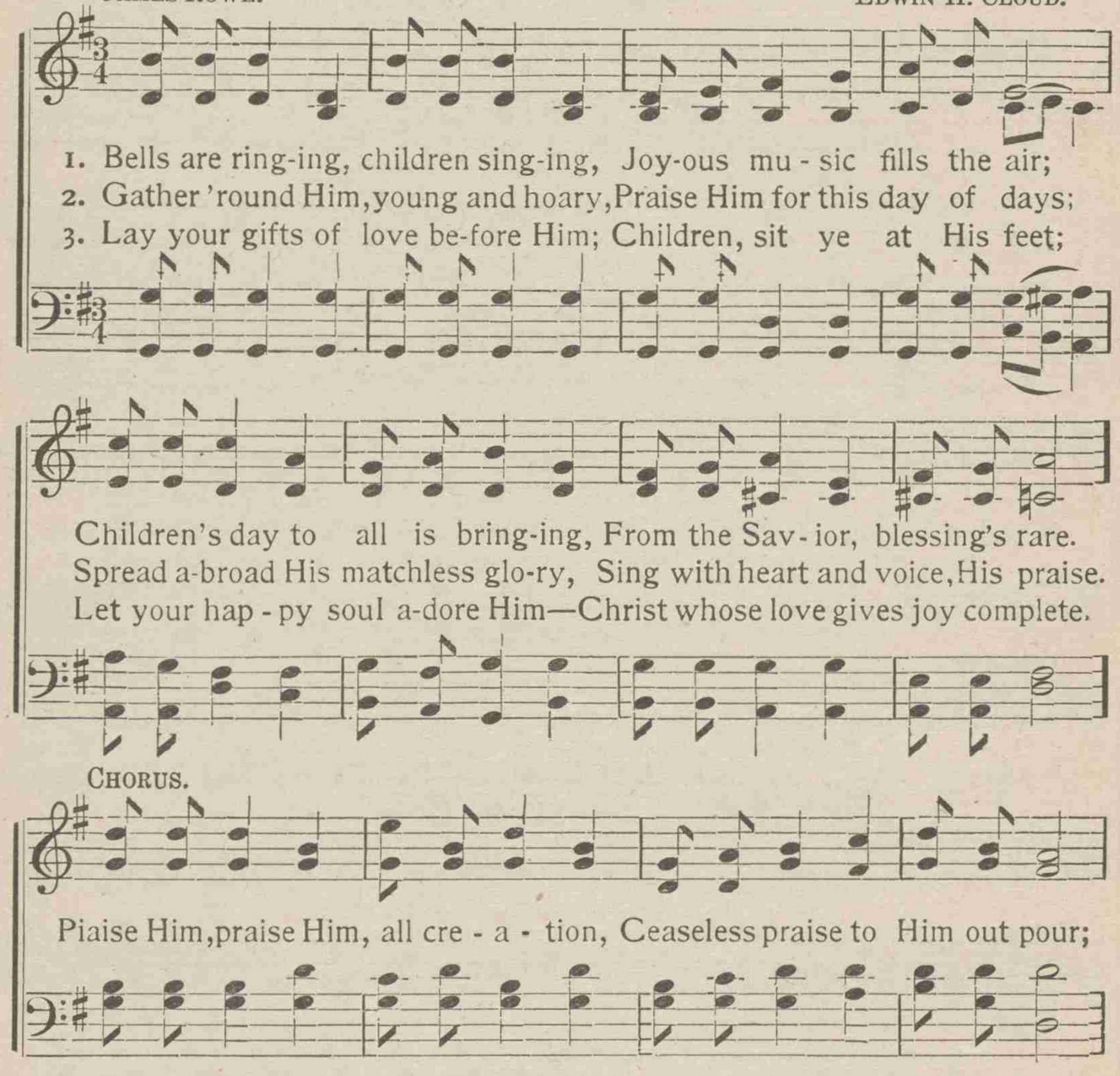
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Primary Songs

See also these numbers which can be used as children's songs: 10, 11, 28, 35, 43, 48, 56, 59, 92, 184, 193, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203.

198 Praise Him.
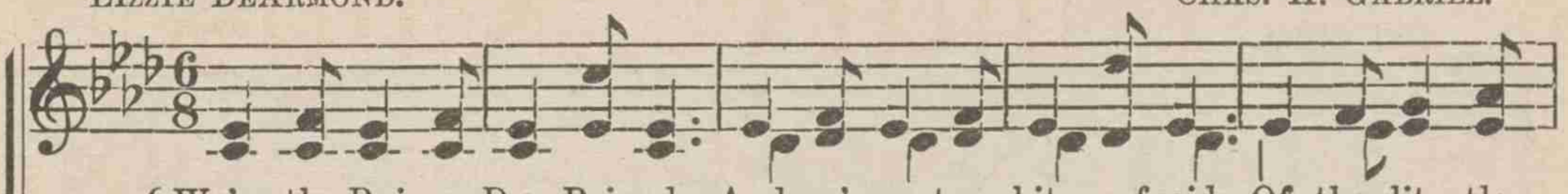
JAMES ROWE. EDWIN H. CLOUD.



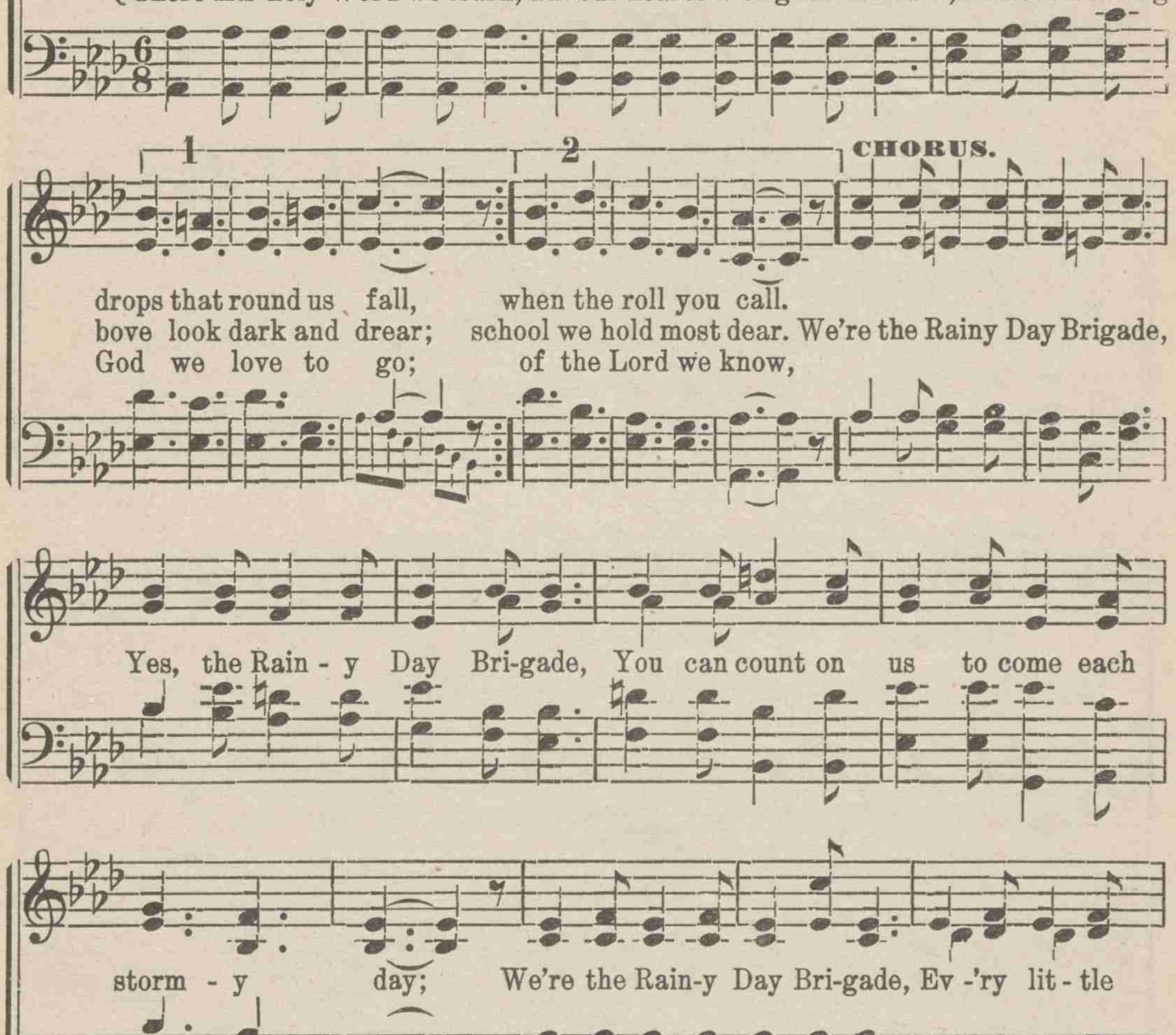
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199 The Rainy Day Brigade.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. We're the Rainy Day Brigade, And we're not a bit a-fraid Of the lit - tle drops that round us fall, when the roll you call.
Count on us each stormy day, For we will not keep a - way, But be with you bove look dark and drear; school we hold most dear. We're the Rainy Day Brigade,
2. We're the Rainy Day Brigade, Ev -'ry lit - tle man and maid, Tho' the skies a - God we love to go; of the Lord we know,
We will swiftly haste a-long, With a mer-ry laugh and song, For the Sun-day
3. We're the Rainy Day Brigade, Thro' the mud we smiling wade, To the house of
There His holy Word we learn, Till our hearts with gladness burn, And the blessing



NOTE.—When used as a concert piece, the children may march in with closed umbrellas over their shoulders. They should be held out while singing first line of verses and lines 1, 2, and 4 of chorus; or, if it is preferred, the children may hold the umbrellas over their heads while they are singing.

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200 Victory Ours Shall Be.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

Unison.

1. Ban-ners waving proud-ly o'er us, Voic-es swelling loud the cho - rus,
2. To the na-tions slow - ly wak - ing, Lands their idol gods for - sak - ing,
3. Join us in our good en-deav - or, On we'll go and fal - ter nev-er,

Hope the way makes bright before us, Vic-t'ry, vic-t'ry ours shall be.
We the light of life are tak-ing, Vic-t'ry, vic-t'ry ours shall be.
'Tis the cause of God for-ev - er, Vic-t'ry, vic-t'ry ours shall be.

CHORUS.

March-ing, march-ing, cheer - i - ly the bu-gle sounding, March-ing,

march-ing, read - y we to meet the foe; March-ing, march-ing,

lightly ev-'ry heart is bounding, Jesus is our Captain, as we onward go.

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201 Wave the Banner for the King.

When a banner is not convenient, handkerchief maybe used effectively.

JAMES ROWE. DAN WARD MILAM.

1. As you for-ward march against the hosts of wrong, Keep the cross in
2. He who leads you on-ward al - ways will be near, With his pre-cious
3. As you spread the ti - dings o - er all the world—Till the hosts of
4. When the strife shall end and comes the vic-to - ry, By my bless - ed

sight, with faith and courage strong, And his prais-es sing-ing, all the
love your faith - ful souls to cheer; Nev-er mind how strong the hosts of
sin have from the field been hurled, In the gos - pel sun - shine keep-ing
Lead-er crowned your souls shall be; So, that all the world your faith in

CHORUS.

way a-long, Wave the ban - ner for the King.
sin ap-pear, Wave the ban - ner for the King. Let it proud - ly wave,
it un-furled, Wave the ban - ner for the King.
him may see, Wave the ban - ner for the King.

sol-diers true and brave, While your souls his praises sing; In your
glo - rious prais - es sing;

no - ble fight for the truth and right, Wave the ban-ner for the King.

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202 Living Every Day for Jesus.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON. T. E. OZENDORRF.

1. Liv - ing for Je - sus in this world be - low, Liv - ing for Je - sus
2. Liv - ing for Je - sus ev - 'ry bless - ed day, Liv - ing for Je - sus
3. Liv - ing for Je - sus, helps the ones you meet, Liv - ing for Je - sus
4. Liv - ing for Je - sus, He will bless each soul, Liv - ing for Je - sus,

ev - 'ry - where we go; Liv - ing for Je - sus as we like Him grow,
all our pil - grim way; Liv - ing for Je - sus and His will o - bey,
lifts the hearts you greet; Liv - ing for Je - sus all His love en - treat,
swift the moments roll, Liv - ing for Je - sus un - der full con - trol,

CHORUS.

Liv - ing ev - 'ry day for Je - sus. Liv - ing for Je-sus makes the
way so bright, Liv-ing for Je - sus O, 'tis such de-light! Liv - ing for
Je - sus now dis - pels our night, Liv - ing ev - 'ry day for Je - sus.

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203 WE WILL RISE AND SHINE.

S. E. L. ARR. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. We are climbing Jacob's ladder, ladder, We are climbing
   We are climbing We are climbing
2. Each day brings me one round higher, higher, Each day brings me
3. Je-sus cleanseth all who trust Him, trust Him, Je-sus cleanseth
4. Don't you wish you had this blessing, blessing, Don't you wish you
5. Je-sus died that you might have it, have it, Jesus died that

Jacob's ladder, ladder, We are climbing Jacob's ladder, ladder,
We are climbing
one round higher, higher, Each day brings me one round higher, higher,
all who trust Him, trust Him, Je-sus cleanseth all who trust Him, trust Him,
had this blessing, blessing, Don't you wish you had this blessing, blessing,
you might have it, have it, Je-sus died that you might have it, have it,

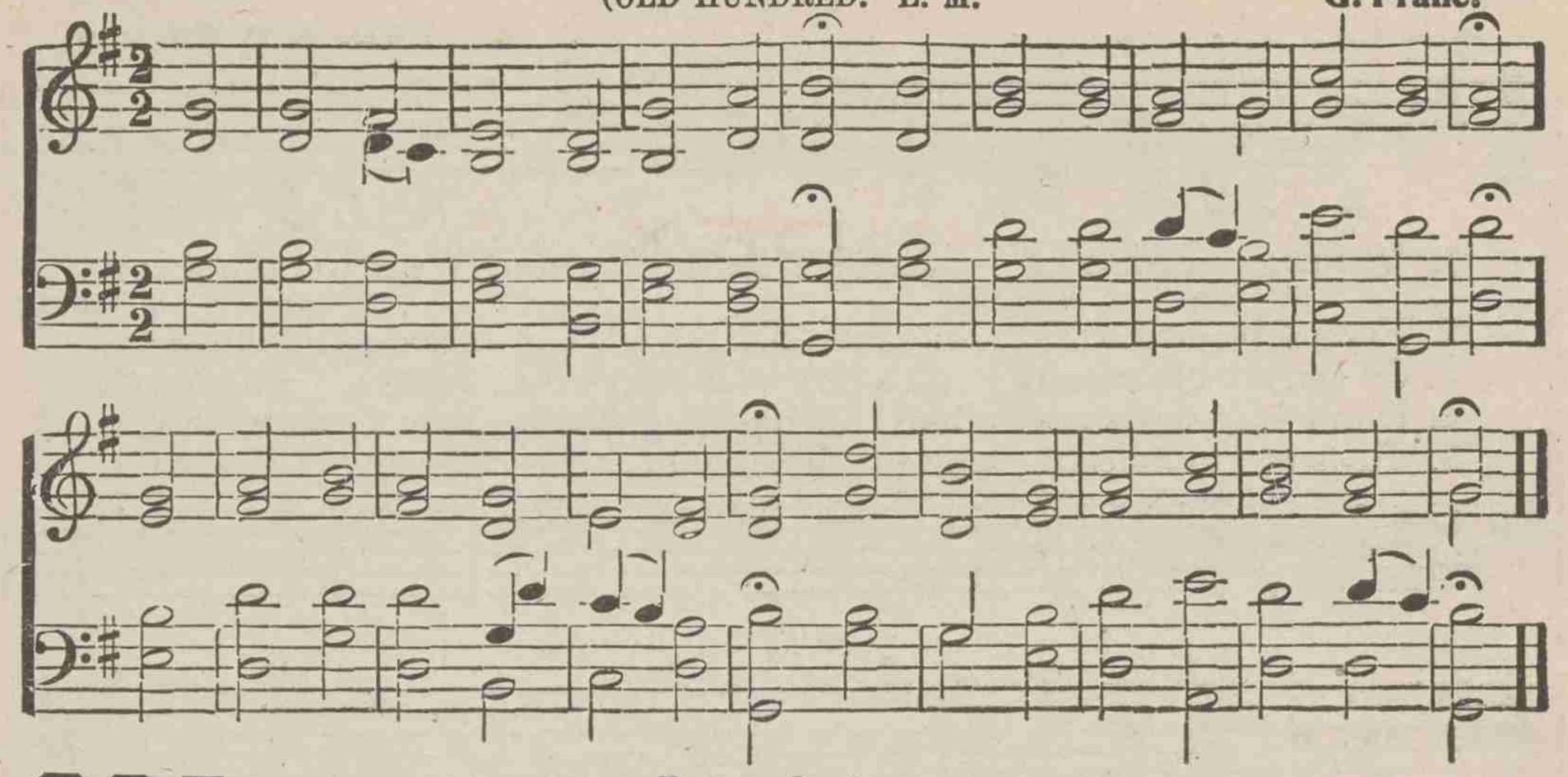
CHORUS.

sol-diers of the cross. We will rise and shine, and give God the
rise and shine and
glo-ry, glo-ry, Rise and shine and give God the glo-ry, glo-ry,
rise and shine and
Rise and shine and give God the glory, glory, Soldiers of the cross.
rise and shine and

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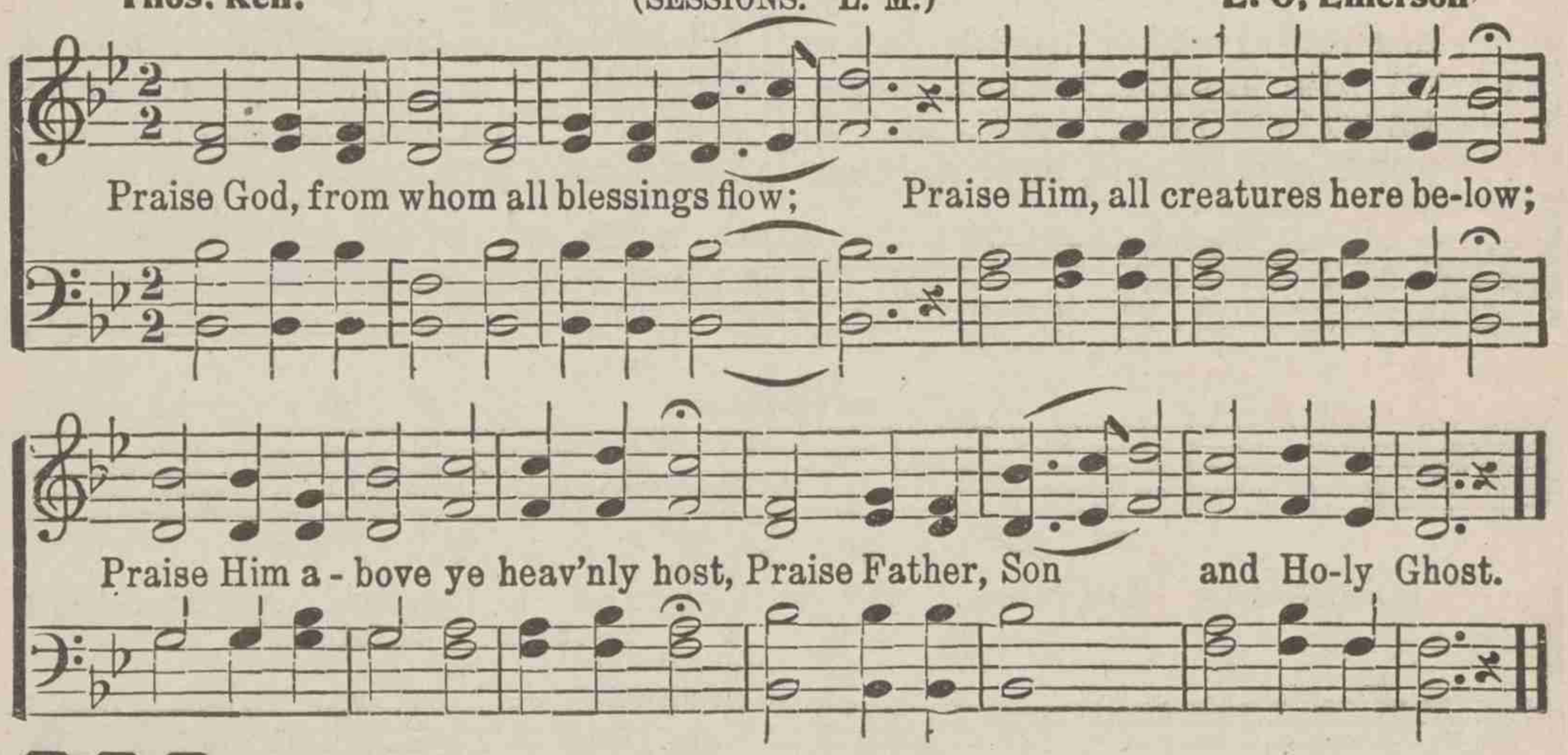
204 Doxology.

(OLD HUNDRED. L. M. G. Franc.
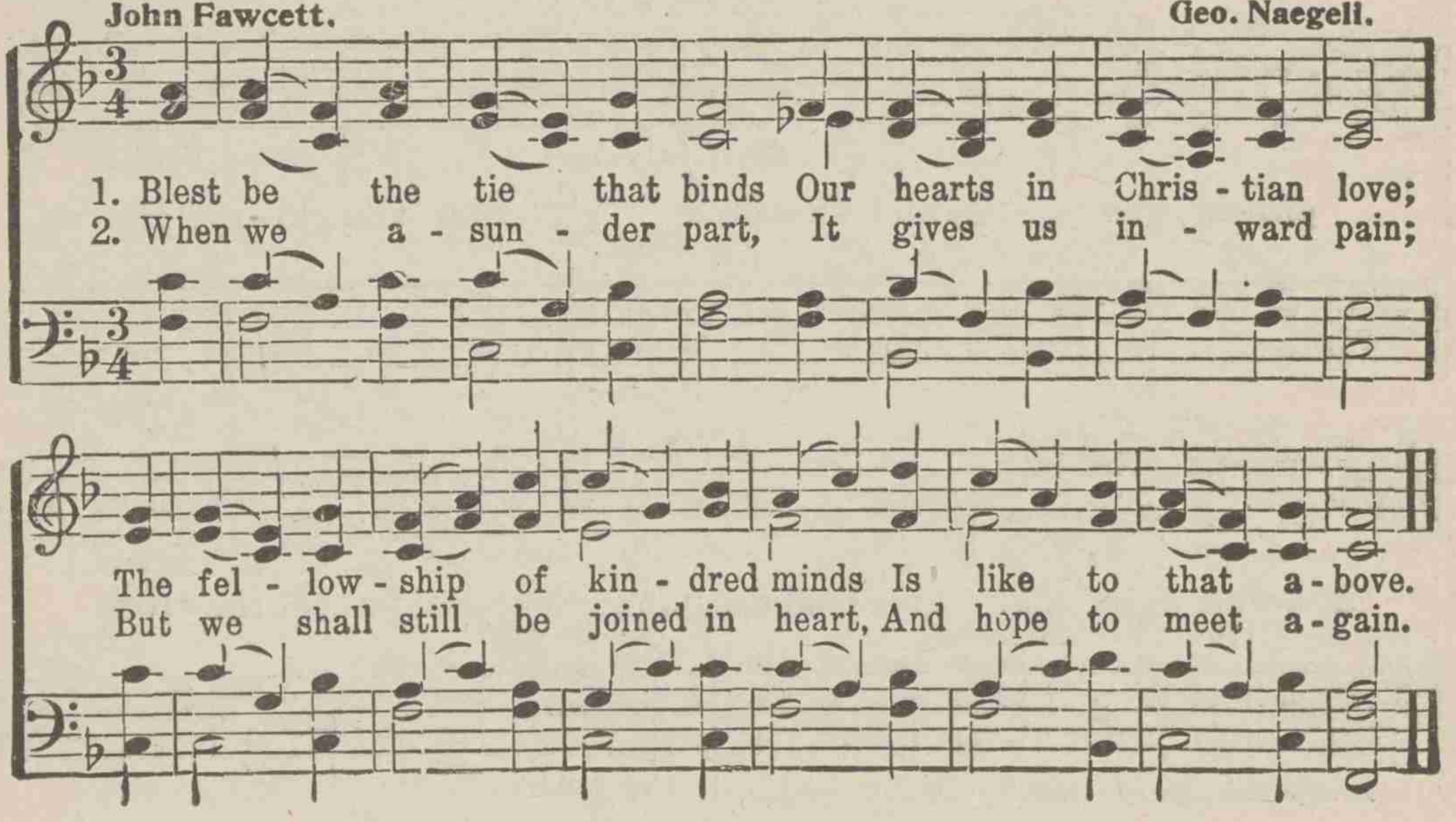


205 Doxology.

Thos. Ken. (SESSIONS. L. M.) L. O, Emerson



206 Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Geo. Naegeli.



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