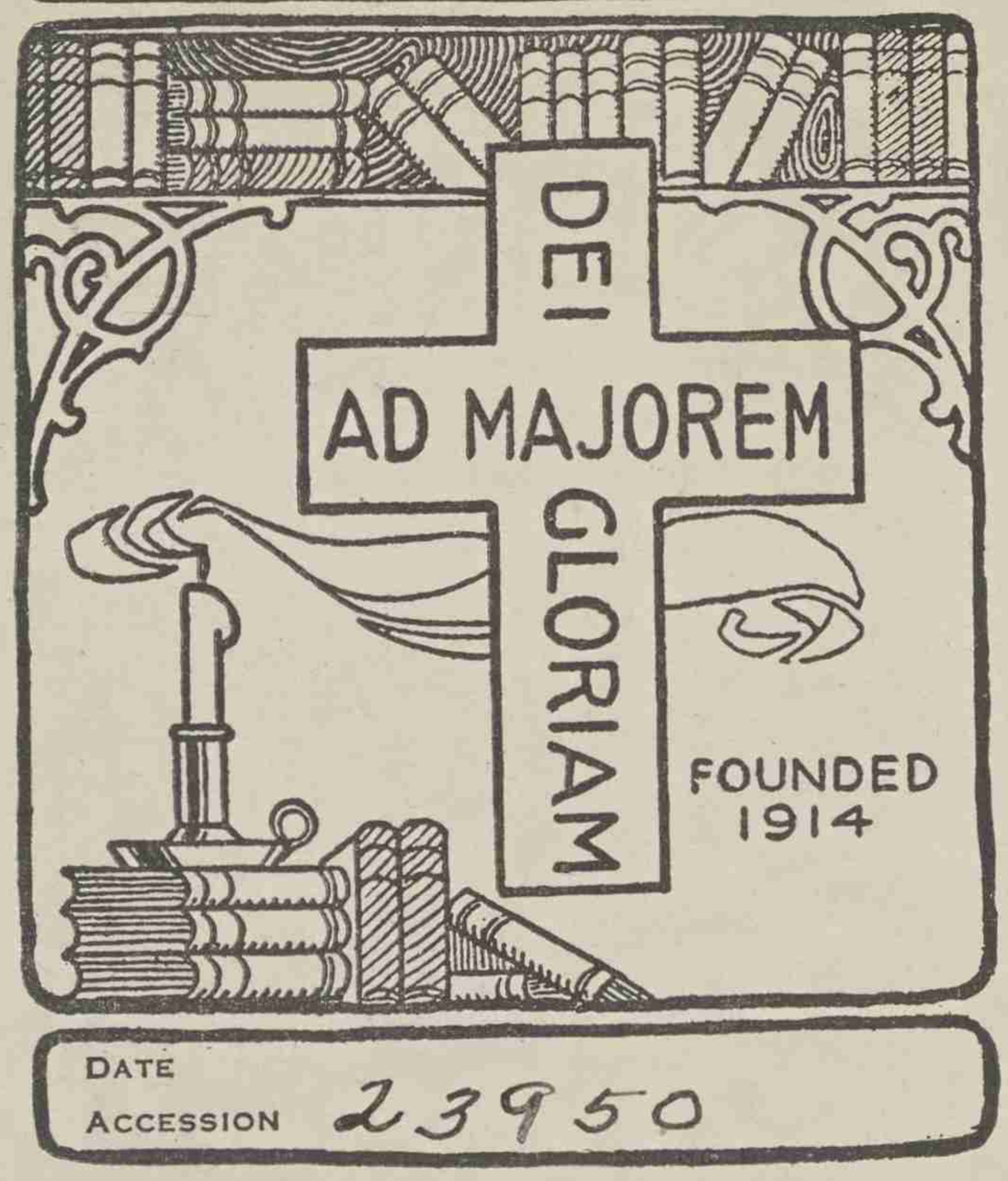
The Popular Hymnal

CANDLER SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
EMORY UNIVERSITY, GA.



DATE
ACCESSION 23950



The Popular Hymnal

Old Standard Hymns and Popular Gospel Songs for Use
in All Departments of Church, Sunday School
and Youn People's Work

Edited ad Compiled by

ROBERT H. COLEMAN

Compiler of

The Evangel, New Evangl, Worl. Evangel, Herald and
Treasry of Song

Printed in Roun and Shaped Notes

PRCES

To Any Part of the United States

	By Express Not Prepaid		By Mail Postpaid	
	Hundred	Dozen	Dozen	One Copy
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PUBLISHED BY

ROBERT H. COLEMAN

DALLAS, TEXAS

1918
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Foreword

The religion of the Bible is a singing religion. The spiritual life of the Old Testament expressed itself in songs. There is a musical language to express every passion and emotion of the soul. The Psalms were sung and they strike every chord in the human heart, from the saddest dirge to the loftiest note of triumphant praise. Every revival period in the history of Christianity broke forth in a new flood of song. New hymns were written expressive of the passions and purposes of the hearts blessed and lifted up by the revival.

One of the most serious concerns of a pastor should be to promote good singing in his church. By good singing is meant the hearty, soulful singing of worthy hymns. Along with good preaching and good praying, good singing deserves a large place.

The selection of a song book is of grave importance. No book is adequate that does not provide for the expression of a wide range of feeling in song; for, let it be said, that people sing out their feelings just as really as they talk them out. It could not be expected, therefore, that every one would like the same song, because people do not all feel alike at any one time.

The compiling of a hymn book is, therefore, an effort to interpret and give voice to the manifold religious sentiments and emotions of people of different temperaments, stages of religious development and conditions. To do this successfully, one must have a wide range of experience and knowledge of current religious life. It is our belief that in *"The Popular Hymnal"* will be found a satisfying variety of songs within safe limits, as to real worth, to meet the demands of any congregation. If one cannot find what his heart craves in one place, he has only to look further to come to it. The author of this collection has had large experience in compiling song books. His books have gone into the churches and Sunday schools by the millions.

This is an attempt to meet a wider need by supplying a greater range of songs. Especially have many of the older and statelier hymns been added to the newer and more popular songs.

We commend this new collection to churches and other singing groups with the belief that it will contribute worthily to the spiritual needs of all the people.

J. B. GAMBRELL,
GEORGE W. TRUETT.
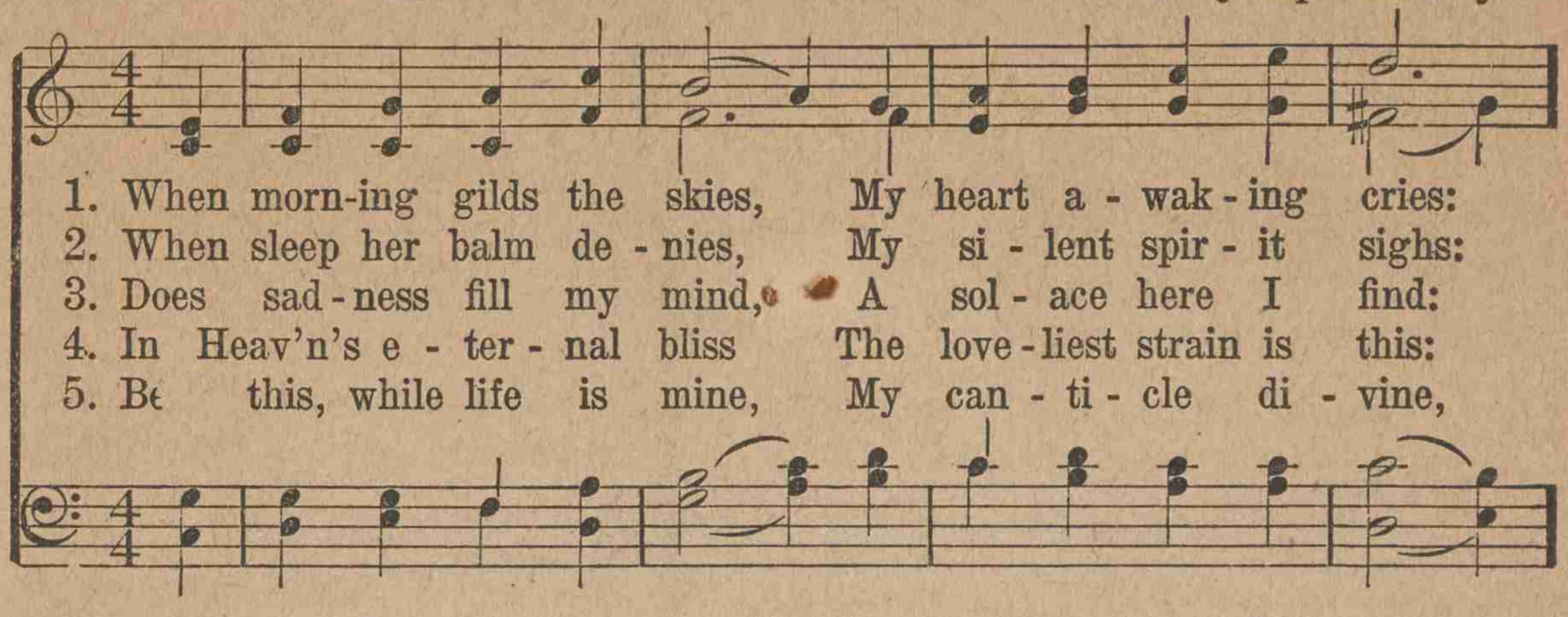
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The Popular Hymnal

1 May Jesus Christ Be Praised.
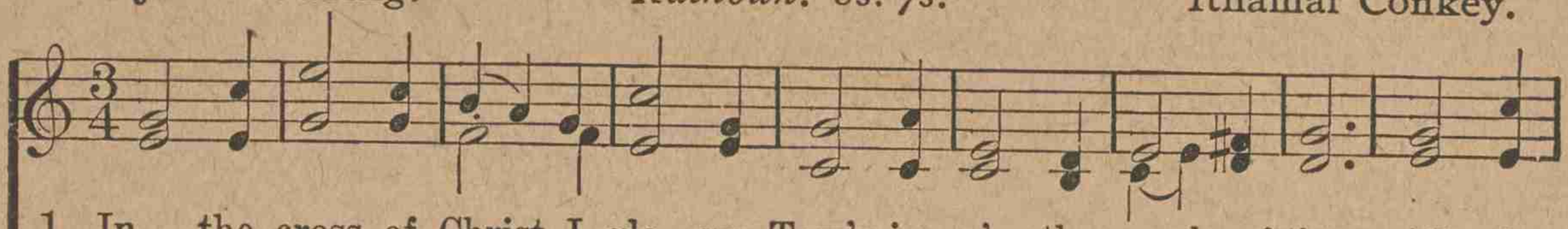
From the German. Sir Joseph Barnby.



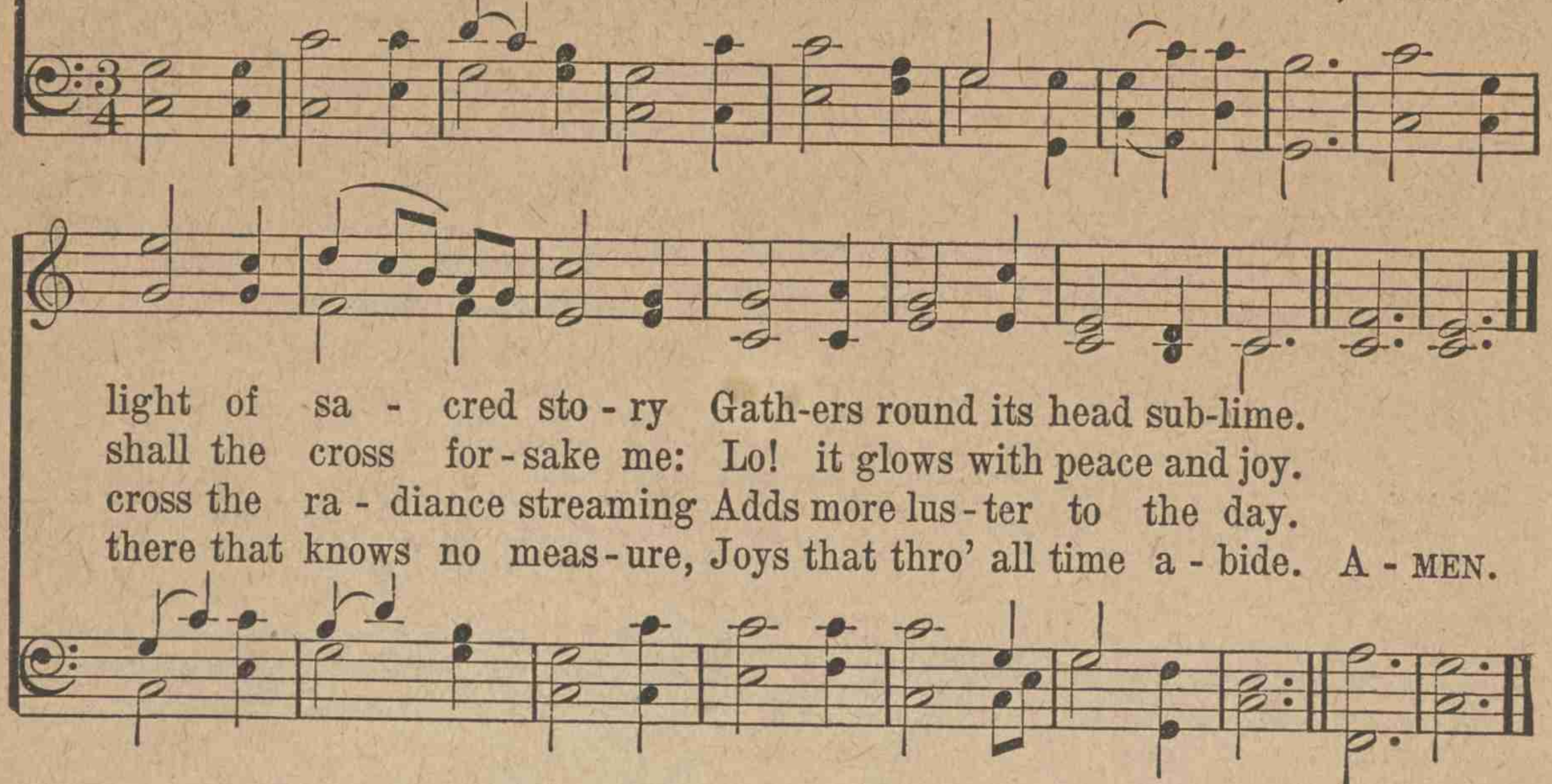
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2 In The Cross of Christ.

Sir John Bowring. *Rathbun. 8s. 7s.* Ithamar Conkey.



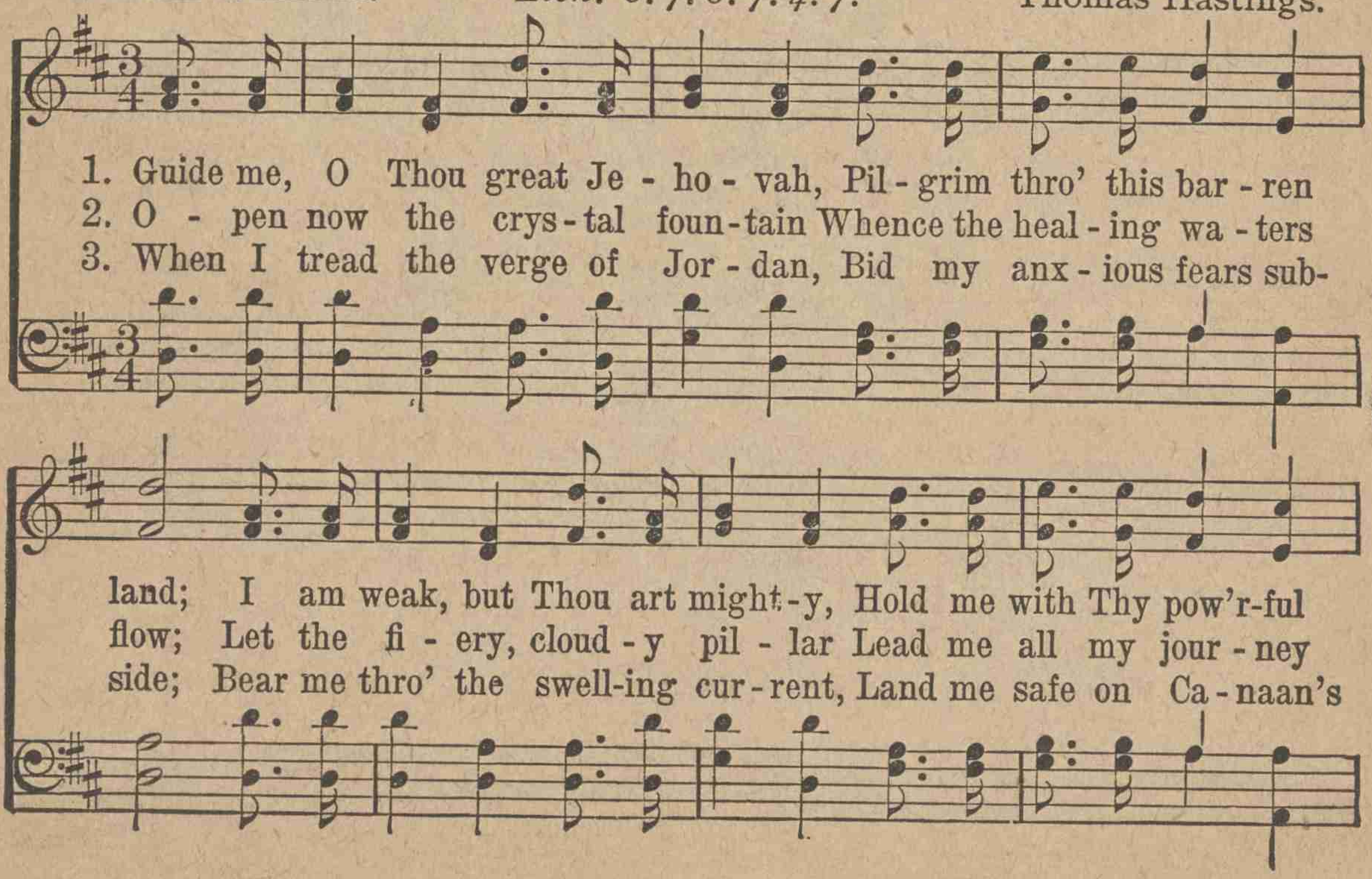
1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time; All the
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears an-noy, Nev - er
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up - on my way, From the
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied; Peace is



light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
shall the cross for - sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
cross the ra - diance streaming Adds more lus - ter to the day.
there that knows no meas - ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide. A - MEN.

3 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams. *Zion. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.* Thomas Hastings.



1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren
2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain Whence the heal - ing wa - ters
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub-

land; I am weak, but Thou art might - y, Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful
flow; Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney
side; Bear me thro' the swell-ing cur - rent, Land me safe on Ca - naan's

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

hand: Bread of Heav - en, Feed me till I want no more;
thro': Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield;
side: Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee;

Bread of Heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.
Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee. A - MEN.

4 There's a Wideness.
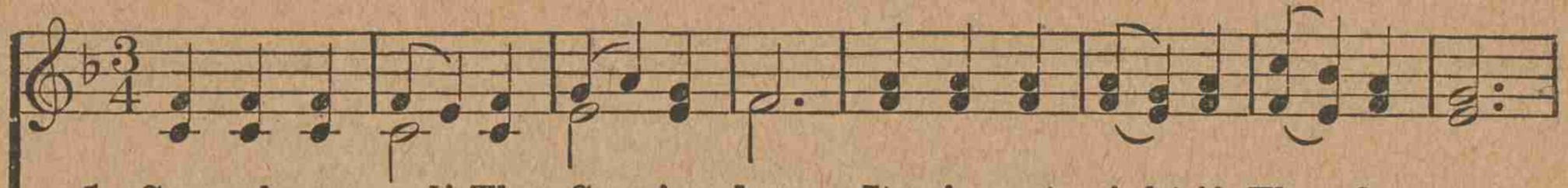
Frederick W. Faber. *Wellesley. 8s. 7s.* Lizzie S. Tourjée.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-ces for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word,
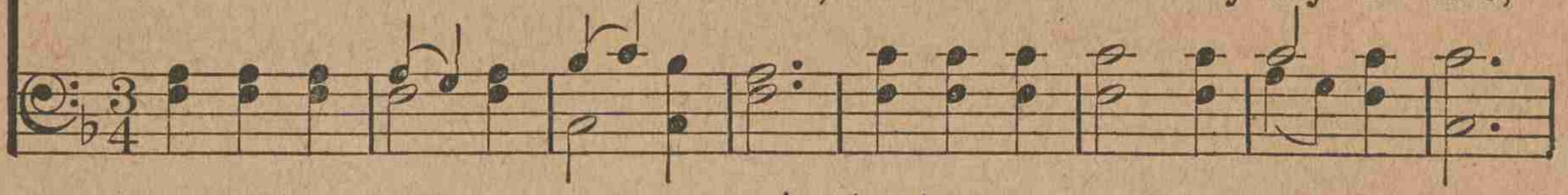
There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav-ior; There is heal-ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won-der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord. A-MEN.
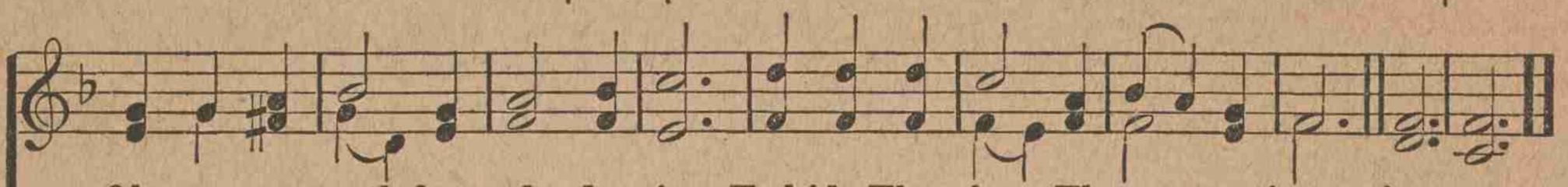
5 Sun of My Soul.

John Keble. *Hursley. L. M.* Peter Ritter.
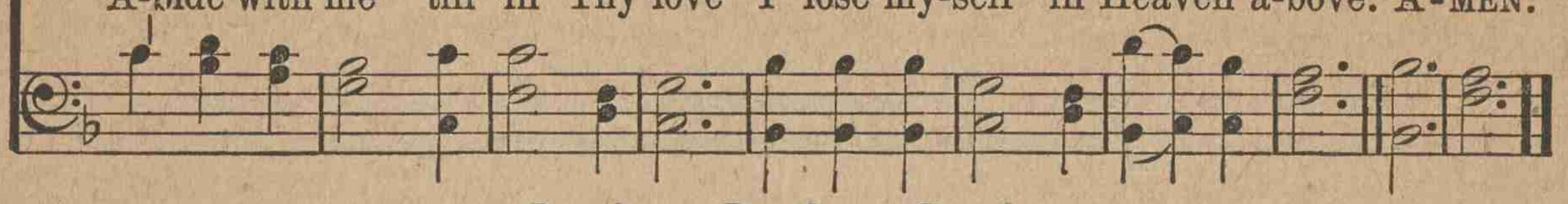


1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wear-y eye-lids gen-tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;
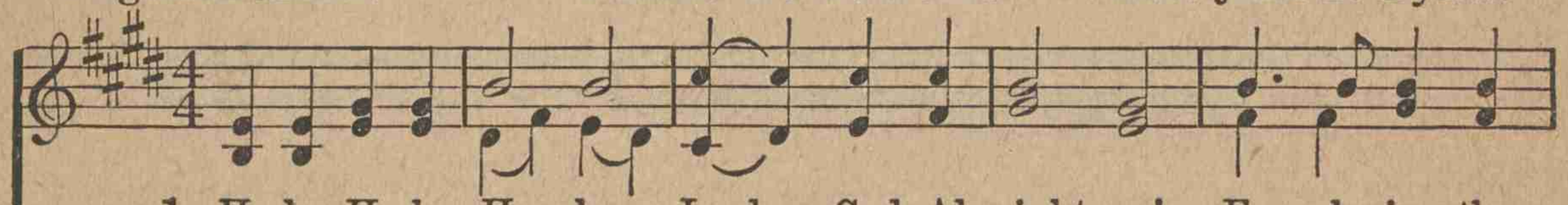




Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
Be my last tho't—how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast!
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
A-bide with me till in Thy love I lose my-self in Heaven a-bove. A-MEN.

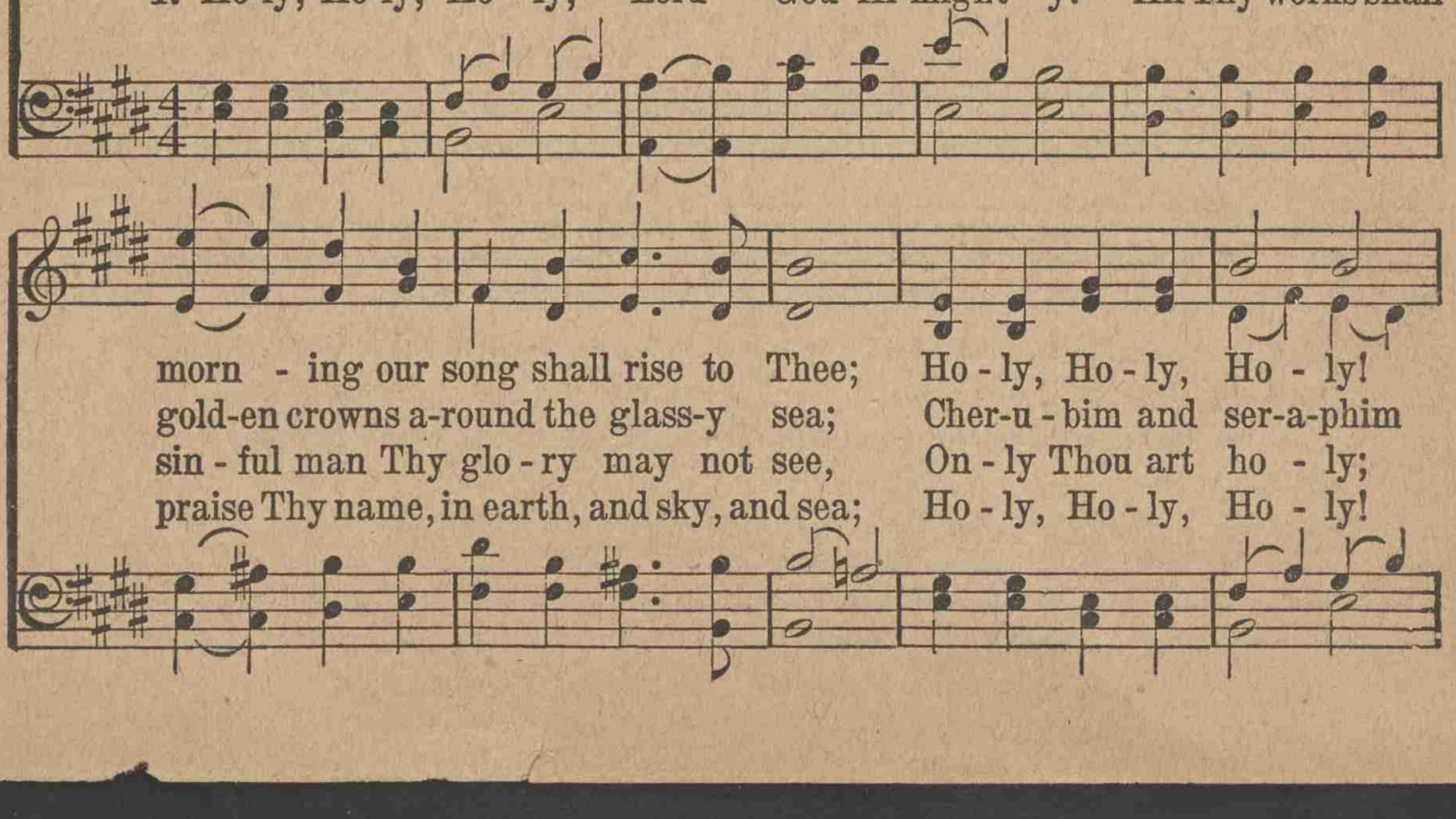


6 Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. *Nicæa. 11. 12. 12. 10.* Rev. John B. Dykes.
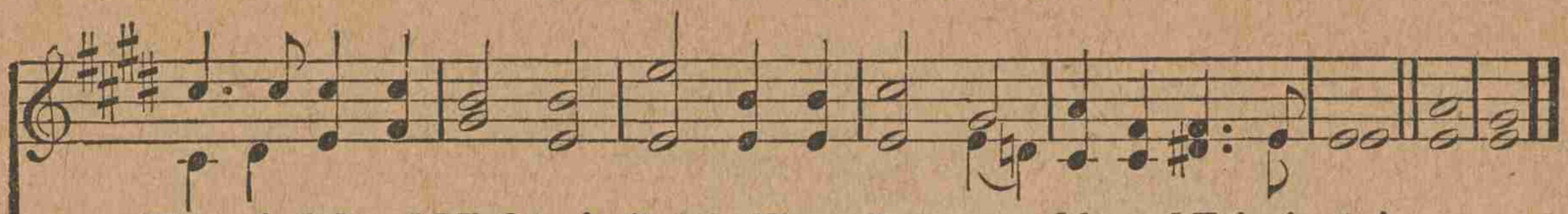


1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! All the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! Tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall
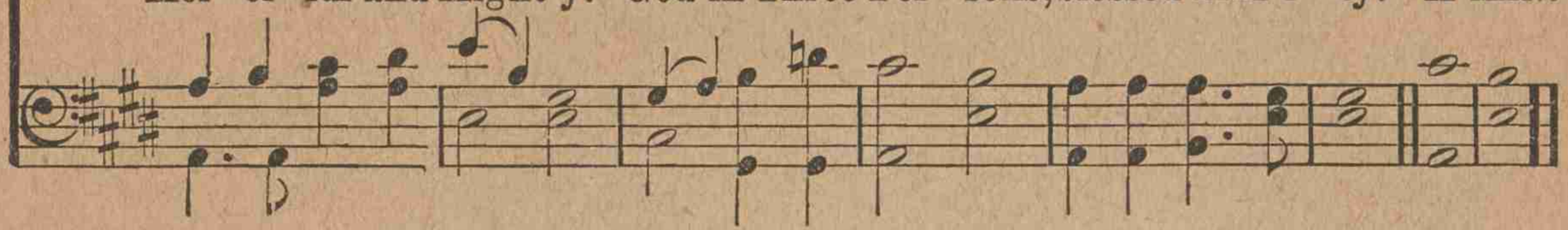


morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!
gold-en crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim
sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see, On-ly Thou art ho-ly;
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!

Holy, Holy, Holy.

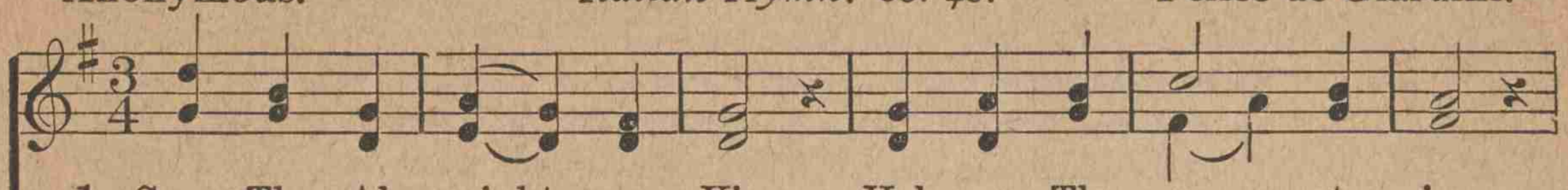


Mer - ci - ful and Might-y! God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin-i - ty!
fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Who wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
there is none be-side Thee Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Mer - ci - ful and Might-y! God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin-i - ty! A-MEN.
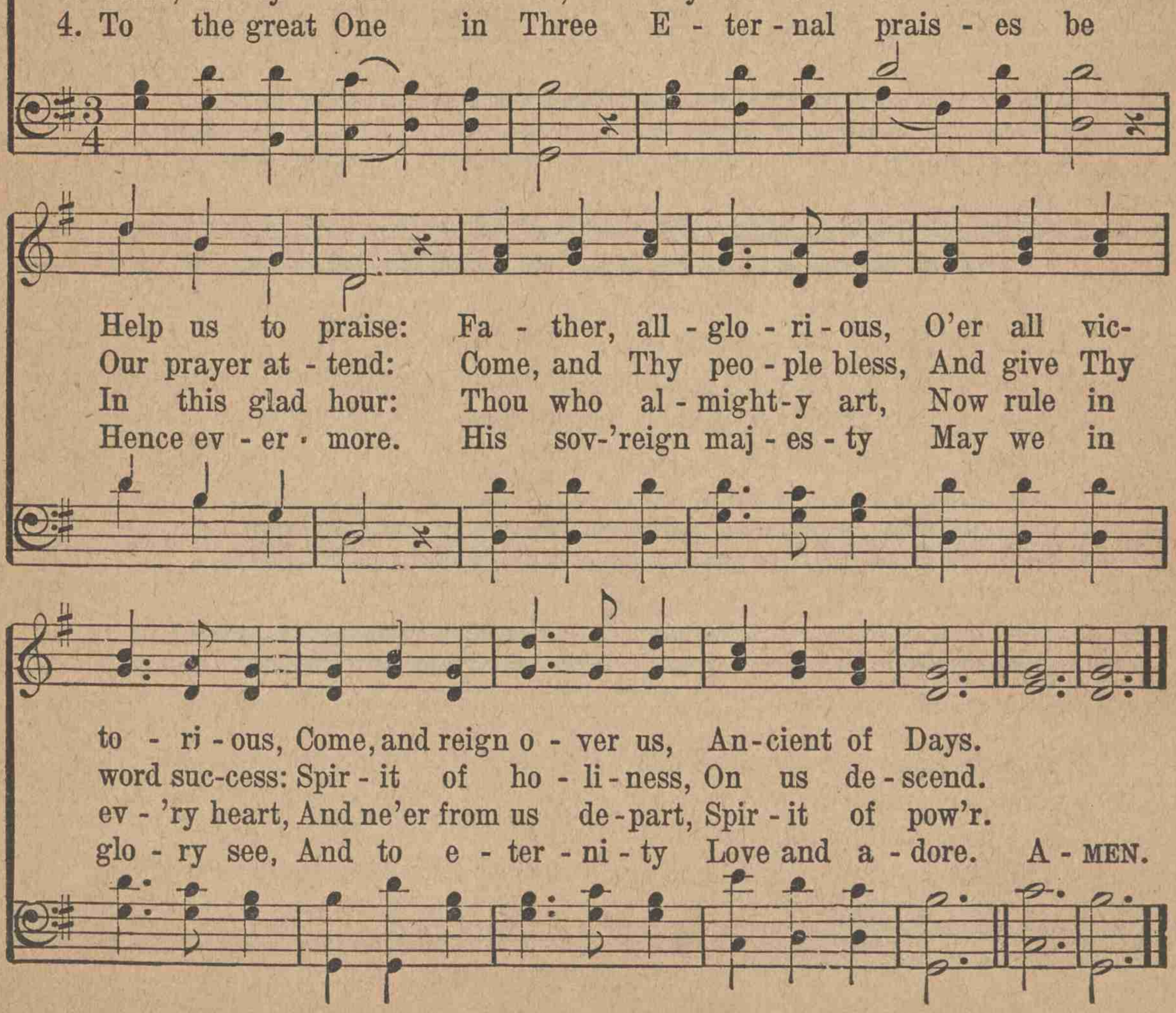


7 Come, Thou Almighty King.

Anonymous. *Italian Hymn. 6s. 4s.* Felice de Giardini.



1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
4. To the great One in Three E - ter - nal prais - es be

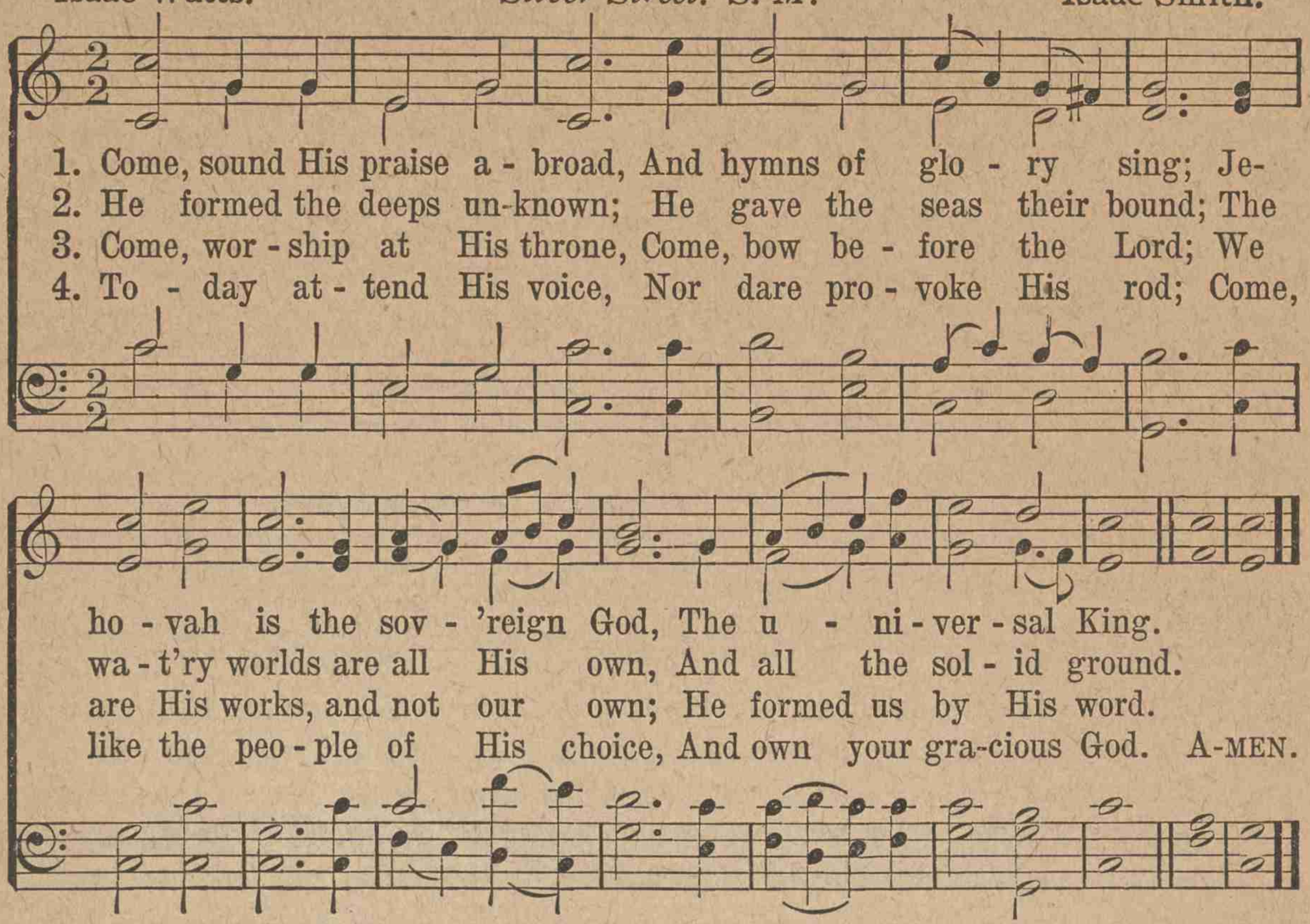


Help us to praise: Fa - ther, all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic-
Our prayer at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour: Thou who al - might-y art, Now rule in
Hence ev - er - more. His sov-'reign maj - es - ty May we in

to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An-cient of Days.
word suc-cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir - it of pow'r.
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore. A - MEN.

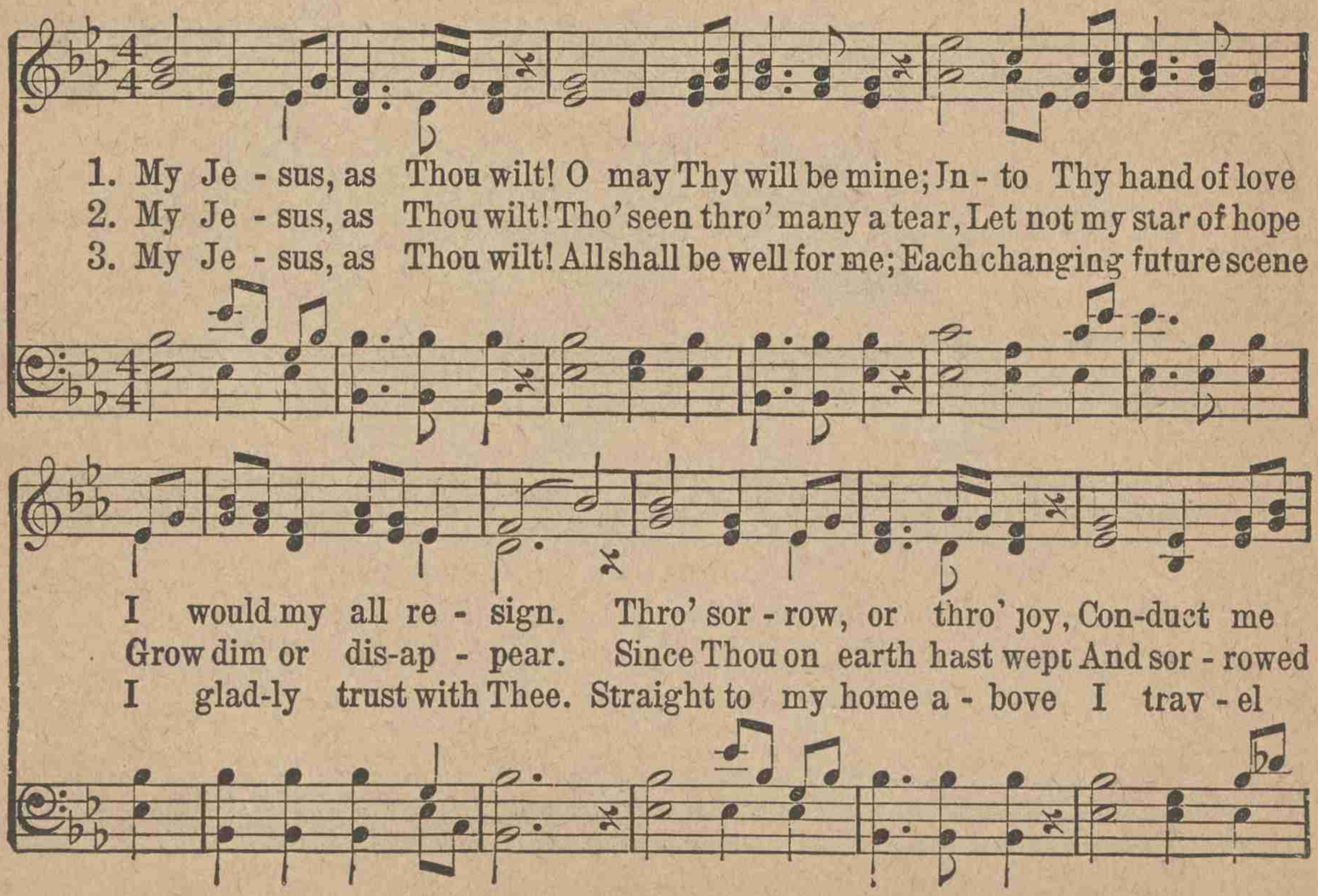
8 Come, Sound His Praise.

Isaac Watts. *Silver Street. S. M.* Isaac Smith.
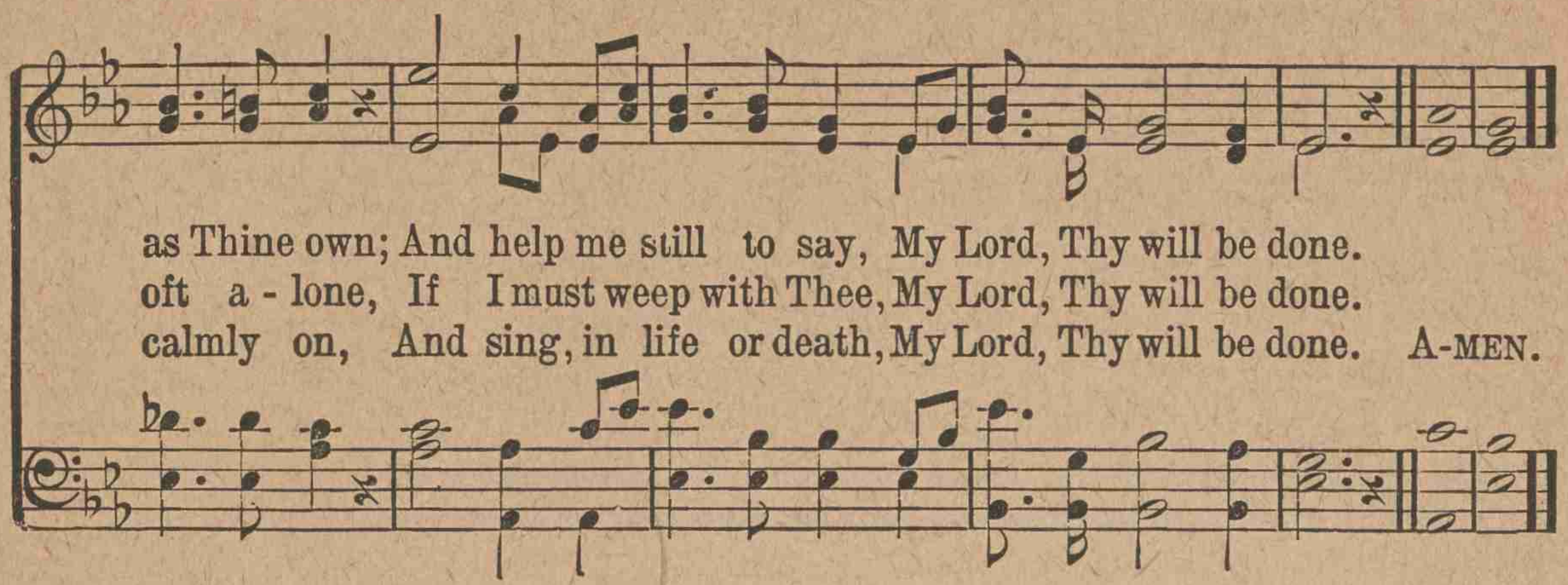


9 My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!

Benjamin Schmolck. *Jewett. 6. 6. 6. 6. D.* From C. M. von Weber.

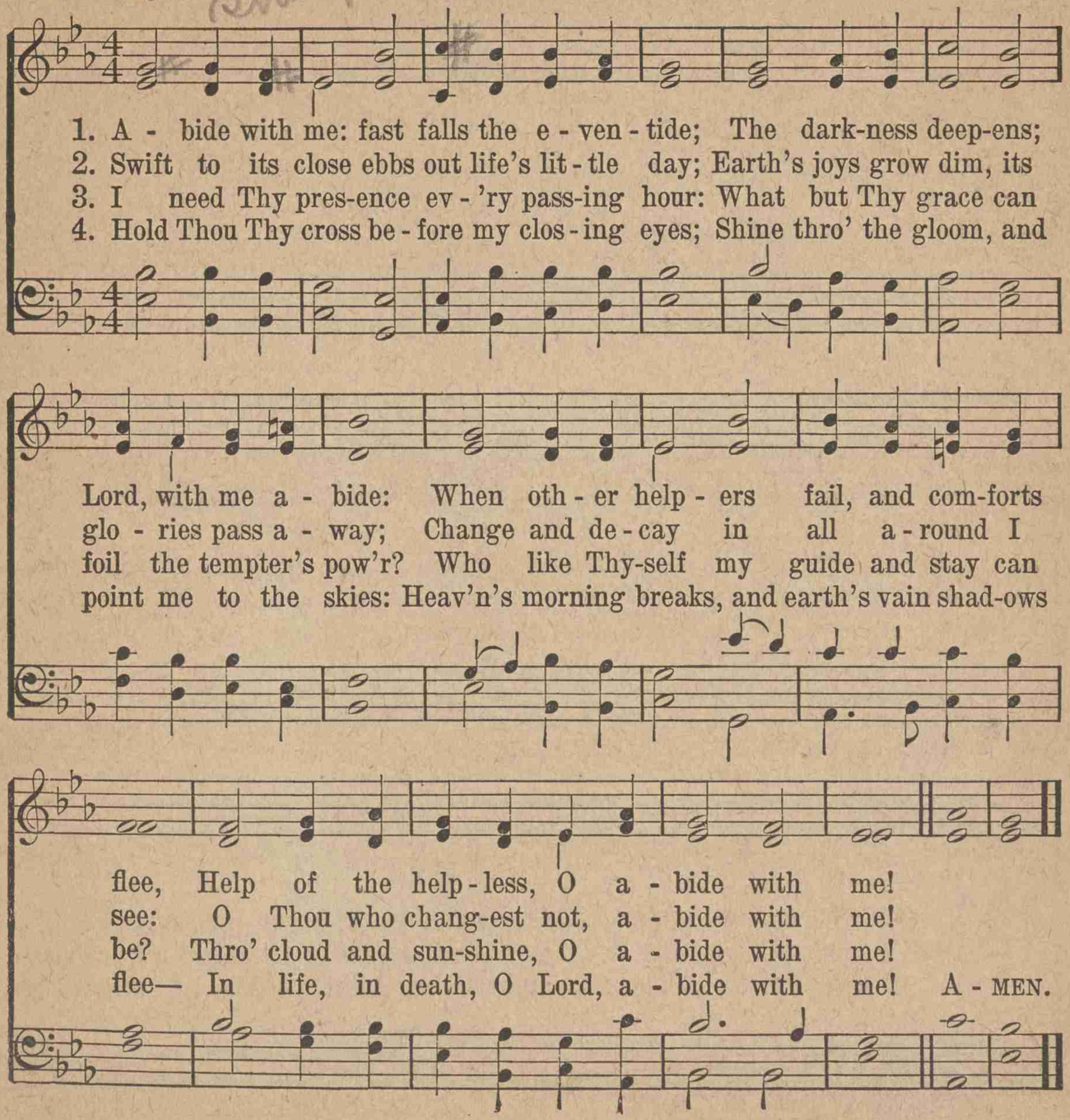


My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!
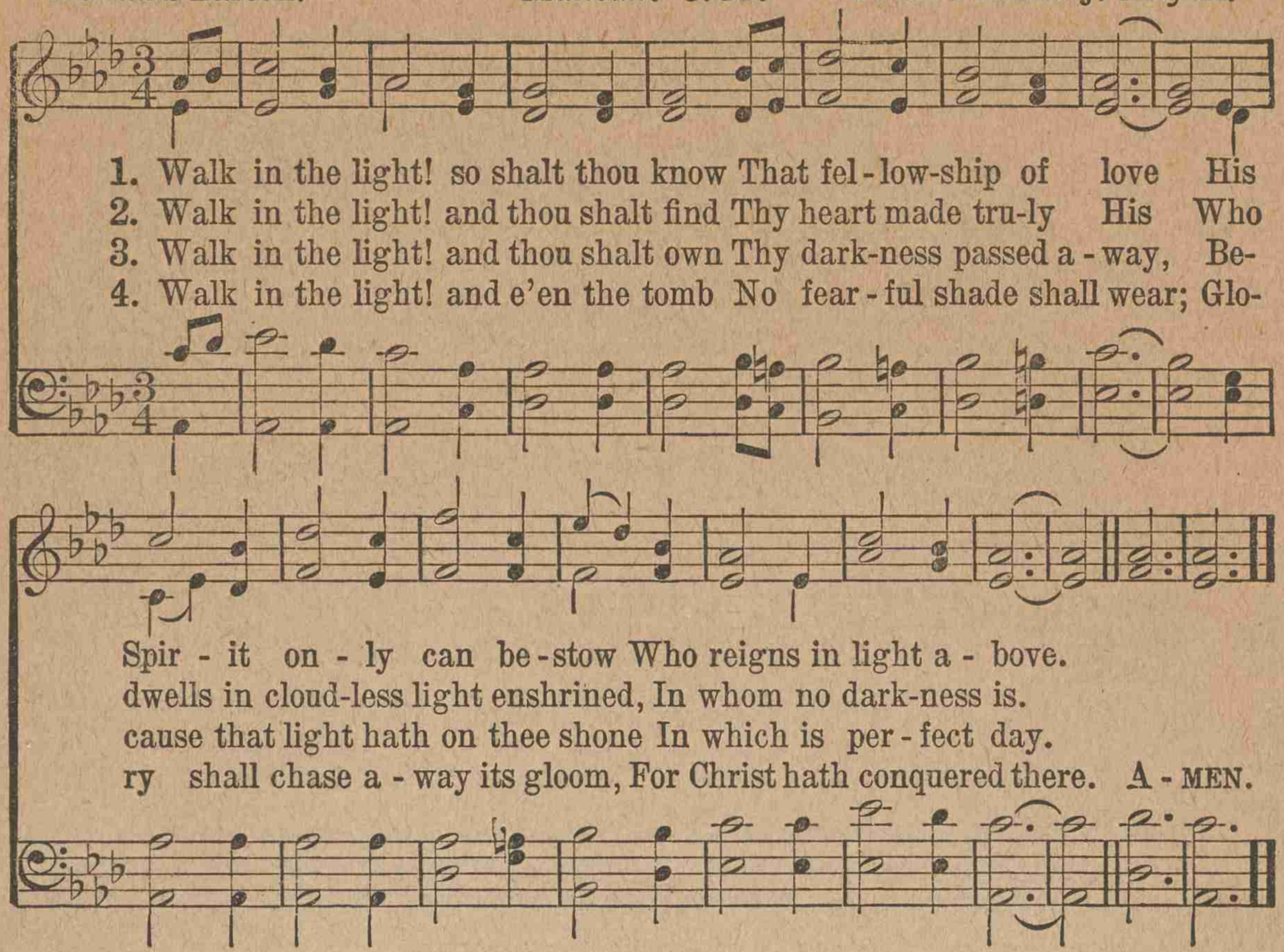


10 Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. *Eventide. 105.* W. H. Monk.



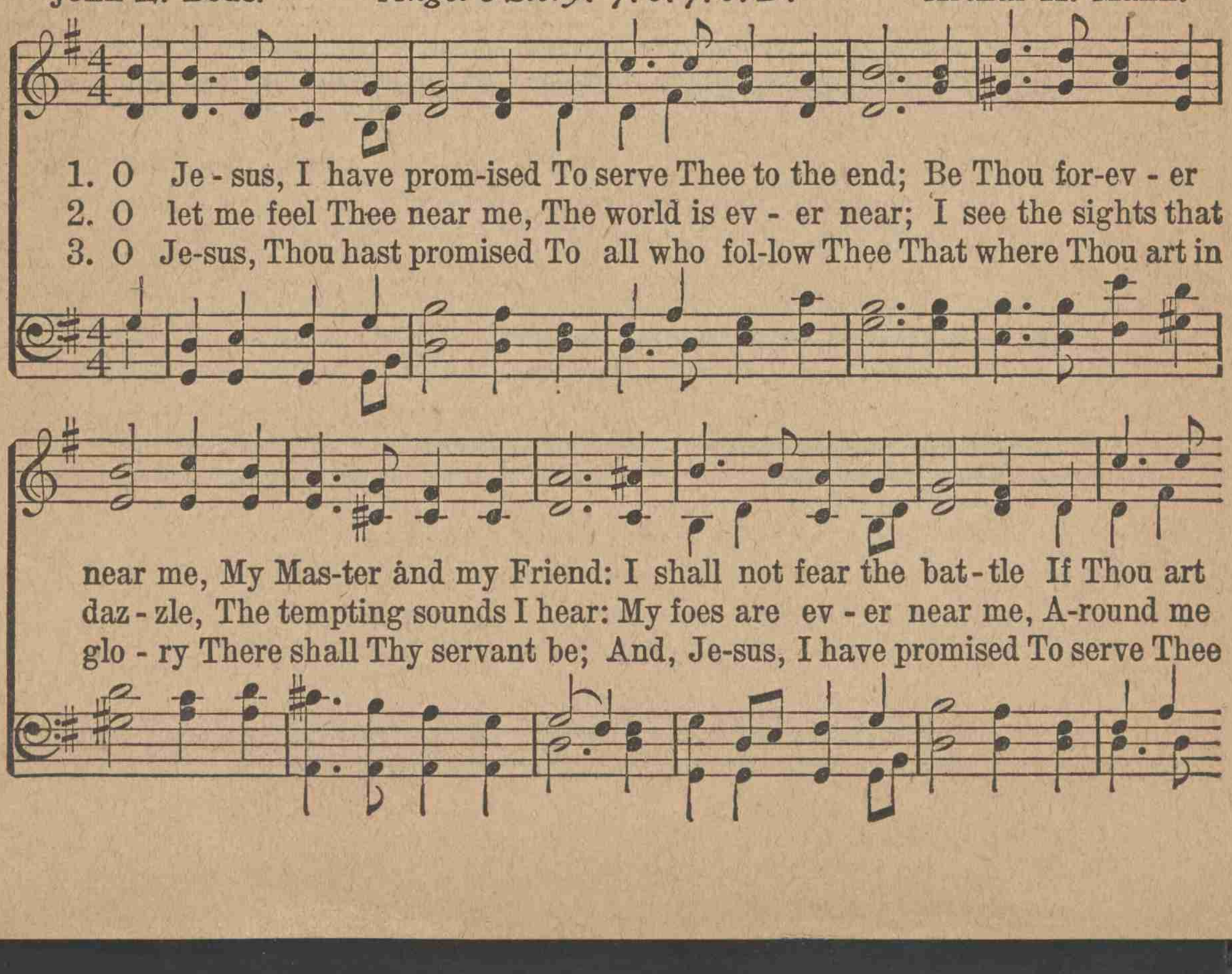
11 Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton. *Manoah. C. M.* From Francis J. Haydn.

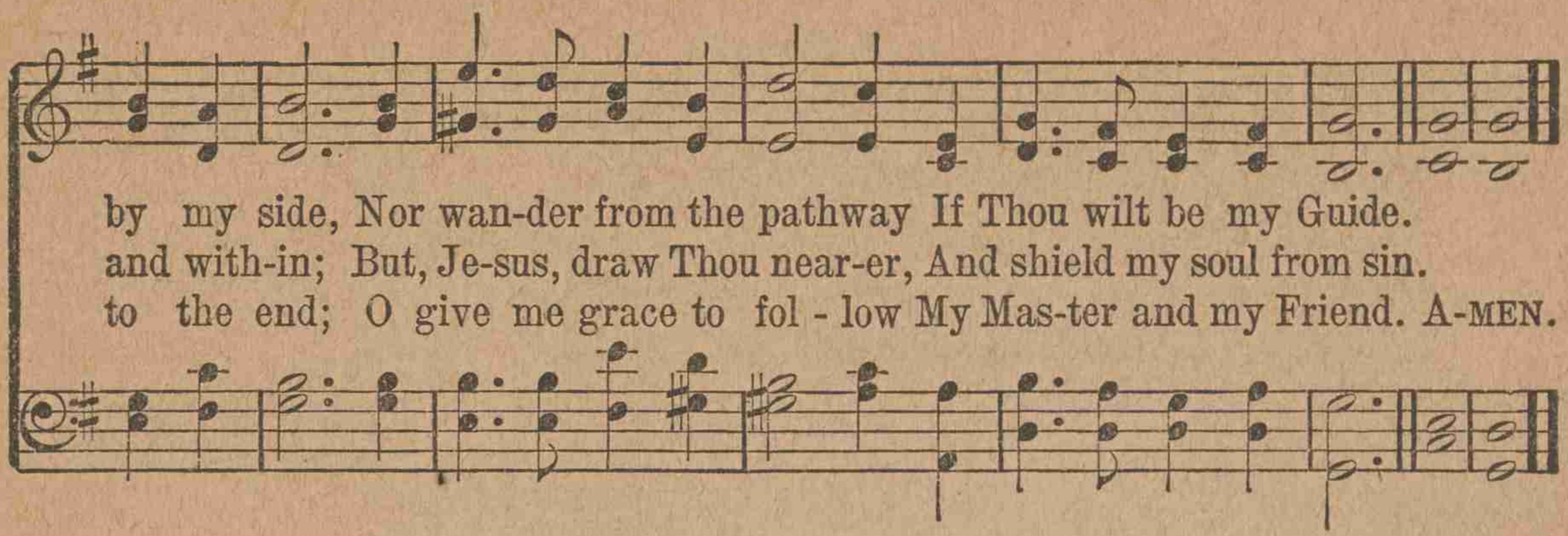


12 O Jesus, I Have Promised.

John E. Bode. *Angel's Story. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.* Arthur H. Mann.
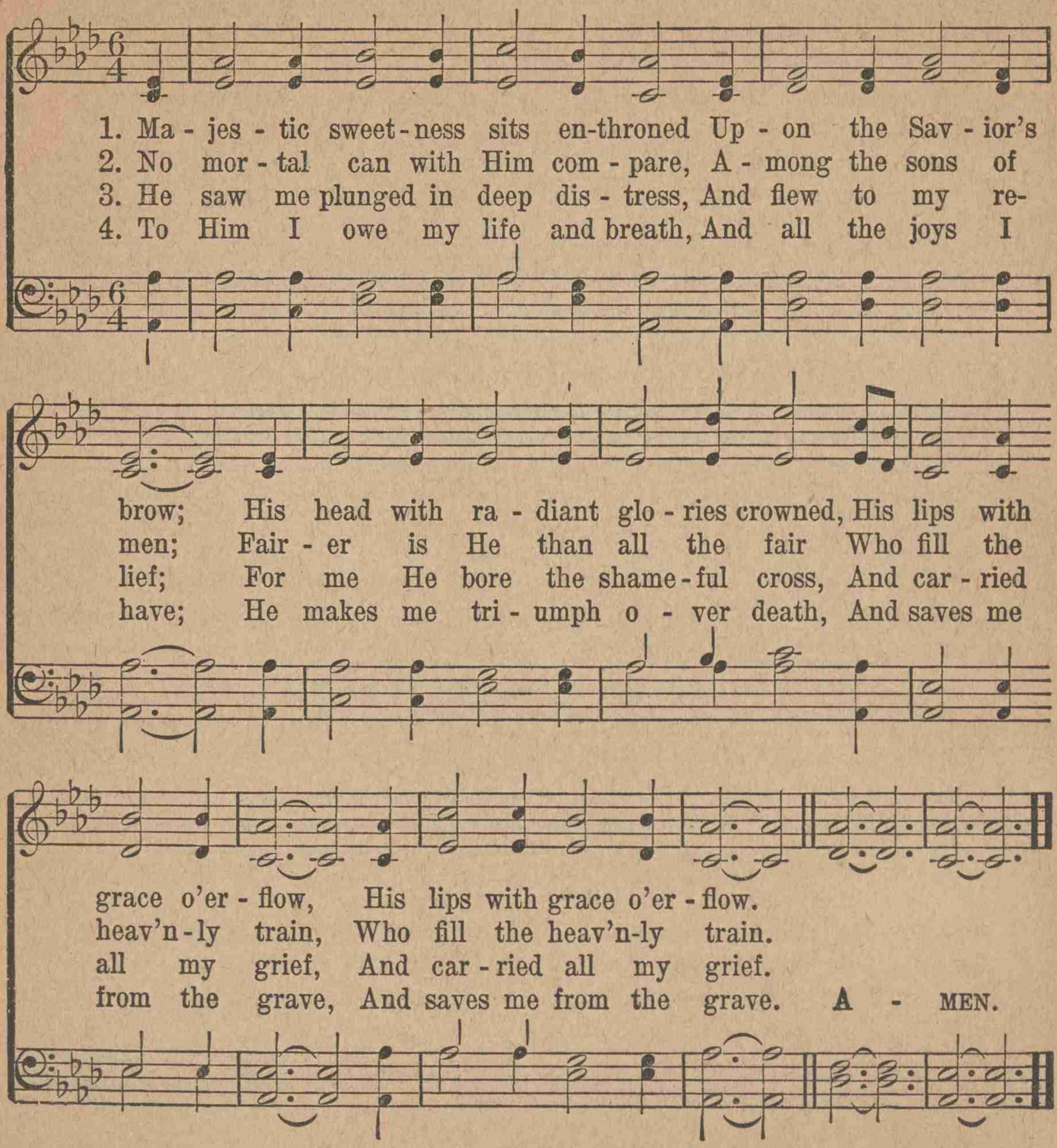


O Jesus, I Have Promised.



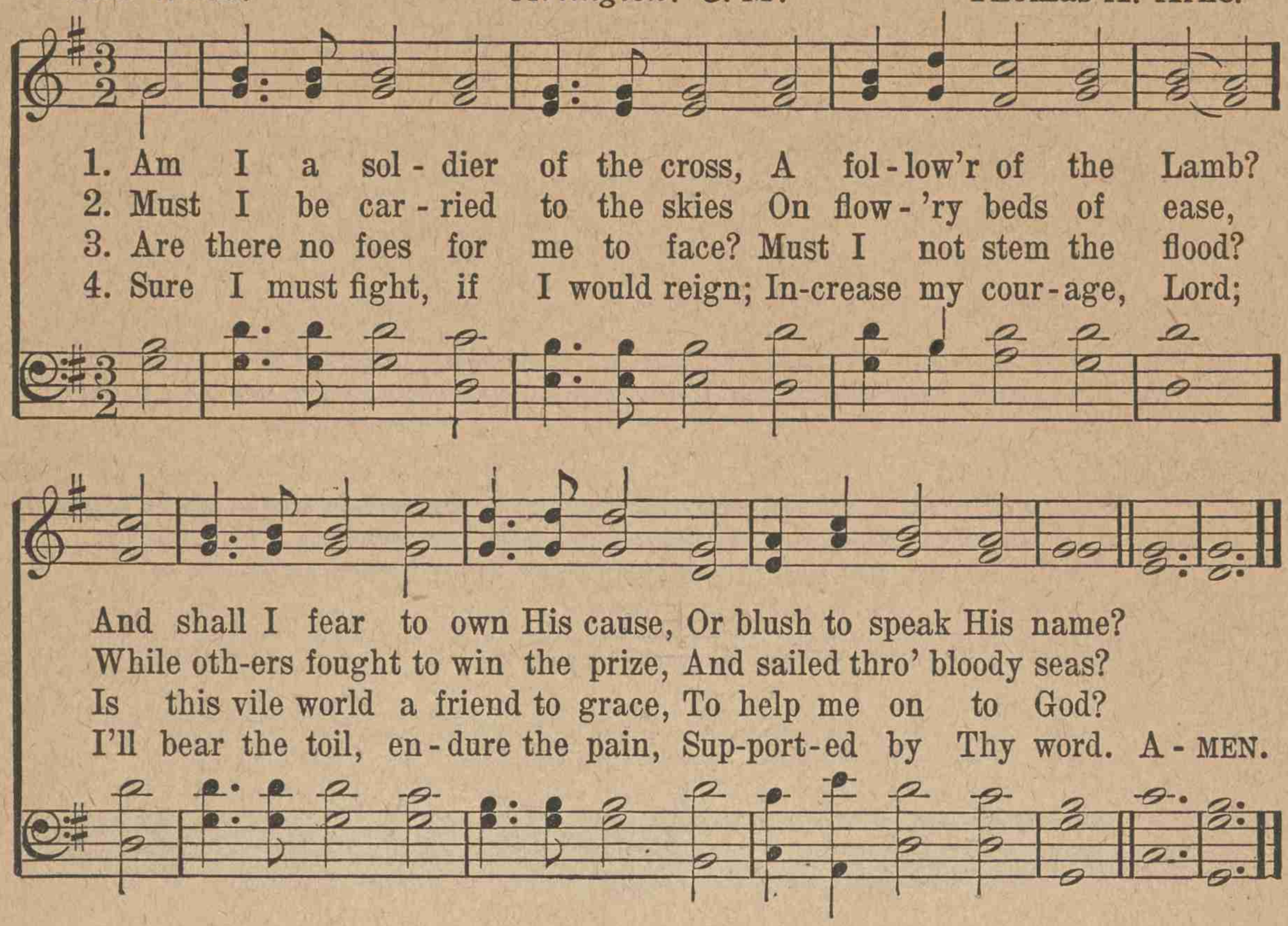
13 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett. *Ortonville. C. M.* Thomas Hastings.



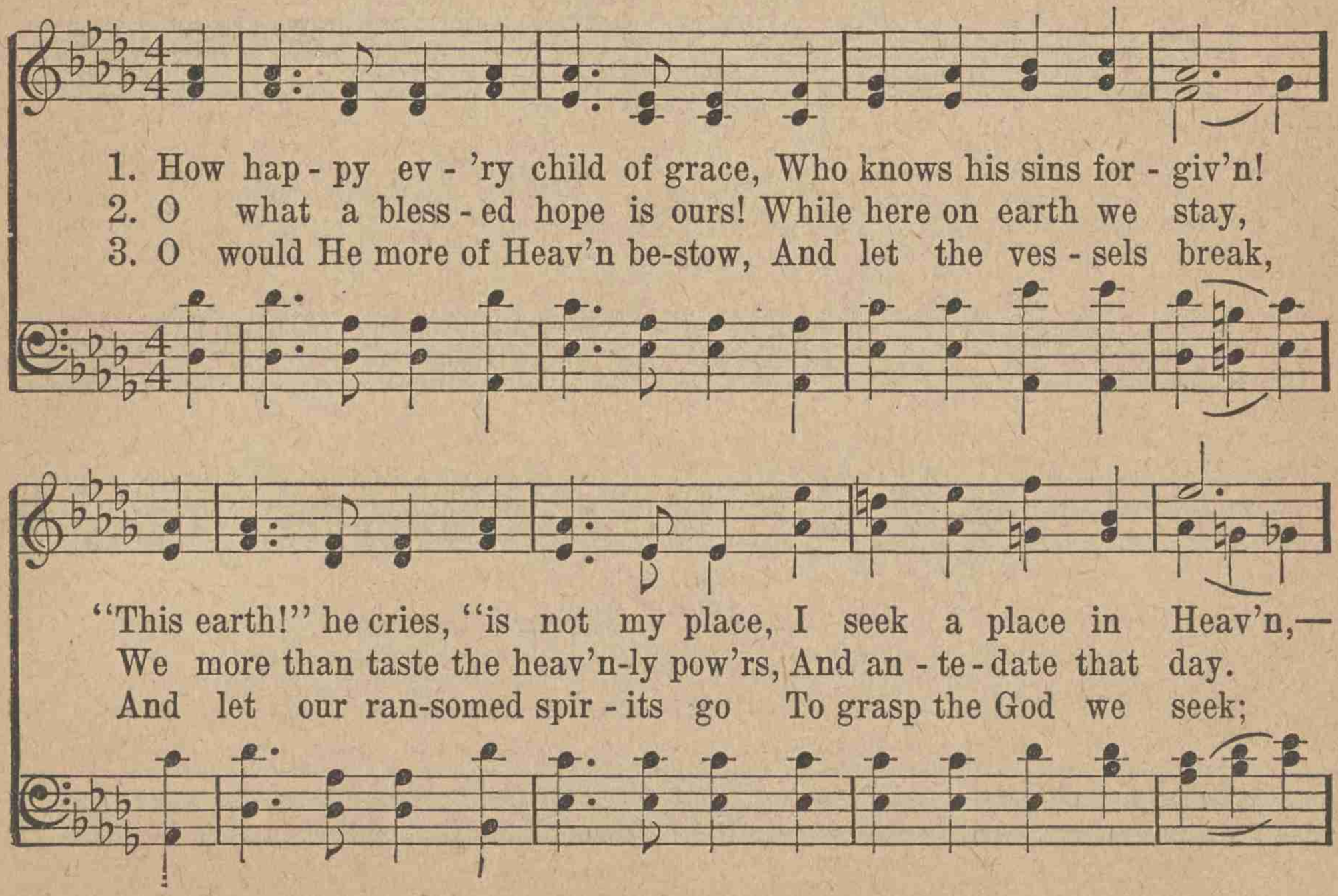
14 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Isaac Watts. *Arlington. C. M.* Thomas A. Arne.



15 How Happy Every Child of Grace.

Charles Wesley. *Materna. C. M. D.* Samuel A. Ward.



How Happy Every Child of Grace.

A coun - try far from mor - tal sight, Which yet by faith I see,
We feel the res - ur - rec - tion near, Our life in Christ con - cealed,
In rap-turous awe on Him to gaze, Who bought the sight for me;

The land of rest, the saints' delight, The Heav'n prepared for me."
And with His glo-rious pres-ence here Our earth-en ves - sels filled.
And shout and won-der at His grace Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty! A-MEN.

16 Grace, 'Tis a Charming Sound.
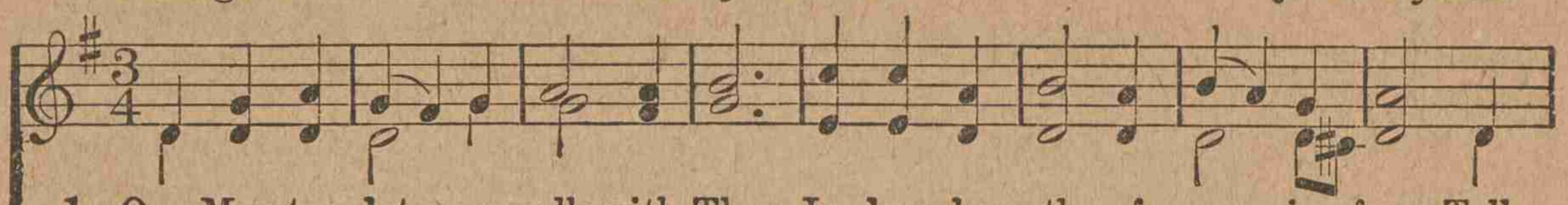
Philip Doddridge. *Olmutz. S. M.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. Grace, 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har - mo-nious to the ear; Heav'n
2. Grace first con-trived the way To save re - bel - lious man; And
3. Grace taught my wand'ring feet To tread the heav'n-ly road; And
4. Grace all the work shall crown Thro' ev - er - last - ing days; It

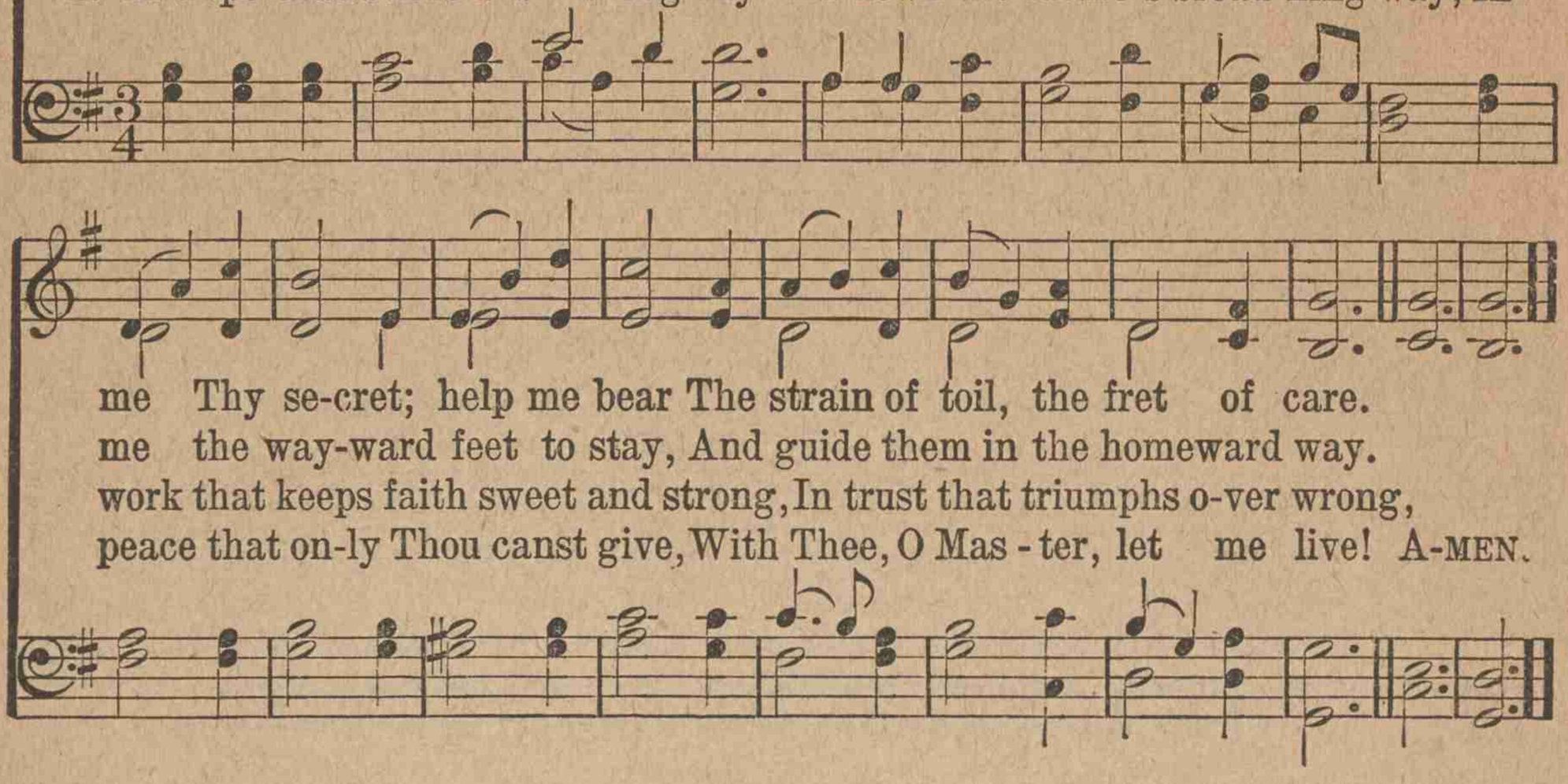
with the ech - o shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear.
all the steps that grace dis-play Which drew the won-drous plan.
new sup-plies each hour I meet While press-ing on to God.
lays in Heav'n the top-most stone, And well de-serves our praise. A - MEN.

17 O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

Washington Gladden. *Saxby. L. M.* J. B. Dykes.
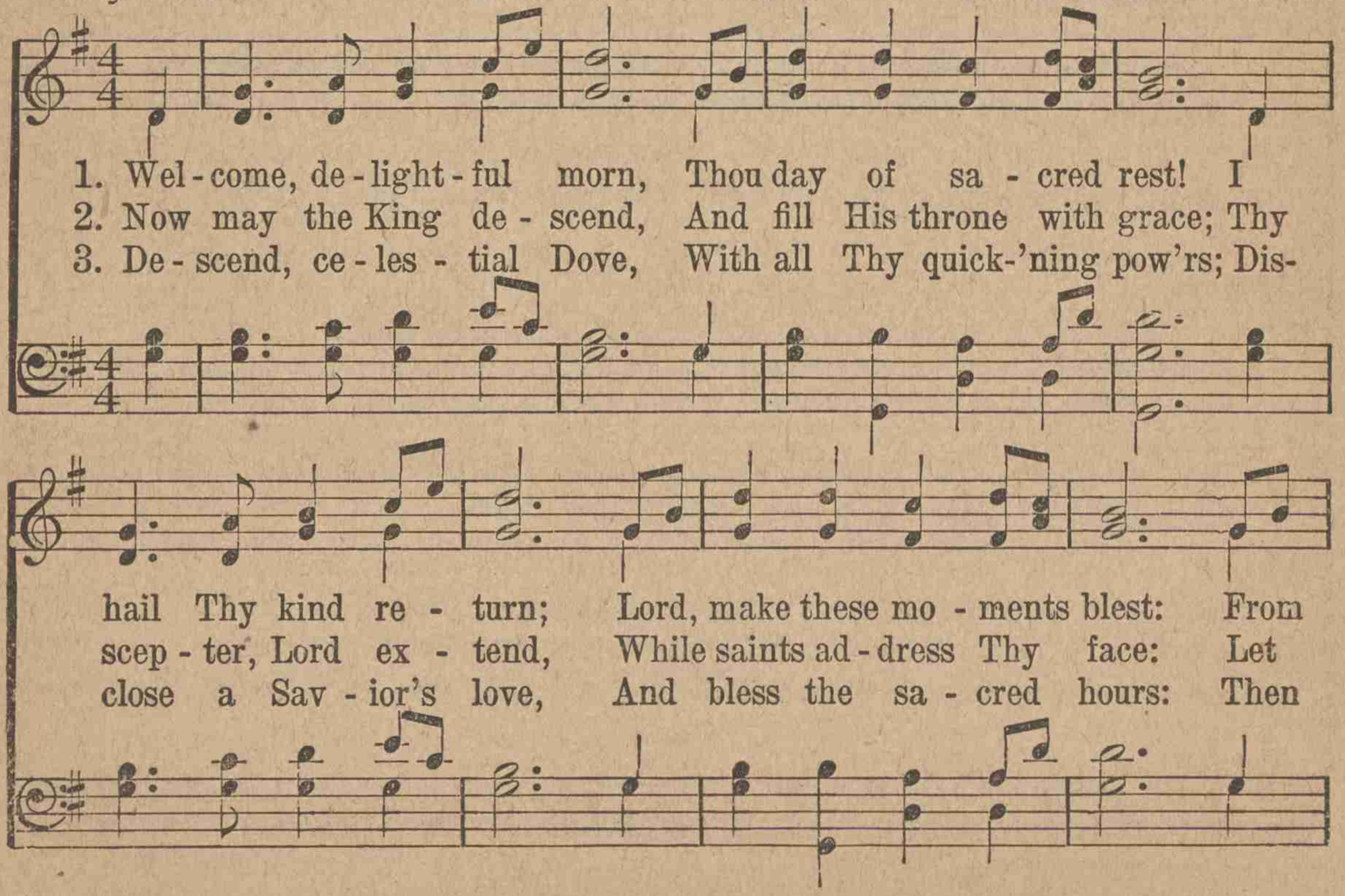


1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of serv-ice free; Tell
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love; Teach
3. Teach me Thy patience! still with Thee In clo-ser, dear-er com-pa-ny, In
4. In hope that sends a shin-ing ray Far down the future's broad'ning way, In



me Thy se-cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
me the way-ward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs o-ver wrong,
peace that on-ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Mas-ter, let me live! A-MEN.

18 Welcome, Delightful Morn.
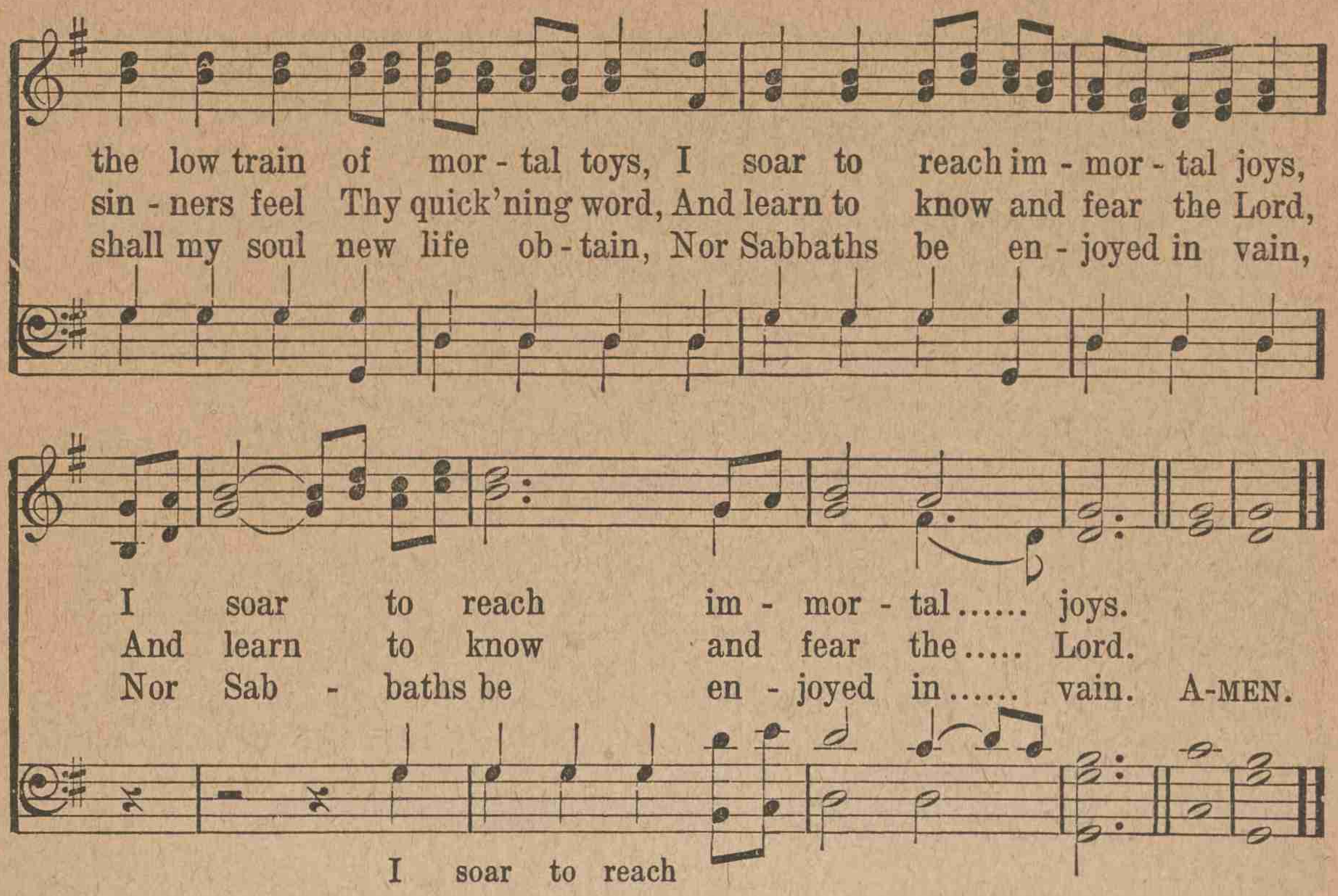
Hayward. *Lischer. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.* Friedrich Schneider.



1. Wel-come, de-light-ful morn, Thou day of sa-cred rest! I
2. Now may the King de-scend, And fill His throne with grace; Thy
3. De-scend, ce-les-tial Dove, With all Thy quick-'ning pow'rs; Dis-

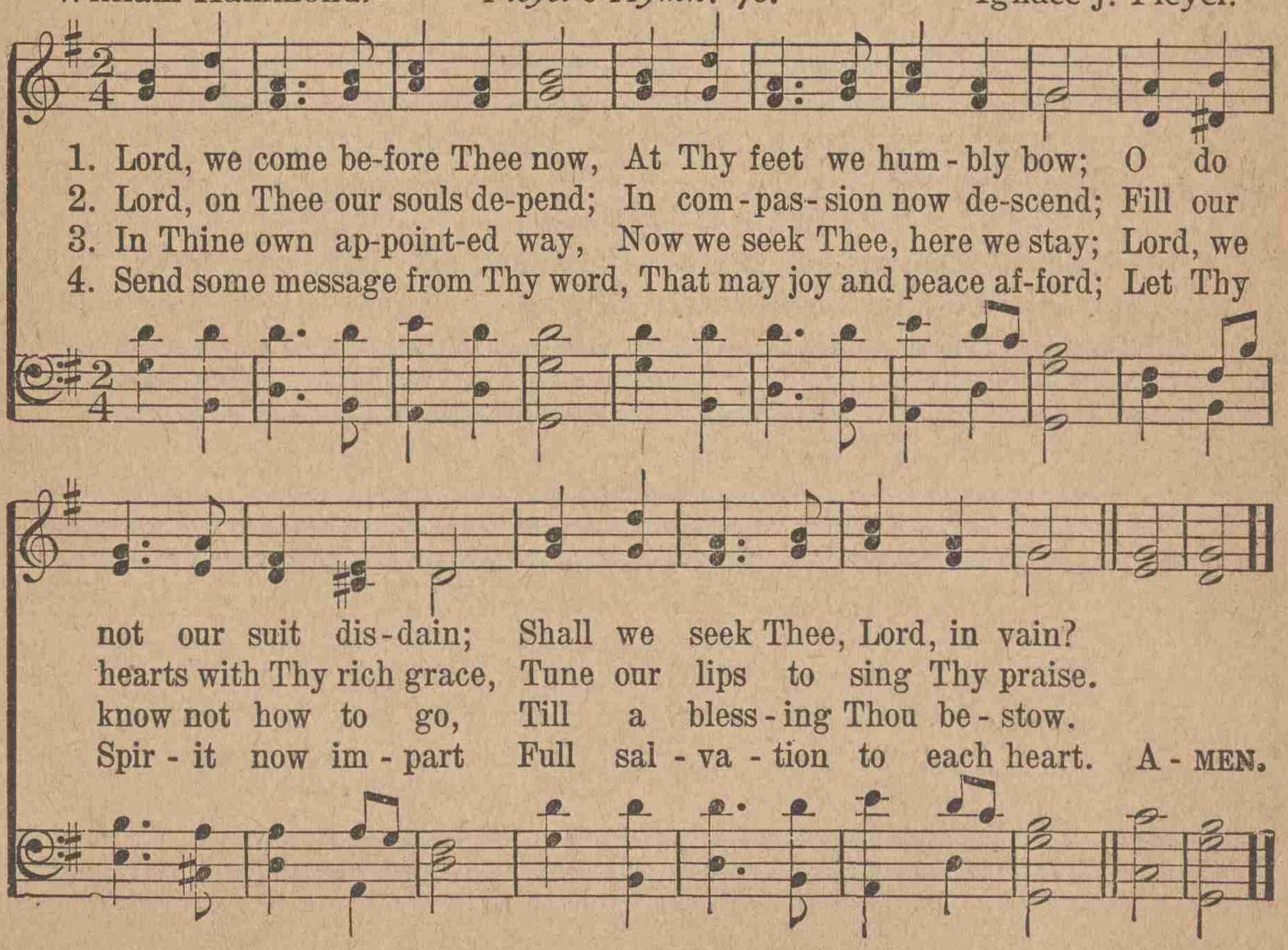
hail Thy kind re-turn; Lord, make these mo-ments blest: From
scep-ter, Lord ex-tend, While saints ad-dress Thy face: Let
close a Sav-ior's love, And bless the sa-cred hours: Then

Welcome, Delightful Morn.
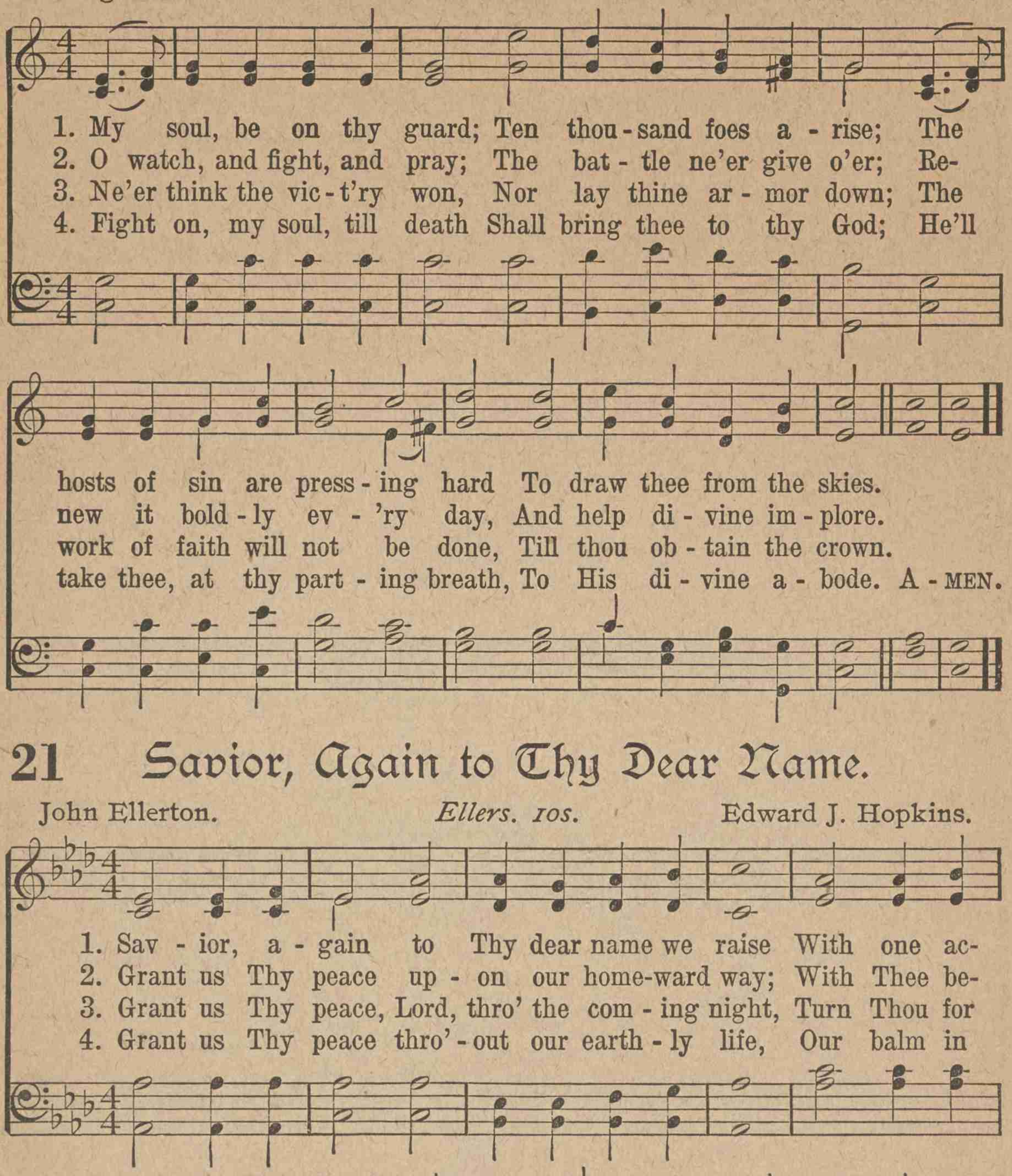


19 Lord, We Come Before Thee Now.

William Hammond. *Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.* Ignace J. Pleyel.
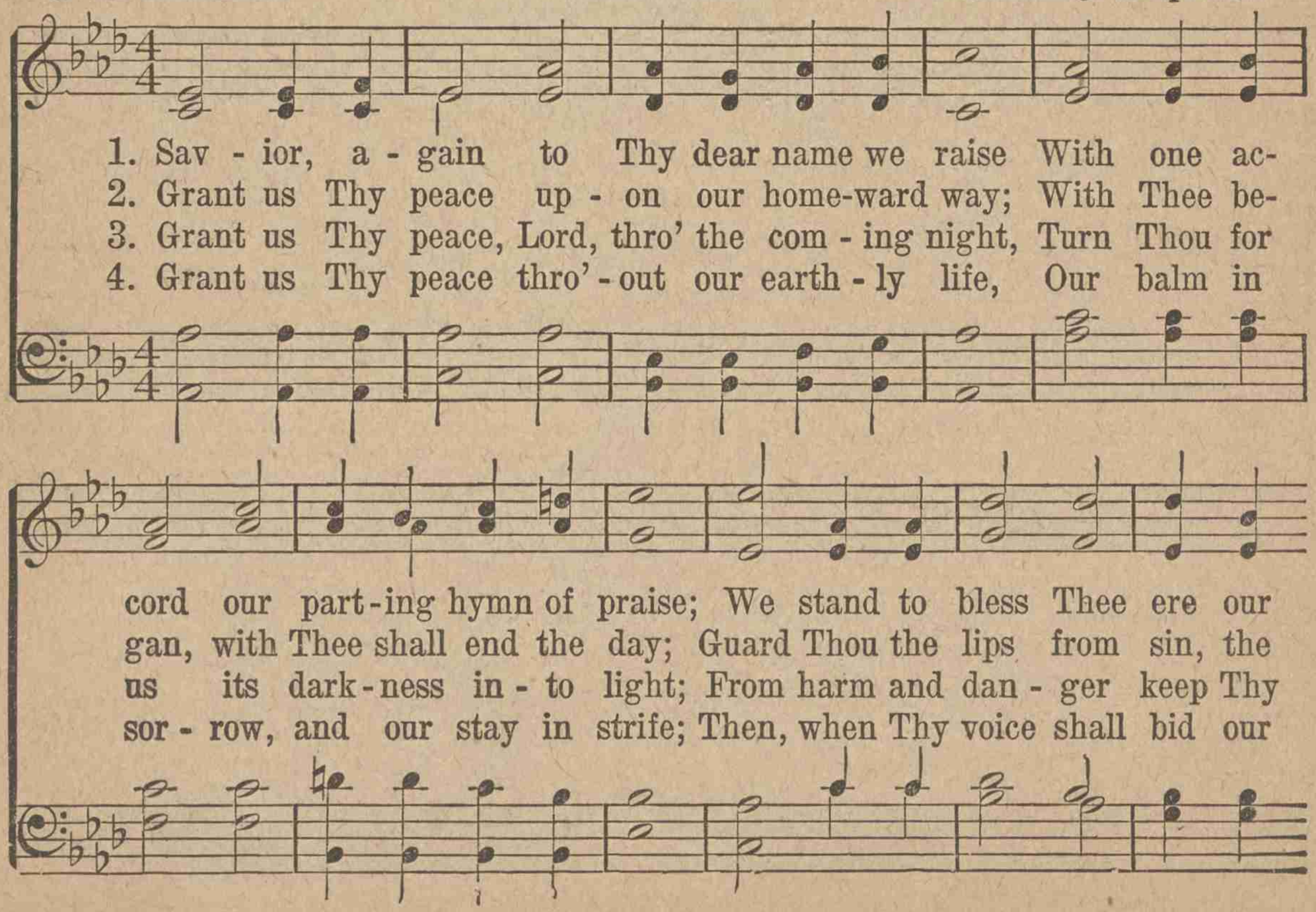


20 My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

George Heath. *Laban. S. M.* Lowell Mason.

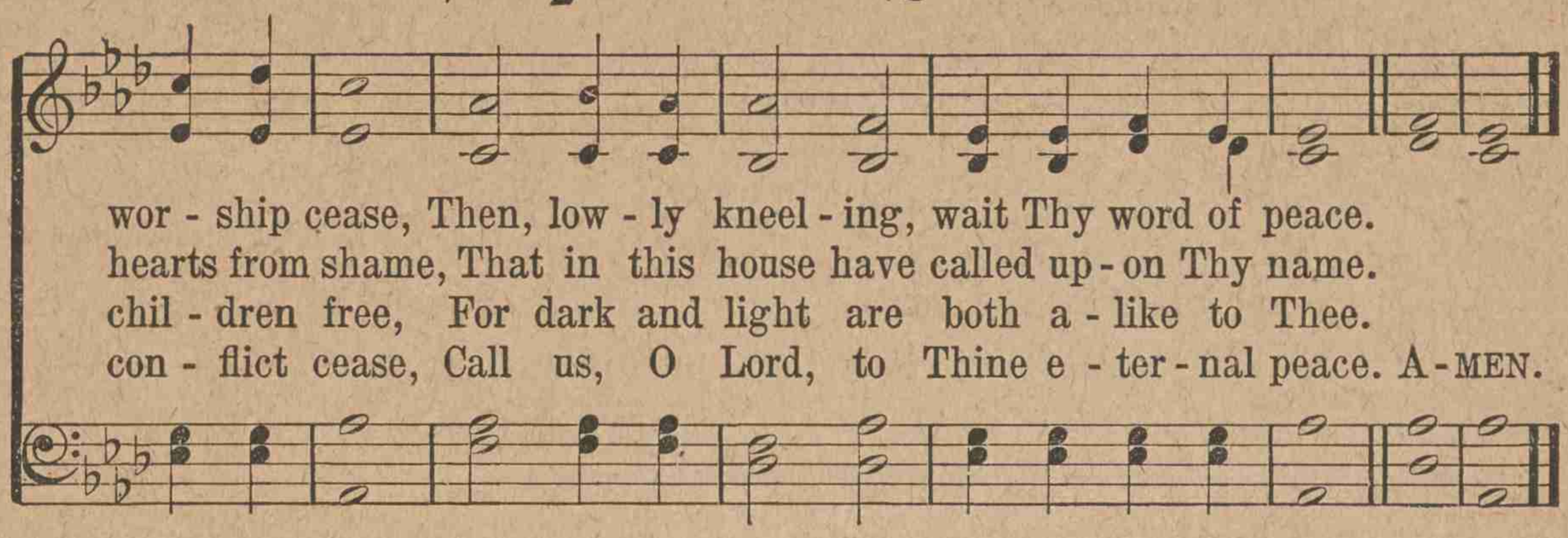


21 Savior, Again to Thy Dear Name.

John Ellerton. *Ellers. 105.* Edward J. Hopkins.

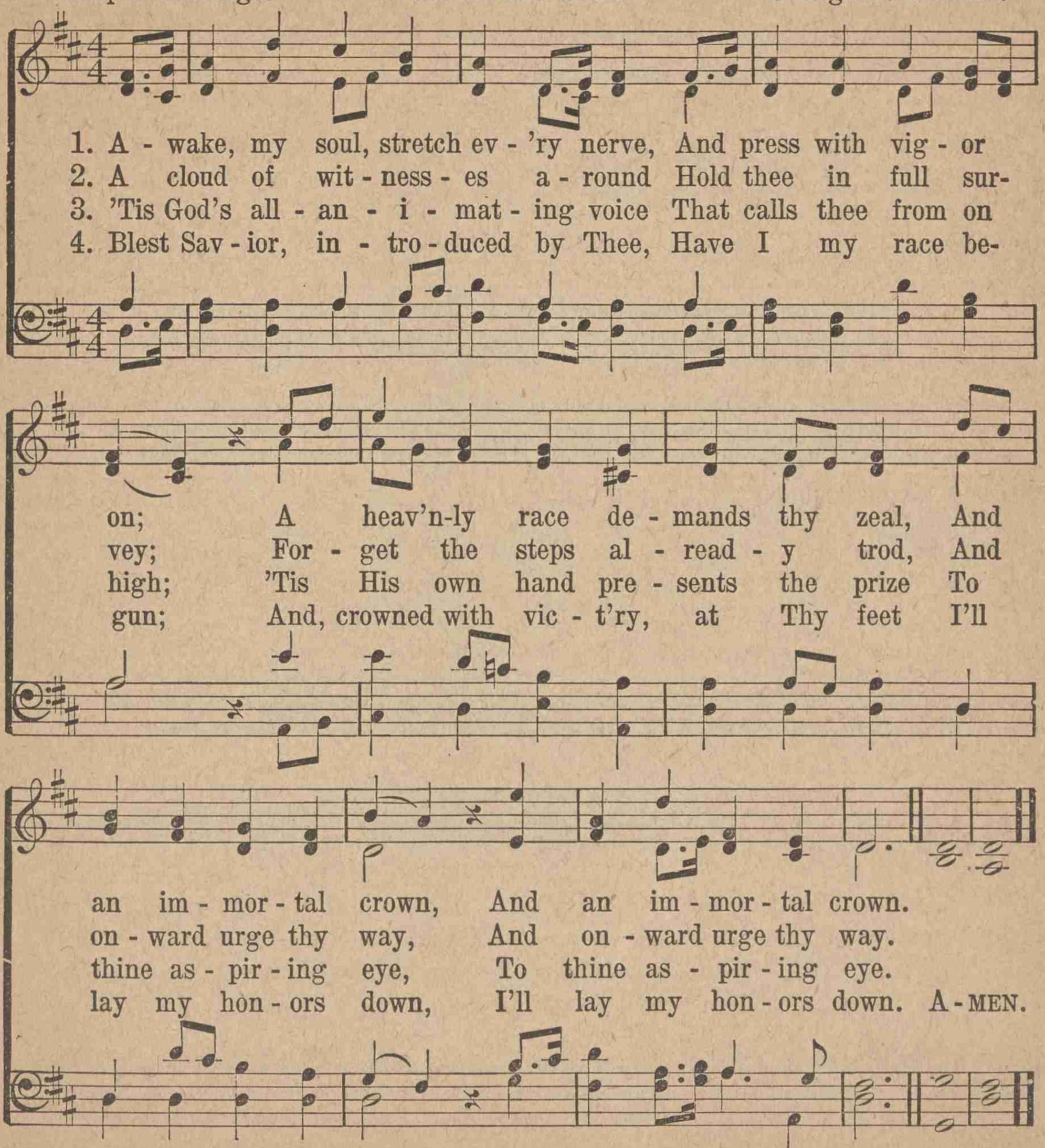


Savior, Again to Thy Dear Name.
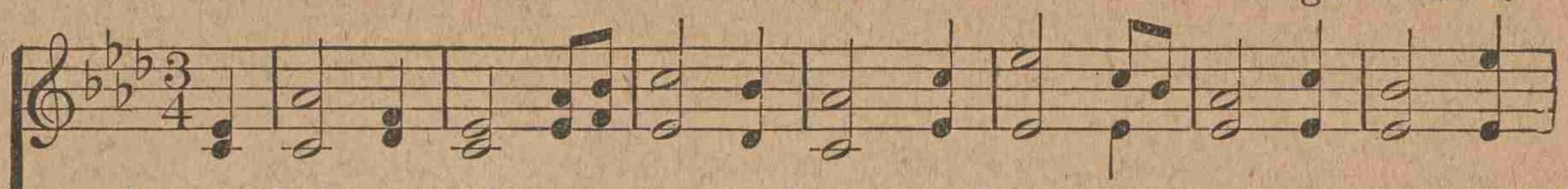


22 Awake, My Soul.

Philip Doddridge. *Christmas. C. M.* George F. Handel.
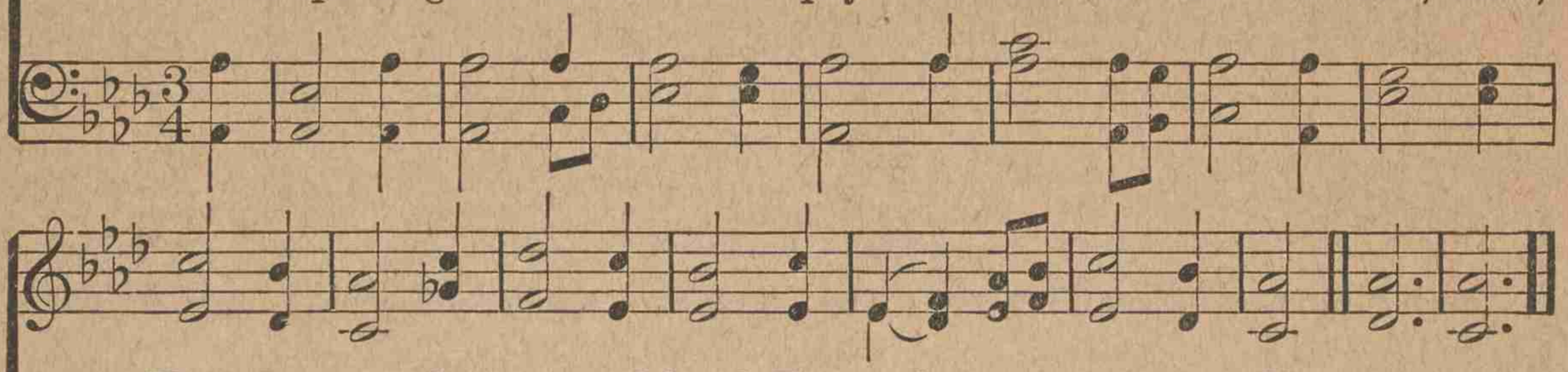


23 Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?
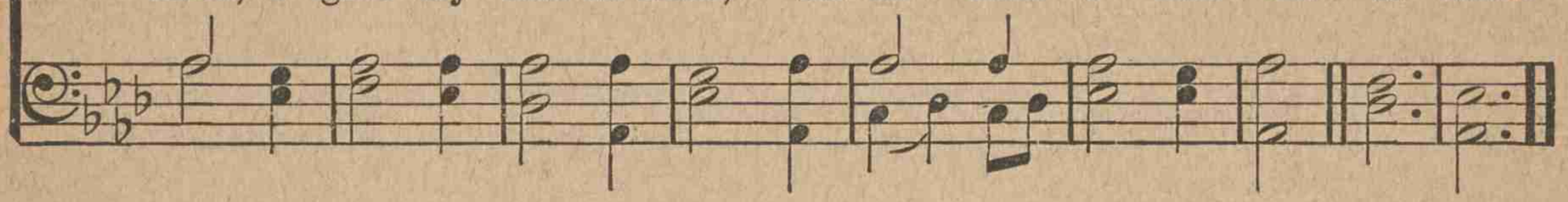
Isaac Watts. *Avon. C. M.* Hugh Wilson.



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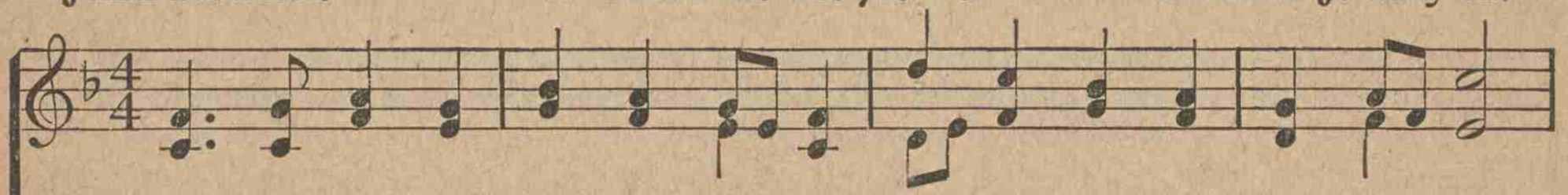


He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!
Christ, the might-y Mak - er, died, For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Lord, I give my - self to Thee,—'Tis all that I can do. A - MEN.
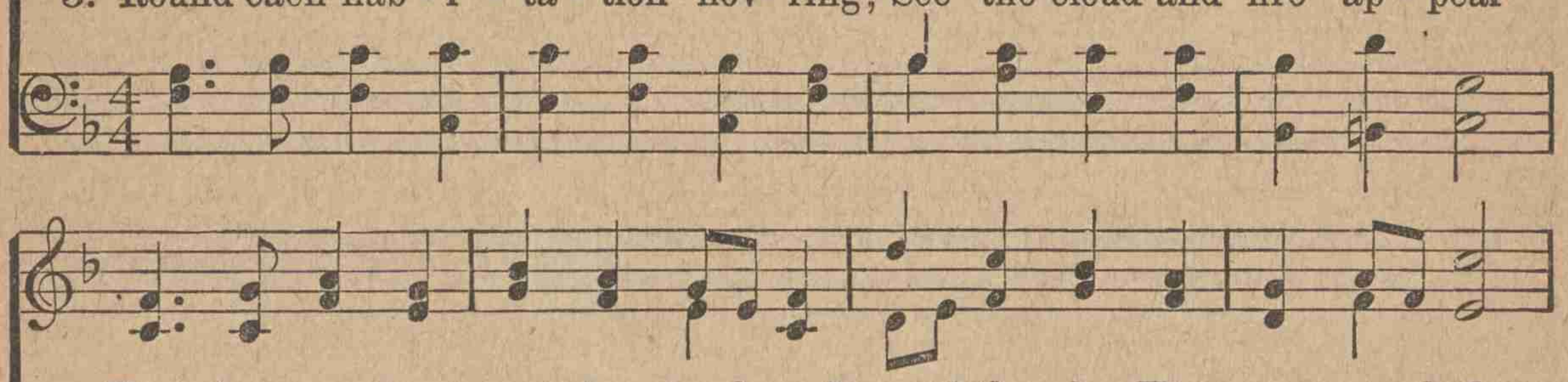


24 Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.

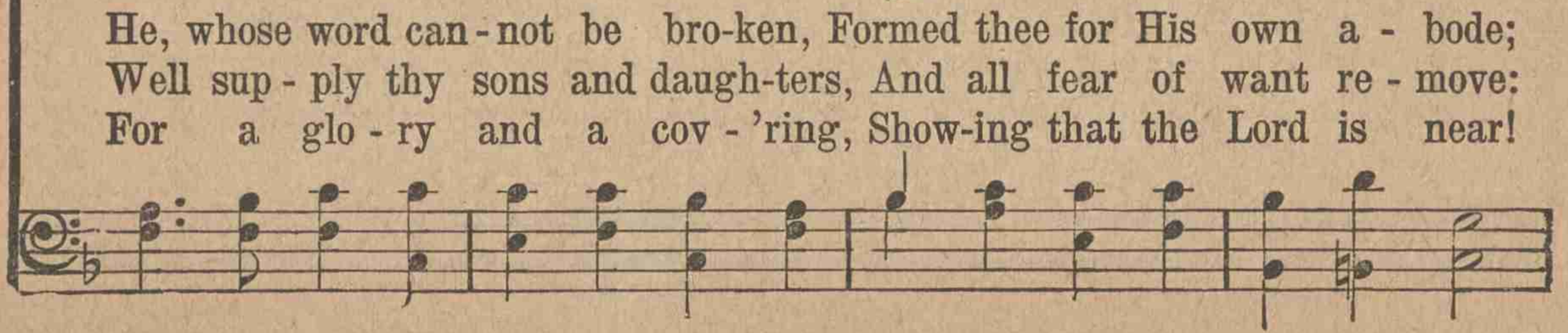
John Newton. *Austria. 8s. 7s. D.* Francis J. Haydn.



1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Spring-ing from e - ter - nal love,
3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov-'ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear



He, whose word can - not be bro-ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode;
Well sup - ply thy sons and daugh-ters, And all fear of want re - move:
For a glo - ry and a cov - 'ring, Show-ing that the Lord is near!



Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.

On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst to assuage?
Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;

With sal-va-tion's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
Grace which, like the Lord, the Giv-er, Nev-er fails from age to age.
He, whose word can-not be bro-ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode. A - MEN.

25 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.
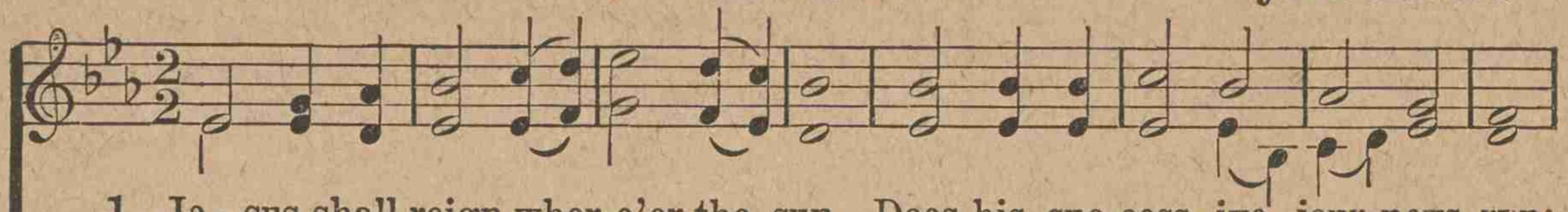
Isaac Watts. *St. Martin's. C. M.* William Tansur.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs; Kin-
2. Look how we grov - el here be- low, Fond of these earth - ly toys; Our
3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise; Ho-
4. And shall we then for - ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate? Our

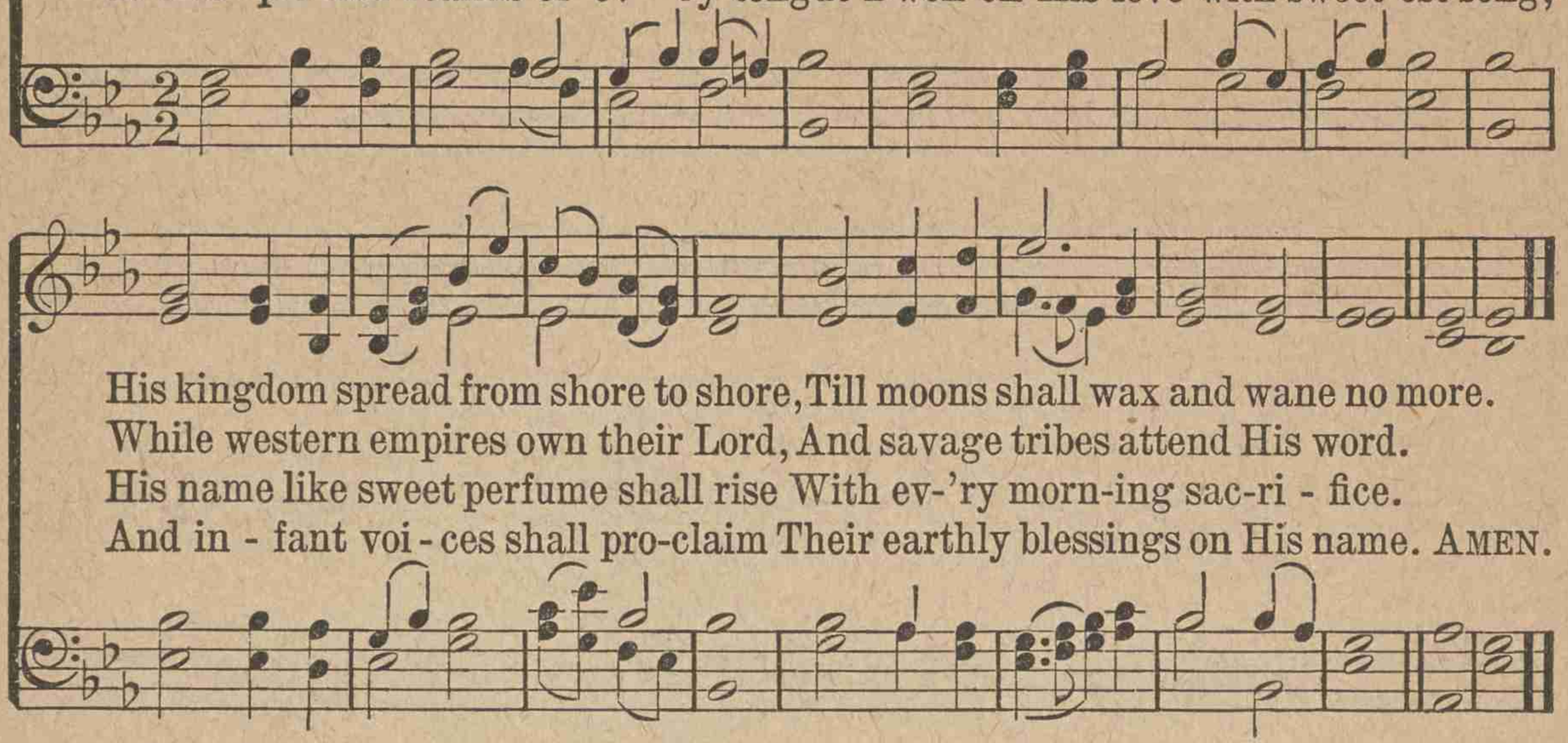
dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great! A - MEN.

26 Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. *Duke Street. L. M.* John Hatton.
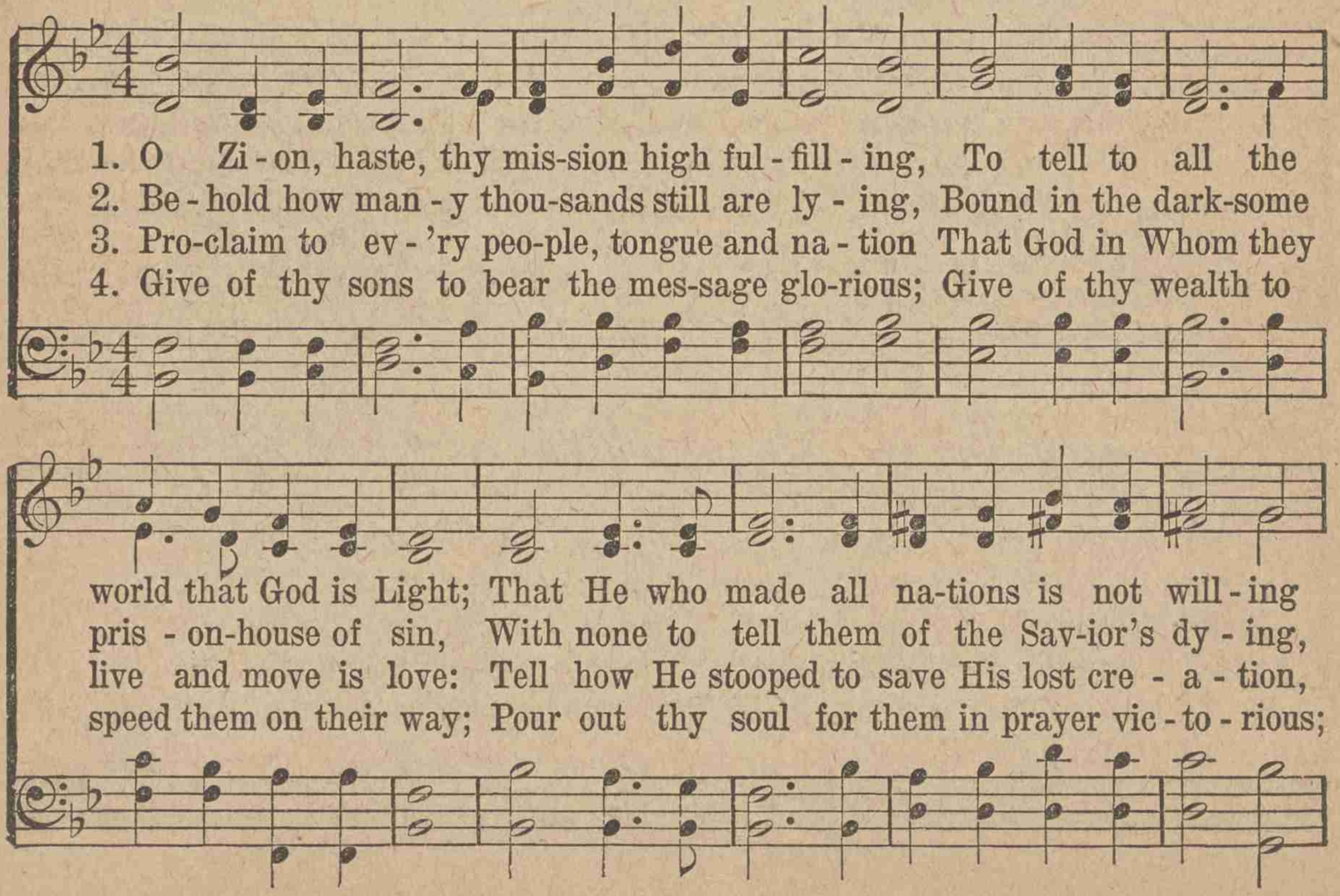


1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-cess - ive jour-neys run;
2. From north to south the prin - ces meet To pay their hom-age at His feet;
3. To Him shall end-less prayer be made, And end-less prais-es crown His head;
4. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet-est song,



His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
While western empires own their Lord, And savage tribes attend His word.
His name like sweet perfume shall rise With ev-'ry morn-ing sac-ri - fice.
And in - fant voi - ces shall pro-claim Their earthly blessings on His name. AMEN.

27 O Zion, Haste.

Mary A. Thomson. *Tidings. P. M.* James Walch.



1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold how man - y thou-sands still are ly - ing, Bound in the dark-some
3. Pro-claim to ev - 'ry peo-ple, tongue and na - tion That God in Whom they
4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo-rious; Give of thy wealth to

world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will - ing
pris - on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy - ing,
live and move is love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic - to - rious;

O Zion, Haste.

REFRAIN.

One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win. Pub - lish glad ti - dings,
And died on earth that man might live a - bove.
And all thou spend - est Je - sus will re - pay.

Ti - dings of peace; Ti - dings of Je - sus, Re-demp-tion and re-lease. A-MEN.

28 Fling Out the Banner! Let It Float.
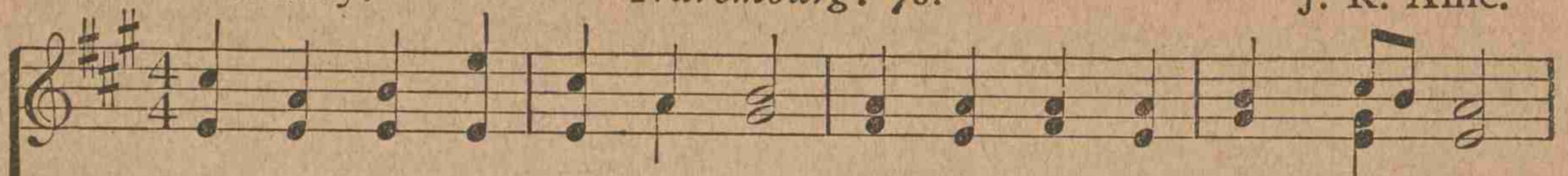
George W. Doane. *Doane. L. M.* J. Baptiste Calkin.

1. Fling out the ban-ner! Let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide; The
2. Fling out the ban-ner! An - gels bend In anx-ious si - lence o'er the sign, And
3. Fling out the ban-ner! Heathen lands Shall see from far the glorious sight, And
4. Fling out the ban-ner! Sin-sick souls, That sink and per-ish in the strife, Shall
5. Fling out the ban-ner! Wide and high, Seaward and skyward, let it shine: Nor
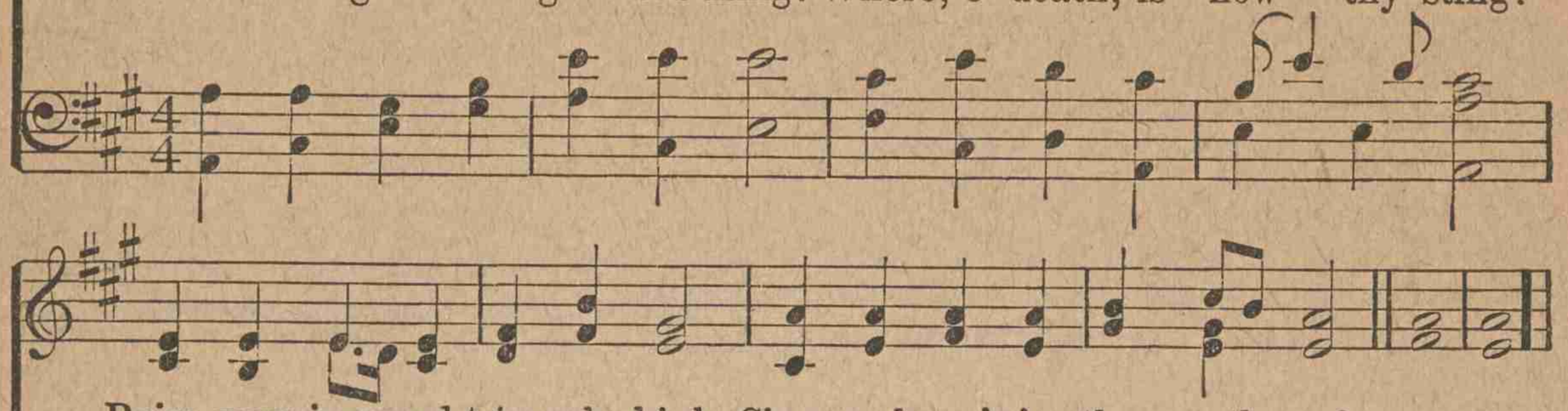
sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-ior died.
vain - ly seek to com-pre - hend The won-der of the love di - vine.
na - tions crowd-ing to be born, Bap-tize their spir-its in its light.
touch in faith its ra-diant hem, And spring im-mor-tal in - to life.
skill, nor might, nor mer-it ours; We con-quer on - ly in that sign. A-MEN.

29 Christ the Lord is Risen To-day.
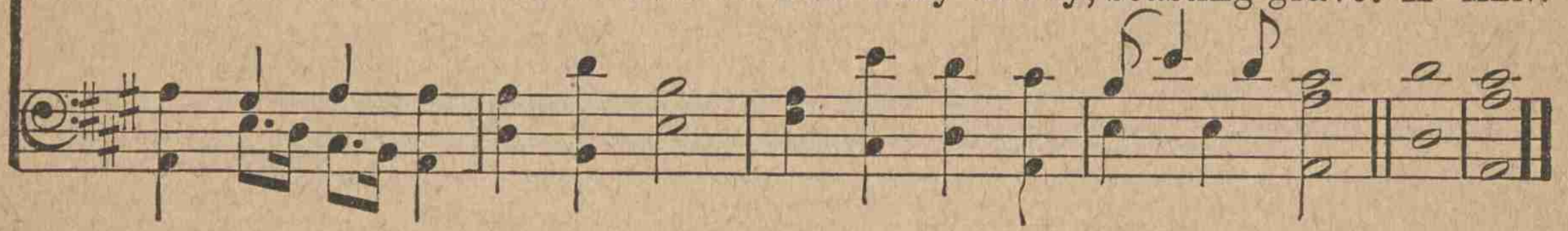
Charles Wesley. *Nuremburg. 7s.* J. R. Ahle.



1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say:
2. Love's re - deem-ing work is done; Fought the fight; the bat - tle won:
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
4. Lives a - gain our glo-rious King: Where, O death, is now thy sting?
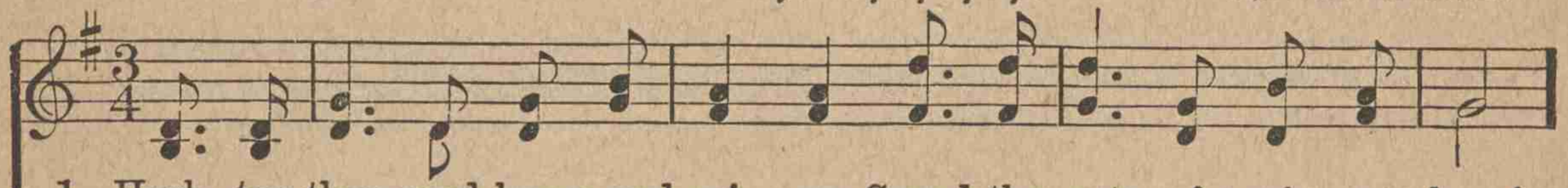


Raise your joys and triumphs high, Sing, ye heav'n's; thou earth, reply.
Lo! our Sun's e-clipse is o'er; Lo! he sets in blood no more.
Death in vain for-bids His rise—Christ hath opened Par - a - dise.
Once He died our souls to save: Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave? A - MEN.
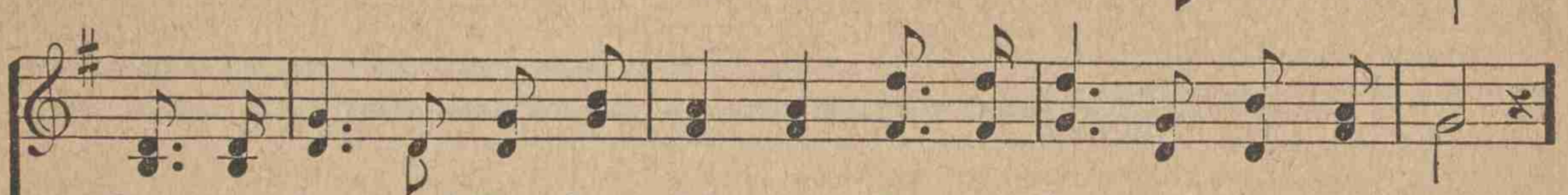


30 Hark, Ten Thousand Harps.
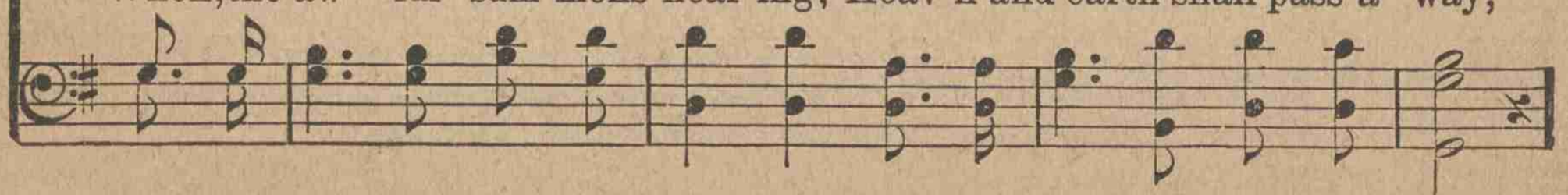
Thomas Kelly. *Harwell. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 7.* Lowell Mason.
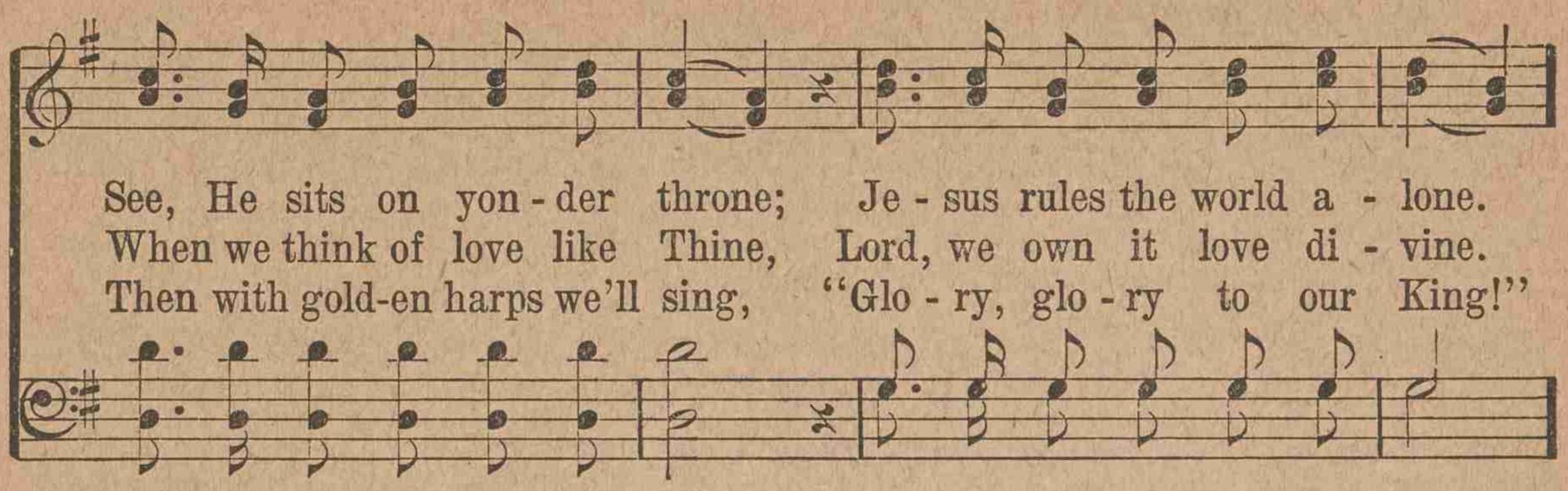


1. Hark, ten thou-sand harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise a - bove!
2. Je - sus, hail! whose glo-ry bright-ens All a - bove, and gives it worth;
3. Sav - ior, has - ten Thine ap-pear - ing; Bring, O bring the glo-rious day,
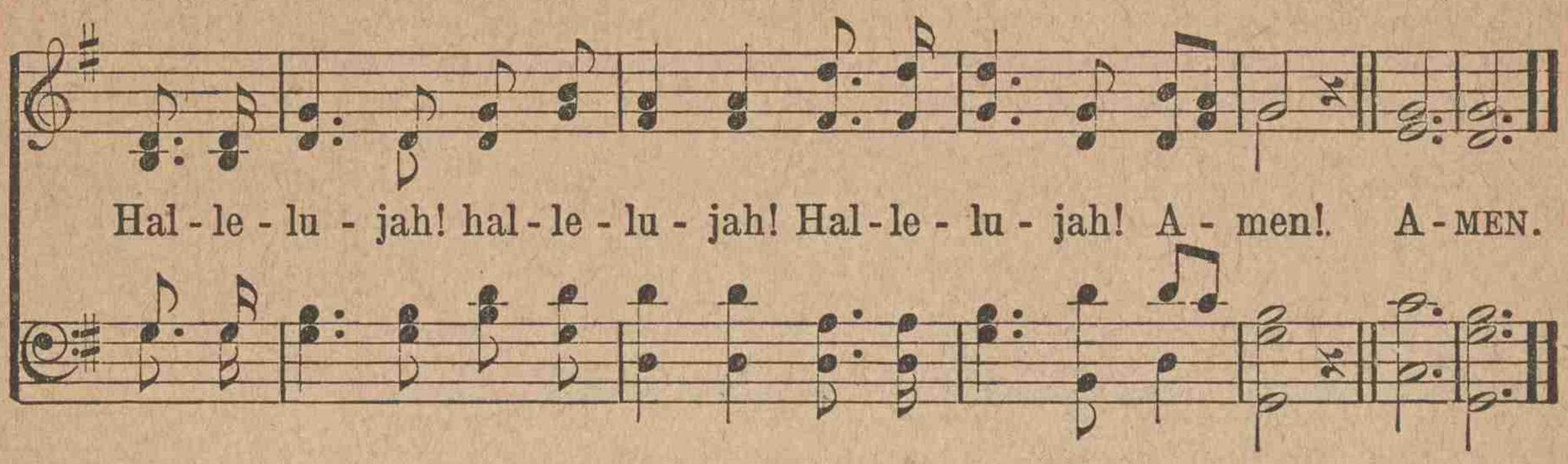


Je - sus reigns, and Heav'n re - joi - ces, Je - sus reigns, the God of love;
Lord of life, Thy smile en - light-ens, Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth;
When, the aw - ful sum-mons hear-ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way;



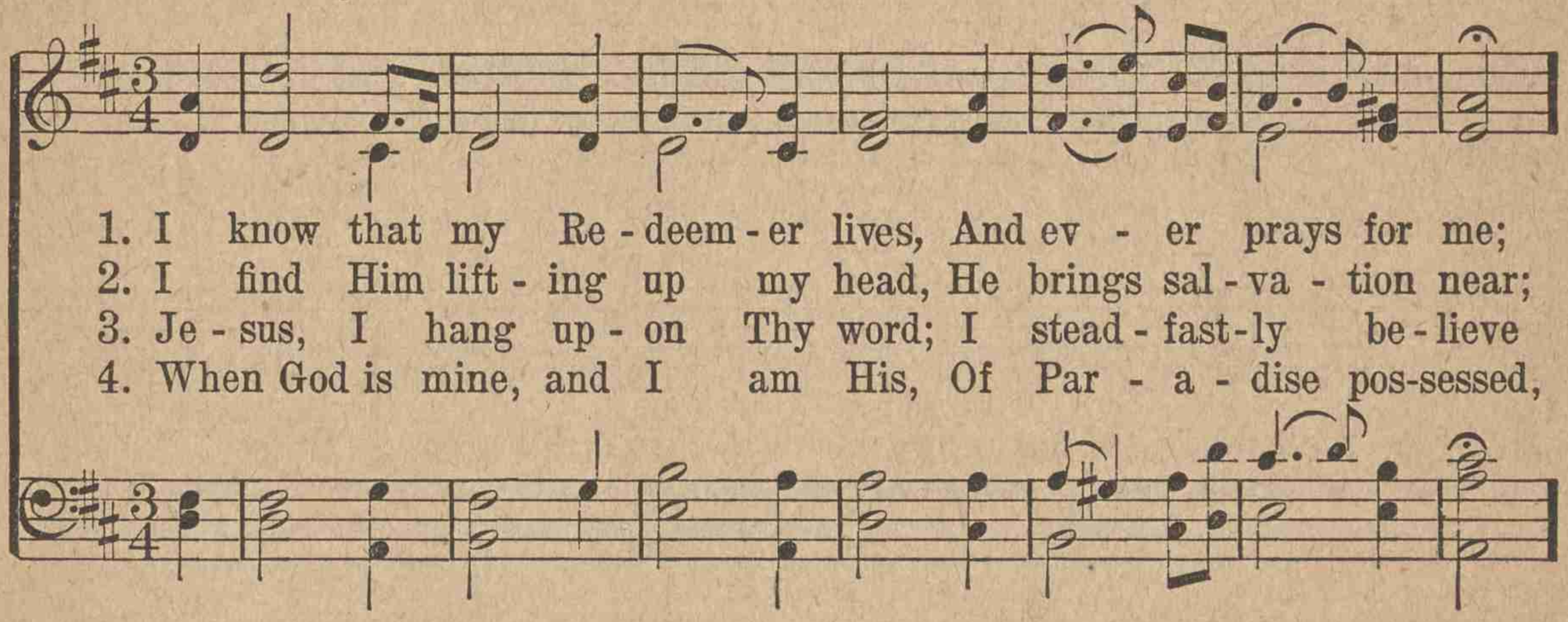
Hark, Ten Thousand Harps.

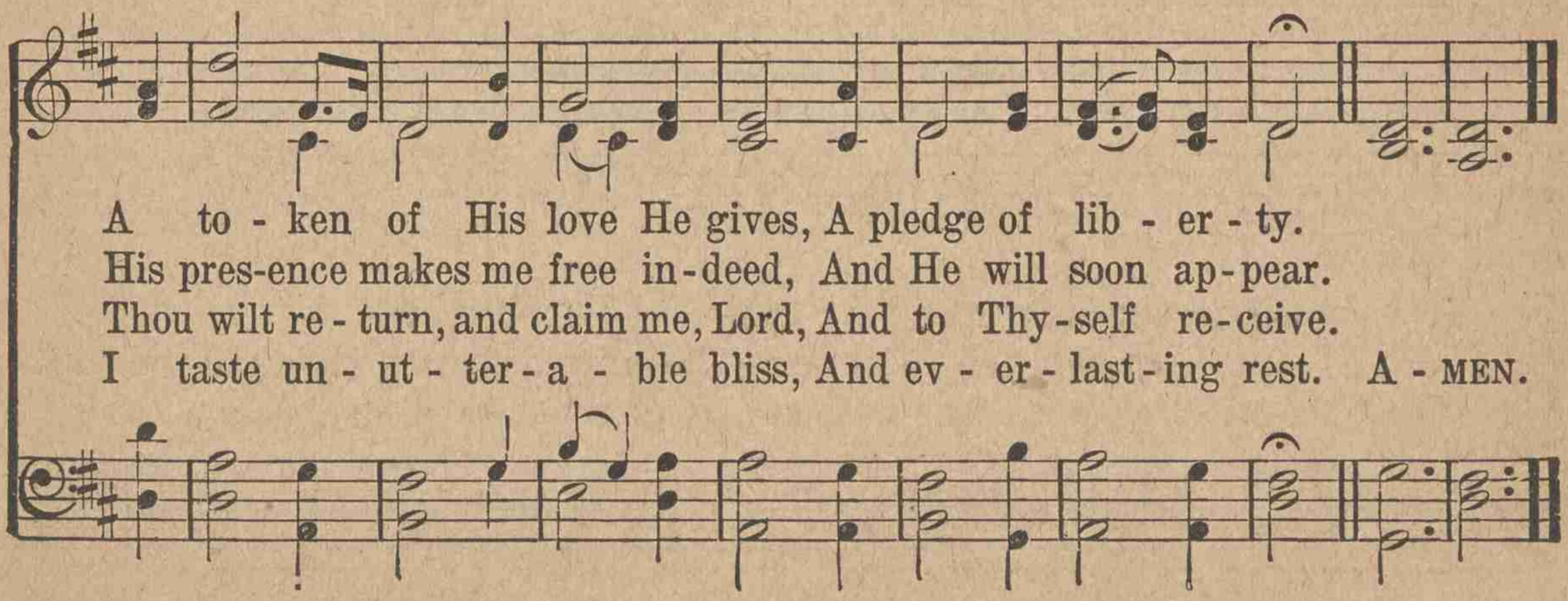




31 I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

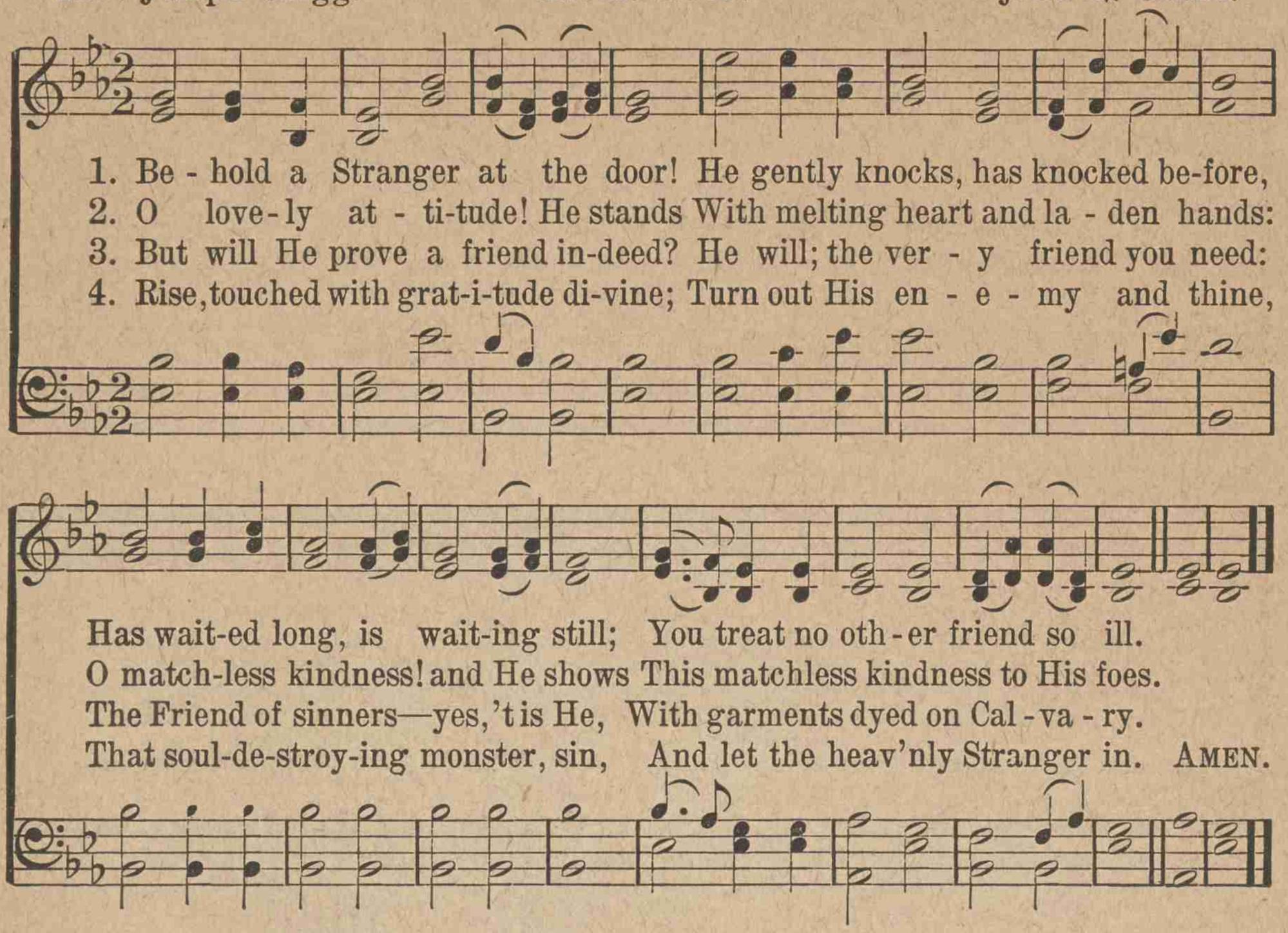
Charles Wesley. *Messiah. C. M.* Handel.





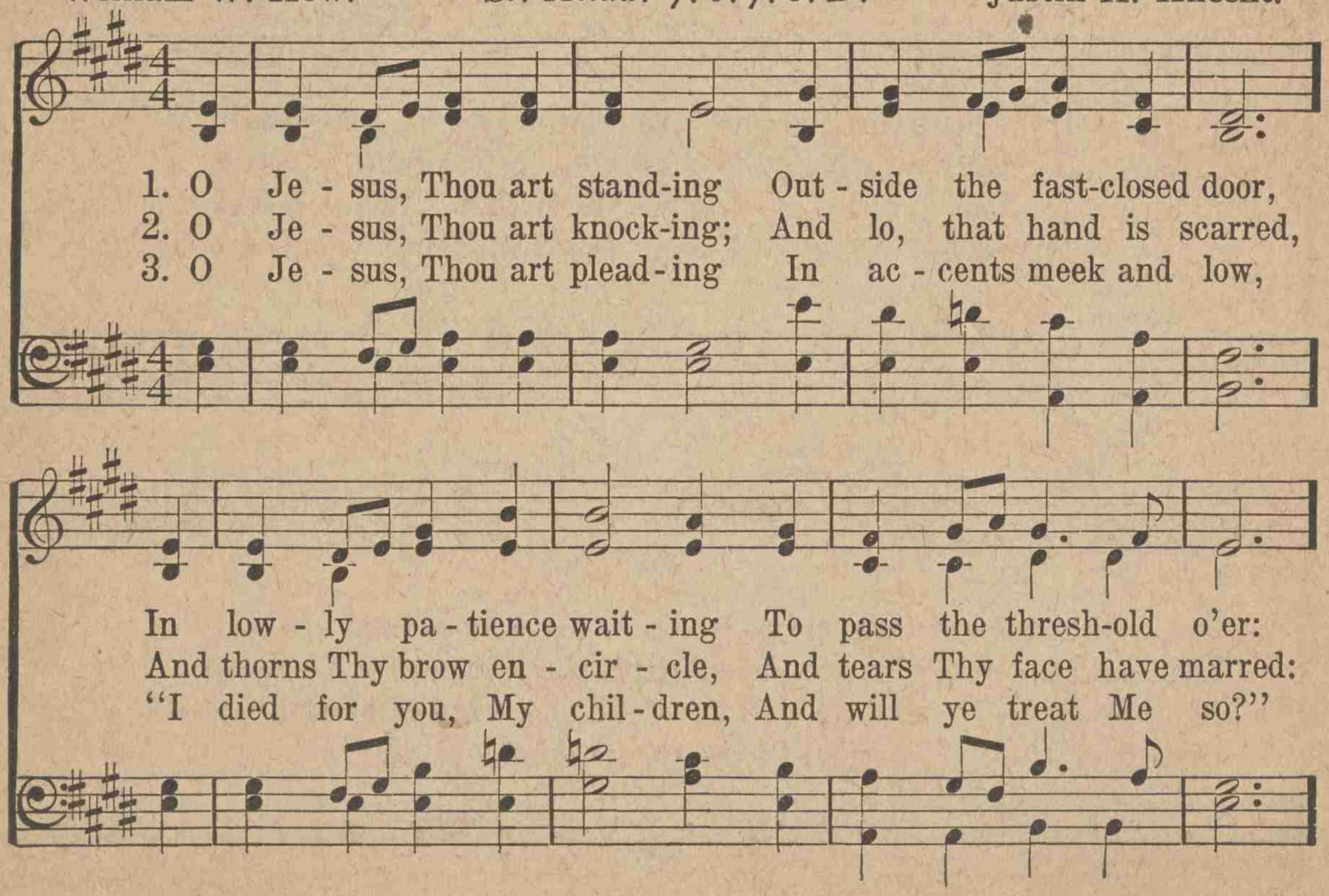
32 Behold a Stranger at the Door!

Rev. Joseph Grigg. *Berla. L. M.* John E. Gould.



33 O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How. *St. Hilda. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.* Justin H. Knecht.



O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

Shame on us, Chris-tian broth - ers, His name and sign who bear,
O love that pass - eth knowl - edge, So pa - tient-ly to wait!
O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door;

O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand-ing there!
O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
Dear Sav - ior, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more. A-MEN.

34 Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.
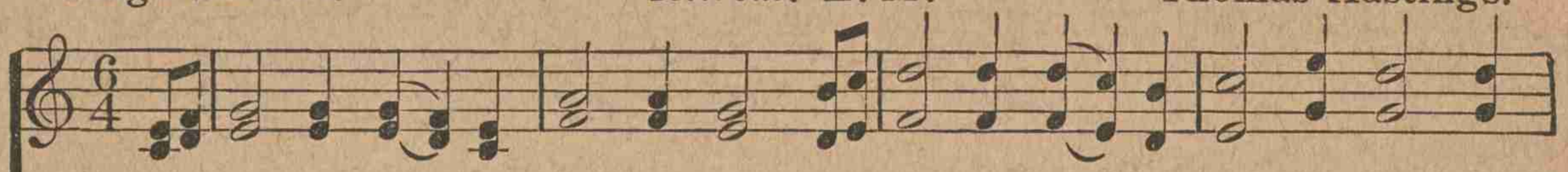
A. Reed. *Mercy. 7s.* Gottschalk.

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;
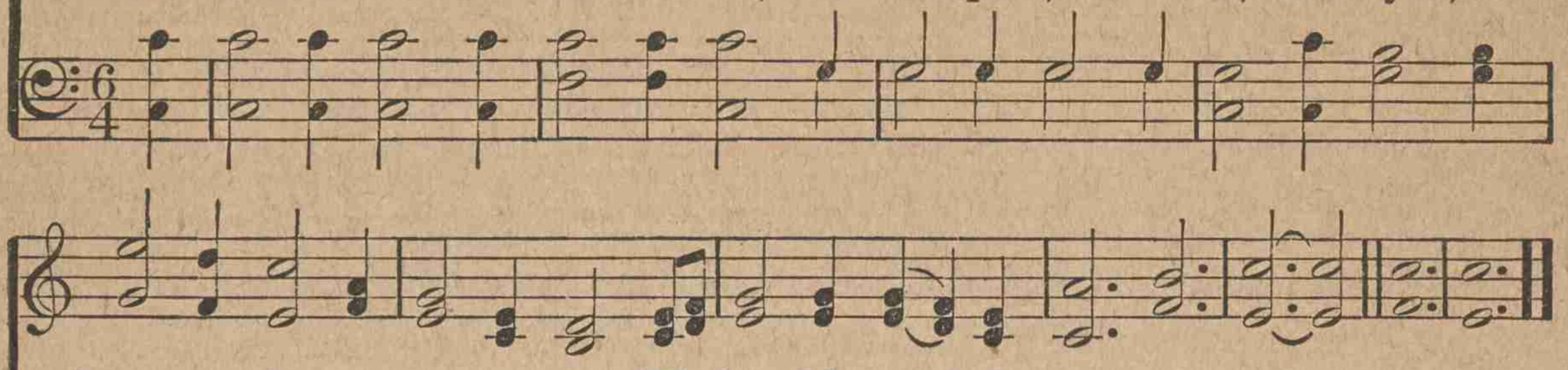
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
Long hath sin with-out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my man - y woes de - part, Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol-throne, Reign supreme—and reign alone. A - MEN.

35 From Every Stormy Wind.
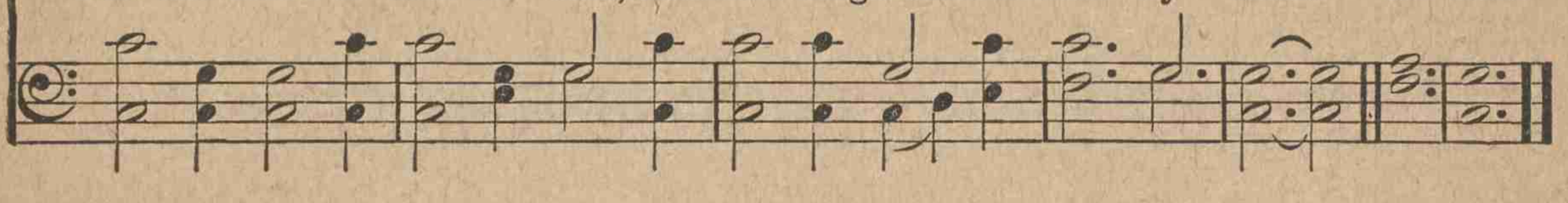
Hugh Stowell. *Retreat. L. M.* Thomas Hastings.



1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes, There
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads; A
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Tho'
4. Ah! whith-er could we flee for aid, When tempted, des-o-late, dis-mayed; Or
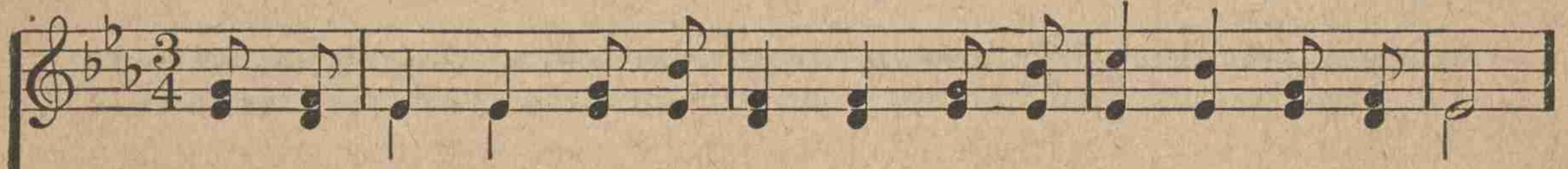


is a calm, a sure re-treat: 'Tis found beneath the mer-cy - seat.
place than all besides more sweet: It is the blood-bo't mer-cy - seat.
sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mer-cy - seat.
how the hosts of hell de-feat, Had suff'ring saints no mer-cy - seat? A-MEN.

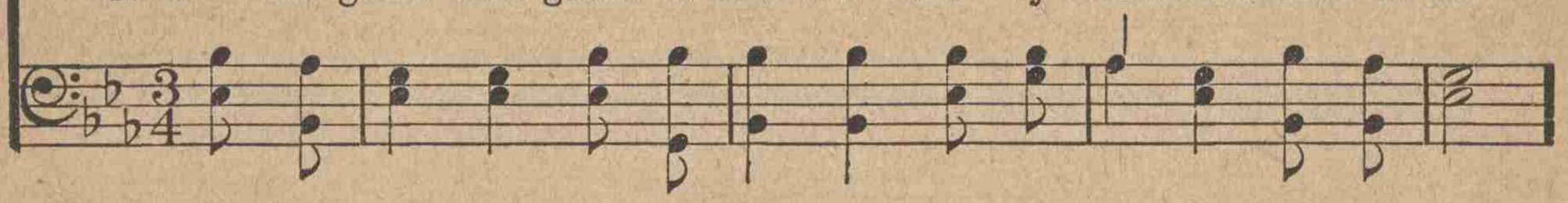


36 Come, Thou Fount.

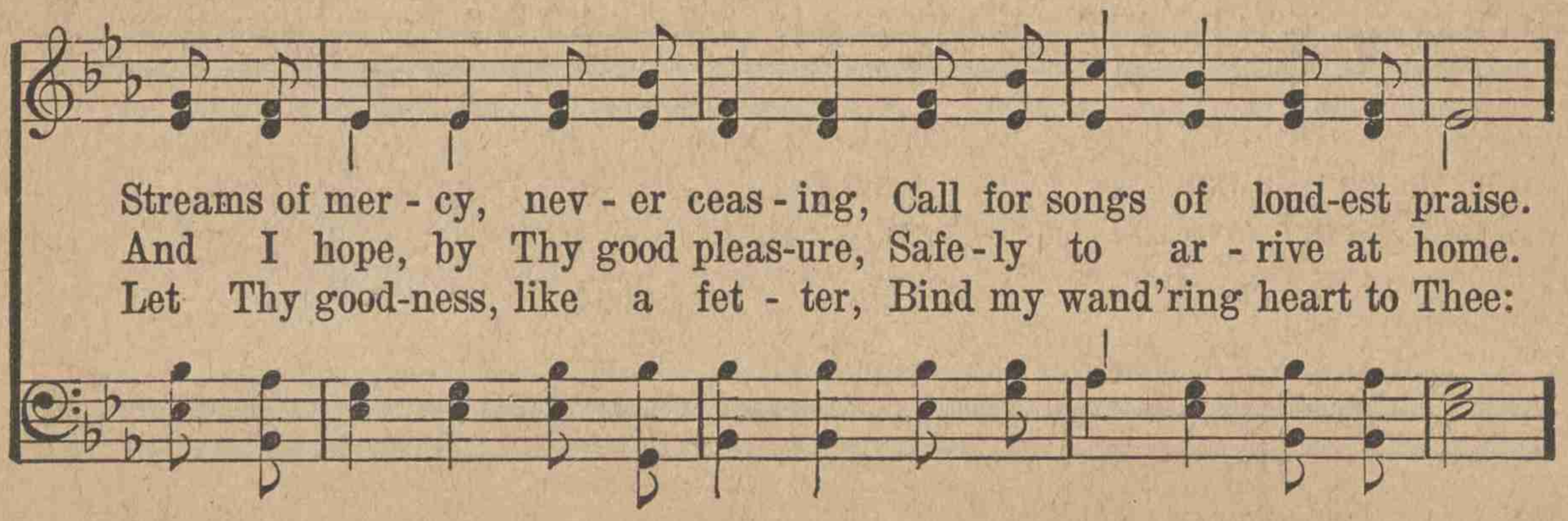
Robert Robinson. *Nettleton. 8s. 7s. D.* John Wyeth.
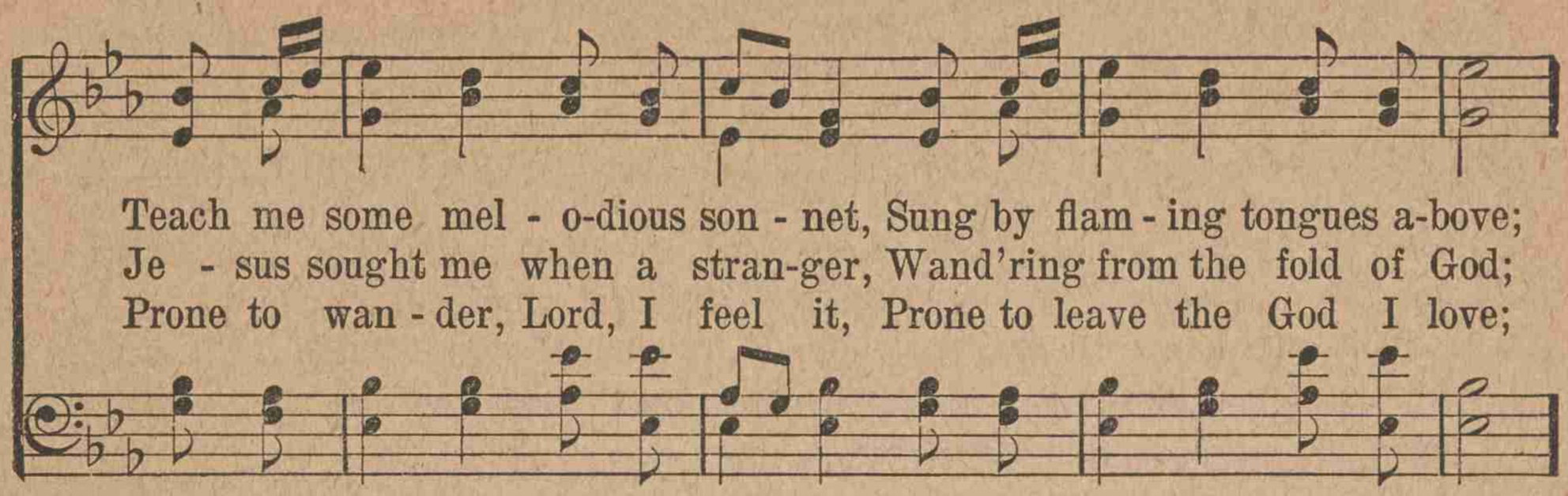


1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise mine Eb-en-e-zer; Hith-er by Thy help I'm come;
3. O to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm constrained to be!

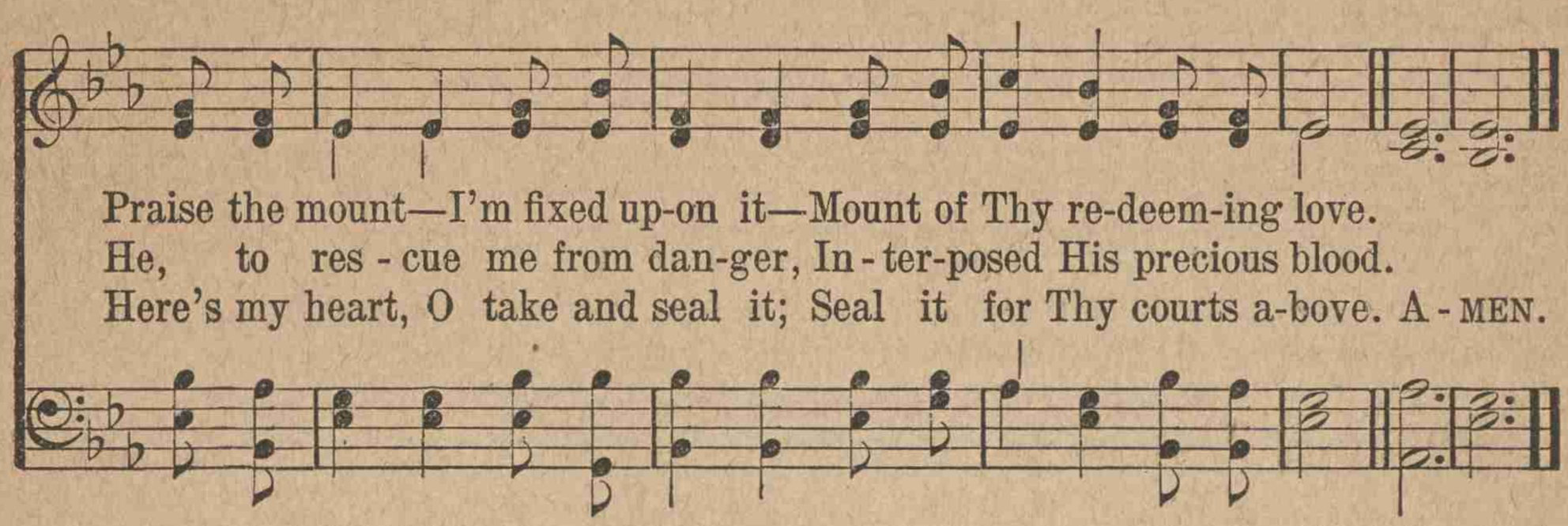


Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.
Let Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee:



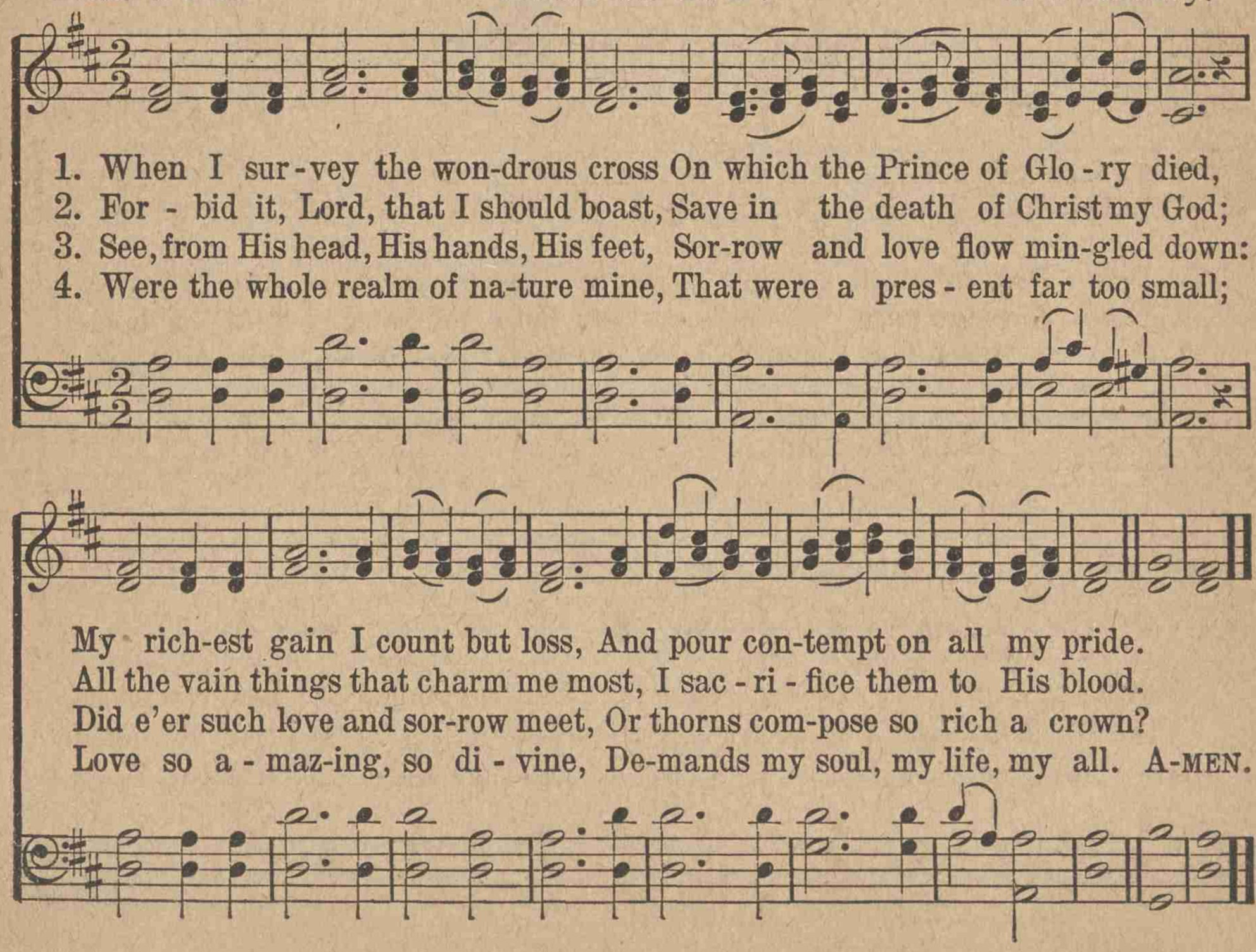
Come, Thou Fount.
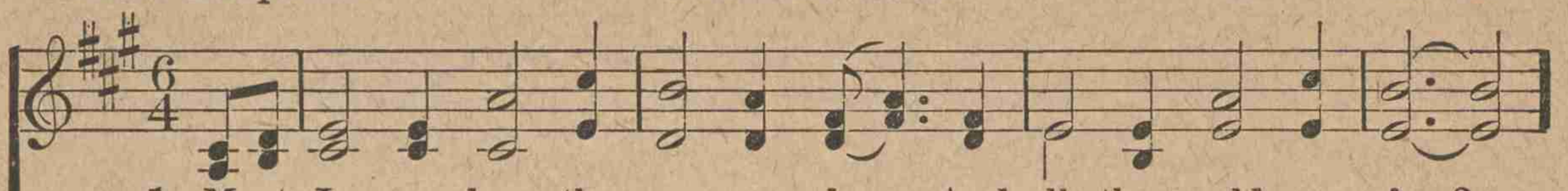




37 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts. *Eucharist. L. M.* I. Woodbury.

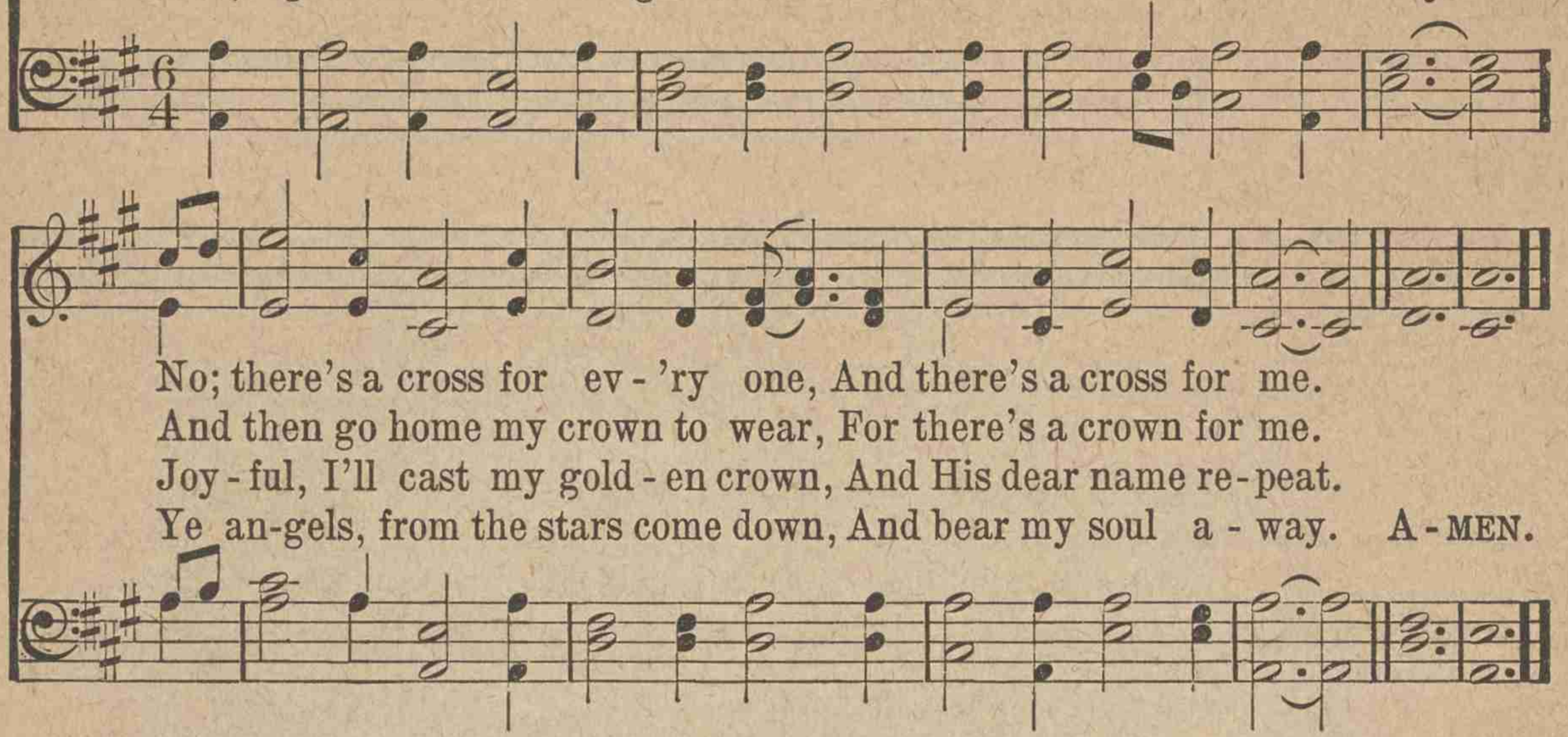


38 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. *Maitland. C. M.* Geo. N. Allen.
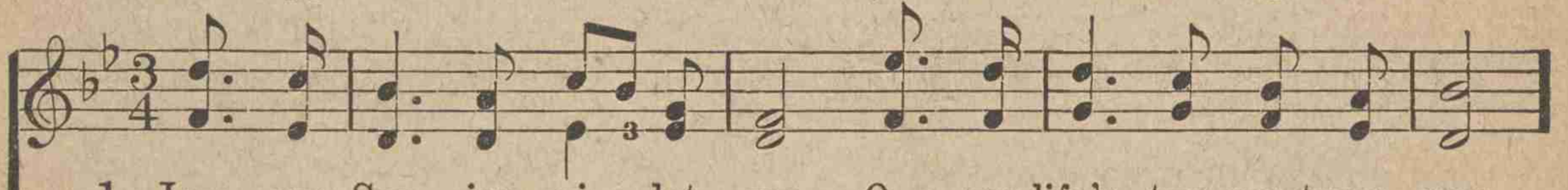


1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?—
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,
3. Up - on the crys - tal pave-ment, down At Je - sus' pierc-ed feet,
4. O, pre-cious cross! O glo-rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!
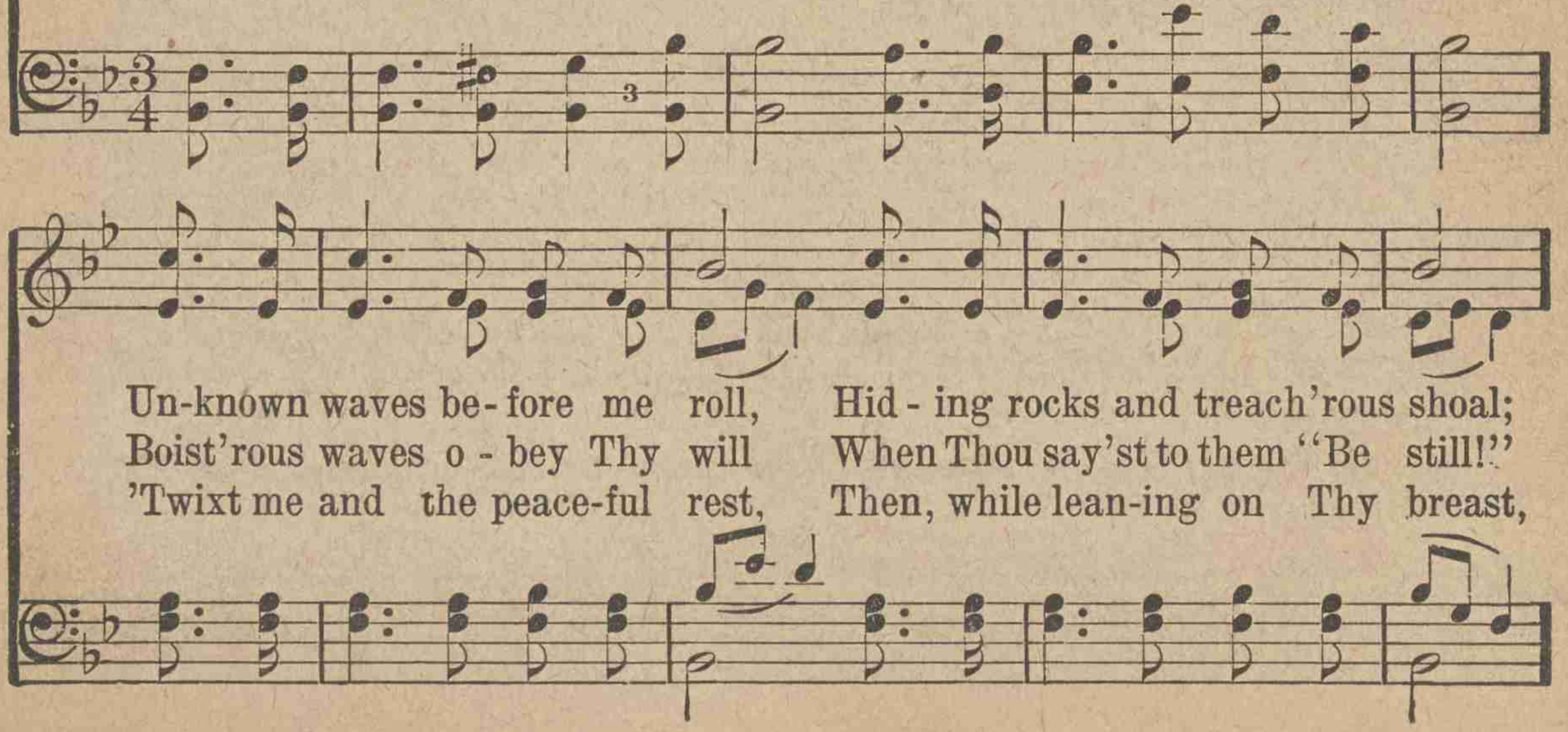


No; there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Joy - ful, I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
Ye an-gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way. A - MEN.

39 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. *Pilot. 6. 7.* J. E. Gould.
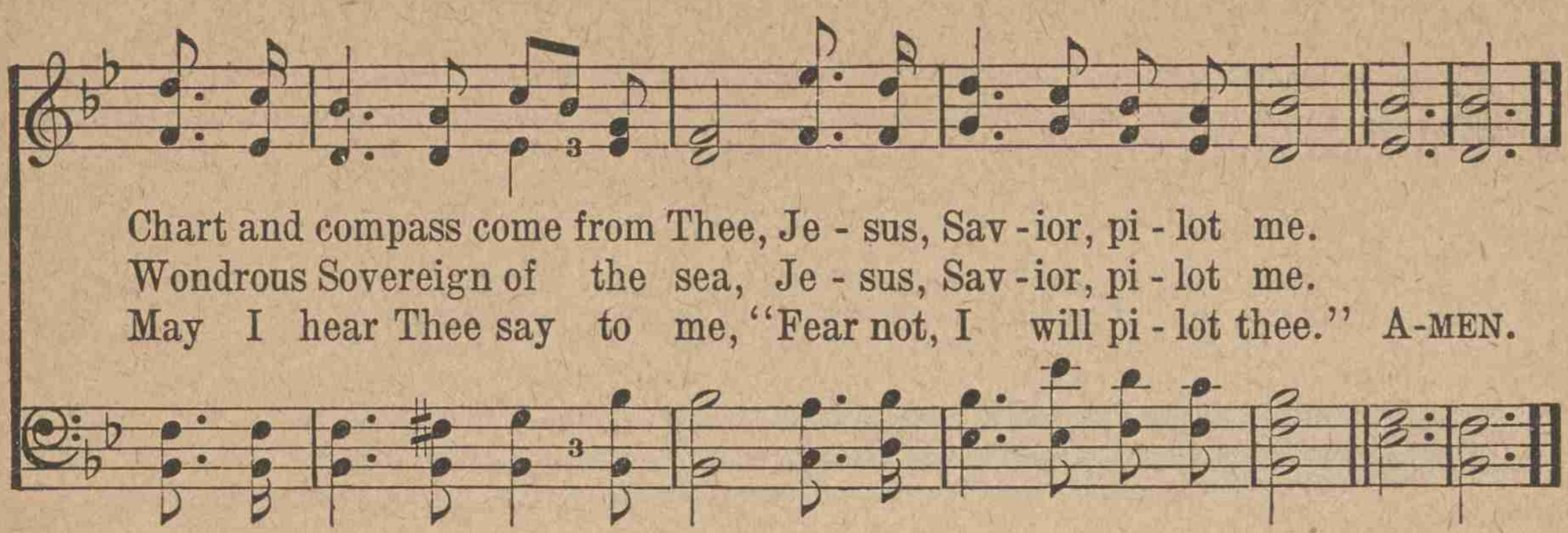


1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pes-tuous sea:
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar



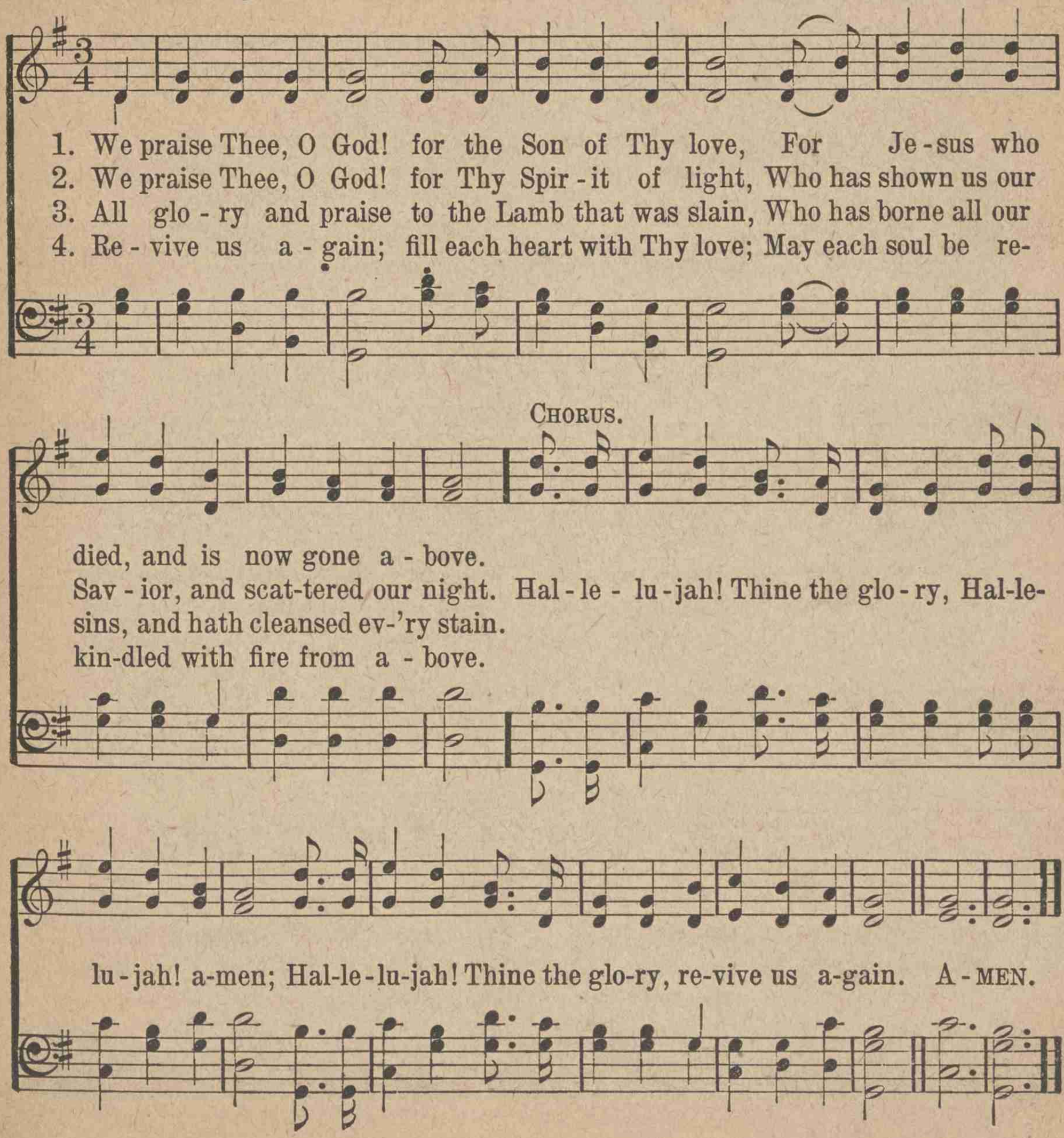
Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.
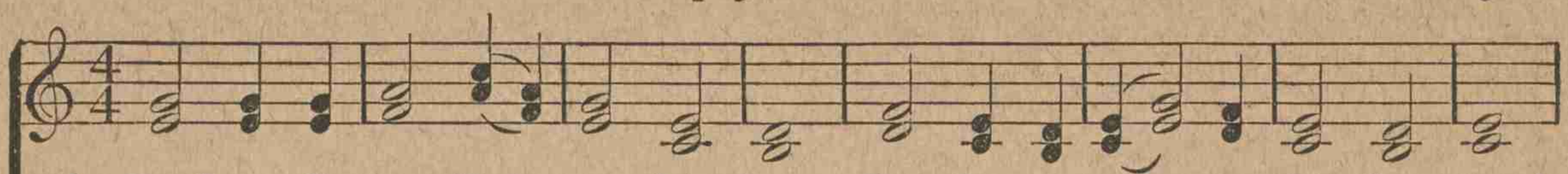


40 Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. John J. Husband.
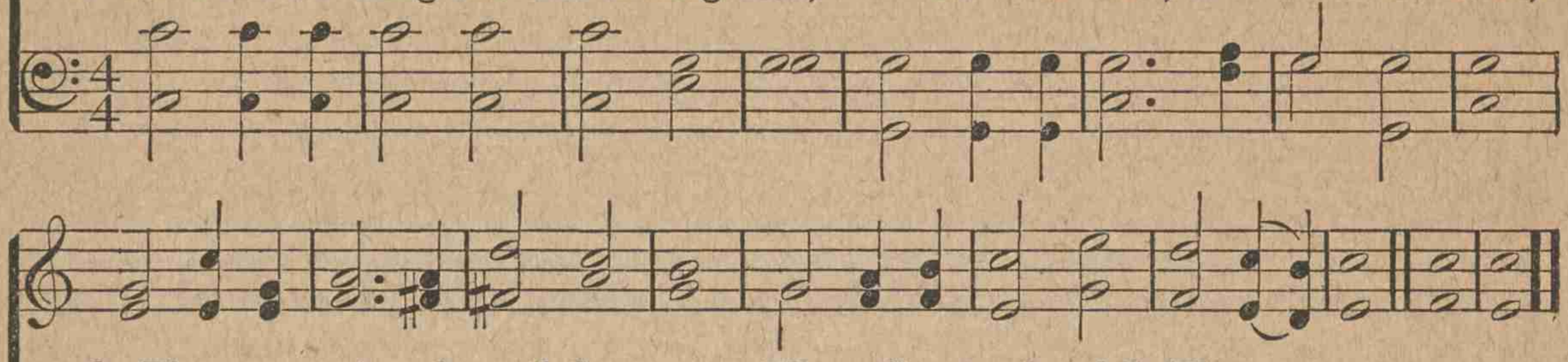


41 O Love Divine.

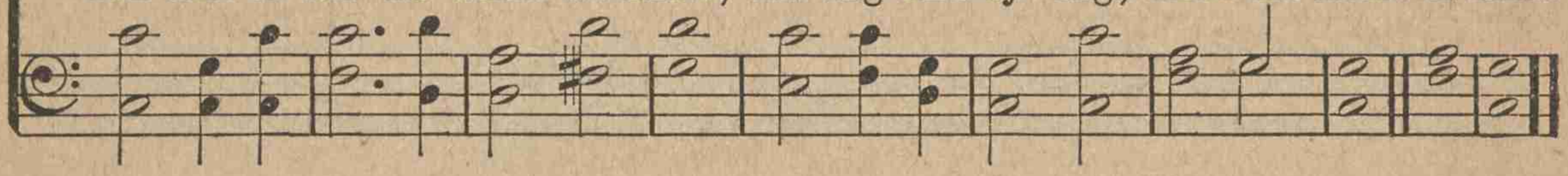
Oliver W. Holmes. *Zephyr. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.



1. O Love di-vine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bit-t'rest tear!
2. Tho' long the wear-y way we tread, And sor-row crown each ling'ring year,
3. When drooping pleasure turns to grief, And trembling faith is changed to fear,
4. On Thee we fling our bur-d'ning woe, O Love di-vine, for-ev-er dear;

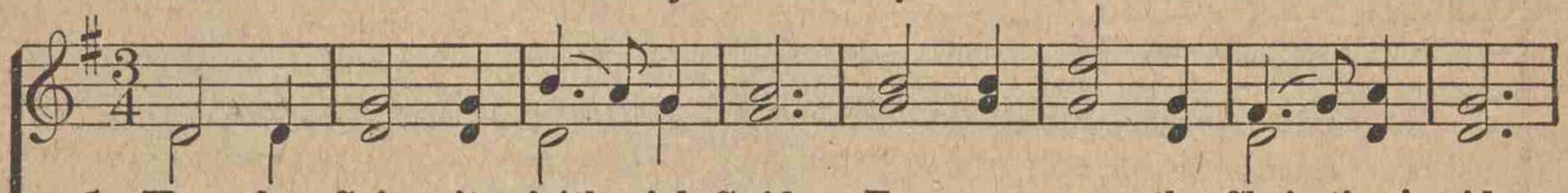


On Thee we cast each earth-born care; We smile at pain while Thou art near.
No path we shun, no darkness dread, Our hearts still whisp'ring, Thou art near!
The murm'ring wind, the quiv'ring leaf, Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!
Con-tent to suf-fer while we know, Liv-ing and dy-ing, Thou art near! A-MEN.

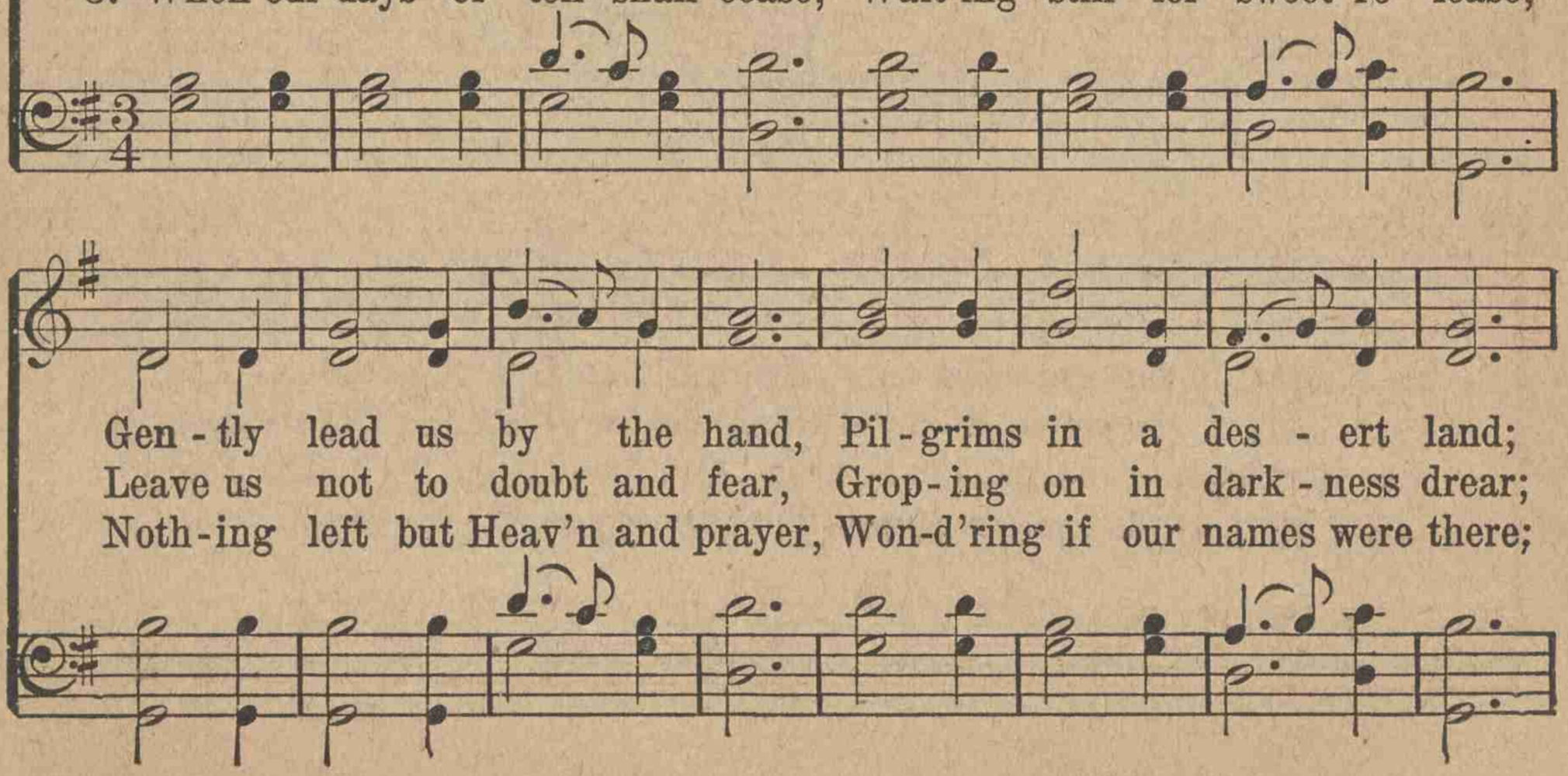


42 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

Marcus M. Wells. *Faithful Guide. 7s. D.* Marcus M. Wells.

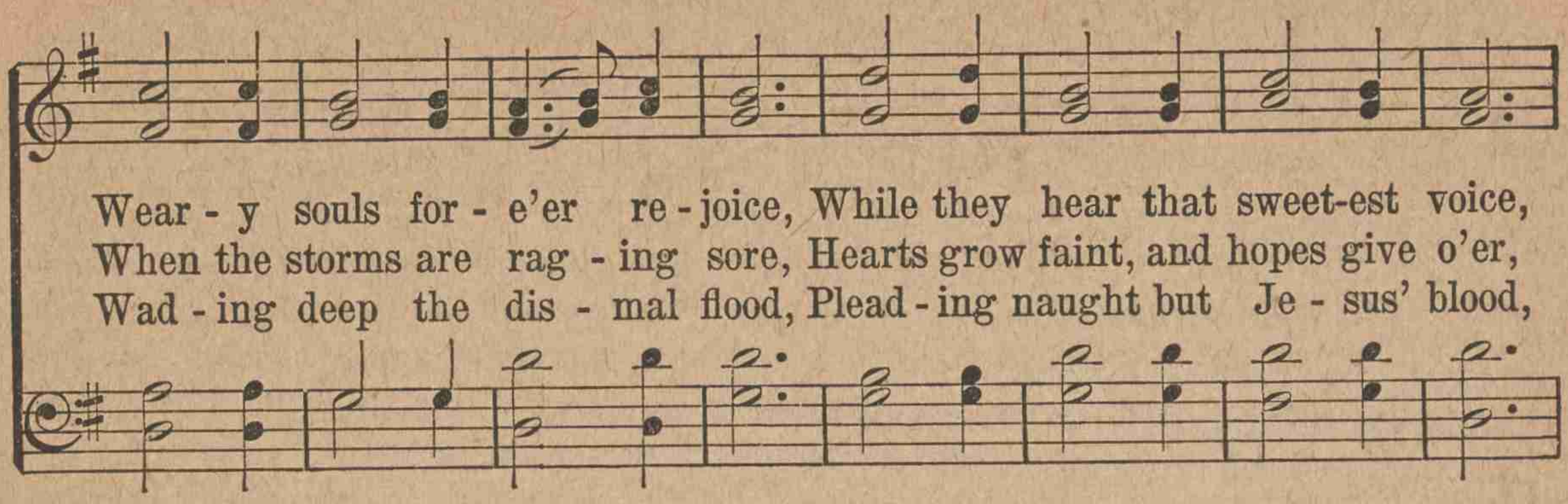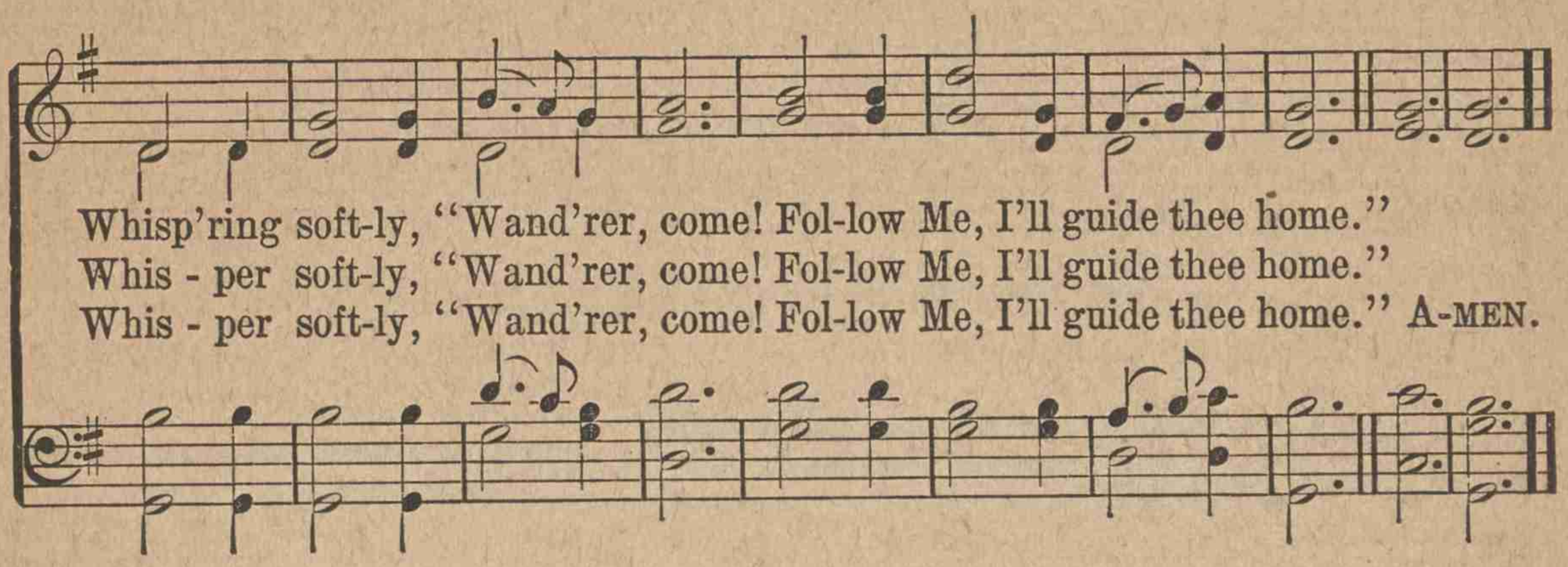


1. Ho-ly Spir-it, faith-ful Guide, Ev-er near the Chris-tian's side;
2. Ev-er pres-ent, tru-est Friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait-ing still for sweet re-lease,



Gen-tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des-ert land;
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear;
Noth-ing left but Heav'n and prayer, Won-d'ring if our names were there;

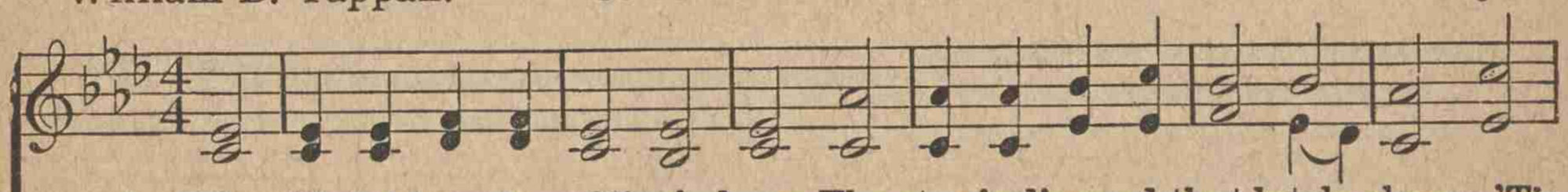
Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.
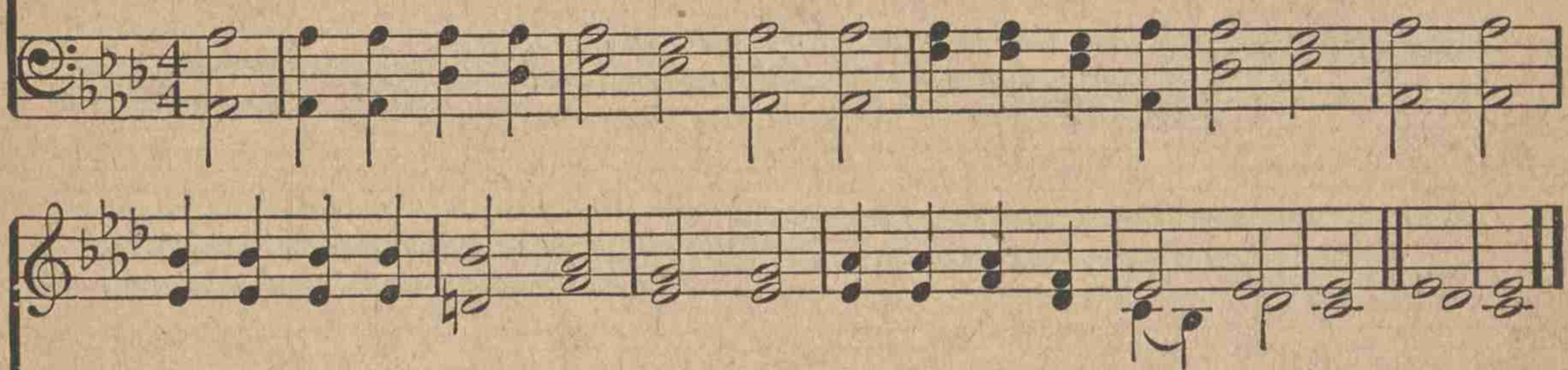




43 'Tis Midnight.

William B. Tappan. *Olive's Brow. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.





44 How Sweet the Name of Jesus.

John Newton. *Holy Cross. C. M.* Thomas Hastings.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear! It
2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast; Tis
3. Dear name! the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing place; My
4. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warm-est tho't; But

soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wear - y, rest.
nev - er - fail - ing treas-ure, filled With boundless stores of grace!
when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought. A - MEN.
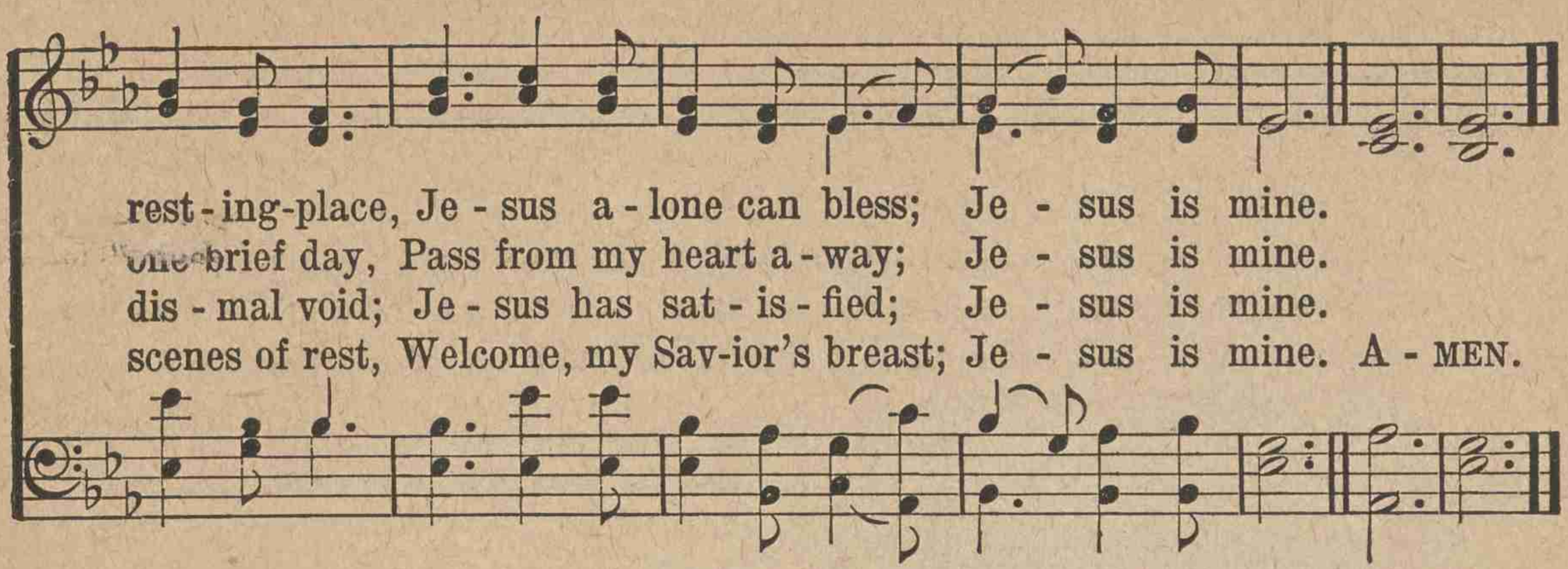
45 Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Jane C. Bonar. *Lundie. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.* Theodore E. Perkins.

1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy; Je - sus is mine. Break ev - 'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a - way; Je - sus is mine. Here would I
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night; Je - sus is mine. Lost in this
4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty; Je - sus is mine. Wel - come, e-
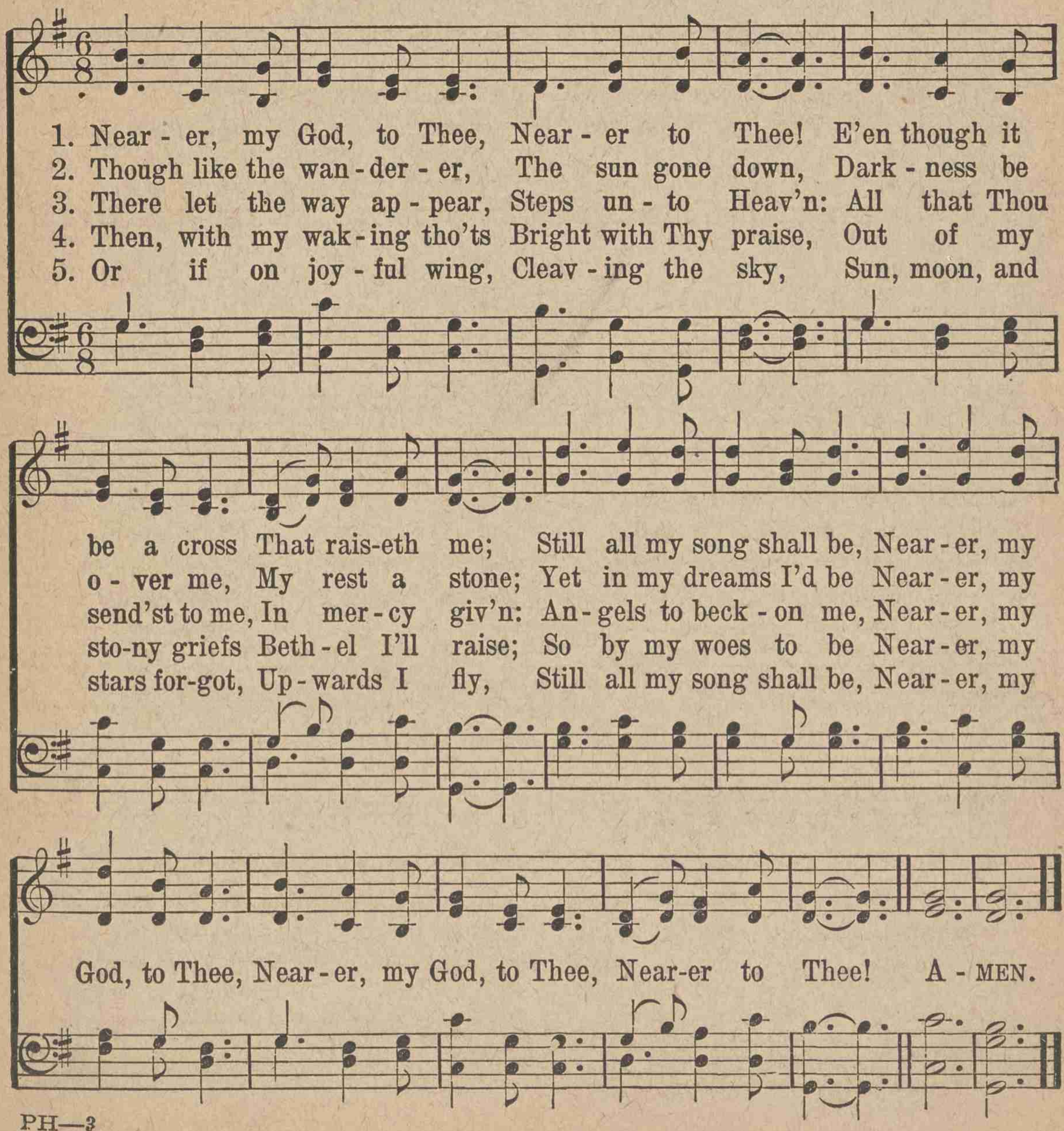
ten - der tie; Je - sus is mine. Dark is the wil-der-ness, Earth has no
ev - er stay; Je - sus is mine. Per - ish-ing things of clay, Born but for
dawning bright, Je - sus is mine. All that my soul has tried Left but a
ter - ni - ty; Je - sus is mine. Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet

Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.



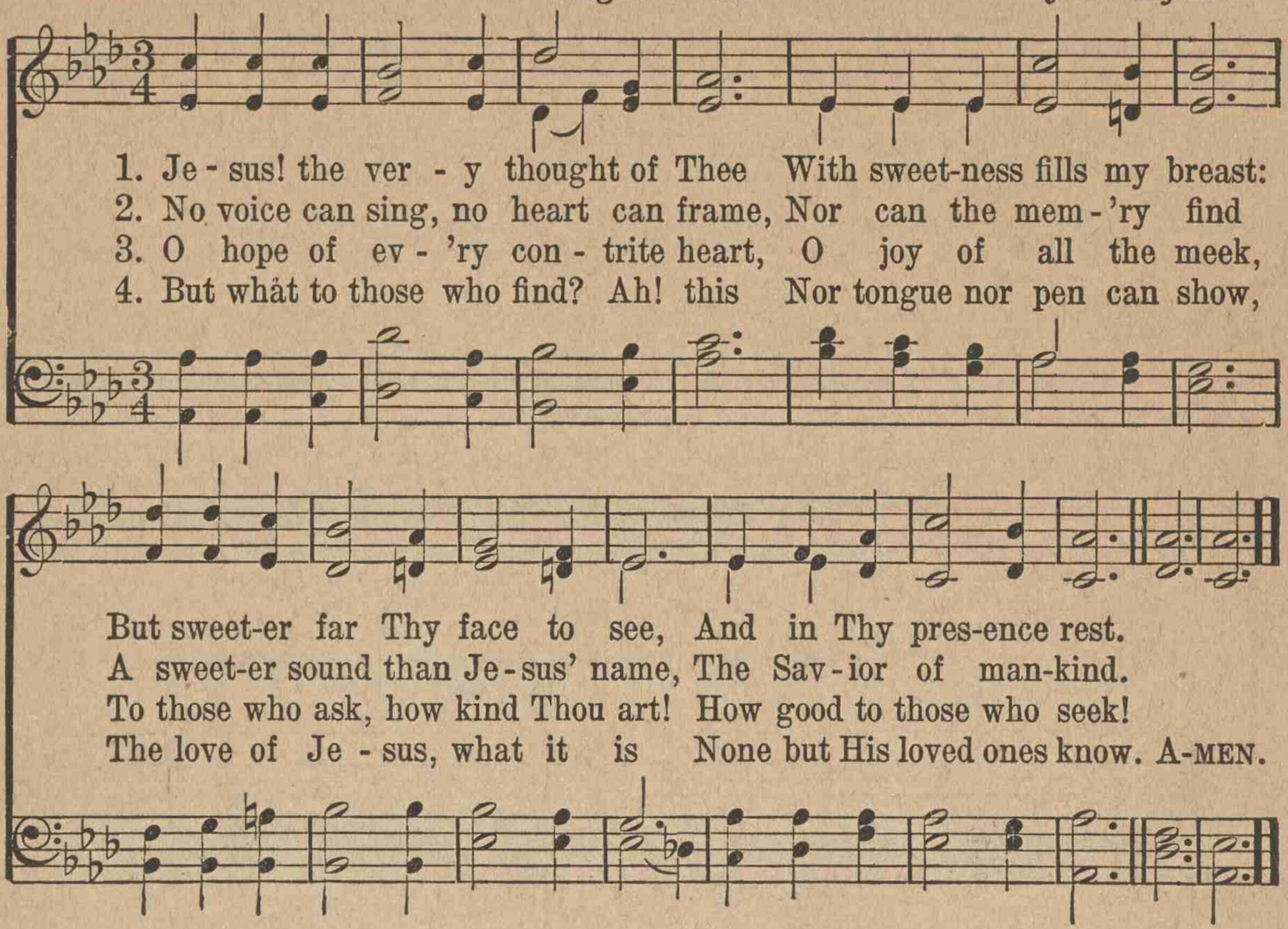
46 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. *Bethany. 6. 4.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.



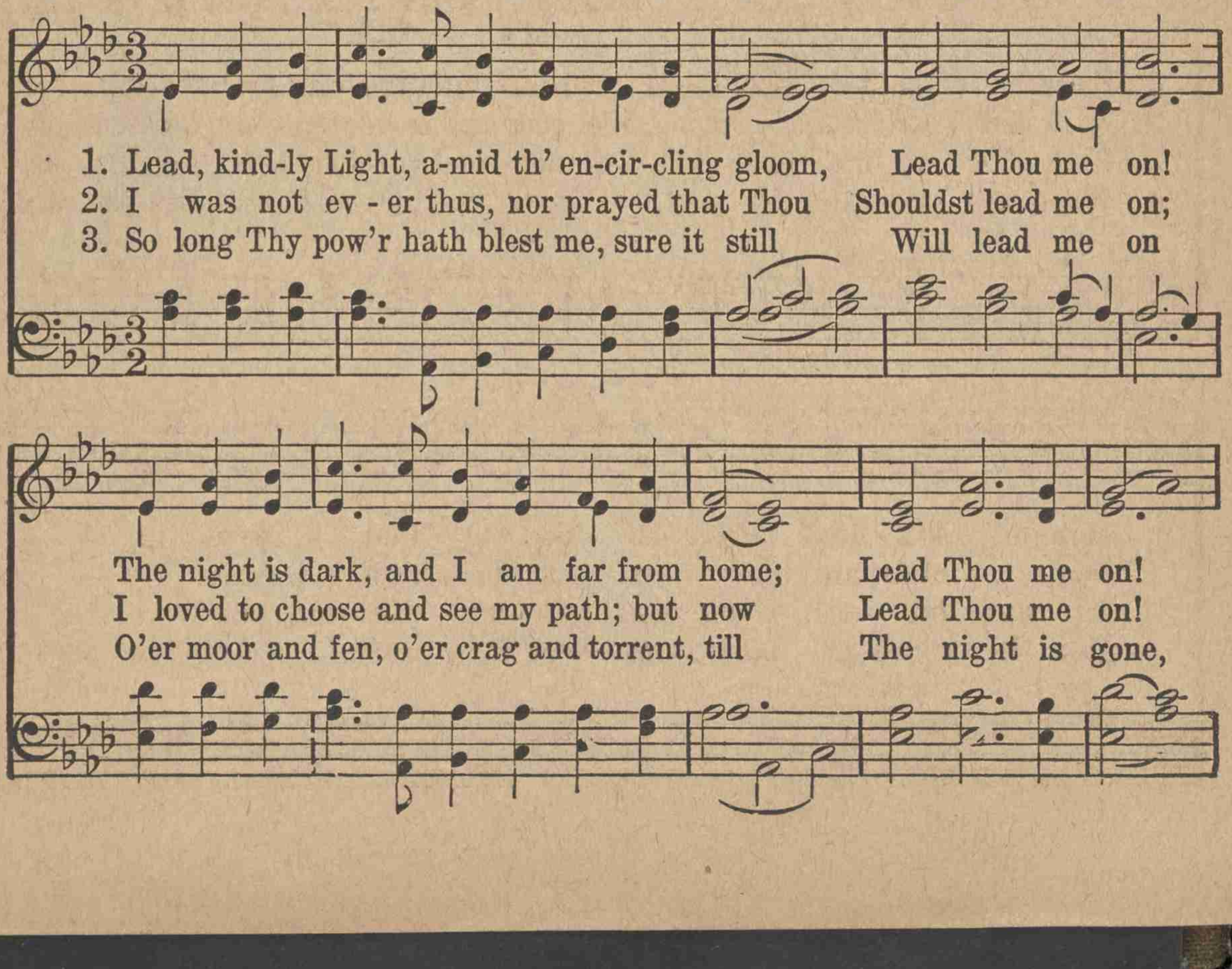
47 Jesus! the Very Thought of Thee.

Bernard. *St. Agnes. C. M.* J. B. Dykes.



48 Lead, Kindly Light.

John H. Newman. *Lux Benigna. 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.* John B. Dykes.



Lead, Kindly Light.

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see . . .
I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears, . .
And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile, . .

The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will. Re-mem - ber not past years!
Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while! A - MEN.

49 Blest Be the Tie.

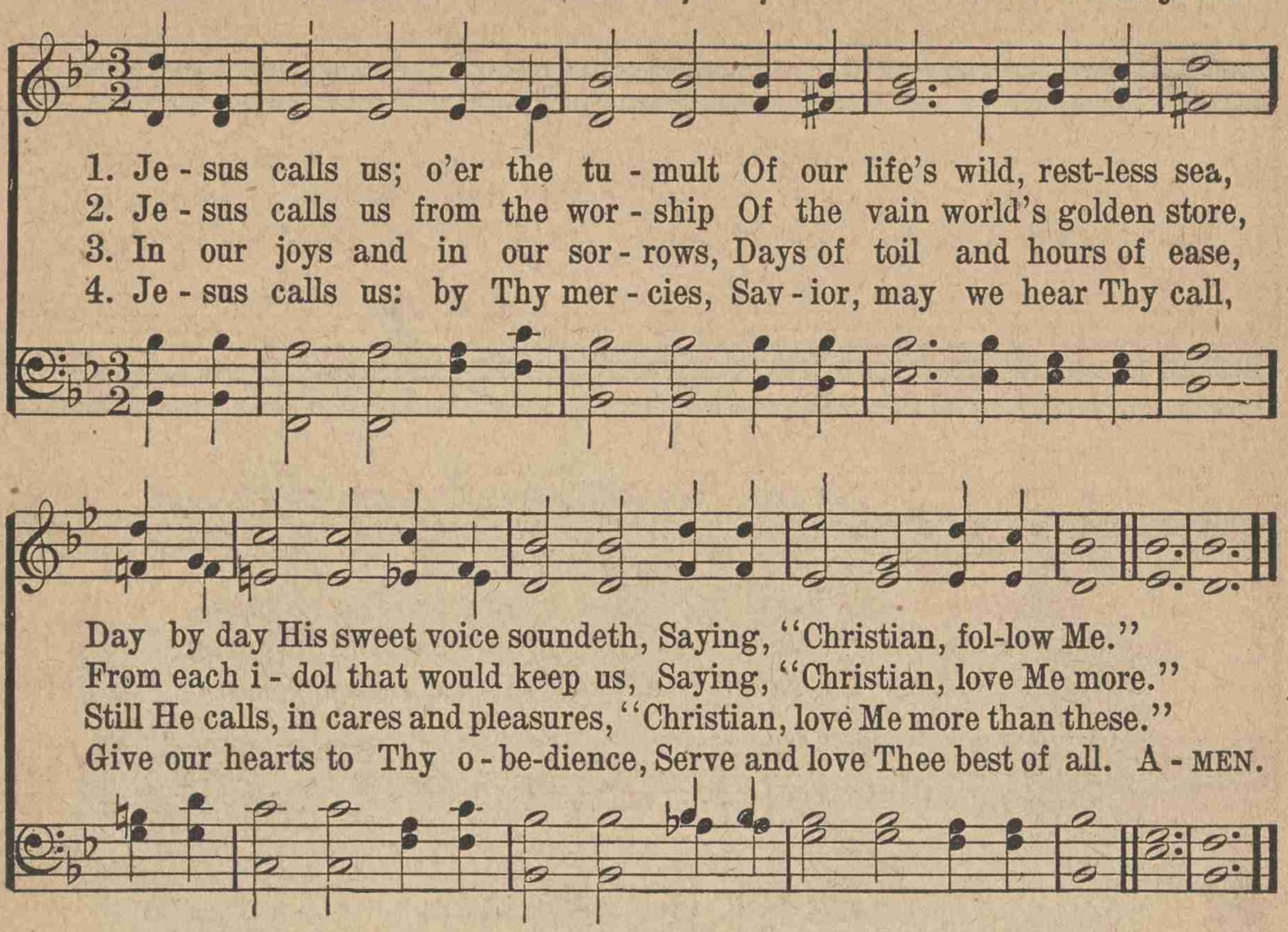
John Fawcett. *Dennis. S. M.* Hans G. Naegeli.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The fel - low-
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent prayers; Our fears, our
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur-dens bear; And oft - en
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But we shall

ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain. A - MEN.
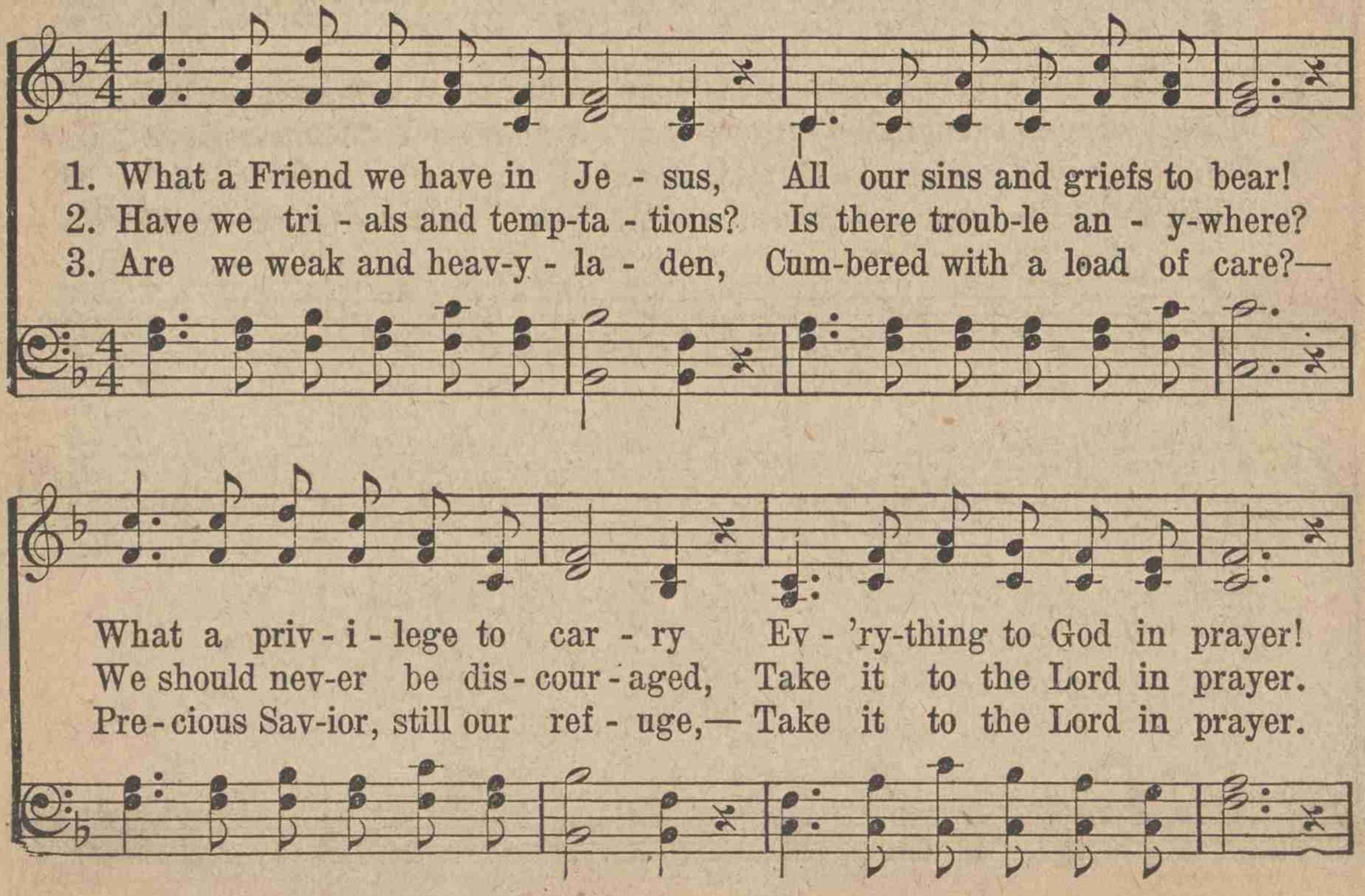
50 Jesus Calls Us.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. *Galilee. 8. 7. 8. 7.* William H. Jude.

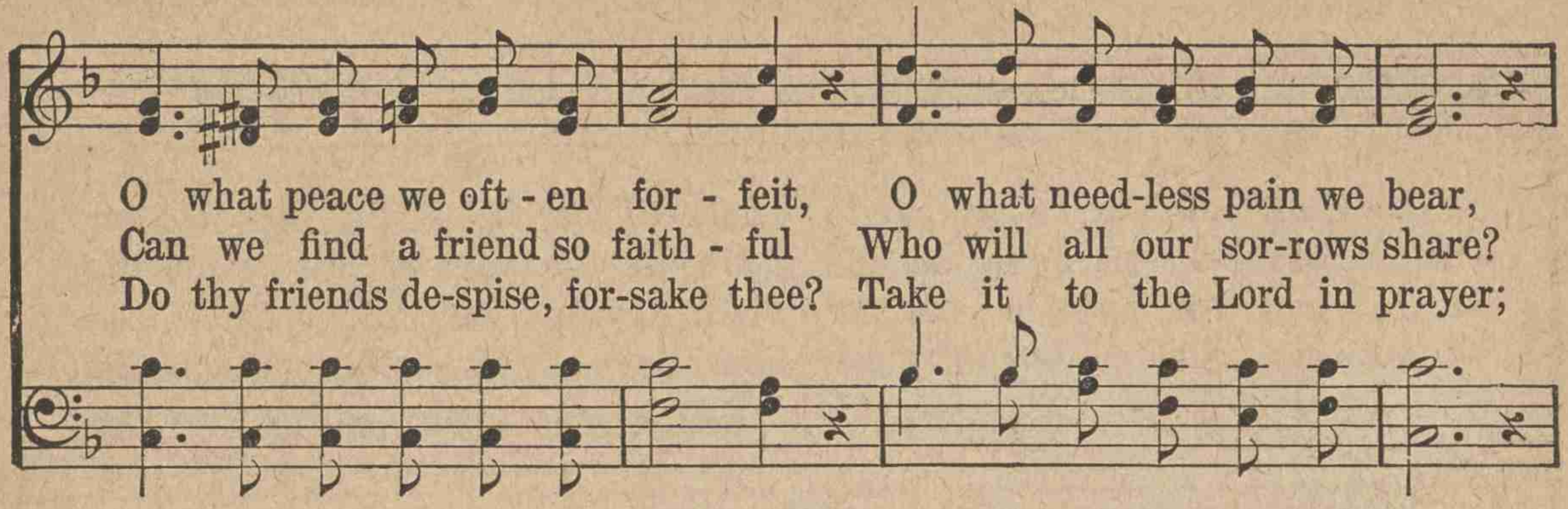


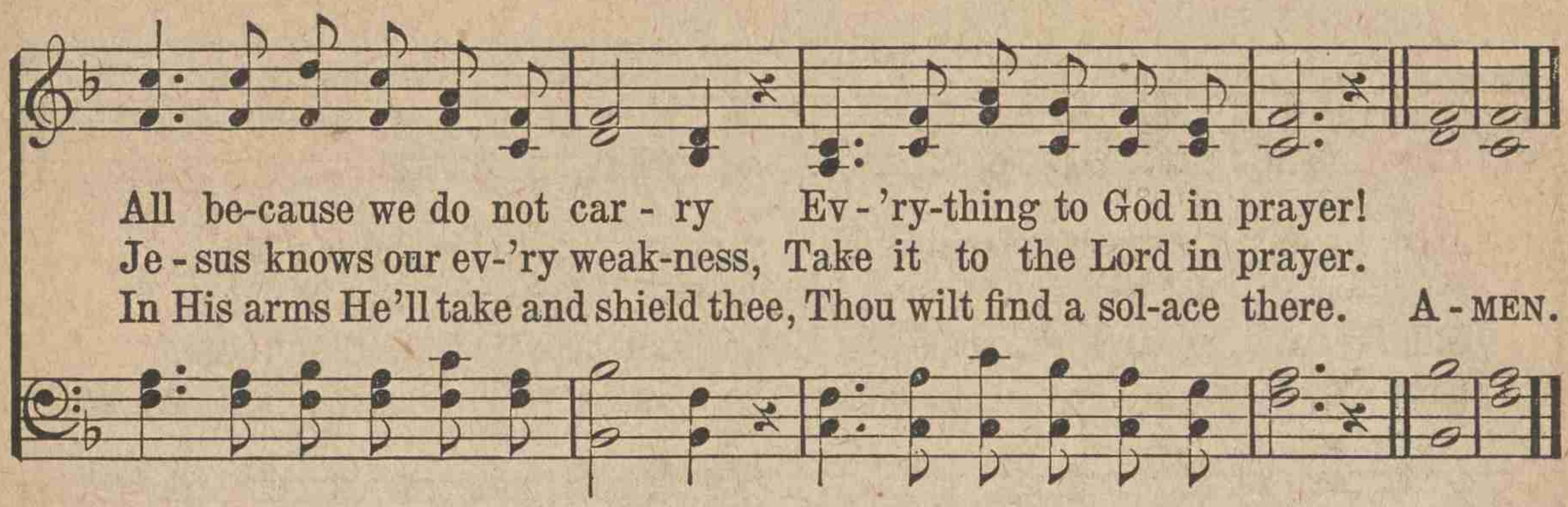
51 What a Friend.

Joseph Scriven. *Converse. 8s. 7s. D.* Charles C. Converse.



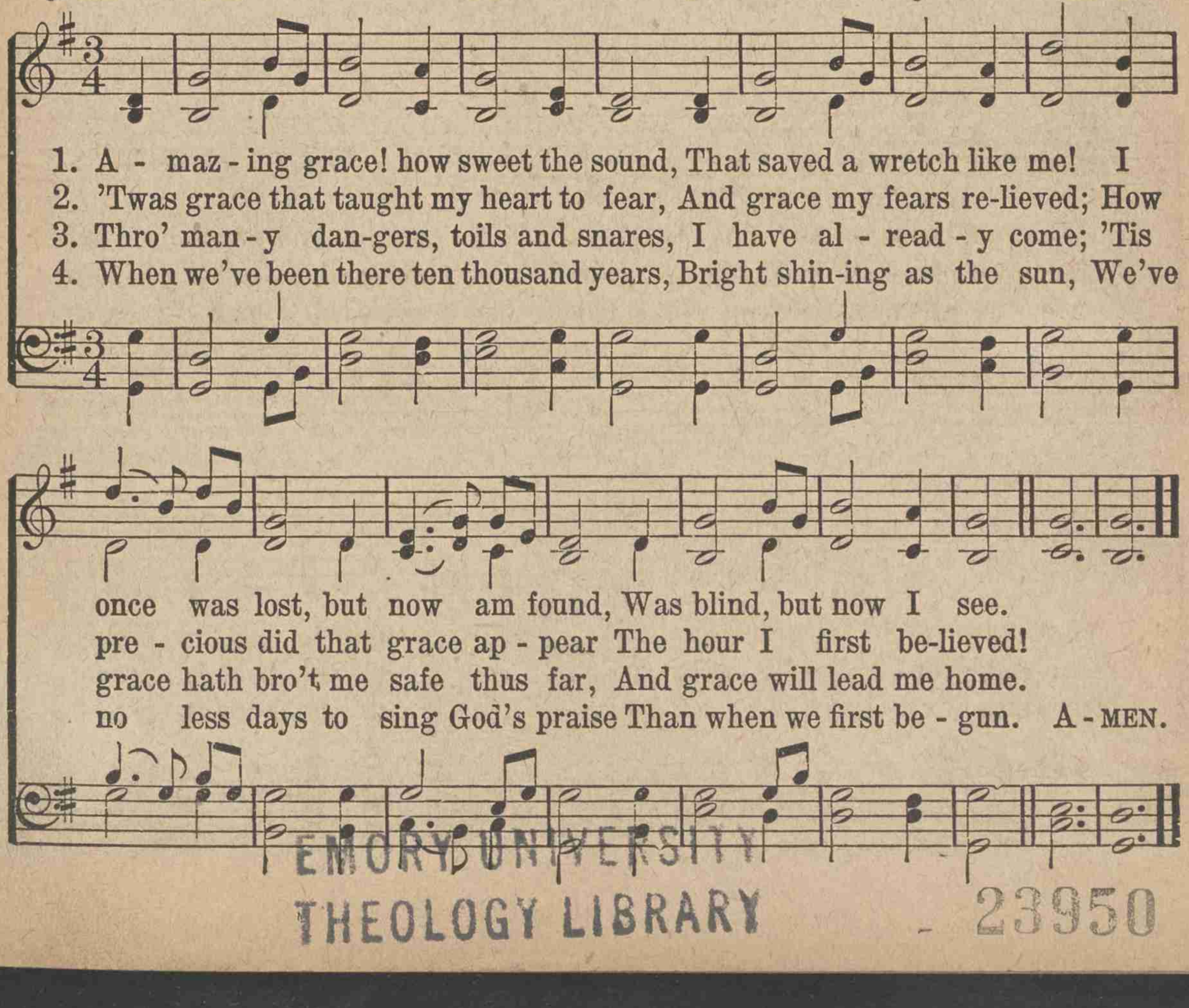
What a Friend.





52 Amazing Grace.
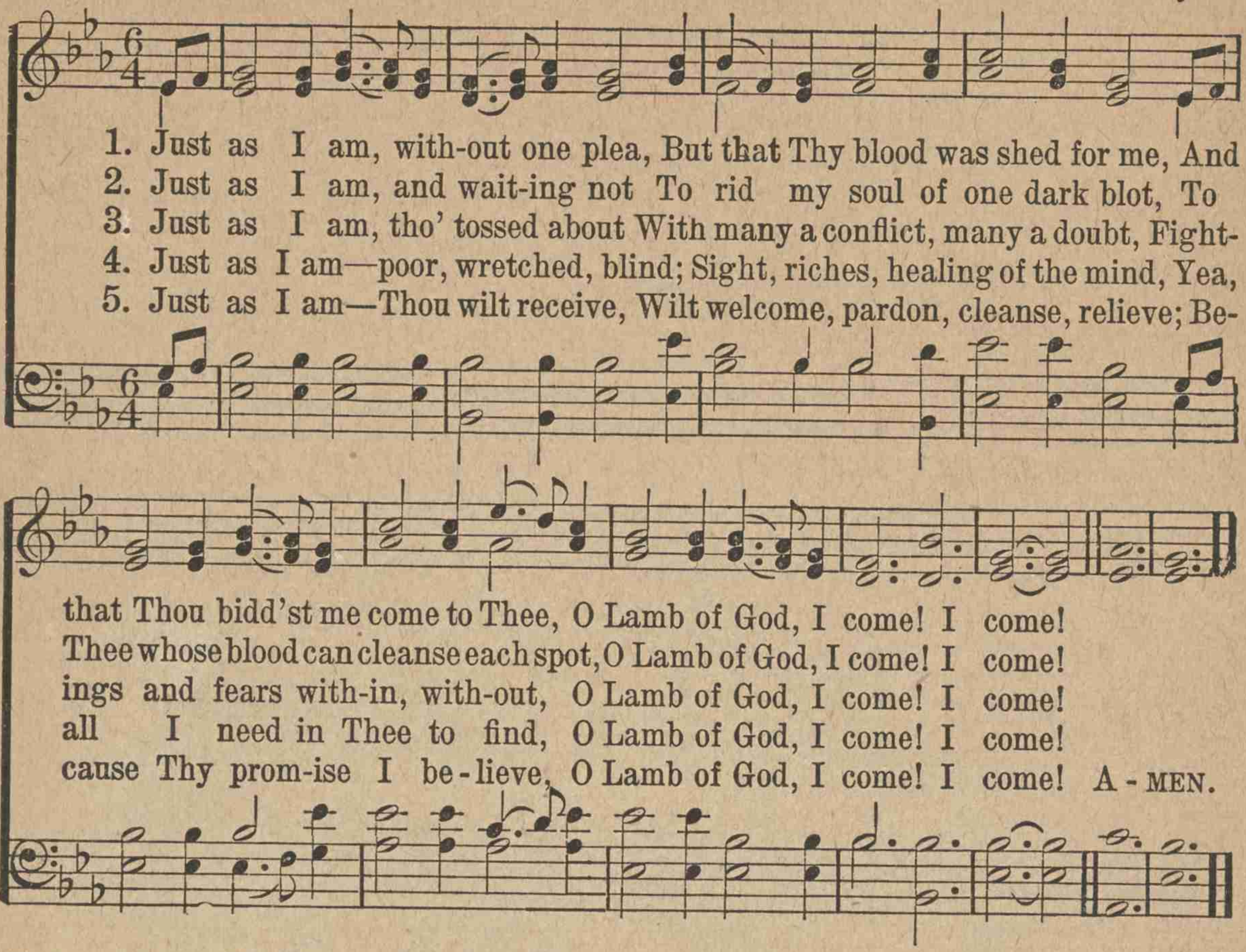
John Newton. *McIntosh. C. M.* Arr. by E. O. Excell.



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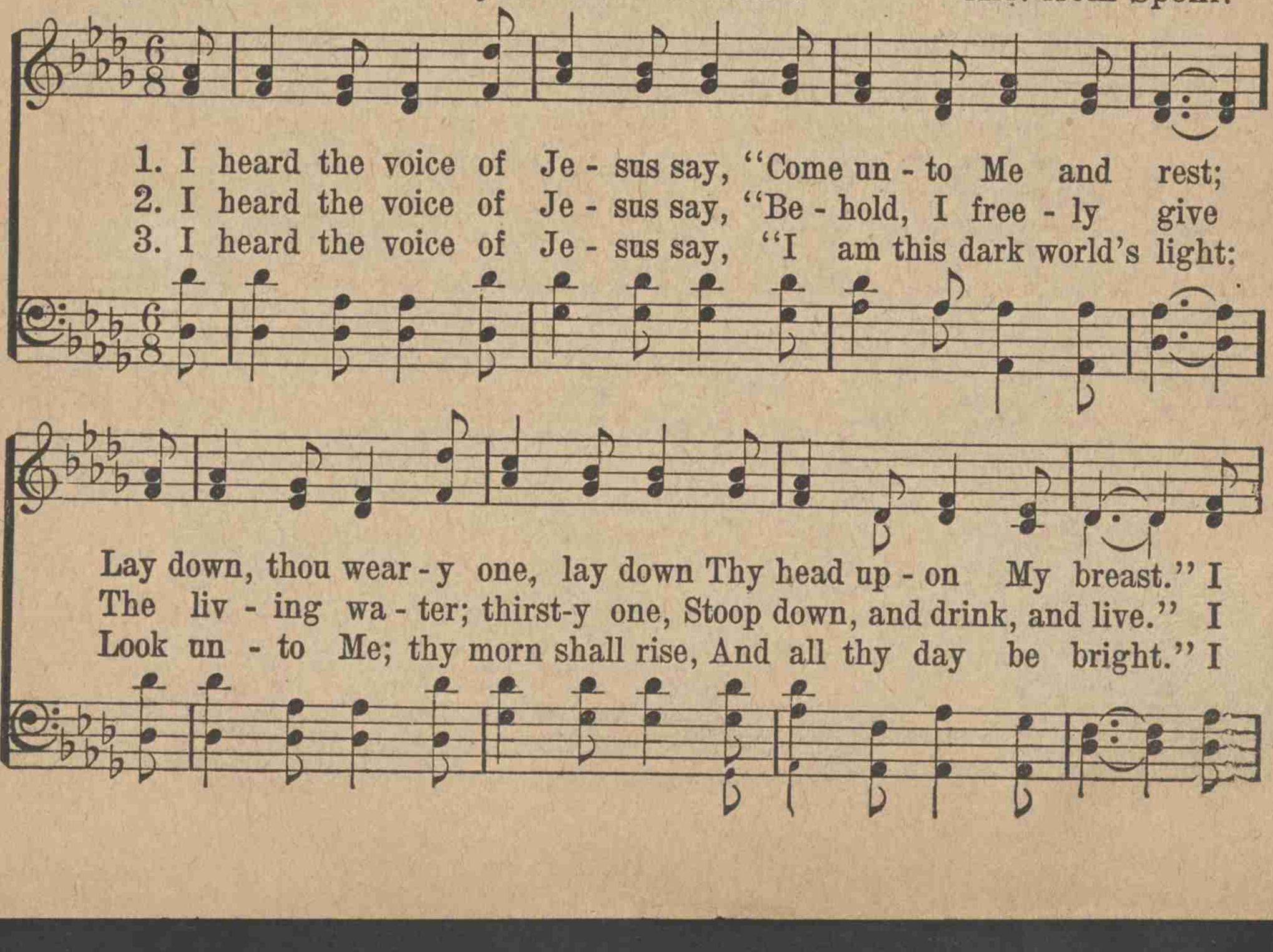
53 Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. *Woodworth. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.



54 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

Horatius Bonar. *Jerusalem. C. M. D.* Arr. from Spohr.



I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

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

found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad.
thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
in that light of life I'll walk Till all my jour-ney's done. A - MEN.

55 Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly.

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J. S. Norris.

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

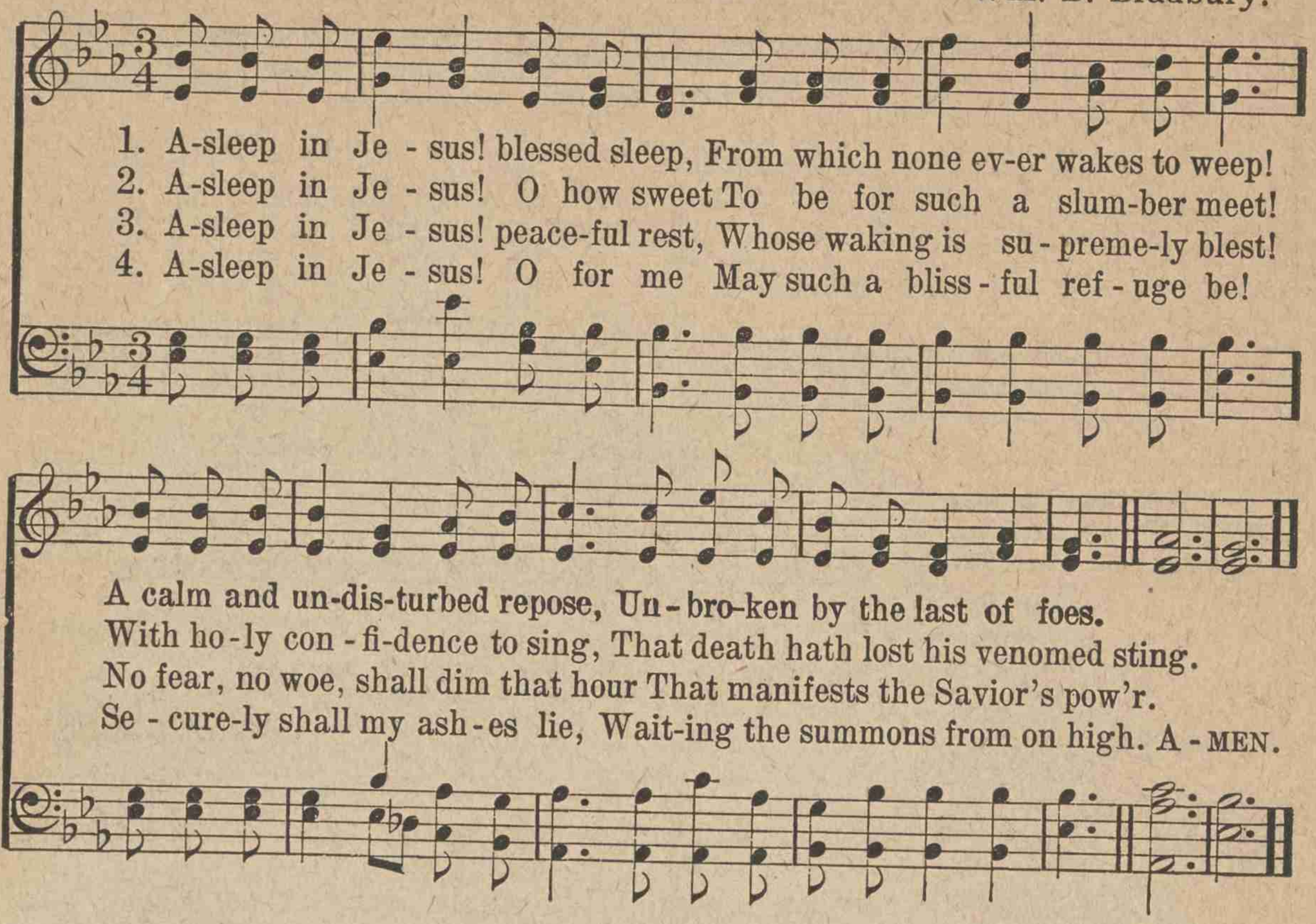
REF.—*Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He*

hear my Sav - ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol - low Me."
with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way. A - MEN.

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

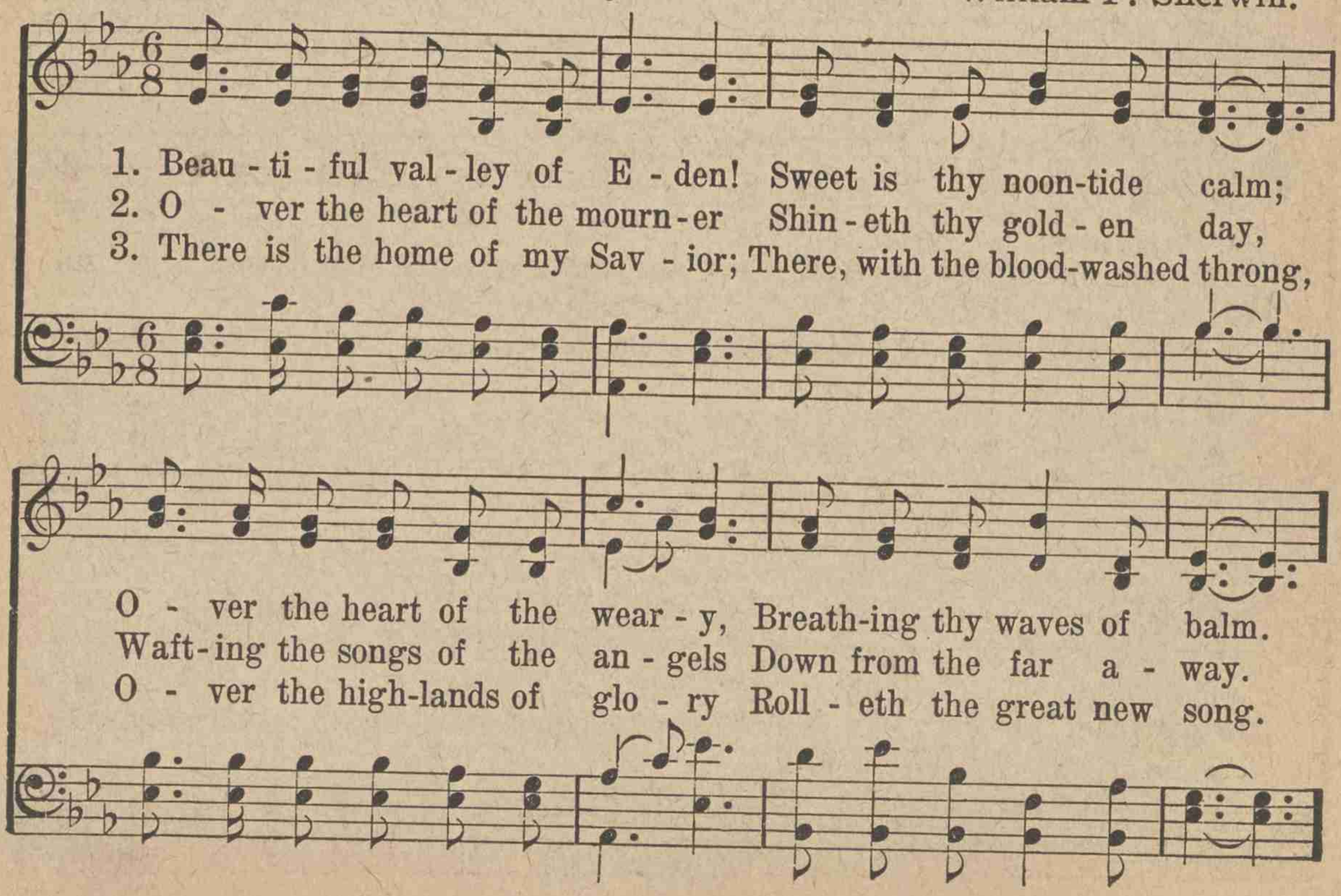
56 Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. *Rest. L. M.* Wm. B. Bradbury.



57 Beautiful Valley of Eden.

Walter O. Cushing. *Kelley. 8. 6. 8. 6.* William F. Sherwin.



Beautiful Valley of Eden.

REFRAIN.

Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den, Home of the pure and blest, How
the pure and blest,

rit.

oft - en a - mid the wild bil - lows I dream of thy rest, sweet rest! A - MEN.

58 We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Mills. William Miller.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the moment come When I shall
2. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam, And lean for
3. I sought at once my Sav-ior's side, No more my steps shall roam; With Him I'll

CHORUS.

lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home? We'll work till
suc - cor on His breast Till He con - duct me home.
brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home. We'll work
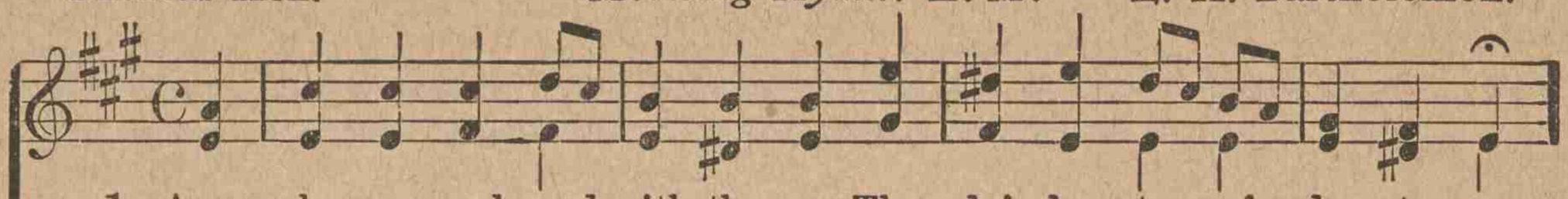
1 2

Je-sus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes; And we'll be gathered home. A-MEN.

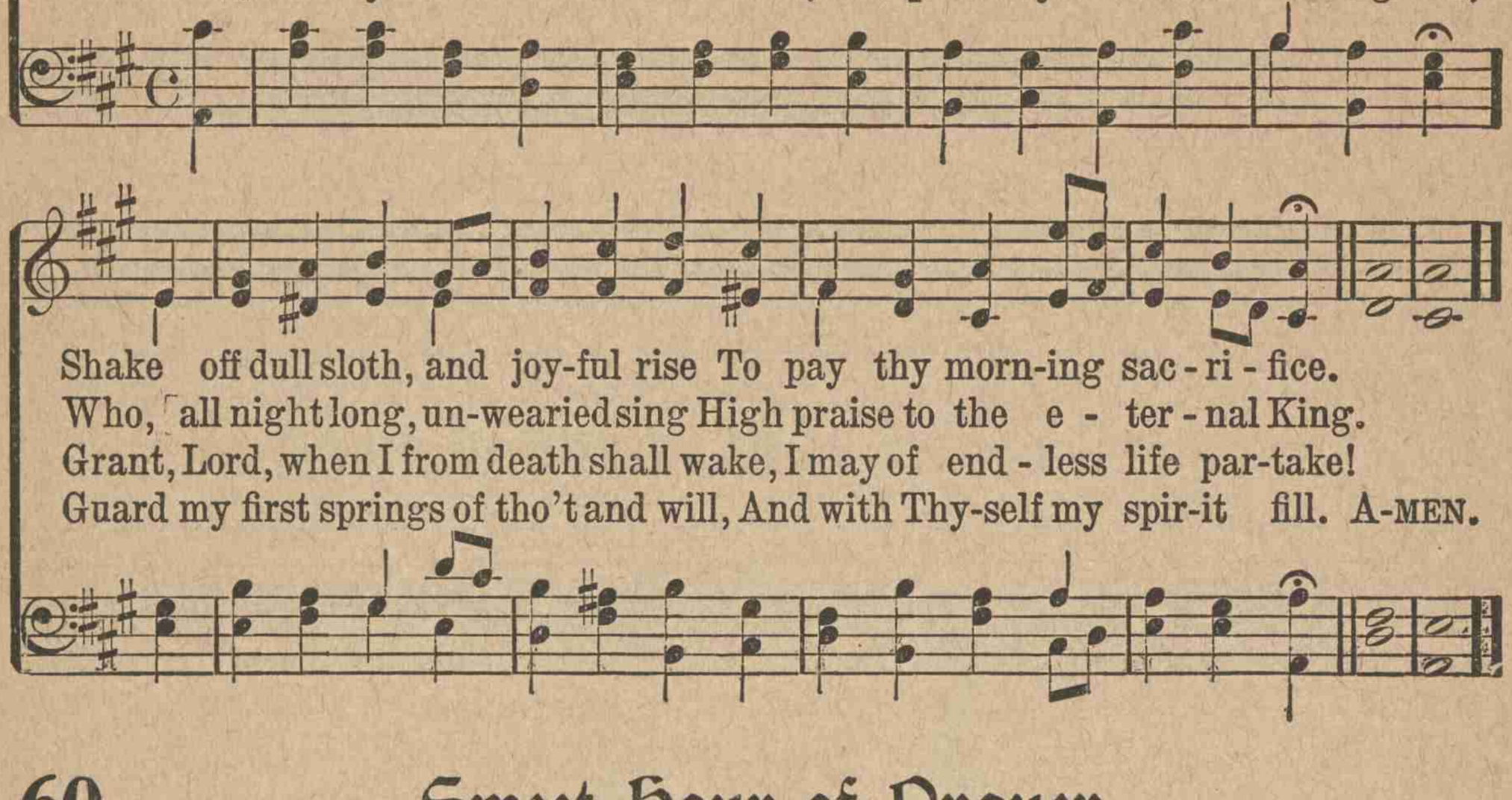
We'll work

59 Awake, My Soul.

Thomas Ken. *Morning Hymn. L. M.* E. H. Bartholomon.



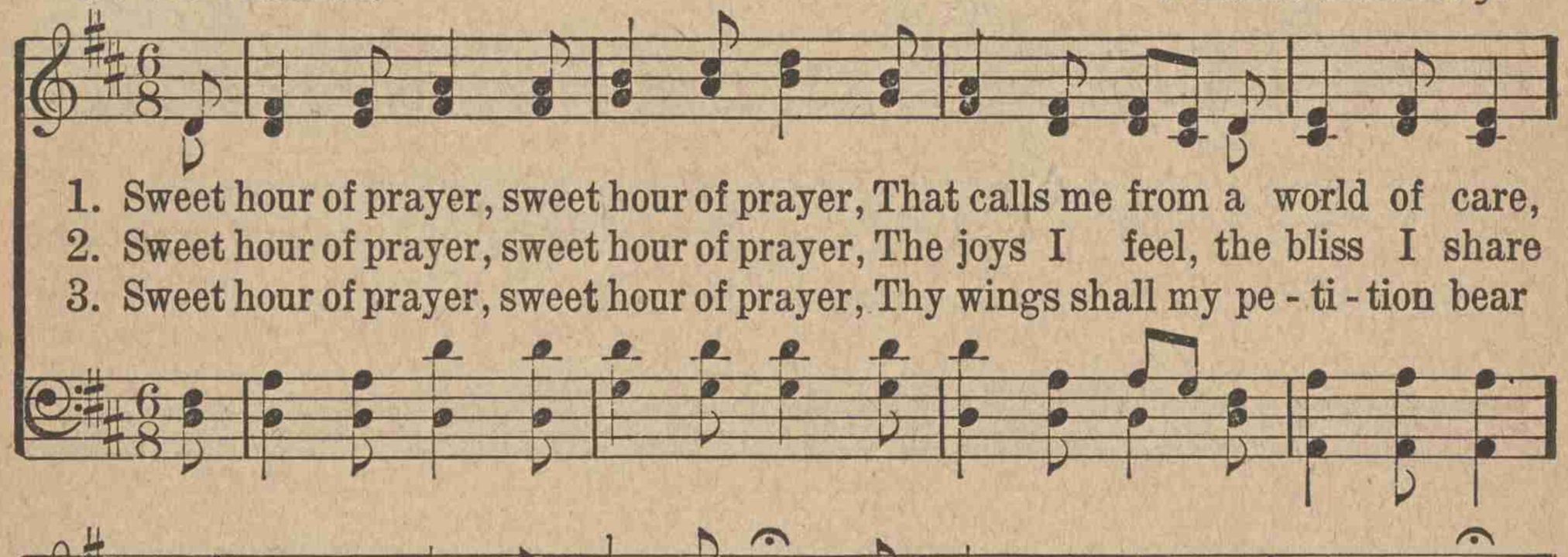
1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
2. Wake and lift up thy-self, my heart, And with the an - gels bear thy part,
3. Glo - ry to Thee who safe hast kept, And hast re-freshed me whilst I slept!
4. Lord, I my vows to Thee re - new; Dis - perse my sins as morn-ing dew;
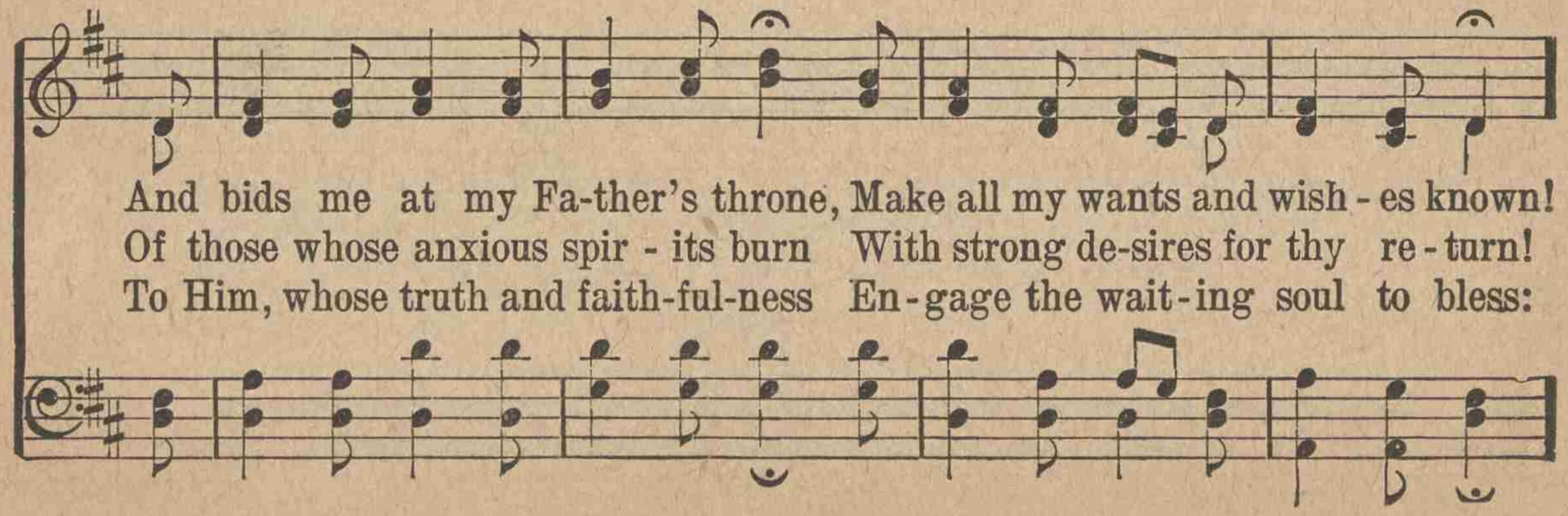


Shake off dull sloth, and joy-ful rise To pay thy morn-ing sac - ri - fice.
Who, all night long, un-wearied sing High praise to the e - ter - nal King.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of end - less life par-take!
Guard my first springs of tho't and will, And with Thy-self my spir-it fill. A-MEN.

60 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, The joys I feel, the bliss I share
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear



And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known!
Of those whose anxious spir - its burn With strong de-sires for thy re - turn!
To Him, whose truth and faith-ful-ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless:

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief,
With such I has-ten to the place Where God, my Sav-ior, shows His face,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word, and trust His grace,

And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.
And glad-ly take my station there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
I'll cast on Him my ev-'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. A-MEN.

61 No Dying There.

F. A. B.

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F. A. Blackmer.

1. A land by faith I see, Where saints shall ever be Free from mor-tal-i-ty,
2. There friends shall meet again, In happiness to reign, While thro' that blest domain,
3. There sorrow cannot stay; There tears are wiped away, One bright, eternal day,

D. S.—*In that fair, heav'nly land,*

FINE. REFRAIN. D.S.

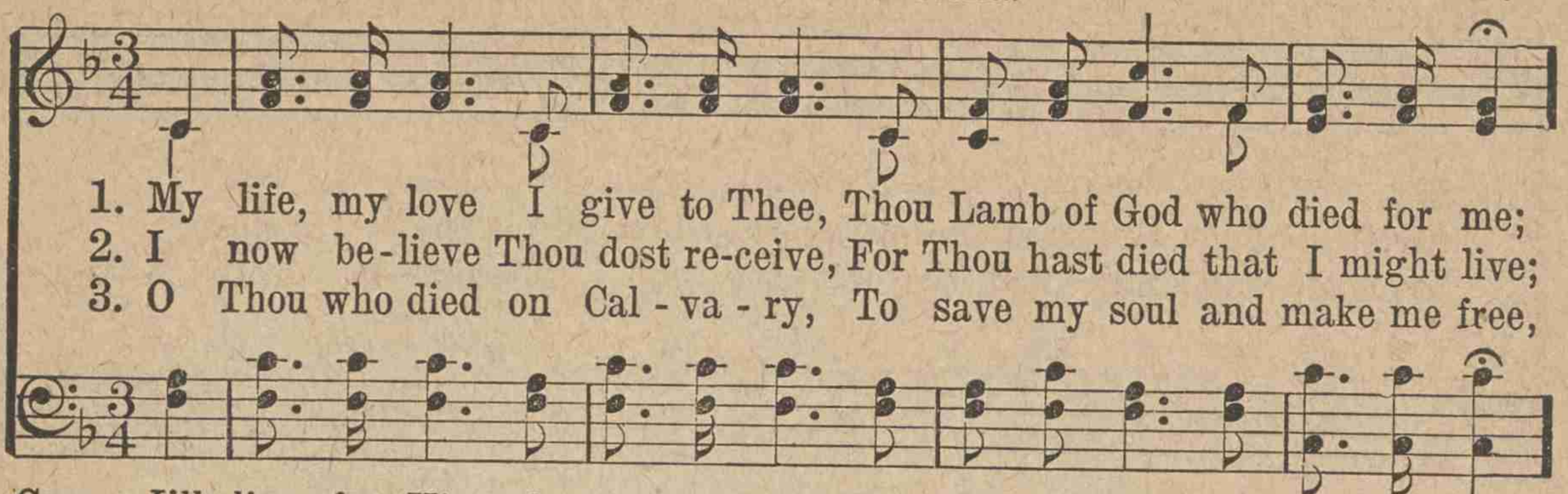
No dy-ing there. No dying there, ... No dying there. . . . . A-MEN.
No dy-ing there. No dy-ing there, No dy-ing there.

62 I'll Live for Him.

R. E. Hudson.

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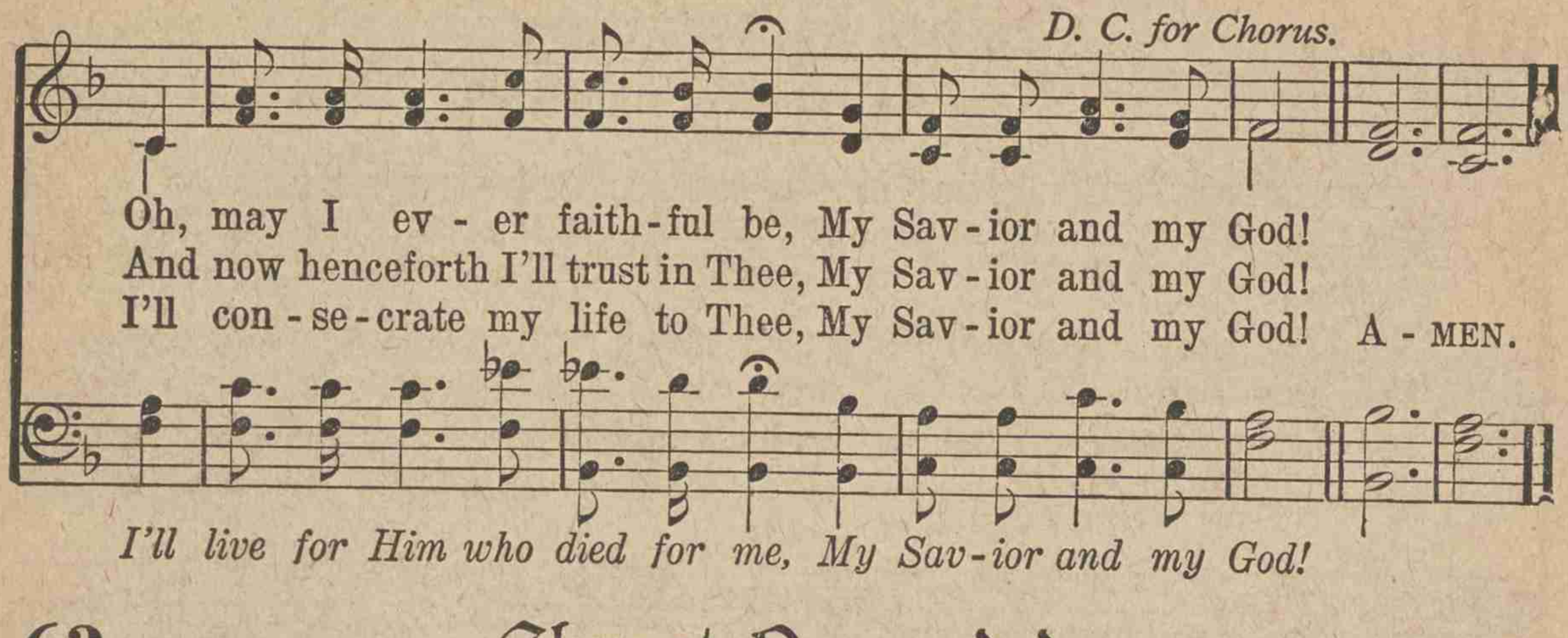
C. R. Dunbar.



1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—*I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!*

D. C. for Chorus.



Oh, may I ev - er faith-ful be, My Sav-ior and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!
I'll con - se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav-ior and my God! A - MEN.

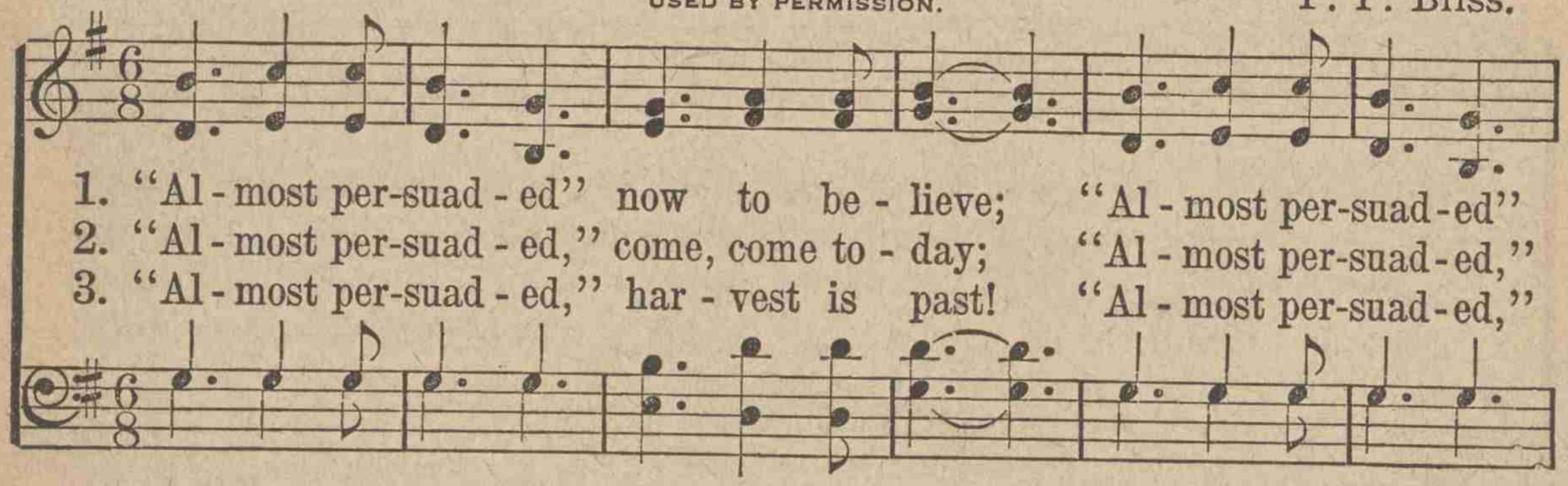
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-ior and my God!

63 Almost Persuaded.

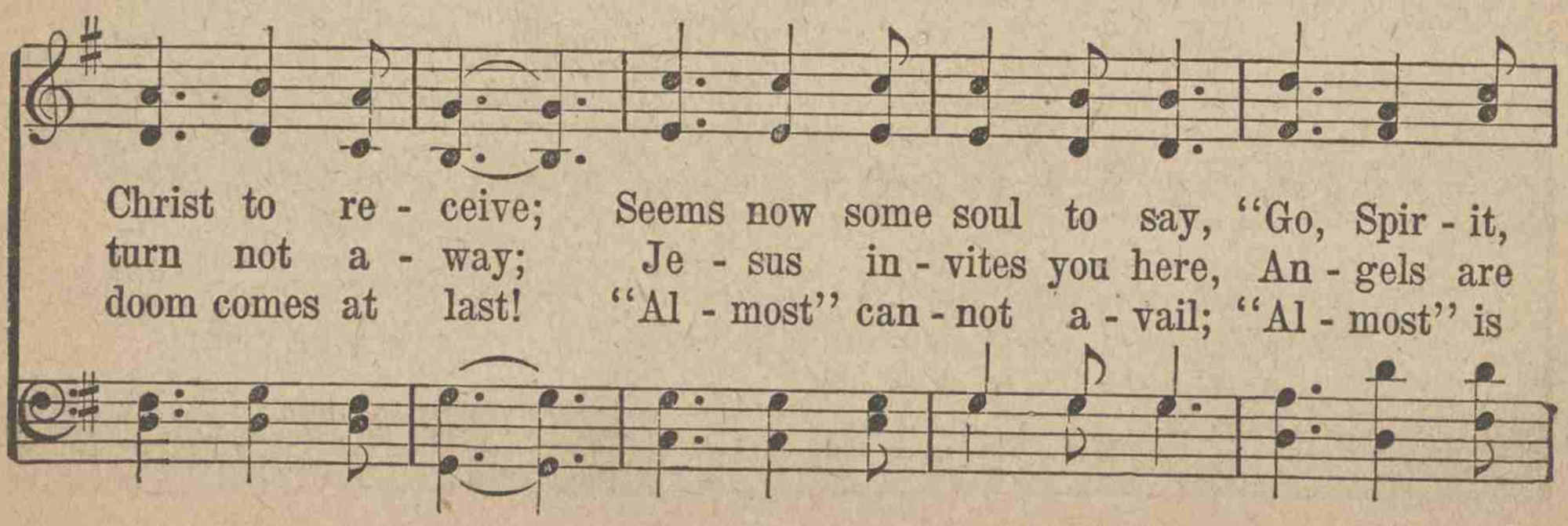
P. P. B.

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P. P. Bliss.

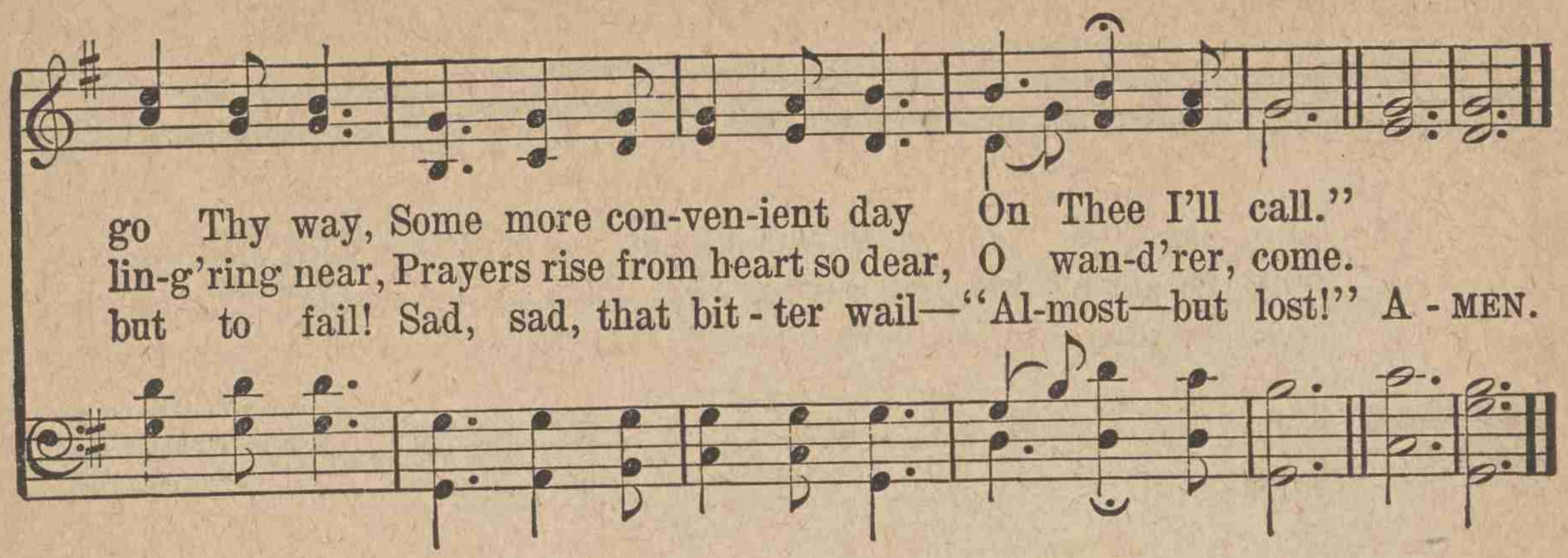


1. "Al - most per-suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed"
2. "Al - most per-suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per-suad - ed,"



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

Almost Persuaded.

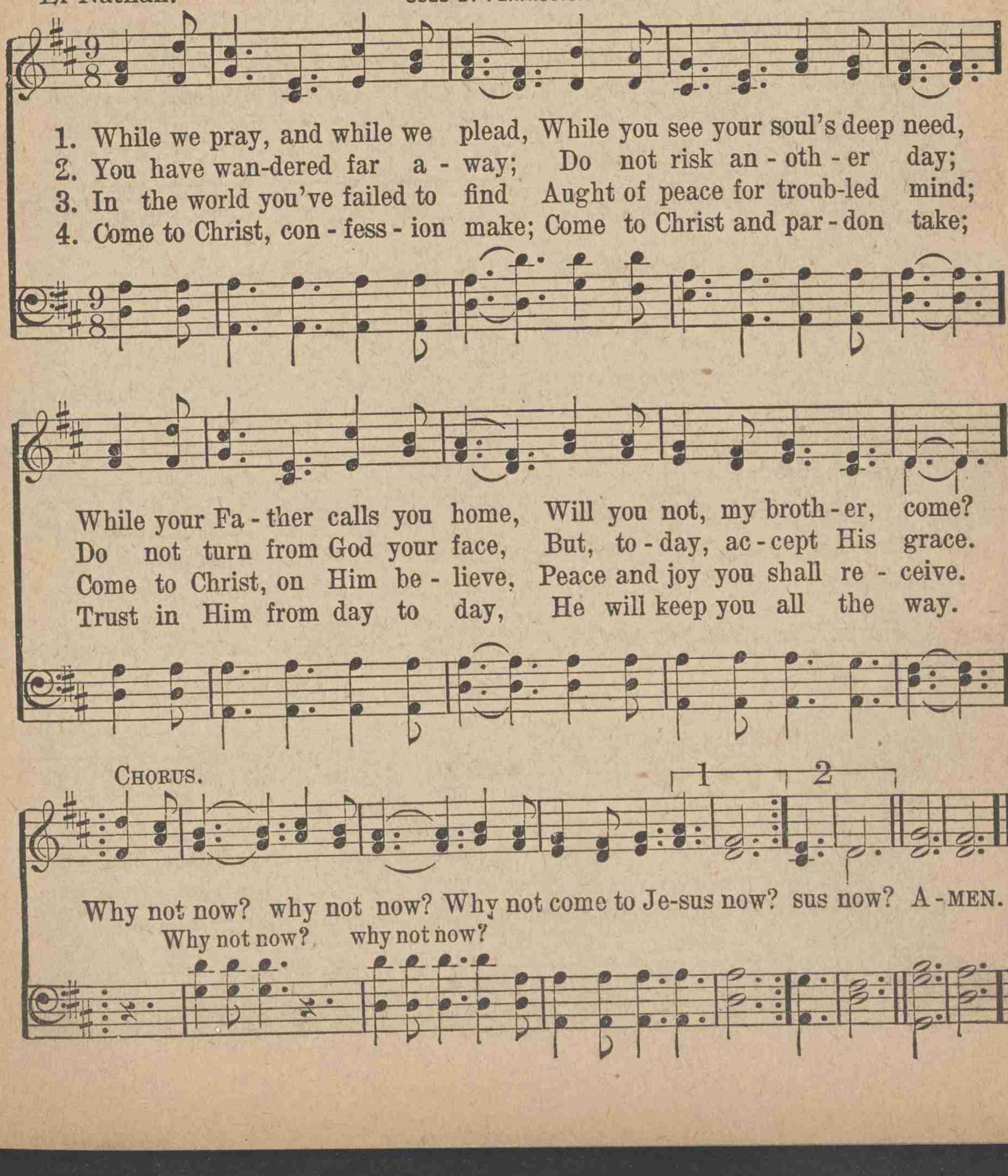


64 Why Not Now?

El Nathan.

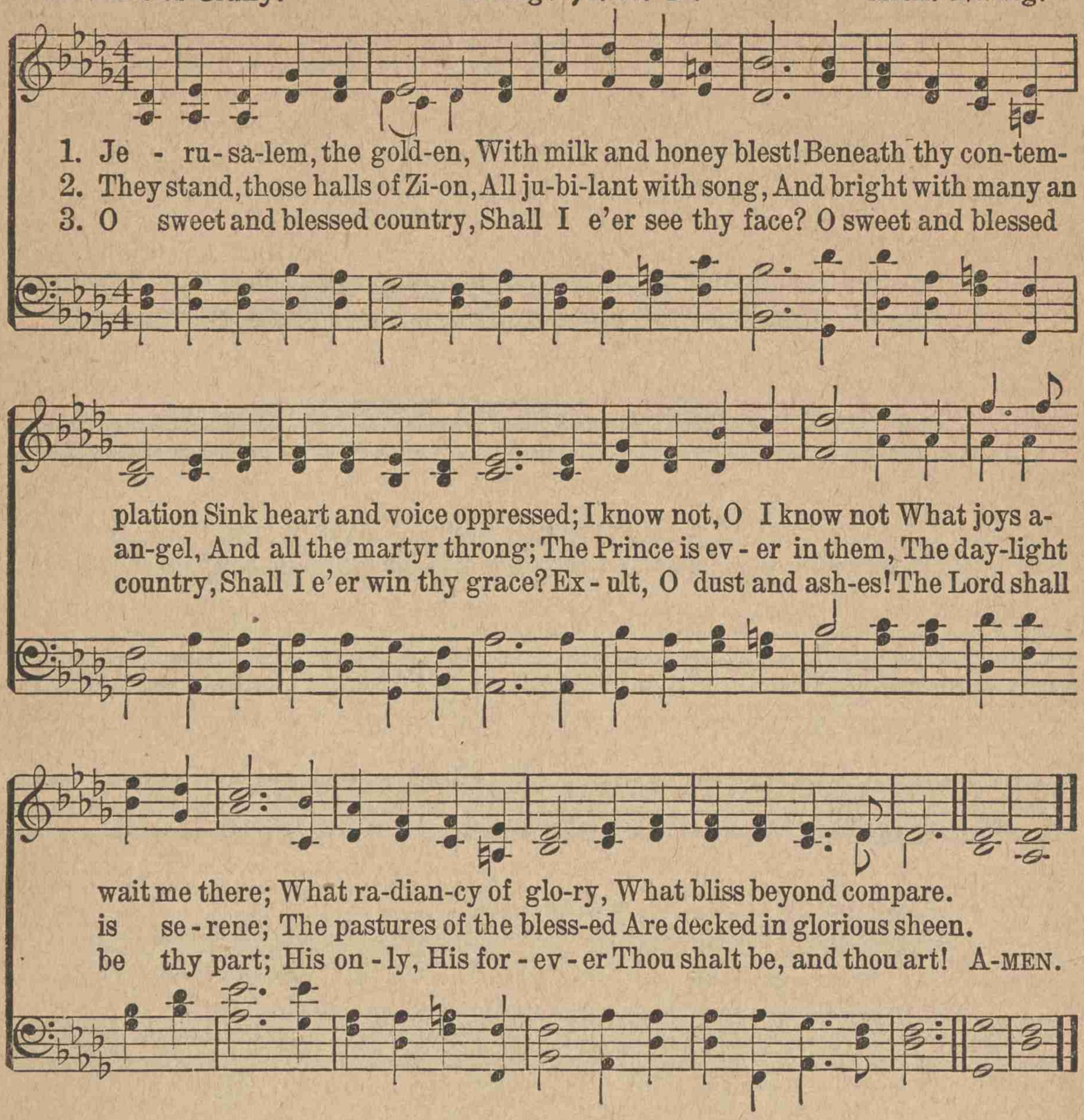
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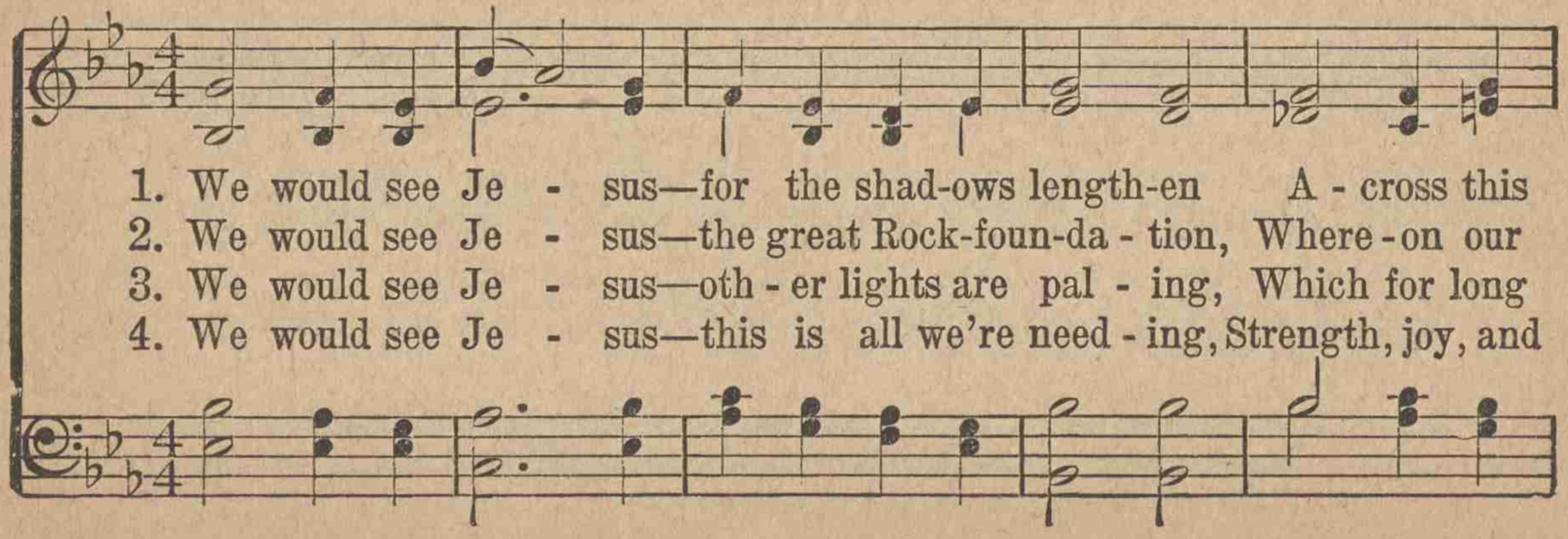


65 Jerusalem, the Golden.

Bernard of Cluny. *Ewing. 7s. 6s. D.* Alex. Ewing.

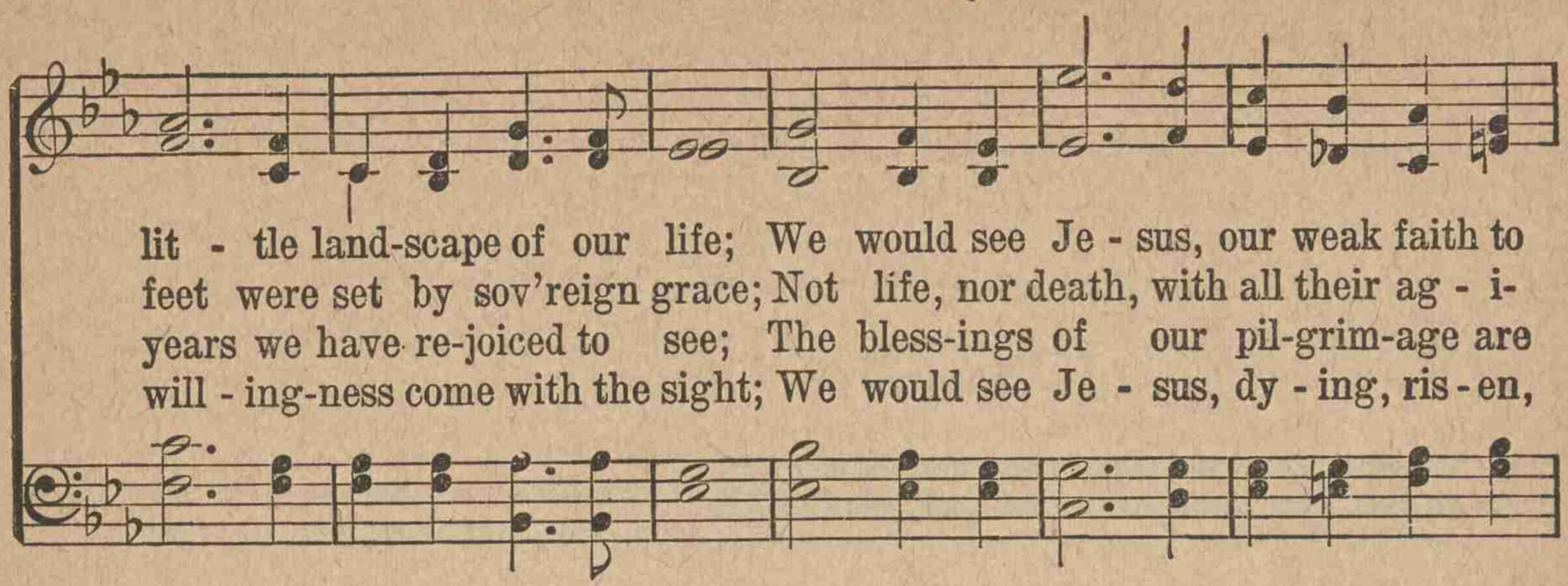


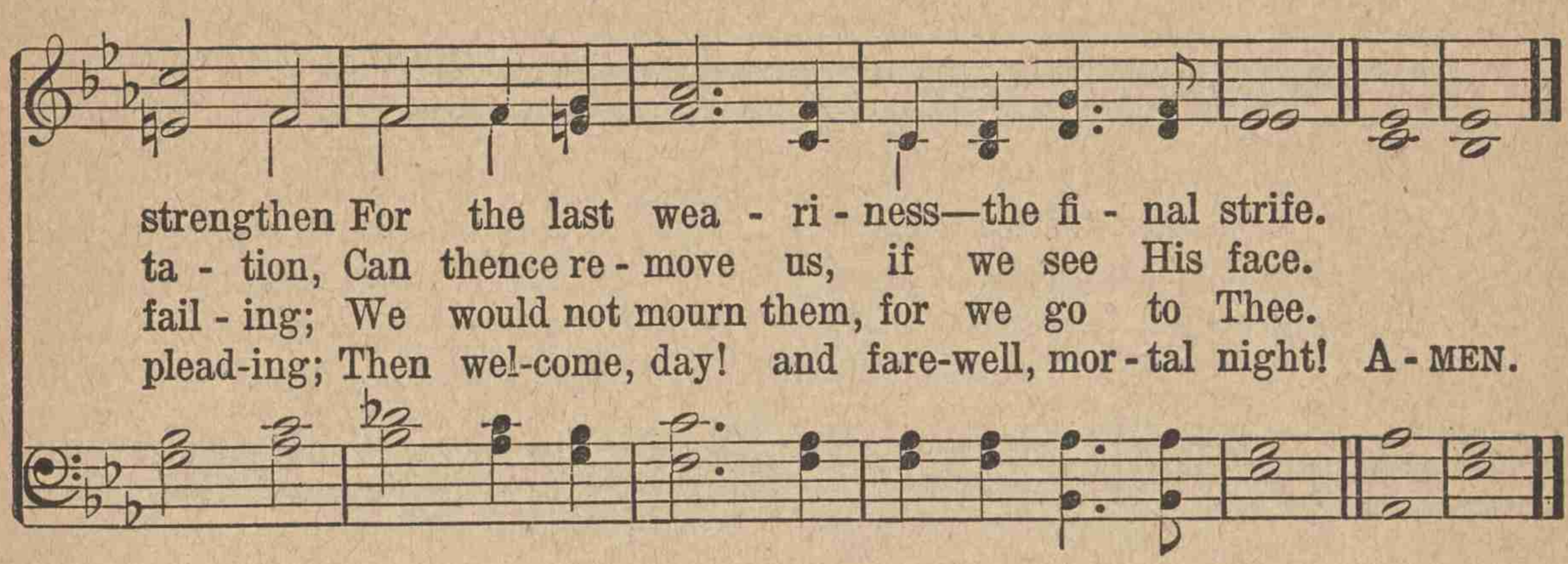
66 We Would See Jesus.

Anna B. Warner. *Raynolds.* F. Mendelssohn, Arr.



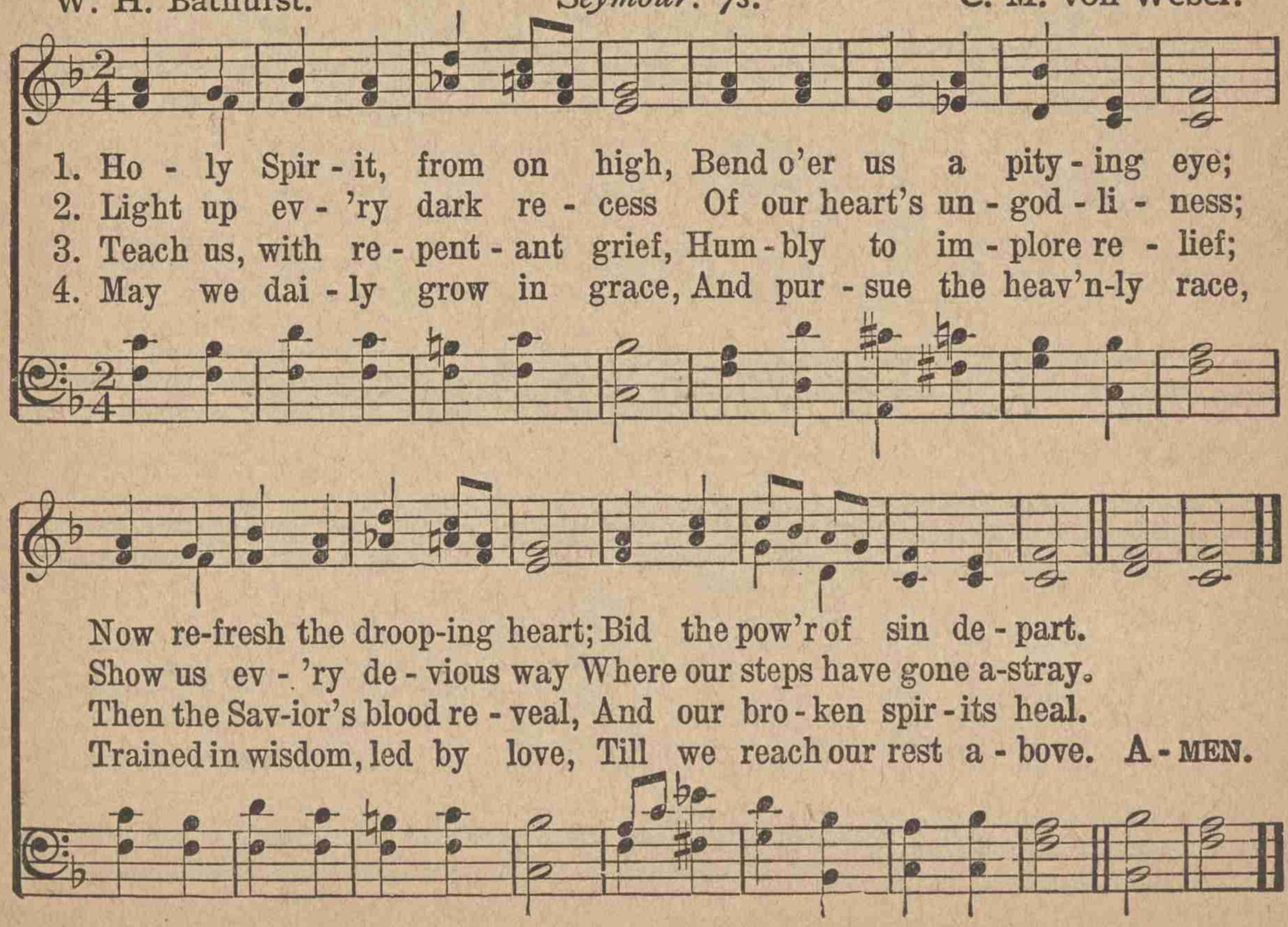
We Would See Jesus.





67 Holy Spirit, from On High.

W. H. Bathurst. *Seymour. 7s.* C. M. von Weber.



68 I'm a Pilgrim.

Mrs. M. S. B. Dana. Italian Air.

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar - ry, I can
2. There the glo - ry is ev - er shin - ing; Oh, my long-ing heart, my
3. There's the cit - y to which I jour - ney; My Re - deem-er, my Re-

D.C.—*I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can tar - ry, I can*

FINE.

tar - ry but a night; Do not de - tain me, for I am
long-ing heart is there; Here in this coun - try so dark and
deem-er is its light; There is no sor - row nor an - y

tar - ry but a night.

D. C.

go - ing To where the foun-tains are ev - er flow - ing.
drear-y, I long have wan-dered for - lorn and wea - ry.
sigh-ing, Nor an - y tears there, nor an - y dy - ing. A - MEN.

69 Christ is Coming!

John R. Macduff. *Helmsley. 8s. 7s. 4s.* H. Madan.

1. Christ is com - ing! let cre - a - tion Bid her groans and trav-ail cease;
2. Long Thine ex - iles have been pin - ing, Far from rest and home and Thee;
3. With that "bless-ed hope" be - fore us, Let no harp re - main un - strung;

Christ is Coming!

Let the glo - rious proc - la - ma - tion Hope re - store and faith in - crease;
But in heav'n-ly ves - ture shin-ing, Soon they shall Thy glo-ry see;
Let the might-y ad - vent cho-rus On - ward roll from tongue to tongue:

Christ is com-ing! Christ is com-ing! Come, Thou blessed Prince of peace!
Christ is com-ing! Christ is com-ing! Haste the joy - ous ju - bi - lee.
Christ is com-ing! Christ is com-ing! Come, Lord Je - sus, quickly come! A-MEN.

70 Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire.

James Montgomery. *Prince of Peace. C. M.* William D. Maclagan.

1. Prayer is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, Un - ut-tered or ex-pressed;
2. Prayer is the bur - den of a sigh, The fall - ing of a tear,
3. Prayer is the con - trite sin - ner's voice, Re - turn-ing from his ways;
4. Prayer is the Chris-tian's vi - tal breath, The Christian's na - tive air;
5. O Thou, by whom we come to God, The Life, the Truth, the Way!

The mo-tion of a hid - den fire That trembles in the breast.
The up-ward glanc-ing of the eye, When none but God is near.
While an-gels in their songs re-joice, And cry "Be-hold, he prays!"
His watch-word at the gates of death: He en-ters Heav'n with prayer.
The path of prayer Thy - self hast trod; Lord, teach us how to pray. A-MEN.

71 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. *Bread of Life. 6. 4. D.* William F. Sherwin.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me—to me— As Thou didst bless the
3. Thou art the bread of life, O Lord, to me, Thy ho - ly Word the
4. O send Thy Spir - it, Lord, Now un - to me, That He may touch my

loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee,
bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond-age cease, All fet - ters
truth That sav - eth me; Give me to eat and live With Thee a-
eyes, And make me see: Show me the truth con-cealed With - in Thy

Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word.
fall; And I shall find my peace, My All in all.
bove; Teach me to love Thy truth, For Thou art love.
Word, And in Thy book re - vealed I see the Lord. A - MEN.

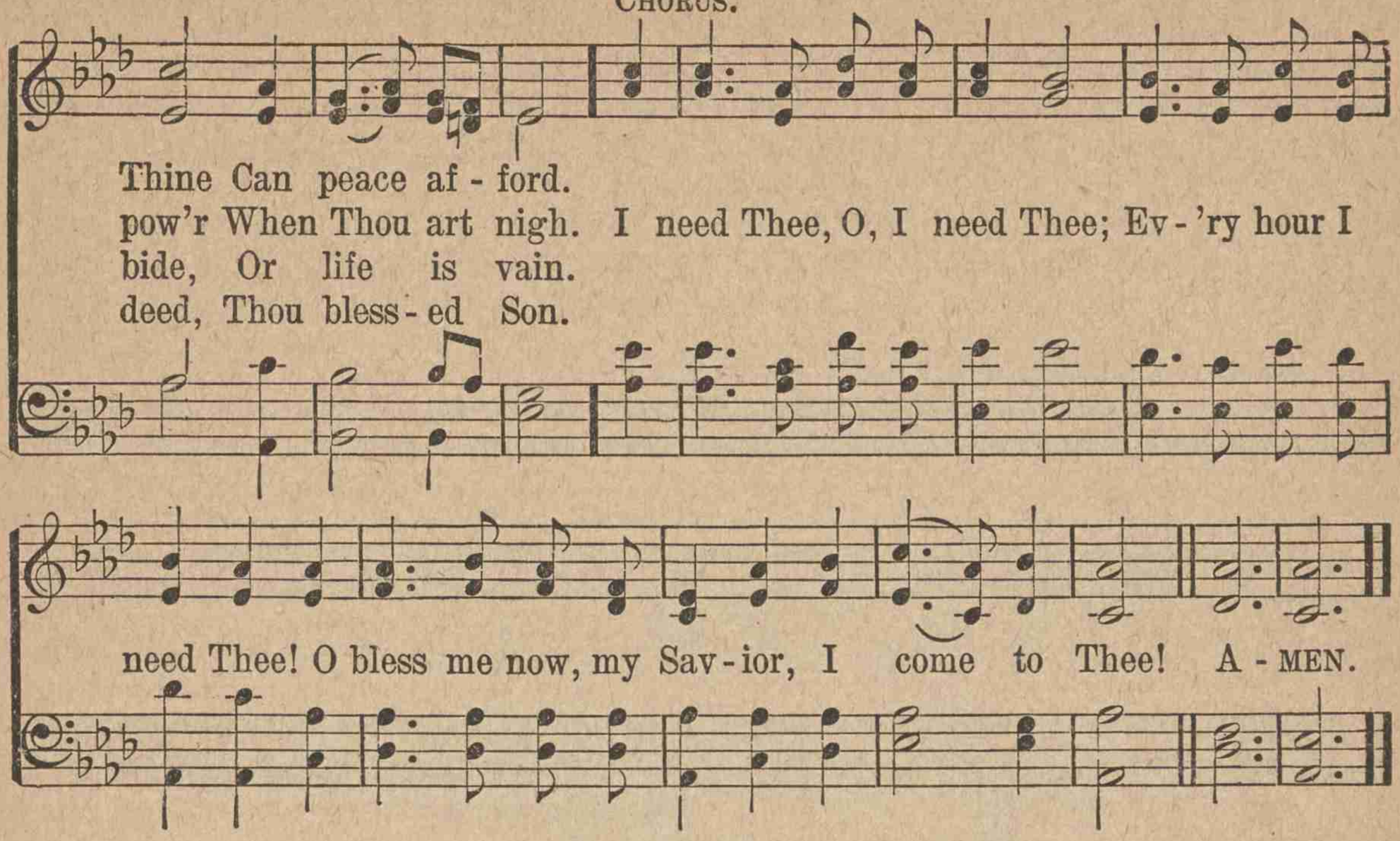
72 I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-
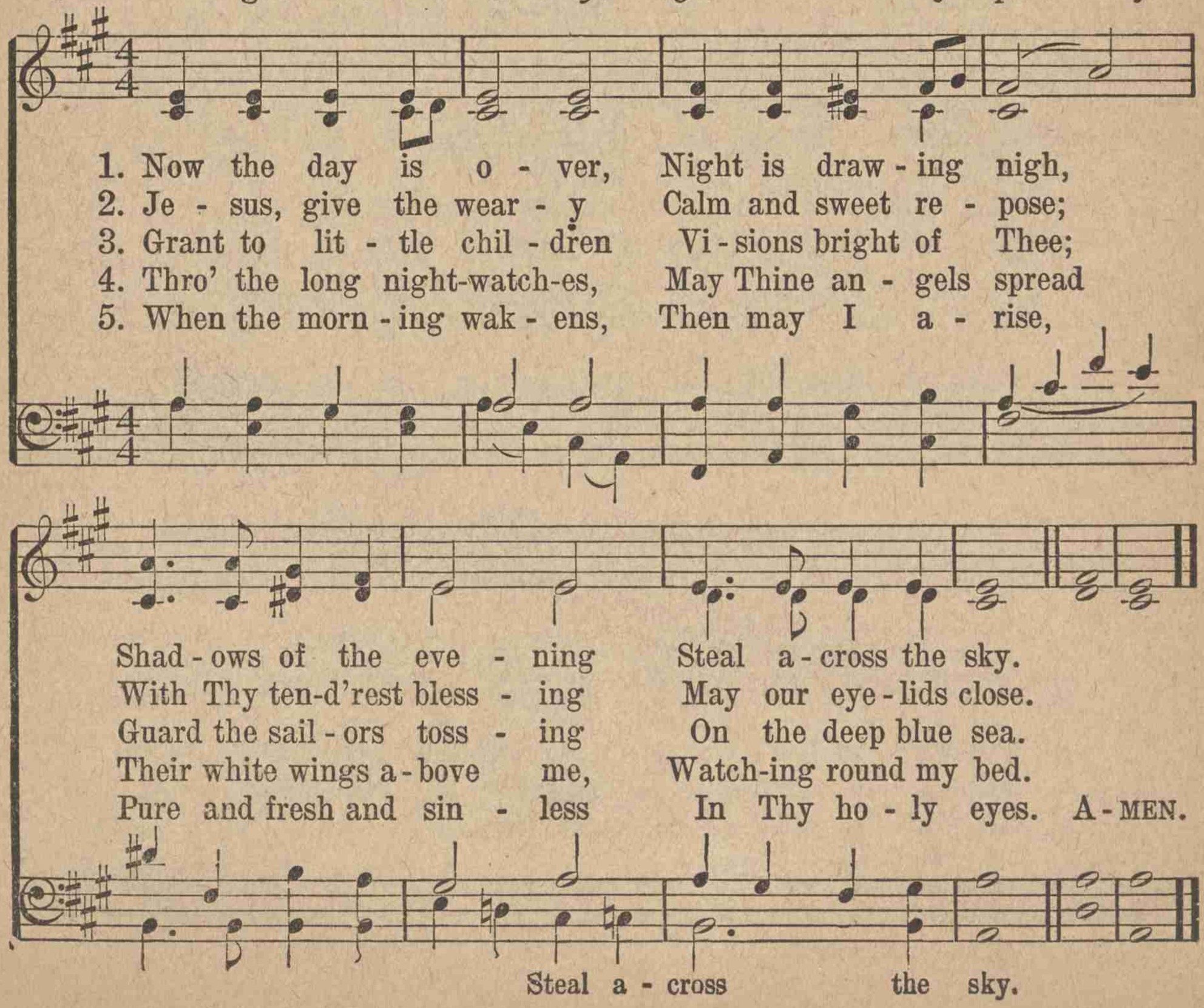
I Need Thee Every Hour.

CHORUS.



73 Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould. *Barnby. 6s. 5s.* Joseph Barnby.



74 Hail to the Brightness.

Thomas Hastings. *Wesley. 11. 10. 11. 10.* Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing! Joy to the
2. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing! Long by the
3. Lo! in the des - ert rich flow - ers are spring-ing, Streams ev - er
4. See, from all lands—from the isles of the o - cean,—Praise to Je-

lands that in dark-ness have lain! Hushed be the ac-cents of sor - row and
proph-ets of Is - rael fore - told! Hail to the mil-lions from bondage re-
co - pious are glid - ing a - long; Loud from the mountain-tops ech-oes are
ho - vah as - cend-ing on high; Fall'n are the en-gines of war and com-

mourning; Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her glad reign.
turn - ing, Gen - tiles and Jews the blest vi - sion be - hold!
ring - ing, Wastes rise in ver - dure and min - gle in song.
mo - tion, Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend - ing the sky. A - MEN.

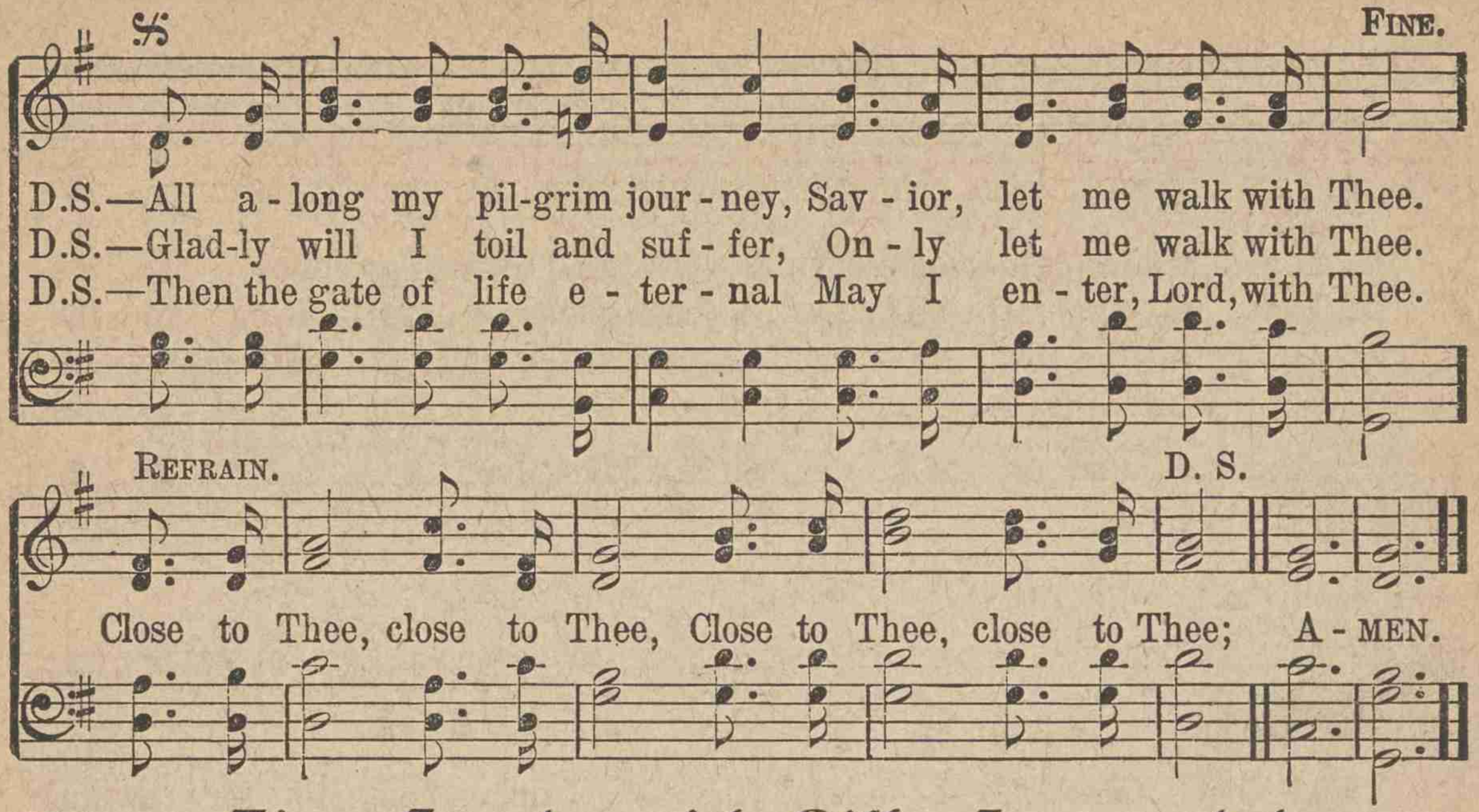
75 Close to Thee.

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Fanny J. Crosby. Silas J. Vail.

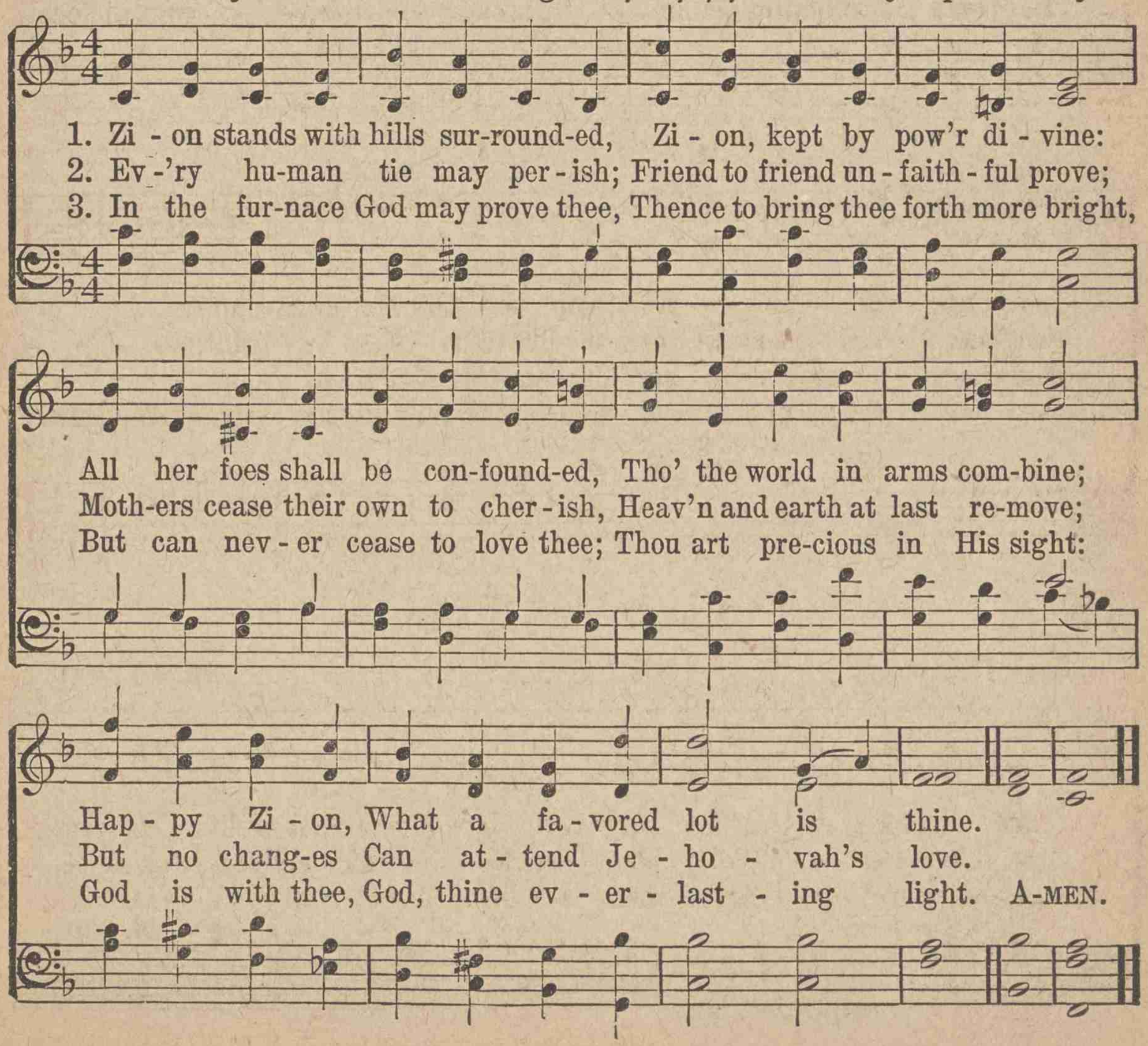
1. Thou, my ev - er - last-ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me;
2. Not for ease or world-ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;

Close to Thee.



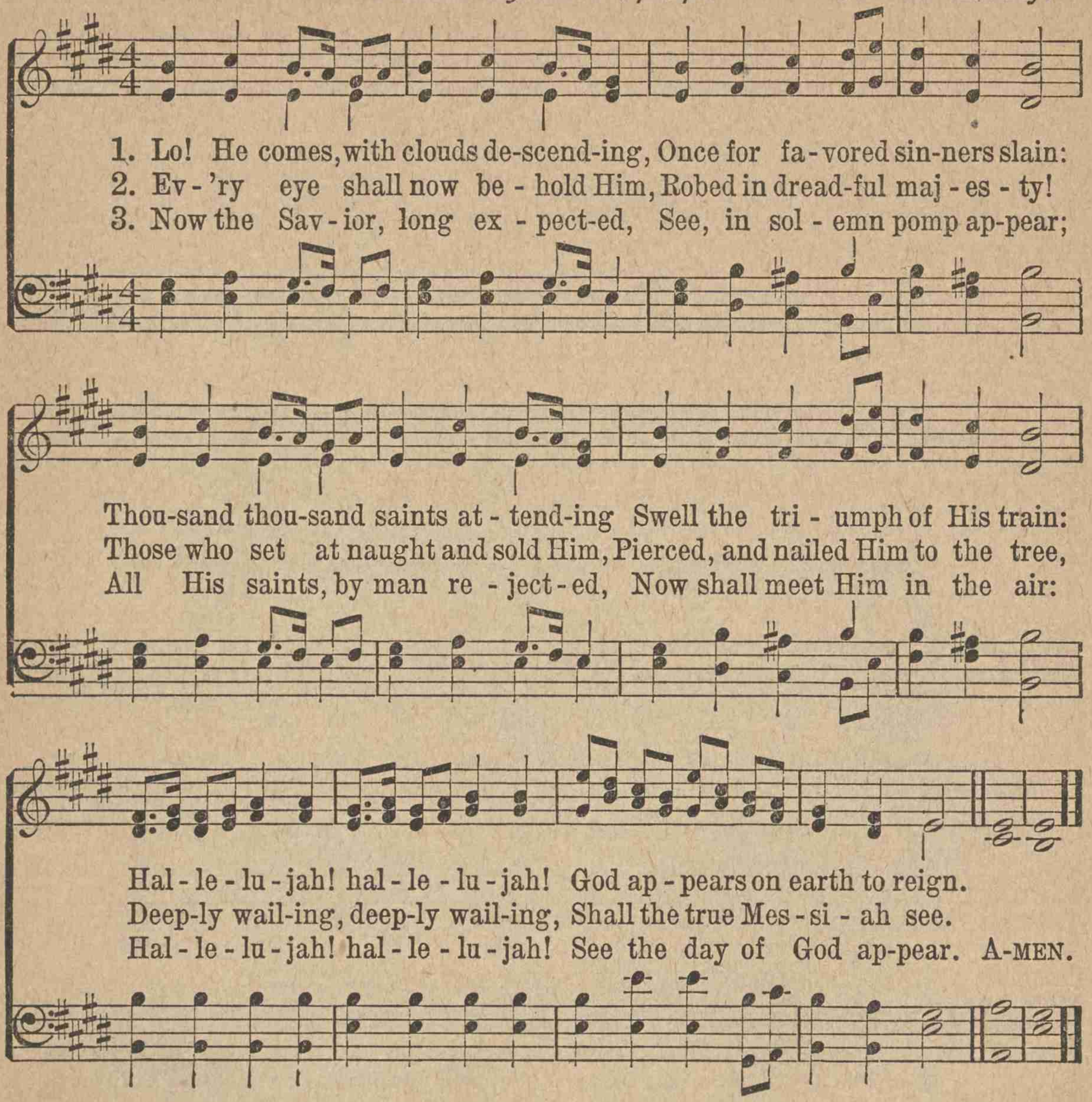
76 Zion Stands with Hills Surrounded.

Thomas Kelly. *Eton College. 8.7.8.7.4.7.* Joseph Barnby.



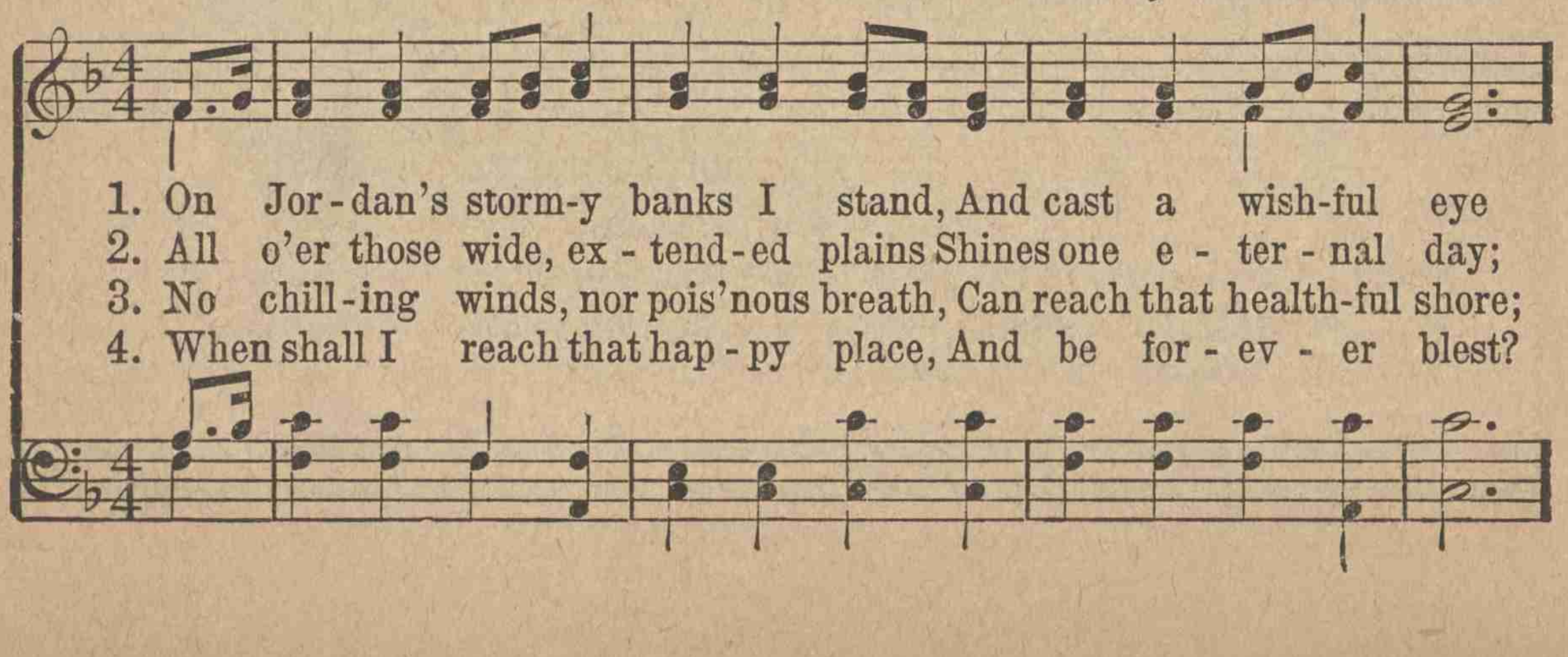
77 Lo! He Comes, With Clouds Descending.

Sicilian Hymn. 8s. 7s. 4s. Sicilian Melody.

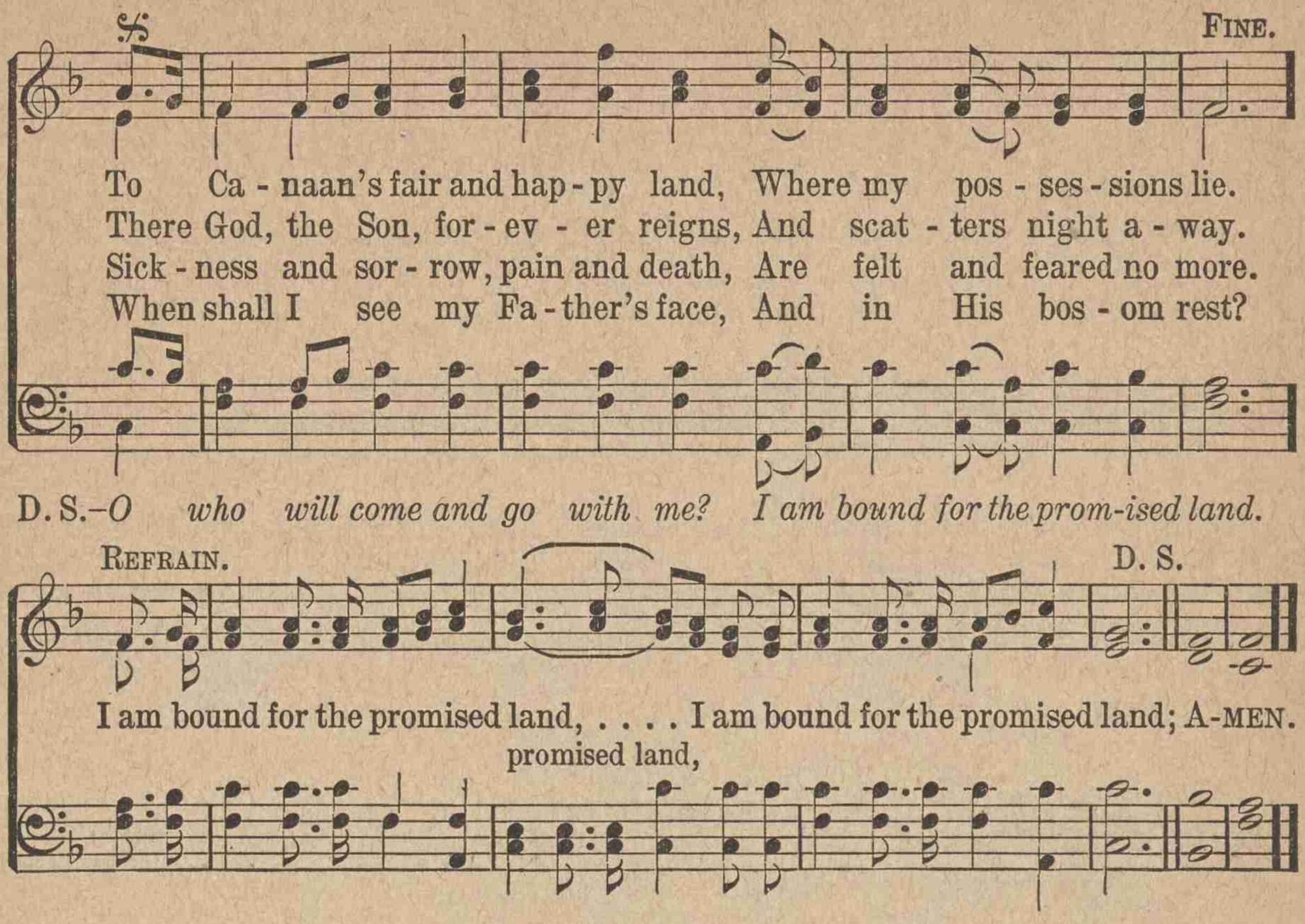


78 On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

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

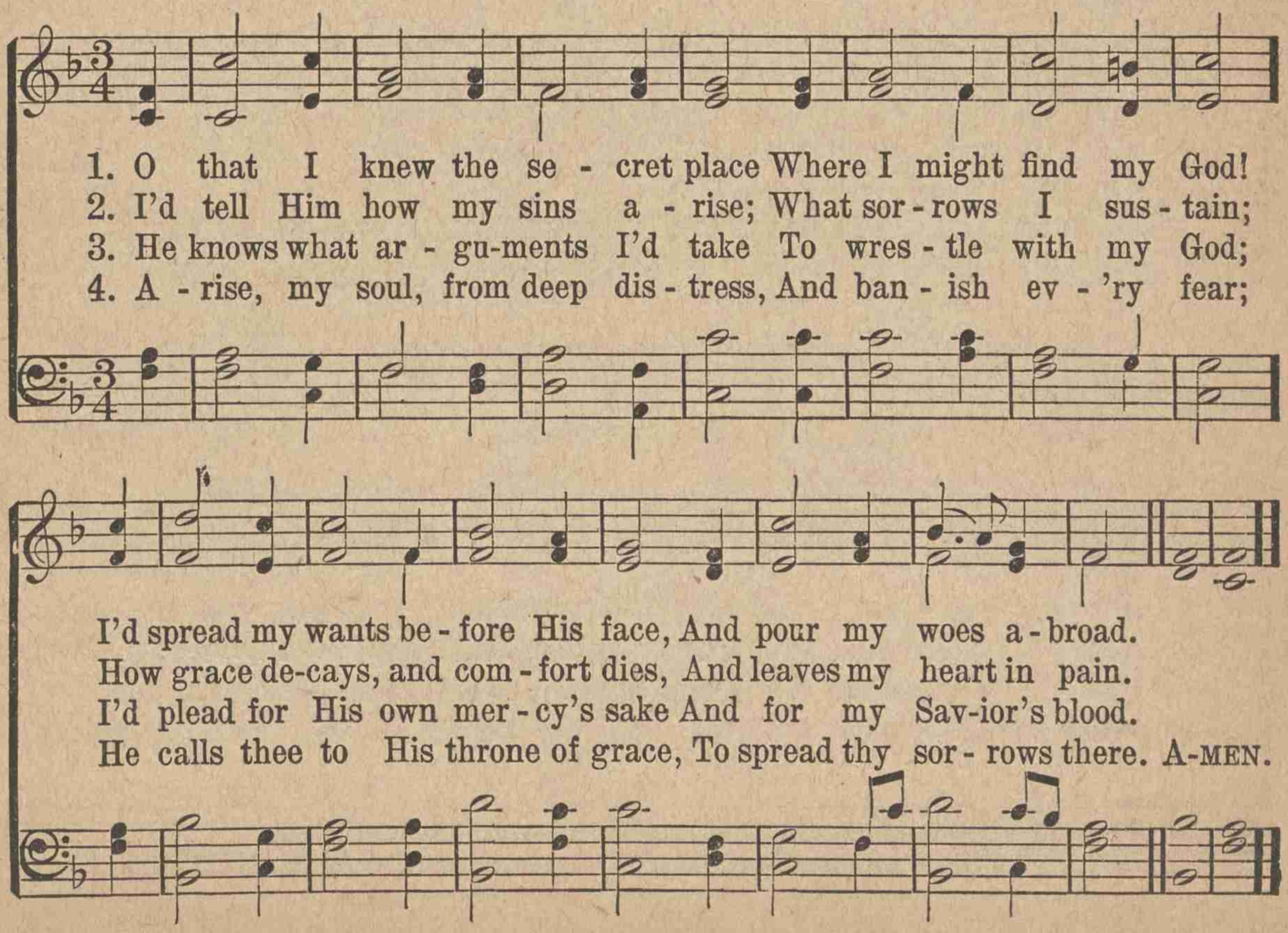


On Jordan's Stormy Banks.



79 O That I Knew the Secret Place.

Isaac Watts. *Mear. C. M.* American Air.



80 Take Time to be Holy.

W. D. Longstaff.

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George C. Stebbins.

1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord; A - bide in Him al-ways, And feed on His Word. Make friends of God's children; Help those who are
2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush-es on; Spend much time in se - cret With Je - sus a - lone— By look-ing to Je - sus, Like Him thou shalt
3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide; And run not be- fore Him, What-ev - er be - tide; In joy or in sor - row, Still fol - low thy
4. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul; Each tho't and each mo - tive Be-neath His con-trol; Thus led by His Spir - it To foun-tains of
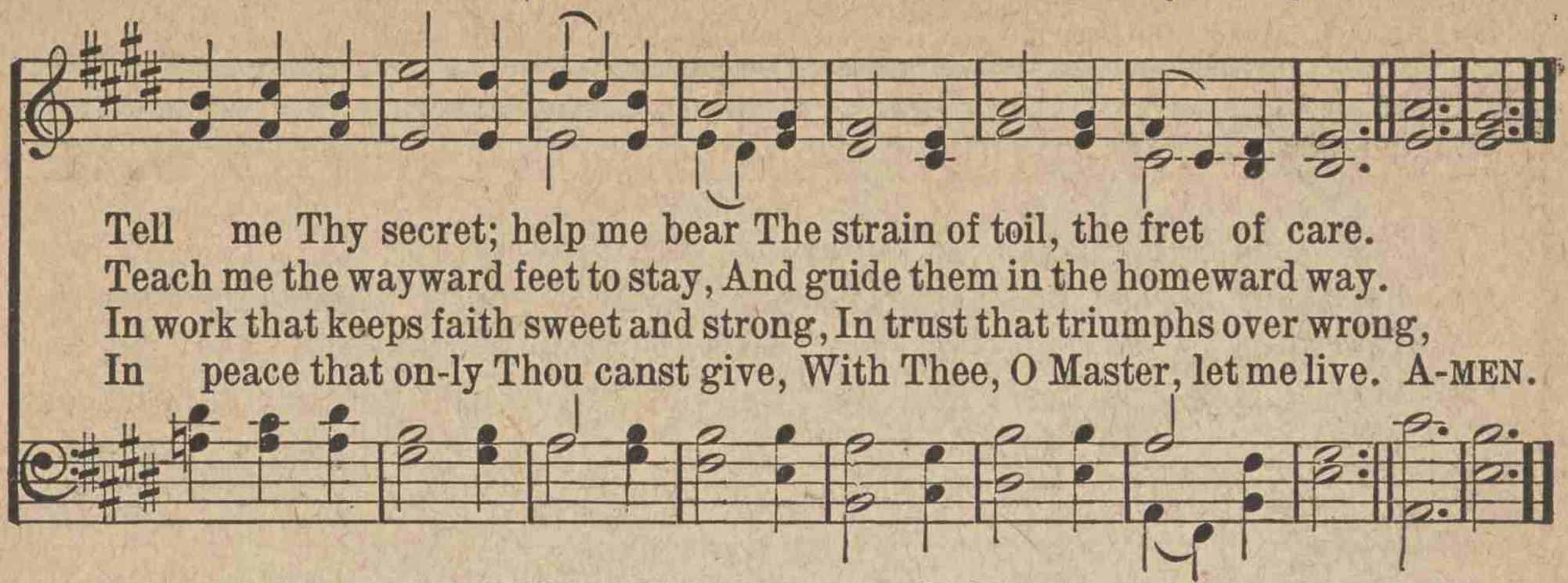
weak; For - get-ting in noth - ing His bless-ings to seek.
be; Thy friends in thy con - duct His like-ness shall see.
Lord, And, look - ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.
love, Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For serv - ice a - bove. A - MEN.

81 O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

W. Gladden. *Maryton. L. M.* H. P. Smith.

1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly paths of serv - ice free;
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love;
3. Teach me Thy patience! still with Thee In clos - er, dear - er com - pan - y,
4. In hope that sends a shin - ing ray Far down the future's broad'ning way,

O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.
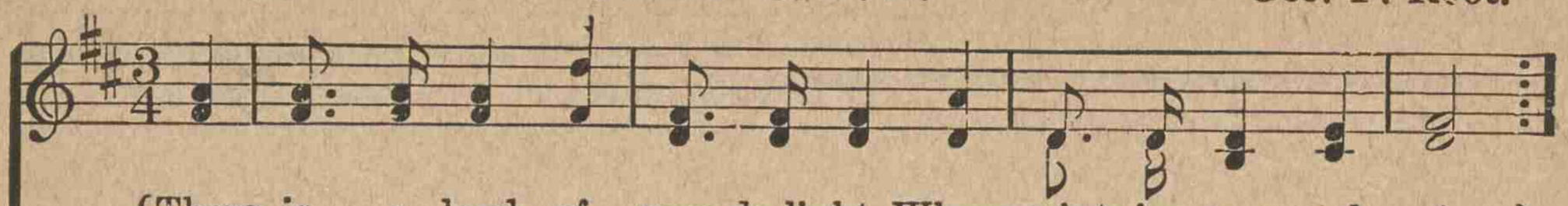


82 The Shining Shore.

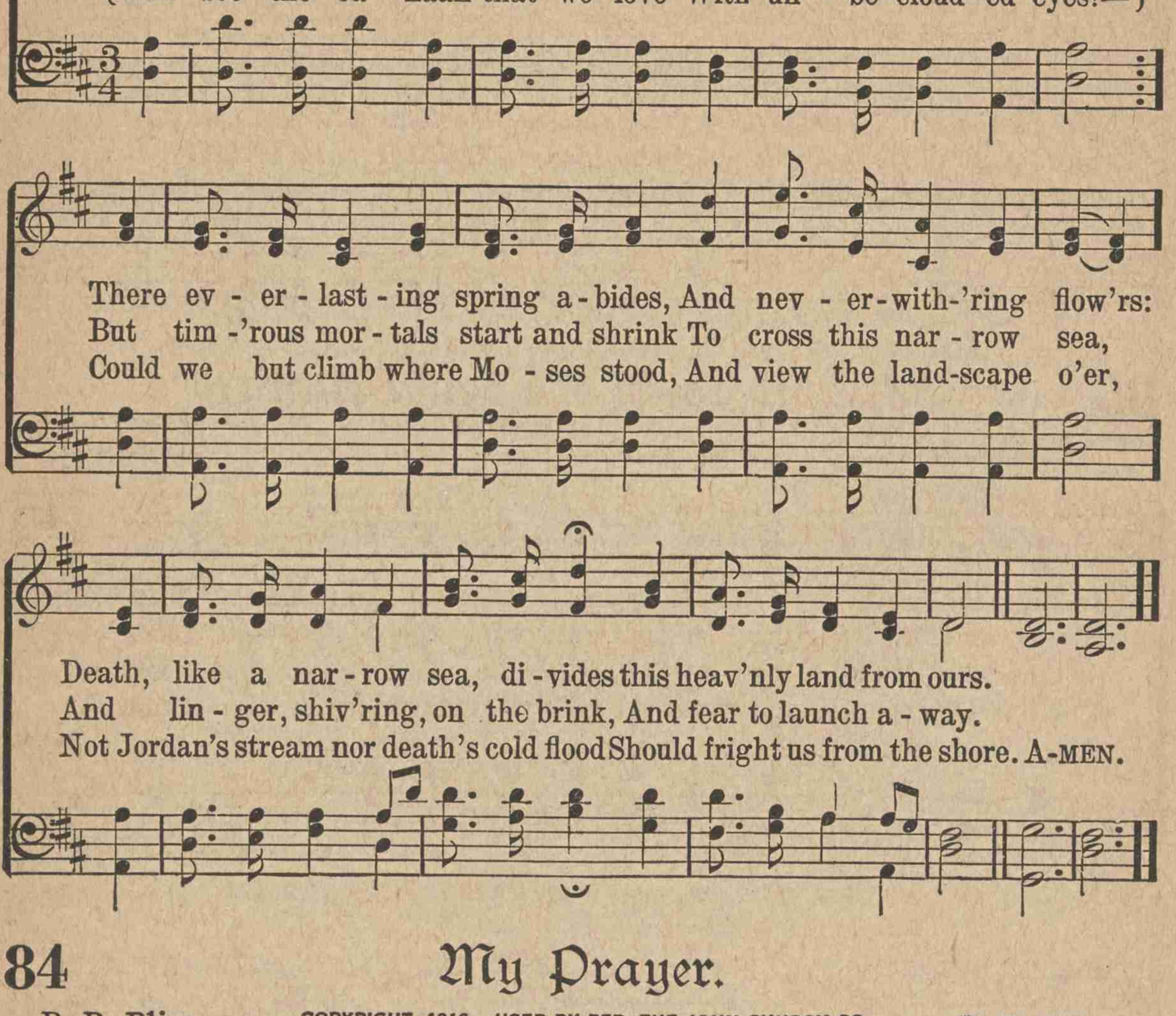
David Nelson. Geo. F. Root.

83 There is a Land of Pure Delight.

Isaac Watts. *Varina. C. M. D.* Geo. F. Root.
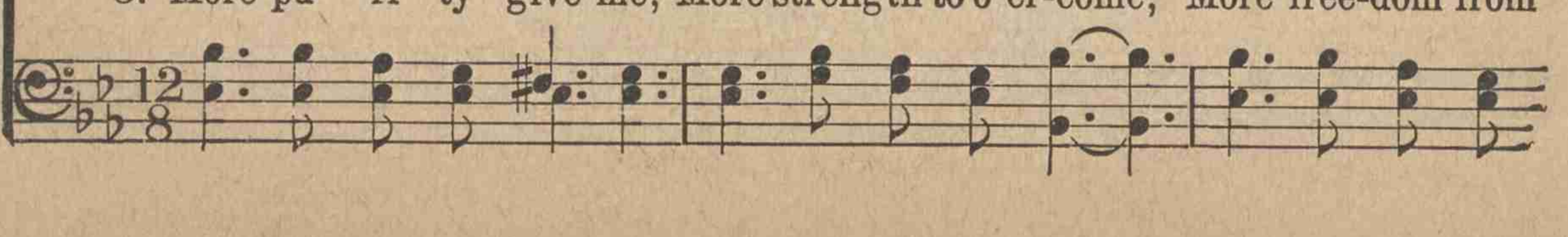


1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
   E - ter - nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban - ish pain.
2. Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood Stand dressed in liv - ing green;
   So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor - dan rolled be - tween.
3. Oh, could we make our doubts re-move, Those gloom-y doubts that rise,
   And see the Ca - naan that we love With un - be-cloud-ed eyes!—



There ev - er - last - ing spring a-bides, And nev - er-with-'ring flow'rs:
But tim -'rous mor - tals start and shrink To cross this nar - row sea,
Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the land-scape o'er,

Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides this heav'nly land from ours.
And lin - ger, shiv'ring, on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore. A-MEN.



84 My Prayer.

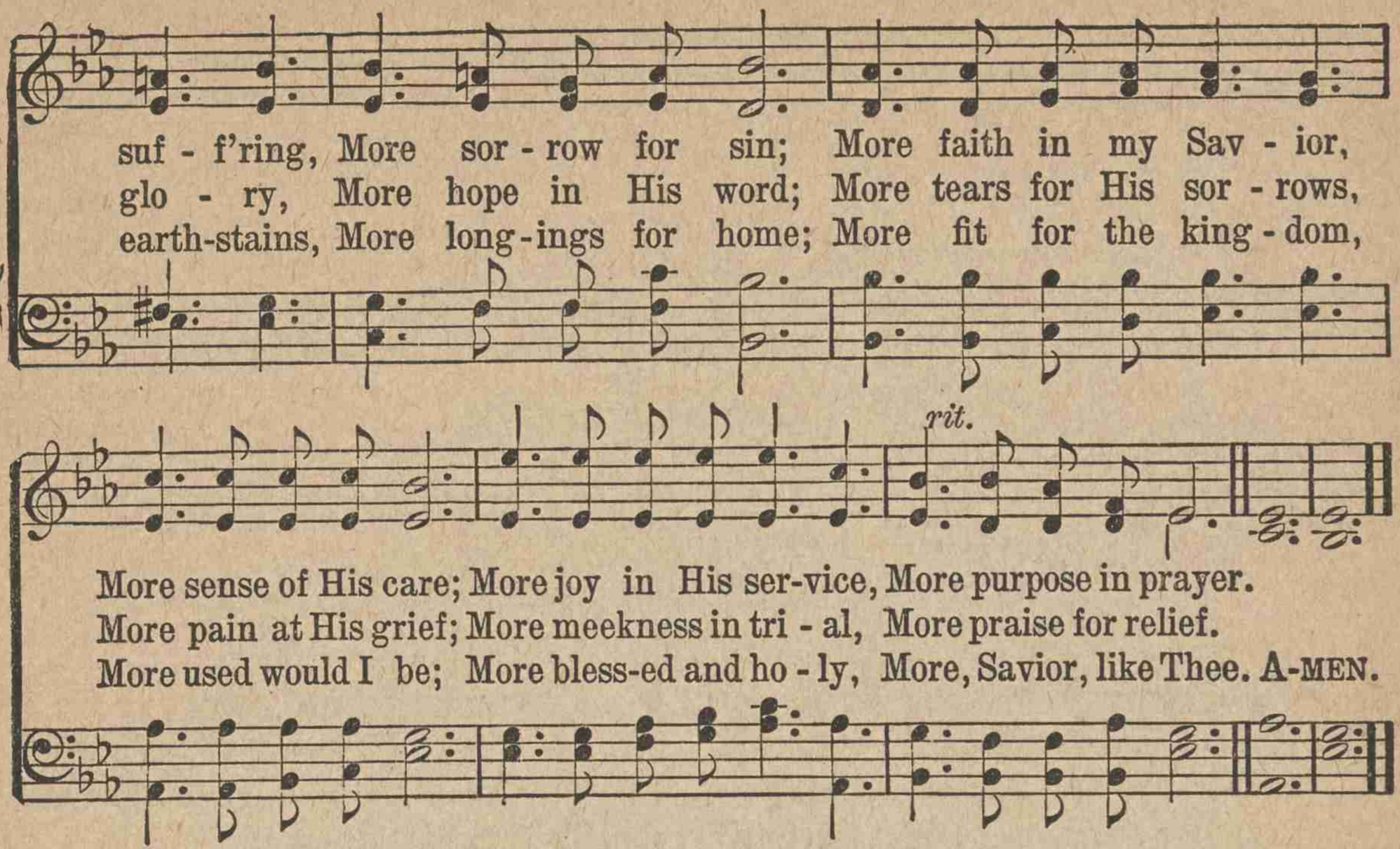
P. P. Bliss.

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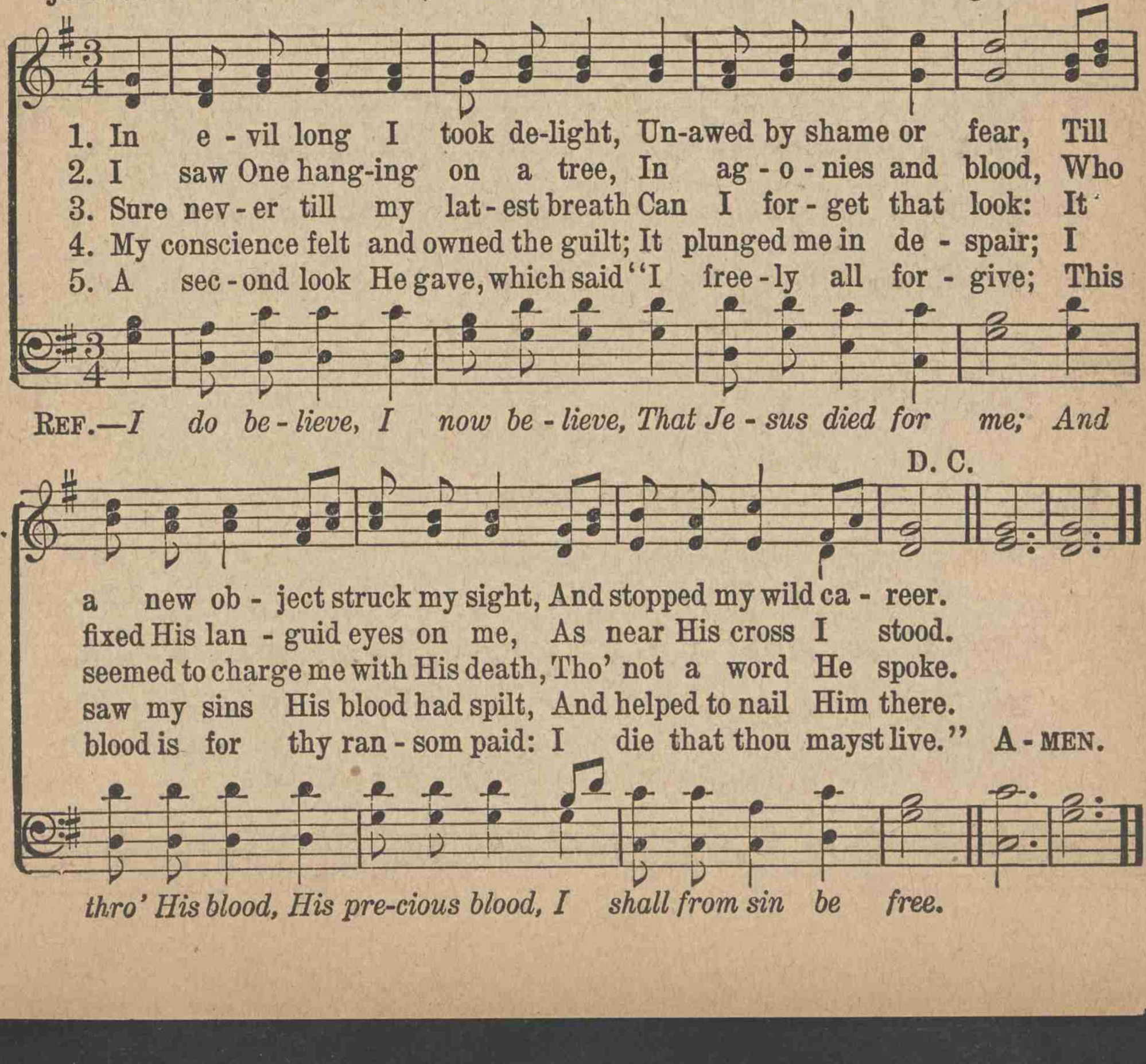
1. More ho - li - ness give me, More striv-ing with - in; More pa-tience in
2. More grat - i - tude give me, More trust in the Lord; More pride in His
3. More pu - ri - ty give me, More strength to o'er-come; More free-dom from

My Prayer.
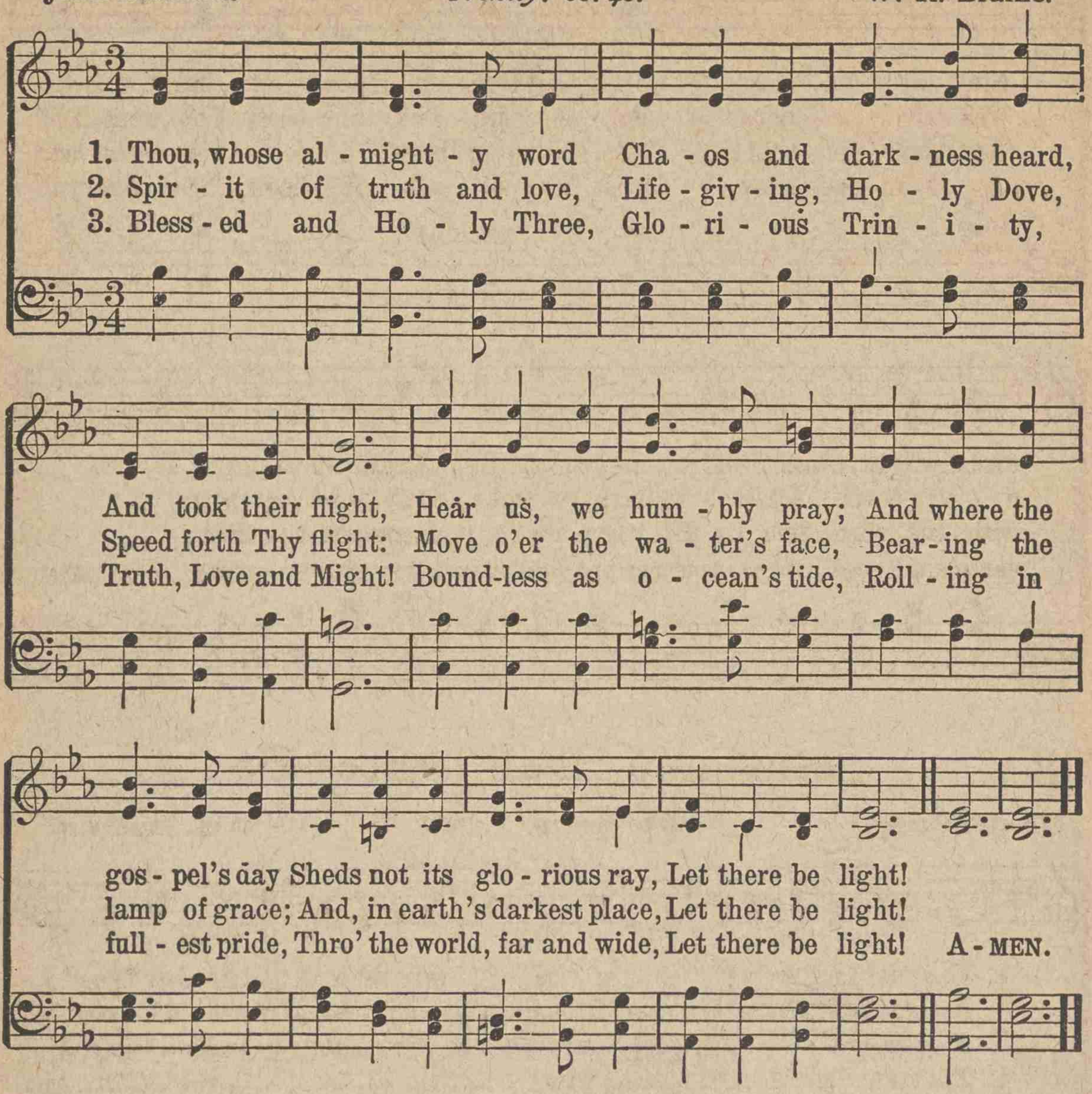


85 In Evil Long I Took Delight.

John Newton. *I Do Believe. C. M.* English Air.



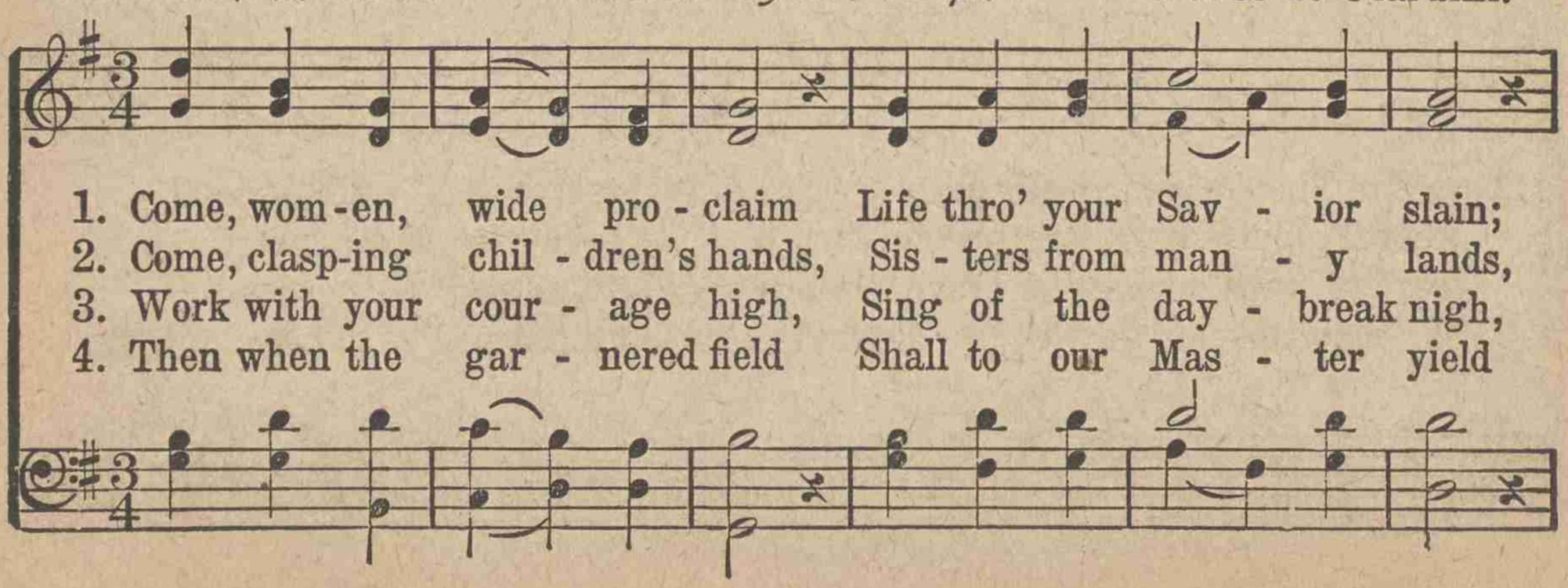
86 Thou, Whose Almighty Word.

John Marriott. *Trinity. 6s. 4s.* W. R. Braine.
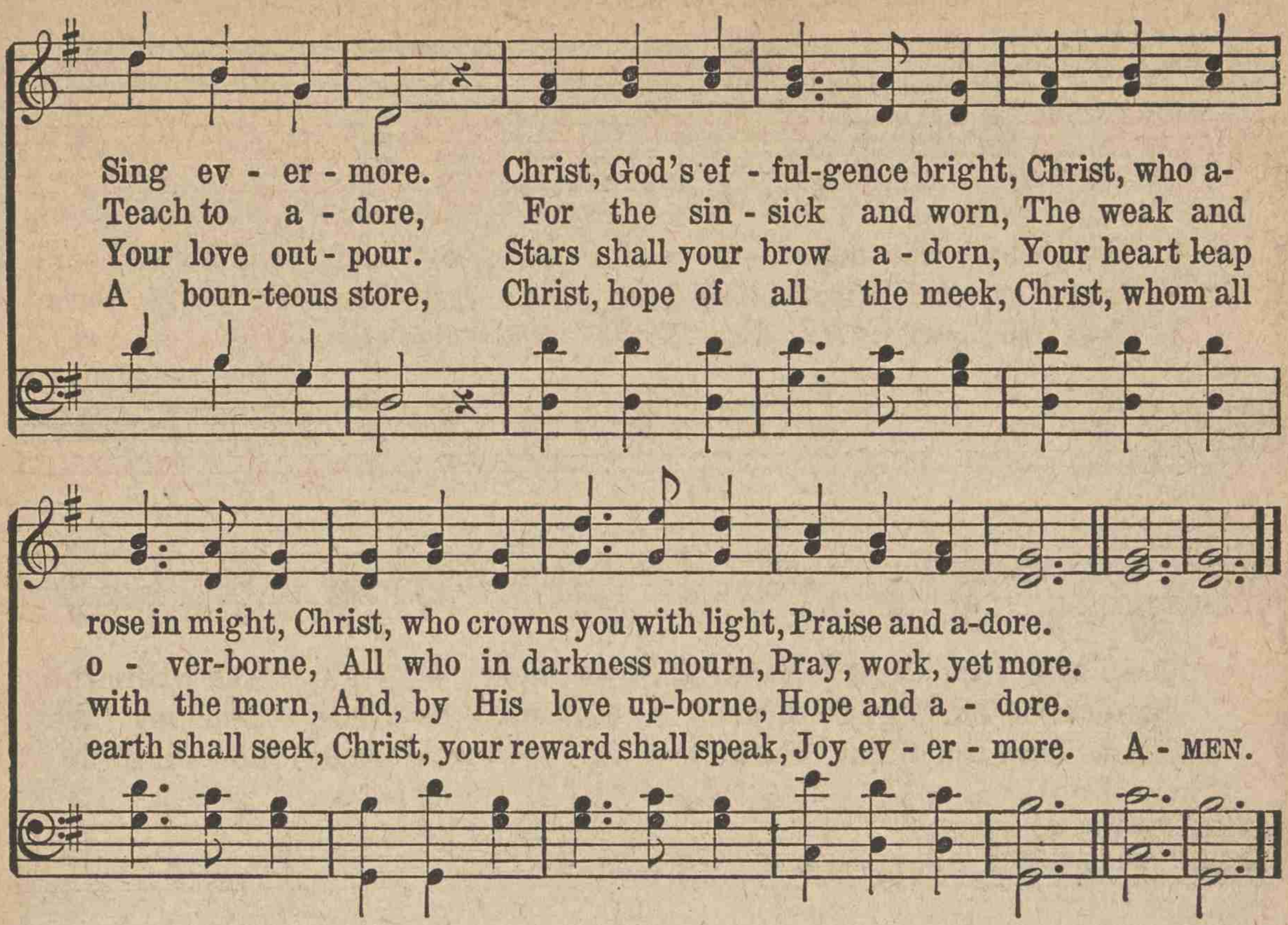


87 The Woman's Hymn.

Fannie E. S. Heck. *Italian Hymn. 6s. 4s.* Felice de Giardini.



The Woman's Hymn.
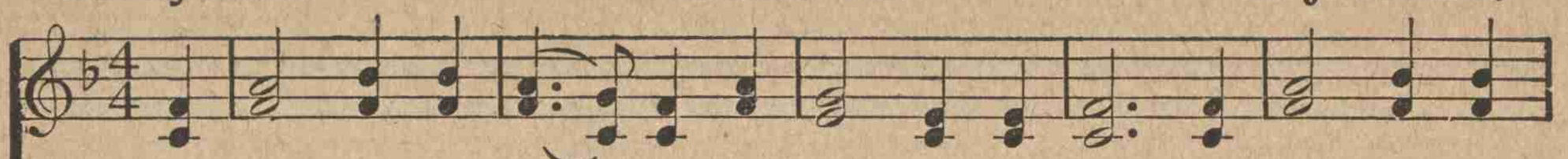


88 Jesus! and Shall it Ever Be.
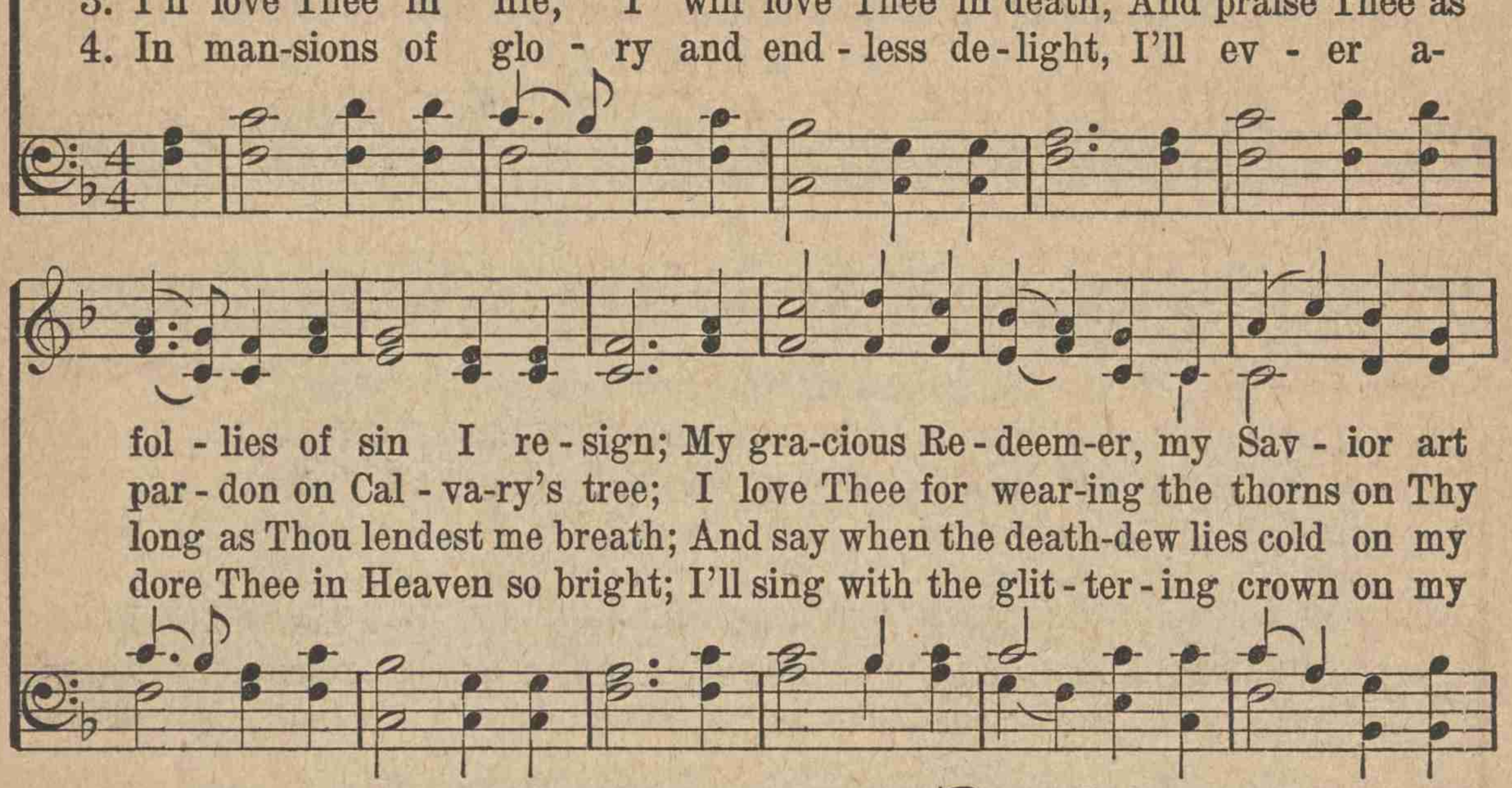
Joseph Grigg. *Woodworth. L. M.* Wm. Bradbury.

89 My Jesus, I Love Thee.
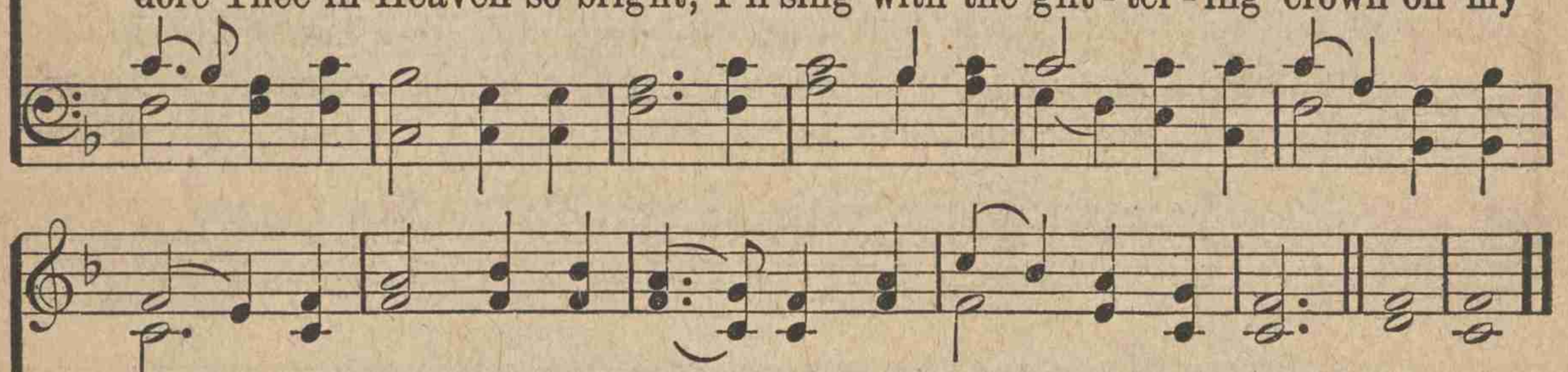
Anonymous. *Gordon. 11s.* A. J. Gordon.
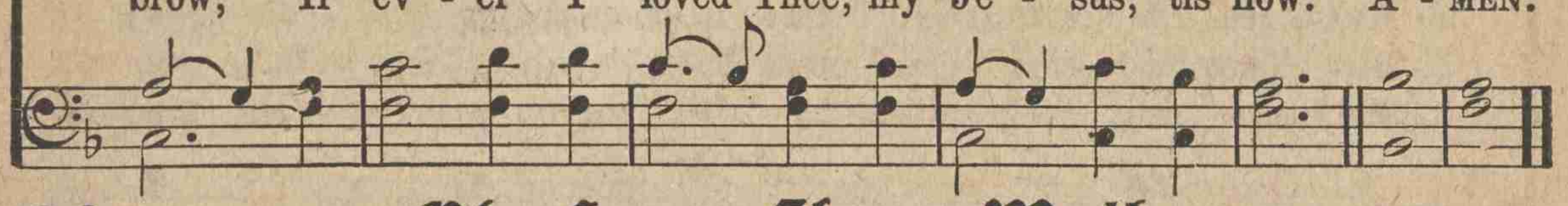


1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a-



fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra-cious Re - deem-er, my Sav - ior art
par - don on Cal - va-ry's tree; I love Thee for wear-ing the thorns on Thy
long as Thou lendest me breath; And say when the death-dew lies cold on my
dore Thee in Heaven so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my
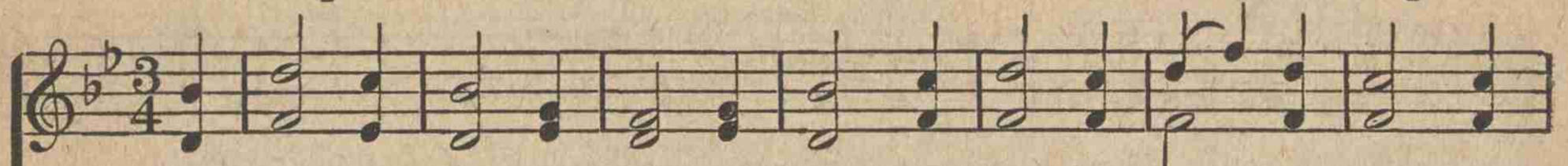


Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
brow: If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now. A - MEN.
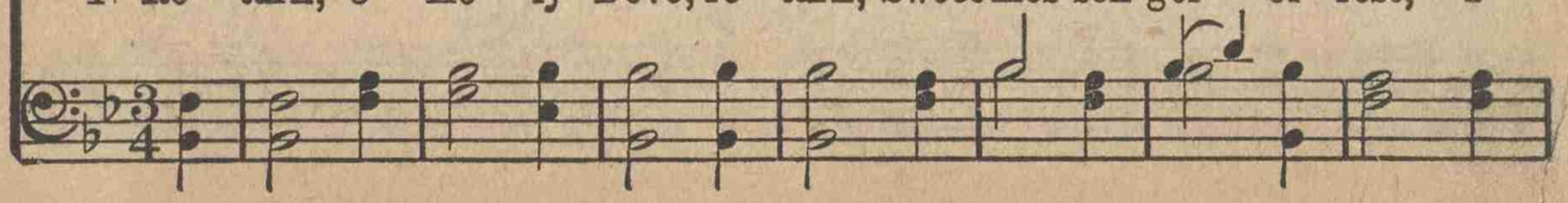


90 Oh, for a Closer Walk.

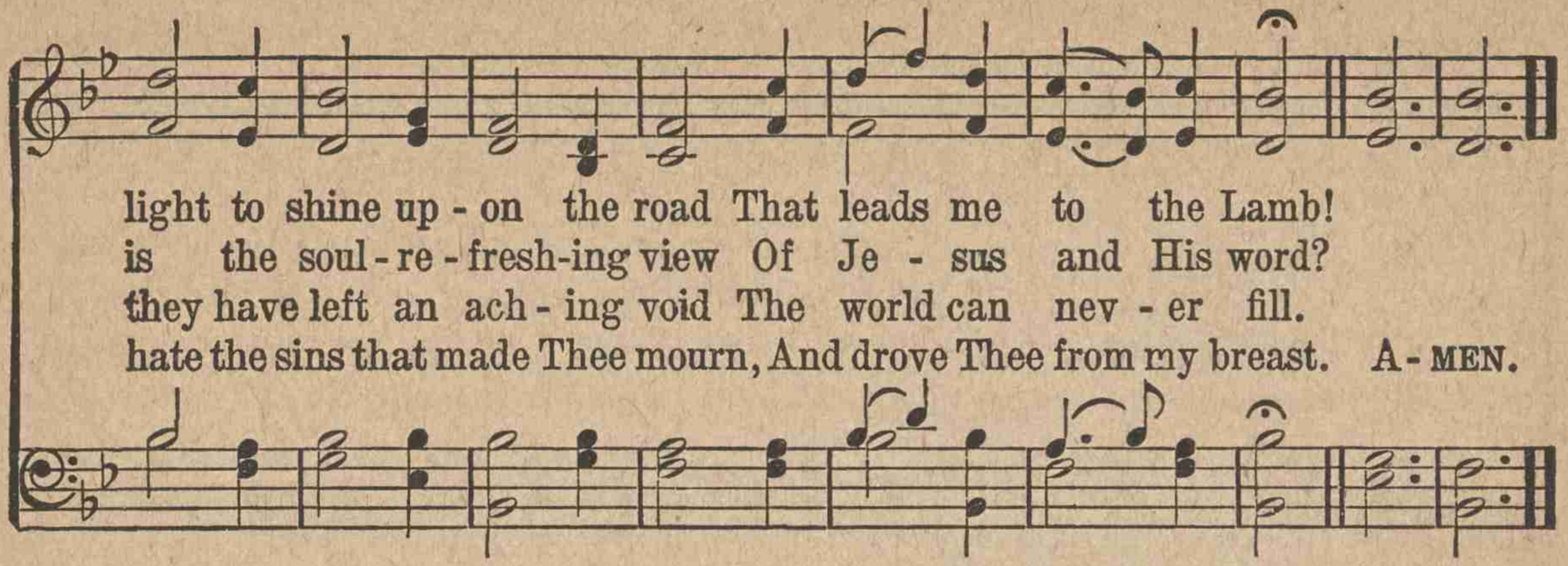
William Cowper. *Balerma. C. M.* Robt. Simpson.



1. Oh, for a clo - ser walk with God, A calm and heav'n-ly frame; A
2. Where is the bless-ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where
3. What peace-ful hours I once en - joyed! How sweet their mem-'ry still! But
4. Re - turn, O Ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet mes-sen-ger of rest; I

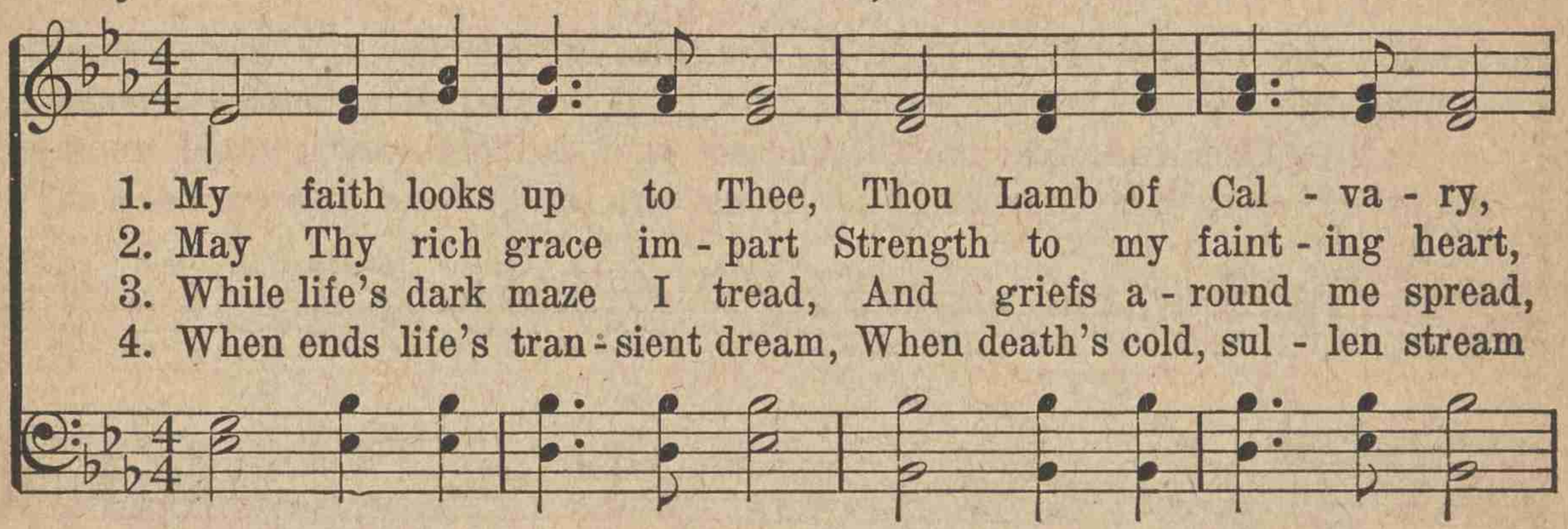


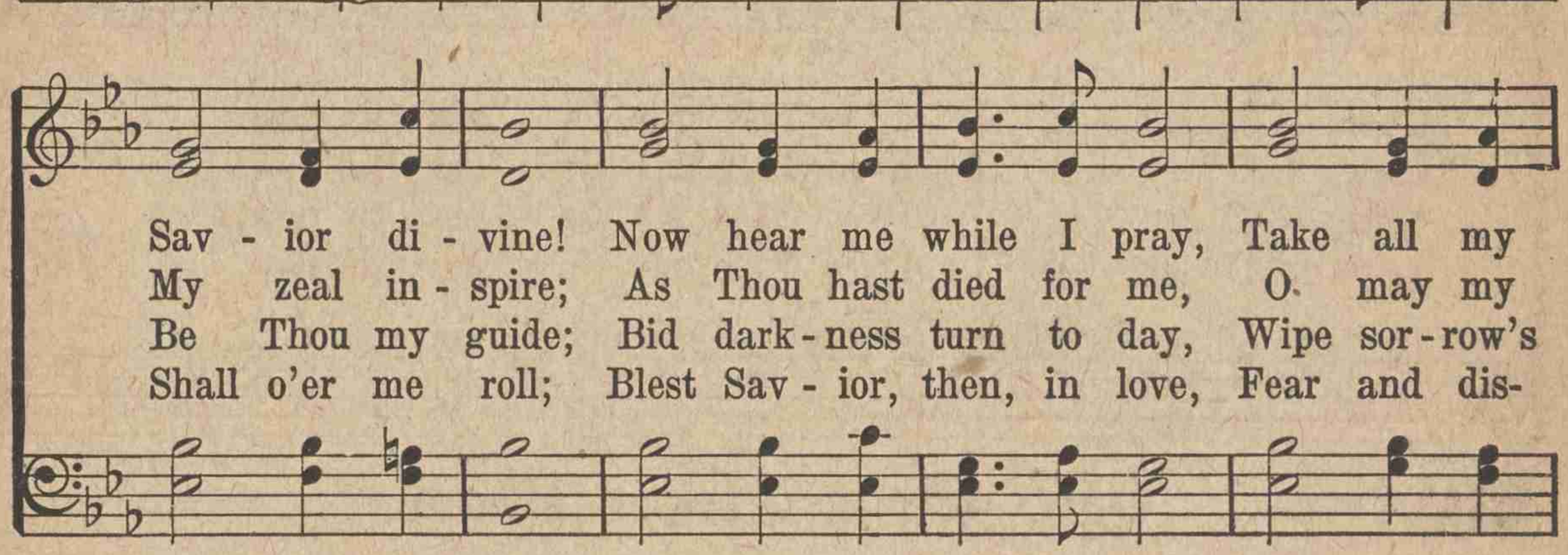
Oh, For a Closer Walk.

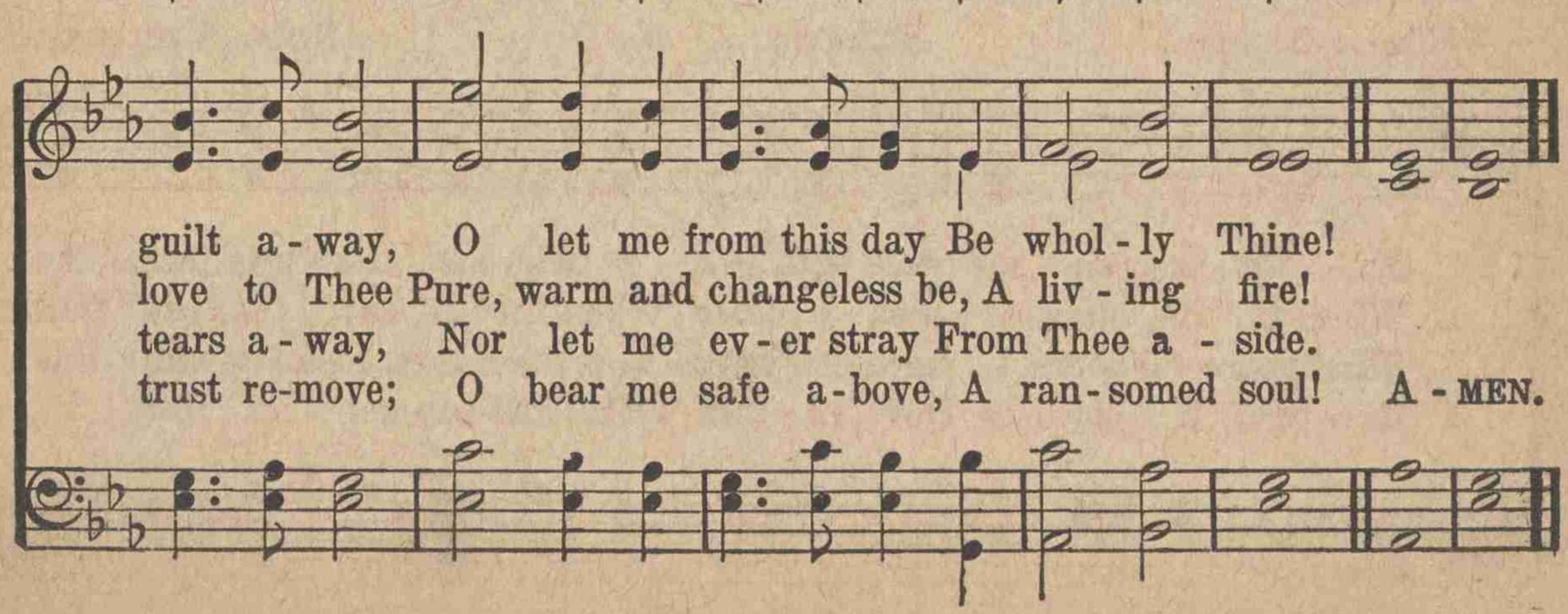


91 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. *Olivet. 6. 4.* Lowell Mason.

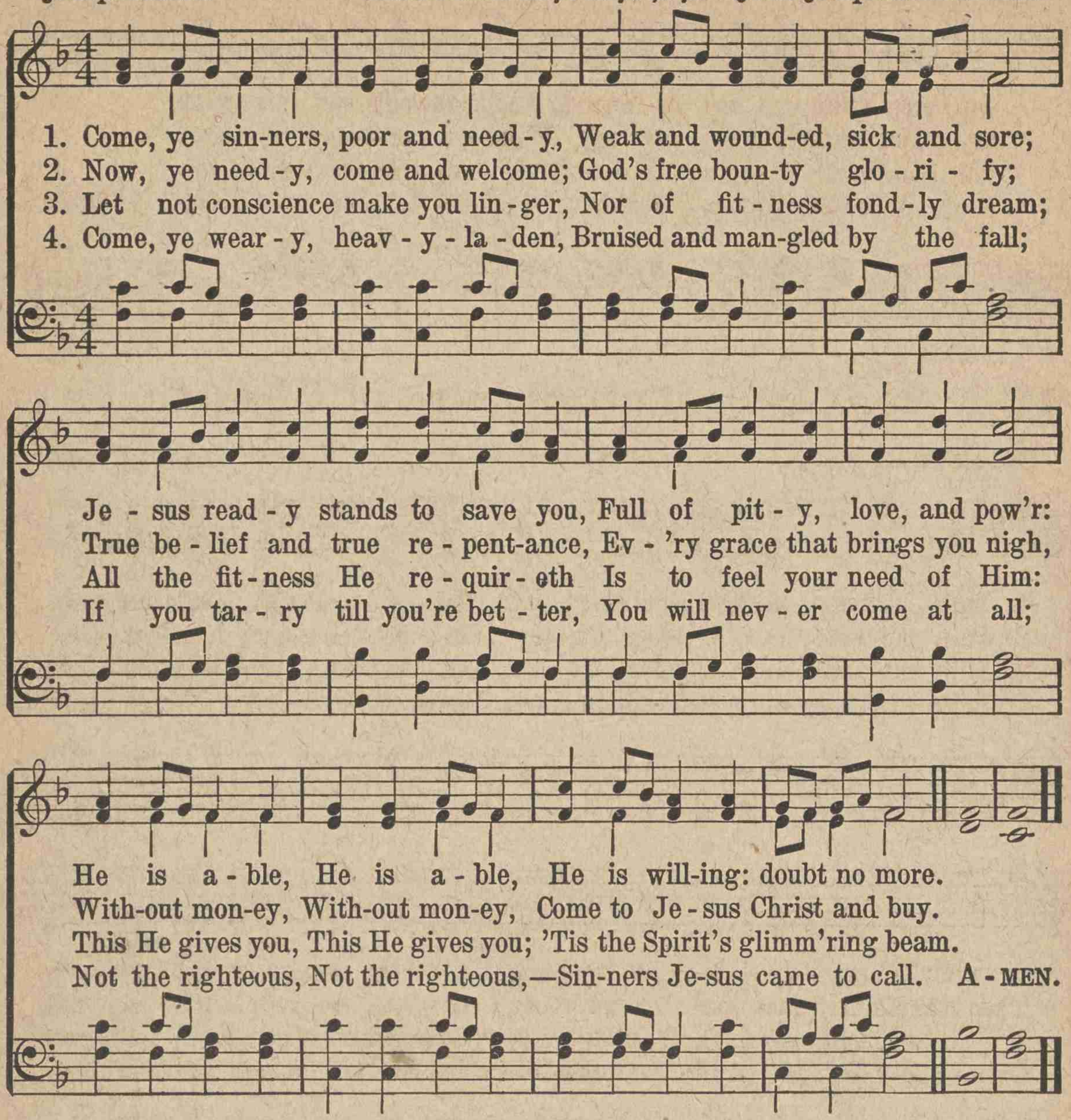






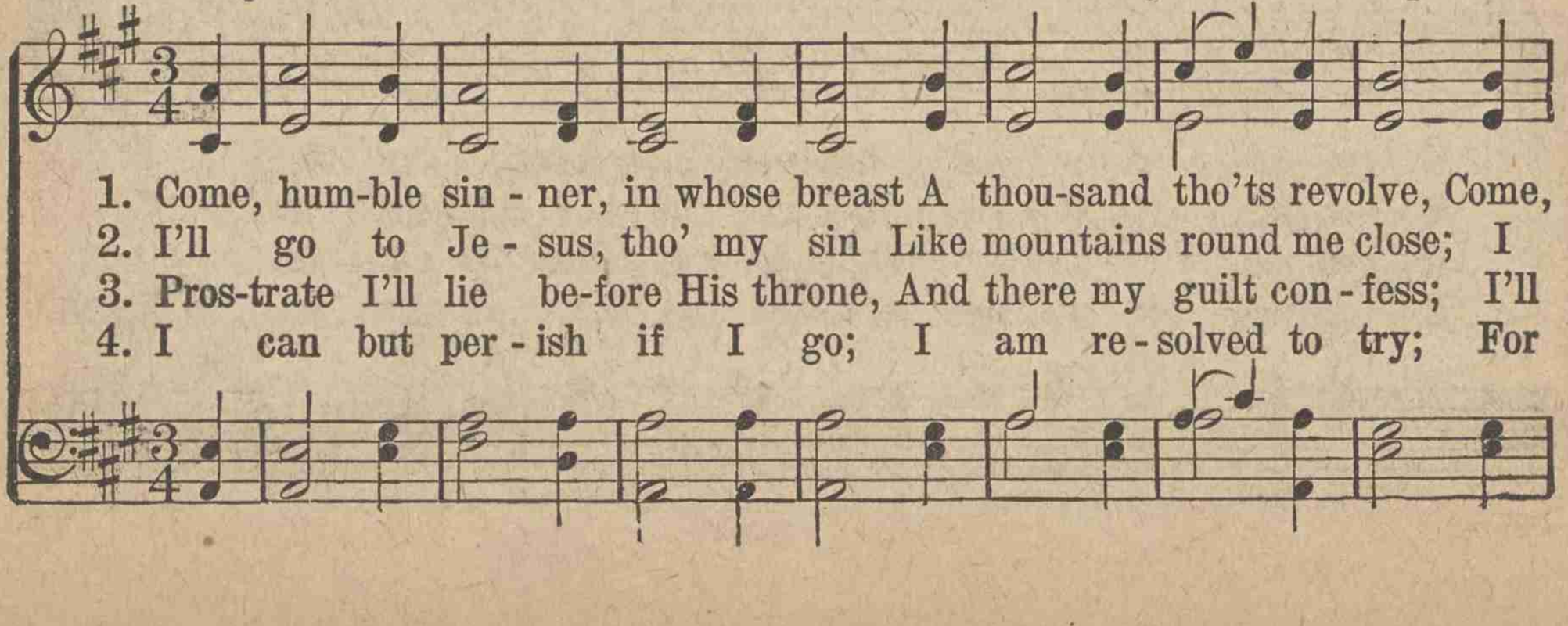
92 Come, Ye Sinners.

Joseph Hart. *Greenville. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.* Jean Jacques Rousseau.

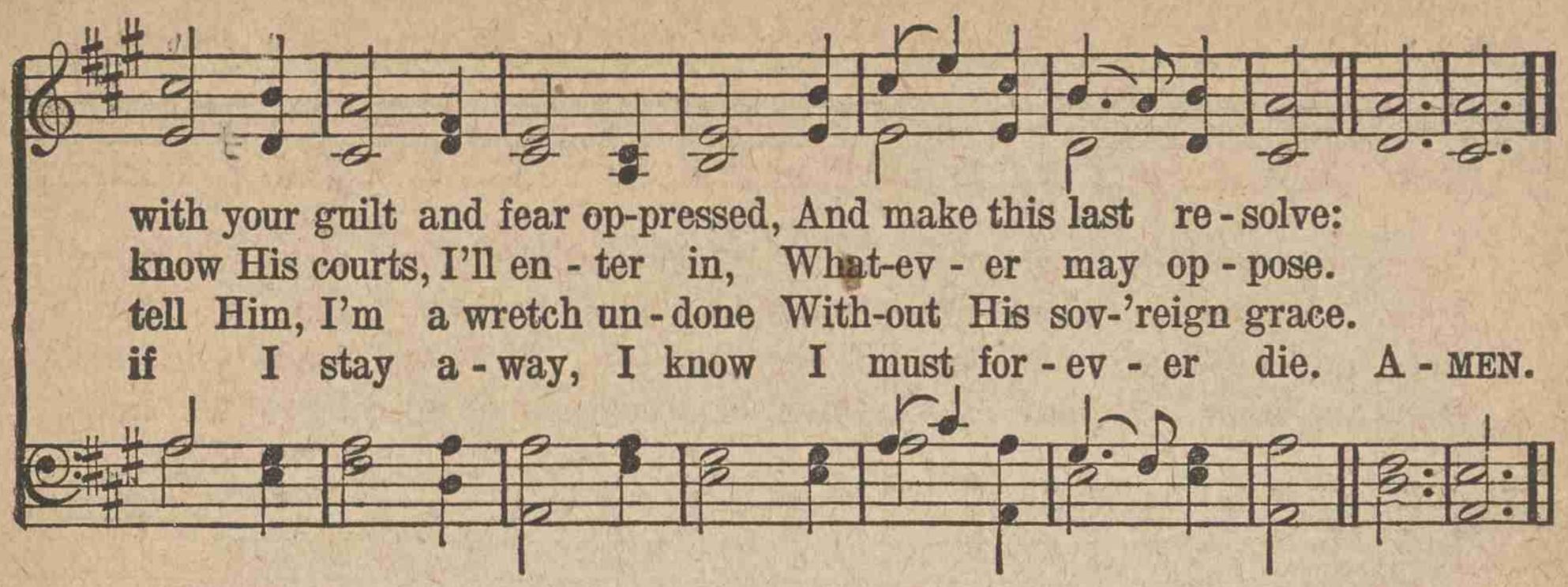


93 Come, Humble Sinner.

Edmund Jones. *Balerma. C. M.* Arr. by Robert Simpson.
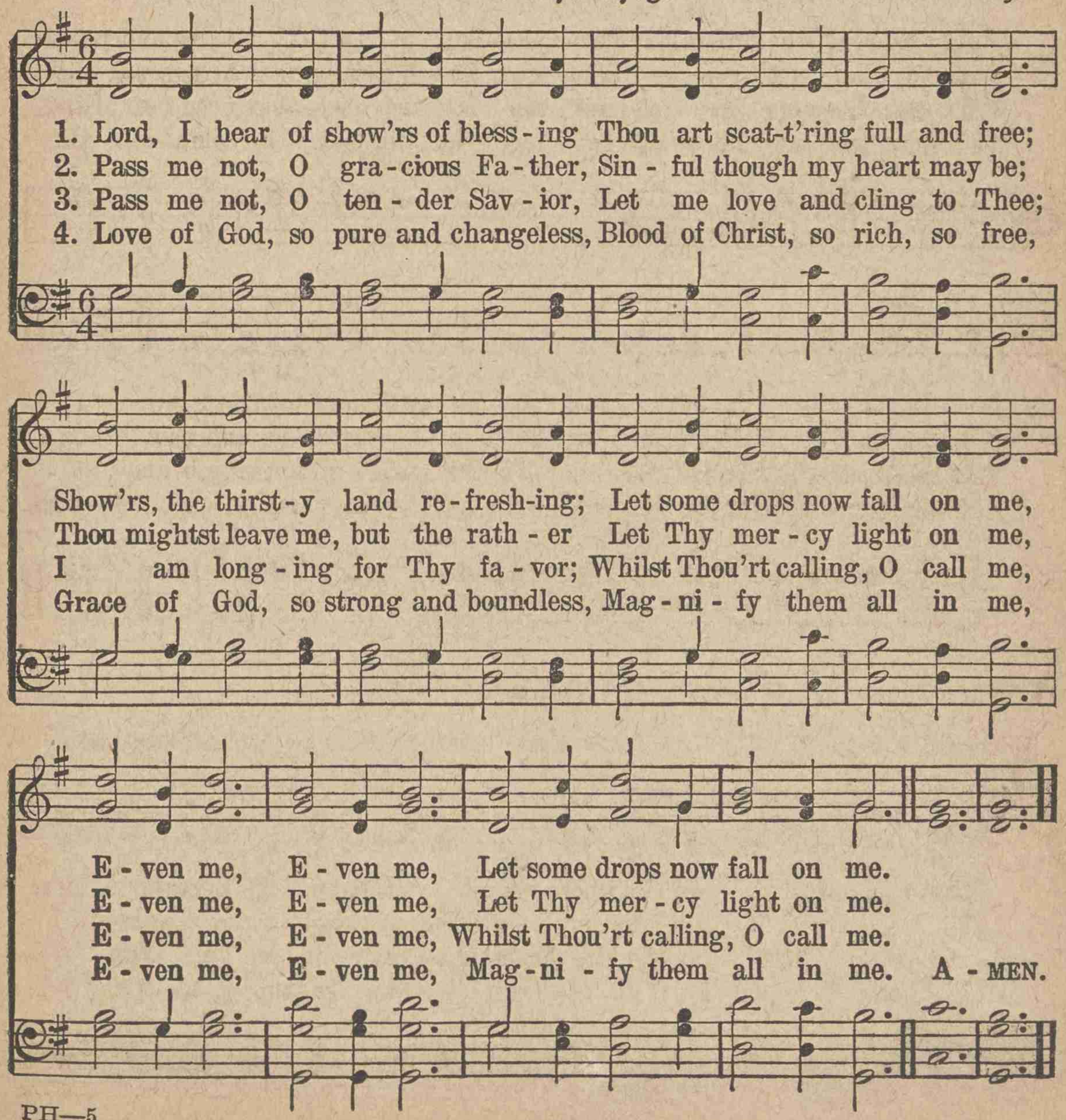


Come, Humble Sinner.
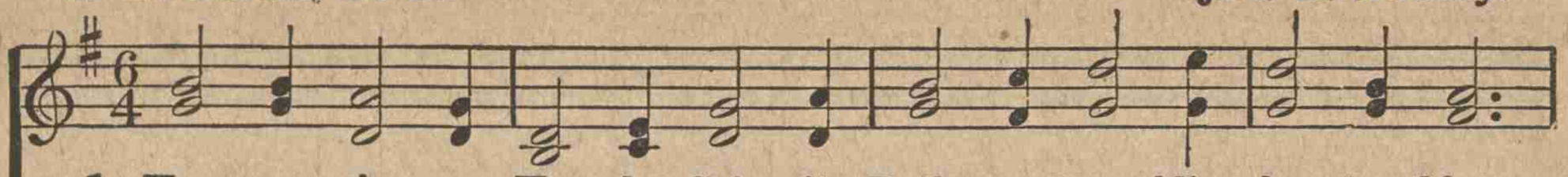


94 Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing.

Elizabeth Codner. *Even Me. 8. 7. 8. 7. 3.* William B. Bradbury.
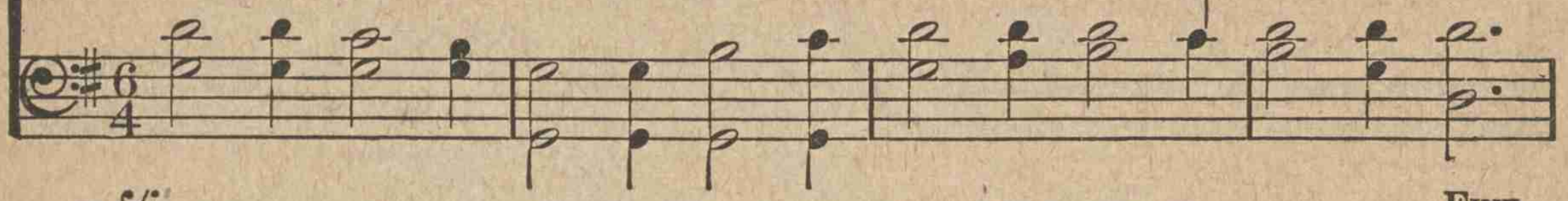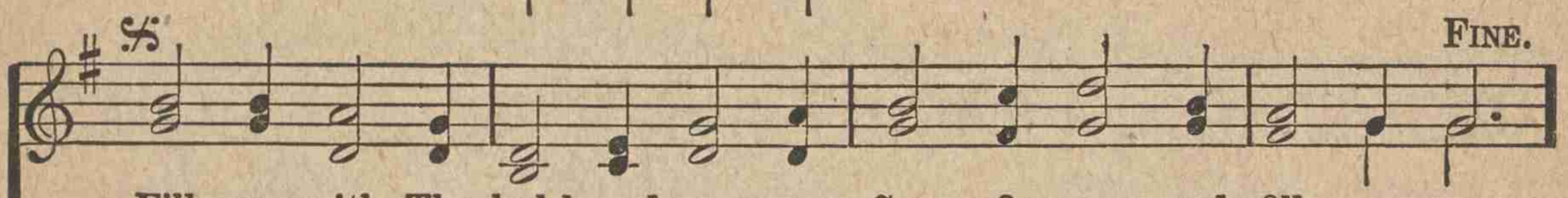


95 Fill Me Now.

E. R. Stokes, D. D. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY JNO. R. SWENEY. RENEWAL. Jno. R. Sweney.
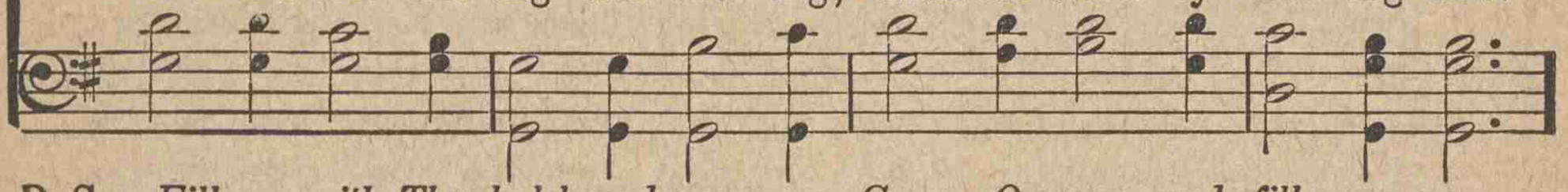


1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my trem-bling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gra-cious Spir - it, Though I can - not tell Thee how;
3. I am weak-ness, full of weak-ness, At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me, Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow;

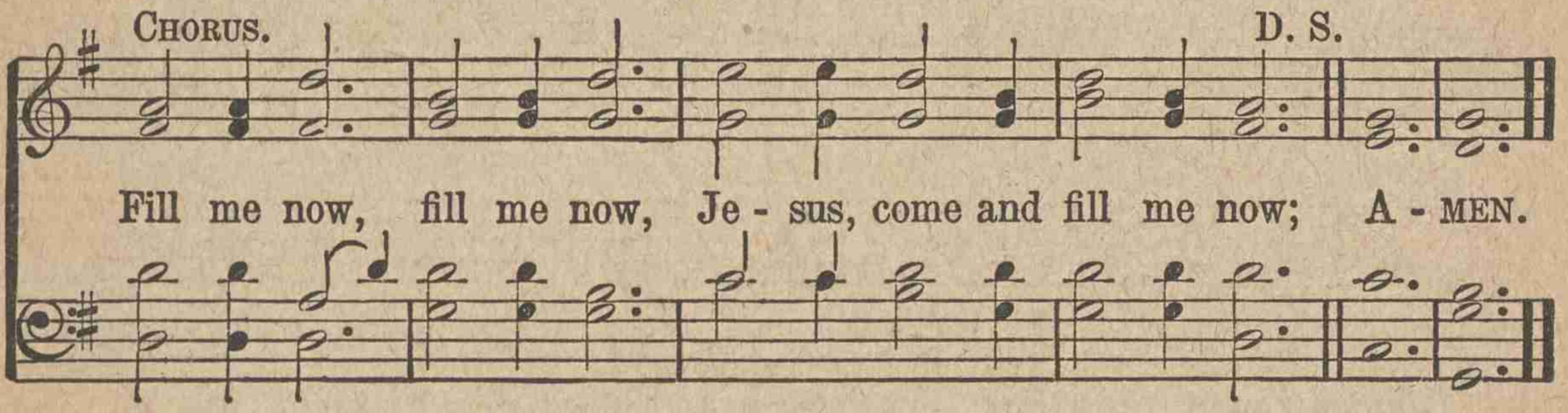




Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, O come and fill me now.
But I need Thee, great-ly need Thee, Come, O come and fill me now.
Blest, di-vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r and fill me now.
Thou art com - fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.



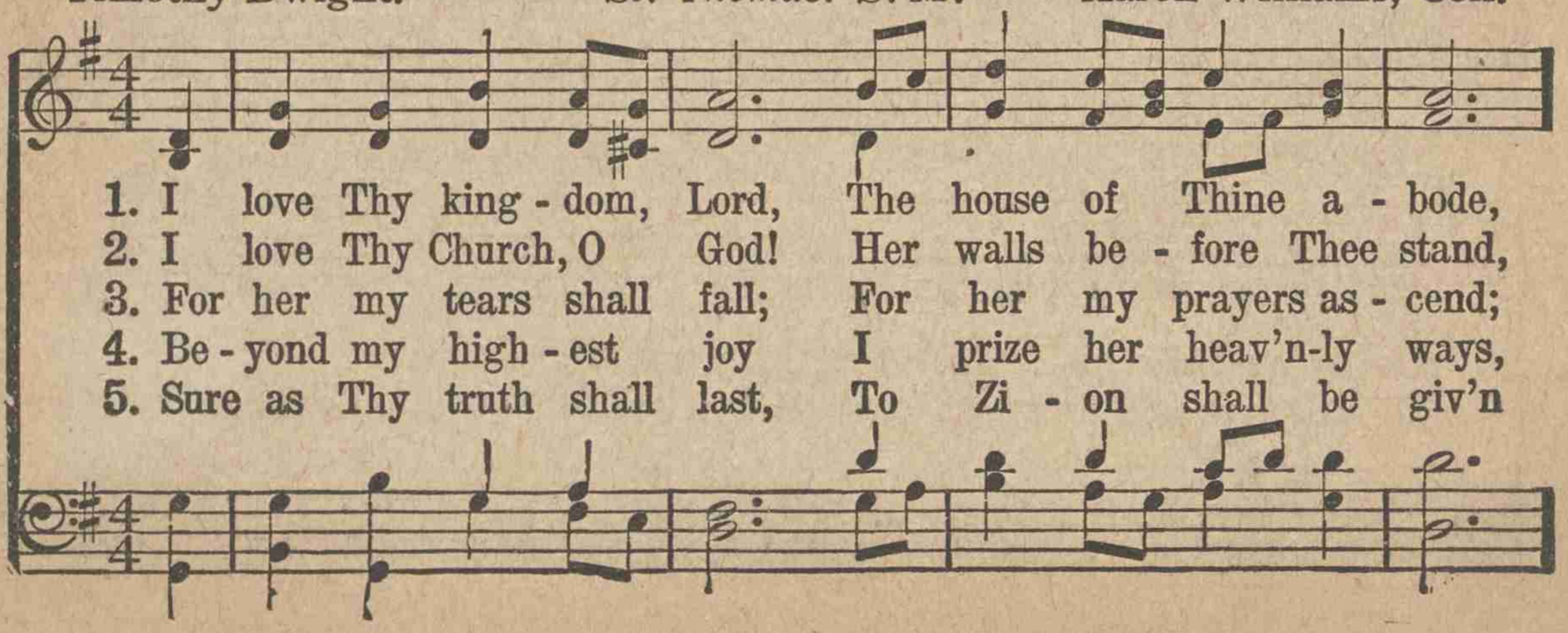
D. S.—*Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, O come and fill me now.*



Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come and fill me now; A - MEN.
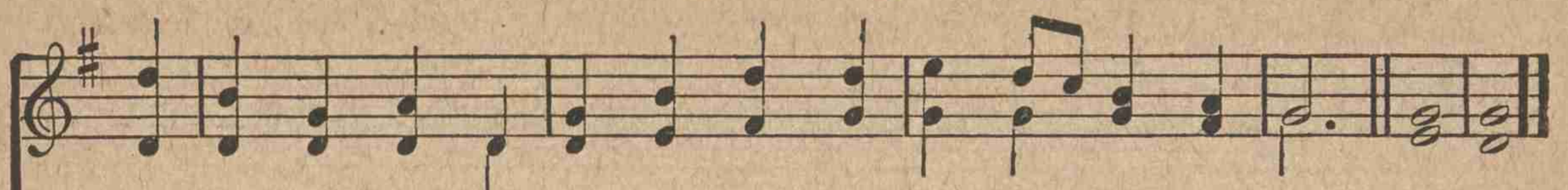
96 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight. *St. Thomas. S. M.* Aaron Williams, Coll.
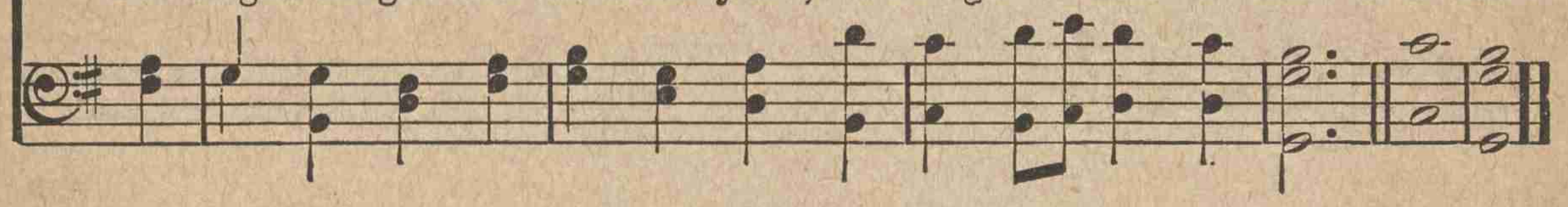


1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers as - cend;
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n-ly ways,
5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.
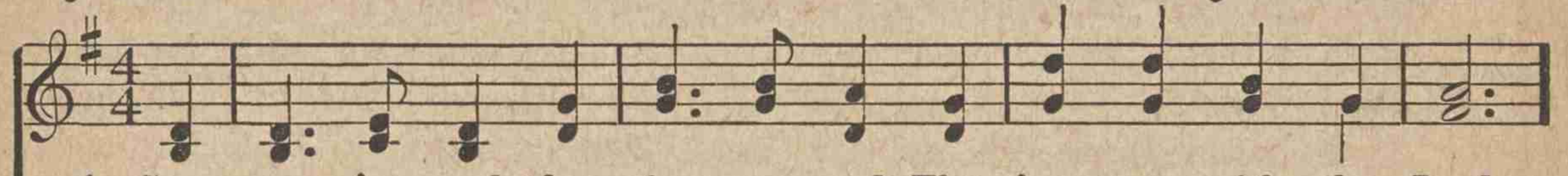


The Church our blest Re-deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
Dear as the ap-ple of Thine eye, And gra-ven on Thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
The bright-est glo-ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of Heav'n. A-MEN.

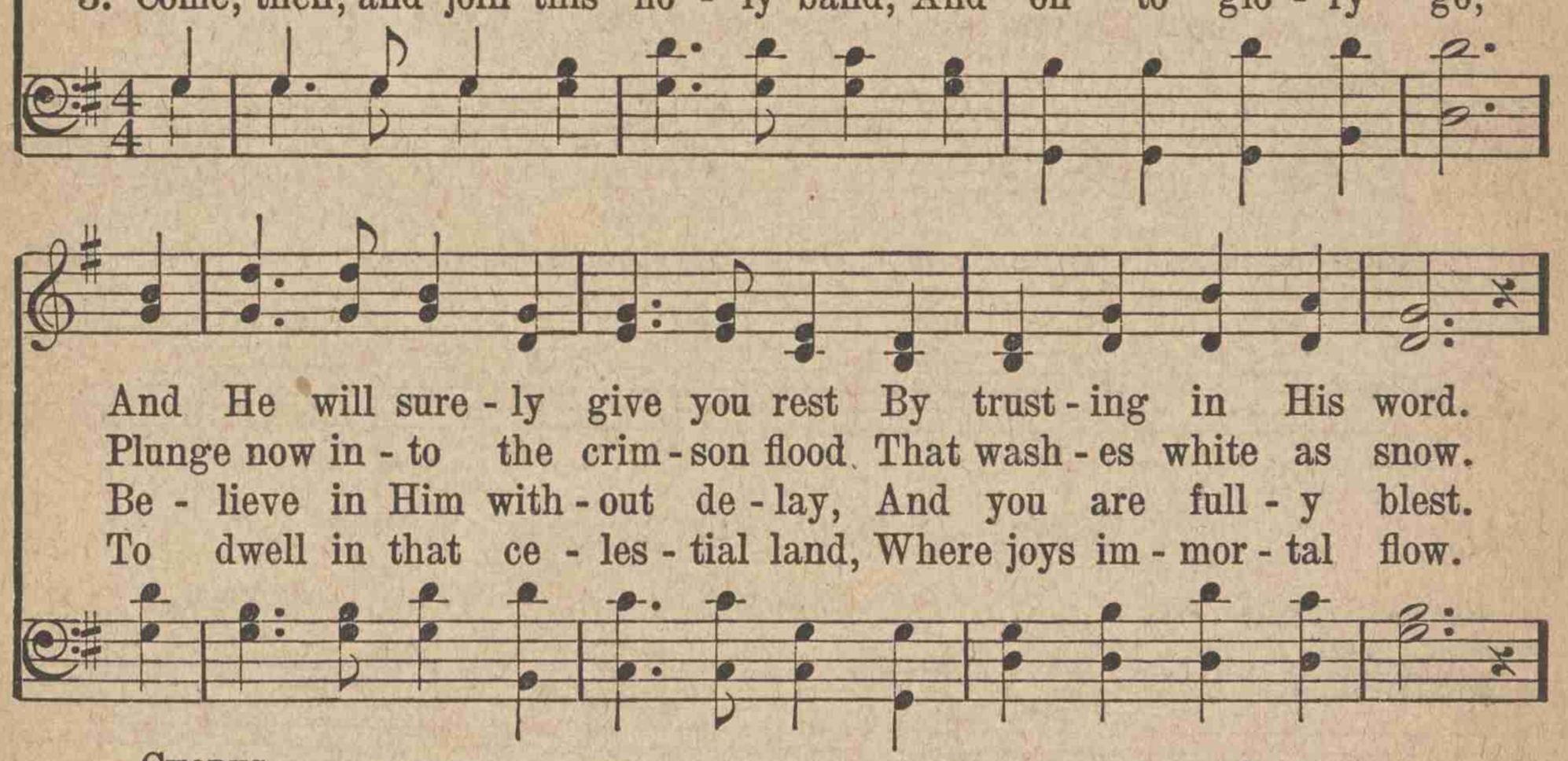


97 Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.
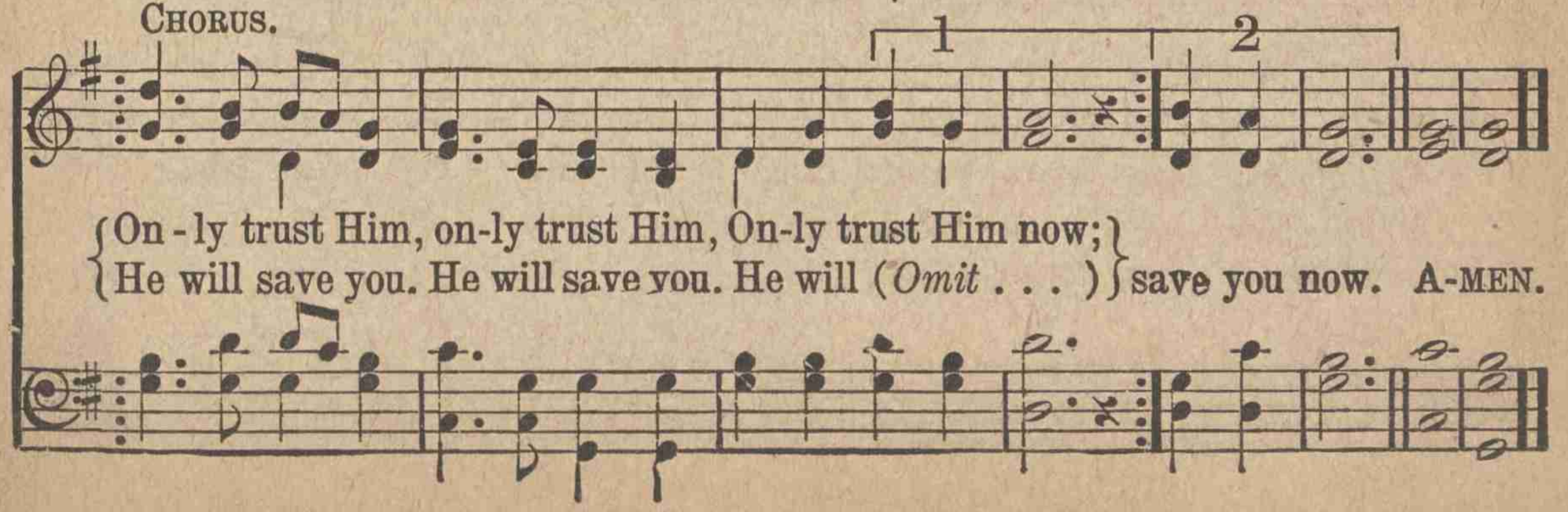


1. Come, ev-'ry soul by sin op-pressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je-sus shed His pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be-stow;
3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest;
3. Come, then, and join this ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go,



And He will sure-ly give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
Plunge now in-to the crim-son flood That wash-es white as snow.
Be-lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are full-y blest.
To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.
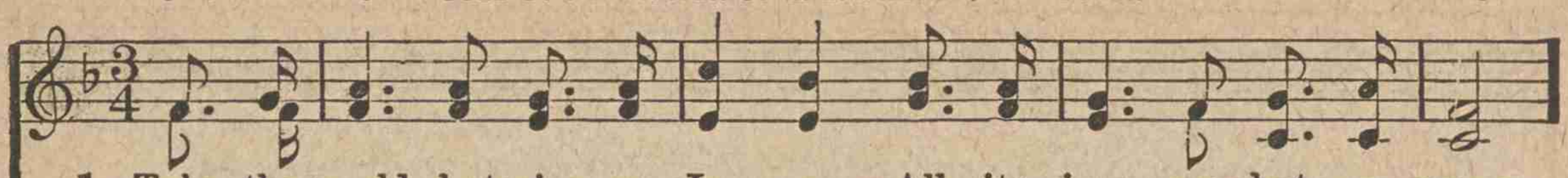
CHORUS.
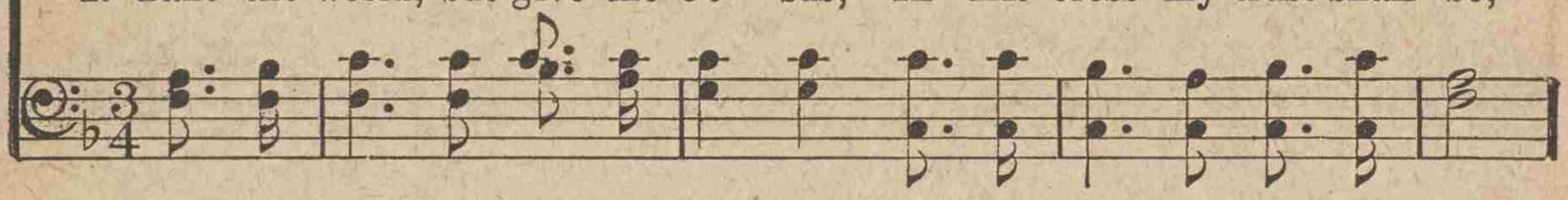


{On-ly trust Him, on-ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now;}
{He will save you. He will save you. He will (*Omit . . .*)} save you now. A-MEN.
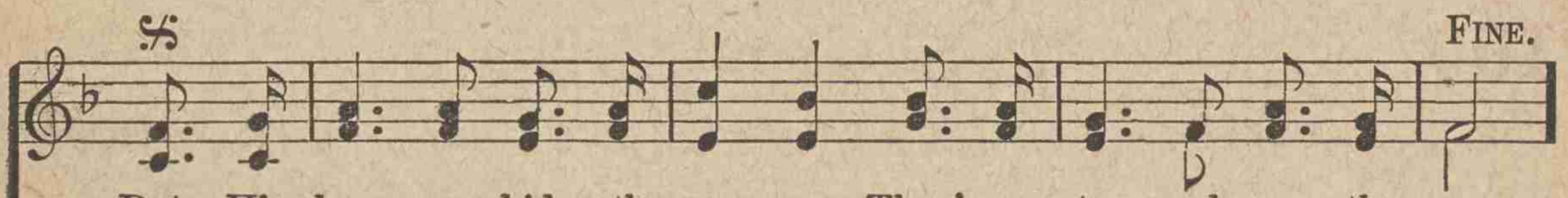
98 Give Me Jesus.

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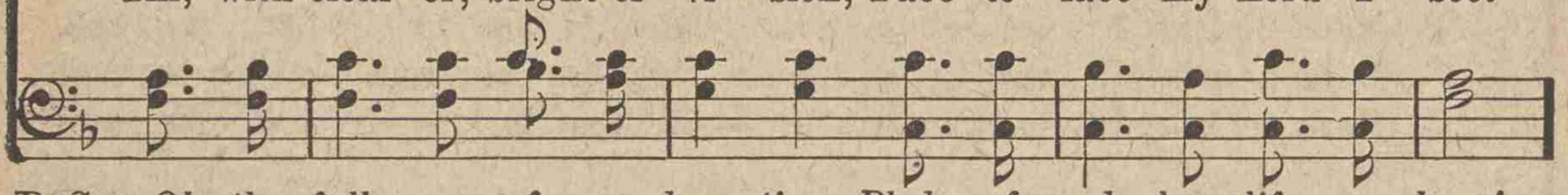


1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus,—All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweet-est com - fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view His con-stant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus; In His cross my trust shall be,
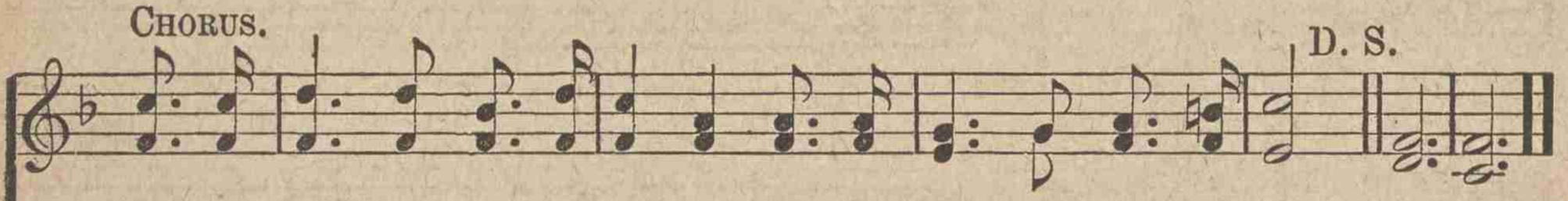




FINE.

But His love a - bid - eth ev - er, Thro' e - ter - nal years the same.
With my Sav - ior watch-ing o'er me, I can sing tho' bil - lows roll.
Then thro'-out my pil - grim jour - ney Light will cheer me all the while.
Till, with clear - er, bright-er vi - sion, Face to face my Lord I see.
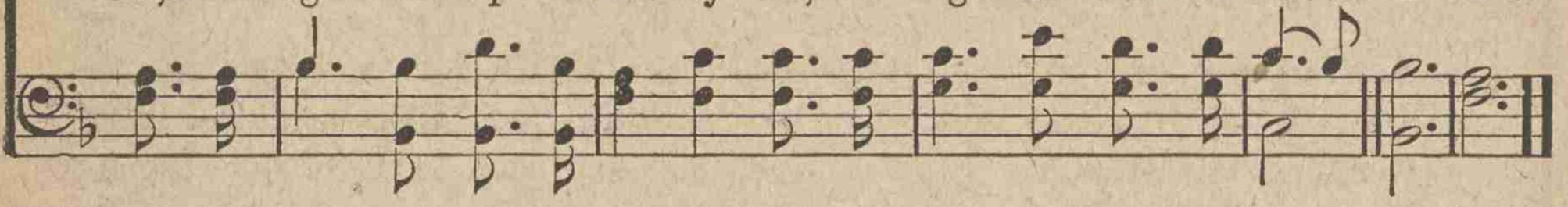


D. S.—*Oh, the full - ness of re - demp-tion, Pledge of end - less life a - bove!*

CHORUS.
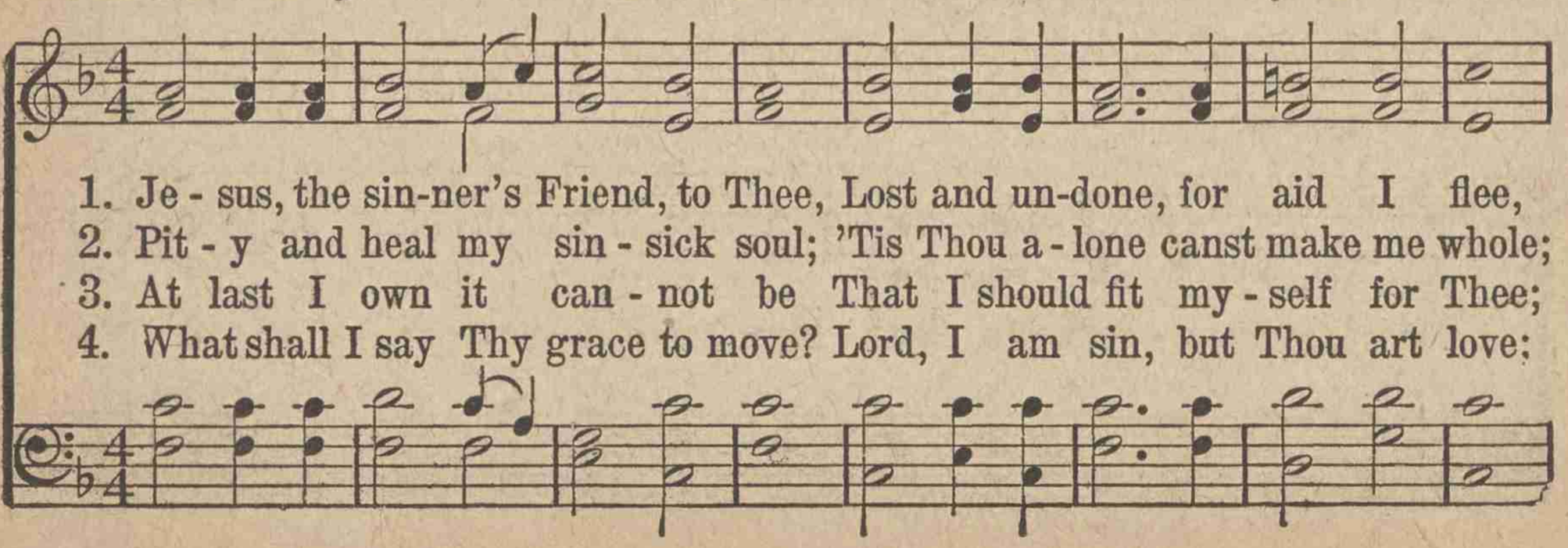


D. S.

Oh, the height and depth of mer-cy! Oh, the length and breadth of love! A - MEN.
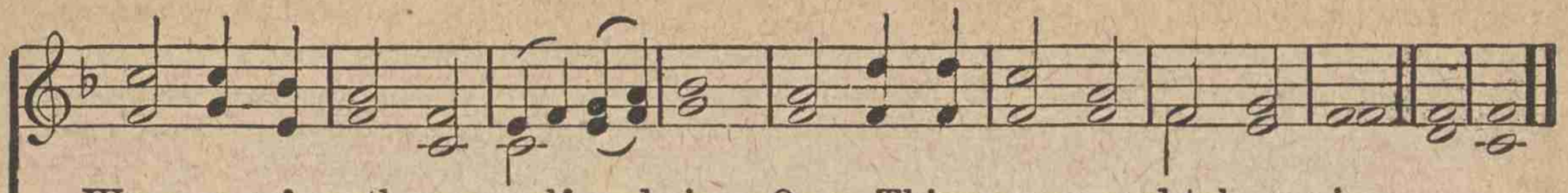


99 Jesus, the Sinner's Friend.

Charles Wesley. *Federal Street. L. M.* Henry K. Oliver.
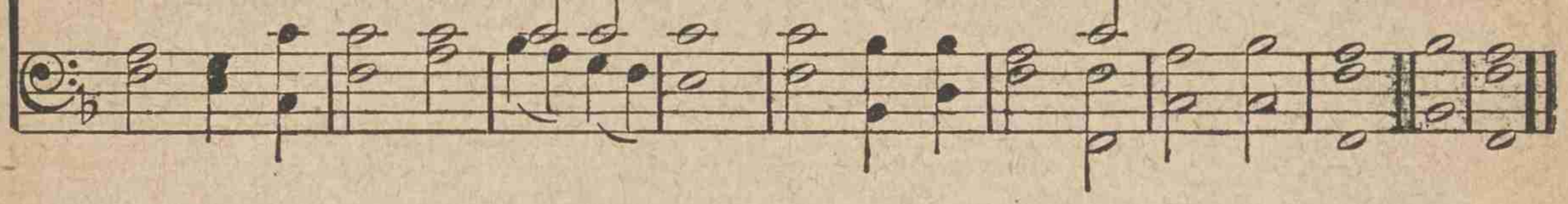


1. Je - sus, the sin-ner's Friend, to Thee, Lost and un-done, for aid I flee,
2. Pit - y and heal my sin - sick soul; 'Tis Thou a - lone canst make me whole;
3. At last I own it can - not be That I should fit my - self for Thee;
4. What shall I say Thy grace to move? Lord, I am sin, but Thou art love;

Jesus, the Sinner's Friend.



Wear - y of earth, my - self and sin; Open Thine arms, and take me in.
Dark, till in me Thine im-age shine, And lost I am till Thou art mine.
Here, then, to Thee I all re - sign; Thine is the work, and on - ly Thine.
I give up ev - 'ry plea be - side—Lord, I am lost, but Thou hast died. A-MEN.
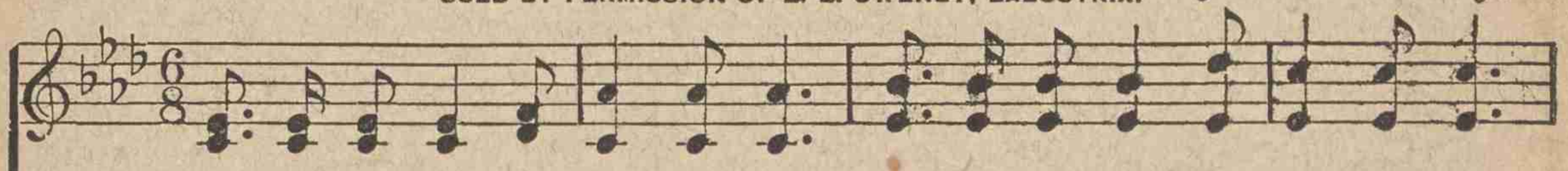


100 More About Jesus.

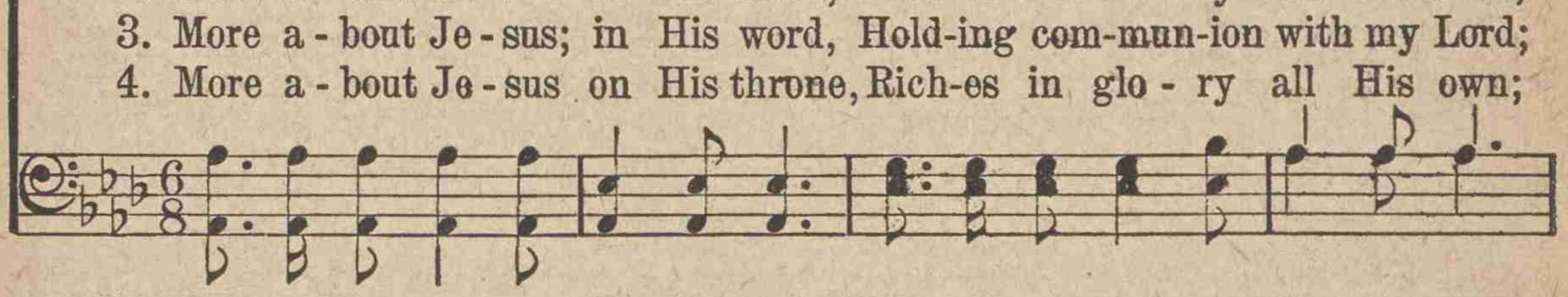
E. E. Hewitt.

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Jno. R. Sweney.
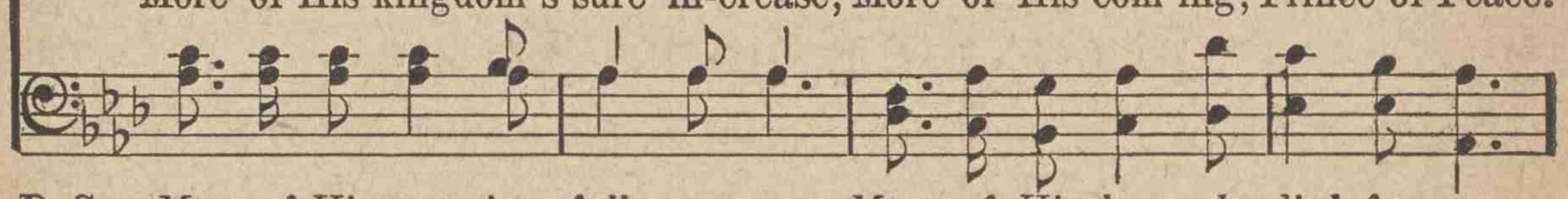


1. More a - bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;
2. More a - bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis - cern;
3. More a - bout Je - sus; in His word, Hold-ing com-mun-ion with my Lord;
4. More a - bout Je - sus on His throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all His own;
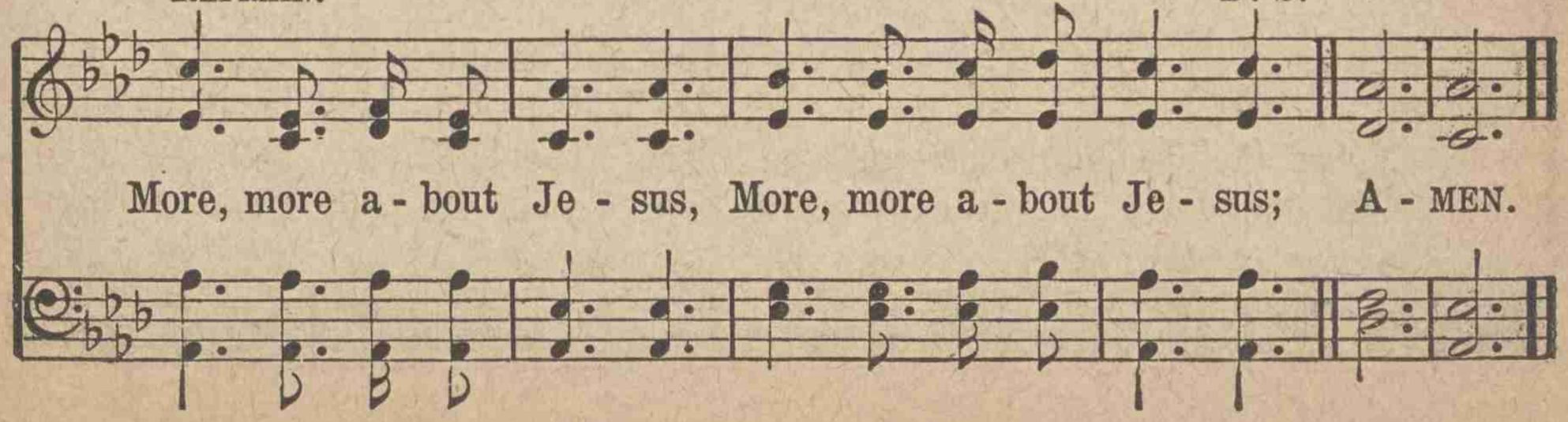


FINE.

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



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

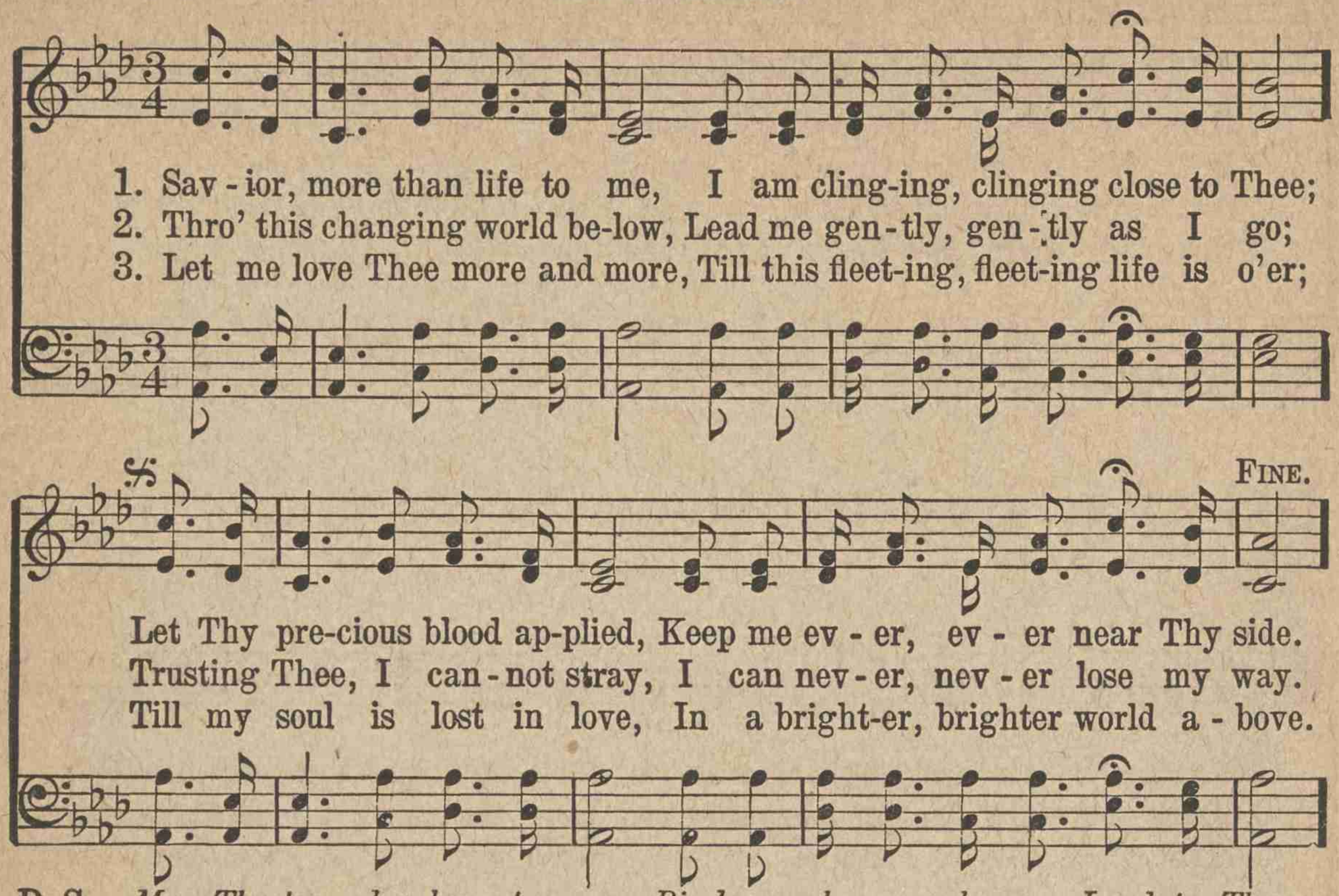
REFRAIN. D. S.



More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus; A - MEN.

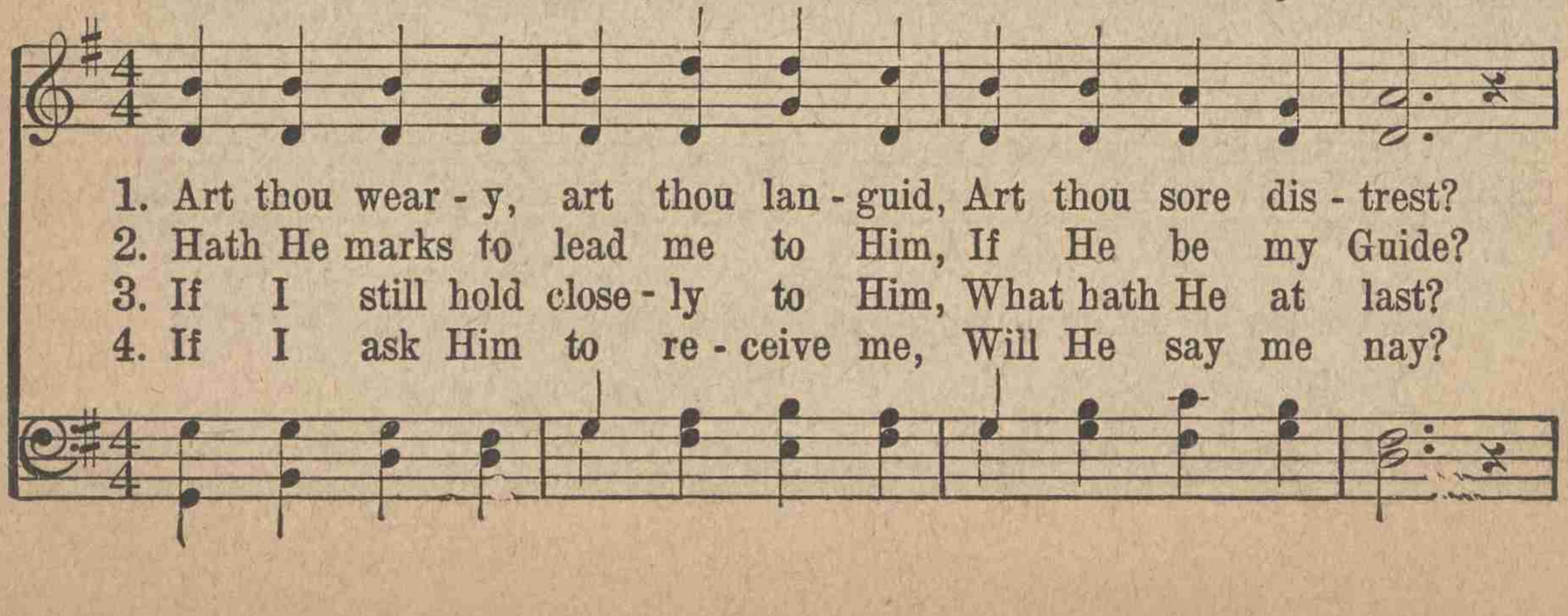
101 Savior, More Than Life.

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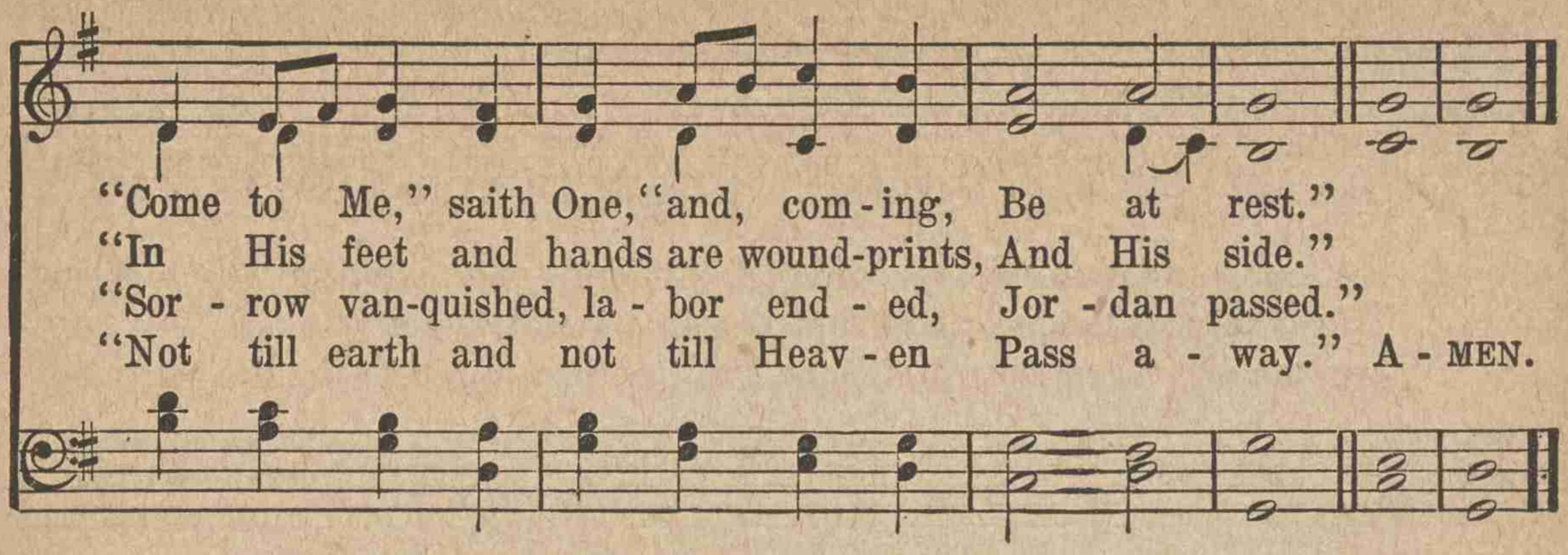


102 Art Thou Weary?

John M. Neale. *Stephanos. 8. 5. 8. 3.* Henry W. Baker.

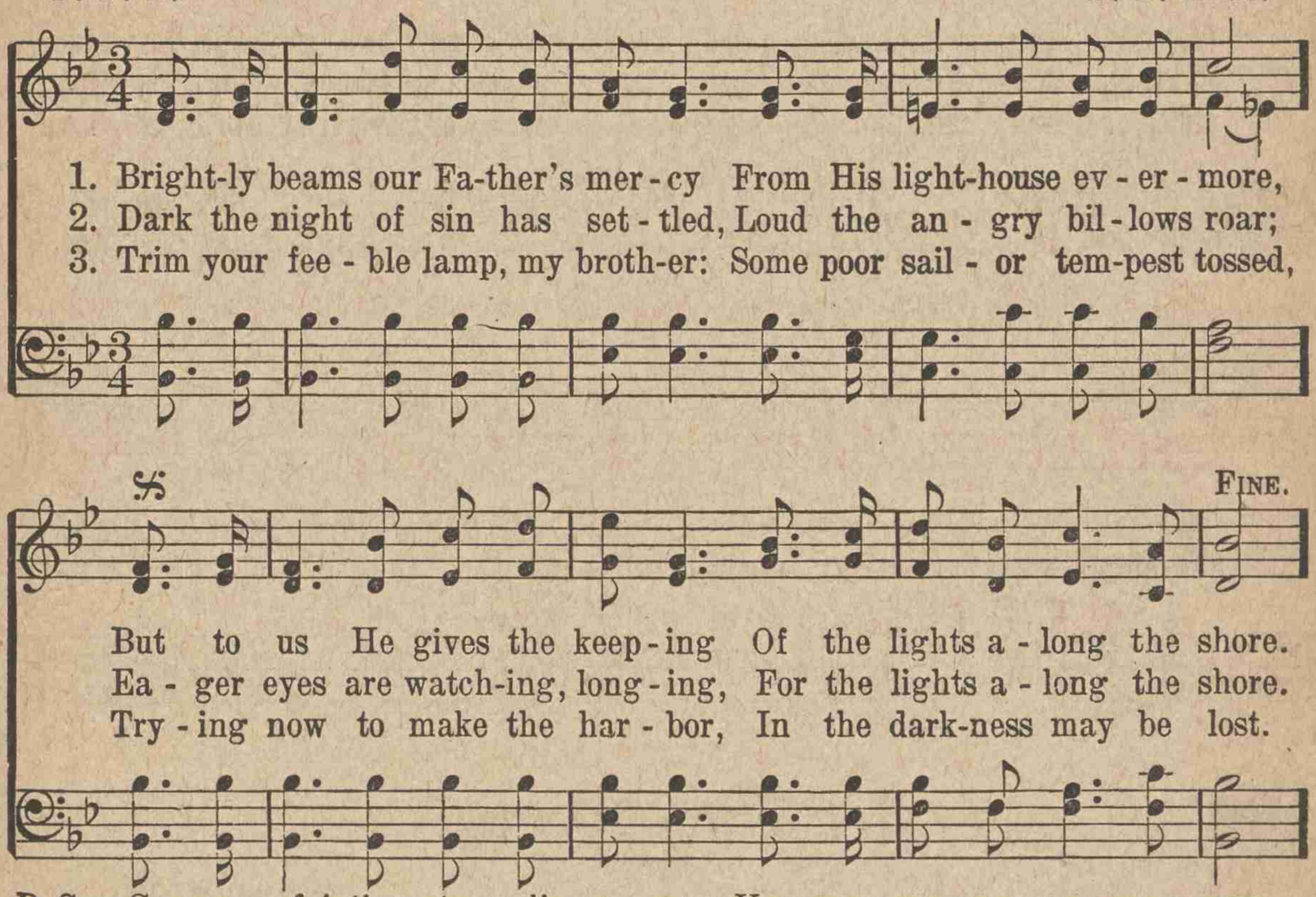


Art Thou Weary?
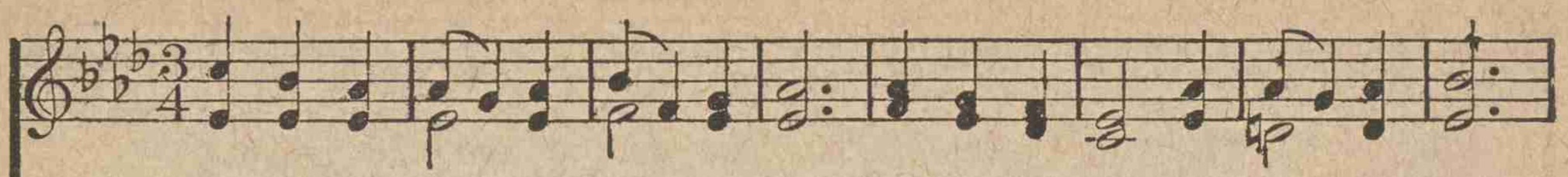


103 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.

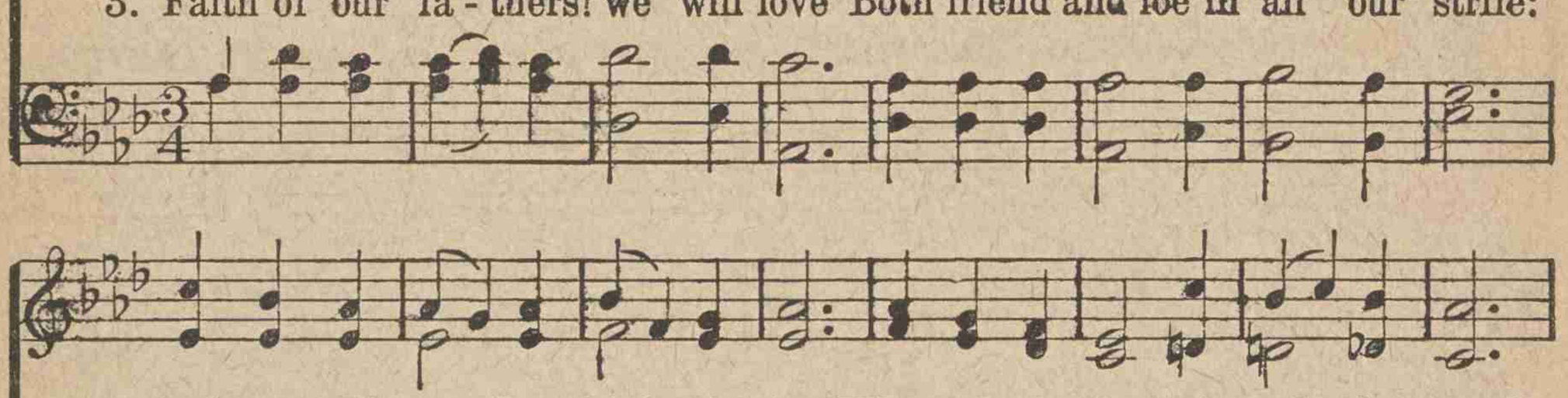


104 Faith of Our Fathers.

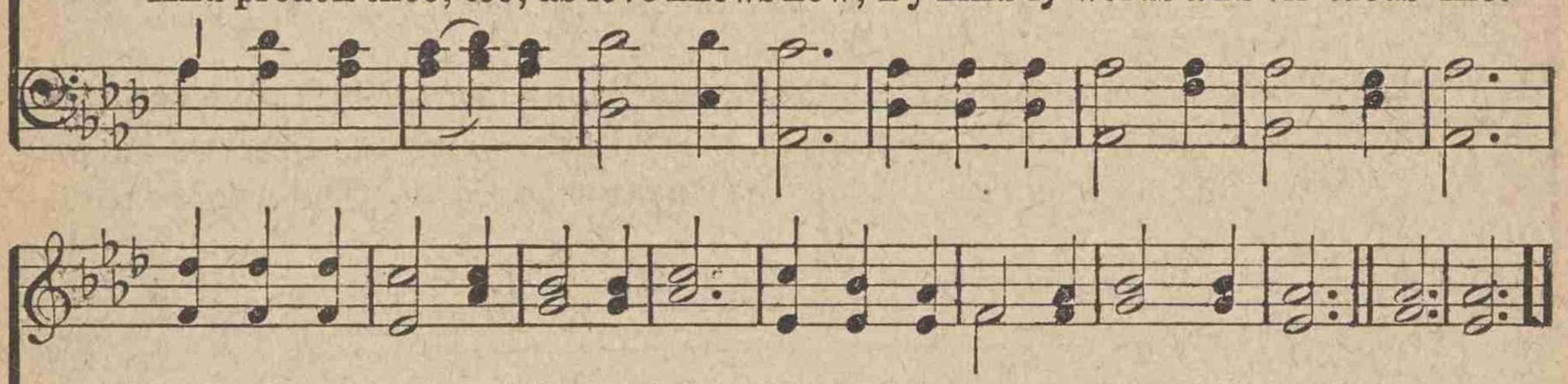
Frederick W. Faber. *St. Catherine. L. M. 6l.* H. F. Hemy.
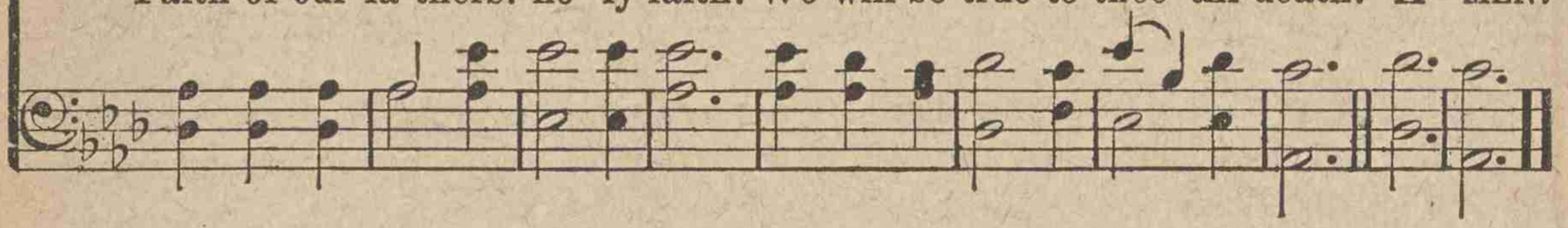


1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire, and sword:
2. Our fa-thers, chained in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:



O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo-rious word!
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life:

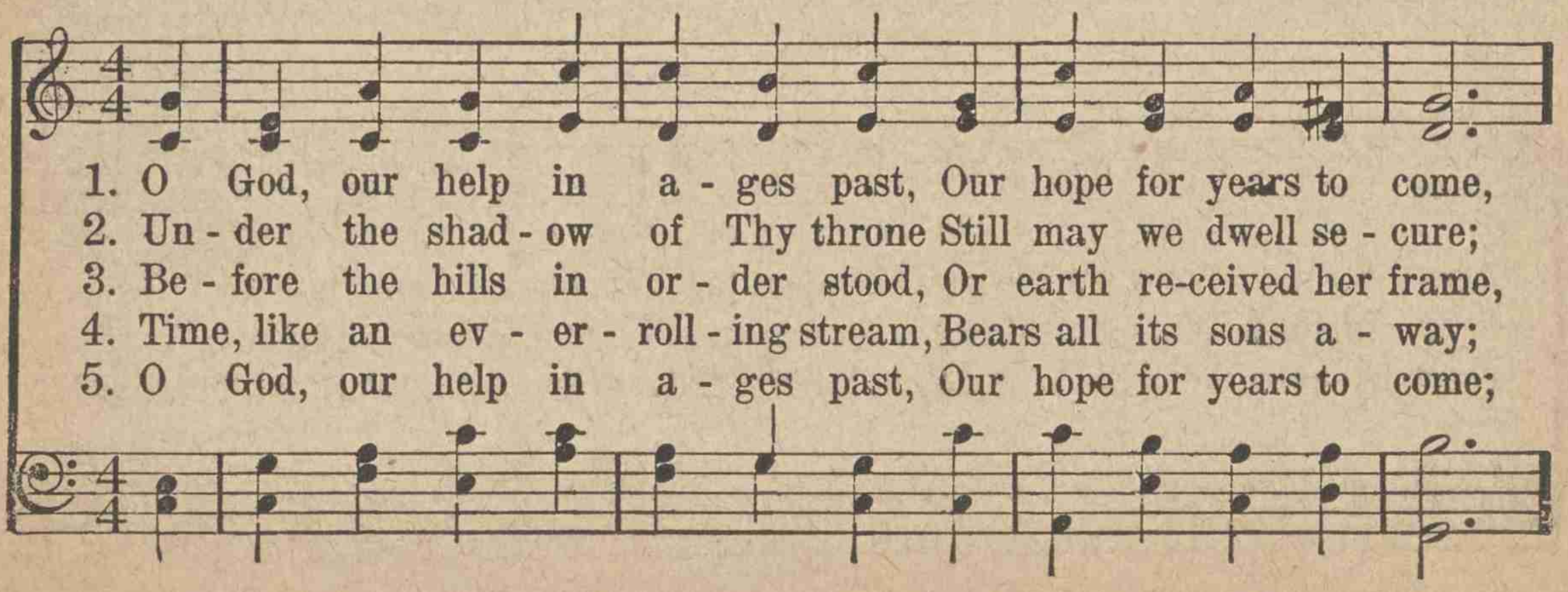


Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death! A - MEN.
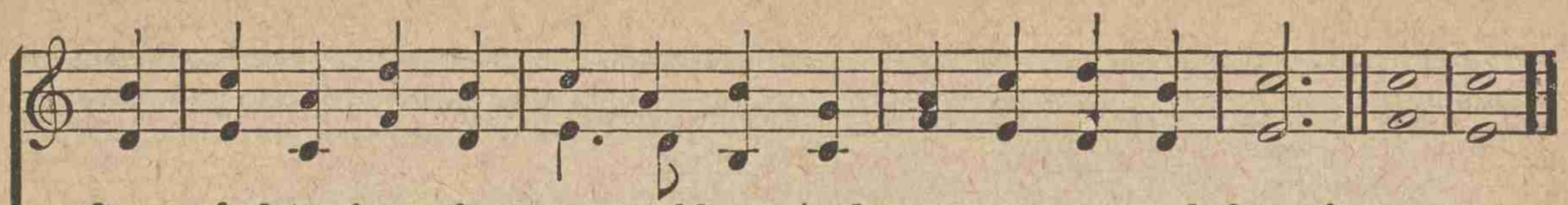


105 O God, Our Help.

Isaac Watts. *St. Anne. C. M.* William Croft.
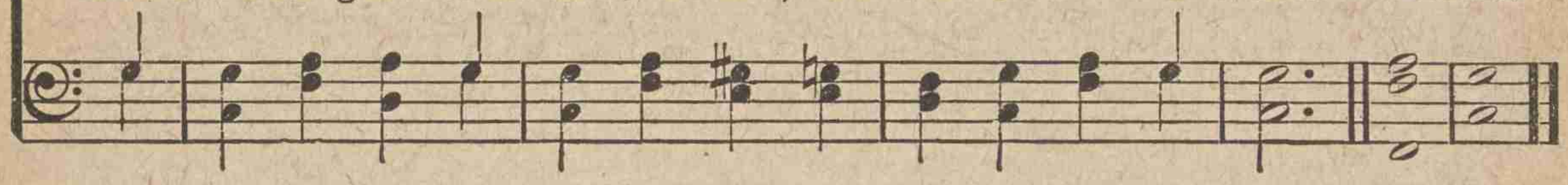


1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne Still may we dwell se - cure;
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re-ceived her frame,
4. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way;
5. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come;

O God, Our Help.

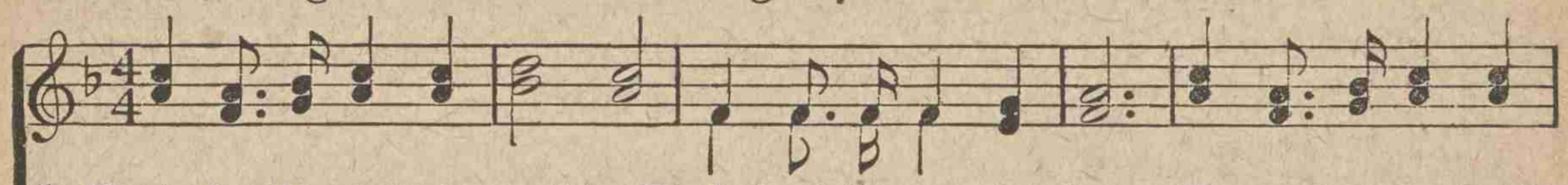


Our shel-ter from the storm-y blast, And our e-ter-nal home!
Suf-fi-cient is Thine arm a-lone, And our de-fense is sure.
From ev-er-last-ing Thou art God, To end-less years the same.
They fly, for-got-ten, as a dream Dies at the opening day.
Be Thou our guide while life shall last, And our e-ter-nal home. A-MEN.
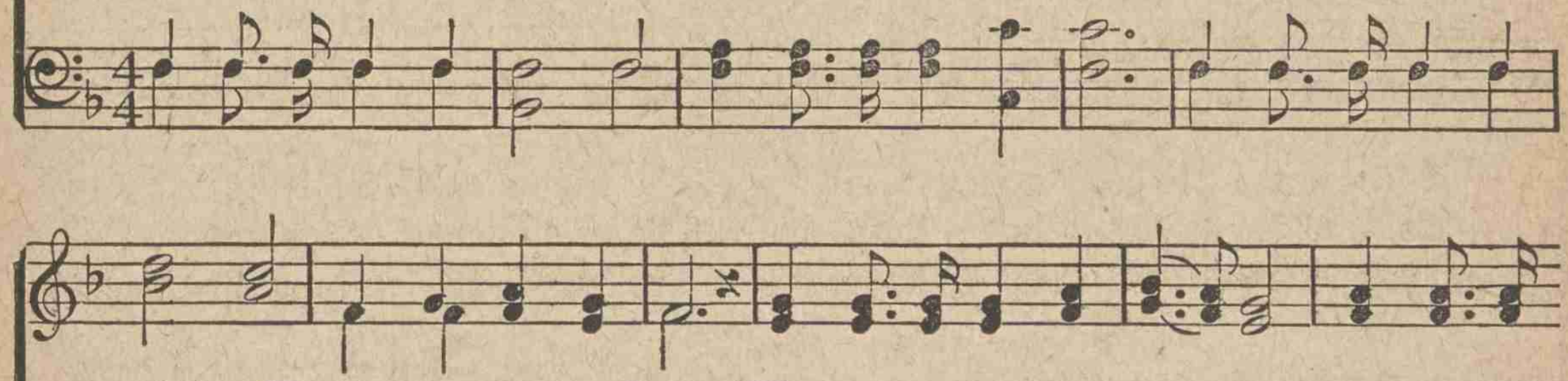


106 Work, for the Night is Coming.
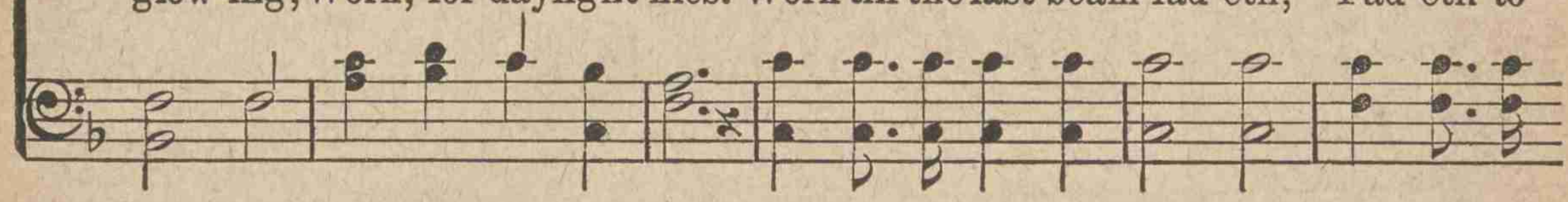
Annie L. Coghill. *Work Song. 7s. 6s. D.* Lowell Mason.
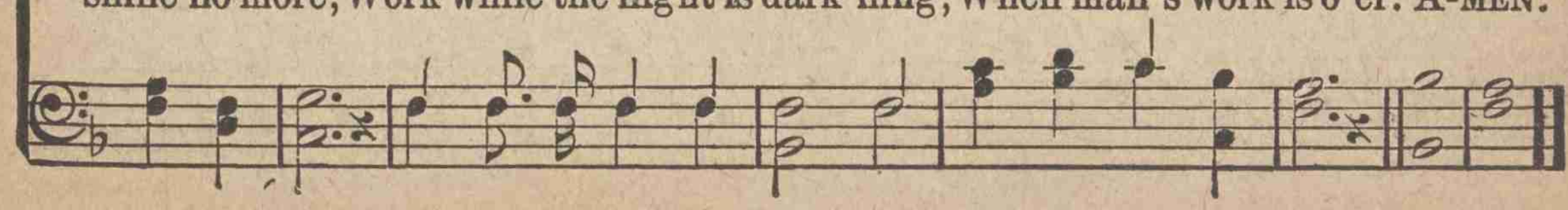


1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is
2. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the sun-ny noon; Fill brightest hours with
3. Work, for the night is coming, Under the sunset skies; While their bright tints are



sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the
la-bor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev-'ry fly-ing min-ute Something to
glow-ing, Work, for daylight flies. Work till the last beam fad-eth, Fad-eth to
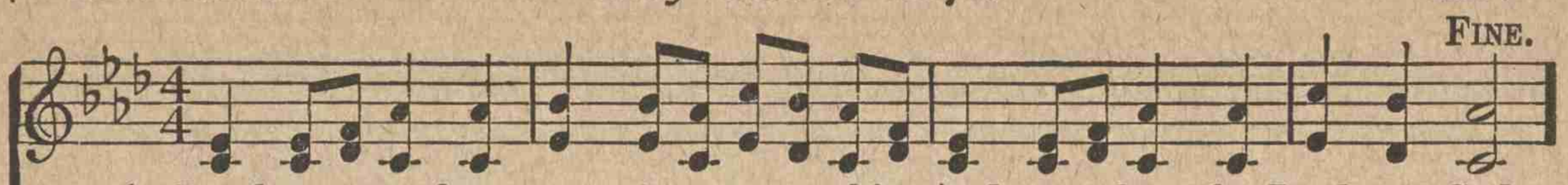


glow-ing sun; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man's work is done.
keep in store: Work, for the night is com-ing, When man works no more.
shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er. A-MEN.

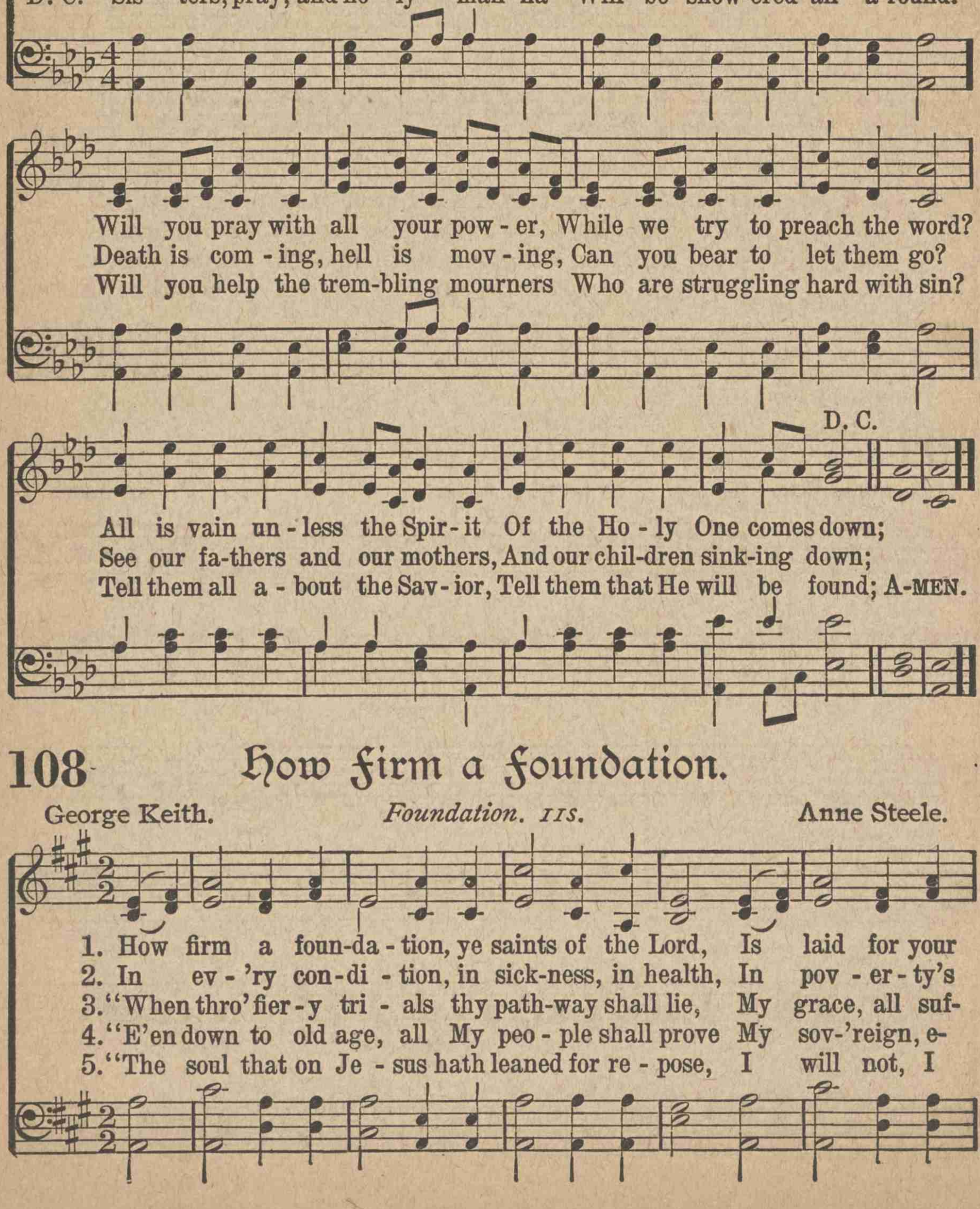


107 Brethren, We Have Met to Worship.

Geo. Atkins. *Holy Manna. 8s. 7s.* Arr.



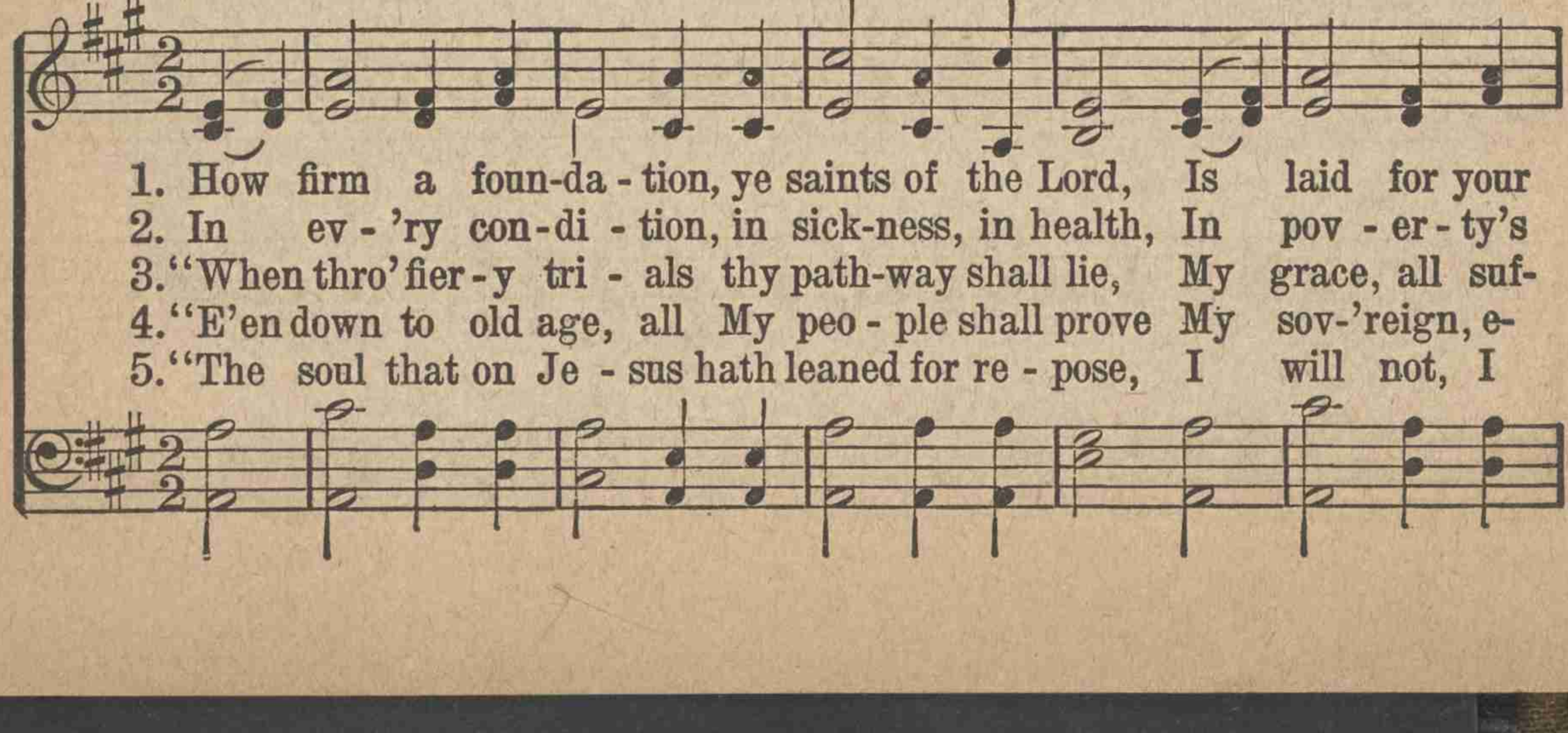
1. Breth-ren, we have met to wor - ship, And a - dore the Lord our God;
D. C.—Breth-ren, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
2. Breth-ren, see poor sin - ners round you Slumb'ring on the brink of woe;
D. C.—Breth-ren, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
3. Sis - ters, will you join and help us? Mo - ses' sis - ter aid - ed him;
D. C.—Sis - ters, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.



Will you pray with all your pow - er, While we try to preach the word?
Death is com - ing, hell is mov - ing, Can you bear to let them go?
Will you help the trem-bling mourners Who are struggling hard with sin?
All is vain un - less the Spir - it Of the Ho - ly One comes down;
See our fa-thers and our mothers, And our chil-dren sink-ing down;
Tell them all a - bout the Sav - ior, Tell them that He will be found; A-MEN.

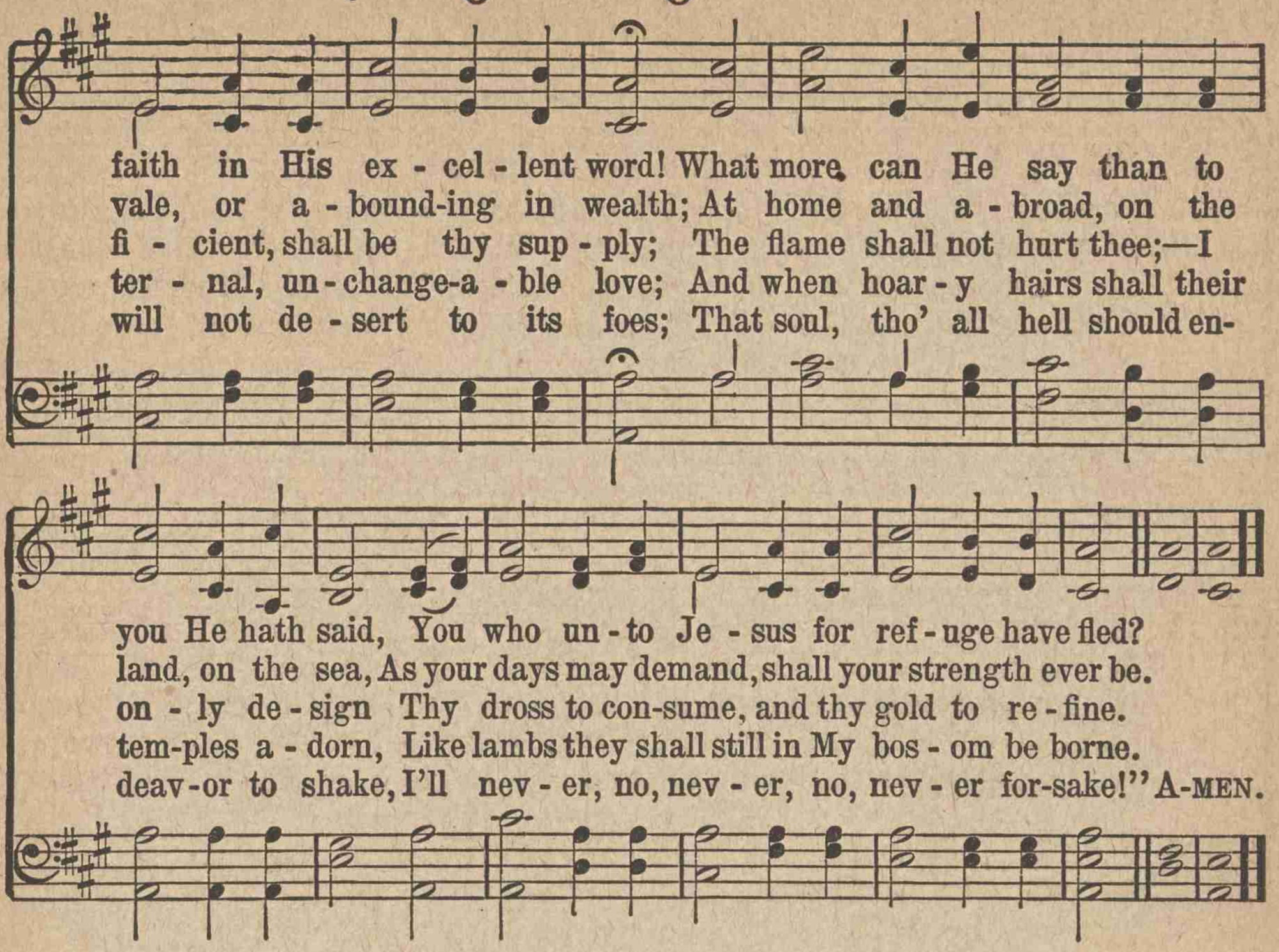
108 How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *Foundation. 11s.* Anne Steele.



1. How firm a foun-da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. In ev - 'ry con-di - tion, in sick-ness, in health, In pov - er - ty's
3. "When thro' fier - y tri - als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all suf-
4. "E'en down to old age, all My peo - ple shall prove My sov-'reign, e-
5. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not, I

How Firm a Foundation.
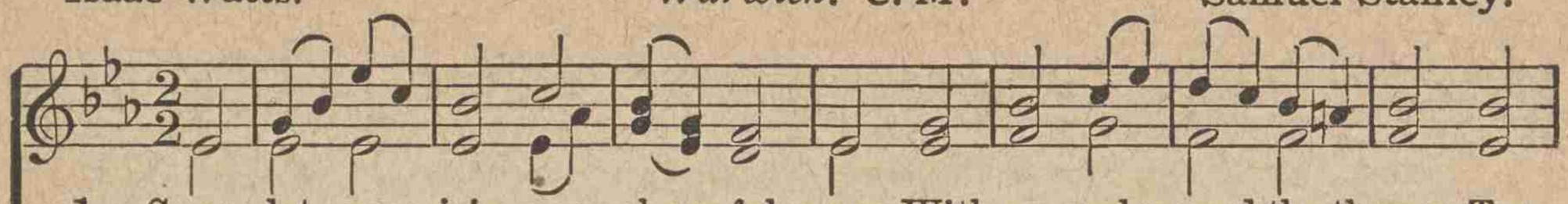


109 How Firm a Foundation.

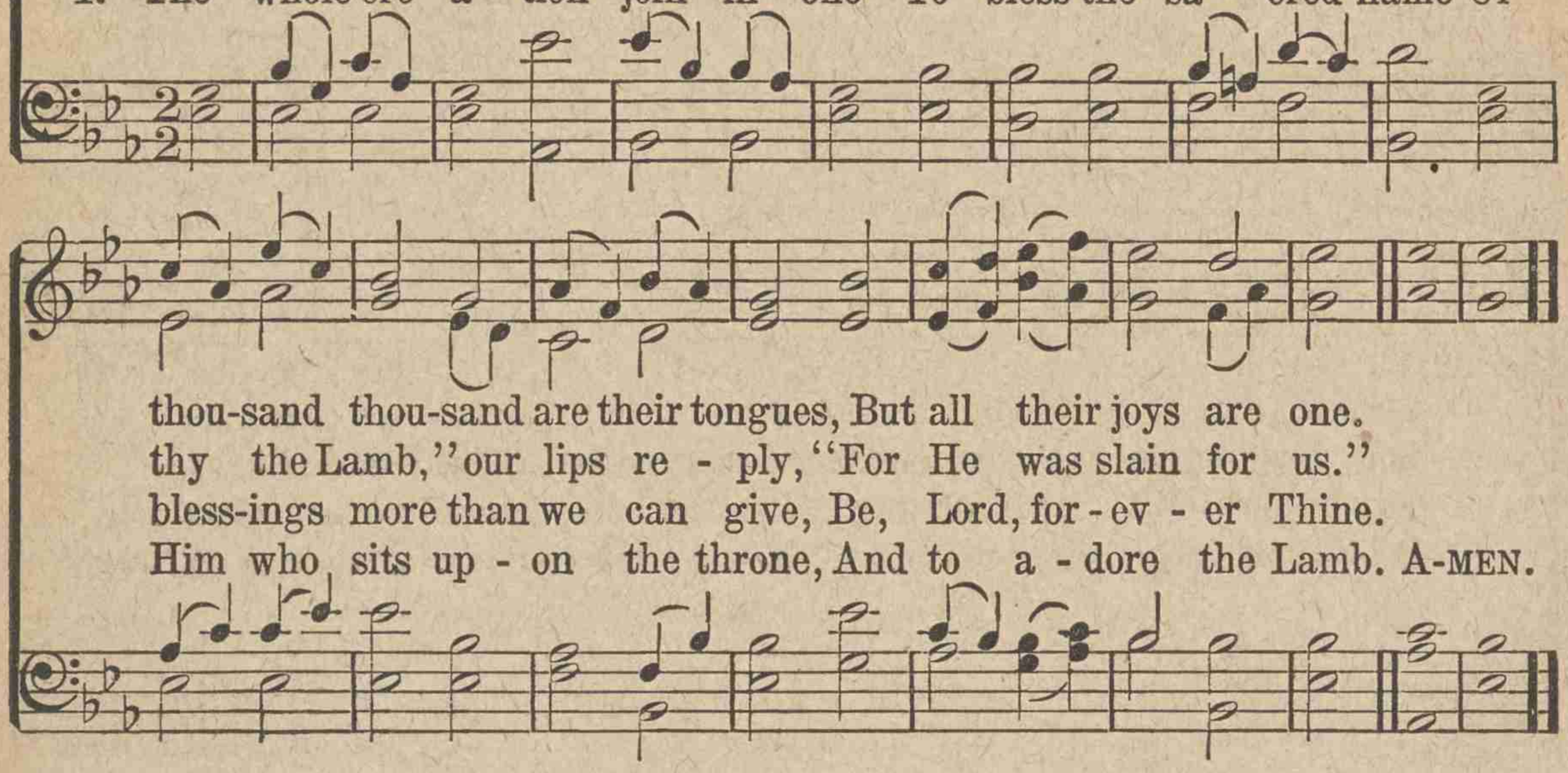
[Second Tune.] *Fortuguese Hymn.* 11s. Unknown.

110 Come, Let Us Join Our Cheerful Songs.

Isaac Watts. *Warwick. C. M.* Samuel Stanley.

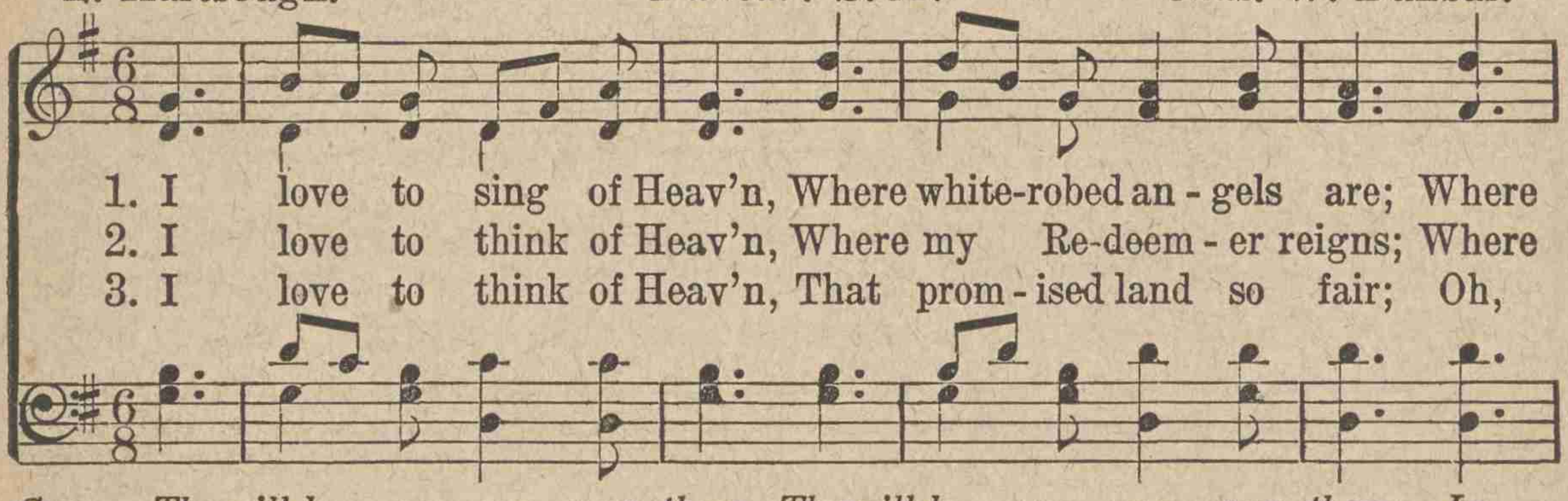


1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an - gels round the throne; Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
2. "Wor - thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex - alt - ed thus:" "Wor- thy the Lamb," our lips re - ply, "For He was slain for us."
3. Je - sus is wor - thy to re - ceive Hon - or and pow'r di - vine; And bless-ings more than we can give, Be, Lord, for - ev - er Thine.
4. The whole cre - a - tion join in one To bless the sa - cred name Of Him who sits up - on the throne, And to a - dore the Lamb. A-MEN.



111 I Love To Sing Of Heaven.

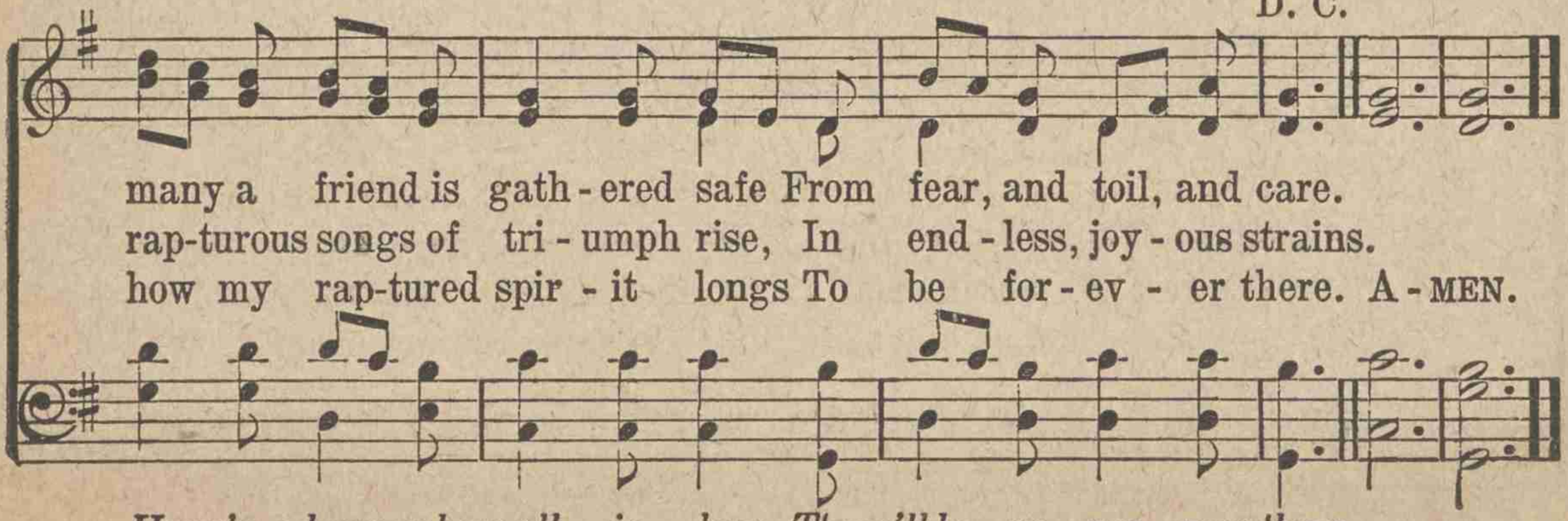
L. Hartsough. *Dunbar. S. M.* Chas. W. Dunbar.



1. I love to sing of Heav'n, Where white-robed an - gels are; Where many a friend is gath - ered safe From fear, and toil, and care.
2. I love to think of Heav'n, Where my Re-deem - er reigns; Where rap-turous songs of tri - umph rise, In end - less, joy - ous strains.
3. I love to think of Heav'n, That prom - ised land so fair; Oh, how my rap-tured spir - it longs To be for - ev - er there. A - MEN.

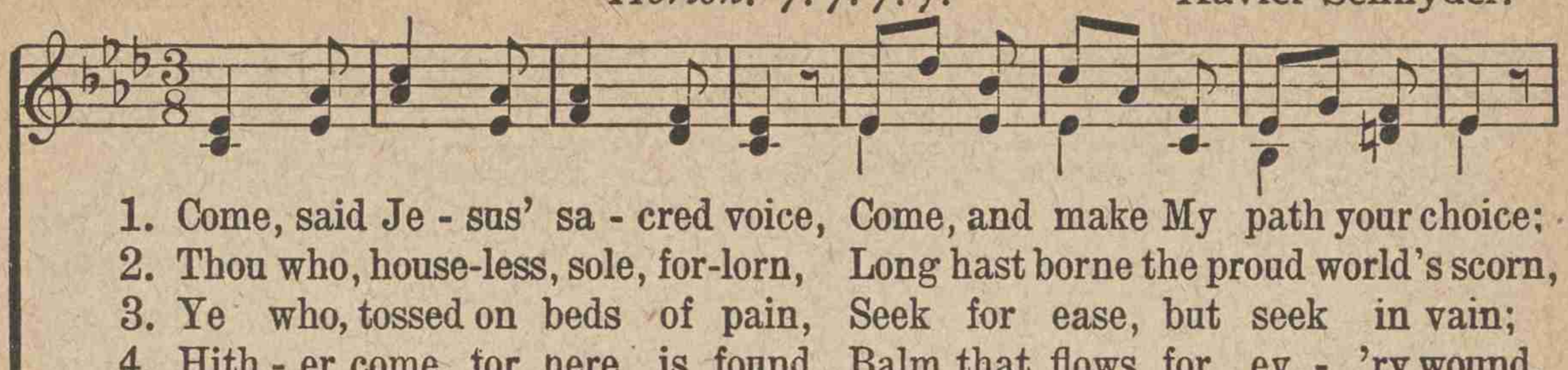
CHO.—*There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there; In Heav'n a-bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.*

D. C.
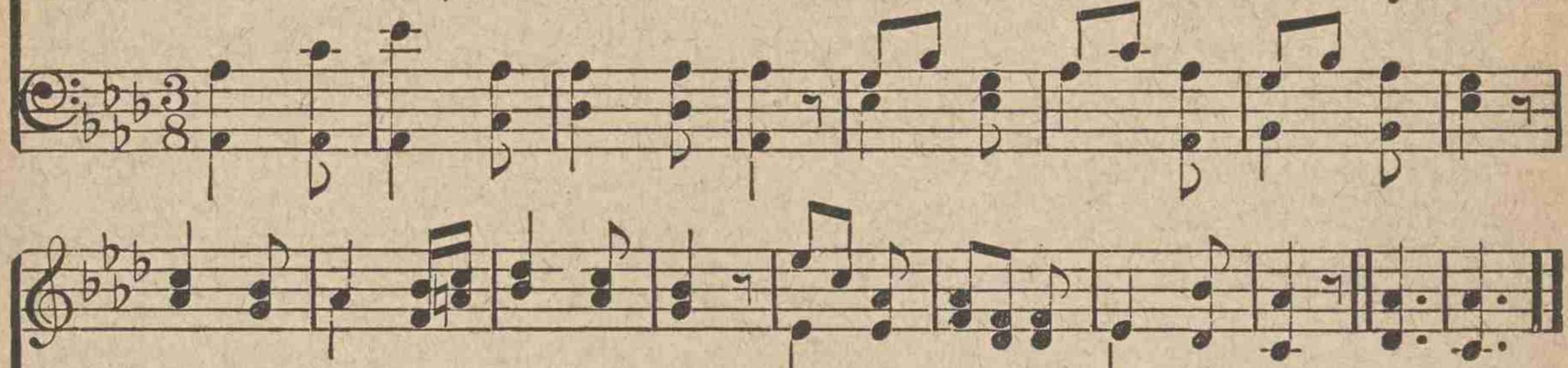


112 Come, Said Jesus' Sacred Voice.
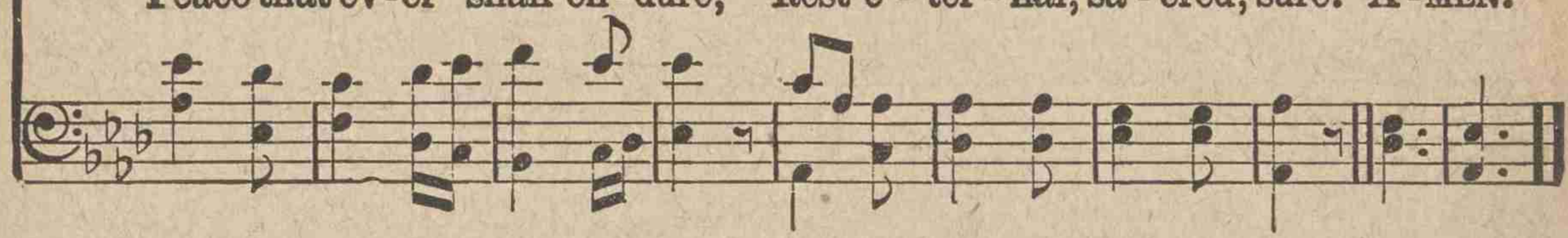
Horton. 7. 7. 7. 7. Xavier Schnyder.



1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make My path your choice;
2. Thou who, house-less, sole, for-lorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
3. Ye who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
4. Hith - er come, for nere is found Balm that flows for ev - 'ry wound,
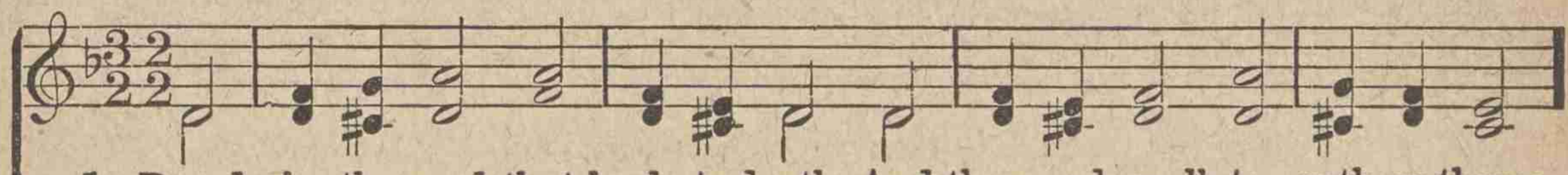


I will guide you to your home; Wea-ry pilgrim, hith-er come.
Long hast roamed the barren waste, Wea-ry pilgrim, hith-er haste.
Ye, by fierc - er an-guish torn, In re-morse for guilt who mourn;
Peace that ev-er shall en-dure, Rest e - ter - nal, sa - cred, sure. A-MEN.

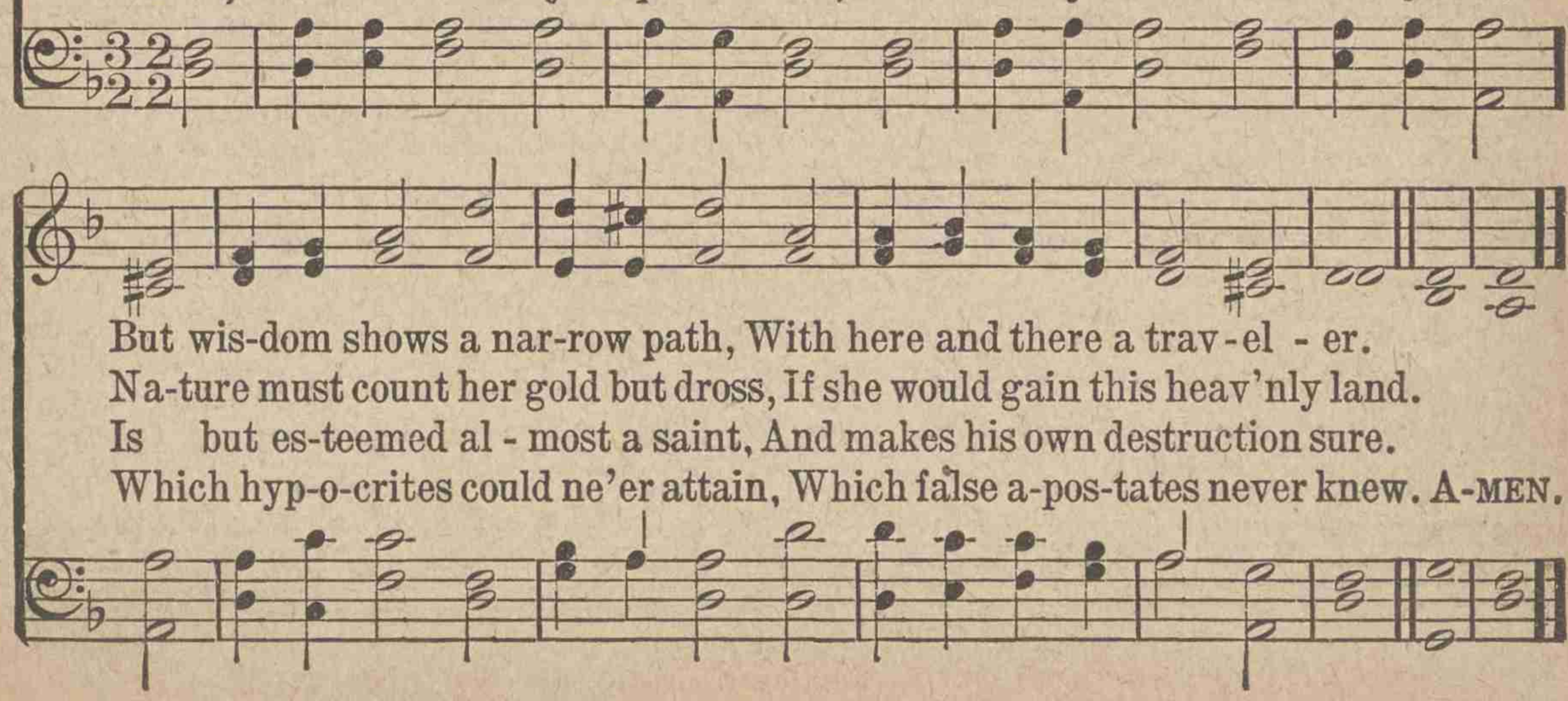


113 Broad Is the Road.

Isaac Watts. *Windham. L. M.* Daniel Read.
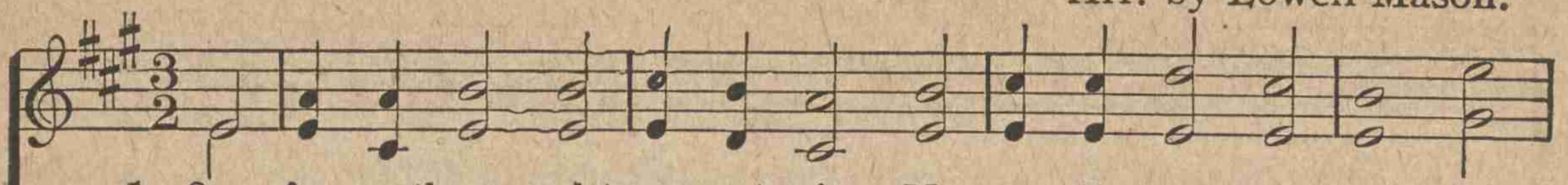


1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to - geth-er there;
2. "De - ny thy-self and take thy cross," Is the Re-deem-er's great command:
3. The fear-ful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more,
4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain, Cre - ate my heart en - tire-ly new,—



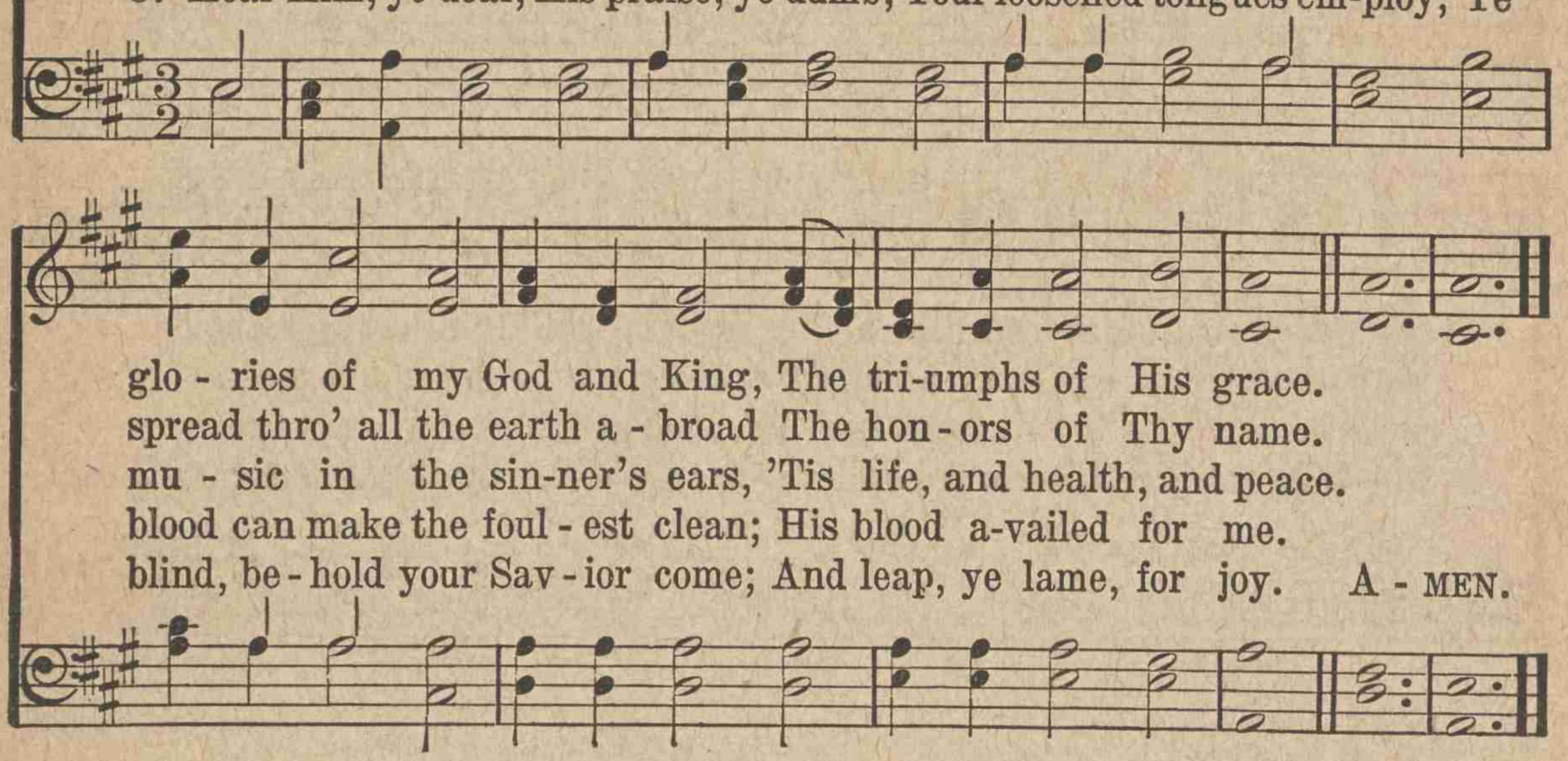
But wis-dom shows a nar-row path, With here and there a trav-el - er.
Na-ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav'nly land.
Is but es-teemed al - most a saint, And makes his own destruction sure.
Which hyp-o-crites could ne'er attain, Which false a-pos-tates never knew. A-MEN.

114 O for a Thousand Tongues.

Charles Wesley. *Azmon. C. M.* Carl G. Glaser.
Arr. by Lowell Mason.



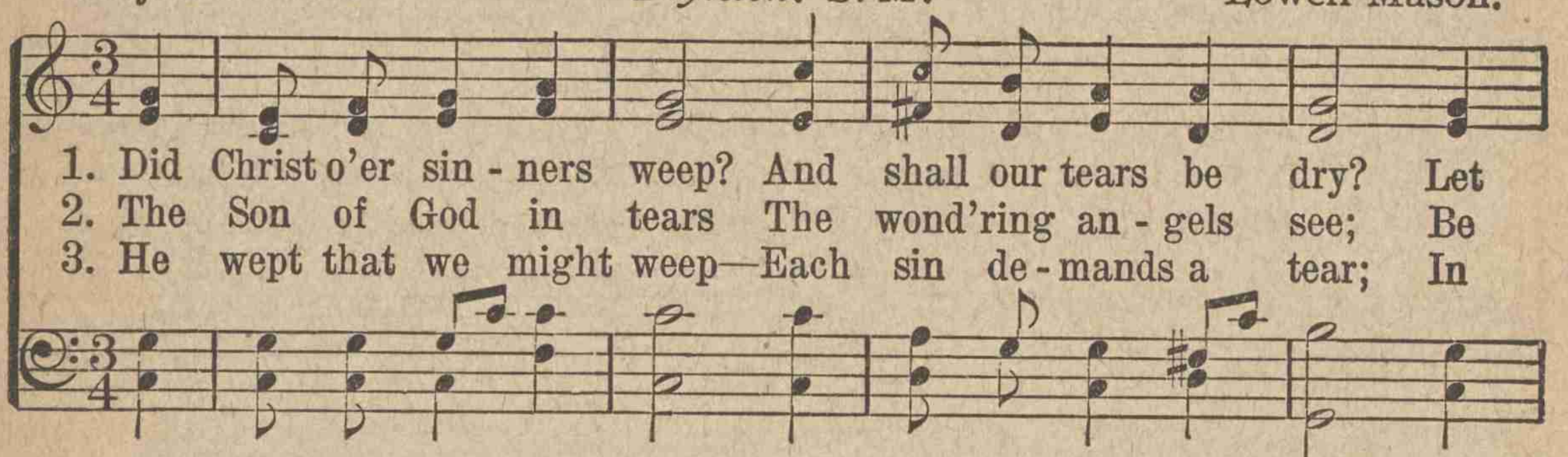
1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise, The
2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim, To
3. Je-sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease; 'Tis
4. He breaks the pow'r of can-celed sin, He sets the pris-'ner free; His
5. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues em-ploy; Ye



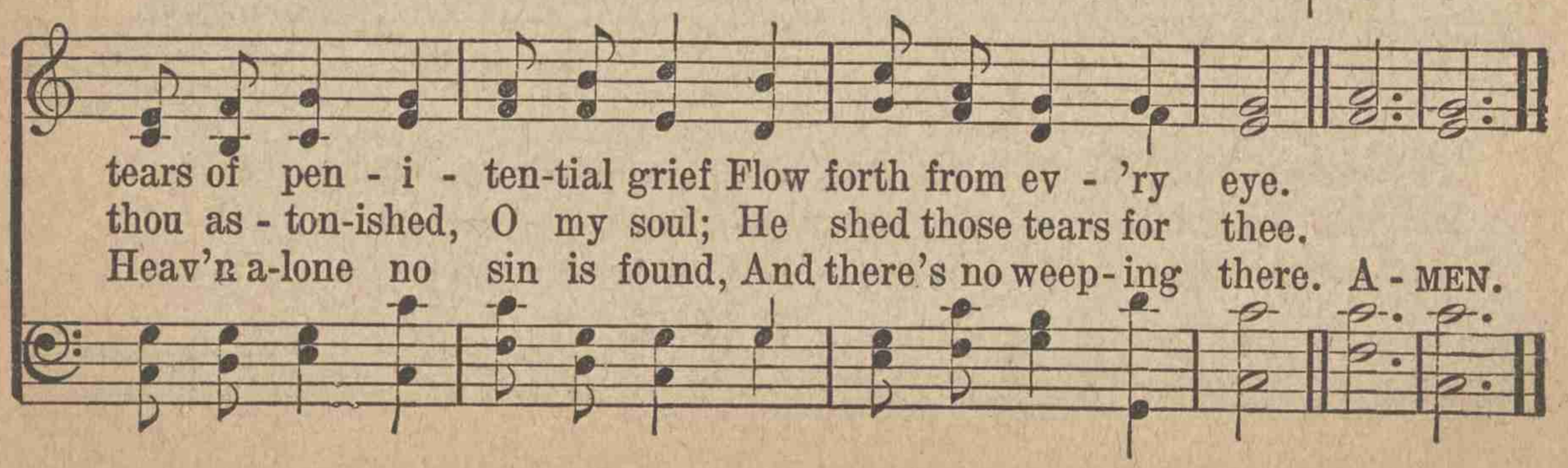
glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace.
spread thro' all the earth a-broad The hon-ors of Thy name.
mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
blood can make the foul-est clean; His blood a-vailed for me.
blind, be-hold your Sav-ior come; And leap, ye lame, for joy. A-MEN.

115 Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

Benj. Beddome. *Boylston. S. M.* Lowell Mason.
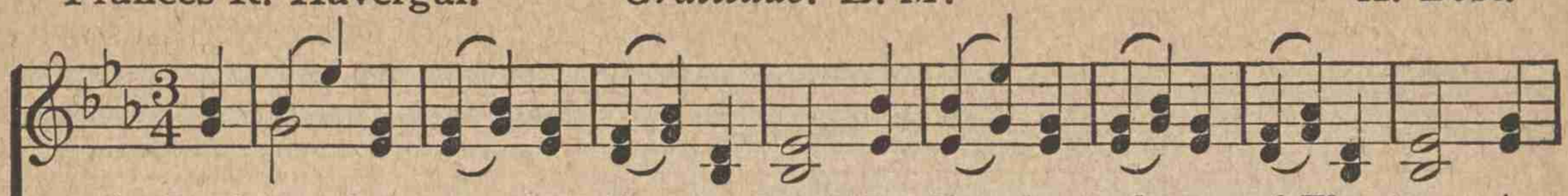


1. Did Christ o'er sin-ners weep? And shall our tears be dry? Let
2. The Son of God in tears The wond'ring an-gels see; Be
3. He wept that we might weep—Each sin de-mands a tear; In
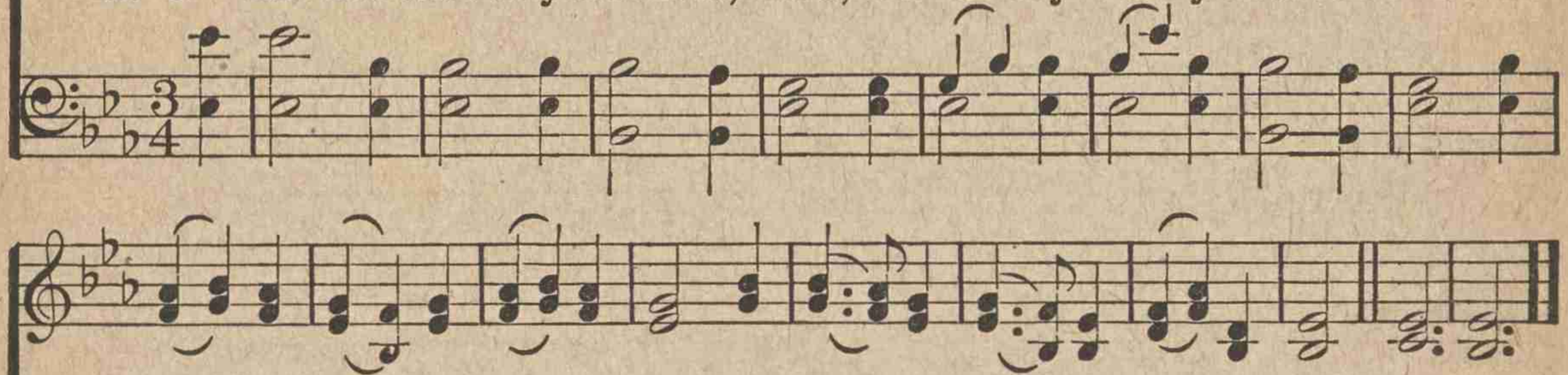


tears of pen-i-ten-tial grief Flow forth from ev-'ry eye.
thou as-ton-ished, O my soul; He shed those tears for thee.
Heav'n a-lone no sin is found, And there's no weep-ing there. A-MEN.

116 Lord, Speak to Me.

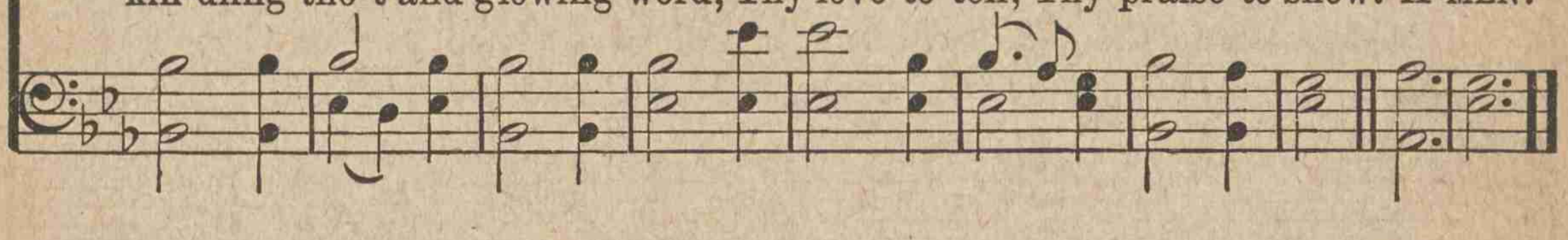
Frances R. Havergal. *Gratitude. L. M.* A. Bost.



1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech-oes of Thy tone; As
2. O strength-en me, that while I stand Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee, I
3. O teach me, Lord, that I may teach The precious things Thou dost impart; And
4. O fill me with Thy full-ness, Lord, Un - til my ver - y heart o'er-flow In
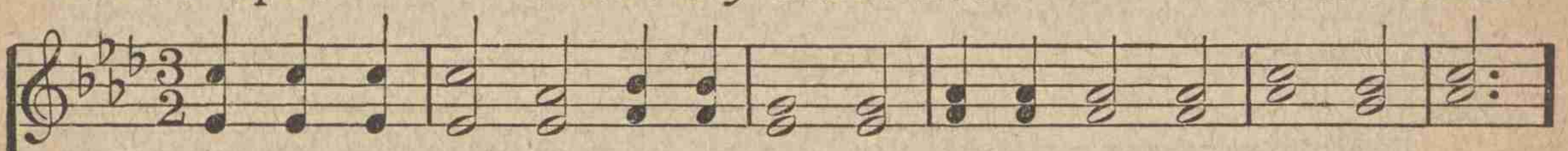


Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy er - ring chil-dren lost and lone.
may stretch out a lov-ing hand To wres-tlers with the troubled sea.
wing my words, that they may reach The hidden depths of many a heart.
kin-dling tho't and glowing word, Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show. A-MEN.
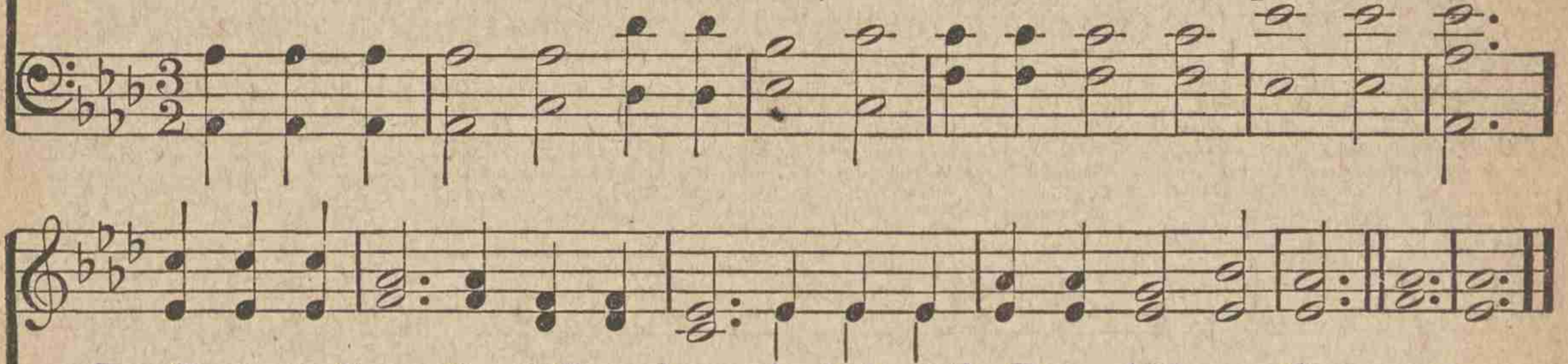


117 Ye Christian Heralds!
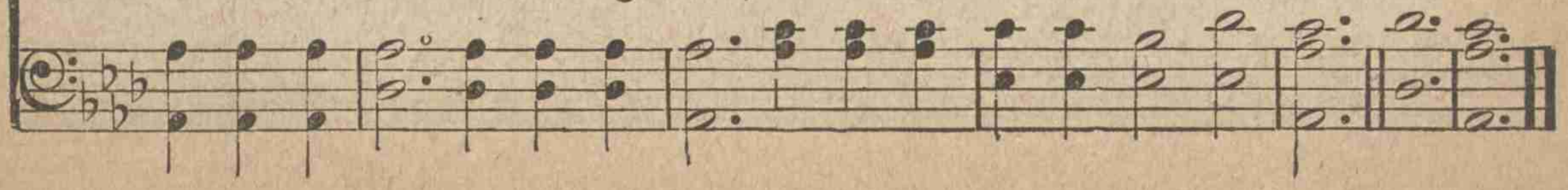
B. H. Draper. *Missionary Chant. L. M.* H. C. Zeuner.



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 flaming zeal your hearts in-spire,
3. And when our la - bors all are o'er, Then shall we meet to part no more—
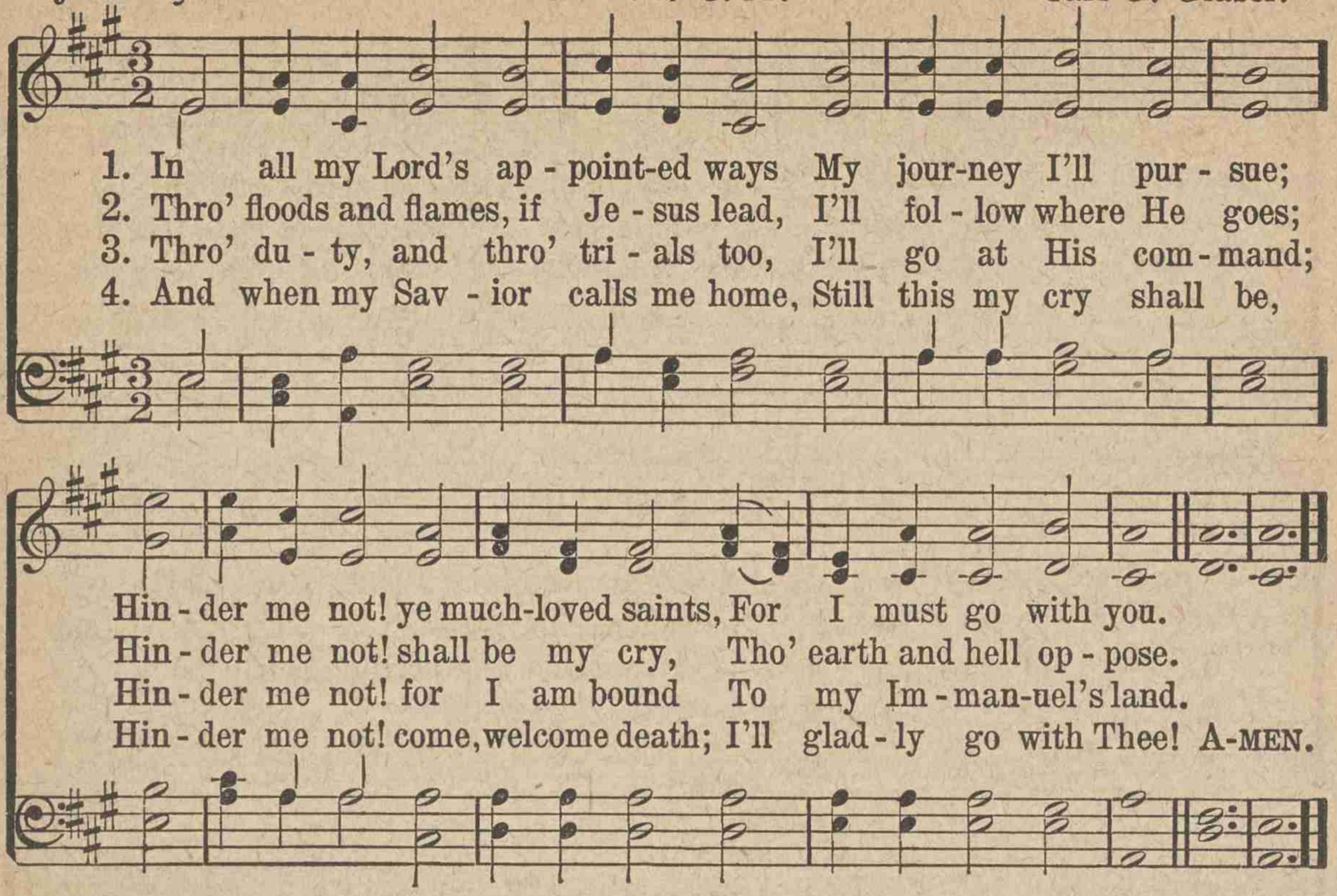


To dis-tant climes the ti-dings bear, And plant the Rose of Sharon there.
Bid rag - ing winds their fu-ry cease, And hush the tempest in - to peace.
Meet with the blood-bo't throng to fall, And crown our Jesus—Lord of all. A - MEN.
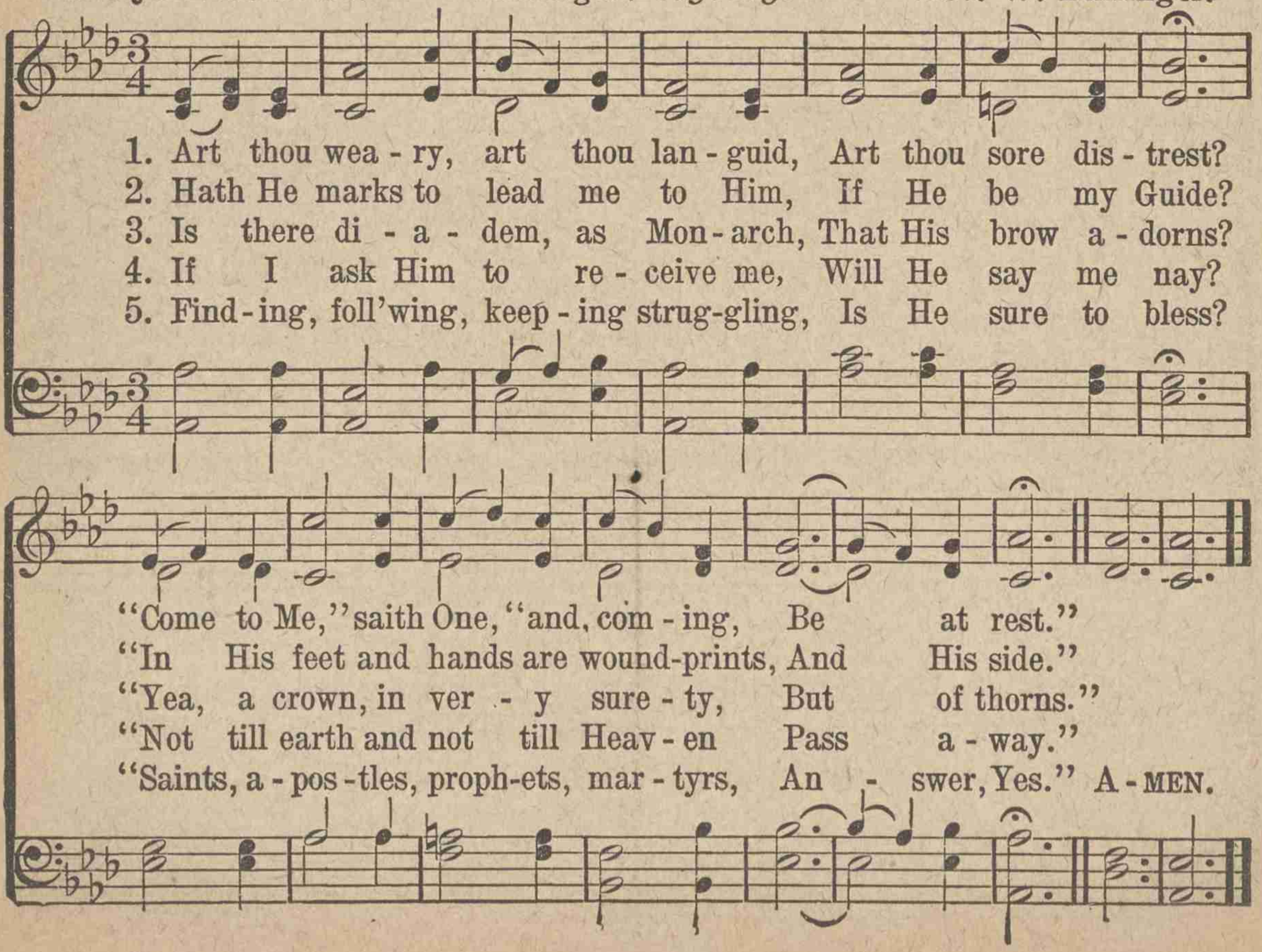


118 In All My Lord's Appointed Ways.

John Ryland. *Azmon. C. M.* Carl G. Glaser.



119 Art Thou Weary?

Rev. John M. Neale. *Bullinger. 8.5.8.3.* Rev. W. Bullinger.



120 All Hail the Power.

Coronation. C. M. Oliver Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,

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,

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! A-MEN.

121

Miles' Lane. C. M. William Shrubsole.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall, Bring forth the roy-al

di - a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all! A - MEN.

122 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley.

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H. P. Danks.

1. Je - sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos-om fly,
2. Oth - er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov-er all my sin;

While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high.
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me.
Raise the fall-en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal-ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with-in.

Hide me, O, my Sav-ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness;
Thou of life the Foun-tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de-fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A-MEN.

123 Rock of Ages.

Augustus M. Toplady. *Toplady. 7s. 6l.* Thomas Hastings.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

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

Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee. A - MEN.

124

Martyn. 7s. D. Simeon B. Marsh.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
   { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high! }
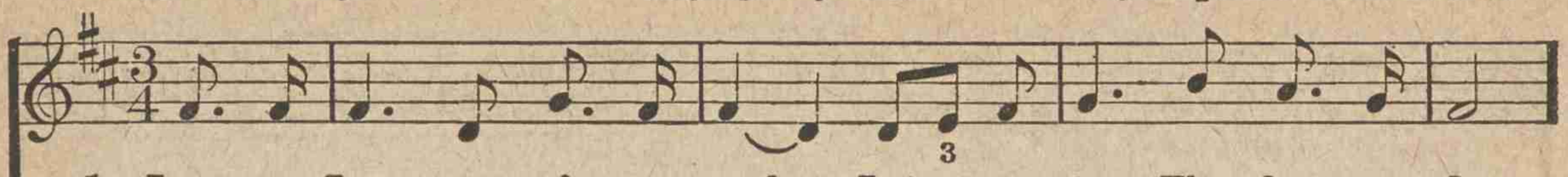
D. C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.

D.C.

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past; A - MEN.
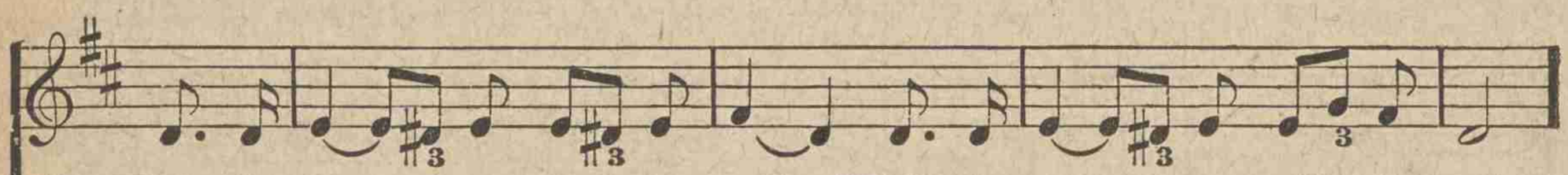
125 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *Refuge. 7s. D.* Joseph P. Holbrook.

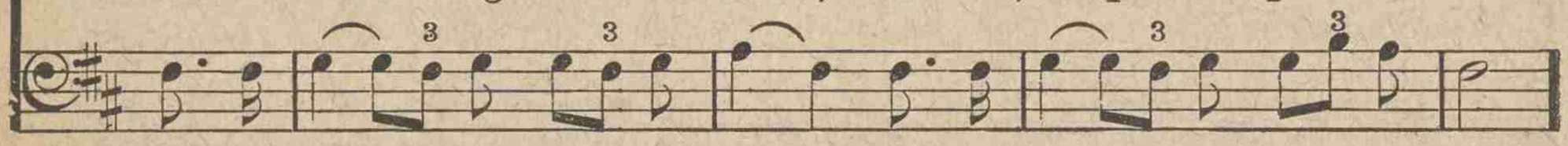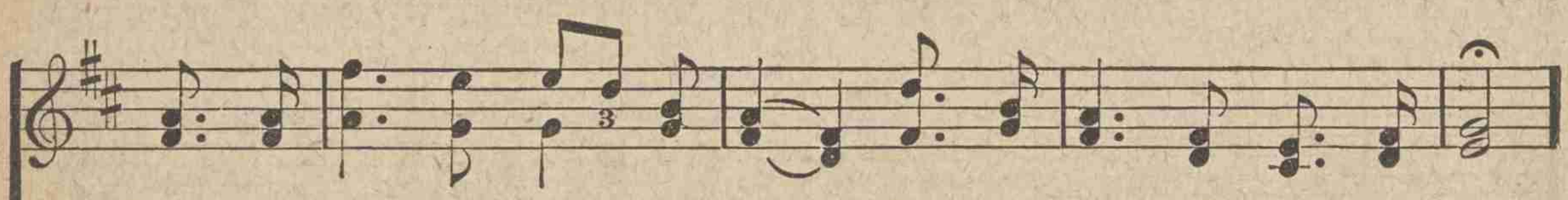


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find:
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;
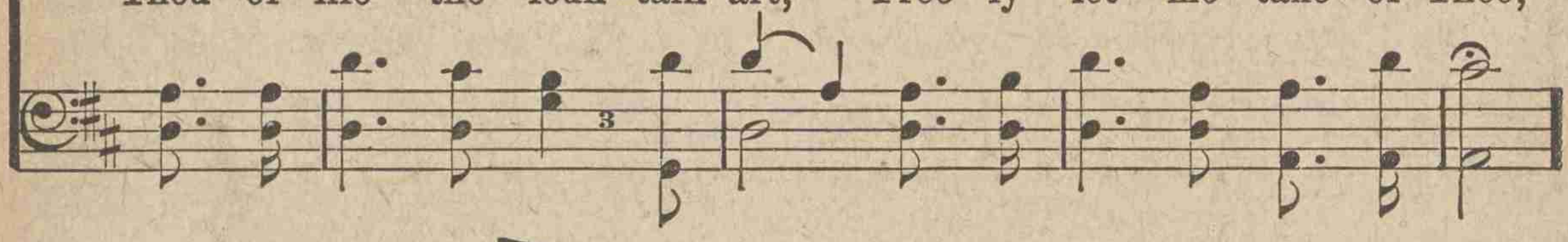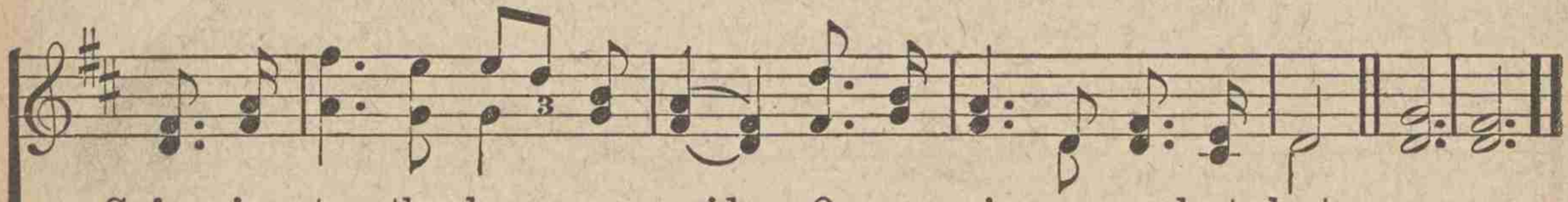




While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me:
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams a-bound; Make me, keep me pure with - in.
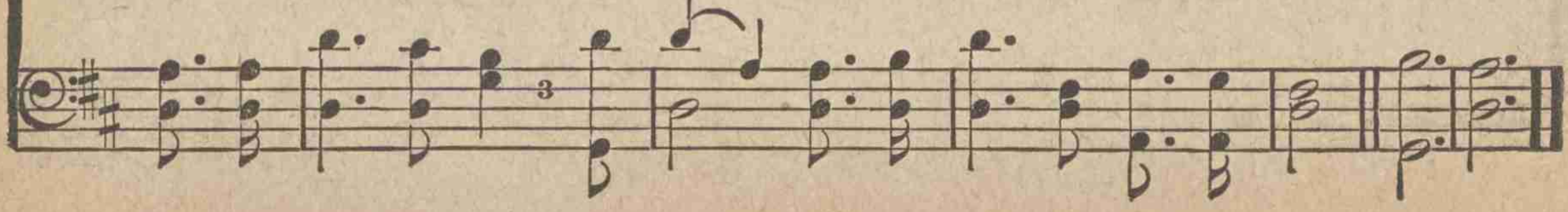




Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right-eous-ness;
Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;





Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de-fense - less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
False, and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.



126 O Day of Rest and Gladness.

C. Wordsworth. *Mendebras. 7s. 6s. D.* Arr. by L. Mason.

1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,
2. On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth;
3. To - day on wear - y na - tions The heav'n-ly man - na falls;
4. New gra - ces ev - er gain - ing From this our day of rest,
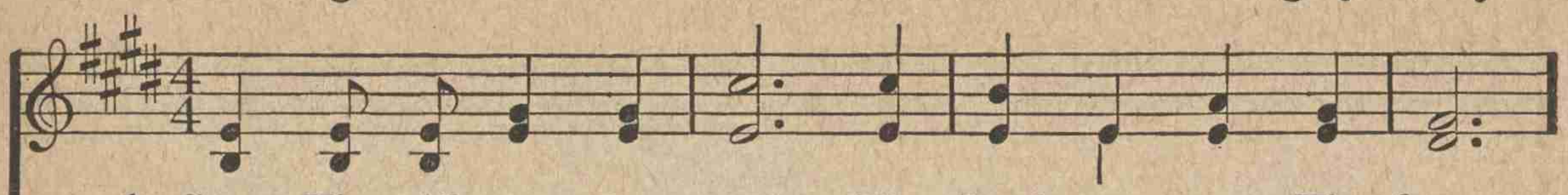
O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;
On thee, for our sal - va - tion, Christ rose from depths of earth.
To ho - ly con - vo - ca - tions The sil - ver trump-et calls,
We reach the rest re - main - ing To spir - its of the blest.

On thee, the high and low - ly, Bend - ing be - fore the throne, Sing,
On thee our Lord vic - to - rious The Spir - it sent from Heav'n; And
Where gos - pel light is glow - ing With pure and ra - diant beams, And
To Ho - ly Ghost be prais - es, To Fa - ther and to Son; The

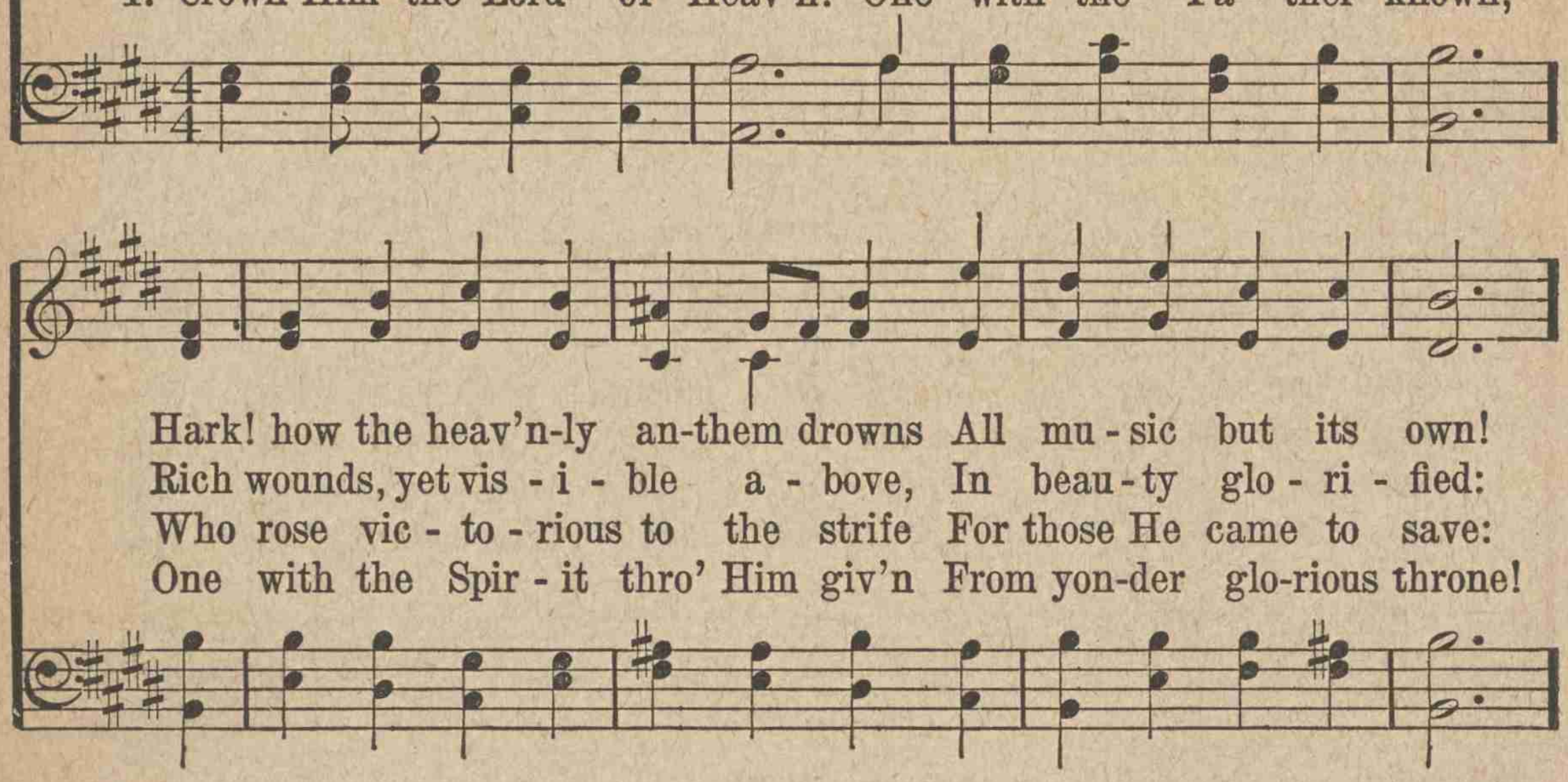
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the great Three in One.
thus on thee most glo - rious A tri - ple light was given.
liv - ing wa - ter flow - ing With soul - re - fresh-ing streams.
Church her voice up - rais - es To Thee, blest Three in One. A - MEN.

127 Crown Him With Many Crowns.

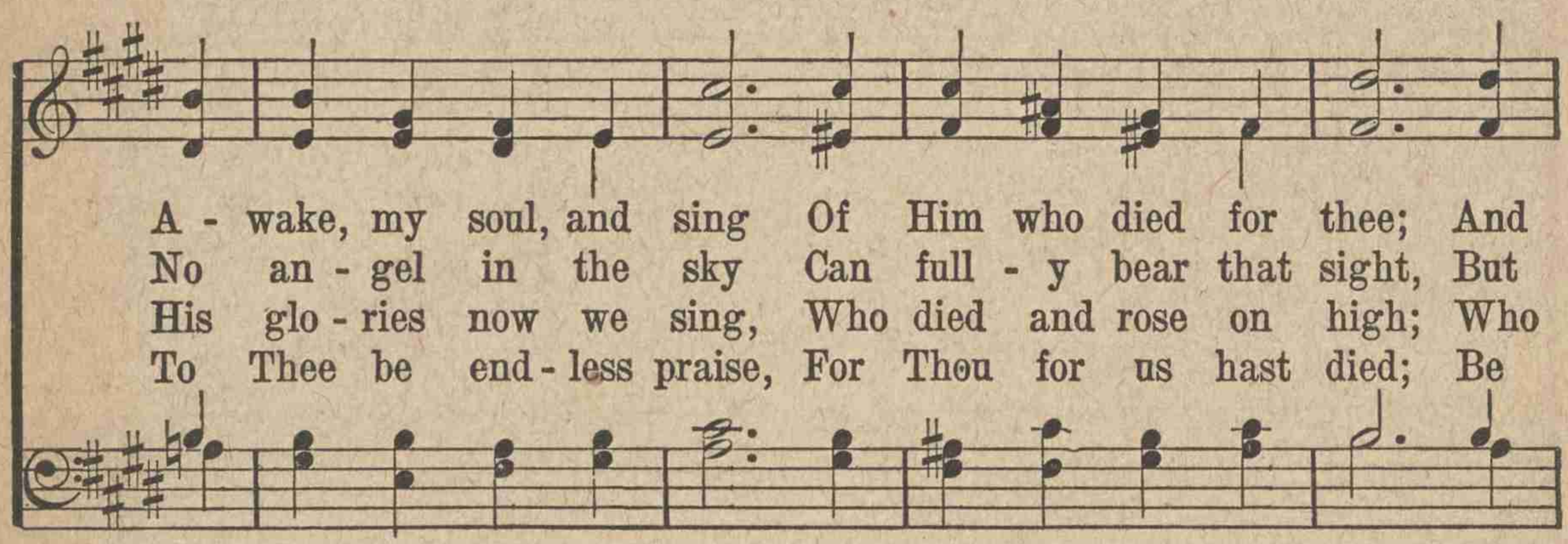
Matthew Bridges. *Diademata. S. M. D.* George J. Elvey.



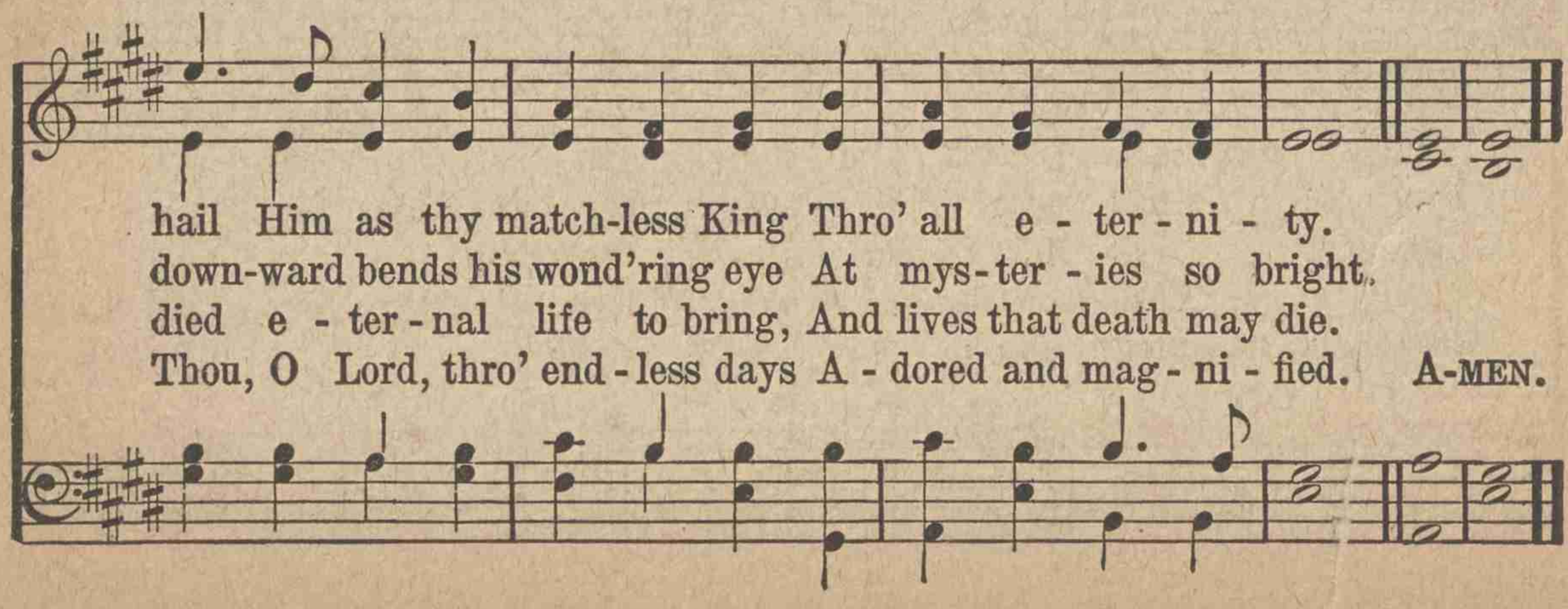
1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2. Crown Him the Lord of love! Be - hold His hands and side,—
3. Crown Him the Lord of life! Who tri-umphed o'er the grave;
4. Crown Him the Lord of Heav'n! One with the Fa - 'ther known,



Hark! how the heav'n-ly an-them drowns All mu - sic but its own!
Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied:
Who rose vic - to - rious to the strife For those He came to save:
One with the Spir - it thro' Him giv'n From yon-der glo-rious throne!
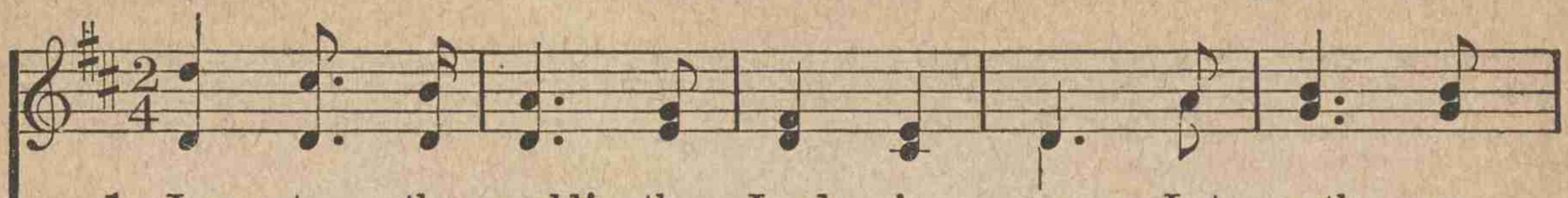


A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee; And
No an - gel in the sky Can full - y bear that sight, But
His glo - ries now we sing, Who died and rose on high; Who
To Thee be end - less praise, For Thou for us hast died; Be



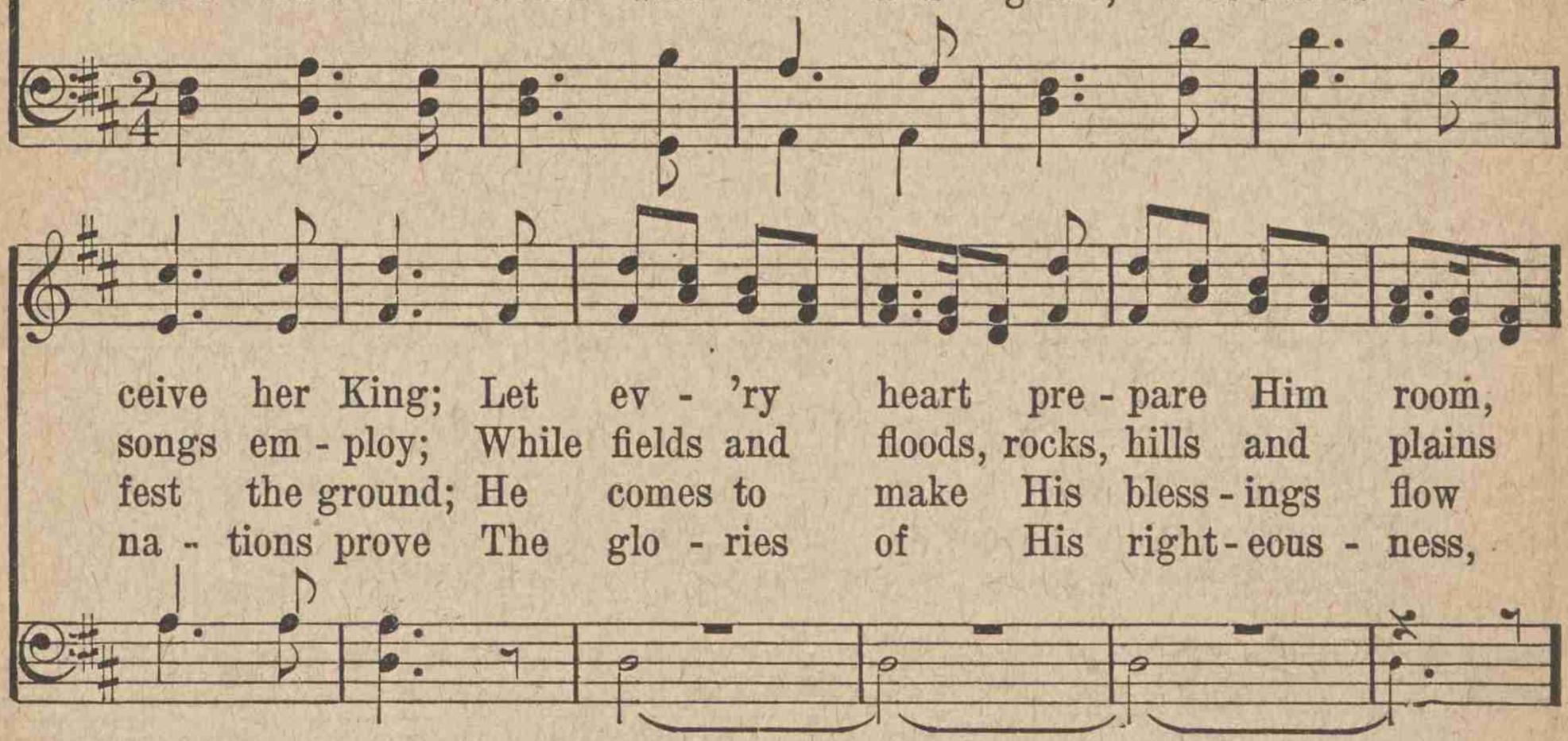
hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
down-ward bends his wond'ring eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.
died e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives that death may die.
Thou, O Lord, thro' end - less days A - dored and mag - ni - fied. A-MEN.

128 Joy to the World!

Isaac Watts. *Antioch. C. M.* George F. Handel.



1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-
2. Joy to the earth! the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their
3. No more let sins and sor - rows grow, Nor thorns in-
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the



ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room,
songs em - ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings flow
na - tions prove The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness,

And Heav'n and na - ture sing, And Heav'n and na - ture
Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing
Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
And won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His
And Heav'n and na - ture sing, ... And

sing, And Heav'n, and Heav'n and na - ture sing.
joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
love, And won - ders, and won - ders of His love. A - MEN.
Heav'n and na - ture sing,

129 O Could I Speak.

Samuel Medley. *Ariel. 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.* Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. O could I speak the match - less worth, O could I sound the
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My ran - som from the
3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters He bears, And all the forms of
4. Well, the de - light - ful day will come When my dear Lord will
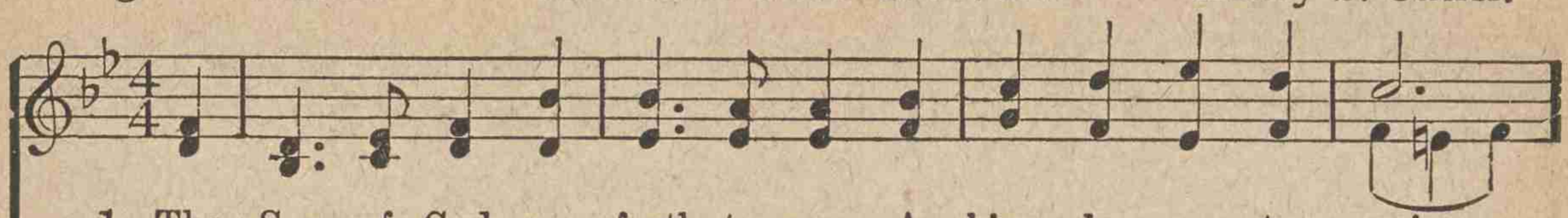
glo - ries forth Which in my Sav - ior shine, I'd soar, and touch the
dread-ful guilt Of sin, and wrath di - vine: I'd sing His glo - rious
love He wears, Ex - alt - ed on His throne: In loft - iest songs of
bring me home, And I shall see His face; Then with my Sav - ior,

heav'n - ly strings, And vie with Ga - briel while he sings In
right - eous - ness, In which all - per - fect, heav'n - ly dress My
sweet - est praise, I would to ev - er - last - ing days Make
Broth - er, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Tri-

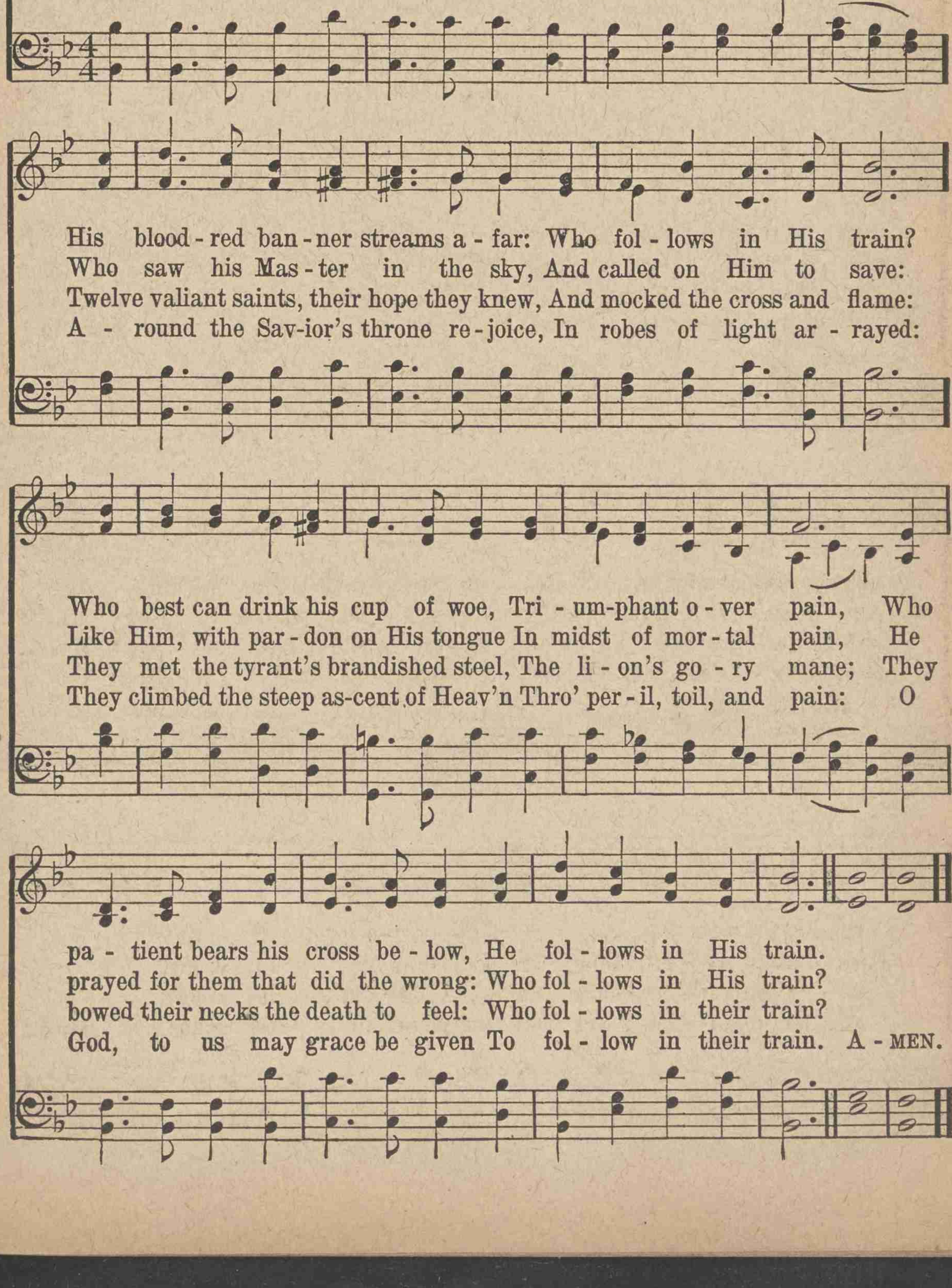
notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
all His glo - ries known, Make all His glo - ries known.
um - phant in His grace, Tri - um-phant in His grace. A - MEN.

130 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

Reginald Heber. *All Saints New. C. M. D.* Henry S. Cutler.



1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,
3. A glo-rious band, the cho - sen few On whom the Spir - it came,
4. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,



His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame:
A - round the Sav-ior's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed:

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um-phant o - ver pain, Who
Like Him, with par - don on His tongue In midst of mor - tal pain, He
They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane; They
They climbed the steep as-cent of Heav'n Thro' per - il, toil, and pain: O

pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train?
bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?
God, to us may grace be given To fol - low in their train. A - MEN.

131 Hail, Thou Once Despised.

John Bakewell. *Autumn. 8s. 7s. D.* Louis von Esch.

1. Hail, Thou once de-spis-ed Je-sus! Hail, Thou Gal-i-le-an King!
2. Pas-chal Lamb, by God ap-point-ed, All our sins on Thee were laid:
3. Je-sus, hail! enthroned in glo-ry, There for-ev-er to a-bide;
4. Wor-ship, hon-or, pow'r, and blessing, Thou art wor-thy to re-ceive;
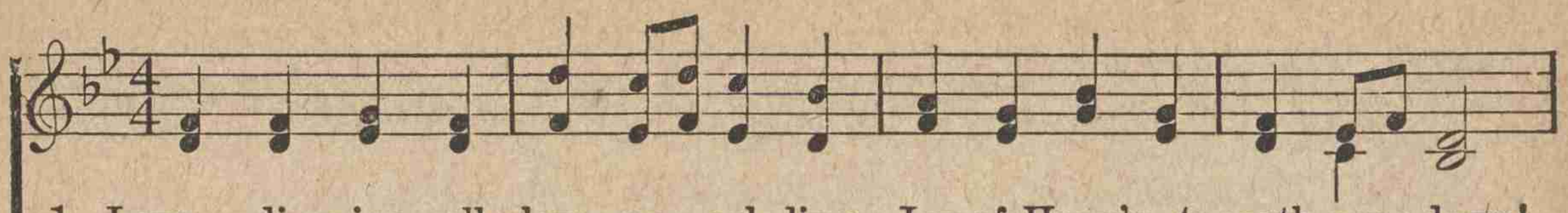
Thou didst suf-fer to re-lease us; Thou didst free sal-va-tion bring.
By al-might-y love a-noint-ed, Thou hast full a-tone-ment made.
All the heav'n-ly hosts a-dore Thee, Seat-ed at Thy Fa-ther's side:
Loud-est prais-es, with-out ceas-ing, Meet it is for us to give.

Hail, Thou ag-o-niz-ing Sav-ior, Bear-er of our sin and shame!
All Thy peo-ple are for-giv-en, Thro' the vir-tue of Thy blood;
There for sin-ners Thou art plead-ing; There Thou dost our place pre-pare:
Help, ye bright an-gel-ic spir-its; Bring your sweet-est, no-blest lays;
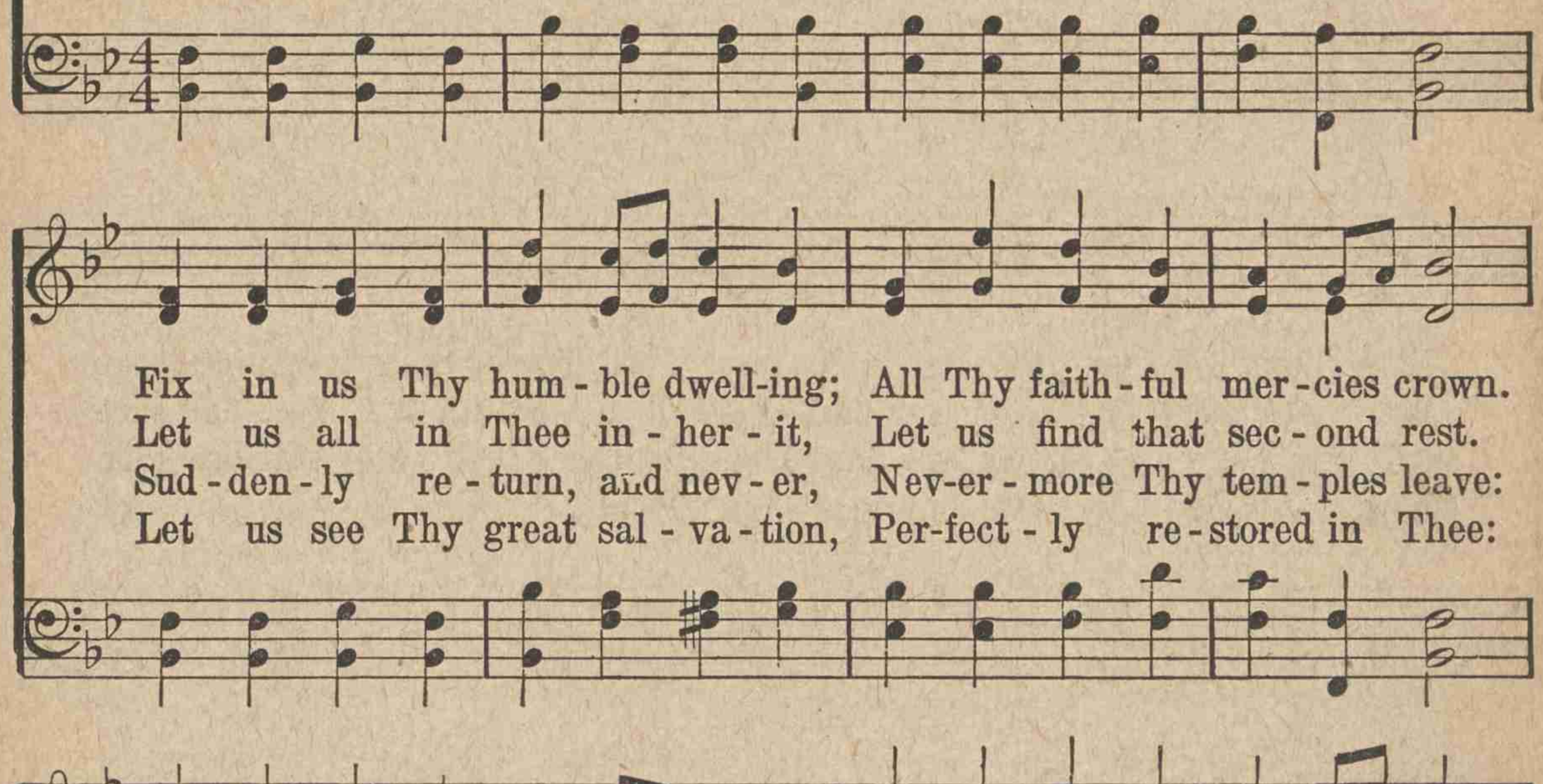
By Thy mer-its we find fa-vor; Life is giv-en thro' Thy name.
O-pened is the gate of Heav-en; Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
Ev-er for us in-ter-ced-ing, Till in glo-ry we ap-pear.
Help to sing our Sav-ior's mer-its; Help to chant Immanuel's praise! A-MEN.

132 Love Divine.

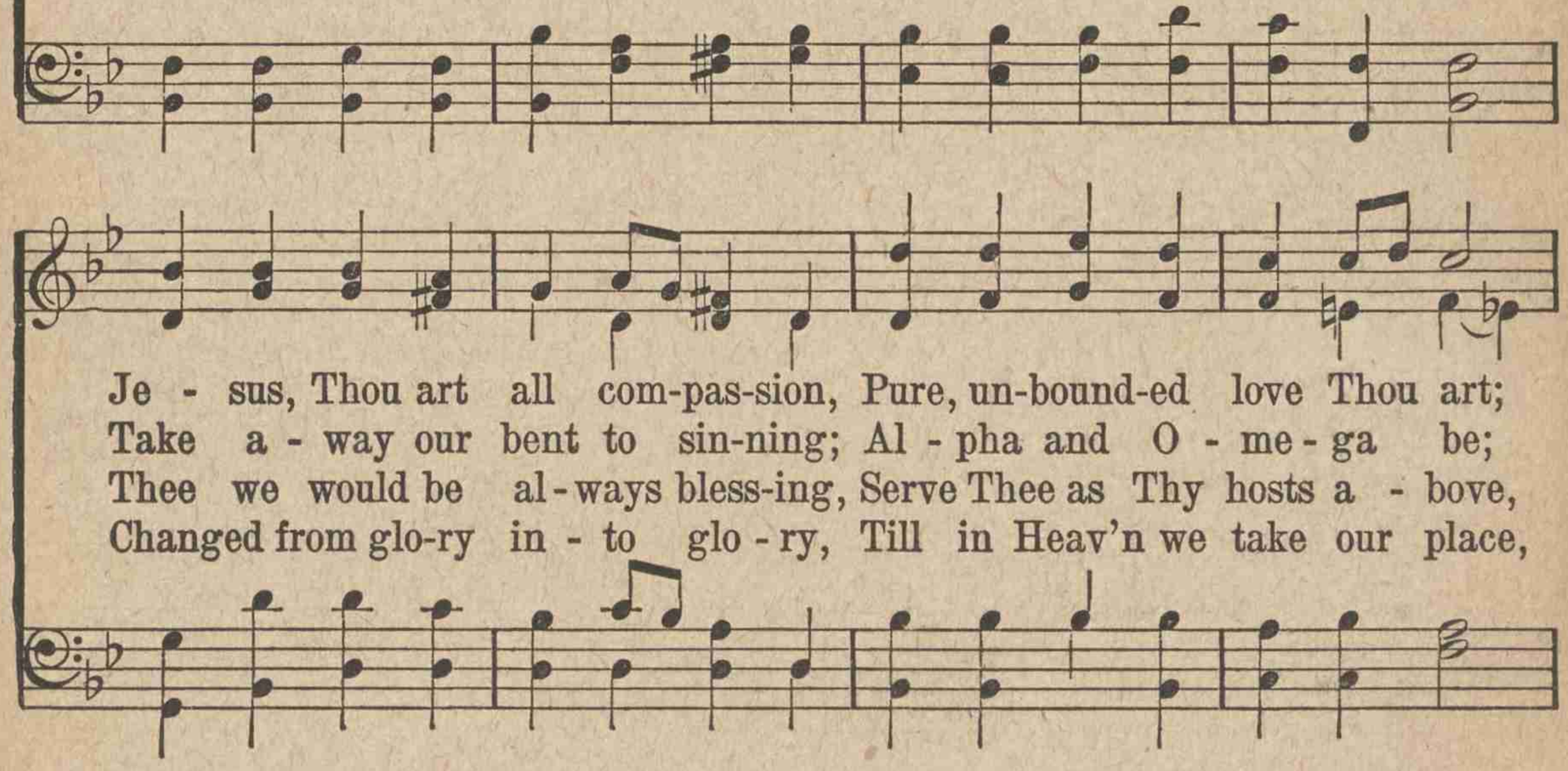
Charles Wesley. *Love Divine. 8s. 7s. D.* John Zundel.



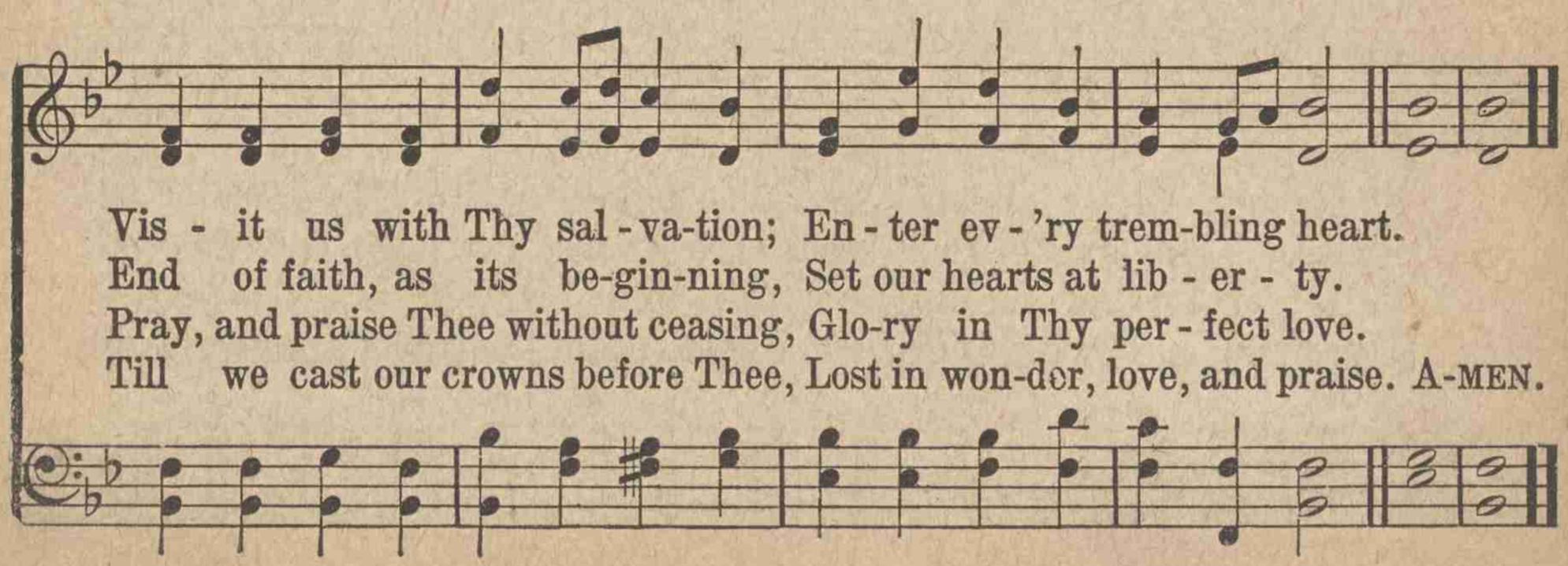
1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of Heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub-led breast!
3. Come, Al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot-less let us be;



Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find that sec - ond rest.
Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev-er - more Thy tem - ples leave:
Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion, Per-fect - ly re - stored in Thee:



Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
Take a - way our bent to sin-ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Thee we would be al - ways bless-ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
Changed from glo-ry in - to glo - ry, Till in Heav'n we take our place,



Vis - it us with Thy sal - va-tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trem-bling heart.
End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing, Glo-ry in Thy per - fect love.
Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise. A-MEN.

133 It Came Upon the Midnight.

Edmund H. Sears. *Carol. C. M. D.* Richard S. Willis.

1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un - furled,
3. And ye, be-neath life's crush-ing load, Whose forms are bend-ing low,
4. For lo, the days are has-t'ning on, By proph - et bards fore-told,

From an - gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:
And still their heav'n-ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wear - y world:
Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow,
When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold;

"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From Heav'n's all-gracious King:" The
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - 'ring wing, And
Look now! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift-ly on the wing: O
When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an-cient splen-dors fling, And

world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless-ed an - gels sing.
rest be - side the wear - y road, And hear the an - gels sing.
the whole world give back the song Which now the an - gels sing. A - MEN.

134 Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. *Ellesdie. 8s. 7s. D.* From Mozart.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - ior, too;
3. Man may troub-le and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
4. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;

Des - ti - tute, de-spised, for - sa - ken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me; Thou art not, like man, un-true;
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet-er rest.
Heav'n's e-ter - nal day's be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
And, while Thou shalt smile up-on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;
Soon shall close thy earth-ly mis - sion, Swift shall pass thy pil - grim days,

Yet how rich is my con - di-tion, God and Heav'n are still my own!
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. A-MEN.

135 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Reginald Heber. *Missionary Hymn. 7s. 6s. D.* Lowell Mason.

1. From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor - al strand;
2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle;
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,
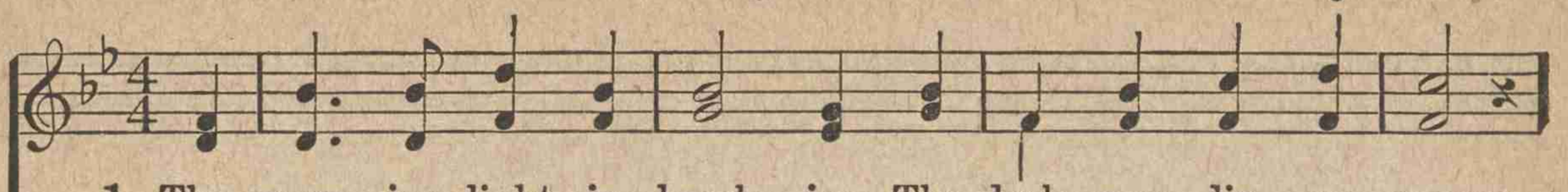
Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand:
Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile?
Shall we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole:

From man-y an an - cient riv - er, From man-y a palm - y plain,
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,
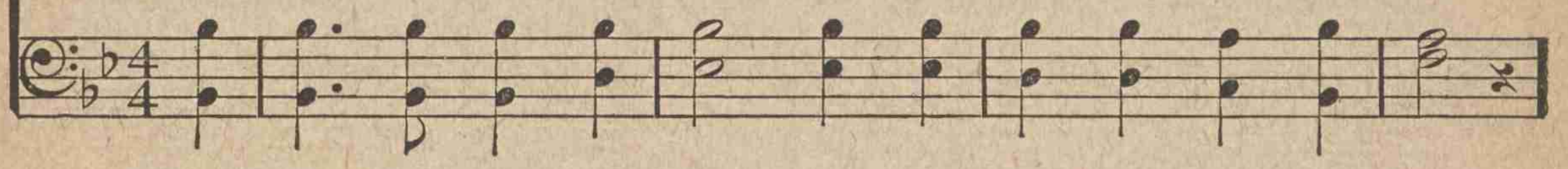
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The hea-then in his blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.
Till earth's re-mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes-si - ah's name.
Re - deem-er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign. A-MEN.
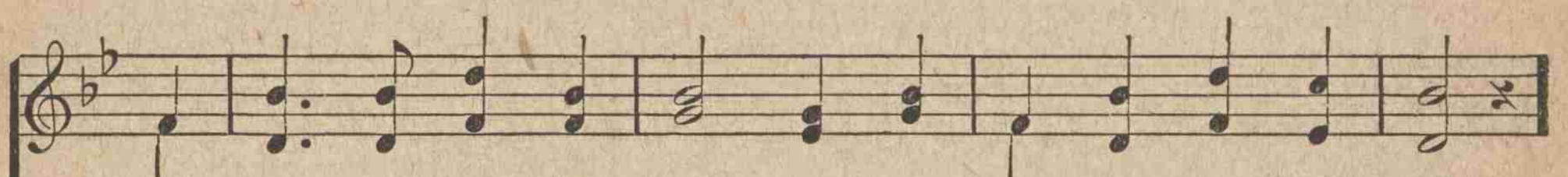
136 The Morning Light is Breaking.

S. F. Smith. *Webb. 7s. 6s. D.* G. J. Webb.
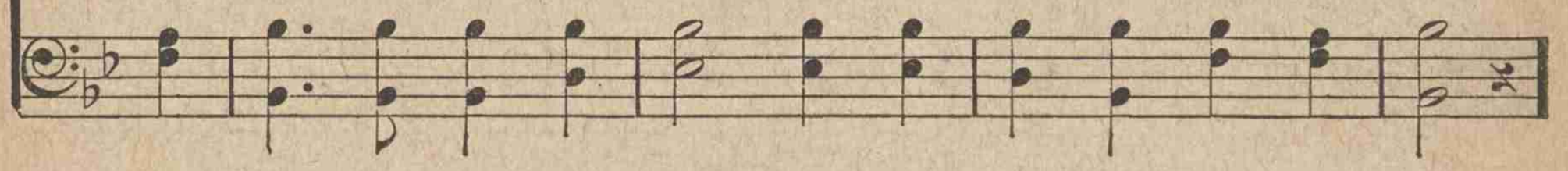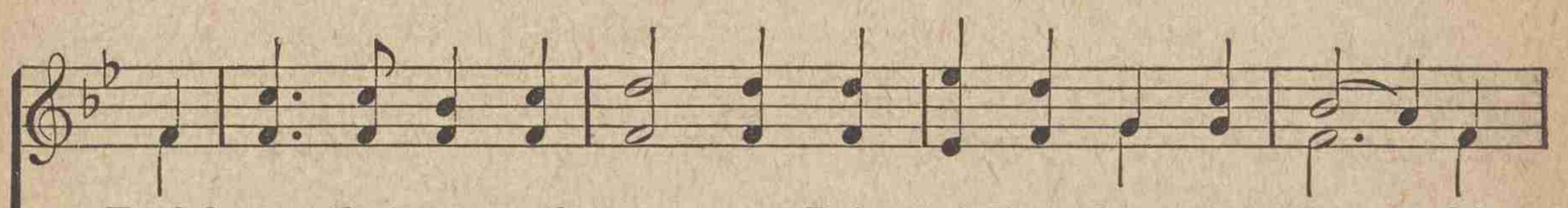


1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
2. See hea - then na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God of love,
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thine on - ward way;
4. Rich dews of grace come o'er us In many a gen - tle show'r,
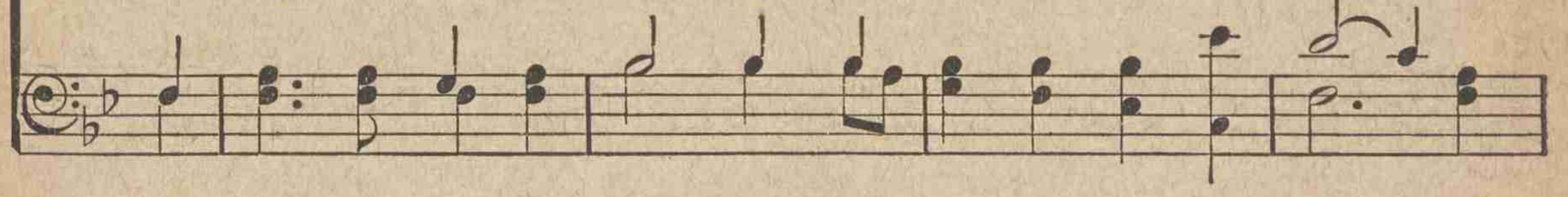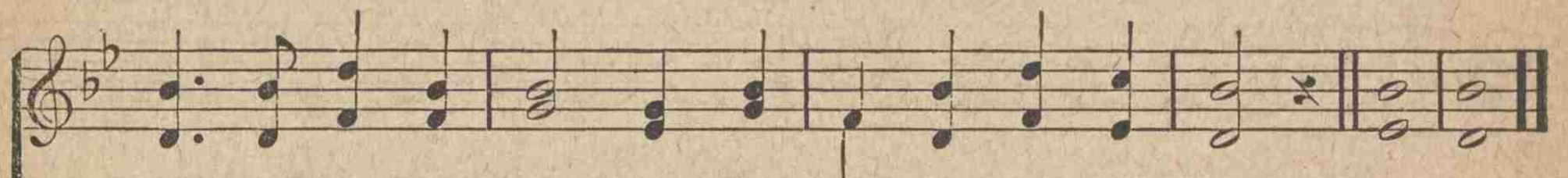




The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
And thou-sand hearts as - cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove;
Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay;
And bright - er scenes be - fore us Are ope - ning ev - 'ry hour;
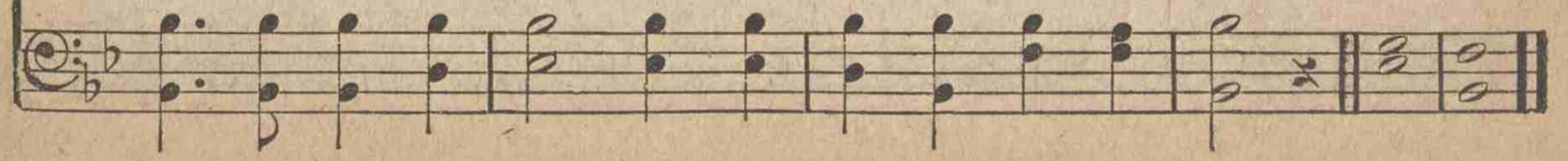




Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti-dings from a - far, Of
While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The Gos-pel's call o - bey, And
Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - um-phant reach their home; Stay
Each cry to Heav - en go - ing, A - bun - dant an - swer brings, And





na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre-pared for Zi - on's war.
seek a Sav-ior's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day.
not till all the ho - ly Pro-claim, "The Lord is come!"
heav'nly gales are blow - ing, With peace up - on their wings. A - MEN.



137 Jesus is All the World to Me.

W. L. T.

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HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.

Will L. Thompson.

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

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

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

ff *pp*

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

138 Jesus, Blessed Jesus.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's One who can com-fort when all else fails, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
2. He hear - eth the cry of the soul dis-tressed, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
3. He nev - er for-sakes in the dark - est hour, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
4. What joy it will be when we see His face, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
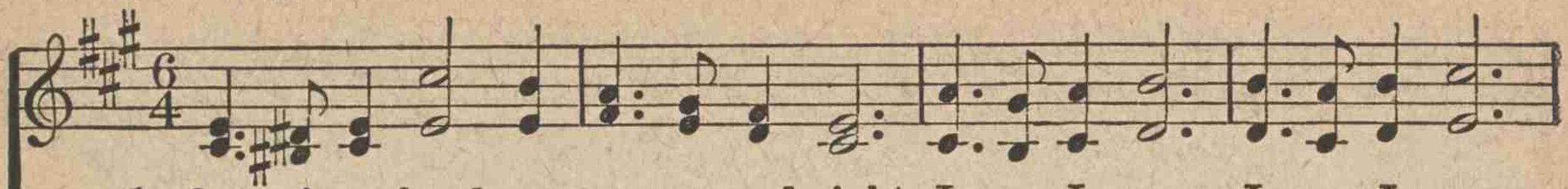
A Sav - ior who saves tho' the foe as - sails, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
He heal - eth the wounded, He giv - eth rest, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
His arm is a - round us with keep - ing pow'r, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
For - ev - er to sing of His love and grace, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:

Once He trav - eled the way we go, Felt the pangs of de - ceit and woe;
When from loved ones we're called to part, When the tears in our an-guish start,
When we en - ter the Shad-ow - land, When at Jor - dan we trembling stand,
There at home on that shin-ing shore, With the loved ones gone on be - fore,

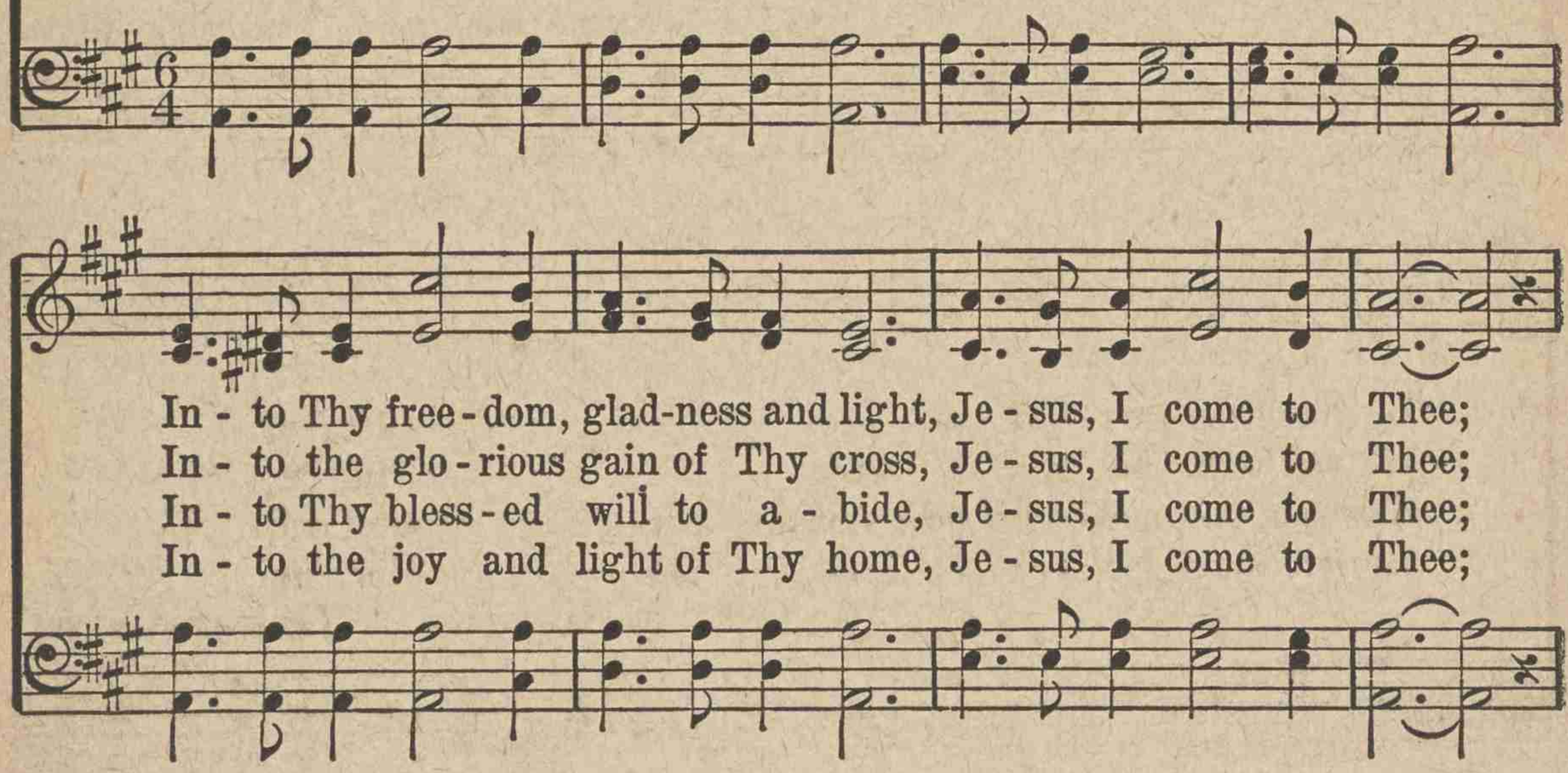
Who more per-fect-ly then can know, Than Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus?
None can com-fort the breaking heart Like Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
He will meet us with outstretched hand, This Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
We will praise Him for - ev - er-more, Our Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus. A - MEN.

139 Jesus, I Come.
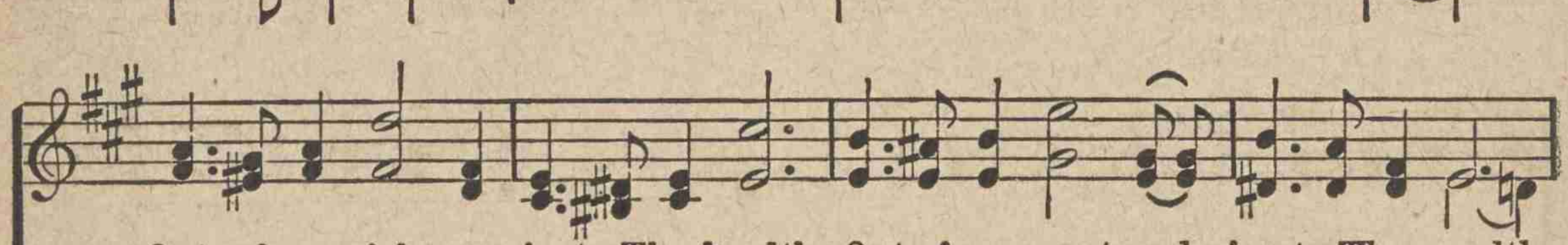
W. T. Sleeper. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.
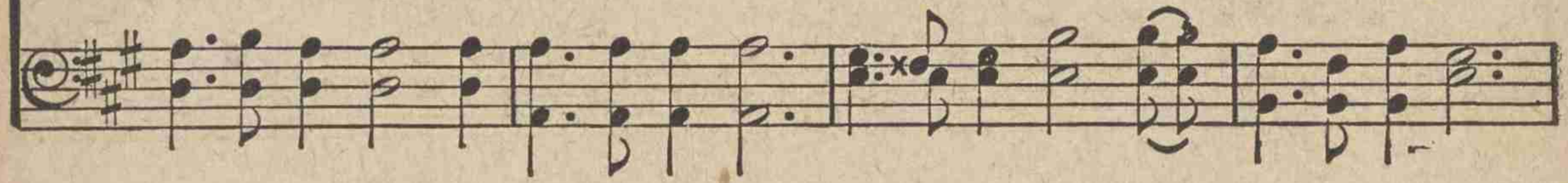


1. Out of my bond-age, sor-row and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2. Out of my shame-ful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;



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



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



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

140 Let Him In.

J. B. Atchinson. COPYRIGHT. 1909. BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.

1. There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
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, Je - sus
Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend, He will
He is stand-ing at your door, Joy to you He will re - store, And His
He will speak your sins for-giv'n, And when earth ties all are riv'n, He will

Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in.
keep you to the end, Let Him in.
name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
take you home to Heav'n, Let Him in. A-MEN.

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

141 I Will Sing You a Song.

Ellen H. Gates. *Home of the Soul.* Philip Phiilips.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far-a-way home of the
2. Oh, that home of the soul! In my visions and dreams Its bright, jasper walls I can
3. That unchangeable home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of Naz-a-reth
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all sor-row and

soul, Where no storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-
see; Till I fan - cy but thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be - tween the fair
stands; The King of all kingdoms for-ev - er is He, And He hold-eth our
pain, With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-

ter - ni-ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni-ty roll; Where no storms ev-er
cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; Till I fan - cy but
crowns in His hands, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands; The King of all
oth - er a - gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; With songs on our

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

142 I've found a Friend.

J. G. Small. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! All pow'r to Him is giv - en,
4. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,

He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
To guard me on my on-ward course, And bring me safe to Heav - en.
So wise a Coun - sel - lor and Guide, So might - y a De - fend - er!

And 'round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev-er,
Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er:
Th' e - ter - nal glo - ries gleam a - far, To nerve my faint en - deav - or:
From Him, who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul can sev - er?

For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for-ev - er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for-ev - er.
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for-ev - er.
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for-ev - er. A - MEN.

143 Jesus, Friend of Sinners.

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

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

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

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

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

144 Arise, My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *Lenox. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.* Lewis Edson.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt - y fears;
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede;
3. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry;
4. The Fa - ther hears Him pray, His dear a - noint - ed One;
5. My God is rec - on - ciled; His par-d'ning voice I hear;

The bleed - ing Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears:
His all - re - deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood, to plead;
They pour ef - fec - tual prayers, They strong - ly plead for me:
He can - not turn a - way The pres - ence of His Son;
He owns me for His child, I can no lon - ger fear:

Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be - fore the throne my
His blood a - toned for all our race, His blood a - toned for
"For - give Him, O for-give," they cry, "For - give Him, O for-
His Spir - it an - swers to the blood, His Spir - it an - swers
With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, With con - fi - dence I

Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
all our race, And sprin-kles now the throne of grace.
give," they cry, "Nor let that ran-somed sin - ner die!"
to the blood, And tells me I am born of God.
now draw nigh, And, "Fa-ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry. A - MEN.

145 When I Go Home.

Jennie Ree. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

'Tis lone-some win - ter now, but 'twill be May, When I go Home;
But in the still - ness of the twi - light hour, I dream of Home;
The wan - der - ings all o'er, and lone - li - ness, When I go Home;
And, best of all, I'll see my Sav - ior smile, When I go Home;

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

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

146 Jesus Saves.

Priscilla J. Owens.

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IN RENEWAL.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
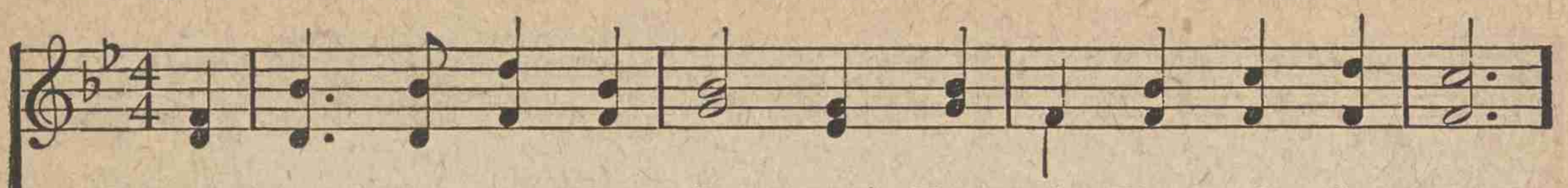
Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Let the na - tions now re - joice,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

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

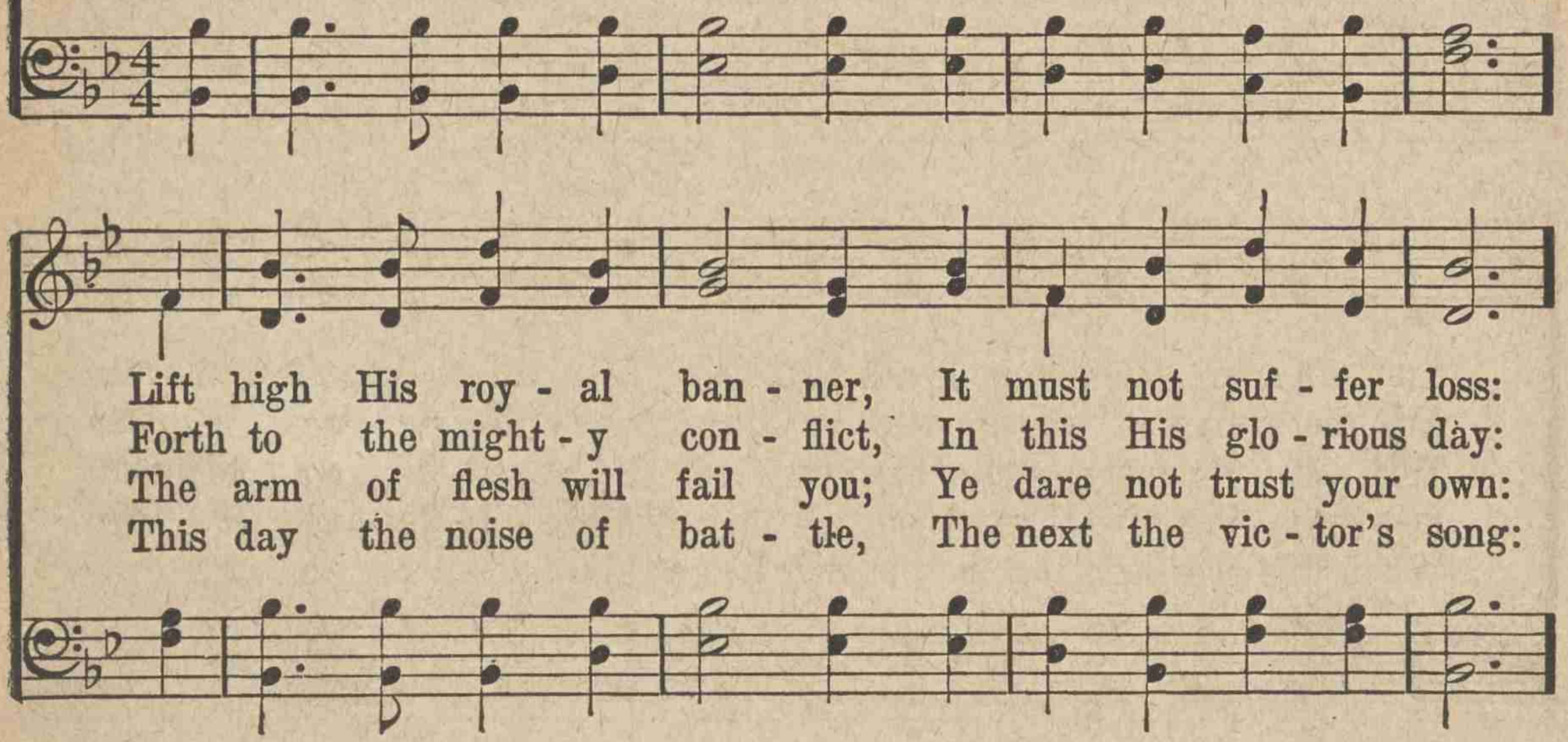
On-ward!—'tis our Lord's com-mand; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! A - MEN.

147 Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus!

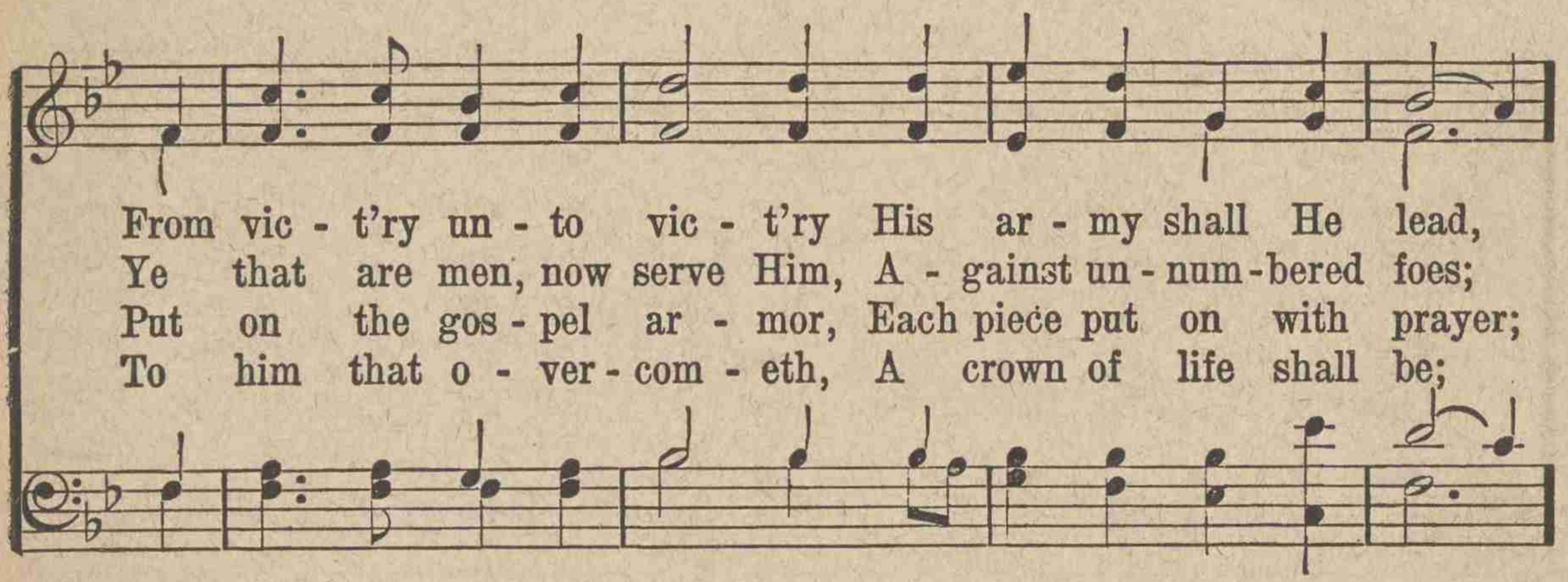
George Duffield, Jr. *Webb. 7s. 6s. D.* George J. Webb.



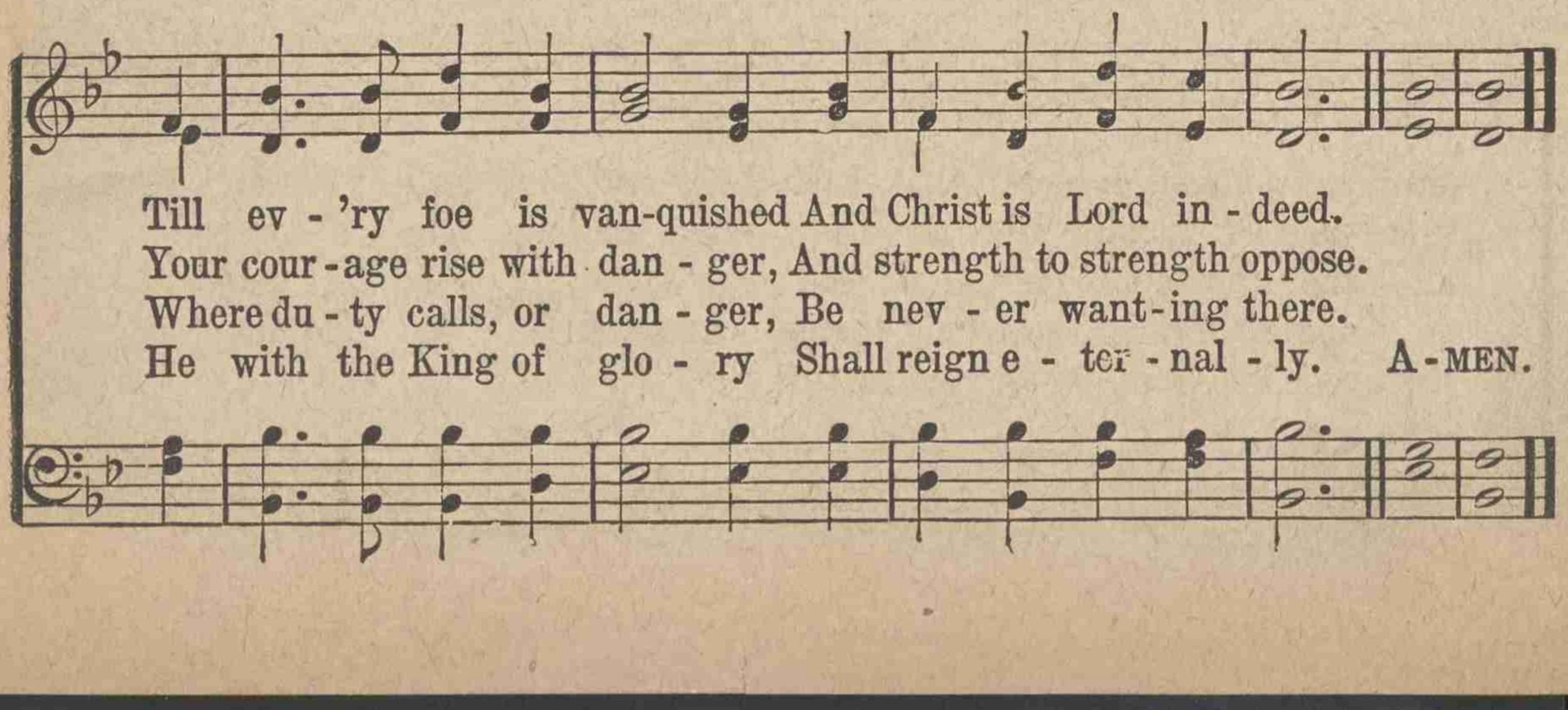
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The trump - et call o - bey;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;



Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
Forth to the might - y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day:
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own:
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song:



From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
Ye that are men, now serve Him, A - gainst un - num - bered foes;
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with prayer;
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;



Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Your cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly. A - MEN.

148 There is a Fountain.

William Cowper. *Cleansing Fountain. C. M.* Lowell Mason.

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

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

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

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

149 The Crowning Day.

El Nathan.

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James McGranahan.

1. Our Lord is now re-ject-ed, And by the world dis-owned, By the man-y
2. The heav'ns shall glow with splendor, But brighter far than they The saints shall
3. Our pain shall then be o-ver, We'll sin and sigh no more, Be-hind us
4. Let all that look for, has-ten The com-ing joy-ful day, By ear-nest

still neg-lect-ed, And by the few enthroned; But soon He'll come in glo-ry,
shine in glo-ry, As Christ shall them ar-ray; The beau-ty of the Sav-ior
all of sor-row, And naught but joy be-fore; A joy in our Re-deem-er,
con-se-cra-tion, To walk the nar-row way, By gath'ring in the lost ones,

The hour is draw-ing nigh, For the crown-ing day is com-ing by and by.
Shall daz-zle ev-'ry eye, In the crowning day that's com-ing by and by.
As we to Him are nigh, In the crowning day that's com-ing by and by.
For whom our Lord did die, For the crowning day that's com-ing by and by.

D. S.—*Each waiting, watchful eye, In the crown-ing day that's com-ing by and by.*

CHORUS.

Oh, the crowning day is coming, Is coming by and by, When our Lord shall come in
"power," And "glory" from on high. Oh, the glorious sight will gladden A-MEN.

150 The Comforter Has Come.

F. Bottome.

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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O spread the ti-dings 'round, wher-ev-er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last, And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal-ing in His wings, To
4. O bound-less love di-vine! how shall this tongue of mine To

ev-er hu-man hearts and hu-man woes a-bound; Let ev-'ry Chris-tian
hushed the dreadful wail and fu-ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
ev-'ry cap-tive soul a full de-liv-'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
wond'ring mor-tals tell the match-less grace di-vine—That I, a child of

D.S.–*Ho-ly Ghost from Heav'n, The Fa-ther's prom-ise giv'n; O spread the ti-dings*

tongue pro-claim the joy-ful sound: The Com-fort-er has come!
hills the day ad-vanc-es fast! The Com-fort-er has come!
cells the song of tri-umph rings; The Com-fort-er has come!
hell, should in His im-age shine! The Com-fort-er has come!

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

FINE.
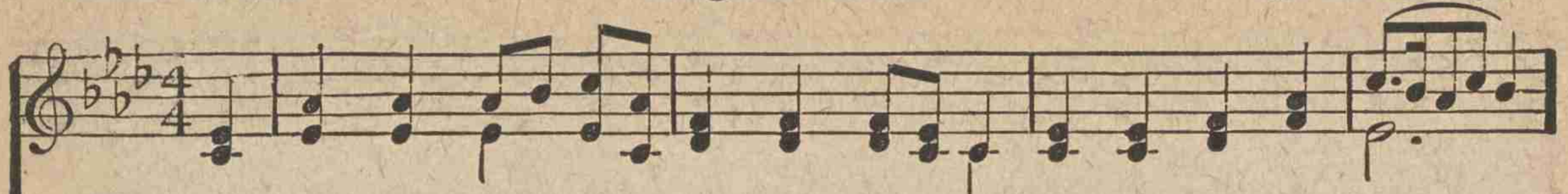
CHORUS.
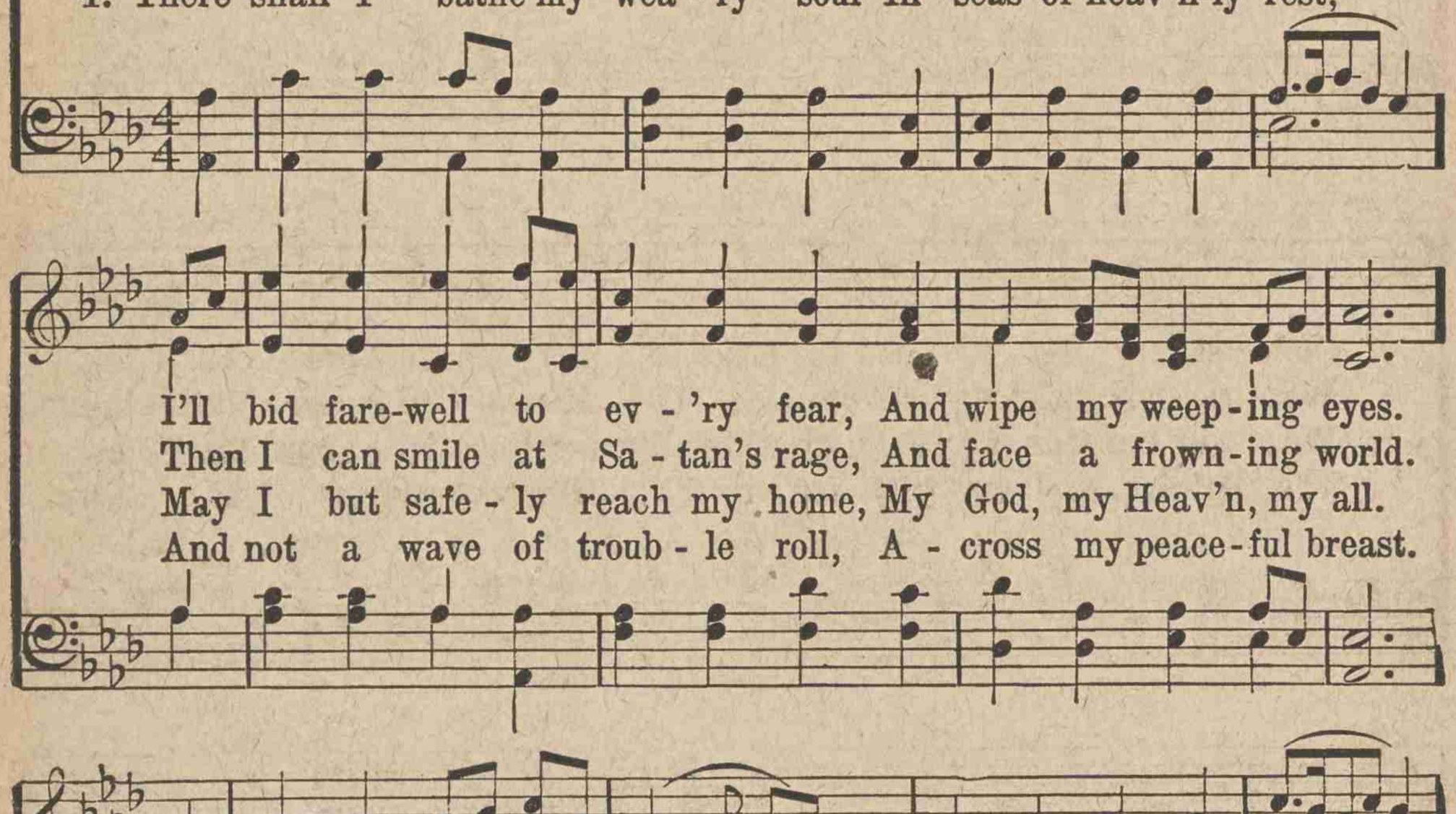
D. S.

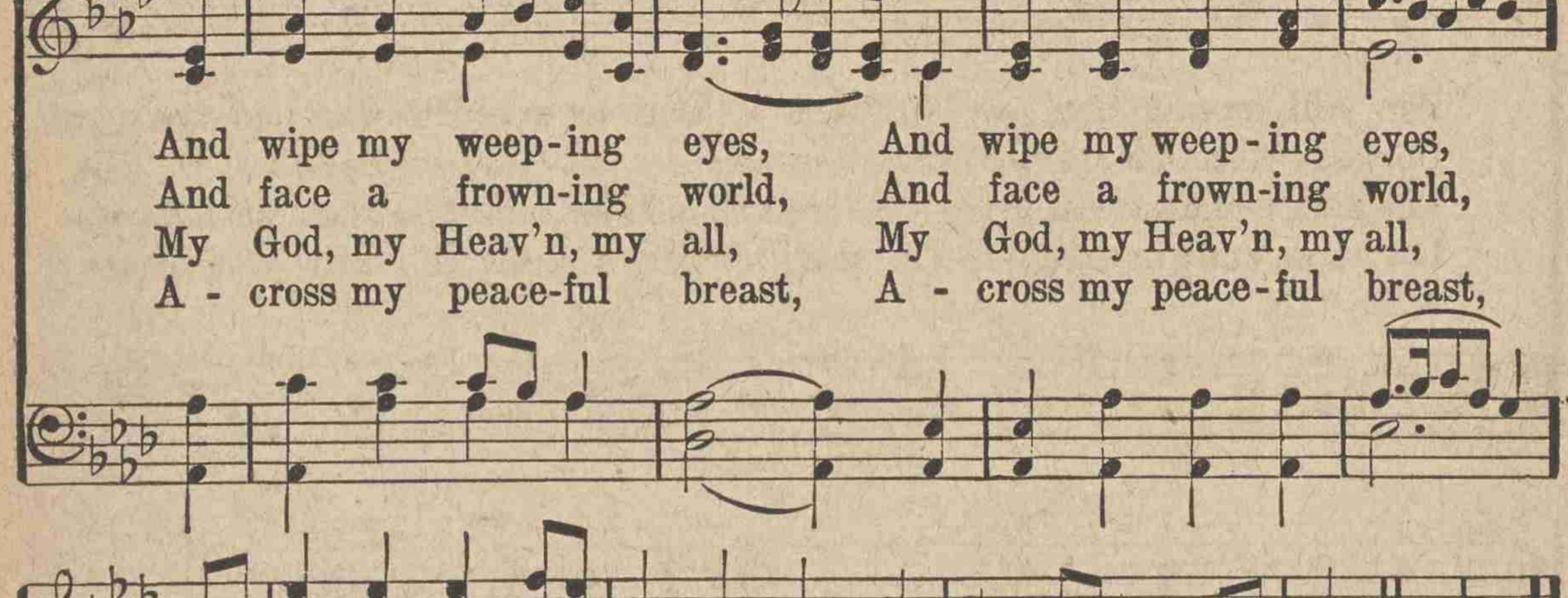
The Com-fort-er has come, The Com-fort-er has come! The A-MEN.
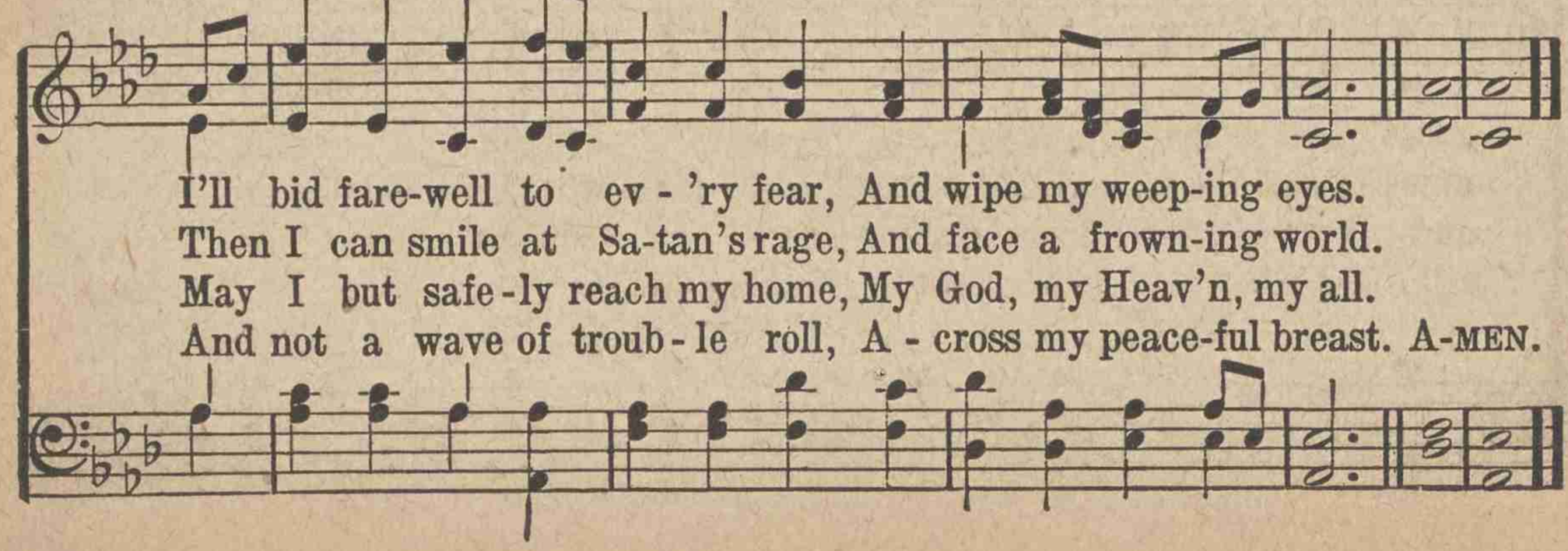
151 When I Can Read My Title Clear.

Isaac Watts. *Pisgah. C. M.* J. C. Lowry.









152 A Mighty Fortress.

M. L. *Ein' Feste Burg. P. M.* Martin Luther.

1. A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail - ing;
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striv-ing would be los - ing,
3. And tho' this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threaten to un - do us,
4. That word a - bove all earthly pow'rs—No thanks to them—a - bid - eth;
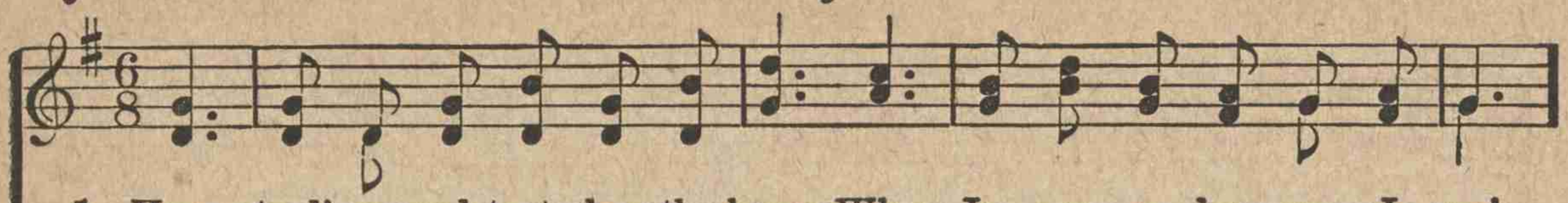
Our help-er He, a - mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre - vail - ing.
Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos - ing.
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph thro' us.
The Spir-it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sid - eth.

For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is He; Lord Sabaoth is His
The prince of darkness grim—We tremble not for him; His rage we can en-
Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al - so; The bod - y they may
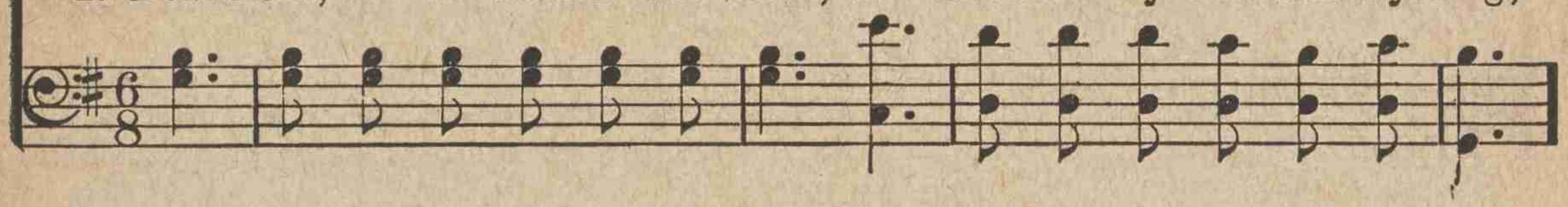
great, And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
dure, For lo! his doom is sure: One lit - tle word shall fell him.
kill; God's truth a - bid - eth still, His kingdom is for - ev - er. A-MEN.

153 How Tedious and Tasteless.
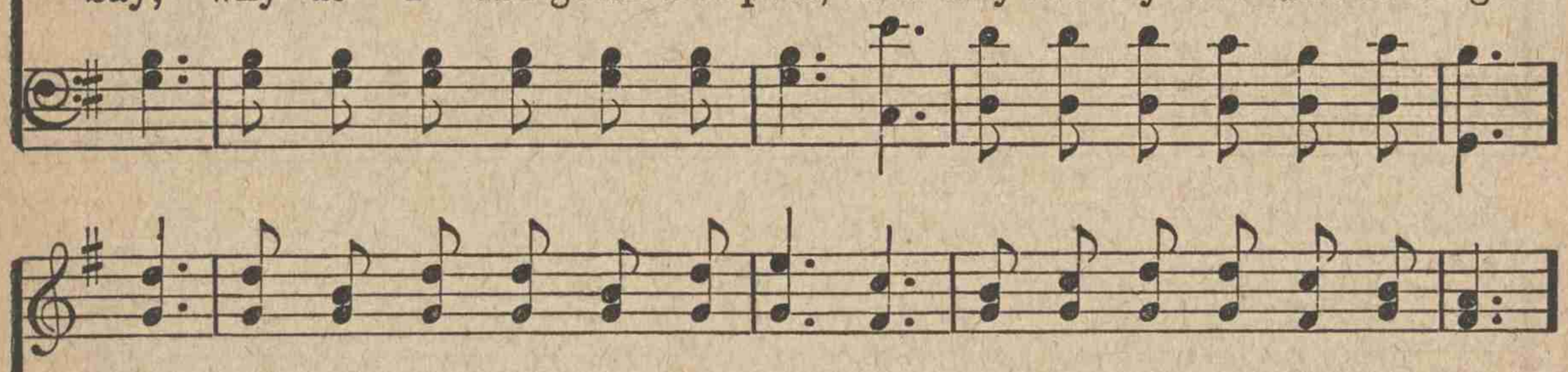
John Newton. *De Fleury. 8s.* Lewis Edson.
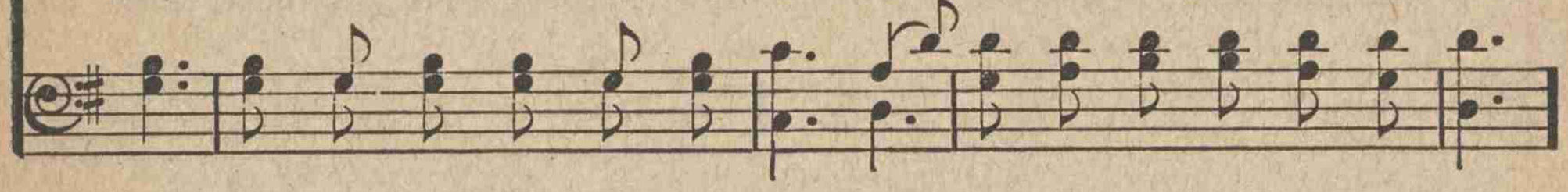


1. How te-dious and taste-less the hours When Je - sus no lon - ger I see!
2. His name yields the rich-est per-fume, And sweet-er than mu - sic His voice;
3. Con - tent with be - hold - ing His face, My all to His pleas-ure re-signed,
4. Dear Lord, if in - deed I am Thine, If Thou art my sun and my song,



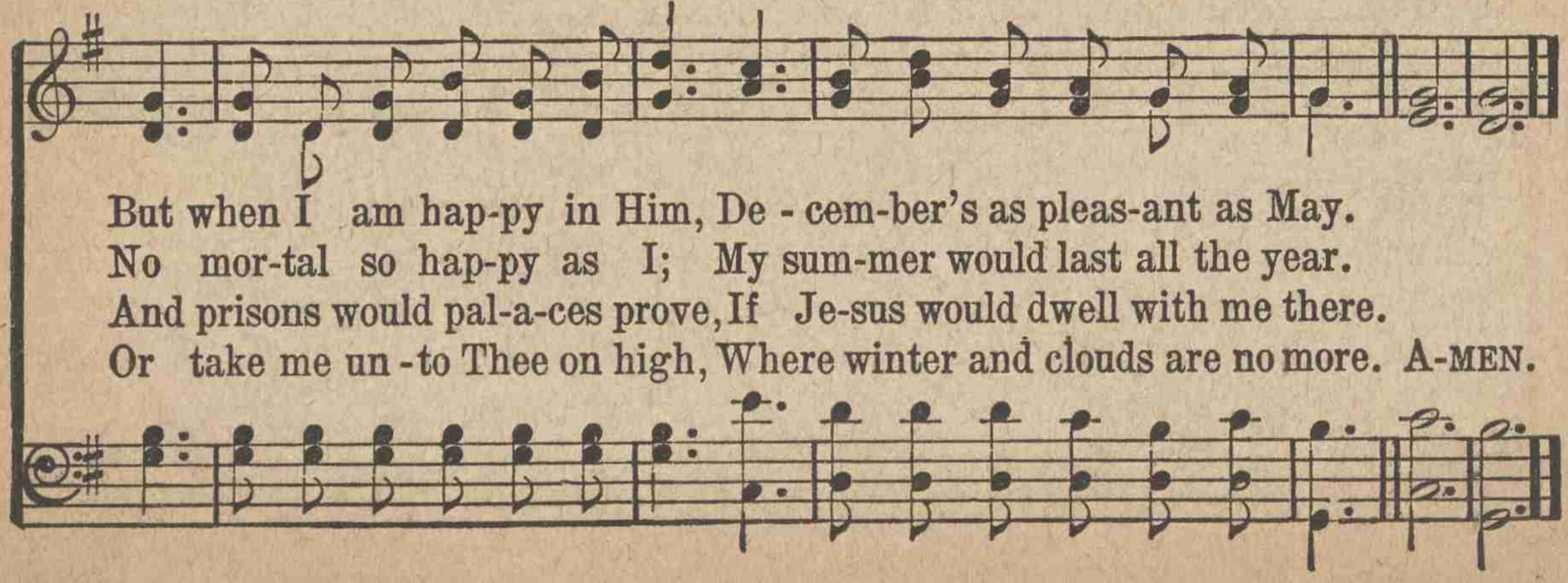
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness for me.
His pres-ence dis - pers - es my gloom, And makes all with - in me re-joice:
No chang-es of sea - son or place Would make an-y change in my mind:
Say, why do I lan-guish and pine, And why are my win - ters so long?



The mid - sum-mer sun shines but dim; The fields strive in vain to look gay;
I should, were He al-ways thus nigh, Have noth - ing to wish or to fear;
While blest with a sense of His love, A pal - ace a toy would ap - pear;
Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky; Thy soul-cheer-ing pres-ence re - store;
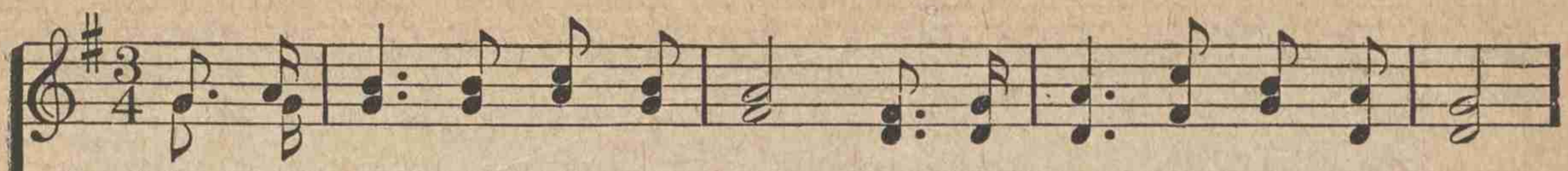


But when I am hap-py in Him, De - cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.
No mor-tal so hap-py as I; My sum-mer would last all the year.
And prisons would pal-a-ces prove, If Je-sus would dwell with me there.
Or take me un - to Thee on high, Where winter and clouds are no more. A-MEN.
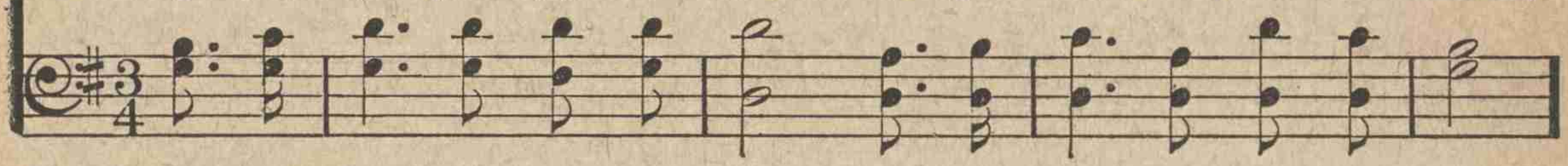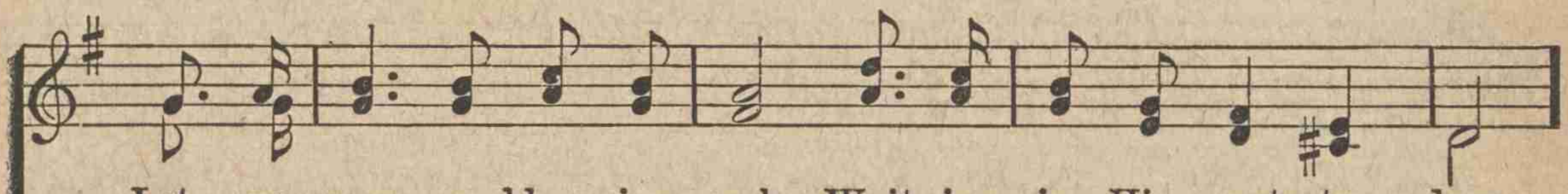


154 Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. *Sabbath. 7s.* Lowell Mason.
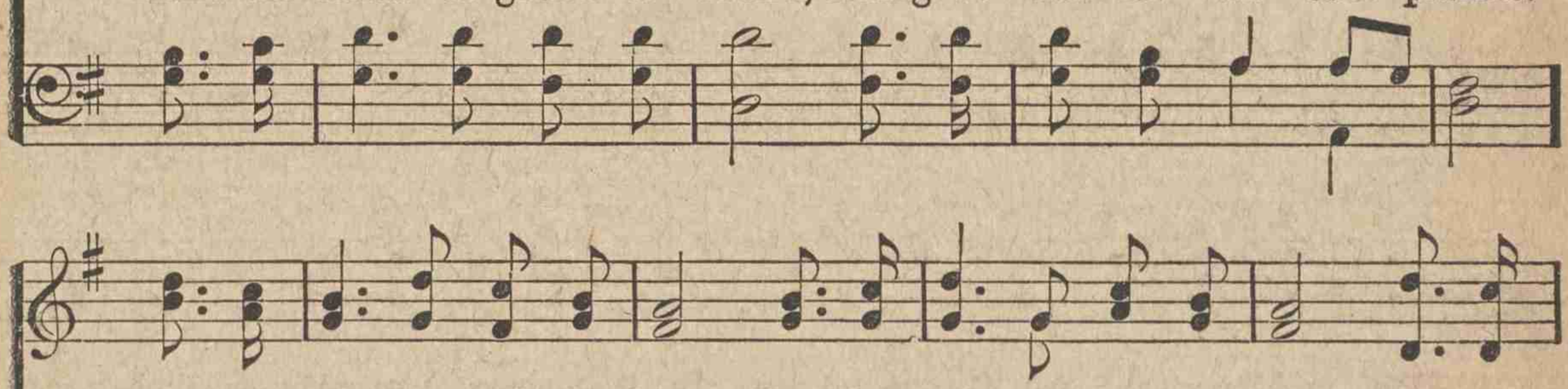


1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;
2. While we pray for par-d'ning grace, Thro' the dear Re-deem-er's name,
3. Here we come Thy name to praise, Let us feel Thy pres-ence near;
4. May Thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com-fort saints;
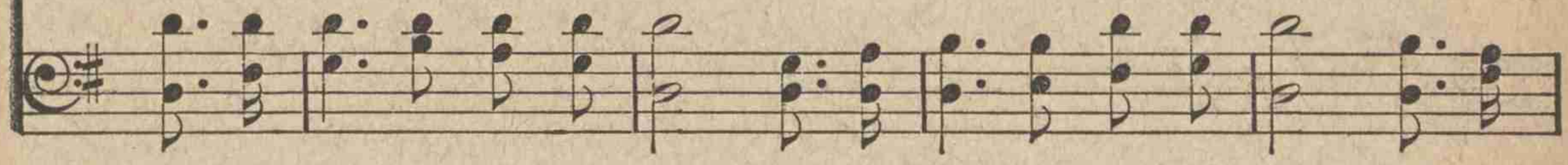




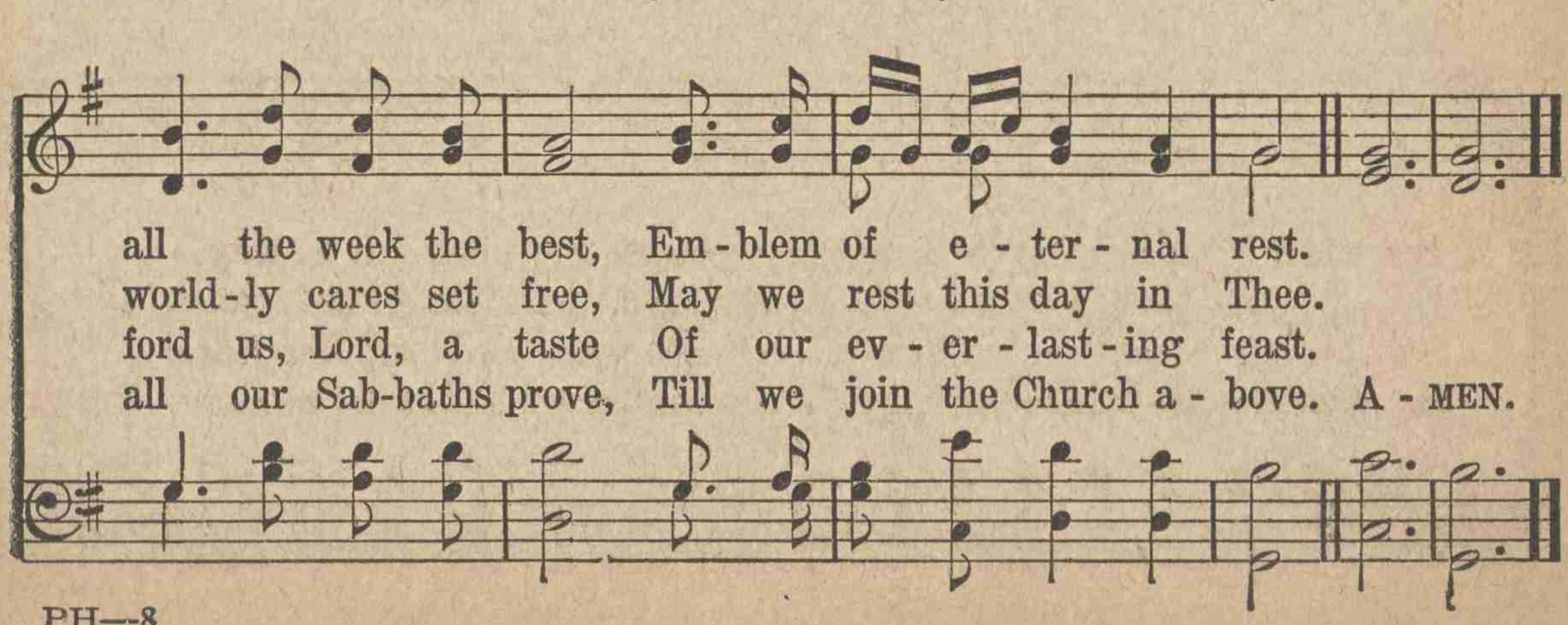
Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day;
Show Thy rec - on - cil - ed face; Take a - way our sin and shame:
May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear:
Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief for all com - plaints:



Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest: Day of
From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee: From our
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast: Here af-
Thus may all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove: Thus may



all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove. A - MEN.



155 Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF W. H. DOANE. USED BY PERMISSION. William H. Doane.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

156 It Is Well With My Soul.

H. G. Spafford.

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P. P. Bliss.
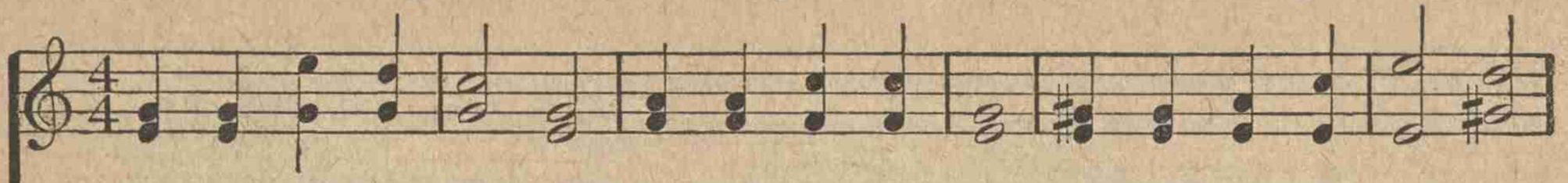
1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor-rows like sea - bil - lows roll; What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
2. Though Sa-tan should buf-fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as- sur - ance con - trol, That Christ has re-gard - ed my help - less es - tate,
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in part, but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more,
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll, The trump shall resound and the Lord shall de-scend,

CHORUS.
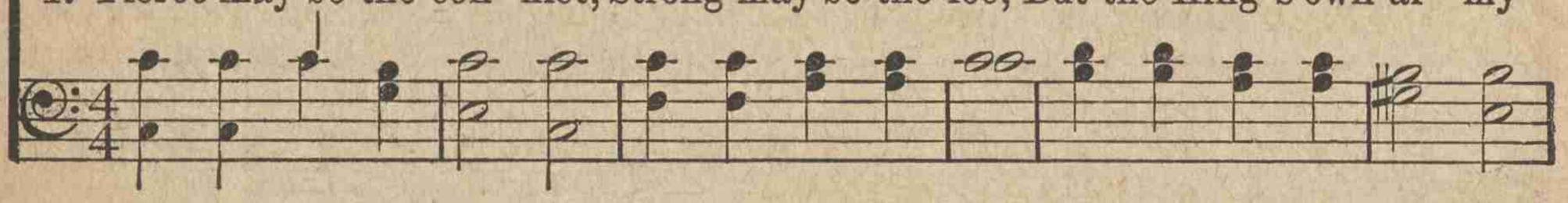
It is well, it is well with my soul.
And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well . . . . with my
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
"E - ven so"—it is well with my soul. It is well
soul, . . . It is well, it is well with my soul. A - MEN.
with my soul,
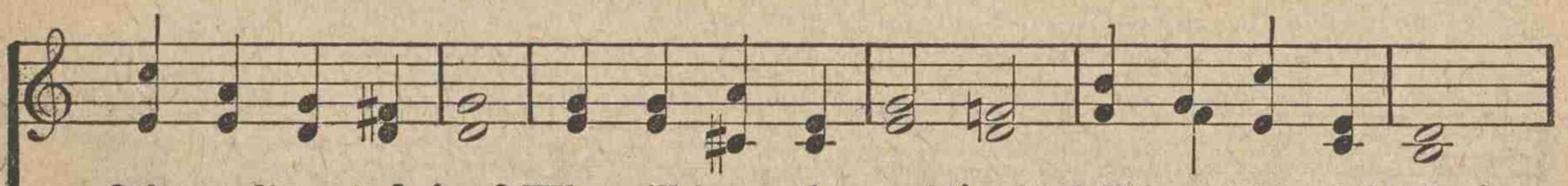
157 Who is On the Lord's Side?

Frances R. Havergal. *Armageddon.* Sir John Goss.
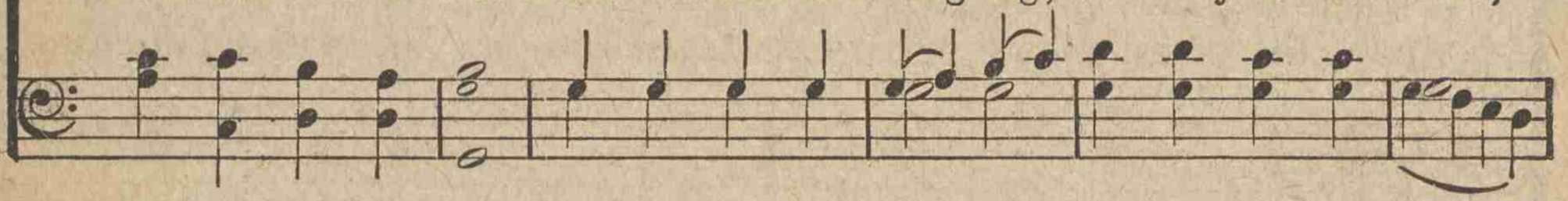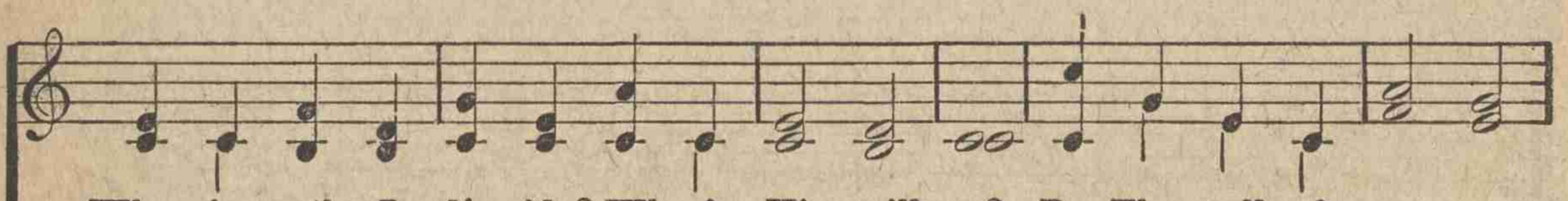


1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help-ers,
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the ar - my,
3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood,
4. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own ar - my
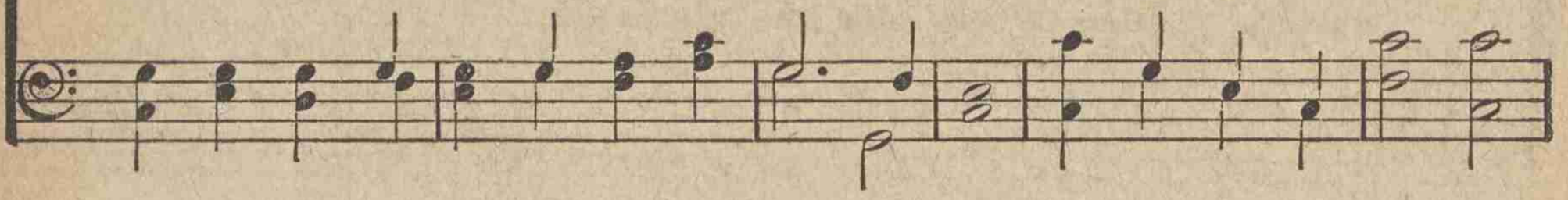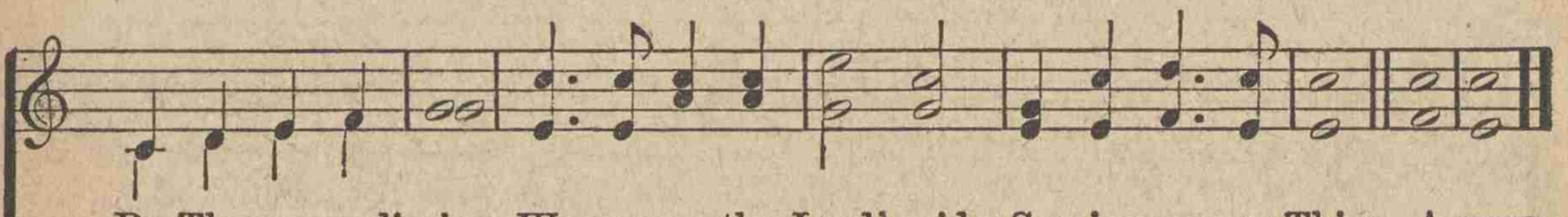




Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
Raise the warrior-psalm; But for Love that claim-eth Lives for whom He died:
For Thy di - a - dem: With Thy bless-ing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee,
None can o-ver-throw: Round His standard rang-ing, Vic - t'ry is se - cure;
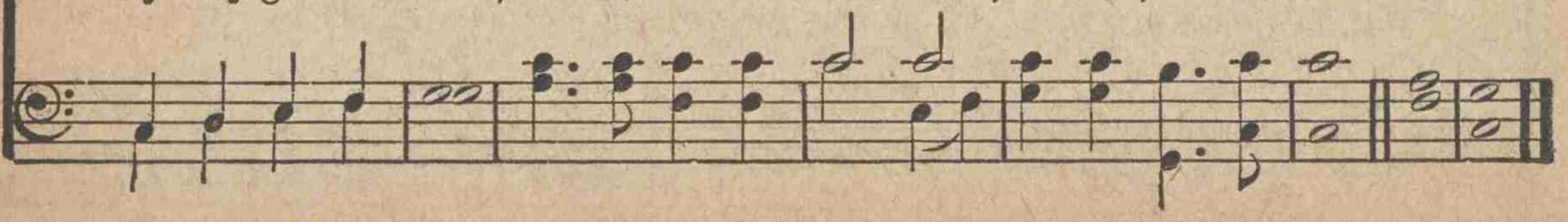




Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,
He whom Je - sus nam-eth Must be on His side. By Thy love con-strain-ing,
Thou hast made us will-ing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand re-demp-tion,
For His truth un-chang-ing Makes the triumph sure. Joy-ful - ly en - list - ing,
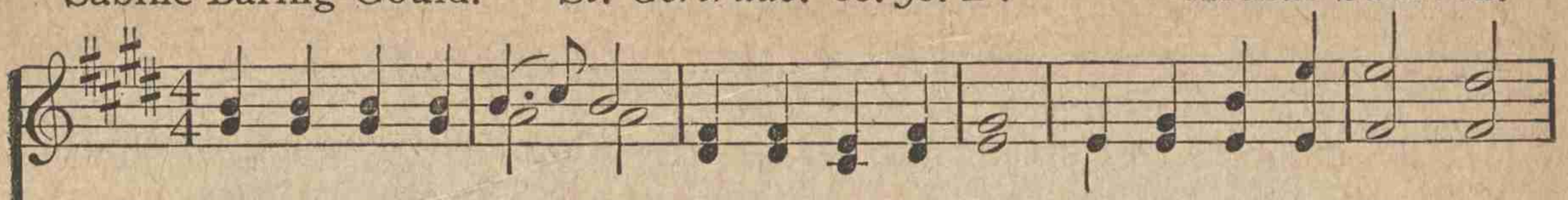




By Thy grace di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-ior, we are Thine. A-MEN.

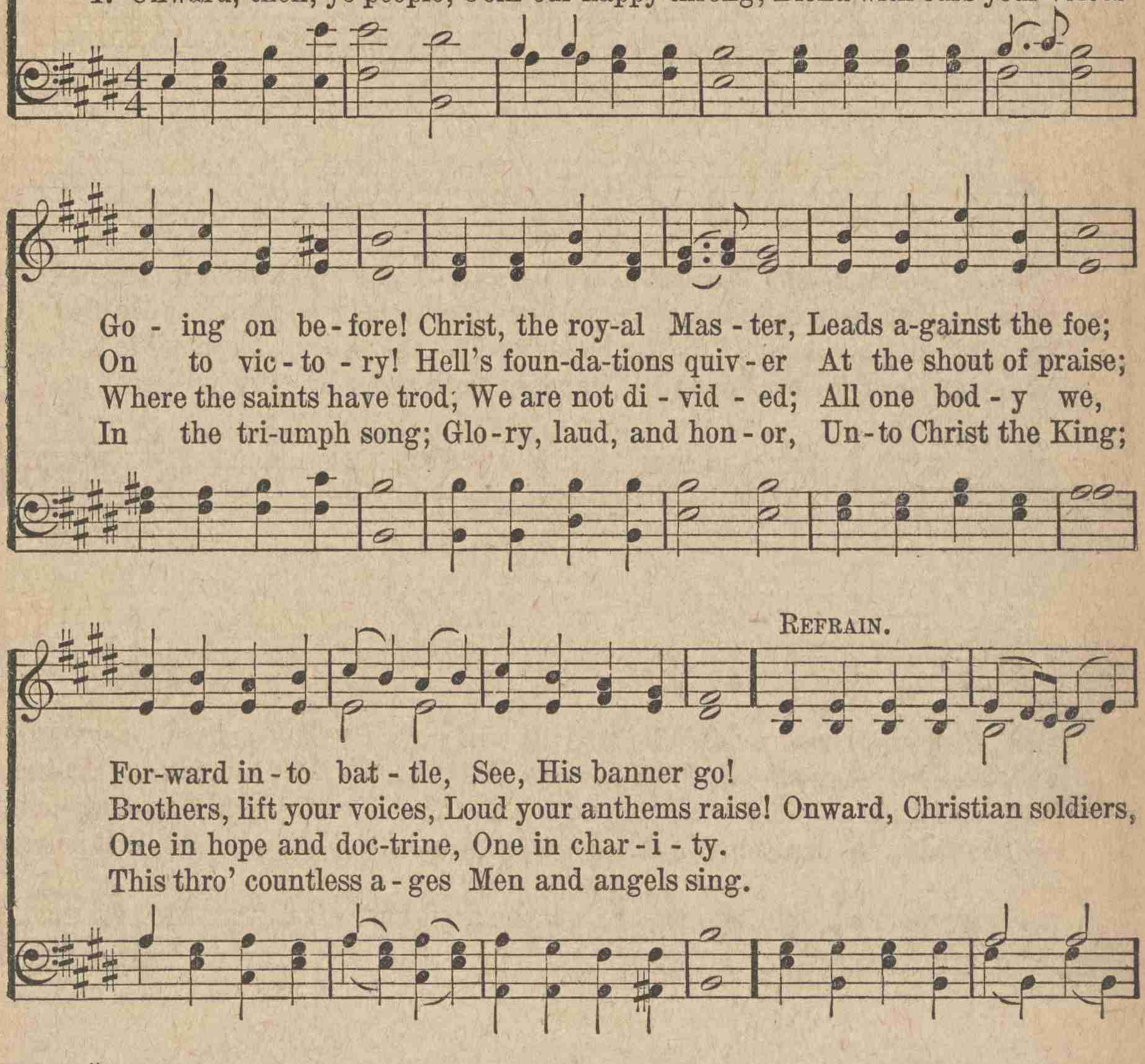


158 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Baring-Gould. *St. Gertrude. 6s. 5s. D.* Arthur Sullivan.



1. Onward, Christian soldiers, 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 soldiers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
4. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices

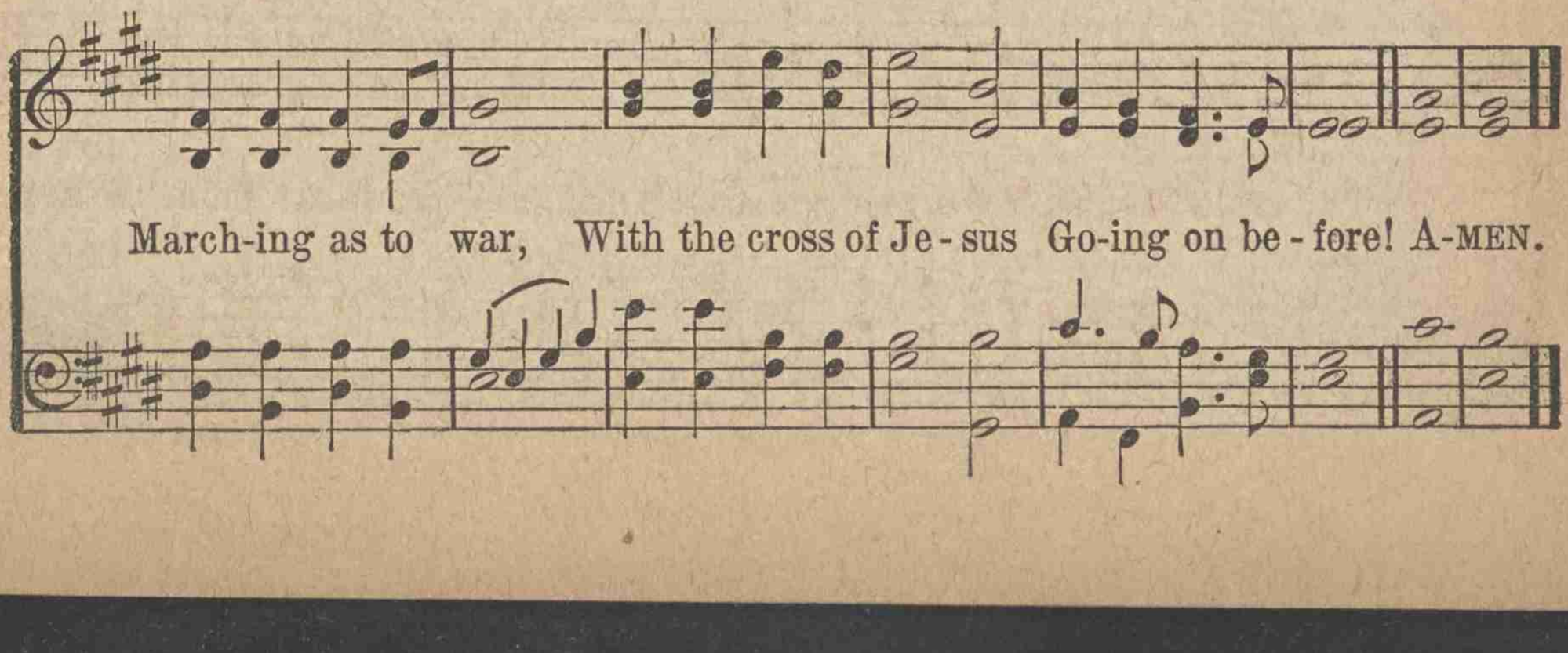


Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King;

REFRAIN.

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His banner go!
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise! Onward, Christian soldiers,
One in hope and doc-trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.

March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore! A-MEN.



159 There is a Green Hill far Away.

Cecil F. Alexander. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS.
RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With-out a cit - y wall;
2. We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains He had to bear;
3. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good,
4. There was no oth - er good e-nough To pay the price of sin;

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
That we might go at last to Heav'n, Saved by His pre - cious blood.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of He-v'n and let us in.

CHORUS.

Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him, too,

And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do. A - MEN.

160 Some One Who Knows.

Mrs. F. A. Breck.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. How man-y are lost in the dark-ness, With spirits whose sor-row o'er-flows;
2. Go forth to the need-y and love them With something of Je-sus' own love,
3. They're waiting, perhaps, for your coming; You sure-ly will has-ten to go,
4. Wher-ev-er are sin-ners a-round you, By woe or temp-ta-tion o'er-thrown,

They know not of Christ or sal-va-tion,—Ah! some one must tell them who knows.
And win them to share in His king-dom Of glad-ness and glo-ry a-bove.
And teach them of life ev-er-last-ing, The won-der-ful Gos-pel you know.
Oh, bid them take freely God's blessing, Make Je-sus the Com-fort-er known.

CHORUS.

Some one must tell them who knows The mercy that Jesus bestows: Oh, let the Light
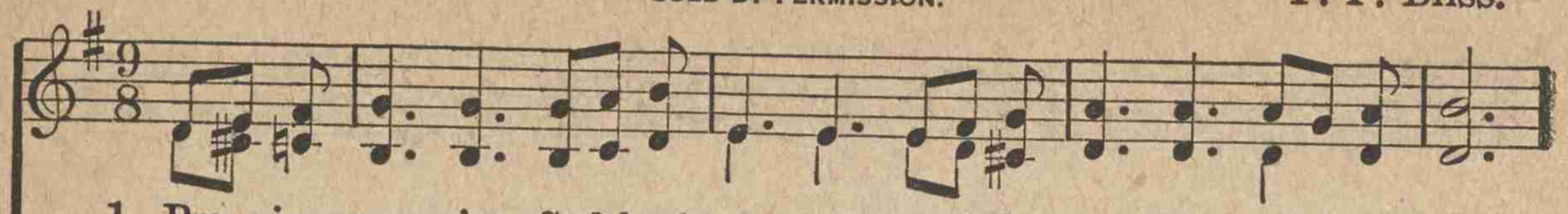
shine, tell the message divine, For some one must tell them who knows. A-MEN.

161 Precious Promise.
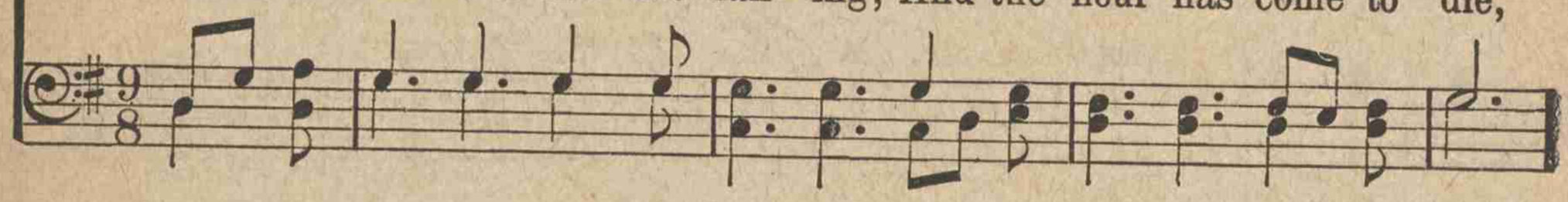
Nathaniel Niles.
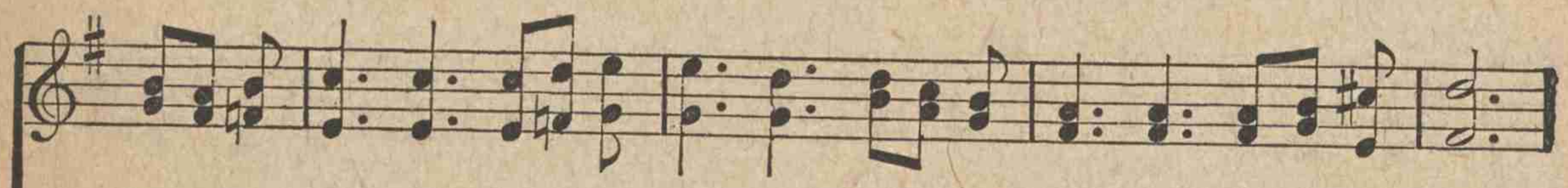
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P. P. Bliss.
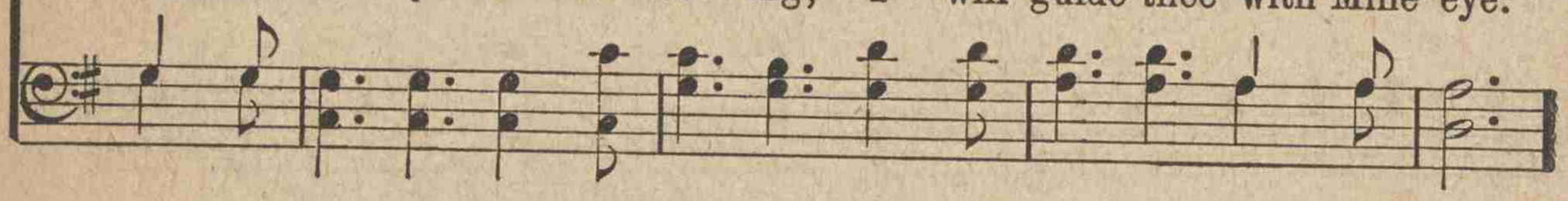


1. Pre - cious prom-ise God hath giv - en To the wear - y pass - er - by,
2. When temp-ta-tions al - most win thee, And thy trust - ed watch-ers fly,
3. When thy se - cret hopes have perished In the grave of years gone by,
4. When the shades of life are fall - ing, And the hour has come to die,
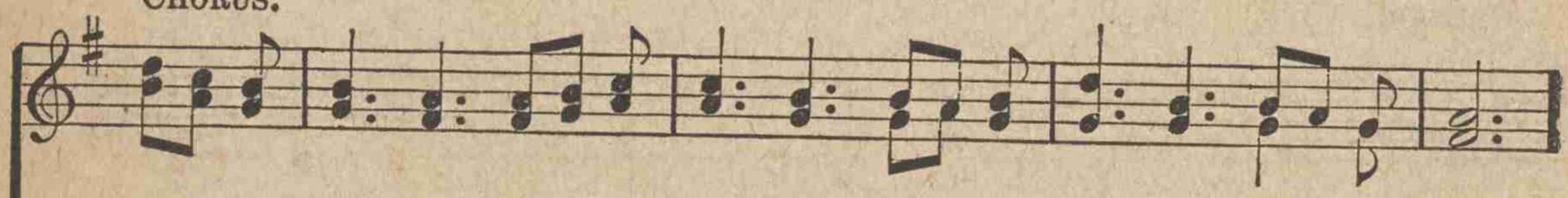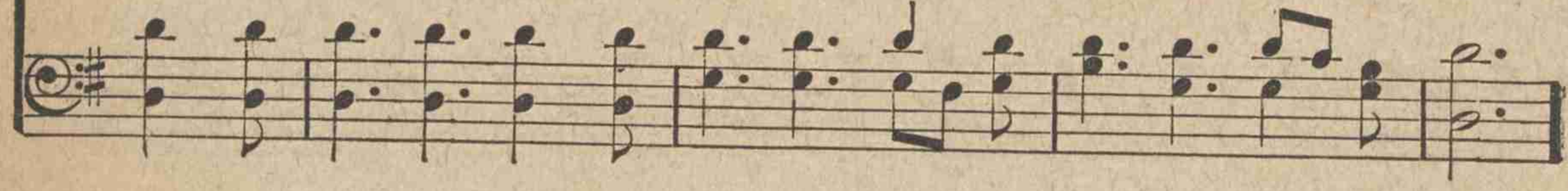




On the way from earth to Heav-en, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
Let this prom-ise ring with-in thee, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
Let this prom-ise still be cher-ished, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
Hear the trust - y Pi - lot call - ing, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
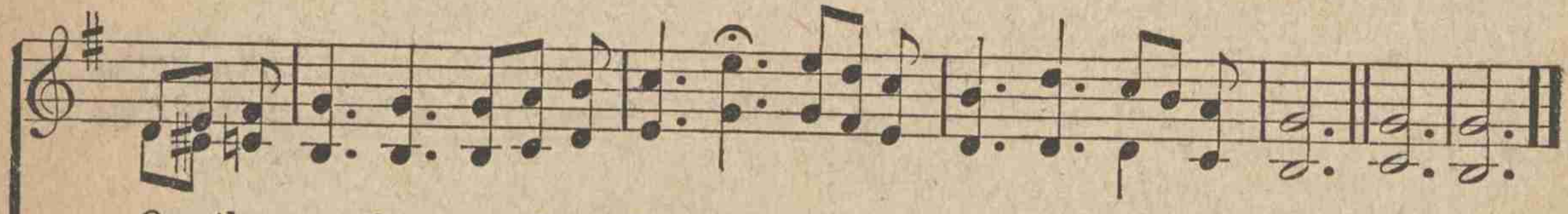


CHORUS.
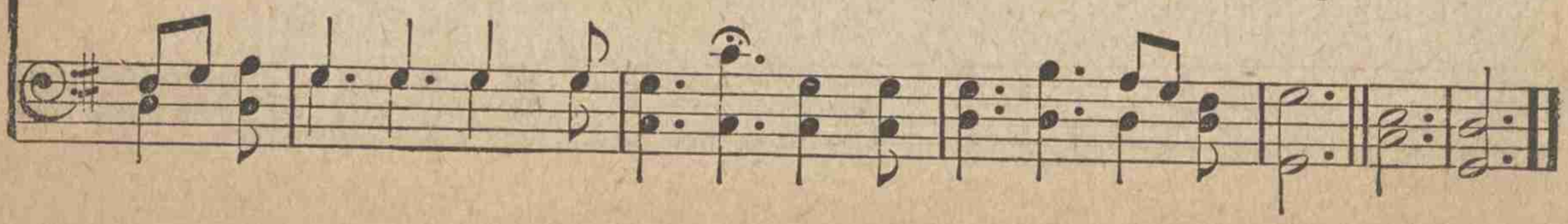


I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with Mine eye;
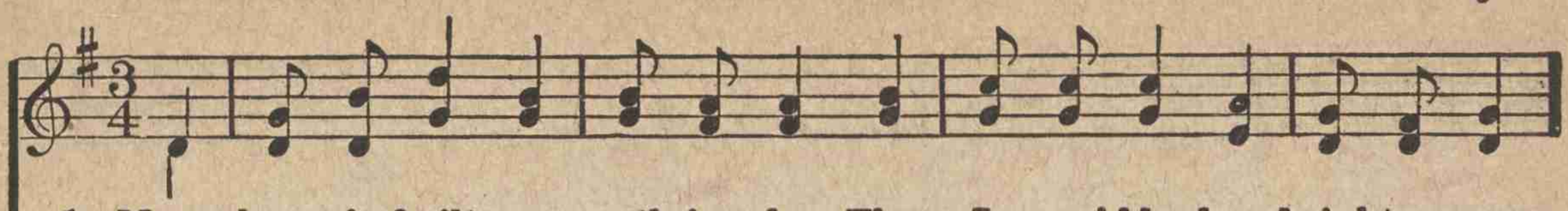




On the way from earth to Heav-en, I will guide thee with Mine eye. A - MEN.
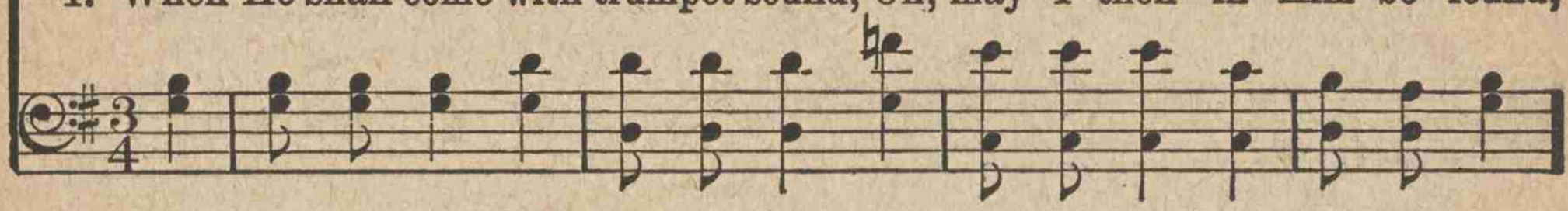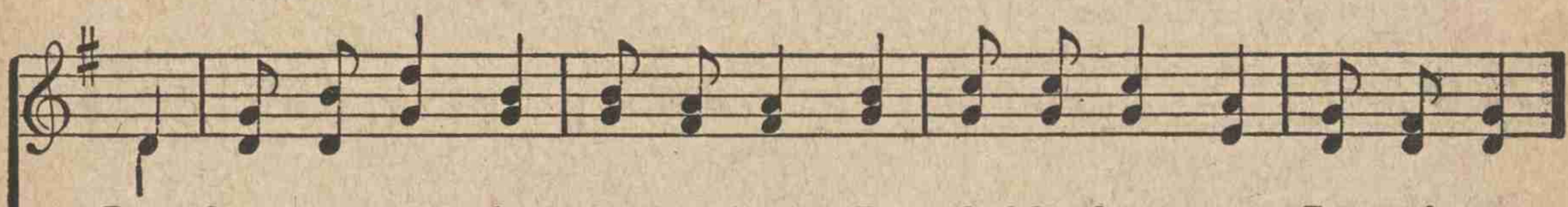


162 My Hope is Built.

Edward Mote. *The Solid Rock. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.
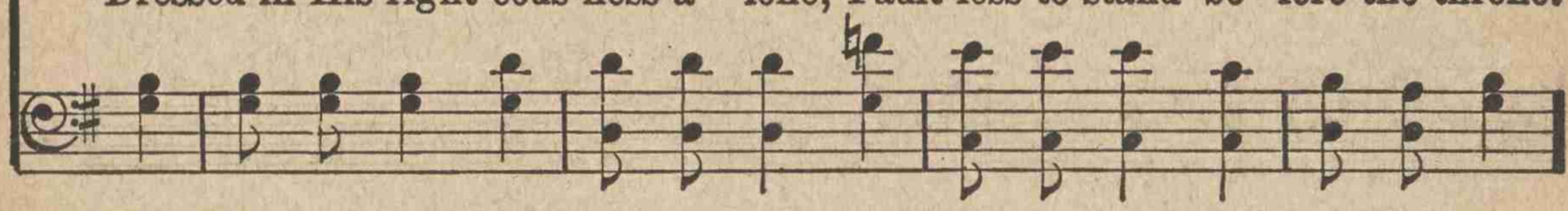


1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
2. When dark-ness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, His blood, Sup-port me in the whelm-ing flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;

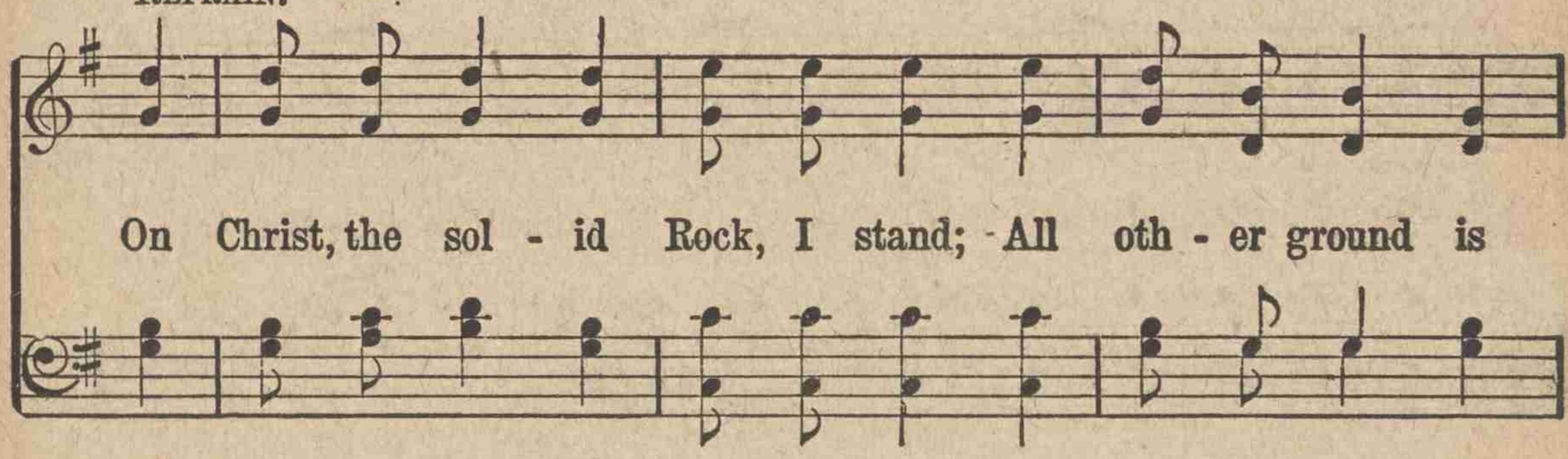




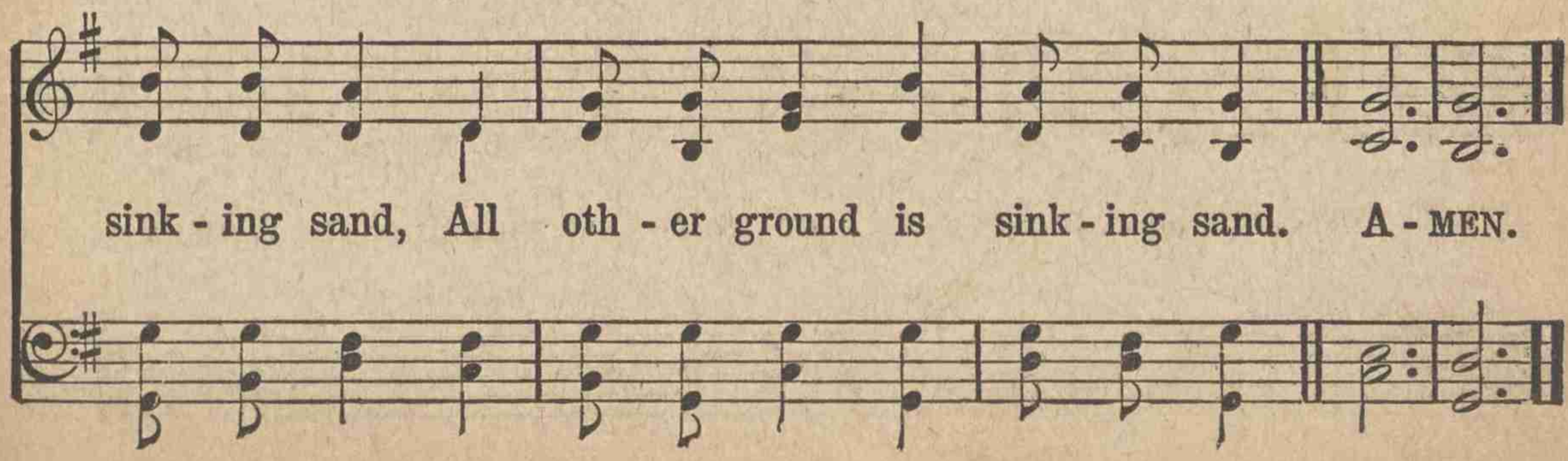
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil.
When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Dressed in His right-eous-ness a-lone, Fault-less to stand be-fore the throne.



REFRAIN.



On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is



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

163 Day is Dying in the West.

Mary A. Lathbury. *Evening Praise. 7s. 4.* William F. Sherwin.

1. Day is dy - ing in the west, Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and wor-ship while the night Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky.
2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er us, who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en-fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.
4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morning rise, And shad-ows end!

REFRAIN.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high! A - MEN.

164 He Leadeth Me.

Joseph H. Gilmore. *He Leadeth Me. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.

1. He lead - eth me! O bless-ed thought! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,

What - e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea,—Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!
Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me!
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.
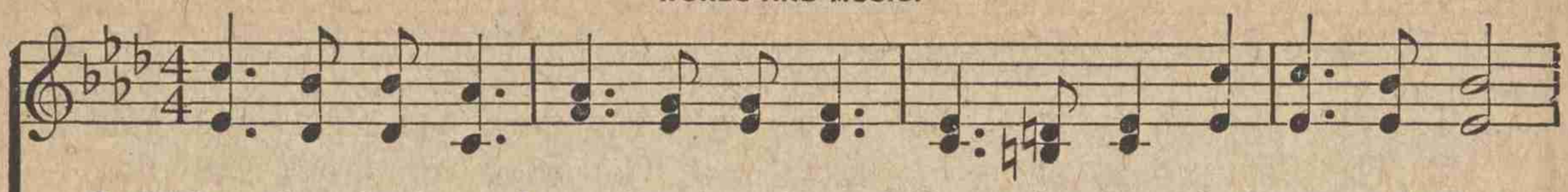
REFRAIN.

He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me: His
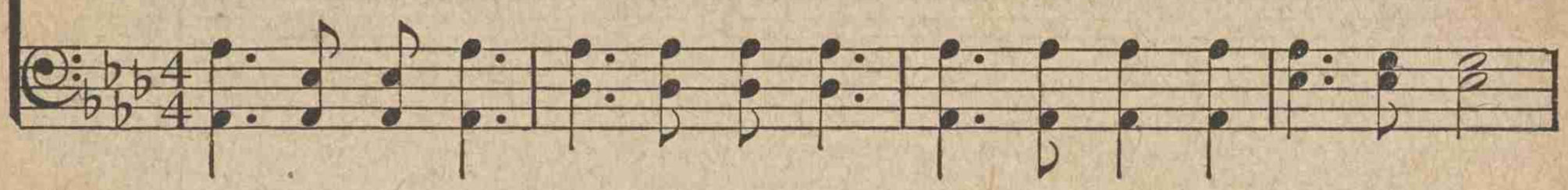
faith - ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me. A-MEN.
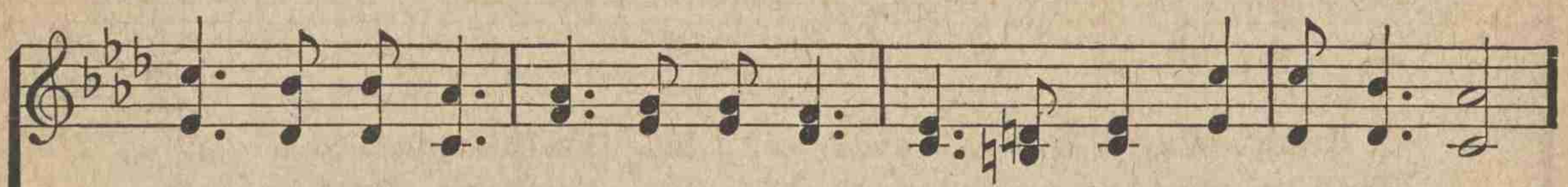
165 Your Best Friend is Always Near.

Isabel C. Allam. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.
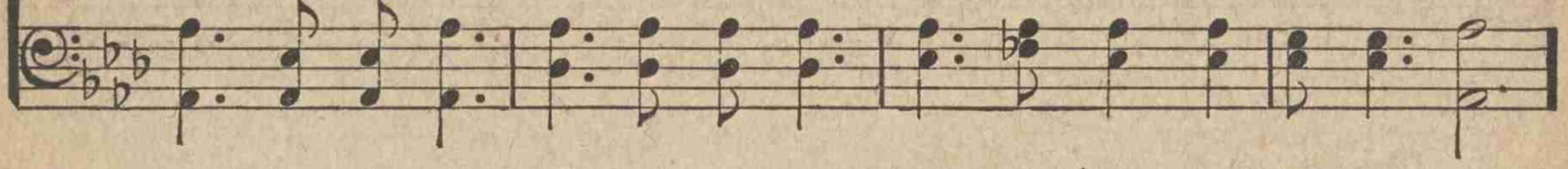


1. When the shad-ows 'round you gath-er, When the day is long and drear,
2. When your cour-age al - most fails you, When you need a word of cheer,
3. When your fondest hopes have perished, When so free - ly falls the tear,
4. When the val - ley of the shad-ow You are tread-ing, do not fear;
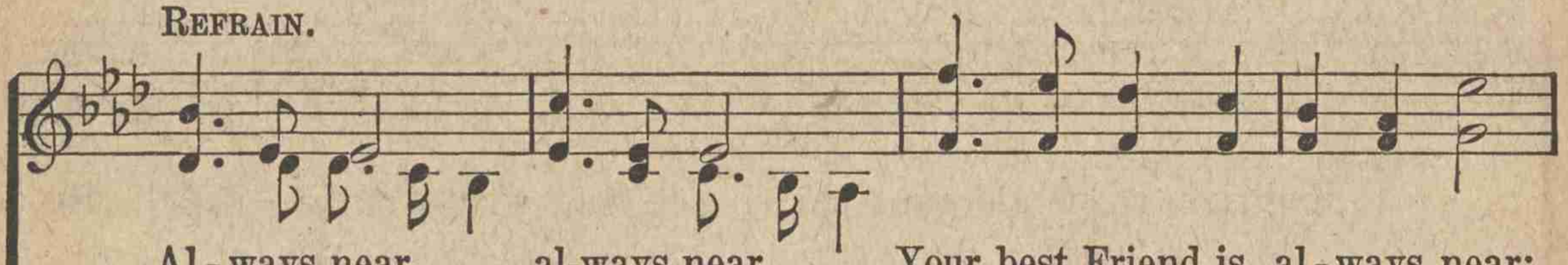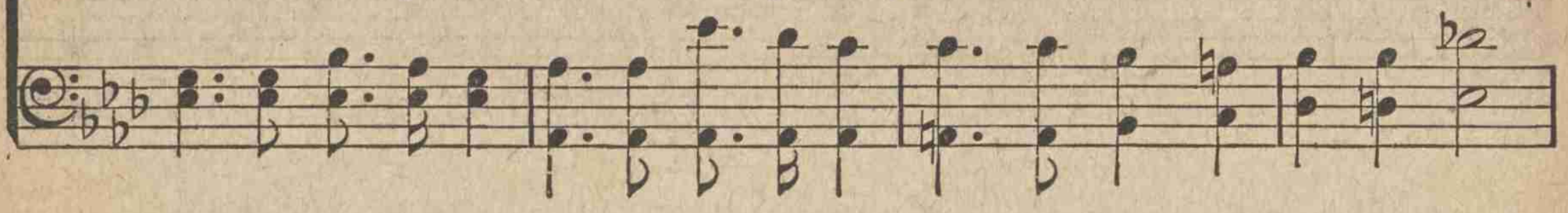




In the morn-ing, or at mid-night, Your best Friend is al - ways near.
There is One who will not leave you: Your best Friend is al - ways near.
He who knows and feels your sor - row—Your best Friend—is al - ways near.
One there is who will go with you: Your best Friend is al - ways near.
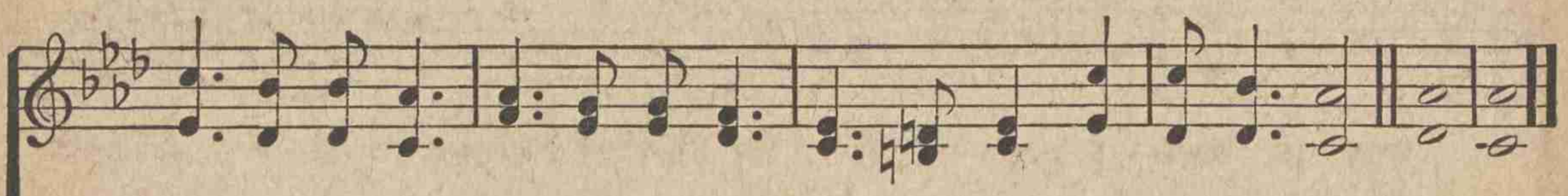


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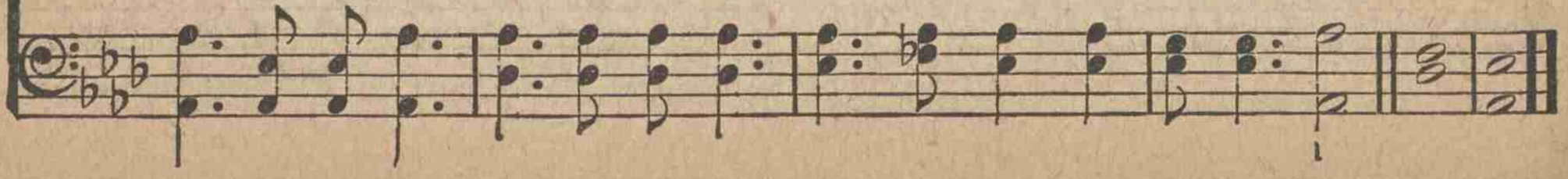


Al - ways near, al-ways near, Your best Friend is al - ways near;
He is al-ways near, He is al-ways near,





In your glad-ness, in your sad-ness, Your best Friend is al-ways near. A - MEN.



166 My Father Planned It All.

H. H. Pierson.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. What though the way be lone - ly, And dark the shad - ows fall;
2. The sun may shine to - mor - row, The shad - ows break and flee;
3. He guides my halt - ing foot - steps A - long the wear - y way,
4. A day of light and glad - ness, On which no shade will fall,—

I know, wher-e'er it lead - eth, My Fa-ther planned it all. . . .
'Twill be the way He choos - es,—The Fa-ther's plan for me. . . .
For well He knows the path - way Will lead to end - less day. . . .
'Tis this at last a - waits me—My Fa-ther planned it all. . . .

CHORUS.

I sing thro' shade and sun - shine, And trust what-e'er be - fall; His way is best—it leads to rest; My Fa-ther planned it all. A - MEN.

167 Jesus is the Name.

Frederick Whitfield. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. J. P. Scholfield.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free;
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath In store for ev-'ry day;
4. It tells of One whose lov-ing heart Can feel my deep-est woe,

It sounds like mu-sic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.
It tells me of His pre-cious blood—The sin-ner's per-fect plea.
And though I tread a lone-ly path, Yields sun-shine all the way.
Who in each sor-row bears a part, That none can bear be-low.

CHORUS.

"Je-sus" is the name, "Je-sus," "Je-sus," Yes-ter-day, to-

day, and for-ev-er, "Je-sus" is the name. A-MEN.

168 There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

El Nathan. COPYRIGHT, 1893, 1910, BY CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. James McGranahan.

1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"— Pre-cious re - viv - ing a - gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Send them up - on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Oh, that to - day they might fall,

There shall be sea - sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav - ior a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a - bun-dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con - fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!

CHORUS.

Show - - - ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need:
Show - ers, show - ers of bless - ing,

Mer - cy-drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show-ers we plead. A-MEN.

169 Love Is the Theme.

To my friend, L. E. Jones.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

A. C. F. Albert C. Fisher.

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

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

CHORUS.

Love is the theme, Love is su-preme; Sweet-er it grows, Glo-ry be-stows;
Bright as the sun Ev-er it glows! Love is the theme, E-ter-nal theme! A-MEN.

170 Do You Love Him?

T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Henry P. Morton.

1. There was One who came from Heav-en, Came this fall - en world to save,
2. His was love di - vine and ten - der, More than we could think or dream;
3. On the cru - el cross up - lift - ed, He did all that love could do,
4. Love like that can nev - er fail us, He will al-ways be our Friend;

Sparing naught for our re-demp - tion, E'en His ver - y life He gave.
His was in - fi - nite com-pas - sion, His the sac - ri - fice su - preme.
To con-strain our hearts to love Him,—How can we but love Him too?
Hav-ing loved us so, as sin - ners, He will love us to the end.

CHORUS.

Do you love Him? Do you love Him? May this your an - swer be:. . . .
May this your an - swer be:

Yes, I love Him, yes, I love Him, Be-cause He first loved me. A-MEN.

171 Oh, How He Saves!

J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. The Sav - ior speaks, and I go free, Oh, how He saves!
2. He lifts the bur - den from my soul, Oh, how He saves!
3. He lift - ed me from sin and shame, Oh, how He saves!
4. Go tell the mes - sage ev - 'ry - where, Oh, how He saves!

From bond - age gives me lib - er - ty, Oh, how He saves!
He re - cre - ates and makes me whole, Oh, how He saves!
I love His great-ness to pro - claim, Oh, how He saves!
That all who will His grace may share, Oh, how He saves!

CHORUS.

Oh, how He saves! . . . Oh, how He saves! . . .

His crim - son ban - ner o'er me waves, Oh, how He saves! A - MEN.

172 Higher Ground.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heaven's table-land, A high-er

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

173 Some Sweet Day.

I. E. R.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

I. E. Reynolds.

1. There is a land our eyes shall see, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
2. From care and toil we shall be free, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
3. A - round the throne we'll sing His praise, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
4. We'll meet the loved ones gone be - fore, Some sweet day, some sweet day;

Where we shall dwell, dear Lord, with Thee, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
E - ter - nal joy in Heav'n 'twill be, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
A - loud the great ho - san - nas raise, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
To know and greet them as of yore, Some sweet day, some sweet day.

CHORUS.

Some sweet day, . . . some sweet day, . . . We shall dwell in "Glo - ry-Land;"
Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day,

rit.

Some sweet day, . . . some sweet day, . . . With the ransomed we shall stand. A-MEN.
Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day,

174 Near the Cross.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNIE T. DOANE.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain,
2. Near the cross, a tremb-ling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,

Free to all, a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - v'ry's moun - tain.
There the Bright and Morn - ing Star Shed His beams a - round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

REFRAIN.

In the cross, in the cross Be my glo - ry ev - er,

Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er. A - MEN.

175 Beyond Our Sight.

T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. Henry P. Morton.

1. There is a land be-yond our sight, Un-marred by sin, un-dimmed by night,
2. No cru-el strife, no bit - ter hate, That bet - ter world can des - o - late,
3. How man-y van-ished fa - ces dear In mem'-ry's gold-en light ap - pear,
4. How dark and cheerless life would be If faith no bright-er world could see,

A land with-out one grief or care, No pain nor death can en - ter there.
For love a - lone hath full con-trol In that blest home-land of the soul.
Of those who, pass-ing on be - fore, Are safe with Christ for - ev - er-more!
If, wea-ry "pil-grims of the night," We had no home be - yond our sight!

CHORUS.

Be-yond our sight! beyond our sight! "There is a land of pure delight," A

world, than all our dreams more fair,—God grant us each an entrance there! A-MEN.

176 Pardon On Calvary.

Alfred Barratt. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Henry P. Morton.

1. O ye who have wan-dered in sor - row a-way,—There's par - don on
2. Since Je - sus has died on the cross for us all, There's par - don on
3. His hand is held out in com - pas - sion to you, There's par - don on
4. O has - ten to lay all your sin at His feet, There's par - don on

Cal - va - ry; A par - don to sin - ners is of - fered to - day; There's
Cal - va - ry; Your hearts can be cleansed if you come at His call; There's
Cal - va - ry; Your long wast-ed lives He in love will re - new; There's
Cal - va - ry; Come now and ac - cept His re-demption complete; There's

FINE. CHORUS.

par-don on Cal - va - ry. There's par-don on Cal - va - ry, . . . There's pardon on
There's par - - don on Cal-va-ry, There's par-

D. S.—*par-don on Cal - va - ry.*

D.S.

Cal - va - ry; . . . . A par-don of love from the Fa-ther a-bove, A A - MEN.
don on Cal - va - ry;

177 At Calvary.

Wm. R. Newell.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY D. B. TOWNER.
CHARLES M. ALEXANDER, OWNER.

D. B. Towner.

1. Years I spent in van - i - ty and pride, Car - ing not my Lord was cru - ci - fied, Know-ing not it was for me He died On Cal - va - ry.
2. By God's Word at last my sin I learned; Then I trem-bled at the law I'd spurned, Till my guilt-y soul im-plor-ing turned To Cal - va - ry.
3. Now I've giv'n to Je - sus ev - 'ry - thing, Now I glad - ly own Him as my King, Now my raptured soul can on - ly sing Of Cal - va - ry.
4. O the love that drew sal - va - tion's plan! O the grace that bro't it down to man! O the might-y gulf that God did span At Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.

Mer-cy there was great, and grace was free; Pardon there was mul-ti - plied to me;
There my burdened soul found lib - er - ty, At Cal - va - ry! A - MEN.

178 He Died For Me.

John Newton. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

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

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

CHORUS.

Oh, can it be, up - on a tree The Sav - ior died for me? My soul is thrilled, My heart is filled, To think He died for me! A - MEN.

179 I Am Resolved.

Palmer Hartsough. COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY FILLMORE BROS.
OWNED BY J. A LEE & CO. J. H. Fillmore.

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

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

CHORUS.

I will has-ten to Him, Has-ten so glad and free;
I will has-ten, has-ten to Him, Has-ten so glad and free;
Has-ten glad and free;

Je-sus, Great-est, High-est, I will come to Thee. A-MEN.
Je-sus, Je-sus,

180 Rest for the Weary.

William Hunter. J. W. Dadmun.

1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There remains a land of rest;
2. He is fit - ting up my man - sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand,
3. Pain and sickness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
4. Death it-self shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withdrawn;

There my Sav-ior's gone be-fore me, To ful - fill my soul's re-quest.
For my stay shall not be tran - sient, In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
But, in that ce - les - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear.
Shout for glad-ness, oh, ye ran - somed! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.

CHORUS.

{There is rest for the wear-y, There is rest for the wear-y,
On the oth-er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,
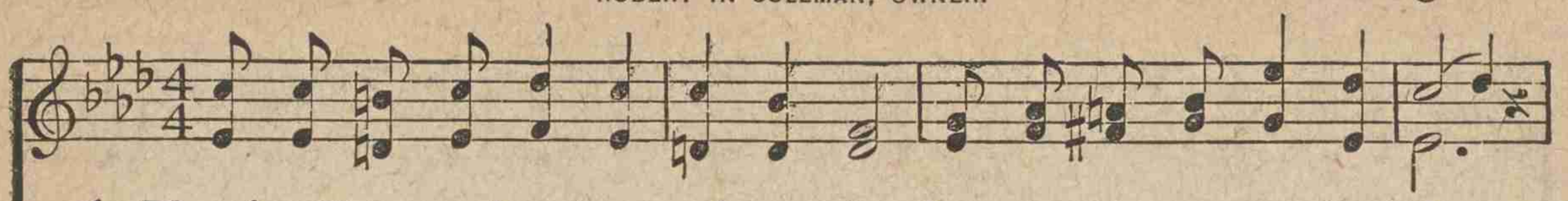
There is rest for the wear - y, There is rest for you.}
Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.} A-MEN.

181 He Keeps Me Singing.
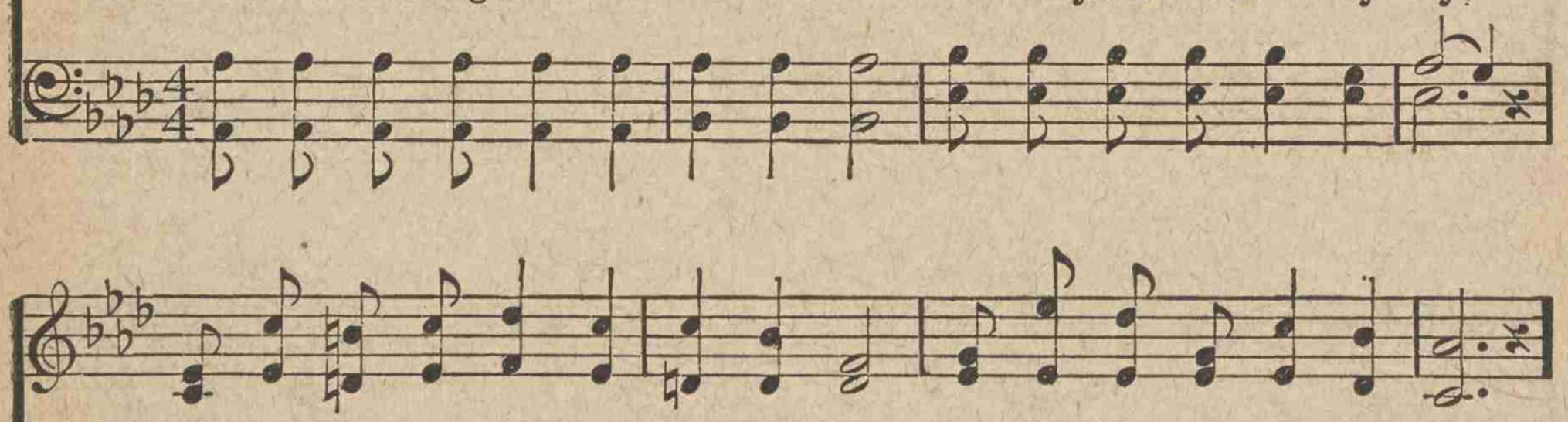
L. B. B.

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ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.
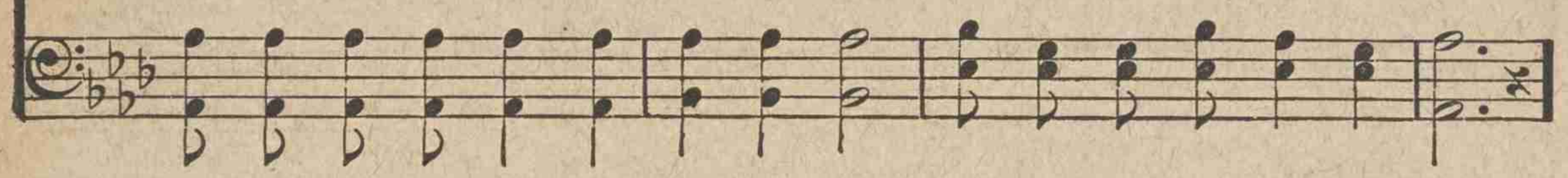
L. B. Bridgers.
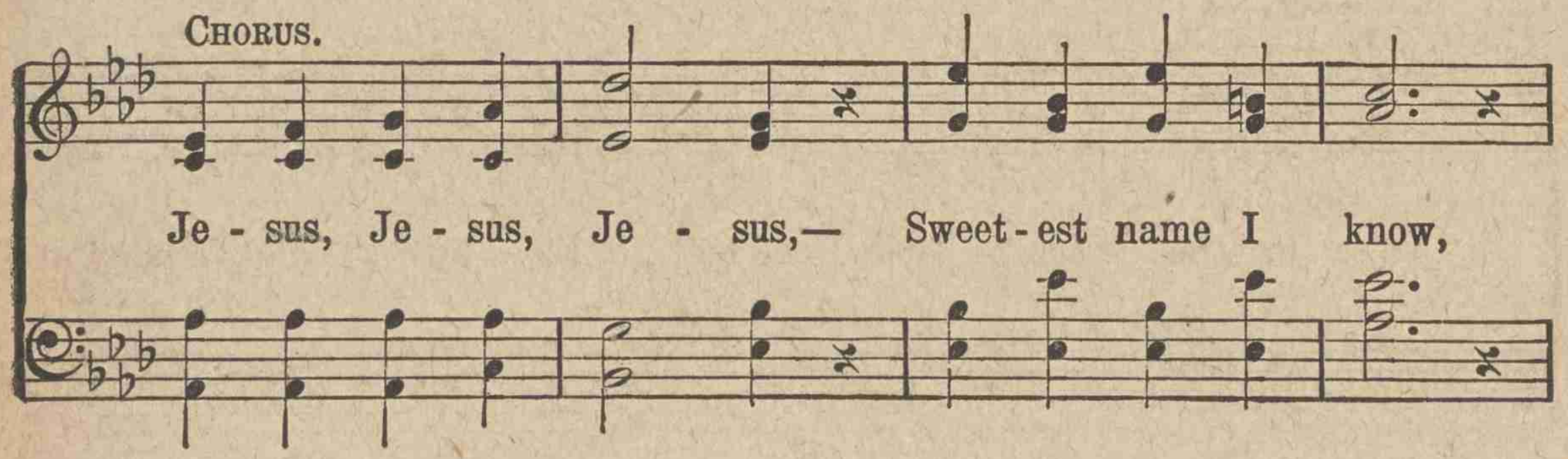


1. There's within my heart a mel - o - dy Je - sus whis-pers sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, Dis-cord filled my heart with pain,
3. Feast - ing on the rich - es of His grace, Resting 'neath His shelt'ring wing,
4. Tho' sometimes He leads thro' waters deep, Tri - als fall a - cross the way,
5. Soon He's com-ing back to wel-come me Far be - yond the star - ry sky;
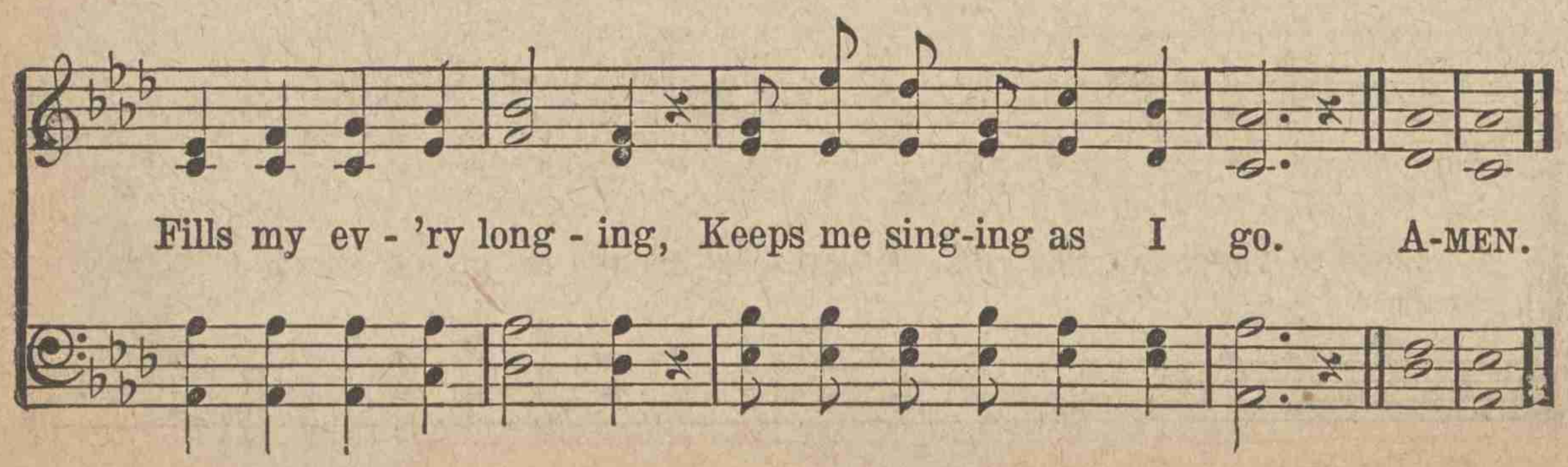


Fear not, I am with thee, peace, be still, In all of life's ebb and flow.
Je - sus swept across the broken strings, Stirred the slumb'ring chords again.
Al - ways look-ing on His smil - ing face, That is why I shout and sing.
Tho' sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the way.
I shall wing my flight to worlds un-known, I shall reign with Him on high.



CHORUS.



Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus,— Sweet - est name I know,



Fills my ev - 'ry long - ing, Keeps me sing-ing as I go. A-MEN.

182 Closer Every Day.

Alfred Barratt. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. Henry P. Morton.

1. Close to Thee, my pre-cious Sav - ior, Let me share Thy ten-d'rest care;
2. Close to Thee, my pre-cious Sav - ior, Let me feel Thy pres-ence near;
3. Close to Thee, my pre-cious Sav - ior, In Thy pres-ence there is peace;
4. Close to Thee, my lov - ing Sav - ior, This shall al - ways be my choice,
5. Close to Thee, what joy and rap - ture! Noth-ing can with this com-pare;

While the storms of life are rag - ing, I shall find pro - tec-tion there.
Bear me up while I am trust - ing, Fill my lone - ly heart with cheer.
Winds and waves o - bey Thy bid - ding, At Thy word the tu-mults cease.
Dwell - ing ev - 'ry pre-cious mo - ment Close e - nough to hear Thy voice.
Rest - ing sweet - ly in Thy pres - ence, All Thy love and grace to share.

CHORUS.

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Keep me clo - ser ev - 'ry day; While I'm close to Thee, my Sav - ior, I can nev - er, nev-er go a - stray. A - MEN.

183 God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin. *Endeavor. P. M.* W. G. Tomer.

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

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

CHORUS.

Till we meet, . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet;

Till we meet, . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet again. A-MEN.
Till we meet, till we meet,

184 Beautiful River.

Robert Lowry.

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Robert Lowry.

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash-ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev-'ry bur-den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;

With its crys-tal tide for - ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor-ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The beau-ti - ful, the beau-ti-ful riv - er,—

Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God. A-MEN.

185 God Will Take Care of You.

C. D. Martin.

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W. S. Martin.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . A - MEN.

take care of you.

186 Sweeter Than All.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.
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J. Howard Entwisle.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

187 The Same Old Way.

J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. God will fill our hearts for serv - ice, In the same old way;
2. Does your heart burn for an - oth - er In the same old way?
3. God will help the weak and wear - y In the same old way;
4. Will you tell the won - drous sto - ry In the same old way?

He will an - swer prayer and bless us In the same old way.
Will you seek to win some oth - er In the same old way?
He will cheer the life that's drear - y In the same old way.
That your Lord may have the glo - ry In the same old way?
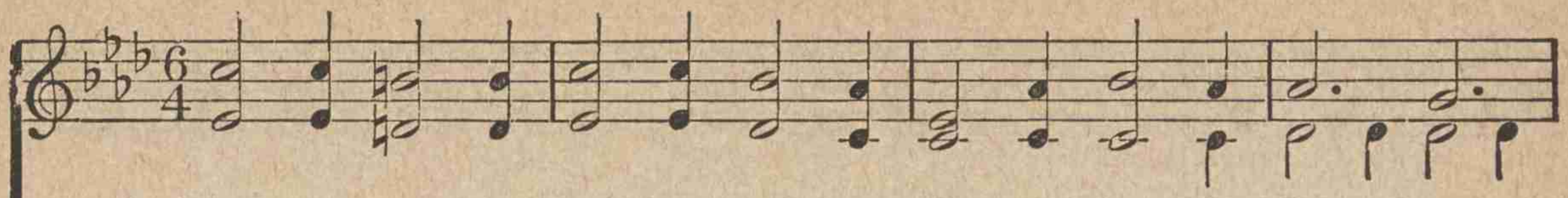
CHORUS.

In the same old way, In the same old way; God will

bless and save His peo - ple In the same old way. A - MEN.
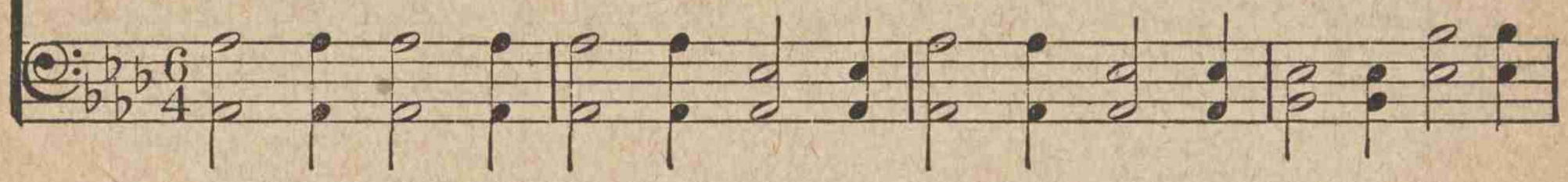
188 I Would Be Like Jesus.
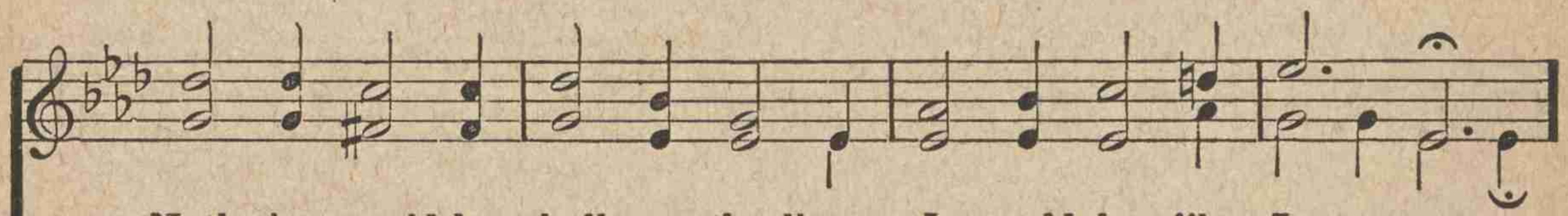
James Rowe. COPYRIGHT. 1911, BY E O EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. B. D. Ackley.



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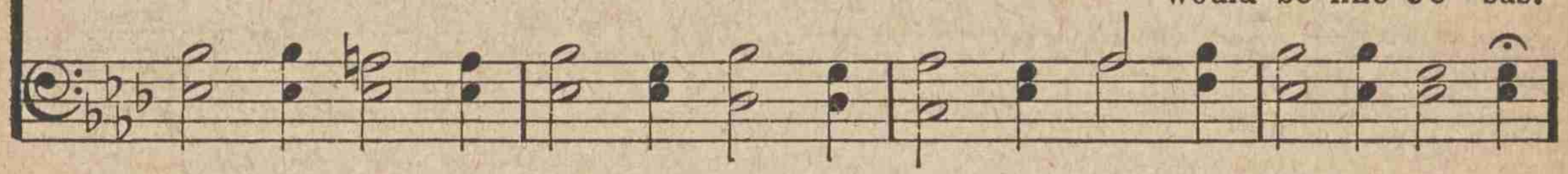
would be like Je-sus;



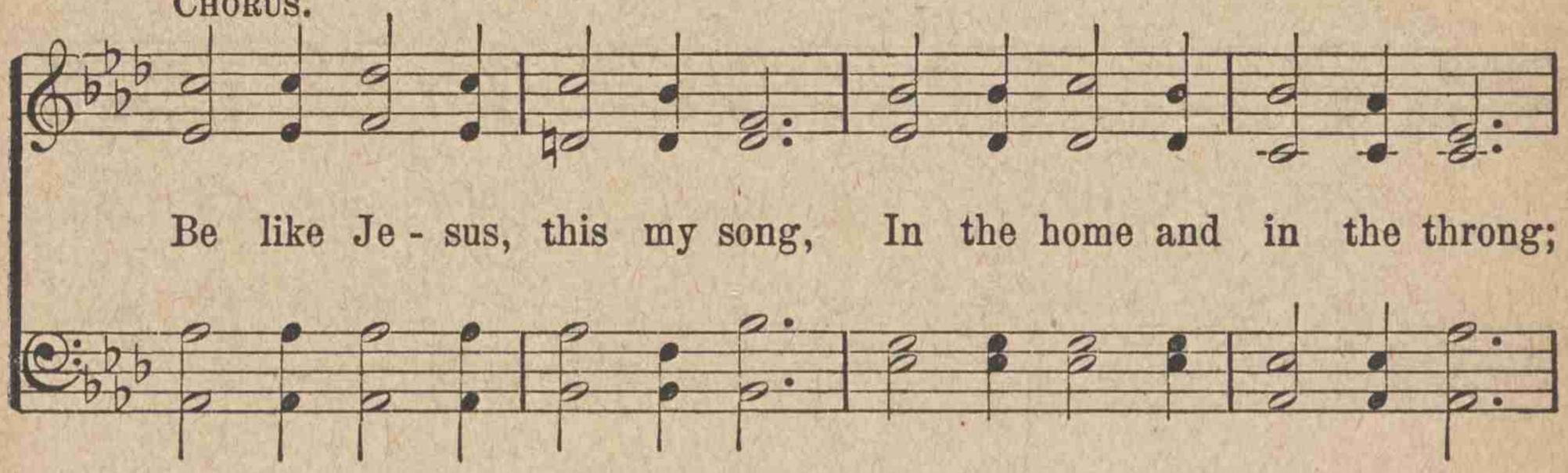


Noth-ing world-ly shall en-thrall me; I would be like Je - sus.
That my soul may serve Him bet-ter, I would be like Je - sus.
Tell-ing o'er and o'er the sto-ry, I would be like Je - sus.
That His words "Well done" may greet me, I would be like Je - sus.
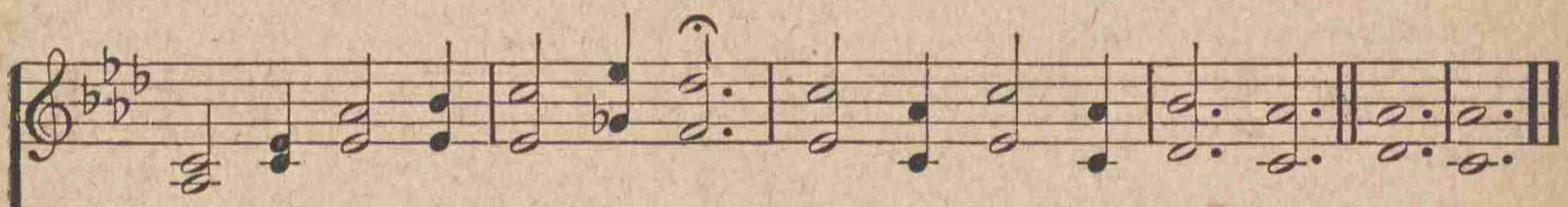
would be like Je-sus.
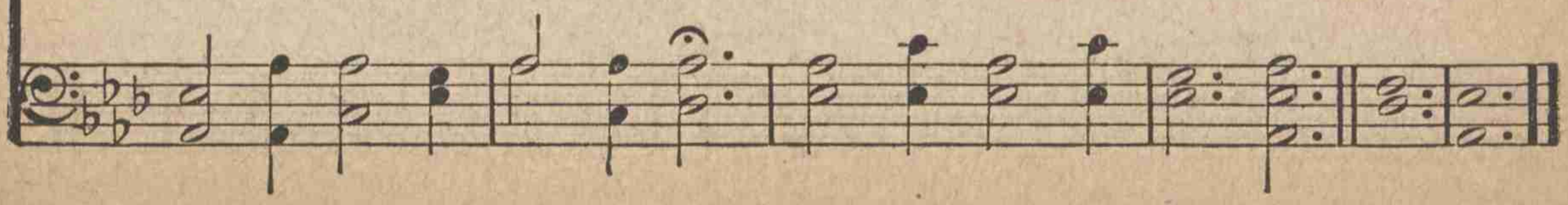


CHORUS.



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



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



189 Coming Home.

J. P. S.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. Tired of wast-ing pre-cious days, I'm re-turn-ing, ne'er to roam;
2. Griev-ing o-ver all my guilt, Now I look to Cal-va-ry,
3. Oh, the joy that fills my soul, Now that grace hath made me free;
4. Oh, the mis-er-y and tears As I've trav-eled Sa-tan's way;

Wear-y of my sin-ful ways, Sav-ior, I am com-ing home.
Where Thy pre-cious blood was spilt,— I am com-ing home to Thee.
Yield-ing to Thy full con-trol, I am com-ing, Lord, to Thee.
Tho' I've wan-dered man-y years, I am com-ing home to-day.

CHORUS.

Je-sus, I have gone a-stray, Now I seek Thy right-eous way;

I can-not such love be-tray—So I am com-ing home to-day. A-MEN.

rit.

190 Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

sorrow be ended, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to-day! A - MEN.

191 My Savior's Love.

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

1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je - sus the Naz - a - rene,
2. For me it was in the gar - den He prayed: "Not My will, but Thine;"
3. In pit - y an - gels be - held Him, And came from the world of light
4. He took my sins and my sor - rows, He made them His ver - y own;
5. When with the ransomed in glo - ry His face I at last shall see,

And won - der how He could love me, A sin-ner, condemned, un-clean.
He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
To com - fort Him in the sor - rows He bore for my soul that night.
He bore the bur - den to Cal - v'ry, And suf-fered, and died a - lone.
'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.

CHORUS.

How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful! And my song shall ev - er be;
Oh, how mar - vel-ous! oh, how won - der - ful!

How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful Is my Sav-ior's love for me! A-MEN.
Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der - ful

192 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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

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

CHORUS.

Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er - more to roam,

O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home. A - MEN.

193 Jesus Will!

Ina Duley Ogdon.

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

B. D. Ackley.

1. Who will o - pen mer-cy's door? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
2. Who can take a - way my sin? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
3. Who can conquer doubts and fears? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
4. Who will be my dearest Friend? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!

Je - sus will! Je - sus will!

As for par - don I im - plore? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Make me pure, with-out, with - in? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Share my joys and dry my tears? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Love and keep me to the end? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!

REFRAIN.

Je - sus will, Je - sus will! Yes, your lov - ing Sav - ior will;
sure - ly will;

He will each and ev-'ry need ful - fill, Je-sus, bless-ed Je - sus will! A-MEN.

194 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

E. Perronet. *Diadem. C. M.* James Ellor.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall,
2. Ye cho - en 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,

Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Ye ran-somed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,

And crown . . . . . Him, Crown Him,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of

And crown . . . . . Him, Crown Him,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown . . . . . .

crown Him, crown Him;

all, crown Him; And crown Him Lord of all! A - MEN.

crown . . . . Him;

. . . . . Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

195 Just When I Need Him Most.

Rev. Wm. Poole.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is near, Just when I fal - ter,
2. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is true, Nev - er for - sak - ing
3. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is strong, Bear - ing my bur - dens
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An - swer-ing when up-

just when I fear; Read - y to help me, read - y to cheer,
all the way thro'; Giv - ing for bur - dens pleas - ures a - new,
all the day long; For all my sor - row giv - ing a song,
on Him I call; Ten - der - ly watch - ing lest I should fall,

CHORUS.

Just when I need Him most. 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. A - MEN.

196 He Included Me.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Hamp Sewell.

1. I am so hap-py in Christ to-day, That I go sing-ing a-long my way;
2. Glad-ly I read, "Who-so-ev-er may Come to the fountain of life to-day;"
3. Ever God's Spirit is saying, "Come!" Hear the Bride saying, "No longer roam;"
4. "Freely come drink," words the soul to thrill! O with what joy they my heart do fill!

Yes, I'm so hap-py to know and say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too."
But when I read it I al-ways say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too."
But I am sure while they're calling home, Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.
For when He said, "Who-so-ev-er will," Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.

CHORUS.

Je-sus in-clud-ed me, Yes, He in-clud-ed me, When the Lord said
"Who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me; Je-sus in-clud-ed me, Yes, He in-
clud-ed me, When the Lord said "Who-so-ev-er," He included me. A-MEN.

197 As a Volunteer.

W. S. Brown.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A vol-un-teer for Je-sus, A sol-dier
true! Oth-ers have enlisted, Why not you? Je-sus is the Cap-tain,
O why not?
We will nev-er fear; Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A-MEN.

198 Grace, Enough for Me.

E. O. E.

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E. O. Excell.

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

ry; Be-neath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, e-nough for
ny, Could scarce be-lieve the sight I saw Of grace, e-nough for
tree, I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, e-nough for
be, To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, e-nough for

CHORUS.

me. Grace is flow-ing from Cal - va - ry, . . .
e-nough for me. Grace is flow-ing from Cal - va - ry for me,

Grace as fath-om-less as the sea, . . Grace for time and e-
Grace as fath-om-less as the roll-ing sea, Grace for time and e-

ter - ni - ty, . . . Grace, . . e-nough for me. A - MEN.
ter - ni - ty, His a-bun-dant grace I see, e-nough for me.

199 Nobody Loves You Like Jesus.

Alfred Barratt. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. Henry P. Morton.

1. When the dark shadows gather on life's rugged way, There is some-one to help you and cheer you al-way; He will fill you with joy if His word you o - bey:
2. When the bur-dens you car-ry are heav-y to bear, And your heart almost breaks with its griefs and despair, Look to Him who is wait-ing your sor-rows to share:
3. He en-treats you to love Him and in Him con-fide, Let Him be your Com-pan- ion, your Friend and your Guide, For His love can do more than all oth-ers be-side:
4. He has promised to keep you, this wonderful Friend, Tho' temptations and dan- gers your pathway at-tend; Let Him lead all the way till life's journey shall end:

CHORUS.

No - bod - y loves you like Je - sus. No - bod - y loves you like Je - sus, No - bod - y loves you like Him; When you fal - ter and fail, Still His love doth pre - vail: No - bod - y loves you like Je - sus. A-MEN.

200 Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

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Arr. from Neumaster, 1671. James McGranahan.

1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive: Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;

Who the heav'n-ly path-way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.

REFRAIN.

Sing it o'er. . . . . and o'er a - gain;. . . . . Christ re-
Sing it o'er a - gain, Sing it o'er a - gain; Christ re-

ceiv - - - - eth sin-ful men;. . . ; . . Make the mes - - - - sage
ceiv - eth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiv-eth sin - ful men; Make the message plain,

clear and plain:. . . . . Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men. A-MEN.
Make the message plain:

201 Loyalty to Christ.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

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

Flora H. Cassel.

1. From o-ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our 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 watch-word true,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float We'll send the bu-gle note,
loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos-pel we'll pro-claim Thro'-out the world's domain,

CHORUS.

Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to vic-to-ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" . . . We'll move at His command, great Commander; "On!"

We'll soon possess the land, Thro' loyalty, loyalty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. A-MEN.

202 O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. *Happy Day. L. M.* E. F. Rimbault.

1. O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God!
2. O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love!
3. 'Tis done; the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's and He is mine;
4. High Heav'n, that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall dai-ly hear,

Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.
Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move.
He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di-vine.
Till in life's lat-est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

REFRAIN.

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way;
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day:
Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way. A-MEN.

203 Standing On the Promises.

R. K. C.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
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R. Kelso Carter.

1. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howling storms of
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e - ter - nal-
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es I can - not fall, Lis-t'ning ev - 'ry mo-ment

let His prais-es ring; Glo - ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing word of God I shall pre - vail,
ly by love's strong cord, O - ver-com - ing dai - ly with the Spir - it's sword,
to the Spir - it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav - ior, as my all in all,

CHORUS.

Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - - ing, stand - ing,
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,

Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God my Sav - ior; Stand - - ing,
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es,

stand - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God. A - MEN.
stand-ing on the prom-is-es,

204 Only a Sinner.

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James M. Gray. D. B. Towner.

1. Naught have I got-ten but what I re-ceived; Grace hath be-stowed it since
2. Once I was fool-ish, and sin ruled my heart, Caus - ing my footsteps from
3. Tears un - a - vail - ing, no mer - it had I; Mer - cy had saved me, or
4. Suf - fer a sin - ner whose heart o - ver-flows, Lov - ing his Sav - ior to

I have be-lieved; Boasting ex-clud - ed, pride I a-base; I'm on - ly a
God to de - part; Je - sus hath found me, hap - py my case; I now am a
else I must die; Sin had a-larmed me, fear-ing God's face; But now I'm a
tell what he knows; Once more to tell it, would I embrace—I'm on - ly a

CHORUS.

sin - ner saved by grace! On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!

On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace! This is my sto - ry, to

God be the glo - ry,—I'm on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace! A-MEN.

205 Cancelled!

J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. When my debt to God was rest - ing on my soul, And I trod the down-ward road, I looked up to Him who died to make men whole, And He
2. My ac-count was great, I knew I could not pay, I bowed 'neath the heav - y load; Je - sus paid my debt, I love Him more each day, For He
3. Grat - i - tude to Him has tuned my heart to praise, I'm grate - ful for gifts be - stowed; And my song will flow thro' all the com - ing days, For He
4. When I stand a - lone and face the set - ting sun, And dark-ness ob- scures the road, He will guide me home and say to me, "Well done," For He

CHORUS.

can-celled the debt I owed. Je - sus can-celled the debt I owed, I owed,
Je - sus lift - ed the might-y load; . . . . Grace di - vine touched my might - y load;
soul and made me whole, When He can-celled the debt I owed. A-MEN.

rit.

206 Take the Name of Jesus With You.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL. W H. Doane.

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

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

CHORUS.

Pre - cious name, O how sweet! Hope of
Pre-cious name, O how sweet!
earth and joy of Heav'n; Pre - cious name, O how
Pre-cious name, O how
sweet! . . . Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n. A - MEN.
sweet, how sweet!

207 Ye Must Be Born Again.

W. T. Sleeper.

COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY FLEMING H. REVELL.
RENEWAL, 1905, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. A ruler once came to Jesus by night, To ask Him the
2. Ye children of men, attend to the word So solemnly
3. Oh, ye who would enter that glorious rest, And sing with the
4. A dear one in Heaven thy heart yearns to see, At the beautiful

way of salvation and light; The Master made answer in words true and plain,
uttered by Jesus the Lord, And let not this message to you be in vain,
ransomed the song of the blest, The life ever lasting if ye would obtain,
gate may be watching for thee; Then list to the note of this solemn refrain:

CHORUS.

"Ye must be born again." (again.) "Ye must be born again," "Ye must be born again," I verily, I verily say unto thee, "Ye must be born again." AMEN.
again, again, again.

208 There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J.

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

L. E. Jones.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

In the blood of the Lamb; There is pow'r, pow'r,
In the blood of the Lamb; there is

Won - der-work-ing pow'r In the pre - cious blood of the Lamb. A - MEN.

209 Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
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Jno. R. Sweney.

1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright
2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to the King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For, when the Lord is near,
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope and praise and love,

Than glows in an-y earth-ly skies, For Je-sus is my light.
And Je-sus, lis-ten-ing, can hear The songs I can-not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap-pear.
For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a-bove.

REFRAIN.

O there's sun - - - - shine, bless-ed sun - - - - shine,
O there's sun-shine in the soul, bless-ed sun-shine in the soul,
When the peace-ful, hap-py mo-ments roll; When
hap-py mo-ments roll;
Je-sus shows His smil-ing face, There is sun-shine in the soul. A-MEN.

210 The Bible.

B. Barton. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path when apt to stray,
2. Bread of our souls, where-on we feed, True man-na from on high;
3. Word of the ev-er-last-ing God, Will of His glo-rious Son,
4. Lord, grant us all a-right to learn The wis-dom it im-parts,

Stream from the fount of heav'n-ly grace, Brook by the trav-'ler's way:
Our guide and chart, where-in we read Of realms be-yond the sky:
With-out thee how could earth be trod, Or Heav'n it-self be won?
And to its heav'n-ly teach-ings turn With sim-ple, child-like hearts.

CHORUS.

Beau - - - ti-ful Lamp, . . bright-ly shine . . . on the way, ... Guid - - - ing the soul . . . . . to the man - - - sions of day. . . . . A-MEN.

Beau-ti-ful Lamp, beau-ti-ful Lamp, shine on the way, shine on the way, Guid-ing the soul, guid-ing the soul to the man-sions of day, to the man-sions of day.

211 On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Samuel Stennett. T. C. O'Kane.

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
2. O'er all those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?
4. Filled with de-light, my rap-tured soul Would here no lon - ger stay:

To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos - om rest?
Tho' Jor-dan's waves a - round me roll, Fear - less I'd launch a - way.

CHORUS.

We will rest in the fair and hap - py land, Just a-
by and by,
cross on the ev - er-green shore,..... Sing the song of Mo - ses
ev - er-green shore,
and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er-more. A-MEN.

212 My Latest Sun is Sinking Fast.

J. Hascall. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run;
2. I know I'm nearing the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kin - dred dear,
3. I've al - most gained my heav'nly home, My spir - it loud - ly sings;
4. O, bear my long - ing heart to Him, Who bled and died for me;

My strong-est tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun.
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks, The cross - ing must be near.
Thy ho - ly ones, be - hold, they come! I hear the noise of wings.
Whose blood now cleans-es from all sin, And gives me vic - to - ry.

f CHORUS.

O come, an-gel band, come and a-round me stand, O, bear me a - way on your

snow - y wings To my im - mor - tal home; O, bear me a-

way on your snow - y wings To my im - mor - tal home. A - MEN.

213 Jesus is the Friend You Need.

I. E. R. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. I. E. Reynolds.

1. When the sun shines bright and your heart is light, Je-sus is the Friend you need;
2. If you're lost in sin, all is dark with-in, Je-sus is the Friend you need;
3. When in that sad hour, when in death's grim pow'r, Je-sus is the Friend you need;
4. When the cares of life all a-round are rife, Je-sus is the Friend you need;

When the clouds hang low in this world of woe, Je-sus is the Friend you need.
God a-lone can save thro' the Son He gave, Je-sus is the Friend you need.
If you would prepare 'gainst the tempter's snare, Je-sus is the Friend you need.
Glo-ry to His name, al-ways He's the same, Je-sus is the Friend you need.

CHORUS.

Je-sus is the Friend you need, Such a Friend is He in-
Je - - sus is the Friend you need, Such a

deed; He who no-teth ev-'ry tear, He will
Friend is He in-deed;

ban-ish ev-'ry fear, Je-sus is the Friend you need. A-MEN.

214 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY H. L. GILMOUR.
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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

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

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

CHORUS.

Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your
doubt-ings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw
o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. A - MEN.

215 Send the Light.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light! . . .
2. We have heard the Mac - e - do - nian call to-day, "Send the light! . . .
3. Let us pray that grace may ev-'ry-where a-bound; Send the light! . . .
4. Let us not grow wear - y in the work of love, Send the light! . . .

Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,
Send the light!" And a gold - en of-f'ring at the cross we lay,
Send the light! And a Christ-like spir - it ev - 'ry-where be found,
Send the light! Let us gath - er jew - els for a crown a - bove,

Send the light!

REFRAIN.

Send the light! . . . Send the light! . . . Send the light! . . . the
Send the light! Send the light! Send the light!

bless - ed gos - pel light; Let it shine . . . . from shore to
the bless - ed gos - pel light; Let it shine

1

2

shore! . . . . . shine . . . for - ev - er - more. . . . . A-MEN.
from shore to shore! Let it shine for - ev - er-more.

216 At the Cross.

Isaac Watts.

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R. E. Hudson.

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

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

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the

bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, (rolled away,) It was there by faith

I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day! A - MEN.

217 The Touch of His Hand on Mine.

Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Henry P. Morton.

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

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

CHORUS.

By the touch of His hand on mine. Oh, the touch of His hand on
mine, Oh, the touch of His hand on mine! There is grace and
on mine, on mine!
pow'r, in the try-ing hour, In the touch of His hand on mine. A-MEN.

218 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 with rap-ture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly wait-ed an en-trance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treat-ed in vain,
3. I stand on the moun-tain of bless-ing at last, No cloud in the heav-ens a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up-on me, the val-ley is past,
4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in 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 me, . . . so pre-cious to me,

For He is so pre-cious to me; . . . . 'Tis Heav-en be-low so pre-cious to me;

rit.

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

219 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1880, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.
FANNIE T. DOANE, OWNER. W. H. Doane.

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

CHORUS.

O how sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of prayer, bless-ed hour of prayer, What a balm for the wear - y! O how sweet to be there! A - MEN.

220 We're Marching to Zion.

Isaac Watts.

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Robert Lowry.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets, Be-
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King,
fore we reach the heav'nl-y fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields,
marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,

And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
(1) And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're march-ing on to Zi - on,

march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau-ti-ful cit - y of God. A - MEN.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

221 I Am Thine, O Lord.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL.
FANNIE T. DOANE, OWNER.

W. H. Doane.

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

clo-ser drawn to Thee.

REFRAIN.

will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - - er, near-er, bless-ed
mune as friend with friend!
rest in peace with Thee. near - er, near - er,

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

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

222 Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

H. G. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY H. G. SMYTH.
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H. G. Smyth.

1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is the love of God flow-ing thro'
2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Are you burdened for those that are
3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is it dai - ly tell - ing for
4. We can-not be chan-nels of bless-ing If our lives are not free from all

you? . . . Are you tell - ing the lost of the Sav - ior? Are you
lost? . . . Have you urged up - on those who are stray - ing, The
Him? . . Have you spo - ken the word of sal - va - tion To
sin; . . . We will bar - ri - ers be and a hin - drance To

read - y His ser-vice to do?
Sav - ior who died on the cross? Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day,
those who are dy - ing in sin?
those we are try - ing to win.

CHORUS.

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

rit.

223 Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL.
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Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home— Call - ing to - day,
2. Je - sus is call - ing the wear - y to rest— Call - ing to - day,
3. Je - sus is wait - ing; O come to Him now— Wait - ing to - day,
4. Je - sus is plead - ing; O list to His voice: Hear Him to - day,

call - ing to - day; Why from the sun - shine of love wilt thou roam
call - ing to - day; Bring Him thy bur - den and thou shalt be blest:
wait - ing to - day; Come with thy sins; at His feet low - ly bow;
hear Him to - day; They who be - lieve on His name shall re - joice;

REFRAIN.

Far - ther and far - ther a - way?
He will not turn thee a - way,
Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
Quick - ly a - rise and a - way.

Call - ing to - day, . . .

Call - ing to - day, ...
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day,

Je - - - - - sus is
Je - sus is ten - der - ly

call - - - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day. A - MEN.
call - ing to - day,

224 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

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 Jesus!

I must tell Je - sus! I can-not bear my bur-dens a - lone; I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je-sus! Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a - lone. A - MEN.

225 Some Time We'll Understand.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY JAMES MCGRANAHAN.
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CHARLES M. ALEXANDER OWNER.

Maxwell N. Cornelius. James McGranahan.

1. Not now, but in the com-ing yea s, It may be in the bet - ter land, We'll read the mean-ing of our tears, And there, some-time,
2. We'll catch the bro-ken thread a - g in, And fin - ish what we here be- gan; Heav'n will the mys - ter - ies ex - plain, And then, ah, then,
3. We'll know why clouds instead of sun Were o - ver many a cher-ished plan; Why song has ceased when scarce be - gun; 'Tis there, some-time,
4. Why what we long for most of all, E - ludes so oft our ea - ger hand; Why hopes are crushed and cas - tles fall, Up there, some-time,
5. Gods knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with un - err - ing hand; Some - time with tear - less eyes we'll see; Yes, there, up there,

CHORUS. *A little faster.*

we'll un - der-stand. Then trust in God thro' all thy days; Fear not, for

A tempo.

He doth hold thy hand; Tho' dark thy way, still sing and
doth hold thy hand;

cres. *ad lib.*

praise, . . . Some-time, some-time, we'll un - der - stand. A - MEN.

226 Trust and Obey.

J. H. Sammis.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY DANIEL B. TOWNER.
CHARLES M. ALEXANDER OWNER.

D. B. Towner.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the Light of His Word What a glo - ry He
2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev - er can prove The de-lights of His love Un - til all on the
5. Then in fel - low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His

sheds on our way! While we do His good-will, He a-bides with us still,
drives it a - way; Not a doubt or a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear,
rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown or a cross,
al - tar we lay; For the fa - vor He shows, And the joy He be-stows,
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go,—

CHORUS.

And with all who will trust and o - bey.
Can a-bide while we trust and o - bey.
But is blest if we trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, for there's no oth-er
Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
Nev-er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.

way To be hap - py in Je - sus, But to trust and o - bey. A - MEN.

227 Stepping in the Light.

L. H. Edmunds.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Try - ing to fol - low our
2. Pressing more closely to Him who is lead-ing, When we are tempted to
3. Walking in foot-steps of gen - tle for-bear-ance, Footsteps of faith-ful-ness,
4. Try-ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Up-ward, still up-ward we'll

Sav - ior and King; Shap - ing our lives by His bless - ed ex - am - ple,
turn from the way; Trust - ing the arm that is strong to de - fend us,
mer - cy, and love, Look - ing to Him for the grace free - ly prom-ised,
fol - low our Guide; When we shall see Him, "the King in His beau - ty,"

CHORUS.

Hap-py, how hap-py, the songs that we bring.
Hap-py, how hap-py, our prais-es each day. How beau-ti - ful to walk in the
Hap-py, how hap-py, our jour-ney a - bove.
Hap-py, how hap-py, our place at His side.

steps of the Sav - ior, Stepping in the light, Step-ping in the light; How

beau-ti-ful to walk in the steps of the Sav-ior, Led in paths of light. A-MEN.

228 Beautiful Name.

Alfred Barratt. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. Henry P. Morton.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful name that is ra-diant with light, It is guid - ing my wan - der - ing foot - steps a - right, Bring-ing won-der - ful joy aft - er
2. There's a beau - ti - ful name that is vi-brant with cheer, And it brightens the path that is rug - ged and drear; It dis - pels ev - 'ry doubt and it
3. There's a name that is rich - er than sil - ver or gold, And its sto - ry can nev - er com-plete - ly be told; It will lead us in love to the
4. 'Tis a name that is pre-cious, yet might-y and strong; It is a - ble to save you from sin and from wrong; 'Tis the theme of the ran-somed and

CHORUS.

sor-rows of night; This won-der-ful name is Je - sus.
ban-ish - es fear; This won-der-ful name is Je - sus. Beau-ti - ful name,
heav-en - ly fold; This won-der-ful name is Je - sus.
glo - ri-fied throng; This won-der-ful name is Je - sus.

won-der-ful name, Beau-ti-ful name of Je - sus; It was giv - en in love,

By the Fa - ther a - bove, This beau-ti - ful name of Je - sus. A - MEN.

229 A Hymn of Trust.

COPYRIGHT. 1918, BY E. C. DARGAN.

E. C. Dargan. *Dargan.* J. P. Scholfield.

1. Lord God of Might, I trust Thy gracious lead-ing For ev-'ry day of life yet
2. Turn not a-way from me, O God, my Fa-ther! Low-ly I bow be-fore Thy
3. Sav-ior di-vine, I trust Thee for sal-va-tion; Thy wondrous love a-wakes my
4. Thou, too, O Spir-it, Com-fort-er ce-les-tial, To Thine own guidance take my

left to me; And on Thy strength re-posing, hoping, pleading, I give my
throne of grace; Here would I stay me, waiting, resting rath-er, Long-ing to
heart to praise; Thy bit-ter cross my rec-on-cil-i-a-tion, Thy death my
trust-ing soul Thro' all the dark-ness of my way ter-res-trial, Thro' strife and

REFRAIN.

self and all I have to Thee.
see the shin-ing of Thy face. Lord God of Love, let faith in Thee grow stronger
life thro' ev-er-last-ing days!
death to life's triumphant goal!

When billows swell and storms a-bout me roar; And while the shadows day by

day grow lon-ger, My God, I trust Thee, I trust Thee ev-er-more! A-MEN.

230 Nothing Between.

Words and Music by
C. A. Tindley.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY C. A. TINDLEY.

Arr. by F. A. Clark.

1. Noth-ing be-tween my soul and the Sav-ior, Naught of this world's de-
2. Noth-ing be-tween like world - ly pleas-ure; Hab-its of life, tho'
3. Noth-ing be-tween, like pride or sta-tion; Self or friends shall
4. Noth-ing be-tween, e'en man-y hard tri-als, Tho' the whole world a-

lu - sive dream: I have renounced all sin - ful pleas-ure, Je-sus is
harm-less they seem, Must not my heart from Him ev-er sev-er,— He is my
not in-ter-vene; Tho' it may cost me much trib-u-la-tion, I am re-
gainst me convene; Watching with prayer and much self-de-ni-al, I'll tri-umph at

D. S.—*the least of His fa-vor, Keep the way*

FINE. CHORUS.

mine; let noth-ing be-tween.
all, let noth-ing be-tween. Noth-ing be-tween my soul and the Sav-ior,
solved, let noth-ing be-tween.
last, with noth-ing be-tween.

clear! Let noth-ing be-tween.

D. S.

So that His bless-ed face may be seen; Noth-ing pre-vent-ing A-MEN.

231 Jesus Expects You.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. Henry P. Morton.

1. O - ver the land sounds the gos - pel call, Deep in your heart let the
2. Come and en - list in His cause to - day, Car - ry the cross on its
3. Loy - al and true be His sol - diers now, He with His grace will our
4. Not for a serv - ice of self - ish ease, Cour - age in hard-ship the

sum - mons fall; Hark to the trump-et so loud and clear! Je - sus ex-
con - q'ring way, Trust-ing in Him who will ban - ish fear, Je - sus ex-
souls en - dow, Lift up His ban - ner with songs of cheer, Je - sus ex-
Lord will please; Will - ing to fol - low with love sin - cere, Glad - ly for

CHORUS.

pects you to vol - un - teer.
pects you to vol - un - teer. Vol - un - teer, Vol - un - teer! In the
pects you to vol - un - teer.
Je - sus we vol - un - teer.

ar - my of the Lord, . . . Till the fight is done and the

bat - tle won, When He'll crown the vol - un - teer. . . A - MEN.

232 A Child of the King.

Hattie E. Buell. Rev. John B. Sumner, arr.

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the wealth of the world in His hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His cof - fers are full, He has rich - es un - told.
2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - ior of men, Once wan-dered on earth as the poor - est of them; But now He is plead-ing our par - don on high, That we may be His when He comes by and by.
3. I once was an out - cast stran - ger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, and an al - ien by birth; But I've been a - dopt - ed, my name's writ-ten down, An heir to a man - sion, a robe, and a crown.
4. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care? They're build-ing a pal - ace for me o - ver there; Tho' ex - iled from home, yet, still I may sing: All glo - ry to God, I'm a child of the King.

CHORUS.

I'm a child of the King, A child of the King: With Je - sus my Sav - ior I'm a child of the King. A - MEN.

233 His Word Was With Power.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY JOHN C. F. KYGER.
ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

Howard E. Smith.

1. There's pow'r, might-y pow'r in the word of the King; He speaks, and the
2. There's pow'r, might-y pow'r in His par-don-ing word; He said, "Go, and
3. There's pow'r, might-y pow'r in the word of the Lord, And strength He will

cap-tive is free; The lips of the dumb with re-joic-ing shall sing;
sin now no more!" How sweet was the hour when for-give-ness I heard,
give, when we pray, To fol-low His foot-steps, His good-ness re-cord,

CHORUS.

O speak, bless-ed Sav-ior, to me! O the pow'r, might-y pow'r,
And Mer-cy had o-pened the door!
And walk in love's beau-ti-ful way. O the pow'r,

pow'r, In the word of my Sav-ior and King! O the
might-y pow'r,

pow'r, might-y pow'r! For Je-sus sal-va-tion shall bring. A-MEN.
O the pow'r, might-y pow'r!

234 The King's Business.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. Flora H. Cassel.

1. I am a stranger here, with-in a foreign land; My home is far a-way,
2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev'rywhere, Repent and turn a-way
3. My home is bright-er far than Sharon's ro-sy plain, E-ter-nal life and joy

up-on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa-dor to be of realms be-yond the sea,
from sin's seductive snare; That all who will o-bey, with Him shall reign for av-,
thro'-out its vast domain; My Sov'reign bids me tell how mortals there may dwell,

CHORUS.

I'm here on business for my King.
And that's my business for my King. This is the mes-sage that I
And that's my business for my King.

bring, A mes-sage an-gels fain would sing: "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled,"

Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God." A-MEN.

235 "Whosoever" Meaneth Me.

J. E. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

J. Edwin McConnell.

1. I am hap - py to - day and the sun shines bright, The clouds have been rolled a - way; For the Sav - ior said, Who - so - ev - er will, May come with Him to stay. (to stay.)
2. All my hopes have been raised, O His name be praised, His glo - ry has filled my soul; I've been lift - ed up and from sin set free, His blood hath made me whole. (me whole.) "Who-so - ev - er," sure - ly mean-eth me, now I am set free. (set free.)
3. O what won - der - ful love, O what grace di - vine, That Je - sus should die for me; I was lost in sin, for the world I pined, But Sure - ly mean-eth me, O sure - ly mean-eth me; "Who - so - ev - er," sure - ly mean-eth me, "Who - so - ev - er," mean-eth me. A-MEN.

CHORUS.

mean-eth me.

236 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-fi-nite 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. *Faster.*

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. A-MEN.

237 Tell Someone To-day.

J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

J. P. Scholfield.

DUET. Soprano and Alto.

1. You have a great Sav - ior in glo - ry, Tell some-one to-
2. A - round you some oth - ers are dy - ing, Tell some-one to-
3. The joy of sal - va - tion will cheer you, Tell some-one to-

day; . . . For some have not yet heard the sto - ry,
day; . . . For Christ and the gos - pel they're sigh - ing,
day; . . . The Spir - it of God will be near you,

CHORUS.

Tell some-one to - day. Tell some-one the sto - ry to - day,

ad lib.

Show some-one the way; . . . . 'Twill bring your Lord glo - ry, if
heav'n-ward way;

you tell the sto - ry, Then tell some-one to - day. A - MEN.

238 Sweeter As the Days Go By.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Hamp Sewell.

1. O the love of Je - sus means so much to me, Keeps my path-way shin-ing,
2. Precious, lov-ing Sav-ior, all a-long the way, Words of cheer and com-fort
3. He, I know, will keep me, He will hold me fast Till my earth - ly tri - als

keeps me pure and free; More and more I praise Him, for He seems to be
I have heard Him say, And He grows more pre-cious to my soul each day,
be for - ev - er past; He will be, un - til I see His face at last,

CHORUS.

Sweet-er as the days go by. Sweet-er as the days go by, ...
as the days go by,

Sweet - er as the mo-ments fly; . . . . . Sweet - er and the dear - er
as the mo-ments fly;

as to me He draw-eth near-er, Sweet-er as the days go by. A - MEN.

239 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,

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

CHORUS.

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

240 Love Lifted Me.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

Howard E. Smith.

1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep - ly stained with-in, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas - ter of the sea
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed pres - ence live, Ev - er His prais-es sing. Love so might-y and so true
3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je - sus com-plete-ly saves; He will lift you by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas - ter of the sea,

Heard my de-spair-ing cry, From the wa-ters lift - ed me, Now safe am I.
Mer - its my soul's best songs; Faith-ful, lov-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be - longs.
Bil - lows His will o - bey; He your Sav-ior wants to be—Be saved to-day.

CHORUS.

Love lift - ed me! . . . Love lift - ed me! . . . When noth - ing e - ven me! e - ven me!

1. else could help, Love lift - ed me. 2. Love lift - ed me. A - MEN.

241 His Promise To Me.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. Henry P. Morton.

1. Dark-ness may o'er-take me and my song for - sake me, But a - lone I
2. Should mis-for-tune meet me, friends may fail to greet me, But if true to
3. How the tho't en-thralls me, that what-e'er be - falls me One will al-ways

nev - er shall be; For the Friend be - side me prom-ised He would guide me
Je - sus I stay He will still up - hold me, let His love en - fold me
love me the same; Not a tri - al ev - er caus - es Him to sev - er

CHORUS.

And will keep His prom-ise to me.
Ev - 'ry drear - y mile of the way. He will keep His prom-ise to
From the ones who hon - or His name. His

me, All the way with me He will go; He has nev - er
prom-ise to me, He will go;

bro-ken an - y prom-ise spo-ken; He will keep His prom-ise, I know. A-MEN.

242 His Way With Thee.

C. S. N.

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

Cyrus S. Nusbaum.

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

Him with - in the nar-row road? Would you have Him bear your burden, car - ry
peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that you need
true in prov - i - den-tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor al-ways

CHORUS.

all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
nev - er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you
at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.

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

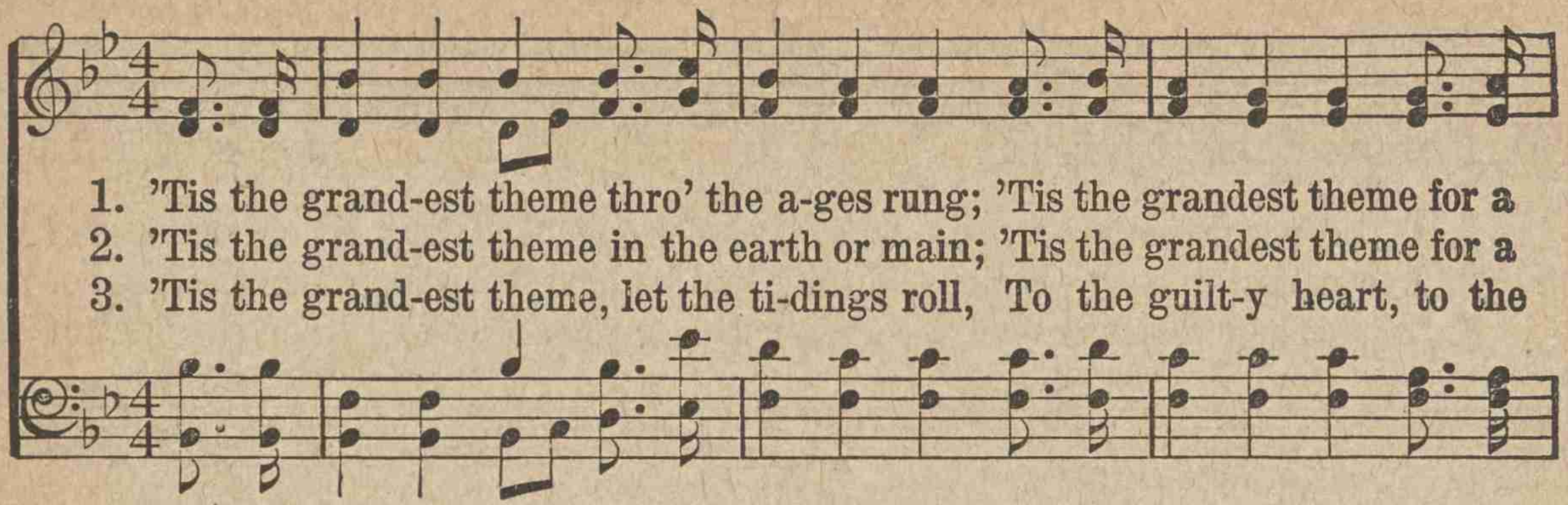
rit.

soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee. A - MEN.

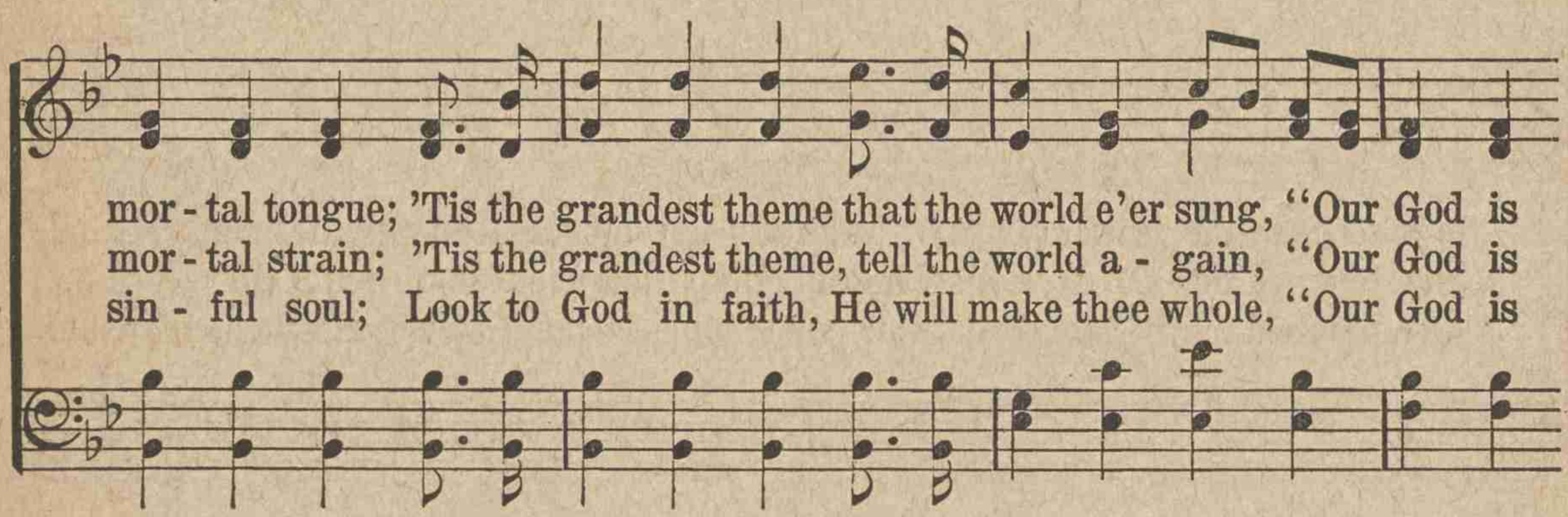
243 He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY MRS. W. A. OGDEN. RENEWAL. W. A. Ogden.

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

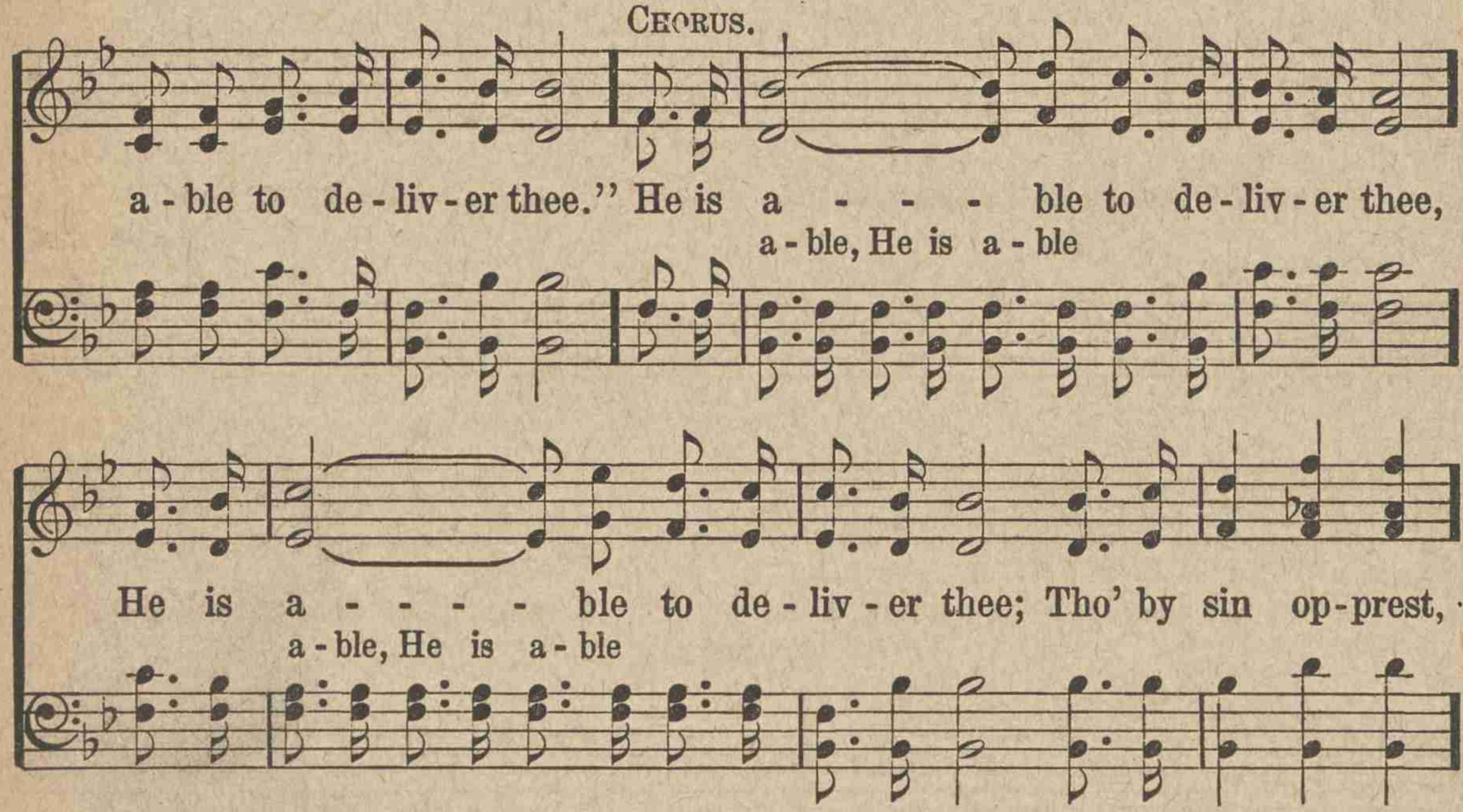


mor - tal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is
mor - tal strain; 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a - gain, "Our God is
sin - ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole, "Our God is
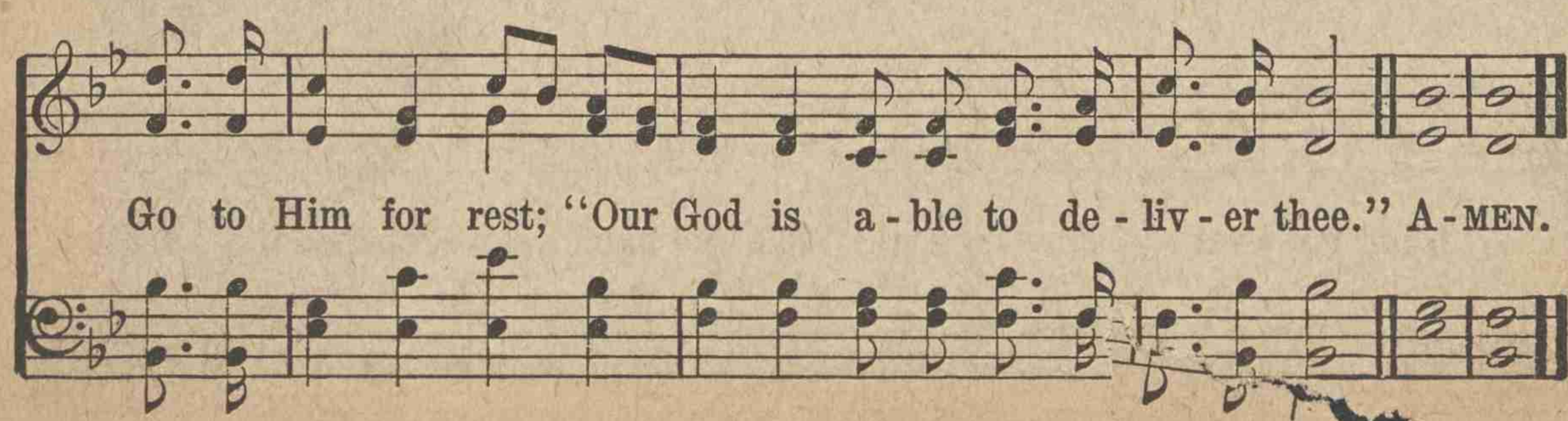


CHORUS.

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



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



Go to Him for rest; "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee." A - MEN.

244 When the Hand of Love Touched Me.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Homer F. Morris.

1. I could feel the bur-den roll from my wear-y, sin-ful soul, When the hand of
2. I was lost in dark-est night, but my soul be-held the light, When the hand of
3. When I heard His welcome voice, how it made my heart rejoice, When the hand of

love touched me; And my heart that had been sad found a song that made it glad,
love touched me; Great despair had filled my heart, but how soon it did de-part,
love touched me; When thro' grace He made me whole how His glory filled my soul,

CHORUS.

When the hand of love touched me. When the hand of love touched me,
touched me,
When the hand of love touched me, I could feel the bur-den roll
touched me,
from my wear-y, sin-ful soul, When the hand of love touched me. A-MEN.

245 Out With the Life-Boats.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.

1. Yon-der a ves-sel is breast-ing the gale, Lost is her rud-der, and rent ev-'ry sail; Heav-i-ly la-den, there's naught can pre-vail,
2. See, she has stranded! a wreck she must be, Yes, she is break-ing, so wild is the sea; Sig-nals are wav-ing, and cries may be heard,
3. Life has its o-cean, and out on its sea Sin spreads its dangers, tho' hid-den they be; Souls there are strand-ed, and loud is the cry,

CHORUS.

O'er her the wa-ters must rush with a wail. Out! . . . . . Out with the
Sure-ly a-mong us some hearts may be stirred.
Help now is need-ed, or else they must die. Out with the life-boats!

life boats! Yon-der are per-ish-ing souls in their need; Out! . . . . . Out with the life-boats!

Out with the life-boats! O-ver the wa-ters be fly-ing with speed. A-MEN.

246 Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
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Jno. R. Sweney.

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

sun go-eth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav-ior I stand, Will there
win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day, When His
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there

CHORUS.

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

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

In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown? . . A-MEN.
an-y stars in my crown?

247 Blessed Assurance.

Fanny 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, pur - chase of God,
2. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, per-fect de - light, Vi - sions of rap - ture now burst on my sight; An - gels de-scend - ing, bring from a - bove
3. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am hap - py and blest; Watch-ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,

CHORUS.

Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long. A - MEN.

248 Sweet By and By.

S. F. Bennett. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY JOAN H. WEBSTER. J. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer the trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

CHORUS.

pare us a dwell - ing-place there. In the sweet by and
sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
bless-ings that hal - low our days. In the sweet

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

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

249 True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

Frances R. Havergal. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faith-ful and loy - al, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be; Un - der the standard ex-alt - ed and roy - al, Strong in Thy
2. True-hearted, whole-hearted, full - est al-le-giance, Yield-ing henceforth to our glo - ri - ous King; Val-iant en-deav-or and lov - ing o-be-dience, Free - ly and
3. True-hearted, whole-hearted, Sav - ior all-glo-rious! Take Thy great pow-er and reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af-fec-tions vic-to-rious, Free - ly sur-

CHORUS.

strength we will bat-tle for Thee. Peal out the watch-word! si - lence it nev-er!
joy - ous - ly now would we bring.
ren-dered and whol-ly Thine own. Peal out the watch-word! si-lence it nev - er!

Song of our spir - its, re - joic - ing and free; Peal out the watch-word!
Song of our spir - its, re-joic-ing and free; Peal out the watch - word!

loy - al for - ev - er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be. A - MEN.
loy-al for - ev - er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.

250 Victory Through Grace.

Sallie Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY JOHN R. SWENEY.
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Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Rid-eth a King in His might,
2. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Who is this won-der - ful King?
3. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Je-sus, Thou Ru-ler of all,

Lead - ing the host of all the faith-ful In - to the midst of the fight;
Whence are the ar - mies which He lead-eth, While of His glo - ry they sing?
Thrones and their scepters all shall per-ish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,

See them with cour-age ad - vanc - ing, Clad in their bril - liant ar - ray,
He is our Lord and Re - deem - er, Sav - ior and Mon - arch di - vine;
Yet shall the ar - mies Thou lead - est, Faith-ful and true to the last,

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

FINE.

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

CHORUS. D.S.

Not to the strong is the bat - tle, Not to the swift is the race, A - MEN.

251 In the Shadow of His Wings.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.
RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell.

1. In the shadow of His wings There is rest, sweet rest; There is rest from care and la - bor, There is rest for friend and neigh-bor; In the shad-ow of His wings There is rest, sweet rest, In the shad-ow of His wings There is rest. (sweet rest.)
2. In the shadow of His wings There is peace, sweet peace, Peace that passeth under- standing, Peace, sweet peace that knows no end-ing; In the shad-ow of His wings There is peace, sweet peace, In the shad-ow of His wings There is peace. (sweet peace.)
3. In the shadow of His wings There is joy, glad joy; There is joy to tell the sto - ry, Joy ex - ceed - ing, full of glo - ry; In the shad-ow of His wings There is joy, glad joy, In the shad-ow of His wings There is joy. (glad joy.)

CHORUS.

There is rest, there is peace, There is joy, In the shadow of His wings:
sweet rest, sweet peace, glad joy,

There is rest, there is peace, There is joy, In the shadow of His wings. A-MEN.
sweet rest, sweet peace, glad joy,

252 Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNIE T. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast, There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me, O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea. . . .
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor-rod-ing care, Safe from the world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can-not harm me there. Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears! . . Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me; Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be. Here let me wait with pa-tience, Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold-en shore. . .

CHORUS.

gen-tle breast, There by His love o'er-shaded, Sweetly my soul shall rest. A-MEN.

253 His Love Keeps Me Singing.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Hamp Sewell.

1. Oh, the love of Je - sus Bright-ens all my days, Keeps me sing-ing all the time Hap-py songs of praise: Storms may beat a-bout me, Sky and
2. Tho' the bur-den's heav - y, Foes as - sail in vain, With His love o'er- flow-ing me, Vic - tor I re - main: Thro' the toil of noon-day, Thro' the
3. Thus 'twill be in glo - ry, By the crys-tal sea; In com-mun-ion with my Lord, Love my theme will be: More and more thro' a - ges, In that

path be dim, Still His love will keep me Sing-ing a song to Him.
mid-night long, Love di - vine will keep me Sing-ing to Him my song.
home a - bove, I will sing of Je - sus And His re-deem-ing love.

CHORUS.

His love keeps me sing-ing, . . . His love makes me true; . . .
sing-ing, makes me true;
The love of Je - sus keeps me sing-ing The whole day through. A - MEN.

254 Every Day.

Rev. W. C. Poole.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

1. Ev - 'ry day the Sav - ior Sends me bless-ings new; Ev - 'ry day He
2. Ev - 'ry day His glad - ness Fills and thrills my soul, When I let the
3. Ev - 'ry day for Je - sus, This my song shall be, Ev - 'ry day for

cheers me With His prom-ise true; Ev - 'ry day He guides me,
Sav - ior Have com-plete con - trol; So my heart is ring - ing
Je - sus, Who has ran-somed me; Work-ing for the Mas - ter

Lest my feet should stray, As I fol - low Je - sus Ev - 'ry day.
With its sweet - est lay, And its trib-utes bring-ing Ev - 'ry day.
All a - long the way, I will live for Je - sus Ev - 'ry day.

CHORUS.

{ Ev - 'ry day His bless - ings new Fall a - round me like the dew;
{ On life's way the vic - to - ry; So a - long my pil - grim way

1 2

Ev-'ry day the Sav-ior gives to me I will serve Him ev-'ry day. A-MEN.

255 All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. Robert Lowry.

1. All the way my Sav - ior leads me; What have I to ask be - side?
2. All the way my Sav - ior leads me, Cheers each winding path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav - ior leads me; Oh, the full - ness of His love!

Can I doubt His ten - der mer - cy, Who thro' life has been my Guide?
Gives me grace for ev - 'ry tri - al, Feeds me with the liv - ing bread.
Per - fect rest to me is prom - ised In my Fa-ther's house a - bove.

Heav'n-ly peace, di - vin - est com - fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Though my wear - y steps may fal - ter, And my soul a - thirst may be,
When my spir - it, clothed im-mor - tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,

For I know, whate'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well; well.
Gushing from the Rock before me, Lo! a spring of joy I see; see.
This my song thro' endless a-ges: Je-sus led me all the way; way. A - MEN.

256 Give of Your Best to the Master.

H. B. G. *Barnard. 8s. 7s. D.* Mrs. Charles Barnard.

1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter, Naught else is wor - thy His love;

REF.—*Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;*

FINE.

Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ar - dor In - to the bat - tle for truth.
Give Him first place in your serv - ice, Con-se-crate ev - 'ry part.
He gave Him-self for your ran - som, Gave up His glo - ry a - bove;

Clad in sal - va-tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat - tle for truth.

Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple; Dauntless was He, young and brave;
Give, and to you shall be giv - en; God His be - lov - ed Son gave;
Laid down His life without mur - mur, You from sin's ru - in to save;

rall. D. C.

Give Him your loy-al de - vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have.
Grate-ful - ly seek-ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have.
Give Him your heart's ad-o-ra - tion, Give Him the best that you have. A - MEN.

257 Bringing In the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. George A. Minor.

1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing nei-ther
3. Go-ing forth with weeping, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-

noon-tide and the dew-y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest,
clouds nor win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest,
tained our spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weep-ing's o-ver,

and the time of reap-ing, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
and the la-bor end-ed, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
He will bid us welcome, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.

CHORUS.

{ Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-
{ Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-

1 2

ing, bring-ing in the sheaves; ing, bring-ing in the sheaves. A-MEN.

258 Praise Him! Praise Him!

Fanny J. Crosby. Chester G. Allen.

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing O Earth, His won-der-ful love proclaim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels in glo-ry;
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He suffered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e-ter-nal sal-va-tion,
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'nly por-tals, loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je-sus, Sav-ior, reigneth for-ev-er and ev-er;

Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shep-herd, Je-sus will
Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus the Cru-ci-fied. Sound His Prais-es! Je-sus who
Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is coming! over the

REFRAIN.

guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long: Praise Him! praise Him!
bore our sorrows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong:
world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo-ry un-to the Lord be-long:

tell of His ex-cel-lent greatness; Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joyful song! A-MEN.

259 My Heart Keeps Right.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. B. D. Ackley.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

Je-sus saved my soul; My ev'ry tho't is under His control; With songs of joy I'm

pressing tow'rd the goal; My heart keeps right since Jesus saved my soul. A-MEN.

260 When Jesus Leads.

J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. Tho' He may call me to go the val-ley thro', Je-sus is my Lead-er and to Him I'll be true; Wher-e'er He lead-eth I'll fol-low and o-bey;
2. O-ver the o-cean if He should bid me go, I'll fol-low His lead-ing and seek His will to know; Trust-ing my pi-lot, I'll go with-out de-lay,
3. I snall not ques-tion the lead-ing of my King, I'll go where He leads me, with joy I'll serve and sing; Trust-ing His wis-dom, I'll fol-low day by day,

CHORUS.

If Je-sus is leading, I'll follow all the way. When Jesus leads I'll fol-low all the way, . . When Je-sus speaks I'll do as He shall say; When Je-sus calls . . I'll go without de-lay, . . Wher-ev-er He leads I'll fol-low all the way. A-MEN.

lead-eth me,

the way, speaks to me, call-eth me,

rit.

de-lay,

261 Let the Sunshine In.

Ada Blenkhorn.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

262 Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY H. R. PALMER. RENEWAL.

H. R. Palmer.

1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic - t'ry will help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man-ful - ly on - ward,
2. Shun e - vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear - nest,
3. To him that o'er-com - eth God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con - quer, Tho' oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - ior,
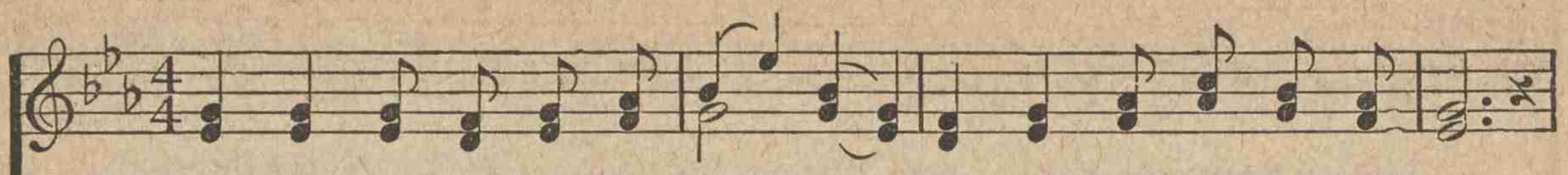
Dark pas-sions sub - due, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will re - new, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.

CHORUS.
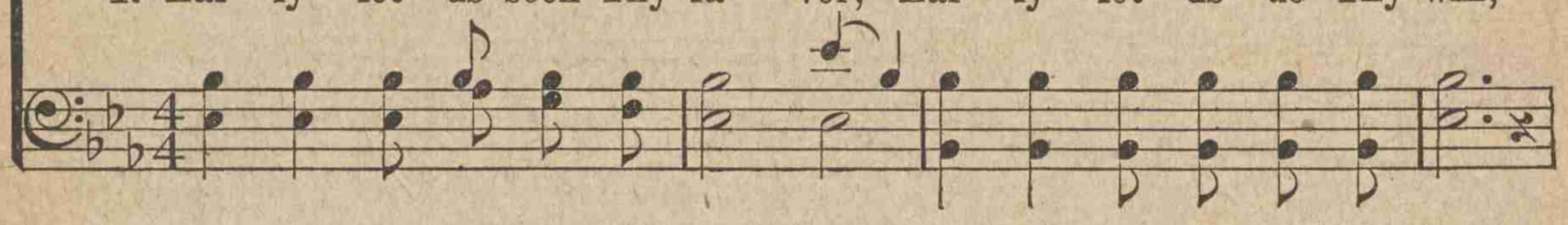
Ask the Sav - ior to help you, Com - fort, strengthen and keep you;
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through. A - MEN.

263 Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

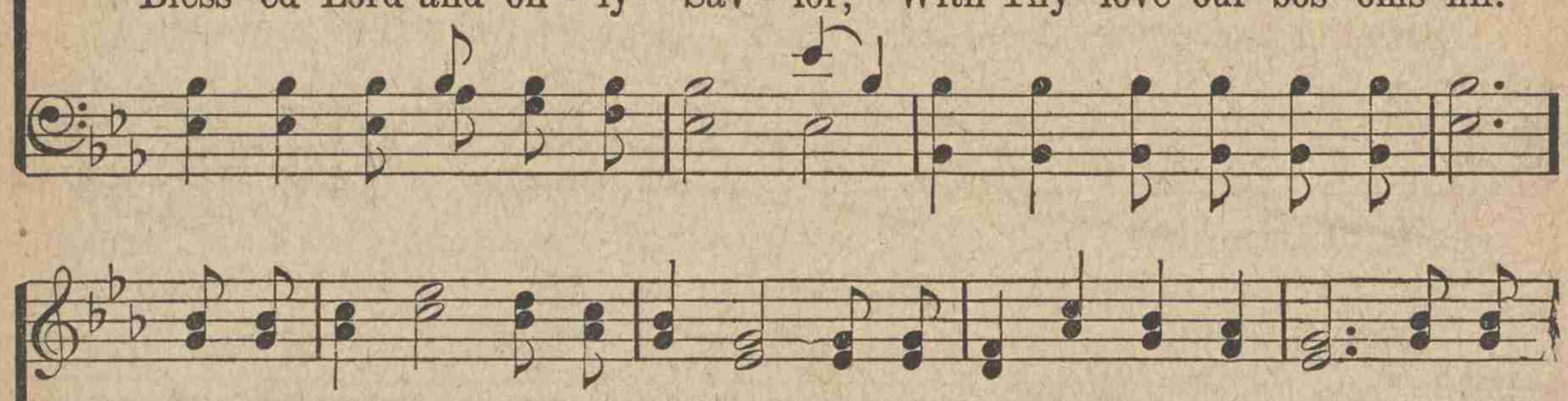
Anonymous. *Shepherd. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.* William B. Bradbury.



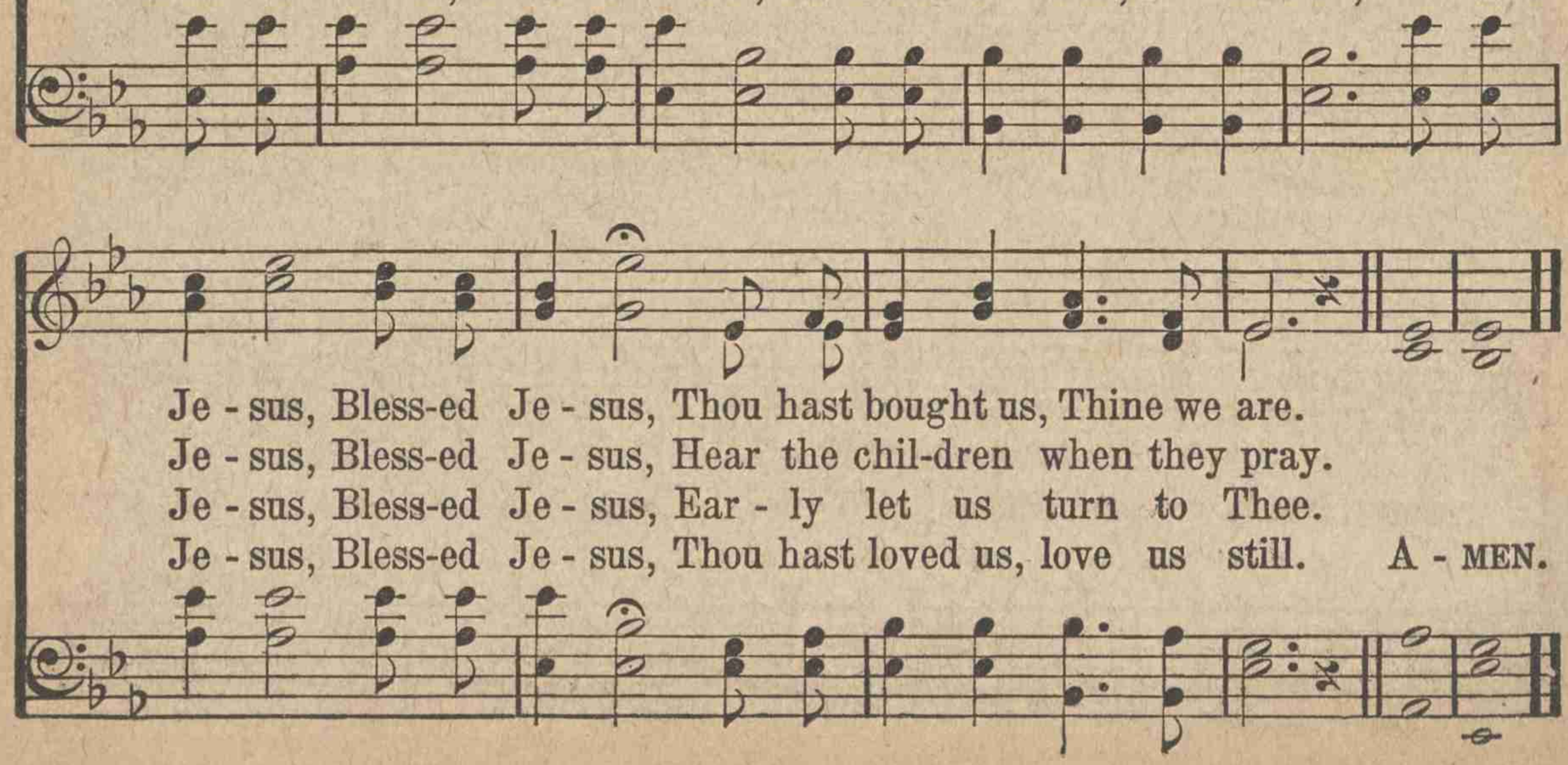
1 Sav - ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-der care;
2. We are Thine; do Thou be - friend us, Be the Guard-ian of our way;
3. Thou hast prom-ised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful though we be;
4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor; Ear - ly let us do Thy will;



In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare:
Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray:
Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
Bless - ed Lord and on - ly Sav - ior, With Thy love our bos - oms fill:



Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Blessed
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Hear the children when they pray; Blessed
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee; Blessed
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still; Blessed



Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear the chil-dren when they pray.
Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee.
Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still. A - MEN.

264 I'll Be a Sunbeam.

Nellie Talbot.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

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.
Showing how pleasant 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. A - MEN.

265 Jesus Bids Us Shine.

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

E. O. Excell.

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

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

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

266 Around the Throne of God in Heaven.

Anne H. Shepherd. Arr. by H. E. M.

1. A - round the throne of God in Heav'n Thousands of chil-dren stand,
2. What brought them to that world a - bove, That Heav'n so bright and fair,
3. Be - cause the Sav - ior shed His blood To wash a - way their sin;
4. On earth they sought the Sav-ior's grace, On earth they loved His name;

Around the Throne of God in Heaven.

Chil - dren whose sins are all for - given, A ho - ly hap - py band,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love; How came those children there,
Bathed in that pure and pre - cious flood, Be - hold them white and clean,
So now they see His bless - ed face, And stand be - fore the Lamb,

REFRAIN.

Sing-ing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high." A-MEN.

267 When He Cometh.

W. O. Cushing. Dr. Geo. F. Root.

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

jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own:
pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.
jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own.

CHORUS.

{Like the stars of the
{They shall shine in their

morning, His bright crown a - dorn-ing,
beau - ty, *Omit*. . . . . .

Bright gems for His crown. A-MEN.

268 That Sweet Story of Old.

Mrs. Jemima Luke. *Davenant. 11s. 8s. D.* Old Melody.

1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
2. Yet still to His foot - stool in prayer I may go, And

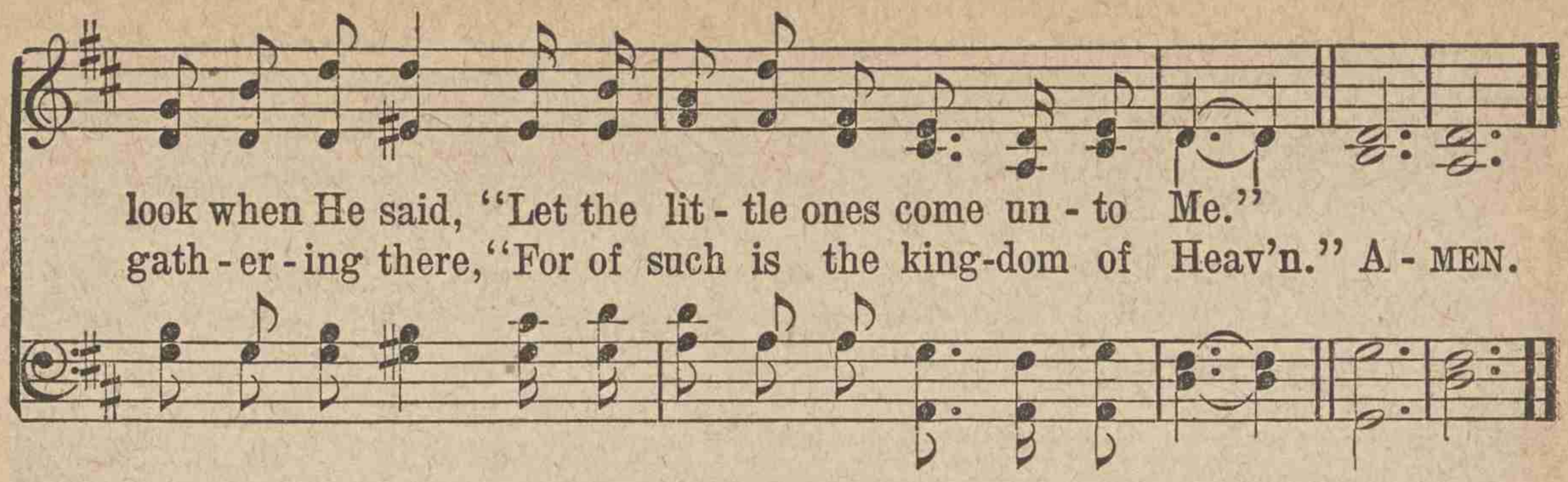
Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as
ask for a share in His love; And if I now ear - nest - ly

lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
In that beau - ti - ful home He has gone to pre - pare For

arms had been thrown a-round me, And that I might have seen His kind
all who are washed and for - giv'n; And man - y dear chil-dren are

That Sweet Story of Old.

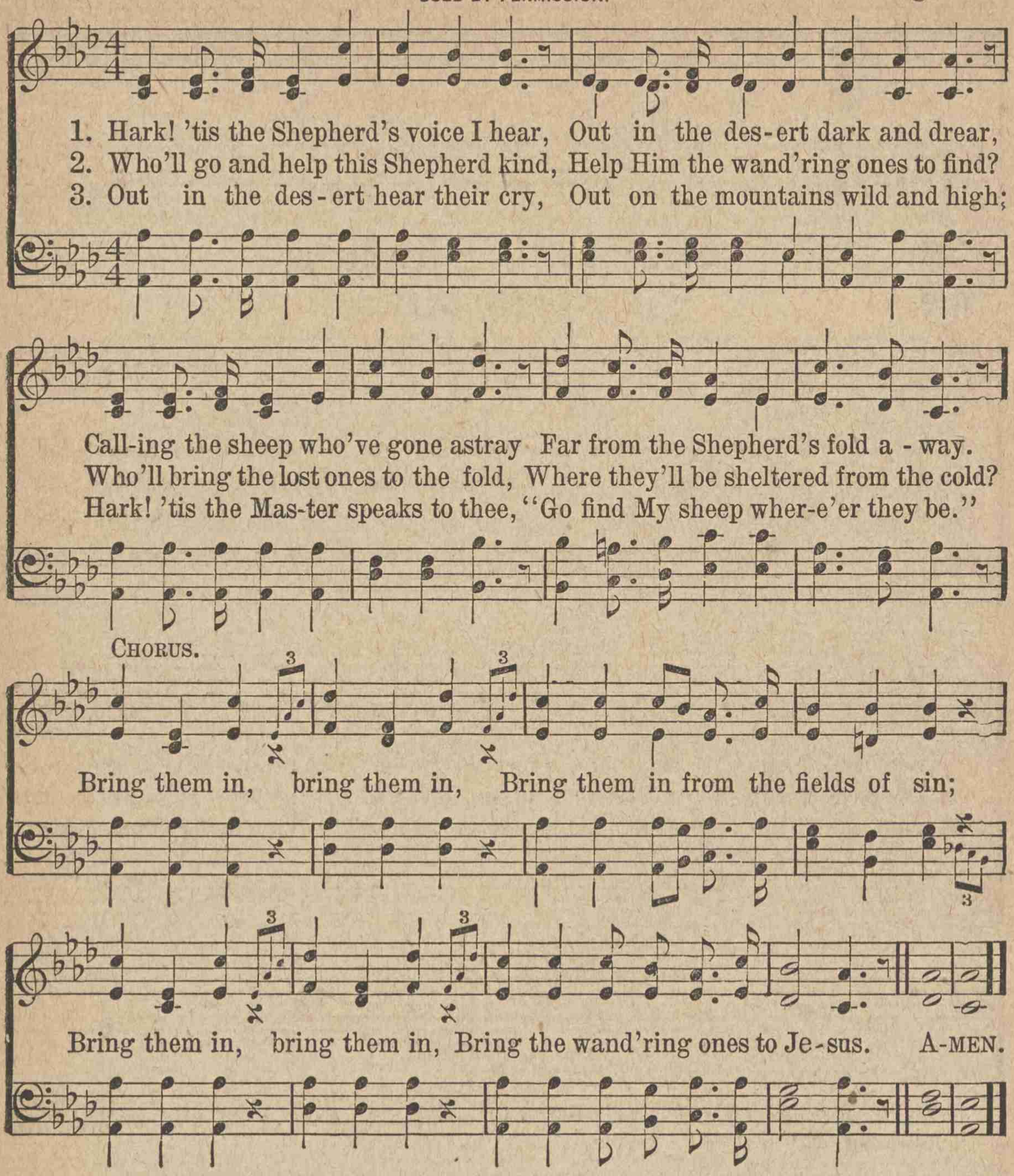


269 Two Little Hands.

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

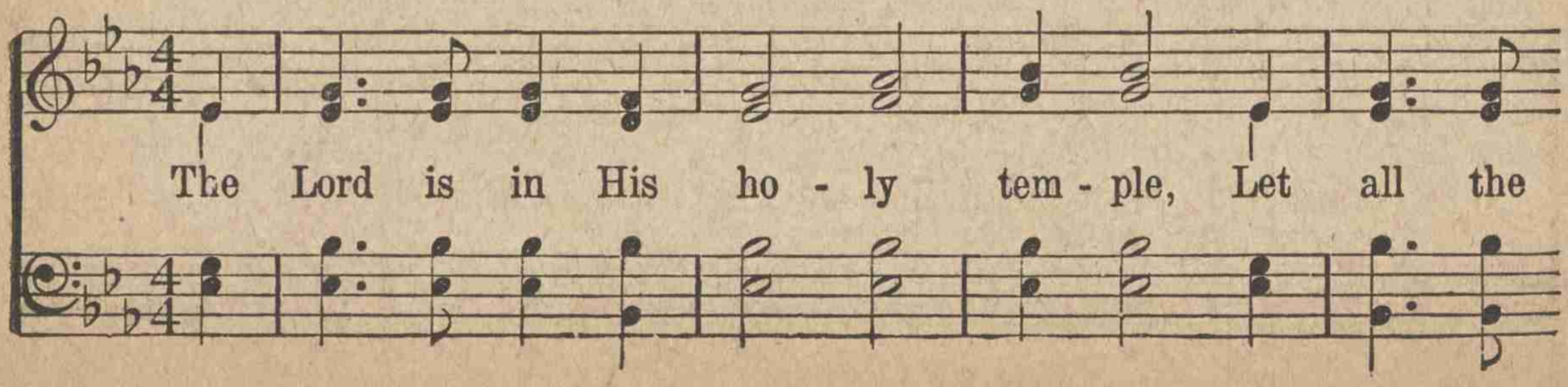
270 Bring Them In.

Alexcenah Thomas. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MRS. W. A. OGDEN. USED BY PERMISSION. W. A. Ogden.
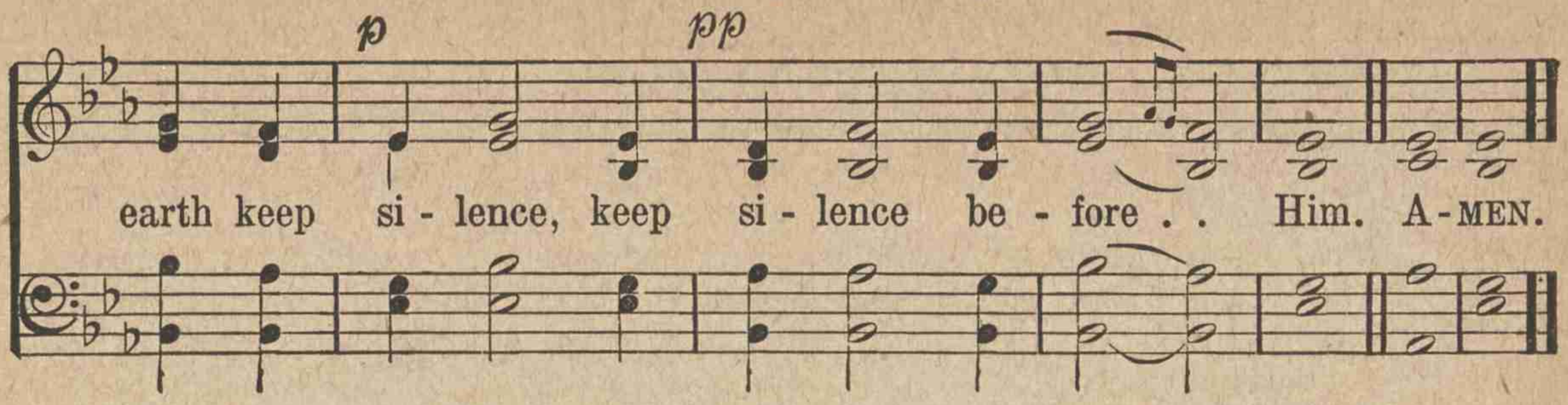


271 His Holy Temple.

E. O. E.



His Holy Temple.



272 Dear Little Stranger.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

273 The Banner of the Cross.

El Nathan.

COPYRIGHT, 1884 AND 1887, BY JAMES MCGRANAHAN.
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James McGranahan.

1. There's a roy - al ban - ner giv - en for dis-play To the sol - diers
2. Though the foe may rage and gath - er as the flood, Let the stand-ard
3. O - ver land and sea, wher - ev - er man may dwell, Make the glo - rious
4. When the glo - ry dawns—'tis draw-ing ver - y near—It is has-t'ning

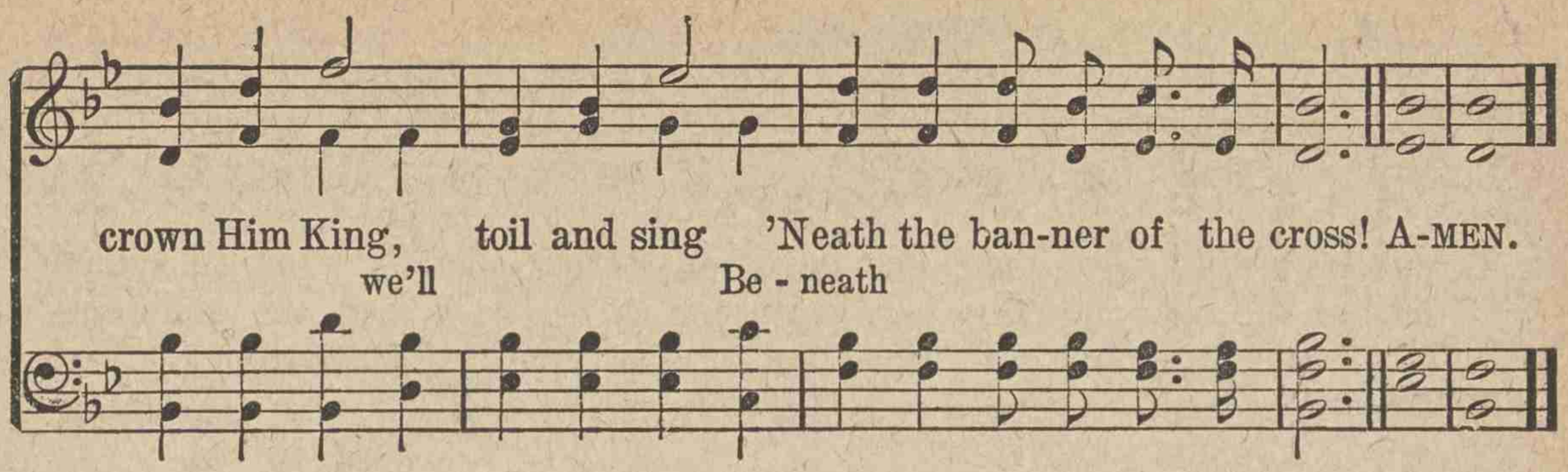
of the King; As an en - sign fair we lift it up to-day,
be dis-played, And be-neath its folds, as sol-diers of the Lord,
ti - dings known; Of the crim - son ban - ner now the sto - ry tell,
day by day— Then be - fore our King the foe shall dis - ap-pear,

CHORUS.

While as ran-somed ones we sing.
For the truth be not dis-mayed! March-ing on,. . . . marching
While the Lord shall claim His own!
And the cross the world shall sway! on, on,

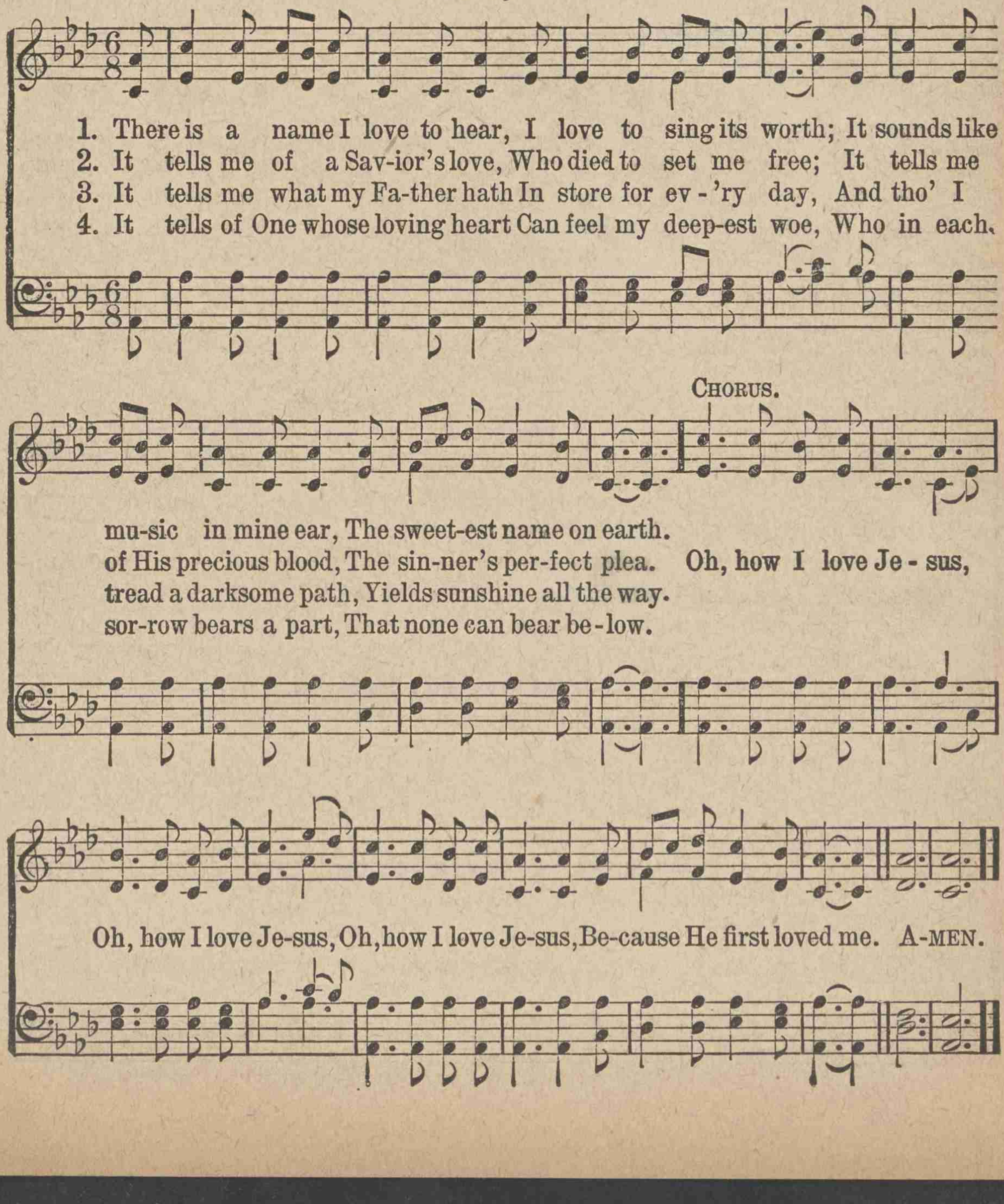
on,. . . . For Christ count ev-'ry-thing but loss! . . . . . And to
on, on, ev-'ry-thing, ev-'ry-thing but loss!

The Banner of the Cross.



274 There is a Name I Love to Hear.

How I Love Jesus. C. M.



275 The Joyful Song.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PERMISSION OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX. Adam Geibel.

1. Be - hold! a roy - al ar - my, With ban-ner, sword and shield, Is marching forth to con - quer, On life's great bat - tle-field; Its ranks are
2. And now the foe, ad - vanc - ing, That val - iant host as - sails, And yet they nev - er fal - ter, Their cour-age nev - er fails; Their Lead - er
3. Oh, when the war is end - ed, When strife and con - flict cease, When all are safe - ly gath - ered With - in the vale of peace, Be - fore the

filled with sol - diers, U - ni - ted, bold and strong, Who fol - low their Com-
calls, "Be faith-ful!" They pass the word a - long, They see His sig - nal
King e - ter - nal, That vast and might-y throng Shall praise His name for-

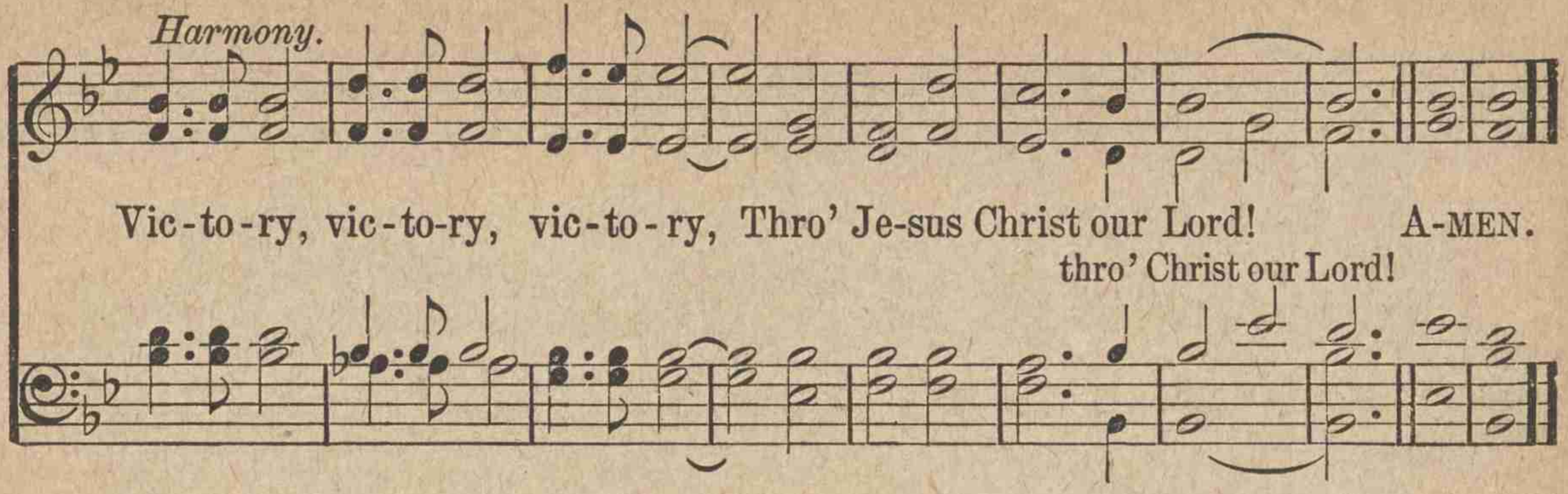
mand - er, And sing their joy - ful song.
flash - ing, And shout the joy - ful song.

CHORUS. *In unison.*

Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, Thro' ev - er, And this shall be their song:

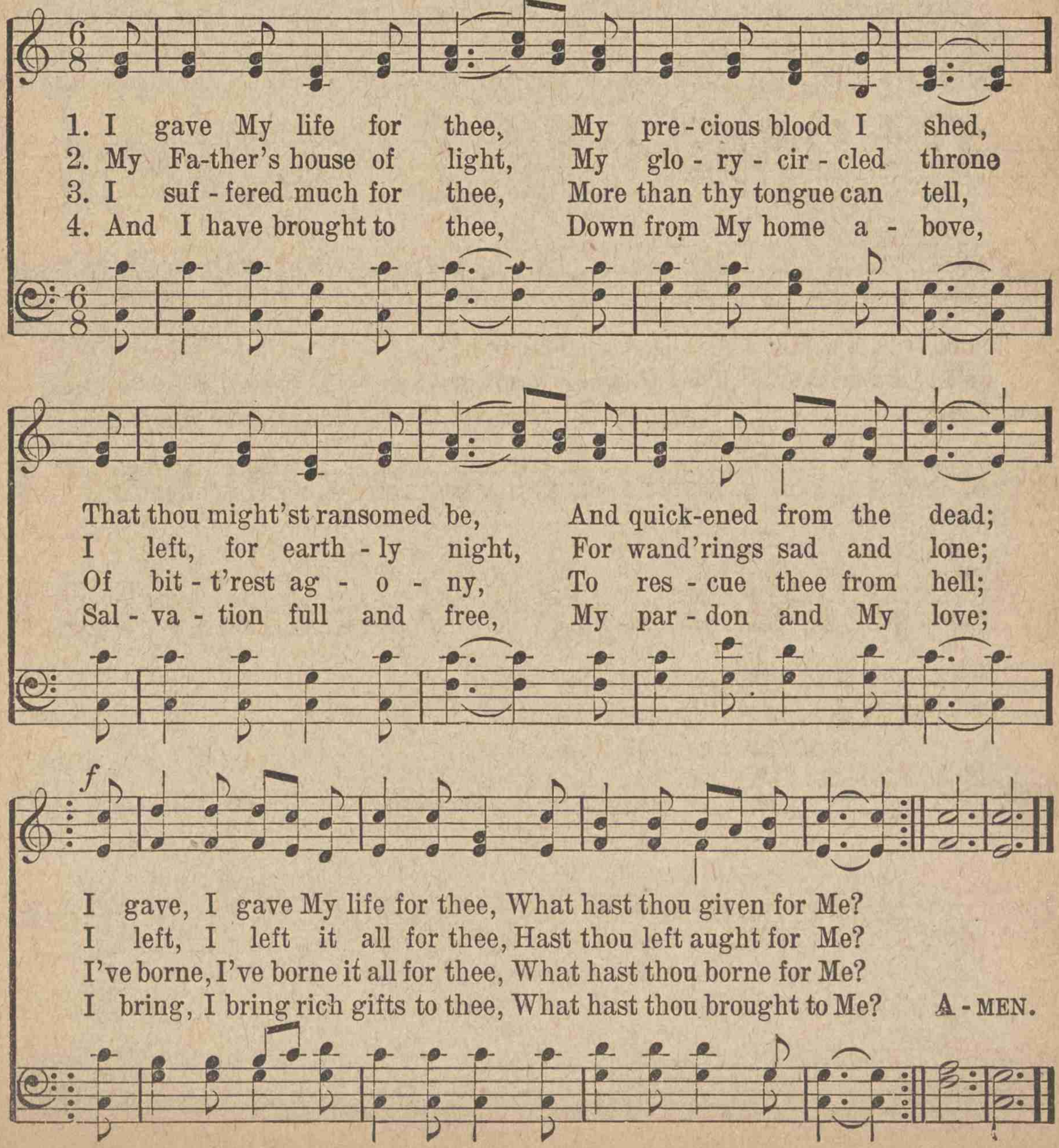
Him that re-deemed us! Vic - to - ry, vic-to-ry, Thro' Je-sus Christ our Lord!

The Joyful Song.



276 I Gave My Life for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. P. P. Bliss.



277 On the Firing Line.

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. To the front a - way, in the gos - pel war, With the cross of Christ
2. Down the bat - tle - line pass the word a - long, Let your faith be firm
3. Till in ev - 'ry land is our flag un-furled, Till the en - e - my

go - ing on be - fore; 'Mid the fire and smoke and the can-non's roar,
and your courage strong; Tho' the foe be fierce and the fight be long,
from his throne is hurled; Preaching full sal - va - tion to all the world,

CHORUS.

We'll shoulder to shoulder stand. We are out to-day on the fir - ing line,
Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!
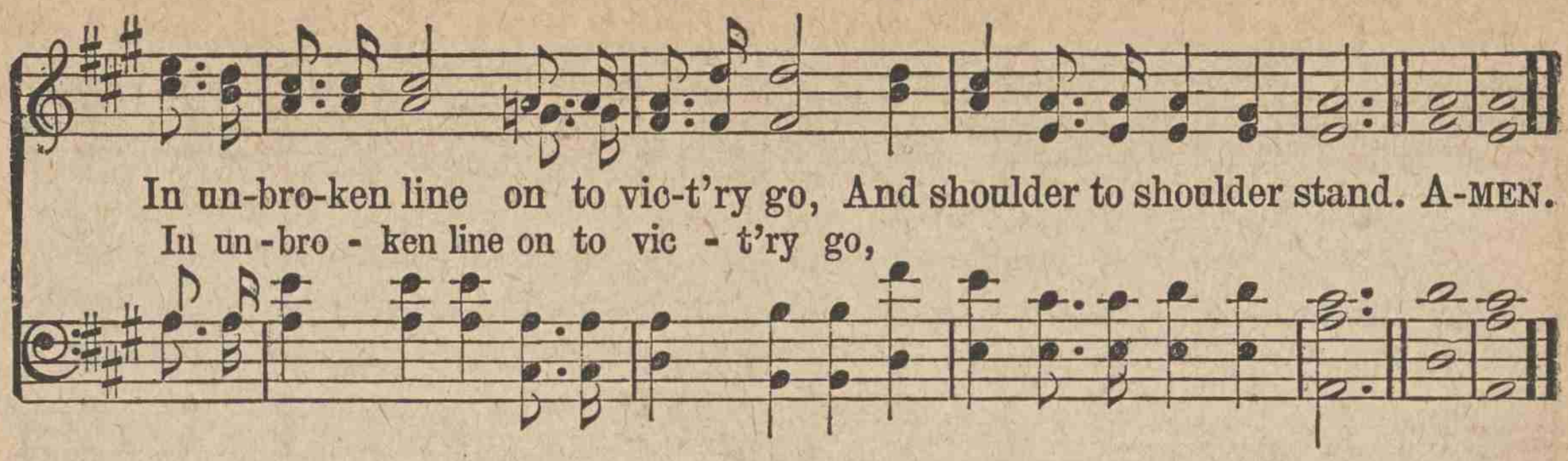
1 2

For the truth and right we will boldly fight; A vic - to-rious, loy-al band,
Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!

f

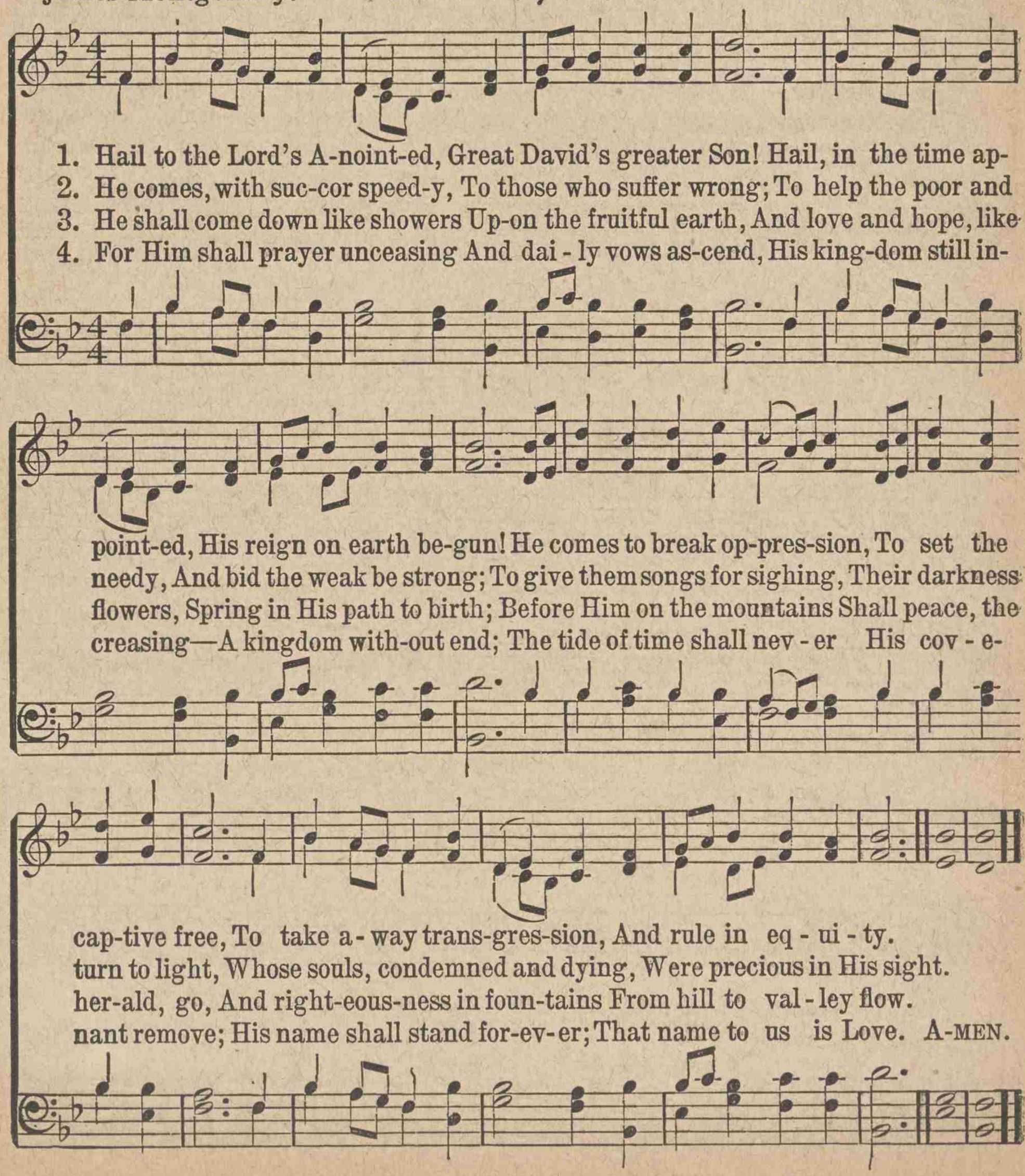
See our banners wave, hear the bugles blow, Sounding out o'er sea and land;
See our ban - ners wave, hear the bu - gles blow, o'er sea and land;

On the Firing Line.



278 Hail to the Lord's Anointed.

James Montgomery. *Ellacombe. 7s. 6s. D.* St. Gall's Coll.



279 My Father Knows.

S. M. I. Henry.

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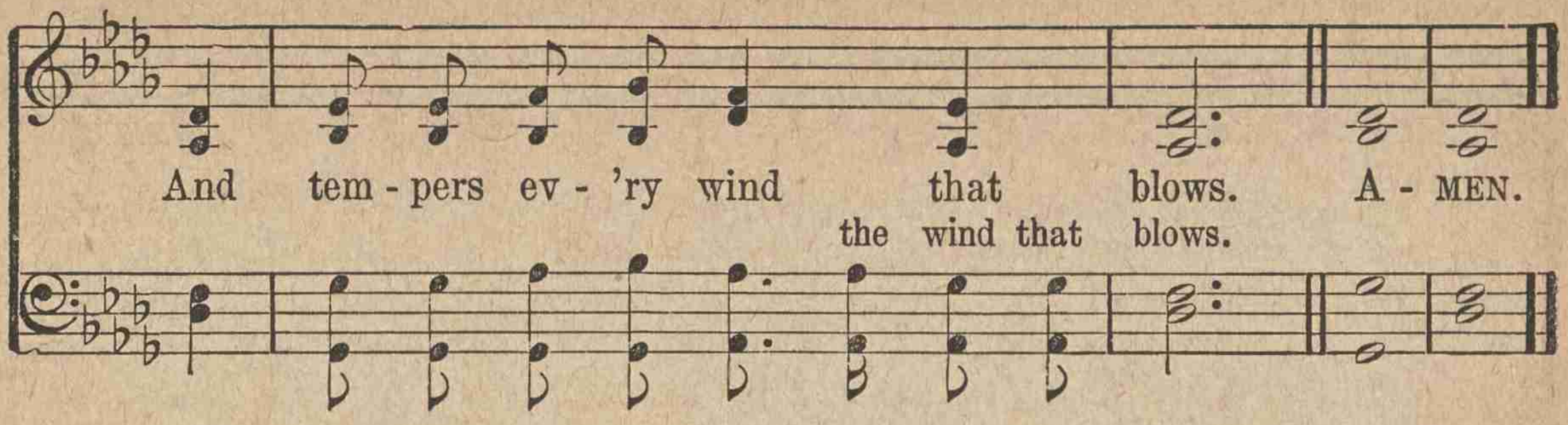
E. O. Excell.

1. I know my heav'n-ly Fa-ther knows The storms that would my way op-pose; But He can drive the clouds a-way, And turn my dark-ness in-to day.
2. I know my heav'n-ly Fa-ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes; And with His touch of love di-vine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine.
3. I know my heav'n-ly Fa-ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes, But He my cause will e'er de-fend, Up-hold and keep me to the end.
4. I know my heav'n-ly Fa-ther knows The hour my jour-ney here will close, And may that hour, O faith-ful Guide, Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side.

CHORUS.

He knows, My Fa-ther knows, He knows I'm sure He knows The storms that would my way op-pose; The storms that would, that would my way op-pose; He knows, He knows, He knows, He knows, He knows, He knows,

My Father Knows.



280 What Did He Do?

Dr. J. M. Gray.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE WINONA PUBLISHING CO.
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W. Owen.

281 I Will Go.

J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. The call comes for true, loy-al sol-diers, Who will go? To car-ry the
2. The har-vest is ripe to the fall-ing, Who will go? The Mas-ter is
3. Since Je-sus for work-ers is plead-ing,— I, will go; Since Je-sus my

mes-sage to oth-ers, Who will go? That oth-ers may hear the glad sto-ry,
ten-der-ly call-ing, Who will go? The moments and days are swift fly-ing,
Mas-ter, is lead-ing, I will go; He's prom-ised to al-ways be near me,

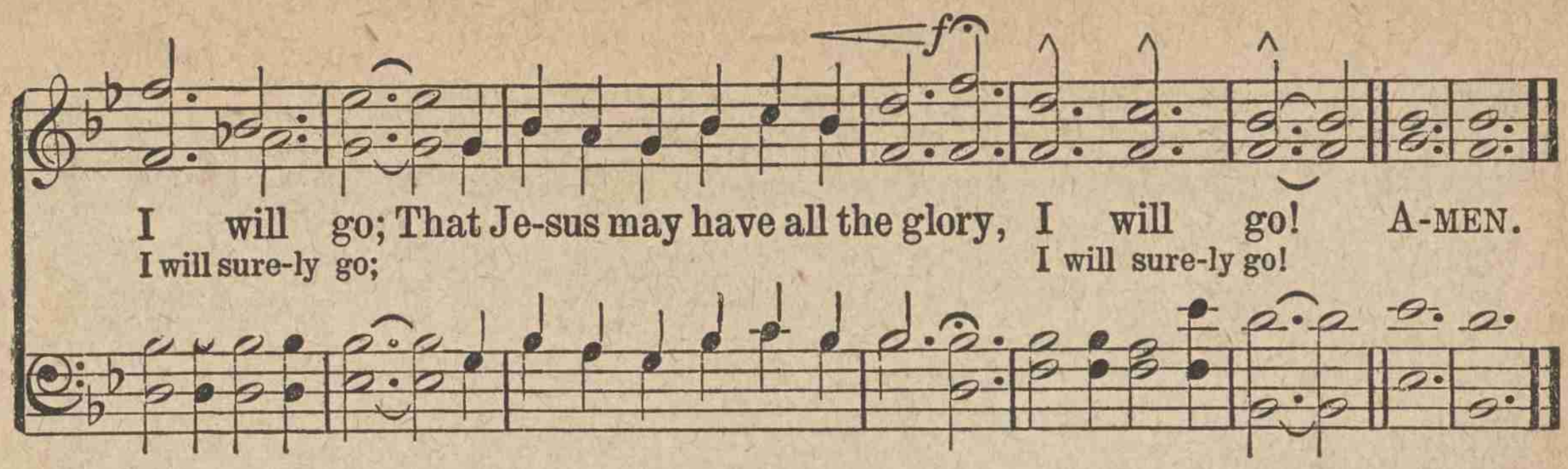
Who will go? That Je-sus may have all the glo-ry, Who will go?
Who will go? For Christ and the gos-pel they're sigh-ing, Who will go?
I will go! I know He will com-fort and cheer me, I will go!

CHORUS.

Wher-ev-er my Savior shall call me, I will go; No e-vil or harm can be-
Wher-ev - - er my Sav-ior shall call me, No e - - vil or

fall me, I will go! That others may hear the glad sto - ry,
harm can be-fall me, That oth - - ers may hear the glad sto-ry.

I Will Go.



282 Greater and Grander.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

J. P. S. J. P. Scholfield.

283 Win Them One By One.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We must win them one by one as the Mas-ter did of old, When He said to
2. Is it noth-ing they are lost, souls that Je-sus died to save? Let us glad - ly
3. We must win them one by one by a lit-tle kindness shown, Or a gen - tle

His dis - ci-ples "Fol - low Me;" From the high-ways broad and wide, to the
in the res - cue lend a hand; News of life and love im - part to some
touch of hu - man sym - pa - thy; Stoop-ing down from heights of ease, seeking

by-ways turn a - side, In the foot-steps of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
wear - y, sin-ful heart, Help some brother in the glo - ry - light to stand.
on - ly God to please, Pointing ev - er to the Christ of Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.

One by one, yes, one by one, We must win them for Je - sus
one by one; In the nar-row ways of life, a - mid the tu - mult

Win Them One By One.

and the strife, We must win them for Je - sus one by one. A - MEN.

284 Somebody.

John R. Clements. WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. S. WEEDEN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. W. S. Weeden.

1. Some-bod-y did a gold-en deed, Prov-ing him-self a friend in need;
2. Some-bod-y tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will-ing-ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
3. Some-bod-y made a lov - ing gift, Cheer-ful-ly tried 'a load to lift;
4. Some-bod-y i - dled all the hours, Care-less-ly crushed life's fairest flow'rs;
5. Some-bod-y filled the days with light, Constantly chased a - way the night;

Some-bod-y sang a cheer-ful song, Bright'ning the sky the whole day long,—
Some-bod-y fought a val - iant fight, Brave-ly he lived to shield the right,—
Some-bod-y told the love of Christ, Told how His will was sac - ri - ficed,—
Some-bod-y made life loss, not gain, Tho't-less-ly seemed to live in vain,—
Some-bod-y's work bore joy and peace, Sure - ly his life shall nev - er cease,—

rit.

Was that some-bod - y you? Was that some-bod - y you? A - MEN.
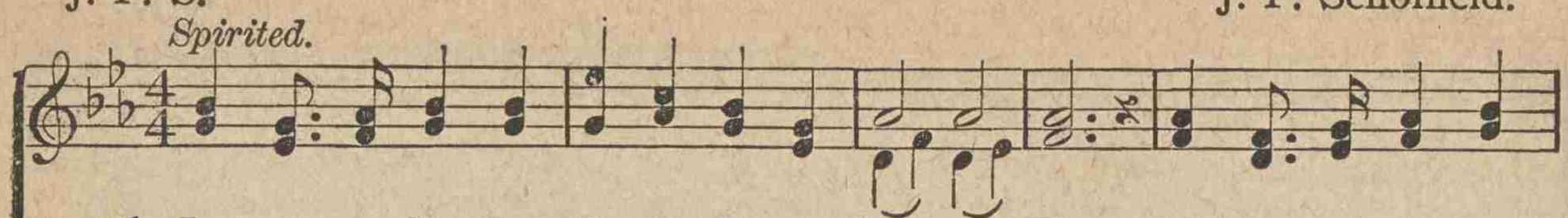
285 My Desire.

J. P. S.
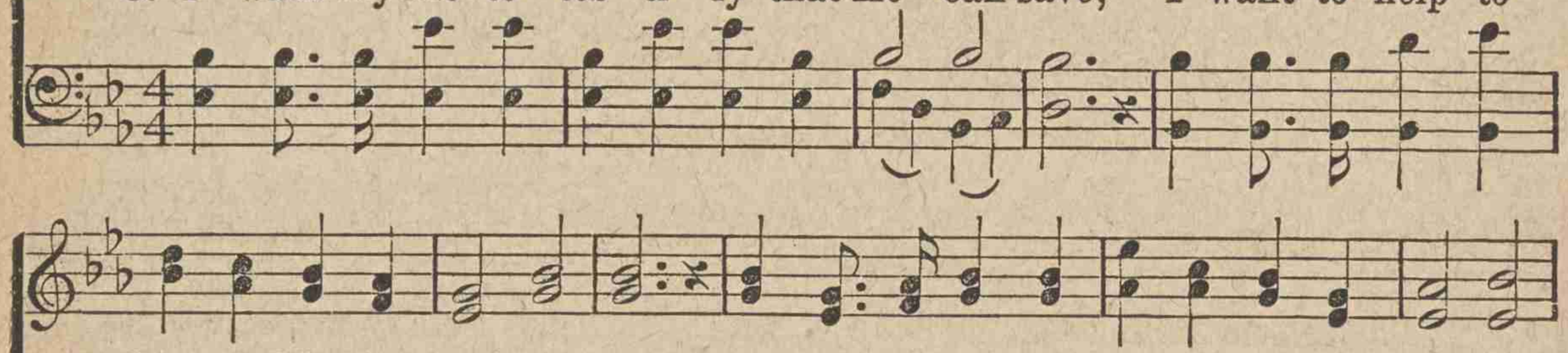
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J. P. Scholfield.
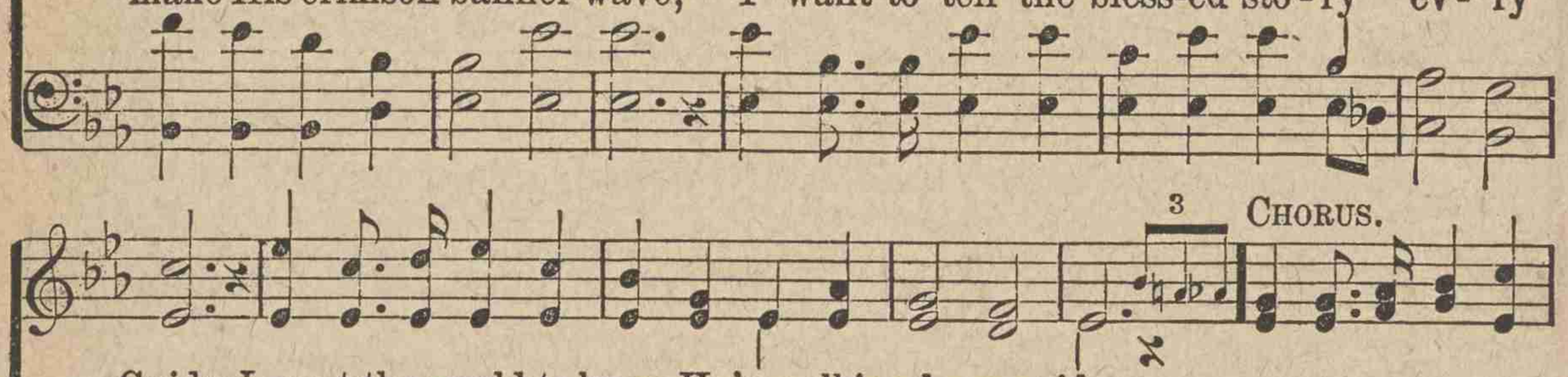
Spirited.



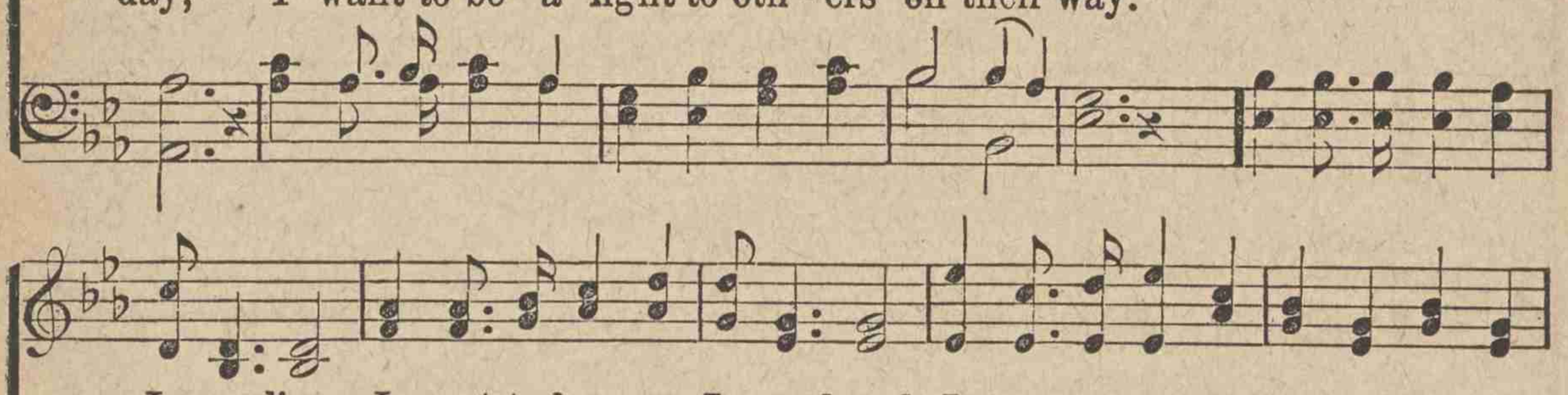
1. I want my life to glo - ri - fy my Lord and King; I want to please and
2. Oh, that my life might mag-ni-fy the Sav-ior's pow'r; Oh, that my deeds might
3. I want my life to tes - ti - fy that He can save; I want to help to



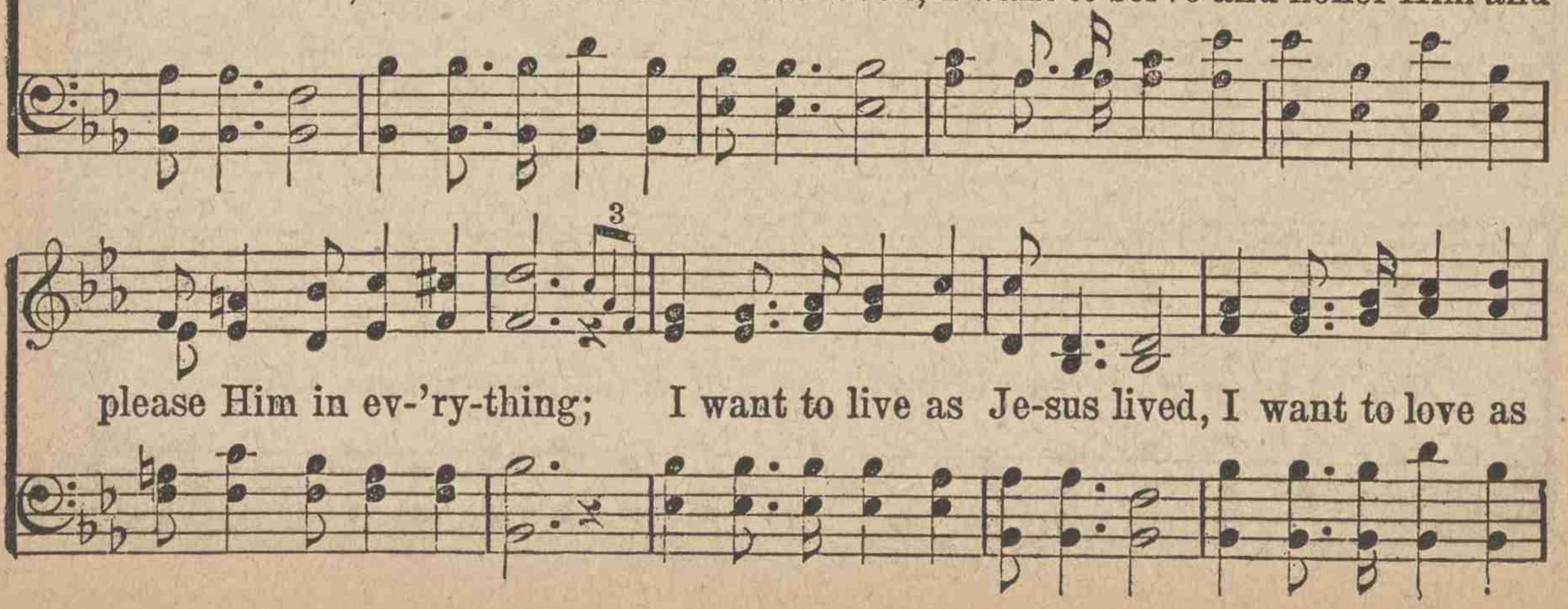
hon - or Him in ev-'ry-thing; I want my life to tell men that He is my
witness to His grace each hour; Oh, that my words might magnify His ho - ly
make His crimson banner wave; I want to tell the bless-ed sto - ry ev - 'ry



Guide; I want the world to know He's walking by my side.
name, So let my heart and voice His mighty pow'r proclaim. I want to live as
day; I want to be a light to oth - ers on their way.

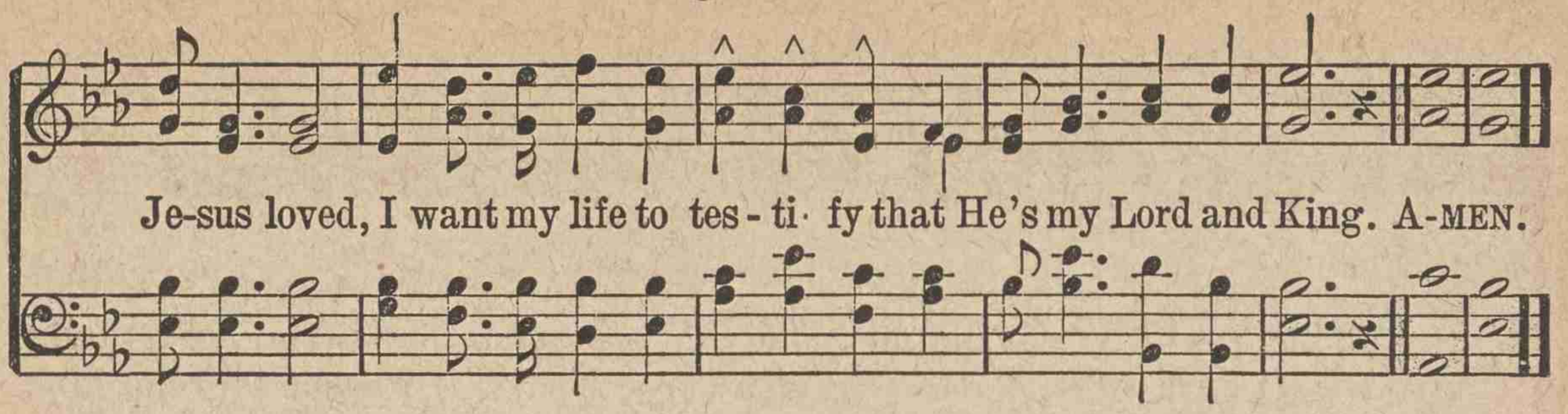


Je-sus lives, I want to love as Je-sus loved, I want to serve and honor Him and



please Him in ev-'ry-thing; I want to live as Je-sus lived, I want to love as

My Desire.
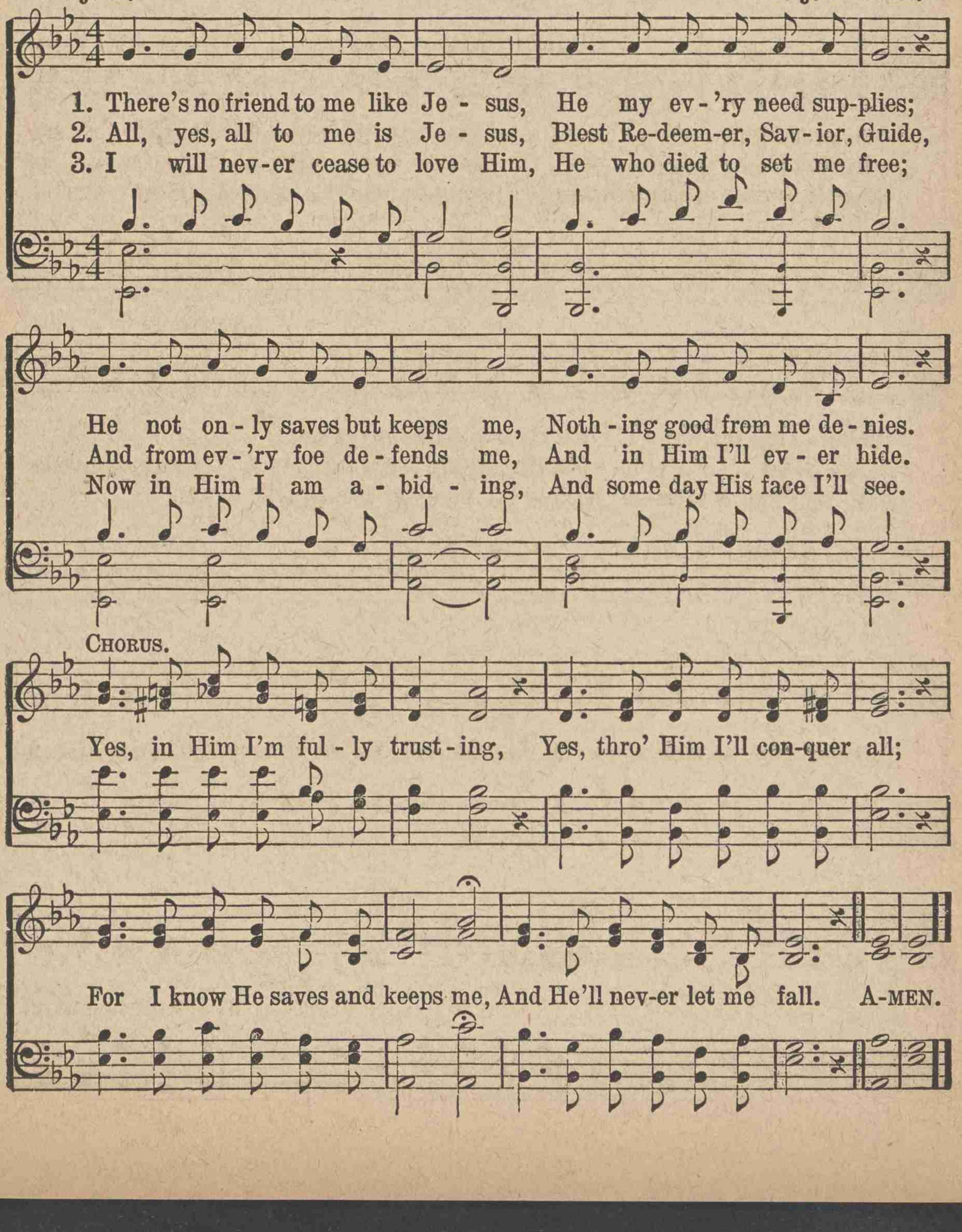


286 There's No Friend Like Jesus.

M. J. B.

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M. J. Babbitt.



287 Choose!

J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. God so loved our fall - en race, that His Son He gave, Let - ting Je - sus
2. When I heard His ten - der voice call - ing un - to me, Of - f'ring as a
3. Now I love to sing His praise, walk - ing by His side, Know - ing He will

come to earth, this old world to save: All my heart and life to Him
her - it - age peace and lib - er - ty; Feel - ing con - dem - na - tion great
care for me, and my needs pro - vide; Such a true and lov - ing Friend

I most free-ly give; I will love and hon-or Him, for Him I will live.
bear-ing on my soul, I just yield-ed all to Him, giv-ing Him con-trol.
I had nev-er known Till the Sav-ior came to me, and His love has shown.

CHORUS.

Give me Je-sus, take the world, Let His ban - ner be unfurled! Let the em-blem

wave, Tell His pow'r to save: Give me Je-sus, take the world, Let His ban-ner

Choose!

rit.

be un-furled! How can you His love re-fuse? Choose! choose! choose! A - MEN.

288 Lend a Helping Hand.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

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

1. As you pass a - long the way, Lend a help - ing hand;
2. In this world so filled with woe,
3. Je - sus yearns for work - ers true,
4. There are those who need Christ's love, Lend a help - ing hand;

When you meet those gone a - stray, Lend a help - ing hand.
'Tis a debt of love we owe,
Can He now de - pend on you?
Tell them of the throne a - bove, Lend a help - ing hand.

CHORUS.

Lend a help - ing hand, Lend a help - ing hand;

Be of serv - ice when you can, Lend a help - ing hand. A - MEN.

289 Oh, What a Change!

Ada R. Habershon.

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Robert Harkness.

1. Soon will our Sav - ior from Heav-en ap - pear; Sweet is the
2. Lone - li - ness changed to re - un - ion com - plete, Ab - sence ex-
3. Sun - rise will chase all the dark - ness a - way, Night will be
4. Weakness will change to mag - nif - i - cent strength, Fail - ure will
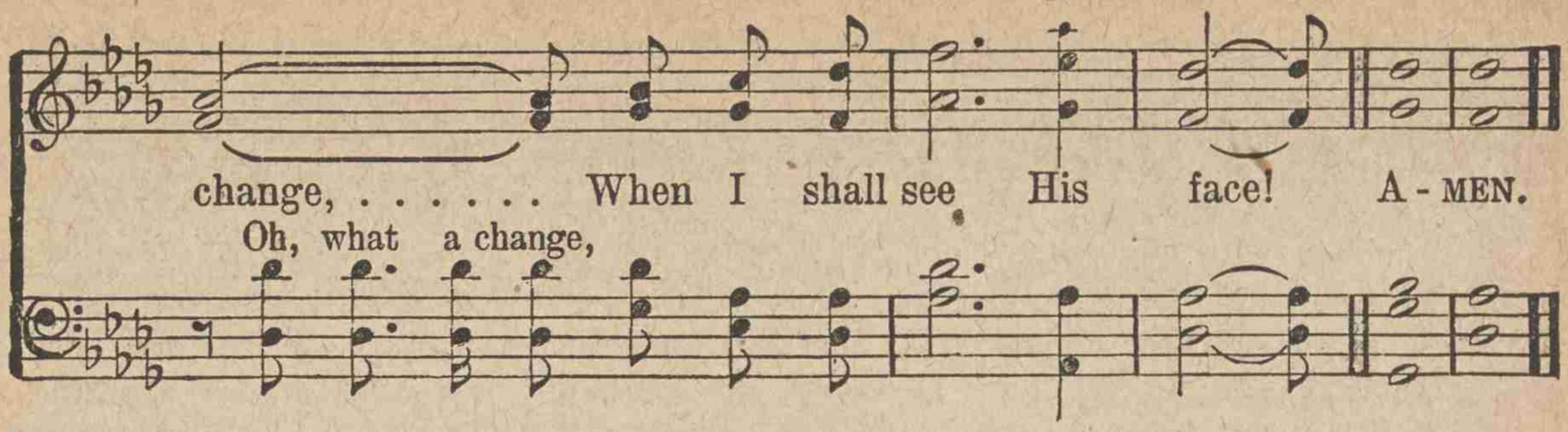
hope and its pow - er to cheer; All will be changed by a glimpse of His
changed for a place at His feet, Sleeping ones raised in a mo-ment of
changed to the brightness of day, Tempest will change to in - ef - fa - ble
change to per - fec - tion at length, Sor-row will change to un - end - ing de-

face— This is the goal at the end of our race!
time, Liv - ing ones changed to His im - age sub - lime!
calm, Weep-ing will change to a ju - bi - lant psalm!
light, Walk-ing by faith change to walk-ing by sight!

CHORUS.
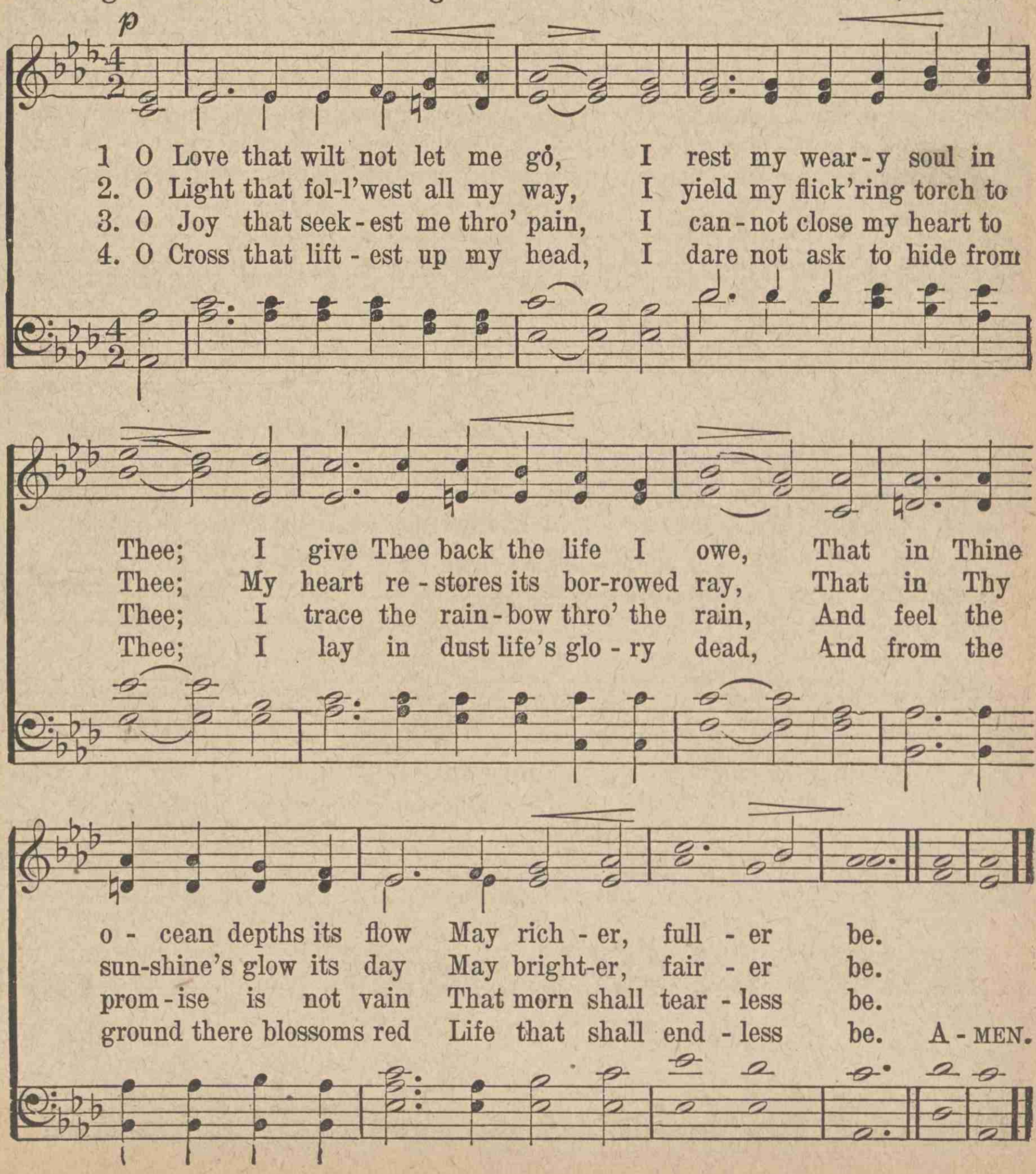
Oh, what a change, ... Oh, what a change, ... When I shall
Oh, what a change, Oh, what a change,
see His won-der-ful face! Oh, what a change, ... Oh, what a
Oh, what a change,

Oh, What a Change!



290 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. *Margaret. 8. 8. 8. 8. 6.* A. L. Peace.



291 Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Kate Hankey. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNIE T. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

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

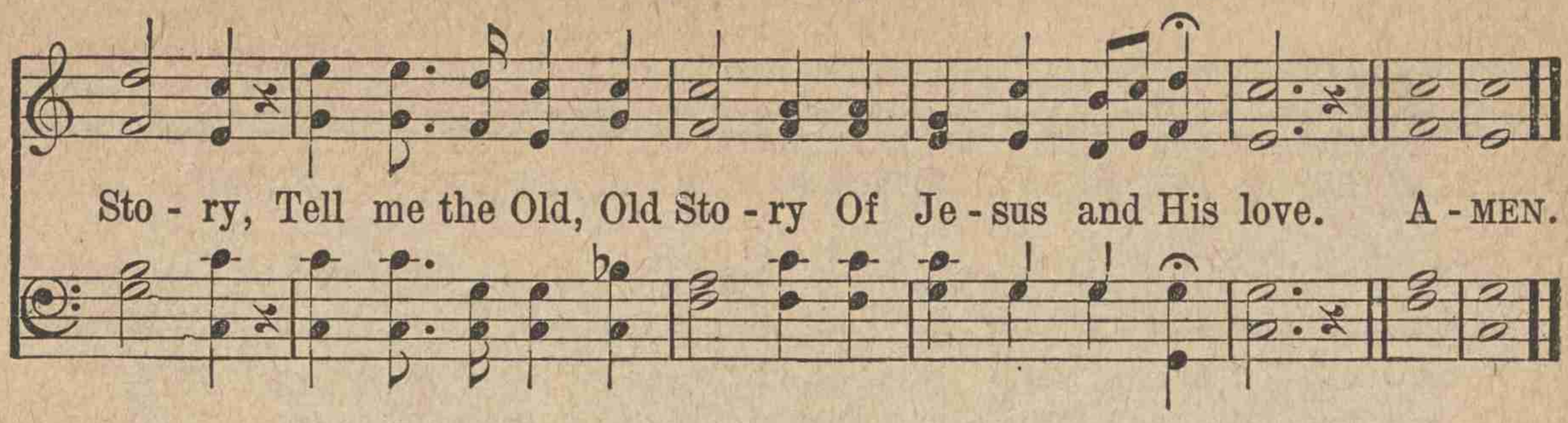
and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry
ful re - demp-tion, God's rem-e - dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry
I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry
emp-ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's

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

CHORUS.

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

Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

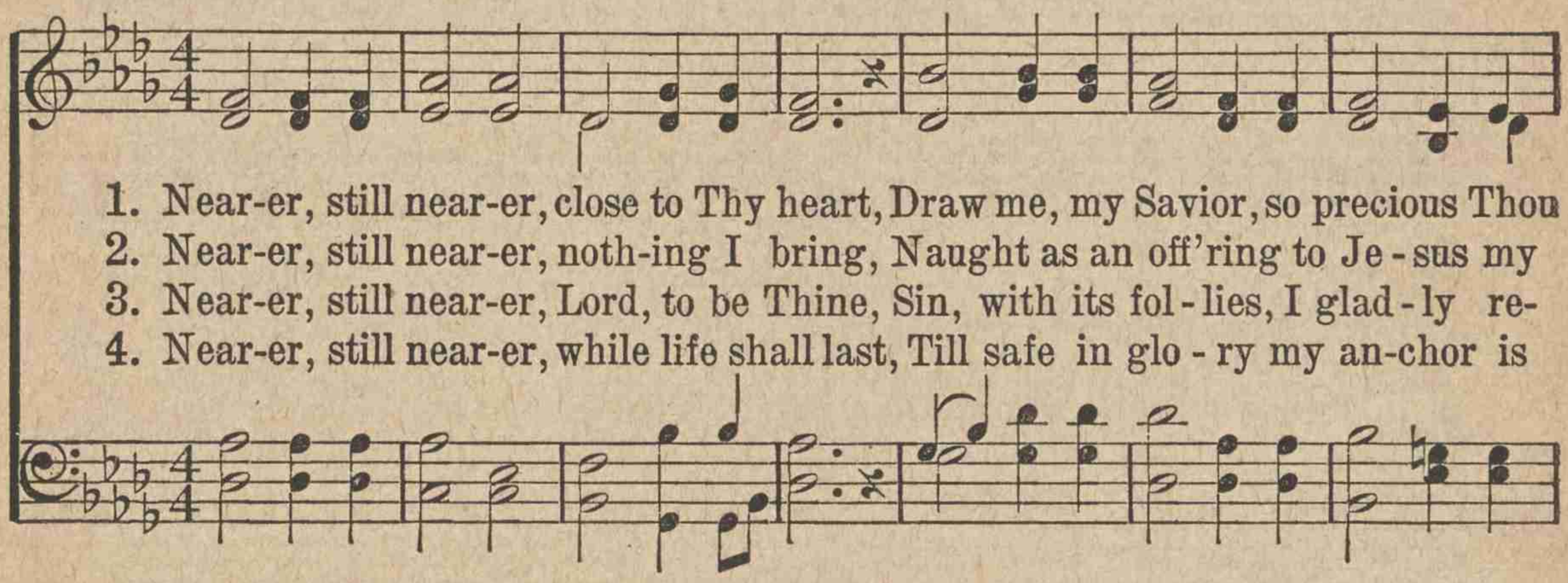


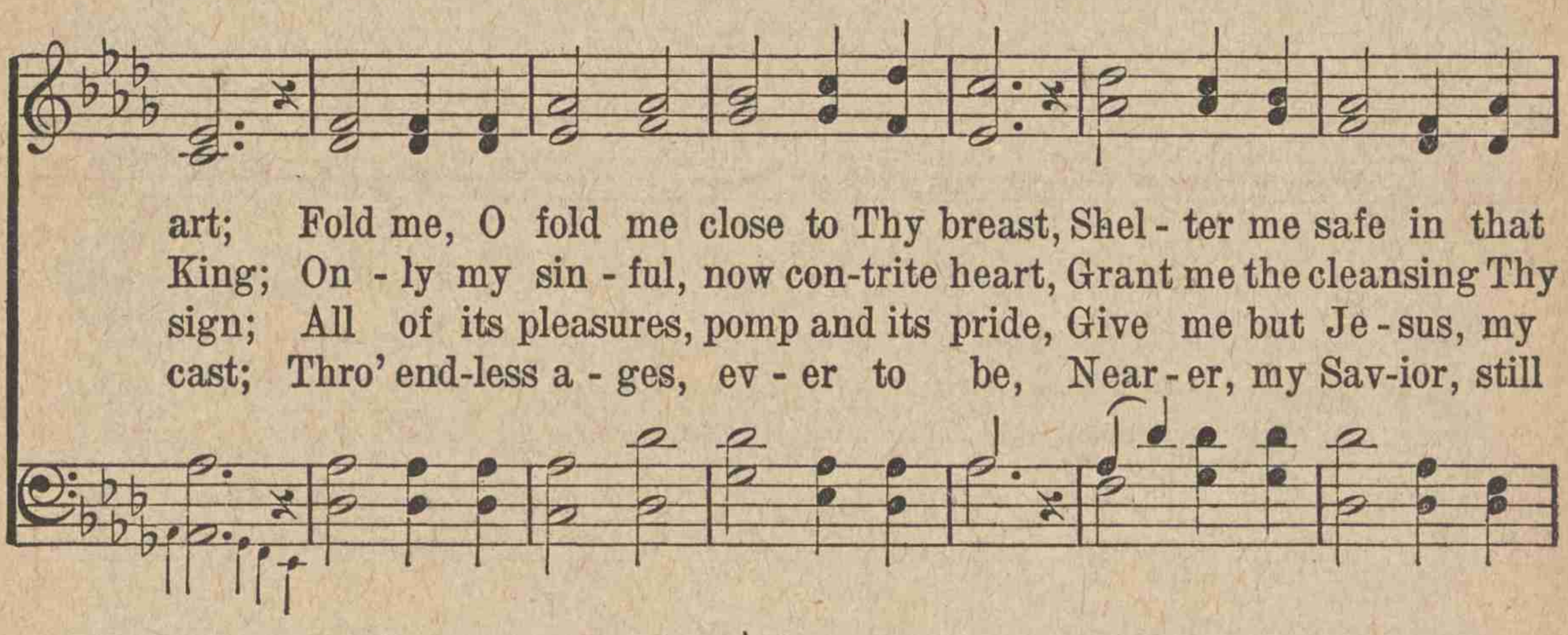
292 Nearer, Still Nearer.
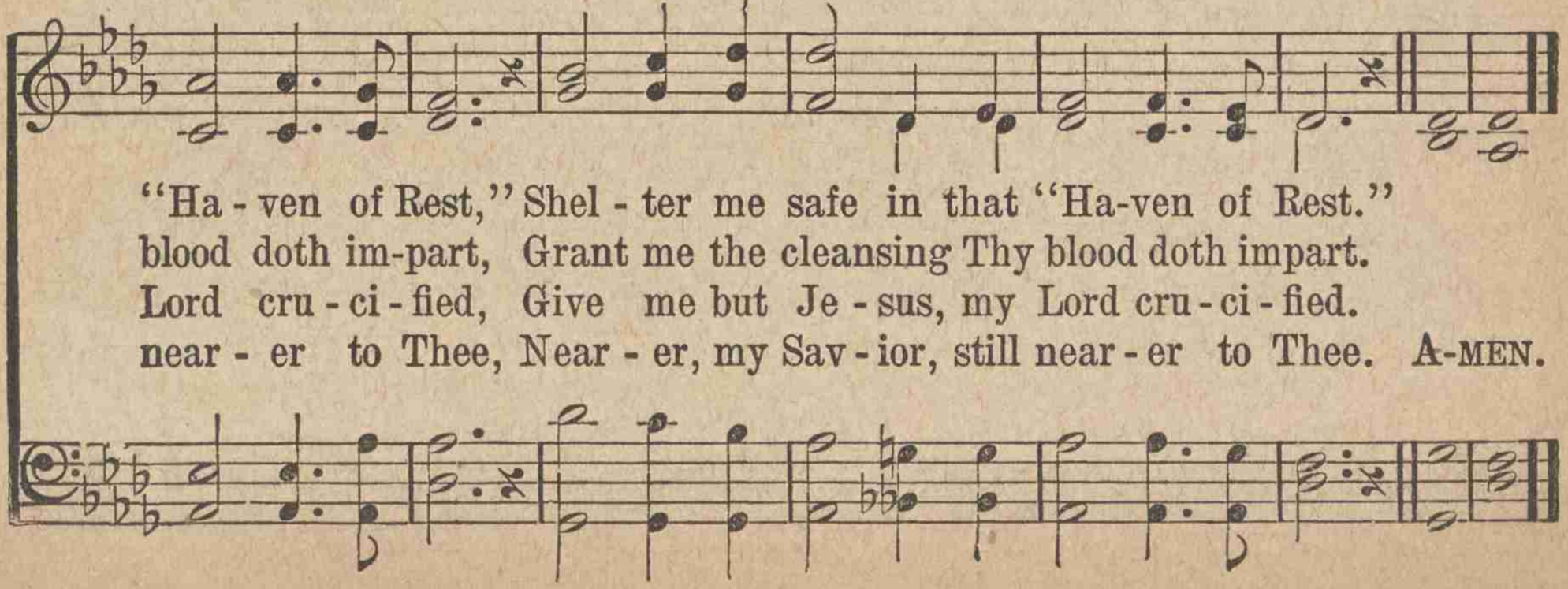
C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.







293 In Tenderness He Sought Me.

W. Spencer Walton. A. J. Gordon.

1. In ten - der - ness He sought me, Wea - ry and sick with sin,
2. He washed the bleed-ing sin-wounds, And poured in oil and wine;
3. He point - ed to the nail - prints, For me His blood was shed,
4. I'm sit - ting in His pres - ence, The sun - shine of His face,
5. So while the hours are pass - ing, All now is per - fect rest;

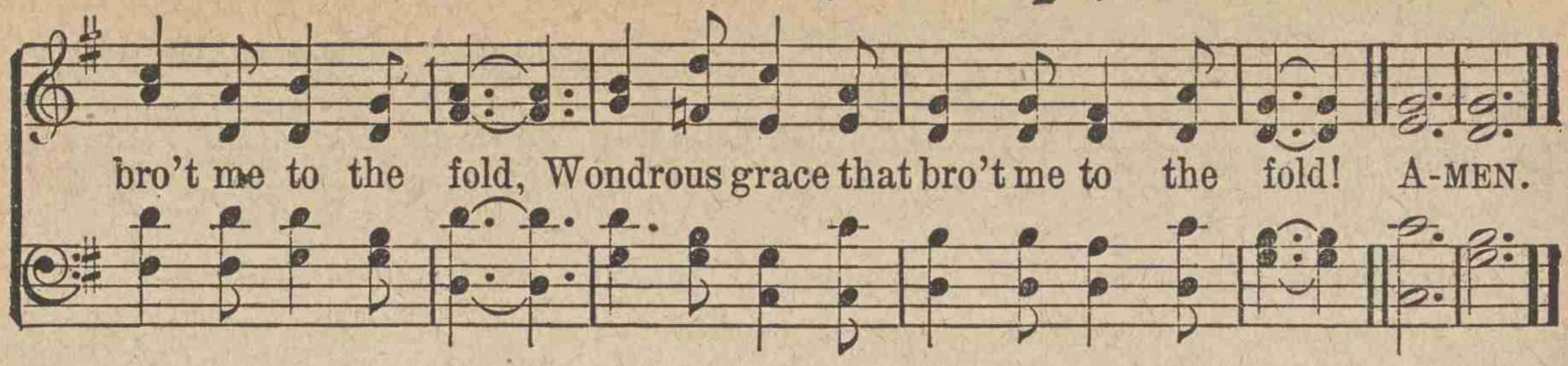
And on His shoul-ders bro't me, Back to His fold a - gain. While
He whis-pered to as - sure me, "I've found thee, thou art Mine;" I
A mock-ing crown so thorn - y, Was placed up - on His head: I
While with a - dor - ing won - der His bless - ings I re - trace. It
I'm wait - ing for the morn - ing, The bright-est and the best, When

an - gels in His pres-ence sang Un - til the courts of Heav - en rang.
nev - er heard a sweet - er voice, It made my ach - ing heart re - joice!
won-dered what He saw in me, To suf - fer such deep ag - o - ny.
seems as if e - ter - nal days Are far too short to sound His praise.
He will call us to His side, To be with Him, His spot - less bride.

CHORUS.

Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me! Oh, the grace that

In Tenderness He Sought Me.



294 Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. Bliss.

295 My Savior First of All.

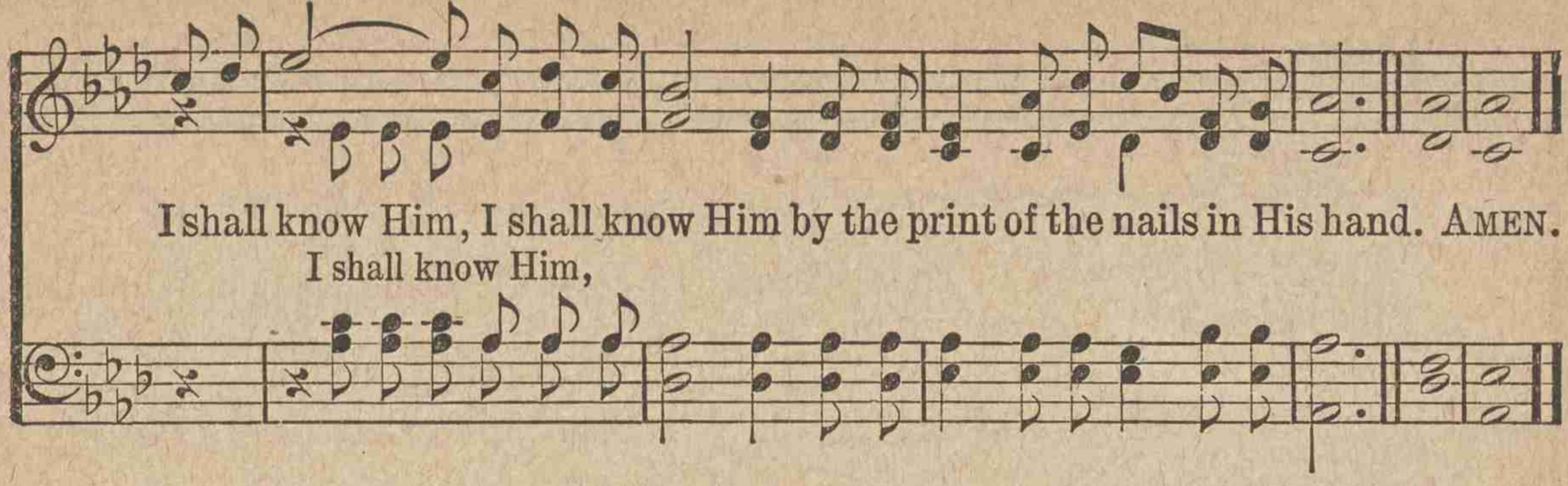
Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY JNO. R. SWENEY. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. When my life-work is end-ed and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the bright and glorious morn-ing I shall see, I shall know my Redeemer when I reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
2. O, the soul-thrill-ing rap-ture when I view His bless-ed face, And the lus-ter of His kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the mer-cy, love and grace, That pre-pare for me a man-sion in the sky.
3. O, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y, in a robe of spot-less white He will lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know . . Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand;
I shall know Him,

My Savior First of All.

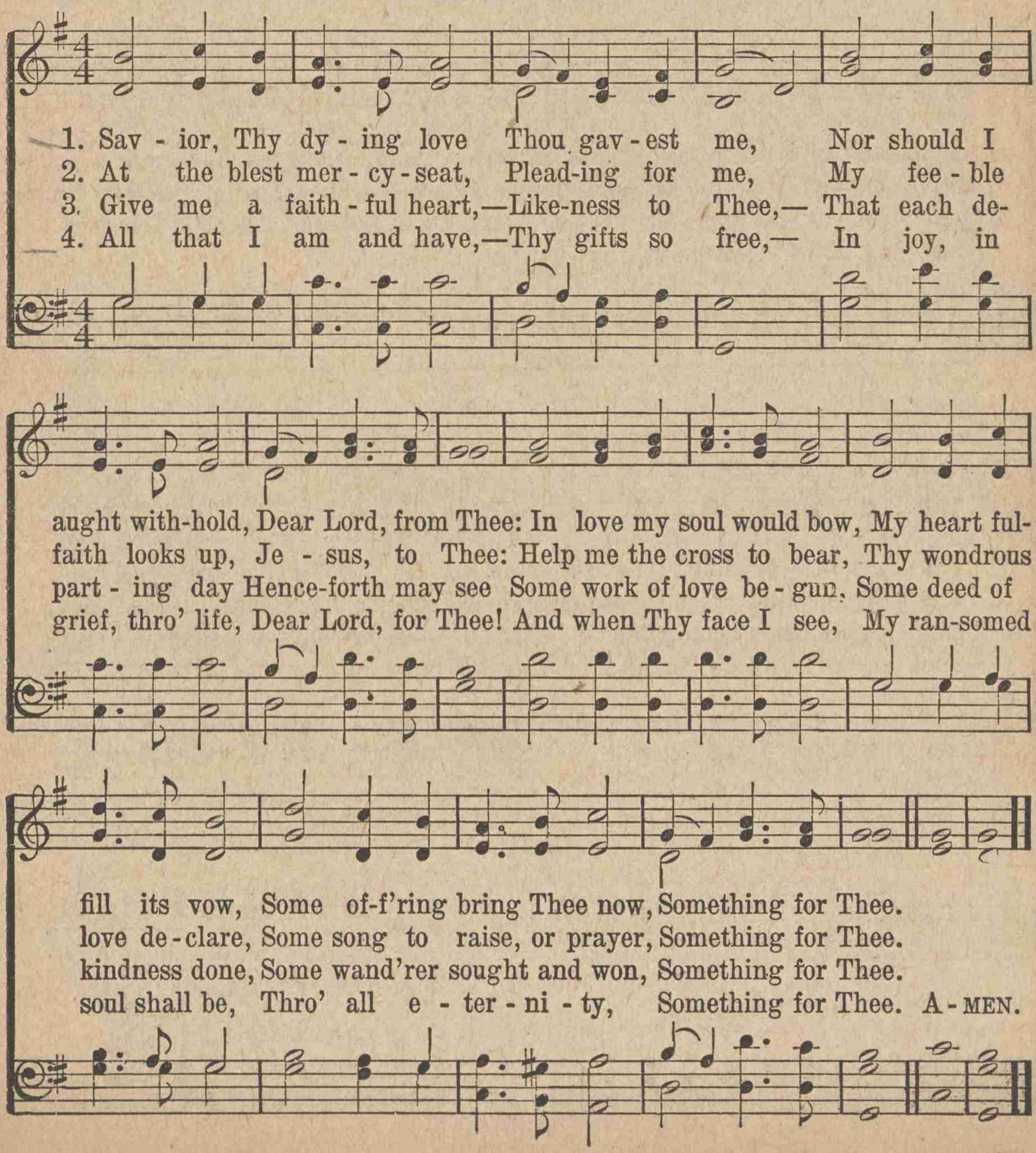


296 Something for Jesus.

S. D. Phelps.

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Robert Lowry.



297 Count Your Blessings.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er bur-dened 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, whether great or small, Do not be dis-

cour-aged, think-ing all is lost, Count your man-y bless-ings, name them
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y bless-ings, ev - 'ry
prom-ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y bless-ings, mon-ey
cour-aged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y bless-ings, an - gels
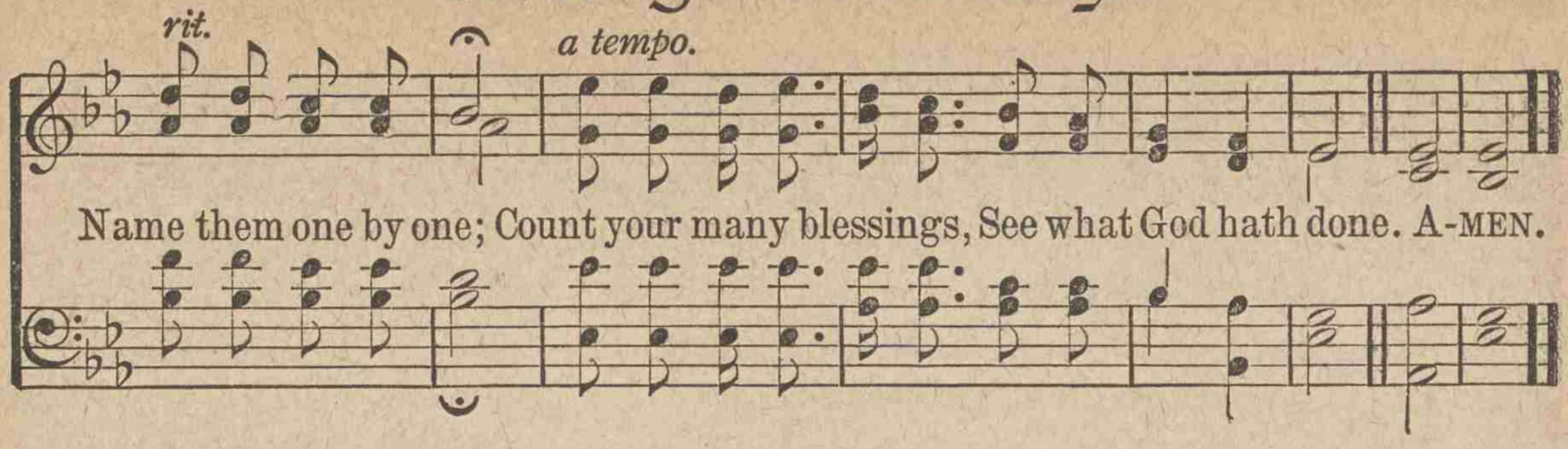
one by one, And it will sur-prise you what the Lord hath done.
doubt will fly, And you will be sing-ing as the days go by.
can - not buy Your re-ward in Heav-en, nor your home on high.
will at - tend, Help and com-fort give you to your jour - ney's end.

CHORUS.

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

bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your bless-ings,
bless - ings, See what God hath done; Count your man-y bless - ings,

Count Your Blessings.

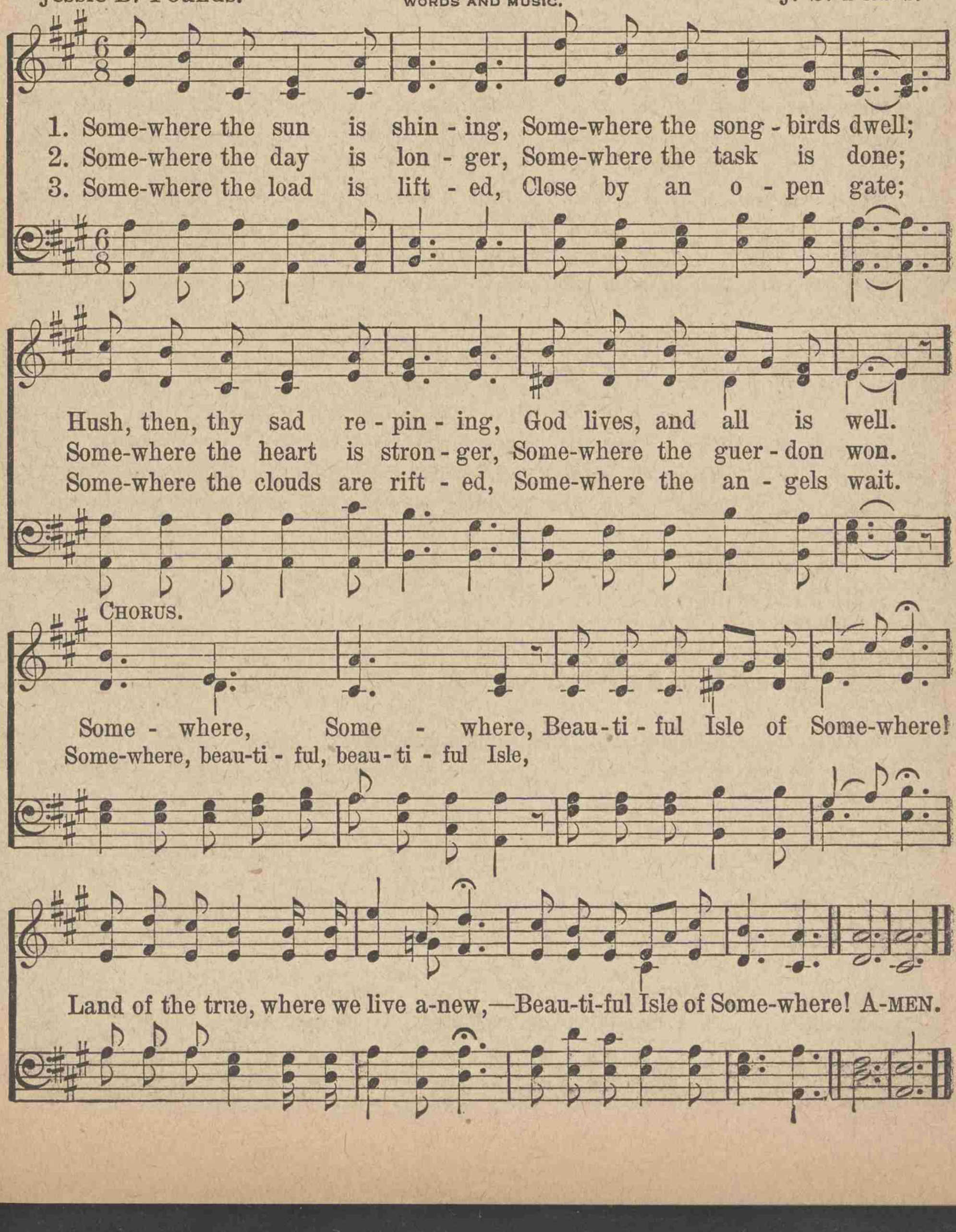


298 Beautiful Isle.

Jessie B. Pounds.

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

J. S. Fearis.



299 The Hand that was Wounded for Me.

Hattie H. Pierson
and Fred P. Morris.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY DANIEL B. TOWNER.
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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

D. B. Towner.

1. The hand that was nailed to the cross of woe, In love reach-es down to the
2. E'en now I can see, thro' a mist of tears, That hand still outstretched o'er the
3. The hand that wrought wonders in days of old Hold treasure more precious than
4. How oft at the touch of that nail-scarred palm My storm-troub-led heart has at
5. Tri-umphant thro' grace I shall some day stand, With Je - sus at home on that

world be-low; 'Tis beck-on-ing now to the souls that roam, And pointing the
gulf of years, With healing and hope for my sin - sick soul; One touch of its
gems of gold, The price of re-demp-tion from sin and shame, The gift of sal-
once grown calm; The tem-pest that sur-ges I will not fear, For how can I
gold - en strand, His face in its beau-ty at last to see, My hand in the

CHORUS.

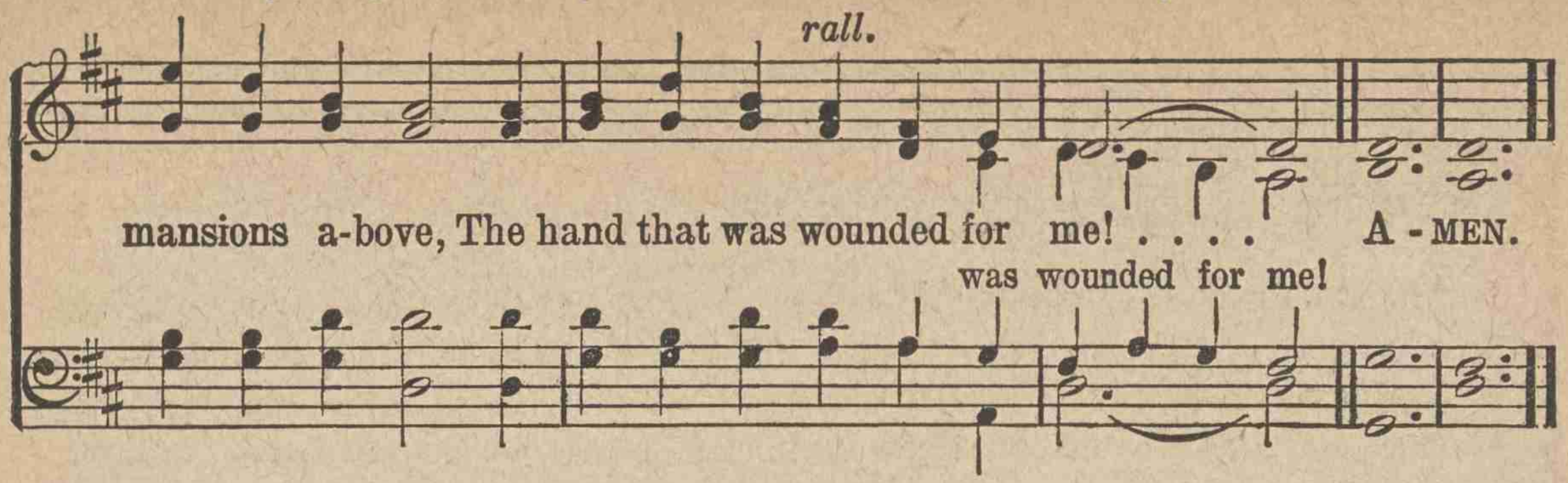
way to the heav'n-ly home.
fin - ger will make me whole.
va - tion thro' Je-sus' name. The hand of my Sav - ior I see, ...
sink while that hand is near?
hand that was pierced for me. my Sav-ior I see,

I see, I see,

The hand that was wounded for me: . . . . 'Twill lead me in love to the
was wound-ed for me:

for me:

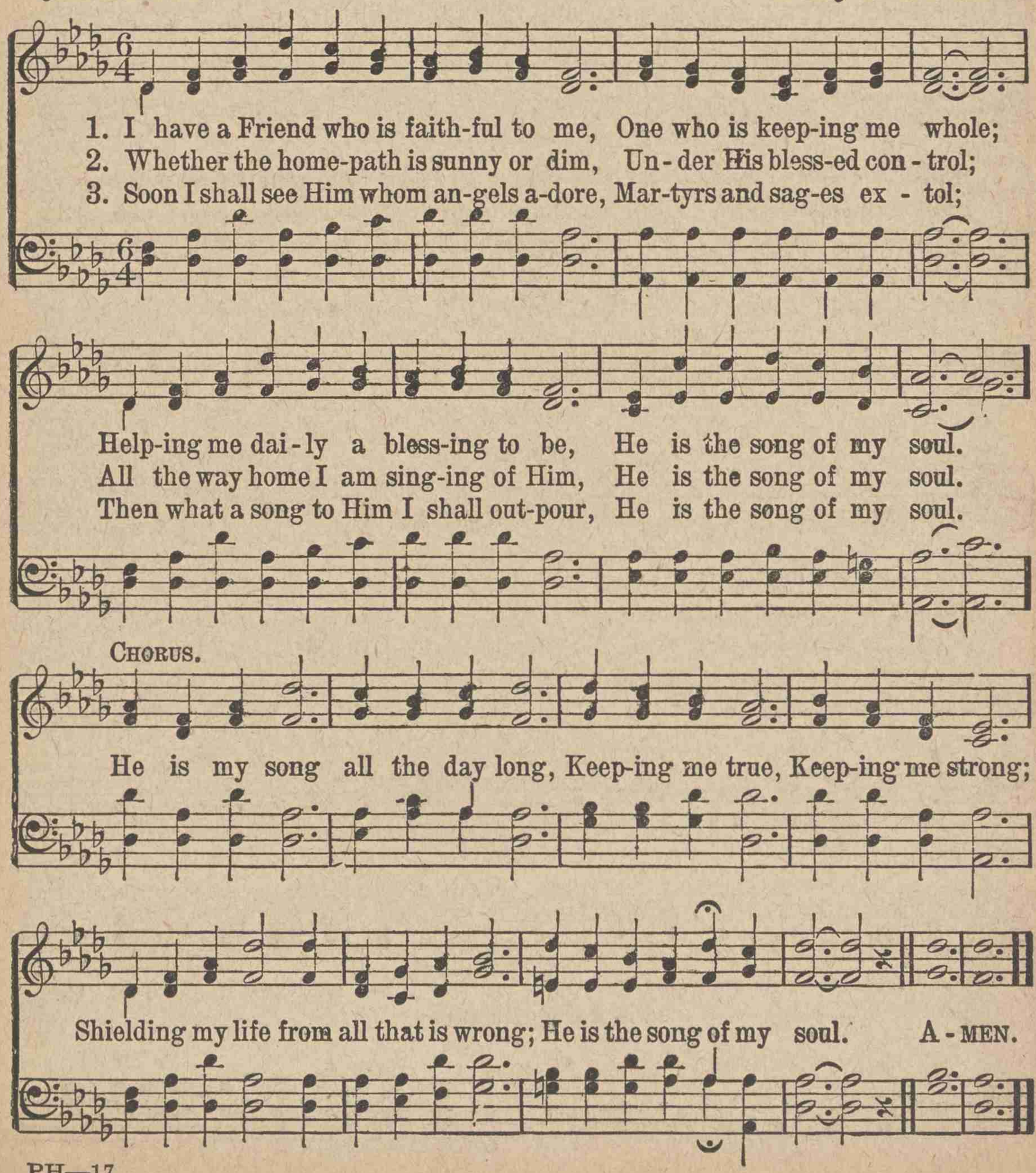
The Hand that was Wounded for Me.



300 The Song of My Soul.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.
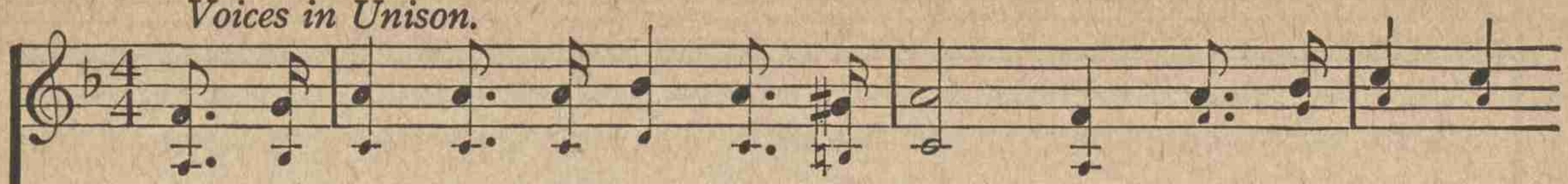
James Rowe. Henry P. Morton.
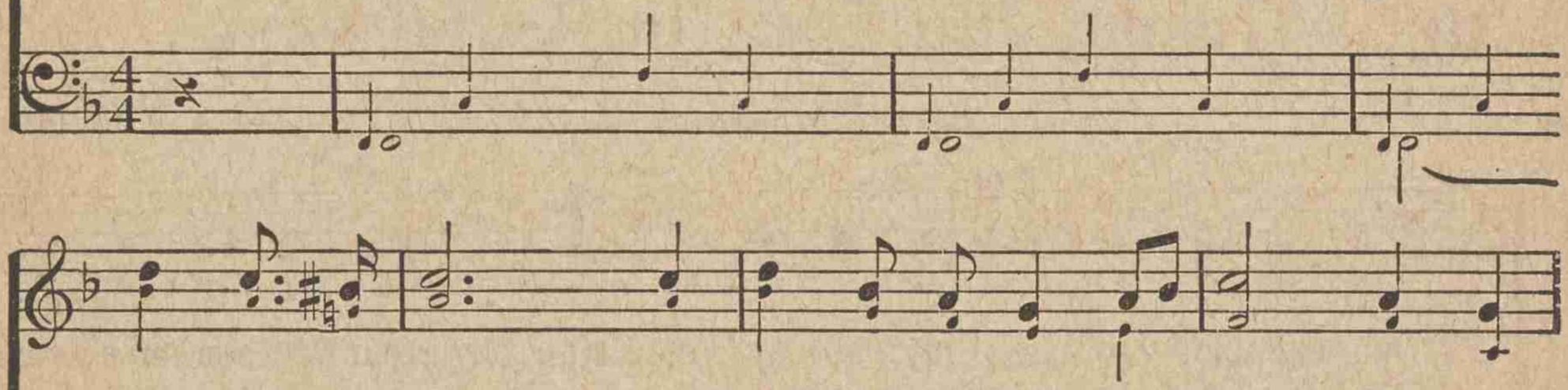


301 We've a Story to Tell to the Nations.

Colin Sterne. *Sterne. 10. 8. 7. 7. 7.* H. Ernest Nichol.

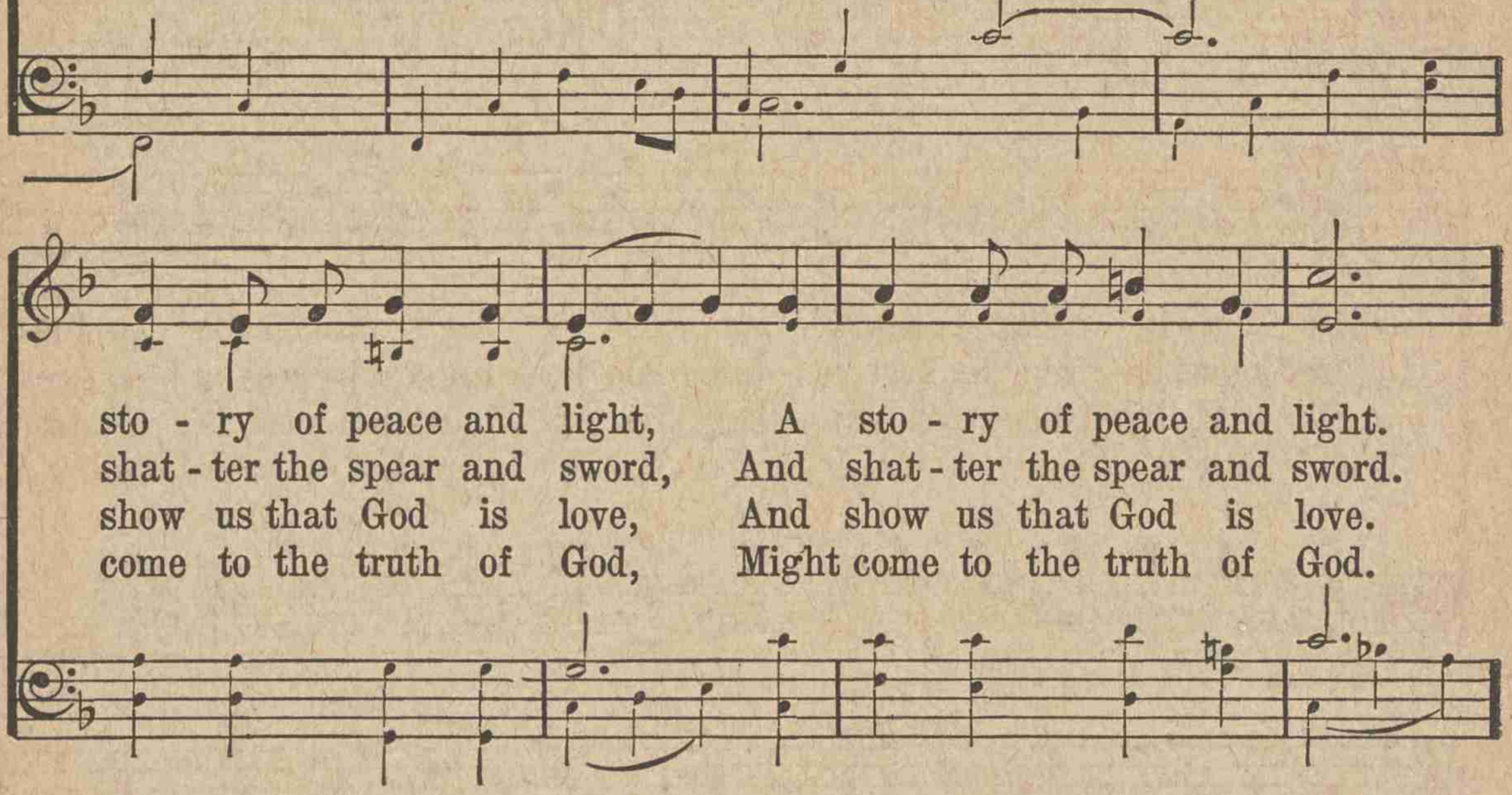
Voices in Unison.



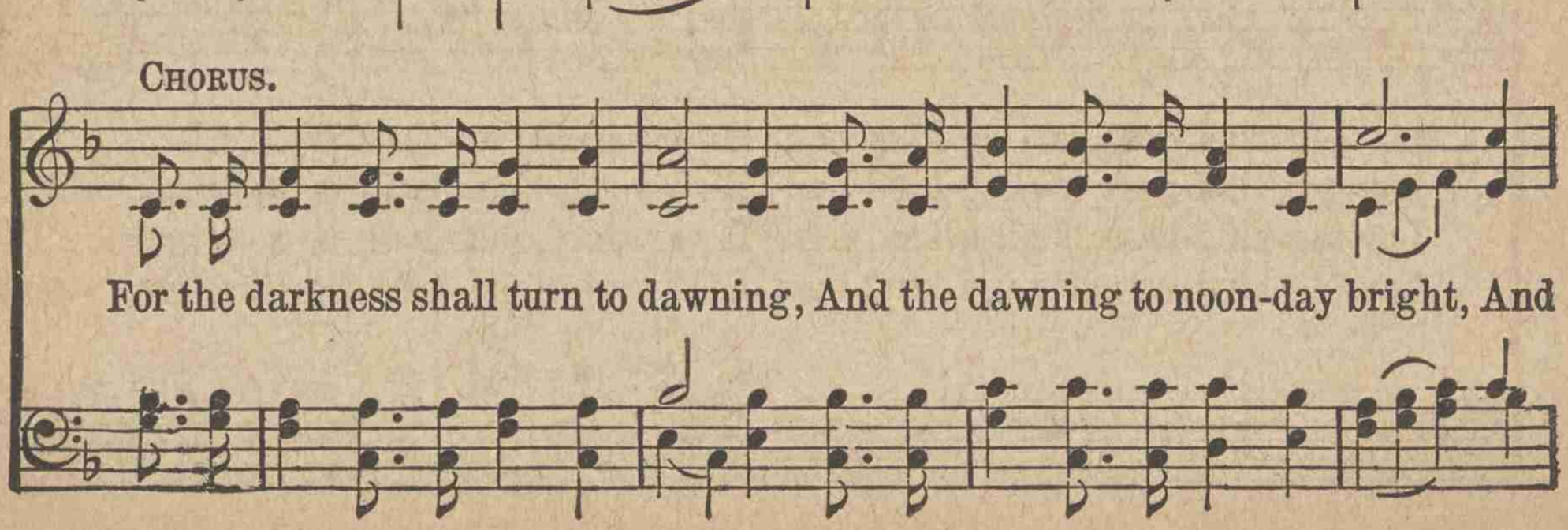
1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall turn their
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall lift their
3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the Lord Who
4. We've a Sav - ior to show to the na - tions, Who the path of



hearts to the right, A sto - ry of truth and sweet - ness, A
hearts to the Lord; A song that shall con - quer e - vil And
reign - eth a - bove, Hath sent us His Son to save us, And
sor - row has trod, That all of the world's great peo - ple Might
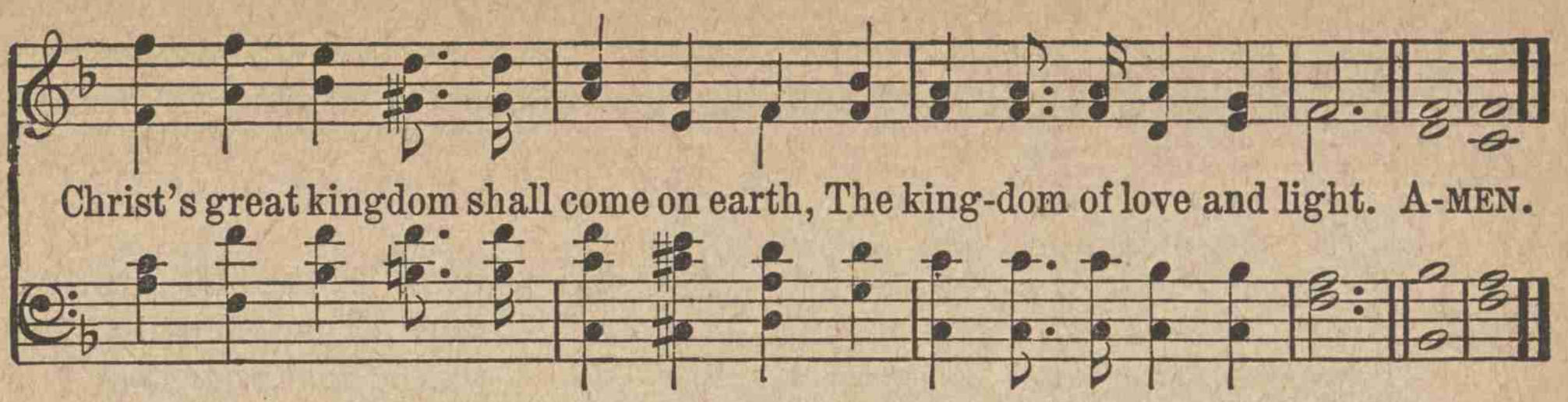


sto - ry of peace and light, A sto - ry of peace and light.
shat - ter the spear and sword, And shat - ter the spear and sword.
show us that God is love, And show us that God is love.
come to the truth of God, Might come to the truth of God.



CHORUS.

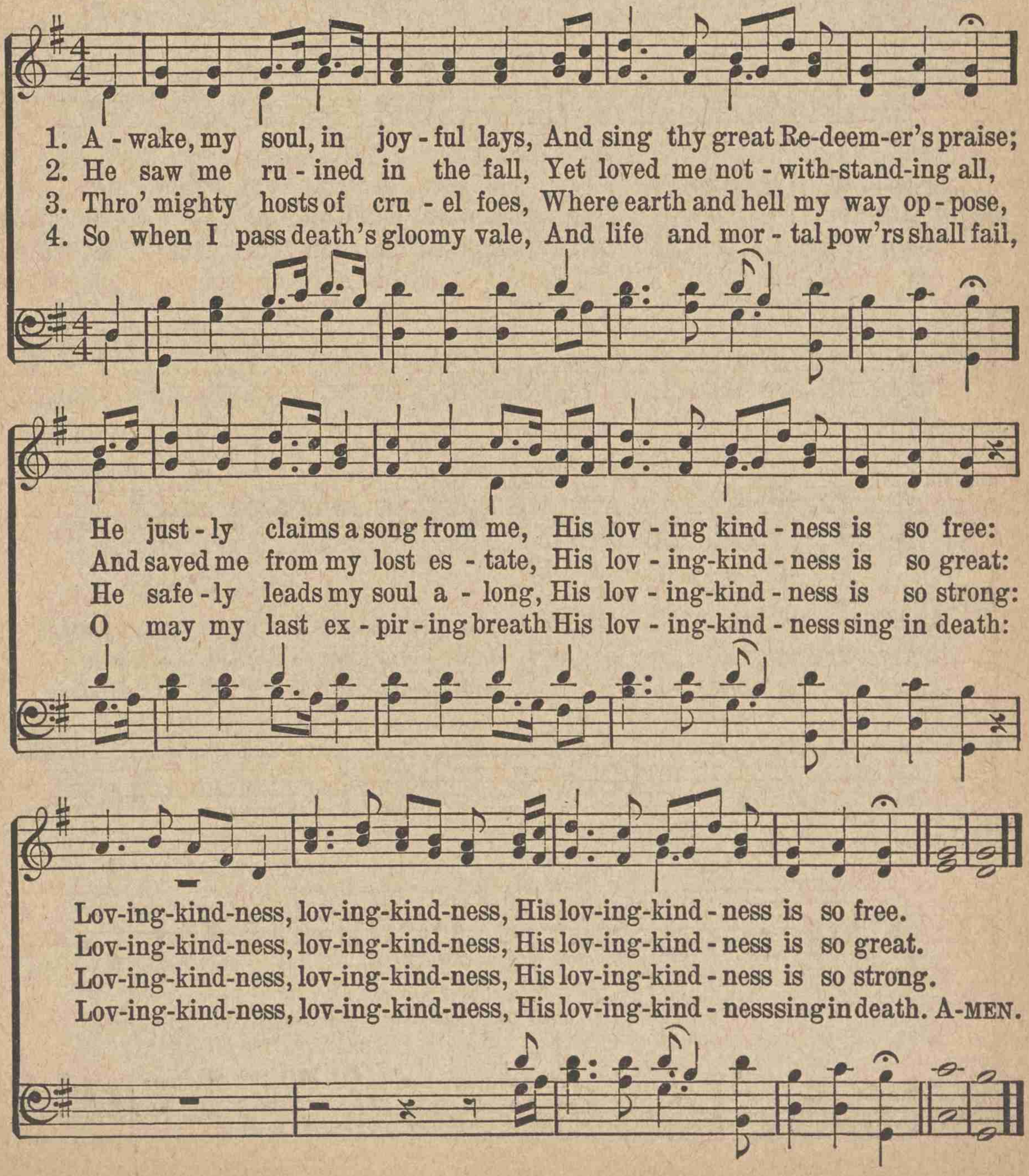
For the darkness shall turn to dawning, And the dawning to noon-day bright, And

We've a Story to Tell to the Nations.



302 Awake, My Soul, in Joyful Lays.

Loving-Kindness. L. M. American Melody.



303 His Love Can Never Fail.

E. S. Hall.

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

E. O. Excell.

1. I do not ask to see the way My feet will have to tread,
But only that my soul may feed Upon the living bread:
I will not fear, tho' darkness come A-broad o'er all the land,
If I may only feel the touch Of His own loving hand:
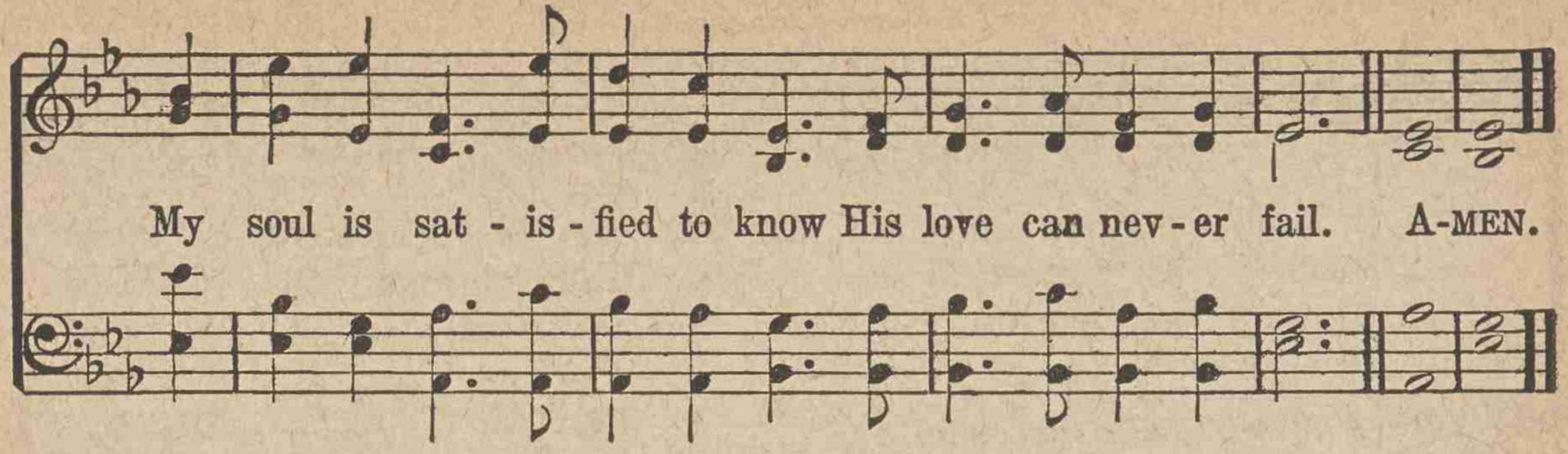
2. And if my feet would go a-stray, They can-not, for I know
That Jesus guides my faltering steps, As joyfully I go:
'Tis better far that I should walk By faith close to His side;
I may not know the way I go, But oh, I know my Guide.

3. I will not fear, tho' dark-ness come A-broad o'er all the land,
If I may only feel the touch Of His own loving hand:
And though I may not see His face, My faith is strong and clear
That in each hour of sore distress My Savior will be near.
And though I trem-ble when I think How weak I am, how frail,
My soul is satisfied to know His love can never fail.

CHORUS.

His love . . . can never fail, His love . . . can never fail;
His love can never fail, His love can never fail;
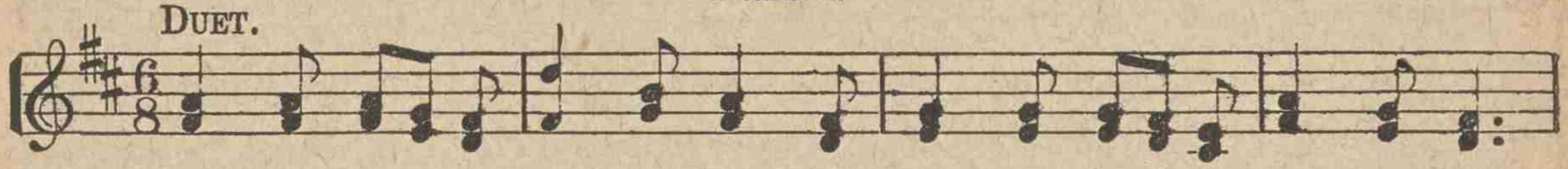
His Love Can Never Fail.



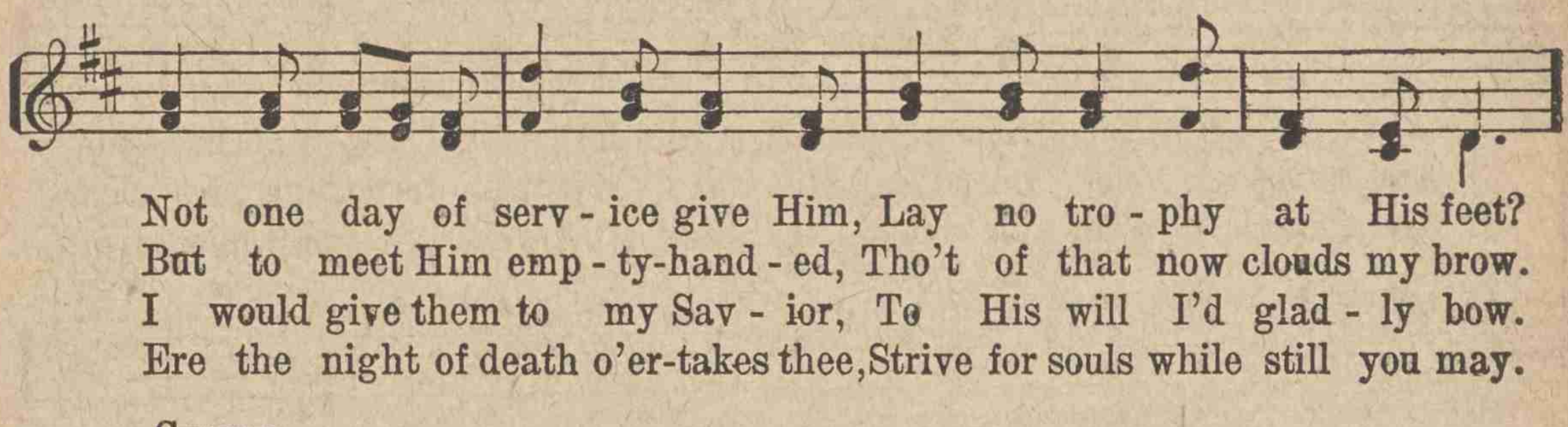
304 Must I Go, and Empty-Handed?

C. C. Luther. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY GEO. B. STEBBINS. RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.

DUET.

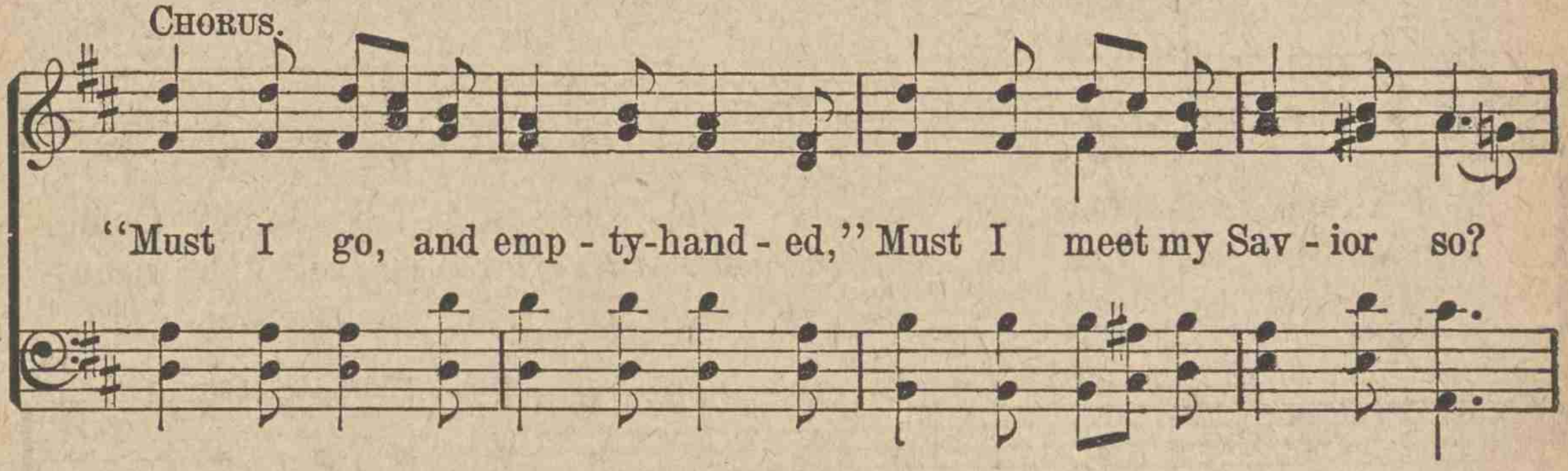


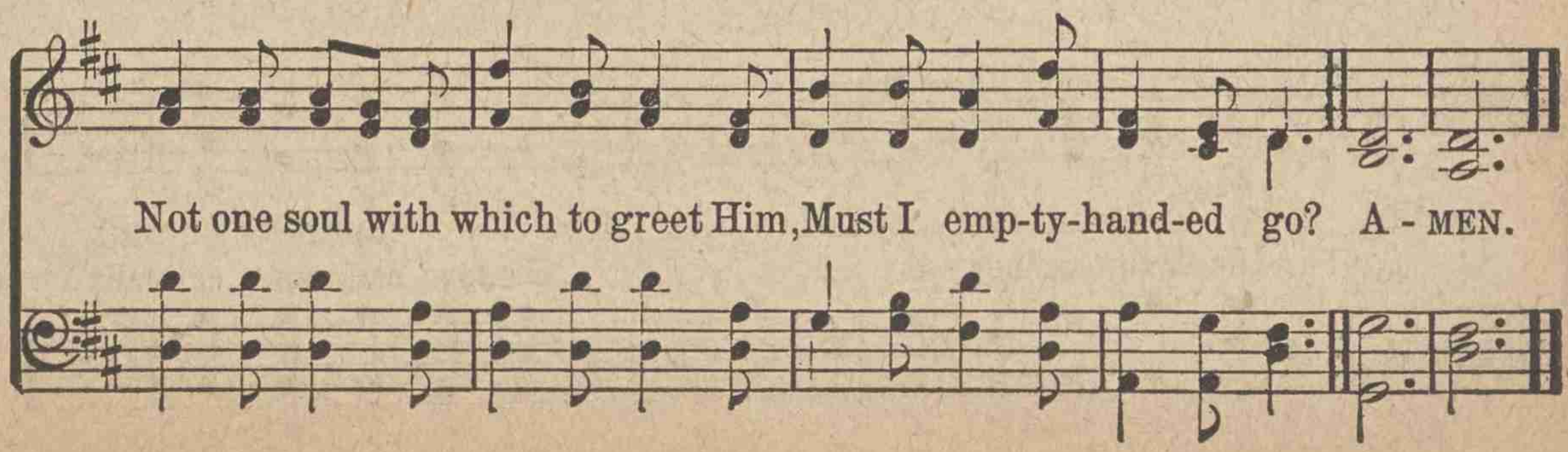
1. "Must I go, and emp - ty-hand - ed," Thus my dear Re-deem - er meet?
2. Not at death I shrink nor fal - ter, For my Sav - ior saves me now;
3. Oh, the years of sin - ning wast - ed, Could I but re - call them now,
4. Oh, ye saints, a-rouse, be ear - nest, Up and work while yet 'tis day,



Not one day of serv - ice give Him, Lay no tro - phy at His feet?
But to meet Him emp - ty-hand - ed, Tho't of that now clouds my brow.
I would give them to my Sav - ior, To His will I'd glad - ly bow.
Ere the night of death o'er-takes thee, Strive for souls while still you may.

CHORUS.





305 More Like the Master.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.
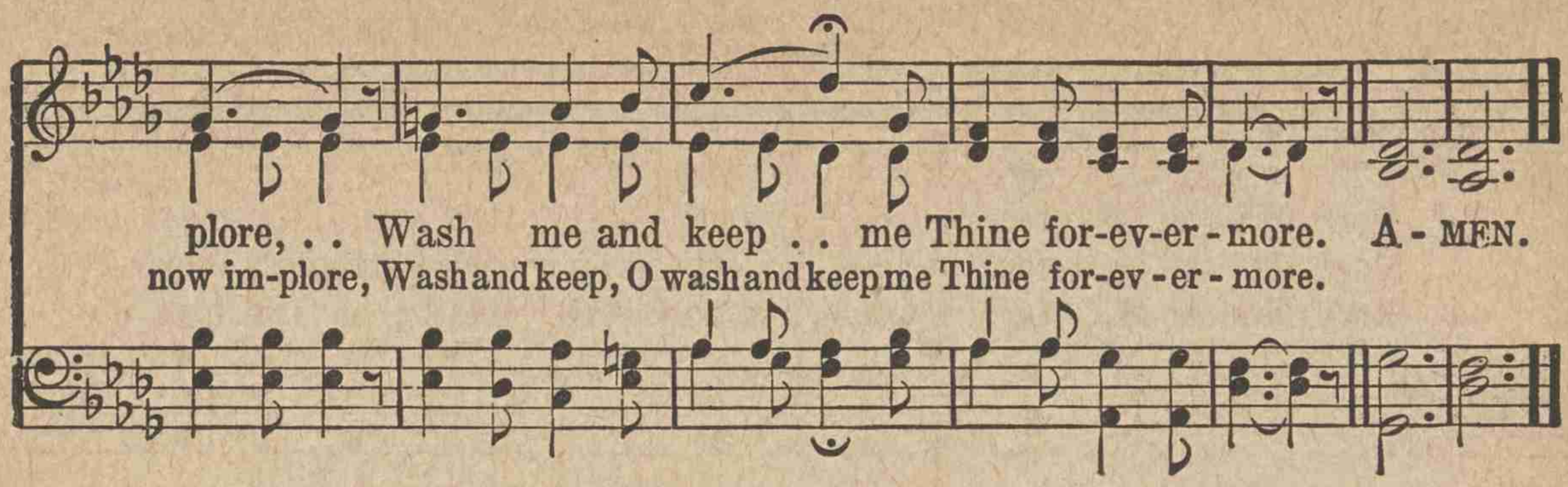
rit.

More con-se-cra-tion for work He bids me do. . . . . Take Thou my
More of His Spir-it, the wan-der-er to win. . . . .
More like the Mas-ter I long to ev-er be. . . . . Take my heart, O

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

make it all Thine own; . . Purge me from sin, . . . O Lord, I now im-
make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev'ry sin, O Lord, I

More Like the Master.
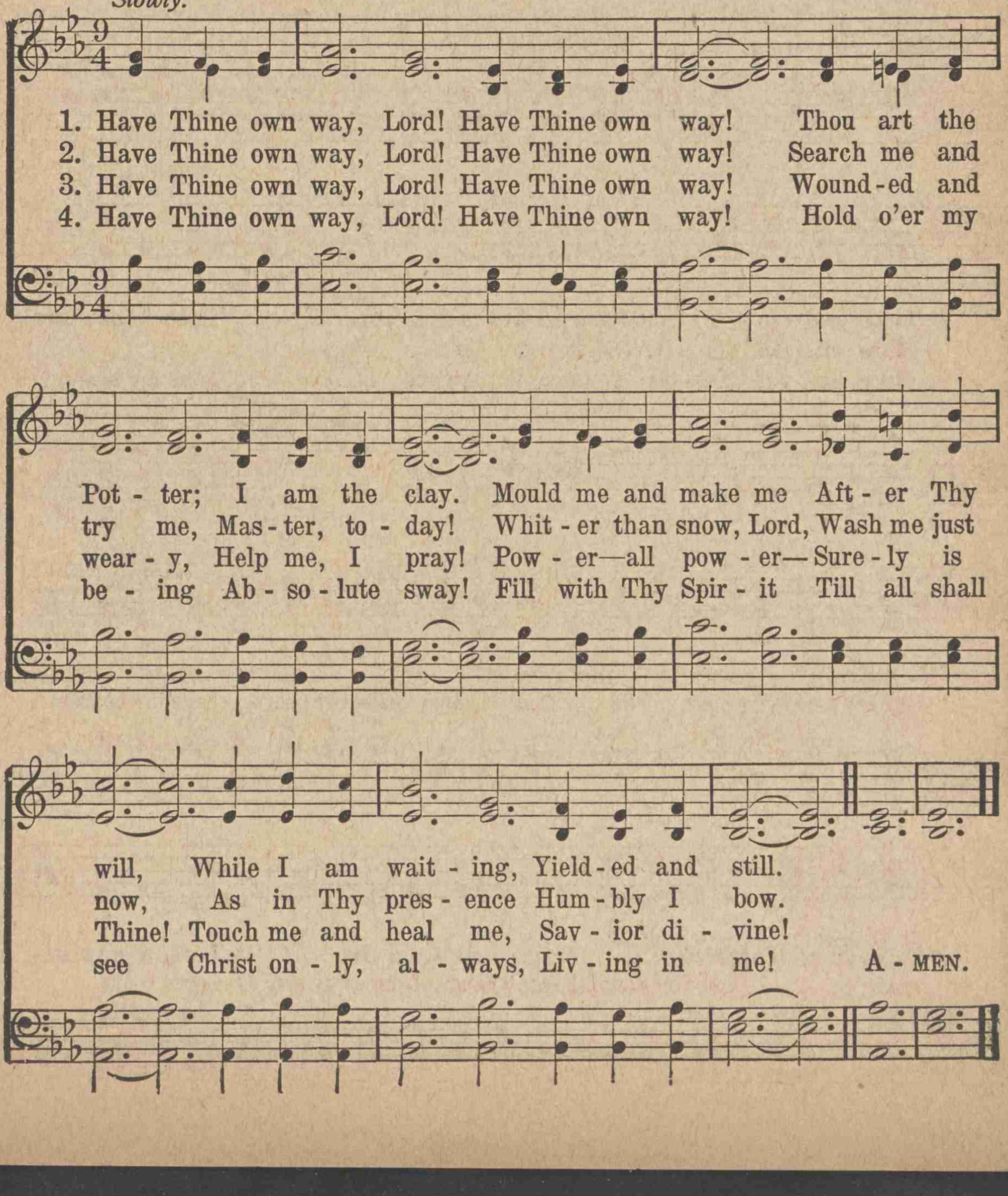


306 Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

A. A. P.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS.
RENEWAL.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

Slowly.



307 Meet Me There.

H. E. Blair.

COPYRIGHT, 1885 AND 1913, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. IN RENEWAL.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. On the hap - py, gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dis-solves a - way
2. Here our fond-est hopes are vain, Dear-est links are rent in twain; But in Heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the riv - er spark-ling bright,
3. Where the harps of an - gels ring, And the blest for - ev - er sing, In the pal - ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet com-mun-ion blend

In - to pure and per-fect day, I am go-ing home to stay, Meet me there.
In the cit - y of de-light, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
Heart with heart and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

CHORUS.

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

Meet Me There.

happy, golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there. A-MEN.

Meet me there.

308 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

Louisa M. R. Stead.

COPYRIGHT, 1882 AND 1910, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PER.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His Word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleans-ing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend;

Just to rest up - on His prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal-ing, cleans-ing flood!
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!

p

Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more! A-MEN.

309 Calling the Prodigal.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal, come without de-lay, Hear, O hear Him
2. Pa-tient, lov-ing and ten-der-ly still the Fa-ther pleads, Hear, O hear Him
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare, Hear, O hear Him

call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Tho' you've wandered so far from His
call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Oh! re-turn while the Spir-it in
call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Lo! the ta-ble is spread and the
for thee;

pres-ence, come to-day, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still. . . . . .
mer-cy in-ter-cedes, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still. . . . . .
feast is wait-ing there, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still. (call-ing still.)

CHORUS.

Call - - - ing now for thee, ... O wear - - - - - y
Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee, Wear-y prod-i-gal, come,

prod-i-gal, come; . . . . . Call - - - ing now for thee, ...
wear-y prod-i-gal, come; Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee,

Calling the Prodigal.

O wear - - - - y prod-i-gal, come. . . . . A-MEN.
Wear-y prod-i-gal, come, wear-y prod-i-gal, come.

310 Nothing But the Blood.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

R. L. Robert Lowry.

1. What can wash a-way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus;
2. For my par-don this I see— Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus;
3. Noth-ing can for sin a-tone— Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace—Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus;

What can make me whole a-gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus.
For my cleans-ing, this my plea—Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus.
Naught of good that I have done—Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus.
This is all my right-eous-ness—Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus.

REFRAIN.

Oh! pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
No oth-er fount I know, Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus. A-MEN.

311 When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

J. M. B.

J. M. BLACK, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.
USED BY PERMISSION.

J. M. Black.

1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the morning breaks, e-ter-nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur-rec-tion share; When His cho-sen ones shall gather
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun, Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of life is o - ver,
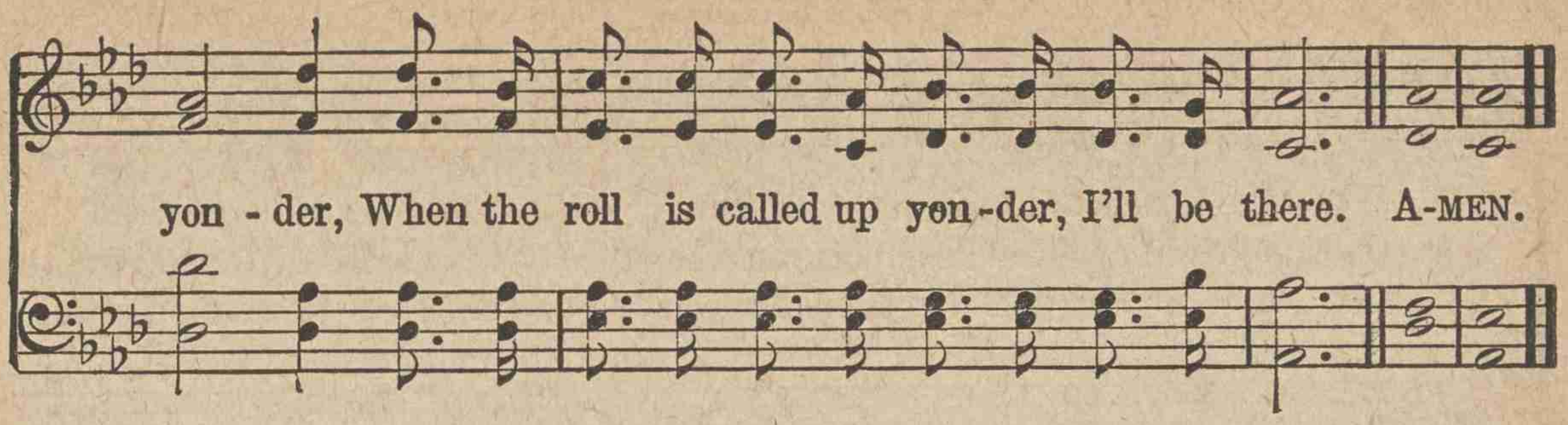
o - ver on the oth-er shore, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.

CHORUS.

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

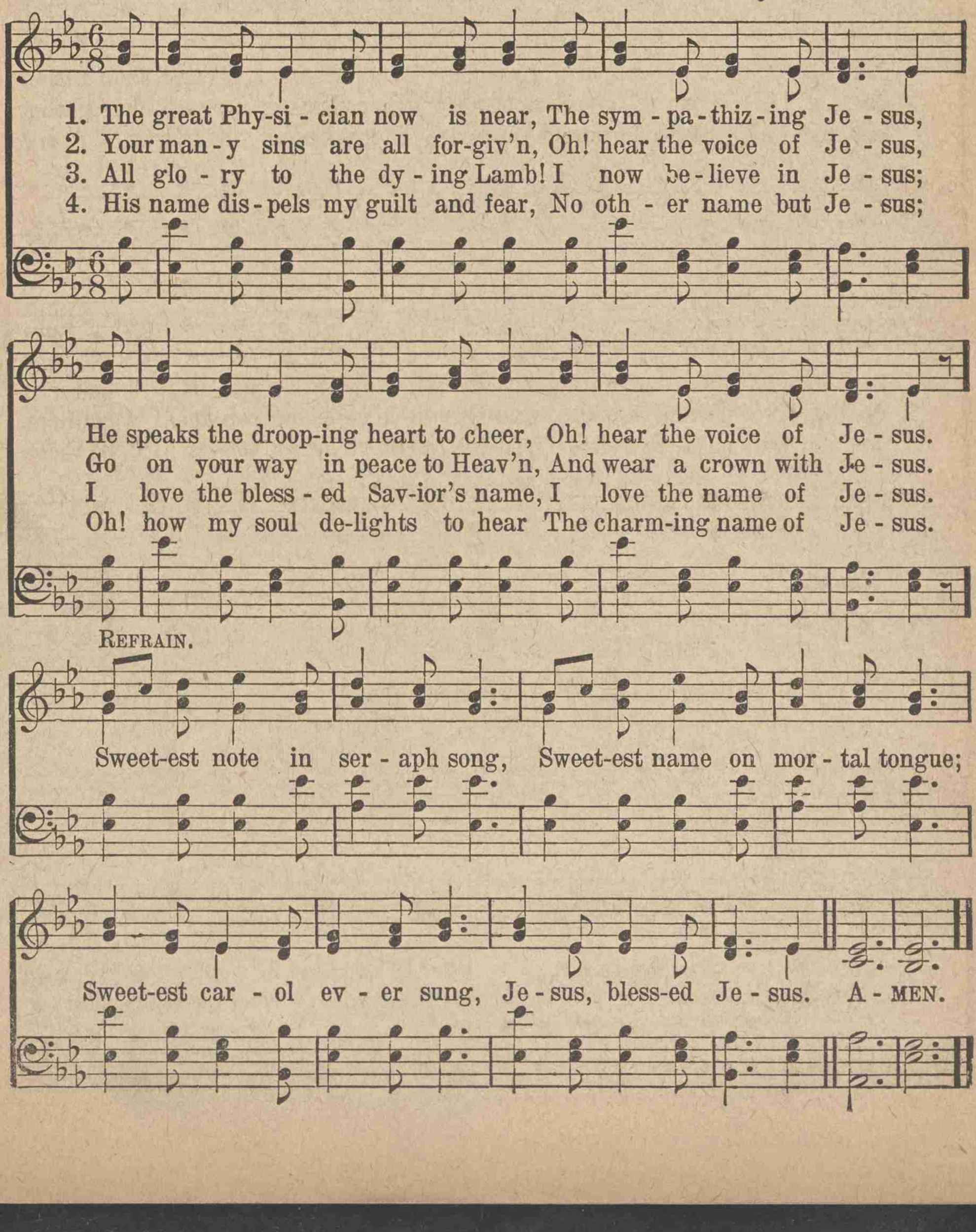
roll . . . . is called up yon - - der, When the roll . . . . is called up
When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.



312 The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.



313 My Savior.

C. M. F.

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

Chas. M. Fillmore.

1. I've a Sav - ior, kind and ten - der, I've a Sav - ior full of grace,
2. For my sake He came from Heav-en To this world of sin and shame;
3. Tho' I've oft - en been un - wor - thy, He has con - stant been, and true;
4. I've a Sav - ior, kind and ten - der, He would be your Sav - ior, too;
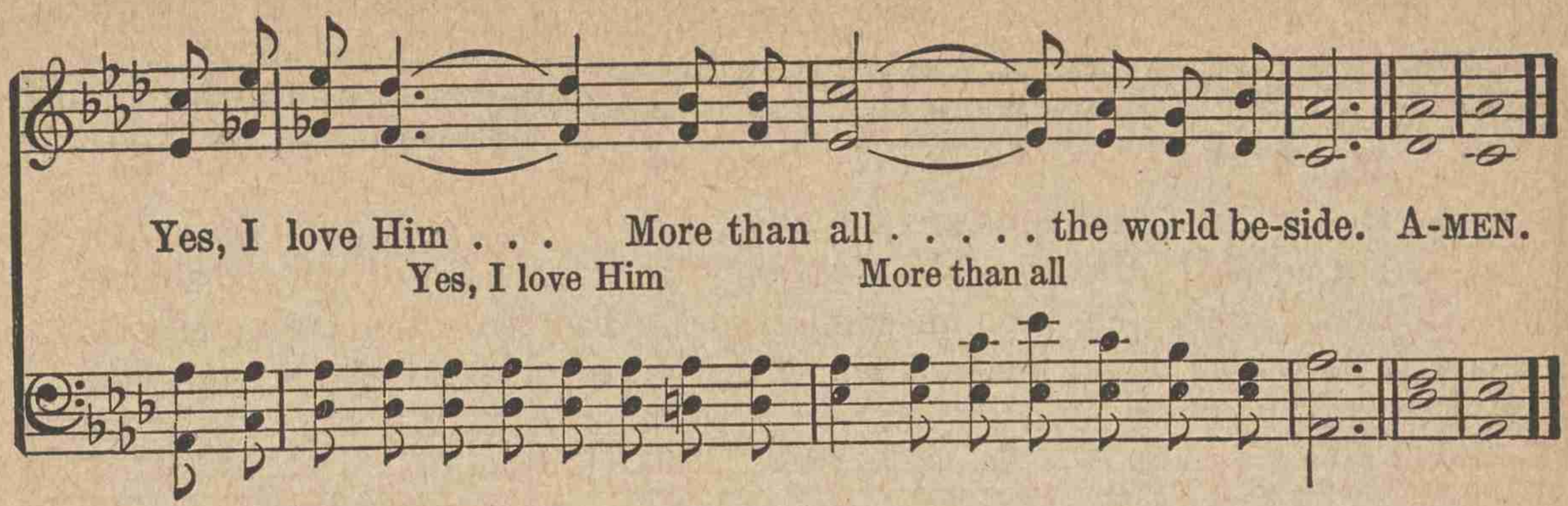
And a smile of win-ning sweet-ness Ev - er beams up - on His face:
Bore my guilt, tho' He was guilt - less, And tho' blame-less, took my blame:
Tho' I wronged Him, He for-gave me When I would my vows re - new;
Will you not ac - cept the par - don Which He free - ly of - fers you?

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

CHORUS.

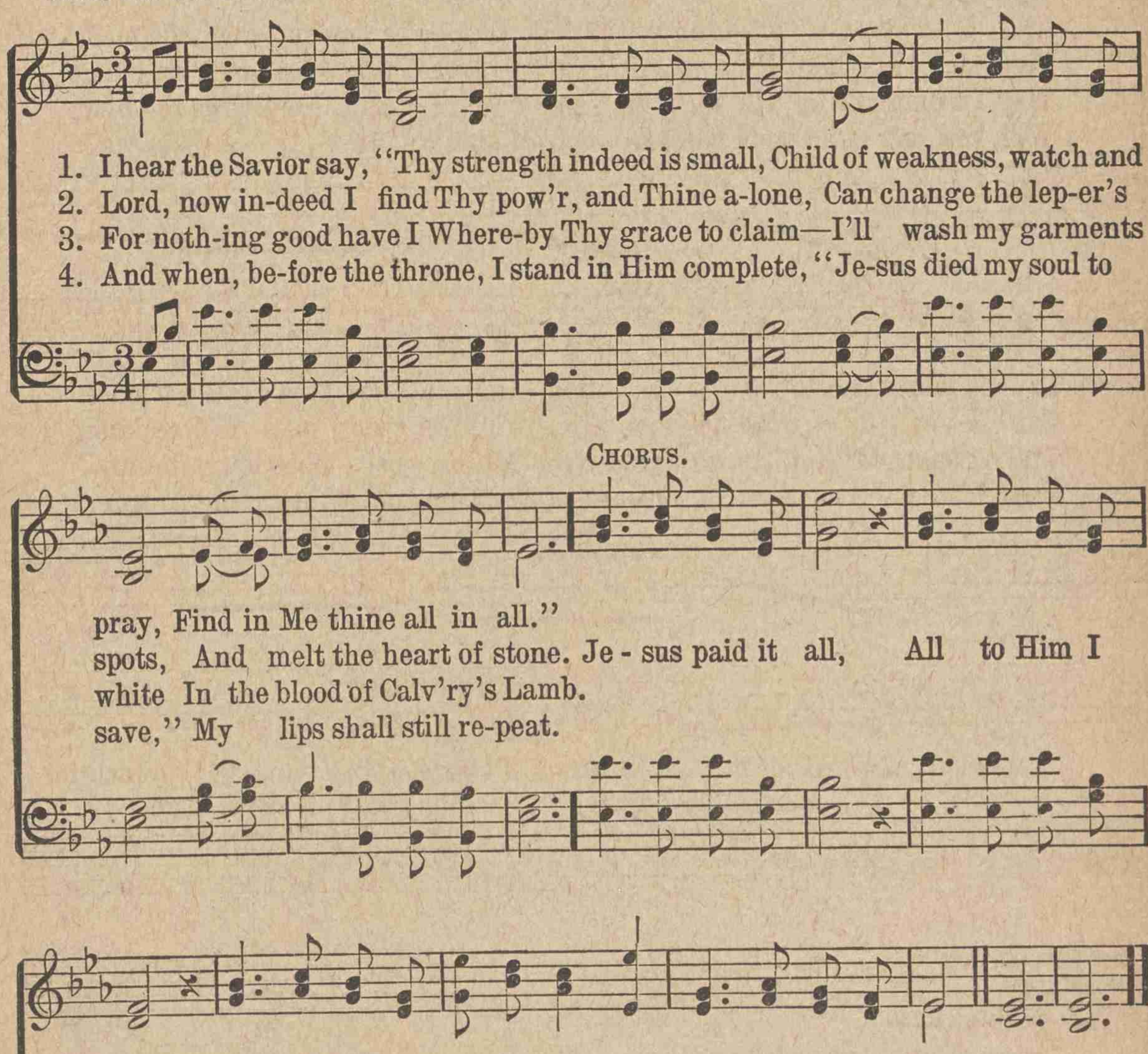
How I love Him! . . . How I love Him! . . . Since for me . . . . . He bled and died;
How I love Him! How I love Him! How I love Him! How I love Him!
Since for me He bled and died; How I love . . . . Him!
How I love Him!

My Savior.



314 Jesus Paid It All.

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



315 I've Had a Talk With Jesus.

Ida Scott Taylor. COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY W. E. PENN. W. E. Penn.

1. I've had a talk with Je - sus, I've told Him all my care;
2. I've had a talk with Je - sus, His prom - ised peace to share;
3. I've had a talk with Je - sus, We held com - mun - ion sweet;

I've sought His bless - ed pres - ence, And dropped my bur - den there;
We walked by heal - ing wa - ters Thro' pas - tures green and fair;
I've laid my joys and sor - rows, Like Ma - ry, at His feet—

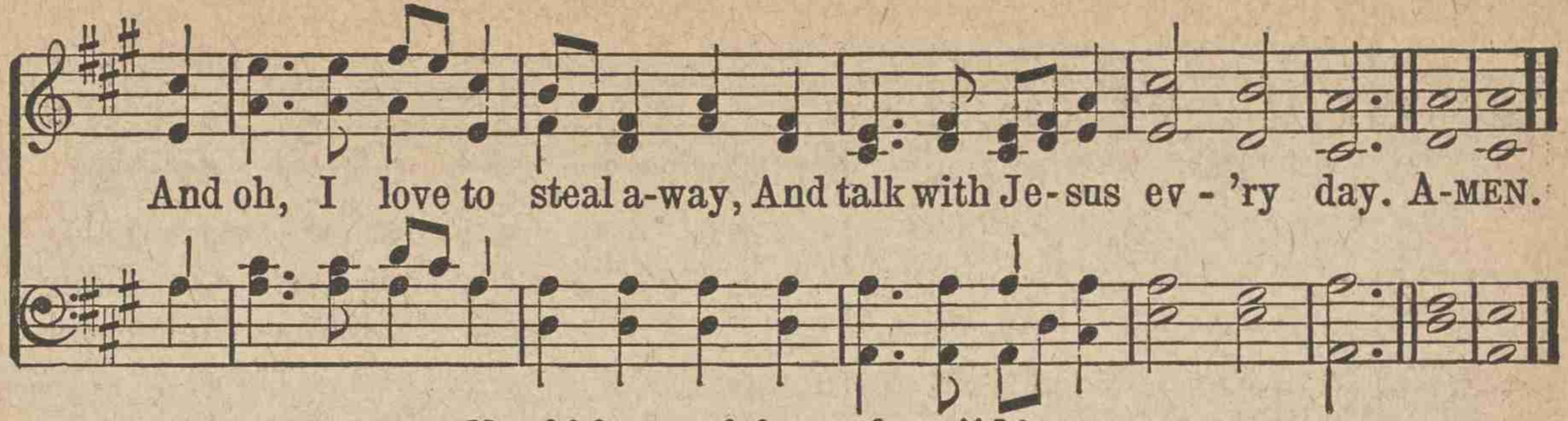
And when I knelt be - fore Him, I felt my spir - it thrill
His arms of love were round me, And blest in - deed was I,
I've told Him ev - 'ry long - ing That throbbed with-in my breast;

To hear His gen - tle whis - per, "I love thee; peace, be still."
And oh, I dwelt in safe - ty With such a ref - uge nigh!
He filled my soul with com - fort, And gave His peace and rest.

CHORUS.

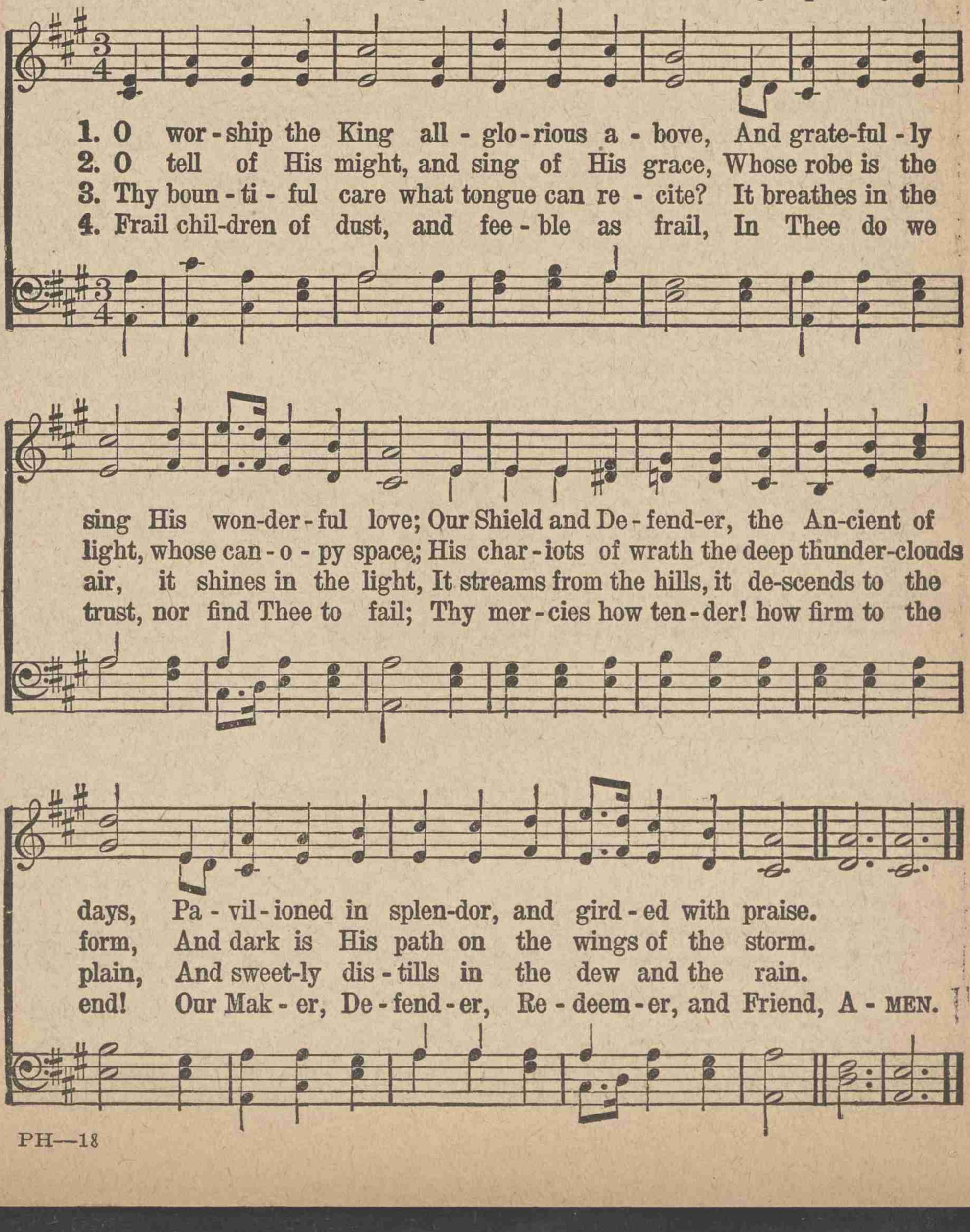
O blest com-mun-ion, pure and sweet, To talk with Him is joy com-plete;

I've Had a Talk With Jesus.



316 O Worship the King.

Sir Robert Grant. *Lyons. 10. 11.* Francis Joseph Haydn.



317 Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

Charles Wesley. *Mendelssohn. 7s. D.* Mendelssohn.
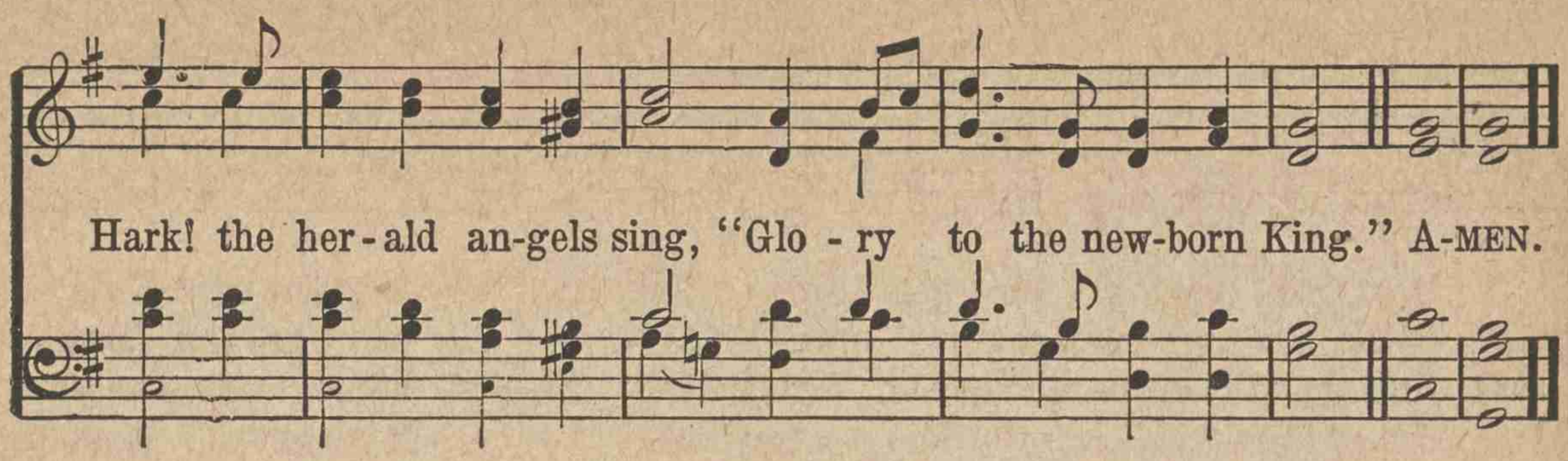
1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
2. Christ, by high-est Heav'n a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord:
3. Hail the Heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of right-eous-ness!
4. Come, De - sire of na - tions, come! Fix in us Thy hum - ble home:

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled."
Late in time be - hold Him come, Off - spring of a vir-gin's womb.
Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings:
Rise, the wom-an's con-qu'ring seed, Bruise in us the ser - pent's head;

Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri-umph of the skies;
Veiled in flesh the God - head see, Hail th' in-car - nate De - i - ty!
Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die;
Ad - am's like - ness now ef - face, Stamp Thine im-age in its place:
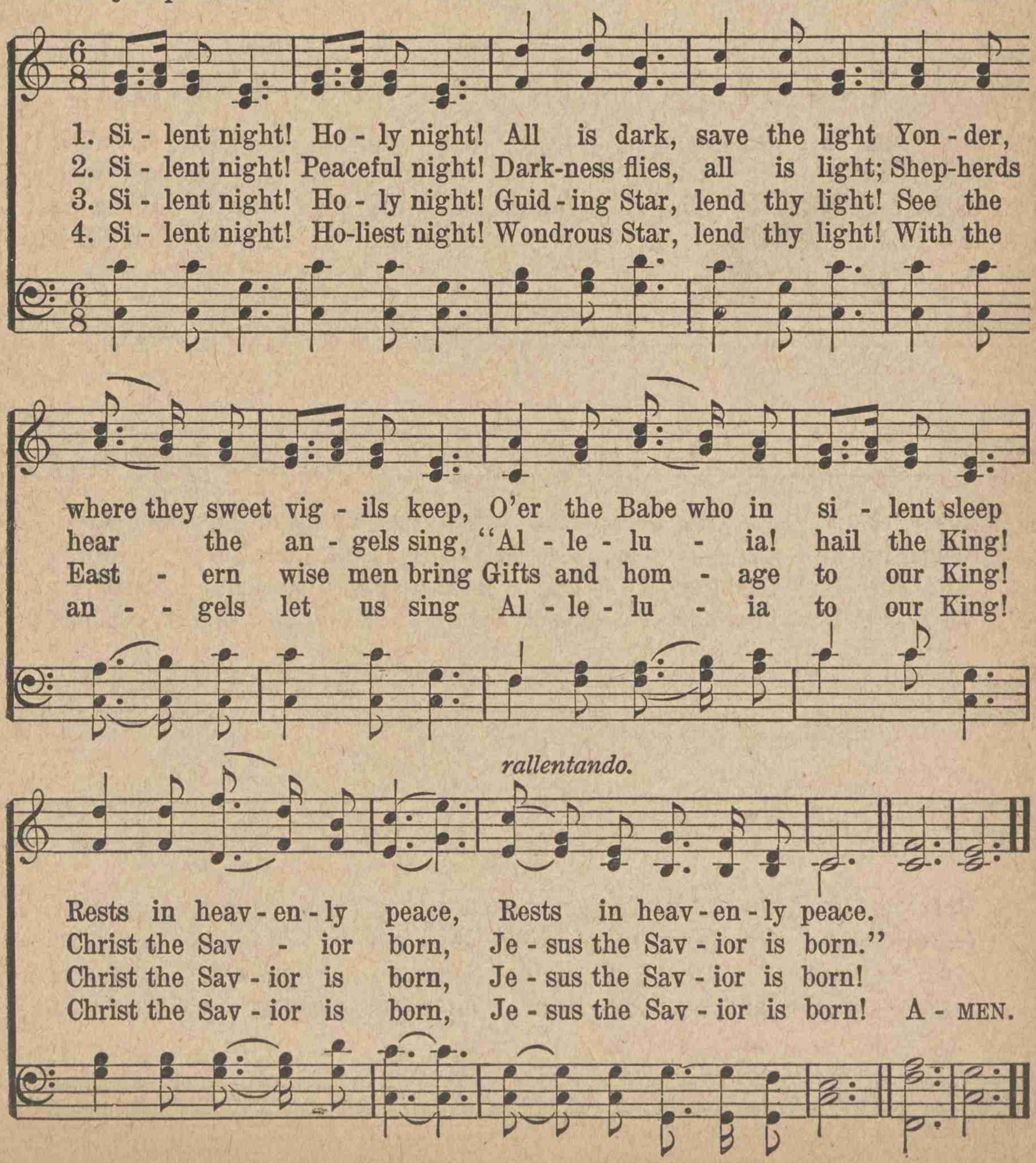
With an - gel - ic hosts pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."
Pleased as man with men to ap-pear, Je - sus our Im-man - uel here.
Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them sec - ond birth.
Sec - ond Ad - am from a - bove, Re - in - state us in Thy love.

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.



318 Silent Night! Holy Night!

Rev. Joseph Mohr. *Christmas Carol.* Franz Gruber.



319 Hark, Hark, My Soul.

Frederick W. Faber. J. B. Dykes.

1. Hark, hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing, "Come, wear-y souls, for
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus
4. An - gels, sing on! your faithful watch-es keep - ing; Sing us sweet frag-ments
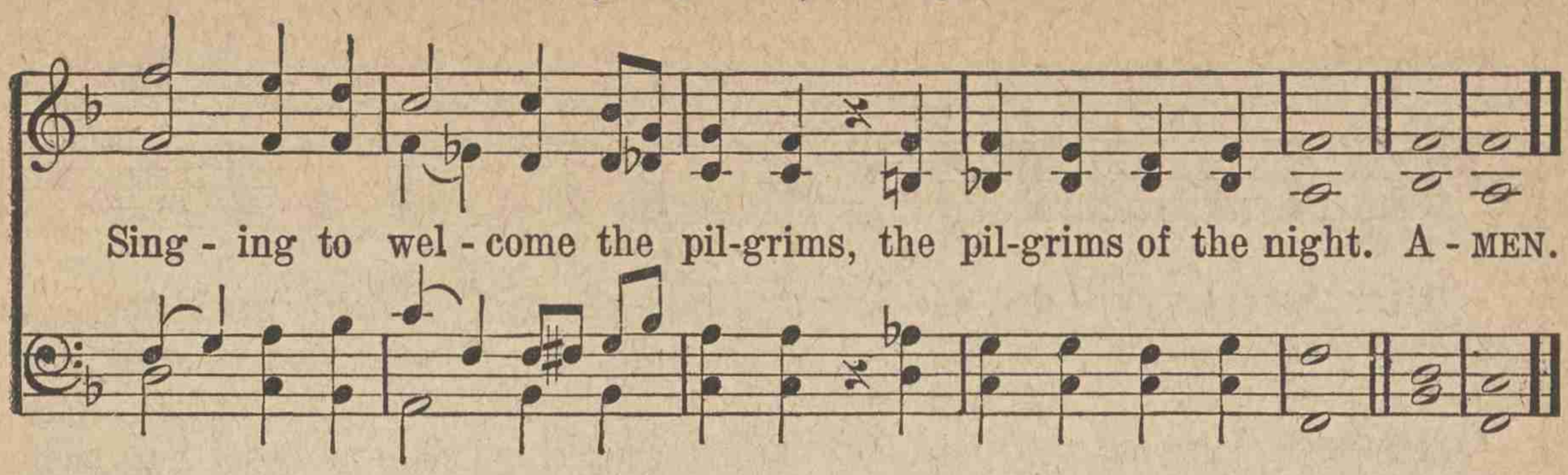
o - cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell-ing
Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its ech - oes sweet-ly ring - ing,
sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls, by thousands meekly steal - ing,
of the songs a - bove; Till morn-ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing,

REFRAIN.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home. An - gels of Je - sus,
Kind Shepherd, turn their wear-y steps to Thee.
And life's long shadows break in cloud - less love.

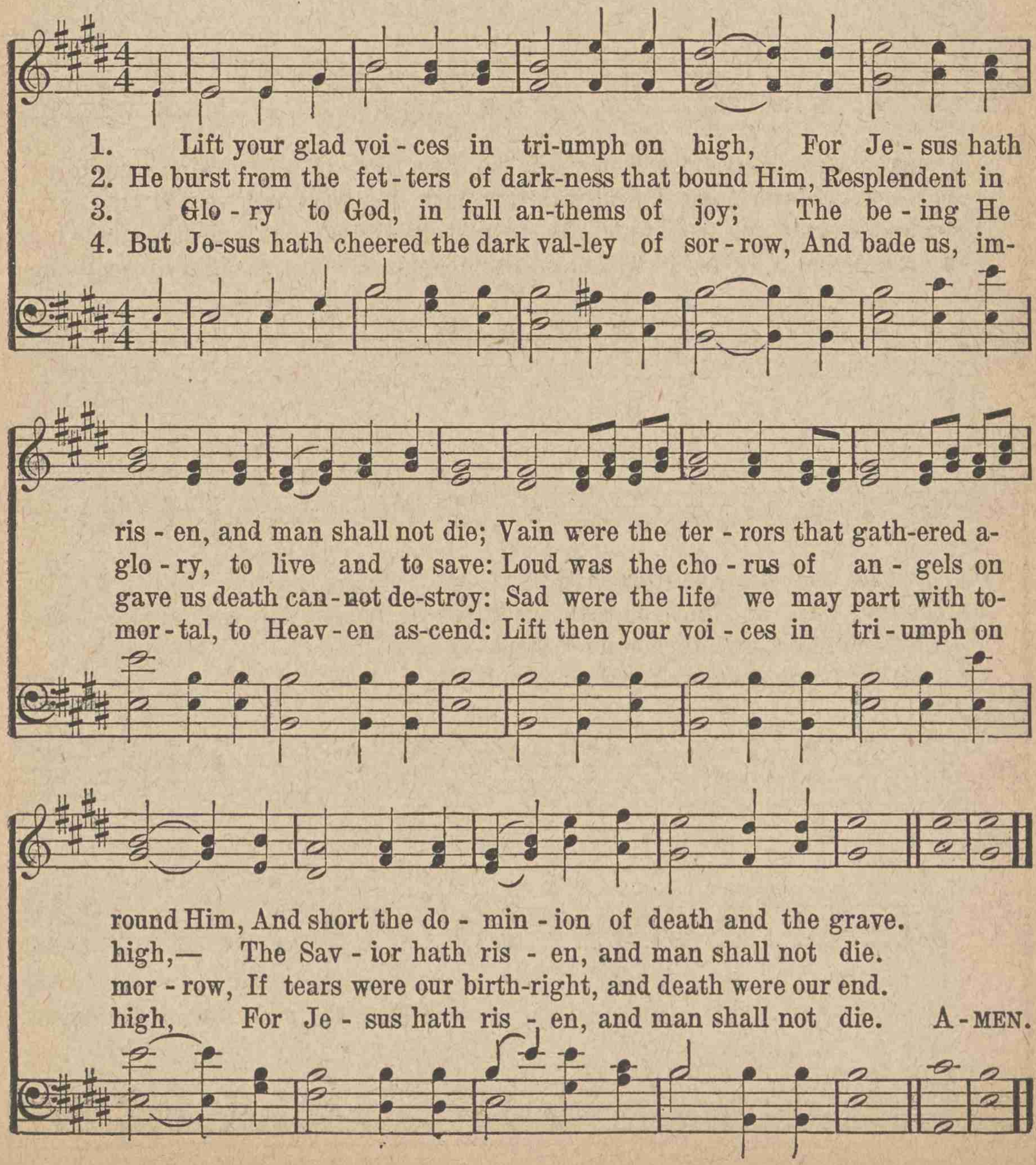
an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night,

Hark, Hark, My Soul.



320 Lift Your Glad Voices.

Henry Ware, Jr. *Resurrection.* 10. 11. 12. John Edgar Gould.



321 The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington. T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Tullius C. O'Kane.

1. O think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
2. O think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour-ney have
3. My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, There my kin-dred and friends are at
4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour - ney I

light, Where the saints, all im - mor - tal and fair, Are
trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
rest; Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me
see; Man - y dear to my heart, o - ver there, Are

o - ver there,

robed in their garments of white, O - ver there, o - ver
home in the pal - ace of God. O - ver there, o - ver
fly to the land of the blest. O - ver there, o - ver
watch-ing and wait-ing for me. O - ver there, o - ver

o - ver there. O - ver there,
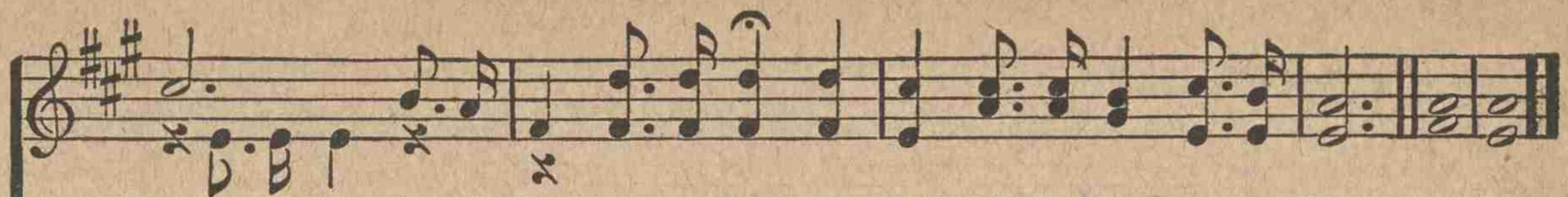
there, O think of the home o - ver there,
there, O think of the friends o - ver there,
there, My Sav - ior is now o - ver there,
there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there,

o - ver there, o - ver there,
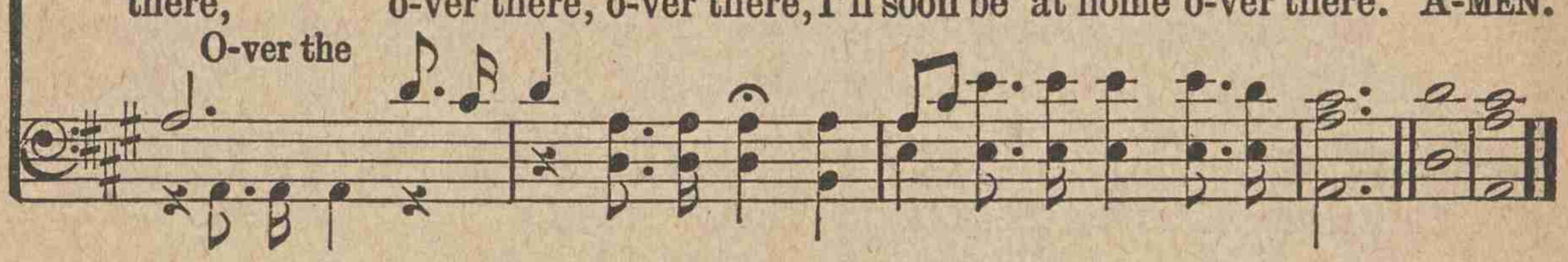
REFRAIN.

O think of the home o - ver there,
O think of the friends o - ver there,
My Sav - ior is now o - ver there,
I'll soon be at home o - ver there,

The Home Over There.



there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
there, o-ver there, o-ver there, My Sav-ior is now o-ver there.
there, o-ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there. A-MEN.
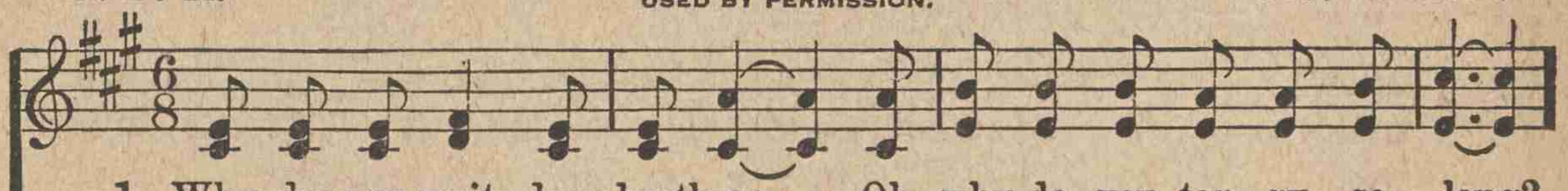


322 Why Do You Wait?

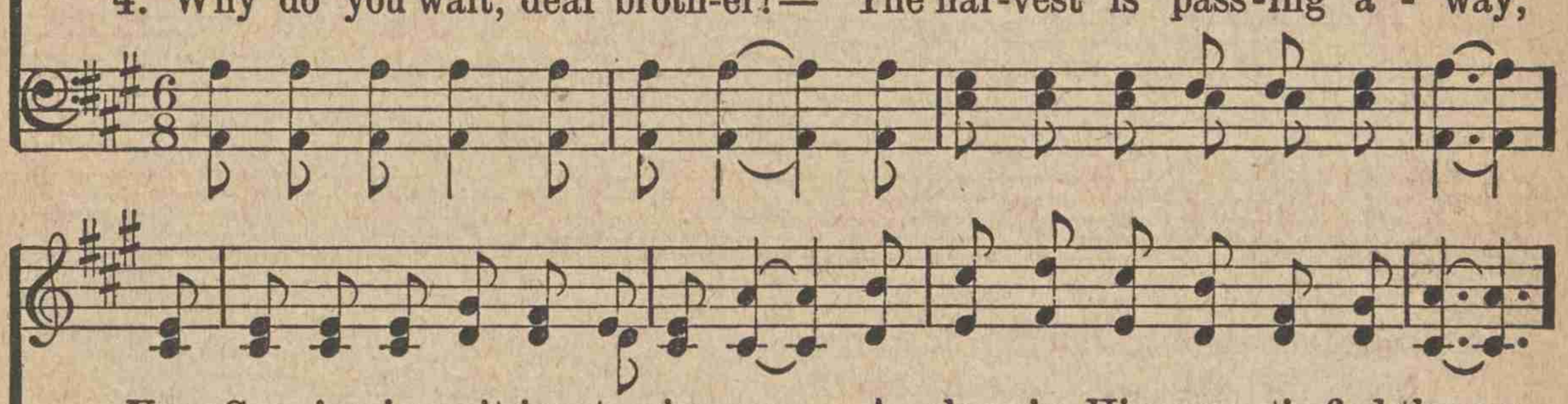
G. F. R.

COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
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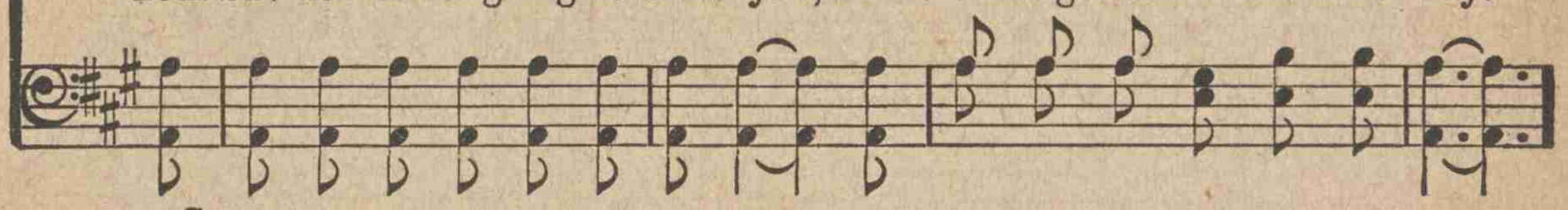
Geo. F. Root.



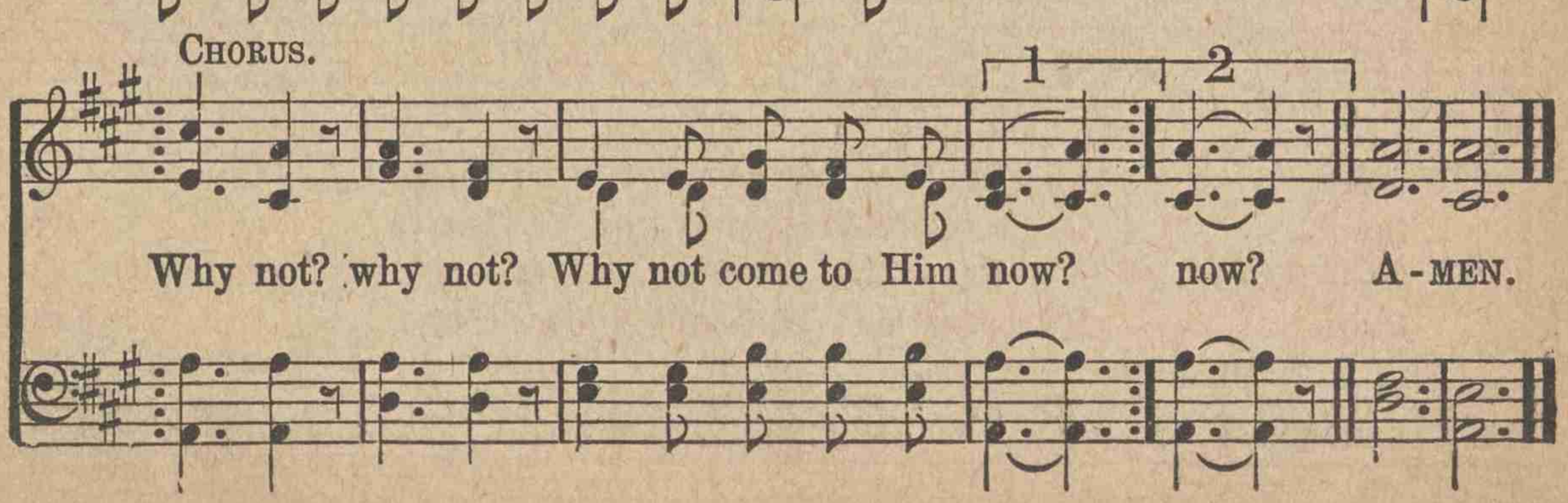
1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar-ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de-lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now striv-ing with-in?
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er?— The har-vest is pass-ing a-way,



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



CHORUS.



Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now? A-MEN.

323 What if it Were To-day?

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

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

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

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

rit. *a tempo.*

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

CHORUS.

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

What if it Were To-day?

When we shall crown Him King; Glo - ry, glo - ry! Haste to pre-pare the
When we shall crown Him King; Haste to pre-

ritard.

way; . . . Glo - ry, glo - ry! Je - sus will come some day. A-MEN.
pare the way;

324 I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

J. Hart. *Arise.* 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. Arr.

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
2. Come, ye thirst-y, come, and welcome, God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;
3. Come, ye wea - ry, heav-y - la - den, Lost and ru - ined by the fall;
4. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond-ly dream;

CHO.—*I will a-rise and go to Je - sus, He will em-brace me in His arms;*

D. C. for Chorus.

Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
True be - lief and true re - pen-tance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh.
If you tar - ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev - er come at all.
All the fit - ness He re - quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him. A-MEN.

In the arms of my dear Sav-ior, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

325 When Love Shines In.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PERMISSION. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev - 'ry life that woe can sad-den, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re- joice in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied,
3. Dark-est sor-row will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heav-iest bur - den light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
4. We may have un-fad-ing splen-dor, When love shines in, And a friend-ship true and ten - der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won,

Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness in-to day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace a - bide, Life will all be glo-ri-fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go; O, the heart shall blessing know, When love shines in.
And our life in Heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, When love shines in.

CHORUS.

When love shines in, ... When love shines in, . .
When love shines in, ...
When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in, . . .
How the heart is tuned to sing-ing, When love . . shines in; . . . .
When love shines in; . . . .

When Love Shines In.

When love shines in, ... When love shines in, . .

When love shines in, ...

When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in, . . .

Joy and peace to oth-ers bringing, When love shines in. A-MEN.

When love, when love shines in.

326 Take My Life, and Let It Be.

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

1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee;
3. Take my sil-ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold;
4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon-ger mine;

CHO.—*Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev-er-more to be;*

D. C.

Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on-ly, for my King.
Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy-al throne. A-MEN.

Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev-er-more to be.

327 To the Work.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. W. H. Doane.
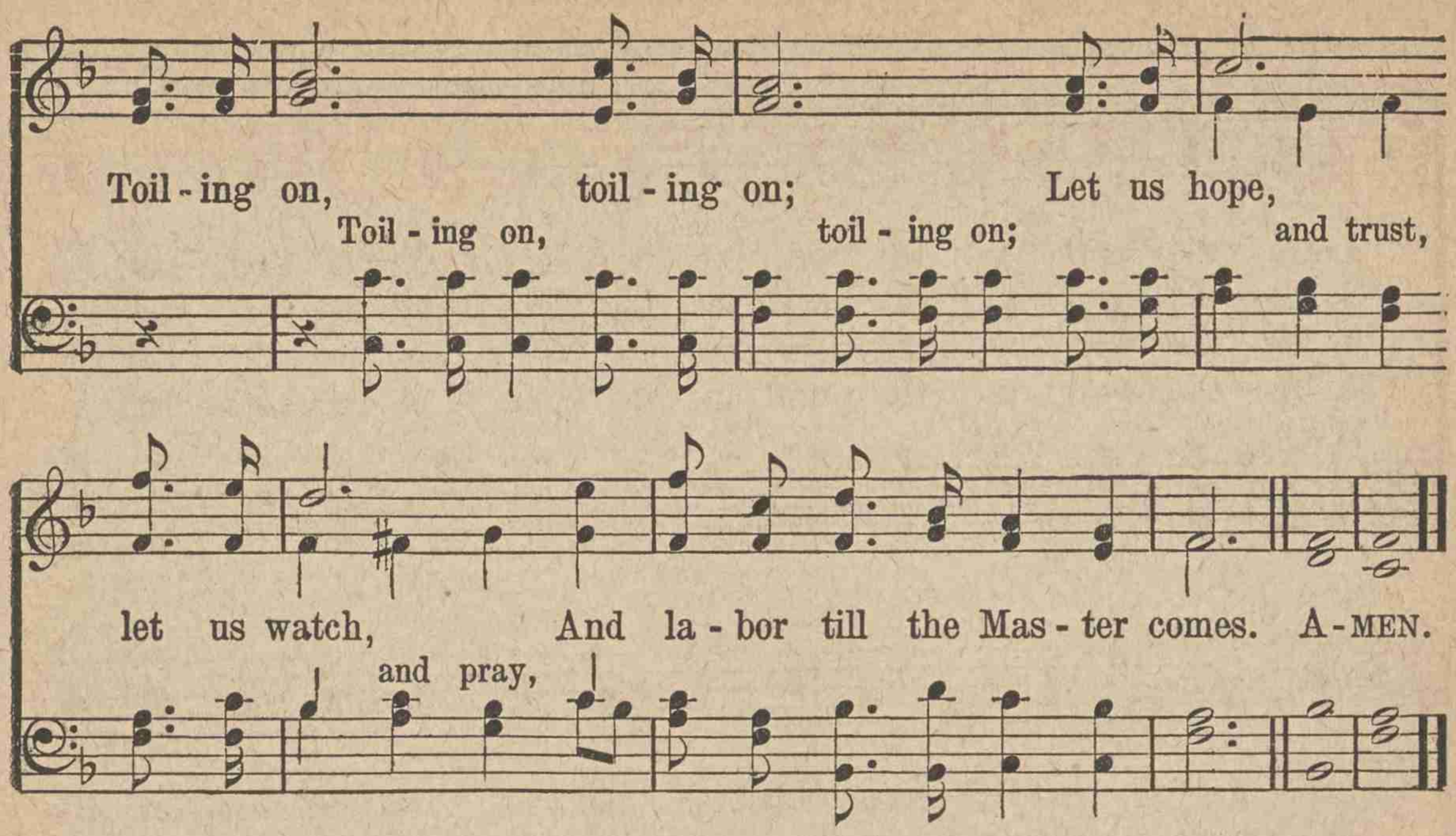
1. To the work! to the work! we are serv - ants of God, Let us fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the balm of His
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the foun - tain of life let the wear - y be led; In the cross and its
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all; For the king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the name of Je-
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a robe and a crown shall our la - bor re - ward; When the home of the

coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us do with our might what our
ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the ti - dings, "Sal-
ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be, In the loud - swell-ing cho - rus, "Sal-
faith - ful our dwell - ing shall be, And we shout with the ran-somed, "Sal-

CHORUS.

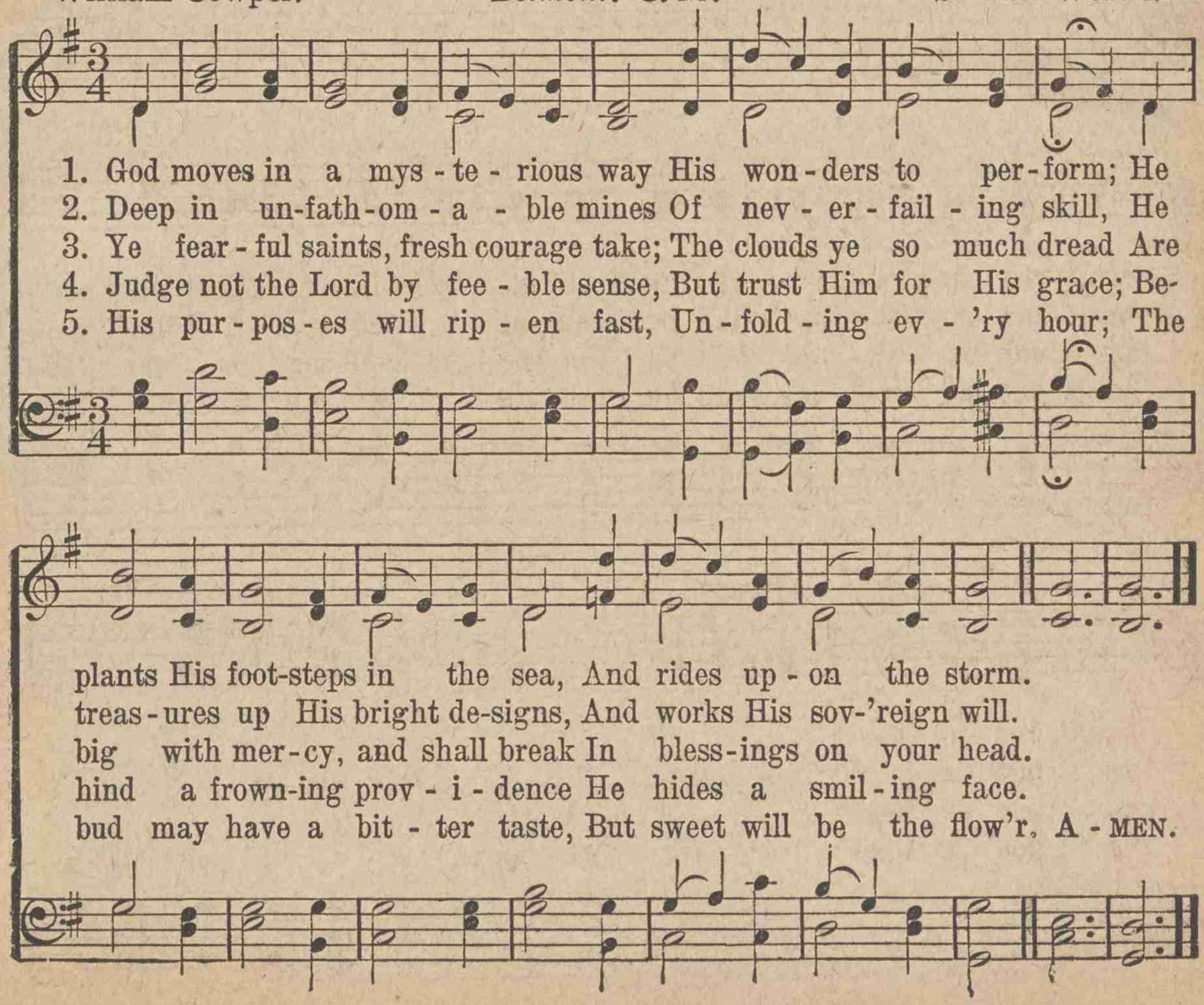
hands find to do.
va - tion is free!" Toil - ing on, toil - ing on,
va - tion is free!"
va - tion is free!" Toil - ing on, toil - ing on,

To the Work.
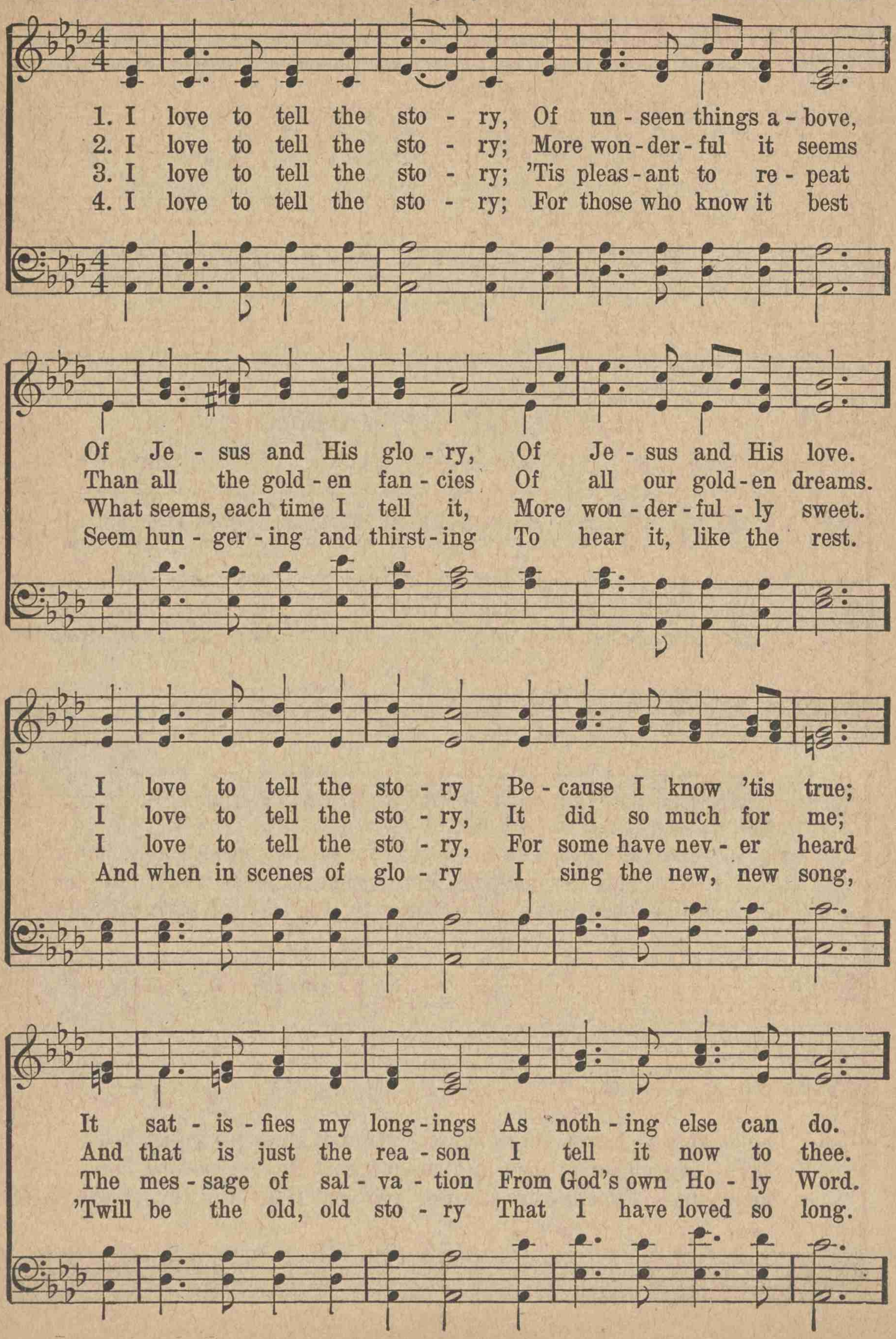


328 God Moves in a Mysterious Way.

William Cowper. *Belmont. C. M.* Samuel Webbe.



329 I Love to Tell the Story.

Katherine Hankey. *Hankey. 7s. D.* William G. Fischer.



I Love to Tell the Story.

REFRAIN.

I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry To
tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. A-MEN.

330 Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore. *Disconsolate. 11s. 10s.* Samuel Webbe.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher-e'er ye lan - guish; Come to the
2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life; see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the

mer - cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure, Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten - der - ly
throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love; come, ev - er

an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that Heav'n can-not heal.
say - ing, "Earth has no sor - row that Heav'n can-not cure."
know - ing Earth has no sor - row but Heav'n can re - move. A-MEN.

331 The Fight is On.

C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trump-et sound is ring - ing out, The cry "To arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing on to vic - to - ry, The tri - umph of the Christ will soon ap - pear.
2. The fight is on, a - rouse, ye sol-diers brave and true! Je - ho - vah leads, and vic - t'ry will as - sure; Go, buck - le on the ar - mor God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en - dure.
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry; The bow of prom - ise spans the east - ern sky; His glo - rious name in ev - 'ry land shall hon-ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar - ray, With ar-mor gleaming, and colors streaming, The right and wrong engage to-day!

The Fight is On.

Harmony.

The fight is on, but be not wear-y; Be strong, and in His might hold fast; If God be for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the victor's song at last! A-MEN.
Vic-t'ry, Vic-t'ry,

332 More Love to Thee.

Elizabeth Prentiss. USED BY PERMISSION. W. H. Doane.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear-nest plea:
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be;
3. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis-per Thy praise; This be the part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be;

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee! A-MEN.

333 Christ Arose.

Robert Lowry.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL.
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Robert Lowry.

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus my Sav-ior! Wait-ing the com-ing day—
2. Vain-ly they watch His bed—Je - sus my Sav-ior! Vain - ly they seal the dead—
3. Death can-not keep his prey—Je - sus my Sav-ior! He tore the bars a - way—

REFRAIN. *Faster.*

Je - sus my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, (He a-rose,) With a

might-y tri-umph o'er His foes; (He a - rose!) He a - rose a Vic - tor from the

dark do - main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign. He a-

rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a-rose! A - MEN

rit.

He a - rose! He a-rose!

334 In His Keeping.

C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J. USED BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. When the ear-ly morn-ing breaking, Slumber from my eye-lids shaking, Comes the
2. Some-times dark clouds hang o'er me, Not one step I see be - fore me, Still, my
3. Gen - tle e - ven-tide is near-ing, Light from Heaven dis-ap-pear-ing, Still the

bless-ed tho't with wak-ing, I am in His keep-ing. Day ad - van-ces, la - bor
Sav - ior, I a - dore Thee, I am in His keep-ing. I can trust His hand to
bless-ed tho't so cheer-ing, I am in His keep-ing. Now night's curtains gather

bringing, Care, her mantle 'round me flinging, Yet midst all my soul keeps singing,
guide me, 'Neath His wings He'll safely hide me, And no harm can e'er be-tide me,
'round me, Yet its dangers have not found me, For His an-gel guards surround me,

CHORUS.

I am in His care. I am in my Father's keeping, I am in His ten-der

rit.

care; Wheth-er wak-ing, wheth-er sleep-ing, I am in His care. A - MEN.

335 When I Get to the End of the Way.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
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Charlie D. Tillman.

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

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

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

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

FINE.

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

When I get to the end of the way.

D. C.

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

336 "The Vail Was Rent In Twain."

A. B. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. Rev. A. Bailey.

1. On the cross in dark-ness shrouded, 'Mid sin's dark and aw-ful shame,
2. By His blood the way was o-pened, Down life's rough and thorny lane,
3. Near the throne I drew re-pent-ant; Near-er, trem-bling-ly, I came;
4. O the calm, the peace-ful moments, Since the mer-cy-seat I've gained;

Cried the Son of God, 'Tis fin-ished! And the vail was rent in twain.
To the ho-ly of the ho-lies, For the vail was rent in twain.
And a sweet voice bade me en-ter Thro' the vail that's rent in twain.
I'm so glad I crossed the thresh-old, Thro' the vail that's rent in twain.

CHORUS.

Face to face, I talk with Je-sus, Face to face, O bless His name!
ho-ly name!

rit.

Face to face with God my Sav-ior, For the vail was rent in twain. A-MEN.

337 The Lord is My Shepherd.

Tyler. 11s. Arr. from Koschat by E. O. E.

23rd Psalm.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With blessings un-
4. Let good-ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still fol - low my

pas - tures, safe-fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my soul where the
Guard-ian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de - fend me, Thy
meas-ured my cup run-neth o'er; With per-fume and oil Thou a-
steps till I meet Thee a - bove: I seek by the path which my

still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op-
staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall with my Com - fort - er
noint - est my head; O what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence
fore - fa - thers trod, Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy king-dom of

pressed; Re - stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op-pressed.
near; No harm can be - fall with my Com - fort - er near.
more? O what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence more?
love, Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy king-dom of love. A - MEN.

338 In the Secret of His Presence.

Ellen Lakshmi Goreh. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS.
RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. In the se - cret of His pres-ence how my soul de-lights to hide! Oh, how
2. When my soul is faint and thirst-y, 'neath the shadow of His wing There is
3. On - ly this I know: I tell Him all my doubts, my griefs and fears; Oh, how
4. Would you like to know the sweetness of the se - cret of the Lord? Go and

pre-cious are the les-sons which I learn at Je - sus' side! Earth-ly cares can
cool and pleasant shel-ter, and a fresh and crys - tal spring; And my Sav - ior
pa-tient-ly He lis - tens! and my drooping soul He cheers: Do you think He
hide beneath His shad-ow: this shall then be your re - ward; And whene'er you

nev - er vex me, nei-ther tri - als lay me low; For when Sa - tan comes to
rests be - side me, as we hold com-mun-ion sweet: If I tried, I could not
ne'er reproves me? What a false friend He would be, If He nev - er, nev - er
leave the si - lence of that hap - py meet-ing place, You must find and bear the

rit.

tempt me, to the se - cret place I go, to the se - cret place I go.
ut - ter what He says when thus we meet, what He says when thus we meet.
told me of the sins which He must see, of the sins which He must see.
im - age of the Mas - ter in your face, of the Mas - ter in your face. A-MEN.

339 Win One To-Day.

M. E. Dodd.

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

J. P. Scholfield.

1. Great mul - ti-tudes of men are wide - ly stray-ing, Out up - on life's des - ert sands far, far a - way; O child of God, are you for such ones pray-ing? In God's name go aft - er them, win one to - day!
2. Deep pits of sin be - fore their feet are ly - ing; Snares and per - ils ev - 'ry-where they're sure to meet; In dark-ness wand'ring on to cer - tain dy - ing, Un - less you, O child of God, win one to - day!
3. For them the Sav - ior gave His life a ran - som, And for you has ta - ken all your sins a - way; Your love for Him and for their sad con- di - tion, Call you forth in - to the fray; win one to - day!

CHORUS.

Win one to - day, for the glo-ry of your Mas-ter! Your gen-tle touch and word will show some one the way; There are man-y far a-stray, win one to-day. A-MEN.

340 He Loves Even Me.

S. L.

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

Scott Lawrence.

1. When I think of my Sav-ior's great love, In com-ing from Heav-en a-bove, To die on the tree For a sin-ner like me, I am sure that He
2. When I think of the thorns on His brow, Seems as if I can see Je-sus now, As He suffered for me, That my soul might be free: I am sure that He
3. When I think how He saves me from sin, Though oft-en un-grate-ful I've been, My vow I re-new, "To be faith-ful and true:" I am sure that He

CHORUS.

loves e-ven me. I am sure that He loves e-ven me, . . .
I am sure that He loves e-ven me; . . . And His love is so sweet,
Makes my joy so com-plete When I think how He loves e-ven me. . . A-MEN.

341 I Love Him.

J. P. S.

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J. P. Scholfield.

1. When I was tossed on the o-cean waves, I cast my all on the arm that saves;
2. Sin had de-ceived me for man-y years, Caus-ing me anguish and man-y tears;
3. If you are out in the world's highway, Long-ing for safe-ty and home to-day,

In-to God's harbor He'll pi-lot me, Tho' I have sailed o'er a troub-led sea.
Now in His keeping I rest se-cure, I know my an-chor is safe and sure.
How-ev-er sin-ful your heart and sad, Je-sus can heal you and make you glad.

CHORUS.

I love Him, . . . I love Him; . . .
I do love and hon-or Him, Yes, I love and hon-or Him;

Aft-er test-ing Him o'er and o'er, I love Him. . . . A-MEN.
I do love and hon-or Him.

342 He Will Hold Me Fast.

Ada R. Habershon. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.
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1. When I fear my faith will fail, Christ will hold me fast;
2. I could nev - er keep my hold, He must hold me fast;
3. I am pre - cious in His sight, He will hold me fast;
4. He'll not let my soul be lost, Christ will hold me fast;

rall.

When the tempt - er would pre - vail, He can hold me fast. . . .
For my love is oft - en cold, He must hold me fast. . . .
Those He saves are His de - light, He will hold me fast. . . .
Bought by Him at such a cost, He will hold me fast. . . .

REFRAIN. *a tempo.*

He will hold me fast, He will hold me fast;
hold me fast, hold me fast;

rall.

For my Sav - ior loves me so, He will hold me fast. A-MEN.

343 Open My Eyes, That I May See.

C. H. S.

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Chas. H. Scott.

1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimps-es of truth Thou hast for me;
2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Voi - ces of truth Thou send-est clear;
3. O - pen my mouth, and let me bear Glad - ly the warm truth ev-'ry-where;

Place in my hands the won-der-ful key That shall un-clasp, and set me free.
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev - 'ry-thing false will dis - ap-pear.
O - pen my heart, and let me pre-pare Love with Thy chil-dren thus to share.

Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;
Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;
Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;

O - pen my eyes, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine!
O - pen my ears, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine!
O - pen my heart, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine! A - MEN.

344 Think On Thy Way.

J. P. S.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. Think on thy way, O thou storm-driv-en child; Out on the o - cean so dark and so wild,
2. Think on thy way: with-out Pi - lot or Guide, Far from the shore with no Friend by your side,
3. Think on thy way, God will not let you go; His might-y arm can de- stroy ev - 'ry foe;

Far from thy God you are drift - ing to - day,—
Thought-less of Him who would fain be your stay,
Trust Him to - day, all His man-dates o - bey;

CODA. (*After last verse only.*)

Think on thy way, think on thy way. Think on thy way, think on thy way,

Is it lead - ing you to God and home? Think on thy way. A - MEN.

345 He Upholds Me.

E. T. C.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. T. Cassel.

1. I es - sayed to walk a - lone, Staff and san - dals all my own, Tried in vain the nar-row way at God's command; But I lost the up-ward way,
2. I have tried to hold His hand, When the storms swept o'er the land, Or my bark was tossed up-on the rag - ing sea; But when clouds were dark and grim,
3. Now I climb the mountain height, Clad in ar - mor of His might, And the way grows brighter tow'rd the promised land; Not the ter - rors of the night,

Failed His message to o - bey, Now I let the Sav-ior lead me with His hand.
Oft I failed to cling to Him; Now I know the Sav-ior ev - er clings to me.
Nor by day the ar-row's flight, Can de - feat me, for the Sav-ior holds my hand.

D. S.—*see no sign of Him, Yet His might-y arms are un-der-neath my soul.*

CHORUS.

He up-holds me with His hand, In His strength alone I stand, Else my wand'ring feet could never reach the goal; Tho' the light of faith grow dim, And I A-MEN.

346 Able, Willing, Mighty.

J. P. S.

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J. P. Scholfield.

1. Je - sus is a - ble to save from sin, Will you re-ceive Him to - day?
2. Je - sus is will-ing to save your soul, Will you re-ceive Him to - day?
3. Je - sus is might-y to hold you fast, Why not ac - cept Him to - day?

A - ble to plant the new life with - in, Will you re-ceive Him to - day?
Will-ing to take you and make you whole, Je - sus is will - ing to - day.
Might-y to keep you un - to the last; Je - sus is might-y to save.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

A - ble, a - ble, Je-sus is a-ble to save; . . . Will - ing, will - ing,
Je - sus is a-ble to save;

Parts.

Unison.

Je-sus is will-ing to save; . . . . Might-y, might-y, Je-sus is mighty to
Je - sus is will-ing to save;

Parts.

Unison.

Parts.

save; . . . Might-y, He's might - y, Je-sus is might-y to save. A - MEN.
mighty to save; yes, Je-sus is mighty,

347 'Twas Jesus.

J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. Some ten-der voice called to me o'er the wold, Who could it
2. Some might-y arm lift-ed me out of sin; Who could it
3. Some lov-ing heart aches for me when I roam, Who could it

be, oh, who could it be? . . . . Some gen-tle hand led me
be, oh, who could it be? . . . . Some guid-ing hand helps me
be, oh, who could it be? . . . . Some won-der love draws me

back to His fold, Who could it be, oh, who could it be?
oth-ers to win, Who could it be, oh, who could it be?
back to His home, Who could it be, oh, who could it be?

CHORUS.

Who could it be, oh, who could it be? . . . . Some-bod-y

Who, oh, who could it be? Who, oh, who could it be?

rit. *pp*

bro't sal-va-tion to me, Who could it be? 'Twas Je-sus. A-MEN.

348 Wonderful Name.

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J. P. S. J. P. Scholfield.

1. There is a name that is dear to me, A name in
2. No oth - er name holds the crim - son tide, Which flows so
3. I love no name like that name to - day, It takes all

which I see . . . . . The heal - ing foun - tain from
deep and wide, ... That in its flow ev - 'ry
guilt a - way; . . . . . If you'll re - ceive Him with-

Cal - va - ry,— I love that name, 'tis Je - - sus.
sin can hide,— I love the name of Je - - sus.
out de - lay, You'll love the name of Je - - sus.
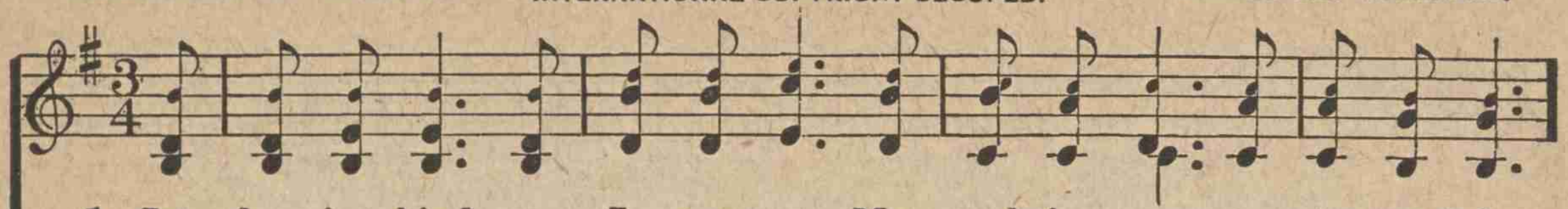
CHORUS.

He . . . . is my an - chor sure, He . . . . keeps my soul se-cure;
He is my an-chor, He keeps my soul,
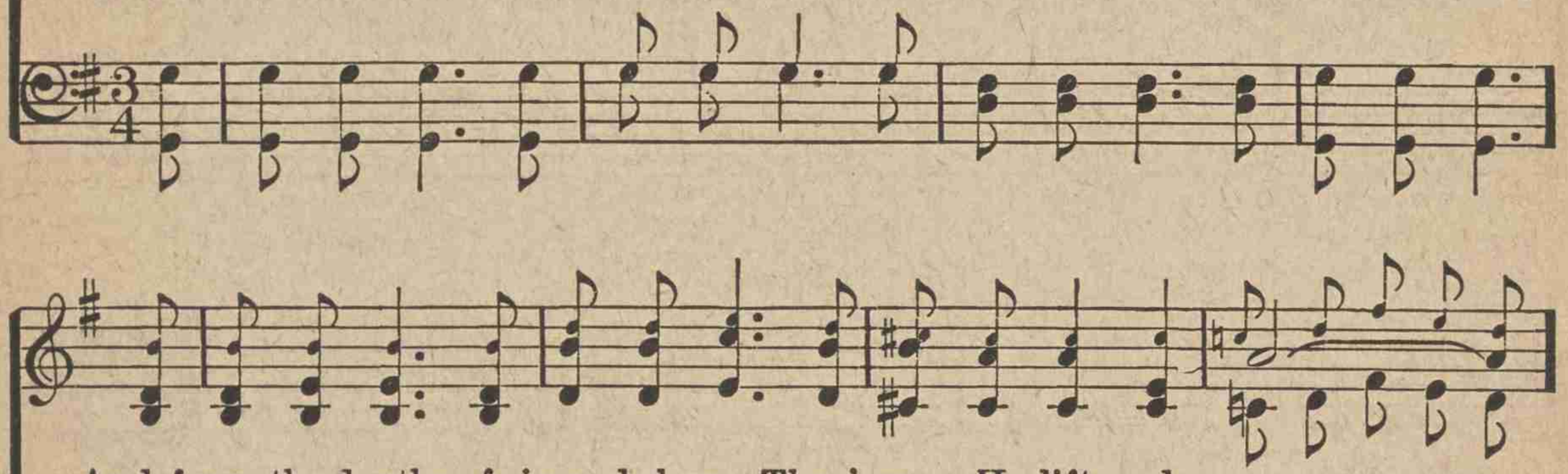
He is my all, He'll not let me fall, O praise His name. A - MEN.

349 He Lifted Me.

Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. M. ALEXANDER.
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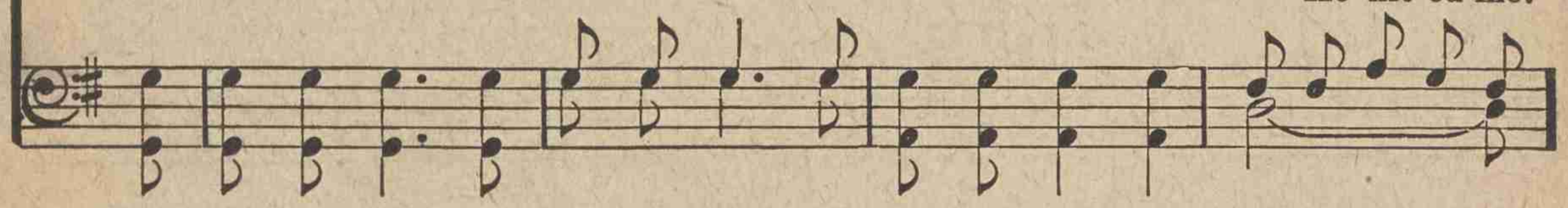


1. In lov - ing-kind-ness Je - sus came My soul in mer - cy to re-claim,
2. He called me long be - fore I heard, Be - fore my sin-ful heart was stirred,
3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru - el nails were torn,
4. Now on a high - er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;
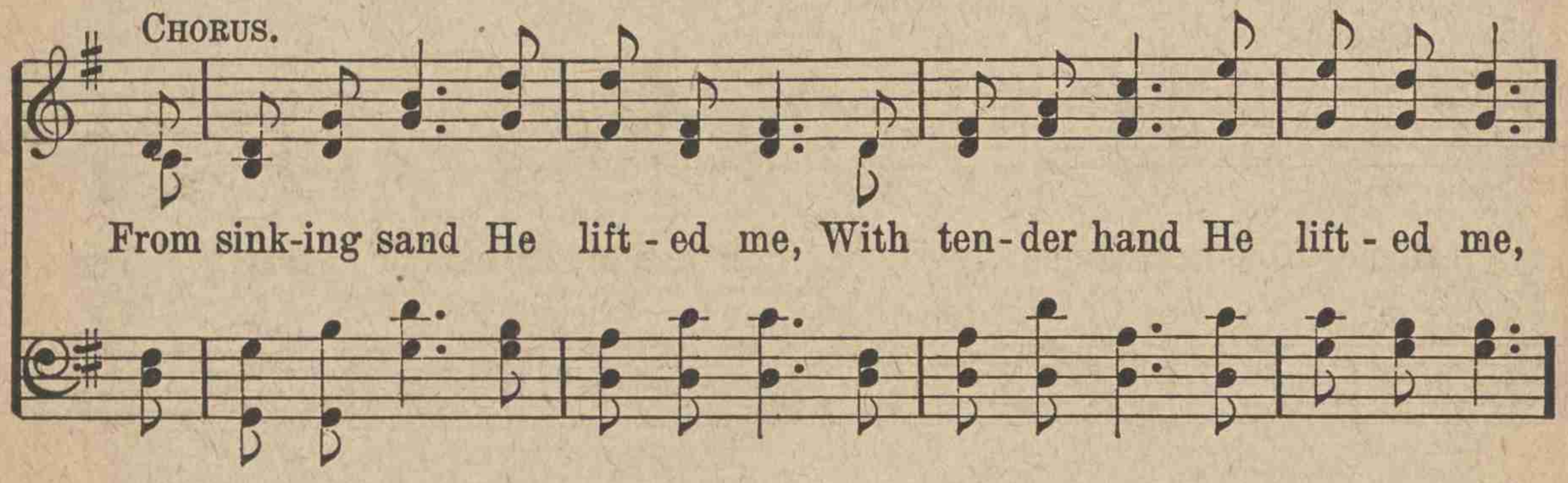


And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lift - ed me. . . . . .
But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift - ed me. . . . . .
When from my guilt and grief, forlorn, In love He lift - ed me. . . . . .
Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lift - ed me. . . . . .
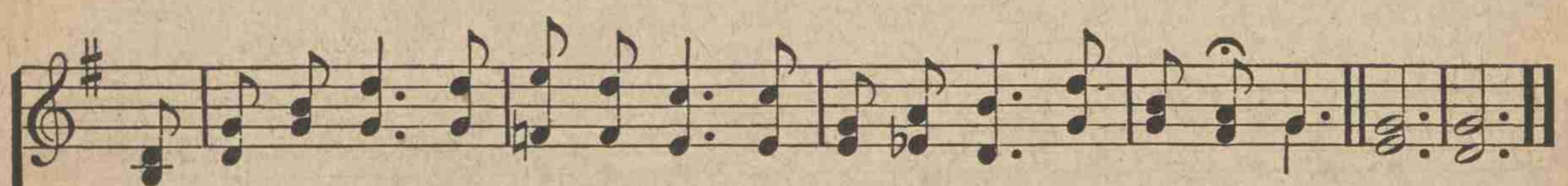
He lift-ed me.
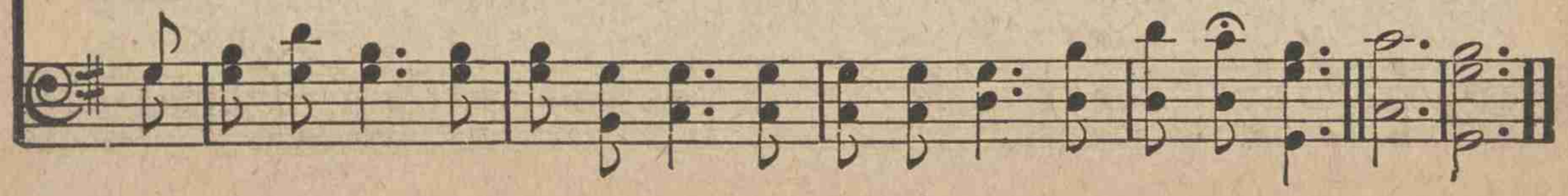


CHORUS.



From sink-ing sand He lift - ed me, With ten-der hand He lift - ed me,



From shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lifted me! A-MEN.
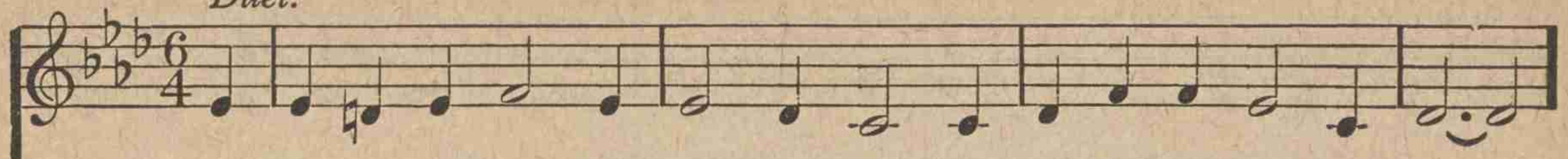


350 The Nearer, The Sweeter.

Jesse P. Tompkins.

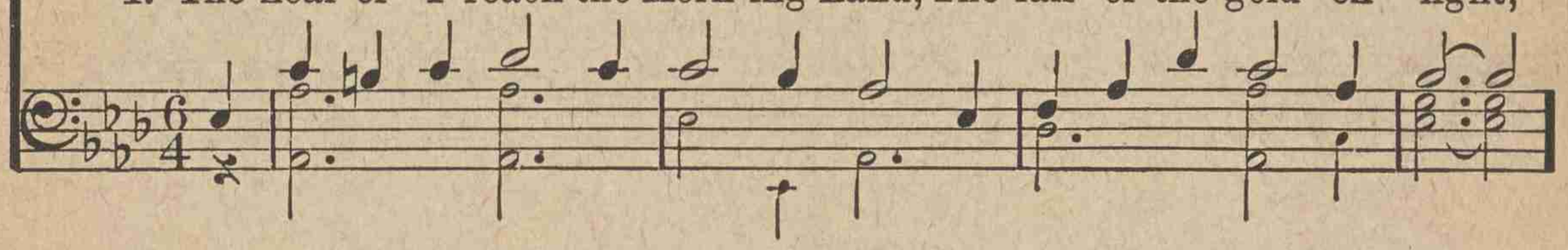
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WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.
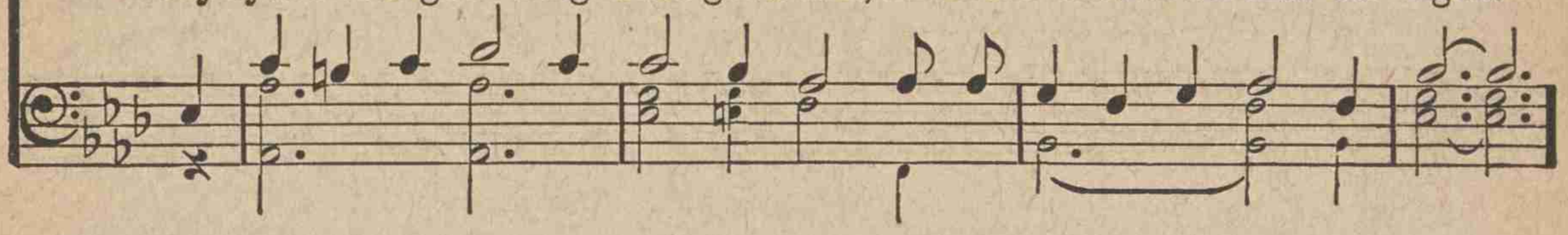
Duet.
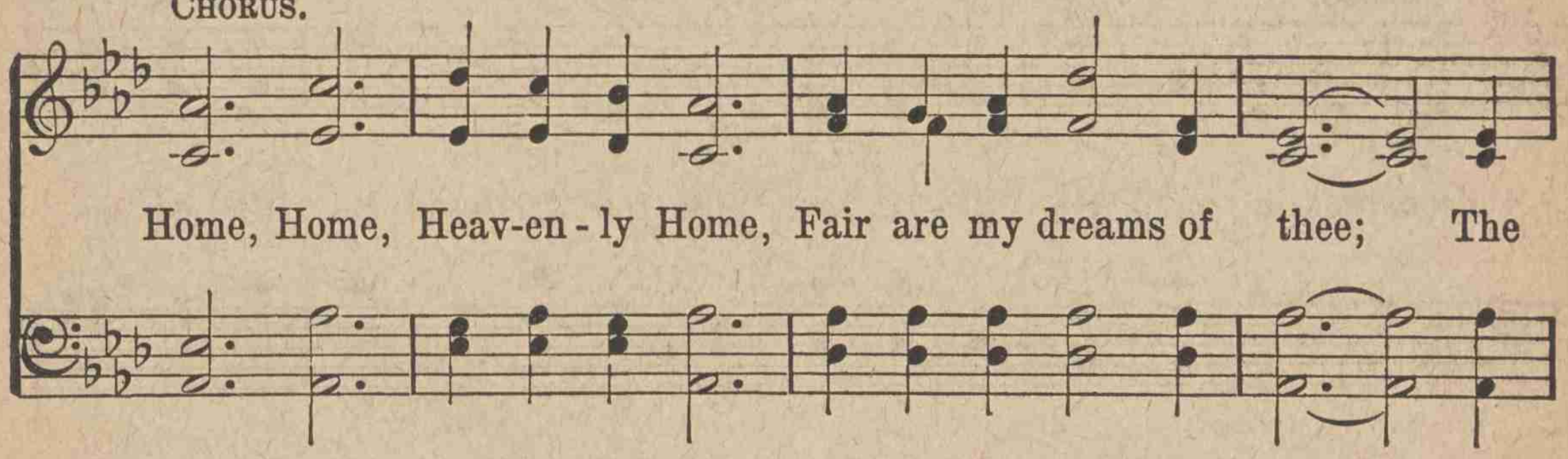


1. The near-er I reach the end of life, The sweet-er is Home to me;
2. The near-er the fad-ing of the leaf, The brighter the col-ors grow;
3. The near-er I reach the banks of bloom, The fair-er the breez-es blow;
4. The near-er I reach the Morn-ing Land, The fair-er the gold-en light;
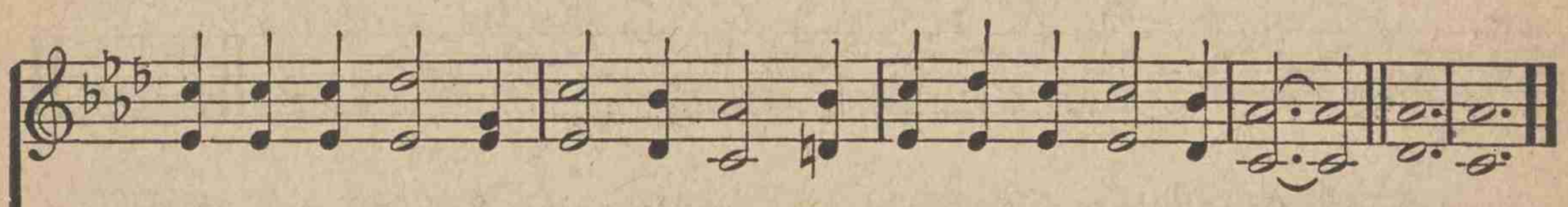


I long for the fragrant flow'rs that grow On the banks of the Crys-tal Sea.
I sigh, when the evening shadows fall, For the light of the morning glow.
The near-er I reach the Fount of Love, Then the sweeter the wa-ters flow.
My eyes in the gath'ring mists grow dim, Then the clearer im-mor-tal light.
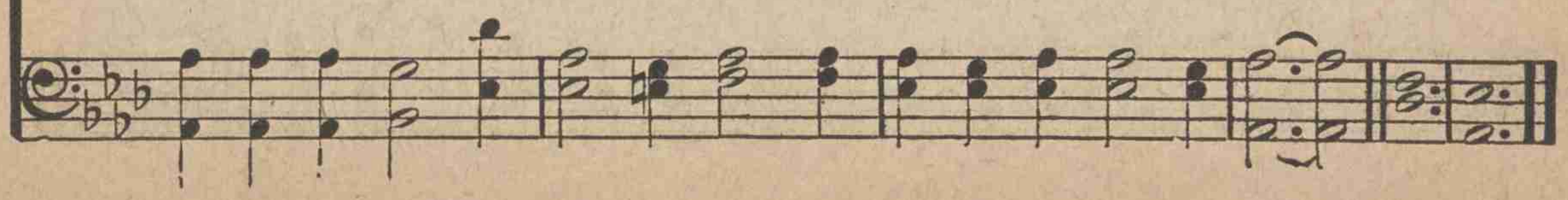


CHORUS.



Home, Home, Heav-en-ly Home, Fair are my dreams of thee; The



near-er I reach the end of time, The sweeter thou art to me. A-MEN.
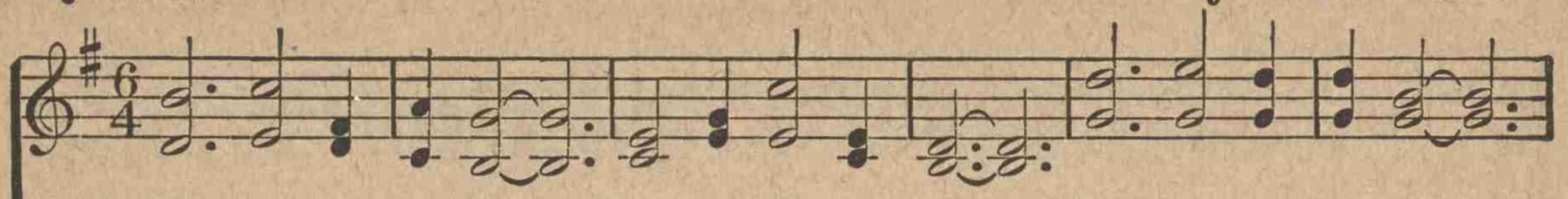


351 No Care Up Yonder.
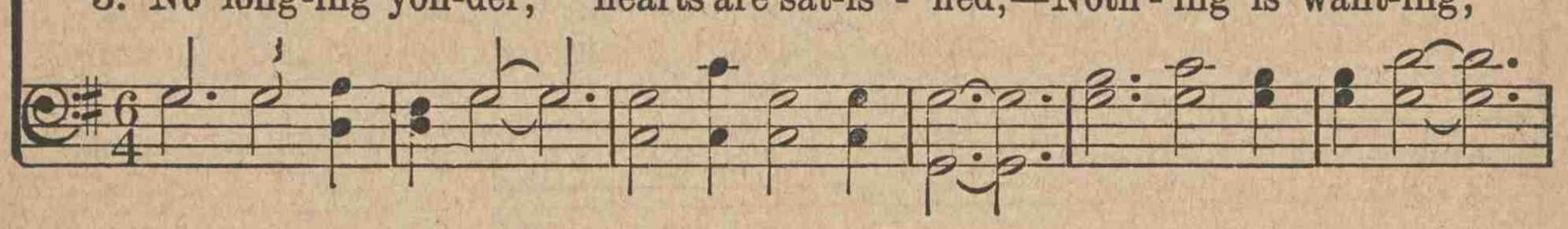
J. P. S.
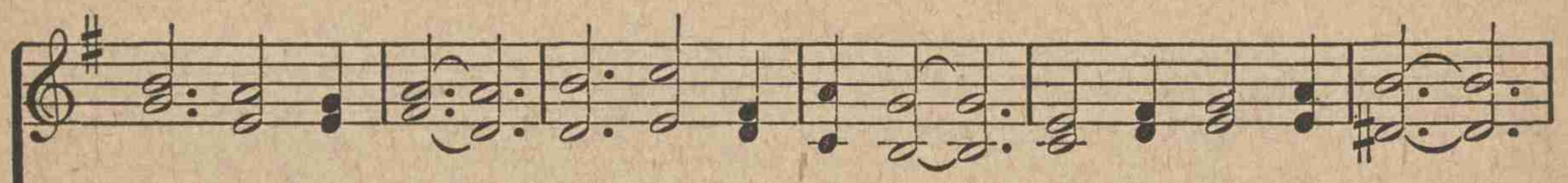
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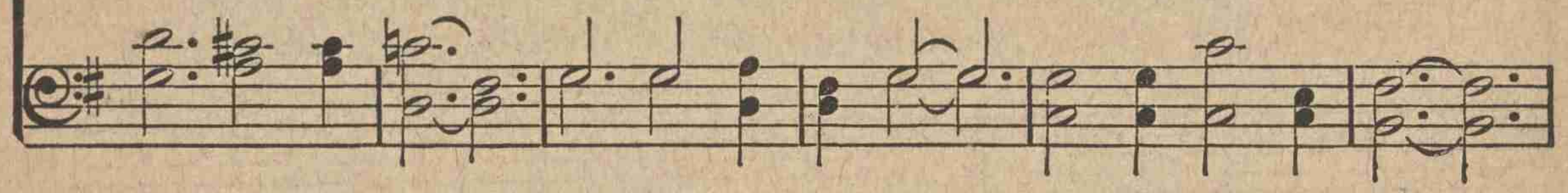


1. No care up yon-der, there the skies are fair; No tears up yon-der,
2. No bat-tles yon-der, peace-ful riv-ers flow; No part-ing yon-der,
3. No long-ing yon-der, hearts are sat-is - fied,—Noth-ing is want-ing,
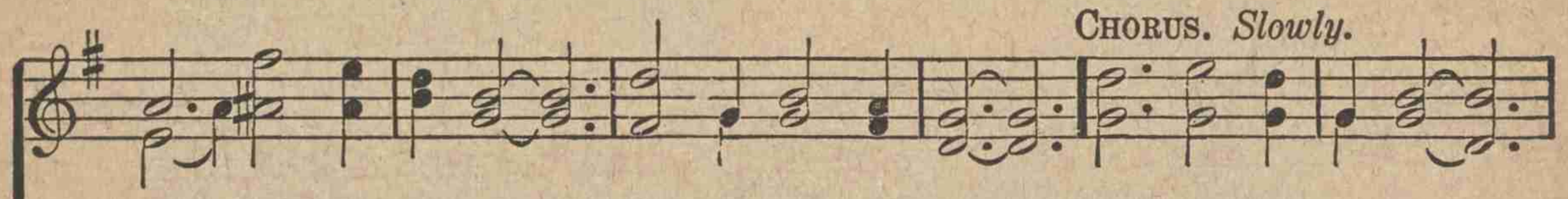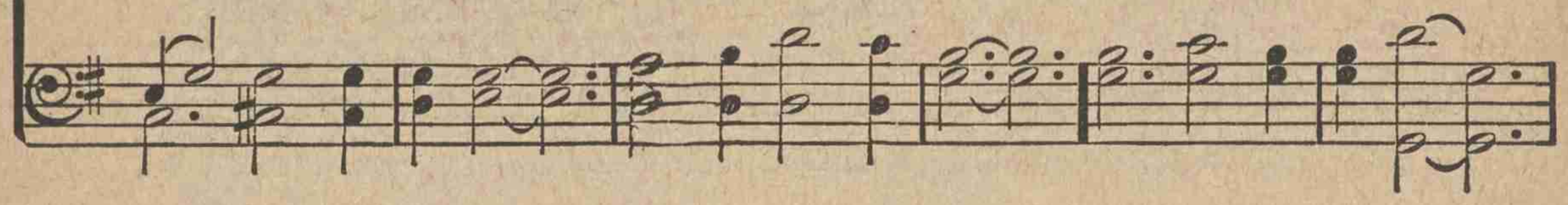




peace ev-'ry-where; No voice of weep-ing in that hap-py land,
as here be-low; No fear of e-vil stirs with-in the heart,
no good de-nied; Joy o-ver-flow-ing, souls are free from care,—

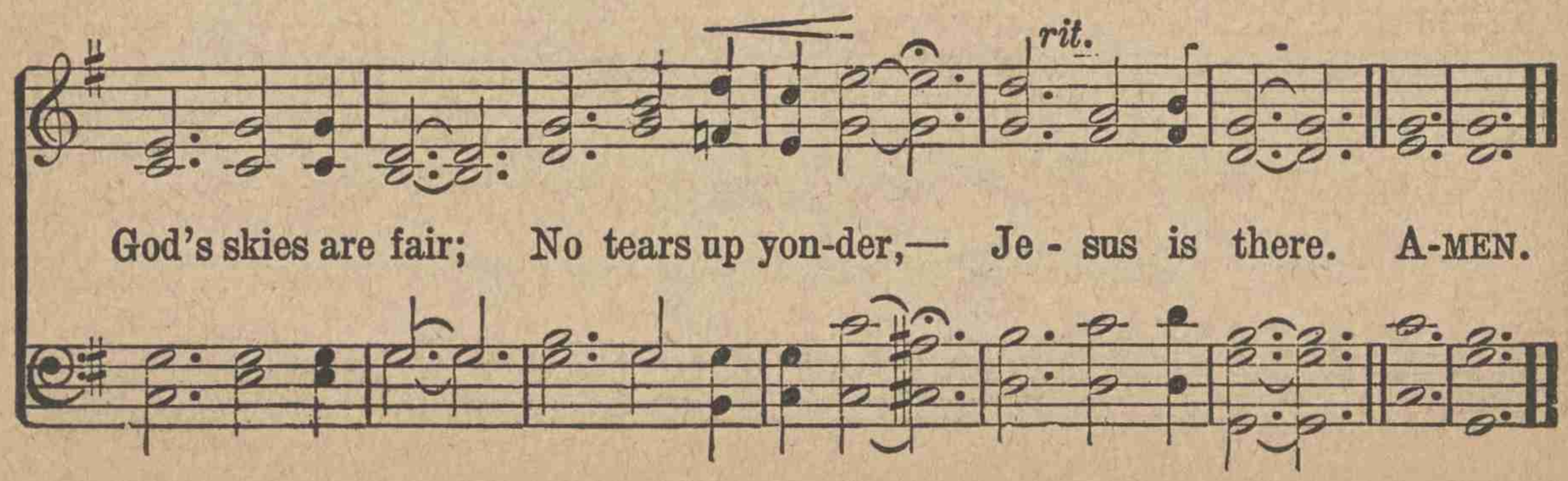


CHORUS. *Slowly.*



No strife up yon-der, God is in com-mand.
Thro' end-less a-ges friends ne'er have to part. No care up yon-der,—
God's full con-tent-ment waits for you up there.





God's skies are fair; No tears up yon-der,— Je-sus is there. A-MEN.

352 Who Could It Be?

Fred P. Morris.

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Robert Harkness.

1. Some-bod-y came and lift-ed me Out of my sin and mis-er-y,
2. Some-bod-y bent so ten-der-ly, Pleading so long and pa-tient-ly,
3. Some-bod-y whispered sweet and low, Tell-ing me just the way to go,
4. Some-bod-y holds my hand each day, Guiding my feet lest I should stray,

Some-bod-y came, O who could it be, Who could it be but Je-sus?
Some-bod-y came, O who could it be, Who could it be but Je-sus?
Some-bod-y spoke, I lis-tened, and lo, Who could it be but Je-sus?
Walking with Him how bless-ed the way, Who could it be but Je-sus?

CHORUS.

Who could it be, O who could it be? Who could it be but Je-sus? Who could it
Je - - sus, Je - - sus, Je - -

be, O who could it be? Who could it be but Je-sus? A-MEN.
sus, yes, Je - - sus,

rall. *pp*

353 He Cares For Me.

F. C. P.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

F. Clark Perry.

SOLO.

1. I fear the foe no more, My doubts and fears are o'er,
2. He is a faith-ful Guide, Who nev - er leaves my side,
3. When time shall be no more, And sor-row's night is o'er,

For ev - 'ry day, a-long life's way, I walk se-cure and free.
His love the light that breaks the night, And bids the shad-ows flee.
What joy di - vine, what rapture mine, When I that land shall see!

DUET.

My Sav - ior and my Friend, On whom I can de - pend;
Tho' storm-y bil - lows roll, They can - not reach my soul,
And with the saints pass in Be-yond the reach of sin,

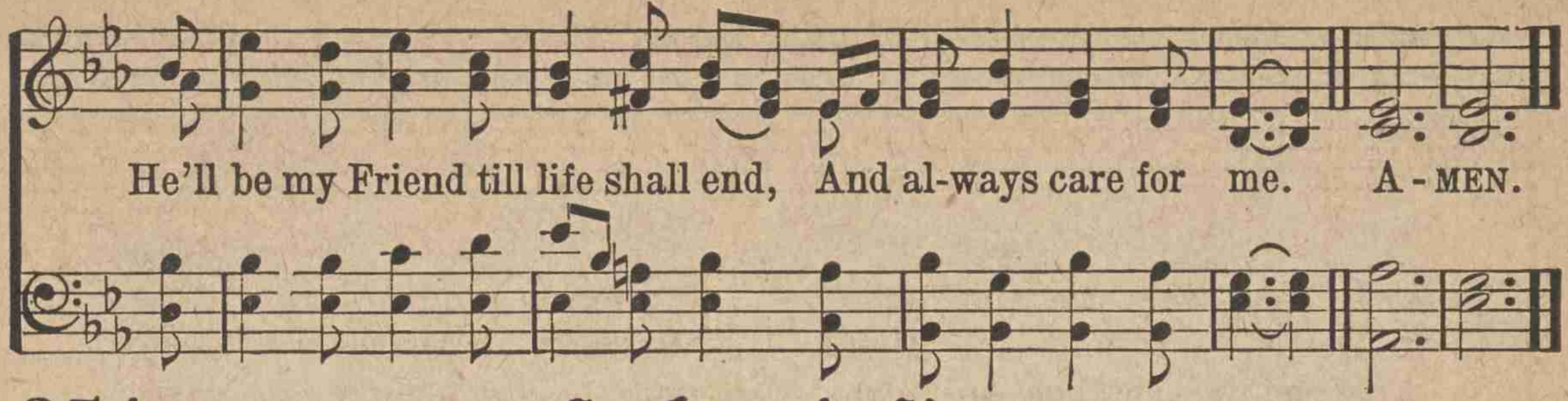
QUARTET.

He chan-ges not, what-e'er my lot, And al-ways cares for me.
For He who knows will soothe my woes, And al-ways care for me.
Saved by His grace, I'll see the face Of Him who cares for me.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

He cares for me. . . . . So true is He;. . . . . .
He cares for me So true is He;

He Cares for Me.
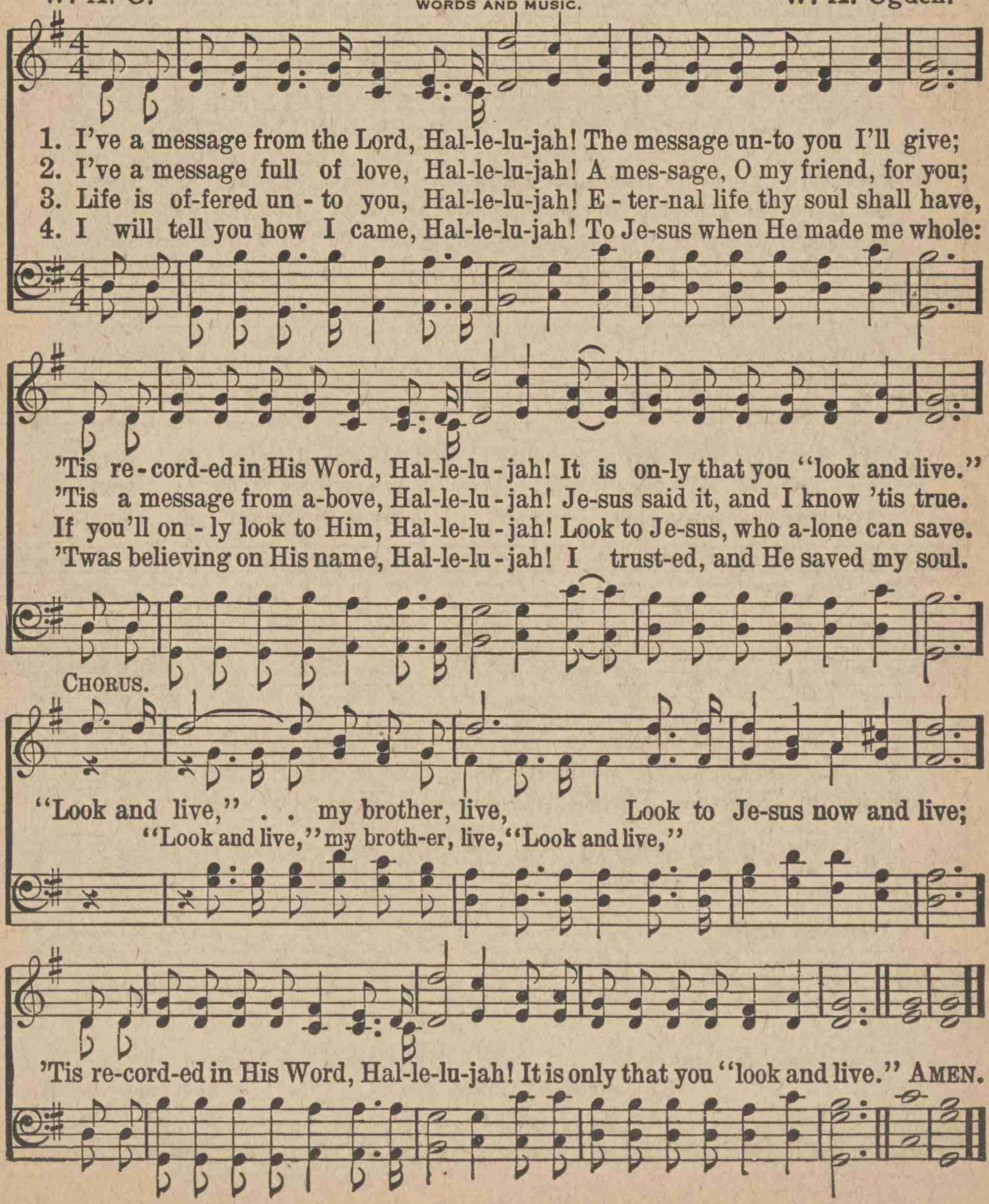


354 Look and Live.

W. A. O.

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

W. A. Ogden.



355 Reapers Are Needed.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL
WORDS AND MUSIC. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Hark to the mu - sic re - sound-ing, Reap-ers are need-ed to - day;
2. For-ward with hearts full of glad - ness, Reap-ers, I pray you, make haste;
3. Hark to the song they are sing - ing! See, they have treasures so rare;

Fields are all white, to the har - vest Let us be up and a - way!
Grain there is read - y and wait - ing, If not soon gath-ered, will waste;
Soon will the har - vest be end - ed, Haste, then, their tro - phies to share.

Ev - er the Mas - ter is call - ing, Has - ten! the shad-ows are fall - ing;
Then let us hear you re - ply - ing, La - bor with cour-age un - dy - ing,
Let no one be i - dly dream-ing, Look! look! the har - vest is gleam - ing,

On to the har-vest-field, Gath - er the gold - en yield, Pre - cious sheaves.
Send up a word of cheer, Tell of the rest so near, Rest at home.
Join ye the reap-ing band, Lend them a help-ing hand, Ere the night.

CHORUS OR QUARTET.

Hark! hark! comes the song, On! on! join the throng; Forth with joyful, lov-ing heart,

Reapers Are Needed.

Brave-ly do your part; Hark! hark! rings the call; Haste! haste! one and all;

On where the harvest stands, Waiting for will-ing hands Souls to win. A-MEN.

356 There Is No Name So Sweet.

George W. Bethune. *Sweetest Name. 8. 7. 8. 7.* William B. Bradbury.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so dear in Heav-en,
2. 'Twas Ga-briel first that did pro-claim, To His most bless-ed moth-er,
3. And when He hung up-on the tree, They wrote His name a-bove Him,
4. So now up-on His Father's throne, Al-might-y to re-lieve us

As that be-fore His won-drous birth To Christ the Sav-ior giv-en.
That name which now and ev-er more We praise a-bove all oth-er.
That all might see the rea-son we For-ev-er-more must love Him.
From sin and pain, He ev-er reigns The Prince and Sav-ior Je-sus.

D.S.—*For there's no word ear ev-er heard So dear, so sweet as Je-sus.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

We love to sing a-round our King, And hail Him bless-ed Je-sus; A-MEN.

357 His Eye Is On the Sparrow.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Why should I feel discouraged, Why should the shadows come, Why should my heart be lonely And long for Heav'n and home, When Jesus is my portion? My
2. "Let not your heart be troubled," His ten-der word I hear, And rest-ing on His goodness, I lose my doubts and fears; Tho' by the path He leadeth But
3. When-ev-er I am temp-ted, When-ev-er clouds a - rise, When songs give place to sighing, When hope within me dies, I draw the clo-ser to Him, From

constant Friend is He: His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches me;
one step I may see: His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches me;
care He sets me free; His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He cares for me.

His Eye Is On the Sparrow.

CHORUS.

I sing be-cause I'm hap-py, (I'm happy,) I sing be-cause I'm free, (I'm free,)

rall.

For His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches me. A-MEN.

358 Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNIE T. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

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

CHORUS.

Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief. Sav-ior, Sav-ior, Hear my hum-ble
bro-ken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace.
earth beside Thee? Whom in Heav'n but Thee?

cry; While on oth-ers Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by. A-MEN.

359 Saved! Saved!

J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. I've found a Friend who is all to me, . . His love is ev - er true; . . . . I love to tell . . how He
2. He saves me from ev - 'ry sin and harm, . Se- cures my soul each day; . . . . I'm lean - ing strong on His
3. When poor and need - y, and all a - lone, . . In love He said to me, ... "Come un - to Me . . and I'll

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

Saved! Saved!

CHORUS.

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

cres. *rit.*

Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, For I'm saved, saved, saved! A-MEN.

360 I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. USED BY PERMISSION. Rev. L. Hartsough.

1. I hear Thy wel-come voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleasing in Thy pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness full-y cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure.
3. 'Tis Je-sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and Heav'n above.

CHORUS.

I am com-ing, Lord! Com-ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry! A-MEN.

361 "Zeal" Our Watchword.

S. W. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

Samuel W. Beazley.

Unison.

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

Read - y to help where you're need - ed, Ear - nest - ly do - ing your part.
Zeal in His good ways of serv - ice, List'ning for what He may say;
In the in-crease of His king - dom, Thro'-out His earth-ly do - main;

Boys.

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

Girls.

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

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

Zeal, zeal, zeal, zeal,

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

"Zeal" Our Watchword.

Zeal, zeal, zeal, zeal,
"Zeal" for the work He's as-signed us, "Zeal" wor-thy oth - ers should see—
Zeal, zeal, zeal, zeal,
This is what Je-sus would have us Show in His work here be - low; . .
Then with a zeal nev-er dy - ing, On in His serv - ice we go. . .

362 Father! Whate'er of Earthly Bliss.

Anne Steele. *Naomi. C. M.* Lowell Mason.

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

Ac - cept-ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:—
The blessings of Thy grace im-part, And make me live to Thee.
Thy presence thro' my journey shine, And crown my journey's end." A - MEN.
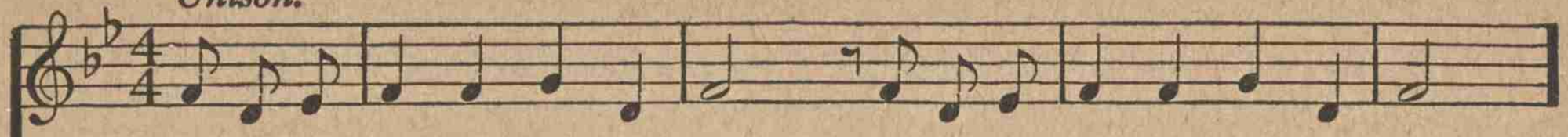
363 To the Harvest-Field.

C. H. G.
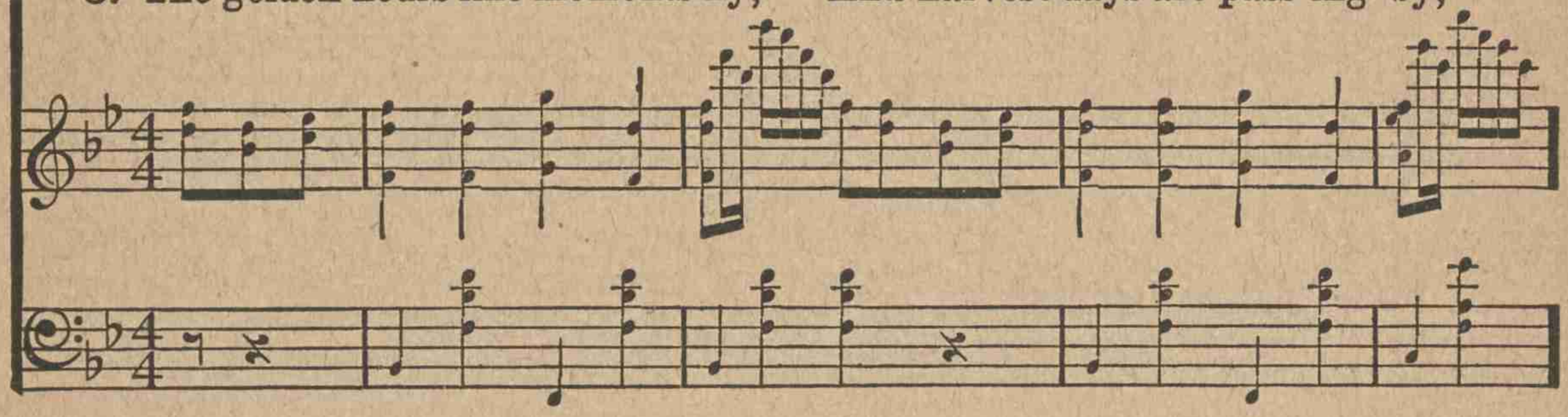
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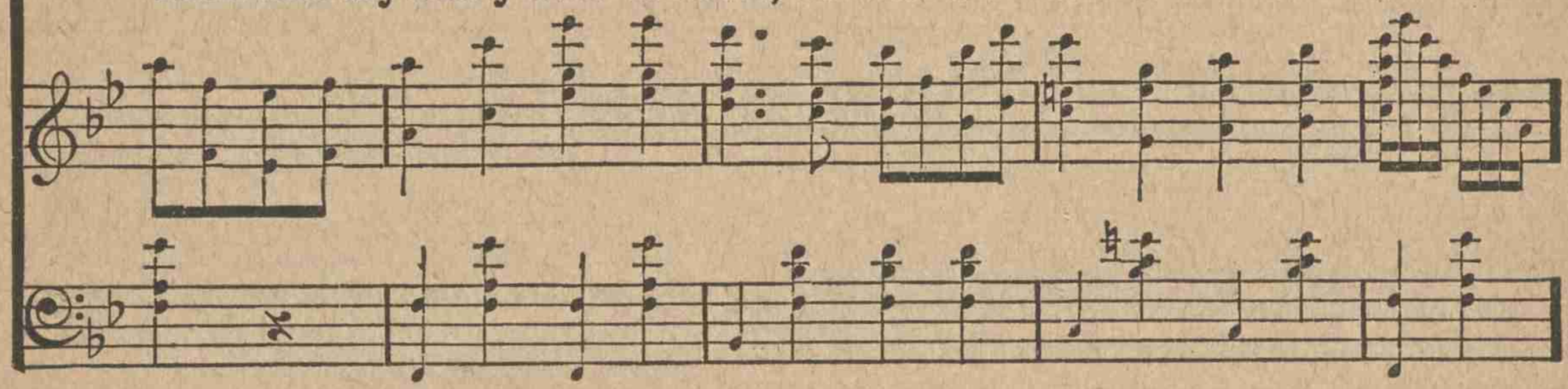
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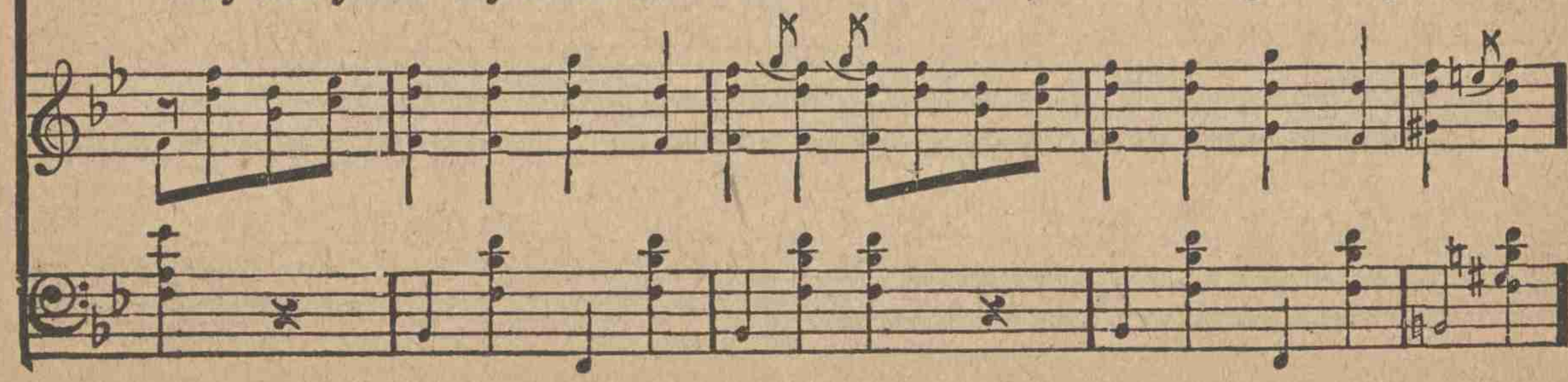


1. A band of faith-ful reap-ers we, Who gath-er for e - ter - ni - ty
2. We are a faith-ful gleaning band, And la-bor at our Lord's command,
3. The golden hours like moments fly, And harvest days are pass-ing by;



The golden sheaves of ripened grain From ev'ry val - ley, hill and plain:
Un-yield-ing, loy-al, tried and true, For lo! the reap-ers are but few:
Then take thy rust-y sick-le down, And la-bor for a fade-less crown:



Our song is one the reap-ers sing, In hon-or of the Lord and King—
Be-hold the wav-ing har-vest-field A-bun-dant with a gold-en yield;
Why will you i-dly stand and wait? Be-hold, the hour is grow-ing late!



To the Harvest-Field.

The Mas-ter of the harvest wide, Who for a world of sin-ners died.
And hear the Lord of harvest say To all, "Go reap for Me to - day."
Can you to judgment bring but leaves, While here are waiting golden sheaves?

CHORUS.

To the har-vest-field a-way, For the Mas-ter call-eth; There is work for

all to-day, Ere the dark-ness fall-eth. Swift-ly do the mo-ments fly,

Harvest days are going by, Go-ing, go-ing, go-ing, go-ing by. A-MEN.

364 All Hail, Immanuel!

D. R. Van Sickle.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, We cast . . . our crowns be-fore Thee;
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, The ran - somed hosts surround Thee;
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, Our ris - - en King and Sav - ior!

Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - - 'ry voice a-dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior King, The vi - brant
And earth - ly mon-archs clam - or forth Their Sov - - 'reign King to crown Thee. While those re-deemed in a - ges gone, As - sem - bled
Thy foes are van-quished, and Thou art Om - nip - - - o - tent for- ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa - tan's

chords of Heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might - y strain:
round the great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song:
pow'r is burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name:

All hail! all hail! All hail! all hail! Im - man - u - el!
All hail! all hail!

All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.

Hail! . . . . . Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el! Hail! . . . . . .

Hail to the King we love so well! Hail! Im - man-u - el! Hail to the King we love so well!

Hail! . . . . . .

Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el!

Hail! Im - man - u - el! Glo-ry and honor and majesty, Wisdom and power be

Hail! . . . . . Glo - - ry and maj-es-ty, Wis - dom be

rit. Hail! . . . . . Im-

un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more! . . . Hail to the King we love so well!

man-u-el! Im-man-u-el! Hail! . . . . . Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el!

Hail! Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well! Hail! Im - man - u - el!

Hail! Hail!

King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im - man - u - el! A-MEN.

365 America the Beautiful.

Katherine Lee Bates. *Materna. C. M. D.* Samuel A. Ward.

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa-cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years
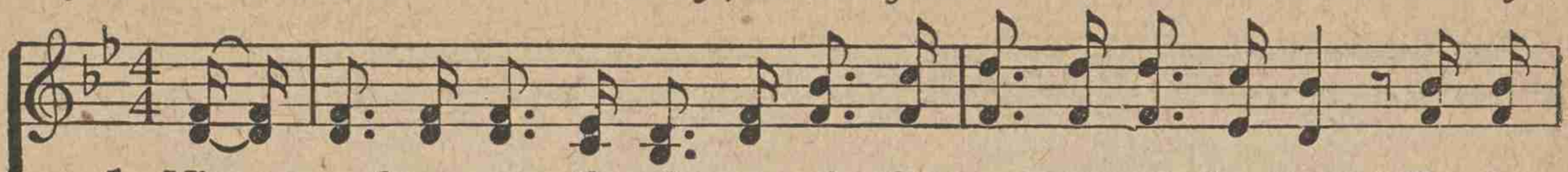
For pur - ple moun-tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam, Undimmed by hu - man tears!

A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
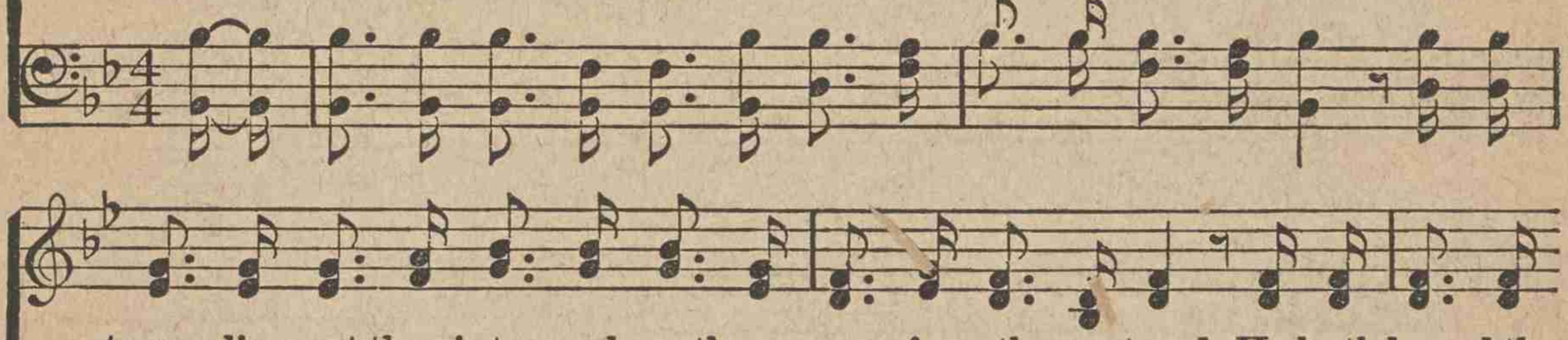
And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
Con - firm thy soul in self - con-trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
Till all suc-cess be no - ble-ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea! A-MEN.

366 Battle Hymn of the Republic.
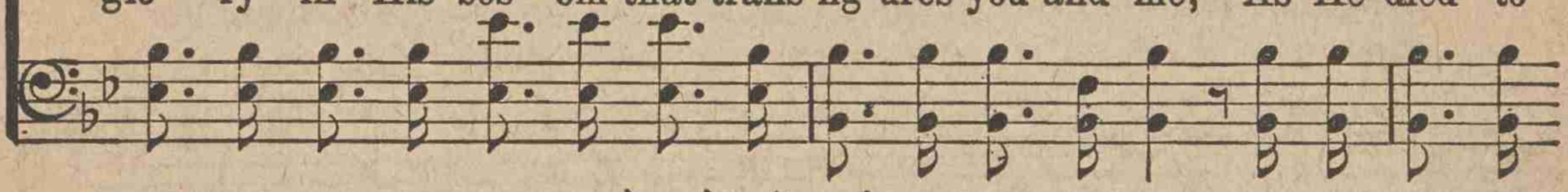
Julia Ward Howe. *Glory, Hallelujah.* Plantation Melody.
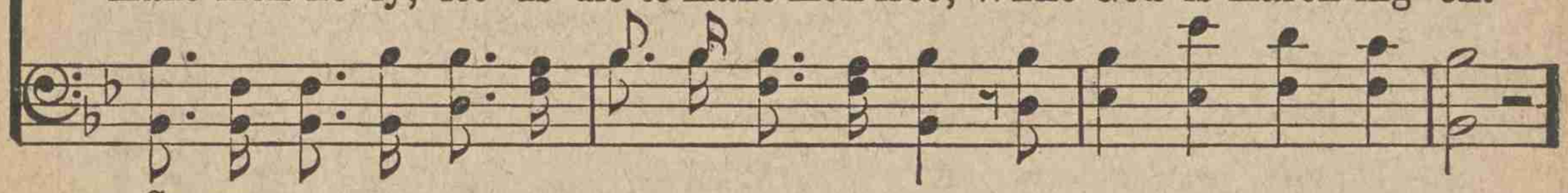


1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred circling camps; They have
3. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall nev-er sound re-treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a
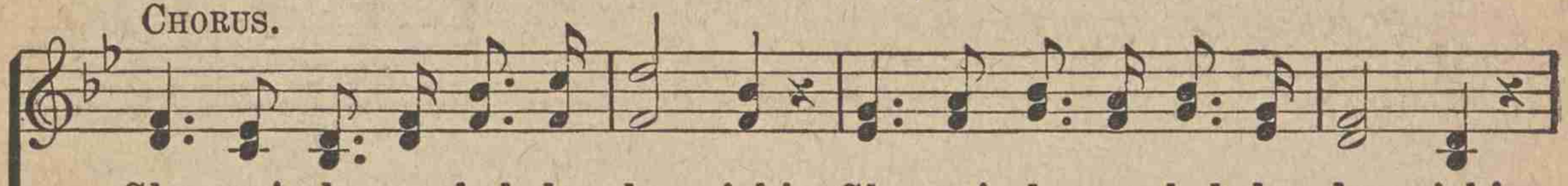


tram-pling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judgment seat. O be swift, my
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to
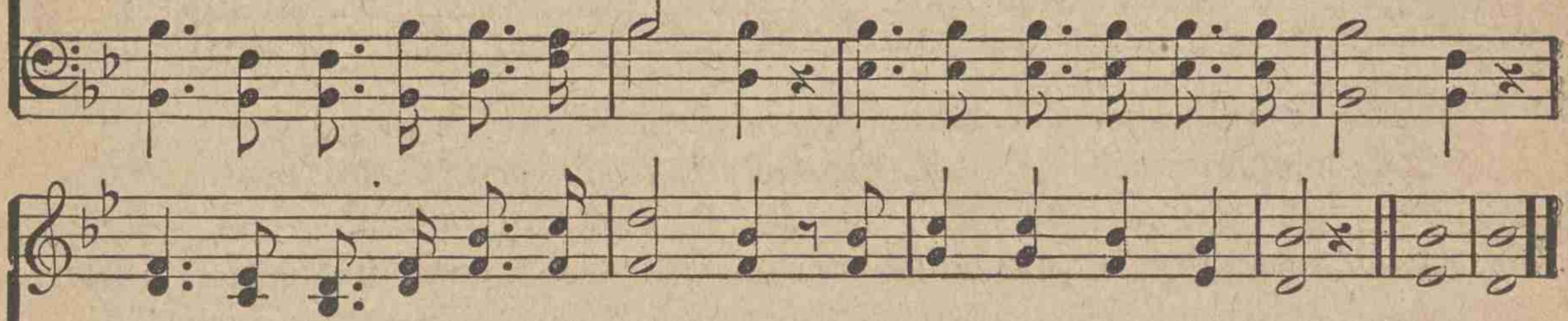


fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri-ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.
righteous sentence by the dim and flar-ing lamps; His day is march-ing on.
soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi-lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
make men ho-ly, let us die to make men free; While God is march-ing on.
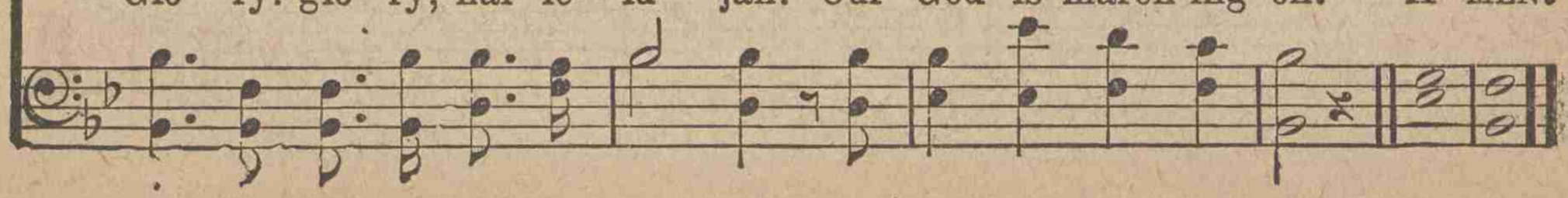


CHORUS.



Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Our God is march-ing on. A - MEN.



367 The Red, White and Blue.

1. O Co-lum-bia! the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free;
2. When war winged its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-form,
3. Then, sons of Co-lum-bia! come hith-er, And join in our nation's sweet hymn;

The shrine of each patriot's devotion, A world of-fers hom-age to thee.
The ark then of freedom's foundation, Co - lum-bia rode safe thro' the storm;
May the wreaths they have won never wither, Nor the stars of their glory grow dim!

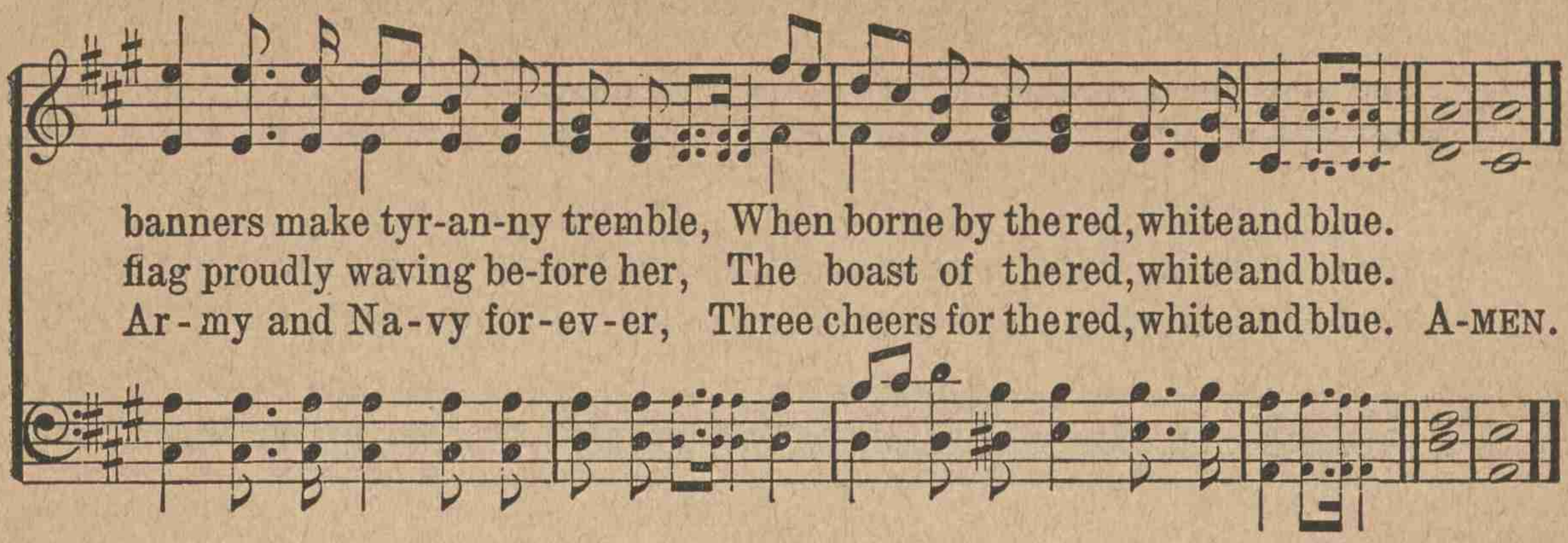
Thy mandates make heroes assemble, When Liberty's form stands in view;
With her garlands of vict'ry around her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
May the serv-ice, u-nit-ed, ne'er sev-er, But they to their col-ors prove true!

Thy ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
With her flag proudly waving before her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
The Ar - my and Na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

REFRAIN.

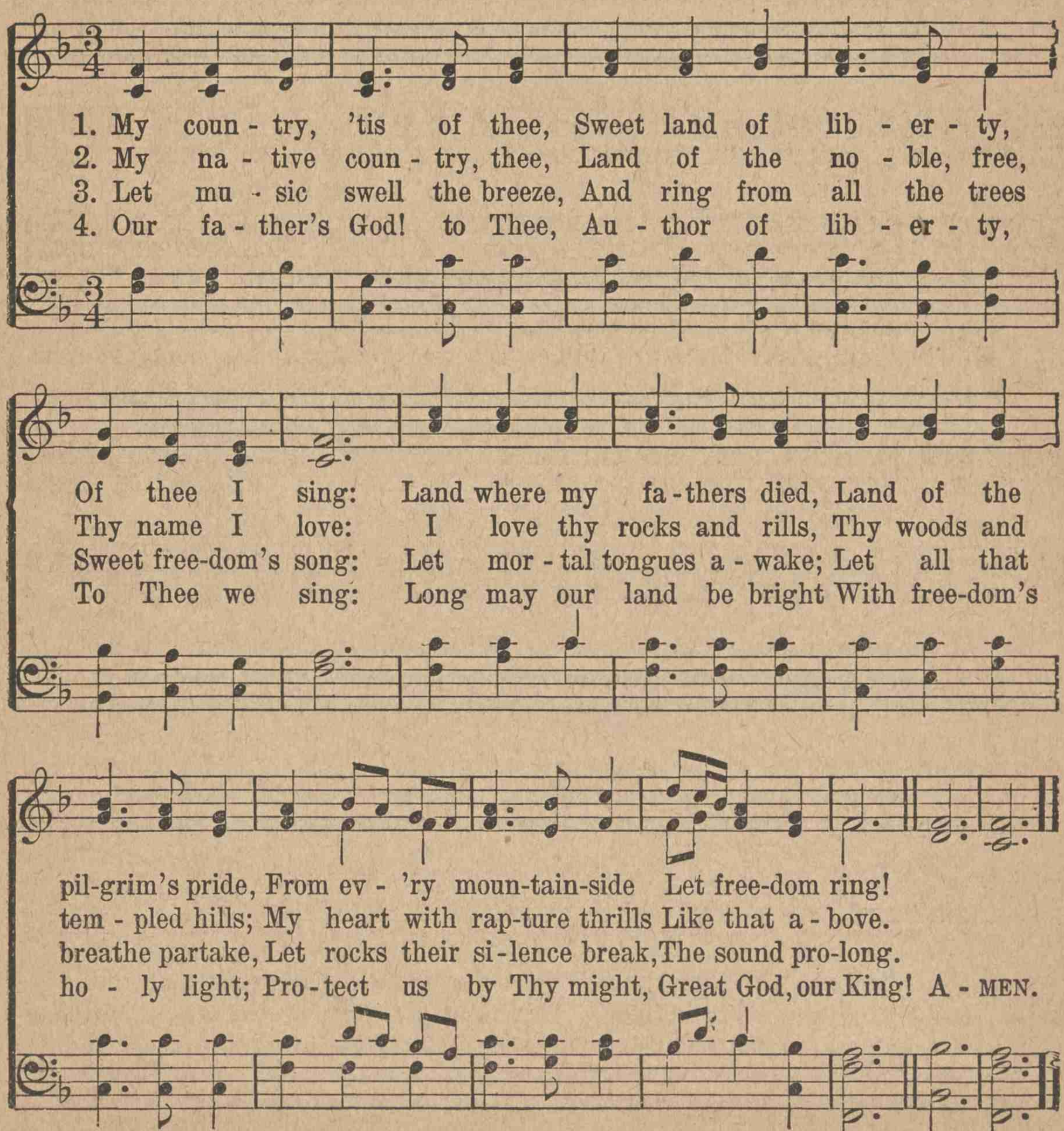
When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue; Thy
The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue; With her
Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue; The

The Red, White and Blue.
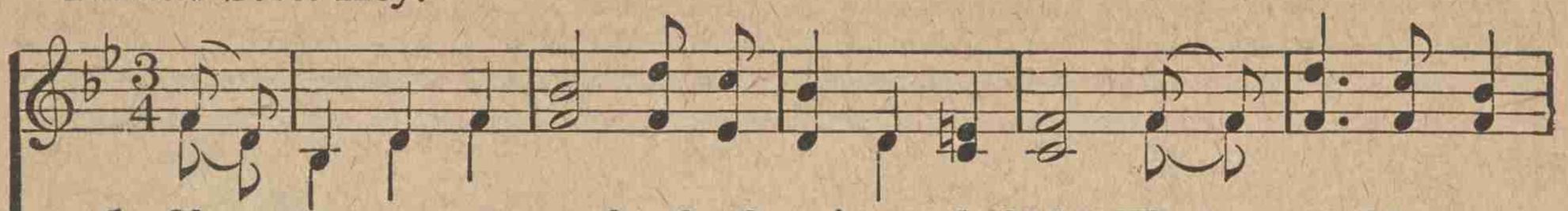


368 My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith. *America.* English.

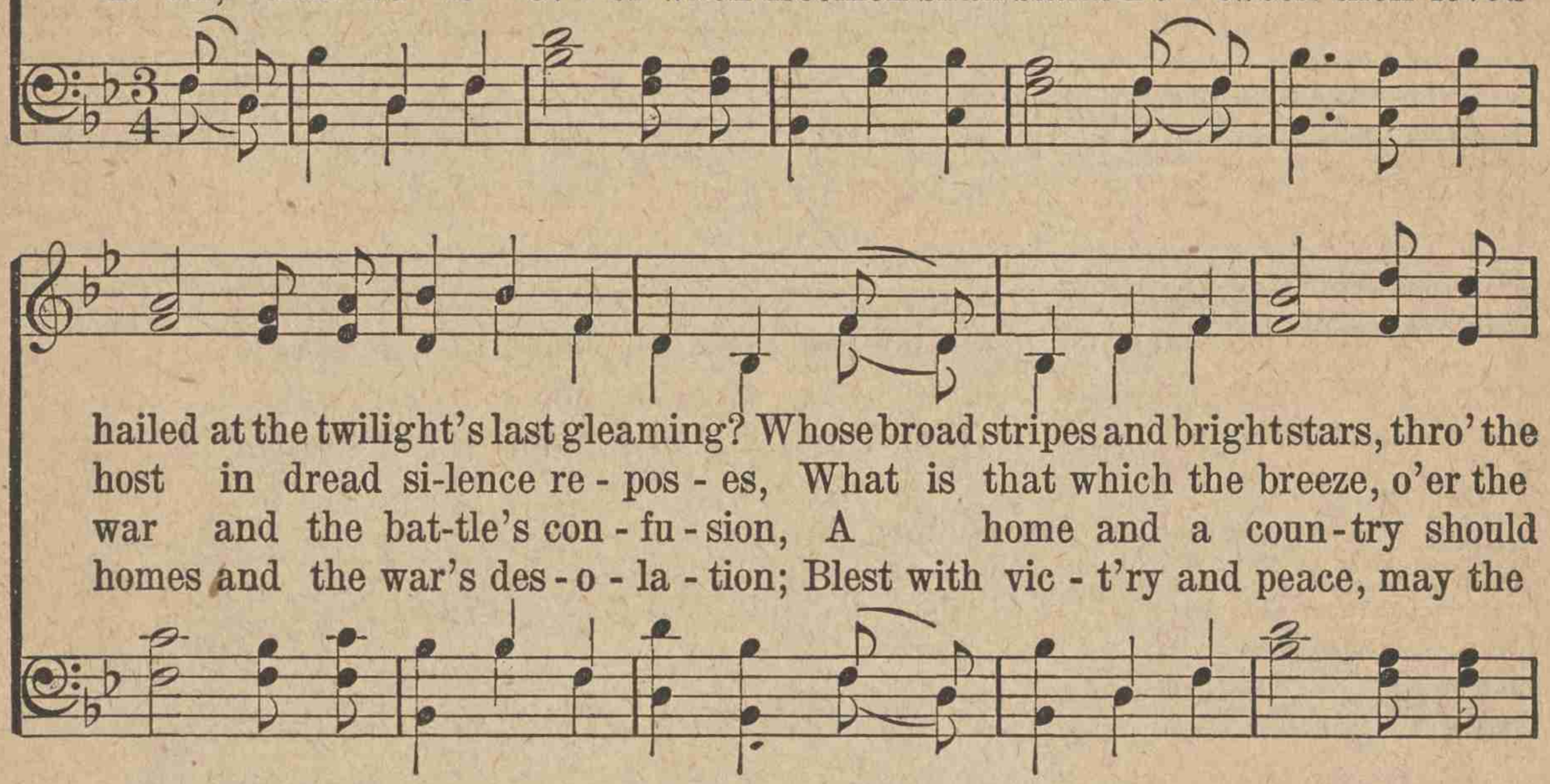


369 The Star-Spangled Banner.
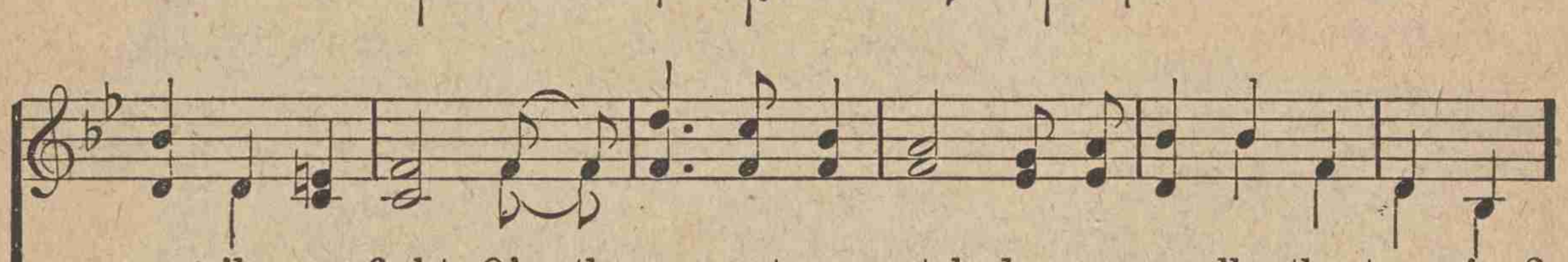
Francis Scott Key.
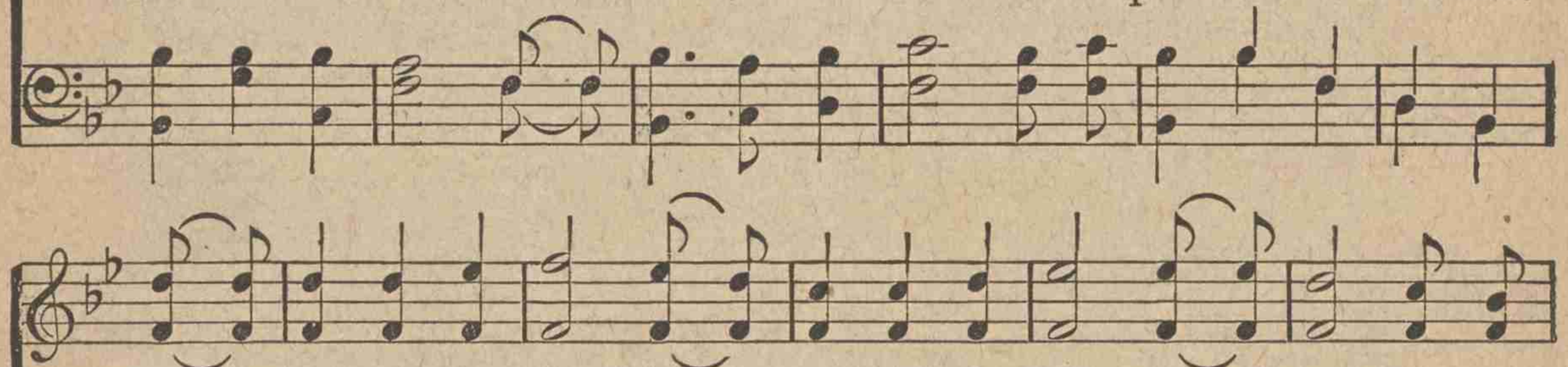


1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
3. And where is that band, who so vaunt-ing-ly swore That the hav - oc of
4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when freemen shall stand Be - tween their loved



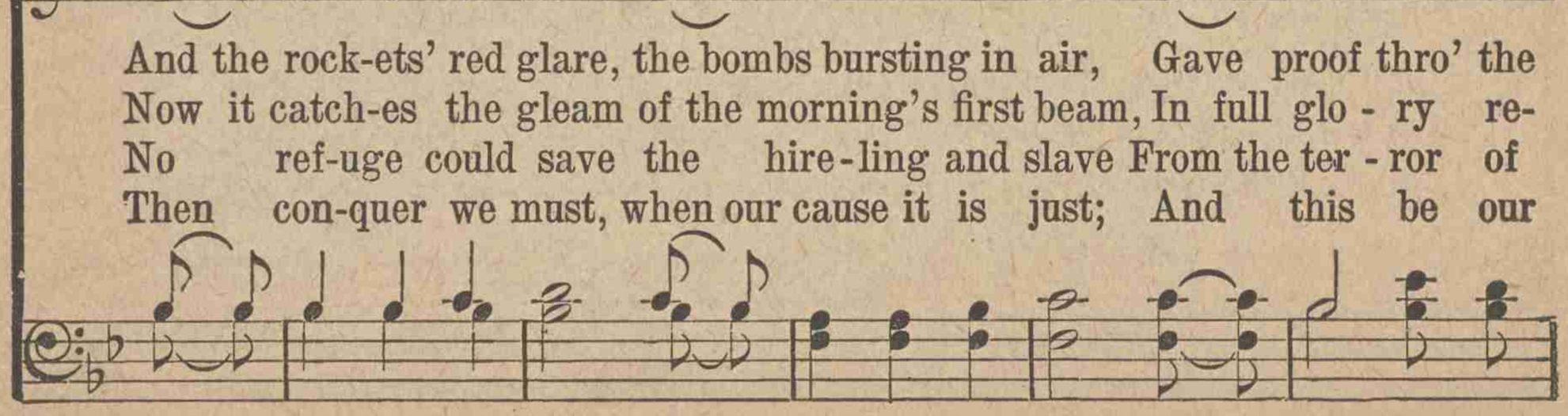
hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
host in dread si-lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
war and the bat-tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a coun-try should
homes and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the
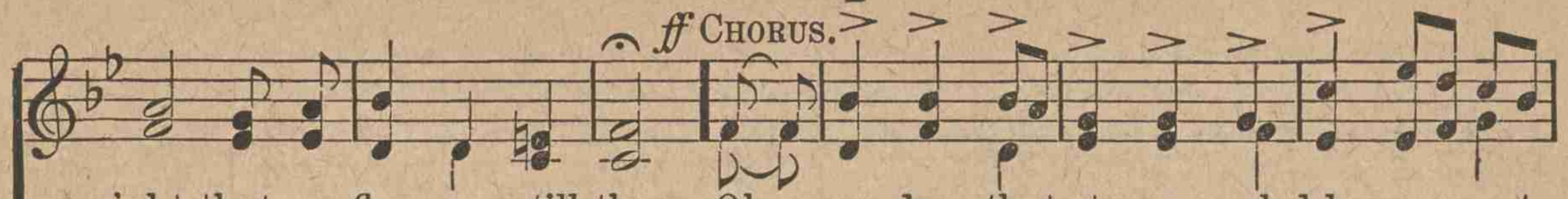


per - il - ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos-es?
leave us no more? Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pol-lu-tion;
Heav'n-rescued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na-tion!



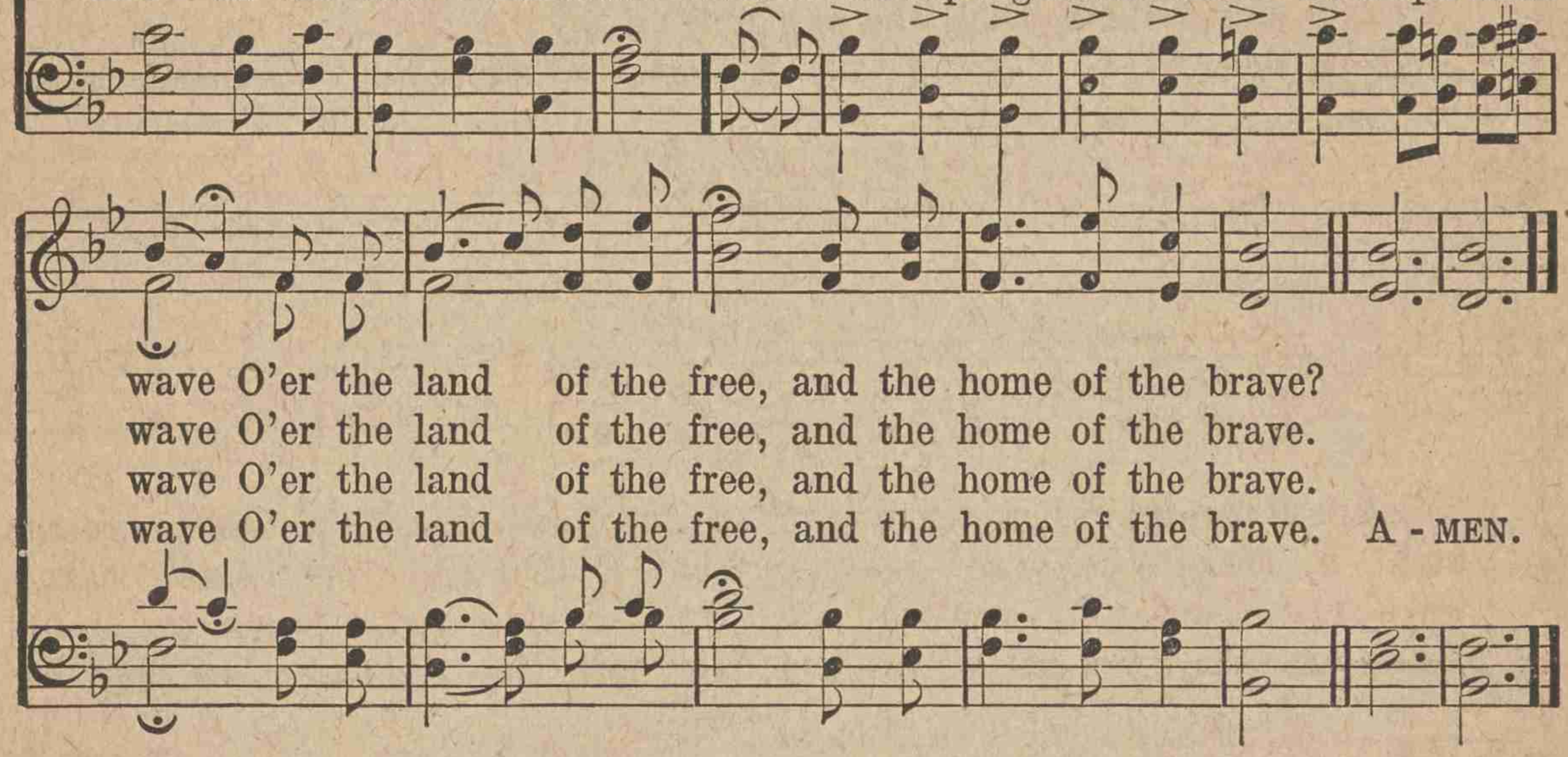
And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the
Now it catch-es the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re-
No ref-uge could save the hire-ling and slave From the ter - ror of
Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is just; And this be our



The Star-Spangled Banner.



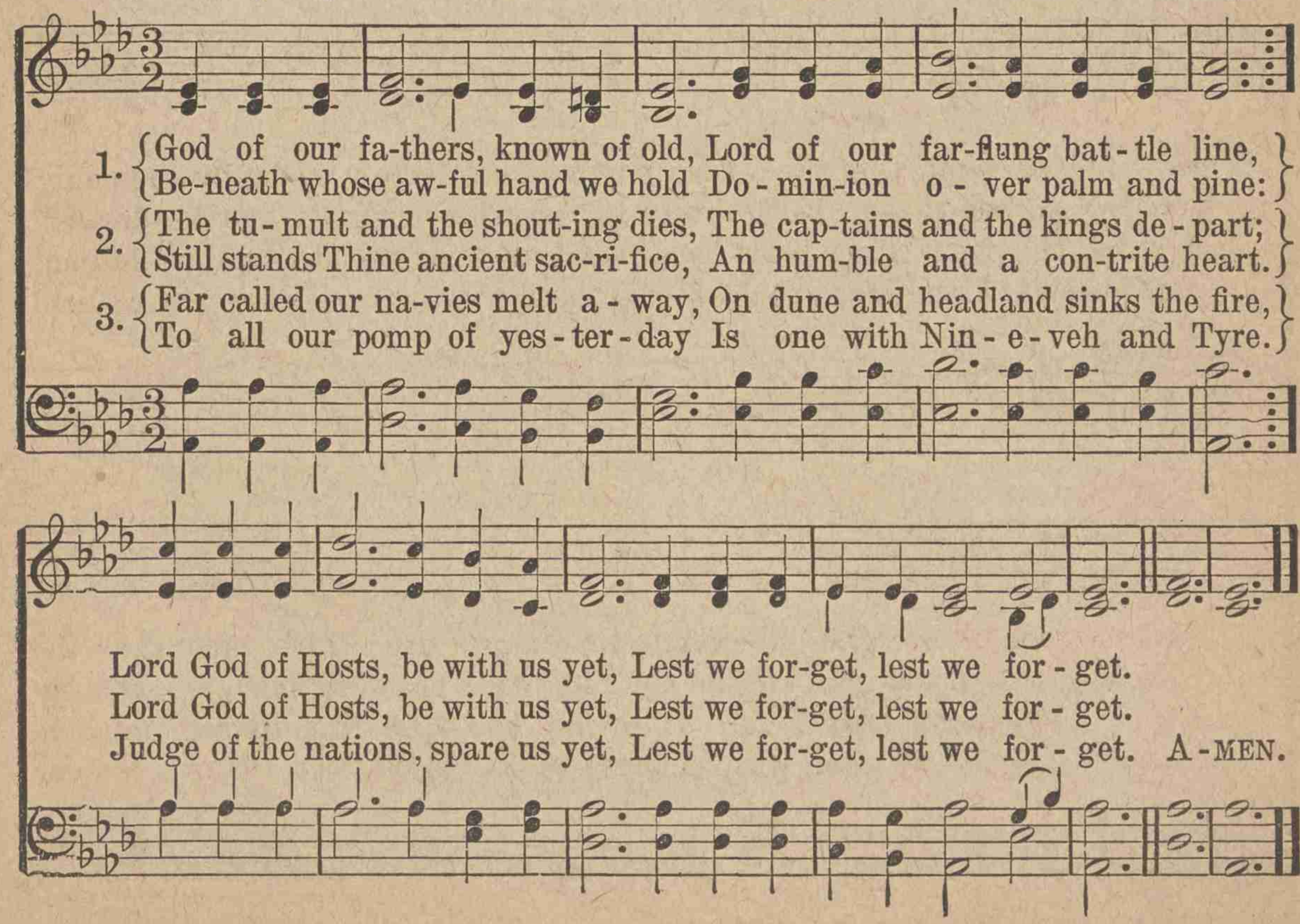
night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-spangled ban-ner yet
flect-ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it
flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph doth
mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph shall



wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave. A - MEN.

370 God of Our Fathers.

Rudyard Kipling. *Selena. L. M. 6l.* Isaac B. Woodbury.
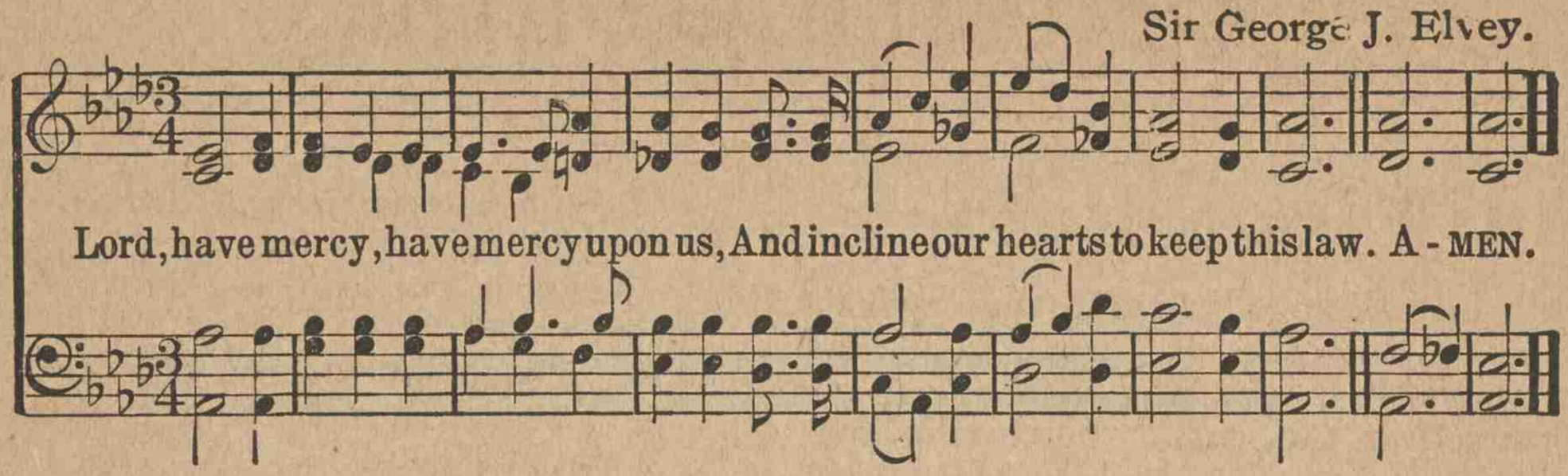


1. God of our fa-thers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung bat-tle line,
   Be-neath whose aw-ful hand we hold Do-min-ion o-ver palm and pine:
2. The tu-mult and the shout-ing dies, The cap-tains and the kings de-part;
   Still stands Thine ancient sac-ri-fice, An hum-ble and a con-trite heart.
3. Far called our na-vies melt a-way, On dune and headland sinks the fire,
   To all our pomp of yes-ter-day Is one with Nin-e-veh and Tyre.

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.
Judge of the nations, spare us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get. A-MEN.

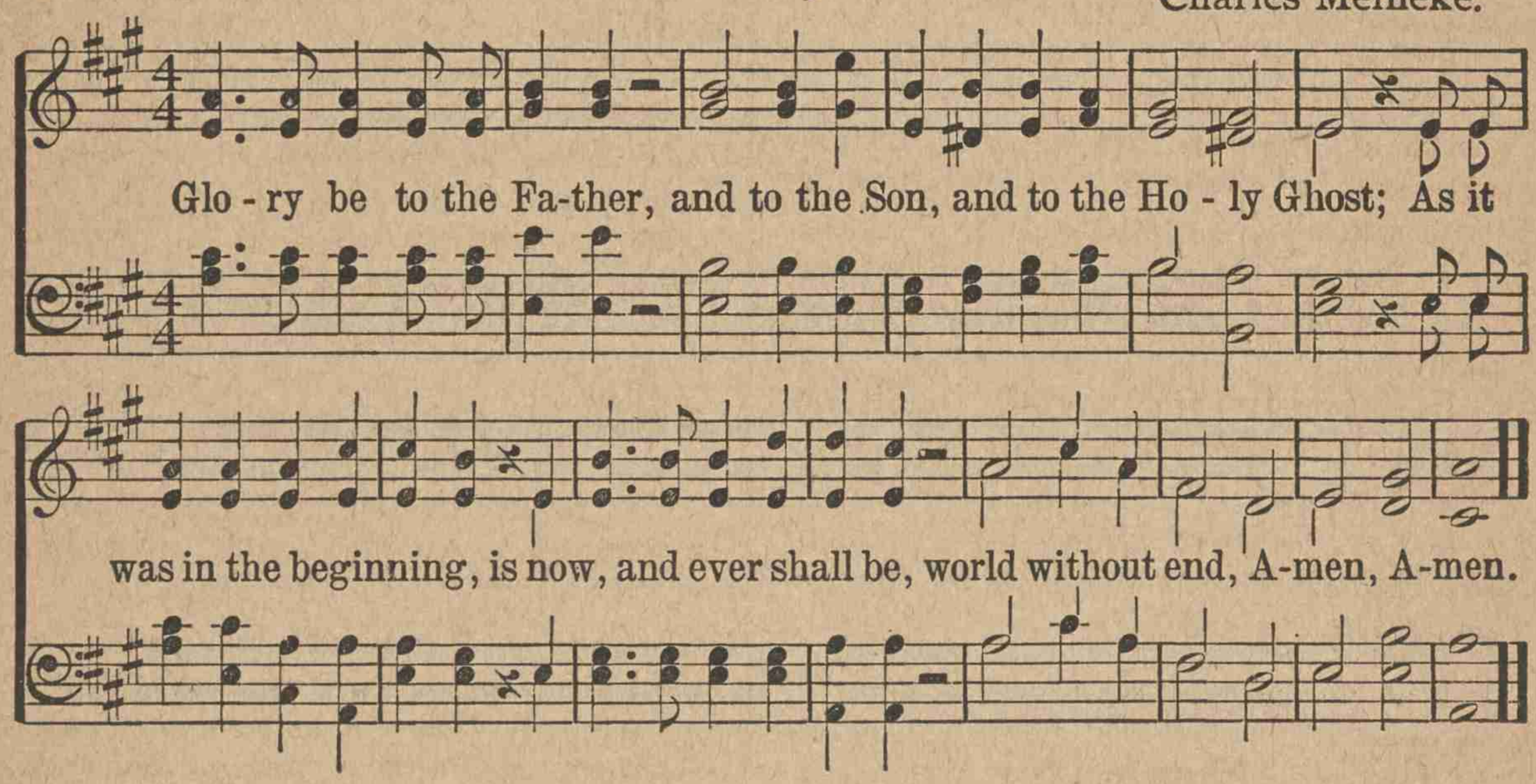
371 Response.

Sir George J. Elvey.



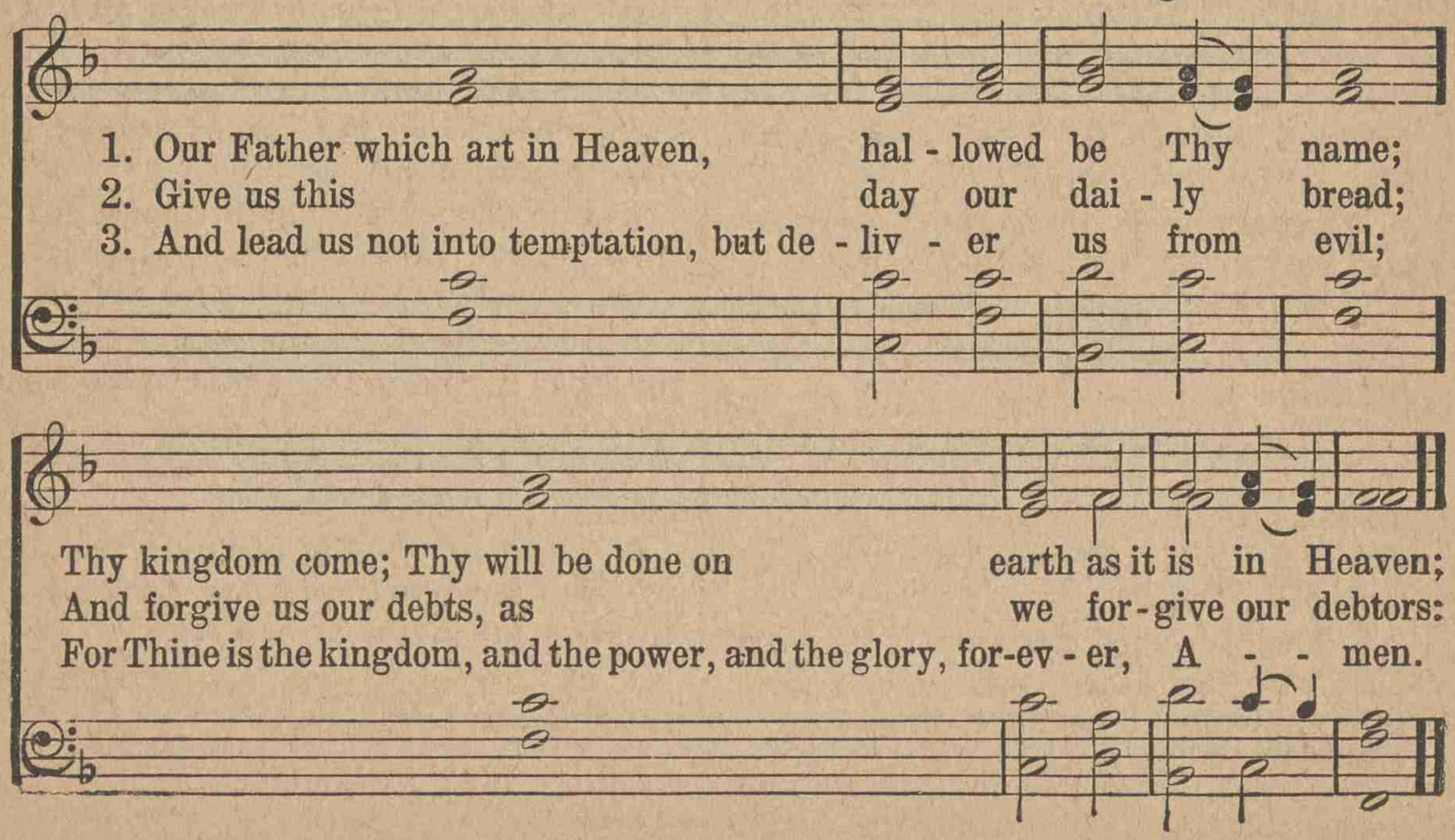
372 Gloria Patri.

Charles Meineke.



373 The Lord's Prayer.

Gregorian Chant.



Selected Psalms

374 Psalm 1

1 BLESSED *is* the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

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375 Psalm 2

1 WHY do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?

2 The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his Anointed, saying,

3 Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us.

4 He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision.

5 Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure.

6 Yet have I set my King upon my holy hill of Zion.

7 I will declare the decree; the Lord hath said unto me, Thou *art* my Son; this day have I begotten thee.

8 Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.

9 Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

10 Be wise now therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth.

11 Serve the Lord with fear and rejoice with trembling.

12 Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

---

376 Psalm 8

1 O LORD our Lord, how excellent *is* thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

2 Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

5 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

9 O Lord our Lord, how excellent *is* thy name in all the earth!

377 Psalm 15

1 LORD, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

3 *He that* backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

4 In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

5 *He that* putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these *things* shall never be moved.

---

378 Psalm 19

1 THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork.

2 Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.

3 *There is* no speech nor language, *where* their voice is not heard.

4 Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun.

5 Which *is* as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, *and* rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

6 His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

7 The law of the Lord *is* perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord *is* sure, making wise the simple.

8 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

9 The fear of the Lord *is* clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord *are* true *and* righteous altogether.

10 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

11 Moreover by them is thy servant warned: *and* in keeping of them *there is* great reward.

12 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

13 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous *sins;* let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

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379 Psalm 23

1 THE Lord *is* my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

---

380 Psalm 24

1 THE earth *is* the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is this king of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift *them* up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

---

381 Psalm 34

1 I WILL bless the Lord at all times: his praise *shall* continually *be* in my mouth.

2 My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

3 O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

4 I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

5 They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.

6 This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

7 The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

8 O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

9 O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for *there is* no want to them that fear him.

10 The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.

11 Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

12 What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?

13 Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

14 Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.

15 The eyes of the Lord *are* upon the righteous, and his ears *are open* unto their cry.

16 The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

17 *The righteous* cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

18 The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

19 Many *are* the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

20 He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken.

21 Evil shall slay the wicked: and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.

22 The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

---

382 Psalm 37

1 FRET not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

2 For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

3 Trust in the Lord, and do good; *so* shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

4 Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

(OVER)

5 Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring *it* to pass.

6 And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.

7 Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

8 Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

9 For evil doers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth.

---

383 Psalm 39

1 I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue; I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me.

2 I was dumb with silence, I held my peace, even from good; and my sorrow was stirred.

3 My heart was hot within me, while I was musing the fire burned: then spake I with my tongue.

4 Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am.

5 Behold, thou hast made my days as an handbreadth; and mine age is as nothing before thee: verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity.

6 Surely every man walketh in a vain shew; surely they are disquieted in vain: he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.

7 And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee.

8 Deliver me from all my transgressions: make me not the reproach of the foolish.

384 Psalm 40

1 I WAITED patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

2 He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.

3 And he hath put a new song in my mouth, *even* praise unto our God: many shall see *it*, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.

4 Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.

5 Many, O Lord my God, *are* thy wonderful works *which* thou hast done, and thy thoughts *which are* to us-ward: they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee: *if* I would declare and speak *of them*, they are more than can be numbered.

6 Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; mine ears hast thou opened: burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required.

7 Then said I, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book *it is* written of me,

8 I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart.

9 I have preached righteousness in the great congregation: lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, thou knowest.

10 I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation: I have not concealed thy loving-kindness and thy truth from the great congregation.

11 Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O Lord: let thy loving-kindness and thy truth continually preserve me.

12 For innumerable evils have compassed me about: mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of mine head: therefore my heart faileth me.

385 Psalm 97

1 The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad *thereof*.

2 Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.

3 A fire goeth before him, and burneth up his enemies round about.

4 His lightnings enlightened the world; the earth saw, and trembled.

5 The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.

6 The heavens declare his righteousness, and all the people see his glory.

7 Thou, Lord, *art* high above all the earth: thou art exalted far above all gods.

8 Ye that love the Lord, hate evil: he preserveth the souls of his saints; he delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.

9 Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

10 Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous; and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

---

386 Psalm 100

1 MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

2 Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

3 Know ye that the Lord he *is* God: *it is* he *that* hath made us, and not we ourselves; *we are* his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

4 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

5 For the Lord *is* good; his mercy *is* everlasting; and his truth *endureth* to all generations.

387 Psalm 103

1 BLESS the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, *bless* his holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good *things; so that* thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He will not always chide: neither will he keep *his anger* forever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, *so* great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

13 Like as a father pitieth *his* children, *so* the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

14 For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

15 *As for* man, his days *are* as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

16 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

17 But the mercy of the Lord *is* from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

18 To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

Responsive Readings

388 Matthew 5

1 And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain; and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

2 And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

3 Blessed *are* the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4 Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5 Blessed *are* the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7 Blessed *are* the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9 Blessed *are* the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed are ye, when *men* shall revile you, and persecute *you,* and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

389 Galatians 6

1 Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.

2 Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.

3 For if a man think himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself.

4 But let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another.

5 For every man shall bear his own burden.

6 Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things.

7 Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

8 For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

9 And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

10 As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.

390 John 3

1 And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up:

2 That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

3 For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

4 For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

5 He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

6 And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.

7 For everyone that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved.

8 But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God.

9 He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.

---

391 Philippians 2

1 LET this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus:

2 Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God:

3 But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men:

4 And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

5 Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name:

6 That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth;

7 And *that* every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ *is* Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

8 Wherefore, my beloved, as ye have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.

9 For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of *his* good pleasure.

10 Do all things without murmurings and disputings:

11 That ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world:

12 Holding forth the word of life; that I may rejoice in the way of Christ, that I have not run in vain, neither labored in vain.

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392 1 John 1

1 THAT which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us: and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ.

2 And these things write we unto you, that your joy may be full.

3 This then is the message which we have heard of him and declare unto you, that God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.

4 If we say that we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth:

5 But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.

6 If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

7 If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

8 If we say that we have not sinned, we make him a liar, and his word is not in us.

---

393 Ephesians 6

1 FINALLY, my brethren, be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might.

2 Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. (OVER)

3 For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

4 Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

5 Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

6 And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace:

7 Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

8 And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God:

9 Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.

---

394 Philippians 4

1 REJOICE in the Lord, alway: *and* again I say, Rejoice.

2 Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand.

3 Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.

4 And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

5 Finally, b r e t h r e n, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things *are* honest, whatsoever things *are* just, whatsoever things *are* pure, whatsoever things *are* lovely, whatsoever things *are* of good report; if *there be* any virtue, and if *there be* any praise, think on these things.

6 Those things, which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen in me, do: and the God of peace shall be with you.

7 But I rejoiced in the Lord greatly, that now at the last your care of me hath flourished again; wherein ye were also careful, but ye lacked opportunity.

8 Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.

9 I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need.

10 I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.

---

395 Romans 10

1 THE word is nigh thee, *even* in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach;

2 That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

3 For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.

4 For the scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed.

5 For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him.

6 For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

7 How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?

8 And how shall they preach, except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!

9 But they have not all obeyed the gospel. For Esaias saith, Lord, who hath believed our report?

10 So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.

396 Romans 8

1 THERE is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

2 For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.

3 For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh:

4 That the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

5 For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.

6 For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.

7 The Spirit itself bareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God:

8 And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together.

9 For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

10 Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

11 As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

12 Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

13 For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

14 Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

397 1 Corinthians 13

1 THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become *as* sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the *poor*, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

11 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

12 For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

13 And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these *is* charity.

398 John 10

1 VERILY, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.

2 But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep.

3 To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice: and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.

4 And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice.

5 And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers.

6 Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep.

7 All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers: but the sheep did not hear them.

8 I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.

9 The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have *it* more abundantly.

10 I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

11 My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me:

12 And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.

13 My Father, which gave *them* me, is greater than all; and no *man* is able to pluck *them* out of my Father's hand.

14 I and my Father are one.

399 Romans 6

1 WHAT shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound?

2 God forbid. How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?

3 Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death?

4 Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.

5 For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also *in the likeness* of *his* resurrection:

6 Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin.

7 For the wages of sin *is* death; but the gift of God *is* eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

---

400 1 Corinthians 11

1 FOR I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, That the Lord Jesus the *same* night in which he was betrayed took bread:

2 And when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me.

3 After the same manner also *he took* the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink *it*, in remembrance of me.

4 For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come.

401 John 14

1 Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

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

3 And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, *there* ye may be also.

4 And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

5 Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?

6 Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

7 If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also: and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him.

8 Philip saith unto him, Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us.

9 Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayeth thou *then,* Shew us the Father?

10 Believeth thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works.

11 Believe me that I *am* in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works' sake.

12 Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.

13 And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

14 If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it.

15 If ye love me, keep my commandments.

---

402 Revelations 7

1 And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?

2 And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

3 Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

4 They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

5 For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

6 And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

7 And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

---

403 Isaiah 53

1 He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.

2 And we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised and we esteemed him not.

3 Surely he hath borne our griefs,

and carried our sorrows: Yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted.

4 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities:

5 The chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

6 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way;

7 And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

8 He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth.

9 He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

10 He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation?

11 For he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

12 And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death;

13 Because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

14 Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief:

15 He hath poured out his soul unto death; and he was numbered with the transgressors;

16 And he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

---

404 Psalm 91

1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in the darkness: nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation;

10 There shall no evil befall thee.

---

405 2 Corinthians 5

1 For we know that if our earthly house of *this* tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

2 For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened: not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life.

3 Now he that hath wrought us for the selfsame thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit.

4 Therefore we are always confident, knowing that, whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord:

5 (For we walk by faith, not by sight:)

6 We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord.

7 Wherefore we labor, that, whether present or absent, we may be accepted of him.

406 Giving

1 HONOR the Lord with thy substance and with the first fruits of all thine increase.

2 Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings.

3 Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

4 For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.

5 Upon the first day of the week let everyone of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.

6 Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.

7 It is more blessed to give than to receive.

8 Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

9 He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord.

10 And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work:

11 (As it is written, He hath dispersed abroad; he hath given to the poor: his righteousness remaineth forever.

12 Now he that ministereth seed to the sower both minister bread for your food, and multiply your seed sown and increase the fruits of your righteousness:)

13 Being enriched in every thing to all bountifulness, which causeth through us thanksgiving to God.

14 For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

---

407 Temperance

1 WHO hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

2 They that tarry long at the wine: they that go to seek mixed wine.

3 Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

4 Be not drunk with wine. Be not among wine bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh.

5 For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty: and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.

6 Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

7 None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.

8 Let us not judge one another anymore: but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.

9 The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.
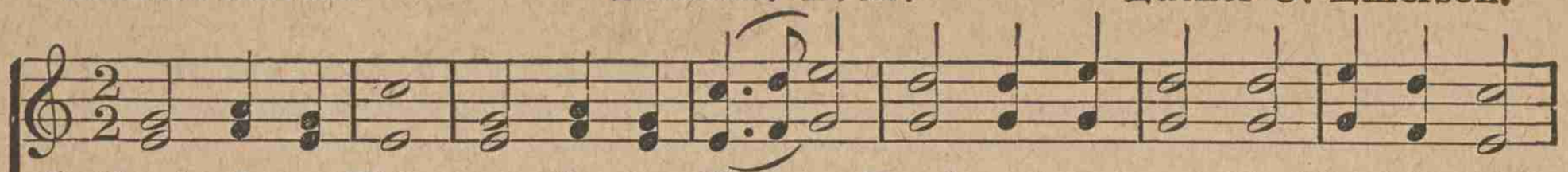
10 He that in these things serveth Christ is acceptable to God, and approved of men.

11 Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another.

12 It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.
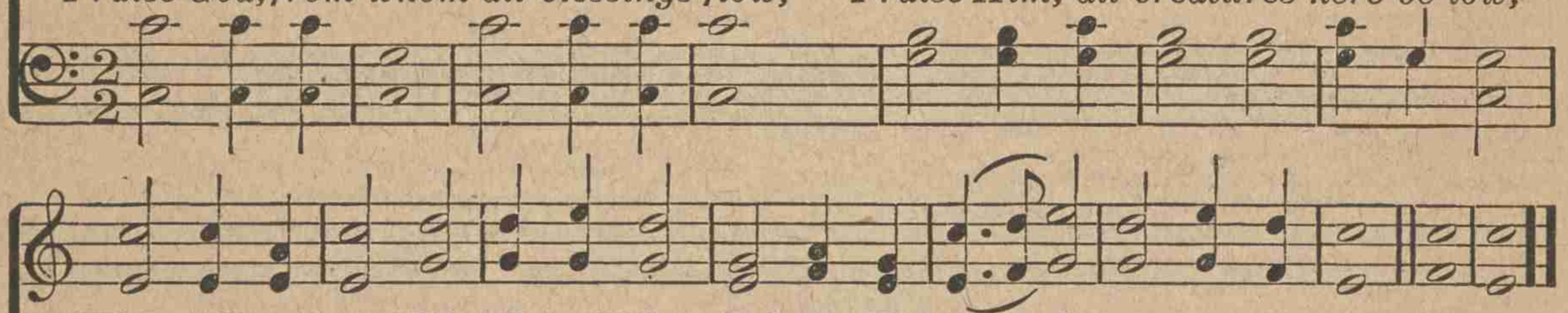
408 Lord, I Am Thine, Entirely Thine.

Samuel Davies. *Sessions. L. M.* Luther O. Emerson.
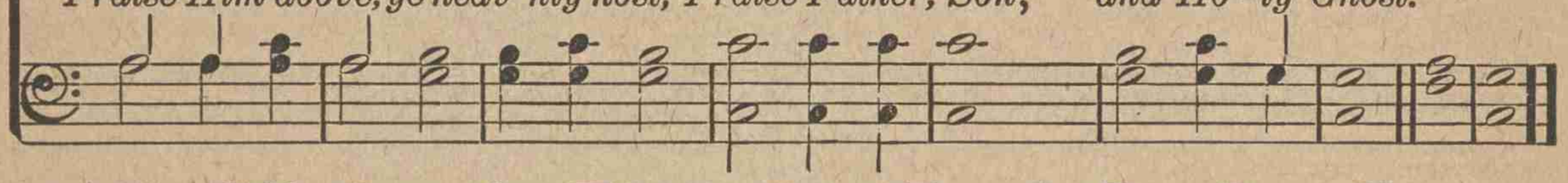


1. Lord, I am Thine, en-tire-ly Thine, Purchased and saved by blood di-vine;
2. Grant one poor sin-ner more a place A-mong the chil-dren of Thy grace;
3. Thine would I live, Thine would I die, Be Thine thro' all e-ter-ni-ty;
4. Here, at that cross where flows the blood That bought my guilt-y soul for God,

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;
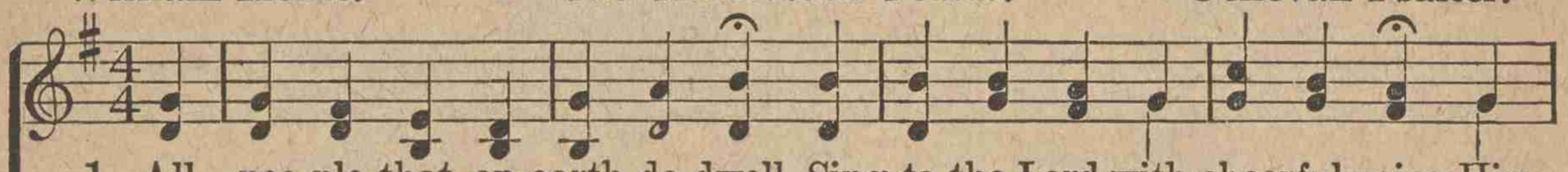


With full consent Thine I would be, And own Thy sov-'reign right in me.
A wretch-ed sin-ner, lost to God, But ransomed by Im-man-uel's blood.
The vow is past be-yond re-peal, And now I set the sol-emn seal.
Thee, my new Mas-ter, now I call, And con-se-crate to Thee my all. A-MEN.

Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.
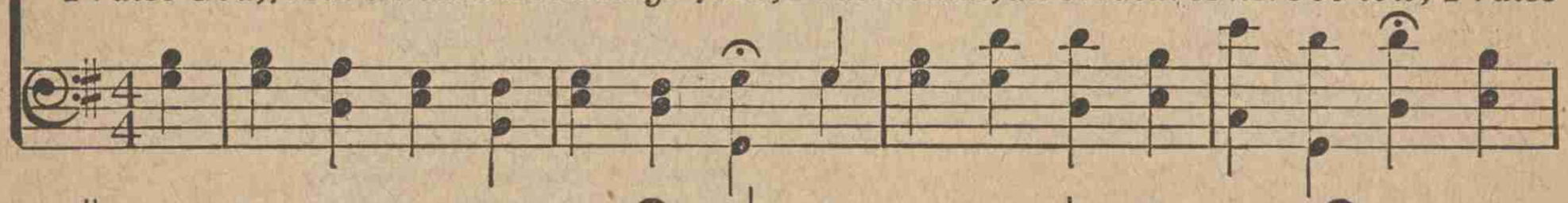


409 All People That On Earth Do Dwell.

William Kethe. *The Hundredth Psalm.* Genevan Psalter.
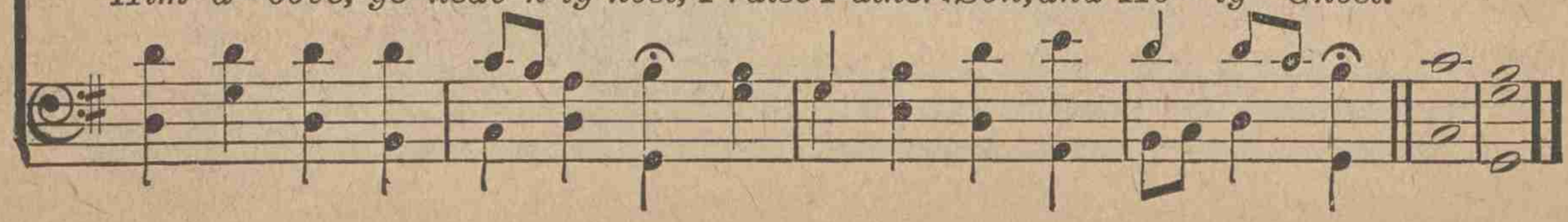


1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice; Him
2. The Lord, ye know, is God in-deed, With-out our aid He did us make; We
3. O en-ter then His gates with praise, Approach with joy His courts un-to: Praise,
4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer-cy is for-ev-er sure; His

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low; Praise



serve with fear, His praise forth tell; Come ye be-fore Him and re-joice.
are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
laud, and bless His name al-ways, For it is seem-ly so to do.
truth at all times firm-ly stood, And shall from age to age en-dure. A-MEN.

Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.



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