Tears and Triumphs

4

ROUND NOTES

Pentecostal Publishing Co.
Publishers
Louisville, Ky.

Tears and Triumphs No. 4

SP-000385

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Prices Postpaid:

Manilla - - - 15 cents

Muslin - - - 20 cents

Half cloth - - - 25 cents

Both Round and Shaped Notes. State which when ordering.

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1821 W. Walnut Street LOUISVILLE, KY.

Preface

In the preparation of this book we have had in mind the glory of God, the salvation and sanctification of souls. The following ideals have been in view:

1. Sound, Scriptural teaching.

2. Beautiful, inspiring music; tunes that are simple and that can be easily sung by the congregations. "Let all the people sing" to the glory of our Redeemer.

3. We have felt that on certain lines many good books are deficient, especially, (a) In good invitation hymns; (b) In songs of a judgment day character, such as are calculated to produce conviction; (c) Temperance and prohibition songs. We have attempted to supply a few good songs on these lines. Much more could have been done, but for lack of space.

Let all who get the book try especially Nos. 10, 15, 16, 18, 33, 34, 40, 42, 51, 53, 55, 57, 58, 73, 85, 86, 116, 121, 149, 152, 159, 170, 172, 177, 180, 197. See Topical Index. We have tried to furnish variety as to both authorship and subject matter. You will find many old favorites here, such as 52, 67, 89, etc. Use the songs prayerfully, praisefully, honestly, earnestly and they will bring in sheaves for the harvest home.

THE EDITORS.

April, 1910.

1.

HAPPY SUNBEAMS.*

JAMES ROWE. THOS. BENTON.

1. We are hap-py sunbeams, Shining day by day, Mak-ing oth-ers hap-py as we go our way; Bright'ning gloomy plac-es,
2. We are hap-py sunbeams, Shining in the gloom, Love's true light re-flect-ing as we jour-ney home; Much of care and sad-ness
3. We are lit-tle sunbeams, With bright gleam and glow, We are help-ing oth-ers ev-'ry-where we go; Thus to our Re-deem-er

Spreading mirth and cheer, Always glowing brightly for our Sav-iour dear.
Dai-ly we re-move With our looks of kindness and our smiles of love.
We will prove our love, Till He bids us join Him in His home a-bove.

CHORUS.

We are hap-py sunbeams, Shin-ing day by day,
lit-tle sunbeams, Shining brightly day by day,
Mak-ing oth-ers hap-py all a-long the way.
ver-y hap-py all a-long the way.

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*On some instruments G♭ is the better key.

2. WHEN WE USE OUR TALENTS.

E. D. ELLIOTT. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. O the great-est joy is found a-long the way, And the heart is hap - py, sing - ing all the day, For the Lord with rich - est
2. Some may have a voice to speak a cheering word, Let the gos - pel news o'er all the world be heard, Oth - er souls to bet - ter
3. Some may have a will - ing hand to lend and aid, Helping those who by their bur - dens are dismayed, Rich - ly will the lit - tle
4. Let us then be up and do - ing all the while, Help-ing one an - oth - er meet the dai - ly trial, For some wea - ry soul with

bless-ing doth re - pay, When we use our tal - ents for the Mas - ter!
liv - ing can be stirred, When we use our tal - ents for the Mas - ter!
ef - forts be re-paid, When we use our tal - ents for the Mas - ter!
hope will brightly smile, When we use our tal - ents for the Mas - ter!
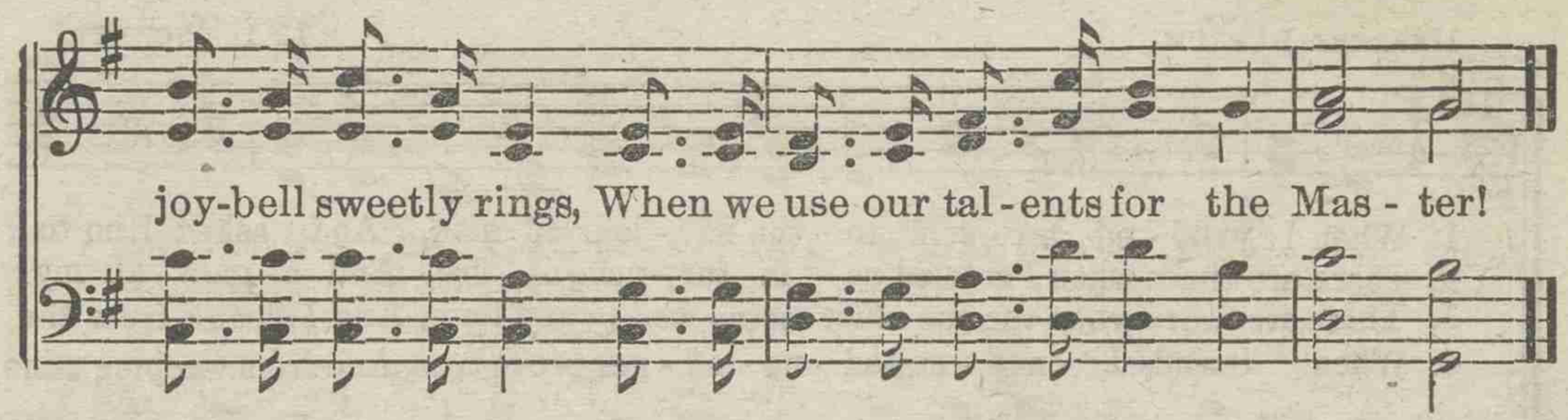
CHORUS.

O the joy that serv - ice for the Sav-iour brings. How the heart re-

joic - ing at its du - ty sings! In some oth - er heart the

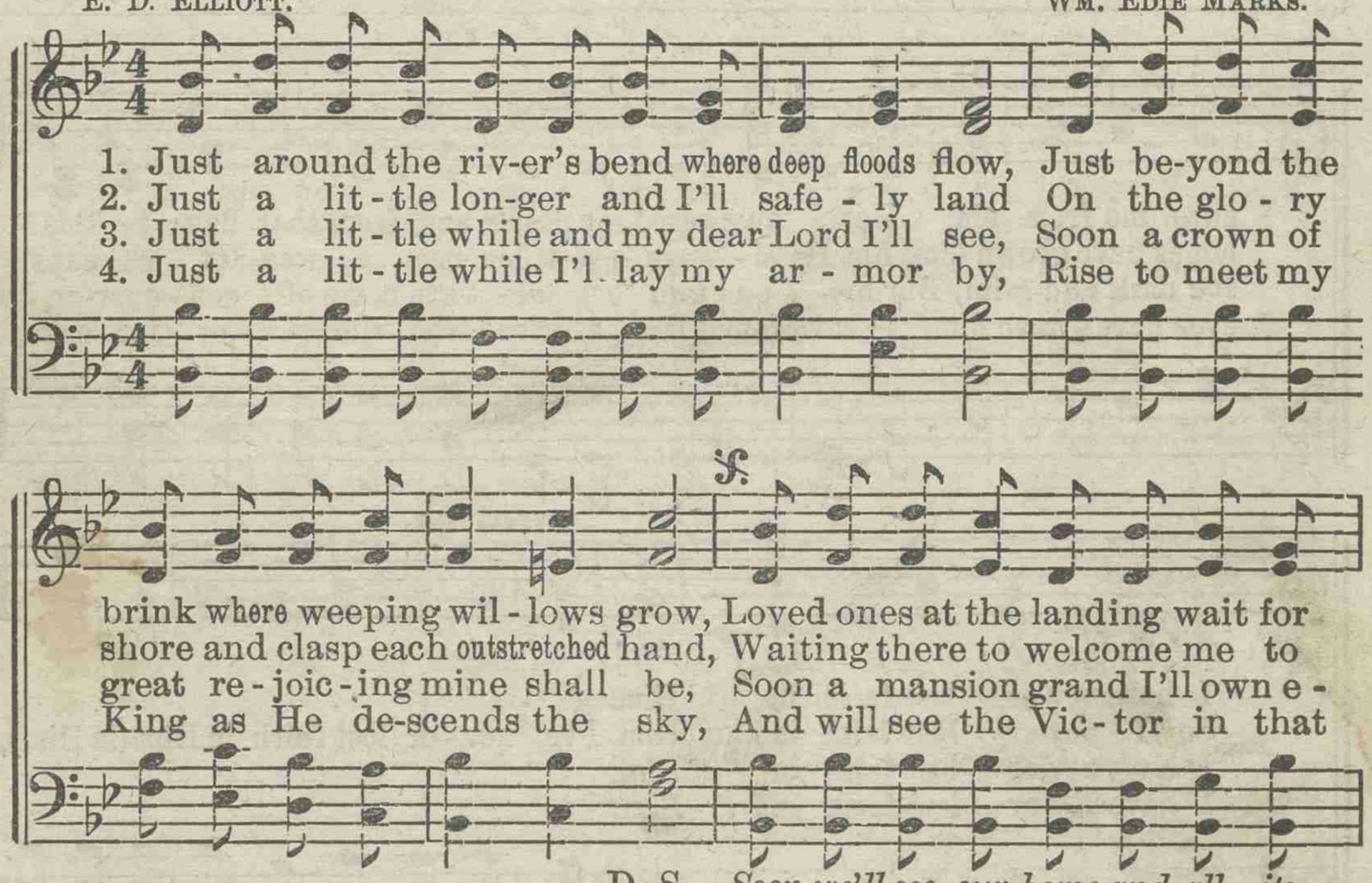
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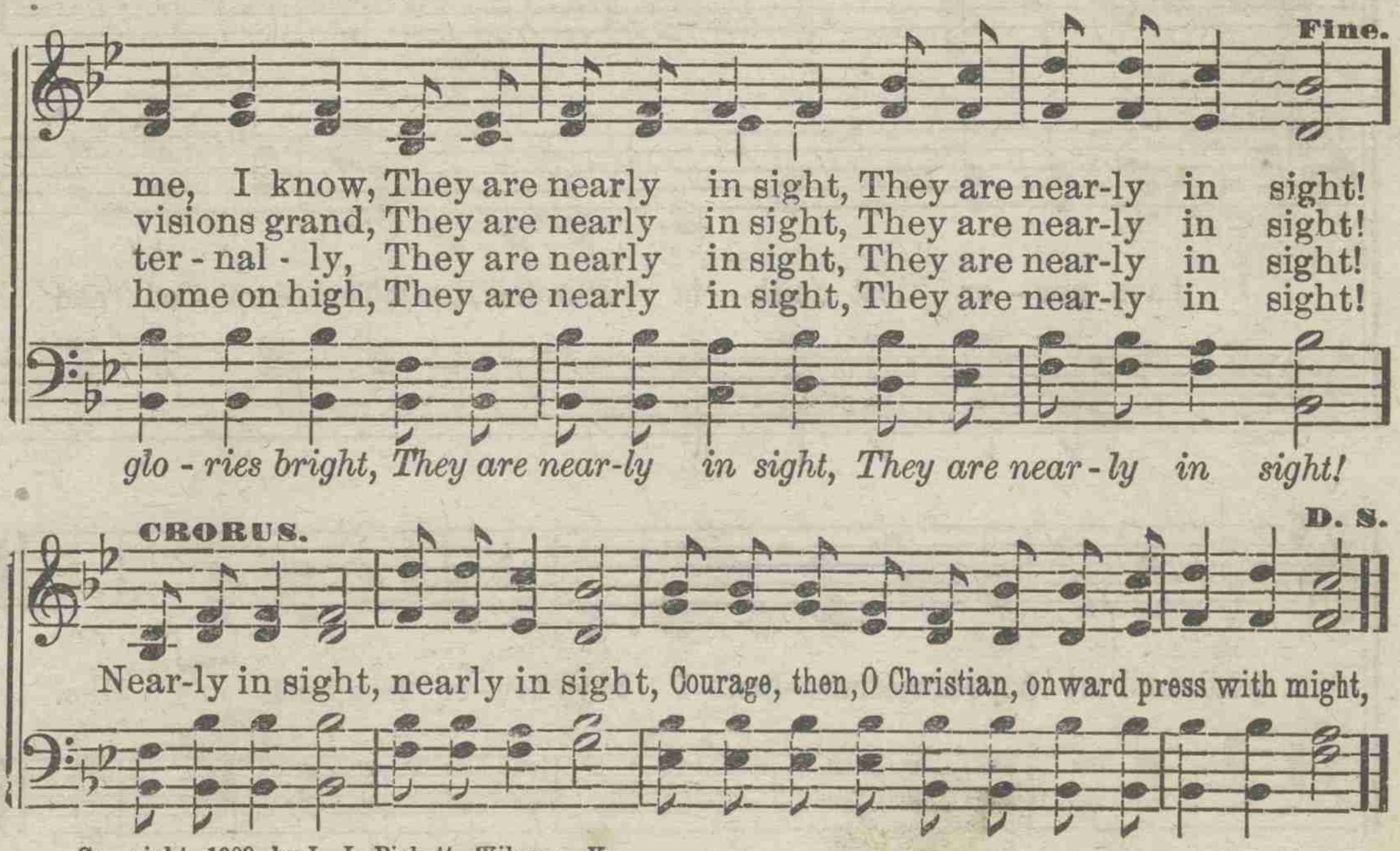
WHEN WE USE OUR TALENTS. Concluded.



3. NEARLY IN SIGHT.

E. D. ELLIOTT. WM. EDIE MARKS.





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4. I'VE NEVER LOST FAITH IN HIM.

HERBERT BUFFUM. L. L. PICKETT.

1. When I yield - ed my - self to the Sav - iour of men, And asked Him to
2. There are times when I'm tried as in fur - nace of fire, And a - gain all my
3. There are times when the con - flict seems wea-ry and long, And I shrink from the
4. When friends I once trust-ed no lon - ger prove true, And from weeping mine

save me from sin, He an-swered my pray'r and from that day to this
hopes have grown dim, But He al - ways pro-vides me a way of es - cape,
foe dark and grim, But my Cap - tain has al - ways come off con - quer-or,
eyes have grown dim, I have found Him a Friend who will nev - er for - sake,

CHORUS.

I have nev-er lost faith in Him.
So I nev-er lost faith in Him. I've nev - er lost faith in Him (in Him),
I have nev-er lost faith in Him.
I have nev-er lost faith in Him.

I have nev - er lost faith in Him (in Him); Tho' tempt - ed and
tried and my hope sometimes dim, I have nev - er lost faith in Him.

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5.

CHRIST IS READY TO RECEIVE.

J. W. S. J. W. STROZIER.

1. Come, O broth-er, come to-day, Leave your down-ward, sin - ful way;
2. Sa - tan's prom-is - es are vain, Worldly pleasures end in pain;
3. Time is fleet - ing, hear the call, Christ's a-tone-ment is for all;

Hear the Sav - iour woo - ing say in tones of love: "You are
There is naught that you can gain by serv - ing sin, On - ly
Life e - ter - nal is the gift of God in love; Joy un-

drift-ing far a - way, Seek sal - va-tion while you may Fol-low in your
death, e - ter - nal death, Is the sin-ner's just reward, 'Tis the wa - ges
end - ing, rest and peace, Pleasures that will never cease, God as-sures us

streams of mer - cy flow, Turn, O turn, from sin and woe, Sa - tan's way no

Mas-ter's way to heav'n above."
that a-waits you in the end. Christ is read - y to re-ceive All who
when we reach our home above.

lon - ger go, O come to - day.

on His name believe, He'll accept you and forgive, come to-day; Now while

CHORUS.

Fine.

D. S.

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. 6. WILL YOU WALK IN THE LIGHT?

L. L. P. L. L. PICKETT.

1. The world in deep darkness is walk - ing, But Christ is the Light and the
2. No light can be found if you spurn Him, But dark-ness, and sor-row, and
3. Hear Him call-ing in love and in mer - cy, O sin - ner a - rise while you
4. O - be - liev - er, He of - fers you cleans-ing From all the de-file - ment of

Life; He doth scat - ter sun - shine and bless - ing, And al-
gloom; If you turn from His won - drous sal - va - tion Death and
may; See His arms out - stretched to save you, Will you
sin; For He wills that His peo - ple be ho - ly, Saved and

CHORUS.

lay earth-ly heartache and strife.
hell are for - ev - er your doom. Will you walk in the light, In the light, my
come and His Spir - it o - bey?
cleansed from the old man within.

broth-er? Will you walk in the light ev - 'ry day? Will you trust in the

blood to save and cleanse you? Will you trust, will you trust and o - bey?

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7.

IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW.

(Jerry McAuley's dying words.)

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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8. MY FAVORITE HYMN.

E. D. ELLIOTT. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. Of the ma - ny songs I know None is sweet - er here be - low Than this
2. Far a - bove the glad re-frains, Heard a-cross the hills and plains, Sounds this
3. As I press a - long the way, As I fol - how Him each day, I will
4. When my spir - it, like a dove, Flies un - to the home a - bove, I will

one, I love it so, "Praise Je - sus;" I will sing it o'er and o'er, Till I
sweetest of all strains, Praise Je - sus; As the cho - rus onward rolls I will
sing a joy - ful lay, Praise Je - sus, For He died on Cal - va - ry That I
sing this hymn of love, Praise Je - sus; When I there be-hold the King Heav-en's

reach the gold - en shore, There I'll praise Him ev - er-more, My Je - sus!
join earth's hap-py souls, Prais - ing Him whose love con-trols, My Je - sus!
might from sin be free, I will sing e - ter - nal - ly, Praise Je - sus!
courts with praise shall ring, And I'll help them then to sing, Praise Je - sus!

CHORUS.

Praise Je - - sus, My Je - - sus, I will ev - er
Praise Je - sus is my song, Praise Je - sus all day long,

close - ly cling Un - to Him, my Lord and King, Praise Je - - sus,
Praise Je - sus is my song,

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MY FAVORITE HYMN. Concluded.

My Je - - - sus, O I love of Him to sing, my Je - sus!
Praise Je - sus all day long,

9. HIS PROMISE FOR THAT.

E. D. ELLIOTT. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. Be - fore I found Je - sus my Sav - iour In sin - ful darkness I sat,
2. His grace will uphold me and keep me, Suf - fi - cient be my sup - ply,
3. I leave to Him all of my fu - ture, On Him I ful - ly re - ly,
4. I know I shall see Him in glo - ry, Be-hold Him crowned by and by,

But life will be all full of glo - ry, I have His promise for that.
He nev - er will leave nor for-sake me, For that His promise have I.
All things for my good work to-geth - er, For that His promise have I.
When I shall a-wake in His like - ness, For that His promise have I.

CHORUS.

I have His prom-ise for that, I have His prom-ise for that,
And still there are blessings to fol - low, I have His prom-ise for that.

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10. I AM DETERMINED TO HOLD OUT.

C. S. and T. P. H. C. S. and T. P. HAMILTON.

1. When I first found Je - sus some-thing o'er me stole, Like lightning it went through me, and glo - ry filled my soul; Sal - va - tion made me hap - py and
2. Sa - tan, he was an - gry, said he'd soon be back, Just let the path get nar - row, and he will lose the track; But I'm so full of glo - ry, my
3. This old - time re - lig - ion makes me sometimes shout, I don't have time to gos - sip nor a - ny time to pout; They say that I'm too noi - sy, but
4. When I hear the trum-pet sounding in the sky, And see the mountains trem - bling, to heav - en I will fly; For Je - sus will be call - ing, there'll

took my fears a - way, And when I meet old Sa - tan to him I al-ways say:
Lord I al-ways find, And I just say to Sa - tan, "Old man, get thee be-hind."
when these blessings flow, I shout, O hal - le - lu - jah, I want the world to know.
be no time to mend, With joy I'll go up sing-ing, "I've held out to the end."
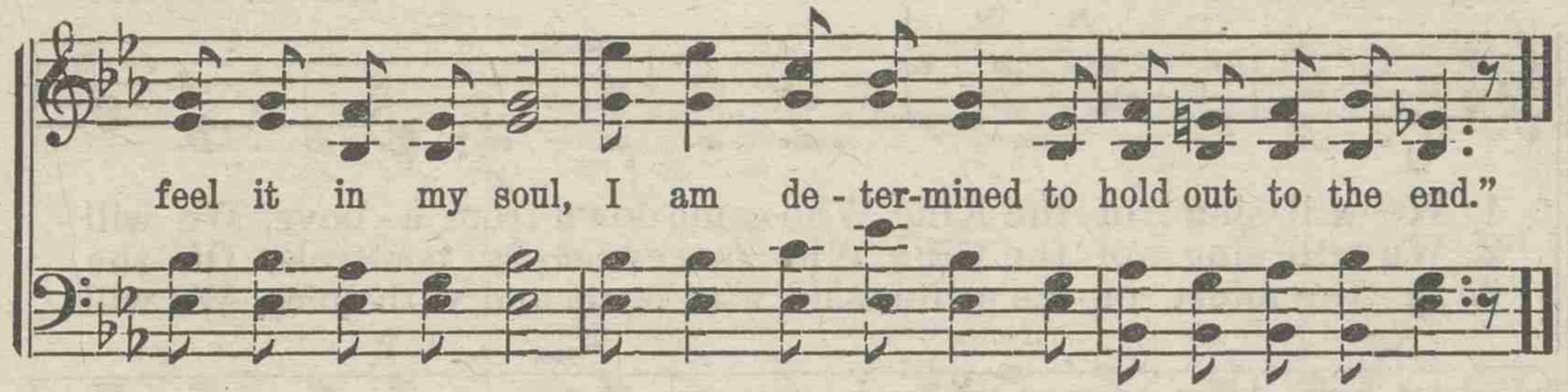
CHORUS.

"I am de - ter-mined to hold out to the end, Je - sus is with me, on

"Him I can de - pend, And I know I have sal - va - tion, for I
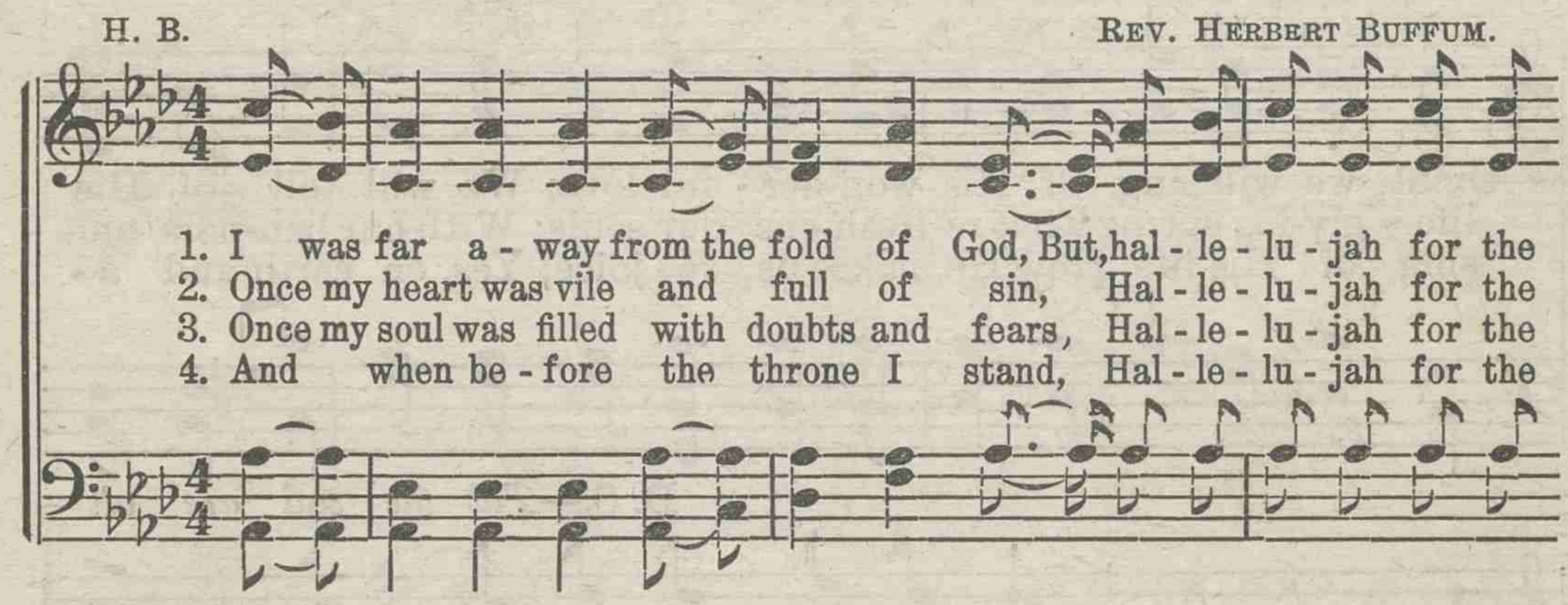
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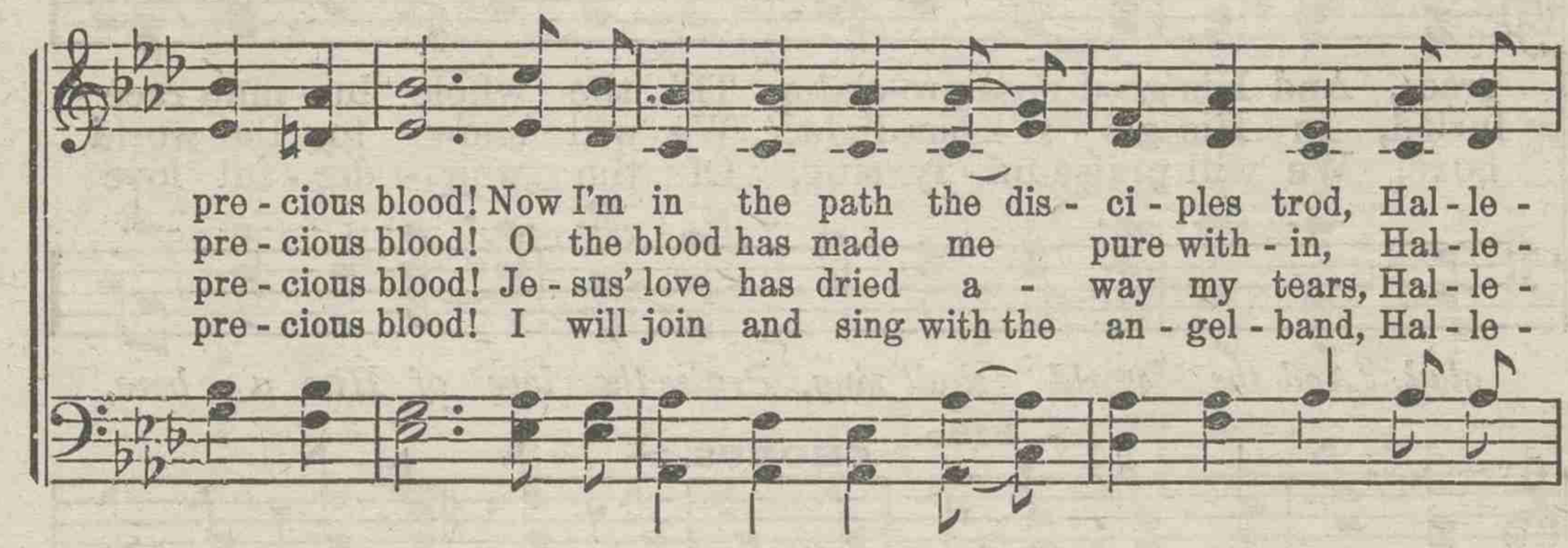
I AM DETERMINED TO HOLD OUT. Concluded.



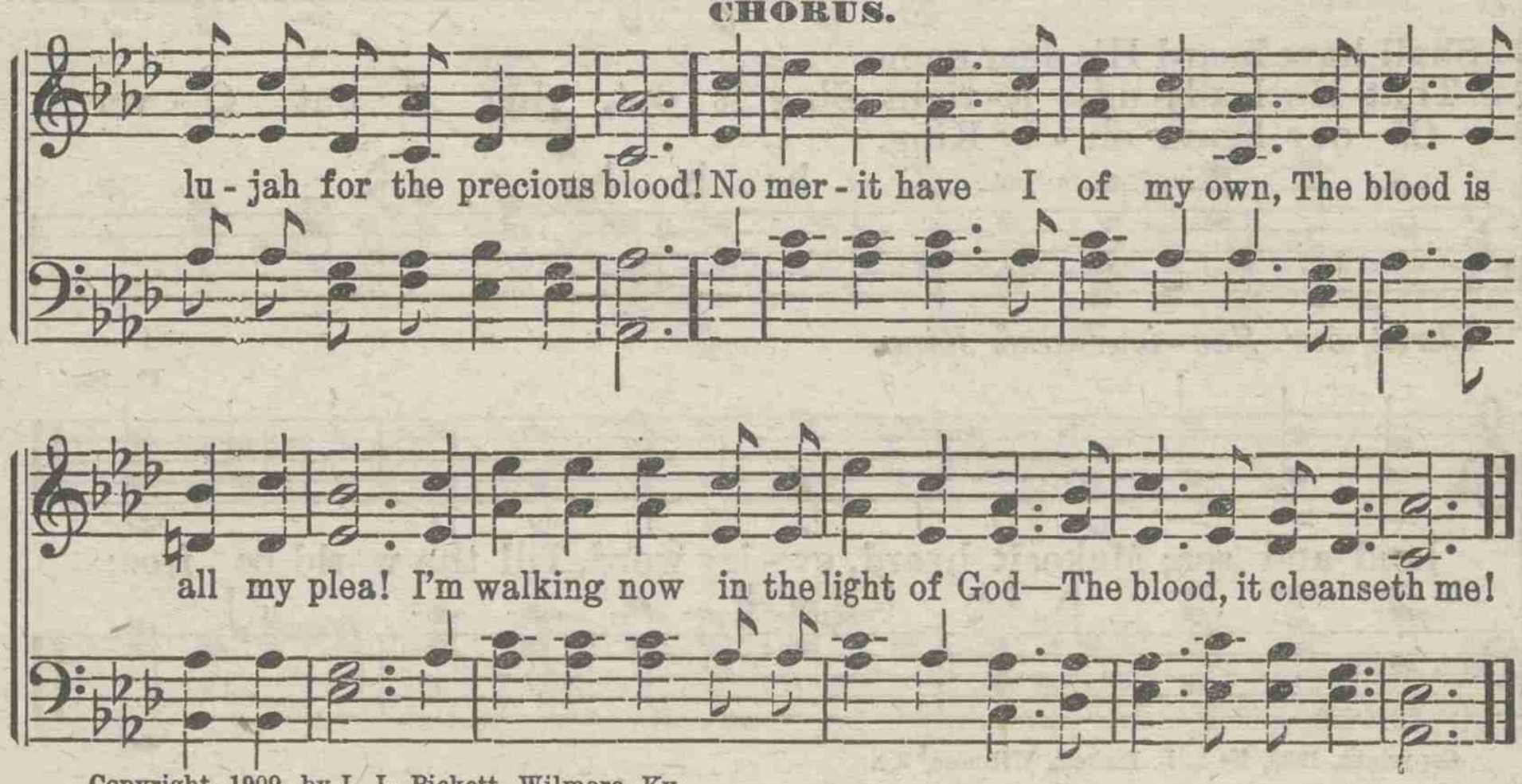
11. HALLELUJAH FOR THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

H. B. REV. HERBERT BUFFUM.





CHORUS.



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12. WE WILL SING OF OUR KING.

JAMES ROWE. THOS. J. BENTON.

1. We will sing of the King Who came down from a - bove, We will
2. We will sing of the King Who so sweet - ly con-trols, Of the
3. In the midst of the strife, And with heart and with voice, We will

shout, we will sing Of His won-der - ful love; We will tell of His
life - giv-ing spring That re-fresh-ens our souls; With our ban-ners un -
sing of His life, How He makes us re - joice; Yes, on earth and a -

D. S.—*Till the sad are all*

grace, And His good-ness pro-claim, Till the whole hu - man race
furled, In His glo - ri - ous light, We will show to the world
bove, We will praise-ful - ly sing, Of the won - der - ful love

glad, And the world shall sing, Praise the love of Him a - bove,

Fine.

CHORUS.

Shall have heard His dear name.
That He leads us a - right. Sing it out, ring it out O - ver
Of our heav - en - ly King.

Christ, our Sav - iour and King.

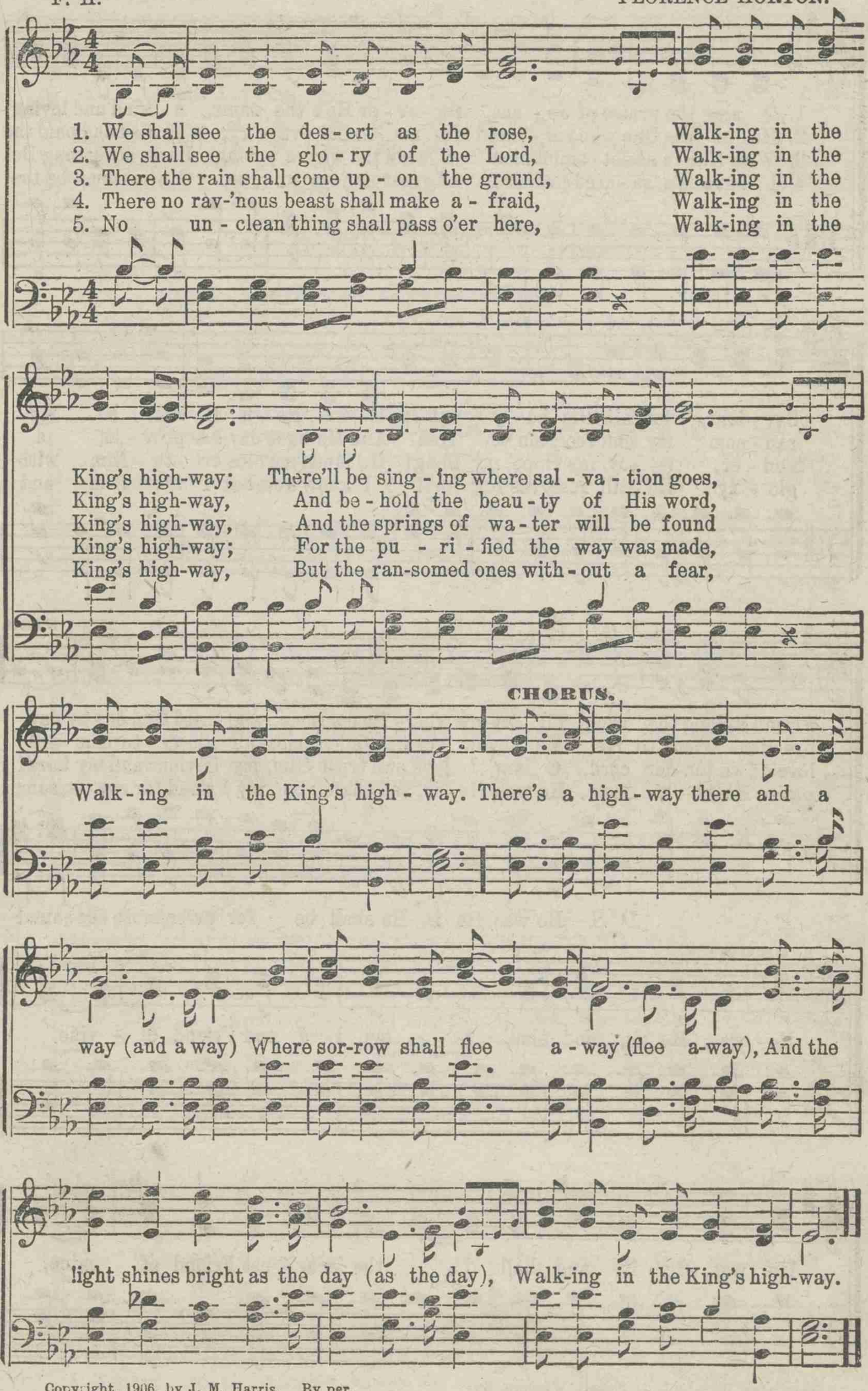
D. S.

land and sea; Make it heard, ev - 'ry word, Till the world be free;

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13. Walking in the King's Highway.

F. H. FLORENCE HORTON.



Copyright, 1906, by J. M. Harris. By per.

14. FOREVER THE SAME.

E. DEE. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. O sing the praise of Je - sus, for - ev - er He's the same, A kind and loving
2. He is the One who suf - fered for me on Cal - va - ry, Who died and paid the
3. With Him in sweet communion I walk the way a - long, He is my strong De-
4. I have His sa - cred promise of great-er joys to be, O what must be the

Sav - iour, ex - alt His ho - ly name; He was, He is, He shall be my
ran - som my soul from sin to free, And He each day has prov - en a
fend - er, my Joy, my Hope, my Song! He binds me clos-er to Him with
glo - ry He still reserves for me! I know not, but I trust Him and

Fine.

Friend a- long the way, I'll fol-low where He leads me, and trust Him day by day.
pre-cious Friend to me, He nev-er yet has failed me, all glo-ry to Him be!
love's own ten-der cord, O how I love and trust Him, my Saviour and my Lord!
praise His ho - ly name, He was, He is, and shall be my Friend for aye the same.

D S.—He was, He is, He shall be for ev-er-more the same!

CHORUS.

He was, He is, and shall be my Lord and Friend di - vine,

He was, He is, and shall be the dear - est Friend of mine,

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FOREVER THE SAME. Concluded.

D. S.

O praise and mag - ni - fy Him, ex - alt His ho - ly name,

15. JESUS FIRST AND LAST.

W. E. M. WM. EDIE MARKS.

DUET. Soprano or Tenor and Alto.
With expression.

1. This my song shall be Thro' e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus first and last for me;
2. First in morning pray'r, First my love to share, First in all I say and do;
3. First whate'er be-tide, First all else beside, First where'er my path may be;
4. Still to Him I'll cling, Still His praises sing, Still re-joice with Him to be;

Je - sus all the way, Sweeter day by day, Precious Lamb of Cal - va - ry!
And when shades of night Wing their rapid flight, Be my last tho't to Him true!
Je - sus, dearest Friend, Je-sus to the end, Je-sus first and last for me!
Joy-bells sweetly chime, Je-sus all the time, Je-sus first and last for me!

CHORUS.

Je - sus first and last, Till this life is past, And thro' all e - ter - ni - ty!

This shall be my song, As I press a - long, Je - sus first and last for me!

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16. TAKE THE LOVING SAVIOUR WITH YOU.

JAMES ROWE. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. You have heard the blessed mes-sage Fall from lov-ing lips to-night;
2. You have heard how Je - sus suf - fered On the cross for you and me,
3. He would fill your life with sunshine, Give you songs of joy to sing,

You have heard of streams of grace that freely flow; O if comfort you are
That the world His boundless love for us might know; If you want to lose your
Precious blessings without measure would bestow; All the world might turn a -

need-ing, If you want to live a - right, Take the lov - ing Sav - iour
bur - den, And from sin and shame be free, Take the lov - ing Sav - iour
gainst you, This dear Friend to you would cling; Take the lov - ing Sav - iour

CHORUS.

with you as you go. Take the lov - ing Sav-iour with you as you

go, He's the tru - est Friend your soul can ev - er
as you go,

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know; If a faithful Friend you need, One who ev'ry call will
ev - er know;

heed, Take the lov - ing Sav-iour with you as you go.
as you go.

17. TRYING FOR THE PRIZE.

W. E. M. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. Ea - ger-ly I press along the way, Trying for the prize, Trying for the prize!
2. Running with a zeal before unknown, Trying for the prize, Trying for the prize!
3. Filled with hope my soul now gladly sings, Trying for the prize, Trying for the prize!
4. Earnest-ly I press the way along, Trying for the prize, Trying for the prize!

Which is promised if I win the day, Crown of holy life e - ter - nal.
That new name that's written in white stone, Striving for the prize su-per-nal.
Yearning for a taste of heav'nly things, Soon to eat of hid-den man - na!
Soon to join the glad, triumphant throng, Soon to sing the loud ho-san - na!

D. S.–*And tri-umph-ant heaven's gates go in, Winning by the help of Je - sus!*
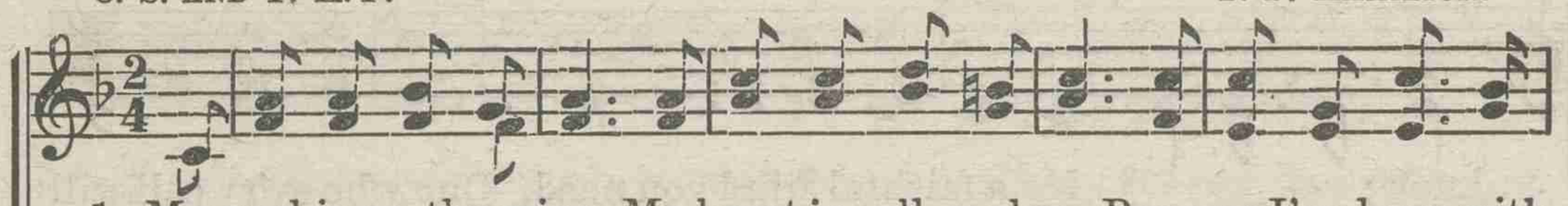
CHORUS.

O I know that I shall surely win, O - ver-coming all the hosts of sin,

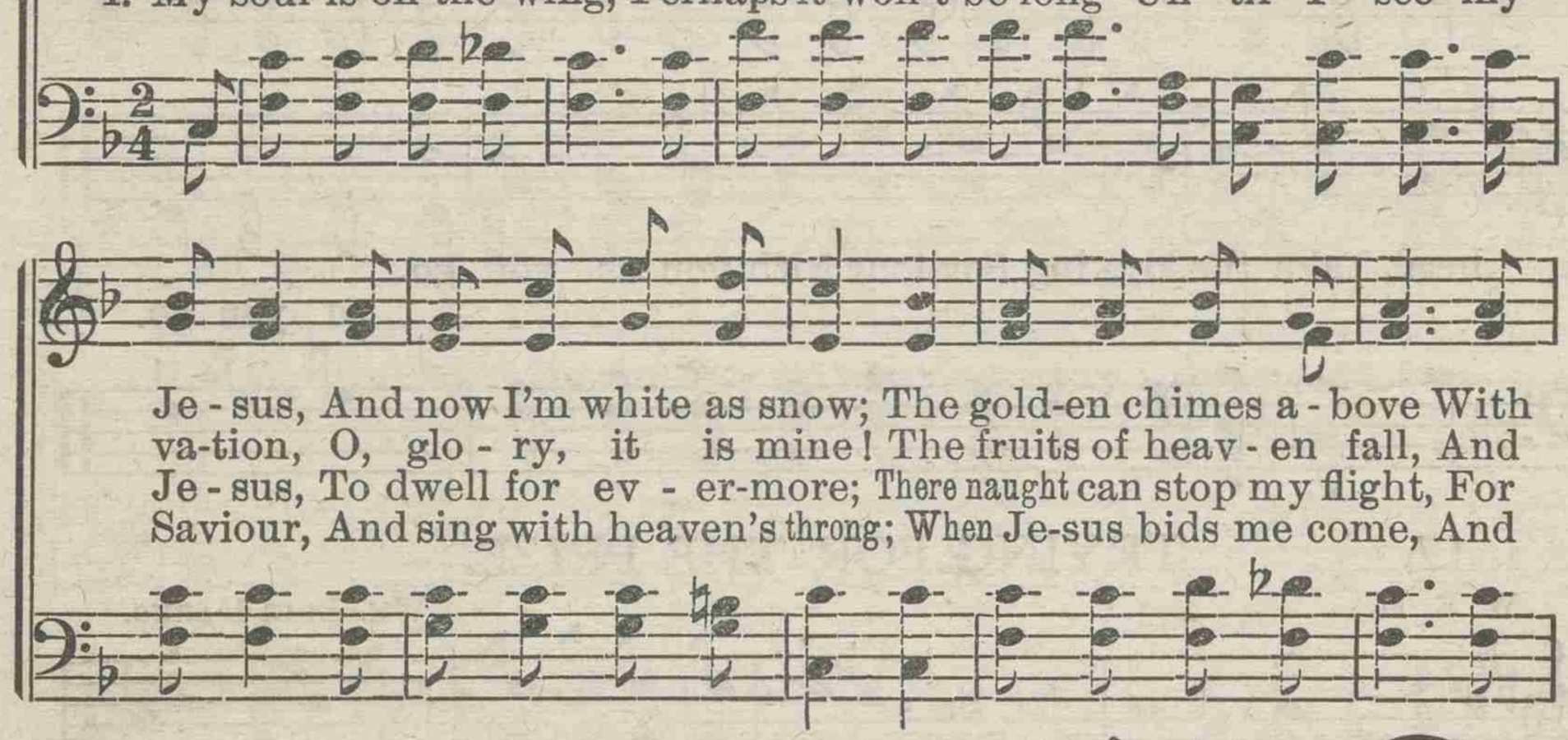
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18. MY SOUL IS ON THE WING.
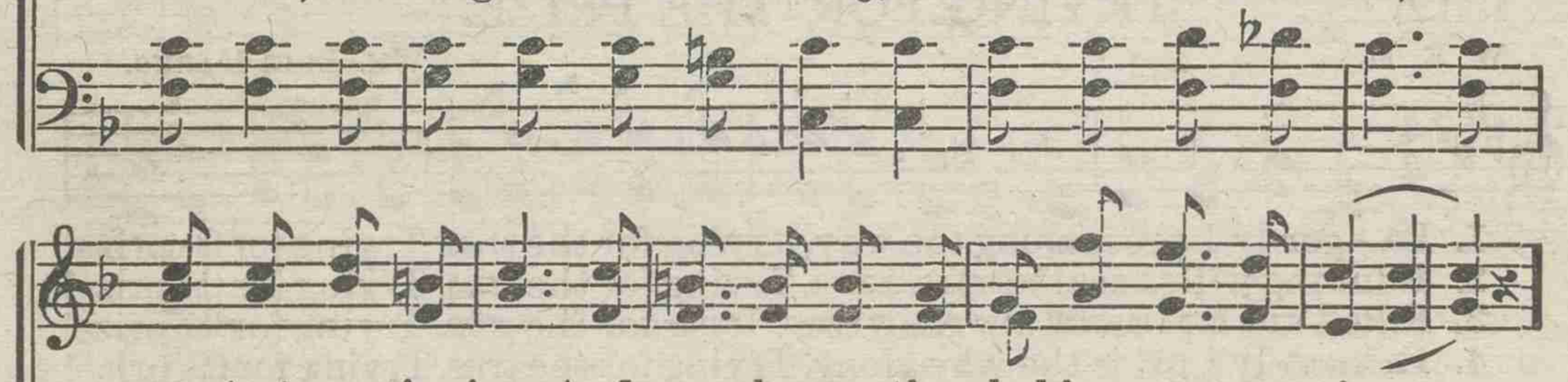
C. S. AND T. H. P. T. P. HAMILTON.
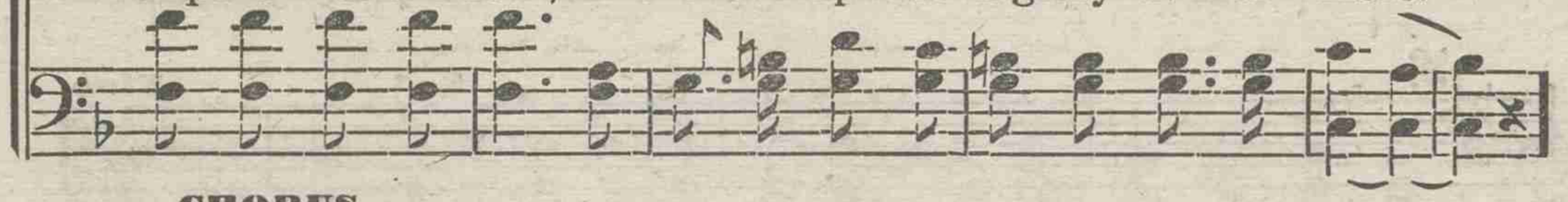


1. My soul is on the wing, My heart is all a-glow, Because I've been with
2. My soul is on the wing, I'm filled with love divine, This won-der-ful sal -
3. My soul is on the wing For heaven's golden shore, And soon I'll be with
4. My soul is on the wing, Perhaps it won't be long Un - til I see my
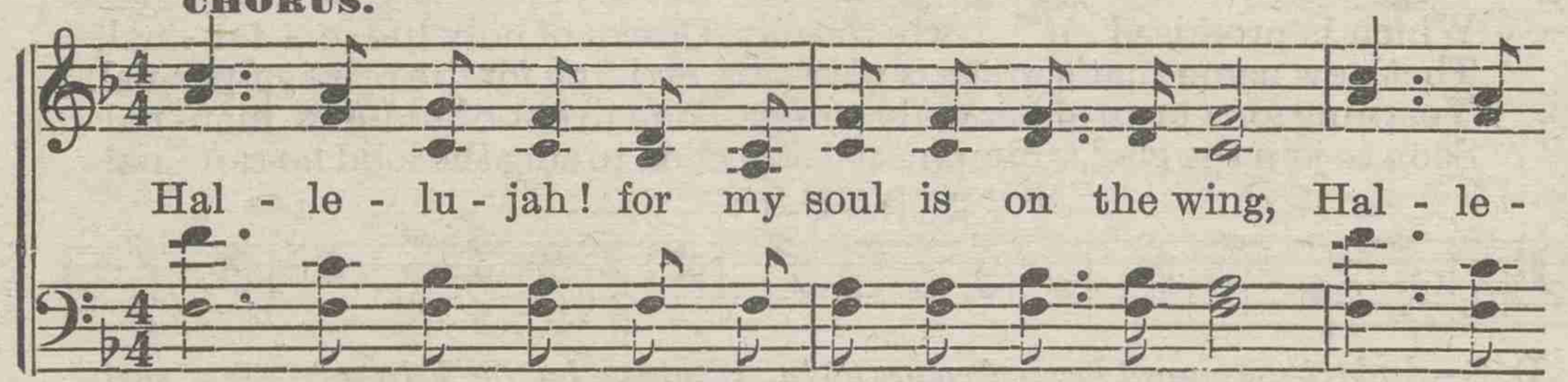


Je - sus, And now I'm white as snow; The gold-en chimes a - bove With
va-tion, O, glo - ry, it is mine! The fruits of heav - en fall, And
Je - sus, To dwell for ev - er-more; There naught can stop my flight, For
Saviour, And sing with heaven's throng; When Je-sus bids me come, And



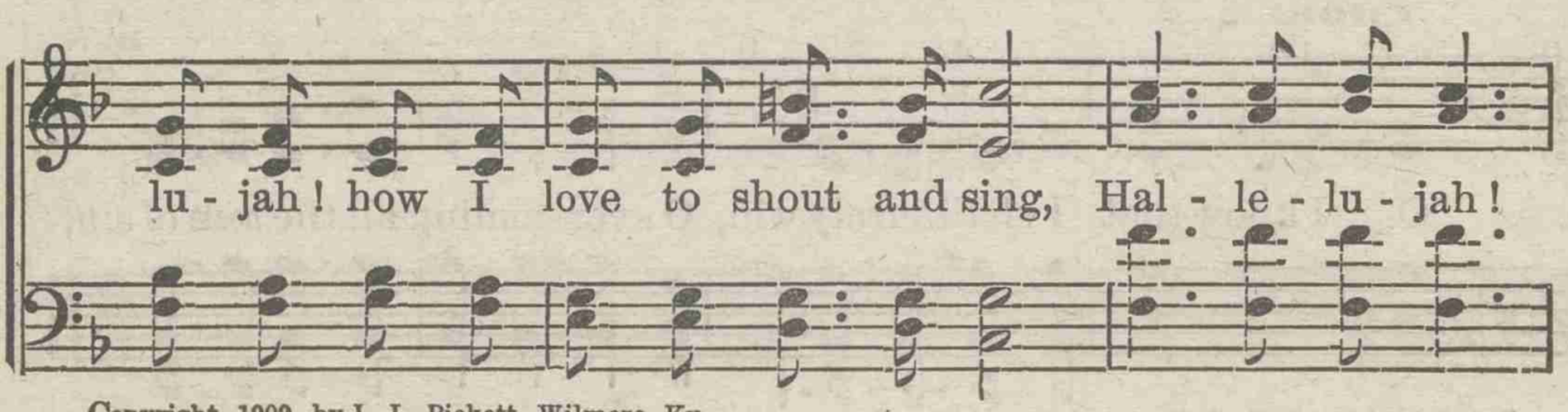
sweetest mu-sic ring, And an-gels now the glad ho-san - nas sing.
fill my hun-gry soul, And sanc-ti - fy - ing billows o'er me roll.
Jesus points the way To glo - ry-land, where all is end-less day.
o - pens wide the door, I'll shout His praise in glory ev - er - more.



CHORUS.
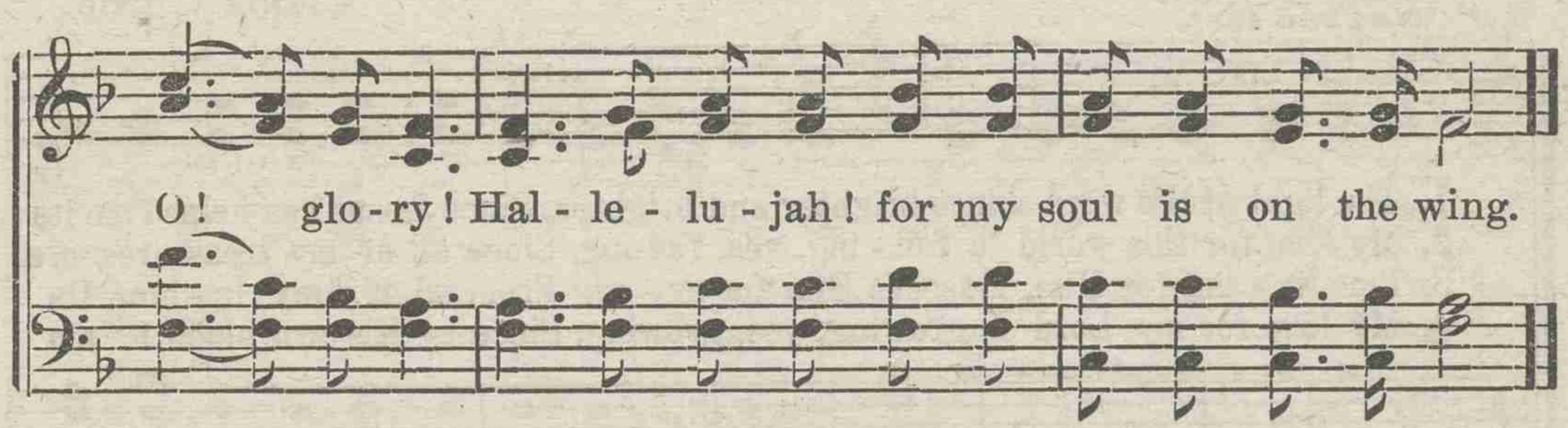


Hal - le - lu - jah! for my soul is on the wing, Hal - le -



lu - jah! how I love to shout and sing, Hal - le - lu - jah!

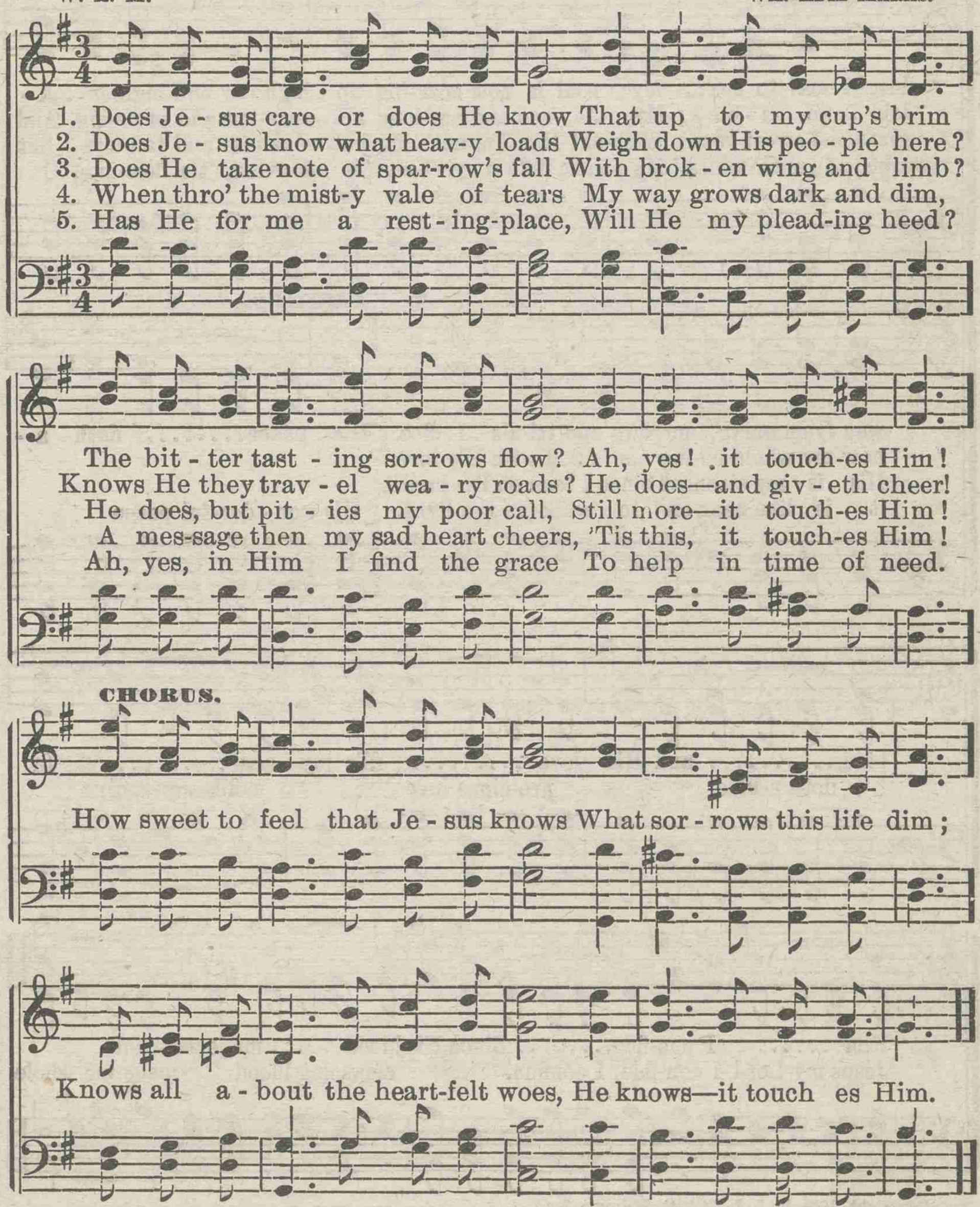
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MY SOUL IS ON THE WING. Concluded.



19. IT TOUCHES HIM!

W. E. M. WM. EDIE MARKS.



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20. SINCE I AM HIS.

MRS. IDA C. REID. JAMES V. REID.

Not too fast.

1. The light of His word shines brighter and brighter, Since Je-sus has helped me its bright-ness to see; My soul is now soar-ing up high-er and high-er A-
2. My love for this world is fad-ing, yes, fad-ing, Since all of my treas-ures are laid up a-bove; My Je-sus and Sav-iour I'm serv-ing and prais-ing, And
3. I'm liv-ing for Him, I'll serve Him for-ev-er, From all of my la-bors He gives me sweet rest; With-out Him I'm noth-ing but weakness and fail-ure, But
4. My love for my Lord is growing, yes, growing, Since by His own blood I am washed and made white; My peace, like a riv-er, is flow-ing, 'tis flow-ing, O

CHORUS.

way from earth's sorrows and tri-als I flee. His peace..... doth a-bide,..... and His love..... fills my soul;..... In
now my whole be-ing is filled with His love.
His is my strength since I lean on His breast,
it is like heav-en to walk in the light. His won-der-ful peace doth a-bide, pre-cious love fills my soul;
Him..... I con-fide,..... Since His blood..... made me whole.
Jesus my Lord I con-fide, I confide, cleansing blood made me whole.

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21. ON THE WAY TO THE MARRIAGE SUPPER.

MRS. IDA C. REID. Arr. and partly composed by JAS. V. REID.

1. I've re-ceived an in - vi - ta-tion from the Spir - it and the Bride To be
2. The cit - y where I'm go-ing to live is built up - on a hill, There the
3. O I'm hap-py while I trav - el toward the New Je - ru - sa - lem, And it
4. Now I feel I'm near that cit - y, and me-thinks I hear them sing, And the

pres-ent at the sup-per of the Lamb; I have start-ed on my journey, I have
an - gel band is singing all the day; I am sure I'll reach that cit-y, for it
seems as tho' on eagle's wings I soar; I have crossed the river Jordan, and have
joys of heav-en now per-vade my soul; O I hear the saints all shouting, while the

D. S.—ev - er be with Je-sus, There I'll

left all else be-side, And I has - ten to the New Je - ru - sa - lem.
is my Mas - ter's will, And I'm shout - ing hal - le - lu - jah on the way.
joined the ho - ly band, Whose Lead - er is the Sav-iour I a - dore.
bells of heav - en ring, As I'm draw - ing near the cit - y built of gold.

live for ev - er - more; I'll be pres-ent at the sup - per of the Lamb.

CHORUS.

I'm on the way to the glorious marriage supper of the Lamb; There I'll
on the way, I'm on the way of the Lamb;

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22. WHOSOEVER WILL MAY OVERCOME.

L. L. P. L. L. PICKETT.
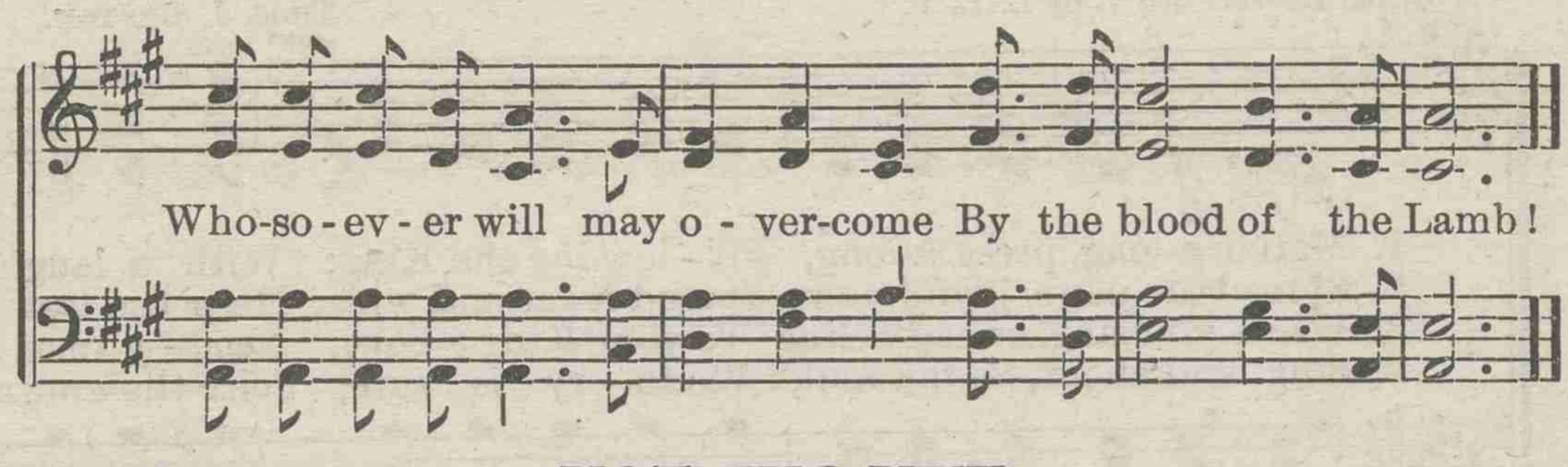
1. How can we o - ver-come the en - e - my of souls, When the struggle of life goes hard? Can we gain the vic - to - ry on the bloody battle-field? Yes, O yes, if we trust in the Lord.
2. How can we o - ver-come when the foes increase around, When their ranks seem to mul - ti - ply? Can we gain the vic - to - ry and be sweetly kept in peace? Yes, O yes, if we look to the sky.
3. How can we o - ver-come when the darkness settles down, When the clouds hang deep and low? When the thunders crash and roar, and the lightnings flash as fire, We can shout if the Lord we know.
4. How can we o - ver-come when our hearts grow weak, faint, When our spir - its seem to sink with - in? Can a help-er then be found, who will comfort give and cheer? Yes, He saves from both fear and sin.
5. How can we o - ver-come when our friends forsake and hate, When our path way seems all hedged a - bout? Can we find a com-fort- er who will fill the need just then? Yes, for Je-sus ev'ry foe can rout.

CHORUS.

Who-so - ev - er will may o-ver-come, May overcome, may o-ver-come,

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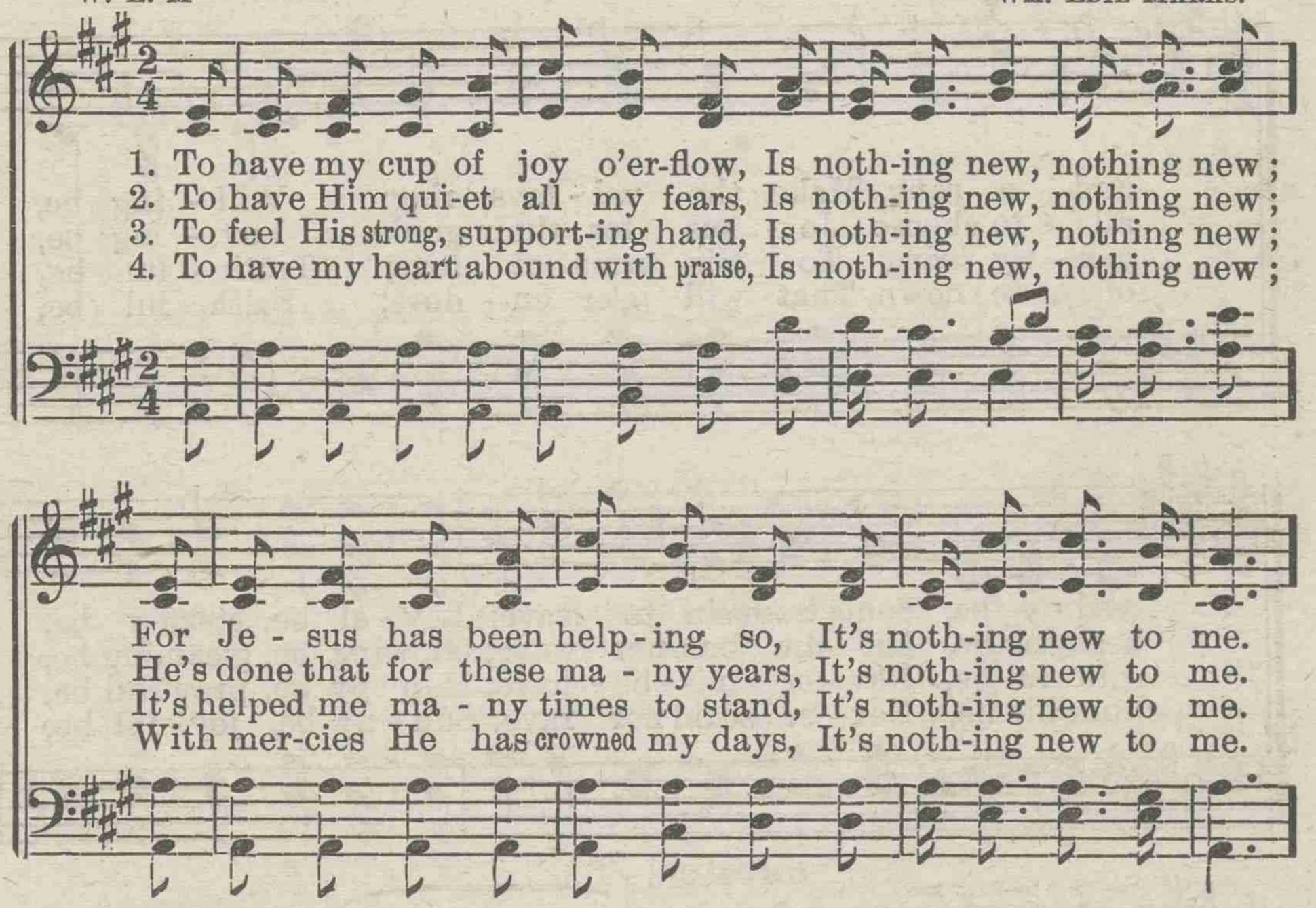
WHOSOEVER WILL MAY OVERCOME. Concluded.



23. NOTHING NEW.

W. E. M

WM. EDIE MARKS.



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24. SOLDIERS BRAVE.

JAMES ROWE. 4th v. by L. L. P. THOS. J. BENTON.

1. March a-long, press a-long, Fol - low-ing the King; With a laugh
2. Spread the news, joyful news, Spread it far and wide; Help the lost
3. While you sing, sweetly cling To your King a-bove; Need - y ones
4. Sing and shout, Sa-tan rout, Vic-to - ry is sure; Seize the crown

and a song, Make the val - leys ring; Will - ing be,
all to choose Je - sus for their guide. Lov - ing be,
gen - tly bring To His arms of love; Truth - ful be,
of re - nown, That will e'er en - dure; Faith - ful be,

read - y be, Souls from sin to save; Loy - al be, stead-y be,
beaming be, Let the ban-ner wave; Glowing be, gleaming be,
care - ful be, Nev - er mis - be - have; Hap - py be, pray'rful be,
hum-ble be, Nev - er scold nor rave; Sun - ny be, joy - ful be,

CHORUS.

Sol - diers brave. March a - long,.....
Sol - diers brave. press a - long, sol - diers brave;

press a-long,.....
with a song souls to save;

cres - - - - -

Will - ing be, read - y be,

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SOLDIERS BRAVE. Concluded.

cen - - - - - - do.

Loy - al be, stead-y be; Always fight for vic-to-ry, Sol-diers brave.

25. SHOUT THE GLAD TIDINGS.

C. S. and T. P. H. C. S. and T. P. HAMILTON.

1. I was a sin - ner, but love di - vine, Shout the glad
2. I have a heart that is clean with - in, Shout the glad
3. I have a man - sion on Zi - on hill, Shout the glad
4. When I shall walk up the gold - en street, Shout the glad

f.

tid-ings a - gain, a-gain, Brought me to Je - sus and now He's mine—
tid-ings a - gain, a-gain; Cleansed from all lep-ro - sy, guilt and sin,
tid-ings a - gain, a-gain; Yet there is room for the mil-lions still,
tid-ings a - gain, a-gain, Then my sal - va - tion shall be complete,

D. S.—*Praise Him for - ev - er and e'er, a - men;*

Fine. CHORUS.

Shout the glad tid - ings a - gain. Shout the glad tid-ings so

Shout the glad tid - ings a - gain.

D. S.

dear to me, Je - sus now saves me, I know I'm free;

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26. I WILL MAKE MY PROMISE GOOD.

W. E. M. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. I will make my promise good un-to my Sav - iour, For I gave my
2. Like a sol-dier fierce-ly tried in ma - ny bat - tles Prov-en faith-ful
3. Like a sail - or trusts his pi - lot on the o - cean, Leaving him to
4. I am not ashamed to own Him as my Sav - iour, And for Him the

word to trust Him and o - bey; And it is my heart's de-sire and
to His lead - er, I'll be true; For a - mid the rag - ing con - flict
guide with compass and with chart; So I'll ev - er trust my Lord to
cross I cheer-ful - ly will bear; Some sweet day He'll say, "Well done good,

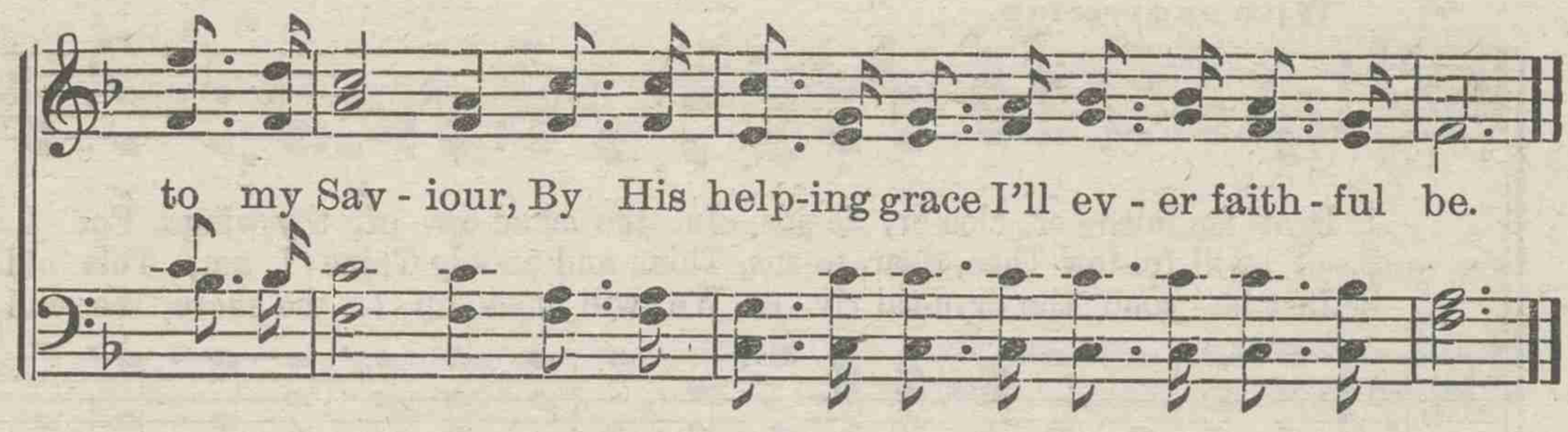
high am - bi - tion To be faith-ful un - to Je - sus all the way.
of temp-ta - tion, Je - sus will be near to see us safe - ly thro'.
safe - ly lead me While I work for Him with glad and willing heart.
faith - ful serv - ant," Then the gladness of His glo - ry I will share.

CHORUS.

I will make my promise good un-to my Sav - iour, I will safe - ly
keep the trust reposed in me, I will make my promise good un-

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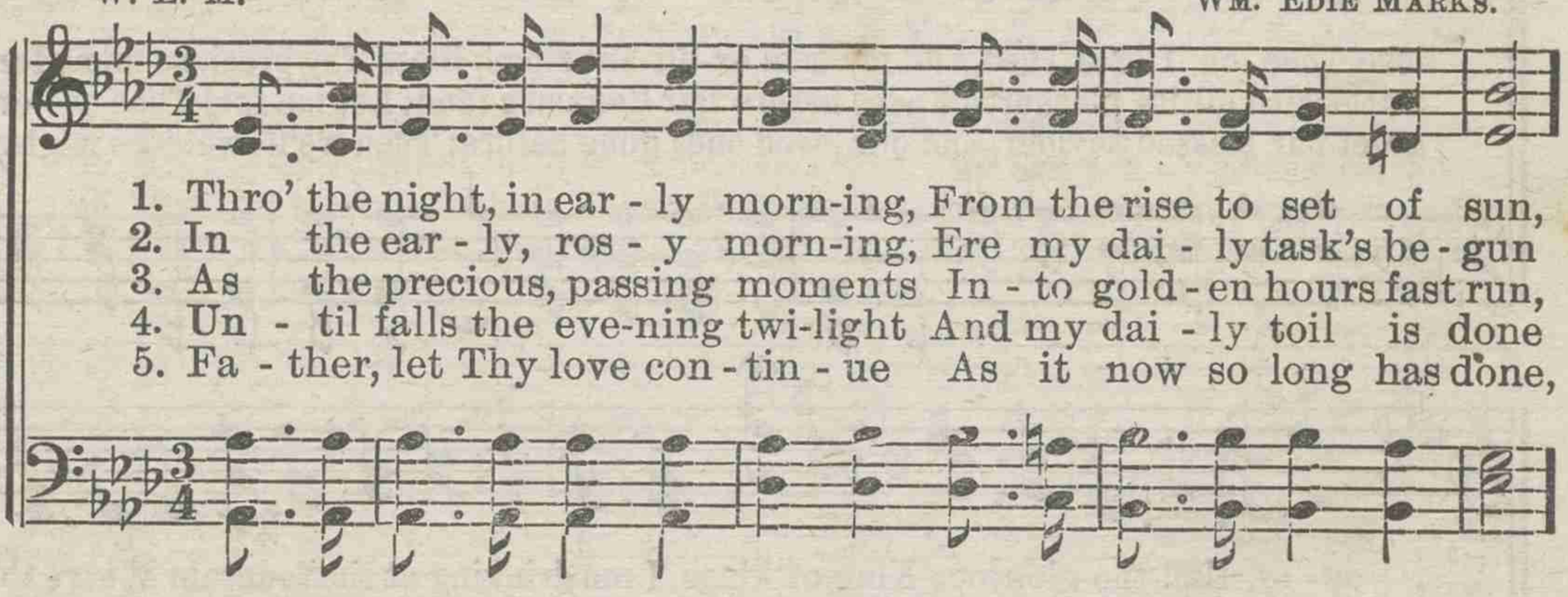
I WILL MAKE MY PROMISE GOOD. Concluded.

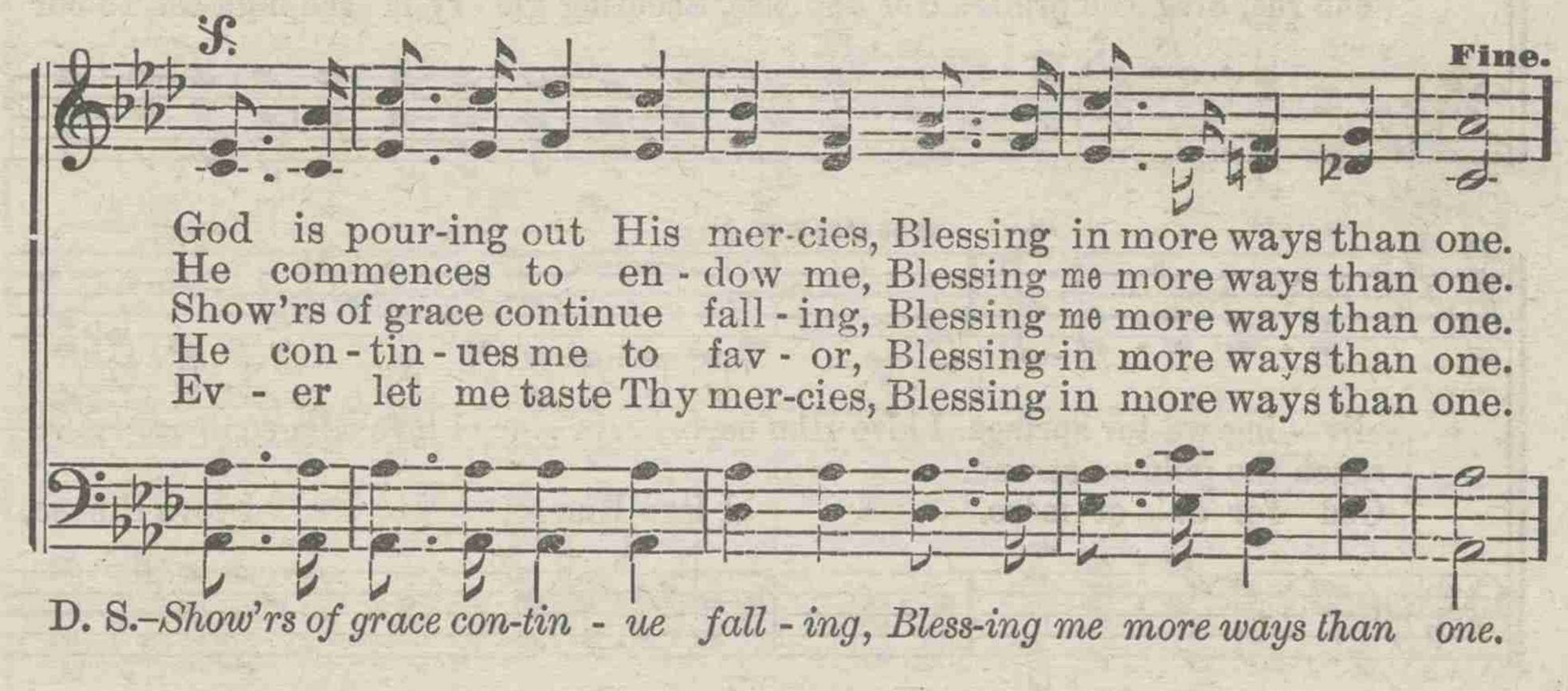


27. MORE WAYS THAN ONE.
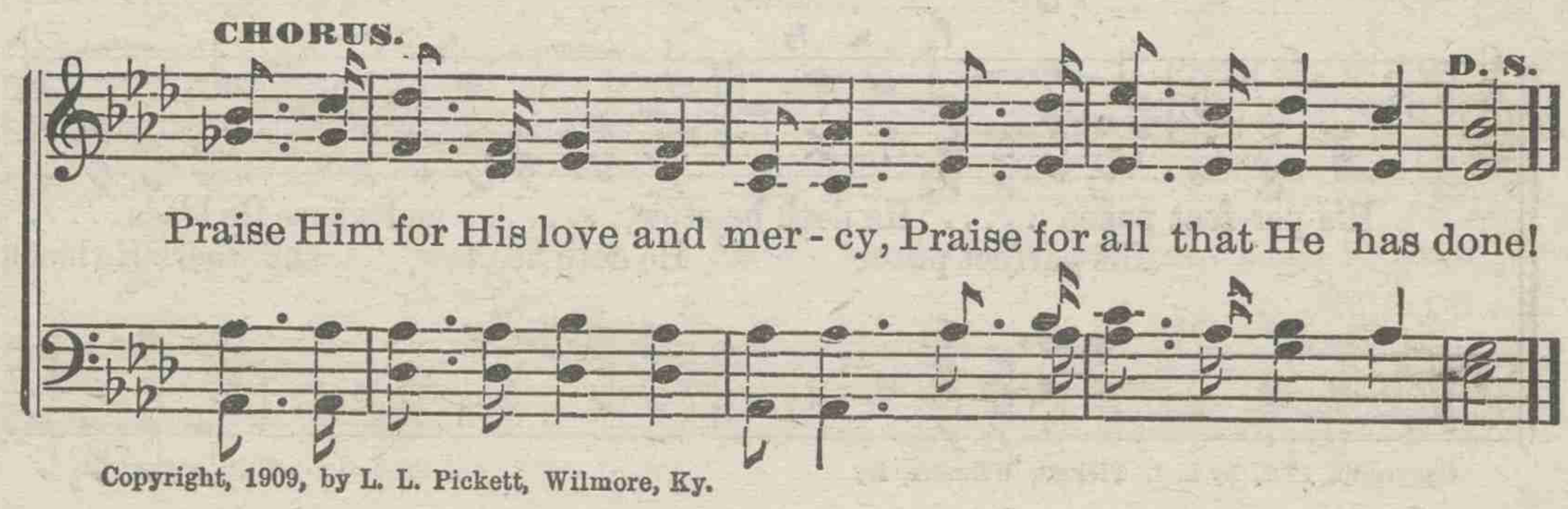
W. E. M.

WM. EDIE MARKS.





D. S.–*Show'rs of grace con-tin - ue fall - ing, Bless-ing me more ways than one.*



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28.

I LOVE HIM SO.

MYRTLE E. TODD. JAS. V. REID.

With expression.

1. Draw me clos - er, clos-er, Je-sus, In the shad-ow of thy wings, For I
2. I will fol-low Thee, dear Je-sus, Thine and on - ly Thine I am; This old
3. Just be - yond the crys-tal riv - er We will meet up - on the shore, We will

love Thee, oh, I love Thee, And my soul ex-ult-ant sings; Bless Thy precious name for-
world with all its pleasures Fades before fair Canaan's land; Let me feel Thee ev - er
greet our blessed Saviour, And our loved ones gone before; Then we'll swell the mighty

ev - er, Hail the glo-rious King of kings, I am drinking at the fountain Where the
near me, Guide by Thine unerring hand, Keep me humble, meek, and lowly, Till I
cho-rus, Sing His praises o'er and o'er, Shouting glo - ry in the high-est To our

CHORUS. *p*
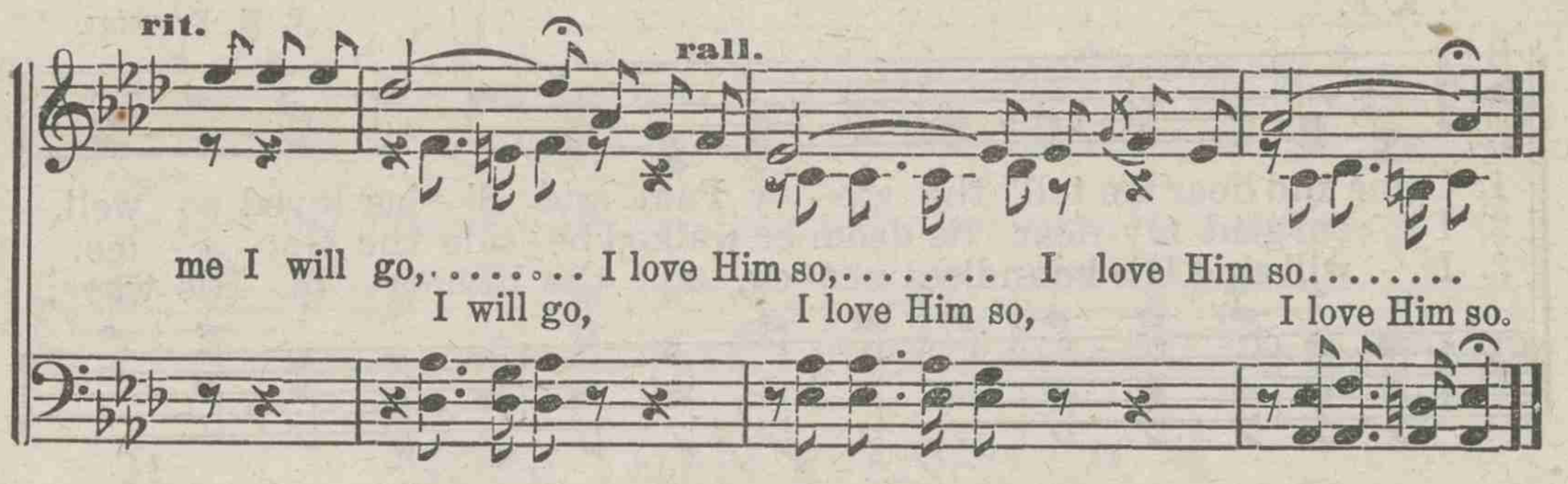
liv - ing wa-ter springs. I love Him so,..... I love Him so,.....
reach the gold-en strand.
God for ev - er more. I love Him so, I love Him so,

f

His per-fect peace ..... He doth be-stow,..... and where He leads.....
His perfect peace He doth be-stow, and where He leads

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I LOVE HIM SO. Concluded.

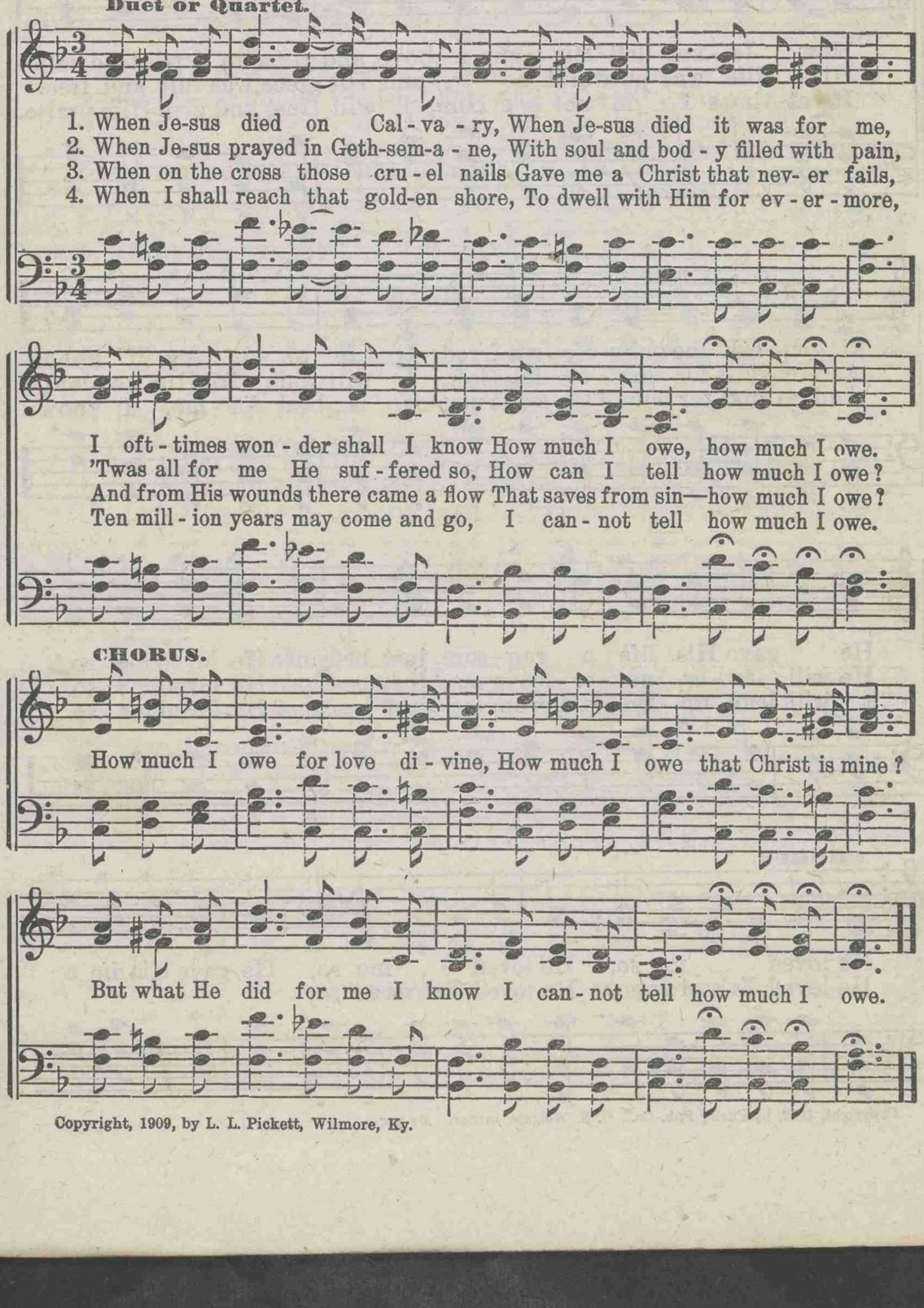


29. HOW MUCH I OWE?

C. S. and T. P. H.

C. S. and T. F. HAMILTON.

Duet or Quartet.



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No. 30. JUST BECAUSE HE LOVED ME SO.

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

1. Come and hear me tell the sto - ry Paul and Si - las loved so well,
2. I am glad my dear Re-deem-er walked be - side the Gal - i - lee;
3. I will sing His boundless mer - cy, all the beau-ty of His ways;

How Je - sus left His home a - bove, and came on earth to dwell.
His life was pure and ho - ly, and His grace was full and free.
If at times I do not see Him, I will trust and give Him praise.

If you ask me why He suf-fered, I can on - ly say, "I know
As He calls for me to fol - low, I will walk with Him be - low,
And no mat-ter where He leads me, it is best for me, I know
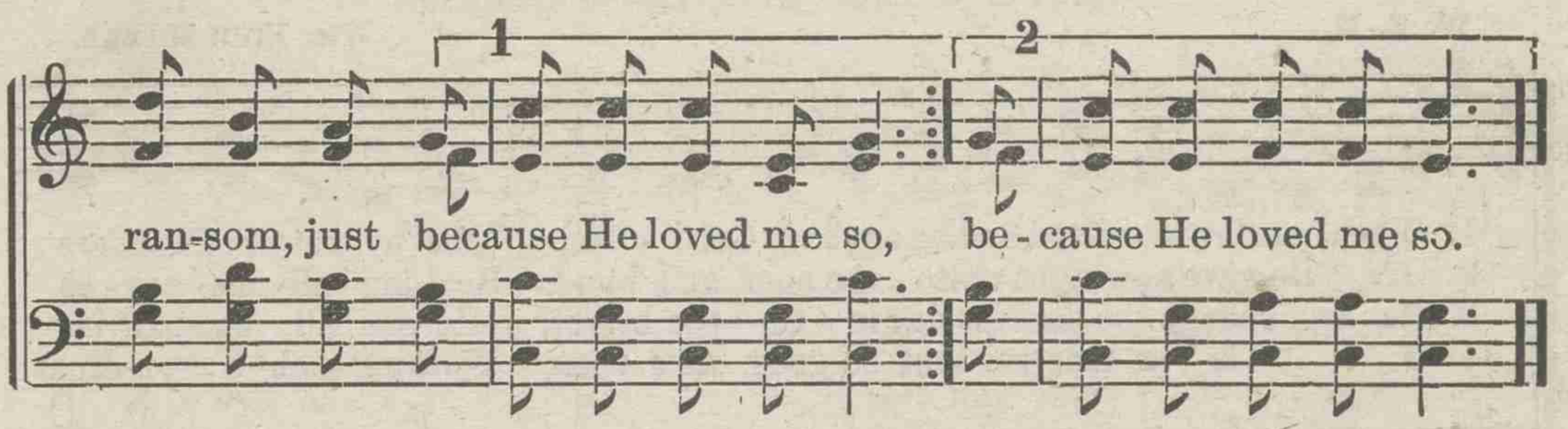
He gave His life a ran - som, just be-cause He loved me so."
He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, just be-cause He loved me so.
I will lean up - on His prom-ise, just be-cause He loved me so.

CHORUS.

He loved me so, He loved me so, He gave His life a
He loved, He loved me so, He loved, He loved me so,

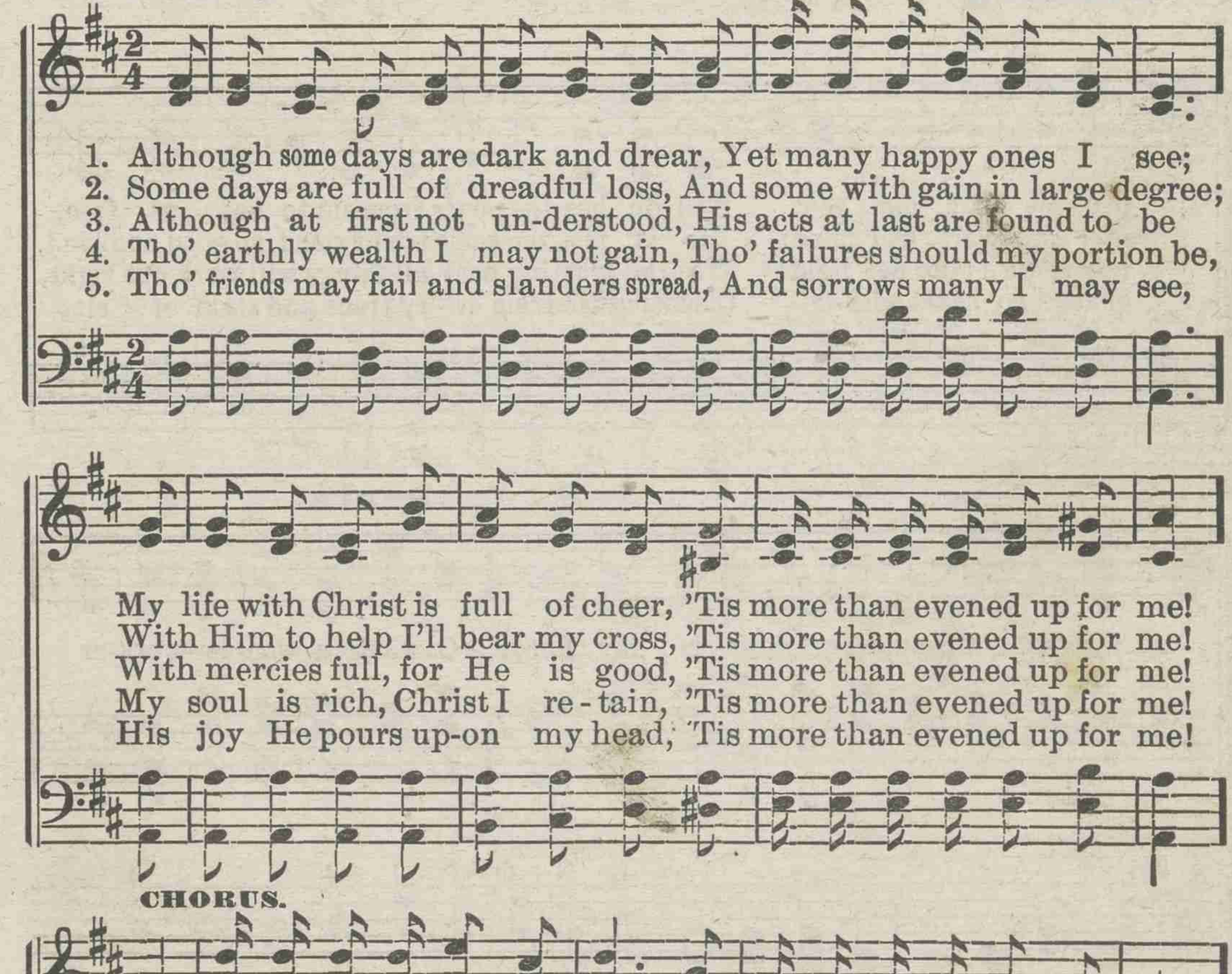
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JUST BECAUSE HE LOVED ME SO. Concluded.



31. MORE THAN EVENED UP.

E. D. ELLIOTT. WM. EDIE MARKS.



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32. O WHAT A WONDER-WORKER.

W. E. M. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. When our Sav-iour lived and wrought in Gal-i - lee, Ma - ny were the wonders
2. Oft He gave new sight un-to the poor and blind, Heal-ing all dis - eas - es
3. He can change the darkest day in - to the bright, He can fill de-spair-ing
4. O it is a mar-vel that so good He's been, Working such a won-drous

peo - ple then did see; Still He has the pow'r from sin to set us free,
of the heart and mind; He is just the same true Friend, so good and kind,
hearts with pure de - light; To the trusting soul all things will work out right,
change my heart with-in, Cleansing me from ev -'ry trace and stain of sin,

CHORUS.

O what a won-der-work-er is my Lord! O what a won-der-work-er

is my Sav-iour! He has made me glad for He has done great things, O what a

wonder-worker is my Saviour! Glo - ry be to Je - sus how my glad heart sings!

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33 THERE'll BE NO SHADOWS.

EDGAR LEWIS L. E. JONES.

1. Tho' dark the path my feet may tread, it is but joy to know
2. Life's bright-est day may have its clouds, but still our heart should sing,
3. We're march-ing home-ward to a land where wea - ry feet may rest;

There'll be no shad-ows on the oth - er side; We should not fear the
There'll be no shad-ows on the oth - er side; 'Twill not be long till
There'll be no shad-ows on the oth - er side; No pain nor sor - row

wild - est storm, but sing as on we go, There'll be no shad-ows
cares are o'er and we are with the King; There'll be no shad-ows
e'er can touch the re - gions of the blest; There'll be no shad-ows

CHORUS.

on the other side. { There'll be no shadows, no shadows, Je - sus is the
{ There'll be no shadows, no shadows, Pain and death can
there will be no shadows,

1. sun-shine of that land so fair; nev - er en - ter there..... ....
2. nev - er en - ter there.

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MY BURDENS ROLLED AWAY.

M. A. S. Mrs. MINNIE A. STEELE.

1. I re-mem-ber when my bur-dens rolled a-way, I had car-ried them for
2. I re-mem-ber when my bur-dens rolled a-way, That I feared would nev-er
3. I re-mem-ber when my bur-dens rolled a-way, That had hindered me for
4. I am sing-ing since my bur-dens rolled a-way, There's a song with-in my

years night and day; When I sought the bless-ed Lord, and I took Him at His
leave night nor day; Je-sus showed to me the loss, so I left them at the
years night and day; As I sought the throne of grace, just a glimpse of Je-sus'
heart night and day; I am liv - ing for my King, and with joy I shout and

CHORUS.

word Then at once all my bur-dens rolled a-way.
cross, I was glad when my bur-dens rolled a-way. Rolled a-way, rolled a-
face, And I knew that my bur-dens could not stay.
sing Hal-le- lu - jah! all my bur-dens rolled a-way.

Rolled a - way,

way, I am hap-py since my burdens rolled a-way; Rolled a-
rolled a - way since my burdens rolled a-way;

rit.

way, rolled a-way, I am hap-py since my bur-dens rolled a-way.
Rolled a - way, rolled a - way,

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35 # WON'T YOU COME TO JESUS NOW?

KATE ULMER. JNO. R. BRYANT.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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

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BE AN OVERCOMER.

C. W. NAYLOR. ENCOURAGEMENT. A. L. BYERS. By per.

1. Be an o - ver - com - er, on - ly cow - ards yield When the
2. Be an o - ver - com - er, he who stands with you Is a
3. Be an o - ver - com - er, you are heav - en's heir, And a
4. Be an o - ver - com - er, for - ward bold - ly go, You are
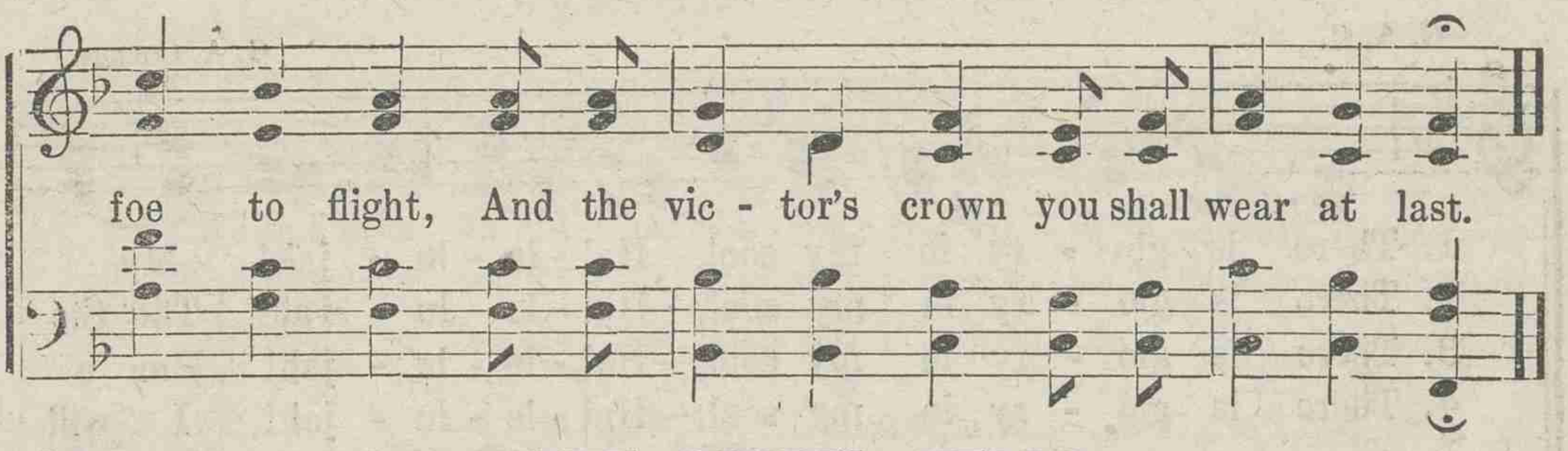
toe they meet on the bat - tle - field; We are blood-bought princes of the
Might-y One, who is al - ways true; In the sor - est con-flict you shall
crown of life you may ev - er wear; So with cour - age press the bat - tle
strong e-nough if you count it so—Strong e-nough to con - quer thro' sus-

roy - al host, And must fal - ter not, nor de - sert our post.
win the day, Face the le - gions dark till they flee a - way.
to the gates, Till you gain the prize which in heav - en waits.
tain - ing grace, And to o - ver - come ev - 'ry foe you face.

CHORUS.

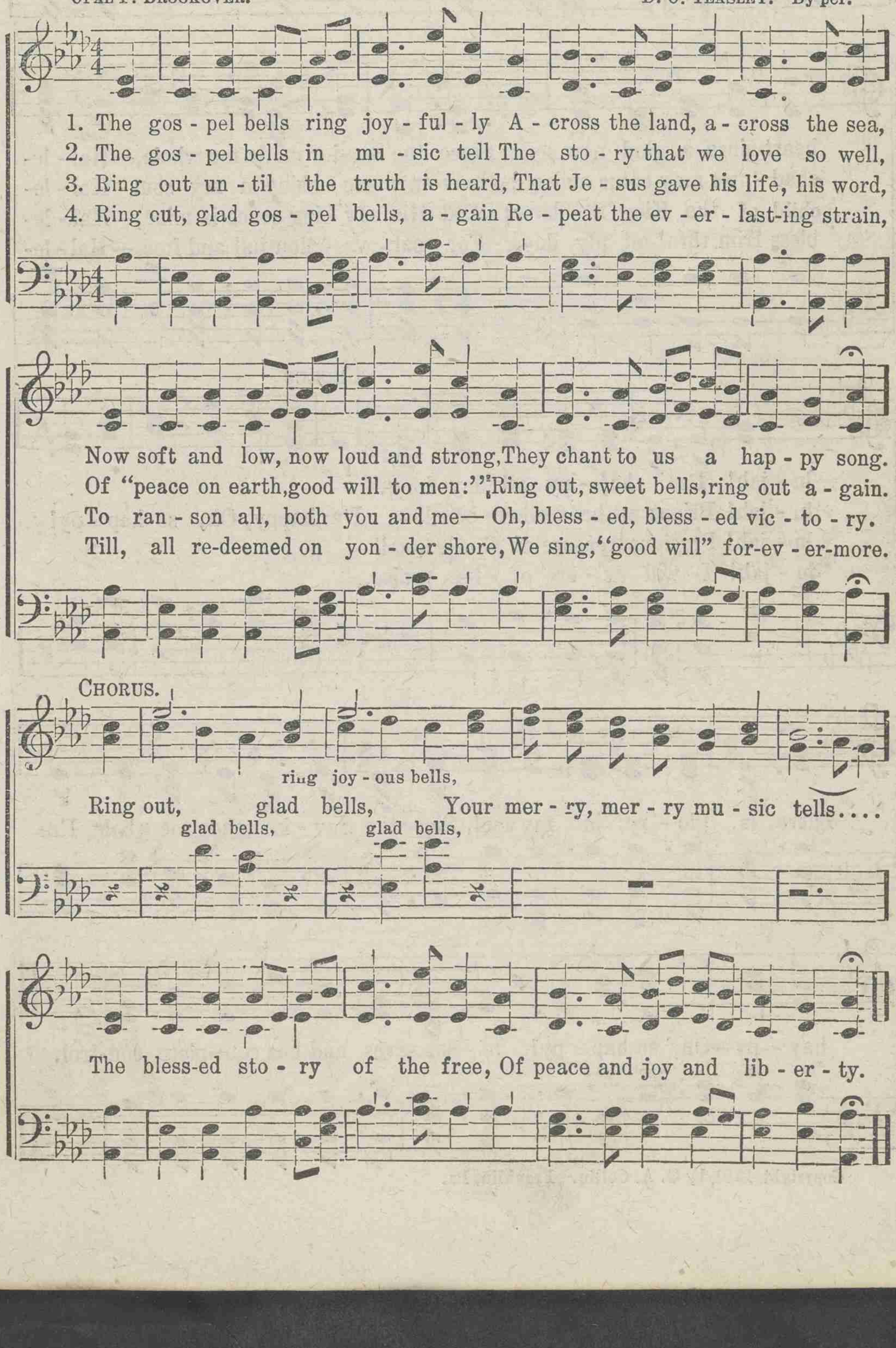
O - ver - come,..... O - ver
Nev - er yield a step in the hot - est fight, God will
come,..... In Je - ho-vah's might put the
send you help from the realms of light;

BE AN OVERCOMER. Concluded.



37 THE GOSPEL BELLS.

OPAL F. BROOKOVER. D. O. TEASLEY. By per.



I'M HAPPY, OH, SO HAPPY!

G. A. C. G. A. COLLIN.

1. There is glo - ry in my soul,—Hal - le - lu - jah! My
2. There is glo - ry in my soul,—Hal - le - lu - jah! Tho' the
3. There is glo - ry in my soul,—Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm a
4. There is glo - ry in my soul,—Hal - le - lu - jah! I will

heart sings a glad new song; Since the Sav-ior made me whole,—Hal - le-
shad - ows may come and go; Heav-en's sun - shine in my soul—Hal - le-
child of the King a - bove; And His sav - ing grace is mine,—Hal - le-
bless Him thro' all my days; For sal - va - tion full and free,—Hal - le-

CHORUS

lu - jah! I'm hap - py all day long.
lu - jah! Brings me heaven here be - low. I'm happy, Oh, so hap - py!
lu - jah! Precious treasure of God's love!
lu - jah! I will ev - er of - fer praise.

There is glo - ry in my soul, Since the Sav - ior made me whole, I'm

hay - py—Oh, so hap - py! Je - sus saves and has com-plete con-trol.

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39 WITH OUR EYES ON JESUS.

JAMES ROWE. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. With our eyes on Je - sus, Go - ing to the field, Sworn to nev - er
2. With our eyes on Je - sus, Naught can turn us back; Doubt we shall not
3. With our eyes on Je - sus And his love with - in, We shall ban - ish

fal - ter, Sworn to nev - er yield. He will give us cour - age When the
har - bor, Cour - age nev - er lack; He will safe - ly shield us, Cheer and
er - ror, We shall con - quer sin; And when comes the or - der: Lay your

foe we see; With His ban - ner o'er us, Vic - tors we shall be..
com-fort lend; On our might - y Lead - er We can all de - pend.
ar - mor down, He who leads will crown us With the fade - less crown.

CHORUS. *Unison.* *Harmony.*

With our eyes on Je - - sus, God's be-lov - ed Son,

be - lov - ed Son,

We will do our du - - ty, Till the fight be won!

We will do our du - ty, we will do our du - ty,

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40 HE SAVES WITH POWER DIVINE.

N. P. C. NELLIE PLACE CHANDLER.

1. Hear a-gain the bless-ed, bless-ed sto-ry Of the Savior's wondrous pow'r to save; How for us he left his home in glo-ry, Conquered sin, death, and the grave.
2. Sor - row, toil and pain were in his path-way, All a-long his journey here be-low, Lead-ing him at last to Calv'ry's mountain, All to save our souls from woe.
3. May we now ac-cept this blessed Sav-ior Who has done so much for me and you; Give to him our hearts, and tell the story, Others then may find him too.

CHORUS.

Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves, sing a-loud the sto-ry; Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves,
Give him all the praise and glo - ry; Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves,
Saves this soul of mine; Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; He saves with pow'r divine.

rit.

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41 OUT OF EGYPT INTO CANAAN.

I. G. M. I. G. MARTIN.

1. When I fled from E-gypt's bondage, And crossed the raging sea, I heard a-
   Some said they'd seen its mountains, It's cool and sparkling streams, It's hills and
2. With old E-gypt far be - hind me, The Ca-naan land a - head, I start-ed
   He brought me to the Jor - dan, With Ca - naan now in view, He o-pened
3. I am in the land of Ca - naan, This land of corn and wine, The at-mos-
   The streams with milk and honey, Are made to o - ver-flow, Here all the

bout a coun - try That was re - served for me;
vales and fountains, (*Omit*).
} O'er which the sunlight gleams.

on my jour - ney, Of God so strange - ly led;
up the wa - ters, (*Omit*).
} And led me safe - ly thro'.

phere is pleas - ant, The fruit is large and fine;
fra-grant flow - ers, (*Omit*).
} In great a-bun-dance grow.

FINE.

D.S.—*I'm hap-py night and day.*

CHORUS.

I'm o - ver the Jor - dan tide, The wa-ters did there di - vide; I'm in the
land of Ca-naan, A - bun-dant-ly sat - is - fied, And now with joy and
glad-ness, I'm sing - ing a - long the way; In fel - low - ship with Je - sus,

D.S

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42 KEPT BY POWER DIVINE.

Rev. ANDREW JOHNSON. I. G. MARTIN.

1. Tho' the shad - ows round me gath-er And the bil - lows near me roll,
2. Tho' the world in all its splen - dor To my eyes its wealth un - fold,
3. Tho' my friends once true and ten - der Have be - come so stern and cold,
4. When the mar-riage feast is giv - en And we read up - on the scroll

Tho' the en - e - my would hinder And would wreck, de-stroy my soul;
And at - tempt my heart to sev - er From the lov - ing Shepherd's fold;
I shall not un - kind-ness ren - der Or the least re - sent-ment hold;
All the saints and hosts of heav - en Who have reached the dis-tant goal;

Yet his darts can nev - er harm me, For the branch is in the vine,
Yet its beau - ty can - not charm me For I'm on the glo - ry line,
For his grace is ev - er with me And my heart is feel - ing fine,
O the loved ones that will greet me, And a - round my heart en-twine,

Since my soul is joined to Je - sus, And I'm kept by pow'r di - vine.
Shout - ing prais - es to my Sav - iour, Ful - ly kept by pow'r di - vine.
Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, Tru - ly kept by pow'r di - vine.
While I sing thro' countless a - ges Ev - er kept by pow'r di - vine.
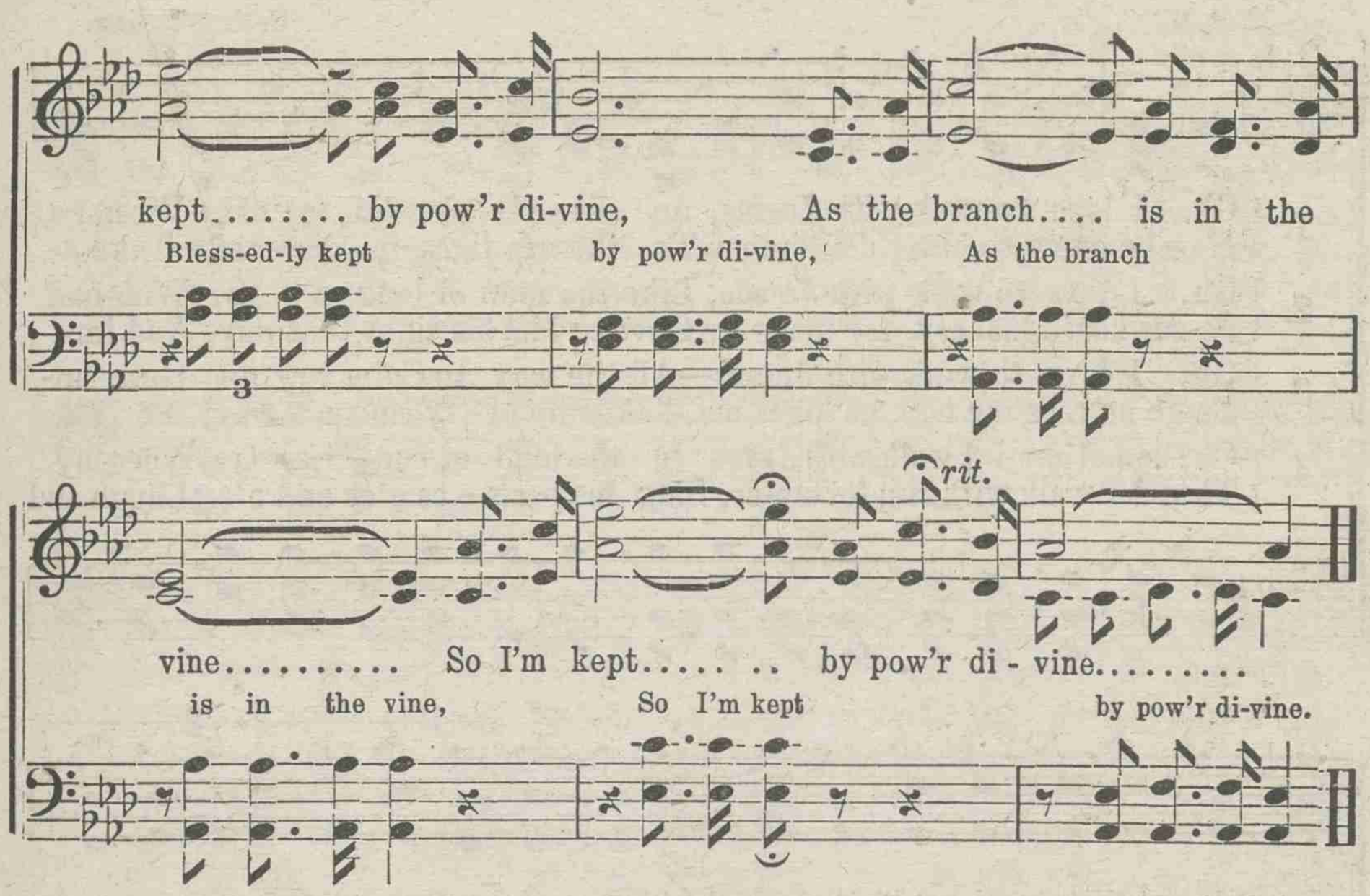
CHORUS.

I am kept..... by pow'r di - vine,..... Sweet - ly

Sweet - ly kept by pow'r di - vine,

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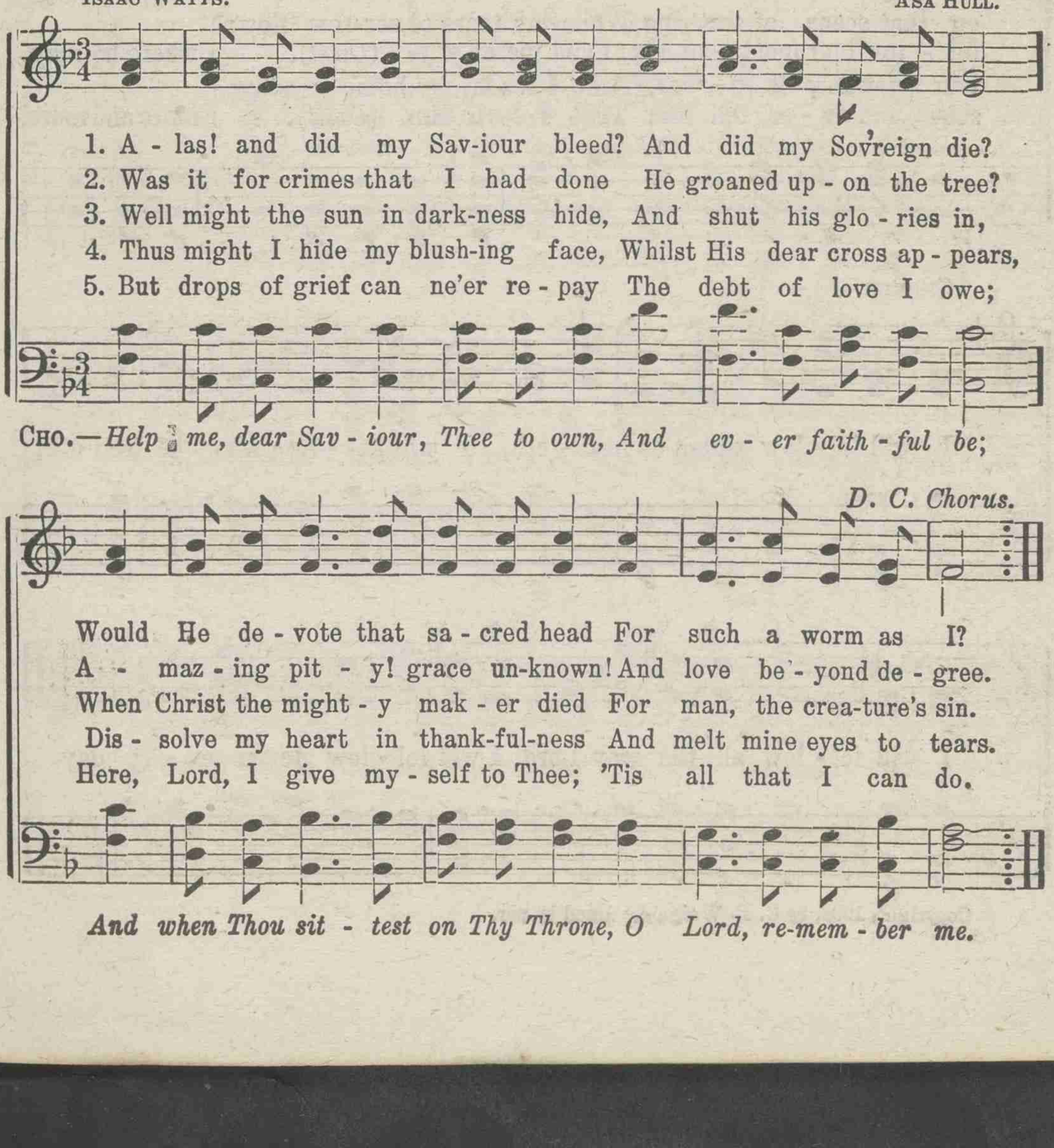
KEPT BY POWER DIVINE. Concluded.



43 REMEMBER ME.
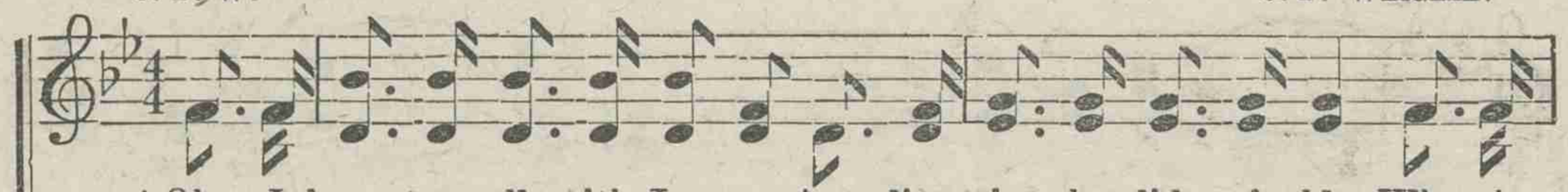
"O Lord, Thou knowest; remember."—JER. 15: 15,

ISAAC WATTS. ASA HULL.



44 I LOVE TO WALK WITH JESUS.

C. F. W. C. F. WEIGELE.
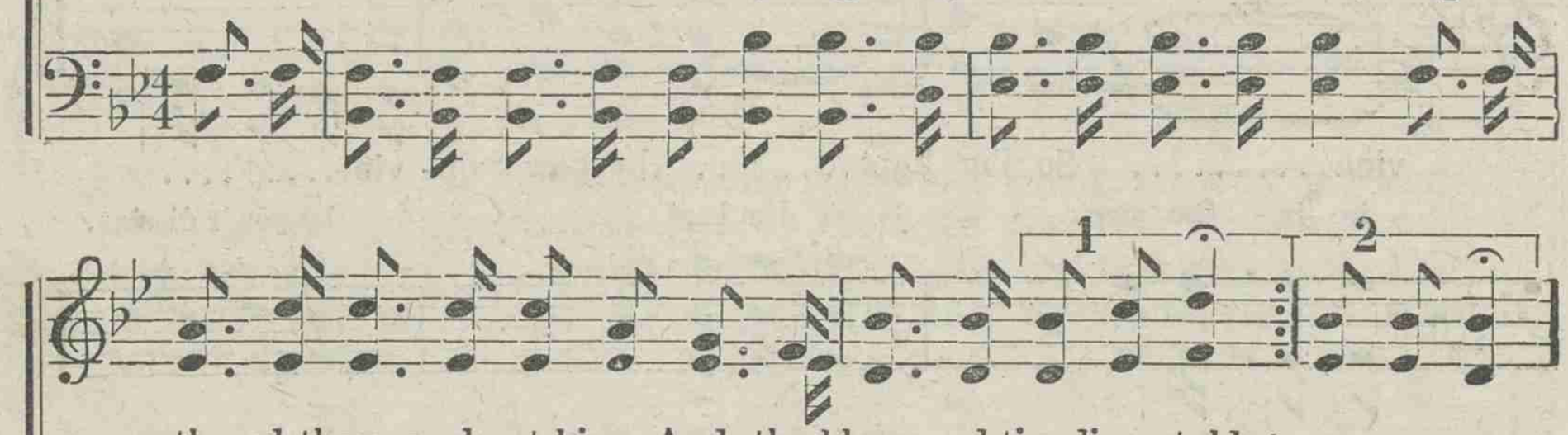


1. Oh, I love to walk with Je-sus, As dis - ci - ples did of old, When he
How he came to bring deliv'rance To the cap-tives in dis - tress, Take a-
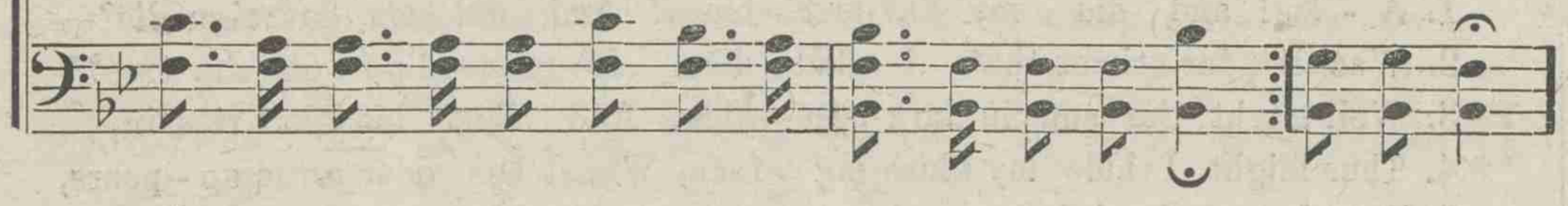
2. Oh, I love to walk with Je-sus, Like the man of long a - go, Who had
Je-sus heard his cry for mer - cy, Gave to him his sight that day, And im-

3. Oh, I love to walk with Je-sus—All the way to Cal - v'ry go, Gaze up-
There he tells me how he loves me, Takes my ev-'ry sin a - way; So I'll

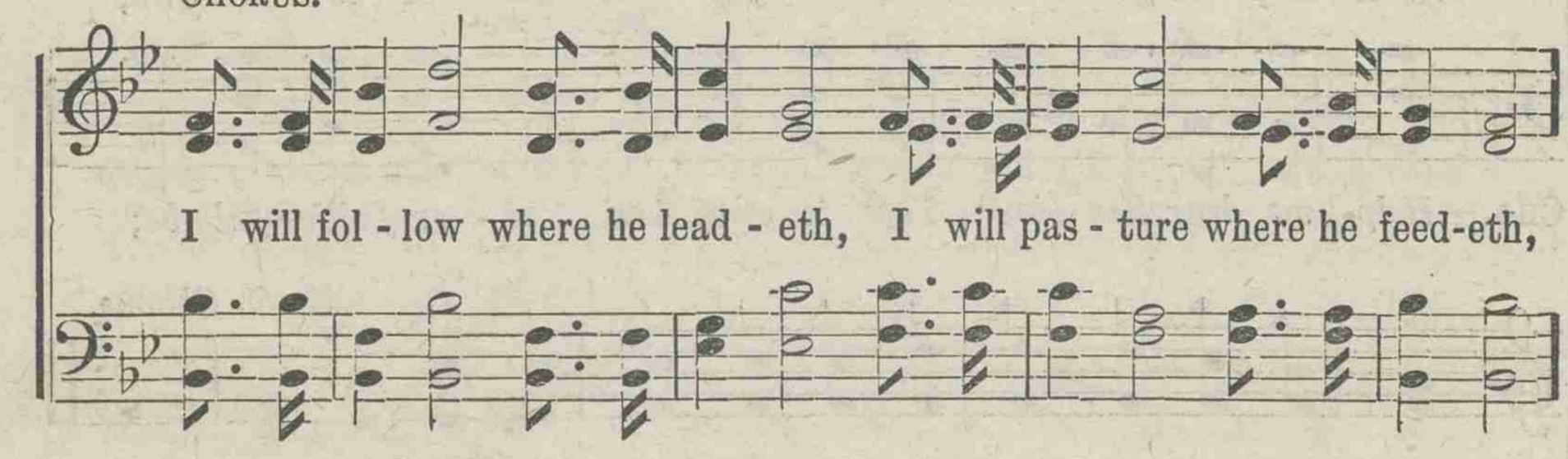
4. Oh, sometime I'll walk with Jesus In the land of end - less day, When my
Then I'll walk with him for-ev-er, Sing his prais - es o'er and o'er; Laugh and
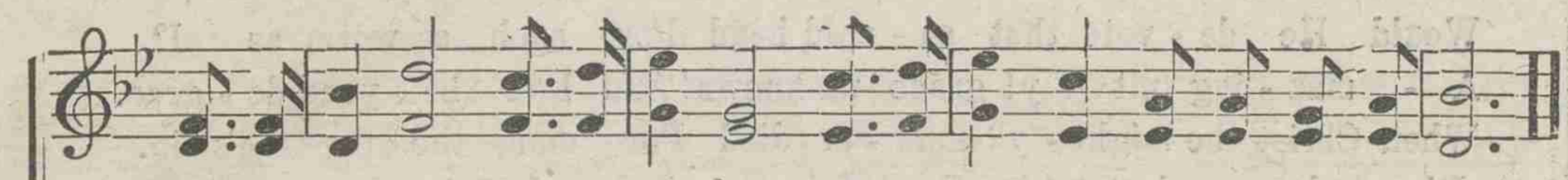


gathered them a - bout him And the bless - ed ti - dings told,
way our ev - 'ry bur - den, Giv - ing per - fect (*Omit*). } peace and rest.
tar - ried by the way - side, Near the gates of Jer - i - cho;
me - diate - ly he fol - lowed Je - sus all a- (*Omit*). } long the way.
on that scene of suff'ring, While my tears of sor-row flow;
fol - low him most glad - ly, Lead me an - y- (*Omit*). } where he may.
jour - ney here is o - ver, And I reach my home to stay;
shout, and ev - er tell him That I love him (*Omit*). } more and more.



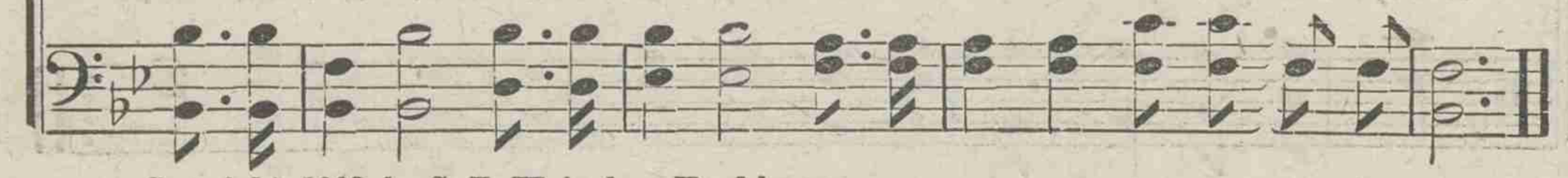
CHORUS.



I will fol - low where he lead - eth, I will pas - ture where he feed-eth,



I will fol - low all the way Lord, I will fol - low Je sus ev - 'ry day.



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45

HE IS JUST AS MERCIFUL TO-DAY.

W. E. M. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. God has saved so man - y in the days gone by, He is just as
2. He has heard the pray'rs of mil - lions in the past, He is just as
3. He has giv - en peace un - to the troub - led heart, He is just as
4. Man - y souls have found Him to be good and kind, He is just as

mer - ci - ful to - day; He will al - ways lis - ten to a sin - ner's cry,
mer - ci - ful to - day; Come, and all your griev-ous bur-dens on Him cast,
mer - ci - ful to - day; Un - to all who ask Him He will grace im - part,
mer - ci - ful to - day; Come, and rest and peace your soul will in Him find,

CHORUS.

He is just as mer - ci - ful to - day. He is just as mer - ci - ful,
kind and mer - ci - ful, Just as mer - ci - ful to - day; He is
just as mer-ci - ful, kind and mer - ci - ful, Just as mer - ci - ful to - day.

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46. SANCTIFYING POWER.

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

1. There is sanc - ti - fy - ing pow'r like a sweet refreshing show'r
2. I'm so glad it reach - es me, all un-wor-thy tho' I be,
3. This God's will for you and me, that we sanc - ti-fied should be,
4. Songs of prais - es let us sing to our bless-ed Lord and King,

Waiting for each con-se-crat-ed heart; Pow'r to cleanse us from all sin,
O-ver-com-ing grace made freely mine; Since the comforter a-bides,
Dwelling in this land of plen-teous-ness; Fling your doubts and fears a - side,
For this great salvation, rich and free; Ev'ry need-ed grace supplied,

pow'r to keep us pure within, Pow'r for service which He will impart.
and with-in my heart resides, I am walking in the light di-vine.
bold-ly cross the Jordan's tide, And your heritage in Christ possess.
ev-'ry long-ing sat - is-fied, Saved for time and for e - ter - ni - ty.
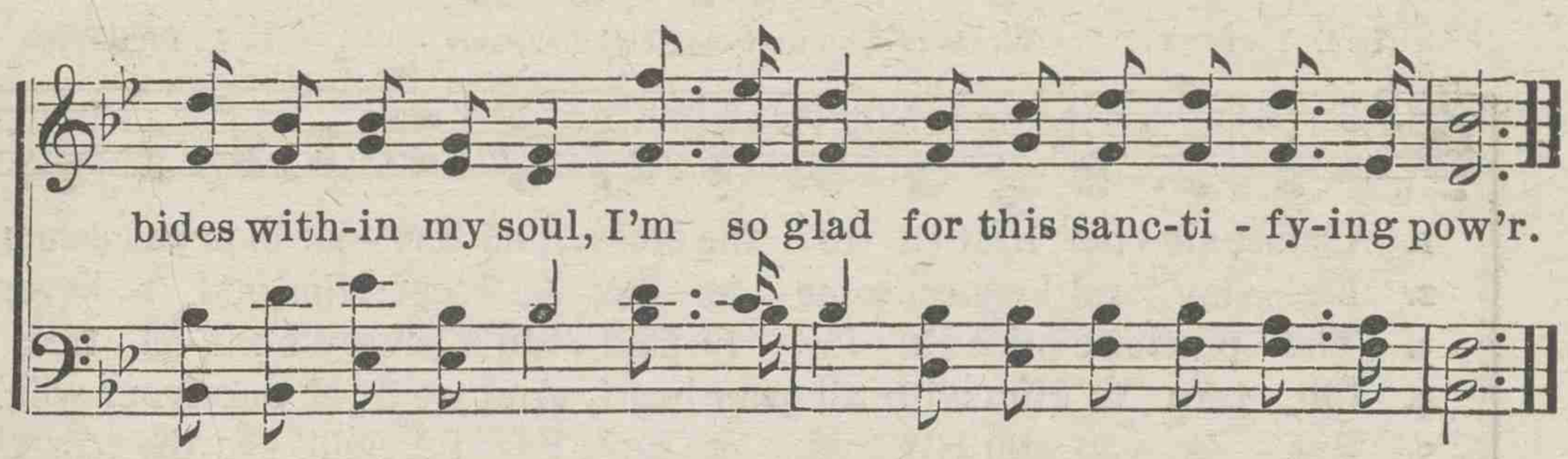
CHORUS.

I'm so glad, ... I'm so glad, ... For this sav-ing,
I'm so glad, Hal-le - lu-jah, I'm so glad,

sanc - ti - fy - ing pow'r; Waves of glo - ry o'er me roll, peace a-

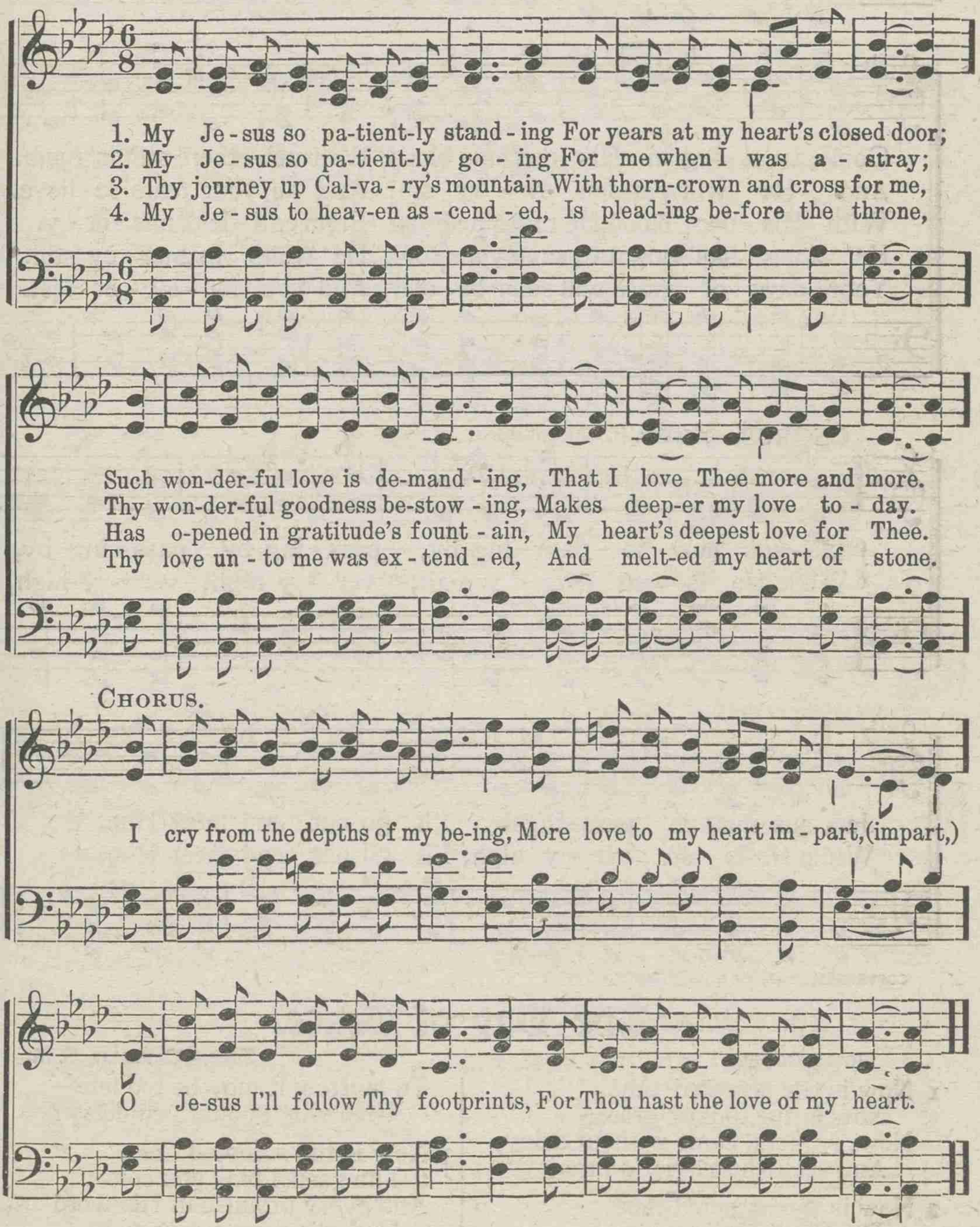
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SANCTIFYING POWER. Concluded.



47. I'LL LOVE THEE MORE AND MORE.

REV. WM. C. POOLE. WM. EDIE MARKS.
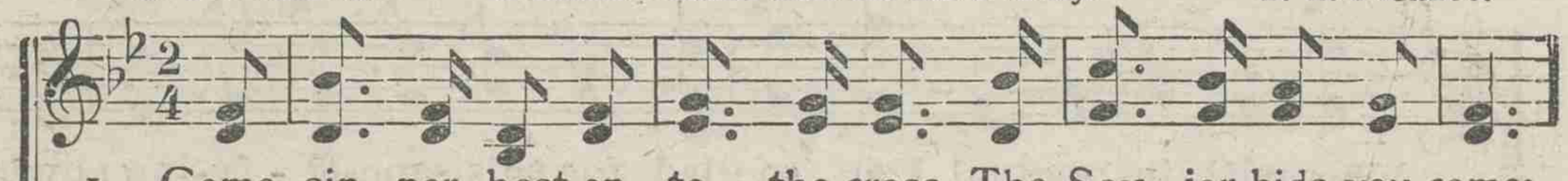


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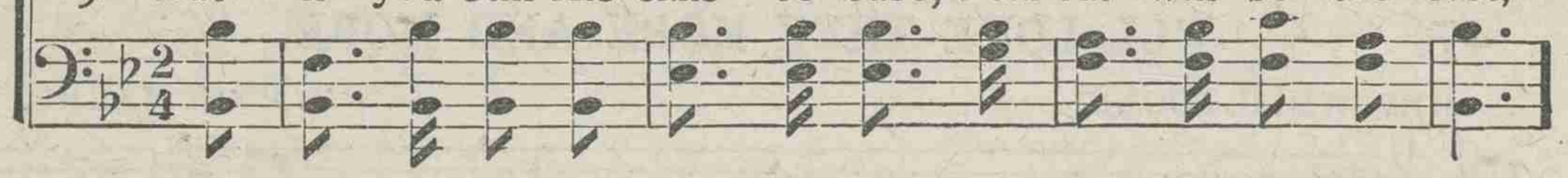
48
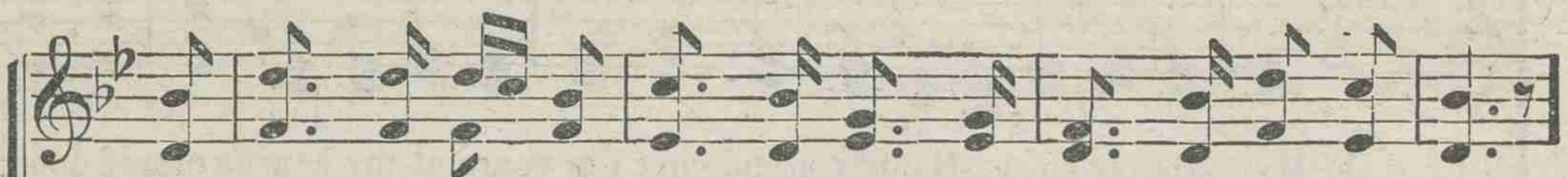
Jesus is Passing.

L. L PICKETT. Words of Chorus from Salvation Army. L. L. PICKETT.
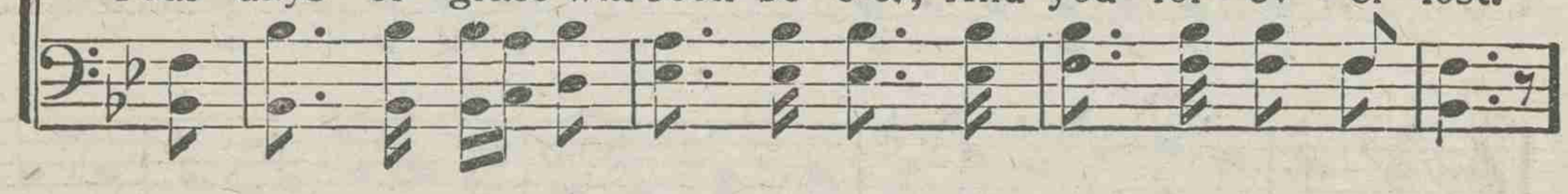


1. Come, sin - ner, hast-en to the cross, The Sav - ior bids you come;
2. De - lay no long-er, come to - day, Ac - cept Him and be-lieve;
3. The purchase price He ful - ly paid On Calvary's cru - el tree;
4. Oh, turn to Him with all your heart, And yield at once your will;
5. But if you still His calls re - fuse, Fear-ful will be the cost;

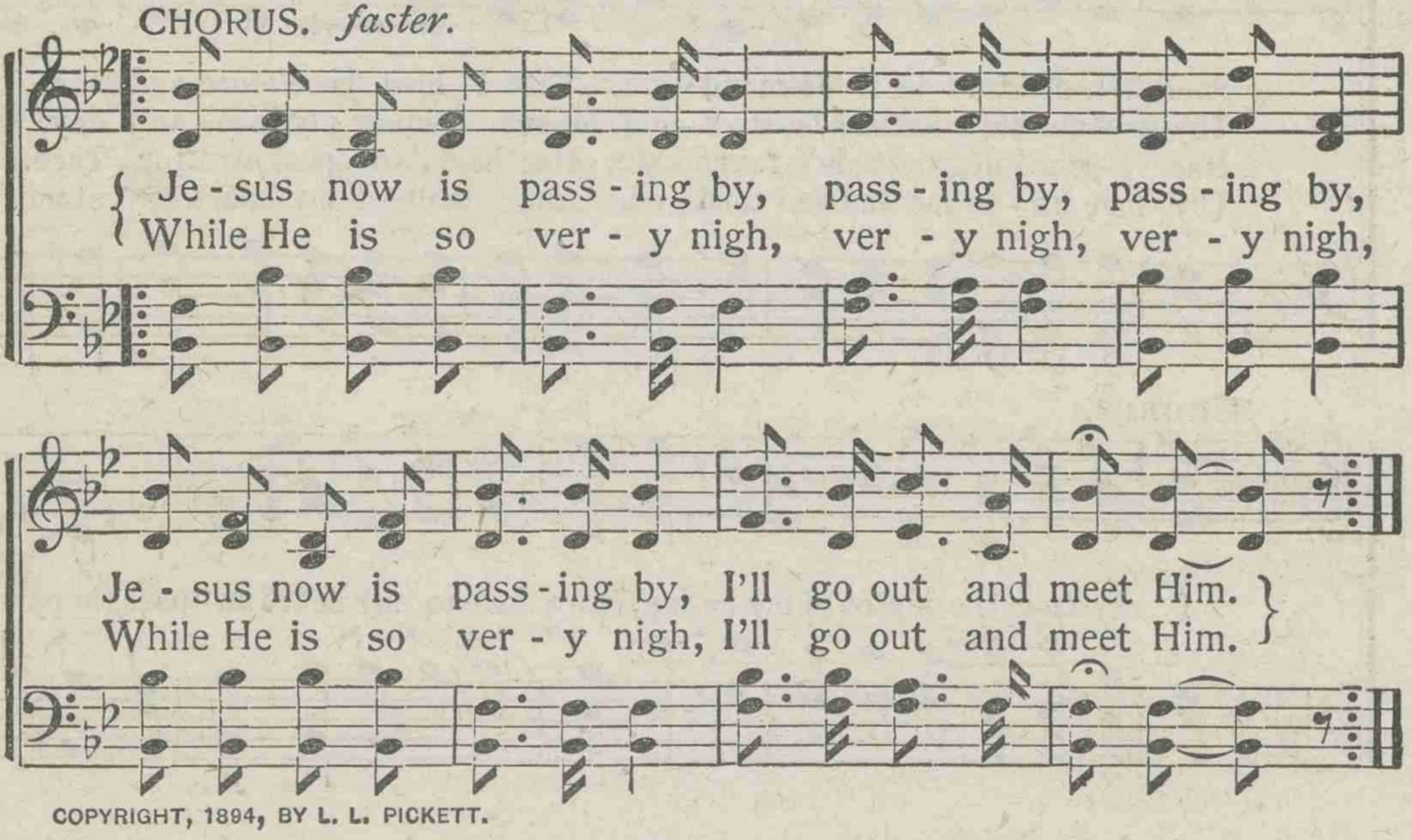




Come, trust - ing in His precious blood; Wait not—there still is room.
And He will par-don ev - 'ry sin, And all your fears re - lieve.
With His own blood He ransomed you From end - less mis - er - y.
He long has sought to save your soul, He waits in mer - cy still.
Your days of grace will soon be o'er, And you for - ev - er lost.



CHORUS. *faster.*



{ Je - sus now is pass - ing by, pass - ing by, pass - ing by,
While He is so ver - y nigh, ver - y nigh, ver - y nigh,

Je - sus now is pass - ing by, I'll go out and meet Him. }
While He is so ver - y nigh, I'll go out and meet Him.

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49

The Day of Grace.

JOHN DOBELL. *Tune:*—CAPELLO, S. M.
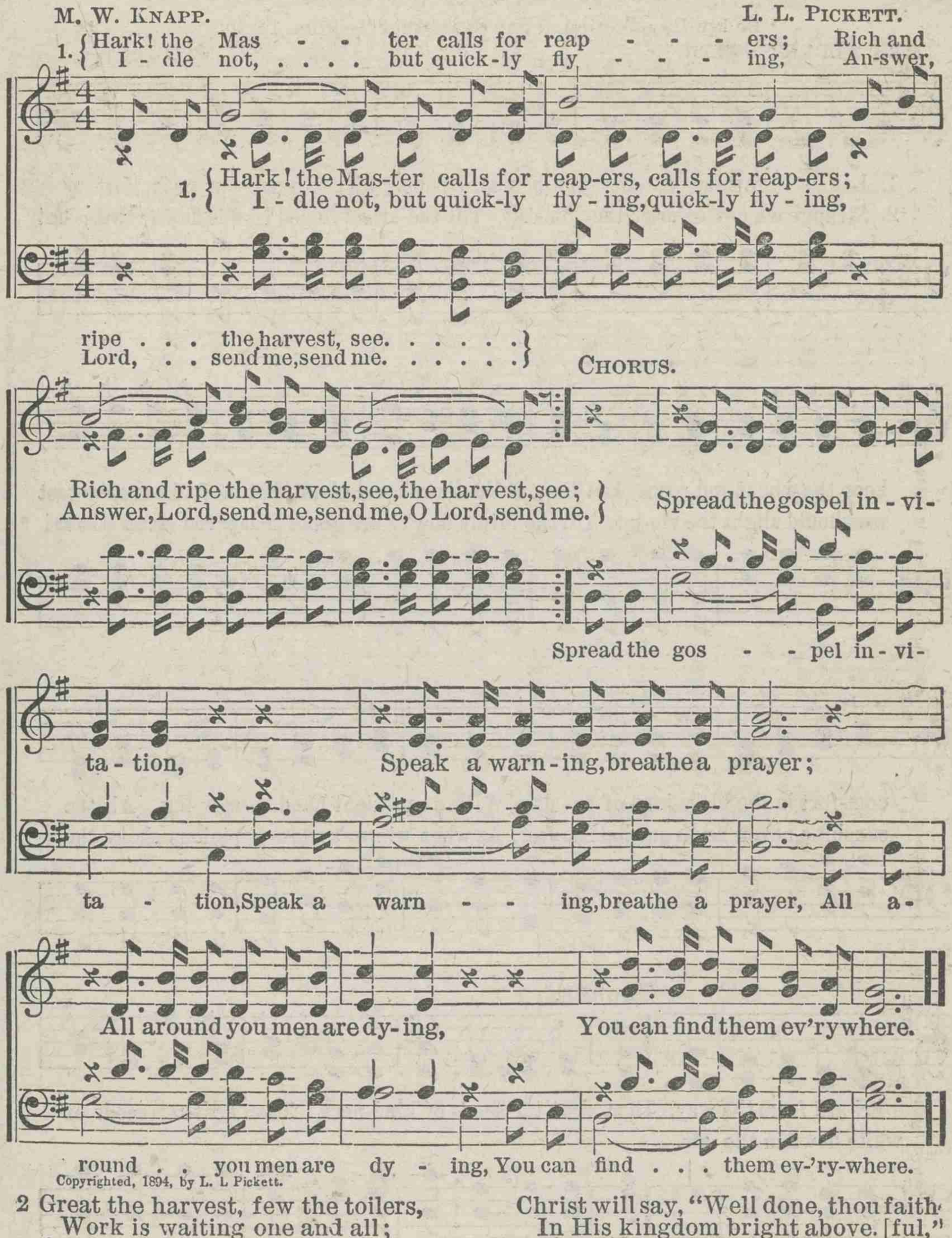
1 Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Savior's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,
The Savior calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in His word
Declares there yet is room.

THE MASTER CALLS FOR REAPERS.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.



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2 Great the harvest, few the toilers,
Work is waiting one and all;
Answer quickly, and rejoicing,
Hear and heed the Master's call.

3 Gather golden sheaves for Jesus,
Ere too late, they ruined be;
Great and precious is the harvest,
And 't is Jesus calleth thee.

4 Rich reward is for thee waiting,
If but faithful thou wilt prove;
Christ will say, "Well done, thou faithful,"
In His kingdom bright above.
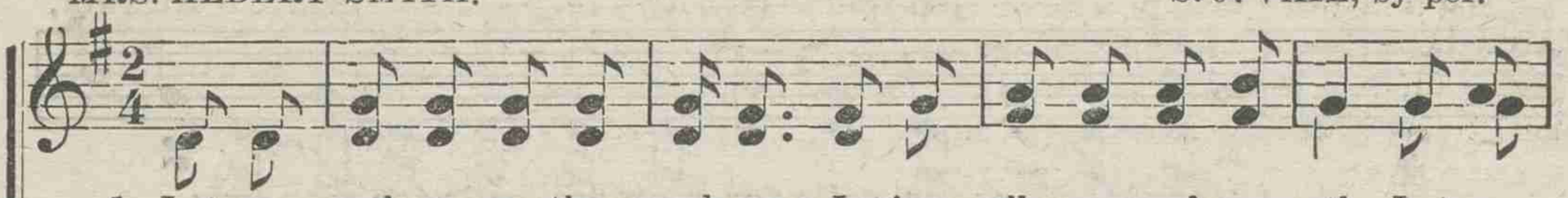
5 But if thou shouldst falsely linger,
Proving thus to Him untrue,
Fearful, then, will be the reckoning
At the Judgment waiting you.

6 Jesus shed His blood so precious,
On the cross for thee didst die;
Therefore heed His call so earnest,
Swiftly to the harvest fly.
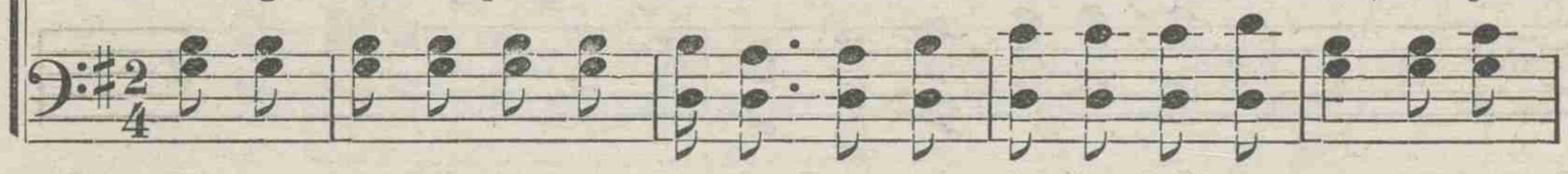
51. SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.
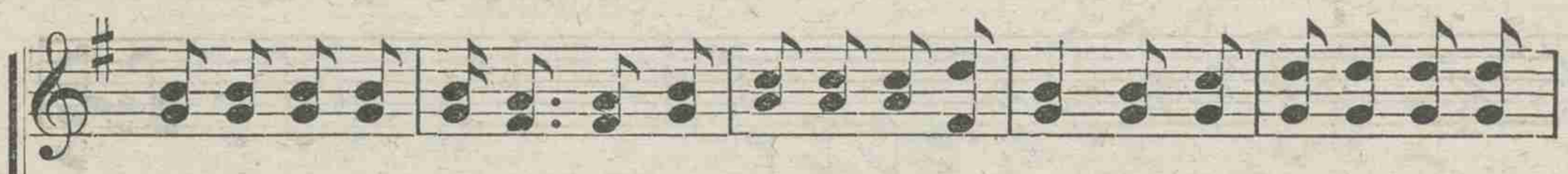
"Be kindly affectioned one to another."—Rom. 12: 10.

MRS. ALBERT SMITH. S. J. VAIL, by per.
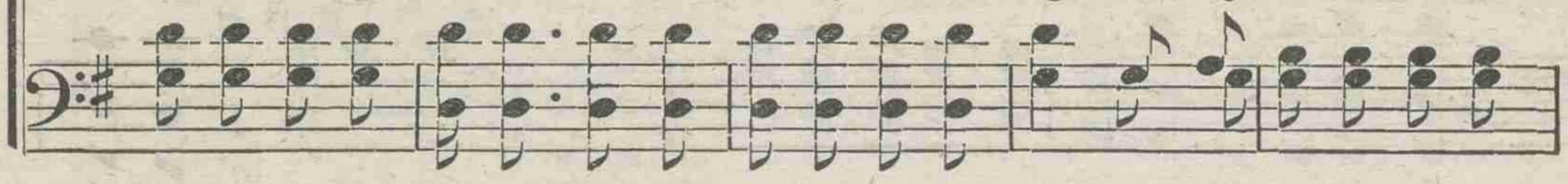


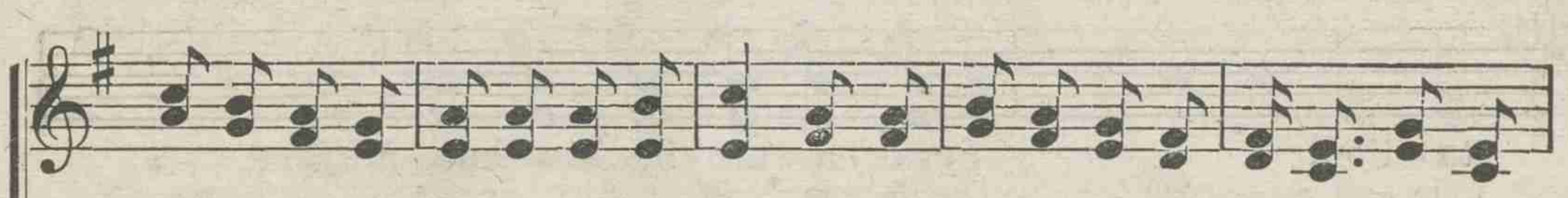
1. Let us gath-er up the sun-beams, Ly-ing all a-round our path; Let us
2. Strange we nev-er prize the mu - sic Till the sweetvoiced bird is flown; Strange that
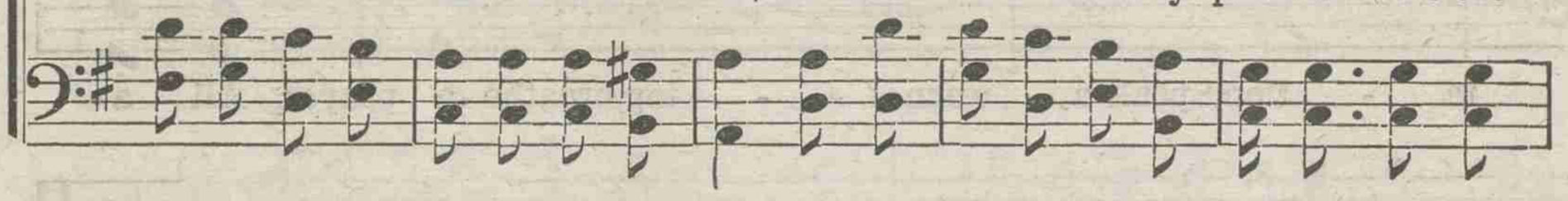




keep the wheat and roses, Cast-ing out the thorns and chaff, Let us find our sweetest
we should slight the vio-lets Till the lovely flow'rs are gone! Strange that summer skies and
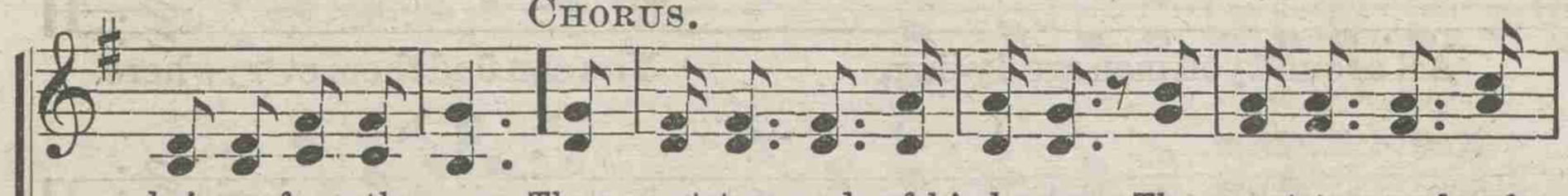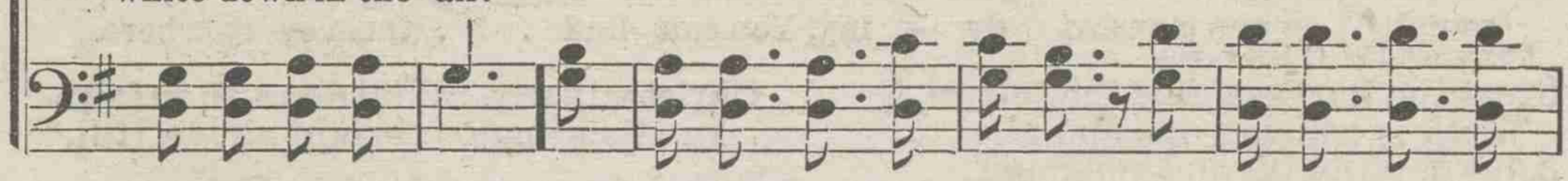




com-fort in the bless-ings of to - day, With a pa-tient hand re-mov-ing All the
sunshine never seem one half so fair, As when winter's snow-y pinions shake the
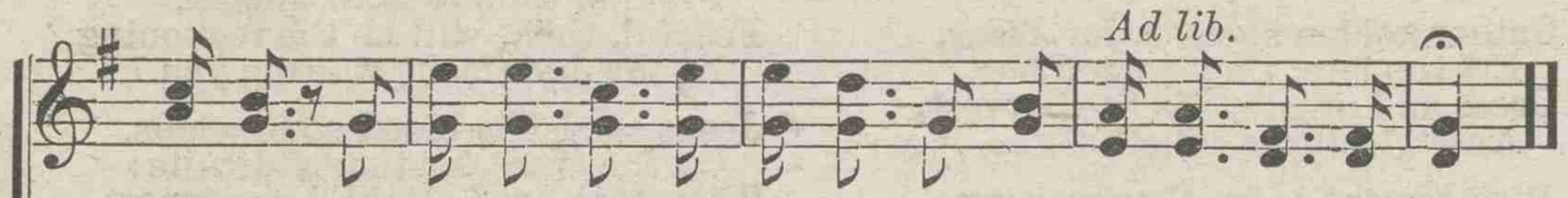


CHORUS.
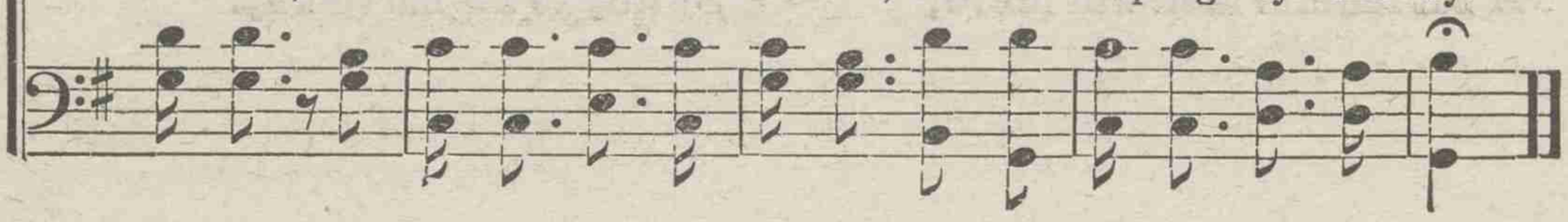


bri-ars from the way. Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness, Then scat-ter seeds of
white down in the air.





Ad lib.

kind-ness, Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness, For our reap-ing by and by.
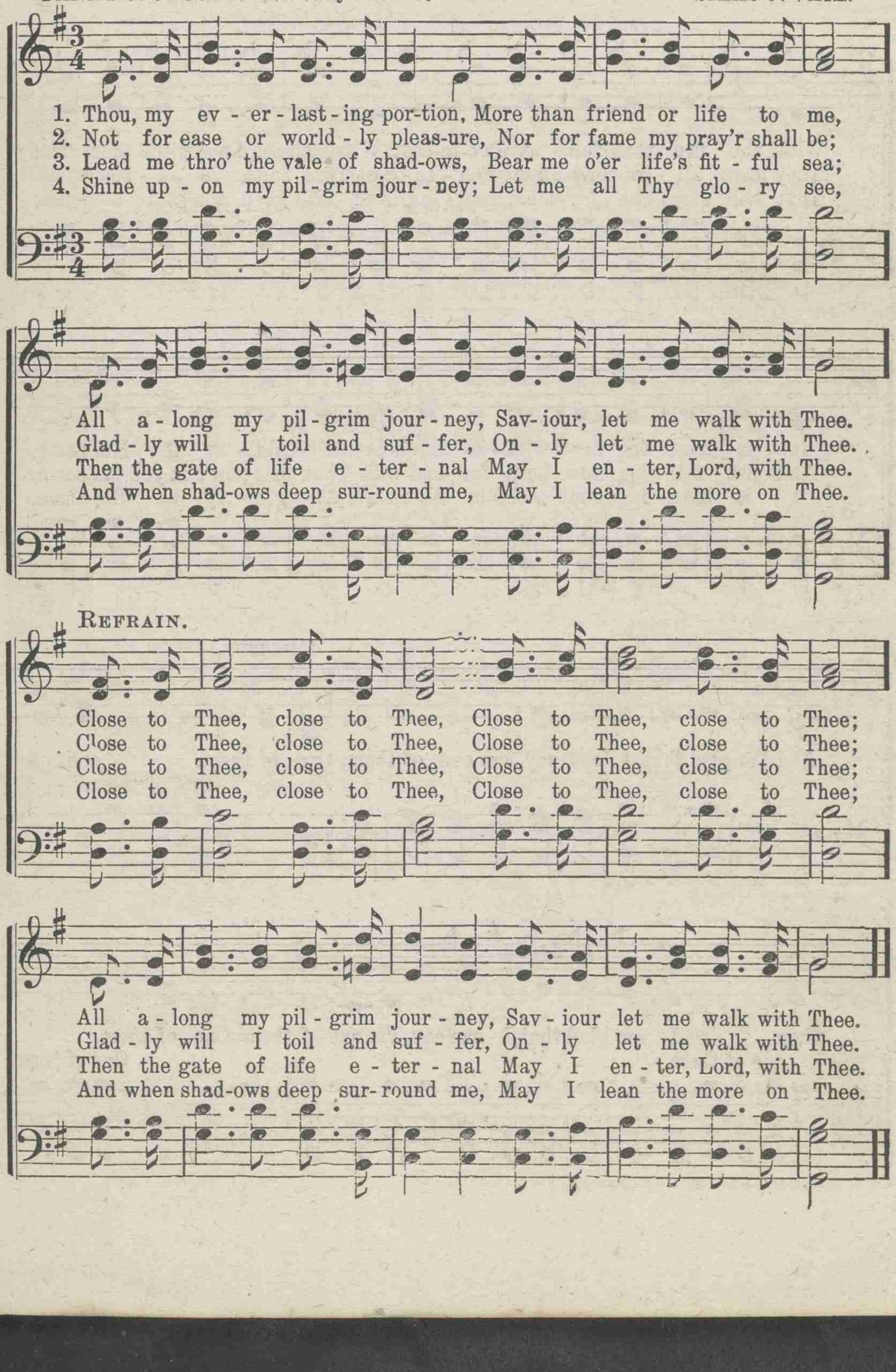


SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS. Concluded.

3 If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?—
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our mem'ries back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by and by.

52. CLOSE TO THEE.

FANNY J. CROSBY. 4th v. by L. L. P. SILAS J. VAIL.



53. I'M GLAD I'M ONE OF THEM.

I. G. M

I. G. MARTIN.

1. There are peo - ple al - most ev-'ry-where, Whose hearts are all a-flame,
2. Tho' these peo - ple may not learn - ed be, Nor boast of world - ly fame,
3. Come, my broth- er, seek this bless-ing, That will cleanse your heart from sin,

With the fire that fell at Pen-te-cost, Which cleans'd and made them clean;
They have all re-ceived their Pen - te - cost Thro' faith in Je - sus' name;
That will start the joy-bells ring - ing, And will keep the soul a - flame.

It is burn - ing now with - in my heart; All glo - ry to His name,
And are tell - ing now both far and wide That His pow'r is yet the same,
It is burn - ing now with - in my heart; All glo - ry to His name,

CHORUS.

And I'm glad that I can say, I'm one of them. One of them, one of
One of them,

them, I am glad that I can say, I'm one of them; One of them,
one of them, One of them,

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one of them, I am glad that I can say, I'm one of them.
one of them,

54. YOU OUGHT TO LOVE JESUS.

JAMES ROWE. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. You ought to love Je-sus, the sinner's Friend, I'm sure He would cheer your soul,
2. I praise Him each day for His love to me, So ten-der is He and true,
3. In cloud and in sunshine He's just the same, No change in His love I see;
4. His love He is of-fer-ing now to you, Turn not such a friend a - way,

If on His af - fec-tion you would depend, And let Him your life con - trol.
And if you will let Him your Sav-iour be, I know you would praise Him too.
Come gladness or sorrow, Come pain or shame, My Saviour a- bides with me.
No oth - er you'll find half so sweet and true, O rest in His love to - day.

CHORUS.

You ought to love Jesus, the sinner's Friend, You ought to both love and o - bey;

He's kinder than brother, more tender than mother; O come let Him save you to-day.

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IS IT YOUR SOUL?

J. W. R.

Mrs. L. L. PICKETT.

Slow, with feeling.

1. There's somebody's soul un - saved to - night, A soul for which
2. There's somebody's soul e'er the night rolls by, That will cross to e-
3. There's somebody's soul, per - haps it is yours, That will stand in the

Christ has died; A pearl that is val-ued a - bove the world, For
ter - ni-ty's shore; No chance then to right the wrongs of the past, In
judgment un - saved; No Christ then to plead, no blood to a-tone, To

which He was cru - ci - fied. Tho' bright glow the beams of
mis - ery to dwell ev - er - more. Un - known to the Saviour, no
shield from the wrath you have braved. Shut out in the darkness, in

Calvary's light, 'Tis lost in the darkness, unsaved to-night, Tho' bright glow the
welcome above, No hope for the future, no part in His love, Unknown to the
sorrow and pain, Somebody's soul will have lived in vain, Shut out in the

Rit.

beams of Calvary's light, 'Tis lost in the darkness, unsaved to - night.
Saviour, no welcome above, No hope for the future, no part in His love.
darkness, in sorrow and pain, Somebody's soul will have lived in vain.

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ETERNITY'S NIGHT.

"Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness."—Matt. 25: 30.

A. F. FERRIS. Revised. ELLA B. BUTE. Arr.

1. O sin - ner, re - member, though fair be life's day,
2. On the edge of per - di - tion now blind - ly you tread,
3. Oh, e - ter - ni - ty's dark-ness! its gloom doth af-fright,
4. Oh, e - ter - ni - ty's dark-ness now falls on the shore,
5. The Sav - iour is plead-ing; there's mer - cy to - day,

There's on - ly one step to the tomb; Thy life like a
Its fire's how fear - ful they gleam; Ah, soon you will
No star beams of hope from on high; No morn-ing shall
The twi-light be - gins to ap - pear; Soon there will be
'Tis Je - sus in - vites you to come; Oh, flee to His

D. S.—*To sink in de-spair and in woe! But such is thy*
D. S.—*And to walk 'mid the splen-dors a - bove! To dwell in His*

va - por will soon pass away, Then cometh e - ter - ni-ty's gloom.
be with the numberless dead, Where Jesus can nev-er re - deem.
dawn on the gloom with its light, There cometh no sweet by and by.
mer-cy, sweet mer-cy no more, But darkness and death draweth near.
bo - som and walk in His way, 'Twill lead to the heaven-ly home.

doom, if thou turn from the light, God's mer-cy re - fus - ing to know.
grace and a - bide in His light, En - joy - ing His mer - cy and love.

CHORUS.

To be lost in the night, in "e - ter - ni - ty's night,"
Last Cho. To be saved from the night, from "e - ter - ni - ty's night,"

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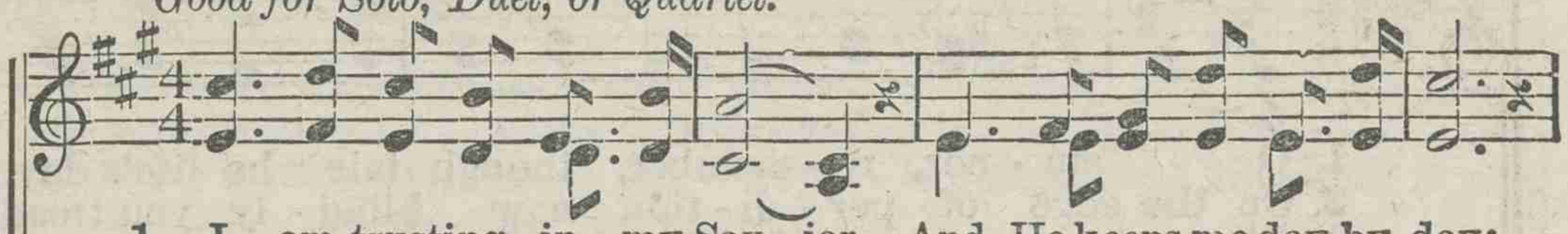
57

TRUSTING IN MY SAVIOR.
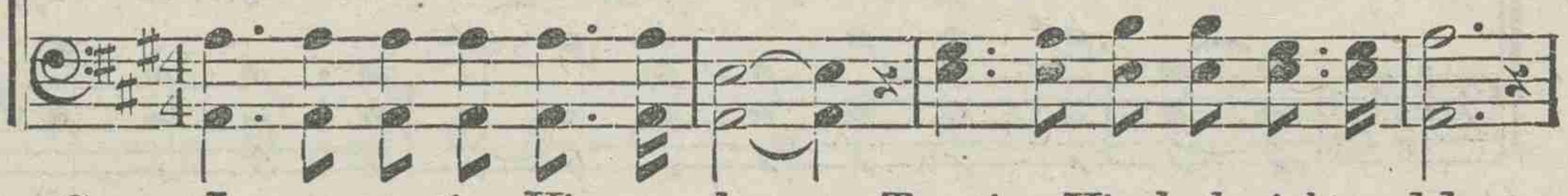
"Trust in Him at all times."—Psa. 62: 8.

L. L. PICKETT. H. P. DANKS.

Good for Solo, Duet, or Quartet.
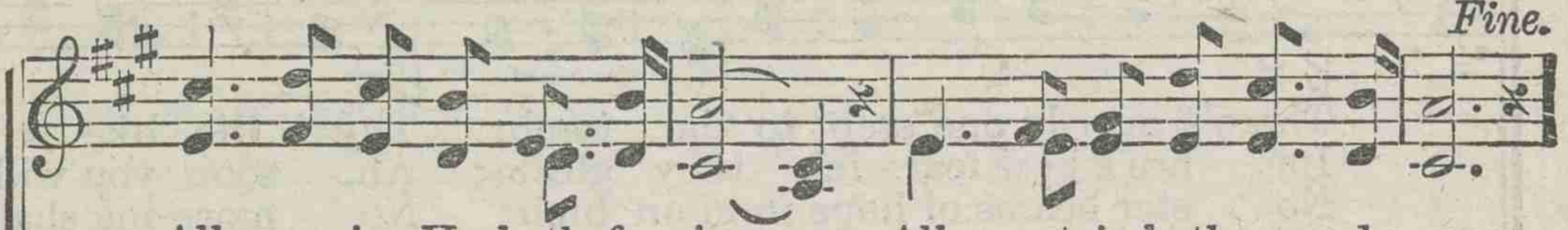


1. I am trusting in my Sav - ior, And He keeps me day by day;
2. All my cares and griefs I tell Him, All my needs and all my fears;
3. He is dear-er than the dear - est Of my friends and kindred all,
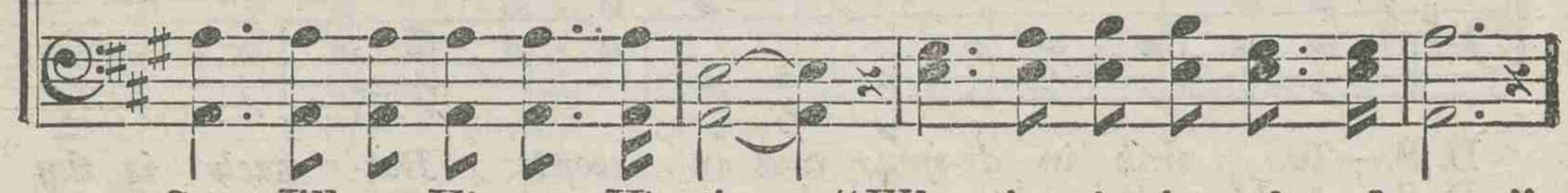


CHO.—*I am trusting Him a - lone, Trusting Him both night and day;*
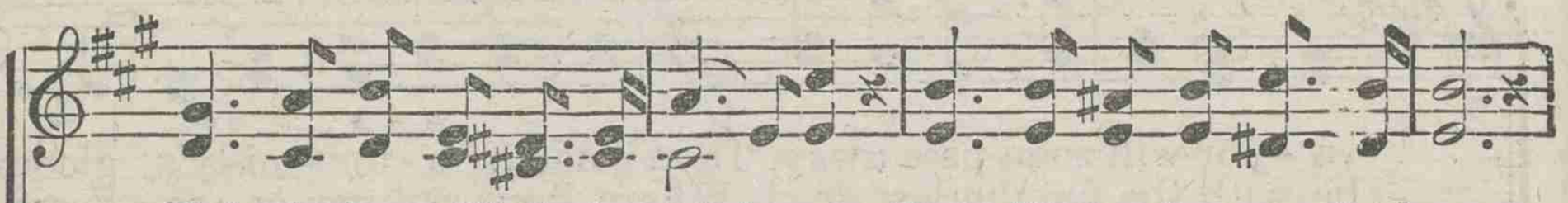
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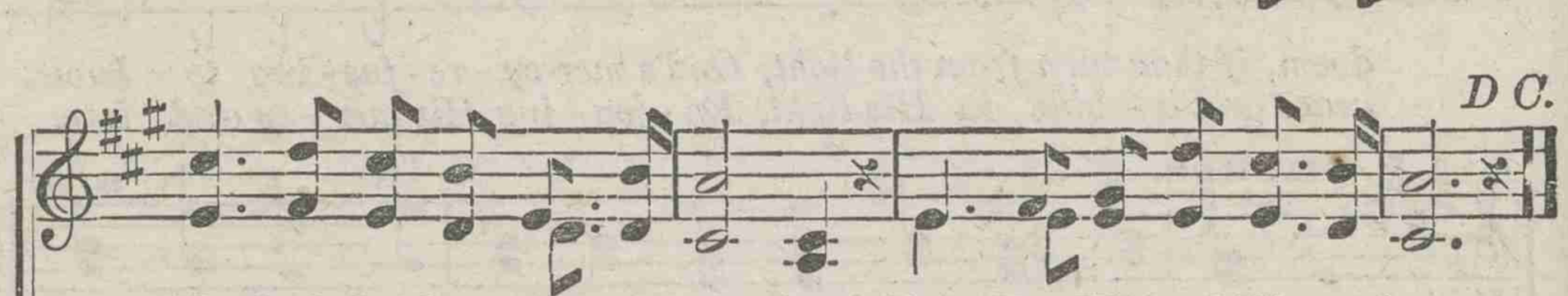


All my sins He hath for-giv - en, All my stain hath purged a-way;
He doth bear a - way my sor - rows, Kind - ly dri - eth all my tears;
And He rests me when I'm wea - ry, Quick - ly helps me when I call;



Soon I'll see Him on His throne, "When the mists have cleared away."

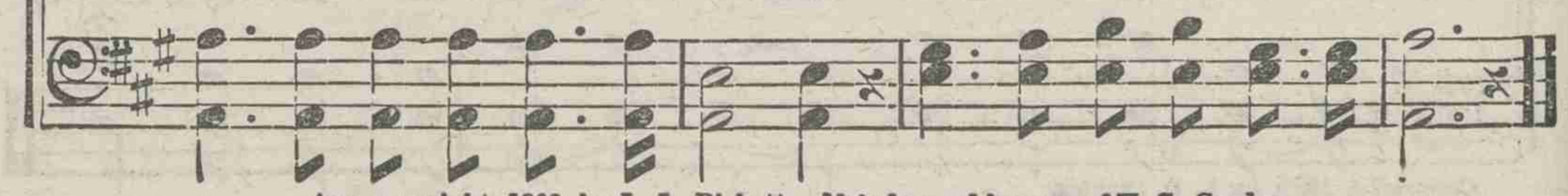


He hath shown His loving-kind - ness, Made His ten-der mer-cies known;
He will teach and dai-ly guide me While I live on earth be - low,
I am hop-ing for His com - ing, In the clouds of glo - ry bright;



D C.

He doth dai-ly grow more pre-cious, Since I'm His, and His a - lone.
And I know He'll walk beside me Thro' death's valley should I go.
I am waiting robed and read - y, Be it morning, noon, or night.



Arr. copyright, 1902, by L. L. Pickett. Melody used by per. of H. S. Gordon.

58. IT PAYS TO SERVE JESUS.

(This song written at the suggestion of my friend and brother, W. E. Mick, of Indianapolis, a servant of Christ for many years, and to whom it is affectionately dedicated by the author.)

F. C. H. FRANK C. HUSTON. By per.

1. The serv - ice of Je - sus true pleas- ure af - fords, In Him there is
2. It pays to serve Je - sus what-e'er may be - tide, It pays to be
3. Tho' some-times the shad- ows may hang o'er the way, And sor-rows may

joy with - out an al - loy; 'Tis heav - en to trust Him and rest on His
true what -e'er you may do; 'Tis rich - es of mer- cy in Him to a-
come to beck- on us home, Our pre-cious Re-deem-er each toil will re-

CHORUS.

words; It pays to serve Je- sus each day.
bide; It pays to serve Je- sus each day. It pays to serve Je - sus, it
pay; It pays to serve Je- sus each day.

pays ev-'ry day, It pays ev-'ry step of the way;..... Tho' the pathway to
ev- 'ry step of the way;
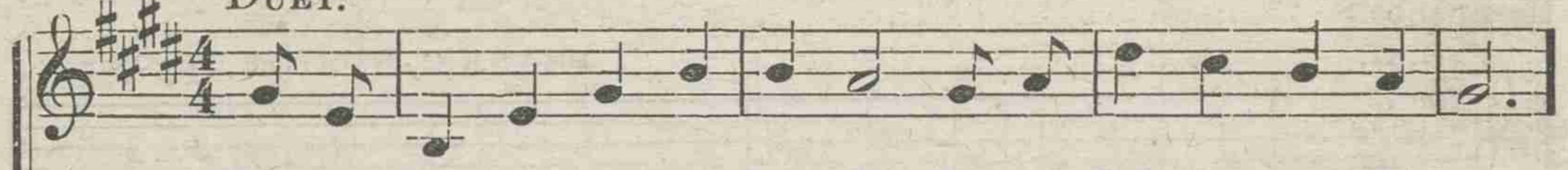
glo -ry may sometimes be drear, You'll be hap-py each step of the way.

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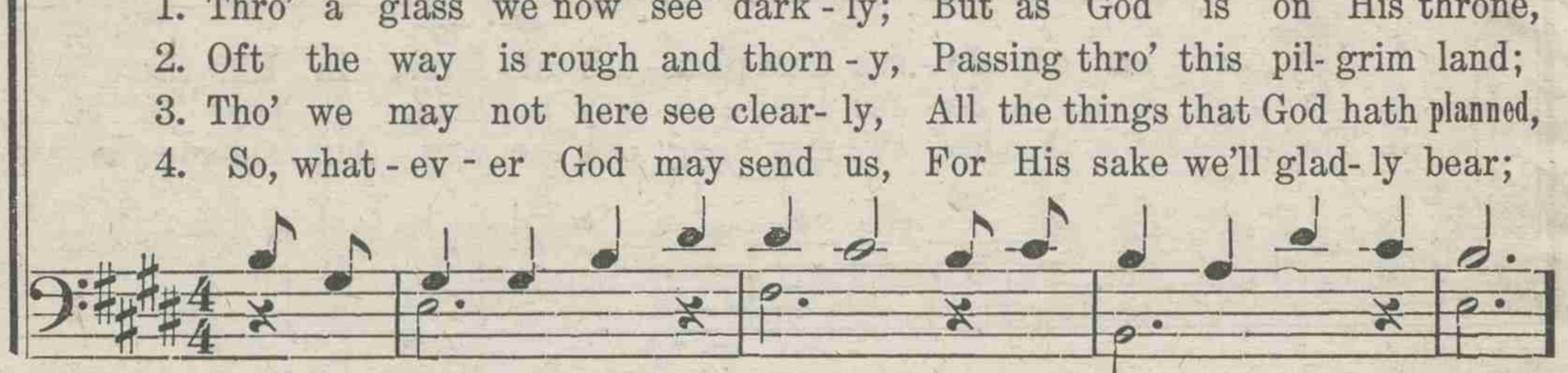
59. WE SHALL KNOW UP YONDER.
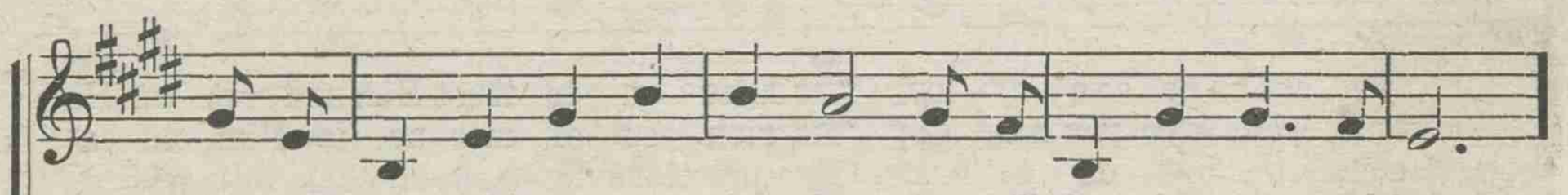
REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. HERBERT BUFFUM.

DUET.
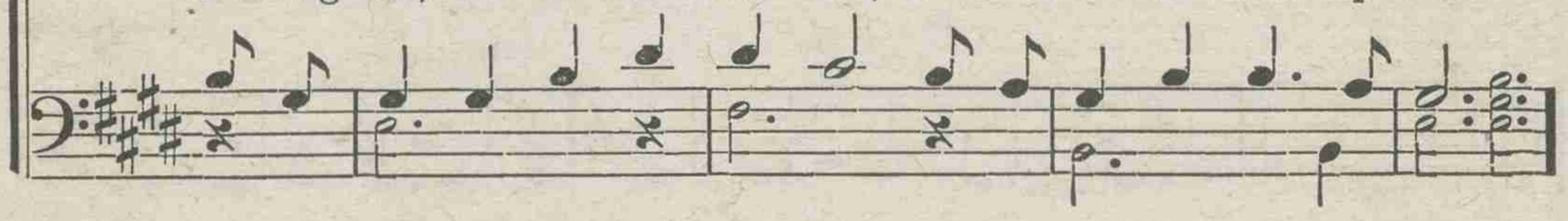


1. Thro' a glass we now see dark - ly; But as God is on His throne,
2. Oft the way is rough and thorn - y, Passing thro' this pil- grim land;
3. Tho' we may not here see clear- ly, All the things that God hath planned,
4. So, what - ev - er God may send us, For His sake we'll glad- ly bear;
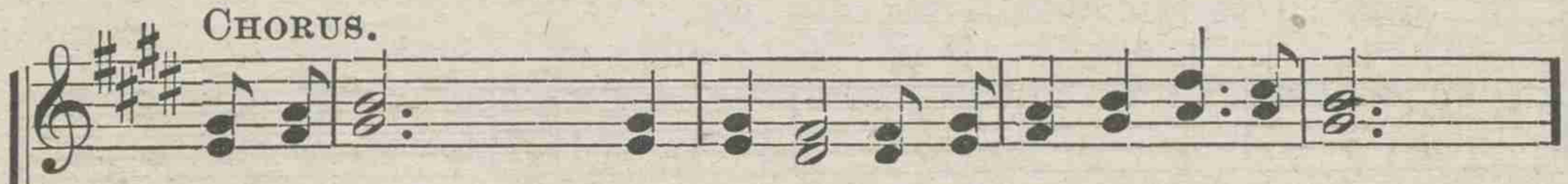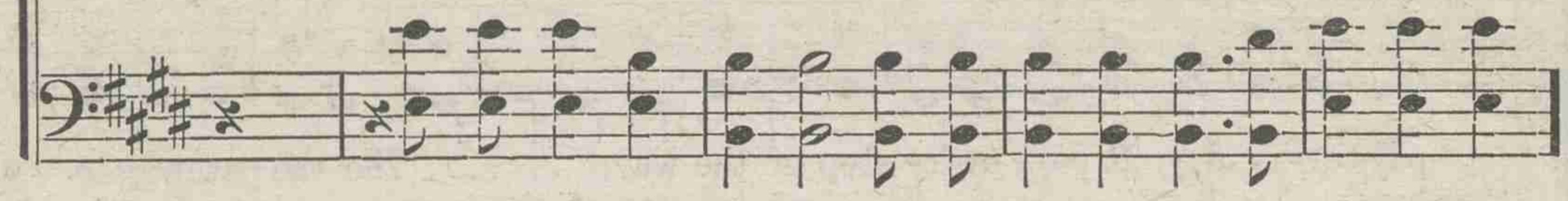




We shall see and know up yon - der, As we'll then be seen and known.
Tho' we know not now the rea - son, O - ver there we'll un - der- stand.
Yet, we'll know the rea - son some- time, When we reach the gold- en land.
Know-ing this, that if we trust Him, We shall un - der-stand up there.
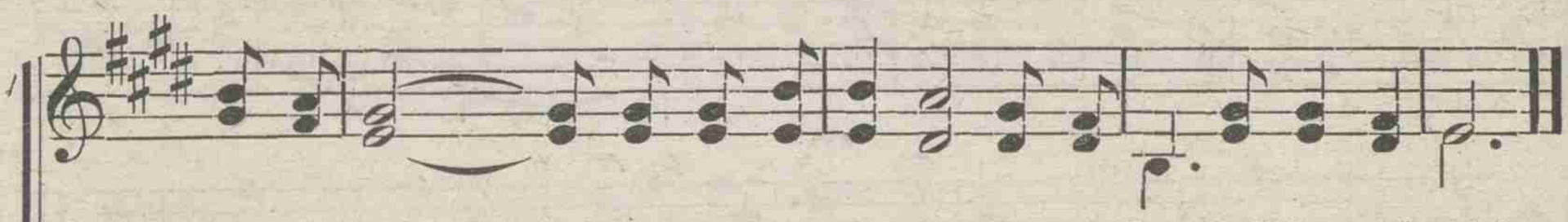


CHORUS.
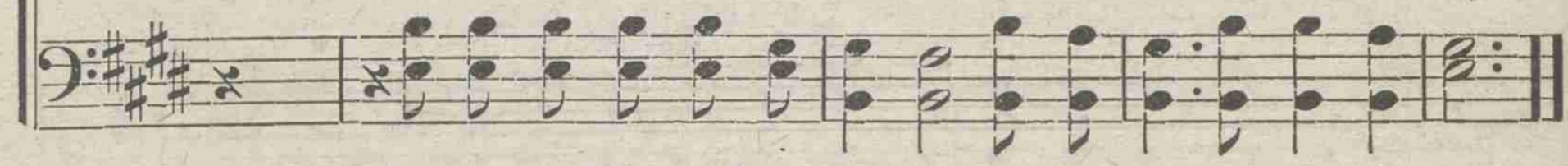


We shall know up yonder Why we here have grief and pain;
We shall know up yon- der, have grief and pain;





All the things..... that now per-plex us, By and by shall be made plain.
All the things that now perplex us,



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60

OVERCOMING POWER.

W. E. M.

WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. Je - sus shed His precious blood that He might all the sin-ners save, There is
2. Come, receive new strength from Jesus, He will give you all you need, There is
3. Do you want to be the mas - ter in the hard, un - e-qual strife? There is
4. Come, and anchor safe in Je - sus, then let tempests round you sweep, There is

o - ver-com-ing pow'r in the blood; Yes, His life up - on the cross at Cal - va-
o - ver-com-ing pow'r in the blood; When your soul is sore - ly tempted He will
o - ver-com-ing pow'r in the blood; If you now de - sire to lead a sweet-er,
o - ver-com-ing pow'r in the blood; Nestle close-ly to the Sav-iour, He has

:S:

Fine.

ry He free - ly gave, There is o - ver - com - ing pow'r in the blood.
help you to suc - ceed, There is o - ver - com - ing pow'r in the blood.
no - bler, bet - ter life, There is o - ver - com - ing pow'r in the blood.
pow'r to safe - ly keep, There is o - ver - com - ing pow'r in the blood.

CHORUS.

There is o - ver-com-ing pow'r for your soul this hour, There is o - ver-com-ing
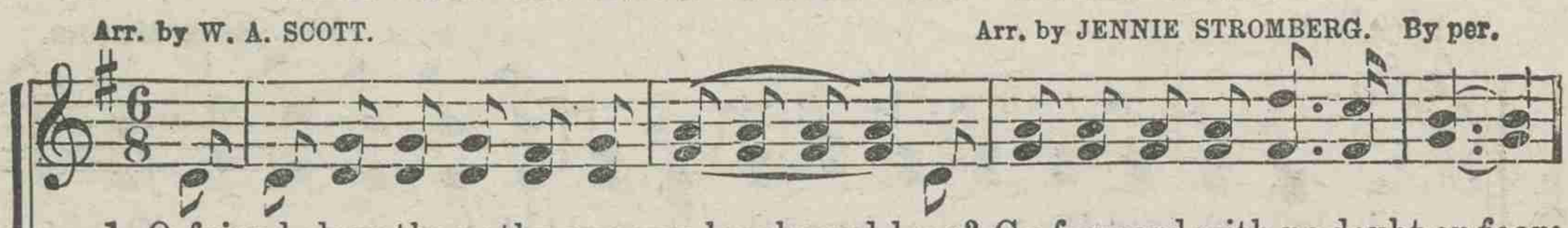
D. S.

pow'r in the blood; Yes, there's overcoming pow'r for your soul this hour,
hal-le-lu-jah!

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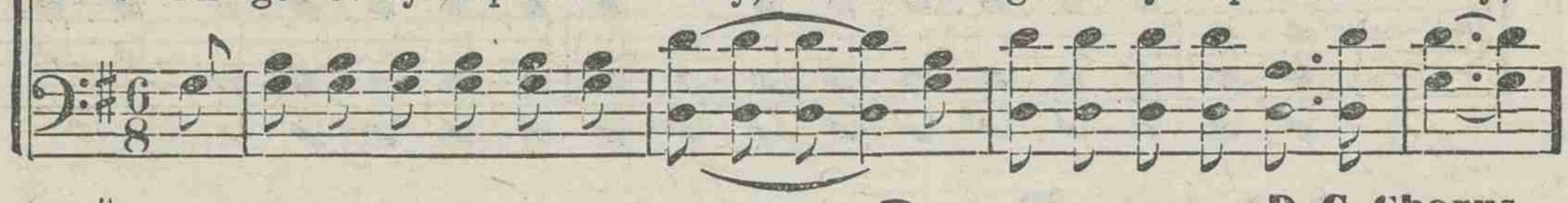
61 I'LL GO EVERY STEP OF THE WAY.

Arr. by W. A. SCOTT. Arr. by JENNIE STROMBERG. By per.
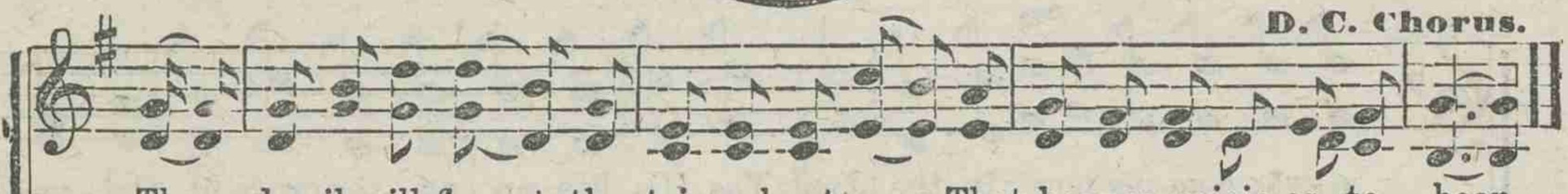


1. O friend, does the pathway seem lonely and long? Go forward with no doubt or fear;
2. Like David the giants before you may tow'r, Go forward in vic-to-ry's name;
3. The pathway may lead thro' the dark prison door, Go on in the name of your King;
4. When Daniel of old to the lion's den went, His purpose of heart did not fail;
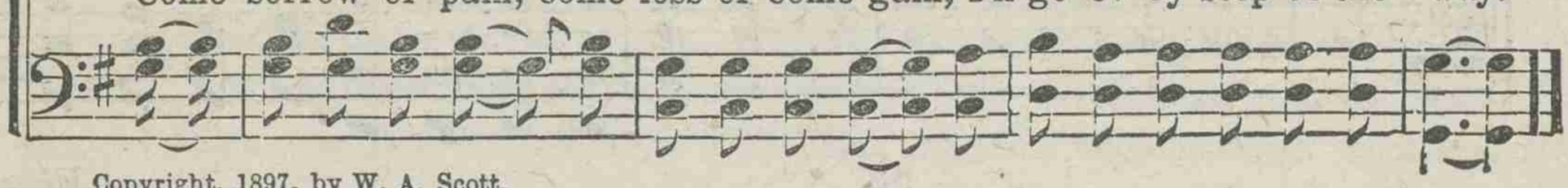
Cho.—I'll go ev-'ry step of the way,..... I'll go ev-'ry step of the way;



D. C. Chorus.



The dev-il will flee at the triumphant song That heaven rejoic-es to hear.
Our Jesus in heaven and earth has all pow'r, His promise remaineth the same.
Think of Silas and Paul who have gone on before, The joy of the Lord made them sing.
If your hands are wash'd clean and your heart is made pure, In the name of the Lord you'll prevail.
Come sorrow or pain, come loss or come gain, I'll go ev-'ry step of the way.
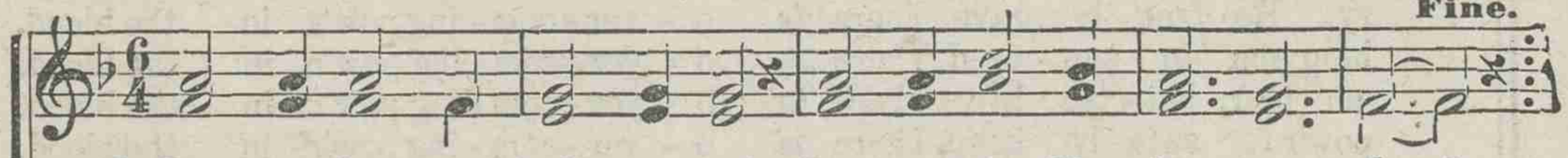


Copyright, 1897, by W. A. Scott.

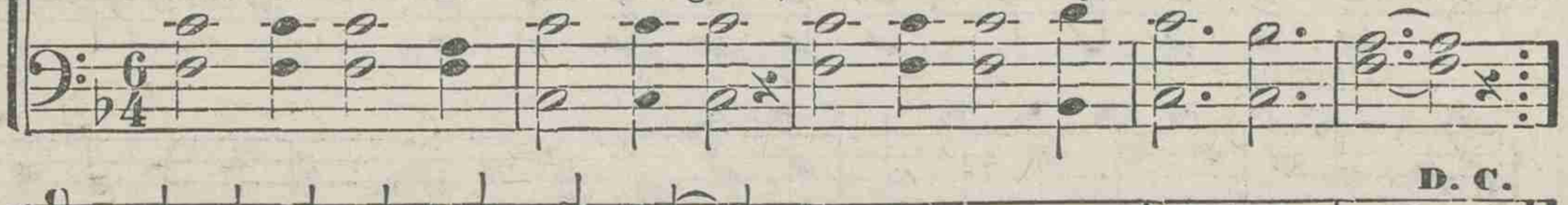
62 JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY. S. B. MARSH.

Fine.
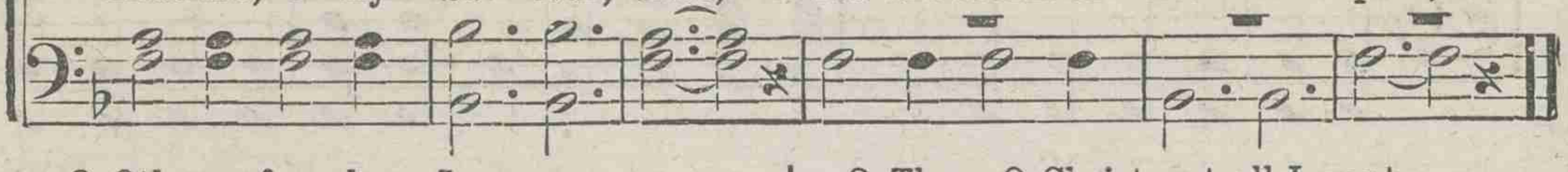


1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
While the near-er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high;
D. C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last.



D. C.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;



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

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

63. That Grand Word, Whosoever.

E. E. HEWITT. E. E. HEWITT.

1. That grand word "who - so - ev - er" is ring - ing thro' my soul, Who-so - ev - er
2. When - ev - er this sweet mes-sage in God's own Word I see, Who-so - ev - er
3. I heard the lov - ing mes-sage, and now to oth - ers say, Who-so - ev - er
4. To God be all the glo - ry! His on - ly Son he gave, Who-so - ev - er

will may come; In riv - ers of sal - va - tion the liv - ing wa - ters roll,
will may come; I know 'tis meant for sin-ners, I know 'tis meant for me,
will may come; Seek now the pre - cious Sav-ior, and He'll be yours to - day,
will may come; And those who come be-liev - ing, He'll to the ut - most save,

CHORUS.

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

ev - - er!" Who - so - ev - er will may come; The Sav - ior's in - vi-
who - so - ev - er will,

ta - tion is free - ly sound - ing still, Who - so - ev - er will may come.

Copyright, 1899, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

64. YOUNG MEN, ARISE.

IDA L. REED. REV. L. L. PICKETT.

QUARTETT

1. Rise, rise in your glo - ry, Ye young men, and bring Your tal - ents, your
2. Go spread the glad tid - ings, The world cries to hear, Hold none of earth's
3. Rise, rise in your glo - ry, Your strength and your might, To all preach His

treas-ures, To Je - sus, your King; En - list in His serv - ice, To
treas-ures Too pre - cious or dear, To give for His glo - ry Your
gos - pel Spread love's ho - ly light, Till earth's darkest plac - es Shall

Him give your vow, Your soul, strength and manhood Yield all to Him now.
Sav-iour and Lord, Give all to His serv - ice, And He will re - ward.
catch the wide glow, And all of His good-ness And mer-cy shall know.
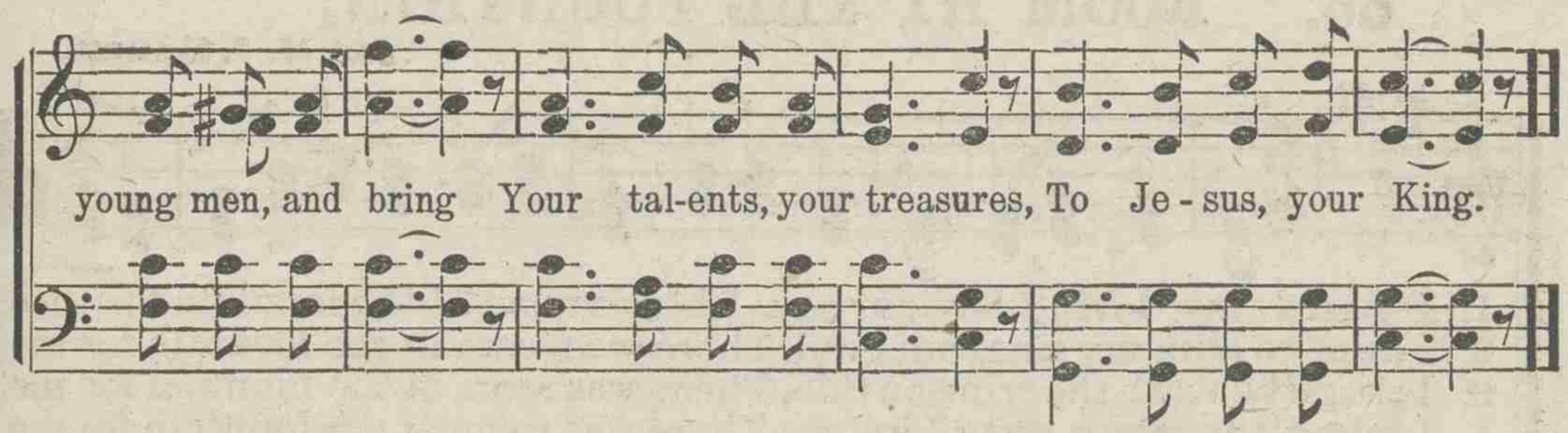
CHORUS.

The world must be lift - ed, And great is your part, To take it for

Je - sus, Give soul, brain and heart; Rise, rise in your glo - ry, Ye
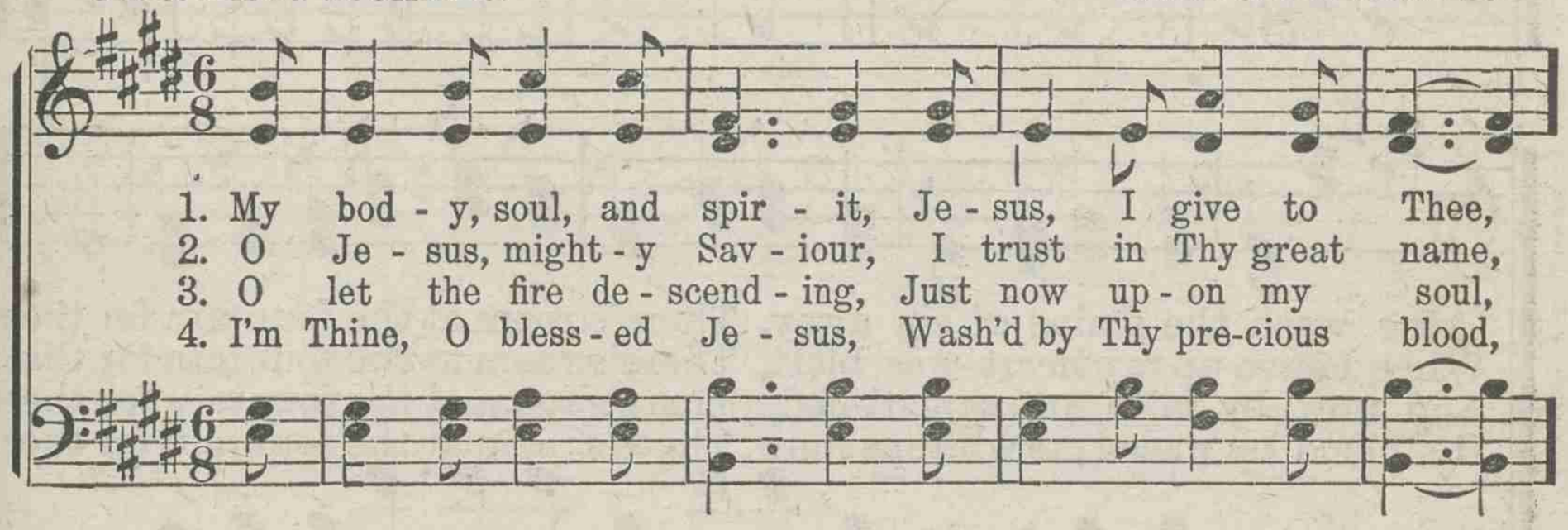
Copyright, 1910, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.
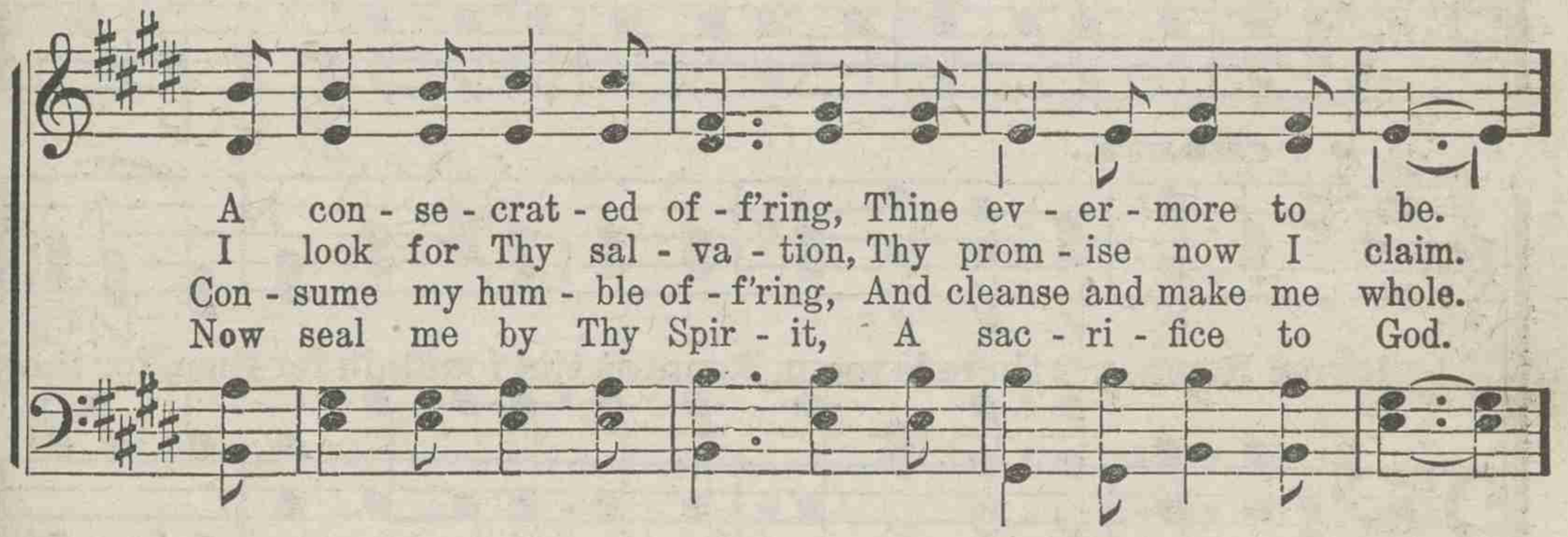
YOUNG MEN, ARISE. Concluded.
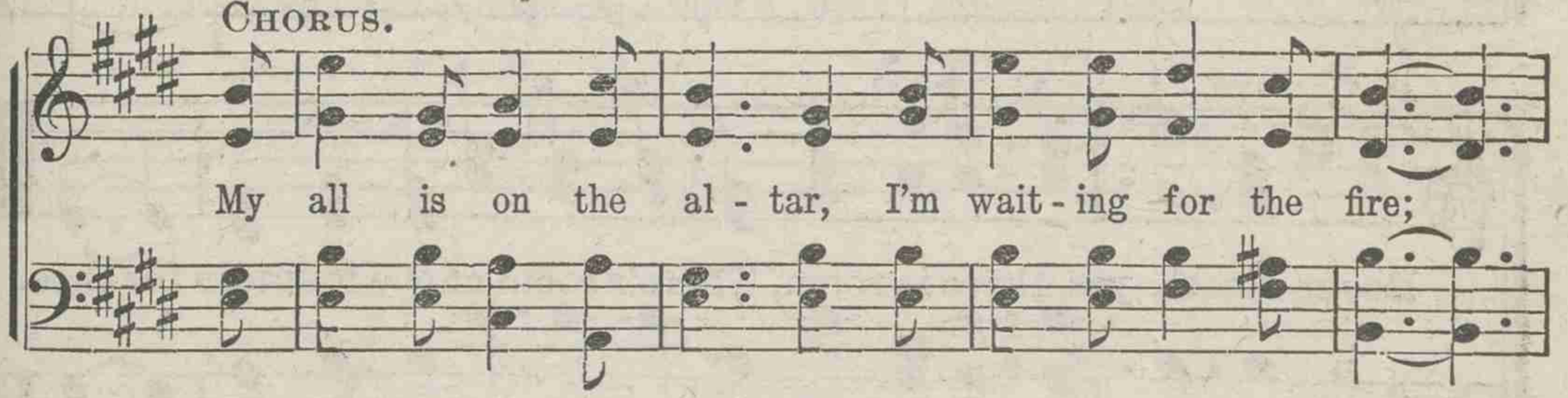


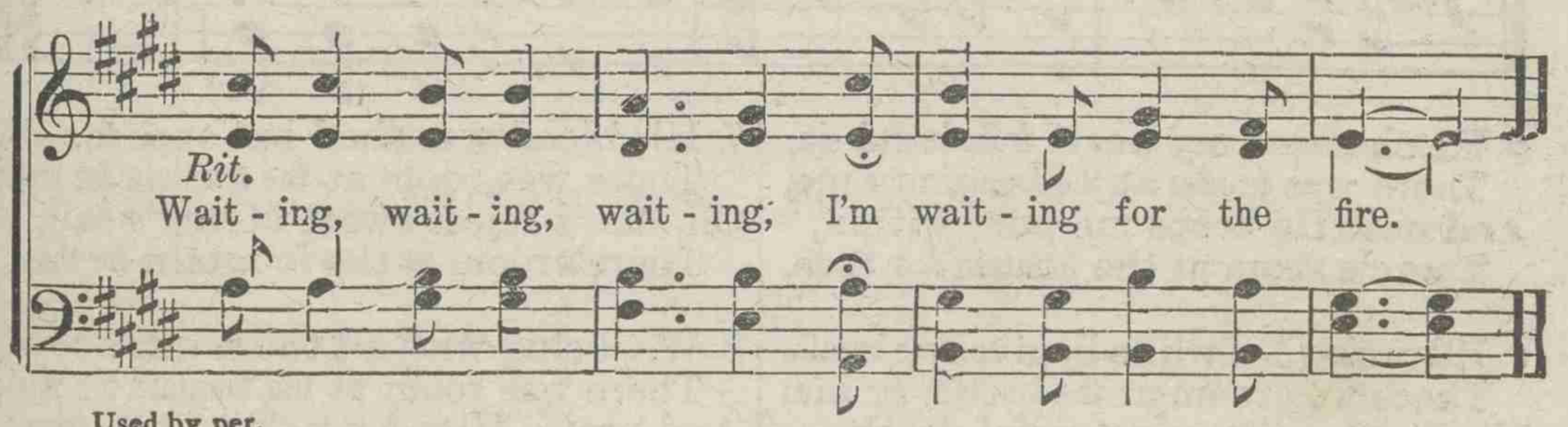
65. CONSECRATION.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.
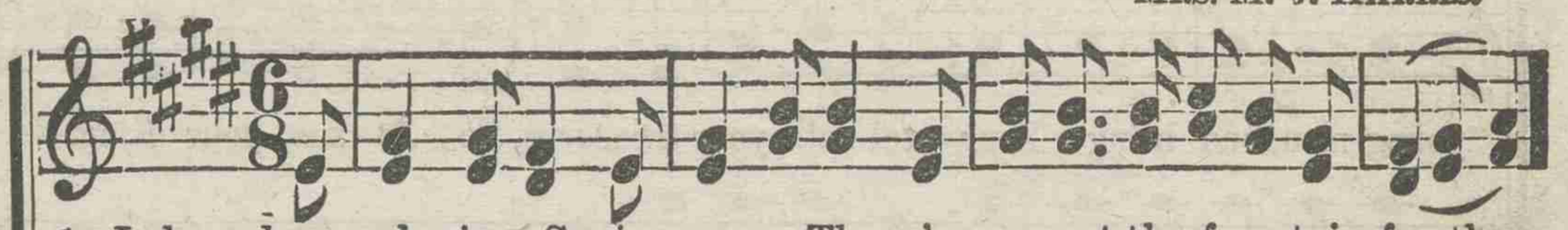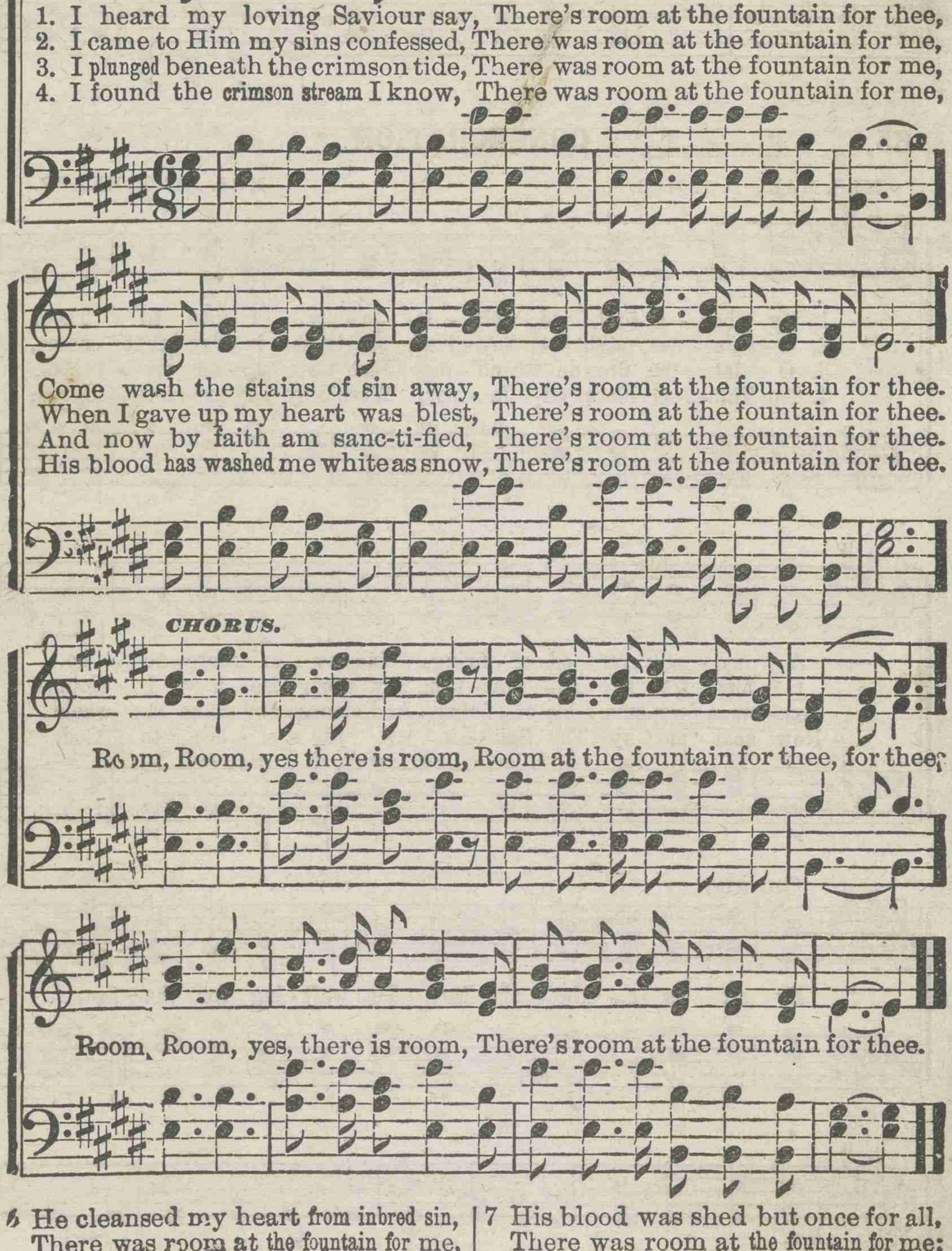








Used by per.

66. ROOM AT THE FOUNTAIN.

MRS. M. J. HARRIS.



1. I heard my loving Saviour say, There's room at the fountain for thee,
2. I came to Him my sins confessed, There was room at the fountain for me,
3. I plunged beneath the crimson tide, There was room at the fountain for me,
4. I found the crimson stream I know, There was room at the fountain for me,



Come wash the stains of sin away, There's room at the fountain for thee.
When I gave up my heart was blest, There's room at the fountain for thee.
And now by faith am sanc-ti-fied, There's room at the fountain for thee.
His blood has washed me white as snow, There's room at the fountain for thee.

CHORUS.

Room, Room, yes there is room, Room at the fountain for thee, for thee;

Room, Room, yes, there is room, There's room at the fountain for thee.

6 He cleansed my heart from inbred sin,
There was room at the fountain for me,
And now He keeps me pure within,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

7 His blood was shed but once for all,
There was room at the fountain for me;
Oh, don't reject sweet Mercy's call,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

8 I'll praise Him while He gives me breath,
There was room at the fountain for me;
He saved me from an awful death,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

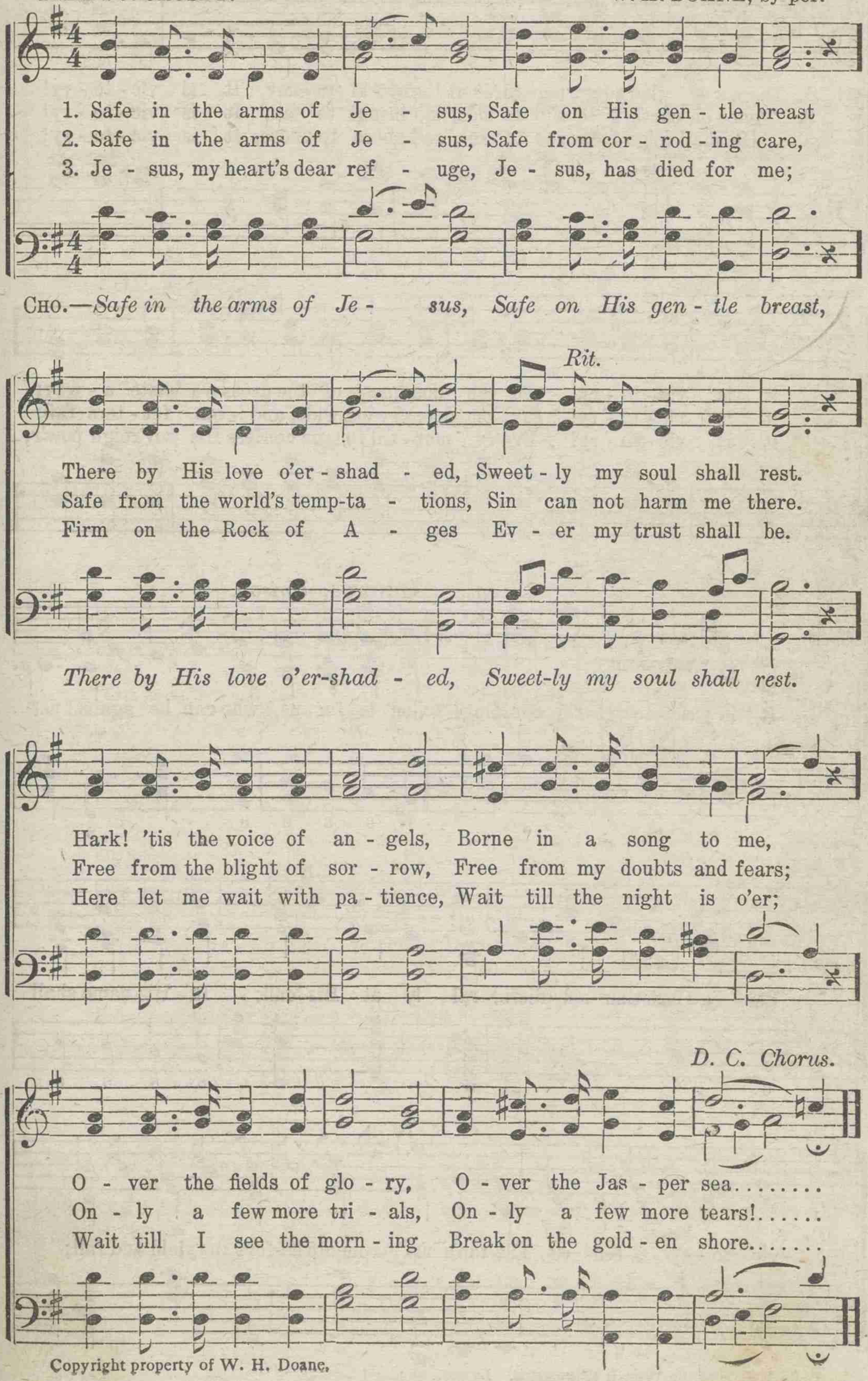
8 We'll sing with all the saints above,
There was room at the fountain for me;
And praise Him for redeeming love,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

Copyright, 1897, by Mrs. M. J. Harris.

67. SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—DEUT. 33 : 27.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.



Copyright property of W. H. Doane.

68. GOD IS FOR US.

MRS. C. H. M. Romans 8:31. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. There's a glad song rings thro'out the world to-day, It is vic-to-ry!
2. "Peace on earth, good will to men" He brings to all, It is vic-to-ry!
3. He shall reign from sea to sea, and shore to shore, It is vic-to-ry!

it is vic-to-ry! To the con-quest of the cross we haste a-way;
it is vic-to-ry! Pris-on doors swing wide, and i-ron fet-ters fall;
it is vic-to-ry! Ev-'ry mor-tal tongue confess His sov'reign pow'r;

CHORUS. *Unison.*
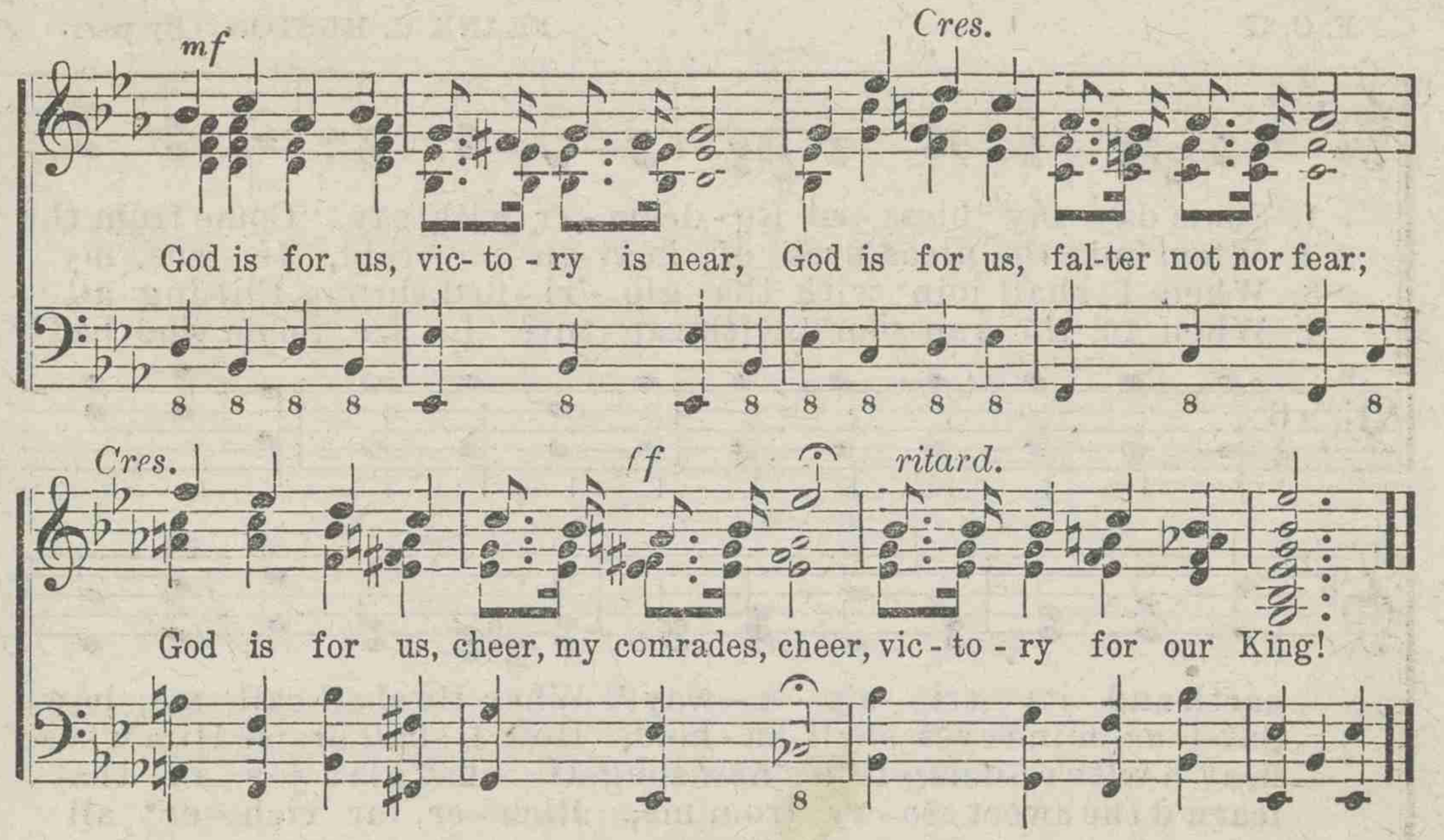
It is vic-to-ry! for our King! God is for us, who can be against us?

Ral-ly, Christian sol-diers, ral-ly at His call; In His name shall

vic-to-ry at-tend us, Sa-tan's ar-ma-ments be-fore us yield and fall;

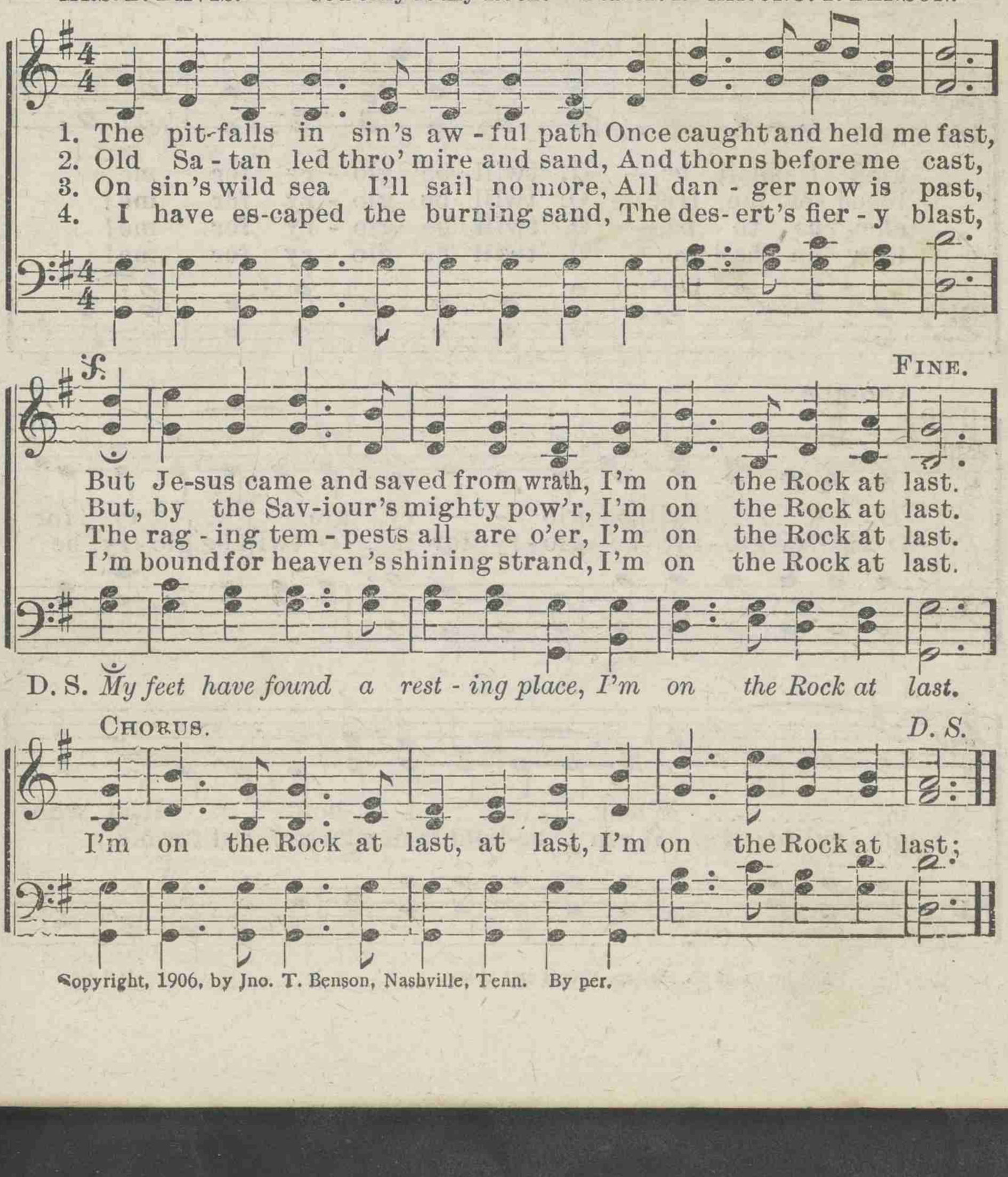
Copyright, 1908, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per,

GOD IS FOR US. Concluded.



69. I'M ON THE ROCK.

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



Copyright, 1906, by Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn. By per.

70. O, 'TWILL BE GLORY.

F. C. H

FRANK C. HUSTON. By per.

1. Some day my bless - ed Re - deem - er will say, "Come from the
2. When 'mid the pleas-ures of heav-en un - told, Je - sus, my
3. When I shall join with the glo - ri - fied throng, Fill-ing all
4. When in the ran-som'd with rap - ture I see Some who had

earth and its tri - als a - way!" When He shall call me, how
Sav-iour, mine eyes shall be - hold, How I shall praise Him whose
heav'n with re-demp-tion's new song, O what glad joy in that
learn'd the sweet sto - ry from me, Rich - er, far rich - er all

Rit.

glad I shall be,— O, 'twill be glo - ry for me!
blood set me free,— O, 'twill be glo - ry for me!
cho - rus to be,— O, 'twill be glo - ry for me!
heav - en shall be,— O, 'twill be glo - ry for me!
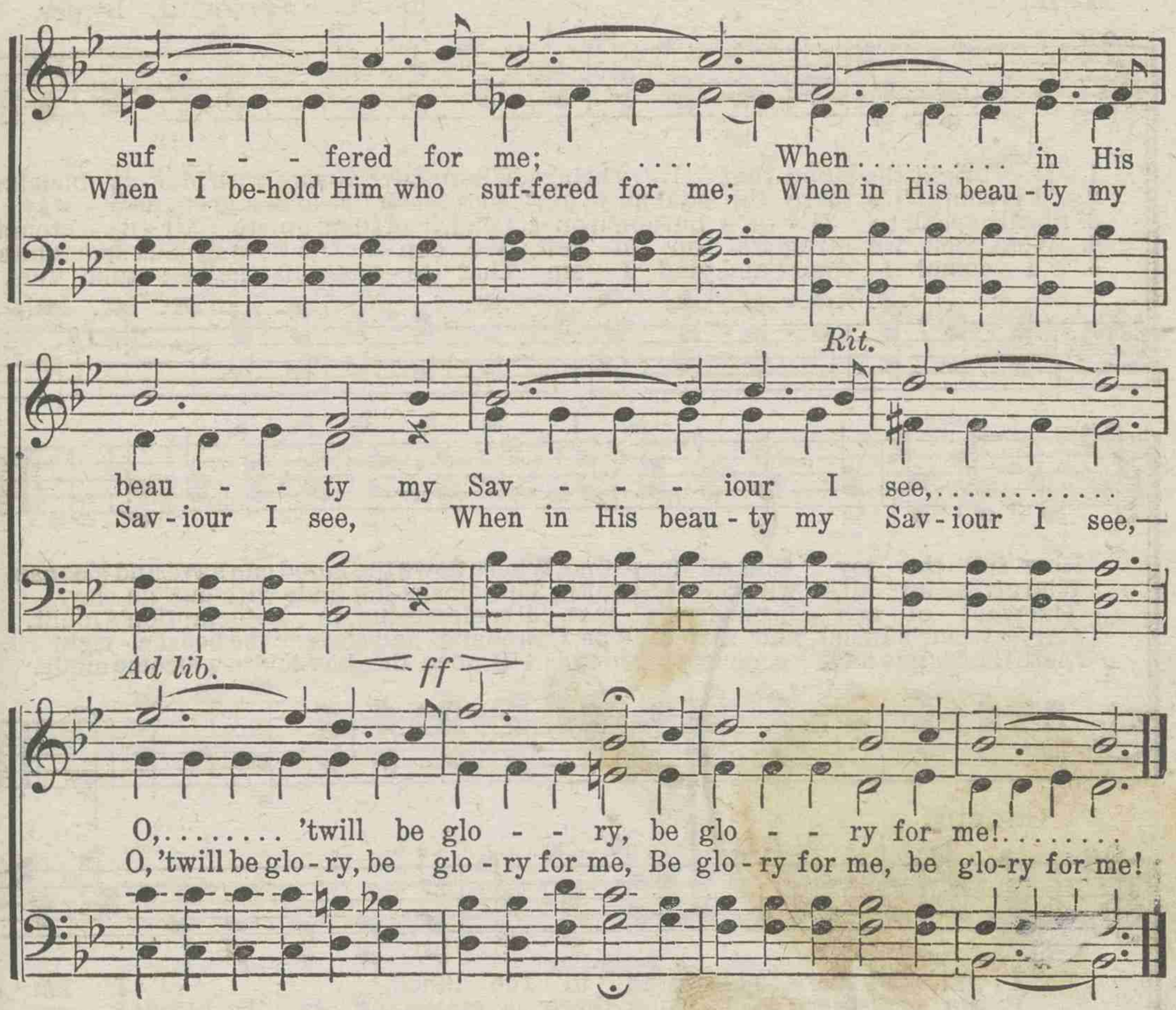
CHORUS.

O ..... 'twill be glo - - ry, glo - - - ry for
O 'twill be glo - ry, be glo - ry for me, O 'twill be glo - ry, be

me, ... When ..... I be-hold Him who
glo - ry for me, When I be-hold Him who suffered for me,

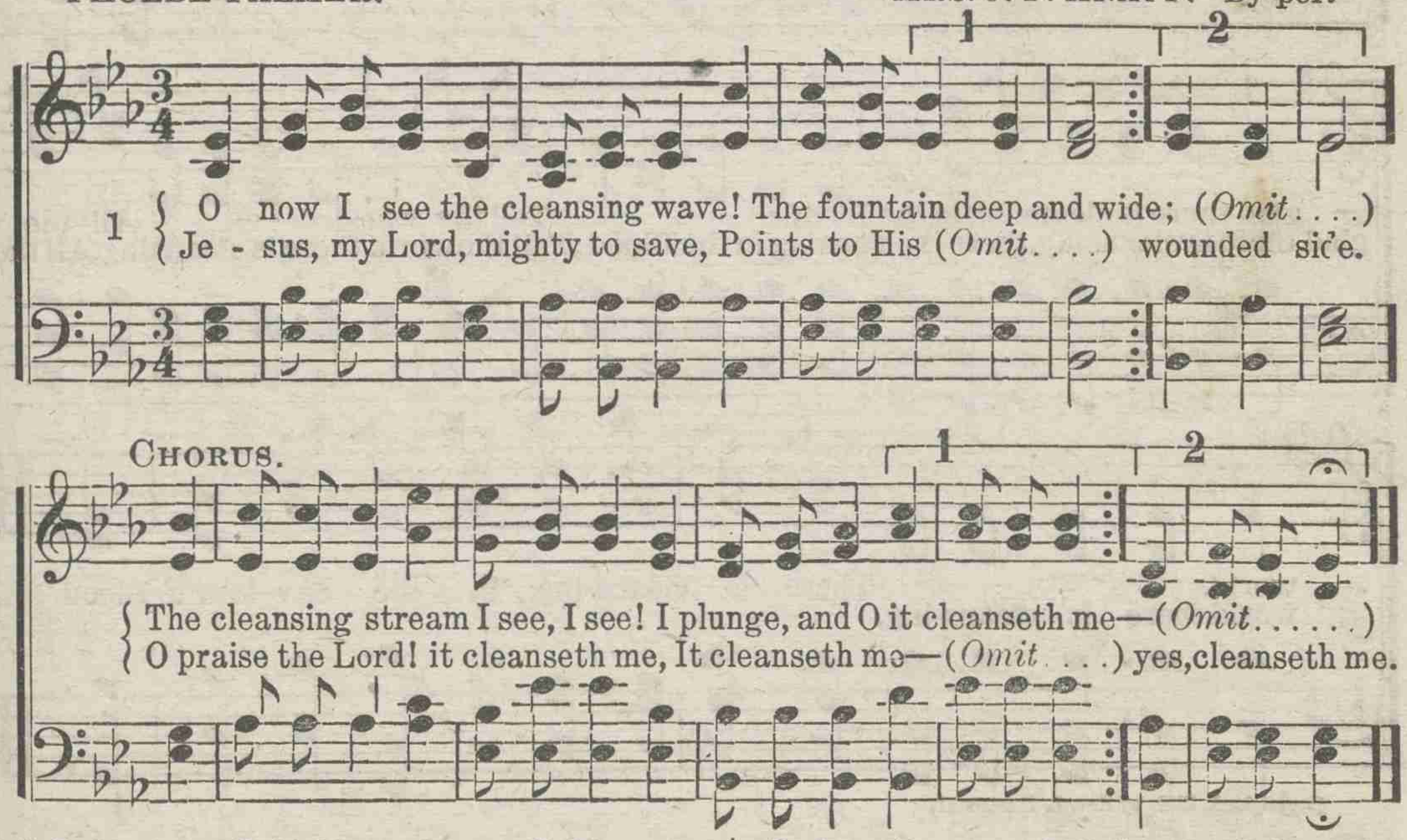
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O, 'TWILL BE GLORY. Concluded.



71. CLEANSING WAVE.

PHOEBE PALMER. MRS. J. F. KNAPP. By per.



2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin,
With heart made pure and garments white
And Christ enthroned within.

3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus, know;
My Jesus crucified.

I AM GLAD THERE IS CLEANSING.

L. H. Rev. L. HARTSOUGH. By per.

1. How bright the Hope that Calv-'ry brings, Where Love di-vine with Mer-cy blends:
2. 'T is there! 't is there the soul may go, And wash its sins and stains a - way;
3. Speak, speak to Zi - on's burden'd ones, Lead, lead them up to Calv - 'ry's Mount,
4. Why need we strug-gle on in self, We can - not make one black spot white;
5. I come! I come! and glad I am That Je - sus calls the lost and vile;

How full the joy that all may find, Where flows the blood can save and cleanse.
Who gives up all,— who comes by faith, This cleans-ing finds with-out de - lay.
The want of ach - ing hearts is met, 'T is cleans-ing in Re-demption's fount.
Our Sav-iour's Blood, and that a - lone, Can change and cleanse the heart a - right
There thousands have a cleans-ing found; I'll heed the Sav-iour's welcome smile.

CHORUS.

I am glad there is cleansing in the Blood, I am
I am glad there is cleansing, there is cleans-ing in the blood, I am
glad there is cleansing in the Blood; Tell the world, All the
glad there is cleansing, there is cleansing in the Blood; Tell the world there is cleansing, All the
world, There is cleans-ing in the Sav-iour's Blood.
world there is cleans-ing,

Copyrighted, 1879, by Rev. L. Hartsough.

73. I WILL TRUST JESUS.

R. C. WARD. ROLLIN C. WARD.

1. Tho' loud and long the thunders roll, And clouds obscure the light of
2. When dear-est friends unfaith-ful prove, In Christ I find a hope and
3. To serve Him is my chief de - light, For grace to do His will, I
4. When life here draweth to a close—When earth-ly scenes have pass'd a-

day; Tho' break - ers dash a-gainst my soul, I will trust
stay; I rest on His un-chang-ing love, And sweet - ly
pray; His word, my coun - sel day and night: I will trust
way; I'll spend e - ter - ni - ty with those Who trust - ed

CHORUS.

Je - sus all the way. I will trust Je - sus all the way,
trust Him all the way.
Je - sus all the way.
Je - sus all the way. Yes, I'll trust Him all the way,

I will trust Je-sus all the way; It matters not let come what
Yes, I'll trust Him all the way;
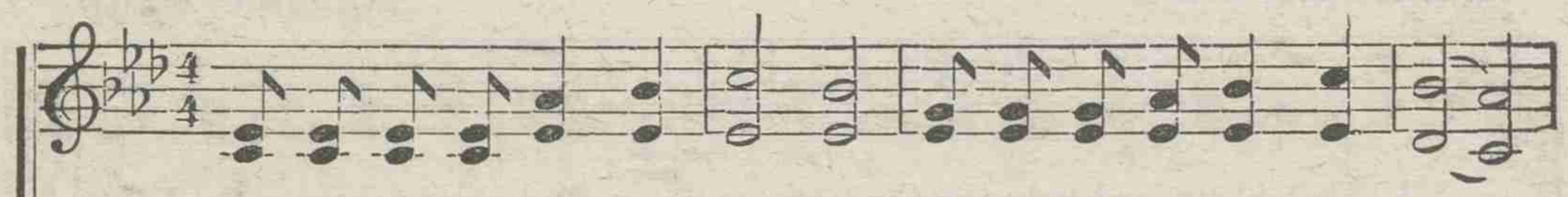
may, (let come what may,) I will trust Je - sus all the way. (all the way.)

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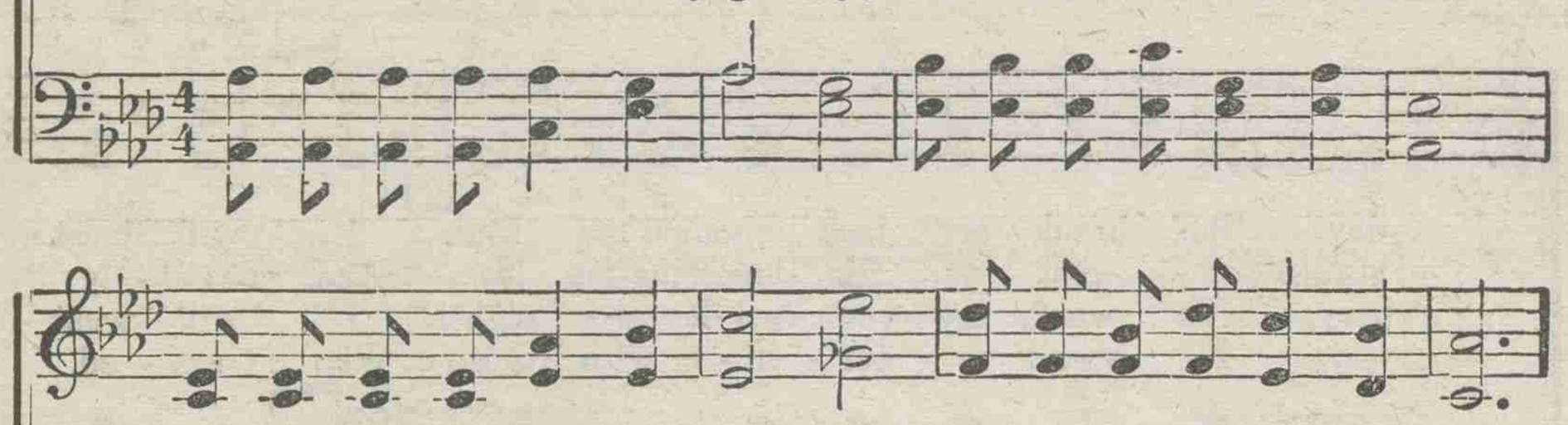
74

TELL US OF ITS CLEANSING POWER.
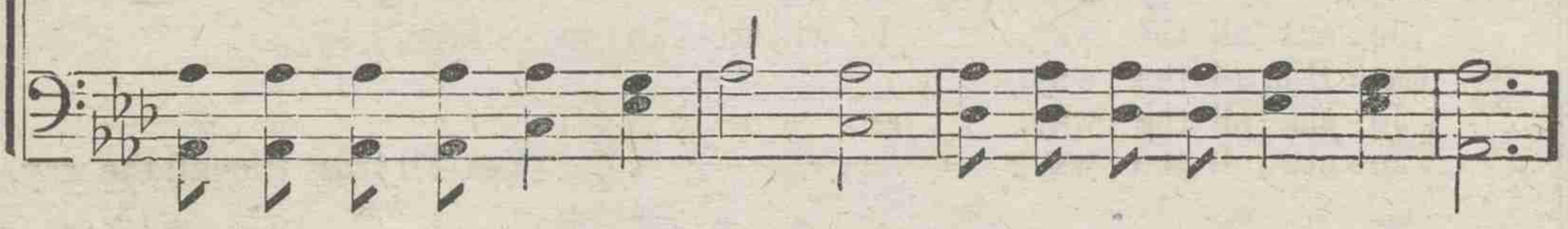
Rev. L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.
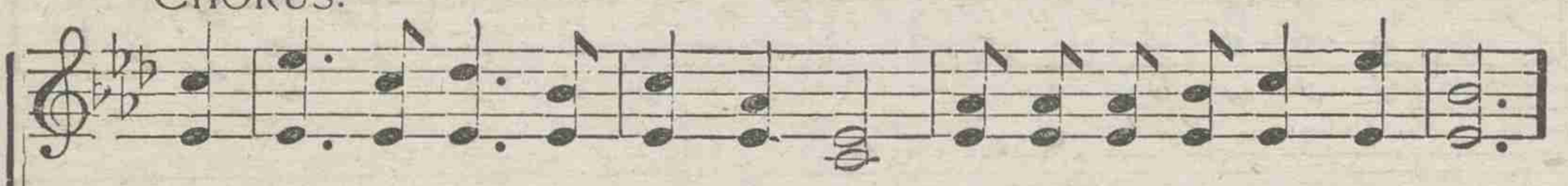


1. Sing a-bout the blood of Je - sus, Tell us of its cleans - ing pow'r;
2. Ho - ly is the heal-ing foun-tain, Tell us of its cleans - ing pow'r;
3. Pub-lish to the dy - ing rac - es, Tell them of its cleans-ing pow'r;
4. Hap - py is the soul that seeks it, Tell us of its cleans - ing pow'r;
5. Sing it out with glad-some voic-es, Tell us of its cleans - ing pow'r;
6. When we reach the heav'nly glo - ry, Tell us of its cleans - ing pow'r;
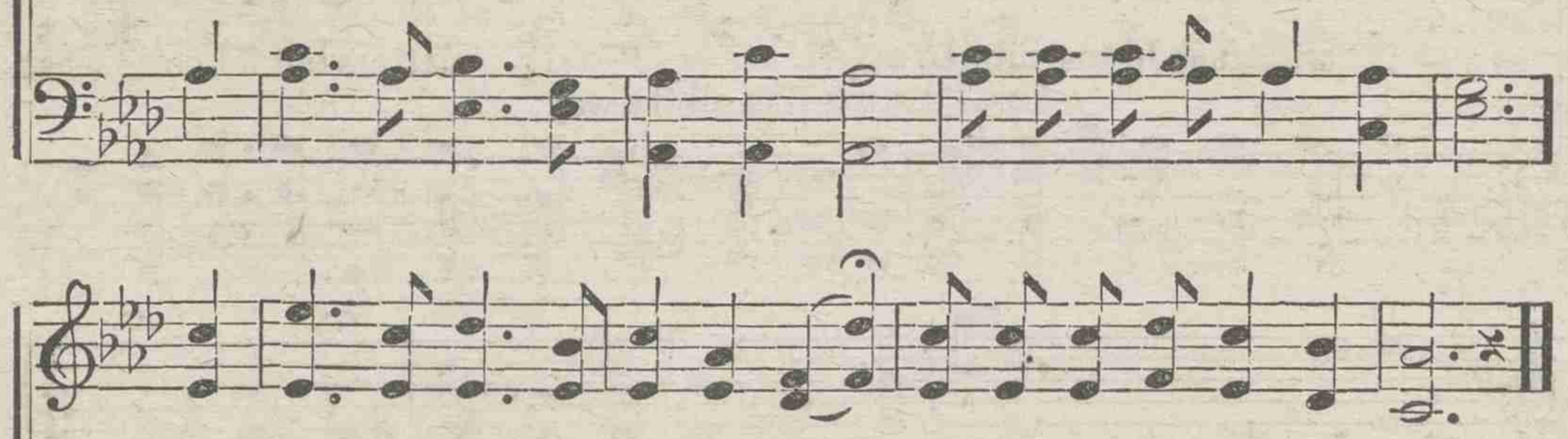


Sweet the sto - ry and it pleas - es; Tell us of its cleansing pow'r.
Flow - ing from the rug-ged moun-tain; Tell us of its cleansing pow'r.
Far and wide in earth's dark plac - es; Tell them of its cleansing pow'r.
Bless - ed is the tongue that speaks it; Tell us of its cleansing pow'r.
Lo! the trust-ing heart re - joic - es; Tell us of its cleansing pow'r.
We will ev - er love the sto - ry; Tell us of its cleansing pow'r.
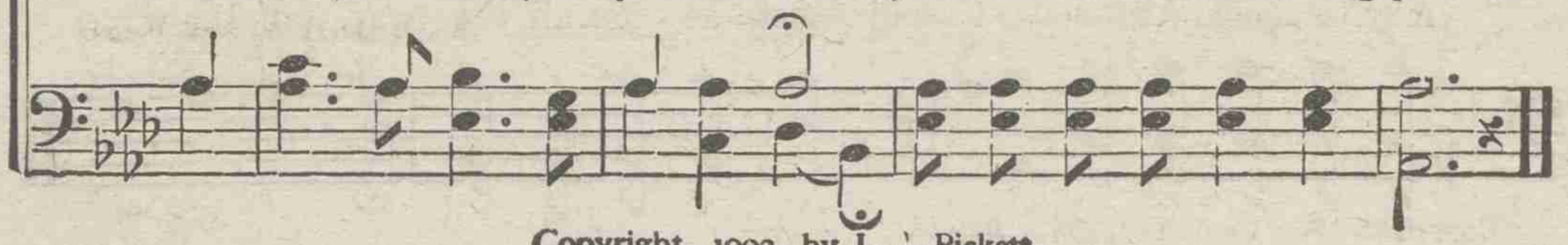


CHORUS.



The blood, the blood, the pre-cious blood, Tell us of its cleansing pow'r;



The blood, the blood, the precious blood, Tell us of its cleans-ing pow'r.
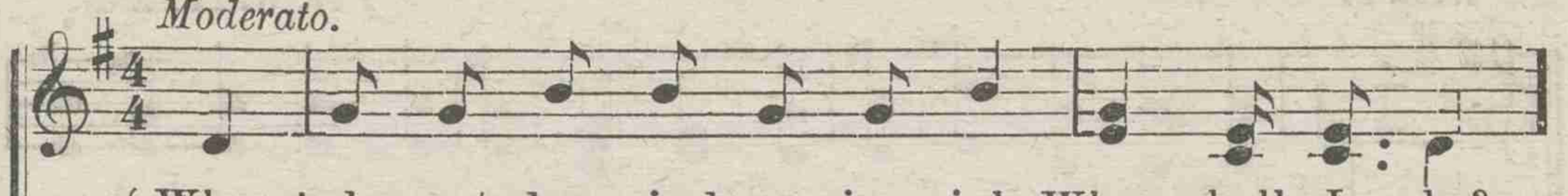


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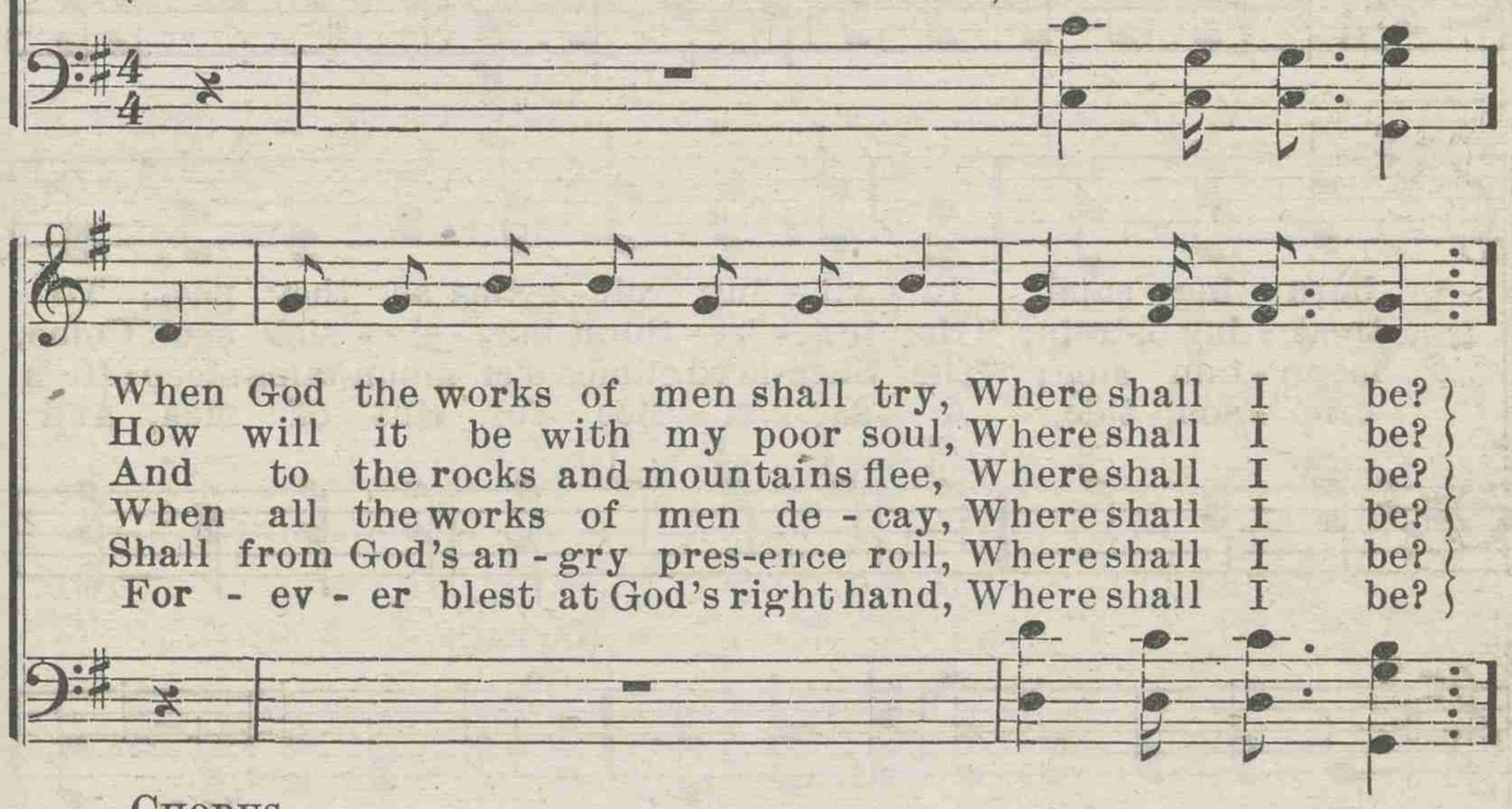
75. WHERE SHALL I BE?

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

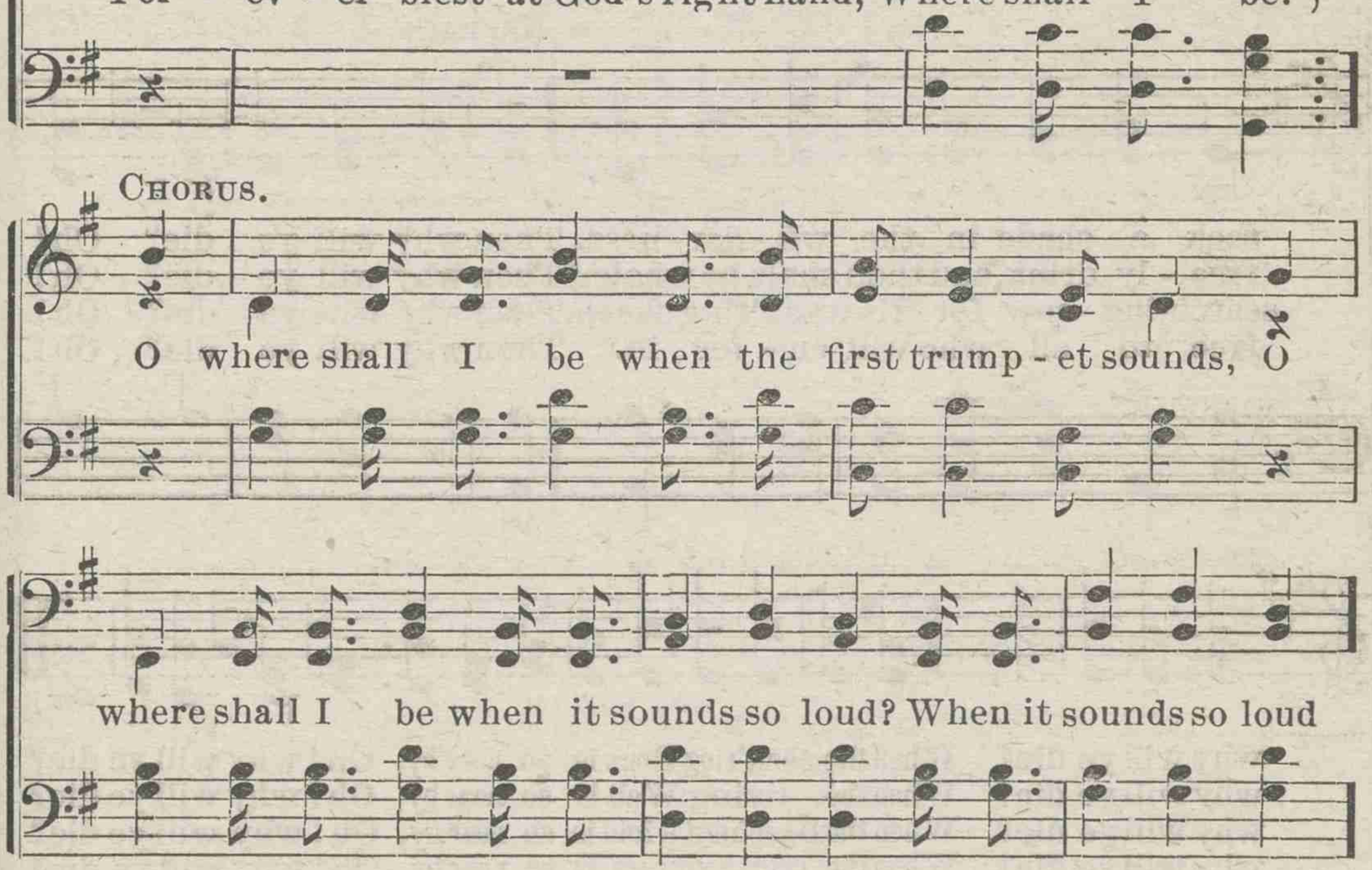
Moderato.



1. When judgment day is draw - ing nigh, Where shall I be?
   When east and west the fire shall roll, Where shall I be?
2. When wick - ed men His wrath shall see, Where shall I be?
   When hills and mountains flee a - way, Where shall I be?
3. When heav'n and earth as some great scroll, Where shall I be?
   When all the saints redeemed shall stand, Where shall I be?



When God the works of men shall try, Where shall I be?
How will it be with my poor soul, Where shall I be?
And to the rocks and mountains flee, Where shall I be?
When all the works of men de - cay, Where shall I be?
Shall from God's an - gry pres-ence roll, Where shall I be?
For - ev - er blest at God's right hand, Where shall I be?



CHORUS.

O where shall I be when the first trump - et sounds, O
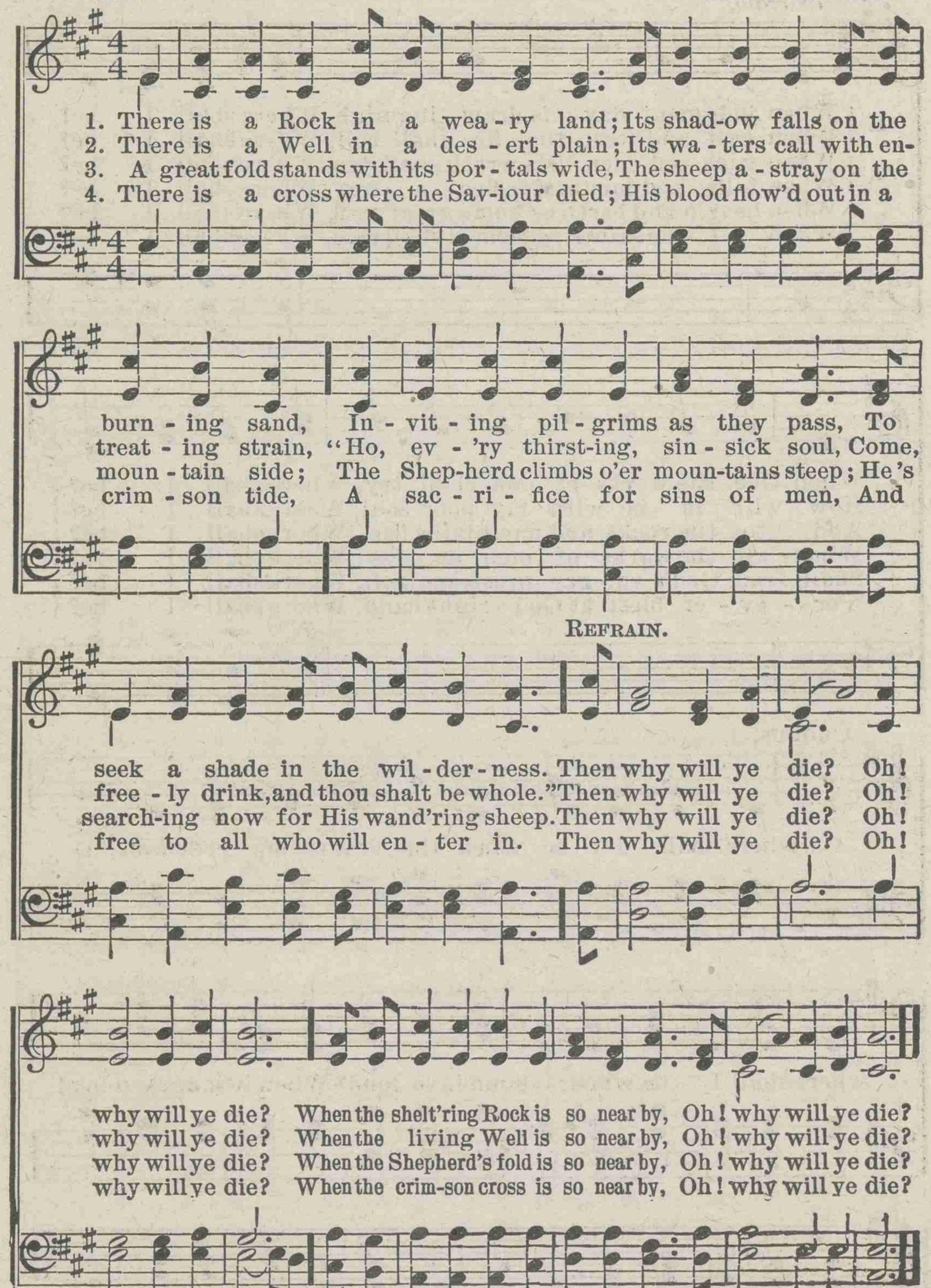
where shall I be when it sounds so loud? When it sounds so loud

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

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THE SHELTERING ROCK.

W. E. P. Rev. W. E. PENN.
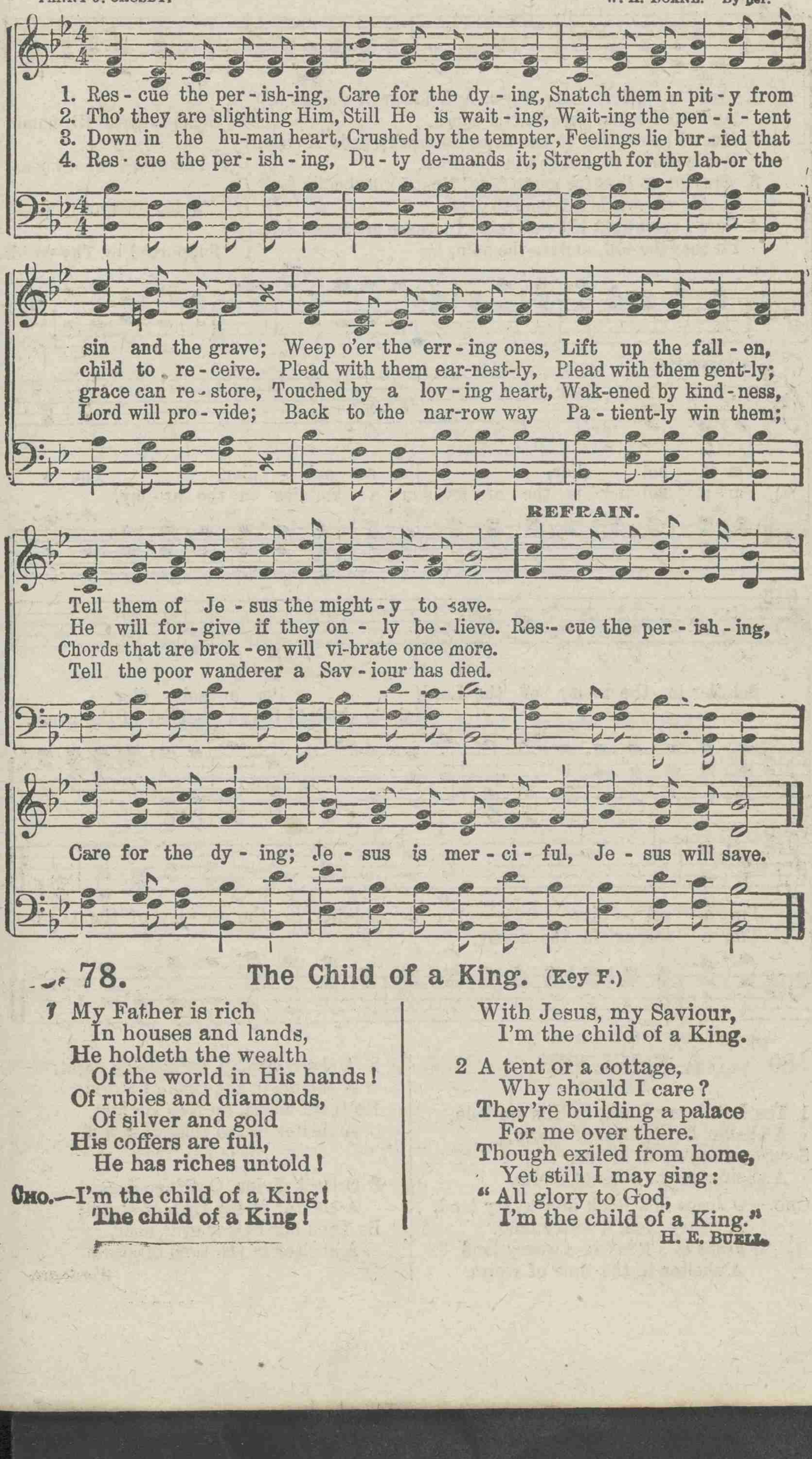


From "Harvest Bells," by per. W. E. Penn.

77. Rescue the Perishing.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled,"—Luke 14:23.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.



78. The Child of a King. (Key F.)

1 My Father is rich
In houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth
Of the world in His hands!
Of rubies and diamonds,
Of silver and gold
His coffers are full,
He has riches untold!
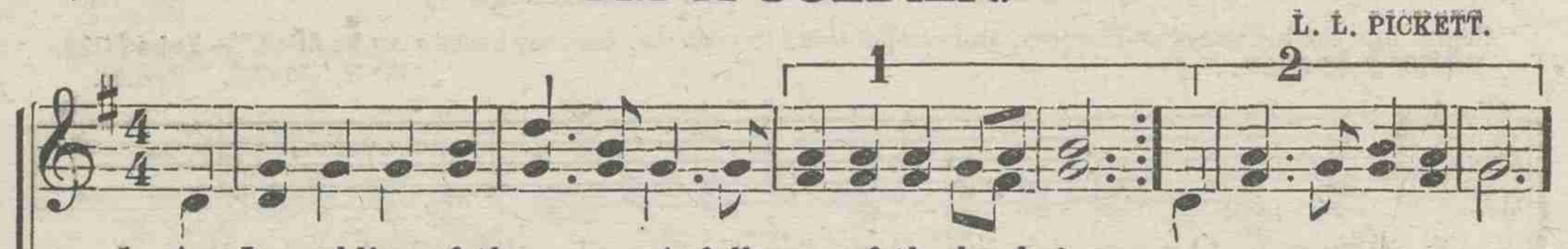
CHO.—I'm the child of a King!
The child of a King!
With Jesus, my Saviour,
I'm the child of a King.

2 A tent or a cottage,
Why should I care?
They're building a palace
For me over there.
Though exiled from home,
Yet still I may sing:
"All glory to God,
I'm the child of a King."

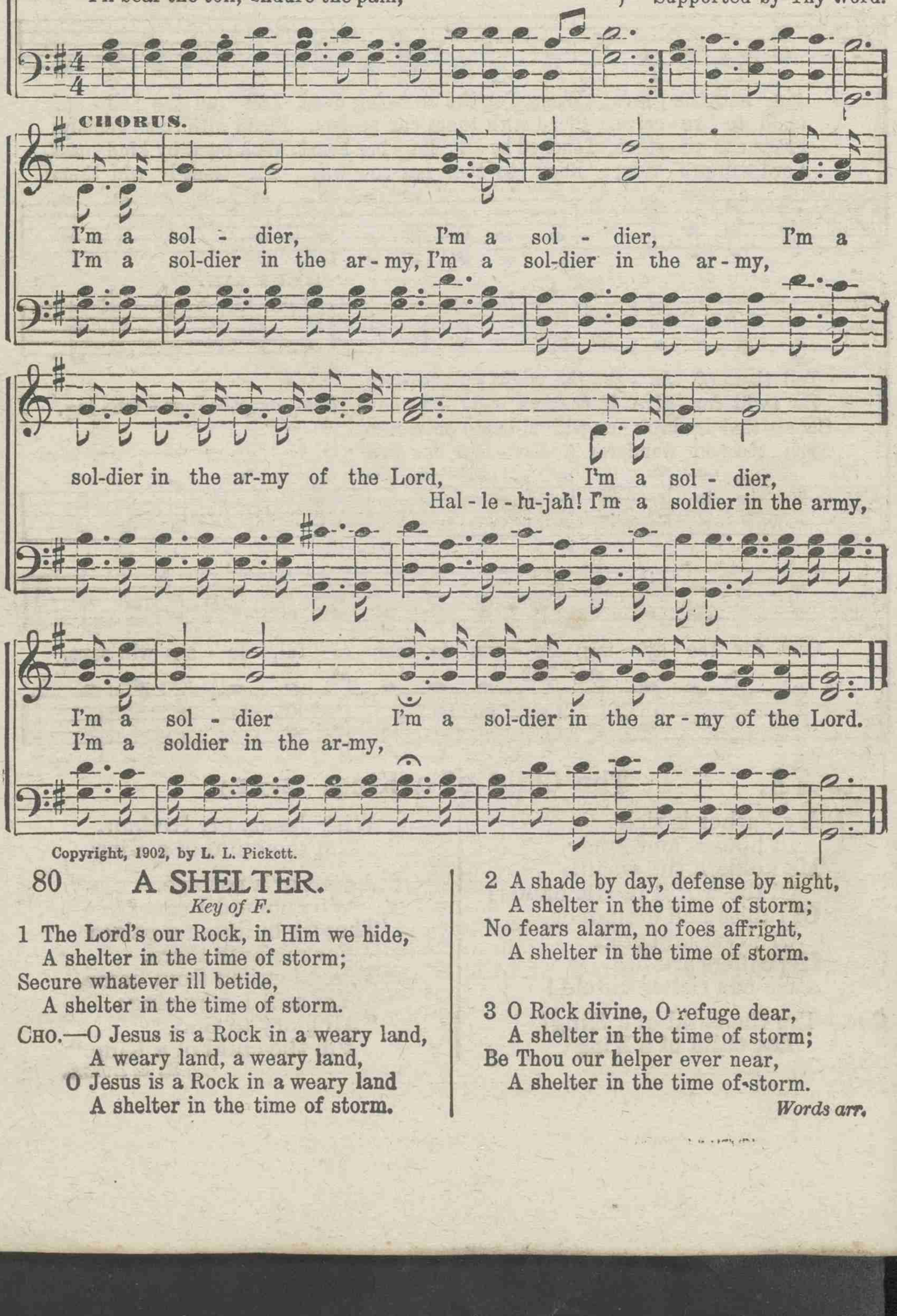
H. E. BUELL.

79 **I'M A SOLDIER.**

L. L. PICKETT.



1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the lamb,
   And shall I fear to own His cause, } Or blush to speak His name?
2. Must I be carried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease,
   While others fought to win the prize, } And sailed thro' bloody seas?
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
   Is this vile world a friend to grace } To help me on to God?
4. Sure I must fight if I would reign, Increase my courage, Lord,
   I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, } Supported by Thy word.



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80 **A SHELTER.**

Key of F.

1 The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide,
A shelter in the time of storm;
Secure whatever ill betide,
A shelter in the time of storm.

CHO.—O Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A weary land, a weary land,
O Jesus is a Rock in a weary land
A shelter in the time of storm.

2 A shade by day, defense by night,
A shelter in the time of storm;
No fears alarm, no foes affright,
A shelter in the time of storm.

3 O Rock divine, O refuge dear,
A shelter in the time of storm;
Be Thou our helper ever near,
A shelter in the time of storm.

Words arr.

81. PASS ME NOT.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

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

CHORUS.

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

Sav-iour, Sav-iour,

Hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

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82. How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds.

JOHN NEWTON. SAMUEL STANLEY.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, And calms the troub-led breast;
3. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warm-est tho't;
4. Till then, I would Thy love pro - claim With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath;

It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.
But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
And may the mu - sic of Thy name Re - fresh my soul in death.

83. GATHERING HOME.

A. N. L. L. PICKETT.

1. They're gath-er-ing homeward from ev - 'ry land, One by one! one by one!
2. They pass to their rest thro' toil and strife, One by one! one by one!
3. We, too, must come to the riv - er - side, One by one! one by one!
4. O Je - sus, Re-deem - er, we look to Thee, One by one! one by one!

As their wea - ry feet touch the shin - ing strand, Yes, one by one!
Thro' the wa - ters of death they en - ter life, Yes, one by one!
We are near - er its wa-ters each e - ven - tide, Yes, one by one!
We lift up our voic - es tremb-ling - ly, Yes, one by one!

They rest with the Sav-iour, they wait their crown, Their trav'l-stain'd garments are
To some are the floods of the riv - er still, As they ford on their way to the
We can hear the noise of the dash-ing stream Oft now and a - gain, thro' our
The waves of the riv - er are dark and cold, But we know the place where our

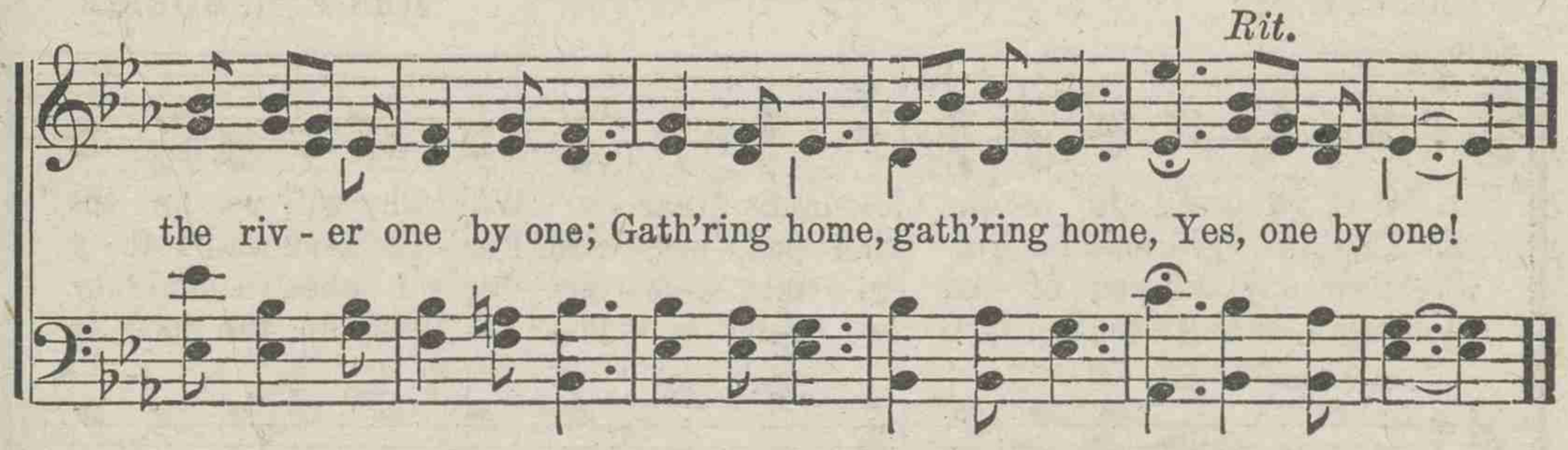
all laid down; They wait the white rai-ment the Lord shall pre-pare For
heav'n-ly hill; The waves to oth - ers run fierce-ly and wild, Yet
life's deep dream; Sometimes the dark floods all the banks o - ver - flow, Some-
feet shall hold; O Thou who didst pass thro' the deep - est mid-night, Now

CHORUS.

all who the glory with Him shall share.
they reach the home of the un-de - filed. Gath'ring home! gath'ring home! Fording
times in rip - ples and small waves go.
guide us, and send us the staff and light.
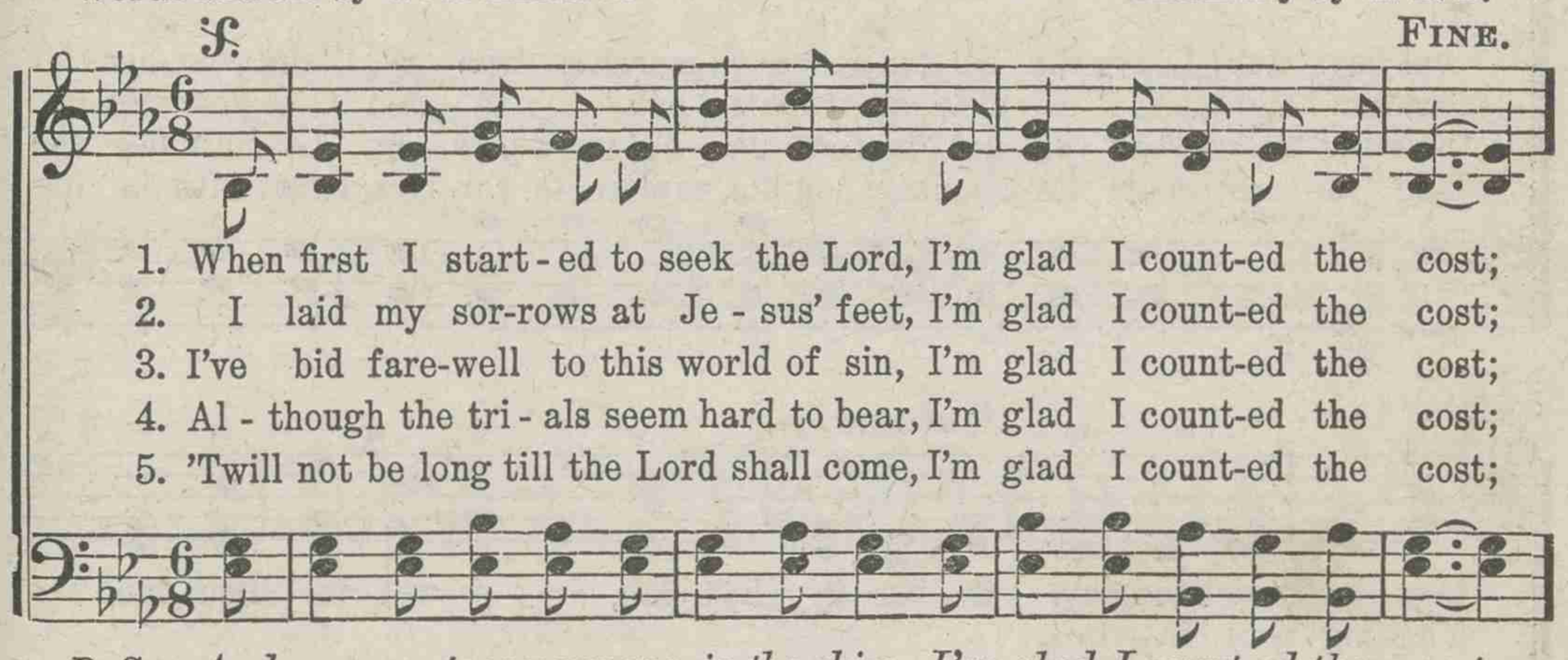
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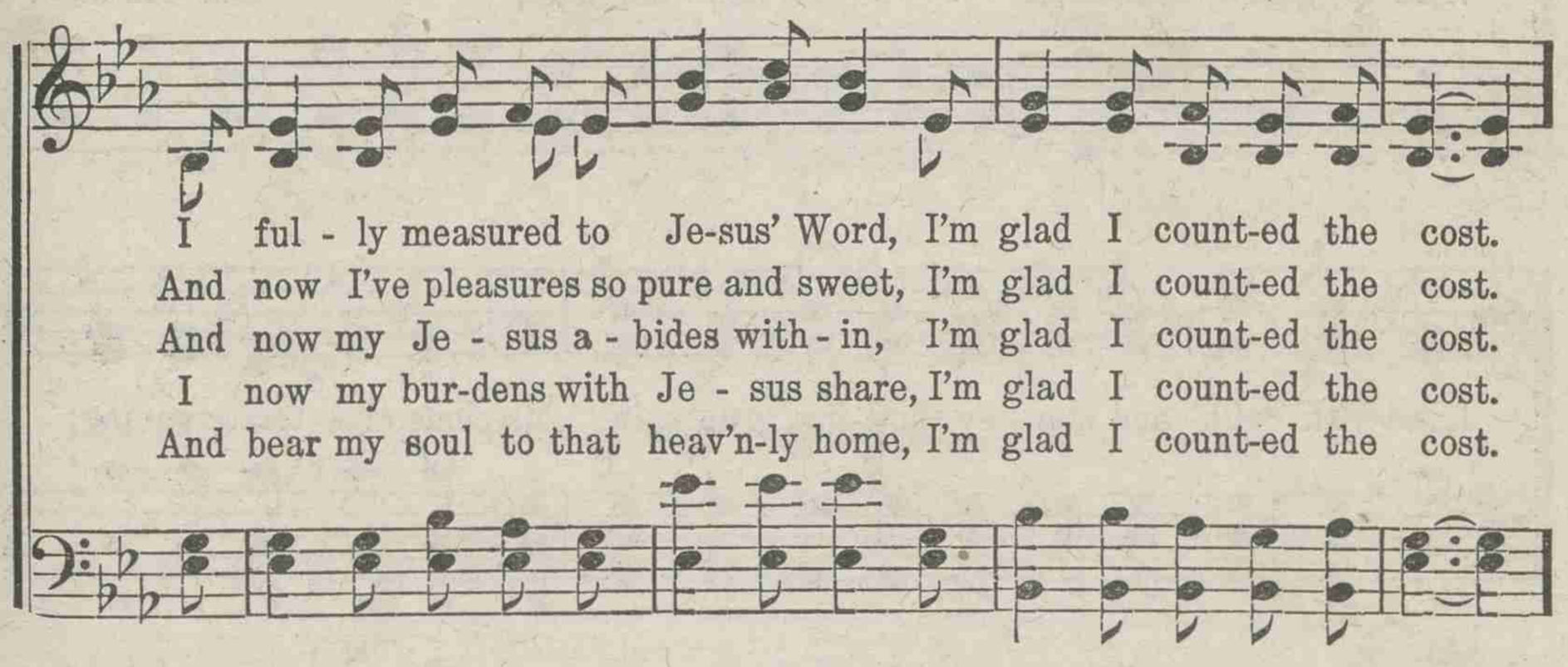
GATHERING HOME. Concluded.

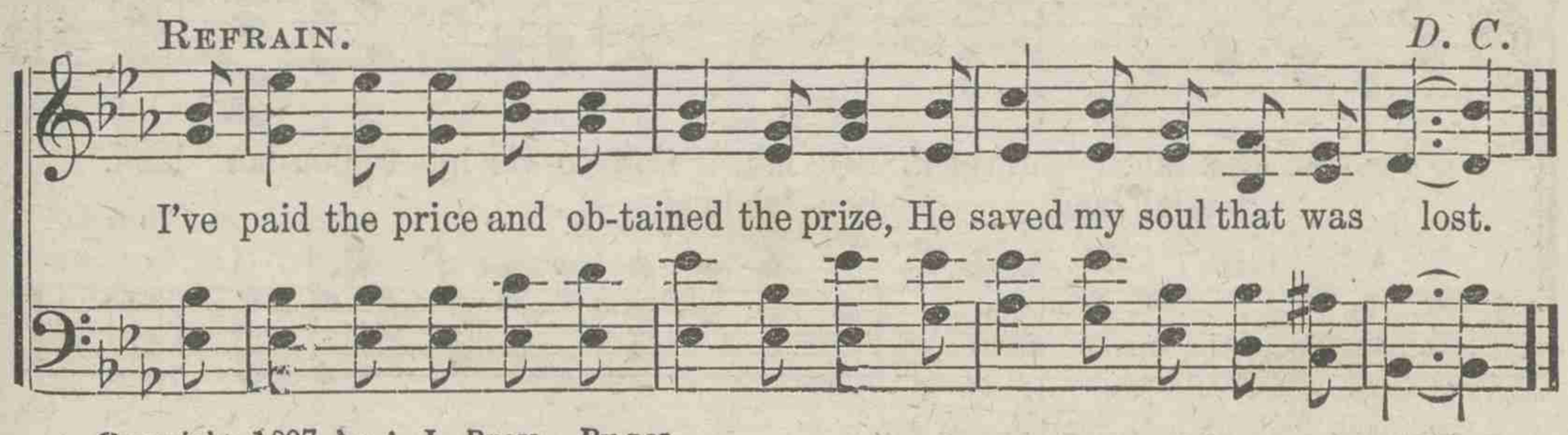


84. I'M GLAD I COUNTED THE COST.

Words and air by W. J. HENRY. Harmony by A. L. B.







Copyright, 1907, by A. L. Byers. By per.

85. OVER IN BEULAH.

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

1. O ye dwell-ers in the low-lands drear - y Why, why will ye in the
2. 'Tis a glorious land, a rich pos - ses - sion, Fer - tile fields and loft - y
3. Spies may tell you of the gi - ants wait - ing, Jer - i - chos with mighty
4. Hast - en, saith the Lord, ye are well a - ble, Go ye up the good- ly

val- leys stay? Leave the wil-der-ness with marches wea - ry, Claim your her - i-
mountain heights; To a - bide in this blest hab - i - ta - tion God your wea-ry
tow'r-ing walls; Fear ye not, be-fore Je - ho- vah's pow - er Gi - ants flee and
land pos- sess; Scale its mountain heights, explore its val- leys, Feast with- in its

CHORUS.

tage in Christ to - day. O - ver in Beu - lah, o - ver in Beu - lah,
long- ing soul in - vites.
crumbling cit - ies fall.
land of plen-teous-ness. Beu - lah land, Beu - lah land,

Land with milk and hon - ey flow-ing, grapes in lus-cious clus- ters grow-ing;

O - ver in Beu-lah, o- ver in Beu- lah, Come o- ver in - to Beu-lah land.
Beu-lah land, Beu- lah land,

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86.

WHAT A CHANGE.

Moderato.

Words and music by L. L. PICKETT.

1. O what a change has been wrought in my life, Thro' the full-ness of the
2. O what a change from the dark-ness of yore! From the days of my
3. O what a change in my vis - ion of life; Ev - 'ry-thing is now
4. O what a change from the weakness of sin, From the bondage and

Sav - iour's love; He has lift - ed my bur - dens, a-toned for my guilt,
gloom and de-spair; To the light of His love that now fills all my life,
lined with His love; And in-stead of com-plain- ing and grumbling, I'm filled
chains of the past; To the free-dom and strength that to-day I en- joy,

CHORUS.

And His good - ness I now dai - ly prove. What a change! what a
As the joy of the ran-somed I share.
With sweet peace, joy and praise from a- bove.
As on Him all my bur - dens I cast. What a change!

change! He hath wrought by His pow'r di-vine; What a change!
what a change! What a change!
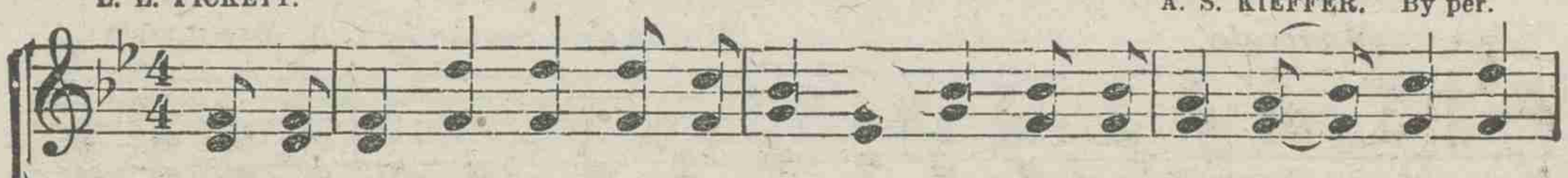
what a change! Hath been wrought by this Sav - iour of mine.
what a change!

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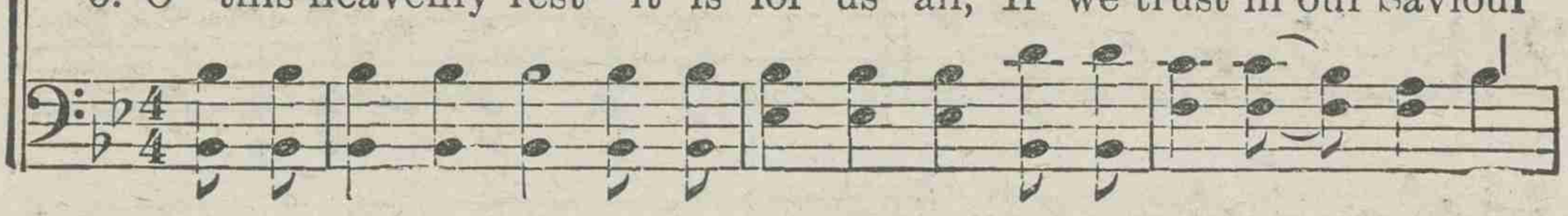
87

REST AT THE SAVIOUR'S SIDE.
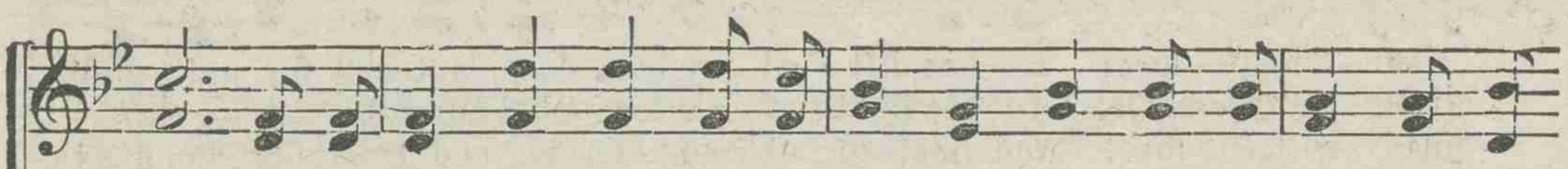
L. L. PICKETT. A. S. KIEFFER. By per.



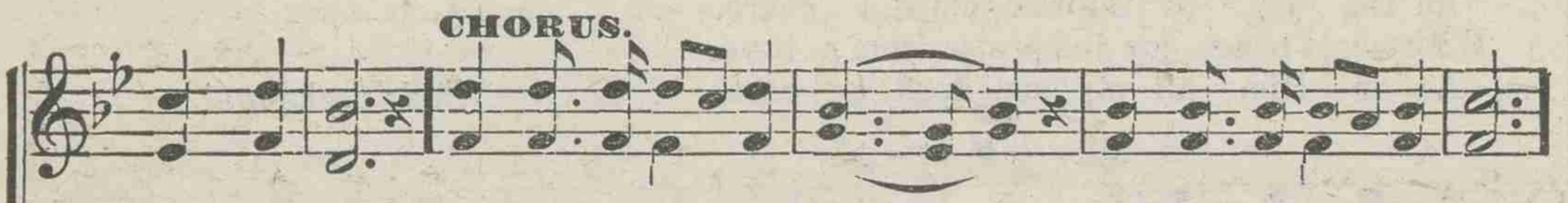
1. Will you come, my friend, to the cross to-day, Where the Saviour's love is
2. He will give you peace, and will joy impart, He will give you life di-
3. He will give sweet rest to the troubled soul, And will calm the storms with-
4. To the soul oppressed with a sense of guilt, Hear Him speak in tend'rest
5. O this heavenly rest—it is for us all, If we trust in our Saviour
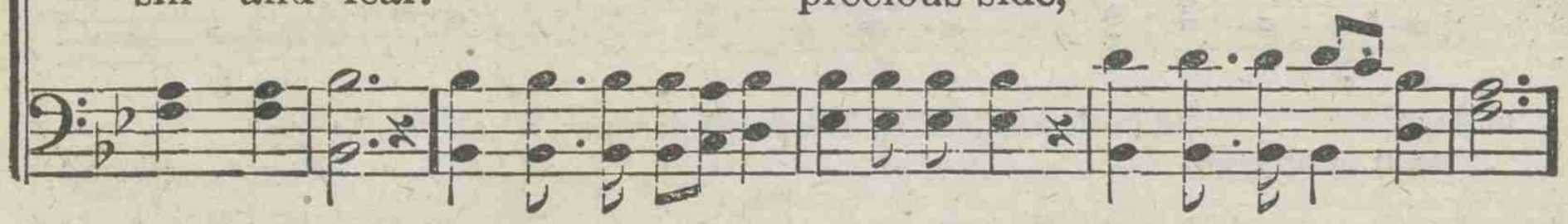


found; All your guilt and sin He will wash a-way, For His grace doth o'er
vine; On the cruel cross sinner's broke His heart, Still His peace may be
in; Pour the oil of grace when the sea-waves roll, Quell the tumult pro-
tone; "To redeem thy life precious blood I spilt, Died that thou mightest
dear; He will bless and keep us whate'er be - fall, He will save us from
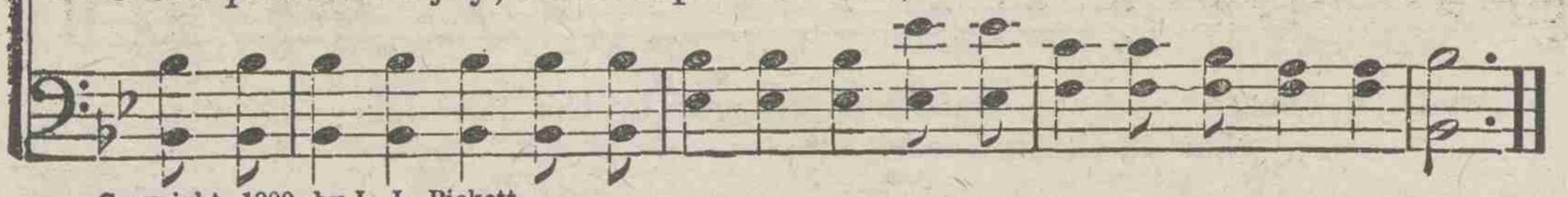


CHORUS.



sin a-bound. Rest at the Saviour's side, Rest at the Saviour's side,
yours and mine.
duced by sin.
reach the throne."
sin and fear. precious side,



There is peace and joy, there is perfect love, When we rest at the Saviour's side.



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COVERED BY THE BLOOD. № 88.

"Blessed is he whose iniquities are forgiven and whose sins are under the blood."

NELLIE EDWARDS. RAN. C. STOREY.

Not too fast.

1. Once in sin's darkest night, I was wand'ring alone, A stran-ger to mer - cy I
2. From my errors and faults, Jesus saves me so free, Amazed that He lift - ed my
3. I can ne'er un-der-stand Why He sought even me, Why His life-blood on Calv'ry
4. Now He comes to my heart And removes ev'ry care, For He bears all my cumb'ring

stood; But the Saviour came nigh, When He heard my faint cry, And He put my sins
load; O the love and the grace I re-ceived in its place, When He put my sins
flowed; But suf - fi-cient for me, Since He died on the tree, He hath put my sins
load; In a path-way re-plete With His love are my feet, Since He put my sins

REFRAIN.

un - der the blood. They are covered by the blood, They are cov-ered by the blood,

My sins are all cov-ered by the blood, Mine in - iq - ui-ties so vast,
precious blood,
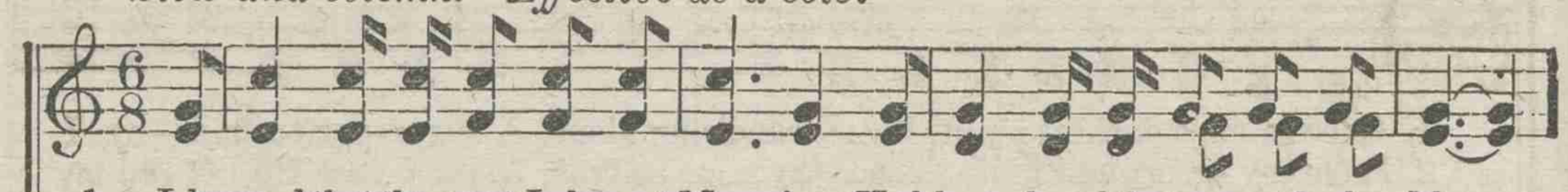
Have been blotted out at last, My sins are all cov-ered by the blood.
precious blood.

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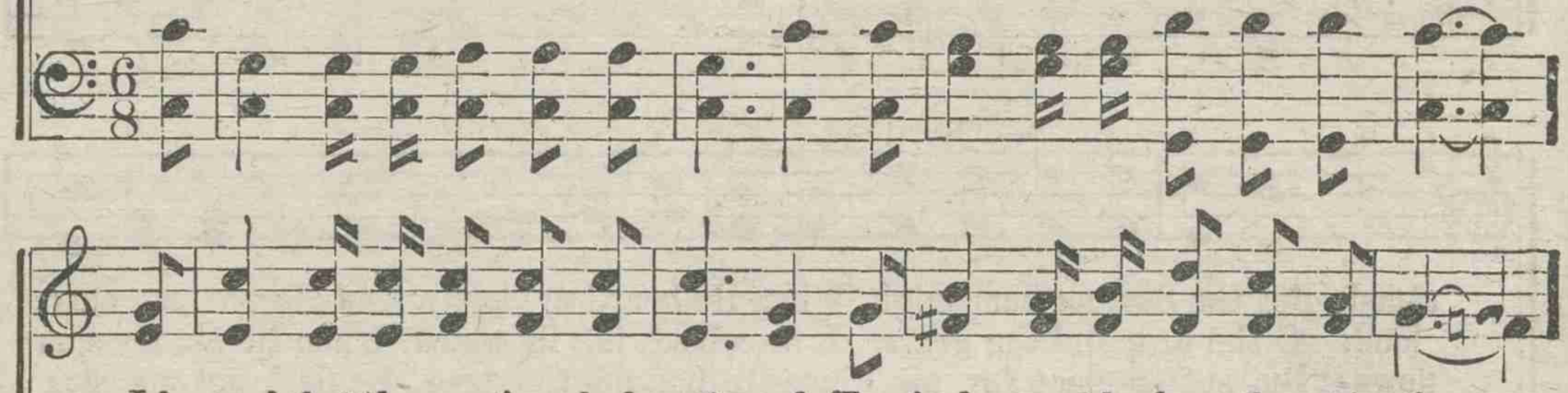
89. The Great Judgment Morning.

War Cry. L. L. PICKETT.
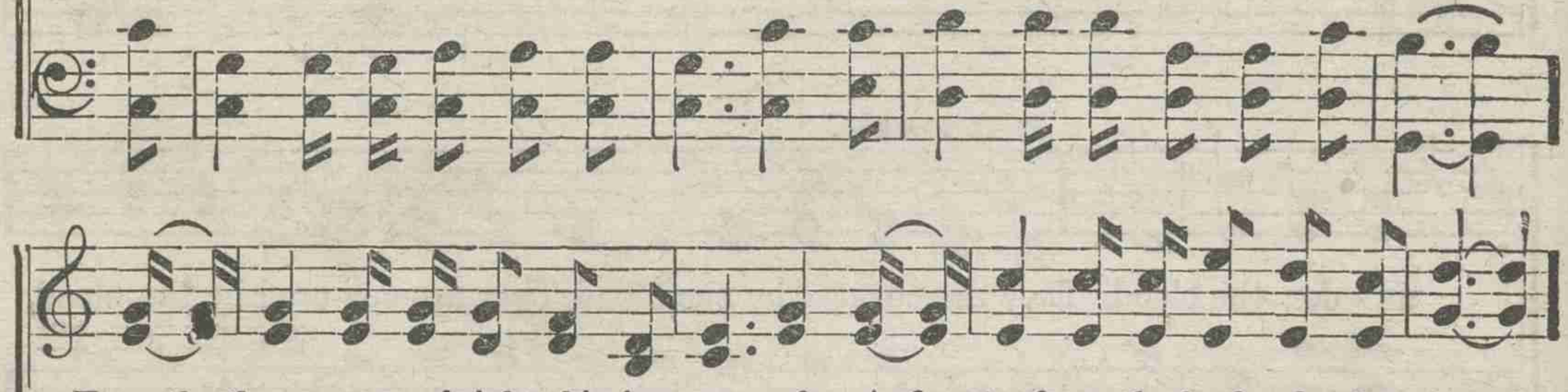
Slow and solemn. Effective as a solo.
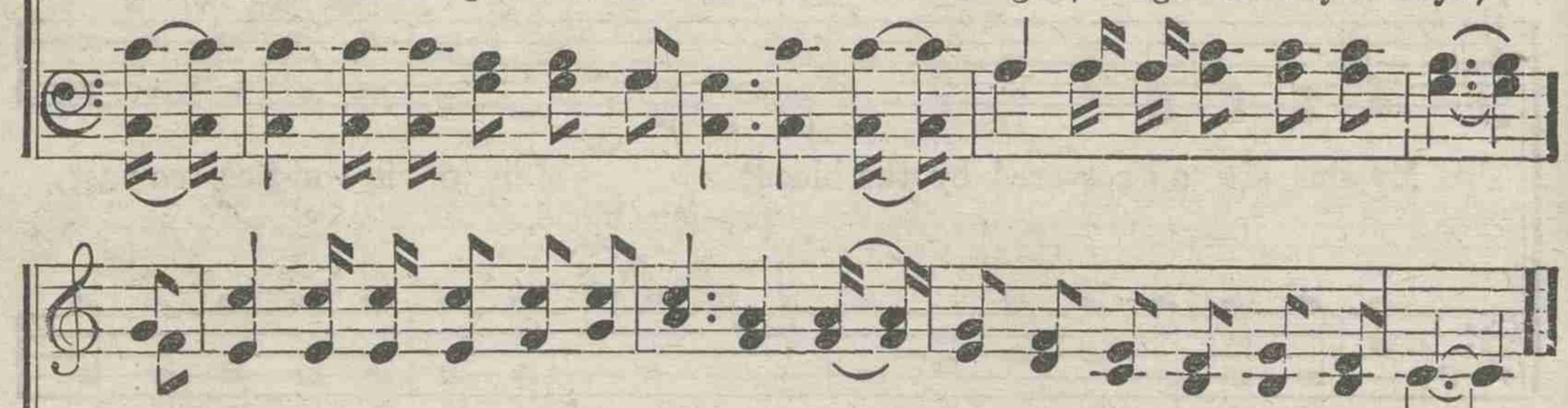


1. I dreamed that the great Judgment Morning Had dawned, and the trumpet had blown;
2. The rich man was there, but his mon - ey Had melt-ed and van-ished a - way;
3. The wid-ow was there and the or-phans, God heard and re-membered their cries;
4. The mor-al man came to the judgment, But his self-righteous rags would not do;
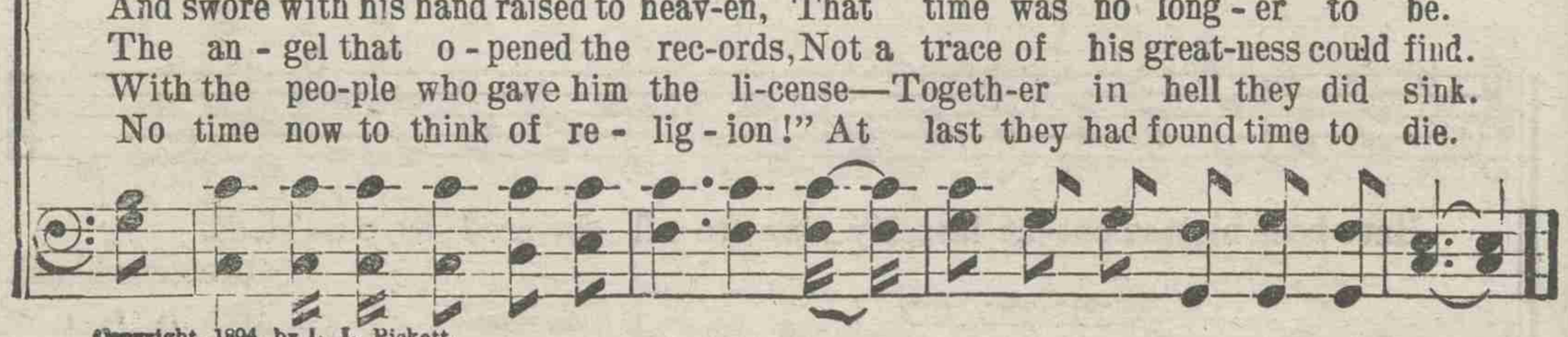


I dreamed that the na-tions had gath-ered To judgment before the white throne.
A pauper he stood in the judgment, His debts were too heav-y to pay.
No sor-row in heaven for - ev - er, God wiped all the tears from their eyes.
The men who had cru - ci - fied Je - sus Had passed off as mor - al men too.



From the throne came a bright shin-ing an - gel And stood on the land and the sea,
The great man was there, but his greatness When death came was left far be - hind;
The gam- bler was there and the drunk-ard, And the man who had sold them the drink,
The souls that had put off sal - va-tion—"Not to night; I 'll get saved by-and-bye;



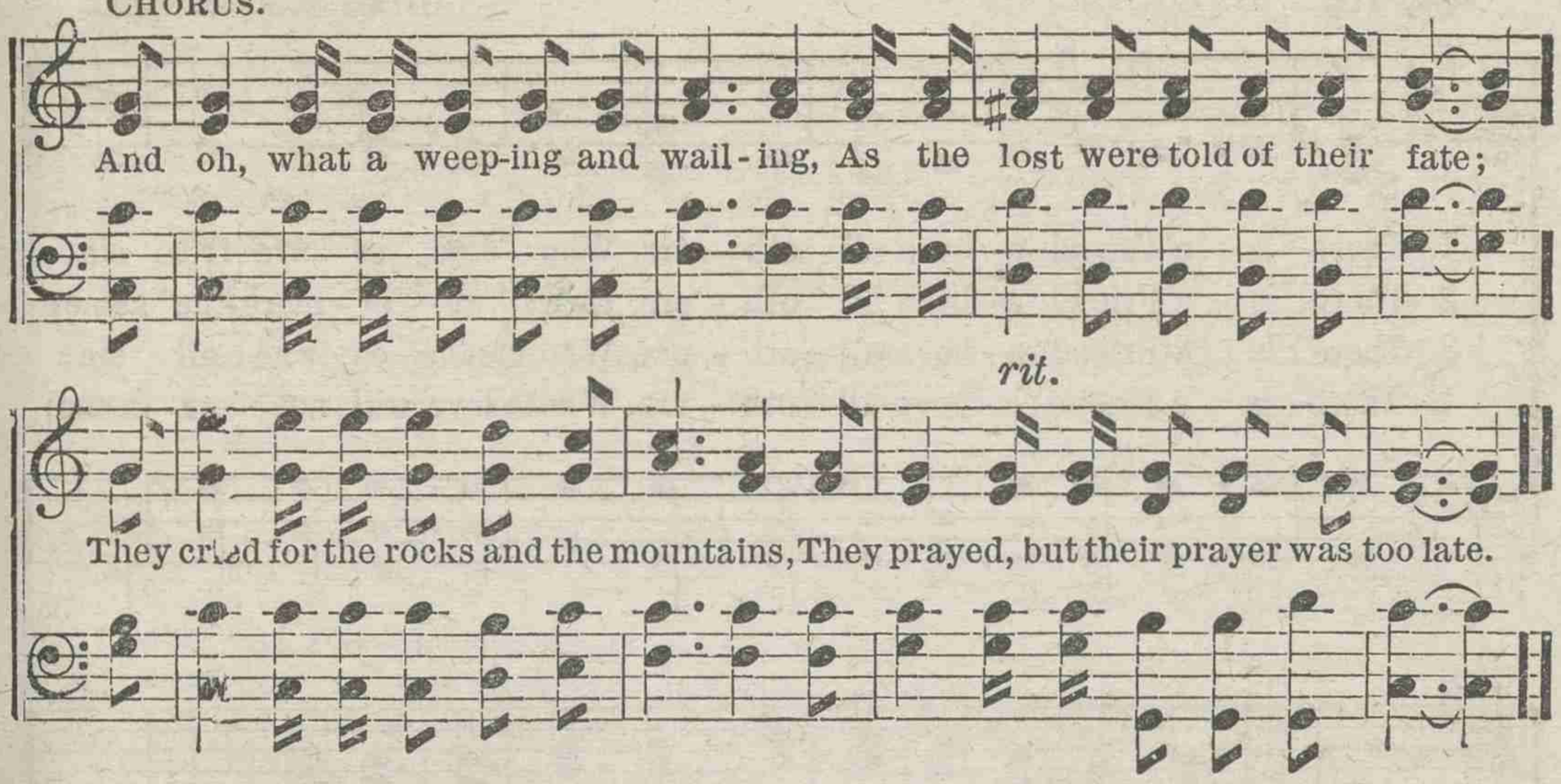
And swore with his hand raised to heav-en, That time was no long - er to be.
The an - gel that o - pened the rec-ords, Not a trace of his great-ness could find.
With the peo-ple who gave him the li-cense—Togeth-er in hell they did sink.
No time now to think of re - lig - ion!" At last they had found time to die.



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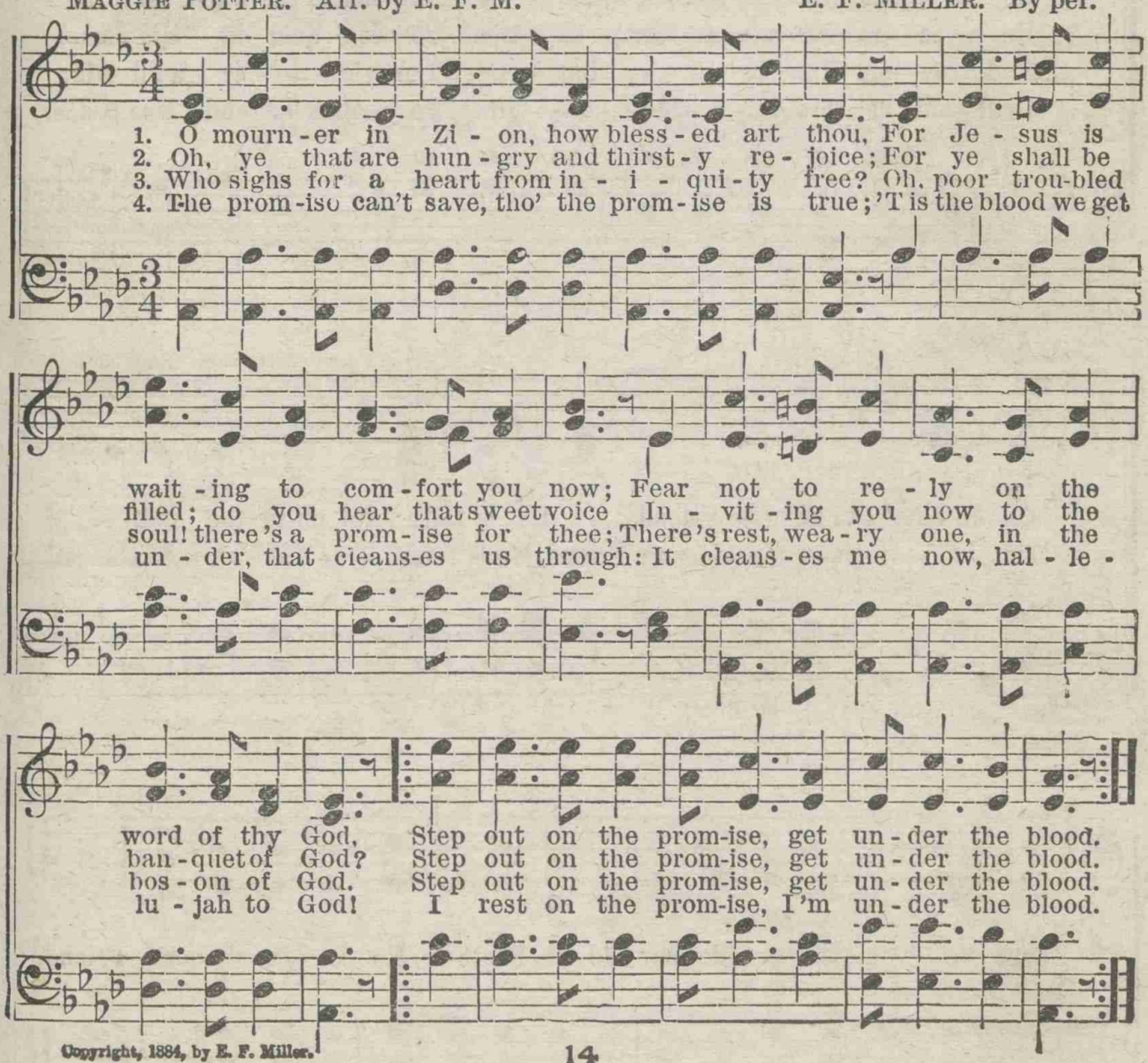
The Great Judgment Morning. Concluded.

CHORUS.



90. Step Out on the Promise.
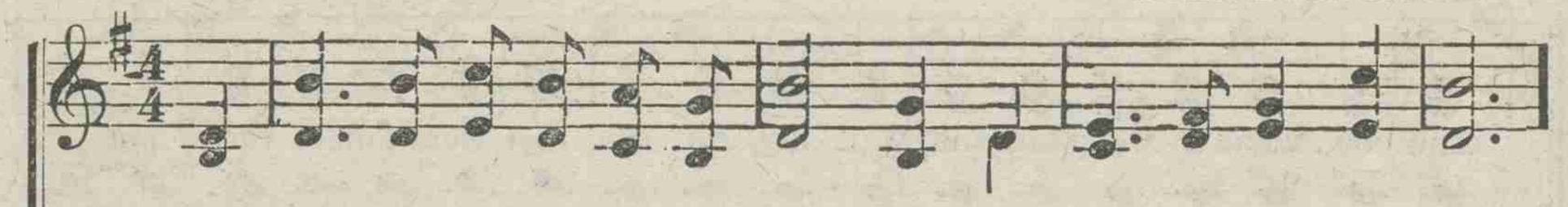
MAGGIE POTTER. Arr. by E. F. M. E. F. MILLER. By per.
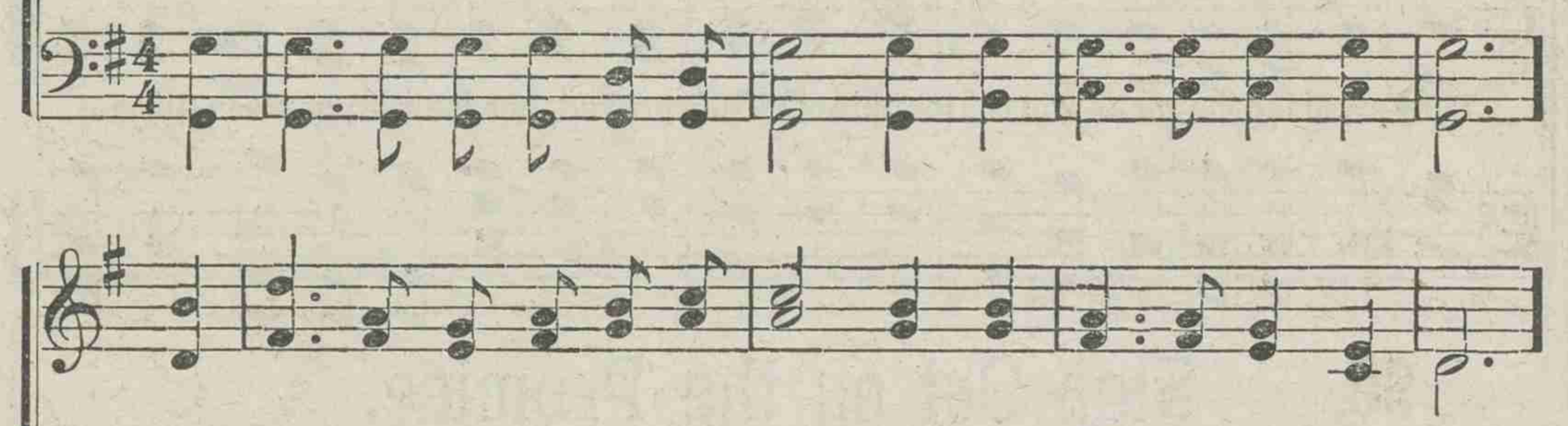


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91. THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

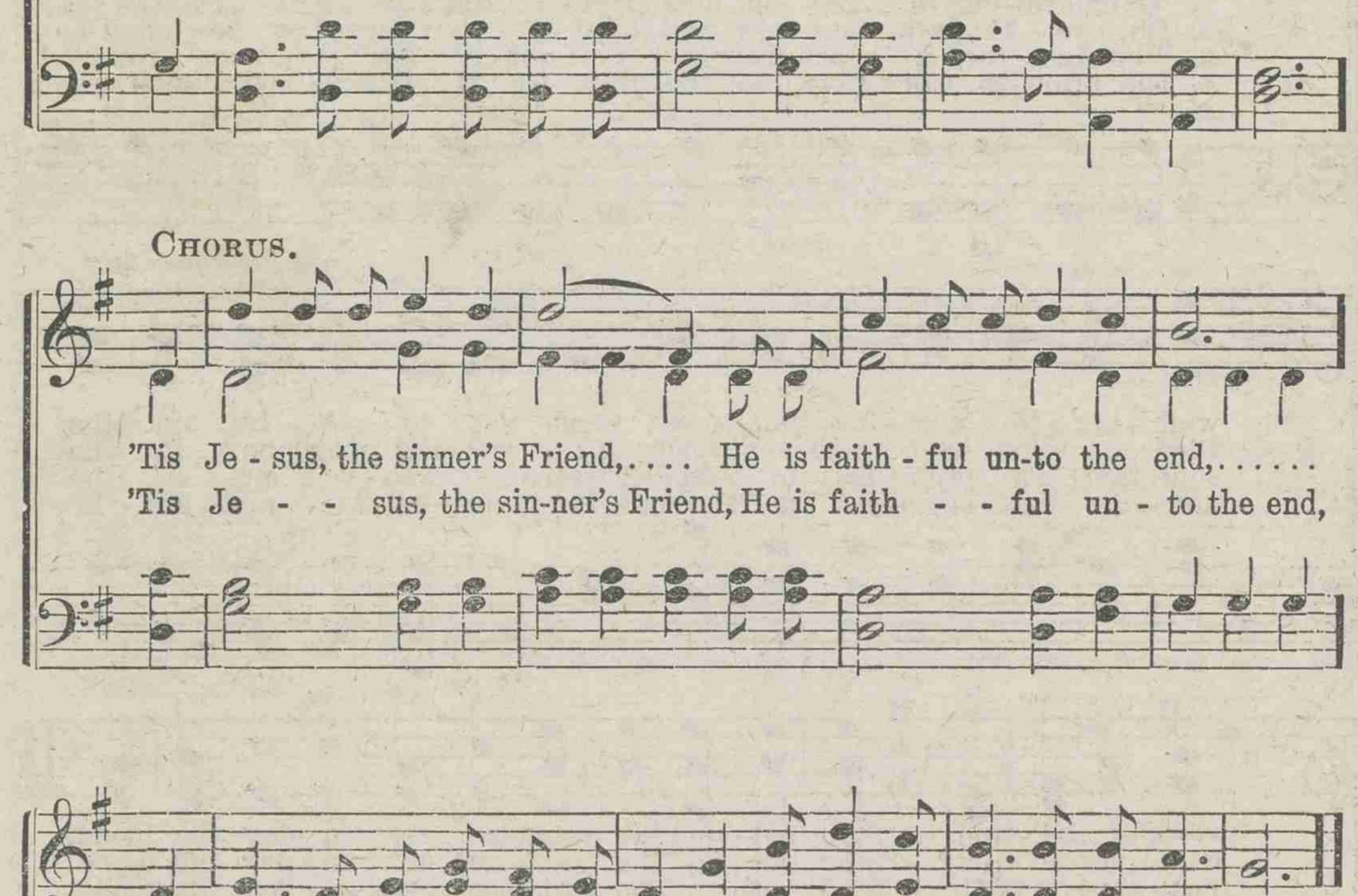
MAGGIE E. GREGORY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



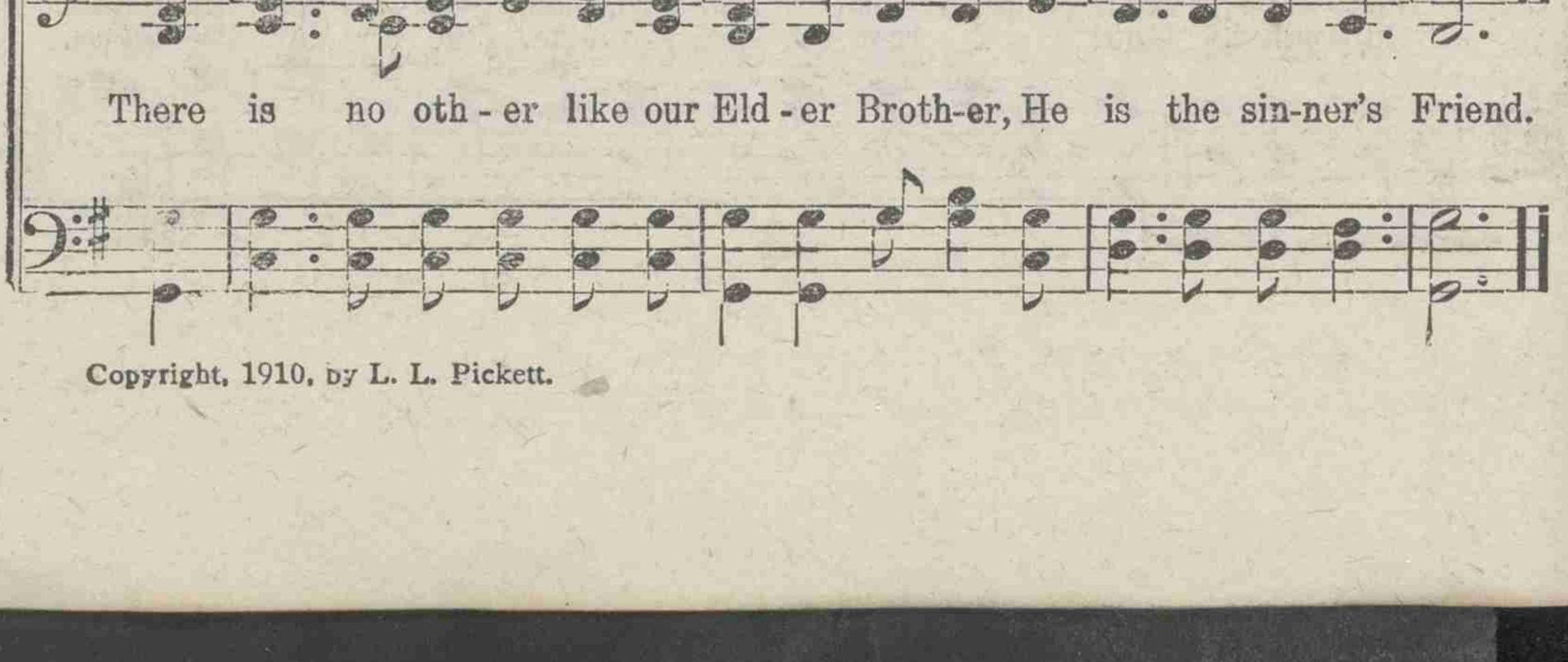
1. There is a Friend a - bove all oth - ers, Who died to save from sin;
2. There is a Friend a - bove all oth - ers, He's ev - er - more the same;
3. There is a Friend a - bove all oth - ers, Who cleans - es from all sin;
4. There is a Friend a - bove all oth - ers, Whose love will nev - er cease;



He o - pens wide His arms of mer - cy, And takes the wan-d'rer in.
He gives us cour - age for temp - ta - tion To con - quer in His name.
And, trust-ing Him in ev - 'ry bat - tle, The vic - to - ry we'll win;
He'll guide us thro' this world of sor - row To realms of end - less peace.



CHORUS.



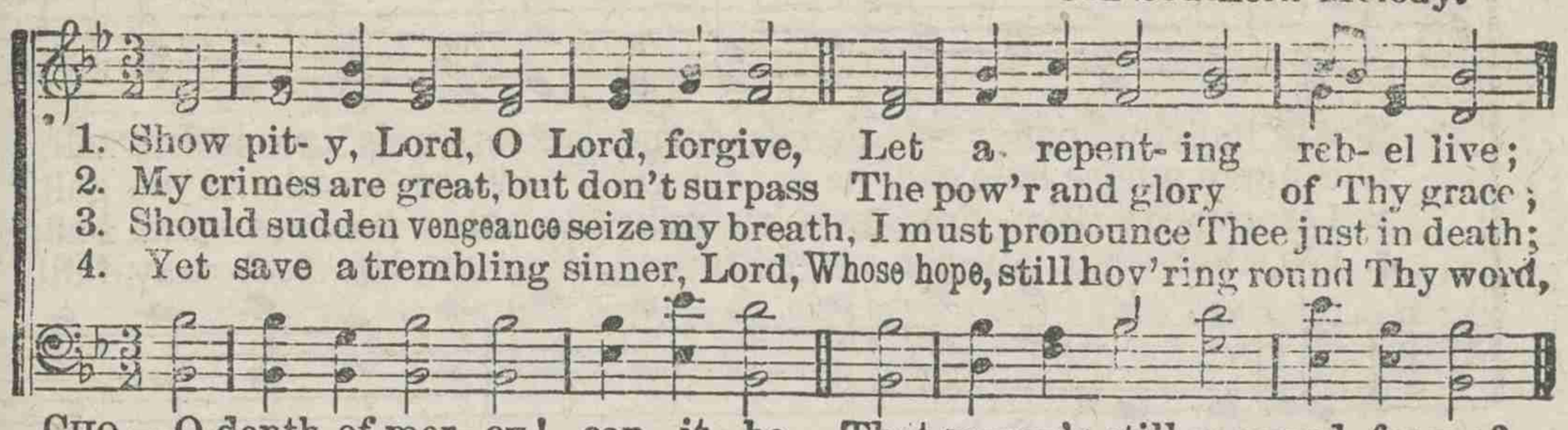
'Tis Je - sus, the sinner's Friend,.... He is faith - ful un-to the end,.....
'Tis Je - - sus, the sin-ner's Friend, He is faith - - ful un - to the end,

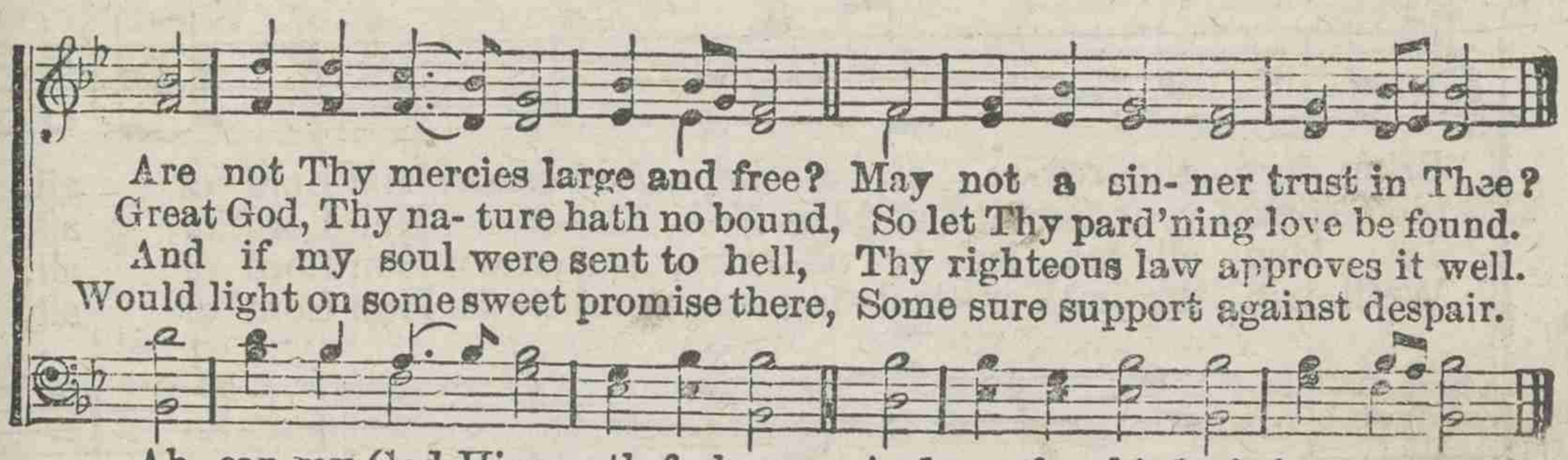
There is no oth - er like our Eld - er Broth-er, He is the sin-ner's Friend.

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SHOW PITY, LORD.

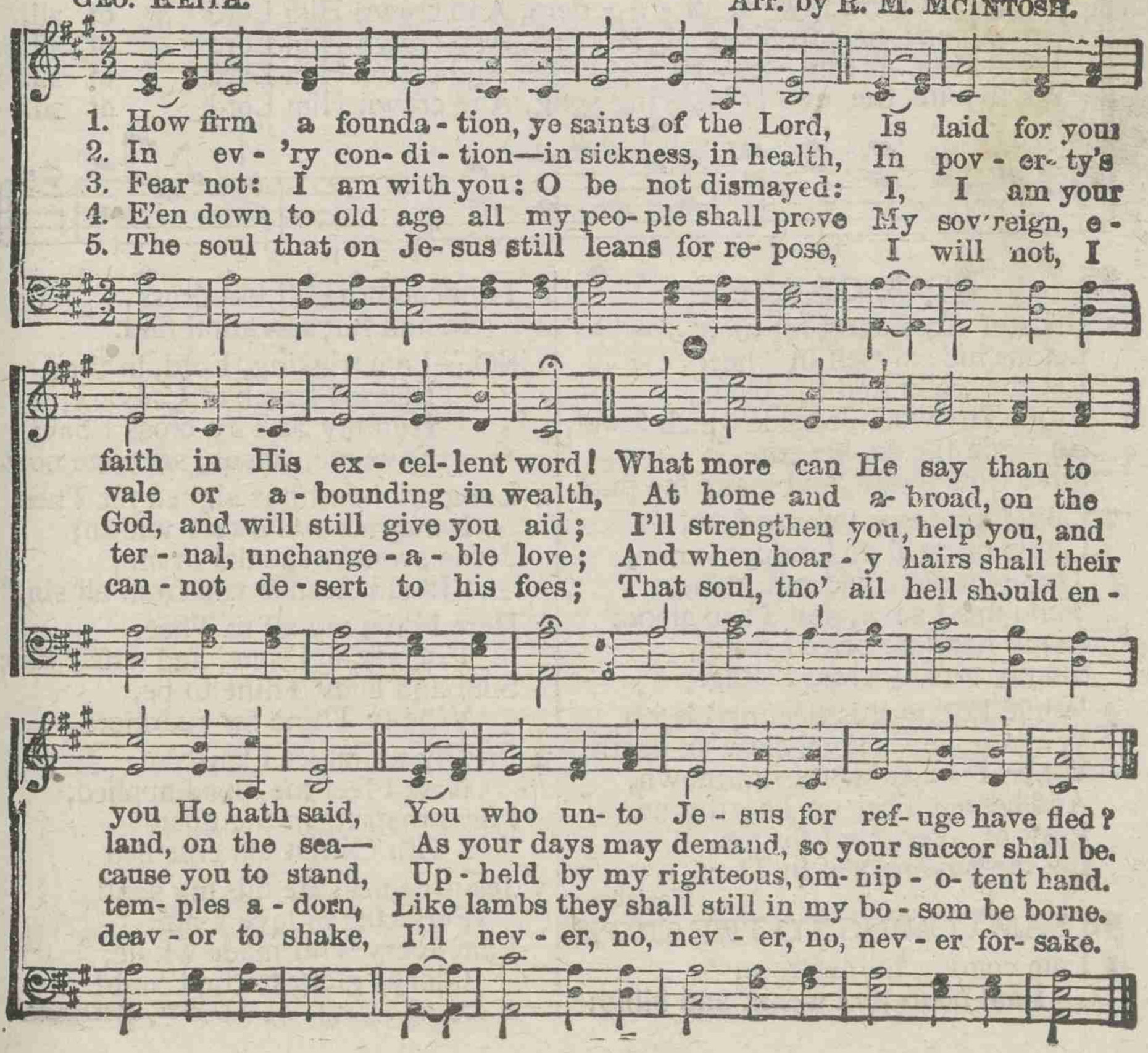
ISAAC WATTS. Old Southern Melody.
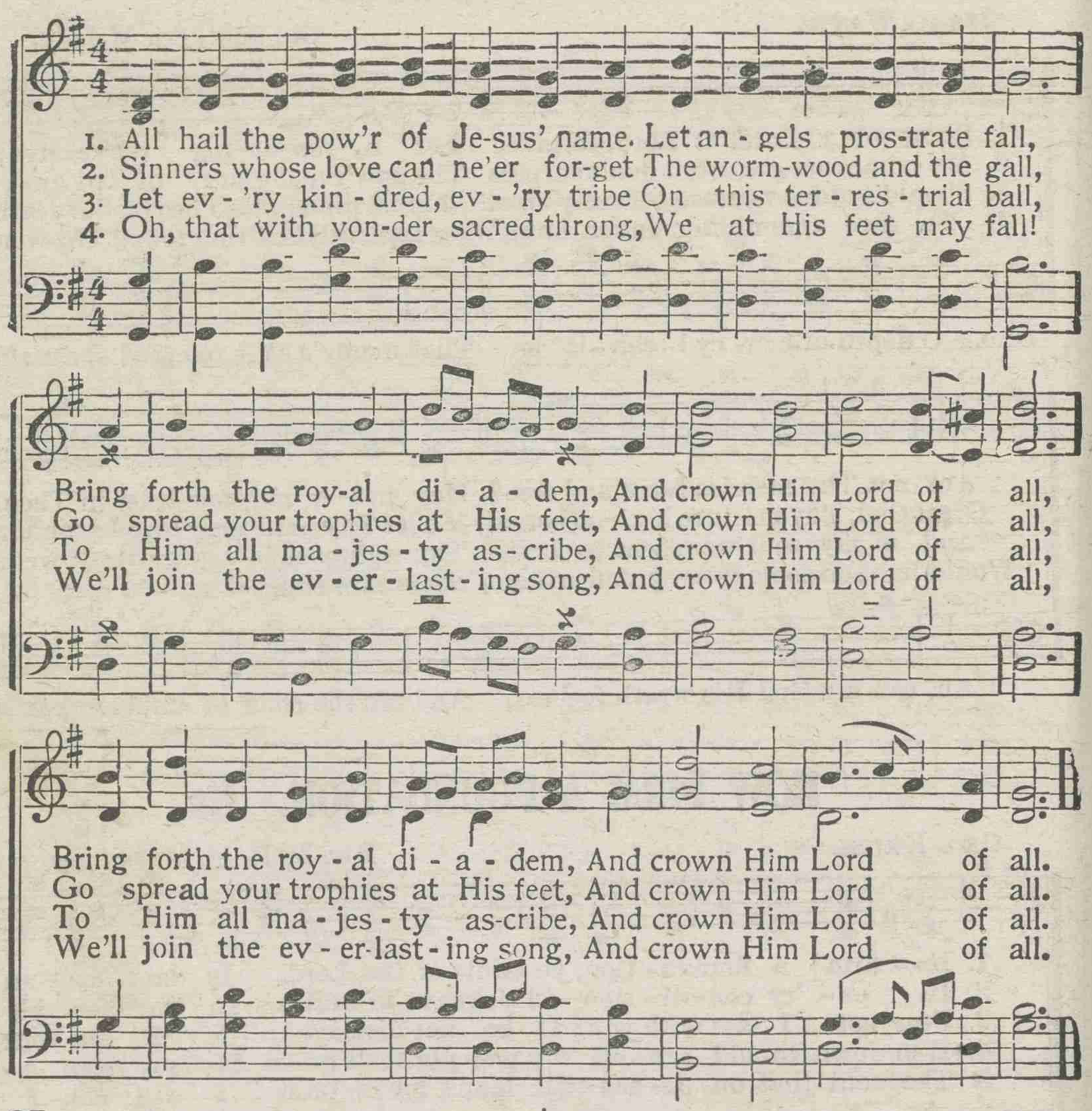




HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION. 11s.

GEO. KEITH. Arr. by R. M. MCINTOSH.



CORONATION.



95 ROCK OF AGES.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Toplady.

96 I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

1 I am coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Blessed Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil dwelt within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine for evermore.

4 In Thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied,
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

Wm. McDonald.

97. THE WONDERFUL BLOOD.

E. S. L.

Good for Solo.

E. S. LORENZ. By per.

1. I stood in a-maze and wonder, That God should forgive my sin!
2. I stood in perverse re - bel-lion, De-ny-ing my Lord's con-trol;
3. The blood of my Lord has cleansed me, Day breaks on my soul's dark night;
4. O tell of its pow'r transforming, Wher-ev-er men yearn for peace;

That e - vil of heart and e - vil of life, Sal - va - tion I
The Sav-iour's sweet call, the Spir - it's low plea, Bro't hope to my
Once foul, now I'm clean, once dead, now I live, Once blind, I have
The er-ring it guides, brings strength to the weak, For sin gives com-

CHORUS.

still may win!
sin - sick soul.
found my sight.
plete re - lease.

'Tis the wonderful blood, the blood of my Lord That

pur-ges my sin and cleans-es my soul! 'Tis the won-der-ful blood,

Rit.

mar-vel-ous flood, That saves me and makes me whole.....
makes me whole.

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"CHRIST FOR ME."

To my friend Rev. Jno. A. Eby.

ERNEST G. W. WESLEY. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BUTTS.

1. No lon - ger shall the world en - slave me, The blood of
2. The fet - ters which so long have bound me, All bro - ken
3. I won - der that so much He loves me, For ma - ny
4. Choose thou with me, while Je - sus calls thee, His blood will

Christ doth cleanse my sin; No lon - ger shall its fol - lies charm me,
are! my soul is free; With His own peace, so rich, He fills me,
years from Him I strayed; But this I know: in great com-pas-sion,
cov - er all thy sin; He waits to - night and now will save thee!

CHORUS.

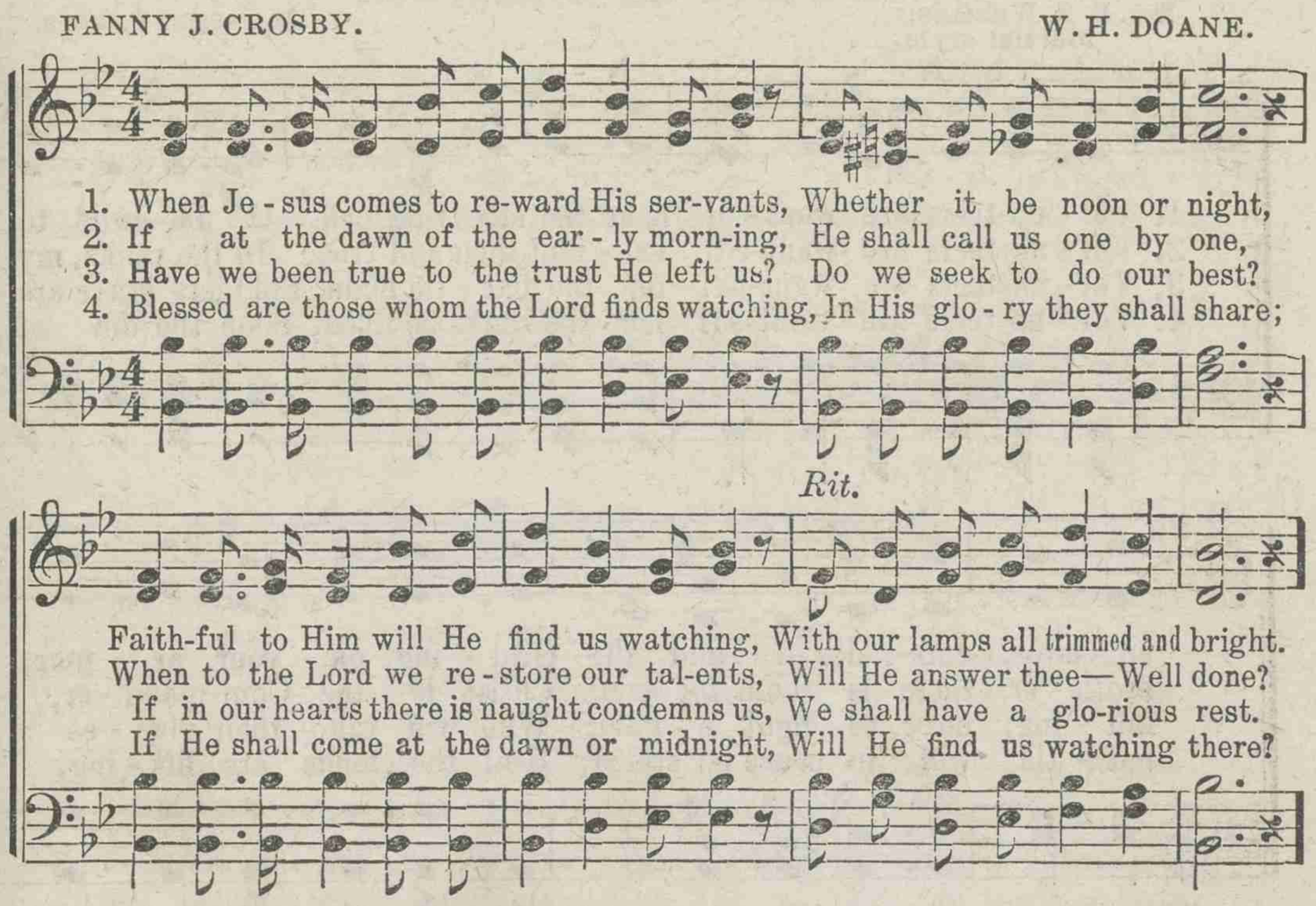
To-night His love my soul doth win.
Henceforth His own I choose to be. My choice is made, now made for-
He for my soul a-tone-ment made.
The o - pen door in - vites thee in.

ev - er, "Christ for me! yes, Christ for me." His own I
am, His own for - ev - er:—"Christ for me, yes, Christ for me."

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99. WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING?

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



REFRAIN:

Copyright, 1904, by W. H. Doane. Used by per.

100. THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING.

Key B-Flat. S. F. SMITH.

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war,
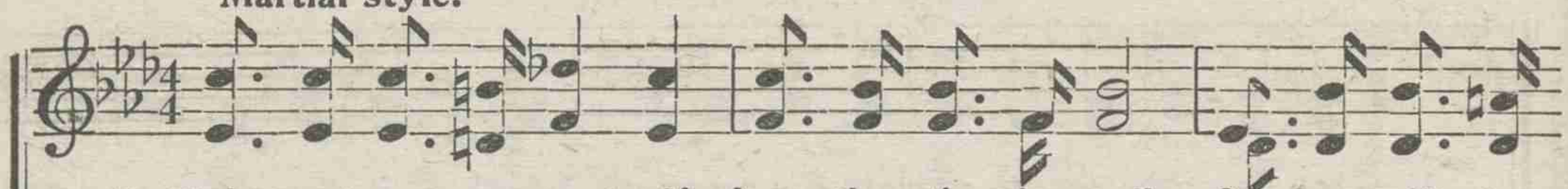
2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
A thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."
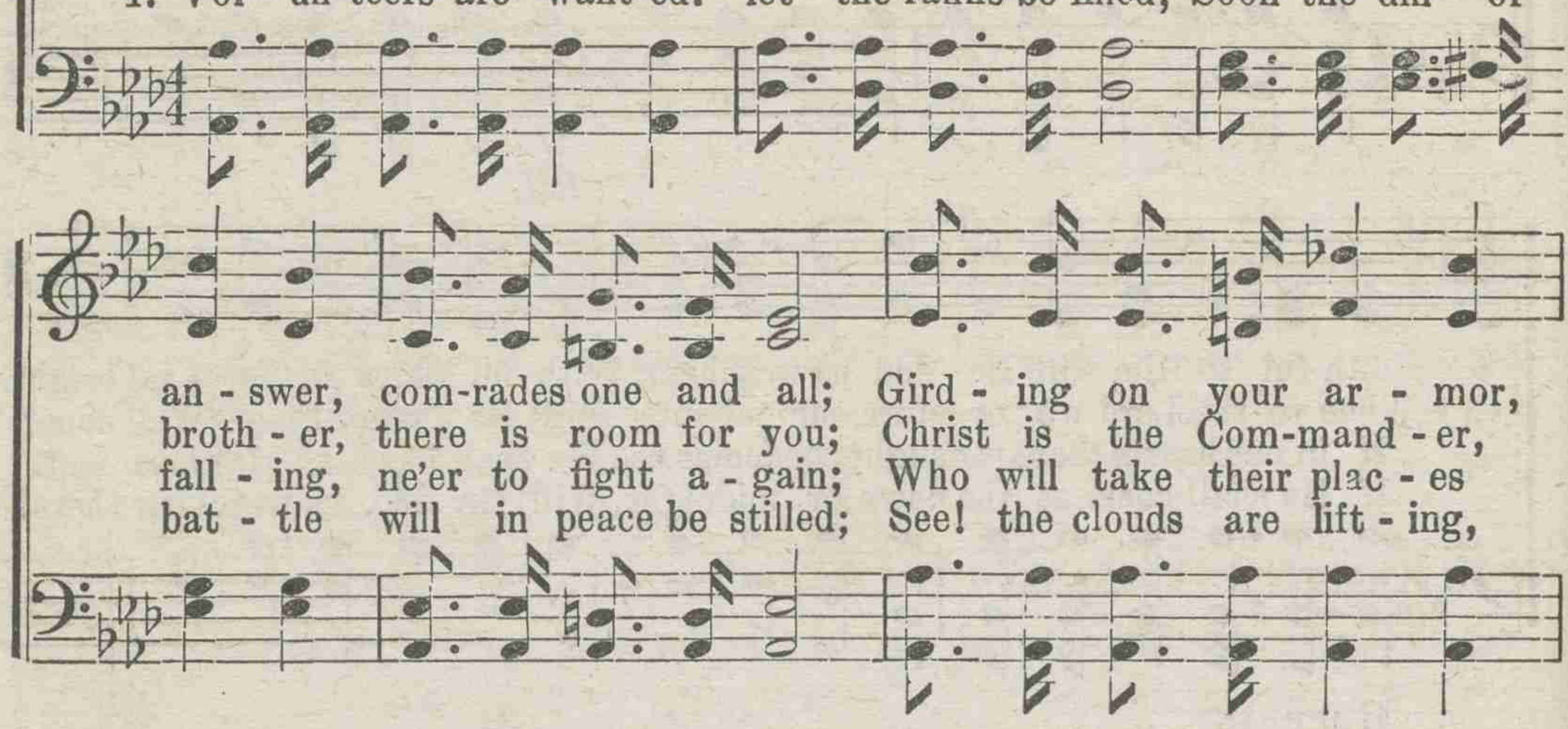
101 VOLUNTEERS TO THE FRONT.

Mrs. E. E. WILLIAMS; M. PAULINE GILMOUR.
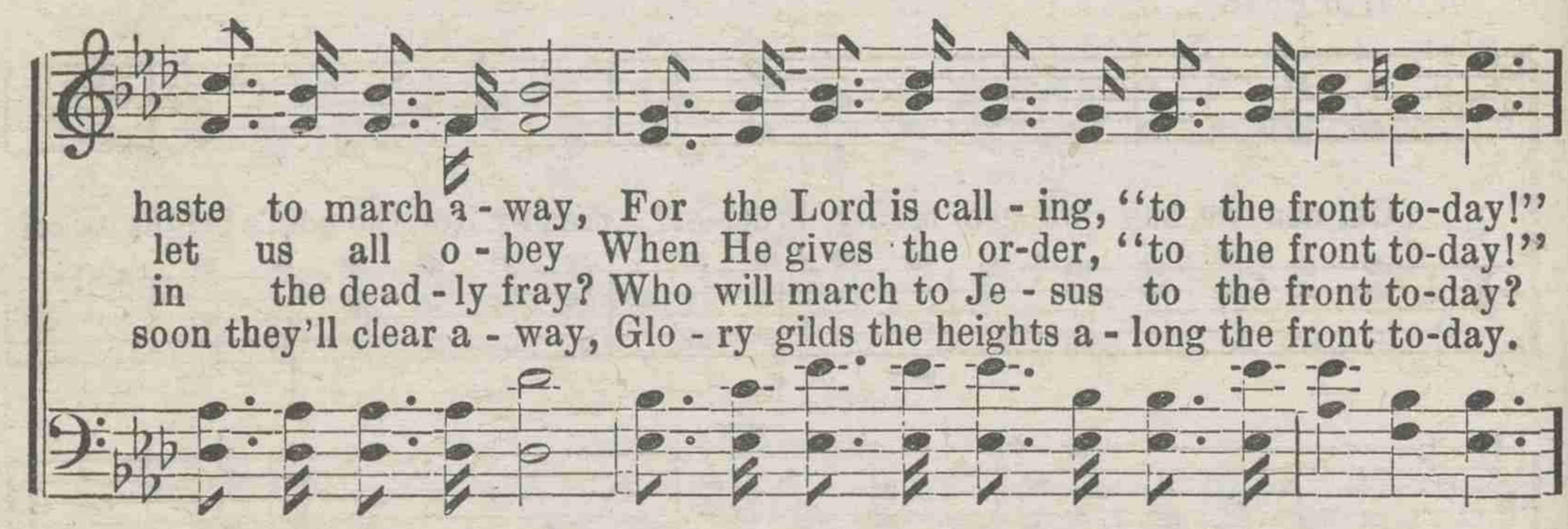
Martial style.



1. Vol - un-teers are want-ed! hear the stir - ring call, O be swift to
2. Vol - un-teers are want-ed! val - iant men and true, In the ranks, my
3. Vol - un-teers are want-ed! on the bat - tle plain, Sold-iers brave are
4. Vol - un-teers are want-ed! let the ranks be filled, Soon the din of
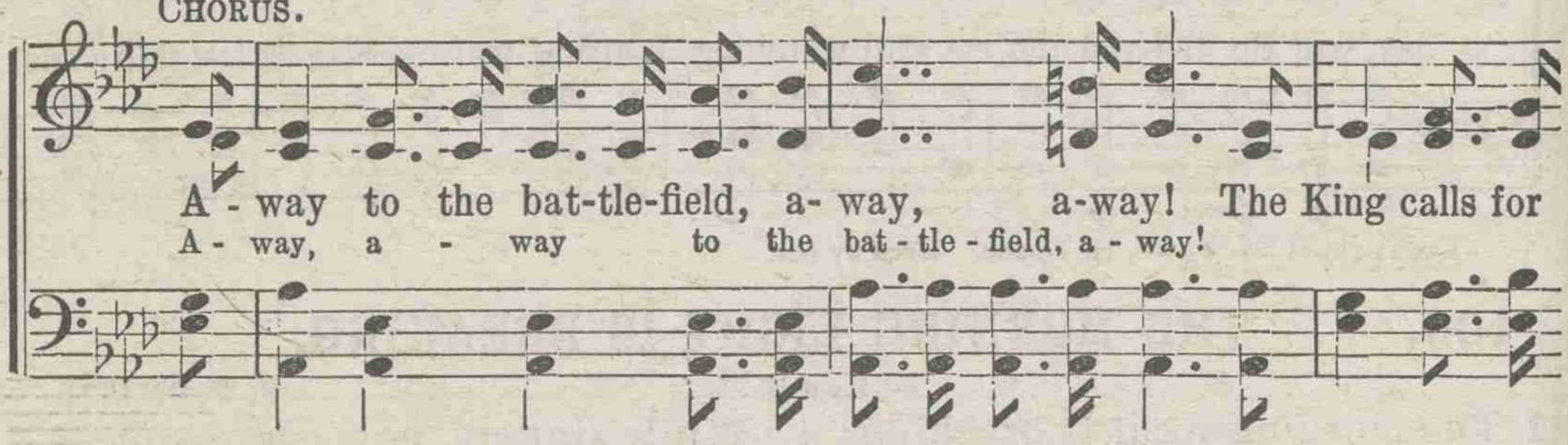


an - swer, com-rades one and all; Gird - ing on your ar - mor,
broth - er, there is room for you; Christ is the Com-mand - er,
fall - ing, ne'er to fight a - gain; Who will take their plac - es
bat - tle will in peace be stilled; See! the clouds are lift - ing,
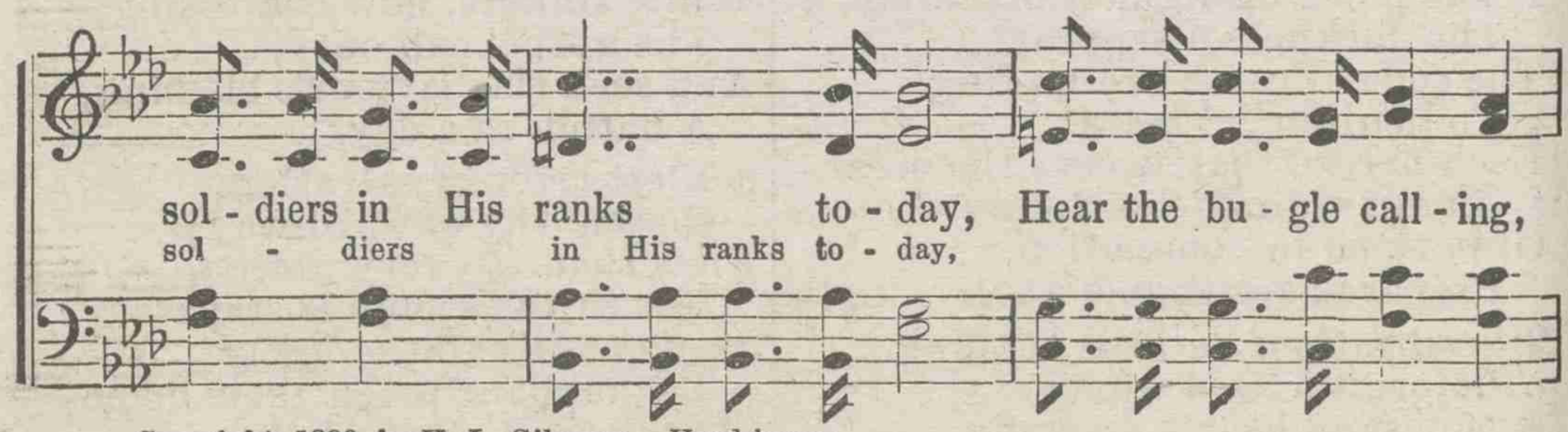


haste to march a - way, For the Lord is call - ing, "to the front to-day!"
let us all o - bey When He gives the or-der, "to the front to-day!"
in the dead - ly fray? Who will march to Je - sus to the front to-day?
soon they'll clear a - way, Glo - ry gilds the heights a - long the front to-day.

CHORUS.
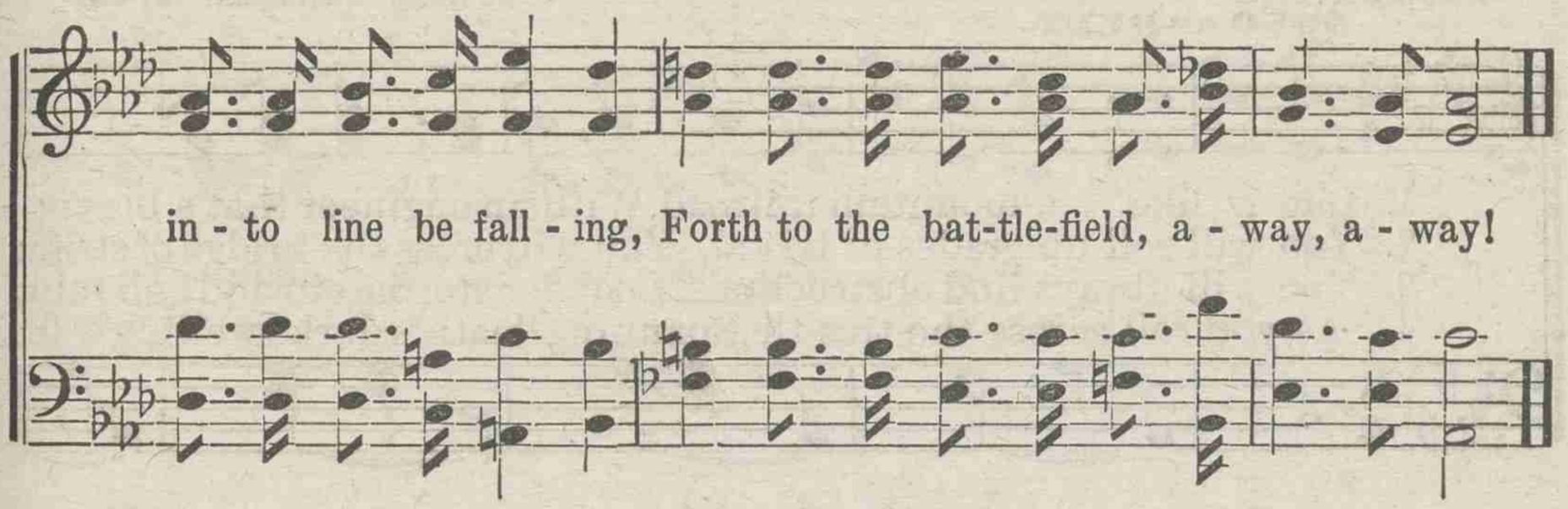


A - way to the bat-tle-field, a- way, a-way! The King calls for
A - way, a - way to the bat - tle - field, a - way!



sol - diers in His ranks to - day, Hear the bu - gle call - ing,
sol - diers in His ranks to - day,

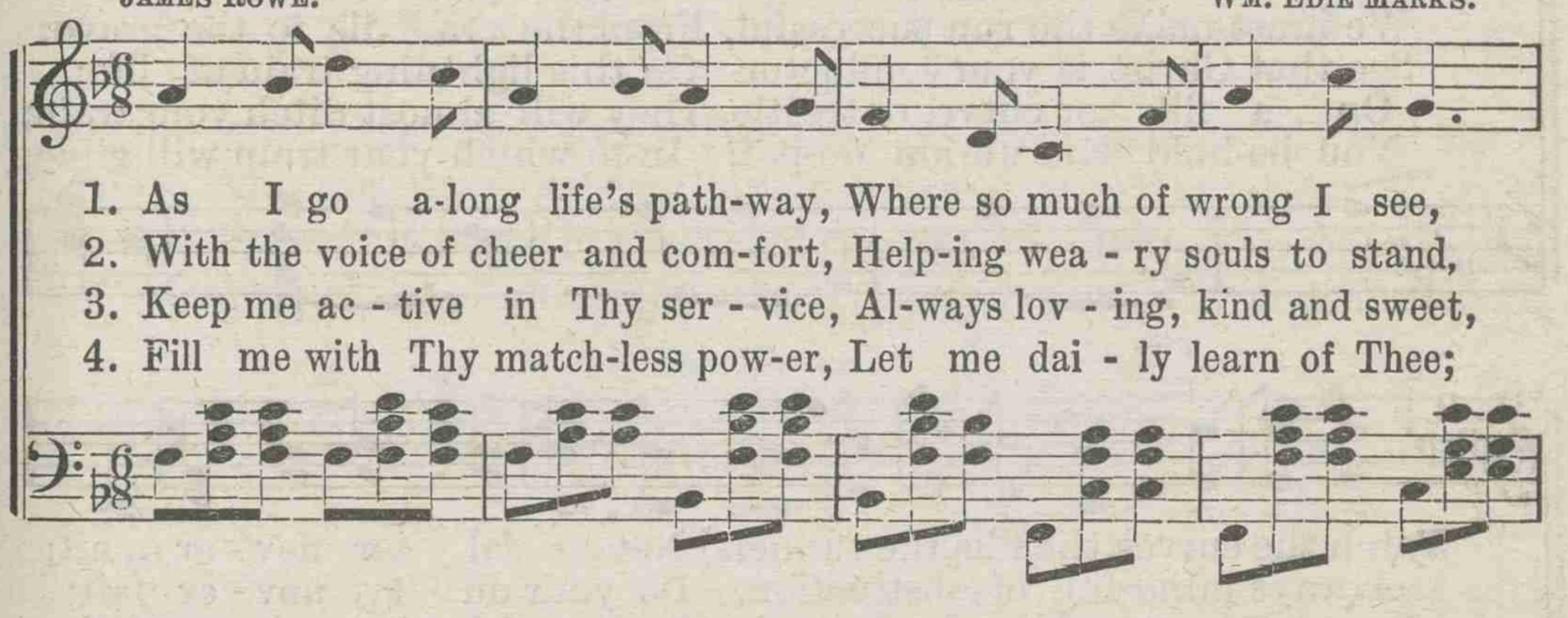
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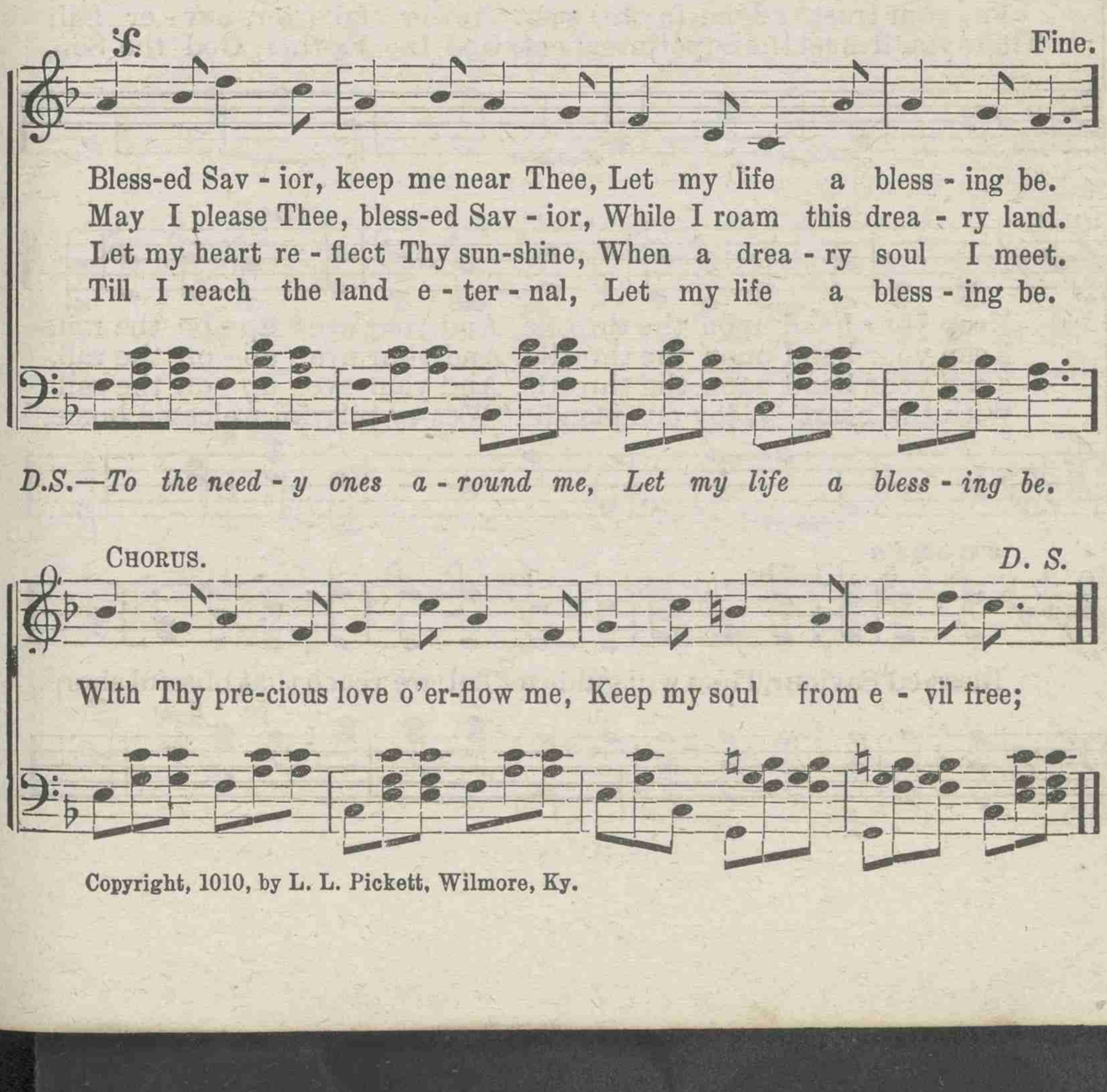
VOLUNTEERS TO THE FRONT.



102 MAKE MY LIFE A BLESSING.

JAMES ROWE. WM. EDIE MARKS.





D.S.—To the need - y ones a - round me, Let my life a bless - ing be.

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103 LIFE'S RAILWAY TO HEAVEN.

M. E. ABBEY. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. By per.

SOLO or DUET.

1. Life is like a mountain railroad, With an engineer that's brave;
2. You will roll up grades of tri - al, You will cross the bridge of strife;
3. You will always find obstructions, Look for storms of wind and rain;
4. As you roll across the tres-tle, Spanning death's dark swelling tide;

We must make the run successful, From the cra - dle to the grave;
See that Christ is your conductor On this lightning train of life;
On a fill, or curve, or trestle, They will almost ditch your train;
You be-hold the un-ion de-pot, In-to which your train will glide;

Watch the curves, the fills, the tunnels, Nev-er fal - ter, nev - er quail;
Always mind-ful of obstruction, Do your du - ty, nev - er fail;
Put your trust a-lone in Je - sus, Nev-er fal - ter, nev - er fail;
There you'll meet the Superintendent, God the Fa-ther, God the Son,
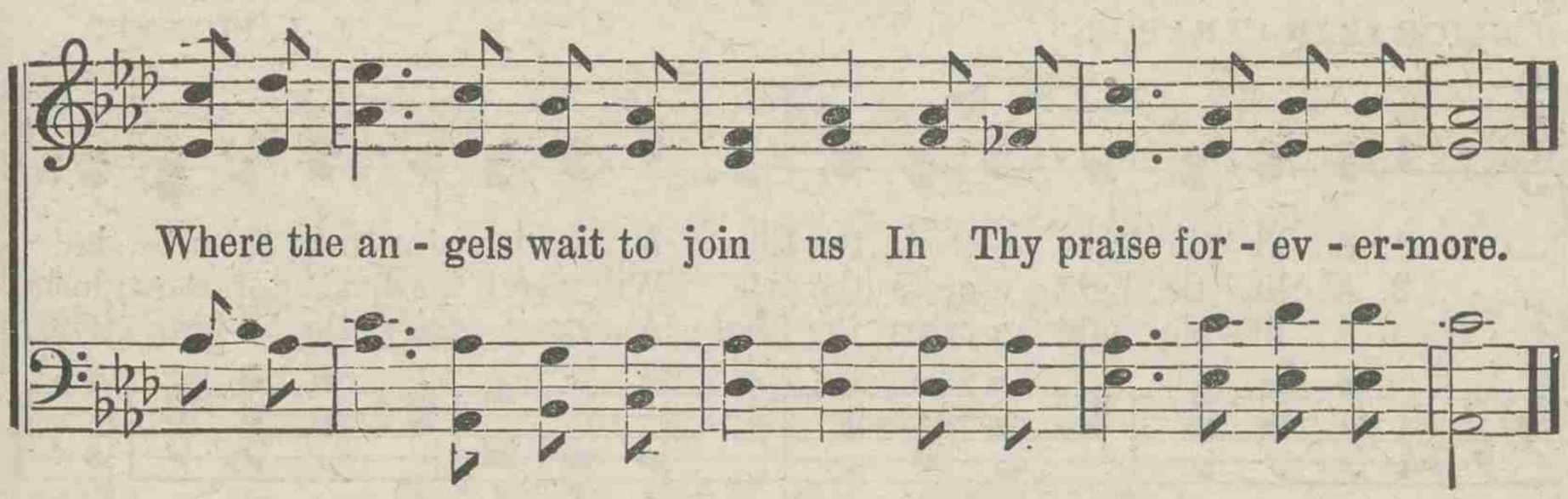
Rit.

Keep your hand upon the throttle, And your eye up - on the rail.
Keep your hand upon the throttle, And your eye up - on the rail.
Keep your hand upon the throttle, And your eye up - on the rail.
With the heart - y, joy-ous plaudit, "Wea-ry pilgrim, welcome home."

CHORUS

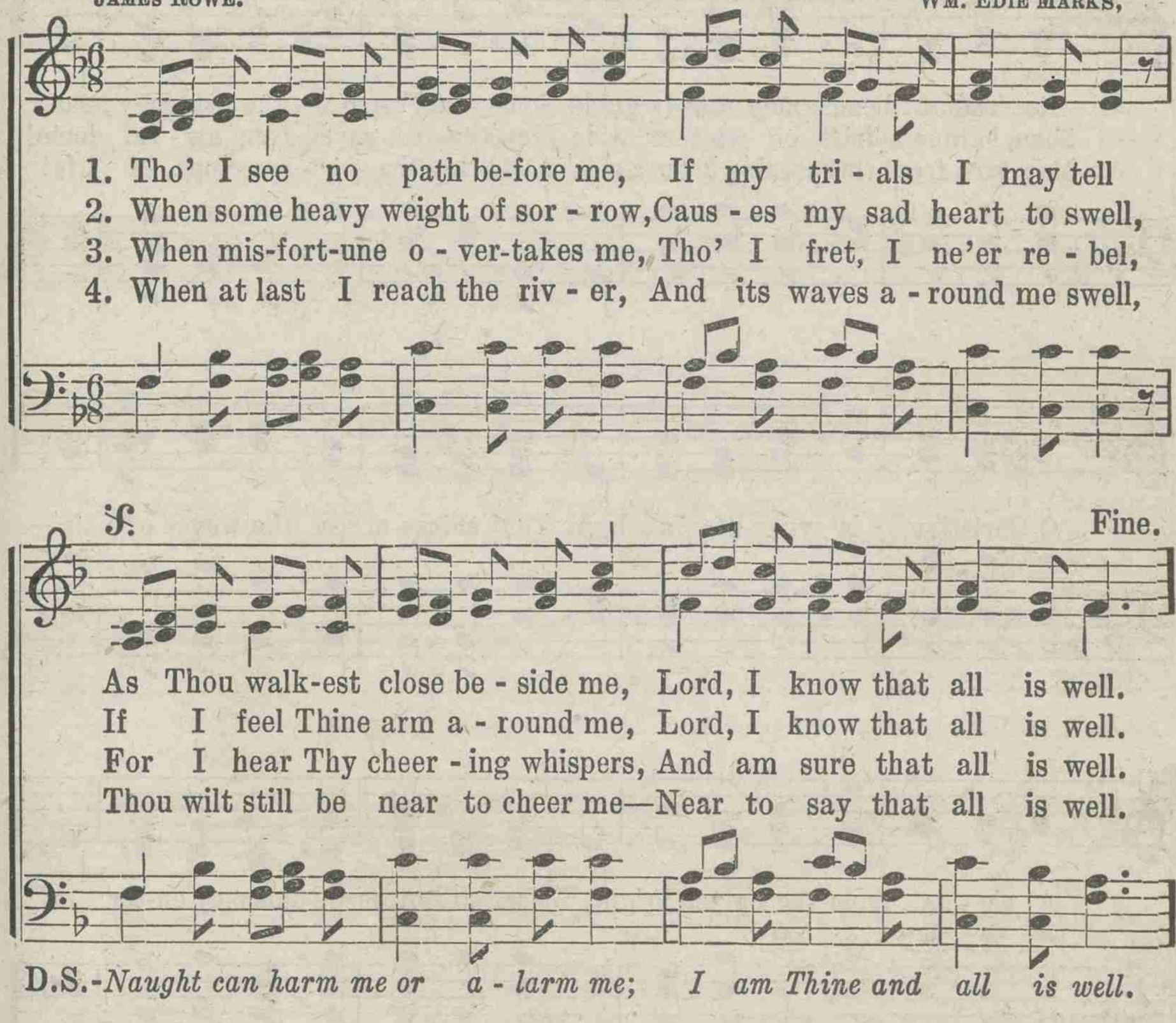
Bless-ed Saviour, Thou wilt guide us Till we reach that blissful shore,

LIFE'S RAILWAY TO HEAVEN. Concluded.
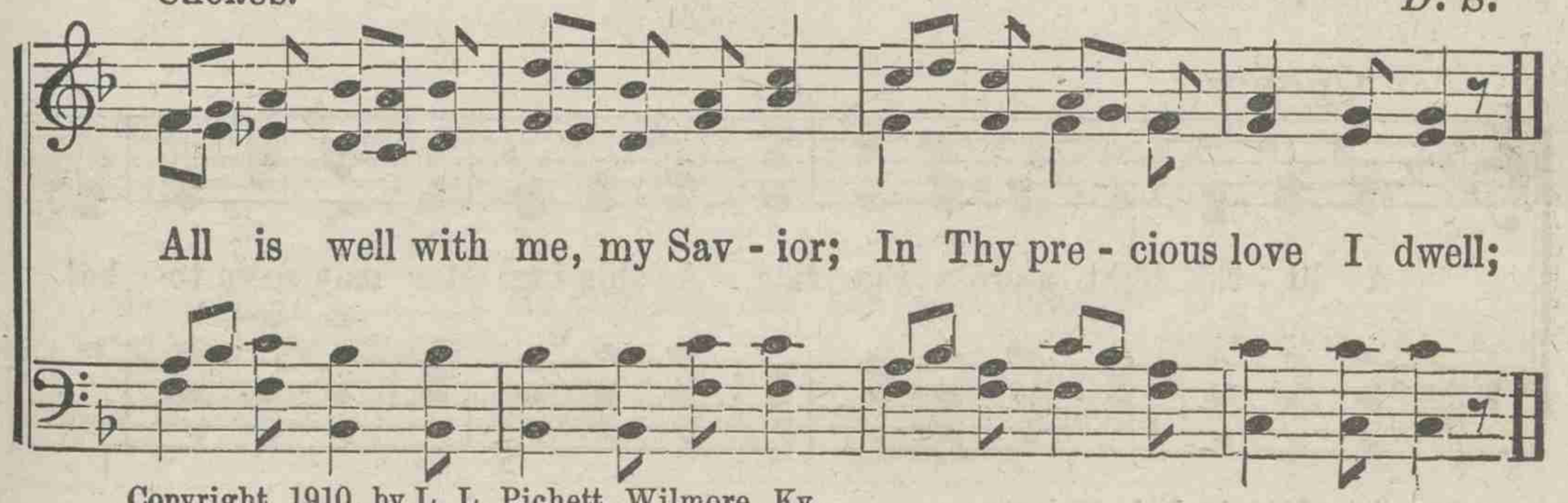


104 ALL IS WELL.

JAMES ROWE. WM. EDIE MARKS,



CHORUS. *D. S.*



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105. A LITTLE LIGHT ACROSS THE TIDE.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. L. L. PICKETT.

1. A lit - tle light a-cross the tide A shin-ing star may seem to be!
2. A lit - tle light a-cross the tide Will pierce the dim and starless gloom,
3. A lit - tle light a-cross the tide, A ray a - cross the bil-lows' strife,

Its radiant beams may safe-ly guide Some wand'rer o'er the storm-y sea.
Some barque a-drift on wa-ters wide May thus be saved from aw - ful doom!
May turn from threatening doom a-side And bring the joy - ous hope of life!

O Christian, is your life a light That shines across the waves of sin—

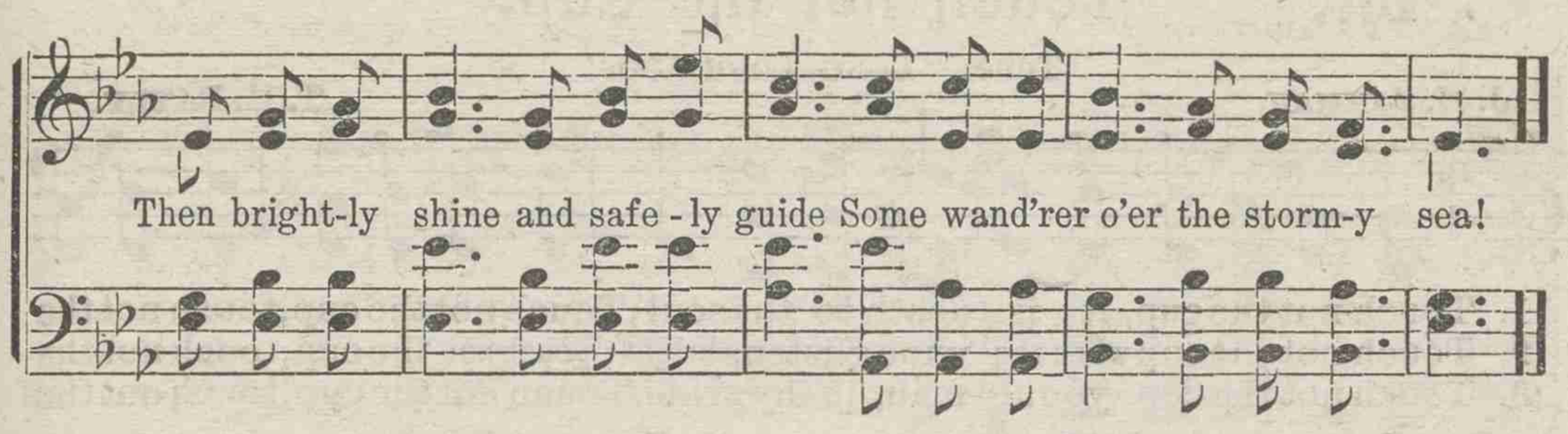
A sig - nal from the hav-en bright, Where stormtossed souls may en-ter in?

CHORUS.

A lit - tle light a-cross the tide A shin-ing star may seem to be!

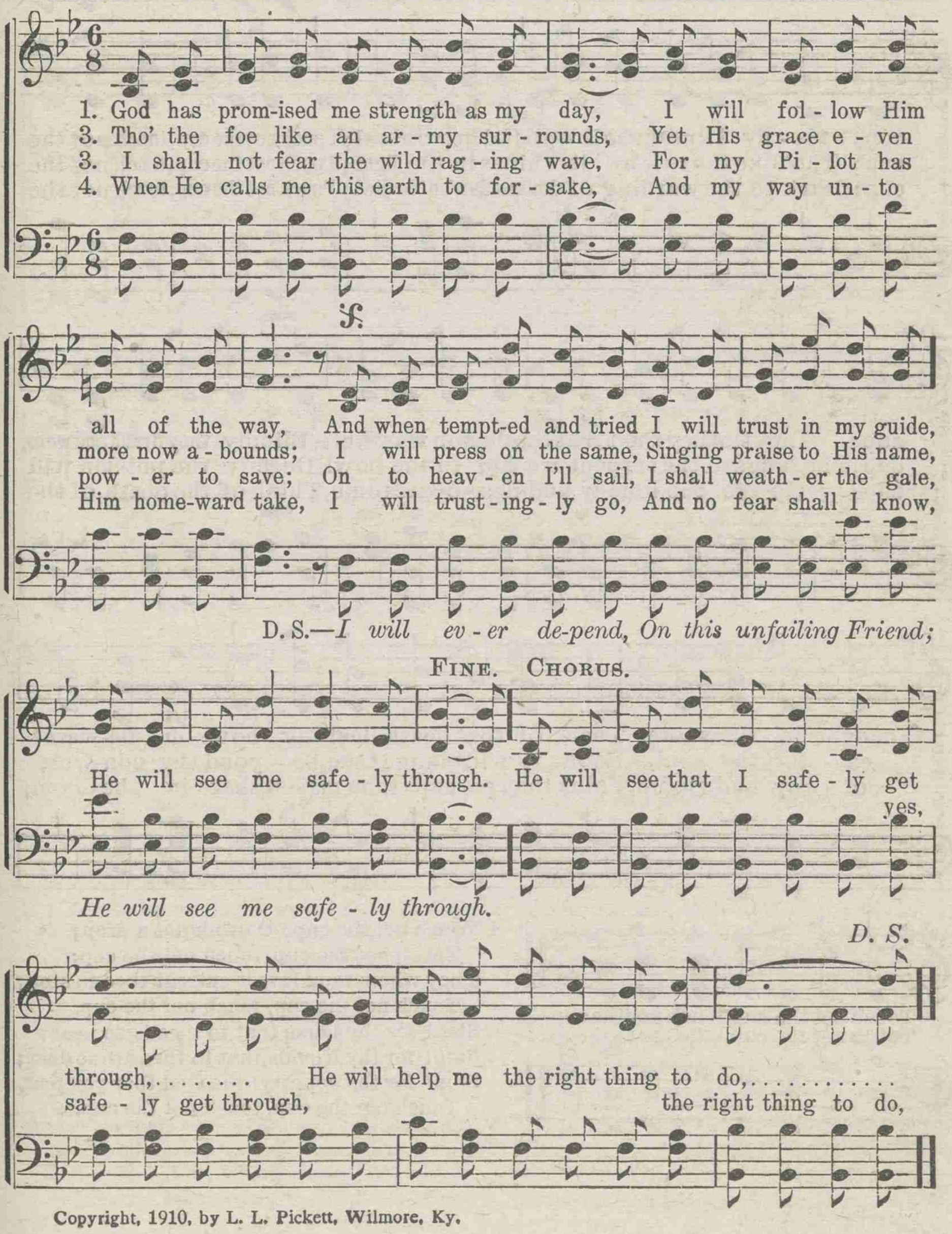
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A LITTLE LIGHT ACROSS THE TIDE. Concluded.



106. HE WILL SEE ME THROUGH.

W. E. M. WM. EDIE MARKS.
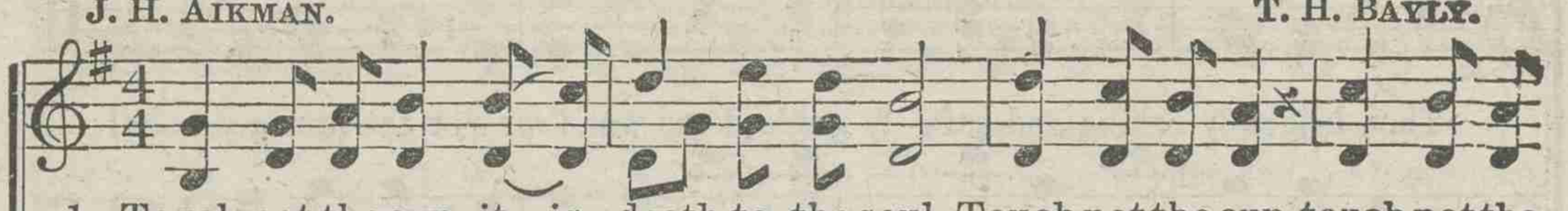


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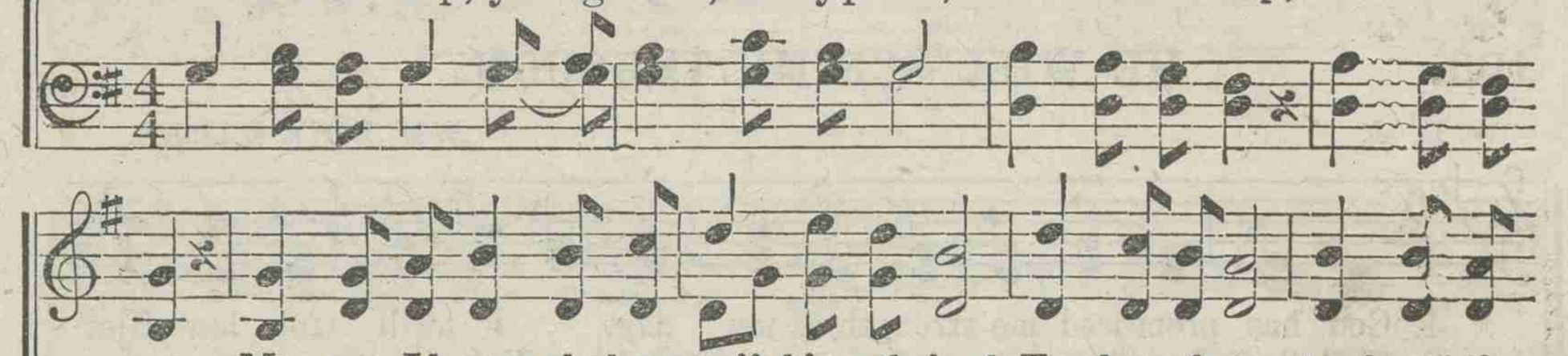
107. Touch not the Cup.

Tune: "LONG, LONG AGO."
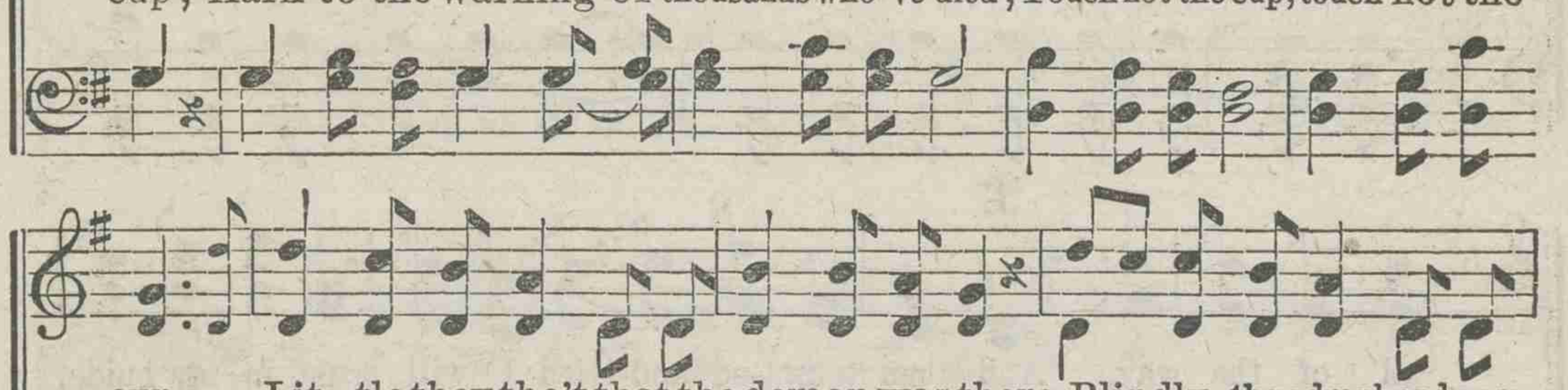
J. H. AIKMAN. T. H. BAYLY.
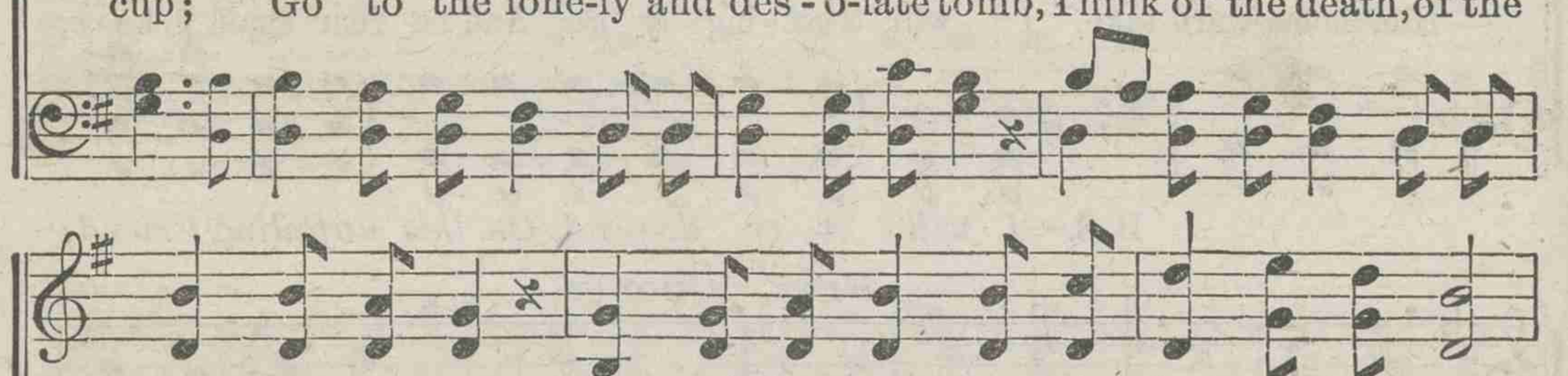


1. Touch not the cup, it is death to the soul; Touch not the cup, touch not the
2. Touch not the cup when the wine glistens bright; Touch not the cup, touch not the
3. Touch not the cup, young man, in thy pride, Touch not the cup, touch not the



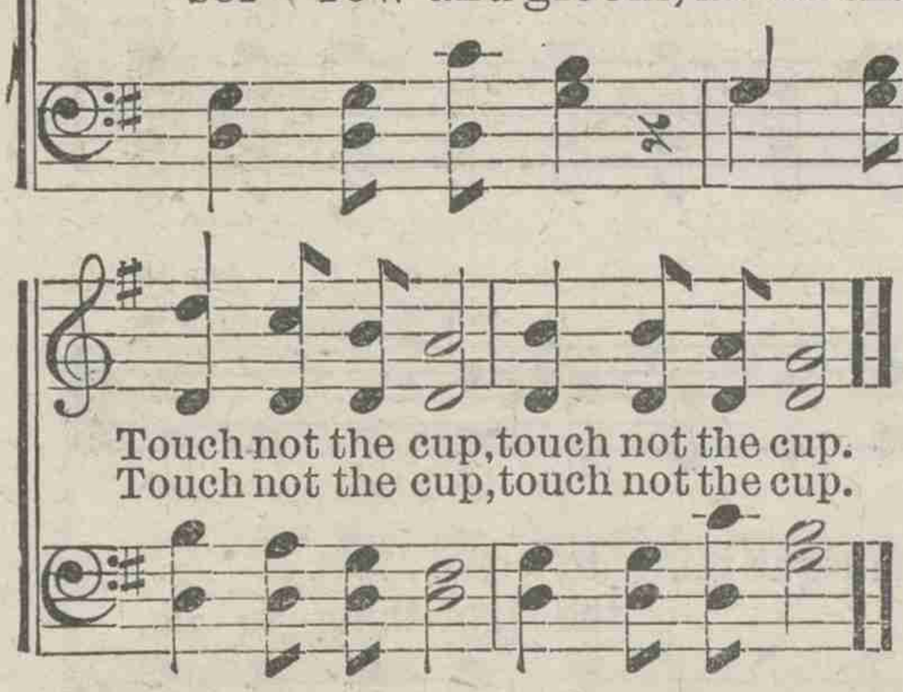
cup; Ma - ny I know who have quaffed from the bowl; Touch not the cup, touch not the
cup; Tho' like the ru - by it shines in the light; Touch not the cup, touch not the
cup; Hark to the warning of thousands who've died; Touch not the cup, touch not the



cup; Lit - tle they tho't that the demon was there, Blindly they drank and were
cup; The fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl, Deep-ly the poi-son will
cup; Go to the lone-ly and des - o-late tomb, Think of the death, of the



caught in the snare, Then of that death-deal-ing bowl, oh, be-ware!
en - ter thy soul, Soon it will plunge thee be - yond thy con-trol;
sor - row and gloom, Think that perhaps thou may'st share in the doom,
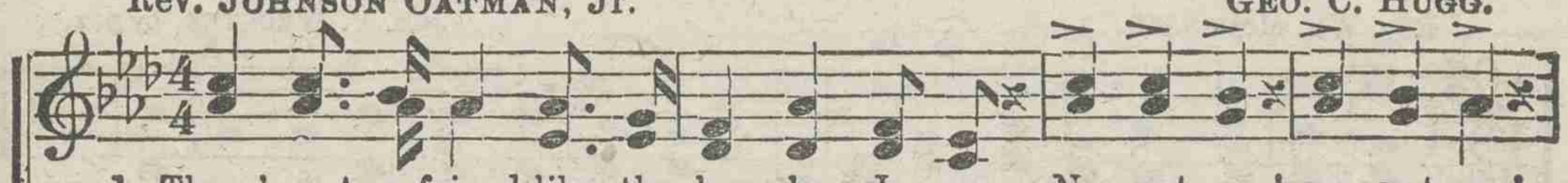


Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.
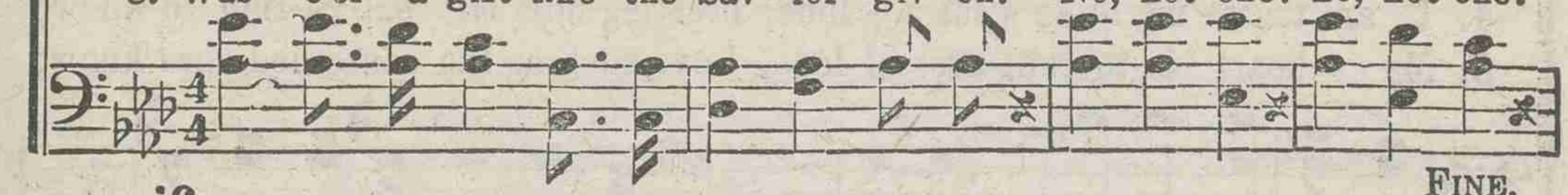
4 Touch not the cup; O drink not a drop;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
They whom thou lovest entreat thee to stop;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.
Stop! for thy home that to thee is so near;
Stop! for thy friends that to thee are so dear;
Stop! for thy country! the God that you fear,
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.

108 NO, NOT ONE!
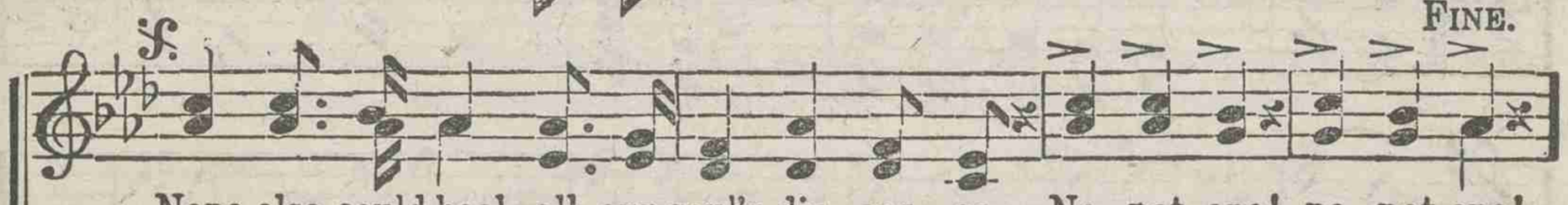
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. GEO. C. HUGG.
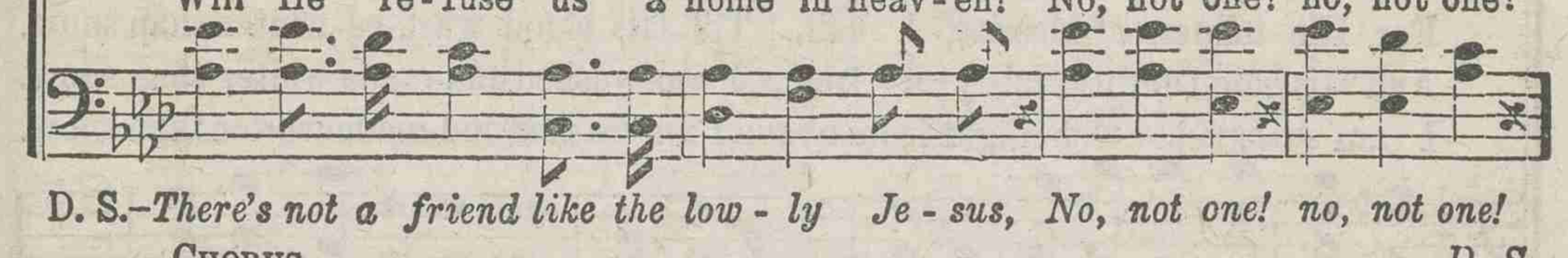


1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this friend for-sake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav - ior giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!



FINE.
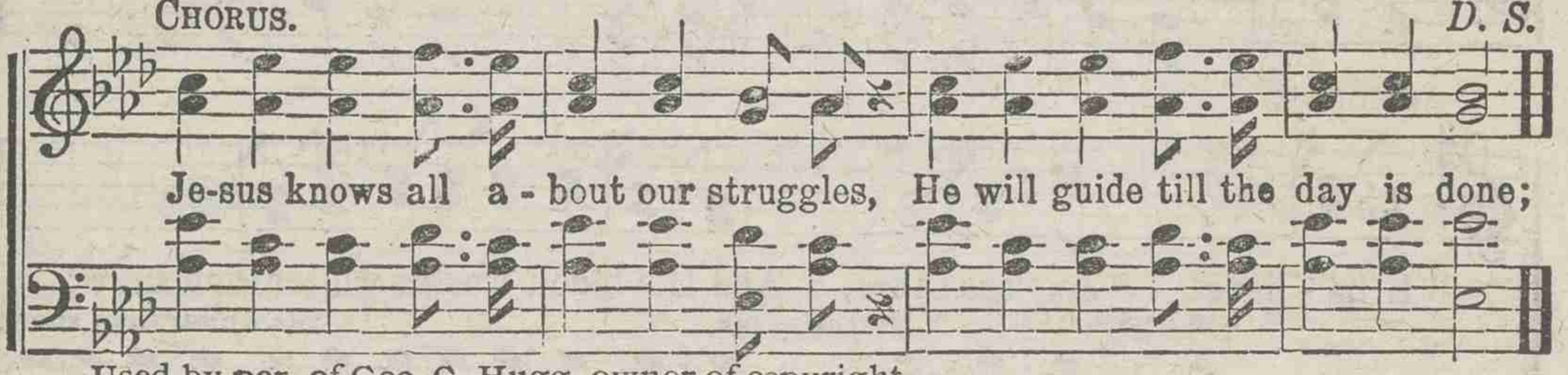


None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re - fuse us a home in heav - en? No, not one! no, not one!



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

CHORUS. D. S.



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

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109 (Key of D.)

1 O'er all the world OUR blessed Lord shall reign,
Banishing death and driving out all pain;
O'er all the lands His banner bright shall wave,
Till all shall know His mercy and His pow'r to save.

Cho.—He's coming, He's coming,
The King we've looked for long,
When o'er the earth shall swell
The glad Redemption song.

2 O'er all the world we long to see the day
When He shall drive the shadows far away;
Then ev'ry one shall bow to Him the knee,
His banner wave in glory over land and sea.

3 O'er all the worldHis righteousness shall spread,
Earth's hungry ones shall of His store be fed;
Then all the sin shall quickly flee away,
The night-shades fly before our Savior's world-wide day.

4 O'er all the world our anthems then shall ring,
Glad hallelujahs to our Savior King;
Up to yon heav'n our swelling notes shall rise,
While angels waft the chorus thro' those God-lit skies.

L. L. Pickett.

109½ (Key of D♭.)

1 If you want pardon, if you want peace,
If you want sorrow and sighing to cease,
Look to the Saviour who died on the tree,
Jesus can save you, for He saved me.

Cho.-Glory to Jesus, He satisfies me,
Glory to Jesus, I'm free, I am free,
Glory to Jesus, I'll shout it, I will,
Glory to Jesus, I cannot keep still.

2 Living beneath the shade of the cross,
Counting the jewels of earth all as dross,
Cleans'd in the blood flowing free from His side,
Jesus can save you, for you He died.
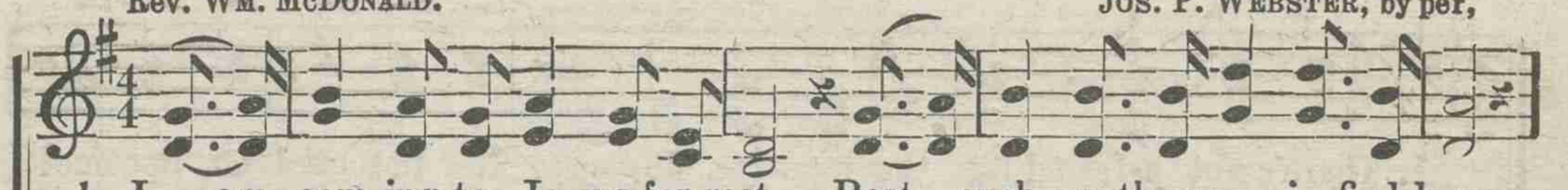
3 If you want boldness, take part in the fight,
If you want purity, walk in the light,
If you want liberty, shout and be free,
Jesus can cleanse you, for He cleans'd me.

4 If you want Jesus to reign in your soul,
Plunge in the fountain and you shall be whole,
Wash in the blood that is flowing for thee,
Jesus can cleanse you, for He cleans'd me.
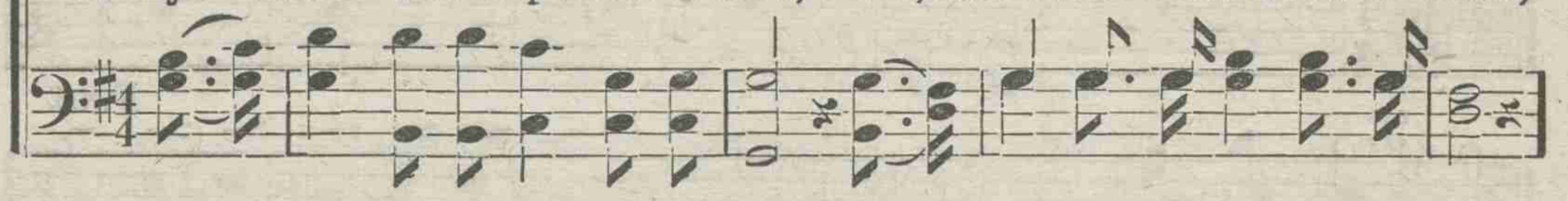
A. F. Myers.
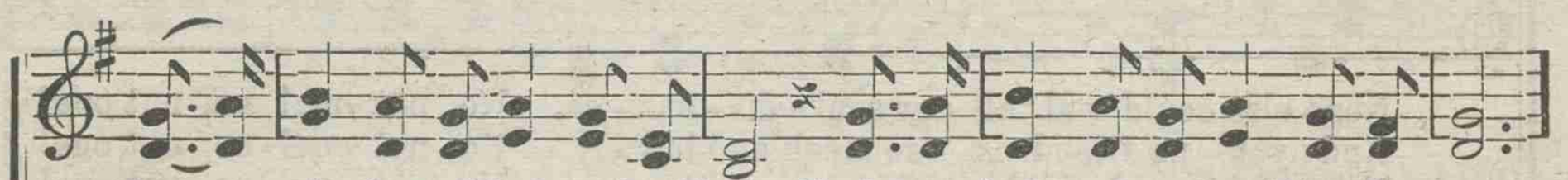
110 I BELIEVE JESUS SAVES.

Rev. Wm. McDonald. Jos. P. Webster, by per,
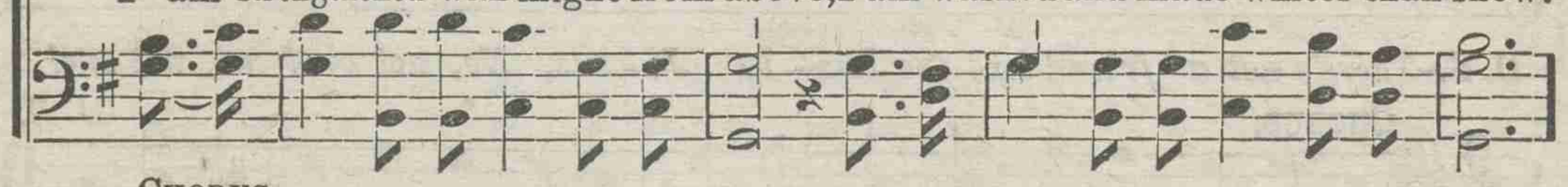


1. I am com-ing to Je-sus for rest, Rest, such as the pur - i - fied know;
2. In com-ing, my sin I de - plore, My weak-ness and pov-er - ty show;
3. To Je - sus I give up my all, Ev - 'ry treasure and i - dol I know;
4. I am trust - ing in Je - sus a - lone, Trusting now His sal-va-tion to know;
5. My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

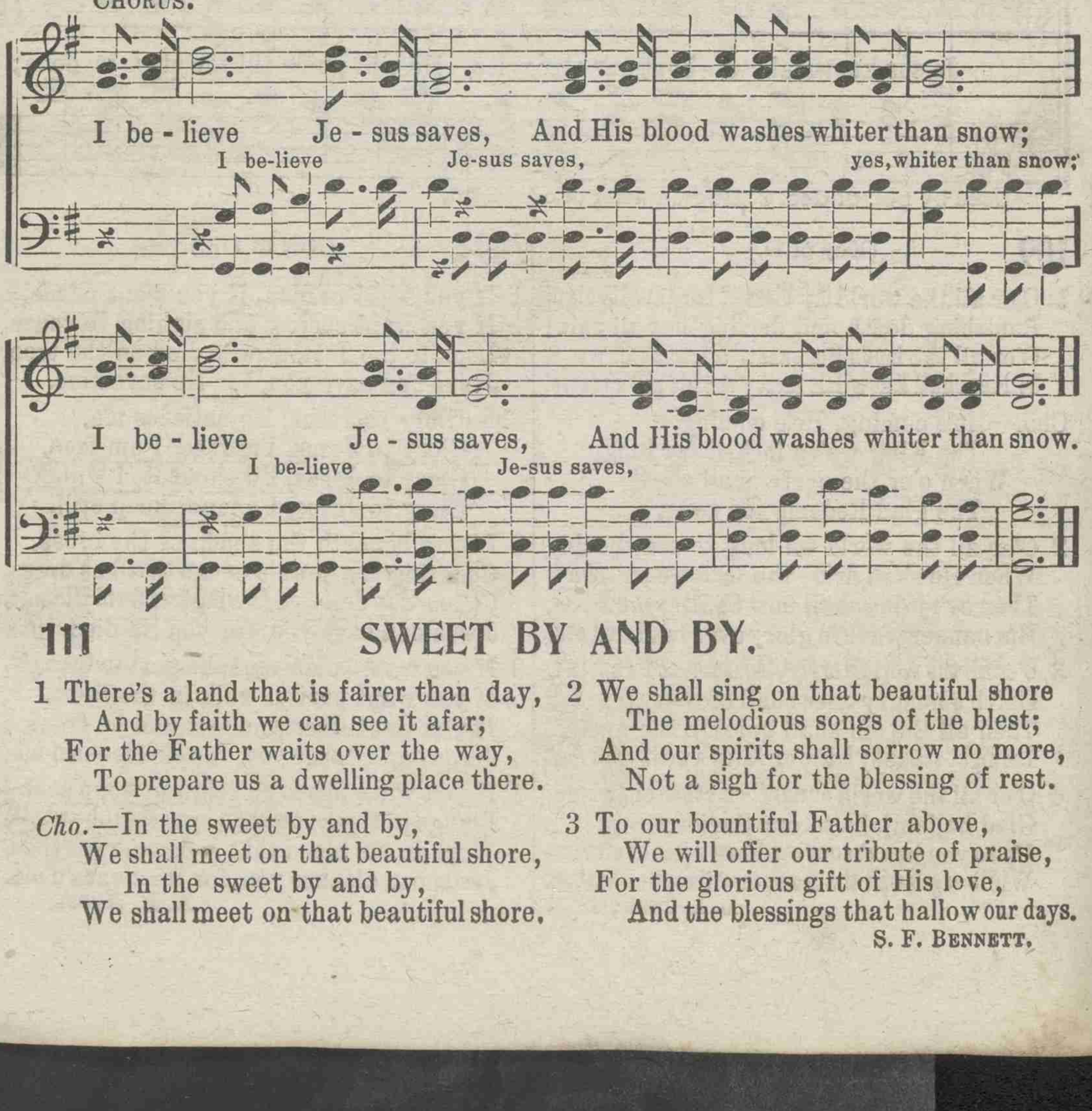




My soul is a-thirst to be blest, To be washed and made whiter than snow.
I long to be saved ev-er - more, To be washed and made whiter than snow.
For His fullness of blessing I call, Till His blood wash-es whiter than snow.
And His blood doth so ful-ly a - tone, I am washed and made whiter than snow.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



Chorus.



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

111 SWEET BY AND BY.

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

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

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

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

S. F. Bennett.

112 COME TO JESUS NOW.

J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely
2. For Je-sus shed His precious blood, Rich blessing to be-stow; Plunge now into the

CHORUS.

give you rest, By trust-ing in His word. { Come to Je - sus, come to Je-sus,
crimson flood That washes white as snow. { He will save you, He will save you,

1 2

Come to Je - sus now,
He will save } you now.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

113 HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

MARCUS M. WELLS. MARCUS M. WELLS.

Fine.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side,
Gent-ly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land;
2. Ev - er pres - ent tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in dark - ness here;
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait-ing still for sweet re - lease,
Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r, Trusting that our names are there,

D. C. Whis-per soft - ly, "Wan - d'rer, come, Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice While they hear that sweet-est voice.
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je - sus' blood,

WHEN WE GET HOME.

E. R. LATTA. W. O. PERKINS.

1. When we get home to that beautiful land, With its beau-ti-ful cit - y of gold;
2. When we get home from our wanderings here, To that clime where they wander no more;
3. When we get home, and our troubles are o'er, And our journey is ended be - low;

When we've passed over the river of death, And are safe in the heav-en-ly fold;
When with the lov'd ones who've passed into rest, We shall stand with our harps on the shore;
When we are free from each cumbering weight, And the sin that doth hin-der us so;

Wea - ri-some toil, trib-u - la-tion and care, That burden our spir-its to - day,
Like as a dream or a shadow shall pass, Shall pass un-re-tur-ning a - way.
Sorrow and strife, and our proneness to err, The pain and the sickness we bear,
Like as a dream or a shadow shall pass, And ne'er shall they trouble us there.
Tears that we shed in our sor-rowful hours, The fears and the doubts that molest,
Like as a dream or a shadow shall pass, And reach not the home of the blest.

CHORUS.

When we..... get home,..... How sweet..... 'twill be!
When we get home, get home, How sweet, how sweet 'twill be!

When we..... get home,..... How sweet..... 'twill be!
When we get home, get home, How sweet, how sweet 'twill be!

115. WILL YOU GO?

REV. C. H. MADISON. L. L. PICKETT.

1. O haste to the res-cue of sin-ners to-day, They perish in dark-ness, go-ing down the lone way; Their doom will be aw-ful, un-
2. O haste to the res-cue, thro' waves roll-ing high, The storm in its fu-ry bends low in the sky; The wa-ters are rag-ing, strong
3. O haste to the res-cue, the wreck's go-ing down, And ma-ny a lost soul is sure to be drown'd; Their hands now reach up-ward from
4. The life-boat's re-turn-ing, I hear the glad cry Of those who are sink-ing, and read-y to die; They tell of re-demp-tion from
5. What meaneth this ar-my who stand on the shore? Sing-ing Jesus is with us, we'll sink nev-er-more; The life-boat, the life-line, the

less they re-pent— 'Tis Je-sus now call-ing, by Him we are sent.
swim-mers are few, The Mas-ter is sure-ly de-pend-ing on you.
out the dark wave, O quick with the life-line, He's might-y to save.
wa-ter-y grave; By Je-sus the Mas-ter of wind and of wave.
swimmers were strong—Now res-cued from dan-ger, we join in the song.
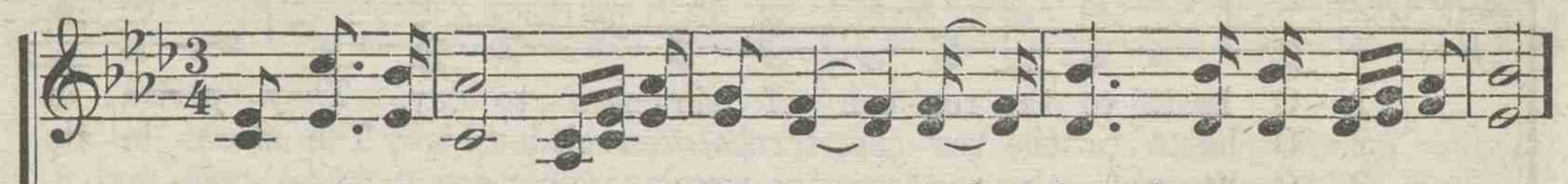
CHORUS.

Will you go? (Will you go?) Quick-ly go, (Quick-ly go,) Man the life-boat and hast-en a-way;
Will you go? (Will you go?) Glad-ly go, (Glad-ly go,) While the Mas-ter is call-ing to-day.
Last v.—We will go, (We will go,) etc.
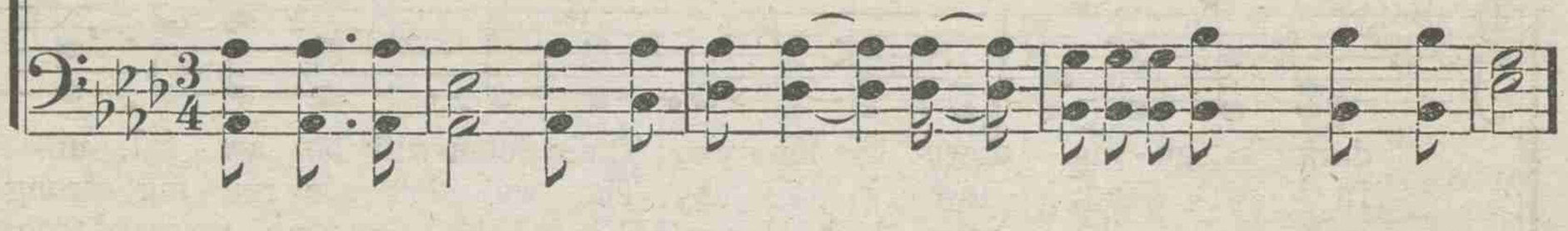
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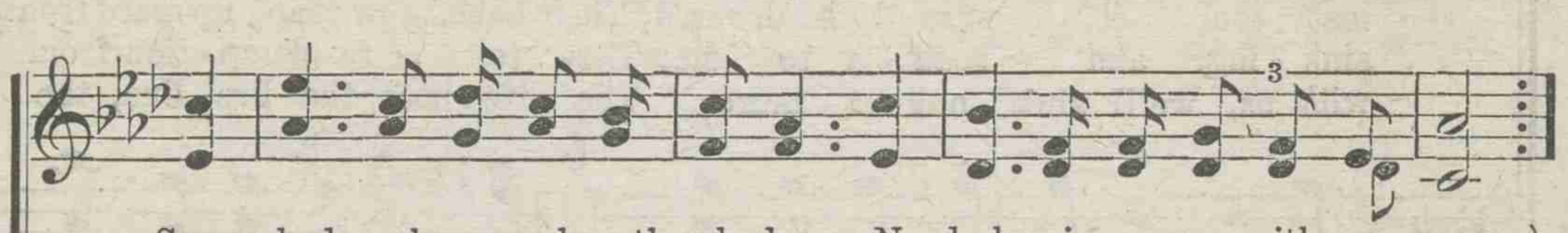
116. SOMEBODY KNOWS.

FANNY EDNA STAFFORD. Chorus and Music by L. L. PICKETT

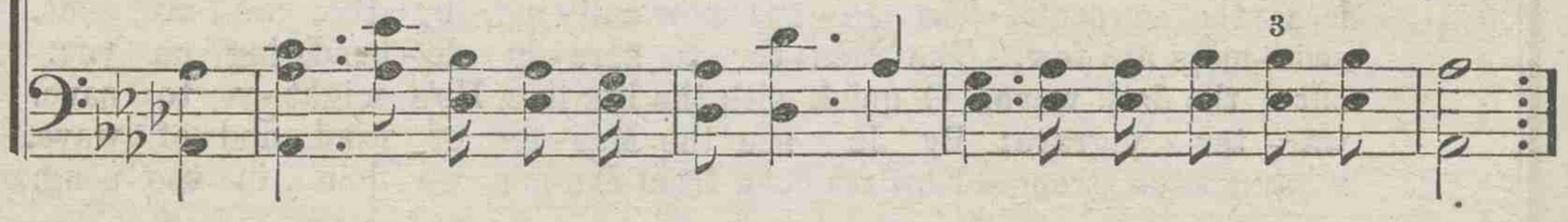


1. Some-bod-y knows when your heart aches, And ev-'ry-thing seems to go wrong;
   Some-bod-y knows when you're lone-ly, When tired, discour-aged and blue;
2. Some-bod-y cares when your tempt-ed, And the world grows diz-zy and dim;
   Some-bod-y grieves when you've fall-en, Tho' you are not lost from His sight;
3. Some-bod-y loves you when wea-ry, Somebod-y loves you when strong;
   You need His friend-ship so ho-ly, You need His watch-care so true;
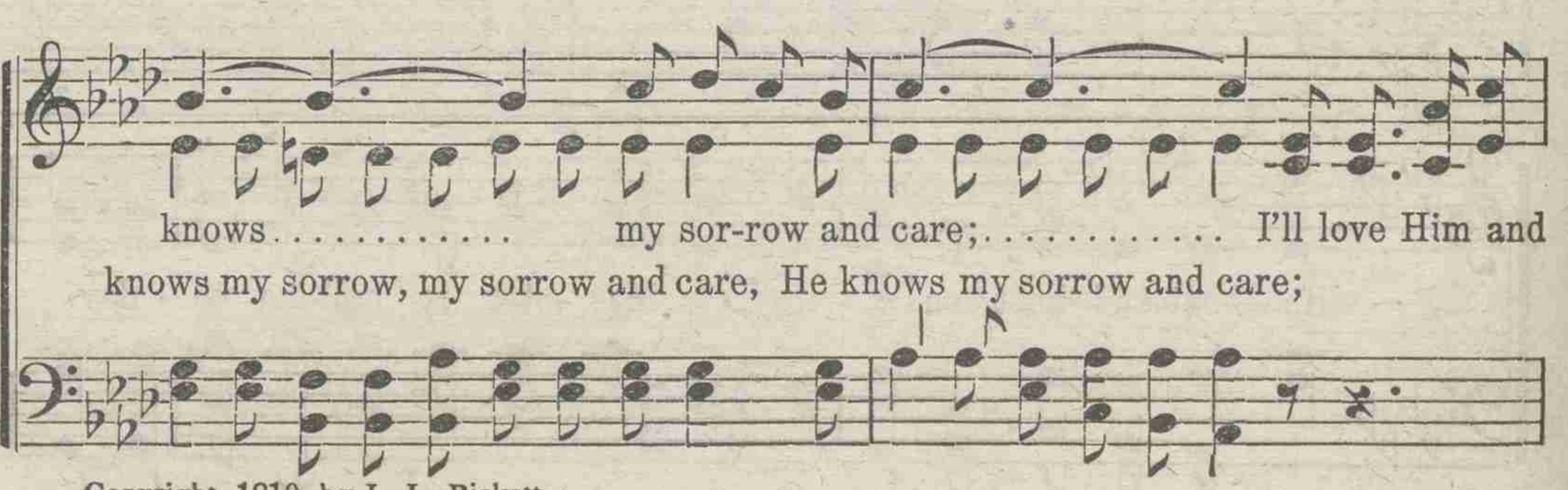




Some-bod-y knows when the shad-ows Need chas-ing a-way with a song;
Some-bod-y wants you to know Him, And know that He dear-ly loves you.
Some-bod-y cares when you're weakest, And far-thest a-way from Him;
Some-bod-y waits for your com-ing, Takes gloom from your sorrow and night.
Al-ways is read-y to help you, Watches o'er you, one of the throng;
His name? we call His name Je-sus, A Sav-iour for me and for you.



CHORUS.
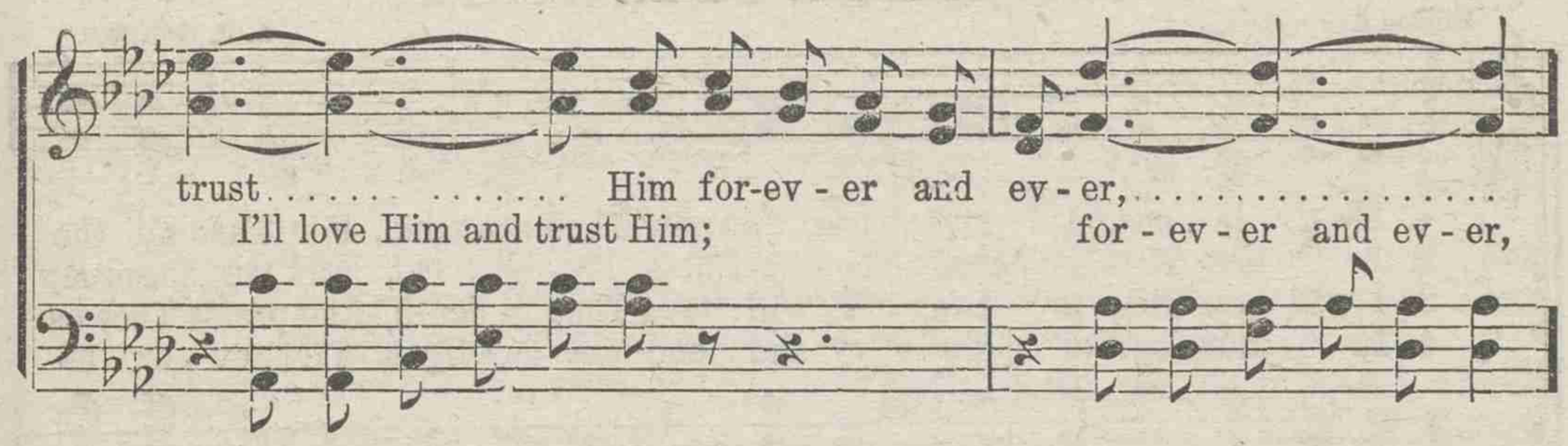


That Some-bod-y knows..... my trials and troubles,..... He
That Somebody knows my trials and troubles, He
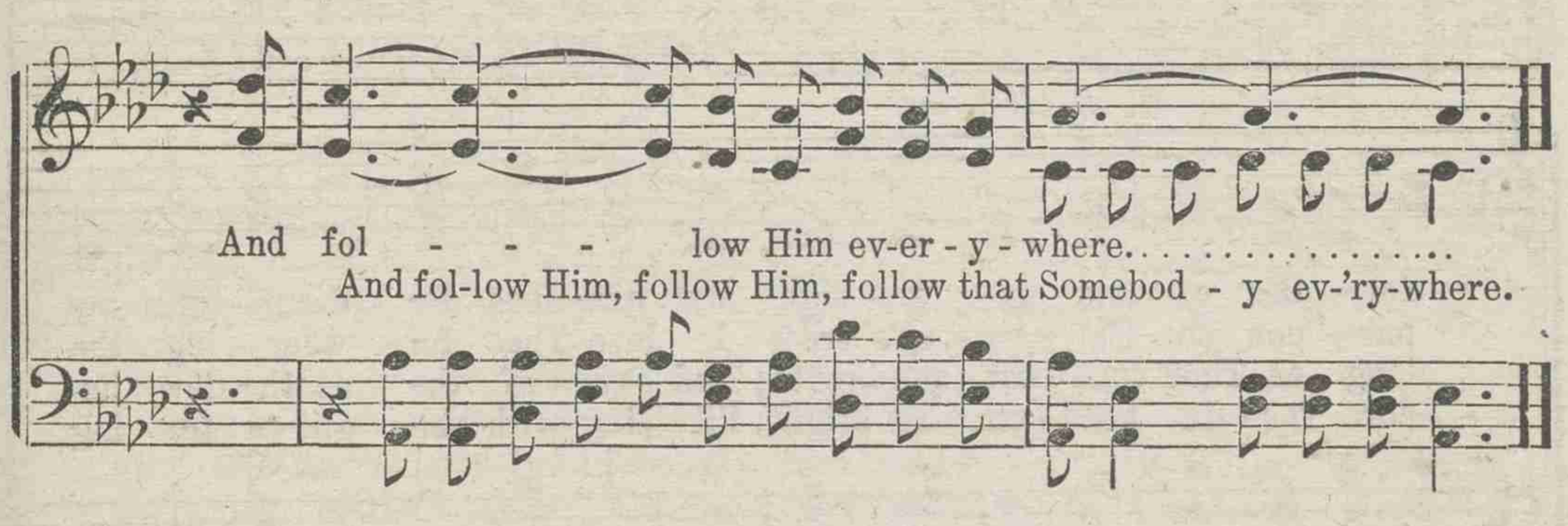


knows..... my sor-row and care;..... I'll love Him and
knows my sorrow, my sorrow and care, He knows my sorrow and care;

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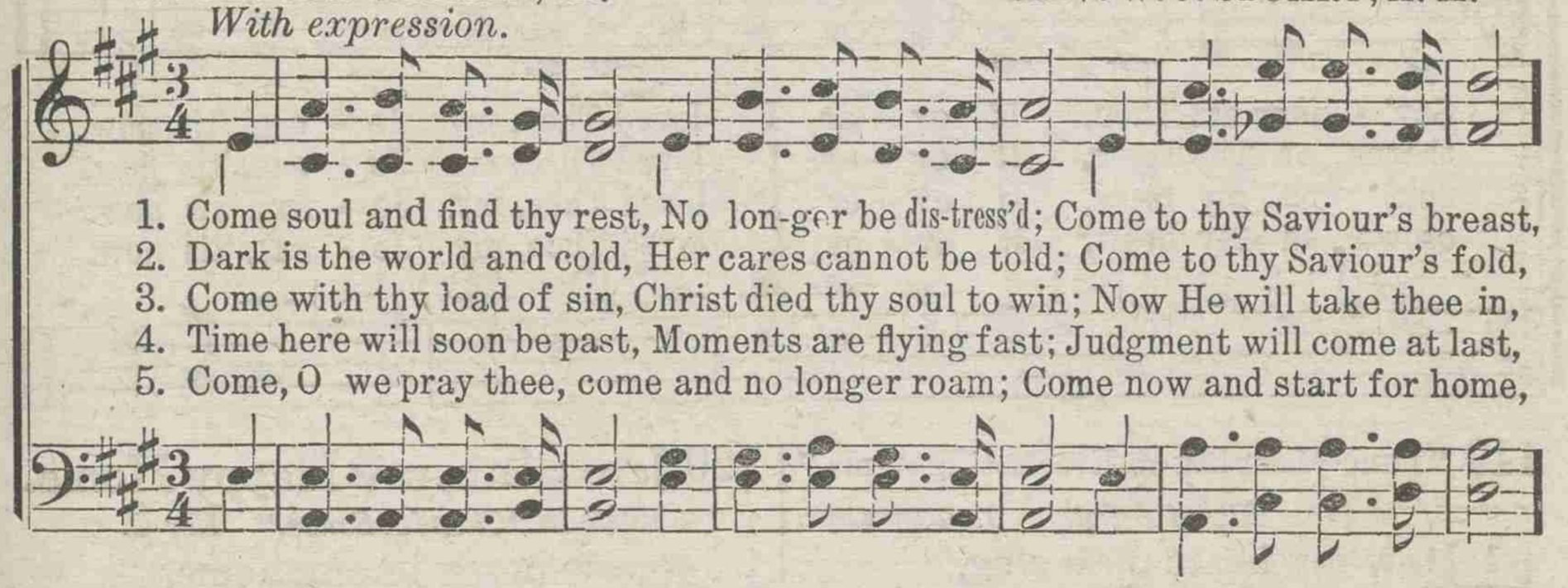
SOMEBODY KNOWS. Concluded.
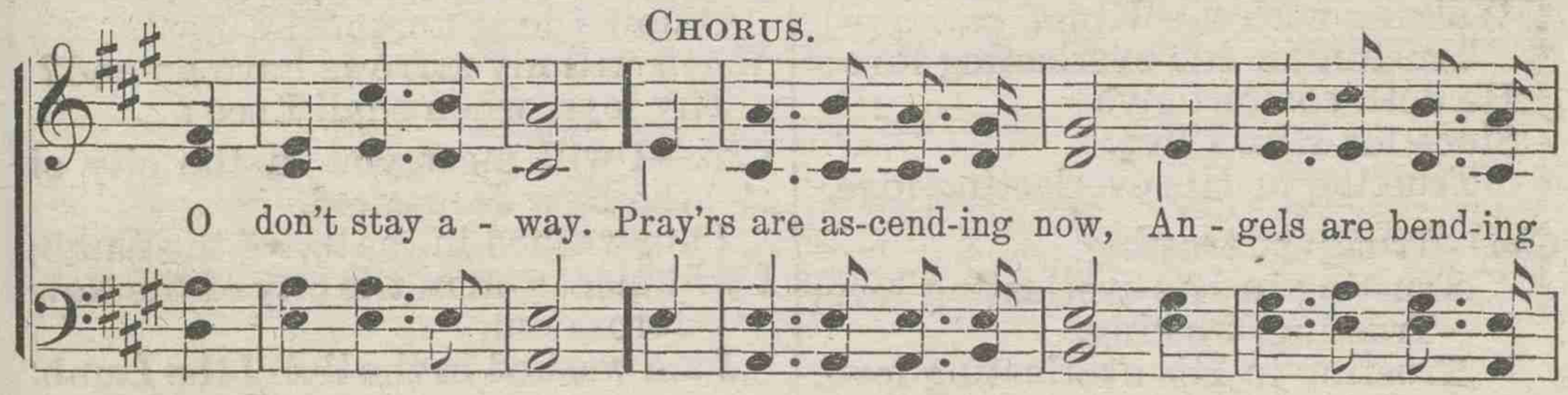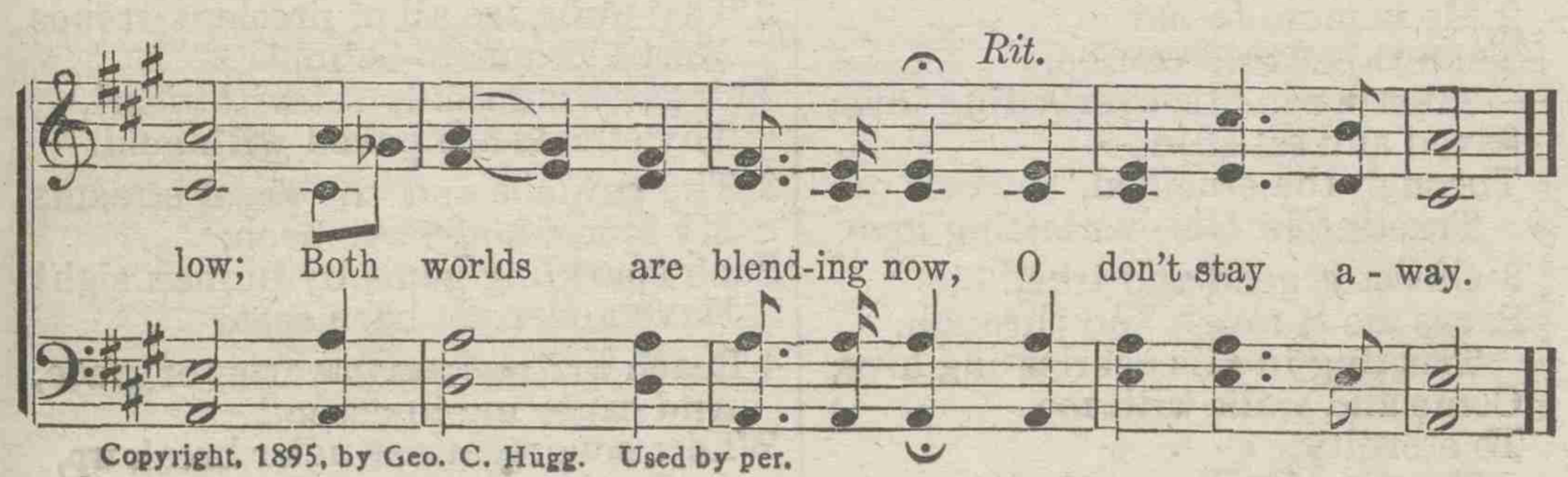




117. O DON'T STAY AWAY.

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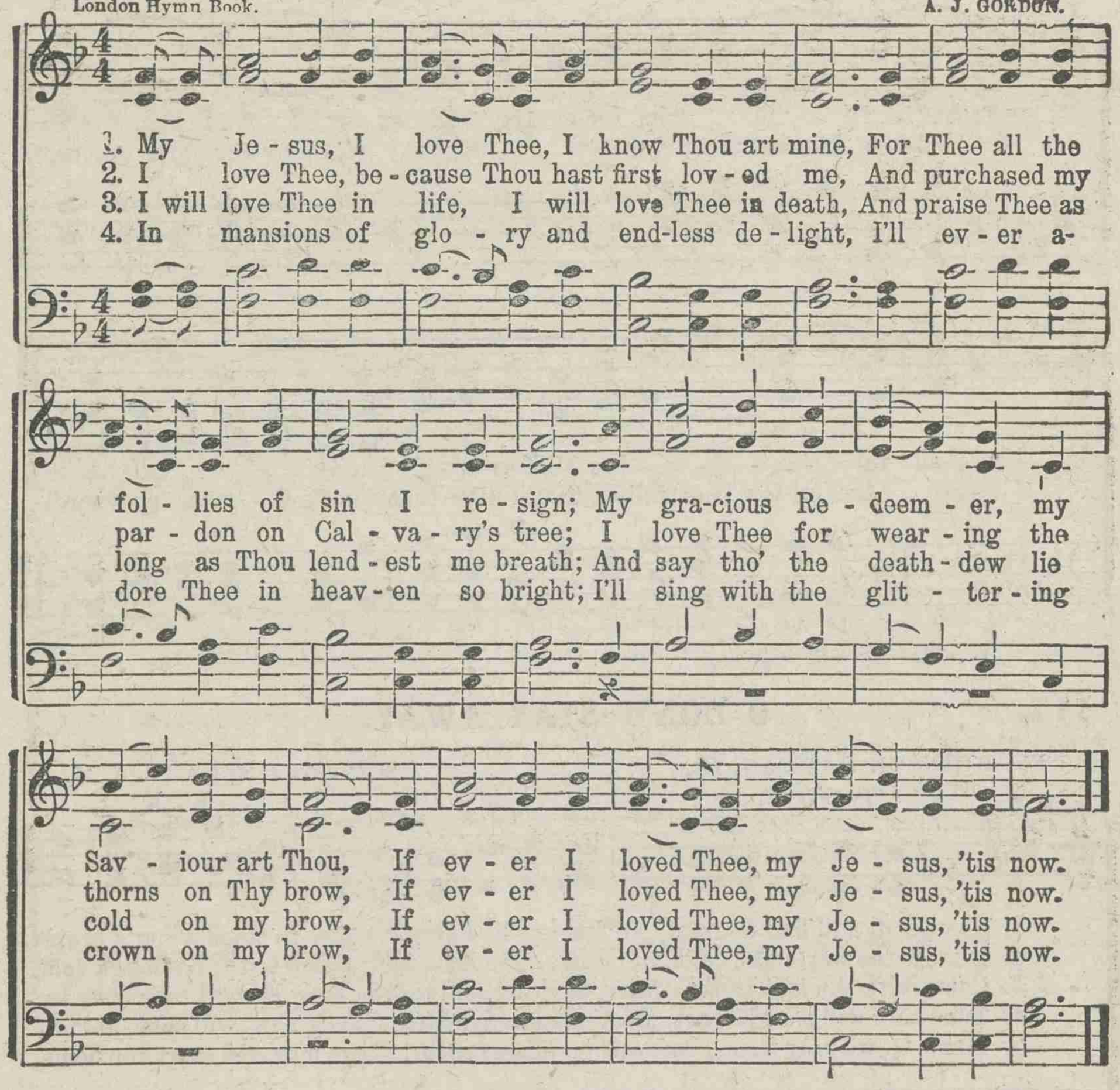






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118 MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

London Hymn Book. A. J. GORDON.



119 "Tune—Leaning on Everlasting Arms."

Key of A-flat. L. L. PICKETT.

1 How my heart doth sing,
Walking with my King,
Trusting in His everlasting love;
He doth comfort give
Since for Him I live,
Trusting in His everlasting love.

Cho.—Trusting, trusting,
Trusting in His everlasting love;
Trusting, trusting,
Trusting in His everlasting love.

2 He is more to me
Than this world can be,
Trusting in His everlasting love;
Saved and satisfied
Through the crucified,
Trusting in His everlasting love.

3 Christ is good and true,
Saves me through and through,
Trusting in His everlasting love;
Come and walk with me
To eternity,
Trusting in His everlasting love.

120 Jerusalem, my Happy Home.

Music in "Cheerful Songs." Key G.

1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
O how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys, when shall I see?

Cho.—I will meet you in the city of the New Jerusalem,
I am washed in the blood of the Lamb;
I will meet you in the city of the New Jerusalem,
I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

2 Thy walls are all of precious stones
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams
My study long have been,
Such sparkling gems by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

4 Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace,
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And praises never end.

121. WAIT, AND MURMUR NOT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The home where changes nev-er come, Nor pain nor sorrow, toil nor care; Yes!
2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n al-lowed, thine earthly lot; Thou
3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O think who bore them on His brow; If
4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r forgot; The

'tis a bright and blessed home; Who would not fain be rest - ing there?
yearnst to reach that blest a - bode, Wait, meek - ly wait, and mur- mur not.
grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.
day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not.

CHORUS.

O wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O
meek - ly wait,

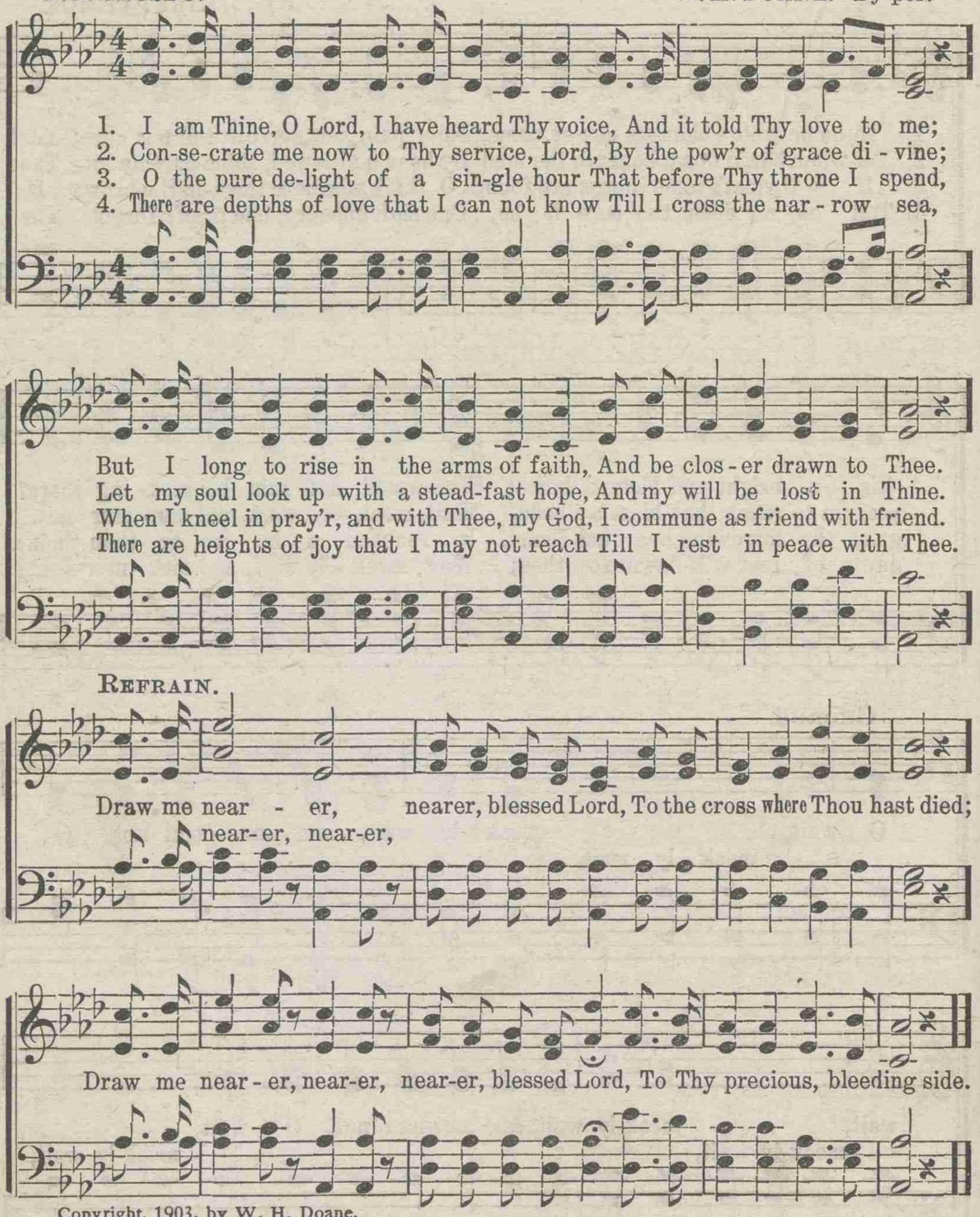
wait, meek-ly wait, and mur-mur not, O wait,
meek-ly wait, meek-ly wait,

O wait, O wait, and mur-mur not.
meek - ly wait, O mur-mur not.

Copyright by W. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

122. I AM THINE, O LORD.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.



Copyright, 1903, by W. H. Doane.

123. KEEP ME EVER.

Tune above. —L. L. PICKETT.

1 Thou art precious, Lord to my trusting heart,
Every idol is o'erthrown;
Thou art life and light, Thou art sun and shield,
And Thy Glory streameth down.

CHO.—Keep me ever, ever in the way,
Fold me in Thine arms of love;
Keep me ever, ever, ever for Thyself,
May I all Thy fullness prove.

2 May I dwell with Thee thro' the darkest hours,
Trusting only in Thy grace;
Let me nestle down in Thy sheltering arms
And look up into Thy face.

3 Let me ever feel Thy rich presence here
As I journey on my way;
May Thy grace abound and Thy Spirit lead,
Till I reach the realms of day.

4 Soon the gates of day shall fly open wide,
And Thy ransomed ones shall come
To that city fair—New Jerusalem—
Many now are gathering home.

124. FATHER KNOWS WHAT'S BEST.

C. F. W. (Effective as a Solo.) C. F. WEIGELE.

1. While liv - ing here be - low, you'll see much sin and woe, Your heart with grief may sometimes be distressed; Don't give way to de-spair, but go to God in pray'r, Re - mem-ber, Fa - ther knows just what is best.
2. If you would please the Lord, then trust His pre-cious Word, His love for you can nev - er be ex-pressed; Tho' clouds may hov-er o'er, and tri - als press thee sore, Re - mem-ber, Fa - ther knows just what is best.
3. If friends for whom you pray, grow cold - er day by day, They will not en - ter in - to per - fect rest; Don't wor - ry or re-pine, trust God and al - ways shine, Re - mem-ber, Fa - ther knows just what is best.
4. At times you seek to know why tri - als press you so, For some cause He'll not an-swer your re-quest; Some day, when face to face, you'll find in ev - 'ry case That Fa-ther knew just what for you was best.
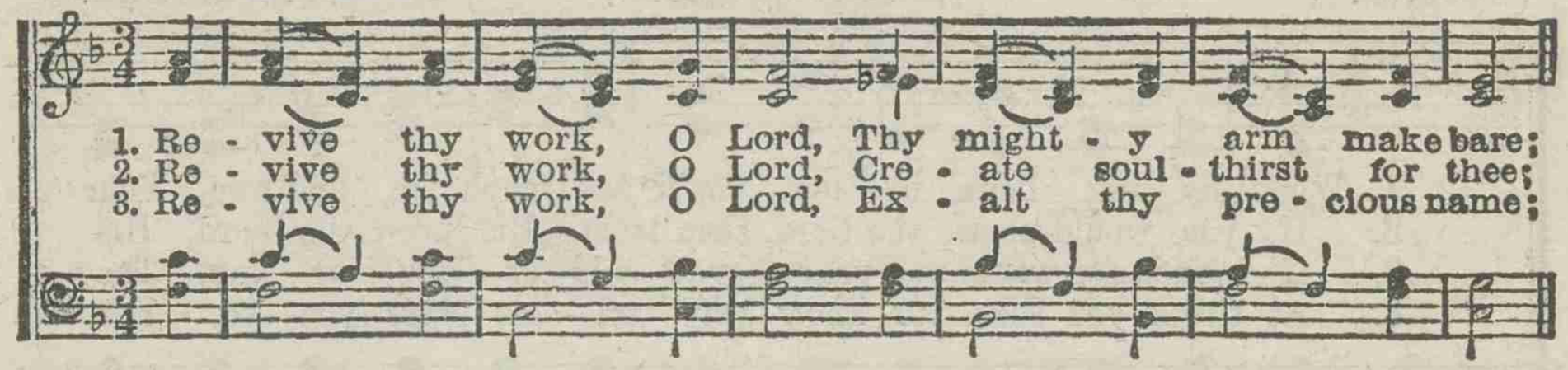
REFRAIN.

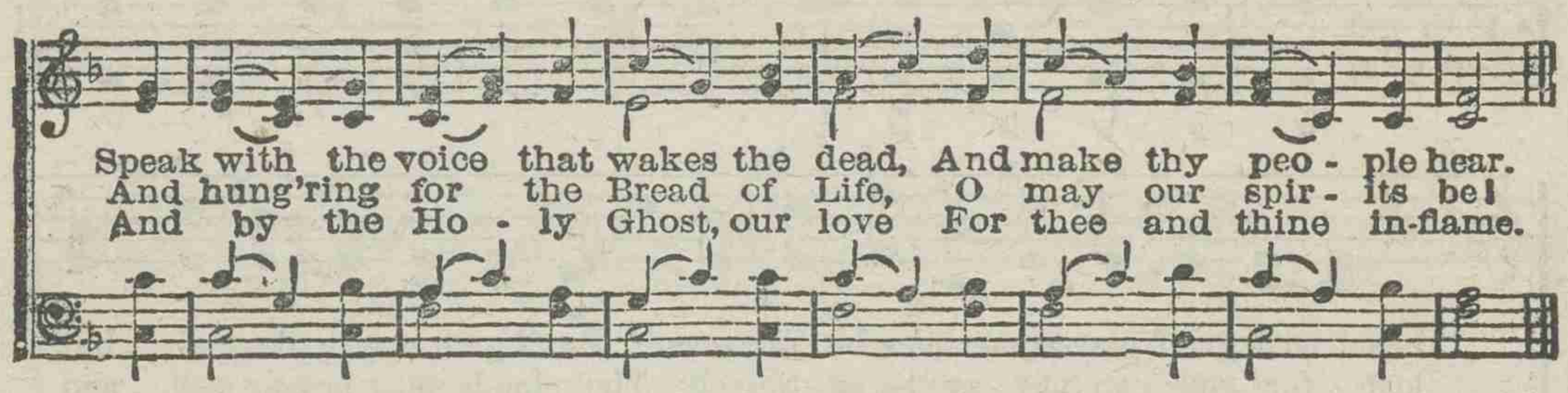
Yes, Fa - ther knows what's best, so do not be dis - tressed; hard - er on His arm, where naught can thee a - larm;
"Fear not," you'll hear Him whis - per in your soul. Bear Your all is safe while un - der His con - (*Omit*.....) trol.

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125. DENNIS. S. M.

ALBERT MIDLANE. H. G. NÄGELI.





126. Blest Be the Tie. S. M.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

JOHN FAWCETT.

127. A Charge to Keep. S. M.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will!

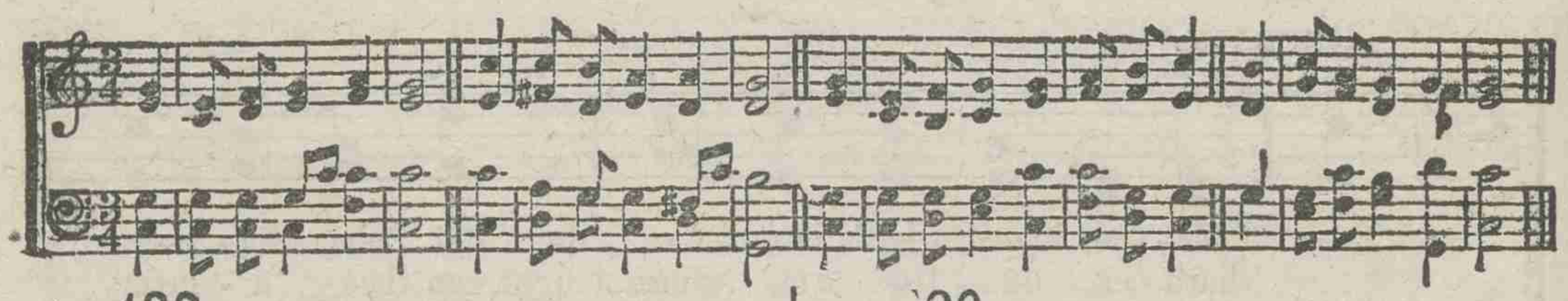
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

CHAS. WESLEY.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



128. And Can I Yet Delay. S. M.

1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror!

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

CHAS. WESLEY.

129. Evils of Intemperance. S. M.

1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.
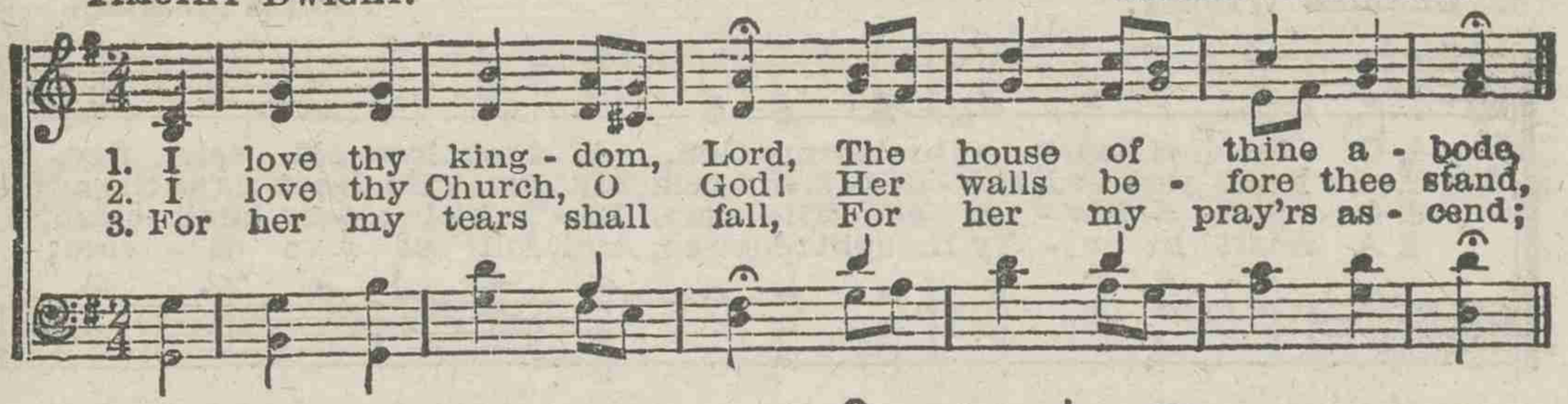
2 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.
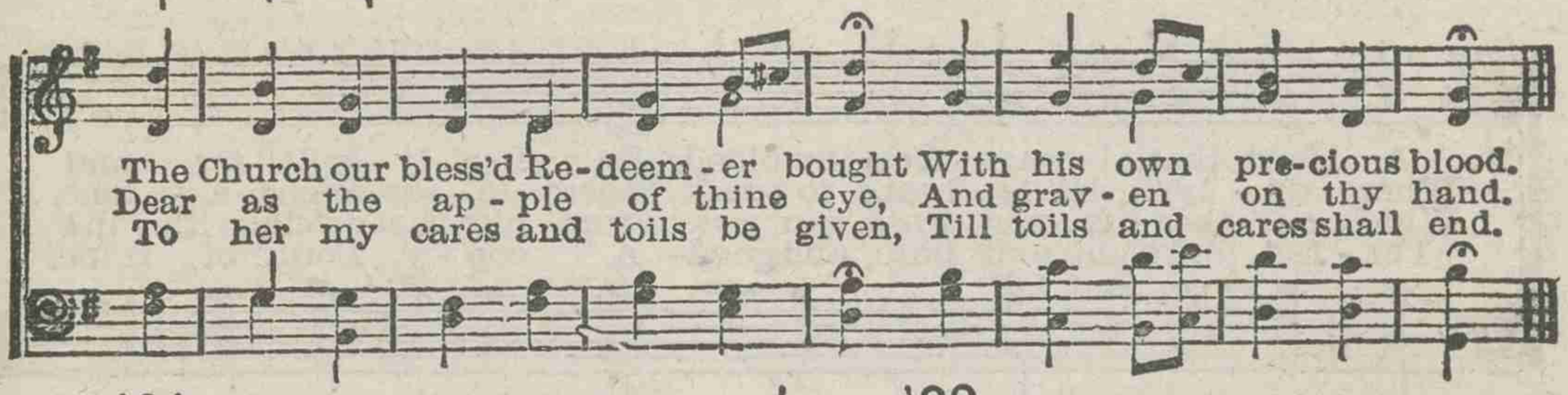
3 Mourn for the lost; but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

4 Mourn for the lost; but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

130. ST. THOMAS. S. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. GEORGE F. HANDEL.





131. Lord God, the Holy Ghost.

1 Lord God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling, breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

132. Grace!

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to my ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.
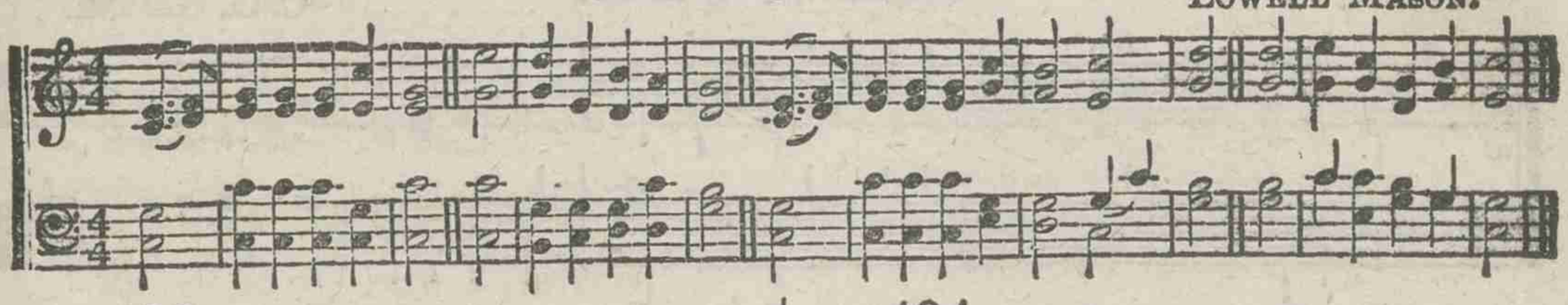
3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

P. DODDRIDGE.

LABAN. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



133. Spirit of Faith.

1 Spirit of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood.

2 'Tis thine the blood t' apply,
And give us eyes to see,
Who did for every sinner die
Hath surely died for me.

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend, and show
The virtue of his name.

4 The grace which all may find,
The saving power, impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

CHARLES WESLEY.

134. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise,
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er,
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

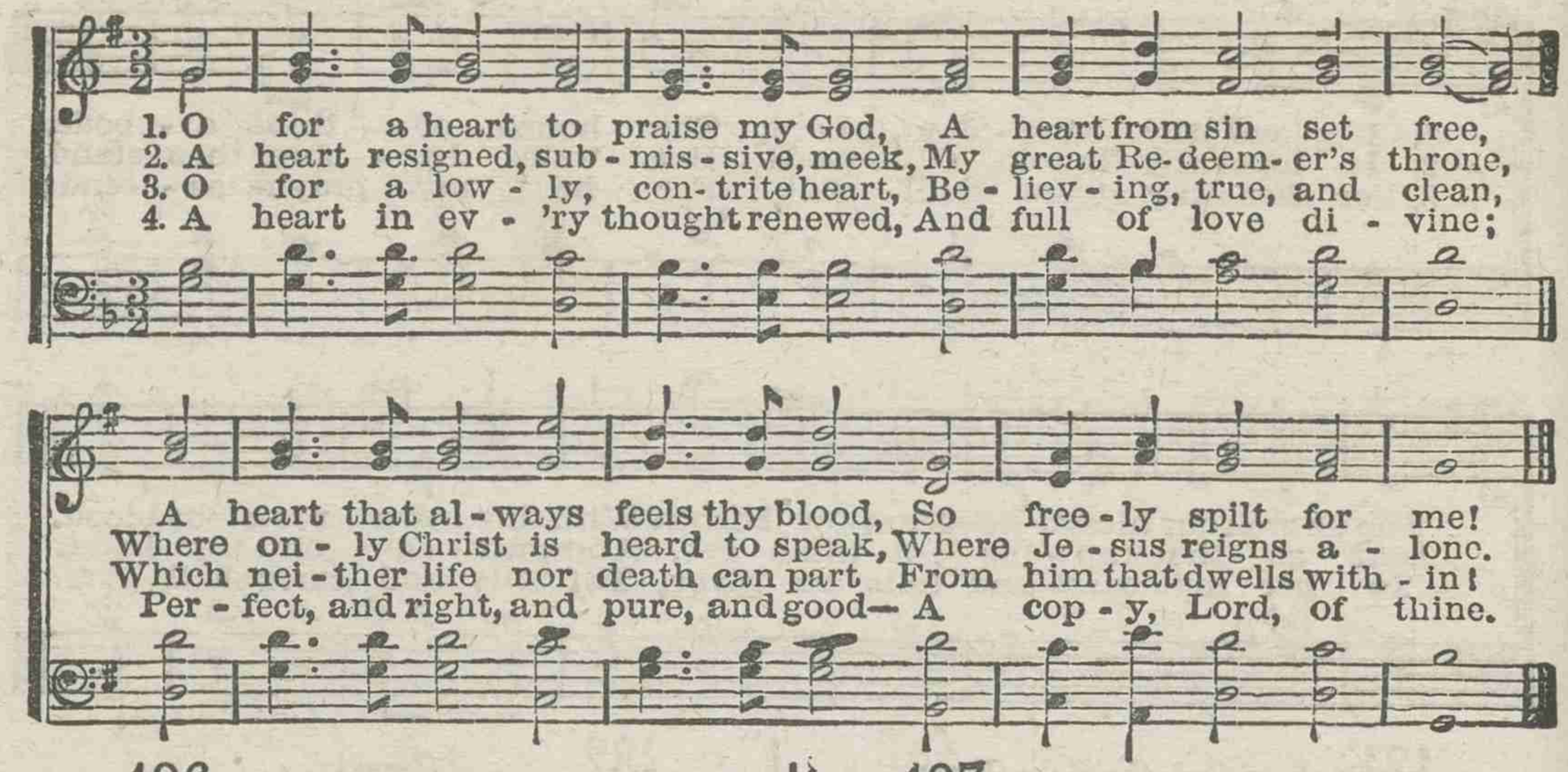
3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

GEORGE HEATH.

135. ARLINGTON. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. THOMAS A. ARNE.



136. O for a Faith. C. M.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by ev'ry foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.

137. Am I a Soldier. C. M.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

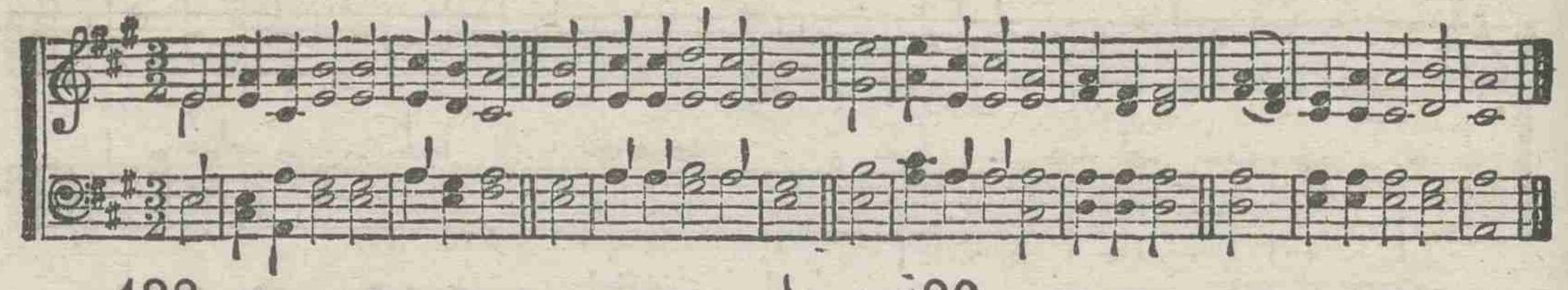
3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

ISAAC WATTS.

AZMON. C. M.

C. G. GLASER.



138. Forever Here My Rest. C. M.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

139. The Dearest Name. C. M.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
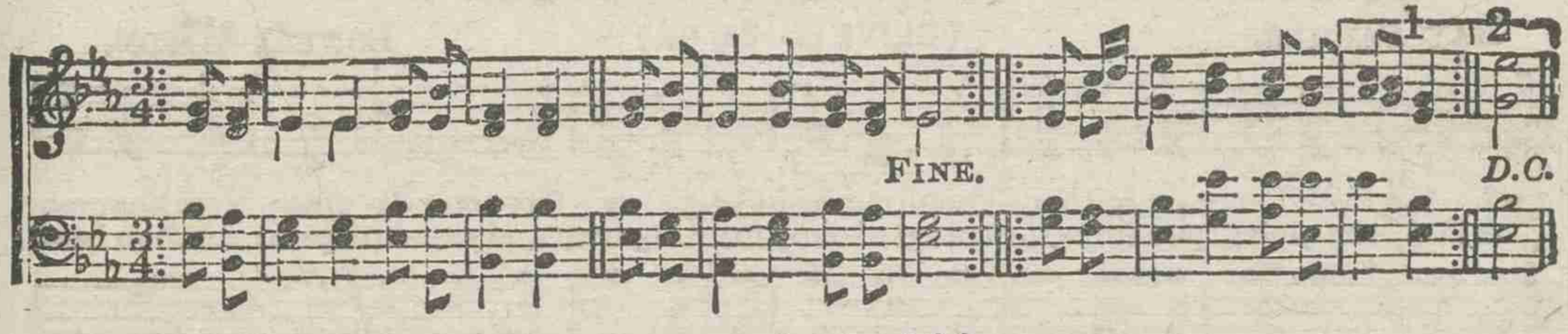
3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

JOHN NEWTON.

NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN WYETH.



140. Come, Thou Fount.

1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither, by thy help, I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God:
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood!

3 O! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it!
Seal it for thy courts above.

R. ROBINSON.

141. Tune.—874 Hymnal.

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.
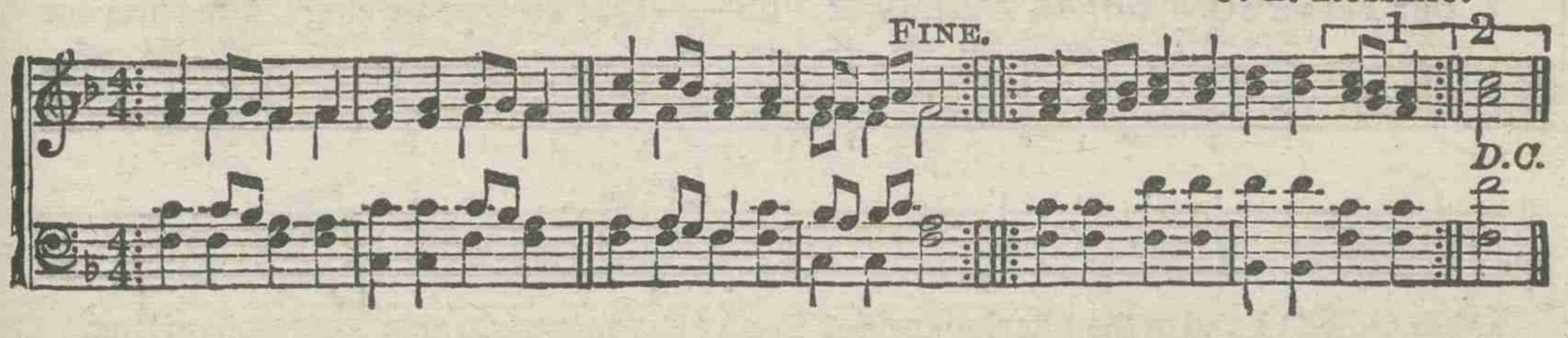
2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

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

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s. D.

J. T. ROSSEAU.



142. Come, Ye Sinners.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

JOSEPH HART.

143. The Pilgrim's Guide.

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
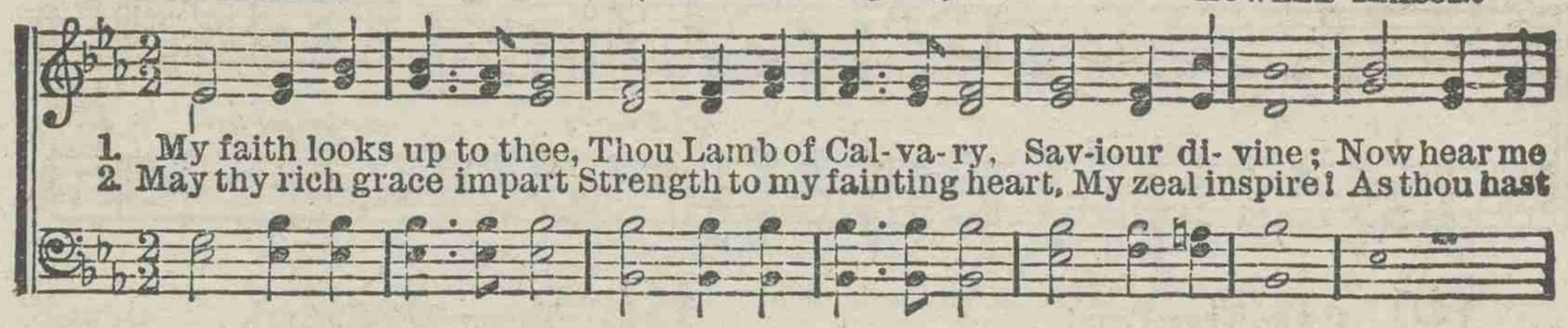
2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

144. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

RAY PALMER. (OLIVET. 6s, 4s.) LOWELL MASON.
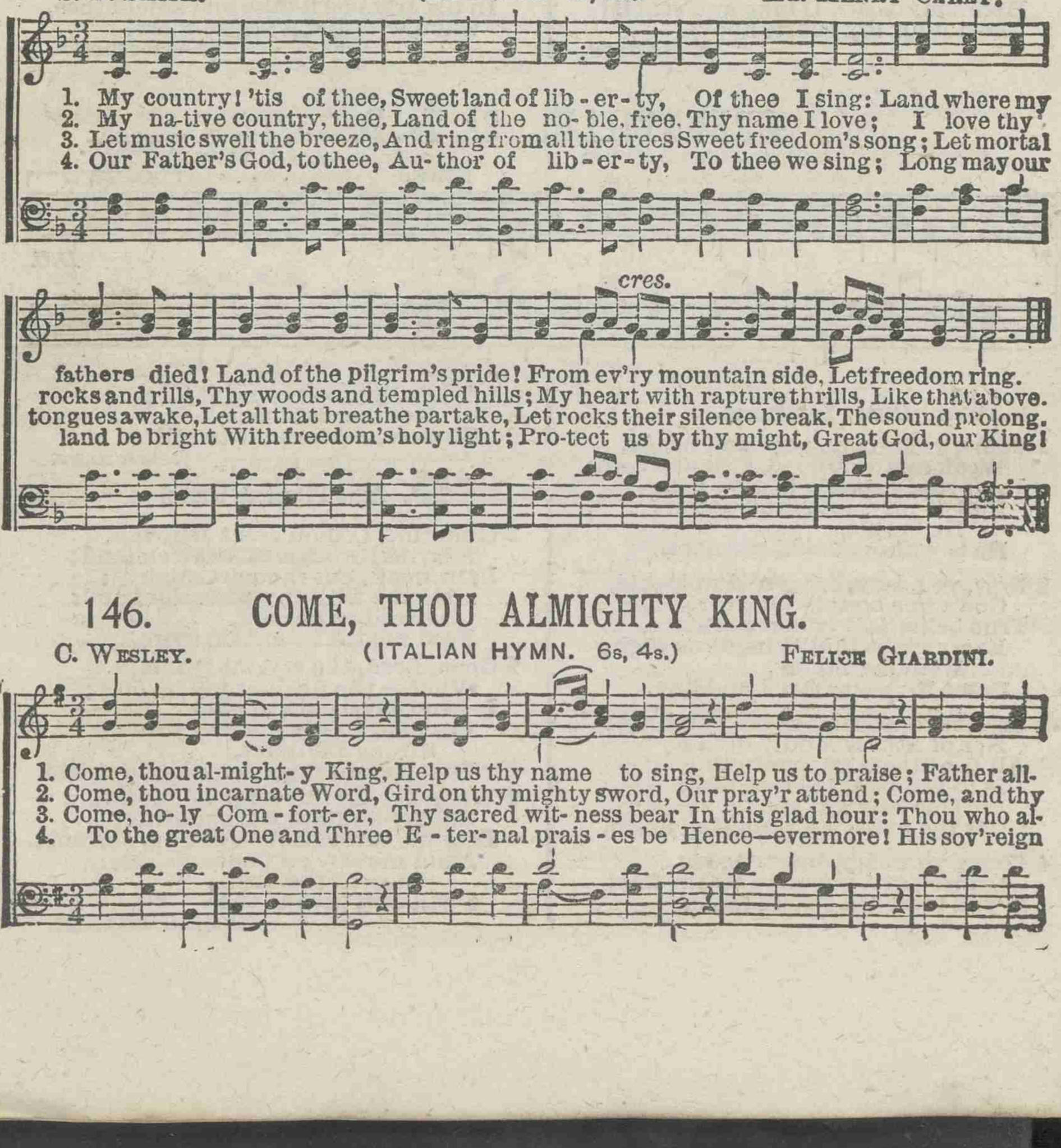


3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

145. MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.
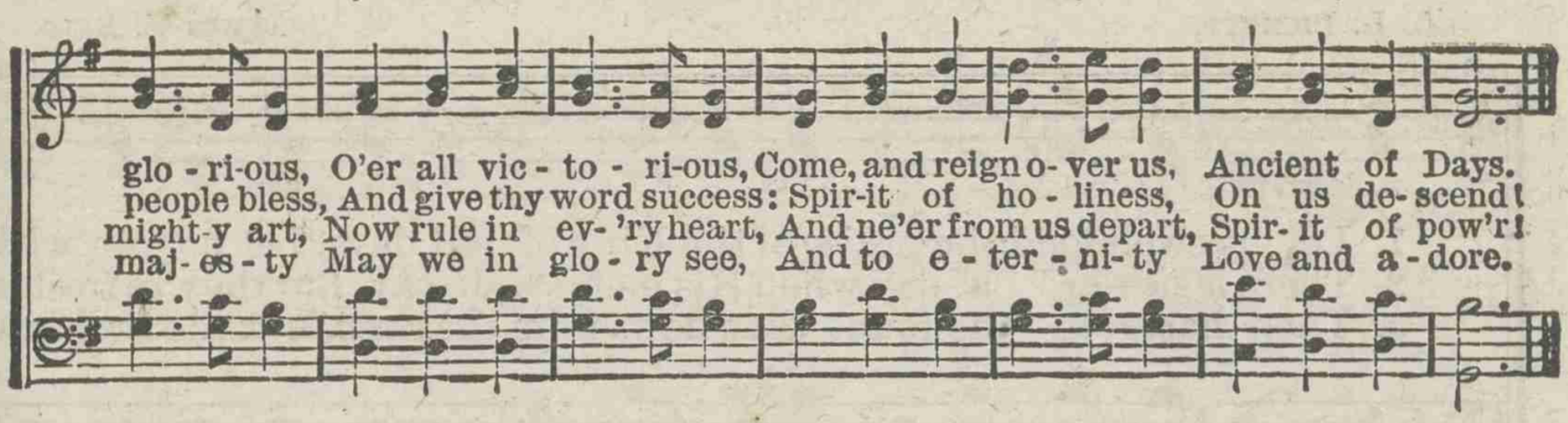
S. F. SMITH. (AMERICA. 6s, 4s.) Ad. HENRY CAREY.



146. COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.
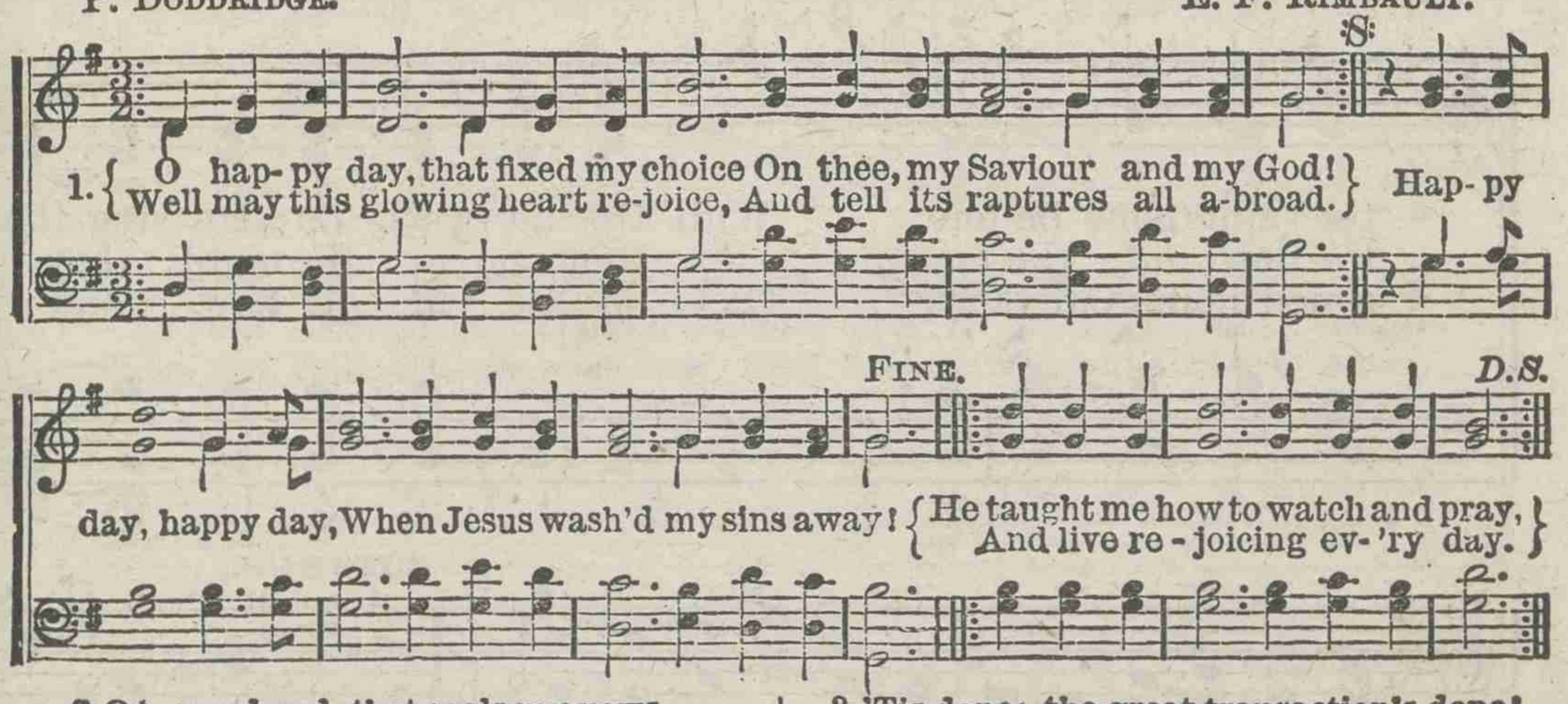
C. WESLEY. (ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.) FELICE GIARDINI.

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING. (Concluded.)



147. HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.
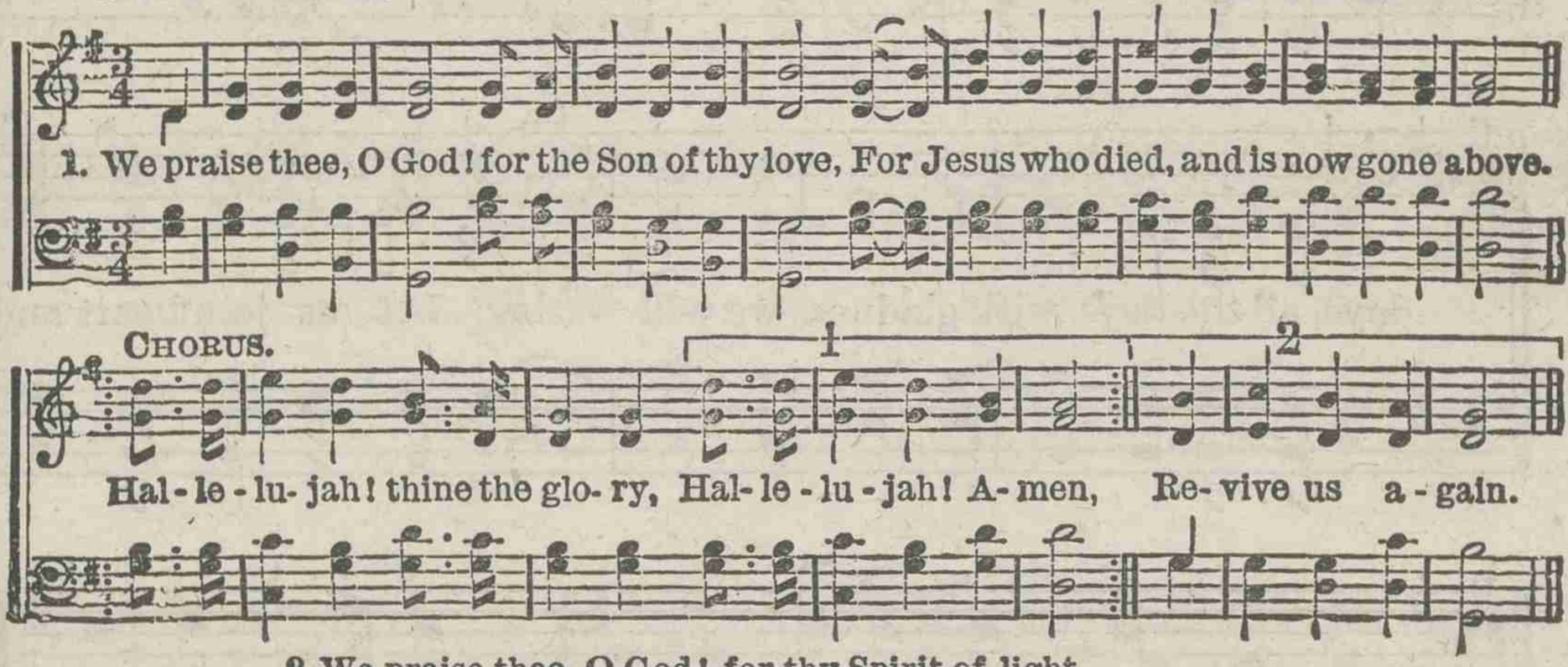


2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

148. REVIVE US AGAIN.

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.



2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our way.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

148½ SOUND HIS PRAISE.

L. L. PICKETT. JAMES V. REID.

1. Let us swell loud the praise of the King of all days, Let us join with the saints gone be-fore; With the an - gels on high sing the
2. There is nev-er a day when His mercies de-cay, But they're fresh as the dew of the morn; At the noon or the night they
3. Then haste to the fount that flows from the mount, From the blood-crim - soned mount Cal-va-ry; There is life in its flow and

CHORUS.

songs of the sky, Hal-le-lu-jah shall rise evermore. Sound His praise, all the
shine as the light, The heavens and the earth adorn.
health all may know, For both time and eternity. Sound His praise,

days, all the days, with gladness we will sing; Let us join heart and

voice as we praise and rejoice, As we laud our glo-rious King.

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149. RESTING AT THE CROSS.

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

1. To the cross of Christ, my Sav - iour, I had brought my wea - ry soul,
2. At the cross, while meek-ly bow - ing, Je - sus, smil - ing, bade me live;
3. At the cross, while prostrate ly - ing, Je-sus' blood flowed o'er my soul,
4. At the cross I'm calm - ly rest - ing, Ev - 'ry mo - ment now is sweet;

Bur-dened, faint, and bro - ken - heart - ed, Pray-ing, "Je - sus, make me whole."
"I have died for your trans-gress- ions, And I free - ly all for-give."
All my guilt and sin were cov - ered, And He whispered, "Child be whole."
I am tast - ing of His glo - ry, I am rest - ing at His feet.

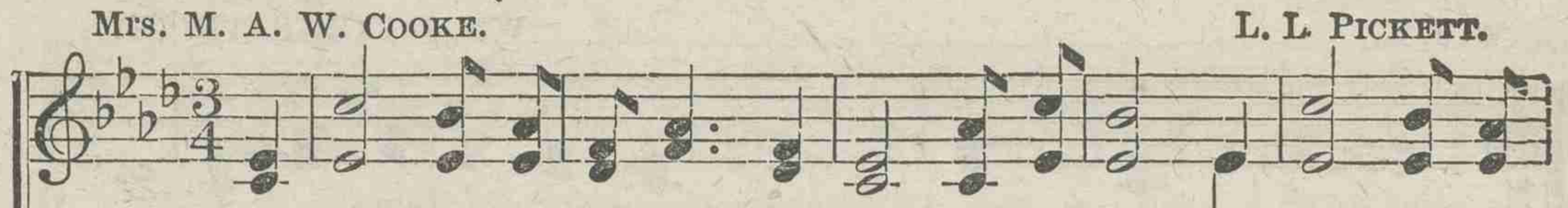
CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Je - sus, I am count-ing all but dross,
I have found a full sal - va - tion, I am rest - ing at the cross;
I'm rest-ing (at the cross), I'm resting (at the cross), I'm rest-ing at the cross.

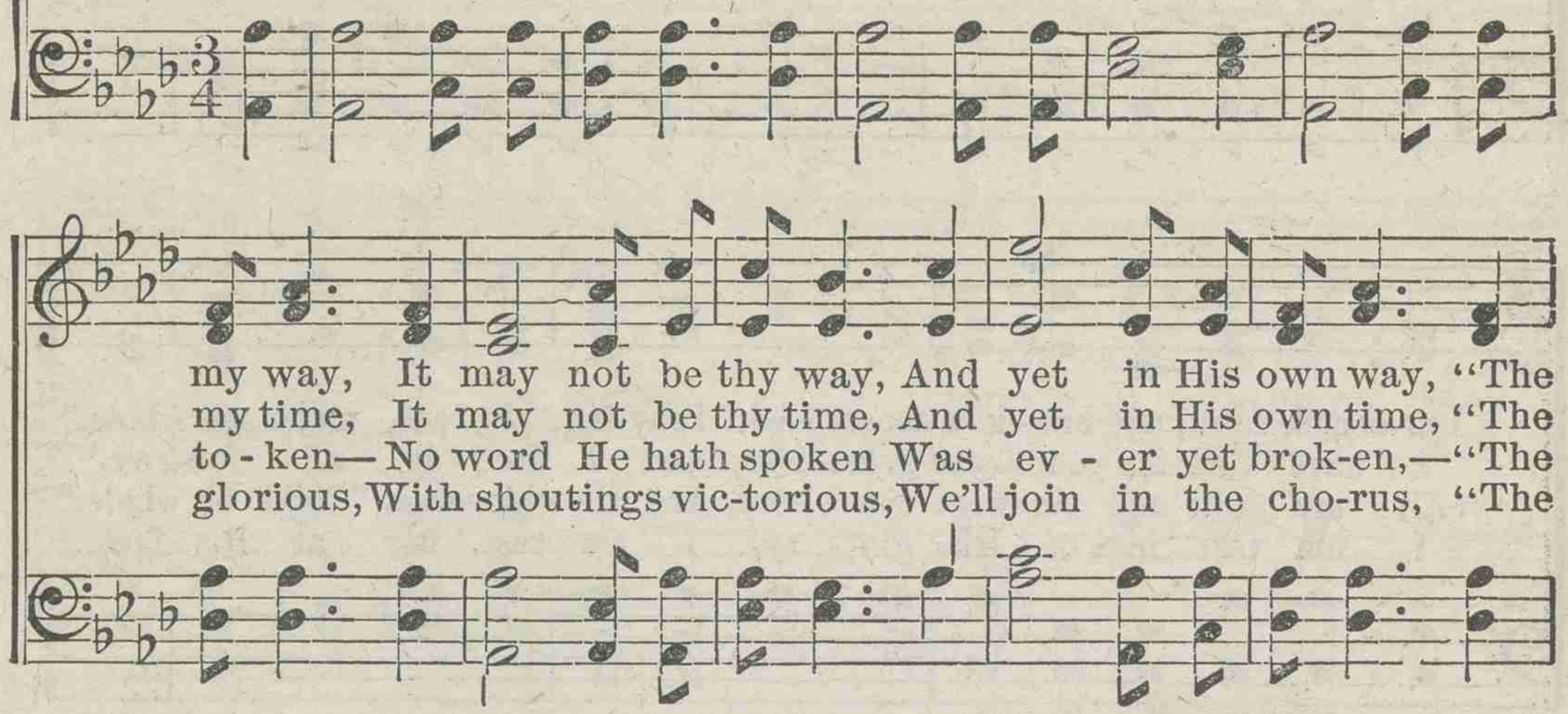
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150. The Lord Will Provide.
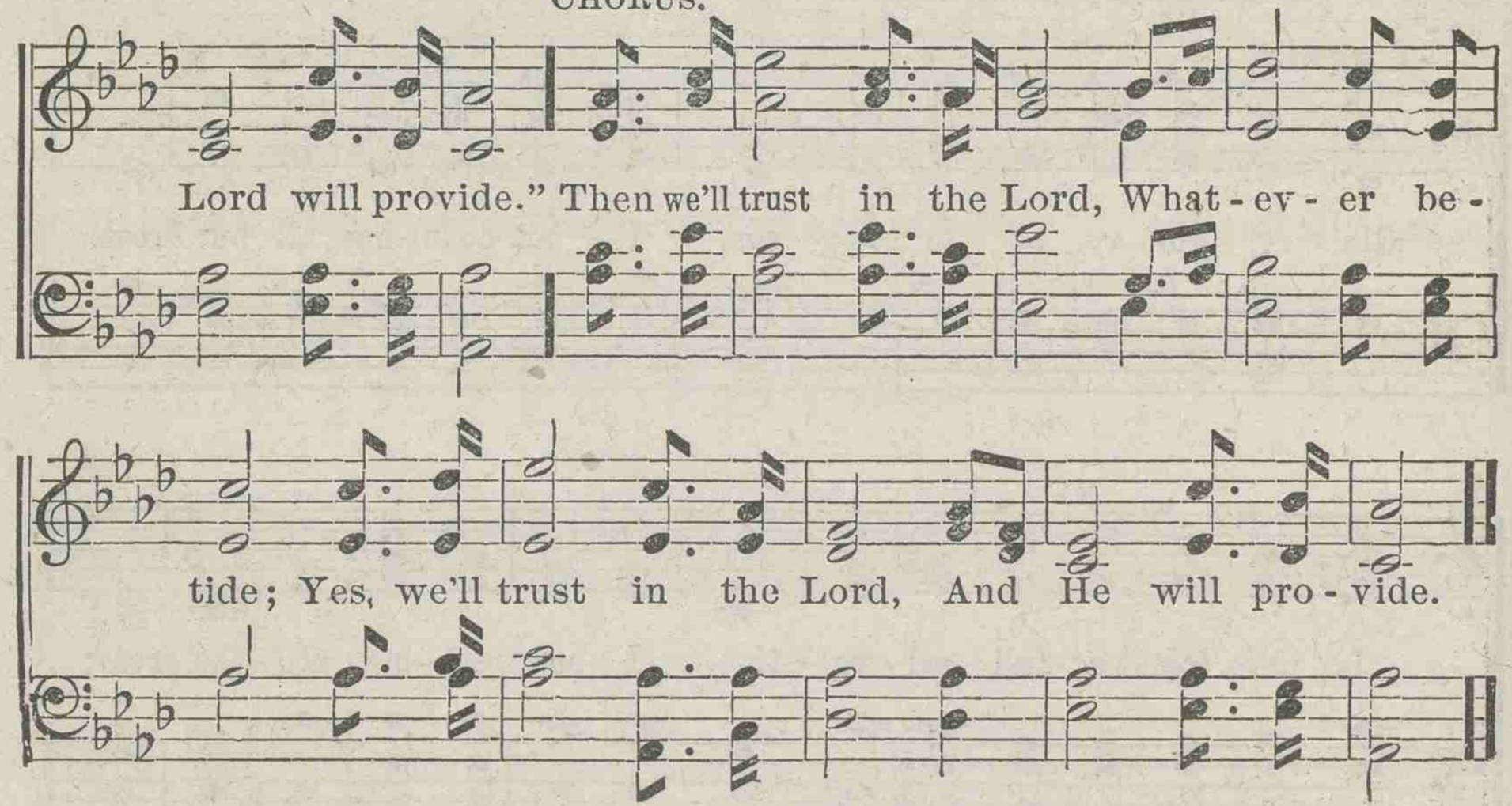
Mrs. M. A. W. Cooke. L. L. Pickett.



1. In some way or oth - er The Lord will provide; It may not be my way, It may not be thy way, And yet in His own way, "The
2. At some time or oth - er The Lord will provide; It may not be my time, It may not be thy time, And yet in His own time, "The
3. Despond then no long-er, The Lord will provide; And this be the to - ken— No word He hath spoken Was ev - er yet brok-en,—"The
4. March on, then, right bold-ly, The sea shall di-vide; The pathway made glorious, With shoutings vic-torious, We'll join in the cho-rus, "The



Chorus.



Lord will provide." Then we'll trust in the Lord, What - ev - er be - tide; Yes, we'll trust in the Lord, And He will pro - vide.

151. Consecration. S. M.

Tune.—"LABAN." Charles Wesley.

1 Lord, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to Thee.

2 Thy ransomed servant, I,
Restore to Thee Thine own;
And from this moment, live or die,
To serve my God alone.

152 WHEN THE SHADOWS FLEE.

JAMES ROWE. Good for Solo. E. O. SELLERS.

1. Smil-ing skies will bend a - bove us, When the shad-ows flee;Hearts now
2. Fet-ters nev - er - more will bind us, When the shad-ows flee; This dark
3. We shall view our home su - per - nal, When the shad-ows flee; We shall

cold a-gain will love us, When the shad-ows flee; We shall lose our care and
vale will be be-hind us, When the shad-ows flee; There will be no temp-est
meet our King e-ter-nal, When the shad-ows flee;There, where death will reach us

sor-row, Trouble nev-er-more to bor-row, On that blessed, peaceful morrow,
sweeping,—In our loving Father's keeping We shall wake,where none are weeping,
nev-er,There,where naught our hearts shall sever, We shall dwell with Christ for-ev-er,

CHORUS.

When the shad-ows flee. With e - ter - nal day be-fore us, And our Sav-ior

rit.

watching o'er us, We shall join the end-less cho-rus,When the shad-ows flee.

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153. THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE.

(May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.)

EDWARD S. UFFORD. E. S. UFFORD. Arr. by GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

Throw out the Life-line! Some one is drift-ing a-way; Throw out the

Life-line! Throw out the Life-line! Some one is sink-ing to-day.

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THE FIRING LINE.

JUDGES 5: 23.

LEANOR W. LONG. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a call for vol - un - teers In the serv - ice of the King—
2. There's no time for dress pa - rade, In the serv - ice of the King;
3. Sa - tan's host of sin and wrong, Is drawn up in grand ar - ray,
4. Long you've seemed to be at ease, While the bat - tle raged a - round,

There's a call for thee and thine; Lo, the war - fare will be long,
'Tis no place to lie su - pine; For the dead - ly fight is on,
But our Cap - tain is di - vine; If to Him you'd loy - al be,
Then a - rouse, O broth - er, mine; Tar - ry not an - oth - er day,

For the en - e - my is strong—Then get out on the fir - ing line!
And the days so soon are gone—Then get out on the fir - ing line!
While He leads to vic - to - ry, Oh, get out on the fir - ing line!
En - ter now the dead - ly fray, Haste, O haste, to the fir - ing line!

CHORUS.

Get out on the fir - ing line! Get out on the fir-ing line! There is fight-ing

to be done, If the bat-tle's to be won, Then get out on the fir - ing line!

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155. SAVED TO THE UTTERMOST.

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

1. Saved to the ut - ter - most: I am the Lord's, Je - sus my Sav - iour sal - va - tion af - fords, Gives me His Spir - it, a
2. Saved to the ut - ter - most: Je - sus is near, Keep-ing me safe - ly, He cast - eth out fear; Trust - ing His prom - is - es,
3. Saved to the ut - ter - most: this I can say, "Once all was dark - ness, but now it is day," Beau - ti - ful vis - ions of
4. Saved to the ut - ter - most: cheer - ful - ly sing Loud hal - le - lu - jahs to Je - sus, my King; Ran - som'd and par - don'd, re -

wit - ness with - in, Whis-p'ring of par - don, and sav - ing from sin,
how I am blest! Lean - ing up - on Him, how sweet is my rest!
glo - ry I see, Je - sus in bright-ness re - vealed un - to me.
deemed by His blood, Cleansed from un-right-eous-ness, glo - ry to God!

CHORUS.

Saved, saved, saved to the ut - ter-most, Saved, saved by pow - er di-vine;
Saved, saved, saved to the ut - ter-most, Je - sus the Sav-iour is mine.

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SOME GLAD, SWEET DAY.

"We shall know as we are known, for we shall see Him as He is."—1 Jno. 3: 2.

GEO. W. SLAUSON. RICHARD K. HIGGINS. By per.

1. Some day, I know not where nor when, Be-yond the driving tempest blast,
2. Some day, full soon, sweet Eden's shore May burst up-on my raptured sight,
3. For He who braved the storm-king's wrath, And stilled the waves of Gal - i - lee,
4. What mat-ter then, tho' swelling sails And creaking spars be swept a-way,
5. And tho' it hath not been revealed Where heaven's gold-paved high way be,

With - in a qui - et har-bor bar, I shall cast an-chor safe at last.
And I shall see the glo - ry land, Bathed in the Lamb's e - ter-nal light.
Will safe - ly guide my storm-tossed bark A - cross life's dark, tempestuous sea.
Or bil - lows roll-ing mountain high, With an - gry clouds, dispute my way.
I know that I shall one day dwell With Him whose blood was shed for me.

CHORUS.

Some day, some day, ... some glad, sweet day, ... I shall with
Some day, some day, some glad. sweet day,

joy ..... His face be - hold, ... Some day shall safe .....
I shall with joy His face behold, Some day shall safe

at an-chor lay, ... Some day shall walk the streets ..... of gold.
at anchor lay, Some day shall walk, shall walk the streets, the streets of gold.

Copyright, 1901, by Richard K. Higgins

157. ONE BY ONE.

Words and music by REV. G. A. COLLIN.

1. One by one we gath-er to that hap-py land,—The summer-land of love—
2. Day by day we prove our Shepherd's love so strong, And feel His guid-ing hand,
3. Sing on—sing on thou hap - py pil-grim - band—Thy con-flict soon are o'er;

One by one we reach at last the golden strand, No more on earth to rove;
As we on - ward jour-ney with triumphant song, A hap - py pil - grim - band.
For lo! the gleam of heav - ens glit'ring strand Lies beck'ning on be - fore.

The pearl - y gates will soon swing o-pen wide To let each vic - tor in,
We'll sound His praise thro' all the earth abroad And reach the vault - ed sky;
Life's fleet-ing years so ver - y swift - ly roll, Like fad - ing dreams of night;

FINE.

As we gath-er from the bat-tle-fields of life, The con-quer-ors of sin.
For His loving-kind-ness lightens all life's load, While trav'ling home on high.
Just "a lit-tle while," and then each ransomed soul Goes forth to realms of light.

D. S.—*then we'll work and watch and pray, Till we meet to part no more.*

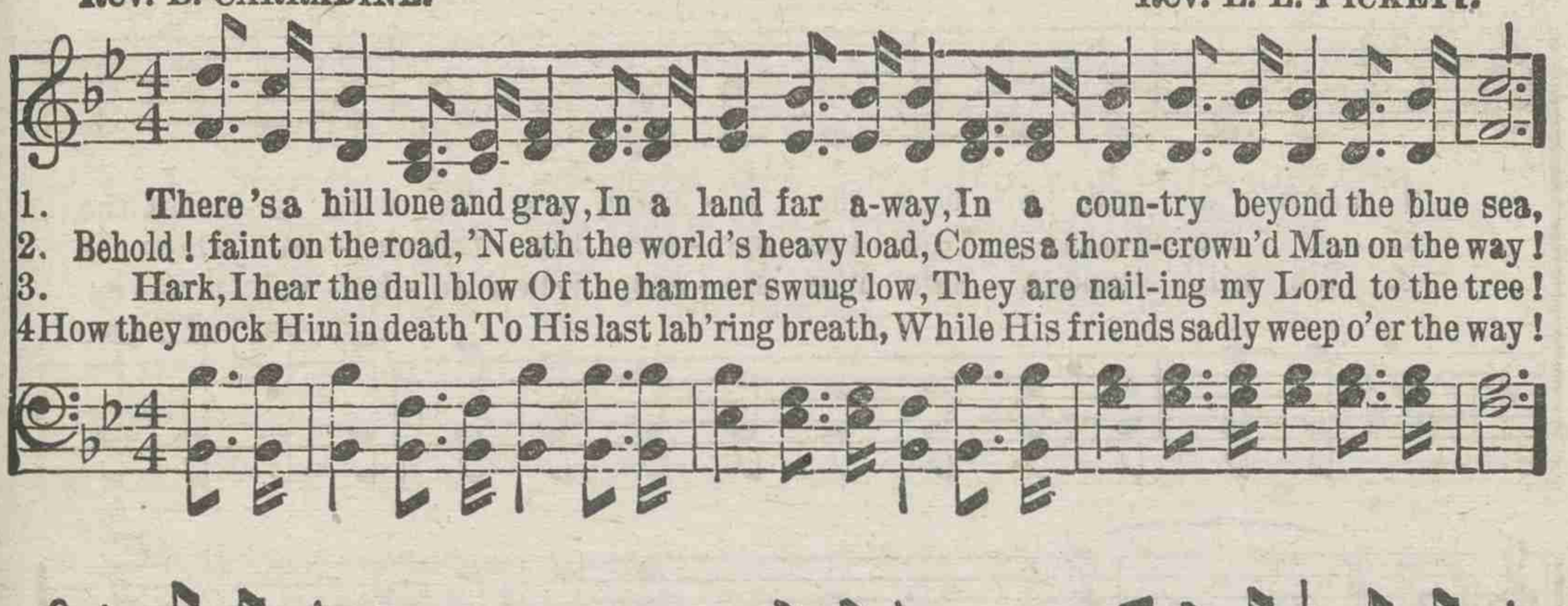
CHORUS. D. S.

We'll meet some hap-py day . . . . . On the blessed ever-green shore; But till
We'll meet some happy day,
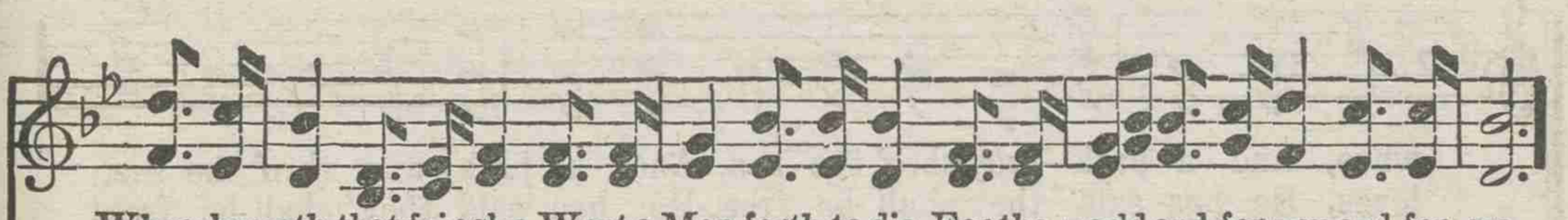
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CALVARY.
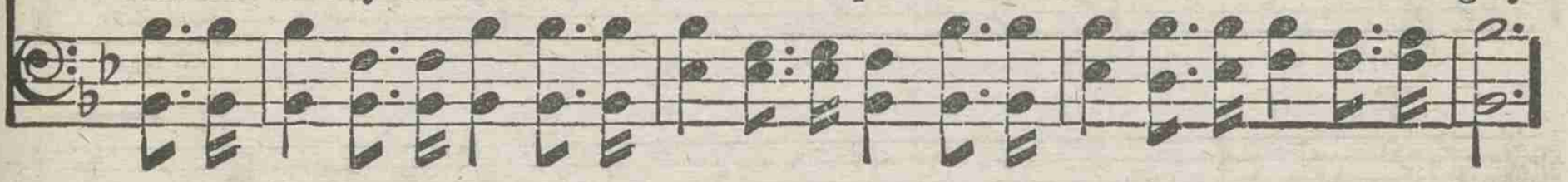
Rev. B. CARRADINE. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



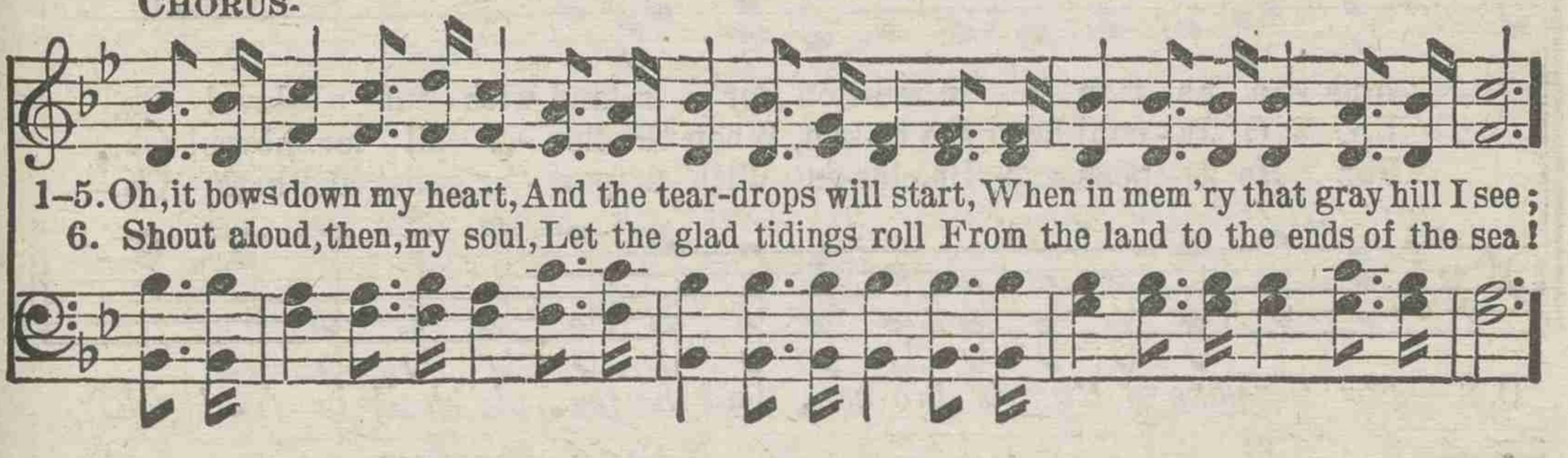
1. There 's a hill lone and gray, In a land far a-way, In a coun-try beyond the blue sea,
2. Behold! faint on the road, 'Neath the world's heavy load, Comes a thorn-crown'd Man on the way!
3. Hark, I hear the dull blow Of the hammer swung low, They are nail-ing my Lord to the tree!
4 How they mock Him in death To His last lab'ring breath, While His friends sadly weep o'er the way!



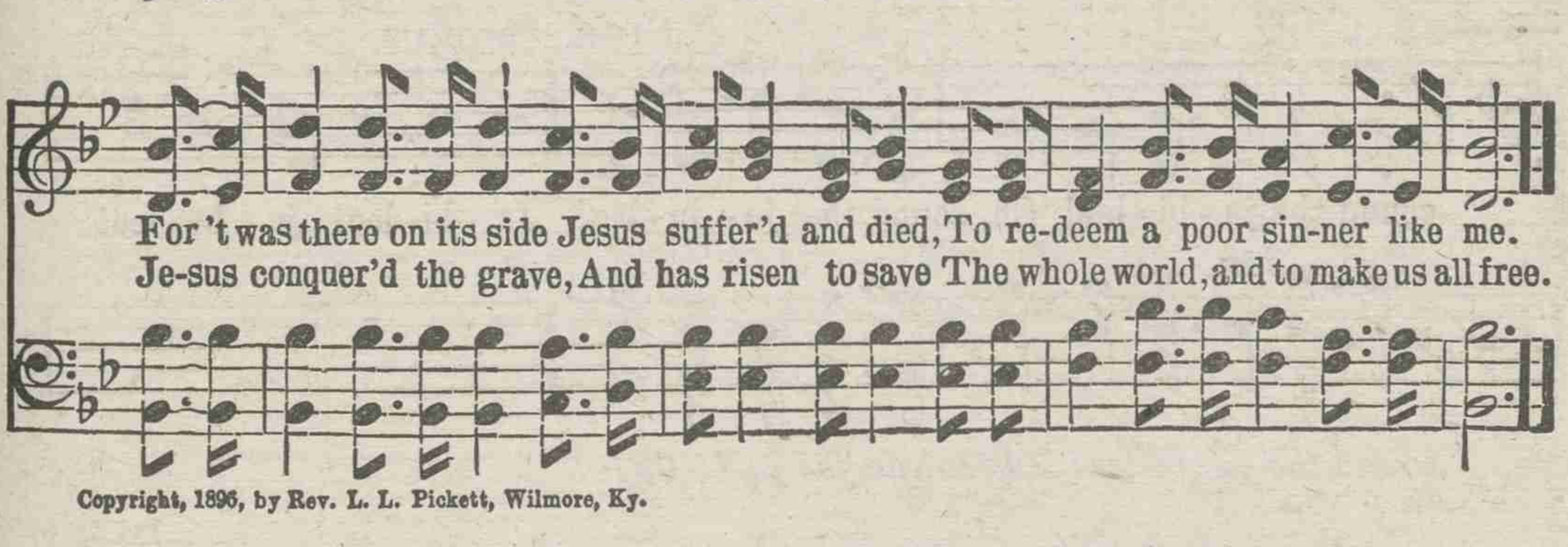
Where beneath that fair sky, Went a Man forth to die, For the world and for you and for me.
With a cross He is bowed, But still on thro' the crowd He 's ascending that hill lone and gray.
And the cross they upraise While the multitude gaze On the blest Lamb of dark Calva-ry!
But tho' lone-ly and faint Still no word of complaint Fell from Him on that hillock of gray.



CHORUS.



1–5. Oh, it bows down my heart, And the tear-drops will start, When in mem'ry that gray hill I see;
6. Shout aloud, then, my soul, Let the glad tidings roll From the land to the ends of the sea!



For 't was there on its side Jesus suffer'd and died, To re-deem a poor sin-ner like me.
Je-sus conquer'd the grave, And has risen to save The whole world, and to make us all free.

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5 Then the darkness came down,
And the rocks rent around,
And a cry pierced the sad-laden air!
'T was the voice of our King,
Who received death's dark sting,
All to save us from endless despair.

6 Let the sun hide its face,
Let the earth reel apace.
Over men who their Saviour have slain!
But, behold! from the sod
Comes the blessed Lamb of God,
Who was slain, but is risen again.

159. OH, SOUND THE JUBILEE.

H. S. TAYLOR. J. B. HERBERT. By per.

1. There's a rod a - bove the o - cean, And a wind a - cross the wave, And a path - way thro' the sea, And a path - way thro' the sea.
2. O the might - y God has spo - ken, For the chil - dren whom He loves, He has said they shall be free, He has said they shall be free!
3. We will stand a - side like Mo - ses, When Je - ho - vah pass - es by, And His glo - ry we will see, And His glo - ry we will see.

f.

And a na - tion is in mo-tion For a land with - out a slave! Oh,
Up, O Ja - cob! heed the to-ken, When the fier - y pil - lar moves! Oh,
For He o - pens and He clos-es With a pow - er great and high, Oh,

D. S.—*For the yoke of Rum is bro-ken, And the peo - ple shall be free! Oh,*

FINE. CHORUS.

sound the ju - bi - lee! Oh, sound the ju - bi - lee! Ju - bi - lee! ju - bi - lee!

sound the ju - bi-lee! Oh, sound the ju-bi-lee!

D. S.

Ju - bi - lee! come! Sound the sil - ver trum - pet, Call the chil - dren home.

Copyright, 1887, by Fillmore Bros. From "The Battle Cry."

160 SAVE THE BOY!

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. W. WARREN BENTLY.

SOLO.

1. Once he was so bright and fair, Glad, and light and free,
2. Once he was so brave and true, Shunned the tempter's pow'r,
3. Once he was my on - ly hope, Source of joy and pride,
4. Tell him tho' he's wandered far, Love can nev - er die,

Filled my soul with peace and joy, Life was dear to me,
Once for right he firm-ly stood, Till that dread-ful hour;
Then I thought that love might clasp, Hold him to my side;
Lives in hope of his re-turn, Looks with pa - tient eye;

But he took the fa - tal glass, 'Twas a fleet - ing joy,
Bright and sparkling was the cup, Seemed without al - loy,
But to - day my boy for-sakes Home with all its joy,
Lov - ing hearts have pleaded long, Prayed for light and joy,

Drank, and lo, the hand of death, Grasped my dar-ling boy.
Fair the hand that cap - tive led, My poor wand'ring boy.
Far in sin he's wand'ring now, Save, oh, save my boy.
Keep-ing still a wel-come there For the wand'ring boy.

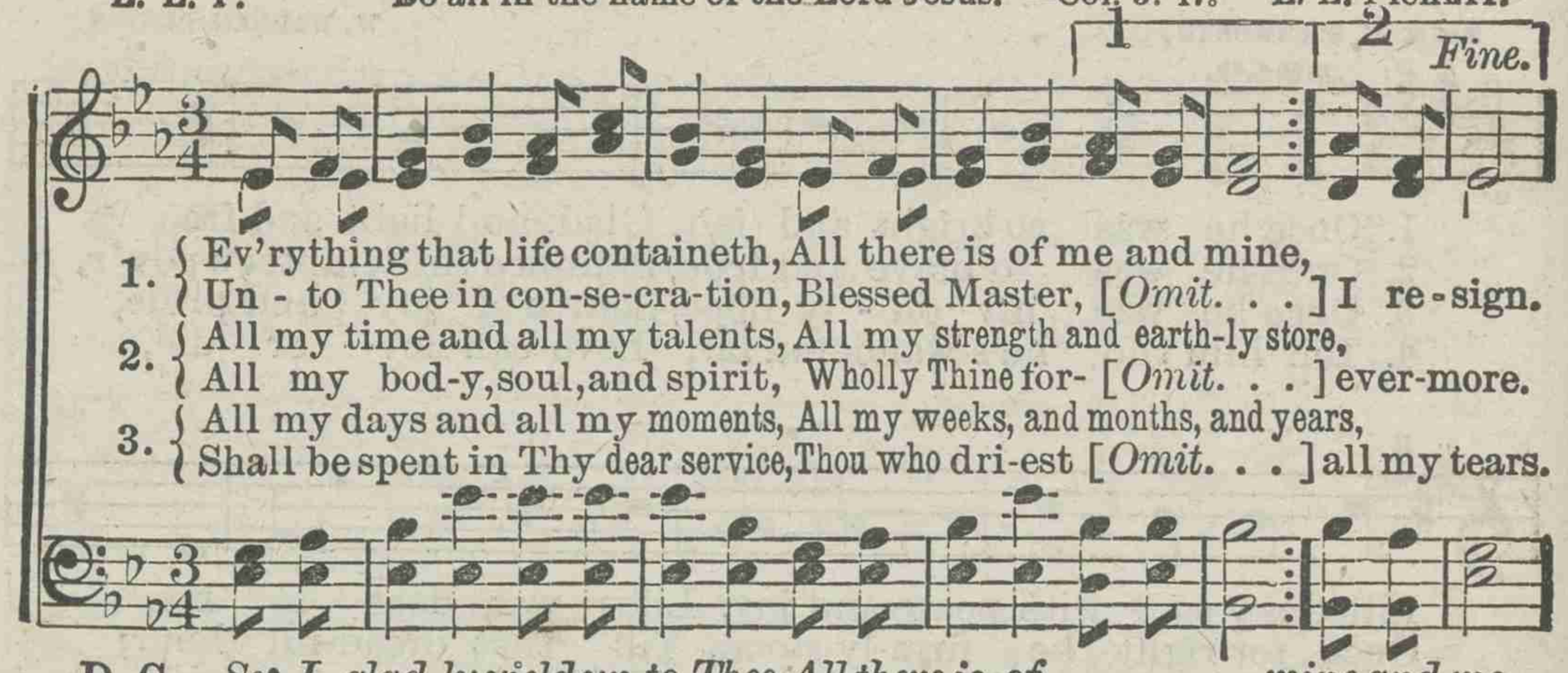
CHORUS

Save the boy! save the boy! Heav'n will ring with joy;
Lov - ing hearts are pleading now, Save, oh, save the boy.

From "Gospel Gems," S. D. Kassel, Publisher, by per.

161. THOU ART MORE TO ME.

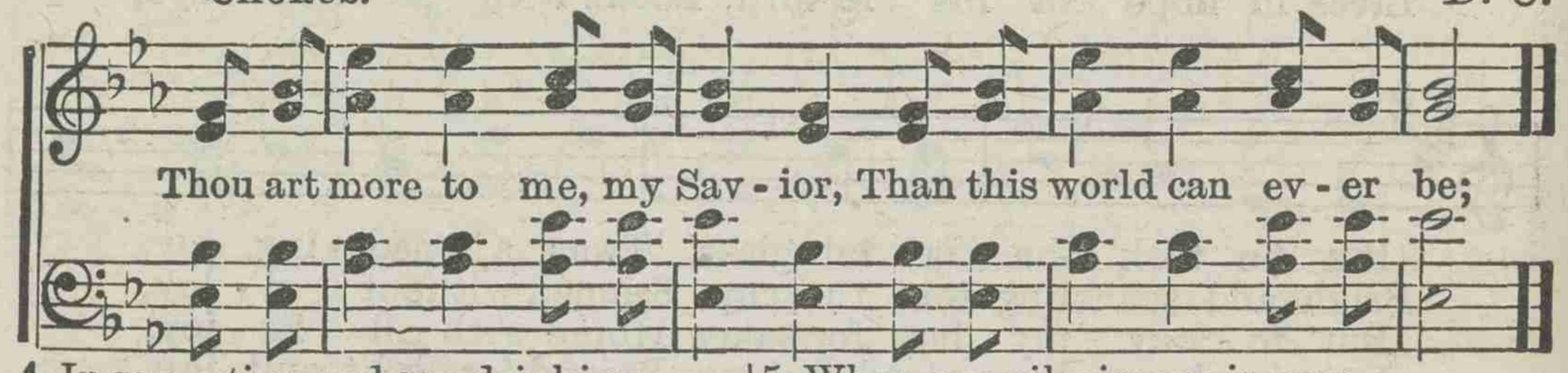
L. L. P. "Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus."—Col. 3: 17. L. L. PICKETT.



1. Ev'rything that life containeth, All there is of me and mine,
   Un - to Thee in con-se-cra-tion, Blessed Master, [*Omit. . .*] I re-sign.
2. All my time and all my talents, All my strength and earth-ly store,
   All my bod-y, soul, and spirit, Wholly Thine for- [*Omit. . .*] ever-more.
3. All my days and all my moments, All my weeks, and months, and years,
   Shall be spent in Thy dear service, Thou who dri-est [*Omit. . .*] all my tears.

D. C.—*So I glad-ly yield up to Thee All there is of . . . . mine and me.*

CHORUS. *D. C.*



Thou art more to me, my Sav - ior, Than this world can ev - er be;

4 In my eating and my drinking,
In my sleep and waking hours,
I shall seek to glorify Thee,
Using all my ransomed powers.
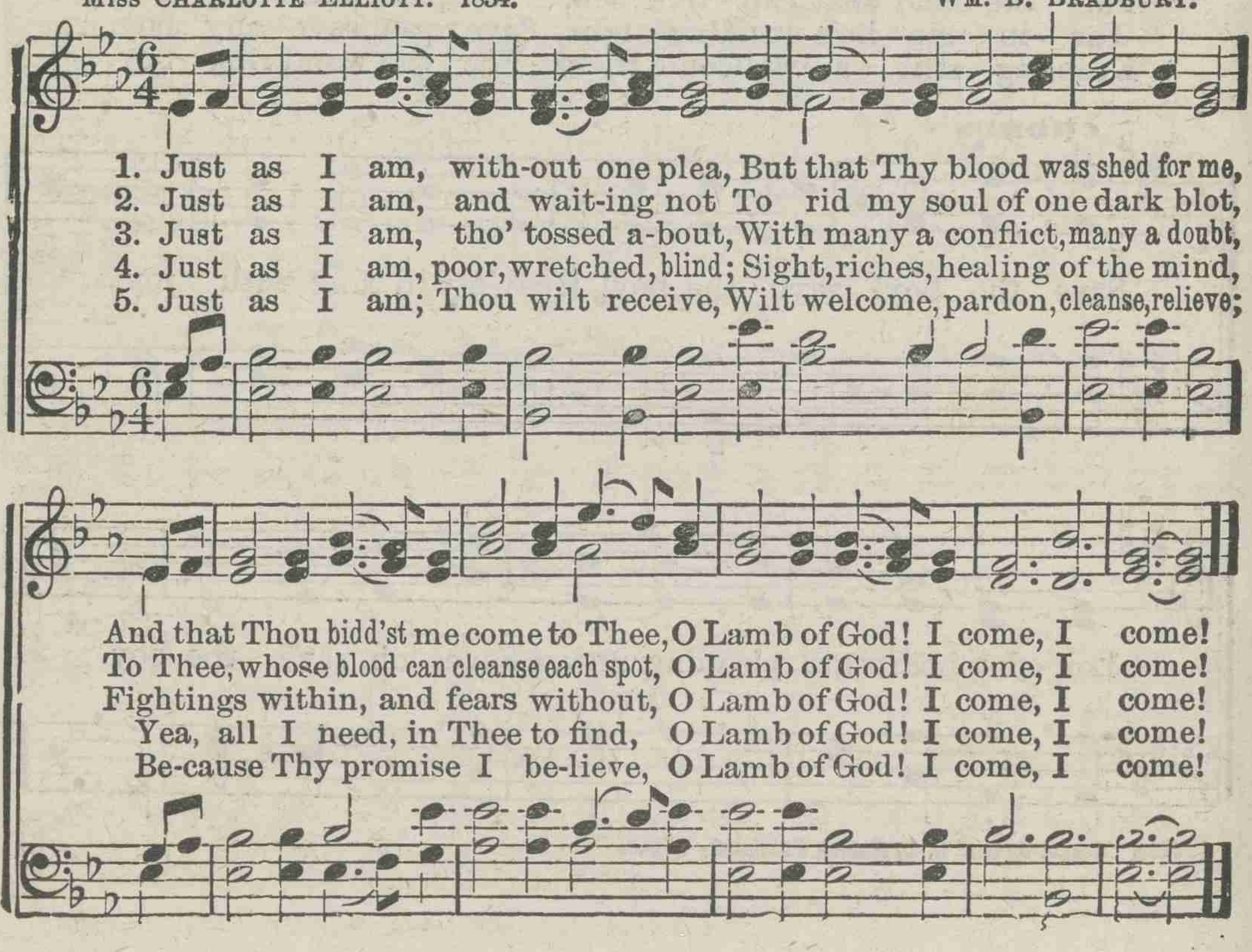
5 When my pilgrimage is over,
And I see Thee on Thy throne,
May I gladly yield up to Thee
All the goods which were Thine own.

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162 JUST AS I AM.

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—John 6: 37.

Miss CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1834. WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout, With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
5. Just as I am; Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
Fightings within, and fears without, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
Be-cause Thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

163. WONDROUSLY REDEEMED.

"That he might redeem us from all iniquity."—Titus 2 : 14.

E. A. H. 4th verse by L. L. P. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I have precious news to tell, hal - le - lu - jah! Christ has come with me to dwell, hal-le - lu-jah! By His grace and pow'r divine, He has changed this heart of mine, And He whispers, "I am thine," hal-le - lu - jah!
2. It was Christ's redemption-blood, hal - le - lu - jah! That restored my soul to God, hal-le - lu-jah! He the cleansing stream applied, Flowing from His wounded side; I am saved and sanc-ti - fied, hal-le - lu - jah!
3. I have found a precious friend, hal - le - lu - jah! On whose help I can depend, hal-le - lu-jah! Since He took my sins away, He has taught me how to pray, And to do His will each day, hal-le - lu - jah!
4. I can trust Him ev - 'ry-where, hal - le - lu - jah! Roll on Him my ev'ry care, hal-le - lu-jah! He will keep me as I go, All my pil-grim-age be-low, For His grace doth o - ver-flow, hal-le - lu - jah!

D. S.—*joic-ing night and day, As I walk the nar-row way, For He washed my sins a - way, hal - le - lu - jah!*

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - - - jah! I'm redeemed! Oh, so won - - - drous-ly re-deemed! I'm re-
Hal - le - lu-jah! I'm redeemed, oh, hal - le - lu-jah! I'm redeemed! Oh, so wondrously redeemed, yes, oh, so wondrously redeemed!

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164. ALMOST PERSUADED.

P. P. B. PHILIP P. BLISS.

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

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

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

By per. John Church Co., owners of copyright.

165. LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING.

P. P. B. Matthew 5: 16. P. P. BLISS. By per.

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

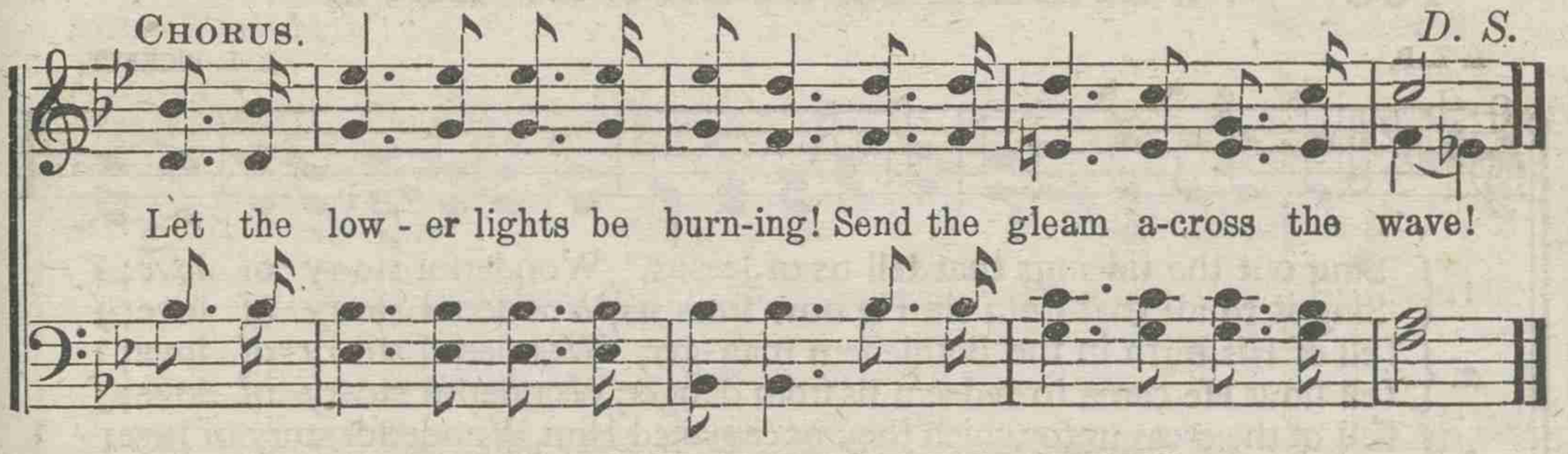
FINE.

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

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

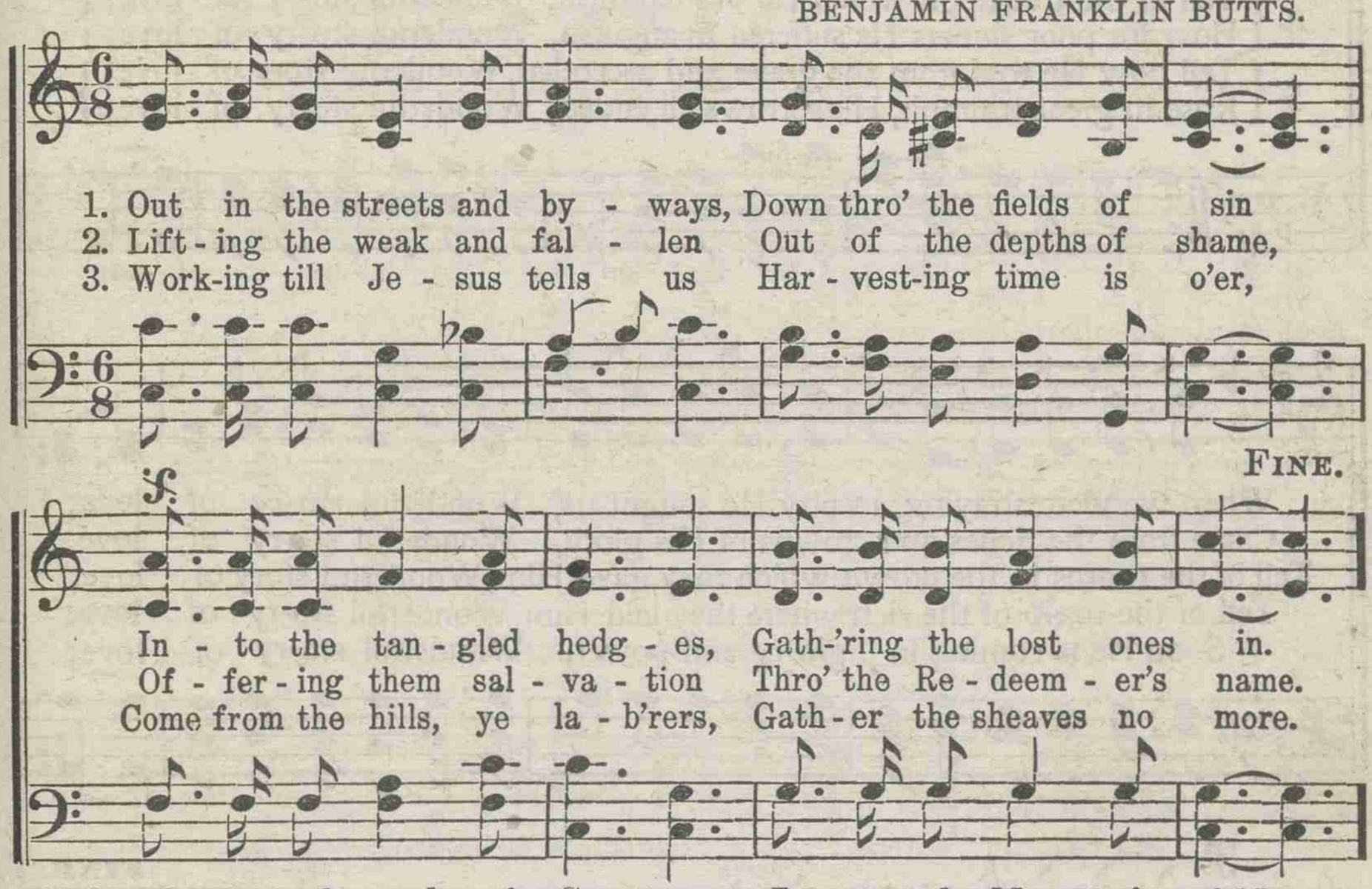
By per. John Church Co., owners.
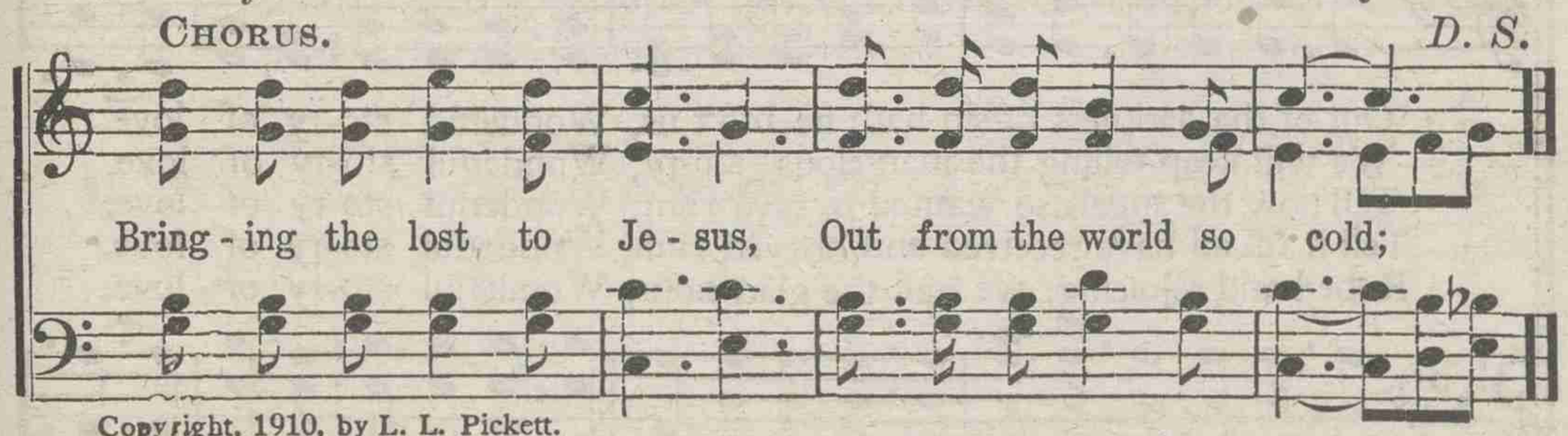
LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING. Concluded.



166. BRINGING THE LOST TO JESUS.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BUTTS.





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167. GLORY TO HIS NAME!

Key A-flat.

1 Down at the Cross where my Saviour died,
Down where for cleansing from sin I cried;
There to my heart was the Blood applied;
Glory to His name.

CHORUS.

Glory to His name.
Glory to His name.
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to His name.

2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within;
There at the Cross where He took me in;
Glory to His name.
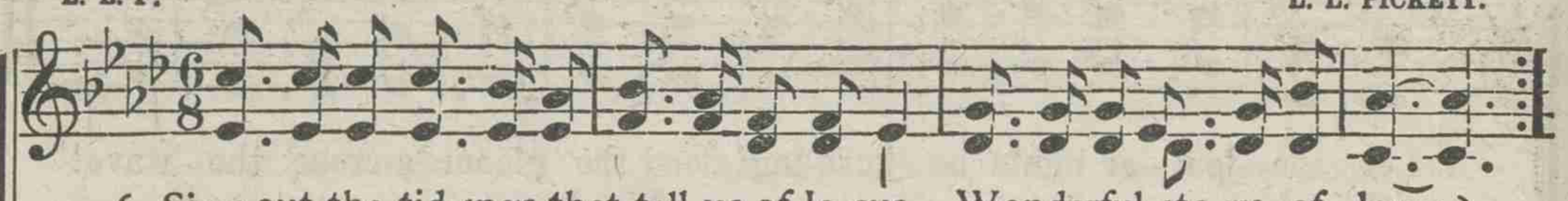
3 O precious Fountain that saves from sin!
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

4 Come to this Fountain, so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name.
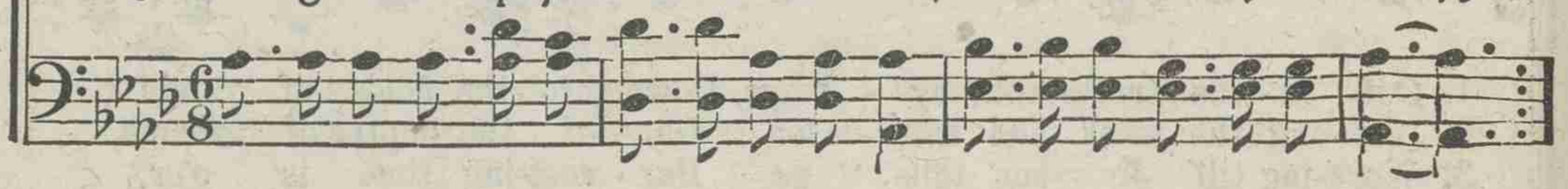
—E. A. HOFFMAN.
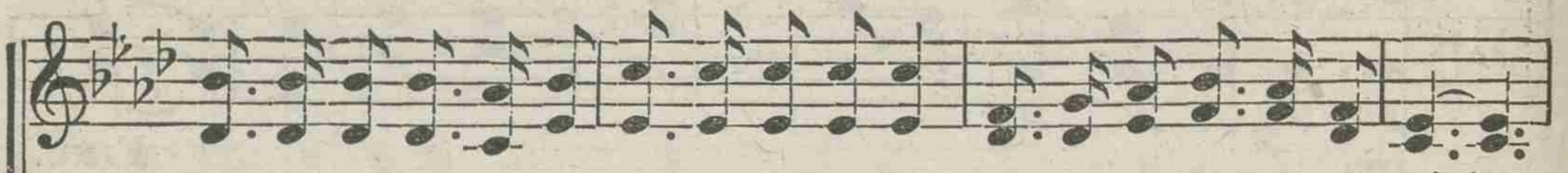
168 WONDERFUL STORY OF LOVE.

L. L. P. L. L. PICKETT.

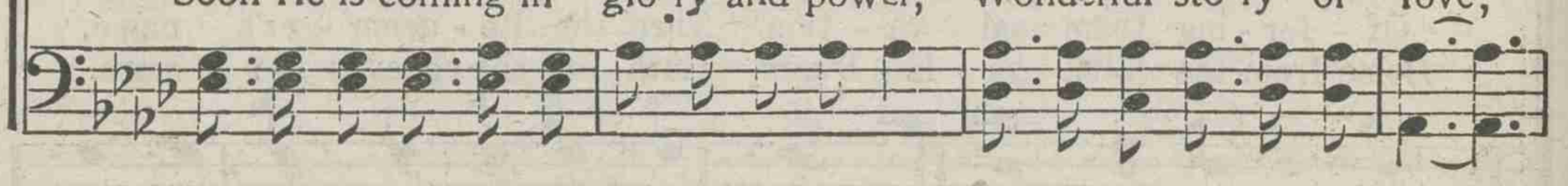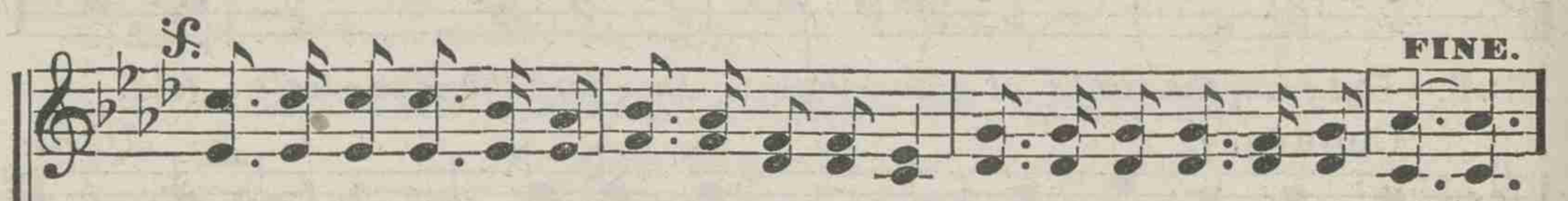


1. { Sing out the tid-ings that tell us of Je-sus, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
   { Sing it to all that from sin He now frees us, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
2. { Tell of His birth in the Bethlehem man-ger, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
   { Tell how He came to redeem us from danger, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
3. { Tell of the cross unto which they once nailed Him, Wonderful story of love;
   { Tell how He pressed to where ev'ry friend failed Him, Wonderful story of love;
4. { Tell of the tree upon which He did languish, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
   { How for poor sinners He suffered in anguish, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
5. { Tell how He rose from the grave and ascended, Wonderful story of love;
   { Rose in great triumph, His sorrows all ended, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
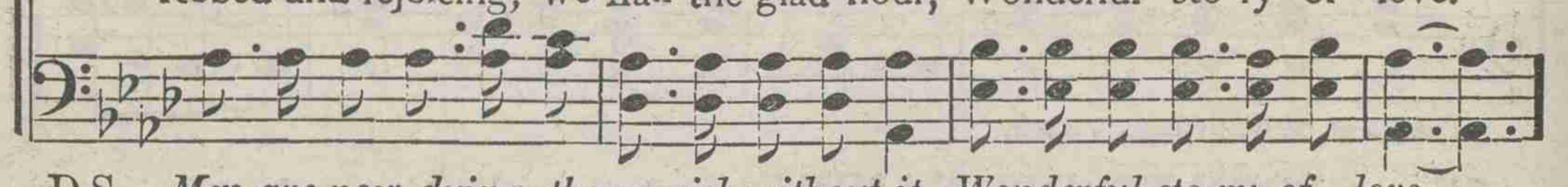




When we were straying, in pity He sought us, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
Came from the riches and crowns of His glory, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
Tell of the thorns in the crown which they gave Him, Wonderful story of love;
Tell of the tomb of the rich where they laid Him, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
Soon He is coming in glo-ry and power, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
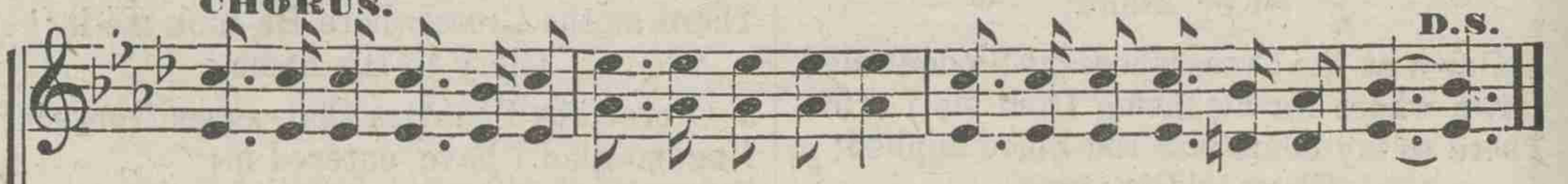




FINE.

Out of the darkness of sin hath he bro't us, Wonderful sto-ry of love.
We will keep telling the marvelous sto-ry, Wonderful sto-ry of love.
Tell how the angels so wanted to save Him, Wonderful sto-ry of love.
Tell it till all have received and obeyed Him, Wonderful sto-ry of love.
Robed and rejoicing, we hail the glad hour, Wonderful sto-ry of love.
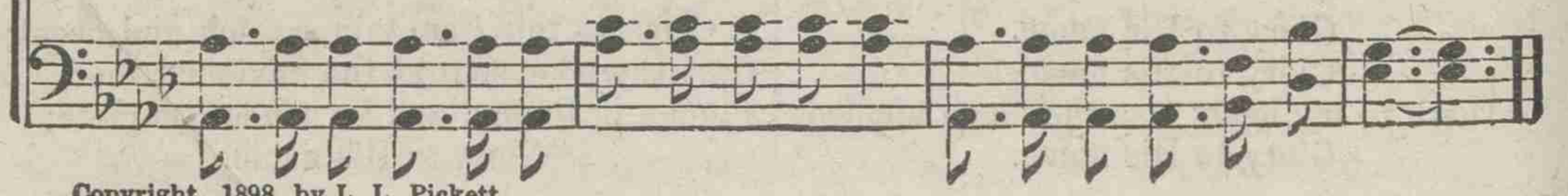


D.S.—*Men are now dying, they perish without it, Wonderful sto-ry of love.*

CHORUS.



D.S.

Preach it and pray it and sing it and shout it, Wonderful sto-ry of love;



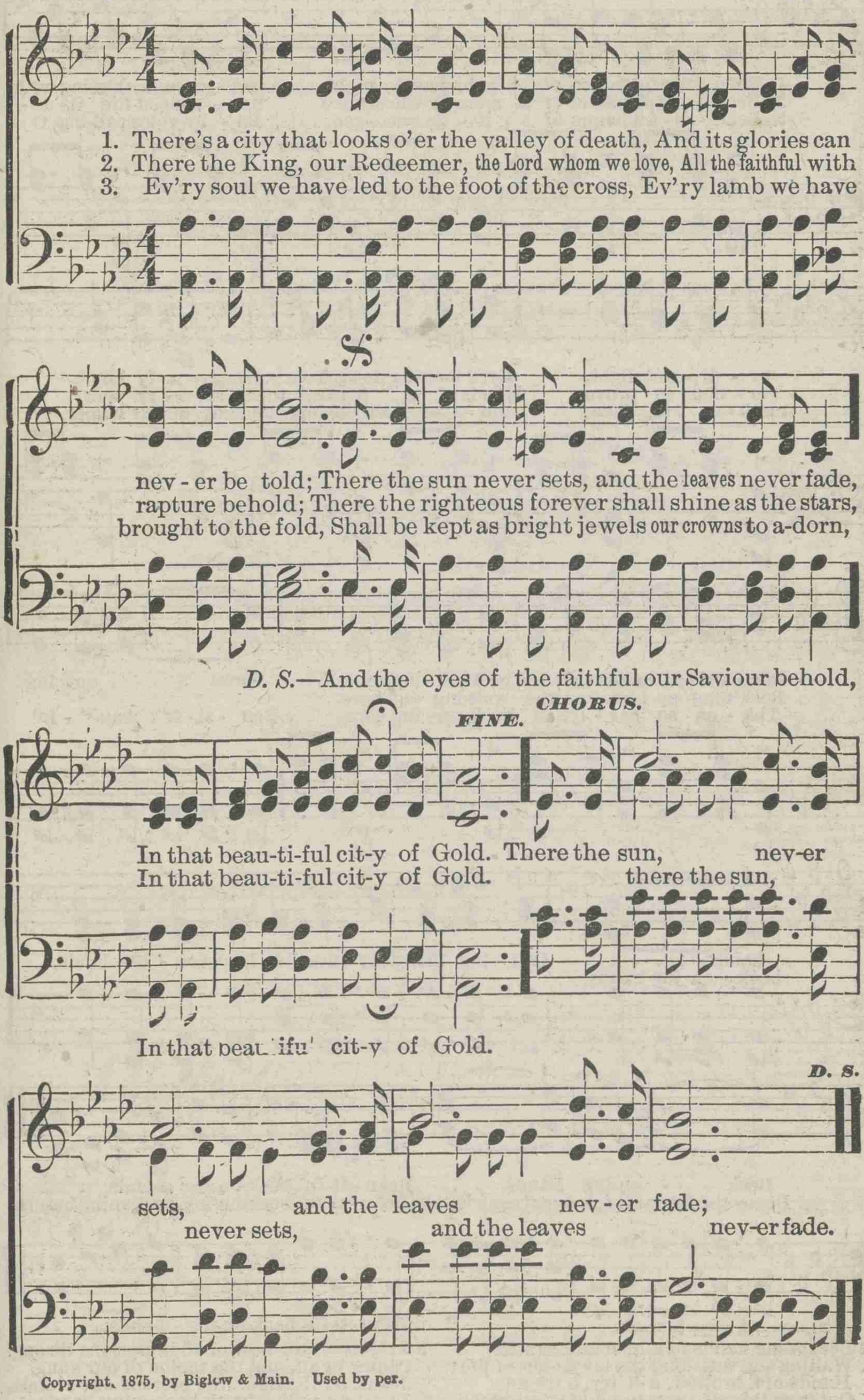
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169

CITY OF GOLD.

"And there shall be no night there."—REV. 22 15.

FANNY J, CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



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170 BEAUTIFUL, BECKONING HANDS.

Rev. C. C. LUTHER. By per. (*To my Choir at Walhalla, S. C.*) JNO. R. BRYANT.

DUET.

1. Beau - ti - ful hands at the gate-way to-night, Fa - ces all shin-ing with ra - di - ant light.
2. Beck - on-ing hands of a moth-er whose love Sac - ri-ficed life its de - vo - tion to prove;
3. Beau - ti - ful hands of a lit - tle one,—see, Ba - by voice call-ing, O moth - er, to thee;

Eyes looking down from yon heav-en - ly home,
Hands of a fa - ther to mem - o - ry dear,
Ro - sy-cheek'd darling, the light of our home,

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful hands that are beck-on - ing come. Beck - - on - ing
Beck'ning up high - er the wait-ing one here.
Tak - en so ear - ly, is beck-on - ing come Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful

hands, ...
beck - on- ing hands,

Call - ing the dear ones to heav - en - ly lands,

Beck - - on-ing hands, . . Beau - ti- ful, beck-on-ing hands. . .
Beau - ti-ful, beauti-ful, beckoning hands, Beau - ti- ful, beck-on-ing, beckoning hands.

Beau - ti-ful, beck-on-ing hands. . .

Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

4 Beckoning hands of a husband or wife,
Waiting and watching the lov'd ones of life;
Hands of a brother, a sister, a friend,
Out from the gate-way to-night they extend.

5 Brightest and best of that glorious throng,
Center of all, and the theme of our song,
Jesus, our Saviour, the pierced one stands,
Lovingly calling, with beckoning hands.

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171 I'LL FOLLOW THEE.

L. L. PICKETT. Arr. by SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

1. I'll follow Thee, Saviour, for- ev - er, Tho' the way may be gloom-
2. The sorrows of life may be ma - ny, Its tri-als may dark-
3. Temptations may fly thick around me, As missiles of death
4. I'll praise Thee and bless Thee for-ev-er, Thy glo - ry I ev-

y or bright; In pov - er-ty's vale and in sor - row, Or in
en my sky; In Je - sus I still find a shel - ter, A
to my soul; Yet still I will trust in my Sav - iour, On
er will sing; The source of true joy, peace and com-fort, My

D.S.—*shel - ter Thou art in the temp - est, A*

FINE. CHORUS.

pathways of plen-ty and light.
Brother who al-way is nigh.
Him ev - 'ry fear I will roll.
Guide, my Re-deem-er and King.

I know Thou wilt bless me and

ref - uge and fort-ress for me.

D.S.

keep me, Saviour, Thy grace is a - bun-dant and free; A

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172. THE VICTORY MAY DEPEND ON YOU.

GEORGE O. WEBSTER. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Thro' the land a call is sound-ing, And it comes to age and youth;
2. See the might-y hosts of e - vil Spread-ing death thro'-out the land,
3. While the hosts of God are press-ing Hard a-gainst the de - mon rum,
4. Lo, a tri - umph day is com - ing, When our arms shall be laid down;

'Tis a sum - mons to the con - flict, In the cause of right and truth;
Who is there will an - swer quick - ly, And the hosts of sin with-stand!
Will you not, my broth - er, join us, As you pray, "Thy king-dom come";
Then each faith - ful, loy - al sol - dier Shall re - ceive a vic - tor's crown;

To the stand-ard of our Cap-tain, Lo, there comes a faith - ful few;
Do not fear to join our stand-ard, For our ranks are tried and true,
We must rout the liq - uor traf - fic, If to God we would be true,
Would you stand a - mong the vic - tors, With the band of faith - ful few;

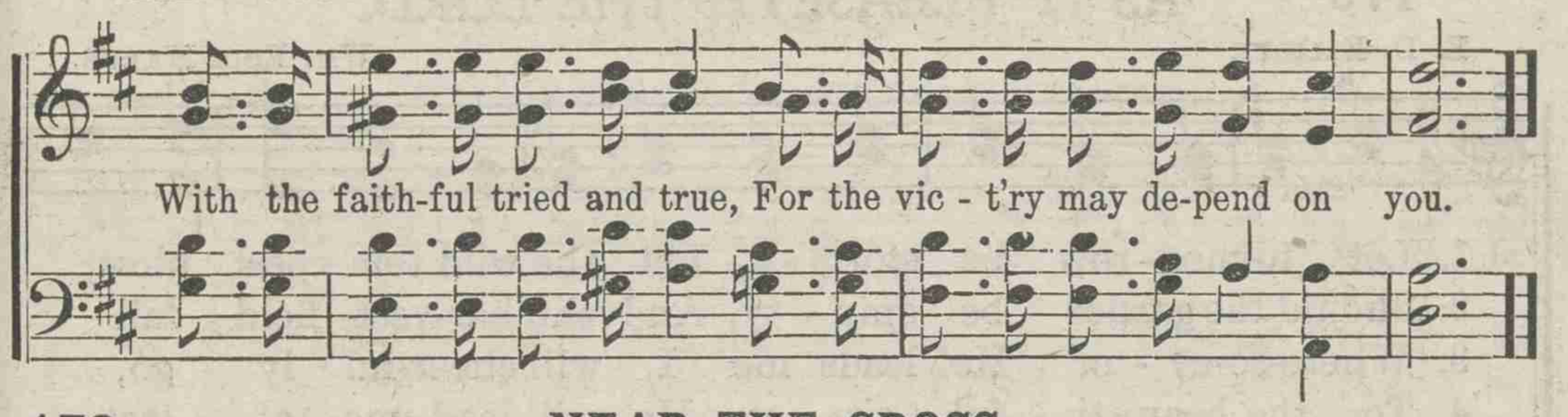
CHORUS.

But the vic - to - ry, my brother, May de-pend on you.
And the vic - to - ry, my brother, May de-pend on you. The vic - t'ry may de-
And the vic - to - ry, my brother, May de-pend on you.
Then the vic - to - ry, my brother, Must de-pend on yon.

pend on you, The vic-t'ry may depend on you; Dare to stand among the few,
on you, on you;
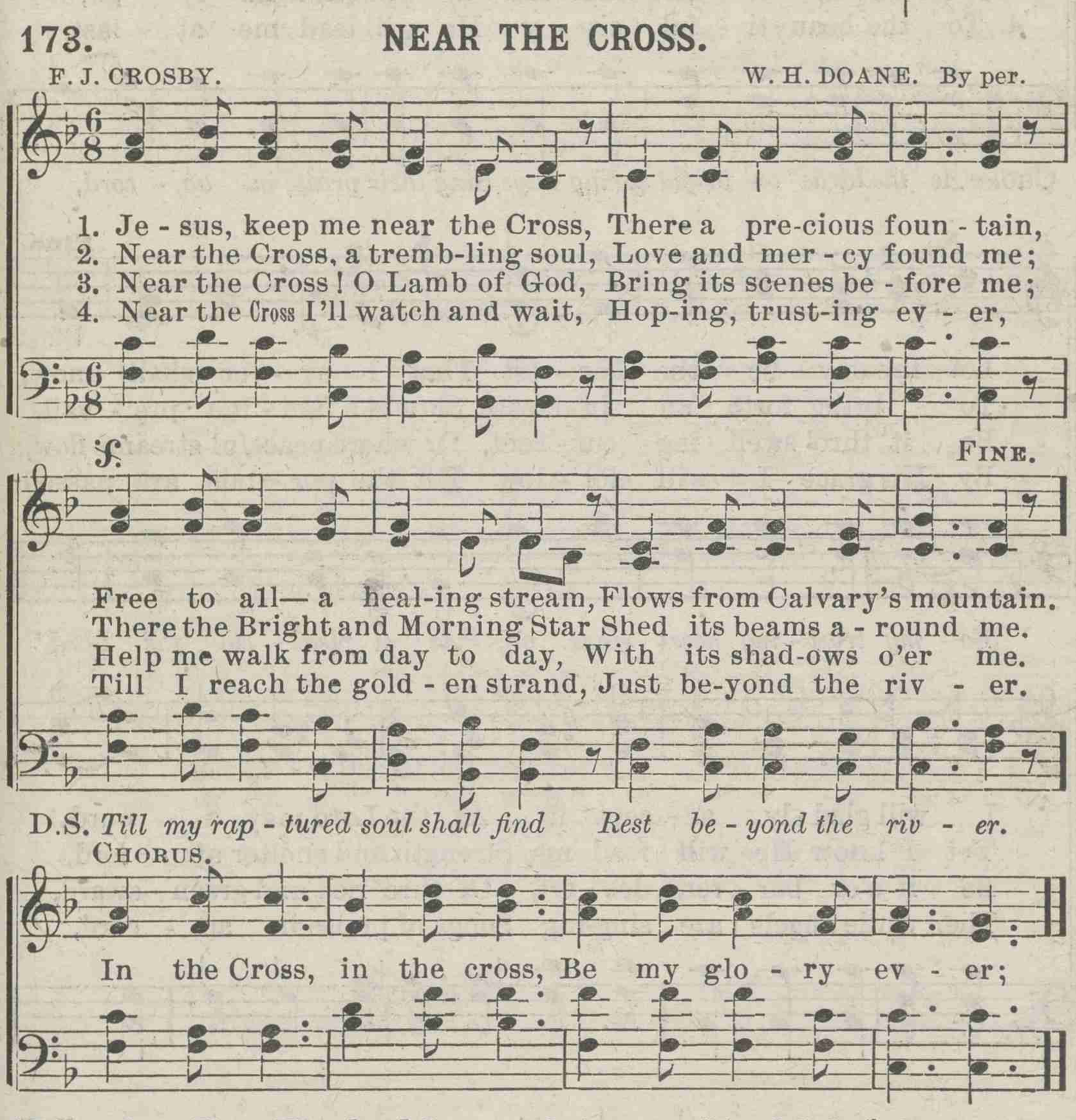
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THE VICTORY MAY DEPEND ON YOU. Concluded.



173. NEAR THE CROSS.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.



174. Are You Washed?

Key A. REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1 Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you fully trusting in His grace this hour?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

CHORUS.

Are you washed in the blood?
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?
Are your garments spotless?
Are they white as snow?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

2 Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Do you rest each moment in the Crucified?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

3 When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white—
Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?
Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright,
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

4 Lay aside the garments that are stained with sin,
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean,
Oh, be washed in the blood of the Lamb!

175 AS IT PLEASETH THE LORD.

E. D. ELLIOTT. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. Let to-mor - row be storm - y, Let the wild tem - pest blow,
2. Should the garner be emp - ty, And the har-vest field fail
3. Where-so-ev - er He leads me I will cheer-ful - ly go,
4. To the beau - ti - ful cit - y He will lead me at last,

CHO.—*As the birds on bright spring days Sing their praise in ac - cord,*

Let the day be the fair - est That I ev - er shall know,
To bring forth an in - crease, Should a fam - ine pre - vail,
Be it thro' swell - ing cur - rent, Or where peaceful streams flow,
By His grace I will fol - low Till the por - tals are passed,

So my trust - ing heart sings on, "As it pleas - eth the Lord."

I will glad - ly ac - cept it As the Lord may a - ward,
Yet I know He will feed me, Strength and shelter af - ford,
Be it o'er bar - ren des - ert, Or thro' rich and green - sward,
Then while angels are sing-ing Songs of praise in ac - cord,

For my trust - ing heart's sing - ing, "As it pleas - eth the Lord."
Knowing this I keep sing - ing, "As it pleas - eth the Lord."
I will fol - low still sing - ing, "As it pleas - eth the Lord."
I will shout as I en - ter, "As it pleas - eth the Lord."

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176. BEULAH LAND.

"He shall give thee the desires of thine heart."

EDGAR PAGE JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
2. My Sav-iour comes and walks with me, And sweet com-mun-ion here have we;
3. A sweet per-fume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er - ver - nal trees,
4. The zeph - yrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heav-'n's mel - o - dy,

Here shines un-dimn'd one bliss-ful day, For all my night has pass'd a - way.
He gen - tly leads me by His hand, For this is heav-en's bor - der - land.
And flow - ers, that never-fad-ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
As an-gels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet re-demp-tion song.

CHORUS.

O Beu-lah Land, sweet Beu-lah Land, As on Thy high-est mount I stand,

I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-pared for me,

And view the shin - ing glo - ry shore,—My heav'n, my home, for ev - er - more!

By per. of Mrs. Jno. R. Sweney, owner.

177. WILL YOU THEN BE TRUE? *

PALMER HARTSOUGH. FINLEY LYON.

1. When our country calls for her va-liant sons, O will you just then be true?
   When the war-cloud breaks o'er her faithful ones, O will you just then be true!
2. When a sweet voice lures where the soft lights shine, O will you just then be true?
   When a fair hand glows with the tempting wine, O will you just then be true?
3. In the vo-ter's booth on e - lec - tion day, O will you just then be true?
   Will you there mark down what your Lord would say, O will you just then be true?

When the lines advance with a quiv-ering breath, And the old flag stands in view,
In the festive throng, when the glad tones sound, To the thrill of joys so new,
With a king - ly vote, with a princely rod, Will you heav'n's high bidding do?

When the hot balls hiss o'er the field of death, O will you just then be true?
When the laugh rings out and the cup goes round, O will you just then be true?
In the vo-ter's booth, 'neath the eye of God, O will you just then be true?

REFRAIN.

When the lines ad-vance with a quivering breath, Will you then be true?
In the fes-tive throng, when the glad tones sound, Will you then be true?
With a king - ly vote, with a prince - ly rod, Will you then be true?

Slow and soft.

When the hot balls hiss o'er the field of death, Will you then be true?
When the laugh rings out and the cup goes round, Will you then be true?
In the vo - ter's booth, 'neath the eye of God, Will you then be true?

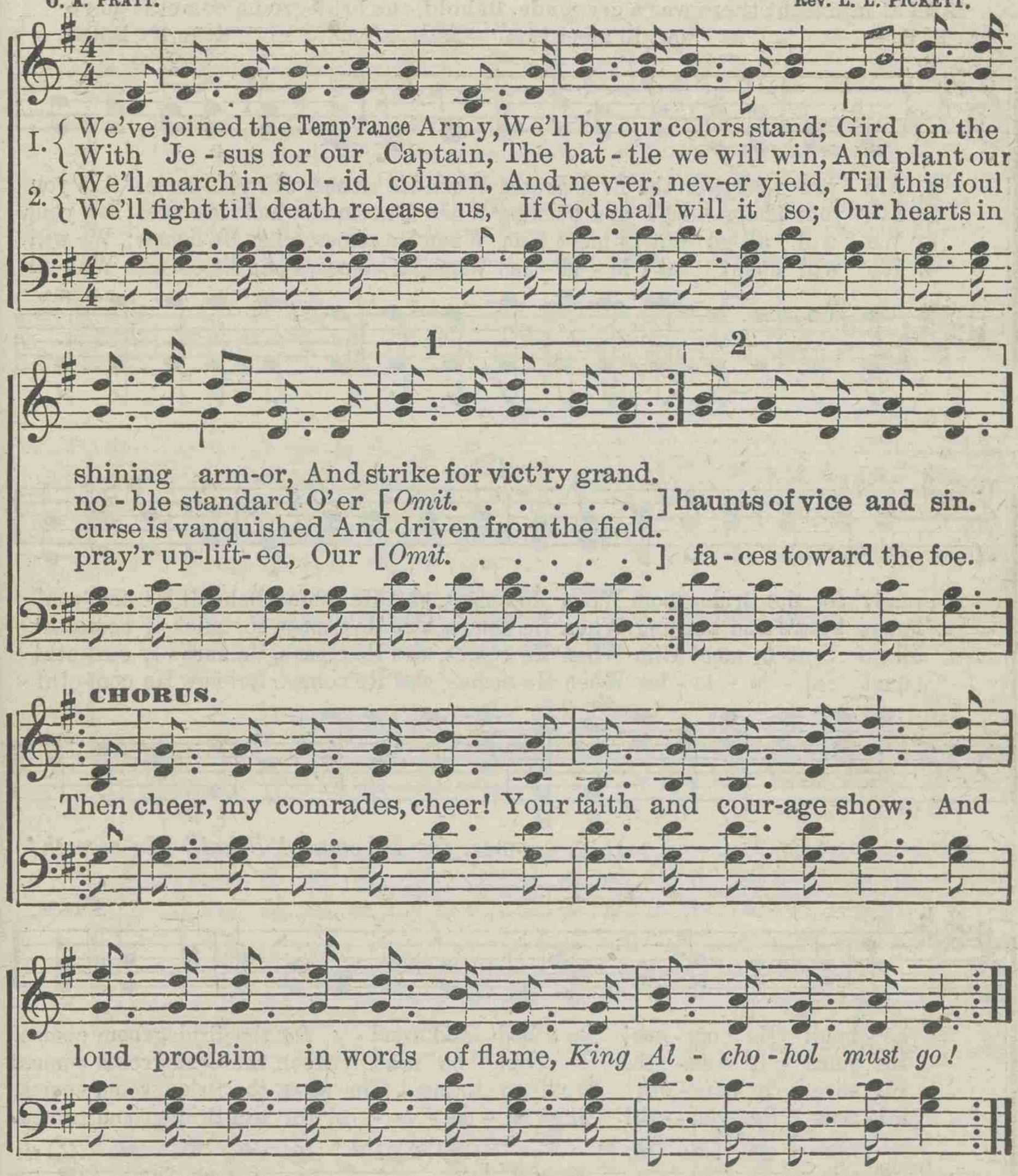
* If inconvenient to perform on 5 sharps play on B-flat.

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178

KING ALCOHOL MUST DIE.

O. A. PRATT. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



3 We, eager watching upward
For coming of our King,
Trust in the God of Daniel,
And pray and shout and sing.
We fear not roaring lions,
Nor other mighty foes;
The Lord will send His angel
And all their mouths will close.

4 We fear no tall Goliaths;
The ballot well we know
If properly directed,
Will lay the monster low.
We'll sound the Gospel trumpet,
And shout while marching round,
For rum saloons are shaken,
Their walls must tumble down.

5 Praise to our brave Commander,
In Him alone we trust;
His arm is strong and mighty
His ways are true and just.
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
He'll guide us safely on,
Till this rum fiend is vanquished—
The conquest nobly won.
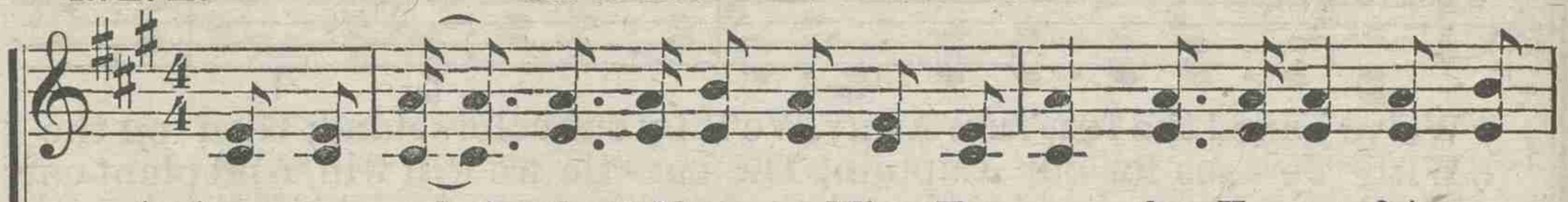
6 Awake, ye sons and daughters,
A true and valiant band;
Rest not till this vile monster
Is banished from the land.
Loud let the proclamation
On lightning pinions fly
To every tribe and nation,—
"KING ALCOHOL MUST DIE."

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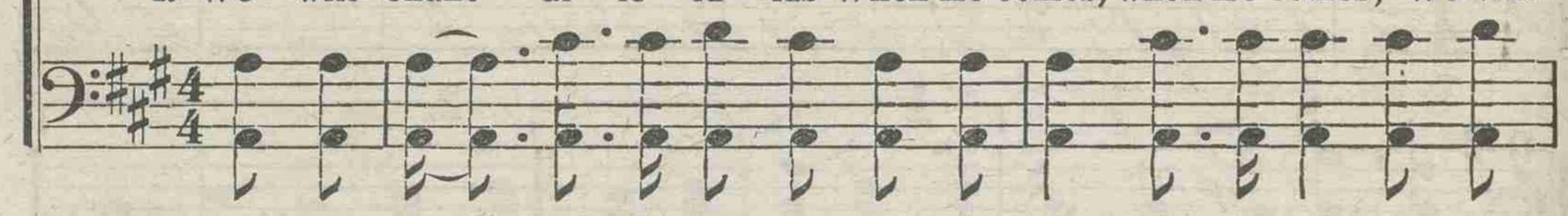
179. BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM.
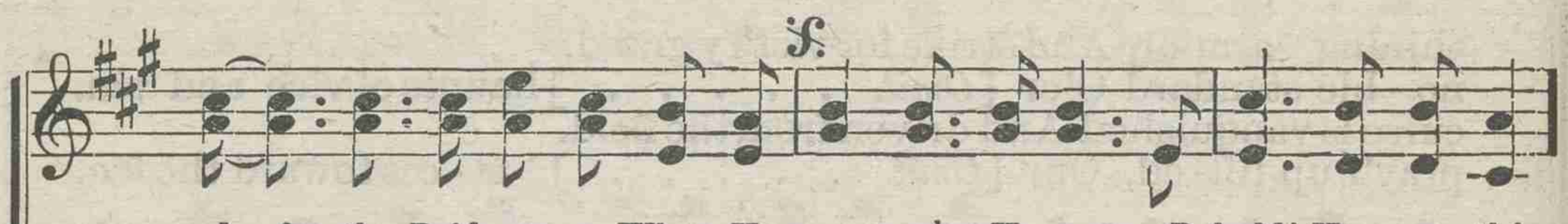
"And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh: go ye out to meet him."—Matt. 25: 6.

R. E. H. R. E. HUDSON.
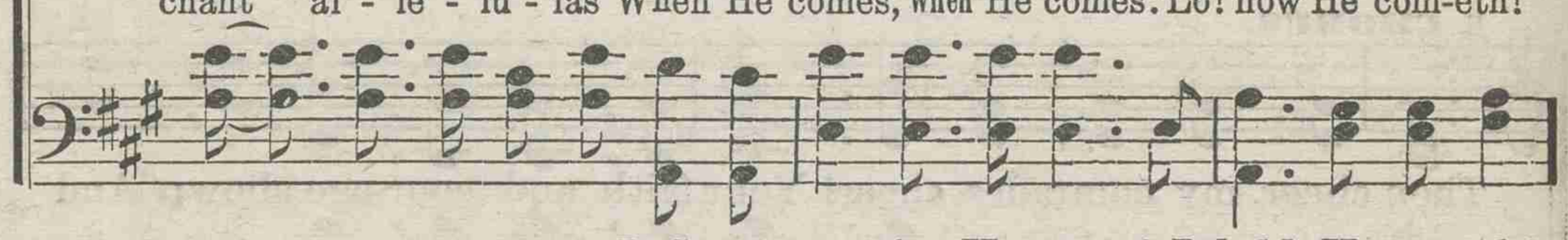


1. Are you ready for the Bridegroom When He comes, when He comes? Are you
2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When He comes, when He comes; Have your
3. We will all go out to meet Him When He comes, when He comes; We will
4. We will chant al - le - lu - ias When He comes, when He comes; We will
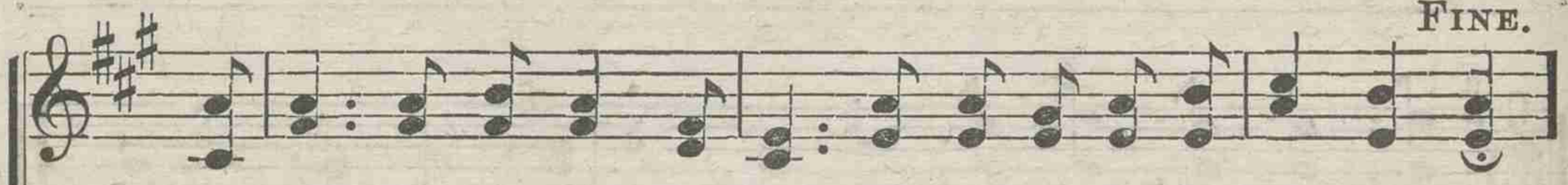




ready for the Bridegroom When He comes, when He comes, Behold! He com-eth!
lamps trimm'd and burning When He comes, when He comes, He quick-ly com-eth!
all go out to meet Him When He comes, when He comes, He sure - ly com-eth!
chant al - le - lu - ias When He comes, when He comes: Lo! now He com-eth!
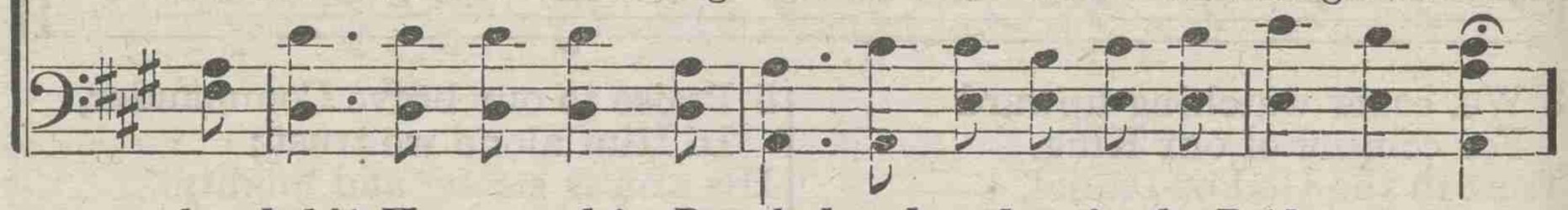


D. S.—*comes, for He comes! Behold He cometh!*

FINE.
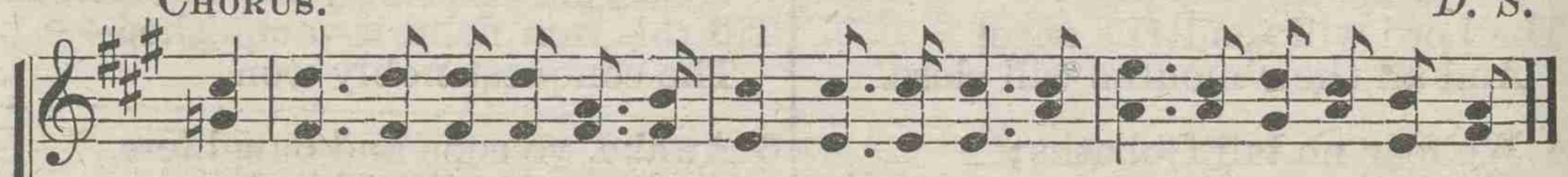


be - hold! He com - eth! Be robed and read - y for the Bridegroom comes.
He quick - ly com - eth, O soul, be read - y when the Bridegroom comes.
He sure - ly com - eth! We'll go to meet Him when the Bridegroom comes.
lo! now He com - eth! Sing al - le - lu - ia! for the Bridegroom comes.

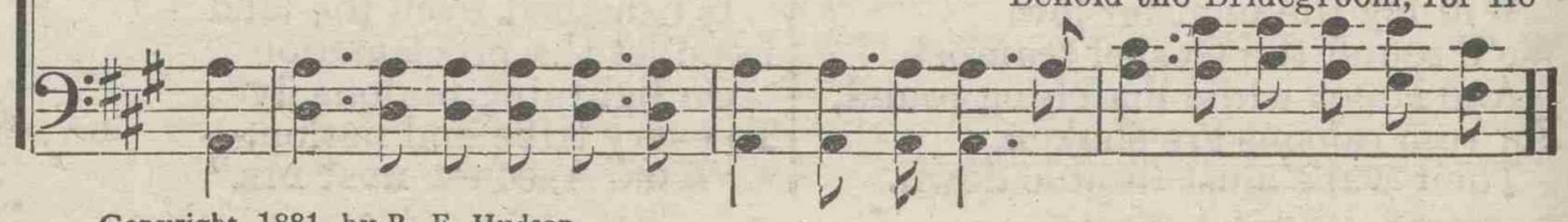


be - hold! He com - eth! Be robed and read-y, for the Bridegroom comes.

CHORUS. *D. S.*



Be - hold the Bridegroom, for He comes, for He comes!
Behold the Bridegroom, for He



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180 THEY ARE WAITING BY THE RIVER

REV. JNO. M. BAKER. L. L. PICKETT.

1. There's a bright and hap - py land, O - ver on that gold-en strand, No more
Loved ones who have gone be-fore, Wait our com-ing on that shore, By the

2. To that hap - py land on high, We are go - ing by and by, When the
Tell the sto - ry of His love, In our Fa-ther's house a-bove, By the

3. When we lay our ar-mour down, We'll ob - tain a robe and crown, And a
Ev - 'ry con-flict will be o'er, Safe at home for ev - er-more, By the

burdens for the wea-ry ones to bear;
Tree of Life E - ter-nal (*Omit*.....) o - ver there. They are wait-ing
toil - ing time is o-ver, and the care,
Tree of Life E - ter-nal (*Omit*.....) o - ver there.
man-sion in that cit-y, bright and fair,
Tree of Life E - ter-nal (*Omit*.....) o - ver there.

CHORUS

wait -

by the Riv-er, They are watching on the shore, Our loved ones who have left us

- - ing, watch - ing,

Are not lost, but gone be-fore. And I al-most hear them sing-ing In that

hap-py land so fair, By the Tree of Life E-ter - nal, o-ver there, (o-ver there.)

Rit.

Copyright, 1910, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

181. NOT HALF HAS EVER BEEN TOLD.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON. O. F. PRESBREY, by per.

1. I have read of a beau-ti-ful cit - y, Far a - way in the kingdom of God;
2. I have read of bright mansions in Heaven, Which the Saviour has gone to pre-pare;
3. I have read of white robes for the righteous, Of bright crowns which the glorified wear,
4. I have read of a Christ so for-giv-ing, That vile sin-ners may ask and re - ceive

I have read how its walls are of jasper, How its streets are all golden and broad.
And the saints who on earth have been faithful, Rest for - ev - er with Christ over there;
When our Father shall bid them "Come, enter, And my glo-ry en-ter - nal - ly share;"
Peace and pardon from ev-'ry transgression, If when asking they on - ly be - lieve.

In the midst of the street is life's river, Clear as cry-stal and pure to be - hold;
There no sin ev - er en-ters, nor sor-row, The in - hab-i-tants nev-er grow old;
How the righteous are ev-er-more blessed As they walk thro' the streets of pure gold,
I have read how He'll guide and protect us, If for safe - ty we en - ter His fold;

But not half of that cit-y's bright glo - ry To mor - tals has ev - er been told.
But not half of the joys that a-wait them To mor - tals has ev - er been told.
But not half of the won-der - ful sto - ry To mor - tals has ev - er been told.
But not half of His goodness and mer - cy To mor - tals has ev - er been told.
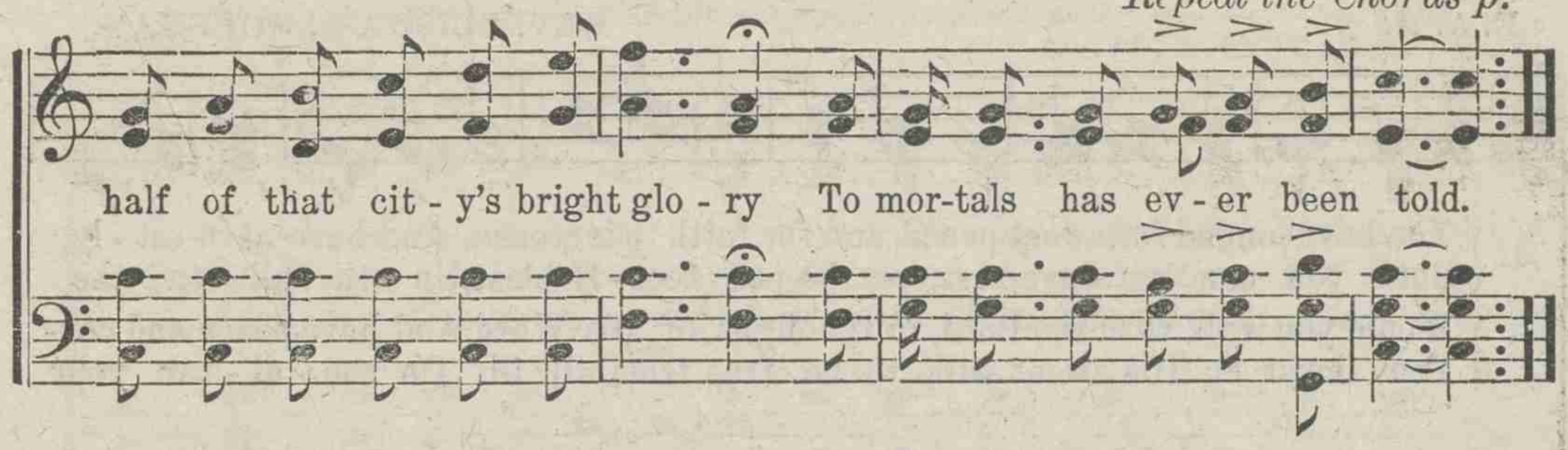
CHORUS.

Not half has ev - er been told;..... Not half has ev - er been told;..... Not half has ev - er been told;

Arr. Copyright, 1910, by L. L. Pickett.

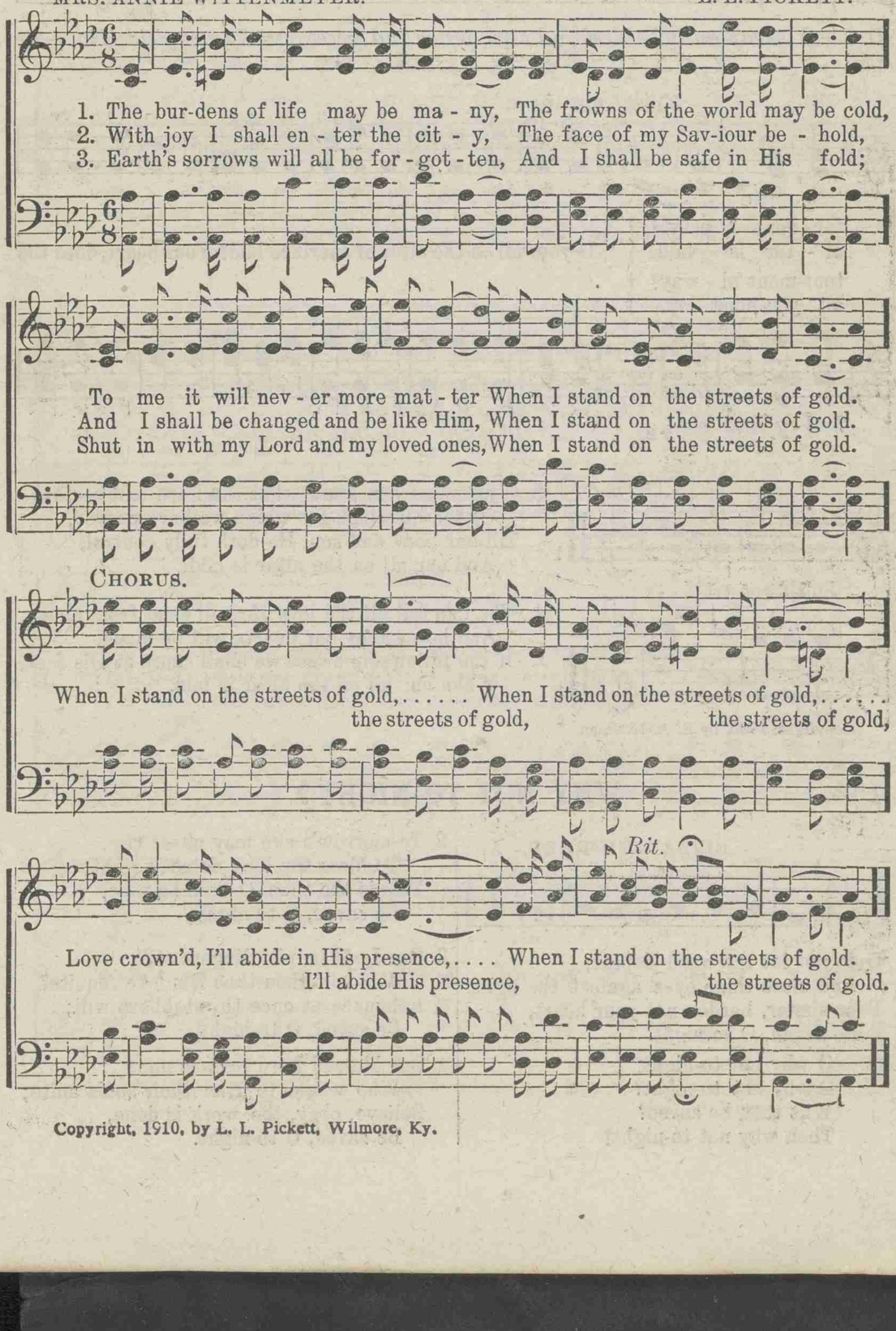
NOT HALF HAS EVER BEEN TOLD. Concluded.

Repeat the Chorus p.



182. WHEN I STAND ON THE STREETS OF GOLD.
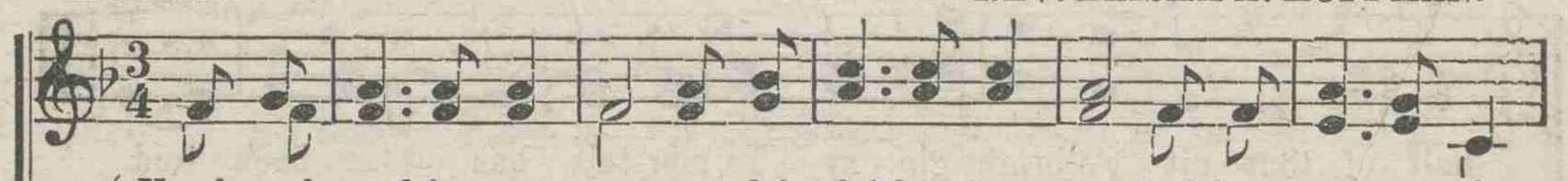
MRS. ANNIE WITTENMEYER. L. L. PICKETT.



Copyright, 1910, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.
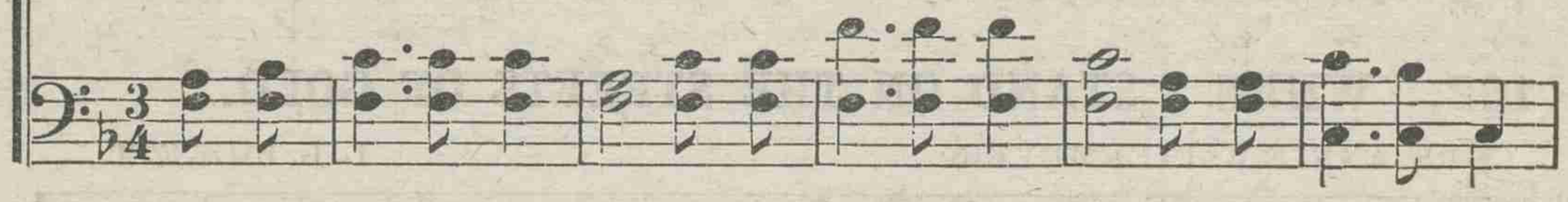
183. IS YOUR ALL ON THE ALTAR?

E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.
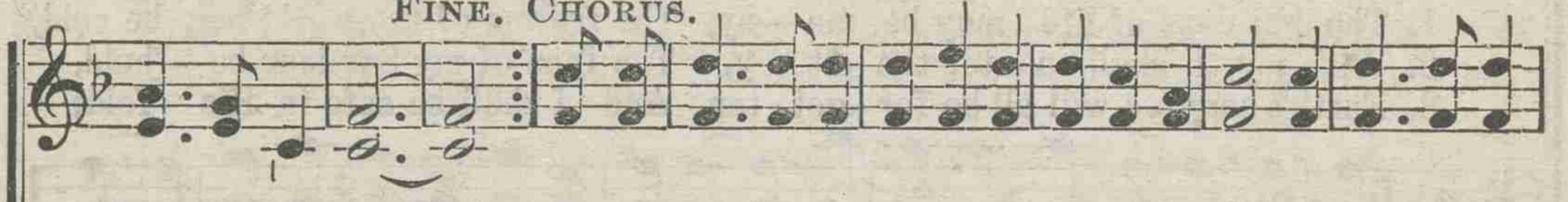


1. You have longed for sweet peace, and for faith to increase, And have earn-est - ly,
   But you can not have rest, or be per - fect - ly blest, Un - til all on the

2. Would you walk with the Lord, in the light of His Word, And have peace and con-
   You must do His sweet will, to be free from all ill, On the al - tar your
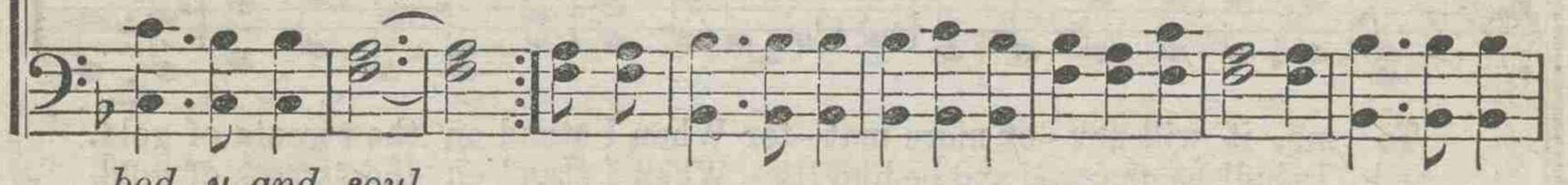


D. C.—*You can on-ly be blest and have peace and sweet rest, As you yield Him your*

FINE. CHORUS.
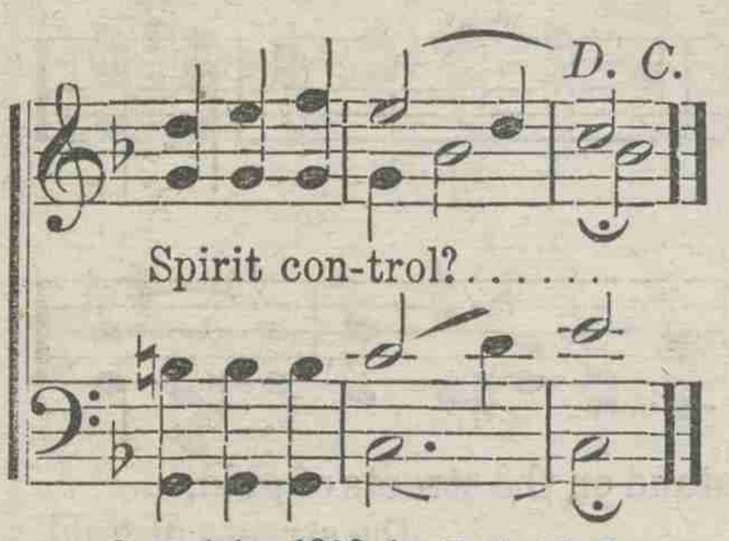


fer - vent - ly pray'd;
al - tar is laid.
tent-ment al - way?
all you must lay.

Is your all on the altar of sacrifice laid? Your heart, does the



bod - y and soul.
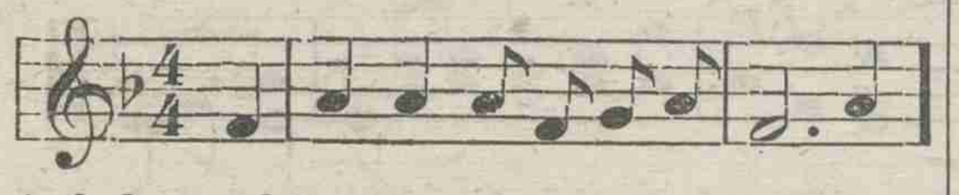


Copyright, 1900, by E. A. Hoffman.

3 O we never can know what the Lord will bestow,
Of the blessings for which we have prayed,
Till our body and soul He doth fully control,
And our all on the altar is laid.

4 Who can tell all the love He will send from above,
And how happy our hearts will be made,
Of the fellowship sweet we shall share at His feet,
When our all on the altar is laid.

184. WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

ELIZABETH REED. Alt.



1 O do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not your heart,
Be saved, O to-night.

CHO.—O why not to-night?
O why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved?
Then why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise,
To bless thy long deluded sight;
This is the time, O then be wise,
Be saved, O to-night.

3 Our Lord in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus His love requite?
Renounce at once thy stubborn will;
Be saved, O to-night.

4 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite;
Believe, obey, the work is done,
Be saved, O to-night.

185 THE TOLLING BELLS.

"Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure."—Isa. 5: 14.

W. A. W. Rev. W. A. WILLIAMS. By per.

1. Oh, hear the toll-ing of the bells Each sin - gle night and day!
2. Each day a hundred men or more, A-mong them are the great,
3. And so the work of death goes on Throughout our sin-ful race,

A sto - ry sad their mu-sic tells: The dead are borne a-way. We
De-spair-ing quit this earthly shore To share a drunkards fate. And
And when this throng of drunkard's gone, An-oth-er takes its place. They

hear its sol-emn dirge-like tones In-vit-ing to the tomb, They're mingled
al-most ev - 'ry song we sing, A ser-vice at the most, Marks time e-
are the boys who smile and play, With joy our hearts they fill, For whom the

with the hopeless moans That speak the drunkard's doom.
nough for bells to ring: "An - oth-er soul is lost." Tolling! tolling! the
bell will toll some day, The vic-tims of the still.

CHORUS Very slow.

pp

knell of a soul! Toll-ing! toll-ing! the knell of a soul!

Copyright, 1892, by W. A. Williams, Warnock, O. From "Silver Tones," a 35 cent Prohibition book.

186. OUR LORD'S RETURN TO EARTH AGAIN.

J. M. K. ACTS 1: 9, 10, 11. J. M. KIRK.

1. I am watch-ing for the com - ing of the glad mil - len - nial day.
2. Je - sus' com - ing back will be the an-swer to earth's sorrowing cry,
3. Yes, the ran-somed of the Lord shall come to Zi - on then with joy,
4. Then the sin and sor - row, pain and death of this dark world shall cease,

When our bless-ed Lord shall come and catch his wait - ing Bride a - way; Oh! my
For the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth and sea and sky; God shall
And in all His ho - ly mount-ain noth-ing hurts or shall de-stroy; Per-fect
In a glo-rious reign with Je - sus of e - ter - nal love and peace; All the

heart is fill'd with rapture as I la-bor, watch and pray, For our Lord is com-ing
take a - way all sick-ness and the suff'rer's tears will dry, When our Saviour shall come
peace shall reign in ev-'ry heart, and love with-out al - loy, Aft - er Je-sus shall come
earth is groaning, cry-ing for that day of sweet release, For our Je - sus to come

D.S. *will be bound a thousand years, we'll have no tempter then, After Jesus shall come*

CHORUS.

Fine.

back to earth a-gain. Oh! our Lord is coming back to earth a-gain,
is com-ing back to earth again,

back to earth a-gain.

D. S.

Yes, our Lord is com - ing back to earth a - gain, Sa - tan
is com - ing back to earth a - gain,

He is to reign forever and ever.—REV. 11: 15.

Let none who sing this beautiful song limit Christ's reign to a thousand years.—DAN. 7: 14, 18; LUKE 1: 33.

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187

GOD BE WITH YOU.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet again; By his counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath his wings securely hide you;
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you;

With his sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
Dai - ly manna still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet again.
Put his arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet again.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.
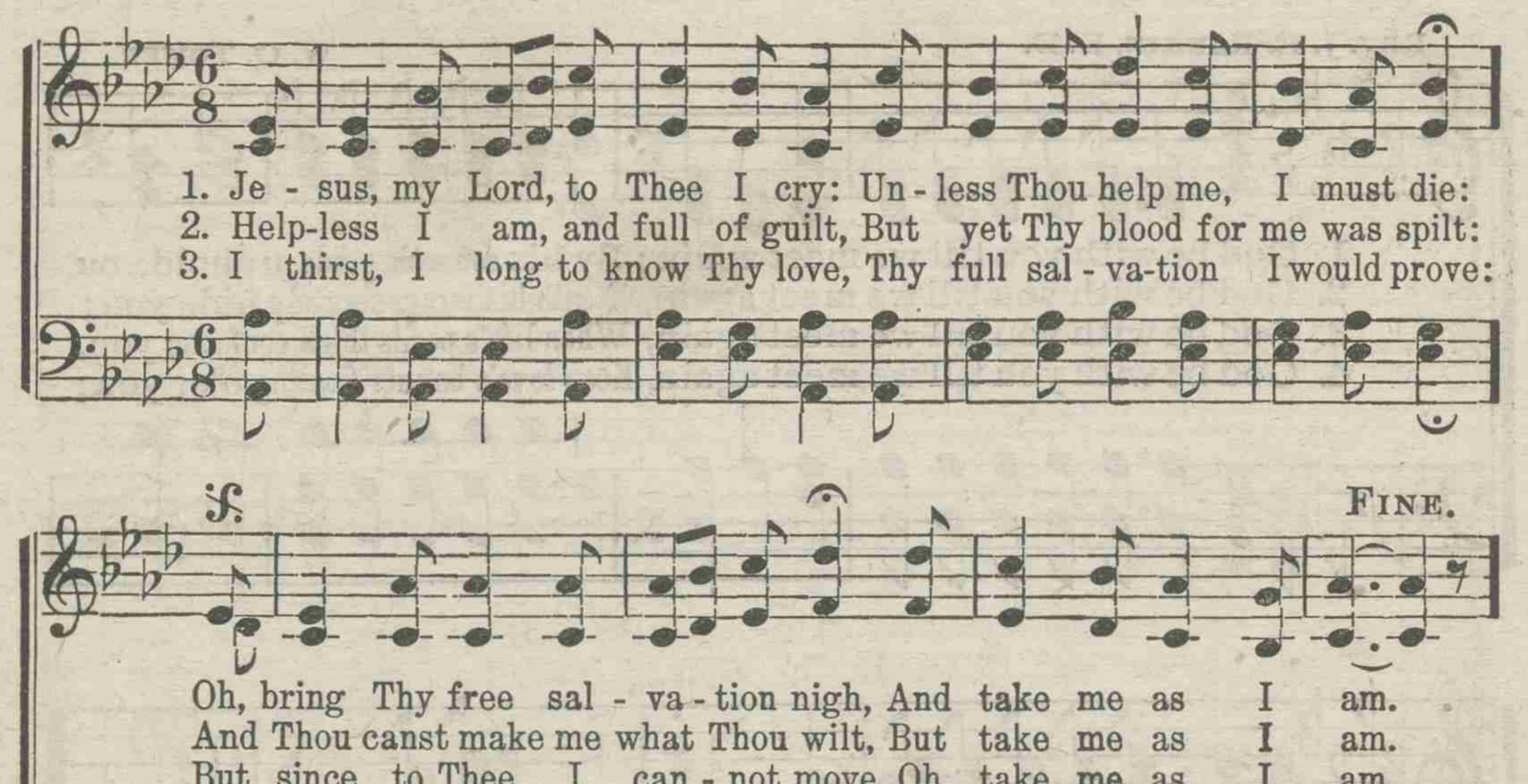
CHORUS.

Till we meet, . . Till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet again, till we meet;
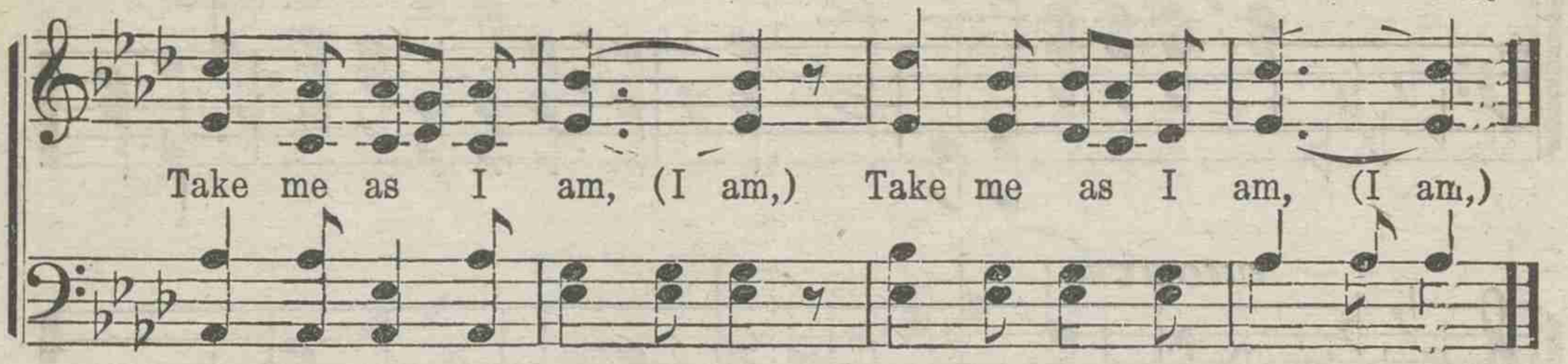
Till we meet, . . Till we meet, God be withyoutill we meet a-gain.
Till we meet, till we meet again,

By permission.

188. TAKE ME AS I AM.



REFRAIN. D. S.



189. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Key G.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross,
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
‖: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :‖
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
‖: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :‖
Nearer to Thee.

3 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
Jesus our only hope
And all our plea:
Through Him O may I be,
‖: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :‖
Nearer to Thee.

—Sarah F. Adams, (3rd v. by L. L. Pickett.)

190. Blessed Be the Name.

Key A.

1 In God the Lord my trust I place,
So have no anxious care;
In darkest hours I trust His grace,—
He doth my burdens bear.

CHORUS.

‖: Blessed be the name,
Blessed be the name.
Blessed be the name of the Lord. :‖

2 His holy name is my high tower,
A shelter from the blast;
Here safely hid from Satan's power,
All burdens down I cast.
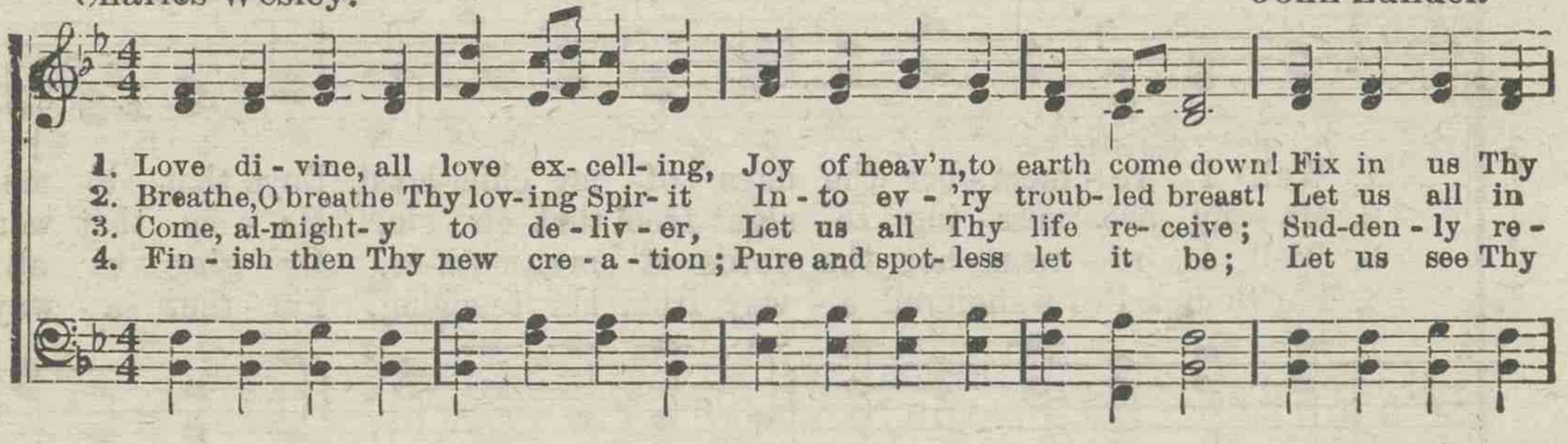
3 There is no refuge such as this,
Where we can safely hide;
In which we taste unchanging bliss,
Whene'er our souls are tried.

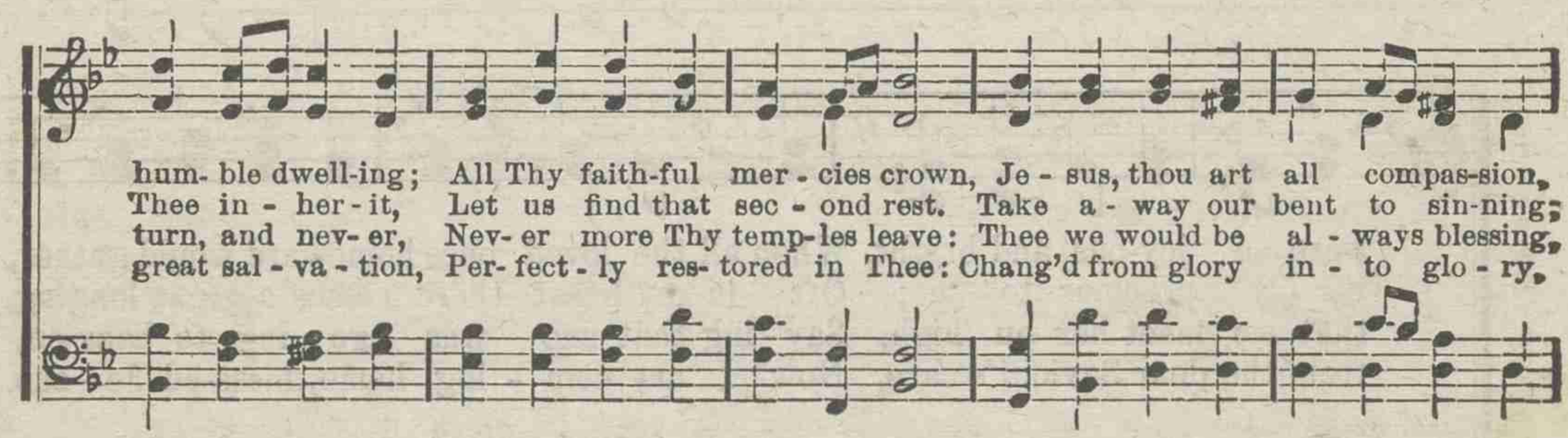
4 Sweet peace we find, and holy joy,
Eternal life is ours;
His service here our glad employ,—
He sends refreshing showers.
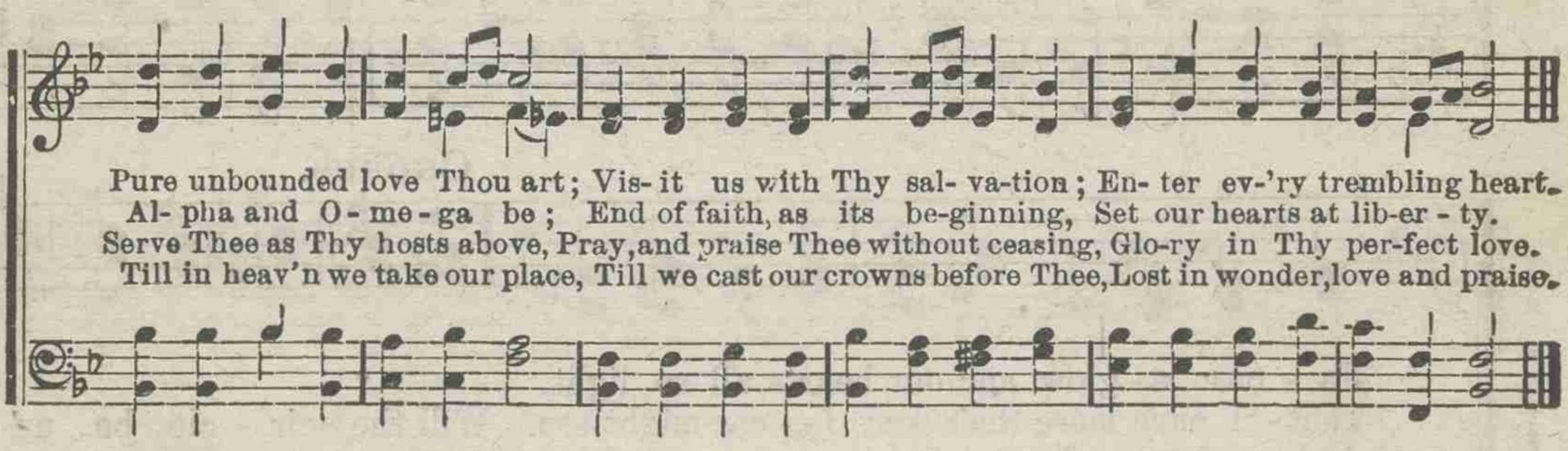
—L. L. PICKETT.

191 LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVE EXCELLING.

Charles Wesley. John Zundel.

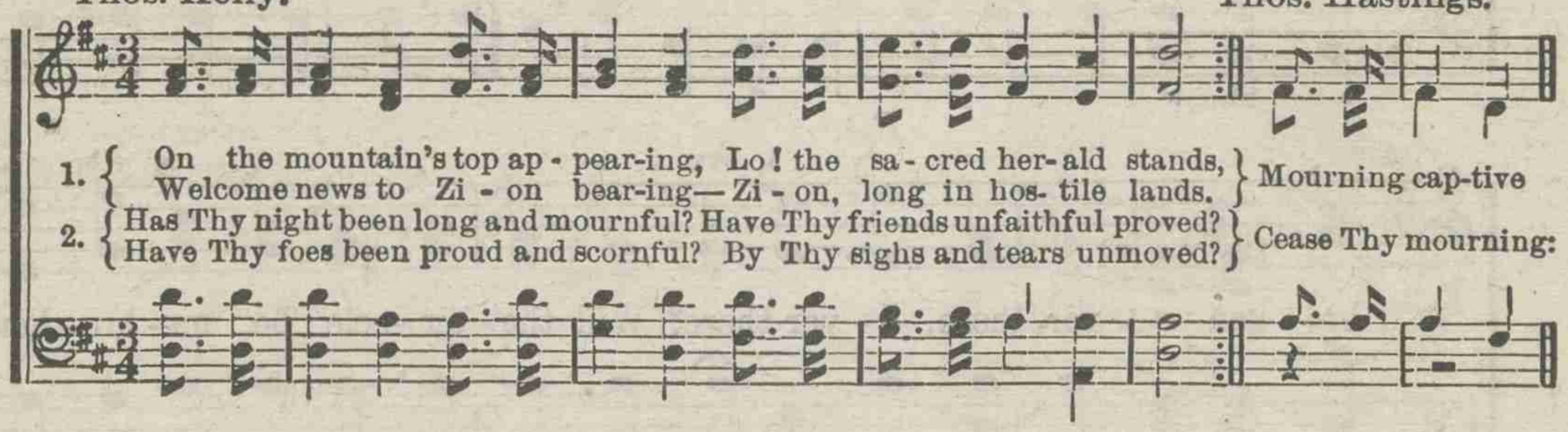


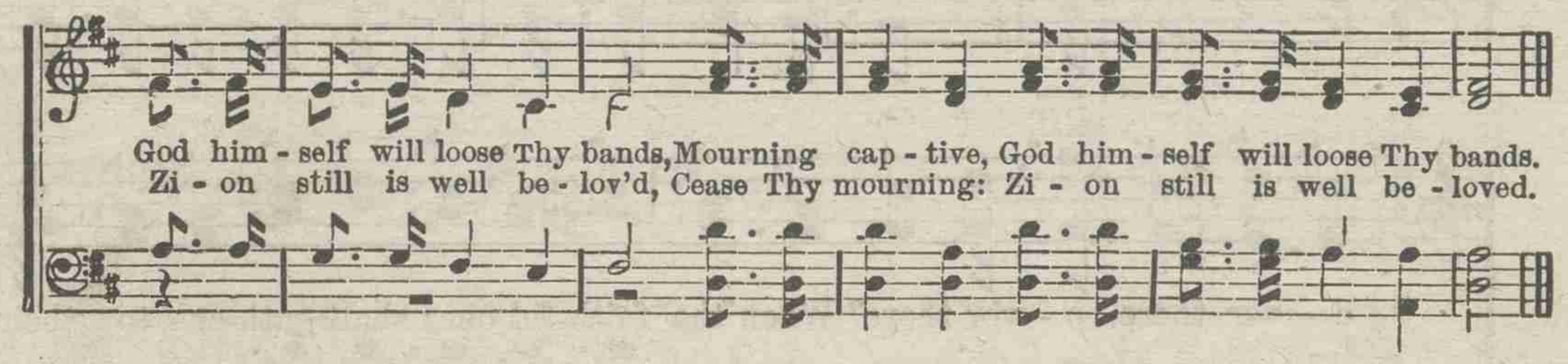




192 ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Thos. Kelly. Thos. Hastings.





3 God, Thy God, will now restore Thee;
He Himself appears Thy Friend;
All Thy foes shall flee before Thee;
Here Their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend Thee;
All Thy warfare now be past;
God, Thy Saviour, will defend Thee;
Victory is Thine at last;
All Thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

193. WILL THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN OVER THERE.

N. H. LINES. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BUTTS.

1. Well I re - mem - ber the days of my child-hood, Days that to me
2. Ma - ny are miss - ing to - night from that cir - cle, Ma - ny that were
3. Well I re - mem - ber the words of my moth-er, Ur - ging us all
4. Far though I've wan-dered a - way from her teaching, Far - ther a - way

were so joy-ous and bright, When all the loved ones homeward would gather,
ver - y precious to me; Oft in my heart there comes a great longing,
that we meet her on high, Say - ing that she was go - ing to heav-en,
from the dear Saviour's care, Now I am com - ing home, bless-ed Je - sus,

CHORUS.

Fa - ces a - glow and our hearts all so light.
That I once more their dear fa - ces might see. Will the cir - cle be un-
And we should all meet her there by and by.
Heav - en and bliss with my loved ones to share.

Rit.
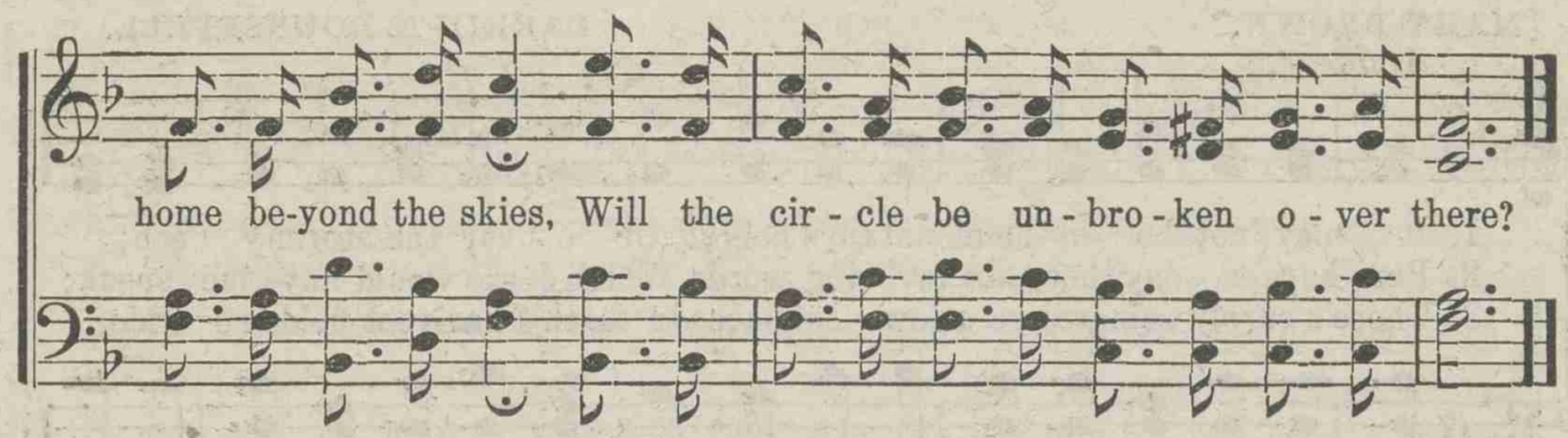
bro - ken o - ver there, o - ver there? Will the cir - cle be un - bro - ken

Rit.

o - ver there, o - ver there? When the faith-ful ones shall gath-er to their

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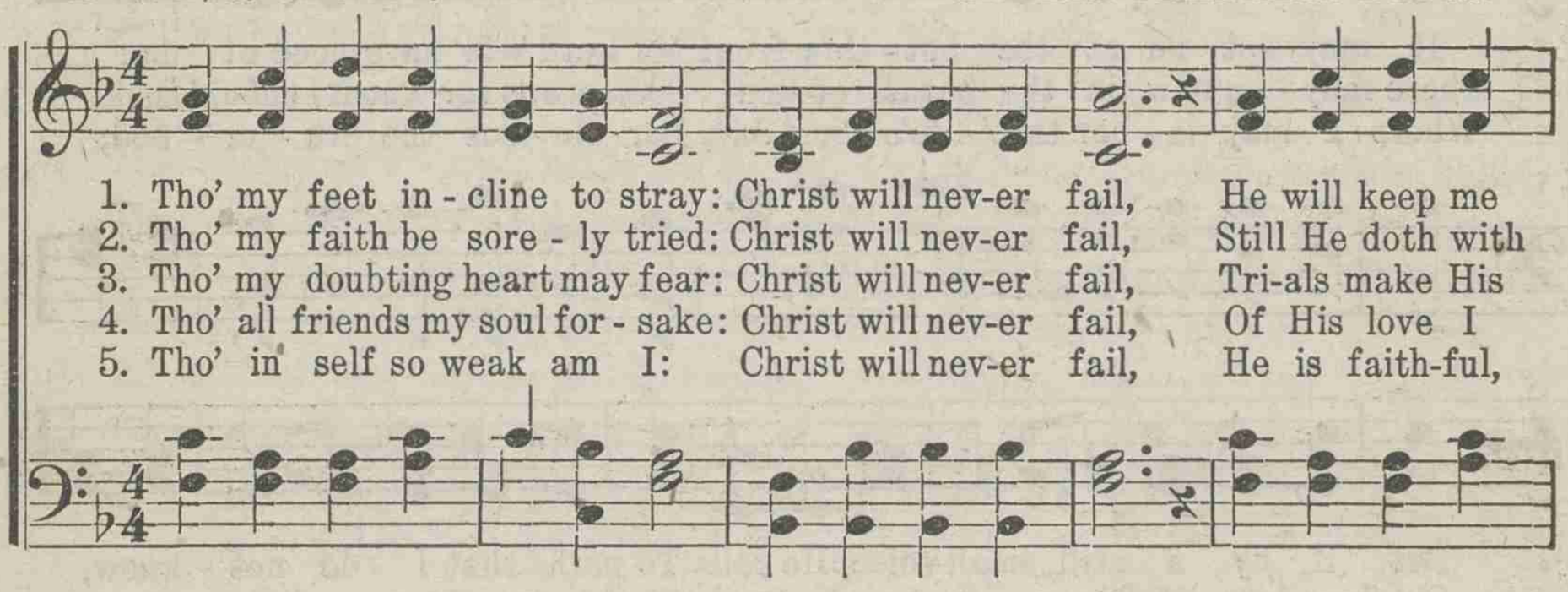
WILL THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN. Concluded.
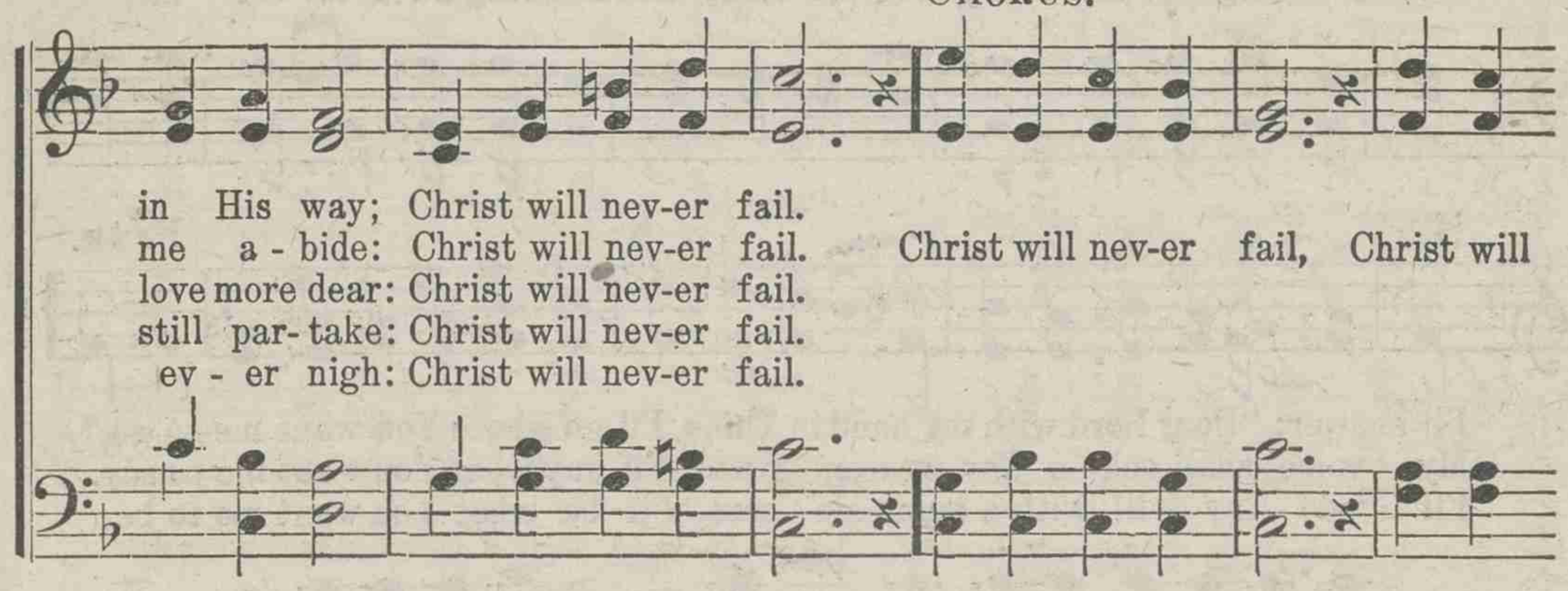


194. CHRIST WILL NEVER FAIL.

"The just Lord faileth not."—ZEPH. 3: 5.

REV. E, G. WESLEY. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BUTTS.



CHORUS.



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195. I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

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

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

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

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

FINE.

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

REFRAIN. D. S.

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

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WHERE AM I DRIFTING?

V. A. D. May be sung as a Solo. V. A. DAKE.

1. Dark, dark are the wa-ters a-round me, No star sheds a beam on my night;
2. The high-lands of Heav-en I've sight-ed, Far from them I mean-ing-less roam;
3. No trace can I see of earth's shore-lines, No sound of her joys or her care;
4. The spell of e - ter - ni - ty hold's me, E - ter - ni - ty's se-crets are near;
5. Back, back fly the cur-tains of dark-ness, Re-veal-ing e - ter - ni-ty's death;

Has dark-ness e - ter - nal-ly bound me? I'm drift-ing, I'm drift-ing from light.
Its glor - ies e - ter - nal I've sight-ed; I'm drift-ing, I'm drift-ing from home.
A - lone on e - ter - ni - ty's con-fines, I'm drift-ing, I'm drift-ing O where?
'Tis sin's grav-i-ta-tion con-trols me, I'm drift-ing for - ev - er, I fear,
A - mid all that hor-ror of black-ness, A - lone and for - ev - er I drift.

CHORUS.

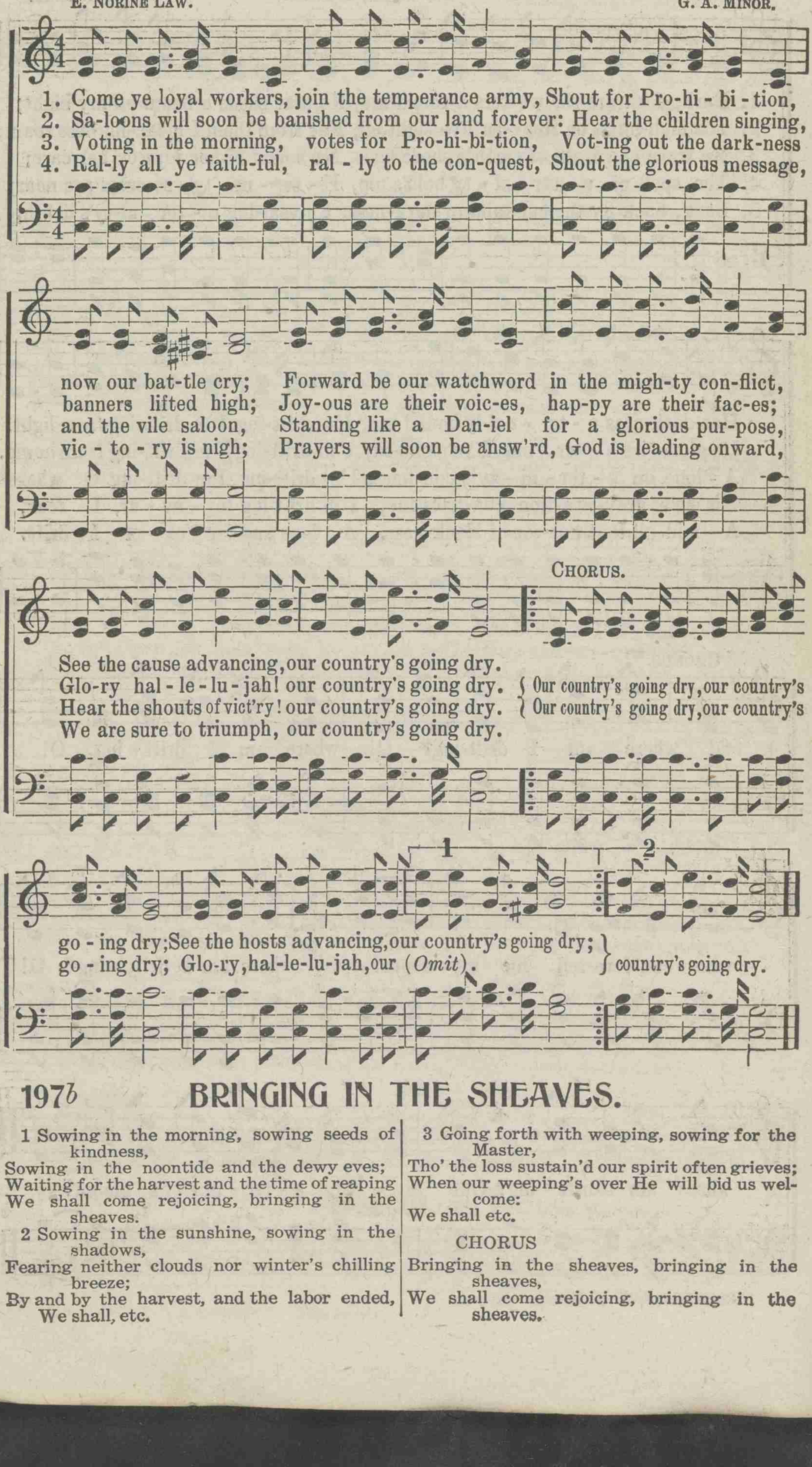
O! where am I drift-ing? O! where am I drift - ing, O!
who can fore-tell me my doom? O! where am I drift - ing? O!
where am I drift - ing? Out in - to e - ter - ni - ty's gloom!

rit.

Copyright, by T. H. Nelson. By per.

197*a* OUR COUNTRY'S GOING DRY.

E. NORINE LAW. G. A. MINOR.



197*b* BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eves;
Waiting for the harvest and the time of reaping
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall, etc.

3 Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master,
Tho' the loss sustain'd our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over He will bid us welcome:
We shall etc.

CHORUS

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

PILGRIMS—STRANGERS.

G. A. C. G. A. Collin.

1. Pil - grims-stran - gers here on earth we roam, And we tar - ry,
2. We shall rest on the ev - er - ver - dant shore, On the banks by the
3. Then should shad - ows come and storm-winds blow, And the path - way
4. So we sing while journ'-ing on our way, Hap - py songs of the

tar - ry but a night; Press - ing up - ward to the home Where no
beau - ti - ful stream; With our wea - ry wand'ring's o'er, There to
rough and thorn-y be; Christ the Sav - iour—this we know—"Grace suf-
home-land of the soul; Sound-ing forth Sal - va - tion free,—Rais - ing

shad-ows ev - er come,—We are walk - ing in the gos - pel light.
sor - row nev - er - more: Oh how sweet, oh how grand 'twill seem!
fi-cient" will be - stow;—"More than con - quer-ors" thro' Him are we!
notes of ju - bi - lee,—As we ev - er near the shin - ing goal.

Chorus.

We shall sing.... the tri - umph song, When we get to the end of the way;
We shall sing the glad tri-umph-ant song,

But till then.... by songs of faith, We will cheer each passing day.
But till then by songs of liv - ing faith,

Copyright, 1910, by G. A. Collin.

199. Shall we Know Each Other There?

W. M. Rev. R. LOWRY. By per.

1. When we hear the mu - sic ring - ing In the bright ce - les - tial dome,
2. When the ho - ly an - gels meet us, As we go to join their band,
3. Yes, my earth-worn soul re - joi - ces, And my wea - ry heart grows light,
4. Oh, ye wea - ry, sad, and toss'd ones, Droop not, faint not, by the way;

When sweet an - gel voi - ces sing - ing Glad - ly bid us wel - come home
Shall we know the friends that greet us, In the glo - rious spir - it land?
For the thrill-ing an - gel voi - ces, And the an - gel fa - ces bright;
Ye shall join the loved and just ones In the land of per - fect day!

To the land of an-cient sto - ry, Where the spir - it knows no care;
Shall we see the same eyes shin - ing On us, as in days of yore?
That shall welcome us in heav - en, Are the lov'd of long a - go,
Harp-strings touch'd by an-gel fin - gers, Mur - mur in my rap-tured ear,

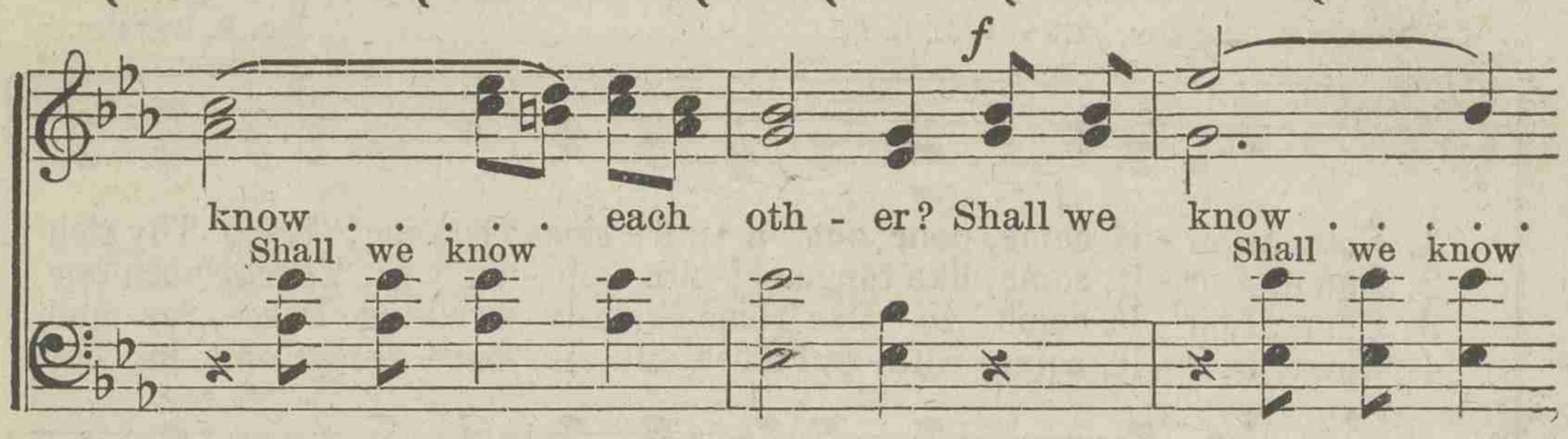
In that land of life and glo - ry, Shall we know each oth - er there?
Shall we feel their dear arms twin - ing Fond - ly round us, as be - fore?
And to them 't is kind - ly giv - en, Thus their earth - ly friends to know.
Ev - er - more their sweet song lin - gers, "We shall know each oth - er there!"
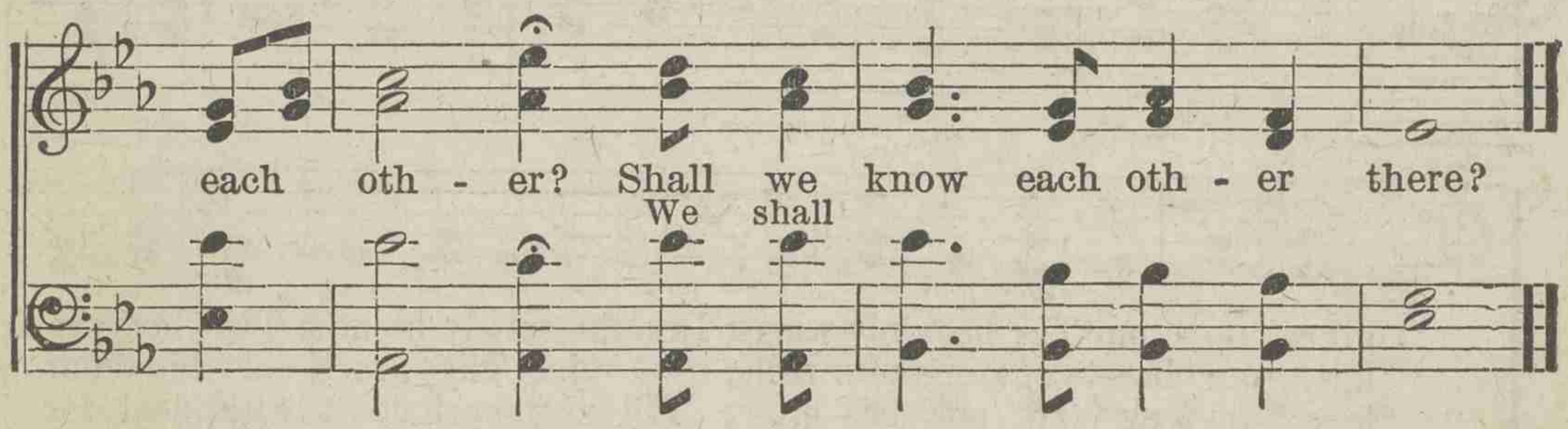
REFRAIN.

Shall we know . . . . . each oth - er? Shall we

Shall we know
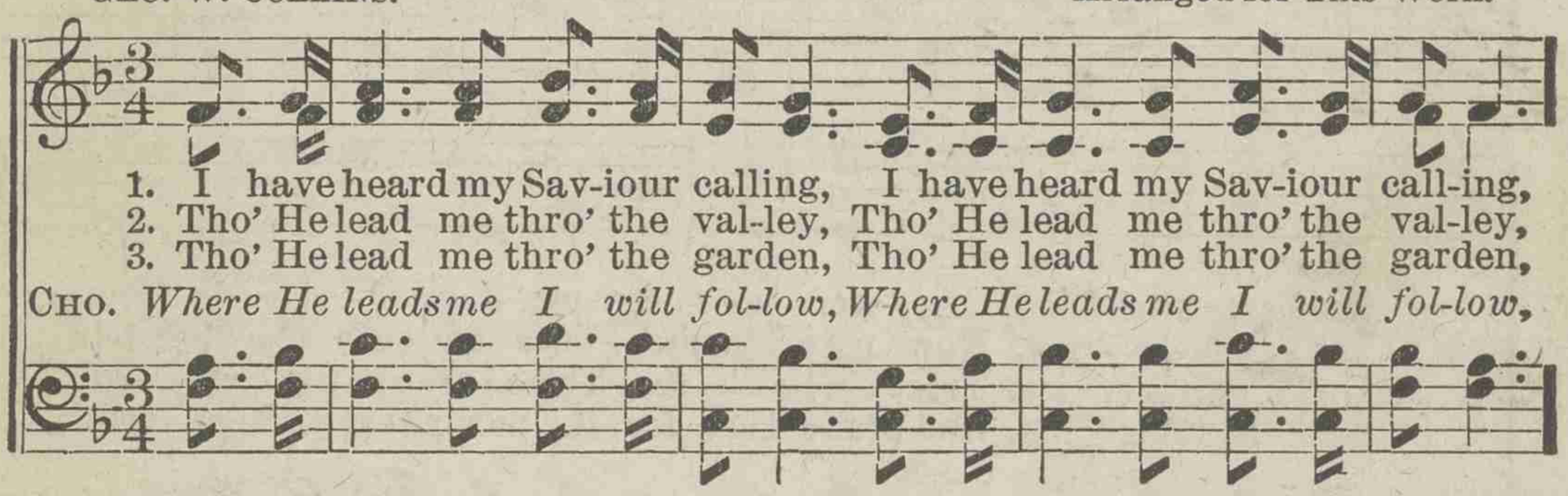
Shall we Know Each Other There? Concluded.

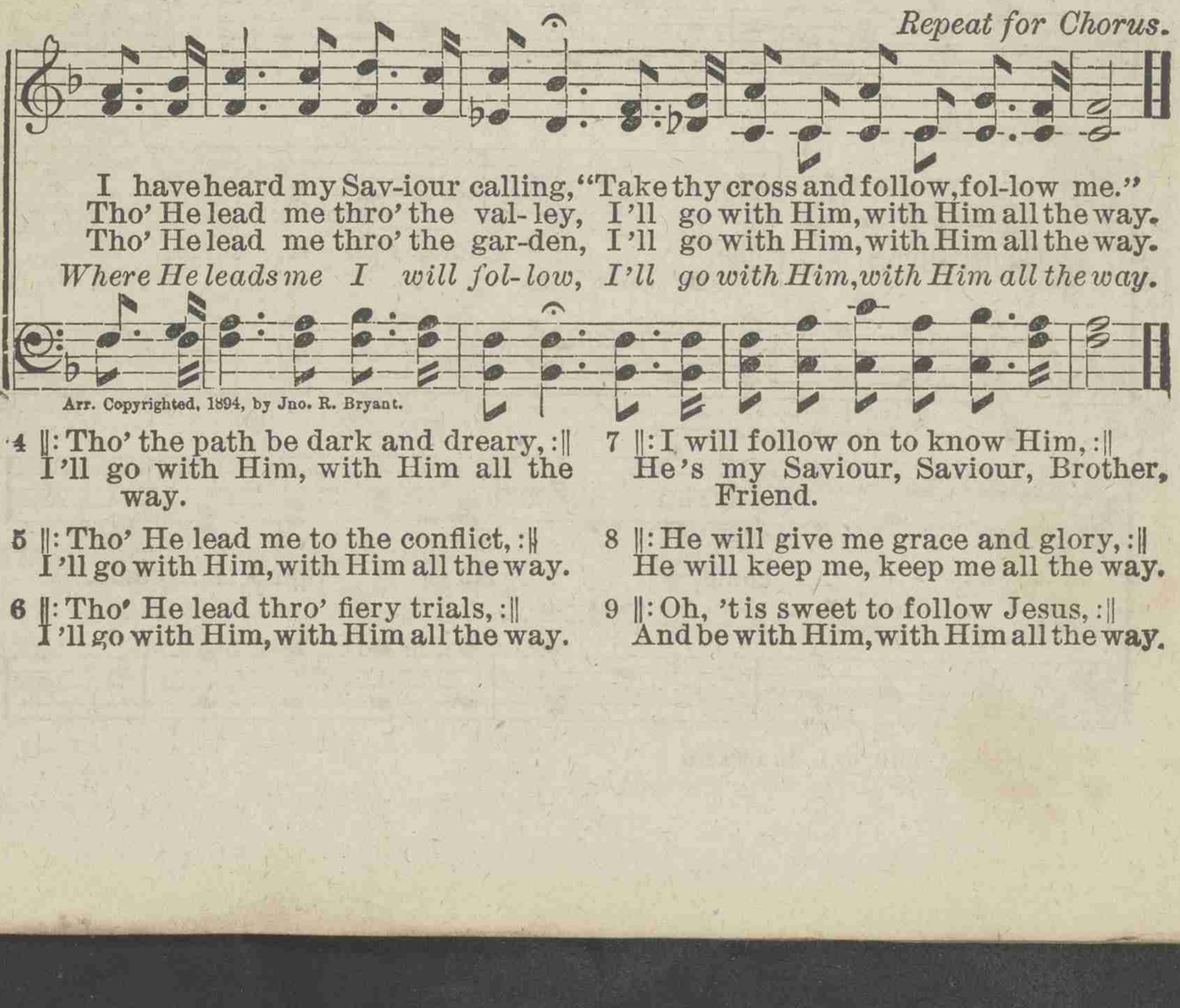




200. I'll go with Him.

GEO. W. COLLINS. Arranged for This Work.





Arr. Copyrighted, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

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

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

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

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

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

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

201

COME, SPIRIT, COME.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON. 4th v. by L. L. P. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Come, Spir - it, come, pour out a pre - cious bless-ing, Bring Thy rich grace up - on Thy heav'nly wings; Breathe, soft-ly breathe Thy love in ac - cents swell - ing, Lin - ger a - mong us; Joy di - vine it brings.
2. Come, Spir - it, come, like tongue of fire up - on us, Touch, touch our lips, our hearts of stone now melt; O let Thy grace il - lume our ver - y be - ing, Now may Thy pres - ence on each one be felt.
3. Come, Spir - it, come to this Thine earth-ly dwell-ing, Peace, joy and love on ev - 'ry one be - stow; Fill now each heart with zeal for God's own serv - ice, Trace in each soul Thine Im - age ere we go.
4. Come, Spir - it, come, with - out Thee life is bar - ren, Come in Thy full - ness, fer - ti - lize each soul, Then in "that day" rich sheaves we will be bring - ing, And praise Thee for the pow'r that made us whole.

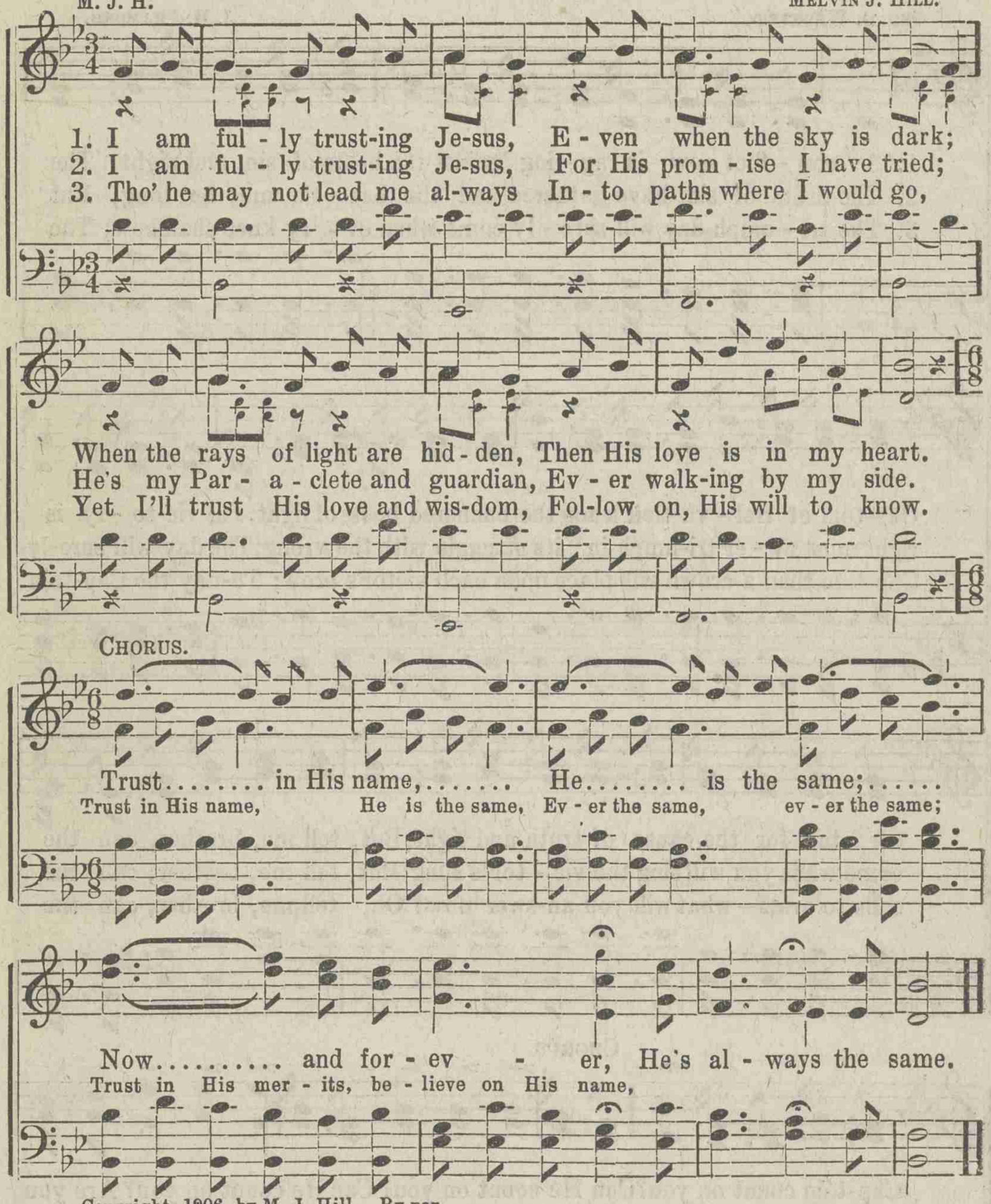
REFRAIN.

Come, Spir - it, come, Come, Spir - it, come,
O quick - ly, quick - ly,
Come, come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come.
Spir - it, quick - ly,

Copyright, 1910, by L. L. Pickett.

202 HE IS THE SAME.

M. J. H. MELVIN J. HILL.



Copyright, 1906, by M. J. Hill. By per.

203 DEAR JESUS.

1 Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want Thee forever to live in my soul:
Break down every idol, cast out every foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than [snow.
Chorus
Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Dear Jesus, let nothing unholy remain:
Apply Thine own blood, and remove every stain.
To have this best cleansing, I all things forego; [snow.
Now wash me, and I shall be whiterthan

3 Dear Jesus come down from Thy throne in the skies,
And help to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 The blessing, by faith, I receive from above:
O glory! my soul is made perfect in love.
My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I know [snow.
The blood is applied: I am whiter than

204 CAN HE COUNT ON YOU?

GEO. O. WEBSTER. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. A con - flict now is rag - ing 'gainst the hosts of sin and night, The
2. The hosts of sin have gathered and the bat - tle may be long, But
3. The tri - umph day will sure - ly come when ev - 'ry knee shall bow, The

Cap-tain of Sal - va-tion leads the bannered hosts of light; The vic-to - ry is
right must ev - er tri-umph in its struggle with the wrong; The day will sure-ly
Cap-tain then a crown will place upon each victor's brow; To-day the Cap-tain

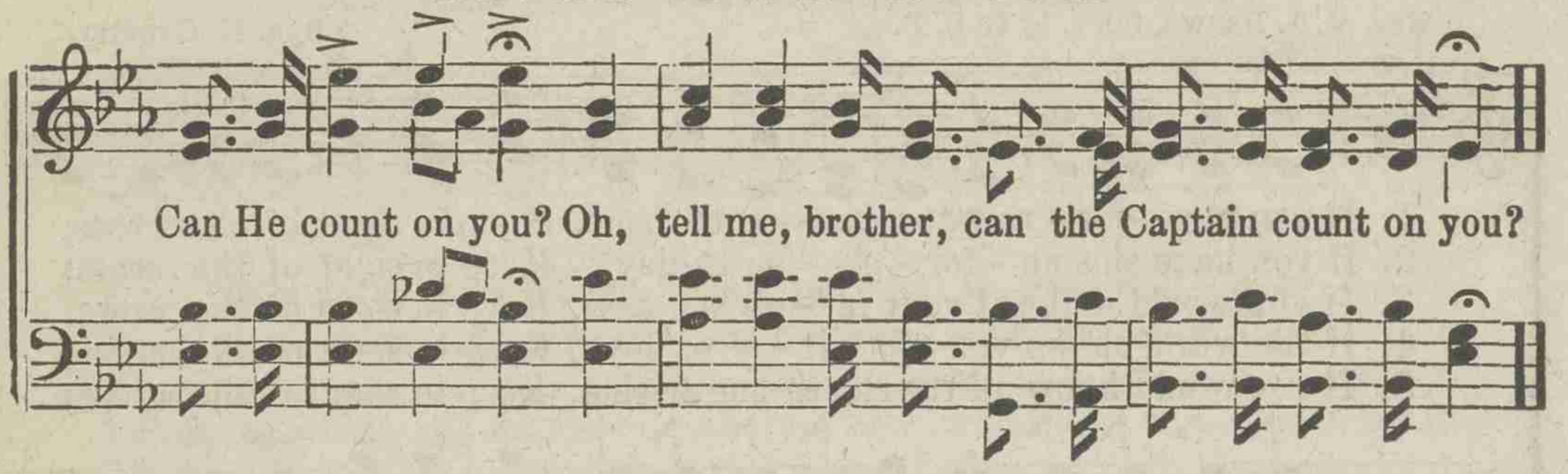
cer - tain for the cause of truth and right, But, tell me, brother, can the
come when you will sing the vic - tor's song; But, tell me, brother, can the
calls to arms—what will you an-swer now? Oh, tell me, brother, can the

CHORUS.

Cap-tain count on you? Can He count on you? Can He count on you? Are you
numbered with the chosen band of faithful, tried and true? Can He count on you?

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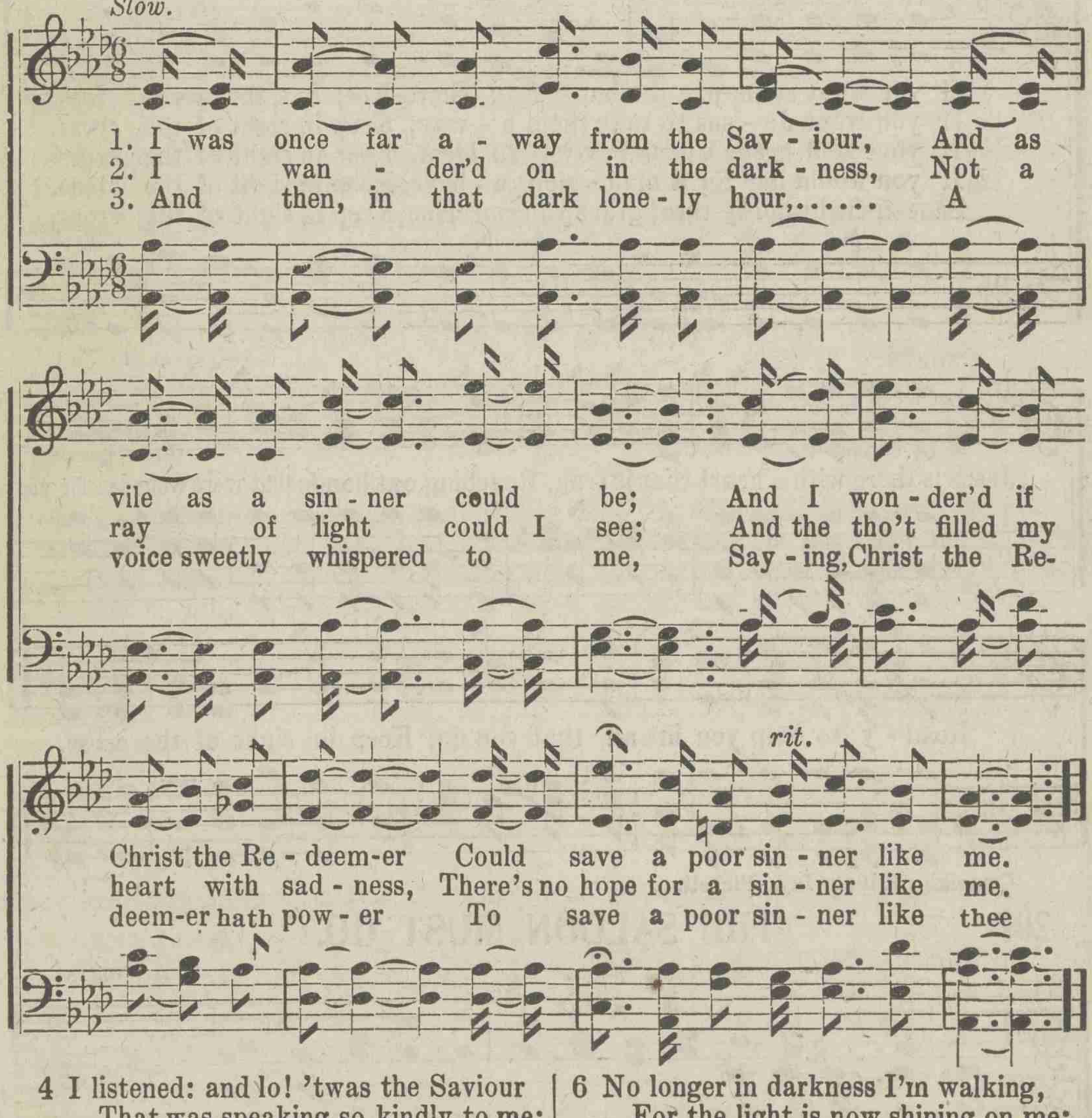
CAN HE COUNT ON YOU?



205 A SINNER LIKE ME!

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 Tim. 1; 15.

C. J. B. C. J. Butler.



4 I listened: and lo! 'twas the Saviour
That was speaking so kindly to me;
I cried, "I'm the chief of sinners,
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me!"

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus;
And oh, what a joy came to me!
My heart was filled with His praises,
For saving a sinner like me.
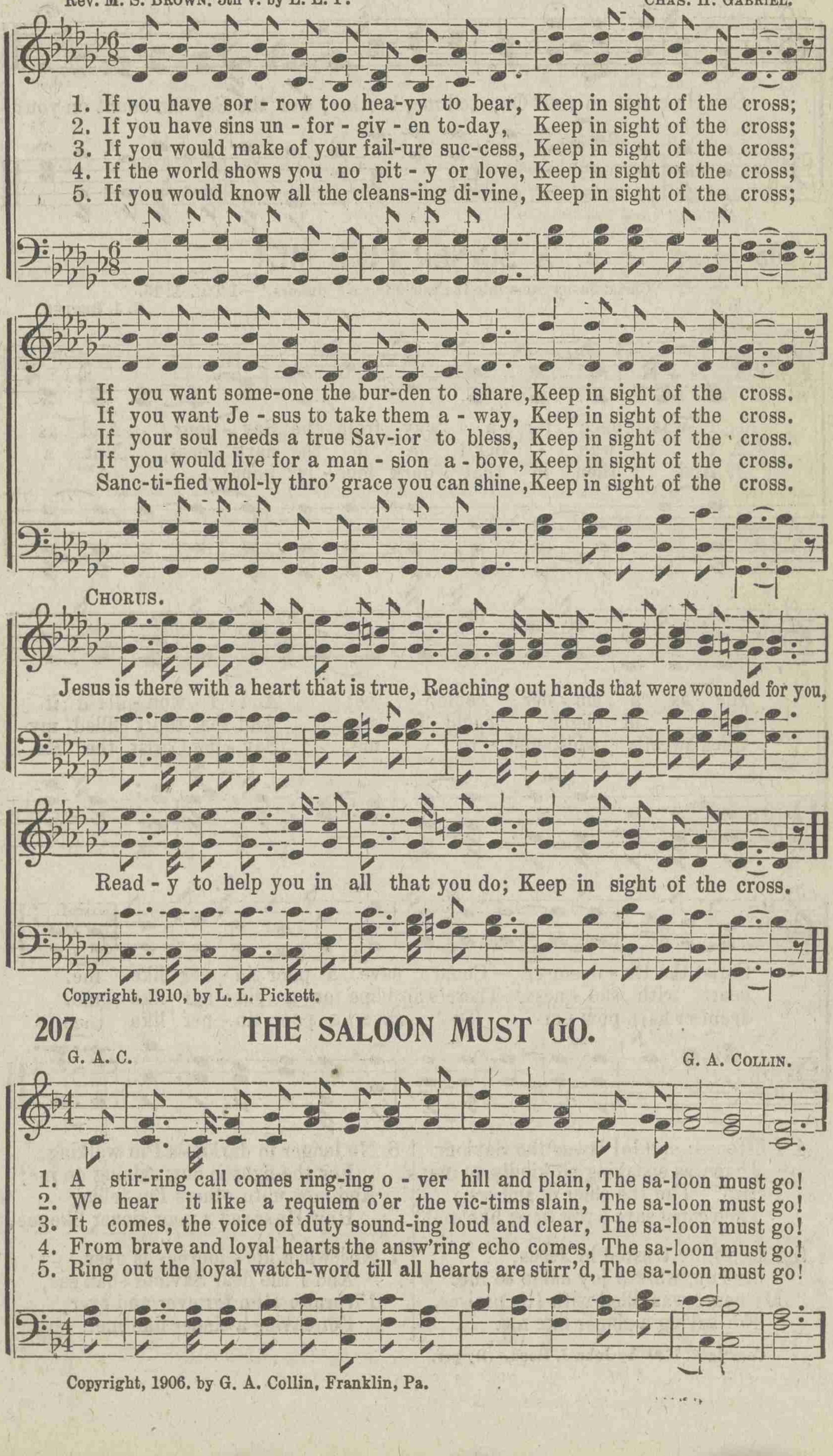
6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me;
And now unto others I'm telling
How He saved a poor sinner like me.

7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise Him for ever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

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206 KEEP IN SIGHT OF THE CROSS.

Rev. M. S. BROWN, 5th v. by L. L. P. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



Copyright, 1910, by L. L. Pickett.

207 THE SALOON MUST GO.

G. A. C. G. A. COLLIN.

Copyright, 1906. by G. A. Collin, Franklin, Pa.

THE SALOON MUST GO. Concluded.

Fine.

Like a bu - gle note to con-flict, 'tis the signal strain, The sa-loon must go!
And loud - ly from the dy-ing comes the cry a-gain, The sa-loon must go!
The cause is just, and win we must,—a-way with fear! The sa-loon must go!
To the standard see them rally from ten-thousand homes, The sa-loon must go!
Let the thrill-ing call to con-flict ev-'ry-where be heard,—The sa-loon must go!

D.S.—shout shall ring, The sa-loon must go!

CHORUS.

D. S.

Forward! the vict'ry we shall win, Conq'ring the mighty foe: O'er hill and vale the

208 HE'S MY ALL IN ALL.

ED. G. PHILLIPS. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BUTTS.

1. Though storms may rage and bil-lows roll, I have sweet peace with-in my soul;
2. Christ plants His foot-steps on the wave, And walks the sea-lost souls to save;
3. For you, lost soul, the Sav-ior died, On Calv'ry's Cross was cru-ci - fied,
4. When life up - on this earth is done, And we the gold-en crown have won,

Fine.

The break-ers dash, and waves roll high, Yet Christ my Lord is ev - er nigh.
And though the bil-lows 'round me swell, I look to Him, and all is well.
To save you from the curse of sin, And give you peace and joy with-in.
We'll wor-ship at our Sav-ior's feet, And there the sav'd with joy we'll meet.

D.S.—He stoops to lift me when I fall, He died for me,— my all in all.

CHORUS.

D. S.

His help He gives me ev -'ry day, In love He hears me when I pray;

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209

Abiding and Confiding.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON. L. L. PICKETT. By per.

1. I have learn'd the wondrous se-cret Of a - bid - ing in the Lord;
2. I am cru - ci-fied with Je-sus, And He lives and dwells in me,
3. All my cares I cast up - on Him, And He bears them all a - way;
4. For my words I take His wis-dom, For my works His Spir - it's power,

I have found the strength and sweetness Of con-fid - ing in His word;
I have ceas'd from all my struggling, 'T is no lon - ger I, but He;
All my fears and griefs I tell Him, All my needs from day to day.
For my ways His gra-cious Presence Guards and guides me ev - 'ry hour,

I have tast - ed life's pure fountain, I am drink-ing of His blood,
All my will is yield-ed to Him, And His Spir - it reigns with-in,
All my strength I draw from Je - sus, By His breath I live and move;
Of my heart He is the Por-tion, Of my joy the cease-less Spring;

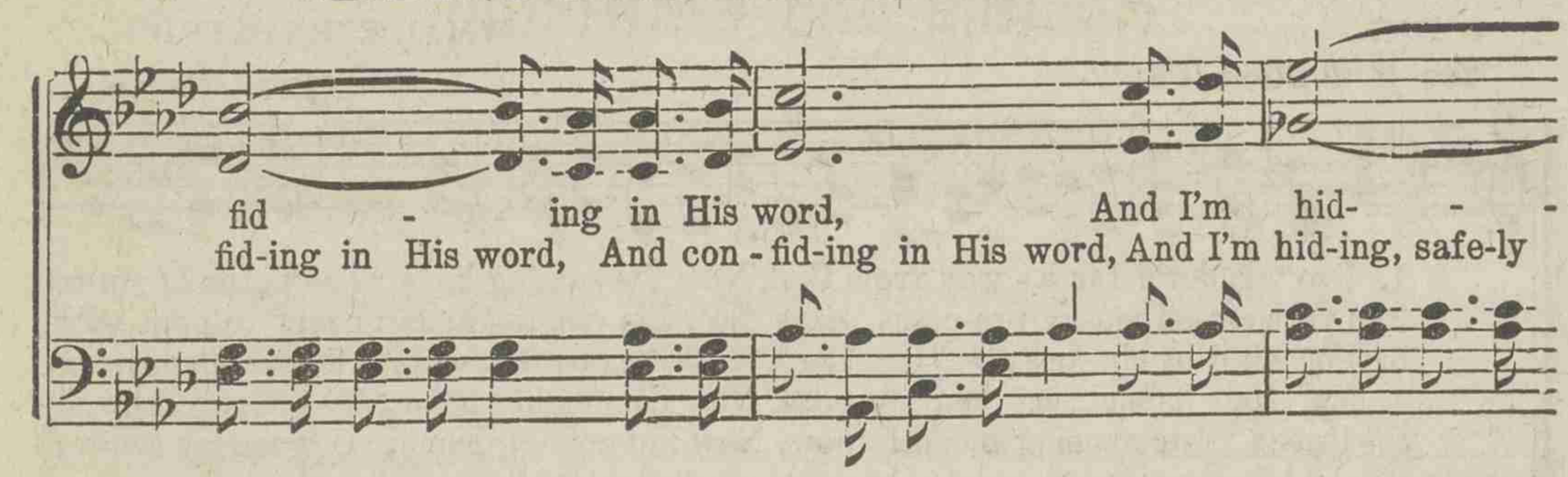
I have lost my-self in Je-sus, I am sink-ing in - to God-
And His pre-cious blood each moment Keeps me cleans'd and free from sin.
E'en His ver - y mind He gives me, And His faith, and life, and love.
Sav-iour, Sanc-ti - fi - er, Keep-er, Glo-rious Lord and com - ing King.

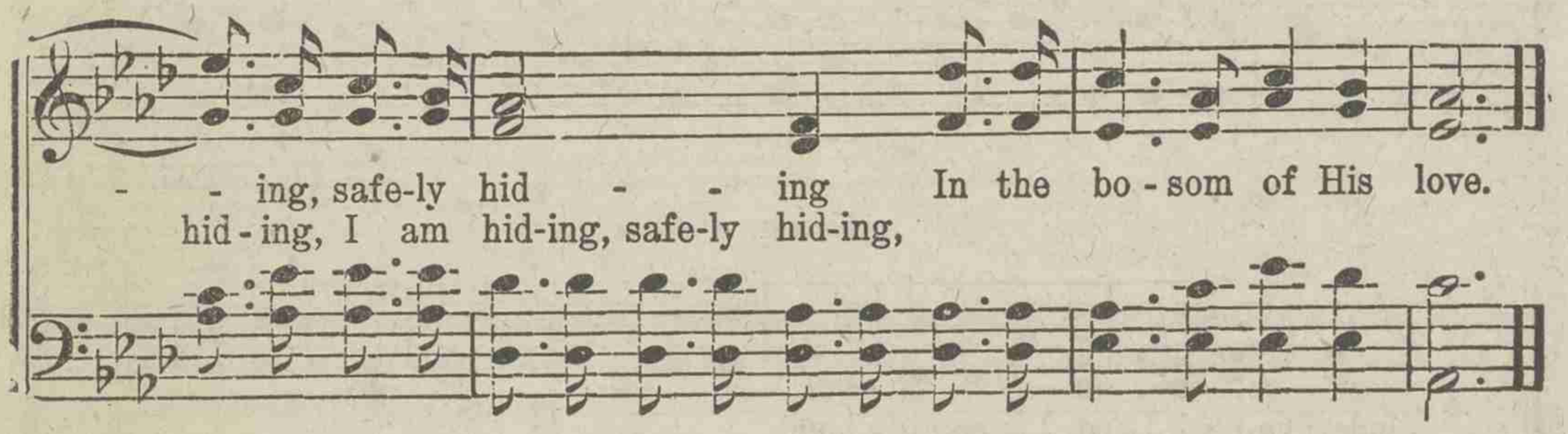
CHORUS.

I'm a - bid - - - - ing in the Lord, And con-
I'm a - bid - ing in the Lord, I'm a - bid - ing in the Lord, And con-

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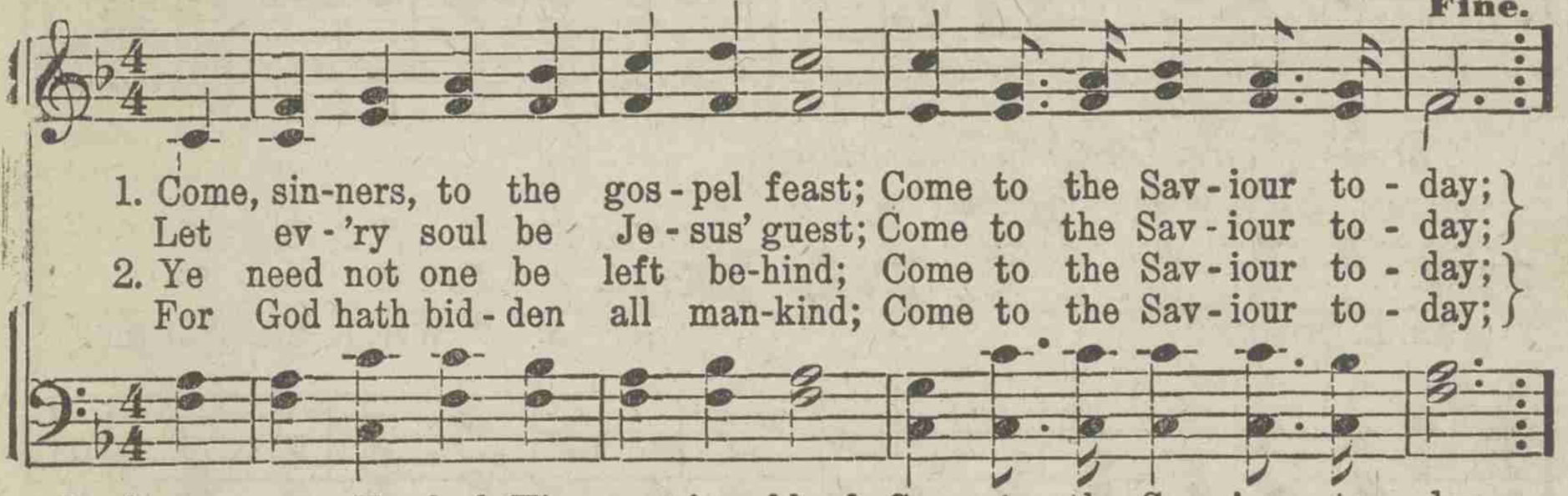
ABIDING AND CONFIDING. Concluded.

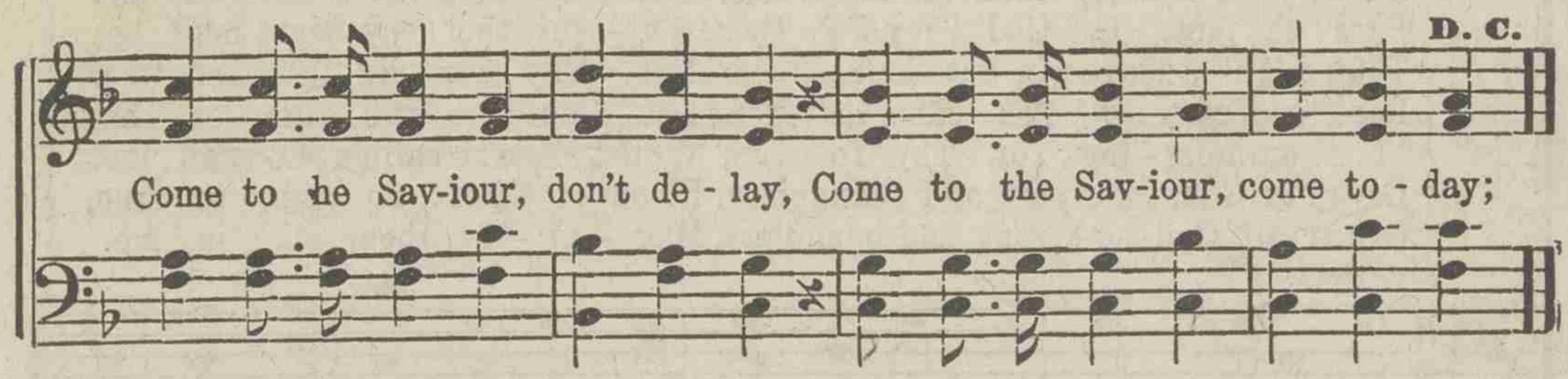




210 COME TO THE SAVIOUR TO-DAY.

CHARLES WESLEY. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSh.





3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all.

4 Come all the world! come, sinner, thou
All things in Christ are ready now.

5 Come, all e souls by sin oppresse
Ye restless wand'rers after rest.

6 Ye poor and maimed and halt and blind
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

7 My message as from God receive,
Ye all may come to Christ and live.
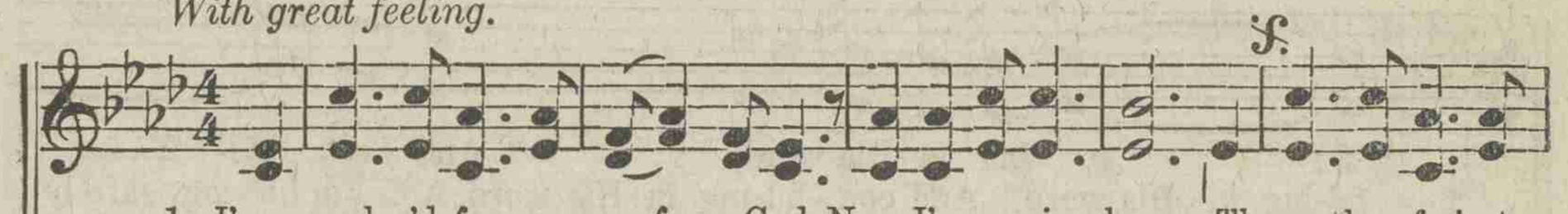
8 O let His love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer Him to die in vain.

Copyright, 1895, by The R. M. McIntosh Co. By per of Leonard Daugherty.

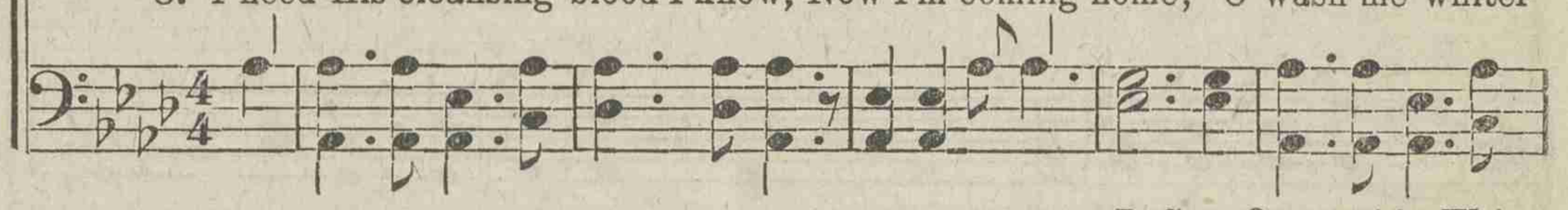
211. LORD, I'M COMING HOME.

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

With great feeling.



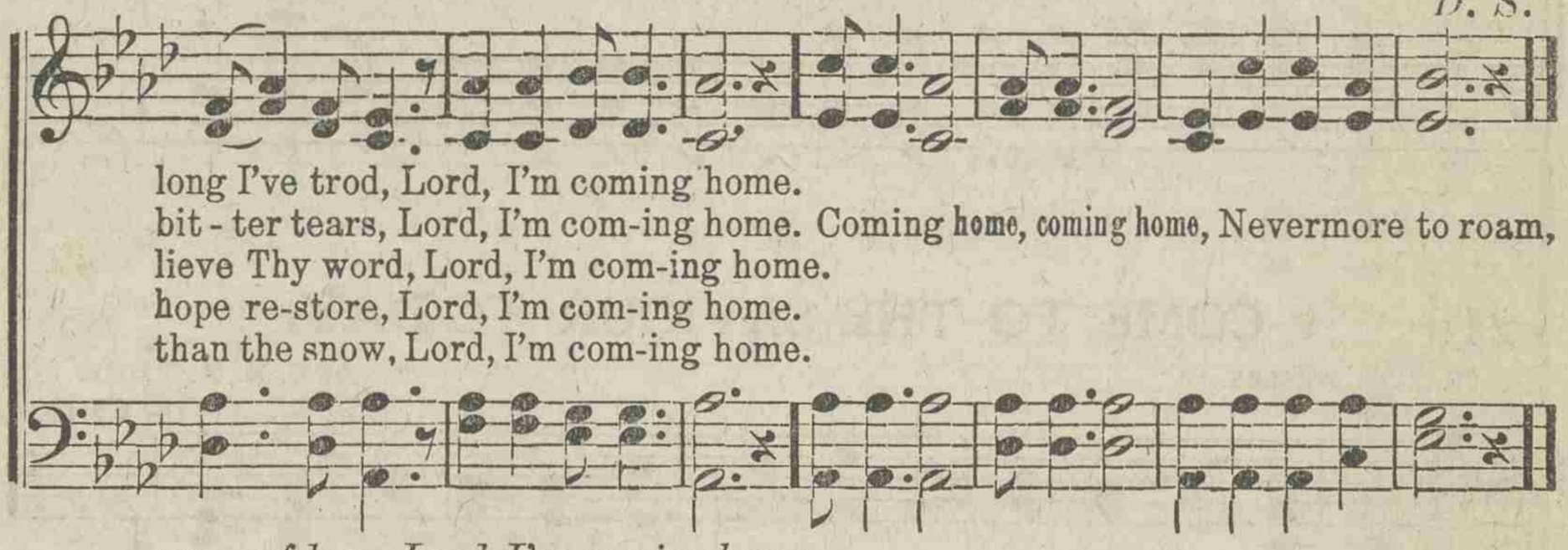
1. I've wander'd far a - way from God, Now I'm coming home; The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home.
2. I've wast-ed ma-ny pre-cious years, Now I'm coming home; I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home. Coming home, coming home, Nevermore to roam,
3. I'm tir'd of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm coming home; I'll trust Thy love, be- lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home; My strength renew, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
5. I need His cleansing blood I know, Now I'm coming home; O wash me whiter than the snow, Lord, I'm com-ing home.



D. S.—*Open wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.*

FINE. CHORUS.

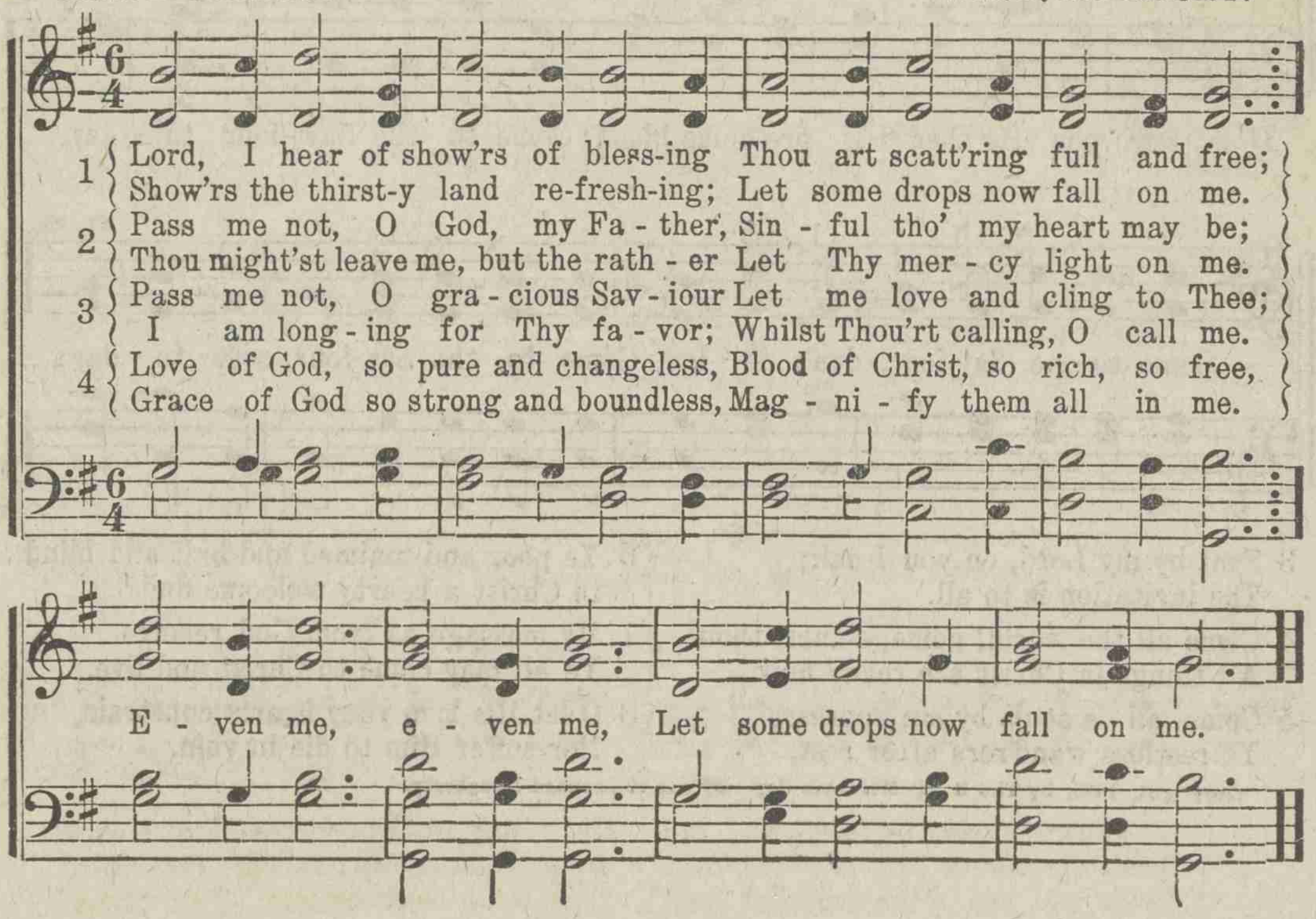
D. S.



Copyright. 1892, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

212. EVEN ME.

MRS. E. CODNER. WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me.
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther, Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou might'st leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - iour Let me love and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy fa - vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
4. Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich, so free, Grace of God so strong and boundless, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.

213. HE LEADETH ME.

J. H. GILMOUR. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead-eth me, oh, bless-ed tho't! Oh, words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the vic - t'ry's won,

What-e'er I do, where'er I be, Still, 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troubled seas—Still, 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.

CHORUS.

{ He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me; By His own hand He leadeth me; }
{ His faithful follower I would be, For by His hand He } leadeth me.

214. SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-uous 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

D. C.—*Chart and com-pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.*
Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

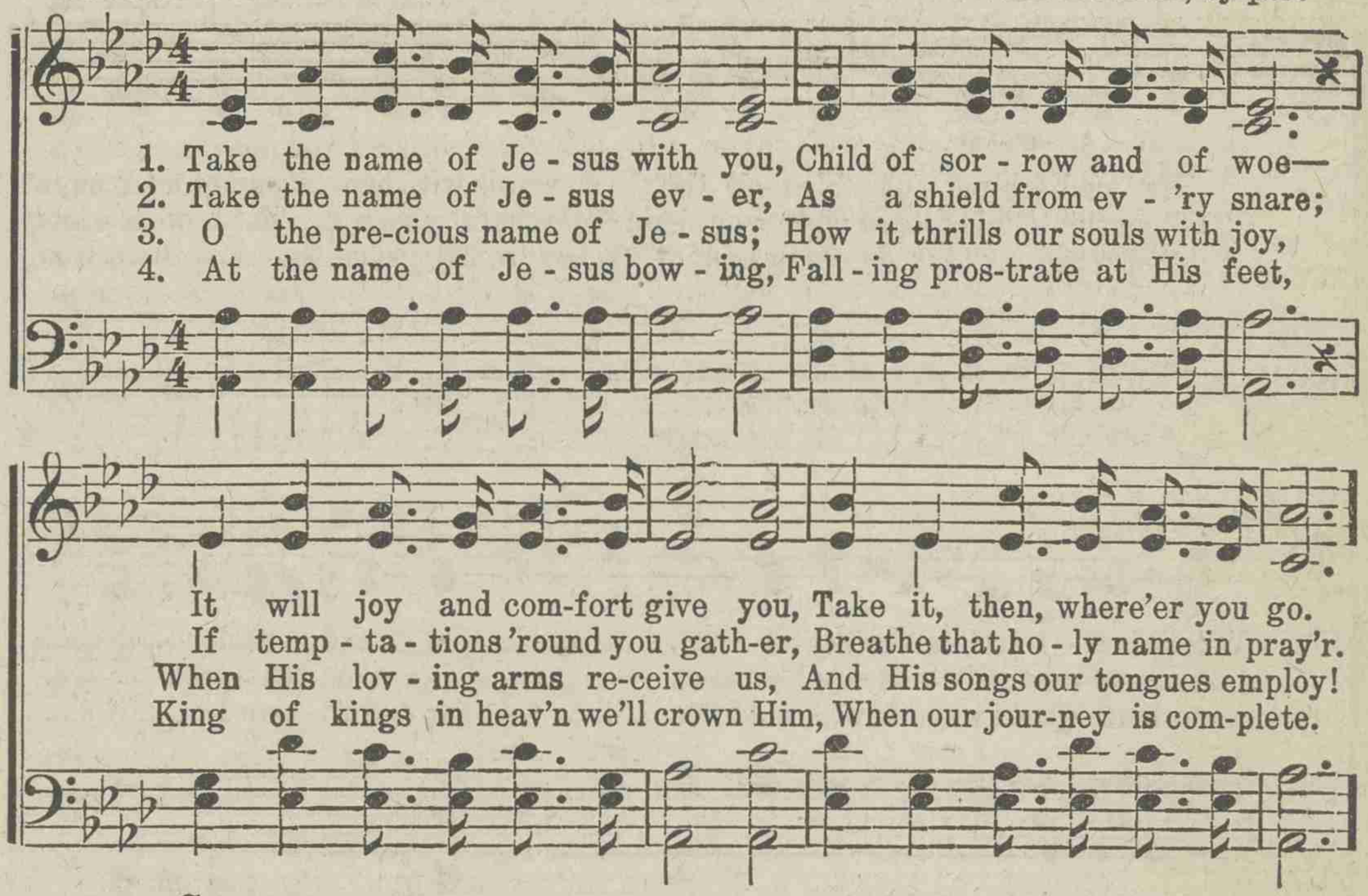
D. C.

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

215. THE PRECIOUS NAME.

"And blessed be His glorious name for ever."—Psa. 72:19.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. W. H. DOANE, by per.



216. FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

REGINALD HEBER.
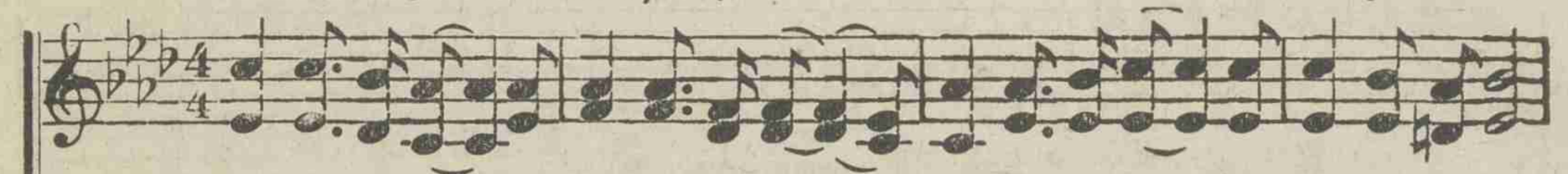
1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft over Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases
And only man is vile?
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown:
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.
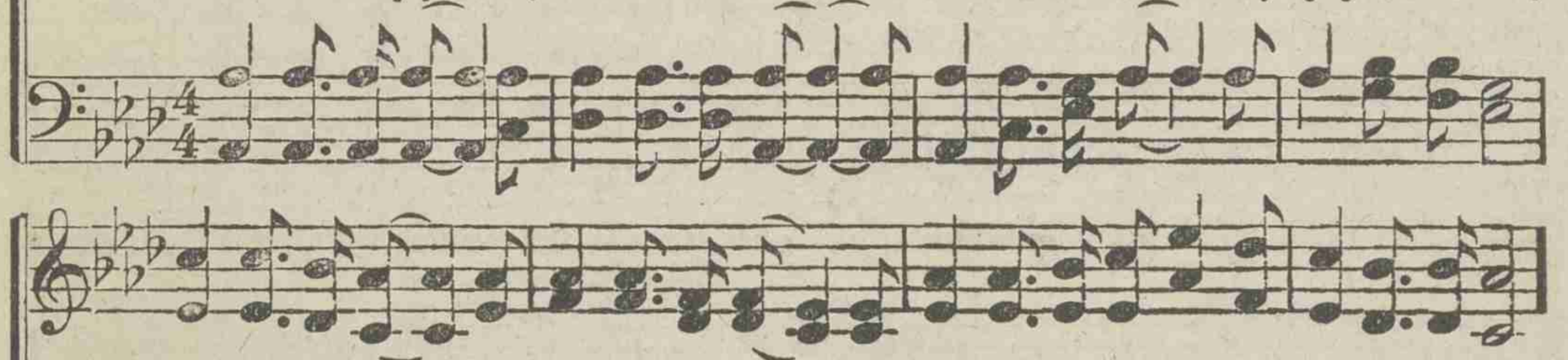
3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The light of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

217 I'M GOING THROUGH, JESUS.
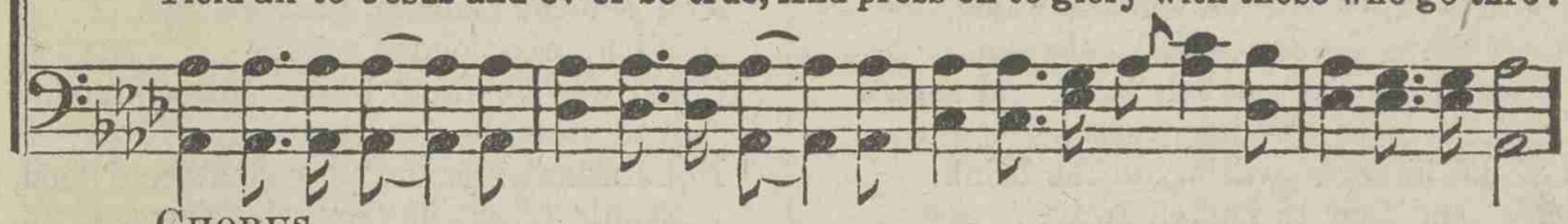
Words and music Herbert Buffum, Alt. **Verse 5 by L. L. P.**



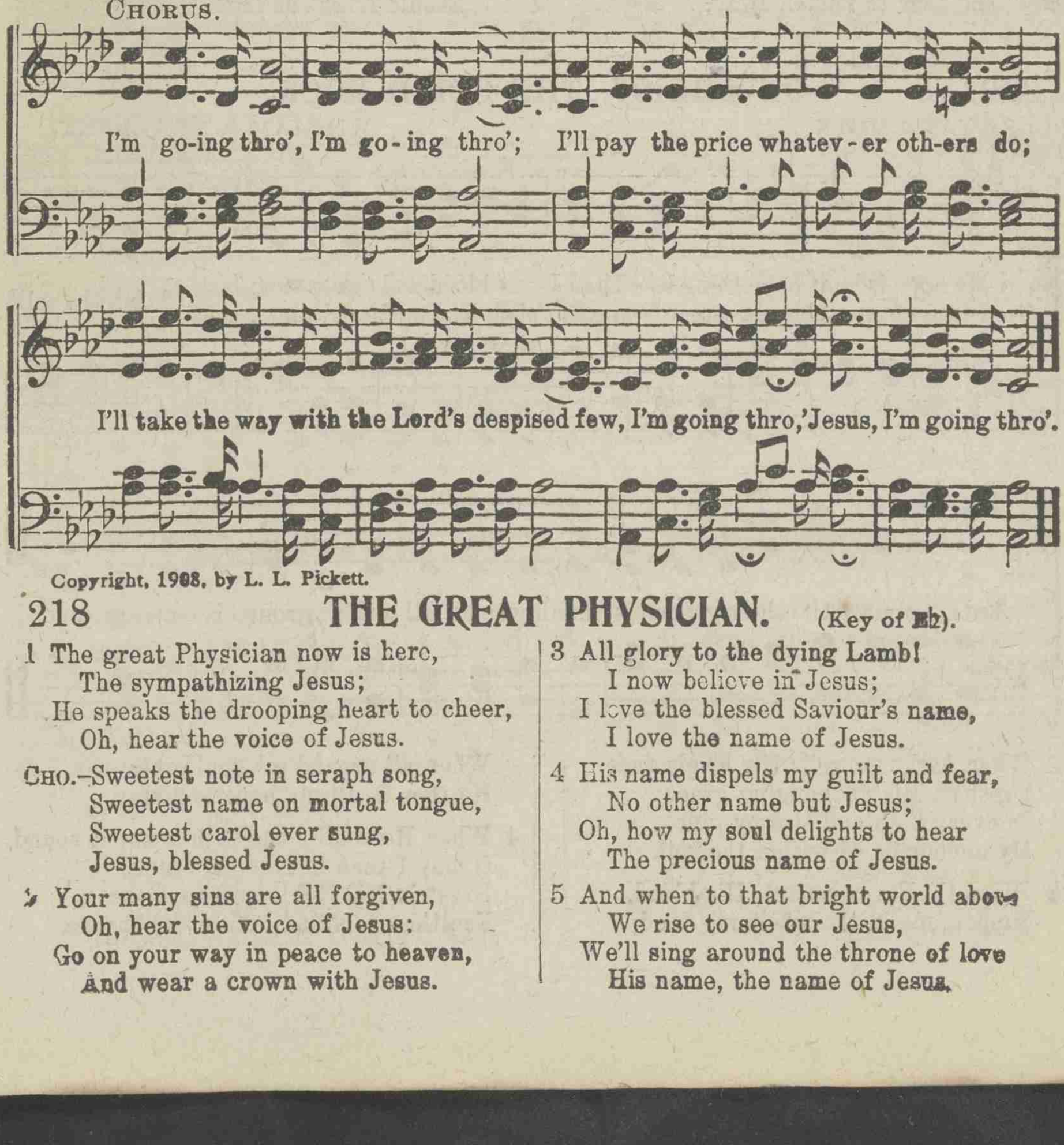
1. Lord, I have started to walk in the light, Shining upon me from heaven so bright;
2. Many there are who start in this race, But with the light refuse to keep pace;
3. I'd rather walk with Je-sus a - lone, And have for a pillow, like Jacob, a stone;
4. Oh, brother, won't you now take up the cross, Give up this world and count it as dross;
5. Time swiftly passes, soon we will see, The Lord on His throne to judge you and me;



I've bade the world and its follies adieu, I've started with Jesus and I'm going thro'.
Oth-ers ac-cept it be-cause it is new, But not ver-y man-y will surely go thro'.
Living each moment with His face in view, Than shrink from my pathway and fail to go thro'.
Sell all you have and give to the poor, And go thro' with Jesus and those who endure.
Yield all to Jesus and ev-er be true, And press on to glory with those who go thro'.



CHORUS.



I'm go-ing thro', I'm go - ing thro'; I'll pay the price whatev - er oth-ers do;

I'll take the way with the Lord's despised few, I'm going thro,' Jesus, I'm going thro'.

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218 THE GREAT PHYSICIAN. (Key of Eb).

1 The great Physician now is here,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHO.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus:
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

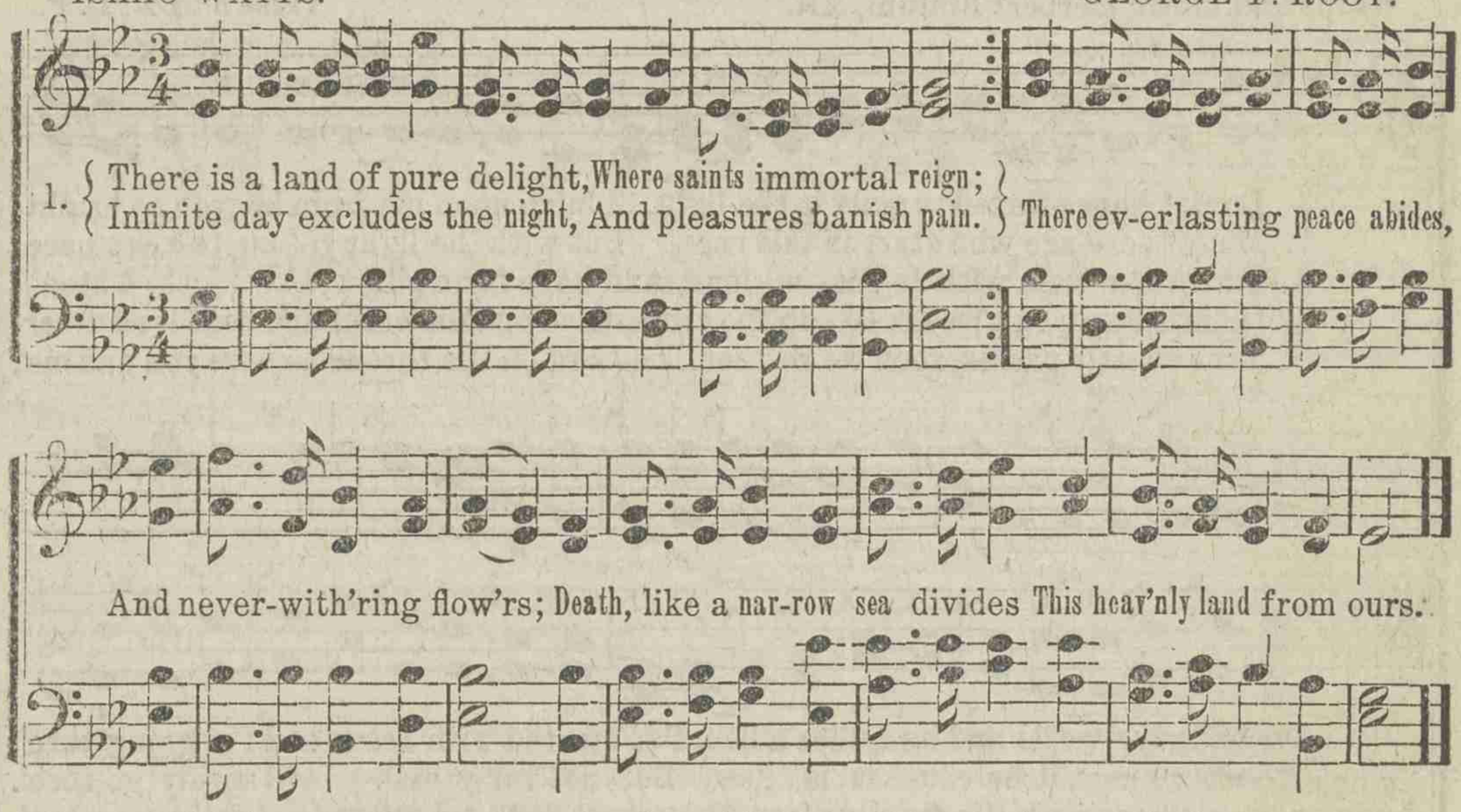
3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

5 And when to that bright world above
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

219. LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

ISAAC WATTS. GEORGE F. ROOT.



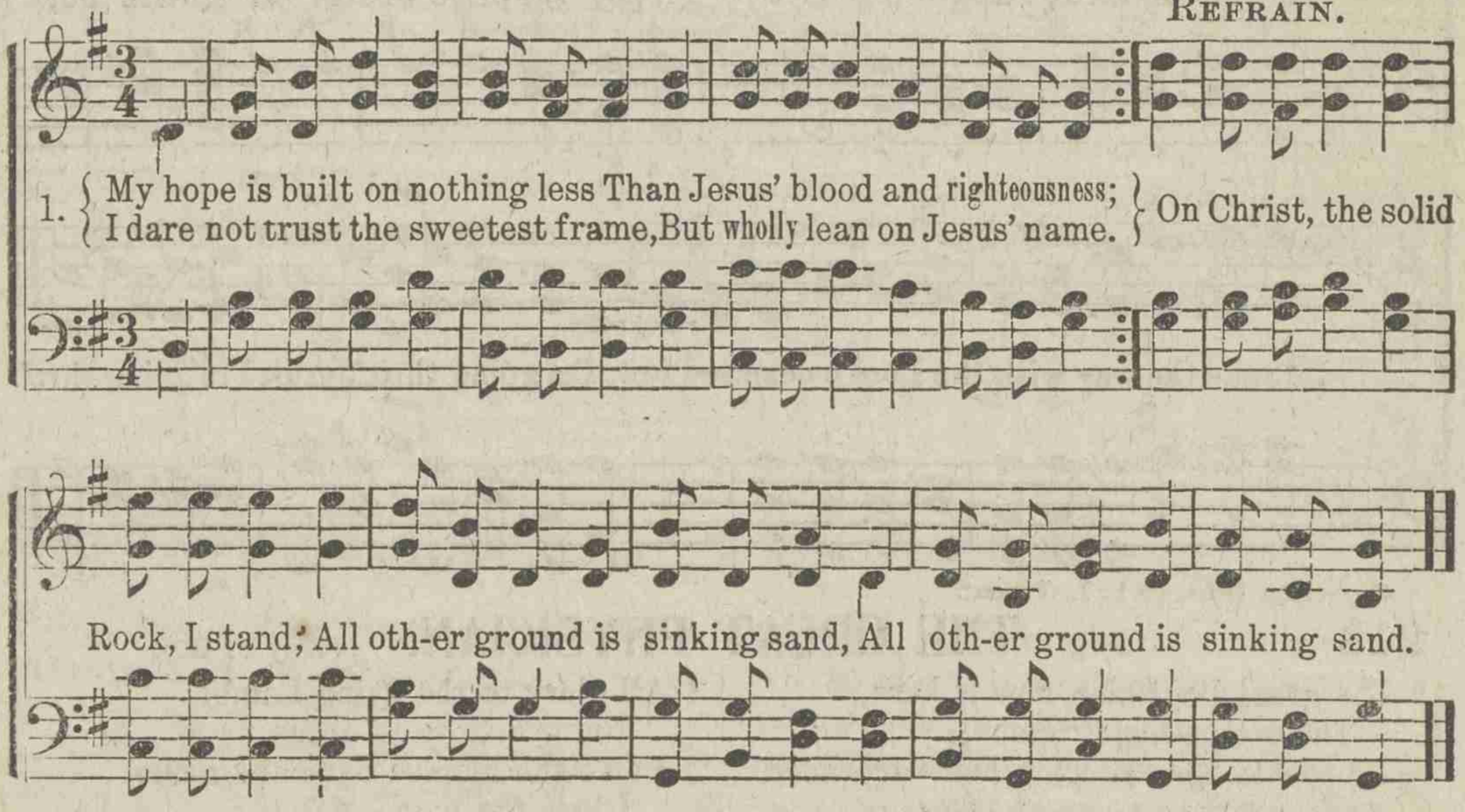
2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes:—
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

220. ON CHRIST, THE SOLID ROCK.

EDWARD MOTE WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

REFRAIN.



2 When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
O may I then in Him be found;
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

221

Where is my Lord?

L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. I've wander'd in darkness, in the val-leys of sin; A-far from my Saviour
2. My heart feels the burdens and sorrows of guilt, And yet on Mount Calvary
3. I hope in His goodness for mer-cy at last, But strong are the fetters
4. O hark! 'tis my Saviour! such accents of love, In tones soft and tender,

ma-ny years I have been. The storms rage around me, and I shrink back with
Je-sus' life-blood was spilt; I know that He suffer'd on the thrice-cursed
sin a-round me has cast; Still doubt, fear and darkness fetter hope, life an
pouring down from a-bove. He of-fers me pardon, and I know He doth

CHORUS.

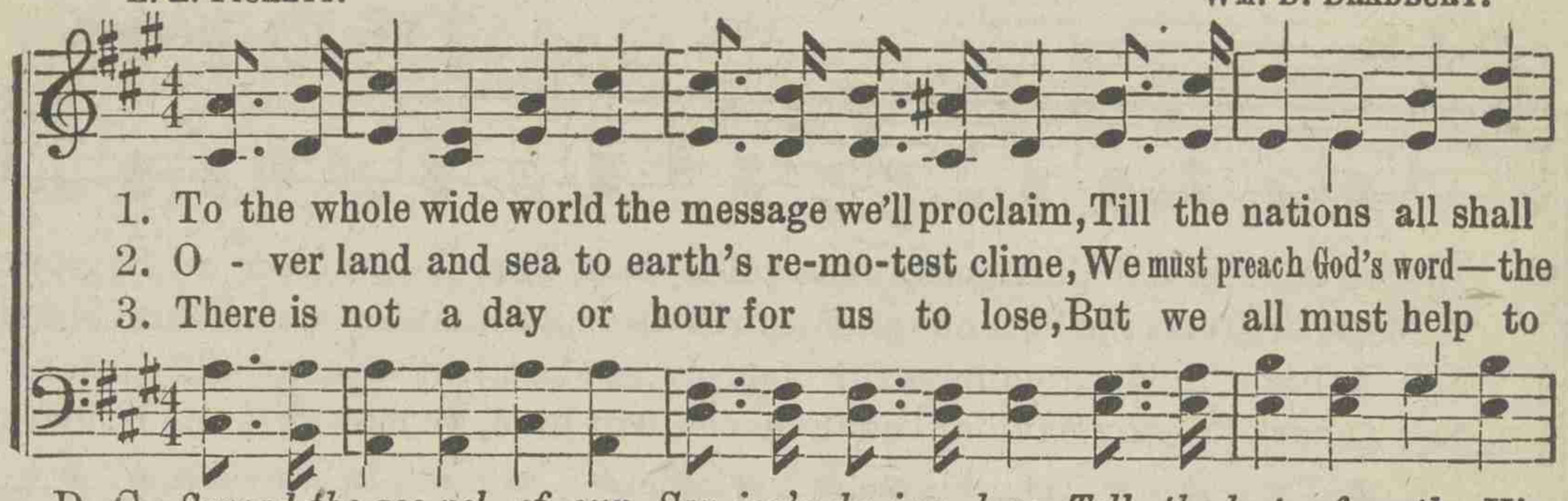
fear; The ter-rors of judgment seem to be drawing near. Where is my Lord?
tree, But O, can His mercy reach a reb-el like me? Where is my Lord?
trust. I'm crush'd neath the burden, and I lie in the dust. Where is my Lord?
save; He free-ly forgives me, and I fear not the grave. Here is my Lord,

1-3. Where is my Lord? I'm out in the darkness, Where, O where is my Lord?
4. Here is my Lord; I'm safe in His bosom, Here, O here is my Lord.

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222 PREACH THE LIVING WORD.

L. L. PICKETT. WM. B. BRADBURY.



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223 MARCHING ON.

1 We are marching on with shield and banner bright;
We will work for God and battle for the right;
We will praise His name, rejoicing in His might;
And we'll work till Jesus calls.
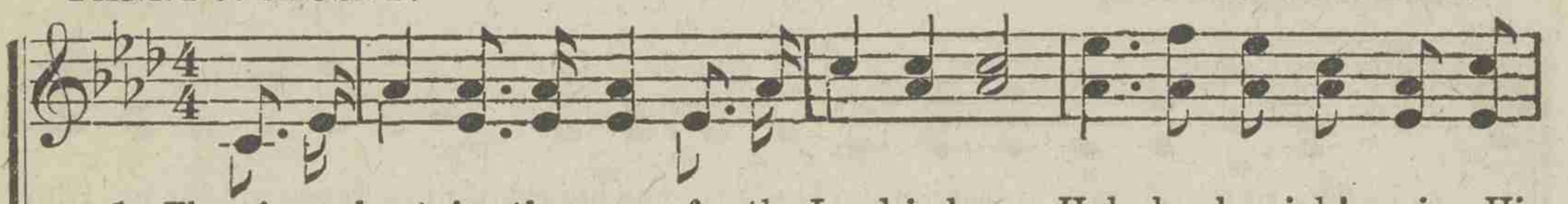
CHO.—Then awake, then awake, and we'll gladly march along,
We are marching onward, singing as we go,
To the promised land where living waters flow;
Come and join the ranks as pilgrims here below,
Come and work till Jesus comes.

2 In the Sunday-school our army we prepare,
As we rally round our blessed standard there,
And the Saviour's cross we early learn to bear,
While we work till Jesus comes.

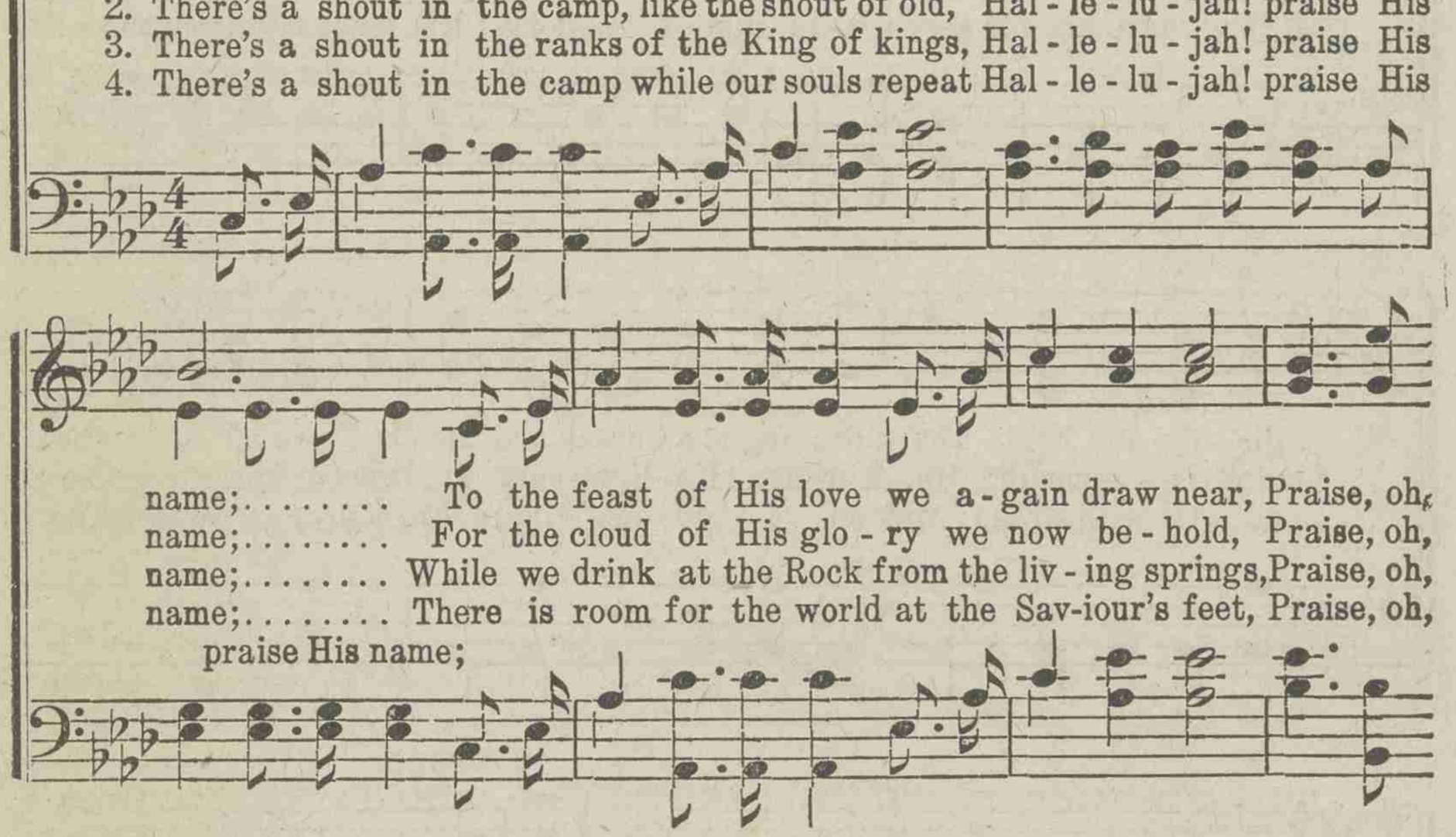
3 We are marching on and pressing t'ward the prize,
To a glorious crown beyond the glowing skies;
To the radiant fields where pleasure never dies,
And we'll work till Jesus calls.

224. A SHOUT IN THE CAMP.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

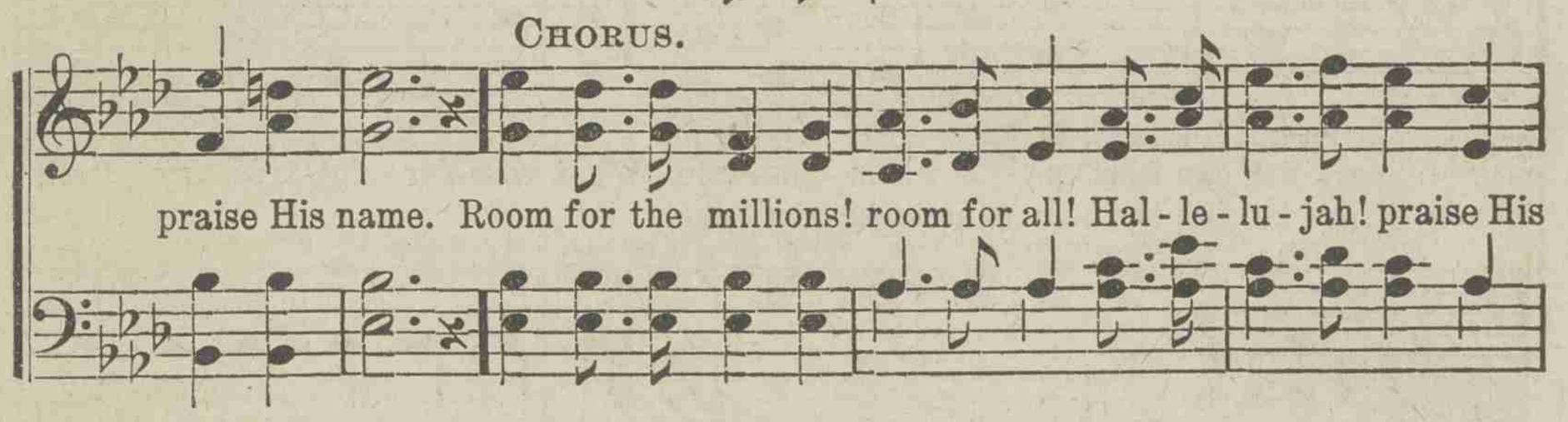


1. There's a shout in the camp, for the Lord is here, Hal - le - lu - jah! praise His
2. There's a shout in the camp, like the shout of old, Hal - le - lu - jah! praise His
3. There's a shout in the ranks of the King of kings, Hal - le - lu - jah! praise His
4. There's a shout in the camp while our souls repeat Hal - le - lu - jah! praise His
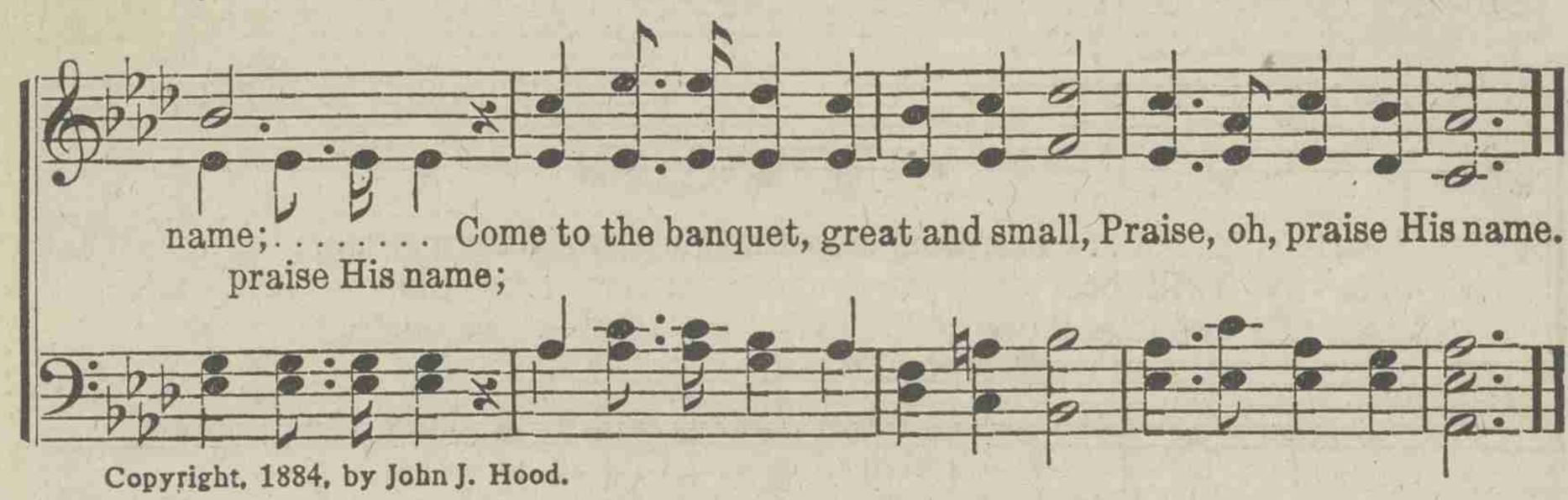


name;..... To the feast of His love we a - gain draw near, Praise, oh,
name;..... For the cloud of His glo - ry we now be - hold, Praise, oh,
name;..... While we drink at the Rock from the liv - ing springs, Praise, oh,
name;..... There is room for the world at the Sav-iour's feet, Praise, oh,
praise His name;

CHORUS.



praise His name. Room for the millions! room for all! Hal - le - lu - jah! praise His



name;..... Come to the banquet, great and small, Praise, oh, praise His name.
praise His name;

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225. BLESSED ASSURANCE.

Key D. F. J. CROSBY.

1 Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

CHO.—This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long;
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight,
Angels descending, bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

226. THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. (To my wife.) HAMP SEWELL.

1. The path of my pil-grimage leads to the height Where Jesus abides in His glo - ry and light; The morn- ing shall break and the shad-ows all flee, When
2. What matter to me if the path-way be rough? I go to meet Je-sus and that is e-nough; My bur- den He light-ens, in Him I con- fide, No
3. My days are for serv-ice, to Him I be-long, His joy is my strength as I bat - tle with wrong; And so I go sing - ing, come, journey with me, The

CHORUS.

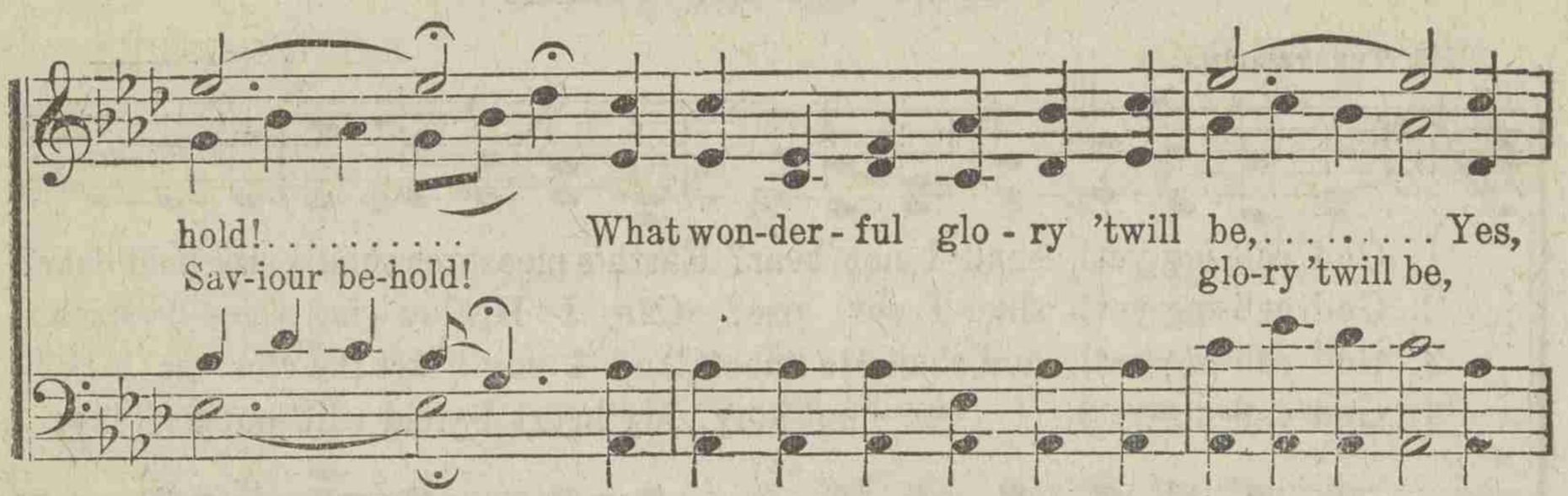
Christ in His beau-ty mine eyes shall see.
e - vil can hurt me, no harm be- tide. What won-der - ful glo - ry 'twill
King in His beau-ty thine eyes shall see.

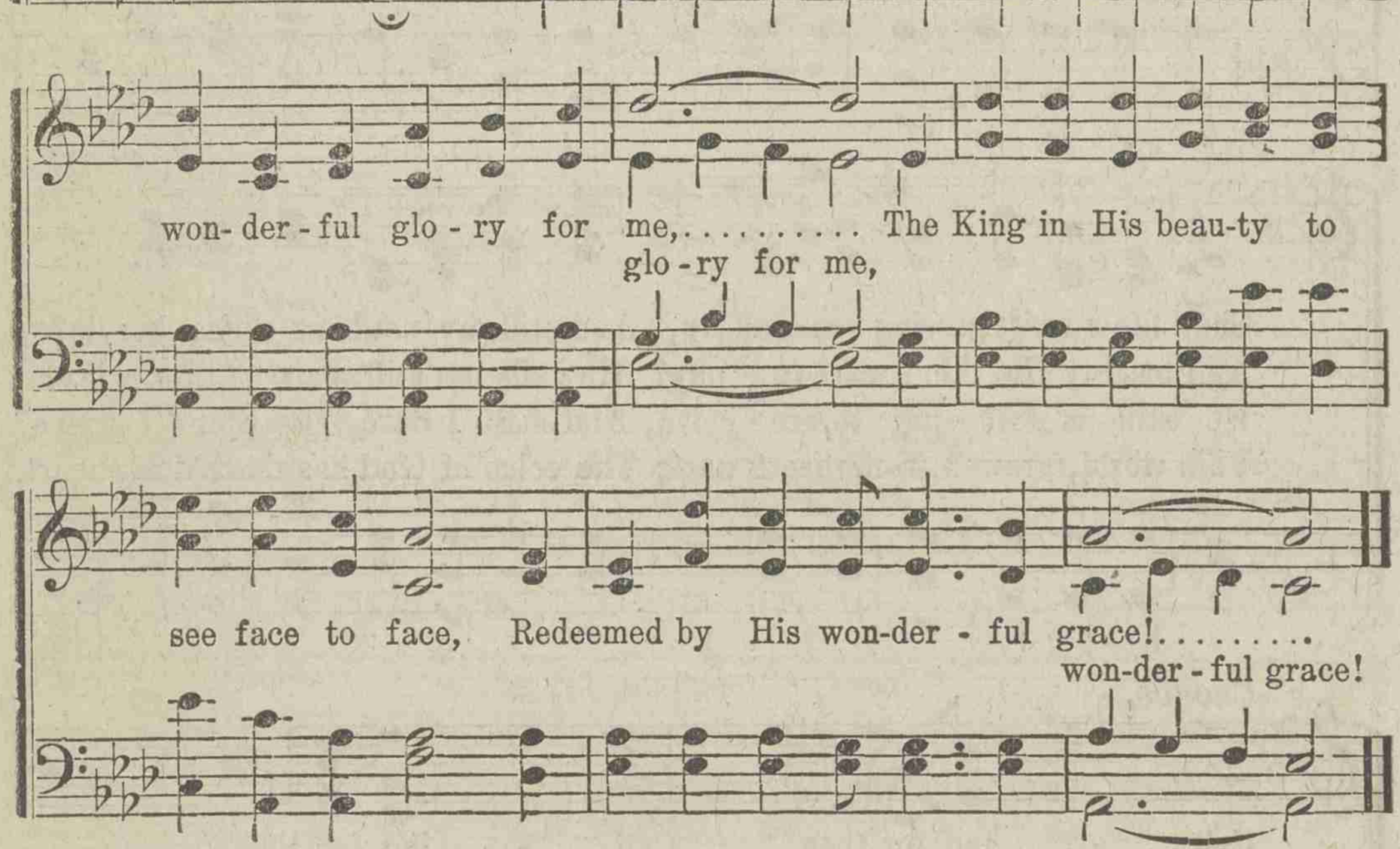
be,..... Yes, won- der - ful glo - ry for me,..... What
glo - ry 'twill be, glo - ry for me,

vis-ions of beau-ty, what pleas-ure un-told, When I shall my Sav-iour be- my

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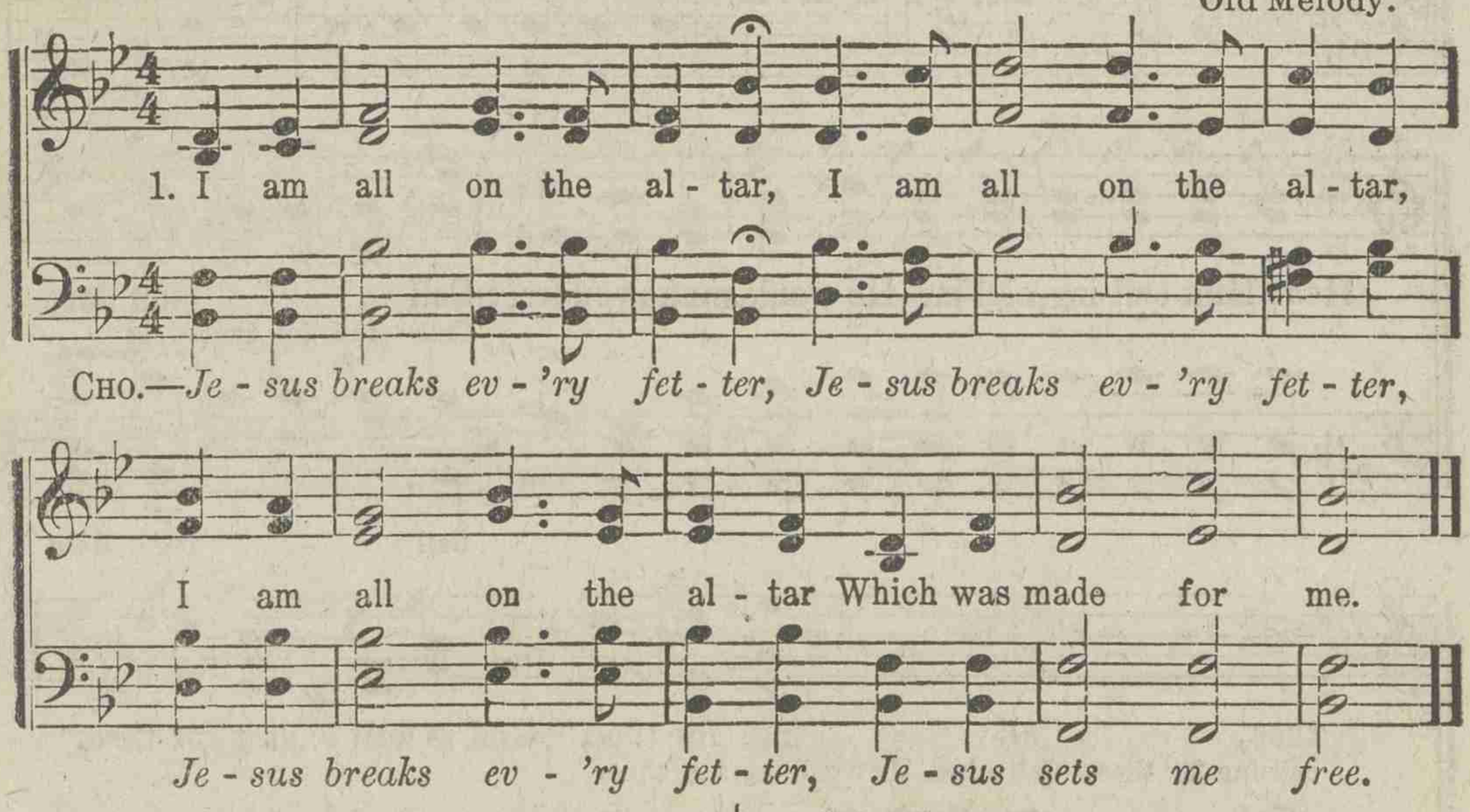
THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY. Concluded.





227. JESUS BREAKS EVERY FETTER.

Old Melody.



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

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

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

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

CALLING FOR THEE.

G. TERSTEEGEN. L. L. PICKETT.

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

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

CHORUS.

Call - ing for thee, Call - ing for thee,
God call - ing thee, He is call - ing thee, God call-ing thee, He is call - ing for thee,

Hear Him call-ing, call-ing, He would make you free; Call - ing for
Call - ing for thee, for

Call - ing, He's
thee, Call - ing for thee, God is now calling for thee.
call-ing for thee, Call - ing, He's call-ing for thee,

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229. HE LOVES ME.

L. L. PICKETT. Arr.

1. O tell to all the won-drous love That Je - sus shows to me,
2. This love is match-less, true and tried, Its like was nev - er known
3. So great a love was nev - er seen Un - til Mes - si - ah came,
4. This love im - part - ed saves the soul, It casts out sin and fear;

FINE.

The love that made the sac - ri - fice, That died on Cal - va - ry.
Till o'er the Babe in Beth - le - hem His star in beau - ty shone.
It nailed Him to the rug - ged cross, All glo - ry to His name!
Pure life it gives to men long dead, Let all the na - tions hear.

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

REFRAIN. D. S.

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

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230. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

COWPER. Unknown.

1 2 FINE. D. C.

1 There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

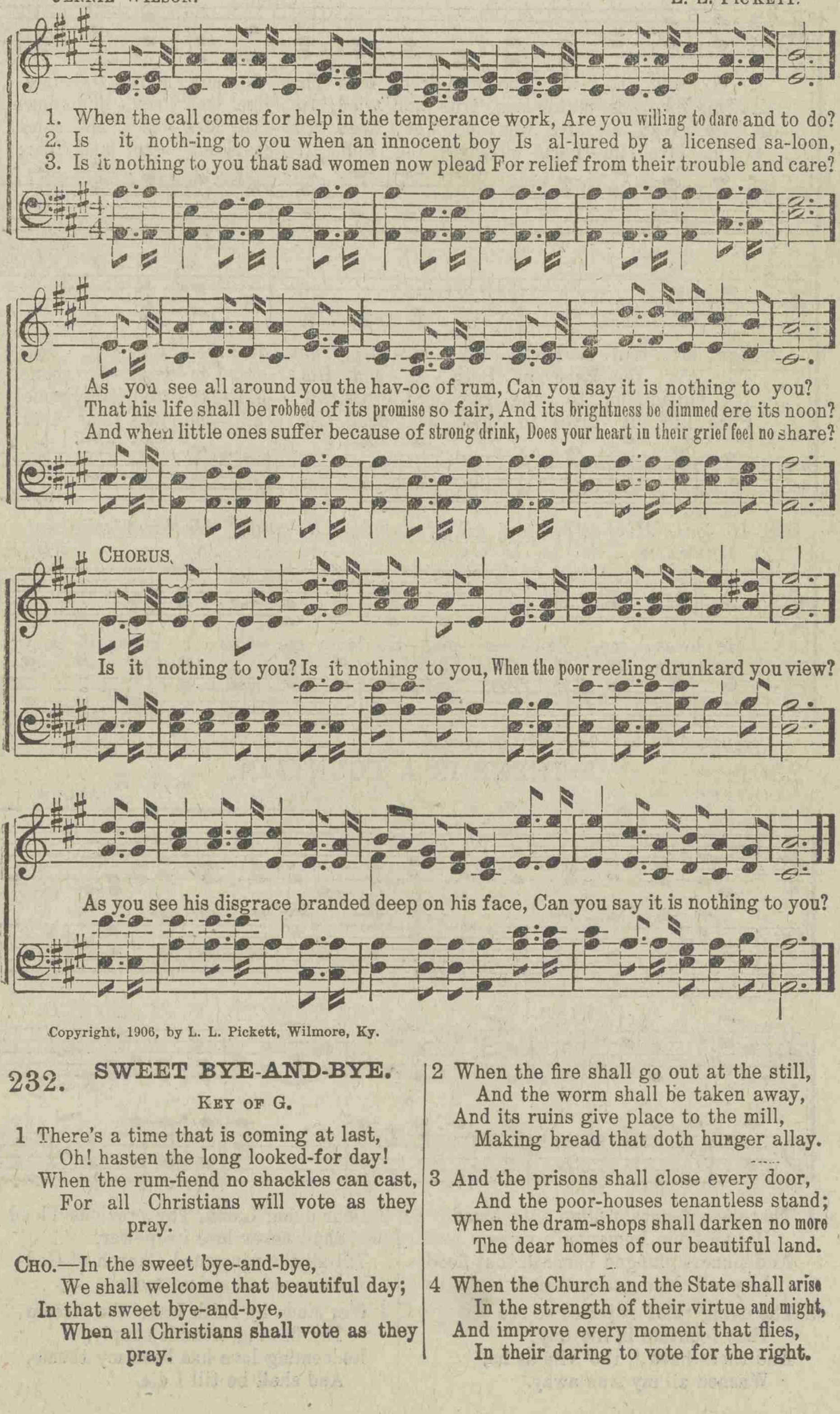
2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, tho' vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

No. 231. IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?

JENNIE WILSON. L. L. PICKETT.



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232. SWEET BYE-AND-BYE.

KEY OF G.

1 There's a time that is coming at last,
Oh! hasten the long looked-for day!
When the rum-fiend no shackles can cast,
For all Christians will vote as they pray.

CHO.—In the sweet bye-and-bye,
We shall welcome that beautiful day;
In that sweet bye-and-bye,
When all Christians shall vote as they pray.

2 When the fire shall go out at the still,
And the worm shall be taken away,
And its ruins give place to the mill,
Making bread that doth hunger allay.

3 And the prisons shall close every door,
And the poor-houses tenantless stand;
When the dram-shops shall darken no more
The dear homes of our beautiful land.

4 When the Church and the State shall arise
In the strength of their virtue and might,
And improve every moment that flies,
In their daring to vote for the right.

Topical Index.

ALTAR SONGS.
54, 61, 65, 72, 81, 84, 88, 90, 96, 102, 110, 119, 161, 162, 183, 188, 203, 205, 208, 212, 218.

CHRIST
14, 29, 32, 47, 67, 87, 91, 94, 98, 106, 108, 116, 139, 194, 202, 206, 215.

CONSECRATIO.N
6, 39, 40, 44, 47, 52, 53, 61, 65, 102, 122, 123, 128, 154, 161, 171, 195, 200, 217.

CONVICTION.
55, 56, 75, 76, 89, 184.

EXPERIENCE.
7, 8, 10, 14, 20, 23, 25, 40, 41, 42, 57, 59, 62, 67, 69, 72, 74, 85, 86, 104, 106, 110 118, 124, 136, 149, 176, 227.

FAITH, KEEPING AND TRIUMPH.
4, 10, 17, 26, 27, 31, 42, 57, 67, 68, 69, 73, 78, 80, 93, 106, 152, 175, 220.

GUIDANCE.
52, 57, 68, 105, 106, 113, 124, 130, 133, 143, 150, 152, 194, 213, 214.

HEAVEN.
3. 17, 33, 83, 103, 111, 114, 120, 121, 152, 157, 169, 180, 181, 182, 193, 198, 199.

HELPFULNESS.
12, 24, 51, 58, 77, 101, 102, 105, 127, 153, 154, 177, 222, 229.

HOLINESS.
6, 13, 23, 34, 36, 39, 40, 41, 44, 46, 53, 59, 68, 71, 72, 85, 110, 135, 163, 167, 171, 176, 183, 191, 209, 226.

HOLY SPIRIT.
113, 131, 201.

INVITATION.
5, 6, 16, 35, 44, 48, 54, 63, 66, 75, 76, 77, 87, 91, 99, 108, 112, 117, 142, 153, 164, 165, 184, 206, 210, 211, 217, 221, 224, 228.

JOY.
2, 8, 18, 31, 37, 38, 59, 70, 72, 85, 163, 175, 191, 208, 224, 225.

LOVE.
20, 28, 30, 44, 47, 54. 118, 126, 130, 168, 191, 229.

MISSIONS.
24, 26, 50, 51, 74, 77, 79, 100, 101, 102, 115, 154, 165, 166, 168, 177, 195, 200, 204, 216, 222, 224.

OVERCOMERS.
7, 17, 22, 36, 39, 40, 41, 60, 68, 97, 106, 150, 205, 224, 226.

RETURN OF JESUS.
21, 70, 99, 109, 174, 179, 186, 192, 209.

SOLOS, DUETS, QUARTETS.
3, 15, 19, 29, 42, 50, 55, 56, 57, 58, 89, 97, 103, 116, 124, 152, 158, 160, 170, 177, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 193, 196, 202, 221.

TEMPERANCE.
107, 129, 159, 160, 172, 177, 178, 185, 197, 204, 207, 231, 232.

THE BLOOD.
11, 20, 22, 43, 60, 71, 72, 74, 88, 90, 97, 138, 167, 173, 174 203 229, 230.

THE CROSS.
43, 149, 158, 167, 173, 206, 208.

TRUST.
7, 9, 14, 19, 36, 39, 57, 67, 68, 69, 73, 98, 110, 116, 119, 124, 149, 150, 152, 220.

WORK.
2, 24, 50, 51, 58, 64, 115, 166, 172, 204, 222.

General Index.

Titles and First Lines.

A.

Abiding and confiding 209
A charge to keep 127
A conflict now is raging 204
Alas! and did my Savior bleed 43
A little light across the tide 105
All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name . . 94
All is well 104
Although some days are dark 31
Almost persuaded 164
As I go along life's pathway 102
Am I a soldier C. M. . . . . 79 and 137
And can I yet delay 128
Are you washed 174
As it pleaseth the Lord 175
Are you ready for the Bridegroom . . 179
Arlington, C. M. 135
A sinner like me 205
A shelter 80
A shout in the camp 224
A stirring call comes ringing 207

B.

Be an overcomer 36
Before I found Jesus my Savior 9
Beautiful, beckoning hands 170
Beautiful hands at the gateway 170
Behold the Bridegroom 179
Beulah Land 176
Blest be the tie 126
Blessed assurance 225
Blessed be the name. 190
Brightly beams our Father's mercy . 165
Bringing the lost to Jesus 166
Bringing in the sheaves 197

C.

Calling for Thee 228
Calvary 158
Can He count on you 204
Christ is ready to receive 5
"Christ for me." 98
Christ will never fail 194
City of gold 169
Cleansing wave 71
Close to Thee 52
Come and hear me tell the story . . 30
Come, every soul by sin oppress'd . . 112
Come, O brother, come today 5
Come, sinner, hasten to the cross . . 48
Come, sinners, to the gospel feast . . 210
Come, Spirit, come 201
Come soul and find thy rest 117
Come to Jesus now 112
Come to the Savior today 210
Come, Thou Almighty King 146
Come, Thou Fount 140
Come ye loyal workers 197a
Come, ye sinners 142
Consecration, S. M. 151
Consecration 65
Coronation 94
Covered by the blood 88

D

Dark, dark are the waters 196
Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly . . 203
Dennis 125
Does Jesus care or does He know . . 19
Down at the Cross where 167
Draw me closer, closer, Jesus 28

E.

Eagerly I press along the way 17
Eternity's night 56
Everlasting Love 119
Ev'rything that life containeth . . 161
Even Me 212
Evils of Intemperance 129

F.

Father knows what's best 124
Forever here my rest 138
Forever the same 14
For many years I wandered 7
From Greenland's icy mountains . . 216

G.

Gathering home 83
Glory to His name 167
God be with you 187
God calling yet! shall I not hear . . 228
God has saved so many in the days gone by 45
God has promised me strength as . . 106
God is for us 68
Grace 132
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah . . 143

H.

Hallelujah for the precious blood . . 11
Hark! the Master calls for reapers . . 50
Happy day 147
Happy Sunbeams 1
Have you been to Jesus for the 174
Hear again the blessed, blessed . . 40
He is just as merciful today 45
He leadeth me 213
He loves me 229
He's my all in all 208
His promise for that 9
He saves with power divine 40
He will see me through 106
Holy Spirit, faithful guide 113
How bright the hope that Calv'ry . . 72
How can we overcome the enemy . . 22
How firm a foundation 93
How much I owe 29
How my heart doth sing 119
How sweet the name of Jesus 82

I.

I am all on the altar 227
I am coming to Jesus for rest 110
I am coming to the cross 96
I am determined to hold out 10
I am fully trusting Jesus 202
I am glad there is cleansing 72
I am Thine, O Lord 122
I am trusting 96
I am trusting in my Savior 57
I am watching for the coming 186
I believe Jesus saves 110
I dreamed that the great Judgment morning 89
I have heard my Savior calling . . 200
I have learned the wondrous 209
I have precious news to tell 163
I have read of a beautiful city 181
I heard my loving Savior say 66
If you have sorrow too heavy to bear 206
If you want pardon, if you want . . 109½
I love Him so 28
I love thy kingdom, Lord 130
I love to walk with Jesus 44
I'll follow Thee 171
I'll go every step of the way 31

I'll go where you want me to go ..195
I'll go with Him 200
I'm happy, oh, so happy 38
I'll love Thee more and more 47
I'm a soldier 79
I'm glad I'm one of them 53
I'm glad I counted the cost 84
I'm going through, Jesus 217
I'm on the Rock 69
In God the Lord my trust I place..190
In some way or other 150
I remember when my burdens 34
Is it nothing to you 231
Is it your soul 55
Is your all on the altar 183
It's all right now 7
It may not be on the mountain....195
It pays to serve Jesus 58
I stood in amaze and wonder 97
It touches Him. 19
I've never lost faith in Him 4
I've reached the land of corn 176
I've received an invitation 21
I've wand'red far away from God..211
I've wander'd in the darkness....221
I was far away from the fold of God 11
I was a sinner, but love divine.... 25
I was once far away from the 205
I will make my promise good 26
I will trust in Jesus 73

J.

Jerusalem, my happy home 120
Jesus breaks every fetter 227
Jesus first and last 15
Jesus, keep me near the Cross....173
Jesus is passing 48
Jesus, lover of my soul 62
Jesus, my Lord to Thee I cry 188
Jesus, Savior, pilot me 214
Jesus shed His precious blood that. 60
Just around the river's bend 3
Just as I am 162
Just because He loved me so 30

K.

Keep in sight of the Cross 206
Keep me ever 123
Kept by power divine 42
King alcohol must die 178

L.

Land of pure delight 219
Let the lower lights be burning..165
Let tomorrow be stormy 175
Iet us gather up the sunbeams 51
Lord God, the Holy Ghost 131
Lord, in the strength of grace 151
Lord, I have started to walk in the light 217
Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing 212
Lord, I'm coming home 211
Life is like a mountain railroad ..103
Love divine, all love excelling 191

M.

Make my life a blessing 102
Marching along, pressing along.. 24
Marching on 223
More than evened up 31
More ways than one 27
Mourn for the thousands slain ..129
My country 'tis of Thee 145
My body, soul, and spirit 65
My burdens rolled away 34
My faith is rich 78
My faith looks up to Thee 144
My favorite hymn 8
My hope is built on nothing less..220
My Jesus so patiently standing 47
My Jesus, I love Thee 118
My soul, be on Thy guard 134
My soul is on the wing 18

N.

Near the Cross 173
Nearly in sight 3
Nearer, my God, to Thee 189
No longer shall the world enslave me 98
No, not one 108
Nothing new 23
Not half has ever been told 181
Now is the accepted time 49

O.

O do not let the word depart 184
O don't stay away 117
O'er all the world our blessed Lord shall reign 109
O for a faith, C. M. 136
O for a heart to praise my God....135
Of the many songs I know 8
O friend, does the pathway seem lonely and long 61
O haste to the rescue of sinners today 115
Oh, sound the jubilee 159
O mourner in Zion, how blessed art thou 90
On Christ, the solid rock 220
Once he was so bright and fair ..160
Once in sin's darkest night 88
One by one 157
On the way to the marriage supper 21
O now I see the cleansing wave.. 71
O sing the praise of Jesus 14
O sinner, remember 56
O the greatest joy is found along the way 2
O tell to all the wondrous love ..229
O, 'twill be glory 70
Our country's going dry 197a
Our Lord's return to earth again..186
Out of Egypt into Canaan 41
Out in the streets and byways 166
Overcomingpower 60
Over in Beulah 85
O what a wonder-worker 32
O ye dwellers in the lowlands dreary 85

P.

Pass me not 81
Pilgrim—strangers 198
Preach the living word 222

R.

Remember me 43
Rescue the perishing 77
Rest at the Savior's side 87
Resting at the Cross 149
Revive Thy work, O Lord 125
Revive us again 148
Rise, rise in your glory 64
Room at the fountain 66
Rock of ages 95

S.

Safe in the arms of Jesus 67
Sanctifying power 46
Savior, pilot me 214
Save the boy 160
Saved to the uttermost 155
Scatter Seeds of Kindness 51
Shall we know each other there....199
Show pity, Lord 92
Shout the glad tidings 25
Since I am His 20
Sing about the blood of Jesus 74
Sing out the tidings that tell us of Jesus 168
Smiling skies will bend above us..152
Soldiers brave 24
Somebody knows 116
Some glad, sweet day 156
Some day my blessed Redeemer will say 70
Sound His Praise 148

Spirit of faith 133
Step out on the promise 90
Sweet by and by 111
Sweet bye and bye 232

T.

Take me as I am 188
Take the loving Savior with you . . 16
Take the name of Jesus with you . . 215
Tell us of it's cleansing power 74
That grand word "whosoever" is ringing 63
The burdens of life may be many 182
The child of a King 78
Tho' dark the pathway my feet may tread 33
The day of grace 49
The firing line 154
The gospel bells 37
The great Judgment morning 89
The great physician 218
The home where changes never come 121
The King in His beauty 226
The light of His word shines brighter 20
The Lord will provide 150
The Lord's our rock, in Him we hide 80
The Master calls for reapers 50
The morning light is breaking 100
The path of my pilgrimage leads to the height 226
The pitfalls in sin's awful path 69
The precious name 215
The saloon must go 207
The service of Jesus true pleasure affords 58
The sheltering rock 76
The sinner's friend 91
The tolling bells 185
The victory may depend on you . . 172
The wonderful blood 97
The world in deep darkness is walking 6
There are people almost ev'rywhere 53
tonight 55
There's a bright and happy land . . 180
There's a call for volunteers 154
There's a city that looks o'er the valley 169
There is a friend above all others 91
There's a glad song rings thro'out the world 68
There's a hill lone and gray 158
There's a land that is fairer than day 111
There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus 108
There's a rod above the ocean 159
There's a shout in the camp 224
There's somebody's soul unsaved
There is a fountain 230
There is a land of pure delight . . 219
There is a rock in the weary land 76
There is glory in my soul 38
There is sanctifying power 46
There'll be no shadows 33
They are waiting by the river 180
They're gathering homeward from every land 83
This my song shall be 15
Tho' I see no path before me 104
Tho' loud the thunders roll 73
Tho' my feet incline to stray 194
Tho' the shadows round me gather 42
Thou, my everlasting portion 52
Thou art precious, Lord to my trusting heart 123
Thou art more to me 161
Though storms may rage 208
Thro' the land a call is sounding . . 172
Thro' the night in early morning . . 27
Throw out the life-line 153
To have my cup of joy o'erflow 23
To the cross of Christ 149
To the whole wide world the message we'll proclaim 222
Touch not the cup 107
Trusting in my Savior 57
Trying for the prize 17

V.

Volunteers to the front 101

W.

Walking in the King's highway . . 13
We are happy sunbeams 1
We are marching on with shield and banner bright 223
We praise thee, O God 148
We shall see the desert as the rose. 13
We shall know up yonder 59
We will sing of our King 12
Weary soul, thy Savior died 35
Well I remember the days of my childhood 193
We've joined the temp'rance army . . 178
What a change 86
What a friend we have in Jesus . . 141
When first I started to seek the Lord 84
When I first found Jesus 10
When I fled from Egypt's bondage 41
When I stand on the streets of gold 182
When I yielded myself to the Savior 4
When Jesus comes to reward His servants 99
When Jesus died on Calvary 29
When our country calls for her valiant sons 177
When our Savior lived and wrought in Galilee 32
When the call comes for help in the temperance work 231
When the judgment day is drawing nigh 75
When the shadows flee. 152
When we get home 114
When we hear the music ringing . . 199
When we use our talents 2
Where am I drifting 196
Where is my Lord 221
Where shall I be 75
While living here below 124
Whosoever will may overcome 22
Why not tonight 184
Will Jesus find us watching 99
Will the circle be unbroken over there. 193
Will you come, my friend 87
Will you go 115
Will you walk in the light 6
Will you then be true 177
With our eyes on Jesus 39
Won't you come to Jesus now 35
Wondrously redeemed 163

Y.

You have heard the blessed message 16
You have longed for sweet peace . . 183
You ought to love Jesus 54
Young men, arise 64

Z.

Zion 192

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