Tribute of Praise



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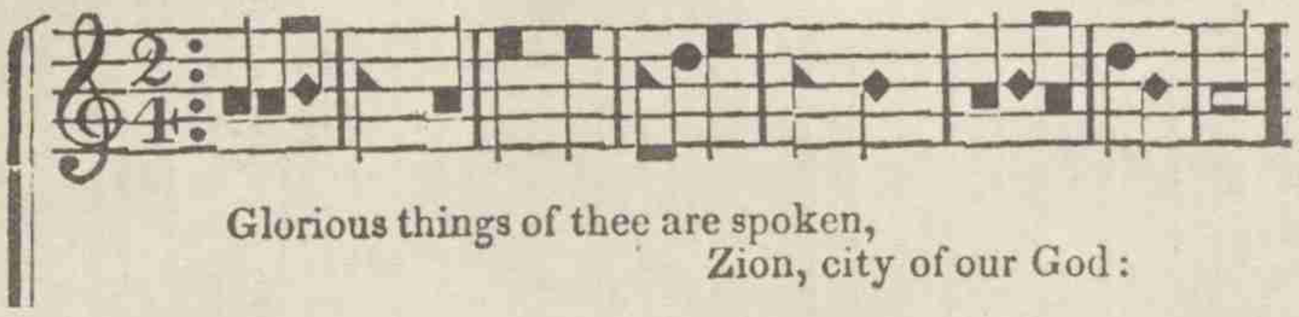
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Tribute of Praise

FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOL, CHURCH SINGING CLASSES, AND CONVENTIONS

BY

Samuel W. Beazley, James H. Ruebush,
Will H. Ruebush



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Hymn
1918
Trib

28
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PREFACE

Sing ye Praises

with Understanding

—*Psalms 47: 7.*

Tribute of Praise.

No. 1. O Jesus, May Thy Dying Love.

S. W. BEAZLEY, OWNER.

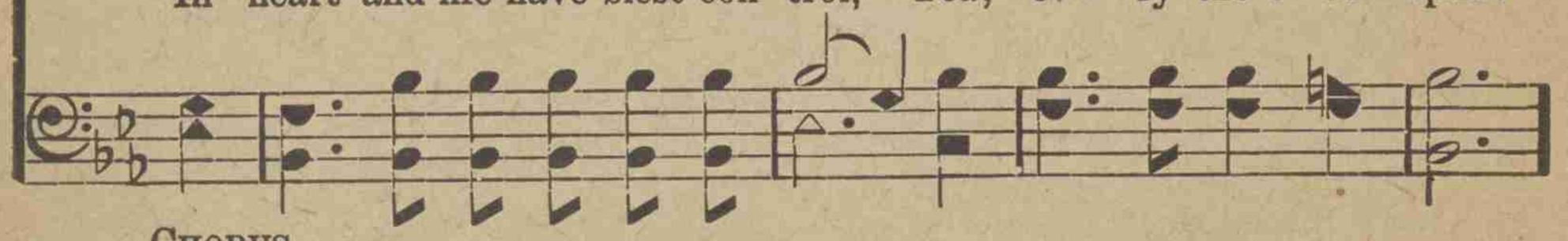
T. O. Chisholm. **James H. Ruebush.**



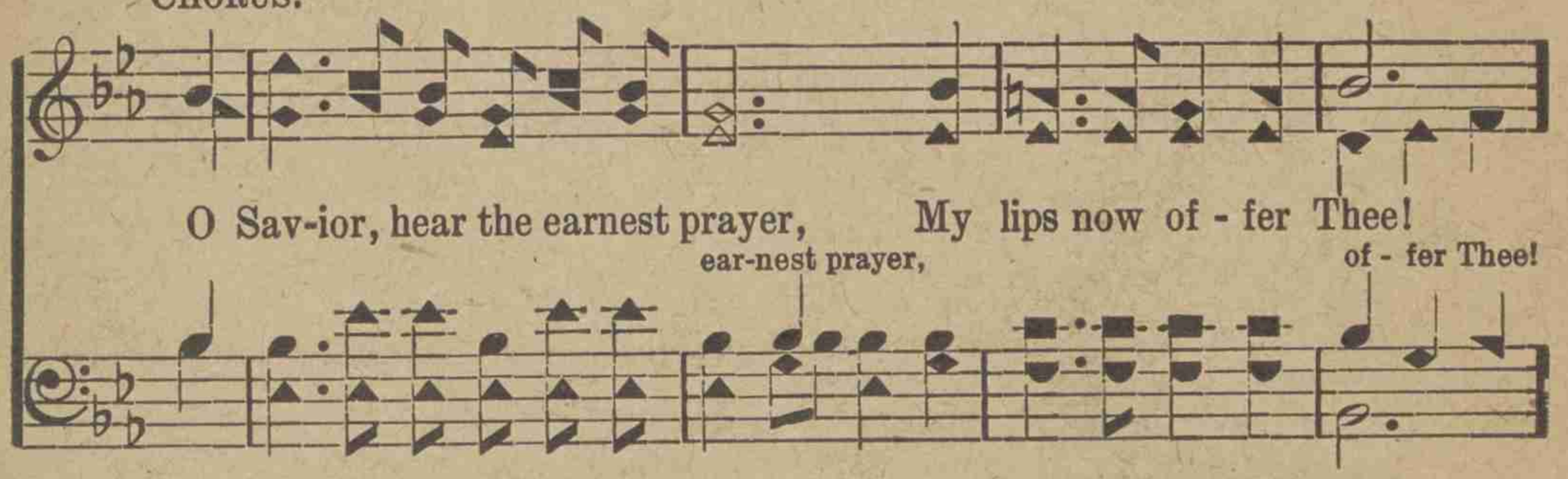
1. O Je - sus, may Thy dy - ing love Dis - solve my heart in tears;
2. A love for Thee who didst for me, Such grief and shame en - dure,
3. A love for all the sons of men, For - giv - ing, true and strong,
4. A love that glad - ly gives Thee all, Who gav - est all for me,
5. O may Thy love my love con-strain, Con - sume each low de - sire,



As I be-hold Thee on Thy cross, Dis - pel with love my fears.
O may I ne'er for - get the hour Which made my par - don sure!
That yearns to help and yearns to save, Bears meek - ly pain and wrong.
That will not fal - ter, will not fail, What - e'er the test may be.
In heart and life have blest con - trol, Yea, ev - 'ry tho't in - spire!



CHORUS.



O Sav-ior, hear the earnest prayer, My lips now of - fer Thee!

ear-nest prayer, of - fer Thee!



Fill with Thy love this heart of mine, For Thou hast first loved me.

No. 2. Service Is the Watchword.

Rev. C. R. Piety.

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Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Would you know the se-cret of the sweet-est joy? 'Tis to la - bor ev - er
2. Would you know the pathway to the home on high? 'Tis a way of serv-ice
3. Would you wear a crown about the throne of light? Decked with priceless jewels,

in the Lord's em-ploy; Help-ing those a-bout you with some deed of love,
that doth sat - is - fy; Those who trav-el on-ward must be Chris-tians true,
shin-ing pure and bright? Then, go save the lost ones, bring them to the Lord;

REFRAIN.

Trust-ing in the guid-ance of the King a - bove. Serv - ice is the watch-word true;
Try - ing ev -'ry mo-ment Je - sus' will to do. Serv - ice, Je - sus bids us do;
For such ho - ly serv-ice there is great re - ward. Serv - ice, serv-ice Where-so-e'er He

Serv - ice, serv-ice

leads us, fol-low, fol - low on, Serving Him with gladness till He says "Well done."

No. 3. "Bless the Lord, O My Soul!"

T. O. Chisholm.

EDDIE L. FAIRCLOTH, OWNER

Eddie L. Faircloth.

1. Bless the Lord, O my soul, for His mer-cy and grace, Who hath giv-en to me in His king-dom a place; Without God, without hope, once a wand'rer was I,
2. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and for - get not the hour When thy bur-den fell off, to dis-tress thee no more; When a light from the cross thro' my tears I could see,
3. Bless the Lord, O my soul, who hath wondrously led, Who my thirst hath as- suaged and my hunger hath fed, Who hath been my Defense, my unchangeable Friend,
4. Bless the Lord, O my soul, sing a - loud and re-joice, For the love that con- strained thee to make Him thy choice; Bring thy tribute of homage, thanksgiving and praise,

CHORUS.

But to - day I'm an heir of His glo - ry on high.
And the sweet word "Forgiven!" He whispered to me.
And whose presence and guidance are pledged to the end.
Unto Him whose rich blessings doth crown all thy days.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, praise His excellent name, For His gift of sal-va - tion so free; Yea, let all that is in me His goodness proclaim, Who once died, my Redeemer to be.

No. 4. Spread a Little Sunshine.

Dr. George Lytton. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. If the light of love is in your heart, Some of it to oth-er lives im - part;
2. There is so much gloom for many here, Give to them a shining ray of cheer;
3. It will keep you happy ev - 'ry day, Many hearts will bless you on the way;

Give it out for Je-sus, for you may Spread a lit - tle sun-shine ev-'ry day.
Banish from their sky the cloud of care, Make their dreary path a bit more fair.
Comfort then the lonely here be - low, Spread a lit - tle sun-shine as you go.

REFRAIN.

Spread a lit - tle sunshine o'er a drear - y heart, Help . . . .
Spread a lit - tle sun - shine o'er a drear - y heart, Dai - ly help the

Spread a lit - tle sun-shine o'er an - oth - er's drear - y heart,

. . . . the sad and burdened ones to smile; If an end-less blessing here you
lone and sad and bur - dened ones to smile; If an end-less bless - ing

If an end-less bless-ing to the

would im - part, Spread a lit - tle sun - shine all the while.
here you would im - part,

world you would im - part,

No. 5. Hallelujah! I'm Supported By His Word!

J. M. V. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY J. M. VINES. J. M. Vines.

1. I am trust-ing in my Sav-ior, walk-ing near His riv-en side, Since the won-ders of His love my be-ing stirred;
2. Shin-ing is the way to glo-ry, while I'm cling-ing to His hand, For His grace and mer-cy ev-er will me gird;
3. There is naught that can o'er-come me while I keep the nar-row way, For a might-y ris-en Con-qu'ror is my Lord;

Hap-py in His sav-ing pres-ence, know-ing He will keep and guide,
With Him hold-ing sweet com-mun-ion, I the tempt-er can with-stand,
Trust-ing, sing-ing, I am press-ing on to glo-ry day by day,

D.S.—*In the sun-light of His love I'm go-ing to that home a-bove,*

FINE. CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu-jah! I'm sup-port-ed by His word! Glo-ry, glo-ry, I am

Hal-le-lu-jah! I'm supported by His word!

D. S.

rest-ing on His promise, Sweeter, greater truths the lost have nev-er heard;

No. 6. What the Old World Needs.

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IN "HOSANNAS."

Rev. C. R. Piety. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. There are man - y hearts ach - ing 'neath loads that they bear, And all drear-y their
2. There are souls that are bur-dened 'neath poverty's sting, Who con - sid - er each
3. There are those who might buy an - y rich thing of earth, But their hearts are now
4. There are man - y to - night that are wounded by sin, And they think no one

days are and long; But the love of a friend would re - lieve toil and care,
man as his foe; They need friend-ship and kind-ness to cause them to sing,
ach - ing and cold; They are wast-ing their time seek - ing pleas-ure and mirth,
cares for their pain; They are per - ish - ing now, whom the Christ died to win,

CHORUS.

And fill life with a joy - ous new song.
And the love of a Sav - ior to know. What the old world needs is
While true love would bring glad-ness un - told.
And they're long-ing for love all in vain.

love, Like the Christ bro't from a - bove, Love that
sweet love, from a - bove,

reaches out, around, Where the weary ones are found, What the old world needs is love.

No. 7. Pit-a-pat-a-pat.

G. L. S. G. L. SHIRLEY, OWNER. Garland L. Shirley.

Unison.

1. Rain-drops shin - ing, sil - ver - y and bright, Just like dew - drops,
2. Rain-drops fall - ing make the ti - ny brook, Send a bless - ing
3. Rain and sun - shine fill the world with joy, Du - ty call - ing

gath-ered up at night, Rain and sunshine, and the winds that blow, Help ev-'ry
in - to ev-'ry nook; Lit - tle Cro - cus, and the Spring Blu-et, Call on the
ev - 'ry girl and boy In - to serv - ice for the Lord and King, Grow like the

CHORUS.

flow'r to grow.
Vi - o - let. Lit - tle rain-drops tap-ping, pit - a - pat - a - pat,
flow'rs of spring.

Call the lit - tle dai - sy with its ruf - fled cap, Tap, tap, tap-ping,

with a mer - ry rap, Wak-ing up the flow-ers from their win-ter nap.

No. 8. Jesus Died Once For All.

John Grayson.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Keep the soul-uplifting tidings ev - er go-ing round, Je-sus died once for
2. He has fought and won the battle over sin and death, Je-sus died once for
3. O ye dying souls, be gladdened, look to Him and live, Je-sus died once for

Je - sus died

all! By be-liev-ing, life e-ter - nal may in Him be found, Je - sus
all! Let us make it known to others, with re - joic - ing breath, Je - sus
all! Life e - ter-nal He is wait-ing e - ven now to give, Je - sus

once for all,

REFRAIN.

died once for all! Keep the ti - - - dings

Je - sus died once for all! Oh, in song and sto - ry speed it,

speed - - ing O - ver ev - 'ry land and sea; There is

for the dy - ing need it, and sea; If we

no more death, for Je - sus died for you and me.

trust the blessed Sav - ior, we will live for-ev - er,

No. 9. The Land Where We Never Grow Old.

This song is written in memory of my daughter, Mrs. Mary Bettie (East) Cook.—J. H. East.

Words Arr. by J. H. E. J. H. EAST, OWNER. **J. H. East.**

1. We are jour-ney-ing on to the land o - ver there, To wor-ship with
2. Our eyes may be dimmed as the years come and go, And gray grow the
3. The friends that we knew and loved long a - go, May have passed as a
4. Then let us not sigh for the things that have been, For the rose from the
5. In that heav-en - ly land where we nev - er grow old, Some beau - ti - ful

glad-ness un - told; And the way is made bright with sweet memories light,
treas-ures of gold; Still those mem-o-ries last that out - live the past,
tale that is told; But the hands we have pressed and the lips we ca-ressed,
bud must un - fold; And the cup shall be filled with their fragrance dis-tilled,
hands we shall hold; We will meet our dear friends when the long journey ends

FINE. CHORUS.

To a land where we nev-er grow old.
Journ'ying on where we nev-er grow old.
Have gone where they nev-er grow old. To the land, where we never grow
In the land where they nev-er grow old.
In the land where we nev-er grow old.

D. S. each verse.

Nev-er grow old, nev - er grow old,
old, . . . To the land where we nev - er grow old, . . .

No. 10. SING A SONG OF JESUS.

S. W. B.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Are you oft - en wea - ry with life's care and strife, Do you sigh for com - fort on the way; Sing a song of Je - sus,
2. Is the heart bow'd down with doubts and dreary fears, Does the day grow dark-er here be - low; Sing a song of Je - sus,
3. Would your heart be glow - ing with a love di - vine, Light - ing up the chambers of your soul; Sing a song of Je - sus,

it will brighten life, Sing a song of Je - sus ev - 'ry day.
pass - ing by He hears, Sing a song of Je - sus as you go.
sing of love sub-lime, Floods of peace will o'er the spir - it roll.

CHORUS.

Keep sing-ing, ... Keep sing-ing, ... 'Twill brighten
ev - er sing - ing, ev - er sing-ing,
up the way here be - low; Oh, sing a song of Je - sus as you go.

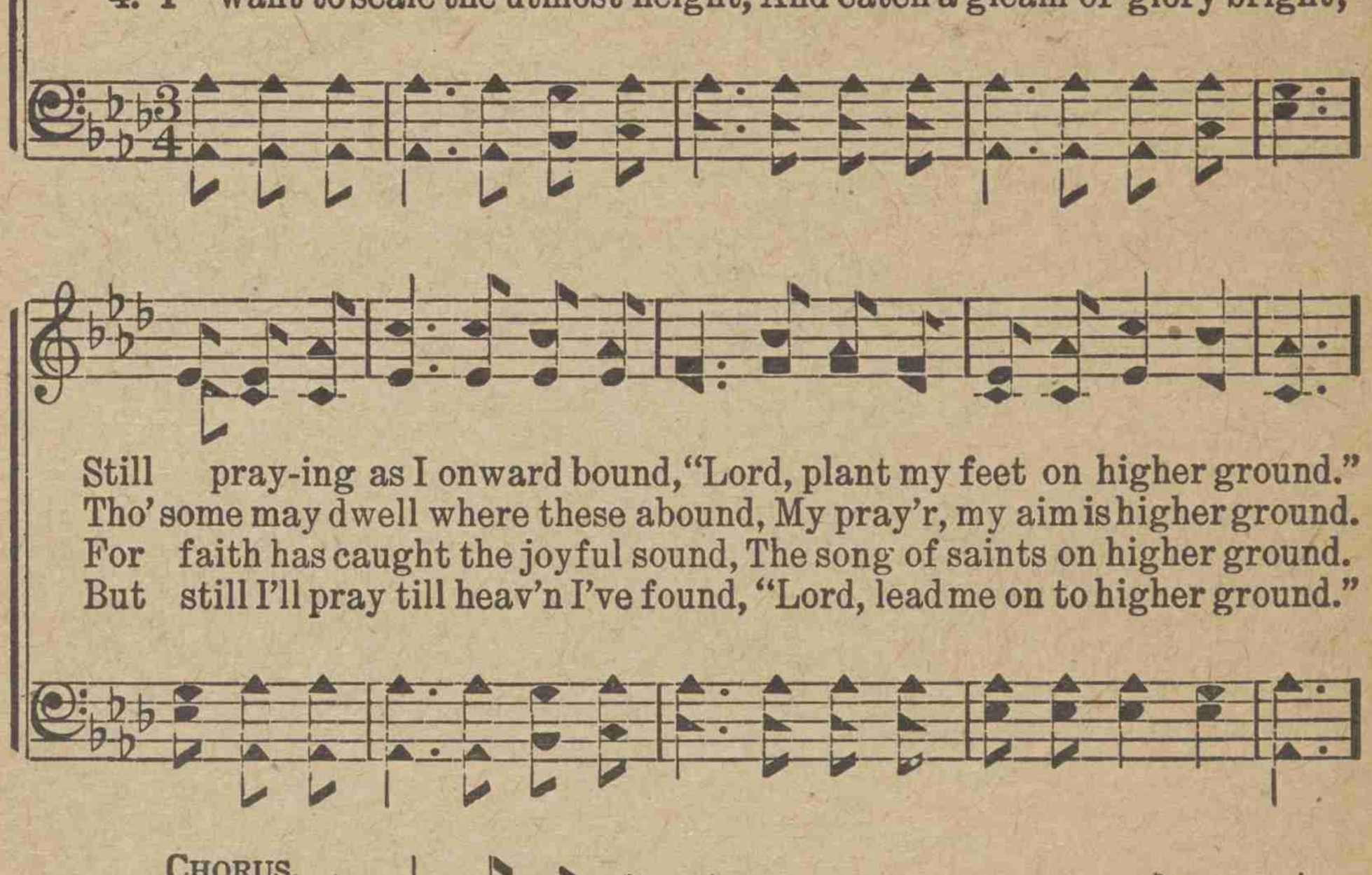
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No. 11. Higher Ground.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dismay;
3. I want to live above the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glory bright;



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

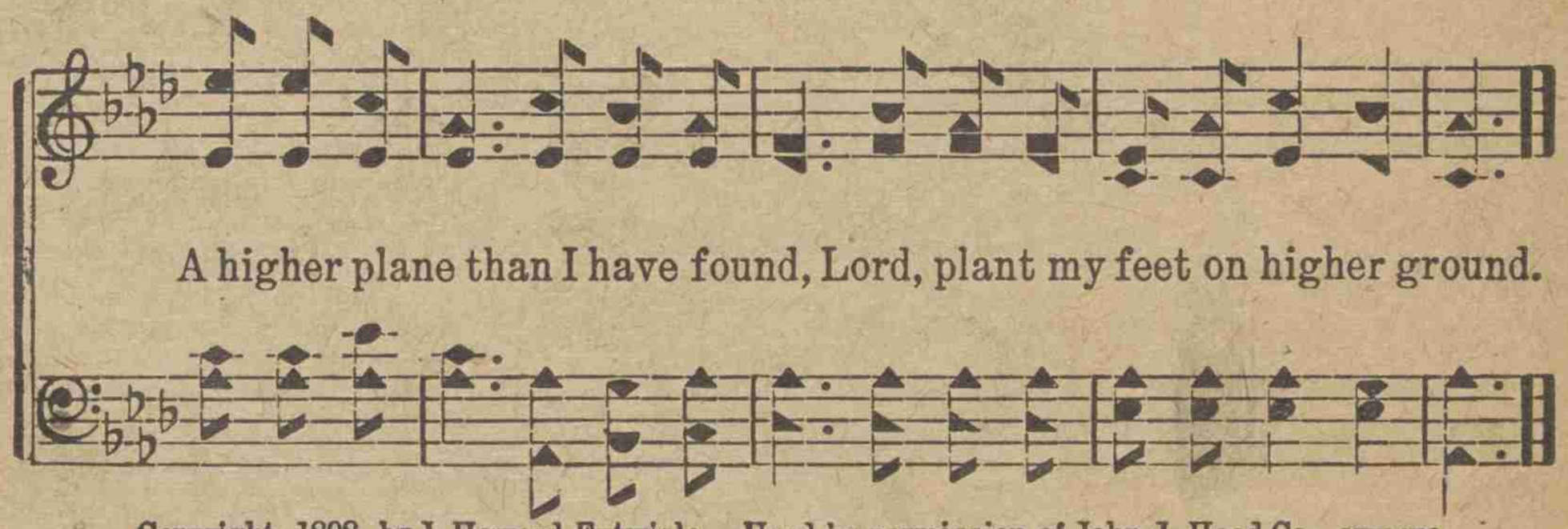
CHORUS.



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heaven's ta-ble-land;



A higher plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.



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No. 12. Take the Home-Path.

Brown Rowland, A. B. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. You have wandered far on the des - ert lone, And you face an aw - ful fate,(an aw-ful fate,)For a storm is near and the night comes on—Take the
2. You have been al-lured from the peace-ful way By your soul's re - lent - less foe; (re-lent-less foe;) Let the Sav - ior true take your hand to - day, For He
3. While the chance is yours turn your back to sin, Seek-ing par - don, hum-bly bow;(now humbly bow;)You've a soul to save and a crown to win, And the

CHORUS.

home-path ere too late. Take the home - path, take the home-path,
knows the way to go. Take the home - path, ...
time to start is now.

Take the home-path, take it now, take the home-path, take it now,

Night is com-ing, do not wait;(do not wait;)Take the home-path, take the
Take the home-path, ...

Take the home-path, take it now, take the

home - path,

Take the home - path ere too late. (ere too late.)

home-path, take it now,

No. 13. Keep on the Sunny Side of Life.

Ada Blenkhorn. J. Howard Entwisle.

1. There's a dark and a troubled side of life; There's a bright and a
2. Tho' the storm in its fu - ry break to-day, Crushing hopes that we
3. Let us greet with a song of hope each day, Tho' the mo - ments be

sun - ny side, too; Tho' we meet with the dark-ness and strife, The
cherished so dear; Storm and cloud will in time pass a - way, The
cloud-y or fair; Let us trust in our Sav - ior al - way, Who

CHORUS.

sun - ny side we al - so may view.
sun will shine again bright and clear. Keep on the sunny side, Always on the
keep - eth ev-'ry one in His care.

sun-ny side, Keep on the sunny side of life; It will help us ev-'ry day,
It will brighten all the way, If we keep on the sunny side of life.

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No. 14. Scatter Sunshine.

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Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Scat-ter sun-shine, bright and cheering sunshine, In the homes of sor-row,
2. Scat-ter sun-shine to dis-pel the dark-ness, That en-shrouds the lives of
3. Scat-ter sun-shine as the orb of heav-en, Floods its sheen of light all-

in the homes of woe; Bring new glad-ness in-to hearts dis-cour-aged,
man-y here be-low; One kind word may save an er-ring broth-er,
ra-diant from a-bove; Earth has mil-lions lone, and sad and wea-ry,

CHORUS.

Make your life a bless-ing ev-'ry-where you go.
There-fore scatter sunshine ev-'ry-where you go. Scatter sunshine, light, and joy, and
Long-ing to be shown "a lit-tle bit of love."

sunshine, Cheer the lone-ly pil-grim on his homeward way; You can make this

world a lit-tle brighter, If you scat-ter 'round you sun-shine ev-'ry day.

No. 15. His Grace Upholds Me.

J. B. BIGGERSTAFF, OWNER.

John Grayson. **Jas. B. Biggerstaff.**

DUET. Soprano and Tenor.



1. The storm may beat up-on my way, And wear-y oft - en I may be,
2. The bur - den oft is hard to bear, And I the path but dim - ly see;
3. A - mid the nev-er-end - ing strife, A car - ol al - ways mine will be
4. Oh, where the an-gels sing His praise, His face some bless-ed day I'll see;





But true and fear-less I shall stay, For my Re - deem-er is with me.
But One is near my ills to share, For my Re - deem-er is with me.
To cheer me to the gates of life, For my Re - deem-er is with me.
And my own voice in rap - ture raise, To Him who ev - er is with me.



CHORUS.



His grace . . . . up-holds me, And cheers me a-long ev-'ry day; . . .
His grace, His grace all the way up-holds me, And cheers me a - long ev - 'ry day, ev-'ry day;





His love.....will en-fold me, And keep me, all the way.
His won-der - ful love will en - fold me, en - fold me,



No. 16. "I Am the Vine, Ye Are the Branches."

T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. "I am the Vine, ye are the branch-es," Won-der-ful teach - ing,
2. "I am the Vine, ye are the branch-es," He is of life our
3. "I am the Vine, ye are the branch-es," Bar-ren or fruit - ful
4. "I am the Vine, ye are the branch-es," Keep-ing His word, His

won-drous-ly true! Joined un - to Christ in mys-tic - al un - ion,
con-stant sup - ply; Vain, without Him, our high-est en-deav - or;
what shall we say? Bring-ing forth fruit, we hon - or the Fa - ther;
prom-ise we prove, Fruit - ful in prayer and fruit-ful in serv - ice,

CHORUS.

Noth-ing a - part from Him can we do.
Sev-ered from Him, we languish and die.
Withered and bare, He takes us a - way.
One in His life and one in His love.

"I am the Vine, ... ye are the

"I am the Vine,

branch - es,"—Mas-ter, to us Thy mes-sage re - peat, Till we have

ye are the branch-es,"—

learned its full - ness of mean-ing,—With Thee at-tain a un - ion com-plete.

No. 17. IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

JENNIE WILSON. JAS. B. BIGGERSTAFF.

1. In the harvest field where the faithful toil, The Master bids you go and
2. In the harvest field reaching far a - way The grain for reapers true has
3. In the harvest field when the darkness falls, The time for you to serve the
4. In the har-vest field win the great re- ward, The Master will be- stow on

reap the precious grain; Will you now o - bey as you hear His voice, Or
long been waving white; Fast the day speeds by and the fleet- ing hours, Ere
Mas-ter will be o'er; Oh, will emp- ty hands and a heav - y heart Be
ev - 'ry faith-ful one; Toil-ing on with love and un - tir - ing zeal, You

CHORUS.

shall His plead-ing be in vain?
long will bring the shades of night.
yours when you can work no more?
soon will hear the word's, well done.

In the har - vest field there are

golden sheaves, That loving hands will lay with joy at Je- sus' feet; Will you

have a part in the bless-ed work, And share the rapture pure and sweet.

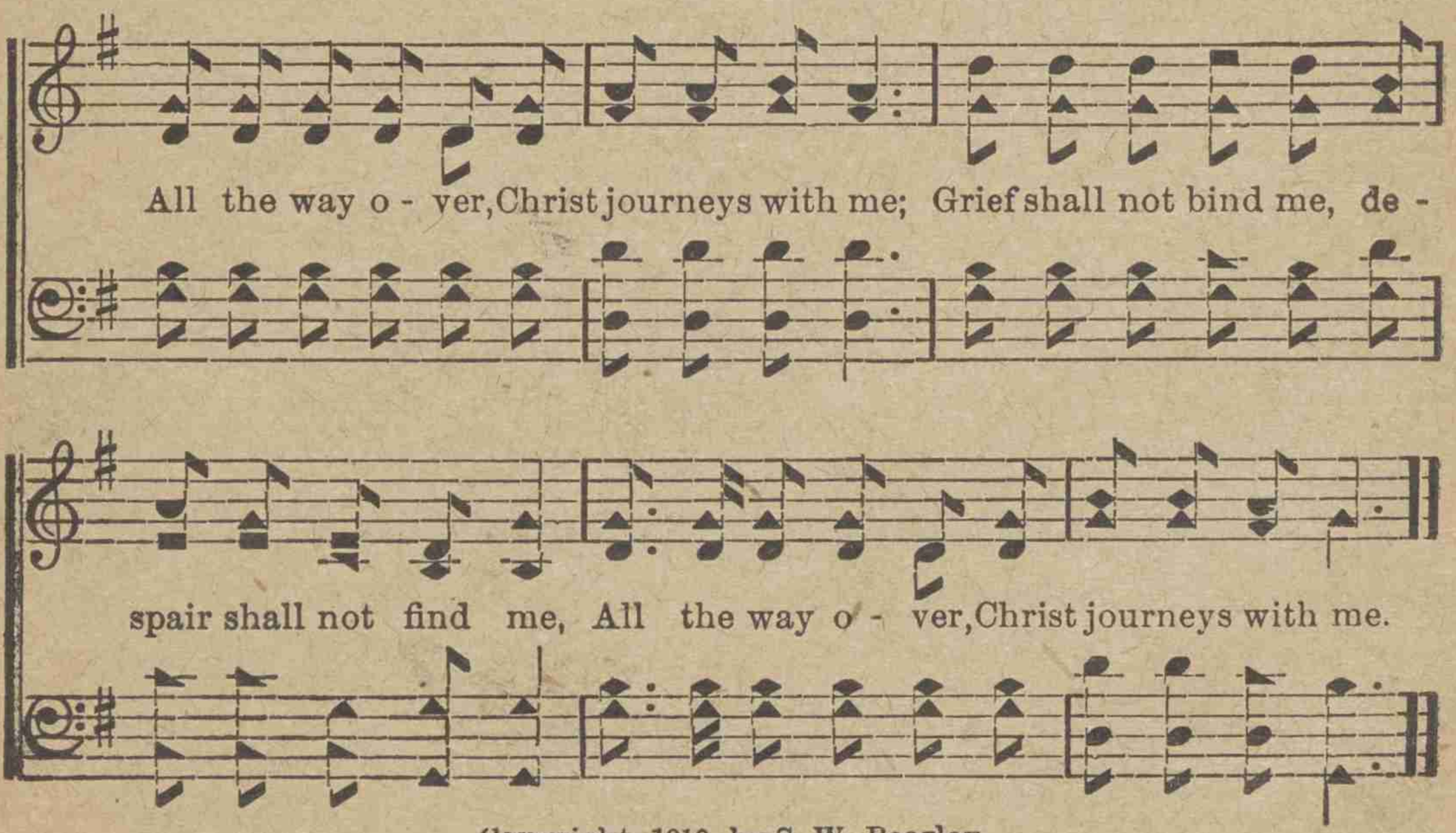
Controlled by S. W. Beasley.

No. 18. ALL THE WAY OVER.

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







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No. 19. Glory for You and Me.

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Rev. E. A. Hoffman. IN "HOSANNAS." Robert S. Snow.

1. O-ver in heav'n, sweet land, I shall before Him stand, Washed from all soul im-
2. O-ver in heav'n, bright home, 'neath its celestial dome, From ev'ry care and
3. In that de-light-ful place I shall see Je-sus' face, And shall for-ev-er

pu-ri-ty, Clothed in its brightness rare, bathed in the beauty fair, Wonderful
sor-row free; Clothed in the garments white, full of its joy and light, Wonderful
happy be; For, when life's toils are done, and the bright crown is won, Wonderful

CHORUS.

glo-ry waits for me. Glo-ry for you, glo-ry for me,
Glo-ry for you, glo-ry for me,
What a delightful place heaven will be! Glory for you,
Heav-en will be! Glo-ry for you,
glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for you in heav'n, glo-ry for me.
glo-ry for me,

No. 20. Some Better Day.

S. W. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Je - sus free - ly left His home a-bove, His love for us to show;
2. Je - sus free - ly died for you and me, But, oh, we know not why;
3. Thro' a glass but dim - ly here we gaze, But vi - sion will be clear,

But the rea - son of His might - y love, As yet, we do not know.
Yet, if we be - lieve His prom - ise, He Will tell us by and by.
And we hope to see Him face to face, When morning shall ap - pear.

REFRAIN.

Some bet-ter day, ... we all shall know . . . . Just why our Lord . . . hath loved us so; . . . The mystery . . . . will pass a-way—. . . . We'll un - der-stand some bet - ter day.

Some bet-ter day, we all shall know Just why our Lord hath loved us so; The mystery will pass away—We'll understand, we'll understand some day, some better day.

some day.

No. 21. Marching with Our Captain.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY,
IN "HOSANNAS."

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Mason G. Barrow.

1. March-ing on-ward with our King, Songs of vic-tor-y we sing,
2. March-ing on at God's command, Pledged for right-eous-ness to stand,
3. March-ing to the bat-tle field, Each a trust-y sword to wield,
4. March-ing on with cour-age bold, Fear-ing not the foe-man old,

For we know His arm of pow'r, Will be with us ev'-ry hour.
Try-ing to be faith-ful, true, And our Mas-ter's will to do.
Strengthened by His arm of might, As we strike for God and right.
Well as-sured that God will be Strength to win the vic-to-ry.

CHORUS.

March, march, march, march, With our Cap-tain true,
Marching, marching, marching, marching, and might-y,

March, march, march, march, His commands to do.
March-ing, marching, march-ing, march-ing, to do.

No. 22. He Who Follows Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.
IN "HOSANNAS."

T. O. Chisholm. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. He who fol-lows Je-sus shall not walk in dark-ness, But shall have the
2. He who fol-lows Je-sus shall not thirst or hun-ger, He with Liv-ing
3. He who fol-lows Je-sus shall be safe-ly guid-ed, He shall ne'er be
4. He who fol-lows Je-sus shall be more than conqu'ror, O-ver self and

light of heav-en on his way; Light that nev-er fail-eth and that
Bread shall ev-er-more be fed; By the qui-et wa-ters and thro'
lone-ly, nev-er want a friend; When the bur-den press-es, he shall
sin and o-ver ev-'ry foe; He shall oc-cu-py a throne, and

grow-eth bright-er, Till at last it end-eth, in "the per-fect day."
ver-dant pas-tures, He shall by "the Shepherd of the sheep" be led.
hear a whis-per, "I am with you al-way, e-ven to the end."
reign for-ev-er, When his war-fare is accomplished here be-low.

CHORUS.

Who will follow Him to-day? Who will answer now and say:.....
Who will fol-low Him to-day? Who will an-swer now and say:

Old tune.

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

No. 23. That Wonderful Morning-Land.

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4701, SHERIDAN ROAD, CHICAGO, ILL

J. P. S. J. P. Scholfield.

Slow.



1. As sure as the days are pass-ing by, I'm trav'ling to Morn-ing-land;
2. The far-ther I go up-on my way, I'm near-er the Morn-ing-land;
3. The light on my path shines bright and clear, I dream of that Morn-ing-land;
4. As sure as the fad-ing leaf must fall, I'm go-ing to Morn-ing-land;





As fast as the mo-ments on-ward fly, I'm hast'ning to Morn-ing-land.
My treasures up there increase each day, Just o-ver in Morn-ing-land.
I'll meet o-ver there my loved ones dear, I'm looking tow'rd Morning-land.
Some sweet peaceful day I'll hear God's call, And en-ter the Morn-ing-land.



CHORUS.



That won-der-ful Morn-ing-land!..... That beau-ti-ful Morn-ing-land!.....
Morn-ing, Morn-ing-land, Morn-ing, Morn-ing-land,



rit. – – – *rit.* – – – –



Some bright golden day I'll fin-ish the way And en-ter that Morning-land.



No. 24. To See His Face.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY,
IN "HOSANNAS."

T. O. Chisholm. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

DUET. *Soprano and Alto.*

1. To see His face, my Savior's face, Who hath re-deemed me by His grace!
2. To see His face, His bless-ed face, Who bore my sins, who took my place;
3. To see the face, of Christ my Lord! Oh! dear as-sur-ance of His word;
4. To see His face, this is my goal: The deep-est long-ing of my soul;

That vis-ion will my heart re-pay For all the pain of life's rough way.
What-ev-er joys heav'n holds for me, The greatest, this will sure-ly be.
That He for me pre-pares a place Where, some day, I shall see His face!
Thro' storm and stress my path I'll trace Till, sat-is-fied, I see His face!

CHORUS.

'Tis this which most the tho't of heav'n en-dears, ... Of this I
of heav'n en-dears,

dream, and smiles break thro' my tears, ... For this I wait, thro'
break thro' my tears,

all my pil-grim years, ... To see His face, To see His face!
my pilgrim years,

rit.

No. 25. Are You Walking in the Sunlight?

A. M. V. A. M. Vestal.

1. Are you liv-ing on the mountain, Dai-ly walk-ing in the light? Are you
2. Are you free from con-dem-na-tion, Do you hear the Master's call? He is
3. When your work on earth is end-ed, And your tri-als all are o'er, Will a

drink-ing at the fountain, Is your garment spotless white? Are you bathing in the
call-ing now for reap-ers, Will you answer, one and all? There are many lost in
crown of life be wait-ing On that bright and sunny shore? When you meet with all your

D. S.—*For the crown of life that's*

sun-light Of the glo-ry realms a-bove, Have you anchored now for heav-en,
dark-ness, In the paths of sin they roam, If you point the lost to Je-sus
loved ones, 'Twill be joy for-ev-er-more, And to dwell with your Re-deem-er,

waiting In that mansion bright and fair? If you trust the Saviour's promise,

FINE. CHORUS.

Do you trust the Sav-iour's love? Are you walk - - - - ing in the
He will gen-tly lead them home.
Will be joy un-known be-fore. Are you walk-ing, are you walk-ing in the

He will lead you safe-ly there.

D. S.

light? . . . Do you strive . . . . with all your might,
light, yes, in the light? Do you strive, yes, do you strive with all your might, with all your might,

No. 26. Be Ye Therefore Ready.

Inscribed to the memory of Homer V. Secrist, a young evangelistic worker, who was fatally hurt at a railroad crossing a few minutes after having taken part in a students' meeting at Winona Lake, Ind. The title of this hymn was found underscored in his Bible.

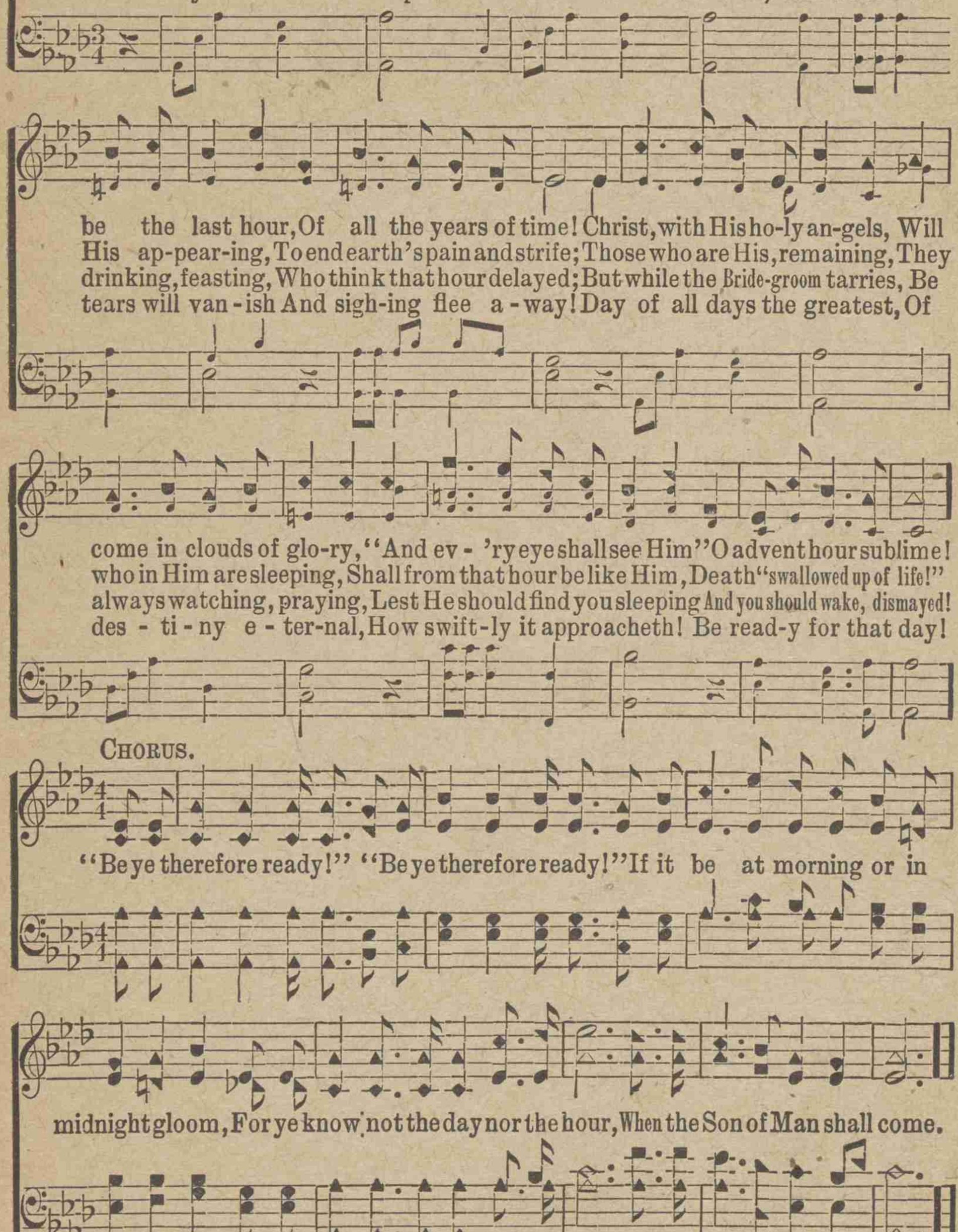
COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY,
IN "HOSANNAS."

T. O. Chisholm. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

SOLO.



1. Some year will be the last year, Some day will be the last day, Some hour will be the last hour, Of all the years of time! Christ, with His ho-ly an-gels, Will come in clouds of glo-ry, "And ev - 'ry eye shall see Him" O advent hour sublime!
2. With - out a mom-ent's warning, Swift as an eye-lid's closing, Such will be His ap-pear-ing, To end earth's pain and strife; Those who are His, remaining, They who in Him are sleeping, Shall from that hour be like Him, Death "swallowed up of life!"
3. Faith - ful is He that promised, Sure-ly He com-eth quickly, But some are drinking, feasting, Who think that hour delayed; But while the Bride-groom tarries, Be always watching, praying, Lest He should find you sleeping And you should wake, dismayed!
4. O day of earth's re-demption And of the new cre-a-tion, When sorrow's tears will van - ish And sigh-ing flee a - way! Day of all days the greatest, Of des - ti - ny e - ter-nal, How swift-ly it approacheth! Be read-y for that day!



CHORUS.

"Be ye therefore ready!" "Be ye therefore ready!" If it be at morning or in midnight gloom, For ye know not the day nor the hour, When the Son of Man shall come.

No. 27. SHALL IT BE YOU?

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. J. W. BLACK.

1. Shall you hear Him say at the last great day, "Faithful one come in, come in?"
2. When you're call'd to go, do you tru - ly know, That you'll hear Him say "come in?"
3. Sad in that great day if He shall not say "Faithful one come in, come in,"

When the trumpet call sounds for one and all, Shall you hear Him say, "come in?"
When the time draws nigh in the by and by, Shall you hear Him say, "come in?"
Deep despair will fall o'er you as a pall, If He shall not say, "come in."

CHORUS.

Shall it be you, shall it be you,
shall it be you, shall it be you,

To hear Him say, "come in?" Shall it be you,
Shall it be you,

Shall it be you, To hear Him say, "come in?"
shall it be you,

No. 28. Reapers.

Rev. C. R. Piety. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. To those who search the world for joy There's but one way to find:
2. Come, let us toil with all our might, And reap and glean the field,
3. The har-vest wastes up-on the plain, And Je - sus calls to - day,
4. Then i - dle not a-way your time, While Christ for reap-ers pleads!

En - list your life in Christ's em-ploy, And help to save man-kind.
And save the grain be-fore the night, For plen-teous is the yield.
For us to gath-er in the grain; Then let us haste a - way.
O Chris-tian, hear His call sub-lime, And prove your faith by deeds.

CHORUS.

Reap-ers, reap-ers, harvest-time is here; Reapers, reap-ers,
Reap - ers, reap-ers, reap - ers, Reap-ers, reap-ers, reap-ers,

who will vol-un - teer? Souls of men as ripened grain before you waiting stand,

And Je - sus calls for reap-ers to work on ev - 'ry hand.

No. 29. I'm Going Over Yonder.

Laurene Highfield. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY BEAZLEY & VAUGHAN. **Francis Foster.**

1. To that land where no darkness nor shad-ows fall, O - ver yon - der, where glo - ry waits, I will go when my Sav - ior for me shall call; He has
2. In the land where the Sav - ior I love so well, Un - to me will a wel-come give, Man - y friends of my heart in His presence dwell; There in
3. To that land of de-light sor-rows nev - er come, All is joy and con- tent and peace; I will go, like a child, to my Father's home, There to
4. O - ver yon - der, the mansions of light to share, I shall go when this life is past; I will wor-ship and praise my Re-deem - er there With a

CHORUS.

o - pened for me its gates.
glad-ness I too shall live. I am go - ing, go - ing, go - ing o - ver
find from all care re - lease.
love that shall ev - er last.

yon-der, When this fleet - ing life is o'er; (I am go - ing;) I am go-ing, go-ing, go - ing o - ver yon-der, To love Je-sus ev - er - more.

No. 30. Come, Happy and Free.

Laurene Highfield. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Come, hap-py and free, from the bondage of sin, To hon-or the Savior whose
2. Come, hap-py and free, from a life lived in vain, Re-joice in the Sav-ior and
3. Come, hap-py and free, with a song in your heart, De-vote to the Mas-ter the
4. Come, hap-py and free, from all doubting and dread, In perfect as-sur-ance with

hand loosed its chain; He gave you the pow'r a new life to be-gin, His
praise Him to-day; Come, grateful that you His ap-prov-al may gain, And
life He redeemed; Come serve Him with gladness, and free-ly im-part The
faith clear and bright; The hand of ful-fill-ment and joy lies a-head, It

CHORUS.

blood washed your robes from pollution and stain. Come, hap-py and free as a child of His
kneel in His presence to worship and pray.
light that up-on you in ra-di-ance beamed.
waits at the end of the pathway of right. Come, come, come, come, come, come,

grace, Oh, come to the Savior and kneel at His feet; Re-joice that His
come, come, Come to the Sav-ior and kneel at His feet; Come, come,

mercy has giv'n you a place In His sanctified throng, redeemed and complete.
come, come, come, come, come, come, Sanc-ti-fied throng, redeemed and complete.

No. 31. Are You Living a Life that Counts?

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT. 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. James H. Ruebush.

1. Are you meet-ing with a smile all your tri - als, friend? Are you read - y all the while bless-ings true to send? Is the love of God with-in? are you brave-ly fight-ing sin? Are you liv - ing a life that counts?
2. Do you spread the gos - pel grand as you go a - long? Are you help - ing souls to stand, with a cheer-ing song? Are you do - ing all you can for your weak-er fel-low man? Are you liv - ing a life that counts? Are you liv-ing a life that counts?
3. Are you sure of life a - bove and a fade-less crown, When the Lord shall say with love, "Lay your bur-den down?" When you meet Je-ho-vah's Son will you hear His sweet "Well done?" Are you liv - ing a life that counts?

CHORUS.

life that counts? Are you liv-ing a life that counts? Have you treasures laid a- bove in the storehouse of His love? Are you liv - ing a life that counts?

that counts? that counts! that counts?

No. 32. The Song of My Soul.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Christ is lead - ing me, Up-ward speed - ing me, Man - na feed - ing me,
2. Foes are press - ing me, But, ca - ress - ing me, Christ is bless - ing me,
3. Sin had hard-ened me, Stained and burdened me, Christ has pardoned me—

Free - ly from day to day; Shield-ing, hid - ing me, Nev - er chid - ing me,
Keeping me brave and strong. Cour - age send - ing me, And de - fend - ing me,
Fet - ters of sin are gone. Now, so near to me, Grow-ing dear to me,

CHORUS.

Safe - ly guid - ing me A - long the way.
Al - ways lend - ing me A hap - py song. Glo - ry
Giv - ing cheer to me, He leads me on. Glo - ry, glo - ry,

glo - - ry! This my soul is singing, While to Him I'm clinging,
glo-ry, hal - le - lu-jah!

Glo - ry! glo - - ry: Sing-ing all a - long the way.
Glo-ry, glo-ry! glo-ry, hal - le - lu-jah, upward way.

No. 33. FISHERS OF MEN.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Why stand ye i - dle on the shores of life's ocean, When before you the deep sea is spread? A-rouse you! He who can rule the waves and
2. Feel now the thrill of the command He has giv-en, Launch ye forth at the bid-ding of Christ; Oh, has- ten! Your's is a serv-ice that shall
3. Why stand ye i - dle, looking down at life's pebbles? Lift your eyes to the great trackless main; Be read - y! Prompt, loy-al serv-ice ev - 'ry

still their commotion, Has ap-point- ed you fish - ers of men.
bring souls to heaven, Do not wait, but be fish - ers of men.
joy of life tre-bles, Go ye forth and be fish - ers of men.

D.S.—Cast in your nets, no lon - ger stand i - dly dreaming, Go ye forth and be fish - ers of men.

FINE.

wise fish - ers of men.

CHORUS.

Launch you forth on the deep, be wise fish - ers of men,
There are souls you can bring to the Lord; Oh, has - ten!

D.S.

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 34. After the Shadows.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Aft - er the mid-night, morning will greet us; Aft-er the sad - ness, joy will ap- pear; Aft - er the tem-pest, sun-light will meet us; Aft - er the jeer - ing,
2. Aft - er the bat-tle, peace will be giv - en; Aft-er the weeping, songs there will be; Aft - er the jour - ney there will be heav-en,—Burdens will fall and
3. Shadows and sun-shine all thro' the sto - ry, Teardrops and pleasure, day aft-er day; But when we reach the king-dom of Glo - ry, Tri - als of earth will

CHORUS.

praise we shall hear. Aft - er the shad - ows, there will be sun - shine;
we shall be free.
van - ish a - way.

Aft - er the shad-ows, there will be sun-shine;

rit.

Aft-er the frown, the soul-cheering smile;... Cling to the Sav - ior,

After the frown, the soul-cheering, soul-cheering smile; Cling to the Sav - ior,

love Him for - ev - er; All will be well in a lit - tle while.

love Him for - ev - er;

No. 35. At The Roll Call Yonder.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY BEAZLEY & VAUGHAN. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. When the roll is called in the land of light, On that day be-yond compare,
2. In that mighty throng many friends will be, Who have made their garments white
3. There will be no fear in my ransomed soul, When I stand be-fore the King,
4. Sin-ner, come to Christ, let Him take your hand, Then with saints and angels fair,

With a hap - py heart, in a robe of white, Prais-ing sav-ing grace, I'll be there.
I shall see them smile, they shall sing with me, In that land where falleth no night.
For the saving grace that has made me whole, Courage true to me then will bring.
When the roll is called in that happy land, Prais-ing saving grace, you'll be there.

CHORUS.

At the roll call yon - der, on that day of days, I'll be there, I'll be there; With my soul o'er-flow-ing with my Savior's praise, I'll be there, comrades, I'll be there.

I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there.

No. 36. In the Resurrection Morning.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. When the res-ur-rec-tion morning makes the hills and valleys bright, We shall
2. With our faces bright with glo-ry in the pres-ence of the Lord, We shall
3. With our garments bright and spotless and our souls made pure by grace, We shall
4. To a-bide with Him for-ev-er in the kingdom of the blest, We shall

We shall rise, we shall rise;
rise, we shall rise; When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound o'er
rise, we shall rise; To as-cend with Him to heaven, there to
rise, we shall rise; To be-hold Him in His beau-ty with the
rise, we shall rise; To ex-tol Him thro' the a-ges, in our

ev'ry plain and height, We shall rise, we shall rise.
have the true reward,
ran-somed of the race, We shall rise, we shall rise.
pal-ac-es of rest,

CHORUS.

We shall rise, we shall rise, We shall rise to meet our
We shall rise, we shall rise, In the res-ur-rec-tion

1. Sav-ior in the skies, hal-le-lu-jah! morn-ing we shall rise.
2. we shall rise.

No. 37. Traveling Home.

(MALE QUARTET.)

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

S. W. B. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. We are pil-grims on our jour-ney To a sin-less sum-mer land;
2. Swift-ly pass the gleaming mile-stones That are set a-long the way,
3. We are look-ing for the cit-y Where the man-y man-sions wait,
4. We are go-ing to our Fa-ther,—What could sweet-er be than this?

With our fa-ces tow'rd the sun-set We are trav-'ling hand in hand.
Mark-ing off our earth-ly jour-ney To a home of end-less day.
And our home-sick hearts grow light-er As we near the o-pen gate.
He will bid His chil-dren wel-come To a home of per-fect bliss.

CHORUS.

Trav-el-ing home, trav-el-ing home, From its

Trav-el-ing home, trav-el-ing home,

peace no more to roam; Trav-el-ing home, trav-el-ing

nev-er to roam; Trav-el-ing home,

rit.

home, We're all trav-el-ing, trav-el-ing home.

trav-el-ing home, (trav-el-ing home.)

No. 38. Sailing On Over Life's Ocean.

(MALE QUARTET.)

S. W. B. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. We are sail - ing o'er life's o - cean, Where the bil-lows toss and roll,
2. We are shun-ning rocks and dan - gers, Time-ly warn-ings we have heard,
3. We are fear - ing not the tem-pests, Tho' far - dis-tant lies the land,
4. Safe in - deed will be the voy - age If we trust His love and care;

To the shores of joy e - ter - nal, To the har - bor of the soul.
And a cer-tain course are tak - ing, For our com-pass is God's word.
For our Fa - ther holds the wa - ters In the hol - low of His hand.
We at length shall drop our an - chor Where the shores are bright and fair.

CHORUS.

Sail - ing on o - ver life's o - cean, Toss - ing on its wa - ters wide,

Sail - ing on, ... o - ver life's o - cean, deep and wide,

Sail - ing on, ... o - cean,

rit.

To the port on yon - der side.

. . . . . o - ver life's o - cean, (on yon - der side.)

No. 39.

Crossing the Bar.

MALE CHORUS OR QUARTET.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Alfred Tennyson. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

Con espress.

1. Sun-set and eve-ning star, And one clear call for me! And may there be no
2. Twilight and eve-ning bell, And aft-er that the dark! And may there be no

pp *mf*

moaning of the bar When I put out to sea, When I put out to sea. But
sad-ness of farewell When I, when I em-bark, When I, when I em-bark. For

rit.

such a tide as moving seems asleep,
tho' from out our bourne of time and place,
Too full for sound and foam,
The flood may bear me far;

Too full for sound and foam,.....
The flood may bear me far, ...

a tempo.

When that which drew from out the boundless deep,
I hope to see my Pi-lot face to face,
Turns a-gain home,
When I have crossed,
Turns a-gain home,.....
When I have crossed,.....

Turns a-gain home, Turns a-gain home, Turns a-gain home.
When I have crossed, When I have crossed, crossed the bar.

No. 40. Nothing But the Blood. (New.)

E. E. Rexford. S. W. BEAZLEY, OWNER. James H. Ruebush.

1. Nothing, nothing but the blood of Jesus Saves us from the pen - al - ty of sin,
2. Nothing, nothing but the blood of Jesus, Flowing from the cross of Cal-va-ry,
3. Nothing, nothing but the blood of Jesus! Soul of mine, re-joice and sing to-day—

Wash-ing out the stain of our transgression, Making clean the soul with-in.
Wins the guilt - y sin-ner peace and pardon—Breaks sin's chain and sets him free.
For the stream that floweth on for-ev - er, Wash-es all my sins a - way.

CHORUS. *A little faster.*

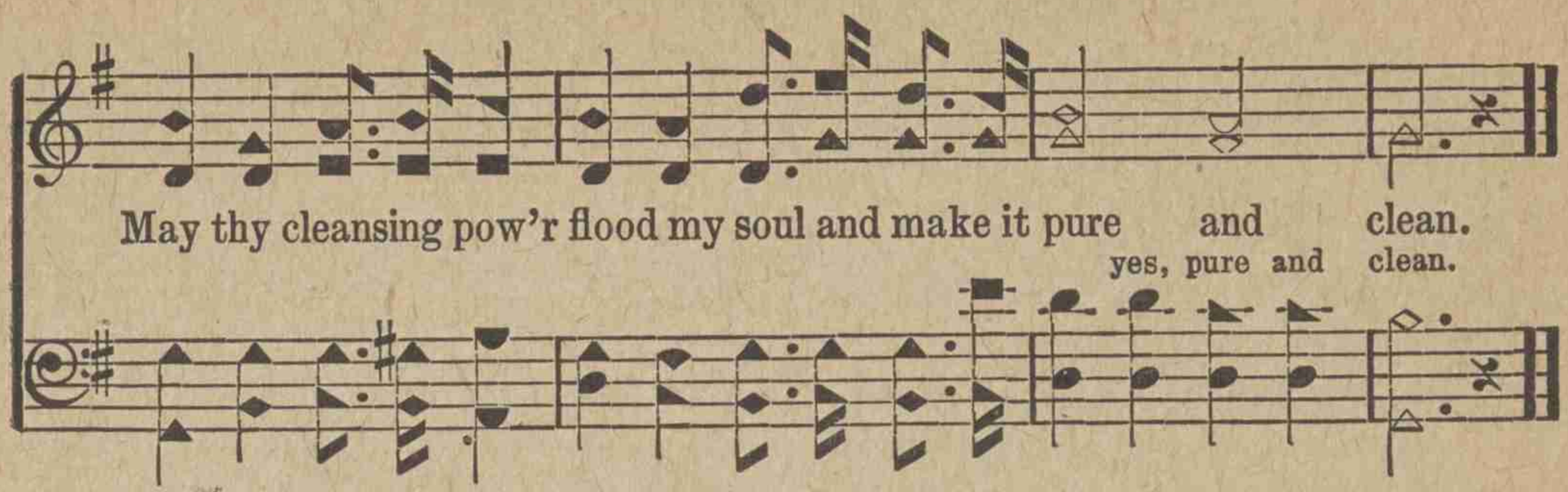
Noth-ing but the blood, Shed on Cal - va - ry,
Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry for sin - ners,

Can make white the soul that's stained with sin, Sav-ing it from con-dem-na-tion;

Oh, the blood, Pre - cious blood,
Oh, the pre-cious blood, Oh, the pre-cious blood,

Oh, the pre-cious, pre-cious blood of Je - sus, That from all our trans-gres-sions frees us,

Nothing But the Blood.



No. 41. When Jesus Comes Again.

G. L. S. G. L. SHIRLEY, OWNER. Garland L. Shirley.

No. 42. WHERE THE BELLS RING HOME.

(Quartet for Mixed Voices.)

Words by FRANK L. STANTON. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.
Arr. by S. W. B.



1. O - ver the sea and the storm- y foam, And the bells ring home,.....
2. O, the long voyage 'neath storm and star, But the bells a - far,—.....
3. Home in the ha - ven sweet and blest, And the bells ring rest! .....

1. And the



..... O - ver the sea where the wrecks are tossed, Where the
..... We heard them ring in the drown - ing night, And we
..... What were the cross - es and hope and fears, The

bells ring home;



storms de-scend till the stars are lost, From the o - cean's knells,.....
heard them sing of the har - bor light; The bells, the bells,.....
ray - less darkness, the rain of tears? Love's mus - ic swells.....

From the



..... To the glad, sweet bells,—.....
..... O'er the o - cean's knells.....
..... From the glad sweet bells.....

o - cean's knells To the glad sweet bells,



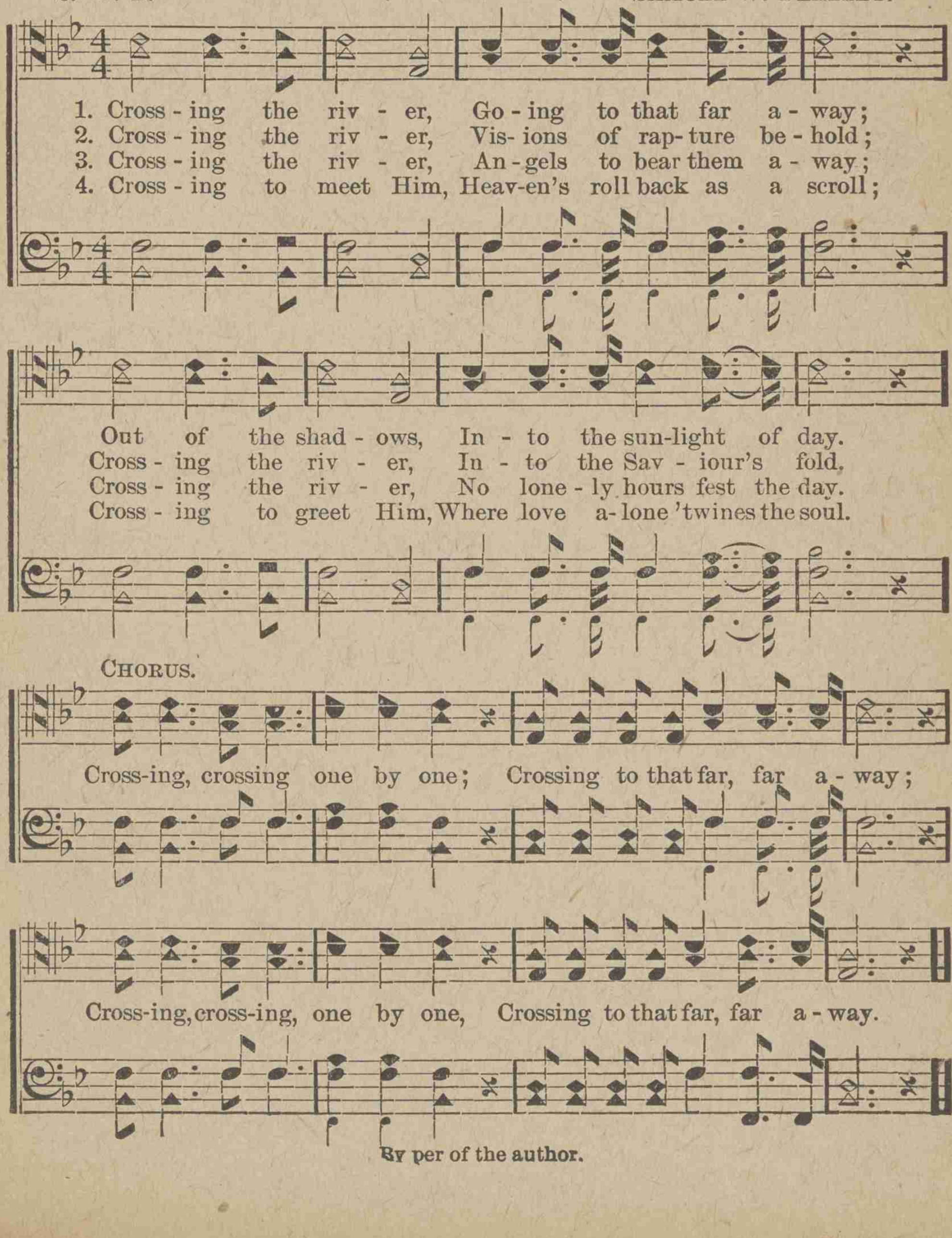
Used by per of the author.

WHERE THE BELLS RING HOME.—Concluded.



No. 43. CROSSING TO THAT FAR, FAR AWAY.

S. W. B. (For Male Voices.) SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



By per of the author.

No. 44. Joyously Go On.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY, IN "HOSANNAS."

Brown Rolland, A. B. **J. S. Silverton.**

1. Show-ing faith in Him who leads the way, Giv - ing out the light,
2. Brighter dai - ly shall the path ap-pear In the glo - ry - light
3. You shall soon go sweep-ing thro' the gates, Sing - ing of His love,

sing-ing of the dawn, Grow - ing in His like-ness day by day,
of the Ho - ly One; Let - ting lost one's God's own mes-sage hear,
ev - 'ry hard-ship gone; Sure that there the fade - less life-crown waits,

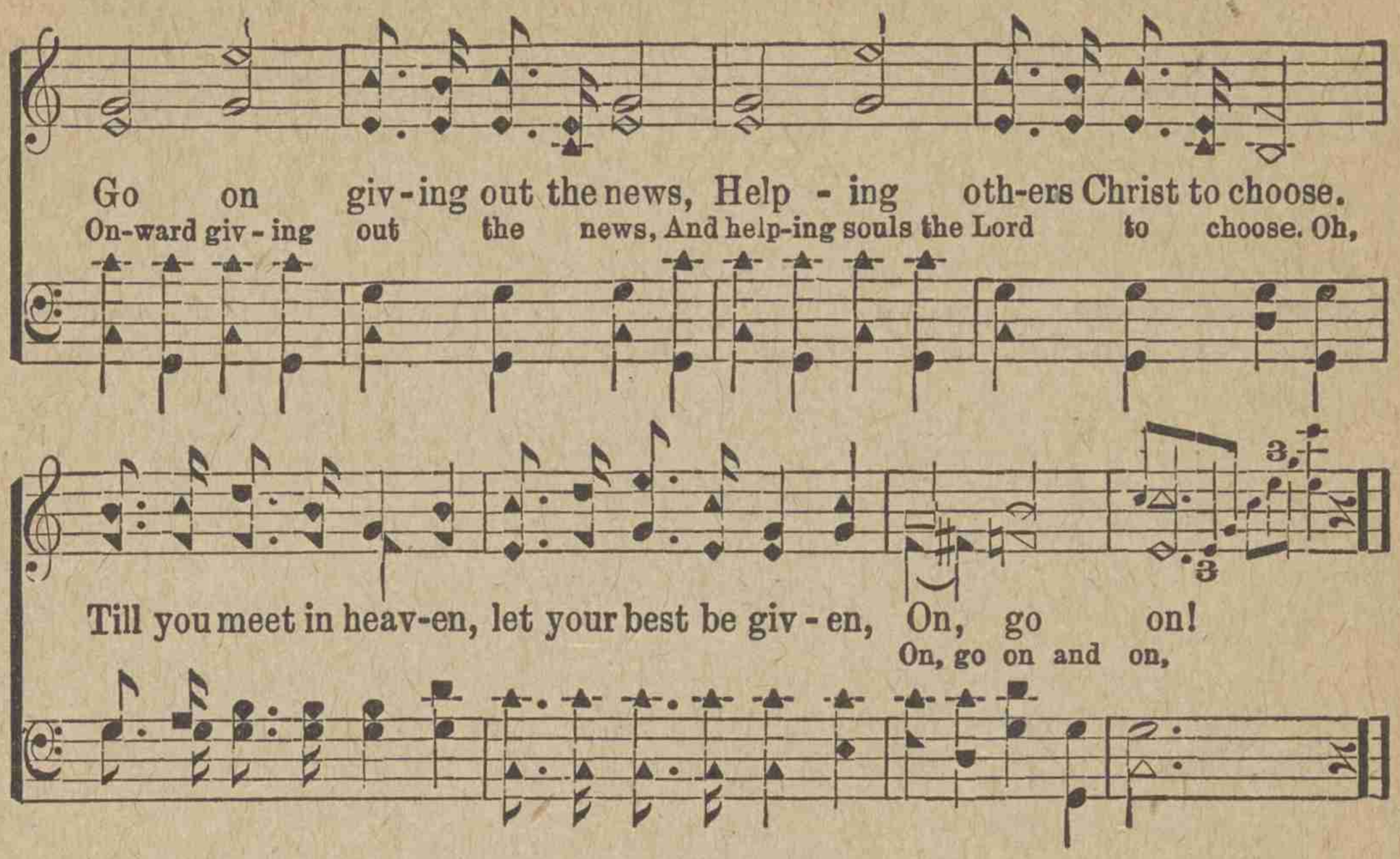
CHORUS.

Joy - ous - ly go on,
on, on, on. Joy - ous - ly go on, go on, on

Go on in the nar-row way, Sing - ing, work-ing day by day,
in the bless-ed, nar - row way, All sing-ing, working day by day, And

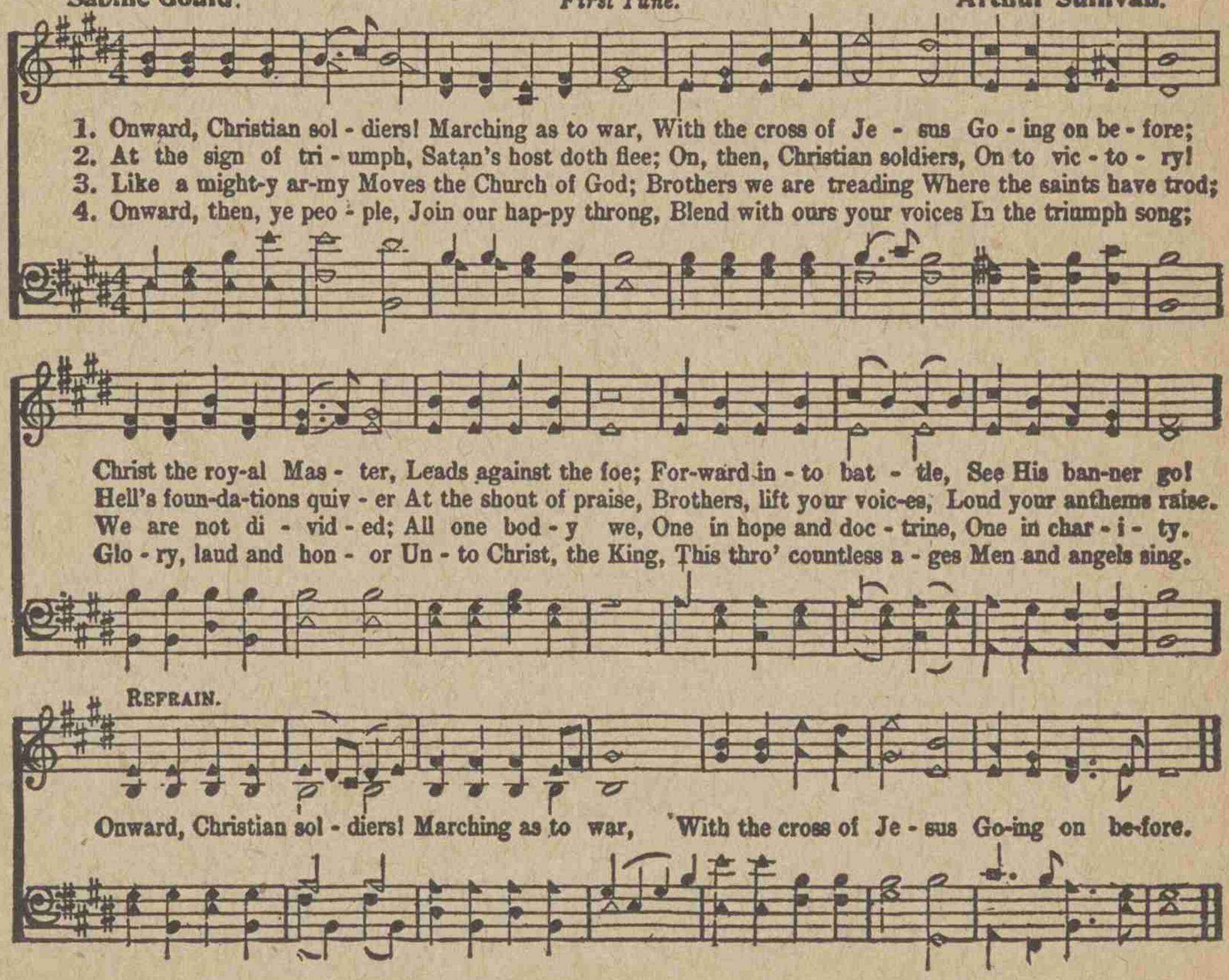
On-ward ev - er pressing, those around you blessing, As did saints in a - ges gone.
As did pil-grims gone.

Joyously Go On.



No. 45. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould. *First Tune.* Arthur Sullivan.



No. 46. Love Him, Praise Him.

Brown Rowland, A. B. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. If the loving Savior keeps your pathway fair, Love Him, praise Him.
2. Since He has redeemed you by His precious blood, Love Him, praise Him.
3. If you would behold Him in His palace fair, Love Him, praise Him.

Love Him, praise Him.

If He makes your trials ea - si-er to bear, Love Him, praise Him.
Try to lead some others to the cleansing flood; Love Him, praise Him.
If the crown e-ter-nal there you hope to wear, Love Him, praise Him.

Love Him, praise Him.

REFRAIN.

Love Him, praise Him, bless-ed Je - sus! Praise, oh, praise His might-y love;

Love . . Him, praise Him, bless - ed Je-sus, praise . . His mighty love;

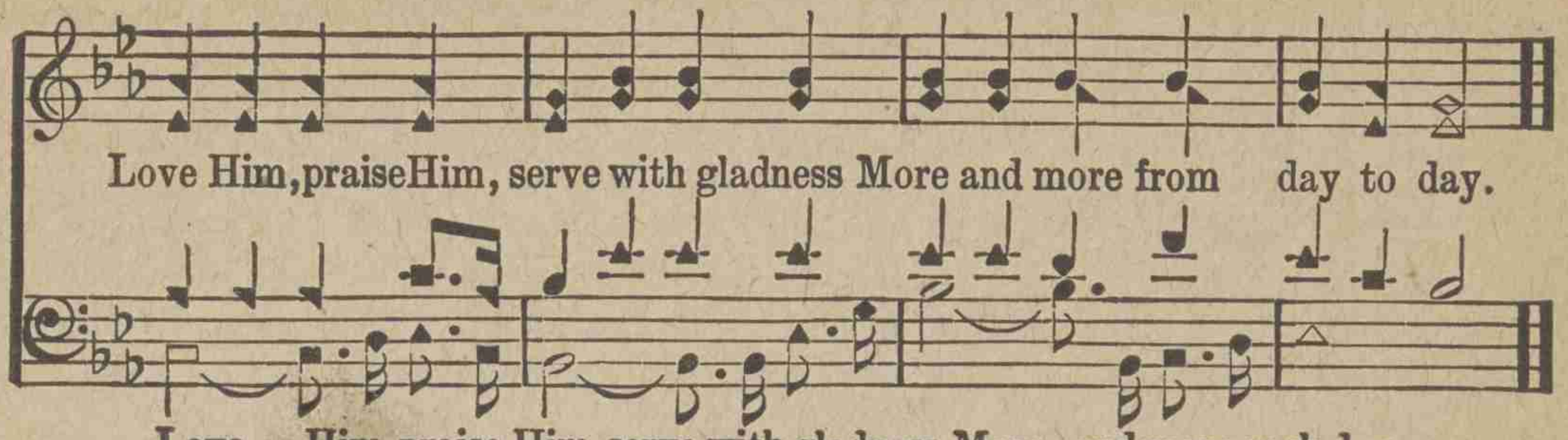
Give Him hon - or, give Him glo - ry, Point the lost to Him a-bove.

Give . . Him hon-or, give . . Him glo-ry, Point . . the lost a-bove.

Tell the sto - ry to the way-ward Ev-'ry time that here you may;

Tell . . . the sto-ry to . . . . the wayward Ev - 'ry time you may;

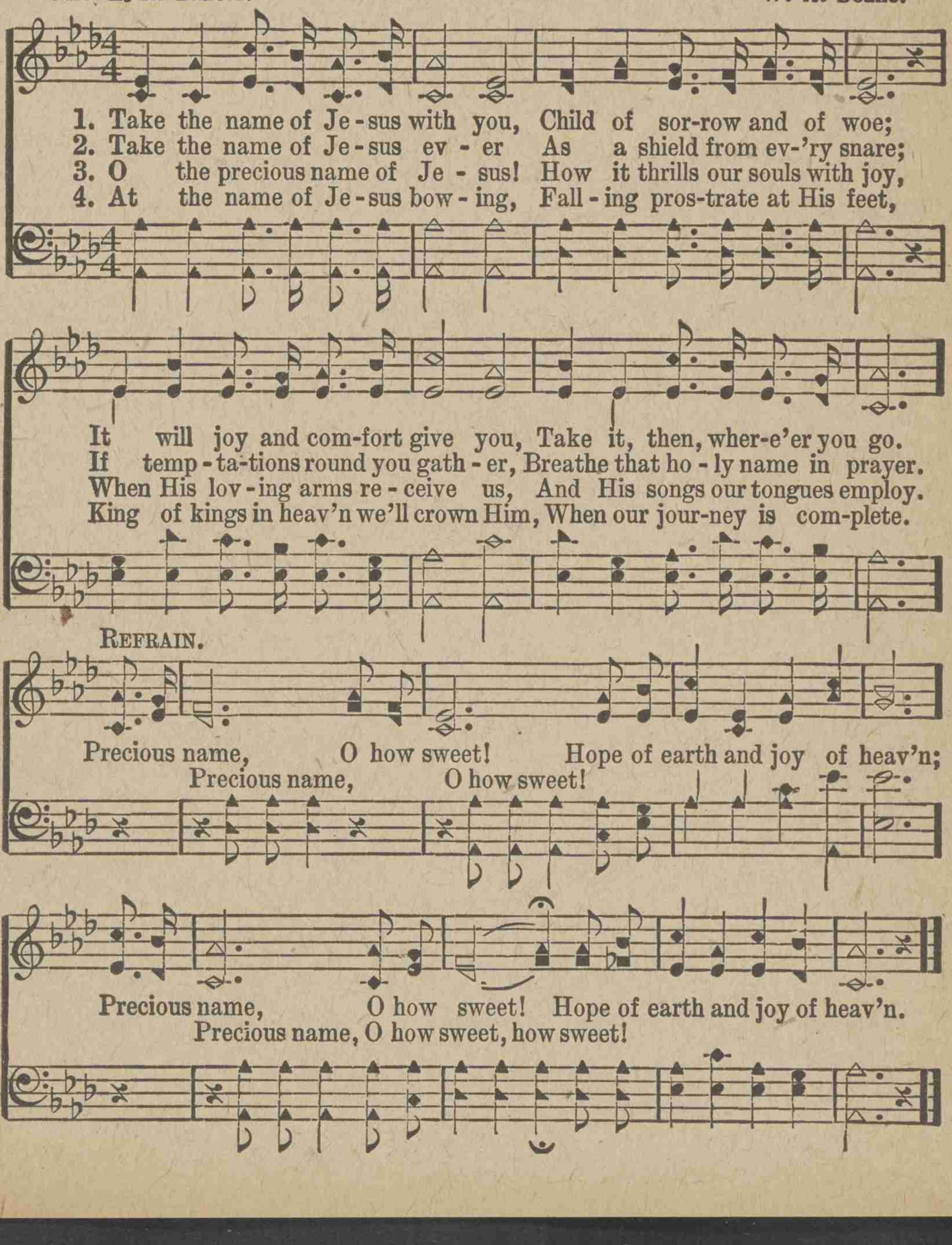
Love Him, Praise Him.



No. 47. Take the Name of Jesus With You.

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



No. 48. In the Vineyard of the Lord.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY,
IN "HOSANNAS."

G. O. Junior. S. A. Castup.

1. Pleas-ant is our la-bor for the Mas-ter dear Who is al-ways
2. World-ly pleas-ures fail to tempt us from His side, Work-ing for Him
3. We will la-bor for Him till the day is done, And we see the

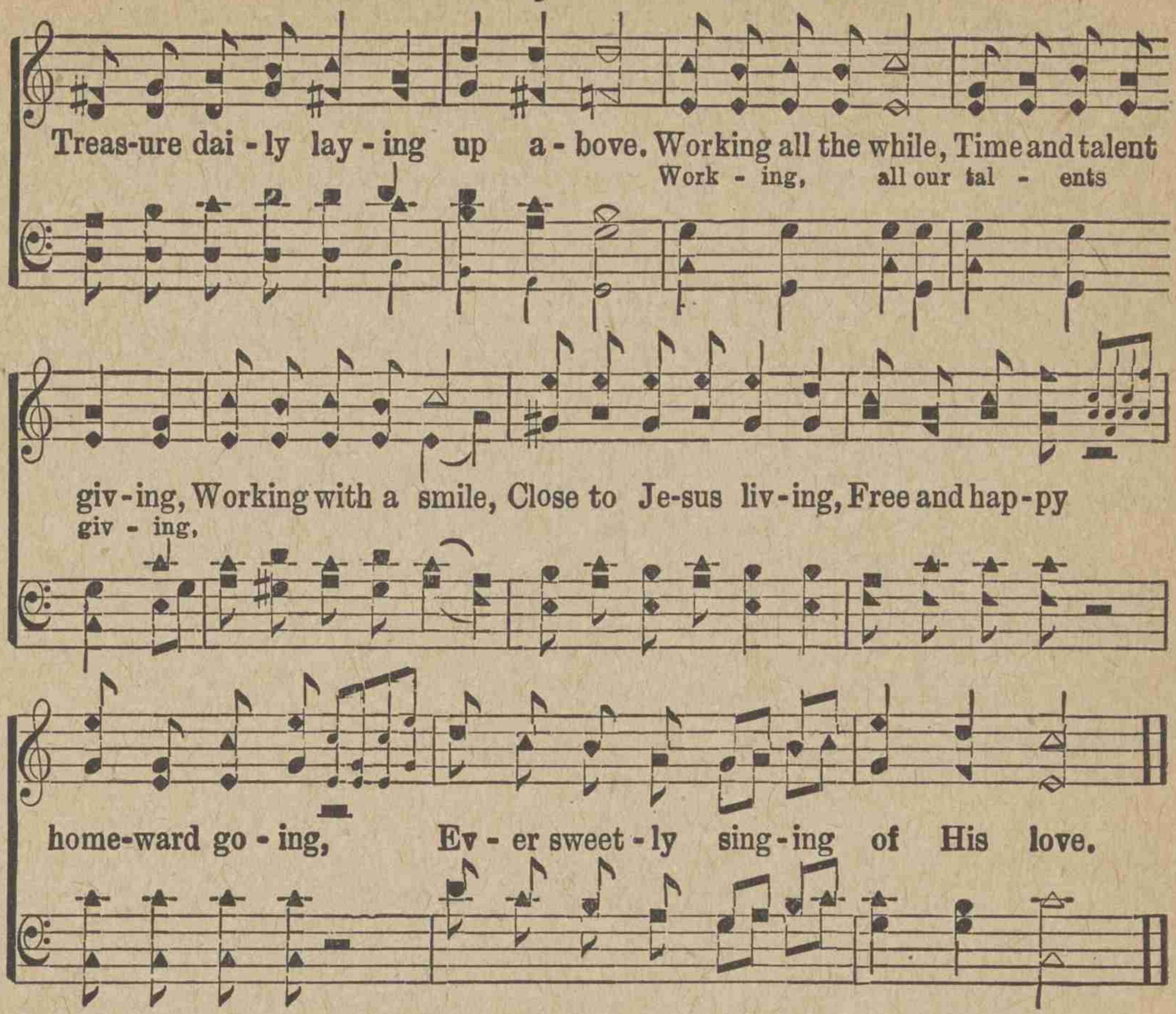
with us, giv-ing light and cheer; Ev-'ry will-ing ef-fort meets with
glad-ly we will all a-bide, For He loves us dear-ly and has
glo-ry of the set-ting sun, Then our Lord will call us to His

true re-ward, In the sun-ny, bless-ed vine-yard of the Lord.
died to win Us from doubt and dark-ness and the pow'r of sin.
home a-bove Where we shall for-ev-er-more ex-tol His love.

CHORUS.

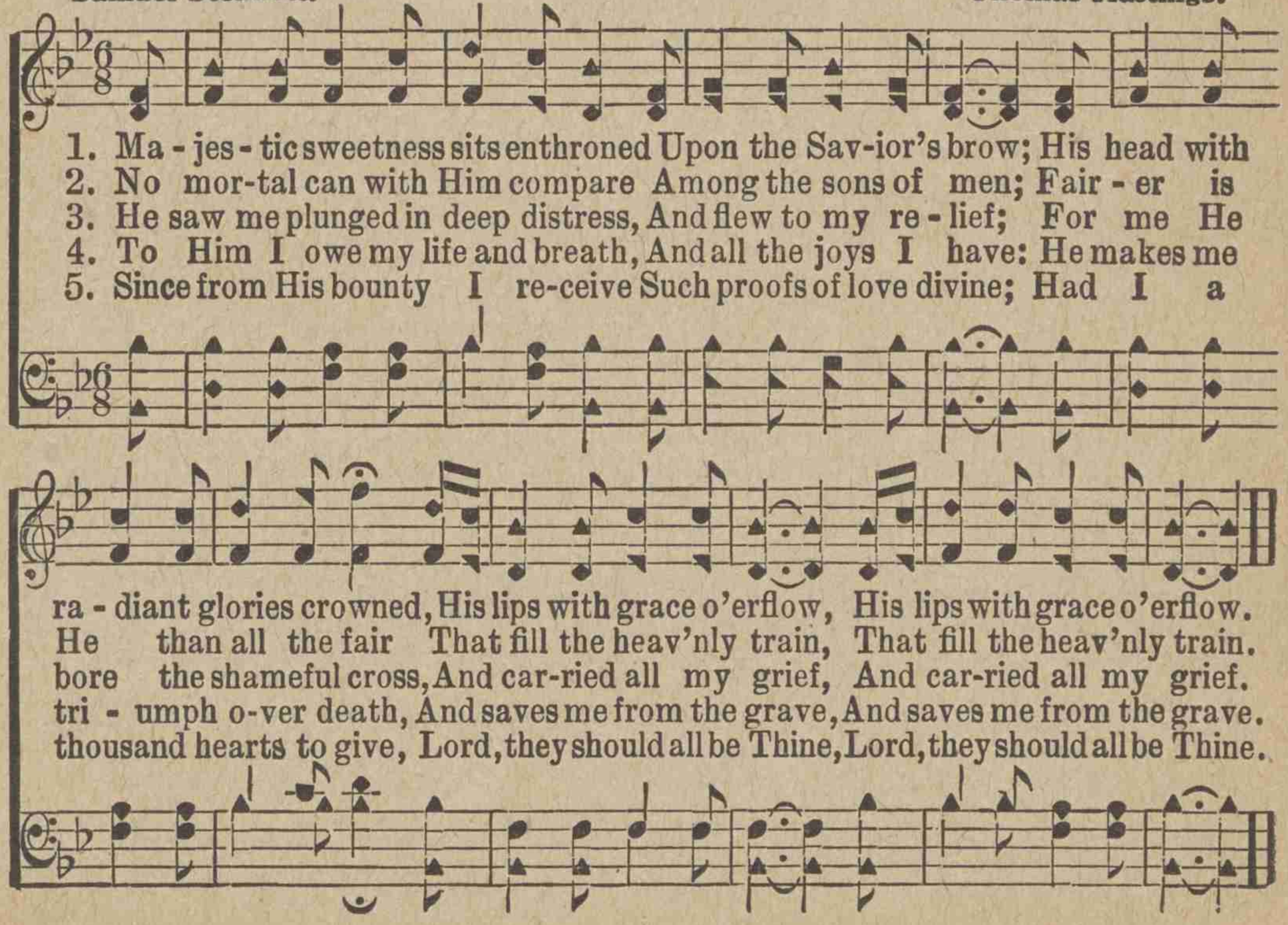
In His vineyard bright, La-bor-ing and sing-ing, Working with de-light
In His vine-yard, la-bor sing-ing, And our joy bells
And our joy bells ring-ing; Lov-ing, trust-ing, serv-ing, prais-ing,
ring-ing, ring-ing;

In the Vineyard of the Lord.



No. 49. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett. **Thomas Hastings.**



No. 50. Marching to Beautiful Zion.

Carroll King.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY

Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Marching with the Holy One who came from heaven, Following His foot-steps
2. Giv-ing lov-ing service for e - ter-nal treas-ure, We will let Him lead us
3. Soon we shall be safe at home with Him for-ev - er, Then the world's Redeemer

thro' the throng, While to Him our praises glad are freely giv-en, For He o-ver-
all the way; Finding in His presence light and peace and pleasure, We a-wait the
we shall see; Soon we shall be singing by the crys-tal riv - er, Of the grace that

REFRAIN.

flows our hearts with song. March - ing to beau-ti-ful Zi - on,
dawn-ing of the day.
made us glad and free. Marching on, on to Zi - on,

Praise . . to the Ho-ly One voic - ing, Spread - ing His glo-ri- ous
Prais-es glad ev-er voic-ing, Making known

gos - pel As we press a - long on our journey homeward; Near - ing the
His glad gospel, Marching on,

Marching to Beautiful Zion.

mar-vel-ous cit - y, Home . . . of e-ter-nal re - joic - ing,
to the cit - y, Home of light and re - joic-ing,

March - ing to beau-ti-ful Zi - on, Land of un-end-ing song.
Marching on, on to Zi - on, sweet song.

No. 51. Stand Firm.

John Grayson. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. What-ev - er may thy tri - als be, Up - on His promise stand, For He is al - ways
2. Sur-round-ed by o'erwhelming foes, Yield not to doubt or fear, But on His arms of
3. Tho' tempted strongly day by day To turn against the right, Thou shalt not fall be-
4. Till safe at home beyond the gates, Where thou shalt see His face, And where the crown of

close to thee To lend a help-ing hand.
grace repose And heed His words of cheer. Stand firm, stand firm, And nev-er
side the way, If thou art in His light.
glo-ry waits, Stand firm upon His grace. O soul, be strong,

REFRAIN.

yield to sin; Stand firm, stand firm, By grace thy soul shall win.
stand firm; O soul, be strong, shall win.

No. 52. LEAN ON HIS ARM.

F. L. EILAND, by per. W. M. RAMSEY.

1. Lean on the mighty arm of Je - sus, Hide in the hol - low
2. Lean on the mighty arm of Je - sus, Wait you not for the
3. Lean on the mighty arm of Je - sus, For 'tis the on - ly
4. Lean on the mighty arm of Je - sus, And of His boundless

of His hand; 'Neath His pro - tect- ing wings a - bide you,
morn - ing dawn; Ev -'ning of life may come and find you,
ref - uge sure; Let not an - oth - er's in - vi - ta - tion,
mer - cy share; Drink of the ev - er - liv - ing fount- ain,

CHORUS.

Firm on the rock of A - ges stand.
And with your strength and courage gone.
Now from this hope, your soul al - lure.
Down by the Rock of A - ges there.

Lean on His arm,...

Lean on His arm, His ..... ev-er-last-ing arm,

Hide in the hol- low of His hand!

Lean on His arm,

Copyright, 1900, by F. L. Eiland.

LEAN ON HIS ARM.—Concluded.



No. 53. I LIVE FOR JESUS.

JAMES ROWE. L. E. HAVENS.



Copyright, 1910, by L. E. Havens.

No. 54. Tell His Love.

Carroll King. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Je - sus died to take a-way ev-'ry stain of sin; Tell His love,
2. Till the light of grace di-vine shall the whole world fill, Tell His love,
3. Turning fa - ces tow'rd the dawn of the bet - ter day, Tell His love,

tell His love; Un - til those in dark-ness let light di - vine shine in,
tell His love; Till the na-tions of the earth do the Mas-ter's will,
tell His love; Helping oth - er lives to walk in the gos - pel way,

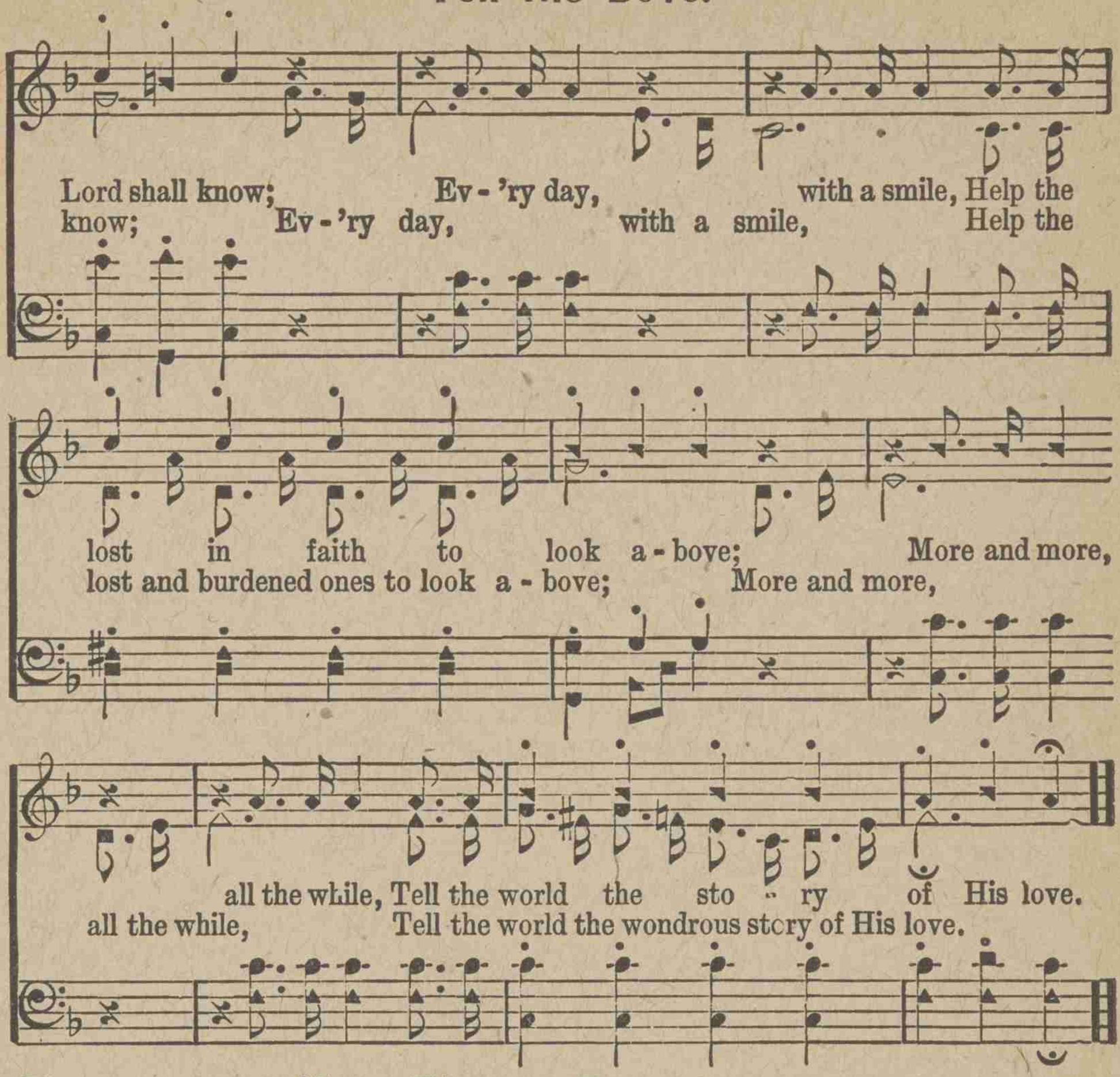
REFRAIN.

Tell His love, tell His love. Tell His love
Tell His love, tell His love. Tell His love o'er and

o'er and o'er, Tell it glad - ly, ev - 'ry - where you go;
o'er, Tell it glad-ly, tell it ev'rywhere you go; Tell His

Tell His love ev-er-more, Till the lost the bless - ed
love ev - er-more, Till the lost of ev-'ry land the Lord shall

Tell His Love.



No. 55. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *First Tune.* Anne Steele.

5"E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

No. 56. THE MIGHTY ARM OF GOD.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. W. O. FLOWERS.

1. I am rest - ing now in His love se - cure, On the
2. Nothing but His love doth my song em - ploy On the
3. I will fear no e - vil while here I live, On the
4. I shall leave these shores in His own good time, On the

might-y arm of God, the might-y arm of God; And my hope in
might-y arm of God, the might-y arm of God; For my heart is
might-y arm of God, the might-y arm of God; Need-ed bless-ing
might-y arm of God, the might-y arm of God; And with Him I'll

Him is su-preme-ly sure, On the might-y, mighty arm of the Lord.
full, full of heav-en's joy, On the might-y, mighty arm of the Lord.
now He doth free - ly give, On the might-y, mighty arm of the Lord.
dwell in that world sublime, On the might-y, mighty arm of the Lord.

CHORUS.

Might-y arm, arm of love,
Might-y arm, arm of love! I can lean on the

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

THE MIGHTY ARM OF GOD.—Concluded.



No. 57. DEAR MOTHER.

A. J. D. A. J. DUNCAN.



No. 58. Savior Mine.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY,
IN "HOSANNAS,"

Laurene Highfield. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Thou art in-deed a friend to me, Sav - ior mine, In all my griefs to
2. I love to feel that Thou art near, Sav - ior mine, That in Thy care I
3. Thou art the source of all my joy, Sav - ior mine, I come to Thee when

Sav - ior mine, Sav-ior mine,

Thee I flee, Sav - ior mine, Thy love hath com-fort spok - en,
need not fear, Sav - ior mine, I know that Thou so ho - ly,
cares an-noy, Sav - ior mine, I bring my pain and pleas - ure,

Sav - ior mine, Sav - ior mine,

From a heart once bro-ken, None like Thee had borne such sorrow, Sav-ior mine.
Died to save the low - ly, Yet I can-not com-pre-hend it, Sav-ior mine.
Life nor death can measure All the help that Thou dost give me, Sav-ior mine.

CHORUS.

Sav - ior of sin - - ners, how can it be,.....
Sav - ior mine, Sav - ior di - vine, can it be, how can it be,

That Thou hast par - - don pur - chased for me?.....
That Thou hast par - don for me, par - don free purchased for me?

Savior Mine.

I..... am un-wor - - thy, Thou art di - vine,.....
Sav - ior mine, Sav - ior of love, I am weak, Thou art di - vine.

Great is Thy mer - - - cy, Sav - ior mine.....
Great and bless-ed Thy won - der - ful mer - cy, Sav - ior mine, dear Sav - ior mine.

Sav - ior, Sav - ior mine.

No. 59. Only Trust Him.

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

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood Rich blessings to be - stow; Plunge now in-
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in
4. Come then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in

CHORUS.

sure - ly give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
to the crimson flood That washes white as snow. On-ly trust Him, on-ly trust Him,
Him with-out de-lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
that ce-les-tial land, Where joys immor-tal flow.

On - ly trust Him now; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

No. 60. Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah!

Psalm 146. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah, praise Je - ho - vah! From the heav-ens praise His name;
2. Let them prais-es give Je - ho - vah, They were made at His com-mand;
3. All ye fruit-ful trees and ce - dars, All ye hills and moun-tains high,

Praise Je - ho - vah in the high - est, All His an-gels praise pro-claim.
Them for - ev - er He es - tab - lished, His de-cree shall ev - er stand.
Creep-ing things and beasts and cat - tle, Birds that in the heav-ens fly.

All His hosts to-geth-er praise Him, Sun, and moon and stars on high;
From the earth, O praise Je - ho - vah, All ye floods, ye drag-ons all;
Kings of earth and all ye peo - ple, Princ-es great, earth's judg-es all;

Praise Him, O ye heav'n of heav - ens, And ye floods a-bove the sky.
Fire, and hail, and snow, and va - pors, Storm-y winds that hear Him call.
Praise His name, young men and maid - ens, A - ged men, and chil-dren small.

CHORUS.

Let them prais - es give Je - ho - vah, For His name a-lone is high,
Let them prais - es

Copyright, 1893, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah!



No. 61. My Country, 'T is of Thee.

S. F. Smith. Henry Carey.



No. 62. Forward Go.

Francis Foster. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. For-ward go, for-ward go, In the Master's name to wayward ones appealing,
2. For-ward go, cour-age show, Sure that He who leads you knows the path to glory;
3. For-ward go, good seed sow, Giv-ing light for darkness, happiness for sadness;

Beat-ing back ev-'ry foe, Great-er and tru-er faith re-veal-ing.
Foes of truth o-ver-throw, Ev-er re-peat-ing love's glad sto-ry.
Help-ing souls Christ to know, Fill-ing the world with light and glad-ness.

REFRAIN.

For-ward, in the Master's name, Dai-ly
For-ward in the Mas-ter's name, ye faith-ful, Dai-ly spread-ing
spread-ing far His fame; Him con-fess-ing, oth-ers bless-ing,
far His fame and good-ness,
Glad that you can serve Him here be-low; The ev-er-last-ing Sav-ior! For-ward
Forward in His

Forward Go.

in His love-light fair, Spread the gos-pel ev-'ry-where,
love - light fair, ye workers, Spread the gospel ev - 'ry- where, ye faithful,

Giv-ing praise all your days, Servants of the blessed Master, for-ward go.

No. 63. He Leadeth Me.

"He leadeth me beside the still waters."—Ps. 23: 2.

Jos. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.

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

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

REFRAIN.

1 2

He leadeth me! He leadeth me! By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful foll'wer I would be; By His own hand He [*Omit. . .*] } leadeth me.

No. 64. GATHER THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. HARVEY B. GREEN.

1. Beau- ti - ful fields of grain Cov- er the roll - ing plain; Gather the
2. I - dle not by the way, La-bor while yet 'tis day; Gather the
3. Gleaning from hill and plain, Garner the precious grain; Gather the

gold - en grain, beauti - ful grain;..... Why will you wait- ing stand
gold - en grain, beauti - ful grain;..... From the first dawn of day,
gold - en grain, beauti - ful grain;..... Gath - er in - to His fold

I - dle on ev- 'ry hand? Gather the golden grain, beautiful grain.....
Till the last evening ray, Gather the golden grain, beautiful grain.....
Harvest of pur- est gold, Gather the golden grain, beautiful grain.....

CHORUS.

Gath-er the gold - en grain, beau-ti - ful gold - en grain, Gath- er the

gold - en grain, beau-ti - ful grain;..... In - to His lov - ing fold,

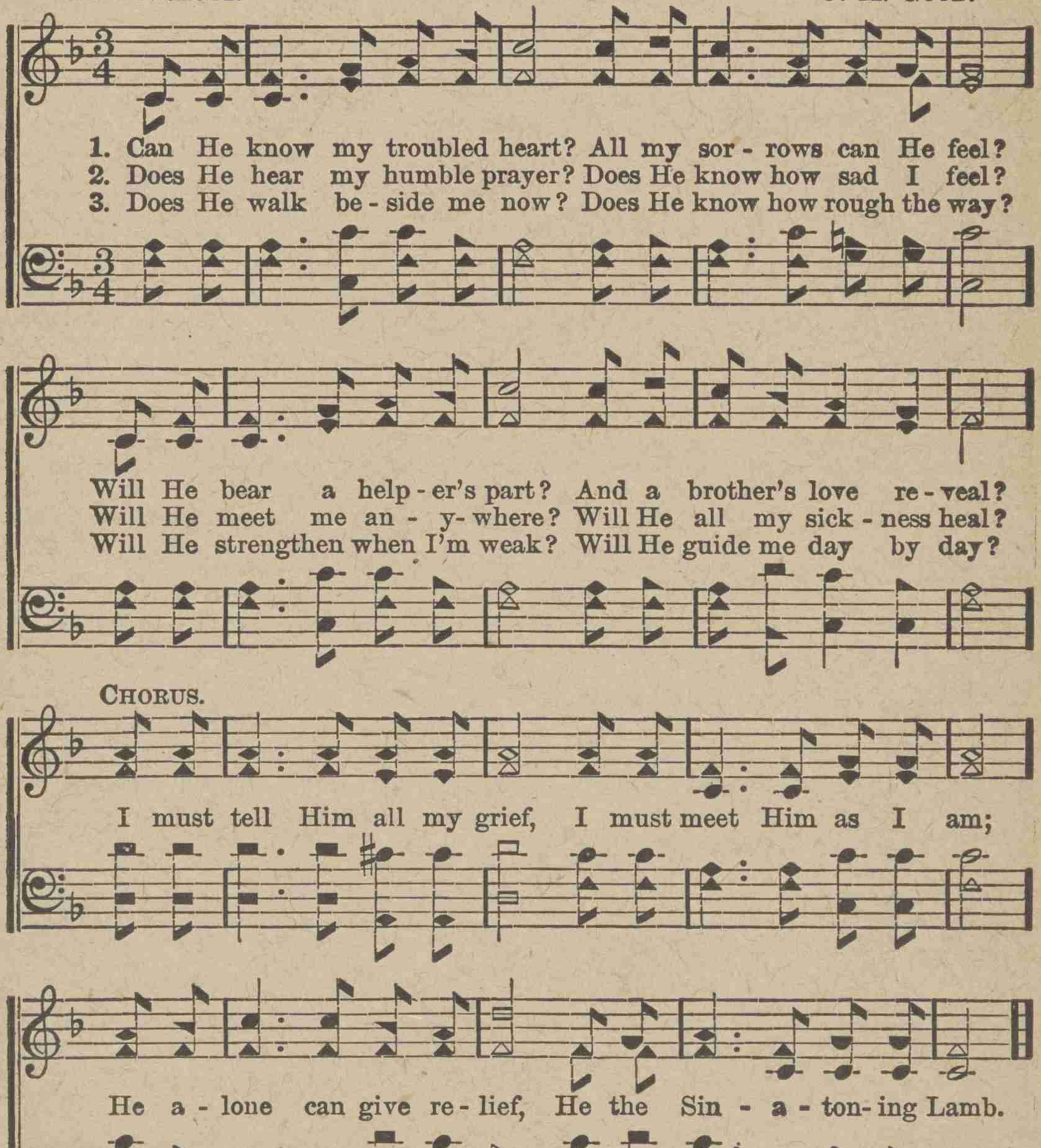
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GATHER THE GOLDEN GRAIN.—Concluded.



No. 65. I MUST TELL HIM.

GEO. P. HOTT. J. M. GOOD.



The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

No. 66. Sing a Joyful Song.

Carroll King. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Sing a joy-ful song to the Lord most high, Make our voices ring up to the sky; Till the plains and mountains with joy reply Let us sing of Him a-bove;
2. Sing a joy-ful song in His presence sweet, To the world His name in love re-peat, Showing faith in Him, showing joy complete, Let us make our Sav-ior known;
3. Sing a joy-ful song all a-long the way To the gates of home and end-less day, That in His dear pres-ence we all may stay, Winning glo-ry by His grace;

He so free-ly came to this world of care That our heav-y burdens He might share;
Let us sing the sto-ry of love di-vine, In the light that shall for-ev-er shine;
Then when on the earth we shall sing no more, We shall praise the Savior we a-dore,

So, with joy-ful hearts, let us fill the air With our prais-es of His love.
Praise His grace to those who in sin re-pine, Till they kneel at mer-cy's throne.
With the an-gels, on the e-ter-nal shore, In the brightness of His face.

REFRAIN.

Let us keep our voi-ces ring-ing, Joining earth and sky with sing-ing;

Let us keep our voi-ces ring-ing, Join-ing earth and sky with sing-

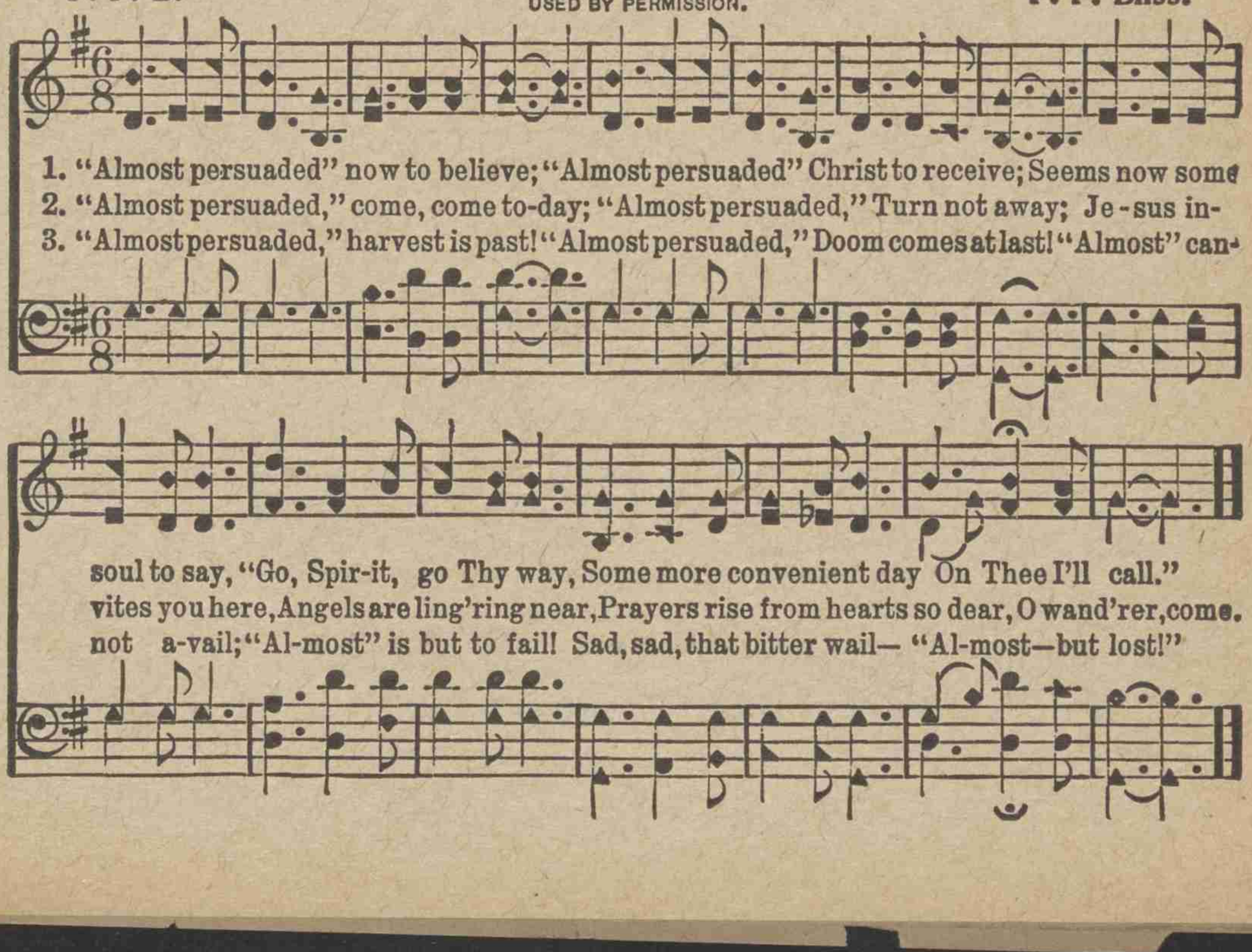
Sing a Joyful Song.



No. 67. Almost Persuaded.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
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P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



No. 68. DO THEY THINK OF ME IN HEAVEN?

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. R. K. ORR.

1. I look up-on heav'n's deep, az- ure blue sky With wonder-ing
2. A wan-der-er here on time's dreary shore, Oft dreaming of
3. Ce-les-tial and bright the garments they wear, In bow-ers of

thought, with linger-ing eye, And gazing I wonder if such can-
days that'll come never-more, I question if those who are reigning on
bliss, in glo-ry up there, And looking this way thro' heav'n's o-pen

be That lov'd ones up there are think-ing of me.
high Are thinking of me be - yond the blue sky.
door They beck-on me home to that beau-ti - ful shore.

CHORUS.

Do they think of me beyond the blue sky? Do they beckon me

home to mansions on high? Where Jesus Himself's the glo- ry and

By permission of S. W. Beazley.

Do They Think of Me in Heaven?—Concluded.



No. 69. TALK IT OVER WITH JESUS

J. D. B. J. D. BRUNK.



Copyright, 1904, by J. D. Brunk.

No. 70. Go Into the Field.

Brown Rowland, A. B. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Stand no longer i - dle, heed the call; Go to work for Je-sus, one and all;
2. There to shield and help you He will be; Fruitage of your la-bors you shall see;
3. Je - sus will re-ward for what you do, Life's fair crown of glo-ry give to you,

Fields are waiting for your hands to-day, Take up your sickles and speed a - way.
His dear voice shall cheer you thro' the day; Singing a car-ol, oh, speed a - way.
Perfect rest when ends life's lit-tle day; Reapers, get read-y and speed a - way.

REFRAIN.

Go in - to the field, gath-er in the yield, La-bor for the Lord,
Go,.....

Go in - to the field, gath - er in the yield, La - bor for the Lord,
gain the great reward; Reapers, the hours are speeding, Jesus your help is needing,
gain the great re-ward,

Shall He call in vain? Go in - to the field, reap the golden yield,
in vain? Go,.....

Go in - to the field, reap the gold-en yield,

Go Into the Field.



No. 71. Pass Me Not.

W. H. DOANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



No. 72.

Willing Reapers.

Brown Rowland, A. B. — 6. W. BEAZLEY, OWNER. — James H. Ruebush.

Brightly.

1. With our sick-les shin-ing bright-ly in the morn-ing sun, March a-way with ban-ners gay, make the air with praises ring; Let us do with will-ing hearts far
2. Life is brief and passing swift-ly, night will soon be here, We'll be true, our du - ty do, while the sun is high and bright; We will make each moment count for
3. He will be with us, we know, till hours of toil are o'er, Guard and keep us while we reap, o - ver-flow us with His love; So a - way to work for Him more

more than we have done, Will-ing reap-ers let us be for the Harvest King.
our Re-deem-er dear, Reap-ing, binding golden grain, working in the light.
tru - ly than be - fore, That His glo - ry we may share when we meet a-bove.

CHORUS.

Will - ing reap - ers for the Har-vest King, Serv - ing with gladness, all do - ing what we may for Jesus; Will - ing reap - ers,
Will - ing reap-ers, will-ing reap-ers for the bless - ed Har-vest King, Serv-ing Him joy - ous - ly, Will-ing reap-ers, will-ing reap-ers,

Willing Reapers.



No. 73. Sailing Home.

H. W. B. H. W. BUSH, OWNER. H. W. Bush.

No. 74. Wonderful!

Francis Foster. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. God's own Son for sin was slain,—Wonderful! wonderful! Bore for
2. All the world He came to save,—Wonderful! wonderful! Tho' we
3. Still to us He shows His love,—Wonderful! wonderful! Still He

us both shame and pain,—Wonderful! wonderful! Loved us e - ven
slew Him, He for - gave,—Wonderful! wonderful! Tho' our shame on
pleads for us a- bove,—Wonderful! wonderful! Still He would that

in our sin, Died to make us pure with-in, Gave His all our hearts to win,—
Him was laid, Dy - ing, for our souls He prayed, Full atonement free-ly made,—
all might see His great love and, pardoned, be His for all e - ter-ni - ty,—

REFRAIN.

Wonderful! wonderful! wonderful! Won - der - ful!
Won-der-ful in-deed! It is a matchless story!

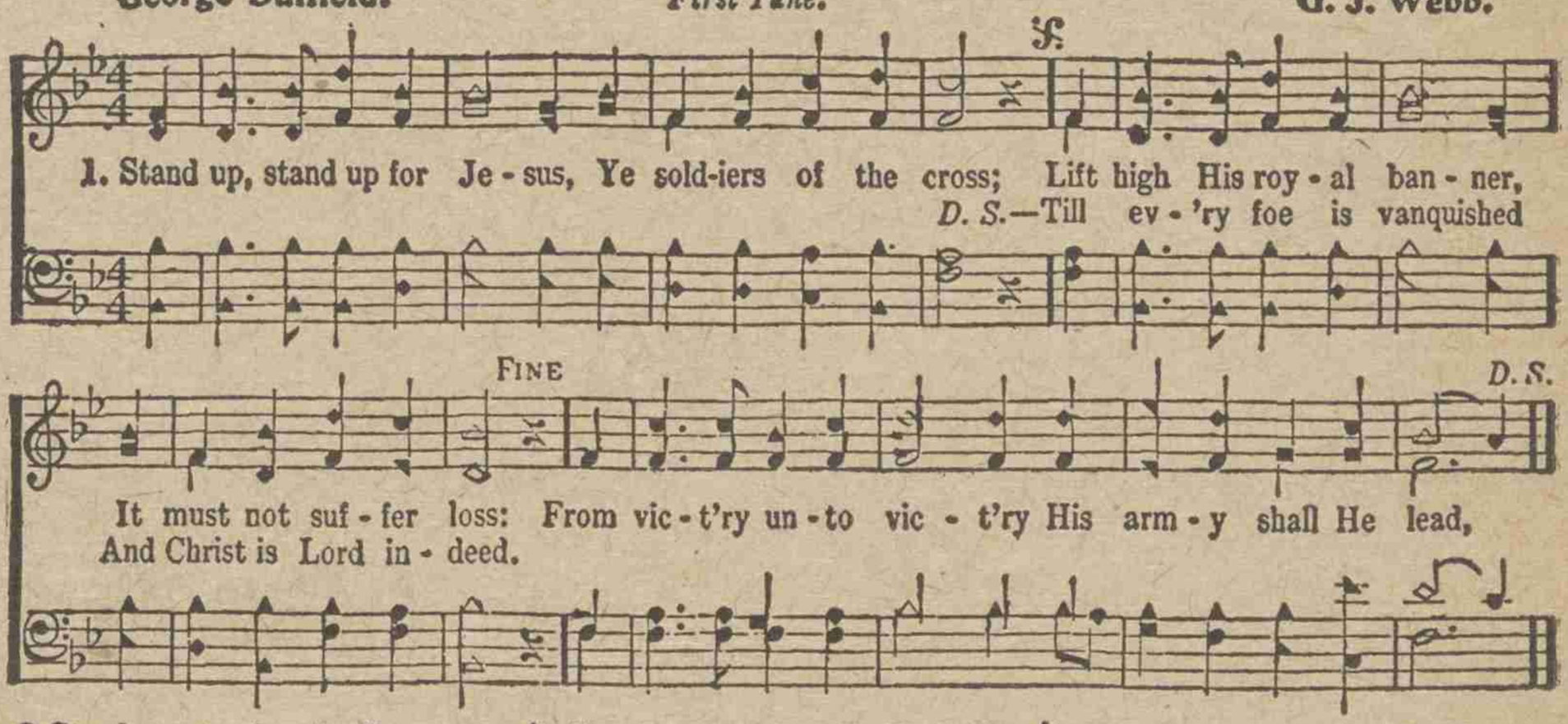
Won - der - ful! Free-ly came and sought us,
Won-der-ful in - deed! To Him be hon-or, glo-ry!

Wonderful!



No. 75. Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield. *First Tune.* G. J. Webb.



2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own,
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

76. Glad and Free.

S. W. B.

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Samuel W. Beazley.

Brightly.

1. With transgressions all for - giv - en, By the foe no lon-ger driv - en,
2. Out of bond-age He has bro't us, Life's true les - son sweet-ly taught us,
3. Ev - 'ry day He draws us near - er, All the while His love grows dear-er

Hap - py "Chris - tian sol - diers" now are we;.....
Shown to us the glo - ry of His love;.....
To the souls that He by love has won;.....

On-ward, up-ward al - ways go - ing, Blessings here and there be - stow-ing
So His prais - es we are sing - ing, Oth - ers to His pres-ence bringing,
So we'll tell the liv - ing sto - ry Till with Him we en - ter glo - ry,

For the Mas - ter, all so glad and free.....
That we may re - ceive His praise a - bove.....
Where we hope to hear Him say "Well done."..

CHORUS.

Glad and free, we joy - ful - ly sing of His grace,...
Glad and free, so glad and free we joy - ful - ly sing of His match-less grace,

Glad and Free.

Spread - ing cheer a - long the gos - pel way;....
Spread-ing cheer and light and glad-ness all a - long the way to glo - ry;

Sure that we shall look on His glo - ri - fied face,....
Sure that we, some hap - py day, shall look on His glo - ri - fied, match-less face,

Glad and free we serve Him ev - 'ry day.....
Glad and free, so glad and free, we serve Him ev - 'ry day.....

77. Chant.

Arr. by S. S. Myers.

1. One sweetly solemn tho't comes to me . . . o'er and o'er; I'm nearer my home to-day than I . . ever have been be - fore.
2. Nearer my Father's house where the many . . mansions be, Nearer the great white throne, ... nearer the crys-tal sea.
3. Nearer the bound of life where we lay our . . bur-dens down, Nearer leaving the cross, ... near-er gaining the crown.

To be sung after last stanza

Home! home! sweet, sweet home! I'm nearer home to-day, Than I've ev-er been be-fore.

78.

Our King Immanuel.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. See! the Mon - arch of mon - archs comes in maj - es - ty!
2. Like the waves of the o - cean rolls His praise to - day,
3. O the joy that will thrill us some glad day on high,

Let us bow down and wor - ship Him who do - eth all things well;
For His won - der - ful love has helped so man - y to ex - cel;
When we see Him in glo - ry, where ce - les - tial prais - es swell;

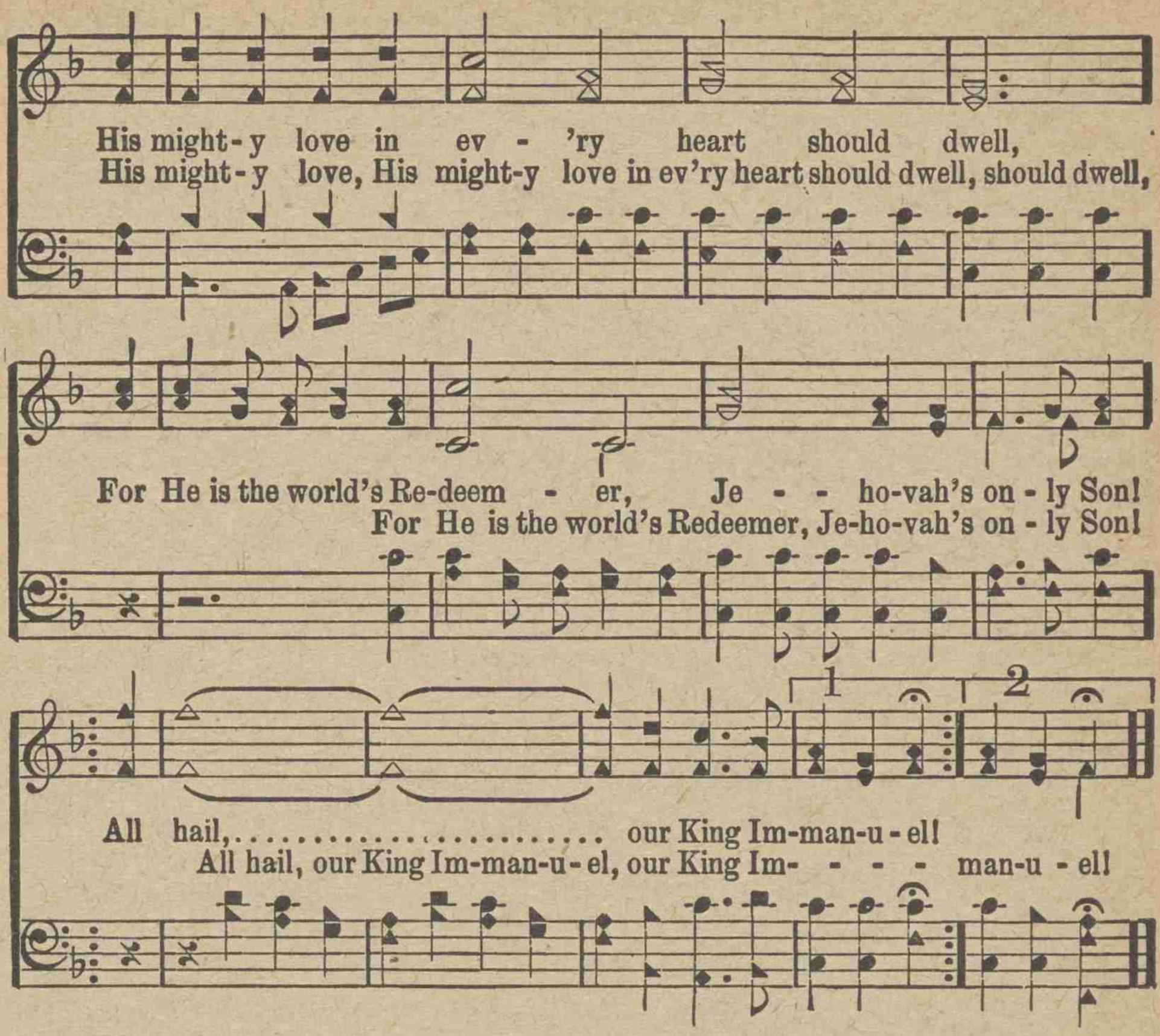
He leads the na-tions out of sin and caus - es foes to flee:
He sends the cap-tives, free from chains, all sing - ing on their way:
Where cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim all join us when we cry:

All hail, ... our King Im - man - u - el!
"All hail, ... our King Im - man - u - el!"
"All hail, ... our King Im - man - u - el!"
All hail, our King Im-man - u - el!

CHORUS.

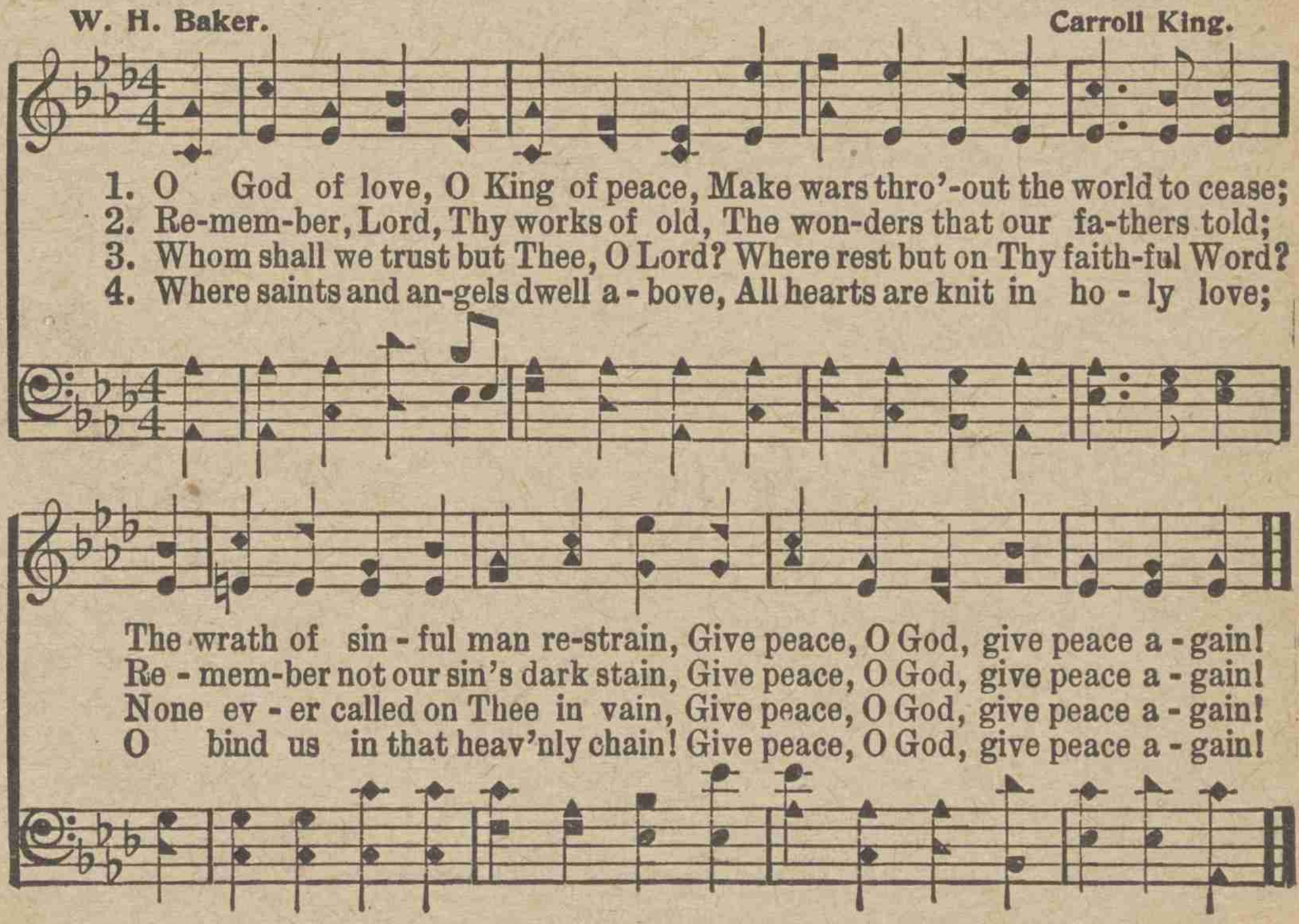
O hon-or His name for-ev - er for what His grace has done;
O hon-or His name for-ev-er for what His grace has done;

Our King Immanuel.



79.

Foster.



No. 80. Praise His Love Again.

Hon. John Grayson. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Gathered now before the mer-cy-seat, Waiting here the Ho-ly One to meet,
2. Sure that He our trusting souls will bless, In the brightness of His righteousness,
3. Let us ren-der un - to Him His due, As we con-se-crate ourselves a-new,

Lift - ing voi-ces that are glad and sweet, Sing His praise a - gain.
Let us now our love for Him ex-press; Sing His praise a - gain.
Showing that to Him our hearts are true; Sing His praise a - gain.

a - gain,

CHORUS.

Sweet-ly sing, yes, sing His praise, Oh, praise Him who is reign-ing o'er us,

Sweet-ly praise the Ho - ly Dove,

Joy-ous - ly praise Him for the cross be - fore us; Sing of His

Send out glad - dest songs a - bove;

good - ness in a hap-py cho - rus, Sweet-est praise to His name out-

In the light of His dear love,

*Soprano to be sung loud, the other parts subdued and semi-staccato.

Praise His Love Again.

pour; Praise Him who is giv-ing sal - va - tion,
for - ev - er and for - ev - er; Bless - ed Sav - ior, pre - cious Friend,

Who is up - lift - ing ev - 'ry peo-ple and na - tion; Hal - le-
He will keep us till the end;

lu - jah, hal-le - lu - jah, Sing to Je - sus ev - er - more.

No. 81. Addison.

Francis Foster.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land,
2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun-tains Whence the liv - ing wa-ters flow;
3. Feed me with the heav'n-ly man - na In this bar - ren wil - der - ness;
4. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side;

I am weak, but Thou art might-y; Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful hand.
Let the fier - y, cloud-y pil - lar Lead me all my jour-ney thro'.
Be my sword and shield and ban-ner, Be the Lord my Right-eous-ness.
Death of death, and hell's de-struc-tion, Land me safe on Canaan's side.

No. 82. Jesus Paid it All.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY, IN "HOSANNAS."

M. S. Shaffer. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Gone is all my debt of sin, A great change is bro't with-in, And to live I now be-gin, Ris-en from the fall; Yet the debt I did not pay—Some one died for me one day, Sweeping all the debt a-way,—Je-sus paid it all.
2. Oh, I hope to please Him now, Light of joy is on my brow, As at His dear feet I bow, Safe with-in His love. Making His the debt I owed, Free-dom true He has bestowed; So I'm sing-ing on the road To my home a-bove.
3. Sin-ner, not for me a-lone Did the Son of God atone; Your debt, too, He made His own, On the cru-el tree. Come to Him with all your sin; Be as white as snow with-in; Full sal-va-tion you may win And re-joice with me.

CHORUS. *Bass to predominate in power.*

Je-sus died and paid it all, yes, On the cross of Cal-va-ry, Oh,
Je-sus died and paid it On the cross of Cal-va-ry,

And my ston-y heart was melt-ed At His dy-ing, dy-ing call;
And my heart was melt-ed At His dy-ing call;

Jesus Paid it All.

Oh, His heart in shame was bro - ken On the tree for you and me, yes,
Oh, His heart was bro - ken On the tree for you and me,

And the debt, the debt is can-celled, Je - sus paid it, paid it all.
And the debt is can - celled, Je - sus paid it all.

No. 83. Revive Us Again.

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

1. We praise Thee, O God, For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God, For Thy spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love, May each soul be re -

died And is now gone a - bove.
Sav-ior, And scattered our night.
sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
kin-dled With fire from a - bove.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu-jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le -

lu - jah! A - men; Hal - le - lu-jah! Thine the glo - ry, Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 84. Gospel Joy Bells.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY,
IN "HOSANNAS."

I. K. Livingston. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. O bells of the gos-pel, peal and ring, Re-peat-ing the sto-ry of the
2. In car-ols of gladness make Him known Who free-ly for-sook for us His
3. Till all shall the ti-dings glad have heard, And till ev-'ry heart to praise be

King, And help-ing the hearts of men to sing; Ring on, bells of joy, ring on.
throne, And made all our earth-ly ills His own; Ring on, bells of joy, ring on.
stirred, Till Je-sus by all shall be preferred, Ring on, bells of joy, ring on.

CHORUS.

O ring on, joy bells, ring, ring, ring! Ring on,..... ye gos-pel

Ring on, ring on ye

joy bells, Make the peo-ple hear; Ring out..... the

gos-pel joy bells, make the peo-ple hear, ring on, Ring out, ring out,

liv-ing sto-ry Of..... the Sav-ior dear, A-

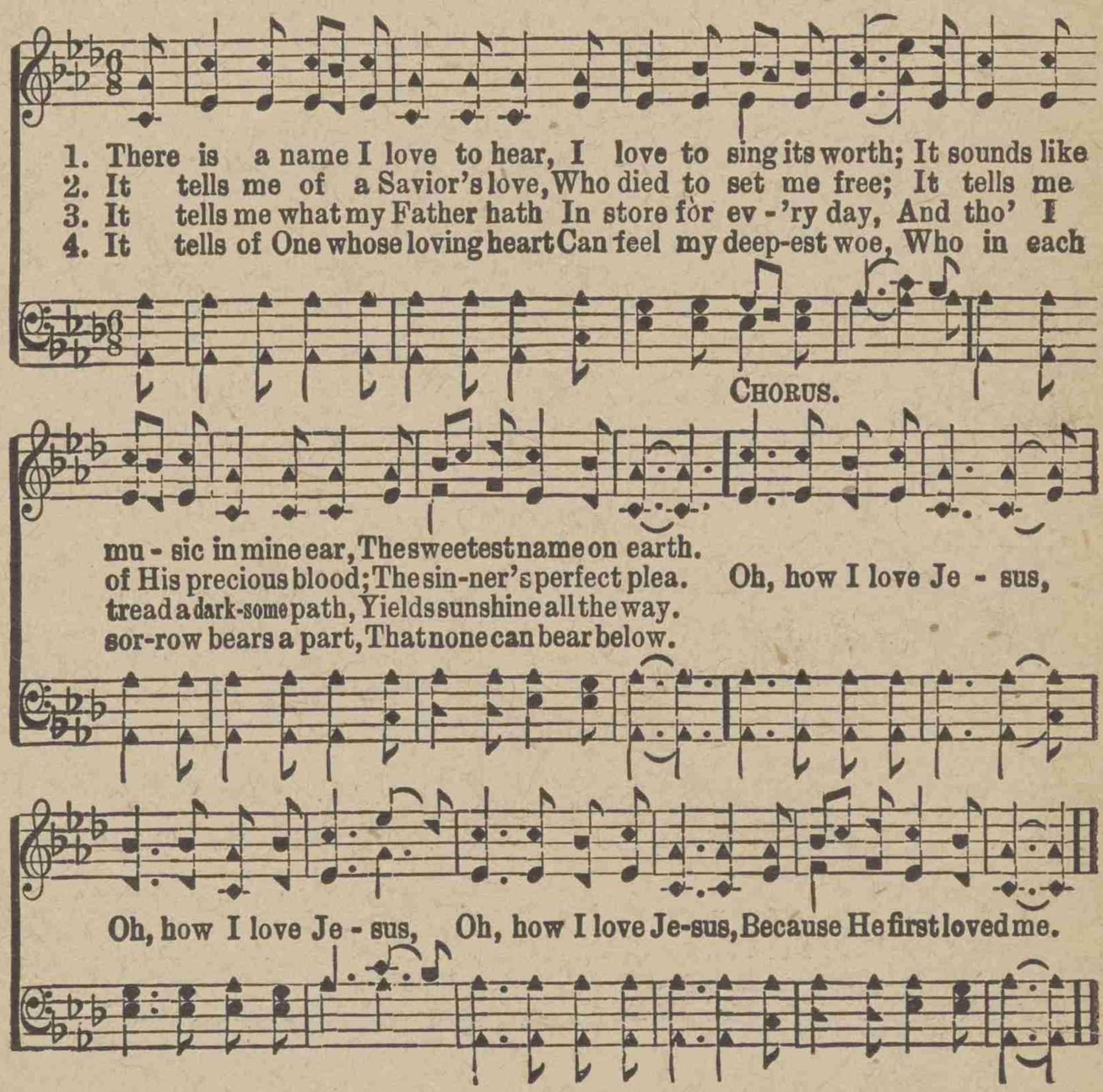
the liv-ing sto-ry Of the Sav-ior, Sav-ior dear, A-

dear,

Gospel Joy Bells.



No. 85. Oh, How I Love Jesus.



No. 86. Working.

S. W. BEAZLEY, OWNER.

Brown Rowland, A. B. James H. Ruebush.

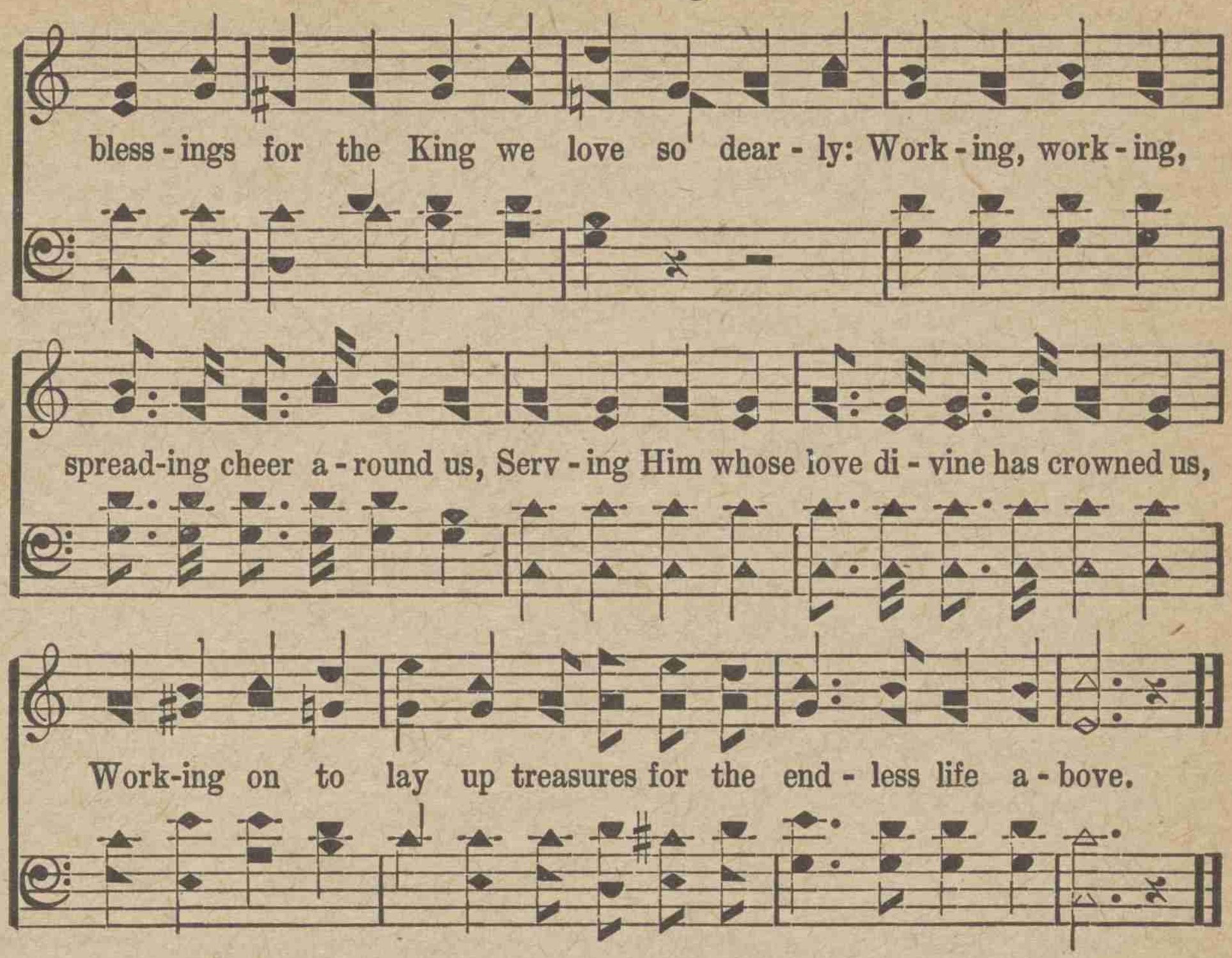
1. All in line for Je - sus, work - ing all the while, So hap - py we a - bide in His dear keep - ing; Sow - ing seeds a-round us,
2. Send - ing out the gos - pel of re - deem - ing grace To those who from the way of life have drift - ed; Al-ways, in the sun - shine
3. O the joy of liv - ing in the light of love, Com- plete - ly in the Lamb of God be - liev - ing! O the joy of march-ing

with a sun - ny smile, And look - ing for-ward to a joy - ous reap - ing.
of His ho - ly face, We keep the sa-cred cross of love up - lift - ed.
to the home a - bove, Such bless-ings from the Sav-ior dear re - ceiv - ing!

CHORUS. *Very brightly.*

Work - ing, work - ing, light and joy be - stow - ing; Work - ing, work - ing,
hearts with praise o'er-flow-ing; Try - ing ev - 'ry day to scat - ter

Working.



No. 87. Give Me a Heart Like Thine.

Major James H. Cole.



No. 88. Men of Valor.

Carroll King. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Still is the lov-ing voice of the Sav-ior By the throng un-heed-ed,
2. Now is the time to car-ry the mes-sage To the val-leys drear-y,
3. O-ver the shore and o-ver the o-cean God's own call is ring-ing,

Man-y are still in er-ror and darkness, Working for the foe; So for the
Now is the time to scat-ter the love-light And be brave and true; Man-y are
Sol-diers are need-ed now more than ev-er On the field of sin; Fall in-to

Mas-ter now let us ral-ly, Faith-ful souls are need-ed; Come, ye who love Him
wait-ing who will receive Him, For their hearts are wear-y; Come, men of val-or,
line, then, lov-ers of Je-sus, For-ward go with sing-ing, And march a-way with

and would o-bey Him, Now your courage show.
stand for the Sav-ior Who has stood for you. Men of val-or, show your courage,
Him as your Leader, All the world to win.

REFRAIN.

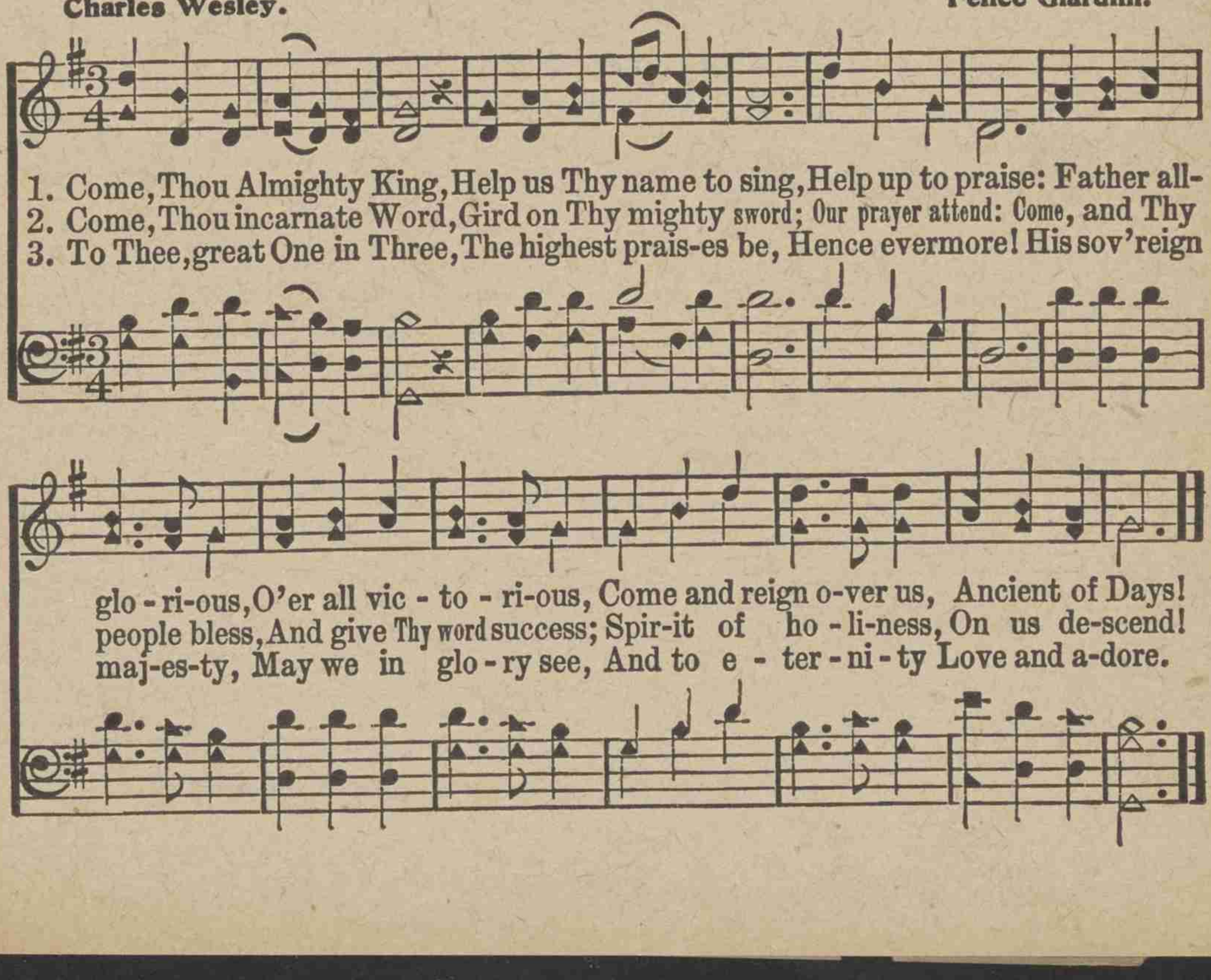
Keep . . the gos-pel mov-ing, Keep . . His love-light glow-ing,
Keep the bless-ed gos-pel mov-ing, Keep His gold-en love-light glowing,

Men of Valor.



No. 89. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. **Felice Giardini.**



No. 90. Blessed Rock of Ages.

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IN "HOSANNAS."

Mark Christian. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Far from the shore in sin I had drifted, But the Redeemer heard my plea;
2. Feel - ing His arms of mer - cy in-fold me, Pleasant indeed is ev - 'ry day;
3. Come to the Rock all ye who have drifted, Je - sus is a - ble still to save;

Now on the bless-ed Rock I've been lifted, And safe my soul will ev - er be.
Sure that His arms of grace will uphold me, Here to the end of life I'll stay.
Glad-ly by Him your souls will be lift-ed Out of the deep destroy-ing wave.

Rest - ing up-on the bless - ed Rock, I shall withstand each might-y shock,
Oft - en the tempest I shall hear, But to my soul will come no fear,
Here there is safe-ty from the sea, Here you can rest and hap - py be;

Here I shall rest till storms are o'er, Safe in His love for - ev - er-more.
For I am high a - bove the wave, Rest-ing on Him who died to save.
Here in the sunshine of His love You can prepare for life a - bove.

CHORUS.

Rock of A-ges blest, Cleft for all mankind, Bless-ed Rock, sol - id

Bless - ed Rock,

Blessed Rock of Ages.

Rock, "Rock of A - ges cleft for me;" Bless-ed Rock,
sol - id Rock, for me; Bless-ed Rock, sol - id

solid Rock, My soul is safe on Thee. Here I may rest 'neath cloudless sky, And watch each
Rock,

raging storm go by; Safe from the swelling billows nigh My soul will be.
my trust-ing soul will be.

No. 91.

No, Not One.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow, and with feeling.

1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
   None else could heal all our souls' dis - eas - es, No, not one! [*Omit . . .*] no, not one!

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

CHORUS.

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

2 No friend like Him is so high and holy, No, etc.
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly, No, etc.

3 There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, etc.
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, etc.

4 Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him? No, etc.
Or sinner find that He would not take Him? No, etc.

5 Was e'er a gift like the Savior given? No, etc.
Will He refuse us a home in heaven? No, etc.

No. 92. Roll, Billows Roll.

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Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. O'er life's bil-lows fly-ing, wind and wave de-fy-ing, What is there to harm me? What have I to fear? God's hand goes be-fore me,
2. Why God's sends me sadness, and not al-ways glad-ness, This I may not clear-ly un-der-stand to-day; But what-e'er be-tide me,
3. So I live un-fear-ing per-ils that are near-ing, For I rest with-in the hol-low of God's hand; Why should aught a-larm me?

His great love is o'er me, And His arm of pow'r is ev-'ry mo-ment near.
help He will pro-vide me, Strength to brave the bil-lows on my heav'n-bound way.
e-vil can-not harm me; God will bring me safe at last to heav'n's fair land.

CHORUS.

Roll,..... roll, bil-lows roll, Roll,.....
Roll, bil-lows roll, Roll, bil-lows roll,

roll, bil-lows roll, These cannot harm me, Why, then, alarm me, Roll on, bil-lows,

Roll, Billows Roll.

roll, Roll,..... roll, bil - lows roll,
Roll, bil - lows roll, Roll, bil - lows roll,

Roll,..... roll, bil - lows roll, God will de - fend me,
Roll, bil - lows roll,

Help He will lend me, Roll,..... roll, bil - lows roll.

No. 93. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar. T. E. Perkins.

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine!
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine!
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine!
4. Fare-well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine!

Dark is the wil - der-ness, Earth has no rest-ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born for but one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way, Je - sus is mine!
All that my soul has tried Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

No. 94. Rejoice in His Great Name.

S. W. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Samuel W. Beazley.

With vigor.

1. Re - joice in Him who rules to - day Up - on the heav'n-ly throne,
2. Re - joice, re - joice in Him who gave His well - be - lov - ed Son
3. Re - joice, and let our hom - age soar On wings of song a - bove,

Where saints their heart-felt trib - ute pay, And make their hom-age known!
As love's great sac - ri - fice, to save A world by sin un - done;
To Him who rules for - ev - er-more In maj - es - ty and love;

No earth - ly king so great as He, Who rules all worlds in maj - es - ty;
O crown Him, crown Him King a-lone, Who sits to - day on heaven's throne;
To Him in ad - o - ra - tion raise Redemption's song of prayer and praise;

Re - joice,..... Re - joice in His great name!
Re - joice in His great name,

CHORUS.

Re - joice for - ev - er - more In Him who reigns for aye;
For - ev - er - more who reigns for aye;

Rejoice in His Great Name.

Let choirs of earth and heav'n u - nite Their songs to - day;
songs of praise to - day;

All glo - ry to the King of kings, New life and light to all He brings;

Re - joice, ... Re - joice in His great name. His great name.
Re-joice in His great name,

No. 95. Graceland.

W. H. Baker. Carroll King.

1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose goodness fail - eth nev - er;
2. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow My ransomed soul He lead - eth,
3. Per - verse and fool-ish oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me,
4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, be - side me;

I noth - ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.
And, where the ver-dant pas-tures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
And on His shoul-der gen - tly laid, And home, re - joic - ing, brought me.
Thy rod and staff my com-fort still, Thy Cross be - fore to guide me.

No. 96. Shelter in the Time of Storm.

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IN "HOSANNAS."

Dayton O. Crown. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. On we go, re-joic-ing in re-deeming love, Go - ing to the cit - y
2. Storm-y skies may threaten, but no fear have we, On we trav - el, prais-ing
3. All the way to heav-en shel-ter will be ours, Where the breeze will whisper

of the King a-bove; Storms may sweep, but du - ty try we to per-form,
love that made us free; E - ven in the tem-pest we can sing and smile,
to the dew - y flow'rs, For His love is sun-shine which no storm can hide,

CHORUS.

For our souls have shel-ter in the time of storm. Shel - ter in the
For we have a shel-ter o'er us all the while.
And His grace is shel-ter where our souls a-bide.

Je-sus is our shel-ter from the

storms of life, Shel - ter in the time of strife;
man - y storms of life, Storms of care and trou-ble and the might-y storms of strife;

We are in His keep-ing, and when storms are sweeping, Still we have a

Shelter in the Time of Storm.

car - ol for we dread no harm, Shel - ter all a - long the way,
Je - sus is our shelter all a-long the homeward way,

Sun - shine thro' the drea - ry day, So we march to glo - ry
And He gives us sunshine bright thro' ev-'ry dreary day,

giv - ing out the sto - ry, For we have a shel-ter in the time of storm.

No. 97. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.

FINE.

f.

1. { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz - ing Je - sus.
   { He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus.
2. { Your man - y sins are all for-giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus.
   { Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
3. { All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je - sus.
   { I love the bless - ed Sav-ior's name, I love the name of Je - sus.

D.S.—*Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung,* { *Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.*

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

Sweet-est note in ser - aph song, Sweet-est name on mor - tal tongue,

No. 98. Tell the Story.

Carroll King. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Still there are man-y souls a-stray Far out-side the peace-ful fold, Wan-der-ing far-ther day by day, By the e - vil one controlled; Tho' the Redeemer for
2. Man-y there are who long for light, Long for friendship sweet and true, Who would be hap-py, pure and bright, If the Sav-ior dear they knew; Yet He has giv-en His life-crown may be won, 'Neath the wings of heaven's Dove; Tell the old story from
3. More for the Master should be done By the ones who trust His love; Work, that the sin - ners died, Tho' He is wait-ing their past to hide; Oh, that these lost ones all to win These precious souls from a night of sin; Let us a - way to- day to day, Scat- ter its glad-ness a - long the way, That, some delightful

may have a Guide, The sto-ry must be told.
day and be-gin Our best for Him to do.
morning, we may Hear His "Well done" above.

REFRAIN.

Tell the sto - ry
Tell the bless-ed gos - pel sto - ry
of the Sav-ior dear, Of sal - va - tion let the lost ones
of the Sav - ior dear, Of His won-der - ful sal - va - tion let the

Tell the Story.



No. 99. Refuge.

Charles Wesley. J. P. Holbrook.

No. 100. Till the World Be Won.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY THE RUEBUSH-KIEFFER CO. Will H. Ruebush.

1. Oh, fight - ing host of Zi - on, Still at the front re - main;
2. The world is grow - ing bet - ter With ev - 'ry pass - ing year,
3. So keep the war - cry ring - ing, Still prize the things a - bove,

Fight on, till Ju - da's Li - on The vic - to - ry shall gain.
And fet - ter aft - er fet - ter From souls shall dis - ap - pear.
With hearts o'er-flow-ing, sing - ing Of Je - sus and His love.

Still
The
The

Oh, oh, they plead; The gos - pel they are need - ing! Fight
They tire of sin; The love of God is win - ning! The
Now men a - wake; The glo - ry - day is break - ing! Fight

man - y souls are plead - ing,
na - tions tire of sin - ning,—
na - tions are a - wak - ing,

on, fight on, for God's dear Son O'er all shall reign.
glo - ry - day is on its way—'Twill soon be here.
more and more, ex - alt, a - dore The ho - ly Dove.

O'er all the world shall reign.
'Twill soon, yes, soon be here.
The ho - ly, ho - ly Dove.

Till the World Be Won.

CHORUS.

Oh, Chris-tian sol-diers, keep the bat - tle rag-ing, And the flag of God un-
Sol-diers, keep the bat - tle rag - ing, And the flag of

furled, And brave-ly all the hordes of sin en - gag-ing, Give the
God un-furled, All the hordes of sin en - gag - ing,

gos - pel to the world; . . . With glad-ness, prais - ing Him whose
Give the gos - pel to the world; Prais - ing Him whose

mer - cy frees us And so much for us has done; Oh, sol-diers,

let us all be true to Je - sus, Till the world be won.
Till the world for Him be won.

101. His Love is Best of All.

S. W. B.

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Samuel W. Beazley.

1. All the way with Christ I'll go, Sweet-ly trust-ing, for I know
2. Friends grow cold at times, but He Al-ways is the same to me;
3. By and by where "All is well," This to an-gels I shall tell:

His sweet love..... is best of all;.....
His sweet love is best of all;

In the hour of tri-als sore I have proved this o'er and o'er:
All my tri-als, griefs and cares, This Com-pan-ion sweet-ly shares;
There, for all e-ter-ni-ty, This my glad-dest song shall be:

His sweet love..... is best of all;.....
His sweet love is best of all. (best of all.)

CHORUS.

His love is best of all;
His love..... is best of all;.....

His Love is Best of All.

Pre - cious love, more than sub - lime;
Pre - cious love,..... love sub - lime;..... He

He hears me when I call, Help is near
hears..... me when I call,..... Help is near..... all the

all of the time; He'll guide to rest a-bove,
time;..... He'll guide.... to rest a - bove,..... What-so-

What-so-e'er doth us be - fall, For my
e'er..... may be - fall,..... For my..... Re-deem-er's

Re-deem-er's love Is the best, best love of all.
love..... Is the best..... love of all.....

No. 102. Praise Him.

Ira S. Long. J. Owen Long.

1. Joy-ful songs we sing, hap-py anthems ring, As each heart its worship
2. Loud ho-san-nas sing to the heav'nly King, Whose dominion has no

brings; Ech-oes still pro-long as we raise the song To the King of kings.
end; In the try-ing hour all-suf-fi-cient pow'r He will ev-er lend.

DUET or ALL FEMALE VOICES.

Slowly.

He is King of ev-'ry na-tion, Worthy of all ad-o-ra-tion,
He'll forsake His children nev-er, Naught from us His love can sev-er,

FULL CHORUS. *A tempo.*

For He brought to us sal-va-tion; Praise His name!
We shall reign with Him for-ev-er; Praise His name!

CHORUS. *Softly.*

Praise, oh, praise His bless-ed name, Praise, oh, praise the
Praise, oh, praise..... the King of

(Mark the melody.)

Praise Him.

King of Glo - ry, Lift the voice in mel - o - dy,
Glo - ry, Lift the voice..... in mel - o - dy,

(*Mark the melodies.*)

For His grace..... so high and ho - ly, For His
For His grace so high and ho - ly,

love..... to you and me. Praise, oh, praise.... the King Im-
For His love to you and me. Praise, oh, praise the

man - uel, To the world.....the sto - ry tell; (go tell;) Sing, re-
King Im - man-uel, To the world the sto - ry tell;

joice,..... till in His glo - ry We shall ev - er hap - py be.
Sing, re - joice, till in His glo - ry

No. 103. Lovely Rose that Blooms for All.

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IN "HOSANNAS."

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Rose of Shar - on, sent from Par - a - dise a - bove On the soil of
2. Rose of Shar - on, bright and beau - ti - ful and pure, Wak-ing glad - ness
3. Rose of Shar - on, bloom for ev - 'ry wea - ry soul, Bring us hope and
4. Bless - ed Rose of Shar - on, fair and love - ly Rose, In Thy grace and

earth to bloom, Far re - move the dark-ness from the lives of men, Scat-ter
ev - 'ry - where, There are sad and lone and troubled hearts to still, And to
joy and cheer; Brighten all the hearts and all the homes of earth, Breathing
beau - ty glow; Give to us each day some new dis-play of love, And to

all their doubt and gloom; All the sins that stain and bur-den hu-man souls
free from anx - ious care; Smile up - on us, and we will not have a fear
fragrance far and near; On the sons of men, who long for heaven's rest,
all Thy goodness show; For the joy and peace no oth - er can be - stow

Bear a - far be - yond re - call; Won-der-ful Rose,
And no ill can us be - fall;
May Thy peace and com - fort fall;
Un - to Thee we hum - bly call; Won-der-ful Rose,

beau-ti-ful Rose, beau-ti - ful Rose, Love-ly Rose that blooms for all.

Lovely Rose that Blooms for All.

CHORUS.

Lovely Rose, sweet Rose, lovely Rose, sweet Rose, We Thy beau - ty love to
We Thy beau - ty

see As we lin - ger near to Thee; Thou the Rose of Shar-on
love to see As we lin - ger near to Thee; Thou the Rose of

art, Bring-ing joy to ev - 'ry heart. Rose of Shar - on,
Shar-on art, Bringing joy to ev - 'ry heart. Rose of Shar-

Thou so dear, Breathe Thy fra - grance far and near; Let Thy
on, Thou so dear, Breathe Thy fra - grance far and near;

beau - ty on us fall, Love-ly Rose that blooms for all.
Let Thy beau - ty on us fall, blooms for all.

No. 104. Orders from the King.

Brown Rowland, A. B. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. The world is wait-ing to hear the gos - pel, The world is wait-ing for the ev - er-last-ing sto-ry; So wake, ye peo-ple, put on your ar-mor, And speed a-way to-day to win e - ter-nal glo - ry. Bear ye the ti - dings of love and
2. Waste not the moments, for they are pre-cious, Let not the Master's work seem te-dious or ap-pal-ling; Raise high the standard and keep it waving, And speed a-way to those whose hearts to you are call-ing. The hours are fleeting, the days are
3. A - cross the bor - der a crown is wait - ing For those who do His bid-ding here, complaining never; And life e - ter-nal and rest and gladness Shall come to all who help some soul from sin to sev - er. So work for Je - sus, that He may

glad-ness, And tru-ly cov - er all the darkened ter - ri - tor - y. Go forth with
pass-ing, And soon around you night's drear shadows will be falling; So do your
bless you And let you reign with Him in Par-a - dise for - ev - er; A - way, re-

cour-age, go forth with singing, O - bey the or-ders from the King.
du - ty to Him who loves you, O - bey the or-ders from the King.
joic - ing, to do the reap-ing, O - bey the or-ders from the King.

Orders From the King.

CHORUS.

"Car - ry ye the ti - dings, oh, preach the gos - pel Of love to
"Car - ry ye the ti - dings, preach the gos - pel true to

ev - 'ry na - tion; To ..... the liv-ing wa - ters the wear-y,
ev - 'ry na - tion; To the liv - ing wa - ters all the

thirst - y peo - ple bring; Show .... to them the
thirst - y peo - ple bring; oh, haste a - way to bring them, Show to them the

path - way that leads to Heav - en, And tell them of sal - va - tion:"
path that leads to Heav - en, Tell them of sal - va - tion:"

These..... are now the or - ders, the blessed or-ders from the King.
These are now the bless - ed or - ders, or - ders from the King.

No. 105. Sing for Joy.

S. W. B.

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Samuel W. Beazley.



1. Sing for joy, as we meet this sweet and gladsome day;
2. Sing for joy, as the glad birds sing on summer morn,
3. Sing for joy; let the glad sweet strains ring far and wide,



O be glad, join, each heart, a trib - ute meet to pay
And for-get all life's cares, from sin and wor-ry born;
Sweet and clear, till they soar a-bove where saints a-bide;





To the King upon the great white throne; Let each soul its gratitude make known,
Let the day be sweet with tho'ts of rest, And let peace in ev-'ry heart be guest,
And the King will smile to hear, and say, "I am glad there's joy on earth to-day,"



And all hon-or be to God who rules The world by love a-lone.
And the day will seem a bit of Heav'n, And ev-'ry soul be blest.
For there's worship in a joy-ful song The same as when we pray.



Sing for Joy.

CHORUS.

Sing for joy,..... Sing for joy,.....

Sing for joy, for won - drous joy, Sing for joy, for

..... Set the ech - oes ring - ing far and wide this won - drous joy,

hap - py day; Sing for joy,.....

glo - rious, hap - py, joy - ous day; Sing for joy, for

..... Sing for joy,.....

won - drous joy, Sing for joy, for won - drous joy,

In the love of God, so deep and sweet, re - joice al - way.

106. Going On in the Light.

Brown Rowland, A. B. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. With the world's true Lead-er, our e - ter - nal King, Go-ing on
2. Turned a - way from pleasures that de - file the soul,
3. Lay - ing up true treasures for the bet - ter day,
4. Mak - ing known the sweet-est sto - ry ev - er told,

Go - ing on

in the light; And the song of vic - t'ry o'er and
Tell - ing how the Sav - ior died to
Warn-ing those who wan - der from the
in the light; Sure that Christ will pass us thro' the

o'er we sing, Go - ing on in the light, Beau-ti-ful light.
make us whole,
gos - pel way,
gates of gold,

Go - ing on in the light.

CHORUS.

Serv - - - - - ing God's e - ter - nal Son,
Serv - ing day by day God's e - ter - nal Son,
Serv - - - - - - - - ing Je - sus,
Prais - - - - - ing Him for bat - tles won,
Prais - ing Him for all the piere - ing bat - tles won,
To glo - ry

Going On in the Light.

Go - ing on in the light, heed - ing each com-

heed - ing each com-

mand; . . . . Hap - - - - - py

Hap - py all the while

mand while trav - el - ing heav - en - ward;

with His pres - ence near,

with His pres - ence near,

Hap - - - - - py

Hap - py in His serv - ice,

In..... His pres - ence,

in His serv - ice dear,

in His serv - ice dear,

Go - ing on

Oh,..... so hap - py,

in the light to the bet - ter land.

No. 107. Give Thanks to Him.

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IN "HOSANNAS."

S. W. B. Samuel W. Beazley.

Give thanks, give thanks and sing, Give thanks, give thanks and sing.
Give thanks..... and sing, Give thanks ..... and sing.

1. Give thanks to Him who send-eth down Rich bless-ings day by day, And
2. Give thanks to Him who ev - er - more Will an - swer when we call, His
3. Give thanks to Him who from His throne Sent down His Son to be The

giv-eth love wherewith to crown His mer-cies 'all the way; O love, that sought and
prom - is - es will nev - er fail, So trust Him, all in all; O love, that God's be-
Sav - ior of a sin - ful world And die on Cal - va - ry; O love, so free, so

found us, And sheds its sunshine round us; No doubt can shake our faith in Him,
stow - ing, His great heart o-ver-flowing, Guide Thou our feet from earth to heav'n,
ten - der, To Thee this day we ren-der The grat - i - tude of loy - al hearts

CHORUS.

We trust, tho' come what may.
And keep us lest we fall. O give thanks and homage unto Him who loveth us,
That place their trust in Him.

Give Thanks to Him.

No. 108. As You Go.

W. H. R. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY THE RUEBUSH-KIEFFER CO. Will H. Ruebush.

1. As you walk the path of du - ty days may seem both sad and long; Take cour - age for the fight, Fill with sun - shine bright
2. Man - y are in sor - row and the dark'ning clouds of strife hang low; Then 'mid the dai - ly strife Bright - en up their life,
3. Some one needs the con - so - la - tion that a word of cheer can bring; Then give with glad good - will, Till each vale and hill

Some one now in night, With your song. And as you go let hap - py
Till with joy 'tis rife As they go, Re-joic - ing to the prom - ised
Shall with ech-oes fill, As they sing, And onward move to fields of

voi - ces un - to Him your sweet-est trib - ute bring, And all His
land of Ca-naan led by pil - lar and by cloud, Un - til o'er
new en-deav - or in the ranks of Christ your King, Un - til 'neath

good-ness prove, Sing with heart of love Prais-es un - to Christ your King.
land and sea Songs of vic - to - ry Lead us ev - er un - to God.
ban-ners bright, All the sons of light Vic - to-ry shall sure-ly win.

As You Go.

CHORUS.



No. 109. With Heart and Voice.

Dr. George Lytton. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Join with heart and voice in prais-ing Je - sus' love, Mag - ni - fy His name,
2. From His throne in glo - ry to re-deem He came, Came and bled and died,
3. Lord of life and joy is God's e - ter - nal Son, Mak - ing earth so bright

sweet-est an-thems raise; While the an-gels laud and wor-ship Him a - bove,
tho' our Lord and King; So with songs of gladness mag - ni - fy His name,
with the light of love; By His grace and mer-cy He our hearts has won,

Let us fill the breez - es with a song in His praise.
Till in praise of Je - sus all the wide world shall ring.
And shall be our song of joy for - ev - er, a - bove.

CHORUS.

Praise His ho - ly name with heart and voice;
Praise and mag - ni - fy His name with heart, with heart and voice;

Praise Him till both earth and sky re - joice;
Praise and mag - ni - fy Him till both earth and sky re - joice;

With Heart and Voice.

Wor-thy of all praise is He, Wor - thy ev - er-more He'll be, For He

is the soul's e - ter-nal choice. (O praise Him!) Oh, ex - tol Him,
Oh, ex - tol, ex - tol Him now and

wor - ship and a - dore, Fill the air with
wor - - ship and a - dore, Fill the air with prais - es glad, re-

prais - es o'er and o'er; Lord of earth and worlds a - bove,
peat them o'er and o'er;

Rul - ing all by match-less love, King for - ev - er - more.

110. Sing His Praise Aloud.

S. W. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Samuel W. Beazley.

(1) Sing His praise a-loud, Glo - ri - fy His name,

1. Sing His praise a-loud, Glo - ri - fy His name,
2. Sing His praise a-loud, Sing in triumph now,
3. Sing His praise a-loud, Do not hold your peace,

With bounding hearts de-clare His glo - ry, Mag - ni - fy His fame;
Ye chil-dren of the heav'n-ly king-dom, To His scep-tre bow;
Tell all the world that He is gra-cious, Sing and do not cease;

Sing His praise a-loud, Sing, nor si - lent stay,

Sing His praise a-loud, Sing, nor si-lent stay,
Sing His praise a-loud And indeed re-joice,
Sing His praise a-loud, Joyful anthems raise,

The might-y Ru - ler of the na-tions Claims your song to - day.
And in the con-flict of the a - ges Make this King your choice.
Till ev - 'ry land takes up the cho - rus Of your hymn of praise.

Sing His Praise Aloud.

CHORUS.

Praise Him, Sing His praise a-loud, Praise Him

Praise the God of na - tions, Sing His praise a - loud, Praise Him who so rich - ly

who your life endowed; Peace and joy He gave you, Sing to the Lord, oh,

has your life endowed; Sent His Son to save you,

sing and re-joice; Praise Him, all His glo - ry tell,

Praise the God of na - tions, all His glo - ry tell,

Praise Him in whose care you dwell; Shout with ex - ul - ta - tion,

Praise Him, ev - er praise Him in whose care you dwell;

Sing of free sal-va - tion, Praise the God of na-tions with heart and voice.

No. 111. The Wondrous Theme.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

T. O. Chisholm. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. There's a theme that never will grow old, Theme of sweetest sto - ry ev - er told;
2. Love that found us bound and set us free; Love that found us blind and made us see;
3. Wondrous theme of love that nev-er dies! Let our songs a ho - ly in-cense rise;

Theme, in all a-ges, Of bards and sages, Since angelic strains o'er Bethl'h'm rolled;
Love that received us, Cleansed and relieved us, Gave us pow'r the sons of God to be;
Let us adore Him, Bow down before Him, Of-fer all a will - ing sac - ri - fice:

'Tis the theme of Je-sus and His love, Who, to save us, left His home above; Upon the
Love that holds us, lest we faint or fall; Keeps us safe when dangers would appall; That gently
May His love so fill our hearts to-day, That our feet will seek the ones astray; Point them to

tree ..... Of Cal-va - ry ..... Suffered death, His love to prove.
Up-on the tree Of Cal-va-ry

leads, ... With manna feeds, ... And that answers ere we call.
That gently leads, With manna feeds,

Him ..... Who will re-deem, ... Him who takes our sins a - way.
Point them to Him Who will redeem,

The Wondrous Theme.

CHORUS.

Won - drous theme of love un - told, Theme that
Wondrous theme, the theme of love un - told, Wondrous theme, that

nev - er will grow old! Je - sus came, Bore our shame,

Life that we might claim. Love, love,
Life that we might ev-er claim thro' Him who was crucified. Love, love, love, love,

ev - er - last - ing love! Theme of an - gel choirs a-bove!
Wondrous theme of an - gel choirs a-bove!

Love that gave All, to save Us from sin and from the grave.
Love that gave up all to save.... us from our sin..... the grave.

No. 112. The Love of God.

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1. Since the love of God has shed Price-less bless-ings on my head, I have made it my own; I will hide it in my heart, That it nev-er may de-part, It shall rule there a-lone.
2. Since the Son of God came down With His love our lives to crown, He with us would re-main; Great-er love there could not be, Je-sus died for you and me, In our hearts He would reign. . . . .
3. He who gave His love to me, That I might from sin be free, Bids me share it to-day; "As I loved you," He has said, "You must serve men in My stead, As you go on your way." . . . .
4. While His love burns true and bright, We are walk-ing in the light, He has shown us the road; We His glo-ry must re-flect, Lest our dim-ness and neg-lect Keep some soul from its God. . . . .

(1.) I have made it my own,

It shall rule

REFRAIN.

The love of God. . . . . with-in the heart, ... Will kind-li-ness . . . . and warmth im-
. . . with-in the heart, ... Will kind-li-ness . . . . . The love of God . . . . . there a-lone.

The Love of God.

part, ... The soul will grow like Je - sus in His ten-der mer - cy,
. . . and warmth impart,

If the heart is made His dwell - ing - place: The love of
If the heart is made His dwell-ing-place:

God . . . . glows like a flame, ... Thro' end - less
The love of God . . . . . glows like a flame, ...

years . . . . . it is the same, ... The love of
. . . Thro' end - less years . . . . . it is the same,

God will nev - er fail nor lose its glo - ry Till we see Him face to face.

No. 113 We Labor On.

Brown Rowland, A. B. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Be - cause we want to spread a - broad the gos - pel bright,
2. As - sured that we shall be re - ward - ed by and by,
3. That we may meet Him face to face, when work is o'er,

We la - bor on,..... We la - bor on;.....
We la - bor on, We la - bor on;

That all the na - tions of the earth may see the light,
That we may sing His prais - es with the throng on high,
That we may share His pre - cious love for - ev - er - more,

We la - bor on,..... We la - bor on.....
We la - bor on, We la - bor on.

CHORUS.

We all are work - ing for the Mas - ter,

We all are working, working, working, We are working for the Master, Ev-er

We all are work - ing for the bless - ed Mas - ter,

We Labor On.

Giv - ing out the sto - ry,

giv-ing out the sto - ry, the e - ter-nal, happy sto-ry, always Working for

giv - ing out the won - drous sto - ry,

Him with glad-ness, Ban - ish - ing care and sad-ness From our hearts each

Work - ing for the Mas - - ter,

day for Je-sus; Working, working, working, we are working for the Master and are

Work - ing for the bless - ed Mas - ter,

Sing - ing for His glo - ry,

Sing-ing for His glo - ry, We are singing for His glo-ry on - ly, Oth-ers to

Sing - ing on - ly for His glo - ry,

Je-sus bringing, Keeping His praises ring-ing, As we work each day.....
passing day.

No. 114. March to Victory.

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S. W. Beazley. Samuel W. Beazley.

Lively.

1. Je - sus the Com-man - der calls you To the fight that's on to - day;
2. See the e - vil for - ces stand-ing Bold - ly out be - fore your view;
3. Tho' op - pos - ing for - ces press you, Stand like men to face the foe;

Will you an-swer as a sol-dier, Or to Him will you say nay?
Can it be that you will fal - ter When so much de - pends on you?
God's strong arm will give the vic-t'ry If in faith you for-ward go:

Men of nerve are sore - ly need - ed That the foe no ground may gain;
Nay, there must no quak - ing en - ter Ranks that God sends out to fight;
See the foe in con - ster - na - tion Flee be - fore our ranks of steel;

Share the con-flict, com-rades brave, and In the front ranks so re - main.
Cour - age, then, go forth to bat - tle, He is on the side of right.
We are win-ning, val -iant comrades, They must to our ban - ner kneel.

March to Victory.

CHORUS.

March, march, march to vic - to - ry, Hard - er
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,

press the en - e - my; Heed the Cap-tain's clear com-mand to

fight on, on with cour - age; March, march
fight like val - iant men with cour - age; Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,

march to vic - to - ry, Fol - low where He lead - eth thee;
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,

Foes must flee when our flag they see, Then go on, on.
Then on, go on to vic - to - ry.

No. 115. Love Divine.

Laurene Highfield. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

(1.) Love di - vine, pre - cious love.

1. Love di - vine, pre-cious love, Which the Fa - ther
2. Love di - vine, ho - ly love, On our lives it
3. Love di - vine, per - fect love, May our lives re -

Like a star in the night,

hath on us bestowed, Like a star, in the night,
sheds its rays sub-lime; Clear and bright is the flame
flect thy ho - ly light, That has shone on our way,

Love di - vine,

Came in bright-ness and in beauty glowed; Love di-vine, bound-less
That will not grow dim with pass-ing time; Love di-vine, sa - cred
And has made the high-way fair and bright; Love di-vine, end - less

bound-less love,

love, Love that gave the Christ for us to die, That we might be-
love, Purge us now from ev - 'ry stain and sin; Cleanse our hearts and
love, Help us light the path for oth - ers, too, That their feet may

come the chil-dren of the Lord, And be called the sons of God most high.
fit them for a dwelling-place, That the Lord of truth may en - ter in.
safe - ly tread the upward way, Till the realms of glo - ry meet their view.

Love Divine.

REFRAIN.

Oh, love di - vine, won-der - ful love di -
Oh, love di - vine, sweet, ten - der love, gra - cious, ho - ly

vine, . . . Thy ho - ly light doth on our path -
love di-vine, Thy bless - ed light doth on us shine, bless - ed

way shine; . . . The love that gave Je - sus the
light doth on us shine; The love that gave the Christ to die,

Christ to die, Sure - ly will lead our
love that gave the Christ to die, Sure - ly leads our

foot - steps to Him on high. . . .
way - ward foot - steps to Him who lives and rules on high.

No. 116. Jehovah Reigneth, Hallelujah.

Laurene Highfield. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Sing for joy, sing for joy, The Lord Je - ho-vah reign-eth;
2. Sing for joy, sing for joy, The Lord is great and glo-rious;
3. Sing for joy, sing for joy, Je - ho-vah's grace is end - less;

Sing for joy, sing for joy,

Be ye glad, be ye glad, His king-dom firm re - main - eth;
Be ye glad, be ye glad, His hosts shall be vic - to - rious;
Be ye glad, be ye glad, He whom we serve is sin - less;

Be ye glad, be ye glad,

Oh, re-joice, Oh, re-joice, Make His praise your chief en-
Oh, re-joice, Oh, re-joice, That His en - sign goes be-
Oh, re-joice, Oh, re-joice, That His watchcare is un-

Oh, re-joice, Oh, re-joice,

deav - or; Hal - le - lu - jah, hail your King! Hal - le - lu - jah, hail your King!
fore you; Hal - le - lu - jah, hail your King! Hal - le - lu - jah, hail your King!
ceas - ing; Hal - le - lu - jah, hail your King! Hal - le - lu - jah, hail your King!

REFRAIN.

He will live and rule for - ev - er.
Who in wis - dom watch-es o'er you. Je - ho - vah reign-eth! Hal - le-
Still His king-dom is in - creas - ing.

Jehovah Reigneth, Hallelujah.





No. 117. King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

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1. King of kings and Lord of lords is He, No mon-arch can dis-pute His sway;
2. Grander far than an-y po-ten-tate Who wears in pride a king-ly crown,
3. Nev-er sov'reign ruled so wide a realm As His, em-brac-ing stars and sun;
4. He shall reign in tri-umph when the sun Has set up-on life's part-ing day;

The an-gel-ic hosts His bid-ding wait, And glad His voice o-bey:
Worlds unknown are moved by His com-mand So vast is His re-nown:
Man-y cen-tu-ries have passed a-way, His reign is just be-gun:
Nei-ther jot nor tit-tle of His word Will ev-er pass a-way;

From His throne He rules the sons of earth, Who hail the Christ of roy-al birth,
But no great-er ti-tle can He wear, Than this which no one else may share,
Da-vid's scep-ter nev-er shall de-part, Till Christ shall be in ev-'ry heart,
And ar-rayed in maj-es-ty and might, He still shall rule in realms of light,

King of kings, ... King of kings and Lord of lords.
King of kings and Lord of lords,

King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

REFRAIN.



*Several select voices will sing the small notes.

No. 118. Victorious Love.

Brown Rowland, A. B. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Won-der-ful is Je- sus, God's e - ter - nal Son, Whose glad praise is ring - ing out; Man - y are the bat - tles which His love has won,
2. From His Father's kingdom, from His home and throne, He came down to save from sin; Faced the hordes of e - vil, fought them all a - lone,
3. Love di-vine hath raised us from the depths of sin, And hath made us white as snow; And it gives us cour - age here to fight and win,

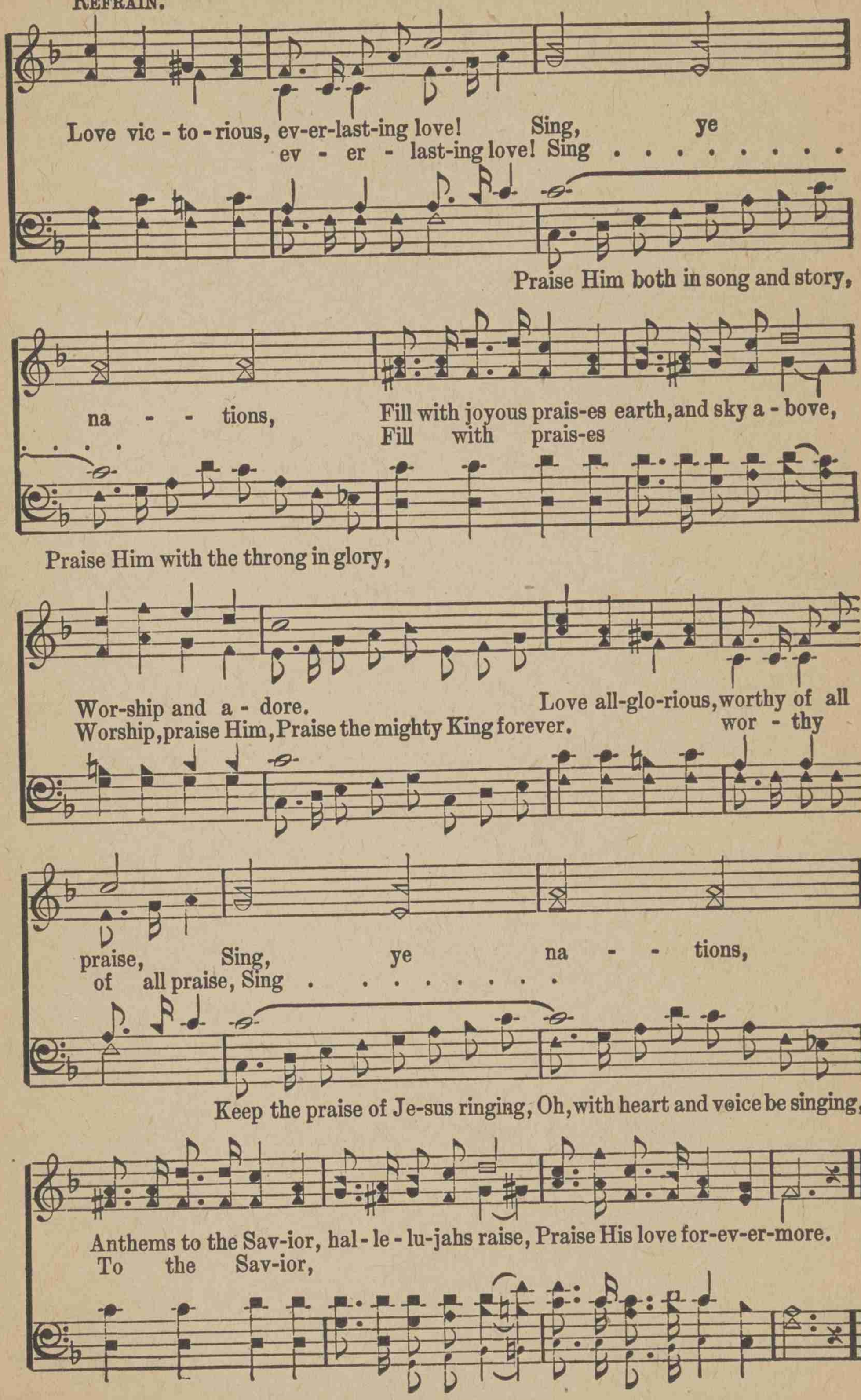
In this drear-y world of sin and doubt. Matchless is His glo - ry,
E - ven gave His pre - cious life, to win. Oh, such love a - maz - es!
Brightens all the path in which we go. And when all our tri - als

bless - ed is His name, And His love vic-to - rious mil-lions now pro-claim;
thrills the ver - y soul! It shall stir our prais - es while the a - ges roll!
shall be tru - ly past, Love di-vine will lead us thro' the gates at last;

Ceaseless hymns of triumph swell o'er land and sea From the throngs by love made free.
Ev - er-more increasing shall our praises be, Thro' the glad e-ter-ni - ty.
There His love vic-to-rious Je-sus will out-pour On our souls for-ev-er-more.

Victorious Love.

REFRAIN.



No. 119. He Leads the Hosts of Zion On.

S. W. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Samuel W. Beazley.

1. He leads the hosts of Zi - on on In love's ef - ful - gent light,
2. The glo - ry of His gos - pel shines More bright-ly with the years,
3. All glo - ry and e - ter - nal fame, All hon - or to our King,

As in the roll - ing a - ges gone, To fight for truth and right;
And all a - long the bat - tle - lines The air re-sounds with cheers;
The world shall vi - brate with the name That makes all heav - en ring;

In maj - es - ty di - vine He leads, And ev - er-more His grace suc-ceeds
A might-y con-quer - or is He, The hope of a - ges yet to be,
By mul - ti - tudes He is a-dored, And na - tions all shall know the Lord,

In spur - ring hearts to no - ble deeds, A - long the path - way bright.
And o - ver ev - 'ry land and sea His flag of love ap - pears.
Find peace and glad-ness thro' His word, And Life's e - ter - nal Spring.

REFRAIN.

He leads the hosts of Zi - on on,.....

He leads the hosts of Zi - on

He Leads the Hosts of Zion On.

On, on,

leads the hosts of Zi - on on, He leads them on to vic-t'ry, He

on, On, on,

The

leads them on to vic - t'ry, To glo - rious vic - to - ry!

marching millions on-ward go,

The marching millions onward

The marching millions on-ward go,

They go,

go, They for-ward go to vic-t'ry, They for-ward go to vic-t'ry, To

They go,

glo - rious vic - to - ry, To glo - rious vic - to - ry! (vic - to - ry!)

120.

Ring out the Message.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY BEAZLEY & VAUGHAN.

Samuel W. Beazley.

1. There's a mes-sage true and glad For the sin-ful and the sad,
2. Tell the world of sav-ing grace, Make it known in ev-'ry place,
3. Sin and doubt to sweep a-way, Till shall dawn the bet-ter day,

Ring it out, Ring it out;

Ring it out, Ring it out;

It will give them cour-age new, It will help them to be true,
Help the need-y ones to know Him from whom all bless-ings flow,
Till the sin-ful world be won For Je-ho-vah's migh-ty Son,

Ring it out, Ring it out.

Ring it out, Ring it out,

CHORUS.

Mer-ri-ly ring, Speed it a-way,

Ring out the word o'er

Ring Out the Message.

Mes - sage di - vine! send it to - day;

land and sea, Still

Let it cheer the lost and those in

far from Je - sus ma - ny live in sin and

doubt, darkness and doubt; Mer-ri - ly ring, won-der-ful news,

doubt, Ring out the news that

Making men free, hap-py and free, Ring, ring,

makes men free, To all the lost of

ring, ring, Ring the mes - sage out, ring it out.

ev - 'ry na - tion, Ring it out.

No. 121. WHEN THE RANSOMED GET HOME.

S. W. B. S. W. BEAZLEY.

Not fast.

1. When the ransom'd get home..... to that land fair and
2. When the ransom'd shall rise..... to the glo - ri - ous
3. When the ransom'd cross o'er..... to the bright golden

1. When the ransom'd get home,

bright,.....Where the lov'd ones now wait.....
bliss,..... Of that land far a - way,.....
plains,..... What a beau - ti - ful song,.....

to that land fair and bright, Where the lov'd ones now wait

'mid the scenes of de - light,..... What a joy it will
fair-er, brighter than this;..... What a shout-ing will
what mel-o - di - ous strains,..... Will be waft - ed a -

'mid the scenes of de - light,

be..... to be numbered up there,.....
sound..... thro' heav-en's fair dome,.....
way..... 'mid the domes of the sky,.....

What a joy it will be to be numbered up there,

With the faithful and true,..... in that home bright and
On that beau-ti - ful shore,..... when the ransom'd get
When the ransom'd get home..... in the sweet by and

With the faith-fnl and true,

By permission of the author.

WHEN THE RANSOMED GET HOME.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

fair.....
home.....
by.....
When the ransom'd get home,
When the ransom'd get home,.....
in that home bright and fair.

what a joy it will be, To be gath-ered up
what a joy it will be,.....

there,..... blessed Sav-iour, with thee,.....
to be gathered up there, blessed Saviour, with thee;

Where no partings e'er come,
Where no partings e'er come,..... and we nev - er - more

And we nev-er-more roam; In that beauti - ful land,.....
roam;..... In that beautiful land,

when the ran - som'd get home.....
when the ran - som'd get home.

No. 122. WAKE THE SONG OF JUBILEE.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Wake the song, wake the song, wake the song, wake the song, Wake the

song..... of ju - bi - lee,..... lee,
Wake the song of ju - bi - lee;

Let it ech - o,..... Let it
Let it ech - o o'er the sea, o'er the sea,

ech - o..... Let it ech - o o'er the sea.
Let it ech - o o'er the sea, o'er the sea,

p Organ. Wake the song, wake the song, wake the song, wake the song,

WAKE THE SONG OF JUBILEE.—Continued.



WAKE THE SONG OF JUBILEE.—Concluded.

lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

hal - le- lu - jah, a - men, a - men, hal - le-lu - jah,

hal - le- lu-jah, hal - le- lu-jah,

lu - jah,

hal - le- lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, a- men and a-men.

hal - le-lu-jah,

hal - le-lu-jah,

*Several high voices sing small notes.

No. 123. THOU ART MY ALL.

W. H. RUEBUSH. I. B. WOODBURY.

Slow and gentle.

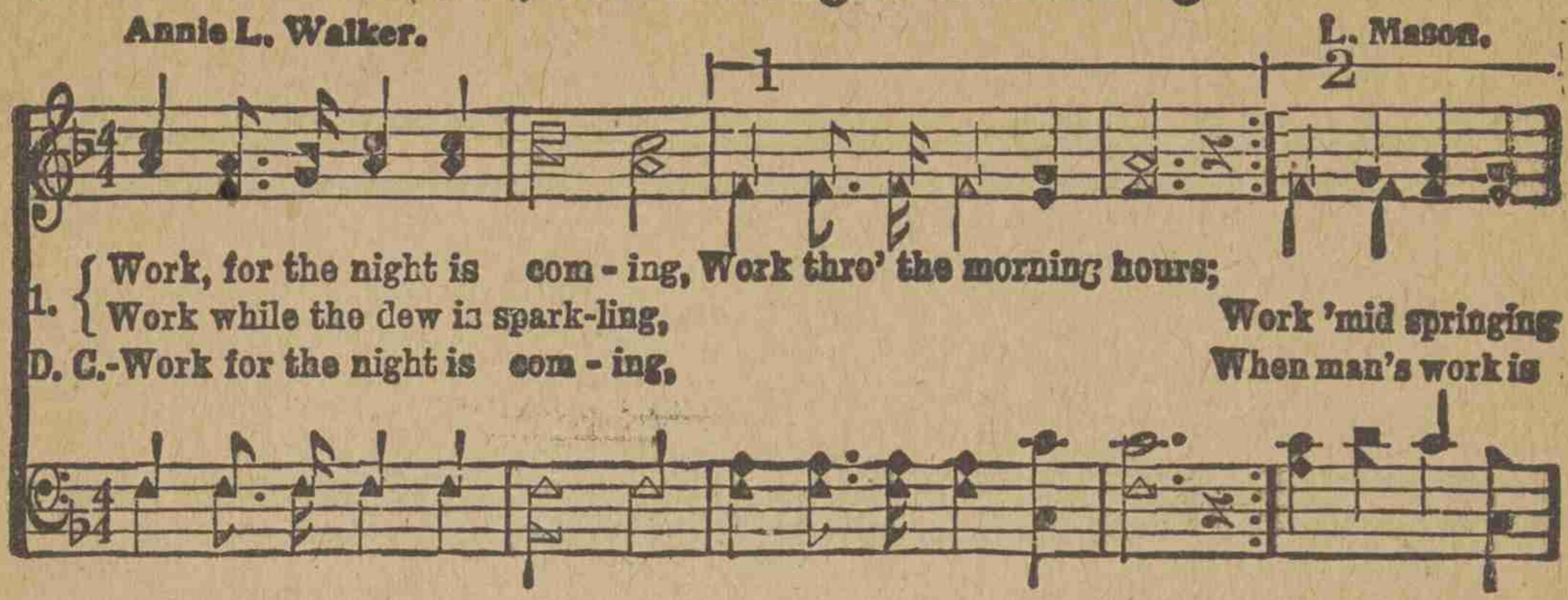
1. I need Thee Christ my all, Life's rugged way to cheer, No e - vil can be-fall,
2. I need Thee Christ my all, To keep me lest I stray, No darkness can ap-pall,
3. I need Thee Christ my all, No love so great as Thine, No sin can me enthrall,

pp *rit.* *molto.*

If Thou my Lord art near, Keep me, no harm can then be - fall.
If Thou wilt light the way, Keep me, no dark-ness can ap - pall.
If I can claim Thee mine, Keep me, no sin can then en- thrall.

No. 124. Work, for the Night is Coming!

Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.

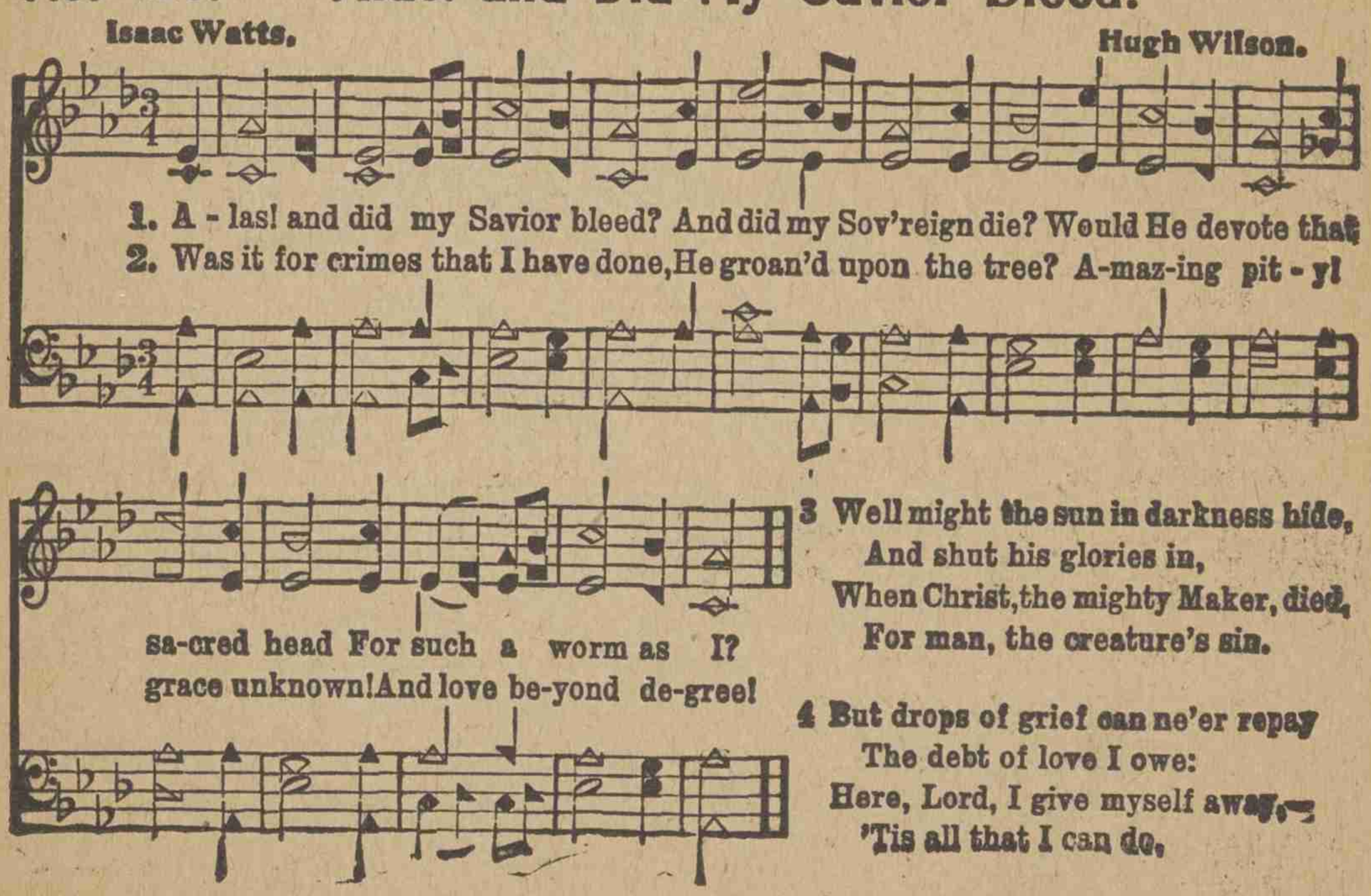


2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset sky;
While the bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 125. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts. Hugh Wilson.



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

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

No. 126. Joy to the World.

I. Watts. G. F. Handel.



No. 127. Rock of Ages.

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

Rock of Ages.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed,
Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Na - ked, come to Thee for dress; Help-less, look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to worlds un-known, See Thee on Thy judg-ment throne,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
Vile, I to the foun-tain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

No. 128. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Used by permission. Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav-iour died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-
3. O precious fountain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fountain so rich and sweet; Cast Thy poor soul at the

sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo - ry to His
bides with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His
en - tered in, There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to His
Sav-iour's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to His

D. S.—There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo - ry to His

FINE. REFRAIN. *D. S.*

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

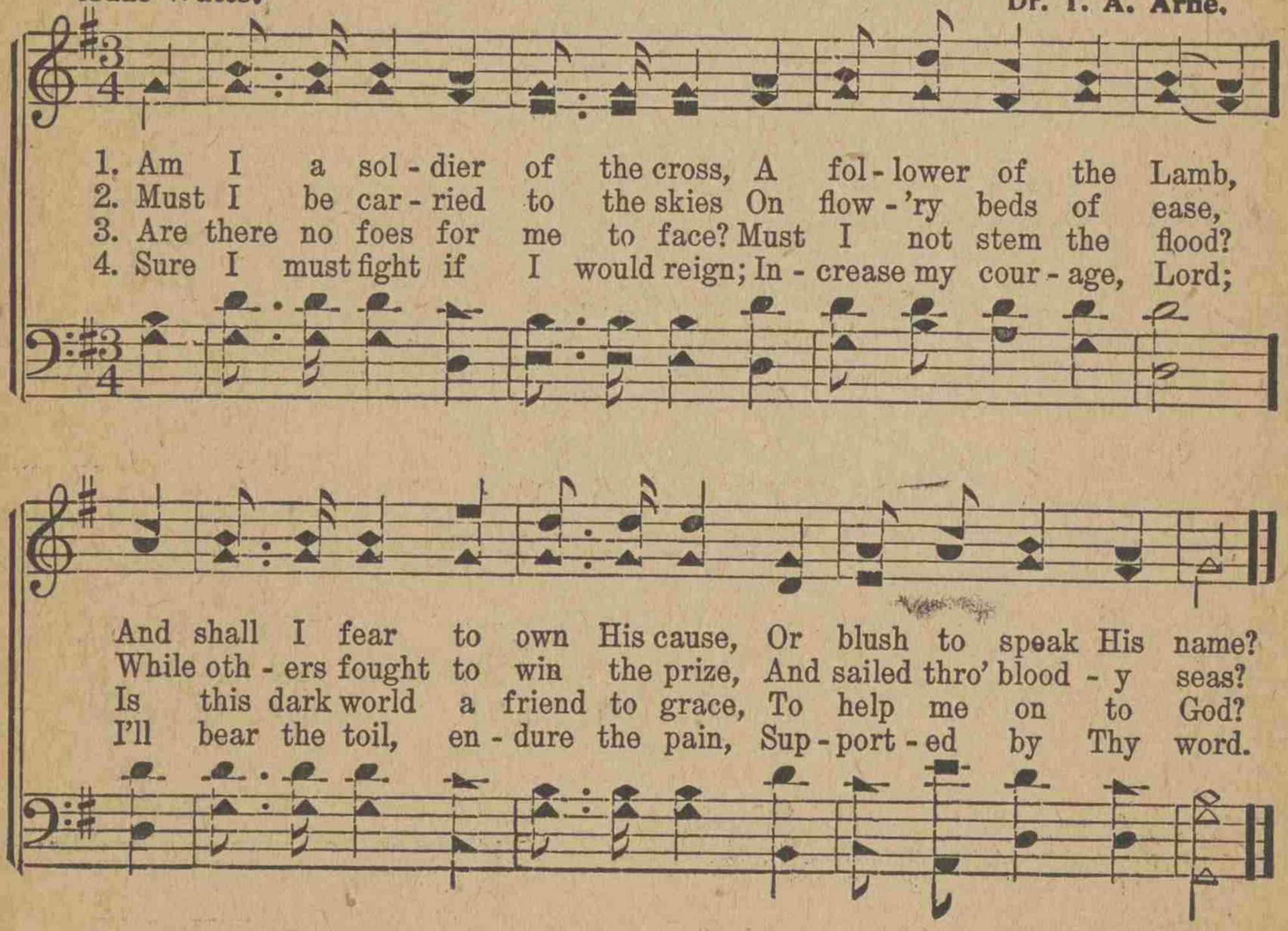
No. 129. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.



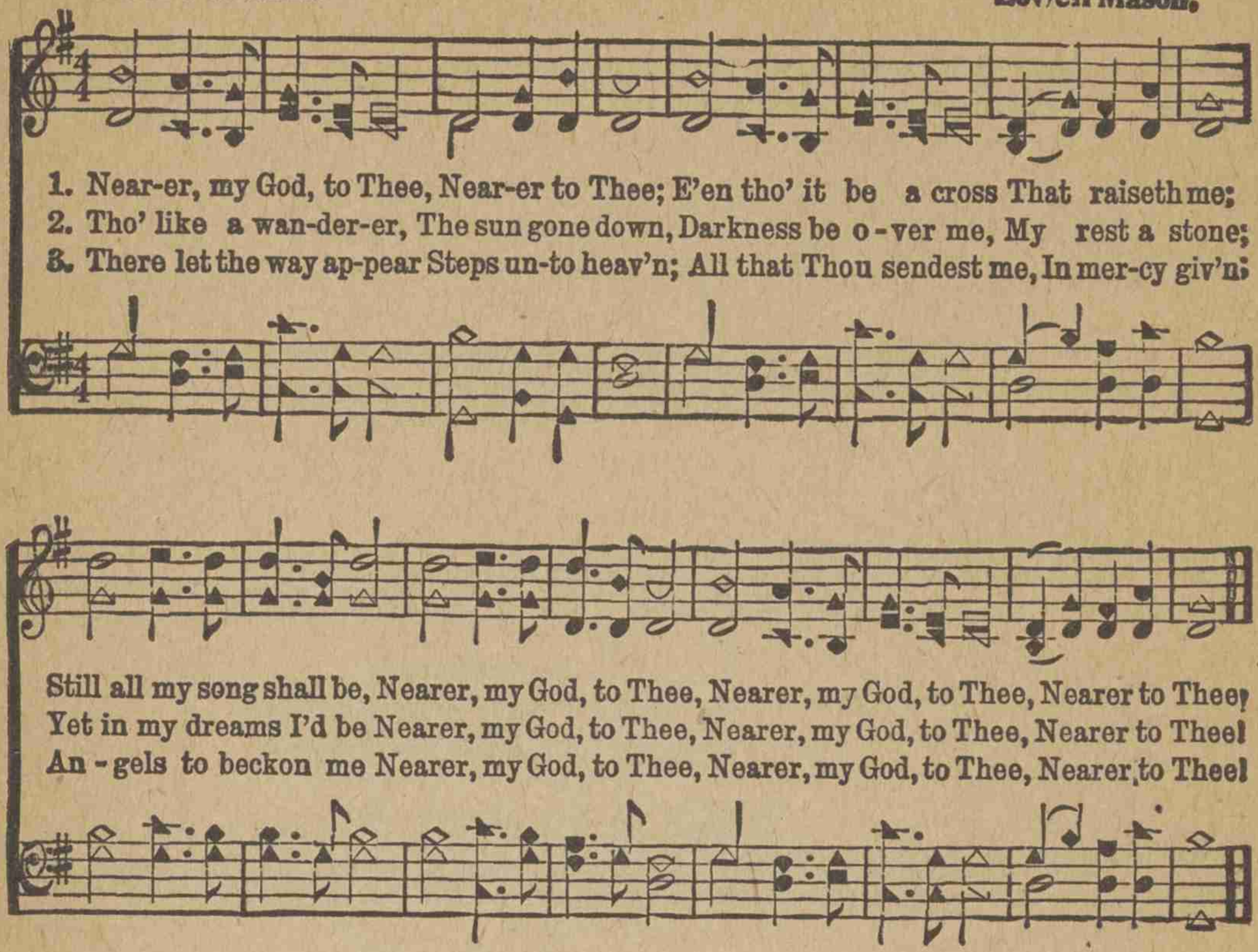
No. 130. Am I A Soldier of the Cross?

Isaac Watts. Dr. T. A. Arne.



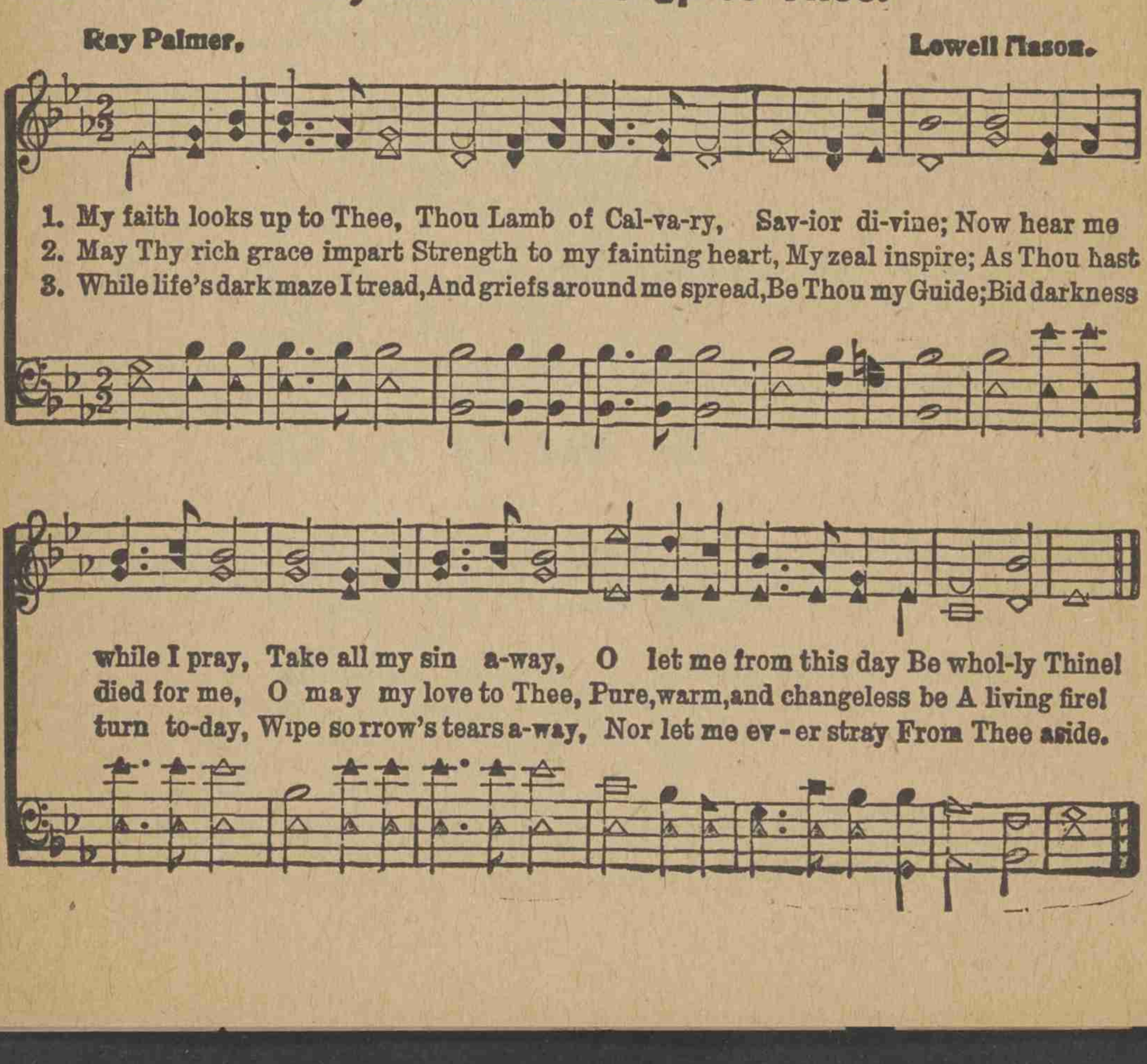
No. 131. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. Lowell Mason.



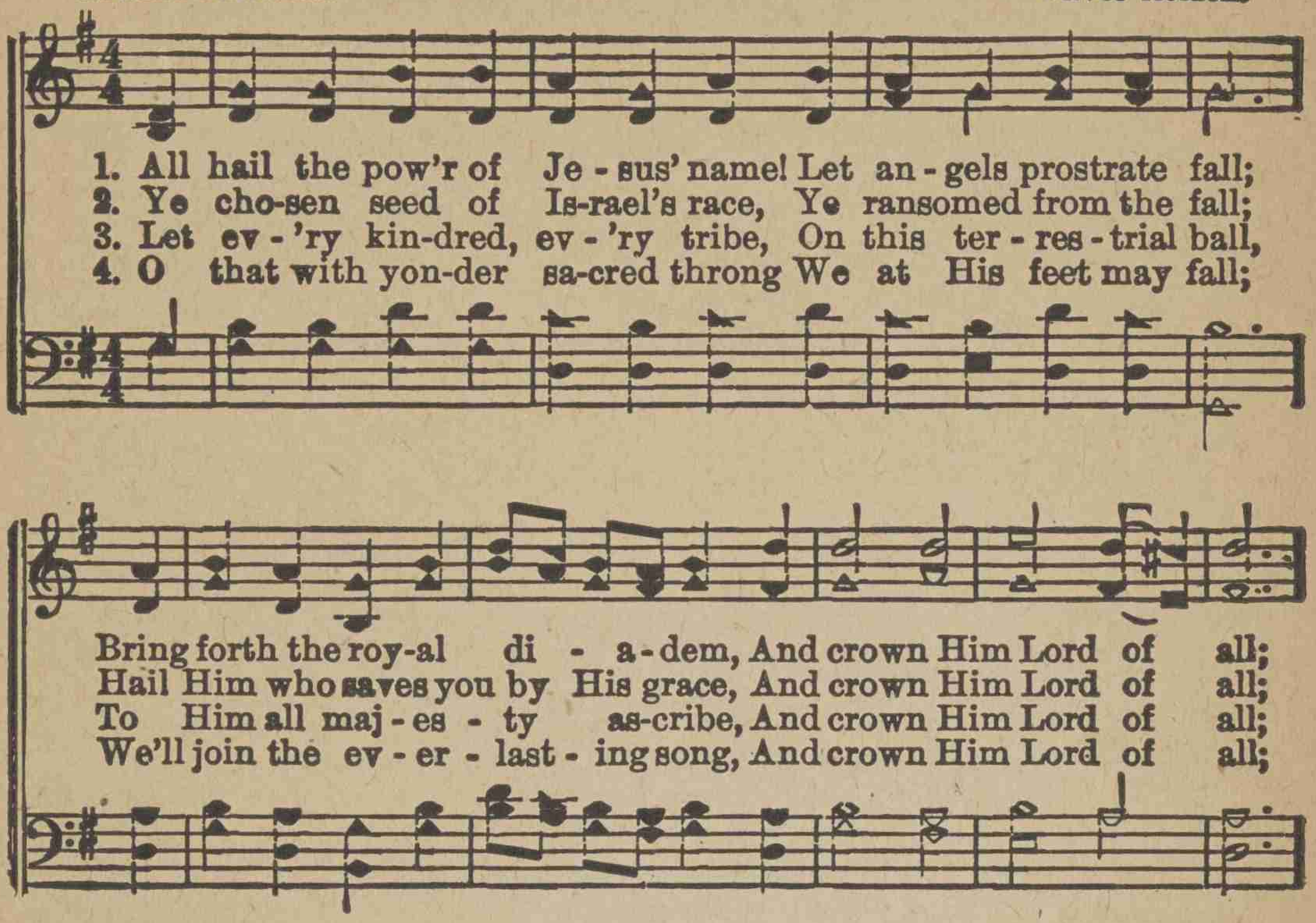
No. 132. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.



No. 133. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. Oliver Holden.





No. 134. When I Can Read My Title Clear.

Isaac Watts. J. C. Leroy.



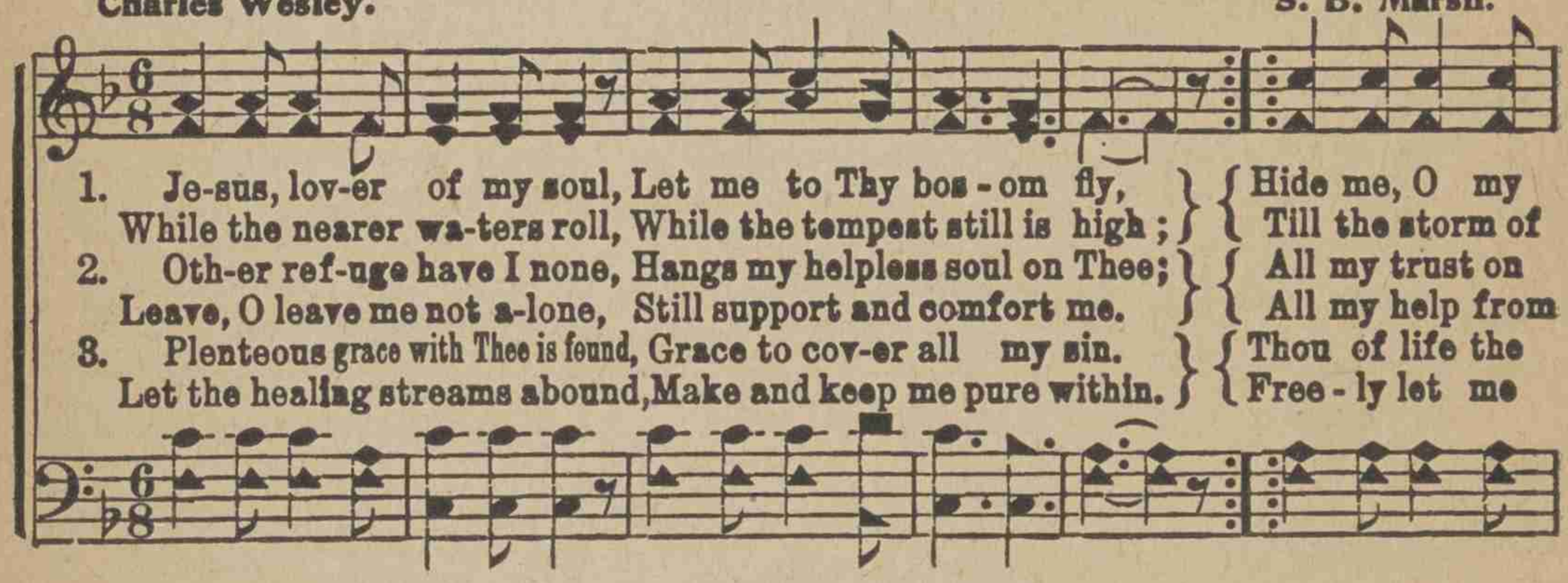
When I Can Read My Title Clear.





No. 135. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. S. B. Marsh.



No. 136. Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER. Wm. G. Fischer.

1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for-ev-er to live in my soul, Break down ev-'ry i-dol, cast out ev-'ry foe; Now wash me, and
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help us to make a com-plete sac-ri-fice; I give up my-self and what-ev-er I know; Now wash me, and
3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most hum-bly en-treat, I wait, bless-ed Lord, at Thy cru-ci-fied feet; By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow; Now wash me, and

FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.

I shall be whit-er than snow. Whit-er than snow, yes, whit-er than snow; Now wash me, and

No. 137. I Need Thee Every Hour.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. RENEWAL. USED BY PER. Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voice like Thine Can peace af-ford.
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh.
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-bide, Or life is vain.
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho-ly One; O make me Thine in-deed, Thou bless-ed Son.

CHORUS.

I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev-'ry hour I

I Need Thee Every Hour.



No. 138. God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin. USED BY PER. OF J. E. RANKIN. W. G. Tomer.

No. 139. Asleep In Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev-er wake to weep!
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!
3. A - sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest!
4. A - sleep in Je - sus! O for me May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be!

A calm and un - dis-turbed re - pose, Un - bro-ken by the last of foes.
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing, That death has lost his ven - omed sting.
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man-i - fests the Sav-iour's pow'r.
Se - cure-ly shall my ash - es lie, Wait-ing the summons from on high.

No. 140. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. 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!
D. C.—Won-drous Sov-ereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me!
D. C.—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;
Boisterous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,

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