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YOURS IN THE MASTER'S SERVICE

JOHN W. SPROUL

YOURS IN THE MASTER'S SERVICE

JOHN W. SPROUL

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FULL GOSPEL SONGS

Send the Old Time Power.

J. M. J. Copyright 1923, by Thoro Harris **Jennie Marie Jacobson**

1. As up - on the day of Pen- te-cost Down from heav'n the fire did fall,
2. Then the clov-en tongues ot flame appeared And they spake with tongues unknown
3. While we tar - ry at the Sav-ior's feet, Let the fire from heaven de-scend;
4. All the chaff of sin at once con-sume—Hear. O Lord, this earnest cry;
5. With this ho - ly unc - tion from a-bove Forth in-to the world we'll go;

And there fell the blessed Holy Ghost, Filling and bap-tiz-ing all—
Fill - ing and bap-tiz-ing all—
All the multitude which heard them feared, When they saw what God had done.
Now the sacred scene, O Lord, repeat, And the promis'd blessing send.
With the light of love our path il-lume Leading to our home on high.
To confirm the message of Thy love, Mighty signs and wonders show.

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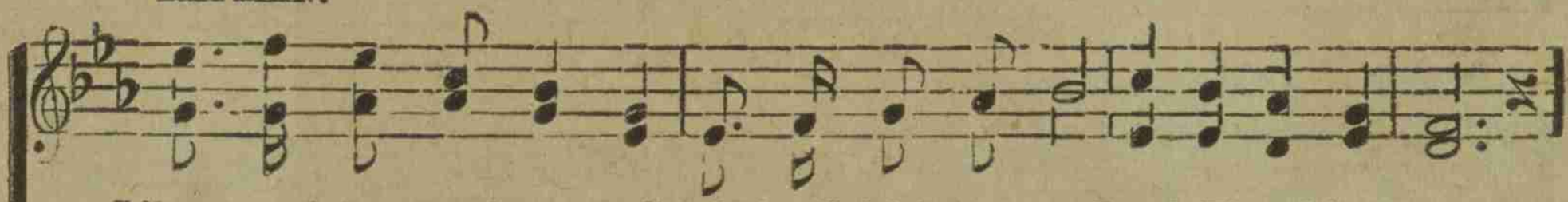
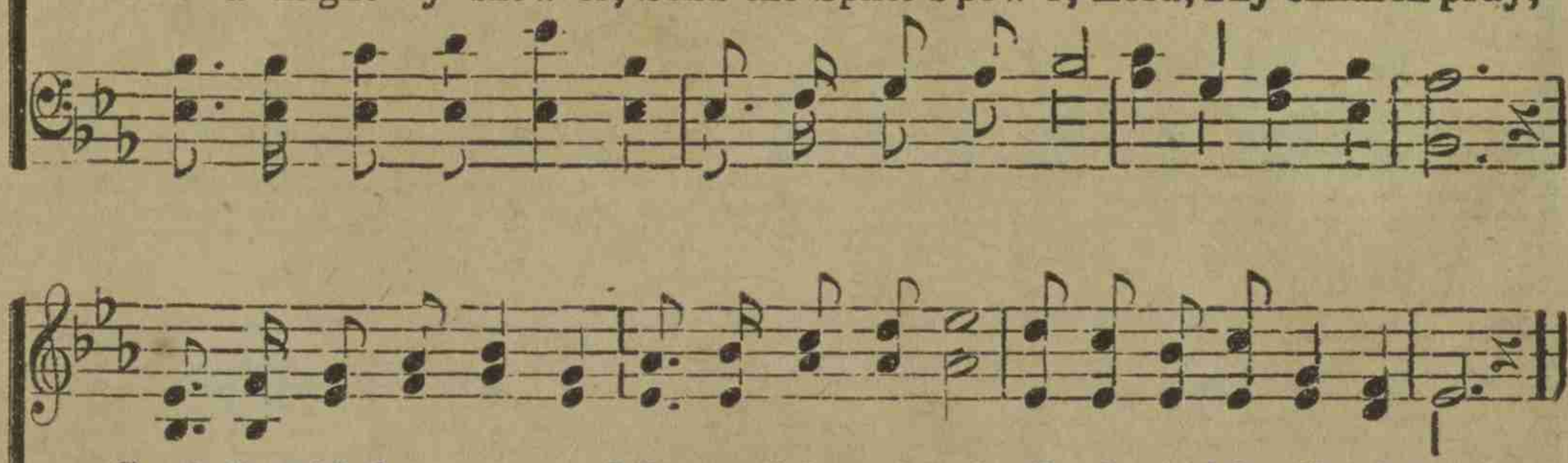


Like a might - y show-er, Send the Spirit's pow'r, Lord, Thy children pray;



Send the old time pow-er, Like a mighty show'r On thy waiting Church today.

2

To Whom Can I Go?

T. H.

Copyright, 1922, by Thoro Harris

Thoro Harris

1. To whom can I go but to Je - sus When tempted to doubt and de-spair?
2. To whom can I go but to Je - sus? A bove me the tempest may break:
3. To whom can I go but to Je - sus?Who loves me so fond - ly as He
4. To whom can I go but to Je - sus? He knoweth the way that I take;

He on - ly can heal my dis - eas - es. He on - ly will an-swer my pray'r.
He sure - ly will save me from dan-ger. His child He will nev - er for-sake.
Who died on th· cross to re-deem me And liv - eth my Help - er to be?
His sheep He will suve-ly de - liv - er, His own He will uev - er for-sake.

REFRAIN

To whom can I go? To whom can I go But

to the dear Sav - ior who lov - eth me so? This won - der - ful

Friend Is true to the end: To whom can I go but Je - sus?

3 God Lives Within My Soul

T. H. Copyright, 1922, by Thoro Harris Thoro Harris

1. This sa-cred truth means more to me Than aught on earth can ev - er be:
2. God man - i - fest in form of man, Once wro't redemption's wondrous plan;
3. Tho I am weak, yet He is strong; He is my life, my joy my song;
4. And heav'n seems not some far-off place, Since e-ven here, thru sav-ing grace,
5. When He shall bid me "come up hig'r," I'll sing with all the ransom'd choir;

1. That now, and thru e - ter - ni - ty, God lives with - in my soul.
2. Com - plet - ing what He then be - gan, God lives with - in my soul.
3. And tho the night be dark and long, God lives with - in my soul.
4. In fan - cy I be - hold His face Who lives with - in my soul.
5. But then than now He'll be no nigh'r—God lives with - in my soul!

CHORUS

With - in my soul, With - in my soul;
He lives with - in my rapt - ur'd soul, I yield Him ab-so - lute con - trol;

His Spir-it guides, For He a - bides With - in my soul;
God lives with - in my ran-som'd soul;

His Spir - it guides, For He a - bides With - in my soul.
my ran - som'd soul.

Our Hope.

Thoro Harris Copyright 1923, Thoro Harris Henry Housley

1. The earth is op-prest by a bur- den of wo, Cre - a - tion is groan-ing in pain; Sav- ior is com-ing a - gain.
The day of God's wrath soon will break; but we know, Our *omit* - - way; long for that glo-ri- ous day.

2. The desert re-joic-ing shall bloom like a rose, The curse shall be lift-ed a- Je- sus is com- ing, is
An end He will make of our sorrows and woes; We *omit* - - com-ing a- gain, O'er all the na-tions in jus- tice to reign, Do-mm-ion and
pow'r in His hands have been giv'n, He here will e-stablish the King-dom of
heav'n, Na-tions in jus-tice to reign; Do- min-ion and pow'r in His

REFRAIN

Our Hope

5 He Knoweth All

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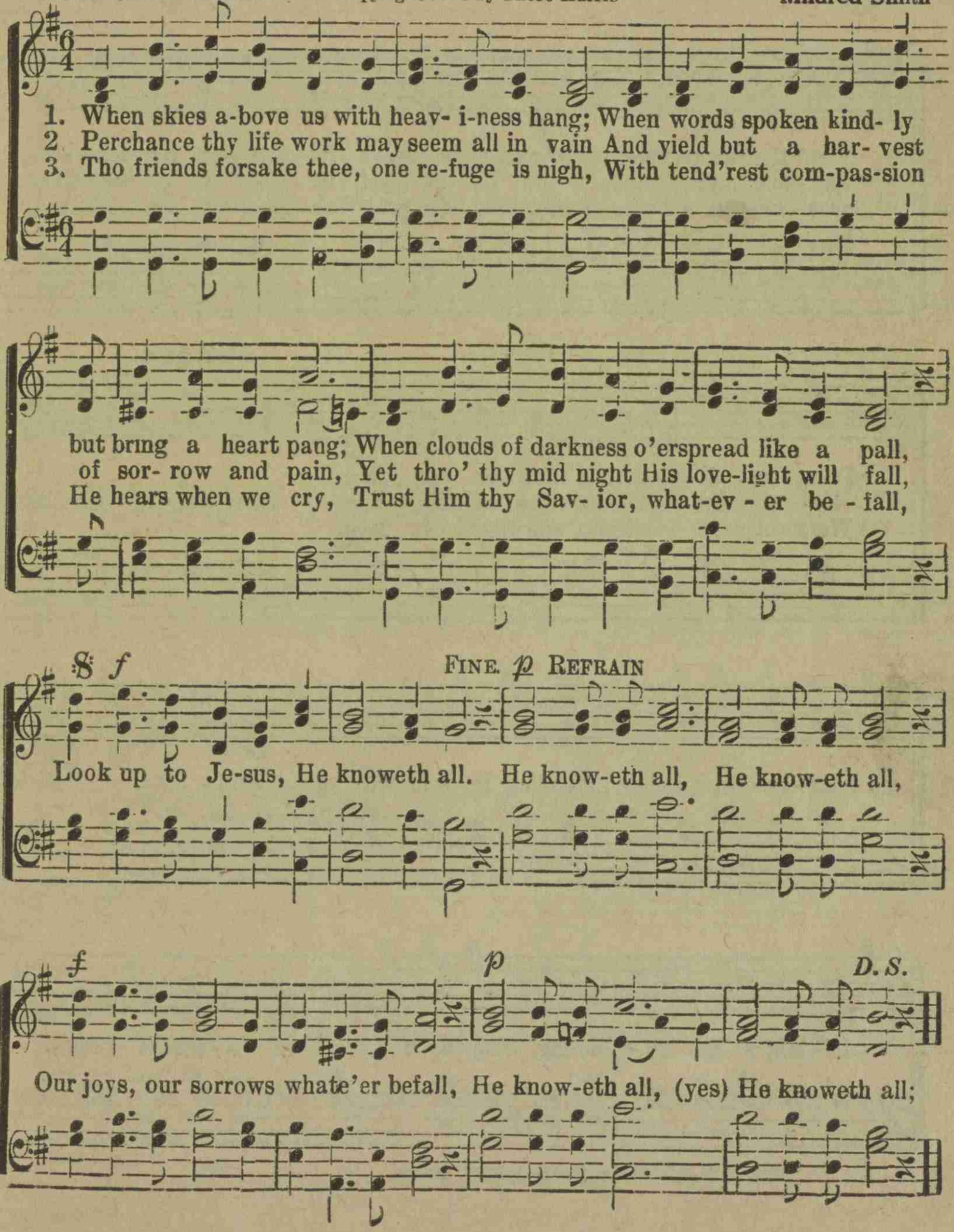

Heavenly Sunlight.

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

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

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

Je-sus has said I'll nev-er for-sake thee,
He is the light, in Him is no dark-ness,
Sing-ing His prais-es glad-ly I'm walk-ing

CHORUS.

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

Heav-en-ly sun-light, heav-en-ly sun-light; Flooding my soul with glo-ry di-vine: Hal-le-lu-jah, I am re-joic-ing, Sing-ing His prais-es, Je-sus is mine.

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The Story of His Love.

T. H.

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Thoro Harris.

1. What's the grand - est word That was ev - er heard?'Tis the sweet old
2. When the skies are blue What can hope re - new Like the sweet old
3. What will be the song Of the ran-somed throng But the sweet old

1. sto - ry of His love. What will wand'rers win From the paths of sin But the
2. sto - ry of His love? What can peace im-part To an ach - ing heart But the
3. sto - ry of His love! When they see the King All the saints will sing Of the

CHORUS.

1. sweet old sto - ry of His love?
2. sweet old sto - ry of His love?
3. sweet old sto - ry of His love.

{ 'Tis the noblest theme to mortals giv'n,'Tis the
{ So we'll tell the sto - ry o'er and o'er Till we

joy of earth, 'tis the praise of heav-en; Nothing else could be as dear to me
reach our home on the golden shore; And then with all the ransomed souls a - bove

1 2

As the sto - ry of Je - sus' love. Sing the sto - ry of His love.
might-y love.

Meet Me There.

H. E. Blair.

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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. On the hap-py, gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves a-way In-to pure and per-fect day, I am go-ing home to stay, Meet me there.
2. Here our fond-est hopes are vain, Dear-est links are rent in twain; But in Heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the riv-er sparkling bright, In the cit-y of de-light, Where our faith is lost in sight,
3. Where the harps of an-gels ring, And the blest for-ev-er sing, In the pal-ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet communion blend Heart with heart and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

D. S.–*hap-py, gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.*

CHORUS.

Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is blooming, Meet me there; When the storms of life are o'er, On the Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there;

D. S.

The Face of Jesus.

Copyright, 1919, by W. ' ' Booth-Clibborn.

William E. Booth-Clibborn. J. O. Olson.

1. Have you seen the face of Je - sus, More than beau-ti-ful to me? He is look - ing down up - on you, In ten - der sym - pa - thy; For a mo-ment's look at Je - sus, Drives all doubt and fear a - way, And the e - vil one can't harm you, When you look to Christ al-way.

2. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus, Sweet-est mu-sic to my soul; Does it not en - treat, per-suade you, To come and be made whole; Why not hear the voice of Je - sus, Soft - ly plead - ing while you pray? For no hu-man ways can save you; Will you not His voice o - bey? Have you found my friend Christ Jesus?

3. Have you felt the love of Je - sus, Deep-er, broad-er than the sea? In ag - o - ny He loved you, On the cross at Cal-va - ry; Then ac - cept the love of Je - sus, Henceforth ded-i - cate Him all, And the Spir - it will bap- tize you, And the clov-en tongues shall fall.

CHORUS.

He is all the world to me.... He's the One a - mong ten thous-and, *D. S.*—He's the One I soon shall see.

D. S.

At the Foot of the Cross.

ADAM CRAIG. W. J. C. THIEL.

1. I'll tell you why I am so glad, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross;
2. I once was blind, He pitied me, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross;
3. My burden now is rolled a-way, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross;
4. 'Twas faith in Him that sav'd my soul, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross;
5. My pathway shines in glorious light, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross;
6. I'm ready now when life shall end, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross;

of the cross;

My life in Him is nev-er sad, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross.
My eyes He open'd, now I see, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross.
And He is now my strength and stay, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross.
He made my wounded spirit whole, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross.
He fills my soul with pure delight, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross.
For now He is my Savior, Friend, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross.

of the cross.

CHORUS.

Jesus saved me, Hal-le-lu-jah! Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross;

of the cross;

Jesus saved me, Hal-le-lu-jah! Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross.

of the cross

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11 My Refuge

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T. H. Thoro Harris

1. Some-times I grow faint and wea - ry While plodding a - long life's way;
2. So oft - en the tem-pests lour, . . . Ob - scur - ing the light of day;
3. When cares of this life dis-tress me And long seems the te - dious day,
4. Somes-times I am sad and lone - ly And tempt-ed from God to stray;
5. When ar - mies of death a - round me Are gath-er'd in stern ar - ray,
6. At times how I crave the lead-ing Of some-one who knows the way!
7. I ask of my El - der Broth-er What word He would have me say;
8. How bless - ed each earth-born sor-row At Je - sus' dear feet to lay!

1. But when all is dark and drear-y,
2. And then to es - cape their pow-er
3. When foes of my soul op-press me,
4. My feet are se - cure if on - ly I en - ter my clos - et and pray.
5. Their forc-es shall not con-foud me—
6. When wis-dom di - vine I'm need-ing
7. To com-fort or help an oth - er
8. New cour-age and hope to bor-row

REFRAIN

And then I draw near to Je - sus To hear what my Lord may say; And

some-how my bur-dens are lift - ed And my fears have all van-ish'd a - way.

If We Can See Jesus.

C. B. H.

C. Benj. Hopkins.

1. If we can see Je - sus as on-ward we go, We'll fear not the con - flict though fierce be the foe; No harm can be - fall us, no dan-gers af-fright; If we can see Je - sus then all will be right.
2. If we can see Je - sus when wea - ry in heart, A strength for our weak-ness 'twill quick - ly im - part; When tried and dis-cour-aged and doubtings pur-sue; A glimpse of the Sav - ior our faith will re - new.
3. If we can see Je - sus then oth - ers will know, We'll car - ry his glad - ness wher - ev - er we go; We'll brighten the path-way, dis- pell - ing the gloom, And make life a bow - er of e - den-like bloom.
4. If we can see Je - sus: O Mas - ter, be near, Each hour, yes, each mo - ment to strengthen and cheer; And grant us, we pray thee, when life shall be past, In man-sions e - ter - nal to see thee at last.

Chorus.

We would see Je - sus, We would see Je - sus al - way;
We would see Je-sus our Sav-ior to - day,
Sav - - ior
Touch thou our eyes bless-ed Mas - ter, So we may see thee to - day.

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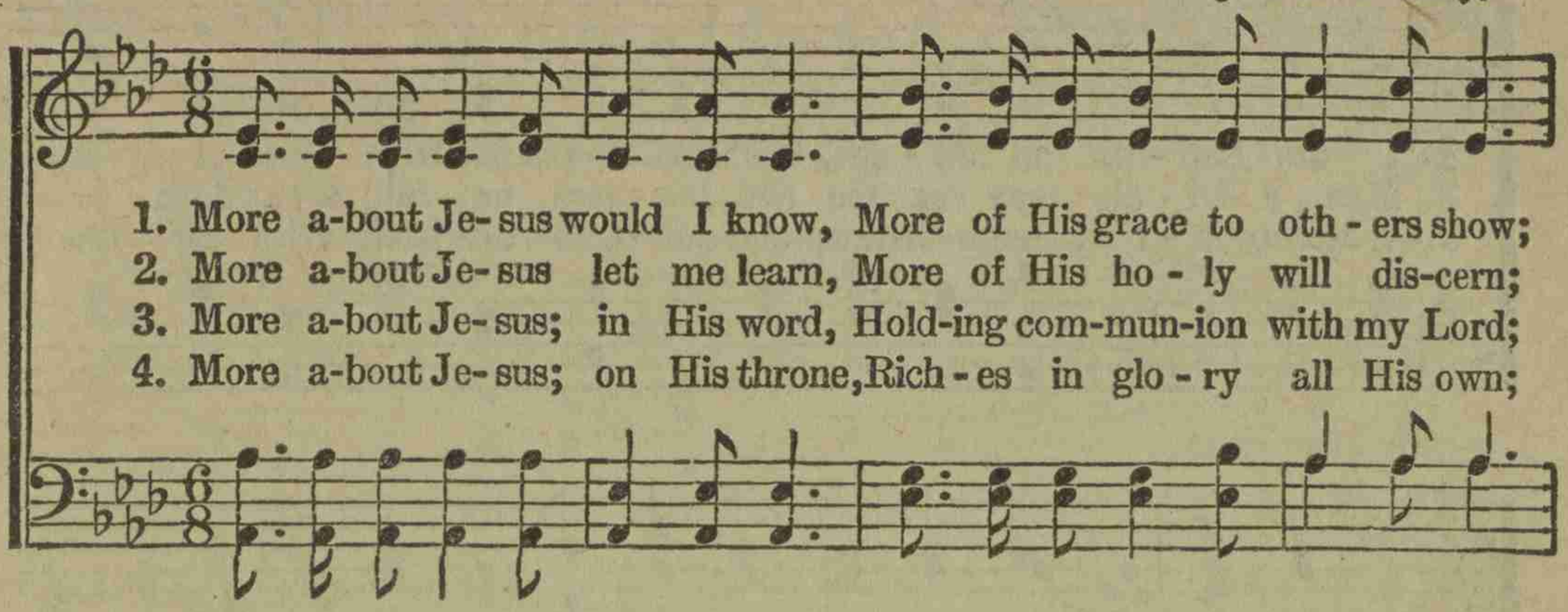
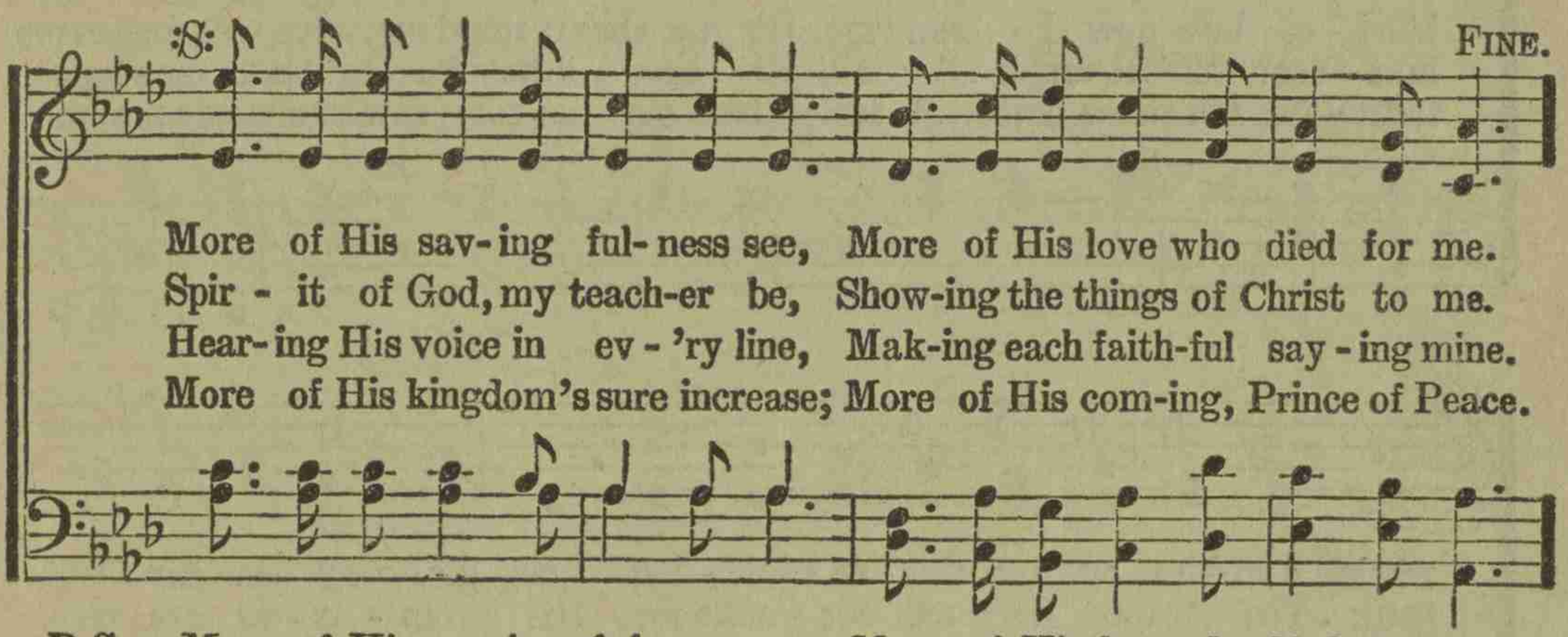
13 More About Jesus.

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



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

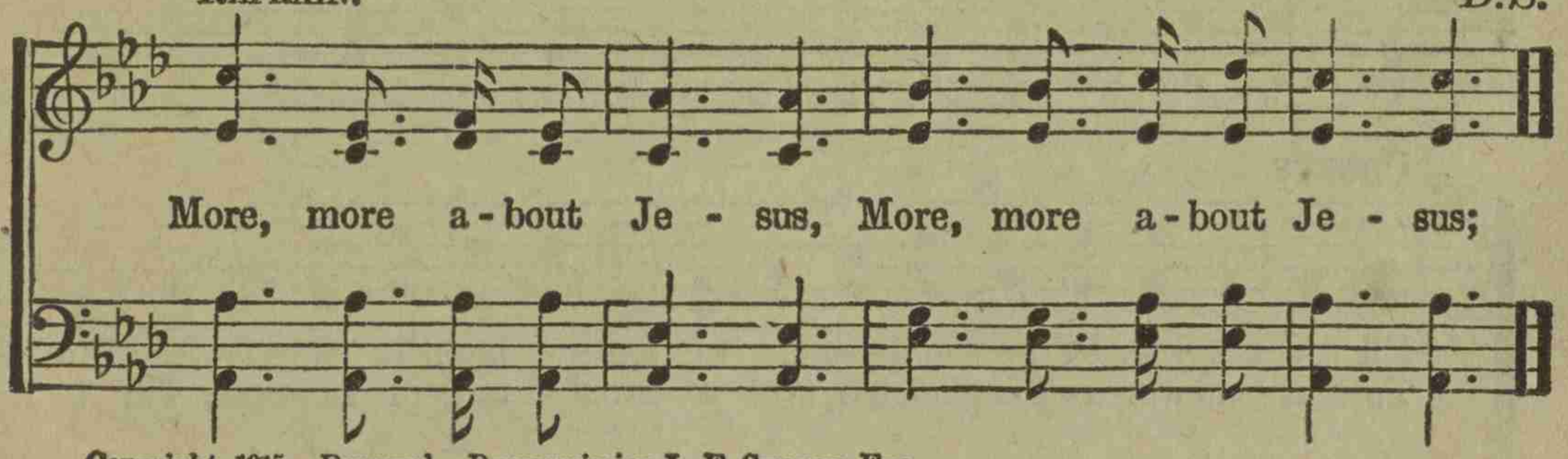


FINE.

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

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

REFRAIN. D.S.



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

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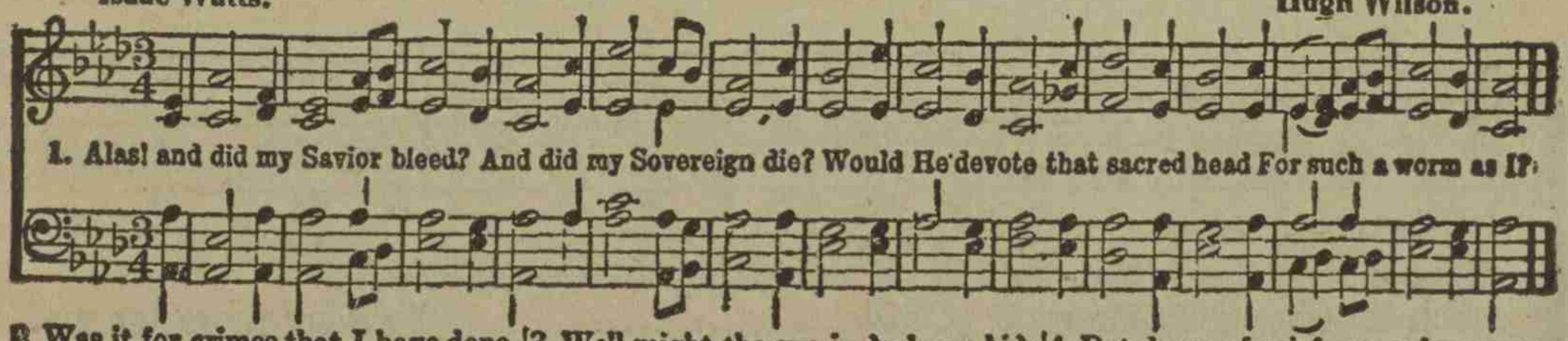
14 Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts. Hugh Wilson.



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

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

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut His glories in, [died,
When Christ, the mighty Maker,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away:
'Tis all that I can do.

15 I Am Happy in Jesus

D. M. Cathey Copyright, 1922. by Thoro Harris W. R. Plumlee

1. I am hap - py in Je - sus, His love makes me free; Once I was
2. Man - y tri - als may vex me and dan - gers be - fall: What doth it
3. When my la - bor, temp-ta-tions and con-flicts are past. With all the

blind - ed, but now I can see. His grace has reach'd me, its pow'r makes me
mat - ter? I'll tri-umph o'er all! His arm will hold me, He'll take me straight
faith - ful I'll reach home at last Where sin and sor - row can taunt me no

whole, And I'm on my way re - joic - ing, with glo - ry in my soul.
thru; Yes, I know He'll not for - sake me, His prom - is - es are true.
more, There we'll sing His praise to - geth - er on Ca-naan's peace-ful shore.

CHORUS

{ I'll go sing-ing, I'll go shout-ing As I jour-ney home to glo - ry, And pro-
{ To that land where all is gladness, Not a trace of care or sad-ness, Till I

claim redemption's sto - ry Till I cross the nar-row sea
reach that heav'nly mansion (*Omit*.....,) Wait-ing there for me.

It is Mine.

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ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. God's a - bid-ing peace is in my soul to - day, Yes, I feel it now, yes, I feel it now; He has tak - en all my doubts and fears a-
2. He has wrought in me a sweet and per-fect rest, In my raptured heart I can feel it now; He each pass-ing moment keeps me sav'd and
3. He has giv - en me a nev - er - fail-ing joy, Oh, I have it now! oh, I have it now! To His praise I will my ransom'd pow'rs em-
4. Oh, the love of God is com-fort - ing my soul, For His love is mine, yes, His love is mine! Waves of joy and glad-ness o'er my spir - it

CHORUS.

way, Tho' I can-not tell you how.
blest, Floods with light my heart and brow.
ploy, And re - new my grate-ful vow.
roll, Thrill-ing me with life di - vine.

It is mine, mine,
It is mine, this price-less treas-ure, ev-er

blessed be His name! He has giv-en peace, perfect peace to me; It is

mine, mine,
mine, this priceless treasure, ev-er

blessed be His name! Mine for all e-ter-ni - ty!

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17

My Vision.

T. H.

Copyright, 1923, by Thoro Harris

Thoro Harris

1. Once I saw in my vi-sions the Sav-ior of men Who on Cal-v'ry was
2. There are glo - ri-ous mansions He's gone to prepare, They are fashion'd by
3. O how blest to be number'd with His faithful bride, Tho she suf - fer and
4. O my care - la - den brother, let Je - sus come in, He your cour-age and

1. smit-ten and slain: Thru the wide o-pen sky He return'd from on high With His
2. His dextrous skill; But my chief-est de - light is that Je-sus is there: How His
3. sor-row be - low! With the Bridegroom Him-self she will be glo-ri-fied And the
4. hope will re - new; Turn your back on the world with it's fol-ly and sin, You shall

REFRAIN.

1. chos-en for - ev - er to reign. .....
and ev - er to reign.
2. presence my spir - it will thrill! ..... I be - held Him ascending the
with rapt-ure will thrill!
3. joys of the ransom'd ones know..... ....
e - ter - nal - ly know.
4. know that this vi-sion is true.....
this vision is true.

throne,..... And He nam'd me as one of His own, ... Bore me
cend-ing the throne, lov'd and His own,

safe-ly a-bove to yon cit - y of love, And I'm sure that my vi-sion is true.

18 The Conquering Christ Within

T. H. Copyright, 1922. by Thoro Harris Thoro Harris

1. How can the heart so prone to stray From vir - tue and from God
2. Our Sav - ior in His flesh o'er-came All vain and world - ly pride,
3. Temp-ta-tion would my soul ap - pal, I face a de - mon throng;

Be kept with - in the King's highway, The straight and nar - row road?
And they who hide be - hind that name Can ev - 'ry storm out - ride.
With - in a - bides my All in all, The Strong-er than the strong.

CHORUS

The conq'ring Christ with-in..... Can stem the tide of sin,.....
The conq'ring Christ who dwells within, Can stem the ris - ing tide of sin,

Can break His pow'r From hour to hour And might - y vic-t'ries win;

2 Cres. *f rit.*

O glo - ry to His peer - less name, The conq'ring Christ with - in!

Draw Me Nearer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me; But I long to rise in the
2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a
3. Oh, the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be- fore Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I

REFRAIN.

arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - er,
Thee my God, I com-mune as friend with friend. near - er, near-er,
may not reach, Till I rest in peace with Thee.

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

near - er, near - er, near-er bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side.

By permission.

20 Jesus is Coming Soon.

Thoro Harris. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS. **Howard E. Smith.**

1. Let all the ran-som'd u-nite to sing Prais-es to Je-sus our
2. Signs in the earth and the star - ry sky Loud-ly pro-claim our re-
3. War and com-mo-tion in ev - 'ry land Point to the end with un-
4. Sav-ior, come quick-ly! Thy chil-dren pray; Bring res-ti-tu-tion, and

conq - 'ring King; Let all the joy-bells of heav-en ring:—
demp - tion nigh; Lift up your head, and with fer-vor cry,
err - ing hand; Chris-tian, pre-pare in your lot to stand—
speed the day When want and sor-row shall pass a-way—

CHORUS.

Je-sus is com-ing soon..... Com - ing
Hal-le-lu-jah!
soon, Je-sus is com-ing soon;.... King of the
Com - -
na-tions, our glo-ri-ous Groom, Com - ing soon.....
ing, com - ing, yes, Je-sus is com-ing, com ing soon.

21 Love Unchanging

Copyright, 1922, by Thoro Harris

T. H. Thoro Harris

1. When so long a - go Je-sus walk'd be-low On His rug-ged, thorn-y way,
2. To the demon-driv'n Who with f iends had strir'n, Did He not in mer - cy say,
3. In the strife with wrong Some had suffer'd long—Never one was cast a - way;
4. In the Master's name When to-geth-er came All His faith-ful band to pray,
5. With our weight of wo Un - to Him we go, For our Lord has said we may!

1. He would heal the sick And re-lieve their wo: Is His heart still the same to-day?
2. "Soul, depart in peace; Thou art all forgiv'n"—Will He par-don my sin to-day?
3. Ah, His love was deep And His grace was strong—Will His touch make me whole today?
4. Fell the Ho-ly Ghost Like a liv - ing flame: Will He pour out that gift to-day?
5. In His word we read, And by faith we know, "Je-sus Christ is the same to-day."

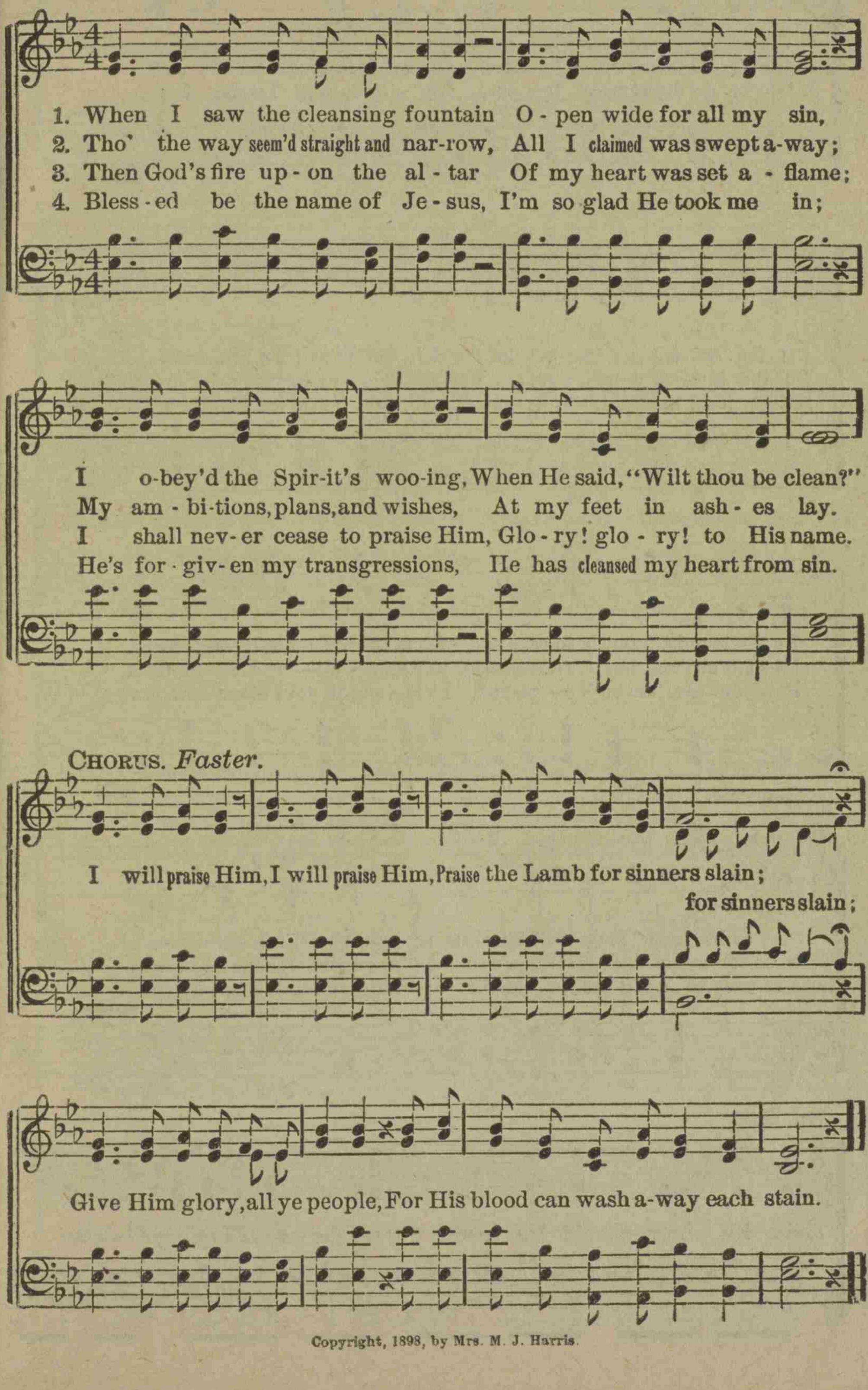
CHORUS

Yes, His heart is the same to - day, Love di - vine is His name for aye;
to-day. for aye;

Should the light grow dim, I will look to Him, For His heart is the same to-day.

I Will Praise Him.

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



Copyright, 1898, by Mrs. M. J. Harris.

23 Glory to the Name of Jesus

Thoro Harris Copyright, 1923, by Thoro Harris **Lang, arr. by T. H.**

1. Glo-ry to the name of Je - sus! Loud - ly let His prais-es ring,
2. Glo-ry to the name of Je - sus, He who on Mount Calv'ry died
3. Glo-ry to the name of Je - sus, Glo - ry to the Liv-ing One

Let the ech-oes fly far beyond the sky; Hail, O hail the u-ni-ver-sal King!
On the bit - ter cross To redeem our loss, Glo - ry to the Savior cru-ci-fied!
Ris-en from the dead, Our ex-alt-ed Head, Seated with the Father on His throne.

He a - lone hath pow'r to save us From the foe's ma-lig-nant sway,
He hath made a full a-tone-ment, Rec - on - cil - ing man to God,
Bow your hearts in ad - o - ra-tion, Yield - ing all your blood-bo't pow'rs,

Glory to His name! Now with hearts aflame, Let your songs arise in pure de-vo - tion.
Grace so vast unknown 'Tward our race was shown, Free abundant as the air of heav - en.
Love so deep, so strong Laud in grateful song, Praise Him thru the everlasting a - ges

m DUET

Praise His name, Spread His fame O'er the land and rolling o - cean,

Glory to the Name of Jesus

Trib-ute bring To our King, Glory to the Lamb forevermore!
To our mighty King, *Instrument*

accel. *rit.*

ff a tempo

Je-sus is the Rock of a - ges, Shadow'mid the raging blast, From the burning heat

Safe and sure retreat, Refuge till the storm of life is past, Glory to the name of

Je - sus, Glo - ry to the peerless One Now enthron'd on high

Far be-yond the sky! Mag - ni - fy His name with thanks - giv - ing.

The Danger Signal.

Jennie Wilson. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. Thoro Harris.

1. Keep the dan - ger sig - nal fly - ing With a pur-pose firm and true;
2. Sin - ful snares are all a-round you Spread to lure un - w ar-y feet;
3. Be not un - con-cerned and careless While for souls temptations wait;
4. Je - sus free - ly died to save you, Ev - er true and faith-ful be;

There be man - y who are look-ing, Fel-low-Chris-tian, un - to you.
Show the place where they are hid-den, That with harm no one may meet.
Point the way to peace and safe - ty, For it soon may be too late.
Bold - ly wave the dan-ger sig - nal, That its warn - ing all may see.

CHORUS. *f* *p*

Keep the dan - ger sig - nal fly - ing, For there's per - il night and morn;
There's peril

f

Keep the dan - ger sig - nal fly - ing, Weaker souls to guide and warn.

25

No Hope in Jesus.

"Without God and without hope."—EPH. 2: 12.

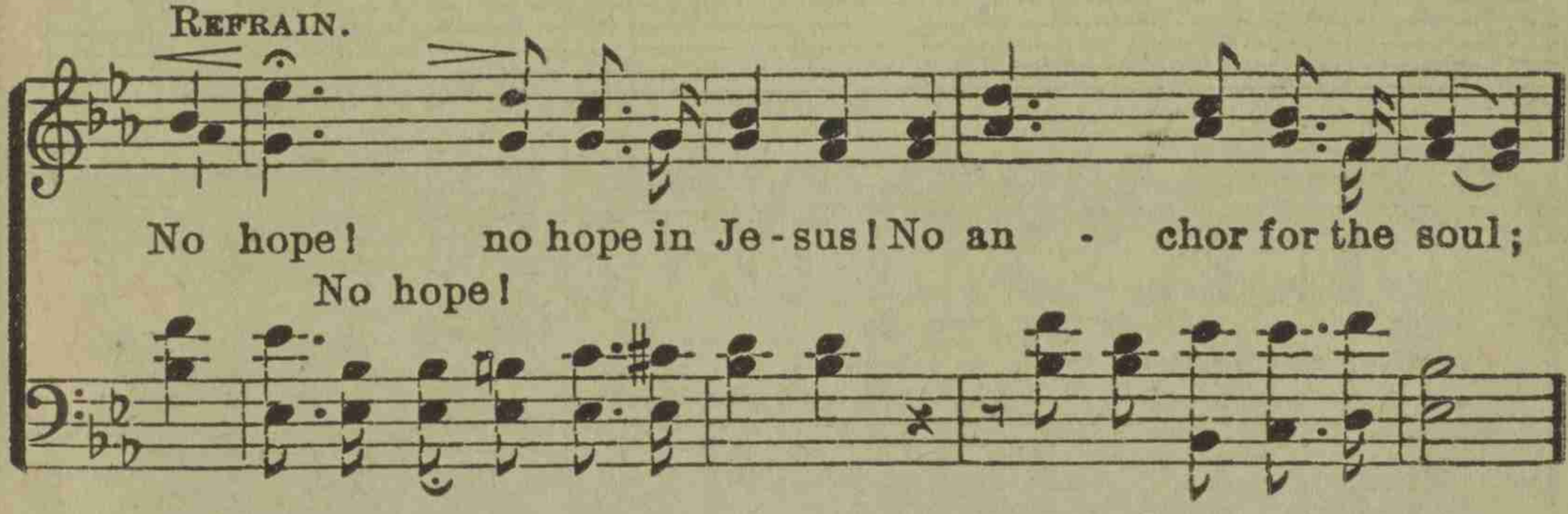
T. H. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. Thoro Harris

Andante.

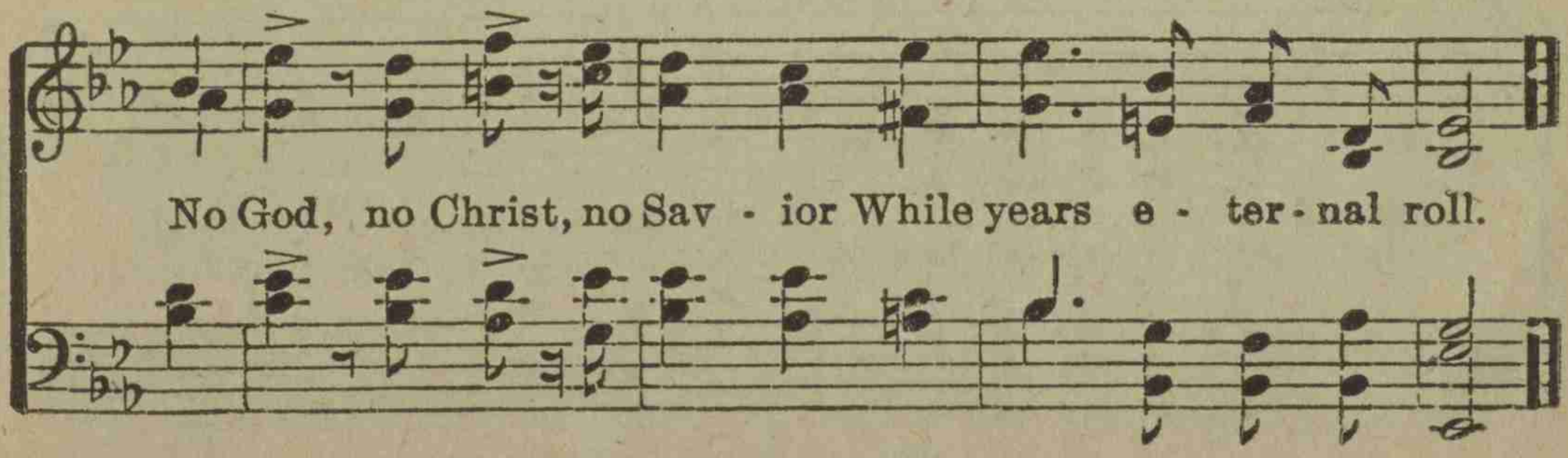
1. No hope! no hope in Je - sus! O word of dark de - spair!
2. No hope! no hope in Je - sus! Un-blest and un - for-giv'n;
3. No hope! no hope in Je - sus! No treas - ure stored on high;
4. No hope! no hope in Je - sus! No ref - uge from the blast;
5. No hope! no hope in Je - sus! Be - fore the great white throne

The heav'ns are sealed in si - lence, The skies are deaf to pray'r.
No par - don, no sal - va - tion, No rest, no peace, no heav'n.
No joy to cheer the bo - som When earthly prospects die.
The day of fi - 'ry vengeance O'ertakes the lost at last.
The Judge shall say, depart ye, I nev - er you have known.

REFRAIN.



No hope! no hope in Je - sus! No an - chor for the soul;
No hope!



No God, no Christ, no Sav - ior While years e - ter - nal roll.

Deeper, Deeper.

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

1. Deep-er, deep - er in the love of Je - sus Dai - ly let me go;
2. Deep-er, deep - er! bless - ed Ho - ly Spir - it, Take me deep - er still,
3 Deep-er, deep - er! tho' it cost hard tri - als, Deep - er let me go!
4. Deep-er, high - er, ev - 'ry day in Je - sus, Till all con-flict past,

High - er, high - er in the school of wis-dom, More of grace to know.
Till my life is whol - ly lost in Je - sus, And his per - fect will.
Root - ed in the ho - ly love of Je - sus, Let me fruit - ful grow
Finds me conqu'ror, and in his own im - age Per - fect - ed at last.

CHORUS.

O deep - - er yet, I pray,..... And high - - er ev - 'ry day,..... And wis - - - er, bless - ed Lord, In thy pre - cious, ho - ly word.

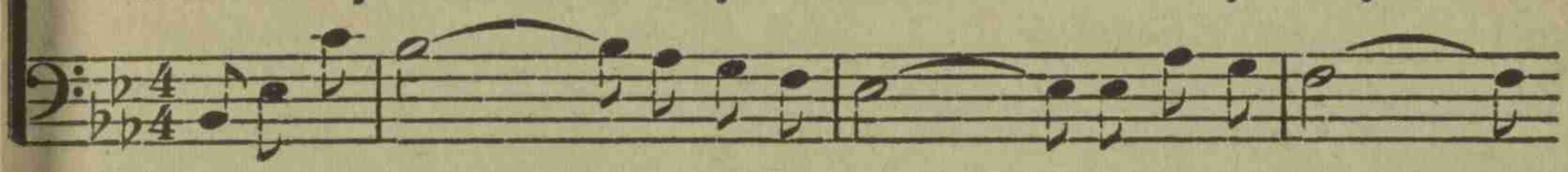
O deep - er yet, I pray, deep - er yet, I pray, And high - er ev - 'ry day, high - er ev - 'ry day, And wis - er, bless - ed Lord, wis - er, bless - ed Lord.

1900, by C. P. Jones. Used by per.

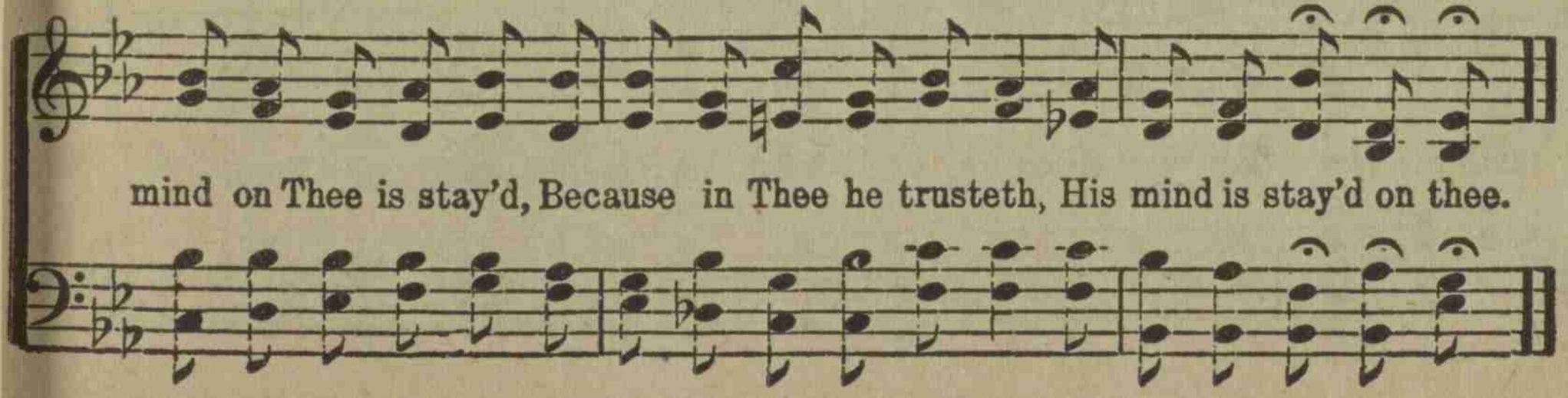
27 Kept In Peace.

C. P. Jones. Arrangement copyright, 1919, by Thoro Harris. C. P. Jones.

1. In per-fect peace the Lord will keep The man whose mind
2. No rav'nous beast may do them harm; O have you stay'd
3. O have you made the Lord your own, And have you stay'd
4. Does perfect peace with-in you reign? And have you stay'd
5. O have you all the world de-nied, And have you stay'd
6. The Ho - ly Ghost have you receiv'd? And do you stay



1. on Him is stay'd; The Shepherd loves His blood-bo't sheep; O
2. your mind on Him, Your shelter from the rag-ing storm? O
3. your mind on Him? Has Je - sus made your heart His throne? O
4. your mind on Him? Are all His ways to you made plain? O
5. your mind on Him? For He is God, there's none beside; O
6. your mind on Him? Have you been seal'd since you believ'd? Then



The Banquet of Love.

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS. Thoro Harris.

1. O speed with the ti-dings from cit - y to cit - y: The King has pro-
2. In hedg - es and high-ways, in lanes and in by-ways, Are some who de-
2. O see them re - turn-ing, their glad spir-its yearning To pub - lish the

vid - ed a feast; He calls to the ban-quet the poor and the
spair - ing - ly roam; Go, tell them that Je - sus will heal their dis-
mes - sage a - broad; This blest in - vi - ta - tion to life and sal-

REFRAIN.

need - y, The sin-ful, the out-cast, the least.
eas - es And wel-come the wan-der-er home. "O come to the ban-quet, for
va - tion Came forth from the bosom of God!

yet there is room," The message peals forth from above; For all things are
from a - bove;

read-y: We bid you to come, And feast at the ban-quet of love.

Never Alone.

Arr. by IRA O. HOFFMAN.

1. I've seen the light'ning flash - ing, And heard the thun - der roll;
2. The world's fierce winds are blow - ing, Temp-ta-tions sharp and keen;
3. When in af - flic - tion's val - ley, I'm tread'ng the road of care,
4. He died for me on the moun - tain, For me they pierced His side;
5. He gives me the sweet prom - ise That He will come a - gain,

CHO.— *No, nev-er a - lone, No, nev-er a - lone;*

I've felt sin's break - ers dash-ing, Try - ing to conquer my soul;
I feel a peace in knowing My Sav-ior stands be - tween;
My Sav - ior helps me to car - ry My cross when heavy to bear;
For me He opened that foun-tain, The crimson, cleans - ing tide;
And when He reigns in glo - ry, And I to heav'n at - tain,

He prom - ised nev-er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

I've heard the voice of my Sav - ior Tell-ing me still to fight on;
He stands to shield me from dan-ger When earth - ly friends are gone;
My feet, en-tan-gled with bri - ers Read-y to cast me down,
For me He's waiting in glo - ry, Seat-ed up - on His throne;
I shall, in that dear coun-try, Be num - bered with His own;

No, nev-er a - lone, No, nev - er a - lone;

D. C. for chorus.

He prom - ised nev-er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
He prom - ised nev-er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
My Sav - ior whispers His promise: "I never will leave thee alone.
He prom - ised nev-er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
And live with Him for - ev - er, Nev - er, no, nev-er a - lone.

He prom - ised nev-er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

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Your Last Invitation.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris. Wm. S. Pitts. Arr. by T. H.

1. Come now, from your slumber a-wak-ing, And list to the voice of the Lord;
2. There's no one can save you but Je-sus, There's no other name God has giv'n;
3. Find par-don and peace in be - liev-ing, And rest on - ly saved ones can know,
4. Then haste while the Savior is wait-ing, The call of the gos-pel o - bey;
5. To - day is the day of sal - va-tion Now en - ter the wide o - pen door;

1. A - bove you the sunlight is break - ing, And o'er you His love is outpoured.
2. He on - ly can heal your dis - eas - es, He on-ly can guide you to heav'n.
3. The grace of as-sur-ance re - ceiv - ing, And joy on - ly He can be-stow.
4. Give o - ver your fruitless de - bat - ing, And kneel at His footstool to-day.
5. This may be your last in - vi - ta - tion, God's Spir-it may call you no more.

CHORUS.

O come, come, come, come, Come while the Spir - it is call-
Come to Him

ing, O come to the Sav - ior to - day, (Come to-day); This may be your
now,

last in - vi - ta - tion; Sin - ner, come, and no lon - ger de - lay.

The Song Triumphant.

Ps. 126.

Thoro Harris. COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY THORO HARRIS. Arr. by T. H.

1. When Is - rael out of Ba - bel came In - to his na - tive coasts,
2. From dis - tant re - gions far a - way Back to their home they came;
3. 'Tis so when we shall reach that land Be - yond the gates of day,
4. Be Thou ex - alt - ed, O Most High, A - bove the kings of earth;
5. Not un - to us, not un - to us Be aught of glo - ry giv'n,

1. He praised the great De - liv - 'rer's name, The might - y Lord of hosts.
2. That was a long - re-mem-bered day, Their hearts with joy a - flame.
3. The cit - y built by God's own hand, Which can-not pass a - way.
4. Let all the ar - mies of the sky Pro-claim Thy match-less worth.
5. But laud the Name in whom we trust, The Po - ten - tate of heav'n.

CHORUS.

Loud the song tri - um-phant rings, Glo - ry to the King of kings!

He shall reign to earth's re-mot-est shore, In His name shall be our boast,

Fa-ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost: Mag - ni - fy Him for - ev - er - more.

32

Communion With Jesus.

Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris

REV. S. L. F. (SOLO OR DUET.) REV. S. L. FLOWERS.

1. When the world is wrapped in sil-ence, And at mid-night all a - lone. On my
2. In the ear- ly morn-ing watch-es How I love to steal a - way And com-
3. When the cares of life are press- ing And each moment oc - cu - pied How much
4. When the trials of life are o - ver And the evening bells have tolled, How my

knees, im-plor-ing Hea-ven for re - lief; Not for sins I have committed, Nor of
mune with my dear Sav-ior for a - while; Here He blesses and e-quips me For the
light - er are my burdens when I pray; I can face a world of sorrow, While I
heart will swell with rapture when I see All the glo-ries of His kingdom, With the

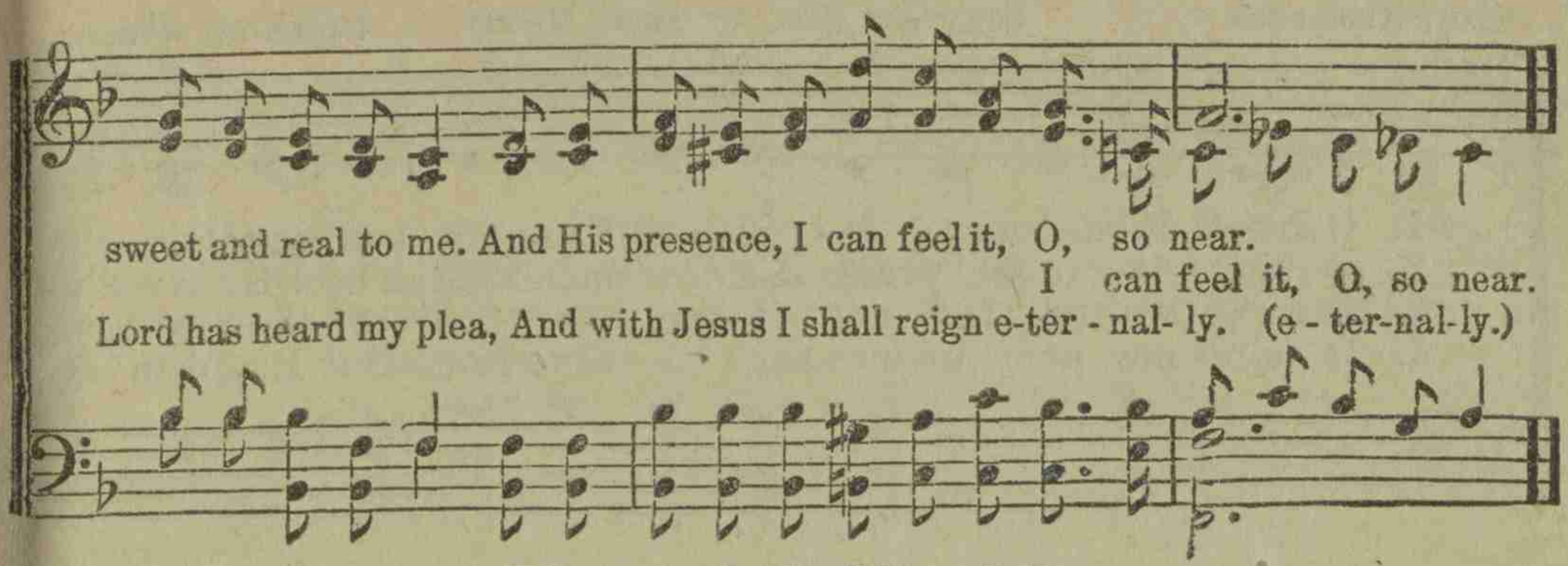
fightings from within, But for souls of poor lost sinners gone astray. (gone astray.)
tri - als of the day, So that I can meet each testing with a smile. (with a smile.)
in His presence hide, Grace He gives me for the bur-dens of the day. (of the day.)
streets of shining gold, And the mansion that He has prepared for me. (prepared for me.)

CHORUS.

In the stillnes then, His love steals o'er my soul,(steals o'er my soul,) And I know that
Chorus for last verse only.
In His presence then, His love will o'er my soul,(will o'er my soul,) Come re-freshing,

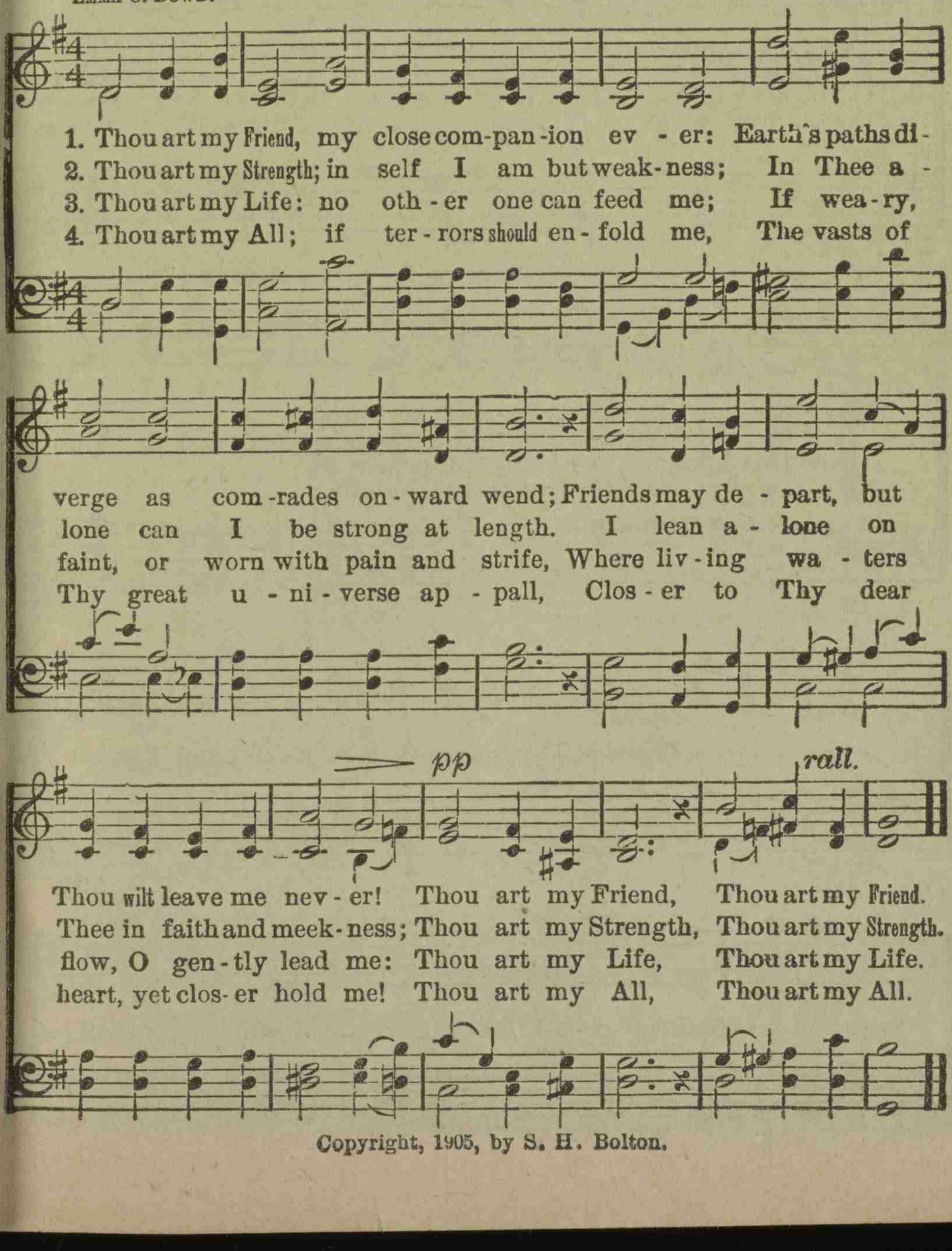
He has heard my hum-ble plea; (my humble plea:) For the witness bright and clear comes so
like the mighty bil-lows roll; (the billows roll;) It will then be plain to me That the

Communion With Jesus. Concluded.



33 Thou Art My All.

EMMA C. DOWD. THORO HARRIS.



Copyright, 1905, by S. H. Bolton.

34 O Blest Redeemer.

A. Alexander. Copyright 1924, by Thoro Harris. Lenna M. Roberts.

1. O blest Re-deem-er, Je - sus our King, Je - sus our Sav - ior,
2. O hal - le - lu-jah! praise His dear name! Think how He saved us
3. How can we tell the joy of our heart, Tell of the peace our
4. O sin - ner, now our mes-sage o - bey, From this Re-deem - er

Thy praise we sing; Thou who did'st suf - fer on Cal - v'ry's tree,
from guilt and shame, How He re - deemed from sor - row and strife,
Christ doth im-part, Tell how His grace doth ful - ly con - trol,
turn not a-way; If you re - pent He'll free - ly for - give,

Refrain.

Dy - ing for sin - ners, dy - ing for me!
Je - sus, the Way, the Truth and the Life. Pow'r and do - min-ion
How He each hour a - bides in the soul?
If you but trust Him, your soul shall live.

ev - er be Thine, Throned in Thy ma-jes-ty, Sav - ior di-vine; Let all cre-

a-tion her Mak-er ex - tol, Praising Je-ho-vah while a-ges shall roll.

35

Wonderful Peace.

COPYRIGHT, 1883, BY DANIEL B. TOWNER.

W. D. CORNELL, alt. W. G. COOPER.

1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to - night Rolls a mel - o - dy sweet - er than psalm; In ce - les - tial-like strains it un-
2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied deep in the heart of my soul, So se - cure that no pow - er can
3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won - der - ful peace, Rest - ing sweet-ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by
4. And me-thinks when I rise to that cit - y of peace, Where the Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
5. Ah, soul! are you here with-out com - fort and rest, March-ing down the rough pathway of time? Make Je - sus your Friend ere the

ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll!
night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood - ing my soul!
ran - somed will sing In that heav - en - ly king - dom will be:
shad - ows grow dark; O ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime!

CHORUS.

Peace, peace, won-der-ful peace, Coming down from the Father a - bove! Sweep o - ver my spir-it for - ev - er, I pray, In fath-om-less bil-lows of love!

When the Train Comes In.

COPYRIGHT, 1923, BY THORO HARRIS.

Thoro Harris, arr.

1. We are sol-diers in the bless - ed war for Je - sus, We are
2. We will go out in the high-ways and the hedg - es, We will
3. See, the land of Beu-lah lies so plain be - fore you, Of a
4. Come, poor sin-ner, Je - sus of - fers you a ran - som Thru His

CHO.—*We are sweep-ing on to claim the bless - ed prom - ise Of a*

march-ing on with a shout and song; Tho' the dev - il tries to
sing and pray ev - 'ry night and day, Till poor sin - ners leave their
hap - py life free from sin and strife, Where are songs of joy and
blood so dear,—He is ev - er near; And the an - gel throng will

hap - py home, nev - er - more to roam; Where the sun-light's on the

both - er and de - ceive us,— We'll be read - y when the train comes in.
sins and fol - low Je - sus,— And be read - y when the train comes in.
shouts of ho - ly rap - ture,—O be read - y when the train comes in!
shout in joy - ful cho - rus, If you're read - y when the train comes in.

hills of end - less glo - ry,—We'll be read - y when the train comes in.

CHORUS.

When the train comes in, the train comes in, We'll be ready when the train comes in;

Up to Glo-ry-land 'twill bear our band, We'll be ready when the train comes in.

37 Sing His Praise.

I. O. B.

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I. O. Brown.

1. Forward move, ye sol-diers of the liv - ing God, Sing His praise,
2. Shout a-loud, ye peo-ple, and His name a - dore, Sing His praise,
3. Be a val - iant sol-dier, rout-ing ev - 'ry sin, Sing His praise,
4. When the battle's o - ver and the con-flict's won, Sing His praise,

Sing His praise,

sing His praise;
sing His praise;
sing His praise;
sing His praise;

Lift the blood-stained banner where the saints have trod,
He shall gain the conquest, reign for - ev - er - more,
Christ, the great Je-ho - vah, will be sure to win,
Sor-row will be end - ed and our joy be - gun,

sing His praise;

CHORUS.

Sing His praise, sing His praise. Sing His praise, sing His
Sing His praise, sing His praise. Sing His praise.

praise, Let the glo - ry in your soul, sing His praise; Sing His
sing His praise, sing His praise;

praise, sing His praise, While the endless a-ges roll, sing His praise.
Sing His praise, sing His praise, sing His praise.

Gentle Jesus.

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1. Je - sus is my heart's e - ter - nal treas - ure, More than all the
2. O how sweet to know the day is near - ing When these eyes shall
3. At the tho't of Thee my bur-dens van - ish, All my cares take

world to me so dear. Gen - tle Je - sus, O bless - ed Je - sus,
see my heart's de - sire! Gen - tle Je - sus, O bless - ed Je - sus,
wing, my sor-rows flee. Gen - tle Je - sus, O bless - ed Je - sus,

CHORUS.

Sweet Thy name, like mu - sic to mine ear.
With this hope my heart is all a - fire. Praise His pre - cious name!
We are one for all e - ter - ni - ty.

I am all a - flame, For His love is burn-ing in my soul. Gen - tle

Je - sus, O bless-ed Je - sus, Thou art mine while countless a - ges roll.

39 As White as Snow.

ISA. 1: 18

Copyright, 1922, by Thoro Harris

B. B. B. B. B. Bosworth

1. Hear the in - vi - ta - tion from God's ho - ly word, "Come and let us
2. Com - ing now to Ju - sus with your load of sin, Throw your heart wide
3. Join the hap - py cho - rus with the throng a-bove, Those who once were

rea - son now," thus saith the Lord;" Plunging 'neath the cur-rent of Mount
o - pen, let the Heal - er in! He will sweet-ly save you, make your
sav'd thru His re - deem - ing love, Sing - ing thru e - ter - ni - ty with

Cal - v'ry's flow, Tho your sins be crim-son, they shall be as snow.
heart a - new, For there's per-fect cleansing in the blood for you.
hearts a-glow, "Tho our sins were scar - let, they are now as snow."

REFRAIN

Tho your sins be as scar - let, Tho your sins be as scar - let,

Tho your sins be like crim - son red, They shall be as white as snow.

Christ Returneth.

"I will come again, and receive you unto Myself."—John 15: 3.

H. L. TURNER. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a - wak-ing, When sun-light thro'
2. It may be at mid - day, it may be at twi - light, It may be, per-
3. While hosts cry "ho-san-na," from heav-en de-scend - ing, With glo-ri-fied
4. Oh, joy! oh, de - light! should we go with-out dy - ing, No sick-ness, no

dark - ness and shad - ow is break-ing, That Je - sus will come in the
chance, that the black-ness of mid-night Will burst in - to light in the
saints and the an - gels at - tend - ing, With grace on His brow, like a
sad - ness, no dread and no cry - ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our

full - ness of glo - ry, To re - ceive from the world "His own."
blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."
ha - lo of glo - ry, Will Je - sus re - ceive "His own."
Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."

CHORUS.

O Lord Je-sus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song, Christ re-

rit.

turn-eth, hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! A-men, Hal-le - lu - jah! A-men.

41 He's Coming Soon.

Hawaiian Melody.

Thoro Harris. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. **Liliuokalani, Arr. by T. H.**

1. In these, the clos-ing days of time, What joy the glorious hope af-
2. The signs around—in earth and air, Or paint-ed on the star-lit
3. The dead in Christ who 'neath us lie, In countless numbers, all shall
4. And we who, liv-ing, yet remain, Caught up, shall meet our faithful

fords, That soon—O wondrous truth sub-lime! He shall reign, King of
sky, God's faithful wit-ness-es—declare That the coming of the
rise When thru the por-tals of the sky He shall come to pre-
Lord; This hope we cher-ish not in vain, But we comfort one an-

REFRAIN.

kings and Lord of lords.
Sav-ior draweth nigh. He's com-ing soon, He's coming soon; With
pare our Par-a-dise.
oth-er by this word.

joy we welcome His re-turn - ing; It may be morn, it
the re-turning of the Lord;

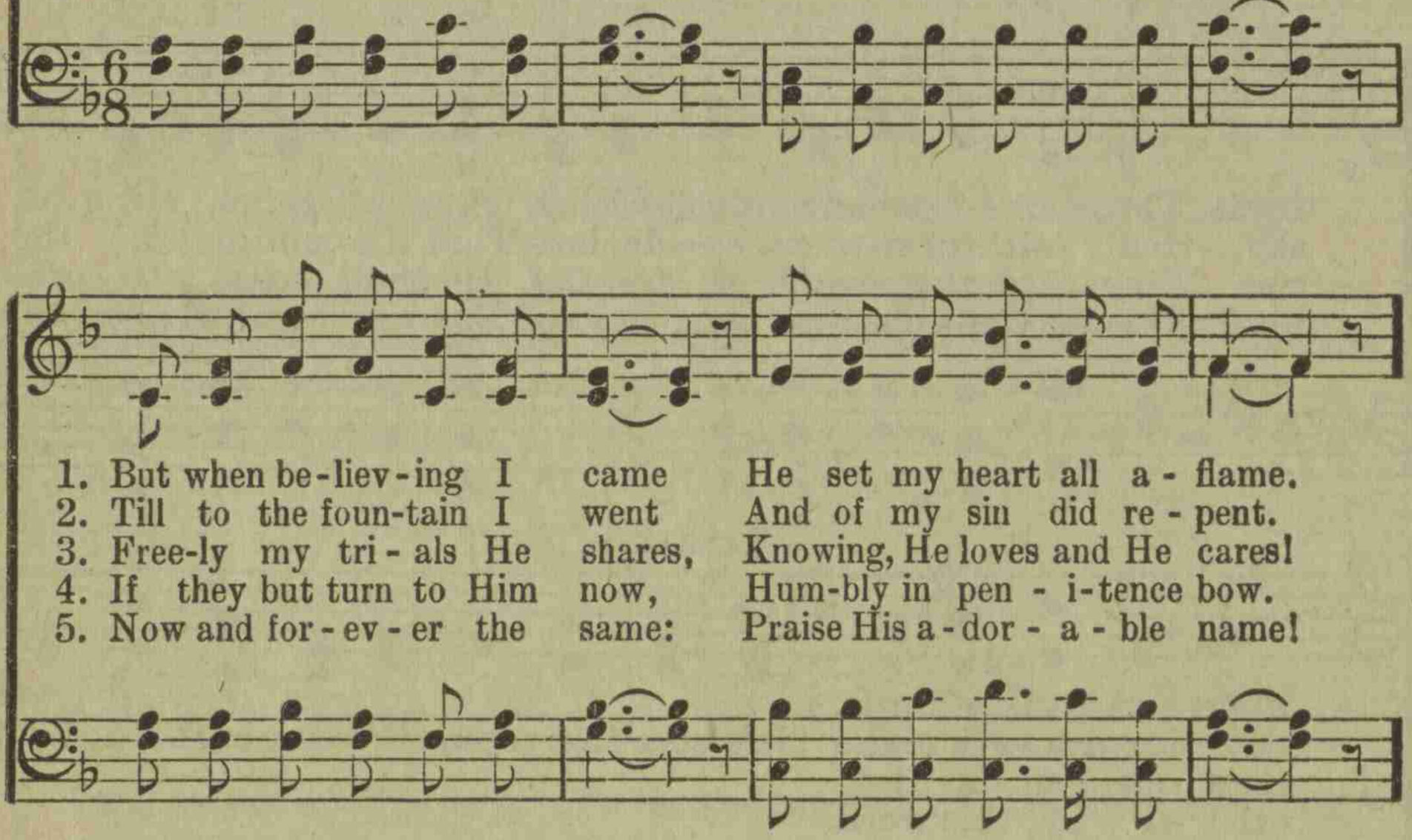
may be night or noon—We know He's com-ing soon.
our King is com-ing ver-y soon.

42 Saved By the Blood.

COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY THORO HARRIS.

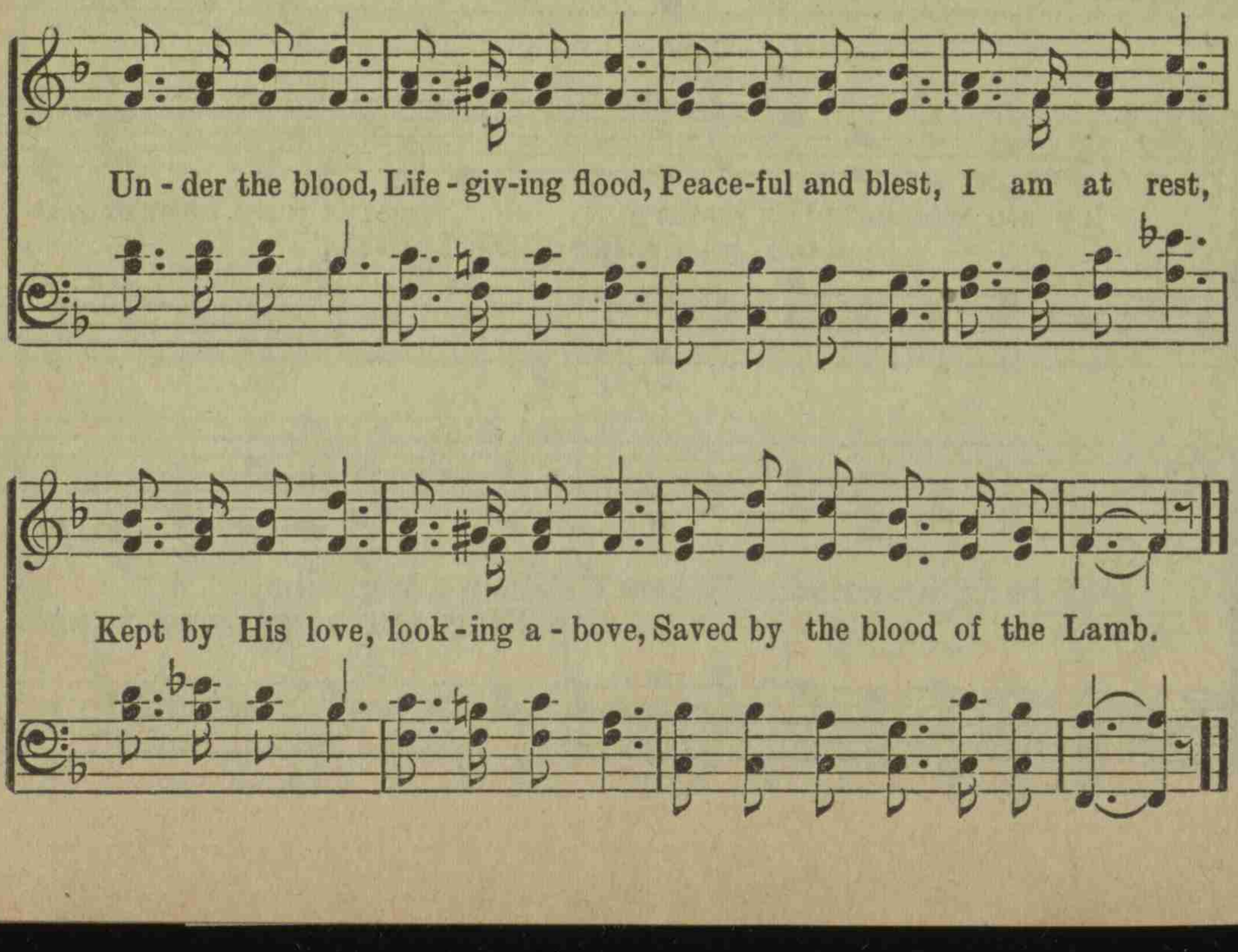
Thoro Harris.

1. Blest and so hap-py am I Je- sus did not pass me by;
2. Once I was ru-ined by sin, Help-less, un-done and un-clean;
3. Since He is liv-ing in me, How can I com-fort-less be?
4. Je- sus can save ev-'ry soul, Mak-ing them per-fect-ly whole,
5. Ho- ly, com-pas-sion-ate One, Glo-ry to Je-sus, God's Son,



1. But when be-liev-ing I came He set my heart all a-flame.
2. Till to the foun-tain I went And of my sin did re-pent.
3. Free-ly my tri-als He shares, Knowing, He loves and He cares!
4. If they but turn to Him now, Hum-bly in pen-i-tence bow.
5. Now and for-ev-er the same: Praise His a-dor-a-ble name!

CHORUS.

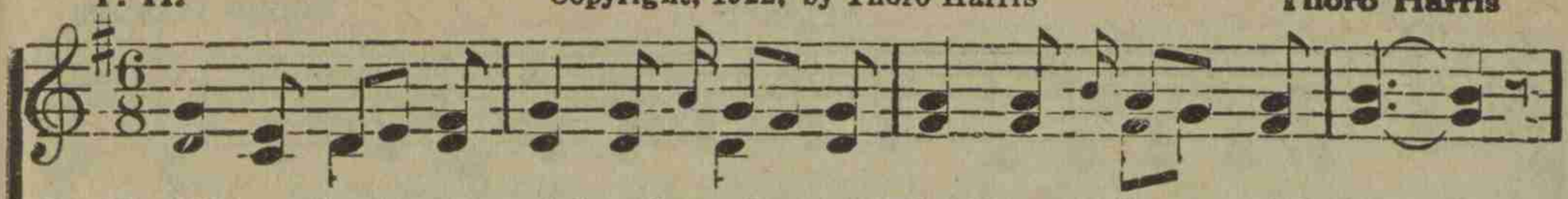


Un-der the blood, Life-giv-ing flood, Peace-ful and blest, I am at rest,

Kept by His love, look-ing a-bove, Saved by the blood of the Lamb.

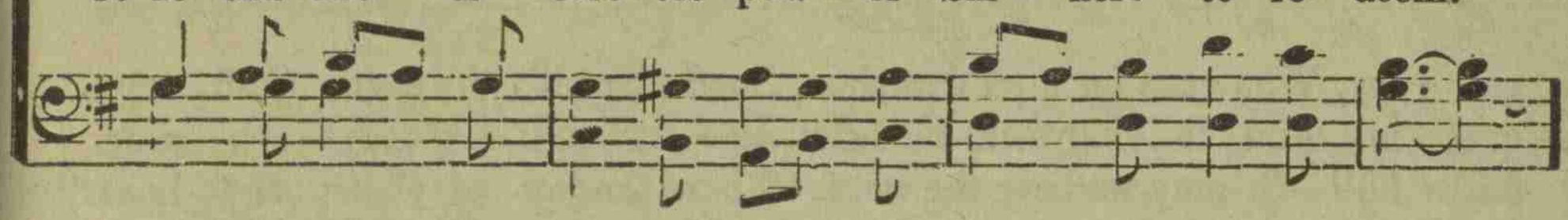
43 Flowing On

T. H. Copyright, 1922, by Thoro Harris Thoro Harris



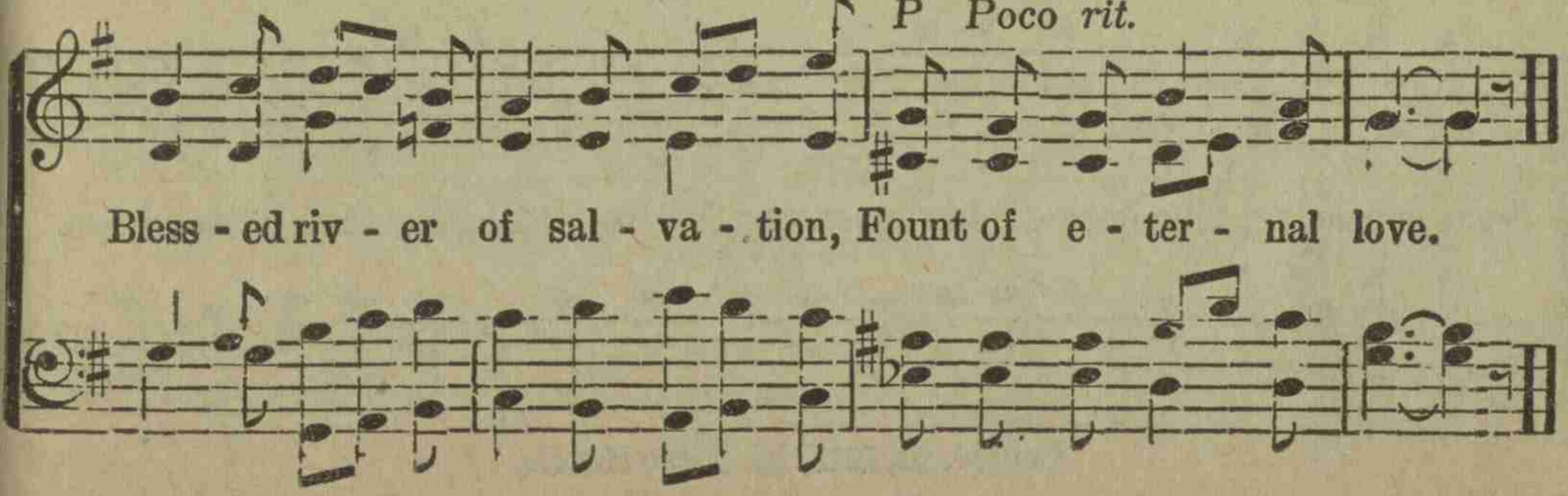
1. Would you lose your weight of sad-ness, Would you joy - ful be?
2. Would you aid the lost and stray-ing Hope a - new to win?
3. Where - so-e'er this stream is flow - ing All the land is heal'd:
4. Tell the sick of ev - 'ry na - tion Of this foun - tain wide:
5. Flow - ing on each day and hour, Won-drous heal - ing stream!

1. Le, a stream of ho - ly glad - ness Flows from Cal - va - ry.
2. Bid them seek, no moro de - lay - ing, Cleans - ing from their sin.
3. By its banks a tree is grow - ing Leaves of life to yield.
4. They will rush, for full sal - va - tion, To its sil - ver tide.
5. It can nev - er lose its pow - er Sin - ners to re - deem.



CHORUS

Flow - ing ou, Flow - ing on,
Flow - ing ev - er, Ceas - ing nev - er, From the throne a - bove;



P Poco *rit.*

Bless - ed riv - er of sal - va - tion, Fount of e - ter - nal love.

44 Looking For That Blessed Hope.

T. H. Tit. 2: 13. THORO HARRIS.

1. O shout a-loud the tid-ings, Re - peat the joy-ful strain; Let all the
2. Signs in the heav'n a-bove us, In sun and moon and sky, Pro-claim to
3. We'll watch for his re-turn-ing With lamps well trimm'd and bright; He com-eth

wait - ing na - tions This mes-sage hear a - gain: The spot-less Lamb of
all the faith - ful Re - demp-tion draw - eth nigh; The hearts of men are
to the care - less As thieves break thro' at night; "Well done, thou good and

glo - ry, Who once for man was slain, Soon o'er all the earth shall reign.
quak - ing And fail - ing them for fear: Je - sus' com - ing draw - eth near.
faith - ful"—O may we hear the word, "Share the joy of Christ thy Lord."

CHORUS.

Looking for that blessed hope, Looking for that blessed hope; We know the
that joyful hope, that glorious hope;

hour is nearing, The hour of his appearing: We're looking for that blessed hope.

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45 Jesus Is Coming, Hallelujah!

Thoro Harris. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. Geo. F. Root.

1. We have heard the glo - rious news of our re - turn - ing Lord;
2. We have seen the signs ful - fill - ing ev - 'ry pass - ing year;
3. Let us bear the joy - ful news o'er o - cean's surg - ing main,
4. Speed, O speed Thee on Thy way, Thou bless - ed Prince of Peace!

1. Je - sus is com-ing, hal - le - lu - jah! Now on all the earth a-broad the
2. Je - sus is com-ing, hal - le - lu - jah! Tho' the hearts of sin - ful men are
3. Je - sus is com-ing, hal - le - lu - jah! That the might-y King of kings is
4. Je - sus is com-ing, hal - le - lu - jah! When the gold - en morn shall break that

𝄋 FINE.

1. lat - ter rain is poured; Je - sus is com-ing, hal - le - lu - jah!
2. fail - ing them for fear, Je - sus is com-ing. hal - le - lu - jah!
3. com - ing back a - gain, Je - sus is com-ing, hal - le - lu - jah!
4. brings from death re - lease, Je - sus is com-ing, hal - le - lu - jah!

D. S.–sing the glad re - frain, Je - sus is com - ing, hal - le - lu - jah!

CHORUS.

The Sav - ior is com - ing, is com - ing a - gain, Com - ing in

D. S.

glo - ry, com - ing to reign; Let the "lit - tle flock" re - joice and

Man of Galvary.

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M. F. F.—Thoro Harris. M. F. Ferguson, arr.

1. Fair - er than all on earth be - side, Dear-est to Thy en-rap-tured bride,
2. Grant-ing the bur-dened sin-ner peace, Bringing the cap-tive glad re - lease,
3. Show'ring Thy gifts on ran-somed men, Pour-ing out life be - yond our ken,
4. All my poor praise would I out - pour; Je - sus, I love Thee more and more;
5. Com-fort a - long my lone - ly way, Sav - ior, I'll see Thy face some day,
6. Then to yon blest e - ter - nal home All Thy redeemed at last shall come,

1. Full - ness di - vine in Thee I see, Won-der - ful Man of Cal - va - ry.
2. Shedding Thy blood to make him free, Mer - ci - ful Man of Cal - va - ry.
3. Clothe with Thy spotless pu - ri - ty, Boun-ti - ful Man of Cal - va - ry.
4. Thine, on - ly Thine I long to be, Serv-ing the Man of Cal - va - ry.
5. Cen - ter of glo - ry aye to be, Suf - fer - ing Man of Cal - va - ry.
6. Stars in Thy crown, O Christ, to be, Glo - ri - ous Man of Cal - va - ry.

REFRAIN.

The Man of Cal - va - ry Hath won my heart from me;

He died to set me free, Blest Man of Cal - va - - ry.
rug - ged Cal - va - ry.

47 The Joy of my Life

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T. H. **Thoro Harris**

Solo or unison

1. My on - ly hope is Je - sus, My ref - uge from de - spair;
2. My joy is all in Je - sus, His pow'r dis - pels my grief;
3. My heart is set on Je - sus, 'Tis heav'n to do His will;
4. Mine eyes are fixed on Je - sus And not on mor - tal man;
5. I find my rest in Je - sus: Since He has made me whole
6. My dear - est Friend is Je - sus, So kind and faith - ful He;
7. My life is hid with Je - sus. The might - y One to save;
8. Mine all in all is Je - sus: I'll serve Him all my days
9. My com - ing King is Je - sus, All glo - rious, all di - vine;

1. He brake the cords that bound me And all my sins He bare.
2. He light - ens ev - 'ry bur - den, He sends me quick re - lief.
3. When round me strife is rag - ing I hear His "peace, be still."
4. I know He'll sure - ly fin - ish The work His hands be - gan.
5. And I have Him ac - cept - ed, He sat - is - fies my soul.
6. Tho oth - er friends may fail me He loves me con - stant - ly.
7. His own are safe for - ev - er— For them His life He gave.
8. Who set the joy - bells ring - ing And mer - its all my praise.
9. I bow the knee be - fore Him And wor - ship at His shrine.

CHORUS

Lord Je - sus, Je - sus, On - ly Je - sus! Thou
Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Gen - tle, lov - ing Je - sus!

Cres.

fill - est me with ho - ly glee, The joy of my life is Je - sus.

48 His Way With Thee.

C. S. N. Ps. 37:5. Rev. Cyrus S. Nusbaum.

1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be al-ways pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have Him make you free, and fol-low at His call? Would you know the
3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove Him

Him with - in the nar-row road? Would you have Him bear your burden,
peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that
true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His ser - vice la - bor

CHORUS.

car-ry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
you need never fall? Let Him have His way with thee.
always at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.
} His pow'r can make you what you

ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can

rit.

fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

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49 Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

E. D. Mund. COPYRIGHT, BY E. S. LORENZ, USED BY PER. E. S. Lorenz.

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shad-ows cast;
3. Let shadows come, let shad-ows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

One tho't re-mains su - preme-ly sweet: Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
Their gloom re-minds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

FINE.

D.S.—*What need I fear when Thou art near, And think-est, Lord, of me?*

CHORUS. D. S.

Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me,
of me, of me,

50 In the Gross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the

sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.
cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide

51

The Changeless Christ.

T. H. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. Thoro Harris.

1. Once the Sav-ior trod On our earth-ly sod, "Do-ing good" from day to day;
2. Wea-ry sin-ners all, At His feet would fall—None He ev - er turn'd a - way;
3. As He dai-ly taught, All the sick were bro't, And be-fore Him, suff'ring, lay;
4. Met with one ac - cord To o - bey their Lord, His dis - ci - ples wait and pray;
5. So, for-giv-en much, Healed by Jesus' touch, For the Ho - ly Spir - it pray;

1. And the sons of men, How He lov'd them then! But is He the same to - day?
2. By the Lord from heav'n They were "much forgiv'n;" But is He the same to - day?
3. But they all were heal'd, By His pow'r reveal'd: Is His grace the same to - day?
4. Till from heav'n there came Cloven tungs of flame: Does He still baptize to - day?
5. With His presence still He your soul would fill, For He's just the same to - day.

CHORUS. *f*

He is just the same to-day, to-day: He will grant us when-e'er we pray,
when we pray,

What-so - ev - er we ask the Fath-er in His name, For He's just the same to-day.

52 Dearer Than Life

T. H.

Copyright, 1922, by Thoro Harris

Thoro Harris.

1. Je - sus, ho - ly Son of God, All my praise ex - cell - ing,
2. Thou un - seen Re - al - i - ty, More than world - ly treas - ure,
3. Ten - der Shep-herd kind and good, In Thy past - ure feed - ing,
4. By Thy res - ur - rec - tion pow'r Ful - ly me in - dwell - ing,
5. Let me nev - er, nev - er stray From the path of du - ty;
6. Then in bright-er realms a - bove, With the saints in glo - ry,

1. Shed in me Thy love a - broad, Make my heart Thy dwell - ing
2. Let Thy Spir - it rest on me With - out stint or meas - ure.
3. While I tread this earth - ly sod, Let me know Thy lead - ing.
4. Make me whol - ly Thine this hour, All Thy mer - cy tell - ing.
5. Guide me in the up - ward way, Show - ing forth Thy beau - ty.
6. Of Thy ev - er - lost - ing love I would sing the sto - ry.

REFRAIN

Trust-ing Thee ev - er, Doubting Thee nev-er, Of joy and peace "my springs are in

Thee," "Foun-tain of e - ter - nal love, Dear - er than life to me.

53

I'll Praise Him.

T. H.

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Thoro Harris.

1. I'm rest - ing in my Sav - ior, Re - joic - ing all the way; I'm trust-ing in His fa - vor Ev - 'ry hour of ev - 'ry day; He gives me
2. I once was heav - y - la - den, Weighed down by earthly care, Un- til I heard how Je - sus Came to lift me from de - spair: He car - ried
3. No more I grope in dark - ness, The light of life I see; My fet - ters all are bro-ken, For His pow'r has made me free. The life of
4. O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! I'm liv - ing in the light Far up the heights of Beu-lah:'Tis a grand and glor-ious sight, Be - hold - ing

rit. *a tempo.*

1. per - fect vic - t'ry O'er ev - 'ry conquered foe: How can I keep from
2. all my sor - row Up - on the shame-ful tree; How can I keep from
3. Christ with-in me Transforms my raptured soul; His sweet a - bid - ing
4. just be - fore me The cit - y of the blest, Where I shall dwell for-

cres.

rall.

CHORUS.

1. prais-ing Him As on to heav'n I go?
2. sing-ing When His gra-cious smile I see? I'll praise Him, yes, I'll praise Him
3. Spir - it All my be - ing shall con-trol.
4. ev - er And en - joy God's promised rest.

With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath; I'll praise my bless - ed Sav - ior Till mine

I'll Praise Him.

rit. *a tempo.*

eyes shall close in death; And when my ransomed spir - it Ap-pears be-fore His

cres.

face, I'll praise Him in the Glo - ry - land, A sin-ner saved by grace.
love-lit face,

54 O My Soul Sings Out.

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f

1. { O my soul sings out, hal - le - lu - jah To the bless-ed Lamb of God,
   { He who car-ried all my sor - row, He who bore my load of pain.
2. { For His church is His spe - cial treas-ure, To His heart so dear is she
   { From the Glo-ry-land to re-ceive us He is com - ing soon a - gain.

1 *p*

1. He who died for me On the shameful tree And redeemed me by His blood;
2. That He wants His own With Him on His throne Thru a long e - ter - ni - ty;

2 *cres.*

Sing in gladsome strain Of a Sav - ior slain, Who as King re - turns to reign.

55

Fill Me With Thy Fulness.

"Filled with all the fulness of God."—Eph. 3: 19. THORO HARRIS.

T. H.

Religioso.

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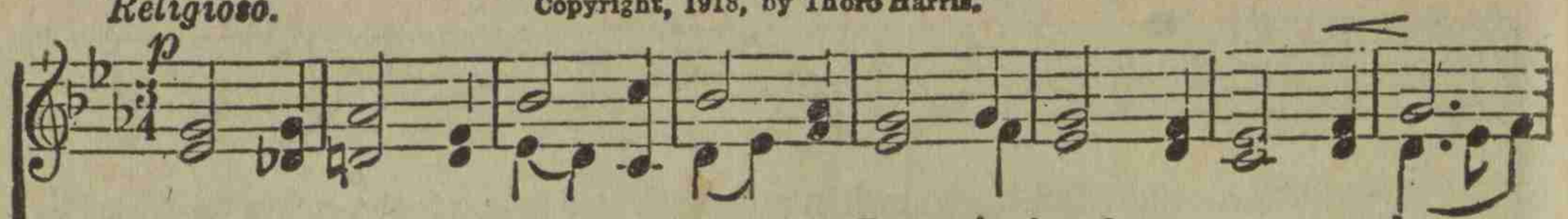
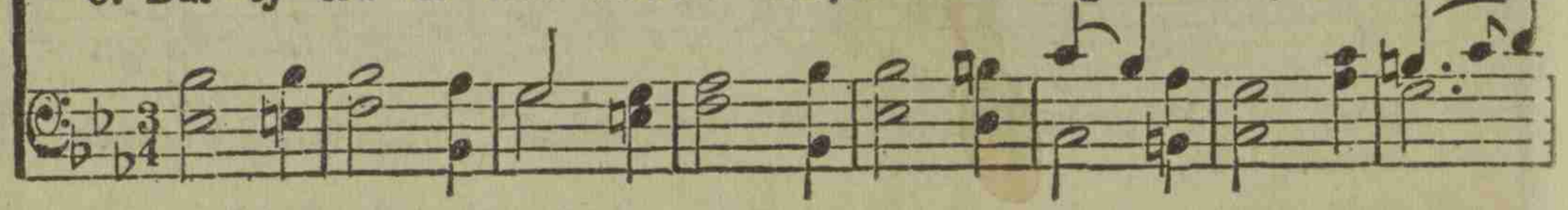
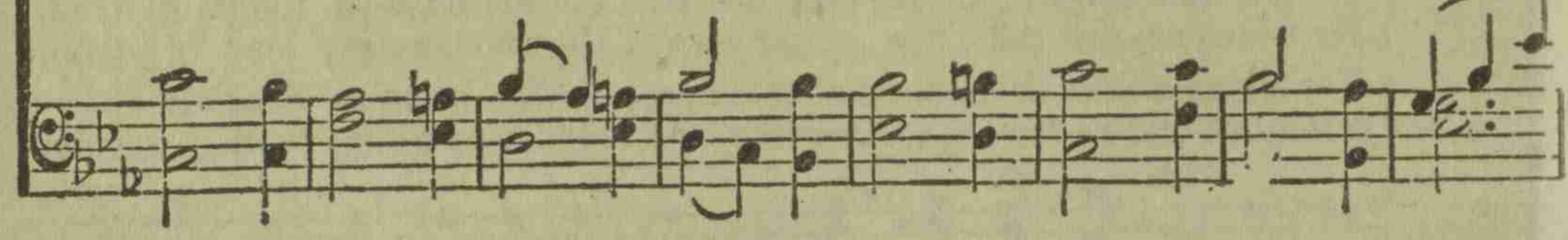


1. Lin - ger near me, bless-ed Sav - ior, Lay thine hand up - on my brow;
2. Lord, my ut-most need con-fess - ing, At thy throne I hum-bly bow,
3. Wean my heart from sins that grieve thee, Not one trace of guilt al - low;
4. By thine own in-dwell - ing Spir - it, With thy grace this heart en-dow;
5. In thy foot-steps meek and low - ly, I would fol - low—teach me how;
6. Dai - ly cru - ci - fied with Je - sus, I no long - er live, but thou;



By thy love and price-less fa - vor, Fill me with thy ful - ness now.
On - ly one pe - ti - tion press-ing:—Fill me with thy ful - ness now.
Give the faith that dares be-lieve thee, Fill me with thy ful - ness now.
Plead I naught but Je - sus' mer - it, Fill me with thy ful - ness now.
Sanc-ti - fy and make me ho - ly, Fill me with thy ful - ness now.
Blest Re-deem-er, Friend all-gracious, Fill me with thy ful - ness now.



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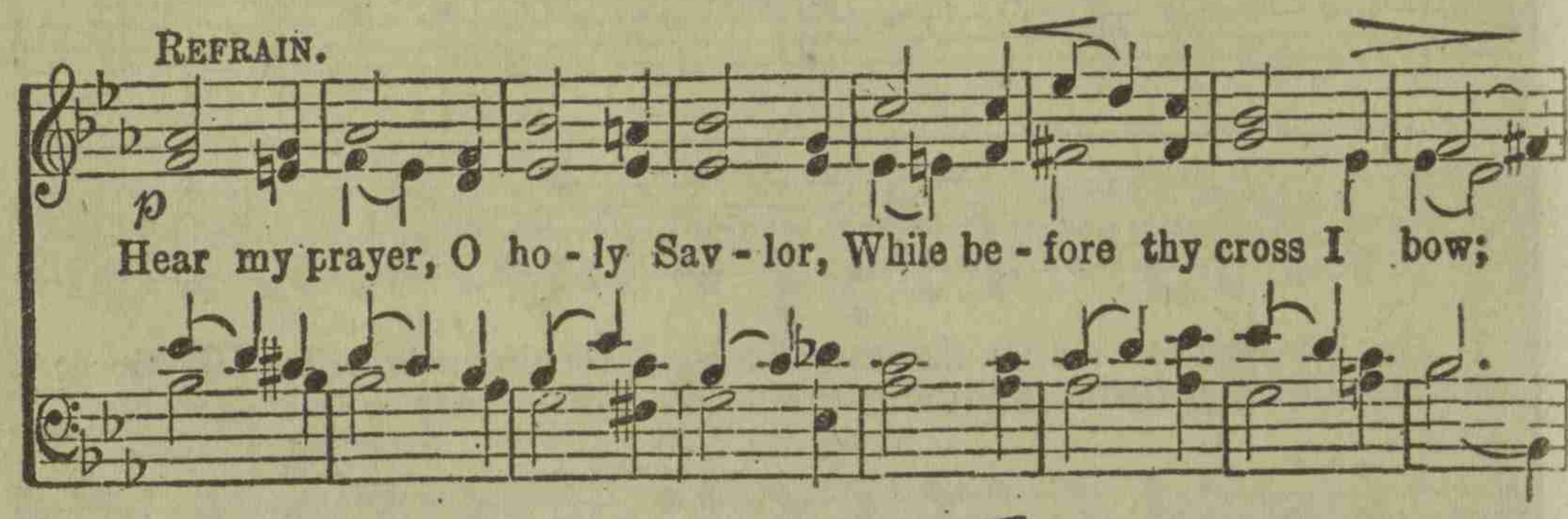


Hear my prayer, O ho - ly Sav - lor, While be - fore thy cross I bow;

Make me whol-ly thine for - ev - er, Fill me with thy ful - ness now.

Instrument 8va.

56 By His Stripes We Are Healed

T. H.

Copyright, 1923, by Thoro Harris

Thoro Harris

1. O the wondrous pow'r of a Sav - ior's love To the sin - ful and
2. There in Pi - late's hall see the guilt - less One: How the hearts of His
3. He was scourg'd that we might from pain be free; 'Tis a truth in the
4. His a - ton - ing blood still a - vails to - day; For the king - dom be
5. Turn a - way from sin, let the Christ come in, Bow the heart in con-
6. Tell the suf - f'ring all if they now but call On His name whom "the

1. sick re-veal'd! Ev - 'ry ling'ring pain Je - sus can remove—Praise the Lord,
2. foes were steel'd! How they pierc'd with thorn God's beloved Son! Praise the Lord,
3. Word re-veal'd, Since the curse He bore He can health re-store; Praise the Lord,
4. sav'd and seal'd; In the o-pen'd fount wash your stains a-way—Praise the Lord,
5. tri - tion, yield To His might-y pow'r this ac-cept-ed hour—Praise the Lord,
6. Fa ther seal'd," Bod - y, spir - it, soul, ev-'ry whit made whole, They will know

CHORUS

"by His stripes we are heal'd, "By His stripes (By His stripes) we are heal'd, (we are heal'd,)

By His stripes (By His stripes) we are heal'd; (we are heal'd;) On His guilt-less head

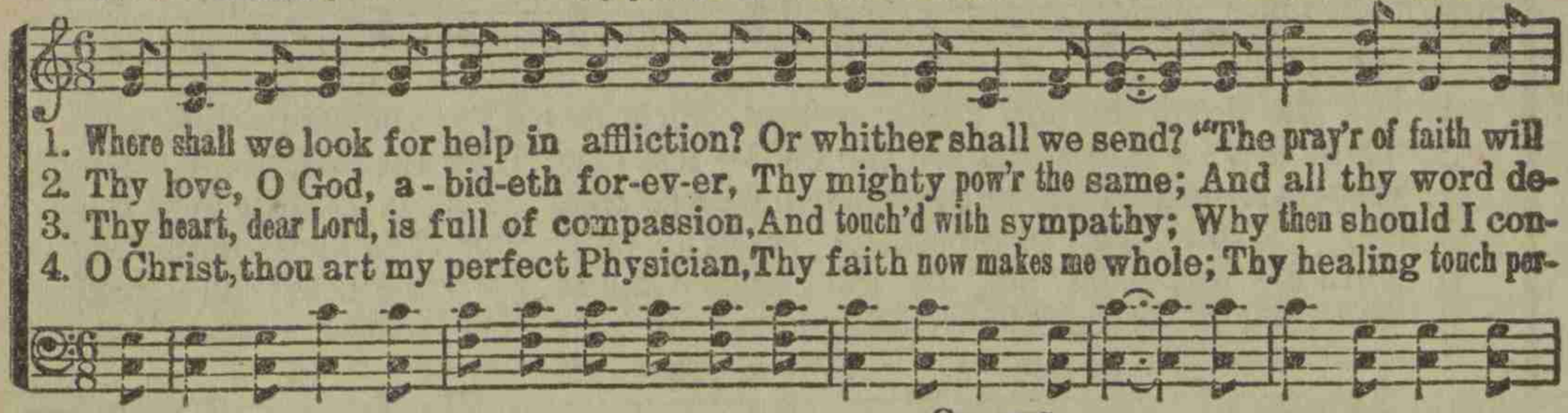
All our sins were laid, By His stripes we are heal'd.

By His stripes we are heal'd;

57 **O Lord, Thou Healest Me!**

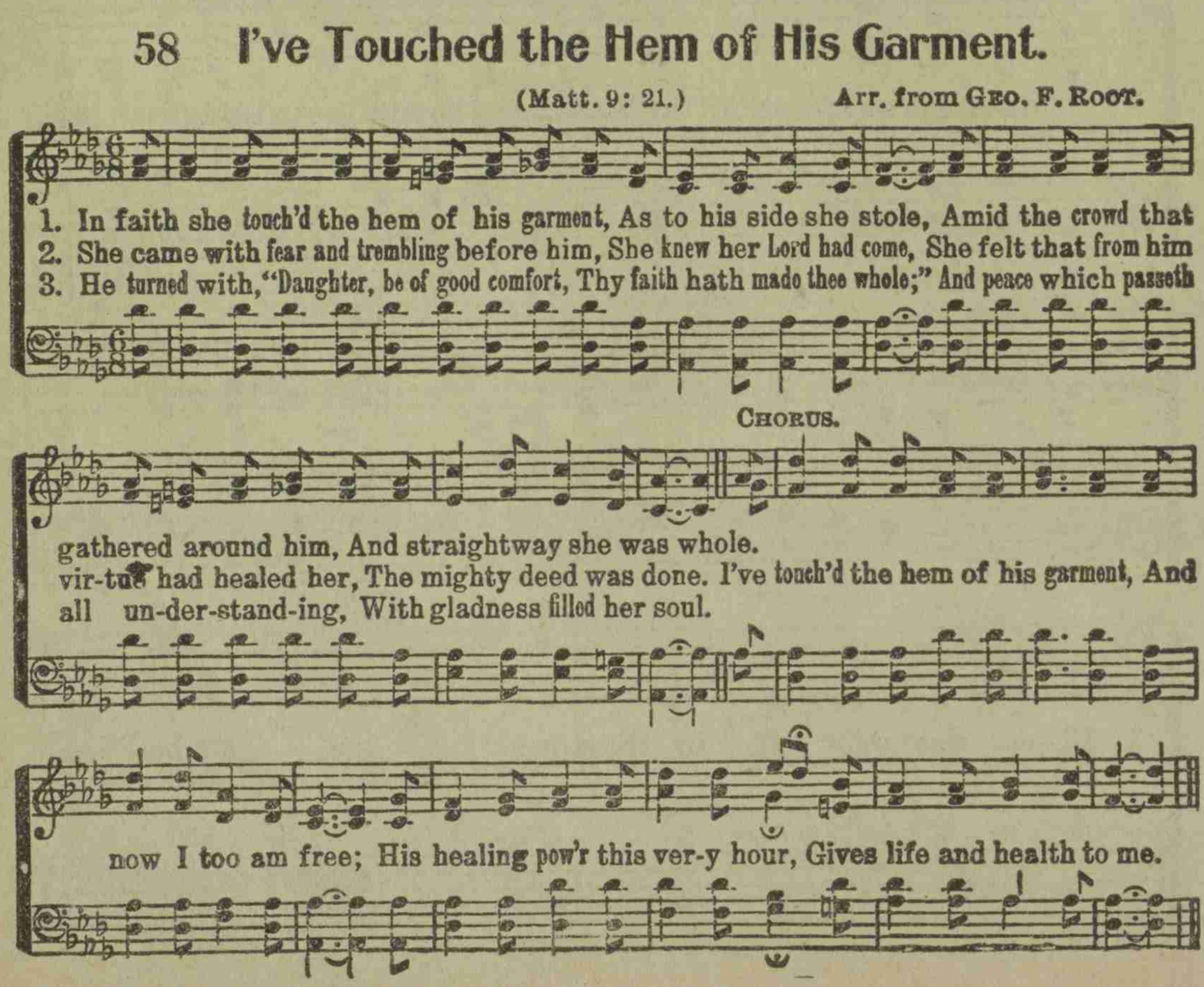
(Jas. 5: 15.)

D. S. WARNER. By per. B. E. Warren, owner. B. E. WARREN.



58 **I've Touched the Hem of His Garment.**

(Matt. 9: 21.) Arr. from GEO. F. ROOT.



59 Look to the Savior.

Thoro Harris. COPYRIGHT, 1923, BY THORO HARRIS. T. H.

1. Art thou la - den with a weight oppressing? Bring it to Je - sus,
2. Dost thou seek a balm for care and sadness? Find it in Je - sus,
3. Is the cross too heav - y thou must car - ry? Cast it on Je - sus,
4. Doth a cord of e - vil pas-sion bind thee? Call-ing on Je - sus,
5. Here is sol - ace for the heart of sor - row, On - ly in Je - sus,
6. Great com-pas-sion hath the Master shown thee: Trust all to Je - sus,

1. bring it to Je-sus; Hum - bly kneel and claim the promised bless-ing,
2. find it in Je-sus; He will pour the oil of ho - ly glad - ness,
3. cast it on Je-sus; Come this mo-ment, do not lon - ger tar - ry,
4. call - ing on Je-sus, Leave the mem-'ry of thy sin be - hind thee,
5. on - ly in Je-sus; Peace to - day and com-fort for the mor - row;
6. trust all to Je-sus; Friends misjudge, but He hath ful - ly known thee:

REFRAIN.

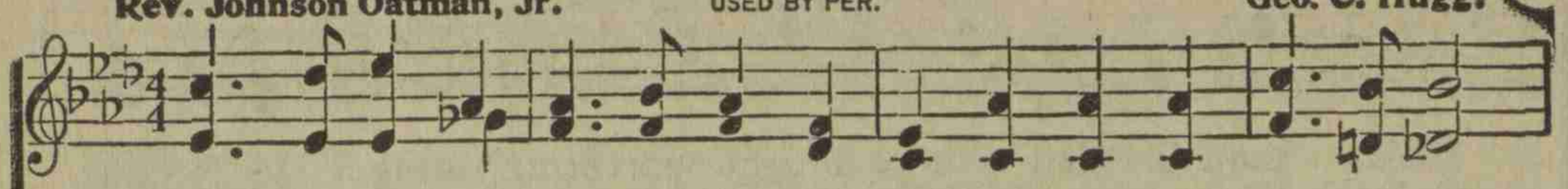
Look to the Sav - ior in prayer. Look to the Sav - ior, Seek-ing His fa - vor, Bring Him thy bur - den of care; He'll not for- sor - row and care;

sake thee, Grief shall not o'ertake thee, Look to the Sav-ior in prayer.

60 Every Bridge is Burned Behind Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1898. BY GEO. C. HUGG.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. USED BY PER. Geo. C. Hugg.

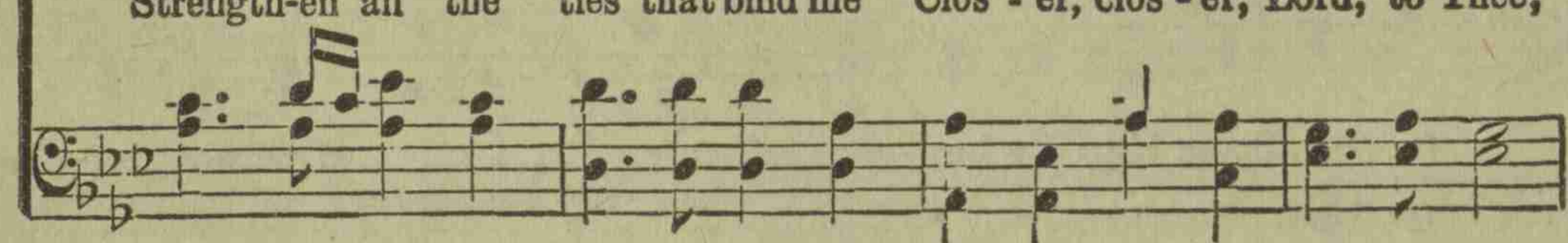


1. Since I start - ed out to find Thee, Since I to the cross did flee,
2. Thou didst hear my plea so kind - ly, Thou didst grant me so much grace;
3. Cares of life per-plex and grieve me, Yet I keep the nar - row way;
4. All in all, I ev - er find Thee, Sav-iour, Lov - er Bro-ther, Friend;

Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be-hind me, I will nev - er turn from Thee.
Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be-hind me, I will ne'er my steps re-trace.
Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be-hind me, I from Thee will nev - er stray.
Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be-hind me, I will serve Thee to the end.

CHORUS.

Strength-en all the ties that bind me Clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to Thee;



Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be-hind me, Thine I ev - er - more will be.

61 What He Has Done for Others.

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS. Thoro Harris.

1. A full and free sal-va-tion the King pro-vides for all,—'Tis not by works our hands can do;
2. The an-gels hov-er o'er you, the pa-tient Sav-ior waits Be-side you in your nar-row pew;
3. No mat-ter how dis-cour-aged, if you will look a-bove, And on-ward still the path pur-sue,
4. O trust Him, ful-ly trust Him! com-mit to Him your life; He'll keep you all the jour-ney thru;
5. On yon-der hills of glo-ry, up-on a death-less shore, A crown a-waits your wond'ring view;

If you this ver-y moment on His dear name will call, What He has done for others He will do for you.
He los-es all the blessing who falters and de-bates, What Christ has done for others let Him do for you.
In Je-sus' arms en-cir-cled, con-fid-ing in His love, What He has done for others He will do for you. For you, yes, for you! His
In ev-'ry hour of con-flict, in all the bit-ter strife, What He has done for others He will do for you.
You'll en-ter that fair cit-y to sor-row nev-er-more, And find a fadeless mansion there reserved for you.

CHORUS.

prom-ise is true; Now let the Savior enter and your heart re-new; O glo-ry, hallelujah! God's word a-bid-eth true: What He has done for others, He will do for you.

wayward heart renew. O glory, glo-ry,

62 The Lord of my Life.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. I rest in the love of the Cru - ci - fied, My bless - ed Re-deem - er for
2. The way may be drear-y, and dark as night, But Je - sus is guid - ing my
3. Not al-ways the skies may be bright and fair, But soon he will car - ry me

me hath died; And all that I need will his grace provide—I'll trust in Christ
feet a-right; My path leadeth on to the realms of light Where dwell - eth Christ
o - ver there; The joy of that place is beyond compare, Where reign - eth King

CHORUS.

Je-sus. The Lord of my life is Christ Je - sus, My Friend and Redeemer is
Thro' peace and thro' strife, for-
he;..... I find him un-speak-a-bly pre - cious, The Sav-ior who died
ev - er is he: pre-cious and kind,
for me; (for me;) speak-a - bly pre-cious, The Sav-ior who died for me.

Copyright, 1919, by Thoro Harris

On to the Rescue!

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. Lord, make this place a life - sav-ing sta - tion To sail - ors lost on
2. Ma - ny are drift - ing, hope - less-ly drift - ing, On to the reef of
3. May we some oth - er sis - ter or broth - er, Tost on the waves of

o - cean's storm-y main, Lift - ing the pre - cious light of sal-va - tion,
sor - row and de - spair; Launching the life - boat, haste to the res - cue
life's tem-pes - tuous sea, Some o - cean ran - ger, snatch from his dan-ger,

CHORUS.

That the lost and dy-ing may re - vive a - gain.
Of the souls that per-ish in the dark-ness there. On to the res - cue!
Land him in the ha-ven, saved e - ter - nal - ly.

On to the res-cue! In pure de-vo - tion our lives to spend; Trusting for-

ev - er Man's on - ly Sav - ior, Je - sus, Re-deem-er, our e - ter - nal Friend!

Copyright, 1910, by Thoro Harris.

There is Glory in My Soul.

E. A. H.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Cleared from all my sin, my con-dem - na - tion gone, Waves of
2. As we walk to - geth - er in the pil - grim way In a
3. Peace that pass-eth tell - ing now my heart doth know, And my
4. I can rest se - cure - ly on His faith - ful Word As I

gladness o'er my spir - it roll; Hold-ing sweet communion with my
fel - low-ship of love di - vine, Faith and hope grow brighter with each
life is full of joy and song; Heaven's pur - est pleasures thrill me
jour-ney in the nar - row way, And be hap - py in the love of

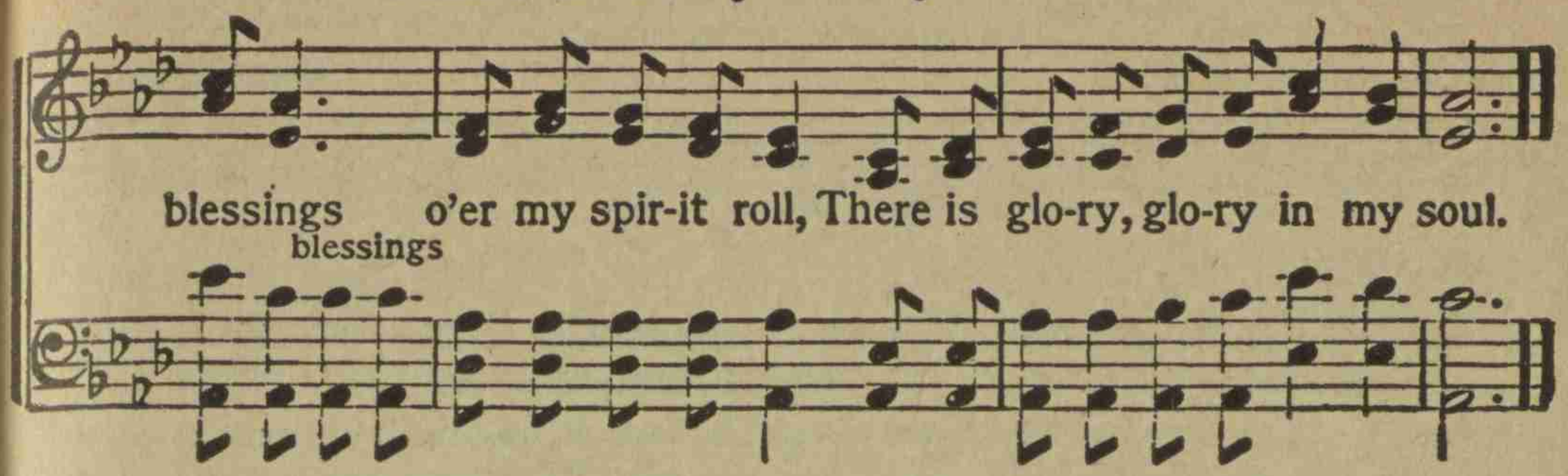
new - found Lord, There is glo - ry, glo - ry in my soul.
new - born day, There is glo - ry in this soul of mine.
as I go, And my soul is hap - py all day long.
my dear Lord Who with glo - ry fills my soul each day.

CHORUS.

There is glo - ry, glo - ry, in my soul to-day, Wondrous
glo - ry, glo - ry,
glo-ry, glo-ry, all a-long the way, Heaven's ho-liest
glo - ry, glo - ry, ho-liest

Copyright, 1903, by E. A. Hoffman.

There is Glory in My Soul.



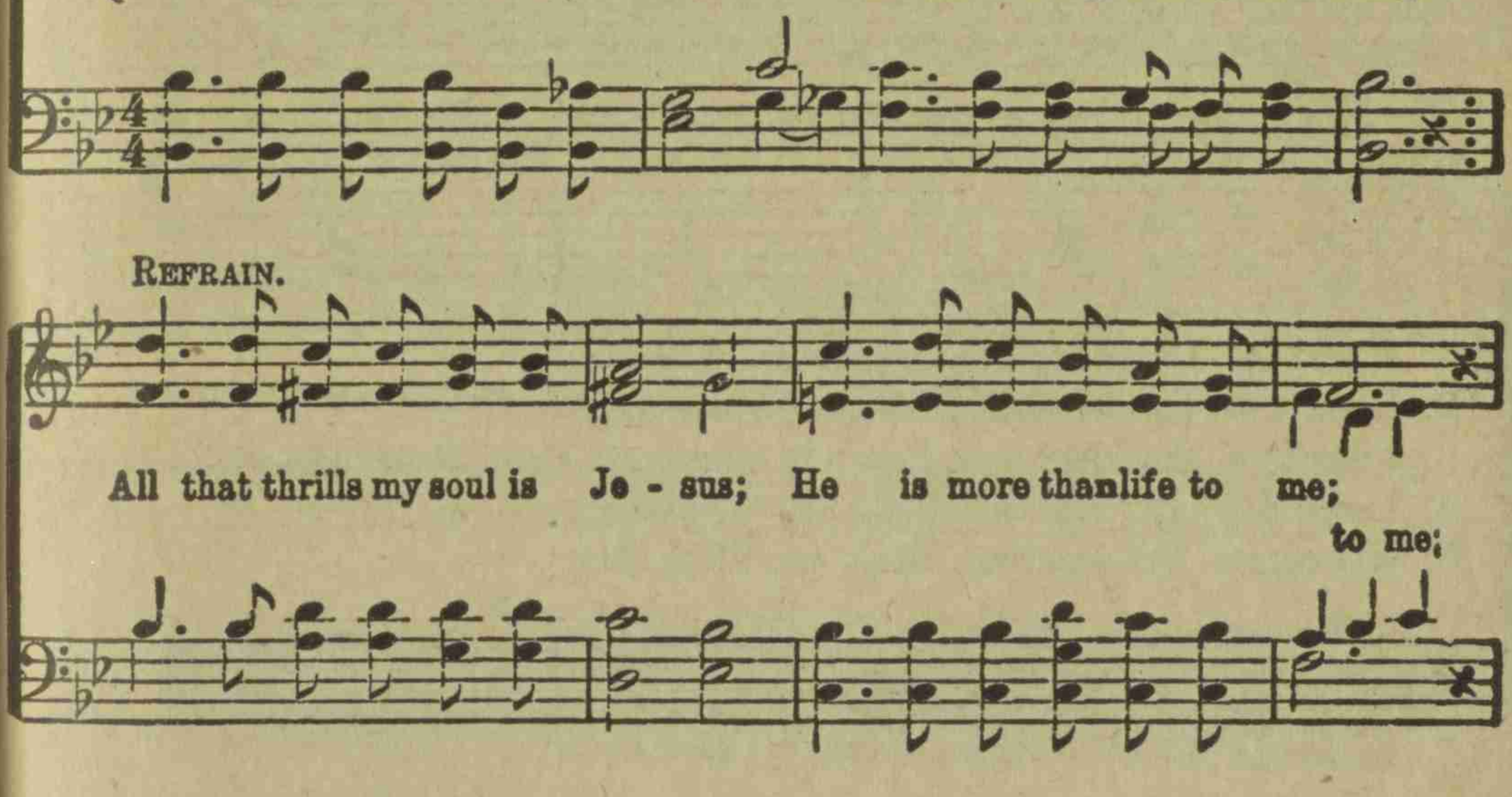
65

All That Thrills My Soul.

Thoro Harris.

Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris.

1. Who can cheer the heart like Je-sus. By His presence all divine?
   True and tender, pure and precious, O how blest to call Him mine!
2. Love of Christ so freely giv - en, Grace of God be-yond de-gree.
   Mer - cy high - er than the heaven, Deep-er than the deepest sea.
3. What a won-der-ful re-demp-tion! Never can a mortal know
   How my sin, tho red like crim-son, Can be whit-er than the snow.
4. Ev-'ry need His hand sup-ply-ing, Ev - 'ry good in Him I see;
   On His strength di-vine re-ly-ing, He is all in all to me.
5. By the crystal - flowing riv - er With the ransom'd I will sing,
   And for - ev - er and for - ev - er Praise and glo-ri-fy the King.



REFRAIN.

66

Friend of the Friendless

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T. H.

Thoro Harris.

1. Friend of the friendless, Sav - ior di - vine, Thy love hath won me—
2. Call - ing the out-cast Stranger a-stray, Car - ing for sin - ners
3. Kins - man, Re-deem-er, To Thee I turn; Me tho un - wor - thy,
4. Pa - tient com-pas-sion Beams from Thy face, Foun-tain of mer - cy,
5. No more an ex - ile Sad - ly to roam, Thy hand hath led me

1. I would be Thine. Sin - ful and er - ring, Fain would I flee,
2. "Out of the way." Lov - ing the love - less Wea - ry and lone,
3. Thou wilt not spurn. Thru first hast so't me. Now Thee I seek,
4. Auth - or of grace. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Je - sus, im - part,
5. Safe to Thy home; Friend of the friend-less, Thy love un - known

REFRAIN

1. Friend of the friend-less, Homeward to Thee.
2. Hope of the hope-less, Seek-ing Thine own.
3. Friend of the friend-less, Low - ly and meek. Calm Thou these wild a-larms
4. Ten - der - ly fold me Close to Thy heart.
5. Wel-comes the wand'rer, Seals me Thine own.

p rit.

Grant peace and rest, Held in Thy gra-cious arms, Hid in Thy breast.

The Beautiful Nazarene.

ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1923,

S. H. Payne. S. H. P.—Thoro Harris.

1. The Master stood before the throne Of Pilate great and strong, He stood there silent
2. His face was fair as lil-ies white, A ha-lo 'round His head, While all a-bout was
3. I heard the mob cry out in wrath, "O cru-ci-fy Him now!" And so He trod Gol-
4. And then they nailed Him to the tree With cruel spikes and deep: His face di-vin-er

and a-lone, For all His friends were gone. They had scattered far and near And
black as night Because their souls were dead. See His hands all bound with thongs, The
go-tha's path, His life-blood on His brow. On He trod and bare the cross Nor
grew to me, And I be-gan to weep. All His an-guish quite for-got, I

left Him with the throng, Not one voice His heart to cheer Thru all the hours so long.
thorn-crown on His brow; List the an-gels' mournful song—All heav'n in sorrow now.
ev-er made a moan, Weak and trembling from the loss Of blood—yet not a groan.
heard Him gently moan, "God forgive! for they know not The wrong that they have done."

REFRAIN.

I fell in love with the Nazarene, This beau-ti-ful Naz-a-rene Whose face was lit

by a ho-ly light, The fairest these eyes have seen. Near His side I would live With

nev-er a vail be-tween, Since I fell (so) deep in love With Jesus the Naz-a-rene.

I've Believed the True Report.

"Having therefore, brethern, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, let us draw near with a true heart and full assurance of faith."—Heb. 10:19-22.

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

1. I've believed the true re-port, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!
2. I'm a king and priest to God, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!
3. I have passed the out-er vail, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!
4. I'm with-in the ho-liest pale, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!

I have passed the out-er court, O glo-ry be to God!
By the cleansing of the blood, O glo-ry be to God!
Which did once God's light con-ceal, O glo-ry be to God!
I have passed the in-ner vail, O glo-ry be to God!

I am all on Je-sus' side, On the al-tar sanc-ti-fied,
By the Spir-it's pow'r and light, I am liv-ing day and night,
But the blood has brought me in To God's ho-li-ness so clean,
I am sanc-ti-fied to God By the pow-er of the blood,

To the world and sin I've died, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!
In the ho-liest place so bright, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!
Where there's death to self and sin, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!
Now the Lord is my a-bode, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I have passed the
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb! Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!

riv - en vail, where the glo-ries nev - er fail, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!

Hal - le - lu - jah! I am liv - ing in the presence of the King.
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!

69 Reunion

T. H.

Copyright 1921 by Thoro Harrls

Thoro Harris

1. O bless - ed Christ. who long a - go Releas'd from death Thine own,
2. One day Thy saints re-deem'd shall stand Be - fore the o - pen gate,
3. What joys di - vine will move us then, What bless-ed-ness unknown,
4. A - bide with us, O ho - ly One, Let us a - bide in Thee,

1. Whose hand assuag'd the wi - dow's wo And gave her back her son—
2. That cit - y built by God's own hand Which all the just a - wait.
3. When ev - 'ry moth-er's arm a - gain Re-ceives her cher-ish'd son!
4. That when at last life's work is done These bless-ings we may see.

Trusting the Promises.

Jennie Wilson. COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY THORO HARRIS. Thoro Harris.

1. As I jour - ney dai - ly 'mid these scenes be - low, There is bless - ed
2. Tho my foes be man - y as I strive with wrong, Prayer will bring a
3. We are told each faith-ful one a crown shall win When we gain the
4. Hid from hu - man vi - sion is the home on high, Filled with light and

1. com-fort that my soul may know; What - so - e'er be - falls me, still I
2. Help - er fear-less, brave and strong; And with glad-ness I may sing the
3. vic - t'ry o - ver self and sin; And I seek the prize while hope a-
4. beau - ty that can nev - er die; To that cit - y I am go - ing

FINE.

1. on - ward go, Trust - ing in the prom - is - es of Je - sus.
2. vic - tor's song, Trust - ing in the prom - is - es of Je - sus.
3. bides with - in, Trust - ing in the prom - is - es of Je - sus.
4. by and by, Trust - ing in the prom - is - es of Je - sus.

D. S.—*Trust - ing in the prom - is - es of Je - sus.*

CHORUS.

Looking to the Lord, Leaning on His word, Faith gives sweet assurance, cheering
all my way (to glo-ry), While I jour-ney home-ward to the realms of day,

D. S.

71 A Vision of Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1923, BY THORO HARRIS. Arr. by Thoro Harris.

1. We would see Je - sus in Beth-le-hem's glade, Born in a man-ger to
2. We would see Je - sus in high priest-ly prayer For His dis - ci - ples who
3. We would see Je - sus 'neath ol - ive tree shade: Fainting with weakness, He
4. We would see Je - sus on dark Cal-v'ry's tree, Dy - ing in an - guish for
5. We would see Je - sus in Jo-seph's new tomb Laid for a sea - son in

1. pov - er - ty's shade, Sought for by wise men in coun-tries a - far,
2. bowed with Him there, And for His fol - l'wers that they be hence-forth
3. fer - vent - ly prayed, Thrice ask-ing fa - vor from heav - en a - bove,
4. you and for me, Breath-ing His life out that sin - ners might live,
5. si - lence and gloom, Wait - ing the vic - t'ry by earth-quake made known

REFRAIN.

1. Ear - nest - ly seek-ing, led on by a star.
2. Sanc - ti - fied whol-ly thru God and His truth.
3. Yield-ing o - be-dience with meekness and love. We would see Je - sus in
4. Love's ben-e - dic-tion, "O Fa-ther, for-give!"
5. When an - gel le-gions rolled backward the stone.

all that you say, We would see Je - sus day aft - er day;

rit.

We would see Je - sus when-e'er we pray: O for a vi - sion of Je - sus!

The Hallelujah Side.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY JOHN J. HOOD. **J. Howard Entwisle.**

1. Once a sin - ner, far from Je - sus, I was per - ish - ing with cold,
2. Tho' the world may sweep a-round me with her daz - zle and her dreams,
3. Not for all earth's gold-en mil-lions would I leave this pre-cious place,
4. Here the sun is al - ways shin - ing, here the sky is al-ways bright;
5. And up - on the streets of glo - ry, when we reach the oth - er shore,

But the bless - ed Sav - ior heard me when I cried; Then He threw His robe a-round me, and He led me to His fold, And I'm
Yet I en - vy not her van - i - ties and pride; For my soul looks up to heav - en, where the gold - en sun-light gleams, And I'm
Tho' the tempt - er to per-suade me oft has tried; For I'm safe in God's pa - vil - ion, hap - py in His love and grace, And I'm
'Tis no place for gloom - y Chris-tians to a - bide; For my soul is filled with mu - sic, and my heart with great de-light, And I'm
And have safe - ly crossed the Jor-dan's roll - ing tide, You will find me shout-ing "Glo-ry!" just out - side my man-sion door, Where I'm

D. S.—*For I've o - pened up tow'rd heaven all the win-dows of my soul, And I'm*

FINE. CHORUS.

liv - ing on the hal - le - lu-jah side. Oh, glo - ry be to Je - sus! let the

liv - ing on the hal - le - lu-jah side.

73 Why Not You?

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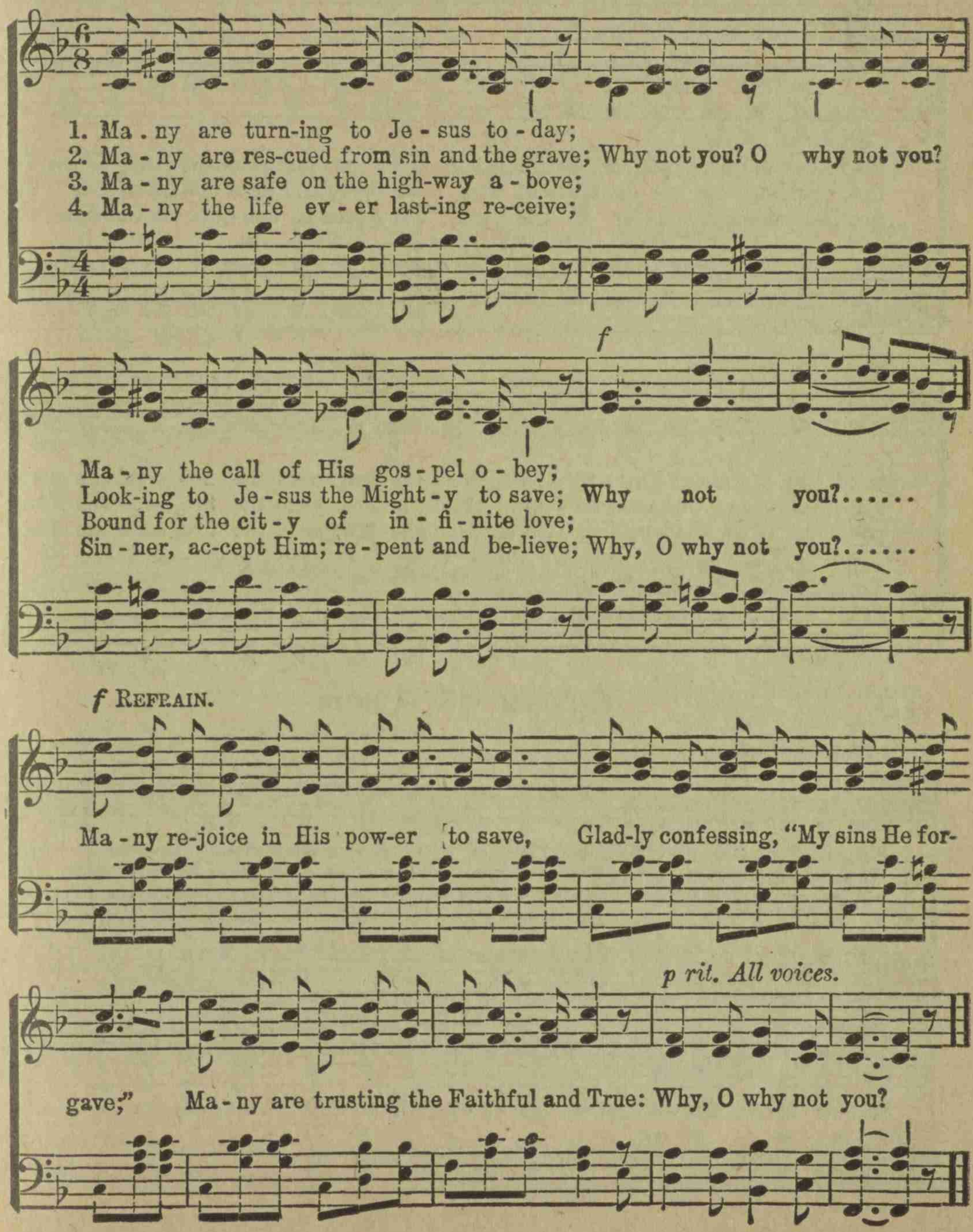
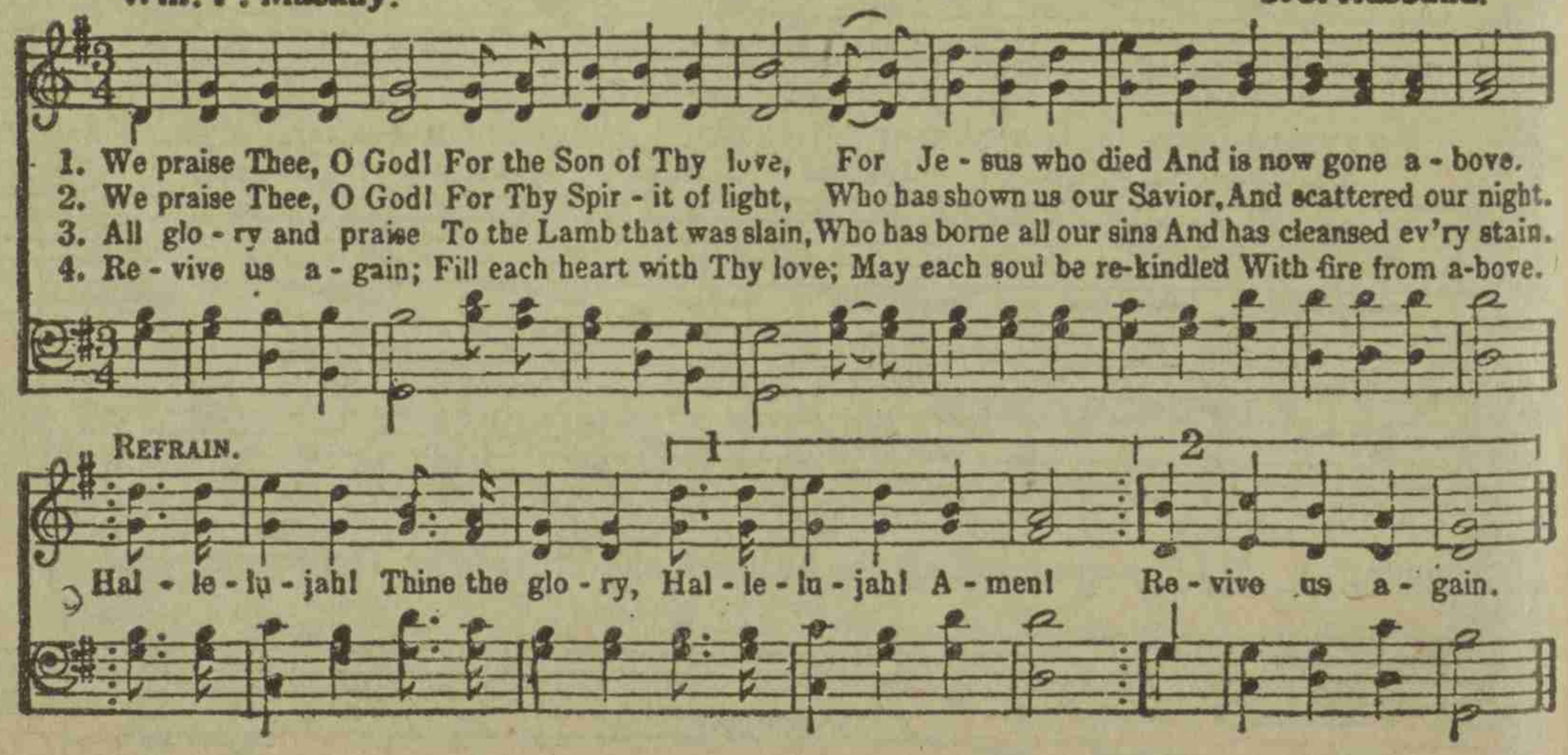


74 Send the Fire.

75 Revive Us Again.

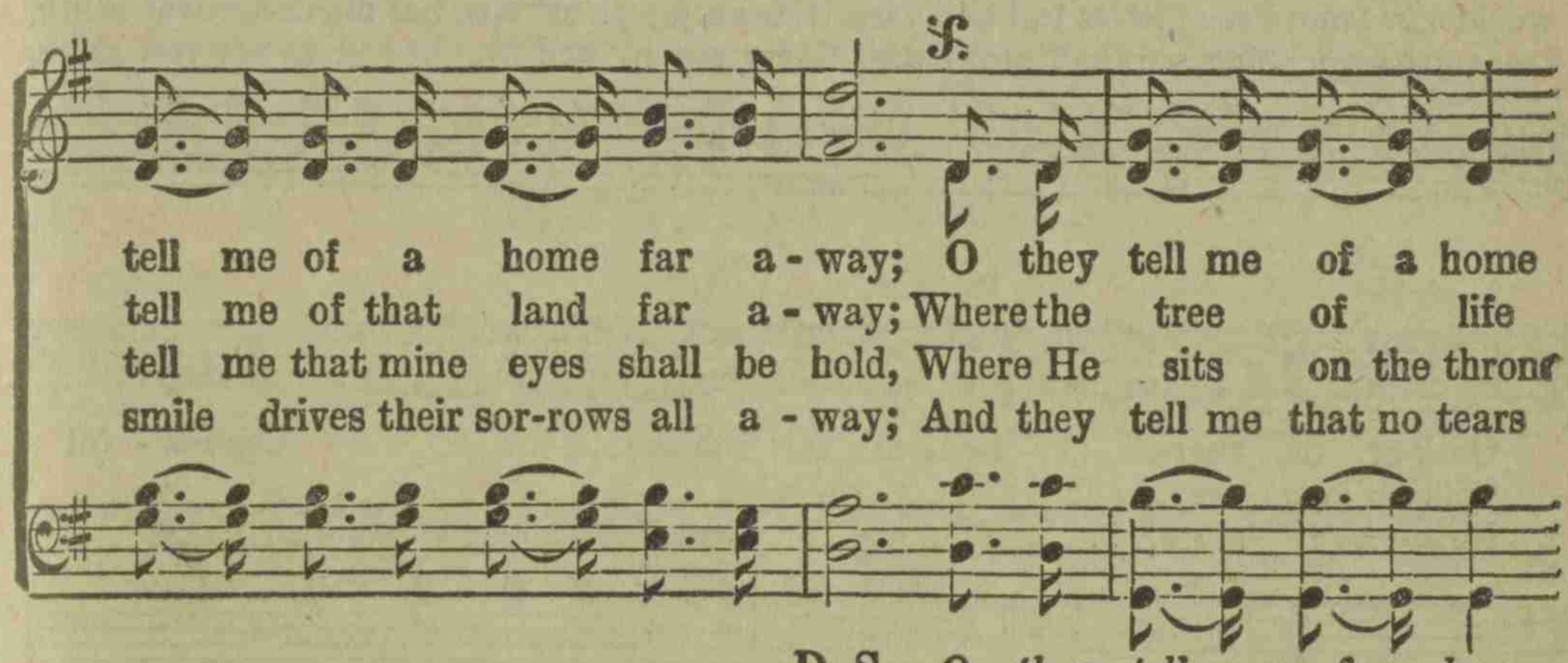
Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.



The Unclouded Day.

Words and melody by
Rev. J. K. Alwood.

1. O they tell me of a home far be-yond the skies, O they
2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they
3. O they tell me of a King in His beau-ty there, And they
4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil-dren there, And His



tell me of a home far a-way; O they tell me of a home
tell me of that land far a-way; Where the tree of life
tell me that mine eyes shall be hold, Where He sits on the throne
smile drives their sor-rows all a-way; And they tell me that no tears

D. S.—*O they tell me of a home*

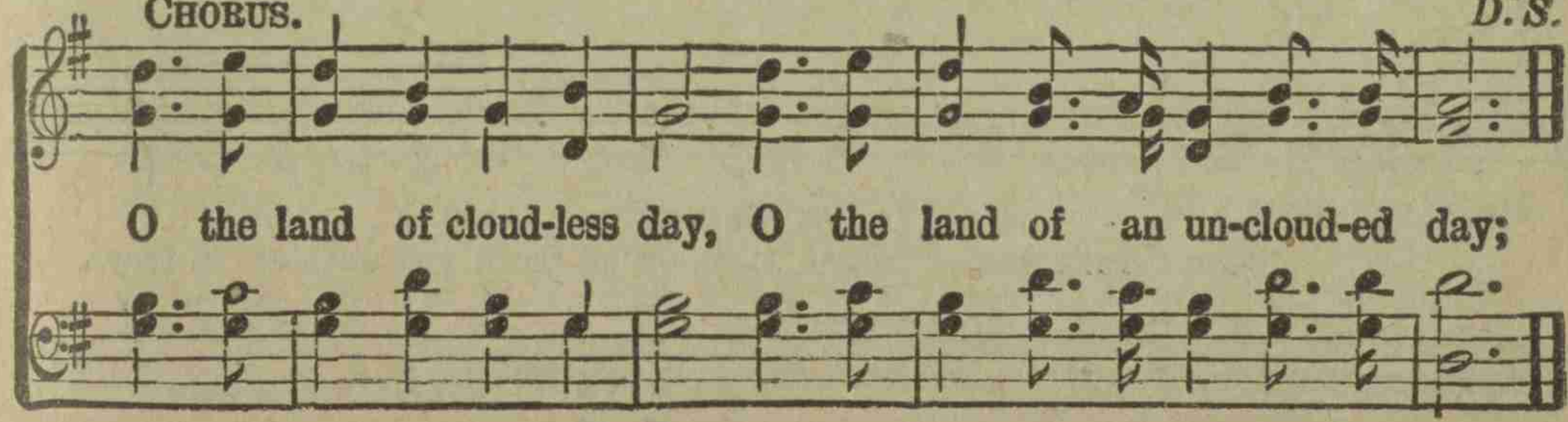
where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.
in e-ter-nal bloom Sheds its fragrance thro' the un-cloud-ed day.
that is whit-er than snow, In the cit-y that is made of gold.
ev-er come a-gain, In that love-ly land of un-cloud-ed day.

FINE.

where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.

CHORUS.

D. S.



O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un-cloud-ed day;

77

Beautiful.

Copyright, 1911, by J. A. Lee.

B. E. W.

B. E. WARREN.

1. Beautiful robes so white, Beautiful land of light, Beautiful home so bright, Where there shall
2. Beautiful thought to me, We shall for-ev-er be Thine in e-ter-ni - ty, When from this
3. Beautiful things on high, O-ver in yonder sky, Thus I shall leave this shore, Counting my

come no night; Beautiful crown I'll wear, Shining with stars o'er there, Yonder in mansions fair,
world we're free; Free from its toil and care, Heavenly joys to share, Let me cross over there;
treas-ures o'er; Where we shall never die, Carry me by and by, Nev-er to sor-row more,

CHORUS.

Gath-er us there..... Beau-ti - ful robes,..... Beau-ti - ful
This is my pray'r....
Heav-en - ly store..... Beau-ti-ful robes of white,

land,..... Beau-ti-ful home,..... Beautiful band,.....
Beautiful land of light, Beautiful home so bright, Beautiful band of might,

Beau-ti-ful crown,..... Shining so fair,.....
Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful crown, Shining, yes, shin-ing so fair,

Beau-ti - ful man - sion bright, Gath-er us there.....
Beau-ti-ful mansion bright, Gath-er us there, yes, gath-er us there.

78 O Sing of His Mighty Love.

Frank Bottome. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Oh, bliss of the pur - i - fied, bliss of the free, I plunge in the crim-son tide o-pen'd for me;
   O'er sin and un-clean-ness ex - ult - ing I stand, And point to the print of the nails in His hand.
2. Oh, bliss of the pur - i - fied, Je - sus is mine, No long - er in dread-con-dem-na-tion I pine;
   In con - scious sal-va - tion I sing of His grace, Who lift - eth up - on me the light of His face.

CHORUS. rit.

Oh, sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love, Might-y to save.

3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' bre ıst.

4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

79 Nearer, Still Nearer.

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

1. Near - er, still near - er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav-ior, so
2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an of-f'ring to
3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be thine, Sin, with its fol - lies, I
4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo - ry my

pre-cious Thou art: Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel-ter me
Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin-ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the
glad - ly re - sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but
an - chor is cast; Thro' end-less a - ges, ev - er to be, Near-er, my

safe in that "Ha-ven of Rest," Shelter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."
cleansing Thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.
Je - sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied.
Sav - ior, still near-er to Thee, Near - er, my Savior, still near-er to Thee.

Fishing For My Lord.

LUKE 5:9-10.

Thoro Harris. COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY THORO HARRIS. **Norwegian.**

1. Je - sus walked be-side the sea, On the shore of Gal - i - lee, When He met His dear dis - ci - ples wan and worn; All in vain they'd toiled all night,
2. Si - mon drew out from the land, At the Master's straight command, And the net was filled un - til it brake; but then Je - sus said to him, "Fear not;
3. Let us fling the line to-day In the deep, and far a - way, For the fish are there, a mul - ti - tude so great; Let us lure them for our Lord

Till there brake the morning light, And the Savior spake to comfort them that morn.
This your heav'n-appointed lot: For from henceforth thou shalt catch an host of men."
By the hook of His own word, And the blessings of the charming gos-pel bait.

D.S.—*But throw out my net once more, Catching many fishes for my blessed Lord.*

CHORUS.

I'll go fish - ing, I'll go fish - ing for my Sav - ior, I'll go fish-ing wheth-er rain or shine; I will not lie down at shore, or rain or shine;

81 Another Pentecost

C. W. Philleo Copyright, 1923. by Thoro Harris **Thoro Harris**

1. The call goes forth for val-iant Christians ev - 'ry - where The tid - ings of sal - va - tion and His com - ing to de-clare; His Spir - it falls our emp-ty ves - sels to pre-pare:
2. We need en - due - ment of the Spir-it's might - y pow'r: O send con- sum - ing fire our ev - 'ry hindrance to de - vour; To bold - ly preach the mes - sage of this pres-ent hour, O Lord, send an - oth - er Pen-te-cost.
3. O for the bold - ness to go forth a - gain to - day A - mid the blight-ing dearth and scenes of spir - it - ual de - cay, As Thine a - pos - tels thru us, too, Thy pow'r dis-play.
4. Re-cord our pray'r, great God, and seal our sol-emn vow, With tes - ti- mo - ny fresh from God Thy mes - sen - gers en-dow, Great Spir - it of the pro-phets, rest up - on us now,

REFRAIN

Pow'r, pow'r, pow'r to save the lost: O send it, Lord, at an - y cost; (O hear, and)

Seal us, Thine a - noint - ed host: Lord, send an - oth - er Pen - te - cost.

Sweeter Than All.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE. USED BY PERMISSION.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. **J. Howard Entwisle.**

1. Christ will me His aid af-ford, Nev-er to fall, nev-er to fall,
2. I will fol-low all the way, Hear-ing Him call, hear-ing Him call,
3. Tho' a ves-sel I may be, Bro-ken and small, bro-ken and small,
4. When I reach the crys-tal sea, Voi-ces will call, voi-ces will call,

While I find my pre-cious Lord Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
Find-ing Him, from day to day, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
Yet His bless-ings fall on me, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
But my Sav-ior's voice will be Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.

CHORUS.

Je-sus is now, and ev-er will be, Sweet-er than all the world to me,

Since I heard His lov-ing call,—Sweeter than all, sweeter than all.

83

He's Done So Much For Me.

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T. H. Thoro Harris.

1. My bur - dens on the Christ I roll, My Bur - den - bear - er He,
2. To res - cue me from name-less wo He suf - fered on the tree;
3. He plants His peace with - in my breast, A sweet re - al - i - ty;
4. He clothes me with a spot - less dress, His robe of pu - ri - ty;
5. He quells the ris - ing tide of fears And bids my sor - rows flee;
6. I have the wit - ness in my heart, And with His word a - gree:
7. Soon I shall see Him as He is And thru e - ter - ni - ty

1. While I keep sing - ing in my soul, He's done so much for me.
2. A - maz - ing love He there did show; He's done so much for me.
3. His pres - ence brings a - bid - ing rest— He's done so much for me.
4. He is my per - fect right-eous-ness: He's done so much for me.
5. His mer - cies crown the pass - ing years— He's done so much for me.
6. How could I from this Friend de - part Who's done so much for me?
7. Re - joice to know that I am His Who's done so much for me.

REFRAIN.

He's done so much for me, He's done so much for me,
He's done so much

A worth-less wretch—how could it be? He's done so much for me.

84 I Have Been Alone With Jesus

Copyright 1923, by Thore Harris

Thoro Harris

1. I have been a - lone with Je- sus, With my head up - on His breast,
2. With a trembling heart I told Him While with joy I ling- ered there,
3. Shall I tell you what He told me While I still was wait- ing there?
4. Then He told me I was wel-come, Ev - er - more with Him to stay,

For I was so ver - y lone - ly, Long-ing so for peace and rest;
All the bur - den of my sor - -ow, All my heav - y weight of care,
For it took a - way my trou - ble, Chas ing all my grief and care.
And He said that He would nev - er Cast His trust ing child a - way.

I have been a - lone with Je - sus And He bade me wait a - while;
How the voice of Sa-tan's whisp'ring, Oft en- ticed me in - to sin,
Je - sus told me how He lov'd me Tho a way- ward err - ing child,
Lo! He said, I am thy Sav - ior As a rock I firm - ly stand;

O, I felt it ver - y pre-cious In the sun-shine of His smile.
And I asked Him if I might not Stay for - ev- er there with Him,
And I felt so ver - y hap - py As He look'd on me and smil'd.
Come and rest be-neath my shad-ow In this wear - y thirst - y land.

REFRAIN.

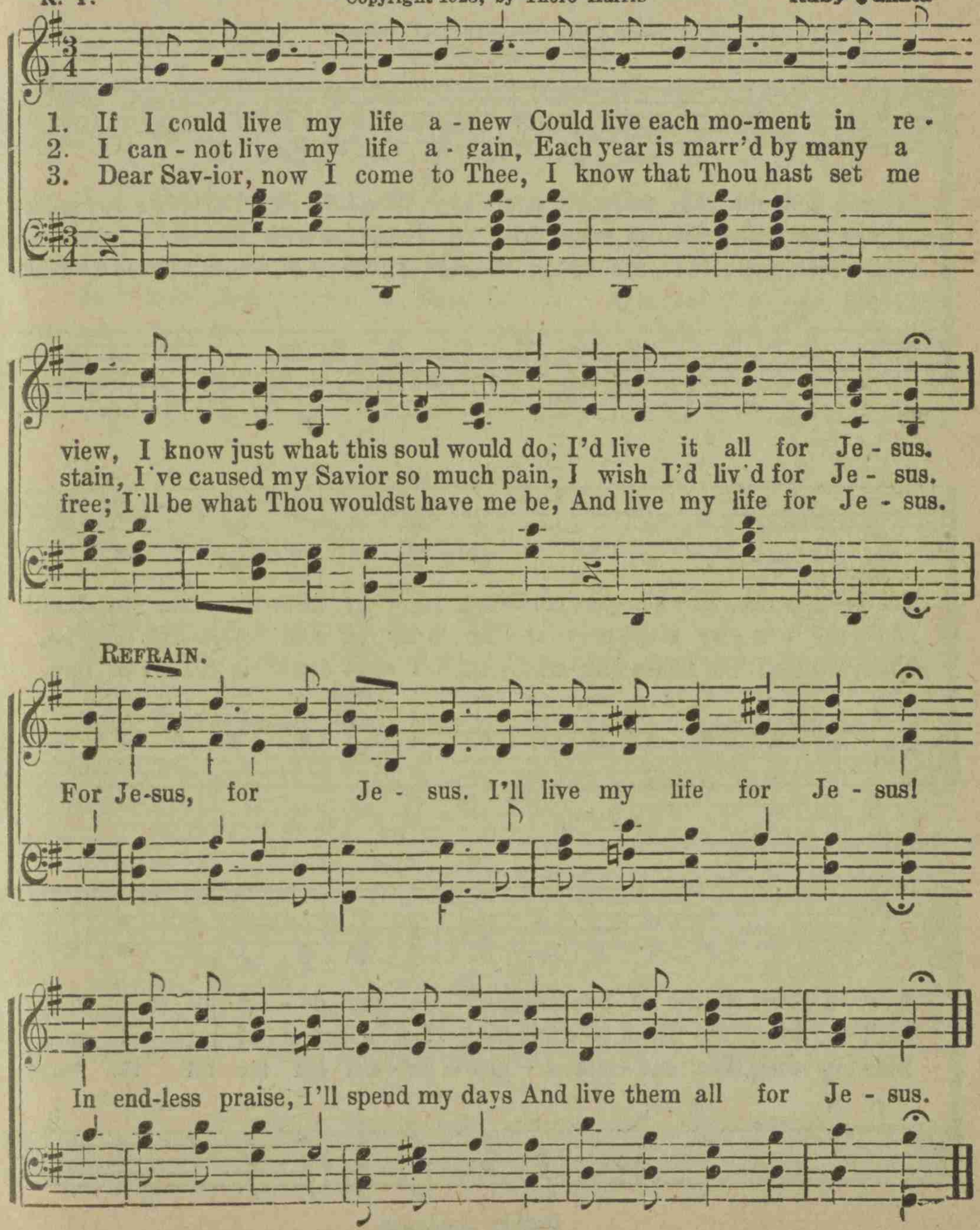
I have been a - lone with Je - sus My gen- tle, lov-ing Je- sus;

I Have Been Alone With Jesus

85

For Jesus

R. T. Copyright 1923, by Thoro Harris Ruby Janata



86 All the Way my Savior Leads Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. R. LOWRY.

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All the Way my Savior Leads Me.

87 I Need Thee Every Hour.

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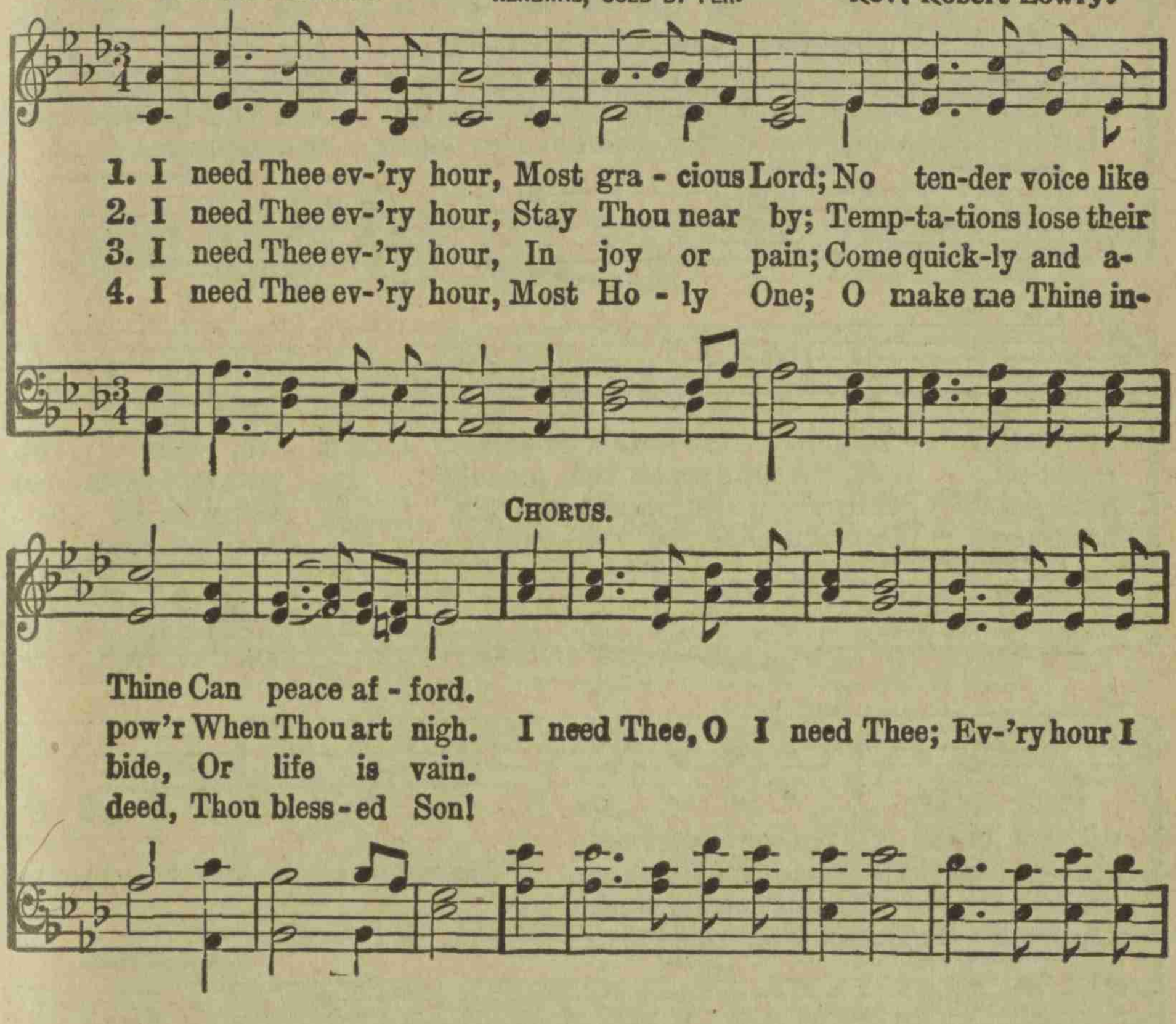
Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. Rev. Robert Lowry.



88

These Signs Shall Follow Them.

G. T. H. G. T. HAYWOOD.

1. The Lord told His dis - ci - ples To pro-claim ev - 'ry - where The gos-pel of re - demp-tion, To hearts o'erwhelmed with care; But tar - ry at Je-
2. The Ho - ly Ghost de - scend-ed And filled the room with - in, And then in oth-er lan-guage To speak they all be - gan; The mul - ti-tude con-
3. The pow'r to cast out de« -mons Was proved at Phil - ip - pi; The serpent's bite was conqnered, When all tho't Paul would die; And dead-ly drugs and
4. Then forth they went pro - claim-ing This mes - sage far and near; The Lord working among them, With wonders ev - 'ry-where; And in these days of

ru - salem Till pow'r from heav'n de-scend; And lo, will I be
found-ed, Said, "What does all this mean?" It was sent down from
doc-trines Shall ne'er 'gainst Christ pre-vail; The sick with oil a-
dark-ness, When faith has fled a - way, We hear the voice of

CHORUS.

with you, E-ven till the world shall end.
heav-en, That which they had heard and seen. These signs shall follow them That be-
nointed, And the righteous prayers avail.
Je - sus To His faith-ful ser-vants say,

lieve up - on my name; Go preach ye the gos-pel, Then will I confirm the same.

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89

Follow On!

W. O. Cushing. Robert Lowry.

1. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the flow'rs are bloom-ing and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev-'rywhere He leads me I would fol-low, fol-low on, Walk-ing in His footsteps till the crown be won.
2. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the storms are sweep-ing and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will nev-er, nev-er fear: Dan-gers can-not fright me if my Lord is near.
3. Down in the val-ley, or up-on the mountain steep, Close be-side my Sav-iour would my soul ev-er keep; He will lead me safe-ly in the path that He has trod, Up to where they gather on the hills of God.

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

REFRAIN.

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

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90

IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW.

(Jerry McAuley's dying words.)

N. H. LINES. 4th v. by L. L. P. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BUTTS.

1. For ma - ny years I wandered In paths so dark and drear; My soul was filled with sad - ness, My heart was filled with fear; But
2. My heart is now re-joic-ing, Filled with a Saviour's love; I'm in the nar - row path-way That leads to life a-bove; I'll
3. My Saviour walks beside me, And cheers me in the way; His strong arm is a-round me, Up-holds me day by day; I
4. Some day thro' death's dark val-ley, It may be mine to go; But still I'll fear no e - vil, Nor dread an o - ver-flow; For

since I've found the Sav-iour, And at His feet I bow, All
fol - low Him for - ev - er, Who died on Cal-v'rys brow; For
know He saves and keeps me, I can - not tell you how, And
He will be my com - fort, His hand up - on my brow, I'll

REFRAIN.

things are O, so diff'rent And it's all right now.
He's my loving Saviour, And it's all right now. It's all right now, it's
if you'll only trust Him, 'Twill be all right now.
shout a-mid the billows, It is all right now.

all right now, For Je - sus is my Saviour, And it's all right now.

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91 Almost Too Good to be True

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.
Chorus Arr.

1. I was full of sin, Now I'm pure with - in; It is al - most too
2. Now the car - nal mind has been left be - hind; It is al - most too
3. I am poor on earth, but of roy - al birth; It is al - most too
4. I have lib - er - ty and such vic - to - ry; It is al - most too
5. This is not my sphere, heav'n is draw - ing near; It is al - most too

good to be true; Je - sus heard my cry, did not pass me by;
good to be true; The "Old man" is gone,—let him trav - el on;
good to be true; I have wealth un - told, more than earth can hold;
good to be true; And in ev - 'ry test I am al - ways blest;
good to be true; Soon I'll say "good - by," mounting thro' the sky;

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

It is al - most too good to be true. I some-times think it's

al - most too good to be true, It's al - most too good to be true, It's

al - most too good to be true; That I am saved and on my way to glo - ry.

Copyright, 1910, by John T. Benson. Nashville, Tenn.

92 Did Jesus Ever Say No?

COPYRIGHT, 1923, BY B. B. BOSWORTH.

A. Raymond Hand. B. B. Bosworth.

1. To the wea - ry and sin - bound who sought for His aid Did
2. To a heart filled with grief on ac - count of its sin Did
3. To the soul who has called on his Lord to a - bide Did
4. To the blind and the lame, and to those with dis - ease Does

1. Je - sus ev - er say no? And to those who de - sired Him and
2. Je - sus ev - er say no? And to one who's re - pent - ant and
3. Je - sus ev - er say no? Or to those who have sought Him when
4. Je - sus ev - er say no? To all pray - ing in faith He will

CHORUS

1. ear - nest-ly prayed Did Je - sus ev - er say no?
2. trust-eth in Him Would Je-sus ev - er say no? No, no, a
3. tempt-ed and tried, Did Je - sus ev - er say no?
4. give sweet re - lease, For Je - sus can - not say no.

thou-sand times no, Je - sus will nev - er say no; To those turning from

rit.

sin, in - vit - ing Him in, Je - sus will nev - er say no.

Launch Out.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY A. B. SIMPSON AND R. K. CARTER.

A. B. Simpson. R. Kelso Carter.

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

CHORUS.

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

O launch out in the deep,

The Eastern Gate.

Dedicated to Rev. P. F. Bresee, Los Angeles, Cal.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY I. G. MARTIN.
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I. G. M. Arr. I. G. Martin.

M. 100 = ♩

1. I will meet you in the morn-ing, Just in-side the East-ern Gate;
2. If you has-ten off to glo-ry, Lin-ger near the East-ern Gate,
3. Keep your lamps all trimmed and burning, For the Bridegroom watch and wait;
4. O, the joy of that glad meet-ing With the saints who for us wait!

Then be read-y, faith-ful pil-grim, Lest with you it be too late.
For I'm com-ing in the morn-ing, So you'll not have long to wait.
He'll be with us at the meet-ing, Just in-side the East-ern Gate.
What a bless-ed hap-py meet-ing, Just in-side the East-ern Gate!

CHORUS.

I will meet you, I will meet you, Just in-side the East-ern Gate o-ver there; I will meet you,
in the morn-ing, in the morn-ing, in the morn-ing,

I will meet you, I will meet you in the morning o-ver there.
in the morn-ing,

95 Alone With God.

Copyright, 1904, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by permission.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When storms of life are round me beat-ing, When rough the path that I have trod,
2. What tho' the clouds have gathered o'er me? What tho' I've passed beneath the rod?
3. 'Tis there I find new strength for du-ty, As o'er the sands of time I plod;
4. And when I see the mo-ment near-ing When I shall sleep beneath the sod,

With-in my clos-et door re-treat-ing, I love to be a-lone with God.
God's perfect will there lies be-fore me, When I am thus a-lone with God.
I see the King in all his beau-ty, While resting there a-lone with God.
When time with me is dis-ap-pear-ing, I want to be a-lone with God.

CHORUS.

A-lone with God,..... the world for-bid-den, A-lone with

A-lone with God,

God,..... O blest re-treat! A-lone with God,..... and

A-lone with God, A-lone with God,

ritard.

in him hid-den, To hold with him com-mun-ion sweet.

To hold with him

He Saves Me Now.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. All praise to God that man's Re-deem-er came To bear our hea-vy load of guilt and shame; O mag-ni - fy his great and ho - ly name! Glo-ry, hal - le-lu - jah! Je - sus saves me now. Je-sus saves me now, yes, he saves me now;
2. When in the dark-ness, on a des-ert lost, He sought the wand-'rer at a fear - ful cost; And now he saves me to the ut - ter-most: Glo-ry, hal - le-lu - jah! Je - sus saves me now.
3. His love will sat - is - fy each hun-gry soul, 'Twill heal the sick of heart and make them whole; Now yield your life un-to his sweet con-trol, Glo-ry, hal - le-lu - jah! Je - sus saves me now.

CHORUS.

In my heart's the wit-ness he saves me now; He has ban-ished sin,
If you come to Je - sus he'll save you now; Let him wash a - way
and he reigns with-in; Glo-ry, hal - le lu - jah! Je - sus saves me now.
all your sins to - day; On - ly trust the prom-ise, he will save you now.

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97 Jesus Bears You On His Heart.

T. H.

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Thoro Harris.

1. Is your life a - wea-ry, are you tempted to de-spair? Is the bur-den
2. Does it sometime seem that you must suffer all a - lone? Are you in the
3. Have you laid a-way your dar-ling in the darksome grave, Giv-ing back to
4. Mind-ful of our needs, a kind, un-err - ing Friend is He, For He loves His
5. What-so-e'er your tri - al, do not doubt that some glad day Ev-'ry earth-ly

1. heav-y you must bear? Is your soul deprived of all that's beautiful and fair?
2. fi - 'ry fur-nace thrown? For your deeds of mercy is unkindness often shown?
3. God what once He gave? Safe-ly rest up-on His bosom who is strong to save.
4. own un - ceas-ing - ly; In the hour of darkness to His arms unfailing flee;
5. pang will pass a - way; Leave them all with One who hears His children when they pray;

REFRAIN.

1–3. Je-sus bears you on His heart.

Je-sus bears you on His

4–5. He will bear you on His heart. (the Savior bears you on His heart,) He bears you on His

heart, He will strength divine impart; Look to Him be-

On His

heart, His loving heart; On His heart, His tender heart;

lieving, Peace and joy receiving: Jesus bears you on His heart. (His faithful heart.)

I Have Seen His Face.

COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY THORO HARRIS.

Thoro Harris.

1. I have seen His face in bless - ing When mine eyes were dim with tears;
2. I have stepped in waves of sor - row Till my soul was cov-ered o'er;
3. I was wan-d'ring, and He found me, Bro't me from the verge of hell;
4. By His life-blood He has claimed me As a jew - el in His sight;

1. I have felt His hand ca - ress - ing When my heart was torn by fears;
2. I have dread-ed oft the mor-row, And the path which lay be - fore;
3. I was bruis - ed and He bound me; Sick was I, He made me well.
4. As a child of His, He named me, Bro't me forth to walk in light.

1. When the shad-ows gath-ered o'er me, And the gloom fell deep as night,
2. But when sink-ing in my sad - ness I have felt His help - ing hand,
3. I was wound-ed and He healed me, When a - wea - ried of the strife;
4. Now I'm fight - ing till He calls me, Walk-ing in the path He trod;

1. In the dark-ness just be - fore me There were to - kens of His light.
2. And ere day-dawn came His glad-ness, With the cour - age to with-stand.
3. I was err - ing and He sealed me; Dead, His Spir - it gave me life.
4. And I care not what be - falls me, Liv - ing in the light of God.

REFRAIN.

I have vic - t'ry in temp-ta - tion, Peace a - mid the tempest's roar;
I have vic - t'ry all the time,

I Have Seen His Face.

dim.

I a - bide in His sal - va - tion, We are one for - ev - er - more.

99

Eternal Love.

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY THORO HARRIS. Thoro Harris.

1. Worship the might-y King of heav-en, Cast far a-way thy slav - ish fears;
2. Firm as a rock His truth re-main-eth, Constant, unchanging to the end;
3. Throned in the heights of cloudless splendor, In Him no shade of dark-ness is;
4. Bless-ing and hon - or, ad - o - ra - tion, Be un - to Him thru end-less days;

poco rit.

1. In - to His hand all pow'r is giv - en, He is thy God thru countless years.
2. Thy sink-ing heart His grace sus-tain-eth; He is thy God, and thou His friend!
3. He is the Light se-rene and ten - der; He is thy God—and thou art His!
4. Let all His works, in all cre - a - tion, Join in one cease-less song of praise.

REFRAIN.

Clothed in e - ter - nal light and glo - ry, Reigning supreme in worlds a-bove,

King of the a - ges, just and ho - ly, God is E - ter - nal Love.

Jesus, Jesus!

C. P. J. C. P. Jones.

1. Je - sus, Je - sus! won- der- ful name of sal - va- tion and ho - li-ness! Je - sus,
2. Je - sus, Je - sus! Je - sus who died for the sins of His peo-ple, just Je - sus,
3. Je - sus, Je - sus! no oth- er name has been giv - en to save us, but Je - sus,

Je-sus! name of all sweetness and love! Praise the Lord! my heart has been changed, and I
Je-sus! taking their sins all a - way! Praise the Lord! if on - ly the sin- ner would
Je-sus! Je-sus, the life of His own; Praise the Lord! His Spir-it doth witness to

love Him, I love Him, O praise the Lord! I've tast -ed His grace from a - bove.
trust the glad message, The faith of Christ would per-fect - ly save him to - day.
all who re-ceive Him, O praise the Lord! Who mak-eth my heart now His throne.

Chorus.

Glo - ry to God!..... There is per - fect sal - va-tion for
Glo-ry to God! glo-ry to God! Perfect sal-va-tion, sal - va-tion for

all who will Trust..... in His word,.... There is ho - li-est peace for all.
all who will Trust in His word, trust in His word, Ho - li-est peace for all.

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101 'Twas Jesus.

Thoro Harris. COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY THORO HARRIS. **Arr. by T. H.**

1. Who died to re-deem me from sor-row and sin? Who shed His
2. Who set my heart sing-ing His praise ev-'ry hour, And bare my
3. And so will I laud Him till earth days be past, My Sav-ior

life-blood so pre-cious My soul from the thraldom of Sa-tan to
bur-den of sor-row? Who keeps me each day by His won-der-ful
strong to de-liv-er; And then a bright crown at His feet I will

win? Who loved the err-ing—but Je-sus?
pow'r And gave me hope for the morrow? 'Twas Je-sus, 'twas Je-sus, My
cast In God's glad kingdom for-ev-er.

CHORUS.

gra-cious Re-deem-er, com-pas-sion-ate One! From dark-ness in-
fer-nal To glo-ries su-per-nal Who lift-ed me up? 'Twas Je-sus.

102 I Sing of Jesus.

T. H. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. Thoro Harris.

DUET.

1. I sing of Je - sus, the King im - mor - tal Who came from glo - ry my soul to win,
2. I sing of Je - sus, who chides me nev - er, Tho' far I wan-der on plains of night,
3. I sing of Je - sus: O won-drous sto - ry! He brings sal - va - tion to sin - ners lost;

Who brake the fet - ters of death's dark
A ten-der Shep - herd who leads me
Soon all the na - tions will praise, in

por - tal, Who o - pened Par - a - dise and en - tered in.
ev - er Back to the nar - row way, the path of light.
glo - ry, The Man who ran-somed them at aw - ful cost.

CHORUS.

{I sing of Je - sus: O praise His wor - thy name, My faith - ful
{With all the ran - somed I would His love proclaim, [*Omit.....*

Sav - ior, my Friend for-ev - er; Till all shall crown Him their Lord and King.

103 Go Where His Blood Can Heal.

T. H. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. Thoro Harris.

1. How I long for rest for my wea - ry soul! Where, O where can I
2. I am sick of sin, of my God a - fraid; But my heart is as
3. "Mine in-firm-i - ty in His flesh He bore;" O the mer - cy these

now ap - peal? There is on - ly One who can make me whole, I will
hard as steel; "On His sa - cred head all my sins were laid:" I will
words re - veal! And a thorn-y crown my Re-deem-er wore: I will

CHORUS.

go where His blood can heal, I will go where His blood can heal, (the soul,)

I will go where His blood can heal; There's no oth - er way
make me whole;

To be saved to - day: I will go where His blood can heal.

104 Blessed Be the Fountain.

E. R. Latta. BY PERMISSION. H. S. Perkins.

1. Bless - ed be the Fount-ain of blood, To a world of sin - ners re - vealed;
2. Thorn-y was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod-y o'er-came:
3. Fa - ther, I have wandered from Thee, Oft-en has my heart gone a - stray;

Bless - ed be the dear Son of God; On - ly by His stripes are we healed.
Grievous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suf-fered thus not in vain.
Crim-son do my sins seem to me: Wa - ter can-not wash them a - way.

Tho' I've wander'd far from His fold, Bring-ing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be - low;
Je - sus, to that Fountain of Thine, Lean - ing on Thy prom-ise, I go;

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow.
Wash me in the blood that He shed, And I shall be whit - er than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy wash-ing di-vine, And I shall be whit - er than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit - - - er than the snow,
Whit - er than the snow, whit - er than the snow,

Blessed Be the Fountain.

Whit - er than the snow; Wash me in the blood of the
Whit-er than the snow, whit-er than the snow, the snow;

Lamb,..... And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Lamb, of the Lamb, than snow.

105 Coming Very Soon.

(LADIES' QUARTET.)

Thoro Harris. Copyright, 1919, by Thoro Harris. Swedish Melody.

1. Her-alds of day-dawn, go, tell ev'-ry na-tion Je-sus is
4. Chris-tian, a-wake! for the hour draw-eth near-er; Lo in the
2. Morn-ing is break-ing, the long night is end-ing; Je-sus is
3. Lamps trim'd and burn-ing, we'll go forth to meet Him, With all His

REFRAIN.

1. com-ing, who bring-eth sal-va-tion.
2. O-rient the light shin-eth clear-er. Can you look up, glad-ly
3. com-ing, in glo-ry tran-scend-ing.
4. lov'd ones re-joic-ing-ly greet Him.

hail-ing the Bless-ed One, Com-ing ver-y soon (yes) Com-ing ver-y soon?

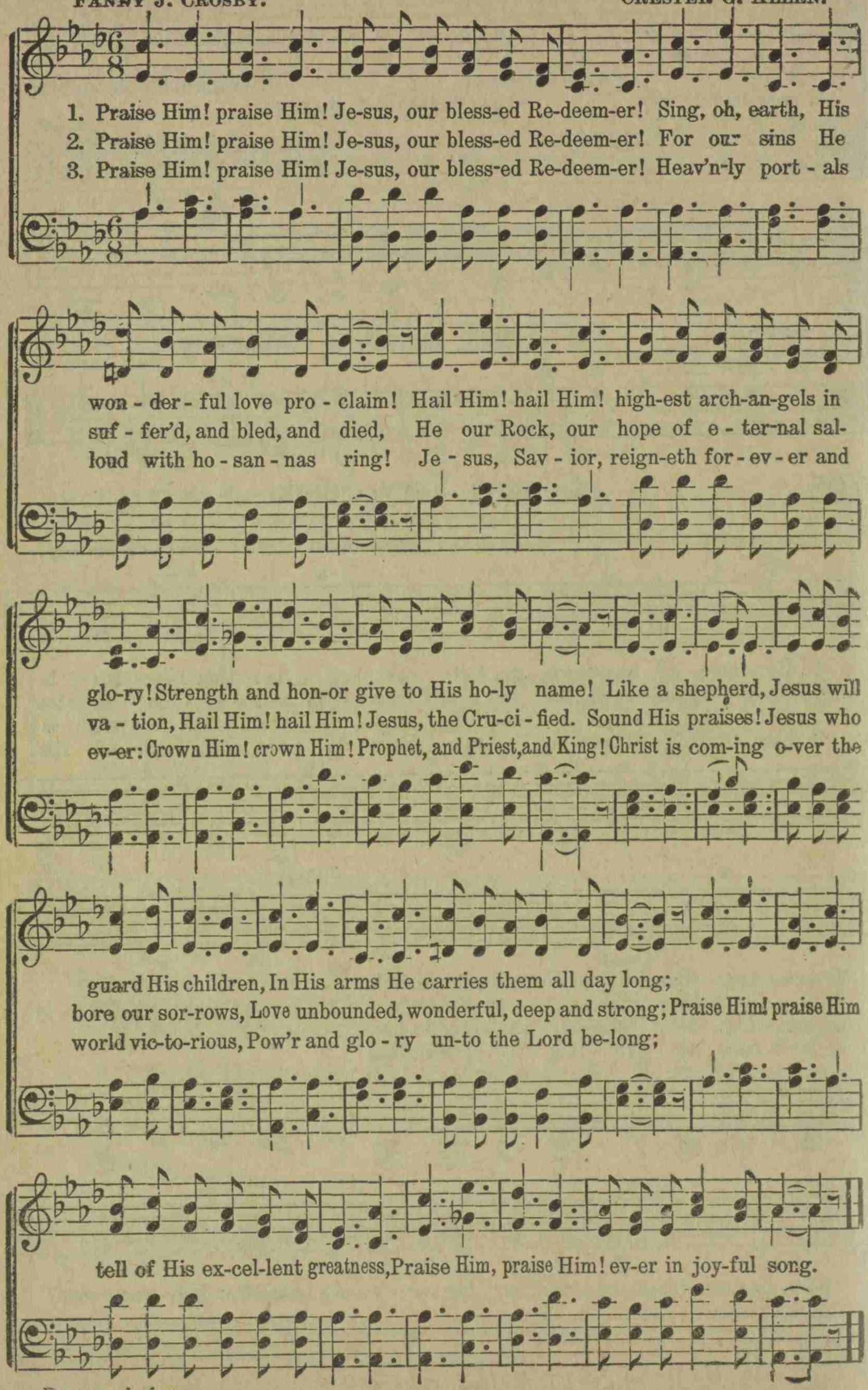
106 Praise Him! Praise Him!

FANNY J. CROSBY. CRESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing, oh, earth, His won - der - ful love pro - claim! Hail Him! hail Him! high-est arch-an-gels in glo-ry! Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shepherd, Jesus will guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long;

2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He suf - fer'd, and bled, and died, He our Rock, our hope of e - ter-nal sal- va - tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the Cru-ci - fied. Sound His praises! Jesus who bore our sor-rows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong; Praise Him! praise Him

3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'n-ly port - als loud with ho - san - nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - ior, reign-eth for - ev - er and ev-er: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com-ing o-ver the world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo - ry un-to the Lord be-long;



tell of His ex-cel-lent greatness, Praise Him, praise Him! ev-er in joy-ful song.

By permission.

107 More Abundantly.

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. B. ROSE, AGENT. Thoro Harris.

1. Are you trusting Jesus, All a-long the way? Does He grow more precious
2. For His matchless favor Mag-ni - fy the name Of our gra-cious Sav-ior
3. Come to Him believing, Hark-en to His call; All from Him re-ceiv-ing,

To your heart each day? Are you His dis - ci - ple? Test His word and see,
Who from glo-ry came; Let the saints a-dore Him For this wondrous word,
Yield to Him your all; Je - sus will ac-cept you When to Him you flee;

CHORUS.

He will give the Spir-it More a - bun-dant - ly.
Sealing our redemption Thro' the crimson flood. More a - bun-dant-ly,
He will grant His blessing More a - bun-dant - ly. More and more a - bun - dant - ly,

more a-bun-dant-ly, "That they might have life, and more abundantly;" More a-
more and more a-bun-dant-ly, More and more a-

bun-dant-ly, more a-bun-dant-ly, "That they might have life, and more a-bun-dant-ly.
bun-dant-ly, more and more abundantly,

Victory.

B. E. W. BARNEY E. WARREN.

1. Hal-le-lu-jah, what a thought! Jesus full sal-va-tion bro't, Vic-to-ry,
2. I am trusting in the Lord, I am standing on His word, Vic-to-ry,
3. Shout your freedom ev'ry-where, His eternal peace declare, Vic-to-ry,
4. We will sing it on that shore, When this fleeting life is o'er, Vic-to-ry,

Vic-to-ry,

vic-to-ry! Let the pow'r of sin as-sail, Heaven's grace can never fail,
vic-to-ry! I have peace and joy within, Since my life is free from sin,
vic-to-ry! Let us sing it here be-low, In the face of ev-'ry foe,
vic-to-ry! Sing it here ye ransom'd throng, Start the everlasting song;

vic-to-ry!

CHORUS.

Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry, ... yes, vic-to-ry!

Vic-to-ry. vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry. yes, vic-to-ry.

Hal-le-lu-jah! I am free Je-sus gives me vic-to-ry, Glo-ry, glo-ry,

Glo-ry. glo-ry.

hal-le-lu-jah! He is all..... in all to me.....

hal-le-lu-jah! He is all, He is all in all to me, all to me.

From "Songs of the Evening Light." By per.

109 Since the Vail is Rent in Twain.

T. H.

Copyright 1923, by Thoro Harris

Thoro Harris

1. Once my life was filled with sad-ness, On my soul was many a stain;
2. Here the glo - ry ev - er beam-eth Of the blest ser - aph-ic train,
3. Hush'd are earth's discordant voic - es, An-gels sing their sweet-est strain,
4 World-ly pomp al- lures me nev - er, All seems emp - ti-ness and vain,

Now my spir - it thrills with glad - ness,
From God's throne the radiance streameth, Since the vail is rent in twain.
And my raptured heart re- joi - ces,
Here would I a - bide for - ev - er,

REFRAIN.

Dwell - ing in His hal-low'd pres - ence Naught un-
Dwell - ing in the hal- low'd pres-ence of the High-est,

ho - ly can re - main; And I see the

rit.

face of Je - - sus, Since the vail is rent in twain.
hal-low'd face of my Re- deem- er,

110 Walking With Jesus

Thoro Harris Copyright, 1922, by Thoro Harris **Evelyn Snyder**

1. Are you walk-ing with Je-sus the Sav-ior And trusting His grace all the
2. Are you walk-ing with Je-sus the Sav-ior So close-ly you al-ways may
3. If you're walking with Je-sus the Sav-ior The hours will glide sweetly a-

1. way The light of His face beaming o'er you, His Spir - it at - tend - ing each
2. hear The sweetness of love's faintest whisper Be - cause to His heart you are
3. way. En - joy-ing the wealth of His presence And catching each word He may

1. day? Press for-ward at Je - sus' com-mand,
   Thru sunshine and storm ta-geth - - - er Still hold - ing His
2. near? He'll tell you love's se - crets a - lone
   He'll tell you the dear-est se - - - crets And call you His
3. say. How gen - tle this heav - en - ly Dove,
   For He is of friends most ten - - - der, His heart o - ver-

1. Still hold-ing His hand While jour-ney-ing on With a joy - ful faith - ful hand,
2. And call you His owa; None oth - er could be Such a friend as ver - y own,
3. How fer.vent His love! Then loy - al - ly cling To your gra - cious flows with love.

REFRAIN

1. song To you home in Im-man-uel's land-
2. He, Such com-pas-sion was nev-er known, I am walk-ing with Je - sus my
3. King Till you en - ter the rest a - bove.

Walking With Jesus

Sav - - ior, The light of His glo - ry I see;..... And I know He'll for-sake me, no, nev - er, Bless-ed Sav-ior who died for me.
Sav-ior and friend, each mo-ment I see;

rit.

111 Deeper Yet.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be
2. Day by day, hour by hour Bless-ings are sent to me; But for more
3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol - low - ing Him each day; What I ask
4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray

free from dross Still I would en - ter in.
of His pow'r Ev - er my pray'r would be. Deep - er yet, deep - er yet,
He will give, So then with faith I pray.
I'll not cease Till I am pure with-in.

CHORUS.

In-to the crimson flood; Deep-er yet, deep-er yet, Under the precious blood.

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112 This is Like Heaven to Me.

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

1. We find ma-ny peo-ple who can't un-der-stand Why we are so hap-py and free;
2. So when we are hap-py we sing and we shout, Some don't understand us, I see;
3. We've heard the sweet music, the heavenly chord From Glo-ry Land o - ver the sea;
4. We're looking for Je-sus with glo - ry to come, 'Tis Je-sus who died on the tree;

We've cross'd o-ver Jor-dan to Canaan's fair land, And this is like heav-en to me.
We're filled with the Spir-it, there is - n't a doubt, And this is like heav-en to me.
A soul-thrill-ing message from Je-sus, our Lord, And this is like heav-en to me.
A cloud of bright an-gels to car - ry us home, Oh, that will be heav-en to me.

CHORUS.

1-3. Oh, this is like heaven to me; (to me); Yes, this is like heav-en to me; (to me);
4. Oh, that will be heaven to me; (to me); Yes, that will be heav-en to me; (to me);

I've cross'd o-ver Jor-dan to Canaan's fair land And this is like heaven to me. (to me).
A cloud of bright an-gels to car-ry me home, Yes, that will be heaven to me. (to me).

113 Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. USED BY PERMISSION. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the ev-er-lasting arms;
   What a blessedness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the ev-er-last- ing arms.
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev-er-lasting arms;
   Oh, how bright the path grows fron day to day, Leaning on the everlast- ing arms.
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-lasting arms;
   I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the everlast- ing arms.

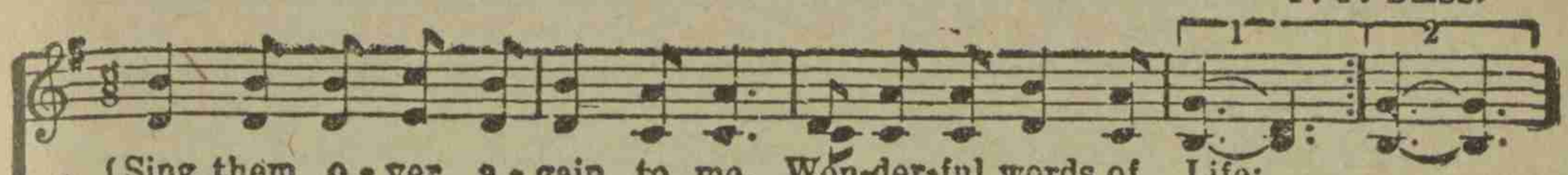
CHORUS.

Lean - ing. lean - ing. Safe and secure from all alarms; Leaning on the everlasting arms.
Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,

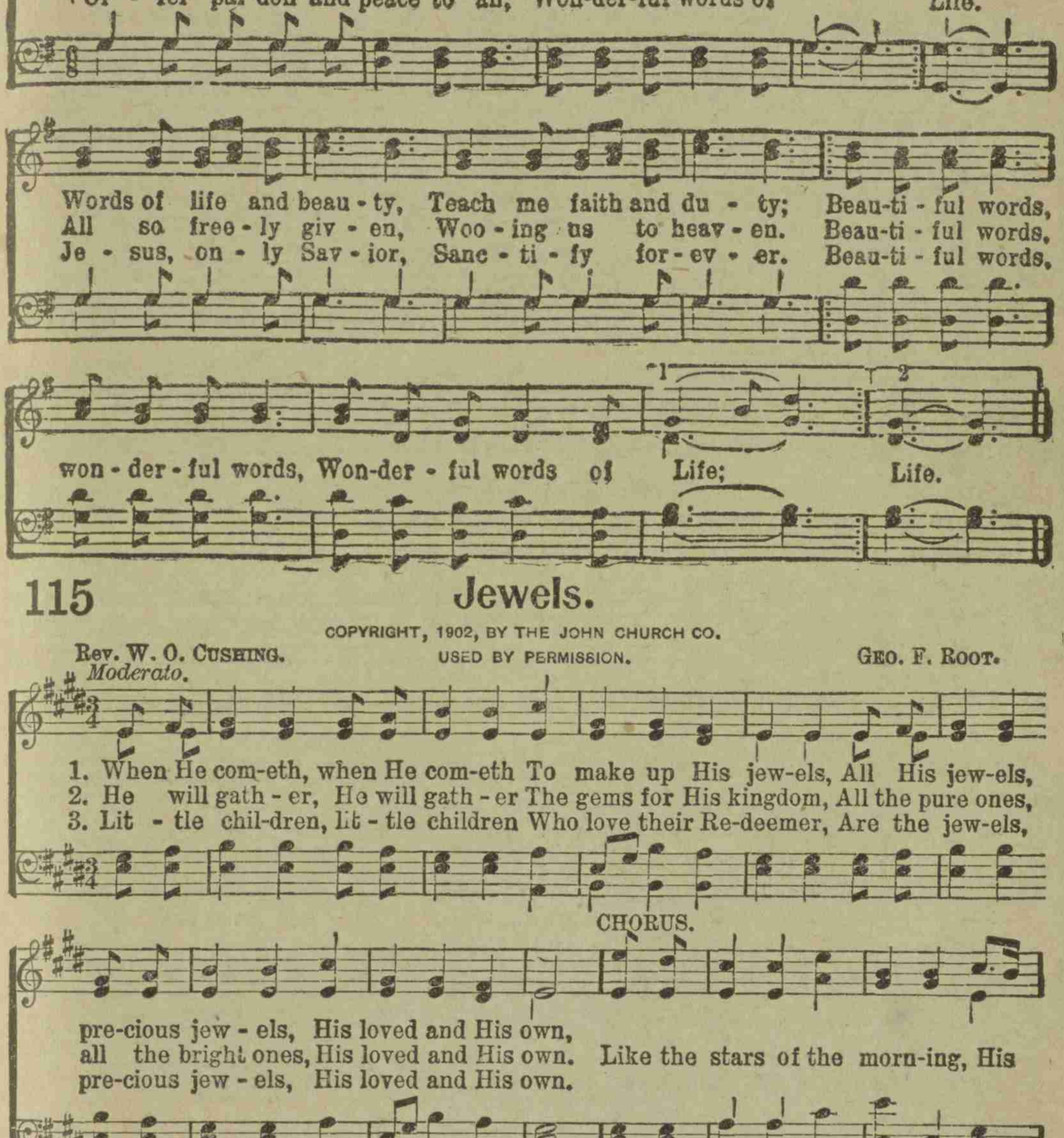
Songs for Children.

114 Wonderful Words of Life.

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



1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der-ful words of Life;
   Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der-ful words of Life.
2. Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all Won-der-ful words of Life;
   Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der-ful words of Life.
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der-ful words of Life;
   Of - fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of Life.



Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty; Beau-ti - ful words,
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en. Beau-ti - ful words,
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er. Beau-ti - ful words,

won - der - ful words, Won-der - ful words of Life; Life.

115 Jewels.

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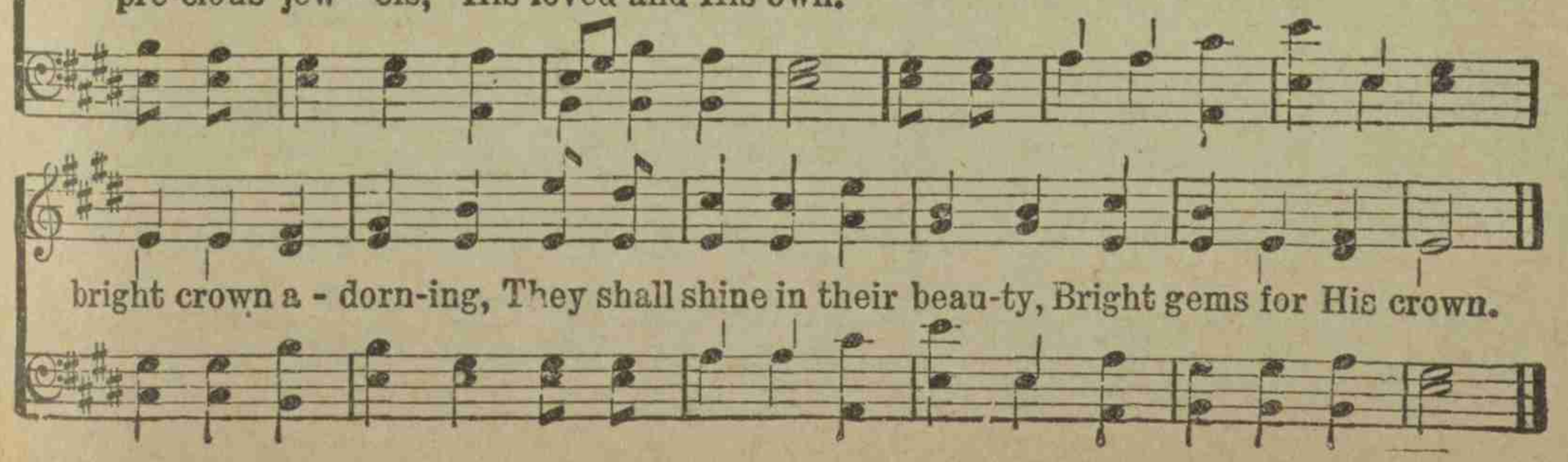
Rev. W. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.

Moderato.

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

CHORUS.

pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own,
all the bright ones, His loved and His own. Like the stars of the morn-ing, His
pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own.



bright crown a - dorn-ing, They shall shine in their beau-ty, Bright gems for His crown.

116 Jesus Loves the Children.

Thoro Harris

Copyright, 1921, by Thoro Harris

Geo. F. Root.

1. In the lands be - yond the sea Countless million children be
2. Ev - ry - where we hear their cry, "Come and save us or we die":
3. From the east and from the west See them thronging to be blest,

1. Who have never heard the gospel sto - ry told: Lit - tle
2. Who will haste to these the bless - ed news to tell? They are
3. Precious je - wels to a - dorn His di - a - dem. If we

1. ones for whom the Christ Died, and bo't them with a price, Waiting
2. pre - cious to the King; Let us go these lambs to bring To the
3. thus o - bey the Lord We shall reap a sure reward When He

D. S.–yel - low, black and white, they are pre - cious in His sight; Je - sus

to be gather'd in the Sav - ior's fold.
gra - cious arms of Him we love so well. Je - sus loves the lit - tle
comes again to gather us and them.

FINE.

CHORUS.

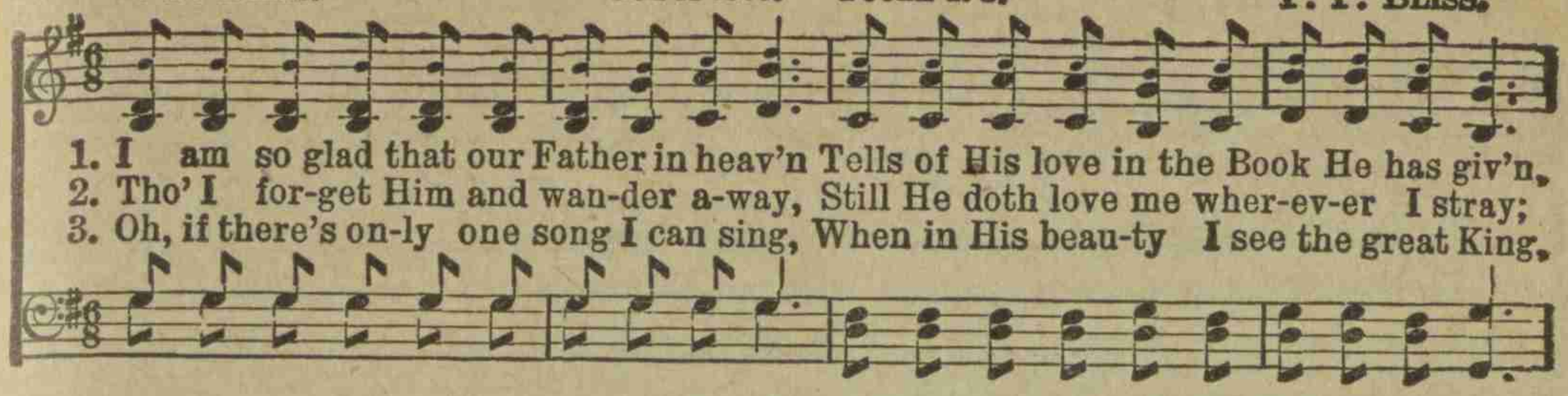
loves the lit - tle chil-dren ev - 'ry - where.

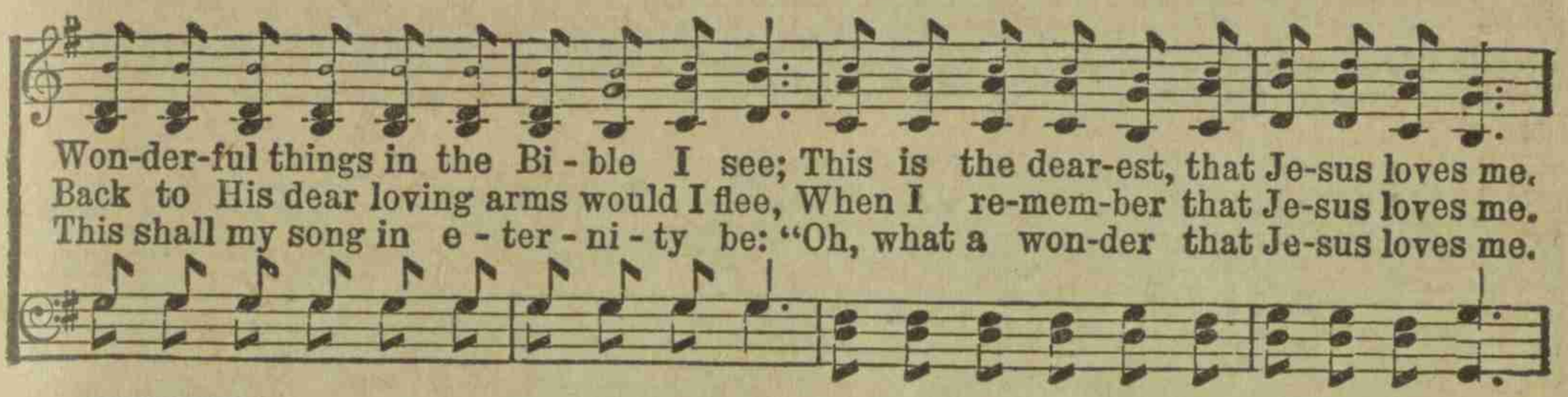
D. S.

chil - dren, All the chil - dren are His care (are His care;) Red and

117 Jesus Loves Even Me.

P. P. BLISS. "God is love."—1 John 4: 8. P. P. BLISS.





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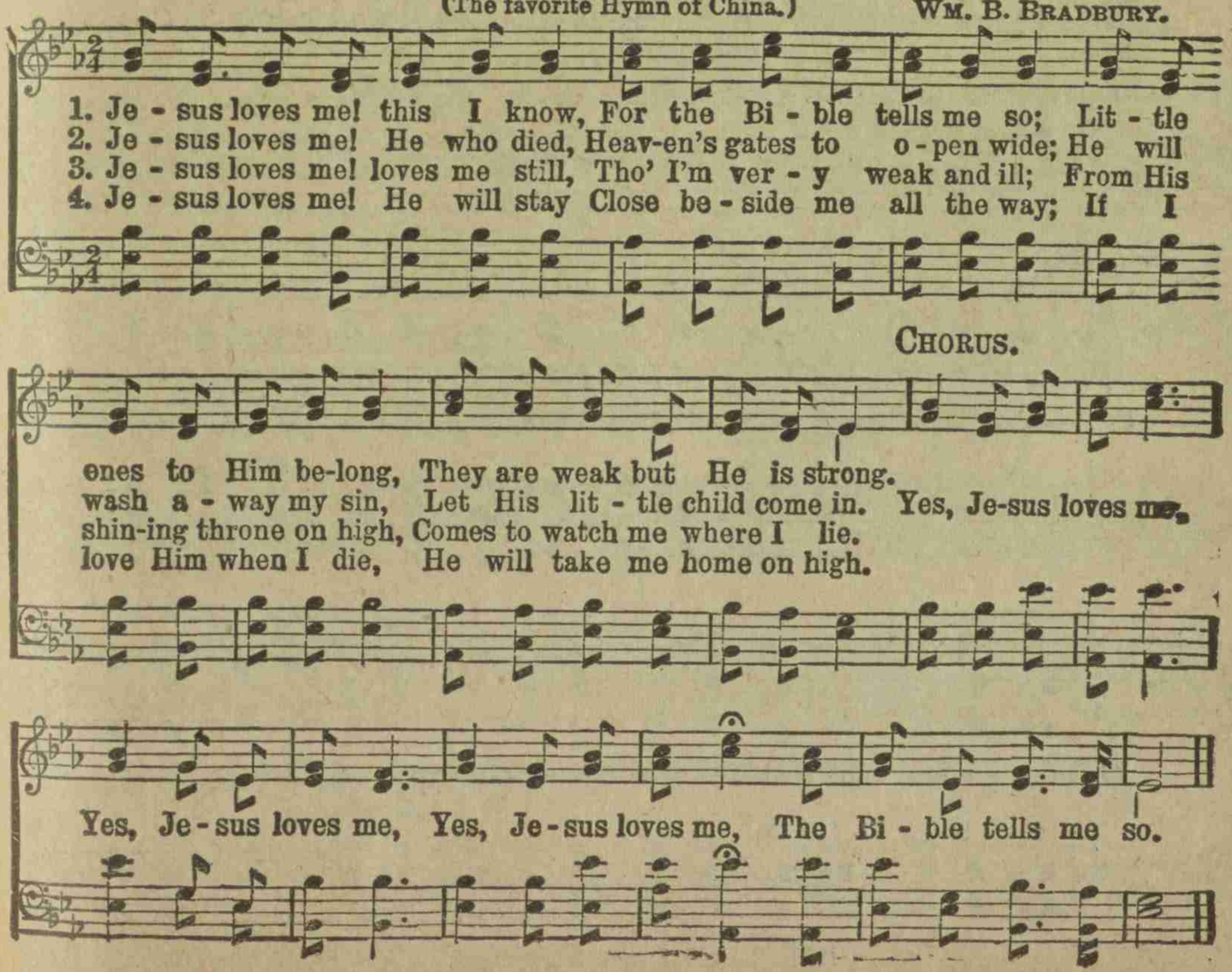
118 Jesus Loves Me.

(The favorite Hymn of China.) WM. B. BRADBURY.



119 Memories of Galilee.

ROBERT MORRIS. H. R. PALMER.

1. Each coo-ing dove..... and sigh - ing bough..... That makes the
2. Each flow'ry glen ..... and moss - y dell,..... Where hap-py
3. And when I read..... the thrill - ing lore..... Of Him who

eve..... so blest to me,..... Has something far..... di - vin - er
birds..... in song a - gree,.....Thro' sunny morn..... the prais-es
walked... up - on the sea,..... I long, oh, how..... I long once

now,..... It bears me back..... to Gal - i - lee.....
tell..... Of sights and sounds..... in Gal - i - lee.....
more..... To fol - low him..... in Gal - i - lee.....

CHORUS.

O Gal - i - lee! sweet Gal - i - lee! Where Jesus loved so much to be;

O Gal - i - lee! blue Gal - i - lee! Come, sing thy song a-gain to me!

H. R. Palmer, owner of copyright.

120 Open to God Your Heart.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

Unison.

1. O-pen the door of your heart, dear child, Un - to God's angels of truth;
2. O-pen to him lest you miss the goal, Prize that shall ev-er a - bide;
3. O-pen the door to a gen-'rous life, Work out in act - ion your creeds;

FINE.

Un - to the pure and the un - de-filed O - pen the heart of youth.
Tho'ts of the ho - ly will lift the soul Up to the Cru - ci - fied.
Heed not the voi-ces of sin and strife, Fill earth with no-ble deeds.

D.S.-*Let him for aye in the soul a-bide, O - pen to him your heart.*

Turn-ing a-side from the things un-true, Bid-ding the tempter de-part,
Beau-ti-ful ro - ses will bloom for you, Treasures of mu-sic and art,
Un - to the cit - y by an - gels trod, Heav'n has pro-vid-ed one chart,

Heed the sweet voices that call to you, "O - pen to God your heart."
All may be yours if you seek the true With un-di-vid - ed heart.
On - ly the love of the Christ of God; Let this in-spire your heart.

CHORUS. *Harmony.* D. S.

Your heart fling o - pen, God will his blessing im-part.....
O - pen it wide to the Cru - ci-fied, Bid him en - ter, and

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121 Come and Dine.

John 21: 12.

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C. B. W. C. B. Widmeyer.

1. Je - sus has a ta - ble spread Where the saints of God are fed,
   With His man - na He doth feed And sup - plies our ev - 'ry need:
2. The dis - ci - ples came to land, Thus o - bey-ing Christ's command,
   There they found their hearts' de - sire, Bread and fish up - on the fire;
3. Soon the Lamb will take His bride To be ev - er at His side,
   O, 'twill be a glo - rious sight, All the saints in spot-less white;

1 He in - vites His chos - en peo-ple "Come and dine;"
  O, 'tis sweet to sup with Je-sus all the time!
2 For the Mas-ter called to them, "Now come and dine;"
  Thus He sat - is - fies the hun-gry ev-'ry time.
3 All the host of heav - en will as - sem-bled be;
  And with Je - sus they will feast e-ter-nal - ly.

CHORUS.

"Come and dine," the Master calleth, "Come and dine;" You may feast at
O come and dine;
Je - sus' ta - ble all the time; He who fed the mul - ti-
O come and dine,
tude, Turned the wa - ter in- to wine, To the hungry calleth now, "Come and dine."

122 Breathe Upon Us.

R. K. C.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY R. KELSO CARTER.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Breathe up-on us, Lord from heav-en, Fill us with the Ho - ly Ghost;
2. While the Spir - it hov - ers o'er us, O - pen all our hearts, we pray;
3. Lift us, Lord, oh, lift us high - er, From the car - nal mind set free;

Prom - ise of the Fa - ther giv - en, Send us now a Pen - te - cost.
To Thine im - age, Lord, re-store us, Wit - ness in our souls to - day.
Fill us with re - fin - ing fire, Give us per - fect lib - er - ty,

D.S.-Breathe up-on us, breathe up-on us, Lord, bap-tize us now with fire.

CHORUS.

Breathe up - on us, breathe up - on us, With Thy love our hearts in - spire,

123 Fulness of Blessing.

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H. J. ZELLY. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. What is this that, like the sunshine, Warms my trusting heart to-day? Fills my soul with
2. What is this that fills with gladness, Drives away all anxious care? Scatters darkness,
3. What is this that gives me freedom For my Lord to work and speak? Sends me out on
4. What is this that burns with-in me Like a flame of ho - ly fire? Pur - i - fies my

CHORUS.

light and beauty, Drives the shadows far a - way?
gives me comfort, And a new de-light in pray'r?
lov - ing errands, As the wand'ring ones I seek?
will - ing spir-it, Gives me now my one de - sire?

This is that, oh, hal-le - lu - jah!

Promised by the Lord divine; 'Tis the pentecostal blessing, Filling this glad heart of mine.

Land of Glory.

"I will make the place of my feet glorious."—Isa. 60: 13.

A. E. Bloom. COPYRIGHT, 1923, BY THORO HARRIS. Thoro Harris.

1. Beau - ti - ful Land of Glo - ry, Land of the earth made new;
2. Beau - ti - ful Land of Glo - ry, Peace in its full - ness reigns;
3. There shall be no more heart-aches, No more the toils and cares;
4. Beau - ti - ful Land of Glo - ry, Land from all curse set free;
5. Beau - ti - ful Land of Glo - ry, Land of the end - less life;
6. Beau - ti - ful Land of Glo - ry, Soon will God's king-dom come;

1. Down thru the a - ges hoar - y Shin - eth thy gold - en view.
2. Won-drous the glad-some sto - ry, Sound out the joy - ful strains.
3. When in the east the day breaks, Brightness its dawn - ing bears.
4. Beau - te - ous Land of Glo - ry, Homeland for you and me.
5. Her - ald a - broad the sto - ry, End - ed for aye all strife.
6. Mor - tals, be - lieve the sto - ry, En - ter this E - den home.

Refrain.

Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Beau - ti - ful Land of Glo - ry!

Home of the true, The earth made new,—Beau-ti - ful Land of Glo - ry!

125 A Friend Unfailing.

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY THORO HARRIS. Arr. by Thoro Harris.

1. There is a Friend un - fail - ing; Thru all our pil - grim days
2. There is a Heart un - chang - ing, Tho earth - ly pros-pects die,
3. He light - ens all our dark - ness With rays of truth di - vine;
4. Then call on Him in dan - ger, Tho foes be swift and strong,
5. Fear not, for He is near thee; Hope on, nor be dis - mayed;
6. For His is love e - ter - nal, The ful - ness of grace un - known,

1. He leads His trust - ing chil - dren And guides them in wis - dom's ways.
2. Whose ear is ev - er o - pen To hear when the faith - ful cry.
3. His pres-ence at - tends us al - ways: O soul, what a hope is thine!
4. Ex - change thy heav - y bur - den Of grief for a joy - ful song.
5. He'll com - fort and sus - tain thee, Thy bur - den up - on Him laid.
6. And thou art His spe - cial treas-ure, And He is thy ver - y own!

REFRAIN.

Then come with thy care and sor - row, And come with thy weight of wo;
Leave all at the feet of Je - sus, His rest and His peace to know.

126 He is Mine, I am His.

GRACE ELIZABETH COBB. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Bless - ed Lil - y of the Val - ley, oh, how fair is He! He is
2. Let me sing of all His mer-cies, of His kindness true, He is
3. Tho' He lead me thro' the val - ley of the shade of death, He is

mine, I am His; Sweet - er than the angels' mu - sic is His
mine, I am His; Fresh at morn, and in the eve'ning, comes a
mine, I am His; Should I fear, when, oh, so ten - der - ly He

D.S. — *Sweet - er than the an-gels' mu-sic is His*

FINE.

voice to me, He is mine, I am His; Where the lil - ies fair are
bless-ing new, He is mine, I am His; With the deep'ning shadows
whis - per-eth, He is mine, I am His; For the sunshine of His

voice to me, He is mine, I am His.

blooming by the waters calm, There He leads me, and upholds me by His
comes a whisper, "Safe-ly rest, Sleep in peace, for I am near thee, naught shall
pres-ence doth il-lume the night, And He leads me thro' the valley to the

strong right arm; All the air is love around me, I can feel no harm,
thee mo - lest; I will linger till the morning, Keeper, Friend, and Guest;"
mountain height; Out of bond-age in - to freedom, in - to cloudless light;

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He is Mine, I am His. Concluded.

CHORUS.

He is mine, I am His. Lil - y of the Val - ley,
He is mine, Bless-ed Lil - y of the Val - ley,

D.S.

He is mine, Lil - y of the Val-ley, I am His;
Hal - le-lu - jah, He is mine, Blessed Lily of the Val-ley,

127

Alleluia!

T. H. *Maestoso.* THORO HARRIS.

1. The ev - 'ning sun is set - ting in the west, O'er all cre-
2. With all the saints we mag - ni - fy the Lord, Ex - alt his
3. In thee, O God, our soul shall make her boast; In praise to

a - tion fall the dews of rest. Now be the King by
name, re - vere his ho - ly word. For - ev - er be thy
Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost, We join the choir un-

p

heav'n and earth con fest. Al - le-lu - ia! Al - le-lu - ia!
glo - rious name a-dored! Al - le-lu-ia! Al - le-lu - ia!
seen, the heav'nly host. Al - le-lu-ia! Al - le-lu - ia! A-men.

ff *dim.*

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128 Glory to the Lamb

Copyright, 1922, by Thoro Harris

T. H. Thoro Harris

1. Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb! Cleans'd from ev-'ry stain I am, And I
2. To the world and sin I died When the Christ was cru-ci-fied, Cal-v'ry's
3, Come and take this path with me, From your fear and doubting free. Join the

love His bless-ed name, All glo - ry to the Lord! I have yield - ed ev-
cross my on - ly pride, All glo - ry to the Lord! I am walk - ing in
hosts of lib - er - ty And glo - ri - fy the Lord. **Till we reach the home**

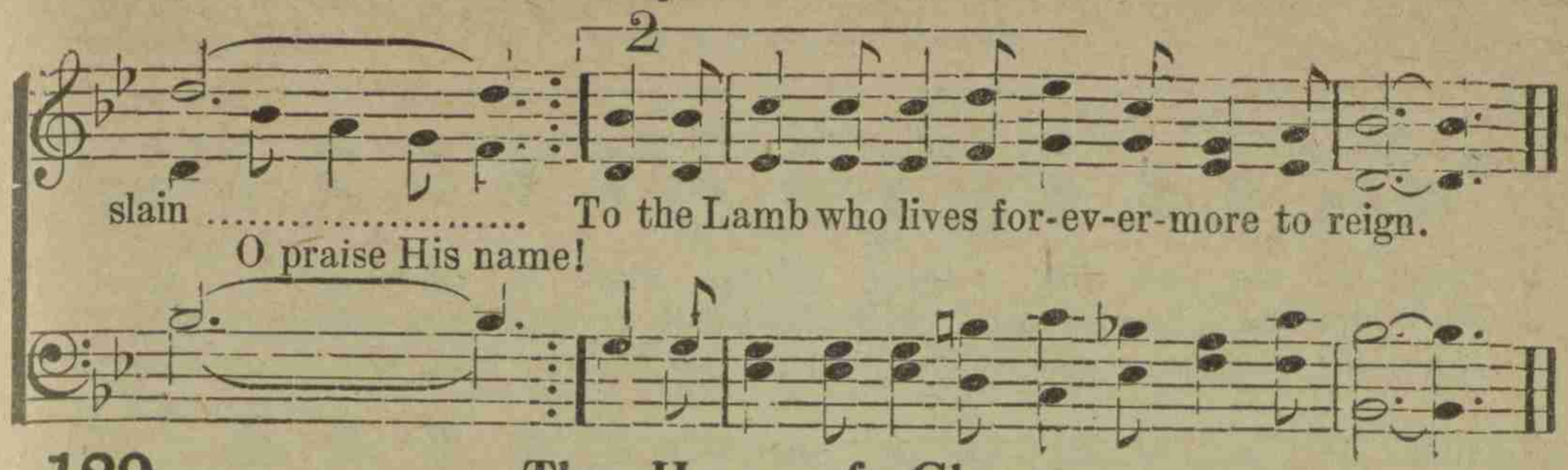
'ry - thing To my gracious Sav-ior King; Now my trust-ing soul can sing
His light, And the path is al-ways bright, With my Ca-naan home in sight,
on high Far be-yond the star - ry sky Where true joy shall nev - er die,

CHORUS

Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb! Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -
O'er and o'er a - gain

lu - - - jah To the Lamb for sin - ners
Sing the glad re - frain To the bleed-ing Lamb for sin - ners

Glory to the Lamb

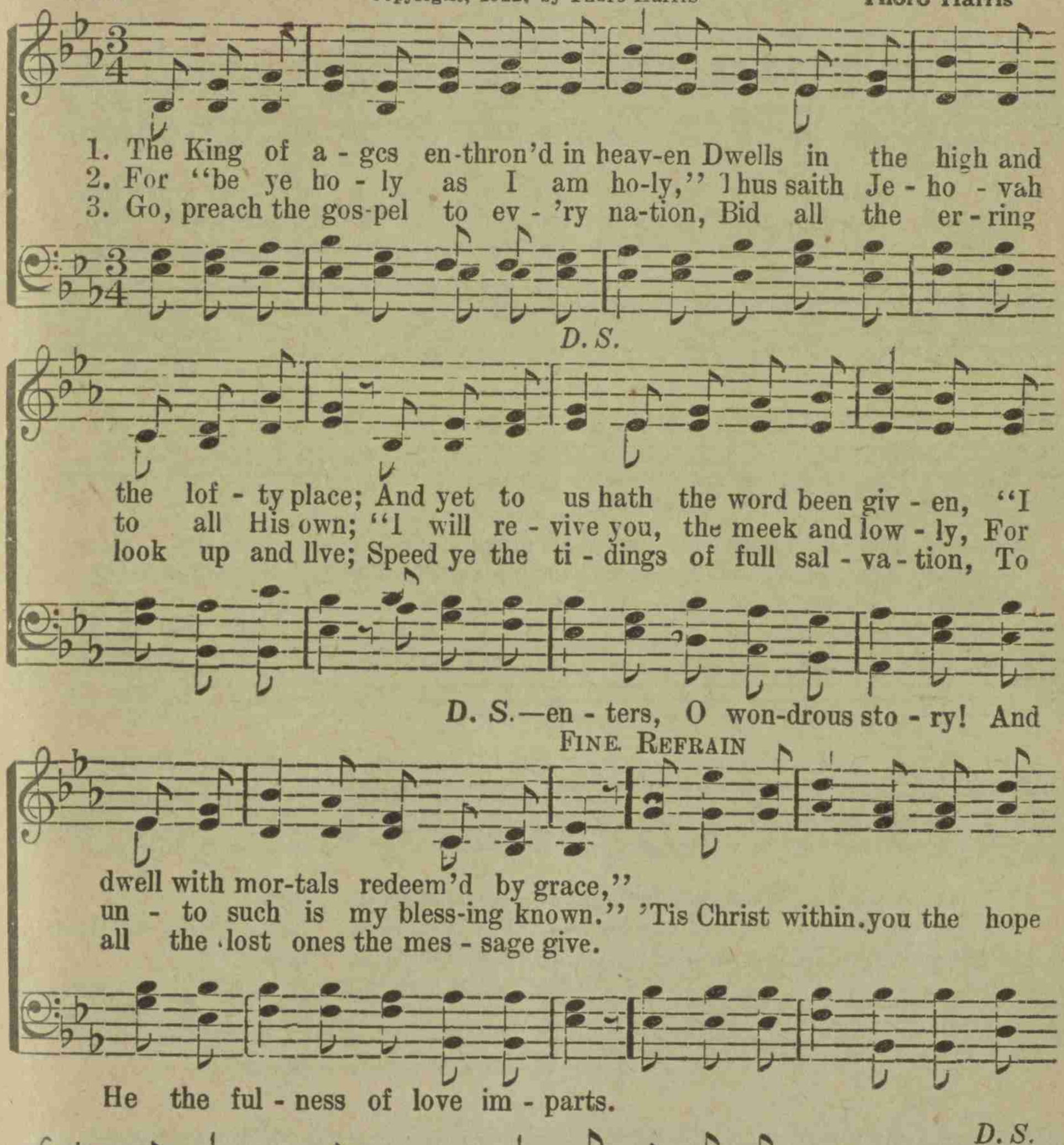


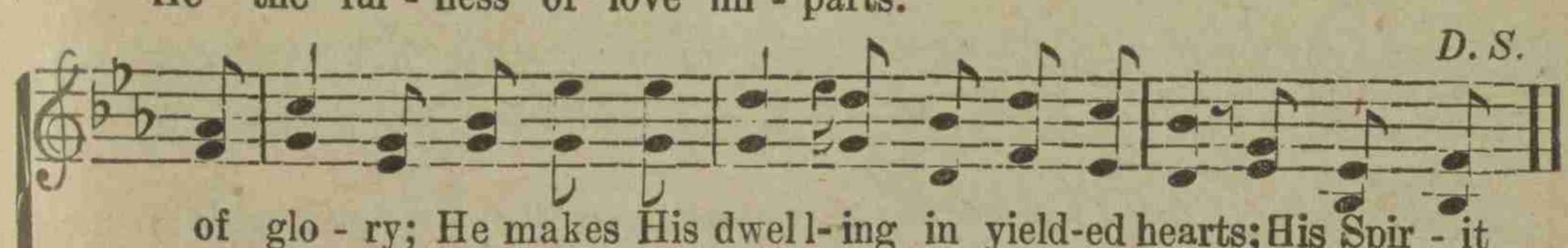
129 The Hope of Glory

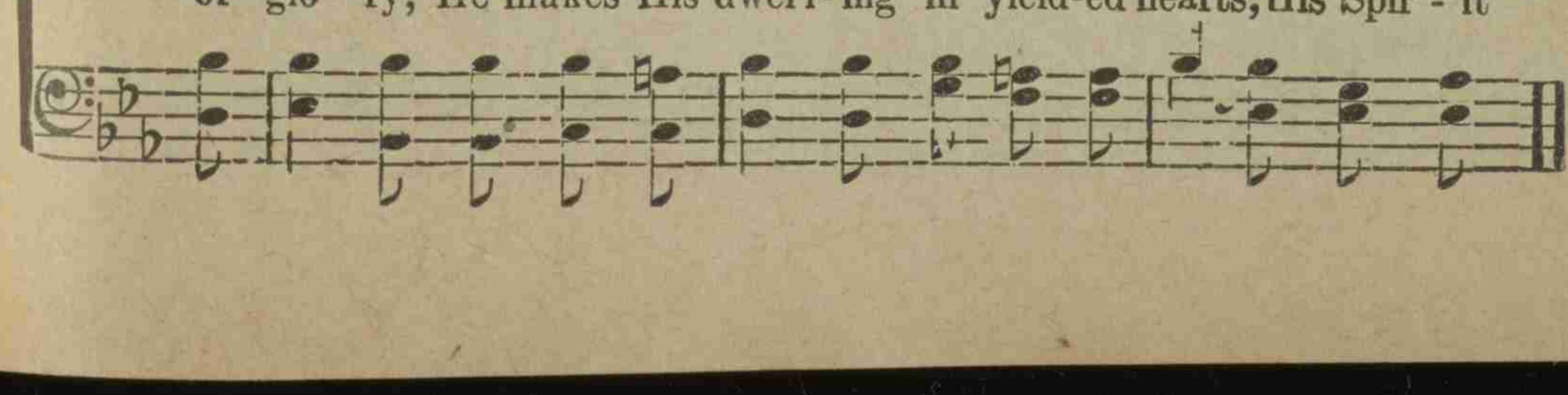
T. H.

Copyright, 1922, by Thoro Harris

Thoro Harris







130

Mine at Last.

J. R.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

James Rowe.

1. Bright is the path that I tread to-day, Blue is the sky a - bove;
2. Sin and its pleasures their charm have lost, I have been cleaned with-in;
3. Noth - ing shall cause me to part from Him, Till I have ceased to roam;

For I am walk - ing the heav'n-ly way, Prais-ing my Sav - ior's love.
Nev - er a - gain shall my soul be tost Out on the waves of sin.
Whether thru sun-shine or shad-ows dim, Je - sus will lead me home.

Sweet is the song that my spir - it sings, Leav-ing my drear - y past;
Je - sus has an-swered my heart's deep plea, From me my bur - den cast;
Close-ly I'll cling to Him all the way, Fear-ing no storm - y blast,

FINE. CHORUS.

"I am a child of the King of kings; Je - sus is mine at last."
I am as glad as a soul can be— Je - sus is mine at last. Mine at last!
Singing right up to the land of day, "Je - sus is mine at last."

D. S.

mine at last! Je - sus has hidden my wayward past, Heard my plea, made me free!

131 Sweet Rose Of Sharon.

Copyright 1923, Thoro Harris

T. H. **Thoro Harris**

Duet

p

1. Stars gent - ly beam-ing, Shine up - on a flow'r, Heavn's light is stream-ing, In earth's dark-est hour.
2. Pure as a lil - y, Fair - er than the morn, This love -ly flow' - ret, Once on earth was born.
3. Fra - grant Thy per-fume, Nev - er fad - ing hue, Blest Rose of Sha - ron, Beau - ti - ful to view!

REFRAIN.

Sweet Rose of Sha - ron Beau - ti - ful to see. (Dear) Flow'r fair and fra-grant, Blos-som-ing for me, (O) Sweet Rose of Sha - ron. Nev - er more to fade, Life ev - er - last - ing Lin - gers in Thy shade.

Cres. *rit.*

132 Friendship With Jesus.

Rev. J. C. Ludgate.

With great expression.

1. A friend of Je - sus, Oh what bliss That one so weak as I
2. A friend when oth-er friend-ships cease, A friend when oth - ers fail;
3. A friend to lead me in the dark, A friend who knows the way
4. A friend when sickness lays me low, A friend when death draws near;
5. A friend when life's rough voyage is o'er, A friend when death is past;

Should ev - er have a friend like this To lead me to the sky.
A friend who gives me joy and peace, A friend who will pre - vail.
A friend to steer my weak, frail bark, A friend my debts to pay.
A friend as thro' the vale I go, A friend to help and cheer.
A friend to greet on Heav - en's shore, A friend when home at last.

CHORUS.

Friend - ship with Je - sus, Fel - low - ship Di - vine;

rit.

Oh what bless-ed sweet com-mun - ion, Je - sus is a friend of mine.

133 Come Unto Me and Rest

T. H. Copyright, 1924, by Thoro Harris Thoro Harris

1. Day by day thy feet are fall - ing And dis-tract-ing doubts mo-lest?
2. Has thy conscience long been shar - er Of the fears with - in thy breast?
3. He can melt the clouds of sor - row, He can ban - ish all dis - trest;
4. He will heal thy heart's dis - eas - es, He will calm thy troub-led breast;
5. Tell Him all that grieves and vex - es, Be thy guilt to God con - fest;
6. He is a - ble, He is will - ing Now to an - swer each re - quest;

One is wait - ing, plead-ing, call-ing, "Come un - to Me and rest."
Hear the Christ, thy bur - den-bear - er, "Come un - to Me and rest."
Hope and joy di - vine to bor-row, "Come un - to Me and rest."
Now o - bey the voice of Je-sus, "Come un - to Me and rest."
What - so-e'er thy soul per - plex - es "Come un - to Me and rest."
Peace is thine, His word ful - fil-ing, "Come un - to Me and rest."

REFRAIN

Come un - to Me and rest, Come un - to Me and rest;
Come, O come and rest, Come, O come and rest.

O thou wea - ry, heav - y heart - ed, Come un - to Me and rest.
O come and rest.

134 It's Just Like His Great Love.

COPYRIGHT, 1903. W. E. BIEDERWOLF, OWNER.

Edna R. Worrell. C. B. S.

1. A friend I have call'd Je - sus Whose love is strong and true, And nev - er fails how - e'er 'tis tried, No mat - ter what I do; I've sinn'd a-gainst this love of His, But when I knelt to pray Con - fess - ing all my
2. Sometimes the clouds of trou - ble Be - dim the sky a - bove, I can - not see my Sav - ior's face, I doubt His wondrous love; But He, from heaven's mer - cy - seat Be - hold - ing my de - spair, In pit - y bursts the
3. When sorrow's clouds o'ertake me, And break up-on my head, When life seems worse than use - less, And I were bet - ter dead; I take my grief to Je - sus then, Nor do I go in vain, For heav'n-ly hope He
4. O I could sing for - ev - er Of Je - sus' love di - vine, Of all His care and ten - der - ness For this poor life of mine; His love is in and o - ver all And wind and waves o - bey, When Je - sus whis - pers

guilt to Him, The sin-clouds roll'd a - way.
clouds between, And shows me He is there. I'ts just like Je - sus to
gives that cheers, Like sunshine af - ter rain.
"Peace be still" And rolls the clouds a - way.

CHORUS.

It's Just Like His Great Love.

roll the clouds a-way, It's just like Je-sus to keep me day by day,

It's just like Je-sus all a-long the way, It's just like His great love.

135 O Don't Stay Away.

COPYRIGHT, 1895. BY GEO. C. HUGG, USED BY PER.

Rev. Johnson Oatman. **Rev. W. J. Stuart, A. M.**

With expression.

1. Come, soul, and find thy rest, No long-er be dis-tressed; 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, Mo-ments are fly-ing fast, Judg-ment will
5. Come, O we pray thee, come, Come, and no long-er roam; Come, now, and

CHORUS.

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

rit.

gels are bend-ing now; Both worlds are blending now, O don't stay a-way.

136 Victory Through Grace.

SALLIE MARTIN. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Conquering now and still to conquer, Rideth a King in his might,
2. Conquering now and still to conquer, Who is this won-der-ful King?
3. Conquering now and still to conquer, Jesus, Thou Rul-er of all,

Leading the host of all the faithful In-to the midst of the fight;
Whence are the armies which He leadeth, While of His glo-ry they sing?
Thrones and their sceptres all shall perish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,

See them with courage ad-vanc-ing, Clad in their brilliant ar-ray,
He is our Lord and Re-deem-er, Sav-ior and Monarch di-vine,
Yet shall the ar-mies Thou lead-est, Faithful and true to the last,

FINE.

Shouting the name of their Lead-er, Hear them ex-ult-ing-ly say:
They are the stars that for-ev-er Bright in His king-dom will shine.
Find in Thy mansions e-ter-nal, Rest when their war-fare is past.

D. S.—*Yet to the true and the faith-ful Vic-t'ry is promised thro' grace.*

D.S.

CHORUS.

Not to the strong is the bat-tle, Not to the swift is the race,

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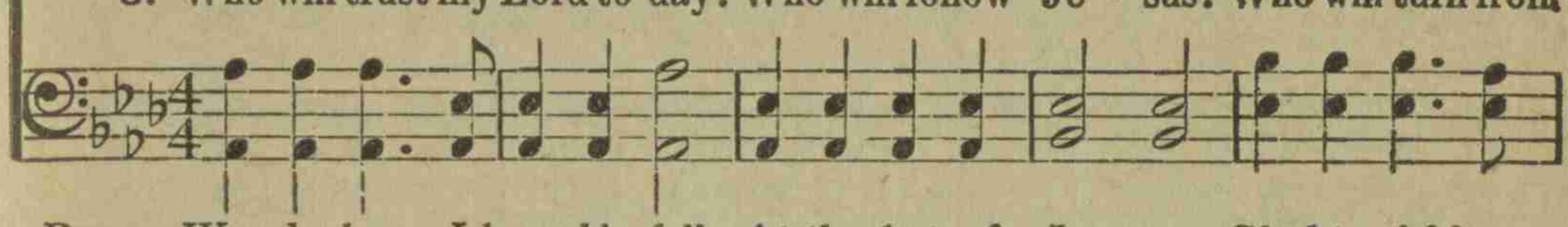
137 My Jesus.

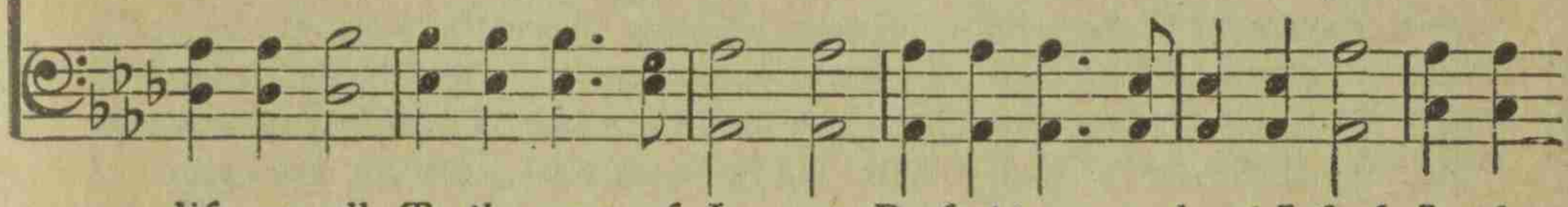
Thoro Harris. COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY THORO HARRIS.

1. Chains of sin had bound me fast Ere I came to Je - sus, And my load of
2. I was poor, but now I find Mines of wealth in Je - sus; I was lame and
3. Who will trust my Lord to-day? Who will follow Je - sus? Who will turn from



REF.—*Won by love, I hum-bly fall At the feet of Je - sus, Glad to yield my*

guilt I cast At the feet of Je - sus; Then my bur-den fled a-way At one
halt and blind, Now mine eyes see Je-sus; Sad and sick of heart was I—Now I
sin a - way For the sake of Je - sus? Who will come and meekly bow At the



life, my all To the sway of Je - sus. Perfect peace and rest I find In the

glimpse of Je - sus; 'Twas a long-remembered day When I first met Je - sus.
live with Je - sus; All my hours glide sweetly by Since I found my Je - sus.
name of Je - sus? Who will crown my Savior now King and Master, Je - sus?

arms of Je - sus; Faithful, tender, true and kind, Je-sus, precious Je - sus!

138 I Belong to Jesus. (*Music above.*)

1 Purchased by the Man divine,
By the blood of Jesus,
I am His and He is mine,
I belong to Jesus;
Resting in His gracious word,
From all guilt who frees us,
My Redeemer and my Lord,
Jesus, blessed Jesus!

2 I will give Him now my heart,
Yielding all to Jesus,
To control, in every part:
I will live for Jesus.
He will wash my stains away,
Heal my soul's diseases:
Enter now and reign for aye,
Gracious, holy Jesus.

—*Thoro Harris.*

Invitation Hymns

139 Jesus Will Hear Your Prayer.

T. H. Copyright 1923, by Thoro Harris **Thoro Harris**

1, Some-one is here with an ach- ing heart, Sad- ly un - bid - den the
2. Some one is here who is not at rest, Con-science a-wak- en'd, by
3. Some one is here who has toil'd in vain Rich- es and hon - or of
4. Sin - ner, give heed to the mes-sage sweet; Heav-en may nev - er the

tear drops start. Would you in gladness share a part, Look to the cross of
fears dis- trest. Flee to the One who loves you best, Yielding your life to
earth to gain. Treasures on high you may ob - tain, Come in your need to
call re - peat. Kneel at the wait- ing mer- cy seat, Bow at the name of

p REFRAIN.

Je - sus. Je - sus will hear your pray'r, Je- sus will hear your
and an-swer prayer, yes, and
pray'r; Lay at His feet your load of care, Je-sus will hear your pray'r
answer prayer; O

140 Look to the Lamb of God.

Owned by R. E. Winsett,
REV. H. G. JACKSON, D. D.

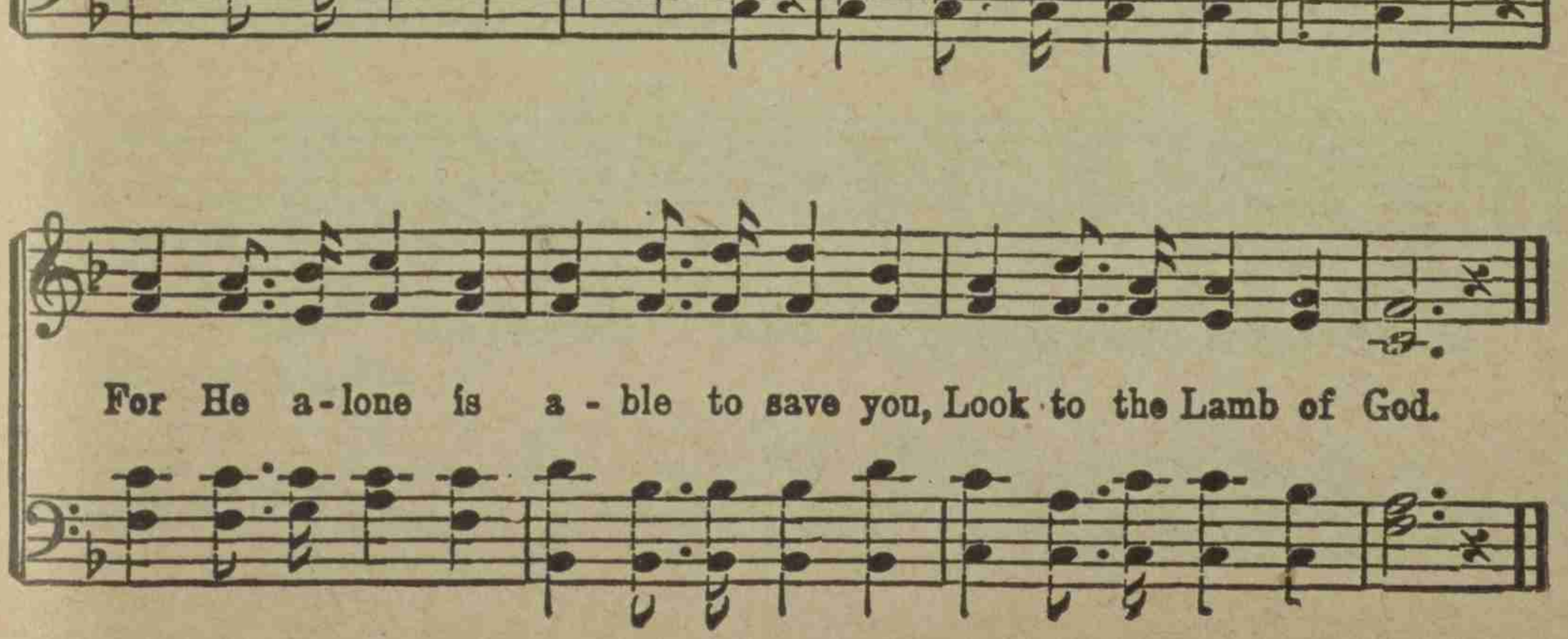
From Gospel Message In Song.
JAMES M. BLACK.

1. If you from sin are long - ing to be free, Look to the Lamb of God;
2. When Satan tempts, and doubts and fears assail, Look to the Lamb of God;
3. Are you a - wea - ry, does the way seem long? Look to the Lamb of God;
4. Fear not when shadows on your path-way fall, Look to the Lamb of God;

He, to re-deem you, died on Cal - va - ry, Look to the Lamb of God.
You in His strength shall o - ver all pre-vail, Look to the Lamb of God.
His love will cheer and fill your heart with song, Look to the Lamb of God.
In joy or sor - row Christ is all in all, Look to the Lamb of God.

CHORUS.

Look to the Lamb of God, Look to the Lamb of God,
the Lamb of God, the Lamb of God,



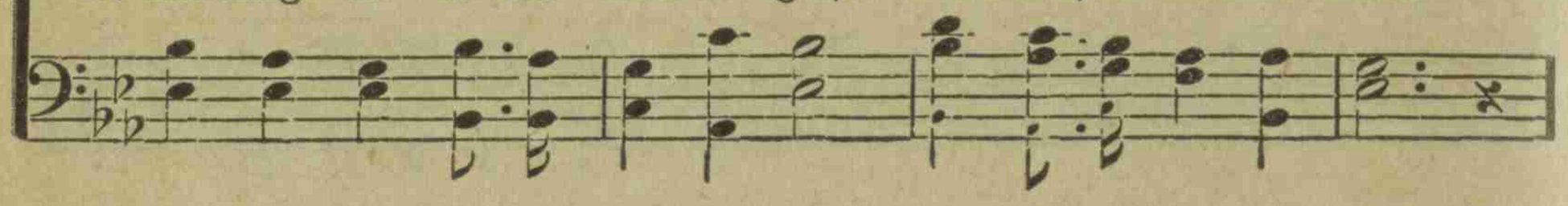
For He a - lone is a - ble to save you, Look to the Lamb of God.

141 The Step You'll Not Regret.

T. H. Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris. Thoro Harris.

1. Come, O come with a con-trite heart, Wea-ry and sore dis - trest;
2. Kneel and hum - bly con - fess your sin,—Look on the nail-scar'd hands;
3. Shel - ter seek in the Sav-ior's side—Once it was pierc'd for you;
4. At His feet cast your guilt - y soul, Fly to His pa - tient breast;
5. Mourn no more o'er the scar - let past, Ask, all shall be for - giv'n;
6. He will lead all your steps a - right, Walk-ing your Lord be - side;

1. Let not hope from your life de - part— Je - sus can give you rest.
2. Now, this mo-ment, a - new be - gin, Break all the tempter's bands.
3. Near the heart of the Cru - ci - fied, Pa - tient and kind and true.
4. With one touch He can make you whole; His word will stand the test.
5. Faithful prove—thou shalt be at last Fit for the courts of heav'n.
6. Marching on to the home of light, Trust Him, the faith-ful Guide.



REFRAIN.

Come, and the step you'll ne'er regret; Be His a - bid-ing guest;.....
come to Je-sus;

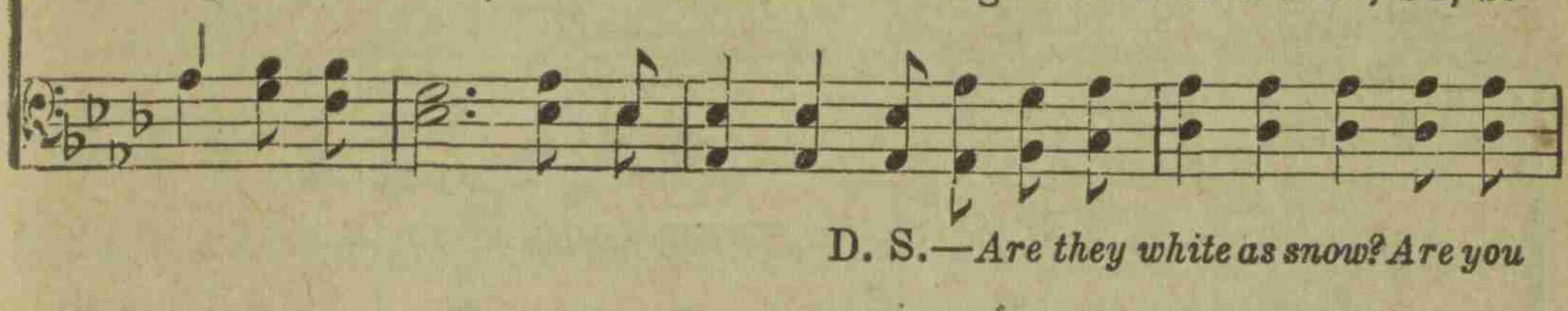
See, He stands, kindly call-ing yet, "Come, I will give you rest."
"I will give you rest."

142 Are You Washed in the Blood?

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

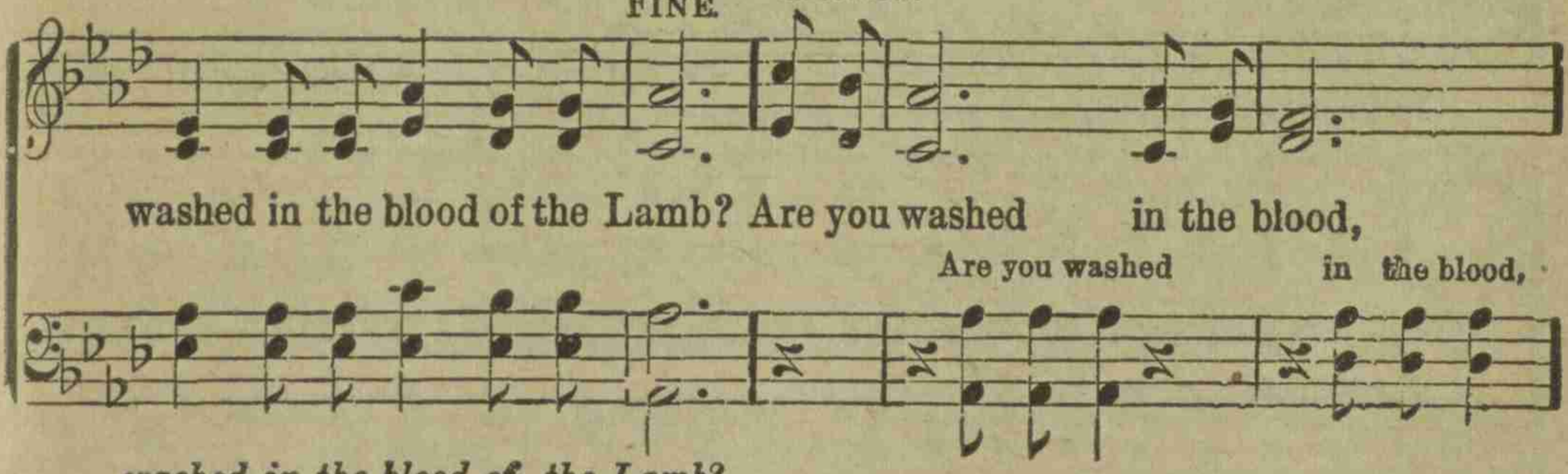
1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the
2. Are you walk-ing dai - ly by the Sav-ior's side? Are you washed in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white, Pure and white in the
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the

blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in His grace this hour? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci-fied? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright And be
blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flow-ing for the soul unclean, Oh, be



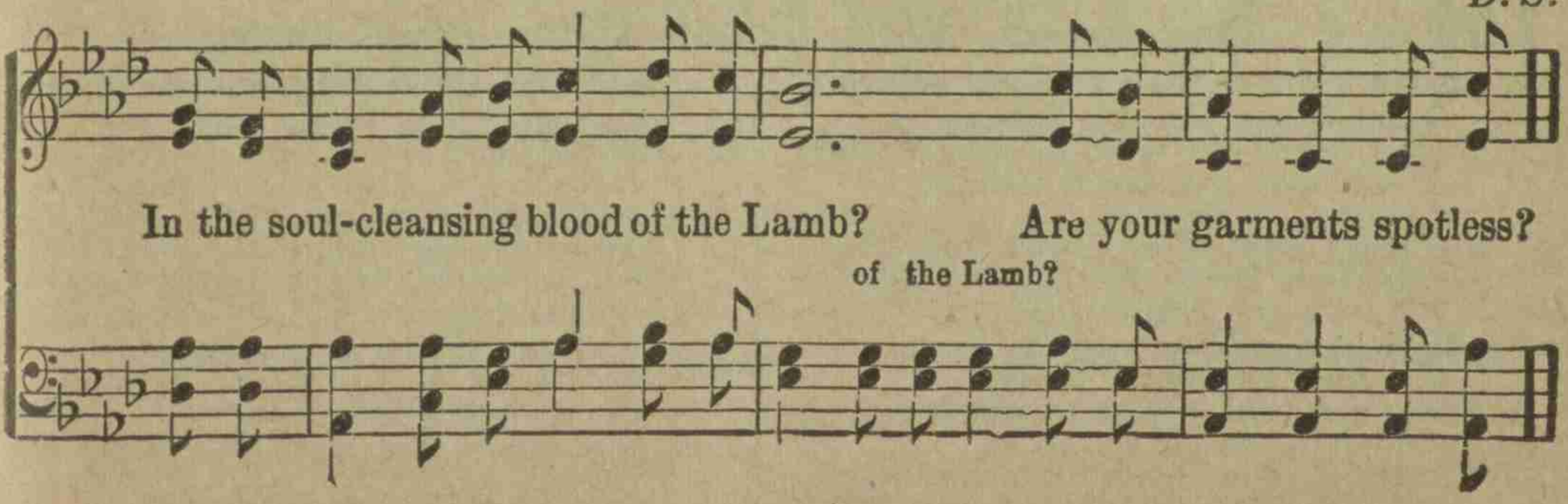
D. S.—*Are they white as snow? Are you*

FINE. CHORUS.



washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the blood,
Are you washed in the blood,
washed in the blood of the Lamb?

D. S.

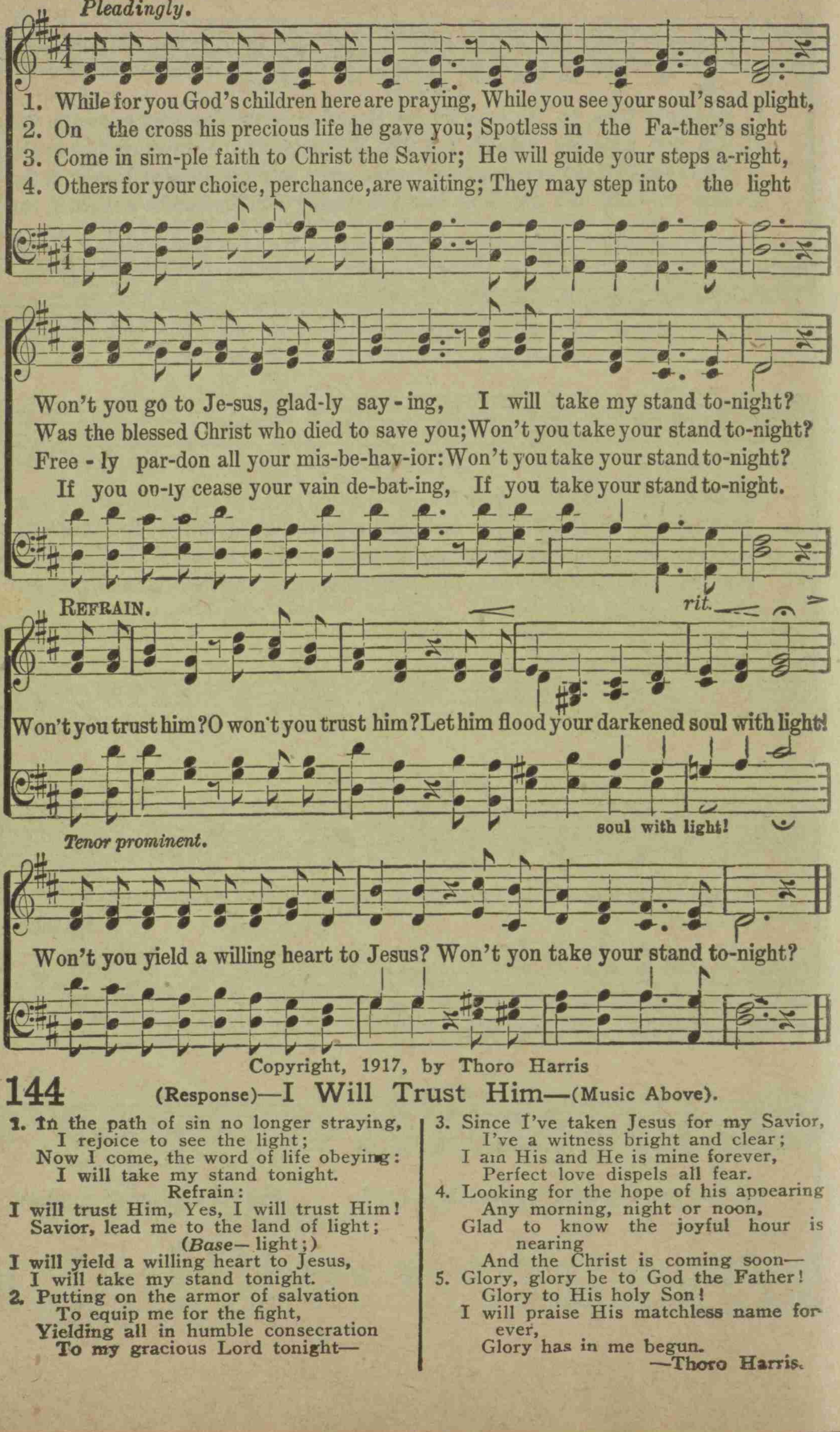


In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments spotless?
of the Lamb?

143 Won't You Take Your Stand To-night?

THORO HARRIS. HOWARD E. SMITH.

Pleadingly.



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144 (Response)—I Will Trust Him—(Music Above).

1. In the path of sin no longer straying,
I rejoice to see the light;
Now I come, the word of life obeying:
I will take my stand tonight.

Refrain:

I will trust Him, Yes, I will trust Him!
Savior, lead me to the land of light;
(*Base*—light;)
I will yield a willing heart to Jesus,
I will take my stand tonight.

2. Putting on the armor of salvation
To equip me for the fight,
Yielding all in humble consecration
To my gracious Lord tonight—

3. Since I've taken Jesus for my Savior,
I've a witness bright and clear;
I am His and He is mine forever,
Perfect love dispels all fear.

4. Looking for the hope of his appearing
Any morning, night or noon,
Glad to know the joyful hour is nearing
And the Christ is coming soon—

5. Glory, glory be to God the Father!
Glory to His holy Son!
I will praise His matchless name forever,
Glory has in me begun.

—Thoro Harris.

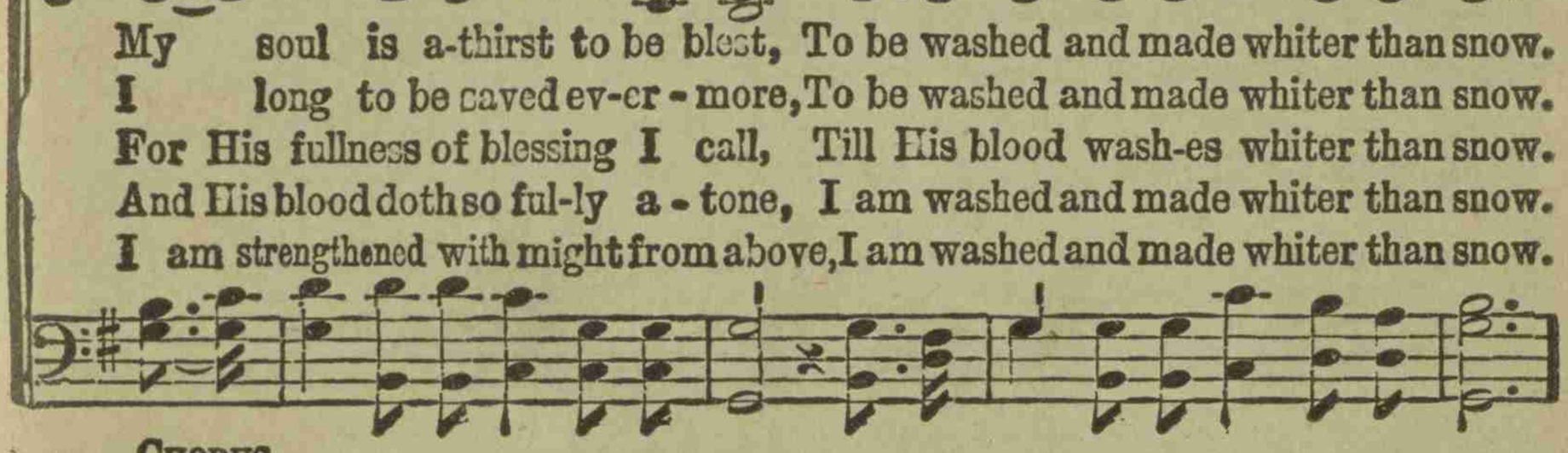
145

I Believe Jesus Saves.

WM. McDONALD. JOS. P. WEBSTER, by per.

1. I am com-ing to Je-sus for rest, Rest, such as the pur - i - fied know;
2. In com-ing, my sin I de - plore, My weak-ness and pov-er - ty show;
3. To Je - sus I give up my all, Ev - 'ry treasure and i - dol I know;
4. I am trust - ing in Je - sus a - lone, Trusting now His sal-va-tion to know;
5. My heart is in rapt-ures of love, Love, such as the ransomed ones know;

My soul is a-thirst to be blest, To be washed and made whiter than snow.
I long to be saved ev-er - more, To be washed and made whiter than snow.
For His fullness of blessing I call, Till His blood wash-es whiter than snow.
And His blood doth so ful-ly a - tone, I am washed and made whiter than snow.
I am strengthened with might from above, I am washed and made whiter than snow.



CHORUS.

I be - lieve Je - sus saves, And His blood washes whiter than snow;
I be-lieve Je-sus saves, yes, whiter than snow;

I be - lieve Je - sus saves, And His blood washes whiter than snow.
I be-lieve Je-sus saves,

Sweet By and By.

1 There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

Cho.—In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest;
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

S. F. BENNETT.

147 Whosoever Will.

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

1. "Who-soever heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed tidings all the world around
Tell the joyful news wher-ev-er man is found:
2. Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen, en-ter while you may;
Je - sus is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way:
3. "Who-so-ev-er will!" the promise is secure; "Who-so-ev-er will," for ev- er must endure;
"Who-so-ev-er will!" 'tis life for-ev-er-more:

FINE. CHORUS.

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

D.S. "-Whosoev-er will may come,"

D. S.

proc-la-ma-tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-in, Father calls the wand'rer home:

148 Day is Dying in the West.

Mary Ann Lathbury. COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. M. VINCENT. William F. Sherwin.

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and worship while the night
2. Lord of life be-neath the dome Of the u - ni - verse, Thy home, Gath-er us who seek Thy face
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en - fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace
4. When for-ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes

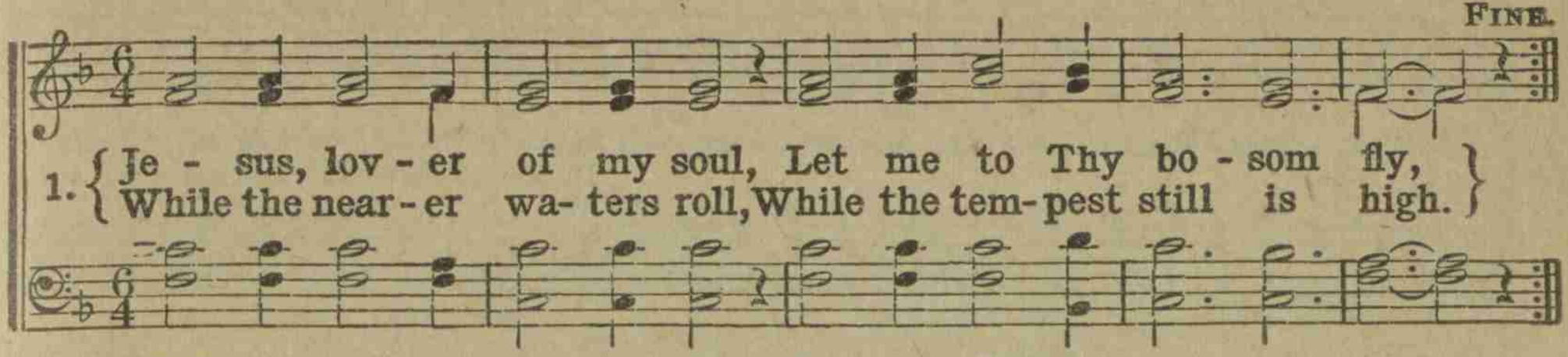
REFRAIN

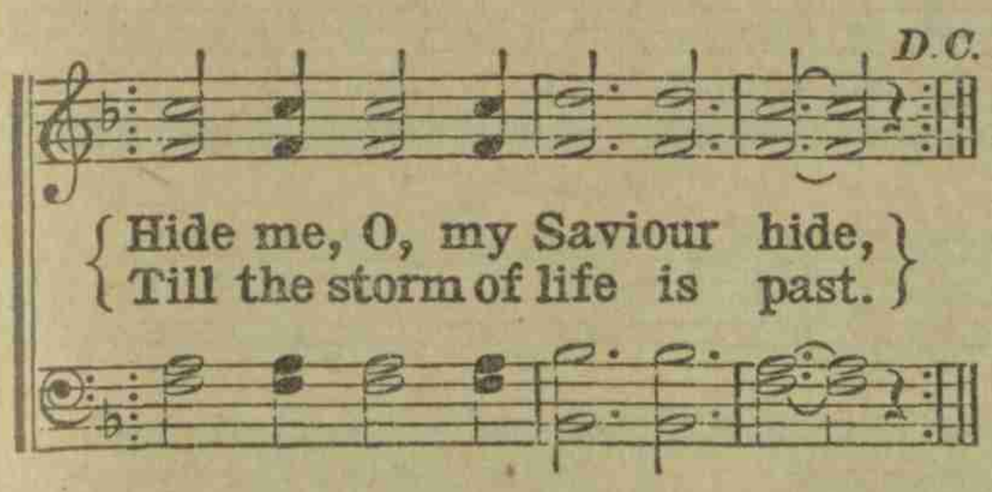
Sets her evening lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.
To the fold of Thy em-brace, For Thou art nigh. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of
Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - scend.
Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise, And shad - ows end.

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

149 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. S. B. MARSH.





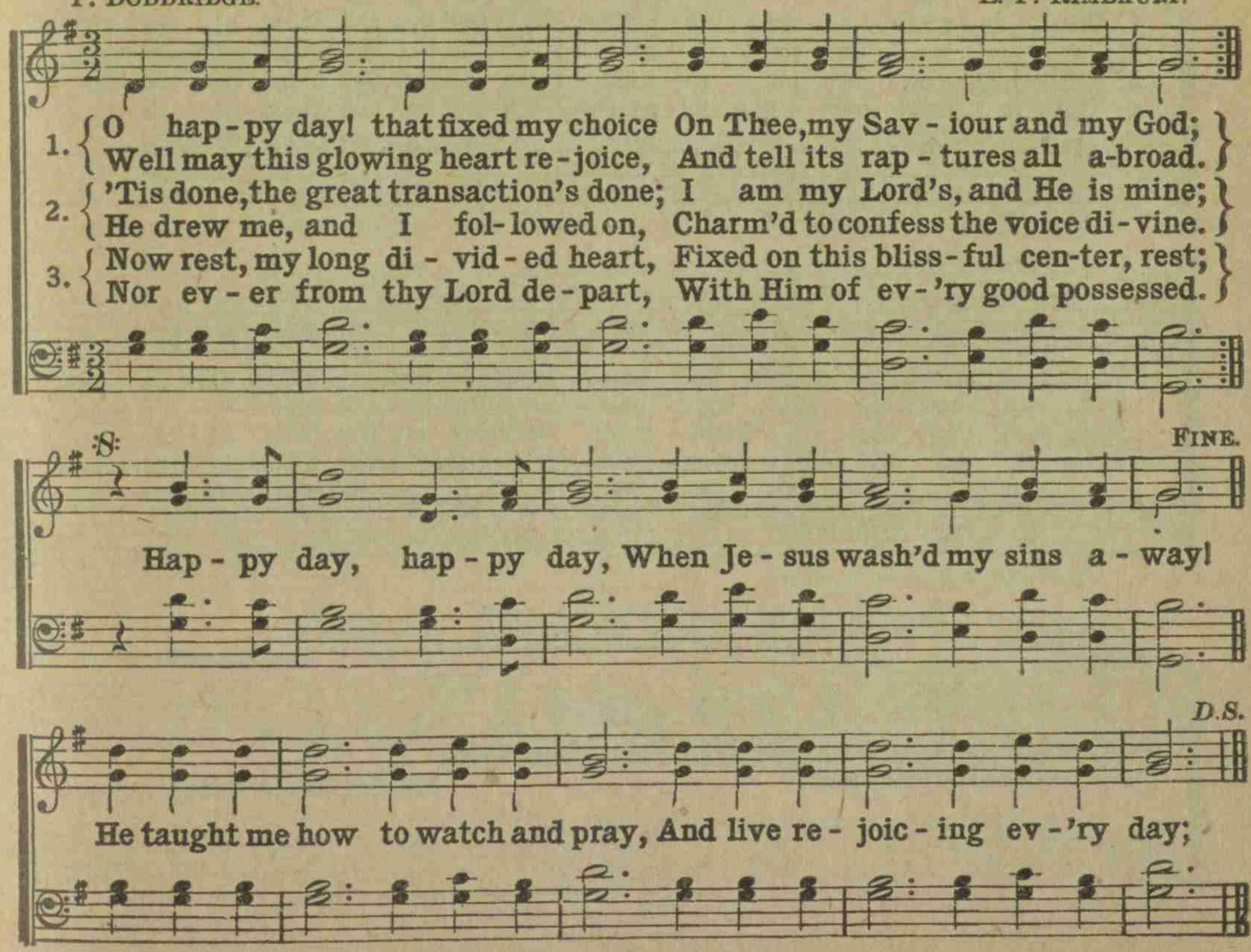
2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

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:
Vile, 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 me, 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.

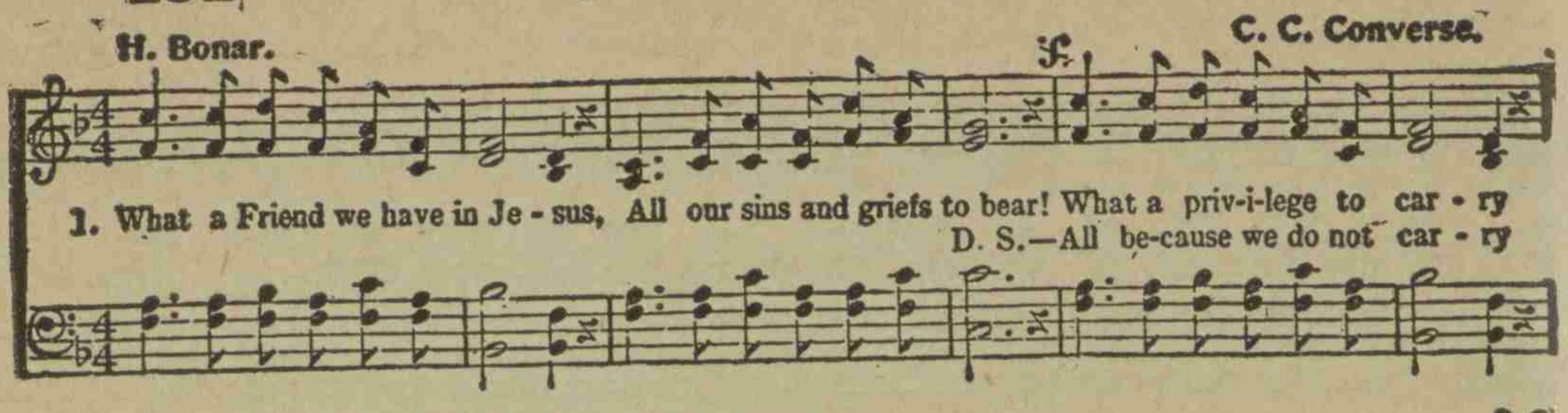
150 Happy Day.

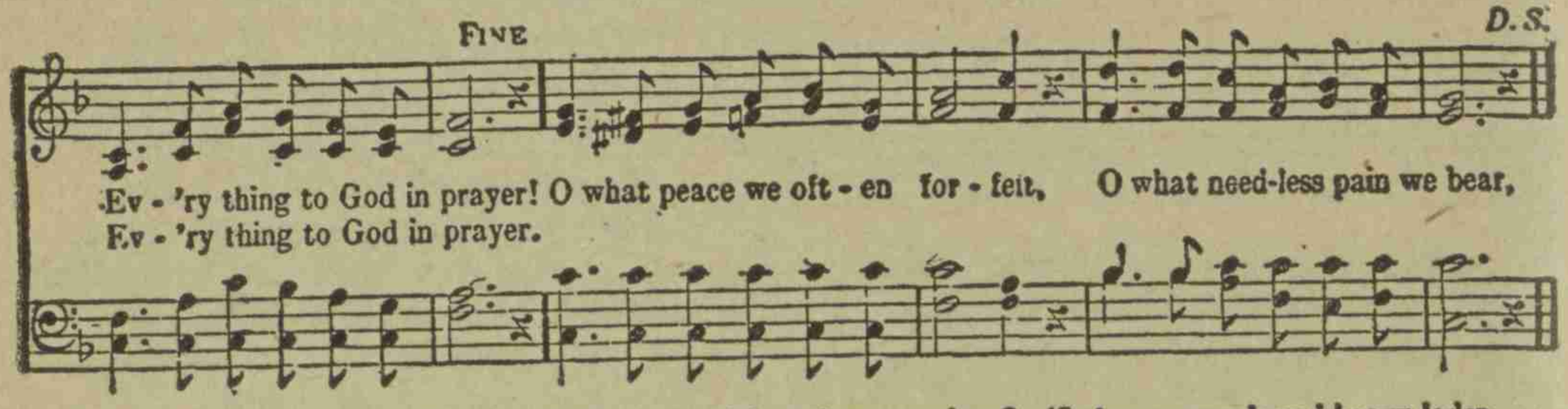
P. DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.



151 What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.





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

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there. [thee,

152 Nothing But the Blood.

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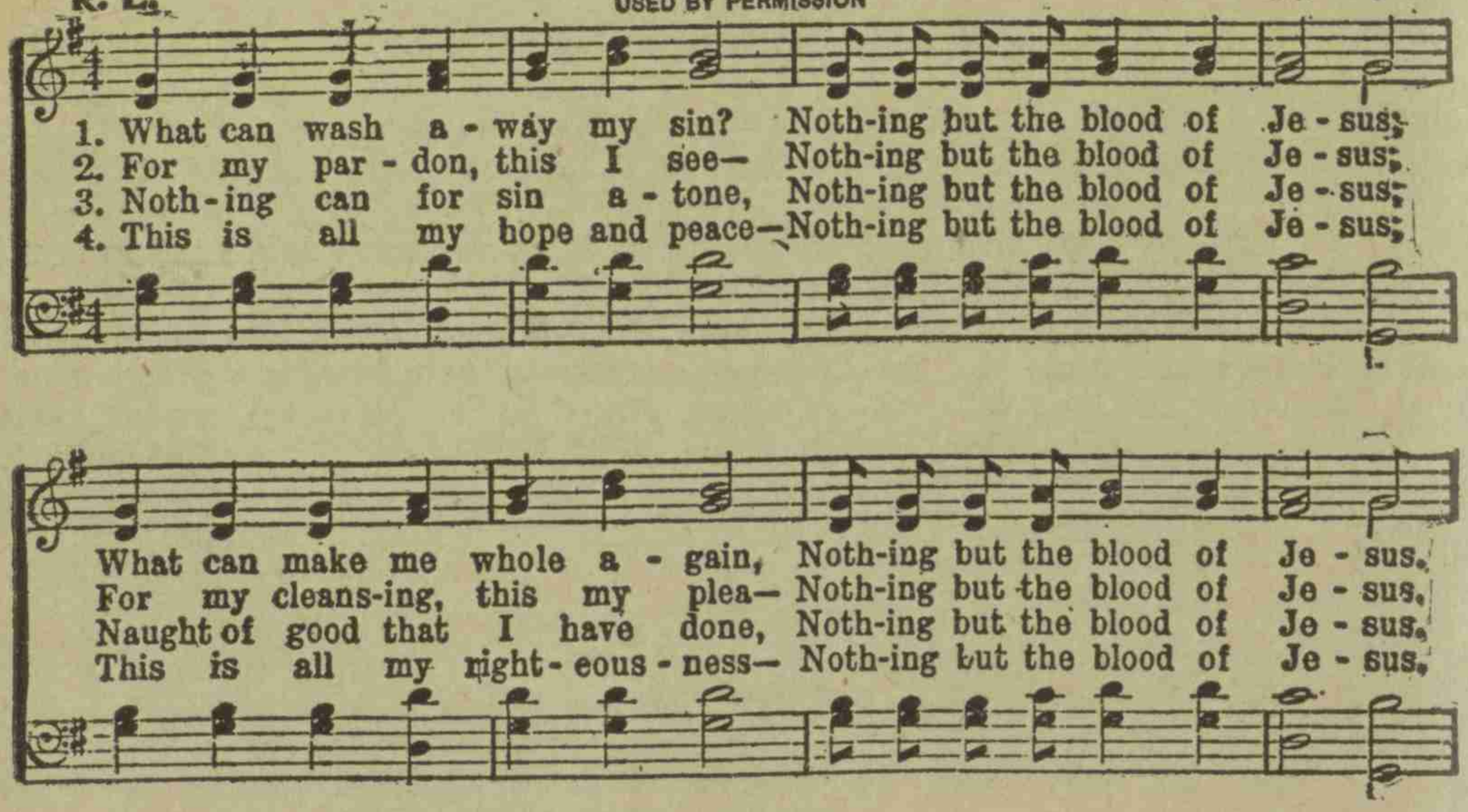
R. L. Robert Lowry.



153 "Almost Persuaded."

P. P. B.

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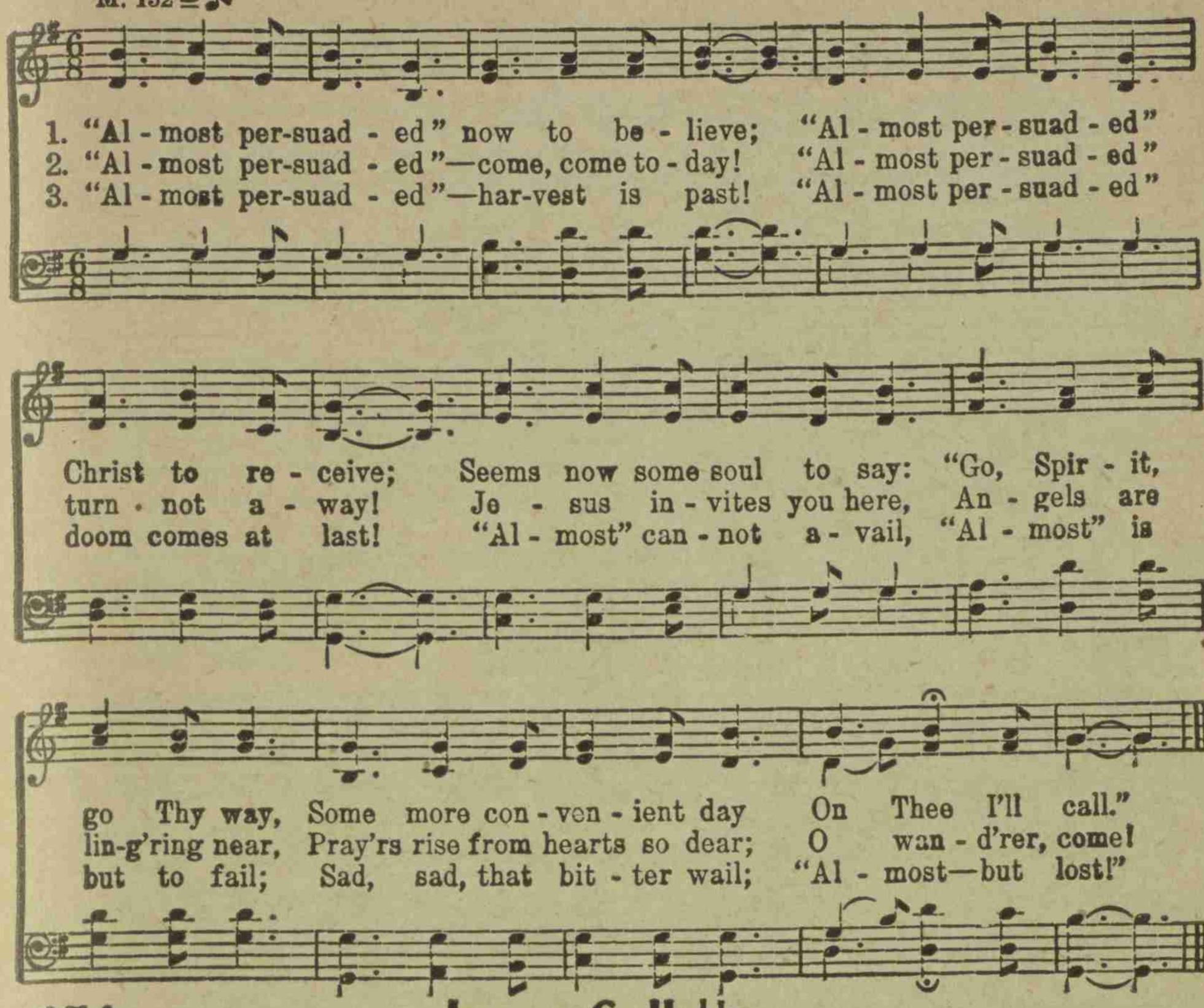
P. P. Bliss.

M. 152 = ♪



154 Jesus Call Us.

Cecil F. Alexander.

W. F. Jude.

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

155 Angels Ever bright and Fair.

A. S. Sherwood.

Handel.

1 Angels, ever bright and fair,
Keep us all within Thy care;
Guard the altars of the home;
Guard the steps that far may roam.

2 Round about encamping, stay,
Near the loved ones far away;
Hover close to cheer and guide,
Whether joy or grief betide.

3 Angels, ever bright and fair,
In thy hands our dear ones bear;
Keep us all in memories sweet,
Till with joy again we meet.

156 Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

157 Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler. Henry Monk.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last

earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.
thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For with-out Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere thro' the world my way I take,
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

158 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

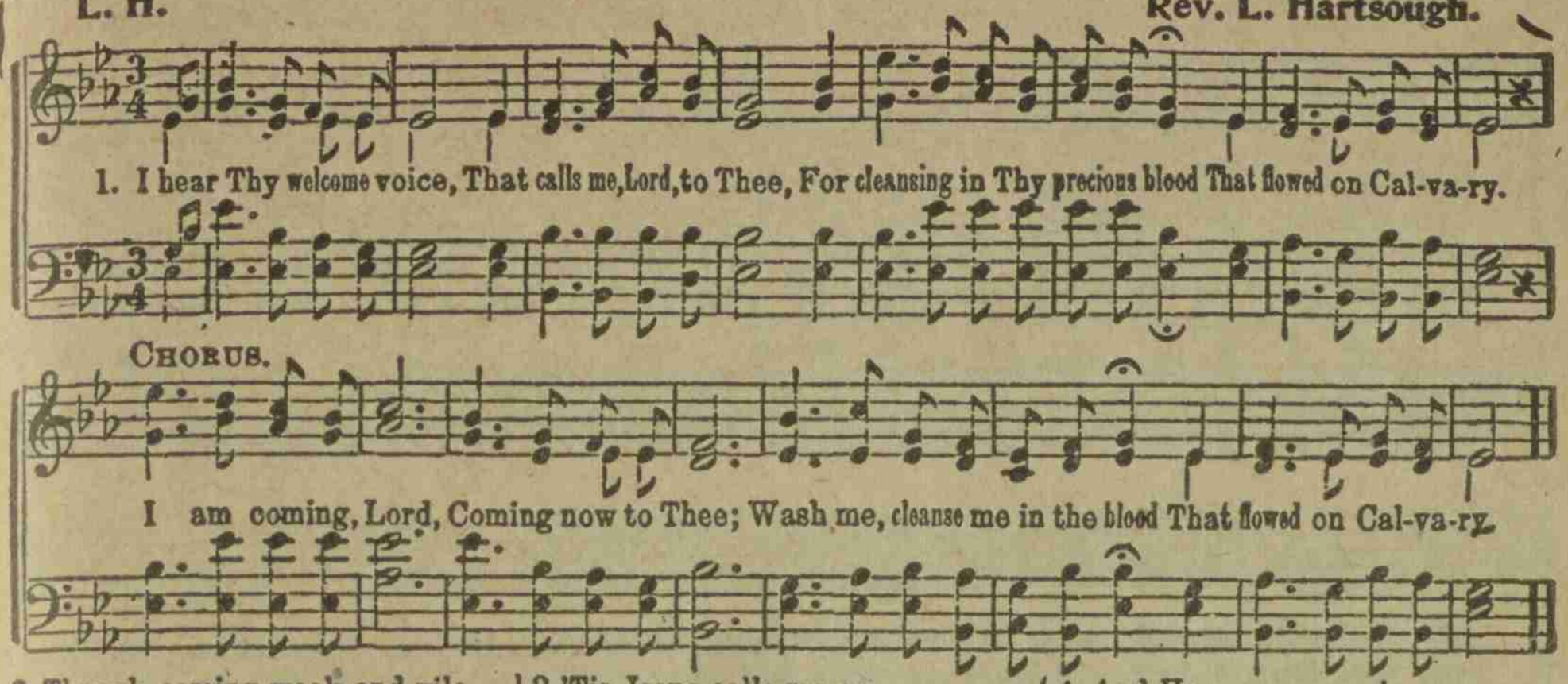
Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior

while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sor-rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re-move; O bear me safe a - bove,—A ran - somed soul.

159 I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.



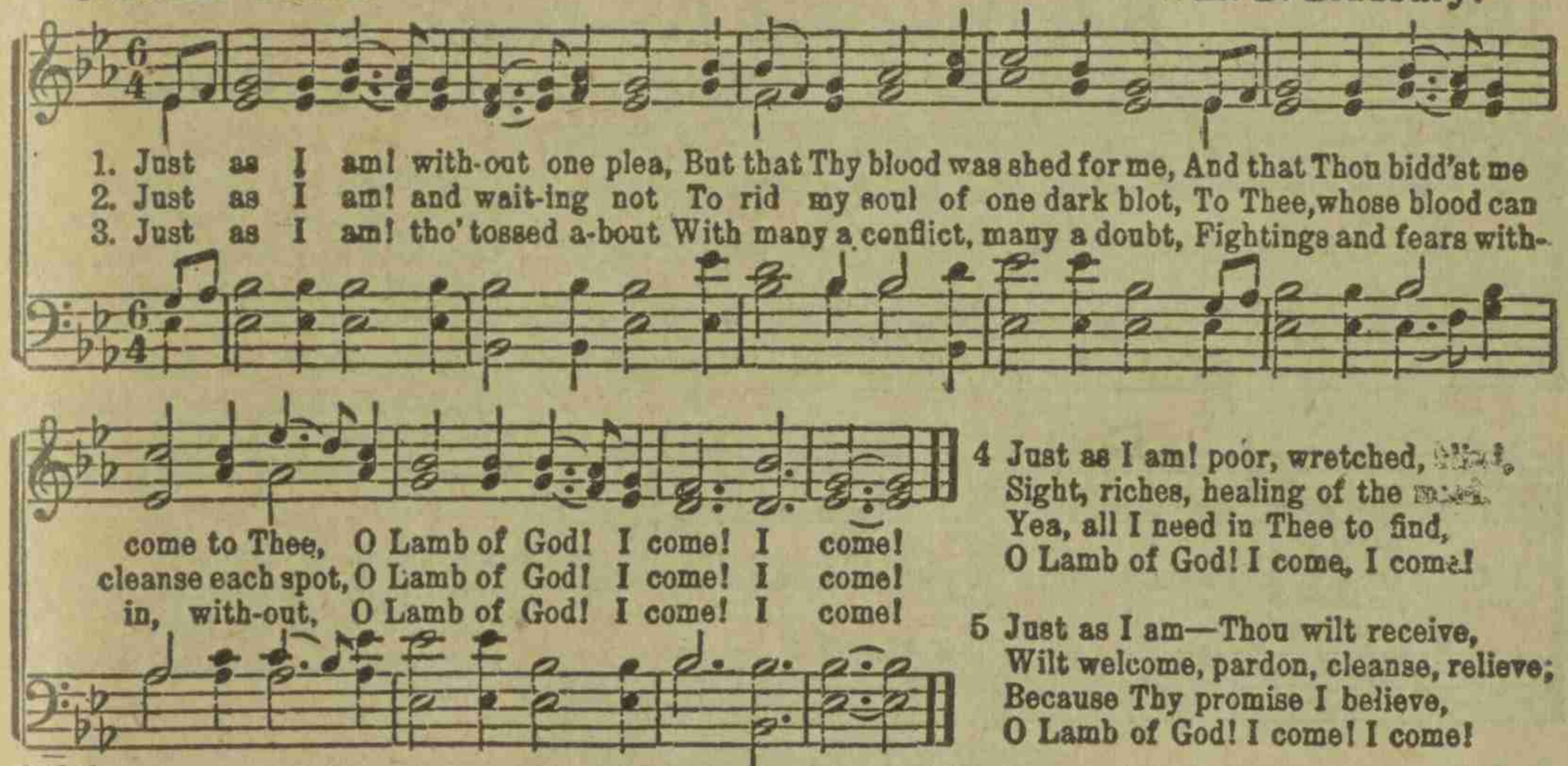
2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That every promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.

160 Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

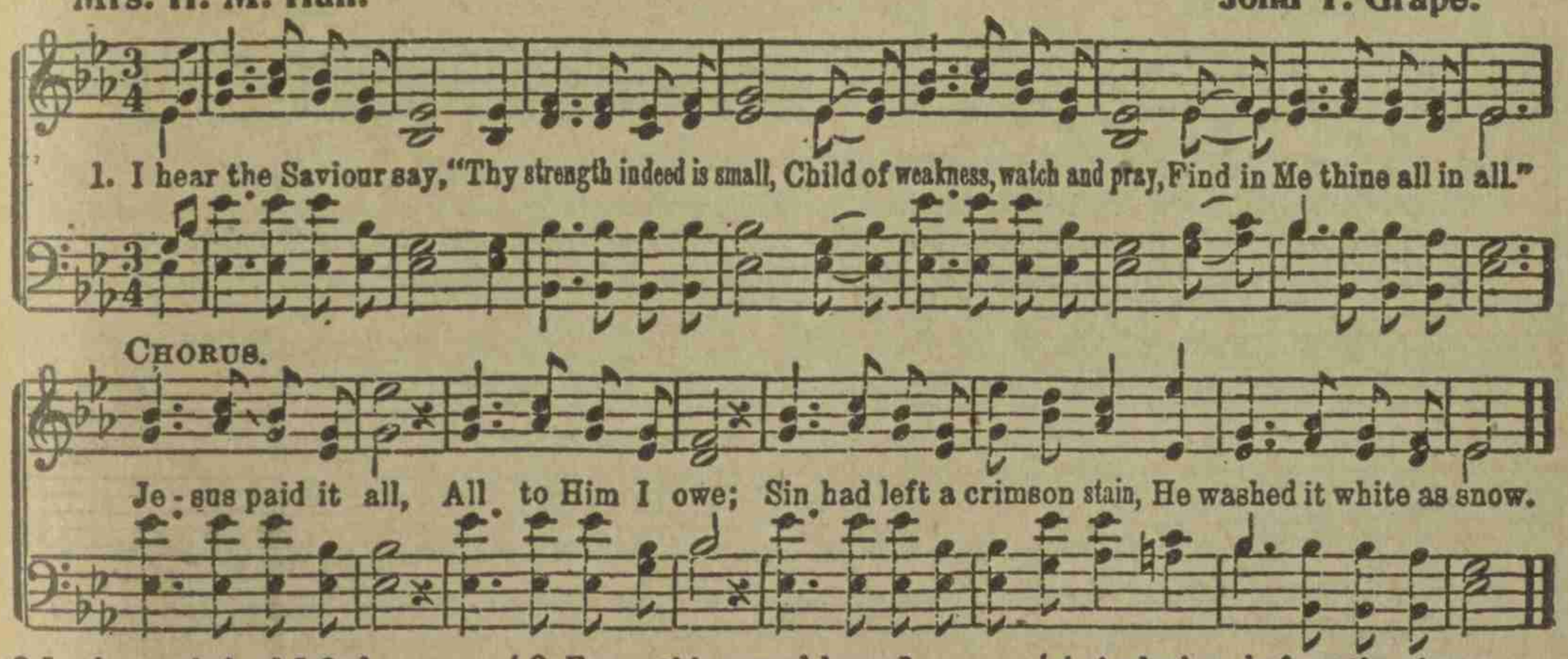


4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

161 Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.



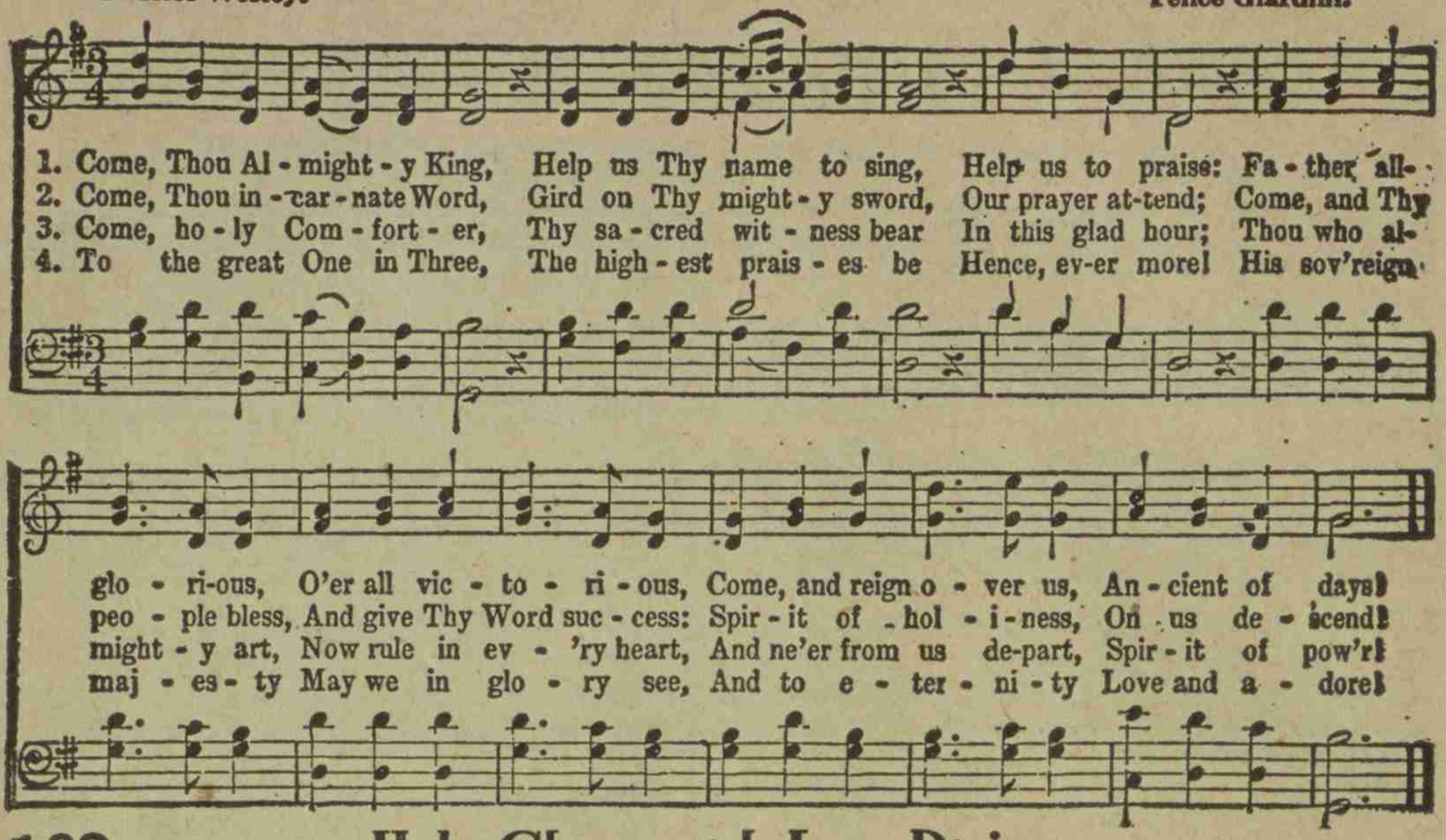
2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete,
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

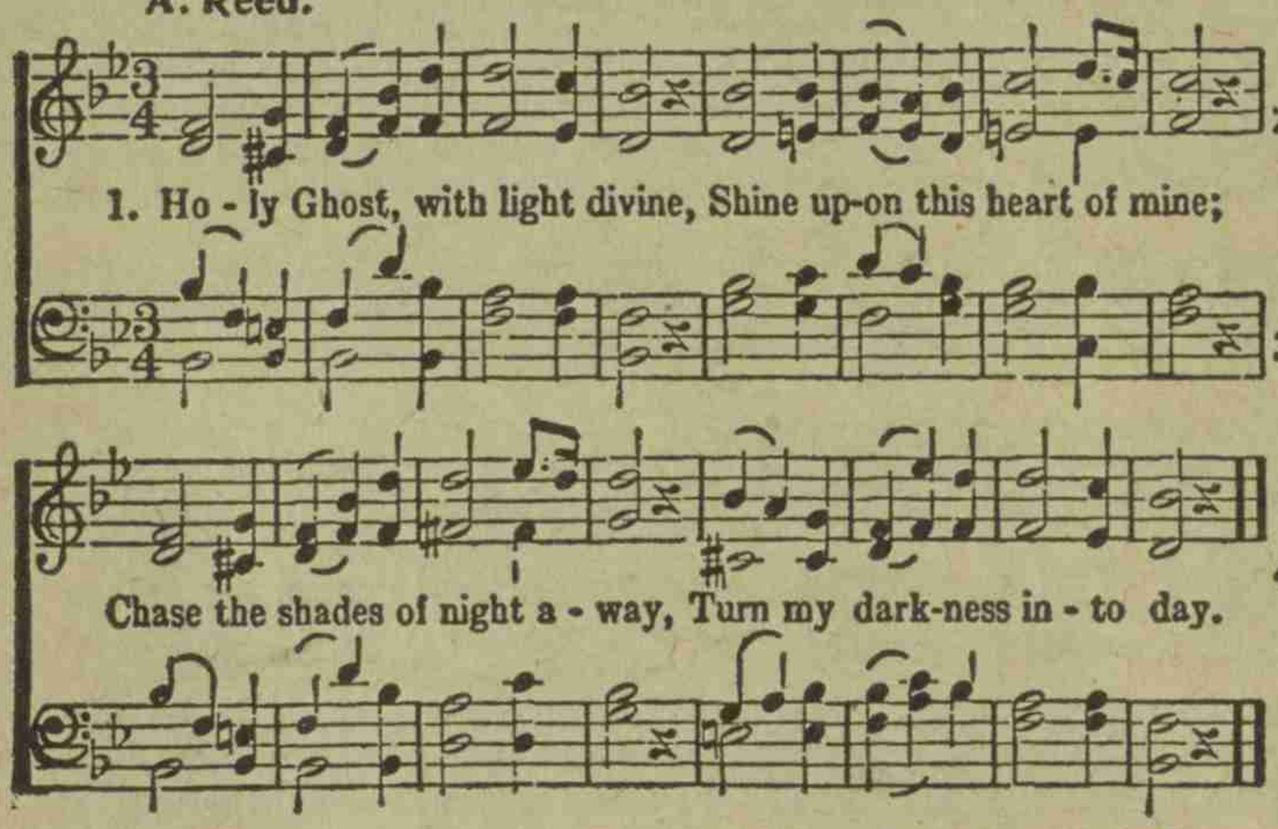
162 Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.



163 Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.



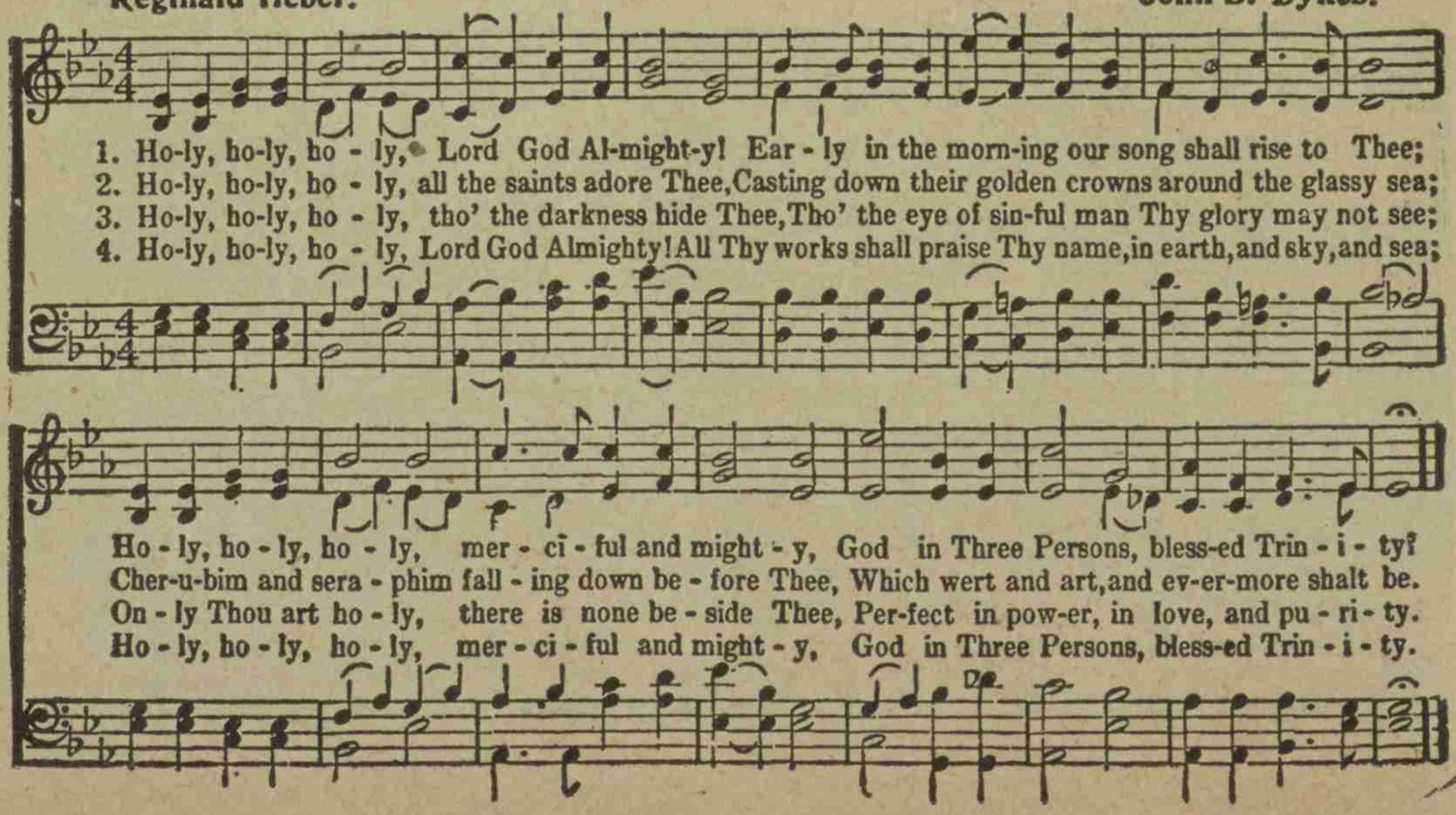
2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

164 Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.



165 Softly and Tenderly.

BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., E. LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are pass-ing, Pass-ing from you and from me;
4. Think of the won-der-ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

At the heart's por-tal He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath'ring, and death's night is coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS.

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

166 While Jesus Whispers.

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W. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!
2. Are you too heav-y - la-den? Come, sinner, come! Jesus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come!
3. O hear His tender pleading, Come, sinner, come! Come and receive the blessing, Come, sinner, come!

Now is the time to own Him, Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
Je - sus will not deceive you, Come, sinner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come!
While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

167 They Know Not What They Do.

T. H.

Copyright, 1921, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.

Solo.

1. On the cross, all blood, all go - ry, Who is this a - mid the three? 'Tis the
2. Lamb of God! I see Him bleeding, Bound un-to a bit - ter tree, For the
3. To the cross I still am cling-ing, For mine on - ly hope is there; Grace to
4. Thou my Priest, my In - ter-ces - sor, Take a-gain my hum-ble part; Of the

piu allegro.

1. Christ of sa-cred sto - ry "Lift-ed up" on Cal - va-ry. Earth and heav'n were rent a-
2. guil - ty in-ter-ced - ing, Dying, thankless one, for thee, While the darkness settles
3. this poor heart is bringing Peace and respite from despair. Tho an host of fears as -
4. law the chief transgressor, Bear my name upon Thy heart. See, above me tempests

a tempo.

1. sun-der, He u-nites a-gain the two When He cries, "Forgive them, Father,
2. o'er Him Loud His foes their taunts re-new; Je - sus an-swers, "O for-give them,
3. sail me, Guil-ty ter-rors piercing thru, This one ref - uge can-not fail me,
4. gath-er—But Thy cross appears in view; Plead a - gain, "Forgive them, Father,

REFRAIN. *Harmony.*

For they know not what they do." O what love! mighty love, Ten-der,
O what love! mighty love,
tried and true! Je-sus cries, "Forgive them, Father, For they know not what they do."

168 I Will Pass Over You.

E. A. H. J. G. F.

1. Christ our Re-deem-er died on the cross, Died for the sin-ner, paid all His due;
2. Chief-est of sin-ners, Je-sus will save; All He has promised, that will He do;
3. Judg-ment is com-ing, all will be there, Each one re-ceiv-ing just-ly his due;
4. Oh, great com-pas-sion! O boundless love! O lov-ing kind-ness, faith-ful and true!

Sprin-kle your soul with the blood of the Lamb, And I will pass, will pass o-ver you.
Wash in the Fountain o-pened for sin, And I will pass, will pass o-ver you.
Hide in the sav-ing, sin-cleans-ing blood, And I will pass, will pass o-ver you.
Find peace and shelter un-der the blood, And I will pass, will pass o-ver you.

CHORUS.

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

169 Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.

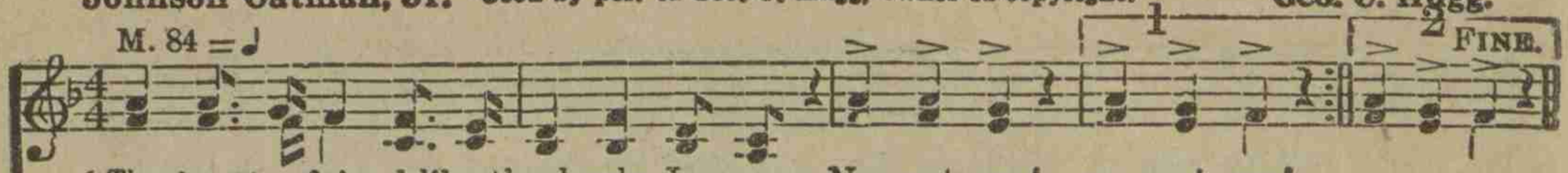
1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa-ther Sin-ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra-cious Sav-ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long-ing for Thy
4. Love of God, so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and

fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E-ven me, e-ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
rath-er; Let Thy mer-cy light on me; E-ven me, e-ven me, Let Thy mer-cy light on me.
fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E-ven me, e-ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
boundless Mag-ni-fy them all in me; E-ven me, e-ven me, Mag-ni-fy them all in me.

170 No. Not One.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. Used by per. of Geo. C. Hugg, owner of copyright. **Geo. C. Hugg.**

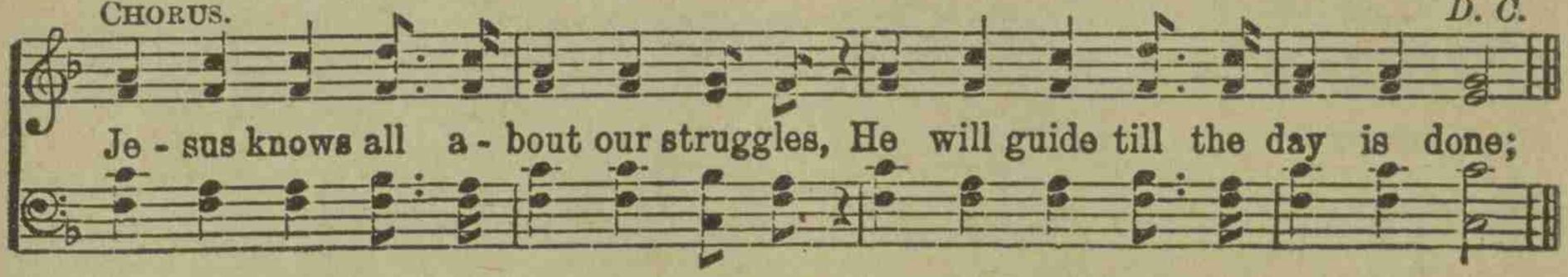
M. 84 = ♩



1. There's not a friend like the lowly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
   None else could heal all our soul's diseases, No, not one! [*Omit . .*] 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! [*Omit . .*] 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! [*Omit . .*] no, not one!
4. Did ev-er saint find this friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
   Or sin-ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! [*Omit . .*] 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 heav-en? No, not one! [*Omit . .*] no, not one!

D.C.-There's not a friend like the lowly Je - sus, No, not one! [*Omit . .*] no, not one!

CHORUS. *D. C.*



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

171 Hallelujah! What a Savior!

P. P. B.

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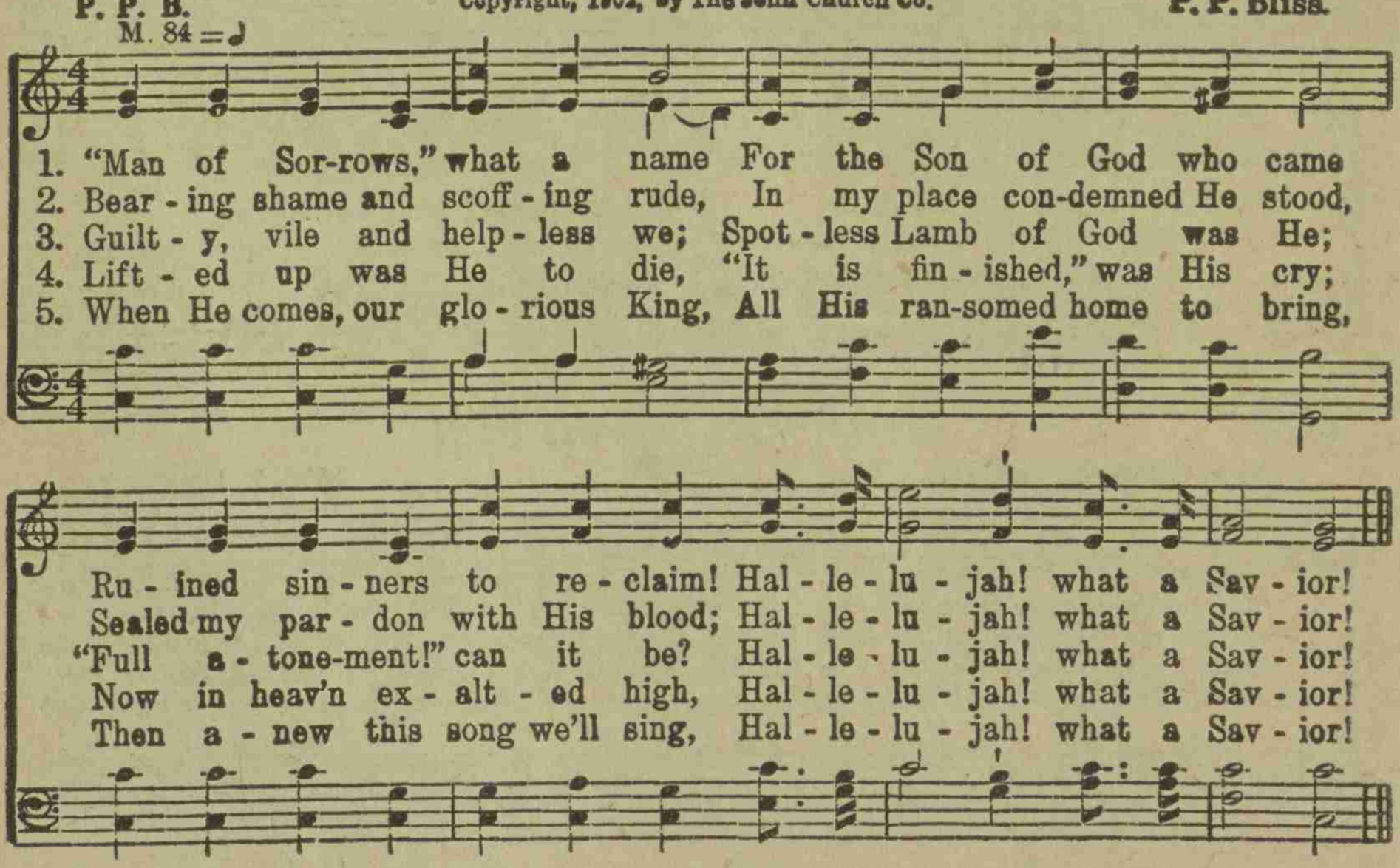
P. P. Bliss.

M. 84 = ♩



1. "Man of Sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God who came
2. Bear - ing shame and scoff - ing rude, In my place con-demned He stood,
3. Guilt - y, vile and help - less we; Spot - less Lamb of God was He;
4. Lift - ed up was He to die, "It is fin - ished," was His cry;
5. When He comes, our glo - rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,

Ru - ined sin - ners to re - claim! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
Sealed my par - don with His blood; Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
"Full a - tone-ment!" can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
Now in heav'n ex - alt - ed high, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
Then a - new this song we'll sing, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!

172 Father, Whate'er.

Anne Steele.

M. 69 ♩

1. Fa - ther, what-e'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov - reign will de - nies,
2. Give me a calm, a thank - ful heart, From ev - 'ry mur - mur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My life and death at - tend;

Father, Whate'er.

Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace Let this pe - ti - tion rise.
The bless-ings of Thy grace im - part, And make me live to Thee.
Thy pres-ence thru my jour - ney shine, And crown my jour-ney's end.

173 The Shining Shore.

Geo. F. Root.

M. 66 = ♩

1. My days are glid - ing swift-ly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not de-tain them as they fly, These hours of toil and (*Omit . . .*) dan-ger.
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our heav'nly home discerning; Our ab-sent Lord has left us word, Let ev - 'ry lamp be (*Omit . . .*) burning.
3. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing-ing; That perfect rest naught can molest, Where golden harps are (*Omit . . .*) ringing.
4. Let sor-row's rud-est tem-pest blow, Each chord on earth to sev - er, Our King says "Come!" and there's our home, For-ev - er, and for- (*Omit . . .*) ev - er,

D.C.—And just be - fore the shining shore We may al-most dis - (*Omit . .*) cov - er.

REFRAIN. *D. C.*

For now we stand on Jor-dan's strand, Our friends are pass - ing o - ver;

174 Fill Me Now.

E. H. Stokes. Copyright, 1905, by Mrs. L. E. Sweney. Renewal, Jno. R. Sweney.

M. 120 = ♩

1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my trem-bling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gra - cious Spir - it, Though I can - not tell Thee how;
3. I am weak - ness, full of weak - ness, At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and com-fort, bless and save me, Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow,

𝄋 FINE.

Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres - ence, Come, O come, and fill me now.
But I need Thee, great - ly need Thee, Come, O 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 pres - ence, Come, O come and fill me now.

D. S.

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

175 Is My Savior Yours?

James Rowe. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. Thoro Harris.

1. My Sav - ior is mer - ci - ful, ten - der and sweet; He will - ing - ly
2. He died on the cross to re - deem me from sin, And whit-er than
3. Thru show - ers of mer - cy and riv - ers of grace, I walk day by
4. He suf - fered for you when He suf-fered for me; The joy that is

helps me my foes to de - feat; My grief He has banished, my joy made complete;
snow He has made me with - in; Some day, if I love Him, a crown I shall win;
day in the light of his face, And feel ev - 'ry moment his ten-der em-brace;
mine yours this moment may be; His won-der-ful mer-cy and par-don are free;

CHORUS.

This lov - ing Re-deem-er is mine. Is He yours?.... is He yours?....
This grac-ious Re-deem-er is mine. is my Savior yours?
This bless-ed Re-deem-er is mine.
O come to the Sav - ior di - vine. Is He yours? is He yours?....

Has He tak - en your sins all a - way?..... O, if wan - der - ing
the sins of your life all a - way?

rit.

still, Yield to Je-sus your will, Make my Sav-ior your Sav - ior to - day. ....
your Savior to-day.

176 They Come.

Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris, Tr.

1. They come from the East and West, They come from the lands a - far,.... To
2. I look on the great white throne, Be - fore it the ran-som'd stand;.. No
3. The gates of that ho - ly place Stand o - pen by night and day;.... O

Cho.—They come from the thorn-y way, From re-gions be-yond the sea,.... They
Since Jesus has set me free, My heart is so full of glee; No

feast with the King, to dine as His guest: How blessed these pilgrims are! Be-
lon - ger are tears, no sor-row is known Nor death in that good-ly land. My
look to the Lord who "giveth more grace," Whose love has prepar'd the way. A

come from the vale, from mountain and dale, O Shepherd of men, to thee. They
longer I bear The burden of care, His yoke is so sweet to me. My

hold-ing His hal-low'd face.... A - glow with a light di - vine;....
Sav-ior has gone be - fore,... Pre - par - ing the way for me;.....
home in those mansions fair... His hand hath reserv'd for all.....

soar to the mount of God,.... Be - hold - ing the Bridegroom fair;....
soul was as bleak as night, But darkness has taken flight;

Fine.

Blest par - tak - ers of His grace, As gems in His crown to shine.
Soon we'll meet to part no more Thru time or e - ter - ni - ty.
For the wed-ding feast pre-pare, O - bey - ing the gra - cious call.

He who trod our earth - ly sod Will wel - come each pil - grim there.
Now I have the vic-to-ry, For Je-sus has set me free.

177

The Haven of Rest.

H. L. GILMOUR. JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER. USED BY PERMISSION. GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex-ile was out on life's sea, So burdened with sin and distressed,
2. I yield-ed my-self to His ten-der embrace, And faith taking hold of the Word,
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old story so blest,
4. How precious the tho't that we all may recline, Like John the beloved and blest,
5. Oh, come to the Saviour, He pa-tiently waits To save by His pow-er di - vine;

Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice;" And I entered the Haven of Rest.
My fet-ters fell off, and I anchored my soul; The "Ha-ven of Rest" is my Lord.
Of Je-sus, who'll save whosoev - er will have A home in the "Ha-ven of Rest."
On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest can harm,—Secure in the "Ha-ven of Rest."
Come, anchor your soul in the "Ha-ven of Rest," And say, "My be-lov - ed is mine."

D. S.—The tempest may sweep o'er the wild, stormy deep; In Je-sus I'm safe ev-er-more.

CHORUS.

I've anchor'd my soul in the "Ha-ven of Rest," I'll sail the wide seas no more;

178

Where Are the Reapers?

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EBEN E. REXFORD. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Oh, where are the reapers that garner in The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin?
2. Go out in the by-ways and search them all; The wheat may be there tho' the weeds are tall;
3. The fields all are rip'ning, and far and wide The world now is waiting the harvest tide;
4. So come with your sickles, ye sons of men, And gath-er to-geth-er the golden grain;

With sick-les of truth must the work be done, And no one may rest till the "harvest home."
Then search in the high-way, and pass none by, But gath-er from all for the home on high.
But reapers are few and the work is great, And much will be lost should the harvest wait.
Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come, Then share ye His joy in the "harvest home."

D. S.—who will help us to gar-ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin.

CHORUS.

Where are the reapers? oh, who will come And share in the glory of the "harvest home? Oh,

179 It is Well With My Soul.

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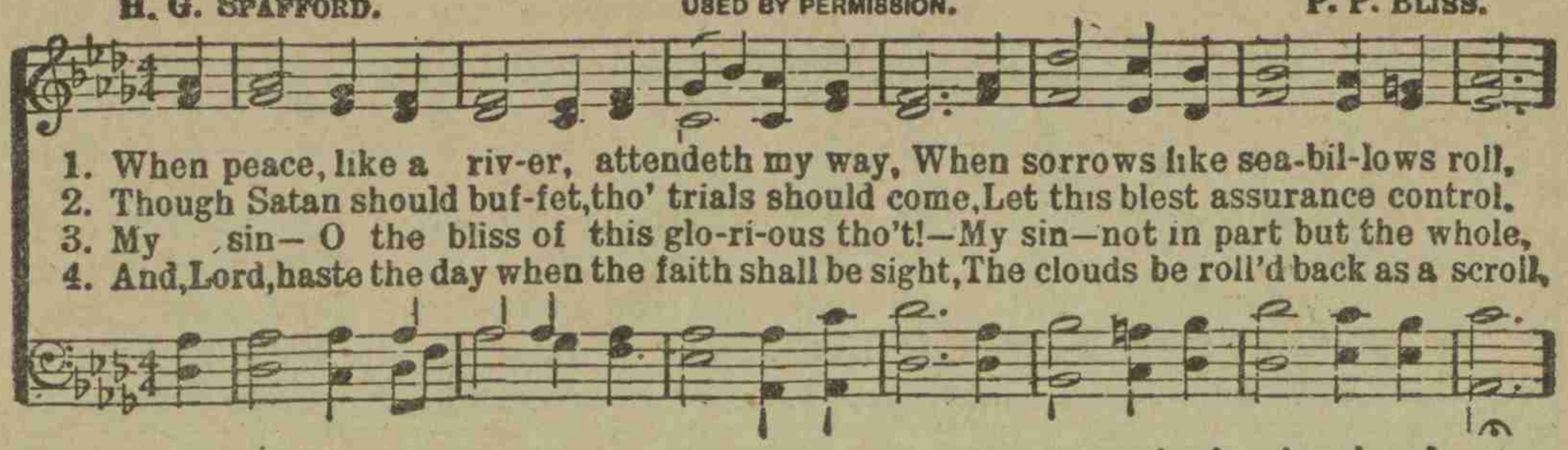
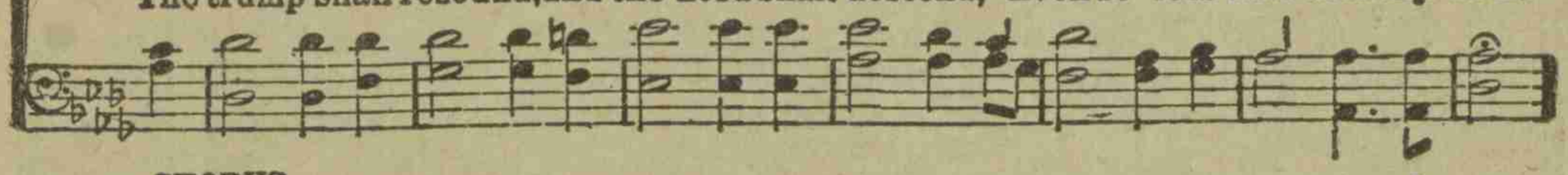
H. G. SPAFFORD. P. P. BLISS.



1. When peace, like a riv-er, attendeth my way, When sorrows like sea-bil-lows roll,
2. Though Satan should buf-fet, tho' trials should come, Let this blest assurance control,
3. My sin— O the bliss of this glo-ri-ous tho't!—My sin—not in part but the whole,
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be roll'd back as a scroll,

Whatev-er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend, "Even so" it is well with my soul.



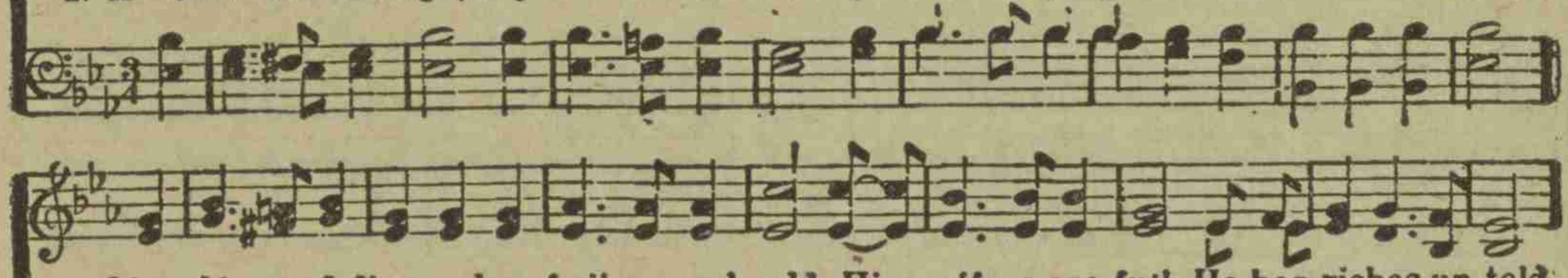
CHORUS.

It is well, ... with my soul, ... It is well, it is well with my soul.
It is well, with my soul.

180 A Child of the King.

HATTIE E. BUELL. Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER, arr.

1. My Father is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands!
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men, Once wander'd on earth as the poorest of them.
3. I once was an outcast stranger on earth, A sinner by choice, and an alien by birth;
4. A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a palace for me over there;



Of ru-bies and diamonds, of silver and gold, His coffers are full, He has riches un-told.
But now He is pleading our pardon on high, That we may be His when He comes by and by.
But I've been adopted, my name's written down, An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.
Tho' exiled from home, yet, still I may sing: All glo-ry to God, I'm a child of the King.

CHORUS.

I'm a child of the King, A child of the King: With Jesus my Saviour I'm a child of the King.

181 Sweet Will of God.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

Duet.

1. My stub-born will at last hath yield-ed; I would be
2. I'm tired of sin, foot-sore and wea-ry, The dark-some
3. Thy pre-cious will, O con-qu'ring Sav-ior, Doth now em-
4. Shut in with Thee, O Lord, for-ev-er, My way-ward

Thine, and Thine a-lone; And this the prayer my lips are
path hath drear-y grown, But now a light has ris'n to
brace and com-pass me; All dis-cords hushed, my peace a
feet no more to roam; What pow'r from Thee my soul can

rit. – – – –

Chorus.

bringing, "Lord, let in me Thy will be done."
cheer me; I find in Thee my Star, my Sun.
riv-er, My soul a prisoned bird set free.
sev-er? The cen-ter of God's will my home.

} Sweet will of

God, still fold me closer, Till I am whol-ly lost in Thee: Sweet will of

God, still fold me clos-er, Till I am whol-ly lost in Thee.

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182 Look On His Face

W. O. J. WILL. O. JONES.

1. Just look up - on the face of Je - sus, He'll light-en the way, He'll light-en the way; Just tell him all your grief and
2. Just look up - on the face of Je - sus, He'll free - ly for- give, He'll free-ly for-give; O bring him all your sins and
3. Just look up - on the face of Je - sus, He'll guide all the way, He'll guide all the way; He'll fill thee with his ho - ly
4. Just look up - on the face of Je - sus, He'll cleanse and re- fine, He'll cleanse and re-fine; He'll sanc - ti - fy and give thee

an - guish, He'll make your night as day.
sor - row, The peace of Christ re-ceive.
pres - ence,—O trust him and o - bey!
pow - er, When he is whol - ly thine.

CHORUS.

Look on his face,
trust-ing in his blood; Live by his grace, 'neath the crimson flood; Just
look on his face, matchless and di - vine, And in his like-ness shine.

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183 Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

E. C. Clephane, 1868 — "ST. CHRISTOPHER" — F. C. Maker, 1881

1. Be-neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand, The
2. Up - on the cross of Je - sus, Mine eye at times can see The
3. I take, O Cross, thy sha - dow For my a - bid - ing-place; I

shad - ow of a might - y rock With - in a wea - ry land; A
ve - ry dy - ing form of one Who suf - fered there for me. And
ask no oth - er sun - shine than The sun - shine of His face; Con

home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way, From the
from my smit - ten heart with tears, These won - ders I con - fess,— The
tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss, My

burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.
won - der of His glo - rious love, And my own worth - less - ness.
sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross. A - men.

184 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

G. Matheson, 1882 — ST. MARGARET. 8s, 6. — A. L. Peace, 1885

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, . . . I rest my
2. O Light that fol - lowest all my way, . . I yield my
3. O Joy that seek - est me through pain, . . I can - not
4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, . . I dare not

O Love that wilt not let me go.

wea - ry soul in Thee;
flick-'ring torch to Thee;
close my heart to Thee;
ask to fly from Thee;

I give Thee back the life I owe, That
My heart re-stores its bor-rowed ray, That
I trace the rain-bow thro' the rain, And
I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, And

in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
in Thy sunshine's blaze its day May bright-er, fair - er be.
feel the prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be
from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be. A - men.

185 Jesus is Mine.

CATHARINE J. BONAR — Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? — THEODORE E. PERKINS

1. Fade, fade, each earth - ly joy, Je sus is mine! Break, ev - 'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a way, Je sus is mine! Here would I
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je sus is mine! Lost in this
4. Fare well, mor - tal - i ty Je sus is mine! Wel - come, e -

ten der tie; Je sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness,
ev - er stay; Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried,
ter - ni - ty. Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O loved and blest,

Earth has no rest-ing-place, Je - sus a - lone can bless; Je - sus is mine!
Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
Left but a dis-mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je sus is mine!
Wel-come, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

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186 Whatever People May Say.

T. H. Copyright, 1918, by Thoro Harris. Thoro Harris.

1. We've waited on full many a year Our Savior's face to see; His glorious advent draw-eth
2. The fiercest strife old earth has known Is rag-ing ver-y sore; The King will soon as-cend the
3. He'll take His chosen out of all That trib-u - la-tion sore; For rocks and hills the car-nal
4. Tho mockers His re-turn de-ny, And faith is waxing cold, Tho flesh-ly wisdom mul-ti-

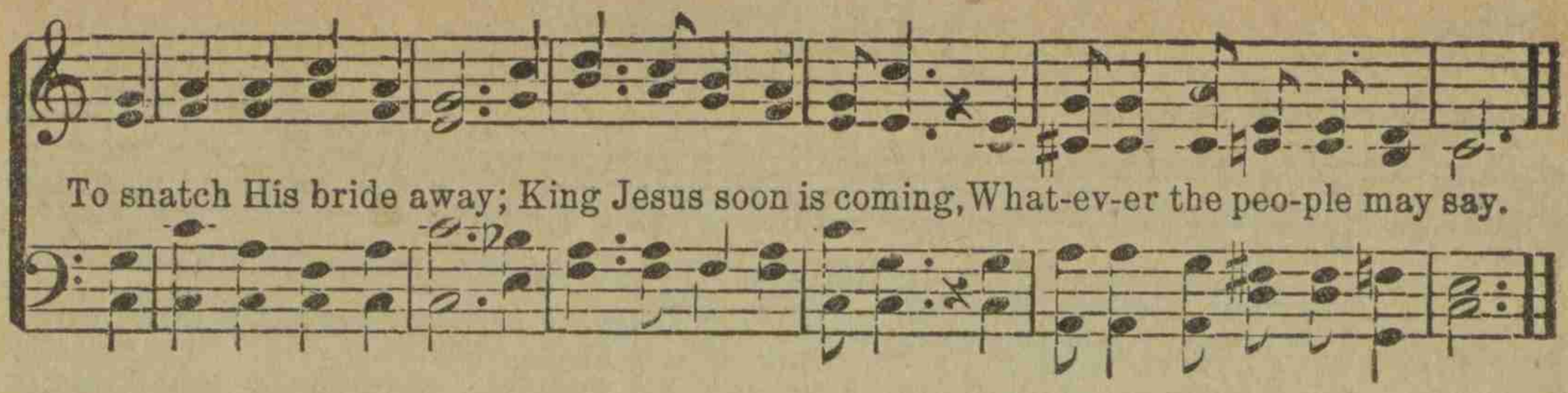
1. near, Like Him we then shall be. Tho from the sure prophetic word The world has turned away, Yet
2. throne To reign for evermore; Then all the great and mighty men Too late, alas! will pray; For
3. call, When pray'rs avail no more; The earth will melt with fervent heat, The heaven-s will flee a-way; For
4. ply Her doubts an hundred-fold, Our Lord forwarn'd these things would be, While here on earth we stay, But

f CHORUS.

Je-sus soon is com-ing, What-ev - er the peo - ple may say. Coming with hosts of

an - gels, In gorgeous, glad array, Com-ing to end earth's
coming with clouds, Christ is quick-ly

sor-row, And bring the mil-len-i-al day, Coming from hights of glory
hal - le - lu-jah!



187 Coronation Day.

T. H.

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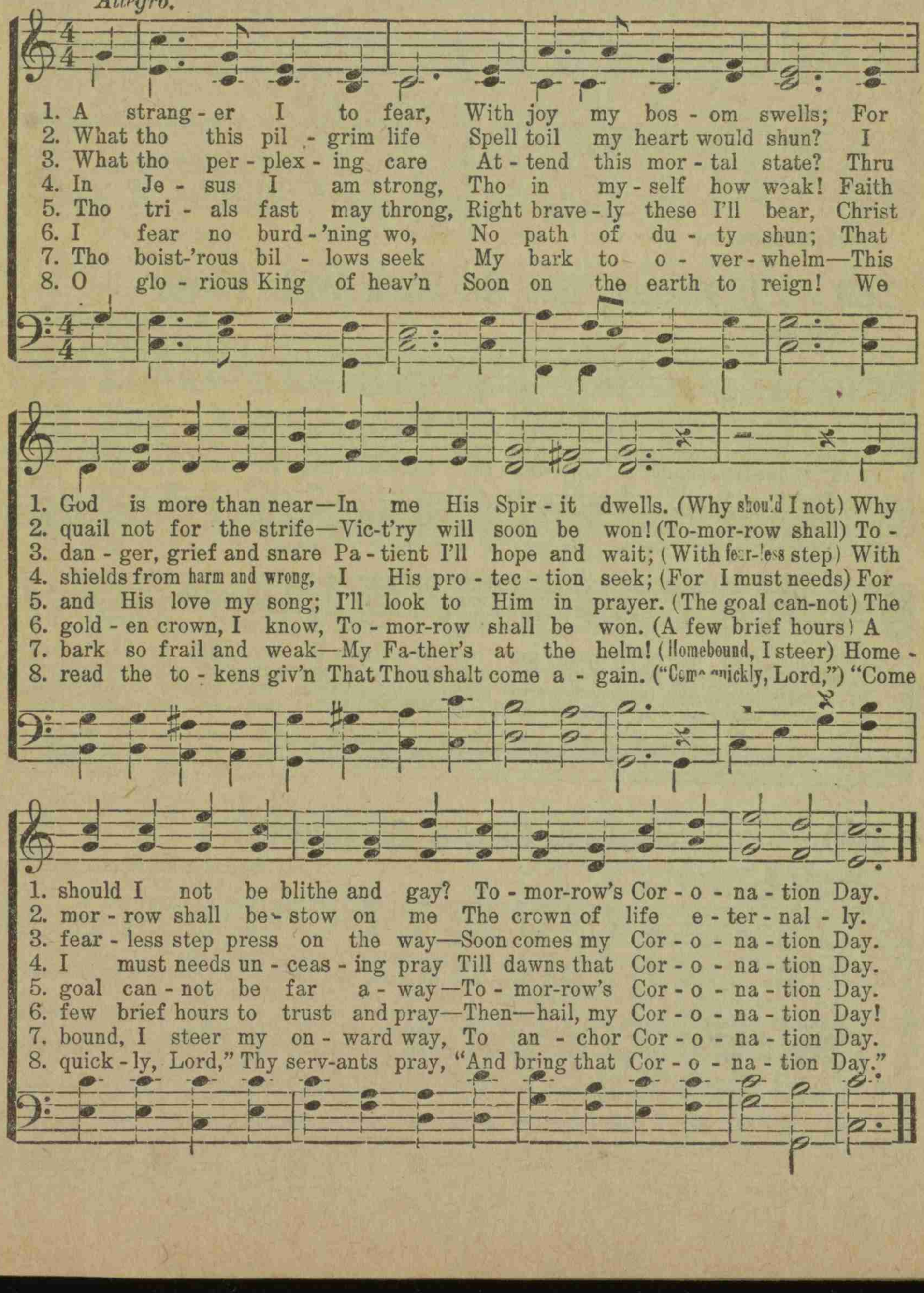
Thoro Harris.

Allegro.



188 I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. S. C. Foster.

M. 84 = ♩

1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm; Gone are my sins and all that would alarm;
   Gone ev-er-more, and by His grace I know [*Omit* . . . . . .
2. Once I was lost up-on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to doubts and fears within;
   Once was a-fraid to trust a lov-ing God, [*Omit* . . . . . .
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but now the light I see;
   Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live; [*Omit* . . . . . .

D. S.—Be-cause He first loved me, [*Omit* . . . . . .

1 2 FINE. CHORUS. *D. S.*

The precious blood of Je-sus cleans-es white as snow.
But now my guilt is washed a-way in Je-sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
To tell the world the peace that He a-lone can give.
And purchased my sal-va-tion on Cal-v'ry's tree.

189 O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

W. Gladden. H. Percy Smith.

M 120 = ♩

1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee, In low-ly paths of ser-vice free;
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, win-ning word of love;
3. Teach me Thy pa-tience; still with Thee In clos-er, dear-er com-pa-ny,
4. In hope that sends a shin-ing ray Far down the fu-ture's broadening way;

Tell me Thy se-cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Teach me the way-ward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that tri-umphs o-ver wrong.
In peace that on-ly Thou can'st give, With Thee, O Mas-ter, let me live.

190 Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. William B. Bradbury.

M 104 = ♩

1. Sav-ior, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care:
   In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare: } Blessed Je-sus,
2. We are Thine; do Thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way;
   Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go a-stray; } Blessed Je-sus,
3. Thou hast promised to re-ceive us, Poor and sin-ful though we be;
   Thou hast mercy to re-lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free, } Blessed Je-sus,
4. Ear-ly let us seek Thy fa-vor, Ear-ly let us do Thy will;
   Bless-ed Lord and on-ly Sav-ior, With Thy love our bosoms fill; } Blessed Je-sus,

195 My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

B. Schmolke. Weber.

1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re- - sign;
2. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Tho'seen thro'many a tear, Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear;
3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee;

Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with Thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
Straight to my home a-bove I trav - el calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

196 Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. John B. Dykes.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene,—one step enough for me.
Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.
The night is gone; And with the morn those angel-faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

197 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Be-side the sea,
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy di - ci - ples lived In Gal - i - lee;

Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O Liv - ing Word!
Then shall all bon-dage cease, All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All.
Then, all my strug-gles o'er, Then, vic-t'ry won, I shall be-hold Thee, Lord, The Liv - ing One.

198 God Speed the Gospel Workers!

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1914. BY THORO HARRIS. Thoro Harris.

1. A - rise, ye Gos-pel Work-ers, And let the cho-rus ring, The song of
2. With zeal, ye Gos-pel Work-ers, His bless-ed will o - bey; From ev - 'ry
3. For soon, O Gos-pel Work-ers, The King of kings will come To gath - er

ju - bi - la - tion To Je-sus Christ the King; O praise Him for His
sin - ful pleas-ure Your feet must turn a - way; The time that yet re-
up His treas-ure And take ye to your home; In yon e - ter - nal

f

good-ness Whose hand supplies your need, Who pros-pers your en - deav - ors
main-eth Re-deem for Christ your Lord; Who la - bor in His vine-yard,
cit - y Your her - it - age is sure: A crown of life un - fad - ing,

CHORUS.

To scat-ter king-dom seed.
He offers rich re - ward. God speed the Gos-pel Work-ers, The faith-ful
E - ter-nal and se - cure.

Gos-pel Work-ers; God speed the Gos-pel Work-ers With pow-er from on high.

199 We Have an Anchor.

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Priscilla J. Owens. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Will your anchor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds unfold their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the ca-bles strain, Will your an-chor drift, or firm re-main?
2. It is safe-ly moor'd, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well se-cured by the Sav-ior's hand, And the ca-bles, pass'd from His heart to mine, Can de-fy the blast, thro' strength divine.
3. It will firm-ly hold in the straits of fear, When the breakers have told the reef is near, Tho' the tempest rave and the wild winds blow, Not an angry wave shall our bark o'erflow. We have an anchor that keeps the soul
4. It will sure-ly hold in the floods of death, When the waters cold chill our lat-est breath, On the ris-ing tide it can nev-er fail, While our hopes a-bide with-in the veil.
5. When our eyes behold thro' the gath'ring night The cit-y of gold, our har-bor bright, We shall an-chor fast by the heav'nly shore, With the storms all past for-ev-er-more.

REFRAIN.

Stead-fast and sure, while the bil-lows roll, Fastened to the Rock which can-not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Sav-ior's love.

200 If You Knew Him

T. H

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Thoro Harris

1. Wand'rer out on a des-ert drear-y, Son a-far from thy Fa-ther's home;
2. For His love is be-yond expression, Changeless, faithful, for-ev - er free;
3. He will greet thee His child returning "Safe and sound", un-to life re - stor'd;
4. Come and feast at His ta - ble roy-al, On thy hand He will place a ring;

Fee-ble, fainting, for-lorn and wea - ry, Cease, O cease from thy God to roam!
He will glad - ly for-give trans-gres-sion, And His arm reach-es out to thee.
For His heurt o'er the lost is yearn-ing, All His gifts are for thee outpour'd.
With His chil-dren o-be dient, loy - al, He will crown thee His heir, a king.

REFRAIN

All the world would love Him, if once they on-ly knew Him, His di - vine com-

passion, His "more abundant grace." Hasten, wand'rer, press homeward to
a-bund-ant grace.

rit.

Him, Look, O look on His love-lit face! Look, O look on thy Father's face!

201 Glory to God, Hallelujah!

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We are nev-er, nev-er wea-ry of the grand old song; Glo-ry to God,
2. We are lost a-mid the rap-ture of re-deem-ing love; Glo-ry to God
3. We are go-ing to a pal-ace that is built of gold; Glo-ry to God,
4. There we'll shout redeeming mercy in a glad, new song; Glo-ry to God,

hal-le-lu-jah! We can sing it loud as ev-er, with our faith more strong:
hal-le-lu-jah! We are ris-ing on its pinions to the hills a-bove:
hal-le-lu-jah! Where the King in all his splendor we shall soon be-hold:
hal-le-lu-jah! There we'll sing the praise of Jesus with the blood-wash'd throng;

FINE. CHORUS.

Glo-ry to God, hal-le-lu-jah! O, the children of the Lord have a
right to shout and sing, For the way is grow-ing bright, and our
souls are on the wing; We are go-ing by and by to the pal-ace of a King!

D.S.

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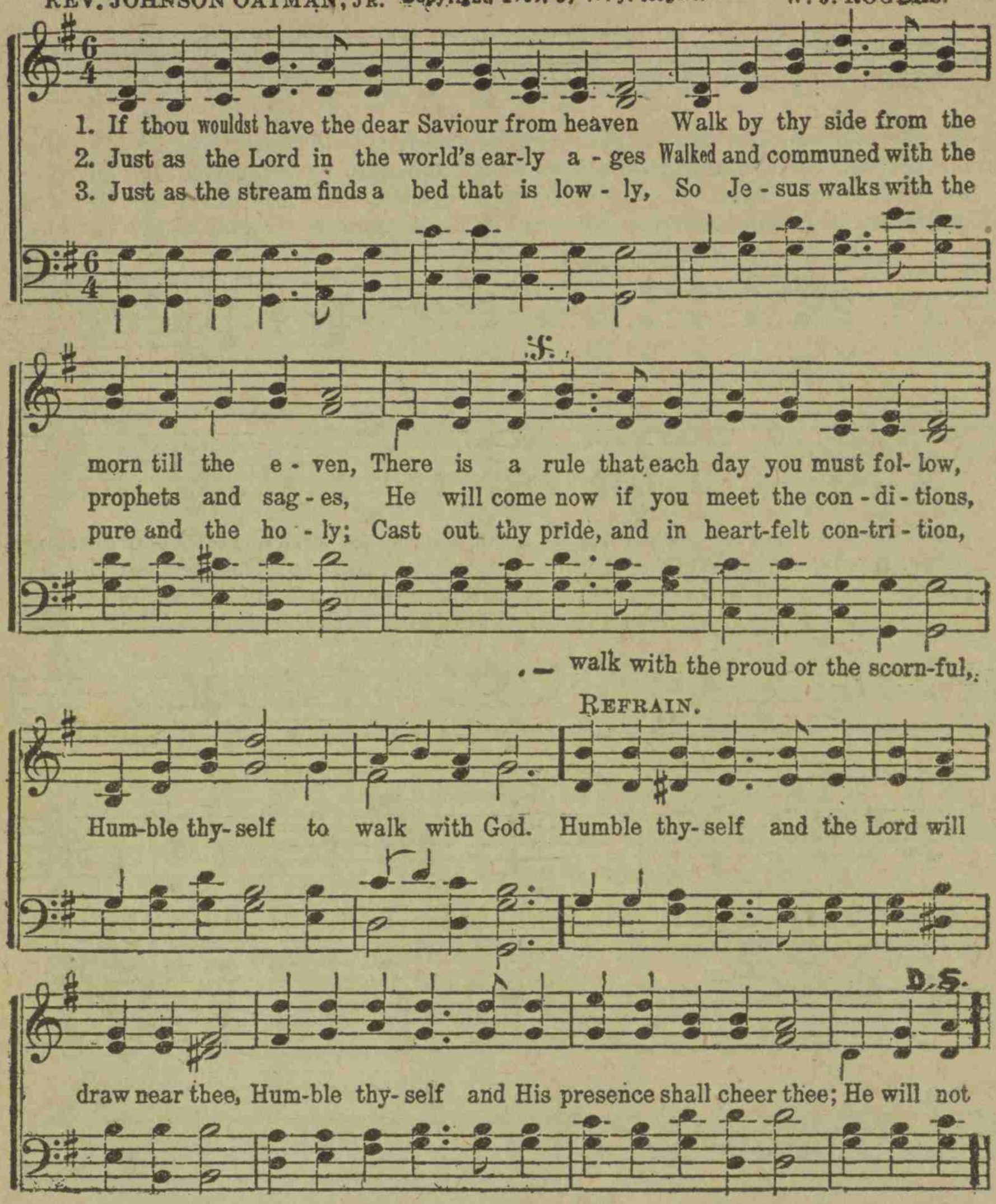
202 Humble Thyself to Walk.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. Copyright, 1909, by W. J. Rogers. W. J. ROGERS.



203 Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.

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

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

204 Joy Unspeakable.

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B. E. W. 1 Pet. 1: 8. B. E. WARREN.

Lively.

1. I have found His grace is all complete, He sup - pli - eth ev - 'ry need;
2. I have found the pleasure I once craved, It is joy and peace with - in;
3. I have found that hope so bright and clear, Liv - ing in the realm of grace;
4. I have found the joy no tongue can tell, How its waves of glo - ry roll!

While I sit and learn at Je - sus' feet, I am free, yes, free in - deed....
What a wondrous blessing! I am saved From the aw-ful gulf of sin....
Oh, the Saviour's presence is so near, I can see His smil-ing face....
It is like a great o'er-flow-ing well, Springing up with-in my soul....

CHORUS.

It is joy un - speak - a - ble and full of glo - ry, Full of glo - ry, full of glo - ry; It is joy un - speak - a - ble and full of glo - ry, Oh, the half has nev - er yet been told.

205 Joy to the World.

"Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.-Luke 2: 10.

ISAAC WATTS. ANTIOCH. C. M. Fr. GEORGE F. HANDEL.

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

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessing flow
Far as the curse is found.

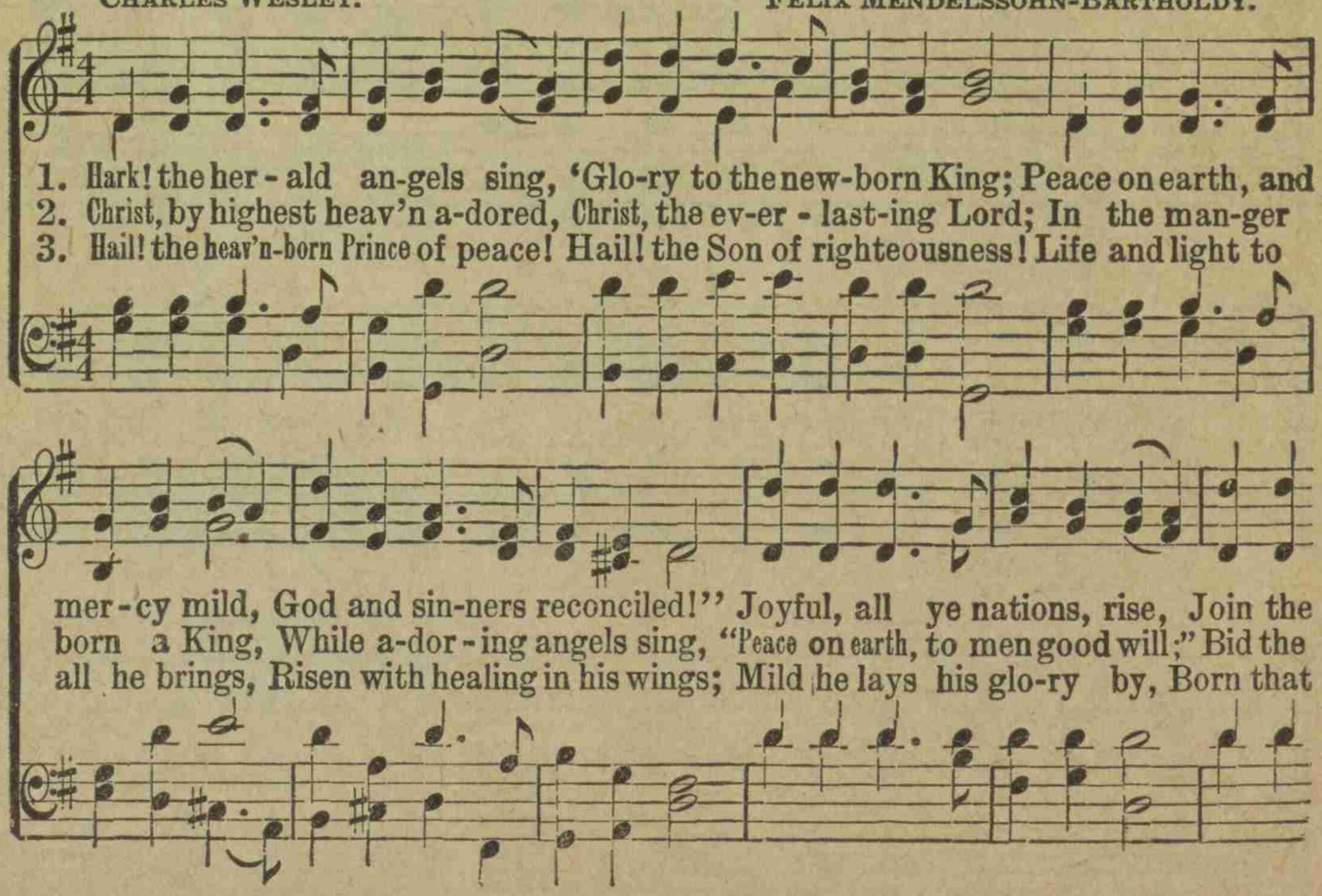
4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

206 Hark! The Herald Angels Sing.

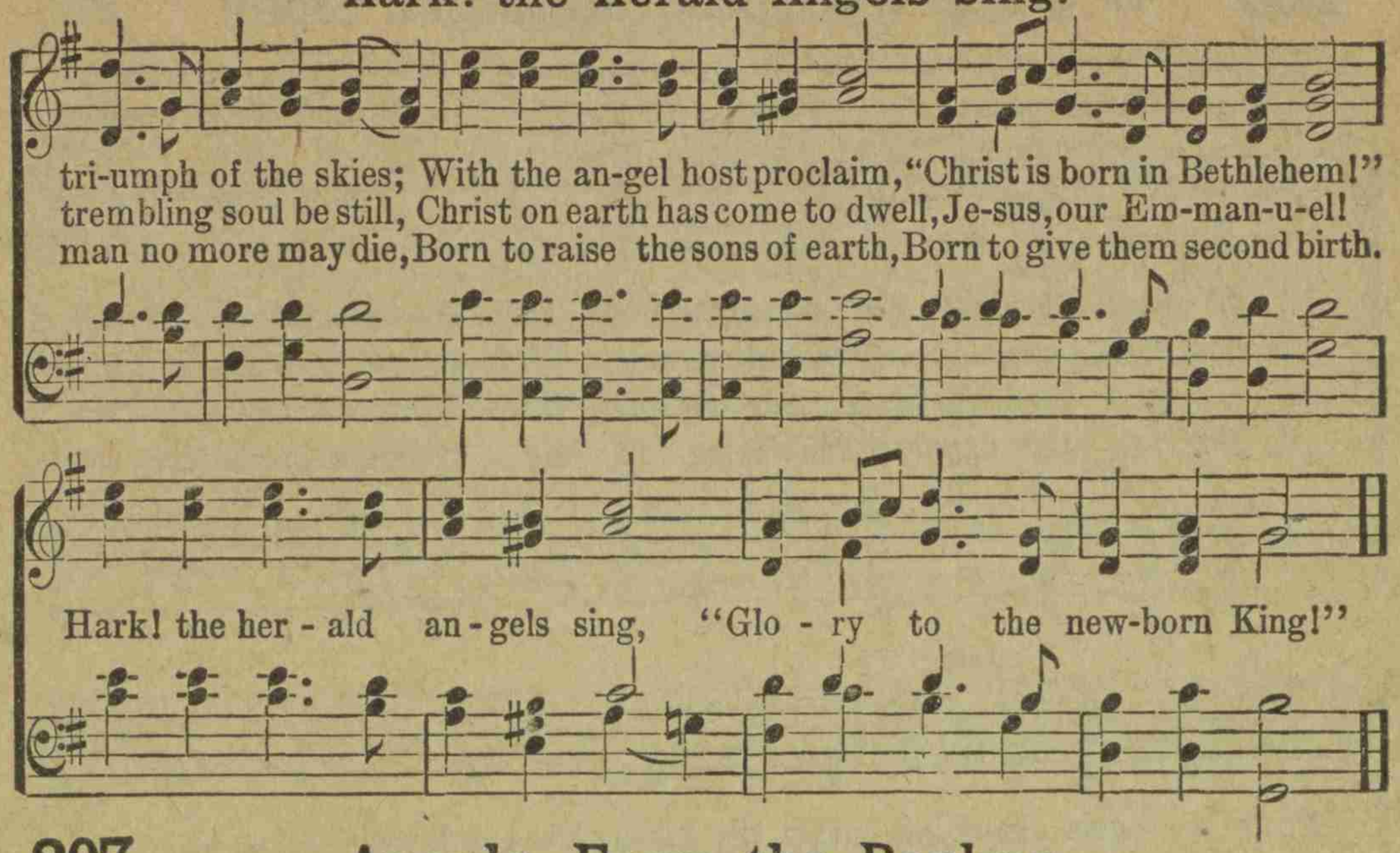
"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men."—Luke 2: 14.

HERALD ANGELS. 7s. D.

CHARLES WESLEY. FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.



Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.



207 Angels, From the Realms.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. REGENT SQUARE. 8s & 7s, 6l. HENRY SMART.

208 It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

"For unto us a child is born,....and his name shall be....the Prince of Peace."—Isa. 9: 6.

EDMUND H. SEARS. CAROL. C. M. D. RICHARD S. WILLIS.

1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2. Still thro' the clov - en skies they come, With peace-ful wings un-furled;
3. O ye, be-neath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend-ing low,
4. For lo! the days are hast'n-ing on, By proph-et-bards fore - told,

From an - gels bend-ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold;
And still ce - les-tial mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world;
Who toil a - long the climb - ing way, With pain - ful steps and slow;—
When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold!

"Peace to the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all-gra-cious King:"
A - bove its sad and lone - ly plains They bend on heav'nly wing,
Look up! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift-ly on the wing;
When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its fi - nal splen-dors fling,

The earth in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds, The bless - ed an - gels sing.
O rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing!
And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing!

209 Father, Reveal Thy Love.

T. H. Tranquilo.

Copyright, 1918, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.

1. Fa - ther, re-veal Thy ten - der love, And let me know and feel
2. Fa - ther, re-veal Thy per - fect peace, May it in - spire this breast;
3. Fa - ther, re-veal Thy might-y pow'r; Tho all re - sourc - es fail,
4. Fa - ther, re-veal Thy matchless grace, And lead me to my home,

1. Tho all be - low un - sta - ble prove, Je - ho - vah God is real!
2. Let rag - ing storms of pas - sion cease And qui - et in - to rest,
3. Be Thou my strength in weak-ness' hour, For so I shall pre - vail.
4. Till I shall view Thy glo - rious face In fair - er worlds to come,

1. Let this fond trust deep-root - ed be: Tho earth-love prove a dream,
2. Quell Thou the tum - ult of my soul, Let mor - tal fear sub - side;
3. Tho Sa - tan tempt me to de - spair, Tho foe - men lin - ger nigh,
4. Till I shall fall be - fore Thy feet, For - ev - er to a - dore

1. Thou on - ly are re - al - i - ty, Thy love one cease-less stream.
2. Lord of the sea, as - sume control, My fra - gile bark to guide.
3. With this un-fail - ing weapon, pray'r Their for - ces I de - fy.
4. Thy grace di-vine, Thy mer-cy sweet, Up - on a deathless shore. A-MEN.

210 The Last Mile of the Way.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. If I walk in the path-way of du-ty, If I work till the close of the day;
2. If for Christ I pro-claim the glad sto-ry, If I seek for His sheep gone a-stray,
3. Here the dear-est of ties we must sev-er, Tears of sor-row are seen ev-'ry day;
4. And if here I have ear-nest-ly striv-en, And have tried all His will to o-bey,

I shall see the great King in His beau-ty,
I am sure He will show me His glo-ry,
But no sick-ness, no sigh-ing for-ev-er,
'Twill en-hance all the rap-ture of heav-en,

FINE. CHORUS.

When I've gone the last mile of the way. When I've gone the last mile of the way,..... I will rest at the close of the day..... And I know there are joys that a-wait me;
the last mile of the way. at the close of the day,

D.S.-*When I've gone the last mile of the way.*

D. S.

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211 I've Been Redeemed.

Thoro Harris. COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY THORO HARRIS. **Arr. by T. H.**

1. I've been redeemed from sin and wo, The love of Christ to know;
2. The hand that calmed the boist'rous wave, Is might-y still to save;
3. All gone my un - be - lief and fear, I feel His pres-ence near;
4. Now noth-ing for my-self I claim, But all for Je - sus' name;
5. Since e - ven death has lost his sting, A glad new song I sing;

1. The light of life on me hath gleamed, Thru grace I've been re-deemed.
2. From Sa - tan's pow'r He sets me free, I walk at lib - er - ty.
3. He far re-moves my guilt and shame, I'm free to praise His name.
4. My soul a sac - ri - fice I bring To my ex - alt - ed King.
5. All praise to Him for - ev - er be, The Lamb of Cal - va - ry!

CHORUS.

I'm been re - deemed..... by Je - sus' blood,..... I've been re-
I'm been redeemed by Je - sus' blood,

deemed,..... O praise the Lord!..... The light of life.....
I've been redeemed, O praise the Lord! The light of life

On me hath gleamed,..... His blood pre-vails, I've been re - deemed.
On me hath gleamed,

212 Around the Throne.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. A - round our Fa-ther's throne a - bove The ransomed saints shall stand,
2. They sought the Sav - ior's pard'ning grace To wash a - way their sin;
3. All glo - ry to the Lamb of God! All praise to Him who died,
4. O may we all, both great and small, Be num-bered with that throng,

And sing His ev - er - last - ing love Who bro't them to that land.
And now they see Him face to face The heav'n - ly courts with-in.
Who shed His own most pre - cious blood—Our Je - sus cru - ci - fied!
To sing thro' all e - ter - ni - ty Love's ev - er - last - ing song!

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! In the high-est, glo - ry!
Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God!

Hal - le - lu - jah for - ev - er! Glo - ry to God most high!

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213 Security.

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Thoro Harris. Arr. by T. H.

1. Je - sus saves me from sin, Makes me per-fect-ly clean, And my spir-it is
2. End-ed now is the strife, "More a-bun-dant" the life, And my heart He has
3. Since the Lord touched my soul, Made me per-fect-ly whole, I am trust-ing His
4. So I rest in the One Who "a good work be-gun," For I know He will

glad as can be. When I made Him my choice I could hear His kind voice,
cleansed from its sin; I have ful-ness of peace, And my bless-ings in-crease,
word ev-'ry hour. All my way He had plannd, I am held in His hand,
lead all the way; He His child will hold fast, Till, my pil-grim-age past,

D. S.—*And I know by His grace, I shall soon see His face,*

FINE. CHORUS.

"I have set you e-ter-nal-ly free."
For His glo-ry a-bid-eth with-in. Hal-le-lu-jah to God!
By His gra-cious om-nip-o-tent pow'r.
I shall reach that fair cit-y of day.

For my heart is washed whiter than snow.

D. S.

I am un-der the blood That was shed on the cross long a-go;

Devotional Songs.

214 Savior, More Than Life.

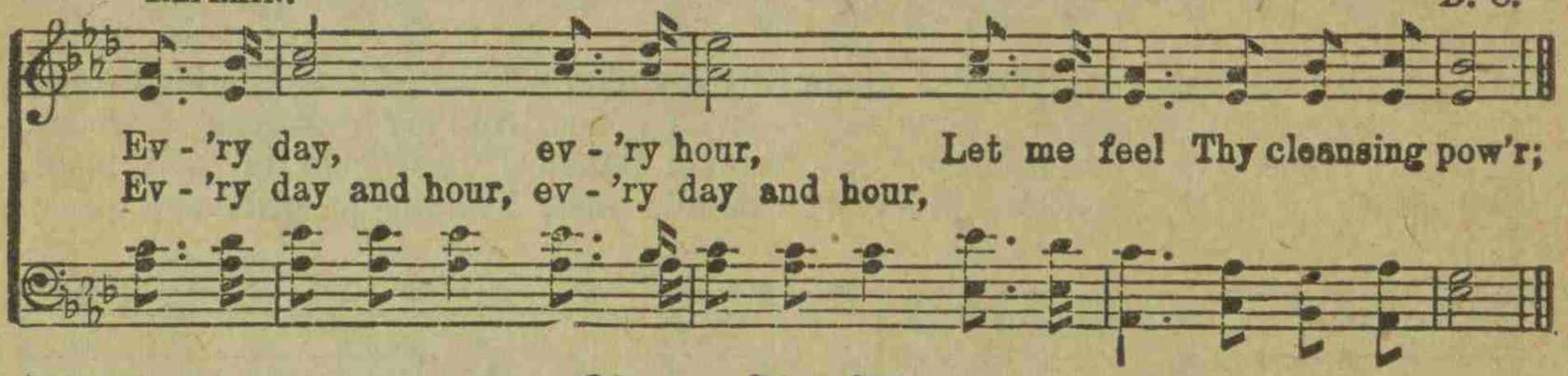
Fanny J. Crosby. Copyright, 1908, by W. H. Doane. W. H. Doane.

M. 69 = ♩

1. Sav-ior, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
   Let Thy pre-cious blood applied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near . . . Thy side.
2. Thru this changing world be-low, Lead me gen - tly, gen-tly as I go;
   Trusting Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose . . . my way.
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet ing life is o'er;
   Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world . . . a - bove.

D.C.–May Thy ten - der love to me, Bind me clos-er, clos - er, Lord, . . . to Thee.

REFRAIN. *D. C.*

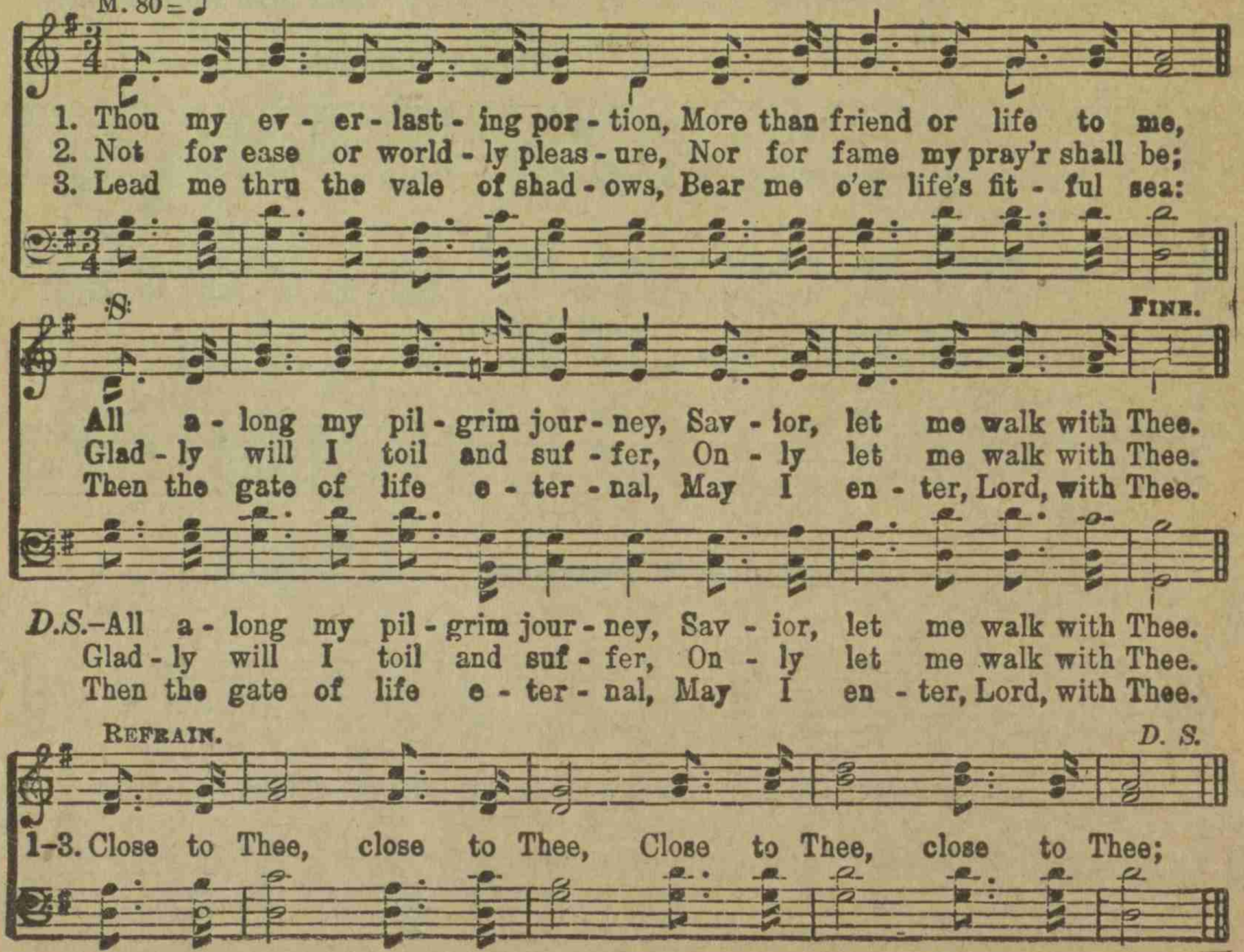


Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,

215 Close To Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby. S. J. Vail.

M. 80 = ♩



1. Thou my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me,
2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my pray'r shall be;
3. Lead me thru the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea:

All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

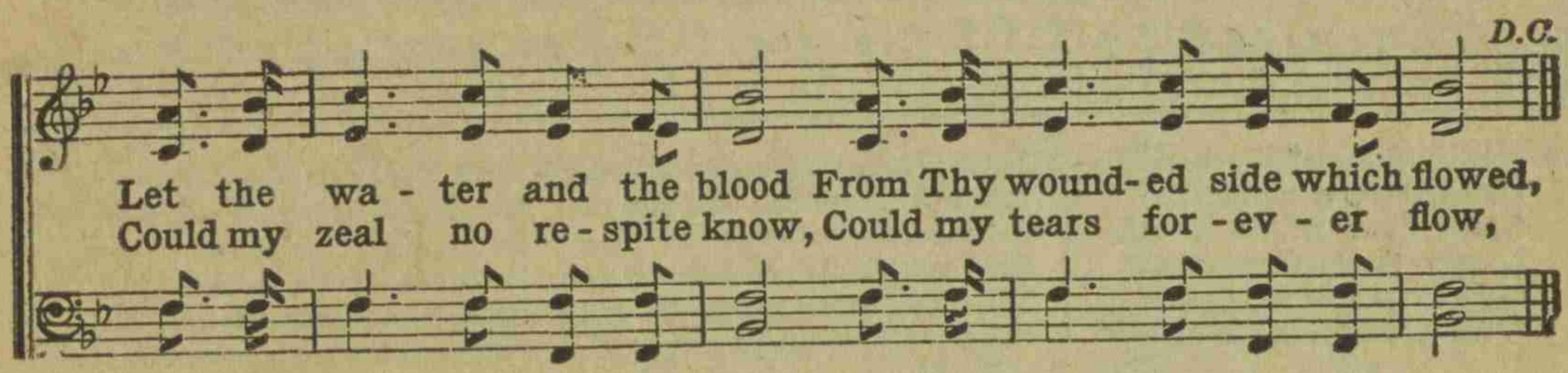
D.S.–All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

1–3. Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;

216 Rock of Ages.

(TOPLADY. 7s.)

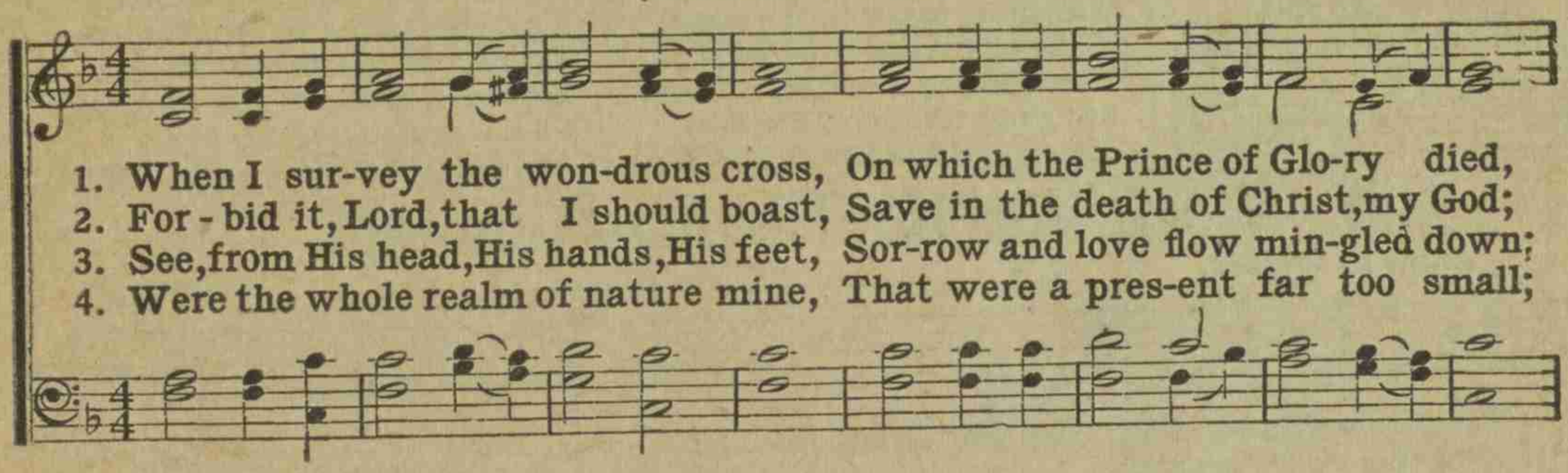


3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace,—
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

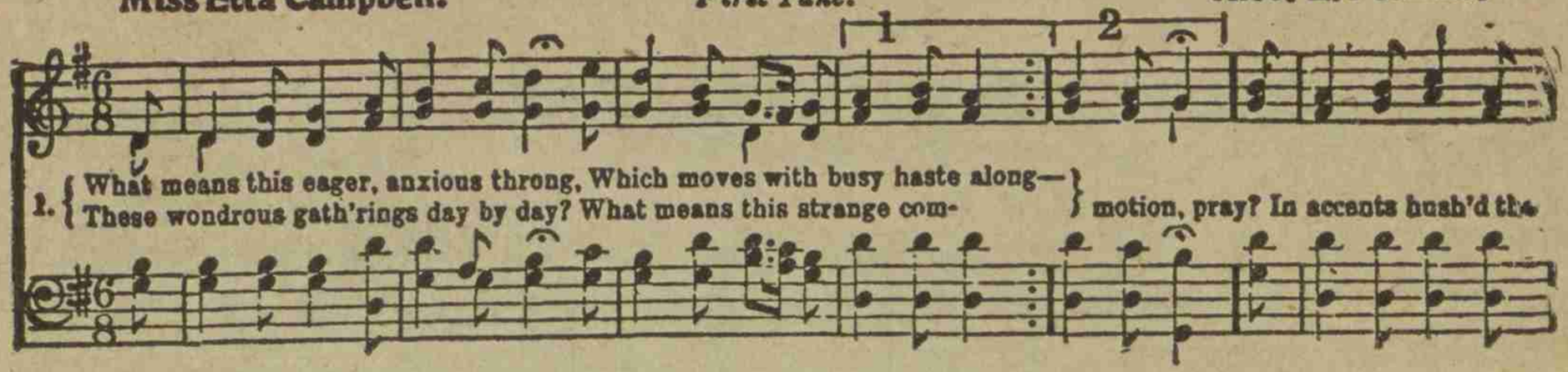
217 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

(HAMBURG. L. M.)



218. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

Miss Etta Campbell. *First Tune.* Theo. E. Perkins.



1. What means this eager, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along—
These wondrous gath'rings day by day? What means this strange com- motion, pray? In accents hush'd the throng reply: "Je-sus of Nazareth passeth by," In accents hush'd the throng reply: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

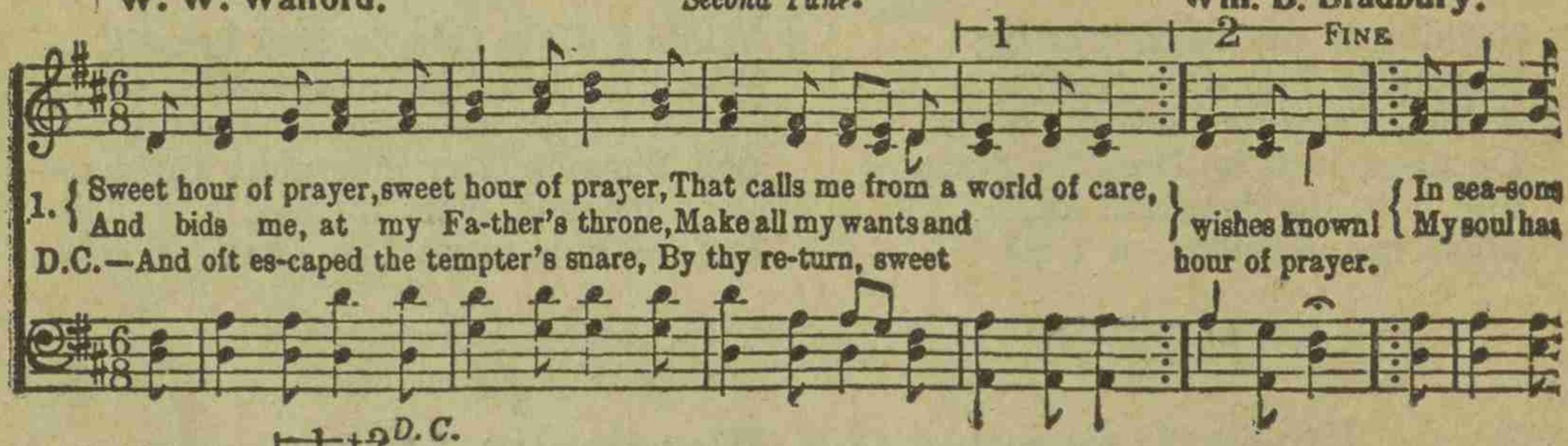
2 Who is this Jesus? why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 Jesus! 'Tis He who once below [woe;
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and
And burden'd ones, where'er He came,
Bro't out their sick and deaf and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

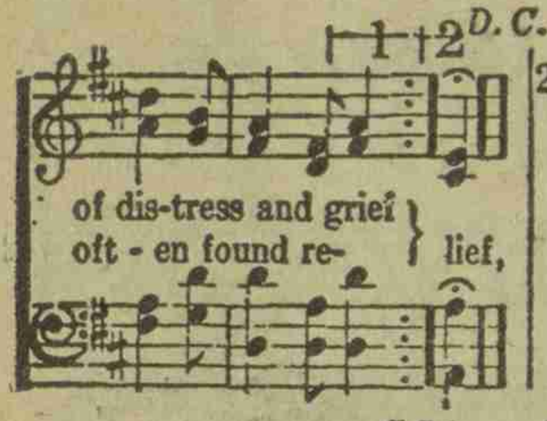
4 Again He comes! from place to place
His holy footprints we can trace,
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

219. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. *Second Tune.* Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known! In sea-sons
D.C.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer. My soul has

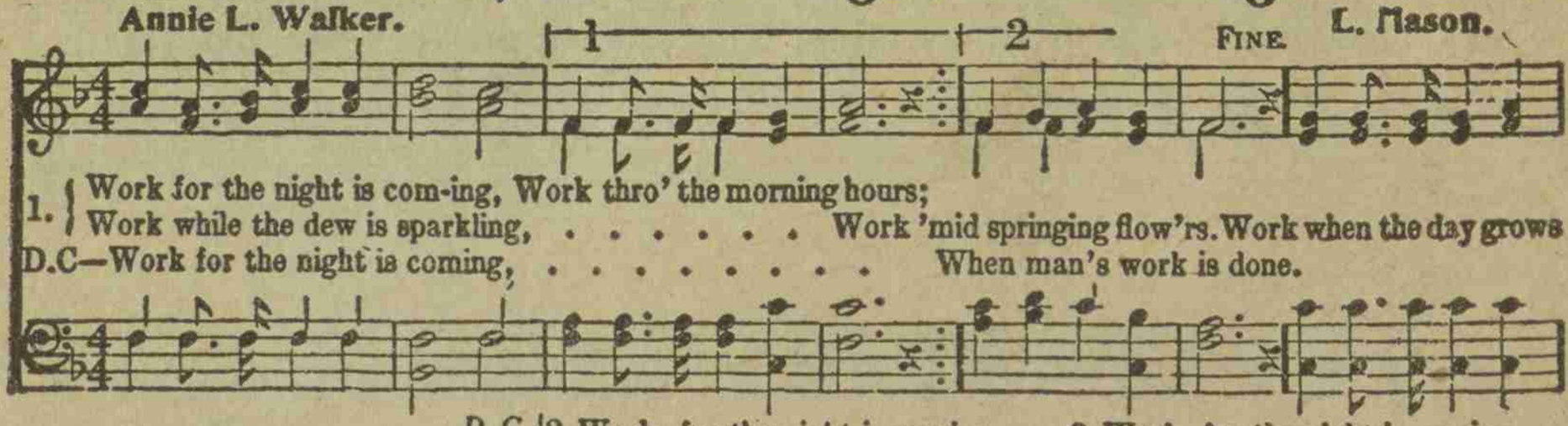


2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joys I feel, the bliss I share, [prayer,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

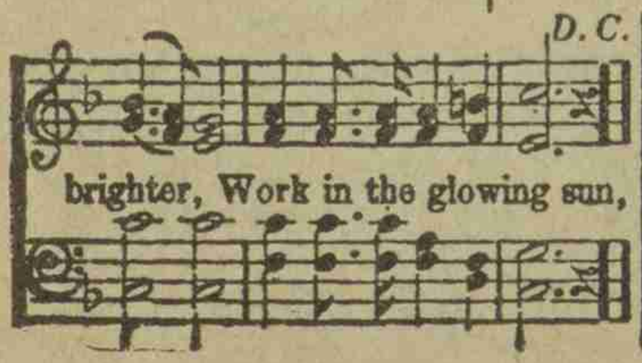
3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear [prayer,
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

220. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.



1. Work for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling, ... Work 'mid springing flow'rs. Work when the day grows
D.C—Work for the night is coming, ... When man's work is done.



2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming.
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset sky;
While the bright tints are glowing
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work while the night is darkening
When man's work is o'er.

221 He Answers Prayer.

T. H. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. **Thoro Harris.**

1. On Him who watch - es o - ver all I cast my weight of care,
2. Sometimes I wait full many a year, Sometimes 'tis then and there
3. Sometimes a - far He bids me "go"—But He'll go with me there;
4. And so, sub-mis - sive to His will, His blessing I would share;

1. As - sured He hears me when I call, And always answers prayer. (I know)
2 His answ'ring message I can hear; God always answers prayer. (I know)
3. If He says "stay," I'm glad 'tis so; Love always answers prayer. (I know)
4. With trusting heart I seek Him still Who always answers prayer. (I know)

p REFRAIN.

He always answers prayer, Someway, sometime, somewhere; Tho' sometimes

'tis "Yea," and sometimes 'tis "Nay;" Tomorrow, perhaps—it may be to - day;

But whether 'tis "Go" or whether 'tis "Stay," God always answers prayer.

222 I Found Him One Day

T. H.

Copyright, 1922, by Thoro Harris

Thoro Harris

1. I found Him one day when in an - guish ap - pal - ing, La-den with
2. I found Him one day in my pain and af - flic - tion When to His
3. I found Him one day when, the temp - ter as - sail - ing Haunt-ed by
4. I found Him one day in the depths of my sor-row, When all I

1. care, by my bur-dens dis - trest, I heard the sweet voice of the
2. side I so tremb-ling-ly stole; His word came with pow'r, and in
3. fears, I was sad and dis - may'd; All then had been lost, but my
4. lov'd lay con-ceal'd from my sight; I heard Him a - gain, "Till the

1. kind Shepherd calli-ng, "Come un - to Me, I will give peace and rest."
2. blest ben - e - dic - tion Je - sus spake kind - ly, "I will: be thou whole."
3. Cap-tain pre-vail-ing, Strengthen'd my heart by His "Be not a-fraid."
4. dawn of the mor row I am thy Sun thru this dark earth-ly night."

REFRAIN

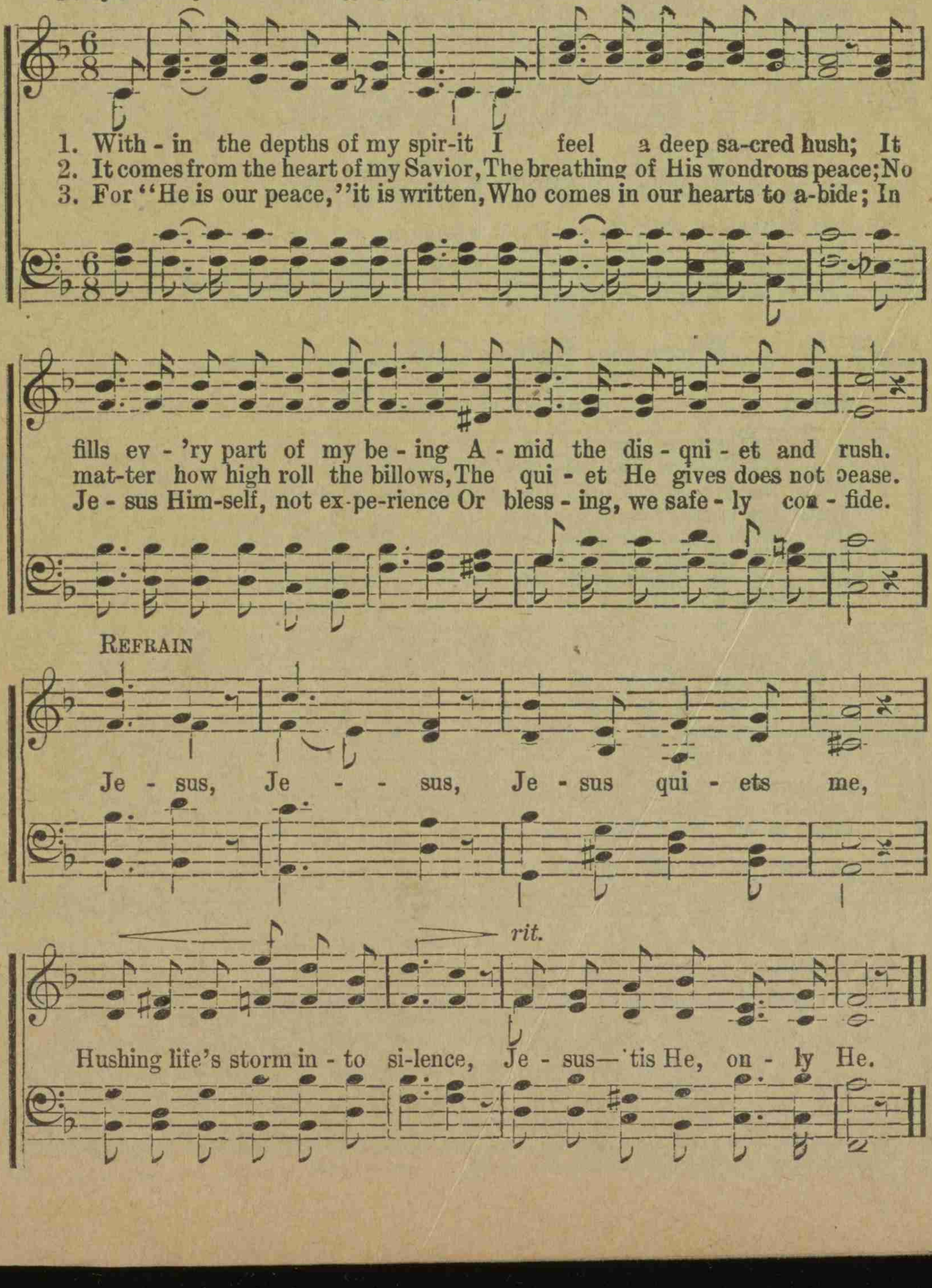
Bnt dear - er to - dav is the love of my Sav - ior, Sweet-er His

pres - ence each step of the way; My all and in all, I re -

I Found Him One Day

223 Jesus Quiets Me

Evelyn C. Snyder. Copyright, 1922, by Thoro Harris. **Thoro Harris**



224 Yield Not to Temptation.

H. P. P. BY PERMISSION OF DR. H. R. PALMER. H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you
   Fight man-ful - ly on - ward, Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
2. Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in rev'rence,
   Be tho't-ful and earn-est, Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
3. To him that o'er-com - eth, God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con-quer,
   He who is our Sav-iour, Our strength will re-new, Look ev - er to Je - sus,

CHORUS.

Some oth - er to win; He'll car - ry you thro'.
Nor take it in vain; He'll car - ry you thro'. Ask the Sav-iour to help you,
Tho' of - ten cast down; He'll car - ry you thro,'
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is will-ing to aid you, He will car - ry you thro'.

225 When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

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B. M. J. J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
   When the saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
   When His chos - en ones shall gath - er to their home beyond the skies, And the
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set of sun, Let us
   Then when all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done, And the

morn-ing breaks, e-ter - nal bright and fair; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
talk of all His wondrous love and care; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

D.S—roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

CHORUS.

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

When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

226 Higher Ground.

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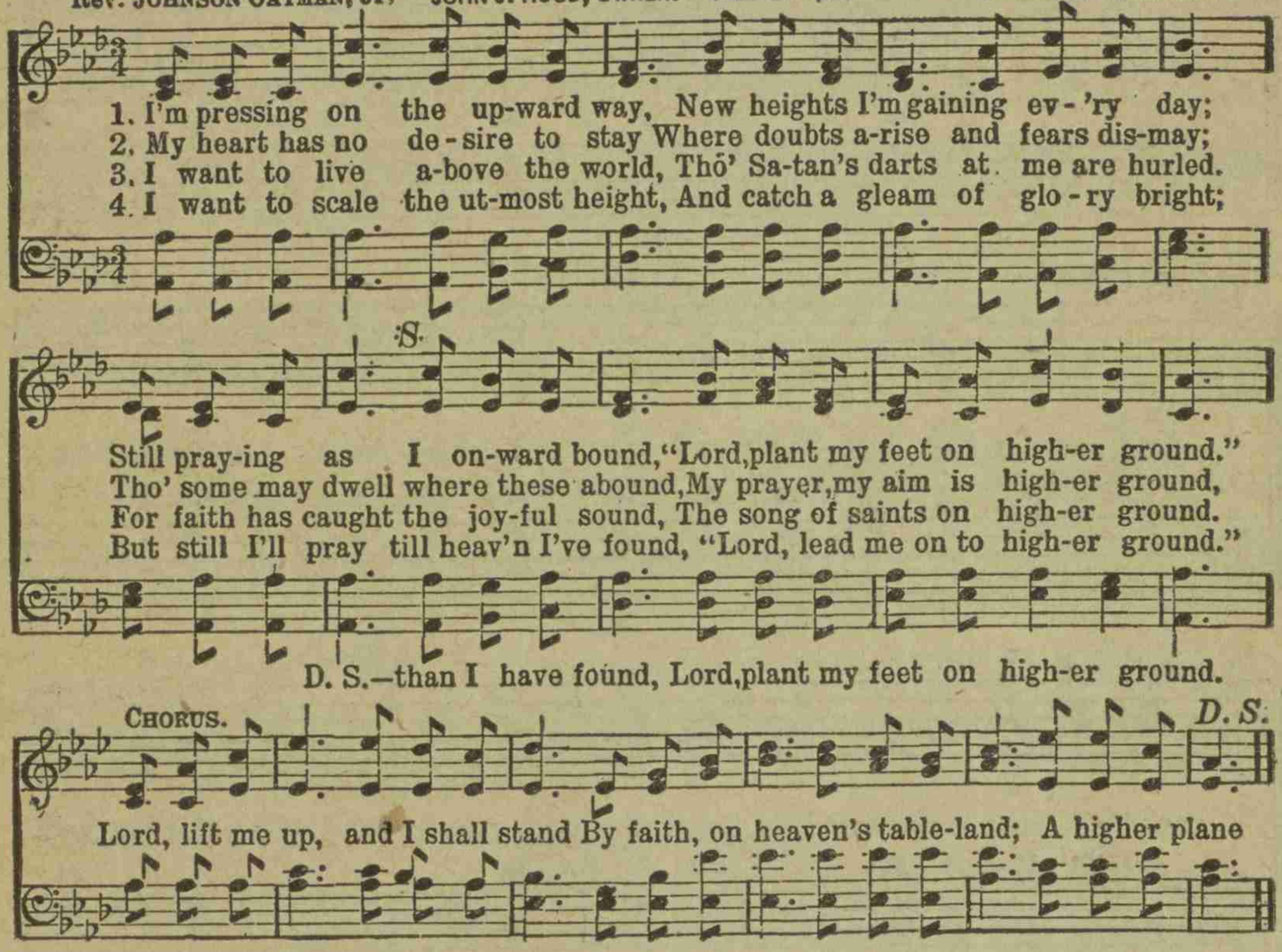
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



227 Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt. Har. by J. M. Hunt.

WHEN THE BATTLE'S OVER.

ISAAC WATTS. ENGLISH AIT.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll-'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?

2. Must I be bro't to Pa ra dise, On flow-'ry beds of ease,
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?

3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace To help me on to God?

4. Sure I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

CHORUS.

And when the bat-tle's o-ver we shall wear a crown! Yes,
we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown! And when the battle's
o-ver we shall wear a crown In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.

FINE.

Wear a crown, wear a crown, Wear a bright and shining crown;
Wear a crown, wear a crown,

D. S.

229 At the Cross.

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Isaac Watts. R. E. Hudson.

1. A - las and did my Sav-ior bleed, And did my Sov-'reign die, Would He de-
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd up - on the tree? A - maz-ing

CHORUS.

vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
pit - y, grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree. At the cross, at the cross,

where I first saw the light, And the bur-den of my heart roll'd a - way,
roll'd a-way,

It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

230 Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. John Zundel.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing;
D. S.—Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion,

FINE D.S.

All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown; Je-sus Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love Thou art;
En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart!

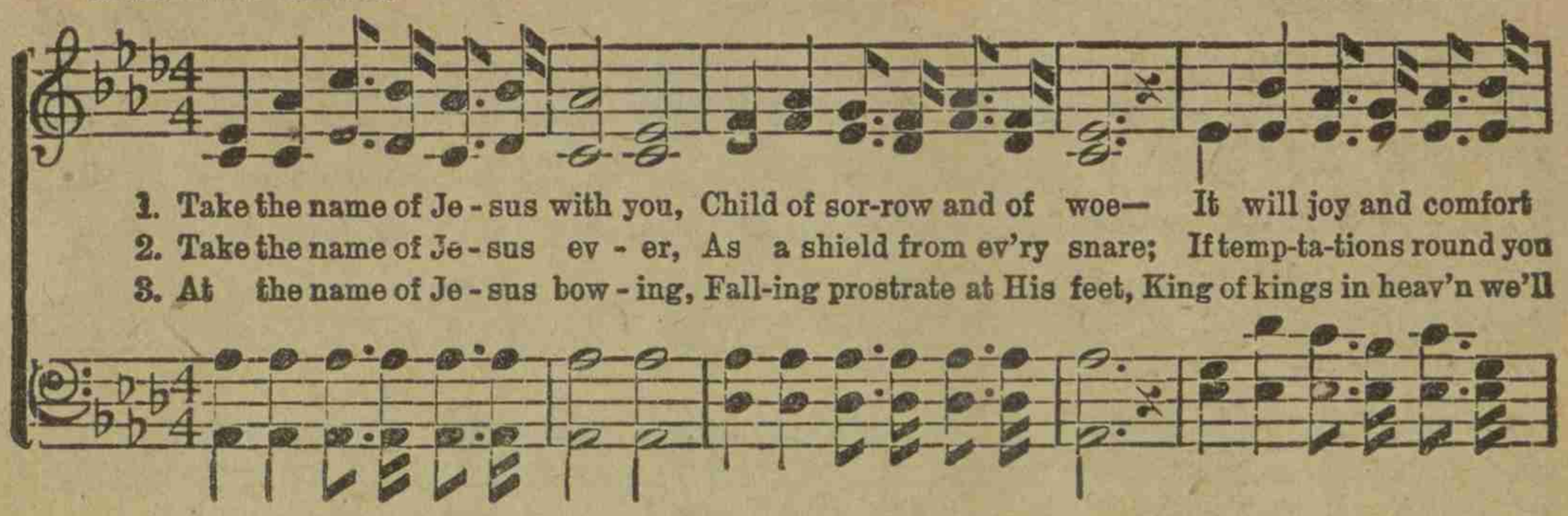
2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

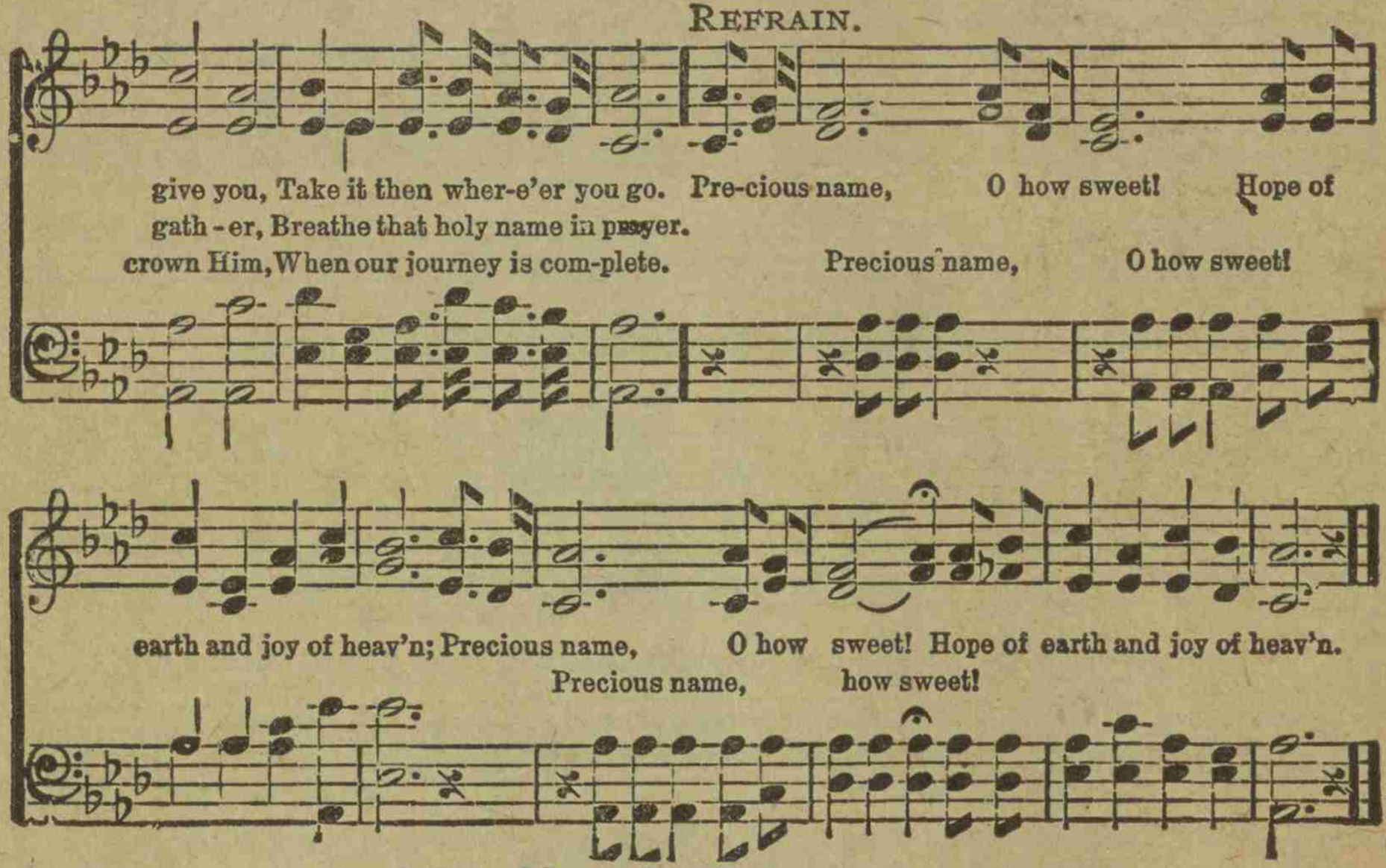
3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love!

4 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

231 Take the Name of Jesus With You.

MRS. LYDA BAXTER. W. H. DOANE.





232 Is Thy Heart Right with God?

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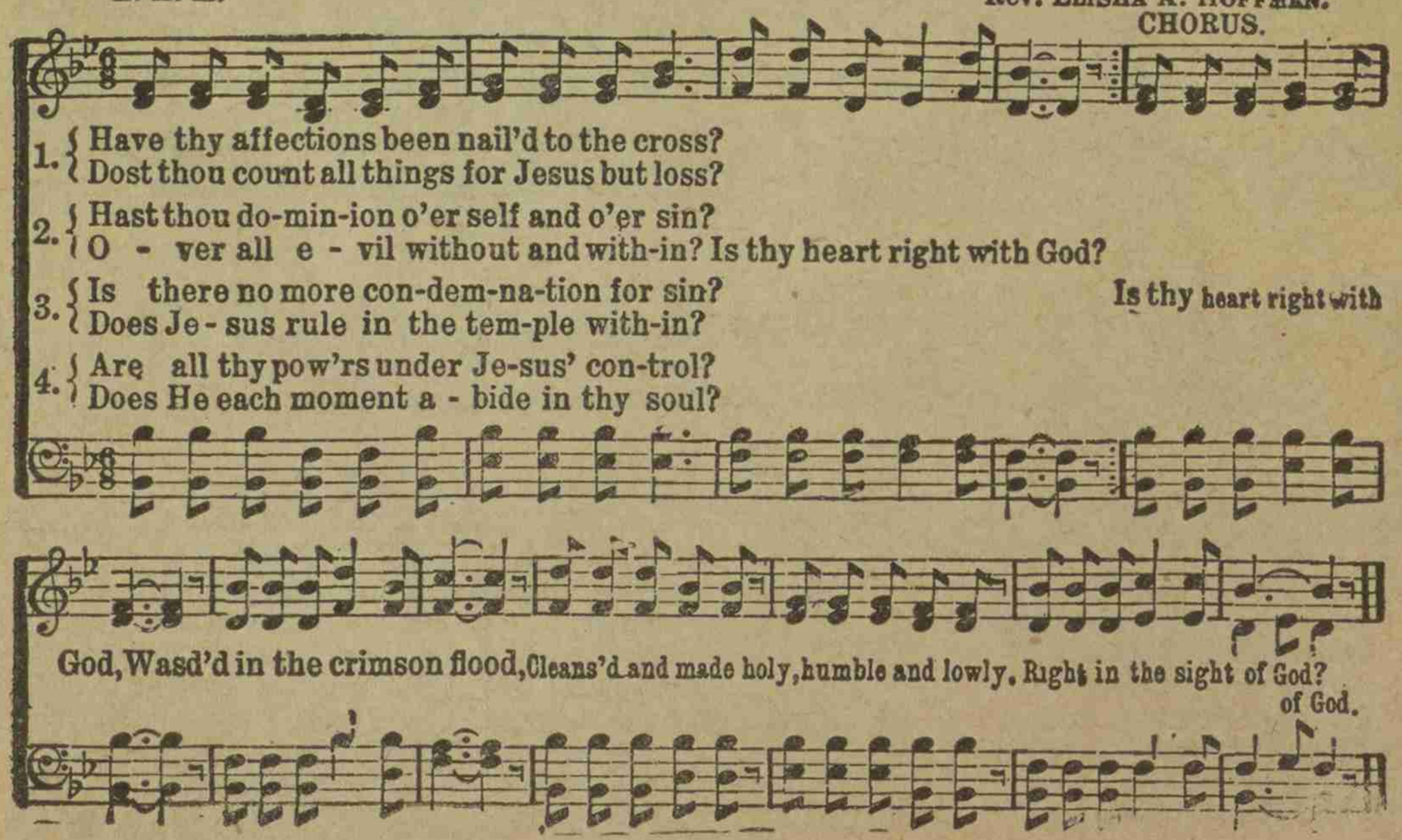
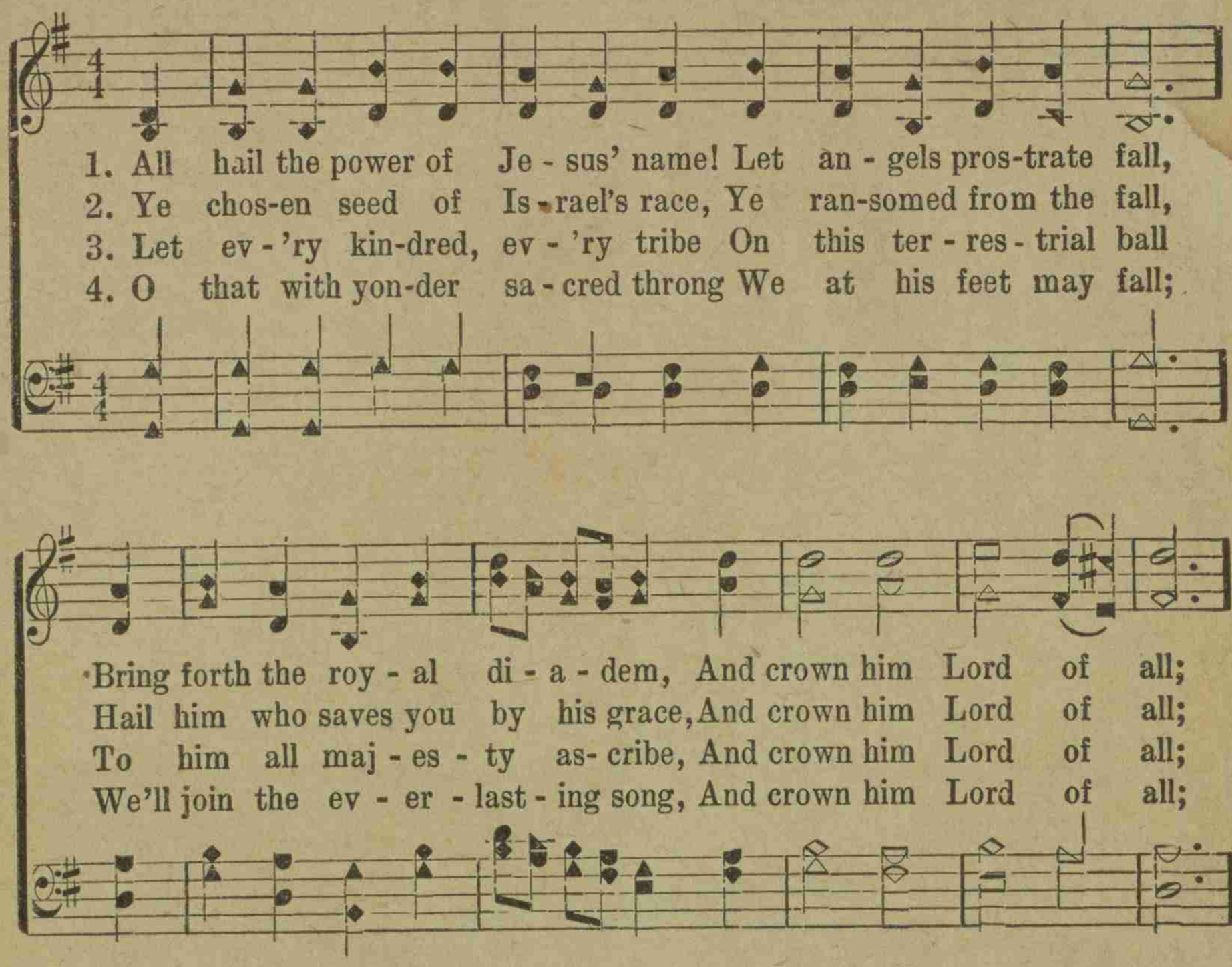


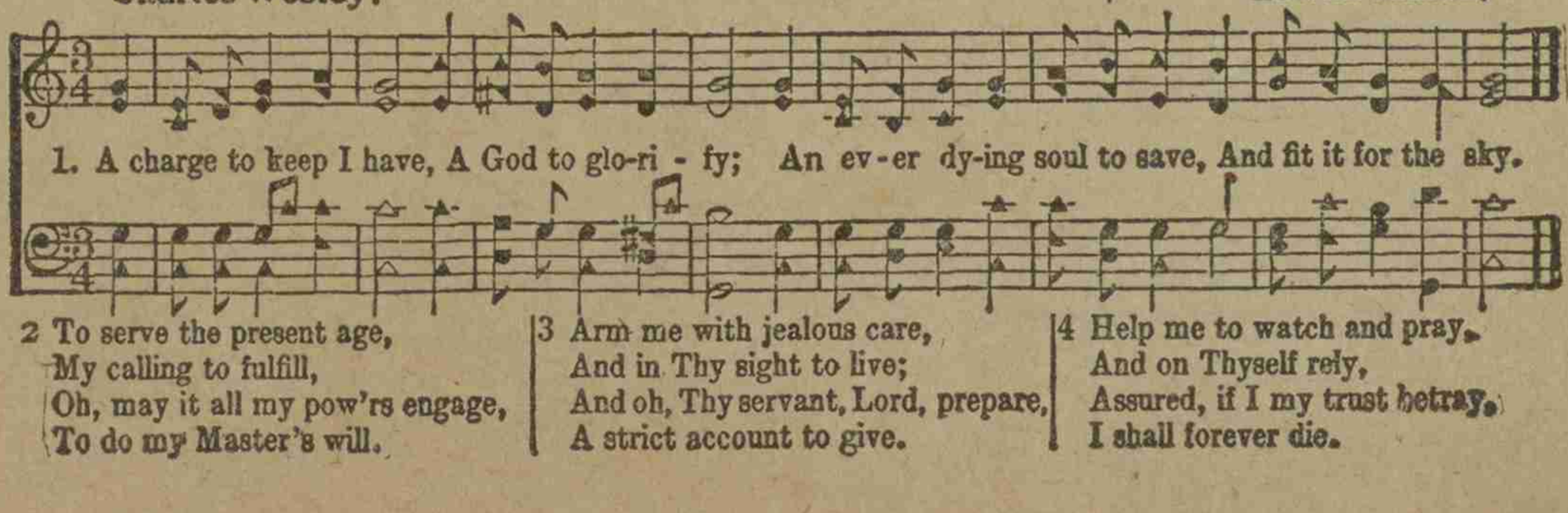
233 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

E. PERRONET. CORONATION. OLIVER HOLDEN



234 A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley. Lowell Mason.



2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
And in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

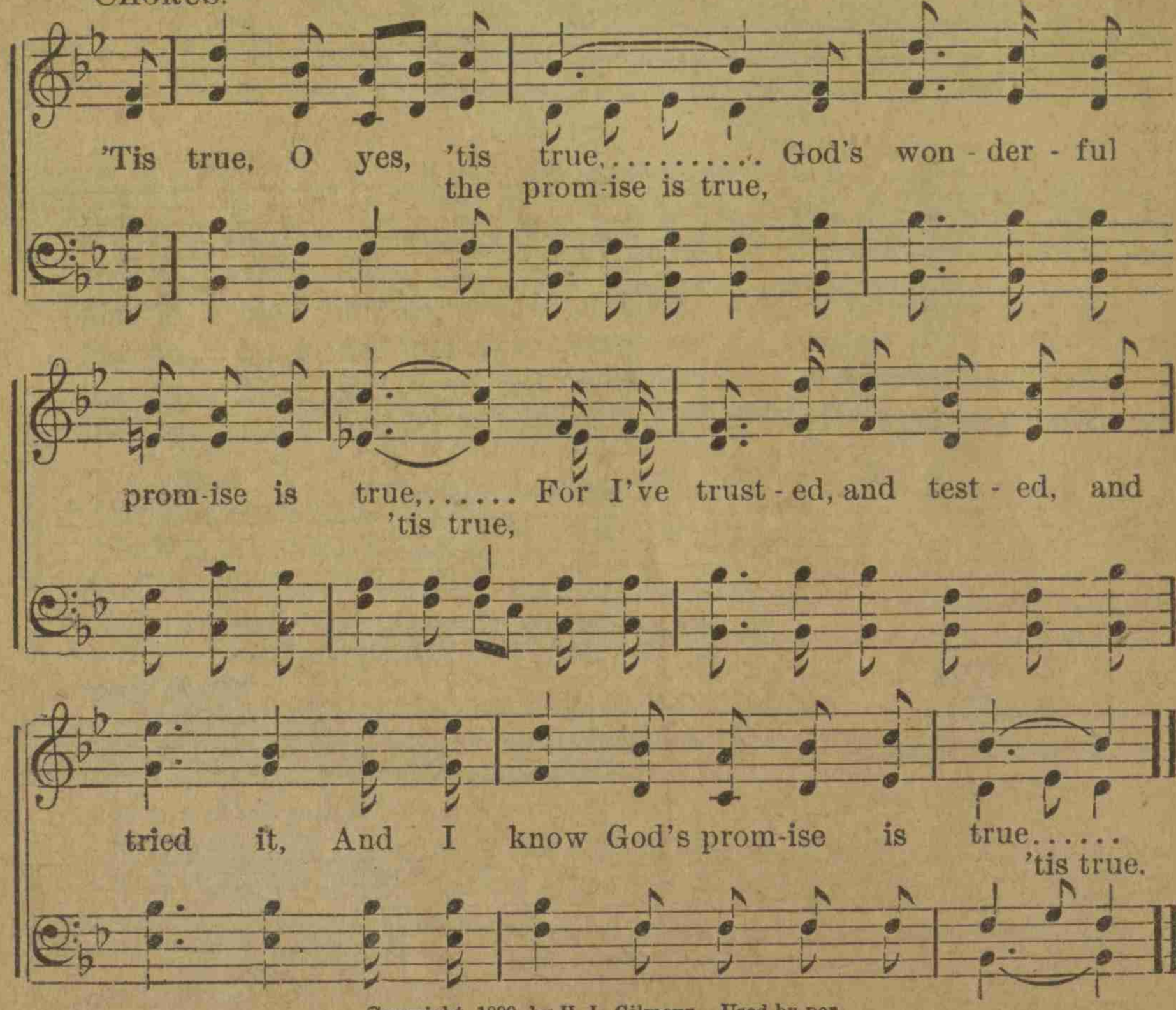
235 I Know God's Promise is True.

Mrs. C. H. M. John 3:16. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. For God so loved this sin - ful world, His Son He free - ly gave,
2. I was a way-ward, wand'ring child, A slave to sin and fear,
3. The "who-so - ev - er" of the Lord, I trust-ed was for me;
4. E - ter - nal life be - gun be - low Now fills my heart and soul;

That who-so - ev - er would be - lieve, E - ter - nal life should have.
Un - til this bless - ed prom - ise fell Like mu - sic on my ear.
I took Him at His gra-cious word, From sin He set me free.
I'll sing His praise for - ev - er - more, Who has redeemed my soul.

CHORUS.



'Tis true, O yes, 'tis true,..... God's won - der - ful the prom-ise is true,

prom-ise is true,..... For I've trust - ed, and test - ed, and 'tis true,

tried it, And I know God's prom-ise is true..... 'tis true.

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236 O Lord, How Long?

How long shall be the vision * * * to give both the sanctuary and the host to be trodden under foot?—Dan. 8: 13.

T. H.

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Thoro Harris.

1. The na - tions are wait - ing for One from on high To break thru the
2. How long shall op - pres-sors their forc - es en-gage To crush op - po-
3. Thy sons and Thy daughters cry out in de - spair, For Is - rael no
4. Thy prom - ise as-sures us not long must we wait; But why dost Thou

1. aisles of the wide - ope-ning sky, To whom all do - min - ion and
2. si - tion, stern war - fare to wage? The heel of the ty - rant, the
3. Sav - ior, no help - er is there; But fierce per - se - cu - tion has
4. lin - ger, why tar - ry so late? The foes of Thy peo - ple wax

FINE.

1. king-doms be-long; They pray Thine ap-pear-ing; but O Lord, how long?
2. lust of the strong To con quest is march-ing; but O Lord, how long?
3. si-lenced our song: Re - store us to Zi - on; but O Lord, how long?
4. bold-er and strong, Thou on - ly canst save them; but O Lord, how long?

rit.

D.S. —*spoil from the strong? We watch and we wonder: how long, O how long?*

REFRAIN

O Lord, how long, O Lord, how long Till jus - tice
the vi - sion of earth's dark night? How long
shall tri-umph o'er con-quest and wrong, When Thou shalt de - liv - er the

D.S.

IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY, TOWRING O'ER THE WRECKS OF TIME;
ALL THE LIGHT OF SACRED STORY