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# Revival Glory

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# REVIVAL GLORY

EDITED BY

## A. J. SHOWALTER,

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J. M. BOWMAN,
M. G. BARRINGER,
A. M. PACE,
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# Preface

"Of the making of books there is no end," and it would be a serious matter indeed if the Lord should cease to give His song writers the inspiration needed to enable them to provide suitable material for the making of such books as Revival Glory; and it would be none the less a great calamity if His people should fail to respond to the sentiments of these beautiful songs, not having their own souls revived and kept aglow for His service as they sing them themselves, or listen to them when sung by others.

We have made and published about one hundred different song books, of which millions of copies have been sold, but never before have we had at our command as many of the best songs of the world for the making of an ideal gospel song book as we have had for Revival Glory, and that our larger experience and better judgment, along with this greater supply of the best words and music to be found anywhere, have enabled us to make this the best book of our lives we confidently believe. If our brethren everywhere of all denominations shall find it what we have prayerfully tried to make it, we shall, indeed, be grateful to Him whose we are and whom we serve.

Editors and Publishers.

January 1, 1910.

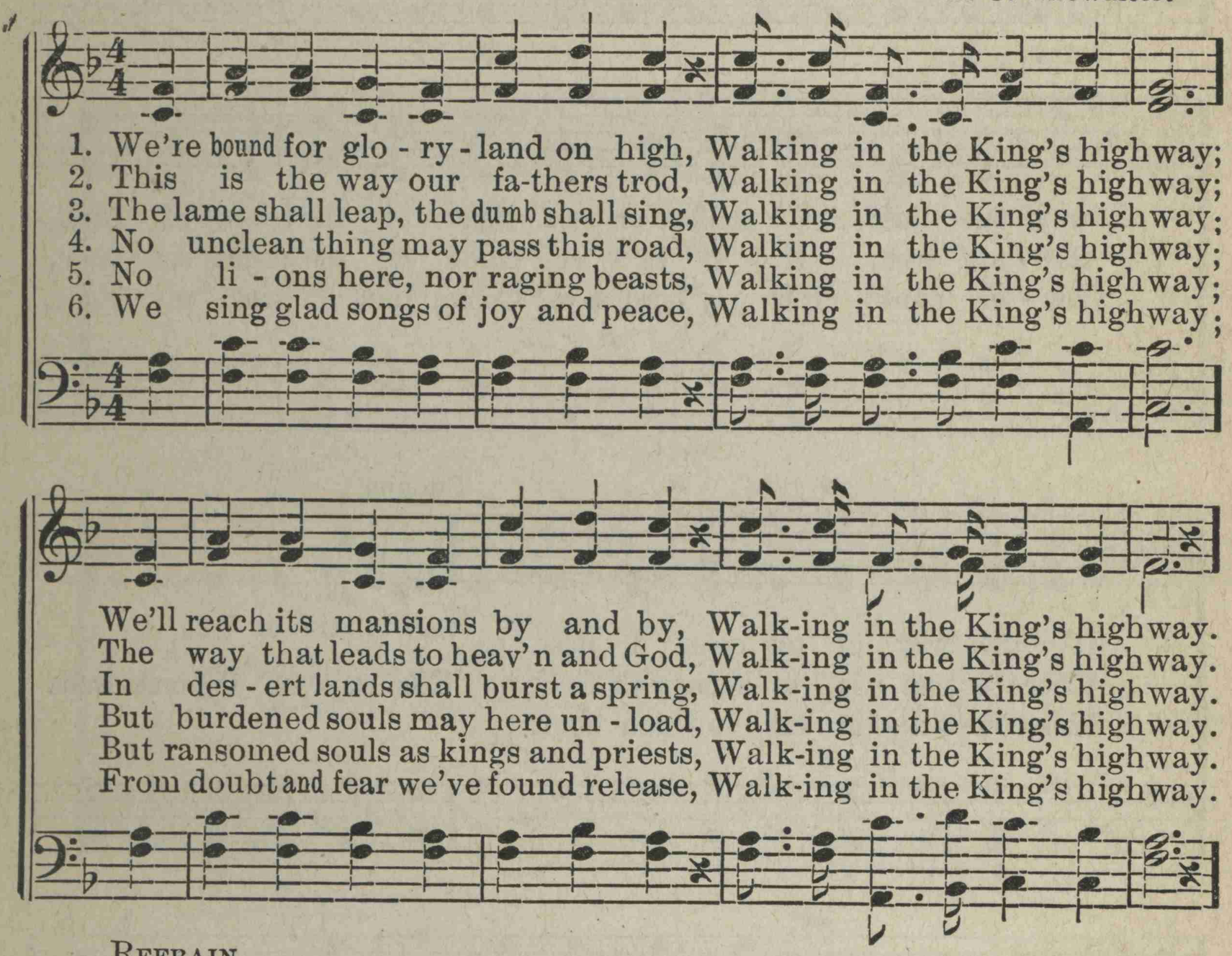
# REVIVAL GLORY.

## No. 1. Walking In the King's Highway.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY A. J. SHOWALTER.

"And an highway shall be there,....and it shall be called the way of holiness."—ISA. 35: 8.

A. J. S. A. J. Showalter.

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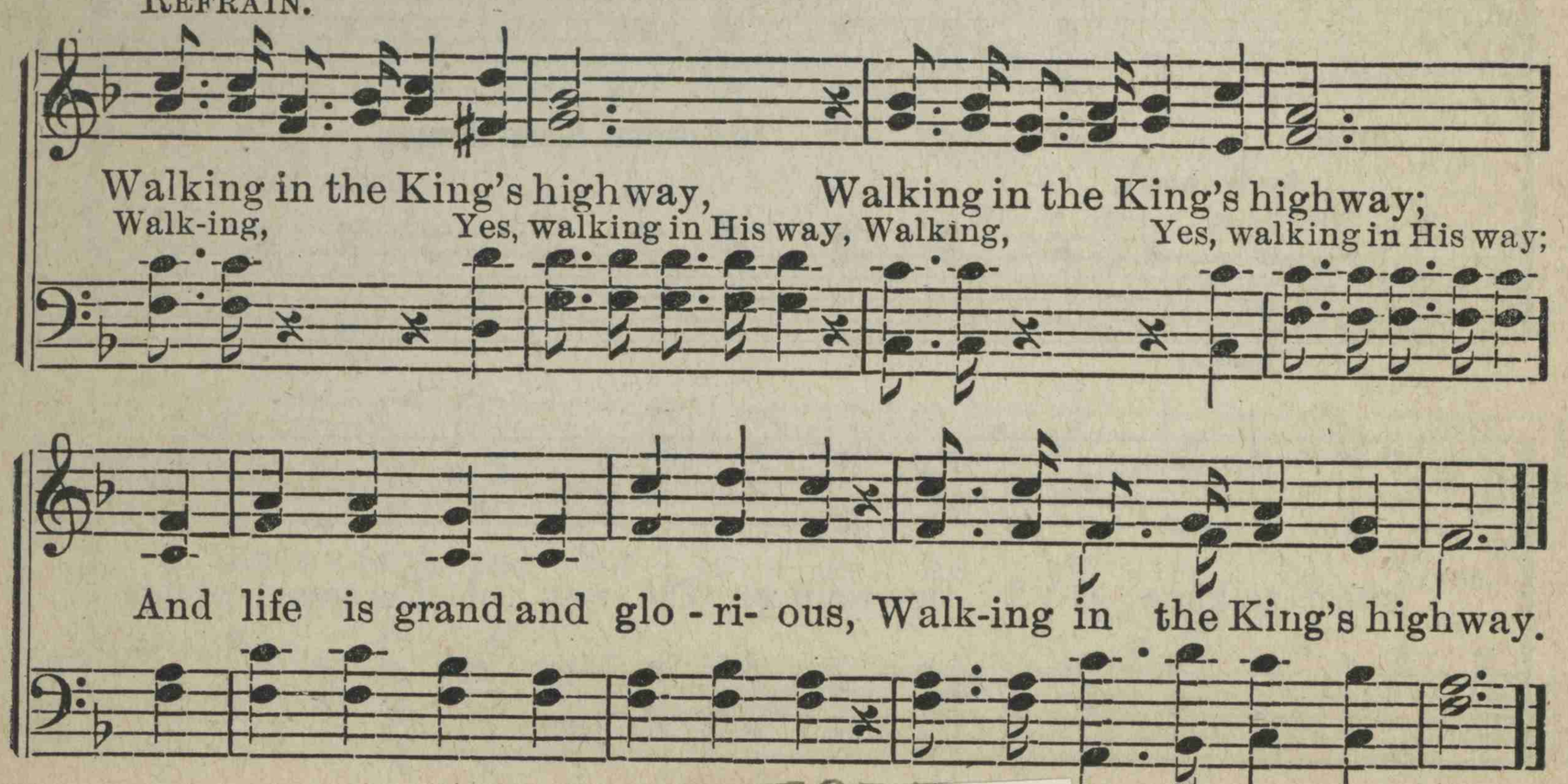


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# No. 2. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

**Jessie Brown Pounds.**

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

**Chas. H. Gabriel.**

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

CHORUS.

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

home, The way of the cross leads home; It is
leads home, leads home;

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

## No. 3. All Glory Be Thine.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Thou on - ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly the Lord; Truth, mer-cy, and judg - ment Shine forth in Thy word. Thou rul - est and reign - est
2. Thou on - ly art ho - ly; In Thee is our trust; Thy laws are un - chang-ing, Thy stat-utes are just. All na - tions and peo - ple
3. Thou on - ly art ho - ly; The an-gels in light With prophets and mar - tyrs Their an-thems u - nite. Thou on - ly art ho - ly,

All oth-ers a - bove; Thy throne is e - ter - nal, Thy scep-ter is love.
Be-fore Thee shall fall, The Fa-ther, Re-deem-er, And Sav-ior of all.
O An-cient of days; The boundless cre - a - tion Is filled with Thy praise.

CHORUS.

Thy reign ev - er - last - ing, Thy king - dom di - vine,
Hence - forth and for - ev - er All glo - ry be Thine.

## No. 4. Salvation is Mine.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY A. J. SHOWALTER.

W. C. Martin. A. J. Showalter.

1. Sal - va - tion is mine, O how sweet is the thought, That Je-sus has giv - en what can-not be bought; Sal - va - tion from sin, And glo - ry with-in,
2. Sal - va - tion is mine as the gift of His love, As - sur-ance of par-don and peace from a-bove; My heart is so light, My fu - ture so bright,
3. Sal - va - tion is mine, and the shad-ows are gone; With Je - sus came all the fair beauty of dawn; He casts a - way fear, A - bides ev - er near,
4. Sal - va - tion is mine, as the friend of the King, To Him and Him on - ly I ev - er will cling; He grants me to know His grace here be-low,

REFRAIN.

And all that my soul had so ear-nest - ly sought. Sal-va - - - tion is mine,..... And pow - - - er di - vine,..... The gift of His
My soul mounts aloft up - on wings as a dove. va - tion is mine, And power, God's won-der-ful pow-er di-vine,
Prepares the white robes that I some day shall don. grace, His won-der - ful grace; I'm saved to the ut - ter-most, Saved by His grace.
Sal - va-tion is mine and I can-not but sing. Sal - va - tion, a glo-rious sal-

rit.

## No. 5. The King's Business.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

# No. 6. What a Blessing is His Love!

**James Rowe.**

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
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**Ira B. Wilson.**

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

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

FINE.

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

CHORUS.

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

D. S.

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

# No. 7. He Redeemed Me.

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

Maud Frazer. Carl Fischer.

1. Full of glo-ry was the day when my burden rolled away, When to me His
2. Oh, how wonderful the love that could bring Him from above, For my sins up-
3. He is calling! hear His voice, how it makes the soul rejoice! Trust Him now! His

joy and peace the Savior gave; When His voice of love divine touch'd this sin-ful
on the cross His life to give! At His pierced feet I fall and to Him sur-
prom-is - es are tried and true; In His love no change can be, and His pard'ning

CHORUS.

heart of mine, And I pray'd the Crucified to heal and save.
ren - der all! For the one who died for me hence-forth I'll live. He redeemed me!
grace is free, If you on - ly trust Him He will save you too.

He redeemed me! Je-sus heard the pray'r I made and He redeemed me! He re-

deemed me! He redeemed me! In His mercy, love and pit-y He redeemed me!

## No. 8. Get Right With God.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY J. D. PATTON.

Miriam E. Arnold. J. D. Patton.

1. "Get right with God," dear sin-ner, Come seek Him while you may; In love the
2. "Get right with God," dear sin-ner, He made the way so plain; O shall the
3. "Get right with God," dear sin-ner, The mo-ments swift-ly fly; Time, like a

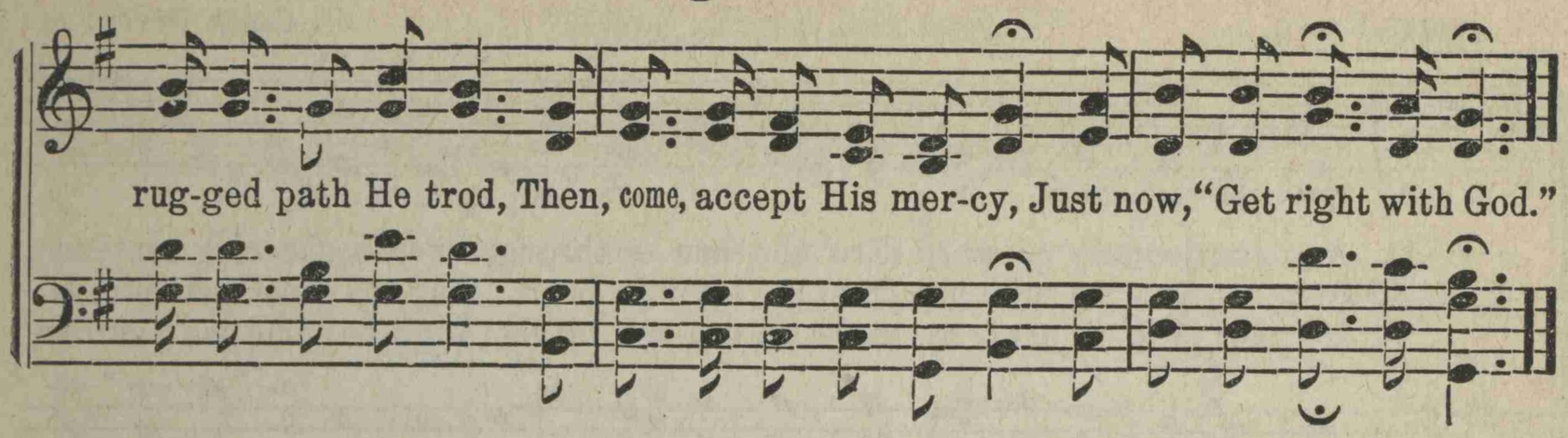
Spir - it pleadeth, Then grieve Him not a-way; So ten-der - ly He whispers: "My
Sav-ior's suff'rings For you be all in vain? While on the cross ex-tend-ed, For
dream, doth vanish, E - ter-ni - ty draws nigh; O sin-ner, would you spend it With

Son, give Me thy heart," O will you still re-ject Him? Must He from you de - part?
me, dear soul—for you, Now hear Him pray: "Forgive them, They know not what they do."
Je - sus up in heav'n? Then come in pray'r be-liev-ing, And have your sins forgiv'n.

REFRAIN.

O list-en! God so loved you—His on - ly Son He gave To die up - on Mount

Cal - va - ry your soul from death to save; To pur-chase your re-demp-tion That

## Get Right With God.

## No. 9. For More of Love My Heart is Sighing.

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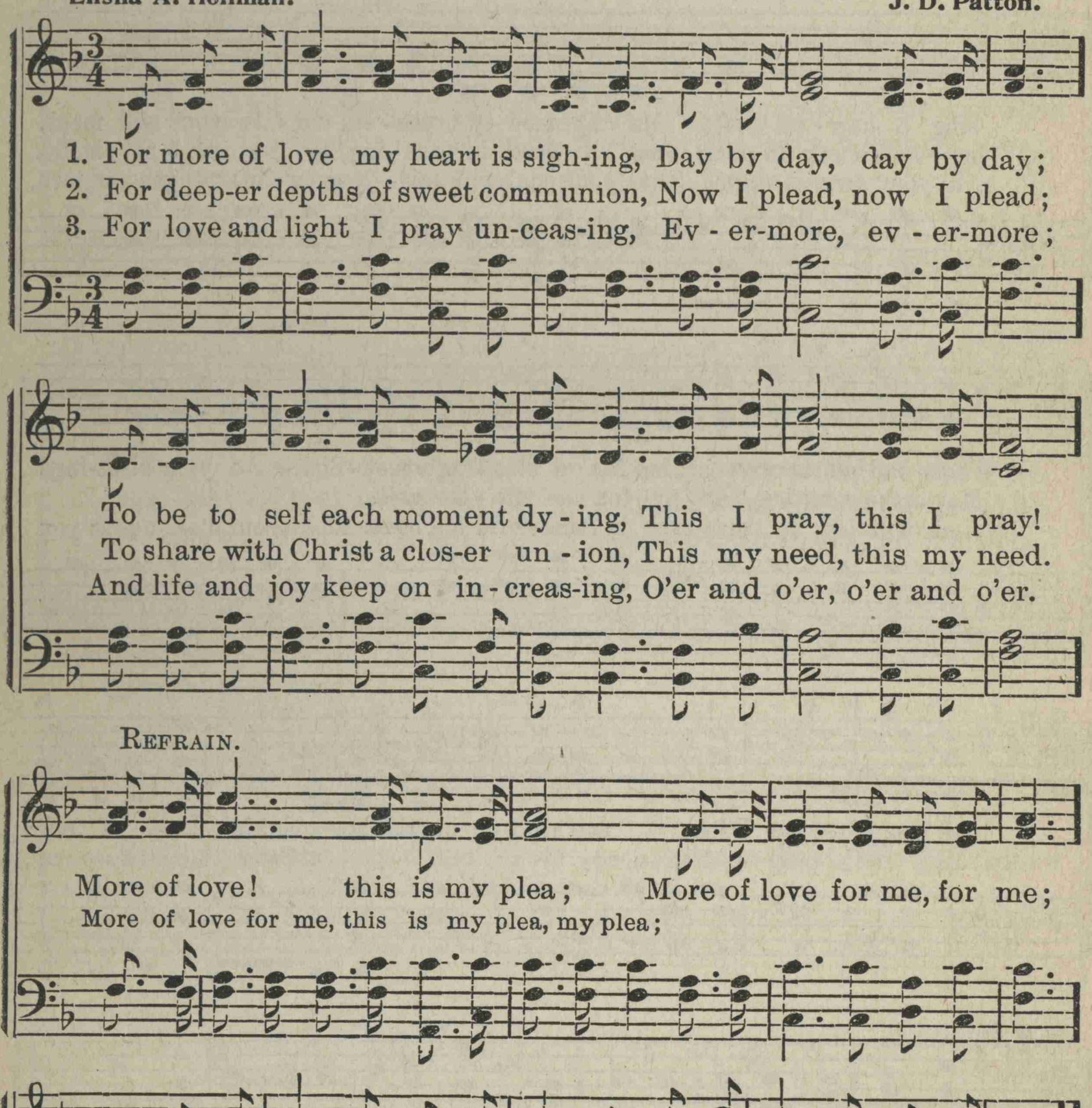
Elisha A. Hoffman. J. D. Patton.

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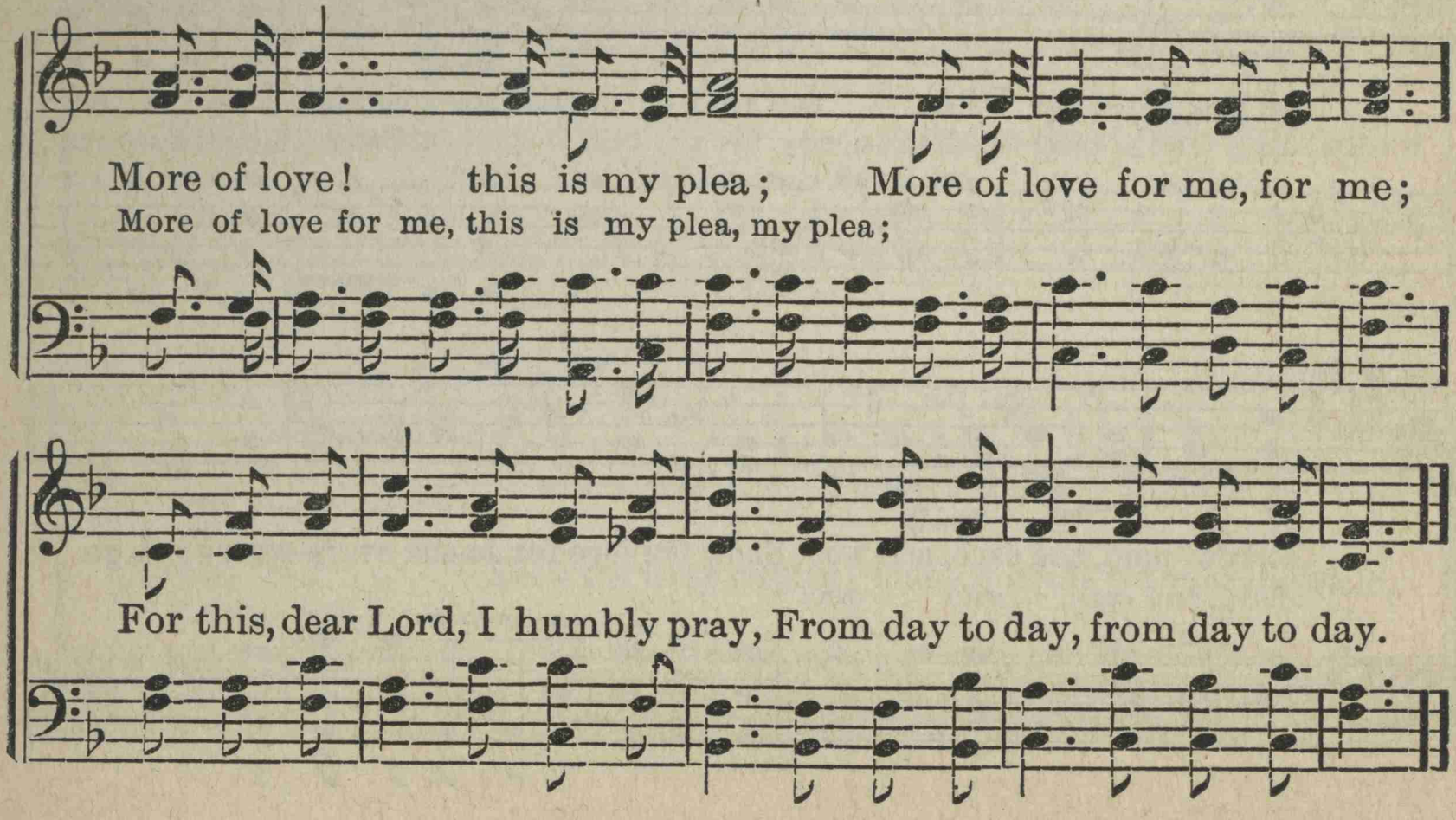
## No. 10. Share Your Blessings.

James Rowe. PERRY BROS. MUSIC CO., OWNERS. F. Clark Perry.

1. As you journey on-ward thro' the bus - y throng, Drop a cheering sentence,
2. Just a lit - tle sentence from a lov-ing heart May to some sad spir - it
3. If your path is sun - ny make an-oth-er's bright; Lighten some one's burden,

sing a hap - py song; Ma - ny need - y broth - ers dai - ly you will meet,
hope and cheer im-part; Just a word in pass - ing, or a sun - ny smile,
if your own is light, Thus your soul will dai - ly grow in strength and love,

REFRAIN.

Whose sad hearts are yearning for a bless-ing sweet. Share your bless-ings
May make some one hap - py for a lit - tle while.
And will lay up treas-ures in the world a - bove. Share your blessings as you

as you go a-long With the need-y in the bus-y throng; Less - en
go a - long With the needy in the bus - y throng; Less-en sor-row,

sorrow, pain, and care, and woe; Show your love for Je-sus ev-'ry-where you go.
pain, and care, and woe;

## No. 11. Keep the Heart Singing.

COPYRIGHT 1902 BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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C. H. G. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav-y bur-den share, With a word, a kind-ly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gird-le day and night
2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con-trol, Sweetest mu-sic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin-dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,

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

CHORUS.

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

# No. 12. Harvest Song!

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

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

1. Look, the har-vest field is teem-ing With the rich and ripened grain;
2. In the mar-kets and the by-ways, Whil-ing pre-cious hours a - way,
3. Hear ye not the faith-ful sing-ing Of the la - bor and the yield?

Wide it spreads be - fore us, Bright the sky is o'er us; In the
Ma - ny stand com-plain-ing, I - dle still re-main - ing, Loit'ring
Rouse ye, then, O sleep-ers, Join the hap - py reap-ers; To the

sun-light, gold-en gleaming, Heav-ing like the rest-less main, "Reapers are
in the dust-y highways, Hear-ing not the Mas - ter say: "Reapers are
wind your sorrows flinging, Pa-tient - ly the sick - le wield: "Reapers are

need-ed," re-sounds o'er hill and plain.
need-ed, O who will work to-day?" Rouse ye then and to the fields a-
need-ed, A - wake, and to the field!

CHORUS.

way, Go la-bor for the Mas-ter while you may, Lo! He is calling,
to the field a - way, Mas - ter while you may,

# Harvest Song.

night is fall - ing, Hast-en to o - bey, For reapers are needed to-day.

## No. 13. I Never will Cease to Love Him.

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

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

1. For all the Lord has done for me, I nev - er will cease to love Him;
2 He gives me strength for ev - 'ry day, I nev - er will cease to love Him;
3. He saves me ev - 'ry day and hour, I nev - er will cease to love Him;
4. While on my jour - ney here be - low, I nev - er will cease to love Him;

And for His grace so rich and free, I nev - er will cease to love Him.
He leads and guides me all the way, I nev - er will cease to love Him.
Just now I feel His cleansing pow'r, I nev - er will cease to love Him.
And when to that bright world I go, I nev - er will cease to love Him.

CHORUS.

{ I never will cease to love Him, (He's) My Savior, (He's) my Savior;
I never will cease to love Him, (for) He's done so much for me.

# No. 14. At the Cross.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY R. H. CORNELIUS.

E. R. Latta. R. H. Cornelius.

1. There is par-don, full and free, At the cross, What-so - e'er our sins may be, At the cross;
2. There's a peace that none can tell, At the cross, In the Sav - iour's "all is well!" At the cross;
3. There's a joy that all may feel, At the cross, If in hum - ble faith they kneel, At the cross;
4. There's a hope that will en-dure, At the cross, It is like an an - chor sure, At the cross;

At the cross,

Let us now the Lord en-treat, With our burdened souls to meet, And be-stow that pardon sweet, At the cross.
Let us seek that peace to prove, That is showered from a - bove Thro' the Master's dy - ing love, At the cross.
Let us taste that joy so great, Ere it be, for us, too late, Mer-cy will not al-ways wait, At the cross.
Let us now that hope ob-tain, That shall nev - er prove in vain, While be-liev-ing we re-main, At the cross.

At the cross,

REFRAIN.

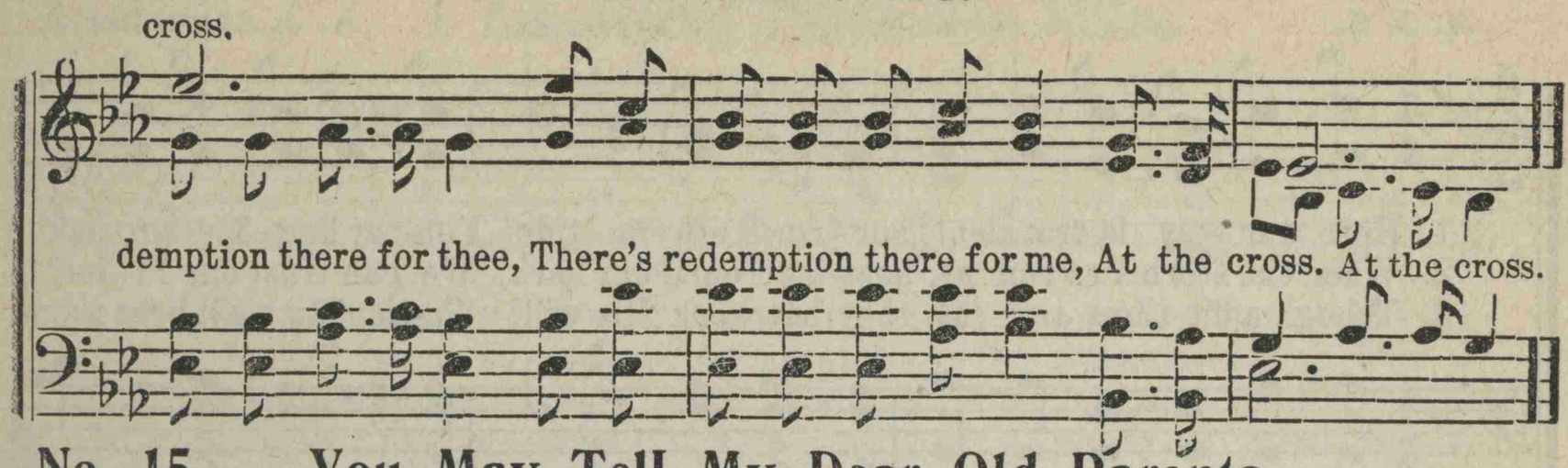
At the cross, At the cross,

There's redemption there for thee, There's redemption there for thee, There's redemption there for me, At the cross;

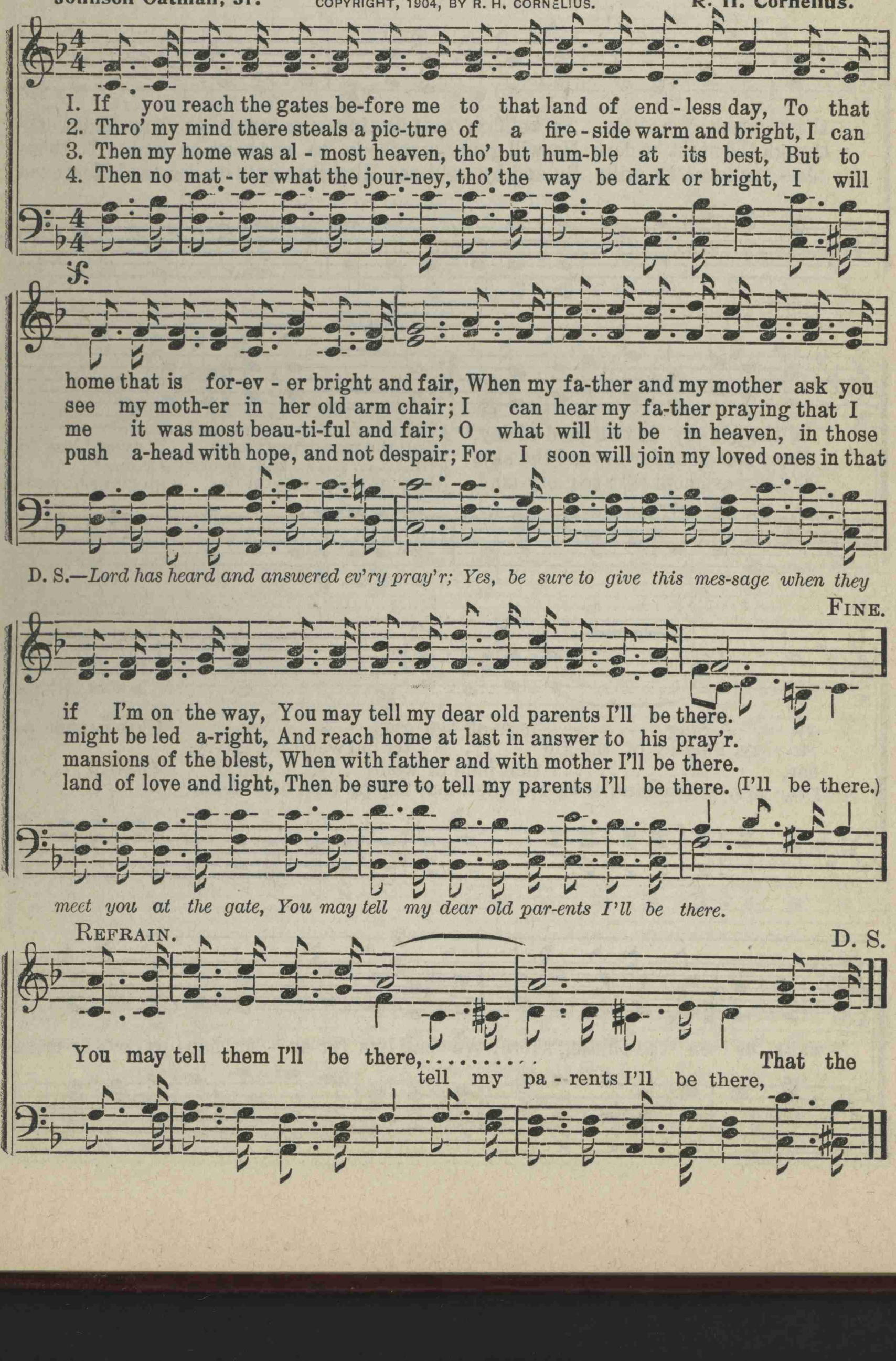
At the cross, At the cross,

There's redemption there for thee, There's re-

At the cross;

## At the Cross.

## No. 15. You May Tell My Dear Old Parents.

**Johnson Oatman, Jr.** COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**



## No. 16. Tell the Wondrous Story.

A. J. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY A. J. SHOWALTER.

A. J. Showalter.

1. Here our stay is transient, sor - rows oft be - tide; Yon-der home's e-ter - nal,
2. When the storms as-sail us, beat-ing round our bark, We can trust our Pi - lot,
3. Though afflic-tions try us, they but work His will, Pa-tient-ly we'll bear them,

there we shall a - bide; So we'll go re-joic - ing, sing-ing on the way, Think-ing
though the night be dark; He will guide us safe - ly to our home on high, To those
Je - sus loves us still; By and by we'll see Him, then we'll un-derstand How each

REFRAIN.

of the glo - ry in that land of day.
many mansions far beyond the sky.
sad bereavement points to glory-land.

{ Tell..... the wondrous sto - -
{ Tell the wondrous sto-ry, ev-er bless-ed
{ In..... that home up yon - -
{ In that home up yon-der, glorious home up

ry, Sing - - ing of the glo - ry, Glo - ry that a -
sto - ry, Singing of the glo - ry, e - ter-nal weight of glo-ry,
der, In..... that land of won - der, (*Omit.....*
yon - der, In that land of won - der, that hap-py land of won-der,

1

2

waits us on the shining shore; We shall live for-ev - er, hap - py ev - er-more.

# No. 17. I Am Going Home To Jesus.

PROPERTY OF M. G. BARRINGER

**Mrs. J. M. Hunter.** **M. G. Barringer.**

1. I am look-ing for a cit - y with foun-da-tions sure, Well I know the scenes around me cannot long en - dure; Soon my house of clay must crumble, and my soul be free, Then I'm go - ing home to
2. Oft my wea - ry, struggling spirit sighs for home and rest, Oft I long my head to pil - low on my Sav-iour's breast; Yet a lit - tle while I'll la - bor, till He calls for me, Then I'm go - ing home to
3. Sav-iour, help me to be read-y for that hap-py hour, Ev - er guide and cheer and keep me by Thy Spir - it's pow'r; Stars to shine in heav-en's king-dom let me win for Thee, Then my rap-ture e'er in -
4. Seems mine eye to catch the gleaming of the promised land, Seems mine ear to hear the mu - sic of the an - gel band; Hal - le - lu - jah, soon I'll join them, ev - er - more to be With my pre-cious, precious

Je - sus for e - ter - ni - ty.
Je - sus for e - ter - ni - ty. Yes, I'm go - ing home to Je - sus
creasing thro' e - ter - ni - ty.
Sav-iour thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

FINE. REFRAIN.

D. S.

nevermore to roam, Thro' the grace of Christ, my Saviour, I am go-ing home;

# No. 18. Land of the Unsetting Sun.

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

of de-light jour - ney on earth has been run;

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

# No. 19. Grace, Enough for Me.

E. O. E.

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

E. O. Excell.

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

*cres.*

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

CHORUS.

Grace is flowing from Calvary, . . Grace as fathomless as the sea, . .
Grace is flow - ing from Cal - va-ry for me, Grace as fath - om-less as the roll - ing sea,
Grace for time and e - ter - ni - ty, . . Grace, e-nough for me.
Grace for time and e - ter - ni - ty, A-bun-dant grace I see, e - nough for me.

## No. 20. Fully Persuaded.

PROPERTY OF W. J. MORRIS.

E. E. Hewitt. W. J. Morris.

1. Ful - ly per-suad-ed of God's wondrous love, Sending my Saviour from glo - ry a - bove, On Cal-v'ry's mountain, my bur-den He bore,
2. Ful - ly per-suad-ed, in sunshine and storm, What He hath promised, He'll al - so per-form; Strength for my weakness and light for my way,
3. Ful - ly per-suad-ed, all praise to His name, Love so a - maz-ing be mine to pro-claim! Won - der - ful Sav-iour, He's call - ing for you;

REFRAIN.

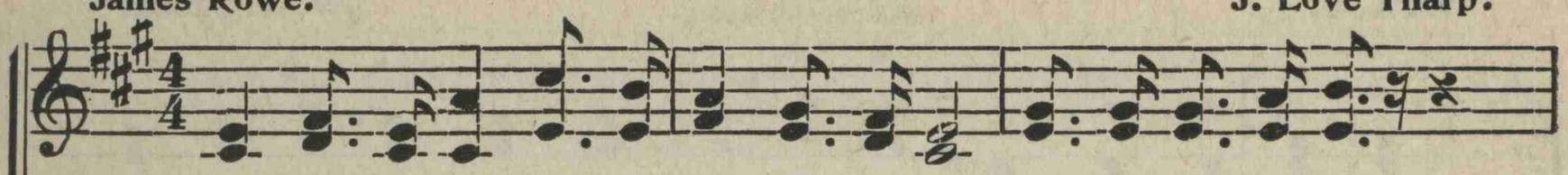
Win-ning my ran - som and life ev - er-more.
Grace all - suf - fi - cient for each pass-ing day. Ful - ly per-suad-ed;
Has - ten to find Him, the faithful and true.

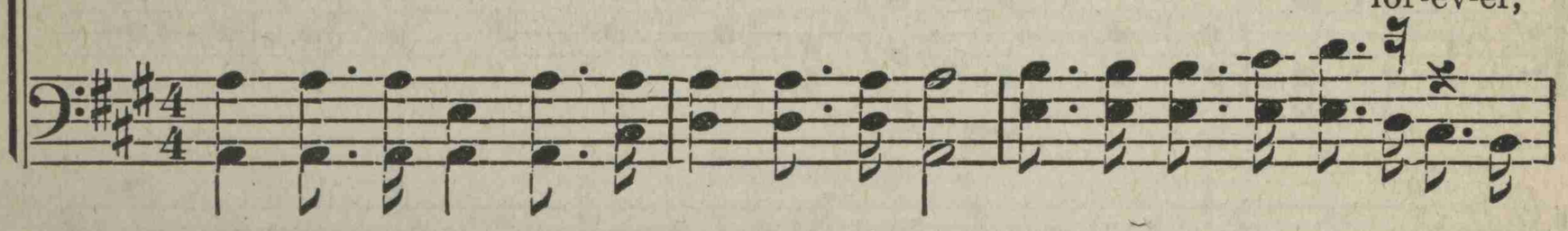
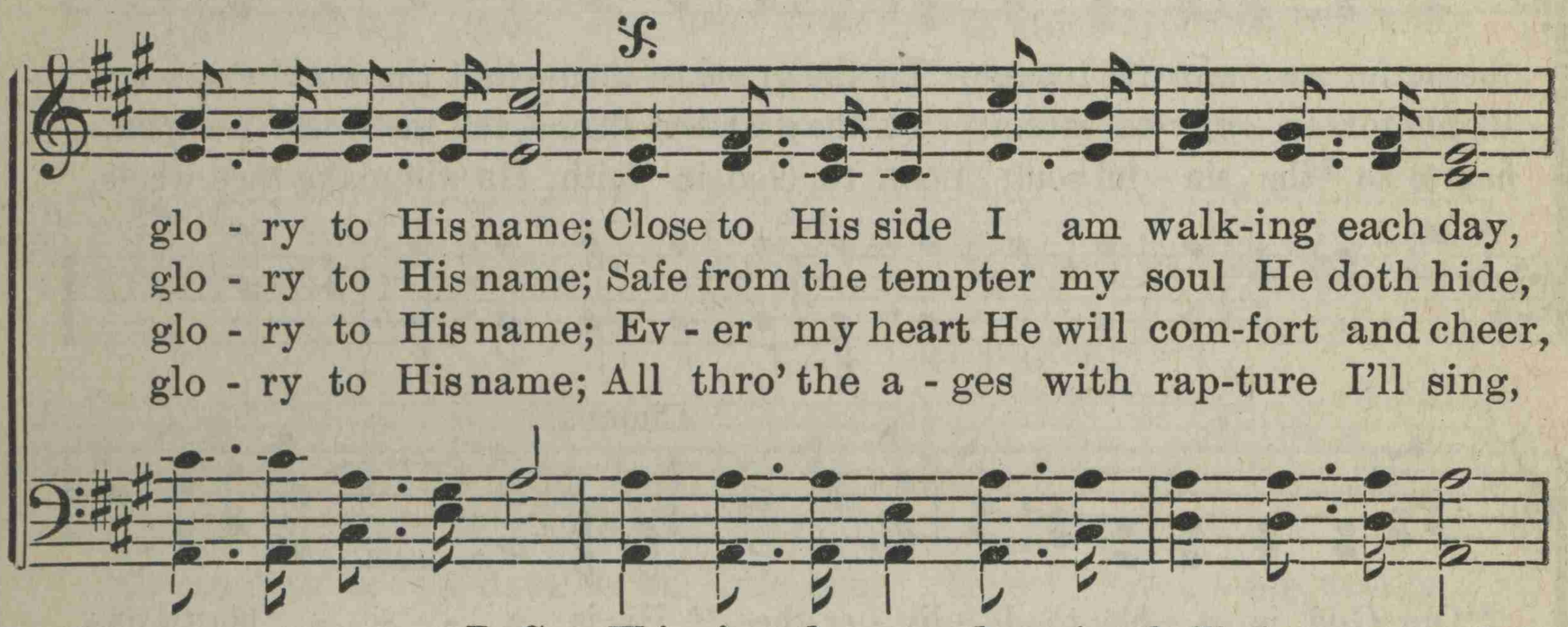
Love so di-vine! O how His mercies around me doth shine! Ful -ly per-

suad - ed; Love so di-vine! Glo - ry for - ev - er, Je - sus is mine!

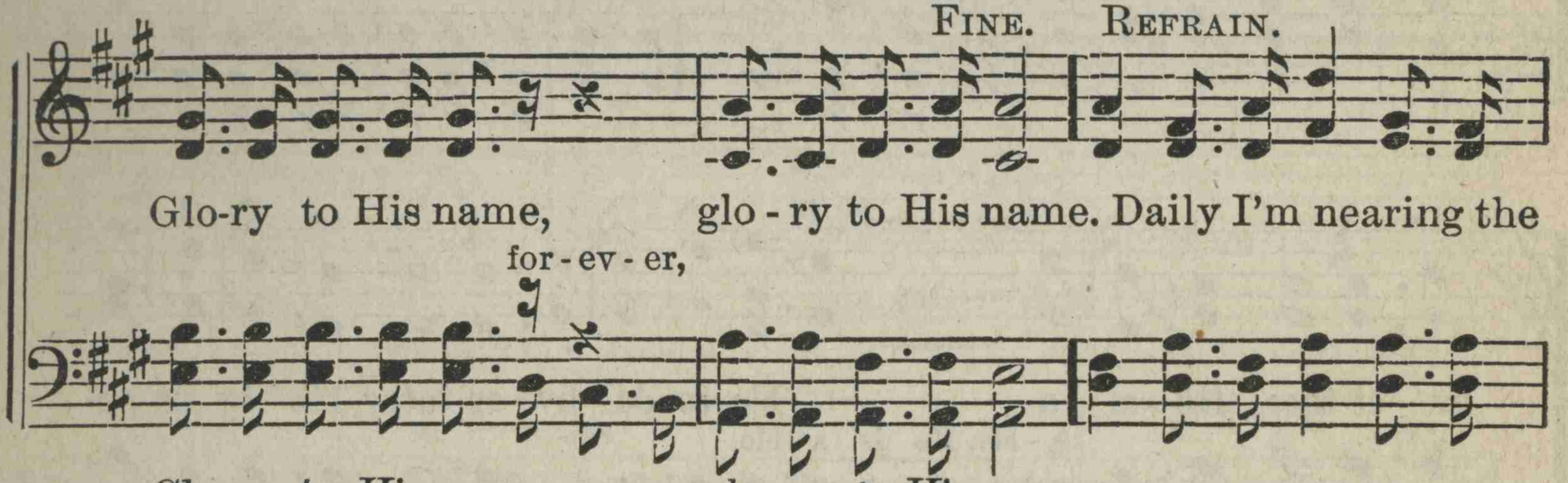
# No. 21. Glory to His Name.

PROPERTY OF PERRY BROS. MUSIC CO.

James Rowe. J. Love Tharp.

1. Je - sus has tak - en my bur-den a-way, Glo - ry to His name,
2. Courage He lends me when troubles betide, Glo - ry to His name,
3. Holding His hand, I have nothing to fear, Glo - ry to His name,
4. True I will be to my heav-en-ly King, Glo - ry to His name,

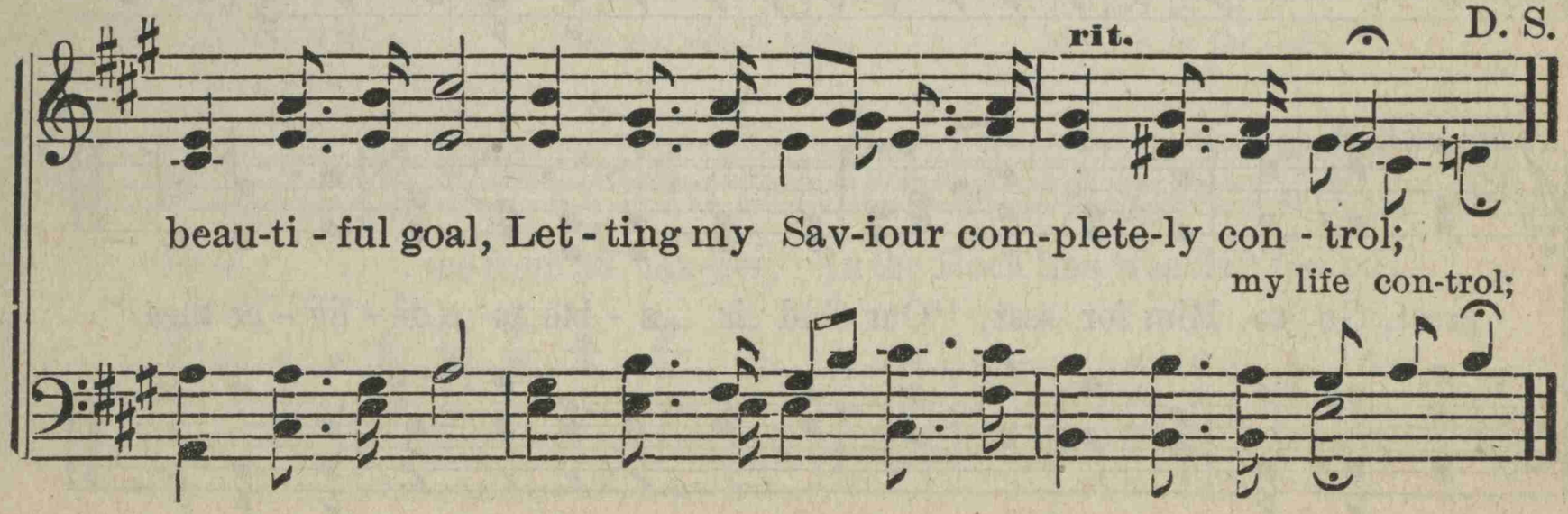
for-ev-er,



glo - ry to His name; Close to His side I am walk-ing each day,
glo - ry to His name; Safe from the tempter my soul He doth hide,
glo - ry to His name; Ev - er my heart He will com-fort and cheer,
glo - ry to His name; All thro' the a - ges with rap-ture I'll sing,

D. S.—*This is the song that is thrill-ing my soul,*

FINE. REFRAIN.

Glo-ry to His name, glo - ry to His name. Daily I'm nearing the

for - ev - er,

*Glo-ry to His name, glo - ry to His name.*

rit. D. S.

beau-ti - ful goal, Let - ting my Sav-iour com-plete-ly con - trol;

my life con-trol;

# No. 22. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

# No. 23. In the Cleft of the Rock.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

In the cleft of the Rock He will hide me. Hide . . . me, safe-ly
Hide me, safe - ly hide,
hide me, Hide . . me, safe-ly hide me,
hide . . . . me, safe-ly hide, . . . . Hide . . . . me, safe-ly
hide me, safe-ly hide, Hide me, safe-ly hide, hide me in the Rock,
Hide . . . me from all dan-ger, In the Rock that was cleft for me.
Hide me from all dan-ger, from all dan - ger,

# No. 24.

# Be a Blessing.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY A. J. SHOWALTER.

**Johnson Oatman, Jr.** **A. J. Showalter.**

1. Would you be a sun-beam filled with heav - en's light, Shedding forth its beau-ty o - ver scenes of night? In this world of sorrow, sickness, sin and woe,
2. Where the tears are fall - ing and the hearts are sad, Take some gospel message that will make them glad; Strive to give them comfort by some loving deed,
3. Just a cup of wa - ter for the Mas - ter's sake May sweet chords of mu - sic in some bos - om wake; Seek to help some pilgrim toward the golden land,
4. If you fol - low Je - sus all a - long life's way You will help to brighten ev-'ry hour and day; Would you shine in glory brighter than the sun?

REFRAIN.

Try to be a blessing ev -'ry-where you go. Be a blessing on life's
Try to be a blessing in the time of need.
Try to be a blessing, both with voice and hand.
Try to be a blessing till your work is done. Be a cheerful blessing

wea - ry mile, Be a blessing with a word or smile, Be a
on life's weary mile, Be a sunny blessing with a word or smile, Be a constant

blessing, ev-'rywhere the same, Try to be a blessing in the Master's name.

# No. 25. O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

*Rit.*

CHORUS.

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

*rit.*

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

## No. 26. Shall the Angels Tell Jesus?

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY J. A. MERRITT.

**Johnson Oatman, Jr.** **J. A. Merritt.**

1. With hands that are bleeding be-cause of your sin, The Sav-iour is knock-ing, will you let Him in? Long years He has knocked at the door of your heart, That door you must o - pen or He will de - part.
2. Re - member the time when your mother passed o'er, To live with her God on that fair Eden's shore; Re-mem - ber you prom-ised that moth-er you'd come To meet her up there in that beau - ti - ful home.
3. Re - member how of-ten when you could not sleep Your conscience would urge you that prom-ise to keep; If ev - er you think of ful - fill - ing that vow The best time to start for the king - dom is now.
4. Your loved ones still watch from that beautiful home, The an - gels still wait to see if you will come; If some-time you'd en - ter the beau - ti - ful gate, Wait not for the mor-row, it may be too late.

REFRAIN.

While the angels are wait-ing to car - ry the news, Say, brother, say, sis - ter, no lon - ger re-fuse; Will you cease to do e - vil and

## Shall the Angels Tell Jesus?

learn to do right, Shall the an-gels tell Je-sus you're com-ing to-night?

## No. 27. Tell the Master All.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. PROPERTY OF W. T. TURNER. W. T. Turner.

1. Make a full, complete con - fes-sion When on the Lord you call,
2. Not a - lone the great temptations That may your heart ap - pall,
3 For the One who guards cre-a - tion And notes the sparrow's fall,
4. Tell to God your cares and sorrows, And noth-ing count too small,
5. Till at last you reach that cit - y Where tear-drops never fall,

Do not car - ry half the bur-den, But tell the Mas - ter all.
But the lit - tle cares and troubles, Just tell the Mas - ter all.
Will give heed to your pe - ti-tions, Just tell the Mas - ter all.
For His ear is ev - er o - pen, Just tell the Mas - ter all.
When you pray to Him in se - cret Just tell the Mas - ter all.

REFRAIN.

All, all, whatever your burdens may be, Whether great or small,

Make to Him a full con-fes-sion, Just tell the Mas - ter all.

# No. 28. He Knows It All.

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

Mrs. Ophelia Adams. C. M. Davis.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

# No. 29. The Wonderful Story.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

*rit.*

# No. 30. God is Galling Yet.

Gerhard Tersteegen. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

1. God call - ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call - ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov - ing voice de - spise,
3. God call - ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clos - er lock?
4. God call - ing yet! I can - not stay, My heart I yield with - out de - lay?

Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum - ber lie?
And base - ly His kind care re - pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?
He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir - it grieve?
Vain world, fare-well, from thee I part; The voice of God has reach'd my heart.

CHORUS.

Call - - ing, oh, hear Him call - - ing, oh, hear Him, God is call - ing
God is call - ing yet, God is call - ing yet,

*rit.* *a tempo.*

yet, oh, hear Him call-ing, call-ing, Call - - ing, oh, hear Him, Call - -
God is call - ing yet, God is call - ing

*rit.*

ing, oh, hear Him, God is call - ing yet, oh, hear Him call - ing yet.
yet,

# No. 31. As a Christian Are You Growing?

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY T. B. MOSLEY.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. T. B. Mosley.

1. As a Chris-tian are you grow-ing ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, Put-ting on new
2. We are saved for bless-ed serv - ice, ex - er-cise each day, Do - ing deeds of
3. Make the Word your pray'rful stud-y, in His courts be found, And in all His

strength and vig-or by the Spir-it's pow'r? We are here to be ad - vanc - ing,
lov - ing kind-ness all a - long your way, Height and wisdom ev - er gain - ing,
Spir - it teach - es let your soul a-bound, Win new trophies for His king - dom,

'Tis the Sav-iour's will, Forward, upward, dai-ly growing, let us not stand still.
'Tis our Sav-iour's will, Forward, upward, dai-ly growing, let us not stand still.
'Tis the Sav-iour's will, Forward, upward, dai-ly growing, let us not stand still.

D. S.—*In His grace and in His knowledge dai-ly let us grow.*

REFRAIN.

Let us not stand still, neith-er back - ward go; In His grace and in His

knowledge dai-ly let us grow; Let us not stand still, neither back-ward go,

# No. 32. My Father Knows.

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

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

1. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The storms that would my way oppose;
2. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes,
3. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes,
4. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The hour my jour-ney here will close,

But He can drive the clouds a - way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day,
And with His touch of love di - vine, He heals this wounded soul of mine,
But He my cause will e'er de - fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end,
And may that hour, O Faithful Guide, Find me safe sheltered by Thy side,

CHORUS.

And tnrn my dark-ness in - to day.
He heals this wounded soul of mine. He knows, He
Up - hold and keep me to the end.
Find me safe sheltered by Thy side.

My Fa - ther knows,

knows The storms that would my way op - pose; He
I'm sure He knows that would my way op - pose:

knows, He knows, And tem-pers ev-'ry wind that blows.
My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows, the wind that blows.

# No. 33. Scatter Sunshine.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Lanta Wilson Smith. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. In a world where sor - row Ev - er will be known, Where are found the need - y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and com - fort You can all be - stow, If you scat-ter sun-shine Ev-'ry-where you go.
2. Slightest ac-tions oft - en Meet the sor - est needs, For the world wants dai - ly Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor - row You may help re-move, With your songs and courage, Sym-pa-thy and love.
3. When the days are gloom-y Sing some hap - py song, Meet the world's re - pin - ing With a cour - age strong; Go with faith un - daunt - ed Thro' the ills of life; Scat-ter smiles and sun-shine O'er its toil and strife.

CHORUS.

Scat - - ter sun-shine all a - long your way, . . Cheer and bless and bright - en Ev - 'ry pass - ing day; . . . Ev - 'ry pass - ing day.

Scatter the smiles and sun-shine o - ver the way, pass - ing day;

# No. 34. I Have Found the True Companion.

PROPERTY OF O. L. THARP, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

James Rowe. Osie L. Tharp.

1. I have found the true Companion and am with Him all the while, He has been a pre-cious blessing (dai - ly) since He came; When the cares of life are
2. When He placed His arms around me I was wea - ry of the strife, For my heart had long been un-der (blighting) sin's con - trol; But the love of this Com-
3. What a Friend and what a Saviour Je - sus Christ has been to me! More and more my voice His goodness (ev-er) shall pro - claim; More and more I'll sing of

D. S.—*He is faith-ful, ev - er*

heav - y then He cheers me with His smile, So I know He loves me dear-ly,
pan - ion gave me hope and cheered my life, And His pleading voice completely
Je - sus and the grace that makes me free, For I want the world to know Him,

*faith-ful, He is al-ways "just the same," And I love Him, dearly love Him,*

FINE. REFRAIN.

(dear - ly,) bless His name. He is ev - 'ry-thing to me, ev -'ry
(tru - ly) won my soul.
(love Him,) bless His name. I love Him;

*(love Him,) bless His name.*

D. S.

thing to me; (I love Him;) His companion true (for-ev - er) I will be!

# No. 35. Praise His Love For Evermore.

PROPERTY OF J. C. PERRY.

James Rowe. J. C. Perry.

1. Rap - ture fills my heart to - day, Christ has washed my sins a - way; Praise His
2. What a change has tak - en place, Since He saved me by His grace!
3. In His arms of love I rest, Close-ly fold - ed to His breast;

love,..... O my soul;..... I was lost in sin and shame,
Once I spurned His lov - ing plea,
Praise His love, O my soul, All my vain de-sires have flown

But to save me Je - sus came; Praise His love ..... for ev - er - more...
Now He's all the world to me;
And I live for Him a - lone; Praise His love for ev - er - more...

REFRAIN.

{ Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, He has made me what I am; Praise His love,....
{ In His arms I'm go - ing home, Never more from God to roam, [*Omit*.....
Praise His love,

O my soul;.....
.....] Praise His love,..... for ev - er - more.....
O my soul, boundless love, for ev - er-more.

# No. 36. When the Saints Are Gathered In.

James Rowe. PROPERTY OF PERRY BROS. MUSIC CO. S. J. Perry.

1. There will be a won-der-ful meeting, When the saints are gathered in; Christ will
2. Cloudless skies will al-ways be o'er us, When the saints are gathered in; We shall
3. We shall see our King in His glo-ry, When the saints are gathered in; And re-

give a glo-ri-ous greeting, When the saints are gathered in; We shall sigh or
sing a won-der-ful cho-rus, When the saints are gathered in; Sin or gloom will
peat with rap-ture His sto-ry, When the saints are gathered in; Thro' unnumbered

D. S.—*Out of trib-u-*

sor-row no more, When we meet on Canaan's bright shore, With the saints of all of the
nev-er be there, There will be no burdens to bear, Where the saints of all of the
beau-ti-ful days, We shall sing His glo-ri-ous praise, Where the saints of all of the

*la-tion they come, Saying "Glory be to the Lamb;" All the saints of all of the*

FINE. REFRAIN.

a-ges gathered in. They're gath-er-ing in, ..... all gath-er-ing
a-ges gath-er in.
a-ges gath-er in. They're gathering in,

*a-ges gath-er in.*

D. S.

in, ..... In the steps of Jesus their Saviour, With their souls all free from sin;
all gathering in,

. Perry.

; Christ will
; We shall
; And re -

ll sigh or
r gloom will
nnumbered

*trib - u -*

all of the
all of the
all of the

*all of the*

h-er - ing

D. S.

ee from sin;

## No. 37. My Prayer.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY A. J. SHOWALTER.

**W. C. Martin.** **A. J. Showalter.**

DUET.

1. I ask not for treasures of sil - ver and gold, I ask not the sway of a
2. A-dorn me, dear Lord, with Thine own righteousness, A robe fair-er far than a
3. The shadows a - bide, but Thy presence with me Is bet - ter than all earthly

king-dom to hold, But, Lord, just im - part Thy grace to my heart, And
king's roy - al dress; Its beau - ty a - bides, My e - vil it hides, Con -
splen-dor could be; It fills me with light, 'Tis bet - ter than sight, I'm

QUARTET.

grant me this fa - vor, Thy face to be - hold.
ceal - ing the sins that to God I con - fess. O grant me Thy grace, And
hap - py, so hap - py to jour - ney with Thee.

show me Thy face, O grant me but this, This full-ness of bliss, Yes, grant me but

this, This full-ness of bliss; Thy love in my heart and the sight of Thy face.

# No. 38. What Shall it Profit Thee?

**M. P. Ferguson.** COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY E. O. EXCELL. **W. A. Ogden.**

1. Oh, what shall it prof-it thee, broth-er, Hous-es and a-cres so broad?
2. Oh, what shall it prof-it thee, broth-er, Friendships to share and to make?
3. Oh, what shall it prof-it thee, broth-er, Earth-ly am-bi-tion and fame?

No ti-tle to man-sions of glo-ry e-ter-nal, And none to the cit-y of god?
And know not the friend-ship of Je-sus, the Sav-ior, Of Je-sus who died for thy sake?
If Christ in the life-book of glo-ry e-ter-nal, Had nev-er re-cord-ed thy name?

CHORUS.

What shall it prof-it thee then?.....

prof-it thee then?

Tho' the whole world be thine own..... When the death-an-gel has

The whole world be thine own,

called for thy spir-it, And mer-cy for-ev-er has flown.

## No. 39. Hear Him Calling.

PROPERTY OF T. P. BERRY, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

S. J. Perry. T. P. Berry.

1. Hear the Sav-iour's call, wea - ry pil-grims all, Come home, come
2. Leav-ing sin's dread snares and life's bus - y cares,
3. Where the blood-washed throng sing a glad new song, Come home,

home; Faith - ful toil - ing band in life's des - ert land, Come
You shall walk no more on time's drear-y shore,
come home; Heaven's arch - es ring with the praise they bring,

REFRAIN.

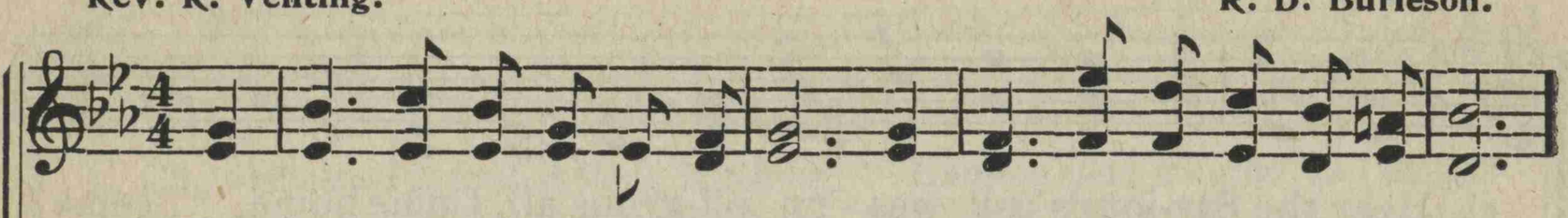
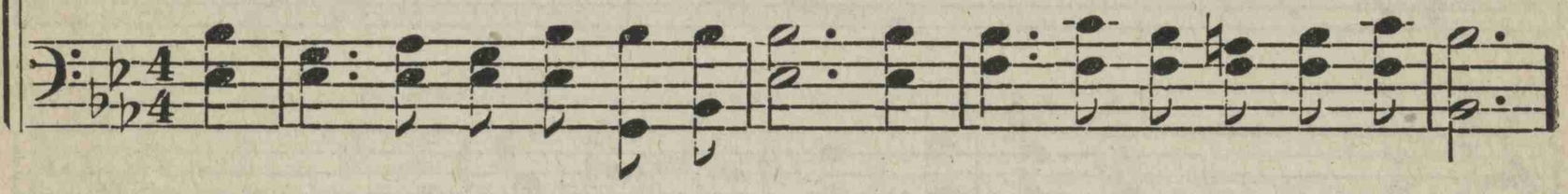
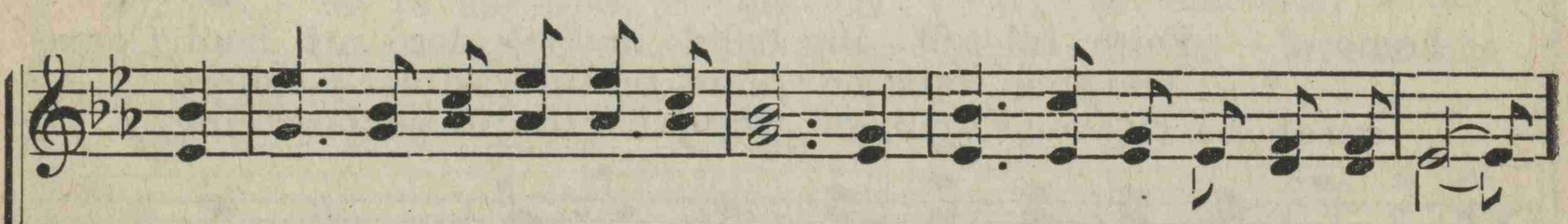
home, come home. Hear Him call - ing, gen - tly
come home. so true,

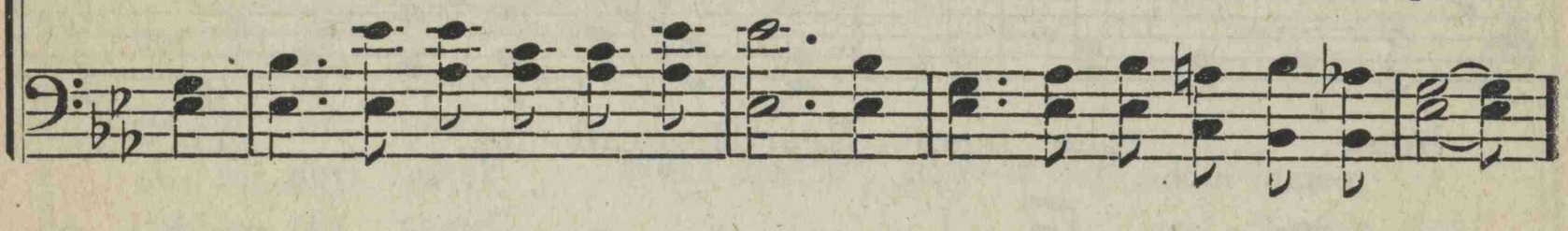
call - ing, "To the New Je - ru - sa - lem come;" Hear Him
for you,

call - ing, gen-tly call - ing, Calling the weary pilgrims home.
a - way, to - day,

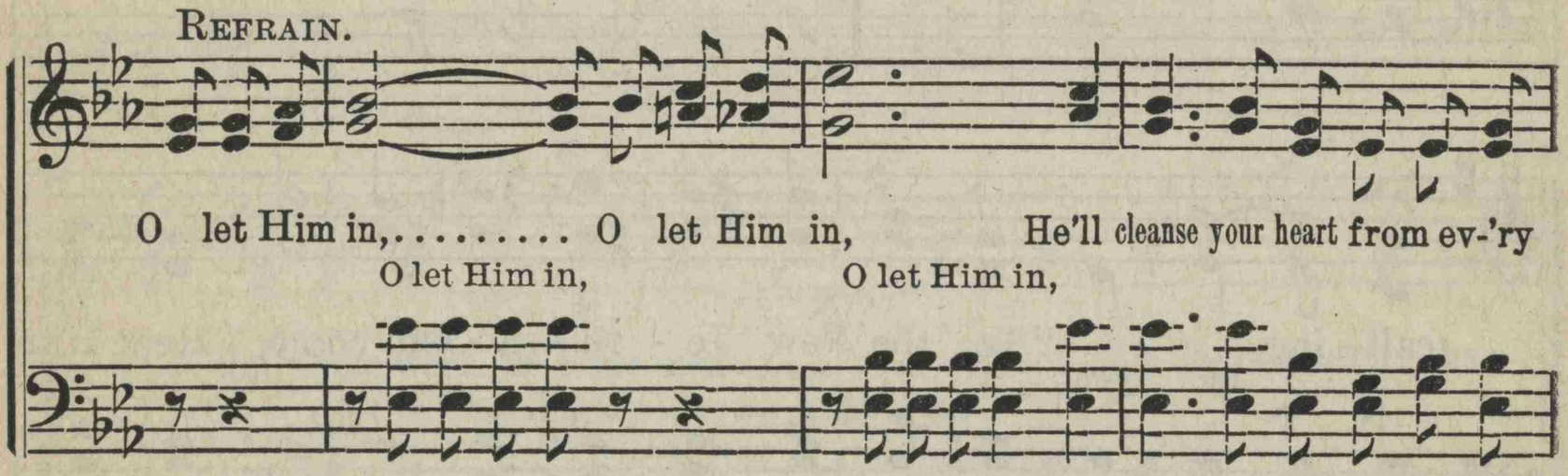
# No. 40. The Silent Knock.

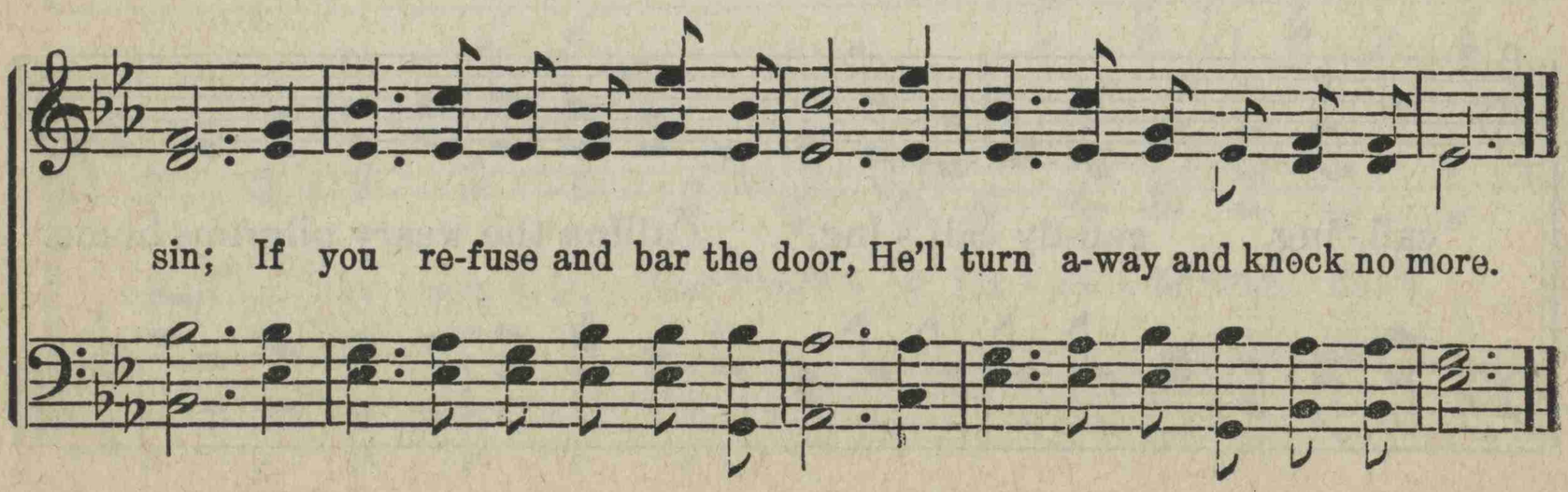
PROPERTY OF R. D. BURLESON.

Rev. R. Venting. R. D. Burleson.

1. The Sav-iour knocks, He waits to win An entrance to thy sin - ful heart;
2. The Spir - it works, you feel with-in A melt - ing heart, a brok-en sigh;
3. In love He'll cleanse the guilt-y stain; Do not re-ject and seal thy doom;
4. No lon - ger, Lord, can I with-stand Thy dy - ing love, it breaks my heart;

O hear His voice and let Him in, Thy soul is lost if He de - part.
Con - vict - ing pow'r of guilt and sin: Sav - iour, come in, or I must die.
At last thy voice shall plead in vain—O let me in—but there's no room.
The knock-ing of Thy nail-print hand, I will re - solve, do not de - part.



REFRAIN.



O let Him in,..... O let Him in, He'll cleanse your heart from ev-'ry
O let Him in, O let Him in,

sin; If you re-fuse and bar the door, He'll turn a-way and knock no more.

# No. 41. Sweep Out of the Narrows.

PROPERTY OF H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA.

**Johnson Oatman, Jr.** **H. M. Eagle.**

1. Thro' narrows some vessels are pass-ing each day, For ships never en - ter the
2. In narrows our ves-sels are crowded for room, And ma-ny go down to a
3. In narrows how many weak Christians are found, Whose vessels are constantly
4. In narrows the soul can-not find per-fect rest, Sweep onward and outward, if

nar-rows to stay, But bound for some coun-try far o - ver the foam, Or
bil - low - y tomb; Our sail - ors dread nar-rows, for dan - ger is there, But
run-ning a-ground; A - fraid to o - bey the command from a - bove, "Sweep
you would be blest; No bil - lows will ev - er your bark o - ver-whelm, While

REFRAIN.

else are ap-proach-ing the har-bors of home. Sweep out..... of the
out on the o - cean there's room and to spare.
out of the nar-rows to o - cean's of love."
crossing life's o - cean with Christ at the helm. Sweep out of the narrows, Sweep

nar - - rows to o - - ceans of love;.....Sweep on.....
out of the narrows, Sweep out of the narrows to oceans of love; Sweep on till you

..... till you en - - ter the har - - bors a - bove.....
en - ter the har-bors a - bove, Sweep on till your safe in the harbors a - bove.

Sweep on to the har-bors a - bove.....

# No. 42. I Hope to Meet You There Some Day.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. WORDS AND MUSIC. R. D. Burleson.

1. When I have reach'd the soul's bright land, I hope to meet you there some day;
2. When I shall walk the gold - en street, I hope to meet you there some day;
3. Where sin can harm our souls no more, I hope to meet you there some day;
4. Where tears no more will dim the eye, I hope to meet you there some day;

When I be - fore the throne shall stand, I hope to meet you there some day.
A - mong the friends that I shall greet, I hope to meet you there some day.
Up - on the bright e - ter - nal shore, I hope to meet you there some day.
Where we will nev - er say "Good bye," I hope to meet you there some day.

CHORUS.

I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, And stand with the saints in bright a-ray;

When I have reach'd my home in heav-en, I hope to meet you there some day.

# No. 43. Closer, Closer.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY A. J. SHOWALTER.

W. C. Martin. A. J. Showalter.

1. I am hap - py close be-side my Saviour, 'Tis my joy to look up-
2. I am con - se - crat-ed to His service; I am kept from sin by
3. O the joy of walking with my Saviour, O the bliss of knowing
4. Je - sus, like a tender shepherd, leads me Dai-ly in - to pastures

on His face; May He sweetly draw me ever clos-er, By His love and
grace di-vine; I'm so hap-py in His ho - ly presence, Earthly gain and
He is near, Sorrows vanish and the clouds are scattered, And I share in
of His love, Yet I know the best is still before me, In the gardens

REFRAIN.

His a-maz-ing grace. Clos-er, clos - er,
pleasures I re-sign.
heaven's raptures here.
of the Lord a-bove. Je - sus draws me, clos - er to Him,

Love and grace are sweetly draw-ing me; Clos - er,
Ev - er clos - er,

clos - er, Clos - er still to Je - sus would I be.
to my Sav-iour;

# No. 44. All to Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY A. J. SHOWALTER & CO. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER.

A. J. Showalter. S. J. Perry.

1. Saviour, may we give our hearts to Thee, All to Thee, all to
2. Thou did'st give Thyself that we might be, All to Thee, all to
3. When we've crossed death's dark and stormy sea, All to Thee, all to

All to Thee,

Thee; All we are and all we hope to be, All to
Thee; And by grace di - vine our love shall be, All to
Thee; May our songs of triumph ev - er be, All to
all to Thee;

REFRAIN.

Thee,..... yes, all to Thee. All to Thee, all to
All to Thee, All to Thee,

Thee, Bless-ed Lord, 'tis all to Thee; All to
yes, all to Thee, yes, all to Thee;

Thee, all to Thee, Blessed Lord, 'tis all to Thee.
All to Thee, yes, all to Thee,

# No. 45. What You Do for Jesus.

M. S. Brown.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Does your heart grow heav - y, with the cross you have to bear? Do you
2. Ev - 'ry lit - tle kind - ness we have done for Him while here, Ev - 'ry
3. Has your soul been bur-dened, oth - er souls for Him to gain? Has your
4. Some day, when our la - bors here are o - ver, one by one, We shall

feel dis - cour-aged, with no an - swer to your prayer? Don't for-get that
smile of sun - shine that we've scat-tered an - y - where, Will be joy in
heart been ach - ing? Does your la - bor seem in vain? No! the Mas - ter
live for - ev - er for the deeds that we have done; Pain we've felt will

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

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

FINE. REFRAIN. *D. S.*

glo - ry by and by. Glo - ry by and by, Glo - ry by and by;
Glo - ry by and by, Glo - ry by and by;

*glo - ry by and by.*

# No. 46. Nearing My Home Day by Day.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE SHOWALTER-PATTON CO.

Jennie Wilson. J. B. Easterling.

1. There's a glo - ri - ous place I shall reach by and by, When I come to the end of my way; And tho' steep be the path that be - fore me doth lie,
2. Ev - 'ry sun - set in time brings the won-der-ful dawn Of e - ter - ni - ty near-er to me; Soon the shades of my last earthly night will be gone,
3. Tho' my jour-ney seems wear-i-some soon I shall rest In the cit - y where Je - sus doth reign; Sheltered safe in that hap-py a - bode of the blest,
4. Just a lit - tle while longer and then I shall view Those bright walls where un- fad - ing gems shine; To the will of my Saviour, O may I be true,

FINE. REFRAIN.

I am nearing my home day by day. I am nearing my home day by day;....
And then heaven's fair morn I shall see.
I shall nev-er know sor-row or pain.
Till I pass thro' the portals di - vine. I am near - - ing my home day by day,

D. S.—*I am nearing my home day by day.*

I am near - ing my home day by day;..... As each ev - en - tide
I am near - - - ing my home day by day;

D. S.

com-eth, the beau-ti - ful shore Un - to me li - eth clos-er than ev - er be-fore;

## No. 47. I Am Clinging to the Rock.

J. M. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY J. M. BOWMAN.

J. M. Bowman.

1. I am clinging to the Rock, blessed sav-ing Rock, While the angry storms may o'er me roll; I am sheltered 'neath the cleft from the tempest's shock, Blessed
2. I am clinging to the Rock, blessed Rock of Faith, There I see my Saviour's lov - ing form; I am look - ing un - to Him while my fleet-ing breath Wafts His
3. I am clinging to the Rock, blessed Rock of Hope, Keeping near the Saviour's bleeding side; I am an-chored to the Rock that was cleft for me, Near the
4. I am clinging to the Rock, blessed Rock of Love, Let me, Lord, up-on Thy bos - om rest; I am wait - ing for the time to be called a - bove, With the

REFRAIN.

Ref - uge to my wea - ry soul. I am clinging, clinging,
prais-es thro' the pierc - ing storm.
foun-tain of the crim - son tide. I am clinging, ev - er clinging, I am
ransomed there for - ev - er blest.

clinging to the Rock; Blessed Refuge, Thou art dear to me; I am clinging,
I am clinging, ev - er

clinging, I am clinging to the Rock, Blessed Sav-iour, I will cling to Thee.

## No. 48. When Faith is in the Heart.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY A. M. PACE.

W. C. Martin. A. M. Pace.

1. There is strength for ev - 'ry du - ty, When faith is in the heart;
2. Bur-dens press up - on us light - ly, When faith is in the heart;
3. Peace a-bides in time of trou-ble, When faith is in the heart;

And the world is full of beau - ty, When faith is in the heart.
All the vir-tues glow more brightly, When faith is in the heart.
All the joys of life are dou - ble, When faith is in the heart.

REFRAIN.

When faith..... is in the heart,
When faith is in the heart, When faith is in the heart,

When faith..... is in the heart;
All doubts and fears de - part, When faith is in the heart;

There is peace that passeth knowledge, When faith is in the heart.

# No. 49. The Light of the World is Jesus.

A. J. S. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. A. J. Showalter.

1. The light of the world is Je - sus! It shines with a radiance beaming so bright,
2. The light of the world is Je - sus! Ef - ful-gent its rays and lus-trous its shine,
3. The light of the world is Je - sus! Tho' rough be my path and long be the way,

Dis-pell-ing the gloom and darkness of night, The light of the world is Je - sus!
No clouds can obscure its beams so di - vine, The light of the world is Je - sus!
It leads to those mansions "fairer than day," The light of the world is Je - sus!

REFRAIN.

The light of the world, The light of the world is
The light of the world, light of the world,

Je - sus! It shines on the way, Turns
It shines on the way, shines on the way,

night in - to day, The light of the world is Je - sus!
night in - to day, night in - to day,

# No. 50. Wrecks Along the Way.

J. M. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. M. BOWMAN.

J. M. Bowman.

1. O see the wrecks..... a-long the way,..... As down the
2. Yes, there are wrecks..... a-long the shore ..... Now stranded
3. O save the wrecks..... a-long the shore,..... 'Mid rocks and

D. C.—*The spir-it line..... throw out to save,..... With might-y*

stream..... of time we glide,..... Temptation's line..... their barks be-
on.. ..... the shoals of sin,..... With angry waves..... now roll-ing
storms..... of doubt and fear, ..... Where ma-ny souls..... sink day by

*arm..... of faith re-claim,..... The lost up-on..... the an-gry*

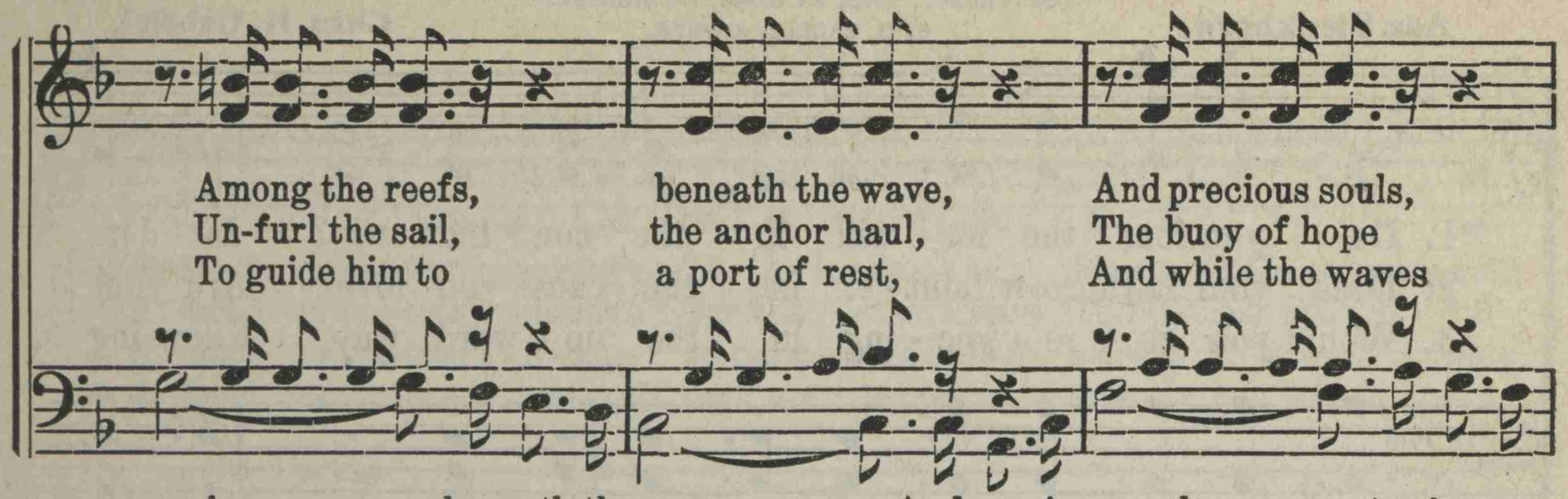
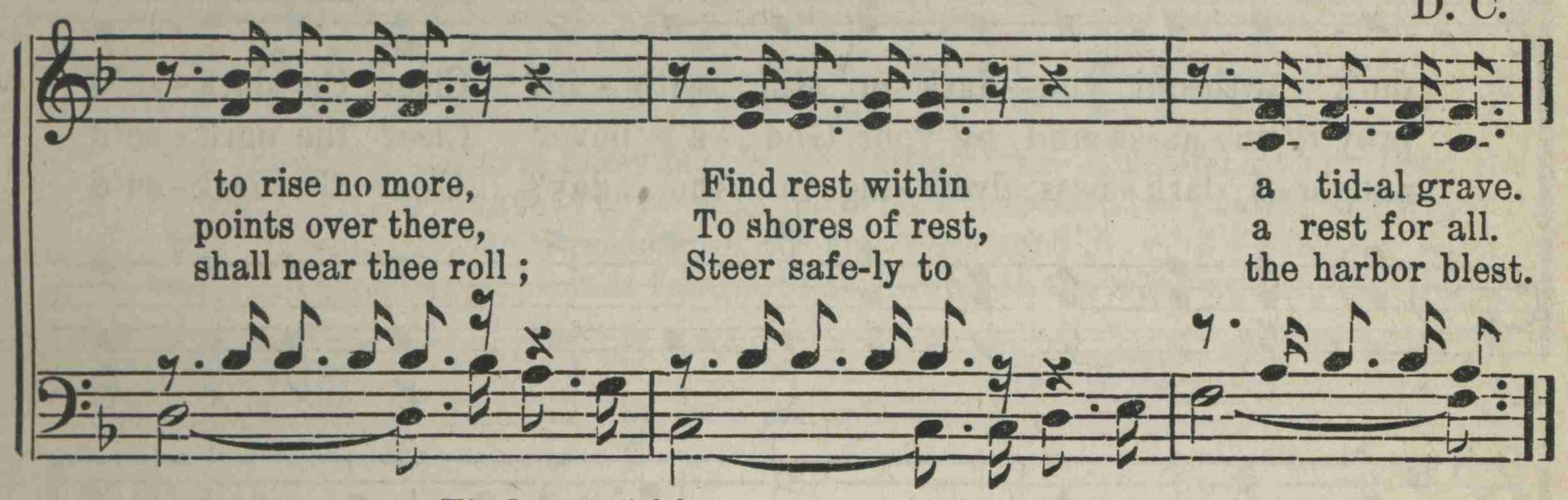
FINE.

tray..... To rocks be-neath..... the swell-ing tide.....
o'er,..... Now sink-ing deep,..... all dark with-in.....
day,..... Throw out the line..... and haul them near.....

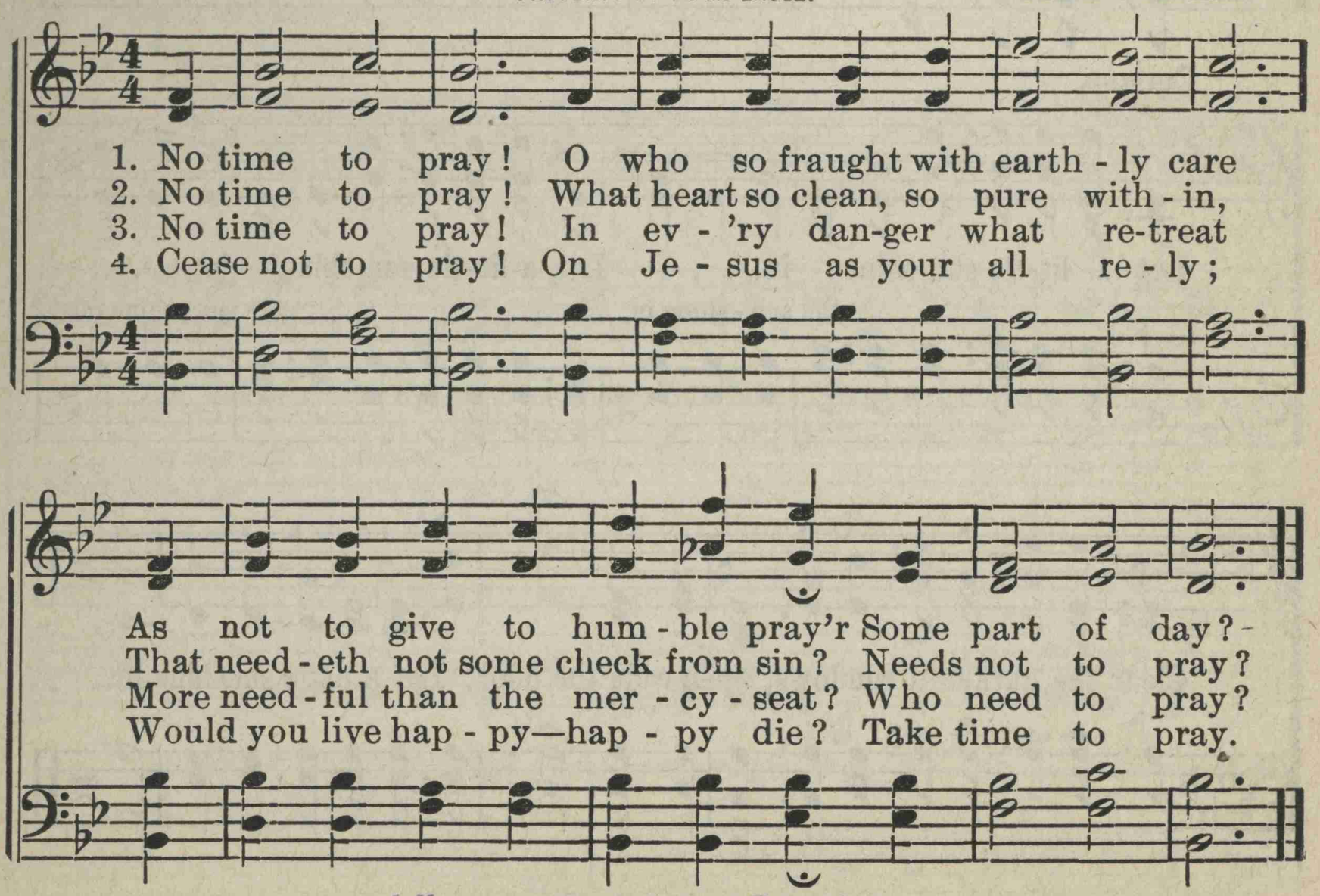
*wave..... Bring in the pow'r..... of Je-sus' name.(of Jesus' name.)*

The tempter leads the sail - or o'er,
With hand up-on the helm of pray'r,
Hold out a hand to some lost soul,

The tempt-er leads..... the sail or o'er,..... A-mong the
With hand up - on..... the helm of pray'r,..... Un-furl the
Hold out a hand..... to some lost soul,..... To guide him

## Wrecks Along the Way.

D. C.

## No. 51. No Time to Pray.

Anon. PROPERTY OF H. M. EAGLE. James Franklin.




Library, Southern Baptist
Theological Seminary

# No. 52. Let the Sunshine In.

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

Ada Blenkhorn. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con - flict win? Is it dark with-out you—dark - er still with - in? Clear the dark - en'd
2. Does your faith grow faint - er in the cause you love? Are your pray'rs un - an-swered by your God a - bove? Clear the dark - en'd
3. Would you go re - joic - ing in the up - ward way, Know-ing naught of dark - ness, dwell - ing in the day? Clear the dark - en'd

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

CHORUS.

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

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

# No. 53. Send Salvation's Message.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY J. D. PATTON.

Birdie Bell. J. D. Patton.

1. Send sal-va-tion's message to the lands a-far, Ma - ny there are watching
2. Send sal-va-tion's message o'er the ocean's wave, Tell the sad and sin - ful
3. Send sal-va-tion's message to each distant clime, Blessed are the tid - ings
4. Send sal-va-tion's message far a-cross the sea, Break the bonds a-sun - der,

for the Morning Star; Lonely hearts are waiting for a Friend divine, Send the
Christ has come to save; They who grope in darkness need the guiding light, May its
full of truth sublime; Freedom for the sin - ner bound in e-vil's chains, King of
set the captive free; Lands that lie in shadows hail the morning bright, Na-tions

REFRAIN.

news of gladness where those souls repine.
rays ce - les - tial cheer their dreary night. Message of sal - va - tion! send it
earth and heav-en, Christ in glo - ry reigns.
long in dark-ness seek the gos-pel light.

far and near! Sto-ry of re-demp-tion, full of hope and cheer; Send the welcome

ti - dings o - ver land and wave, Je-sus reigns in glo-ry, He a - lone can save.

## No. 54. O What a Change!

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

# No. 55. It is Wonderful Love to Me.

PROPERTY OF PERRY BROS. MUSIC CO.

James Rowe. S. E. Arnold.

1. O won-der-ful is Je-sus' love! It is brightening all the way,
2. It brought me from the vales of sin, Where the sorrows of life increase,
3. Tho' of-ten dis-tant seems the goal, I shall never despair or roam,
4. While here I dwell my song shall be Full of praise for my King a-bove,

And, whether blue or cloud a-bove, Giv-ing joy to my soul each day.
And placed me, pure and sweet within, On the beau-ti-ful plains of peace.
For Je-sus' love will draw my soul Ev-er onward towards its home.
And yon-der for e-ter-ni-ty I will sing of His pre-cious love.

REFRAIN.

Won-der-ful love, won-der-ful love,
Won-der-ful love,..... won-der-ful love,.....

Ev-er boundless and sweet and free; Won-der-ful love,
Won-der-ful love,.....

won-der-ful love, It is won-der-ful love to me.....
won-der-ful love,..... to me.

# No. 56. Keep the Heart-Bells Ringing.

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

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

1. Keep the heart-bells ring-ing as you trav-el on-ward, Up the rough and rug-ged road of life; For their mu-sic sweet will cheer you when a-wear-y, It will
2. Keep the heart-bells ring-ing when the path is lone-ly, When the threat'ning sky is cold and gray; They will give to ev-'ry cloud a sil-ver lin-ing That will
3. Keep the heart-bells ring-ing, for their cheering mu-sic May be heard by some-one faint-ing near; He will lis-ten, and his spir-it will a-wak-en, As their

CHORUS.

light-en toil, and sweeten strife. help to drive the storm a-way. Keep the heart-bells ringing, Fill the world with ca-dence falls up-on his ear.

Ringing, ringing, singing, Un-til ech-oes an-swer ev-'ry-where; They will col-or

sing-ing, Un-til ech-oes an-swer ev-'ry-where;

du-ty With a rain-bow beau-ty, And a soul may res-cue from de-spair.

With a rain-bow beau-ty,

# No. 57. Nothing Satisfies but Jesus.

C. H. M.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

# No. 58. All for Jesus.

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

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

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

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

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

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

# No. 59. I Want to Live Closer to Jesus.

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

**Jessie Brown Pounds.** **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus,—My vis - ion so oft - en is dim; To look on His face and be filled with His grace,
2. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus, For oft - en I fol - low a - far; His voice I would hear sounding close to my ear
3. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus, Still clos - er and clos - er each day; Till clasp - ing His hand I shall en - ter the land

CHORUS.

I want to live clos-er to Him.
To tell what His prom-is - es are. Clos - er to Je-sus, clos - er to
Where I shall be near Him for aye.

Je - sus, Clos - er to Him I would be: To look on His face and be filled with His grace, I want to live clos-er to Him.

# No. 60. I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H. COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

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

In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

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

FINE. CHORUS.

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

I must tell Je - sus!

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

D. S.

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

# No. 61. Loyal Comrades of the King.

PROPERTY OF J. LOVE THARP.

James Rowe. J. Love Tharp.

1. On - ward, up-ward, loy - al comrades of Christ the King; Keep the gos - pel
2. On - ward, up-ward, loy - al comrades, be strong and brave; Let us help the
3. On - ward, up-ward, loy - al comrades, the fight to win; If we trust in

standard waving, His prais-es sing; Let us spread the light of gladness a -
lov - ing Sav-iour the world to save; Keep the sa-cred cross before you and
Christ, we surely shall conquer sin; Bat - tle on, till songs of triumph shall

long the way, Clear - ly show - ing love for Je - sus from day to day.
press a - long, Giv - ing cheer and light and hope to the struggling throng.
swell and ring, Till the na - tions sing His prais-es and crown Him King.

FINE.

D. S.—*We will help the world to know our Re - deem-er's love.*

REFRAIN.

On - - ward with Je-sus to glo - ry; Try to win the life-crown
Onward go to glo - ry with the mighty King;

D. S.

wait-ing us a-bove; Tell - - ing His won-der-ful sto - ry,
Spread sal-va-tion's sto - ry, sing, with gladness sing,

## No. 62. Fully Saved.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY R. D. BURLESON. USED BY PER.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. R. D. Burleson.

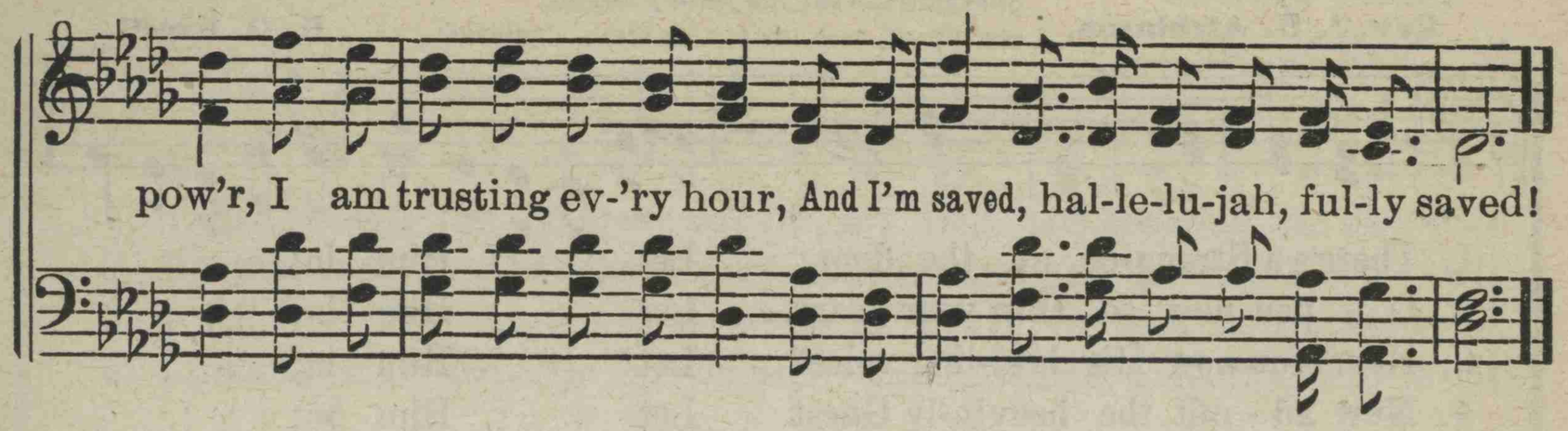
1. I had wandered far a - way from the fold, (from the fold,) On the bar - ren hills of sin, dark and cold, But I heard my Saviour's voice,
2. When I bro't Him all my great load of sin, (load of sin,) Then His ten - der arms of love took me in, And I soon found perfect rest
3. Let the bil-lows of this life round me toss, (round me toss,) Let the tempter of my soul seek its loss, But I'm rest-ing on the arm
4. So I'm rest-ing in His love day by day, (day by day,) And I find He sweetly saves all the way; So I still will shout and sing,

And it made my heart rejoice, As I cried, "I am saved, fully saved!"
On my precious Sayiour's breast, Shouting out, "I am saved, fully saved!"
That can save my soul from harm, And to-day I am saved, fully saved!
As I make His praises ring, Praise the Lord, I am saved, fully saved!

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah, I am saved, ful-ly saved, (ful - ly saved,) Hal-le-lu-jah, I am saved, ful-ly saved; (fully saved;) Kept by God's Almighty

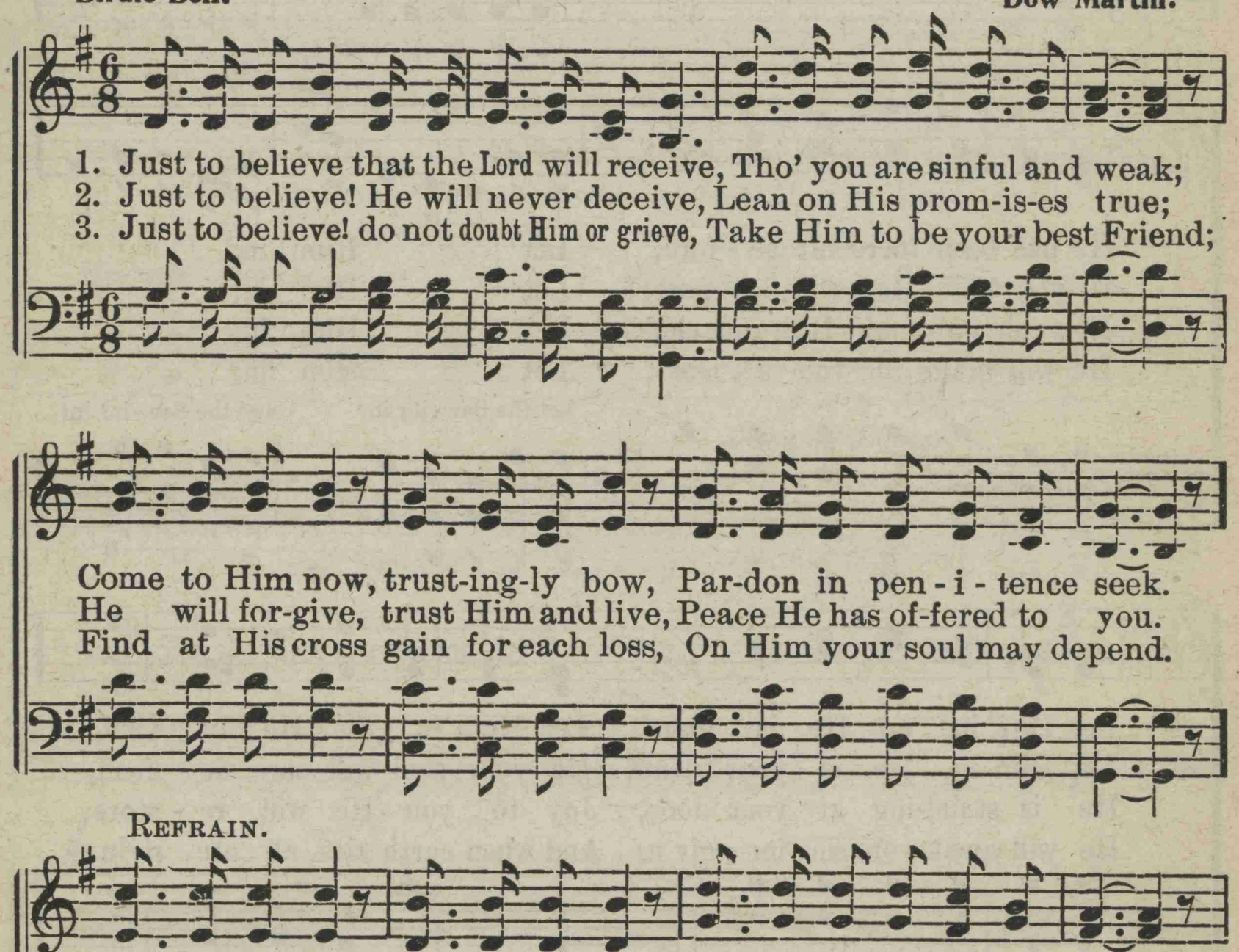
## Fully Saved.




## No. 63. Just to Believe.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY A. J. SHOWALTER.

**Birdie Bell.** **Dow Martin.**



# No. 64. Let Him In.

COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## No. 65. He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS. *Faster.*

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

pre-cious to me. so pre-cious to me;

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

*rit.* - - - -

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FINE.

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

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

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

# No. 67. The Savior's Smile.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. WORDS AND MUSIC. Jno. R. Sweney.

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

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

FINE. CHORUS.

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

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

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

*D. S.*

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

# No. 68. O Home, Sweet Home.

PROPERTY OF PERRY BROS. MUSIC CO.

W. C. Martin. Ref. by L. G. P. Lurher G. Presley.

1. There is rest for me when my work is done In my Father's house on high;
2. There are shadows here, there is glo - ry there, There no night will ev - er come;
3. By the streams of life shall my soul re - cline, Where the happy an - gels roam;
4. Soon the day will come when my Lord shall call, Call my hap-py soul a - way;

He will call me home at the set of sun, O the time is draw-ing nigh.
And the peace of God I shall sweetly share, When I reach my heav'n-ly home.
And my heart shall glow with a joy di - vine Yon - der in my heav'n-ly home.
I shall leave be - hind sin and sor-rows all, When the sum-mons I o - bey.

REFRAIN.

O home, sweet home, Where the an - - gels roam;
O home, sweet home, Where the hap - py an - gels roam;

How oft for thee I sigh, Where all is love In that
Where all is love,

home a - bove, I'll reach it by and by.
In that peaceful home a - bove, by and by.

# No 69. Flitting Away.

James Rowe. PROPERTY OF PERRY BROS. MUSIC CO. S. J. Perry.

1. Ye lov - ers of Je - sus, a - wake and a - rise, Go, la - bor for
2. The har-vest is wait - ing for la - bor-ers true, Has Je - sus been
3. Go forth with the Mas-ter and work while 'tis day, If life's rich re -
4. O ye who from home and from God are astray, Take warning—the

Him while you may; The dark - ness of night soon will dark-en the
call - ing in vain? Ere long the bright sun will be hidden from
ward you would earn; No crown will be won if you i - dle a -
night draweth nigh! Plead now with the Lord, let Him save you to -

REFRAIN.

skies, The moments are flitting a - way. Flit - ting,.....
view, O has-ten to gath-er the grain.
way The moments that nev-er re - turn.
day; Plead now, lest "too late" be your cry. Flit - ting a - way,

flit - ting a - way! So soon will be end - ed the day!

Flit - ing,..... flit - ing a-way, Time swiftly is flit-ting a - way!
Flit - ting a - way,

# No. 70 I'm In My Father's Keeping.

PROPERTY OF W. T. TURNER.

**W. T. T. and W. C. Martin.** **W. T. Turner.**

1. I'm in my Fa - ther's keep-ing, Se-cure what-e'er be - tide; An eye that knows no sleeping Keeps watch where I a-bide; I have no fear of
2. En - camp-ing 'round a - bout me Are an - gels from a - bove, Whom God has sent to guard me, An ob-ject of His love; I'm con - fi-dent and
3. My Fa - ther makes the spar-row An ob - ject of His care; His hand a-dorns the lil - y With glo-ries rich and'rare; His child is sure - ly
4. His might - y arm a-round me Up-holds, when I would fall; He knows before I tell Him My needs, and grants them all; He hears my faintest

dan - ger Or harm I can - not see, For One who loves me dear - ly Keeps watch and guard o'er me. Keeps watch and guard o'er me, Keeps watch and guard o'er me,
hap - py Wher-ev - er I may be, Be-cause I know His an - gels Keep watch and guard o'er me. Keep watch and guard o'er me, Keep watch and guard o'er me,
dear - er To Him than they can be— Yes, He who guards the spar-row Keeps watch and guard o'er me. Keeps watch and guard o'er me, Keeps watch and guard o'er me,
whis-per When on my bend-ed knee, His arm is un - der-neath me, And He keeps watch o'er me. And He keeps watch o'er me, Yes, He keeps watch o'er me,

FINE. D. S.

# No. 71. Growing Dearer Each Day.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'Tis bound-less and deep as the sea; And best of it all, it is dai - ly Grow-ing sweet - er and sweeter to me.
2. I know He is ev - er be-side me! E - ter - ni - ty on - ly will prove The height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in - fi - nite love.
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor - row, or shadow, or sun; And tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweeter to me!

CHORUS.

Sweet - er and sweeter to me, . . . . Dear - er and dear - er each day; . . . Oh, won - - der - ful love of my
Sweet-er to me, grow - ing sweet-er to me, Dear - er each day, grow - ing dear - er each day; Oh, won - der - ful love, love of my

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

## No. 72. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

**W. Williams. Abbr.** COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. **M. G. Barringer.**

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land; (bar-ren land;)
2. O - pen now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the healing stream doth flow; (stream doth flow;)
3. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anxious fears subside;(fears subside;)

I am weak but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand.(Thy pow'rful hand.)
Let the fier - y, cloud-y pil - lar Lead me all my journey thro'.(my journey thro'.)
Bear me thro' the swell-ing current, Land me safe on Canaan's side.(on Canaan's side.)

REFRAIN.

Guide..... me all the way, Guide..... me
Guide me all the way, safe-ly guide me all the way, Guide me all the way

all the way; O..... Thou great Je-
guide me all the way; O Thou great Je - ho - vah,

ho - - vah, Guide me to the realms of day.
O Thou great Je - ho - vah, the realms of day.

## No. 73.

# On the Billows.

JESSE B. HARDIN, OWNER.

**Jennie Wilson.** **Jesse B. Hardin.**

1. On the bil - lows of time's might-y o - cean we sail, Oft - en threatened with harm by the fierce - driv - en gale; Ev - er swift - ly the deep swell - ing
2. On the bil - lows a light from the distant shore gleams, From the har-bor of heav - en its ra - di - ance streams; 'Tis a glo - ry di - vine, to il - aid when the tem - pests ap - pall; At His bid - ding wild storms and their
3. On the bil - lows our Sav-iour re-sponds to our call, And He comes to our tide bears us on To the shore where so ma - ny be - fore us have gone. lu - mine our way, Till we an - chor where dan-gers are o - ver for aye. tu - mult must cease, And His gen - tle voice brings to us glad-ness and peace.

FINE.

D. S.—*Who can steer our bark safe - ly as on-ward we glide.*

REFRAIN.

On the bil - lows we sail, on the bil - lows we sail, Tho' our strength is but small and our ves-sels are frail; O we need for our voy - age a pi - lot and guide,

D. S.

# No. 74. Loyalty to Christ.

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

## No. 75. In the Light of His Love.

James Rowe. PROPERTY OF PERRY BROS. MUSIC CO. Chas. E. Adams.

1. We are marching on from day to day, In the light of our
2. We are not a-fraid the foe to meet, For our Sav-iour will
3. We are trust-ing whol-ly on His grace, Which is dai-ly sur-
4. He has prom-ised us that by and by, If we faith-ful-ly

Sav-iour's love; Sing-ing songs of praise a-long the way, We are
shield our souls; He will al-ways keep us pure and sweet, For His
round-ing all; He will cheer us on with His smil-ing face, And will
wage the strife, We shall share His glo-ry in the sky, And be

REFRAIN.

bound for our home a-bove. Marching on,..... ev-er on,.....
won-der-ful love con-trols.
lift us when-e'er we fall.
crowned with the crown of life. March-ing on and on, ev-er on and on,

True to Je-sus our King a-bove; Marching on,.....
March-ing on and on,

ev-er on,..... In the light of His pre-cious love.
ev-er on and on,

# No. 76. Here Is My Broken Heart.

W. C. Martin. PROPERTY OF THE SHOWALTER-PATTON CO. Arel Bertrand.

1. Here is my bro-ken heart, no oth - er gift I bring, It shall be all Thine own,
2. From earth I turn a - way, Je - sus, my Friend, to Thee, For a true child of God
3. O make me pure within, make me to loathe all sin; I must an - oth - er life

Je-sus, my King;.... Heal it by grace di-vine, fill it with love like Thine, O may Thy
I want to be;..... Help me to o-ver-come, help me to do the right, Lead me from
this day be-gin;..... I forsake all the world, all earthly hopes resign, Dear Saviour,

REFRAIN.

ho - li-ness, Sav-iour, be mine.(be mine.)
gloaming, Lord, in-to the light.(the light.) Lord, I sur-ren - der all, nothing with-
make me now per-fect - ly Thine. (all Thine.)

hold from Thee—Thou freely gav - est all, Je - sus, for me;..... O take my contrite
for me;

heart, make it a heart like Thine, Grant that Thy ho-li-ness, Lord, may be mine.....
be mine

# No. 77. What More Can He Do.

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

Rachel Rivers. WORDS AND MUSIC. Jno. R. Sweney.

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

:8: *ad lib.*..... FINE.

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

CHORUS.

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

D. S.

# No. 78. Calling the Prodigal.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

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

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

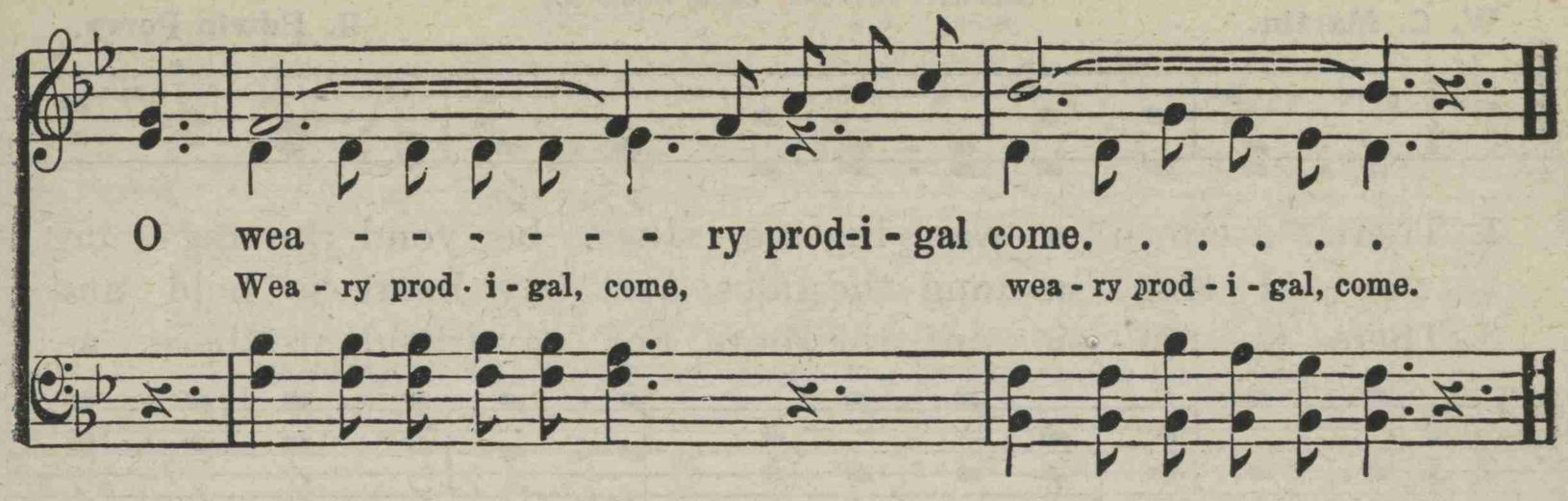
hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee; Tho' you've wandered so
hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee; Oh! re-turn while the
hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee; Lo! the ta - ble is
for thee;

far from His presence, come today, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . .
Spir - it in mer-cy in - ter-cedes, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . .
spread and the feast is waiting there, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . .
calling still.

CHORUS.

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

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

## Calling the Prodigal.

## No. 79. More Like Jesus.

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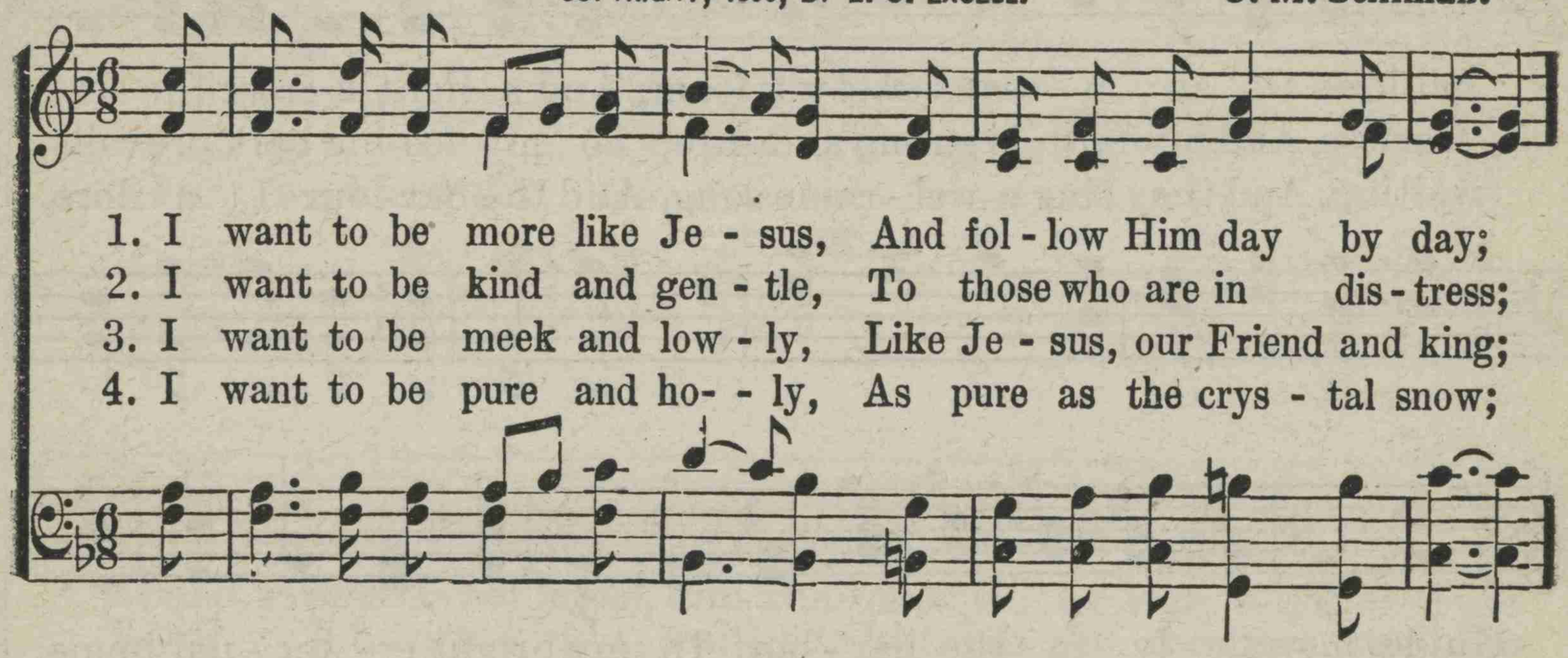
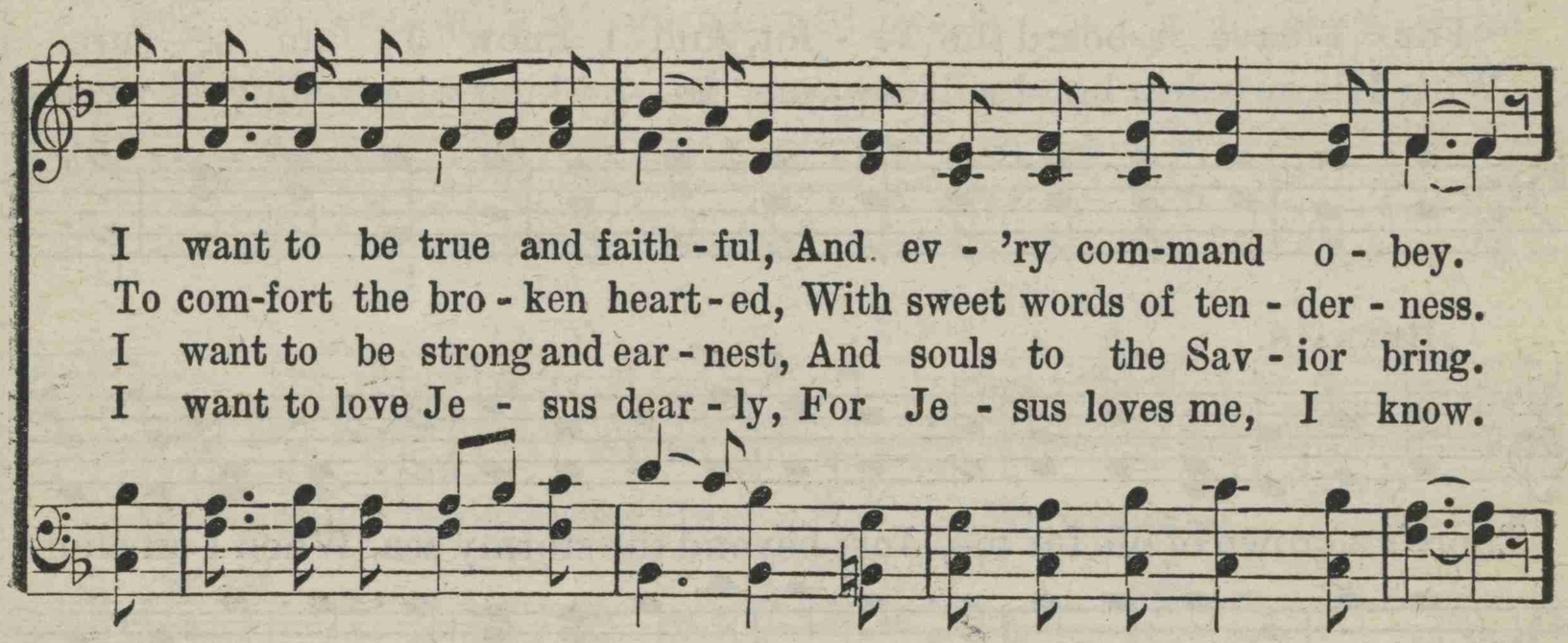
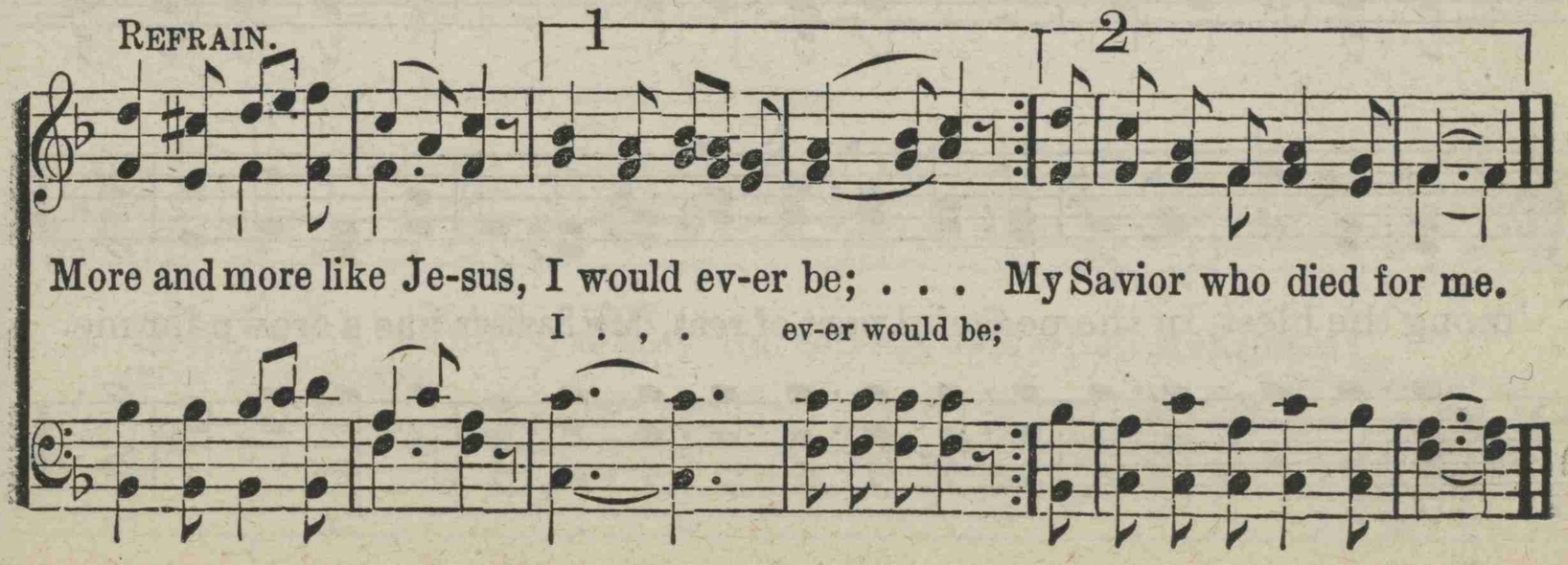
J. M. S. J. M. Stillman.



## No. 80. A Crown Awaiting Me.

PROPERTY OF PERRY BROS. MUSIC CO.

W. C. Martin. R. Edwin Perry.

1. There's a crown a - wait - ing me, Just be - yond the rag - ing bil-lows Of an o - cean flecked with foam; And a light a-cross the sea,
2. So I sing a-mong the gales, And my heart is bold and fearless, And my faith is strong and sure; So my fee-ble bark prevails,
3. There is mu - sic on the shore, For my friends are there a- waiting, And they sing a wel - come song, And the Sav-iour I a - dore,

Guides me safe - ly to the har - bor, To my bright e - ter - nal home.
For I have a-board the Pi - lot, And I know I am se - cure.
With His own dear hand will crown me, As a king who conquered wrong.

REFRAIN.

There's a crown of life for me, Just beyond the stormy sea, When I an-chor 'mong the blest, In the peaceful port of rest, My Saviour has a crown for me.

# No. 81. The Valley Won't Be Dark.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY J. B. HARDIN.

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow . . thou art with me."

J. B. H. **Jesse B. Hardin.**

1. O the val - ley won't be dark when our souls must quit this clay,
2. Keep your lamps all burning bright, and be watch-ing ev - 'ry day,
3. If we're faith-ful work-ers here we'll not cross the stream a - lone,

If we're robed and read - y when Je - sus comes; If we're
For the Sav - iour soon will bid us come home; But we
For we know that He our suf - f'rings will share; He will

armed with gos - pel grace, and the Lord is ev - er nigh, O the
know we'll have the light, 'twill be shin - ing on the way, And the
help us o'er death's stream, and will give to us a home, And the

*lay our ar - mor down, and put on a shin - ing crown, And the*

val-ley won't be dark when He comes..... We will take up the
when He comes. We will take

*val - ley won't be dark when He comes.*

cross, And be read-y for the Saviour when He comes;
take up the cross, when He comes;

FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.—*Then we'll* D. S.

# No. 82. There is Glory in My Soul.

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

Grace Weiser Davis. Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

glo - ry in my soul! There is glo - ry, glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my

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

glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my soul! There is glo-ry in my soul!

glo - ry in my soul!

# No. 83. The Babe of Bethlehem.

**Johnson Oatman, Jr.** PROPERTY OF J. M. EDWARDS. **J. M. Edwards.**

1. Tell me once more that beau-ti-ful sto-ry, Sto-ry of that most won-der-ful night;
2. Born on that night the hopes of the ages, Came, that God's favor might be restored;
3. Born a-mong men of all the most ho-ly, None in the earth or heaven so high;
4. So we will love that wonderful sto - ry, Love to repeat the angels' re - frain;

When from His throne exalted in glo - ry Came down the dear Lord of life and of light.
Saviour fore-told by prophets and sag-es, Came to bring peace and good will from the Lord.
Yet in His birth none ev-er so low - ly, Came He to save and to suffer and die.
Hoping some day to hear it in glo - ry, Where earth and heaven shall sing it again.

REFRAIN.

Beau-ti - ful sto - ry, won-der - ful sto - ry,
won-der - ful sto - ry, Told of the
Beau-ti - ful sto - ry, won-der - ful sto - ry,
Told of the Babe of Beth-le - hem; Tell me a-gain that most
Babe.....
wonderful
Told of the Babe Tell me a gain that most
won-der - ful sto - ry, Ev - er declared to the children of men.
sto - ry, Ev - er de-clared.....
won - der-ful sto - ry, Ev - er de-clared

# No. 84. When Our Lord Shall Come Again.

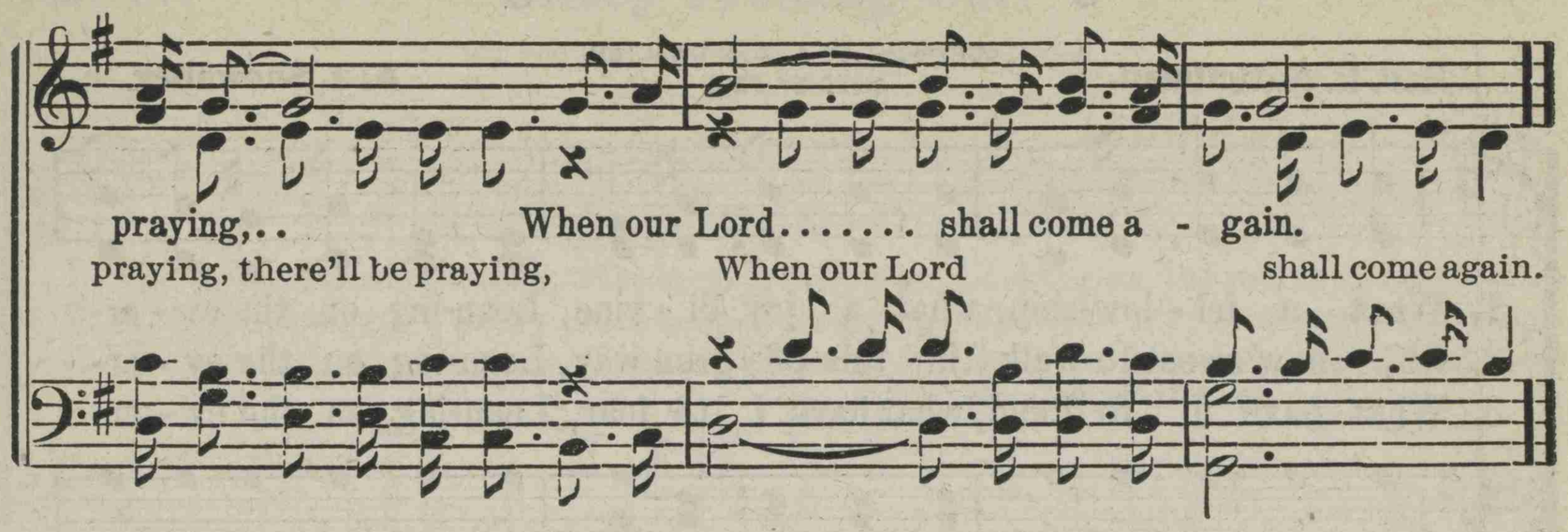
**Johnson Oatman, Jr.** PROPERTY OF R. L. FERGUSON. **R. L. Ferguson.**

1. When up - on..... the clouds of heav - en,(clouds of heav-en,) Christ shall come.... to earth a - gain,(to earth a-gain,) Will the world.... be glad to
2. Will His com - ing bring re - joic - ing?(bring re-joic-ing?) Or will it..... bring tears and pain?(bring tears and pain?) Are you read - y to re-
3. Will you join..... in lam - en - ta - tion?(lam - en - ta-tion?) Or the an - gels' glad refrain?(their glad refrain?) Will you help..... His peo - ple
4. Work and pray..... till Je - sus calls you, (Je - sus calls you,) Help to gath - er in the grain, (the golden grain,) Then with joy..... you'll meet the

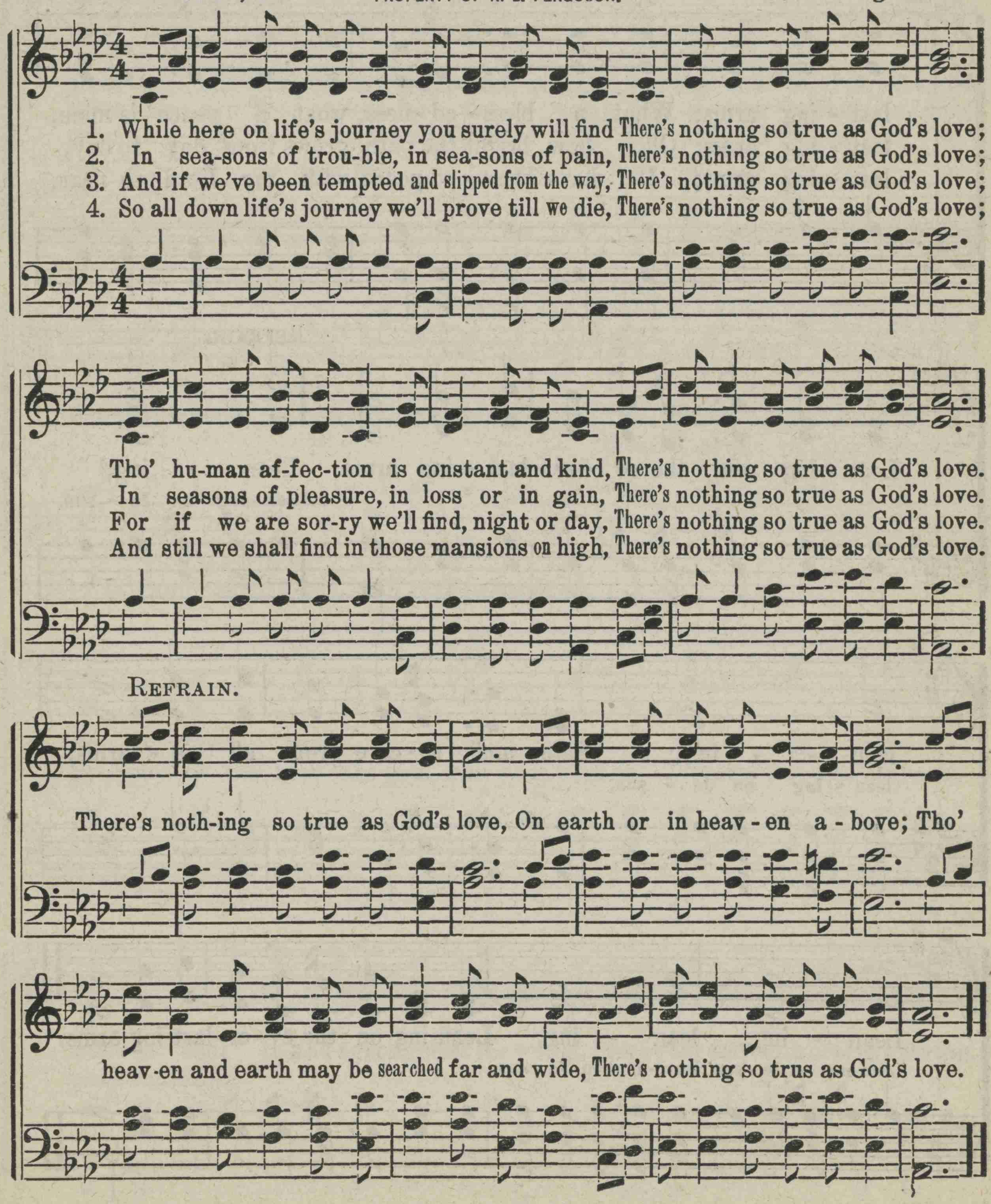
see Him,(glad to see Him,) When our Lord.... shall come a-gain?(shall come again?)
ceive Him,(to re-ceive Him,) When our Lord.... shall come a-gain?(shall come again?)
crown Him,(help to crown Him,) When our Lord.... shall come a-gain?(shall come again?)
Saviour,(meet the Saviour,) When our Lord.... shall come a-gain. (shall come again.)

REFRAIN.

There'll be sing-ing,.. there'll be shouting,.. There'll be
There'll be singing, there'll be shouting, shouting, shouting,
sorrow,.. there'll be pain; There'll be weep-ing, there'll be
There'll be sorrow, there'll be pain, heart-rending pain; There'll be weeping, there'll be

## When Our Lord Shall Come Again.

## No. 85. Nothing So True As God's Love.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. PROPERTY OF R. L. FERGUSON. R. L. Ferguson.



# No. 86. Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

COPYRIGHT BY A. J. SHOWALTER.
USED BY PER.

**Rev. E. A. Hoffman.** **A. J. Showalter.**

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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

# No. 87. Keep Pressing On.

PROPERTY OF O. L. THARP, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

O. L. T. Osie L. Tharp.

1. Tho' you meet with sorrow, Just keep pressing on, Looking to the morrow, Just keep press-ing on; Tho' the way seems dark as night, And the end is out of sight,
2. When your heart grows weary, Just keep pressing on, When the days are dreary, Just keep press-ing on; Not an ef-fort is in vain, You a rich reward shall gain,
3. Tho' your friends deny you, Just keep pressing on, Tho' your foes defy you, Just keep press-ing on; Christ your friend will ev-er be, And will lead to vic-to-ry,

FINE. REFRAIN.

Put your trust in Je-sus, And keep pressing on. On-ward, up-ward
Onward, nev-er fal-ter, Pressing

D. S.—*Put your trust in Je-sus, And keep pressing on.*

to the goal, Let-ting Je-sus have
up-ward to the heav-'nly goal, Put your trust in Je-sus, Let Him have com-

D. S.

con-trol; In the fight against the wrong, Press your way with courage strong,
plete con-trol;

## No. 88. There Is a City So Fair.

George Dunn. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY J. B. HARDIN. Jesse B. Hardin.

1. There's a cit - y so fair, where there cometh no night, And they need not the sun o - ver there,
2. There's a cit - y so fair just be-yond time's far shore, Where our loved ones and kin - dred have gone;
3. There's a cit - y so fair in the land of the blest, Where the joys of our Lord we shall share;
4. There's a cit - y so fair, where my Saviour has gone, There a man - sion for me to pre - pare;

For the blest Lamb of God is this fair cit - y's light,
When we meet on that shore we shall part nev - er-more,
When our time here is o'er to that blest land we'll go,
When my work here is done, then for me He will come,

REFRAIN.

We shall meet in that cit - y so fair. O come and go to that cit - y
We shall have in that cit - y a home.
We shall dwell in that cit - y so fair. O come let us go to that cit - y
Then I'll go to that cit - y so fair.

so fair, Where the wea-ry for - ev - er shall rest,..... O come and go
for-ev - er shall rest, O come let us go

to that cit - y so fair, And dwell in that land of the blest.....
good and the blest.

## No. 89. Don't You Want to Go?

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY J. D. VAUGHAN. USED BY PER.

J. D. V. James D. Vaughan.

1. Don't you want to go to that hap-py home on high? Where the good shall meet, yes, meet to part no more, And shall live and reign far a-bove the star-ry sky,
2. Think how ma-ny pray'rs have been offered up for you, Of-ten while you slept dear moth-er's tears did flow; Turn and seek sal-va-tion, O to her love be true,
3. Time is swift-ly pass-ing, and soon will close the gate, Then your soul must sink in ev-er-last-ing woe; Give your heart to Je-sus, for soon 'twill be too late,
4. Could you stand in judg-ment, if you should die to-day? All that you have writ-ten you must face, you know; Je-sus now is plead-ing, He'll wash your sins a-way,

REFRAIN.

In that sun-ny clime up-on the gold-en shore.
While your friends are wait-ing, don't you want to go? Don't you want to go?
Moth-er now is wait-ing, don't you want to go?
To that home in glo-ry, don't you want to go?

Don't you want to go? While we plead and pray, make the start to-day; Je-sus bids you come to that hap-py home, Don't you want to go? Don't you want to go?

# No. 90. Will My Mother Know Me There?

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. WM. M. GOLDEN, OWNER. USED BY PER.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. Wm. M. Golden.

1. When I reach... my home e - ter-nal, (home eternal,) Reach that cit - y
2. I have changed with changing seasons, (changing sea-sons,) I am bent.... with
3. Oft for me..... my mother wrestled, (mother wrestled,) When she used... to
4. Mother's face... has been a bea-con, (been a beacon,) O'er a sea .... of

bright and fair, (bright and fair,) When I stand... a-mong the an-gels, (with the angels,)
toil and care, (toil and care,) Do you think... she will re-mem-ber, (will remember,)
kneel in pray'r, (kneel in pray'r,) Do you think... she has for-got-ten, (has for-got-ten,)
deep despair, (deep despair,) I shall look.... for her up yon-der, (her up yon-der,)

Fine. Refrain.

Will my moth - - er know me there? Yes, I know..... that
Will my moth-er know me there? Yes, I know that

D. S.—*And I'm sure..... she'll know me there.*
*And I'm sure know me there.*

she will know me, In those man - - sions bright and
sure - ly know me, In those mansions

D. S.

fair; Moth-er's love..... can ne'er for-get me,..
bright and fair; Mother's love ne'er for - get me,

# No. 91. I Am Happy in Him.

E. O. E.

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

E. O. Excell.

1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so precious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wand'ring afar from the fold;
3. His love and His mer-cy surround me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down;

His voice it is music to hear it, His face it is heaven to see.
Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures untold.
His Spir - it, to guide and to comfort, Is with me wher-ev-er I go.
Till then I will ev-er be faith - ful, In gath - er-ing gems for His crown.

CHORUS.

I am hap-py in Him, . . I am hap-py in Him; . .
I . . . . am hap-py in Him, I . . . . am hap-py in Him;

My soul with de-light He fills day and night, For I am hap-py in Him.

## No. 92.

# O Make Me Wise.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY A. J. SHOWALTER.

W. C. Martin. A. J. Showalter.

DUET. Soprano and Tenor.

1. Lord, make me wise that I may speak To wea-ry hearts of Thy great love;
2. Lord, make me wise that I may show Thy balm to ev-'ry breaking heart;
3. Lord, make me wise to ev - er stand Up-on the rock of Cal - va - ry;
4. Lord, make me wise in Thy pure Word, Its saving grace to clearly know;

O make me wise that I may seek And lead lost souls to heav'n a - bove.
O make me wise that I may know The gospel sto - ry I im - part.
O make me wise to reach a hand To those who sink in life's dark sea.
And fill me with Thy fullness, Lord, Un-til my heart shall o - ver-flow.

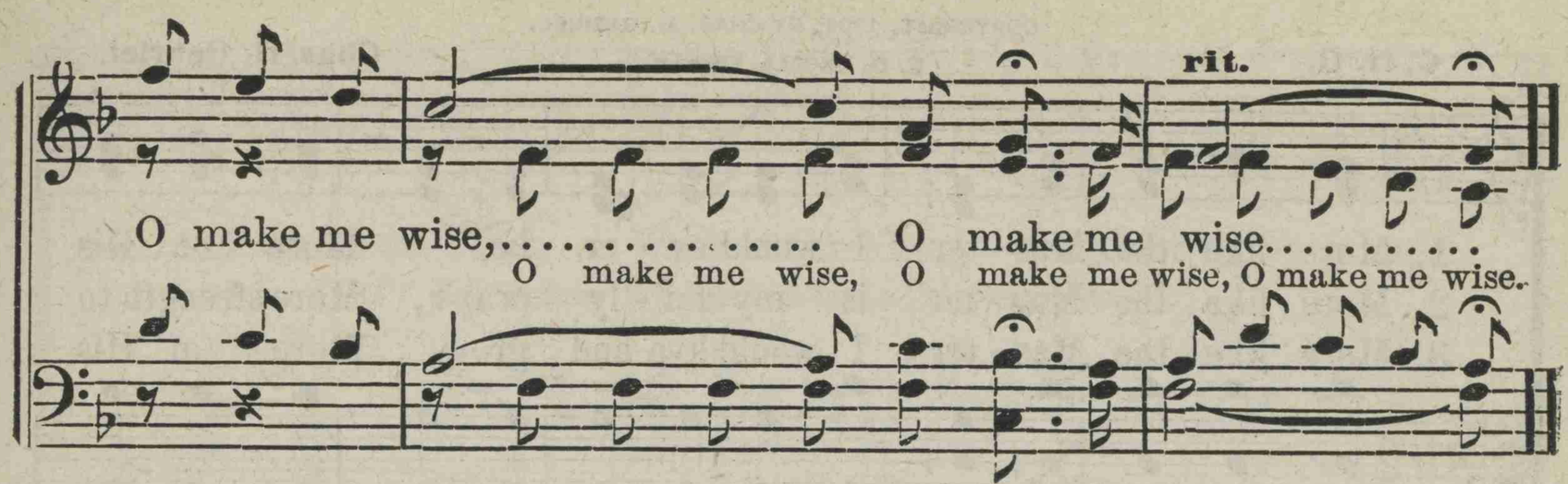
CHORUS.

Thy grace I prize,..... since I would rise.....
Thy grace I prize, since I would rise, since I would rise,

To serv - ice loft - - - - y as the skies;.....
To serv - ice loft - y as the skies, the loft - y skies;

My ea - ger soul..... for wis - dom cries;.....
My ea - ger soul for wis - dom cries, for wis - dom cries;

## O Make Me Wise.




## No. 93. I Shall Put My Glory On.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY A. J. SHOWALTER.

W. C. Martin. A. J. Showalter.

## No. 94. More Like the Master.

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

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

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

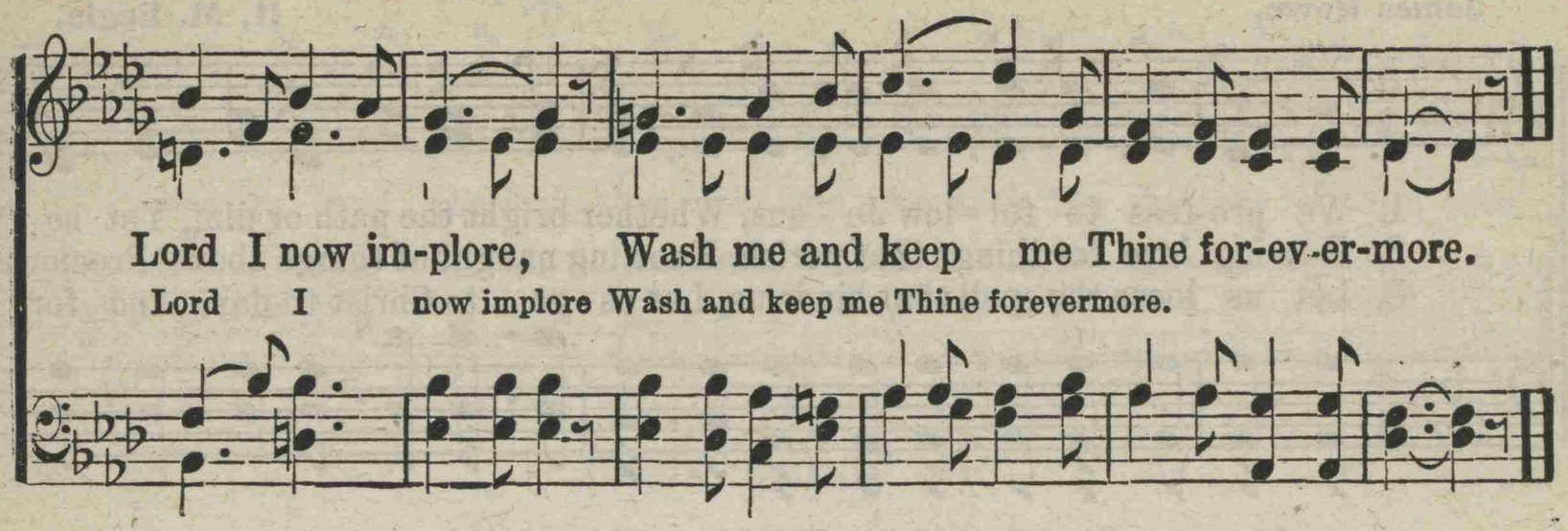
meek-ness, more hu - mil - i - ty; More zeal to la - bor, more cour-age
car - ry cross - es I must bear; More earn - est ef - fort to bring His
love to oth - ers I would show; More self - de - ni - al, like His in

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

CHORUS.

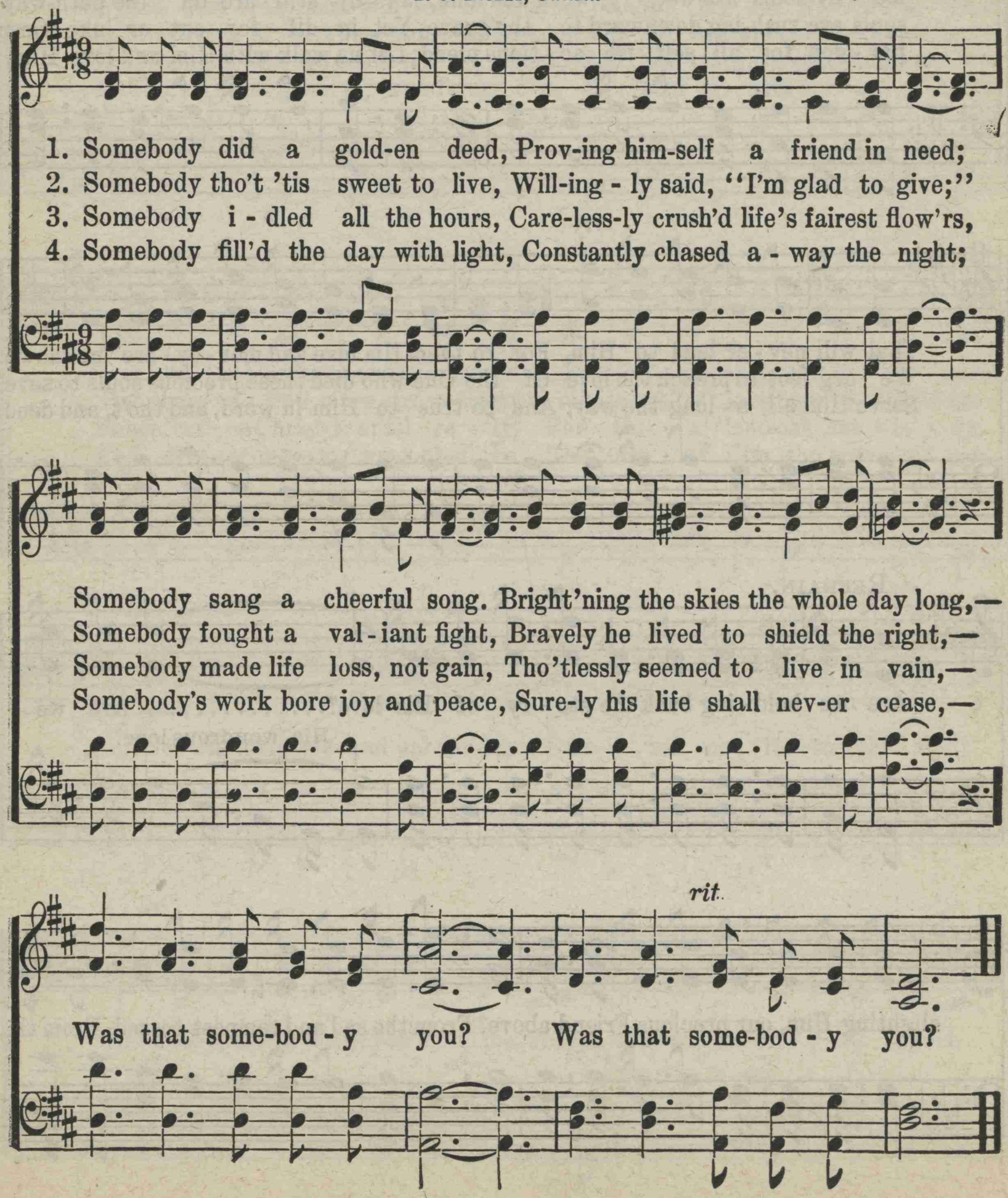
Take Thou my heart ..... I would be Thine a-lone;..... Take Thou my
Take my heart, O take my heart, I would be Thine a - lone; Take my heart, O

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

## More Like the Master.

## No. 95. Somebody.

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

John R. Clements. W. S. Weeden.



# No. 96. Are We Holding Back the Story?

PROPERTY OF H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA.

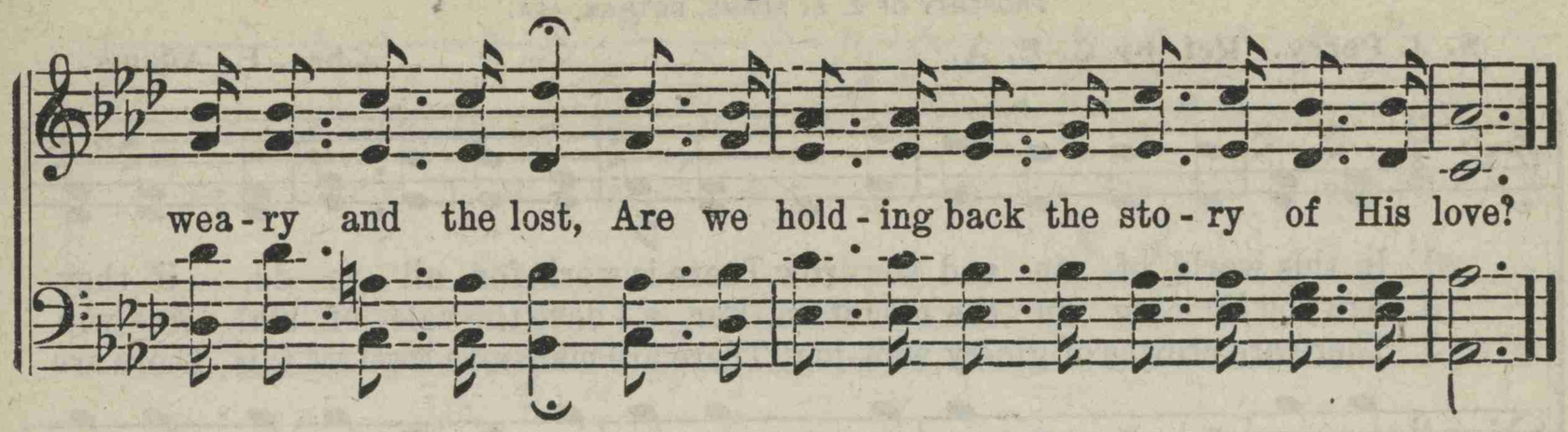
James Rowe. H. M. Eagle.

1. We pro-fess to fol - low Je - sus, Whether bright the path or dim, Yet so ma - ny souls are wea - ry, worn and lone; Ma - ny still are on the path-way That will nev - er lead to Him, For to them His love and mer - cy are unknown.
2. Hav-ing love for things that perish, Knowing naught of things above, Precious souls are rush-ing downward to the grave; Yet in - dif - fer - ent or luke-warm We neg-lect to preach the love Of the One who died these precious souls to save.
3. Let us loose the spell that binds us, Let us go to Christ to-day, And for par - don for all self - ish ac - tions plead; Let us walk with Him and love Him, Serve Him all a - long the way, And be true to Him in word, and tho't, and deed.

REFRAIN.

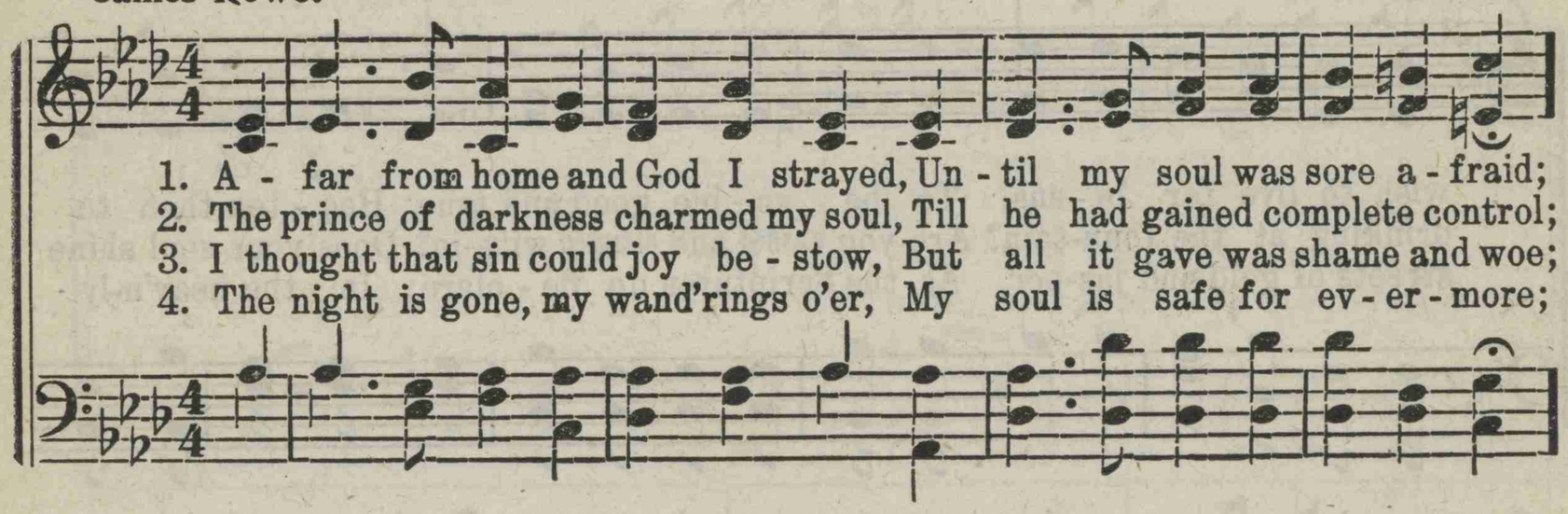
Are we hold - ing back the sto - ry of His love?..... Are we His wondrous love?

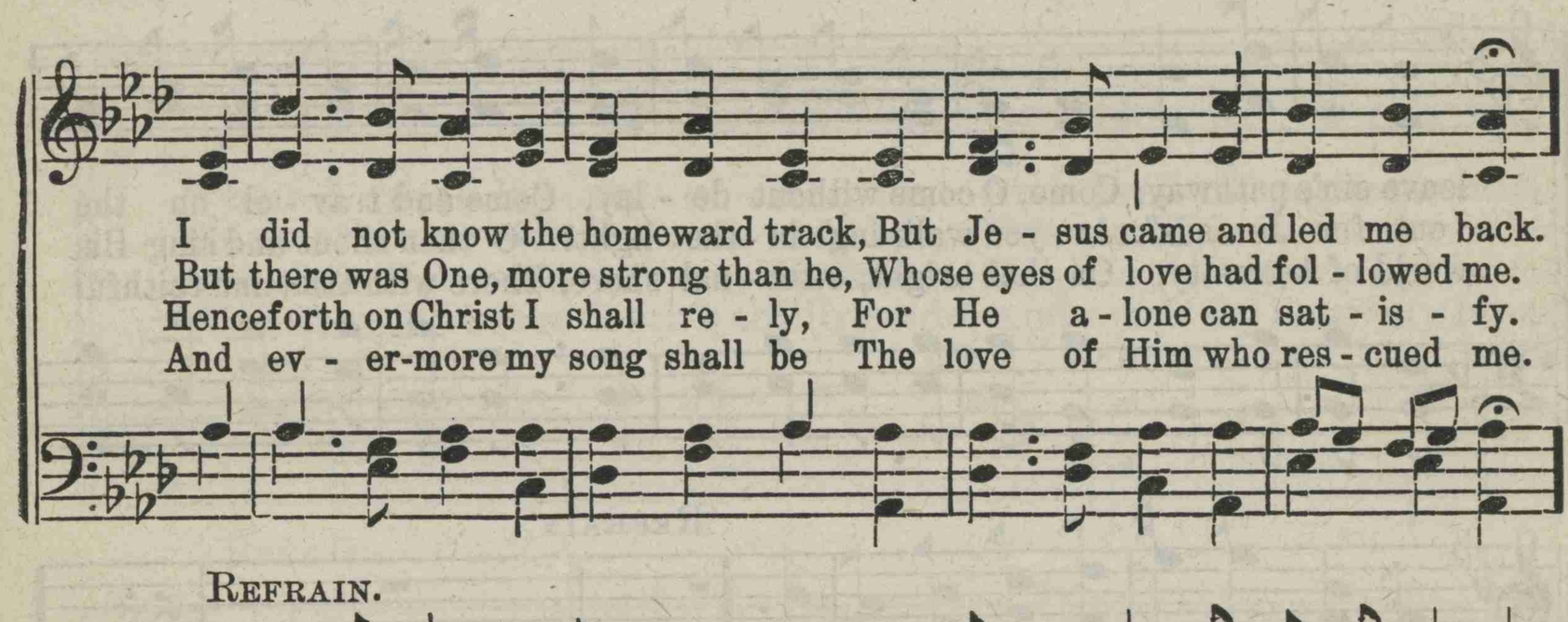
slighting Him, our precious Friend above? From the sad and tempest-tossed, From the

## Are We Holding Back the Story?

## No. 97. Jesus Found Me.

PROPERTY OF H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA.

James Rowe. Wm. J. Mims.

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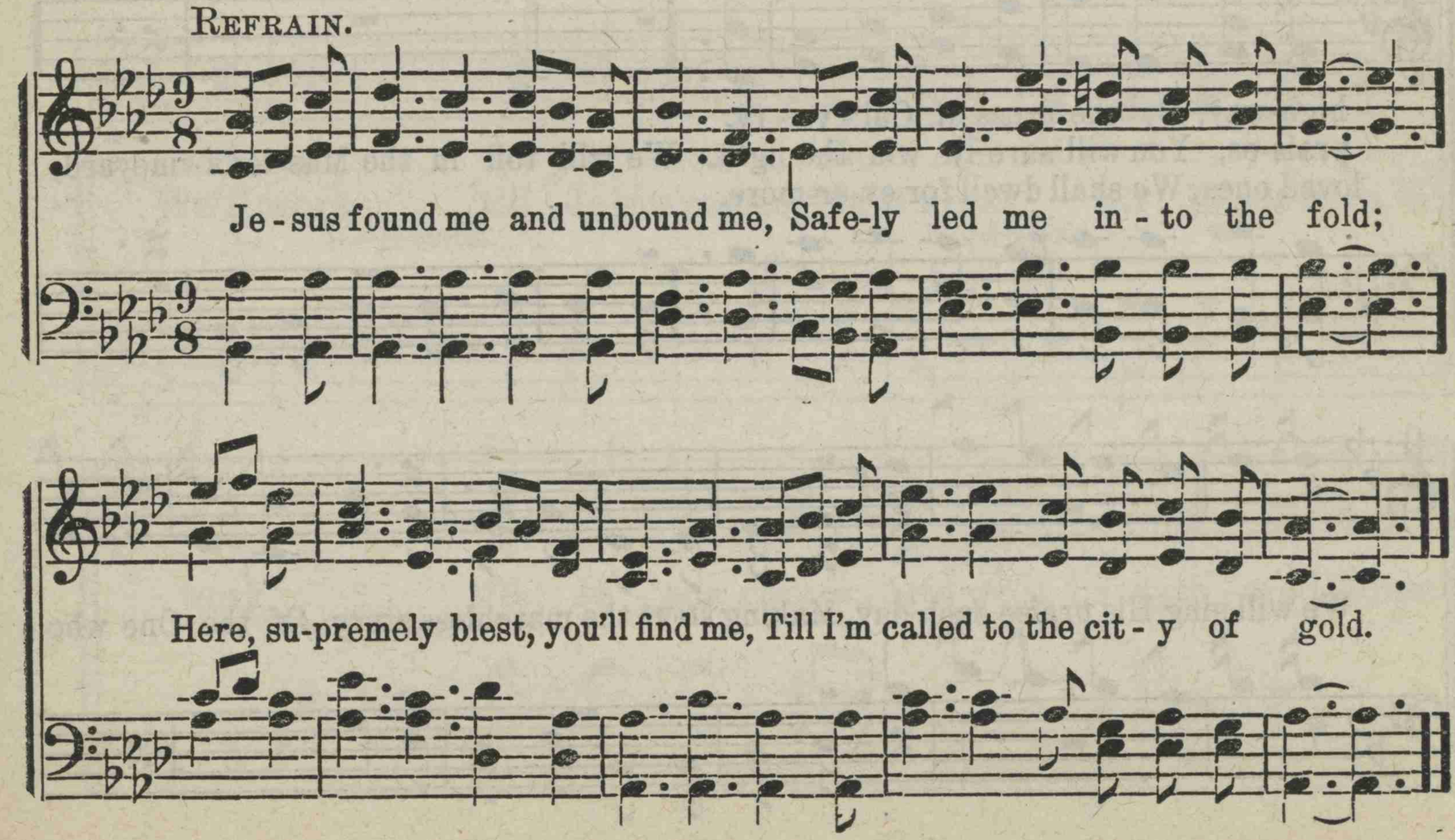


# No. 100. Songs in the Night.

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

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

1. When the clouds of af-flic-tion have gathered, And hidden each star from my sight,
2. Oh, how dear are those mes-sa-ges to me! No need then to cry in af-fright;
3. And when morn breaks at last in its splendor, And sor-row is chang'd to de-light,

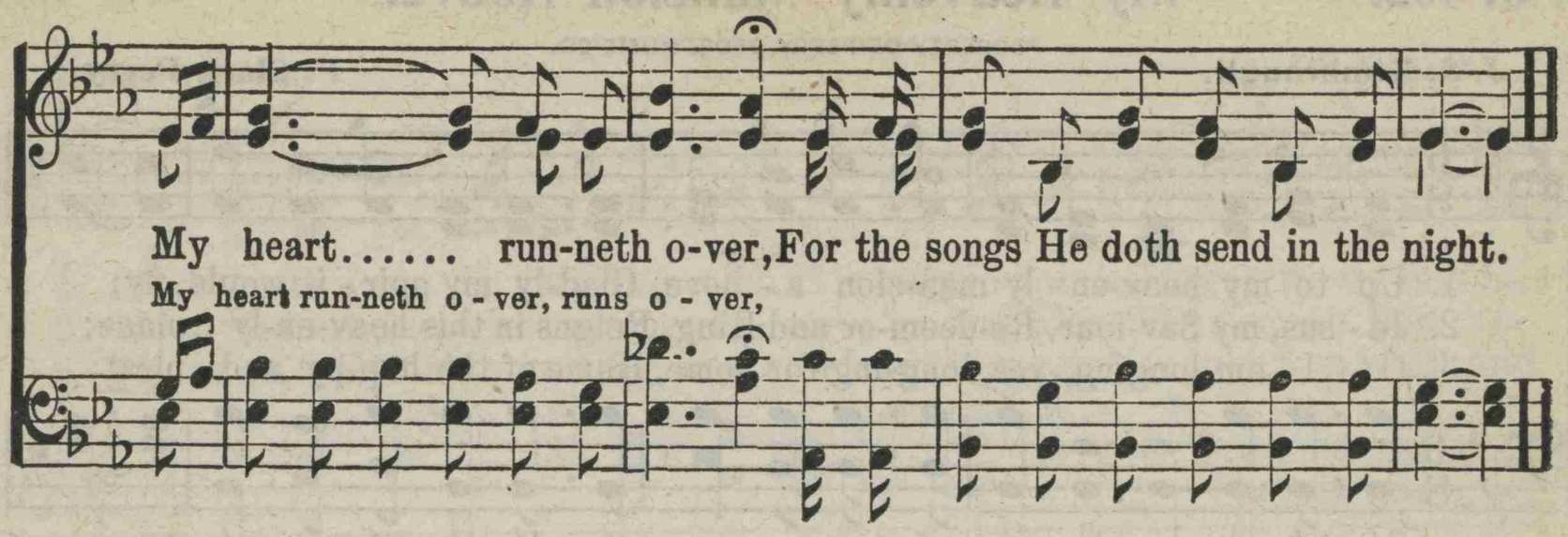
I know if I turn to my Fa-ther, I know if I turn to my Fa-
My heart groweth strong as I list-en, My heart groweth strong as I list-
Oh, still would I ev-er re-mem-ber, Oh, still would I ev-er re-mem-

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

REFRAIN.

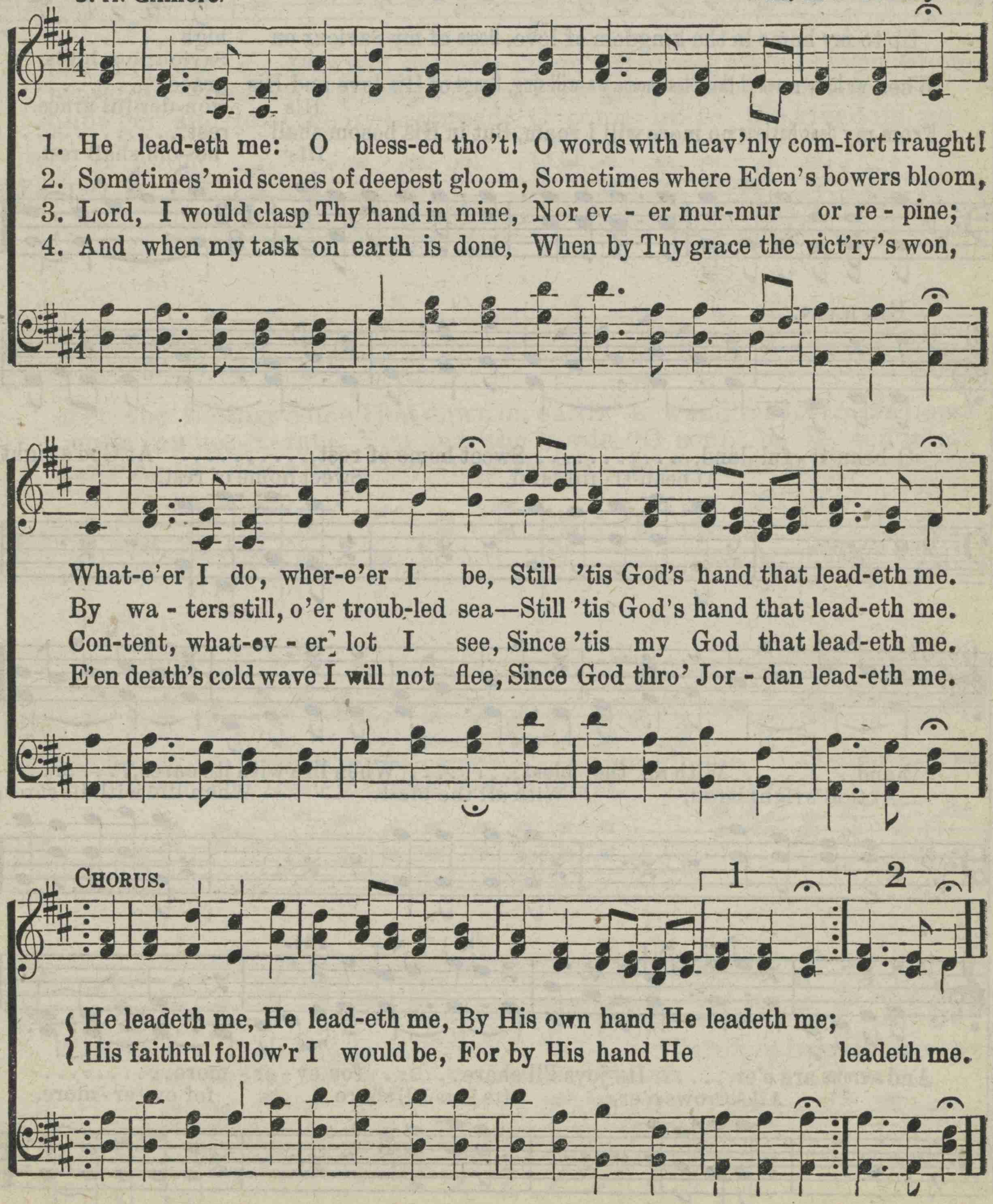
Songs in the night, songs in the night,
Songs in the night! Oh, how precious the songs in the night,
Songs in the night, songs in the night, in the night.

## Songs in the Night.




## No. 101. He Leadeth Me.

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



# No. 102. My Heavenly Mansion Above.

PROPERTY OF PERRY BROS. MUSIC CO.

J. S. Kimbrough. F. Clark Perry.

1. Up to my heav-en - ly man-sion a - bove, Glad-ly my spir - it would fly;
2. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, Re-deem-er and King, Reigns in this heav-en-ly place;
3. O I am longing, yes, long-ing for home, Home of the hap-py and blest;

Up to my home in the kingdom of love, Home of my Saviour on high.....
my Saviour on high.

When we have reached this blest home we will sing, Songs of His love and His grace.....
His won-der-ful grace.

From my dear Saviour no more will I roam, But in His bosom shall rest.....
His bos-om shall rest.

rit.

REFRAIN.

O beau-ti - ful land,..... Sweet home of rest,..... At God's right hand,.....
O beau-ti - ful land, Sweet home of rest, At God's right hand,

With all the blest,..... When life with its cares,.....
With all the blest, When life with its cares,

rit.

And sorrows are o'er,..... Its joys I'll share..... for ev - er - more.....
All sorrows o'er, Its joys I'll share for ev - er - more.

## No. 103. Come Home.

PROPERTY OF J. W. DENNIS.

**Jennie Wilson.** **J. W. Dennis.**

1. Sin-ner, Je - sus is call-ing with His gentle voice, If you now heed His pleading the an - gels will re-joice; There's gladness up in heaven when-
2. Heed the kind in-vi - ta-tion giv - en o'er and o'er, The time is fast ap- proaching when it will come no more; How great will be your sorrow if
3. There's a welcome awaiting, and the feast is spread, O turn from want and hun - ger and take the liv-ing bread; O come in - to the kingdom, no

e'er the tid-ings come That down on earth a wand'rer has come home.
while you hes - i - tate You hear the words, "O soul, it is too late."
more an a - lien roam, Now while the lov - ing Saviour calls, "Come home."

REFRAIN.

Come home,.. O come to Je - sus, Come home,.. O come to-day;
Come home, O come to Je-sus, come to Je-sus, Come home,

The Sav - iour now is call - ing, Turn not from Him away.
The Sav-iour now is call - ing, now is call - ing,

# No. 104. I Want to Go There.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Rev. D. S. Rev. D. Sullins.

1. They tell of a cit - y far up in the sky, I want to go
2. Its gates are all pearl, its streets are all gold, I want to go
3. When the old ship of Zi - on shall make her last trip, I want to be
4. When Je - sus is crowned the King of all kings, I want to be

there, I do; 'Tis built in the land of "the sweet by and by," I
there, I do; The Lamb is the light of that cit - y we're told, I
there, I do; With heads all un - cov-ered to greet the old ship, I
there, I do; With shout - ing and clap-ping till all heav-en rings, I

want to go there, don't you? There Je - sus has gone to pre-pare us a
want to go there, don't you? Death robs us all here, there none ev - er
want to be there, don't you? When all the ship's company meet on the
want to be there, don't you? Hal-le - lu-jah! we'll shout a - gain and a-

home, I want to go there, I do; Where sick - ness nor sor - row nor
die, I want to go there, I do; Where loved ones will nev - er a-
strand, I want to be there, I do; "With songs on our lips and with
gain, I want to be there, I do; And close with the cho - rus, A-

## I Want to Go There.

REFRAIN.

death ev-er come, I want to go there, don't you?
gain say good-bye, I want to go there, don't you? 1-2 I want to go there,
harps in our hands," I want to be there, don't you? 3-4 I want to be there,
men, and A-men, I want to be there, don't you?

I want to go there, I want to go there, I do; want to go there, don't you?
I want to be there, I expect to be there, I do; pect to be there, don't you?

## No. 105. Prepare Thy God to Meet.

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

1. On ev-'ry side a voice I hear That loud-er speak-eth year by year,
2. The fall-ing leaf, the fad-ing flow'r, The sinking sun at evening's hour,
3. The funeral train, the toll-ing bell, The grave where, dying, I must dwell,
4. Where'er I turn, what-e'er I do, This warn-ing mes-sage thrills me thro',

A voice I dare not light-ly treat, "Prepare, prepare thy God to meet."
All ev-er-more to me re-peat, "Prepare, prepare thy God to meet."
My aching heart speaks with each beat, "Prepare, prepare thy God to meet."
In si-lent hall, or nois-y street, "Prepare, prepare thy God to meet."

# No. 106. Out In The World.

PROPERTY OF PERRY BROS. MUSIC CO.

James Rowe. Chas. E. Adams.

1. Out in the world where e - vil is rife, Ma - ny are sad and wea - ry of life; Un - der a bur-den they bend all the while, Waiting in
2. Ma - ny there are in bond-age to sin; Nev - er the light of love shines within; Thorny and steep is each step of their way—Life is a
3. Some have not heard the sto - ry of love; Far from the fold in fet - ters they rove, Nearer and nearer they go to the grave, Souls who the
4. Out in the world go la - bor to - day; Scat - ter the light a- long the dark way; Comfort these souls for whom Je-sus has died, Lead them in

REFRAIN.

vain for a friend with a smile. Haste, haste a - way; Help them to - day; Cour-age and hope to their
struggle from day un - to day.
Sav - iour is long - ing to save.
love to His shel - ter - ing side. O in the name of the Lord, haste a-way;
Light-en their bur-dens, O help them to - day;

sad spir-its lend, Point them to Je - sus, the soul's tru-est Friend.
sweetest Friend.

# No. 107. The Windows of Heaven.

PROPERTY OF J. W. DENNIS.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. W. Dennis.

1. If by some tem-pest your sail has been driv-en, Light up your
2. Tho' with the temp - ter your soul long has striv-en, Keep up your
3. No bright - er mes - sage to man e'er was giv - en, Fast in the
4. When from the bod - y your soul has been riv - en, You will be

vis - ion and look o'er the foam; Je - sus has o - pened the
cour - age and look t'ward the sky; Je - sus has o - pened the
fet - ters and bond-age of sin; Je - sus has o - pened the
guid - ed as up - ward you fly; Je - sus has o - pened the

windows of heav-en, Light-ing the pil - grim and guid-ing him home.
windows of heav-en, Its light will lead you to Him by and by.
windows of heav-en, Where blood-washed spirits may all en - ter in.
windows of heav-en, Rise on your pin-ions and soar to the sky.

REFRAIN.

Jesus has opened the windows of heaven, Opened them wide, opened them high;

Je-sus has opened the windows of heaven, Guiding us safe to the sky.

## No. 108. What Will You Reap?

PROPERTY OF R. L. FERGUSON, VENUS, TEXAS.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. R. L. Ferguson.

Good as a Solo.

1. What kind of seed are you sow - ing to - day? Tell me the fields you are
2. If you are in - do - lent, care-less and gay, Think of the sheaves you will
3. If you are now free from en - vy and strife, Sow - ing the seeds of a
4. Tell me, my broth-er, O tell me I pray, What kind of seeds are you

work-ing, I pray; But this, my brother, you surely must know, That you must
gath - er some day; All the wild oats that in laughter you sow Sure-ly will
vir - tu - ous life, Keep-ing your fields clear of mal - ice and sin, Rich is the
sow - ing to - day? Joy and con-tent-ment, re - pin - ing and tears, What will you

REFRAIN.

reap just the har - vest you sow.
bring you a har - vest of woe. Brother, re-mem-ber, as years come and go,
har - vest that you'll gather in.
reap in the on - com-ing years?

That you must reap just the har - vest you sow; Rich - es and hon - or, or

beg - ging and crime, O what will you reap at the har - vest time?

rit.

## No. 109. The Gloryland of Song.

J. M. B. PROPERTY OF J. M. BOWMAN. J. M. Bowman.

1. We are marching home, to the Glo - ry land, Keeping step with Christ our
2. 'Tis the roy - al march on the King's highway; See, the mighty ar-my
3. With our shield of Faith we will march along, Till we rest be-side the
4. Soon the glo - ry song we will sing with joy, It will ring with chorus

Lead - er strong, Lift the ban-ner high,'tis the King's command,Till we
pass a - long; We will step in line, we will "watch and pray," Marching
jas - per sea; With the sword of Truth and a courage strong, We are
loud and long, Then our triumph shout will our tongues employ, When we

REFRAIN.

reach the glo - ry - land of song.
to the glo - ry - land of song. Re - joice, re - joice, our Sav-iour,
marching on to vic - to - ry.
reach the glo - ry - land of song.

Lord and King, Shall command the mighty marching throng; O hal - le-

lu - jah, we will shout and sing, When we reach the glory-land of song.

# No. 110. The Grand Old Bible.

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

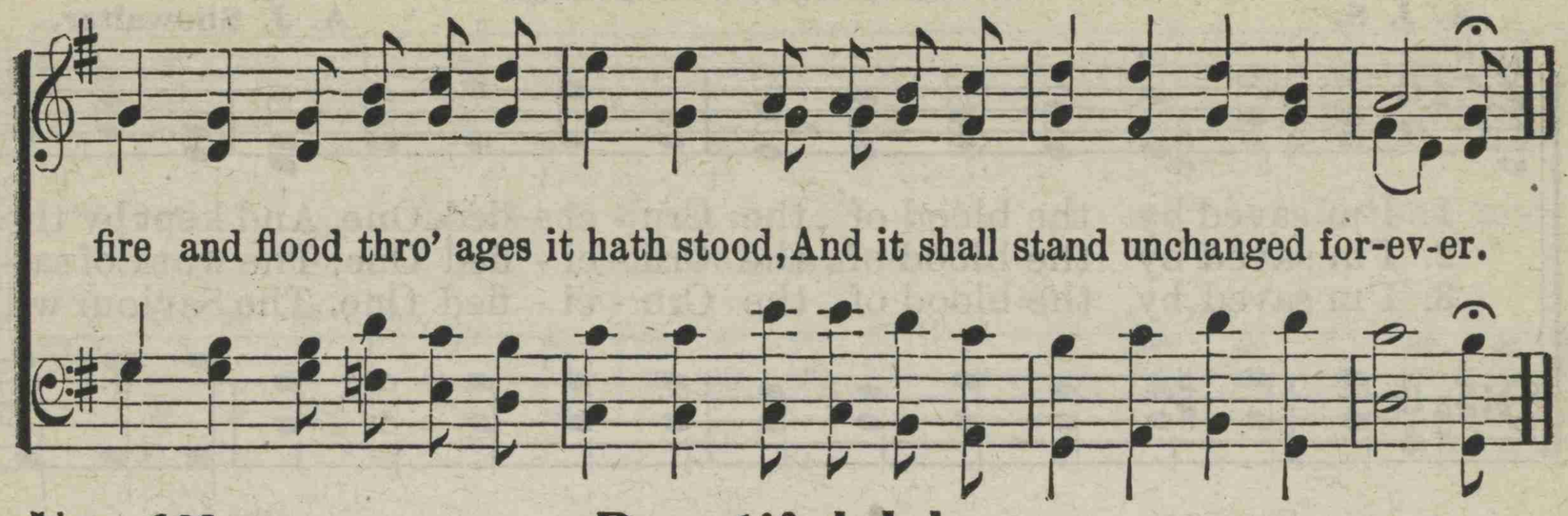
And it shall stand unchanged for-ev - er!
And not a pre - cept can be brok-en.
That lights the way un - to sal - va-tion.
Im-mor - tal life thro' end - less a - ges.

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

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

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

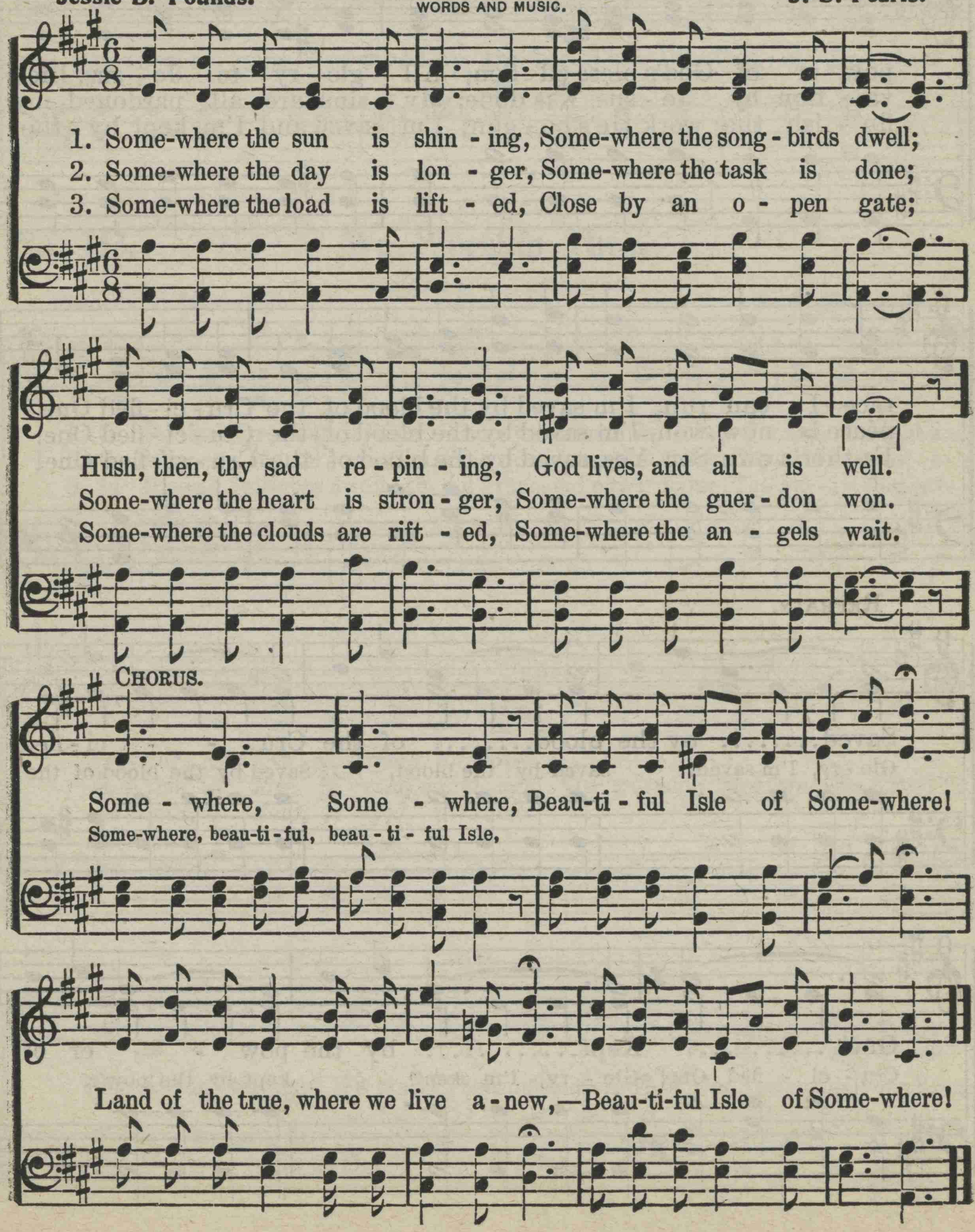
## The Grand Old Bible.




## No. 111. Beautiful Isle.

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

Jessie B. Pounds. J. S. Fearis.



## No. 112. I'm Saved By the Blood.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY A. J. SHOWALTER.

A. J. S. A. J. Showalter.

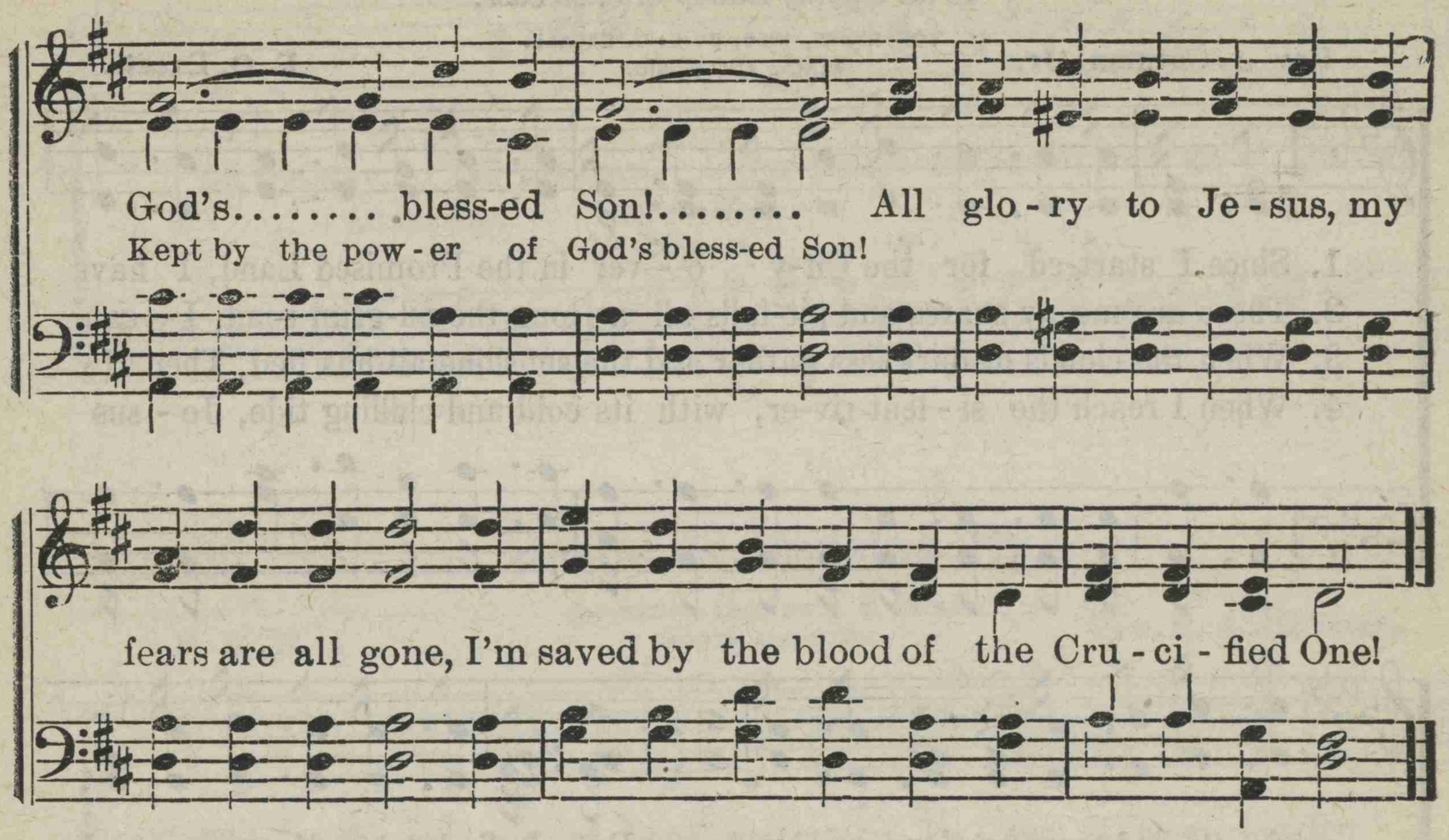
1. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One, And kept by the pow - er of God's bless-ed Son; All glo - ry to Je - sus, life's race I can run, I'm saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
2. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One, The work of sal- va - tion by Je - sus was done; My sins are all pardoned, my peace is now won, I'm saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
3. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One, The Saviour will fin - ish the work He's be - gun; I'm saved and I'm kept by the Fa-ther's own Son, Yes, saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!

REFRAIN.

Saved..... by the blood..... of the Cru - - ci - fied One!.....
Glo - ry, I'm saved! saved by the blood, Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! Glo - ry, I'm kept! kept by the pow'r,

Kept..... by the pow - - er of
kept by the pow'r,

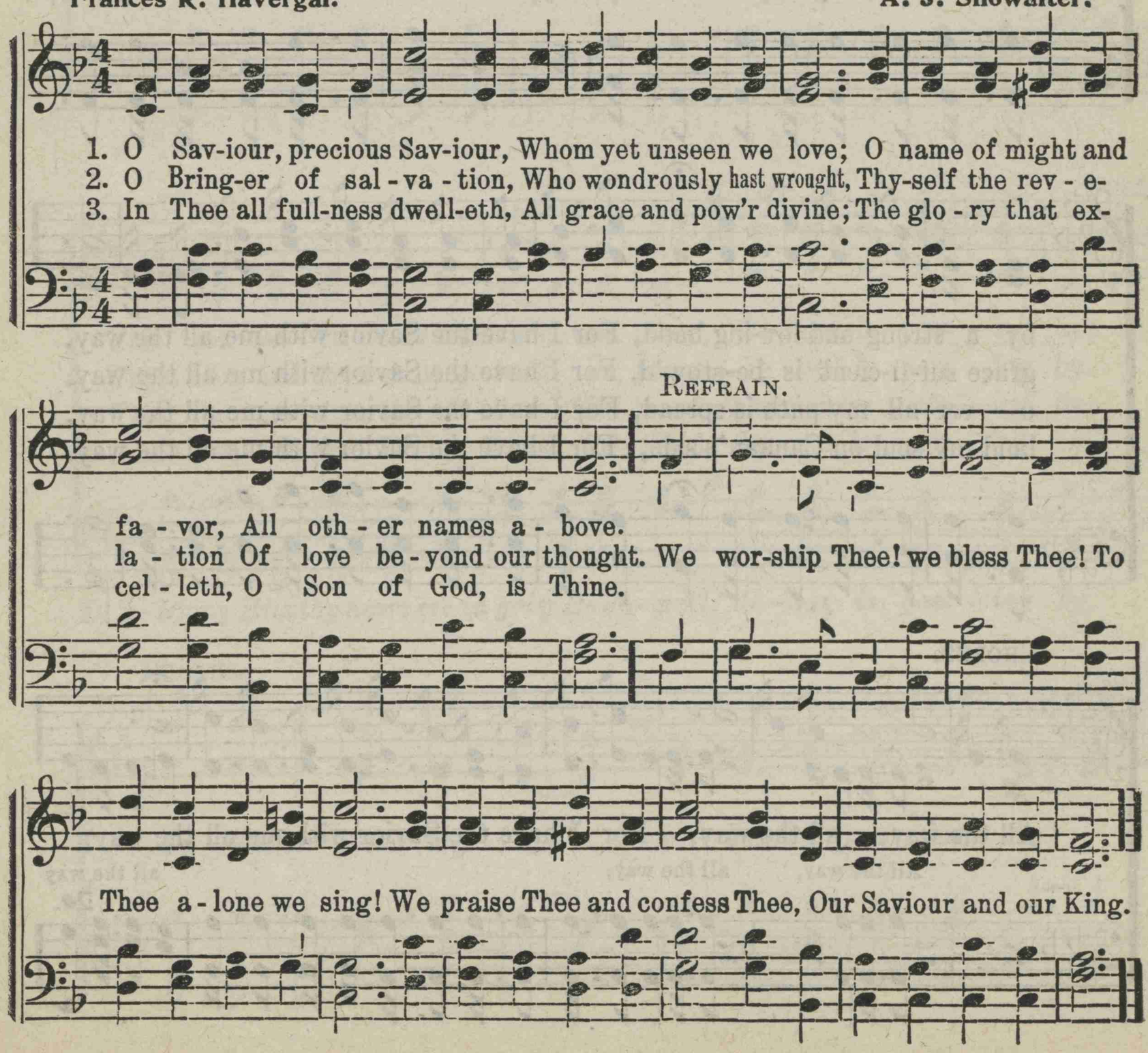
## I'm Saved By the Blood.




## No. 113. We Worship Thee.

PROPERTY OF A. J. SHOWALTER.

**Frances R. Havergal.** **A. J. Showalter.**



## No. 114.

# All the Way.

*To the Singing Bishop C. C. McCabe,*

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

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

1. Since I start-ed for the Cit-y o - ver in the Promised Land, I have
2. There are ma-ny snares and pit-falls all a - long the pil-grim road, I can
3. When the clouds of darkness gather and the sunshine all has fled, Then He
4. When I reach the si - lent riv-er, with its cold and chilling tide, Je - sus

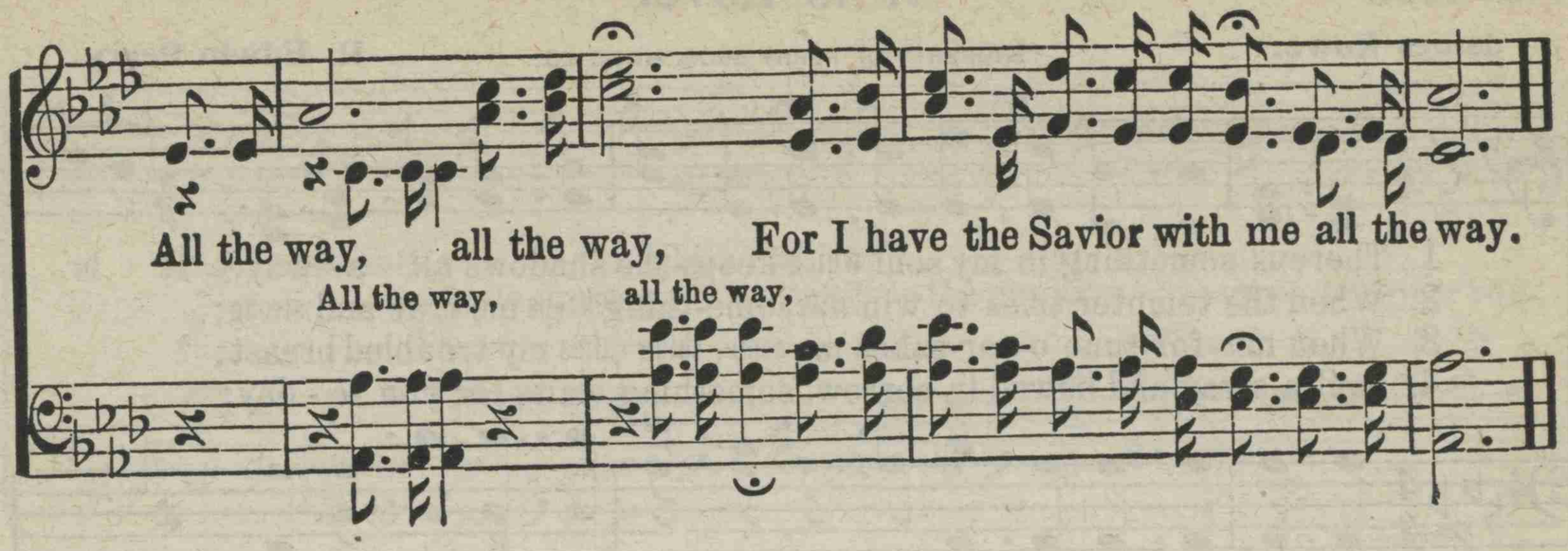
tri - als and temp-ta-tions ev - 'ry day; But I find my-self sup-port-ed
o - ver-come them if I watch and pray; In the hour of pain and sor-row,
guides my falt'ring footsteps lest I stray, And the bless-ed light of heav-en
will be there, my helper and my stay; I will sail a - way tri-um-phant,

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

CHORUS.

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

## All the Way.




## No. 115 Jesus is Passing By.

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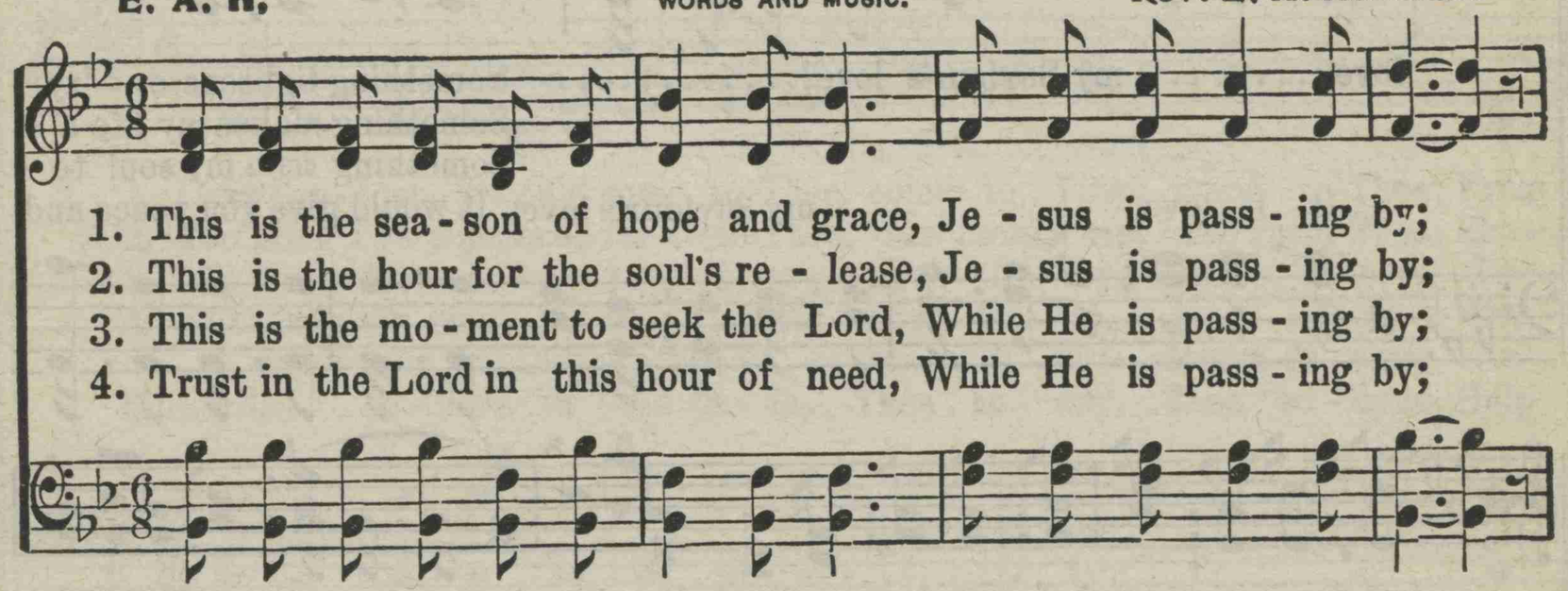
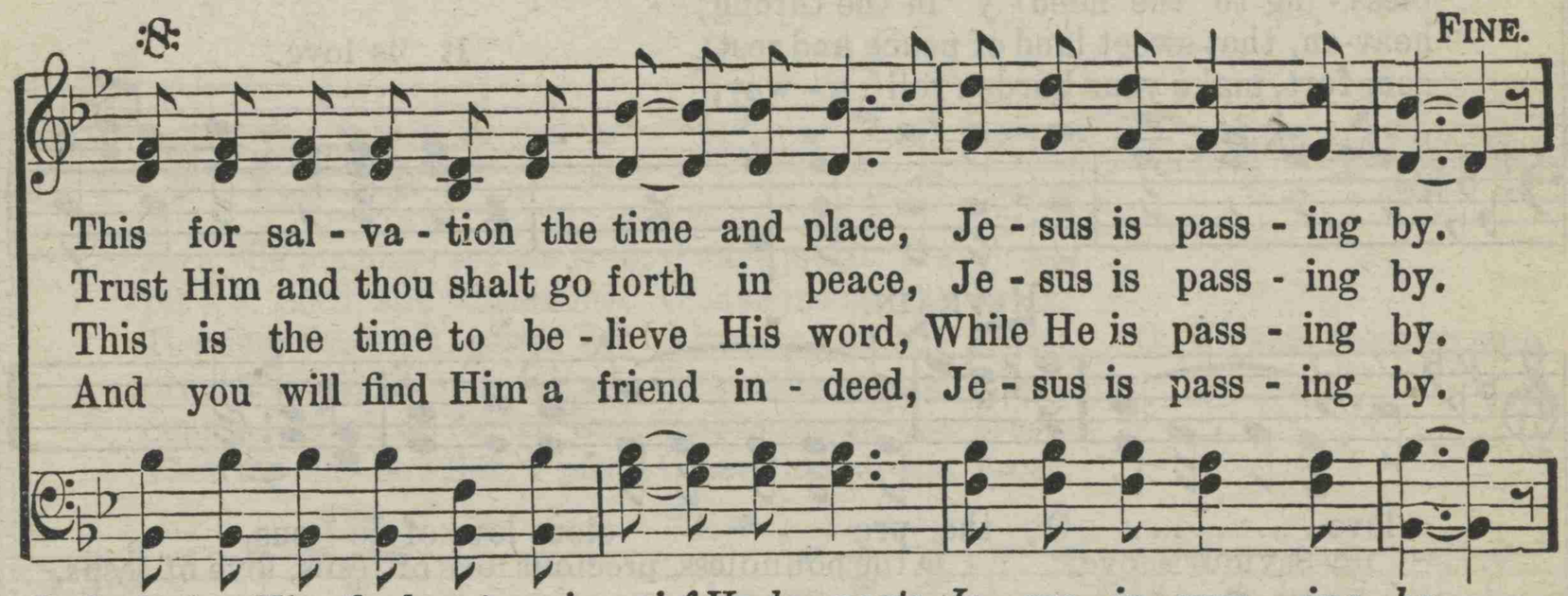
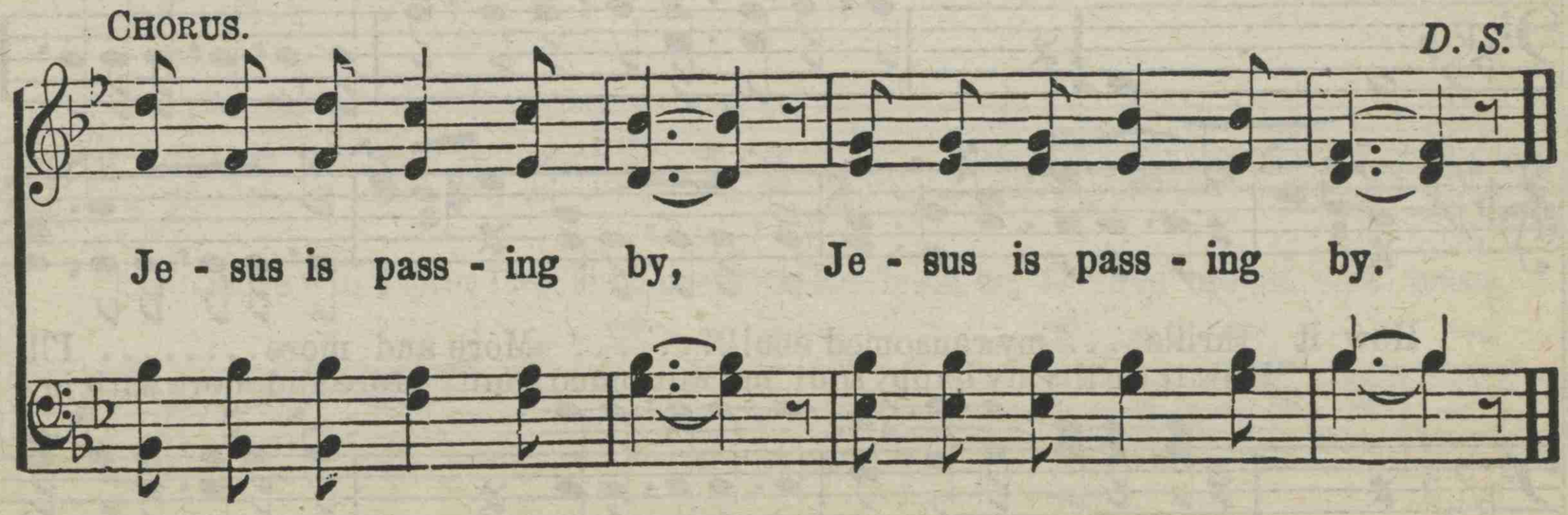
WORDS AND MUSIC.

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




D. S.–*Bring Him thy heart ere in grief He de - part; Je - sus is pass - ing by.*

## No. 116.

# It Is Love.

James Rowe. PROPERTY OF PERRY BROS. MUSIC CO. R. Edwin Perry.

1. There is something in my soul which keeps the shadows all a - way; It is
2. When the tempter tries to win me some-thing keeps me true and strong;
3. When mis-for-tune o-ver-takes me some - thing calms my troubled breast;
4. Soul a-stray and bowed in sorrow, something waits for you to - day;

love..... my Saviour's love!..... Something lightens ev - 'ry
Something makes my life a
Something draws my soul to

It is love, my Saviour's love! It would give you peace and

bur-den, gives me glad-ness day by day, It is love,..... my Saviour's
bless - ing to the need - y in the throng;
heav-en, that sweet land of peace and rest;
com-fort, make your burden roll a - way;

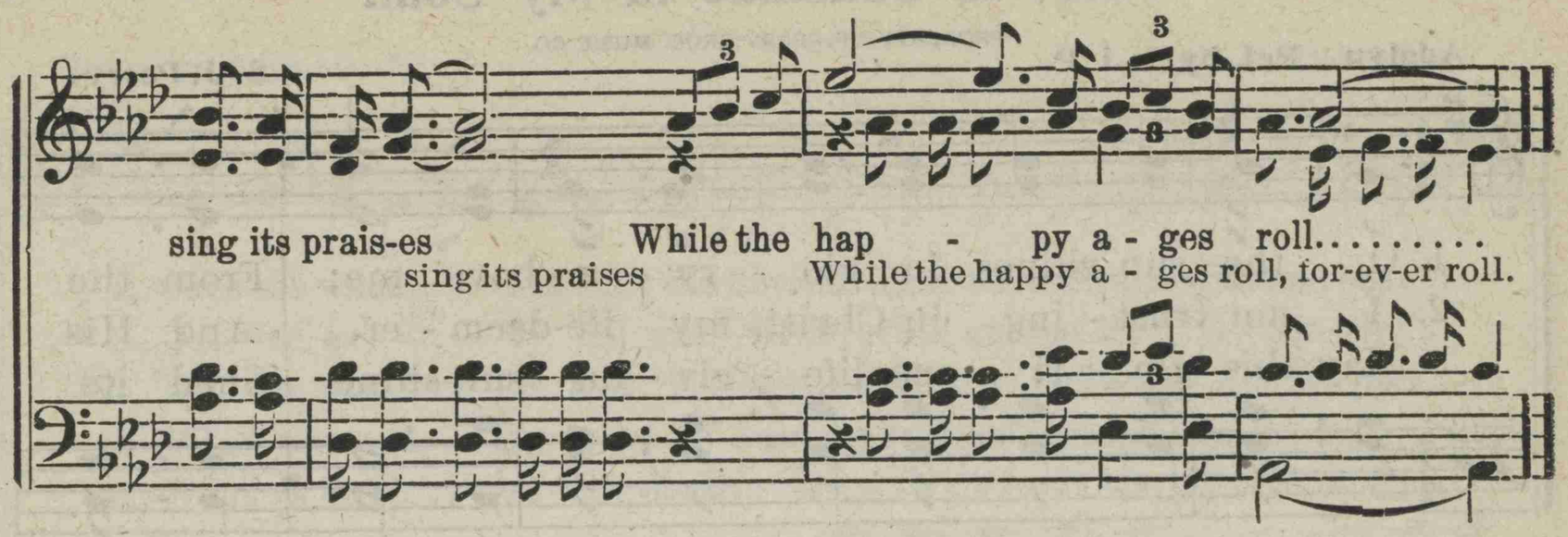
It is love,

REFRAIN.

love..... O the pre - - cious love of Je - sus,
my Saviour's love. O the boundless, precious love of Jesus, love of Jesus,

How it thrills.... my ransomed soul!..... More and more..... I'll
How it thrills my happy soul, my ransomed soul! More and more with joy

## It Is Love.




## No. 117. Dear Saviour, I Would Come.

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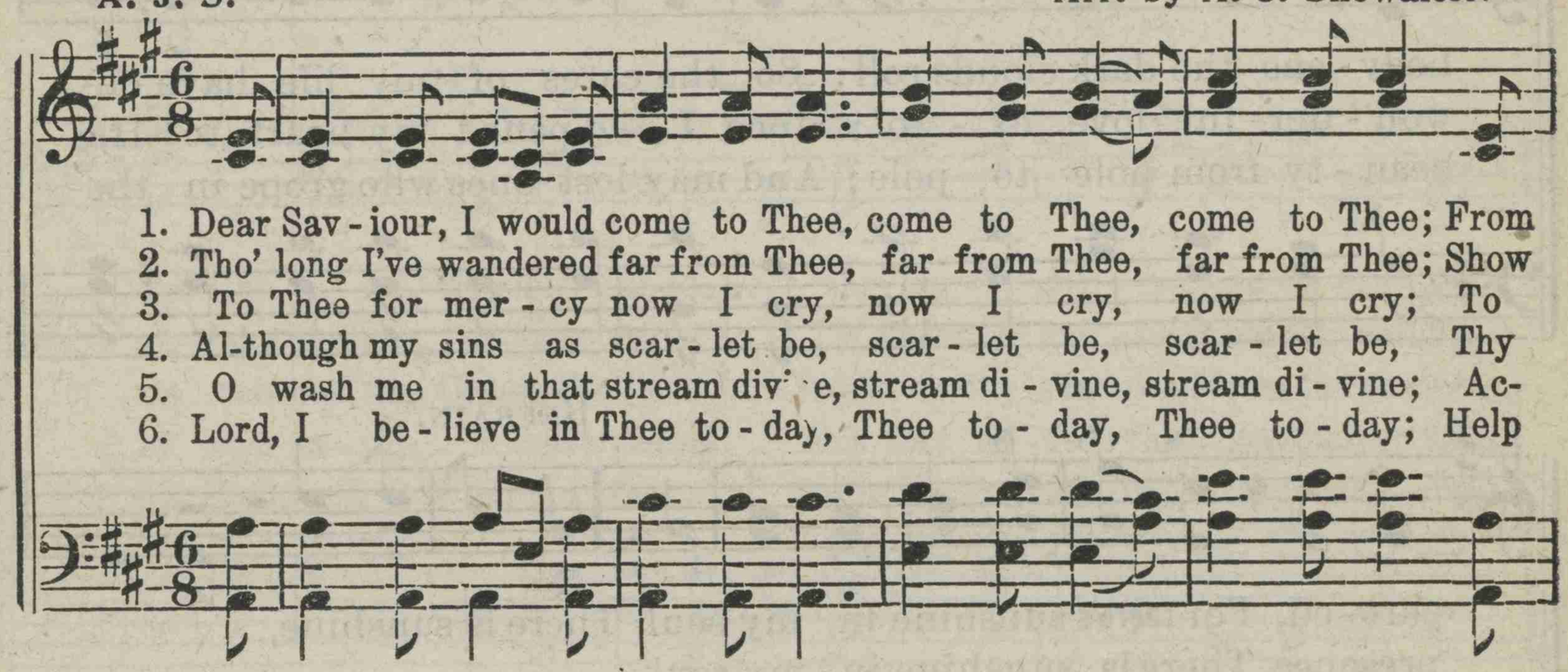
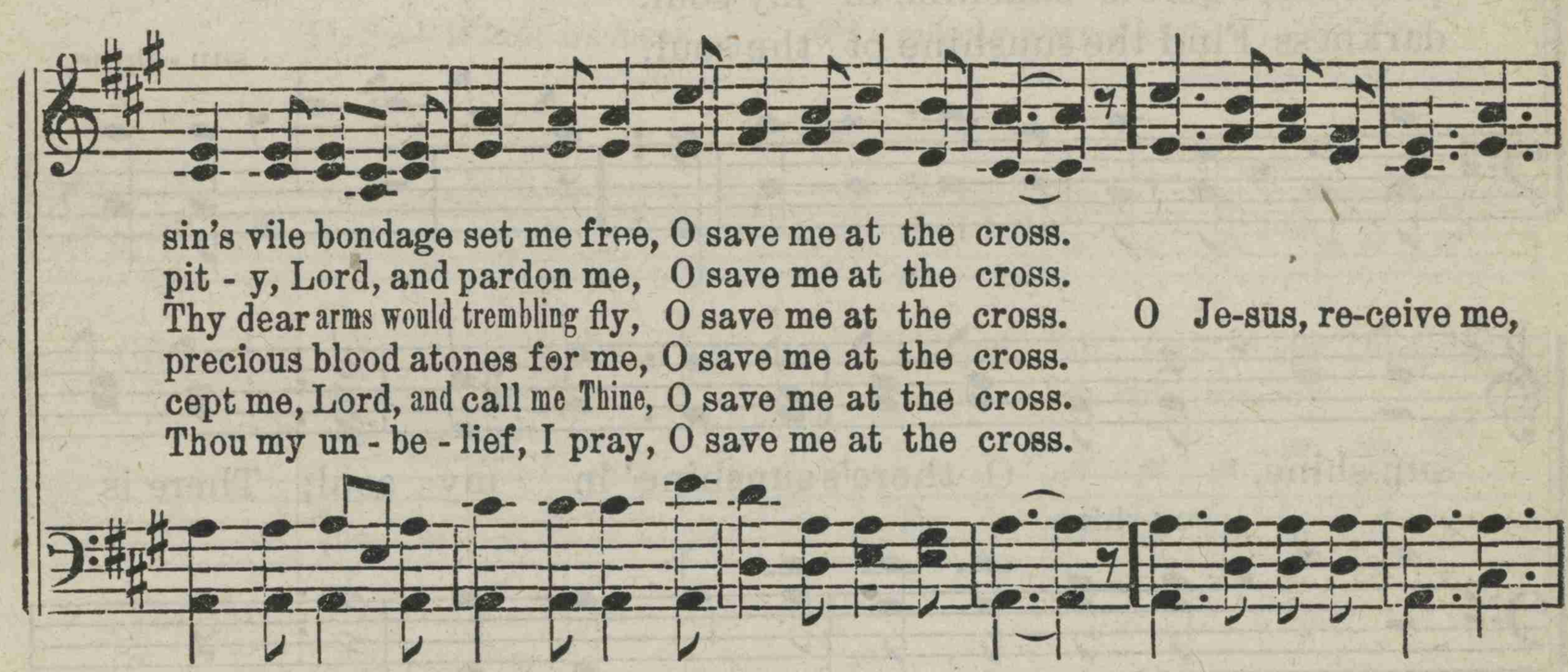
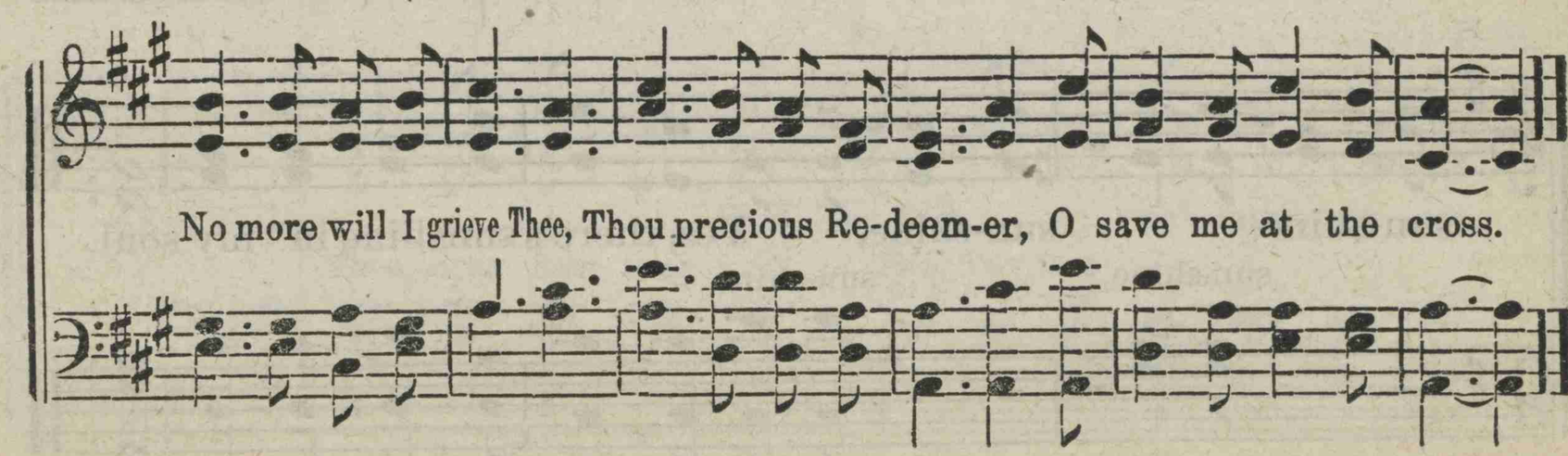
A. J. S. Arr. by A. J. Showalter.



# No. 118. There is Sunshine in My Soul.

PROPERTY OF PERRY BROS. MUSIC CO.

Adalyn Ref. by S. J P. S. J. Perry.

1. O the sun shines in glo - ry a - bove me; From the heav - ens the dark clouds roll; So the cares of my life have de-
2. I am trust - ing in Christ, my Re-deem - er, And His won - der - ful love ex - tol; Since I o-pened my heart to His
3. May this glo - ri - - ous, life - giv - ing sun-shine Shed its beau - ty from pole to pole; And may lost ones who grope in the

REFRAIN.

part - ed, For there's sunshine in my soul. There is sunshine,
presence, There is sunshine in my soul.
darkness Find the sunshine of the soul.

sun - shine,

sun-shine, O there's sunshine in my soul; There is

sun-shine,

sun-shine, sun-shine, Yes, there's sunshine in my soul.

sun-shine, sun-shine,

# No. 119. Follow Me.

PROPERTY OF K. C. ROBINSON.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. K. C. Robinson.

1. Once the voice.. of Christ the Saviour (Christ the Saviour) Floated out....
2. O - ver ev - - 'ry hill and val-ley, (hill and val-ley,) O - ver riv- -
3. If our way.... is lost in darkness, (lost in darkness,) And the path..
4. When we tread.. the vale of sorrows, (vale of sorrows,) Je-sus calls....
5. When at last.... we walk death's valley, (walk death's valley,) Je-sus still.....

o'er Gal - i - lee, When He called.... the low - ly fish - ers,(low-ly fish - ers,)
er, lake and sea, Je - sus still..... is sweet-ly call - ing,(sweetly calling,)
we can-not see, Comes the voice.... from out the shadows,(from the shadows,)
in sym-pa - thy, I have passed... this way be - fore thee,(way before thee,)
our Guide will by, We'll not fear.... while He is call - ing,(He is call - ing,)

D. S.—*While we hear..... Thy sweet voice calling,*
*While we hear gen - tly call - ing,*

FINE. REFRAIN.

"Fol - low me,..... fol - low me." We will fol - - low Thee, dear
Fol-low me, We will fol - low

*"Fol - low me, ..... fol - low me."*
*Fol - low me,*

D. S.

Sav - iour, Tho' Thy face..... we may not see,
Thee, dear Sav - iour, Tho' Thy face

# No. 120. I Know His Voice.

PROPERTY OF J. C. PERRY.

**Laura E. Newell.** JOHN 10: 4. **J. C. Perry.**

1. I know His voice,.... my Shepherd's voice,.... His word doth still.....
2. I know His voice..... and feel no fear,..... No e-vil harms.....
3. I know His voice,.... so low and sweet,.... My heart doth still.....

my heart re-joice; For I am His,..... and He is mine,.....
when He is near; Se-cure and safe..... in Him I rest,.....
its tones re-peat; And soon be-yond..... death's mystic sea,.....

REFRAIN.

He leads me home..... with love di-vine. I know His voice,.....
My refuge still,..... my Saviour's breast.
His lov-ing voice..... will summon me.

I know His voice,

my Shepherd's voice,.... His word doth still ..... my heart rejoice;.....
my Shepherd's voice, His word doth still my heart rejoice;

For I am His,..... and He is mine, .....
For I am His, and He is mine,

## I Know His Voice.

rit.

He leads me home..... ..... with love di - vine. .....
He leads me home with love di - vine.

## No. 121. The Song of My Soul.

James Rowe. PROPERTY OF J. C. PERRY. J. C. Perry.

1. The song of my soul is of Je - sus, My song He for - ev - er shall be;
2. My soul was de-spair-ing in bond-age, But now I am hap - py and free,
3. He bore the loud jeers of the rab - ble, In ag - o - ny died on the tree,
4. The song of my soul is for Je - sus, Whose love is a fath - om-less sea;

In life and in death I will praise Him, For sav-ing a sin - ner like me.
For Je - sus has brok-en my fet - ters, And purchased a par - don for me.
For-sak - en, despised and re - ject - ed, And all for a sin - ner like me.
For - ev - er I'll praise and a - dore Him, For sav-ing a sin - ner like me.

REFRAIN.

On earth I will praise Him, and then above I'll praise for-ev-er His mercy and love;

rit.

Ev - er my song Je - sus shall be, For sav-ing a sinner like me.....
a sinner like me.

# No. 122. The Sure Foundation.

**Luella McCutcheon.** COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY H. N. LINCOLN.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. **C. L. Chamberlin.**

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

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

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

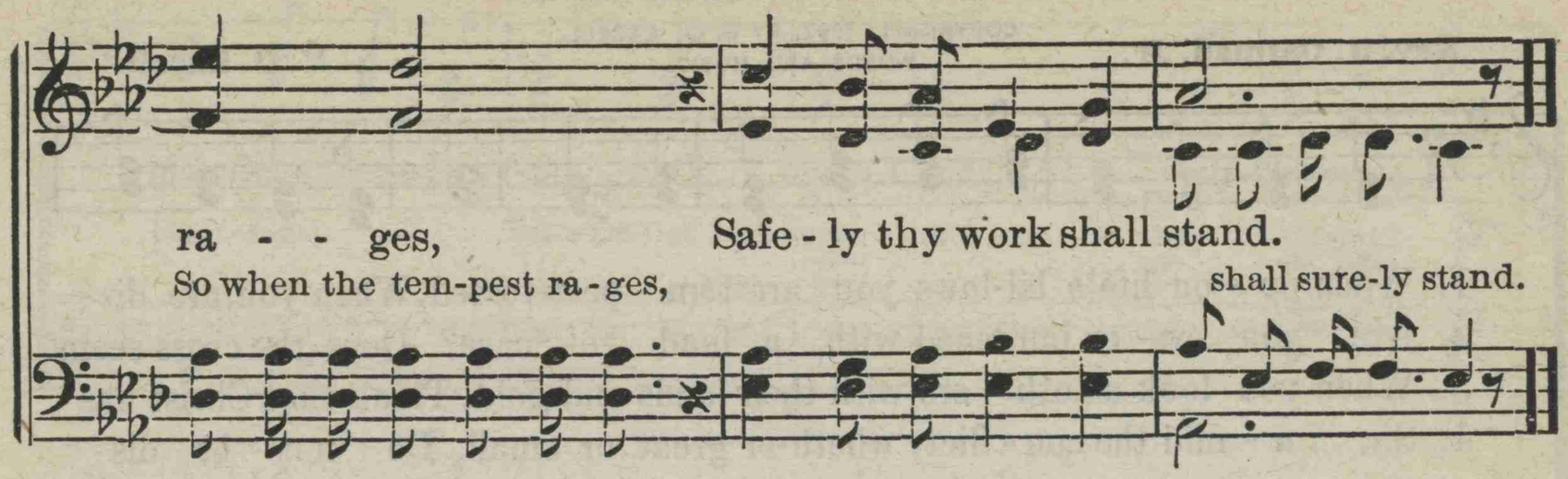
CHORUS.

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

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

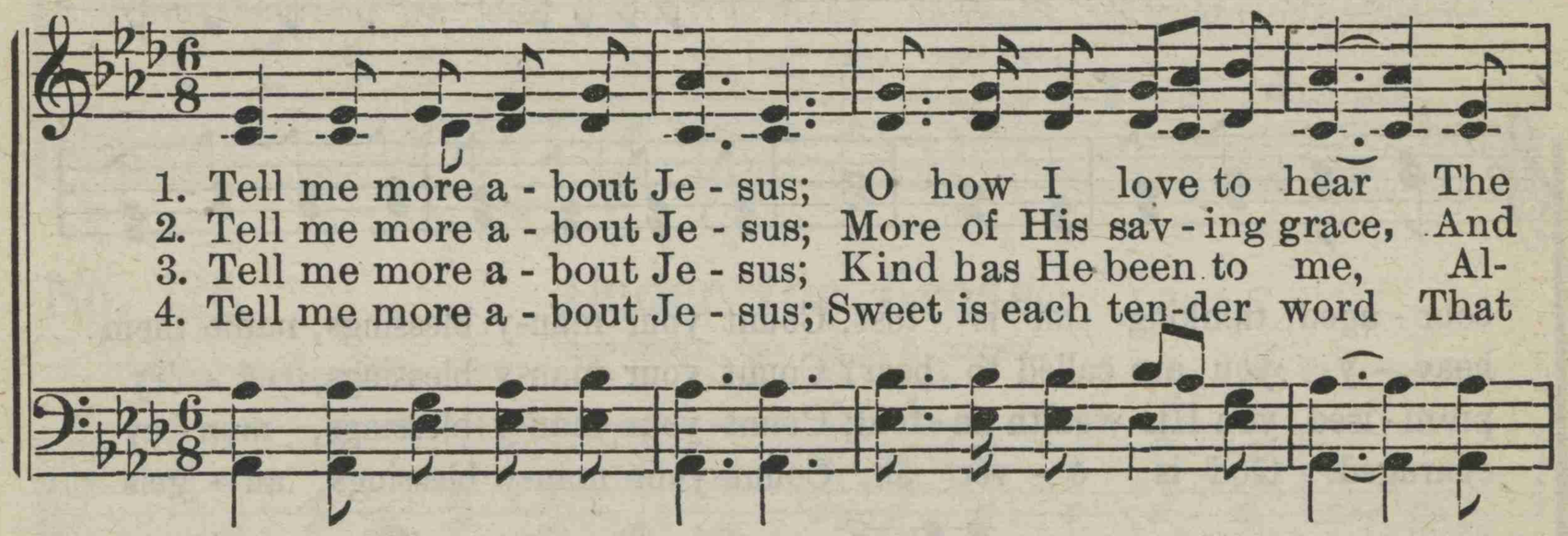
not on the shifting sand; . . . . So . . . . when the tempest

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

## The Sure Foundation.

## No. 123. Tell Me More About Jesus.

T. B. MOSLEY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Elisha A. Hoffman. T. B. Mosley.



# No. 124. Count Your Blessings.

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

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

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

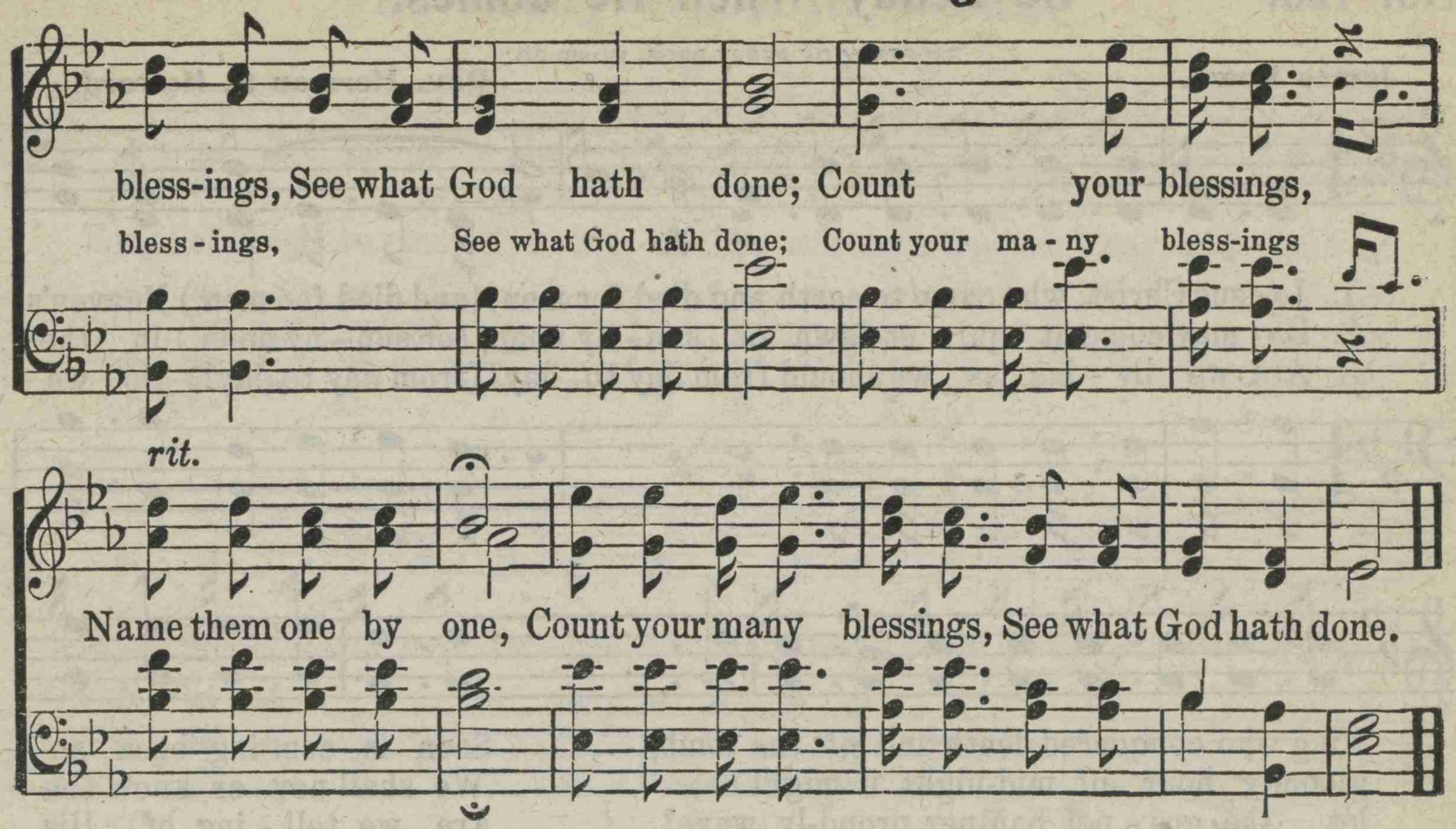
cour - aged, thinking all is lost, Count your man-y blessings, name them
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y blessings, ev - 'ry
prom - ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y blessings, mon - ey
couraged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y blessings, an - gels

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

CHORUS.

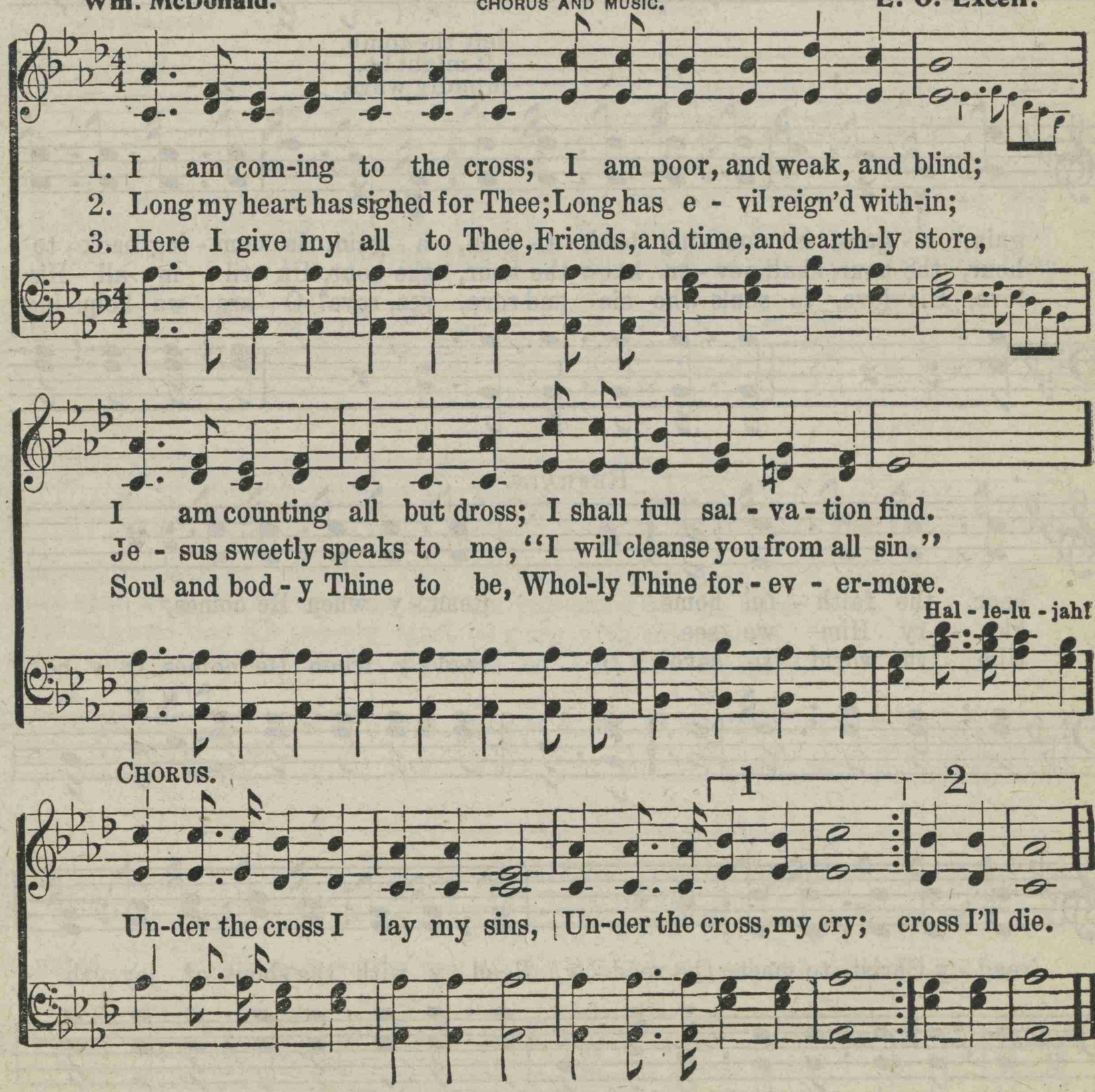
Count your blessings, Name them one by one, Count your
Count your man-y bless-ings, Name them one by one, Count your man-y

## Count Your Blessings.




## No. 125. Under the Cross.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Wm. McDonald. CHORUS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

# No. 126. Be Ready When He Comes.

PROPERTY OF PERRY BROS. MUSIC CO.

James Rowe. Rev. Herman S. Howard.

1. Je - sus Christ, who came to earth and died for men, (and died for men,) Heaven's King who conquered death and left the tomb, Soon is com-ing back a -
2. He may come at qui - et dawn or sun - ny noon, (or sun - ny noon,) In the gloom-y hour of mid-night it might be; We shall nev - er know the
3. Are we liv - ing as we should from day to day? (from day to day?) Do we let the gos - pel ban-ner proud-ly wave? Are we tell - ing of His

left the tomb,
it might be,
proudly wave,

gain, a - gain, is com - ing back a - gain, a - gain, Is com - ing back to
hour, the hour, shall nev - er know the hour, the hour, Un - til in all His
love, His love, to souls who sin and rove, yes, rove? O are we help - ing

REFRAIN.

bear the faith - ful home. Read - y when He comes,
glo - ry Him we see.
Him the world to save? O be read - y when He comes, O be

read - y Christ to meet, (be read - y,) Read - y with the shout of joy th

## Be Ready When He Comes.

King of kings to meet; No - bly do His will each day, each day, and tru - ly

Him o - bey, o - bey, And then you will be ready when He comes. (when He comes.)

## No. 127. Go Through the Gates.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1909. BY K. C. ROBINSON.

K. C. Robinson

Animato.

1. Be - hold the Lord hath proclaimed it, Let His stand-ard be unfurled; Pro-
2. The Lord has sent full sal - va - tion, All who will may be restored; For
3. None walk this way but the ho - ly, Who are free from in - bred sin; For
4. O come and walk on the high - way, And thy work God will re-ward; Then

REFRAIN.

claimed there should be a highway Thro' this dark and sin-cursed world. Go thro' the
none shall walk on this highway But the ransomed of the Lord.
God hath said that His peo-ple Must be pure with-out, with-in.
thou wilt in yon-der cit - y Live for - ev - er with the Lord. Go thro'

gates, Pre-pare ye the way of the peo - ple, pare ye the way of the Lord.

## No. 128. New Rock of Ages.

**Augustus M. Toplady.** COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. **A. J. Showalter.**

1. Rock of A - - ges, cleft for me, (cleft for me,) Let me
2. Not the la - - bors of my hands (of my hands) Can ful-
3. While I draw..... this fleet-ing breath,(fleeting breath,) When my

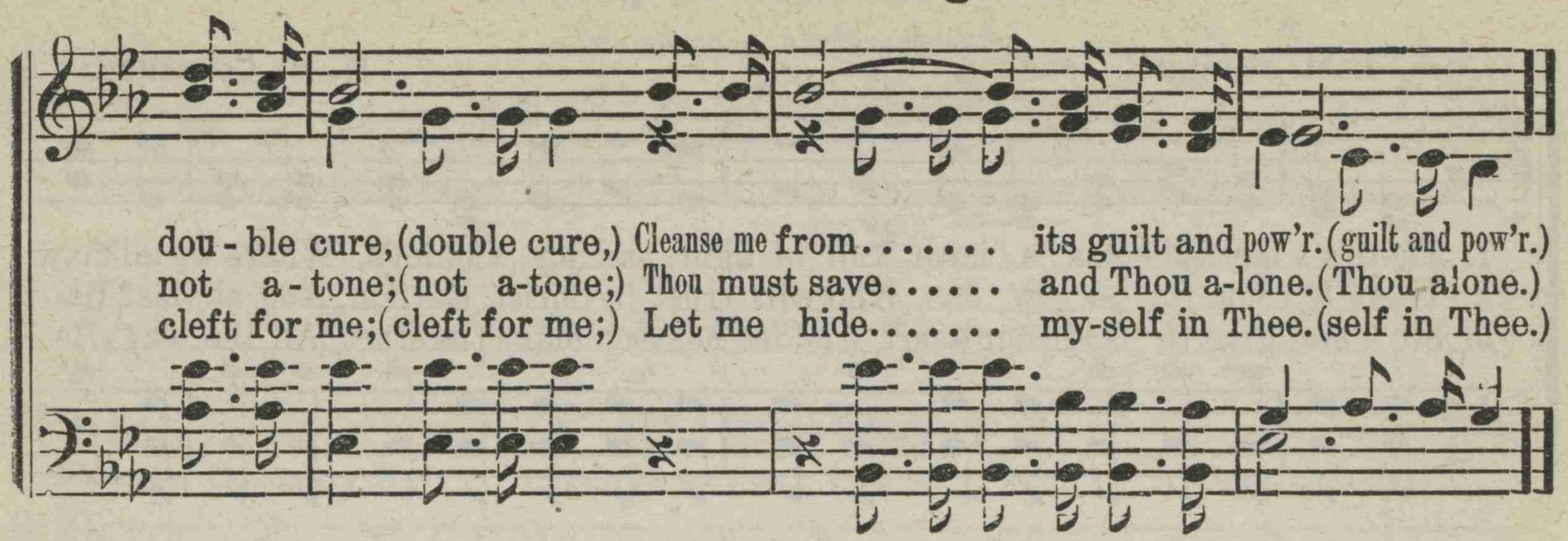
hide..... my-self in Thee;(self in Thee;) Let the wa - - - ter
fill..... Thy law's demands;(law's demands;) Could my zeal..... no
eye..... lids close in death,(close in death,) When I soar..... to

and the blood,(and the blood) From Thy riv - - en side which flow'd,(side which flow'd,)
res-pite know,(respite know,) Could my tears..... for-ev-er flow, (ev-er flow,)
worlds unknown,(worlds unknown,) See Thee on..... Thy judgment throne,(judg-ment throne,)

Be of sin..... the dou-ble cure, (dou-ble cure,) Cleanse me
All for sin..... could not a-tone; (not a-tone;) Thou must
Rock of A - - - ges, cleft for me, (cleft for me,) Let me

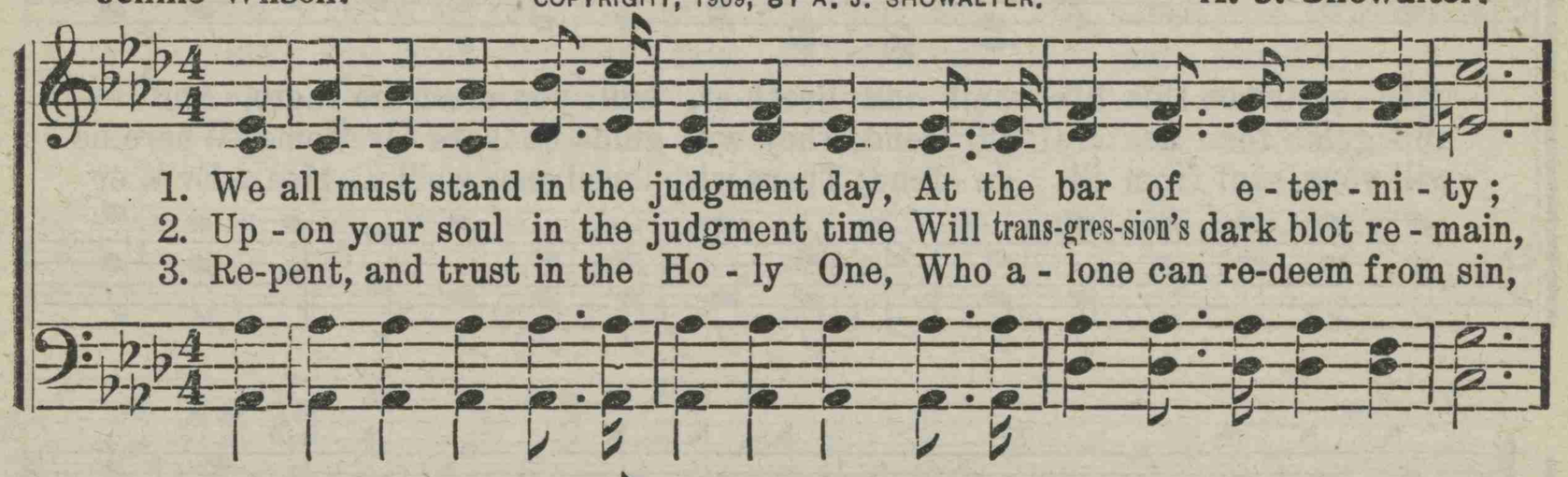
from..... its guilt and pow'r,(guilt and pow'r,) Be of sin..... the
save..... and Thou a-lone, (Thou a-lone,) All for sin..... could
hide..... my-self in Thee;(self in Thee;) Rock of A - - - ges

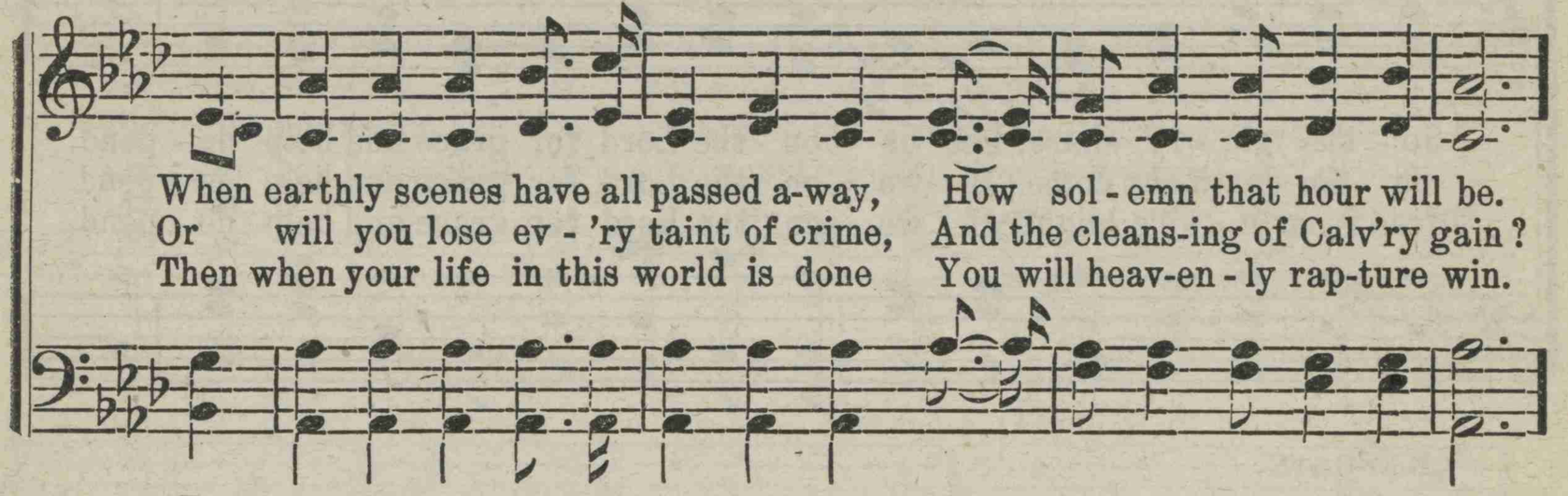
## New Rock of Ages.

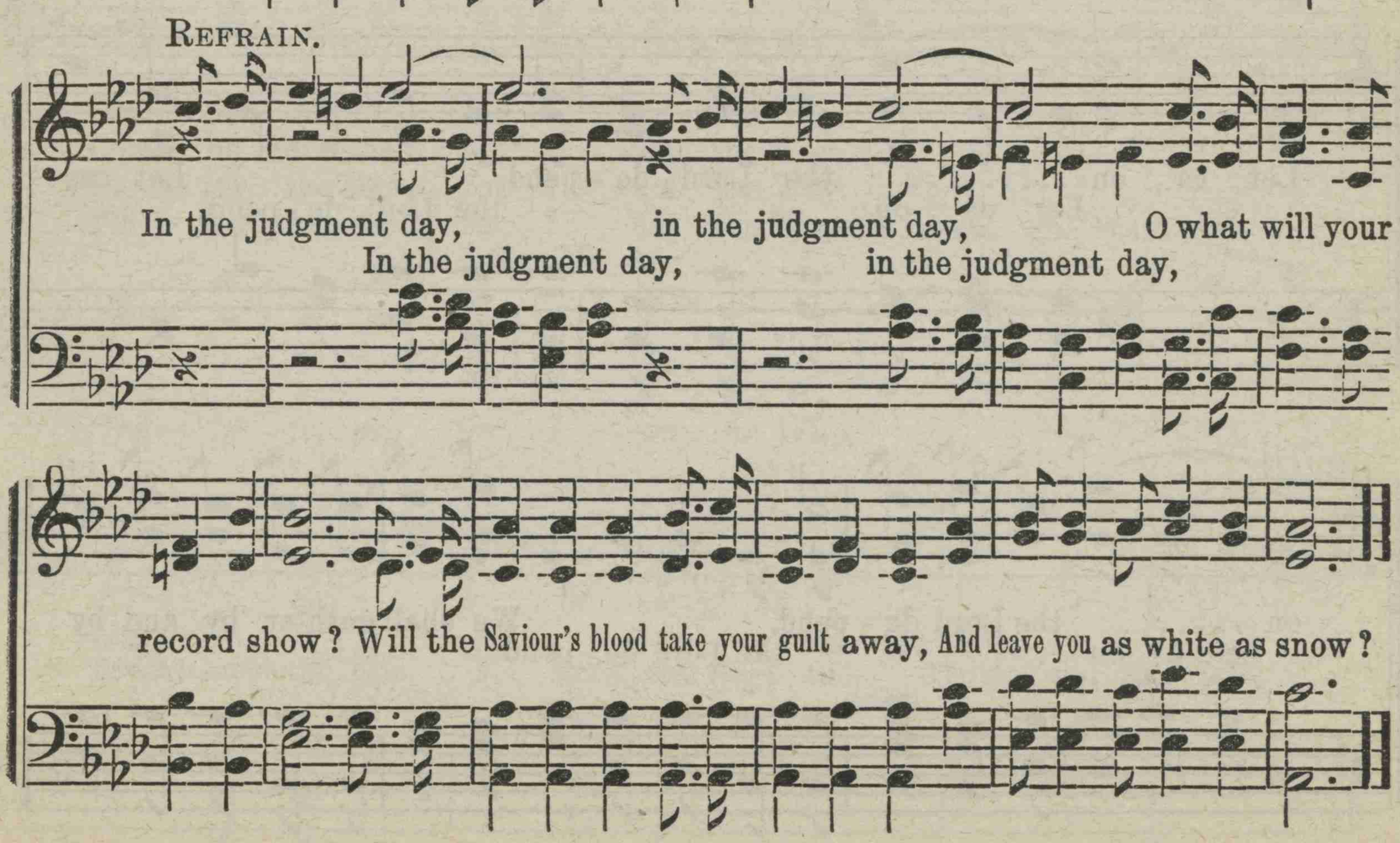



## No. 129. In the Judgment Day.

Jennie Wilson. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. A. J. Showalter.



# No. 130. On the Lord Depend.

PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. R. H. Cornelius.

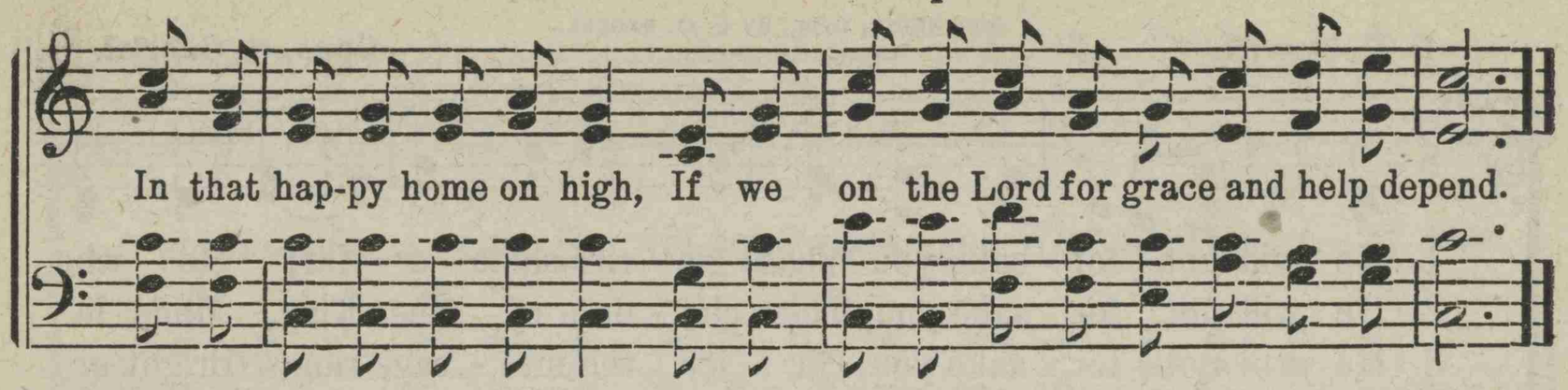
1. There's a blessed home a - bove, Full of light, and joy, and love, Where we all may gath - er when this life shall end; Broth-er, will you meet me there, And in Je - sus' glo - ry share? Let us on the Lord for grace and help de - pend.
2. There is room for ev -'ry one Who will trust in Christ, the Son, And at last His an - gels for us He will send; They will guide us safe - ly home, Where no sin nor death can come, If we on the Lord for grace and help de - pend.
3. Sin - ner, give to God your heart, And for heav-en make the start, All the way He will your soul from ill de - fend; There with loved ones we'll u - nite, Ev - er free from e - vil's blight, If we on the Lord for grace and help de - pend.

REFRAIN.

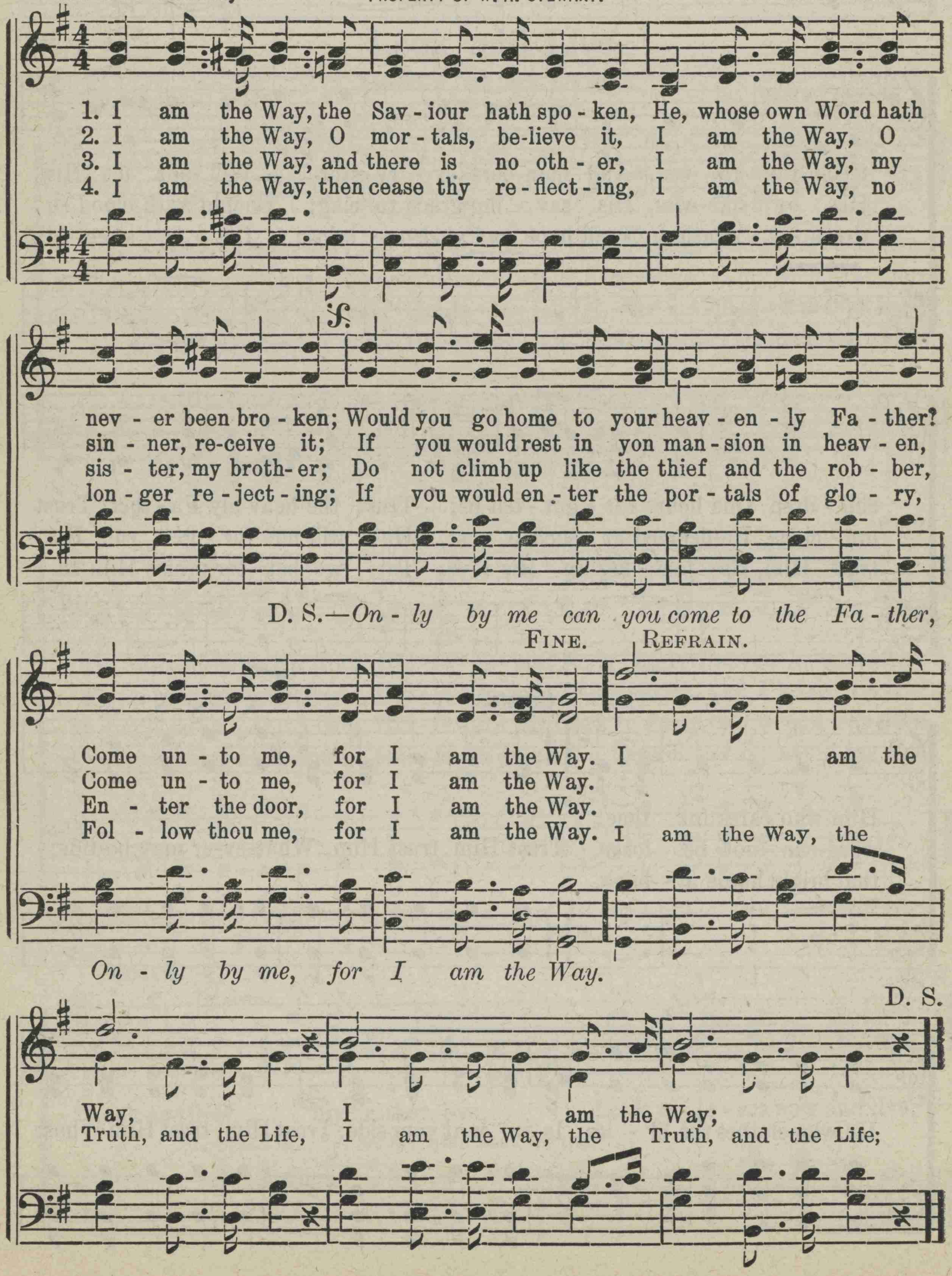
Let us on..... the Lord de - pend, Let us on the Lord de - pend,

on..... the Lord de - pend, We shall gath-er by and by Let us on the Lord de - pend,

## On the Lord Depend.




## No. 131. I Am the Way.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. PROPERTY OF W. A. STEWART. W. A. Stewart.

# No. 132. He Will Not Forsake You.

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

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

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

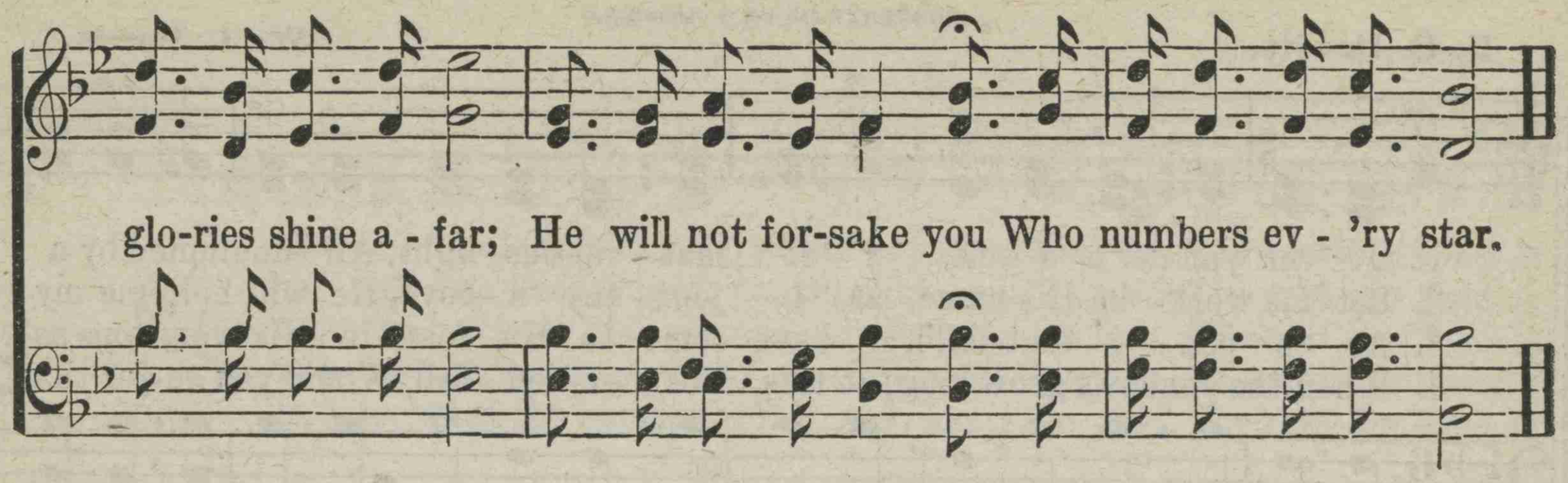
feeds the ra - ven, And num-bers ev - 'ry star, Will not let His
His own like-ness, His sav - ing grace to sing; Bought with blood so
storm - y weath-er 'Twill hope and glad-ness bring; Let us sweet-ly

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

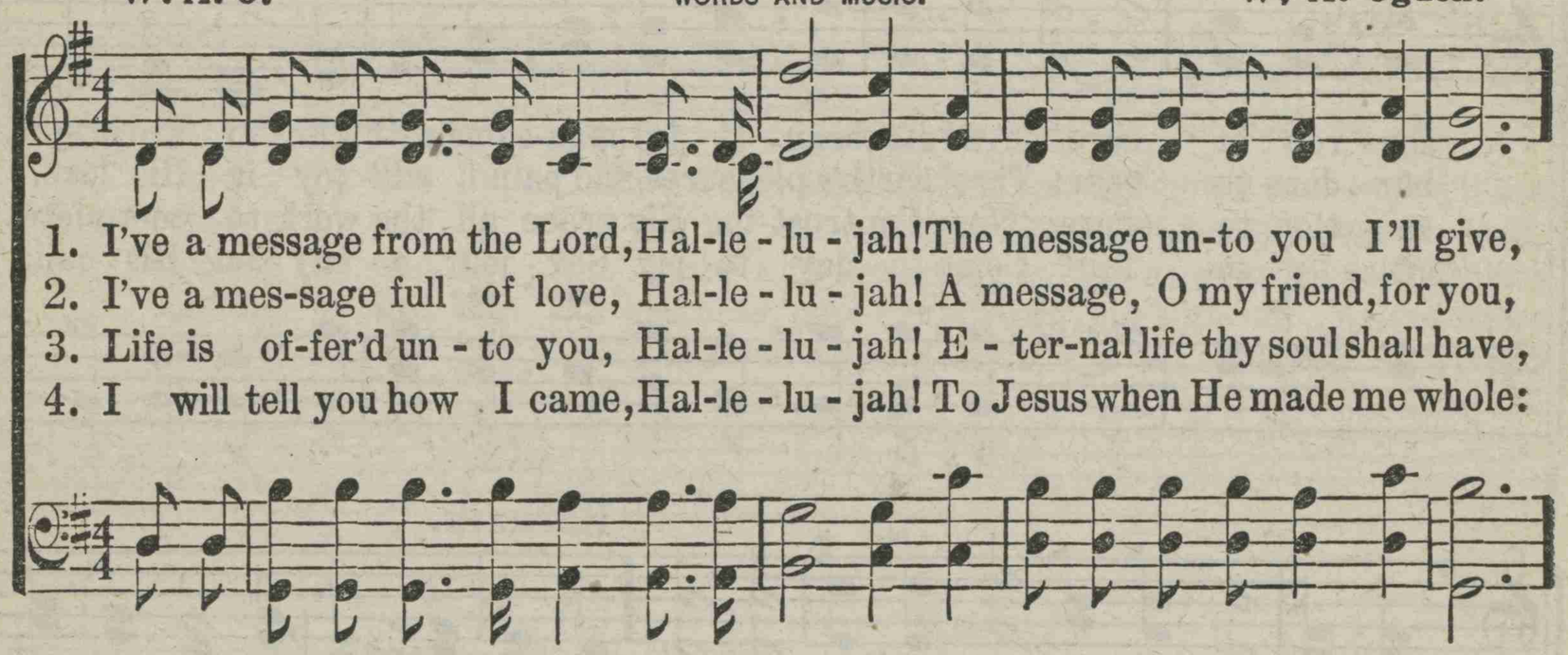
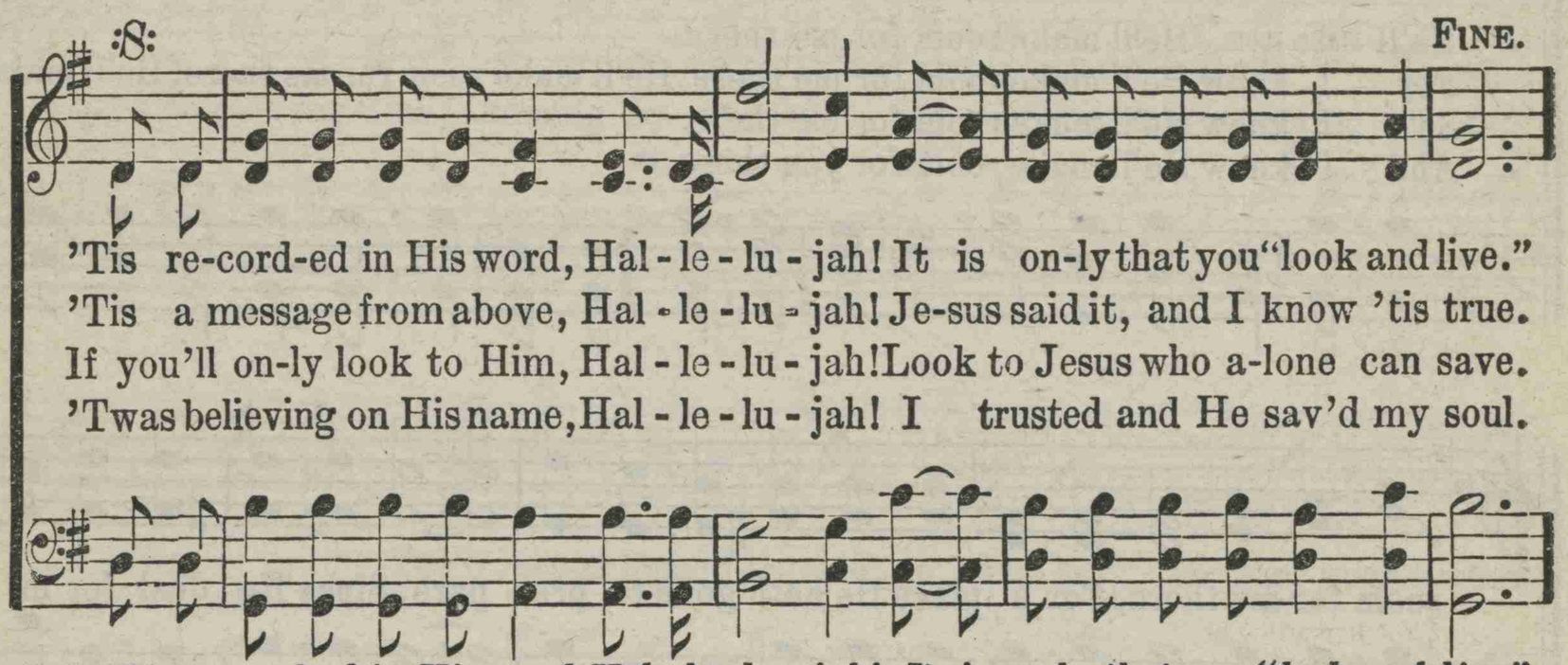
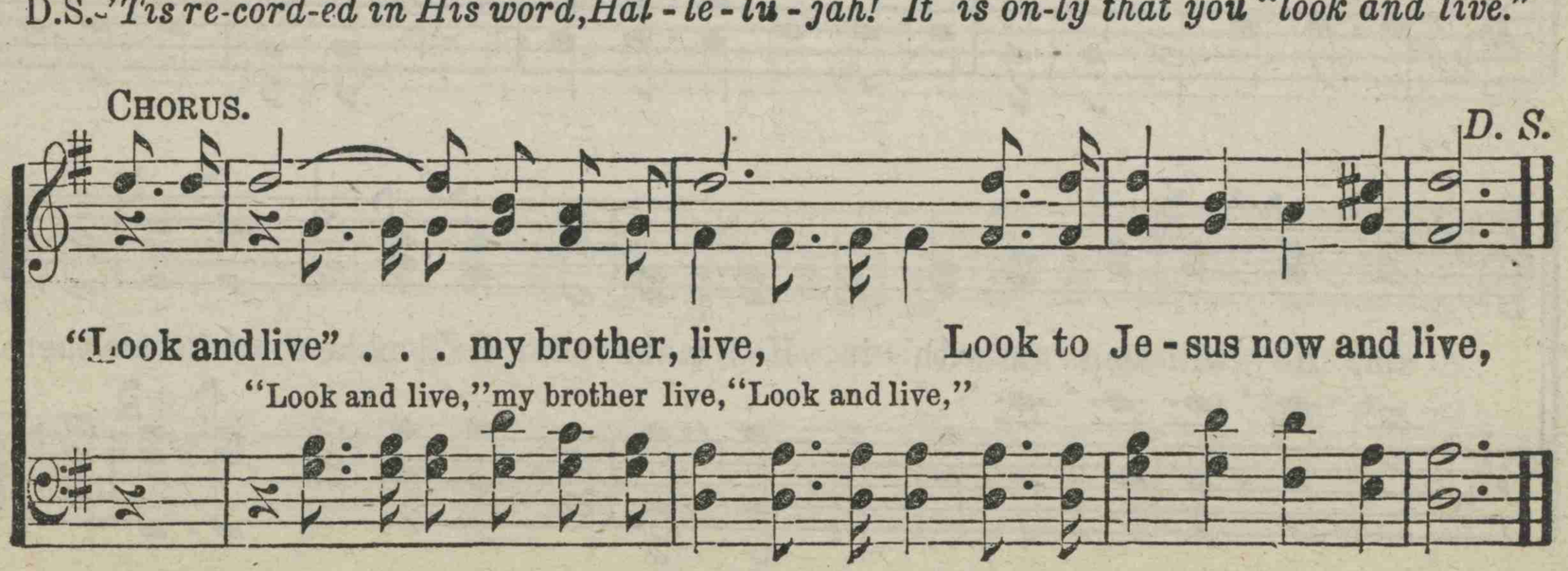
CHORUS.

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

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

## He Will Not Forsake You.

## No. 133. Look and Live.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.

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



# No. 134. He'll Make Room.

PROPERTY OF W. J. MORRIS.

E. E. Hewitt. W. J. Morris.

1. O - ver yon-der's a cit - y of mar - vel-ous light, All undimned by a sor - row or care, And its beau - ti - ful man-sions with glo - ry are bright,
2. Let me work in His name, as I jour - ney a - bove, He will help me my bur - dens to bear; Thro' earth's pleasures and pain I will joy in His love,
3. As a pen - i - tent child, I have come to His feet, In His wondrous sal- va - tion to share; Now I'm trust-ing His grace all the work to com-plete,
4. When the shadows grow long, at this life's ev - en - fall, Would you en-ter that cit - y so fair? Come to - day to my Sav - iour, o - bey - ing His call,

REFRAIN.

He'll make room, He'll make room for me there.
For I know He'll make room for me there. He'll make room for me there, He'll make
So I know He'll make room for me there.
And I know He'll make room for you there.

room for me there, For a place He hath gone to pre - pare; Since He died for my sin, He will lead me with - in; He'll make room, He'll make room for me there.

# No. 135. The Resting Time is Coming.

PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS.

**Johnson Oatman, Jr.** **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. Ye work-ers in God's vineyard, whate'er your calling be, The rest-ing time is com-ing by and by; Go, toil where He doth call you, His pow'r to help you'll see,
2. O do not be discouraged, ye pilgrims on life's road, The rest-ing time is com-ing by and by; 'Tis but a lit - tle lon - ger to bear the heav-y load,
3. The prom-ise has been giv - en up - on the pag - es fair, The rest-ing time is com-ing by and by; Tho' weary with the struggle, God's own word doth declare,
4. Tho' sor-row may sweep o'er you yet still do not de-spair, The rest-ing time is com-ing by and by; No sickness, pain nor sor-row, no sigh-ing o - ver there,
5. No mat-ter what the bur-den of bod-y, heart, or soul, The rest-ing time is com-ing by and by; With Christ our blessed Saviour, when endless a - ges roll,

REFRAIN.

The rest-ing time is coming by and by. The rest-ing time is coming by and by, You'll rest at home for-ev-er in the sky; So bear your burden brave-ly, nor faint beneath the load, The resting time is com-ing by and by.

# No. 136. The Slighted Stranger.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

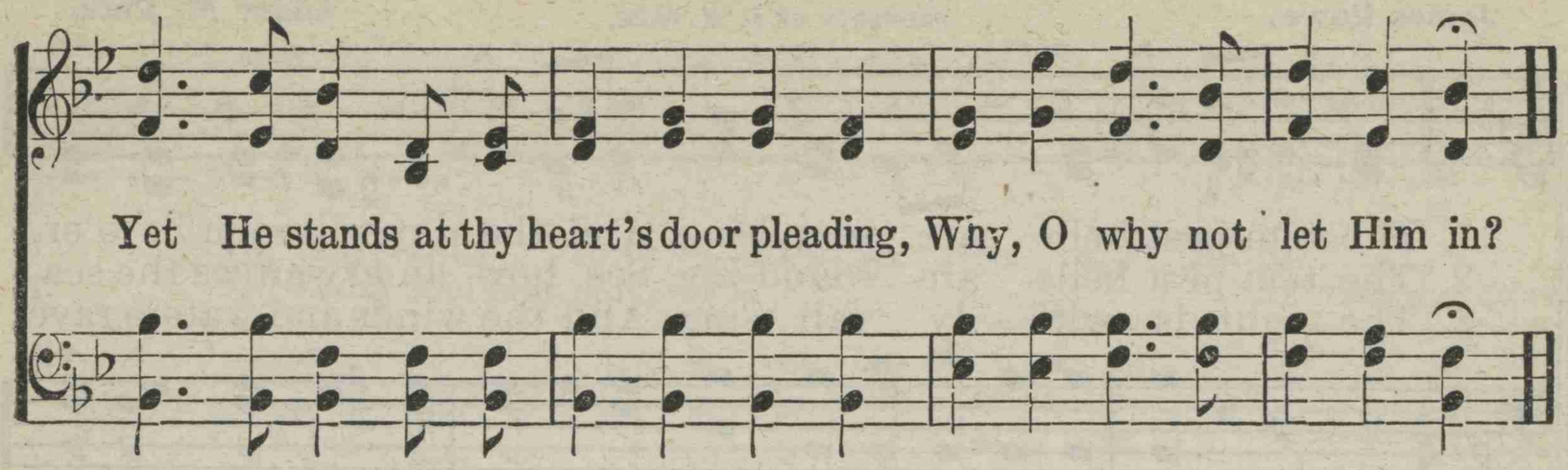
His hands are pierced, His brow is torn, His face is sad, but sweet—
De - spised! re - ject - ed! cru - ci - fied! O love, O grace un - known,
O soul, a - rise and let Him in, Lest from the bolt - ed door

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

CHORUS.

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

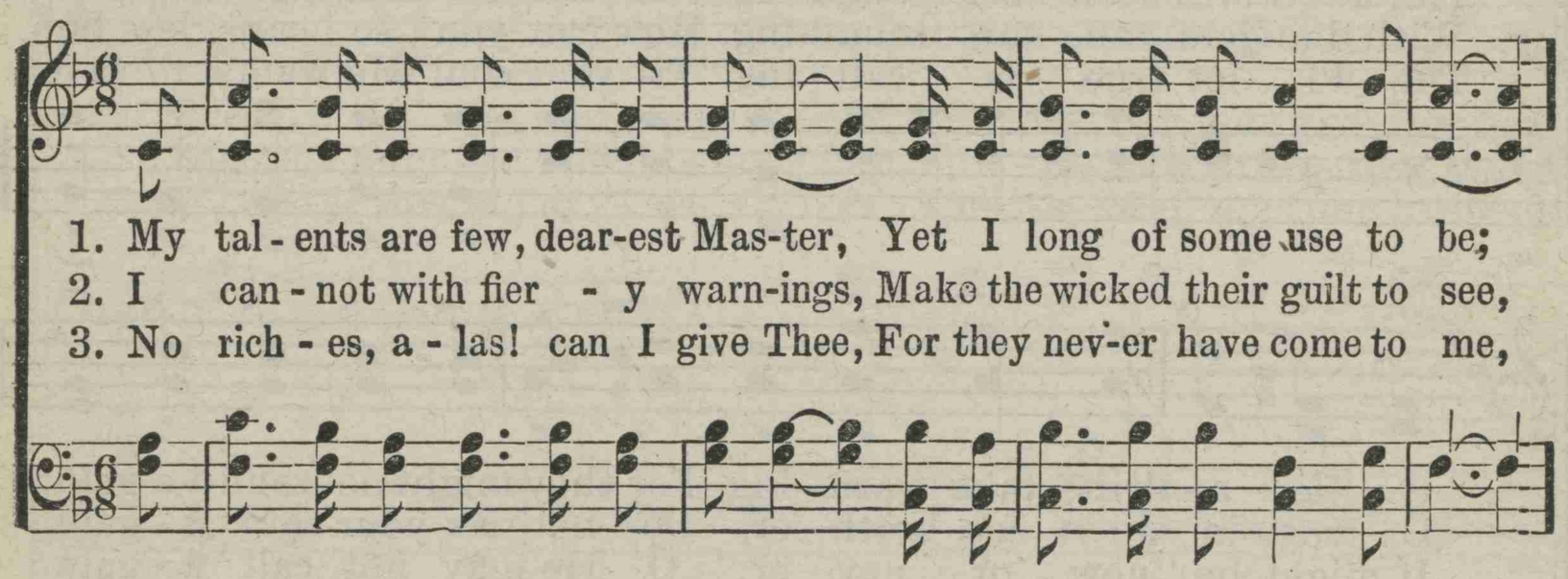
## The Slighted Stranger.




## No. 137. Something for Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL.

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



## No. 138.

# The Tempest Bells.

James Rowe. PROPERTY OF A. M. PACE. Adger M. Pace.

1. The tem-pest bells are sound-ing, And the day will soon be o'er,
2. The tem-pest bells are sound-ing, See how an-gry grows the sea,
3. The night is swift - ly fall - ing, And the winds and waters rave,

The waves will soon be pound-ing On the sol - emn, gloomy shore;
With dan-gers you sur - round-ing, How can you so care - less be?
The Pi - lot true is call - ing, 'Tis your soul He wants to save;

*f.*

O life a - drift, take warn - ing, For they might not sound a-gain,
O trust in Je - sus, broth - er, Do not risk your soul a - gain,
It might be "now or nev - er," O He may not call a - gain,

D. S. *And you are lost for - ev - er, If you wan - der on in sin,*

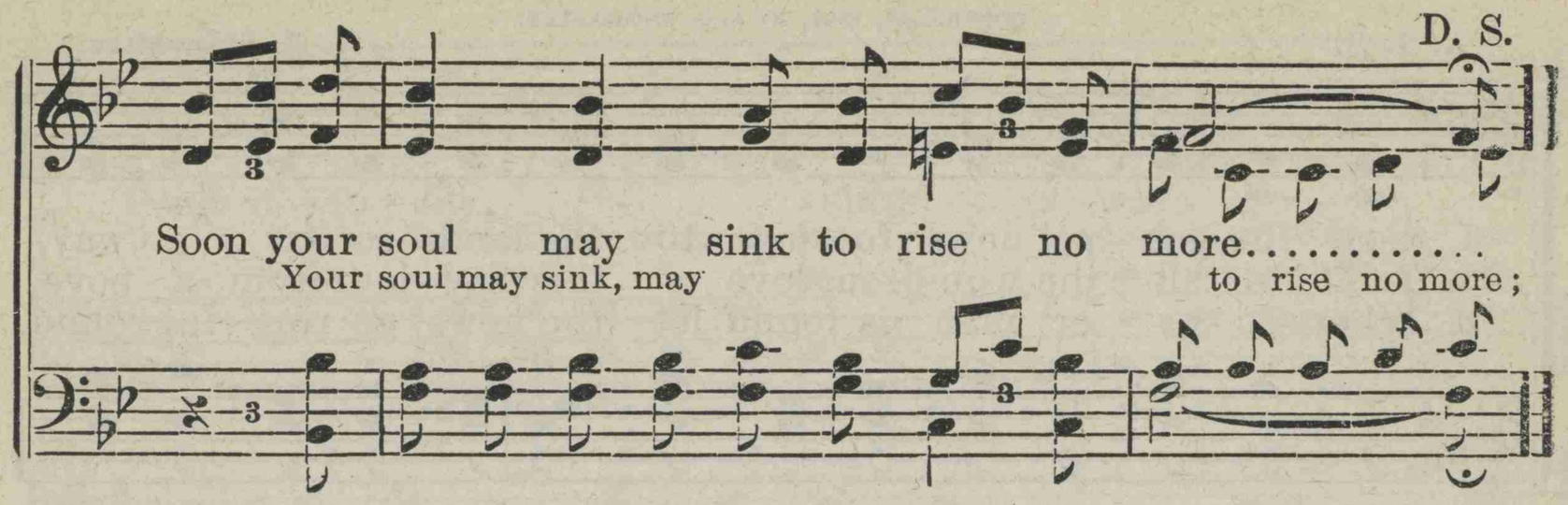
FINE.

Your soul may sink ere morn-ing, What then, O what then?
The call of death might reach you, What then, O what then?
You soon may sink for - ev - er, What then, O what then?

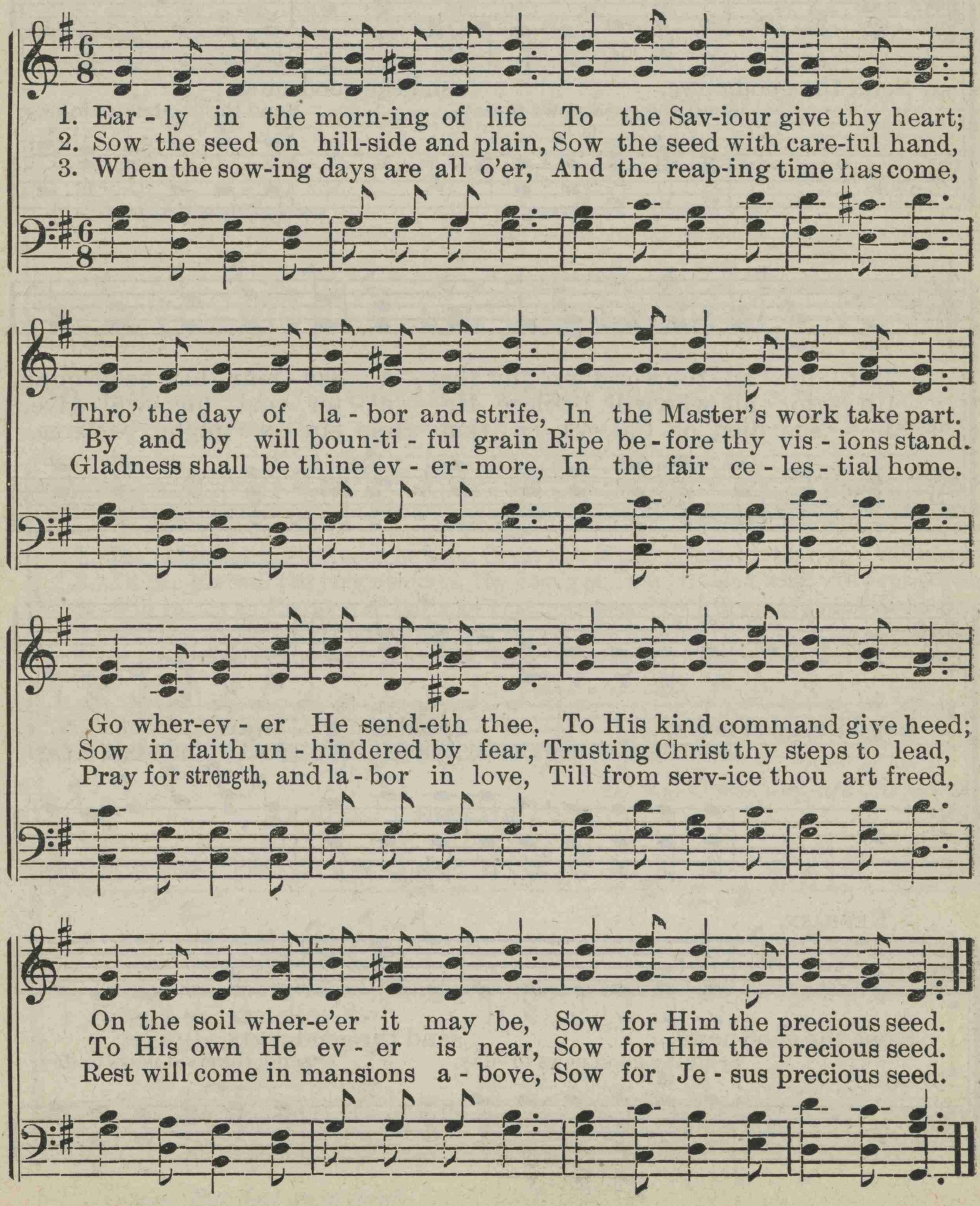
*The hand of death may claim you, What then, O what then?*

REFRAIN.

Now the waves are dash - ing, Hear them beat a-gainst the shore,
The waves are dashing,

## The Tempest Bells.

## No. 139. Sow the Precious Seed.

**Jennie Wilson.** PROPERTY OF J. W. DENNIS. **J. W. Dennis.**



# No. 140. Send the Good News.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY A. J. SHOWALTER.

A. J. S. A. J. Showalter.

1. Send the gos - pel news to - day to the lands so far a - way,
2. Tell to all the won-drous love of this Sav - iour from a - bove,
3. Where-so - ev - er man is found let the news go ring - ing round,

Send the good news, send the good news;
Send the good news to-day, Send the good news to-day;

Tell to all the world a-round that a Sav - iour has been found,
Un - to all who will be-lieve He e - ter - nal life will give,
Je - sus died on Cal - va - ry that from sin we might be free,

Send the good news, speed it a - way.
Send the good news to-day, speed it, yes, speed it on wings a-way.

REFRAIN.

Send the good news, send the good news,
Send the good news to - day, send the good news to-day,

## Send the Good News.

Send it to - day, speed it a - way;
Send it on wings a - way, speed it with love a - way;

Tell it o'er the land and sea, Je - sus saves us glo - rious-ly,

Send the good news, send it to - day.
Send the good news to-day, send it, O send the good news to-day.

## No. 141. On That Great Day.

**Johnson Oatman, Jr.** COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY J. W. DENNIS. **P. A. Smith.**

1. The judgment day will soon be here, Come now it may; Then, brother, how will you ap-
2. All peo-ple will the judgment see, The young and gay; O think what will your portion
3. Will you be numbered with the band That goes away? Or will you stand at God's right
4. Will you re-joice when on the scales Your soul He weighs? Or will you turn with bitter
5. If now you hear the Saviour's voice, Turn and o-bey; Then you before Him may re-

D. S.—*O broth-er, are you ready*

FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.

pear On that great day?
be On that great day?
hand On that great day?
wails On that great day?
joice On that great day?

On that great day, on that great day, That great, that awful day;

*now For that great day?*

## No. 142. The Son Hath Made Me Free.

**Miriam E. Oatman.** COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY W. A. STEWART. **W. A. Stewart.**

1. I was once..... in E-gypt's bondage, (E-gypt's bondage,) But de -
liv - 'rance came to me, (came to me,) And I'm liv - ing now in
Ca-naan, (now in Ca-naan,) For the Son..... hath made me free.

2. I was once..... a slave to Sa-tan, (slave to Sa-tan,) And he
worked... his will in me, (yes, in me,) But I'm bound.... by sin no
lon-ger, (bound no lon-ger,)

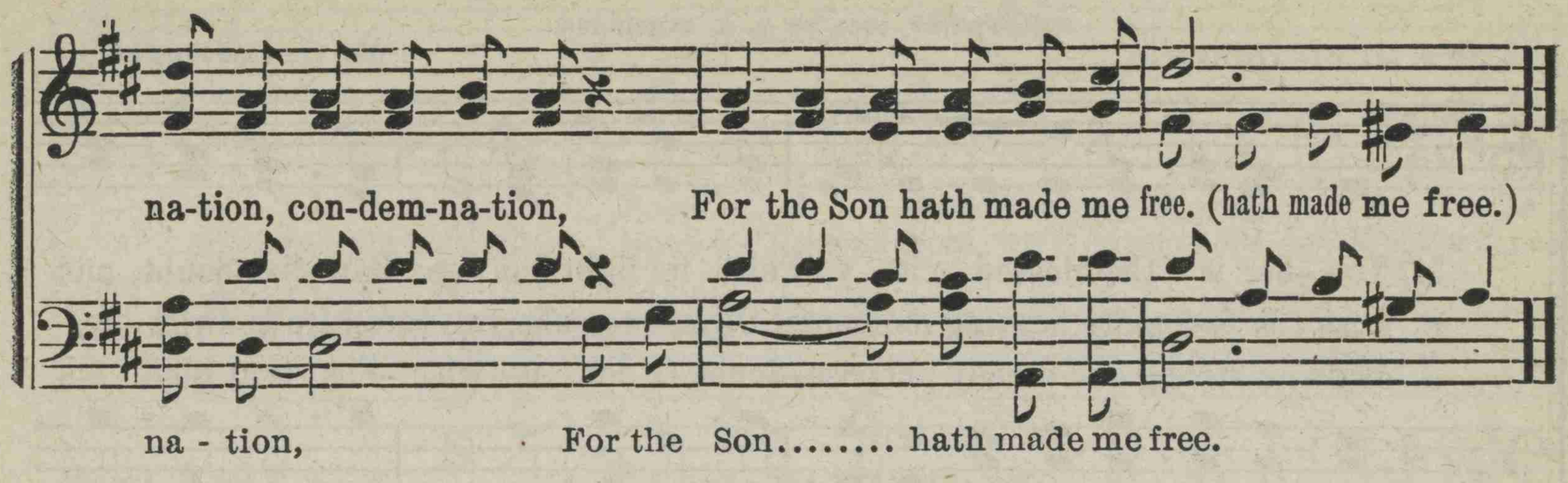
3. World-ly pleas - ures can-not charm me, (cannot charm me,) No de -
light..... in them I see, (none for me,) Fash-ion, fol - ly, pride have
left me, (they have left me,)

4. All my fear,..... all con-dem-na-tion, (con-dem-na-tion,) All that
stood.... 'twixt God and me, (God and me,) Praise His name!.... are left be -
hind me, (left be-hind me,)

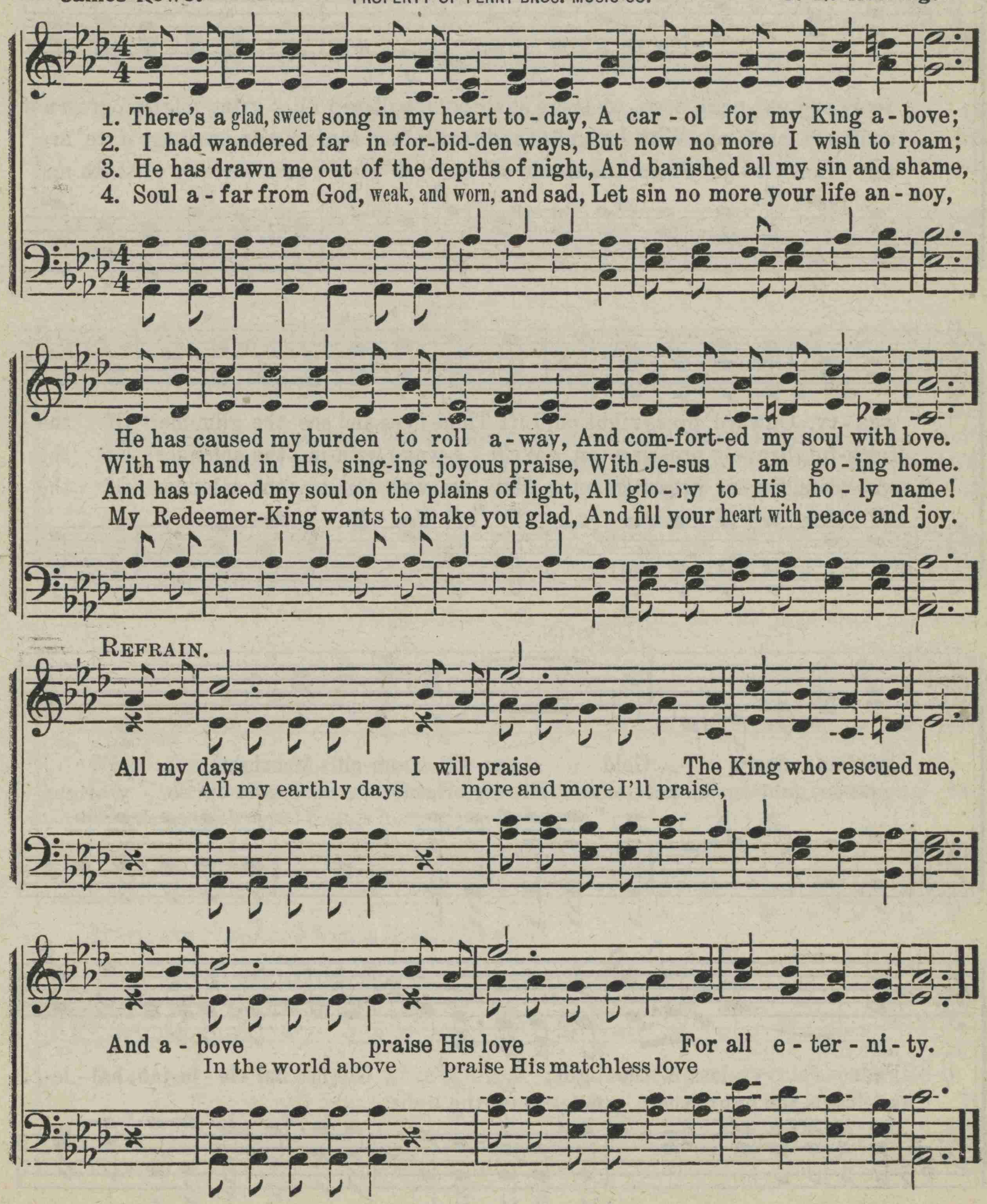
made me free.

REFRAIN.

I am dwell-ing now in Ca-naan, now in Ca-naan,
I am dwell - - ing now in Ca - naan, Je - sus'
Je - sus' blood a-vails for me, yes, for me; I am free from con-dem-
blood..... a-vails for me; I am free..... from con-dem-

## The Son Hath Made Me Free.

## No. 143. The King Who Rescued Me.

James Rowe. PROPERTY OF PERRY BROS. MUSIC CO. J. E. Herring.



# No. 144. Yonder Is the Blessed City.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY M. G. BARRINGER.

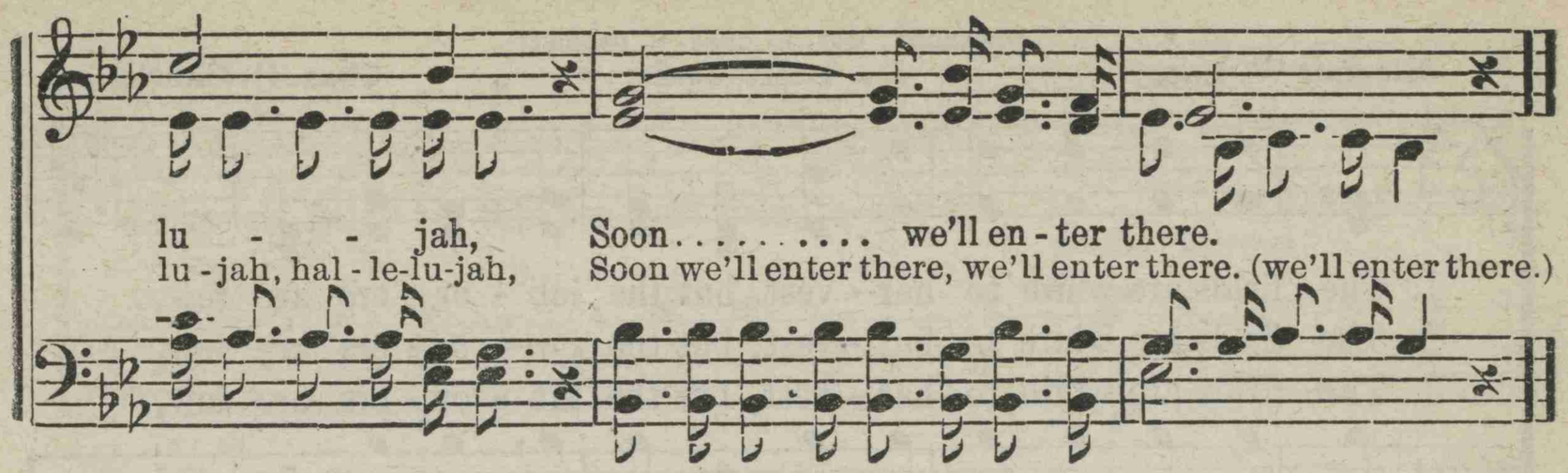
Mrs. J. M. Hunter. M. G. Barringer.

1. Yon - der is the blessed cit - y, Faith its light can see; Ban - ish doubt, and fear, and sad-ness, Soon we there shall be; (shall be;) Pil - grim, pilgrim, grow not wea - ry, Onward, press right on, Lift Thine eyes and see the glim-mer Of the
2. Just a few more fleeting moments, Days, or weeks, or years, Life is swift - ly, swift - ly pass-ing, With its smiles and tears; (and tears;) And ere long, if we are faith-ful, Bravely pressing on, We'll a-wake with-in the splendor Of the
3. With a strong and steady purpose, Souls, O let us win, For that glad, e - ter - nal cit - y, From the touch of sin; (of sin;) Teach the way of truth and wis - dom, Ev - er pressing on, Till we wak - en to the splendor Of the

REFRAIN.

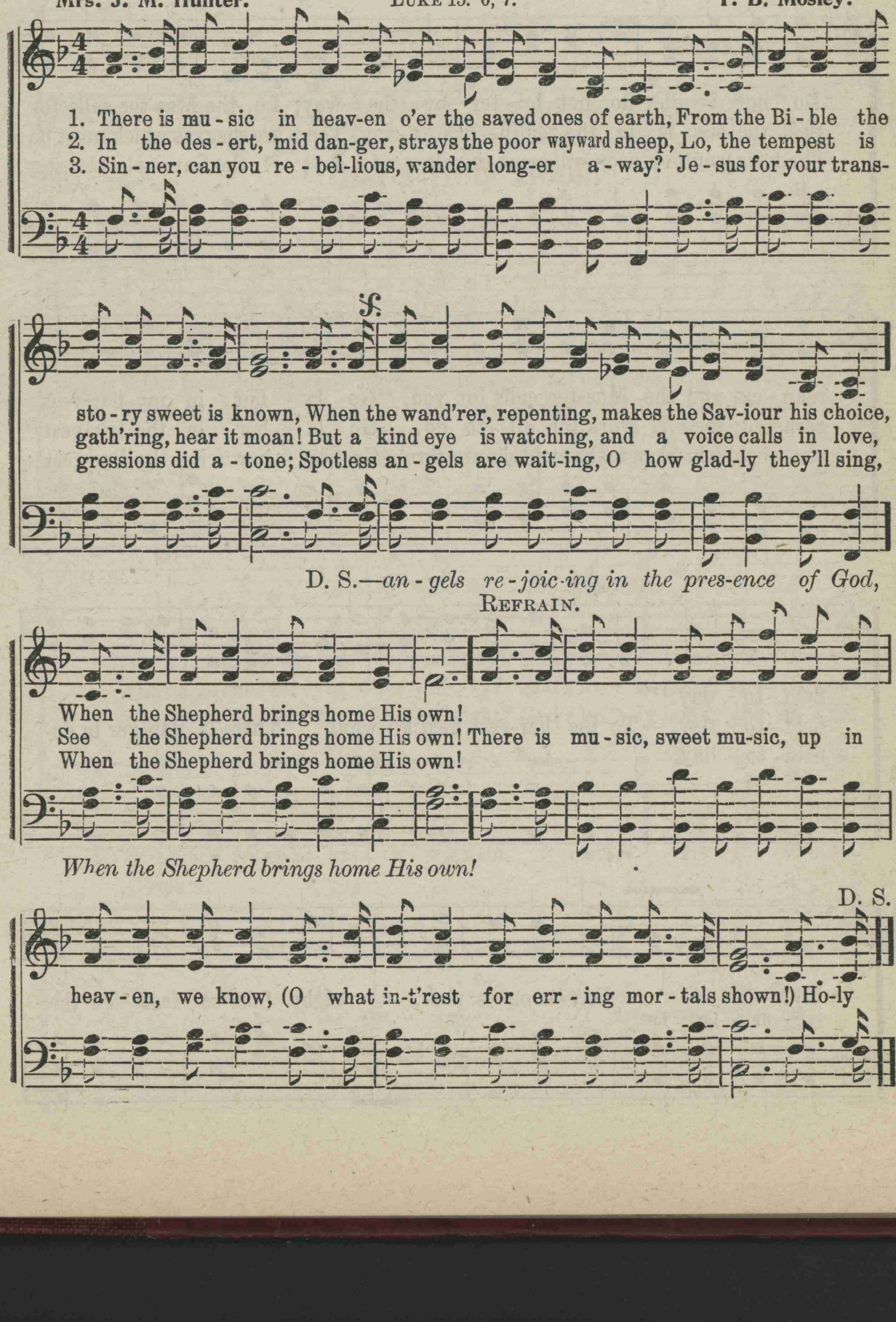
gold-en dawn. Gold - - - en cit - y bright,
gold-en, gold - en dawn. Gold-en cit - y bright, gold-en cit - y bright,

Fade - - less is the light; Glo-ry hal - le - lu-jah, hal - le-
Fadeless is the light, yes, fadeless is the light;

## Yonder Is the Blessed City.

## No. 145. Music In Heaven.

T. B. MOSLEY, OWNER.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. LUKE 15: 6, 7. T. B. Mosley.



# No. 146 White Harvest Fields.

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

**Eleanor W. Long.** **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. The fields are white to har - vest, but the lab - or - ers are few,
2. The fields are white to har - vest, but the lab - or - ers are few,
3. The fields are white to har - vest, but the lab - or - ers are few,

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

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

CHORUS.

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

lay! Day soon is past,— night falls so fast—To the
in de - lay, for

## White Harvest Fields.

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

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

## No. 147. God's Holy Book.

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

Martha Newton. E. O. Excell.

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

FINE.

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

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

CHORUS. D. S.

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

# No. 148. The Children's Hosanna.

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

**Neal A. McAuley** **J. S. Fearls.**

1. I dreamed one night, not long a - go, Of mansions in the skies, Where those who
2. And, as I mused, I heard a voice, In sweet-er tones than all, Di - rect-ing
3. And when from slumber I a-rose, To serve my Lord and King, I felt that

love the Lord ob-tain A rich and glo-rious prize; I saw a-mong the
Christian work - ers here, In words I now re - call, "For-bid them not," He
I the lit - tle lambs To Christ in love might bring; And then I cried for

hap - py throng The children bright and fair; I heard their voices clear and sweet
gen - tly said, "The children bring to me, Their por-tion in the World of Light
dai - ly grace Their precious souls to cheer, Till they could sing like yonder choir

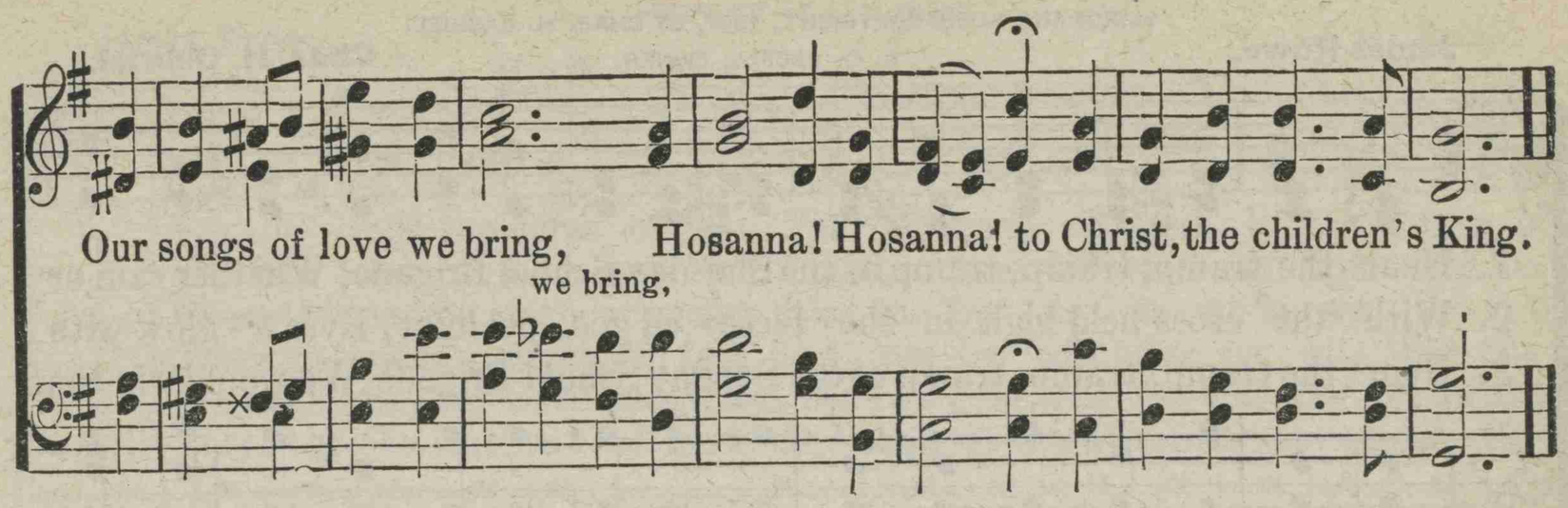
REFRAIN. *Faster.*

With mu - sic fill the air.
Redeemed shall ev - er be." Hosanna! Hosanna! Our songs of love we bring,
Ho-san-na! bright and clear.

we bring

Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na! To Christ, the children's King; Ho-san-na! Ho - san-na!

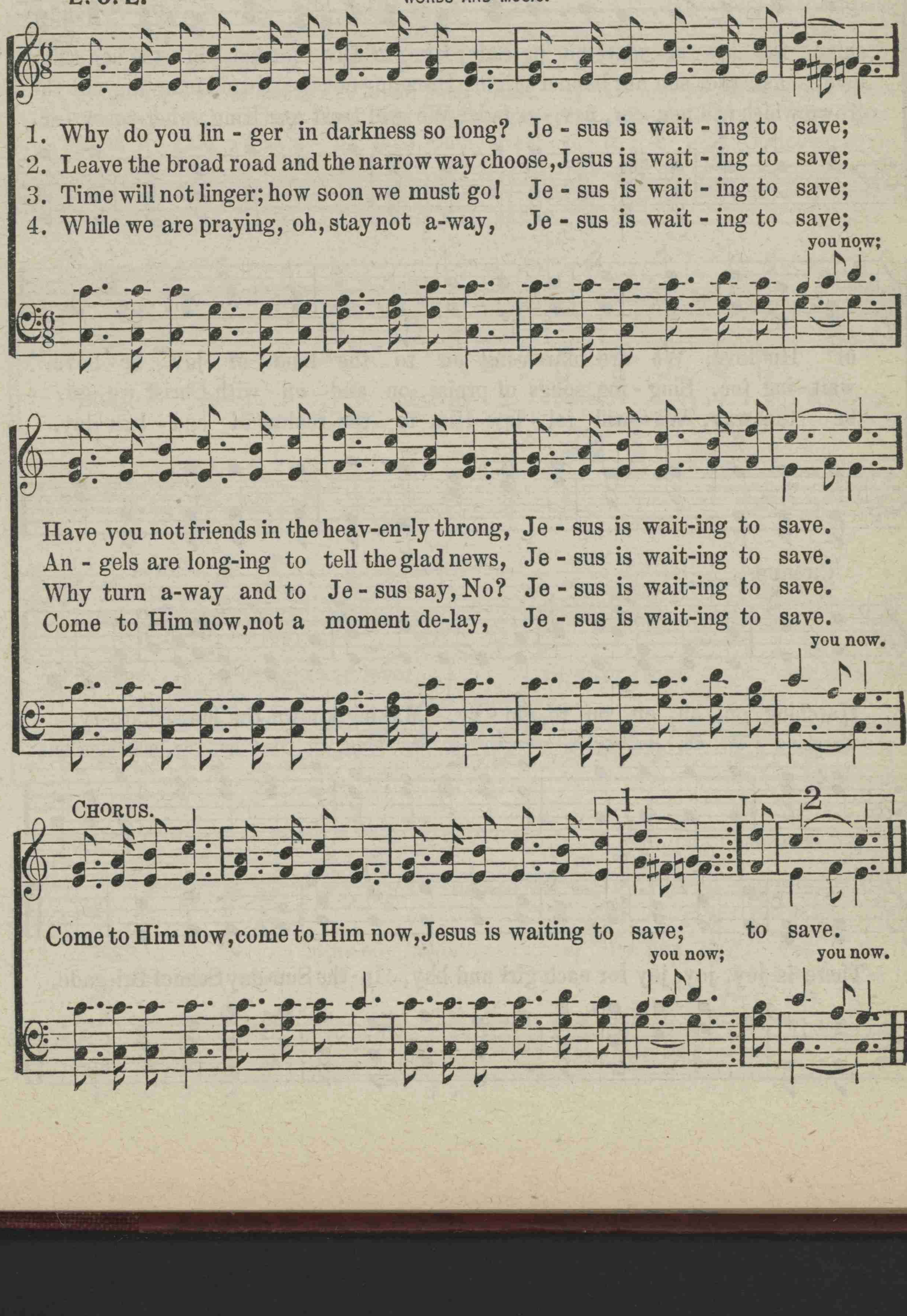
## The Children's Hosanna.




## No. 149. Jesus is Waiting to Save.

COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

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



# No. 150. The Sunday School Brigade.

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

James Rowe. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Sun-day School Brigade, Whether rain or shine we are al-ways on pa-rade; By our Sav-ior led, in the sun-shine
2. With the cross held high in the bless-ed gos-pel light, Eyes a-glow with love, as the sun our banner bright; Dreading not the storm, fear-ing not the
3. Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Sunday School Brigade, We would win that crown which will nev-er, nev-er fade; We will trust our King, wher-so-ev-er

of His love, We are march-ing on to the land of joy be-bove.
wait-ing foe, Sing-ing songs of praise, on and on with Christ we go.
be the way, We will fol-low Him to the realm of end-less day.

CHORUS.

Marching on, on, on, on to glo-ry, Making known the blessed sto-ry,
Marching on, on, on, we're march-ing, Marching on, on, on, on, marching on,
There is joy, joy, joy for each girl and boy, In the Sun-day School Bri-gade.

# No. 151. Blessed Land By and By.

PROPERTY OF J. C. PERRY.

James Rowe. J. C. Perry.

1. Far be - yond the cares of life, Far be - yond all earth - ly strife, Lies a
'Tis the land of "By and By," That dear land for which we sigh, For so

2. There is heard no sigh or moan, For the bur - den is un-known, In this
There no shades of night will fall, End - less day will bless us all, For the

3. We shall meet our loved ones there, See a - gain their fac - es fair, And from
There our Sav-iour we shall meet, And shall thrill with rapture sweet, As He

king-dom ev - er peace - ful and fair; ma - ny of our loved ones are there.
coun-try ev - er hap - py and bright; gen-tle Lamb of God is the light.
them a - gain we nev - er shall roam; gives to us a glad "welcome home."

REFRAIN.

Bless - ed land..... of rest a - bove,..... Hap - py
Bless - ed land, sweet rest a - bove,

home..... of light and love,..... How for thee..... our spir - its
Hap-py home of light and love, How for thee

sigh,..... Bless-ed land..... of "By and By.".....
our spir-its sigh, Bless-ed land "sweet by and by."

# No. 152. The Good Old-Fashioned Way.

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

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

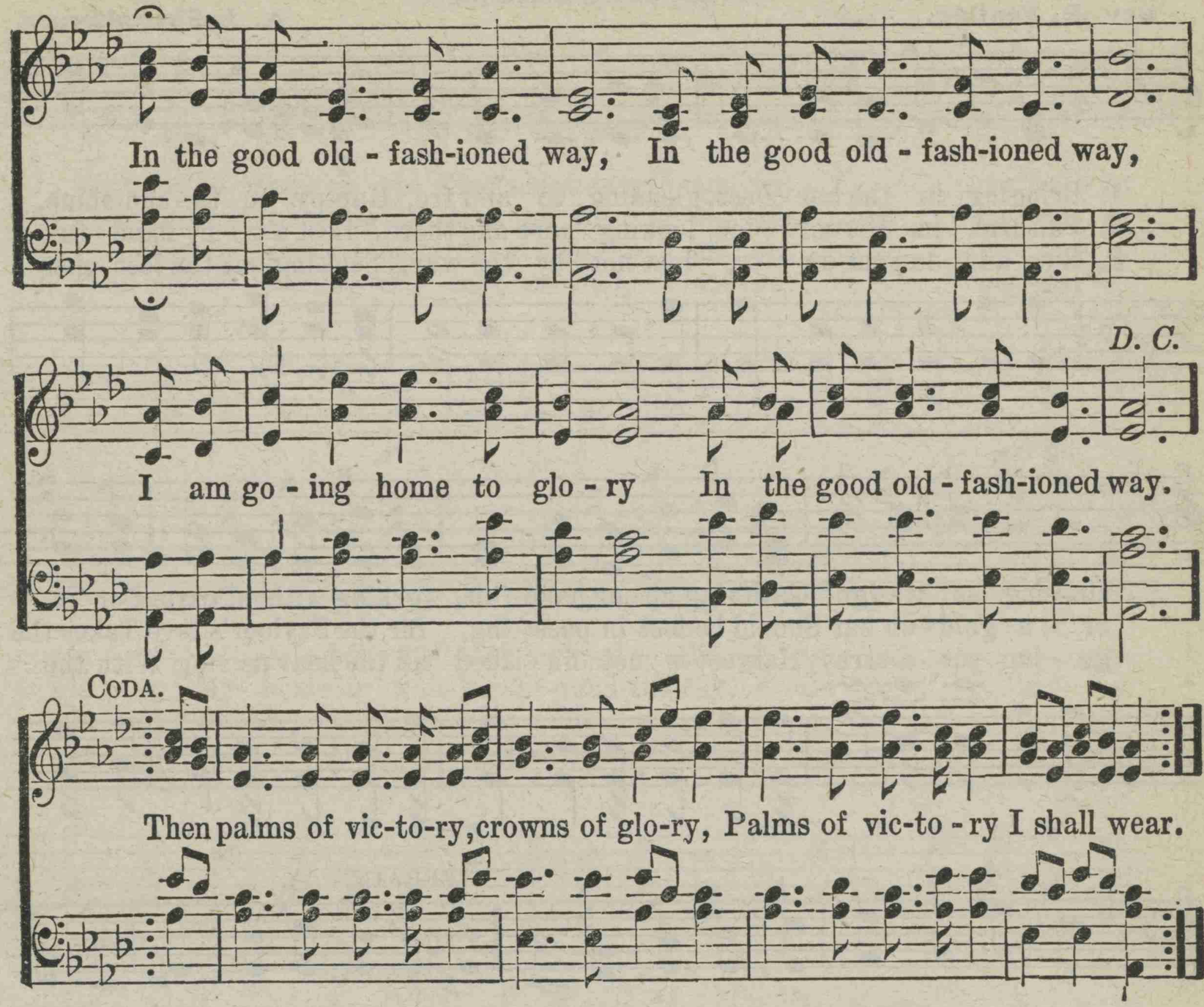
Where for me a rest re-main-eth In the home-land of the soul:
Tho' the way may be called nar-row, It is wide e-nough for me;
With the pil-grims and the mar-tyrs Have obtained a robe and crown;
But the way grows more de-light-ful As I'm draw-ing near-er home;

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

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

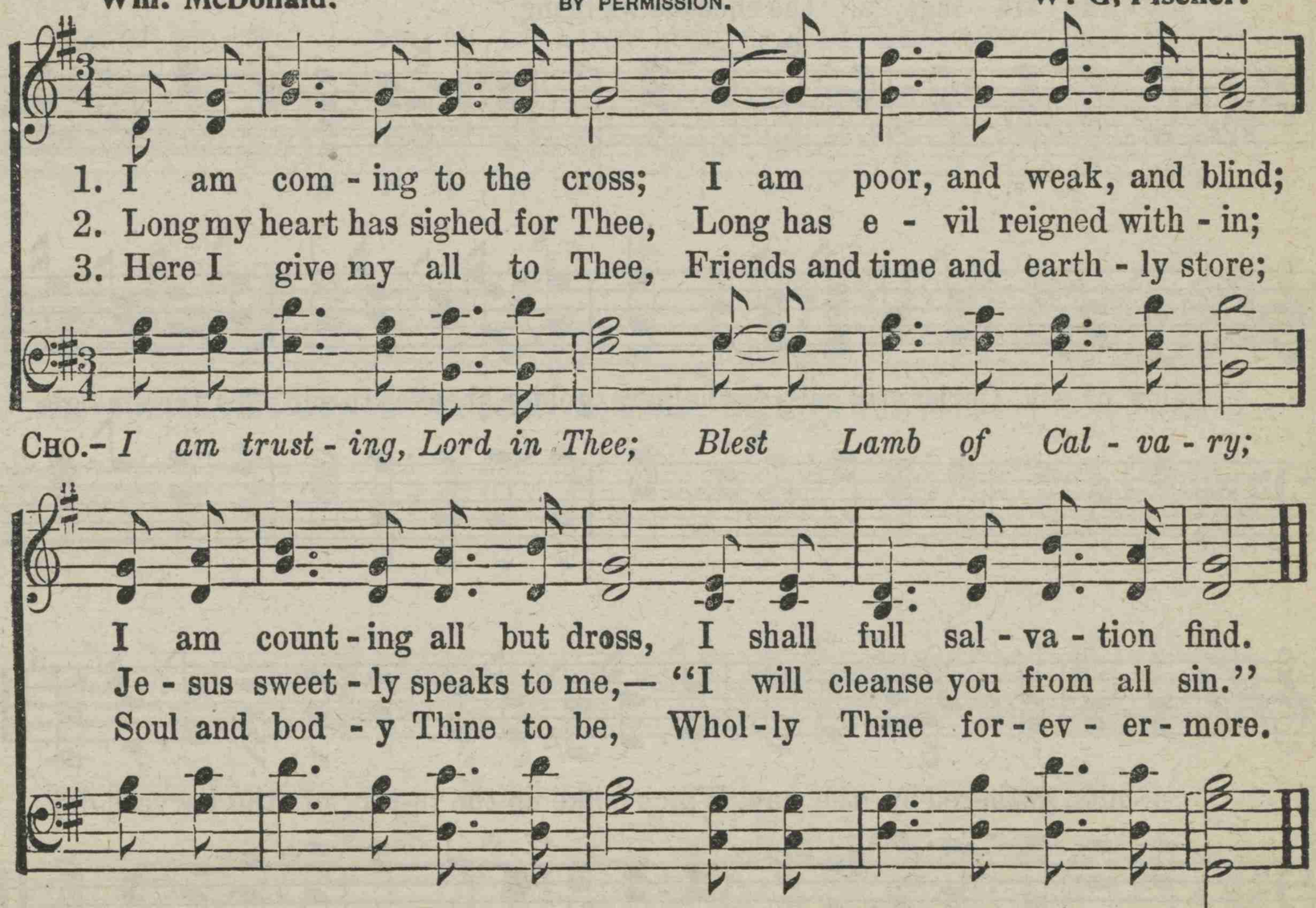
## The Good Old Fashioned Way.

CHORUS.




## No 153. I Am Trusting Lord in Thee.

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



# No. 154. In the Harvest Field.

PROPERTY OF A. J. SHOWALTER.

Rev. R. Venting. A. J. Showalter.

1. Bringing in the har - vest, gleaning to and fro, Hap-py in the sun-shine,
2. Faithful in His serv - ice, looking "here and there," Lest a ti - ny hand - ful,
3. Rise and do your du - ty, rest not "by the way," Seeking out the lost ones

sing-ing as we go; Gath'ring up our hand-fuls, working without care, For it
or a gold - en ear Should be lost in pass - ing, for the Saviour's love Takes the
go - ing yet a-stray; Harvest is not fin - ished till the heav'ns ring With the

REFRAIN.

is a pleas-ure, du - ty calls us there.
weak and frail ones to His home a - bove. Go and seek the lost ones in the
joy - ful tid - ings, "all the sheaves we bring."

fields of sin, Christ still calls for helpers golden sheaves to win; 'Tis the sin - gle

u - nits, gathered by the way, Which make up the to-tal of the harvest day.

# No. 155. I Am On My Way to Glory.

PROPERTY OF J. M. EDWARDS.

**Johnson Oatman, Jr.** **Mrs. J. M. Edwards.**

1. With joy I press on the King's high-way, I am on..... my way to
2. I sing glad songs when the days go by, I am on..... my way to
3. I sing at night as the bright stars shine, I am on..... my way to
4. That blessed morning will soon un-fold, I am on..... my way to

I am on

glo - ry; Praise God, 'tis well with my soul to-day, I am on..... my
glo - ry; My home is wait-ing be-yond the sky, I am on..... my
glo - ry; No tongue can tell what a joy is mine, I am on..... my
glo - ry; Soon I shall en-ter the streets of gold, I am on..... my

I am on

REFRAIN.

way to glo - ry. I am on the King's highway, And I'll never turn back, But I'll

fol - low all the way in the same old track; Christ is with me ev'ry day, Keeping

me a-long the way, Hal-le - lu-jah, hal-le - lu-jah, I am on my way to glo - ry.

## No. 156.

# Say So.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY J. D. PATTQN.

Miriam E. Arnold. J. D. Patton.

1. Have you found in Christ a Friend and Saviour? Does He walk be - side you all the way, Cheering you with fel-low-ship most precious?
2. Have you found His grace was all - suf - fi-cient, When for you earth's sky was drear and gray? In each tri - al did His arm up-hold you?
3. Who will be Thy wit - ness-es, dear Mas-ter, If we shall re - fuse to speak for Thee? Touch our lips with love, O bless - ed Je - sus,

REFRAIN.

O then say so, tell it out to - day. Tell to oth - ers how the Lord hath saved you, How He took your burdens all a - way; If from sin the Saviour hath redeemed you, Say so, say so, tell His love to-day.

Tell the sto - ry of His grace to - day.
And may ma-ny more Thy beauty see. Tell to oth - ers, tell them How He took, He took

## No. 157. A Song of Gladness.

James Rowe. PROPERTY OF J. LOVE THARP. J. Love Tharp.

1. There's a song of glad - ness ring - ing in my soul, For the Lord has tak - en
2. Je - sus sought and found me deep in sin and shame, And He com-fort-ed my
3. I will sing the bless - ed sto - ry of His love To the wayward and the

all my sins a - way; In His bless-ed keep-ing, un - der His control, More and
spir-it with His love; That is why I'm sing-ing "Bless His ho - ly name," As I
sad where'er I go, And will help de - spair-ing souls to look a-bove, For so

more I sing His praises ev - 'ry day. Bless the Lord, O my soul,
fol - low Him to Par - a-dise a - bove.
true a friend as Je - sus all should know. Bless the Lord,.... O my soul,... ..

REFRAIN.

To the world His love proclaim; More and more,
To the world.... His love proclaim,..... More and more,.... while a - ges

while a - ges roll, O praise His ho - ly name.....
roll,..... O praise His ho - - - ly name. (His ho - ly name.)

# No. 158. I'll Be a Sunbeam.

*To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.*

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

# No. 159. I Will Meet You, Mother.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. T. TURNER. W. T. Turner.

1. In the soul's e - ter - nal kingdom, just a-cross the o-cean's foam, Ma - ny loved ones wait for me in mansions fair; And a-mong the faithful number in that ev - er - last - ing home, Is a dear old moth - er wait-ing for me there.
2. I shall want to see my Sav-iour when I reach the blessed land, I shall want to see God's millions saved by grace, But before I gaze a moment at the might-y blood-washed band, I shall want to catch a glimpse of moth-er's face.
3. Oft be-fore my moth - er left me in the days of long a - go, She would talk of loved ones gone to mansions fair, And of how the fam-'ly cir-cle, which was brok - en here be - low, Would at last be re - u - nit - ed o - ver there.
4. 'Twas that mother dear who told me of the Sav-iour long a - go, 'Twas my mother taught my infant lips to pray; So al - tho' she's gone before me, yet she watch-es there, I know, Till I join her in that land of end - less day.

REFRAIN.

{ I will meet..... you, mother, meet you (o - ver there) When the cares.. of life are o'er; (for-ev-er o'er;)
{ And when by..... and by I greet you, (greet you there, [*Omit*..... ..... .....] } Death will part..... us nev - er - more.

# No. 160. Open the Door for the Children.

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

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

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

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

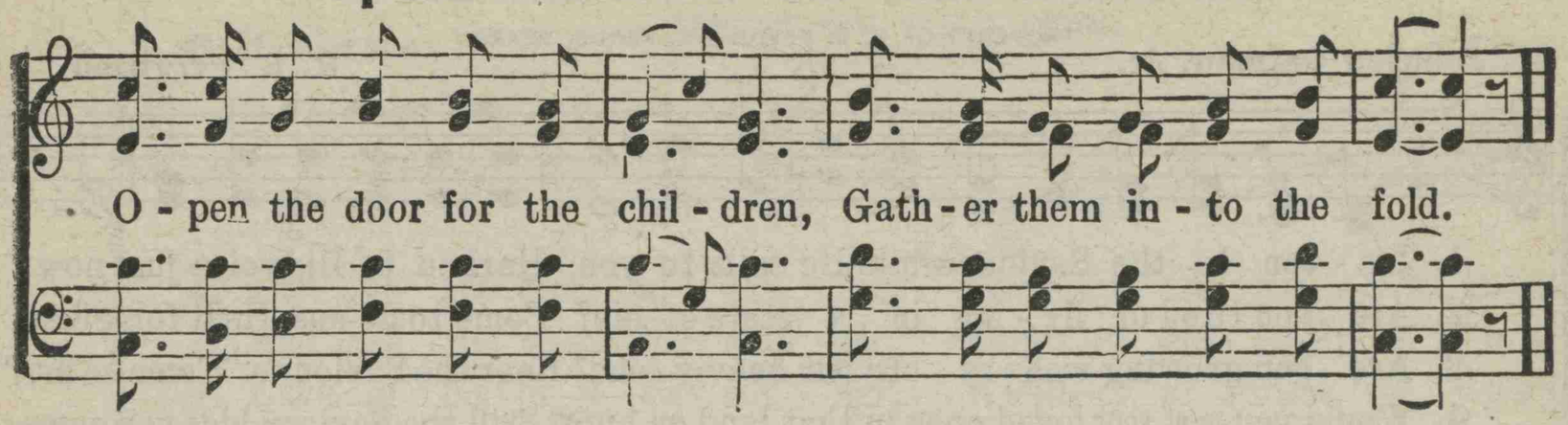
O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.
O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Theirs is the kingdom of heav'n.
O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.

CHORUS.

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

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

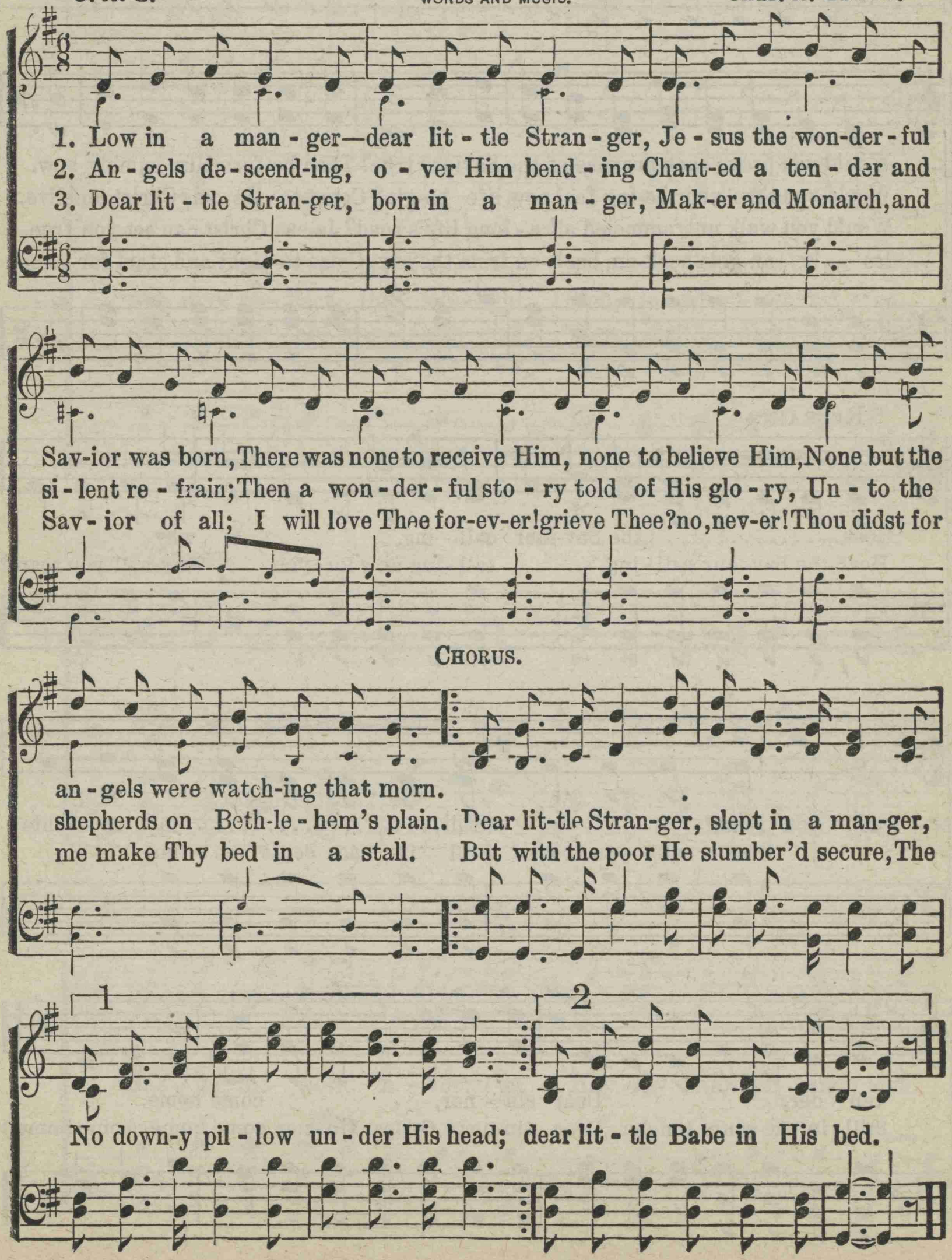
## Open the Door for the Children.




## No. 161. Dear Little Stranger.

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

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



# No. 162. Hear the Saviour Calling.

PROPERTY OF R. L. FERGUSON, VENUS, TEXAS.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. R. L Ferguson.

1. Lis - ten to the Saviour while He calls to you, Harken to His voice just now;
2. Are you tired of liv - ing in a state of sin? Come to Je-sus, He'll for-give;
3. Are you growing wea - ry of your heav-y load? Hear the Saviour's "Come to me;"
4. Would you meet your loved ones in that land on high? Still the Saviour bids you come;

Would you prove each promise of the Saviour true? Then be-fore Him humbly bow.
Would you thro' your be-ing feel new life be-gin? Come to Je - sus Christ and live.
Would you walk untrammeled all a - long life's road? Je-sus Christ can set you free.
Ho - ly an-gels beck-on, beck-on from the sky, Come to-night and start for home.

REFRAIN.

Hear..... the Sav-iour call - ing, O why
Hear the Sav-'our call - ing, call - ing now for you, Why will you roam?

will you roam? Still..... in ac - cents
Why will you roam? Still in ac - cents ten - der,

ten - der, Dear sin - ner, come home.
Still in ac-cents ten-der, Dear sin-ner, O dear sin - ner, come home. (come home.)

# No. 163. Little Stars.

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

H. H. Pierson. J. S. Fearis.

1. Just as the stars are shin - ing, Mak - ing the dark - ness bright,
2. And as the stars are smil - ing, Down on the earth be - low,
3. Each in his lit - tle cor - ner, Wheth-er at work or play,
4. How could they do with - out us? Dark would the world be then;

So we are shin - ing, shin - ing, Shed-ding our gold - en light.
We may re - flect the sun - light, Shin - ing wher - e'er we go.
We would be al - ways shin - ing, Turn - ing the night to day.
We are the Sav - ior's jew - els, Cheer - ing the hearts of men.

CHORUS.

Shin - ing, shin - ing, shin - ing, Just like the stars a - bove,
Mak - ing the world a - round us, Hap - py with light and love.

## No. 164. We Shall Meet At Jesus' Feet.

S. J. P. PROPERTY OF PERRY BROS. MUSIC CO. S. J. Perry.

1. Tho' we part, we shall meet At the blessed Saviour's feet, Where the
2. Tho' our faith oft is tried, In the Lord we will a - bide, Trust-ing
3. Let us work, watch, and pray, Trusting Jesus day by day, For the

cross we'll sur-ren-der for the crown; When life's storms all are o'er, And we
all to His mer-cy and His love; He is faith - ful and true, He will
pow'r that He giv-eth all His own; On His children be - low, He will

land on Canaan's shore, At His feet we shall lay our troph-ies down.
lead and suc - cor, too, And will guide safe - ly to that home a - bove.
sure - ly grace be-stow, Nor will ev - er for - sake or leave a - lone.

REFRAIN.

We shall meet..... at Je - sus' feet, Where we'll lay down the cross for the crown;
Yes, we shall meet His bless-ed feet, [*Omit*.... shining crown;

# No. 165. Little Sunbeams.

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

Eben E. Rexford, Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I think God gives the chil - dren, As thro'. the land they go,
2. The clouds may hide the sun - shine Of heav - en from our sight,
3. Then let us live our mis - sion Of sun - beams day by day.

The most de - light - ful mis - sion That an - y one can know;
And life have much of sor - row To mar the heart's de - light;
And scat - ter joy and bright - ness A - bout us all the way;

He wants us to be sun - beams Of love, and hope, and cheer,
But if like faith-ful sun - beams, We chil - dren do our part,
Let's chase a - way life's shad - ows With lov - ing tho't and deed,

FINE.

To bright - en up the shad - ows That oft - en gath - er here.
We'll bring a ray of bright - ness To ev - 'ry shadowed heart.
And be the sun - shine-mak - ers Of which the world has need.

D.S.–*In all life's shad - y pla - ces We shine as best we can.*

CHORUS. D. S.

O we are lit - tle sun - beams, Sent down from God to man;

# No. 166. My Heart Rejoices In Thy Love.

PROPERTY OF PERRY BROS. MUSIC CO.

James Rowe. F. Clark Perry.

1. My heart re - joic - es in Thy love, O Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. My heart re - joic - es in Thy love, For me it safe - ly keeps,
3. My heart re - joic - es in Thy love, For it has made me free;

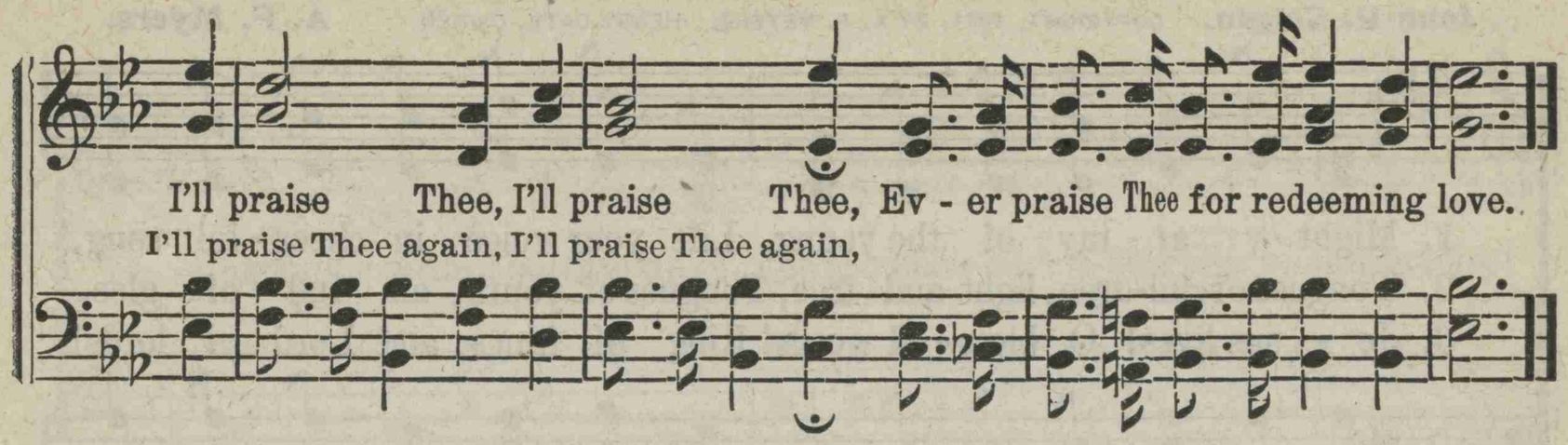
And more and more my soul shall prove Its love and grat - i - tude to Thee.
When e - vil tempts my soul to rove, Or o - ver me the tem-pest sweeps.
No pow - er shall my faith re - move, Or turn my face a-way from Thee.

In songs of joy and love and praise, My voice shall reach Thy throne above;
When grief is mine, it com - forts me; It makes the heav - y bur - den light,
In life and death I'll sing Thy praise, And in that blest a - bode a - bove

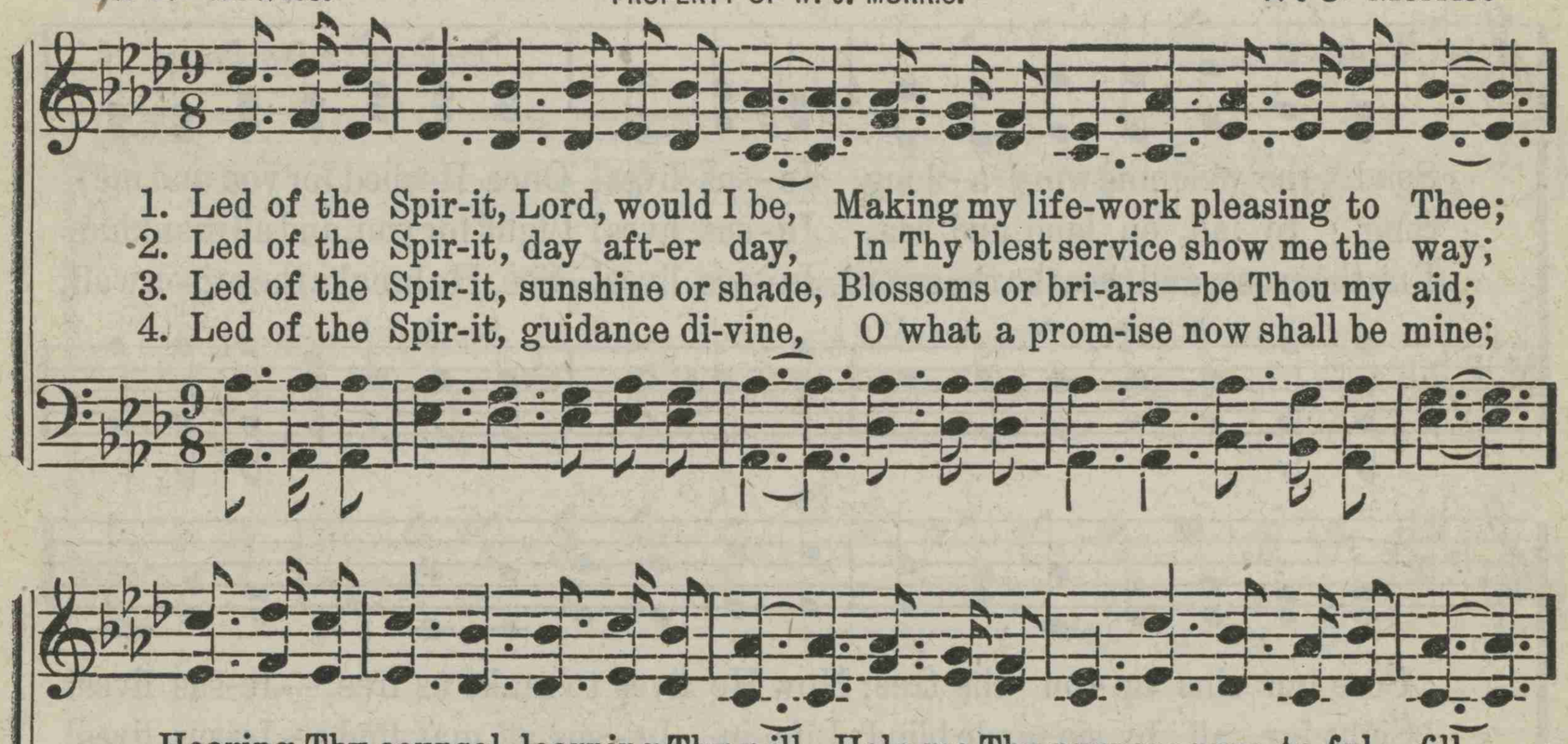
Yes, I will sing thro' end - less days, In praise of Thy re-deem - ing love.
And when the path I can - not see; It guides my wea - ry feet a - right.
A no - bler, sweet-er song I'll raise, In praise of Thy re-deem - ing love.

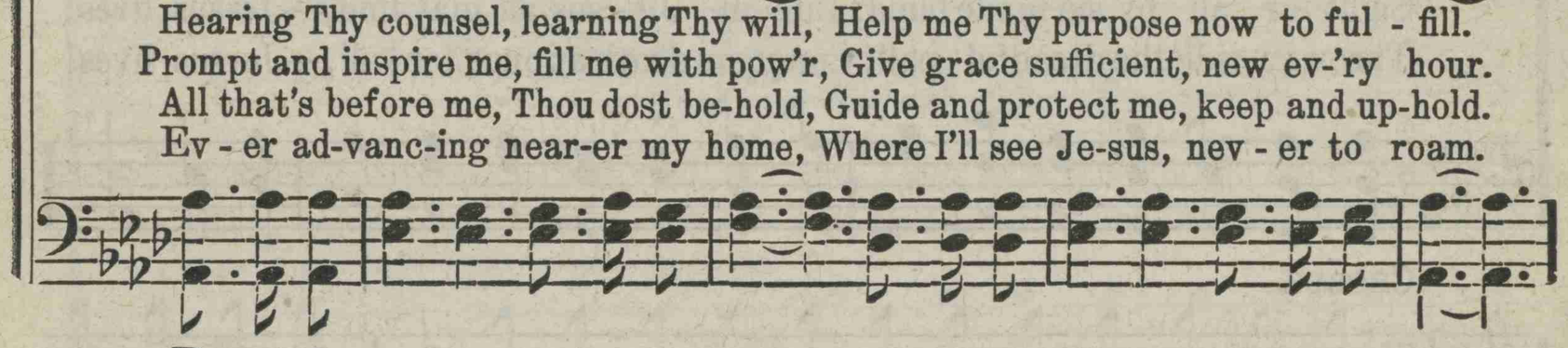
REFRAIN.

Re - joic - ing, re - joic - ing, More and more re-joic-ing in Thy love
Re - joic-ing in Thee, re - joic-ing in Thee,

## My Heart Rejoices In Thy Love.

## No. 167. Led of the Spirit.

E. E. Hewitt. PROPERTY OF W. J. MORRIS. W. J. Morris.

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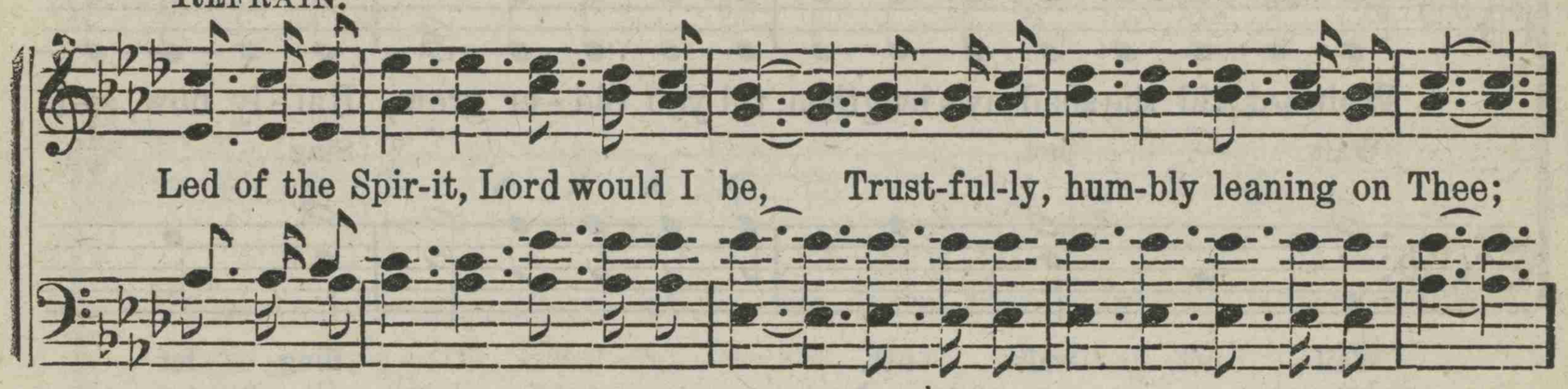
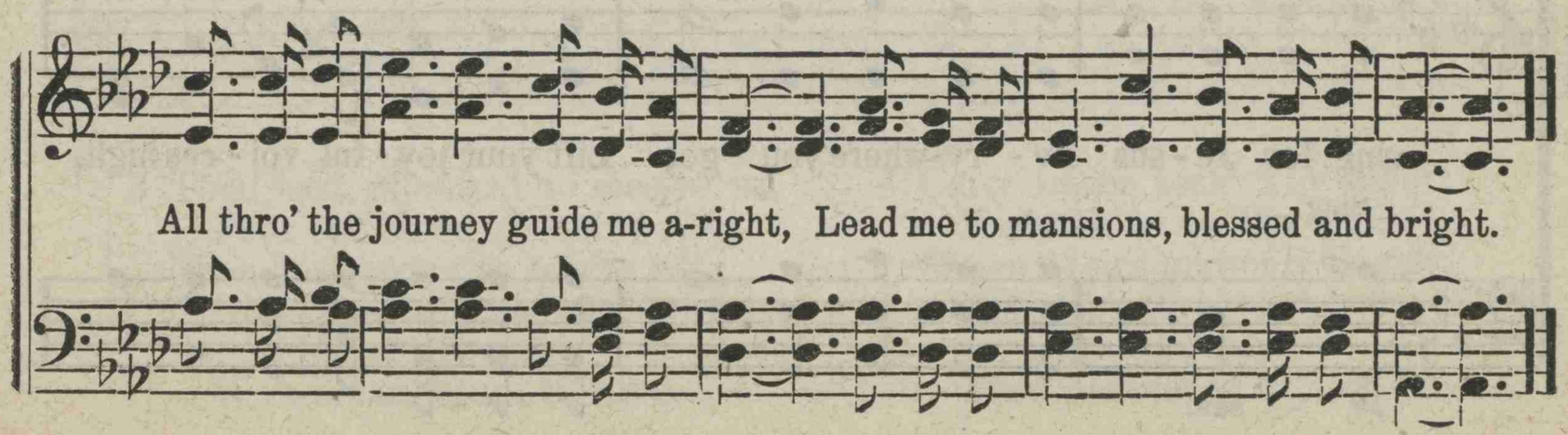

# No. 168. Mighty Army of the Young.

**John R. Colgan.** COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY A. F. MEYERS. HENRY DATE, OWNER. **A. F. Myers.**

1. Might-y ar-my of the young, Lift your voice in cheer-ful song,
2. Tongues of chil-dren, light and free, Tongues of youth, all full of glee,
3. Je - sus lives! O bless-ed words! King of kings, and Lord of lords!

Send the welcome word a-long, Je-sus lives! Once He died for you and me,
Sing to all on land and sea, Je-sus lives! Light for you, and all mankind,
Lut the cross, and sheathe the sword, Je-sus lives! See, He breaks the prison wall,

Bore our sins up-on the tree; Now He lives to make us free,—Je-sus lives!
Sight for all by sin made blind; Life in Je-sus all may find,—Je-sus lives!
Throws a-side the dreadful pall, Conquers death at once for all,—Je-sus lives!

CHORUS.

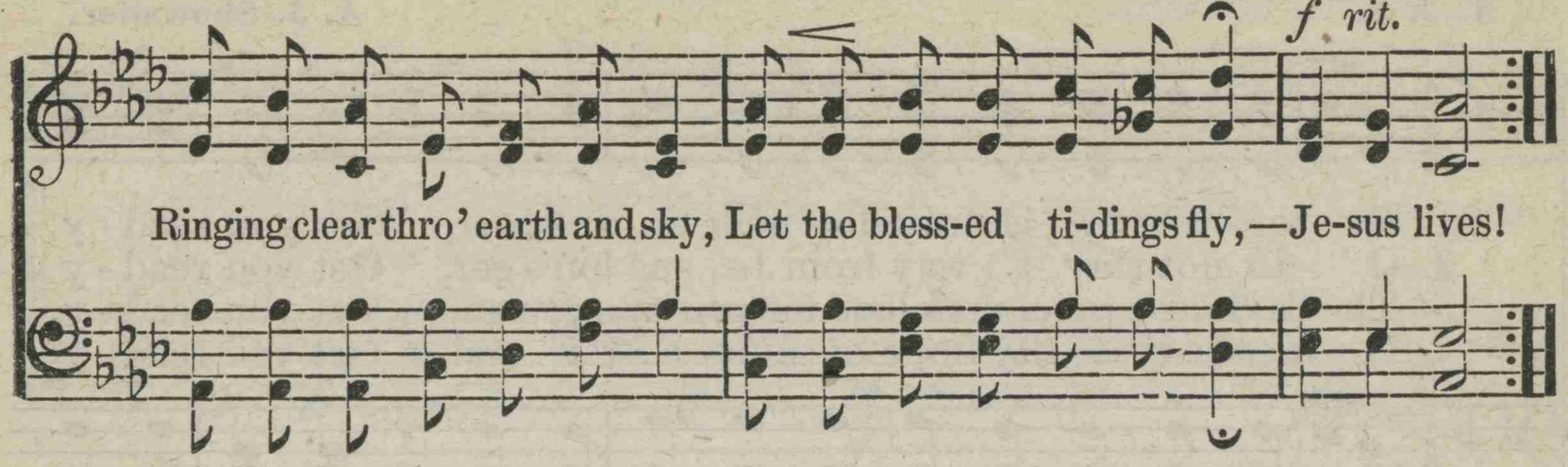
Wait not till the shad-ows lengthen, till you old-er grow, Ral-ly now, and

Wait not, wait not, Sing for

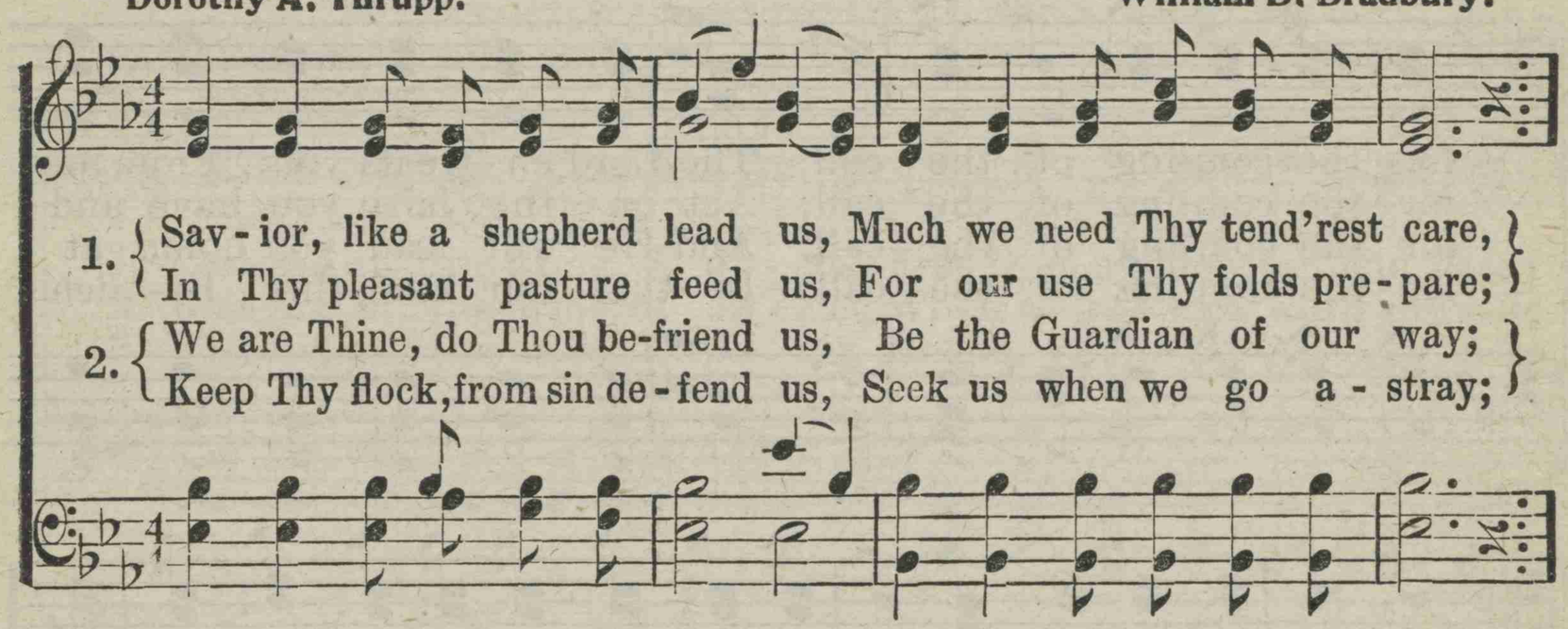
sing for Je-sus ev-'ry-where you go; Lift your joy-ful voi-ces high,

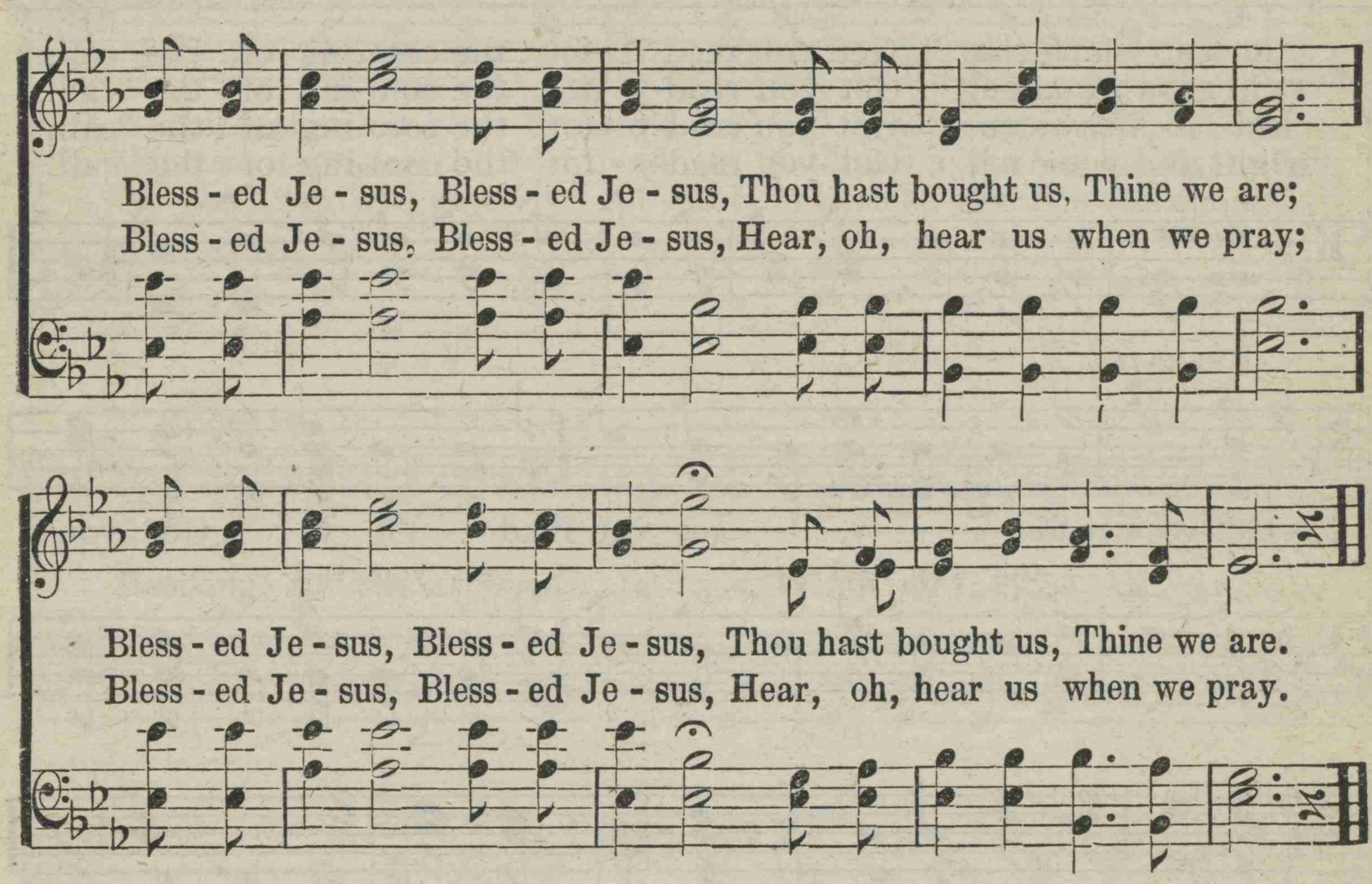
Sing, Je - sus,

## Mighty Army of the Young.

*Repeat Chorus pp.*

## No. 169. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

**Dorothy A. Thrupp.** **William B. Bradbury.**




3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us;
Grace to cleanse and power to free;
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill;
Blessed Jesus,
**Thou hast loved us, love us still.**

# No. 170. Get You Ready For the Coming of the Call.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY A. J. SHOWALTER.

A. J. S. A. J. Showalter.

1. E - ter - ni - ty is draw-ing near-er, broth-er, Get you read - y
2. O do not stay a - way from Je - sus lon - ger, Get you read - y
3. The Saviour's precious blood for you was giv-en, Get you read - y
4. O bless-ed is the hope of life e - ter - nal, Get you read - y

for the com-ing of the call; The Lord en - treats you: "From me
for the com-ing of the call; Act on the faith you have and
for the com-ing of the call; And He will lead you home at
for the com-ing of the call; In that fair land, that E - den

go no far - ther," Get you read-y for the com-ing of the call.
twill grow stron-ger, Get you read-y for the com-ing of the call.
last to heav - en, Get you read-y for the com-ing of the call.
bright and ver - nal, Get you read-y for the com-ing of the call.

REFRAIN.

Get you read - - y, get you read - - y, Get you
Get you read - y, get you read - y,

read - y for the coming of the call; Get you read - - y,
Get you read - y,

## Get You Ready For the Coming of the Call.

*After last verse repeat pp*

rit.

Get you read - y, Get you ready for the coming of the call.

Get you read - y,

## No. 171. Rest In Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY K. C. ROBINSON AND P. B. HUGHES. USED BY PER.

P. B. Hughes. K. C. Robinson.

Andantino.

1. Rest-ing in the arms of Je - sus, Free from all life's toil and care;
2. Rest-ing in the arms of Je - sus, When we're weary worn and sad;
3. Rest-ing in the arms of Je - sus, He, my Friend, my All in All;

Nothing then can e'er be - guile me, O how sweet it will be there!
He so ten - der - ly will lead us, And will make our hearts so glad.
I with joy will glad - ly fol - low, Where-so-e'er His voice may call.

REFRAIN.

Rest-ing in the arms of Je - sus, When our la-bors all are o'er;

rit.

Rest-ing in the arms of Je - sus, Safe with Him for ev - er - more.

# No. 172. The Saviour's Railroad.

H. C. G. PROPERTY OF PERRY BROS. MUSIC CO. H. C. Greer.

1. All is light a - long the Saviour's railroad, Built from earth to heaven's land;
2. See you not the Saviour's shin-ing rail-road, Trains are trav'ling o'er this line;
3. Bless the day when Je - sus bids us en-trance To this train that's going thro';
4. Bless - ed day when we are safe-ly land - ed In that home where all is peace;

Come on board, ye earth-ly pil-grims wea - ry, And your pass-port have in hand.
And this go - ing train will soon be leav-ing Those who hes - i - tate be - hind.
She is bound for ev -'ry an - gel sta - tion, Where all gran-deur is in view.
Pleasures, pleasures which will be un-bound-ed, Joys for us will nev - er cease.

REFRAIN.

1

{ O the Saviour's train will soon be go-ing, All is light a - long the way;
{ Don't you hear the mighty whis-tle blow-ing, [*Omit*.....

2

And the great Con - duct - or say: { "Sinner, won't you come on board this train,
{ An-gels join me in this glad re - frain,

1 2

She is bound for heaven's grand domain;" [*Omit*.....
[*Omit*.....] Come on board this beau-ti - ful train.

3

## No. 173.

# All Is Well.

James Rowe.

PROPERTY OF THARP BROS.

H. W. Cornett.

1. When the way grow - eth drear do not yield to fear, On your soul let no shad - ows dwell; With a hap - py song brave-ly
2. When a cloud hides the goal from your bur-dened soul, Still true cour - age and faith dis - play; Still to Christ be true, He will
3. When the temp-ter is nigh, do not fret or sigh, Have no fear that your heart will yield; Cling to Christ the Lord, He will
4. What - so - ev - er be-tide true to Christ a - bide; Let His Spir - it with - in you dwell; Till ap-pears the dawn, trav - el

press a - long; Christ is with you and all is well.
help you thro', He will ban - ish the cloud a - way.
strength af - ford, He is a - ble your soul to shield.
on and on; Christ is with you and all is well.

REFRAIN.

All is well, all is well, Let your heart still with praises swell;
press on, press on,
With a song press a - long, Christ is with you and all is well.
With a hap-py song bravely press a-long,

# No. 174. My Very Own.

PROPERTY OF PERRY BROS. MUSIC CO.

W. C. Martin. Adger M. Pace.

1. The gift of God's..... a - maz-ing love,..... That bro't my Lord .....
2. The love that brings.... me peace to - day,..... That takes my doubts.....
3. The love of God..... that brings me rest,..... And fills with joy .....

from heav'n a - bove,..... To bleed and die..... sin to a - tone;.....
and fears a - way,..... That sends me hope..... from God's great throne;...
my cleansed breast,.... How rich am I..... with this a - lone,.....

This love so won - - drous is my own. (my ver - y own.)
This love a - maz - - ing is my own. (my ver - y own.)
And O it is..... my ver - y own. (my ver - y own.)

REFRAIN.

It is my own,..... my ver - y own,.....
O it is my own, yes, my ver - y own,

The rich - est gift..... the world has known,.....
'Tis the rich - est gift that the world has known,

## My Very Own.

The gift of love,..... from God a - bove,.....
Won-der-ful gift of love, com-ing from God a - bove,

It is my own,..... my ver - y own.....
Sure - ly it is my own, my ver - y own.

## No. 175. Get Right With God.

PROPERTY OF PERRY BROS. MUSIC CO.

Dr. Torrey's "Mission Watchword." J. A. McPhail.

1. O wilt thou bend to Him thine ear, And now His lov - ing mes-sage hear?
2. The world may charm thee for a-while, And for - tune for a sea - son smile;
3. The world is full of sin and wrong, Its pow'r will car - ry thee a - long;
4. The best of earth can nev - er meet The heart's deep need or joy com - plete;
5. The heart of man was made for One, The ho - ly and e - ter - nal Son;

FINE.

*D. S.*—He speaks in ac - cents plain and clear, Get right, get right with God.
But let not Sa - tan thee be - guile, Get right, get right with God.
Thou need'st the arm that's true and strong, Get right, get right with God.
Its pleas - ures on - ly pall and cheat, Get right, get right with God.
He sat - is - fies, and He a - lone, Get right, get right with God.

REFRAIN. D. S.

Get right to - day, "To-mor-row's sun may nev - er shine;"
Get right with God, get right to-day,

# No. 176. Something Tells Me You're Unhappy.

PROPERTY OF T. P. BERRY, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

James Rowe. T. P. Berry.

**Andante con espressione.**

1. Something tells me you're un-hap - py, That your soul is sad and lone;
2. Something tells me you're un-hap - py, That your soul has met de - feat;
3. Something tells me you're un-hap - py, That your soul is marred by sin;

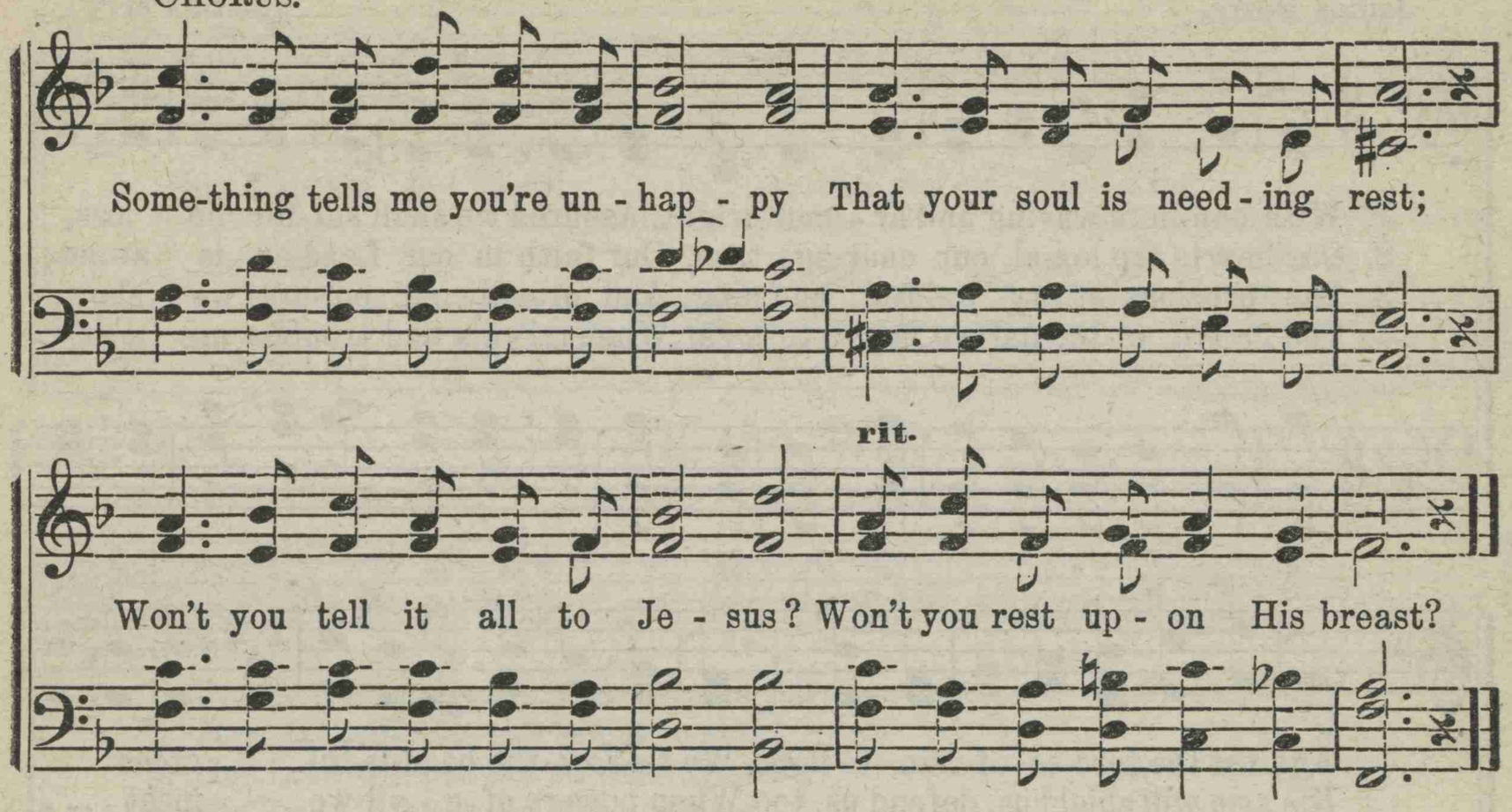
**rit.**

In your eyes I see no joy - light, From your lips the smile has flown;
Trust, O trust, my lov - ing Sav - iour, He is al - ways kind and sweet;
If you come to my Re-deem - er, Peace and par - don you shall win;

Can it be that my Re-deem - er Is to your sad heart un - known?
In His arms of love and mer - cy, You will find a safe re - treat.
See, His lov - ing arms are o - pen, And He whispers, "Soul, come in."

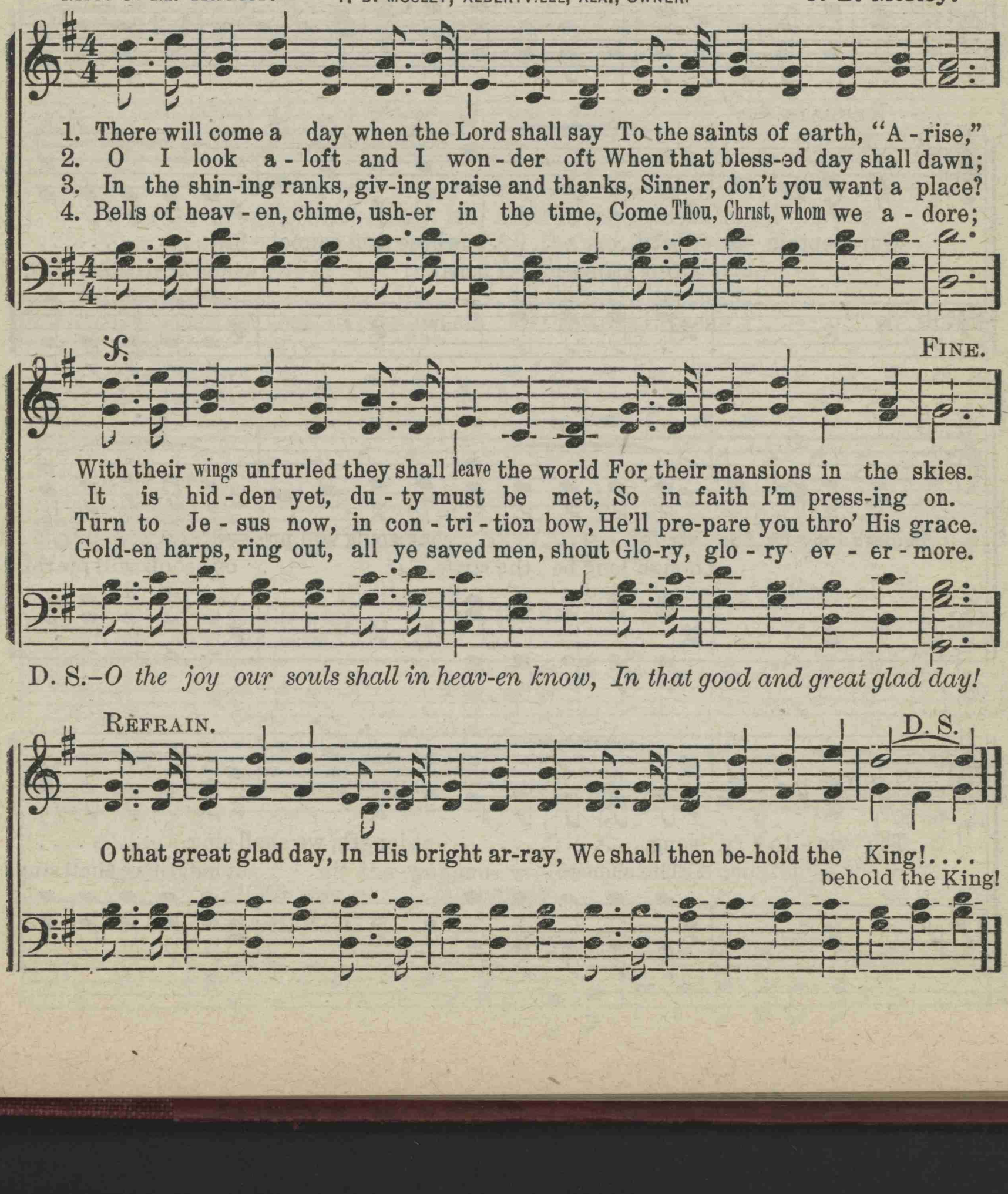
## Something Tells Me You're Unhappy.

CHORUS.




## No. 177. The Great Glad Day.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. T. B. MOSLEY, ALBERTVILLE, ALA., OWNER. T. B. Mosley.




D. S.–*O the joy our souls shall in heav-en know, In that good and great glad day!*

# No. 178. Our Captain Is Christ.

PROPERTY OF J. C. PERRY.

James Rowe. J. C. Perry.

1. With ban-ners waving and ar - mor bright, Assured we shall suf-fer no loss,
2. Our hearts are loy-al, our cour-age true, Our faith in our Lead-er is sweet;
3. The precious sto-ry we tell and sing, And proudly our col-ors we show,
4. The crown e - ter-nal we hope to wear, When tri - als and troubles are o'er,

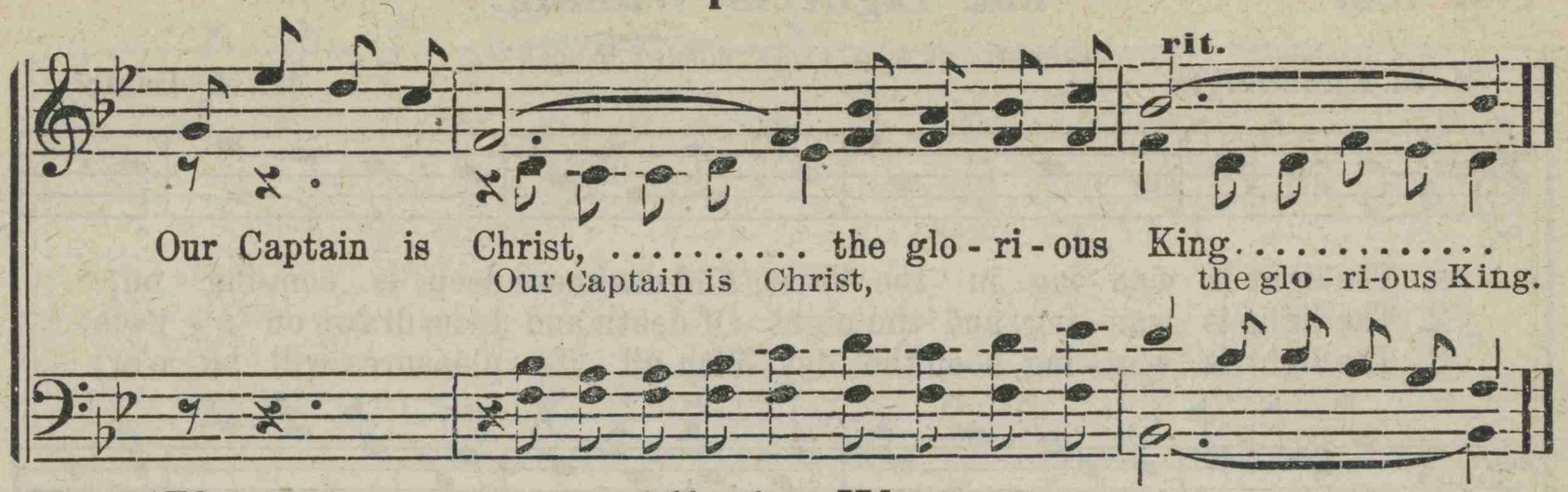
Against the forc-es of sin to fight, We fol-low the beau-ti-ful cross....
His arm will shield us, defend us, too, When powers of e - vil we meet....
For bells of gladness within us ring, As onward with Je-sus we go.....
Our Captain's wonderful glo-ry share And rest in His love ev-er - more....

REFRAIN.

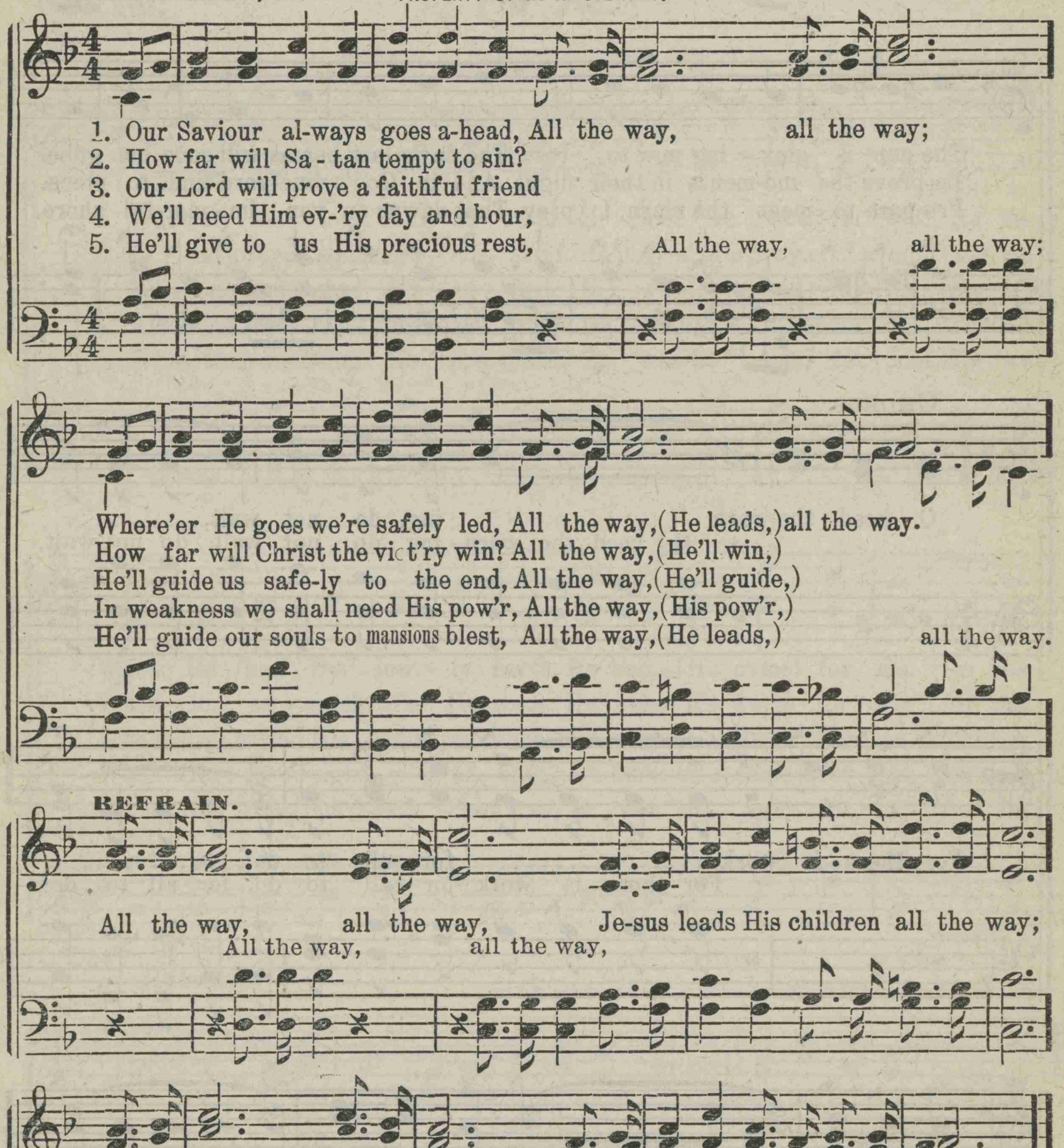
Our Captain is Christ,.....whose arm cannot fail;.....
Our Captain is Christ, whose arm cannot fail;

Though long be the strife,..... our souls will pre-vail;.....
Though long be the strife, our souls will prevail;

The vic - to - ry song,..... at length, we shall sing,.....
The vic - to - ry song, at length we shall sing,

## Our Captain Is Christ.

## No. 179. All the Way.

**Johnson Oatman, Jr.** PROPERTY OF W. A. STEWART. **W. A. Stewart.**



# No. 180. The Light Is Waning.

PROPERTY OF H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA.

J. S. Kimbrough. H. M. Eagle.

1. The light is wan - ing in the West, And darkness deep is com-ing on;
2. The light is wan - ing, and the night Of death and doom draws on a - pace;
3. The light is wan - ing, soon the day With all its pleasures will be o'er;

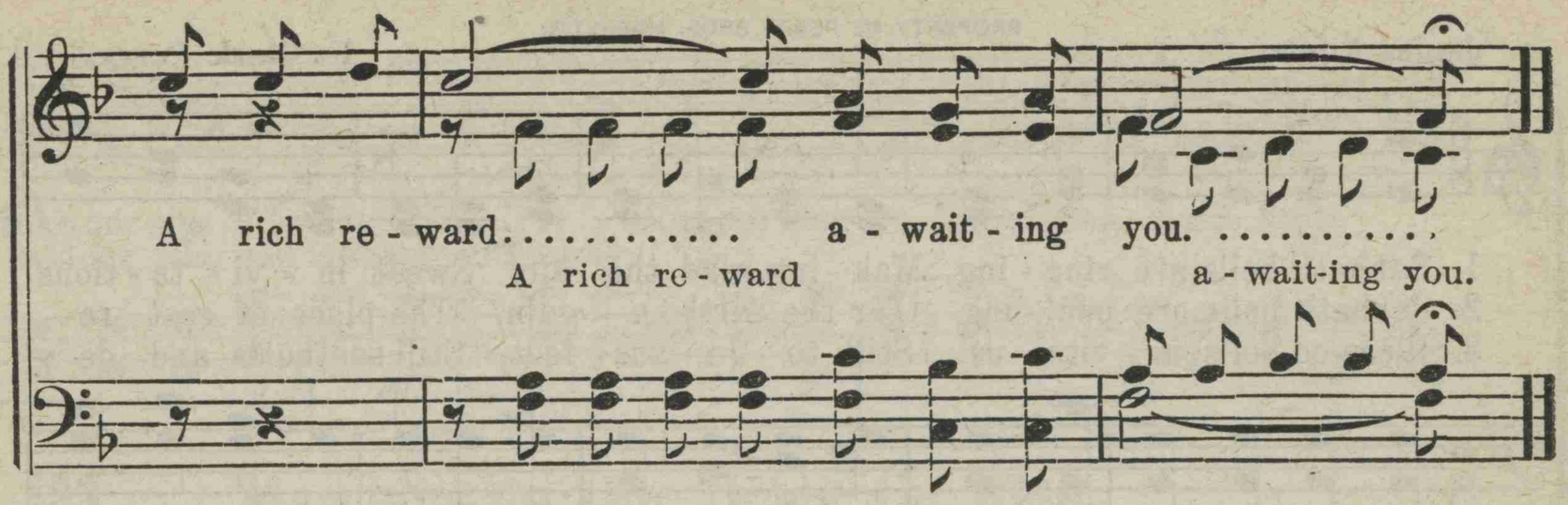
The sun is sink - ing now to rest, The day's last beams will soon be gone.
Im-prove the mo-ments in their flight, And in God's vine-yard find a place.
Pre-pare to meet the morn, I pray, That dawns on yon im - mor-tal shore.

CHORUS.

O heed the warn - - - ing, do not wait,.....
O heed the warn - ing, do not wait, do not wait,

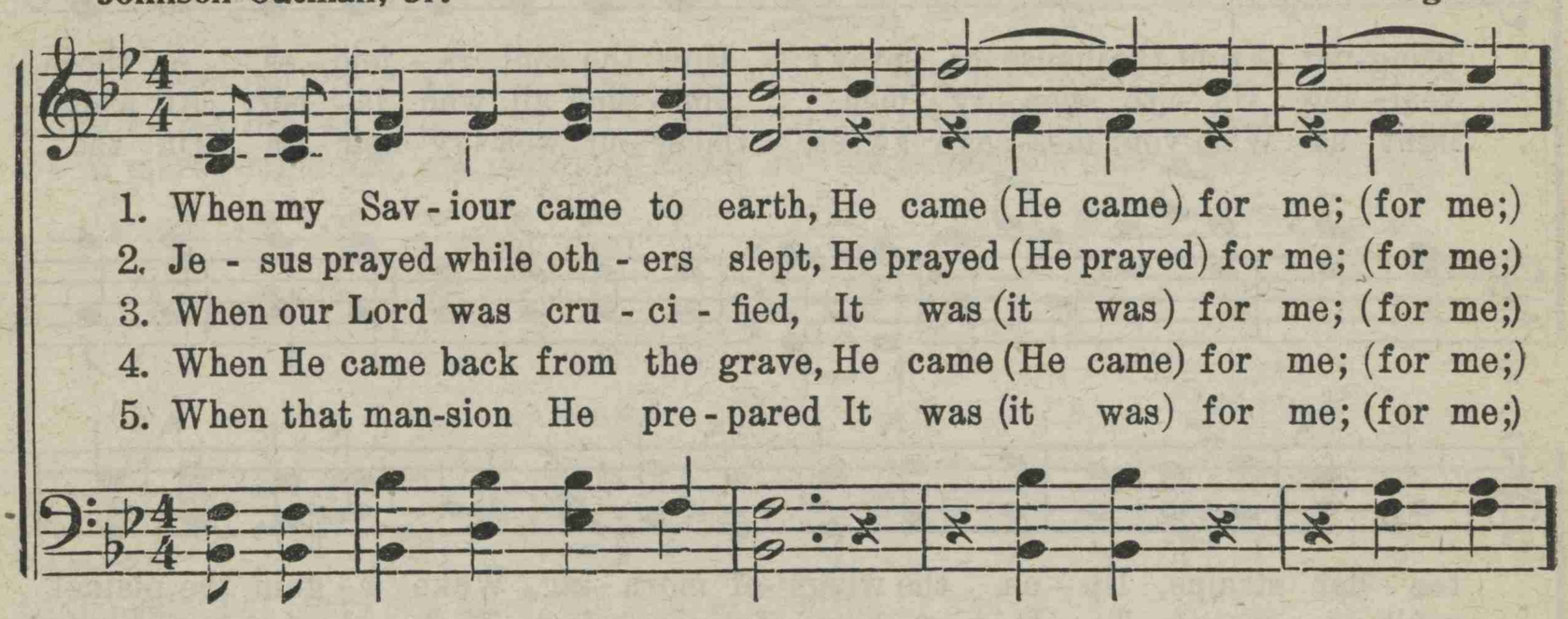
For there is work..... ..... for all to do;.....
For there is work for all to do, for all to do;

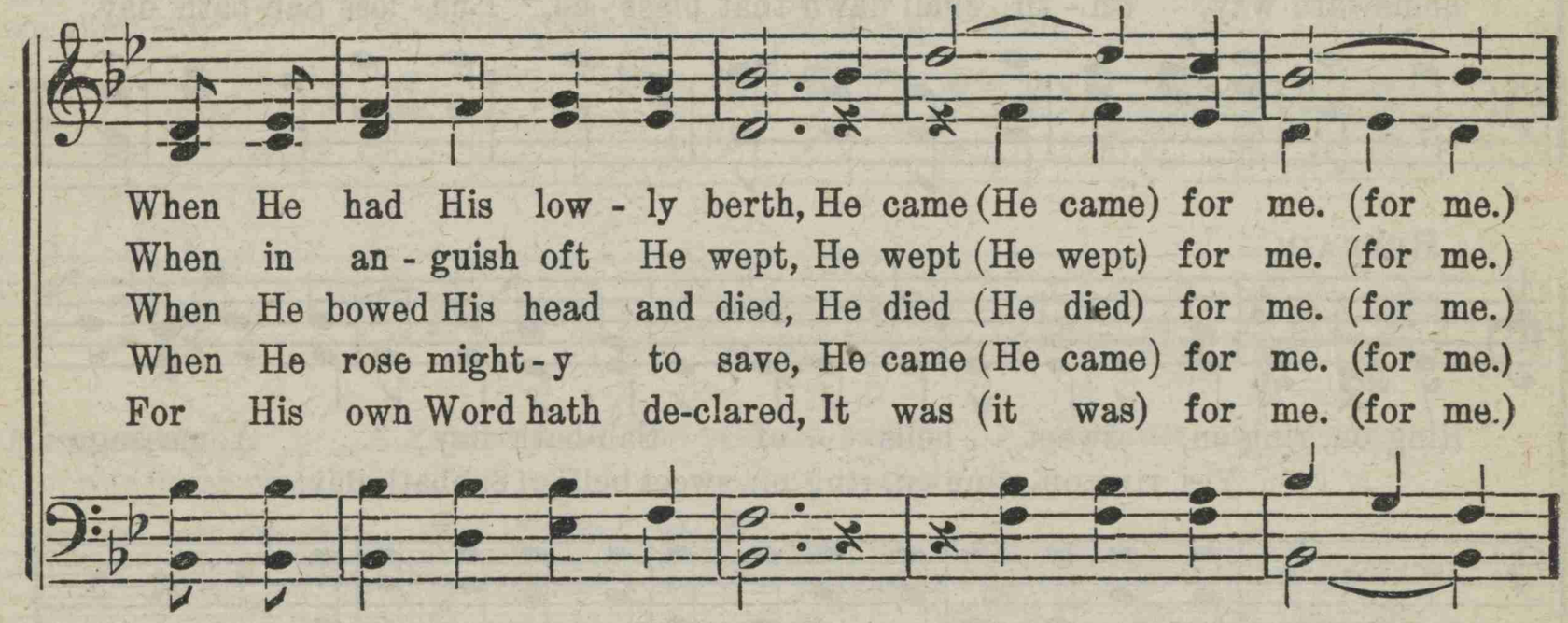
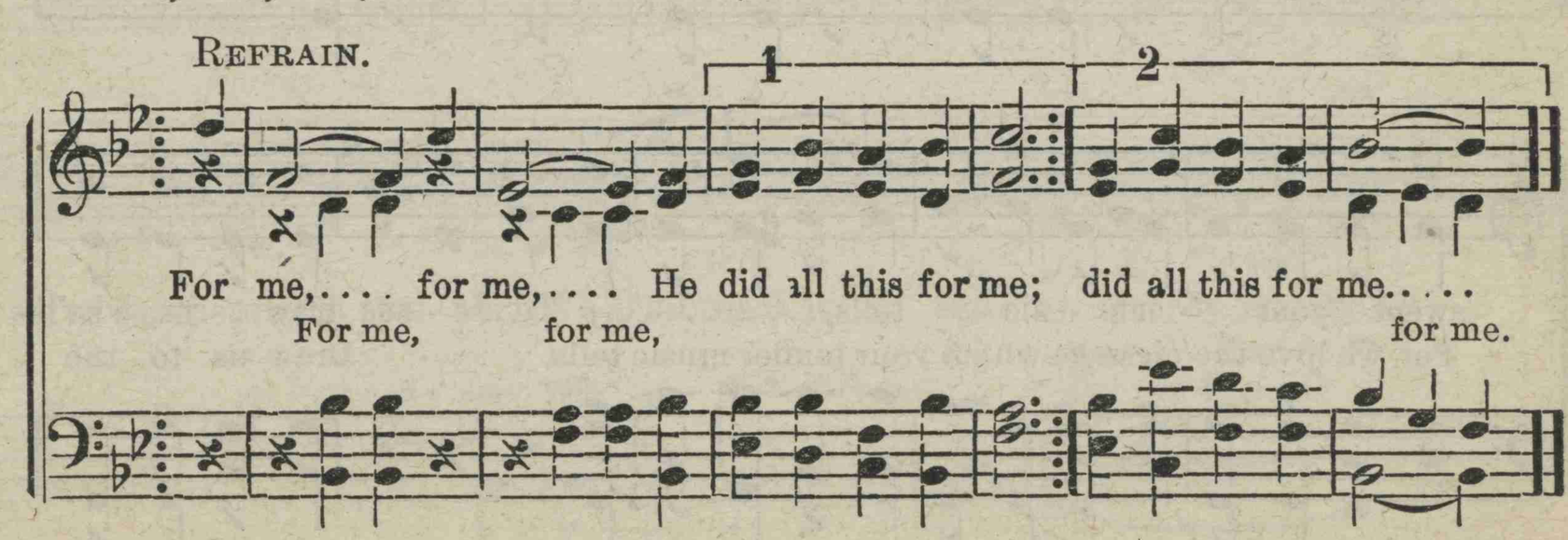
And there is at..... the gold - en gate.....
And there is at the gold - en gate, the gold-en gate,

## The Light Is Waning.

## No. 181. For Me.

PROPERTY OF H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. H. M Eagle.



# No. 182. Sabbath Bells.

PROPERTY OF PERRY BROS. MUSIC CO.

**James Rowe.** **F. Clark Perry.**

1. Sabbath bells are ring - ing, Mak - ing glad the air, Sweet in - vi - ta - tions
2. Sabbath bells are peal - ing O'er the earth a - gain, The place of rest re -
3. Bless-ed bells in - vite us Still to Je - sus feet, Still soothe us and de -

bring-ing From the house of pray'r; How the soul re - joic - es, As those
veal - ing Un - to wea - ry men, Bid - ding all who la - bor, All whose
light us With your mes- sage sweet, Cheer our wea - ry spir - its On the

ten - der strains, Up - on the wings of morn - ing, Wake a - gain the plains!
souls are drear, To Je - sus come for com - fort, Rest, and hope, and cheer.
homeward way, Un - til shall dawn that bless - ed, End - less Sab-bath day.

REFRAIN.

Ring on, ring on, sweet bells of Sab-bath day;.... A message
Yes, ring on, ring on, ring on, sweet bells of Sabbath day;

sweet your mu - sic tells,..... To Je - sus draw us, who'll
For we love the message which your tender music tells, Draw us to the

## Sabbath Bells.

take our sins a - way,..... Ring on, ring on, sweet Sab - bath bells.
Saviour, who will take our sins a-way,

## No. 183. Marching to Our Home On High.

J. S. Kimbrough. PROPERTY OF PERRY BROS. MUSIC CO. F. Clark Perry.

*mf* *mp* *mf*

1. We're march-ing to a bet - ter land, To a brighter world on high; With
2. We're march-ing on to Canaan's shore, To the promised land of rest, Where
3. We're march-ing home, yes, marching home, Je - sus smiles and bids us come; There

*mp*

all the saints at God's right hand, We shall praise Him by and by.
toil and sor - row come no more, In a home di-vine - ly blest. Marching to our
we shall sing around the throne, When the toils of life are done.

REFRAIN.
**Vigoroso.**

home on high, "Far be-yond the star-lit sky," If faith - ful - ly we
our home on high, star-lit sky,

**rit.**

serve our heav'n-ly Mas - ter, We shall reach it by and by. (yes, by and by.)

## No. 184. Transfigured.

PROPERTY OF J. D. PATTON.

**Birdie Bell.** **J. D. Patton.**

1. Would you have your life transfigured As by light di - vine? You must learn this precious les - son, Love will make it shine; 'Tis from Christ you learn the se - cret, Walk with Him each day, Do each act for His ap - prov-al, Watch each word you say.
2. Would you have your face transfigured, Would you have it grow In the like - ness of the Mas-ter, While you walk be - low? You must check the words of an - ger, Cher-ish thot's of love, And your face will be il - lumined As you look above. Lips must utter words of kindness, Eyes with
3. Thus are hu-man lives transfigured By the pow'r di - vine, 'Tis the heav'nly life, in-dwell-ing Makes our fac-es shine; Love must gov-ern ev - 'ry ac - tion Would we dai - ly grow In the like - ness of the Mas-ter While we walk be-low.

REFRAIN.

pit - y glow, Would we grow like Christ the Master Who has loved us so?

# No. 185. The Home-Coming Time.

PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. R. H. Cornelius.

1. What tho' God's servants travel as her-alds of the cross Thro' many a dis-tant land or clime; Tho' of-ten they are wea-ry, yet these things count but dross In the
2. Per-haps some boy has drifted from mother and from home, Has wandered away in paths of crime; Yet, when his heart has melted and he has ceased to roam, There is
3. When we shall cross the riv-er to Canaan's peaceful shore, While sweet, golden bells of heav-en chime; When we shall meet our dear ones, shall meet to part no more, There'll be
4. O sin-ner, God has promised sal-va-tion thro' the blood, He can wash away the stains of crime; O start to-night for heaven, the cit-y of our God, And find

REFRAIN.

joy of the home-com-ing time. O the joy of the home-com-ing time, home-com-ing time, O the bliss that is real and sub-lime; All the cares of the past count as noth-ing In the joy of the home-coming time.

# No. 186. Is Your Lamp Burning Low?

PROPERTY OF T. B. MOSLEY.

**Jennie Wilson.** **T. B. Mosley.**

1. Is your lamp burning low, my brother,(O my brother,)Gleaming faintly thro'
2. Do the shadows of sin, my brother,(O my brother,)The fair rays of your
3. O be true to the Lord, my brother,(O my brother,)Let the lamp He has

er-ror's deep gloom? Is it dim when it should be gleam-ing,(brightly gleaming,)Some poor
lamp almost hide,When the dear Lord commads its brightness(all its brightness,)In the
giv - en you glow Clear and bright so that all a-round you(all around you)May the

REFRAIN.

wan-der-er's path to il-lume? Is your lamp burning low, my brother,.....
way of sal - va-tion to guide?
pow - er of grace gladly know.

O my brother,

When the Mas-ter has bid-den it shine?.... Do you seek to lead souls from
brightly shine?

dan - ger..... To a ref - uge of mer - cy di - vine?.....
sin and dan-ger di - vine?

# No. 187. I Know Not How Soon.

PROPERTY OF O. L. THARP, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

O. L. T. Osie L. Tharp.

**Soprano and Alto Duet.**

1. I know not how soon my race will be run And my work on earth shall all have been done;
2. Then help me, dear Lord, my duty to know, That I to lost men Thy glory may show;
3. O won't that be sweet, my Saviour to meet, With all the redeemed my coming to greet:

Inst.

But whether the call shall come soon or late, 'Tis not long at best, I've no time to wait.
And then when my armor I shall lay down, I'll fly home to wear a bright,starry crown.
An unbroken band we'll dwell evermore With angels the Saviour's name to adore.

CHORUS.

Then with love and with patience I'll labor while here, Tho' lowly the place I can fill,

rit.

I will try to find some lonely heart I can cheer, For this is my Master's will.

# No. 188. Jesus Died to Save the Lost.

PROPERTY OF AREL BERTRAND.

A. E. **Arel Bertrand.**

1. Je - sus died to save the lost, Think what your sal - va - tion cost, Sin - ner,
2. O, poor sin - ner, stop and think, You are near - ing ru - in's brink; It is
3. If for par - don now you crave, Christ, the Lord, will sure-ly save; Sin - ner,

on the bless - ed Sav - iour now be - lieve; If in Him you will con - fide,
fol - ly to re-main where now you stand; Come and join the ransomed throng,
can you turn a - way from such a friend? Just to think He'll save you here,

D. S.—*He will save you by His grace,*

FINE.

Trust in Him a - lone as guide, You a bright and shin-ing crown shall re-ceive.
Help to swell redemption's song, Come and turn your footsteps t'ward the promised land.
And there's naught for you to fear, And He's promised to go with you to the end.

*He'll pre-pare for you a place, And will take you by and by home to heav'n.*

REFRAIN.

Sin - ner, come to Je - sus now, At His foot - stool hum - bly bow;

D. S.

O re - mem - ber all the prom - is - es He's giv'n:

# No. 189. Praise His Name.

Dedicated to A. J. Showalter.

PROPERTY OF THE A. J. SHOWALTER CO.

W. C. S. W. C. Stewart.

1. I will praise my King, Make His joy - ful prais - es ring, Hal - le - lu - jah,
2. In the nar - row way I am walk - ing day by day, Hal - le - lu - jah,
3. And when ends my race I shall see His smil - ing face, Hal - le - lu - jah,

praise His name! He has saved my soul, Cleansed and made me ful-ly whole, Hal - le -
praise His name! O what peace and joy, Such the world can ne'er destroy, Hal - le -
praise His name! With the blood-washed throng I shall sing re-demption's song, Hal - le -

REFRAIN.

lu - jah, praise His name. Praise His name, praise His
His ho - ly name. Praise His name,
name, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise His name! Praise His name,
praise His name, Praise His name,
praise His name, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise His name!
His ho - ly name, His ho-ly name.

# No. 190. Do Your Part.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter.

PROPERTY OF J. M. EDWARDS.

J. M. Edwards.

1. As this world we journey thro' O may we be brave and true! Let no vain com-
2. Does the bur-den heav-y seem? Let your face the brighter gleam, Help to give some
3. Precious blessings crown our days, Hearts should be atuned to praise, We should take the

plaining fill your mind and heart; (mind and heart;) God in mer-cy rules a - bove,
wayward soul a homeward start; (homeward start;) Lift your voice in thankful song
Bi - ble as our guide and chart; (guide and chart;) Onward press to heights sublime,

Look to Him in faith and love; All He asks of you is just to do your part.
As you bravely plod a - long;
Look be - yond the things of time; All He asks of you is just to

REFRAIN.

You've a Fa - - ther kind and true, All that you've a Fa-ther kind and true, kind and true,
Is that with ..... a lov - ing heart, Is that with a lov - ing heart, loving heart, [*Omit....*
He..... ex-pects of you all that He ex-pects of you,
You will ev - er do your part. will ev-er do your part.

# No. 191. Just When I Need Him Most.

**Rev. Wm. Pool.**

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

**Chas. H. Gabriel.**

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

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

CHORUS.

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

## No. 192. We Bless Thee For Thy Gift.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. PROPERTY OF THARP BROS. J. Love Tharp.

1. Sweet mu-sic comes with gentle touch and eas-es us of care, She makes the
2. Sweet mu-sic speaks in accents blest, as falls the sum-mer rain, Each ver-dant

flow'rs of life bloom out, And all is fair;..... She lulls the spir - it
And all a-round is fair, is fair;

leaf and murm'ring bee Sings soft re - frain;..... All na-ture is her
Sings low and soft re - frain, re - frai ;

back to rest, when worn and tempest tossed, She planteth hope within the breast, where
or - gan grand, with many a limpid note; She calls to us from gushing rill and

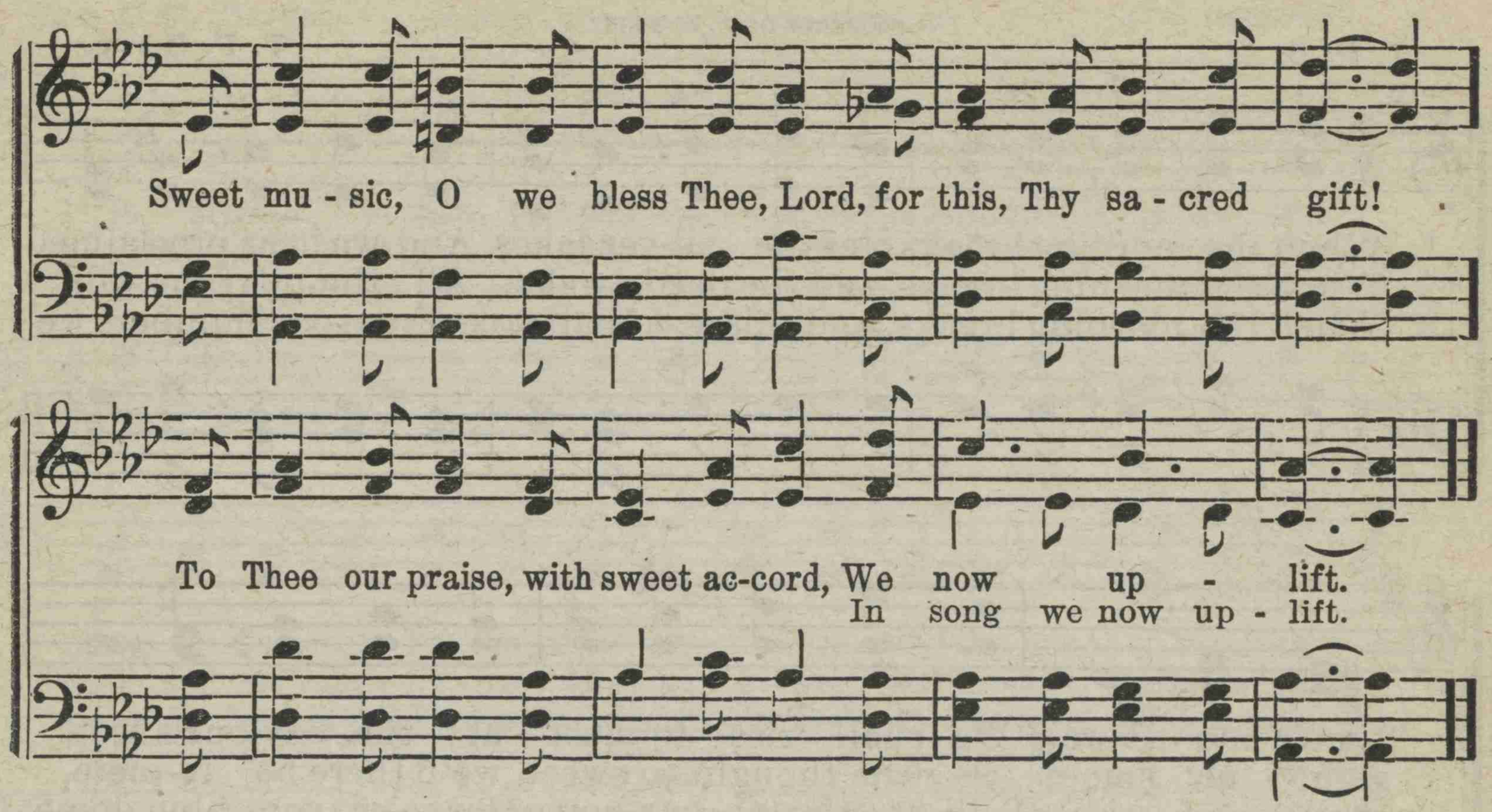
all had seemed but lost; She lifts the soul to higher ground, Gives vi - sion
And gives a vi-sion

from the song-birds throat; Then lift your voice and let her speak With grate - ful
The thot's of ev - 'ry

clear,..... Of that e - ter - nal, sinless clime, Where falls no tear:
bright and clear, Where nev-er falls a tear:

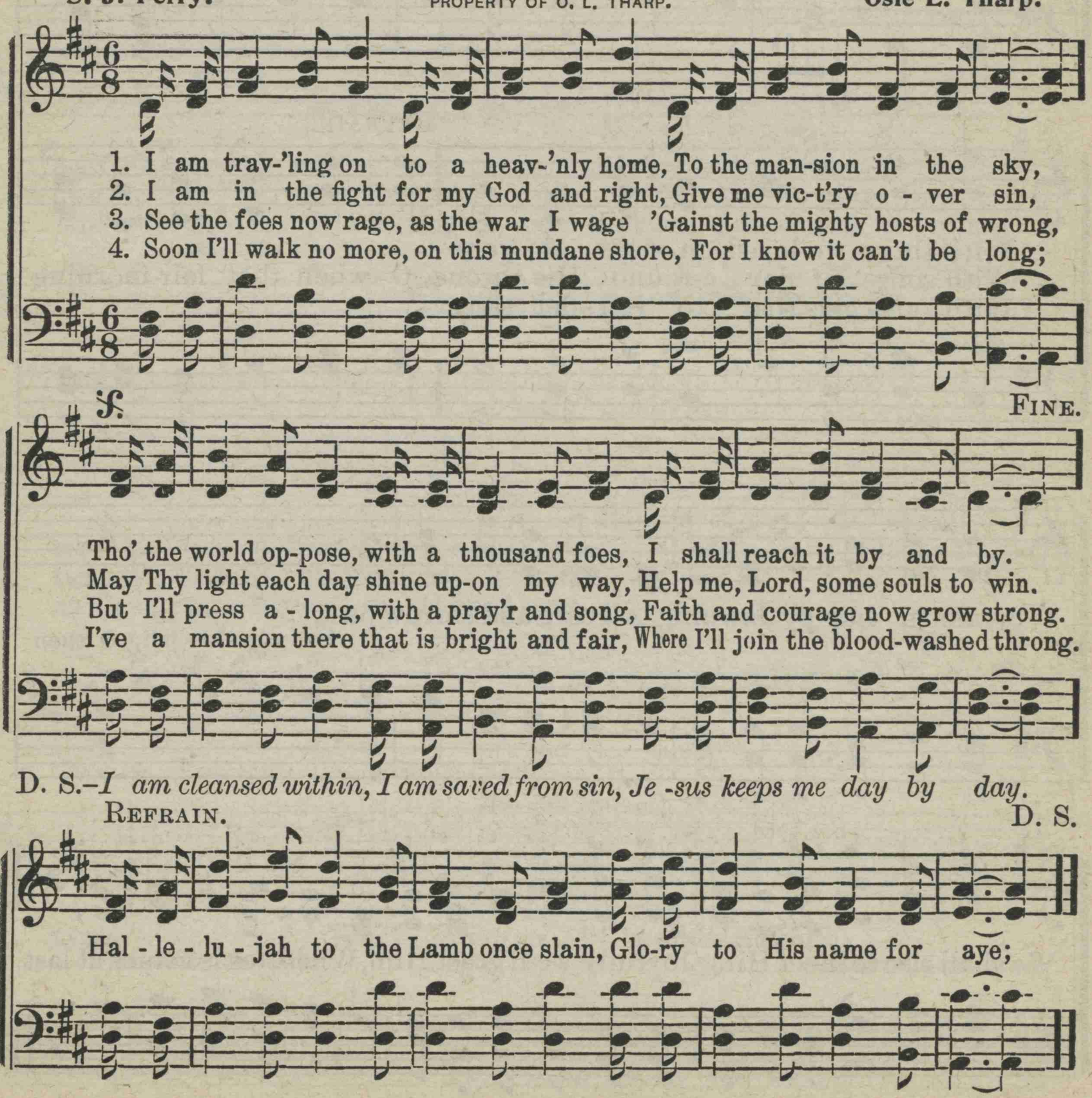
heart,..... And praise the ho-ly name of Him Who doth im - part:
grate - ful heart, Who doth the gift im - part:

## We Bless Thee For Thy Gift.




## No. 193. I Am Traveling On.

S. J. Perry. PROPERTY OF O. L. THARP. Osie L. Tharp.



# No. 194. When the Morning Breaks.

PROPERTY OF T. P. BERRY.

T. P. B. T. P. Berry.

1. When the morning breaks o'er the sil-ver lakes, And we hear proclaimed
2. When the morning breaks, and the dead awake, All the pilgrims will
3. When the morning breaks, and this earth shall quake, From our slumbers we

"time's no more," We shall rise to meet at the Saviour's feet,
gath - er home; O the thought so sweet, we'll there be re-plete,
shall a - rise; We'll then reach our home, far o'er yon blue dome,

REFRAIN.

With those we loved in days of yore.
With songs of joy a-round His throne. O when that fair morning
With an - gels soar to yon - der skies.

breaks in hap-py dawning, All care and sorrow past,
hal - le - lu - jah, O then

We shall rise to meet Him, Joyfully we'll greet Him, When Jesus comes at last.

# No. 195. I Love to Sing His Praise.

**Mrs. J. M. Hunter.** PROPERTY OF THE SHOWALTER-PATTON CO. **Arel Bertrand.**

1. In my-self I had no mer - it,—helpless, wretched, all undone,—But I
2. Life's great ocean ra - ges 'round me, I could ne'er withstand the gale, Were it
3. Soon I'll reach the peaceful land-ing, soon I'll press the oth - er shore, Soon I'll

came to God, the Fa-ther, thro' the mer-its of the Son, And He cleansed me
not for my De - liv - 'rer, who can o - ver all pre-vail; When the billows
greet my friends and kindred who have journeyed on be-fore, Then, with all the

D. S.—*He has sought me*

and He healed me, took a - way my guilt and shame, Now I'm hap-py in His
rise in fu - ry, His al-might - y pow'r I claim, And He calms the an-gry
storms for-got-ten, I will sing a - new His fame, And with all the shining

*and redeemed me, He hath made my heart a - new; Err-ing one, O seek His*

FINE. REFRAIN.

serv - ice and I love to praise His name. O I love..... to praise His
temp-est, bless-ed be His ho - ly name.
an - gels praise His ev - er bless-ed name. O I love

*mer-cy, and He'll do as much for you.*

D. S.

name, Yes, I love..... to praise His name;
to praise His name, Yes, I love His matchless name;

# No. 196. To the Rock.

Respectfully inscribed to my Blocton (Ala.) class.

PROPERTY OF K. C. ROBINSON.

**Johnson Oatman, Jr.** **K. C. Robinson.**

1. When my sky is with clouds o-ver-spread, To the Rock I would pray to be led, To the Rock in my an-guish I cry, "To the
2. When the tem-pest a-round me may break, And my soul in af-fright seems to quake, Lead me then, O my God, lest I die, "To the
3. If perchance doubts and fears should a-rise, That would hide Thee, dear Lord, from my eyes, In that hour to the Rock I would fly, "To the
4. When at last Jor-dan's stream I must cross, Hear my cry as the waves mad-ly toss, Lead me, Lord, to Thy home in the sky, "To the

REFRAIN.

Rock that is high-er than I." To the Rock, to the Blessed Rock,
Rock, When the bil-lows dash mad-ly and high, To the lead me, Lord,
Rock, lead me, Lord, To the Rock that is higher than I.
Blessed Rock, lead me, Lord,

# No. 197. The Heavenly Home Above.

PROPERTY OF O. L. THARP, CHATTANOOGA. TENN.

O. L. T. O. L. Tharp.

1. To a bright heav'nly home far be-yond death's sea, Trav-el-ing on, trav-el-ing on; There with Je-sus and
2. I am press-ing a-long in the King's high-way, on and on, to my home; Trust-ing Je-sus, my
3. I am worn, but my jour-ney will soon be o'er, Soon my spir-it will

loved ones I soon shall be, I am trav--'ling on.
Sav-iour, for strength each day,
rest on the oth-er shore, I am trav-'ling, trav-'ling on.

REFRAIN.

Won't you come and go with me To that hap-py home a-bove? There where
sor-row and sadness can nev-er come, But where all is love.
But where all is peace and love.

# No. 198. The Lord Hath Called.

PROPERTY OF PERRY BROS. MUSIC CO.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. R. Edwin Perry.

1. The Lord hath called..... un-to thy soul,..... "Come unto me,.....
2. All hope for thee..... would now be o'er, ..... If Je - sus should.....
3. Still Je - sus calls..... in ac-cents sweet,..... "Cast all thy care .....

I'll make thee whole;"..... Now heed His call,..... why lon - ger
call thee no more;..... Dost thou still hear ..... that lov - ing
now at my feet;..... I'll be with thee ..... where thou shalt

wait?..... Or soon 'twill be..... for thee too late.....
voice? ..... Then, precious soul,..... sing and re - joice. ....
roam,..... I'll guide you safe ..... to yon blest home."....

REFRAIN.

Je - sus calls, calls to thee, Je - sus calls, "Come to me;"
Je - sus calls,.... calls to thee,.... Je - sus calls..... "Come to me;".....

Je-sus calls, calls to thee, Je-sus calls, "Come to me."
Je - sus calls,..... calls to thee,..... Je - sus calls,..... "Come to me."".....

# No. 199. A Conquering Host.

PROPERTY OF W. J. MORRIS.

E. E. Hewitt. W. J. Morris.

1. O a con-quer-ing host is the ar - my of God, In the bat - tle of right against wrong; And its sol-diers bear joy to the na-tions a-broad, As they
2. O a con-quer-ing host when the Lord is their shield, And their ar-mor is pol-ished and bright; His in - fal - li - ble Word is the sword thy must yield, And they
3. Join the con-quer-ing host in its fight a-gainst sin, Let the ban - ner of love be un - furled; On the camp grounds of faith shall the triumph be-gin, Till the

REFRAIN.

march on with ju - bi - lant song.
march in His mar - ve-lous light.
gos - pel shall bless all the world.

Yea, a con-quer-ing host, for the Lord is their boast, O - ver-com - ers are they more and more; Till the war - fare is done, Fi - nal vic - to - ry won, And they gath - er on E-den's bright shore....

rit.

bright shore.

# No. 200. Answer the Master's Call.

To my pupils at Chicora, Fla.

**James Rowe.** PROPERTY OF S. P. BERRY, CHATTANOOGA, TENN. **T. P. Berry.**

1. O an-swer the Master's call, (His call,) He must not call in vain, (in vain,)
2. The summer will soon be gone, (be gone,) the har-vest time be o'er, (be o'er,)
3. The la - bor - ing time is now, (is now,) go forth your crown to win, (to win,)

The har-vest is read - y for the reap-ers true; Ye servants of God go
So gath-er the prec-ious sheaves for God to-day; Re-mem-ber His love for
That treasures, at last, your souls may find a - bove; Go gath-er the grain to -

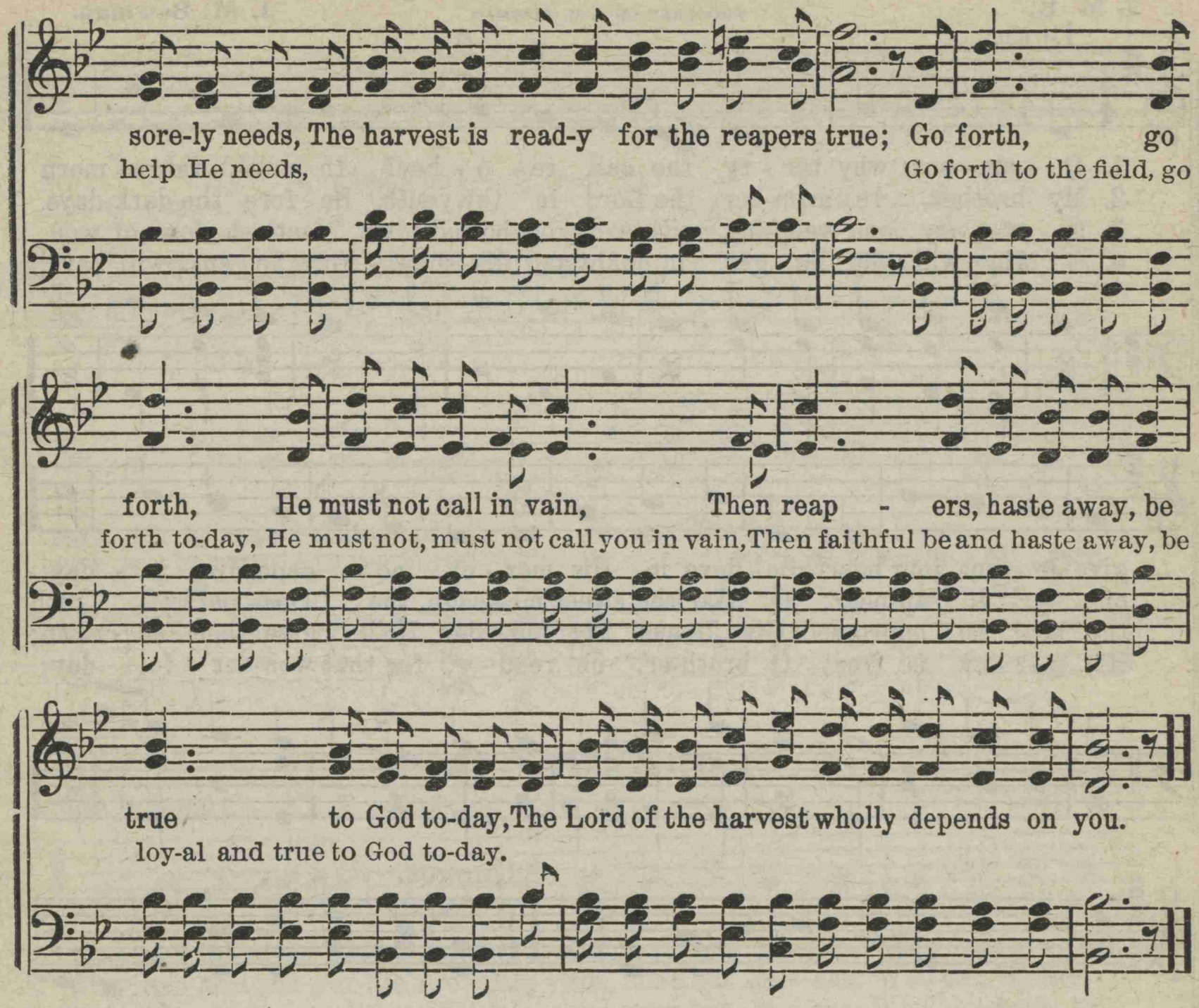
forth, (go forth,) and gath-er in the grain, (the grain,) The Lord of the har-vest
you, (for you,) and grieve His heart no more, (no more,) With courage and faith a -
day, (to-day,) from field of doubt and sin, (and sin,) And scatter the bless-ed

REFRAIN.

wholly depends on you. Go forth, go forth and gath-er in the
way to the field, a - way.
message of peace and love. Go forth to the field, go forth to-day and gather in the

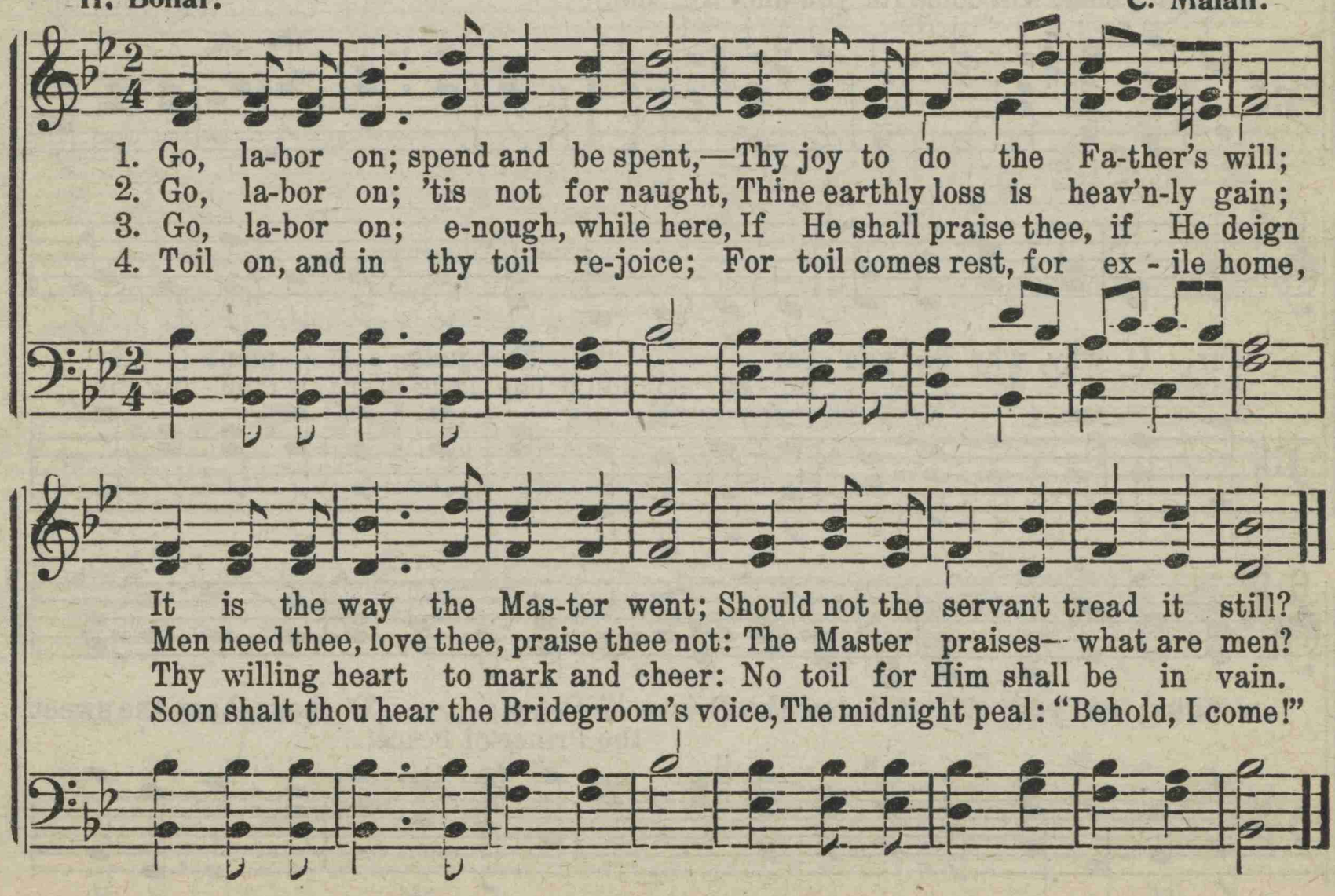
grain, The Mas - - ter sweet-ly pleads, your help He
beau-ti - ful grain, The lov-ing Mas-ter sweet-ly pleads, for sore-ly to - day your

## Answer the Master's Call.




## No. 201, Go, Labor On,

H. Bonar. C. Malan.



# No. 202. O Follow the Prince of Peace.

J. M. B. PROPERTY OF J. M. BOWMAN. J. M. Bowman.

DUET.

1. O sin - ner, why tar - ry the call to o - bey? In youth's fairest morn
2. My brother, re - mem-ber the Lord in thy youth, Be - fore the dark days
3. O wea - ry one weep-ing, with sor - row bowed down, 'Neath shadows of woe
4. O why will you lin - ger in doubt and dis - may? For Je - sus will save,

give Je - sus your heart; Be - lieve in His mer - cy, ac - cept Him to - day;
of e - vil ap-pear; O hear the sweet mes-sage, the Gos - pel of Truth
thy soul is oppressed; Give Je-sus thy bur - den, He'll give thee a crown;
His mer - cy is free; O broth-er, be read - y for that won-der - ful day;

CHORUS.

His love ev - er true, will nev - er de-part. O come, come to the Sav - -
Speaks peace to your soul 'mid darkness and fear.
Look un - to the Lord, for comfort and rest.
The judgment will come for you and for me. Sav-iour to -

iour, O why, why do you tar - ry? The judg - ment is
day, tar - ry so long? The judg-ment is com - ing, is

com-ing to you; O fol - low the Prince of Peace;.... O hear, hear the sweet
the Prince of Peace;

## O Follow the Prince of Peace.

sto - ry of grace, mer - cy and par - don; He died to
sto - ry of old, par-don for you; How He died to

save a world that was lost,— Je - sus, the Prince of Peace.
save a whole world that was lost,—This Je - sus, the Prince, the Prince of Peace.

## No. 203. None But Jesus.

**Jennie Wilson.** COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY W. T. TURNER. **W. T. Turner.**

1. Who can take your guilt a - way? Je - sus, none but Je - sus; Who can save your
2. Who can lead you o'er life's road? Je - sus, none but Je - sus; Who can lighten
3. Who can cheer you when you die? Je - sus, none but Je - sus; Who can guide to
4. Who can give you heaven's joy? Je - sus, none but Je - sus; Seek that bliss with

soul for aye? Je - sus, none but Je-sus.
ev - 'ry load? Je - sus, none but Je sus. Come, O come to this Friend divine, Who will for-
realms on high? Je - sus, none but Je-sus.
out al - loy, Come just now to Je-sus.

REFRAIN.

sake you nev - er; Je - sus a - lone for sin can a-tone; Trust in His grace forever.

# No. 204. Some Happy Day.

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

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

1. Some day I'll reap what I have sown, Some day—I know not when,
2. Some day my deeds of good and wrong, Some day—it may be soon,
3. Some day the Judge up-on the throne, Some day—will speak to me,

But fruit and tares ma-ture-ly grown Will all be gath-er'd then.
Will rise be-fore me in a throng, Clear as the light of morn.
Will ei-ther wel-come or dis-own Me for e-ter-ni-ty.

CHORUS.

Some day— I can-not tell..... Just when, but, Lord, I pray,
Some day—but O, I can-not tell, I can-not tell Just when 'twill be, but this, O Lord, I pray,

That I may go to dwell With Thee some hap-py day.
That I may go, may go to dwell with Thee, With Thee some happy, hap-py, hap-py day.

# No. 205. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. Bless - ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of His
2. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight, An - gels de - scend-ing, bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of
3. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav - ior am hap - py and blest, Watching and wait-ing look - ing a - bove, Filled with His

CHORUS.

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

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

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

# No. 206. Where the Harvest Fields Are Gleaming.

PROPERTY OF J. M. EDWARDS.

**Jennie Wilson.** **J. M. Edwards.**

1. Where the harvest fields are gleaming, With their wealth of golden grain,
2. Where the harvest fields are gleaming, There are workers tried and true,
3. Where the harvest fields are gleaming, There are trophies you may win,

Je - sus calls for faith - ful reap-ers, Shall His call - ing be in vain?
Who, when Jesus asked for help-ers, Quick-ly to His voice replied;
If you save bright sheaves for heav-en, Leav-ing worthless tares of sin,

Go and la - bor in the morn-ing, In the noontide and the eve,
They are bus - y in His serv - ice, Gath'ring in the precious yield,
Go and la - bor for the Mas - ter, And o - bey His ho - ly voice,

Till the fast approaching night-fall, Bids you earthly toils to leave.
And a rich re - ward a-waits them, By and by to be re-vealed.
Then be - side ce - les - tial gar - ners Will your hap-py soul re - joice.

REFRAIN.

Where the har - vest fields are gleam - ing,
Where the har-vest fields are gleaming, Near at hand or far a - way,

# Where the Harvest Fields Are Gleaming.

Near at hand or far a - way, La - bor, la-bor,
Where the harvest fields are gleaming, Near at hand or far away,

for the Master's glory, In the place where you are needed, Gladly go and

work to - day, Where the har - vest fields are gleam - ing,
Where the harvest fields are gleaming, In the broad domains of time,

In the broad do - mains of time, La - bor, la - bor,
Where the harvest fields are gleaming, In the broad domains of time,

be a faithful reaper Till you share the rapture Of the victor's song sublime.
rit.

# No. 207. Tell the Blessed Story.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY A. M. PACE.

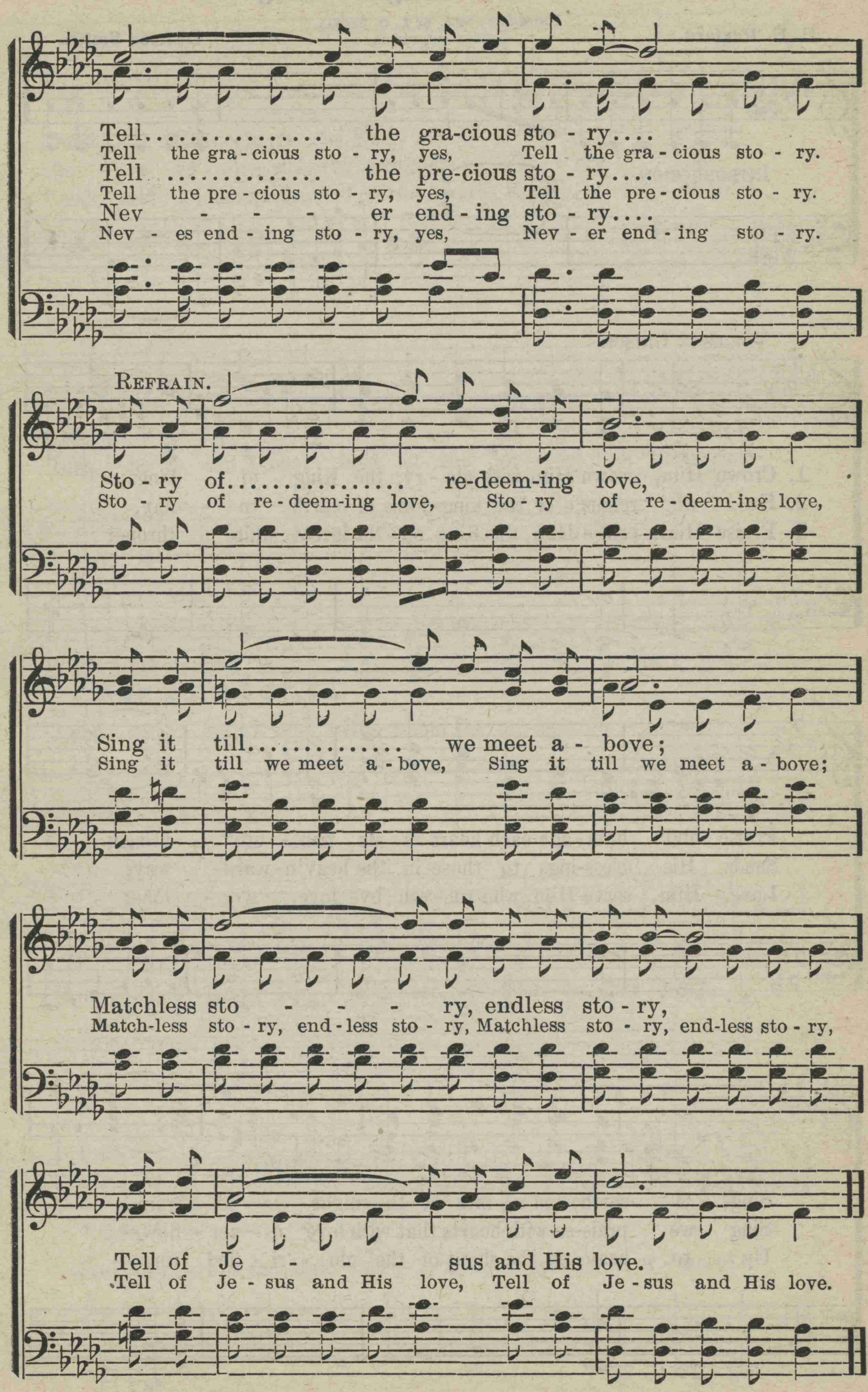
**Birdie Bell.** **A. M. Pace.**

1. Tell what Je - sus does for you, Nev - er was a friend so true,
2. Tell what Je - sus does to - day, Helps each pil-grim on the way,
3. Tell the sto - ry here be - low, For 'twill ev - er sweet-er grow,

Oth-ers long to know Him too, Tell..... the bless-ed
Tell the bless-ed sto - ry,
Guides the feet that weakly stray, Tell..... the lov - ing
Tell the lov - ing sto - ry,
Till in heav'n each heart will know All..... the wondrous
All the won-drous sto - ry,

sto - ry; Tell a - bout His matchless love, How He
Tell the bless - ed sto - ry;
sto - ry; Oth - ers need His guiding hand, As they
Tell the lov - ing sto - ry;
sto - ry; There all voic-es join the strain, Wor-thy
All the wondrous sto - ry;

left His home a - bove, Seeks to save the souls who rove,
seek the Fa - ther-land, In His strength they too shall stand,
is the Lamb once slain, Now in glo - ry Christ doth reign,

# Tell the Blessed Story.

# No. 208. Crown Him King of Kings.

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

E. E. Rexford. De Loss Smith.

INTRODUCTION.

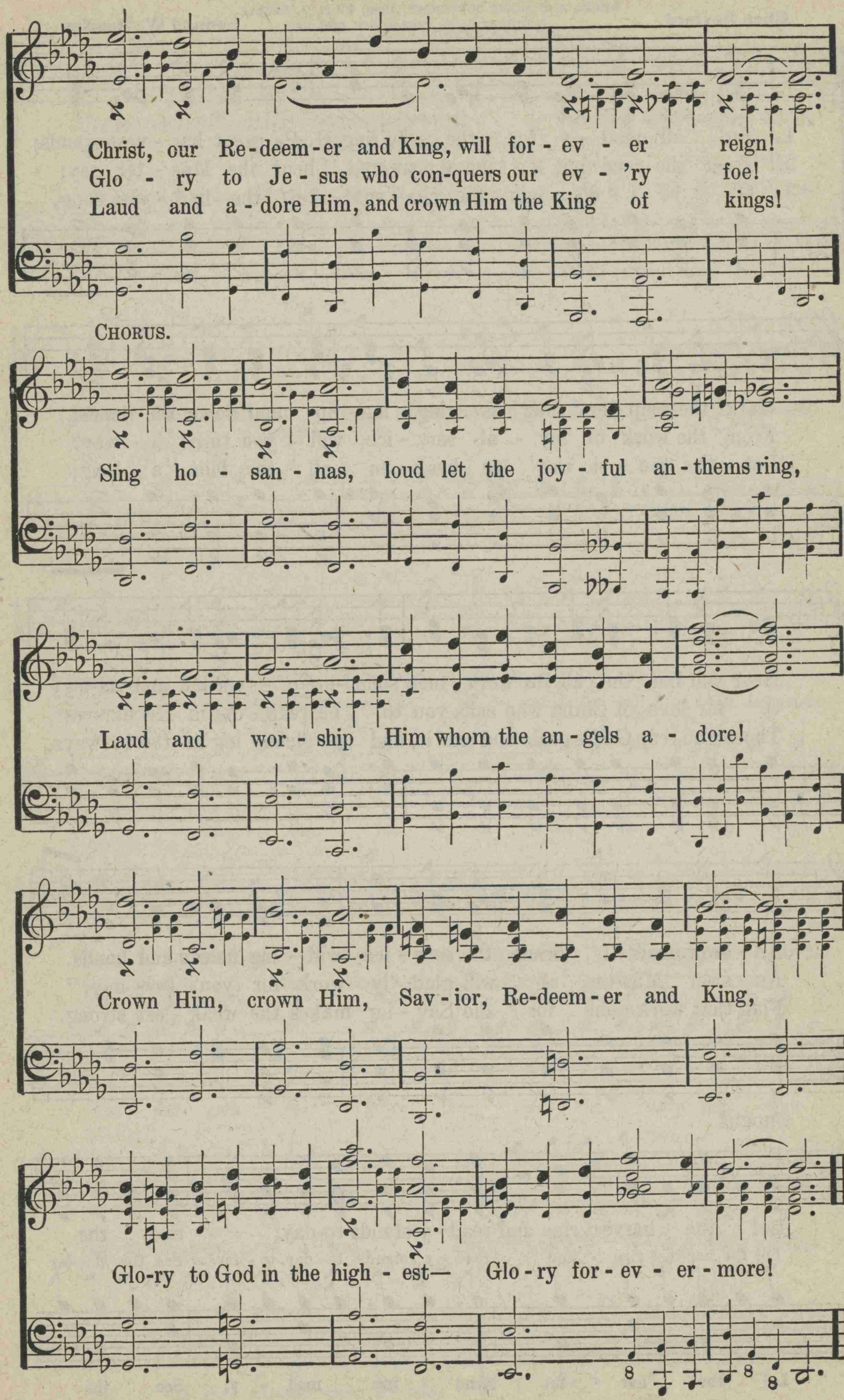
VOICES IN UNISON.

1. Crown Him, crown Him with glo - ry the King of kings;
2. He who reigns o'er the king-doms of earth to - day,
3. Praise Him, praise Him, the King on the great white throne;

Praise and hom - age each heart as its trib - ute brings;
Sends His bless-ings to those in the heav'n - ward way;
Love Him, serve Him, who rul - eth by love a - lone;

Sing, O earth, and u - nite in the might - y re - frain—
Sing we prais-es with hearts that with love o - ver - flow—
Up to heav - en the shout of the glo - ri - fied rings—

# Crown Him King of Kings.



# No. 209. Reapers for the Harvest.

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

Eben Rexford. Samuel W. Beasley.

1. Lo! all read - y for the gath-'ring God's great har - vest stands;
2. "Great the need but few have answered," hear the Mas - ter say;
3. O ye i - dlers join the cho - rus of the har - vest song,

Hark! the reap - ers' song is ring - ing up and down the lands;
From the work of loy - al serv - ice will you turn a - way?
Let its mu - sic rise to heav - en all the hills a - long;

Hear you not the call for work - men sound-ing o - ver hill and val-ley?
O for love of Christ who calls you to be reap - ers in His har-vest,
Those who reap God's grain and bind it, and go glean - ing in the by-ways,

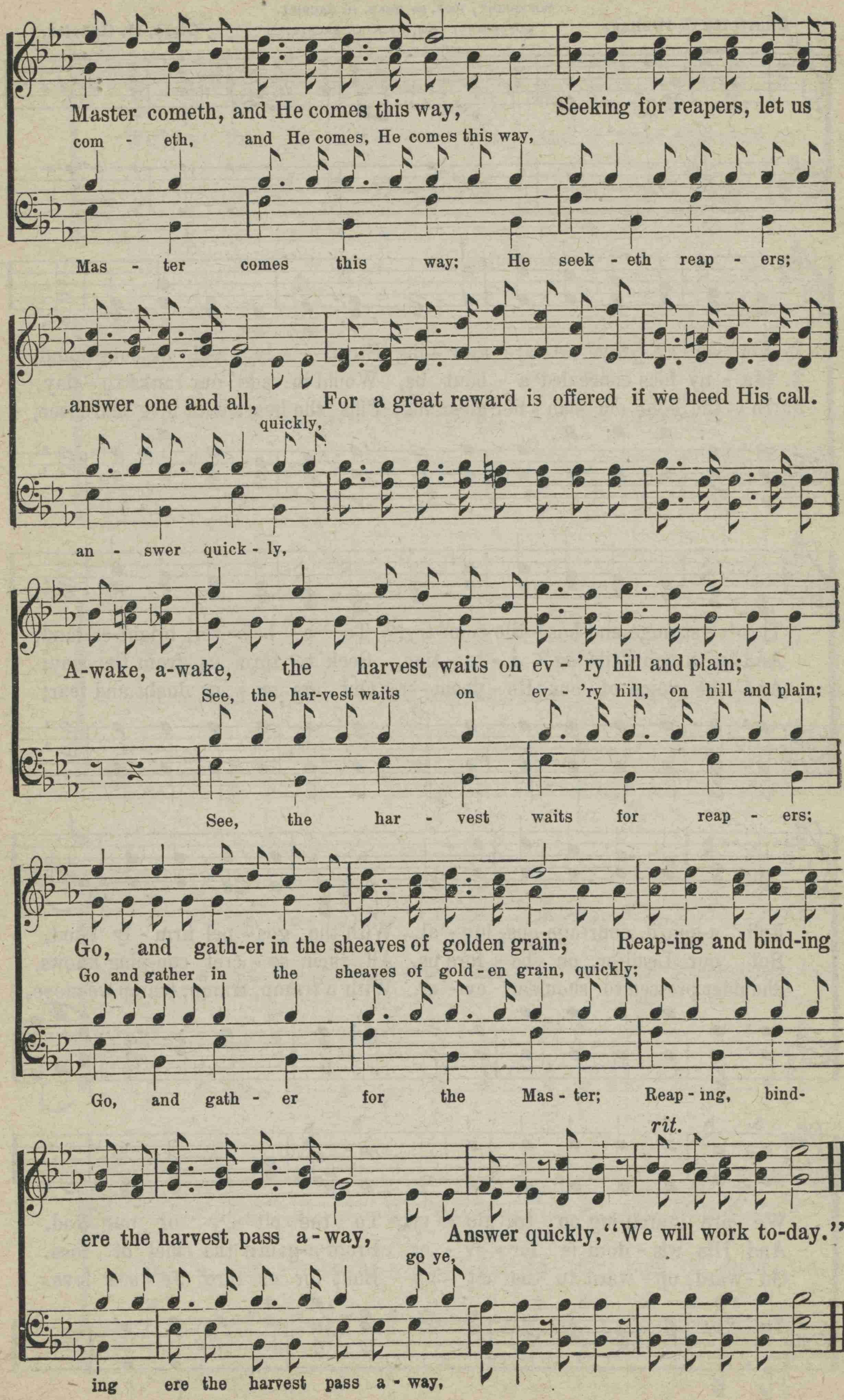
An - swer quick - ly, bring to serv - ice will - ing hearts and hands.
An - swer "Mas-ter, I will glad - ly work for you to - day."
Find that work done for the Sav - ior makes the weak - est strong.

CHORUS.

Lo! the harvest ripe and read - y stands to-day; See, the

Lo! the har-vest ripe and read - y stands to - day, to - day; See the Mas-ter

Lo! the har - vest stand - ing read - y, See the

# Reapers for the Harvest.

# No. 210. Marching in His Name.

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

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

1. Like an ar - my we are mov - ing Stead - i - ly, and at com-mand,
2. Ma - ny foes concealed a - bout us, Would in-vade our ranks to - day,
3. In the light our ban - ner gleaming, Fills the heart with love and cheer,

Thro' a strange and hos - tile coun-try, To a bet - ter, bright-er land;
And with sub - tile ag - i - ta - tion, Seek to turn us from the way;
And the voice of our Re - deem - er, Qui - ets ev - 'ry doubt and fear;

Full e-quip'd, cour-age-ous, loy - al, With the gos - pel firm - ly shod,
But our Lead-er, on be - fore us, All their se - cret cun-ning knows,
Shoulder pressed to shoulder ev - er, With a tramp, tramp, tramp we move,

We are march-ing on to glo - ry, To the cit - y of our God.
And His wis - dom is for - ev - er Proof a-gainst the chief of foes.
On - ward, up - ward to the cit - y Built for us thro' Je - sus' love.

# Marching in His Name.

CHORUS.

With a firm de - term - i - na - tion, And a trust that shall not wane,

For the King we have en - list - ed, And are march-ing in His train;

Our song of joy is ev - er ring-ing, while mov-ing up the great high-way

To a cit - y bright, e - ter - nal, In a land of cloud-less day,

land of cloud-less day,

To a cit - y bright e - ter - nal, In a land of cloud - less day.

# No. 211. The Wonderful Country.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

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

1. I have oft - en been told of a won - der - ful coun - try, A land that no mor - tal hath seen, Where riv - ers of crys - tal for -
2. They say in that land is a glo - ri - ous cit - y, Whose walls are of jas - per and gold, With glit - ter - ing streets of most
3. I read in the Bi - ble the won - der - ful sto - ry, How Je - sus was nailed on the tree, And how in the bit - ter - est

ev - er are flow - ing, Thro' fields of per - pet - u - al green: . . .
won - der-ful beau - ty And wealth that can nev - er be told: . . .
ag - o - ny dy - ing, He o - pened that coun - try to me: . . .

There sum - mer and sun are for - ev - er un - cloud - ed, And
They say the in - hab - i - tants nev - er grow wea - ry, They
By faith in His love, and the grace that He gives me, I

# The Wonderful Country.

nev - er there fall - eth the night . . . A land where the brightness of
nev - er know sor - row or care . . . That joy with - out meas - ure and
look to that coun - try di - vine, . . . And know that a - mong the re -

flow - ers are grow-ing, In gar - dens e - ter - nal and bright. . . .
peace ev - er - last - ing, Are giv - en the bless - ed ones there. . . .
words there a-wait - ing, A robe and a crown shall be mine. . . .

CHORUS.

O wonderful country, home of my Savior, How I am longing for thee, for thee,

Where never a sorrow or care for the morrow Shall trouble the blessed and free.

## No. 212. A Song of Victory.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

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

1. Loud - ly un - to the world is a cho - rus re - sound - ing,
2. Press - ing on to the bat - tle, each sol - dier re - joic - es,
3. Glo - ry! glo - ry to God in the high - est for - ev - er!

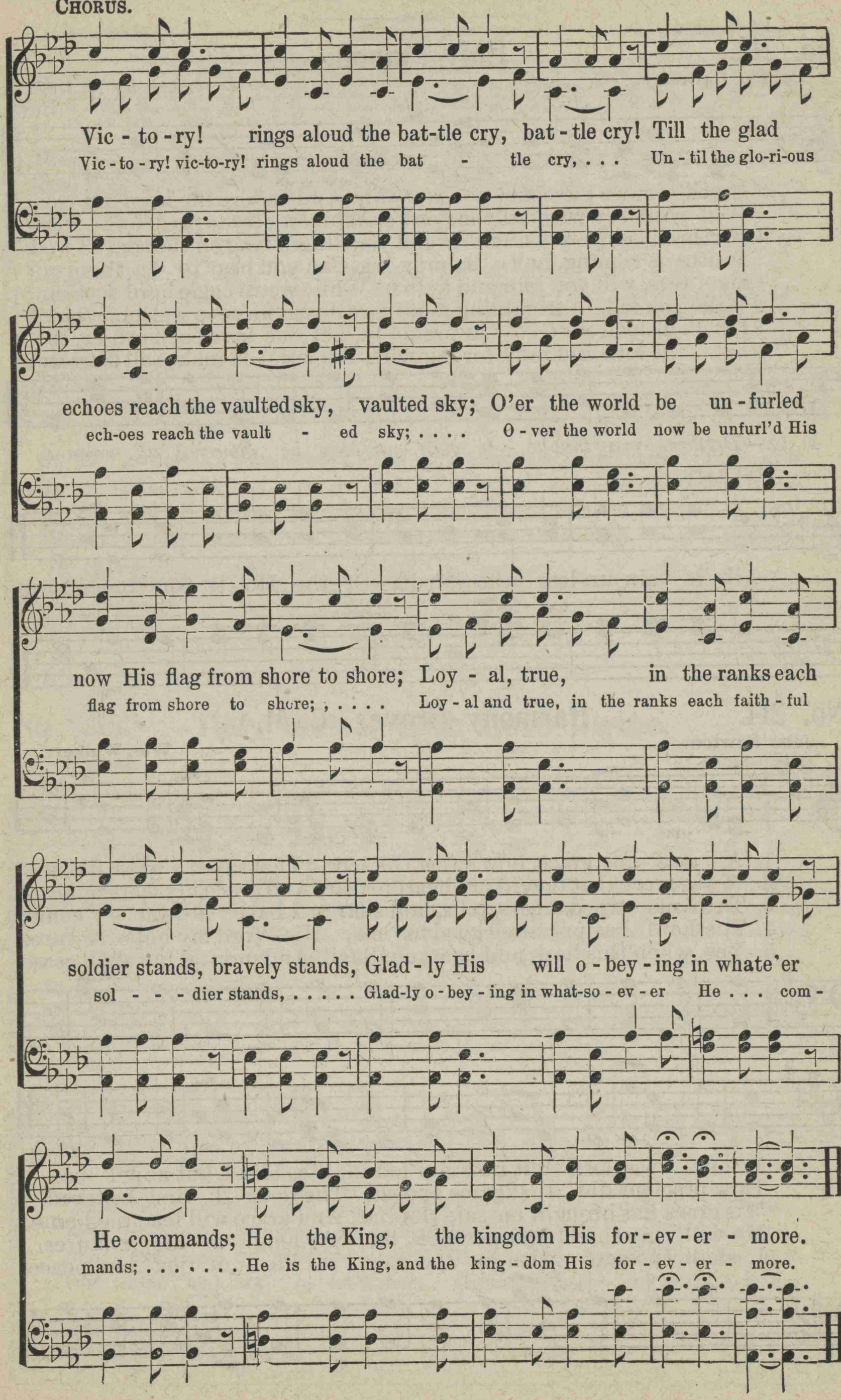
From the hosts of the Lord as they march a - long,
Sing - ing joy - ful - ly un - to the gra - cious King,
For the King in His beau - ty shall yet ap - pear;

Rich in har - mo - ny, send - ing the ech - oes re - bound - ing,
Earth is join - ing her praise with the tu - mult of voic - es,
Shout a - loud, for Je - ho - vah, our God, will de - liv - er;

Swell - ing might - i - ly from the vic - to - rious throng.
While the arch - es of heav - en with mu - sic ring.
His the bat - tle, and vic - to - ry draw - eth near.

# A Song of Victory.

CHORUS.



# POPULAR HYMNS.

## No. 213. Holy Manna.

**Baptist Harmony.** **Arr. by A. J. S.**

FINE.

1. { Breth-ren, we have met to wor-ship And adore the Lord our God;
   { Will you pray with all your power While we try to preach the Word?
2. { Brethren, see poor sinners 'round you Slumb'ring on the brink of woe;
   { Death is coming, hell is mov-ing, Can you bear to let them go?
3. { Sis - ters, will you join and help us While we struggle hard with sin;
   { Will you tell to trembling mourners Jesus waits to welcome them?
4. { Let us love our God su-preme-ly, Let us love each oth-er, too,
   { Let us love and pray for sinners, Till our God makes all things new.

D. C.—*Brethren, pray that ho - ly man - na May be showered all around.*

REFRAIN.

D. C.

All is vain un-less the Spir-it Of the Ho - ly One comes down;

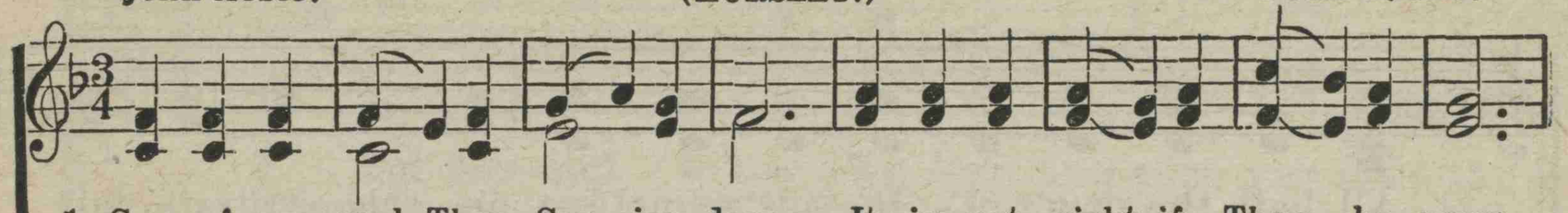
## No. 214. Harmony Grove. C. M.

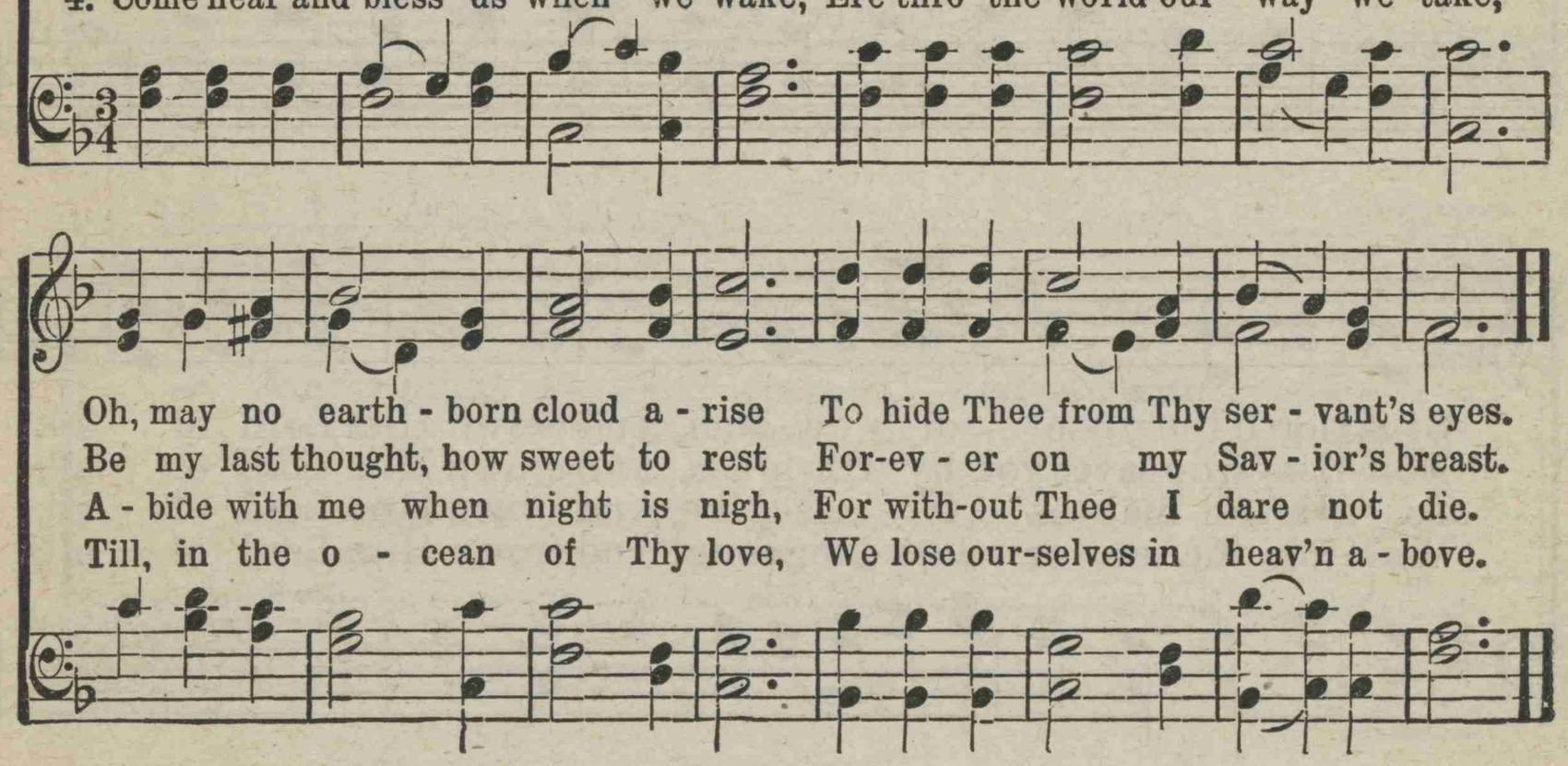
**John Newton.** **Wm. Walker.**

1. A - maz - ing grace, how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dangers, toils, and snares, I have al-read - y come;
4. The Lord has promised good to me, His Word my hope se-cures;
5. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor-tal life shall cease,

I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
How precious did that grace appear, The hour I first believed.
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por-tion be, As long as life endures.
I shall possess, with-in the vale, A life of joy and peace.

## No. 215. Sun of My Soul.

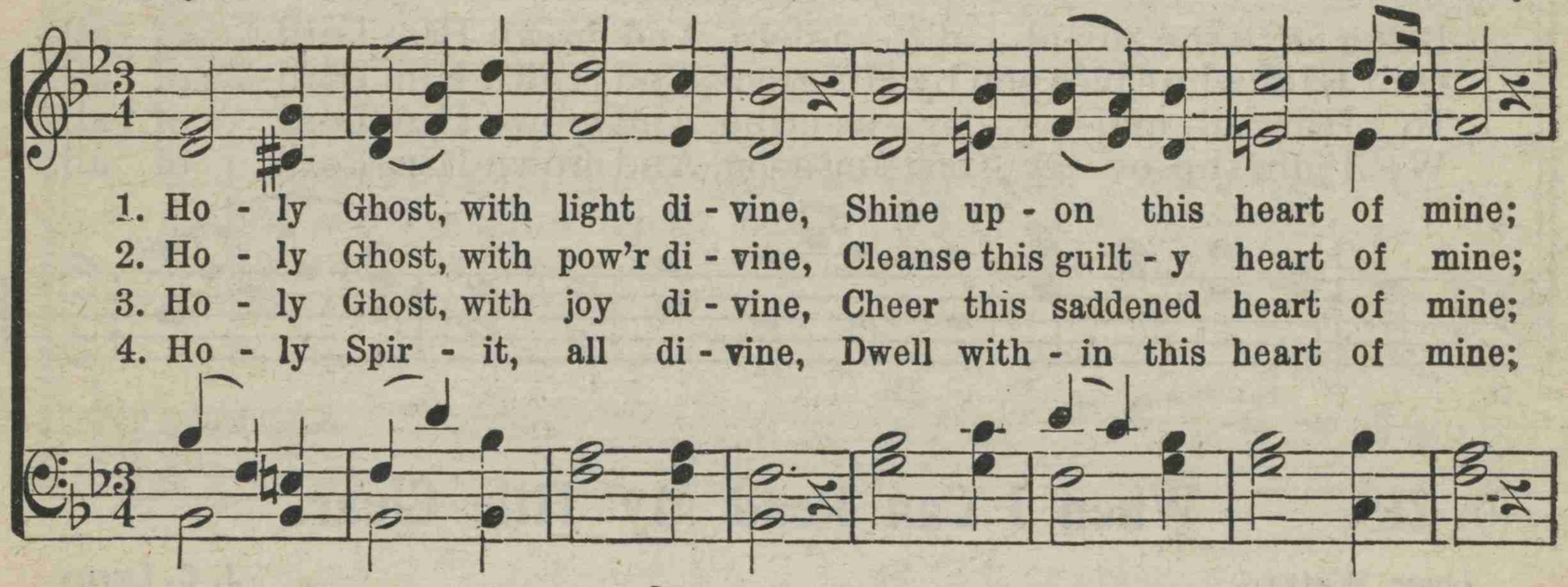
John Keble. (HURSLEY.) Peter Ritter.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;
4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;

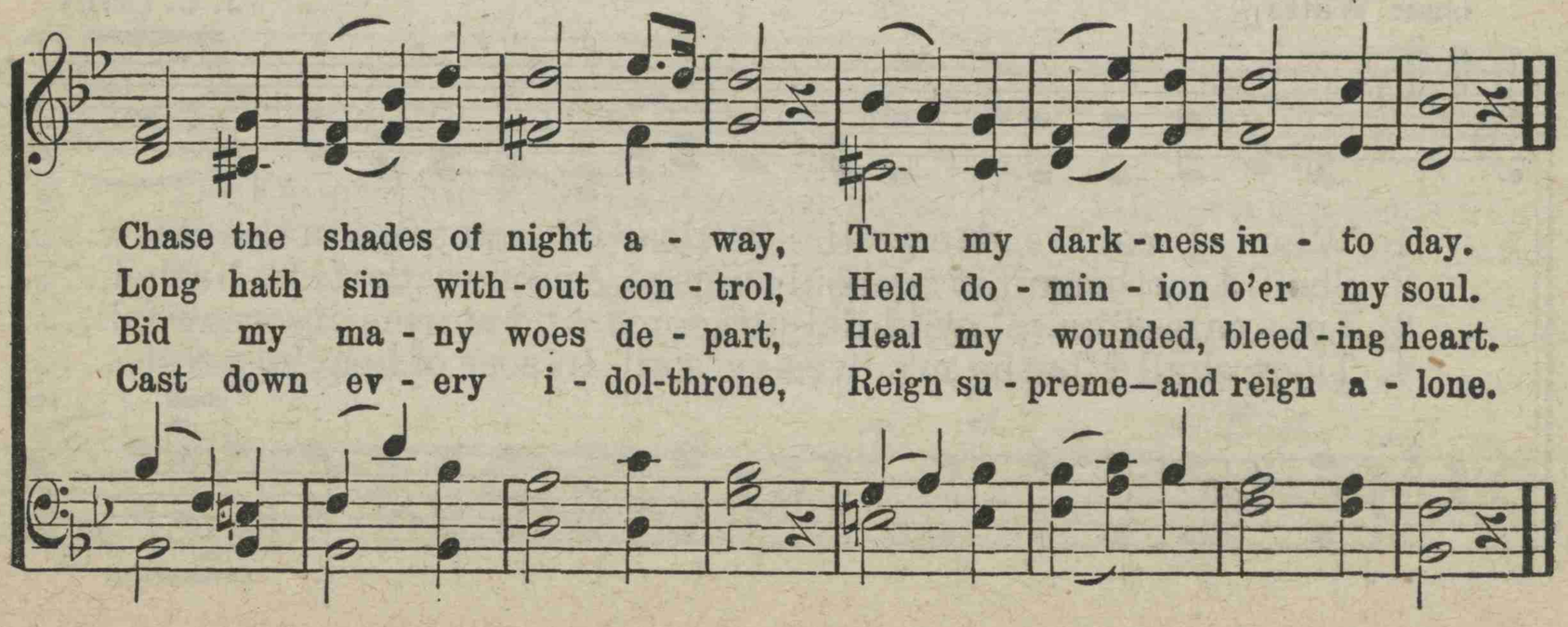


Oh, may no earth - born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev - er on my Sav - ior's breast.
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
Till, in the o - cean of Thy love, We lose our-selves in heav'n a - bove.

## No. 216. Holy Ghost, With Love Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.



1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
Long hath sin with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wounded, bleed - ing heart.
Cast down ev - ery i - dol-throne, Reign su - preme—and reign a - lone.

## No. 217. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

**Edward Perronet.** **Oliver Holden.**

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

Bring forth the roy-al di - a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

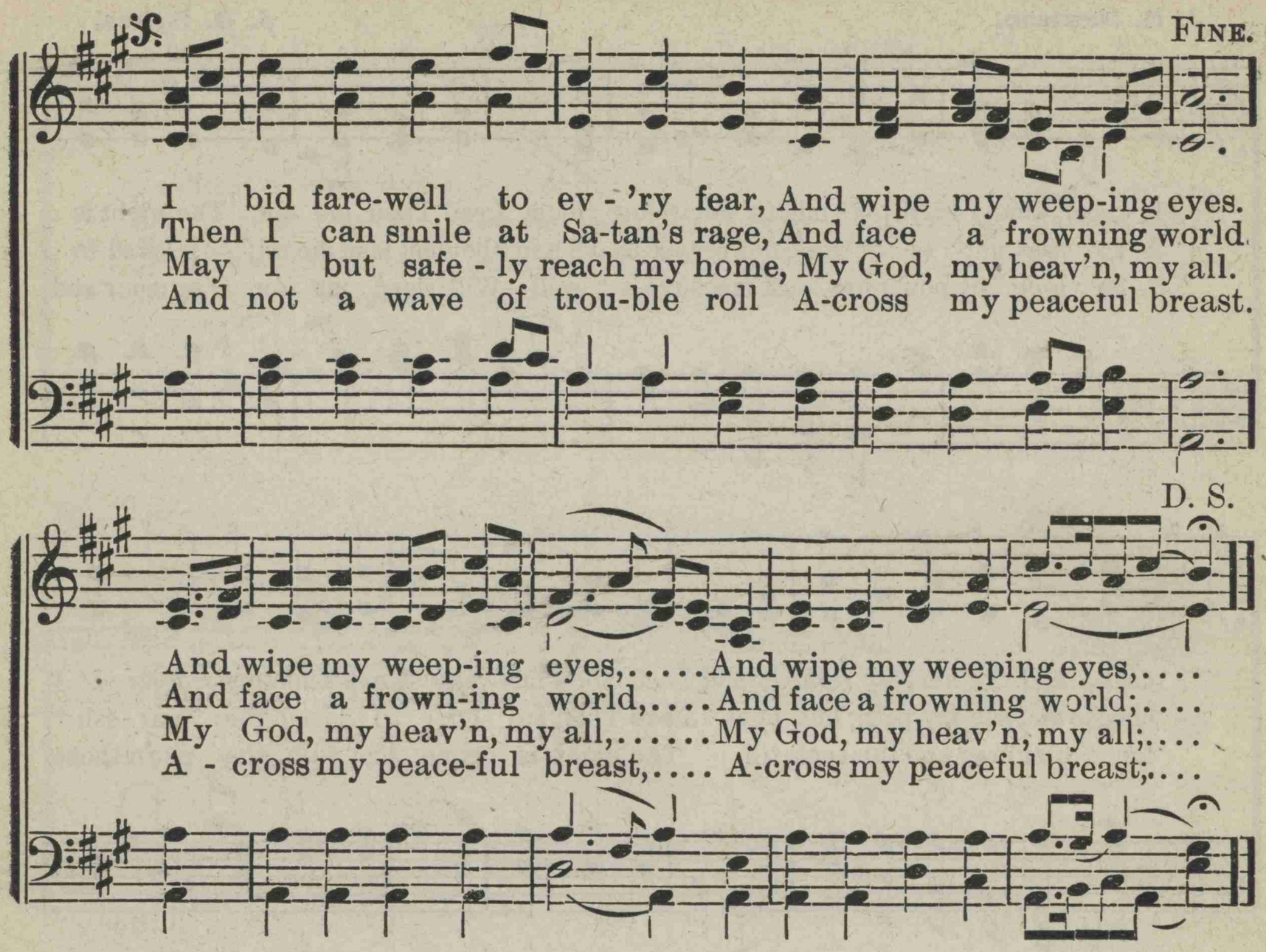
Bring forth the roy-al di - a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

## No. 218. When I Can Read My Title Clear.

**Isaac Watts.** **J. C. Leroy.**

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies,....
2. Should earth against my soul en-gage, And fiery darts be hurled,....
3. Let cares like a wild del-uge come And storms of sorrow fall,...
4. There shall I bathe my wea-ry soul In seas of heav'nly rest, .....

## When I Can Read My Title Clear.

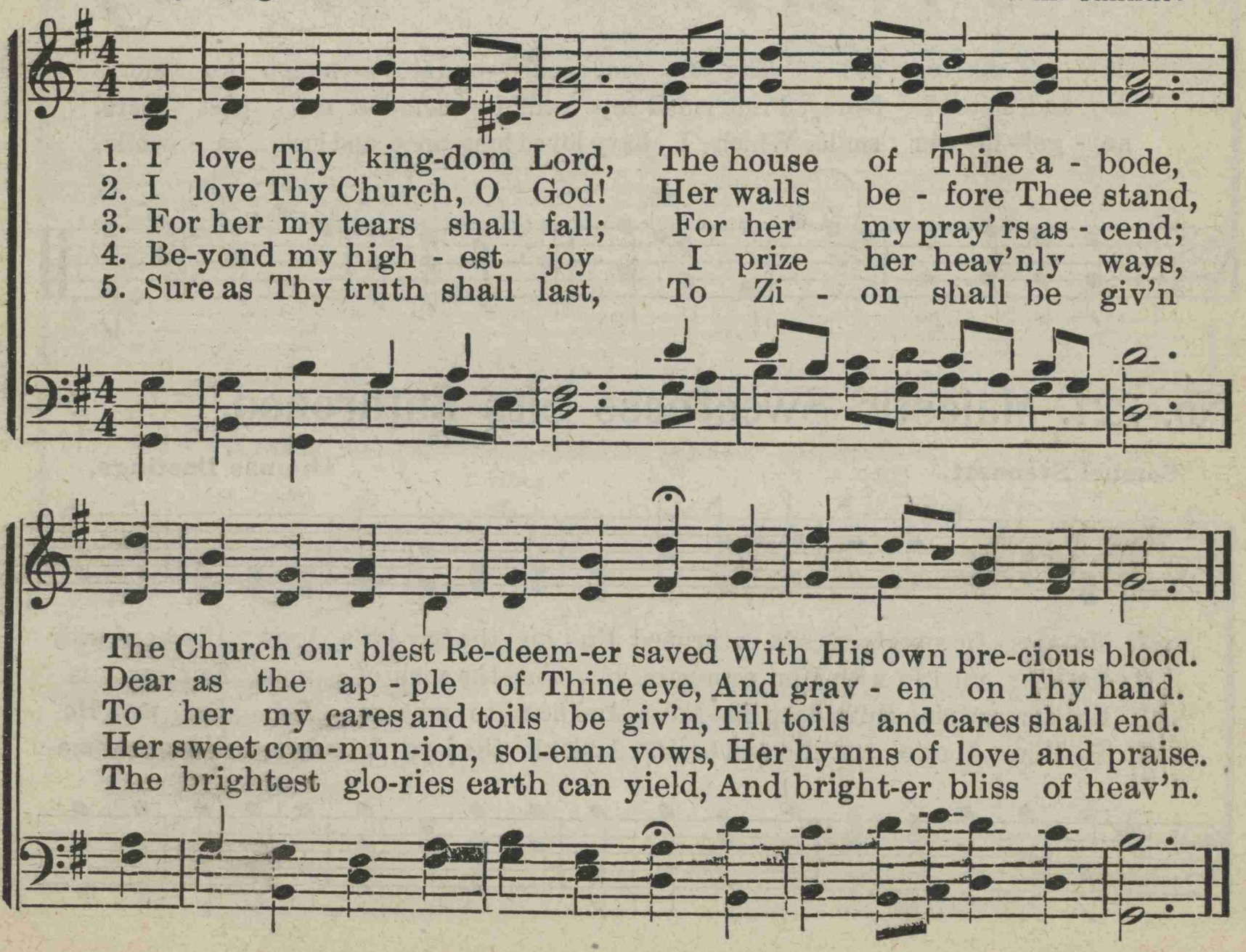



I bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frowning world.
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of trou-ble roll A-cross my peaceful breast.

And wipe my weep-ing eyes,.....And wipe my weeping eyes,....
And face a frown-ing world,....And face a frowning world;....
My God, my heav'n, my all,.....My God, my heav'n, my all;....
A - cross my peace-ful breast,.... A-cross my peaceful breast;....

## No. 219. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

**Timothy Dwight.** **Wm. Tannur.**



1. I love Thy king-dom Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my pray' rs as - cend;
4. Be-yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'nly ways,
5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n

The Church our blest Re-deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
The brightest glo-ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of heav'n.

## No. 220. Lead, Kindly Light.

**J. H. Newman.** **J. B. Dykes.**

1. Lead, kindly Light, a - mid th' encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

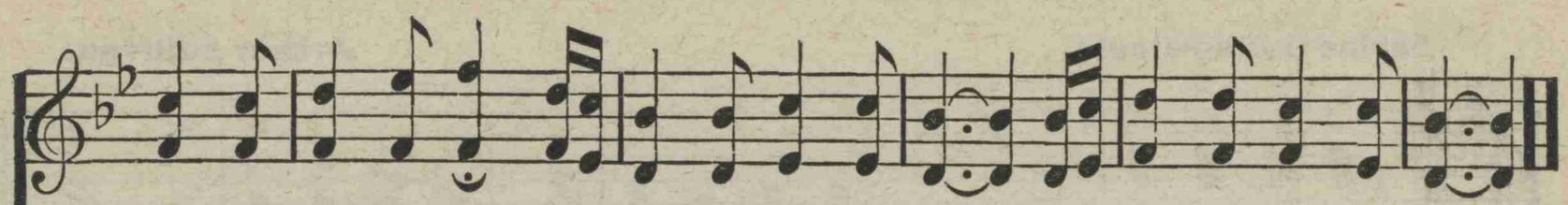
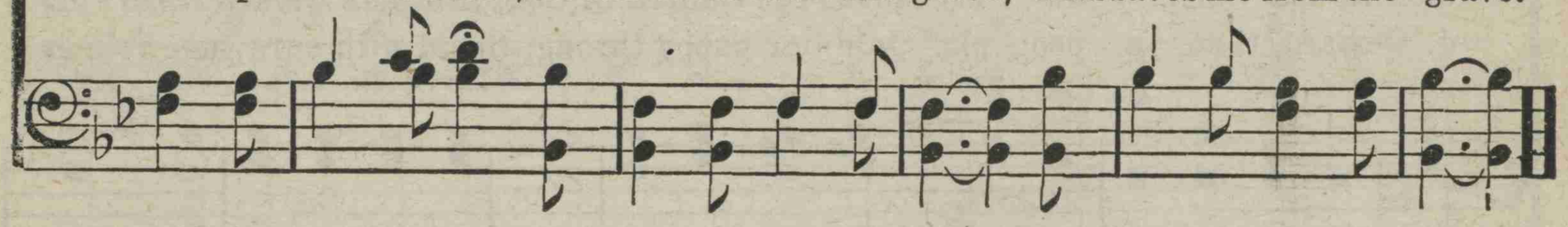
dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis - tant scene,—one step e - nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Re-mem-ber not past years.
an - gel - fa - ces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

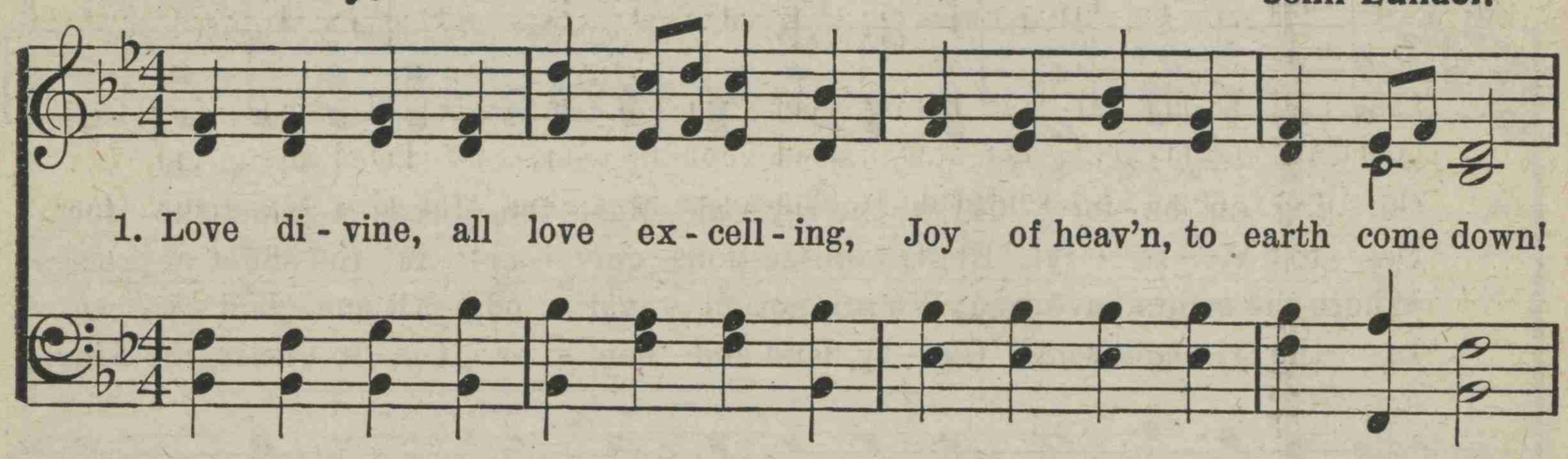
## No. 221. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

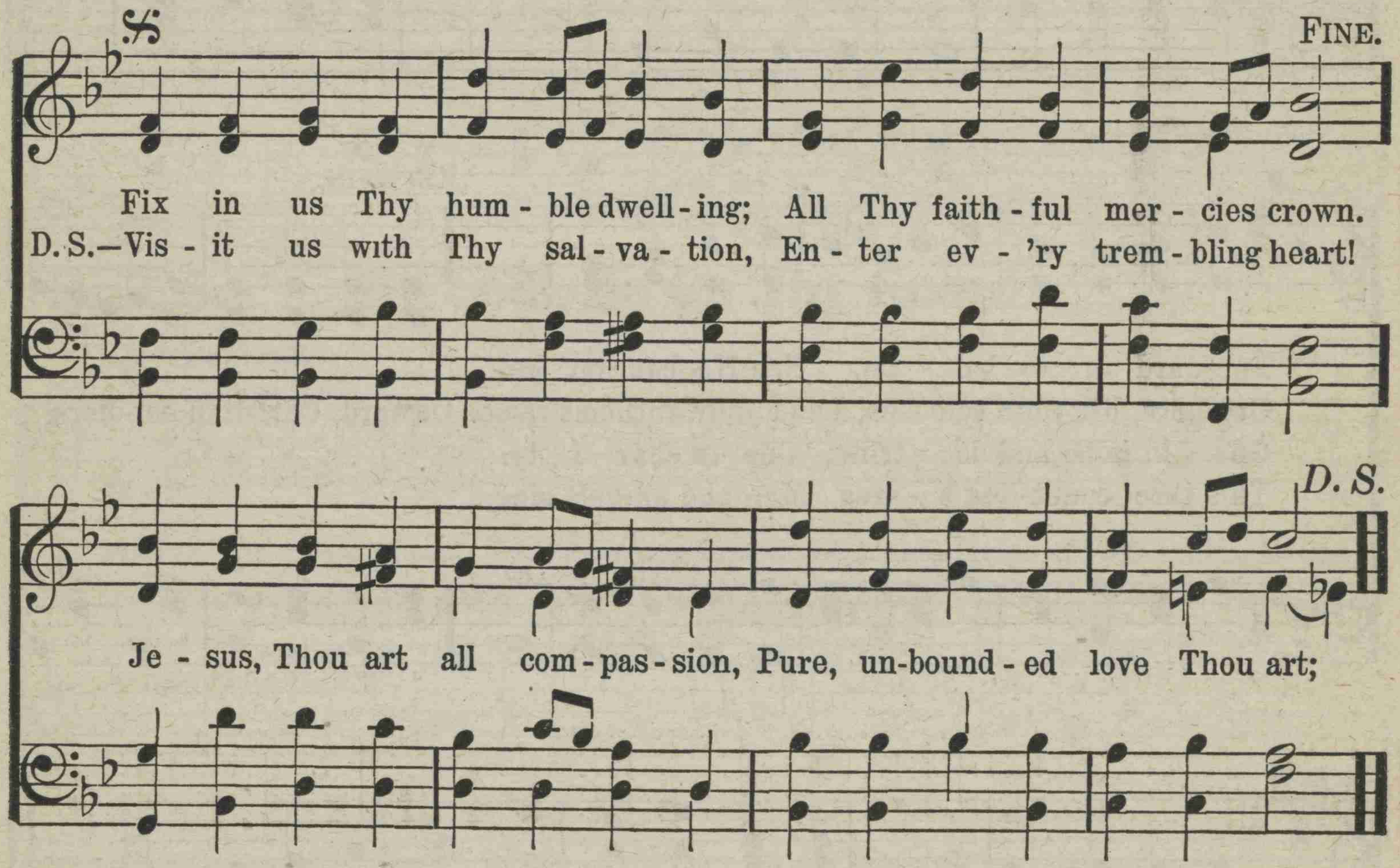
**Samuel Stennett.** **Thomas Hastings.**

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Sav-ior's brow; His head with
2. No mor - tal can with Him com-pare, A - mong the sons of men; Fair - er is
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me

## Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

ra - diant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
He than all the fair That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
bore the shameful cross, And car - ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.
tri-umph o - ver death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.

## No. 222. Love Divine.

**Charles Wesley.** **John Zundel.**



1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!

2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing.
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love!

# No. 223. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

**Sabine Baring-Gould.** **Arthur Sullivan.**

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol - diers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are tread - ing
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voic-es

Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise,
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King,

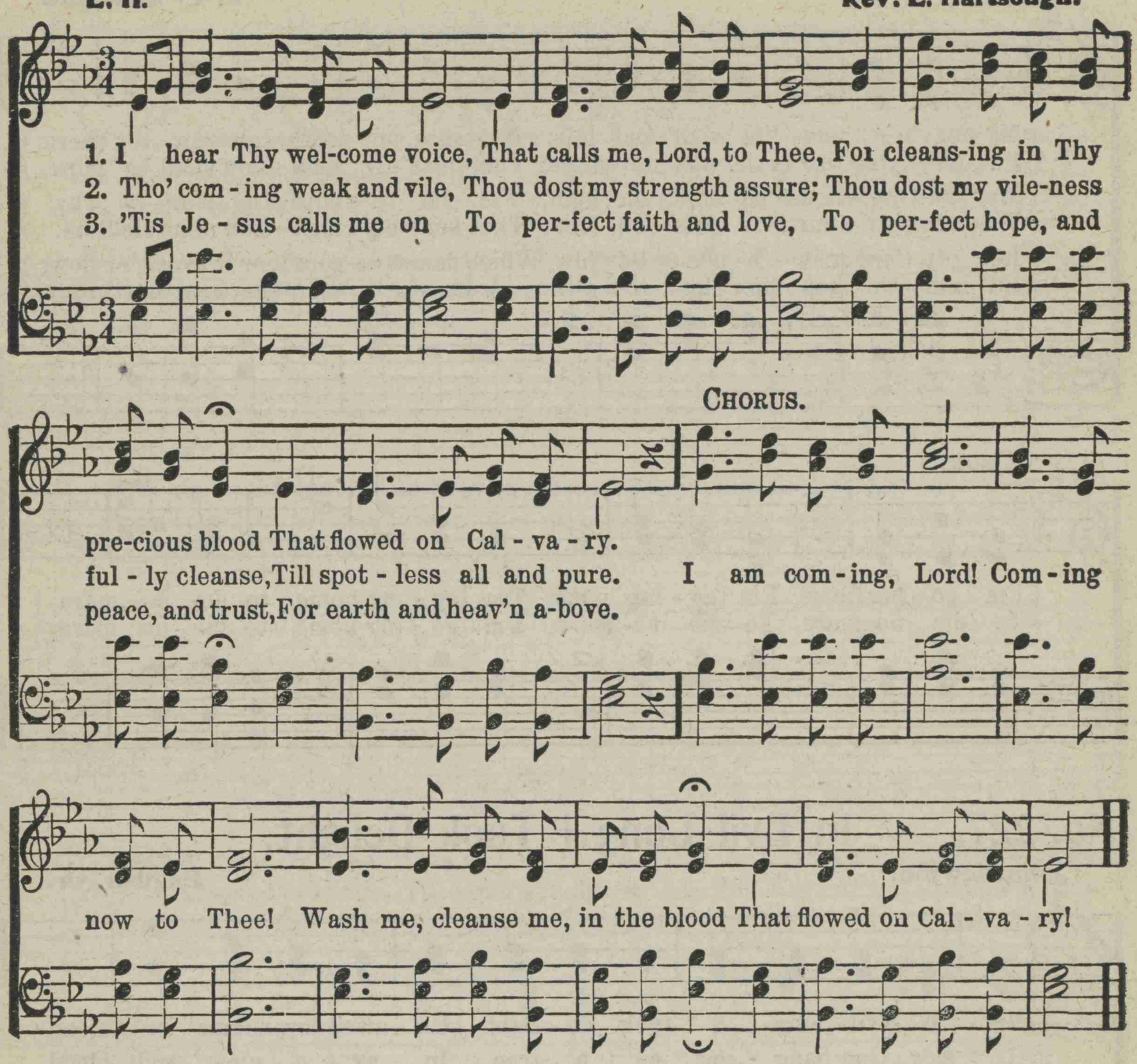
REFRAIN.

For-ward in - to bat - tle. See His ban-ner go!
Brothers, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise. Onward, Christian sol-diers!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' count-less a - ges Men and an-gels sing.

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be-fore.

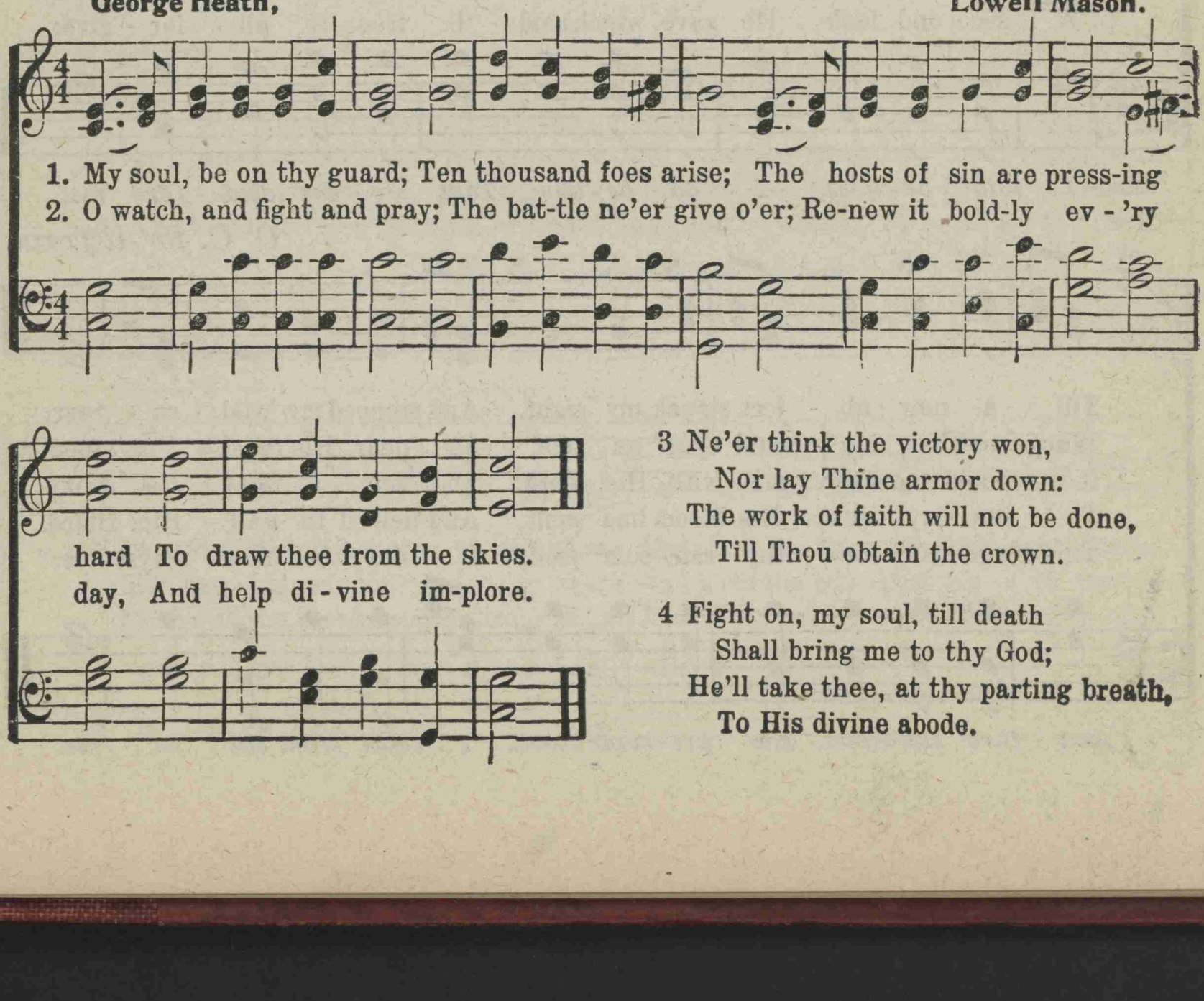
## No. 224. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.




## No. 225. My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

George Heath, Lowell Mason.

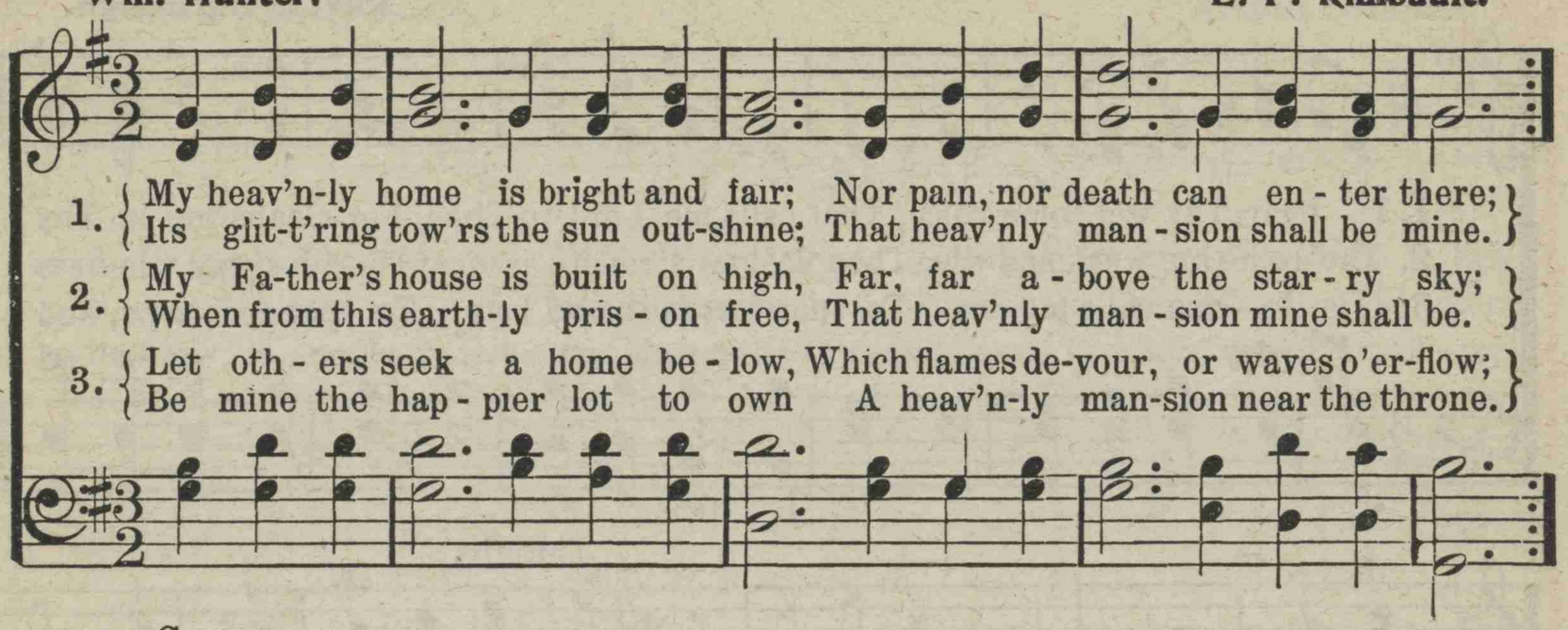



3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay Thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till Thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring me to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

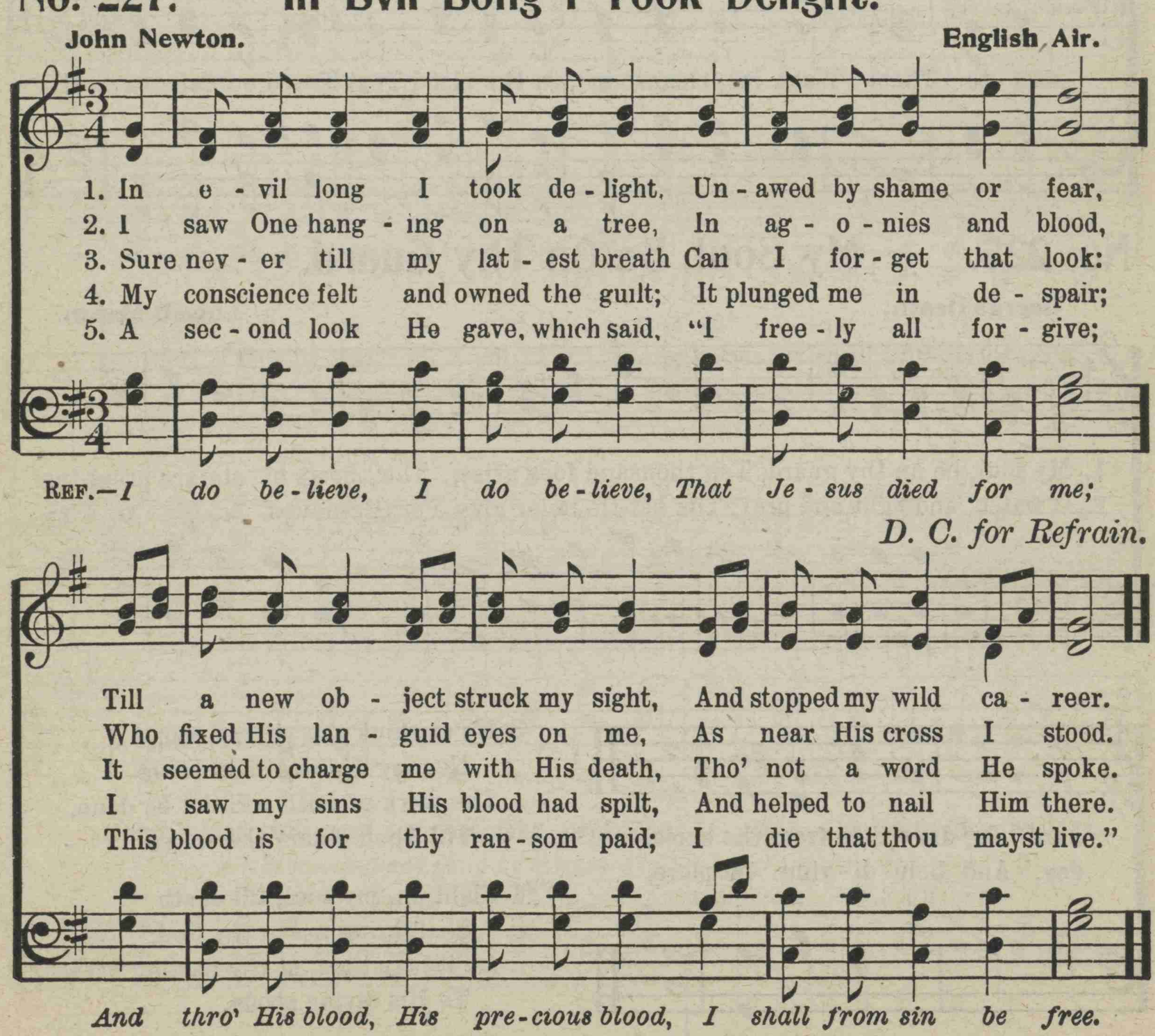
## No. 226. My Heavenly Home.

Wm. Hunter. E. F. Rimbault.




## No. 227. In Evil Long I Took Delight.

John Newton. English Air.



## No. 228. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Reginald Heber. Lowell Mason.

1. From Greenland's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor - al strand, Where Af-ric's
2. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high, Shall we to
3. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll, Till, like a

sun - ny foun-tains Roll down their golden sand; From man - y an ancient riv - er, From
men be-night - ed The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The
sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole: Till o'er our ransomed na-ture The

many a palm-y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.
joy - ful sound proclaim, Till earth's remotest na - tion Has learned Messiah's name.
Lamb for sinners slain, Re-deem-er, King, Cre-a - tor, In bliss re-turns to reign.

## No. 229. Ye Christian Heralds!

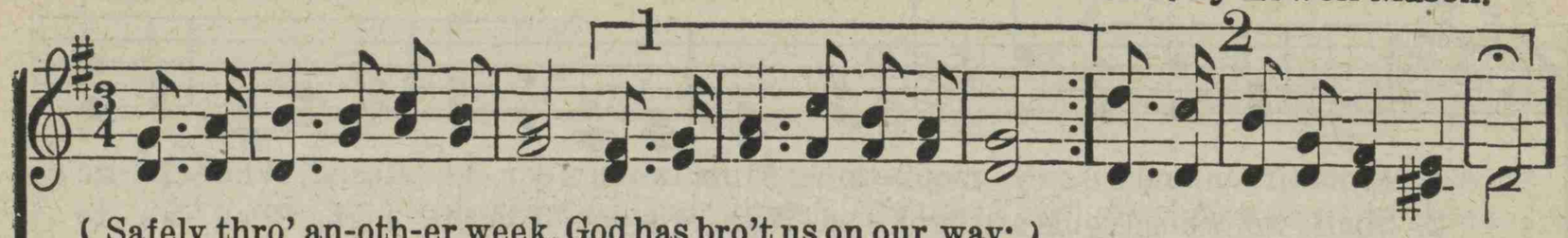
C. Zeunder.

1. Ye Chris-tian her - alds! go pro-claim Sal - va-tion thro' Im - man - uel's name;
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flam-ing zeal your hearts in - spire,
3. And when our la - bors all are o'er, Then shall we meet to part no more—

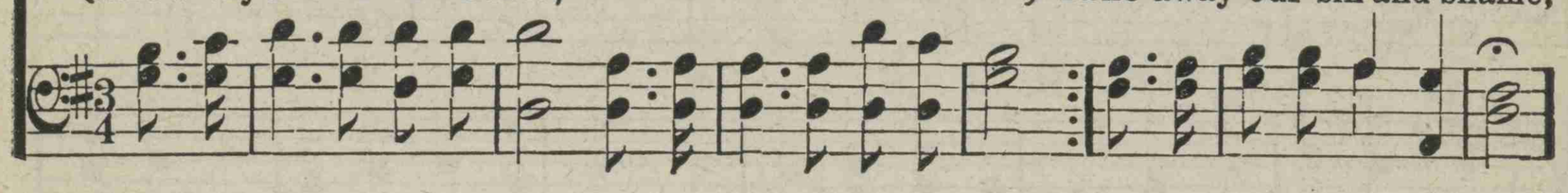
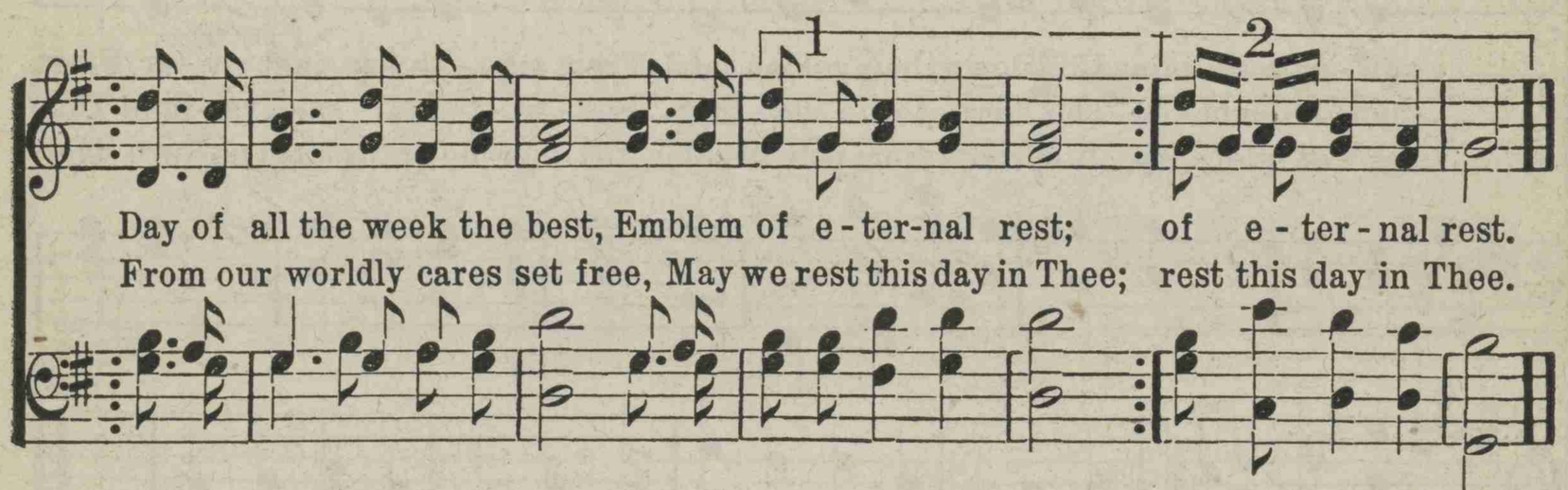
To dis - tant climes the ti - dings bear, And plant the Rose of Shar - on there.
Bid rag - ing winds their fu - ry cease, And hush the tem - pest in - to peace.
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall, And crown our Je - sus—Lord of all.

## No, 230. Safely Through Another Week.

**John Newton.** **Arr. by Lowell Mason.**



1. Safely thro' an-oth-er week, God has bro't us on our way;
   Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in His courts today.

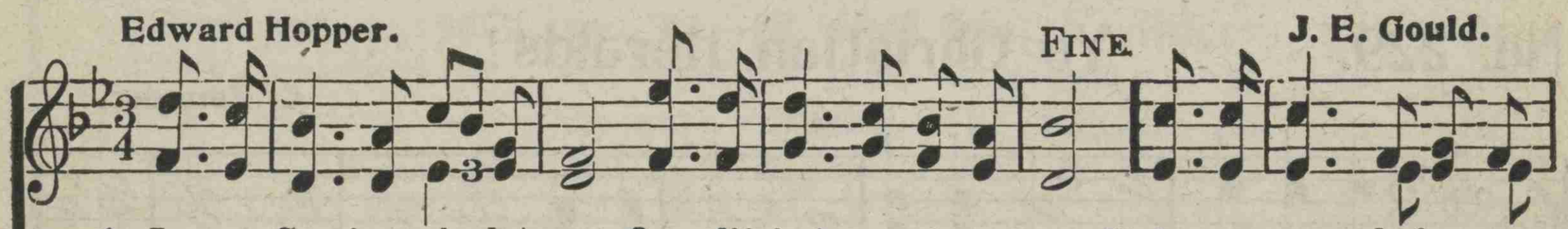
2. While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
   Show thy rec-on-cil-ed face, Take away our sin and shame;



Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e-ter-nal rest; of e-ter-nal rest.
From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee; rest this day in Thee.

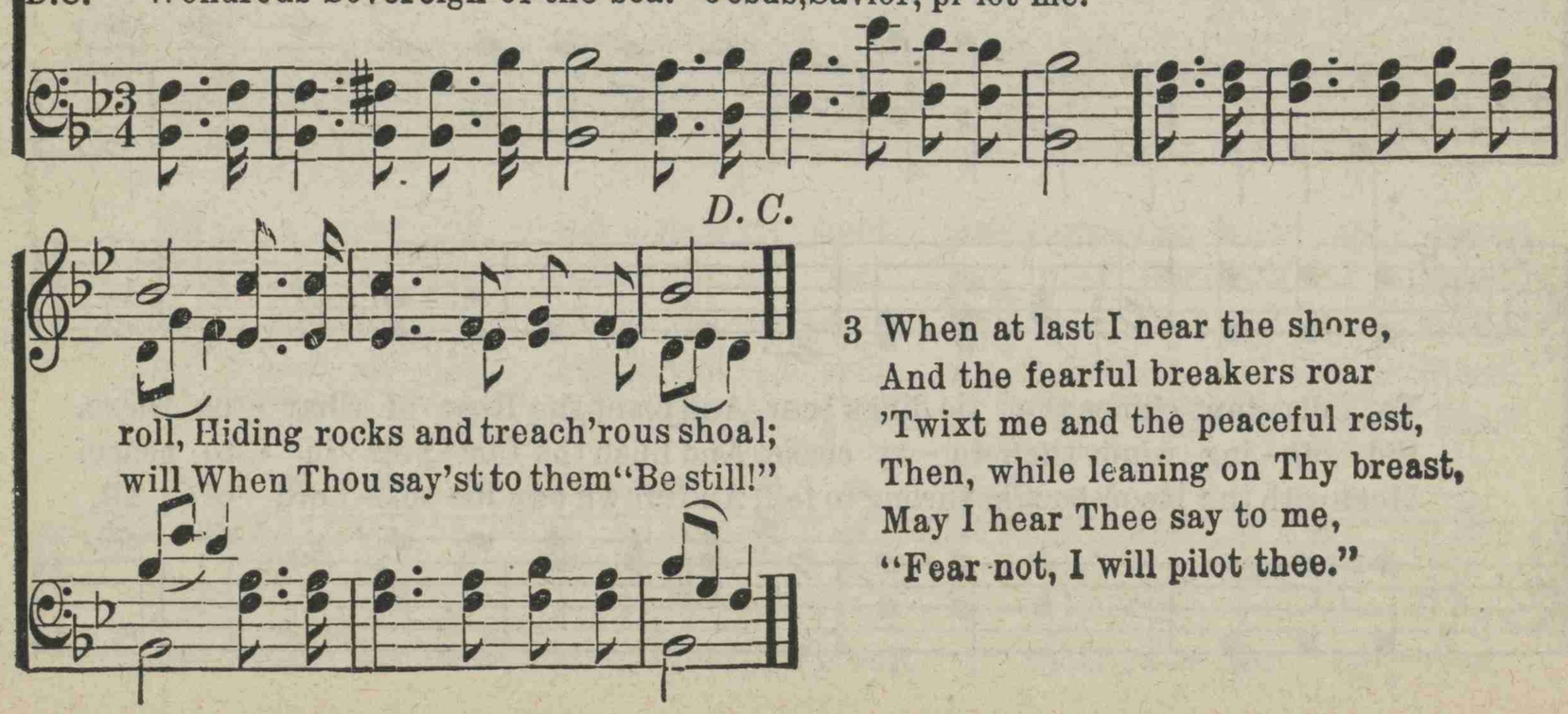
3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast,

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

## No. 231. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

**Edward Hopper.** **J. E. Gould.**

1. Je-sus, Sav-ior, pi-lot me, Over life's tempestuous sea; Unknown waves before me
D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me.

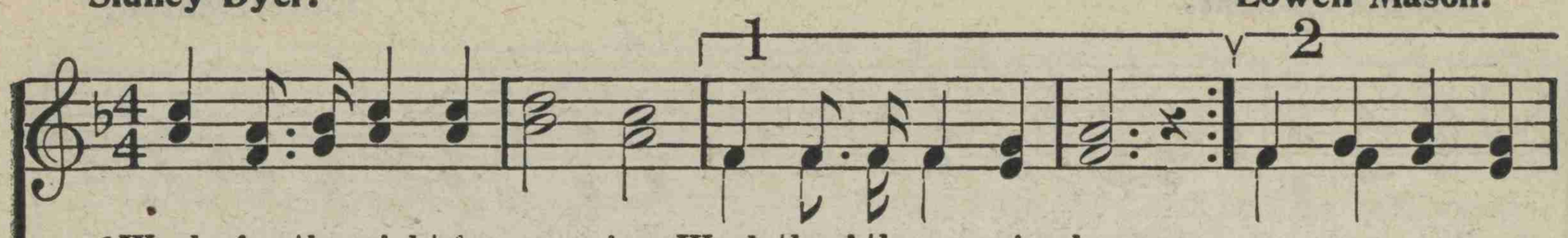
2. As a mother stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild; Boist'rous waves obey Thy
D.C.—"Wondrous Sovereign of the sea." Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me.

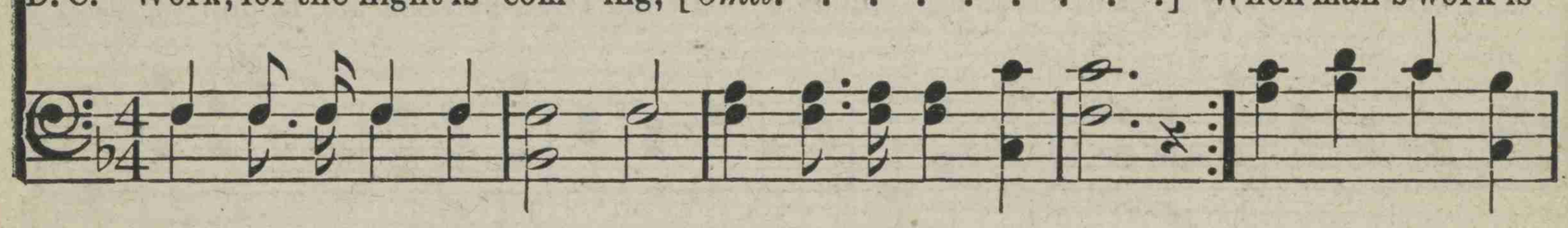


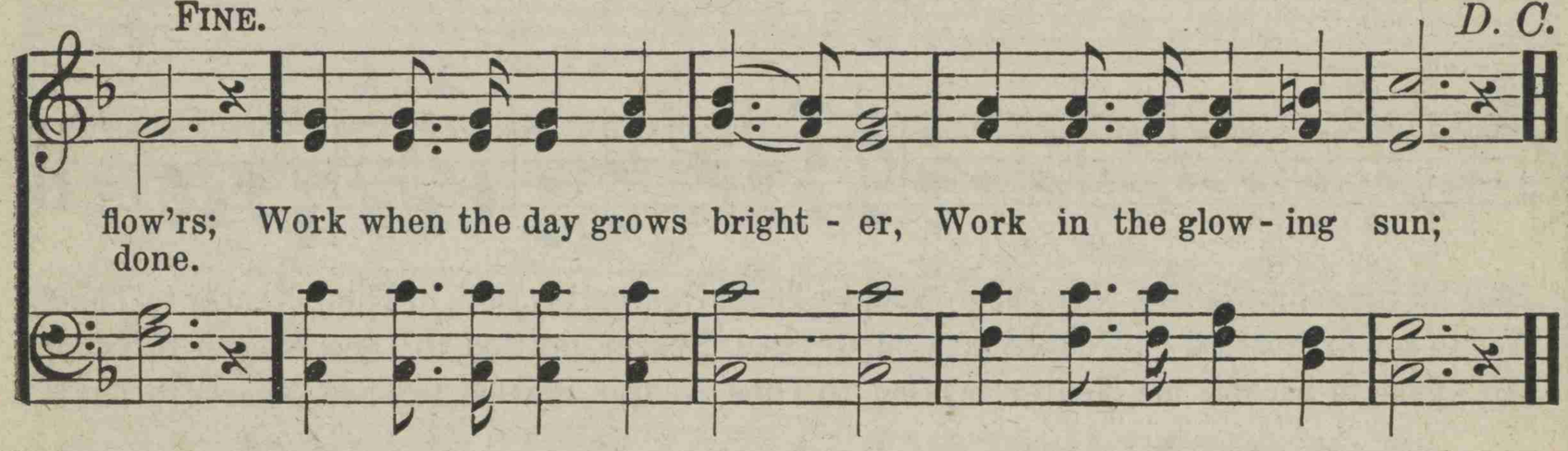

roll, Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

## No. 232. Work, for the Night is Coming.

**Sidney Dyer.** **Lowell Mason.**

1. { Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
   { Work while the dew is spark-ling, [*Omit*. . . . . .] Work 'mid springing

D. C.—Work, for the night is com - ing, [*Omit*. . . . . .] When man's work is

FINE. D. C.



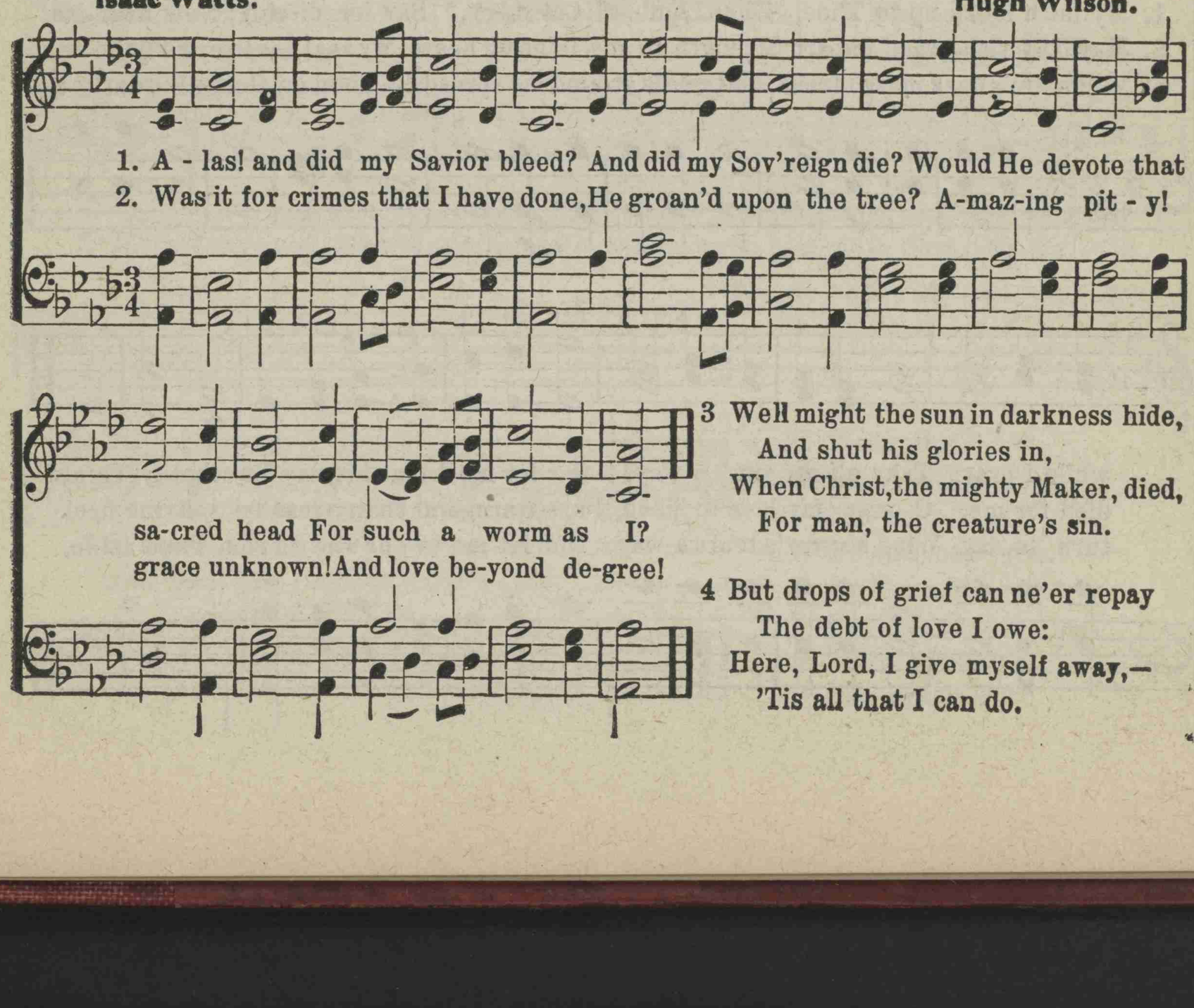
flow'rs; Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

## No. 233. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

**Isaac Watts.** **Hugh Wilson.**



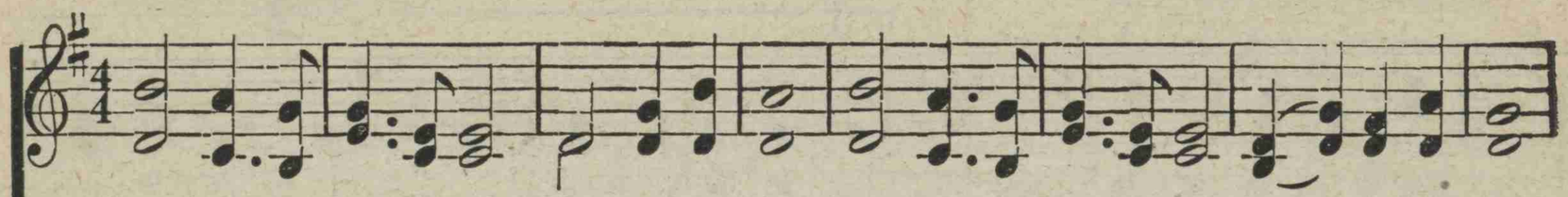
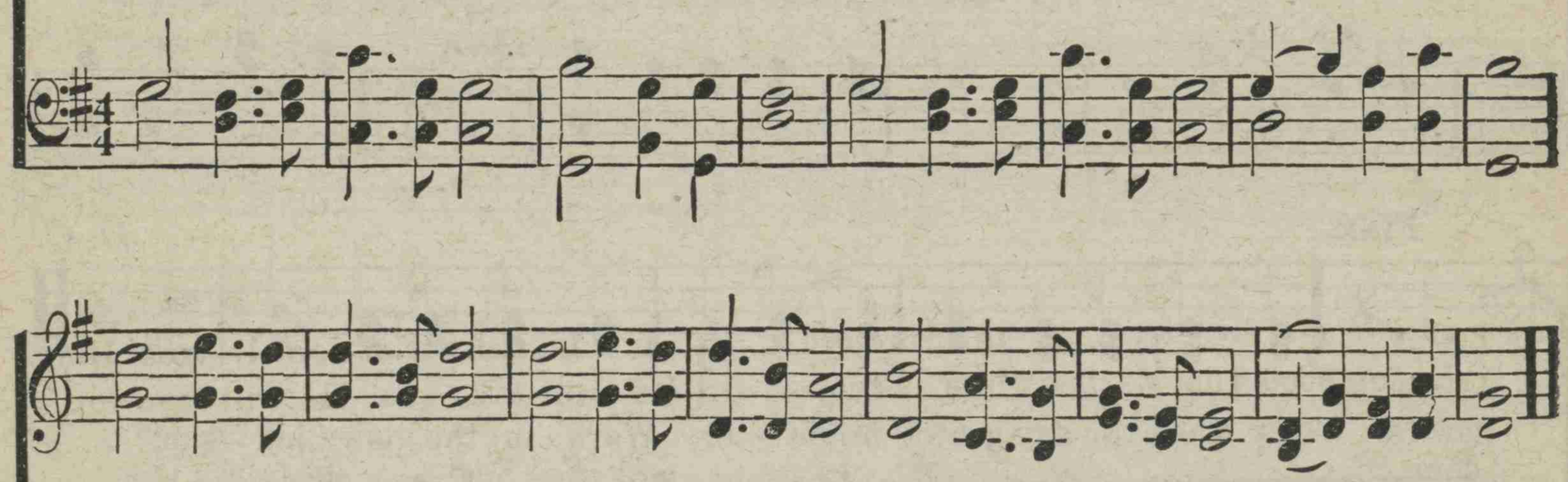
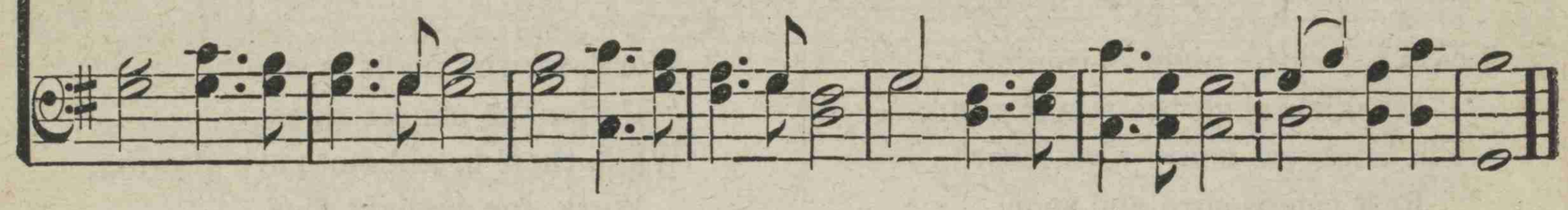
1. A - las! and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would He devote that
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd upon the tree? A-maz-ing pit - y!

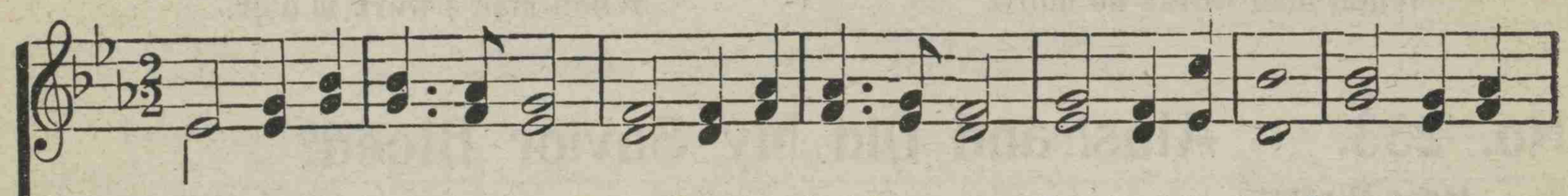
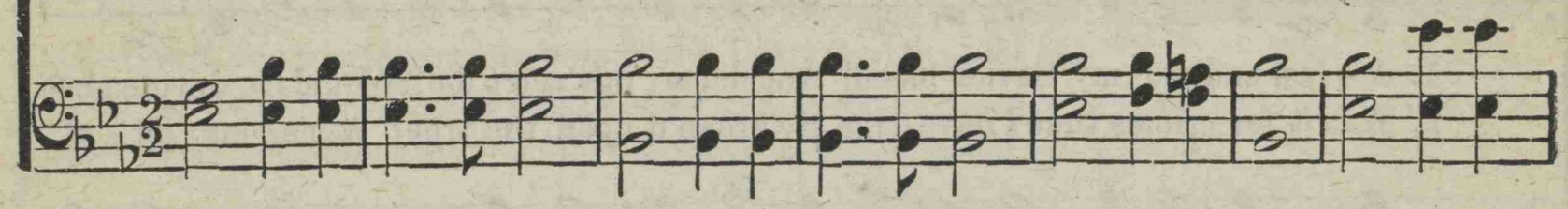
sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree!

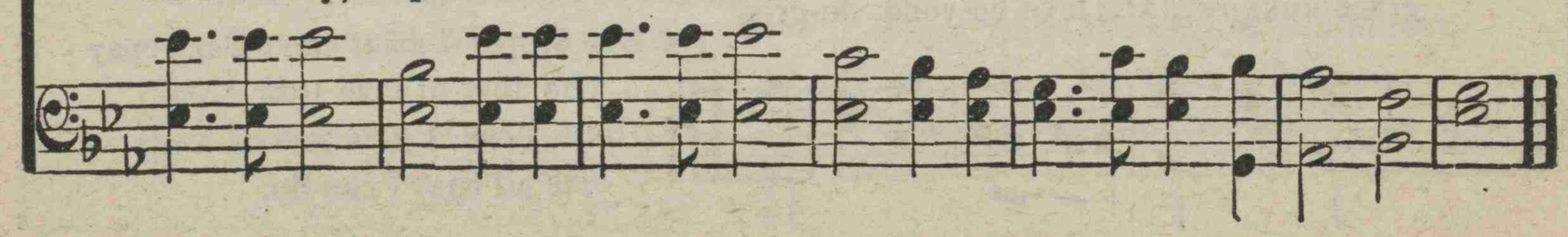
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

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

## No. 234. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

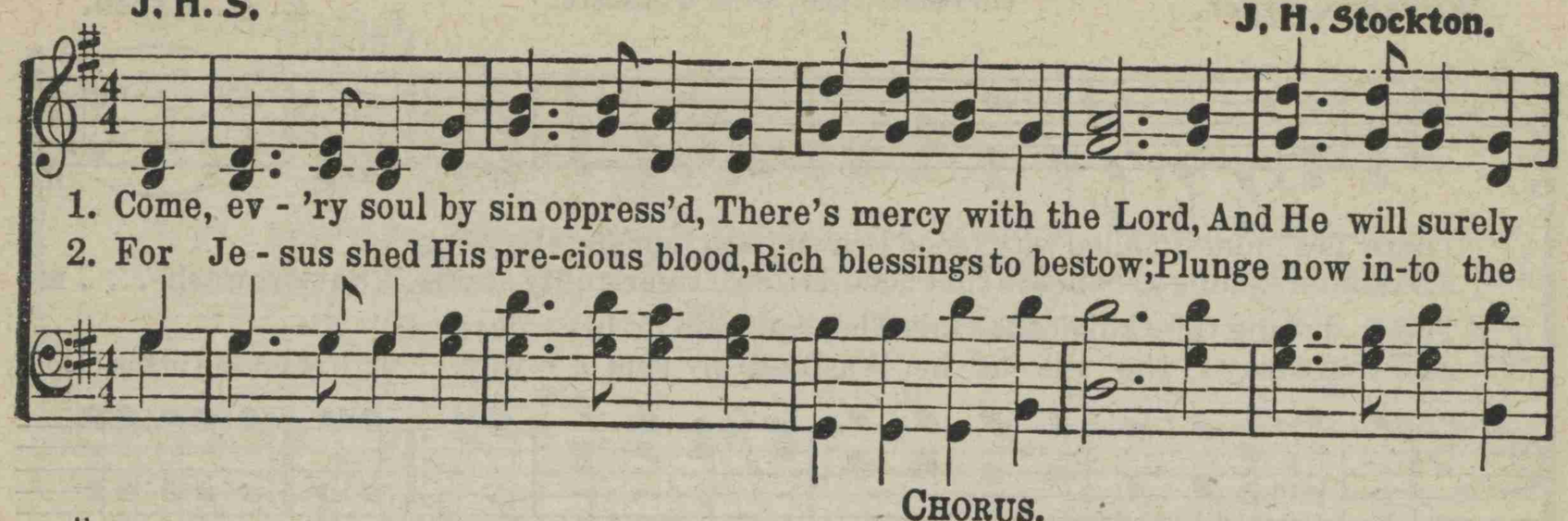
**Sarah F. Adams.** **Lowell Mason.**

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me;
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;

Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
An-gels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

## No. 235. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

**Ray Palmer.** **Lowell Mason.**

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-ior di-vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness

while I pray, Take all my sin a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be A living fire!
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee aside.



## No. 236. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.

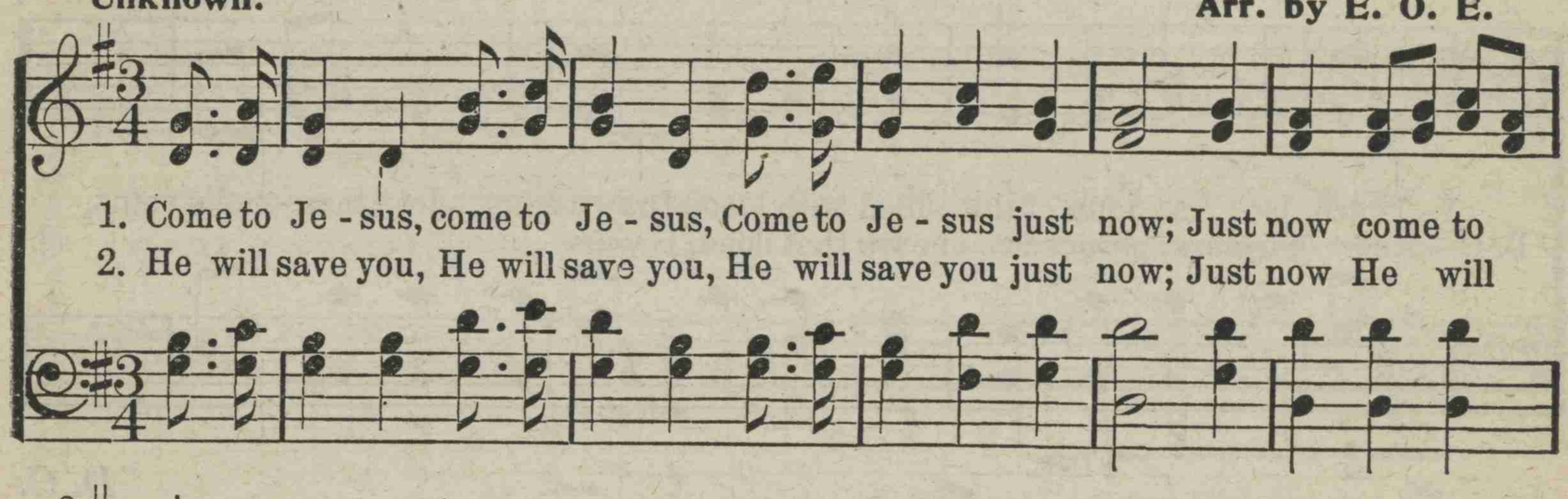



3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

## No. 237. Come to Jesus.

Unknown. Arr. by E. O. E.

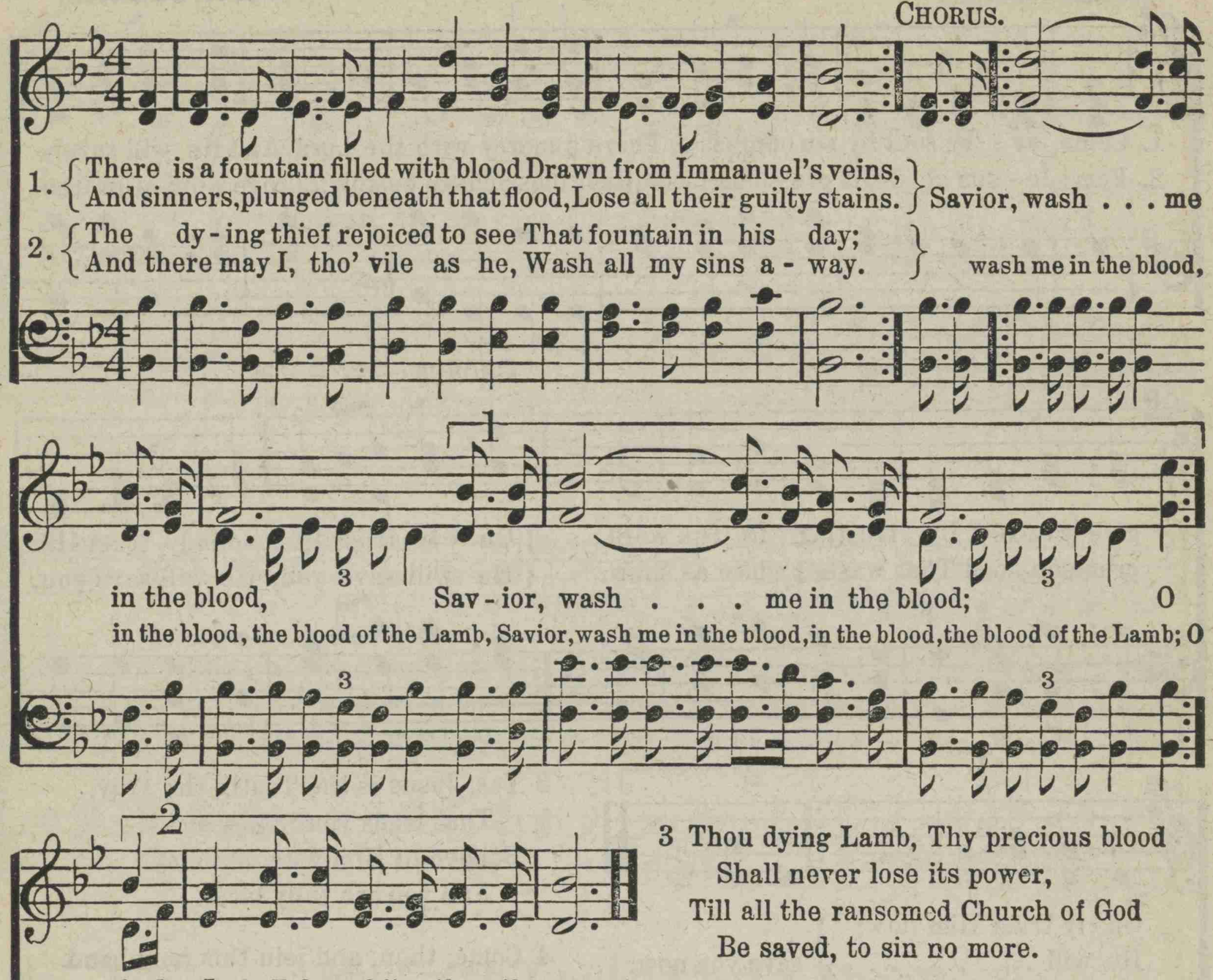



3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 Call upon Him.
6 He will hear you.
7 He'll forgive you.
8 He will cleanse you.
9 Jesus loves you.
10 Only trust Him.

## No. 238. Savior, Wash Me in the Blood.

**William Cowper.** COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. **E. O. Excell.**

CHORUS.

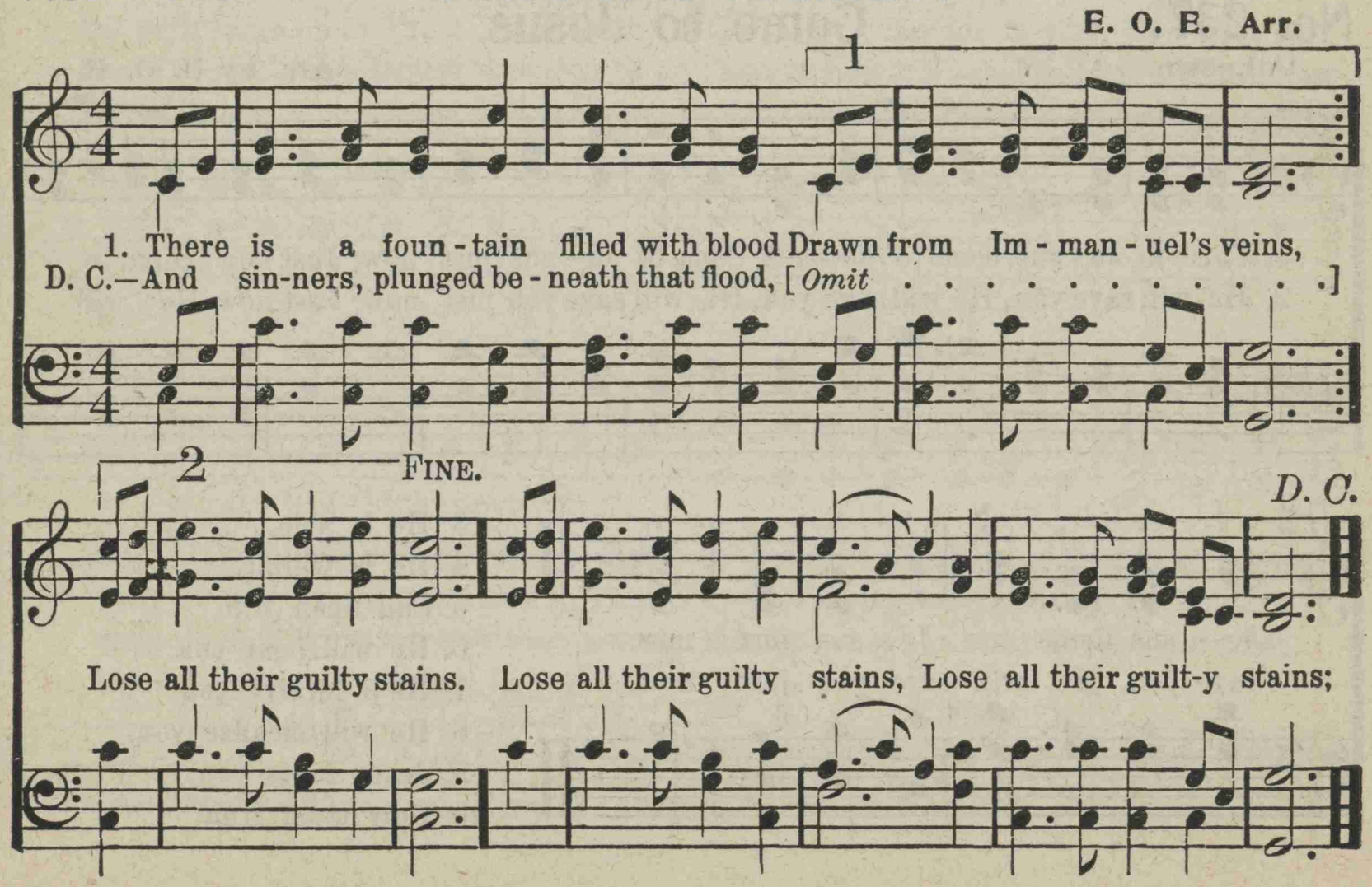



3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

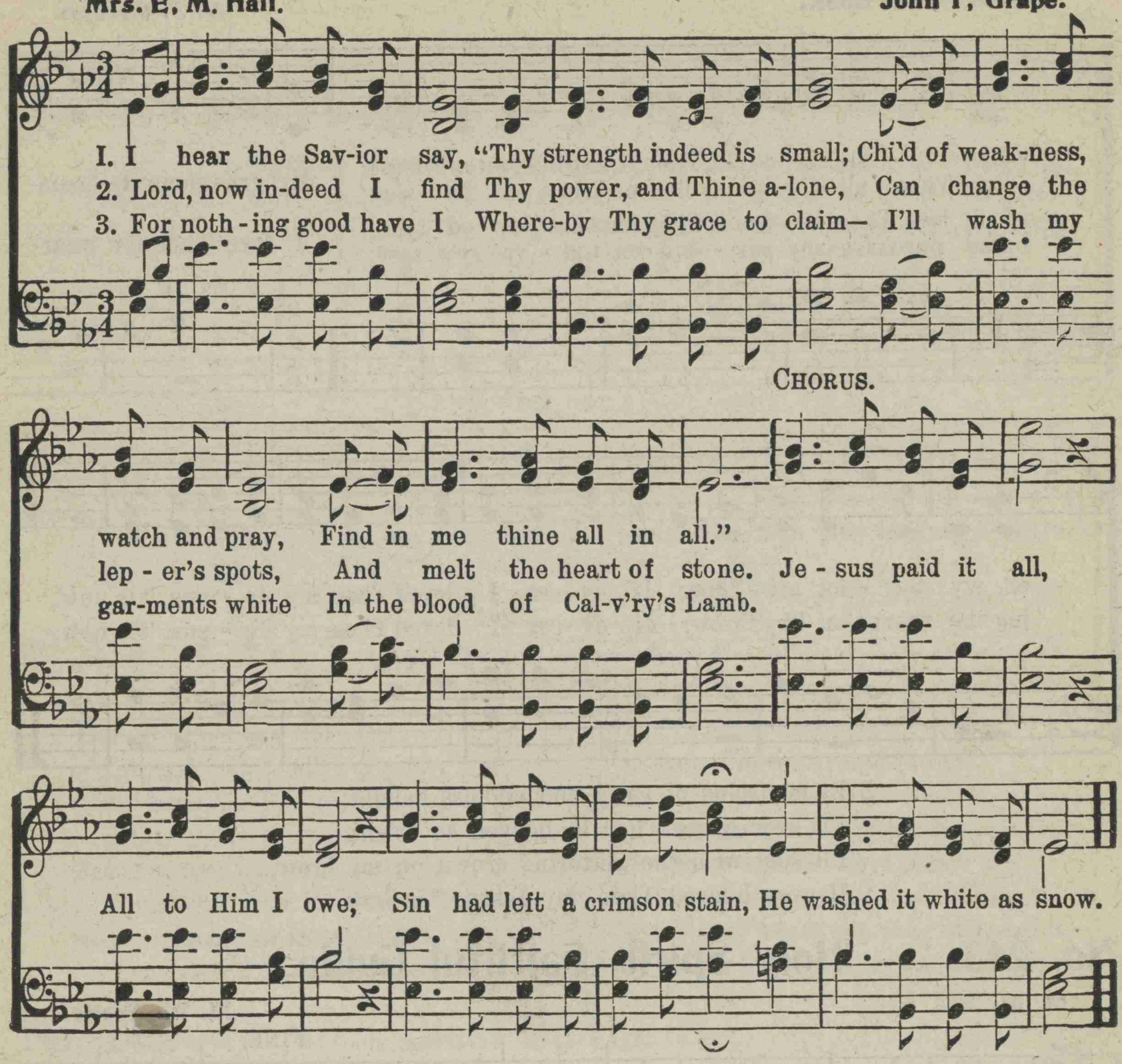
## No. 239. There is a Fountain.

**E. O. E. Arr.**



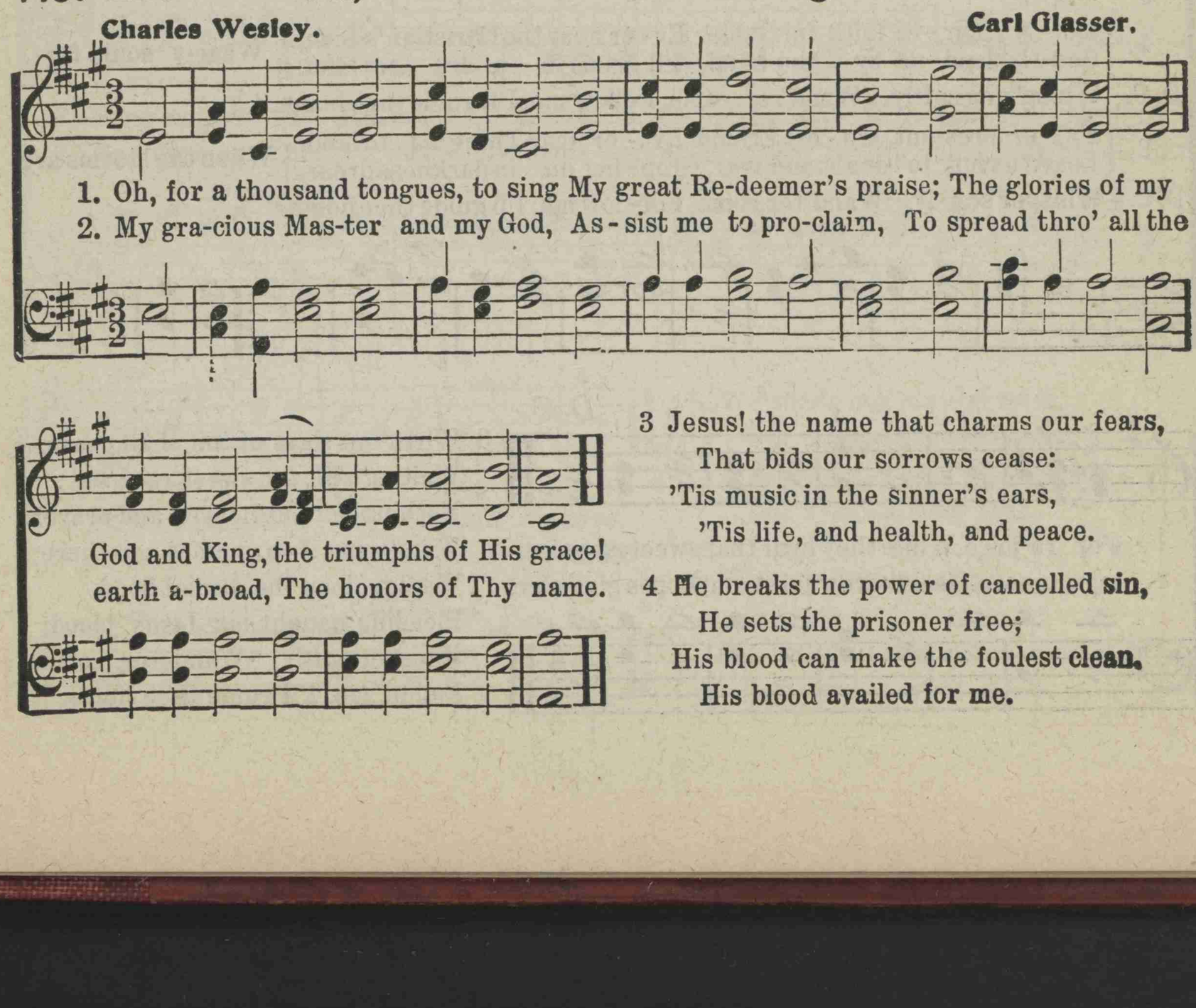
## No. 240. Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. E. M. Hall. John T. Grape.




## No. 241. Oh, For a Thousand Tongues.

Charles Wesley. Carl Glasser.

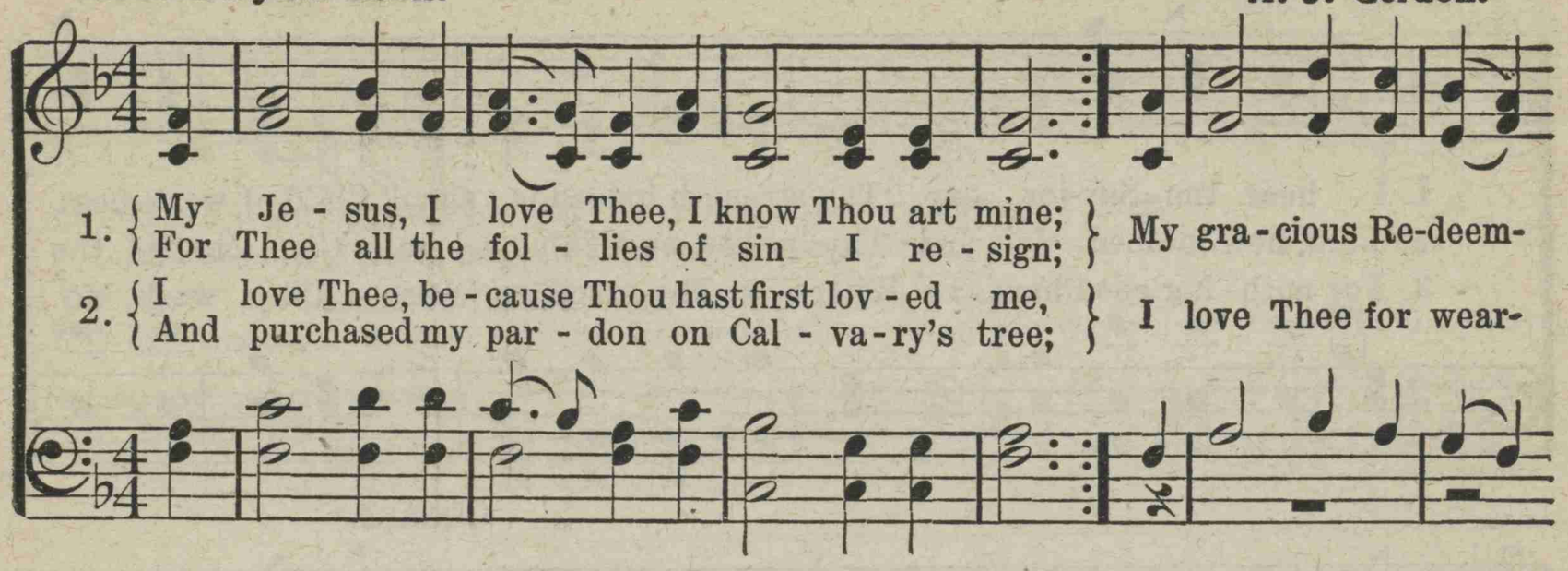


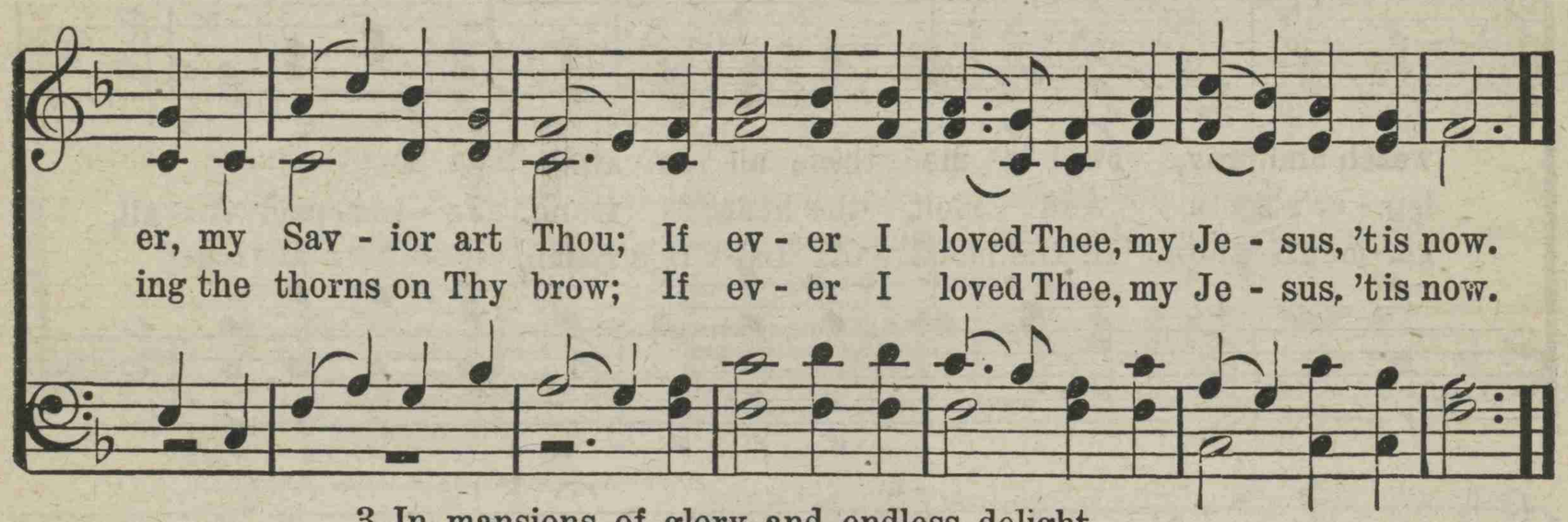

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease:
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

## No. 242 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon.

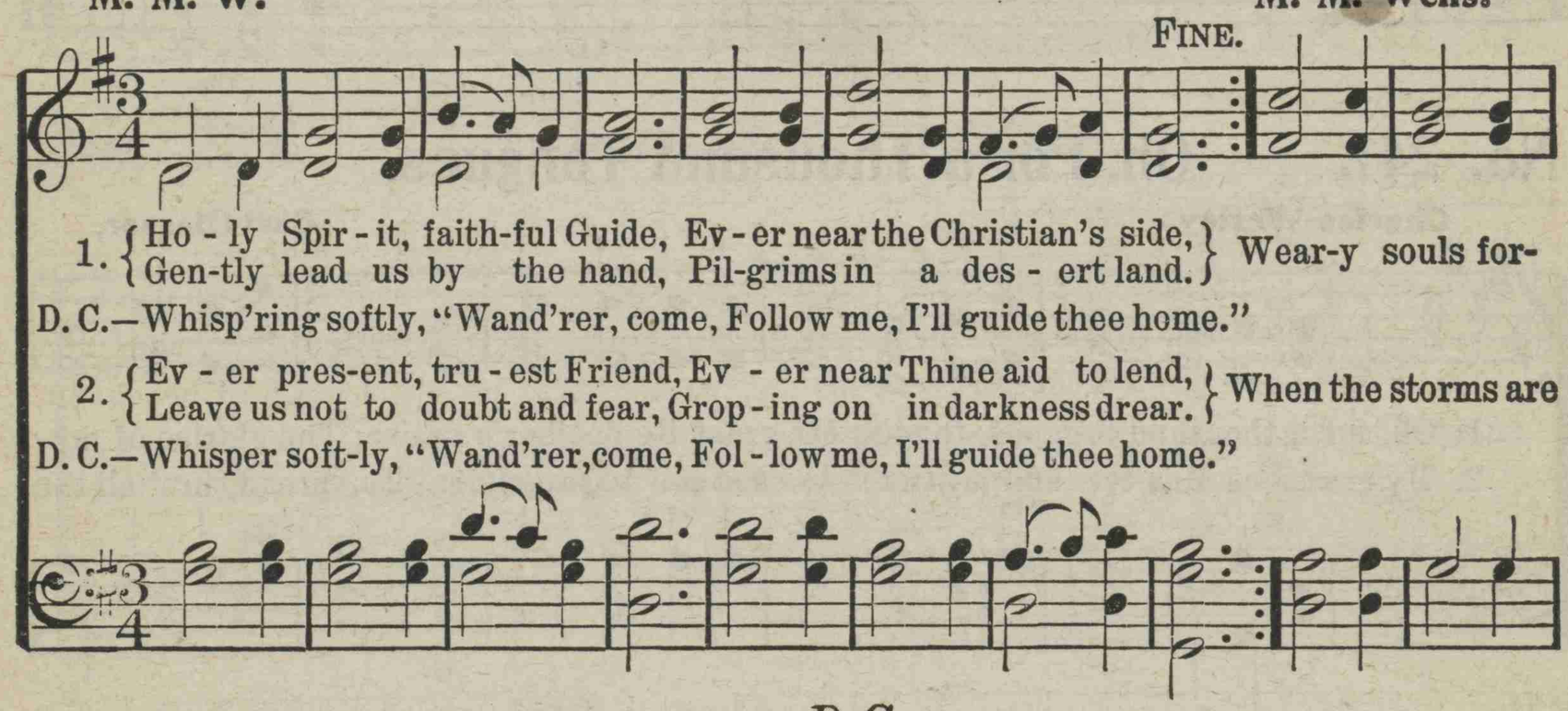


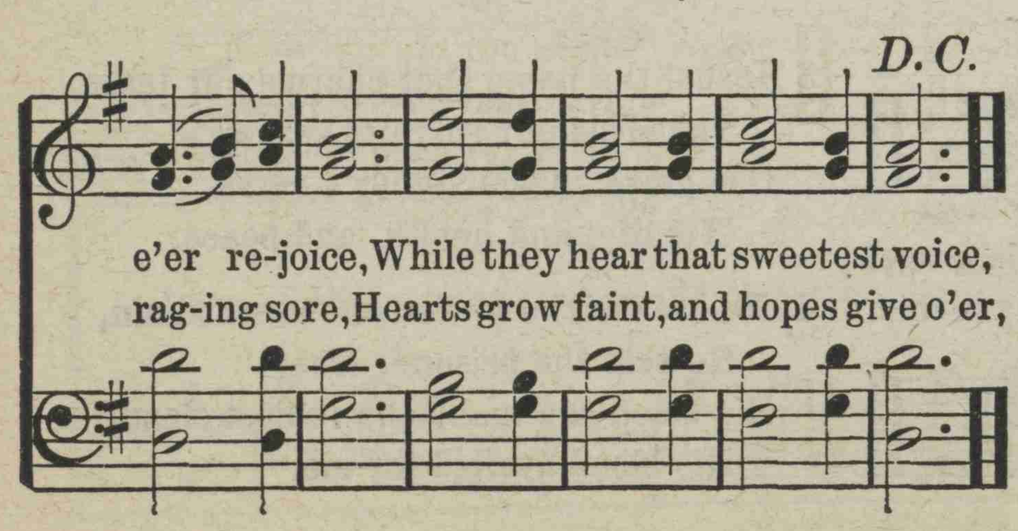




3 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

## No. 243. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. M. M. Wells.



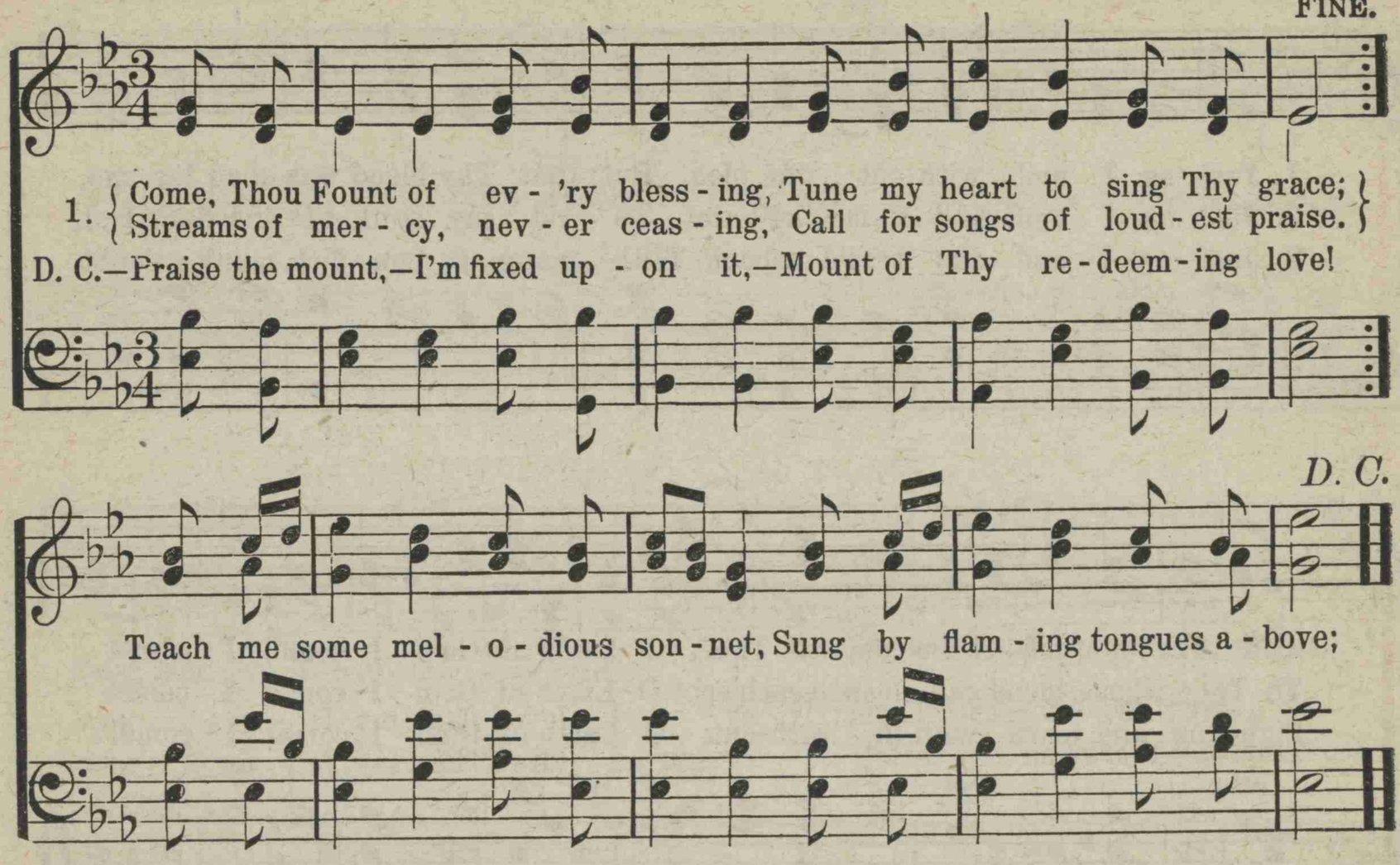




3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

## No. 244. Come, Thou Fount.

**Robert Robinson.** **John Wyeth.**

FINE.

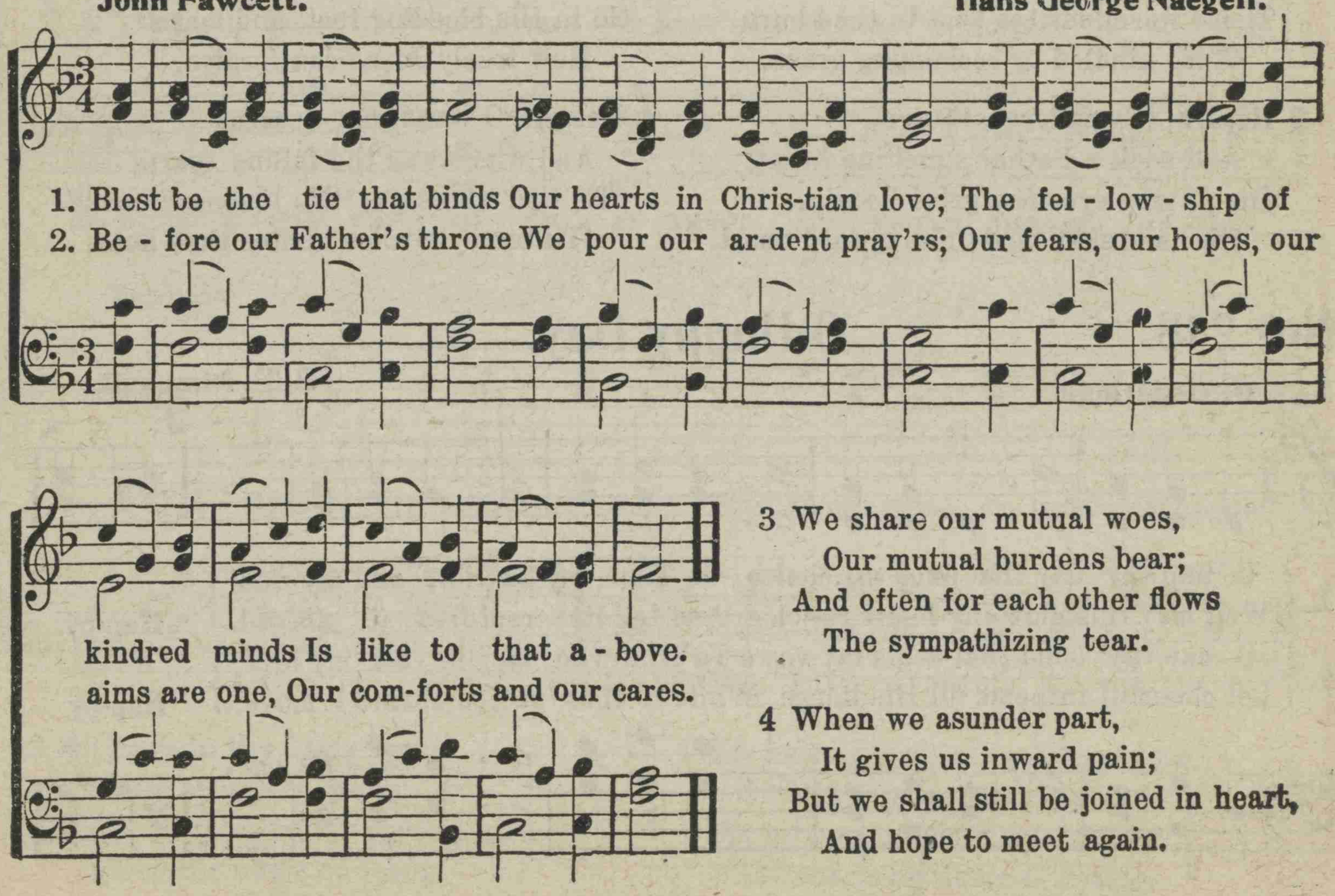



2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

## No. 245. Blest Be the Tie.

**John Fawcett.** **Hans George Naegeli.**

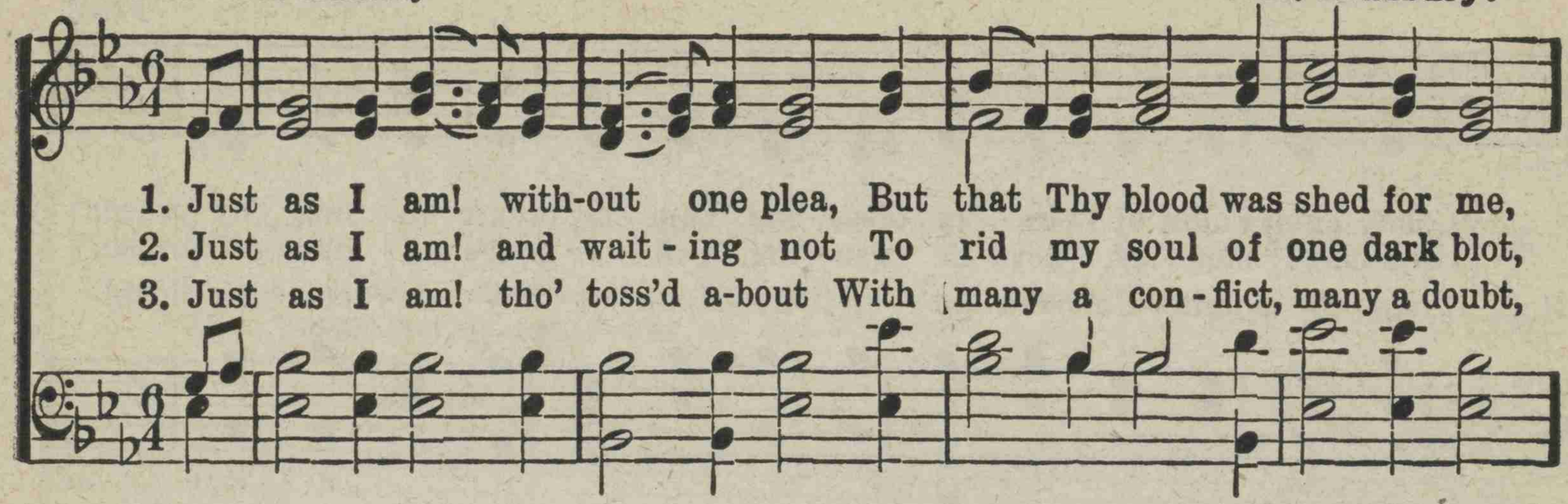


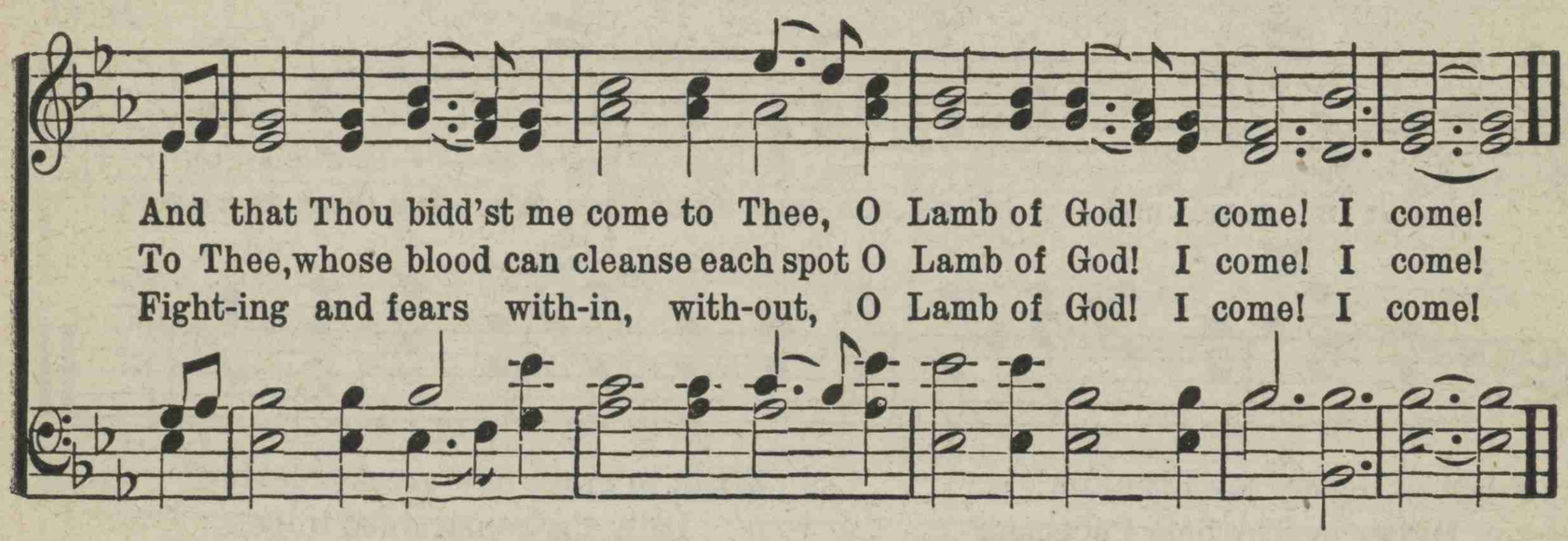

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

## No, 246. Just as I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. Bradbury.




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

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

## No. 247. Return, O Wanderer.

1 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

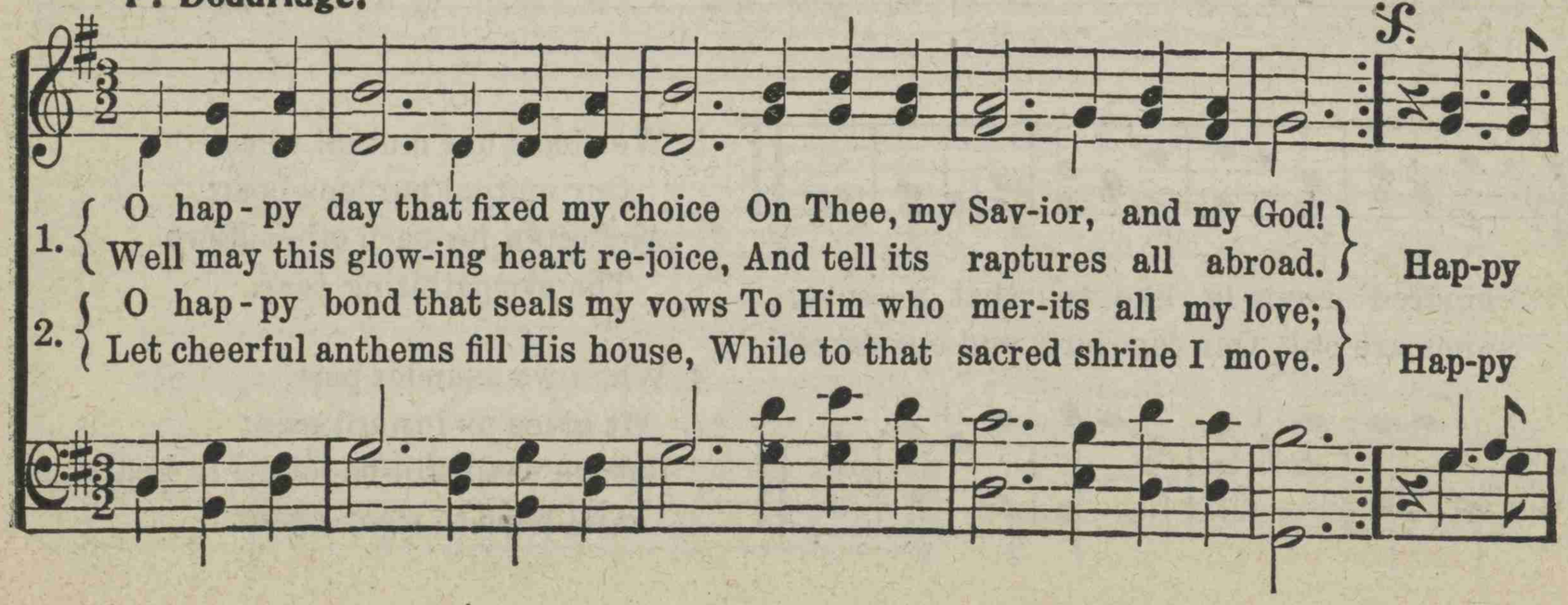
2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

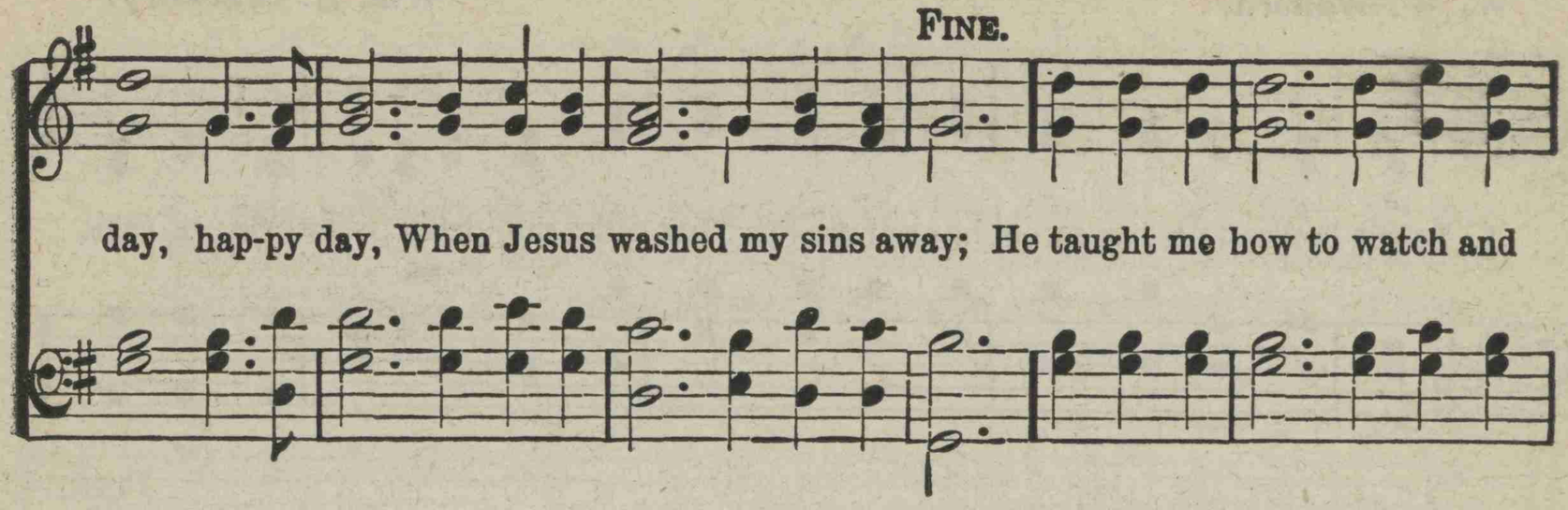
3 Return, O, wanderer, return;
Thy Savior bids thy spirit live;
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn;"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

## No. 248. O Happy Day.

P. Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.

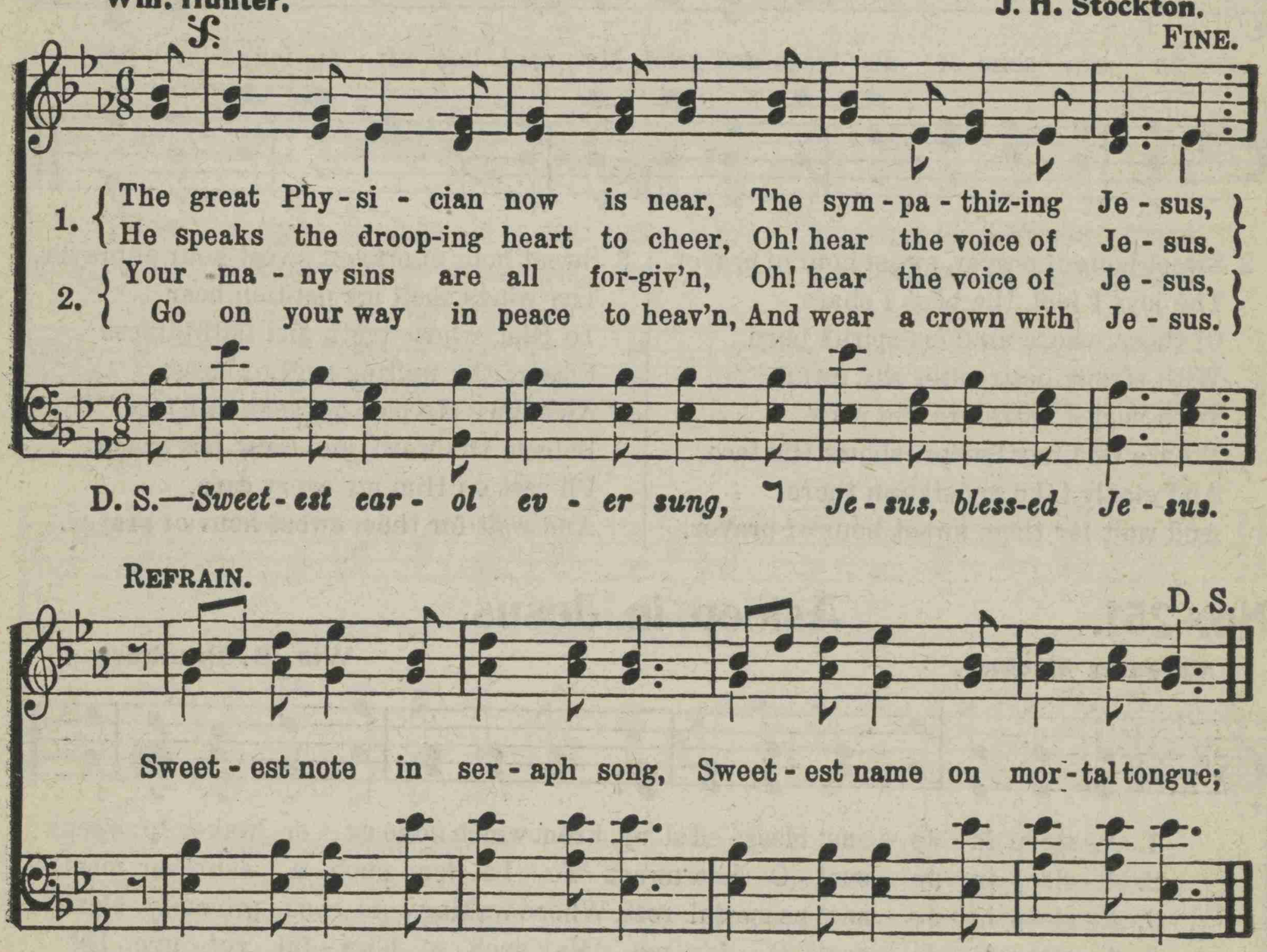


## O Happy Day.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed,

## No. 249. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.

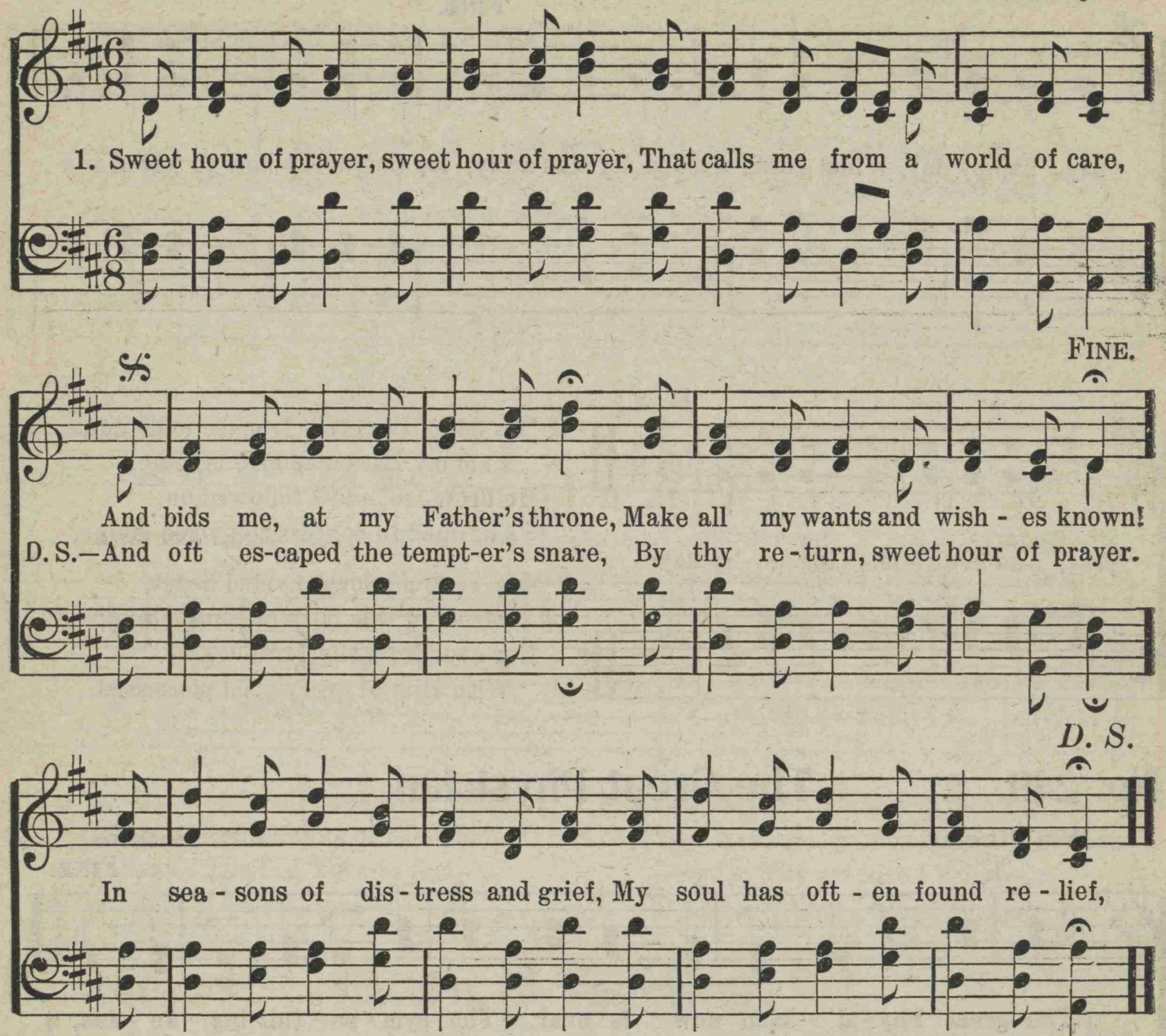



3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

## No. 250. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

**W. W. Walford.** **Wm. B. Bradbury.**

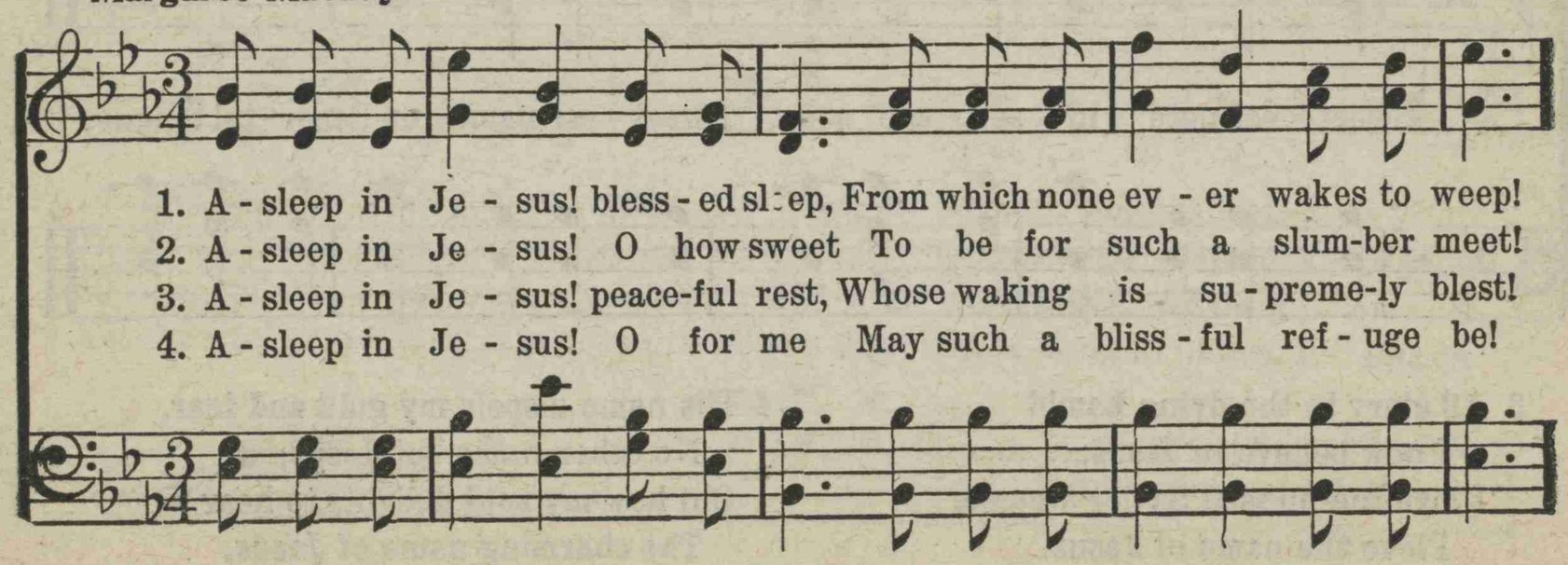



2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

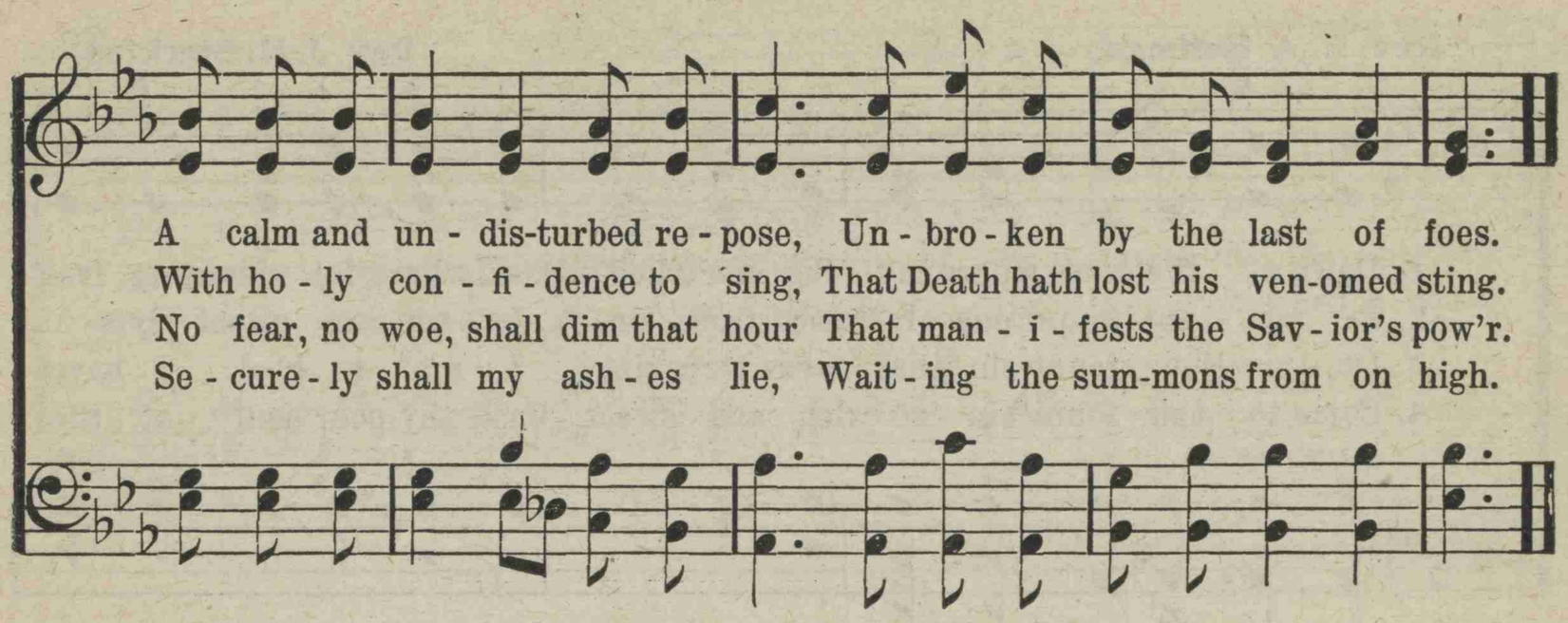
3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

## No. 251. Asleep in Jesus.

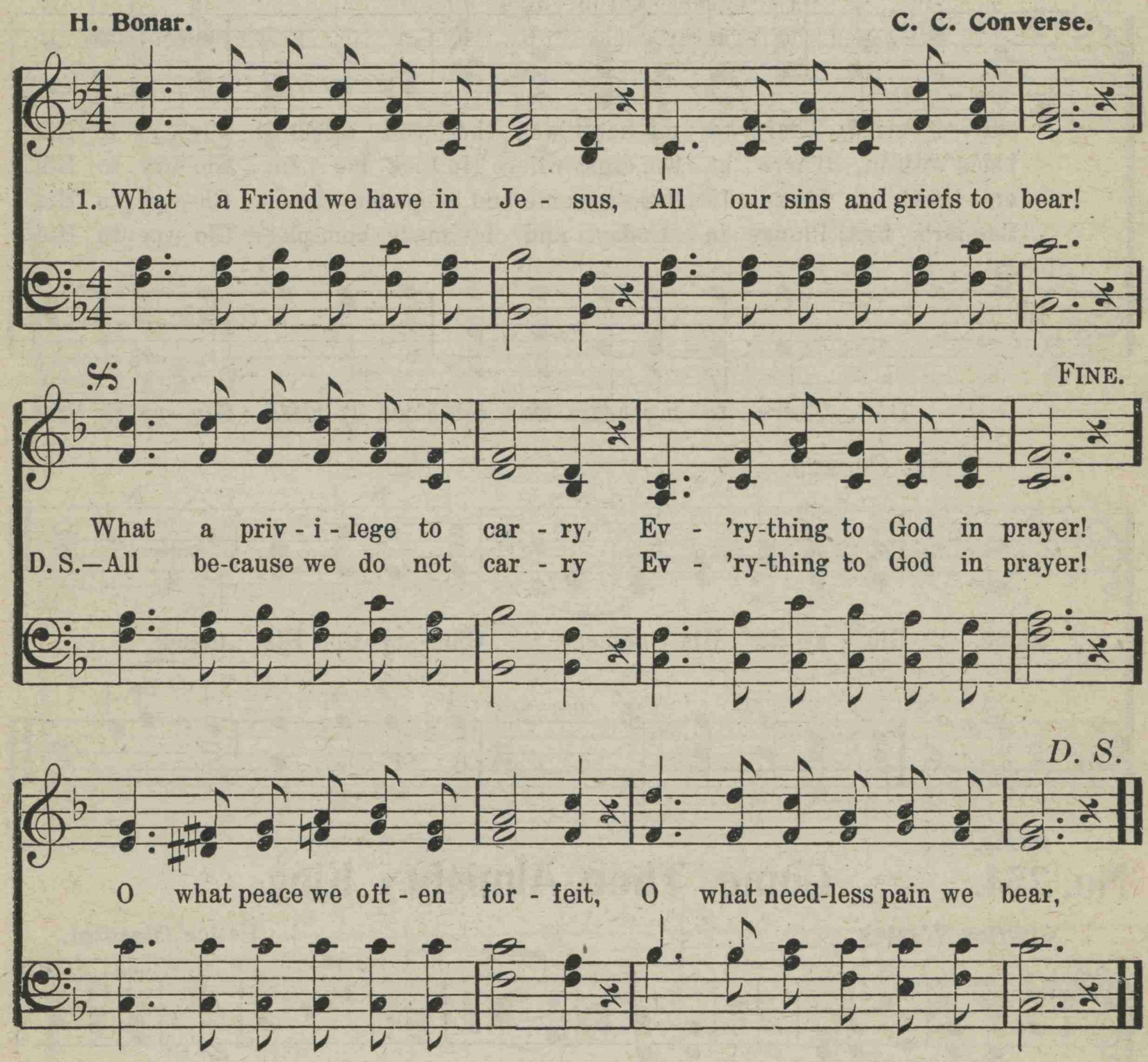
**Margaret Mackay.** **Wm. B. Bradbury.**



## Asleep in Jesus.

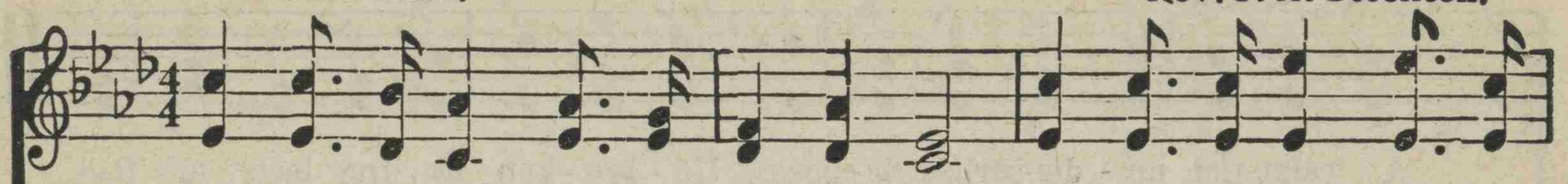
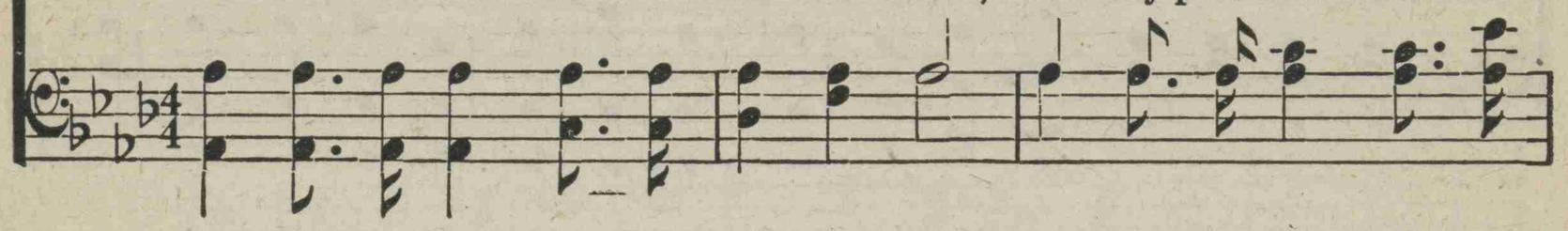
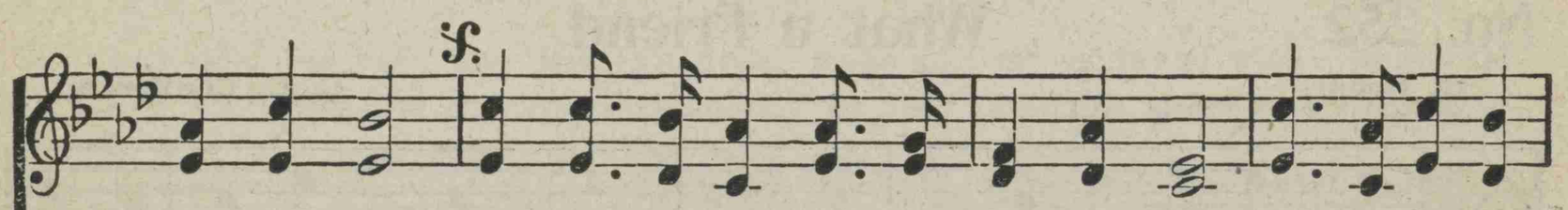


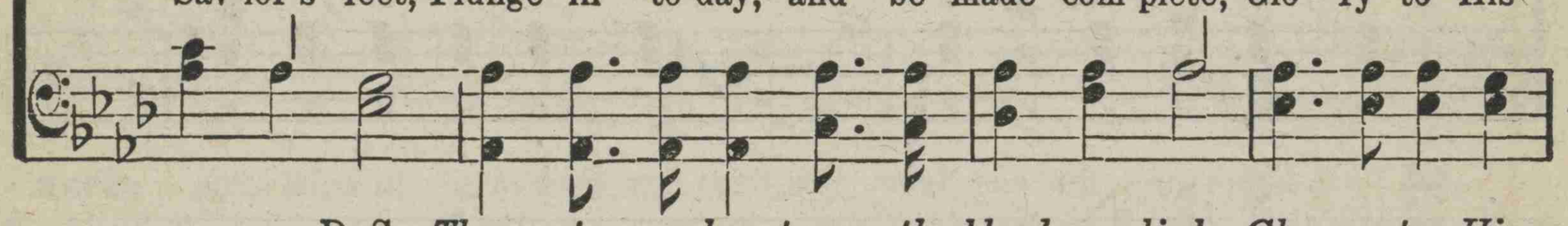

## No. 252 What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.

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

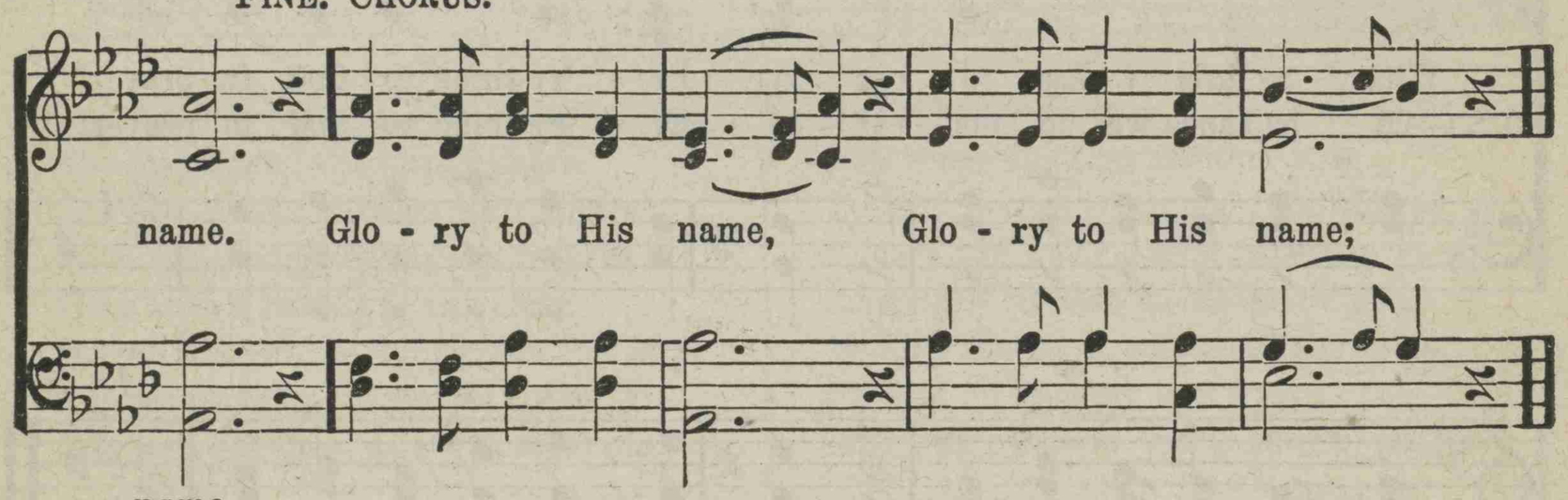
3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee
Thou wilt find a solace there.

## No. 253. Glory to His Name.

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

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

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

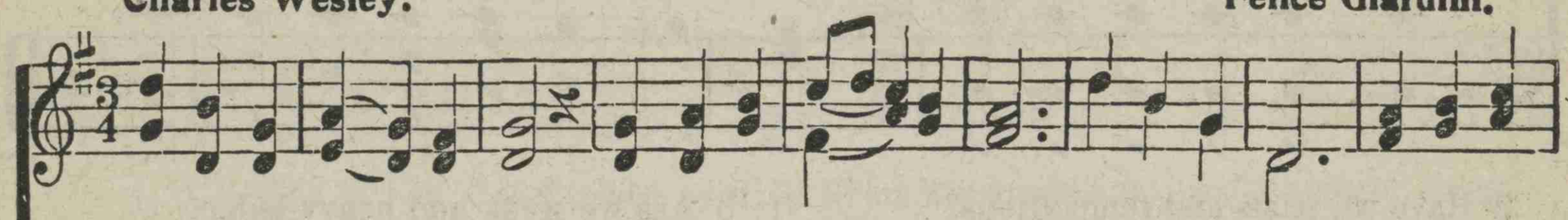
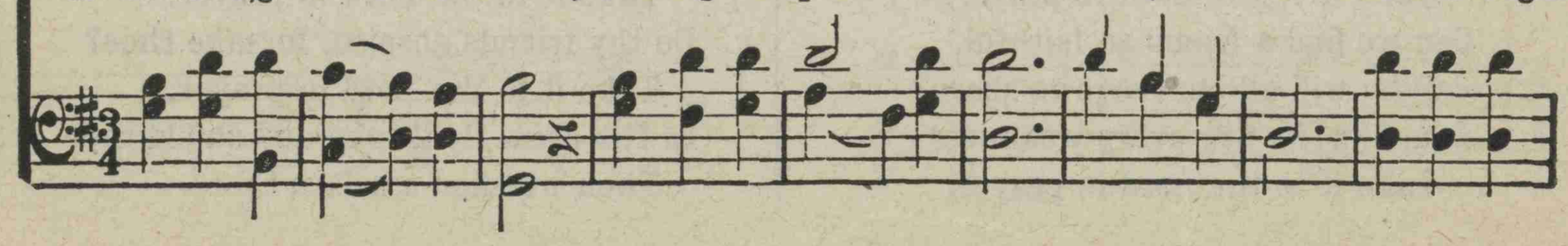


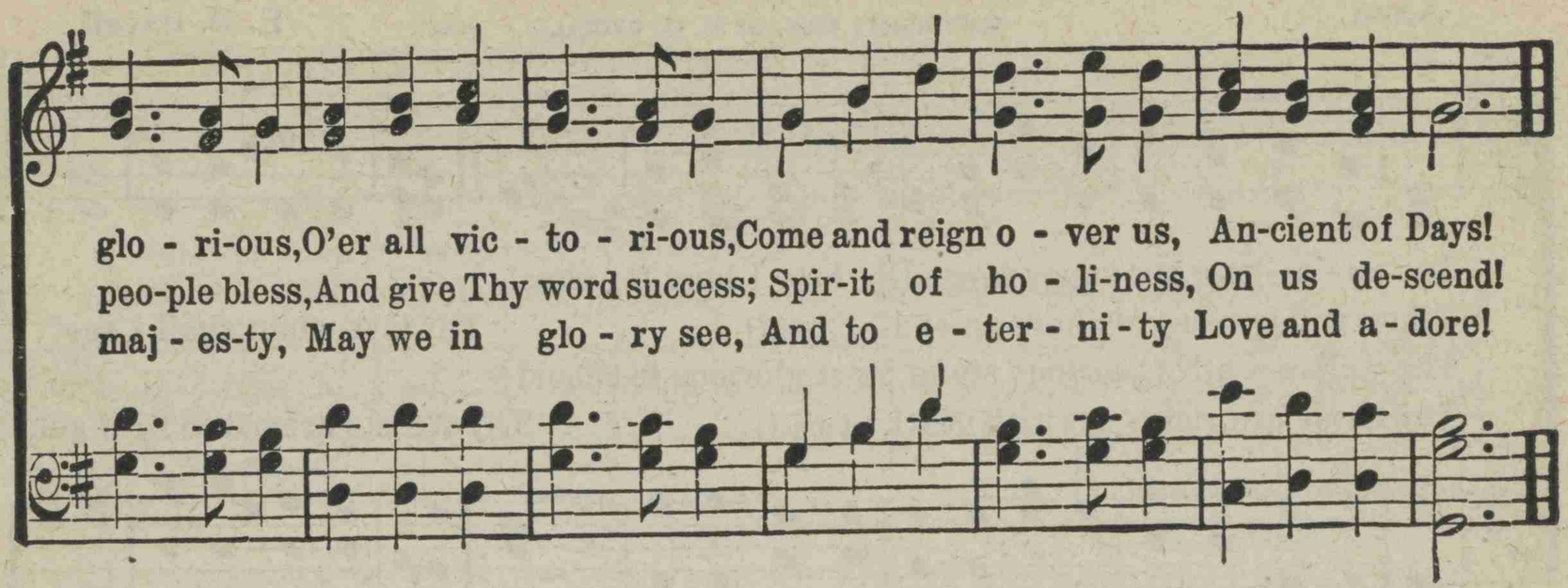
D. S.--*There to my heart was the blood ap-plied, Glo - ry to His*

FINE. CHORUS.

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

*name.*

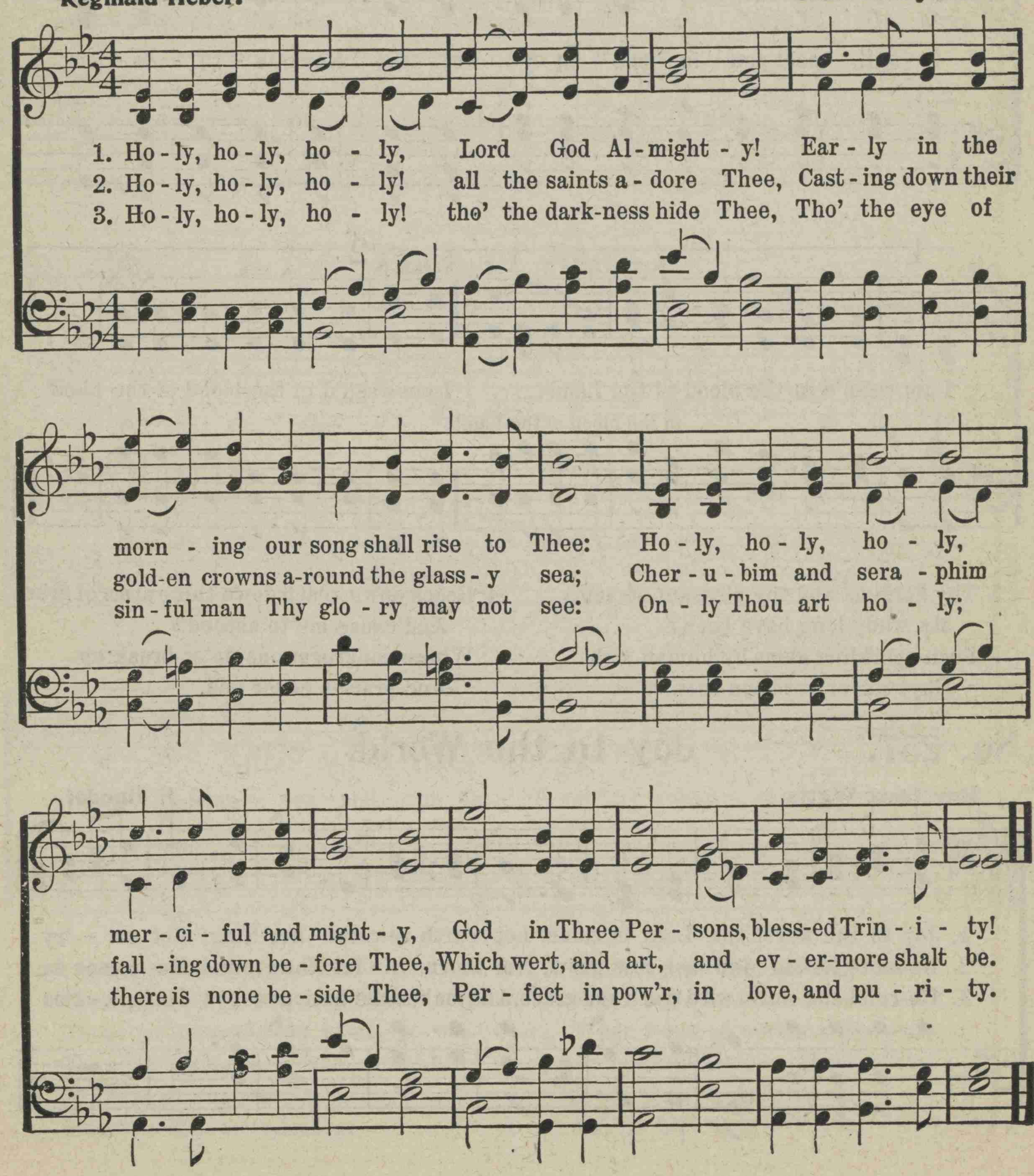
## No. 254. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.

1. Come, Thou Almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Father all-
2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword; Our pray'r attend: Come, and Thy
3. To Thee, great One in Three, The highest prais - es be, Hence, evermore! His sov'reign

## Come, Thou Almighty King.

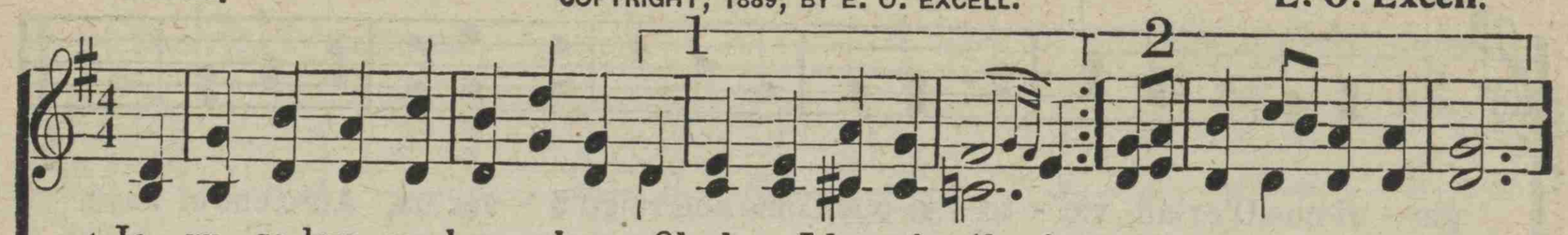


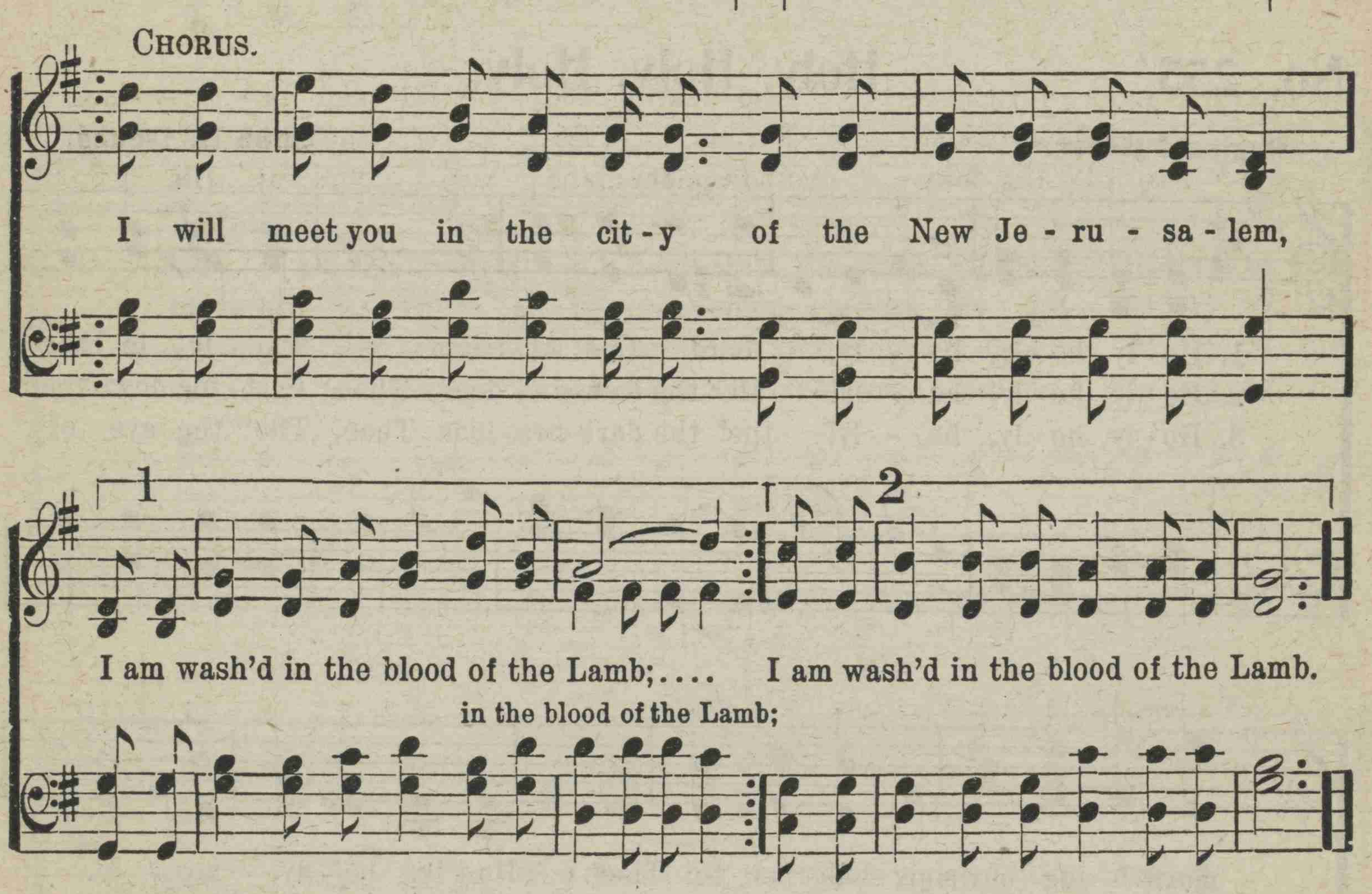

## No. 255. Holy, Holy, Holy.

**Reginald Heber.** **John B. Dykes.**



## No. 256. My Happy Home.

Anon. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

1. Je - ru - sa-lem, my happy home, Oh, how I long for thee!
   When will my sorrows have an end? [*omit*] Thy joys, when shall I see?
2. Thy walls are all of precious stone Most glorious to behold
   Thy gates are richly set with pearl, [*omit*] Thy streets are paved with gold.



CHORUS.

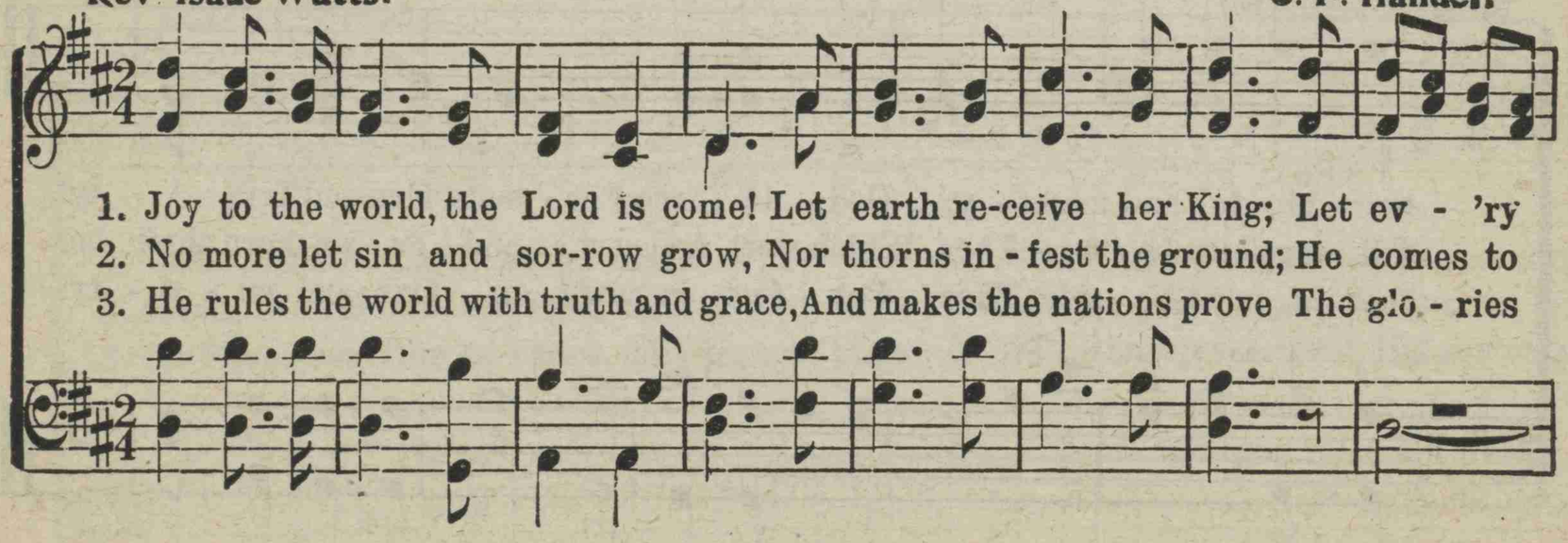
I will meet you in the cit - y of the New Je - ru - sa - lem,
I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;.... I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
in the blood of the Lamb;

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams
My study long have been—
Such sparkling gems by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

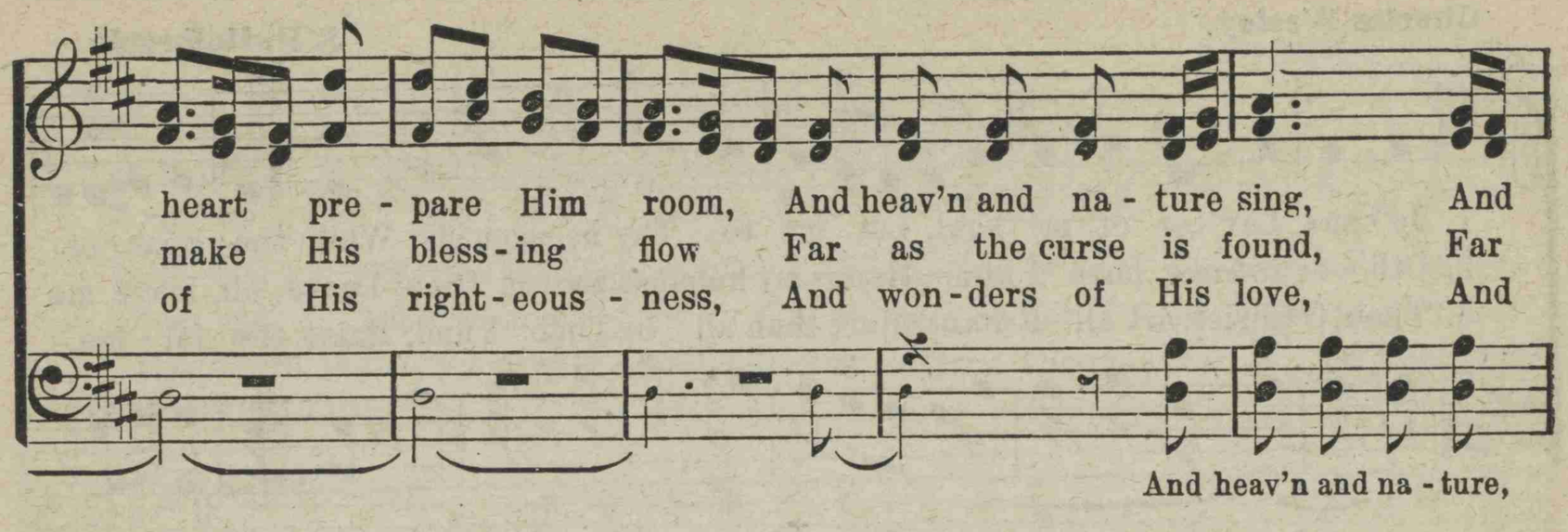
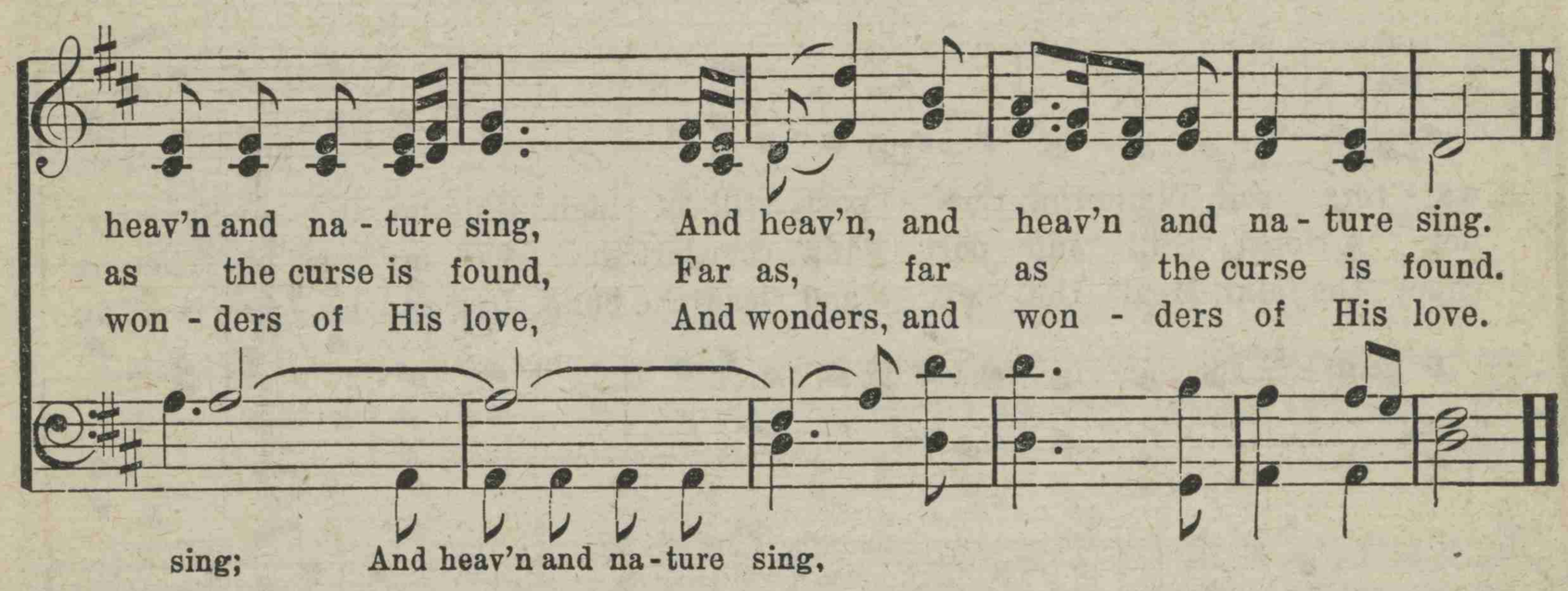
4 Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up
And praises never end,

## No. 257. Joy to the World.

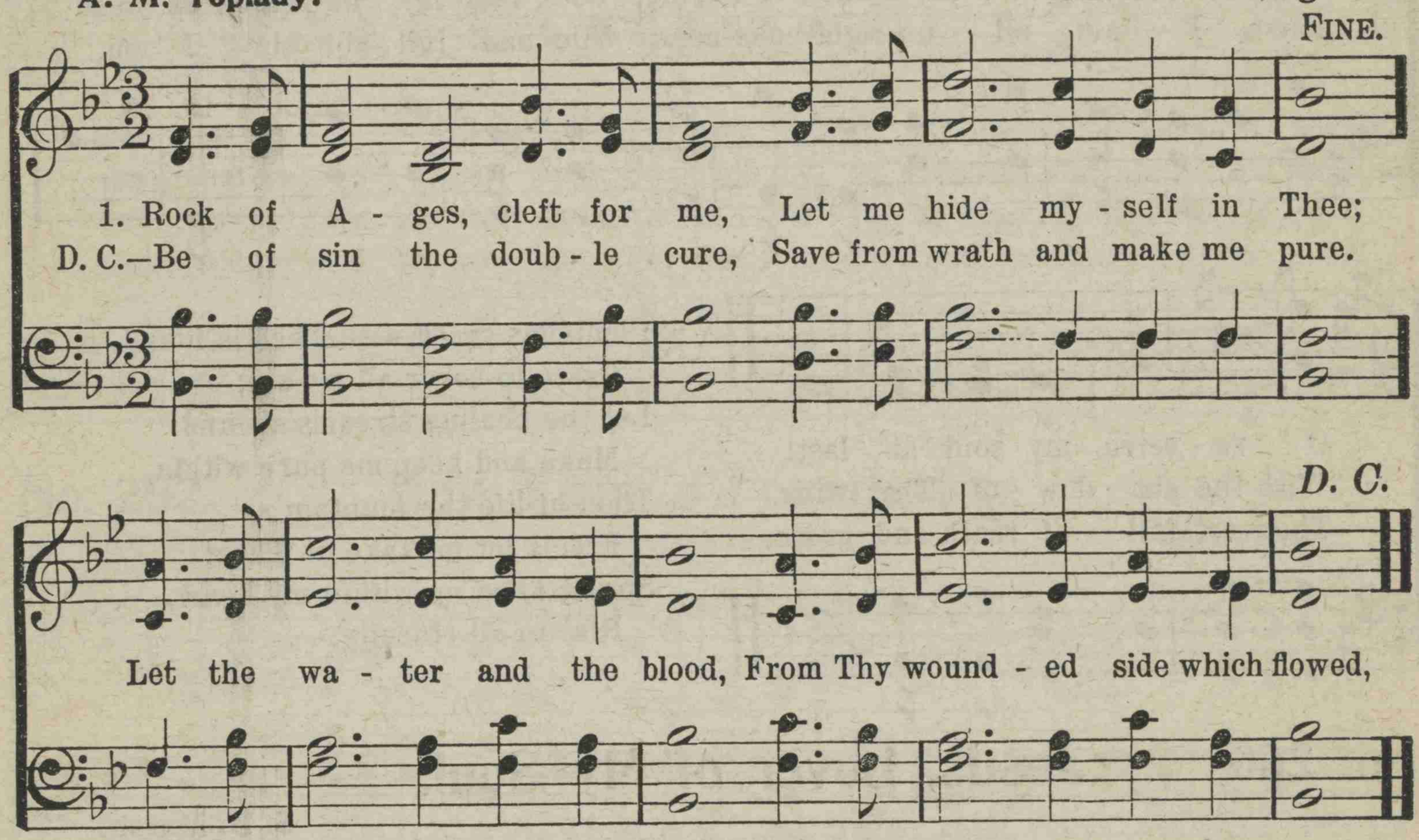
Rev Isaac Watts. C. F. Handel.



1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry
2. No more let sin and sor-row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground; He comes to
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glo - ries

## Joy to the World.

## No. 258. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Thomas Hastings.




2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

## No. 259. Refuge.

Charles Wesley. J. P. Holbrook.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the hav - en guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!

2. Oth - er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring; Co - ver my de-fense-less head With the sha - dow of Thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness; 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 and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

## No. 260. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

S. B. Marsh.

FINE. D. C.

## No. 261. How Firm a Foundation.

**George Keith.** **Unknown.**

1. How firm a foun-da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed, For I am thy God, I will
3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of sor - row shall
4. "When thro' fiery tri - als thy path - way shall lie, My grace, all - suf - fi - cient, shall

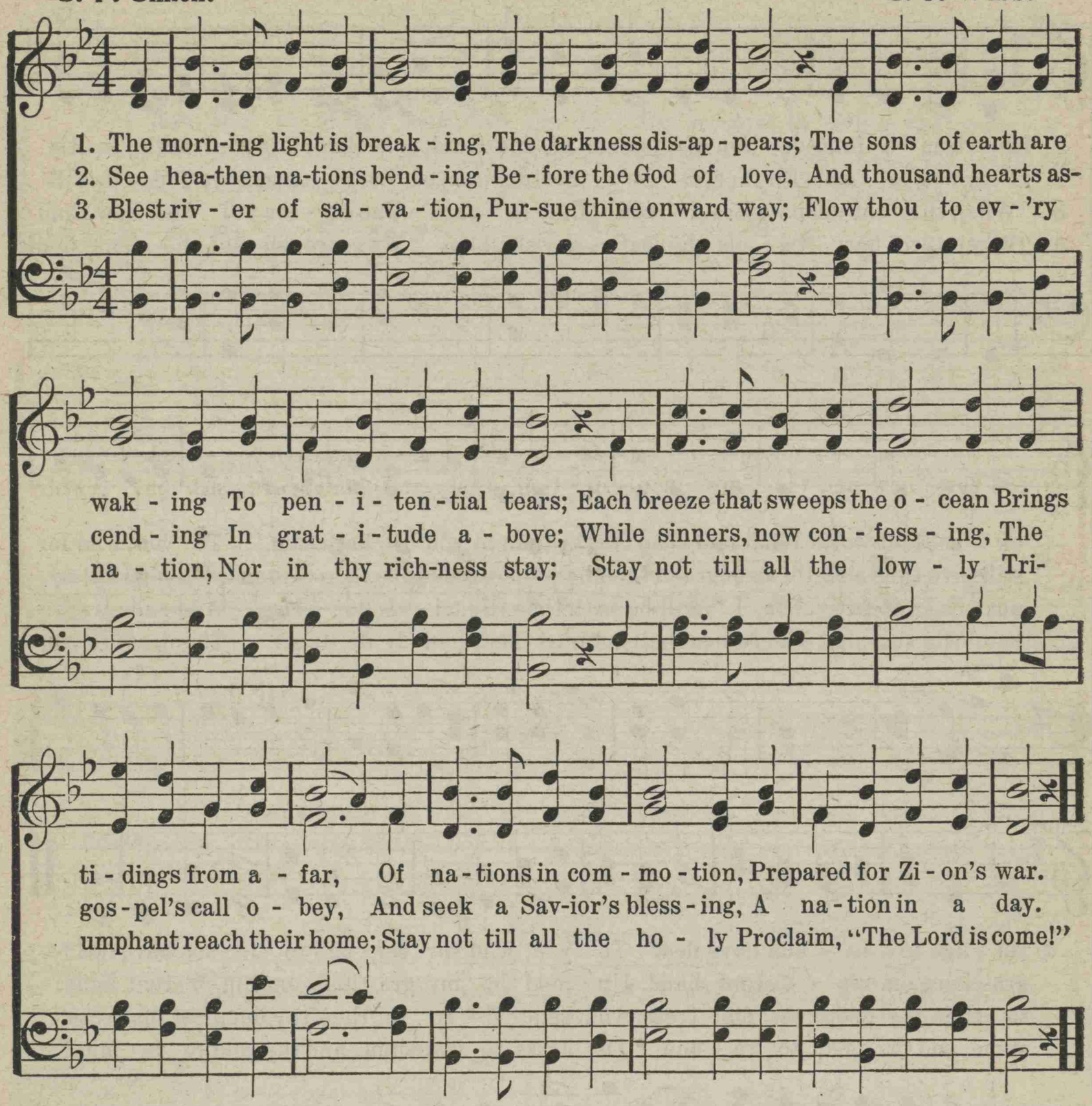
ex - cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my
not o - ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy tri - als to bless, And sanc-ti - fy
be thy sup-ply, The flames shall not hurt thee; I on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con-

ref - uge to Je - sus have fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
gra-cious, om-nip - o - tent hand, Up - held by my gra-cious, om-nip - o - tent hand.
to thee thy deep - est dis - tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
sume, and thy gold to re - fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re - fine."

## No. 262. How Firm a Foundation.

**George Keith.** *(Second tune.)* **Anne Steele.**

## No. 263. The Morning Light is Breaking.

S. F. Smith. G. J. Webb.

## No. 264. Stand Up for Jesus.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

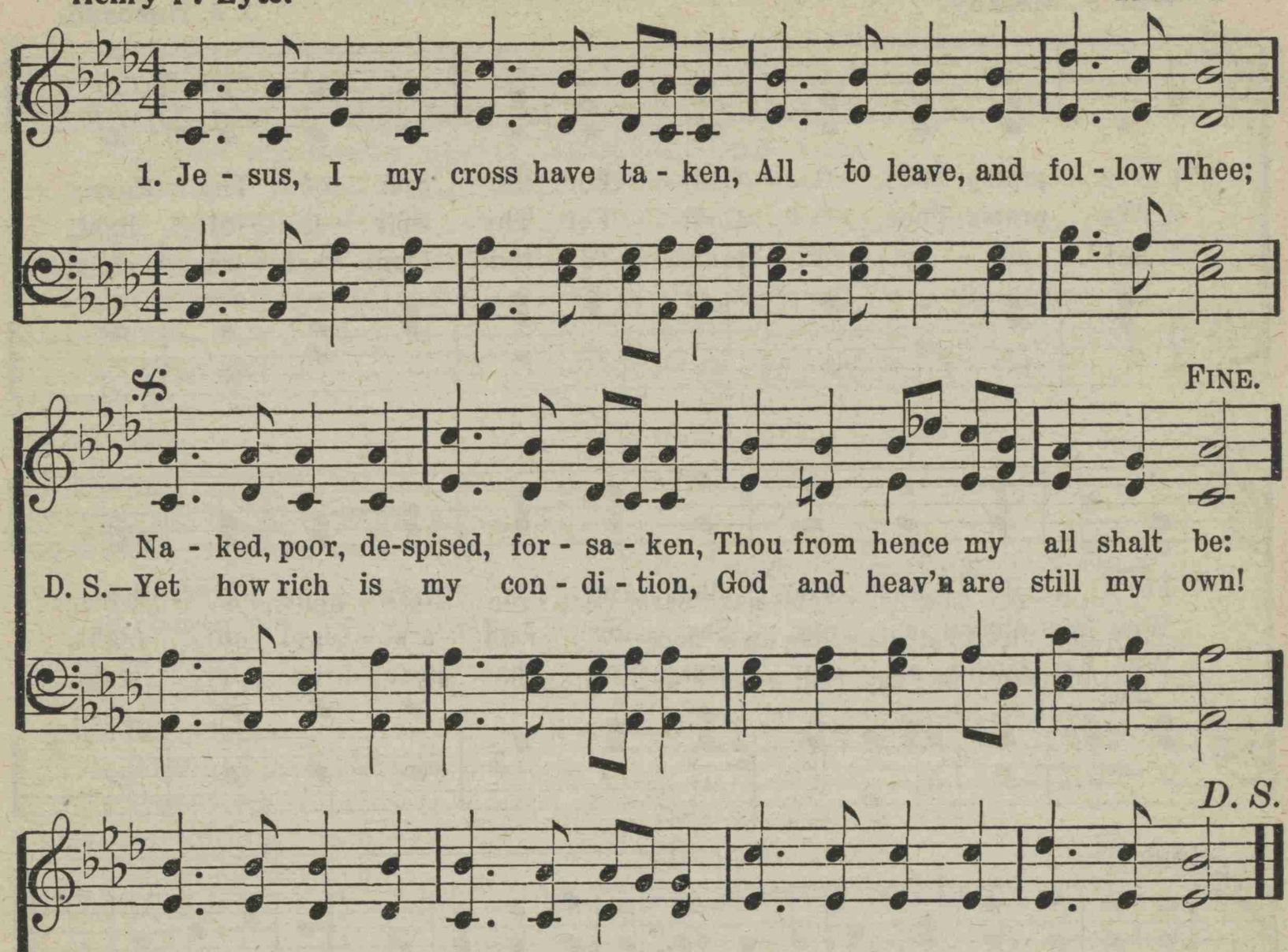
3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

—*George Duffield.*

## No. 265. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. Mozart.




2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba, Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

## No. 266. Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

1 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me"?

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.

3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task He gives you,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

—*Daniel March.*

## No. 267. Revive Us Again

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

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love,
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light,
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain,

For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove,
Who has shown us our Sav - ior And scat - tered our night.
Who has borne all our sins and has cleans'd ev - 'ry stain.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! a - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

## No. 268. Doxology.

Thos. Ken. G. Franc.

Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!

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